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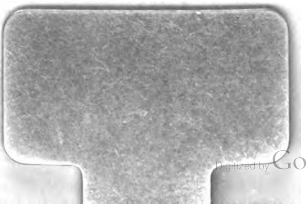
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THE

INVALID'S HYMN BOOK.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTORY PREFACE

BY THE

REV. HUGH WHITE, A.M.

SIXTH THOUSAND.

"My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto thee; and my soul, which thou hast redeemed."—Psalm lxxi. 23.

RODWELL COLLEGE

DUBLIN:

JOHN ROBERTSON, 3, GRAFTON-STREET,

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MDCCCXLV.

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INTRODUCTORY PREFACE

BY

THE REV. HUGH WHITE, A.M.

THE soothing influence of sacred poetry, when it breathes the spirit of Scriptural piety, has been felt and acknowledged by many a mourner in Zion, whose troubled soul has been tranquillized, and its anguish alleviated, by the sweet strains of heavenly consolation, embodied in the beautiful language of hymns, long endeared to the Christian Church, as having poured a healing balm into many a bleeding, and almost broken heart.

But there is one class of sufferers, whose case calls for peculiar tenderness of sympathy, and discrimination of judgment, in

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providing a suitable selection of hymns, adapted to their peculiar character and circumstances. Whoever has known, by painful experience, or witnessed, in the course of affectionate attendance on beloved relatives, the results of long-continued sickness to the Invalid, will be best able to appreciate the value of a selection, specially designed to meet the peculiar requirements of their case. The bodily languor, which is the almost inevitable consequence of protracted illness, often indisposes the Invalid for enjoying a class of hymns, (to be found in all general collections,) which require a greater energy and vivacity of spirit, than sickness in most cases will allow. Hence arises the necessity of selecting such as are more congenial to a wounded spirit—such as embody the pathetic lamentations of resigned grief —or suggest the cheering motives for Christian consolation. The eye long dim med by tears, that is too weak to bear the brightness of more triumphant strains, will gaze with gladdened interest on the ten-

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derer images and associations, which harmonize with the feelings of a sorrowful, though unmurmuring heart. To such a heart, the hymn, that pours forth the chastened complainings of a suffering, yet submissive spirit—that pleads, with almost agonizing earnestness, for supporting strength—that expresses the thankful trust of cheerful resignation, or the solemn joy which the prospect of death, as the gate of everlasting glory, inspires, is inexpressibly sweet, and soothing. It finds a responsive echo in the mourner's heart—and enables it to give utterance to its secret griefs and aspirations, in language endeared by the recollection, that it has been breathed forth from a heart, which has been touched with sorrows like its own.

Such was the design of the present little work, which was originally undertaken by one, pre-eminently qualified for the task, from her experience, both of the wearisome days and nights appointed for the Invalid—and of the rich and precious consolations, with which the Gospel of our Lord Jesus

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Christ abounds—one, who combined the highest intellectual attainments with the deepest Christian humility; and recommended a life of the most exalted piety and devotedness to a Saviour's service, by the most endearing affectionateness of disposition, and attractiveness of manner—one of whom emphatically it might with truth be said—that "she adorned, in all things, the doctrine of God our Saviour."*

By her the very valuable Address to the Invalid, prefixed to the original work, was written—which, in clear and impressive

* I gladly embrace this opportunity of confirming the truth of this tribute to the memory of a highly-esteemed friend, by the testimony of one, whose commendation, more especially when the subject is the excellence of the Christian character, is indeed of peculiar value.

In a Sermon, preached on behalf of the Dorset Institution—(one of the most valuable Institutions in this Metropolis—one, in whose welfare the Editor of the Invalid's Hymn Book felt the deepest interest,) the Rev. H. Woodward, Rector of Fethard, when speaking of the loss sustained by this Institution in her death, mentions her as "one, whose tender offices and labours of love can never be forgotten, and were above all praise." "Many," he adds, "in this assembly, can bear witness to this truth—nay, do I not address some,

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language, while it displays the glory of the cross, and the all-sufficiency of the sacrifice there offered up, sets forth the source, from which she derived, at once, all the loveliness of her character, and all the treasures of spiritual comfort, peace, and joy, which enriched her soul—even "Christ crucified"—the sinner's only hope, and refuge from eternal wrath—"Jehovah, our Righteousness"—the believer's only title to eternal glory! In this address, as well as in the hymns she selected, it is her chief end, (to use the beautiful language

who, when they call to mind her high endowments, her deep humility, the consistent piety of her life, and the triumphs of her death,—would be inclined to say, that 'take' her 'for all in all,' they 'shall not look upon' her 'like again.'"—See Sermons and Lectures on Ruth, by the Rev. H. Woodward, 17th Sermon, where, with the most persuasive eloquence, this distinguished Minister pleads the cause of an Institution, peculiarly entitled to the warm approval, and liberal support of every real Christian, who delights to promote the welfare, temporal and eternal, of poor, well-conducted young females—numbers of whom it has preserved from the path of the destroyer, supported by the encouragement of industrious habits, and instructed in the knowledge of a Saviour's love!

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of the great and good Bishop Reydolds,) "to convince of the all-sufficient righteousness, and unsearchable riches of Christ—the excellency of his knowledge, the immeasurableness of his love, the preciousness of his promises, the fellowship of his sufferings, the power of his resurrection, the beauties of his holiness, the easiness of his yoke, the sweetness of his peace, the joy of his salvation, the hope of his glory—and thus, to glorify God our Saviour in the heart, and to render Him amiable and precious in the eyes of his people—to lead them to Him, as a sanctuary to protect them—a propitiation to reconcile them—a treasure to enrich them—a Physician to heal them—an Advocate to present them, and their services to God—as wisdom to counsel them—as righteousness to justify them—as sanctification to renew—as redemption to save!"

The arrangement of these hymns, in which, (as the good Bishop wished of every sermon,) it was her desire that "Christ should shine in the bosom of every" hymn,

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soothed and solaced many a weary hour during her last illness; and accordingly this hymn book has been received and prized, as a precious legacy of Christian love, by the many many friends, to whom she was so deservedly dear; and abundantly accompanied, there is every reason to believe, in its extensive circulation, by the blessing of Him, to whose glory it was consecrated, as the last labour of love of a life consistently devoted to His service—the last thank-offering of a grateful heart, desirous, even after death, to be instrumental in promoting a beloved Saviour's glory.

The Appendix to the First Edition was written expressly for the work, by a beloved Christian friend of the original Editor—of whom, as she is still living, I will not say what the high Christian esteem I entertain for her would prompt. But of the hymns I may speak, and they appear to me, some of them especially, as pre-eminently fitted to whisper comfort to those that mourn, by the bright prospects of the

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glory of the heavenly inheritance which they unfold, and the endearing view which they most touchingly express of the loving-kindness, manifested in every afflictive appointment of a Saviour's hand. Thus, like the bird, whose out-spread wings can tranquillize the troubled surface of the stormy waves, do these hymns diffuse over the tempest-tossed soul, a deep and holy calm, even that peace of God which passeth all understanding.

To those then, who, under the pressure of bodily pain and weakness, desire to experience the refreshing influence of Christian comfort, clothed in the attractive garb of sacred song, or to those who wish to present to beloved relatives or friends, confined to the bed of suffering, or the chamber of sickness, such a token of sympathy, and such a minister of consolation, I would most affectionately and cordially recommend this Invalid's Hymn Book. It is one, which, if prayerfully used, cannot, I feel confident, fail of imparting spiritual comfort to the mourner, who has been

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taught to view every afflictive dispensation in that light, which turns them all into precious mercies, even the light of a Saviour's love. I trust that I shall not be deemed egotistical or presumptuous, if I add, that I can put forward this recommendation as the result of my own experience, to which I only advert, because it may in some measure explain, why I have complied with the request of the much-valued Editor to prefix a few introductory remarks to this new Edition of this excellent work. A request, my compliance with which, when regarded as the expression of gratitude for the comfort which I have myself derived from the perusal, more especially of some of the Hymns in the Appendix to the first Edition, will be, I trust, rescued from the charge of presumption, as if I conceived that a work so well known, and so deservedly valued, stood in need of any recommendation of mine.

The additions and alterations made in the arrangement of the present Edition will, I conceive, materially enhance the

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value of the book, as suitable hymns are now provided for a class—(and that a numerous one,) not particularly considered in the former—the reflecting, awakened, and inquiring Invalid, to whom the language of the confirmed believer cannot be intelligible, and consequently cannot be profitable. To them, these hymns may be blest, as a means of making their sickness instrumental in promoting their everlasting welfare, by leading them to self-examination, and thus to a discovery of their own sinfulness, and of their consequent need of an almighty and all-sufficient Saviour; and to a living faith in His most precious blood, which cleanseth from all sin, and redeemeth from all condemnation. While by the classification of the hymns under suitable heads, there is an increased facility of selecting such as are most congenial to the Christian Invalid's circumstances, in all that variety and vicissitude of spiritual experience, (from the depths of depression to the heights of holy triumph,) which the history of God's

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dealings with His dear children, in the time of sickness and suffering, uniformly supplies.

There has been a peculiar value, recently stamped on this collection of hymns, (to which the supplementary hymns, adapted to peculiar interesting circumstances in an Invalid's history, form a most valuable addition,) impregnated as this collection, and the sweet supplement now attached to it, are, with the very essence of evangelical truth, and displaying so fully the grace and glory of a crucified Saviour. This value has arisen from the rise and spread, in the bosom of our own Scriptural Church, of a system of theology, which, more especially by reserve in proclaiming the doctrine of the atonement, in direct opposition both to our Saviour's express command, (Mark xvi. 15.) and the Apostle's uniform example, (1 Cor. i. 23; ii. 2.) is fearfully calculated to obscure that grace, and that glory, while robbing the sinner of the peace and comfort, which the cross alone can afford—and to insinuate into the hearts of its

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deluded votaries the destructive influences of the worst errors of Popery, (especially in the matter of a sinner's justification,) with which the theology of the Tractarian School is essentially identified. As this pestilential heresy is infecting the literature, and may soon tinge the sacred poetry of our day, such a collection of hymns, as this volume contains, should be regarded, by all who know the value of the "truth as it is in Jesus," as a treasure of peculiar preciousness.* Here, as in the word of God, shines forth in full lustre that glorious truth, which is the very sum and centre of the whole system of evangelical religion, and by obscuring which, the late Oxford edition

* I would most earnestly recommend the attentive perusal of Bickersteth's "Divine Warning to the Church," last edition, enlarged—as containing the most important admonitions, adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the Church of Christ, in the present eventful crisis of its history—also D'Aubigne's "Geneva and Oxford"—Goode's "Divine Rule of Faith and Practice," and "Case as it is"—M'Ilwaine's "Oxford Divinity"—Mark's "Danger and Duty"—M'Neile's "Church Extension and Church Unity"—and Beamish's "Letters to Dr. Pusey."

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of Popery bears the brand of Antichrist stamped on it, marking it as an apostacy from the profession of the pure, unadulterated gospel of the grace of God. For, in these hymns the cross, which Tractarianism would keep in the back ground, is continually held up to view, as the sinner's only ground of trust—as the believer's only adequate motive for a life of holiness and devotedness. And assuredly if there be any thing in revelation, as certain as the explicit declaration of a God of truth can make it, it is, that "Christ crucified is the wisdom of God, and the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth" —and that just in proportion as this glorious manifestation of divine love is displayed, in all its fulness, will the Saviour's expectation, which He announced in those memorable words—"I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me," be fulfilled.

Yes! it is the stupendous display of the love of God, exhibited on the cross, it is the announcement that God *so* loved us, as not to spare even His own Son, but to give

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Him up for our sakes, to the death of that cross, it is *this*, which, when cordially believed, through the power of the Holy Spirit, changes the natural enmity of the human heart against God, into feelings of devout adoration, and confiding and grateful affection. It is this which weans from the love of sin, and attracts to the love of holiness; while it leads the Christian to look and to long for the glorious appearing of the great God our Saviour, and to live in a state of habitual preparedness for that event, so full of triumph to Christ and his Church. It is this, which at once speaks peace to the conscience, and imparts purity to the heart—while it constrains the believer to consecrate all he has, and all he is, as a thank-offering to the God of his salvation! How fearfully then does that system, which would keep this glorious revelation of God's love in reserve, bear stamped on it the brand of Antichrist. And how should we value a production like these hymns, in which it is displayed in all its glory!

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Such being my estimate of this hymn book, and such the motives which have influenced me in bearing my humble testimony on its behalf, I cannot conclude without expressing my earnest hope and prayer, that it may be abundantly accompanied by the divine blessing; and made by Him, who is the Fountain of all divine comfort, even God, the Holy Ghost, a channel for conveying a large supply of His precious consolations into the heart of every Invalid, into whose hands it may come. May He, by His power, render it instrumental in enabling those who may peruse it, if it find them ignorant of a Saviour's preciousness, to regard and to receive Him as the Pearl of great price; and to cast themselves on His infinite mercies and merits, to be washed in His blood, and clothed in His righteousness, that so the chamber of sickness may be endeared and hallowed to their hearts, as the place where first they learned the worth of their own souls, and the value of Him who redeemed them with His blood. Where first

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they felt the divinely-implanted love of Him who so loved us, and laid down His life for us on the Cross. And where first they turned their faces Zionwards, and entered on that life of grace on earth, which will issue in the life of eternal glory in Heaven! And may the Holy Spirit bless this book to all the children of God who may peruse it, as a means of enabling them, in all time of their tribulation, to cleave more closely to Him who so loved them, as "not even to spare His own Son, but to give Him as a propitiation for their sins"—to read more clearly the stamp of a Saviour's love impressed on their every trial—to reflect more brightly, as purified in the furnace of affliction, His image in the beauty of holiness—to drink more deeply into His meek, resigned, and patient spirit, under every afflictive dispensation—to cultivate more closely, devout communion with Him, as the sweetest solace of their every sorrow—to prize more highly that treasury of consolation, the word of God, and extract from its precious promises more of their healing

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and sanctifying power—to disentangle their affections from earth, and all its perishable vanities, and concentrate them, with more undivided devotedness, upon heaven, and all its unfading glories—and to embrace with more grateful ardour the invaluable opportunity of glorifying Him, who died for them, by the exhibition of cheerful submission, and triumphant hope, which the chamber of sickness supplies! That so the attitude of their spirits may abidingly be that, which, especially in these days of portentous events, so symptomatic of some rapidly approaching crisis in the history of the Church of Christ, should characterize every true believer—looking, and longing for the coming of the day of the Lord, and "the glorious appearing of the great God our Saviour, when He shall come to be glorified in His saints"—and when it shall be fully seen, how the believer's "light affliction, which was but for a moment, has worked out for him a far more exceeding and *eternal* weight of glory! Then shall the trial of his faith, being much

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more precious than that of gold which perisheth, though it be tried with fire, be found unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ"—for then shall all those, who have "come out of great tribulation, and washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," appear before the throne, clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands; and shall cast their blood-bought crowns before the throne, saying, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

"Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever, and ever."

H. W.

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ADDENDUM.

THE suitableness of hymns, such as this volume contains, to seasons of sorrow, is affectingly proved by a reference to that solemn occasion, recorded in Matt. xxvi. 30; and the value of such a collection is still further established by the consideration, that it supplies to the Christian Invalid, a delightful substitute in the sick room, for that participation in singing the praises of God in family worship, from which sickness often excludes him, and which ought ever to be combined with prayer, and the reading of the Word of God, in the devotions of the family and social circle, as it tends so powerfully (when the heart speaks in the language of the lips,) to impart to them a spirit of sacred cheerfulness, and holy joy!—even joy in the Holy Ghost

H. W.

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ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

IT has been thought advisable to classify the hymns in the present edition, in order that the Invalid, (or those around him,) may be able to turn to such as are best suited to his state of mind.

The Hymns added as an Appendix in the first edition, will now be found interspersed with the rest, under their respective heads, with an addition of fifty Hymns never before published.

MARCH 4th, 1841.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THIRD EDITION.

*** Twelve hymns are appended as a Supplement to this edition, suited to particular occasions and circumstances of the Invalid.

JUNE, 1843.

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ADDRESS

TO

THE INVALID.

THE following selection of Hymns has been made for the use of persons in great bodily weakness. At such a period, when it may often be truly said, "the grasshopper is a burden," the variety of a large collection becomes wearisome, and the small print, and weight of the volume, inconvenient.

The present object is to afford, in large print, a few hymns, which seem most likely to cheer and animate the weak; and to strengthen the faith, and clear the view of that glorious doctrine of the Atonement, which alone can give peace to the guilty conscience, and cause a sinner to triumph in Christ, as the Lord Jehovah, in whom he has both righteousness and strength, 1 Cor. i. 30; and when flesh and heart fail,

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to enable him to say, "He is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

Then it is, that THE NAME OF THE LORD is a strong tower, into which the righteous (or justified) "enters and is safe;" and "they that know *this name*, will put their trust in *it*," and set it up for their banner; and when the sense of redeeming love and undeserved mercy causes such to cry out, "What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits towards me?" he can only say with David, "I will take the cup of salvation, and will *call upon the name of the Lord.*" Psalm cxvi. 10.—Acts ii. 21.

The Lord God has himself condescended to explain the meaning of His own glorious name, so that no poor, helpless, dying sinner need be at a loss to understand that "there is forgiveness with Him"—and peace and everlasting security to all who take shelter in *His name.* In this way, "the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err." It is recorded in the 33rd and 34th chapters of Exodus, that when Moses

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said to the Lord, "I beseech thee, shew me thy glory," the Lord answered "*I will make all my goodness* pass before thee; and will proclaim *the name of the Lord* before thee, and be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will shew mercy to whom I will shew mercy. And it shall come to pass, that when my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a cleft of the rock. Thou canst not see my face, for there shall no man see me and live: behold there is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock, and I will cover thee with my hand, while I pass by." And the Lord descended in the cloud, and stood with him there, and PROCLAIMED THE NAME OF THE LORD—"The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, and transgression and sin,* and that will by no means clear the guilty," &c.

*Verse 7th. In the Hebrew, the word translated "iniquity," signifies *sins wilfully committed;* that trans-

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"In the face of Jesus Christ" is "the glory of God" manifested. In Him is all the goodness of Jehovah displayed. "He is the Rock; his work is perfect;" He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life; THE AMEN, the faithful and true Witness, in whom all the promises of God are, yea and Amen! In whom mercy and truth have met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other. The severity of God's justice and holiness must be maintained inviolate, as well as His other attributes; for "*He is glorious in holiness*;" sin must not escape unpunished; the sinner could not live in His sight: "he would by no means clear the guilty;" and the iniquity of the father must have rested on him and on his children, from generation to generation, had not Christ interposed—*the Angel of the covenant*, of whom God said, "*my name is in Him.*" He undertook to

lated "transgression," signifies *sins of omission;* and that translated "sin," signifies *sins through error or ignorance.* Thus provision is made for the pardon of *all manner of sin.*

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fulfil all the demands of justice, and of the holy, broken law; and to suffer, in his own Person, all the punishment. He who is "over all, God, blessed for evermore," took upon Him the nature of sinful man, and made His soul an offering for sin. And here the love of God to a sinful world is manifest; "He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He freely gave his "beloved Son, in whom he is "well pleased;" and not only gave Him, but "it pleased the Lord to bruise Him." And wherefore? "He was bruised for our iniquities; he was wounded for our transgressions, and the Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all."

By the actual suffering of the Son of God, and *the transfer of guilt to Him*, who standing in the stead of *the guilty*, suffered the punishment which justice must have inflicted, every sinner who believes, is "cleared," while the word of God, which

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lieveth and abideth for ever—the truth of Jehovah—is maintained inviolate.

"Christ hath delivered us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." He hath said, "Deliver him from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom." *The debt has been paid.* The prisoner is set at liberty: the curse has been removed: the blessing has been given: justice is fully satisfied: mercy is triumphant: love reigns: and "the LORD of peace," the Holy Comforter, descends from above to abide with the purchased possession, as the earnest and pledge of eternal redemption. "Now the God of peace fill you with all joy and peace in believing: that ye may abound in hope by the power of the Holy Ghost."

