



EVANGELICAL HARP.

THE
EVANGELICAL HARP:

A NEW COLLECTION OF
HYMNS AND TUNES,

DESIGNED FOR
REVIVALS OF RELIGION, AND FOR FAMILY AND SOCIAL
WORSHIP.

BY JACOB KNAPP.

CONTAINING ALSO, AN ESSAY ON EVANGELISM, BY
THE COMPILER.

—
" Speaking to yourselves in Psalms and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs,
singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord.—Eph. 5 : 19.

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PREFACE.

In offering this work to the public, I have no apology to make. Long have I seriously felt the necessity of a work of this kind, and have often been solicited to avail myself of the peculiar advantages afforded me, by my extensive travels, and my coming in contact with all kinds of Spiritual Hymns and Tunes; and to prepare for the Christian public such a work as the nature of the case demands. There are many works of the kind extant, but some are too voluminous, others have not a sufficient variety of hymns and music, while others still, are not well selected, some are tinctured with sectarian views, others, containing unscriptural sentiments. Nor is this work supposed to be without defects, especially as I profess to be no great judge of music.

I have however been assisted in the selection and arrangement of the tunes by Mr. CHARLES FERGUSON, and trust the book will be found well adapted to the purposes named, and of great assistance to those who wish to sing the praises of their Redeemer in the spirit, and with their understanding also. J. K.

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EVANGELICAL HARP.

1. C. M. S. F. SMITH.

Spirit of Holiness.

- 1 SPIRIT OF HOLINESS, descend ;
Thy people wait for thee ;
Thine ear, in kind compassion, lend ;
Let us thy mercy see.
- 2 Behold, thy weary churches wait,
With wishful, longing eyes ;
Let us no more lie desolate ;
O, bid thy light arise.
- 3 Thy light, that on our souls hath shone,
Leads us in hope to thee ;
Let us not feel its rays alone—
Alone thy people be.
- 4 O, bring our dearest friends to God ;
Remember those we love ;
Fit them, on earth, for thine abode ;
Fit them for joys above.
- 5 Spirit of holiness, 'tis thine
To hear our feeble prayer ;
Come,—for we wait thy power divine,—
Let us thy mercy share.

1 How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,

In yon blissful region, the haven of rest, Where

glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me, And lead me to

mansions prepared for the blest; En-circled in light, and with

glory enshrouded, My happiness perfect, my mind's sky un-

clouded, I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure un-bounded.

And range with delight through the Eden of Love.

2

While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
 Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
 The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
 In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise:
 Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo thro' heaven,
 My soul will respond, To Immanuel be given,
 All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
 Who brought us thro' grace to the Eden of Love.

3

Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glory!
 Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
 "Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus' love:"
 Through 'prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
 Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation,
 Of joys that await me when freed from probation:
 My heart's now in Heaven, the Eden of Love.

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I Brethren, while we so - journ here,
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,

Fight we must, but should not fear; }
One that loves us to the end; } Forward, then, with

cour - age go, Long we shall not dwell be - low; Soon the

joyful news will come, " Child, your Father calls, Come home."

2 In the way, a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart:
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon in glory be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
" Child, your Father calls, Come home."

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft misled our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
" Child, your father calls, Come home."

Joy in Hope.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

2 Shout ye little flock, and blest,
You near Jesus throne shall rest;
There your seats are now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land:
Jesus Christ, your Father's son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

PILGRIM'S FAREWELL.

Farewell, farewell, farewell dear friends, I
must be gone, I have no home or stay with you; I'll
take my staff and travel on, Till I a better
world do view. I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll
land on Canaan's shore, Where pleasures never end, Where

trou - bles come no more. Fare - well, fare -
well, fare - well, my lov - ing friends, farewell.

- 2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss;
I leave you here, and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
I'll march, &c.
- 3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.
I'll march, &c.
- 4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heaven;
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown will soon be given.
I'll march, &c.
Fight on, &c.
- 5 Farewell, poor careless sinners too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here,
Eternal vengeance waits for you;
O turn, and find salvation near.
I'll march, &c.
O turn, &c.

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die?
2 Come now to the banquet, and make no delay,

Since God in great mercy is com - ing so nigh; Since
For Christ bids you welcome, he bids you to - day; Come

Je - sus in - vites you, the Spirit says, Come, And
wretched, come, starving, come, just as you be, While

an - gels are waiting to welcome you home.
streams of sal - va - tion are flowing so free.

"O, turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die?"

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will you die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain:
To bear up your spirit when summon'd to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

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

1 What sound is this sa - lutes my ear? 'Tis

2 Be - hold the fair Je - ru - sa - lem, Il-

Gabriel's trump methinks I hear; 'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear;

lu - mi - nated by the Lamb, Illuminated by the Lamb,

Th'ex - pected day has come, Be - hold the heav'ns, the

In glo - ry doth up - pear. Fair Zi - on rising

earth, the sea, Proclaim the year of Ju - bi - lee, Pro-

from the tombs, To meet the Bridegroom, lo, He comes, To

claim the year of Ju - bilee, Re - turn, ye exiles home.

meet the Bridegroom, lo, he comes, And hails the festive year.

3 My soul is striving to be there;
I long to rise and wing the air,
And trace the sacred road.
Adieu, adieu, all earthly things;
O that I had an angel's wings,
I'd quickly see my God.

4 Fly, lingering moments, fly, O fly,
I thirst, I pant, I long to try,
Angelic joys to prove!
Soon shall I quit this house of clay,
Clap my glad wings and soar away,
And shout redeeming love.

1 O there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,

2 O there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,

O there will be mourning at the judgment seat of Christ.

O there will be mourning at the judgment seat of Christ.

Parents and children there will part, Parents and children there will part

Wives and husbands there will part, Wives and husbands there will part

Parents and children there will part, Will part to meet no more.

Wives and husbands there will part, Will part to meet no more.

3
O there will be mourning, mourning, &c.
Brothers and sisters there will part, &c.

4
O there will be mourning, mourning, &c.
Friends and neighbors there will part, &c.

5
O there will be mourning, mourning, &c.
Pastors and people there will part, &c.

6
O there will be mourning, mourning, &c.
Devils and sinners there will meet.
Will meet to part no more.

7
O there will be shouting, shouting, &c.
Saints and angels there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

1 Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea - ture com -
plaints, How sweet to my soul is com - mu - nion with saints.
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room, And
feel in the presence of Jesus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet
home, Pro - pare me, dear Saviour, to glo - ry my home.

Saints' Sweet Home.

2

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

CHORUS.

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

3

I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee ;
Tho' now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

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

4

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

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

5

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

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

6

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

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

I When marshalled on the nightly plain, The
star alone of all the train, Can
one alone, the Saviour speaks, It

1st time. 2d time.

glittering hosts be - stud the sky. One
fix the sin - ner's wandering eye.
is the star of Bethlehem.

Hark! hark! to God the cho - rus breaks, From

D. C.

ev' - ry host, from ev' - ry gem; But

Star of Bethlehem.

- 2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death struck—I ceased the tide to stem:
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace;
Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

The Christian and the Cross.

- 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Who lives by angel's now adored;
That Jesus who once died for me,
Who bore my sins in agony.
- 2 I'm not ashamed to own his laws,
Nor to defend his noble cause,
The way he's gone is lined with blood,
O may I tread the steps he trod.
- 3 I'm not ashamed his name to bear,
With those who his disciples were:
Christian, sweet name! its worth I view,
O may I wear the nature too.
- 4 I'm not ashamed to bear my cross,
For which I count all things as dross;
What'er I'm bid to do or say,
When Christ commands, I will obey.

1 { We're trav'ling home to Heav'n above—Will you
To sing the Saviour's dy - ing love—Will you

And millions now are on the road—Will you

go? Will you go? } Mil - lions have reach'd this
go? Will you go? }

go? Will you go?

D. C.

blest abode, A - noint - ed kings and priests to God.

D. C.

2
We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,—Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,—Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share,—Will you go?

3
We're going to join the Heavenly Choir,—Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,—Will you go?
The saints and angels gladly sing,
Hosanna to their God and king,
And make the heavenly arches ring,—Will you go?

4
Ye weary, heavy laden, come,—Will you go?
In the blest house there still is room,—Will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease,—Come believe!

5
The way to Heaven is free for all—Will you go? !
For Jews and Gentiles—great and small,—Will you go?
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And now for glory, make a start,—Come away!

6
The way to heaven is straight and plain,—Will you go? !
Repent, believe, be born again,—Will you go?
The Savior cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,"
And thou shalt my salvation see,—Come to me!

7
O, could I hear some sinner say,—I will go!
I'll start this moment, clear the way,—Let me go!
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell! [well.
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,—Let me go! Fare you

Slow and solemn.

1 Day of judg - ment, day of won - ders!

Hark! the trum - pet's aw - ful sound, Louder than a

thousand thun - ders, Shakes the vast cre - a - tion round.

How the summons will the sin - ner's heart con - found.

2

See the Judge, our nature wearing,
 Clothed in majesty divine!
 You who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, "This God is mine!
 Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for thine!

3

At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea;
 All the powers of nature shaken
 By his looks prepare to flee.
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee?

4

But to those who have confessed,
 Loved and served the Lord below,
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
 See the kingdom I bestow,
 You forever,
 Shall my love and glory know."

1 My Bible leads to glo - ry, My Bible leads to

glory, My Bi - ble leads to glory, Ye fol - lowers of the Lamb.

Chorus.

Sing on, pray on, ye fol - lowers of Im - man - u - el,

Sing on, pray on, ye fol - lowers of the Lamb.

- 2 Religion makes me happy,
Religion makes me happy,
Religion makes me happy,
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.
- 3 I'm on my way to glory,
I'm on my way to glory,
I'm on my way to glory,
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.
- 4 I'm fighting for a kingdom,
I'm fighting for a kingdom,
I'm fighting for a kingdom,
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.
- 5 King Jesus is my captain,
King Jesus is my captain,
King Jesus is my captain,
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.
- 6 We'll have a shout in glory,
We'll have a shout in glory,
We'll have a shout in glory,
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.
- 7 There we shall live forever,
There we shall live forever,
There we shall live forever,
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.

1 You will see your Lord a coming, You will see your Lord a

coming, You will see your Lord a coming :—While the old church

yards, Hear the band of music, hear the band of music, hear the

band of music which is sounding through the air.

- 2 Gabriel sounds his mighty trumpet, &c.
Through the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.
- 3 He'll awake all the nations, &c.
From the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.
- 4 There will be a mighty wailing, &c.
At the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.
- 5 O Sinner, you will tremble, &c.
At the old church yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.
- 6 You will flee to rocks and mountains, &c.
From the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.
- 7 You will see the saints arising, &c.
From the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.
- 8 Angels bear them to the Savior, &c.
From the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.
- 9 Then we'll shout, our sufferings over, &c.
From the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.

I Je - sus my all to heav'n is gone; } Jesus says he
He whom I fix my hopes upon. }

will be with us to the end. For he has been with us, and he
still is with us, And he's promis'd to be with us to the end.

2
His track I see and I'll pursue, Jesus, &c.
The narrow way till him I view. Jesus, &c.

3
The way the holy prophets went, Jesus, &c.
The road that leads from banishment. Jesus, &c.

4
The king's highway of holiness, Jesus, &c.
I'll go, for all his paths are peace. Jesus, &c.

5
This is the way I long have sought, Jesus, &c.
And mourned because I found it not. Jesus, &c.

6
My grief a burden long has been, Jesus, &c.
Because I was not saved from sin. Jesus, &c.

7
The more I strove against its power, Jesus, &c.
I felt its weight and guilt the more. Jesus, &c.

8
Till late I heard my Savior say, Jesus, &c.
'Come hither soul, I am the way.' Jesus, &c.

9
Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb, Jesus, &c.
Shall take me to thee, whose I am, Jesus, &c.

