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No 8

A
COLLECTION

OF

H Y M N S,

USED IN THE

United Sabbath Day Schools

OF GLASGOW

AND ITS VICINITY.



A NEW EDITION.

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.



Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, thou hast perfected praise.—Matthew xxi. 16.



GLASGOW:

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PREFACE.

THE following Hymns have been selected from a considerable number of Authors, both dead and living. It is hoped that no one will be offended at this liberty, when it is considered that no private interest is advanced by their circulation.

It cannot fail to be a delightful and useful employment, to teach the rising generation to sing the praises of God; and it is pleasing to perceive so many competent persons engaged in furnishing them with metrical compositions, unexceptionable as to their sentiments and tendency, and well suited to the Juvenile capacity. But could the writer of this preface persuade himself, that a hint recorded here, would reach these benevolent friends of youth, he would venture to express his regret, that so few of the pieces, denominated Hymns for Children, are strictly devotional. By far the major part of them are either Historical, Descriptive, or Hortatory. I would

by no means insinuate that these compositions are not useful, but would it not be better to call them Sacred Poems?

In compiling this small Volume, this subject has been kept continually in view, and therefore nearly all the pieces it contains, are such as express the effusions of a devout heart, when addressing itself to God.

It is surely not too much to hope, that the young people, for whose benefit these Hymns are more immediately designed, will not be unmindful of the great expence of labour and money bestowed upon them, but that they will make the returns so earnestly desired by their benefactors, that they will not only be agreeable and useful in social life but that they will be truly pious. Then, while they are reading or singing them, they will feel the fire of true devotion kindle in their hearts, and their sacrifice of praise and supplication will not be despised by him who said, "suffer little children to come unto me." And who expressed his high approbation of the conduct of those children who cried out, "Hosanna to the son of David."

VALENTINE WARD.

Glasgow, December, 1815.

HYMNS, &c.

SECTION I.

THE ATTRIBUTES, WORKS, and PROVIDENCE of GOD.

HYMN 1. C. M.

- 1 **H**AIL, Maker of the heavenly host,
Of all mankind, and me,
Of thee we make our early boast,
Our songs we make of thee.
- 2 Thou neither canst be felt nor seen,
Thou art a Spirit pure,
Who from eternity hast been,
And always shalt endure.
- 3 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see ;
And ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart
Is fully known to thee.
- 4 Whate'er thou wilt, in earth below,
Thou dost, in heaven above :
But chiefly we rejoice to know,
Th' Almighty God is love.

- 5 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made ;
 Thy goodness we rehearse,
 In shining characters display'd,
 Throughout the universe.
- 6 Mercy, and love, and endless grace
 O'er all thy works do reign ;
 But mostly thou delight'st to bless
 Thy fav'rite creature—man.
- 7 Wherefore, let ev'ry creature give
 To thee the praise design'd ;
 But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
 The hearts of all mankind.

HYMN 2. C. M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
 Strikes through the shades of night ;
 And our most secret actions lie
 All open to thy sight.
- 2 There's not a sin that we commit,
 Nor wicked word we say,
 But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
 Against the judgment day.
- 3 And must the crimes that I have done
 Be read, and publish'd there ;
 Be all expos'd before the sun,
 While men and angels hear ?
- 4 Lord, at thy feet asham'd I lie ;
 Upward I dare not look ;
 Pardon my sins before I die,
 And blot them from thy book.
- 5 Remember all the dying pains
 That my Redeemer felt ;
 And let his blood wash out my stains,
 And answer for my guilt.

- 6 O may I now for ever fear
 T' indulge a sinful thought ;
 Since the great God can see and hear,
 And writes down ev'ry fault.

HYMN 3. C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU God of justice and of grace,
 Who would not fear thy name ?
 Thine omnipresence fills all space,
 Thine eyes through nature flame.
- 2 No secret thought can ever shun
 The notice of thine eye ;
 From thee conceal'd no act be done,
 For thou art ever nigh.
- 3 Thine eye surveys the ground I tread,
 Whene'er I go abroad ;
 Within the curtains of my bed
 I lie in sight of God.
- 4 O be this solemn truth inscrib'd
 For ever on my heart,
 Lest vile deceit should be imbib'd
 And I from truth depart.
- 5 Give me, O Lord, this holy fear,
 For 'tis a gift divine ;
 The soul that views thee ever near,
 No evil can design.

HYMN 4. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, when our raptur'd thought surveys
 Creation's beauties o'er,
 All nature joins to teach thy praise,
 And bids our souls adore.
- 2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
 Thy radiant footsteps shine :

- Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.
- 3 The living tribes of countless forms,
In earth, and sea, and air ;
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty power declare.
- 4 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear,
And Oh ! let man thy praise record ;
Man, thy distinguish'd care.
- 5 Thy providence his constant guard,
When various woes impend :
Thou wilt the threat'ning dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.
- 6 On me that Providence has shone
With gentle, smiling rays :
Oh ! let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.

HYMN 5. C. M.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord Jehovah's Name,
And in his strength rejoice :
When his great glories are our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach our awful sight,
And songs of honour sing :
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.
- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem ;
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with him.
- 4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand ;

He fix'd the sea what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

- 3 Come, and with humble souls adore ;
Come, kneel before his face :
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace !

HYMN 6. C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God !
My rising soul surveys ;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise !
- 2 Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
Or hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd,
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul,
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 5 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 6 Thro' ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.
- 7 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,

My ever grateful heart, O Lord !
Thy mercy shall adore.

- 8 Thro' all eternity to Thee,
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But Oh ! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 7. C. M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind Guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant pray'r.
- 3 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store ;
But ah ! in vain my lab'ring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 4 While sweet reflections, thro' my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace ;
Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,
The blessings of thy grace.
- 5 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord !
For favours more divine ;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

HYMN 8. 6: 8's.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my Maker I adore,
Created by his love and power ;
He fashion'd in their various forms
Angels and men, and beasts and worms ;
And all their well-rang'd orders stand
Supported by his mighty hand.

- 2 Father of lights ! amidst the skies
 He bids the golden sun arise,
 He scatters the refreshing rain
 To cheer the grass, and swell the grain :
 And every day presents the food
 That satisfies my mouth with good.
- 3 At home, abroad, by night, by day,
 He is my guardian and my stay ;
 And, whatsoever ills betide,
 He turns all threat'ning harms aside ;
 And sure 'tis fit my soul should know
 He is my Lord and Sov'reign too.
- 4 O may that voice that speaks his law,
 My heart to sweet obedience draw ;
 Engage me in his ways to run,
 And all the paths of vice to shun ;
 That when I see the Judge descend,
 I in that Judge may find a Friend.

HYMN 9. C. M.

- 1 **P**RAISE to the Sov'reign of the sky,
 Who, from his lofty throne,
 Looks down on all that humble are,
 And calls such souls his own.
- 2 On his resign'd and pious poor,
 He makes his love to shine ;
 And fills their cottages of clay,
 With lustre all divine.
- 3 Among the meanest of thy flock
 Still let my dwelling be ;
 Rather than under gilded roofs,
 If absent, Lord, from thee.
- 4 Poor and afflicted though we be,
 In thy strong arm we trust ;
 And bless the hand of sov'reign love,
 Which lifts us from the dust.

HYMN 10. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I would own thy tender care
 And all thy love to me ;
 The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
 Are all bestow'd by thee.
- 2 'Tis thou preservest me from death,
 And dangers ev'ry hour :
 I cannot draw another breath,
 Unless thou give me pow'r.
- 3 Kind angels guard me ev'ry night,
 As round my bed they stay ;
 Nor am I absent from thy sight
 In darkness, or by day.
- 4 My health, and friends, and parents dear,
 To me by God are giv'n ;
 I have not any blessing here
 But what is sent from Heav'n.
- 5 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
 A child can ne'er repay ;
 But may it be my daily pray'r
 To love thee and obey !



SECTION II.

*On the SACRED SCRIPTURES.*

HYMN 11. L. M.

- 1 **T**HE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
 In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines :
 But when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.

- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights, and days, thy power confess ;
But the blest Volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So when thy Truth began its race,
It touch'd, and glanc'd on every land.
- 4 Nor shall the spreading Gospel rest,
Till thro' the world thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, and feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness ! arise,
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light ;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise ;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiven ;
Forgive my sins, my soul renew ;
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

HYMN 12. C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies ! in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy Name ador'd,
For these celestial lines !
- 2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice,
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joy,
Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

- 4 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast :
Sublimier sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.
- 5 Here springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 6 O may these heavenly pages be
My study day and night ;
And still new beauties may I see,
With still increasing light !
- 7 Divine Instructor ! gracious Lord !
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there !

HYMN 13. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,
To thee I lift mine eyes ;
Teach and instruct me by thy word,
And make me truly wise.
- 2 Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will ;
Fain would I learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.
- 3 Help me to read this volume o'er
With new and fresh delight ;
Help me to love its author more,
To seek thee day and night.
- 4 O may this word my thoughts engage,
In each perplexing case ;
Help me to feed on every page,
And grow in every grace.

- 5 O let it purify my heart,
 And guide me all my days ;
 Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,
 And thou shalt have the praise.

HYMN 14. L. M.

- 1 GREAT Teacher of thy church ! we own
 Thy precepts all divinely wise ;
 O may thy mighty power be shown,
 To keep them still before our eyes !
- 2 Deep on our hearts thy law engrave,
 And fill our breasts with holy zeal ;
 That while we trust thy power to save,
 We may that sacred law fulfil.
- 3 Thy service ever be our joy,
 Around let our example shine ;
 Till others love the bless'd employ,
 To glorify our Father join.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
 My solemn and determin'd choice ;
 To yield my powers to his controul,
 And in his great commands rejoice.

HYMN 15. G: 8's.

- 1 COME, O thou Prophet of the Lord
 Thou great Interpreter divine,
 Explain thine own transmitted word ;
 To teach and to inspire is thine ;
 Thou only canst thyself reveal,
 Open the book, and loose the seal.
- 2 Whate'er the ancient prophets spoke
 Concerning thee, O Christ, make known :
 Sole subject of the sacred book,
 Thou fillest all, and thou alone ;

Yet there our Lord we cannot see,
Unless thy Spirit lend the key.

- 5 Now Jesus, now the veil remove,
The folly of our darken'd heart ;
Unfold the wonders of thy love,
The knowledge of thyself impart ;
Our ear, our inmost soul, we bow ;
Speak, Lord ; thy servants hearken now.

HYMN 16. 6: 7's.

- 1 **O** THAT I, like Timothy,
Might the Holy Scriptures know
From mine early infancy,
Till for God mature I grow ;
Made unto salvation wise,
Ready for the glorious prize.

- 2 Jesus, all redeeming Lord,
Full of truth and full of grace,
Make me understand thy word :
Teach me in thy youthful days
Wonders in thy word to see,
Wise thro' faith which is in thee.

- 3 Open now mine eyes of faith ;
Open now the book of God ;
Shew me here the secret path
Leading to thy blest abode :
Wisdom from above impart,
Speak the meaning to my heart.

HYMN 17. C. M.

- 1 **O** THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still !
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will !
2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart !

Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

4 Make me to walk in thy commands ;
'Tis a delightful road :
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

HYMN 18. 4 : 6's & 2 : 8's.

1 **W**HEN little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker's voice,
At ev'ry word He spoke,
How much did he rejoice !
O blessed, happy child, to find
The God of heav'n so near and kind !

2 If God would speak to me,
And say He was my friend,
How happy I should be !
O how would I attend !
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

3 And does he never speak ?—
O yes ; for in his Word
He bids me come and seek
The God that Samuel heard :
In almost ev'ry page I see,
The God of Samuel calls to me.

4 And I, beneath his care
May safely rest my head ;
I know that God is there,
To guard my humble bed :
And ev'ry sinful wretch may fear,
Since God Almighty is so near.

5 Like Samuel, let me say,
 Whene'er I read his word,
 "Speak, Lord; I would obey
 "The voice that I have heard:
 "And when I in thy house appear,
 "Speak, for thy servant waits to hear."

HYMN 19. S. M.