It is evident, that the whole work of a sinner's salvation and redemption, *is of God.* The whole Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, might be brought to bear upon this subject; but this is not the place for quotations. All that is intended is to remind the Invalid, that when Christ died on the cross, and cried, "It is finished,"

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nothing remained to be done for his justification. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Him that cometh to me," saith Christ, "*I will in no wise cast out.*" "WHOSOEVER will, let him come, and take of the water of life freely." "He that cometh unto me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." "This is the will of Him that sent me, that every one that seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day." It is worthy to be remarked, that in this memorable conversation with his disciples, recorded in John vi., the Lord Jesus confirmed this assurance of life everlasting to every one that should believe on him, NINE TIMES—at verses 39, 40, 44, 47, 50, 51, 54, 57, 58; as if he said, I will make it impossible for you hereafter to doubt or to be afraid; "*I am the resurrection and the life;* and because I live, ye shall live also." Peter well understood Him, when he said, (verse 68) "Lord, to whom should we go? *thou hast*

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the words of eternal life." And after the resurrection of the Lord, when the angel came and opened the prison doors, Acts v. 20, and brought the apostles forth, he said to them, "Go, stand in the temple, and speak to the people, *all the words of this life.*" Accordingly, Peter preached to them Jesus and the resurrection:—"the God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree; Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel and forgiveness of sins."

Is any Invalid, who reads this, oppressed under a sense of unworthiness and sin? Let but this glorious Gospel, with all its freeness and fulness, be received, and peace, and consolation, and joy, light and salvation, will be poured into his soul, and cause every desponding fear to give way—and, *with Peter*, he will be able to say, 1 Peter i. 3, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to His abundant mercy, hath begotten us again, John iii. 7., to a lively

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hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away; reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation, which is ready to be revealed in the last time: *wherein ye greatly rejoice*, though now for a season (if need be) ye are in heaviness, through manifold temptations; that the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold, that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ; whom, having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice, with joy unspeakable, and full of glory: receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls."

In these verses, the experience of every true believer (more or less) is described; and the hymns are selected to exhibit the same—the love, joy, peace, confidence, assurance—the self-loathing and resignation to the divine will—the desire that

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Christ may be glorified by him, whether by life or by death—all springing from the same blessed source and almighty agency, set forth in the 2nd verse of the same chapter—1 Peter i. 2. "Elect, according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience, and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ." May the glorious truth of the everlasting Gospel be thus felt, understood, and acknowledged, by *every Invalid* who reads these lines. May the love of God, the Father, who sent His Son to die "for the ungodly," be shed abroad in their hearts, by the power of the Holy Ghost!

May the "grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, "who loved us, and gave himself for us"—with "mercy and peace," be multiplied to them! May they be encouraged by His gracious invitation, to go boldly to the throne of grace, where He is our advocate with the Father," and "is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing that

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He ever liveth to make intercession for us!"

And may the animating, comforting, directing, strengthening, and refreshing influences of the Eternal Spirit—God the Holy Ghost—be poured forth abundantly upon them! Amen.

H. K.

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INTRODUCTORY LINES.

"In thoughts from the visions of the night when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me and trembling."—Job. iv. 13, 14.

Sometimes amid the hurry, toil, and strife,
The claims, the urgencies, the whirl of life;
The soul, perhaps in silence of the night—
Has flashes—transient intervals of light,
When things to come, without a shade of doubt,
In terrible reality stand out;
These lucid moments suddenly present
A glance of truth, as tho' the heavens were rent;
And thro' the chasm of pure celestial light,
The future breaks upon the startled sight:
Life's vain pursuits, and Time's advancing pace,
Appears with death-bed clearness face to face;

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And immortality's expanse sublime,
In just proportion to the speck of time:
While Death, uprising from the silent shades,
Shows his dark outline ere the vision fades;
In strong relief against the blazing sky,
Appears the shadow as it passes by;
And though o'erwhelming to the dazzled brain,
These are the moments when the mind is sane:
For then, a hope of heaven, a Saviour's Cross;
Seem what they are, and all things else but loss.
O to be ready—ready for that day,
Would we not give earth's fairest toys away?
Alas! how soon its interests cloud the view,
Rush in, and plunge us in the world anew.

JANE TAYLOR.

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THE

INVALIDS' HYMN BOOK.

PART I.

HYMNS SUITED TO THE AWAKENED INQUIRER, IN THE TIME OF SICKNESS.

I.

"Take away the dross from the silver, and there shall come forth a vessel for the finer."—Prov. xxv. 4.

1 Sickness is a school severe,
Where the soul, (in childhood here,)
Wayward 'neath a milder sway,
Learns to think, and learns to pray.
Blest and wise its discipline,
There the teacher is divine.

2 Wert thou thoughtless, led away
By each folly of the day?
Cleaving to the things of earth,
Mindless of thy heavenly birth?
Bless the hour which broke their spell,
Made thee sick to make thee well.

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3 Wert thou selfish, thinking not
On the starving sufferer's lot?
Fed with dainties, gaily dressed,
Wert thou by the poor unblessed?
Now for sufferers thou wilt feel,
God has wounded but to heal.

4 Wert thou fretful, harsh, unkind,
Finding nothing to thy mind?
Though with countless mercies blest,
Never thankful, ne'er at rest?
Sickness comes to purge thy dross,
Prove thy gain, and not thy loss.

5 Wert thou proud, exalted high
By affluence, station, ancestry?
Oft with supercilious ken
Glancing at thy fellow-men?
God now strips thee, lays thee low,
All thy nothingness to show.

6 Dwelt thy soul at ease, assured
All was well, and heaven secured?
Didst thou need no better dress
Than thy fancied righteousness?

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Sickness comes to probe thy heart,
Comes to show thee what thou art.

7 Is the one thing needed most
That which scarce thy mind has crossed?
Hast thou earthly science prized,
But the themes of heaven despised?
God now warns thee; thus He saith,
"Soul, awake! thy sleep is death!"

II.

"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after death the judgment."—Heb. ix. 27.

1 And am I born to die,
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?
Waked by the trumpet's sound,
Shall I from death arise?
And see the judge with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming skies?

2 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?

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I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell,
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else—depart to hell.

3 O Thou, who would'st not have
One wretched sinner die!
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery;
Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when my earthly race is run,
Death may excite no fear.

III.

"Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law."—Psalm xciv. 12.

1 When this poor tenement of clay
Becomes a lifeless clod,
Shall I, exulting, soar away
To an unseen abode?

2 O let me not with terror shrink
From questions such as these!
My God has sent, to bid me think,
His messenger, Disease.

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3 I bless that God, who, from above,
This needful call has sent;
Who weans me from terrestrial love,
By gentle chastisement.

4 Divine Physician! Heavenly Friend!
Whose smile ensures success,
The medicine thou hast deigned to send,
Oh deign thyself to bless.

5 Let suffering work the end designed,
Nor let one thought repine;
Teach me to feel thy chastening kind,
To love thy discipline.

6 That heavenly appetite restore,
Which hungers after thee;
Renew those holy traits once more,
Which mark thy family.

7 Ere long, I must for ever part
With all, my God, but thee!
Claim thou my undivided heart,
My hope, my portion be!

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8 Thy presence can alone suffice
This heart with peace to fill;
With thee, though robbed of earthly bliss,
I can be happy still.

IV.

"So teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom."—Psalm xc. 12.

1 O let me, heavenly Lord, extend
My view to life's approaching end:
Instructed by thy wisdom, learn
How soon my fabric shall return
To earth; and in the silent tomb
Its seat of lasting rest assume.

2 What are my days? a span their line,
And what my age compared with thine?
Our life, advancing to its close,
While scarce its earliest dawn it knows,
Swift, like a fleeting shade, we run,
And vanity and man are one.

3 God of my fathers, here, as they,
I walk, the pilgrim of a day;
A transient guest, thy works admire,
And instant to my home retire;

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Where shall I then my refuge see,
On whom repose my hope but thee?

4 Before thy throne my knees I bend,
To thee my ceaseless prayers ascend;
O spare me, Lord, a while, O spare!
My strength renew, my heart prepare;
'Ere life's short circuit wandered o'er,
I vanish, and am seen no more.

V.

"I said in my heart, God shall judge the righteous and the wicked."—Eccles. iii. 17.

1 Thou God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth I cry;
A half-awakened child of man;
An heir of endless bliss or pain;
A sinner born to die!

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

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3 O God, mine inmost soul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shall come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss to ensure;
Thine holy precepts to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

VI.

"Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the deep waters, and thy footsteps are not known."—Ps. lxxvii. 19.

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;

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He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Mistrust him not, fresh courage take,
The clouds you so much dread,
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head.

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

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

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

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VII.

"I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies."—Psalm cxix. 59.

1 Not willingly dost thou afflict
And grieve the souls thy hand has made;
Now, called by suffering to reflect,
O God, I seek thy pitying aid.

2 I feel that I have gone astray,
Have left the path thy word commends;
I see that I have lost my way,—
But still that word sweet comfort lends.

3 It tells me if I seek a guide,
That guide will come to lead me back;
It tells me strength shall be supplied,
To reach once more the heavenward track.

4 My treacherous heart its God forgot,
The flame of love grew cold and dim,
But yet, that God, forsaking not,
Now gives me time to think of Him.

5 He now invites me to return,
He deigns to teach me from above;
Lord, all thou teachest I would learn,
With shame, and gratitude, and love!

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VIII.

"In the day of adversity consider."—Eccles. vii. 14.

1 Lord, by thy hand withdrawn apart,
From earthly things, and outward scenes;
What lessons wouldst thou teach my heart?
What barrier break that intervenes?

2 Perchance to man my life has seemed
Blameless, defiled by no dark blot;
But blameless can that life be deemed,
In which my God has been forgot?

3 Is it thy wanderer to reclaim,
That thou contendest now with me?
Have I not missed life's noblest aim
As yet, not having lived for thee?

4 How have my powers been misapplied!
How has a creature, born to die,
Been borne along the impetuous tide
Of worldly care, and vanity!

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5 Truths heard of by the outward ear,
I now discern, at least in part;
"A small still voice" I seem to hear,
Speaking in mercy to my heart.

6 I boast of innocence no more;
Guilty, yea guilty, Lord, I plead;
My merits, trusted in before,
Now fail me like a broken reed.

7 Hard is that heart which ne'er has felt
The love of God to sinful man;
Which has not learned to mourn and melt,
Pondering salvation's wondrous plan.

8 "Blest is the man thou chastenest, Lord!"
Thus speaks the oracle divine;
Now, on my heart let grace be poured,
And may that blessedness be mine!

IX.

"I, the Lord, search the heart; I try the reins"—
Jer. xvii. 10.

1 O God! what am I in thy sight?
Thou, only thou, canst read aright
The characters within;

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No fellow-mortal has their clue—
No human scrutiny can view
The ravages of sin.

2 Till thy light shone, I never knew
How fearful was my heart to view,
Disordered, false, impure;
I fondly fancied it was good,
Nor that high standard understood,
Whose test it must endure.

3 It once seemed sweet, man's praise to hear;
Now, it falls coldly on my ear;
What is its worth for me?
Mistaken, partial, at the best,
Is all the approving love expressed;
None, none my heart can see!

4 And I am passing swiftly on
To that tribunal where alone
The estimate is just;
Where into judgment God will bring
Each hidden thought, each secret thing,
And lay me in the dust.

5 Searcher of hearts! before thine eye,
Though all my sins uncovered lie,
Sins more than I can count;

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Yet one pure drop of precious blood,
Shed by the atoning Lamb of God,
Cancels their whole amount.

6 On me that blood be sprinkled now!
Wash me and make me white as snow,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain!
That blood which our lost world redeemed,
(A ransom adequate esteemed,)
Can never plead in vain.

X.

"God requireth that which is past."—Eccles. iii. 15.

1 Perchance my hours are number'd now,
And life's remaining sands are few;
Still o'er the past my tears must flow,
Sad the review!

2 From unrefreshing sleep I wake,
And while in restlessness I sigh,
A mournful retrospect I take
Of days gone by.

3 How oft have I laid down to rest,
And balmy sleep's refreshment shared,
Nor thought of Him my nights who blest,
My life who spared!

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4 How oft has morning's fragrant breeze,
Whose breath I now no more inhale,
Wafted the joys of health, and ease,
On every gale!

5 But still I slept, and still I woke,
Thankless to Him who all bestowed,
And never, or profanely spoke,
Of thee, great God!

6 A form of words, a heartless prayer,
This was the homage paid to thee;
Whose bounteous love, whose ceaseless care,
Gave all to me.

7 I loved my friends, and was beloved,
But self was all in all to me;
Thy gifts were not for thee improved—
I loved not thee!

8 And thus thy first and great command,
If not despised, was disobeyed;
Well may thy heavy chastening hand
Make me afraid!

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9 Well may I fear that, now in wrath,
Thou wilt cut short life's brittle thread,
And close for me that narrow path
I would not tread.

10 But mercy, mercy I implore
Through Christ's atoning sacrifice,
To Him, ere life's short day be o'er,
I lift my eyes.

11 For poor lost sinners he was slain;
For them he died—for them he lives;
Hope kindles in my heart again;
That hope he gives.

XI.

"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi. 28.

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

2 It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my soul may flee;

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Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

3 When the poor heart with anguish learns
That earthly props resigned must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents, "Come to me."

4 When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free;
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me, "Come to me."

5 When nature shudders, loth to part,
From all I love, enjoy, and see,
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me."

6 "Come, for all else must fail and die;"
"Earth is no resting place for thee;"
"Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,"
I am thy Portion, "Come to me."

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

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XII.

"Blessed is the man who trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is."—Jer. xvii. 7.

1 Cease thou from man; Oh, what to thee,
Can thy poor fellow-mortals be?
Are they not erring, finite, frail?
What can their utmost aid avail?

2 Their very love will prove a snare;
Then, when thy heart becomes aware
Of its own danger, it will bleed
For leaning on a broken reed.

3 Why does thy bliss so much depend,
On earthly relative, or friend?
There is a Friend who changes never,
The love He gives, He gives for ever.

4 He has withdrawn thee now, apart,
To teach these lessons to thy heart;
Has darkened all thy earthly scene,
That thou on Him alone mayest lean.

5 His precious love that balm supplies,
For which thy wounded spirit sighs;
That only medicine can make whole
The weary, faint, and sin-sick soul.

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6 Go to that Friend, poor aching heart,
He knows how desolate thou art;
He waits—he longs to see thee blest,
And in Himself to give thee rest.

XIII.

"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near."—Isaiah lv. 6.

1 Oh God! may I look up to thee?
I would address thee if I may;
And this my one request should be,
Teach me to pray.

2 Now, in my sorrow I would ask,
What thoughts to think, what words to say;
Prayer is a new and arduous task;
Teach me to pray.

3 A heartless form will not suffice,
The self-deemed rich are sent away;
The heart must bring the sacrifice—
Teach me to pray.

4 To whom shall I, thy creature, turn?
Whom else address? whom else obey?

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Teach me the lesson I would learn—
Teach me to pray.

5 Now, in my hour of trouble, deign
To bow my spirit to thy sway;
Now, let me ask thee not in vain—
Teach me to pray.

6 To thee alone my eyes look up,
Turn not, O God, thy face away
Prayer is my only door of hope—
Teach me to pray.

XIV.

"I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee, saith the Lord."—Jer. xxx. 17.

1 Tell me of that great Physician,
Will he undertake my cure?
Will he freely grant admission
To an applicant so poor?
None but Jesus
Could to such relief ensure.

2 I have not one plea to proffer,
Why such grace I should partake—

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No inducement can I offer—
No requital can I make;
None but Jesus
Heals for his own mercy's sake.

3 Yet I know that he has granted
Cures to thousands such as I;
Given them freely all they wanted,
Without money let them buy:
None but Jesus
Every want could thus supply.

4 Let me go and spread before him
All my symptoms—all my fears;
Deeply, gratefully adore him,
While my trembling heart he cheers:
None but Jesus
Wipes away the sufferer's tears.

XV.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. iii. 20.

1 Behold a stranger at the door
Who gently knocks, has knocked before;

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Has waited long; is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O gracious attitude! He stands
With melting heart, and laden hands!
O matchless kindness! Lo, he shows
This matchless kindness e'en to foes!

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very friend you need;
The man of Nazareth, 'tis He!
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 If thou art poor, (and poor thou art,)
Lo! He has riches to impart;
Not wealth in which mean avarice rolls,
Oh better far! the wealth of souls.

5 Thou'rt blind—he'll take the scales away,
And let in everlasting day;
Torn and polluted is thy dress;
He'll robe thee in his righteousness.

6 Art thou a weeper? grief shall fly,
For who can weep with Jesus by?
No terror shall thy soul annoy;
No tear, except the tear of joy.

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7 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
That soul-enslaving tyrant, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

8 Admit him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
Admit him, and you'll ne'er expel;
Where Jesus comes, he comes to dwell.

9 Admit him ere his anger burn,
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
When at his door denied you'll stand.

10 Yet know—nor of the terms complain—
Where Jesus comes, he comes to reign,
To reign, and with no partial sway,
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

11 Sovereign of souls! thou Prince of peace!
Oh, may thy gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
And be thine empire all mankind!

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XVI.

"I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh." —Ez. xxxvi. 26.

1 Oh for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away!
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake;
The seas can roar, the mountains shake;
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Saviour, an adamant heart would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing melt this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this senseless heart of mine.

5 But something yet can do the deed,
And that blest something much I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move, and melt this heart of mine.

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6 Lord! from henceforth may I say,
"Ere thou didst smite, I went astray!
The rock was stricken by thy rod!
Then, forth the living water flowed!"

XVII.

PRAYER FOR FAITH.

"Christ shall give thee light."—Eph. v. 14.

1 Lord of all power and might!
Grant me that inward sight,
Which views the things unseen;
All earthly objects fade,
My life, a fleeting shade,
Ne'er for one moment stayed,
Will soon have crossed the scene.

2 Each moment it moves on,
Still hastening to be gone,
'Till, seen on earth no more,
I reach that unknown state,
Where souls thy sentence wait,
To fix their lasting fate,
And hope of change is o'er.

3 Now, while there yet is time,
While earth's brief day grows dim—
Darkened by pain and woe;

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Kindle that lamp of faith,
Which can make bright my path,
E'en through the vale of death,
If thither now I go.

4 Man cannot wake the spark
In my soul's chamber dark—
Nor keep the flame alive;
Kindling thyself the light,
Deign thou to keep it bright,
Till, where is no more night,
In safety I arrive.

XVIII.

"There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared."—Psalm cxxx. 4.

1 O Lord my God! in mercy turn—
In mercy, hear a sinner mourn;
To thee I call—to thee I cry—
O leave me, leave me not to die!

2 O pleasures past! what are ye now,
But thorns about my bleeding brow?
Spectres that hover round my brain,
And aggravate and mock my pain!

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3 For pleasures I have given my soul,
Now, justice, let thy thunders roll!
Now, vengeance smite, and with a blow,
Lay the rebellious ingrate low!

4 Yet Jesus, Jesus! there I'll cling,
I'll crouch beneath his sheltering wing;
I'll clasp the cross, and holding there—
Even me, Oh bliss! his love may spare.

XIX.

FOR ONE WHO HAD LIVED IN SCEPTICISM.

"My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord."—Isaiah lv. 8.

1 Is this the end of all my schemes?
My buoyant hopes, and golden dreams,
All withered in an hour!
Within this curtained space confined,
Suffering in body, vexed in mind,
How futile is their power!

2 My friends are filled with anxious grief,
Their love can yield me no relief;
I sigh to see them grieve;
The mighty Maker of my frame,
That God from whom my spirit came,
He only can relieve.

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3 Almighty God! to thee I bow;
Would thou wert not a stranger now!
Can prayer from *me* avail,
When, throughout all I sought and schemed,
The one important thing was deemed
A cheat—an idle tale!

4 I disbelieved the record given,
Thy message to lost man from heaven,
I disbelieved man's fall;
But, cleared from every shade of doubt,
Truth's stern realities stand out—
Thy light now shows them all.

5 Still, still the voice of mercy says,
"Thy ways resemble not our ways;
Thy thoughts like ours are not;"
Though now, this chastening, so severe,
Grievous and terrible appear,
Worse might have been my lot.

6 Death might at once have plunged me there,
Where all is anguish and despair,
Throughout eternity;

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Or fierce delirium might prevent
This heart, now striving to repent
From turning thus to thee.

7 Humbling myself beneath thy hand,
Teach me, O God, to understand,
And not resist thy will.
Let not my chief dependance be
On human aid, but fixed on thee,
'Tis thine to heal or kill.

8 This bitter pain, this grief of mind,
In mercy still may be designed—
My senseless heart to move;
Comfort once more the thought conveys,
"Thy ways resemble not our ways"—
Thy name, O God, is love.