10
Nothing but sin have I to give, Jesus, &c.
Nothing but love shall I receive. Jesus, &c.

11
Then will I tell to sinners round, Jesus, &c.
What a dear Savior I have found. Jesus, &c.

12
I'll point to thy redeeming blood, Jesus, &c.
And say, 'Behold the way to God.' Jesus, &c.

O get your hearts in order, order, or - der; O

get your hearts in or - der for the end of time;

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

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

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

Je - ru - sa - lem, my happy home, O how I
 { When will my sorrows have an end, Thy joys when

long for thee! } We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We
 shall I see? }

soon shall hear the trumpet sound, And then we shall our

Je - sus meet, And never, never part a - gain.

What never part again? No, never part again. But there we shall ou,

Je - sus meet. And never, never part a - gain.

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
 Most glorious to behold;
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
 Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks
 My study long have been;
 Such dazzling views by human sight
 Have never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
 Why should I stay from thence.
 What folly's this that I should dread
 To die, and go from hence.

5 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
 And cause me to ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths never end.

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

Andantino.

1 Must Simon bear his cross alone, And all the world go

free? No, there's a cross for every one, and there's a cross for

me. Yes, there's a cross on Calvary, thro' which by faith the

crown I see; To me 'tis pardon bringing, O that's the cross for

me. O that's the cross for me. O that's the cross for me.

- 2 How happy are the saints above, who once went mourning here;
But now they taste unmingled love, and joy without a tear. *
Yes, perfect love will dry the tear, and cast out all tormenting fear,
Which round my heart is clinging. O that's the love for me, &c.
- 3 We'll bear the consecrated cross, till from the cross we're free;
And then go home to wear the crown, for there's a crown for me.
Yes there's a crown in heav'n above, the purchase of my Savior's love,
For me at his appearing. O that's the crown for me, &c.
- 4 The church will hear the midnight cry, the Lord will then appear.
Ye virgins, rise with burning lamps, go meet him in the air.
Yes there's a home in heaven prepared, a house no wicked man has shar'd
Where Christ is interceding. O that's the home for me, &c.

How prone are professors to rest on their lees, To

study their pleasure, their profit and ease; Though God says a-

rise, and es - cape for thy life, And look not be-

hind you, And look not be - hind you, "Remember Lot's wife."

Awake from thy slumbers, the warning believe
'Tis Jesus that calls you, the message receive;
While dangers are pending, escape for thy life,
And look not behind you; "remember Lot's wife!"

The first bold apostate will tempt you to stay,
And tell you that lions are found in the way;
He means to deceive you, escape for thy life,
And look not behind you; "remember Lot's wife!"

How many poor souls has the tempter beguiled!
With specious temptations how many defiled!
O, be not deluded, escape for thy life,
And look not behind you; "remember Lot's wife!",

The ways of religion true^e pleasure afford,
No pleasures can equal the joys of the Lord:
Forsake then the world and escape for thy life,
And look not behind you; "remember Lot's wife!"

But if you determine the call to refuse,
And venture the way of destruction to choose,
For hell, you will part with the blessings of life,
And then, if not now, you'll "remember Lot's wife!"

I I'm a pil - grim and I'm a stran - ger;

I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;

Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing,

D. C.

To where the fountains are ev - er flowing.

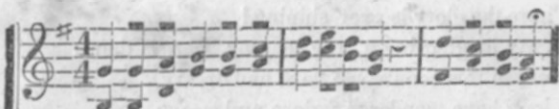
There the glory is ever shining!
 O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there.
 Here in this country so dark and dreary,
 I long have wandered forlorn and weary.
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.

There's the city to which I journey;
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!
 There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
 Nor any tears there, nor any dying!
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.

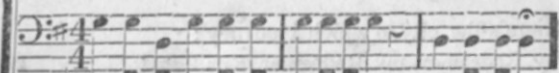
Farewell, neighbors, with tears I've warned you,
 I must leave you, I must leave you and be gone!
 With this your portion, your hearts' desire—
 Why will you perish in raging fire?
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.

Father, mother and sister, brother!
 If you will not journey with me I must go!
 Now since your vain hopes you will thus cherish,
 Should I too linger, and with you perish?
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.

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



I Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam, Here is no rest
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone, Yet I am blest,

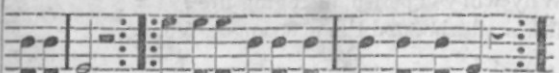


My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say, There, there is rest.

D. C.



is no rest ; } For I look forward to that glorious day,
I am blest. } When sin and sorrow will vanish away.



2

Here fierce temptations beset me around ; Here is no rest—is
no rest :

Here I am grieved while my foes me surround ; Yet I am blest
—I am blest.

Let them revile me and scoff at my name,

Laugh at my weeping—endeavour to shame ;

I will go forward, for this is my theme ; There, there is rest—there
is rest.

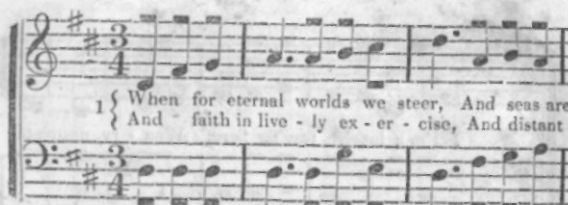
3

Here are afflictions and trials severe ; Here is no rest—is no rest ;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear ; Yet I am blest—I
am blest.

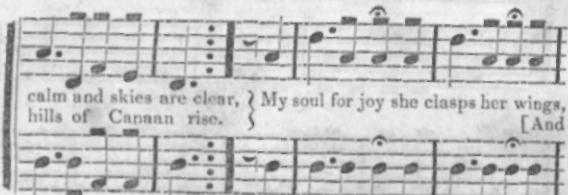
Sweet is the promise I read in his word ;

Blessed are they who have died in the Lord ?

They will be call'd to receive their reward ; —Then there is rest
—there is rest.



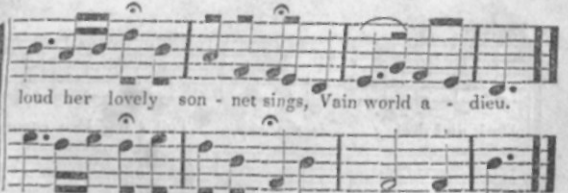
1 } When for eternal worlds we steer, And seas are
} And - faith in live - ly ex - er - cise, And distant



calm and skies are clear, } My soul for joy she clasps her wings,
hills of Canaan rise. } [And



loud her lovely sonnet sings, Vain world adieu, vain world adieu ; And



loud her lovely son - net sings, Vain world a - dieu.

With cheerful hopes her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore,
The tees of Life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream ;
Again for joy she claps her wings, &c.

Andante.

1 I'm a lonely trav'ler here, Wea - ry, opprest.

But my jour - ney's end is near—Soon I shall rest.

Dolce.

Dark and dreary is the way, Toil - ing I've come.

Ask me not with you to stay — Yonder's my home.

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

1 The voice of free grace, Cries escape to the mountain, For

Adam's lost race, Christ has open'd a fountain, For sin and transgres-

sion, And eve - ry pol - lu - tion, The blood flows so freely In

streams of sal - va - tion, The blood flows so freely In

streams of salvation. Halle - lu - jah to the Lamb, Who hath

pur - chas'd our pardon, We'll praise him a - gain, When we

pass over Jordan, We'll praise him again, When we pass over Jor and

2 When on Zion we stand,
 Having gain'd the blest shore
 With our harps in our hands
 We will praise him evermore,
 We will range the blest fields
 On the banks of the river,
 And sing hallelujahs
 For ever and ever.
Hallelujah &c.

1 Afflictions though they seem severe, In mercy oft are sent.

They stopp'd the prodigal's career, And caus'd him to repent. I'll

die no more for bread, I'll die no more for bread, he cried, Nor starve in
[foreign

lands, My father's house hath large supplies, And bounteous are his
hands.

2 What have I gained by sin, he said,
But hunger, shame and fear;
My father's house abounds with bread
While I am starving here.
I'll die no more, &c.

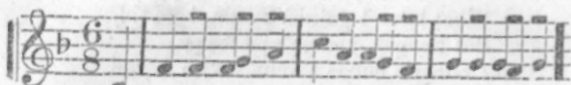
3 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face,
Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place.
I'll die no more, &c.

4 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smil'd,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.
I'll die no more, &c.

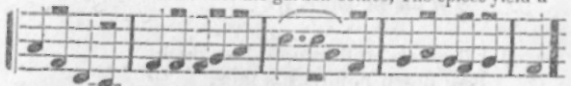
5 Father, I've sinned, but O forgive!
Enough, the Father said:
Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourned as dead.
I'll die no more, &c.

6 Now let the fatal calf be slain
And spread the news around;
My son was dead and lives again:
Was lost, but now is found.
I'll die no more, &c.

9 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a Father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.
I'll die no more, &c.



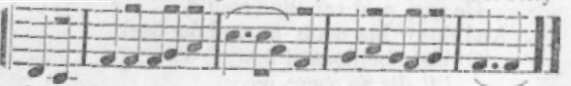
1. The Lord into his garden comes, The spices yield a



rich perfume, The lilies grow and thrive, The lilies grow and thrive.



Refreshing show'rs of grace divine, From Jesus flows to every

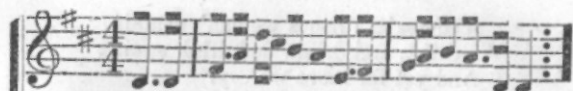


vine, And makes the dead revive, And makes the dead revive.

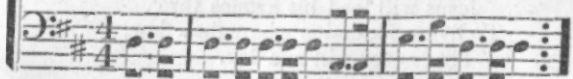
- 2 This makes the dry and barren ground,
In springs of water to abound,
And fruitful soil become;
The desert blossoms like the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.
- 3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is,
Come, taste and see the pardon free
To all mankind, as well as me;
Who come to Christ may live.
- 4 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from a shining throne,
From Jesus' throne on high;

It comes like floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again;
And yet for more we cry.

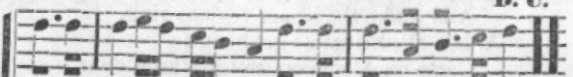
- 5 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;
Jesus will lead his armies thro',
To living fountains where they flow,
That never will run dry.
- 6 There we shall reign, and shout and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home;
Come on, Come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.
- 7 The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour, piteous and kind,
Who will them all receive;
None are too bad who do repent,
Out of one sinner legions went,
The Lord did him relieve.
- 8 If sinners only knew the Lord,
And were acquainted with his word,
His sweet forgiving love,
They'd rush thro' storms of every kind,
And leave all earthly things behind,
To gain a crown above.
- 9 Come brethren, you who know the Lord,
Observe with care his holy word,
In Jesus' ways go on:
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.



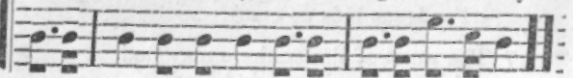
1 Children of the heavenly king, As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.
Oh how happy we shall be, When we've gain'd the victory.



D. C.



vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, When we've gained the victory.

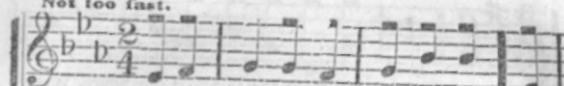


2 I'm glad I ever saw the day
We met to sing, and preach, and pray;
Here's glory, glory, in my soul,
Which makes me praise my Lord so bold.

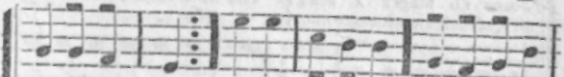
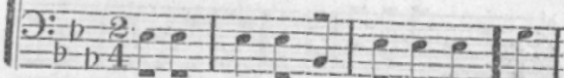
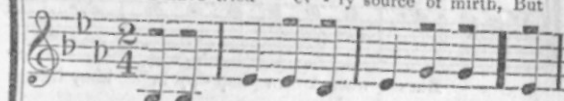
3 Lord, keep us safe while passing through,
And fill our souls with meekness too;
Redeeming grace, that pleasing song,
We'll sing, and praise, and pass along.

4 I hope to praise him when I rise,
And shout salvation through the skies;
Sing glory, glory, in the air,
Meet all my Father's children there.