- 1 **T**HE praises of my tongue
 I offer to the Lord,
 That I am taught and learn so young
 To read his Holy Word.
- 2 That I am brought to know
 The danger I was in;
 By nature, and by practice too,
 A wretched slave to sin.
- 3 That I am led to see
 I can do nothing well;
 And whither shall a sinner flee
 To save himself from hell?
- 4 Great God! this Book of thine
 Informs me where to go
 For grace to pardon all my sin,
 And make me holy too.
- 5 Here I can read, and learn
 How Christ the Son of God,
 Has undertook our great concern;
 Our ransom cost his blood.
- 6 And now he reigns above,
 He sends his Spirit down,
 To shew the wonders of his love,
 And make his Gospel known.
- 7 O may that Spirit teach,
 And make my heart receive,
 Those truths which all thy servants preach,
 And all thy saints believe!

- 8 Then shall I praise the Lord
 In a most cheerful strain,
 That I was taught to read his word,
 And have not learnt in vain.

HYMN 20. S. M.

- 1 **W**ITH humble heart and tongue,
 Great God, to thee we pray :
 O may we learn, while we are young,
 To walk in wisdom's way !
- 2 Now, in our early days,
 Teach us thy will to know ;
 Great God, thy sanctifying grace,
 Betimes on us bestow.
- 3 Our hearts to folly prone,
 Renew by pow'r divine ;
 Unite them to thyself alone,
 And make them wholly thine.
- 4 Make our defenceless youth
 The object of thy care ;
 Help us to choose the way of truth,
 And fly from ev'ry snare.
- 5 O let thy word of grace
 Our warmest thoughts employ :
 Be this, through all our following days,
 Our treasure and our joy.
- 6 To what thy laws impart
 Be our whole soul inclin'd ;
 O let them dwell within our heart,
 And sanctify our mind.
- 7 May thy young servants learn,
 By these to cleanse our way ;
 And may we here the path discern
 That leads to endless day.

SECTION III.

*The FALL of MAN.*

HYMN 21. S. M.

- 1 **O** ALL-CREATING God,
 At whose supreme decree
 Our body rose a breathing clod,
 Our souls sprang forth from thee :
 For this thou hast design'd,
 And form'd us men for this :
 To know and love thyself, and find
 In thee our endless bliss.
- 2 Thou the first happy pair
 In Paradise didst place,
 To reap the joys and pleasures there,
 And sing the Giver's praise :
 Of all the trees, but one
 Forbidden was, to prove
 Their due regard to God alone,
 Their firm, obedient love.
- 3 But oh ! they rashly took
 Of the forbidden tree ;
 Thine easy, sole commandment broke,
 And sinn'd, and fell from thee.
 Of their wide-spreading fault
 The sad effects we find,
 Anguish, and sin, and death it brought
 On us, and all mankind.

4 Infected by their stain,
 In sin we all are born,
 And liable to grief and pain,
 Till we to dust return.
 To ev'ry sin inclin'd,
 Selfish we are and proud,
 Our will perverse, our carnal mind
 Is enmity to God.

5 Dead to the things above
 While in our lost estate,
 Children of wrath, the world we love,
 And thee by nature hate ;
 In pining griefs and cares
 We spend our wretched breath ;
 And die the miserable heirs
 Of everlasting death.

HYMN 22. C. M.

- 1 **B**LESS'D with the joys of innocence,
 Adam our father stood,
 Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
 And eat forbidden food.
- 2 Now we are born a sensual race,
 To sinful joys inclin'd ;
 Reason has lost its native place,
 And flesh enslaves the mind.
- 3 While flesh, and sense, and passions reign,
 Sin is the sweetest good ;
 We fancy music in our chain,
 And so forget the load.
- 4 Great God ! renew our ruin'd frame,
 Our broken pow'rs restore ;
 Inspire us with a heav'nly flame,
 And flesh shall reign no more.

HYMN 23. L. M.

- 1 **A**LL children are conceived in sin,
All prove themselves impure within,
And all, each day that passes, show
How much the seeds of evil grow.
- 2 Satan attends to feed the flame
That lights them down to woe and shame ;
To fill them with contempt of God,
And make them slight a Saviour's blood.
- 3 All, all, the tempter's will obey,
Follow his steps the downward way ;
Until the Lord his grace impart,
That moulds and new creates the heart.
- 4 Seek Jesus ; he alone can give
The grace by which a child must live :
All other hope is false and vain,
None enter heav'n till born again.

HYMN 24. L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean ;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death ;
Thy law demands a perfect heart ;
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.
- 3 Behold we fall before thy face ;
Our only refuge is thy grace ;
No outward forms can make us clean ;
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 4 When guilt disturbs and breaks our peace,
Nor flesh, nor soul, hath rest or ease ;
Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
And bid our mournful hearts rejoice.

HYMN 25. C. M.

- 1 **O** LORD ! forgive a sinful child,
 Whose heart is all unclean ;
 How base am I, and how defil'd
 By the vile work of sin.
- 2 How justly might thine anger rise,
 And sink me down to hell,
 To feel the worm that never dies ;
 In endless flames to dwell.
- 3 O change this stubborn heart of mine,
 And make me pure within ;
 Still manifest thy love divine,
 And save me from my sin.
- 4 Stubborn, untractable, and wild
 Is my obdurate heart ;
 O Lord ! to me thy chaste, thy mild,
 Thy holy mind, impart.
- 5 Then shall I make redeeming love :
 My daily, hourly song ;
 And joys, like their's who sing above,
 Shall tune an infant's tongue.

HYMN 26. C. M.


- 1 **H**OW lost our state by nature is,
 While enemies to God !
 We wander from the ways of peace,
 And throng the downward road.
- 2 As a wild ass's colt is man,
 Untaught and unconfin'd,
 Till discipline his will restrain,
 And faith inform his mind.

- 3 But oh ! with what reluctant strife
Do men themselves forego !
How late begin the work of life,
How late their Saviour know !
- 4 Call'd in the morning of their day,
How few like us are blest !
Us, if we now the call obey,
And fly to Jesu's breast.
- 5 Be this, O Lord, our one desire,
To find our rest in thee ;
To do whate'er thy laws require,
In true simplicity.
- 6 The inward change, the second birth,
By faith divine to prove,
And practice all thy will on earth,
As angels do above.


HYMN 27. C. M.

- 1 **A** SINNER, Lord, behold I stand ;
In thought, and word, and deed !—
But Jesus sits at thy right hand,
For such to intercede.
- 2 From early infancy, I know,
A rebel I have been,
And daily, as I older grow,
I fear I grow in sin :—
- 3 But God can change this evil heart,
Can give a holy mind,
And his own heav'nly grace impart,
Which those who seek shall find.
- 4 To heav'n can reach the softest word—
A child's repenting prayer—
For tears are seen, and sighs are heard,
And thoughts regarded, there.

- 5 Then let me all my sins confess,
 And pardoning grace implore ;
 That I may love my follies less,
 And love my Saviour more.



SECTION IV.



REDEMPTION by JESUS CHRIST.

1. *The Incarnation of Christ.*

HYMN 28. C. M.

- 1 **H**ARK, the herald angels sing,
 " Glory to the new-born King ;
 " Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 " God and sinners reconcil'd."
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace !
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
- 3 Mild, he lays his glory by ;
 Born, that men no more may die ;
 Born, to raise the sons of earth ;
 Born, to give them second birth.
- 4 Come, desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us thy humble home ;
 Rise, the woman's promis'd seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.
- 5 Glory to the new-born King !
 Let us all the anthem sing,
 " Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 " God and sinners reconcil'd !"

HYMN 29. C. M.

- 1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Peace
 Beheld our helpless grief;
 He saw; and, O amazing love!
 He came to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
 With joyful haste he fled;
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O! for this love, let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break;
 And, all harmonious, human tongues
 Their Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
 Strike all your harps of gold:
 But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN 30. L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT joyful tidings do I hear?
 'Tis gospel grace salutes my ear,
 And by that gentle sound I find
 The righteous God to man is kind.
- 2 Jesus, his only Son, displays
 The wonders of his Father's grace,
 The great Salvation, long foretold
 By prophets to the Jews of old:
- 3 In plainer characters made known
 That myst'ry now is clearly shown;
 By this blest message brought from heav'n,
 Pardon, and peace, and grace are giv'n.

O may I know that Saviour dear,
Of whose salvation now I hear ;
And that eternal life receive
Which he was sent from God to give !

2. *Example of Christ.*

HYMN 31. L. M.

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord !
I read my duty in thy word !
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will ;
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness the fervour of thy pray'r ;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.

Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

3. *Death of Christ.*

HYMN 32. C. M.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nail'd to a shameful tree !
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee !

Hark ! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend !
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid !
 " Receive my soul ! " he cries !
 See, where he bows his sacred head :
 He bows his head and dies !
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine ;
 O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
 Was ever love, like thine !

HYMN 33. C. M.

- 1 **S**ALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
 'Tis music in our ears !
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry 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.

HYMN 34. L. M.

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies !
 Hark ! his expiring groans arise ;
 See from his hands, his feet, his side,
 Runs down the sacred crimson tide !
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
 And flows from ev'ry bleeding wound,—
 The vital stream, how free it flows,
 To save and cleanse his rebel foes !

- 2 To suffer in the traitor's place,
 To die for man,—surprizing grace!—
 Yet pass rebellious angels by!
 O why for man? blest Saviour, why?
- 4 And didst thou, Lord, for sinners bleed?
 And could the Sun behold the deed?
 No, he withdrew his sick'ning ray,
 And darkness veil'd the mourning day!
- 5 Can I survey this scene of wo,
 Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
 And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
 Insensible to love or pain?
- 6 Come, gracious Lord, thy grace impart,
 To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
 Till all its powers and passions move,
 In melting grief and ardent love.

HYMN 36. C. M.

- 1 **A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
 And did my Sov'reign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
 He groan'd upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When God, the mighty Maker died,
 For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While thy dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes in tears.

- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe :
 Here, Lord, I give myself away ;
 'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 96. 7's.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesu's name ;
 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,
 Cancell'd 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 the Saviour's breast ;
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
 His tremendous foes and ours :
 From their cursed empire drove,
 Mighty in redeeming love.
- 7 Hither, then, your music bring,
 Strike aloud each joyful string ;
 Mortals join the hosts above,
 Join to praise redeeming love.

HYMN 37. L. M.

WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross,
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ my God :
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
 Did e'er such love or sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 38. L. M.

BEHOLD the sin-atonig Lamb,
 With wonder, gratitude, and love ;
 To take away our guilt and shame,
 See him descending from above !

Our sins and griefs on him were laid,
 He meekly bore the heavy load ;
 Our ransom price he fully paid,
 In groans and tears, in sweat and blood

To save a guilty world he died !
 Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb ;
 To him lift up your weeping eyes,
 And hope for mercy through his name

Pardon and peace through him abound,
 He can the richest blessing give ;
 Salvation in his name is found,
 He bids the dying sinner live.

- 5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee ;
 Where else can helpless sinners go ?
 Thy boundless love shall set me free
 From all my wretchedness and woe.

4. *Resurrection of Christ.*

HYMN 39. C. M.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls that seek the Lord,
 Chase all your fears away ;
 And bow with pleasure down to see
 The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of Life was brought ;
 Such wonders love can do ;
 Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
 Which throbb'd and bled for you.
- 3 But raise your eyes, and tune your songs,
 The Saviour lives again ;
 Not all the bolts and bars of death,
 The conqu'ror could detain.
- 4 With joy like his, shall ev'ry saint
 His empty tomb survey ;
 Then rise, with his ascending Lord,
 To realms of endless day.

HYMN 40. 4 : 6's & 2 : 8's.

- 1 **G**REAT was the Saviour's love,
 Who for poor sinners bled ;
 To save our ruin'd souls,
 He bow'd his sacred head !
 O, wond'rous love ! O, boundless theme !
 Arise our souls and bless his name !
- 2 He in the grave was laid,
 But soon a victor rose ;
 And now enthron'd on high,
 He triumphs o'er his foes !

Rejoice our souls, he lives again,
And gifts bestows on needy men !

5. *Intercession of Christ.*

HYMN 41. C. M.

AWAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing
Th' ascended Saviour's love :
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.

2 With cries and tears he offer'd up
His humble suit below ;
But with authority he asks,
Enthron'd in glory now.

3 For all that come to God by him,
Salvation he demands :
Points to their names upon his breast,
And spreads his wounded hands.

4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to his claim :
" Father, I will that all my saints
Be with me where I am."

5 Let the sweet incense of his pray'r
In my behalf ascend ;
And as its virtue, so my praise
Shall never, never end.

HYMN 42. C. M.

1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

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

- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh
 Pour'd out his cries and tears,
 And in his measure feels afresh
 What ev'ry member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame ;
 The bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his pow'r ;
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
 In the distressing hour.