XX.

"The Lord giveth wisdom; out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding."—Prov. ii. 6.

1 Alone, in weariness and pain,
To God my spirit may complain;
He will not turn away;
From this, his long-neglected book,
To which I now for comfort look,
Hope sheds a cheering ray.

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2 Divine Historian of man's heart!
Thy heavenly pages can impart
That wisdom high, and pure,
By which alone the soul can learn,
Her true condition to discern,
Her misery, and its cure.

3 My wisdom I must lay aside,
Reason—in things of earth, my guide—
Knows not the things of heaven;
A holier guidance I implore,
Would I had sought this aid before!
God's Spirit must be given.

4 Thou, whom as yet I have not known!
Spirit of truth! by thee alone
Would I, henceforth be led;
If now, that health has been withdrawn,
Thy light upon my darkness dawn—
Welcome be this sick bed!

5 Spirit of truth! celestial Guide!
Subdue my prejudice and pride,
Quell thou this inward strife;
Those comprehensive words repeat,
Revealing Him in whom they meet—
"The way, the truth, the life."

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XXI.

"Then there arose a mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want."—Luke xv. 14.

1 A famine has arisen indeed,
And I am distant far from home,
On husks no longer can I feed,
No longer as an exile roam.

2 O I begin to be in want!
Sickness has filled my heart with fear,
Not one around relief can grant,
Death, only death awaits me here!

3 I will arise and seek his face,
My father—yes, my Father still;
To his abode my steps retrace,
And ask some menial's place to fill.

4 But can he e'er forget that day,
When madly in my pride of heart,
I flung off his parental sway,
Resolved to dwell from him apart?

5 Ne'er since that hour have I found rest,
But dare I now his aid implore?
Beggared and sick, and sore distressed,
Will he not spurn me from his door?

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6 Lo! he descries me from afar,
He hastes the outcast to embrace!
What goodness can with his compare?
My Father! boundless is thy grace.

7 While contrite at thy feet I fall,
Owning my guilt, with faultering voice,
Not only dost thou pardon all,
But o'er thy long-lost child rejoice.

8 Well may such goodness break my heart,
Father! my wanderings now are o'er;
But O such love, such fear impart,
That I may never grieve thee more!

XXII.

"Have pity upon me, O my friends: for the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix. 21.

1 I look around me, all is sad,
Faces beloved no longer glad—
In silence o'er me bend;
They see me wasting, worn with pain,
They see the help of man is vain,—
To God their prayers ascend.

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2 Backward I look—through bygone years,
An awful register appears,
Of debts I ne'er can pay;
Duties omitted, time misused,
Talents neglected or abused,—
Heart-sick I turn away.

3 I look within—appalling sight!
There, where I fancied all was right,
Throughout, confusion reigns:
All evil passions there seem pent;
Impatience, pride, dark discontent,
Which God himself arraigns.

4 Forward I look—there, dark and dread,
Lies the lone path I soon must tread;
Low whispered sounds I hear;
"The second death, the wrath to come,"
"The judgment seat, the eternal doom,"
My spirit faints with fear.

5 Still, still there's hope—I look above,
I trace the record, "God is love,"
I read engraven there—

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"God to his mercy will receive,"
"All who in Jesus Christ believe"—
This saves me from despair.

6 O Son of God, to thee I look!
For me unseal that heavenly book,
Which testifies of Thee;
That Spirit may I now receive,
Who teaches sinners to believe—
Blest Spirit! teach thou me.

XXIII.

"Commune with your own heart."—Psalm iv. 4.

1 It matters not, when fruit appears,
Whether its seed were sown in tears;
While this poor frame is ill at ease,
And earthly objects cease to please,
Now may the power of faith prevail,
Unfolding scenes within the vail,
Not distant, shadowy, and obscure;
But near, and well defined, and sure.

2 A nobler life dwells deep within
Than this poor frame's, defiled with sin;

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A life so precious, weal or woe,
Hangs solely on its ebb or flow;
E'en while the body wastes, it thrives;
E'en while the body dies, it lives;
Heavenward it tends, from heaven bestowed,
Its source is "hid with Christ in God."

3 If these dark hours, this suffering state,
That life divine invigorate;
If now God's Spirit work within,
Increasing faith, subduing sin,
Time thus employed, is gained, not lost,
Though selfish hopes and schemes be crossed;
My plans, my wishes, I resign;
"Father! Thy will be done, not mine!"

4 Oh, if, as yet, thine eye in me
Has vainly sought some trace to see,
Of likeness to thy Son, my Lord,—
His image to my soul restored,
Now make these hours of lonely pain,
A means that likeness to attain,
Since even He, our Lord, our Head,
Was here by suffering perfected.

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XXIV.

"I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name: thou art mine."—Isa. xlii. 1.

1 Saviour! once to thee presented,
At thy footstool I was laid;
In life's bloom my heart consented
To the vows my sponsors made;
Thine in infancy and youth,
Should I not have kept thy truth?

2 Thine by right, as my Creator,
Who my twofold life bestowed,
Saved by thee, my Mediator,
Ransomed with thy precious blood;
Thine by baptism's solemn vow,
Shall my heart forsake thee now?

3 No! not farther shall I wander,
Thou hast stricken me to reclaim;
O'er the guilty past I ponder,
Overwhelmed with grief and shame;
Still that Lord whose seal I wear,
Pours for me the availing prayer.

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4 Welcome the severest token,
That God "lets me not alone;"
Though his covenant I have broken,
He reclaims me as his own;
Saviour, now my soul restore,
Bid me "go and sin no more."

XXV.

"Without faith it is impossible to please God."
Heb. xi. 6.

1 In the volume of the book
God to man from heaven has sent,
In the words the Saviour spoke,
Faith stands out pre-eminent;
Clear, where'er the vision turns,
Like the polar star it burns.

2 Ere his miracles were wrought,
Faith a requisite was deemed;
This, in every heart he sought;
This, above all else esteemed;
"Without faith"—'tis here engraved,
"None are pardoned—none are saved."

3 While to me affliction brings
From terrestrial cares release,

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Turns my thoughts to holier things,
Things "belonging to my peace;"
Teach me, Lord, by light divine,
What is faith, and make it mine.

4 Is it simply to believe
All this wondrous book contains?
Is it meekly to receive
All it teaches—not explains?
Without doubts or scruples nice,
"Thus saith God,"—must this suffice?

5 Is it, above all, to own
Him, the slighted Nazarene,
As Jehovah's equal Son,
Who eternally has been;
Perfect God, and perfect man?
Truths no finite mind can scan.

6 Jesus! as a little child,
At thy footstool I sit down;
By man's glosses unbeguiled,
Learning truth from Thee alone;
Lord! how strait soe'er the gate,
Here I knock, and here I wait.

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7 Thou of faith the Author art—
Thou alone canst faith bestow;
Plant this germ within my heart,
Root it deep, and make it grow;
Thou, from whom such gifts proceed,
Thou art Lord and God indeed.

XXVI.

"And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not!"—Gen. xxviii. 16.

1 Am I to this seclusion brought,
As wandering Jacob first was taught,
In solitude and woe,
To look on things before unseen,
And, in the stilly night serene,
His Father's God to know?

2 Alone and weary as he laid,
A wondrous ladder was displayed,
Reaching from earth to heaven;
Ascending and descending there,
Angels (who perhaps made him their care)
To his charmed sight were given.

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3 He felt that God was in that place,
He learned to prize and seek his grace,
And there before him vowed—
"That if, through all his future track,"
"He thither came, in safety back,"
"The Lord should be his God."

4 Like him, a wanderer I have been,
And waking, in this lonely scene,
I feel that God is here;
While, bright with supernatural ray,
Shines forth that "new and living way"
Which brings the sinner near.

5 Apart from man, in this still hour,
He, who might crush me by his power,
A covenant deigns to make;
And if, supplying all my need,
He, to the end, my steps will lead,
Him for my God I take.

6 If health once more he deign to give,
Then for his glory may I live,
May all to him be given!
If not, while angels o'er me bend,
Those golden steps may I ascend,
Which lead the soul to heaven!

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XXVII.

"Before I was afflicted I went astray."—Ps. cxix 67.

1 Light beams upon my inward eye,
New thoughts awake, new things I see;
Is this "the day-spring from on high,"
Shining on me?

2 The God of love my soul has met;
He gently draws me from above;
And though I do not love him yet,
I long to love.

3 My time of suffering and distress
Has proved his time of pardoning grace;
Now, that he chastens but to bless,
I clearly trace.

4 Earth's vanities my soul beguiled,
I never sought his will to know;
But to reclaim his wandering child,
He brought me low.

5 The past appears a feverish dream
Of folly, and insensate mirth,
And now the things eternal seem
Of boundless worth.

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6 My soul, once dead, begins to move,
Roused by a hand divine from sleep,
My heart, once cold, begins to love,
My eye to weep.

7 Lord, while this heavenly light is shed,
Which while I gaze, seems still t' increase,
Shall not my wandering steps be led
To paths of peace?

8 Light of the world! Thou, thou hast shone,
With life and healing in thy ray!
Now clear my path, and lead me on
To realms of day.

XXVIII.

"If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."—Mark ix. 23.

1 Father! thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far;
Thy heart is full of tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

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2 O love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee,
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains in me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
"Mercy, free boundless mercy!" cries.

3 By faith, O Lord, I look to thee,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
To thee, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast;
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

4 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all, and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my stedfast soul relies,
Father! thy mercy never dies.

5 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay,

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This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundations melt away ;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

XXIX.

"It is finished."—John xix. 30.

1 "'Tis finish'd," the Redeemer said,
And meekly bowed his dying head;
Whilst we this sentence scan,
Come, sinners, and observe the word,
Behold the conquest of our Lord
Complete for helpless man.

2 Finish'd the righteousness of grace,
Finish'd for sinners pardoning peace ;
Their mighty debt is paid ;
Accusing law, cancelled by blood,
And wrath of an offended God,
In sweet oblivion laid.

3 Who now shall urge a second claim ?
The law no longer can condemn,
Faith a release can shew ;
Justice itself a friend appears,
The prison house a whisper hears,
"Loose him and let him go."

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4 O unbelief, injurious bar!
Source of tormenting fruitless fear,
Why dost thou yet reply?
Where'er thy loud objections fall,
"'Tis finish'd" still may answer all,
And silence every cry.

XXX.

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up."—John iii. 14.

1 Mourner! art thou conscience stricken,
Deeply now convinced of sin,
Powerless thy dead soul to quicken,
By the serpent stung within?
To the cross look up, and live,
Life and health one look can give.

2 Jesus, on that cross suspended,
Died to expiate thy guilt—
Satisfied God's law offended,
Saved thee by the blood he spilt:
To the cross look up, and live,
Life and health one look can give.

3 God will, for his sake, forgive thee,
Boldly through his name apply,

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Perfect soundness he will give thee,
If on him be fixed thine eye.
To the cross look up, and live,
Life and health one look can give.

XXXI.

"They cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distress."—Psalm cvii. 28.

ON THE CESSATION OF VIOLENT PAIN.

1 O thou, from whom all healing flows!
Source of each virtue plants contain!
Blest be thy mercy which bestows
Kind mitigation of my pain!

2 My groans and cries no longer pierce
Hearts that have ached, have bled for me;
Disease no more, with onset fierce,
Racks my whole frame with agony.

3 I thank thee for the respite given,
The dawn of hope which re-appears;
Friends, who against despair have striven,
Now smile, and wipe away their tears.

4 But O, my God, I feel, I feel,
Taught by thy rod, that, deep within,

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A sickness thou alone canst heal
Lies rooted,—the disease of sin!

5 While I seemed hastening to the tomb,
Light from above appeared to dart,
Revealing, through the awful gloom,
The plague, the evil of my heart.

6 Thou! who, in part, hast made me whole,
Thy mercy's work is incomplete,
If, 'mid, the body's cure, the soul
Languish in danger still more great.

7 I feel its danger—where, oh where
Can healing for the soul be found?
Henceforth, be this my only care,
And let thy mercy's work be crowned!

XXXII.

"He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."—Heb. vii. 25.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Now is the accepted hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power!
He is able,
He is willing—doubt no more.

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2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome!
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is, that you have need of him:
This he shews you,
By his Spirit's rising beam.

4 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.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo, your Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"IT IS FINISH'D!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

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6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name,
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

XXXIII.

"He openeth their ear to discipline."—Job xxxiv. 10.

1 Chamber of sickness! much to thee I owe,
Though dark thou be;
The lessons it imports me most to know,
I owe to thee!
A sacred seminary thou hast been,
I trust, to train me for a happier scene.

2 Chamber of sickness! suffering and alone,
My friends withdrawn,

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The blessed beams of heavenly truth have shone
On me, forlorn,
With such a hallowed vividness and power,
As ne'er were granted to a brighter hour.

3 Chamber of sickness! midst thy silence, oft,
A voice is heard,
Which, though it fall like dew on flowers, so soft,
Yet speaks each word
Into the aching heart's unseen recess,
With power no earthly accents could possess.

4 Chamber of sickness! in that bright abode,
Where "there is no more pain,"
If, through the merits of my Saviour God,
A seat I gain,
This theme shall tune my golden harp's soft lays,
That in thy shelter passed my earthly days.

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PART II.

HYMNS SUITED IN THE TIME OF SICKNESS TO THE HUMBLE PENITENT, AND TO THE REJOICING BELIEVER.

XXXIV.

"Who is a God like unto thee, who pardoneth iniquity, transgression, and sin."—Micah vii. 8.

1 Great God of wonders! all thy ways
Are worthy of thyself divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace,
Beyond thine other wonders 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 shall in the honour share,
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

3 In wonder lost, with trembling joy
I take the pardon of my God;

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Pardon for crimes of deepest dye—
A pardon sealed with Jesus' blood;
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

4 O may this great, this matchless, grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all the angelic choirs above!
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

XXXV.

"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."—John vi. 37.

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!

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

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

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

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

XXXVI.

"Thou art my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort."—Psalm lxxviii. 3.

1 Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy riven side which flowed,

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Be of sin the double cure ;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

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

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling,
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace,
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne :
Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

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XXXVII.

"Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions."—Ps. li. 1.

1 Shew pity, Lord! O Lord forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

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

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there—
Some sure support against despair.

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XXXVIII.

"The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."—Isaiah liii. 5.

1 Prostrate, Lord Jesus! at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies,
And upwards to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 O let not Justice frown me thence,
Stay, stay the vengeful storm;
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm!

3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceasless torrents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt,
No tears but those which thou hast shed,
No blood but thou hast spilt.

5 Think on thy sorrows, gracious Lord,
And all my sins forgive;

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Justice will well approve the word
Which bids the sinner live.

XXXIX.

"Plead thou my cause, O Lord."—Psalm xxxv. 1.

1 Plead thou—oh plead my cause;
Each self-excusing plea,
My trembling soul withdraws,
And flies to thee;
When Justice rears her throne,
Ah, who—save thee alone,
May stand, O spotless One?
Plead thou my cause!

2 Ah! plead not aught of mine,
Before thine altar throne;
Fragments—when all is thine—
All—all thine own!
Thou seest what stains they bear;
Oh, since each tear, each prayer,
Hath need of pardon there,—
Plead thou my cause!

3 With lips that dying breathed
Blessing for words of scorn;

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With brow where I had wreathed
The piercing thorn;
With breast to whose pure tide
He did the weapon guide,
Who hath no home beside,—
Plead thou my cause!

4 Plead—when the tempter's art,
To each fond hope of mine,
Denies this faithless heart
Can e'er be thine.
If slander whisper too,
The sin I never knew,
Thou who couldst urge the true,—
Plead thou my cause!

5 Oh! plead my cause above;
Plead thine within my breast;
Till there, thy peaceful Dove
Shall built her nest.
Thou know'st, this will—how frail,
Thou know'st tho' language fail—
My soul's mysterious tale;—
Plead thou my cause.

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XL.

"Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things—but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot."—1 Peter i. 18.

1 God of my salvation hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near
Thy blessing to receive.
Full of guilt, alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee,
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure!
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor;
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Without money, without price,
I come thy love to buy;
From myself I turn my eyes,
The chief of sinners, I.

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Take, O take me as I am,
And let me lose myself in thee;
Friend of sinners spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

XLI.

"Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in every time of need."—Heb. iv. 16.

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

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring,
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin:
Let thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face,

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Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.

5 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
There, thy blood-bought right maintain,
There without a rival reign.

6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer,
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

7 Shew me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

XLII.

"The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."
Isaiah liii. 6.

1 Charged with the complicated load,
Of our enormous debt,
By faith, I see the Lamb of God
Expire beneath its weight!

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2 My numerous sins transferred to him,
Shall never more be found,
Lost in His blood's atoning stream
Where every crime is drowned!

3 My mighty sins to thee are known:
But mightier still is He,
Who laid His life a ransom down,
And pleads His death for me.

4 O may my life, while here below,
Bear witness to thy love;
Till I before thy footstool bow,
And chaunt thy praise above!

XLIII.

"They came to a place which was named Gethsemane. Jesus oft resorted there with his disciples."—Mark xiv. 32; John xviii. 2.

1 Jesus, while he dwelt below,
(As divine historians say)
To a garden oft would go,
Near to Kedron's brook it lay;
When from noise he would be free,
Then he sought Gethsemane.

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2 Thither, by their Master brought,
His disciples likewise came;
There the heavenly truths he taught,
Often set their hearts on flame;
All things to them seemed to agree
To endear Gethsemane.

3 Here they oft conversing sat,
Or might join with Christ in prayer;
Oh! what blest devotion that,
When the Lord himself was there!
Yet how little could they see
Why he chose Gethsemane.

4 Full of love to man's lost race,
On his conflict much he thought,
This he knew the destined place,
And he loved the sacred spot;
Love to them, and love to me,
Made him love Gethsemane.

5 Many woes had he endured;
Many sore temptations met;
Patient, and to pain inured;
But the sorest trial yet,

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Was to be sustained in thee,
Mournful, dark Gethsemane!

6 Came at length the dreadful night,
Vengeance, with its iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might,
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God.
See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
Prostrate in Gethsemane!

7 View him in that dark recess,
Agonizing, bathed in blood,
View thy Maker's deep distress,
Hear the cries and groans of God;
Then reflect what sin must be
Gazing on Gethsemane!

8 Oh! what wonders love has done,
But how little understood,
God well knows, and God alone,
What produced that sweat of blood;
Who can thy deep mysteries see,
Wonderful Gethsemane?

9 There my God bore all my guilt,
This through grace can be believed;

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But the horrors that he felt,
Are too vast to be conceived;
None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful, dread Gethsemane!

10 Lord! I have no claim to share
In a favour so divine,
But since sin first brought thee there,
None have greater sins than mine;
And to this, my mournful plea,
Witness thou, Gethsemane!

11 Sins against a holy God,
Sins against his righteous laws;
Sins against his love, his blood,
Sins against his name, and cause;
Sins immense as is the sea—
Hide me, O Gethsemane!

12 Here's my claim, and here alone,
None a Saviour more can need,
Deeds of righteousness I've none,
No! not one good work to plead;
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
But in rich Gethsemane.

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13 Saviour! all the stone remove
From my flinty frozen heart;
Thaw it with thy beams of love,
Pierce it with a blood-dipt dart;
To that cleansing fount I flee,
Opened in Gethsemane.

14 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
One Almighty God of love,
Hymned by all the heavenly host
In thy shining courts above,
We, poor sinners, gracious Three!
Bless thee for Gethsemane.

XLIV.

"Of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us, wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."—1 Cor. i. 30.

1 Sickness is a hallowed season,
If in God the soul confide;
Sophistries of human reason,
Satan's nets are cast aside;
Man his utter ignorance learns,
And to Christ for wisdom turns.

2 Lord! my every hope reposes
Solely, thankfully on thee,

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But as yet, thy light discloses
Guilt, and only guilt in me ;
Take off my polluted dress,
Robe me in thy righteousness.

3 Though I feel my sufferings painful,
Worn in body, faint in mind,
Welcome they will prove, and gainful,
If they work the end designed ;
Make it, Lord, my hourly prayer,
In thy holiness to share.

4 Soon, thy glorious work completed,
Sufferings I shall need no more ;
Pure in heart, and new created,
Thou thine image wilt restore :
Then from every bond set free,
Lord, thy glory I shall see.

XLV.

"Tranformed by the renewing of your mind."
Rom. xii. 2.