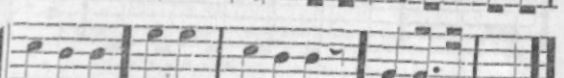
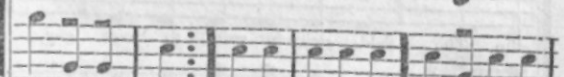
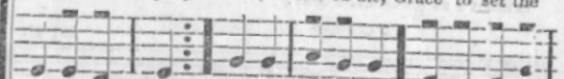
Not too fast.



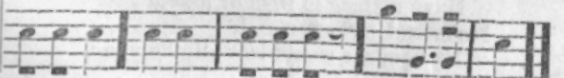
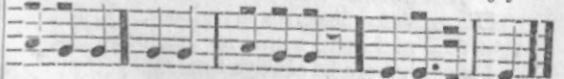
1 I have sought round the ver - dant earth, For
I have tried ev' - ry source of mirth, But



un - fading joy; }
all, all will cloy. } Lord, bestow on me, Grace to set the



spirit free; Thine the praise shall be; Mine, mine the joy.



1 How tedious and tasteless the hours, When
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have

But when I am happy in him, De-

Jesus no longer I see; } The midsummer sun shines
all lost their sweetness to me. }

ember's as pleasant as May.

D. C.

dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay,

- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I anguish and pine?
And why are my winters so long!
O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul cheering presence restore:
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

Thirsting for Holiness.

- 1 What now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and desire?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aspire:
My hope is all center'd in thee;
I trust to recover thy love:
On earth thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy it above.
- 2 I thirst for a life giving God,
A God that on Calvary died:
A fountain of water and blood,
That gushed from Immanuel's side!
I gasp for the streams of thy love,
The spirit of rapture unknown;
And then to re-drink it above,
Eternally fresh from the throne.

I Saw ye my Saviour! Saw ye my Sa - viour!

Saw ye my Saviour God! O he died on Cal - va - ry, To a -

tone for you and me, And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2

He was extended, he was extended,
Painfully nailed to the cross;
There he bowed his head and died,
There my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3

Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain;
And the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the Lamb.

4

Darkness prevail'd, Darkness prevail'd,
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land;
And the sun refused to shine,
While his Majesty divine
Was derided, insulted and slain.

5

When it was finish'd, when it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great,
And embalmed in spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6

Hail, mighty Savior, hail, mighty Savior,
Prince and the Author of peace,
Soon he burst the bands of death,
And triumphant, from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

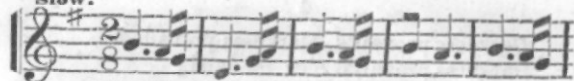
7

There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live,
Crying "See my hands and side,
Father, I was crucified
To redeem them, I pray thee forgive.

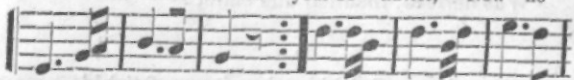
8

"I will forgive them, I will forgive them
When they repent and believe;
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconcil'd to me,
And salvation they all shall receive."

Slow.



1 Now the Sa - viour stands and pleading, At the
Now in heaven he's in - ter - ceding, Un - der -
Once he died for your be - havior, Now he



sin - ner's bolted heart.
tak - ing sinner's part. Sin - ner can you hate the
calls you to his arms. **D. C.**



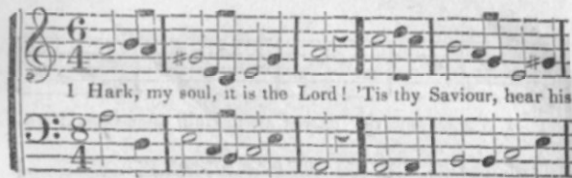
Saviour? Can you thrust him from your arms?

2 Jesus stands, oh, how amazing,
Stands and knocks at ev'ry door;
In his hands ten thousand blessings,
Proffer'd to the wretched poor, &c.

3 See him bleeding, dying, rising,
To prepare you heavenly rest;
Listen, while he kindly calls you,
Hear, and be forever blest, &c.

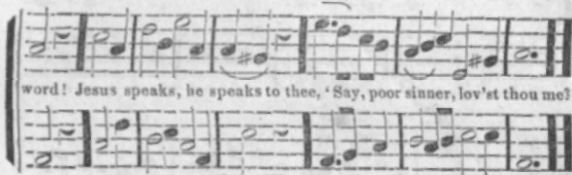
4 Now he has not come to judgment,
To condemn your wretched race;
But to ransom ruined sinners,
And display unbounded grace, &c.

5 Will you plunge in endless darkness,
There to bear eternal pain;
Or to realms of glorious brightness
Rise, and with him ever reign, &c.



1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his

2 "I delivered thee when bound, And when bleeding heal'd thy



word! Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee, 'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me!

wound, Sought thee wandering, set thee right, Turn'd thy darkness into
[light.]

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

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

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done,—
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint,
Yet I love thee, and adore:
O for grace to love thee more!

1 A poor wayfaring man of grief, Hath often cross'd me

on my way, Who sued so humbly for relief, That I could never

answer nay; I had no power to ask his name, Whi-

ther he went or whence he came, Yet there was something

in his eye, That won my love I knew not why.

2 Once when my scanty meal was spread,
 He enter'd, not a word he spake,
 Just perishing for want of bread,
 I gave him all, he bless'd and brake
 And ate, but gave me part again,
 Mine was an angel's portion then,
 And while I fed with eager haste,
 The crust was manna to my taste.

3 I spied him where a fountain burst
 Clear from the rock, his strength was gone,
 The headless water mocked his thirst,
 He heard it, saw it hurrying on.

I ran and raised the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er,
I drank, and never thirsted more.

4 'Twas night. The floods were out; it blew
A wintry hurricane aloof,

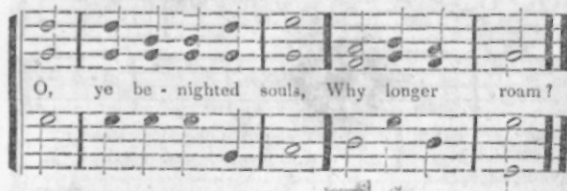
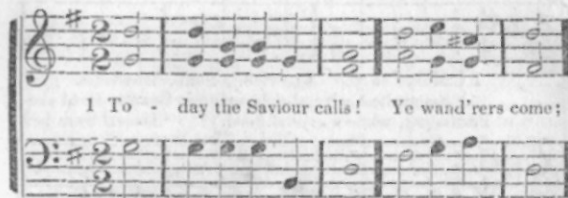
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on mine own couch to rest
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

5 Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the high-way side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment: he was healed,

I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

6 In pris'n I saw him, next condemn'd
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd
And honored him 'mid shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die.
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried "I will!"

7 Then, in a moment, to my view,
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,—
My Saviour stood before my eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he named,—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be,
Fear not, thou didst it unto me."



2 To-day the Savior calls!
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls;
And death is nigh.

3 To-day the Savior calls!
Oh, hear him now:
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

4 The Spirit calls to-day!
Yield to his pow'r:
Oh, grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

1 { Mary to the Sa - viour's tomb, Hasted at the
 } Spice she br'nt and rich perfume, But the Lord she
 Trembling, while a crystal flood, Issued from her

ear - ly dawn. } For a while she lingering stood,
 lov'd had gone, } Fill'd with sorrow and surprise;
 weeping eyes.

Fine. *D. C.*

- 2 But her sorrows quickly fled
 When she heard His welcome voice ;
 Christ had risen from the dead—
 Now he bids her heart rejoice.
 What a change his word can make,
 Turning darkness into day ;
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.
- 3 He who came to comfort her,
 When she thought her all was lost,
 Will for your relief appear,
 Though you now are tempest tost.
 On His arm your burden cast ;
 On His love your thoughts employ ;
 Weeping for a while may last,
 But the morning brings the joy.

1 O that I had some humble place, Where I might hide from sorrow ;
 2 O had I wings like Noah's dove, I'd leave this world and Satan ;

Where I might see my Saviour's face, And there be freed from terror.
 And fly away to realm's above, Where Jesus stands inviting.

- 3 My heart is often made to mourn,
 Because I'm faint and feeble ;
 And when my Saviour seems to frown
 My soul is filled with trouble ;
- 4 But when he doth again return,
 And I repent my folly,
 'Tis then I after glory run,
 And still the Saviour follow.
- 5 I want to live a Christian here,
 I want to die while shouting ;
 I want to feel my Saviour near,
 When soul and body's parting.
- 6 I want to see bright angels stand,
 And waiting to receive me,
 To bear my soul to Canaan's land,
 Where Christ has gone before me.

1 The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears,

The sons of earth are waking, To pen - i - ten - tial tears.

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean, Brings tidings from afar,

Of nations in com - motion, Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
 In many a gentle shower,
 And brighter scenes before us,
 Are opening every hour;
 Each cry to heaven going,
 Abundant answers bring,
 And heavenly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending,
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending,
 In gratitude above:
 While sinners now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Savior's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way,
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay;
 Stay not, till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home,
 Stay not, till all the holy,
 Proclaim the Lord has come.

1 Rouse ye at the Saviour's call! Sinners rouse ye one and all;

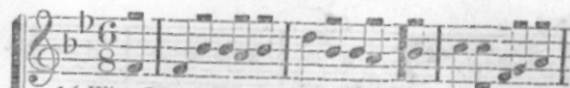
Wake, or soon your souls will fall, Fall in deep despair.

Woe to him who turns away, Jesus kind - ly calls to - day;

Come, O sinner, while you may, Raise your soul in prayer.

2 Heard ye not the Savior cry?
 "Turn, O turn, why will you die!"
 And in keenest agony,
 Mourn too late your doom!
 Haste, for time is rushing on!
 Soon the fleeting hour is gone!
 The lifted arrow flies anon,
 To sink you in the tomb!

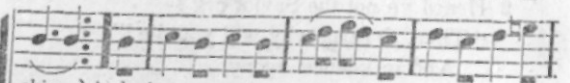
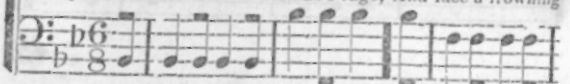
3 By the Savior's bleeding love,
 By the joys of heaven above,
 Let these words your spirits move;
 Quick to Jesus fly!
 Come and save your souls from death,
 Haste! escape Jehovah's wrath,
 Fly! for life's a fleeting breath,
 Soon, O soon you'll die.



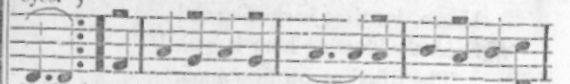
1 { When I can read my title clear, To mansions in the
I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, And wipe my weeping



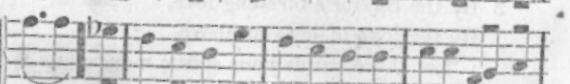
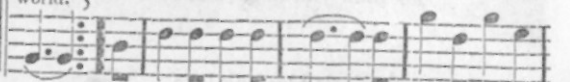
2 { Should earth against my soul engage, And hellish darts be
Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning



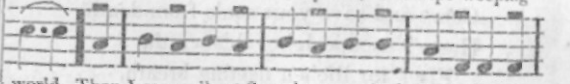
skies, } And wipe my weeping eyes, And wipe my weeping
eyes. }



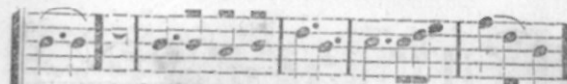
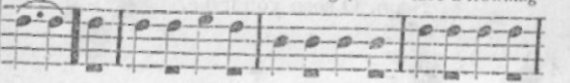
hurld, } And face a frowning world, And face a frowning
world. }



eyes, I'll bid farewell to ev'-ry fear, And wipe weeping



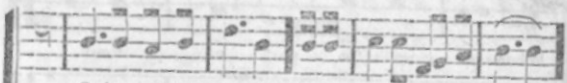
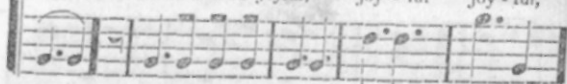
world, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning



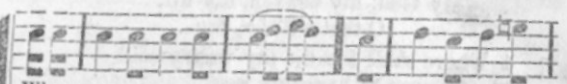
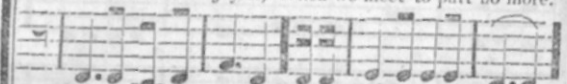
eyes. O that will be joyful, joy - ful joy - ful,



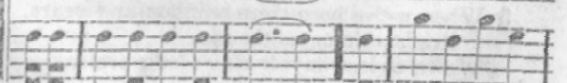
world. O that will be joyful, joy - ful joy - ful,



O that will be joyful, When we meet to part no more.



