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THE
GOSPEL
HYMNAL

Plymouth Brethren (Scotch.)

3440.A.4.

THE
GOSPEL HYMNAL.

COMPILED BY

W. T. P. WOLSTON.



"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—JOHN iii. 16.

New Edition.—With Appendix.

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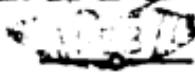
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PREFACE.



THIS Selection is issued with the view of supplying a felt need, viz., a Book of Hymns suitable for Gospel Meetings, in which *quality* and *quantity* are combined with economy.

Among the three hundred here given, which are drawn from various sources, and arranged alphabetically, many an old favourite will be found, while some never before published are scattered through its pages, *e.g.*, Nos. 14, 109, 188, 220, 230.

Here and there will be found a Hymn perhaps more suited to read than sing, inserted with the hope and prayer that God may use such to the awakening of any careless worldling whose eye may rest on its solemn words of warning. See Nos. 9, 66, 69, 241, 254.

At the end of the volume will be found the "CHILDREN'S CORNER," with twenty Hymns suited for Meetings with the dear young ones.

To save space, all repeats, choruses, &c., have been expunged, and their places marked by an asterisk (*).

This Edition differs from the first only in the change of a word here and there.

May the Lord graciously deign to use this volume to the blessing of many souls, and to His name shall be all the glory.

THE
GOSPEL HYMNAL.

—:o:—

1

8a.

I A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of Heavenly mercy I sing ;
Nor fear to draw near to the throne
My person and offerings to bring :
The wrath of a sin-hating God
With me can have nothing to do ;
The Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 My name from the palms of His hands
Eternity will not erase ;
Impress'd on His heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace :
And I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given ;
More happy, but not more secure,
The spirits departed to heaven.

2

6-8a.

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

2 "A little while" He'll come again :
 Let us the precious hours redeem—
 Our only grief to give Him pain,
 Our joy to serve and follow Him—
 Watching and ready may we be,
 As those that wait their Lord to see.

3 "A little while" 'twill soon be past,
 - Why should we shun the promis'd cross :
 O let us in His footsteps haste,
 Counting for Him all else but loss :
 For how will recompense His smile
 The sufferings of this "little while?"

4 "A little while" come, Saviour, come !
 For Thee Thy Bride has tarried long ;
 Take Thy poor waiting pilgrims home,
 To sing the new eternal song,
 To see Thy glory, and to be
 In everything conformed to Thee !

3

C. M.

1 A MIND at "perfect peace" with God—
 Oh, what a word is this !
 A sinner reconciled through blood—
 This, this indeed is peace.

2 By nature and by practice far,
 How very far, from God !
 Yet now by grace brought nigh to Him,
 Through faith in Jesus' blood.

3 So near, so very near to God,
I cannot nearer be;
For in the person of His Son
I am as near as He.

4 So dear, so very dear to God,
More dear I cannot be:
The love wherewith He loves His Son,
Such is His love to me.

5 Why should I ever careful be,
Since such a God is mine?
He watches o'er me night and day,
And tells me, "All is thine."

4

S. M.

1 "All things are ready," Come,
Come to the supper spread;
Come rich and poor, come old and young,
Come, and be richly fed.

2 "All things are ready," Come,
The invitation's given,
Through Him who now in glory sits
At God's right hand in heaven.

3 "All things are ready," Come,
The door is open wide;
O feast upon the love of God,
For Christ His Son has died.

4 "All things are ready," Come,
All hindrance is removed;
And God, in Christ, His precious love
To fallen man has proved.

5 "All things are ready," Come,
To-morrow may not be;
O sinner, come, the Saviour waits
This hour to welcome thee!

S. M.

1 "All things are ready," Come,
O make no vain excuse:
No yoke of oxen, wife, or field,
Instead of Jesus choose.

2 "All things are ready," Now,
'Tis God who bids you come;
Bring in the poor, the maimed, the blind;
'Tis done—and yet there's room.

3 "All things are ready," Come,
Come all, both bad and good;
The best and worst both need alike
The Saviour's cleansing blood.

4 "All things are ready," Come,
And taste God's love so free;
See mercy's door stands open wide,
For all who needy be.

5 "All things are ready," Come,
Nor pass that open door;
Too late you may an entrance seek,
Too late your loss deplore.

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6 1 ALL ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh:
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Our ransom, our peace, our surety He is,
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.

2 The Lord in the day of atonement did lay
 Our sins on the Lamb, and He bore them away:
 He died to atone for sins not His own;
 The just God has punished for us His dear Son.

3 Love moved Him to die: on this I rely:
 My Saviour hath loved me, I cannot tell why,
 But this I can tell, He loved me so well
 As to lay down His life to redeem me from hell.

4 With joy I now prove! divine was the love!
 A wonder to all both below and above!
 When time is no more I still shall adore
 The One who once died, and lives evermore!

7

C. M.

1 AND did the Holy and the Just,
 The sov'reign of the skies,
 Stoop down to man's estate and dust
 That guilty worms might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left the throne,
 The radiant throne on high;
 Surprising mercy! love unknown!
 To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the guilty culprit's place,
 And suffer'd in his stead;
 For man! (O miracle of grace !)
 For man the Saviour bled.

4 Blest Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
 In Thine atoning blood!
 By this are sinners saved from hell,
 And rebels brought to God.

5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends
 To love so full, so free;
 Thy word declares that love extends
 In saving power to me.

1 AND now, the world is changed to me,
 I cannot live below;
 I cannot find my rest in thee,
 I *must* to Jesus go.

2 For He hath won my longing heart,
 In it His love hath shined;
 And gladly now with thee I part,
 For there my heaven I find.

3 He drew me with His cords of love,
 With bands of love divine;
 He told me of His home above—
 He told me it was mine.

4 Poor world! a worm is at the root
 Of all thy gilded toys!
 And sin the blossom, death the fruit,
 Of all thy hopes and joys!

5 In thee I would not, could not dwell;
 My fatal dream is o'er!
 To me thy voice hath lost its spell;
 Thy song can charm no more.

6 I ask no other gift than *Him*,
 And *His undying love*;
 My happiest, holiest, sweetest theme
 In earth and heaven above.

9

S. M.

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

10

P. M.

- 1 ARE your souls the Saviour seeking?
* *Peace, peace—be still;*
'Tis the Lord Himself is speaking, *
For, before the world's foundation,
God secured a full salvation,
Happy people—chosen nation! *

2 'Tis the blood of Christ hath spoken,*
 The destroyer sees the token !*
 On God's Word we boldly venture,
 All our hopes in Jesus centre,
 Into rest our souls can enter.*

3 Great the calm the Saviour spreadeth,*
 Whatsoe'er your spirit dreadeth,*
 Though with mighty foes engaging,
 War with sin and Satan waging,
 Storms of trial fiercely raging.*

4 Jesus walks upon the ocean,*
 He shall hush its loud commotion,*
 Soon shall end the days of sighing,
 Pain and sorrow, death and crying,
 Till that hour on God relying.*

11

C. M.

1 As when the Hebrew prophet raised
 The brazen serpent high,
 The wounded look'd and strai ht were cured,
 The people ceased to die :

2 So from the Saviour on the cross
 A healing virtue flows ;
 Who looks to Him in simple faith
 Is saved from endless woes.

3 For God gave up His son to death,
 So gen'rous was His love,
 That every soul, believing Him,
 Eternal light might have.

12

L.M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving-kindness—oh, how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness—oh, how great!
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness—oh, how strong!
- 4 Soon shall I mount and soar away
To the bright realms of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies!

13

P.M.

- 1 BEHOLD, behold the Lamb of God
** On the cross!*
For us He shed His precious blood,*
Oh! hear that strange expiring cry—
“Eli lama sabachthani?”
Draw near and see the Saviour die.*
- 2 See, see His arms extended wide,*
Behold His bleeding hands and side,*
The sun withholds his rays of light,
The heavens are clothed in shades of night,
While Jesus wins the glorious fight.*

14

8. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the empty tomb,
The place where Jesus lay!
Upon the cross He bore our doom,
And rolled our curse away.
- 2 The ransom fully paid,
The work completely done,
God, who on Him our judgment laid,
To glory raised His Son.
- 3 There where the sprinkled blood
Doth in the light abide,
We now rejoice before our God,
Together satisfied.
- 4 We glory in His grace,
We sing what He hath done;
And sound abroad in this dark place
The Gospel of His Son.

15

8.4

1 "BEHOLD the Lamb" enthroned on high—
 * "He is our peace;"

In Him we are to God brought nigh—*
 He who on Calvary's cross has bled—
 He who was numbered with the dead—
 Exalted now o'er all as Head,*

2 "Complete in Him" at God's right hand—*
 Before the throne we boldly stand—*
 That blood-besprinkled mercy-seat,
 His pierced side, His hands, and feet,
 Proclaim redemption's work complete—*

3 God finds eternal rest in Him—*
 That rest which was disturbed by sin—*
 We too by faith on Him repose,
 Who did the Father's heart disclose,
 From which this full salvation flows—*

4 As one with Him we rest secure—*
 Unchanging doth His work endure—*
 Now seated on the Father's throne,
 Elect and precious corner-stone,
 On Him we rest—on Him alone—*

16

P.M.

1 "BEHOLD THE LAMB OF God!"
 Behold, believe, and live;
 Behold His all-atonning blood;
 And life receive.

2 Look from thyself to Him ;
 Behold Him on the throne ;
 E'en though the eye of faith be dim—
 See Him alone.

1 BEHOLD the Lamb ! 'Tis He who bore
 My burden on the tree,
 And paid in blood the dreadful score—
 The ransom due for me.

2 I look to Him till sight endear
 The Saviour to my heart :
 To Him I look who calms my fear,
 Nor from Himself depart.

3 I look until His precious love
 My every thought control,
 Its vast constraining influence prove
 O'er body, spirit, soul.

4 To Him I look, while still I run—
 My never-failing Friend !—
 Finish, He will, the work begun,
 And grace in glory end.

1 BEHOLD the Lamb, whose precious blood
 Poured from His opened veins,
 Had power to make our peace with God,
 And cleanse our deepest stains.

2 The dying thief beheld that Lamb
 Expiring by his side,

And proved the value of the name
Of Jesus crucified !

3 We, too, the cleansing power have known
Of the atoning blood ;
By grace have learnt His name to own,
Which brings us nigh to God.

4 To Him, then, let our songs ascend,
Who stooped in grace so low ;
To Christ the Lamb, the sinner's Friend,
Let ceaseless praises flow !

19

6-8a.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour at the door !
He gently knocks—has knocked before ;
Has waited long—is waiting still ;
You use no other friend so ill.
**Open the door, He'll enter in,
And sup with you, and you with Him.*

2 Oh, lovely attitude ! He stands
With open heart and outstretched hands ;
Oh, matchless kindness ! and He shows
His matchless kindness to His foes.*

3 Admit Him, ere His anger burn,
Lest He depart and ne'er return ;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
When at His door denied you'll stand.*

20

6-8a.

1 BEHOLD, what wondrous love and grace !
When we were wretched and undone,

To save a ruin'd, helpless race
 The Father gave His only Son!
 Of twice ten thousand gifts divine
 No gift like this could ever shine.

2 O gift of love unspeakable!
 O gift of mercy all divine!
 We once were slaves of death and hell,
 But in Christ's image we shall shine:
 For every gift a song we raise,
 But this demands eternal praise.

3 Praise shall employ these tongues of ours,
 Till we, with all the saints above,
 Extol His name with nobler powers,
 And see the ocean of His love:
 Then, while we look and wondering gaze,
 We'll fill the heavens with endless praise.

21

S. M.

1 BREAK forth and sing the song
 Of "Glory to the Lamb!"
 Wake every heart and every tongue
 To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love;
 Sing of His rising power;
 Sing how He intercedes above
 For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly road,
 Ye sons of glory, sing!
 To the ascended Lamb of God
 Your cheerful praises bring.

4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
 "Ye ransom'd pilgrims, come;"
 Soon will He call us hence away,
 And take us to His home.

5 Then shall each raptured tongue
 His fullest praise proclaim,
 And sweeter voices wake the song
 Of "Glory to the Lamb!"

22

8.7.

1 BRIGHTNESS of eternal glory,
 Shall Thy praise unutter'd lie?
 Who would hush the boundless story
 Of the One who came to die;

2 Came from off the throne eternal,
 Down to Calvary's depth of woe,
 Came to crush the powers infernal!—
 Streams of praises ceaseless flow;

3 Sing His blest triumphant rising;
 Sing Him on the Father's throne;
 Sing, till heaven and earth surprising,
 Reigns the Nazarene alone.

23

P.M.

By faith I see the Saviour dying—
 On the tree;
 To ruined sinners He is crying—
 "Look to me."

He bids the guilty now draw near.
 Hark, hark! His precious words I hear—
 So soft, so sweet, they banish fear:

Digitized by Google
 "Mercy's free"

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
 Think of me?

And did He save my soul from ruin?
 Can it be?

O yes, He did salvation bring;
He is a Prophet, Priest, and King;
And now my happy soul can sing,
 "Mercy's free."

3 Long as I live I'd still be crying,
 "Mercy's free:"

Point to the Lamb for sinners dying,
 On the tree.

There all my foes He hath withstood,
Washed all my sins away by blood,
Made manifest the love of God,
 E'en to me.

4 How sweet the truth, ye sinners hear it,
 "Mercy's free."

Ye saints of God, to all declare it,
 "Mercy's free."

Visit your neighbour's dark abode,
Proclaim to all this love of God,
Oh spread the joyful news abroad,
 "Mercy's free."

I By Thee, O God, invited,
 We look unto the Son,
In whom Thy soul delighted,
 Who all Thy will hath done;

And by the one chief treasure
 Thy bosom freely gave,
 Thine own pure love we measure,
 Thy willing mind to save.

2 O God of mercy—Father !
 The one unchanging claim,
 The brightest hopes we gather
 From Christ's most precious name:
 What always sounds so sweetly
 In Thine unwearied ear
 Has freed our souls completely
 From all our sinful fear.

3 The trembling sinner feareth
 That God can ne'er forget :
 But one full payment cleareth
 His memory of all debt.
 When nought beside could ease us,
 Or set our souls at large,
 Thy holy work, Lord Jesus,
 Secured a full discharge.

4 No wrath God's heart retaineth
 To us-ward who believe ;
 No dread in ours remaineth
 As we His love receive ;
 Returning sons He kisses,
 And with His robe invests ;
 His perfect love dismisses
 All terror from our breasts.

25

8.7

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

2 "Call them in"—the Jew, the Gentile ;
 Bid the stranger to the feast ;
 "Call them in"—the rich, the noble,
 From the highest to the least.
 Forth the Father runs to meet them,
 He hath all their sorrows seen ;
 Robe, and ring, and royal sandals
 Wait the lost ones—"call them in."

3 "Call them in"—the mere professors,
 Slumbering, sleeping on hell's brink ;
 Naught of life are they possessors,
 Yet of safety vainly think.
 Bring them in—the careless scoffers,
 Pleasure-seekers of the earth ;
 Tell of God's most gracious offers,
 And of Jesus' priceless worth.

4 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted,
 Cow'ring 'neath the brand of shame ;
 Speak love's message low and tender
 'Twas for sinners Jesus came.

See, the shadows lengthened round us,
 Soon the day-dawn will begin;
 Can you leave them lost and lonely?
 Christ is coming—"call them in."

26

7s.

- 1 CHRIST deliver'd me when bound,
 And, when wounded, heal'd my wound,
 Sought me wandering, set me right,
 Turn'd my darkness into light.
- 2 Can a mother's tender care
 Cease towards the child she bare?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will He remember me.
- 3 His is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above,
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 4 I shall see His glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done,
 Partner of His throne shall be;
 Such His wondrous love to me!
- 5 This alone is my complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint;
 Yet I love Him and adore,
 O for grace to serve Him more!

27

8.7.4.

- 1 CHRIST is coming! let creation
 From her groans and travail cease;

Let the glorious proclamation
 Hope restore, and faith increase :
 Christ is coming !
 Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace.

2 Earth can now but tell the story
 Of Thy bitter cross and pain ;
 She shall yet behold Thy glory
 When Thou comest back to reign :
 Christ is coming !
 Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Long Thine exiles have been pining,
 Far from rest, and home, and Thee ;
 Soon in heavenly glory shining,
 Their Restorer shall they see :
 Christ is coming !
 Haste the joyous Jubilee !

4 With that blessed hope before us,
 Let no harp remain unstrung :
 Let the mighty advent chorus
 Onward roll in every tongue :
 Christ is coming !
 Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come !

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
 Calls the sleeping saints to rise,

Rising millions shall proclaim
Blessings on the Saviour's name.

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

29

S. M.

1 CHRIST's grave is vacant now,
Lest for the throne above;
His cross asserts God's right to bless,
In his own boundless love.

2 'Twas there the blood was shed,
'Twas there the life was poured,
There Mercy gained her diadem,
While Justice sheathed her sword.

3 And thence the child of faith
Sees judgment all gone by,
Perceives the sentence fully met,
"The soul that sins shall die."

30

8.7.4.

1 COME, and welcome to the Saviour,
He in mercy bids thee come;
Come, be happy in His favour,
Longer from Him do not roam;
Come, and welcome,
Come to Jesus, sinner, come!

2 Come and welcome; do not linger,
Make thy happy choice to-day:

True, thou art a wretched sinner,
 But He'll wash thy sins away:
 Come, and welcome,
 Time admits of no delay.

31

P.M.

1 COME! hear the gospel sound—

* “*Yet there is room!*”

It tells to all around—*

Though guilty, now draw near,
 Though vile, you need not fear,
 With joy you now may hear—*

2 God's love in Christ we see—*

Greater it could not be—*

His only Son He gave,
 He's righteous now to save
 All who on *Him* believe: *

3 “All things are ready: come!” *

Christ every thing hath done: *

The work is now complete,

“Before the mercy-seat,”

A Saviour you will meet: *

4 God's house is filling fast,*

Some guest will be the last,*

Yes! soon salvation's day

To you will pass away,

Then grace no more will say—*

32

1 COME, let us all unite to sing,

* *God is love.*

Let heaven and earth their praises bring; *

Let every soul from sin awake,
 Each in his heart sweet music make,
 And sing with us for Jesus' sake.*

- 2 Oh ! tell to earth's remotest bound,*
 In Christ we have redemption found:
 His blood has washed our sins away,
 His Spirit turned our night to day;
 And now we can rejoice to say,*
- 3 How happy is our portion here !*
 His promises our spirits cheer;
 He is our sun and shield by day,
 Our help, our hope, our strength, and stay ;
 He will be with us all the way.*
- 4 In glory we shall sing again,*
 Yes, this shall be our lofty strain,*
 Whilst endless ages roll along,
 In concert with the heavenly throng,
 This shall be still our sweetest song.*

33

P.M.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
 And thus approach the throne;
 Had we ten thousand thousand tongues,
 Our theme of joy's but one :
 Our theme of joy's but one;
 Our theme of joy's but one;
 Had we ten thousand thousand tongues,
 Our theme of joy's but one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that's gone on high
 To be exalted thus;"

“Worthy the Lamb that died,” we cry,
“For He was slain for us,” &c.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine, &c.

4 Soon shall the saints, exalted high,
A glorious anthem raise;
And all that dwell beneath the sky
Speak forth Thine endless praise, &c.

34

8.7

1 COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace:
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand’ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos’d His precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I’m constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand’ring heart to Thee.

4 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Yet Thou, Lord, hast deigned to seal it
With Thy Spirit from above.

5 Rescued thus from sin and danger,
 Purchas'd by the Saviour's blood,
 May I walk on earth a stranger,
 As a son and heir of God.

35

P. M.

1 COME to Jesus ! come to Jesus !
 Come to Jesus just now ;
 Just now, come to Jesus !
 Come to Jesus just now.

2 Only trust Him ! just now.

3 He will save you ! just now.

4 O believe it ! just now.

5 Hallelujah ! Amen.

36

L. M.

1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
 Let every soul be Jesus' guest ;
 There need not one be left behind,
 For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
 Ye restless wanderers after rest,
 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt and blind,
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.

3 See Him set forth before your eyes,
 That precious bleeding sacrifice !
 His offered benefits embrace,
 And freely now be saved by grace.

37

P. M.

- 1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
 Oh, come without delay!
 For there is room in Jesus' breast
 For all who will obey,
 For all who will obey,
 For all who will obey;
 For there is room in Jesus' breast
 For all who will obey.
- 2 There's room in God's eternal love
 To save Thy precious soul;
 Room in the grace that's from above
 To heal and make thee whole, &c.
- 3 There's room in heaven among the choir,
 And harps, and crowns of gold ;
 And glorious palms of victory there,
 And joys that ne'er were told, &c.
- 4 There's room around the Father's board
 For thee and thousands more ;
 Oh! come and welcome to the Lord—
 Yea, come this very hour, &c.

38

P. M.

- 1 COME to the Saviour—come to the Saviour,
 Ye sin-stricken children of men:
 He left His throne above,
 To reveal His wondrous love,
 And to open a fountain for sin.
- 2 Why dost thou linger? why dost thou linger?
 Oh! when wilt thou come to the Lord?

Thy time is flying fast,
 And thy day will soon be past,
 Oh, arouse thee, and come to be saved.

3 Pardon is offered—pardon is offered;
 A pardon—full, present, and free,
 The mighty debt was paid,
 When on Calvary Jesus died,
 To atone for a rebel like thee.

4 Come to the fountain—come to the fountain,
 The fountain which cleanses the soul;
 'Tis cleansing far and near,
 And its streams are flowing here,
 Oh, believe it, and thou art made whole !

5 I do believe it! I do believe it;
 I am saved through the blood of the Lamb;
 My happy soul is free,
 For the Lord has pardoned me,
 Hallelujah to Jesus' name !

39

8.8.8.6.

1 COME, weary, anxious, laden soul,
 To Jesus come, and be made whole;
 On Him your heavy burdens roll—
 Come, anxious sinner, come!

2 Behold the cross on which He died;
 Behold his wounded, bleeding side :
 Come, in His precious love confide—
 Come, anxious sinner, come!

3 True joy the world can ne'er afford.
 'Tis found alone in Christ the Lord,
 In Him for wretched sinners stored—
 Come, anxious sinner, come!

4 God waits to greet thee, O draw nigh ;
 He waits to dry thy tearful eye,
 To calm thy spirit's deep-felt sigh—
 Come, anxious sinner, come!

5 Oh! if to Jesus you repair,
 You'll find eternal comfort there,
 And soon shall heavenly glory share—
 Come, anxious sinner, come!

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, joined with power!
 He is able,
 He is willing : doubt no more.

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

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall:

If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

41

8.7.

- 1 DEATH and judgment are behind me,
Grace and glory are before ;
All the billows rolled o'er Jesus,
There exhausted all their power.
- 2 "First-fruits" of the resurrection,
He is risen from the tomb ;
Now I stand in new creation,
Free, because beyond my doom.
- 3 Jesus died, and I died with Him,
"Buried" in His grave I lie,
One with Him in resurrection,
"Seated" now "in Him" on high.

42

P. M.

- 1 ENQUIRE, my soul, enquire !
What doth the watchman say ?
Is the one object of desire
Upon the way ?
What doth the watchman say ,
Whose cry the slumberer wakes ?
"The night hath nearly passed away :
The morning breaks."
- 2 "The night is coming, too !
A night of speechless woe :

But there shall be no night to you
 Who Jesus know.

Come, whosoever will,
 Ere God's right hand He leaves:
 He waits till He His bosom fill
 With all His sheaves."

3 God speaks, shall we be dumb?
 Watch, that your lamps may burn:
 Come all ye weary wanderers, come!
 Return, return.

Take up the watchman's word;
 Repeat the midnight cry:
 "Prepare to meet your coming Lord;
 The time draws nigh."

4 Make ready, O my soul!
 Make ready, Christians dear!
 Yield up the heart's affections whole:
 Our Lord is near.
 The hours, with eager flight,
 Pass on till He appear:
 The moment of unknown delight
 Will soon be here.

- 1 FAITH is a very simple thing,
 Though little understood;
 It frees the soul from death's dread sting,
 By resting on the blood.
- 2 It looks not on the things around,
 Nor on the things within;

It takes its flight to scenes above,
Beyond the spheres of sin.

3 It sees upon the throne of God
A victim that was slain;
It rests its all on His shed blood,
And says, I'm born again.

4 Faith is not what we see or feel,
It is a simple trust
In what the God of love has said
Of Jesus as the Just.

5 The perfect One who died for me,
Now on His Father's throne,
Presents our names before our God,
And pleads His blood alone.

44

C.M.

1 FAREWELL to this world's fleeting joys,
My home is not below;
There was no home for Jesus here,
And 'tis to Him I go.

2 To Him in yonder home of love,
Where He has gone before:
The home He changed for Calvary's cross,
Where all my sins He bore.

3 He bore my sins, that I might be
His partner on the throne;
The throne He'll shortly share with those
For whom He did atone.

4 His errand to the earth was love,
 Love to a wretch like me!
 To pluck me from the jaws of death,
 Nail'd to th' accursèd tree.

5 Th' accursèd tree was the reward
 Which this sad world did give
 To Him who gave his precious life
 That this lost world might live.

6 The cross on which my Lord expired
 Has won the crown for me!
 All hail, then, fellowship with Him,
 Whose death has set me free!

7 Nor free alone—He vanquished him
 Who held me in his chains ;
 But more than this, He shares with me
 The fruit of all His pains.

8 To all His ransom'd ones He'll give—
 To me amongst the rest—
 With Him to dwell, with Him to reign,
 With Him for ever blest.