HYMN 43. 4: 6's & 2: 8's.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears ;
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears ;
 Before the Throne my Surety stands ;
 My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above
 For me to intercede ;
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead ;
 His blood aton'd for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Receiv'd on Calvary :
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me ;
 "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry !
 "Nor let that ransom'd sinner die."
- 4 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed one ;
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of his Son :

His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd,
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry!



SECTION V.



Worship of God.

Confession, Petition, and Praise.

HYMN 44. C. M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God, while earth and heav'n's
Thy pow'r and skill proclaim,
Wilt thou permit a child to sing
The honours of thy name?
- 2 Shall mortals aim at themes so great,
Or raise their notes so high,
When seraphs low before thy feet,
In self abasement lie?
- 3 Tho' Gabriel tunes immortal lyres,
To sweet seraphic lays;
Th' Eternal hears when infant-tongues,
Attempt to lisp his praise.

- 4 The early dawn of op'ning life,
Has prov'd thy guardian care ;
Nor shall I less thro' future years,
Thy grace and goodness share.
- 5 Behold, I give myself to thee,
And in thy name confide ;
Most gracious God, O deign to be,
My Father, Friend, and Guide.

HYMN 45. 7.

- 1 **L**IGHT divine, O Lord, bestow
On a child of low degree ;
'Tis but little yet I know
Of myself, the world, and thee.
- 2 Yet I know I'm full of pride,
From thy precepts prone to stray ;
Ah ! my passions, like a tide,
Urge me on the downward way !
- 3 Pity, Lord, my wretched case ;
All my passions, vile, restrain :
Grant that thy renewing grace,
In my heart may live and reign.
- 4 Then shall I with joy behold,
Light divine, its rays extend ;
Feel its virtue to uphold
And preserve me to the end.

HYMN 46. L. M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God, to thee I cry,
Assist a child's infirmity ;
Nor let me with my lips draw nigh,
While my heart wanders far from thee.
- 2 Ah ! never let me speak a word,
But what with all my soul I mean ;
Or lie to thee, thou glorious Lord,
By whom my ev'ry thought is seen.

- 3 With what submissive lowliness
 Shall I approach thy glorious throne?
 How can I hope by words to please,
 To please a God I have not known?
- 4 I know not what to do or say,
 Till thy bless'd Spirit I receive,
 And Jesus teaches me to pray,
 And Jesus teaches me to live.

HYMN 47. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, teach a little child to pray,
 Thy grace betimes impart,
 And grant thy Holy Spirit may
 Renew my infant heart.
- 2 A helpless creature I was born,
 And from the womb I stray'd;
 I must be wretched and forlorn,
 Without thy mercy's aid.
- 3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
 And wash away their stain;
 And fit my soul with him to live,
 And in his kingdom reign.
- 4 To him let little children come,
 For he hath said they may;
 His bosom then shall be their home,
 Their tears he'll wipe away.
- 5 For all who early seek his face,
 Shall surely taste his love;
 Jesus will guide them by his grace,
 To dwell with him above.

The Lord's Prayer Paraphrased.

HYMN 48. L. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, ador'd in worlds above,
 Thy glorious name be hallow'd still;
 Thy kingdom come with pow'r and love;
 And earth, like heav'n, obey thy will.
- 2 Lord, make our daily wants thy care;
 Forgive the sins which we forsake:
 Oh! let us in thy kindness share,
 As fellow-men of ours partake.
- 3 Evils beset us ev'ry hour;
 Thy kind protection we implore;
 Thine is the kingdom, thine the pow'r;
 Be thine the glory evermore!

HYMN 49. L. M.

- 1 **B**ESET with snares on every hand,
 In life's uncertain path I stand:
 Father divine! diffuse thy light,
 To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this frail and wavering heart
 To fix on Mary's better part;
 To scorn the trifles of a day,
 For joys that never fade away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
 Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear;
 But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Father! still be nigh,
 Cheerful I live, and peaceful die;
 Secure when mortal comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

HYMN 50. L. M.

- 1 **T**HE one thing needful, that good part
Which Mary chose with all her heart,
I would pursue with heart and mind,
And seek unwearied till I find.
- 2 But O! I'm blind and ignorant;
The Spirit of the Lord I want,
To guide me in the narrow road,
That leads to happiness and God.
- 3 O God most High, to thee I pray,
Teach me to know and find the way,
To get on earth my sins forgiv'n,
And safe at last arrive in heav'n.
- 4 My mind enlighten with thy light,
That I may understand aright
The glorious gospel mystery,
Which shews the path to heav'n and thee.

HYMN 51. C. M.

- 1 **W**HY should I love my sport so well,
So constant at my play,
And lose the thoughts of heav'n and hell,
And then forget to pray?
- 2 What do I read my bible for,
But, Lord, to learn thy will?
And shall I daily know thee more,
And less obey thee still?
- 3 How senseless is my heart and wild!
How vain are all my thoughts!
Pity the weakness of a child,
And pardon all my faults.
- 4 Make me thy heav'nly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray;
Since God will lend a gracious ear,
To what a child can say.

HYMN 52. S. M.

- 1 **N**OW, in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know:
O God, thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.
- 2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And flee from every snare.
- 3 My heart to folly prone,
Renew by pow'r divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.
- 4 O! let thy word of grace,
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this through all my future days,
My treasure and my joy.
- 5 To what thy laws impart,
Be my whole soul inclin'd;
O! let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.
- 6 May thy young servant learn,
By these to cleanse his way;
And in thy word the path discern,
That leads to endless day.

HYMN 53. S. M.

- 1 **W**HY do we run astray,
In sin's destructive road,
Far distant from the narrow way,
That leads to heav'n and God?
- 2 How carnal, and how vain
Are we, in all our ways!
Our passions strong, O Lord, restrain,
And guard our future days.

- 3 Thy grace divine impart,
 To sanctify the mind,
 That we may serve thee with the heart,
 And sacred comfort find.

HYMN 54. P. M.

- 1 **T**EACHER, Guide of young beginners,
 Let a child approach to Thee,
 Thee, who cam'st to ransom sinners,
 Thee who died'st to ransom me:
 Into thy protection take me,
 Full of goodness as thou art;
 After thine own Image make me,
 Make me after thy own heart.
- 2 Exercise the Potter's power
 Over this unshapen clay;
 Call me in the morning hour,
 Teach my simpleness the way:
 With a tender awe inspire
 That I never more may rove;
 The faint spark of good desire
 Blow into a flame of love.
- 3 O my everlasting Lover,
 Thee that I may love again,
 To mine inmost soul discover
 All thy dying love for man:
 By thy Spirit's inspiration
 Make thy depths of mercy known:
 Seal the heir of true salvation,
 Then translate me to thy throne.

HYMN 55. P. M.

- 1 **O** FATHER, I am but a child,
 My body is made of the earth,
 My nature, alas, is defil'd,
 And a sinner I was from my birth:

Not worthy to lift up my face
 To a God on his heavenly throne,
 Yet allow me to pray for thy grace,
 For without it I must be undone.

- 2 I cannot obey thy commands,
 Unassisted by grace from above;
 No grace I deserve at thy hands,
 Yet I hope to experience thy love;
 Thy mercy restores from the fall,
 The giver of Jesus thou art,
 And, therefore, attend to my call,
 And discover his love to my heart.

HYMNS of PRAISE.

1. *Praise for Instruction.*

HYMN 56. S. M.

- 1 **F**ROM thee, our bounteous God,
 We ev'ry good receive;
 Thou giv'st us clothing, friends, and food,
 And by thy grace we live.
- 2 Thy pitying eye beheld
 How we in darkness lay;
 From thee this Institution came,
 That we might read and pray.
- 3 O let us greatly prize
 These kind instructions giv'n;
 For now we read thy holy book,
 That guides our feet to heaven.

- 4 O may thy Spirit bless
 This learning to our good !
 And may our benefactors find
 The favour of their God !
- 5 May we and they at last,
 At thy right hand appear ;
 And when the toils of life are past,
 All meet in glory there.

HYMN 57. L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT source of good ! our youthful lay
 Inspir'd by thine all-bounteous hand,
 Unite to celebrate thy praise,
 Whose praise is due from ev'ry land.
- 2 Tho' humbly born, yet thro' thy care
 Extended wide as boundless space,
 The poorest of us now may share
 The richest treasures of thy grace.
- 3 Whate'er we have, whate'er we are,
 We owe to thy paternal love ;
 Assist us, Lord, while we prepare
 For nobler joys in heav'n above.
- 4 O may our lips and lives express
 The sense we have of love divine !
 And, with our latest breath, we'll bless
 Those generous friends who make us thine.

HYMN 58. S. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, with joy we praise
 Thy providential care,
 Which snatch'd us in our youthful days
 From sin and Satan's snare.
 We thankfully approve
 Thy merciful design,
 And vow to seek the things above,
 And live entirely thine.

2 But vain our vows we know,
 And strongest promises,
 Unless our loving God bestow
 The power himself to please :
 No means can change the heart,
 Or render it sincere,
 Till thou the principle impart,
 Of godly, gracious fear.

3 Train'd up in the true way
 Wherein we ought to go,
 Preserve us, lest we go astray,
 When more in years we grow :
 O let us not depart
 From our integrity,
 But love our God with all our heart,
 And live and die to Thee.

HYMN 59. P. M.

1 **T**O thee, our Creator, we bring
 The fruit of our earliest days,
 And join in a concert to sing
 Our gratefolest anthems of praise ;—
 For all the instructions we hear
 Which teach us thy glorious truth,
 The caution that bids us beware,
 Of all that would injure our youth.

2 Thy fatherly call from above
 We thankfully hear, and receive,
 Return to the arms of thy love
 To taste of thy bounty and live ;
 Receive a poor prodigal race,
 The joy of salvation impart,
 And with the rich stores of thy grace,
 Replenish the penitent heart.

HYMN 60. 7.

1 **H**OLY Lord, behold I stand,
 Thankful for thy kind command ;
 That thy little lambs may be
 Fed and disciplin'd for thee.

2 Blessings, Lord, vouchsafe to give
 On the teaching I receive ;
 Let me be a child of thine,
 Sweetly led by love divine.

3 As the potter's yielding clay
 Does the potter's will obey ;
 So may I submissive prove,
 Yielding to be rul'd by love.

4 Stubborn tempers, sulky pride,
 Prove that Satan is my guide ;
 Lamb of God, thy love impart,
 Rule by love my froward heart.

5 Holy Shepherd of thy sheep,
 Me in safety kindly keep ;
 Make me truly meek and mild
 Like unto a little child.

2. *Praise for Blessings of Providence and Grace.*

HYMN 61. C. M.

1 **C**OME let us join the hosts above,
 Now in our youngest days ;
 Remember our Creator's love,
 And lisp our Father's praise.

2 His Majesty will not despise
 The day of feeble things ;
 Grateful the songs of children rise,
 And praise the King of Kings.

- 3 We all his kind protection share;
 Within his arms we rest;
 The sucklings are his tend'rest care,
 While hanging on the breast.
- 4 We praise him with a stammering tongue,
 While under his defence;
 He smiles to hear the childish song,
 Of artless innocence.
- 5 He loves to be remember'd thus,
 And honour'd for his grace;
 Out of the mouths of babes like us,
 His Wisdom perfects praise.
- 6 Glory to God, and praise and power,
 Honour and thanks be giv'n!
 Children and cherubim adore
 The Lord of earth and heav'n.

HYMN 62. L. M.

- 1 **L**EL all that breathe, Jehovah praise,
 Almighty, all-creating Lord!
 Let earth and heaven his power confess,
 Brought out of nothing by his word.
- 2 He spake the word, and it was done!
 The universe his word obey'd:
 His Word is his eternal Son,
 And Christ the whole creation made.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord and God most high,
 Maker of all mankind and me!
 Me thou hast made to glorify,
 To know, and love, and live to thee.
- 4 Wherefore to thee my heart I give,
 (But thou must first bestow the power,)
 And if for thee on earth I live,
 Thee I shall soon in heaven adore.

HYMN 63. C. M.

- 1 **W**HILE all thy glories, O my God!
Thro' the creation shine ;
While rocks, and hills, and fertile vales,
Proclaim the hand divine ;
- 2 Oh ! may I view, with humble heart,
The wonders of thy power,
Display'd alike in wilder scenes,
As in each blade and flower.
- 3 But while I taste thy blessings, Lord,
And sip the streams below ;
O may my soul be led to thee,
From whom all blessings flow.
- 4 And if such footsteps of thy love,
Thro' this lost world we trace,
How far transcendent are thy works,
Throughout the world of grace ;
- 5 Just as before yon noon-tide sun
The brightest stars are small,
So earthly comforts are but snares,
Till grace has crown'd them all.