1 When with my mind devoutly prest,
Dear Saviour ! my revolving breast
Would past offences trace,
Trembling I make the black review,

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Yet pleased behold, admiring too,
The power of changing grace.

2 This tongue by sinful words defiled,
These feet to erring paths beguiled,
In heavenly league agree:
Who could believe such lips could praise,
Or think my dark and winding ways
Should ever lead to thee!

3 These eyes that once abused their sight
Now lift to thee their watery light,
And weep a silent flood;
These hands ascend in ceaseless prayer,
O wash away the stains they wear,
In thy redeeming blood.

4 These ears that pleased could entertain
Discourse unhallowed, songs profane
When round the festal board;
Now deaf to all the enchanting noise,
Avoid the throng, detest the joys,
And press to hear thy word.

5 Thus art Thou served in every part—
O wouldst Thou more transform my heart,

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That drossy thing refine!
Then grace shall nature's strength control,
And a new creature, body—soul—
Be Lord! for ever thine!

XLVI.

"He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted."
Luke iv. 18.

1 Heal me, Immanuel, here I am,
Waiting to feel thy touch,
Deep wounded souls thy pity claim,
And, Saviour, mine is such!

2 My faith is feeble, I confess,
I faintly trust thy word;
But wilt thou pity me the less?
Be that far from thee, Lord.

3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief:
"Lord, I believe!" with tears he cried—
"Help thou my unbelief!"

4 She too who touched thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,

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Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

5 Like her, with hopes and fears I come,
To touch thee if I may:
O send me not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away.

XLVII.

"The heart knoweth his own bitterness."—Prov. xiv. 10.

1 Saviour, whene'er I search my heart,
Such guilt, such wretchedness I see,
This thought alone can hope impart,
Is any thing too hard for thee?

2 Rebellious feelings there repine,
Because my days pass wearily,
Can my will ever blend with thine?
Is any thing too hard for thee?

3 I ask myself, with grief oppressed,
"Can grace, e'en here triumphant be?
"May I on this firm anchor rest,
"That nothing is too hard for thee?"

4 And then, a small still voice replies,
"Why slow of heart and faithless be?

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"Lift to yon glorious arch thine eyes,
"Is any thing too hard for me?"

5 Whate'er disturbs, within, without,
Whate'er assaults or threatens me,
Let this repel each fear, each doubt,
Lord, nothing is too hard for thee.

XLVIII.

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes."—Psalm cxix 71.

1 O how I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!
It guides me in the peaceful way:
I think upon it all the day.

2 What are the mines of shining wealth,
The strength of youth, the bloom of health,
What are all joys compared with those
Thine everlasting word bestows.

3 Long unafflicted, undismayed,
In pleasure's path secure I strayed:
Thou mad'st me feel thy chastening rod,
And straight I turned unto my God.

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4 What though it pierced my fainting heart,
I bless thine hand that caused the smart:
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal woe!

XLIX.

"Go and sin no more." —John viii. 11.

1 Speak, my Saviour, speak to me,
With divine effectual power—
Weeping, I look up to thee—
Bid *me* "go and sin no more."

2 Thou art full of pardoning love,
Thou canst grant what I implore;
Now thy pitying mercy prove,
Bid me "go and sin no more."

3 Thou upbraidest not thy child;
Deeply I the past deplore,
Now with gracious accents mild,
Bid me "go and sin no more."

4 Nothing can I see but sin,
It has tainted my heart's core;
There it spreads, without, within,
Can "*I* go and sin no more?"

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5 'Tis for man too hard a task,
But thou *canst* my soul restore;
Saviour! this alone I ask—
"Bid me "go and sin no more."

6 Self-condemned—without a plea,
Guilty—lost—like her of yore,
Mine may her acquittal be!
Bid me "go and sin no more."

7 Oh, how blest will be that day,
When, while I thy love adore,
I shall never need to say,
Bid me "go and sin no more!"

L.

"Lovest thou me."—John xxi. 16.

1 Hark! my soul, it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

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3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare;
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee."

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath;
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shall be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore—
O for grace to love Thee more!

LI.

"Looking unto Jesus."—Heb. xii. 2.

1 Lamb of God, we fall before thee,
Humbly trusting in thy cross:
That alone be all our glory;
All things else we count but loss.

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2 Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
Only source of all that's good;
Every grace, and every favour,
Comes to us through Jesus' blood.

3 Jesus gives us true repentance
By his Spirit sent from heaven;
He pronounces the blest sentence—
"Son, thy sins are all forgiven."

4 Faith he gives us to believe it—
Grateful hearts, his love to prize:
Want we wisdom? he must give it,
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

5 Jesus gives us pure affections;
Wills to do what he requires:
Makes us follow his directions,
And what he commands, inspires.

6 All our prayers, and all our praises,
Humbly offered in his name;
He that dictates them is Jesus;
He that answers is the same.

7 Every grace, and every favour,
Great or good whate'er we call,

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Have we only in the Saviour;—
Jesus Christ is "all in all."

8 When we live on Jesus' merit,
When we worship God aright;
Father! Son! and Holy Spirit!
Thee we savingly unite!

LII.

"Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."—Rom. viii. 33, 34.

1 From whence this fear and unbelief?
Hast thou, O Father, put to grief
Thy spotless Son for me?
And will the righteous Judge of men
Condemn me for that debt of sin,
Which, Lord, was charged on thee?

2 Complete atonement thou hast made,
And to the utmost farthing paid
Whate'er thy people owed:
How then can wrath on me take place,
If sheltered in thy righteousness,
And sprinkled with thy blood?

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3 Turn, then, my soul! unto thy rest;
The merits of thy Great High Priest
Speak peace and liberty;
Trust in his all-atoning blood,
Nor fear thy banishment from God,
Since Jesus died for thee!

LIII.

"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge."—Ephes. iii. 17.

1 My Saviour! Thou didst shed
Thy precious blood for me;
Oh dwell within my worthless heart,
And let me live to Thee!

2 Thou callest me, O Lord!
To come to Thee and live;
I therefore come with all my sins;
I know thou canst forgive.

3 Jesus, my gracious Lord,
I long to see thy face;
To know Thee more and more by faith,
And daily grow in grace.

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4 And when this life is o'er,
O may I dwell with Thee!
Still worshipping the blessed Lamb,
Who lived and died for me.

LIV.

"How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God."—Heb. ix. 11—14.

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

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

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,

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When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

LV.

"As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."—2 Cor. vi. 10.

1 Mount, my soul, to things above,
Speed thy flight from earthly love,
Through this thorny desert flow
Streams of bitterness and woe;
Here thy portion's to complain,
Grieve for sin, and grieve again;
Here thy faith, like silver tried,
Must the fiery test abide.

2 Yet exult in Christ, my soul!
He can all thy griefs control,
He a sovereign balm can find,
Healing to the wounded mind;
Only trust the Prince of Peace,
Soon shall all thy sorrows cease,
Look to heaven, thy purchased home,
Wait till Jesus quickly come.

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LVI.

"Casting all your care upon him."—1 Peter v. 7.

1 The privilege I greatly prize,
Of casting all my care on Him—
The mighty God, the only wise,
Who reigns in heaven and earth supreme.

2 How sweet to be allowed to call
The God whom heaven adores, my friend!
To tell my thoughts, to tell him all,
And then to know my prayers ascend.

3 Yes, they ascend; the feeblest cry
Has wings to bear it to his throne;
The prayer of faith ascends the sky,
And brings a gracious answer down.

4 Then let me banish anxious care,
Confiding in a Father's love;
To him make known my wants in prayer,
Prepared his answer to approve.

5 My Father's wisdom cannot err;
His love no change nor failure knows;

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Be mine his counsel to prefer,
And acquiesce in all he does.

LVII.

"Ask what I shall give thee."—1 Kings iii. 5.

1 Behold the throne of Grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shews a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

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

3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can be withhold?

4 Beyond thy utmost wants,
His power and love can bless;
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

5 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;

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I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

6 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

7 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
Cheerful the world's poor toys I leave
To them who know not thee.

LVIII.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits"—Ps. ciii. 2.

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 ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

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3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower,
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field
It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy word of promise sure.

LIX.

"If ye endure chastisement, God dealeth with you as with sons"—Heb. xii. 7.

1 'Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

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2 Trials must, and will befall;
But with humble faith to see,
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

3 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

4 Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer,
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

5 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should prove a cast-away?

6 Others may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

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LX.

"Thy name is as ointment poured forth."—Cant. i. 3.

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

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

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place!
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

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

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

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6 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath!
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

LXI.

"That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."—Phil. ii. 10. 11.

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 my Saviour forth.

2 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered his blood and died:
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

3 My great Almighty Lord!
My Conqueror and my King!

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Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power; behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

4 I love my Shepherd's voice;
His watchful eye shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of His sheep.
He feeds His flock, He calls their names;
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

5 To this great Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul at freedom set;
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

6 Now let my soul arise
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct my way.

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LXII.

"The good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." John x. 11.

1 Shepherd of the chosen number,
They are safe whom Thou dost keep;
Other Shepherds faint and slumber,
And forget to watch the sheep;
Watchful Shepherd!
Thou dost wake while others sleep.

2 When the lion came, depending
On his strength to seize his prey,
Thou wert there, thy sheep defending,
Thou didst then thy power display;
Mighty Shepherd!
Thou didst turn the foe away.

3 When the Shepherd's life was needful
To redeem the sheep from death,
Of their safety ever heedful,
Thou for them didst yield thy breath;
Faithful Shepherd!
Love like thine no other hath.

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LXIII.

"To you, therefore, that believe, he is precious."
1 Peter ii. 7.

1 Jesus! I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers require
In Thee doth richly meet:
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Or friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The healing balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last labouring breath;
And, fearless, with thy rod and staff,
Will pass the vale of death.

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LXIV.

"And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold! I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."—Luke ii. 10, 11.

1 Sweeter sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To His birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When He came, the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high;"
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue!
Who should louder sing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become
That He might the law fulfil?
Bleed and suffer in my room?
And canst thou my tongue be still?

4 No; I must my praises bring,
Tho' they worthless are, and weak;
For, should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

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5 Oh, my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,
Every precious name in one,
I will love thee without end.

LXV.

"I am the way."—John xiv. 6.

1 Jesus, my all to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hope upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went—
The way that leads from banishment—
The King's high-way of holiness—
I'll go—for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden long had been,
Oppressed with unbelief and sin.

4 The more I strove against their power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul; I am the way."

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5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb!
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
Will point to his redeeming blood,
And say—"Behold the way to God."

LXVI.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross."
Gal. vi. 14.

1 We sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's 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*,"
He bears our sins upon the tree—
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross, it takes our guilt away:
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

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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.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure, and the pledge of love;
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

LXVII.

"With thee is the fountain of life."—Ps. xxxvi. 9.

1 Object of my first desire,
Jesus crucified for me!
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in thee;
Thee to praise, and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below:
Thee to praise, and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

2 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny;
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die!

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Source and Giver of repose!
Singly at thy will it flows,
Peace and happiness are thine,
Mine they are, when thou art mine!

LXVIII.

"Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick."—John xi. 3.

1 Saviour! I can welcome sickness
If these words be said of me:
Can rejoice 'midst pain and weakness,
If I am but loved by thee;
Love so precious,
Balm for every wound will be.

2 Thou, who waitest not for fitness
In the souls thy blood has saved,
Let thy Spirit now bear witness,
He this sentence has engraved—
Love so precious,
Gives me all my prayers have craved.

3 Though that love send days of sadness
In a life so brief as this,
It prepares me days of gladness,
And a life of perfect bliss.
Love so precious,
Bids me every fear dismiss.

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LXIX.

"The Lord God is a sun and shield."—Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

1 Oh! if I walked by sight, not faith,
And could not view the things unseen,
Dreary, to-day, would be my path,
While round me wintry winds blow keen.

2 The driving sleet, the darkened air,
Look bleak and mournful to behold,
While this poor frame, though fenced with care,
Aches with the penetrating cold.

3 The glorious sun, whose gladdening beams
Make even the face of winter smile,
Now distant and unwarming seems,
Nature looks cheerless, for a while.

4 Heavenward I turn, and then, on me
Shines forth a warm, unclouded ray;
Sun of my soul! 'tis shed by thee,
I feel no more the wintry day.

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5 Amidst th' external gloom, thy voice
Speaks words of comfort to my heart;
Though weak, though lonely, I rejoice,
Such gladness does that voice impart.

6 It tells me of those mansions blest,
Where thou a place hast deigned prepare—
Where soon my soul shall sweetly rest—
Where winter never chills the air.

7 It tells me of that blissful state,
Where there shall be no pain, no gloom,
Bids me a little moment wait,
Till Thou shalt come to take me home.

8 My Saviour! through thy love divine,
Which all has pardoned, all bestowed,
I say even now, "all things are mine"—
I possess all things in my God.

LXX.

"We which have believed, do enter into rest."
Heb iv. 3.

1 What though my strength decline,
And health no more return,

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I now possess a hope divine,
Which bids me not to mourn.

2 In Christ I have believed,
And through the spotless Lamb,
Grace and salvation have received;
In him complete I am!

3 This hope divine uplifts
My soul amid distress;
"Without repentance" are His gifts
Who thus vouchsafes to bless.

4 My sins, my crimson stains,
Are blotted out, each one;
No condemnation now remains!
God views me in his Son.

5 Then come what may to me,
It will, it must be blest!
Home, in the distance, I can see;
There I shall be at rest!

6 I was not placed on earth
To dwell, but sojourn there;
And for the country of my birth,
With ardour to prepare.

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7 And is it grief to me,
My journey to commence,
Though long and dark the stages be,
Which homeward lead from hence?

8 Oh, no! the flesh may shrink
From suffering and unrest;
But calmly on my home I think,
And, even now, feel blest.

9 What though my strength decline,
And health no more return;
Sustained by hope, and faith divine,
I can rejoice, not mourn.

LXXI.

"Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power."
Psalm cx. 3.

1 Saviour! though my rebellious will
Has been, by thy blest power, renewed;
Yet, in its secret workings still,
How much remains to be subdued!

2 Oft I recall with grief and shame,
How many years their course had run,
Ere grace my murmuring heart o'ercame,
Ere I could say, "Thy will be done!"

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3 I wished a flowery path to tread,
And thought 'twould safely lead to heaven;
A lonely room, a suffering bed,
These for my training place were given.

4 Long I resisted, mourned, complained,
Wished any other lot my own;
Thy purpose, Lord, unchanged remained;
What wisdom planned, love carried on.

5 Year after year I turned away,
But marred was every scheme I planned;
Still the same lesson day by day,
Was placed before me by thy hand.

6 At length thy patient, wondrous love,
Unchanging, tender, pitying, strong,
Availed that stony heart to move,
Which had rebelled, alas! so long.

7 Then was I taught by thee to say
"Do with me what to thee seems best;"
"Give, take, whate'er thou wilt away,"
"Health, comfort, usefulness, or rest."

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8 "Be my whole life in suffering spent;"
"But let me be in suffering, thine;"
"Still, Oh, my Lord, I am content,"
"Thou now hast made thy pleasure mine."

LXXII.

"As the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy towards them that fear him."—Ps. ciii. 11.

1 I can gaze on that beautiful sky,
Fair work of the Saviour I love;
Though the health is withdrawn, and the vigour gone by,
With which once 'mid his works I could rove.

2 I can gaze on that beautiful sky,
And there, in bright characters trace;
That with mercy more great than that concave is high,
My soul He has deigned to embrace.

3 I can gaze on that beautiful sky,
That temple so worthy of him;
While the fabrics of earth seem to dwindle and die,
Compared with its glory sublime.

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4 I can gaze on that beautiful sky,
And meekly rejoice in the thought,
That above it, in glory ne'er seen by the eye,
A mansion for me He has bought.

5 I can gaze on that beautiful sky,
And long the blue pathway to tread;
There, with all his redeemed, to adore him on high,
For the blood He on Calvary shed.

6 I can gaze on that beautiful sky,
And rejoice that my Saviour from heaven,
In glory arrayed, will descend from on high,
While the clouds for his chariot are given.

LXXIII.

"Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings, in heavenly places in Christ.—Eph. iv. 8.

1 In Christ my treasure's all contained;
By him my feeble soul's sustained;
His bounty all things needful gives;
And on his life my spirit lives.

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2 With him I daily love to walk;
Of him my soul delights to talk;
On him I cast my every care;
He deigns my every grief to bear.

3 Bless him, my soul, from day to day
Trust him to bring thee on thy way:
Give him thy poor, weak, sinful heart:
With him, O never, never part.

4 Take him for strength and righteousness;
Make him thy refuge in distress;
Love him above all earthly joy;
For him thy every power employ.

5 Praise him in cheerful, grateful songs;
To him your highest praise belongs;
Him, who for you doth heaven prepare;
Whom you will praise for ever there!

LXXIV.

"Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon me.—Psalm iv. 6.

1 Again the orient light is shining;
Again on thee, my God, reclining,
Would I pursue my way:

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Would follow where thy voice shall call
me;
Would cling to thee whate'er befall me,
And Oh, let thy mild look recall me,
When I would go astray.

2 Nor pain, nor languor, can deprive me
Of comfort, if thy grace revive me;
And though my cross I take,
Those who will follow thee, must bear it,
And thou wilt condescend to share it;
Oh, let me Lord! with thine compare it,
Borne meekly for my sake.

3 It may be, thro' thy gracious presence,
(That smile which is of joy the essence,)
Bliss may on me be shed:
My favoured soul, in thee delighting,
Thy lovelinesss her love exciting;
Thy Spirit all her powers uniting,
With joy her path may tread.

4 But if dejected, faint, and weary,
My path, to-day, seem rough and dreary,
Oh let thy pitying love,

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That source of sweetest comfort—cheer me,
And tell me thou art ever near me,
To strengthen, guide, defend and hear me,
My all in all to prove.

5 Should any earthly thing distress me?
Should suffering, cares, or fears depress me,
When Thou thy love hast given?
When Thou wilt leave not, nor forsake me,
But meet for thine own presence make me,
And soon wilt come thyself to take me,
To dwell with thee in heaven?

6 Oh, no! With such a God and Saviour,
Sweet peace should stamp my whole behaviour,
Whate'er my present lot;
Without a care my path pursuing,
My strength by hourly prayer renewing,
Let me the glorious future viewing,
Go on, and falter not!

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LXXV.

"I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth in me should not walk in darkness."—John xii. 46.

1 Why should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

2 Tho' hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why must I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

3 When creature comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep, but why should I?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.

4 Tho' all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.

5 I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.

6 Tho' sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.

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7 Tho' faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My stedfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.

8 Against me earth and hell combine,
But on my side is power divine;
Jesus is all, and he is mine.

LXXVI.

"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."
Ephes. vi. 10.

1 Guide me, O! thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the sacred fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

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3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side!
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee!

4 Musing on my habitation,
Musing on my heavenly home,
Fills my soul with holy longing,
Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!
Vanity is all I see,
Lord, I long to be with thee!

LXXVII.

"What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ."—Phil. iii. 7.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou henceforth my all shalt be:
Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not like them untrue.

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2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest;
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me:
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

3 Think, my soul, who dwells within thee,
What a Father's smiles are thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee,
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?
Haste then on, from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

LXXVIII.

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."
1 John i. 7.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

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2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash 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 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply:
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

LXXIX.

"In whom we have redemption through his blood."
Eph. i. 7.

1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name;

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Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Ye alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin;
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come:
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

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7 He subdued th' infernal powers,
  His tremendous foes and ours;
  From their cursed empire drove,
  Mighty in redeeming love.

LXXX.

"My meditation of him shall be sweet."—Psalm civ. 34.

1 When languor and disease invade
    This trembling house of clay,
  'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
    And long to fly away:

2 Sweet to look inward and attend
    The whispers of his love;
  Sweet to look upward to the place
    Where Jesus reigns above:

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name,
    In life's fair book set down;
  Sweet to look forward, and behold
    Eternal joys my own:

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine,
    My sins on Jesus laid;
  Sweet to remember that his blood
    My debt of suffering paid:

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5 Sweet, in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath:

6 Sweet, on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet, on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend:

7 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his:

8 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover o'er my bed,
And fetch my spirit home:

9 Then shall my dis-imprisoned soul
View Jesus, and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more:

10 Shall see him with that very flesh,
On which my guilt was laid,

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His love intense, his merit fresh,
As though but newly slain.

11 Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound;
And, by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.

12 These eyes shall see him in that day,
The God that died for me—
And all my rising bones shall say
Lord, who is like to thee?