9 Farewell, farewell, poor faithless world,
 With all thy boasted store:
 I'd not have joy where *He* had woe—
 Be rich where *He* was poor.

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

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

2 Jerusalem on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's transpiercing eye,
Thy golden gates appear.*

3 'Tis then my spirit faints
To reach the home I love ;
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.*

4 And though there intervene
Rough roads and stormy skies,
Faith will not suffer aught to screen
Thy glory from mine eyes.*

5 There shall all clouds depart,
The wilderness shall cease ;
And sweetly shall each gladden'd heart
Enjoy eternal peace.*

46

L. M.

1 FORGIVENESS ! 'twas a joyful sound
To us when lost and doom'd to die :
We'd publish it the world around ;
And gladly shout it through the sky.

2 'Twas the rich gift of love divine ;
'Tis full, effacing every crime :
Unbounded shall its glories shine,
And know no change by changing time.

3 For this stupendous gift of Heaven,
 What grateful honours shall we show ?
 Where much transgression is forgiven,
 May love with fervent ardour glow !

4 By love inspired, may all our days
 With every heavenly grace be crown'd ;
 May truth and goodness, joy and praise,
 In all abide, in all abound.

47

L. M.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sweet retreat ;
 'Tis found before the Mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Mercy sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads ;
 A place than all beside more sweet—
 It is the heavenly Mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where souls unite,
 And saint meets saint in heavenly light ;
 Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
 Before the common Mercy-seat.

4 Ah ! whither could we flee for aid
 When tempted, desolate, dismay'd ?
 Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
 Had suffering saints no Mercy-seat ?

5 Thither by faith we'd upward soar,
 Let time and sense seem all no more.
 For freely God our souls can greet,
 Where glory crowns the Mercy-seat.

48

8.8.6.

- 1 FROM various cares my heart retires,
Though deep and boundless its desires,
I've now to please but One;
Him before whom each knee shall bow,
With Him is all my business now,
And those that are His own.
- 2 With these my happy lot is cast,
Through the world's deserts rude and waste,
Or through its gardens fair;
Whether the storms of trouble sweep,
Or all in dead supineness sleep,
T' advance be all my care.
- 3 O Lord, the Way, the Truth, the Life!
Henceforth, let sorrow, doubt, and strife
Drop off like autumn leaves!
Henceforth, as privileged by Thee,
Simple and undistracted be
My soul which to Thee cleaves.
- 4 Let me my feebleness recline
On that eternal love of Thine,
And human thoughts forget;
Childlike attend what Thou wilt say,
Go forth and serve Thee while 'tis day,
Nor leave Thy sweet retreat.

49

8.7.4.

- 1 GLORY, glory everlasting,
Be to Him who bore the cross.

Who redeemed our souls by tasting
 Death, the death deserved by us!
 Spread His glory,
 Who redeemed His people thus.

2 His is love; 'tis love unbounded,
 Without measure, without end:
 Human thought is here confounded:
 'Tis too vast to comprehend!
 Praise the Saviour!
 Magnify the Sinner's Friend!

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

1 GLORY to God on high !
 Let heaven and earth reply,
Praise ye His name!
 Angels His love adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore,
 And saints cry evermore,
Worthy the Lamb!

2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
 Bore sin's accursed load,
Praise ye His name!

Tell what His arm hath done!
 What spoils from death He won,
 Sing His great name alone!
Worthy the Lamb!

3 While they around the throne,
 Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name!
 We, too, who know His blood
 Hath made our peace with God,
 Would sound His praise abroad,
Worthy the Lamb!

4 Join all the ransomed race,
 Our holy Lord to bless,
Praise ye His name!
 In Him we will rejoice,
 And make a joyful noise,
 Singing with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!

61**6.6.4**

1 "GLORY to God on high!
 Peace upon earth and joy;
 Good will to man."
 We who God's blessing prove,
 His name all names above,
 Sing now, "the Saviour's love,
 Too vast to scan."
2 Mercy and Truth unite:
 O 'tis a wondrous sight,
 All sights above!"

Jesus the curse sustains !
 Guilt's bitter cup He drains !
 Nothing for us remains—
 Nothing but love.

3 Love that no tongue can teach,
 Love that no thought can reach :
 No love like His.

God is its blessed source ;
 Death ne'er can stop its course ;
 Nothing can stay its force ;
 Matchless it is !

4 Blest in this love, we sing ;
 To God our praises bring ;
 All sin's forgiven.

Jesus, our Lord, to Thee
 Honour and Majesty,
 Now, and for ever be,
 Here and in Heaven.

1 GLORY unto Jesus be !
 From the curse He set us free ;
 All our guilt on Him was laid.
 He the ransom fully paid.

2 All His blessed work is done,
 God's well pleased in His Son ;
 He has raised Him from the dead,
 Set Him over all as Head.

3 All should sing His work and worth,
 All above and all on earth,

As they sing around the throne,
 "Thou art worthy, Thou alone!"

4 Ye who love Him, cease to mourn!
 He will certainly return:
 All His saints with Him shall reign;
 "Come, Lord Jesus, come! Amen."

53

8.7.4.

1 Go, and search the tomb of Jesus,
 Where the Lord of Glory lay;
 Jesus is not there, but risen,
 And has borne our sins away:
 It is finished!
 Captive led captivity.

2 Could not all our guilt retain Him,
 Prison'd in the guarded cave?
 No, He conquer'd death in dying,
 By His cross He spoil'd the grave:
 Lo! He's risen!
 Yes, the Lord is risen indeed.

54

7a.

1 God in mercy sent his Son
 To a world by sin undone;
 Jesus Christ was crucified—
 'Twas for sinners Jesus died.

* O the glory of the grace,
 Shining in the Saviour's face,
 Telling sinners from above,
 "God is Light," and "God is Love."

2 Sin and death no more shall reign,
Jesus died and lives again!
In the glory's highest height—
See him God's supreme delight.*

3 All who in His name believe,
Everlasting life receive;
Lord of all is Jesus now,
Every knee to Him must bow.*

4 Christ the Lord will come again,
He who suffered once will reign,
Every tongue at last shall own,
"Worthy is the Lamb" alone.*

55

S. M.

1 GRACE is the sweetest sound
That ever reached our ears,
When conscience charg'd and justice frown'd,
"Twas grace removed our fears.

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

3 Grace is a mine of wealth
Laid open to the poor;
Grace is a sov'reign spring of health;
'Tis LIFE FOR EVERMORE.

4 Of grace then let us sing!
(A joyful, wondrous theme!)
Who grace has brought, shall glory bring,
And we shall reign with Him.

5 Then shall we see His face
 With all the saints above,
 And sing for ever of His grace,
 For ever of His love.

56

8.7.4.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, my heart is fix'd;
 Sing I will, and sing of Thee,
 Since the cup that justice mix'd,
 Thou hast drunk, and drunk for me:
 Great Deliverer!
 Thou hast set the prisoner free.

2 Many were the chains that bound me,
 But the Lord has loosed them all:
 Arms of mercy now surround me,
 Favours these, nor few nor small;
 Saviour, keep me!
 Keep Thy servant, lest he fall.

3 Fair the scene that lies before me;
 Life eternal Jesus gives;
 While He waves His banner o'er me,
 Peace and joy my soul receives.
 Sure His promise!
 I shall live because He lives.

4 When the world would bid me leave Thee,
 Telling me of shame and loss,
 Saviour, guard me, lest I grieve Thee,
 Lest I cease to love Thy cross:
 This is treasure;
 All the rest I count but dross.

57

6.8.

1 GREAT God of wonders! all Thy ways
 Are wondrous, matchless, and divine;
 But the blest triumphs of Thy grace—
 Most marvellous!—unrivall'd shine.
 Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
 Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
 Such guilty, daring worms to spare;
 This is Thy grand prerogative,
 And none can in that honour share.
 Pardon, O God! is only Thine;
 Mercy and grace are all divine.

3 In wonder lost, with trembling joy
 We hail the pardon of our God;
 Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,
 A pardon traced in Jesus' blood.
 To pardon thus is Thine alone;
 Mercy and grace are both Thine own.

4 Soon shall this strange, this wondrous gra
 This perfect miracle of love,
 Fill the wide earth, while sweeter praise
 Sounds its own note in heaven above.
 Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
 Or who has grace so rich, so free?

58

7.

I HAIL to the Lord's anointed!
 Great David's greater Son:
 When to the time appointed
 The rolling years have run.

He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

2 The heavens, which now conceal Him
 In councils deep and wise,
 In glory shall reveal Him
 To our rejoicing eyes; •
 He who, with hands uplifted,
 Went from this earth below,
 Shall come again, all gifted,
 His blessing to bestow.

3 He shall come down like showers
 Upon the new-mown grass,
 And joy and hope, like flowers,
 Spring up where He doth pass.
 Before Him on the mountains
 Shall peace, the herald, go;
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
 And gold and incense bring;
 All nations shall adore Him,
 His praise all people sing:
 Outstretch'd His wide dominion
 O'er river, sea and, shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion,
 'Or dove's light wing, can soar.

5 For Him shall praise 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 for ever,
 His great best name of Love.

59

8.7.4

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

2 Since His love and mercy found us
 We are precious in His sight;
 Thousands now may fall around us,
 Thousands more be put to flight;
 But His presence
 Keeps us safe by day and night.

3 Lo ! our Saviour never slumbers,
 Ever watchful is His care;
 Though we cannot boast of numbers,
 In His strength secure we are:
 Sweet our portion
 Who the Saviour's kindness share.

60

P.M.

1 HARK ! hark ! hear the glad tidings,
 Soon, soon, Jesus will come,

Robed, robed in honour and glory,
To gather His ransomed ones home.

Yes, yes, oh yes!

To gather His ransomed ones home!

2 Joy, joy, sound it more loudly,

Sing, sing, glory to God !

Soon, soon, Jesus is coming;

Publish the tidings abroad. Yes, &c.

3 Bright, bright, seraphs attending,

Shouts, shouts, filling the air,

Down, down, swiftly from heaven,

Jesus our Lord will appear. Yes, &c.

4 Long, long, have we been waiting,

Who, who, love His blest name;

Now, now, we are delighting,

Jesus is near to proclaim. Yes, &c.

5 Still, still, rest on the promise,

Cling, cling, fast to His word;

Wait, wait, if He should tarry,

We'll patiently wait for the Lord. Yes, &c.

61

L. M.

1 HARK! how the gospel trumpet sounds,
Christ in free grace therein abounds—
Free grace to such as sinners be;
And if free grace—*why not for thee?*

2 The Saviour died, and by His blood
Brings rebel sinners home to God;
He died to set the captive free.
And why, dear soul—*why not for thee?*

3 The blood of Christ ! how sweet it sounds,
To cleanse and heal the sinner's wounds;
The streams thereof are rich and free,
And why, dear soul—*why not for thee?*

4 Thus Jesus came the poor to bless—
To clothe them in God's righteousness:
This robe is spotless, full, and free,
And why, dear soul—*why not for thee?*

5 Eternal life by Christ is *given*,
And ruined rebels raised to heaven;
Then sing of grace so rich and free,
Rejoice, dear soul—*'tis all for thee!*

1 HARK ! ten thousand voices crying
“Lamb of God !” with one accord;
Thousand thousand saints replying,
Wake at once the echoing chord.

2 “Praise the Lamb,” the chorus waking,
All in heaven together throng ;
Loud and far, each tongue partaking,
Rolls along the endless song.

3 Grateful incense this, ascending
Ever to the Father's throne;
Ev'ry knee to Jesus bending,
All the mind in heaven is one.

4 All the Father's counsels claiming
Equal honours to the Son,
All the Son's effulgence beaming,
Makes the Father's glory known.

5 By the Spirit all pervading,
 Hosts unnumber'd round the Lamb,
 Crown'd with light and joy unfading,
 Hail Him as the great "I AM."

6 Joyful now the new creation
 Rests in undisturb'd repose,
 Blest in Jesus' full salvation,
 Sorrow now, nor thraldom knows.

7 Hark! the heavenly notes again!
 Loudly swells the song of praise;
 Throughout creation's vault, Amen!
 Amen! responsive joy doth raise.

63**8.7.4.**

1 HARK ! the gospel news is sounding,
 Christ hath suffered on the tree;
 Streams of mercy are abounding,
 Grace for all is rich and free:
 Now, poor sinner,
 Look to Him who died for thee.

2 Oh! escape to Christ the Saviour,
 Now believe in Him to-day;
 He invites you, do not linger,
 Come and wash your sins away:
 Do not tarry.
 Come to Jesus while you may.

3 Grace is flowing like a river,
 Millions there have been supplied;

Still it flows as fresh as ever
 From the Saviour's wounded side:
 None need perish—
 You may live, for Christ hath died.

64

8.7.4.

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

65

8.7.4.

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

2 "It is finished!" Oh what pleasure
 These triumphant words afford!
 Heavenly blessings without measure
 Flow to us through Christ the Lord:
 "It is finished!"
 Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law:
 Finished all that God had promised;
 Death and hell no more shall awe:
 "It is finished"
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your hearts anew, ye ransomed!
 Join to sing the glorious theme;
 All in earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise the Saviour's name!
 Hallelujah!
 Glory to th' ascended Lamb.

66

P.M.

1 HASTE, traveller, haste! the night comes on,
 And many a shining hour is gone;
 The storm is gathering in the west,
 And thou art far from home and rest.
 * *Haste, traveller, hasten!*

2 Oh! far from home thy footsteps stray:
 Christ is the life, and Christ the way,
 And Christ the light. Yon setting sun
 Sinks ere the morn is scarce begun.*

3 The rising tempest sweeps the sky,
 The rains descend, the winds are high:
 The waters swell, and death and fear
 Beset thy path—no refuge near.*

4 Oh! yes; a shelter you may gain,
 A covert from the wind and rain—
 A hiding place, a rest, a home,
 A refuge from the wrath to come.*

5 Then linger not in all the plain;
 Flee for thy life, the mountain gain!
 Look not behind, make no delay;
 Oh! speed thee, speed thee on thy way.*

6 Poor, lost, benighted soul, art thou
 Willing to find salvation now?
 There yet is hope—hear mercy's call:
 Truth, life, light, way, in Christ is all.

Haste to Him, haste!

1 HAVE ye counted the cost,
 Have ye counted the cost,
 Ye warriors of the cross?
 Are ye fixed in heart, for your Master's sake,
 To suffer all earthly loss?
 Can ye bear the scoff of the worldly wise,
 As ye pass by pleasure's bower,
 To watch with your Lord on the mountain top
 Through the weary midnight hour?

2 In the power of His might !
 In the power of His might !
 Who was made thro' weakness strong,
Ye shall overcome in the fearful fight !
 And sing His victory song !
 But count ye the cost; yea, count ye the cost,
 The forsaking all ye have !
 Then take up your cross and follow your Lord,
 Not thinking your life to save !

3 By the "blood of the Lamb,"
 By the "blood of the Lamb,"
 By the faithful witness Word !
 Not loving your lives unto death for Him,
 Ye shall triumph with your Lord !
 So count ye the cost; yea, count ye the cost,
 Ye warriors of the cross;
 Yet in royal faith and in royal love,
 Count all selfish gain but loss!

4 Oh, the banner of love!
 Oh, the banner of love!
 It will cost you a pang to hold!
 But 'twill float in triumph the field above,
 Though your heart's blood stain its fold.
 Ye may count the cost ; ye may count the cost
 Of all Egyptia's treasure !
 But the riches of Christ ye cannot count—
 His love ye cannot measure !

68

D.C.M.

1 "He comes! He comes! the Bridegroom
 The "Morning Star" appears; [comes!]
 'The "cloudless morning" sweetly dawns;
 Saints, quit this vale of tears.

Your absent Lord no longer mourn;
 Reproach no longer bear;
 "He comes! He comes!" Rise, happy
 To meet Him in the air. [saints,

2 "He comes! He comes! the Son of Man!"
 The Second Adam now;
 The "King of kings!" the "Lord of lords!"
 All knees before Him bow.
 "He comes!" His Israel in the land
 Of promise to instal;
 "He comes! He comes!" to clear away
 The ruins of the fall.

3 "He comes! He comes! the Bridegroom
 Oh, sinners, hear the sound! [comes!]
 Accept Him *now*, if you among
 His chosen will be found.
 Still mercy's offered—costless—free—
 No longer turn away;
 "He comes! He comes!" oh, linger not,
 Come "while 'tis called to-day!"

69

8.7.

1 HELL is darkness—deep and awful,
 Turn, poor sinner, turn and flee;
 Heaven is light—all bright and joyful,
 And its light may shine on thee.

2 Hell is fire—for ever burning,
 Turn, poor sinner, turn and flee;
 Mercy waits for thy returning,
 With a pardon full and free.

3 Hear the voice of Jesus pleading,
 Turn, poor sinner, turn and flee;
 See the Man of sorrows bleeding,
 Dying on the cursed tree.

4 “It is finished”—Christ is risen,
 Turn, poor sinner, turn and flee;
 Though the Spirit long has striven,
 He'll not *always* strive with thee.

70

C. M.

1 HIGH, in the Father's house above,
 My mansion is prepared;
 There is the home, the rest I love,
 And there my bright reward.

2 With Him I love, in spotless white,
 In glory I shall shine;
 His blissful presence my delight,
 His love and glory mine.

3 All taint of sin shall be removed,
 All evil done away;
 And I shall dwell with God's Beloved,
 Through God's eternal day.

71

C. M.

1 His be “the Victor's name,”
 Who fought the fight alone;

Triumphant saints no honour claim,
His conquest was their own.

* *Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah!*

Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah!

Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!

Praise ye the Lord.

2 By weakness and defeat,
He won the meed and crown;
Trod all our foes beneath His feet,
By being trodden down.*

3 He hell in hell laid low;
Made sin, He sin o'erthrew;
Bow'd to the grave, destroy'd it so,
And Death by dying slew.*

4 Bless, bless the Conqueror slain,
Slain in His victory;
Who lived, Who died, Who lives again—
For thee, His church, for thee!*

72

C. M.

1 HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear!
Thou glorious star of day,
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears away!

2 Strangers on earth, we wait for Thee,
Oh leave the Father's throne;
Come, with a shout of victory, Lord,
And claim us as Thine own.

3 No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;

Our eye is on the royal crown,
Prepared for us and Thee.

4 But, dearest Lord ! however bright
That crown of joy above;
What is it to the BRIGHTER hope
Of dwelling in Thy love?

5 What to the joy, the DEEPER joy,
Unmingled, pure, and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with Thee?

6 This joy e'en now on earth is ours,
But only, Lord, above,
Our hearts, without a pang, shall know
The fulness of Thy love.

7 There, near Thy heart, upon the throne,
Thy ransom'd Bride shall see
What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
Who died to make her free.

73

P.M

1 Ho ! ye that thirst, approach the spring
Where living waters flow;
Free to that open fountain all
Without a price may go,
Without a price may go,
Without a price may go;
Free to that open fountain all
Without a price may go.

2 How long to streams of false delight
Will ye in ~~Crowds~~ repair ?

How long your strength and substance waste
On trifles light as air? &c.

3 My stores afford those rich supplies
That health and pleasure give;
Incline your ear and come to me,
The soul that hears shall live, &c.

4 Seek ye the Lord while yet His ear
Is open to your call;
While offered mercy still is near,
Before His footstool fall, &c.

74

85.

1 How good is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend:
Whose love is as great as His power,
And knows neither measure nor end!

2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

75

11s.

1 How precious is Jesus! He died on the tree;
How precious is Jesus to you and to me!
He died on the cross to redeem us from sin;
He died on the cross our ransom to win.

2 When I was a stranger, He then took me in;
When I was a sinner, He pardoned my sin;
From debt and from prison He then set me
How precious is Jesus to you and to me! [free,

3 And if raging billows in torrents should roll,
 On life's stormy ocean to trouble my soul,
 These shall not molest me wherever I be,
 How precious is Jesus to you and to me!

4 In yon blissful mansion we'll sing of His love,
 And range the sweet fields of the Eden above;
 We'll then see His face, who once died on the
 How precious is Jesus to you and to me! [tree,

76

C. M.

1 How sweet and sacred is the place
 With Christ, within those doors
 Where everlasting Love displays
 The choicest of her stores.

2 There every heart in happy song
 Is drawn to praise the feast,
 While each would cry with thankful tongue,
 "Lord, why am I a guest?"

3 "Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
 "To enter while there's room, [choice,
 "While thousands make the wretched
 "And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
 That sweetly forced me in;
 Else I had still refused to taste,
 And perished in my sin.

77

S. M.

1 How sweet the cheering words,
 "Whoever will" ^{go} may come;

The door of mercy open stands,
As yet, there still is room.

2 'Tis the "accepted time,"
The day of grace and love:
And God invites "*whoever will*"
His faithfulness to prove.

3 The Saviour sits on high,
The proof that all is done;
And sinners now God can accept,
By virtue of His Son.

4 That Saviour soon will rise,
And close the open door;
Then all who have refused to come,
Will hear of grace no more.

78

C. M.

1 How sweet the gospel trumpet sounds,
Its notes are grace and love;
Its echo through the world resounds
From Jesus' throne above.

**It is the sound, the joyful sound
Of mercy, rich and free,
Pardon it offers, peace proclaims :
Sinner, it speaks to thee.*

2 It tells the weary soul of rest,
The poor of heavenly wealth,
Of joy to heal the mourning breast,
It brings the sin-sick health.*

3 It speaks of boundless grace, by which
 The vilest are forgiven;
 To sinners it proclaims a rich
 Inheritance in heaven.*

79

O. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 It calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.

3 Blest name! the Rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treasury, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
 Thou Prophet, Priest, and King;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 And triumph in Thy blessed Name,
 Which quells the power of death.

1 How vast, how full, how free,
The mercy of our God!
Proclaim the blessed news around,
And spread it all abroad.

2 How *vast!* "Whoever will"
May drink at mercy's stream,
And know that faith in Jesus brings
Salvation e'en to him.

3 How *full!* It doth remove
The stain of every sin,
And leaves the soul as white and pure
As though no sin had been.

4 How *free!* It asks no price,
For God delights to *give*;
It only says—a simple thing—
"Believe in Christ, and live."

5 Poor trembling sinner, "Come,"
God waits to comfort thee;
O cast thyself upon His love,
So *vast, so full, so free!*

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

2 My Father's home of light,
My rainbow circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wandering sad and lone;
I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left ought for Me?

3 I spent long years for thee,
In weariness and woe,
That an eternity
Of joy thou mightest know;
I spent long years for thee,
Hast thou spent one for Me?

4 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I suffered much for thee,
What canst thou bear for Me?

5 And I have brought for thee,
'Down from My home above,
Salvation, full and free,
My pardon, and My love;
I brought great gifts for thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?

6 O, let thy years be spent,
Thy life to Me be given,
Time's fetters all be rent,
Then endless bliss in heaven;
Bring thou thy worthless all,
Follow thy Saviour's call.

82

7.6.8.6.

1 I HAVE a glorious Saviour,
 Who died upon the tree;
 My sins He bare and suffered there
 The wrath of God for me !
 And my salvation now is sure
 (Since Christ the work has done);
 For God declares, in righteousness,
 He owes it to His Son.

2 'Twas God who sent this Saviour,
 This spotless Lamb, who died;
 And trusting in His precious blood,
 I'm freely justified.
 Ah ! not for me by deeds of law
 Salvation could be won :
 Of grace alone, through righteousness,
 God saves me by His Son.

3 Oh ! Jesus is my Saviour,
 "The Mighty God," His name !
 To seek and save the lost and vile,
 As Son of Man He came.
 In all His great atoning work,
 The will of God is done;
 And God delights in righteousness,
 To bless me by His Son.

4 He is the risen Saviour,
 Alive for evermore;
 He loves to ease the burdened heart
 Of each whose sins He bore.

*Believe—and God's salvation sure
Is free to every one;
In manifested righteousness
He honours thus His Son.*

83

A.M.

- 1 I HAVE a home above,
From sin and sorrow free;
A mansion which eternal love
Design'd and form'd for me.
- 2 The Father's gracious hand
Has built this blest abode;
From everlasting it was plann'd,
The dwelling-place of God.
- 3 The Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure;
He pass'd through death's dark raging flood,
To make my rest secure.
- 4 The Comforter is come,
The Earnest has been given;
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.
- 5 Loved ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done;
I soon shall greet them on that shore,
Where partings are unknown.
- 6 But more than all, I long
His glories to behold,
Whose smiles shall fill the radiant throng
With ecstasy untold.

7 That bright, yet tender smile
(My sweetest welcome there),
Shall cheer me through the "little while"
I tarry for Him here.

8 Thy love, most gracious Lord,
My joy and strength shall be;
Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening word
That bids me rise to Thee.

9 And then through endless days,
Where all Thy glories shine,
In happier, holier strains I'll praise
The grace that made me Thine.

84

S.M.

1 I HEAR the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

2 'Tis everlasting peace!
Sure as Jehovah's name,
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

3 My love is ofttimes low,
My joy still ebbs and flows;
But peace with Him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows.

4 I change, He changes not;
My Christ can never die:
His love, not mine, the resting-place,
His truth, not mine, the tie.

5 The Cross still stands unchanged,
Though heaven is now His home;
The mighty stone is rolled away,
But yonder is His tomb !

6 And yonder is my peace,
The grave of all my woes !
I know the Son of God has come,
I know He died and rose.

7 I know He liveth now
At God's right hand above;
I know the throne on which He sits,
I know His truth and love !

85

D. G. M.

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,
Thy head upon my breast."

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

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

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

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

86

11s.

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

2 I oft read with pleasure, to soothe or engage,
 Isaiah's wild measure and John's simple
 page;
 But e'en when they pictured the blood-
 sprinkled tree,
 "Jehovah Tsidkenu" seemed nothing to me.