HYMN 64. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, let us our good God proclaim
By earth and heaven ador'd :
Children are bid to praise his name
And magnify the Lord.
- 2 Let us with all his saints agree,
With all his hosts above :
Part of his family are we,
His family of love.
- 3 Worthless are our best offerings,
Our songs are void of art ;
Yet God accepts the smallest things,
Giv'n with a willing heart.

- 4 Us for the sake of Christ he loves,
 Who did our souls redeem ;
 And all our childish thoughts approves,
 When offered up thro' him.
- 5 He makes us his peculiar care ;
 While by his Spirit led,
 We all his genuine children are,
 And on his bounty feed.

HYMN 65. L. M.

- 1 **T**HOU God of love, whose gracious ear
 The fervent pray'r delights to hear ;
 And when e'en babes and sucklings praise,
 Approves the feeble notes they raise.
- 2 Let children of the humble poor
 Unite thy goodness to adore,
 In all thy tender watchful care,
 In all the mercies that we share.
- 3 Thy pow'r defends from ev'ry harm,
 Thy bounty clothes and keeps us warm,
 Feeds and supports our growing frame ;
 Eternal praises to thy name.
- 4 But O ! what homage shall we pay
 For blessings that attend thy day,
 When we are taught to read and sing
 The honours of our heav'nly king.

HYMN 66. C. M.

- 1 **P**RAISE to the Sovereign of the sky,
 Who from his lofty throne,
 Looks with compassion on the poor,
 And makes their cause his own.
- 2 When we, the helpless sons of grief,
 Low in distress were laid,
 His pitying heart our sorrows felt,
 His hands were swift to aid.

- 3 Should kindred, near and dear, forsake,
 Or friends or parents die,
 God lives, and (blessed be his name)
 Can well the want supply.
- 4 His bounty gives our daily bread,
 He fills our daily cup:
 Bids us rejoice in present good,
 And cheers our hearts with hope.

HYMN 67. P. M.

- 1 **M**IGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,
 May an infant lisp thy name;
 Lord of men, as well as angels,
 Thou art every creature's theme.
 Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.
- 2 Lord of every land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days,
 Sounded through the wide creation,
 Be thy just and lawful praise:
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature,
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
 For created works of power,
 Works with skill and kindness wrought.
- 4 For thy providence that governs,
 Through thine empire's wide domain,
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
 Blessed be thy gentle reign.
- 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
 Dark through brightness all along;
 Thought is poor, and poor expression,
 Who dare sing that awful song?


- 6 Brightness of thy Father's glory,
 Shall thy praise unutter'd lie ;
 Fly my tongue, such guilty silence,
 Sing the Lord who came to die.
- 7 Did archangels sing thy coming ?
 Did the shepherds learn their lays ?
 Shame would cover me ungrateful,
 Should my tongue refuse to praise.
- 8 From the highest throne of glory !
 To the cross of deepest woe !
 For such love to guilty captives,
 May thy praise for ever flow.
- 9 Rise, ascend, immortal Saviour,
 Leave thy footstool, take thy throne ;
 Thence return, and reign for ever,
 Be the kingdom all thine own.

HYMN 68. 6 : 8's.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, who reign'st above,
 Enthron'd in majesty and love ;
 Thou hear'st thy needy creatures cry,
 And mercy meets thy lifted eye !
 Thy kind compassion's wide extend,
 Unmeasur'd lengths that know no end !
- 2 In all my pilgrimage below,
 Thy mercy to thy servant show ;
 While in this weary desert land,
 Defend and guide me by thy hand :
 If nature from thy paths would stray,
 Restrain me from the crooked way.
- 3 When snares beset me all around,
 And dangers spread the faithless ground ;
 Then manifest a father's care,
 And save me from the fatal snare :
 Unshaken may I ever stand,
 Upheld by thine Almighty hand.

HYMN 69. P. M.

THIS, this is the God we adore,
 Our faithful, unchangeable friend ;
 Whose love is as great as his power,
 And neither knows measure nor end.
 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.



SECTION VI.



HYMNS for PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

1. *Morning Hymns.*

HYMN 70. C. M.

MY GOD who makes the sun to know
 His proper hour to rise,
 And to give light to all below,
 Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the east
 His morning race begins,
 He never tires, nor stops to rest,
 But round the world he shines.

So, like the sun, would I fulfill
 The bus'ness of the day ;
 Begin my work betimes, and still
 March on my heav'nly way.

- 4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
 Nor let my soul complain
 That the young morning of my days
 Has all been spent in vain.

HYMN 71. C. M.

- 1 **G**OD of our lives, our morning songs
 To thee we cheerful raise ;
 Thine acts of love 'tis good to sing,
 And pleasant 'tis to praise.
- 2 Sustain'd by thee, our op'ning eyes
 Salute the morning light ;
 Secure I stand, unhurt by all
 The arrows of the night.
- 3 My life renew'd, my strength repair'd,
 To thee, my God, is due ;
 Teach me thy ways, and give me grace
 My duty to pursue.
- 4 From every evil me defend,
 But guard me most from sin ;
 Direct my going out, O Lord !
 And bless my coming in !
- 5 O ! may thy holy fear command
 Each action, thought, and word !
 Then shall I sweetly close the day,
 Approv'd of thee, my Lord.

HYMN 72. L. M.

- 1 **A**WAKE my soul, and with the sun,
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Redeem thy mispent moments past,
 And live this day as if thy last,
 Thy talents to improve take care,
 And for thy last account prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
 For God's all seeing eye surveys
 Thy secret thoughts, thy works, and ways.

4 Lord ! I my vows to thee renew ;
 Scatter my sins as morning dew,
 Guard my first spring of thought and will,
 And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
 All I design, or do, or say ;
 That all my powers with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

2. *Evening Hymns.*

HYMN 73. C. M.

1 **A**ND now another day is gone
 I'll sing my Maker's praise ;
 My comforts every hour make known
 His providence and grace.

2 But how my childhood runs to waste !
 My sins how great their sum !
 Lord, give me pardon for the past,
 And strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
 Let angels guard my head,
 And through the hours of darkness keep
 Their watch around my bed.

4 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
 Since thou wilt not remove ;
 And in the morning let me rise
 Rejoicing in thy love.

HYMN 74. L. M.

1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light ;

- Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.
- 4 Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care ;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love :
- 5 For death is life, and labour rest,
If with thy gracious presence blest ;
Then welcome sleep, or death, to me ;
I'm still secure, for still with thee.

HYMN 75. C. M.

- 1 **A**UTHOR of life, with grateful heart,
My ev'ning song I'll raise ;
But oh, thy thousand thousand gifts
Exceed my highest praise.
- 2 What shall I render to thy care,
Which me this day has kept ?
A thankful heart's the least return,
And this thou wilt accept !
- 3 What sins, or follies, Holy God,
I may this day have done,
I would confess with grief, and pray
For pardon through thy Son.

- 4 Much of my precious time I've lost ;
 This foolish waste forgive :
 By one day nearer brought to death,
 May I begin to live.

3. *Lord's Day Morning.*

HYMN 76. C. M.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day when Christ arose
 So early from the dead ;
 Why should I keep my eyelids clos'd,
 And waste my hours in bed ?
- 2 This is the day when Jesus broke
 The pow'r of death and hell ;
 And shall I still wear satan's yoke,
 And love my sins so well ?
- 3 To-day with pleasure christians meet,
 To pray and hear thy word ;
 And I will go with cheerful feet
 To learn thy will, O Lord.
- 4 I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
 And so prepare for heav'n :
 O ! may I love this blessed day,
 The best of all the seven !

HYMN 77. C. M.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord has made,
 He calls the hours his own :
 Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround his throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
 And satan's empire fell ;
 To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
 And all his wonders tell.

- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
 To David's holy Son :
 Help us, O Lord, descend, and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.

HYMN 78. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of sabbath let us praise,
 In concert with the blest,
 Who joyful in harmonious lays
 Employ an endless rest.
- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
 We blest and pious grow,
 By hymns of praise we learn to be
 Triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad day, a brighter scene
 Of glory was display'd,
 By God, th' eternal Word, than when
 This universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who mankind hath bought
 With grief and pain extreme ;
 'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
 'Twas greater to redeem.

HYMN 79. 4 : 6's & 2 : 8's.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our holy Lord,
 Thy name we join to sing,
 Who did'st, on this glad day,
 Complete salvation bring ;
 We bless the Lord, who from the grave
 Arose again, lost man to save.
- 2 Through mercy, we are call'd,
 Though young in years, to praise
 The conquest of thy love,
 The riches of thy grace ;

O may our hearts in thee rejoice,
And take thee as our only choice.

3 In humble love, we wait
To know thy righteous will ;
Instruct our feeble minds
To be obedient still :

O what a day of love and grace,
To hear of Christ, and sing his praise !

4 Dear Lord, forgive the child
Who plays, and sins away
The mercies we enjoy,
On this thy sacred day :
For here we learn to serve the Lord
And sing his praise, and hear his word.

5 Through thy redeeming blood,
Dear Saviour, set us free ;
Assisted by thy grace,
O may we live to thee ;
And take us, Lord, when we shall die,
To dwell with thee above the sky.

4. *At School.*

HYMN 80. C. M.

1 **F**ATHER, to thee our souls we raise,
And for a blessing look ;
Prevent, and help us by thy grace,
In learning of our book.

2 Give us an humble, active mind,
From sloth and folly free ;
Give us a cheerful heart, inclin'd
To truth and piety.

3 A faithful memory bestow,
With solid learning store ;
And still, O Lord, as more we know,
Let us obey thee more.

- 4 Let us things excellent discern,
 Hold fast what we approve;
 And, above all, delight to learn
 The lessons of thy love.

HYMN 81. C. M.

- 1 **S**TILL let us keep the end in mind
 For which we hither came,
 In search of useful knowledge join'd
 As followers of the Lamb.
- 2 Through him let us to God look up,
 In ev'ry step we take;
 And for his constant blessing hope,
 For Jesu's only sake.
- 3 His grace if God on us confer,
 We then shall learn apace;
 Live to his glory, and declare
 Our heav'nly Teacher's praise.
- 4 We in his favour shall retrieve
 Our long lost Paradise;
 Take of the Tree of Life, and live
 Immortal in the skies.

HYMN 82. S. M.

- 1 **M**AY we assembled here,
 With grateful heart and voice,
 Address the Lord, with sacred fear,
 And in his name rejoice.
- 2 Give us, O Lord, to feel
 The dreadful state we're in:
 First wound our souls, then kindly heal,
 And cleanse from filth and sin.
- 3 Here may we have to say,
 Thy grace divine was giv'n,
 To guide us safely on the way,
 Through this vain world to heav'n.

- 4 Then shall our various tongues,
 Fill'd with a sacred flame,
 Sing to thy praise more fervent songs,
 And magnify thy name.

5. *Leaving School.*

HYMN 83. 4 : 7's.

- 1 **F**OR a season call'd to part,
 Let us now ourselves commend
 To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our ever-present Friend,
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble pray'r,
 Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
 Let thy mercy and thy care
 All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 What we each have now been taught,
 Let our memories retain ;
 May we, if we live, be brought
 Here to meet in peace again.
- 4 Then, if thou instruction bless,
 Songs of praises shall be giv'n ;
 We'll our thankfulness express,
 Here on earth, and when in heav'n.

6. *Before Public Worship.*

HYMN 84. S. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, fix our wand'ring thoughts,
 Thy sacred word to hear,
 With deep attention and with love,
 With rev'ence and with fear.
- 2 Let us remember still,
 That God is present there,
 And let our hearts be all engag'd
 When we draw near in pray'r.

- 3 And when the humble notes
Of praise our lips employ ;
Give us to taste the sweet delight,
Which saints in heav'n enjoy.
- 4 O! may thy sacred word
Sink deep in ev'ry breast ;
And let us all by grace be brought
To Christ, the promis'd rest.

HYMN 85. C. M.

- 1 **O** LORD! our languid souls prepare,
Thy presence now display ;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Here grant that ev'ry soul, may peace,
And love, and concord feel ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.
- 4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers ;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.
- 5 O may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To join the note of praise.