When we meet to part no more, On Canaan's happy



shore; 'Tis there we'll meet at Je - sus feet,
When we meet to part no more.

- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
O that will be, &c.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.
O that will be, &c.
- 5 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.
O that will be, &c.

1 My brother I wish you well, My
CHORUS. Be mention'd in the promis'd land, Be men-
tion'd in the promis'd land, When my Lord calls I
trust I shall, Be men - tioned in the promis'd land,
trust I shall, Be men - tioned in the promis'd land.

- 2 My sister I wish you well, &c.
3 My father I wish you well, &c.
4 My mother I wish you well, &c.
5 My neighbors I wish you well, &c.
6 My paster I wish you well, &c.
7 Young Converts I wish you well, &c.
8 Poor sinner I wish you well, &c.

1 To - gether let us sweetly live. I am bound for the land of
To - gether let us sweetly die. I am bound for the land of

Canaan. O Ca - naan, bright Ca - naan, I am

bound for the land of Canaan; O Canaan it is my

hap - py home, I am bound for the land of Canaan.

2 If you get there before I do,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
Look out for me I'm coming too,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan, &c.

3 I have some friends before me gone,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
And I'm resolved to travel on,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
O Canaan, &c.

4 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
While higher still our joys they rise,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
O Canaan, &c.

5 Then come with me, beloved friend,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
The joys of heaven shall never end,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
O Canaan, &c.

I On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And

cast a wishful eye, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where

my pos - ses - sions lie; Where my pos - ses - sions

lie, Where my pos - sions lie, To

Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.

2 O! the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 O'er all those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There, God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, no poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are feared and felt no more.

1 { What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame?
That soon will quench, will quench this vital frame.

Is it death? Is it death? } If this be death I
Is it death? Is it death? }

soon shall be From ev'ry pain and sorrow free, I shall the King of

glo - ry see, All is well, All is well.

2 Weep not, my friends, weep not for me,
All is well,
My sins are pardoned, I am free,
All is well.

There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Savior from my eyes,
I soon shall mount the upper skies,
All is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, ye saints in glory,
All is well,

I will rehearse the pleasing story,
All is well.

Bright angels have from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home,
All is well.

4 Hark, hark! my Lord and Master calls me,
All is well.

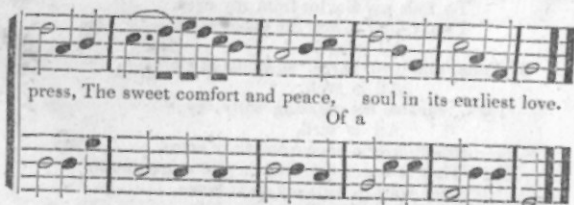
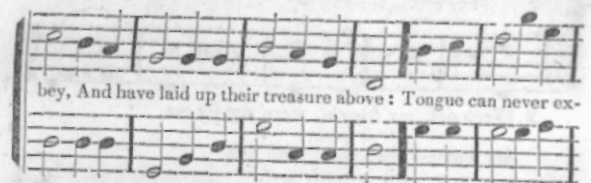
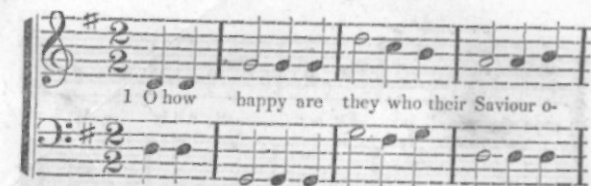
I soon shall see his face in glory,
All is well.

Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu!
I can no longer stay with you,
My glittering crown appears in view,
All is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail! ye blood washed throng,
Sav'd by grace.

I come to join your rapturous song,
Sav'd by grace.

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



- 2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What true joy I received,
What a heav'n in Jesus' name!
- 3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know,

And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above,
All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I then rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat;
My glad soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire;
And the world it was under my feet.

7 O! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Savior possess'd,
I was perfectly bless'd
And was fill'd with the fulness of God.

I A - rise, my soul, arise, Shake off thy guilty

fears; The bleeding Sacri - fice, in my behalf ap -

pears; Be - fore the throne my
Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be -

Surety stands, Be - fore the throne my Surety stands,
fore the throne my Surety stand, My name

My name is writ - ten on his hands.
is writ - - - ten 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,
Received on Calvary ;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me :
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed 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 reconciled,
His pard'ning 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

I would not live alway; I ask not to stay, Where

storm af - ter storm ris - es dark o'er the way:

The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here, Are e-

nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

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

1 { Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger, Wand'ring thro' this
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger, And will not thy

gloomy vale? } "No, I'm bound for the kingdom; Will you
courage fail? }

go to glo - ry with me? Halle - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord."

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into several systems, with lyrics placed between the staves. The lyrics include a dialogue between a pilgrim and a guide, and a final line of praise.

- 2 "Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
Traveling through this lonely void;
But no ill shall e'er befall me,
While I'm blest with such a GUIDE
"Oh, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c."
- 3 Such a Guide! no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power defend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
"Oh, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c."
- 4 "Yes, unseen; but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end;
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c."
- 5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly rolling through the vale;
Should its boisterous waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail!
"No! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c."
- 6 "No; that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I'll bend;
Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful;
There my pilgrimage will end.
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c."
- 7 While I gazed, with speed surprising,
Down the vale she plunged from sight
Gazing still, I saw her rising,
Like an angel clothed in light!
Oh, she's gone to the kingdom,—
Will you follow her to glory?
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.

1 { Let thy kingdom, blessed Saviour, Come and
Come! O come! and reign for ev - er, God of

Day and night thy Lambs are cry - ing, Come good

bid our jarring cease. } Vis - it now poor bleeding
love and prince of peace. }

shepherd, feed thy sheep.

D. C.

Zi - on, Hear thy peo - ple mourn and weep.

- 2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas—none agree;
Jesus, let us hear thee call us;
Help us, Lord, to follow thee;
Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
Over every hindrance leap;
Not upheld by force or numbers,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 3 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth;
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
Which shall teach us all the truth.
On thy gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love our Lord, and Christ our Savior,
Oh! good Shepherd, feed thy Sheep.
- 4 Hear the Prince of our Salvation,
Saying "Fear not, little flock;
I myself, am your Foundation.
You are built upon this Rock;
Shun the paths of vice and folly,
Scale the mount, although it's steep,
Look to me, and be ye holy;
I delight to feed my Sheep."
- 5 Christ alone, whose merit saves us,
Taught by him, we'll own his name
Sweetest of all names is Jesus!
How it doth our souls inflame!
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Give him glory, he will keep,
He will clear our way before us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

I Awak'd by Sinai's aw - ful sound, My soul in

bonds of guilt I found, And knew not where to go; E -

ter - nal truth did loud pro - claim, "The sin - ner

must be born a - gain, Or sink to endless woe."

2 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increas'd my pain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
O'erwhelm'd my tortured mind.

3 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast oppressive load;
Alas! I read and saw it plain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
Or drink the wrath of God.

4 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet, when I found this truth remain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
I sunk in deep despair.

5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Savior passed this way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner by his justice slain,
'Now by his grace is born again,'
And sings redeeming love.

1 At - tend ye saints, and hear me tell, The

wonders of Im - man - u - el, Who sav'd me from

a burning hell, And brought my soul with him

to dwell, And feel this blessed union.

2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He looked on me with pitying eye,
And said to me as he passed by,
"With God you have no union."

3 Then I began to weep and cry,
And look'd this way and that, to fly,
It grieved me so that I must die:
I strove salvation for to buy:
But still I had no union.

4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he washed me clean;
And oh! what seasons I have seen
Since first I felt this union.

5 I praised the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I found I'd something still to say
About this heavenly union.

1 The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,

As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire; Lo! self-

moving it drives on the pathway of cloud, And the

heav'ns with the burden of God-head are bow'd.

- 1 The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo, self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are
bow'd.
- 2 The glory! the glory! around him are poured,
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory
wear!
- 3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo, the depths of the stone covered charnel are
stirr'd!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from
the north,
All the vast generations of men are come forth!
- 4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all
set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are
met!
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

1 Ye new-born souls, your voices raise, Join to pro-

claim a Saviour's praise; Tell how he woke his saints to pray,

And gave us this re - vi - val day.

2 Oh! it was cold, and dark, and drear,
Till God the Comforter came near,
Rent the thick cloud of gloom away,
And brought this bright revival day.

3 What enmity we felt within;
Torture, and strife, the fruit of sin,
Ere our proud heart would stoop to obey,
And welcome this revival day.

4 Daughters of Zion, sons of God,
Rise with melodious songs aloud;
Tell to the world how blest are they,
Who share in a revival day.

5 O, sinners, cast your weapons down,
Ye lukewarm, rouse! your folly own,
And chant aloud Jehovah's praise,
Who grants us these revival days.

6 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in whom we all can trust,
Take not the heavenly Dove away,
Nor shorten this revival day.

1 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God, And

joy like the sun-shine, will beam on thy road: And peace, like the dew-drops, shall

fall on thy head, And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "1 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God, And joy like the sun-shine, will beam on thy road: And peace, like the dew-drops, shall fall on thy head, And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed."

- 2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy path;
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

Delay not.

- 1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near:
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchas'd, salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened, how can'st thou refuse
To wash and be cleans'd in his pardoning blood.
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,
Long griev'd and resisted, may take its sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.
- 5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand—
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall
fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall
stand;
What pow'r, then, O sinner! shall lend thee its
aid!

Hearts of stone, re- lent re- lent; Break by

Je - sus' cross sub - dued; See his bo - dy

mangled - rent; Cover'd with a gore of

blood; Sin - ful soul - what hast thou done ?

Murdered God's e - ternal Son.

2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fix'd him there,
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced him with a soldier's spear;
Made his soul a sacrifice,
For a sinful world he dies.

3 Will you let him die in vain,
Still to death pursue your Lord;
Open tear his wound again,
Trample on his precious blood?
No! with all my sins I'll part,
Savior, take my broken heart.

Sinners entreated.

7a

1 Sinner, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.
Sinful soul what hast thou done?
Crucified the eternal Son.

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God your Saviour, asks you why;
Will ye not in him believe?
He has died that ye might live.
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Murdered God's eternal Son.

3 Will you not his grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will you forever die?
Sinful soul what hast thou done?
Murdered God's beloved Son.

“Mer - cy, O thou Son of Da - vid,”

Thus the blind Bar - timeus pray'd; “Others by thy

word are saved, Now to me af - ford thine aid.

- 2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he call'd the louder still;
Till the gracious Savior bid him,
“Come and ask me what you will.”
- 3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted
Alms which none but he could give.
- 4 “Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day!”
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

- 5 Now, methinks, I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around;
Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Savior I have found!
- 6 “Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely they would hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see.”

Confidence in God's Protection. 8s & 7s.

- 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Though art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
- 4 Should swift Death this night o'er take us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral

strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains, Roll down their golden sand

From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain, They

call us to de - li - ver Their land from Error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;

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

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of light deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

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

Universal Praise. S.

- 1 Thy name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,—
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

1 Alas! and did my Sa - viour bleed? And

Chorus.—O the Lamb, the lov - ing Lamb, The

did my Sov - reign die? Would he devote that

Lamb on Cal - va - ry; The Lamb that was slain, That

sa - cred head, For such a worm as I?

liveth a - gain, To in - ter - cede for me.

2 Was it for crimes, that I have done—

He groan'd upon the tree?—

Amazing pity! grace unknown!

And love beyond degree!

O the Lamb, &c.

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.
O the Lamb, &c.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve, my heart in thankfulness,
And melt, my eyes, in tears.
O, the Lamb, &c.

5 But drops of tears can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.
O the Lamb, &c.

The Saviour's Invitation. C. M.