3 Like tears from the daughters of Zion that
 roll,
 I wept when the waters went over His soul;
 Yet thought not that my sins had nailed to
 the tree
 "Jehovah Tsidkenu"—'twas nothing to me.

* "The Lord our Righteousness."—Je. xxiii 6.

4 When free grace awoke me by light from
on high, [die;
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to
No refuge, no safety in self could I see:
“Jehovah Tsidkenu” my Saviour must be.

5 My terrors all vanished before the sweet
name; [came
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free,
“Jehovah Tsidkenu” is all things to me.

6 “Jehovah Tsidkenu!” my treasure and
boast;
“Jehovah Tsidkenu!” I ne'er can be lost;
In Thee I shall conquer by blood and by
field, [shield!
My cable, my anchor, my breastplate and

87

C.M.

1 I REST in Christ the Son of God,
Who took the servant's form;
By faith I flee to Jesus' Cross,
My covert from the storm.

2 At peace with God, no ills I dread,
The cup of blessing mine:
The Lord is risen, His precious blood
Is new and living wine.

3 Jesus put all my sin away
When bruised to make me whole;
Who shall accuse, or who condemn,
My blameless, ransom'd soul?

4 O thou avenger, see the blood
 That makes the guilty clean !
 No prey of thine the soul on which
 This token once is seen.

1 IN evil long I took delight,
 Unawed by shame or fear,
 Till a new object struck my sight,
 And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw One dying on a tree
 In agonies and blood,
 Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
 As near the cross I stood.

3 Sure never to my latest breath
 Can I forget that look ;
 It seemed to charge me with His death,
 Though not a word He spoke.

4 A second look He gave, which said,
 " I freely all forgive ;
 This blood is for thy ransom paid ;
 I die that thou may'st live."

5 Thus while this death my sin displays
 In all its blackest hue,
 Such is the mystery of grace,
 It seals my pardon too.

1 IN rags and in ruin, without and within,
 One terrible mass of pollution and sin ;

By false friends deserted, of fortune bereft,
He turns to the home he once eagerly left.

2 Oh! none can restore, or such deep sin efface
But the One who comes forth in such infinite
grace;
For grace is above all his sin and distress,
And he's nothing to do—save his sin to
confess!

3 What an earnest and seal of unspeakable bliss
Is conveyed in the Father's affectionate kiss
The LOST one is found! and the servants must
bring,
At the Father's command, the shoes and the
ring.

4 And the very best robe, and the fatling and
wine, [and the swine!]
(What a change from the rags, and the husks,
With music and dancing—'tis something so
new,
Such a fulness of blessing—and *nothing to do!*

5 Ah! nothing to do! for the sinner that's dead
Must needs have another to work in his stead;
And Jesus, in Calvary's terrible hour,
Redemption accomplished in marvellous
power,

6 Which shut up the world to its folly and strife,
But open'd a passage from death unto life.

Are you ruin'd and helpless? God offers to
YOU

A free, full salvation—and *nothing to do!*

90

8.7.8.7.7.7.

1 IN the Lord we have redemption,
Full remission in His blood,
From the curse entire exemption,
From the curse pronounced by God;
What a Saviour Jesus is!
O what grace, what love is His!

2 Sweet His name, that name transcending
Every name on earth, in heaven;
Praise through ages never ending,
To the Son of God be given!
He alone the Saviour is,
Everlasting praise be His.

91

G

1 Is there a thing too hard for Thee,
Almighty Lord of all?
Whose threatening look dries up the sea,
And makes the mountains fall?

2 Lo! to Thyselv I lift mine eye;
Thy promised aid I claim:
Father of mercies, glorify
The risen Jesus' name.

3 Salvation in that Name is found,
Cure for my grief and care;
A healing balm for every wound,
All, all I want is there.

92

8.7.4

1 "IT IS FINISHED!" sinners hear it,
 'Tis the dying Victor's cry;
 "IT IS FINISHED!" angels, bear it,
 Bear the joyful truth on high!
 "IT IS FINISHED!"
 Tell it through the earth and sky.

2 Hear the Lord Himself declaring
 All performed He came to do;
 Sinners, in yourselves despairing,
 This is joyful news for you;
 Jesus speaks it—
 His are faithful words and true.

3 "IT IS FINISHED!" all is over;
 Yes, the cup of wrath is drained:
 Such the truth these words discover,
 Thus the victory was obtained:
 'Tis a victory
 None but Jesus could have gained.

4 Crown the mighty Conqueror, crown Him,
 Who His people's foes o'ercame:
 In the highest heaven enthrone Him,
 Men and angels sound His fame!
 Great His glory!
 Jesus bears a matchless name.

93

C.M.

1 IT is the blood, it is the blood
 Which has atonement made;
 It is the blood which once for all
 Our ransom price has paid.

2 It was the blood, the mark of blood
 The people's houses bore;
 And when that mark by God was seer,
 His angel passed the door!

3 Not *water* then, nor *water* now,
 Has ever sav'd a soul;
 Not Jewish rites, but Jesus' stripes
 Can make the wounded whole.

4 "I see the blood," "I see the blood,"
 A voice from heaven cries;
 The soul that owns this token true,
 And trusts it, never dies.

JESUS, Captain of Salvation,
 Conquerer both of death and hell!
 Thou who did'st, as sin's oblation,
 Feel what Thou alone coulds't feel:
 Through thy sufferings, death and merit,
 We eternal bliss inherit,
 Thousand thousand thanks to Thee,
 Jesus, Lord, for ever be!

1 JESUS died upon the tree,
 **O boundless love!*
 Died to set the sinner free.*
 To the cross grace matchless drew Him,
 There man's sin and hatred slew Him,
 Now we have redemption through Him.*

2 Love beyond a mortal's speech,*
 Love that thought can never reach.*
 Death most cruel Jesus suffered,
 When for sin His soul He offered,
 And His blood to justice proffered.*

3 Loud and far the theme shall swell,*
 On it saints shall ever dwell.*
 Matchless theme! He died, yet liveth,
 To that soul salvation giveth,
 Who in Him, by grace, believeth.*

96

8.6.8.4.

1 JESUS His Holy soul poured forth
 A sacrifice for sin,
 Enduring all Jehovah's wrath
 Our souls to win.

2 His spotless life death could not claim,
 The living One was He,
 Who bowed in grace to death and shame
 Upon the tree.

3 Believers now in Him are seen ;
 No condemnation theirs,
 No hand can separate between
 Christ and His heirs.

4 One with the risen Christ they stand
 In righteousness and life :
 A justified and heavenly band,
 With blessings rise.

5 Oh God ! we would Thy love adore,
 Triumphant o'er the fall.
 Blest is the heart for evermore
 Where Christ is all.

97

C. M.

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

2 Thy name encircles every grace
 That God as man could show ;
 There only could He fully trace
 A life divine below.

3 Jesus ! it speaks a life of love,
 Of sorrows meekly borne ;
 It tells of sympathy above,
 Whatever makes us mourn.

4 It speaks of righteousness complete,
 Of fellowship with God,
 And (to our ears no tale more sweet)
 Of the atoning Blood.

5 Jesus ! the One who knew no sin ;
 Made sin to make us just ;
 Able art Thon our love to win,
 Worthy of all our trust.

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

98

6.6.8.6.8.8.

1 JESUS ! I rest in Thee,
 In Thee myself I hide ;
 Laden with guilt and misery,
 Where can I rest beside ?
 'Tis on Thy meek and lowly breast
 My weary soul alone can rest.

2 Thou Holy One of God !
 The Father rests in Thee,
 And in the savour of that blood
 Which speaks to Him for me :
 The curse is gone—thro' Thee I'm blest;
 God rests in Thee—in Thee I rest.

3 Soon the bright, glorious day,
 The rest of God shall come !
 Sorrow and sin shall pass away,
 And I shall reach my home !
 Then, of the promis'd land possess'd,
 My soul shall know eternal rest !

99

7a.

1 JESUS ! lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the waters near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
 Till the storms of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 Oh receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee !
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed ;
 All my help from Thee I bring :
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Lord ! art all I want ;
 More than all in Thee I find ;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy name—
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 Vile and full of sin I am—
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

100

C. M.

1 JESUS ! O word divinely sweet !
 How charming is the sound !
 What joyful news, what heavenly grace,
 In that dear name is found !

2 Our souls, all guilty and condemned,
 In hopeless letters lay ;
 Our souls with numerous sins depraved,
 To death and hell a prey.

3 Jesus, to purge away our guilt,
 A willing victim fell ;
 And on His cross triumphant broke
 The bands of death and hell.

101

8.7.4.

1 JESUS once was dead, now liveth!
 Lo ! He lives for evermore ;
 He who all our sins forgiveth,
 He who all our sorrows bore :
 Hallelujah !
 We our risen Lord adore.

2 High the conq'ror's state and glorious,
 Son of God and Son of Man ;
 He returns to heav'n victorious,
 Finish'd all that He began :
 Thus to save us,
 Sov'reign love's mysterious plan.

3 Sing, 'tis done ! from heav'n's own treasure
 All the fearful debt is paid ;
 All transgression's perfect measure
 God has on our Surety laid :
 And for ever
 Is the sacrifice He made.

4 Tell around the wide creation
 What redeeming love hath done ;

Publish full and free salvation
 Thro' the blood of God's dear Son :
 Hallelujah !
 His the glory—His alone.

102

7s.

1 JESUS, spotless Son of God,
 Thou hast bought us with Thy blood :
 We are Thine, and Thine alone—
 This we gladly, fully own.

2 When we are to glory come,
 And have reach'd our heavenly home,
 Louder then each lip shall own
 We are Thine, and Thine alone.

103

P. M.

1 JESUS ! That name is Love,
 * *Jesus, our Lord !*
 Jesus, all names above,*
 Thou, Lord, our all must be ;
 Nothing that's good have we,
 Nothing apart from Thee.*

2 A Son of man it was,*
 Thou gav'st Thy life for us ;*
 Great was indeed Thy love,
 All other loves above,
 Love Thou didst dearly prove,*

3 Righteous alone in Thee,*
 Thou wilt a refuge be ;*
 Whom, then, have we to fear—

What trouble, grief, or care,
Since Thou art ever near ?*

4 Soon Thou wilt come again,*
We shall be happy then,*
When Thine own face we see,
Then shall we like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,*

104

6.6.6.8.8.

1 *Jesus the Lord is risen,
Triumphant o'er the grave;
For us He burst the prison,
Almighty now to save:

**Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.*

2 Who to our charge shall lay
Iniquity or guilt?
Our sin is done away
Since Jesus' blood is spilt:*

3 Christ hath the ransom paid,
The wondrous work is done;
On Him our help is laid,
The victory is won.*

105

L. M.

1 Jesus, the Lord our righteousness !
Our beauty Thou, our glorious dress !
'Midst flaming worlds, in this array'd,
With joy shall we lift up the head.

2 Bold shall we stand in that great day,
For who aught to our charge shall lay,

While by Thy blood absolved we are
From sin's tremendous curse and fear?

- 3 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue—
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 4 Till we behold Thee on Thy throne,
In Thee we boast, in Thee alone,
Our beauty this, our glorious dress,
"Jesus, the Lord our righteousness."

106

P. M.

- 1 JESUS! the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the mind conceive
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name
To sinners who believe.
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus ! our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our Prize wilt be:
 In Thee be all our glory now,
 And through eternity.

107

C.M.

1 JESUS ! Thy head once crown'd with
 Is crown'd with glory now; [thorns,
 Heaven's royal diadem adorns
 The mighty Victor's brow.

2 Thou glorious light of courts above,
 Joy of the saints below,
 To us still manifest Thy love,
 That we its depths may know.

3 To us Thy cross with all its shame,
 With all its grace be given;
 Though earth disowns Thy lowly name,
 God honours it in heaven.

4 Who suffer with Thee, Lord, below,
 Shall reign with Thee above:
 Then let it be our joy to know
 This way of peace and love.

5 To us Thy cross is life and health;
 'Twas shame and death to Thee;
 Our present glory, joy, and wealth,
 Our everlasting stay.

108

P. M.

1 JESUS, Thy precious blood alone,
 Does for my many sins atone; [clay,
 *For He's taken my feet from the mire and the
 And He's set them on the Rock of Ages.

- 2 And Thou from sin dost set me free,
O Glory! Christ hath died for me.*
- 3 Lo! glad I came, and Thou, blest Lamb,
Wilt take me to Thee, whose I am.*
- 4 Nothing but sin had I to give,
Nothing but love do I receive.*
- 5 Now will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found.*
- 6 I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God.*

109

8.7.

- 1 "JESUS!" was the record: "JESUS!"
"JESUS!" mighty saving name!
"Christ and Lord!" behold Him: "JESUS!"
Whom the highest heavens claim.
- 2 Blessed they who now receiving
Life in the ascended One,
Yield themselves to God, believing
Christ the Head and they are "One!"

110

6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.
- 2 Great Prophet of my God!
My tongue shall bless Thy name,

By whom the joyful news
 Of free salvation came;
 The joyful news of sin forgiven,
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Thou art my Counsellor,
 My Pattern, and my Guide,
 And thou my Shepherd art;
 Ah! keep me near Thy side;
 Nor let my feet e'er turn astray,
 To wander in the crooked way.

4 I love the Shepherd's voice:
 His watchful eyes shall keep
 My pilgrim soul among
 The thousands of God's sheep;
 He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
 And gently leads the tender lambs.

111

8.8.8.6.

1 Just as I am—without one plea,
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bidst me come to Thee:
 O, Lamb of God, I come!

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

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

4 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe:
 O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—Thy love, I own,
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

112

8.8.8.

1 JUST as thou art—without one trace
 Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
 Or meetness for the heavenly place—
 O, *guilty* sinner, come!

2 Burdened with guilt, wouldest thou be blest,
 Trust not the world—it gives no rest;
 Christ brings relief to hearts opprest—
 O, *weary* sinner, come!

3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
 Count all thy gains but empty dross:
 His grace o'erpays all earthly loss—
 O, *needy* sinner, come!

4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
 Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
 'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
 O, *trembling* sinner, come!

5 “The Spirit and the bride say, Come;”
 Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come:
 Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come—
 The Saviour bids thee come!

3

8.7.

LAMB of God ! Thou now art seated
 High upon Thy Father's throne,
 All Thy gracious work completed,
 All Thy mighty vic'try won:
 Every knee in heaven is bending
 To the Lamb for sinners slain;
 Every voice and harp is swelling,
 " Worthy is the Lamb to reign."

2

Lamb of God ! Thou soon in glory
 Wilt to this sad earth return ;
 All thy foes shall quake before Thee,
 All that now despise Thee mourn.
 All thy saints shall then be with Thee,
 With Thee in Thy kingdom reign ;
 Thine the praise, and Thine the glory,
 Lamb of God, for sinners slain !

14

8.7.

1 LAMB of God, we bow before Thee,
 Calvary's tale creation awed ;
 Well may Thy redeemed adore Thee,
 While we sound this note abroad —
 Calvary's victim
 Vindicates the throne of God.

2

Rock of Ages, rent asunder,
 Riven 'neath the wrath of God ;
 Safe within those clefts we wonder,
 While we sound this note abroad —
 Calvary's victim
 Reconciles the world to God.

3 Saviour God, the altar's craving
 Thou hast satisfied with blood;
 Now in heaven, fresh incense waving,
 Sweetly sounds this note abroad—
 Calvary's victim
 Fills with joy the heart of God.

4 Man of sorrows, God of glory,
 Wondrous path Thy foot hath trod;
 Cross and crown rehearse the story,
 Joyous sound this note abroad—
 Calvary's victim
 Now adorns the throne of God.

115

6.6.6.6.8.2

1 LET earth and heaven agree,
 Let men with angels join,
 To sing salvation free,
 The work of grace divine;
 To praise the great atoning Lamb,
 And all His wondrous love proclaim.

2 Jesus! life-giving sound,
 The joy of earth and heaven;
 No other help is found,
 No other name is given,
 In which the sons of men can boast,
 But His who seeks and saves the lost.

3 His name the sinner hears,
 And is from guilt set free;

'Tis music in his ears,
 'Tis life and victory :
 His heart o'erflows with sacred joy,
 And songs of praise his lips employ.

↓ Jesus ! all praise above :
 We sing Thy blessed name ;
 We sing Thy dying love,
 Thy rising power proclaim :
 But soon to give Thee worthy praise
 Both heaven and earth their voice shall raise.

16

S. M.

- 1 LET earthly themes now cease,
 And joyful let us dwell,
 On our sweet theme of heavenly peace,
 O we've enough to tell.
- 2 Peace with our Holy God,
 Peace from the fear of death, [blood,
 Peace through our Saviour's precious
 Sweet peace, the fruit of faith.
- 3 We worship at Thy feet,
 We wonder and adore ;
 The coming glory scarce more sweet
 Than sweet the peace before.

117

L. M.

- Let sinners saved give thanks and sing,
 Salvation's theirs and of the Lord ;
 They draw from heaven's eternal spring,
 The living God, their great reward.

2 *Let sinners saved give thanks and sing,*
 Whom grace has kept in dangers past,
 And, O sweet truth ! the Lord will bring
 His people safe to heaven at last.

3 *Let sinners saved give thanks and sing,*
 Of Jesus sing through all their days ;
 In heaven above their harps they'll string
 And there for ever sing His praise.

118

1 **LIKE** sheep we went astray,
 Far from the fold of God ;
 Each wandering in a different way,
 But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
 When God our wanderings laid,
 And did at once His vengeance pour
 Upon the Shepherd's head !

3 How glorious was the grace
 When Christ sustained the stroke ;
 His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
 A ransom for the flock !

4 He bowed His willing head,
 He drank the bitter gall ;
 But God hath raised Him from the dead,
 And set Him over all.

9

8.7.

Lo ! He comes, from heaven descending,

Once for favour'd sinners slain !

Thousand thousand saints attending,

Swell the triumph of His train !

Hallelujah !

Jesus comes, and comes to reign !

See the Saviour, long expected,

Now in solemn pomp appear !

And His saints, by man rejected,

All His heavenly glory share :

Hallelujah !

See the Son of God appear !

Lo ! the tokens of His passion,

Though in glory still He bears,

Cause of endless exultation

To His ransom'd worshippers ;

Hallelujah !

Christ, the Lamb of God, appears.

'Tis Thy heavenly Bride and Spirit,

Jesus, Lord ! that bids Thee come ;

All the glory to inherit,

And to take Thy people home.

All creation

Travails, groans, and bids Thee come.

20

7a.

I Look to Jesus, look and live ;

Mercy at His hands receive ;

He has died upon the tree,
And His words are, "Look to me."

2 *Come* to Jesus, come and live ;
He has endless life to give ;
He from sin will set you free ;
For His words are, "Come to me."

3 *Rest* in Jesus, there repose,
Shelter find from all thy foes ;
Let His name be all thy plea,
For His words are, "Rest in me."

121

8.7.4

1 Look, ye anxious ones, to heaven,
There you'll find the sinner's Friend,
Thence God's boundless grace is given,
Without hindrance, without end.
Christ has died,
Righteousness is satisfied.

2 How we love the oft-told story,
Justice smote *Him* on the tree ;
God exalted *Him* to glory,
Able righteously to free,
Life to give,
E'en to all who will believe.

3 Heaven opens to thee, sinner,
Faith can enter, fear be o'er ;
See thy Holy Pardon-winner
Take His seat for evermore.
Father, Son,
Satisfied, the work is done.

122

8.7.4.

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

2 Crown the Saviour! angels own Him
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings.
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour "King of kings!"

3 Sinners in derision crown'd Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim:
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name.
Crown Him! crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! crown Him!
"King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

123

C.M.

1 LORD JESUS, are we one with Thee!
O height! O depth of love!

With Thee, who diedst upon the tree,
We're one in heaven above.

2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down;
With us of flesh and blood partake,
And make our guilt Thine own.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by Thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine,
To set Thy ransomed free.

4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Life-giving Head Thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and Thee can part.

5 Then teach us, Lord, to know and own
The wondrous mystery;
That Thou in heaven with us art one,
And we are one with Thee.

6 And soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That Thou with us art one!

124

8.8.1

1 LORD JESUS, can we e'er forget
How Thou didst pay the awful debt
Which we to Justice owed—
Thine hours of sorrow, suffering, pain,
When Thou the cup of wrath didst drain,

And full remission didst obtain,
For all who trust Thy blood ?

2 Thou dying Lamb, we think of Thee
In all those hours of agony,
Reproach, contempt, and shame ;
Thy broken heart, Thy piercèd side,
Thine arms of power, outstretched wide,
Whilst thus through weakness crucified
With men of lowest fame.

3 Thou Son of God, Creator, Lord,
For ever be Thy name adored,
Thou first-born from the dead !
Who now has left the gloomy tomb,
Sin, death, and hell, hast overcome,
Ascended to the Father's throne,
The Church's glorious Head.

4 Thou Son of man, exalted now,
Once bowed in death, our Saviour Thou,
Thy name we gladly own.
While waiting still Thyself to see,
With joyful hearts we bow the knee,
And own Thee Lord of all to be,
Thou only worthy One.

125

P.M.

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

2 Lord Jesus, come !

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

3 Lord Jesus, come !

And claim us as Thine own ;
 Our weary feet would wander o'er
 This dark and sinful world no more :
 Come, Saviour, come.

4 Lord Jesus, come !

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

126

7.6.

1 LORD JESUS ! we, believing
 In Thee, have peace with God ;
 Eternal life receiving,
 The purchase of Thy blood.

2 Our curse and condemnation
 Thou bearest in our stead ;
 Secure is our salvation
 In Thee, our risen Head.

3 The Holy Ghost revealing,
 Thy grace hath given us rest ;
 Thy stripes have been our healing,
 Thy love doth make us blest.

4 In Thee the Father sees us
 Accepted and complete;
 The blood from sin which frees us,
 For glory makes us meet.

127

7.6.

1 LORD JESUS! we remember
 The travail of Thy soul,
 When, through Thy love's deep pity,
 The waves did o'er Thee roll;
 Baptized in death's dark waters,
 For us Thy blood was shed;
 For us Thou (Lord of Glory)
 Wast number'd with the dead.

2 O Lord! Thou now art risen,
 Thy travail all is o'er;
 For sin Thou once hast suffer'd—
 Thou liv'st to die no more.
 Sin, death, and hell are vanquish'd
 By Thee, the Church's Head;
 And, lo! we share Thy triumphs,
 Thou First-born from the dead.

3 Into Thy death baptized
 We own with Thee we died:
 With Thee, our Life, we're risen,
 And shall be glorified.
 From sin, the world, and Satan,
 We're ransom'd by Thy blood,
 And here would walk as strangers,
 Alive with Thee to God.

128

C.M.

1 LORD JESUS ! when I think of Thee,
 Of all I by love and grace,
 My spirit longs and fain would see
 Thy beauty face to face.

2 And though the wilderness I tread,
 A barren thirsty ground,
 With thorns and briars overspread,
 Where toes and snares abound ;

3 Yet in Thy love such depths I see,
 My soul o'erflows with praise—
 Contents itself, while, Lord, to Thee
 A joyful song I raise.

4 My Lord, my Life, my Rest, my Shield,
 My Rock, my Food, my Light,
 Each thought of Thee doth constant yield
 Unchanging, fresh delight.

5 My Saviour, keep my spirit stay'd,
 Hard following after Thee ;
 Till I, in robes of white array'd,
 Thy face in glory see.

129

C.M.

1 LORD, while our souls in faith repos^{se}
 Upon Thy precious blood,
 Peace like an even river flows,
 And mercy like a flood.

2 But boundless joy shall fill our hearts,
 When gazing on Thy face;
 We fully see what faith imparts,
 And glory crowns Thy grace.

3 Unseen we love Thee, dear Thy name,
 But when our eyes behold,
 With joyful wonder we'll exclaim,
 "The half had not been told!"

4 For Thou exceedest all the fame
 Our ears have ever heard:
 How happy we who know Thy name,
 And trust Thy faithful word!

130

8.7.

1 LOVE divine, all praise excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
 Bless us with Thy rich indwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown!
 Saviour, Thee we'd still be blessing,
 Serve Thee here, as soon above,
 Praise Thee, Saviour, without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy dying love.

2 Carry on Thy new creation—
 Faithful, holy, may we be,
 Joyful in Thy full salvation,
 More and more conform'd to Thee!
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Then to worship and adore Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

131

S.M.

1 MORE marr'd than any man's,
The Saviour's visage see ;
Was ever sorrow like to His
Endured on Calvary.

2 O, hear that piercing cry!
What can its meaning be ?
" My God ! my God !" He said, " Oh why
Hast Thou forsaken me ? "

3 O 'twas because our sins
On him by God were laid ;
He who Himself had never sinned,
For sinners, sin was made.

4 Thus sin He put away,
By His one sacrifice,
Then, conqu'ror over death and hell,
Triumphantly did rise.

5 Therefore let all men know
That God is satisfied ;
And sinners, *all* who trust Him now,
Through Christ are justified.

132

P.M.

1 My heart is fixed, eternal God,
Fixed on Thee ;
And my immortal choice is made,
* *Christ for me.*

He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
Who did for me salvation bring ;
And while I live I mean to sing,
* *Christ for me.*

2 In Him I see the Godhead shine,*
 He is the Majesty Divine,*
 The Father's well-beloved Son,
 Co-partner of His royal throne,
 Who did for human guilt atone.*

3 Let others boast of heaps of gold,*
 His riches never can be told;
 Your gold will waste and wear away,
 Your honours perish in a day,
 My portion never can decay.*

4 In pining sickness or in health,*
 In deepest poverty or wealth,*
 And in that all-important day,
 When I the summons shall obey,
 And pass from this dark world away.*

5 At home, abroad, by night and day,*
 Where'er I preach, or sing, or pray,*
 Him first, Him last, Him all day long,
 My hope, my solace, and my song;
 He sweetly leads my soul along.*

133

6-6

1 My heart is full of Christ, and longs
 Its glorious matter to declare!
 Of Him I make my loftier songs—
 I cannot from His praise forbear.
 My ready tongue makes haste to sing
 The glories of the heavenly King.