13 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below;
What raptures must the church above
In Jesus' presence know!

14 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee.

15 O may the unction of these truths
For ever with me stay;

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Till, from her sinful cage dismissed,
My spirit flies away!

LXXXI.

"He said, IT IS FINISHED, and he bowed his head, and gave up the Ghost."—John xix. 30.

1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
Rending rocks, the words attesting,
Shaking earth, and veiled sky:
"It is finished,"
Was the Saviour's dying cry.

2 That which prophets long predicted,
That which Jewish sacrifice
Only shadowed, not effected,—
That which Justice satisfies,
Now is finished!
So the dying Saviour cries.

3 Now redemption is completed,
Sin atoned, the curse removed;
Satan, death and hell defeated,
As the resurrection proved:
All is finished!
Here our hope may rest unmoved.

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4 Oh! the life, the peace, the pleasure,
Which these gracious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord;
"It is finished!"
Let our joyful songs record.

5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
Sound aloud Immanuel's name:
All creation swell the chorus;
Dwell on this delightful theme,
"It is finished!"
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

LXXXII.

"As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me."—John xv. 4.

1 Jesus immutably the same,
Thou true and living vine!
Around thy all-supporting stem.
My feeble arms I twine.

2 Quickened by thee, and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit;

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My life I from thy sap derive,
My vigour from thy root.

3 I can do nothing without thee,
My strength is wholly thine;
Withered and barren should I be,
If severed from the vine.

4 Upon my leaf, when parched with heat,
Refreshing dews shall drop;
The plant which thy right hand hath set,
Shall ne'er be rooted up.

5 Each moment, watered by thy care,
And fenced with power divine,
Fruit to eternal life shall bear
The feeblest branch of thine.

LXXXIII.

"What shall I render unto the Lord, for all his benefits towards me."—Psalm cxvi. 12.

(COMPOSED ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.)

1 I come, my Lord, to offer up to thee
A worthless, but a willing offering;
A heart, where only evil I can see,
Yet not for that, refuse the gift I bring;

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Oh, deign to accept it—cast each evil
out,
And make it pure, and new, within,
without.

2 I come, my Lord, to offer up to thee,
All it now suffers of distress and pain;
It is thine own; work thou thy will in me;
Let me not once resist it, or complain,
But meekly in my sufferings acquiesce,
Assured that thou each pang wilt deign
to bless.

3 I come, my Lord, to offer up to thee,
All that that heart can dictate or per-
form;
Let thy blest Spirit its comptroller be,
Let thy pure love its every movement
warm;
And make that heart, once sin's defiled
abode,
The holy habitation of my God.

4 I come, my Lord, to offer up to thee,
The brief remainder of life's fleeting
span;

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Whate'er I have, or am, thine own shall be,
Without thee, I will form no wish nor plan;
Time, talents, influence, actions, thoughts and words,
All, all be unreservedly my Lord's!

I come, my Lord, to offer up to thee
A creature, made thine own by every tie;
Hast thou not formed, preserved, and ransomed me?
Oh, didst thou not to pay my ransom, die?
Lord, at thy feet my worthless self I lay,
Oh, never, never cast me thence away!

LXXXIV.

"Blessed are they that mourn."—Matt. v. 4.

I heard the voice of love divine,
Addressing man, to trouble born;
Saviour! what accents then were thine?
"Blessed are they that mourn."

Again it spoke—"Come unto me
"Thou, with distress and labour worn,

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"Rest, and refreshment are for thee:
"Blessed are they that mourn."

3 I heard a voice in truth's pure word,
A saint, who sorrow's yoke had borne,
"Blest is the man thou chastenest, Lord!"
"Blessed are they that mourn."

4 I heard an angel voice proclaim,
Yon victors bright, whom crowns adorn,
"Through tribulation great they came!"
"Blessed are they that mourn."

5 Why should I then for sufferings grieve,
Since sorrow leads to joys bright bourne?
Let me indeed the words believe,
"Blessed are they that mourn!"

LXXXV.

Deuteronomy viii. 2—16.

1 Can I forget the wondrous ways
By which thou hast thy servant led;
Through a long lonely wilderness,
How strangely kept, how strangely fed,
Tempted, and proved by hopes and fears,
I roved for many sinful years!

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2 Provoked, thou didst not quite depart,
But further yet thy Spirit tried,
Shewed me the evil of my heart,
Its stubborness, deceit, and pride!
While still I cast thy grace away,
And would not, when I might, obey.

3 Long in a tempted state forlorn,
Thou hast my kind supporter been:
Thou madest me at times to mourn,
To feel that all my heart is sin:
My depth of unbelief to prove,
And groan beneath thy humbling love.

4 I now thy love's design perceive;
He to myself that love hath shewn,
Thou didst in love thy servant leave,
To come again and claim thine own;
To save when all my griefs were past,
And do me endless good at last.

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PART III.

HYMNS SUITED TO SEASONS OF SEVERE SUFFERING, MENTAL OR BODILY.

LXXXVI.

"My words shall not pass away."—Matt. xxiv. 35.

1 The moon and stars shall lose their light;
The sun shall sink in endless night;
Both heaven and earth shall pass away;
The works of nature all decay;—

2 But they who in the Lord confide,
And shelter in his wounded side,
Shall see the danger overpast,
Out-live each storm, and reign at last.

3 What thou hast said must be fulfilled,
O God of truth! on this we build:
Thy word shall stand, thy truth prevail,
And not one jot or tittle fail.

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LXXXVII.

"My sheep hear my voice, and they shall never perish; neither shall any pluck them out of my hand."—John x. 27, 28.

1 Clouds and darkness round about thee
For a season veil thy face,
Still I trust—and cannot doubt thee,
Jesus! full of truth and grace,
Resting on thy words I stand,
None shall pluck me from thy hand.

2 Oh, rebuke me not in anger!
Suffer not my faith to fail!
Let not pain, temptation, languor
O'er my struggling heart prevail!
Holding fast thy word I stand,
None shall pluck me from thy hand.

3 In my heart thy words I cherish,
Though unseen, thou still art near;
Since thy sheep shall never perish,
What have I to do with fear?
Trusting in thy word I stand,
None shall pluck me from thy hand.

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LXXXVIII.

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul."
Heb. vi. 19.

1 Hope is the anchor of the soul;
It enters that within the vail;
And though the waves of trouble roll,
The anchor holds and will not fail.

2 The night is dark, the sea runs high;
The mast before the tempest bends;
A shore bestrewed with wrecks is nigh,
And on the anchor all depends!

3 The vessel drifts, if that give way,
And founders on the fatal shore,
Where death and night maintain their sway—
Where light and love are seen no more.

4 At such a time, in such a state,
A single anchor holding all,
No wonder if our fear be great!
No wonder if our hope be small!

5 But one sweet word dispels our fear,
The word of "Him who cannot lie;"

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His truth is pledged, his power is near;
His truth and power all ills defy.

6 Hope, O my soul, thine anchor is,
Both sure and steadfast; be thou strong!
The word that makes thee bold is HIS,
Who reigns yon shining host among.

LXXXIX.

"Wherein God, willing more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath: that by two immutable things, (the oath and promise) in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us."—Heb. vi. 17, 18.

1 How oft have sin and Satan striven
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But thou a covenant sure hast given,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace:
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

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3 Amidst temptations sharp and strong,
My soul to this blest refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise.

4 The Gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation of my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

XC.

"Fear not for I am with thee. In the name of the Lord is strong confidence."

1 Incarnate God! the soul that knows
Thy name's mysterious power,
Shall dwell in undisturbed repose,
Nor fear the trying hour.

2 Angels unseen attend the saints,
And bear them in their arms,
To cheer the spirit when it faints,
And guard their life from harms.

3 The angel's Lord himself is nigh
To those that love his name,
Ready to save them when they cry,
And put their foes to shame.

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4 Crosses and changes are their lot,
Long as they sojourn here;
But since their Saviour changes not,
What have his saints to fear?

XCI.

"We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities."—Heb. iv. 15.

1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness;
His very name is "Love."

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
Resisting unto blood.

4 He, in his days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears;

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And still vouchsafes to feel afresh,
What every member bears.

5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace,
In every trying hour.

XCII.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord."
Psalm cxxx. 1.

1 The billows swell, the winds are high,—
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;—
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord! the Pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves, say, "Peace—be still!"

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3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

5 Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
My Saviour thro' the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy main,
Force back my shattered bark again.

XCIII.

"He was tempted in all points like as we are."
Heb. iv. 15.

1 When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my grief, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

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2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe;
At once betrayed, denied, or fled
By those who shared his daily bread.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.

5 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies;
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, and gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

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6 And O! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

XCIV.

"We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened."—2 Cor. v. 4.

1 When musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
How sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain!

2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.

3 It is that heaven-taught faith surveys
The path to realms of light:
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight,

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4 It is that hope with ardour glows,
To see him face to face;
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

5 It is that harrassed conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
Sees, though afar, the hand that heals,
And ends her war within.

6 O let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care;
And soar beyond these realms of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share!

XCV.

"He chastens us for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness."—Heb. xii 10.

1 My suffering Saviour! who, for me
Bore such a weight of woe,
I would not shrink from following thee,
In thy sad path below,

2 But fix my eye of faith on thee,
While suffering I endure;
Lest faint and wearied I should be,
Ere thou hast wrought my cure.

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3 To do thy will—thy yoke to wear,
Thy likeness to receive;
This, this I ask with ceaseless prayer,
The means to thee I leave.

4 If such a heart as mine require
Much of distress and pain;
Oh, let the purifying fire
Be kindled not in vain!

5 Let self and sin no more revive,
My will be lost in thine;
Till thou alone in me shalt live,
And nought be left of mine.

XCVI.

"I know O Lord that thy judgments are right, that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me."—Psal. cxix. 75.

1 For what shall I praise thee, my God and my King?
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, and for ease,
For the spring of delight, and the sunshine of peace?

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2 Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloomed on my breast,
For joys in perspective, and pleasures possessed?
For the spirits that heightened my days of delight,
And the slumbers that sat on my pillow by night?

3 For this should I praise! but if only for this,
I should leave half untold the donation of bliss;
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear.

4 For nights of anxiety, watchings, and tears,
A present of pain, a perspective of fears;
I praise thee, I bless thee, my King and my God,
For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestowed.

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5 The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is flown;
They yielded no fruits, they are withered and gone;
The thorn it was poignant, but precious to me—
'Twas the message of mercy—it led me to thee.

XCVII.

"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."—Phil. ii. 5.

1 Ever patient, gentle, meek,
Holy Saviour! was thy mind;
Vainly in myself I seek,
Likeness to my Lord to find;
Yet, that mind, which was in thee,
May be, must be formed in me.

2 Days of toil, 'mid throngs of men,
Vexed not, ruffled not thy soul;
Still collected, calm, serene,
Thou each feeling could'st control;
Lord, that mind, which was in thee,
May be, must be formed in me.

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3 Though such griefs were thine to bear,
For each sufferer thou could'st feel;
Every mourner's burden share,
Every wounded spirit heal;
Saviour! let thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in thee.

4 When my pain is most intense,
Let thy cross my lesson prove:
Let me hear thee, even from thence,
Breathing words of peace and love:
Saviour! let thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in thee.

XCVIII.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."—Psalm xlvi. 1.

1 God of pity! God of love!
Send me comfort from above;
Let not anxious thoughts perplex,
Harrowing fears my spirit vex:
Let me trust thee, and be still,
Waiting patiently thy will.

2 Though to weak short-sighted man,
All uncertain seems each plan;

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Each event thy will ordains,
Fixed immutably remains:
Not one link in life's long chain,
Can be lost, or wrought in vain.

3 All that chain, thro' by-gone years,
Woven in links of love appears;
Not one storm of vengeful wrath,
E'er has swept across my path:
Why should fear o'er faith prevail?
Thy sure mercies cannot fail.

4 What are distance, time, or place,
To that God who fills all space?
What are sea or land to him?
Can the omniscient eye grow dim?
Those we love, (whate'er betide,)
O'er them does that eye preside.

5 Clinging to thy strengthening arm,
Thou wilt keep me safe from harm;
Thou wilt grant the hope that cheers,
Wilt prove better than my fears;
Bid my sad misgivings cease;
Guide me to my home in peace.

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XCIX.

"Let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit the keeping of their souls to him."—1 Peter iv. 19.

1 O God! from whom my spirit came,
Moulded by thee, this mortal frame,
Feels health or sickness, pain or ease,
As it may best thy wisdom please:
Make me submissive, keep me still,
"Suffering according to thy will."

2 The springs of life are in thy hand,
They move, they stop, at thy command;
Without thy blessing will prove vain,
All human skill, to ease my pain:
Make me submissive—keep me still,
"Suffering according to thy will."

3 I am a sinner—shall I dare
To murmur at the strokes I bear?
Strokes, not in wrath, but mercy sent,
A wise and needful chastisement:
Make me submissive, keep me still,
"Suffering according to thy will."

4 Saviour! I breathe the prayer once thine,
"Father! thy will be done, not mine!"

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One only blessing would I claim;
In me, O glorify thy name!
Make me submissive, keep me still,
"Suffering according to thy will."

C.

"Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps."—1 Peter ii. 21.

1 When paroxysms of pain acute
Seized on my throbbing head;
And fiery darts appeared to shoot
Along each nerve's fine thread:
What heavenly anodyne had power
To calm me in that suffering hour?

2 I thought on Him, whose sacred brows
For me with thorns were torn;
Then buffeted with impious blows,
In meekest silence borne;
One look at thee, my Saviour mild!
Calmed and reproved thy suffering child.

3 I bear the needful chastisement
My sin-sick soul requires;
But Thou, my God, wert well content
To pass through fiercer fires:

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That thy most precious blood might win
Eternal pardon for my sin.

CI.

"A refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat," &c.
Isaiah xxv. 4.

1 Jesus! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows round me roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide:
O 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 Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;

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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 cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

CII.

"Save me, O God! for the waters are come in unto my soul."—Psalm lxix. 1.

1 God of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint!
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?—

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Where but with thee, whose open door,
Invites the helpless and the poor.

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

CIII.

"When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path."—Psalm cxlii. 3.

1 My God! whose gracious pity I may claim,
Calling thee "Father," sweet endearing name!
The sufferings of this weak and weary frame,
All, all are known to thee.

2 From human eyes 'tis better to conceal
Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel;

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But, Oh, this thought does tranquilize and heal,
All, all is known to thee.

3 Each secret conflict with indwelling sin;
Each sickening fear, "I ne'er the prize shall win;"
Each pang from irritation, turmoil, din,
All, all are known to thee.

4 When in the morning unrefreshed I wake,
Or in the night but little rest can take;
This brief appeal submissively I make,
"All, all is known to thee!"

5 Nay, all by thee is ordered, chosen, planned,
Each drop that fills my daily cup, thy hand
Prescribes for ills none else can understand,
All, all is known to thee.

6 The effectual means to cure what I deplore,
In me thy longed-for likeness to restore,

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Self to dethrone, never to govern more,
All, all are known to thee.

7 And this continued feebleness—this state,
Which seems to unnerve and incapacitate,
Will work the cure my hopes and prayers await,
That cure I leave to thee.

8 Nor will the bitter draught distasteful prove,
While I recall the Son of thy dear love;
The cup thou would'st not for *our* sakes remove—
That cup he drank for me.

9 He drank it to the dregs—no drop remained
Of wrath—for those whose cup of woe He drained:
Man ne'er can know what that sad cup contained:
All, all is known to thee.

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10 And welcome, precious can his Spirit make,
My little drop of suffering for his sake;
Father! the cup I drink, the path I take,
All, all are known to thee!

CIV.

"They that know thy name, will put their trust in thee." Psalm ix. 10.

1 O Lord! my best desire fulfil!
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;

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What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and Mercy guide my way—
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth.

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

CV.

"I will trust, and not be afraid."—Isaiah xii. 2.

1 Begone, unbelief!
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief,
Will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle,
And he will perform!
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,

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'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide;
Tho' cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken,
Shall surely prevail.

3 His love in time past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer*
I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure
To help me quite through.

4 Determined to save,
He watched o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death;
And can he have taught me
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me,
To put me to shame?

* 1 Sam. vii. 12.

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5 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptatiou or pain ?
He told me no less:
The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter that cup
No heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up,
That sinners might live;
His way was much rougher
And darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine ?

7 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good;
The bitter is sweet,
The medicine is food;
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then, oh! how pleasant
The conqueror's song!

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CVI.

"Behold, O Lord, for I am in distress."—Lam. i. 20.

1 Lord, I am very weak, distrest,
I languish and can take no rest;
The remedies uncertain prove,
And heavily the moments move;
I cannot now look up to thee,
But, O look down, look down on me!

2 This flesh a heavy load I find,
Pain seems with every nerve entwined;
And little aid can man bestow,
To check my tears, or soothe my woe;
I struggle to look up to thee,
For Christ's own sake look down on me

3 This flesh has oft the servant been
Of sloth, and selfishness, and sin:
It ought to suffer;—but O bless
Each pang, to further holiness;
Longing for this, I look to thee,
Look down, grant holiness to me!

4 Do what thou wilt with this poor frame,
Hastening to dust from whence it came;
But more and more my soul refine,

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Till, with thine image clothed, it shine:
Then set the captive exile free,
And let me ever be with thee!

CVII.

"Abide in me: as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, so, neither can ye, except ye abide in me."—John xv. 4.

1 O Holy Saviour! Friend unseen!
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to thee.

2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine,
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to thee.

3 Far from her home, fatigued, opprest,
Here she has found her place of rest,
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While she can cling to thee.

4 Without a murmur, I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss,
My joy, my consolation this,
Each hour to cling to thee.

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5 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends, and joys remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to thee.

6 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste, with thorns o'er-grown;
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to me."

7 Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to thee!

8 They fear not Satan nor the grave;
They feel thee near, and strong to save;
Nor dread to cross e'en Jordan's wave;
Because they cling to thee.

9 Blest is my lot—whate'er befall,
What can disturb me, who appal,
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour! I cling to thee?

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CVIII.

Isaiah xlix. 13—16.

1 O Zion! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.

2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful's the pilot who sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends;
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3 O fearful! O faithless! in mercy he cries,
My promise, my truth—are they light in thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand;
Through tempests and tossing I'll bring thee to land.

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4 Forget thee I will not, I cannot; thy name
Engraved on my heart doth for ever remain;
The palms of my hands whilst I look on I see
The wounds I received when suffering for thee:

5 I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me—my flesh and my bones;
In all thy distresses, thy Head feels the pain,
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.

6 Then trust me, and fear not, thy life is secure,
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.

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7 The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my care,
The helpless, the hopeless—I hear their sad prayer;
From all their afflictions my glory shall spring,
And the deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll sing.

CIX.

"My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord." Heb. xii. 3.

1 When the Lord rebukes his servant,
'Tis to save and not destroy;
'Tis to make my spirit fervent,
'Tis to give me real joy;
'Tis to make me better know
That my rest is not below.

2 Shall I then repine at trials,
By my Father's love decreed?
What if God had poured the vials
Of his wrath upon my head?
Endless death were sin's desert,
Did not Christ that doom avert?

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3 Since the Lord has given me reason
To expect a place above;
In affliction's sharpest season,
Let me own that "God is love;"
Let me own that all he does,
From paternal kindness flows.

4 Shall I murmur at his dealings?
Shall I not his kindness trust?
Since he knows my frames and feelings,
And remembers I am dust;
Let me meekly kiss the rod,
And confess the hand of God.

5 Hear me, Lord, in my petition;
O sustain me, lest I faint!
Teach me patience and submission;
Keep thy servant from complaint,
And in every trying hour,
Lord, uphold me by thy power!

CX.

"Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." James i. 17.

1 When darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,

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Then my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

3 Oh! let me then at length be taught
What still I am so slow to learn;
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
Yet when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O! my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive,
Be shame, and self-abhorrence mine!

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CXI.

"I am poor and needy: yet the Lord thinketh upon me."
Psalm xl. 17.

1 When pining sickness wastes the frame,
Acute, disease, or tiring pain—
When life fast spends her feeble flame,
And all the help of man proves vain;

2 Joyless and dark all things appear;
Languid the spirits, weak the flesh;
Medicines nor ease, nor cordials cheer;
Nor food nor balmy sleep refresh:

3 Then, then to have recourse to God,
To pour a prayer in time of need,
And feel the balm of Jesus' blood,
This is to find relief indeed.