7. *Lord's Day Evening.*

HYMN 86. L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see
 A whole assembly worship thee :
 At once they sing, at once they pray ;
 They hear of heaven and learn the way
- 2 I have been there, and still will go,
 'Tis like a little heav'n below ;
 Not all my pleasure and my play
 Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
 The texts and doctrines of thy word :
 That I may break thy laws no more,
 But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
 Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
 That hoping pardon through his blood
 I may lay down, and wake with God.

HYMN 87. C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
 Behold thee all serene ;
 Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,
 Without a vail between ?
- 2 Assist me while I wander here
 Amidst a world of cares ;
 Incline my heart to pray with love,
 And then accept my prayers.
- 3 Release my soul from ev'ry chain,
 No more hell's captive led ;
 And pardon a repenting child,
 For whom the Saviour bled.

HYMN 88. C. M.

- 1 **F**REQUENT the day of God returns
 To shed its quick'ning rays ;
 And yet how slow devotion burns !
 How languid is our praise !
- 2 Enliven more our faith and love ;
 Our frailties, Lord, forgive ;
 We would be like thy saints above,
 And in thy service live.
- 3 Thou Lord hast shown us wisdom's ways,
 Conduct us in thy fear ;
 And grant us such supplies of grace,
 That we may persevere.
- 4 O ! be our all-sufficient Friend
 Till all our toils shall cease ;
 And life shall in a Sabbath end
 Of everlasting peace.

8. *New Year's Day.*

HYMN 89. C. M.

- 1 **R**EMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
 Of the revolving year !
 How swift the weeks complete their rounds
 How short the months appear !
- 2 Eternity comes quickly on,
 And that important day,
 When all, which mortal life has done,
 God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Waken, O God ! my languid heart,
 Its great concern to see ;
 Lead me to act the Christian part,
 And give the year to thee.

- 4 So shall their course more grateful roll,
 If future years arise ;
 Or this shall bear my willing soul
 To joy, which never dies.

HYMN 90. C. M.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul ! the awful day
 Is coming swiftly on ;
 When thou must leave this house of clay,
 And go to worlds unknown.
- 2 But to what region shalt thou go ?
 Where will thy lot be cast ?
 In everlasting bliss or wo,
 When this short life is past ?
- 3 Is Christ thy Saviour ? God, thy God ?
 And heaven thy chosen rest ?
 Wouldst thou with them make thy abode,
 And there be ever bless'd ?
- 4 'Tis thy concern thy state to know,
 To know without delay ;
 Thou soon to wo or bliss must go,
 Soon leave this house of clay.

HYMN 91. 4 : 6's & 2 : 8's.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Ancient of endless days,
 Who lengthens out our trials here,
 And spares us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and wither'd trees,
 We'cumber'd long the ground,
 No fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls was found ;
 Yet doth he us in mercy spare
 Another, and another year.

3 When justice bar'd the sword
 To cut the fig-tree down,
 The pity of our Lord
 Cried, " Let it still alone :"
 The Father mild inclines his ear,
 And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
 From God obtain'd the grace,
 Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a longer space ;
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And lo, we see another year !

HYMN 92. L. M.

1 **WHEN** all my follies I recount,
 I tremble at the great amount !
 In judgment, think on mercy, Lord,
 And still thy sparing grace afford.

2 Jesus, the great redeeming God,
 Prevails by his atoning blood ;
 And now another year I see,
 And mercy still extends to me.

3 To thee, my God, my voice I'll raise,
 In humble songs record thy praise,
 While I survey thy gracious store,
 My heart with gratitude runs o'er.

4 Let goodness crown the rising year,
 From all my debt of sin set clear ;
 My soul from every evil free,
 That I may live alone for thee.

5 Awake, O Lord, my drowsy power,
 To seize the present fleeting hour
 Redeem each moment in its flight,
 Till life shall call in shades of night.

- 6 Then, when this mortal race is run,
The work complete, the battle won,
With thee, my God, may I appear,
And hail the great sabbatic year!

HYMN 93. C. M.

- 1 **A**ND now, my soul, another year,
Of thy short life is past :
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.
- 2 Part of my doubtful life is gone,
Nor will return again ;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care
Thy true condition learn ;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair ;
And what thy great concern.
- 4 Now a new space of time begins ;
Set out afresh for heaven ;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend ;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt an happy end.

SECTION VII.

*THE ADVANTAGES of EARLY PIETY.*

HYMN 94. C. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the child whose early years
 Receive instructions well ;
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road which leads to hell.
- 2 When we devote our youth to God,
 'Tis pleasing in his eyes ;
 A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'Tis easier work if we begin
 To serve the Lord betimes ;
 While sinners, who grow old in sin,
 Are harden'd in their crimes.
- 4 It saves from many snares and fears,
 To mind religion young ;
 Grace will preserve our following years,
 And make our virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, O God, and to thy praise,
 We give our youthful breath ;
 Thus we're prepar'd for longer days,
 Or fit for early death.

HYMN 95. C. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the children who betimes
 Have learnt to know the Lord ;
 Who, through his grace, escape the crimes
 Forbidden in his word.
- 2 Should they be early hence remov'd,
 He will their souls receive ;
 For they, who Jesus here have lov'd,
 With him shall ever live.
- 3 The Saviour whom they trusted here,
 Shall wipe their tears away :
 No night of darkness shall he there,
 But one eternal day.
- 4 May we with those in bliss, O Lord,
 For ever number'd be ;
 Taught by thy Spirit, and thy word,
 To live alone to thee.

HYMN 96. 4 : 8's & 2 : 6's.

- 1 **H**OW happy, Lord, thy children are,
 From worldly grief and worldly care,
 Those fatal snares, remov'd !
 Thou dost for all their needs provide,
 And under thy pavilion hide,
 And nourish thy belov'd.
- 2 Thou callest us to seek thy face,
 To learn the lessons of thy grace,
 And feel th' atoning blood :
 Thou talk'st to ev'ry heart sincere,
 That all thy pard'ning voice may hear,
 And taste of angel's food.
- 3 Come, then, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 Now, in the morning of our day,

These clouds of sin remove :
 Make us unto salvation wise,
 And help us to secure the prize
 Of thy eternal love.

HYMN 97. C. M.

- 1 **W**HAT blest examples do I find
 Writ in the word of truth,
 Of children that began to mind
 Religion in their youth.
- 2 Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
 And keeps the world in awe,
 Was once a child as young as I,
 And kept his father's law.
- 3 At twelve years old he talk'd with men
 (His parents wond'ring stand),
 Yet he obey'd his mother then,
 And came at her command.
- 4 Children their loud hosannas sung,
 And blest their Saviour's name ;
 They gave him honour with their tongue,
 While scribes and priests blaspheme.
- 5 Samuel the child was wean'd and brought
 To wait upon the Lord :
 Young Timothy betimes was taught
 To know his holy word.
- 6 Then why should I so long delay
 What others learnt so soon ?
 I would not pass another day
 Without this work begun.

HYMN 98. L. M.

- 1 **H**OW soft the words my Saviour speaks !
 How kind the promises he makes !
 A bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor will he quench the smoking flax.

- 2 The humble poor he wont despise,
Nor on the contrite sinner frown :
His ear is open to their cries,
He quickly sends salvation down.
- 3 When piety in early minds,
Like tender buds, begins to shoot,
He guards the plants from threat'ning winds,
And ripens blossoms into fruit.
- 4 With humble souls he bears a part
In all the sorrows they endure :
Tender and gracious is his heart,
His promise is for ever sure.

HYMN 99. L. M.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant for a child to sing
The goodness of its God and King,
Who lives above the sun and stars,
And everlasting glory wears.
- 2 He loves to hear a youthful tongue
Address him with an humble song :
Its praise for health, and food, and friends,
And all the good his mercy sends.
- 3 O may I walk in wisdom's ways,
She'll bless my youth, and crown my days :
And lead me in a pleasant road
To heav'n, to glory, and to God !

HYMN 100. 4 : 8's & 2 : 6's.

- 1 **H**APPY beyond description he,
Who in the paths of piety,
Loves from his birth to run !
Its ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all its paths are joy and peace,
And heav'n on earth begun.

- 2 If this felicity were mine,
 I ev'ry other would resign,
 With just and holy scorn :
 Cheerful and blithe my way pursue,
 And with the promis'd land in view
 Singing to God return.


HYMN 101. 4 : 7's.

- 1 'TIS Religion that can give
 Sweetest pleasures while we live :
 'Tis Religion must supply
 Solid comfort when we die.
- 2 After death its joys will be
 Lasting as Eternity ;
 Let me then make God my Friend,
 And on all his ways attend.


HYMN 102. C. M.

- 1 'THERE is a path that leads to God—
 All others go astray—
 Narrow, but pleasant, is the road ;
 And Christians love the way.
- 2 It leads straight through this world of sin ;
 And dangers must be past ;
 But those who boldly walk therein
 Will come to heav'n at last.
- 3 How shall an infant pilgrim dare
 This dangerous path to tread ?
 For on the way is many a snare
 For youthful trav'lers spread ;
- 4 While the broad road where thousands go,
 Lies near, and opens fair :
 And many turn aside I know,
 To walk with sinners there.

- 5 But, lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.
- 6 Then I may go without alarm,
And trust his word of old ;—
“ The lambs he'll gather with his arm,
“ And lead them to the fold.”
- 7 Thus I may safely venture through,
Beneath my Shepherd's care ;
And keep the gate of heav'n in view,
Till I shall enter there.



SECTION VIII.



On the Sins of YOUTH.

1. *Sabbath Breaking.*

HYMN 103. L. M.

- 1 **T**O good averse, and prone to ill,
We tread the broad forbidden way ;
And children of a froward will,
From the fair paths of duty stray.
- 2 The Lord commands his day shall be
A day of holiness and pray'r ;
A day of rest from industry,
From vain pursuits, and worldly care.

- 3 The rude, the ignorant, and base,
 The Lord's most holy sabbath break ;
 They run from all the means of grace,
 And by their sin destruction seek !
- 4 When children in their early days,
 Begin the sabbath to profane ;
 Led by example in the ways
 Of wickedness, and pleasures vain :
- 5 The Lord of Sabbath they despise,
 More harden'd in their baseness grow ;
 Till mighty vengeance from the skies
 Shall hurl them down to endless wo !

HYMN 104. L. M.

- 1 **I**N God's own house for me to play
 While Christians meet to hear and pray,
 Is to profane his holy place,
 And tempt the Almighty to his face.
- 2 When angels bow before the Lord,
 And devils tremble at his word ;
 Shall I, a feeble mortal, dare
 To mock, and sport, and trifle there ?
- 3 His wrath might strike my guilty head,
 His fire from heaven might lay me dead,
 And send my careless soul to dwell
 Amidst the dreadful flames of hell.
- 4 If death, the king of terrors, come
 To call me to my latest home,
 The thoughts of such a shameful part
 With bitter pain would pierce my heart.

2. *Swearing, Stealing, and Lying.*

HYMN 105. L. M.

- 1 **A**NGELS that high in glory dwell,
 Adore thy name, Almighty God!
 And devils tremble down in hell,
 Beneath the terrors of thy rod.
- 2 And yet how wicked children dare
 Abuse thy dreadful, glorious name!
 And when they're angry, how they swear,
 And curse their fellows, and blaspheme!
- 3 How will they stand before thy face,
 Who treated thee with such disdain,
 When thou shalt doom them to the place
 Of everlasting fire and pain!
- 4 There never shall one cooling drop
 To quench their burning tongues be giv'n;
 But I will praise thee here, and hope
 Thus to employ my tongue in heav'n.
- 5 My heart shall be in pain to hear
 Wretches affront the Lord above:
 That awful God, whose pow'r I fear,
 That heavenly Father whom I love.
- 6 If my companions grow profane,
 I'll leave their friendship when I hear
 Young sinners take thy name in vain,
 And learn to curse, and learn to swear.

HYMN 106. L. M.

- 1 **T**HOU shalt not swear, nor take in vain
 The holy name of God most high;
 Rebellious children and profane
 Shall for their foul offences die.

- 2 The fiends of hell in wild despair,
 Blaspheme, and rage in hellish chains;
 And children who profanely swear,
 With them must suffer endless pains.
- 3 Base children swear, by sinners taught,
 And take the name of God in vain;
 They set his awful threats at nought,
 And grow in wickedness profane.
- 4 Ye bold presumptuous children flee
 The dangers of your dreadful state;
 While mercy waits to set you free,
 Repent before it be too late.

HYMN 107. 8's & 7's.