2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,
 Perfect in comeliness Thou art;

Replenish'd are Thy lips with grace,
And full of love Thy tender heart.
God ever blest ! we bow the knee,
And own all fulness dwells in Thee.

134

6-8a.

- 1 My hope on nothing less is built
Than Jesus and the blood He spilt ;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on His great name :
**On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.*
- 2 Should darkness seem to veil His face,
Unchanged is He, unchanged His grace;
In every high and stormy gale
Faith's anchor holds within the veil.*
- 3 Eternally His promise stands,
My name is graven on His hands;
Let all around my soul give way,
He still abides my lasting stay.*

135

8.7.4.

- 1 My Redeemer, oh, what beauties
In that lovely name appear;
None but Jesus, in His glories,
Shall the honoured title wear.
My Redeemer,
Thou hast my salvation wrought.
- 2 Sunk in ruin, sin, and mis'ry,
Bound by Satan's captive chain,

Guided by his artful treachery,
 Hurrying on to endless pain,
 My Redeemer !
 Plucked me as a brand from hell.

3 Mine by covenant, mine for ever,
 Mine by oath, and mine by blood,
 Mine—nor time the bond shall sever,
 Mine as an unchanging God.

My Redeemer !
 Oh, how sweet to call Thee mine !

4 When in heaven I see Thy glory,
 When before Thy throne I bow,
 Perfectly I shall be like Thee,
 Fully Thy redemption know.

My Redeemer !
 Then shall hear me shout His praise.

136

P.M.

1 My Shepherd is the Lamb,
 The living Lord, who died;
 With all things good I ever am
 By Him supplied.
 He richly feeds my soul
 With blessings from above,
 And leads me where the rivers roll
 Of endless love.

2 My soul He doth restore,
 Whene'er I go astray ;
 He makes my cup of joy run o'er
 From day to day :

His love, so full, so free,
 Anoints my head with oil;
 Mercy and goodness follow me,
 Fruit of His toil.

3 When faith and hope shall cease,
 And love abide alone,
 Then shall I see Him face to face,
 And know as known:
 Still shall I lift my voice,
 His praise my song shall be;
 And I will in His love rejoice
 Who died for me.

137

A.M.

1 My soul, repeat His praise,
 Whose mercies are so great;
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised,
 Above the earth we tread,
 So far the riches of God's grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 Man's life is as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower;
 If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field,
 It withers in an hour.

4 But Thy compassion, Lord,
 To endless years endure!
 And all Thy people ever find
 Thy word of promise sure.

138

C. M.

- 1 "No condemnation!" O my soul,
'Tis God that speaks the word,
Perfect in comeliness art thou
Through Christ, the risen Lord.
- 2 In heaven the blood for ever speaks
In God's omniscient ear;
The saints as jewels on His heart
Jesus doth ever bear.
- 3 "No condemnation!" precious word!
Consider it, my soul;
Thy sins were all on Jesus laid;
His stripes have made thee whole.
- 4 Then teach me, Lord, to fix mine eyes
On Christ, the spotless Lamb,
So shall I love Thy precious will,
And glorify His name.

139

S. M.

- 1 *No vain excuses make,*
The call of God obey;
And fly, oh! fly for refuge now
To Christ, the living way.
- 2 *No vain excuses make,*
Too long hast thou refused;
Think, think upon the judgment sore
Of mercy so abused.
- 3 *No vain excuses make,*
Oh! yield this very night;
To-morrow's beam may never dawn
Upon thy waking sight.

4 *No vain excuses make,*
 They will not aught avail:
 When God shall call thee to account,
 Excuses *all* must fail.

5 *No vain excuses make,*
 Accept the Lord and live!
 His precious blood shall cleanse thy soul,
 And peace and comfort give.

140

S. M.

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

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

3 My soul looks back to see
 The burden Thou didst bear,
 When hanging on th' accursèd tree,
 For all my guilt was there.

4 Believing, I rejoice
 To see the curse remove;
 And bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing redeeming love.

141

S. M.

1 Not to ourselves we owe
 That we, O God, are Thine;

**Jesus, the Lord, our night broke through,
And gave us light divine.**

- 2 The Father's grace and love
This blessed mercy gave,
And Jesus left the throne above
His wandering sheep to save.**
- 3 No more the heirs of wrath,
The smile of peace we see;
And, Father, in confiding faith,
We cast our souls on Thee.**
- 4 We drink the living stream
To all Thy children given,
The love which Thou hast made to beam
In Christ, the Heir of heaven.**
- 5 With the adopted band,
Soon shall we see Thee there:
With them and I Iim in glory stand,
And all I His honours share.**

142

L. M.

- I NOTHING but mercy 'll do for me,
Nothing but mercy—full and free;
Of sinners chief—what but the blood
Could calm my soul before my God?**
- 2 Save by the blood He could not bless;
So pure, so great His holiness:
But He it is who gave the Lamb—
And by His blood absolved I am.**

143 "WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?" P. M.

1 **NOTHING**, either great or small;

Nothing, sinner, no;

Jesus did it, did it *all*,

Long, long ago.

* "IT IS FINISH'D!" *Yes indeed,*

Finish'd every jot.

Sinner, this is all you need;

Tell me, is it not?

2 When *He* from His lofty throne

Stoop'd to do and die,

Everything was fully done,

Hearken to *His* cry—*

3 Weary, working, burden'd one,

Wherfore toil you so?

Cease *your* doing; all was done

Long, long ago.*

4 Till to JESUS' WORK you cling

By a simple faith;

"Doing" is a deadly thing—

"Doing" ends in death.*

5 Cast your deadly "doing" down—

Down at Jesus' feet;

Stand "IN HIM," in *Him* alone,

Gloriously "COMPLETE!"*

144

P. M.

1 Now I have found a Friend,

* *Jesus is mine;*

His love will never end,*

Though earthly joys decrease,

Though human friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace,*

2 When earth shall pass away,*
In the great judgment day,*
Oh! what a glorious thing
Then to behold the King,
On tuneful harp to sing,*

3 Farewell mortality!*
Welcome eternity!*
He my redemption is,
Wisdom and righteousness,
Life, Light, and Holiness,*

4 Father! Thy name I bless,*
Thine was the sovereign grace,*
Spirit of holiness,
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou mad'st my soul embrace,*

145

L. M.

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

2 All worlds His glorious power confess,
His wisdom all His works express;
But, O His love!—what tongue can tell?
"Our Jesus hath done all things well."

3 And since our souls have known His love,
What mercies has He made us prove—
Mercies which all our praise excel:
"Our Jesus hath done all things well."

4 And when on that bright day we rise,
 And join the anthems of the skies,
 In ceaseless song this note shall swell,
 "Our Jesus hath done all things well."

146

C. M.

1 O BLESSED Saviour, is Thy love
 So great, so full, so free?
 Fain would we have our thoughts, our hearts,
 Our lives, engaged with Thee.

2 We love Thee for the glorious worth
 Which in Thyself we see:
 We love Thee for that shameful Cross,
 Endured so patiently.

3 No man of greater love can boast
 Than for his friend to die;
 Thou for Thine enemies wast slain!
 What love with Thine can vie?

4 Though in the very form of God,
 With heavenly glory crown'd,
 Thou didst a servant's form assume,
 Beset with sorrow round.

5 Thou would'st like wretched man be made
 In everything but sin,
 That we as like Thee might become
 As we unlike had been.

6 O Lord! we treasure in our souls
 The memory of Thy love,
 And ever shall Thy name to us
 A grateful odour prove.

147**8.8.6.**

1 O BLESSED Saviour, Son of God!
 Who hast redeem'd us with Thy blood
 From guilt, and death, and shame,
 With joy and praise Thy people see
 The crown of glory worn by Thee,
 And worthy Thee proclaim.

2 Exalted by the Father's love,
 All thrones, and powers, and names above,
 At His right hand in heaven!
 Wisdom and riches, power divine,
 Blessing and honour, Lord, are Thine—
 All things to Thee are given.

3 Head of the Church! Thou sittest there,
 Thy members all the blessings share—
 Thy blessing, Lord, is ours:
 Our life thou art, Thy grace sustains,
 Thy strength in us each vict'ry gains
 O'er sin and Satan's powers.

4 And soon, the day of glory come,
 Thy bride shall reach her destined home,
 And all Thy beauty see!
 How great our joy to see Thee shine,
 To hear Thee own us, Lord, as Thine,
 And ever dwell with Thee.

148**L.M.**

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

2 Take Thou our hearts, and let them be
 For ever closed to all but Thee;
 Thy willing servants, let us wear
 The seal of love for ever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
 Close shelter'd by Thy watchful side,
 Who life and strength from Thee receive,
 And with Thee move, and in Thee live.

4 Ah, Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought
 To know the wonders Thou hast wrought ;
 Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
 Thy love immense, unsearchable.

5 First-born of many " Brethren " Thou !
 To whom both heaven and earth must bow;
 Heirs of Thy shame and of Thy throne,
 We bear Thy cross and seek Thy crown.

149

6-8s.

1 O DRAW me, Saviour, after Thee,
 So shall I run and never tire:
 With gracious words still comfort me,
 Be Thou my hope, my sole desire;
 On Thee I'd roll each weight and fear,
 Calm in the thought that Thou art near.

2 What in Thy love possess I not ?
 My star by night, my sun by day,
 My spring of life when parch'd by drought,
 My wine to cheer, my bread to stay;
 My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
 My robe before the throne of God !

3 Unchangeable Thy gracious love
 My earthly path has ceaseless view'd ;
 Ere yet this beating heart could move
 Thy tender mercies me pursued ;
 Ever with me may they abide,
 And close me in on every side.

150

6-8s.

1 O God ! Thou now hast glorified
 Thy holy, blest, eternal Son ;
 The Nazarene, the Crucified,
 Now sits exalted on Thy throne !
 To Him in faith we cry aloud,
 Worthy art Thou, O Lamb of God !

2 Father, Thy holy name we bless,
 Gracious and just Thy wise decree,
 That every tongue shall soon confess,
 Jesus the Lord of all to be !
 But oh ! Thy grace has taught us now,
 Before that Lord the knee to bow.

3 Him as our Lord we gladly own ;
 To Him alone we now would live,
 Who bow'd our hearts before Thy throne,
 And gave us all that love could give.
 Our willing voices cry aloud,
 Worthy art Thou, O Lamb of God !

151

7.6.

1 O GRACIOUS Shepherd ! bind us
 With cords of love to Thee,
 And evermore remind us
 How mercy set us free :

O may Thy Holy Spirit
 Set this before our eyes,
 That we Thy death and merit
 Above all else may prize.

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

3 O may we then, Lord ! ever,
 While in this vale of tears,
 Look up to Thee, and never
 Give way to anxious fears.
 Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake us,
 Though we are oft to blame ;
 O let Thy love then make us
 True to Thy faith and name.

1 O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice
 On Thee, my Saviour and my God ;
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.
 * *Happy day! happy day!*
When Jesus wash'd my sins away.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine;

He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to confess the voice divine.*

3 Now rest my long-divided heart—
Fix'd on that blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With I him of every good possess'd.*

153

P. M.

1 O HAPPY morn! the Lord will come
And take his waiting people home
Beyond the reach of care,
Where guilt and sin are all unknown:
The Lord will come and claim His own,
And place them with Him on His throne,
The glory bright to share.

2 The resurrection-morn will break,
And every sleeping saint awake,
Brought forth in light again;
O morn too bright for mortal eyes!
When all the ransom'd Church shall rise,
And wing their way to yonder skies,
Call'd up with Christ to reign.

3 O Lord! my pilgrim-spirit longs
To sing the everlasting songs
Of glory, honour, power;
When heaven and earth, and all things yield,
My Saviour will be still my shield,
For he has to my soul reveal'd
Himself my strength and tower.

154

P.M.

1 O HASTE away, my brethren dear,
 And come to Canaan's shore;
 We'll meet and sing for ever there,
 When all our toils are o'er.

**O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful!
 O that will be joyful!
 To meet to part no more,
 To meet to part no more,
 On Canaan's happy shore.
 And then sing Hallelujah,
 With the saints that have gone before.*

2 How sweet to hear the hallow'd theme
 That saints shall ever sing,
 To hear their voices all proclaim
 Salvation to the King.*

3 In bridal robes, all clothed in white,
 Will all His saints appear;
 And, shining in His glory bright,
 We'll see our Jesus there.*

4 In heaven triumphant joy is found
 When sons to God are born;
 How will its vaults with praise resound
 On the millennial morn!*

5 Through one eternal day we'll sing,
 And bless His sacred name,
 With "Hallelujahs to the King!"
 And "Worthy is the Lamb!"*

155

7.6.

1 O HEAD! once full of bruises,
 So full of pain and scorn,
 'Mid other sore abuses,
 Mock'd with a crown of thorn ;
 O Head ! e'en now surrounded
 With brightest majesty,
 In death once bow'd and wounded
 On the accursèd tree :

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

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

156

8.8.8.6.

1 O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen !
 Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st us lean,
 Help us, throughout life's changing scene,
 By faith to cling to Thee !

2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what 'Thou wilt, we'll not repine;
For, as the branches to the vine,
We only cling to Thee.

3 Tho' far from home, fatigued, opprest,
Here we have found a place of rest,
As exiles still, yet not unblest,
Because we cling to Thee.

4 Without a murmur we dismiss
Our former dreams of earthly bliss;
Our joy, our consolation this,
Each hour to cling to Thee.

5 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still can we cling to Thee.

6 Though oft we seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to me."

7 Though faith and hope are often tried,
We ask not, need not aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied
The souls that cling to Thee.

1 O JESUS! everlasting God!
Who didst for *sinners* shed Thy blood
Upon th' accursed tree;

And, finishing redemption's toil,
Did'st win for us the happy spoil—
All praise we give to Thee.

2 Fain would we think upon Thy pain,
Would find in Thee our life and gain;
And firmly have the heart
Fix'd on Thy grief and dying love,
Nor evermore from Thee remove,
Though from all else we part.

3 The more through grace ourselves **we know**,
The more rejoiced we are to bow
And glory in Thy cross;
To trust in Thine atoning blood,
And look to Thee for every good,
And count all else but dross.

158

P.M.

1 O JESUS! Lamb of God,
Who, us to save from loss;
Did'st taste the bitter cup of death.
Upon the cross.

2 Most merciful High Priest,
Our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
'Tis in Thy love alone we trust,
Until the end.

3 Thou wilt our souls sustain,
Our Guide and Strength wilt be,
Until in glory, Lord, above,
Thy face we see.

159

8.8.6.

1 O JESUS, Lord! 'tis joy to know
 Thy path is o'er of shame and woe,
 For us so meekly trod:
 All finish'd is thy work of toil;
 Thou reapest now the fruit and spoil,
 Exalted by our God.

2 Thy holy head, once bound with thorns,
 The crown of glory now adorns;
 Thy seat the Father's throne:
 O Lord! e'en now we sing Thy praise,
 Ours the eternal song to raise,
 Worthy the Lord alone!

3 As Head for us Thou sittest there,
 Thy members here the blessing share
 Of all Thou dost receive;
 Thy wisdom, riches, honours, powers,
 Thy boundless love has all made ours,
 Who in thy name believe.

4 We triumph in Thy triumphs, Lord;
 Thy joys our deepest joys afford;
 They taste of love divine.
 While sorrowing, suffering, toiling here,
 How does the thought our spirits cheer,
 The throne of glory's thine!

160

7.6.

1 O LAMB of God! still keep me
 Near to Thy wounded side;
 'Tis only there in safety
 And peace I can abide.

What foes and snares surround me,
What lusts and fears within!

The grace that sought and found me
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding
I feel my life secure,
Only in Thee abiding
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the vict'ry gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face!
One-half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace.
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

161

8.8.6.

1 O **LET** us tell the matchless worth,
And let us sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine:
The wonders of His love we'll sing;
The theme with which the heavens ring,
Now let us gladly join.

2 How rich the precious blood He spilt,
Our ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin against our God!

How perfect is His righteousness,
 In which unspotted beauteous dress,
 His saints have ever stood !

3 How precious is the name He bears,
 And all the forms of love He wears,
 Exalted on the throne !
 In songs of sweet untiring praise
 We would, to everlasting days,
 Make all His glories known.

4 And soon the happy day shall come,
 When we shall reach our destined home,
 And see Him face to face ;
 Then with our Saviour, Lord, and Friend,
 The one unbroken day we'll spend,
 In singing still His grace.

162

6-8a

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

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

'Mid conflict be Thy love my peace!
 In weakness be Thy love my strength!
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 And thou to meet us com'st at length,
 O Jesus! then this heart shall be
 For ever satisfied with Thee.

63

7.6.

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

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

3 O let this love constrain us
 To give our hearts to Thee;
 Let nothing henceforth pain us
 But that which paineth Thee;

Our joy, our one endeavour,
 Through suffering, conflict, shame,
 To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
 And magnify Thy name.

164

7.

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

1 O guard my soul, then, Jesus,
 Abiding still with Thee,
 And if I wander, teach me
 Soon back to Thee to flee.

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

165

C. M.

1 O LORD ! 'tis joy to look above,
 And see Thee on the throne,
 To search the heights and depths of love
 Which Thou to us hast shewn.

2 To look beyond the long dark night,
 And hail the coming day,
 When Thou, to all Thy saints in light,
 Thy glories wilt display.

3 And, oh ! 'tis joy the path to trace,
 By Thee so meekly trod,
 Learning of Thee to walk in grace
 And fellowship with God.

4 Joy to confess Thy blessed name,
 The virtues of Thy blood,
 And to the wearied heart proclaim,
 Behold the Lamb of God !

166

7-6s & 5.

1 O LORD ! we adore Thee;
 For Thou art the slain One
 That livest for ever,
 Enthroned in heaven ;

O Lord ! we adore Thee;
 For Thou hast redeem'd us;
 Our title to glory
 We read in Thy blood.

2 O God, we acknowledge
 The depth of Thy riches;
 For of Thee, and through Thee,
 And to Thee are all things;
 How rich is Thy mercy!
 How great Thy salvation !
 We bless Thee, we praise Thee.
 Amen, and Amen.

1 O LORD ! when we the path retrace
 Which Thou on earth hast trod,
 To man Thy wondrous love and grace,
 Thy faithfulness to God.

2 Thy love, by man so sorely tried,
 Proved stronger than the grave;
 The very spear that pierced Thy side
 Drew forth the blood to save.

3 Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,
 'Mid darkness only light,
 Thou did'st Thy Father's name confess,
 And in His will delight.

4 Unmoved by Satan's subtile wiles,
 Or suffering, shame, and loss,
 Thy path, uncheer'd by earthly smiles,
 Led only to the cross.

5 We wonder at Thy lowly mind,
 And fain would like Thee be,
 And all our rest and pleasure find
 In learning, Lord, of Thee.

168

6-8a.

1 O LOVE divine, Thou vast abyss !
 My sins are swallow'd up in Thee ;
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
 From condemnation I am free :
 While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
 " Mercy ! free, boundless mercy !" cries.

2 Fix'd on this ground must I remain,
 Though heart may fail and flesh decay ;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain
 When earth and heaven shall pass away.
 Mercy's full worth I then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love.

169

S. M.

1 O PATIENT, spotless One !
 Our hearts in meekness train,
 To bear Thy yoke, and learn of Thee,
 That we may rest obtain.

2 Jesus ! Thou art enough
 The mind and heart to fill ;
 Thy life—to calm the anxious soul ;
 Thy love—its fear dispel.

3 O fix our earnest gaze,
 So wholly, Lord, on Thee,
 That with Thy beauty occupied
 We elsewhere none may see.

170

C.M.

- 1 O PRECIOUS Saviour, deep Thy pain
When forth the life-blood flow'd,
That wash'd our souls from every stain,
That paid the debt we owed.
- 2 Cleansed from our sins, renew'd by grace,
Thy royal throne above
(Blest Saviour) is our destined place,
Our portion there Thy love.
- 3 Thine eye, in that bright cloudless day,
Shall, with supreme delight,
Thy fair and glorious bride survey,
Unblemish'd in Thy sight.

171

8a

- 1 O SAVIOUR ! whom absent we love ;
Whom not having seen we adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power :
- 2 O come and display us as Thine,
And leave us no longer to roam ;
Let the light of Thy presence, Lord, shine
Let the trumpet soon summon us home.
- 3 When that happy morning begins,
When we in Thy glories shall shine,
Nor grieve any more by our sins
The bosom on which we recline ;
- 4 O then shall the mists be removed,
And round us Thy brightness be poured !

We shall meet Him, whom absent we love,
We shall see whom unseen we adored.

5 And then never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on our blissful repose.

6 Or, if yet remembered above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise ;
They'll bring but new thoughts of Thy love,
New themes for our wonder and praise.

172

C. M.

1 O TEACH me more of Thy blest ways,
Thou holy Lamb of God !
And fix and root me in Thy grace,
As one redeem'd by blood.

2 O tell me often of Thy love,
Of all Thy grief and pain ;
And let my heart with joy confess
That thence comes all my gain.

3 For this, O may I freely count
Whate'er I have but loss ;
The dearest object of my love,
Compared with Thee, but dross.

4 Engrave this deeply on my heart
With an eternal pen,
That I may, in some small degree,
Return Thy love again.

173

6-8a

1 O THAT we never might forget
 What Christ has suffered for our sake,
 To save our souls and make us meet
 Of all His glory to partake ;
 But, keeping this in mind, press on
 To glory and the victor's crown.

2 But, gracious Lord, when we reflect
 How oft we've turned the eye from Thee,
 How treated Thee with proud neglect,
 And listened to the enemy,
 And yet to find Thee still the same—
 Tis this that humbles us with shame.

3 Astonish'd at Thy feet we fall,
 Thy love exceeds our highest thought,
 Henceforth be Thou our all in all, [bought;
 Thou who our souls with blood hast
 May we henceforth more faithful prove,
 And ne'er forget Thy ceaseless love.

174

6-7a

1 O the mercy of our God !
 How it passes human thought !
 Mercy shown in streams of blood,
 Mercy unto rebels brought ;
 By it sinners are forgiven,
 Mercy opes the way to heaven.

2 O the mercy of our God !
 Free it is, and knows no bound ;

Spread the joyful news abroad,
 Tell it unto all around :
 Tell of Jesus' precious blood,
 Tell the mercy of our God.

175

A. M.

- 1 O WHAT a debt I owe
 To Him who shed His blood,
 And cleansed my soul, and gave me power
 To stand before His God.
- 2 Saviour and Lord ! I own
 The riches of Thy grace ;
 For I can call Thy God my God,
 Can bow before His face.
- 3 Thy heavenly Father, too,
 I worship as my own,
 Who gave with Thee the Spirit's cry,
 To me a Son foreknown.

176

C. M.

- 1 O WHAT a gift the Father gave
 When He bestowed His Son !
 To save poor ruined, guilty man,
 By sin defiled, undone.
- **O what a gift ! His praise shall be
 For ever on my tongue ;
 And mine shall be the loudest praise
 That ransomed soul hath sung !*
- 2 For I was lost and vile indeed !
 To every sin a prey ;

Till God in mercy interposed,
And turned my night to day.*

3 Now I can call the Saviour mine,
Though all unworthy still;
I'm sheltered by His precious blood
Beyond the reach of ill.*

4 Come, all who trust in Jesus, now,
And tell our joys abroad;
Let thankful hymns of praise ascend
For Christ the gift of God.*

1 O WONDROUS hour! when Jesus, Thou,
Co-equal with th' eternal God,
Beneath our sin vouchsafed to bow,
And in our nature bore the rod.

2 On Thee, the Father's blessed Son,
Jehovah's utmost anger fell;
That all was borne, that all is done,
Thine agony, Thy cross can tell.

3 Thy cross! Thy cross! 'tis there we see
What Thou, beloved Saviour, art;
There all the love that dwells in Thee
Was labouring in Thy breaking heart.

4 For us it strove; our life we owe,
Our joy, our glory, all to Thee;
Thy sufferings in that hour of woe,
Thy victory, Lord, have made us free.

178

C. M.

- 1 Of all the gifts Thy love bestows,
Thou Giver of all good!
Not heaven itself a richer knows
Than the Redeemer's blood.
- 2 Faith, too, that trusts the blood through grace,
From that same love we gain;
Else, sweetly as it suits our case,
The gift had been in vain.
- 3 We praise Thee, and would praise Thee more,
To Thee our all we owe;
The precious Saviour, and the power
That makes Him precious too.

179

P. M.

- 1 OH, come to Jesus now,
** Jesus is here.*
All near Him lowly bow,*
Too many go away,
Too many still delay,
Though Jesus bids them stay.*
- 2 Come, then, to Jesus now,*
All low before Him bow,*
Oh, ye that feel your sin,
And coming long have been,
Now find your rest in Him.*
- 3 Come, come to Jesus now,*
Prayer Book
Old and young together bow,*

OH! WHAT A GLORIOUS THING
SIN'S WEARY LOAD TO BRING,
AND LOSE IT WHILE WE SING,*

4 ALL, then, to Jesus now,*
All round Him joyous bow,*
Soon we shall reach the shore
Where we shall praise Him more,
Singing EVER, EVERMORE.*

180

P.M.