4 And this, O Christian! is thy lot,
Who cleavest to the Lord by faith;
He'll never leave thee (doubt it not)
In pain, in sickness, or in death.

5 When flesh decays, and heart thus fails,
Thy strength and portion He shall be;
Shall take thy weakness, bear thy ails,
And softly whisper, "Trust in me."

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6 Should'st thou a moment's absence
mourn;
Should some short darkness intervene;
He'll give thee power, till he return,
To trust him, with the cloud between.

CXII.

"What manner of man is this.—Mark iv 41.

1 Who is this that calms the ocean?
Thus they cried, who were on board,
When they saw the wild commotion
Cease as Jesus spoke the word;
When the sudden calm they saw,
Wonder filled their minds and awe.

2 He who bids the tempest riot,
Working on the waves his will,
He alone the storm can quiet,
Saying to it, "Peace, be still!"—
He whose power to all gives birth—
All in heaven, and all in earth.

3 He who calms the sea when raging,
Stills the tumult of the soul;
By his word the storms assuaging,
Storms too furious to control;

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But he binds them with his hand,
And they cease at his command.

4 Ye, who all your hope deriving
From yourselves, have laboured long
To allay the storm by striving,
But have found the wind, too strong,
From the hopeless labour cease—
Jesus gives the troubled peace.

CXIII.

"Ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise."—Heb. x. 36.

1 And is there nothing to be done,
While here on this sick bed I lie?
Should I thus weary to be gone,
Thus think 'twere better far to die?

2 Alas! that very thought declares,
How much remains unhallowed still;
The soul which God for heaven prepares,
Has lost her own, in his blest will.

3 And if his work of grace in me
Were now well nigh consummated,
Contented, willing should I be,
To lie for years on this sick bed.

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4 For then, my faith would be so strong,
Would bring my blessed Lord so near;
That days, weeks, months, would ne'er seem long,
With such a friend my couch to cheer.

5 Full many a sufferer there has seen
Such proofs of his transcendent worth,
That e'en their bed of pain has been
To them a little heaven on earth.

6 Oh then, my Saviour! be no more
Far from me in my hour of need;
Thou canst the fainting soul restore,
And make the feeble strong indeed.

7 Oh grant me now that will resigned,
That patient, weaned, obedient heart;
That loving, peaceful, heavenly mind,
Thy Spirit can alone impart.

8 Let me not languish, e'en for home,
One wish, one only wish be mine!
Each hour more holy to become,
More fully and entirely thine!

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CXIV.

"Return unto thy rest, oh my soul."—Psalm cxvi. 7.

HYMN FOR THE WEARY.

1 My only Saviour! when I feel
O'erwhelmed in spirit, faint, oppressed,
'Tis sweet to tell thee, while I kneel
Low at thy feet—*Thou art my rest.*

2 I'm weary of the strife within;
Strong powers against my soul contest;
O let me turn from self and sin,
To thy dear cross—*There, there is rest!*

3 I'm weary of this suffering frame,
With languor and with pain distrest;
Yet my impatience oft I blame—
At *all* times, *Thou canst give me rest!*

4 When, with a trembling heart, I try
My state, by truth's unerring test,
Oft it condemns me, yet I fly
To *thee* for freedom—*Thee for rest.*

5 Fain would I learn to "cease from man;"
They're "broken cisterns" at the best;
To form no earthly wish, nor plan,
But cleave to thee—*and in Thee rest.*

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6 O! sweet will be the welcome day,
When from her toils and woes released,
My parting soul, in death shall say,
"Now, Lord! *I come to Thee for rest.*"

CXV.

"So he bringeth them to their desired haven."
Psalm cvii. 30.

1 Half a wreck, by tempests driven,
Yet this feeble bark survives,
Dashed against the rocks and riven,
In the midst of death it lives:
See it pressed on every side,
See it still the storm outride.

2 Can a bark like mine so shattered,
Ever reach yon friendly shore?
Tempest-tossed so long, and battered,
Can it stand one conflict more?
Should another storm assail,
Mast and planks, and all must fail.

3 So they would, but One that's greater
Than the storms and waves is here;
He it is, whose name is sweeter
Far than music to my ear;

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He preserves my shattered bark;
He makes light when all is dark.

4 Jesus is the Lord, who hears me,
When the tempest roars around;
He it is whose presence cheers me,
When I hear the dreadful sound;
Trusting in his grace and power,
Need I fear the darkest hour?

5 What, though every plank is starting,
Waves are running mountains high,
Thunders roaring, lightnings darting,
And no saving hand seems nigh!
Let me still no danger fear,
Jesus, though unseen, is near.

CXVI.

"In the multitude of the sorrows that I had in my heart, thy comforts have refreshed my soul."—Psalm xciv. 19.

1 Through the long and lonely night,
Amidst languor, and pain, and fear,
The darkness is turned to light,
My Saviour! if thou art near;
And I feel I can patiently suffer still,
And my only prayer is to do thy will.

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2 But, if left to nature's sway,
How wearisome prove the hours!
How vain is it then to essay
Philosophy's boasted powers!
My Saviour! no voice less efficient than thine,
Can teach the poor sufferer not to repine.

3 But e'en when the mind is worn
With the pressure of long disease,
And the feeble frame is torn
With anguish no medicine can ease,
If thy presence be granted, the soul is blest:
She flies to thy bosom, and there finds rest.

4 And then, her one desire
Is to be conformed to thee,
And to pass through the furnace fire,
That her dross consumed may be;
For if with them there, as of old thou wert,
Thy children can pass through the flames unhurt.

5 And oh! when the heart is taught
That in love each correction is sent;

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That thy tenderness changes not,
But is proved by chastisement;
Though the tear of distress unforbidden
may flow,
Submission and thankfulness mingle
with woe—

6 For the sense of thy pardoning love
Is shed o'er the soul like balm,
And she looks to the realms above,
And she feels a heavenly calm;
She knows that her treasure is laid up in
store,
And that soon, very soon, she will suffer
no more.

CXVII.

UNDER DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS.

"Acquaint thyself with him, and be at peace."
Job xxii. 21.

1 Art thou acquainted, oh! my soul!
With such a Saviour, such a friend,
Whose power can all events control,
And from all evils can defend?

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2 Why art thou then opprest with fears?
Knowledge of him should give thee peace;
Should check these mournful thoughts and tears,
And bid these sad misgivings cease.

3 Is it the *past* that gives thee pain?
Sins, errors, falls, dost thou deplore?
The atoning blood pleads not in vain;
Thy God remembers them no more.

4 Do *present* troubles vex thy mind?
Sufferings of body, mental care?
In God a refuge thou wilt find,
And oh! what sweet relief in prayer!

5 Dost thou the unknown *future* dread,
Sorrows in life, or death's dark vale?
In both shall light around be shed;
Thy God's sure promise cannot fail.

6 Dost thou, with dread still greater, shrink
From pain, for those on earth most dear?

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And oft, with sickening anguish, think
On all they yet may suffer here?

7 Oh, faithless, unbelieving heart!
So slow to trust that tenderest friend;
Who *then* will needful strength impart,
Who "loving, loves unto the end."

8 No longer doubt, nor fear, nor grieve,
Nor on uncertain evils dwell;
Past, present, future, calmly leave
To Him, who will "do all things well."

CXVIII.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."—Deut. xxiii. 25.

1 Afflicted saint! to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That, "as thy days, thy strength shall be."

2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engaged by firm decree,
That, "as thy days, thy strength shall be."

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3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
And, if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord shall make the tempter flee,
For, "as thy days, thy strength shall be."

4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That, "as thy days, thy strength shall be."

5 When thou art called to bear the cross,
Or some affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still, "as thy days, thy strength shall be."

6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And, "as thy days, thy strength shall be."

CXIX.

COMPOSED UNDER SEVERE PAIN.

"Men ought always to pray, and not to faint."
Luke xviii. 1.

1 Often, my God! when most I need
Thy pitying aid, I seek it least;

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And fail thy promises to plead,
When weary, and with pain opprest.

2 For Satan, then, with guileful power,
Draws near and tempts me to delay;
Suggesting still, from hour to hour,
"Thou art too sick, too weak to pray."

3 "Nor mind nor body now can bear"
"The high employment; wait awhile!"
Oh! what could comfort me like prayer?
What cheer me like my Saviour's smile?

4 I will approach thee—I will force
My way through obstacles to thee;
To thee for strength will have recourse,
To thee for consolation flee!

5 Not willingly dost thou so grieve
And chasten thy still pardoned child;
Wilt thou not soon my pain relieve,
And cheer me with thy accents mild.

6 Oh, cast me—cast me not away,
From thy dear presence, gracious Lord!
My burden at thy feet I lay:
My soul reposes on thy word.

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7 To those who faint and have no might,
Thou freely givest strength and power:
Now grant me favour in thy sight,
And aid me in my suffering hour.

CXX.

"Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Christ."
2 Tim ii. 3.

1 My Lord and Master! 'tis enough!
Sufficient is thy grace;
I turn not from the path though rough,
Thou deignest for me to trace.

2 'Twas watered once with many a rill.
And decked with flow'rets gay;
They're gone! but Thou art with me still,
To charm this rougher way!

3 Nature sees nothing to allure;
But my baptismal sign
Has pledged me "hardness to endure,"
Stamped with thy cross divine.

4 To set my face e'en as a flint,
Nor cast one look behind;

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For in this path, the blessed print
Of thine own steps I find.

Then let life's dearest ties grow weak—
Each cherished idol fall!
Let every earthly cistern break,
That thou mayest be my all!

CXXI.

A LOOK UPWARDS IN DEPRESSION OF MIND.

Take courage, O, my soul! this life, which seems
To thee while suffering, wearisomely long,
Would, if thy faith were vigorous and strong,
Full oft be gladdened by celestial gleams;
On that fair city, where the sun's bright beams
Are needed never, and the white-robed throng
Pour forth their hallowed ecstacies in song,
To gaze with steadier vision thee beseems.
On "things not seen," thou'rt bid to fix thine eye;

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To feel a stranger and a pilgrim here ;
Of small account life's transient griefs appear,
When Faith unfolds heaven's joys, and brings them nigh ;
Then bright and blest each hour of Time would be,
Fraught with the glories of Eternity.

CXXII.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

1 My God and Father! while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
Oh! teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me "be still," and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

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4 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine;
"Thy will be done!"

5 Should pining sickness waste away,
My life in premature decay,
My Father! still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done!"

6 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God! to thee I leave the rest—
"Thy will be done!"

7 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All now that makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

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CXXIII.

"We are saved by hope."—Romans viii. 24.

1 O, were it not for that sweet hope,
Of future rest and bliss;
How would my fainting soul bear up,
Beneath a load like this!

2 A sinful heart, a suffering frame,
An ever watchful foe;
Thoughts of the past, which fill with shame,
All aggravate my woe.

3 Were not this blessed hope my own,
So dark the scene appears;
My soul would sink despairing down,
Unceasing flow my tears.

4 Are no sweet promises bestowed,
To suit a case like mine?
To shed across my dreary road,
A gleam of light divine?

5 Yes! at the end of this dark vale,
Some golden streaks I see;

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Which tell, though faint as yet and pale,
The morning breaks for me!

6 They tell that light for me "is sown,"
I'll watch the kindling ray;
And through the twilight, hasten on,
To greet th' eternal day.

CXXIV.

SELF-EXAMINATION UNDER FEAR OF SELF-DECEPTION.

"Perplexed, but not in despair."—2 Cor. iv. 8.

1 Searcher of hearts! to thee are known
My conflicts, doubts, and painful fears;
Thou clearly seest, and thou alone,
That which to me perplexed appears.

2 If I should here an error make,
Fatal the consequence may be;
My soul's salvation is at stake,
Sickness *may* end in death for me.

3 I have no line wherewith to sound
The dark mysterious depth's within;
Such contradictions there abound,
That grace seems all but quenched by sin.

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4 Still the sweet hope that thou hast deigned
My soul with "saving health" to bless,
'Midst all my conflicts is maintained,
The dearest treasure I possess.

5 'Tis the one cheering beam that gilds
My clouded, solitary path;
And the pure lambent light it yields,
Seems sent in mercy, not in wrath.

6 That hope has stood full many a shock,
'Midst sickness, sorrow, weakness, pain;
An anchor fastened to that Rock
No sinner ever sought in vain.

CXXV.

MEDITATION ON THE MIDNIGHT PRECEDING GOOD FRIDAY.

1 Oh! my Redeemer! can I sleep
With heart at ease, with spirits light,
When Thou for me such watch didst keep,
On this sad night?

2 Shall I not "watch with thee one hour?"
Shall I not think what griefs were thine,
Contemplating the amazing power
Of love divine?

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3 This night, there fell on thee the shock,
(By thine omniscience long forseen,)
Of treachery 'midst thy little flock,
Yet Thou, serene,

4 With words of holiest tenderness,
Didst only strive their grief to calm;
Their fainting hearts to soothe and bless,
With heavenly balm!

5 Oh! what a passover they shared!
Nor them alone didst thou include;
For us that feast was then prepared,
Faith's mystic food.

6 The heavenly manna then bestowed,
Endued with undecaying power,
Has nourished the whole church of God,
E'en from that hour.

7 Thence would I follow thee, in thought,
To that lone spot, so dark for thee,
For us with light and gladness fraught,
Gethsemane!

8 Thy unknown anguish suffered there—
Thy sweat of blood—the wrath of God—
All were endured that we might share
Thy bright abode.

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9 And when that last, sad morning came,
Following a night of agony,
When Thou! God's undefiled Lamb,
Wert led to die;

10 What sounds, what sights, surrounded Him
Whose praise tunes every harp in heaven!
No wonder contrite tears should dim
The record given!

11 What torture to a soul so pure,
Sin in its worst excess to see!
Yet this, all this didst *Thou* endure,
My God, for me!

12 How can I choose but weep, and wake,
When *such* a night, and morn, were thine;
Thou all the penalty didst take,
The guilt was mine.

CXXVI.

MORNING HYMN.

"Looking unto Jesus."—Heb. xii. 2.

1 Lord, I would rise each morning,
In *thy* blest path to tread:

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Such light from thence is dawning,
I ne'er can be misled:
That heavenly track pursuing,
My soul fresh strength will gain;
That bright example viewing,
Some likeness to attain.

2 Each grace with mild effulgence,
Through thy demeanour shone;
Self-pleasing, self-indulgence,
To thee were never known;
'Twas as "a man of sorrows,"
Thy years were passed below;
From this the sufferer borrows,
A balm for every woe.

3 Privation, self-denial,
Fatigue, opprobrium, scorn,
Each varied form of trial,
By thee were hourly borne;
Full oft thine heart was wounded,
E'en by that chosen few,
Towards whom thy love unbounded
No change, nor limit knew.

4 Whole nights of prayer succeeded
Thy long laborious day;

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Thy fervent spirit needed
No solace but to pray;
Thy mortal strength fast wasted,
But thy untiring soul,
With ceaseless ardour hasted
To reach the glorious goal.

5 If life e'er seem appalling,
O'ercast with pain and gloom,
Whether past grief, recalling,
Or fearing woes to come;
Be this reproof sufficient;
What thoughts must thine have been,
When by thine eye omniscient,
Jerusalem was seen!

6 What anguish there awaited
The spotless Lamb of God!
Who, scorned, blasphemed, and hated,
Poured out his precious blood!
There, to ensure my pardon,
He sorrowed unto death,
And in that mournful garden,
Fainted my load beneath.

7 Lord! I can ne'er unravel
The mystery of thy woes!

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Of thy pure spirit's travail,
The agonizing throes;
But oh! that Cross and Passion
Should check each weak complaint,
That unknown tribulation
Should bid *me* not to faint.

8 Since thou hast deigned to suffer,
Let suffering still be mine!
My path can ne'er be rougher,
Ne'er half so rough as thine;
Oh, when my heart seems sinking,
Let this my cordial be,
I of thy cup am drinking,
To be conformed to thee.

CXXVII.

"If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons."—Heb. xii. 7.

1 O cheer thee, cheer thee, suffering saint!
Though worn with chastening, be not faint!
And though thy night of pain seem long,
Cling to thy Lord—in him be strong,
He marks, he numbers every tear,
Not one faint sigh escapes his ear.

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2 Oh cheer thee, cheer thee! he has traced,
Thy track through life, from first to last;
Each stage, the present, childhood, youth,
Has borne fresh witness to that truth:
Which soon will tune thy harp above,
"Loved with an everlasting love."

3 Yes, cheer thee, cheer thee! though thine ear
Quickened by suffering, scarce can bear
The voice of those who love thee best,
Not lonely art thou not unblessed;
Thy soul's Beloved, ever nigh,
Bends o'er thee, whispering "*It is I.*"

4 O cheer thee, cheer thee! now's the hour
To him to lift thine eye for power
His all-sufficiency to show,
Even in extremity of woe:
While in the furnace to lie still,
This is indeed to do his will.

5 Then cheer thee, cheer thee! though the flame
Consume thy wasting suffering frame;
His gold shall suffer harm, nor loss,

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He will but purge away the dross,
And fit it, graced with many a gem,
To form his glorious diadem.

6 And *He will* cheer thee, he will calm
Thy pain intense with heavenly balm,
Show thee the martyr's white-robed throng,
Thy place prepared, that host among;
That weight of glory will o'erpower
The anguish of life's suffering hour.

7 Yes, He *will* cheer thee—he will prove,
The soul encircled by his love,
Can meekly, midst her anguish, say,—
"Still will I trust him though he slay;"
And he will make his words thine own—
"Father! thy will, not mine be done."

CXXVIII.

"I will not leave you comfortless."—John xiv. 8.

1 Holy Comforter! who guidest
Those who seek thine aid divine;
Who in contrite hearts abidest,
Now, amidst my darkness shine!

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Though around me waves are swelling,
And the storms of life increase;
If my heart be made thy dwelling,
I shall still be kept in peace.

2 'Tis thine office, blessed Spirit!
Christ's remembrancer to be;
Though such grace I cannot merit,
Now, recall his words to me;
Though with grief my heart seems broken,
Though the waves go o'er my soul;
Every word, by Jesus spoken,
Makes the wounded spirit whole.

3 God of peace, and consolation!
Pour this balm upon my mind;
In my Saviour's Cross and Passion,
Strength and healing let me find!
Is the outward man decaying?
Be the inward man renewed!
Now, thy power and love displaying,
Cheer my mournful solitude.

4 Take the things to Christ belonging,
Manifest his love to me;

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Check these thoughts of anguish, thronging
This poor heart, resigned to thee;
Show me life nor death can sever
From my soul that heavenly Friend;
Tell me He is mine for ever,
And will love me to the end.

CXXIX.

"I will put my trust in him."—Heb. ii. 13.

1 Oh cast away thy fears!
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyful day.

3 He every where hath sway,
And all things serve his might
His every act pure blessing is;
His path unsullied light.

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4 When He makes bare his arm,
What shall his work withstand?
When He his people's cause defends,
Who then shall stay his hand?

5 Leave to his sovereign sway,
To choose and to command:
With wonder filled thou then shalt own,
How wise, how strong his hand.

6 Thou comprehend'st him not—
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne:
He ruleth all things well.

7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
O! lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

8 Let us, in life or death,
Boldly thy truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

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PART IV.

SUITED TO THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

CXXX.

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—2 Cor. v. 1.

1 And let this feeble body fail!
And let it faint or die!
My soul shall quit this mortal vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only rest for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.
I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my deliverer come;

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And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 Oh! what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise:
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet?
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take health or friends away!
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day!

CXXXI.

"Forasmuch then as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves therefore with the same mind." 1 Peter iv. 1.

1 When passing through deep waters
Of bitter pain and grief,

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That sun is veiled which scatters
The clouds of unbelief;
When past sins gather round me,
In all their crimson hue,
And foes unseen confound me,
With taunts, alas! too true—

2 When human hopes all wither,
And friends no aid supply;
Then whither, Lord, ah whither
Can turn my straining eye?
'Mid storms of grief still rougher,
'Midst darker, deadlier shade;
That cross, where Thou didst suffer,
On Calvary was displayed.

3 On that my gaze I fasten,
My refuge that I make;
Though sorely thou mayest chasten,
Thou never canst forsake:
Thou on that Cross didst languish,
Ere glory crowned thy head;
And I, through death and anguish,
Must be to glory led.

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CXXXII.

"The loving-kindness of the Lord."—Psalm lxii. 7.