- 1 **W**HY should I deprive my neighbour,
 Of his goods against his will?
 Hands were made for honest labour,
 Not to plunder, or to steal.
 'Tis a foolish self-deceiving
 By such tricks to hope for gain:
 All that's ever got by thieving
 Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.
- 2 Have not Eve and Adam taught us
 Their sad profit to compute?
 To what dismal state they brought us
 When they stole forbidden fruit?
 Oft we see a young beginner
 Practice little pilfering ways,
 Till grown up a harden'd sinner;
 Then the gallows ends his days.
- 3 Theft will not be always hidden,
 Tho' we fancy none can spy:
 When we take a thing forbidden,
 God beholds it with his eye.

Guard my heart, O God of heaven,
 Lest I covet what's not mine ;
 Lest I steal what is not given,
 Guard my heart and hands from sin.

HYMN 108. L. M.

- 1 **T**HOU shalt not steal thy neighbour's right,
 Nor covet what is not thine own ;
 The pilfering thief that shuns the light,
 Brings on his head the vengeance down.
- 2 When children in their early days
 Begin to cheat, defraud, and steal ;
 By swift degrees they find the ways
 Which lead to infamy, and hell.
- 3 The Lord our secret sins espies,
 None can from him their actions hide ;
 His wrath the guilty shall surprise,
 But who his vengeance can abide ?
- 4 O Lord ! thy gracious fear impart,
 Restrain us from unrighteous ways ;
 Let grace and truth possess our hearts,
 And upright joys crown all our days.

HYMN 109. L. M.

- 1 **O**'TIS a lovely thing for youth
 To walk betimes in wisdom's way !
 To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
 That we may trust to all they say.
- 2 But liars we can never trust,
 Though they should speak the thing that's true ;
 And he that does one fault at first,
 And lies to hide it, makes it two.
- 3 Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
 How God abhors deceit and wrong ?
 How Ananias was struck dead,
 Caught with a lie upon his tongue ?

- 2 So did his wife Sapphira die,
 When she came in and grew so bold
 As to confirm that wicked lie
 That just before her husband told.
- 5 The Lord delights in them that speak
 The words of truth; but ev'ry liar
 Must have his portion in the lake
 That burns with brimstone and with fire.
- 6 Then let me always watch my lips,
 Lest I be struck to death and hell,
 Since God a book of reck'ning keeps
 For every lie that children tell.

HYMN 110. L. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the well-instructed youth,
 Who in his earliest infancy,
 Loves from his heart to speak the truth,
 And, like his God, abhors a lie.
- 2 He that has practis'd no deceit
 With false equivocating tongue,
 Nor even durst o'er-reach or cheat,
 Or slanderously his neighbour wrong.
- 3 He in the house of God shall dwell,
 He on his holy hill shall rest;
 The comforts of religion feel,
 And then be number'd with the blest.
- 4 But who or guile or falsehood use,
 Or take God's name in vain, or swear,
 Or ever lie themselves t' excuse,
 They shall their dreadful sentence bear.
- 5 The Lord, the true and faithful Lord,
 Himself hath said that ev'ry liar
 Shall surely meet his just reward,
 Assign'd him in eternal fire.

HYMN 111. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE liar who the truth denies,
To cover his offence,
And by deceit and falsehood tries
To gain his base pretence :
- 2 Abhor'd of men the wretch shall be,
None can a liar trust ;
His name is stain'd with infamy
And trampled in the dust.
- 3 The Lord abhors the lying tongue,
Addicted to defame ;
He sees the base deceit and wrong,
And brings the wretch to shame.
- 4 He will the guilty liar shake
In his most dreadful ire,
And fix his portion in the lake
Of everlasting fire.

3: *Disobedience to Parents.*

HYMN 112. C. M.

- 1 **L**ET children that would fear the Lord
Hear what their teachers say ;
With rev'rence meet their parents' word,
And with delight obey.
- 2 Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him his father's law who breaks,
Or mocks his mother's word ?
- 3 But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

HYMN 113. L. M.

- 1 **C**HILDREN, your parents' will obey,
 The Lord commands it to be done;
 And those that from his precepts stray,
 To misery and ruin run.
- 2 Your parents honour and revere,
 Be tender, generous, and kind;
 Let filial love wipe ev'ry tear,
 And chase the sorrows from their mind.
- 3 The disobedient children meet
 The vengeance of the Lord most high;
 His curse pursues their wandering feet,
 And ere they reach their prime, they die!
- 4 But those who pay the honour due,
 Serve with respect and filial fear,
 In all their doings just and true,
 And in obedience persevere;
- 5 With length of days and mercies crown'd,
 Their peaceful lives shall glide away;
 In blessings multiplied abound,
 Which never wither nor decay.

4. *Quarrelling, Fighting, and Cruelty.*

HYMN 114. C. M.

- 1 **L**ET dogs delight to bark and bite,
 For God hath made them so;
 Let bears and lions growl and fight,
 For 'tis their nature too.
- 2 But children, you should never let
 Such angry passions rise;
 Your little hands were never made
 To tear each other's eyes.

- 3 Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild ;
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.
- 4 His soul was gentle as a lamb,
And, as he older grew,
He grew in favour both with man
And God, his Father, too.
- 5 Now Lord of all he reigns above,
And from his heav'nly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

HYMN 115. C. M.

- 1 **W**HATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home ;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.
- 2 Birds, in their little nests, agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.
- 3 Hard names at first, and threat'ning words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.
- 4 The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another ;
So wicked Cain was hurried on
Till he had kill'd his brother.
- 5 The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night ;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning light.

- 6 Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
 Our little brawls remove;
 That as we grow to riper age,
 Our hearts may all be love.

HYMN 116. G. M.

- 1 **O**UR tongues were made to bless the Lord,
 And not speak ill of men;
 When others give a railing word,
 We must not rail again.
- 2 Cross words and angry names require
 To be chastis'd at school;
 And he's in danger of hell fire
 That calls his brother fool.
- 3 But lips that dare be so profane,
 To mock, and jeer, and scoff
 At holy things, or holy men,
 The Lord shall cut them off.
- 4 When children, in their wanton play,
 Serv'd old Elisha so,
 And bid the prophet go his way,
 "Go up, thou bald-head, go!"
- 5 God quickly stopt their wicked breath,
 And sent two raging bears
 That tore them limb from limb to death,
 With blood, and groans, and tears.
- 6 Great God, how terrible art thou
 To sinners, e'er so young!
 Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
 To tame and rule my tongue.

HYMN 117. C. M.

- 1 **G**IVER of concord, Prince of Peace,
 Meek, lamb-like Son of God,
 Bid our unruly passions cease,
 Extinguish'd by thy blood.

- 2 Us into closer union draw,
 And in our inward parts,
 Let kindness sweetly write her law,
 Let love command our hearts.
- 3 Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,
 Our jarring wills controul,
 Let cordial, kind affections rise,
 And harmonize the soul.
- 4 O let us find the ancient way
 Our wondering foes to move,
 And force the heathen world to say,
 "See how these children love."

HYMN 118. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW good and pleasant is the sight,
 Where kindred-souls agree ;
 How blest the house where hearts unite
 In bands of piety.
- 2 All in their proper stations move,
 And each fulfills his part,
 In ev'ry care of life and love,
 With sympathizing heart.
- 3 How happy are the sons of peace ;
 Their hearts and hopes are one ;
 And kind designs to serve and please,
 Through all their actions run.
- 4 Here peace, like morning dew, distills
 Its blessings from above ;
 While grateful joy each bosom fills,
 And ev'ry heart is love.

HYMN 119. 8 : 7's.

- 1 **S**WEET it is to see a child
 Tender, merciful, and mild ;
 Ever ready to perform,
 Acts of kindness to a worm ;

Greiving that the world should be
Such a scene of misery :
Scene in which the creatures groan
For transgressions not their own.

- 2 If the creatures must be slain,
Thankless sinners to sustain ;
Such a child, methinks will cry,
“ Treat them gently when they die ;
“ Spare them while they yield their breath,
“ Double not the pains of death ;
“ Strike them not at such a time,
“ God accounts the stroke a crime.”
- 3 God is love, and never can
Bless or love a cruel man ;
Mercy rules in every breast,
Where the Spirit deigns to rest ;
We ourselves to mercy owe
Our escape from endless wo ;
And the merciless in mind,
Shall themselves no mercy find.

5. *Idleness, Trifling, and Delay.*

HYMN 120. 4 : 7's.

- 1 **I**DLE boys and girls are found
Standing on the devil's ground :
He will find them work to do,
He will pay their wages too.
- 2 Are they not of wisdom void,
They that saunter unemployed ?
Young or old, who fondly play
Their important time away ?
- 3 What a bold and foolish lie
When we hear a trifler cry,
“ I no other business have.”
Has he not a soul to save ?

- 4 Has he from his Lord above,
No one talent to improve :
Let him go and muse on this,
The dangerous sin of idleness.
- 5 Let us now to Jesus turn,
Now our mispent moments mourn,
Let us in his Spirit's power,
Promise to stand still no more.

HYMN 121. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From ev'ry op'ning flow'r.
- 2 How skilfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads the wax,
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.
- 3 In works of labour or of skill,
I would be busy too ;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.
- 4 In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for ev'ry day
Some good account at last.

HYMN 122. 4 : 7's.

- 1 **S**EE the shameful sluggard, see,
Sinking into poverty !
Cloth'd in dirty rags and mean,
Never in his person clean.
- 2 He that toils not for his bread,
Ought not to be cloth'd or fed ;
He deserves reproach and shame,
And a sluggard's hated name.

- 3 Base and ignorant his mind,
 Ne'er to goodness is inclin'd ;
 Lets the golden moments fly,
 Nor prepares to live or die !
- 4 Idleness to foulest deeds
 Oft the young transgressor leads,
 Till detected in his ways,
 And cut off amidst his days !

HYMN 123. L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT means it, though you read and hear,
 If still you trifle with the word ;
 Such conduct proves you insincere,
 And is offensive to the Lord.
- 2 He loves the young attentive mind,
 The pond'ring, serious, and sedate ;
 The sincere heart alone can find
 His presence at the mercy seat.
- 3 But such as trifle with his word,
 And by their deeds his grace disown,
 Are not the children of the Lord,
 And soon his hand will cut them down.

HYMN 124. L. M.

- 1 **W**HYY should I say 'Tis yet too soon
 To seek for heav'n or think of death ?
 A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
 And I this day may lose my breath.
- 2 If this rebellious heart of mine
 Despise the gracious calls of Heav'n,
 I may be harden'd in my sin,
 And never have repentance giv'n.
- 3 What if the Lord grow wroth, and swear,
 While I neglect to read or pray,
 That he'll refuse to lend an ear
 To all my groans another day ?

- 4 What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse his offer'd grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place ?
- 5 'Tis dangerous to provoke a God !
His pow'r and vengeance none can tell ;
One stroke of his almighty rod
Can send young sinners quick to hell.
- 6 Then 'twill for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace ;
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

HYMN 125. 4 : 7's.

- 1 **H**ASTEN, sinner, to be wise ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun :
The longer Wisdom you despise,
Harder is she to be won.
- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun :
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun :
Ere thy lamp should fail to burn,
Ere salvation's work be done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest ;
Stay not till to-morrow's sun :
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

6. *Evil Company.*

HYMN 126. C. M.

- 1 **W**HY should I join with those in play,
In whom I've no delight;
Who curse and swear, but never pray,
Who call ill names and fight?
- 2 I hate to hear a wanton song,
Their words offend my ears;
I should not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.
- 3 Away from fools I'll turn mine eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go;
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I may grow.
- 4 From one rude boy that's us'd to mock,
They learn the wicked jest;
One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.
- 5 My God, I hate to walk, or dwell
With sinful children here;
Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.

SECTION IX.

*SHORTNESS of TIME, DEATH, JUDGMENT,
HEAVEN, and HELL.*1. *Shortness of Time.*

HYMN 127. C. M.

- 1 **S**WIFT as the winged arrow flies,
My time is hastening on :
Quick as the lightning from the skies,
My wasting moments run.
- 2 My follies past, O God, forgive ;
My every sin subdue ;
And teach me henceforth how to live,
With glory in my view.
- 3 'Twere better I had not been born
Than live without thy fear ;
For they are wretched and forlorn,
Who have their portion here.
- 4 But, thanks to thine unbounded grace,
That in my early youth,
I have been taught to seek thy face,
And know the way of truth.

- 5 O ! let thy Spirit lead me still,
 Along the happy road ;
 Conform me to thy holy will,
 My Father and my God !
- 6 Another week of life is past :
 My heart to thee incline,
 That if this week should be my last,
 It may be wholly thine.