1 OH, have you not heard of a beautiful stream
That flows through our Father's land?
Its waters gleam bright in the heavenly light,
And ripple o'er golden sand.

* *Oh, drink of that beautiful stream;*
Oh, drink of that beautiful stream;
Its waters so free are flowing for thee,
Oh, drink of that beautiful stream.

2 Its fountains are deep, and its waters are
And sweet to the weary soul; [pure,
It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone:
Oh, come where its bright waves roll.*

3 This beautiful stream is the river of life,
It flows for all nations free;
A balm for each wound in its waters is found,
Oh, sinner, it flows for thee.*

4 Oh, will you not drink of this beautiful
And dwell on its peaceful shore? [stream,
The Spirit says, "Come, all ye weary ones,
And wander in sin no more."* [home,

"Thou shalt call His name JESUS ; for
He shall save His people from their
sins."—MATT. i. 21.

181

C. M.

- 1 OH, saving name! oh, name of power!
The very soul of rest!
My claim upon Jehovah's heart!
I plead Thee, and am blest!
- 2 OH, name of peace! mysterious name!
In Thee doth conflict end;
Mercy and truth, in Thee agreed,
Eternally do blend.
- 3 OH, name of balm! where conscience finds
A cure for every woe;
Where healing ointments aye are found,
And cleansing waters flow.
- 4 OH, fragrant name! for ever full
Of odours rare and choice,
Where God doth find such incense sweet
As makes His heart rejoice.
- 5 OH, name of rest! with comfort fraught,
So precious and so deep;
Where God doth make a downy bed,
To give His weary sleep.
- 6 Name of renown! the psalm of heaven!
The very soul of rest!
I'll plead Thee in life's latest hour,
And be for ever blest!

182

6-8s.

- 1 OH! speak of Jesus—of that love
Passing all bounds of human thought,
Which made Him quit His throne above,
With God-like deep compassion fraught,
To save from death our ruin'd race,
Our guilt to purge, our path to trace.
- 2 Yes; speak of Jesus—of His grace,
Receiving, pardoning, blessing all;
His holy, spotless life retrace—
His words, His miracles recall.
The words He spoke, the truths He taught,
With life, eternal life, are fraught.
- 3 Oh! speak of Jesus—of His death:
For sinners such as me He died.
“Tis finish'd,” with His latest breath,
The Lord, Jehovah Jesus, cried.
That death of shame and agony
Open'd the way of life to me.

183

11s.

- 1 OH, turn ye! oh, turn ye! for why will you 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, happy to be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 Oh ! how can we leave you ? why will ye not come ?
 'Tis Jesus entreats you, He bids you come home ;
 Oh, turn ye ! oh, turn ye ! for why will ye die,
 When God, in great mercy, is coming so nigh ?

184

8.7.4

1 OH ! what life and benediction
 All around the cross I see !
 Death and sin in crucifixion—
 Hell impaled upon the tree.
 Great Deliverer !
 Wondrous work for thee, for me !

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

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

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

185

7.6.8.6

1 OH ! would ye know my Saviour,
 Ye weary sons of toil ?
 Oh ! would ye, for your bleeding wounds,
 His precious wine and oil ?
 Then hearken to the tale of love,
 Which now declares from heaven,
 How God can say, in righteousness,
 " Your sins are all forgiven. "

2 Oh ! would ye know my Saviour,
 Ye mourners, sad and lone,
 Who long to find a loving Friend,
 To make your griefs His own ?
 Then first believe the word of grace,
 Which God proclaims from heaven,
 How He can say, in righteousness,
 " Your sins are all forgiven. "

186

7.6.8.6

1 OH ! would ye know my Saviour,
 Ye who are young and gay,
 Yet sometimes feel that earth's delights
 Must fade and pass away ?
 Then early list the voice of love,
 Which tells of joys in heaven,
 When God can say, in righteousness,
 " Your sins are all forgiven. "

2 Oh ! would ye know my Saviour,
 Ye travellers to the tomb ?
 He takes the sting of death away,
 And chases all its gloom.

Then, come, believe, while yet you may,
 The message sent from heaven ;
 How God can say, in righteousness,
 " Your sins are all forgiven."

3 Oh! would you know my Saviour,
 Ye hungry souls and poor ?
 I cannot tell you all He is,
 I want to know Him more ;
 But let me seek to spread abroad
 God's blessed news from heaven,
 How He can say, in righteousness,
 " Your sins are all forgiven."

187

6.6.6.8.8.

1 ON earth the song begins,
 In heaven more sweet and loud,
 " To Him that cleansed our sins
 " By His atoning blood ;
 " To Him" we sing in joyful strain,
 " Be honour, power, and praise. Amen."

2 Alone He bare the cross,
 Alone its grief sustain'd ;
 His was the shame and loss,
 And He the vict'ry gain'd ;
 The mighty work was all His own,
 Tho' we shall share His glorious throne.

188

8.7.4.

1 ON His Father's throne is seated
 Christ the Lord, the Living One !

All His toil on earth completed,
 All His work for sinners done;
 In the glory
 See Him—God's eternal Son !

2 Every knee shall bow before Him,
 Every tongue confess His name :
 Ransomed myriads adore Him
 Who endured the sinner's shame !

From the glory
 God doth now His worth proclaim !

3 Man the cross to Him awarded,
 Man the Saviour crucified ;
 Thus man's judgment stands recorded,
 Thus was justice satisfied !

By the glory
 Christ was claimed, on earth who died.

4 Son of man : His incarnation
 Opened first the tale of grace ;
 Son of God : in new creation
 Leader of a chosen race !

Well may glory
 Crown Him in the ordered place !

1 ONCE as prodigals we wander'd
 In our folly far from Thee ;
 But Thy grace, o'er sin abounding,
 Rescued us from misery :

Thou the prodigal hast pardon'd,
 "Kiss'd us" with a Father's love;
 "Kill'd the fatted calf," and call'd us
 E'er to dwell with Thee above.

2 Cloth'd in garments of salvation,
 At Thy table is our place;
 We rejoice and Thou rejoicest
 In the riches of Thy grace.
 "It is meet," we hear Thee saying,
 "We should merry be and glad;
 I have found my once lost children,
 Now they live who once were dead."

190

8.4.8.4.8.8.4.

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

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

3 We have found a friend in Jesus,*
 'Tis His great delight to bless us,*
 How our hearts delight to hear Him
 Bid us dwell in safety near Him,
 Why should we distrust or fear Him?*

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

191

7.6.

1 OUR sins were borne by Jesus,
 The substitute from God :
 He took them all, and freed us
 From the accursed load.
 Our guilt was borne by Jesus,
 Who wash'd the crimson stains
 White in His blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains.

2 Our wants are known to Jesus ;
 All fulness dwells in Him ;
 He healeth all diseases
 Who did our souls redeem.
 We tell our griefs to Jesus,
 Our burdens and our cares ;
 He from them all releases,
 Who all our sorrow shares.

3 We love the name of Jesus,
 The Christ of God, the Lord ;
 Like fragrance on the breezes,
 His name is spread abroad.
 We long to be with Jesus,
 With all the ransomed throng,
 To sing for aye His praises,
 The one eternal song.

192

L. M.

- 1 OURS is a pardon bought with blood;
Amazing truth! the blood of One
Who, without usurpation, could
Lay claim to heaven's eternal throne.
- 2 No victim of inferior worth
Could ward the stroke that justice aim'd;
For none but He, in heaven or earth,
Could offer that which justice claim'd.
- 3 But He, the Lord of glory, came;
Upon the cross He bow'd His head;
He suffer'd pain, He suffer'd shame,
And lay a pris'ner with the dead.
- 4 But lo! He's risen from the grave,
And bears the greatest, sweetest name;
The Lord, almighty now to save,
From sin, from death, from endless shame.

193

8.7.4.

- 1 PASSING onward, quickly passing;
Yes, but whither, whither bound?
Is it to the many mansions,
Where eternal rest is found?
Passing onward—
Yes, but whither, whither bound?
- 2 Passing onward, quickly passing,
Nought the wheels of time can stay!

Sweet the thought that some are going
 To the realms of perfect day:
 Passing onward—
 Christ their Leader—Christ their way.

3 Passing onward, quickly passing,
 Many to the downward road :
 Careless of their souls immortal,
 Heeding not the call of God,
 Passing onward—
 Trampling on the Saviour's blood !

4 Passing onward, quickly passing,
 Time its course will quickly run;
 Still we hear the fond entreaty
 Of the ever gracious One—
 “ Come and welcome,
 “ 'Tis by *Me* that life is won.”

1 PEACE, what a precious sound !
 Tell it the world around :
 Christ hath made peace !
 Our souls are brought to God
 By His atoning blood,
 And crowned with every good :
 Christ hath made peace !

2 Love was the spring of all,
 Love triumphed o'er our fall—
 The love of God !

My soul, this love adore,
 And praise for evermore ;
 Yea, sound from shore to shore,
 The love of God !

195

8.7.4.

1 PRAISE the Lord, who died to save us;
 Praise His ever gracious name;
 Praise Him that He lives to bless us,
 Now and evermore the same.
 Precious Saviour !
 We would all Thy love proclaim.

2 Grace it was, yea, grace abounding,
 Brought Thee down to save the lost;
 Ye above, His throne surrounding,
 Praise Him, praise Him, all His host.
 Saints adore Him,
 Ye are they who owe Him most.

3 Praise His name who died to save us ;
 'Tis by Him His people live ;
 And in Him the Father gave us
 All that boundless love could give :
 Life eternal
 In our Saviour we receive.

196

C. M.

1 "PRAISE ye the Lord," again, again,
 The Spirit strikes the chord ;
 Nor toucheth He our hearts in vain ;
 We praise, we praise the Lord.

2 "Rejoice in Him," again, again,
The Spirit speaks the word;
And faith takes up the happy strain,
Our joy is in the Lord.

3 "Stand fast *in Christ*;" ah! yet, again,
He teacheth all the band;
If human efforts are in vain,
In Christ it is we stand.

4 "Clean every whit;" Thou saidst it, Lord;
Shall one suspicion lurk?
Thine surely is a faithful word,
And Thine a finish'd work.

5 For ever be the glory given
To Thee, O Lamb of God!
Our every joy on earth, in heaven,
We owe it to Thy blood.

197

S. M.

1 RAISE ye the song of praise
To God and to His Son!
Widely we would sound forth the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 It was the Father's love
The Well-beloved chose,
And sent Him for our wretched race,
Deep in our sea of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bore—
No terror clothed His brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

5 "Twas mercy from above
To rebels doom'd to die,
When Christ was sent, in pardoning love,
Under their curse to lie.

"Tis this removes our fears,
Makes hopeless sorrows cease;
Bows by the sense of pardoning love,
And gives eternal peace.

198

P. M.

- 1 REST of the saints above,
 Jerusalem of God,
 Who in thy palaces of love,
 Thy golden streets have trod.
- 2 To me thy joy to tell—
 Those courts secure from ill,
 Where God himself vouchsafes to dwell,
 And every bosom fill.
- 3 Who shall to me that joy
 Of saint-thronged courts declare,
 Tell of that constant sweet employ
 My spirit longs to share?
- 4 That rest secure from ill,
 No cloud of grief e'er stains;
 Unfailing praise each heart doth fill,
 And love eternal reigns.
- 5 The Lamb is there, my soul;
 There God himself doth rest,
 In love divine, diffused through all,
 With Him supremely blest.

6 God and the Lamb—'tis well
I know that source divine
Of joy and love no one can tell,
Yet know that all is mine.

7 And see the Spirit's power
Has oped the heavenly door,
Has brought me to that favoured hour
When toil shall all be o'er.

8 There on the hidden bread
Of Christ once humbled here—
God's treasured store—for ever fed,
His love my soul shall cheer.

9 Called by that secret name
Of undisclosed delight
(Blest answer to reproach and shame),
Graved on the stone of white.

10 There in effulgence bright,
Saviour and Guide, with Thee
I'll walk, and in Thy heavenly light
Whiter my robe shall be.

11 There in th' unsullied way,
Which His own hand hath dressed,
My feet press on where brightest day
Shines forth on all the rest.

12 But who that glorious blaze
Of living light shall tell,
Where all His brightness God displays
And the Lamb's glories dwell?

13 There only to adore
 My soul its strength may find,
 Its life, its joy for evermore,
 By sight nor sense defined.

14 God and the Lamb shall there
 The light and temple be ;
 And radiant hosts for ever share
 The unveil'd mystery.

199

C. M.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
 Thy Father calls for thee ;
 No longer now an exile roam
 In guilt and misery. Return ! Return !

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
 'Tis Jesus calls for thee ;
 The Spirit and the Bride say, Come !
 Oh now for refuge flee. Return ! Return !

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
 'Tis madness to delay ;
 There are no pardons in the tomb,
 And brief is mercy's day. Return ! Return !

200

S. M.

1 "REVIVE Thy work, O Lord !"
 Thy mighty arm make bare ;
 Speak with the voice which wakes the dead,
 And make Thy people hear.

2 "Revive Thy work, O Lord !"
 Create soul-thirst for Thee ;

And hungering for the bread of life
O may our spirits be !

3 "Revive Thy work, O Lord !"
Exalt Thy precious name ;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

4 "Revive Thy work, O Lord !"
Give power unto Thy word ;
Grant that Thy blessed gospel may
In living faith be heard.

5 "Revive Thy work, O Lord !"
Give Pentecostal showers ;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours !

201

8.7.

1 RISE, my soul ! behold 'tis Jesus,
Jesus fills thy wondering eyes :
See Him now, in glory seated,
Where thy sins no more can rise.

2 There, in righteousness transcendent,
Lo ! He doth in heaven appear,
Shows the blood of His atonement
As thy title to be there.

3 All thy sins were laid upon Him,
Jesus bore them on the tree ;
God who knew them laid them on Him,
And, believing, thou art free.

4 God now brings thee to His dwelling,
 Spreads for thee His feast divine,
 Bids thee welcome, ever telling
 What a portion there is thine.

5 In that circle of God's favour,
 Circle of the Father's love,
 All is rest, and rest for ever,
 All is perfectness above.

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

202

8.7.

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

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

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

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

5 Art thou weaned from Egypt's pleasures?
 God in secret thee shall keep,
 There unfold His hidden treasures,
 There His love's exhaustless, deep.

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

7 On to Canaan's rest still wending,
 E'en thy wants and woes shall bring
 Suited grace from high descending ;
 Thou shalt taste of mercy's spring.

8 Though thy way be long and dreary,
 Eagle strength He'll still renew ;
 Garments fresh and foot unwearied
 Tell how God hath brought thee through.

9 When to Canaan's long-loved dwelling
 Love divine thy foot shall bring,
 There with shouts of triumph swelling,
 Zion's songs in rest to sing.

10 Then no stranger God shall meet thee,
 Stranger thou in courts above,
 He who to His rest shall greet thee,
 Greets thee with a well-known love.

1 Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,
Grace hath hid me safe in Thee !
 Where the water and the blood,
 From Thy wounded side which flow'd,

Are of sin the double cure,
Cleansing from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labour of my hands
Could fulfil the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
Nought for sin could e'er atone,
But Thy blood, and Thine alone!
- 3 Found by Thee before I sought,
Unto Thee in mercy brought,
I have Thee for righteousness—
From Thy fulness grace for grace;
Thou hast wash'd me in Thy blood,
Made me live, and live to God.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
If mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
Still of Thee I'll sing alone.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
All my boast and joy's in Thee.

204

P.M.

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

**Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever:
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Halleluia, praise ye the Lord.*

2 Salvation! O ascended Lamb,
 To Thee the praise belongs!
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.*

205

7.^

1 SALVATION! oh, salvation!
 Endearing, precious sound!
 Shout, shout the word "*Salvation!*"
 To earth's remotest bound.
 Salvation for the guilty,
 Salvation for the lost,
 Salvation for the wretched,
 The sad and sorrow-toss'd.

2 Salvation for the aged,
 Salvation for the young,
 Salvation e'en for children,
 Proclaim with joyful tongue:
 Salvation for the wealthy,
 Salvation for the poor,
 Salvation for the lowly,
 E'en life for evermore.

3 Salvation without money,
 Salvation without price,
 Salvation without labour,
 Believing doth suffice;
 Salvation now—this moment!
 Then why, O why delay?
 You may not see to-morrow;
 Now is salvation's day!

206

P.M.

1 SAW ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour,
Saw ye my Saviour and God?
 He died on Calvary,
 To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended, He was extended,
Shamefully nailed to the cross.
 He bowed His head and died !
 Thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 There as my Surety, there as my Surety,
Jesus, my Lord, do I see,
 On Him my sins were laid,
 And for me the debt He paid,
When He groaned and expired on the tree.

207

L.M.

1 SEE mercy, mercy from on high,
Descend to rebels doom'd to die ;
'Tis mercy free, which knows no bound ;
How sweet, how pleasant is the sound !

2 Soon as the reign of sin began,
The light of mercy dawn'd on man,
When God announced the blessed news,
" The woman's seed thy head shall bruise."

3 Brightly it beam'd on men forlorn,
When Christ, the holy child, was born;
And brighter still in splendour shone
When Jesus, dying, cried, " 'Tis done ! "

4 Complete in power when He arose,
And burst the bands of all His foes;
Then captive led captivity,
And took for us His seat on high.

5 Till we around Him there shall throng,
This mercy shall be still our song;
For God shall every scheme confound
Of all that seek its course to bound !

208

8.7.7

1 SEE the Saviour ! sinners slew Him,
Yet for sinners He was slain;
Sinners now are welcome to Him;
Such compose the Saviour's train:
Sinners, ransomed by His blood,
Sinners reconciled to God !

2 See the holy Victim suff'ring !
Sinner, here's a sight for you !
Here's an all-sufficient off'rning ;
O believe the record true !
See the Lamb for sinners slain;
Every other hope is vain.

3 'Tis a true and joyful saying,
Jesus came to save the lost;
Grace and truth at once displaying,
God the Saviour, true and just :
Sinners, hear His gracious voice,
In His saving work rejoice.

209

8.7.4

1 SOVEREIGN grace o'er sin abounding !
Ransom'd souls the tidings swell ;

'Tis a deep that knows no sounding ;
 Who its breadth or length can tell ?
 On its glories
 Let my soul for ever dwell.

2 What from Christ that soul can sever,
 Bound by everlasting bands ?
 Once in Him, in Him for ever,
 Thus God's faithful record stands.
 None shall pluck thee
 From the Father's mighty hands.

3 Heir of God, joint heir with Jesus,
 By the Spirit own'd a son ;
 To God's name eternal praises
 For the wonders love has done.
 Living union !
 Sovereign grace hath made us one.

210

P.M.

1 STOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
 Before you further go ;
 Can you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting woe ?

2 On the verge of ruin stop,
 Now the friendly warning take,
 Stay your footsteps, or you'll drop
 Into the burning lake.

3 'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
 Sinners He invites to come.
 None who come shall be denied
 He says, there still is room.

211

8.7.

- 1 "STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,"
See Him dying on the tree!
"Tis the Christ by man rejected;
Yes, my soul, 'tis He! 'tis He!
- 2 Mark the sacrifice appointed,
See who bears the awful load!
"Tis the Word, the Lord's anointed,
Son of man, and Son of God!
- 3 Here we have a firm foundation;
Here the refuge of the lost!
Christ's the rock of our salvation;
His the name of which we boast!
- 4 Lamb of God, for sinners wounded!
Sacrifice to cancel guilt!
None shall ever be confounded,
Who on Thee their hope have built.

212

8.7.

- 1 SWEET the moments which, in blessing,
Musing o'er the cross, we spend;
Life and health and peace possessing
From the dying sinner's Friend.
- 2 Here we rest, in wonder viewing
All our guilt on Jesus laid!
And a full redemption flowing
From the sacrifice He made.
- 3 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before the Lord to lie;

And to own God's full salvation,
To rebellious man brought nigh

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

213

C. M.

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

2 Thither she came ; but, oh ! her heart,
All filled with earthly care,
Dreamed not of Thee, nor thought to find
The hope of Israel there.

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

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

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

214

8.7.

1 TELL around the wide creation
 What redeeming love hath done ;
 Publish full and free salvation,
 Through the blood of God's dear Son.

2 Free to all who will receive it,
 No hard works He bids us do.
 Sinners, great and small, believe it;
 Chief of sinners, 'tis for you.

215

C.M.

1 TEN thousand, thousand souls there are
 Entered within the door ;
 Those countless souls are gathered in,
 And yet there's room for more.

2 Room for the lame, the halt, the blind,
 Sinner, there's room for thee ;
 'Twas Christ made room for such poor souls,
 By dying on the tree !

3 Room in the Saviour's loving heart,
 For all the Father gave ;
 He bore their sins, their curse, their guilt,
 That He might freely save.

4 Room for the chief of sinners still,
 Oppress'd with unbelief ;
 That precious Christ can save thy soul
 Who saved the dying thief !

5 And since there's also room for thee,
 The worst of Adam's race,
 O ! then burst forth in songs of praise,
 A sinner saved by grace !

216

6.6.6.8.8.

- 1 TH' ATONING work is done ;
The victim's blood is shed ;
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead ;
He stands in heaven their great High Priest,
And bears their names upon His breast.
- 2 See "sprinkled with the blood
The mercy-seat" above ;
For justice had withheld
The purposes of love ;
But justice now withstands no more,
And mercy yields her boundless store.
- 3 No temple made with hands
His place of service is ;
In heaven itself He stands,
A heavenly priesthood His ;
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.
- 4 And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again :
In brightest glory He will come,
And take His waiting people home.

217

C.M.

- I THE cross of Christ ! what untold *love*,
What *grace* was there expressed :
The only way to heaven above—
To God's eternal rest.

2 The good-for-nothing hopeless ones,
 Find mercy on the spot,
 For thus God's glorious message runs :
 " *To him that worketh not.*"

3 The work of Christ was so complete,
 Its glory nought can dim :
 The point where God and sinners meet—
 And thousands meet with Him.

4 And art thou *wretched, vile, undonr,*
 Ay, *worse than all beside?*
 Why, 'twas for such a *hopeless one*
 That Christ Himself has died.

5 The day of grace will soon be o'er
 (The closing hour is set),
 Still open stands salvation's door,
 And you may enter yet.

L. M.

218

1 THE cross ! the cross ! O that's my gain,
 Because on that the Lamb was slain ;
 'Twas there the Lord was crucified ;
 'Twas there the Saviour for us died.

2 Here doth the Lord of Life proclaim
 To all the world His saving name :
 Ye doubting souls, in Him believe ;
 Ye wounded, look to Him and live !

219

76

1 THE day of glory bearing
 Its brightness far and near,
 The day of Christ's appearing,
 We now no longer fear.

2 He once a spotless victim
 For us on Calv'ry bled;
 Jehovah did afflict Him,
 And bruised Him in our stead.

3 To Him by grace united,
 We joy in Him alone;
 And now by faith delighted,
 Behold Him on the throne.

4 Then let Him come in glory,
 Who comes His saints to raise,
 To perfect all the story
 Of wonder, love, and praise.

220

P. M.

1 THE Father sent the Son
 A ruined world to save;
 Man meted to the Sinless One
 The cross : the grave:
 Blest Substitute from God,
 Wrath's awful cup he drained;
 Laid down His life, and e'en the tomb's
 Reproach sustained.

2 Earth shuddered as He died—
 God's well-beloved Son:
 The darkness sought His woes to hide:
 His work is DONE.
 He lives ! to die no more:
 Joy dwells upon his brow;
 His agonies untold are o'er;
 He triumphs now !

3 The new and living Way
 Stand open now to heaven;
 Thence, where the blood is seen alway,
 God's Gift is given.
 The river of His grace,
 Through righteousness supplied,
 Is flowing o'er the barren place
 Where JESUS died!

4 The Lord shall come again!
 The Conqueror must reign!
 No tongue but shall confess Him then,
 The Lamb once slain:
 JESUS is worthy *now*
 All homage to receive;
 O! sinner to the Saviour bow,
 The Truth believe!

221

7.6

1 THE Gospel news is sounding
 To nations far and near;
 Come, listen to the echo,
 Now while 'tis sounding here.
 It brings you news of pardon,
 And joy, and love, and peace,
 And everlasting glory,
 If you will it embrace.

2 You all may come and welcome,
 This is the Gospel news;
 So life and death's before you,
 Come, take ~~you~~ which you choose.

I pray you be persuaded,
 Obey the Gospel call,
 Beneath the blood to shelter
 Of Him who died for all.

222

8s.

1 THE Lamb was slain! let us adore,
 And all His gracious mercy own;
 And prostrate now and evermore
 Before His piercèd feet fall down;
 Serve without dread, with reverence love
 The Lord whose boundless grace we prove.

2 Through Him alone we live, for He
 Hath drownèd our transgressions all
 In love's unfathomable sea.
 O love, unknown, unsearchable!
 The Holy Lamb for sin was slain,
 That sinners endless life might gain.

3 As ground, when parch'd with summer's
 heat,
 Gladly drinks in the welcome shower,
 So would we, listening at His feet,
 Receive His words, and feel His power;
 Have nothing in our hearts remain
 Like this great truth, "The Lamb was slain!"

223

C.M.

1 THE Lamb was slain, the blood was brought,
 And sprinkled o'er the door,
 And when Jehovah saw it there,
 His judgments passèd o'er.

2 But richer blood than then was shed
 God saw on Calv'ry's tree,
 When Jesus died, the Lamb of God,
 To ransom such as thee.

3 To ransom thee from death and hell,
 The bitter fruit of sin;
 Oh, fly for shelter to that blood,
 Which makes the vilest clean.