- 1 THE Saviour calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss, impart,
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys;
And can you yet delay?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

Sovereign grace hath power a - lone

To sub - due a heart of stone ; And the mo - ment

grace is felt, Then the hardest heart will melt.

2 When the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died ;
One, with vile blaspheming tongue,
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.

3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death ;
Perish'd as too many do,
With the Savior in his view.

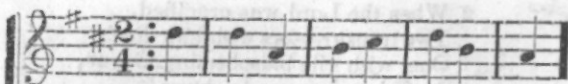
4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his case,
Faith received to own the Lord.
Whom the scribes and priests abhor'd.

5 "Lord," he pray'd, "remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be :"
"Soon with me," the Lord replies,
"Thou shalt rest in paradise."

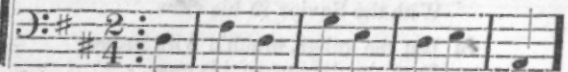
6 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace bestow'd in time of need !
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
You shall find him still the same.

Sinner ! rouse thee.

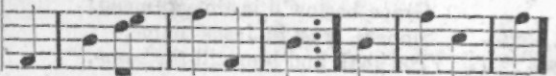
- 1 **SINNER !** rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;
Raise thy spirit dark and dead,
Jesus waits his light to shed.
- 2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path :
Watchful tread that path ; be wise,
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.
- 3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time ;
Life secure without delay,
Evil is the mortal day.



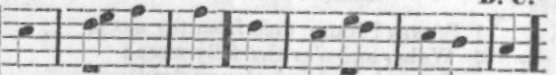
I'm not a - sham'd to own my Lord,
Main - tain the hon - or of his word,
Nor will he put my soul to shame,



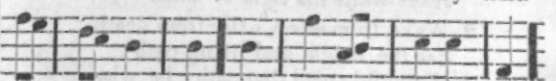
Or to de - fend his cause; Je - sus, my God,
The glo - ry of his cross,
Nor let my hope be lost.



D. C.



I know his name, His name is all my trust.



2 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Am I a Soldier.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Hail the blest morn! see the great Medi-
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the

Star in the east, the ho - ri - zon a -

a - tor, Down from the re - gions of glo - ry
man - ger, Lo, for his guards the bright angels

dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deemer

de - scend, Brightest and best of the sons of the
attend.

was laid.

D. C.

morn - ing, Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid ;

- 1 HAIL the blest morn! see the great Mediator,
Down from the regions of glory descend!
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo, for his guard, the bright angels attend.

*Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid.*

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining ;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.
Brightest and best, &c.

- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and offerings divine,
Gems from the mountains, and pearls from the
ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?
Brightest and best, &c.

- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold we his favor secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
Brightest and best &c.

1 My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly rapid as the

whirling spheres, Fly ra - pid as the whirling spheres,

Around the stea - dy pole; Time, like the

tide its motions keeps, And I must launch thro' boundless deeps

And I must launch thro' boundless deeps, Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen
How swift the moments pass between!
And whisper as they fly—
Unthinking man, remember this,
Thou, midst thy sublunary bliss,
Must groan, and gasp, and die!

3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight,
Beyond the vast ethereal blue,
To love and sing as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

4 Long ere the sun has run its round,
I may be buried under ground,
And there in silence rot:
Alas! one hour may close the scene,
And ere twelve months shall intervene
My name be quite forgot.

5 But shall my soul be then extinct,
And cease to be, or cease to think?
It cannot, cannot be:
Thou! my immortal, cannot die,
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free?

6 Will mercy then, its arms extend?
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend?
And heaven thy dwelling-place?
Or shall insulting fiends appear,
To drag thee down to black despair,
Beyond the reach of grace?

1 How lost was my con - di - tion, Till

Je - sus made me whole; There is but one Phy-

si - cian, Can cure a sin - sick soul; Next

door to death he found me, And snatch'd me from the grave,

To tell to all a - round me, His wondrous power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compared with sin;
On every part it seizes
But rages most within.
From men great skill professing,
I sought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.

3 At length this great Physician
(How matchless is his grace)
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case:
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin mine eyes had seal'd;
Then bade me look unto him;
I look'd—and I was heal'd.

4 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by an eye of faith,
At once from danger free us,
And saves the soul from death:
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition—
'Twas only "Look and live."

1 When thou, my righteous judge, shalt come,

To call thy ran - som'd peo - ple home, Shall

I a - mong them stand? Shall such a worthless

worm as I, Who sometimes am a - fraid

to die, Be found at thy right hand!

2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,
 Tho' vilest of them all;
 But can I bear the piercing thought?
 What if my name should be left out,
 When thou for them shalt call!

3 Prevent it, Lord, by thy rich grace;
 Be thou my soul's sure hiding place,
 In this the accepted day:
 Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear;
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
 And see thy smiling face;
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

1 Ah, guilty sin - ner, ru - in'd by transgression,

What shall thy doom be, when ar - ray'd in terror,

God shall command thee, cover'd with pol - lu - tion,

Up to the judgment, Up to the judgment.

- 2 Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop awhile and ponder,
Ere death arrest thee, and the Judge, in vengeance,
Hurl from his presence thine affrighted spirit,
Swift to perdition.
- 3 Oft has he called thee, but thou wouldst not hear him,
Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted ;
Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded,
Waits to embrace thee.
- 4 Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment,
Just as you are, come, filthy and polluted,
Come to the fountain open for uncleanness ;
Jesus invites you.
- 5 But if you trifle with his gracious message,
Cleave to the world and love its guilty pleasures,
Mercy, grown weary, shall in righteous judgment,
Quit you for ever.
- 6 Then you shall call, but he will not regard you,
Seek for his favor, yet shall never find it,
Cry to the rocks to hide you from his presence,
Deep in their caverns.
- 7 Where the worm dies not, and the fire eternal,
Fills the lost soul with anguish and with terror,
There shall the sinner spend a long for ever,
Dying unpardoned.
- 8 Oh ! guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning ;
Fly to the Savior, and embrace his pardon ;
So shall your spirit meet, with joy triumphant,
Death and judgment !

1 When shall we all meet again? When shall we all

meet a - gain? Oft shall glow - ing hope aspire,

Oft shall wearied love retire; Oft shall death and

sorrow reign, Ere we all shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath the hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in fancy's wide domain,
There shall we all meet again.

3 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid
Where immortal spirit reign,
There may we all meet again.

Meeting of the three friends.

1 PARTED many a toil-spent year,
Pledged in youth to mem'ry dear;
Still, to friendship's magnet true,
We our social bond renew;
Bound by love's unsever'd chain,
Here on earth we meet again.

2 But our *power*, sunk by decay,
Wasting time has swept away;
And the *youthful ever-green*,
Lopp'd by death, no more is seen;
Break the winds sweep o'er the plain,
Where in age we meet again.

3 Many a friend we used to greet,
Here on earth no more we meet;
Oft the fun'ral knell has rung,
Many a heart has sorrow stung,
Since we parted on this plain,
Fearful ne'er to meet again.

1 A charge to keep I have, A
 God to glo - ri - fy; A ne - ver dy - ing
 soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil;
 O may it all my powers engage,
 To do my master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live;
 And O thy servant, Lord prepare,
 A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely,
 Assured if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

God all sufficient.

1 When earthly comforts die,
 And thorns o'erspread the road,
 Whither, O whither shall I fly?
 But unto thee, my God!

2 When anxious thoughts arise,
 And sorrows compass round,
 Amidst ten thousand enemies,
 In thee my help is found.

3 Then at thy feet I'll bow,
 And in thy mercy trust;
 If I am saved, how good art thou,
 And if I perish, just!

4 Perish!—It cannot be,
 Since Jesus shed his blood;
 The promise is both rich and free,
 And he will make it good.

The penitent Backslider.

1 Oh! let me see thy light
 Mid beaming from above;
 The light that gilds the mercy-seat,—
 Thy countenance of love.

2 These clouds so dark and cold—
 These gloomy clouds remove;
 And let my longing eyes behold
 Thy countenance of love.

Our souls, by love, to - geth - er knit, Ce-

mented, mix'd in one; One heart, one hope, one

mind, one voice, 'Tis heav'n on earth be - gun.

Our hearts have of - ten burn'd within, And

glow'd with sa - cred fire; While Je - sus spoke, and

fed, and bless'd, And fill'd th'en - larg'd de - sire.

Chorus.

"A Sa - viour," let cre - a - tion sing: "A

Saviour!" let all heaven ring; He's God with us, we

feel him ours, His ful - ness in our souls he

Pia.

pours: 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er; We'll

Cres. **For.**

join with those who've gone be - fore, We soon shall

reach the blissful shore, We soon shall meet to part no more.

Anthem of Harmony.

- 2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,
Let trembling cowards fly;
We'll stand unshakened, firm and fix'd,
With Christ to live and die.
Let devils rage, and hell assail,
We'll fight our passage through;
Let foes unite, and friends desert,
We'll seize the crown in view.

CHORUS—"A Savior!" &c.

- 3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We wait to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain;
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But pour a mighty flood;
O sweep the nation, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.

CHORUS—"A Savior!" &c.

- 4 And when thou makest thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown,
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own;
May we a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

CHORUS—"A Savior!" &c.

1 My soul's full of glo - ry, in-
 Could I meet with an - gels I'd

spir - ing my tongue } I'd sing of my
 sing them a song ; }

Je - sus and tell of his charms, And

beg them to bear me to his loving arms.

- 2 Methinks they're descending to hear while I sing,
 Well pleased to hear mortals praising their king ;
 O ! angels,—O ! angels, my soul's in a flame,
 I faint in sweet rapture at Jesus' name.
- 3 Oh Jesus ! oh Jesus ! thou balm of my soul,
 'Twas thou, my dear Jesus, that made my heart whole ;
 Oh bring me to view thee, thou precious sweet King,
 In oceans of glory thy praises to sing.
- 4 Sweet Spirit ! attend me, till Jesus shall come,
 Protect and defend me until I'm call'd home ;
 Tho' worms my poor body may claim as their prey,
 'Twill outshine when rising, the sun at noonday.
- 5 A glimpse of bright glory surprise my soul,
 I sink in sweet visions to view the bright goal ;
 My soul, while I'm singing, is leaping to go,
 This moment for heaven I'd leave all below.
- 6 Farewell, my dear brethren, my Lord bids me come,
 Farewell, my dear sisters,—I'm now going home ;
 Bright angels are whispering so sweet in my ear,—
 Away to my Savior my spirit they'll bear.
- 7 I'm going,—I'm going ; but what do I see !
 'Tis Jesus in glory appears unto me ;
 I'm going,—I'm going,—I'm going,—I'm gone !—
 Oh, glory ! oh glory !—'tis done,—it is done.—
- 8 To the regions of glory the spirit is fled,
 And left this poor body inactive and dead ;
 With angelic armies for ever to blaze,
 On Jesus' beauties for ever to gaze.
- 9 When the six seals shall open, the trumpet shall
 sound, [ground ;
 To awake God's dear children, that sleep under
 Their souls and their bodies shall then join in one,
 And each from their Savior receive a bright crown.

1 Broad is the road that leads to death.

And thou - sands walk to - geth - er there ;

But wis - dom shows a nar - row path,

With here and there a tra - vel - er.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command ;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;
Create my heart entirely new ;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain ;
Which false apostates never knew.

A penitent pleading for pardon. L. M.

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

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

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace :
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

1 How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the

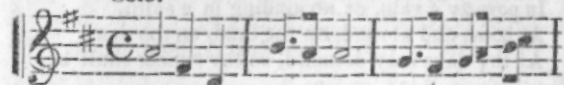
Lord, Is laid for your faith in his ex - cellent

word; What more can he say than to you he hath said?

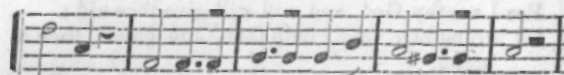
You who un - to Je - sus for refuge have fled.

- 2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, so thy succor shall be.
- 3 "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismay'd!
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'erflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flames shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when grey hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 7 "The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I cannot desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!"