HYMN 128. 8 : 7's.

- 1 **S**EE ! another week is gone !
 Quickly have the minutes past ;
 That we enter now upon,
 May to some here prove their last.
 Mercy hitherto has spar'd,
 But have mercies been improv'd ?
 Let us ask, are we prepar'd,
 Should we be this week remov'd ?
- 2 Some we now no longer see,
 Who their mortal race have run,
 Seem'd as fair for life as we,
 When the former week begun ;
 While we pray, and while we hear,
 Help us, Lord, each one to think,
 Vast eternity is near,
 I am standing on the brink.
- 3 If from guilt and sin set free,
 By the knowledge of thy grace ;
 Welcome then the call will be,
 To depart and see thy face ;
 To thy saints, while here below,
 With new days new mercies come ;
 But the happiest day they know
 Is their last which leads them home.

HYMN 129. L. M.

- 1 **T**HE short-liv'd day declines in haste,
 The night of death approaches fast ;
 With rapid speed the moments run,
 In which the work of life is done.
- 2 As flies the shuttle o'er the loom,
 So mortals hasten to the tomb ;
 As ships that skip along the sea,
 Or eagles darting on their prey :
- 3 As vanishes the fleeting shade ;
 As flow'rs before the evening fade ;
 Such is the life of feeble man ;
 His days are measur'd by a span.
- 4 I would not wish on earth to stay,
 Beyond this short, uncertain day ;
 But, Lord, prepare my soul to do
 The work appointed me below.
- 5 With willing heart and active hands,
 Lord, I would practise thy commands ;
 Improve the moments as they fly,
 And live as I would wish to die.

HYMN 130. L. M.

- 1 **T**HAT awful hour will soon appear ;
 Swift on the wings of time it flies ;
 When all that pains or pleases here,
 Will vanish from my closing eyes.
- 2 Death calls my friends, my neighbours hence ;
 None can resist the fatal dart ;
 Continual warnings strike my sense ;
 And shall they fail to reach my heart ?
- 3 Think, O my soul ! how much depends
 On the short period of to-day ;
 Shall time which Heav'n in mercy lends,
 Be negligently thrown away ?

- 4 Thy remnant minutes strive to use ;
 Awake ! rouse ev'ry active pow'r !
 And not in dreams and trifles lose
 This little, yet important hour !
- 5 Lord of my life ! inspire my heart,
 With heavenly ardour, grace divine ;
 Nor let thy presence e'er depart ;
 For strength, and life, and death are thine.
- 6 Oh ! teach me the celestial skill,
 Each awful warning to improve !
 And while my days are short'ning still,
 Prepare me for the joys above.

2. *Death.*

HYMN 131. C. M.

- 1 UNTHINKING mortals, ye must die,
 Behold the king of dread
 Prepar'd to let the arrow fly
 Which ranks you with the dead !
- 2 Your youth and strength will nought avail,
 To guard you in that day ;
 Your wealth and honour then will fail,
 Your beauty fade away.
- 3 The finest nerves will be unstrung,
 And ev'ry motion die ;
 Silent the captivating tongue,
 And dim the sparkling eye.
- 4 O could we realize the scene,
 And view the change as near !
 This world would then appear more vain,
 The next employ our care.
- 5 May we in waiting posture stand,
 Prepar'd to take our flight ;
 When gentle death with friendly hand,
 Shall change our faith to sight.

HYMN 132. S. M.

AND am I born to die!
 To lay this body down!
 And must my trembling spirit fly
 Into a world unknown?

- 2 Soon as from earth I go,
 What will become of me?
 Eternal happiness or wo
 Must then my portion be.
- 3 I must from God be driv'n,
 Or with the Saviour dwell;
 Must come at his command to heav'n,
 Or else depart to hell.
- 4 Teach me, O Lord, to shun
 Thy dreadful wrath severe;
 That when thou comest on thy throne,
 I may with joy appear.
- 5 Thou art thyself the way,
 Thyself to me reveal;
 So shall I spend my life's short day,
 Obedient to thy will.

HYMN 133. C. M.

- 1 **T**HREE, we adore, eternal Name,
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms we be.
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As days and months increase;
 And every beating pulse we tell,
 Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave:
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're travelling to the grave.

- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
 'To push us to the tomb;
 And fierce diseases wait around
 To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God, on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things!
 Th' eternal states of all the dead
 Upon life's feeble strings!
- 6 Infinite joy and endless wo
 Attend on ev'ry breath;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
 To walk this dangerous road;
 And if our souls be hurried hence
 May they be found with God!

HYMN 134. 4 : 8's & 2 : 6'a.

- 1 **A**ND am I only born to die?
 And must I suddenly comply
 With nature's stern decree?
 What after death for me remains?
 Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
 To all eternity.
- 2 How then ought I on earth to live,
 While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
 And props the house of clay?
 My sole concern, my single care,
 To watch, and tremble, and prepare
 Against that fatal day!
- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
 For worldly hope or worldly fear,
 If life so soon is gone:
 If now the Judge is at the door
 And all mankind must stand before
 Th' inexorable throne!

- 4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy ;
But oh ! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destin'd place ?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend ?
- 5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies !
How make mine own election sure,
And, when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies !
- 6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness !
Ah, write the pardon on my heart ;
And, whensoever I hence depart
Let me depart in peace !

HYMN 135. C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While friendship prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impress
With awful power—*I too must die,*
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more :
Behold the gaping tomb !
It bids us seize the present hour ;
To-morrow, death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene,
May ev'ry heart obey ;
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

HYMN 136. L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT scenes of horror and of dread,
 Await the dying sinner's bed !
 Death's terrors all appear in sight,
 Presages of eternal night.
- 2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
 And fill his soul with sad surprise ;
 Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears ;
 And not one ray of hope appears.
- 3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast ;
 Where'er he turns he finds no rest :
 Death strikes the blow, he groans and cries,
 And in despair and horror dies.
- 4 Not so the heir of heav'nly bliss :
 His soul is fill'd with conscious peace ;
 A steady faith subdues his fear ;
 He sees the happy Canaan near
- 5 His mind is tranquil and serene ;
 No terror in his looks is seen ;
 His Saviour's smiles dispel the gloom,
 And smooth his passage to the tomb.
- 6 Lord, make my faith and love sincere,
 My judgment sound, my conscience clear ;
 And when the toils of life are past,
 May I be found in peace at last.

3. *Judgment.*

HYMN 137. L. M.

- 1 **H**E comes ! he comes ! the Judge severe,
 'Tis the seventh trumpet speaks him near ;
 His light'nings flash, his thunders roll ;
 How welcome to the faithful soul.

- 2 From heav'n angelic voices sound,
See the almighty Jesus crown'd !
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 the 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.

HYMN 138. L. M.

- 1 **T**HAT solemn day will soon arrive,
Th' important, the decisive day,
When from death's awful slumber rous'd,
God's dread command all must obey.—
- 2 Deep thunders usher in the morn,
And, thro' the heavens tremendous roll :
The wide expanse is all on fire,
While lightnings blaze from pole to pole.—
- 3 In glory, see the Judge descends,
Array'd in majesty and might ;
Attended by ten thousand saints,
And angels of celestial light.
- 4 The trumpet's loud and dreadful blast,
Sounds thro' the regions of the dead ;
With terror some, and some with joy,
Rise from the dust, their lowly bed.
- 5 All righteous and eternal Judge !
When summon'd at thy bar to stand,
May I, acquitted and approv'd,
Be crown'd with bliss at thy right hand.

HYMN 139. L. M.

- 1 **T**HE Judge of all will soon come down,
 Bright on his everlasting throne,
 Summon the nations to his bar,
 And I shall take my trial there.
- 2 Jesus, be now my friend with God,
 And wash me in thy cleansing blood,
 That at thy last appearance, I
 May, shouting, meet thee in the sky.

HYMN 140. C. M.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts,
 And thou, O earth, adore,
 Let death and hell through all their coasts
 Stand trembling at his pow'r.
- 2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
 He makes the clouds his throne,
 There all his stores of light'ning lie,
 Till vengeance dart them down.
- 3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
 And from his awful tongue
 A sov'reign voice divides the flames,
 And thunder roars along.
- 4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day
 When this incensed God
 Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
 And fling his wrath abroad.
- 5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do?
 He once defy'd the Lord;
 But he shall dread the thund'rer now,
 And sink beneath his word.
- 6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll
 To blast a rebel-worm,
 And beat upon his naked soul
 In one eternal storm.

4. *Heaven.*

HYMN 141. C. M.

- 1 **O** WORLD of bliss! could mortal eyes
 But half its charms explore;
 How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more.
- 2 There pain and sickness never come;
 There grief no more complains;
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And purest pleasure reigns.
- 3 No malice, strife, or envy there,
 The sons of peace molest;
 But harmony and love sincere,
 Fill every happy breast.
- 4 O! may this heav'nly prospect fire
 Our hearts with ardent love;
 May lively faith and strong desire,
 Bear ev'ry thought above.

HYMN 142. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW bright these glorious spirits shine!
 Whence all their white array?
 How came they to the blissful seats
 Of everlasting day?
- 2 Lo! these are they from suff'rings great,
 Who came to realms of light,
 And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
 Those robes which shine so bright.
- 3 Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
 Before the throne on high,
 And serve the God they love, amidst
 The glories of the sky.

- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing ;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannahs ring.
- 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray ;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.
- 6 The Lamb who dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside ;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
- 7 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from ev'ry eye
Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

HYMN 143. C. M.

- X
1 **L**O! what a glorious sight appears
To our admiring eyes !
The former seas have pass'd away,
The former earth and skies. X
- 2 From heaven the New Jerus'lem comes,
All worthy of its Lord ;
See all things now at last renew'd,
And paradise restor'd !
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing ;
Mortals ! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King !
- 4 The God of glory down to men
Removes his bless'd abode ;
He dwells with men ; his people they,
And he his people's God.

- 5 His gracious hand shall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye ;
Pains, griefs, and fears, shall be no more,
No more shall death destroy.

5. *Hell*

HYMN 144. L. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a pit beneath the grave,
Where Satan and his angels dwell ;
God made it in his holy wrath,
And call'd the horrid dungeon—Hell !
- 2 There burns the everlasting flame,
Kindled by his almighty breath ;
And sinners in that pit endure
The vengeance of eternal death.—
- 3 Oh ! save us from the power of sin,
And let us feel thine aid betimes ;
We beg thy grace to make us clean,
And ask forgiveness of our crimes.
- 4 Then shall our hearts delight in thee,
And all thy rich redemption tell ;
Who didst for sinners bear the curse,
Which sunk the guilty down to hell.

HYMN 145. L. M.

- 1 **W**HO can abide God's wrath, or stand
Before the terrors of his hand ?
Jehovah's curse what heart shall dare
To meet ; or who be strong to bear ?
- 2 He ev'ry good can take away,
And ev'ry evil on us lay ;
With but a single word or frown
Can bring the haughtiest rebel down :

- 3 Can send the wretched soul to hell,
To the fierce flames where devils dwell,
For endless years to languish there
In pangs of infinite despair.
- 4 I then, poor feeble child, how soon
Must I dissolve before his frown !
And yet his frowns and vengeance too
I by my sins have made my due.
- 5 Is there no hope ? and must I die ?
Is there no friend and helper nigh ?
Is it beyond repeal decreed,
That ev'ry soul that sins must bleed ?
- 6 O let my longing, trembling ear
Some sound of grace and pardon hear !
My soul would the first news embrace
And turn its tremblings into praise.

SECTION X.

ANNIVERSARY HYMNS, and HYMNS
for SERMONS in behalf of
SABBATH SCHOOLS.

HYMN 146. C. M.

- 1 **A** GAIN the kind revolving year
Has brought this happy day;
And we in God's blest house appear,
Again our vows to pay.

- 2 Our watchful guardians, rob'd in light,
Adore the heavenly King;
Ten thousand thousand seraphs bright
Incessant praises sing.
- 3 They know no want, they feel no care,
Nor ever sigh as we;
Sorrow and sin are strangers there,
And all is harmony.
- 4 If aught can there enhance their bliss,
Or raise their rapture higher;
New joys in heaven at sights like this,
New anthems fill the choir.
- 5 With what resembling care and love
Both worlds for us appear!
Our friendly guardians, those above,
Our benefactors here.

HYMN 147. C. M.