224

S. M.

1 THE Lord Himself shall come,
 And shout a quickening word.
 Thousands shall answer from the tomb:
 "*For ever with the Lord.*"

2 Then as we upward fly,
 That resurrection-word
 Shall be our shout of victory,
 "*For ever with the Lord.*"

3 How shall I meet those eyes?
 Mine on Himself I'll cast,
 And own myself the Saviour's prize!
 Mercy from first to last.

4 "Knowing as I am known!"
 How shall I love that word,
 How oft repeat before the throne,
 "*For ever with the Lord.*"

5 That resurrection-word,
 That shout of victory—
 Once more: "*For ever with the Lord.*"
 Amen, so let it be!

225

S. M.

1 "THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED!"

Then justice asks no more;
Mercy and truth are now agreed,
Which stood opposed before.

2 "THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED!"

Then is His work performed;
The captive Surety now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.

3 "THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED!"

He lives—to die no more;
He lives—His people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.

4 "THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED!"

And hell has lost its prey;
And with Him all the ransomed seed
Shall reign in endless day.

226

P. M.

1 The Lord is risen: The Red Sea's judgment
flood [blood.
Is passed, in Him who bought us with His
The Lord is risen: We stand beyond the
doom
Of all our sin, through Jesus' empty tomb.

2 The Lord is risen: With Him we also rose,
And in His grave see all our vanquished
foes. [land,
The Lord is risen: Beyond the judgment
In Him, in resurrection-life, we stand.

3 The Lord is risen : Shut in are we with
God, [trod.
To tread the desert which His feet have
The Lord is risen : The Sanctuary's our
place, [face.
Where now we dwell before the Father's

4 The Lord is risen : The Lord is gone before,
We long to see Him, and to sin no more !
The Lord is risen : Our triumph-shout
shall be, [are free !"
"Thou hast prevailed ! Thy people, Lord,

227

C. M.

1 The love of Jesus is a theme
Worth all our tongues' employ,
So rich, so full, and so divine,
A boundless source of joy.

2 The love of God could not be told
But through His only Son ;
And Jesus lived and died below,
To make it fully known.

3 That slavish fear might be removed,
And not a doubt remain,
In love to man He gave His life,
But took that life again.

4 And now He's on His Father's throne,
In patience waiting there,
"A little while" and then He'll come,
And saints His glory share.

228

L. M.

1 THE perfect righteousness of God
 Is witnessed in the Saviour's blood ;
 'Tis in the Cross of Christ we trace
 His righteousness, yet wondrous grace.

2 God could not pass the sinner by,
 His sin demands that he must die ;
 But in the Cross of Christ we see
 How God can save, yet righteous be.

3 The sin alights on Jesus' head,
 'Tis in His blood sin's debt is paid ;
 Stern Justice can demand no more,
 And Mercy can dispense her store.

4 The sinner who believes is free,
 Can say, "The Saviour died for me :"
 Can point to the atoning blood,
 And say, "This made my peace with God."

229

S. M.

1 THE promise is fulfill'd,
 Th' atoning work is done ;
 Justice and mercy reconciled,
 For God has raised His Son.

2 He left death's drear abode,
 From all corruption free ;
 The holy, harmless Son of God
 Could no corruption see.

3 In Him the saints are risen,
 From guilt and judgment clear,
 And now upon the throne of heaven,
 In Him, their Head, appear.

230

8.7.8.7.

- 1 THE risen Lord, by heaven adored,
We see there crowned with glory ;
And here proclaim His saving name,
That everlasting story !
- 2 While here He trod, He told of God,
His grace and truth revealing,
And there He still declares the will
That brought us peace and healing.
- 3 For there is seen (where wrath had been
Our just award impending)
The Lamb once slain, alive again,
God's truth and mercy blending.
- 4 Eternal peace and righteousness
Are thus our sure foundation,
And we will praise Thy wondrous ways,
Thou God of our salvation !

231

7.6.

- 1 THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sigh'd for,
The fair sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
- 2 Oh, Christ ! He is the fountain,
The deep sweet well of love !

The streams on earth I've tasted,
 More deep I'll drink above !
 There, to an ocean fulness,
 His mercy doth expand,
 And glory—glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
 My web of time He wove,
 And aye the dews of sorrow
 Were lusted with His love.
 I'll bless the Hand that guided,
 I'll bless the Heart that plann'd,
 When throned where glory dwelleth,
 In Immanuel's land.

4 Oh ! I am my Beloved's,
 And my Beloved is mine !
 He brings a poor vile sinner
 Into His " house of wine ! "
 I stand upon His merit,
 I know no safer stand,
 Not e'en where glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

5 The bride eyes not her garment,
 But her dear bridegroom's face ;
 I will not gaze at glory,
 But on my King of Grace—
 Not at the crown He gifteth,
 But on His pierced hand :—
 The Lamb is all the glory
 Of Immanuel's land.

232

P. M.

- 1 THE Saviour *lives*, no more to die:
He lives, our Head, enthroned on high ;
He lives triumphant o'er the grave ;
He lives eternally to save !
- 2 He lives to still His people's fears ;
He lives to wipe away their tears ;
He lives their mansions to prepare ;
He lives to bring them safely there.
- 3 The chief of sinners He receives ;
His saints He loves, and never leaves ;
He'll guard us safe from every ill,
And all His promises fulfil.
- 4 Then let our souls in Him rejoice,
And sing His praise with cheerful voice ;
Our doubts and fears for ever gone,
For Christ is on the Father's throne.

233

7.6.

- 1 THE sprinkled blood is speaking
Before the Father's throne,
The Spirit's power is seeking
To make its virtues known.
- 2 The sprinkled blood is telling
Jehovah's love to man,
While heavenly harps are swelling
Sweet notes to mercy's plan.
- 3 The sprinkled blood is speaking
Forgiveness full and free,

Its wondrous power is breaking
Each bond of guilt for thee.

4 O wondrous power that seeketh
From sin to set thee free,
Ah! precious blood that speaketh
Peace, even unto thee.

234.

C. M.

1 THE veil is rent :—our souls draw near
Unto a throne of grace ;
The merits of the Lord appear,
They fill the holy place.

2 His precious blood has spoken there,
Before and on the throne:
And His own wounds in heaven declare,
Th' atoning work is done.

3 " "Tis finish'd !" on the cross He said,
In agonies and blood ;
'Tis finished !—now He lives to plead
Before the face of God.

4 Tis finished !—here our souls have rest,
His work can never fail :
By Him, our Sacrifice and Priest,
We pass within the veil.

5 Within the holiest of all,
Cleansed by His precious blood,
Before the throne we prostrate fall,
And worship Thee, O God !

6 Boldly the heart and voice we raise,
 His blood, His name, our plea;
 Assured our prayers and songs of praise
 Ascend, by Christ, to Thee.

235

8.8.8.6.

- 1 THE wanderer no more will roam,
 The lost one to the fold hath come,
 The prodigal is welcomed home,
 O Lamb of God, through Thee !
- 2 Though clothed in rags, by sin defiled,
 The Father did embrace his child;
 And I am pardon'd, reconciled,
 O Lamb of God, in Thee !
- 3 It is the Father's joy to bless,
 His love has found for me a dress,
 A robe of spotless righteousness,
 O Lamb of God, in Thee !
- 4 And now my famish'd soul is fed,
 A feast of love for me is spread,
 I feed upon the children's bread,
 O Lamb of God, in Thee !
- 5 Yes, in the fulness of His grace,
 God put me in the children's place,
 Where I may gaze upon His face,
 O Lamb of God, in Thee !
- 6 Not half His love can I express,
 Yet, Lord, with joy my lips confess,
 This blessed portion I possess,
 O Lamb of God, in Thee !

7 Thy precious name it is I bear,
 In Thee I am to God brought near,
 And all the Father's love I share,
 O Lamb of God, in Thee.

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

236

P. M.

1 THERE is a better world, they say,
 Oh, so bright!
 Where sin and woe are done away,
 And music fills the balmy air,
 And angels with bright wings are there !
 And harps of gold, and mansions fair,

2 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
 Happy land!
 No tear-drops glisten in the eye,*
 They drink the gushing streams of grace,
 And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
 Whose brightness fills the holy place,*

3 Oh, parents, brothers, sisters, come,
 Come away!
 We long to reach our Father's home,*
 Oh, come, for time is fleeting past,
 And men and things are fading fast,
 Jesus will surely come at last,*

237

C.M.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God,
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared—
Unworthy though I be—
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.
- 5 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

238

C.M.

- 1 THERE is a name I love to hear,
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.
- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free.

**It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.**

**3 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my smallest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.**

**4 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear ;
It tells me in a "still small voice,"
To trust and never fear.**

**5 Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear !
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.**

**6 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.**

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

**1 THERE is a precious full supply
Of all a sinner needs,
By God, in Jesus Christ brought nigh,
When faith His merit pleads.**

* *O who would drink at earthly streams,
Or earthly fountains try,
When Jesus offers living draughts
The soul to satisfy.*

2 *A full supply for every soul,
Of pardon, peace, and rest,
Of balm to make the wounded whole,
Of joy to the distressed.**

240

P. M.

- 1 *THERE is life in a look at the Crucified One ;
There is life at this moment for thee ;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved—
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.*
- 2 *It is not thy tears of repentance, or prayers
But the blood that atones for the soul ;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.*
- 3 *We are healed by His stripes. Would'st thou add t
And He is our righteousness made ; [the word.
The best robe of heaven He bids thee put on ;
Oh ! could'st thou be better arrayed ?*
- 4 *Then doubt not thy welcome, since God hath declared
There remaineth no more to be done ;
Christ once in the end of the world hath appeared,
And completed the work He begun.*
- 5 *Oh take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives ;
And know with assurance thou never canst
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives.*

241

TUNE.—“Beautiful Stream.”

P.M.

1 THERE shall come a night of such wild
 As none beside shall know ; [affright,
 When the heavens shall shake, and the wide
 earth quake

In its last and deepest woe !

**O sinners ! to Jesus come now,*
O sinners ! to Jesus come now,
Oh ! come while you may, while still 'tis the
Of grace, salvation, and love. [day

2 What horrors shall roll o'er the godless soul,
 Waked from its death-like sleep ;
 Of all hope bereft, and to judgment left,
*For ever to wail and weep !**

3 O worldling, give ear, while the saints are
 Soon must the tie be riven, [near !
 And men, side by side, God's hand shall
 divide,
 As far as hell's depths from heaven.*

4 The children of day are summoned away :
Left are the children of night—
 Sealed is their doom, for there's no more
 room :
 Filled are the mansions of light !*

5 What an awful cry will rend the sky,
 “Open to us, O Lord !”
 O ye sinners, yet, ere the door be shut,
 Let that cry *in faith* be heard.*

242

8s.

1 THIS world is a wilderness wide !

I have nothing to seek or to choose ;
 I've no thought in the waste to abide ;
 I've nought to regret nor to lose.

2 The Lord is Himself gone before ;

He has mark'd out the path that I tread ;
 It's as sure as the love I adore,
 I have nothing to fear nor to dread.

3 There is but that one in the waste,

Which His footsteps have mark'd as His
 And I follow in diligent haste [own ;
 To the seat where He's put on His crown.

4 For the path where my Saviour is gone

Has led up to His Father and God,
 To the place where He's now on the throne ;
 And His strength shall be mine on the road.

5 And with Him shall my rest be on high,

When in holiness bright I sit down,
 In the joy of His love ever nigh,
 In the peace that His presence shall crown.

6 'Tis the treasure I've found in His love

That has made me a pilgrim below,
 And 'tis there, when I reach Him above,
 As I'm known, all His fulness I'll know.

7 And, Saviour, 'tis Thee, from on high,

I await till the time Thou shalt come,
 To take him Thou hast led by Thine eye
 To Thyselv in Thy heavenly home.

3 Till then 'tis the path Thou hast trod
 My delight and my comfort shall be ;
 I'm content with Thy staff and Thy rod,
 Till with Thee all Thy glory I see.

243

8.4.

1 THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
 All will be well ;
 Free and changeless in His favour,
 All, all is well.
 Precious is the blood that healed us,
 Perfect is the grace that sealed us,
 Strong the hand stretched out to shield us ;
 All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
 All will be well ;
 Ours is such a full salvation,
 All, all is well.
 Happy, still in God confiding,
 Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
 Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
 All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow,
 All will be well ;
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
 All, all is well.
 On our Father's love relying,
 Jesus every need supplying,
 Or in living, or in dying,
 All must be well.

244

8.4.

1 THROUGH Thy precious body broken,
 * *Inside the Veil.*

Oh! what words to sinners spoken,*
 Precious, as the blood that bought us ;
 Perfect, as the love that sought us ;
 Holy, as the Lamb that brought us,*

2 When we see Thy love unshaken,
 * *Outside the Camp.*

Scorn'd by man, by God forsaken,*
 Thy lov'd cross alone can charm us ;
 Shame doth now no more alarm us ;
 Glad we follow, nought can harm us,*

3 Lamb of God, through thee we enter
 * *Inside the Veil.*

Cleansed by Thee, we boldly venture*
 Not a stain ; a new creation ;
 Ours is such a full salvation ;
 Low we bow in adoration*

4 Unto Thee, the homeless stranger,
 * *Outside the Camp.*

Forth we hasten, fear no danger*
 Thy reproach, far richer treasure
 Than all Egypt's boasted pleasure ;
 Drawn by love that knows no measure*

5 Soon Thy saints shall all be gathered
 * *Inside the Veil.*

ALL AT HOME—no more be scatter'd—*

Nought from Thee our heart shall sever;
 We shall see Thee, grieve Thee never;
 "Praise the Lamb!" shall sound for ever*

245

S. M.

1 THROUGH waves, thro' clouds and storms,
 God gently clears the way;
 We wait His time; so shall the night
 Soon end in blissful day.

2 He everywhere hath sway,
 And all things serve His might;
 His every act pure blessing is,
 His path unsullied light.

3 When He makes bare His arm,
 Who shall his work withstand?
 When He His people's cause defends,
 Who then shall stay His hand?
 We leave it to Himself
 To choose and to command;
 With wonder fill'd, we soon shall see
 How wise, how strong His hand.

5 We comprehend Him not,
 Yet earth and heaven tell;
 God sits as Sov'reign on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well.

246

7.7.8.7. bis

1 THY name we bless, Lord Jesus,
 That name all names excelling,
 How great Thy love all praise above,
 Should every tongue be telling.

The Father's loving-kindness,
 In giving Thee was shown us;
 Now by Thy blood redeem'd to God,
 As children He doth own us.

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

3 Thou from the dead wast raisèd—
 And from all condemnation
 The Church is free, as risen in Thee,
 Head of the new creation!
 On high Thou hast ascended,
 To God's right hand in heaven,
 The Lamb once slain, alive again,—
 To Thee all power is given.

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

247

7.7.8.7. bia.

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

2 Thy name we love, Lord Jesus;
It tells God's love unbounded,
To ruin'd man, ere time began,
Or heaven and earth were founded.
Thine is a love *eternal*,
That found in us its pleasure,
That brought Thee low, to bear our woe,
And make us Thine own treasure.

3 Thy name we love, Lord Jesus;
It tells Thy birth so lowly,
Thy patience, grace, Thy gentleness,
Thy lonely path so holy.
Thou wast the "man of sorrows;"
Our grief, too, Thou didst bear it;
Our bitter cup, Thou drankest up;
The thorny crown, didst wear it.

4 Thy name we love, Lord Jesus;
God's Lamb—Thou wast ordain'd
To bear our sin (Thyself all clean).
And hast our guilt sustained.

We see Thee crown'd in glory,
 Above the heavens now seated,
 The victory won, Thy work well done,
 Our righteousness completed.

248

C. M.

- 1 THY precious name is all we show,
 Our only passport, Lord ;
 And full assurance now we know,
 Confiding in Thy word.
- 2 O largely give, 'tis all Thine own,
 The Spirit's goodly fruit:
 Praise issuing forth in life, alone
 Our living Lord can suit.
- 3 Henceforth let each beloved child,
 With quickened step proceed,
 To walk with garments undefiled
 Where'er Thine eye may lead.

249

C. M.

- 1 'Tis past—the dark and dreary night,
 And, Lord, we hail Thee now,
 Our "Morning Star," without a cloud
 Of sadness on Thy brow.
- 2 Thy path on earth, the cross, the grave,
 Thy sorrows all are o'er,
 And, O sweet thought! Thine eye shall weep,
 Thy heart shall break no more.

Deep were those sorrows—deeper still
 The love that brought Thee low,

That bade the streams of life from Thee,
A lifeless victim, flow.

4 The soldier, as he pierced Thee, proved
Man's hatred, Lord, to Thee ;
While in the blood that stain'd the spear,
Love, only Love, we see.

250

C. M.

1 'Tis vain to seek for peace with God
By methods of our own ;
There's nothing save the Saviour's blood
Can bring us near the throne.

2 The threatenings of the broken law
Impress the soul with dread ;
If God His sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes the sinner dead.

3 But the Redeemer's sacrifice
Has answered all demands ;
Both peace and pardon, from the skies,
Come down by Jesus' hands.

4 'Tis by Thy death, O Lord, we live,
'Tis on Thyself we rest ;
For ever be Thy love adored,
Thy name for ever blest.

251

C. M.

1 To Calv'ry, Lord, in spirit now
Our weary souls repair,
To dwell upon Thy dying love,
And taste its sweetness there.

2 Sweet resting-place of every heart
 That feels the plague of sin,
 Yet knows that deep mysterious joy,
 The peace of God within.

3 There, through Thine hour of deepest woe,
 Thy suffering spirit pass'd ;
 Grace there its wondrous victory gain'd,
 And love endured its last.

4 Dear suffering Lamb ! Thy bleeding wounds,
 With cords of love divine,
 Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,
 And linked our life with Thine.

5 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours ;
 Dear Lord ! we wait to see
 Creation, all—below, above,
 Redeemed and blest by Thee.

6 Our longing eyes would fain behold
 That bright and blessed brow,
 Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear
 Its crown of glory now.

252

C.M.D.

1 To Him that loved us, gave Himself,
 And died to do us good,
 Has wash'd us from our scarlet sins
 In His most precious blood ;
 Who made us kings and priests to God,
 His Father infinite ;
 To Him eternal glory be,
 And everlasting might !

2 Through Him to God—the God most high—
 Praise for all grace be given,
 Whose gifts through all eternity
 We'll gladly sing in heaven :
 His Christ has loved us, given Himself,
 And died to do us good,
 Has wash'd us from our scarlet sins
 In His own precious blood.

253

C. M.

- 1 To us our God His love commends,
 When by our sins undone ;
 That He might spare His enemies,
 He would not spare His Son—
- 2 His only Son, on whom was placed
 His whole delight and love,
 Before He form'd the earth below,
 Or spread the heaven's above.
- 3 Our sorrows and our guilt to bear,
 Our judgment to sustain ;
 He came upon the tree to die,
 That we might life obtain.
- 4 This life is hid in God, with Him
 Who sell a sacrifice,
 And dying, conquer'd death for us,
 That we, like Him, might rise.
- 5 Quickly He triumphed o'er the grave,
 And went to heaven again ;
 There intercedes, and thence will come
 With all His saints to reign.

254

C. M.

1 "Too late, too late!" how sad the sound
 On anxious human ears,
 Of those who've waited long, a prey
 To doubts, and hopes, and fears.

2 But there's a time when, sadder far,
 Shall sound in mortal ears,
 A dread "too late," which killing hope
 Will turn to truth *all fears*.

3 "Too late" they'll feel their lost estate,
 Which now they don't believe;
 "Too late" they'll see the grace of GOD,
 Which now they won't receive.

4 "Too late" they'll find the door *will* shut,
 Which now stands *open wide*;
 "Too late" they'll have to meet their GOD,
 With no place *then* to hide.

5 Oh! sinner, pause, ere yet "too late;"
 Now is the day of grace,
 Now Jesus calls, oh! do obey
 His pleading, loving, voice.

6 To-day 'tis free to all who come,
 And take Him at His word;
 To-morrow's sun may rise "too late"
 For you who *now* have heard.

255

L. M.

1 We adore Thee evermore; Hallelujah!
 Saviour, for Thy boundless grace; Hal.

For the cross, whereby to us, Hal.
Sure is made eternal bliss ; Hal.

2 For Thy death, which set us free, Hal.
From sin's cruel slavery ; Hal.
From thine all-atoning blood, Hal.
Which has brought us nigh to God ; Hal.

256

P.M.

1 We are but strangers here ;
* *Heaven is our home !*

Earth is a desert drear ;*
Dangers and sorrows stand
Round us on every hand ;
Heaven is our fatherland.*

2 What though the tempest rage !*
Short is our pilgrimage ;*
This life's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast ;
We shall reach home at last.*

3 There, at our Saviour's side,
* *In heaven our home !*

We shall be glorified,*
There, with the good and blest,
Those we love most and best,
We shall for ever rest,*

4 Therefore we'll murmur not ;
* *Heaven is our home !*

Whate'er our earthly lot,*
We shall yet surely stand
There, at our Lord's right hand ;
Heaven is our fatherland.*

1 We are by Christ redeemed :
 The cost—His precious blood ;
 Be nothing by our souls esteem'd
 Like this great good.
 Were the vast world our own,
 With all its varied store,
 And Thou, Lord Jesus, wert unknown,
 We still were poor.

2 Our earthen vessels break ;
 The world itself grows old ;
 But Christ our precious dust will take
 And freshly mould :
 He'll give these bodies vile
 A fashion like His own,
 He'll bid the whole creation smile,
 And hush its groan.

3 Thus far, by grace preserved,
 Each moment speeds us on ;
 The crown and kingdom are reserved
 Where Christ is gone.
 When cloudless morning shines,
 We shall His glory share ;
 In pleasant places are the lines ;
 The home how fair !

4 To God our weakness clings
 Through tribulation sore,
 And seeks the covert of His wings
 Till all be o'er.

And when we've run the race,
 And fought the faithful fight,
 We then shall see Him face to face,
 With saints in light.

258

P. M.

1 WE know there's a bright and a glorious
 Away in the heavens high, [home,
 Where all the redeem'd shall with Jesus
 But will you be there, and I? [dwell;
 Will you be there, and I?
 Will you be there, and I?
 Where all the redeem'd shall with Jesus
 But will you be there, and I? [dwell;

2 In robes of white, o'er the streets of gold,
 Beneath a cloudless sky, [smile;
 They walk in the light of their Father's
 But will you be there, and I? &c.

3 From every kingdom of earth they come
 To join the triumphal cry, [slain; ”
 Singing, “Worthy the Lamb that once was
 But will you be there, and I? &c.

4 If you take the loving Saviour now,
 Who for sinners once did die, [home
 When He gathers His own in that bright
 Then you'll be there, and I, &c.

5 If we are shelter'd by the cross,
 And through the blood brought nigh,
 Our utmost gain we'll count but loss,
 Since you'll be there, and I, &c.

259

L. M.

1 We sing the praise of Him who died,
 Of Him who died upon the cross,
 The sinners hope—let men deride ;
 For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
 In shining letters, "God is LOVE!"
 The Lamb who died upon the tree
 Has brought us mercy from above.

3 THE CROSS ! it took our guilt away,
 It holds the fainting spirit up ;
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
 And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
 It takes its terror from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light.

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
 The measure and the pledge of love,
 The sinners' refuge here below,
 The theme of praise in heaven above.

260

8s.

1 We speak of the mercy of God,
 So boundless, so rich, and so free !
 But what will it profit thy soul,
 Unless 'tis relied on by thee ?

2 We speak of salvation and love,
 By the Father in Jesus made known ;

But if thou would'st live unto God,
By faith *thou* must make it *thine* own.

3 We speak of the Saviour's dear name,
By which God can sinners receive;
Yet still art thou lost and undone,
Unless in that name *thou*'lt believe.

4 We speak of the blood of the Lamb,
Which frees from pollution and sin;
But its virtues by *thee* must be proved,
Or *thou* wilt be ever unclean.

5 We speak of the glory to come,
Of the heaven so bright and so fair;
But unless you in Jesus believe,
Thou shalt not, thou canst not be there.

261

S. M.

1 We thank Thee for the blood,
The blood of Christ, Thy Son;
The blood by which our peace is made,
Our victory is won.

2 We thank Thee for the grace,
Desoending from above,
That overflows our widest guilt,
The eternal Father's love.

262

7

1 WELCOME, welcome ! sinner, hear !
Hang not back through shame or fear;
Doubt not, nor distrust the call--
Mercy is proclaimed to all.

- 2 Welcome to the offer'd peace;
Welcome, pris'ner to release!
Burst thy bonds, be saved, be free;
Rise and come—He calleth thee.
- 3 Welcome, weeping penitent,
Grace has made thy heart relent;
Welcome, long estrangèd child ;
Now to God be reconciled.
- 4 All ye weary and distress'd,
Welcome to relief and rest ;
All is ready, hear the call ;
There is ample room for all.
- 5 None can come that shall not find
Mercy called whom grace inclined ;
Nor shall any willing heart
Ever hear that word, " Depart."

363

C. M.

- 1 WELL may we sing ! with triumph sing
The great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of our SAVIOUR GOD,
Revealed in Jesus' face.
- 2 The Father's love it was that sought
From hell to set us free;
That gave the Lamb whose precious blood
Has bought our liberty.
- 3 In Him we read the Father's love,
And find eternal peace:
In Him we meet a SAVIOUR GOD,
And fear and terror cease.

264

84.