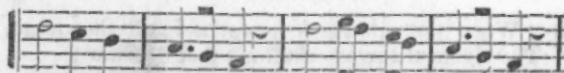
Solo.



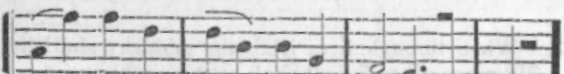
Come ye dis - consolate, where - e'er you



languish; Come at the mercy seat fervently kneel;

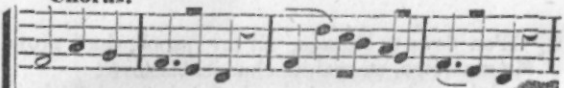


Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish,

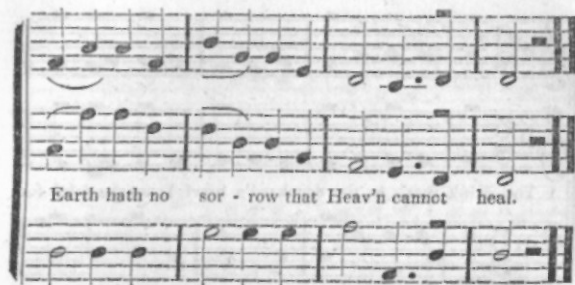
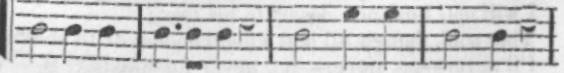
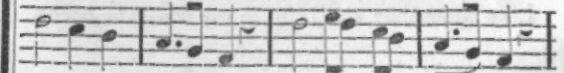


Earth hath no sor - row that Heav'n cannot cure.

Chorus.



Here bring your wounded hearts, Here tell your an - guish,



Earth hath no sor - row that Heav'n cannot heal.

- 1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts,—here tell your
anguish,
Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
"Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

The Dawn of Day.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, when the day is dawning,
Then will I pay my vows to thee;
Like incense wafted on the breath of morning,
My heartfelt praise to thee shall be.
- 2 Yes—thou art near me, sleeping or waking,
Still doth thy love unchanged remain;
Where'er I wander, thy ways forsaking,
O lead me gently back again.

1 The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl, Is not the drink for

me, It kills his body and his soul, How sad a sight is

he; But there's a drink which God hath given, Distilling in the

show'rs of heaven, In measures large and free, O that's the drink for

me, O that's the drink for me, O that's the drink for me.

- 2 The wine-cup that so many prize,
 Is not the cup for me,
 The aching head, the bloated face,
 In its sad train I see.
 But there's a cup of water pure,
 And he who drinks it may be sure
 Of health and length of days ;
 O, that's the cup for me.
 O, that's the cup for me,
 O, that's the cup for me.

I 'Mid sorrows and sadness I'm destin'd to roam, For-

lorn and forsaken, depriv'd of my home, Intemperance hath

robb'd me of all that was dear, Of my home in the skies, and my

happiness here. Home home sweet, sweet home, An

exile from God, I shall ne'er find a home.

- 2 I vainly presumed when I first took the cup,
I could drink if I chose, or I could give it up;
But I tampered too long, too long tempted heaven,
'Till an outcast from God and his presence I'm
driven.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home,
On earth or in heaven, I shall ne'er find a home.

- 3 My heart-broken wife in her grave hath found rest,
And my children have gone to the land of the blest;
While I a poor wretch, a vile wanderer like Cain,
With the "mark" of the beast on the earth still
remain.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
How happy was I with my loved ones at home.

- 4 Farewell to the social endearments of home,
Justly loathed by my fellows, I wander alone,
For presumptuously sinning, and tempting the Lord,
Of the fruit of my ways, I must reap the reward.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
An exile from God, I shall ne'er find a home.

1 Don't you see my Jesus coming, Don't you see in yonder cloud?

With ten thousand angels round him, See how they my Jesus crowd!

Glory, glory, glory, glory, glory, glory, God is Love.

Glory, glory, glory, glory, Hallelujah, God is Love.

2. Don't you see his arms extended?
 Don't you hear his charming voice?
 Each loving heart beats high for glory—
 O, my Jesus is my choice.

- 3 Don't you see the saints ascending,
 Hear them shouting through the air?
 Jesus smiling, trumpets sounding,
 Now his glory they shall share.

- 4 Don't you see the heavens open,
 And the saints in glory there?
 Shouts of triumph bursting round you,
 Glory, glory, glory, here!

- 5 Come, backsliders, tho' you've pierc'd him,
 And have caused his church to mourn;
 You may yet regain free pardon,
 If you will to him return.

- 6 Now behold each loving spirit
 Shout the praise of his dear name,
 View the smiles of their dear Jesus,
 While his presence feeds the flame.

- 7 There we'll range the fields of pleasure,
 By our dear Redeemer's side,
 Shouting glory, glory, glory!
 While eternal ages glide.

Doxology.

Glory, honor, power, and blessing,
 Be unto the Father given:
 Sing his praises without ceasing,
 Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.
 Glory be to Christ the Savior,
 Who hath bought us with his blood;
 Glory to the blessed Spirit,
 Glory to the mighty God.
 o *Glory, &c.*

1 And I heard the mourner say, And I heard the mourner
 2 When I'm happy hear me sing, When I'm happy hear me

say, And I heard the mourner say, Give me Jesus, Give me
 sing, When I'm happy hear me sing, I have Jesus, I have

Jesus, Give me Jesus, And you may have
 Jesus, I have Jesus, And you may have

all the world; Give me Je - sus.
 all this world; Give me Je - sus.

O, the judgment day is coming,
 O, the judgment day is coming,
 O, the judgment day is coming,
 Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus, &c.

77.

Think on Jesus.

7 & 6.

- 1 COME, my brethren, let us try
 For a little season,
 Every burden to lay by;
 Come, and let us reason.
- 2 What is this that casts you down?
 What is this that grieves you?
 Speak, and let the worst be known,
 Speaking may relieve you.
- 3 Christ at times by faith I view,
 And it doth relieve me,
 But my doubts return anew,
 They are those that grieve me.
- 4 Troubled like the restless sea,
 Feeble, faint and fearful,
 Plagued with every sore disease,
 How can I be cheerful?
- 5 Think on what your Savior bore
 In the gloomy garden,
 Sweating blood at every pore,
 To procure thy pardon.
- 6 View him nailed to the tree,
 Bleeding, groaning, dying,
 See he suffer'd this for thee,
 Therefore be believing.
- 7 Brethren, don't you feel the flame?
 Sisters, don't you love him?
 Let us join to praise his name,
 Let us never grieve him.

8 Soon we'll meet to part no more,
 Soon we'll meet in heaven,
 There we'll join the saints above,
 And forever praise him.

78.

Hebrew Children.

- 1 Where now are the Hebrew children?
 Where now are the Hebrew children?
 Where now are the Hebrew children?
 Saved in the promised land,
 They went up from a fiery furnace,
 They went up from a fiery furnace,
 They went up from a fiery furnace,
 Safely in the promised land.
 By and by we'll go and meet them,
 By and by we'll go and meet them,
 By and by we'll go and meet them,
 Safely in the promised land.
- 2 Where now is John the Baptist?
 Safely in the promised land.
 He went up from the river Jordan,
 Safely in the promised land.
 By and by we'll go and meet him,
 Safely in the promised land.
- 3 Where now is good old Daniel
 Safely in &c.
 He went up from the den of lions,
 Safely in &c.
 By and by, we'll go and meet him,
 Safely in &c.
- 4 Where now is weeping Mary?
 Safely in &c.

She went up from the tomb of Joseph?
 Safely in &c.
 By and by, we'll go and meet her,
 Safely in &c.

- 5 Where now is the blessed Jesus,
 Safely in &c.
 He went up in a cloud of glory,
 Safely in &c.
 By and by, we'll go and meet him,
 Safely in &c.

79.

The Pilgrim's Prayer.

- Tune—must Simon bear thy cross alone.
- 1 Eternal Spirit on me move,
 While I am traveling here,
 Lead me on to heav'n above,
 O have me in thy care;
 Thou can'st upon my heart *now* move,
 And fill me with thy 'perfect love,'
 All other love excelling,
 O that's the love for me,
 O that's the love for me,
 O that's the love for me.
- 2 Fill me with thy fulness here,
 That I may holy be,
 I'll cast away all worldly fear,
 May I thy glory see,
 Grant me thy lovely, smiling face.
 And fill me with that perfect peace,
 All worldly peace exceeding,
 For that's the peace for me,
 O that's the peace for me,
 O that's the peace for me.

- 3 My pilgrimage will shortly end,
 Here in this world of sin,
 Unto me thy hand now lend,
 And always be my friend.
 Be with me when I come to die
 And fill me with that joy on high,
 Much better than all earthly joy,
 O that's the joy for me,
 O that's the joy for me,
 O that's the joy for me.

80.

The Pupil.

L. M.

- 1 There is a school on earth begun,
 Instructed by the Holy One ;
 He calls his pupils there, to prove
 The sweetness of redeeming love.
- 2 The school book is the scripture true ;
 The lessons are forever new ;
 In this the pupils are agreed,
 It is a blessed school indeed.
- 3 'Tis here the blind may learn to see ;
 Then come, ye blind, the school is free ;
 And here the lame may learn to walk ;
 'The dumb may also learn to talk.
- 5 'Tis here the deaf may learn to hear ;
 Then come, ye deaf, and lend an ear ;
 Listen to Jesus' pleasant voice,
 He'll make your mourning souls rejoice.
- 6 Come, brethren, you who are at school,
 Attention pay to every rule ;
 Here may we learn the happy art
 Of loving God with all our heart.

81. *Mercy's Free.*

- 1 By faith I view my Savior dying on the tree, on
 the tree ;
 To every nation now he's crying, look to me, look to
 me.
 He bids the nations now draw near,
 Repent, believe, dismiss your fear—
 Hark, hark! what precious truths I hear—mercy's
 free, mercy's free.
- 2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing, pity me, pity
 me ?
 And did he snatch my soul from ruin—can it be, can
 it be ?
 O yes, he did salvation bring,
 He is my Prophet, Priest and King—
 And now my happy soul can sing—mercy's free, mer-
 cy's free.
- 3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes—mercy's free, mer-
 cy's free ;
 And every moment Christ is precious unto me, unto
 me.
 None can describe the bliss I prove,
 While through this wilderness I rove—
 All may enjoy the Savior's love—mercy's free, mer-
 cy's free.
- 4 Jesus, the Mighty God, hath spoken peace to me,
 peace to me ;
 And now my chains of sin are broken—I am free, I
 am free.
 Soon as I in His name believed,
 The Holy Spirit I received,
 And Christ from death my soul retrieved—mercy's
 free, mercy's free.

5 These precious truths ye sinners hear it, mercy's
free, mercy's free;

Ye Ministers of God declare it, mercy' free, mercy's
free.

Visit the heathen's dark abode,

Proclaim to all the love of God—

Gospread the glorious news abroad, mercy's free, mer-
cy's free.

6 Long as I live I'll still be crying, mercy's free, mer-
cy's free;

And this shall be my theme when dying, mercy's free,
mercy's free.

When through the vale of death I've passed,

And lodged above the stormy blast,

I'll sing, while endless ages last, mercy's free, mer-
cy's free.

82. *The Old Ship Zion.*

WHAT is this that's a passing by?

O glory, hallelujah!

Why, it is the old ship Zion,

Hallelujah!

Who is your Captain, and what is his name?

It is the meek and holy Jesus,

Hallelujah!

Who are those that's a going on board?

Why, they're volunteers for Jesus,

Hallelujah!

When do you think she'll be ready for to sail?

Time enough to reach the harbor,

Hallelujah!

Is the ship well built, is your timber all sound?

Why, she's built of gospel timber,

Hallelujah!

What colors does she wear in the time of war?

Why it's the purple robe of Jesus,

Hallelujah!

Was your ship ever taken by an enemy's crew?

No, she never can be taken,

Hallelujah!

What is your chart to guide you through?

O, we have the blessed bible,

Hallelujah!

What is your fare while you are on board?

We feast on hidden manna,

Hallelujah!

What are your rules that you have on board?