1 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving-kindness, O 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, O how great!

3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes—
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O how good!

5 Often I find my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But tho' I him have oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

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6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

7 Then let me mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

CXXXIII.

"When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory."—Col. iii. 4.

1 Jesus' life of grief and sorrows,
All his sufferings, death and pain,
Prove in life our consolation,
And in death our joy remain:
Hallelujah!
Christ's our life, hence death is gain.

2 On his precious death and merit,
All our hopes are safely built;
We rejoice in his salvation,
Freed from sins condemning guilt:
Sing his triumphs;
'Twas for us his blood was spilt.

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3 Jesus yieldeth up his spirit;
Lo! He bows his head and dies!
From his death we life inherit;
Hence our happiness takes rise:
We now glory,
Only in this sacrifice.

4 Jesus' body once interred
Sanctifies his people's rest,
And the place which keeps their bodies,
Since earth lodged that heavenly guest,
Now is hallowed;
We lie down in hope most blest.

5 Our Redeemer rose victorious;
Oh! what joy doth this afford!
Lasting bliss awaits us yonder,
Raised to glory, like our Lord!—
Blessed Saviour!
Ever be by us adored!

6 Conquering Lord! to heaven ascended,
To prepare for us a place,
Pleading thine own blood and merit;
Hence our faith rests on thy grace:
Then in glory,
We shall see thee face to face!

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7 Jesus! at thy blest appearing,
Freed from weakness, grief, and pain,
We, restored to thy likeness,
Then shall join the happy train:
Make us ready,
Lord! thy glory to obtain.

CXXXIV.

"For from the top of the rocks I behold him."
Numbers, xxiii. 9.

1 Not always shall I absent be
From him my soul desires to see,
Within the realms of light;
Ere long my Lord will rend the veil,
And not a cloud will then conceal
His glory from my sight.

2 Sweet hope! it makes the coward brave!
It makes a freeman of the slave,
And bids the sluggard rise;
It lifts a worm of earth on high;
It gives him wings, and bids him fly
To mansions in the skies.

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CXXXV.

"In my Father's house are many mansions—I go to prepare a place for you."—John xiv. 2.

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies;
I bid farewell to every fear,
And dry my weeping eyes.

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

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

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CXXXVI.

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—Psalm xxiii. 4.

1 O Lamb of God, my Saviour!
Slain on the tree of sorrow,
Thy suffering meek behaviour
Paid what thou didst not borrow.
O, wonder far exceeding
All human power and sense!
Heaven's Sovereign was seen bleeding
To wash out my offence.

2 When I obtain permission
To leave this vale of tears,
Be thou my kind physician
At hand to soothe my fears.
O let my soul, expiring,
On thee, my God, recline,
And be true life acquiring,
From that pierced heart of thine.

3 Saviour! apply the merit
And comfort of thy blood,

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When I give up my spirit
To thee, my Judge, and God.
If with me in the passage
Thou art, how glad and bold
Shall I receive the message,
And let my limbs grow cold!

4 The soul, on thee believing,
Goes safe to Paradise;
The body too, retrieving,—
A purer frame shall rise;
In spite of death's corruption,
Thy glory I shall see;
And sing of my adoption,
To all eternity!

CXXXVII.

"My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."—Ps. lxxiii. 26.

1 Do flesh and nature dread to die?
And timorous thoughts our hearts enslave?
Yet grace can raise our hopes on high,
And quell the terrors of the grave.

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2 What! shall we run to gain the crown,
Yet grieve to think the goal so near;
Afraid to have our labours done,
And finish this important war?

3 Do we not dwell in clouds below,
And little know the God we love?
Why do we like this twilight so,
When 'tis all noon in worlds above?

4 There shall we see him face to face;
There shall we know as we are known:
And Jesus, with his glorious grace,
Shines in full light amidst the throne.

5 When we put off this fleshly load,
We're from ten thousand mischiefs free;
For ever present with our God,
Where we have longed, and wished to be.

6 No more shall pride or passion rise,
Or envy fret, or malice roar,
Or sorrow mourn with downcast eyes;
Sin shall defile our souls no more.

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7 'Tis best, 'tis infinitely best,
To go where tempters cannot come:
Where saints and angels, ever blest,
Dwell, and enjoy their heavenly home.

8 O for a visit from my Lord!
To drive my fears of death away,
And help me through this darksome road,
To realms of everlasting day.

CXXXVIII.

"The Son of man hath not where to lay his head." Matt. viii. 20.

1 How do thy mercies close me round!
For ever be thy name adored!
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord!

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But, lo! a place He hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yes, He himself becomes my guard;
He smoothes my bed, and gives me sleep.

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4 Jesus protects—my fears begone!
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is staid,
Wilt keep my soul in perfect peace.

7 Me for thine own thou lovest to take,
In time and in eternity:
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm, that trusts in thee.

CXXXIX.

"But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for He hath prepared for them a city."—Hebrews xi. 16.

1 My soul, go boldly forth,
Forsake this sinful earth;

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What hath it been to thee
But pain and sorrow ?
And think'st thou it will be
Better to-morrow?

2 Why art thou for delay ?
Thou cam'st not here to stay :
What tak'st thou for thy part
But heavenly pleasure ?
Where then should be thy heart,
But where's thy treasure ?

3 Thy God, thy Head's above ;
There is the world of love ;
Mansions there purchased are
By Christ's own merit ;
For these He doth prepare
Thee by his Spirit.

4 Lord Jesu, take my spirit:
I trust thy love and merit:
Take home thy wandering sheep,
For thou hast sought it ;
My soul in safety keep,
For thou hast bought it.

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CXL.

"For ever with the Lord,"—1 Thess. iv. 17.

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

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

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of *my soul*—how near!
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear.

4 Ah, then, my spirit faints,
To reach the land I love;
The bright inheritance of saints,
"Jerusalem above!"

5 Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my prospects fly;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas, and stormy skies.

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6 Anon! the clouds depart,
The winds and water cease:
Whilst sweetly, o'er my gladdened heart,
Expands the bow of peace.

7 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that gracious word,
E'en here, to me fulfil.

8 Be thou at my right hand,
Then shall I never fail;
Uphold me, and I needs must stand;
Fight, and I shall prevail.

9 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain;
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

10 "Knowing, as I am known;"
How shall I love that word—
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

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CXLI.

"LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT."

1 In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Blest Spirit, comfort me!

2 When I lie upon my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts disquieted,
Blest Spirit, comfort me!

3 When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Blest Spirit, comfort me!

4 When the tempter me pursueth,
With the sins of all my youth,
And condemns me with untruth,
Blest Spirit, comfort me!

5 When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed;
When to thee I have appealed,
Blest Spirit, comfort me!

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CXLII.

"Thou shalt shew me the path of life, in thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—Psalm xvi. 11.

1 What others value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere—
When shall I wake, and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst its chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise,

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CXLIII.

"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. xxii. 5

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There, everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start, and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise;
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;—

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6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

CXLIV.

"It is I, be not afraid."—Matt. xiv. 27.

1 When waves of trouble round me swell,
My soul is not dismayed:
I hear a voice I know full well,—
"'Tis I—be not afraid."

2 When black the threatening skies appear,
And storms my path invade,
Those accents tranquilize each fear,
"'Tis I—be not afraid."

3 There is a gulf that must be crossed;
Saviour! be near to aid!
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,
"'Tis I—be not afraid."

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,
Death hides within its shade;
O say, when flesh and heart shall fail,
"'Tis I—be not afraid."

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CXLV.

"And Jesus said unto him, verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."—Luke xxiii. 43.

1 Jesus saved the dying thief—
Welcome news for one like me!
Now I know there is relief,
When the world no hope can see:
Saved by grace, by Sovereign grace,
By the cross I'll take my place.

2 Saviour of the dying thief!
Lo! a wretch as vile as he,
Filled with shame, remorse, and grief,
Draws his hope, O Lord, from thee:
In the view of so much grace,
Can despair at all have place?

3 Nothing but the richest grace
Could relieve a wretch like me;
This alone could reach my case,
And I see this grace in thee:
Saviour of the dying thief!
In thy love I find relief.

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CXLVI.

"I counsel thee to buy of me white raiment that thou mayest be clothed."—Rev. iii. 18.

1 Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived hath died for me."

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully through thee absolved I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

4 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue—
The grace of Christ is ever new!

CXLVII.

"Be ye also ready."—Luke xii. 40.

1 Were I, this very night to hear
The words, "thy soul shall be required,"

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Oh! could I listen without fear?
Would death be dreaded, or desired?

2 Alas! alas! I'm so involved
In *present* objects, thoughts, and cares,
That were my earthly house dissolved,
I should be taken unawares.

3 I fear I might shrink back, distrest,
And, shuddering, look from side to side,
Loath to forsake my earthly nest,
And cross the dark unfathomed tide.

4 Why has the thought of death's bright hour,—
The happiest hour the soul can hail—
Thus lost for me it's quickening power?
Why thus do sense and fear prevail?

5 O Thou who hast the golden key
Of death and life, of hell and heaven,
Let not my call to come to thee,
In unpreparedness be given!

6 Loosen, by thine effectual power,
Each too attractive earthly tie;

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Keep me each night, each morn, each hour,
Ready alike to live or die!

CXLVIII.

"Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ."—Rev. xii. 10.

1 He comes, he comes! the Saviour dear,
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound!
See the Almighty Jesus crowned!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face!

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own!
The kingdoms all obey his word.
And hail him their triumphant Lord!

4 Shout, all ye people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever, and for ever reigns.

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CXLIX.

"He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."
Heb. xiii. 5.

1 The thought that I must leave, ere long,
My friends beloved, at times will grieve me;
But this, e'en then, shall be my song,—
The Lord will never never leave me.

2 Well mayest thou ask, O! Friend divine,
"Am I thy God? dost thou believe me?"
Lord, 'tis enough if thou art mine,
If thou wilt never never leave me!

3 Whither I go, my friends will come,
Death will enrich and not bereave me;
Will waft me to that blessed home,
Where thou wilt never never leave me.

4 From the rough passage shall I start,
When there thou waitest to receive me?
When I shall see thee as thou art,
And thou wilt never never leave me?

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5 Thou'rt gone my mansion to prepare,
Thou art the truth—canst thou deceive me?
Soon thou wilt re-unite us there,
Nor e'er forsake, nor ever leave me!

CL.

"To depart and be with Christ is far better."
Philip. i. 23.

1 Oh, how I long to reach my home,
My glorious home in heaven!
And wish the joyful hour were come,
The welcome mandate given!

2 Oh, how I long to lay aside
These worn-out weeds of clay;
And, led by my celestial guide,
T' explore yon azure way!

3 Oh, how I long to be with Christ,
Where all his glory beams!
To be from this dark world dismissed,
Which his dear name blasphemes!

4 Oh, how I long that world to hail,
Where sin can ne'er defile!

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Where not a cloud shall ever vail
From me my Saviour's smile!

5 Oh, how I long to join the choir,
Who worship at his feet!
Lord, grant me soon my heart's desire!
Soon, soon, thy work complete!

CLI.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."—Job. xix. 25.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives:
(This thought transporting pleasure gives,)
And standing, at the latter day,
On earth, His glories shall display.

2 And tho' this weak and mortal frame
Sink to the dust from whence it came—
Tho' buried in the silent tomb,
And worms my skin and flesh consume;—

3 Yet on that happy rising morn,
New life this body shall adorn;
These active powers refined shall be,
And God, my Saviour I shall see.

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4 Though, mouldering in its bed of clay,
My mortal form to dust decay,
Yet, for myself, these wondering eyes
God shall behold, with glad surprize.

CLII.

FOR A DYING BED.

1 Oh, weep not for me! I can never be blest,
Till my sorrowful spirit in Jesus shall rest:
Till this body of sin and of death be destroyed,
And the soul for his glory alone be employed.

2 Oh, weep not for me! now my joys will begin;
I shall know the full meaning of ceasing from sin;
I shall know how the saints are made perfect in love;
And be spotless and pure as the angels above.

3 Oh, weep not for me! soon my death-pangs will cease,

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And this suffering body will slumber in peace;
My soul, even now, "is in haste to be gone,"
And her robe with the undefiled saints to put on.

4 Oh, weep not for me! the glad moment is come,
Which tells me I now am made meet for my home;
My Saviour has willed I should now be removed,
His face to behold, whom unseen I have loved.

5 Oh, weep not for me! I can welcome the pains
Which break every bond that my spirit detains;
And ere long, by his own gracious hand, the last tear
Will be wiped from these eyes, which so often weep here.

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CLIII.

PRAYER AGAINST IMPATIENCE AND IRRITABILITY.

1 Lord, when I see thee as thou art,
No sufferings then will wake a sigh;
Grant the one wish that fills my heart,
To glorify thee ere I die!

2 When I would murmur and complain,
Fix on thy Cross my tearful eye;
Mine is far lighter to sustain;
Oh, make me patient ere I die!

3 What countless blessings thou hast given,
Though health it please thee to deny,
Thy precious blood—a home in heaven!
Oh, make me thankful, ere I die!

4 Thou art my stem, my life, my root;
Sap to thy feeblest branch supply;
Those who "abide in thee" bear fruit—
Oh, make me fruitful, ere I die!

5 Too often do I go astray;
Unstable—weak—alas! am I;

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Oh, keep me in thyself, my way;
Make me consistent, ere I die!

6 Oh, prove, by making all things new,
Thou dost within me rule, not I;
Let grace the carnal mind subdue,
And make me heavenly, ere I die!

7 None without holiness can see
Thy glorious beauty, eye to eye:
But if my heart thy temple be,
I shall be holy, ere I die.

8 Let every grace combine to prove,
Thy spirit seals me from on high;
Faith, meekness, resignation, love,
Let each adorn me, ere I die.

9 Show that I am in thee "complete;"
In me thy mercy magnify;
Let all around thy praise repeat,
By me awakened, ere I die,

10 Thou art the Lord, my Righteousness,
No other wedding robe need I;
Jehovah's eye no spot will trace;
In it arrayed, I'm fit to die.

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11 This, this alone can safety give,
When death's appalling hour draws nigh;
If it be "Christ" to me "to live,"
It will be "gain" indeed "to die."

CLIV.

"Be not thou far from me, O Lord; O my strength haste thee to help me."—Psalm xxii. 19.

1 Forsake me not, my God, my heart is sinking,
Bowed down with faithless fears, and bodings vain;
Busied with dark imaginings, and drinking
Th' anticipated cup of grief and pain;
But, Lord, I lean on thee; thy staff and rod
Shall guide my lot,
I will not fear, if thou, my God, my God,
Forsake me not!

2 Forsake me not, my God! man must forsake me,
And earth grow dim, and vanish from my sight;

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Through death's dark vale no human
hand may take me,
No friend's fond smile may bless me
with its light:
Alone the silent pathway must be trod,
Through that drear spot,
For I must die alone—Oh then, my God,
Forsake me not.

3 Forsake me not, my God! when darkly
o'er me
Roll thoughts of guilt, and overwhelm
my heart;
When the accuser, threatening, stands
before me,
And trembling conscience writhes be-
neath the dart;
Thou who canst cleanse, by thine aton-
ing blood,
Each sinful spot,
Plead thou my cause, my Saviour and
my God!
Forsake me not!

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4 Forsake me not, O thou, thyself forsaken,
In that mysterious hour of agony,
When, from thy soul, thy Father's smile was taken,
Which had, from everlasting dwelt on thee!
Oh, by that depth of anguish, which to know
Passes man's thought,
By that last bitter cry, incarnate God,
Forsake me not!

CLV.

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

"I will be with him in trouble."—Psalm xci. 15.

1 Father, when thy child is dying,
On the bed of anguish lying,
Then, my every want supplying,
To me thy love display.

2 Let me willingly surrender
Life to thee, its gracious lender;
Can I find a friend more tender?
Why should I wish to stay?

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3 Ere my pulse has ceased its beating,
Ere my sun has reached its setting,
Let me, some sweet truth repeating,
Shed round one parting ray.

4 Ere my chain's last link be broken,
Grant some bright and cheering token,
That for *me* the words are spoken,
"Thy sins are washed away."

5 If the powers of hell surround me,
Let not their assaults confound me!
All for which thy law once bound me,
Thyself hast died to pay.

6 When, no remedies availing,
Fiercer pangs my frame assailing,
Show that flesh and heart are failing,
Be thou my strength and stay!

7 When, tho' tender friends be near me,
Their kind pity cannot cheer me,
And they strive in vain to hear me,
Turn not thy face away!

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8 When, each face beloved concealing,
Death's dark shade o'er all is stealing,
Then, thy radiant smile revealing,
Unfold eternal day!

9 When the lips are mute which blest me,
And withdrawn the hand that pressed me,
Then, let sweeter sounds arrest me,
Calling my soul away!

10 Thou, who bad'st to death defiance,
Fix on Thee her firm reliance,
Let her tranquil, sweet affiance
Thy victory display!

11 Guide her to that world of spirits,
Where, through thine atoning merits,
E'en thy weakest child inherits
Joys which can ne'er decay.

CLVI.

"Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. xv. 55.

1 I stood beside the dark death-bed,
My arm sustained the sufferer's head;

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That sinking head, and glazing eye,
Proclaimed the King of terrors nigh.

2 Yet, tyrant! in that final hour,
Thou still shalt own a mightier power;
I named the name of Christ! and lo!
It checked thy hand, and stayed the blow.

3 Oh, name to every Christian dear,
But sweetest to the dying ear!
That sound, when other sounds were vain,
Upraised the sinking head again.

4 The glazing eye so dull, that e'en
Our streaming tears fell all unseen—
Caught, at the word, a parting ray,
Earnest of heaven's approaching day.

5 A smile of speechless joy that told,
Relumed those features pale and cold;
Rallied that tongue, its powers once more—
Re-echoed "Christ"—and all was o'er!

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CLVII.

"To die is gain."—Phil. i. 21.

1 O much beloved! fear not to die,
Lift up to heaven thy tearful eye;
And see, prepared for thee,
A mansion where no sins, no foes,
Shall ever break thy sweet repose,
Through all eternity.

2 Why should'st thou fear to die, when death,
Is but to yield thy mortal breath,
And lay this frame aside,
"Fearfully, wonderfully made"—
Yet now, enfeebled, worn, decayed,
And oft with suffering tried?

3 Death *must* dissolve it, flesh and blood
Can enter not that pure abode,
Where Christ his face unveils;
Then since by death, and death alone,
Can be attained that bliss unknown,
Shrink not when death assails.

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4 To Nature his approach seems sad,
But faith rejoices, and is glad
His coming step to hear:
She knows that though the hand be rough,
That strikes the soul's hard fetters off,
Each blow brings freedom near.

5 Then when the captive is set free,
What life, what joy, what liberty
Will heaven's bright gates unfold!
The last pang felt, the last sigh heaved,
Faith's great reward will be received,
Christ Jesus to behold!

6 Christ in his glory! oh, the thought
With bliss ineffable is fraught;
And when the soul holds fast
That blessed hope which He has given,
Of endless life with him in heaven,
Aside all fears are cast.

7 Then, much beloved, fear not to die!
Lift up by faith thy tearful eye,
And see, in heaven prepared,
A place where near Him thou shalt be,
Where, by thyself, eternally,
His glory shall be shared.

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CLVIII.

"We are more than conquerors through him who hath loved us."—Rom. viii. 37.

1 Hark! what voice of love is speaking,
Mid these throes of pain and death?
Light upon my soul is breaking,
E'en while struggling thus for breath;
Welcome then, this dying anguish,
These cold dews that steep my brow!
That blest hour, for which I languish,
Cannot be far distant now!

2 All my outward senses failing
Part me from terrestrial things;
But my soul, new life inhaling,
Fluttering, striving, spreads her wings;
Ye, who tenderest watch are keeping,
Though these hours seem dark indeed;
Think, while o'er my sufferings weeping,
Thus th' imprisoned soul is freed.

3 Be the prison bars demolished!
King of terrors! break them down!
But, thy further power abolished,
Christ thy conqueror thou must own:

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He is with me, he is near me!
He, thy every stroke directs!
His beloved accents cheer me,
He the soul he saved, protects.

4 Lord, thou comest to receive me!
Oh, what faithfulness is thine!
Now, when every friend must leave me,
Come to be for ever mine!
Lo! the beatific vision
Breaks on my enraptured sight!
Weighed with this divine fruition,
E'en the pangs of death seem light.

CLIX.

"Be not afraid: only believe."—Mark v. 36.