- 1 WE'LL sing of the Shepherd that died,
That died for the sake of the flock ;
His love to the utmost was tried,
But firmly endured as a rock.
- 2 When blood from a victim must flow,
This Shepherd, by pity, was led
To stand between us and the foe,
And willingly died in our stead.
- 3 Our song then for ever shall be
Of the Shepherd who gave Himself thus ;
No subject's so glorious as He,
No theme so affecting to us.
- 4 We'll sing of such subjects alone,
None other our tongues shall employ,
Till fully His love becomes known,
In yonder bright regions of joy.

265

P. M.

- 1 WE'RE bound for the land of the pure and
the holy,
The home of the happy, the region of love ;
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of
Oh say, will ye go to the Eden above? [folly,
* *Will you go? will you go? will you go?*
will you go?
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?
- 2 In that blessed land neither sighing nor
anguish
Can enter those fields where the justified rove ;

Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
 Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?*

March on, happy pilgrims, the land is before you,
 And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
 Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the bright hills of glory,
 And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
We will go, we will go, we will go, we will go,
Oh yes, we will go to the Eden above. [go,

1 WE'RE pilgrims in the wilderness,
 Our dwelling is a camp;
 Created things, though pleasant,
 Now bear to us death's stamp.
 But onward we are speeding,
 Though often let and tried;
 The Holy Ghost is leading
 Home to the Lamb, His Bride.

2 With fellow-pilgrim's meeting,
 As through the waste we roam,
 'Tis sweet to sing together,
 "We are not far from home!"
 And when we've learned our lesson,
 Our work, in suffering, done,
 Our ever-loving Father
 Will welcome every one.

3 We look to meet our brethren
 From every distant shore ;
 Not one will seem a stranger,
 Though never seen before :
 With angel host attending
 In myriads through the sky ;
 Yet 'midst them all, Thou only,
 O Lord, wilt fix the eye !

4 Lord, since we sing as pilgrims,
 O give us pilgrims' ways !
 Low thoughts of self, befitting
 Proclaimers of Thy praise ;
 O make us each more holy ;
 In spirit, pure and meek ;
 More like to heavenly citizens,
 As more of heaven we speak.

267

P.M.

1 WE'RE travelling home to heaven above ;
 * *Will ye go !*
 To sing the Saviour's dying love ;
 * *Will ye go !*
 Millions have reached that blessed shore ;
 Their trials and labours all are o'er,
 But still there's room for millions more :
 * *Will ye go !*

2 We there shall see the Saviour's face,
 And sing the triumph of His grace :
 Our sun will then no more go down ;

All clouds for ever be withdrawn ;
 Our days of mourning ever gone :*

3 We there shall walk the plains of light :*
 Far, far from death, and curse, and night !*
 The crown of life we then shall wear,
 The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
 And all the joys of heaven share.*

4 Oh, could I hear some sinner say,
 "*I will go;*"
 And singing on his heavenly way,
 "*I will go;*"
 And to his old companions say,
 "O come to Jesus Christ to-day !
 "He is the life, the truth, the way ;
 "*Will you go?*"

268

C. M.

1 WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
 Around Thy steps below !
 What patient love was seen in all
 Thy life and death of woe !

2 For ever on Thy burden'd heart
 A weight of sorrow hung ;
 Yet no ungentle murmuring word
 Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile—
 Thy friends unfaithful prove ;

Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 Oh! give us hearts to love like Thee—
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself may every eye,
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

269

S. M.

1 WHAT, sinner, canst thou do?
Where, sinner, canst thou fly?
Eternal wrath hangs o'er thy head,
And judgment lingers nigh.

2 For God must visit sin
With His displeasure sore:
Since He is holy, just, and true,
And righteous evermore.

3 So Jesus died for sin—
Upon the cross He died;
God's righteousness was there displayed,
And justice satisfied.

4 This only thou canst do,—
Believe in Christ and live;
Fly to the shelter of His blood,
And peace with God receive.

270

6.6.6.6.8.

1 WHAT was it, blessed God,
 Led Thee to give Thy Son,
 To yield Thy Well-beloved
 For us by sin undone?
 'Twas love unbounded led Thee thus
 To give Thy Well-beloved for us.

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

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

4 What love to Thee we owe,
 Our God, for all Thy grace;
 Our hearts may well o'erflow
 In everlasting praise!
 Make us, O Lord, to praise Thee thus,
 For all Thy boundless love to us.

271

8.7

1 WHEN the Saviour said, "Tis finished,"
 Everything was fully done:
 Done, as God Himself would have it—
 Christ the victory fully won.

2 All the *doing* is completed,
 Now 'tis *look, believe, and live* ;
 None can purchase his salvation,
 Life's a gift that God must *give*.

3 Grace through righteousness is reigning,
 Not of works, lest man should boast ;
 Man must take the proffered mercy,
 Or eternally be lost.

272

L. M.

1 WHENE'ER I muse upon the cross
 On which the Lord of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I'd sacrifice them to His blood.

3 There from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow'd mingled down ;
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were an offering far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

273

P. M.

1 WHENE'ER we meet, you always say,
 What's the news ?
 Pray what's the tidings of the day ?
 What's the news ?

Oh, I have got good news to tell !
 My Saviour hath done all things well,
 And triumphed over death and hell ;
 * *That's the news !*

2 The Lamb was slain on Calvary ;*
 To set a world of sinners free ;*
 'Twas there His precious blood was shed ;
 'Twas there He bow'd His sacred head ;
 But now He's risen from the dead ;*

3 To heav'n above the Conqueror's gone :*
 He's pass'd triumphant to the throne :*
 And on that throne He will remain,
 Until from heav'n He comes again,
 Attended by a dazzling train ;*

4 And Christ, the Lord, can save you now :*
 Your sinful hearts He can renew :*
 This moment, if for sins you grieve—
 This moment, if you do believe,
 A full acquittal you'll receive.*

1 WHERE is now the sinner's Surety,
 He who once was crucified ?
 All God's waves of wrath went o'er Him
 When He suffered, bled, and died.
 " It is finished ! "
 Grace and truth are glorified.

2 In the grave they could not find Him,
 He had told them so before :

Justice could no longer bind Him,
 Mourners, let your fears be o'er ;
 " He is risen ! "
 Jesus lives for evermore.

3 " Peace unto you ! " this His greeting,
 Word of Him that cannot lie,
 From the heart that bore our judgment,
 Heart of love that cannot die ;
 " Peace unto you ! "
 Still He speaketh from on high.

4 " It is finished ! " " He is risen,"
 Ye who these blest words receive,
 Peace in Him is now your portion,
 Peace eternal He will give ;
 " Peace unto you ! "
 All who on His name believe.

275 GOING TO THE BETTER LAND.

Quest. 1 WHITHER, pilgrims, are you going,
 Going each with staff in hand ?

Ans. We are going on a journey,
 Going at our Lord's command :

Chorus— Over hills, and plains, and valleys,
 We are going to His palace,
 We are going to His palace,
 Going to the better land.

Q. 2 Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for
 In that bright and better land ?

A. Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
 From a Saviour's loving hand.

C. We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
In that bright and better land.

Q. 3 Fear ye not the way so lonely,
Ye, a feeble little band ?

A. No : for friends, unseen, are near us,
Angels bright around us stand :

C. Christ, our Leader, walks beside us :
He will guard, and He will guide us,
He will guard, and He will guide us,
Going to the better land.

Q. 4 Pilgrims, may we travel with you,
To that bright and better land ?

A. Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.

C. Come, oh come, and do not leave us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
Christ is waiting to receive us
In that bright and better land.

I Why 'neath the load of your sins do ye toil?
Christ giveth rest, giveth rest.
Why be in slavery—why Satan's spoil?
You may be blest, may be blest.
Christ now invites you sweet rest to receive,
Heavy's your burden, but He can relieve,
If but this moment in Him you believe,
You shall have rest, shall have rest.

2 Why go ye onward, so weary and worn?

Christ giveth rest, giveth rest.

Why are ye hopelessly sad and forlorn?

You may be blest, may be blest.

Jesus our burden did bear on the tree;

He was afflicted for you and for me;

If you there Christ as your substitute see,

You will have rest, will have rest.

3 Why are ye troubled when death comes in

Christ giveth rest, giveth rest. [view?

Though after death there comes judgment

You may be blest, may be blest. [too,

Christ bore God's judgment, poor sinners
to save; [grave;

He gained the victory o'er death and the

Oh! now believe Him, and life you shall
have;

You shall have rest, shall have rest.

Money or price ye need not to bring,

Christ giveth rest, giveth rest,

Why to your rags and your poverty cling?

Come and be blest, and be blest.

Away with all fear, away with all doubt,

Hear his own words which none can refute—

Whoe'er comes to me I'll in no wise cast out,

I'll give him rest, give him rest.

Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
 Sent to waft us through the deep,
 To the regions
 Where the mourners cease to weep.

2 Rendered safe by His protection,
 We shall pass the watery waste ;
 Trusting to His wise direction,
 We shall gain the port at last ;
 And with wonder
 Think on toils and dangers past.

3 O what pleasures there await us !
 There the tempests cease to roar ;
 There it is that those who hate us
 Can molest our peace no more ;
 Trouble ceases
 On that tranquil, happy shore.

278

8.7.

1 WITHOUT blood is no remission ;
 Thus the Lord proclaims from heaven ;
 Blood must flow ;—on this condition,
This alone, is sin forgiven :
 Yes, a victim must be slain,
 Else all hope of life is vain.

2 But the victim—who shall find it,
 Such a one as sinners need ?
 To the altar who shall bind it ?
 Who shall make the victim bleed ?
 Such a victim as must die
 All the world could not supply.

3 God Himself provides the victim ;
 Jesus is the Lamb of God ;
 Heaven, and earth, and hell afflict Him,
 While He bears the sinner's load.
 Jesus' blood—His blood alone,
 Can for human guilt atone.

4 Joyful truth ! He bore transgression
 In His body, on the cross !
 Through His blood there's full remission
 For the vilest, e'en for us :
 Jesus for the sinner bleeds ;
 Nothing more the sinner needs.

279

L. M.

1 WORTHY of homage and of praise,
 Worthy by all to be adored ;
 Exhaustless theme of heavenly lays !
 Thou, Thou art worthy, Jesus, Lord !

2 Now seated on Jehovah's throne,
 The Lamb, once slain, in glory bright ;
 'Tis thence Thou watchest o'er Thine own,
 Guarding us through the deadly fight.

3 To Thee, e'en now, our song we raise,
 Though sure the tribute mean must prove :
 No mortal tongue can tell Thy ways,
 So full of life, and light, and love.

4 Yet, Saviour ! Thou shalt have *full* praise :
 We soon shall meet Thee on the cloud,
 We soon shall see Thee face to face,
 In glory praising as we would.

280

8.7.4.

1 Yes, dear soul, a voice from heaven
 Speaks a pardon full and free ;
 Come, and thou shalt be forgiven ;
 Boundless mercy flows for thee—

**Even thee, even thee,
 Boundless mercy flows for thee.*

2 See the healing fountain springing
 From the Saviour on the tree ;
 Pardon, peace, and cleansing bringing,
 Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee—*

3 Hear His love and mercy speaking,
 "Come and lay thy soul on Me ;
 Though thy heart for sin be breaking,
 I have rest and peace for thee"—*

4 "Every sin shall be forgiven,
 Thou, through grace, a child shalt be ;
 Child of God, and heir of heaven,
 Yes, a mansion waits for thee"—*

5 There in love for ever dwelling,
 Jesus all thy joy shall be,
 And thy song shall still be telling
 All His mercy did for thee"—*



CHILDREN'S CORNER.

281

C. M. D.

- 1 A LITTLE ship was on the sea,
It was a pretty sight ;
It sail'd along so pleasantly,
And all was calm and bright.
When, lo ! a storm began to rise ;
The wind grew loud and strong ;
It blew the clouds across the skies,
It blew the waves along.
- 2 And all but One were sore afraid
Of sinkng in the deep ;
His head was on a pillow laid,
And He was fast asleep.
" Master, we perish ! Master save ! "
They cried ; their Master heard :
He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,
And still'd them with a word.
- 3 He to the storm says, " Peace, be still ! "
The raging billows cease ;
The mighty winds obey His will,
And all are hush'd to peace.
O well we know it was the Lord,
The Saviour and the Friend,
Whose care of those who trust His word
Will never, never end.

282

8a.

- 1 A WAY to the Father is found ;
The blood of atonement is shed ;
And He who once lay in the grave
Is risen again from the dead ;
- 2 Has taken His seat on the throne,
And proved that His work was complete ;
The heavens have opened with joy,
To give Him His glorious seat.
- 3 There thousands of thousands unite
To tell His unspeakable worth,
Proclaiming again and again
The work He accomplished on earth.

283

8 8.6.

- 1 AND is it true, as I am told,
That there are lambs within the fold
Of God's beloved Son ?
That Jesus Christ, with tender care,
Will in His arms most gently bear
The helpless little one ?
- 2 Oh ! yes, I've heard my mother say,
He never sent a child away,
That scarce could walk or run :
But when the Saviour was besought
To touch the babe the parent brought,
He bless'd the little one.
- 3 And I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
Though goodness I have none ;

May now be folded in His breast,
 As birds within the parent nest,
 And be His little one.

4 And He can do all this for me,
 Because in sorrow on the tree
 He once for sinners hung ;
 And having put their sins away,
 He now rejoices, day by day,
 To bless the little one.

284

P. M.

1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
 Thousands of children stand :
 Children whose sins are all forgiven,
 A holy, happy band,
 * *Singing, glory, glory, glory.*

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
 See every one arrayed ;
 Dwelling in everlasting light,
 And joys that never fade,*

3 Once they were little things like you,
 And lived on earth below,
 And could not praise, as now they do,
 The Lord that loved them so,*

4 What brought them to that world above,
 That heaven so bright and fair,
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love ?
 How came those children there ? *

5 Because the Saviour shed His blood
 To purge away their sin;
 Now washed in that most precious flood
 Behold them white and clean.*

285

8.

1 As the serpent raised by Moses
 Healed the fiery serpent's bite,
 Jesus thus Himself discloses
 To the wounded sinner's sight.

2 Hear His gracious invitation—
 “I have life and peace to give—
 I have wrought out full salvation:
 Sinner, look to Me and live.”

286

8. M.

1 CHRIST once was found with men,
 A man of sorrows He;
 He bore His people's sentence then,
 He bore it on the tree.

2 He suffer'd in their stead,
 He sav'd His people thus;
 The curse that fell upon His head
 By right was due to us.

3 'Twas love that brought Him down,
 The purest, strongest love;
 He bore the cross, He won the crown,
 And now He reigns above.

187

P.M.

1 HERE we suffer grief and pain :
Here we meet to part again ;
In heaven we part no more.

* *Oh, that will be joyful !*
Joyful, joyful, joyful !
Oh, that will be joyful !
When we meet to part no more.

2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.*

3 Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every clime and school.*

4 Oh how happy we shall be !
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on His throne.*

5 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.*

288

P.M.

1 How loving is Jesus, who came from the sky,
In tenderest pity, for sinners to die !
His hands and His feet they were nailed to the tree,
And all this He suffer'd for sinners like me !

2 How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart
To all who receive Him by faith in their heart !
No evil befalls them, their home is above,
And Jesus throws round them the arms of His love.

3 How precious is Jesus to all who believe !
 And out of His fulness what grace they receive !
 When weak He supports them, when erring He guides,
 And everything needful He kindly provides.

4 Oh give then to Jesus your earliest days ;
 They only are blessed who walk in His ways :
 In life and in death He will still be their friend,
 For those whom He loves He will love to the end.

289

P. M.

1 I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
 Thou callest its children a happy band ;
 Mother ! oh where is that radiant shore ?
 Shall we not seek it and weep no more ?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs ?
 Not there, not there, my child.

2 Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
 Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
 And strange bright birds, with their starry wings,
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?
 Not there, not there, my child.

3 Is it far away in some region old,
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand ?
 Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?
 Not there, not there, my child.

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy ;
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair ;
 Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
 Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb.
 It is there, it is there, my child.

290

P.M.

I THINK when I read that sweet story of
 When Jesus was here among men, [old,
 How He called little children as lambs to
 His fold,
 I should like to have been with Him then.
 I wish that His hands had been placed on
 my head,
 That His arms had been thrown around me,
 And that I might have seen His kind look
 when He said,
 " Let the little ones come unto me."

2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share of His love ;
 And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
 I shall see Him and hear Him above,
 In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
 For all who are wash'd and forgiv'n ;
 And many dear children are gathering there
 " For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

3 But thousands and thousands who wander
and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home ;
The Scriptures inform us there's room for
them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
It speaks of that blessed and glorious time,
The fairest, the brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blessed.

291

8.7.3

1 *Jesus is a loving Saviour,*
Frowns are never on His brow ;
"Come," He says, in words of mercy,
"Prove my loving-kindness now."

2 *Jesus is a mighty Saviour,*
Strong His outstretched arm to save ;
He has vanquished death and Satan—
He has triumphed o'er the grave.

3 *Jesus is a willing Saviour,*
Frankly, freely He forgives ;
And the soul which looks unto Him
From that happy moment lives.

4 *Jesus is a righteous Saviour,*
Never making light of sin ;
Death He suffered, ere in triumph
He could bring redemption in.

32

L.M.

Jesus, who lived above the sky,
 Came down to be a man and die;
 And in the Bible we may see
 How **very** good He used to be.

He went about, He was so kind,
 To cure poor people who were blind;
 And many who were sick and lame,
 He pitied them and did the same.

And more than that, He told them, too,
 The things that God would have them do;
 And was so gentle and so mild,
 He would have listened to a child.

But such a cruel death he died!
 He was hung up and crucified;
 And those kind hands that did such **good**,
 They nailed them to a cross of wood.

And so He died! and this is why
 He came to be a man and die;
 The Bible says He came from heaven,
 That we might have our sins forgiven.

He knew how wicked men had been,
 And knew that God must punish sin;
 So out of pity Jesus said,
 I'll bear the punishment instead.

33

A.M.

I **LIKE** as the days of Noah were,
 So shall they also be,

When Christ, the Son of man shall come,
Whom every eye shall see.

2 Before the flood, they ate, they drank,
And married day by day,
And knew not till the flood was come,
And took them all away.

3 So now men live, and buy, and sell,
And peace and safety cry,
Not knowing, in their unbelief,
That Christ the Lord is nigh.

4 The ark, the ark, and it alone,
Was safety in the flood,
So Jesus, and no other name,
Saves sinners by His blood.

5 All in the ark were very safe,
For God had shut them in;
So all Christ's sheep are in His hand,
And none can pluck from Him.

294

P.M.

1 THE Saviour, Jesus, is gone to prepare
Such a beautiful home in the sky,
And He says He will come,
And lead to that home,
Every sinner that's born from on high.

2 How sweetly their voices shall praise Him
there
For the blessings His hand has bestow'd,

They shall shine there bright
 In their robes of white,
 For they all have been wash'd in His blood.

3 And crowns they shall wear of the purest
 gold,

And a wonderful song they shall sing,
 And each shall cast down
 His glittering crown
 At the feet of the heavenly King.

4 And happy, amid this bright joyous throng,
 Shall many a little one sing ;
 May I join them, and raise
 My voice to the praise
 Of the Giver of every good thing !

5 I'd like to go to that heaven so bright,
 For joy beams, in that world, on each face;
 But if there I would go,
 On earth I must know,
 As my Saviour, the Lord of that place.

295

7.6.

1 THERE's a *rest* for little children,
 Above the bright blue sky;
 Who love the blessed Saviour,
 And "Abba, Father," cry;
 A rest from every turmoil,
 From sin and danger free;
 Where every little pilgrim
 Shall rest eternally.

2 There's a *home* for little children,
 Above the bright blue sky;
 Where Jesus reigns in glory,
 A home of peace and joy.
 No home on earth is like it,
 Or can with it compare;
 For every one is happy,
 Nor could be happier there.

3 There's a *Friend* for little children,
 Above the bright blue sky,
 A Friend who never changeth,
 Whose love can never die.
 Unlike our friends by nature,
 Who change with changing years,
 This Friend is always worthy
 The precious name He bears.

4 There's a *robe* for little children,
 Above the bright blue sky,
 And a *harp* of sweetest music,
 And a *palm* of victory.
 All, all above is treasured,
 And found in Christ alone;
 O come, dear little children,
 That all may be your own.

1 THERE is a happy land,
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day.

Oh, how they sweetly sing,
 " Worthy is our Saviour King :
 Loud let His praises ring—
 Praise, praise for aye ! "

2 Come to this happy land,
 Come, come away !
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay ?
 Oh, we shall happy be,
 When, from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with Thee,
 Blessed, blessed for aye !

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

297

P.M.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
*** We're marching to Immanuel's ground,**
And soon shall hear the trumpet sound ;

And then we shall with Jesus reign,
 And never, never part again, [again.
 What ! never part again ? No ! never part
 What ! never part again ? No ! never part
 And then we shall with Jesus reign, [again.
 And never, never part again.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-with'ring flowers :
 United to a risen Christ,
 This heavenly land is ours.*

298

8a.

1 We speak of the realms of the bless'd,
 That country so bright and so fair ;
 And oft are its glories confess'd—
 But what must it be to be there !

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
 Its walls deck'd with jewels so rare ;
 Its wonders and pleasures untold—
 But what must it be to be there !

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

4 We speak of its peace and its love,
 The robes which the glorified wear ;
 The songs of the blessed above—
 But what must it be to be there !

299

C. M.

1 **W**HAT caused the Holy Son of God
To stoop so very low?
What brought Him from His glory bright
To bear our weight of woe?

2 'Twas love, 'twas love to ruined man,
Whose sin He deign'd to bear,
That sinners, through His death of shame,
Eternal life might share.

3 For this did God most freely give
His well-beloved Son;
And nought could keep the Saviour back
Until His work was done.

4 In risen glory now He dwells,
Triumphant o'er the grave;
His heart still yearning over those
He came to seek and save.

300

P. M.

1 **W**HEN mothers of Salem their children brought to
Jesus, [depart;
The stern disciples drove them back, and bade them
But Jesus saw them ere they fled,
And sweetly smiled, and kindly said,
"Suffer the children to come unto me."

2 For I will receive them, and fold them to my bosom;
I'll be a shepherd to these lambs. -O! drive them not
away;

For if their hearts to me they give,
 They shall with me in glory live,
 "Suffer the children to come unto me."

3 How kind was the Saviour to bid those children
 welcome ! [His name ;

But there are many thousands who have never heard
 The Bible they have never read;
 They know not that the Saviour said,
 "Suffer the children to come unto me."

"GOD
 So loved
 THE WORLD,
 That He gave His only-begotten Son,
 That
 Whosoever believeth
 IN HIM
 Should not perish, but
 HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE."

I N D E X.

No.		No.	
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A little ship was on	281	By faith I see the	23
A mind at perfect peace	3	By Thee, O God, invited	24
A way to the Father	282	"Call them in"—the	25
"All things are ready"	4	Christ deliver'd me	26
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All ye that pass by	6	Christ once was found	286
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Around the throne of	284	Come, let us join our	33
As the serpent raised	285	Come, Thou Fount of	34
As when the Hebrew	11	Come to Jesus!	35
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Behold, behold the	13	Come, sinners, to the	37
Behold the empty tomb	14	Come to the Saviour	38
Behold the Lamb	15	Come, weary, anxious	39
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Behold the Lamb! 'tis He	17	Death and judgment	41
Behold the Lamb whose	18	Enquire, my soul	42
Behold the Saviour at	19	Faith is a very simple	43
Behold, what wondrous	20	Farewell to this world's	44

No.		No.	
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God in mercy sent His	54	I gave my life for thee	81
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Happy they who trust	59	I heard the voice of	85
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Hark ! how the Gospel	61	I rest in Christ the	87
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HeH is darkness—deep	69	Jesus, Captain of	94
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What was it, blessed	270	Without blood is no	278
When mothers of	300	Worthy of homage	279
When the Saviour	271	Yes, dear soul, a voice	280

“ I

Am not ashamed of

THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST;

For it is

THE POWER OF GOD UNTO SALVATION ,

To every one that

BELIEVETH.”

THE GOSPEL HYMNAL APPENDIX.

I N D E X.

	No.
Are you weary and sad 'neath the burden of sin?	26
Come! Come! Come!	16
"Come!"—'Tis Jesus gently calling,	17
Come to the Saviour, make no delay,	12
Free from the law, oh, happy condition!	6
God loved the world of sinners lost,	3
He is coming, coming for us,	19
I am so glad that our Father in heaven,	29
I know not the hour when my Saviour will come,	8
I'm waiting for Thee, Lord,	11
It passeth knowledge! that dear love of Thine,	30
Jesus the water of life will give,	4
My God I have found The thrice blessed ground,	21
O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head,	18
Oh joy of the justified, joy of the free,	2
Oh! what a Saviour is Jesus the Lord!	24
Praise ye the Father! God—'tis He who gave us,	28
Rejoice and be glad! The Redeemer has come!	23
Safe in the arms of Jesus,	1
Sowing the seed by the daylight fair!	5
The Great Physician now is near,	14
The heavenly Bridegroom soon will come,	20
The Son of God who dwelt in light,	15
There's a land that is fairer than day,	25
Thou Treasure inexhaustible!	10
We are glad we ever heard the blessed news,	13
What means this eager, anxious throng?	22
When life's springtime has faded—its music died away,	7
Who is He in yonder stall?	27
* Yet there is room! The Lamb's bright hall of song,	3

**Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.*

Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.*

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care ;
Safe from the world's temptations ;
Sin cannot harm me there.

Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears ;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.*

Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,
Jesus has died for me ;
Firm on the Rock of Ages,
Ever my trust shall be.

Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er ;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.*

Oh joy of the justified, joy of the free,
I'm washed in that crimson tide opened for me !
In Christ my Redeemer, rejoicing I stand,
Being saved by His grace and held by His hand.
*Sing of His mighty love, sing of His mighty love,
Sing of His mighty love, mighty to save !