Why, it is loving one another,

Hallelujah!

If the winds blow high or the winds blow low,

Still she is making for the harbor,

Hallelujah!

What will the saints do when the world's on fire?

They'll go sailing up to glory,

Hallelujah!

And what will you do when you all get there?

Why, we'll shout and sing forever,

Hallelujah!

83. *Christian's Comfort.*

1

Why should we be affrighted at pestilence or war?

The fiercer the tempest the sooner it is o'er.

With Jesus in the vessel, the billows rise in vain—

They only will convey me to yon celestial plain,

With glory in my soul.

2

This is a land of danger, and foes oppress me hard,
But Jesus, he has promised that he will be my guard;
Then I shall not be tempted above what I can bear—
When storms have done affrighting, his Kingdom I
shall share,

With glory, &c.

3

I feel that Jesus loves me, but why, I do not know;
To Him I'm so unfaithful, in what I have to do,
I grieve to see my failings, but Jesus does forgive,
Which makes me love him more—by faith in him
I live,

With glory, &c.

4

Tho' sinners do despise me, and laugh at what I say,
I find a little number walk with me in the way.
Come on, come on, my brethren, they laugh at Je-
sus too—

I've glory all around me, and Heaven is in my view,

With glory, &c.

5

And when we gain fair Canaan, and on that happy
shore,

Beyond the reach of sorrow, we'll shout forever more;
Then walk the golden pavements, and blood-wash'd
garments wear,

And to increase our pleasure, our Jesus will be
there,

With glory, &c.

6

My song I must conclude altho' against my will;
I long to have the power to sing what I do feel—
I long to see the time when immortal I shall be,
And shout His praises through a vast eternity.

With glory, &c.

84.

Eternity.

- 1 O YE young, ye gay and proud,
You must die and wear the shroud,
Time will rid you of your bloom,
Death will drag you to the tomb,
Then you will cry and want to be
Happy in eternity.
- 2 Say will you go to heaven or hell,
One you must and there to dwell,
Christ will come and quickly too,
I must see him so must you,
Then you'll cry and want to be
Happy in eternity.
- 3 The white throne will soon appear,
All the world must then draw near,
Sinners must be driven down,
Saints will wear a starry crown,
Then you will cry and want to be
Happy in eternity.
- 4 O ye mourning sinking souls,
See before you the torrent rolls,
Now believe with all your might,
Christ will make your garments white,
Then you'll ever with him be
Happy in eternity.
- 5 O ye children of the light,
Strive to make your garments white,
Then with all the saints
You will meet the happy bride,
Then you'll ever with him be
Happy in eternity.

85.

The young Convert.

7 & 6.

- 1 WHEN souls are first converted,
They mount on wings above ;
The world thinks they're distracted,
Because they're fill'd with love.
They fly from ev'ry evil,
They trust in God alone ;
They long to get to heaven,
Their most desired home.
- 2 The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Beset them on each hand ;
Bestrew their path with evil,
To bar them from that land.
But Jesus still invites them,
Saying : " Follow, follow me ;
And I will fight your battles,
And gain your liberty."
- 3 In hopes of that bright morning,
When all my sorrows end,
When we arrive at heaven,
No more to part with friends,
I'll try to live a Christian,
While here on earth I stay ;
I'll watch and I'll be sober,
I'll watch and try to pray.
- 4 Then with the shining millions,
Immortal we shall rise,
And soar aloft to Jesus,
And reign above the skies.
Then sweet immortal anthems
Our golden harps employ,
And solace in the ocean
Of everlasting joy.

86.

The Christian Soldier.

C. M.

- 1 HARK ! listen to the trumpeters,
They call for volunteers ;
On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount,
Behold their officers :
Their garments white, their armor bright,
With courage bold they stand,
Enlisting soldiers for their King,
To march to Canaan's land.
- 2 It sets my heart all in a flame,
A soldier for to be ;
I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty—
We want no cowards in our band,
Who will their colors fly ;
We call for valiant-hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die.
- 3 To see their armies on parade,
How martial they appear ;
All armed and dress'd in uniform,
They look like men of war,
They follow their great General,
The great all-conq'ring King,
His garments stain'd in his own blood,
King Jesus is his name.
- 4 Lift up your hearts, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh ;
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes both earth and sky.
In fiery chariots we shall ride,
And leave this world on fire,
And all surround the glorious throne,
And join the heavenly choir.

87.

Invitation to Youth.

L. M.

- 1 YOUNG people all, attention give,
While I address you in God's name ;
You who in sin and folly live,
Come hear the counsel of a friend.
I've sought for bliss in glitt'ring toys,
And ranged the luring scenes of vice :
But never knew substantial joys,
Till I obey'd my Savior's voice.
- 2 He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And wash'd my load of guilt away ;
He gave me glory, peace, and heaven,
And thus I found the heavenly way.
And now, with trembling sense, I view
Huge billows roll beneath your feet ;
For death and judgment wait for you,
Who slight the force of gospel truth.
- 3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
By fleeting time, or conq'ring death ;
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark.
Your sparkling eyes, and blooming cheeks,
Must wither like the blasted rose ;
The coffin, earth, and winding sheet,
Will soon your active limbs enclose.
- 4 In judgment soon your doom you'll wait,
With awful trembling there you'll stand,
The angels gather all the saints,
And place them safe at Christ's right hand,
The burning lake will be disclosed,
Satan be bound and cast therein,
With all who slight God's counsel here,
And cleave to worldly lusts and sin.

88.

The goodness of God.

C. M.

- 1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King ;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food ;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord,
How slow thine anger moves !
But soon he sends his pard'ning word
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim ;
But saints that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

89.

The birth of Christ.

11s.

- 1 As shepherds in Jewry were guarding their
sheep,
Promisc'ously seated, estranged from sleep,
An angel from heaven presented to sight,
And thus he accosted the watchers by night :
Dismiss all your sorrows and banish your fears,
For Jesus your Savior in Jewry appears.

- 2 Though Adam the first in rebellion was found;
Forbidden to tarry on hallowed ground;
Yet Adam the second appears to retrieve
The loss you sustain'd by the Devil and Eve,
Then shepherds, be tranquil; this instant arise,
Go visit your Savior and see where he lies.
- 3 A token I leave you, whereby you may find,
This heavenly stranger, this friend to mankind;
A manger's his cradle, a stall his abode,
Thus meekly appears your Savior and Lord.
Then, shepherds, be humble, be meek, and lie
low,
For Jesus, your Savior's abundantly so.
- 4 This wonderful story no sooner they hear,
Than thousands of angels in glory appear;
They join in the concert, and this was the theme,
All glory to God, and good-will towards men,
Then, shepherds, strike in, join your voice to the
choir,
And catch a few sparks of celestial fire.
- 5 Hosanna! the angels in ecstasy cry,
Hosanna! the wondering shepherds reply;
Salvation, redemption, are centred in one,
All glory to God for the birth of his Son.
Then, shepherds, adieu, we commend you to
God,
Go visit the Son in his humble abode.

90. *The Missionary's farewell.* 8 & 7

- 1 YES my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes, I love them well;

- Friends, connexions, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Must I leave you, can I leave you,
Far in distant lands to dwell?
- 2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger's heart can tell;
Happy home, 'tis sure I love thee,
Can I, must I, say farewell?
Must I leave thee, can I leave thee,
Far in distant lands to dwell?
- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and sabbath-bell;
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Must I leave you, can I leave you,
Far in distant lands to dwell?
- 4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well,
Far away, ye billows, bear me,
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee, pleased I leave thee,
Far in distant lands to dwell.
- 5 In the desert let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell,
How he died, the blessed Savior,
To redeem a world from hell.
Let me hasten, let me hasten,
Far in distant lands to dwell.
- 6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
Let the winds the canvass swell,
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I leave thee, glad I leave thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell.

91. *Christ's Baptism.* L. M. 6l.

- 1 IN Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews;
The Son of God the rite demands:
Nor dares the holy man refuse
To plunge his Lord beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.
- 2 Admire, ye heavens! the Savior lies
In deeps, conceal'd from human view:
Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,
A fit example this for you
The sacred records while you read;
Calls you to imitate the deed.
- 3 But hark, my soul, hark and adore!
What sounds are those that roll along,
Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song!
"This is my well beloved Son
I see (well pleased) what he hath done."
- 4 Thus the eternal Father spoke,
Who shakes creation with a nod;
Through parting skies the accents broke,
And bids us hear the Son of God;
O hear the joyful word to-day!
Hear, all ye nations, and obey!

92. *Salem's King.* P. M.

- 1 SALEM's bright King, Jesus by name,
In ancient times to Jordan came
All righteousness to fill;
'Twas there the ancient Baptist stood,
Whose name was John, a man of God,
To do his master's will.

- 2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize;
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleased in what he'd done,
And own'd him from the skies.
- 3 Come, children, come, his voice obey,
Salem's bright King has marked the way,
And has a crown prepared;
O then arise and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.
- 4 Believing children, gather round,
And let your joyful songs abound,
With cheerful hearts arise;
See here is water, here is room,
A loving Savior calling, "Come,
O children, be baptized."
- 5 Behold his servant waiting stands,
With willing heart and ready hands,
To wait upon the bride;
Ye candidates, your hearts prepare,
And let us join in solemn prayer,
Down by the water-side.

93. *The Heavenly Mariner.* H. M.

- 1 THROUGH tribulations deep,
The way to glory is:
This stormy course I keep,
On these tempest'ous seas.
By waves and winds I'm toss'd and driven,
Freighted with grace and bound to heaven.

- 2 Sometimes temptations blow
 A dreadful hurricane,
 And high the waters flow,
 And o'er the side break in:
 But still my little ship outbraves,
 The blust'ring winds and surging waves.
- 3 When I, in my distress,
 My anchor hope can cast
 Within the promises,
 It holds my vessel fast;
 Safely she then at anchor rides,
 'Mid stormy blasts and swelling tides.
- 4 If a dead calm ensues,
 And heaven no breezes give,
 The oar of prayer I use,
 I tug, and toil, and strive;
 Through storms and calms for many a day,
 I make but very little way.
- 5 But when a heavenly breeze
 Springs up and fills my sail,
 My vessel goes with ease
 Before the pleasant gale,
 And runs as much an hour or more,
 As in a month or two before.
- 6 Hid by the clouds from sight,
 The sun doth not appear,
 Nor can I in the night
 Behold the moon or star;
 Sometimes, for days and weeks or more,
 I cannot see the sky or shore.
- 7 As at the time of noon
 My quadrant faith, I take
 To view my Christ, my sun!
 If he the clouds should break.

- I'm happy when his face I see,
 I know then whereabout I be.
- 8 The Bible is my chart,
 By it the seas I know;
 I cannot with it part,
 It rocks and sands doth show.
 It is a chart and compass too,
 Whose needle points for ever true.
- 9 I keep aloof from pride,
 Those rocks I pass with care;
 I stud'ously avoid
 The whirlpool of despair.
 Presumption's quicksands too I shun;
 Near them I do not choose to run.
- 10 When through a strait I go,
 Or near some coast am drove,
 The plummet forth I throw,
 And thus my safety prove.
 The scripture is the line which I
 Fathom the depth of water by.
- 11 My vessel would be lost
 In spite of all my care,
 But that the Holy Ghost
 Himself vouchsafes to steer:
 And through all my voyages will
 Depend upon my steersman's skill.
94. *Looking to the cross.* C. M.
- 1 In evil long I took delight,
 Unawed by shame or fear,

Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,
And plunged me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas ! I knew not what I did ;
But now my tears are vain ;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look he gave, which said,
" I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou mayest live."

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

8 With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,
My spirit now is fill'd ;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

95. *Pray without ceasing.* L. M.

1 PRAY'R was appointed to convey
The blessings God design'd to give ;
Long as they live, should Christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.

2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites,
He speaks as prompted from within,
The spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer ?
My soul, thou hast a friend on high ;
Arise, and try thy int'rest there.

4 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay ;
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee—pray.

5 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak ;
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak,
But pray in faith in Jesus' name.

6 Depend on him, thou canst not fail ;
Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
Fear not, his merit must prevail,
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

96. *Duty of Prayer.* L. M.