1 Oh, for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours;
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful powers.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing;
Where is thy boasted victory, grave,
And where the monster's sting?

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3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ my ransom died.

4 Now to the God of victory,
Immortal thanks be paid;
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ our living head.

CLX.

"Willing rather to be absent from the body, and present with the Lord."—2 Cor. v. 6.

1 Deathless principle arise,
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought:
Go to shine before his throne,
Deck his mediatorial crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn,
Born of God, to God return.

2 Lo! He beckons from on high;
Fearless to his presence fly:
Thine the merit of his blood,

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Thine the righteousness of God,
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

3 Is thy earthly house distrest,
Wishing to retain her guest?
'Tis not thou, but she must die,
Fly, celestial tenant, fly!
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

4 Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on him;—
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there:
See the haven full in view,
Love divine shall bear thee through.

5 Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage thro' the shade;

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Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore;
Mount, their transports to improve,
Join the longing choir above;
Swiftly to their wish be given,
Kindle higher joy in heaven.

CLXI.

"Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ which is far better."—Phil. i. 23.

1 Let me be with thee, where thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal rest!
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

2 Let me be with thee, where thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be faithless, treacherous, cold.

3 Let me be with thee, where thou art,
Where spotless saints thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

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4 Let me be with thee, where thou art!
Where none can die—where none remove;
Where life nor death my soul can part
From thy blest presence, and thy love.

CLXII.

"They are without fault before the throne of God."
Rev. xiv. 5.

1 O, heaven, abode of saints!
Where sin can never come,
For thee my spirit faints,
I long to be at home.
O world of peace, O land of rest!
When shall I reach thee, and be blest?

2 O Death, once dreaded foe!
Thy name no fear inspires;
Thine icy hand, I know,
Will quench corruption's fires:
And not a spark be left within,
Which aught can kindle into sin.

3 The worm will sweetly feed
On my unconscious form;

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But I shall then be freed,
And safe from every storm:
And when that form is raised anew,
It will be fair and spotless too.

4 My Advocate above!
Repairer of my fall!
O! by thy dying love,
Receive my mournful call.
Thy voice can calm the storm within,
Thy blood can wash away my sin.

CLXIII.

"The time of my departure is at hand."—2 Tim. iii. 6.

1 The hour of my departure's come!
I hear the voice that calls me home,
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

2 The race appointed I have run;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
And now, my witness is on high,
And now, my record's in the sky.

3 Not in mine innocence I trust:
I bow before thee in the dust:

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And through my Saviour's blood alone,
I look for mercy at thy throne.

4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear:
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.

5 I come, I come at thy command,
I give my spirit to thine hand;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms!

CLXIV.

"I desire to depart."—Phil. i. 23.

1 While on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with its clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart;
Where Jesus dwells, my soul would be,
It pants my much loved Lord to see.

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3 That blessed interview how sweet,
To fall transported at his feet;
Raised in his arms to see his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace!

4 To view heaven's shining angels round,
All with celestial glories crowned;
And while his form in each I trace,
Beloved, and loving, all to embrace!

CLXV.

"In my flesh shall I see God."—Job xix 20.

1 My life's a shade: my days
Apace to death decline;
My Lord's my life: he'll raise
My dust again, even mine:
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

2 My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones to that sweet day,
I wake from my long sleep
And leave my bed of clay:
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

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3 My Lord, his angels shall
Their golden trumpets sound;
At whose most welcome call,
My grave shall be unbound:
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

4 I said sometimes with tears,
"Ah, me! I'm loath to die:"
Lord, silence all these fears,
My life's with thee on high:
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

5 What means my trembling heart,
To be thus shy of death?
My life and I shan't part,
When I resign my breath:
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

6 Then welcome, harmless grave!
By thee to heaven I'll go;
My Lord—his death shall save
Me from the flames below:
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

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CLXVI.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 Cor. ii. 9.

1 In vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death;
The glories that surround the saint,
When yielding up his breath.

2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks;
We scarce can say, "they're gone,"
Before the willing spirit takes
Its mansion near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her heavenward flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
That hides that world of light.

4 Thus much, (and this is all we know,)
They are completely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold they praise his name
His face they always view;

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Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise him too.

CLXVII.

"As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness, I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." Psalm xvii. 15.

1 Jesus, my Saviour! in thy face
The essence dwells of every grace;
All things beside, which charm the sight,
Are shadows tipt with glow-worm light.

2 Thy beauty, Lord!—the enraptured eye
Which fully views it, first must die;
Then let me die, through death to know
That bliss I seek in vain below.

CLXVIII.

"O that I had wings like a dove! then would I flee away and be at rest."—Psalm lv. 6

1 To Jesus the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up!
And waft me away to his throne!

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2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power.

3 Dissolve thou these bonds, that detain,
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 O! then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured;
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored.

CLXIX.

"The heavenly Jerusalem."—Rev. xxi. 22.

1 Jerusalem! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In Joy and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

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

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin, nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain or woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

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

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

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CLXX.

"Into thy hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth."
Psalm xxxi. 5.

1 God of my life! thy boundless grace,
Chose, pardoned, and adopted me;
My rest, my home, my dwelling-place!
Father! I come to thee.

2 Jesus, my hope, my rock, my shield!
Whose precious blood was shed for me,
Into thy hands my soul I yield;
Saviour! I come to thee.

3 Spirit of glory and of God!
Long hast thou deigned my guide to be;
Now be thy comfort sweet bestowed!
My God! I come to thee.

4 I come to join that countless host,
Who praise thy name unceasingly;
Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
My God! I come to thee.

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CLXXI

"Now God himself, and our Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, direct our way unto you. And the Lord make you to increase and abound in love toward one another, and toward all men. To the end he may establish your hearts unblameable in holiness before God, even our Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all his saints."—1 Thess. iii. 11—13.

1 I give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above.
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood,
From everlasting woe.
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name,
Immortal worship give;
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live.

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His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

CLXXII.

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound,
What pleasure to our ears
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly,
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb;
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

CHORUS.

Glory, honour, praise and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever:
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

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SUPPLEMENTARY HYMNS

ADAPTED TO PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

I.

SUNDAY HYMN, IN SOLITUDE.

1 Let me put on my fair attire,
My heavenly "robes of richest dress,"
And tune my consecrated lyre,
Lord of the Sabbath! Thee to bless.

2 Oh, may no spot of sin, to-day,
My raiment, "clean and white," defile!
And while I tune my heart-felt lay,
Bend down on me thy gracious smile.

3 Let holy feelings, heavenly themes,
Raise, and refresh, and fill my mind!
And earth's low vanities and schemes,
Nor place nor entertainment find!

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4 The looks, the thoughts, the sweet employ
Of saints, whose treasure is above,
Be mine to-day—their zeal, their joy,
Their peace, and purity, and love,

5 My spirit may with theirs unite,
My humble notes with theirs may blend,
Though still denied the pure delight,
Thy sacred courts with them to attend.

6 "The faith and patience of the saints,"
These I may exercise each hour;
When, weak with pain, the body faints,
I best may manifest their power.

7 Oh, Saviour! with completion crown
Desires thou wakenest not in vain;
Stoop to thy lowly temple down:
Bring all these graces in thy train.

8 This is thy day of bounty, Lord!
I ask no small, no stinted boon,
But showers, rich showers of blessing, poured
On me, though worthless and alone.

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9 If the weak tendril round *Thee* twine,
It ne'er is hidden from thine eye;
I cling to Thee, life-giving Vine!
Strength, verdure, fruitfulness, supply.

II.

ON BEING PREVENTED FROM GOING TO CHURCH BY ILLNESS.

"Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son, Jesus Christ."—1 John i. 3.

1 This is enough—although 'twere sweet,
Thee in thy House of Prayer to meet,
Amid the assembly of thy Saints,
For which, at times, my spirit faints.

2 But oh, my God! I love thy will,
I will not murmur, but "be still;"
I will not sigh for joys once mine,
Which Thou hast bidden me resign.

3 May those who haste to meet thee there,
Thy richest, choicest blessings share!
Yet thou hast still a blessing left
For me, though lonely and bereft.

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4 "Bereft?" oh, no! if thou, my God,
With me wilt take up thine abode,
And grant me fellowship with thee,
Nor sad, nor lonely can I be.

5 My Father's smile, my Saviour's love,
Foretastes by faith of joys above,
These, with the blessed Spirit's peace,
Shall bid each thought regretful cease.

III.

WHEN UNABLE TO SLEEP FROM RESTLESSNESS OR PAIN.

1 Celestial Guardian! thou who slumberest not,
Does not thy gracious eye behold the spot
On which this weak and weary frame reclines,
Though now, no cheering light around me shines?

2 Oh yes! with heavenly pity thou look'st down
On me, e'en me, whose sins deserve thy frown;

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Gild now th' oppressive darkness with thy smile,
And these sad hours of restlessness beguile.

3 Though sweet repose forsake my uneasy bed,
Like silent dew thy grace benignant shed;
If thou beside me these night watches keep,
Thy presence will refresh far more than sleep.

4 The restless feverish body thou canst calm,
And on th' unquiet mind drop healing balm;
Canst round the soul such cheering radiance pour,
That outward darkness shall be felt no more.

5 Oh Thou! who, when on earth, would'st oft repair
To some lone mount, and pass the night in prayer,
Set free my spirit from its cumberous clod,
And be these waking hours all spent with God.

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IV.

FOR A PERSON SUFFERING FROM NERVOUS DREAD OF ILLNESS.

"What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee."—Psalm lvi. 3.

1 Why should I take such anxious thought,
Fearing this fragile frame's decay?
When, "strong in faith," shall I be taught
Just to live simply by the day?

2 Why mark each sign so anxiously,
Lest fatal mischief be begun?
Soon, at the latest, I *must die*—
An hour-glass has not long to run.

3 But he who formed this mortal frame,
"Fearfully, wonderfully made,"
He bears a Father's tender name;
Why is my fluttering heart afraid?

4 His word commands me *not* to fear
Those who can kill this body frail;
Nor aught that I may suffer here—
Then why should unbelief prevail?

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5 He will not lay upon me more
Than he will aid me to sustain;
And soon, my term of suffering o'er,
For *me* "there shall be no more pain."

6 And whether sudden or prolonged,
Gentle or sharp my final pain,
My soul, which ne'er to earth belonged,
Through it, her glorious rest will gain.

7 Be coward fears no longer mine,
Faith trembles not at pain or death;
Clothed with its panoply divine,
In peace shall I resign my breath.

8 Saviour! in my expiring hour,
Show that thou art indeed my life,
And make me, by thy glorious power,
A conqueror in that awful strife.

V.

FOR A PERSON UNDER DEPRESSION FROM TOTAL LOSS OF HEARING.

"Is any among you afflicted, let him pray."—James v. 13.

1 I *am* afflicted, let me pray—
Cheer, thou, O God! my lonely day;
And, though from man shut out,

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Let no rebellious thoughts arise
To mingle murmuring with my sighs—
Thy love I dare not doubt.

2 One task is given me to fulfil,
To learn to know and do thy will,
To do it from my heart;
That will, when rightly understood,
Is "holy, acceptable, good,"
Perfect in every part.

3 Is it thy will that I should be
Bereft of man's society,
And the sweet sound of speech?
Then, Lord, conform my will to thine!
Forbid thy creature to repine,
Thy child submission teach.

4 In solitude my soul prepare,
Ere long high intercourse to share
With all thy saints above;
There no defect, no feeble frame,
Will part the followers of the Lamb,
Or cloud their life of love.

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5 But is it solitude to me,
Withdrawn from man, to walk with thee,
My Saviour and my God?
When the chief troubles I have known,
Have sprung from this, and this alone,
Scattering my thoughts abroad?

6 I hear no earthly pastor's voice
But His who makes the heart rejoice,
The troubled mind be still—
That Comforter's sweet words are mine,
Whose heavenly grace, whose light divine,
My soul with joy can fill.

7 And I can read the word of life,
Freed from distraction, noise, and strife,
And meditate in peace,
Waiting that "Ephatha" from thee,
The prelude of heaven's harmony,
When life's short woes will cease.

VI.

FOR A BLIND PERSON.

"He endured, as seeing Him who is invisible."
Heb. ii. 27.

1 Are Nature's charms all hidden
For ever from my view?

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Am I in darkness bidden,
My journey to pursue?
My Father! oh, my Father!
Thy child can trust thee still,
And strength from thee can gather,
To suffer all thy will.

2 Though many a form be shrouded
That once inspired delight,
My soul's clear eye unclouded,
And filled with inward light,
May gaze with steadier vision
On things to faith revealed,
And wait in meek submission
For all to be unsealed.

3 Vain things that once deluded,
The world's false glare and show,
By loss of sight excluded,
Nor please, nor tempt me now
Should I not welcome blindness,
If sent, my God, by thee,
In thy parental kindness,
To break earth's spells for me?

4 Oh! if this sad privation,
Which men misfortune deem,

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Make Christ and his salvation
"The one thing needful" seem,
I then shall gain that treasure,
Impervious to decay,
Which care, ambition, pleasure,
Might else have snatched away.

5 On thee, my God! reclining,
From things external freed,
Calm, peaceful, unrepining,
I go where thou shalt lead.
Loved looks, still lovelier seeming,
In memory's glow arrayed,
On me are ever beaming,
Undimmed by sorrow's shade.

6 Loved voices still can cheer me,
Sweet birds my ear can charm,
Kind guardians, ever near me,
Watch to protect from harm;
But oh! the thought most cheering,
Fraught with delight untold,
Is this—at thine appearing,
Thy Face I shall behold.

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VII.

WHEN EXPECTING AN HOUR OF SUFFERING.

"Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."—Psalm l. 15.

1 My God! the dreaded hour draws near,
Nature shrinks back, and faints with fear,
My heart within me dies;
But still on thee, who know'st my frame,
Who torture hast endured, and shame,
On thee my hope relies.

2 I make no arm of flesh my stay—
All human powers thy will obey—
All means on thee depend—
Whate'er that will appoint for me,
In life, in death, thine let me be!
Support me to the end!

3 Give me that faith which nerves the soul,
That love which can all fear control,
Which "all things can endure;"
Now in my time of utmost need,
My Saviour! let me find indeed,
Thy word of promise sure.

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4 Stand by me—speak those words divine,
"I have redeemed thee, thou art mine,"
"Thee will I ne'er forsake;"
Say to my agitated heart,
Nothing from thee my soul shall part,
Nor thy sure covenant break.

5 And if a creature so defiled,
Whom yet thou deign'st to call thy child,
May ask one boon beside,
'Tis this—that in my suffering hour
Thy grace may manifest its power,
Thy name be glorified.

VIII.

ON LEAVING HOME FOR A MILDER CLIMATE.

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."—Exodus xxxiii. 14.

1 This gracious promise Lord, fulfil,
Now that I leave a home so dear;
My soul's sweet home is present still,
If thou art near.

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2 Beneath thy wings if I remain,
My home! my hiding-place! my rest!
Sheltered, and safe, and freed from pain,
My soul is blest.

3 Thy presence fills my mind with peace
Brightens the thoughts so dark erewhile,
Bids cares and sad forebodings cease,
Makes all things smile.

4 This striking of my pilgrim tent
No longer mournful will appear,
If thy reviving presence lent,
The traveller cheer.

5 The spacious earth is all thine own;
What land so e'er my steps invite,
That land thine eye will rest upon
By day, by night.

6 I ask not health—I ask not ease,
I ask in thee my rest to find;
To all *thy* sovereign will decrees,
Be *mine* resigned!

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7 Guide every step where'er I go;
Dictate each action, word, and thought;
With those "fresh springs" from thee that flow,
Let all be fraught!

8 If soon my sun of life shall set,
Still let me work, ere sinks that sun:
Nor mourn at last with vain regret,
My task undone.

9 Link me with those who fear thy name,
Whose zeal, and faith, and love, shine bright,
And let them feed my lamp's weak flame,
With their pure light.

10 Whether again my home I see,
Or yield, on foreign shores, my breath,
Take not thy presence, Lord, from me,
In life or death!

11 In thee, my hiding place divine,
Be rest throughout life's journeyings given,
Then Sweeter, holier rest be mine,
With thee in heaven!

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IX.

COMMENDATORY HYMN FOR AN INVALID SETTING OUT ON A JOURNEY.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom."—Isaiah xl. 11.

1 Gracious Leader, and Defender
Of thy flock, in earth's dark vale!
Whose compassions deep and tender
Still flow forth, and never fail,
To thy safe and holy keeping
We our feeble one commend!
O'er him* watch with eye unsleeping,
Guide him to his journey's end.

2 Lord of heaven and earth! protect him,
Maker both of sea and land!
Comfort, strengthen, and direct him,
Hold him up with thy right hand;
Thou canst raise up friends 'mid strangers,
Thou all evil canst avert,
Be his shield in storms and dangers,
Carrying him through all unhurt.

* Or "her."

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3 Saviour! in thine arms thou bearest
Those by sickness feeble made;
For thy weakest lamb thou carest;
Such are on thy bosom laid;
To that rest we now confide thee,
Loved one! through each change beneath,
Let what will on earth betide thee,
There thou'rt safe for life or death,

X.

FOR THOSE WHO WATCH THE BED OF FATAL, BUT LONG PROTRACTED ILLNESS.

"The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning."

1 Ye, who as anxious months come round,
The same sad couch of suffering tend,
Listening to many a mournful sound,
And knowing what must be the end;
Deem not that He whose name is love
Can err, in aught He please to ordain;
Doubt not, these dark events will prove
The sufferer's everlasting gain.

2 How can the members be conformed,
Except by suffering, to their Head?

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Where can the mind of Christ be formed
But in the track He deigned to tread?
Christ as "a man of sorrows" lived,
Christ on the cross of Calvary died;
Those who have here their cross received
Shall soon be placed His throne beside.

3 Satan will labour to awake
Mistrustful thoughts in this dark day,
And with consummate art to shake
That faith which is the soul's one stay;
Though nature shrink, and spirits fail,
When groans or cries mark pain intense,
Let not the Tempter's wiles prevail,
But firmly utter, "Get thee hence."

4 Christ knows the moment when to say,
"The hour of my redeemed is come!
"Father, I will that he to-day
"Behold my glory, share my home!
Then shall that saint, now sharply tried,
Forth from the crucible be brought
As gold completely purified,
Gold, for the heavenly temple wrought.

5 And though the struggle now seem hard,
These "days of darkness" very long,

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Yet, with eternal bliss compared—
The crown of life—the sweet new song—
Brief as a moment, they will seem
A troubled night, at break of day,
And soon that glorious noon will beam,
When Christ shall wipe all tears away.

XI.

WHEN THE SPIRIT HAS FLED.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."—Psalm cxxvii. 2.

1 Lie down in peace to take thy rest!
Dear cherished form! no longer mine,
But bearing in thy clay cold breast
A hidden germ of life divine,
Which, when the eternal spring shall bloom,
Will burst the shackles of the tomb.

2 Lie down in peace to take thy rest!
Unbroken will thy slumbers be,
Satan can now no more molest,
And Death has done his worst on thee;
Lie down, thy hallowed sleep to take,
Till clothed with glory thou shalt wake.

3 Lie down in peace to take thy rest!
We can no longer watch thy bed,

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But glorious angels, spirits blest,
Shall guard thee day and night instead,
And when thine eyes unclosed shall be,
Christ in his glory they shall see.

4 Lie down in peace to take thy rest!
My eyes must weep—my heart must mourn;
But to thy soul, with Jesus blest,
For comfort and for hope I turn;
Thou wilt not mark these tears that flow,
Sorrow can never reach thee now.

5 Lie down in peace to take thy rest!
Let *me* betake myself to prayer,
Binding faith's corslet on my breast,
Lest Satan find an entrance there;
God gave—though now his gift he claim,
Still, blessed be his holy name!

XII.

THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS.

"We have not an high priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."—Hebrews iv. 15.

1 Jesus, my sorrow lies too deep
For human sympathy;

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It knows not how to tell itself
To any but to thee.

2 Thou dost remember, amidst all
The glories of thy throne,
The sorrows of humanity,
For they were once thine own.

3 Yes, and as if thou would'st be God
Even in misery,
Thou'st left no sorrow, but thine own,
Unreached by sympathy.

4 Jesus, my fainting spirit brings,
Its fearfulness to thee;
Thine eye alone can penetrate
The clouded mystery.

5 And is it not enough, O Lord?
Thy holy sympathy!
That sorrow cannot be too deep,
That I may bring to thee.

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