O Jesus the crucified, Jesus Thou'ret mine,
 Though once a lost sinner, yet now I am Thine.
 In conscious salvation, I sing of His grace,
 Who lifts now upon me the smile of His face.*

O Jesus my Saviour, I'll e'er sing of Thee,
 Yes, sing of Thy precious blood poured out for me ;
 And when in the mansions of glory above,
 I'll praise and adore Thine unchangeable love.*

O ye who are guilty and wretched within,
 Who feel the sad burden and sorrow of sin,
 Oh ! look unto Jesus, however impure
 No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure.*

3

P.M.

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

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

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

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

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

Of victory now o'er Satan's power
 Let all the ransomed sing,
 And triumph to their latest hour,
 Through Christ, our Lord, the King.*

P.M.

4
 Jesus the water of life will give
 Freely, freely, freely :
 Jesus the water of life will give
 Freely to those who trust Him.
 Come to that fountain, oh, drink and live !
 Freely, freely, freely ;
 Come to that fountain, oh, drink and live !
 Flowing for those who trust Him.
 *The Spirit and the Bride say, Come ; freely,
 freely, freely ;
 And he that is thirsty, let him come, and drink
 of the water of life. [flowing ;
 The fountain of life is flowing, flowing, freely
 The fountain of life is flowing, is flowing for
 you and for me.

Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
 Treasures unfading will there be given.*
 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light.*
 Jesus has promised eternal day,
 Pleasures that never shall pass away.*

5 P.M.
 "YET there is room!" The Lamb's bright hall of song,
 With its fair glory, beckons thee along ;
 *Room, room, still room!
 Oh, enter, enter now!

Day is declining, and the sun is low :
 The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go.*
 The bridal hall is filling for the feast ;
 Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest.*

It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee !
 Make haste, make haste : 'tis not too full for thee.*

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

Pass in, pass in ! That banquet is for thee ;
 That cup of everlasting love is free :*

All heaven is there : all joy ! Go in, go in :
 The angels beckon thee the prize to win :*

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

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

6

P.M.

FREE from the law, oh, happy condition !
 Jesus hath bled, and there is remission !
 Cursed by the law, and bruised by the fall,
 Christ hath redeemed us, *once for all*.*

**Once for all, O sinner receive it ;*
Once for all, O brother believe it ;
Trust in the Lord, the burden will fall,
Christ hath redeemed us, once for all.

Now are we free—there's no condemnation,
 Jesus provides a perfect salvation ;
 "Come unto me"—oh, hear His sweet call,
 Come, for He saves us, *once for all*.*

"Children of God !" oh, glorious calling !
 Surely His grace will keep us from falling ;
 Passing from death to life at His call,
 Blessed salvation, *once for all*.*

Soon He will come, the saints shall be raised,
 We, who remain alive, shall be changed ;
 Then all, *caught up*, at His blessed call,
 Changed to His likeness, *once for all*.*

7

P. M.

WHEN life's springtime has faded—its music died away,

When thy hopes have given place to fears;

When thy clear sky is shaded, for summer will not stay,

Oh ! who shall wipe away thy tears ?

There is One—the rest of the weary—

JESUS. JESUS saith, "Come unto me ; "

Many days He hath lingered, in mercy full and free,

O sinner ! JESUS waits for thee.

When the gain thou hast hoarded is slipping from thy
grasp,

When thou standest needy and alone ; [clasp,

When thy cold hand no longer the wonted props can
Oh ! who will listen to thy moan ?

There is One—the Friend of the friendless—

JESUS. JESUS saith "Come unto me,"

None other friend but JESUS can e'er thy Saviour be,

O sinner ! JESUS calleth thee.

When the day of salvation is drawing to a close,

When thy guilt shall weigh thee to the ground ;

When thy heart throbs in terror before eternal woes,

Oh ! then no Saviour can be found.

Now there's One—resource for the guilty—

JESUS. JESUS saith, "Come unto me," [may be !

Still Mercy's bloodstained lintel thy door of hope

O sinner ! JESUS died for thee.

8

P.M.

I KNOW not the hour when my Saviour will come,

To take me away to His own blest home,

But I know that He's coming, and He has said "soon;"

Then that will be glory for me. [for me ;

Then that will be glory for me : yes, that will be glory

But I know that He's coming, and He has said 'soon ;'

Then that will be glory for me.

In love He has told me there are mansions up there,

But now He has gone a place to prepare,

And then He'll come back, and His home I shall share,

And that will be glory for me, etc.

And now I'm to witness for Him while He's gone.

The same as the moon reflects light from the sun;
I know 'twill bring suffering, but when it is done,

The glory'll be brighter for me, etc.

So with loins tightly girded, and lamp burning bright,
I'll work, wait, and watch, through the long dark night,
For Him who is coming, then oh, what delight !

His presence is glory for me, etc.

O sinner, come with me, the door's open wide,
The blood is still cleansing that flowed from His side,
On Calvary's cross "*It is finished,*" He said,
He offers the glory to thee, etc.

The Lord's on the throne, God has raised up His Son,
He could not be there if the work were not done,
But now that it is, just "*Believe on the Son,*"
And glory is certain for thee, etc.

9

P.M.

SOWING the seed by the daylight fair !

Sowing the seed by the noonday glare ;

Sowing the seed by the fading light,

Sowing the seed in the solemn night :

Oh, what shall the harvest be ?

Oh, what shall the harvest be ?

**Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,*

Sown in our weakness, for we have no might ;

Gathered in time or eternity,

Sure, ah, sure, will the harvest be !

Sowing the seed by the wayside high,

Sowing the seed on the rocks to die ;

Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,

Sowing the seed in the fertile soil :

Oh, what shall the harvest be ?*

Sowing the seed with an aching heart,

Sowing the seed while the tear drops start,

Sowing the seed till the reapers come,

Gladly to gather the harvest home ;

Oh, what shall the harvest be ?*

10

D.C.M.

THOU Treasure inexhaustible !
 Thou Source of true delight !
 What care I for the world's applause,
 Or for its diamonds bright ?
 More prized by far one smile from Thee
 Than all earth holds most dear;
 I want for nothing man can give,
 For I have Jesus here.

Yes ! yes ! this loved One is my own ,
 Could any richer be,
 When all He has, and all He is,
 All, all, belong to me ?
 For He is bread that can sustain,
 And living wine to cheer ;
 And there's a heart that beats for me,
 For I have Jesus here.

'Tis sweet to linger by His side,
 To listen to His voice :
 For, oh ! He speaks in melting tones,
 Which make my heart rejoice.
 And when His Name, His own dear Name,
 Resounds upon mine ear,
 I can but weep for very joy,
 For I have Jesus here.

And often now I love to sit
 And watch for His return ,
 And though in spirit He is here,
 I still His absence mourn.

But soon shall dawn that brighter day,
 Soon, soon, He will appear ;
 And, oh ! I must be with Him then,
 For I have Jesus here.

11

P.M.

I'm waiting for Thee, Lord,
 Thy beauty to see, Lord,
 I'm waiting for Thee—for Thy coming again.
 Thou'ret gone over there, Lord,
 A place to prepare, Lord,
 Thy home I shall share, at Thy coming again

'Mid danger and fear, Lord,
 I'm oft weary here, Lord,
 The day must be near, of Thy coming again.
 'Tis all sunshine there, Lord,
 No sighing nor care, Lord,
 But glory so fair, at Thy coming again.

Whilst Thou art away, Lord,
 I stumble and stray, Lord,
 Oh ! hasten the day of Thy coming again.
 This is not my rest, Lord,
 A pilgrim confest, Lord,
 I wait to be blest, at Thy coming again.

Our loved ones before, Lord,
 Their troubles are o'er, Lord,
 I'll meet them once more, at Thy coming again.
 The blood was the sign, Lord,
 That mark'd them as Thine, Lord.
 And brightly they'll shine, at Thy coming again.

E'en now let my ways, Lord,
 Be bright with Thy praise, Lord,
 For brief are the days, ere Thy coming again.
 I'm waiting for Thee, Lord,
 Thy beauty to see, Lord,
 No triumph for me, like Thy coming again.

12

P.M.

COME to the Saviour, make no delay ;
 Here in His word He's shown us the way ,
 Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
 Tenderly saying "Come !"

**Joyful, joyful, will the meeting be,
 When from sin our hearts are pure and free
 And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,
 In our eternal home.*

"Suffer the children !" Oh, hear His voice
 Let every heart leap forth and rejoice :
 And let us freely make Him our choice ;
 Do not delay but come.*

Think once again, He's with us to-day,
 Heed now His blest commands and obey ;
 Hear now His accents tenderly say,
 "Will you, my children, come?"**

13

P.M.

We are glad we ever heard the blessed news,
 How that Jesus died to pay our mighty dues,
 And that God has said He never will refuse

Those who trust in Jesus' blood.

**Blessed news ! joyful news !*

Sound the joyful tidings forth.

We are glad we ever heard the blessed news,
 How that Jesus died to pay our mighty dues,
 And that God has said He never will refuse

Those who trust in Jesus' blood.

And God is telling forth, both far and wide,

The healing virtues of the crimson tide,

That flowed in sovereign grace from Jesus' side,
 For all who will believe.*

Oh ! what love of God to send Him from on high,
 Oh ! what love of Jesus, thus to bleed and die,
 Oh ! what love we owe for pardon brought so nigh,
 Through faith in Jesus' blood !*

Now, if you this wondrous love of God believe,
 And the gift of life eternal you receive,
 Then a pardon of all sins you now shall have,
 Through faith in Jesus' blood.*

14

P.M.

THE great Physician now is near,
 The sympathizing Jesus ;
 He speaks the drooping heart to cheer ;
 Oh ! hear the voice of Jesus.
 *Sweetest note in seraph song,
 Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung—
 Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.

Your many sins are all forgiven ;
 Oh ! hear the voice of Jesus ;
 Go on your way in peace to heaven,
 And wear a crown with Jesus.*

All glory to the risen Lamb !
 I now believe in Jesus ;
 I love the blessed Saviour's name,
 I love the name of Jesus ! *

His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 None other name but Jesus ;
 Oh ! how my soul delights to hear
 The precious name of Jesus ! *

Come, brethren, help me sing His praise,
 Oh ! praise the name of Jesus ;
 Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
 Oh ! bless the name of Jesus.*

And when to the bright world above
 We rise to see our Jesus,
 We'll sing around the throne of love
 His name, the name of Jesus *

15

C.M.

THE Son of God who dwelt in light
 Unreached by mortal eye,
 Came forth as man the foe to fight,
 And won the victory.

In perfect light was sin laid bare,
 And met its utmost due ;
 While perfect love in triumph there
 Revealed salvation too.

Who but the sinless One could be
 Sin-offering meet for God ?
 And who in heaven or earth but He
 Could cleanse me with His blood ?

To save the sinner Jesus came,
 To set the captive free :
 And now my willing lips proclaim
 What He hath done for me.

His finished work is all my trust,
 And now He lives above,
 Eternal proof that God is just
 In all this way of love.

Delivered from the wrath to come
 I soon shall see His face ;
 And praise in God's eternal home
 The riches of His grace.

16

P.M.

*Come ! come ! come !
 Come to the Saviour now !
 He ready stands to bless,
 He bids thee nothing bring,
 Only thy guilt confess ;

No anger fills His heart,
 No frown is on His brow,
 His mien is perfect grace,
 He bids thee trust Him now !
 *Come ! come ! come !

Come to the Saviour now !
 No longer make delay,
 Life's tide is ebbing fast,
 Near is the judgment day ;
 Wouldst thou escape His ire
 Who then will fill the throne ?
 To Jesus, then, now come,
 Henceforth be His alone.*

Come to the Saviour now !
 No barrier stops thy way,
 The wrath of God He bore
 In the atonement day ;
 For us He sin was made,
 For sinners thus He died,
 God's claims He fully met,
 His throne He satisfied.*

Come to the Saviour now !
 "Tis finished ! " once He said,
 His work for sinners done,
 He's risen from the dead ;
 "Peace unto you ! " He speaks.
 The peace He made by blood,
 Believing in His name,
 He brings thee nigh to God.*

Come to the Saviour now !
 Repose on Him alone,
 For quickly He will come
 To gather up His own !
 If now on Him thou'l rest,
 'Mongst His thou then shalt rise
 To meet Him, and to swell
 Sweet anthems in the skies.*

17

8,7.

“COME!”—‘Tis Jesus gently calling,
 “Ye with care and toil oppressed,
 With your guilt, howe’er appalling—
 Come, and I will give you rest.”

For your sin He “once has suffered,”
 On the cross the work was done;
 And the word by God now uttered
 To each weary soul is—“*Come!*”

“Come!” the “Father’s house” stands ope.
 With its love, and light, and song;
 And returning to that Father,
 All *to you* may now belong!
 From sin’s distant land of famine,
 Toiling’neath the mid-day sun,
 To a Father’s house of plenty—
 And a Father’s welcome “*Come!*”

“Come!” for night is gathering quickly
 O’er this world’s fast-fleeting day;
 If you linger till the darkness
 You will surely miss your way.
 And still waiting—sadly waiting,
 Till the day its course has run,
 With His patience unabating,
 JESUS lingers for you—“*Come!*”

“Come!” for angel hosts are musing
 O’er this sight so strangely sad;
 God “beseeching”—man refusing
 To be made for ever glad!

From the world and its delusion
 Now our voices rise as one;
 While we shout *God's Invitation*,
 Heaven itself re-echoes—"Come!"

18

8,6.

O CHRIST, what burdens bowed Thy head,
 Our load was laid on Thee;
 Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead—
 Bear'st all my ill for me.
 A victim led, Thy blood was shed;
 Now there's no load for me.

Death and the curse were in the cup—
 O CHRIST! 'twas full for Thee.
 But thou hast drained the last dark drop—
 'Tis empty now for me,
 That bitter cup—love drank it up;
 New blessing's draught for me.

Jehovah bade His sword awake—
 O CHRIST! it woke 'gainst Thee:
 Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
 Thy heart its sheath must be—
 All for my sake, my peace to make;
 Now sleeps that sword for me;

The Holy One did hide His face—
 O CHRIST! 'twas hid from Thee,
 Dumb darkness wrapt Thy soul a space—
 The darkness due to me:
 But now that face of radiant grace
 Shines forth in light on me.

For me, LORD JESUS, Thou hast died,
 And I have died in Thee;
 Thou'rt risen; my bands are all untied;
 And now Thou liv'st in me.
 And when Thou com'st to take Thy bride,
 Thy GLORY then for me.

13

P.M.

He is coming, coming for us ;
 Soon we'll see His light afar,
 On the dark horizon rising,
 As the Bright and Morning Star,
 Cheering many a waking watcher,
 As the star whose kindly ray
 Heralds the approaching morning
 Just before the break of day.
 Oh ! what joy, as night hangs round us
 'Tis to think of morning's ray ;
 Sweet to know He's coming for us,
 Just before the break of day.

He is coming, coming for us ;
 Soon we'll hear His voice on high ;
 Dead and living, rising, changing,
 In the twinkling of an eye
 Shall be caught up all together,
 For the meeting in the air ;
 With a shout the Lord, descending,
 Shall Himself await us there.
 Oh ! what joy that great foregathering,
 Trysted meeting in the air ;
 Sweet to know He's coming for us
 Calling us to join Him there.

He is coming—oh ! how solemn
 When the Judge's voice is heard,
 And in His own light He shows us
 Every thought, and act, and word !
 Deeds of merit as we thought them,
 He will show us were but sin,
 Little acts we had forgotten
 He will tell us were for Him.
 Oh ! what joy when He imputeth
 Righteousness instead of sin :
 Sweet to take the linen garments
 All a gift, and all from Him.

He is coming as the Bridegroom,
 Coming to unfold at last
 The great secret of His purpose,
 Mystery of ages past,
 And the Bride, to her is granted
 In His beauty now to shine,
 As in rapture she exclaimeth,
 "I am His, and He is mine."
 Oh ! what joy that marriage union,
 Mystery of love divine ;
 Sweet to sing in all its fulness,
 "I am His, and He is mine."

20

P.M.

THE heavenly Bridegroom soon will come,
 To claim His bride, and take her home
 To dwell with Him on high.

"Trim your lamps and be ready"
Is the midnight cry.

The midnight hour will soon be here,
 The voice will sound distinct and clear,
 And fill both earth and sky.*

The Bridegroom comes, let no man doubt
 Alas ! for those whose lamps are out,
 They'll find no oil to buy.*

Who ready are shall enter in,
 The marriage feast will then begin,
 And every tear be dry.*

Then let us alway watch and pray,
 For time is fleeting fast away,
 And Jesus' coming nigh.*

O sinner ! ere it be too late,
 Flee thou to mercy's open gate,
 And join Christ's waiting hand.*

21

P.M.

My God, I have found
 The thrice blessed ground,
 Where life, and where joy, and true comfort abound,
 **Hallelujah! Thine the glory!*
Hallelujah! Amen!
 'Tis found in the blood
 Of Him who once stood
 My refuge and safety, my Surety with God.*
 He bore on the tree
 The sentence for me,
 And now both the Surety and sinner are free.*
 Accepted I am
 In the once-offered Lamb:
 It was God who Himself had devised the plan.*
 And though here below,
 'Mid sorrow and woe,
 My place is in heaven with Jesus, I know.*
 And this I shall find,
 For such is His mind,
 He'll not be in glory and leave me behind.
 **Hallelujah! Thine the glory!*
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Soon the glory!
Come, Saviour, again!
 For soon He will come
 And take me safe home,
 And make me to sit with Himself on His throne.*

22

6,8's.

WHAT means this eager, anxious throng,
 Which pass with busy haste along?
 These wondrous gatherings day by day—
 What means this strange commotion pray?
 In accents hushed we make reply,
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?

A passing stranger has He skill
To move the multitude at will?

Again the stirring tones reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Jesus! 'tis He who once below

Man's pathway trod 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened hearts where'er He came
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.

He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters, condescends to stay,
Shall we not gladly raise the cry?
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!

Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.

Ye wanderers from the Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.

Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh;
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

But if you still His call refuse,

And dare such wondrous love abuse,

Soon will He sadly from you turn,

Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.

"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth ~~has~~ passed by."

23

P.M.

Rejoice and be glad ! The Redeemer has come !
 Go look on His cradle, His cross, and His tomb. [slain,
 *Sound His praises, tell the Story, of Him who was
 Sound His praises, tell with gladness, He liveth again.

Rejoice and be glad ! it is sunshine at last !

The clouds have departed, the shadows are past.*

Rejoice and be glad ! for the blood hath been shed !
 Redemption is finished, the price hath been paid.*

Rejoice and be glad ! now the pardon is free !

The Just for the unjust, has died on the tree.*

Rejoice and be glad ! for the Lamb that was slain
 O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.*

Rejoice and be glad ! for our Lord is on high,
 He pleadeth for us, on the throne in the sky.*

Rejoice and be glad ! for He cometh again :
 He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.*

24

P.M.

Oh ! what a Saviour is Jesus the Lord !

Well might His name by His saints be adored !
 He has redeemed them from hell by His blood,
 Saved them for ever and brought them to God.

*Jesus the Saviour is mighty to save,
 Jesus hath triumphed o'er death and the grave

Now in the glory, He waits to impart

Peace to the conscience, and joy to the heart ;
 Waits to be gracious, to pardon and heal,

All who their sin and their wretchedness feel.*

Thousands have fled to His spear-pierced side ;

Welcome they all have been, none are denied,
 Weary and laden, they all have been blest,

Joyfully now in the Saviour they rest.*

Come, then, poor sinner, no longer delay,

Come to the Saviour, come now while you may ;
 So shall your peace be eternally sure,

So shall your happiness ever endure !*

25

P.M.

THERE's a land that is fairer than day,
 And by faith we can see it afar,
 For the Father waits over the way,
 To prepare us a dwelling place there.

In the sweet by-and-by, we shall meet on that beautiful shore; [ful shore.

In the sweet by-and-by, we shall meet on that beautiful shore
 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
 The melodious songs of the blest;
 And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
 Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.*

To our bountiful Father above,
 We will offer the tribute of praise
 For the glorious gift of His love,
 And the blessings that hallow our days.*

26

P.M.

ARE you weary and sad 'neath the burden of sin?
 Does it fill all your soul with dismay?

And to meet the just claims of a sin-hating God
 Do you know you have "nothing to pay"?

Come! come! come unto Him!

If you own, with repentance, you've "nothing to pay,"
He will freely and "frankly forgive."

All your tears and your sorrow will never atone,
 Nor by works can you clear away sin,—
 Then turn to the One who can help you alone,
 To the Saviour in confidence cling!

He's the One who has come from God's glory above,
 To save you from ruin and loss;
 For He paid the full debt in His own precious blood
 When He "put away sin" on the cross.

Then come! ruined sinner! no longer delay,
 Nor in bondage and misery live;
 If you own, with repentance you've "nothing to pay."
 He will freely and "frankly forgive."

27

P.M.

WHO is He in yonder stall,
 At whose feet the shepherds fall?
** 'Tis the Lord, Oh, wondrous story,
 'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory,
 At His feet we humbly fall,
 Crown Him, Crown Him, Lord of all!*

Who is He in yonder cot,
 Bending to His toilsome lot?*

Who is He in deep distress,
 Fasting in the wilderness?*

Who is He that stands and weeps,
 At the grave where Laz'rus sleeps?*

Lo! at midnight who is He,
 Prays in dark Gethsemane?*

Who is He in Calv'ry's throes,
 Asks for blessings on His foes?*

Who is He that from the grave
 Comes to heal, and bless, and save?*

Lo! ascending, who is He
 Captive leads captivity?*

Who is He on yonder throne,
 Rules the world of light alone?*

28

P.M.

PRAISE ye the Father! God—'tis He who gave us,
 In full and perfect love, His only Son;
 Praise ye the Christ, who died from guilt to save us.
 And by the Spirit quicken'd us each one.

29

P.M.

I AM so glad that our Father in heaven
 Tells of His love in the Book He has given:
 Wonderful things in the Bible I see ;
 This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

**I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
 Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,
 I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
 Jesus loves even me.*

Though I forget Him, and wander away,
 Still He doth love wherever I stray ;
 Back to His dear loving arms do I flee,
 When I remember that Jesus loves me.*

Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
 When in His beauty I see the Great King,
 This shall my song in eternity be,
 " Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me!"

Jesus loves me and I know I love Him; [deem,
 Love brought Him down my poor soul to re-
 Yes it was love made Him die on the tree :
 Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me ! *

If one should ask of me how can I tell ?
 Glory to Jesus, I know very well !
 God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
 Constantly witnessing, Jesus loves me.*

In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
 Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest ;
 Satan, dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,
 When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.*

30

P.M.

IT passeth *knowledge* ! that dear love of Thine,
 My Jesus ! Saviour ! yet this soul of mine
 Would of Thy love, in all its breadth and length,
 Its height and depth, and everlasting strength,
 Know more and more.

IT passeth *telling* ! that dear love of Thine,
 My Jesus ! Saviour ! yet these lips of mine
 Would fain proclaim to sinners far and near
 A love which can remove all guilty fear,
 And love beget.

IT passeth *praises* ! that dear love of Thine,
 My Jesus ! Saviour ! yet this heart of mine
 Would sing a love so rich—so full—so free,
 Which brought an undone sinner, such as me,
 Right home to God.

But though I cannot tell, or sing, or know,
 The fulness of Thy love while here below,
 My empty vessel I may freely bring—
 O Thou, who art of love the living spring,
 My vessel fill.

I am an empty vessel ; scarce one thought,
 Or look of love to Thee I've ever brought ;
 Yet I may come, and come again to Thee,
 With this the empty sinner's only plea—
 “Thou lovest me !”

Oh, fill me, Jesus ! Saviour ! with Thy love !
 May woes but drive me to the fount above,
 Thither may I, in child-like faith draw nigh,
 And never to another fountain fly
 But unto Thee !

And when, Lord Jesus ! Thy blest face I see,
 When at Thy lofty throne I bow the knee,
 Then of Thy love—in all its breadth and length,
 Its height and depth, its everlasting strength—
 My soul shall sing, and find her endless rest
 In loving Thee.

Communion.

A little talk with Jesus,
How it smooths the rugged road ;
How it cheers and helps me onward
When I faint beneath my load.
When my heart is crushed with sorrow,
And mine eyes with tears are dim,
There's nought can yield me comfort
Like a little talk with Him.

I tell Him I am weary,
And I fain would be at rest,
That I'm daily—hourly—longing
For a home upon His breast.
And He answers me so sweetly,
In tones of tenderest love—
“ I am coming soon to take thee
To my happy home above.”

Ah this is what I'm wanting,
His lovely face to see ;
And—I'm not afraid to say it—
I know He's wanting me.
He gave His life a ransom
To make me all His own,
And He can't forget His promise
To me, His purchased one.

I know the way is dreary
To yonder far-off clime,
But a little talk with Jesus
Will while away the time.

And yet the more I know Him,
And all His grace explore,
It only sets me longing
To know Him more and more.

I cannot live without Him,
Nor would I if I could ;
He ~~is~~ is my daily portion,
My med'cine and my food.
He's altogether lovely,
None can with Him compare—
The chief among ten thousand,
The fairest of the fair.

I often ~~feel~~ impatient,
And mourn His long delay—
I never can be settled
While He remains away. But
We shall not long be parted,
I know He'll quickly come,
And we shall dwell together
In that all-blissful home.

So I'll wait a little longer,
Till His appointed time,
And glory in the knowledge
That such a hope is mine
Then in my Father's dwelling,
Where "many mansions be,"
I'll sweetly talk with Jesus,
And He will talk with me.

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