- 1 **O**N this auspicious happy day,
What incense shall we bring?
What grateful, humble homage pay
To our Almighty King?
- 2 Be his dread name on earth confess'd,
As 'tis by those above;
What is th' employment of the bless'd,
But songs of praise and love!
- 3 That breath which we from heaven receive,
We thus in hymns restore;
And while we on his bounty live,
We'll wonder and adore.
- 4 Rescu'd from want, and vice, and shame,
We'll all our future days
Our great Creator's love proclaim,
And live but to thy praise.

- 5 May heart, and voice, and life combine
 His goodness to express :
 May all that hear us with us join,
 And our Redeemer bless.

HYMN 148. C. M.

- 1 **H**EAR, Lord! the song of praise and prayer
 In heaven, thy dwelling place,
 From children made the public care,
 And taught to seek thy face.
- 2 Thanks for thy word, and for thy day,
 And grant us, we implore!
 Never to waste, in sinful play,
 Thy holy Sabbaths more.
- 3 Thanks that we hear; but, O! impart
 To each desires sincere,
 That we may listen with our heart,
 And learn as well as hear.
- 4 Wisdom and bliss thy word bestows,
 A sun which ne'er declines;
 O! be thy mercies shower'd on *those*
 Who plac'd us where it shines.

HYMN 149. L. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all! thy tender care
 Calls forth our voices in thy praise;
 What angels sing in loftiest strains,
 Deign to accept in humble lays.
- 2 'Tis to thy love we owe our breath,
 With all our various mental powers;
 And blessings still of noblest kind,
 That love in rich abundance show'rs.
- 3 Expos'd to ignorance and vice,
 What pow'r on earth but thine could raise
 Such friends, to aid our greatest wants,
 Such lasting matter for our praise.

- 4 Soft pity planted by thy hand,
That melts the heart and fills the eye,
Form'd and supports the lib'ral plan,
Which yields our wants this rich supply.
- 5 Father, we own thy wond'rous love ;
And while such helps thy mercy sends,
Teach us thy favours to improve,
And bless, O bless, our gen'rous friends.

HYMN 150. P. M.

- 1 **T**O thee, great God ! our thanks we owe,
Thy goodness we adore ;
Who mak'st the feeling heart to glow
With pity for the poor :
Who mak'st the infant orphan share,
The good man's riches, love, and care.
- 2 O ! still on those look kindly down,
Who brought to us relief ;
Thy blessing all their labours crown,
And soften ev'ry grief :
And that which hath the poor man bless'd,
Increase the comfort of the rest.
- 3 But chiefly in that hour of night,
When earthly joys are o'er,
When in one narrow house unite
The wealthy and the poor ;
O ! may their spirits joy in God,
And rise prepar'd for his abode.
- 4 And when before thy judgment seat,
With trembling hope we go ;
Reward or punishment to meet
For what we do below :
Our grateful voices shall make known
The love which here to us was shown.

HYMN 151. C. M.

- 1 **O**UR feeble voices, Lord, we raise,
 Before thy gracious throne ;
 Oh ! tune our hearts to sing thy praise,
 For all thy mercies shewn.
- 2 Thy watchful eye, thy guardian hand,
 Support us ev'ry hour ;
 And in thy house this day we stand,
 Thy goodness to adore.
- 3 Incline our hearts to seek thy face,
 The Saviour's name to love ;
 And form us by almighty grace,
 For nobler praise above.

SECTION XL.

DOXOLOGIES.

HYMN 152. L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him, all creatures here below :
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 153. 4 : 8's & 2 : 6's.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be praise amidst the heav'nly host,
 And in the church below :
 From whom all creatures drew their breath,
 By whom redemption bless'd the earth,
 From whom all comforts flow.

HYMN 154. 6 : 7's.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in Three, and Three in One!
 As by the celestial host,
 Let thy will on earth be done!
 Praise by all to thee be given!
 Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

HYMN 155. 6 : 8's.

SHOUT to the great Jehovah's praise,
 Ye sons of glory and of grace;
 One God in persons Three adore,
 The same in majesty and power:
 Ye suff'ring and triumphant host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 156. P. M.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above!
 Thus may we abide in Union
 With each other and the Lord;
 And possess in sweet Communion
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

HYMN 157. L. M.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
 Help us to feed upon thy word;
 All that has sin for ransom, forgive,
 And let thy touch within us live.

2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good;
 Wash all our works in Jesu's blood;
 Give ev'ry letter'd soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

SECTION XII.

SUPPLEMENTARY *HYMNS*.

HYMN 158. L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD may a few poor children raise
To thee a hymn of humble praise?
That such poor little ones as we
Are taught to love and worship thee.
- 2 What wicked children we have been
Alas! how soon we learn'd to sin!
But now we learn to read and pray,
And not to break the Sabbath day.
- 3 The Lord is kind, and we will sing
The praises of our heavenly king:
He saw our sin with angry frown,
And yet he look'd with pity down.
- 4 Oh! if we should again begin
To grieve our God, and turn to sin,
And let our guilty passions loose,
We now shall be without excuse.
- 5 Then let us listen day by day,
To every thing our teachers say;
And may it be our great concern,
Still to remember what we learn.

HYMN 159. C. M.

- 1 **N**OW let our voices all be led
 To praise the Lord to-day,
 For Jesus Christ himself has said,
 That little children may.
- 2 We praise thee, Lord, for every good
 Thy tender care bestows,
 We thank thee for our daily food,
 And for our decent clothes.
- 3 'Tis great compassion in the Lord
 Our mouths with bread to fill;
 But we are taught to read his word,
 And that is better still.
- 4 Not all the wealth the world can give
 Could such a treasure buy,
 For this will teach us how to live,
 And make us fit to die.
- 5 O may we always be inclin'd
 To walk in wisdom's ways!
 And, Lord, as thou art very kind,
 Accept our song of praise.

HYMN 160. P. M.

- 1 **O** LORD wilt thou teach me to pray,
 And afterwards answer my prayer;
 I know thou canst hear what I say,
 Because thou art every where.
- 2 Not even a sparrow can fall,
 But Lord it is noticed by thee,
 And though I'm so young and so small,
 Thou art not unmindful of me.
- 3 Oh teach me to do what is right!
 And when I offend thee, forgive;
 And make it my greatest delight,
 To serve thee as long as I live.

- 4 Whatever distress I am in,
To thee may I cheerfully call;
Especially keep me from sin,
For that's the worst evil of all.
- 5 Let no inward thought be allow'd
That is not becoming in me,
For even poor children are proud,
Unless they're made humble by thee.
- 6 Then still may I seek, till I find,
What none can be happy without,
That humble and teachable mind,
Which Jesus was preaching about.

HYMN 161. S. M.

- 1 **WE** thank the Lord above,
Who cares for children thus;
And sends his people, out of love,
To teach and pray for us.
- 2 We humbly join the prayers,
As grateful children should;
Unless we add our own to theirs,
They cannot do us good.
- 3 Oh! make us all sincere,
And thankful to be taught;
And careful, every word we hear,
To mind it as we ought.
- 4 For here we learn the way,
That leads to God and heaven,
And how such helpless sinners may
Have all their sins forgiven.
- 5 We thank the Lord who shows
His love and mercy to us;
And pray that he would smile on those
Who teach and pray for us.

HYMN 162. L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast search'd and seen me
 through:
 Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
 Are to my God distinctly known.
 He knows the words I mean to speak,
 Ere from my op'ning lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling pow'r I stand;
 On ev'ry side I find thy hand:
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
 What large extent! what lofty height!
 My soul, with all the pow'rs I boast,
 Is in the boundless prospect lost.

HYMN 163. C. M.

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

HYMN 164. C. M.

- 1 **I**NFINITE Power, eternal Lord,
How sovereign is thy hand!
All nature rose t' obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.
- 2 But ah! how wide my spirit flies,
And wanders from her God!
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,
And treads the downward road.
- 3 Shall creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all their dues to thee;
Creatures that never knew thy name,
That ne'er were lov'd like me?
- 4 Great God, create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to thine,
Melt down my will and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.
- 5 Then shall my feet no more depart
Nor my affections rove,
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions love.

HYMN 165. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee?
Asham'd of thee, whom Angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own her star:
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.

- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain!
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me!

HYMN 166. C. M.

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
In satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And heav'n's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

HYMN 167. P. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
 Once became a child like me :
 O that in my whole behaviour
 He my pattern still might be.
- 2 All my nature is unholy ;
 Pride and passion dwell within :
 But the Lord was meek and lowly,
 And was never known to sin.
- 3 While I'm often vainly trying
 Some new pleasure to possess,
 He was always self-denying,
 Patient in his worst distress.
- 4 Let me never be forgetful
 Of his precepts any more ;
 Idle, passionate, and fretful,
 As I've often been before.
- 5 Lord, though now thou art in glory,
 We have thine example still :
 I can read thy sacred story,
 And obey thy holy will.
- 6 Help me by that rule to measure
 Ev'ry word and ev'ry thought ;
 Thinking it my greatest pleasure,
 There to learn what thou hast taught.

HYMN 168. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, that condescending King,
 Is pleas'd to hear when children sing,
 And, while our feeble voices rise,
 Will not the humble pray'r despise.

- 2 Then keep us, Lord, from ev'ry sin,
Which we can see and feel within ;
And what we neither feel nor see,
Forgive, for all is known to thee.
- 3 We own there's nothing good in us,
To tempt thee to befriend us thus :
We cannot think a single thought,
Nor even thank thee, as we ought.
- 4 Yet, Lord, we humbly venture nigh,
Because thou camest down to die :
And this is all the plea we make,
" O save us, for thy mercy's sake."

HYMN 169. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend ?—
I a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky ?
- 2 Art thou my Father ?—Canst thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect pray'r ?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise !
- 3 Art thou my Father ?—Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee ;
And try, in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.
- 4 Art thou my Father ?—I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend ;
And only wish to do, and be,
Whatever seemeth good to thee.
- 5 Art thou my Father ?—then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child, above.

HYMN 170. C. M.

- 1 **N**OW that my journey's just begun,
My course so little trod,
I'll stay, before I further run,
And give myself to God.
- 2 And, lest I should be ever led
Through sinful paths to stray,
I would at once begin to tread
In wisdom's pleasant way.
- 3 What sorrows may my steps attend
I cannot now foretel;
But if the Lord will be my friend,
I know that all is well.
- 4 If all my earthly friends should die,
And leave me mourning here;
Since God regards the orphan's cry,
O what have I to fear!
- 5 If I am rich, He'll guard my heart,
Temptation to withstand;
And make me willing to impart
The bounties of his hand.
- 6 If I am poor, He can supply,
Who has my table spread;
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
And fills his poor with bread.
- 7 And, Lord, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to thy will,
And I would ask no more.
- 8 Attend me through my youthful way,
Whatever be my lot;
And when I'm feeble, old, and grey,
O Lord, forsake me not.

- 9 Then still, as seasons hasten by,
 I will for heaven prepare;
 That God may take me when I die,
 To dwell for ever there.

HYMN 171. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I would own thy tender care
 And all thy love to me;
 The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
 Are all bestow'd by thee.
- 2 'Tis thou preservest me from death
 And dangers ev'ry hour:
 I cannot draw another breath
 Unless thou give me pow'r.
- 3 Kind angels guard me ev'ry night,
 As round my bed they stay;
 Nor am I absent from thy sight
 In darkness, or by day.
- 4 My health, and friends, and parents dear,
 To me by God are giv'n;
 I have not any blessing here,
 But what is sent from Heav'n.
- 5 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
 A child can ne'er repay;
 But may it be my daily pray'r
 To love thee and obey.

HYMN 172. C. M.

- 1 **A**Lmighty God, who dwellest high,
 Where mortals cannot gaze,
 If thou wilt listen, I will try
 To sing a hymn of praise.

- 2 Angels adore thee, and rejoice—
Such praise to thee belongs ;
But wilt thou hear my feeble voice,
Amid their lofty songs ?
- 3 My thoughts are vain, my heart is hard,
And poor the thanks I pay ;
O how unworthy thy regard
Is all a child can say !
- 4 My feeble pow'rs can never rise
To praise thee as I ought ;
For thou art great, and good, and wise,
Beyond my highest thought.
- 5 In heaven thy glories, Lord, resound,
And children join the song ;
And O may I at last be found
Among that happy throng !
- 6 There we shall better praises bring,
And raise our voices higher,
Angels will teach us how to sing,
And we shall never tire.

END OF THE HYMNS.


ERRATUM.

Hymn 5, verse 2, first line, *for our, read his.*

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FINIS.



GLASGOW:

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