1 WHAT various hind'rances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat ;

- Yet, who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.
- 3 *Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright,
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.*
- 4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side ;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words ? ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fills your fellow-creatures' ears
With the sad tale of all your cares.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would often be,
Hear what the Lord hath done for me !

97. *Pilgrim traveler.* C. P. M.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love,
Which lifts my heart to things above,
It bears on eagle's wings ;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus, priests, and kings.

- 2 The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen :
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.
- 3 Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise :
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.
- 4 There are my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home ;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
But Jesus bids me come.
- 5 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heav'nly rest :
Then let the pilgrim's journey end,
And O, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast.

98. *The successful Resolve.* C. M.

- 1 COME anxious sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve.
- 2 " I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess,
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his pard'ning grace.
- 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives,
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 6 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try,
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

99. *Longing for Heaven.*

7 & 6.

- 1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And from that flowing fountain,
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders;
And bids me not give o'er:
If I continue faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers,
Eternal life shall have.

- 3 Thro' grace I am determin'd
To conquer though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu;
And O, my friends prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

- 4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray:
Gird on your heav'nly armor,
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended
He'll carry you above.

- 5 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you want more knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though oft'ner you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

- 6 Our eyes shall then, with rapture,
The Savior's face behold!
Our feet, no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold!
Our ears shall hear with transport
The hosts celestial sing!
Our tongues shall chant the glory
Of our immortal King!

100.

Weeping Jesus.

S. M.

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief,
Burst forth from ev'ry eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee!

3 He wept, that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

101.

The bower of Prayer.

11s.

1 TO LEAVE my dear friends, and with neighbors to
part,
And go from my home, it afflicts not my heart,
Like the thought of absenting myself for a day,
From that bless'd retreat where I've chosen to pray.

2 Sweet bower, where the pine and the poplar have
spread,
And woven their branches a roof o'er my head;
How oft have I knelt on the ever-green there,
And pour'd out my soul to my Savior in prayer.

3 The early, shrill notes of a loved nightingale,
That dwelt in the bower, I observed as my bell,
To call me to duty, while birds in the air
Sung anthems of praises as I went to prayer.

4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, and wild eglantine;
But sweeter, O sweeter superlative were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

5 For Jesus my Savior oft deigned to meet,
And bless with his presence my humble retreat,
Oft fill'd me with raptures and blessedness there,
Inditing, in heaven's own language, my prayer.

6 Dear bower, I must leave you, and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new,
Well knowing my Savior resides ev'ry where,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

7 Although I shall never revisit the shade,
But oft shall I think of the vows I have made,
And while at a distance, my mind will repair,
To the place where my Savior, first answer'd my
prayer.

102.

Call to Sinners.

C. M.

1 RETURN, O wanderer—now return!
And seek thy Father's face!
Those new desires which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer—now return!
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer—now return!
Thy Savior bids thee live:
Come to his feet—and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

- 4 Return, O wanderer—now return !
And wipe the falling tear :
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn !
'Tis love invites thee near.

103. *The Evangelist's Farewell.* 8 & 7.

1 Now my time is come for going,
Now my heart begins to swell,
While the silent tear is falling,
Scarce can say, my friends farewell.
Yet farewell to each believer,
Where my God commands I'll fly ;
We must part, but not for ever,
We shall meet above the sky.

2 While I range through distant regions
Far from friends I hold most dear ;
While o'er souls, exposed to ruin,
Oft I shed the anxious tear ;
Still my mind with warm affection,
Fondly will revert to you :
Time nor distance cannot sever
Me from those I bid adieu.

3 Say you will your feeblest servant,
On your faithful spirits bear ;
When your faith and love are fervent,
Will you mention me in prayer ?
Surely, on my mind I'll bear you,
Though we may far off remove ;
Yet my spirit shall be with you,
Till we take our seats above.

4 Now my soul, in hope exulting,
Looks beyond death's chilly waves,

Where the saints with whom I've parted,
I shall meet beyond the grave :
There to meet o'er Jordan's billows,
Safe within the promised land,
I to God, in love commend you,
And must give the parting hand.

104. *The young man's Experience.* 11s.

1 COME all ye young people of ev'ry nation,
Come listen awhile, and to you I will tell
How I was first call'd to seek for salvation
In Jesus, my Lord, who redeem'd me from hell.
I was not passed sixteen when first I was call'd
To think of my soul and the state I was in ;
I saw myself standing a distance from Jesus,
Between him and me was a mountain of sin.

2 The Devil perceiving that I was awaken'd,
He strove to persuade me that I was too young,
He said I'd get weary before my days ended,
And wish I had never so early begun :
Sometimes he'd persuade me that Jesus was partial,
While he was setting the poor sinner free,
That I was forgotten, a cast-out, like Esau,
That there was no mercy at all for poor me.

3 But glory to Jesus, his love's not confined
To princes of persons of noble degree :
His love it is boundless, to all it's extended,
He died for poor sinners while nail'd to the tree.
Thus while I lay groaning in deep lamentation,
My soul overwhelm'd with sorrow and pain ;
He drew nigh in mercy, look'd on me with pity,
He pardon'd my sins and his grace I obtain'd.

4 So now I've found favor in Jesus my Savior,
 And all his commands I'm bound to obey ;
 I'll follow my Savior in whom I've found favor,
 Till he shall see cause for to call me away ;
 So farewell, young people, since I ca'n't persuade you,
 To leave off your follies and go with a friend ;
 I'll follow my Savior in whom I've found favor,
 My days in his service I'm bound for to spend.

105. *Life the day of Grace.* L. M.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time t' ensure the great reward ;
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given
 To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven ;
 The day of grace, and mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
 But all the dead forgotten lie ;
 Their mem'ry and their sense are gone,
 Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Their hatred and their love are lost,
 Their envy buried in the dust ;
 They have no share in all that's done
 Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands, with all your might, pursue ;
 Since no device nor work is found,
 Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
 In the cold grave, to which we haste :
 But darknes, death, and long despair,
 Reign in eternal silence there.

106. *The parting hand.* L. M.

1 My dearest friends in bonds of love,
 Whose hearts in sweetest union move,
 Your friendship's like a drawing band,
 Yet we must take the parting hand.
 Your comp'ny sweet, your union dear,
 Your words delightful to my ear,
 And when I see that we must part,
 You draw, like cords, around my heart.

2 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
 Since we have met to sing and pray !
 How loath we've been to leave the place,
 Where Jesus shows his smiling face.
 O could I stay with friends so kind,
 How would it cheer my drooping mind !
 But duty makes me understand,
 That we must take the parting hand.

3 Then since it is God's holy will,
 We must be parted for awhile,
 In sweet submission all as one,
 We'll say, " Our Father's will be done."
 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
 And heard you tell your hopes and fears,
 Your hearts with love have seem'd to flame,
 Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

4 I hope you'll all remember me,
 If you no more on earth I see ;

An int'rest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.
O glorious day, O blessed hope!
My heart leaps forward at the thought,
When in that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

107. *The sweetest sound.* 8, 6 & 7.

1 BURST ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Around the bright elysium.
Lo! we lift our longing eyes,
Break, ye intervening skies;
Sun of righteousness arise,
Ope the gates of paradise.

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

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

4 One broad rainbow round the throne,
Pours celestial splendor,
All within the brilliant zone,
To empyreal grandeur.
Heaven's pure arch reflects the blaze,
Seraphs sing, admire, and gaze,
Glowing cherubs join the lays,
Martyrs shout responding praise.

5 Hark, the thrilling symphony
Seems, methinks, to seize us;
Join we to the holy lay,
Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!
Sweetest song on seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, Jesus, flow along.

108. *The pure testimony.* P. M.

1 THE pure testimony is pour'd forth in the spirit,
Cuts like a keen two-edged sword;
And hypocrites now are most sorely tormented,
Because they're condemn'd by the word:
The pure testimony discovers its dross,
While wicked professors make light of the cross,
But Babylon trembles for fear of the loss.

2 Is not the time come for the church to be gather'd
Into the one Spirit of God?
Baptized by one Spirit into the one body,
Partaking Christ's flesh and his blood;
They drink to one Spirit which makes them all see,
They're one in Christ Jesus wherever they be,
Thy Jews and the Gentiles, the bond and the free.

- 3 Then blow ye the trumpet in pure testimony ;
And let the world hear it again ;
O come ye from Babylon, Egypt, and Sodom,
And make your way over the plain :
And gird on your armor, ye saints of the Lord,
And he will direct you by his living word ;
The pure testimony will cut like a sword.
- 4 The great prince of darkness is must'ring his
forces,
To make you his pris'ners again,
By flatt'ries, reproaches, and vile persecutions,
That you in his cause may remain ;
But shun his temptations wherever they lay,
And fear not his servants whatever they say,
The pure testimony will give you the day.
- 5 The world will not persecute those who are like
them,
But hold them the same as their own ;
The pure testimony cries up separation,
And calls you your lives to lay down :
Come out from their spirit and practice too :
The track of the Savior keep full in your view,
The pure testimony will cut the way through.
- 6 A battle is coming between the two kingdoms,
The armies will gather anon ;
The pure testimony and vile persecution
Will come to close battle ere long.
Then wash all your robes in the blood of the Lamb,
And walk in the Spirit as Jesus has done,
In pure testimony you will overcome.

109. *The Christian Soldier.*

8s.

- 1 A SOLDIER, Lord, thou hast me made,
Thou art my Captain, King and head,
And under thee I still will fight
The fight of faith with all my might,
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The ensign of our conq'ring Lord ;
The Christian soldier's standard is,
And I will fight for King Jesus.
- 2 O make me, Lord, what I should be,
To boldly face the enemy,
That when alarmed to call the Lord,
And pass the word to all the guard,
Grant me the weapons of thy word,
The Spirit's powerful two-edged sword,
To slay my foes, where'er they be,
And own the vict'ry won by thee.
- 3 Thou art my Lord, keep me, I pray,
That I may run the heav'nly way ;
Nor from my duty e'er depart,
But live to Christ with all my heart.
Help me to walk in humbleness,
March in the way of holiness,
O make me pure and spotless too,
And fit to stand the grand review.
- 4 That when our General shall come,
With sound of trumpet, (not of drum,)
'Tis then our well-dress'd ranks shall stand
In full review at God's right hand ;
And when our foes shall get the rout,
And Jesus wheels them left about ;
Then we'll march up the heav'nly street,
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

5 The war is o'er, and we are free
 To join the blood-wash'd company ;
 Our wages shall be harps of gold,
 And joys of heaven which can't be told ;
 There we shall drink full draughts of wine,
 The band of music we shall join ;
 And hallelujah's highest key
 Shall be our theme eternally.

110. *The Christian's Greeting.*

1 Good morning, brother Christian—
 How do you do to-day ?
 How do you stand affliction,
 And the trials of the way ?

I thank loving Jesus, through affliction we are saved,
 It is through his good pleasure that we're not in
 the grave.

2 Good morning, brother preacher—
 Good morning all around—
 How glad I am to see you,
 Once more upon this ground!

I thank patient Jesus that we our way have found
 To this consecrated spot, to hear the gospel sound.

3 Good morning, careless sinner,
 For you I am alarmed ;
 Why are you not afflicted,
 Or why not dead and damned ?

You may thank bleeding Jesus, who did redeem the
 world ;
 Who is now for you a pleading, or you'd in hell be
 hurl'd.

4 Good morning, pensive mourner,
 Like Mary have you come

Early to the sepulchre,
 Seeking Jesus in the tomb ?
 Mourner, seek among the living, and not among the
 dead—
 Mourner, seek the Lord believing, you'll find him as
 he said.

5 Come, brethren dear and sisters,
 Come, neighbors all around ;
 Let us form a praying circle,
 On this good meeting ground ;

Come, we'll erect the altar, the sacrifice is here—
 Let us pray in faith believing, and God will answer
 prayer.

6 Let us pray for holy fire
 To consume the sacrifice,
 And to burn up base desire,
 No sin will we disguise.

Lord, verify thy promise, while we on thee depend—
 Lord, set us all on fire, before our meeting end.

111. *Jesus, My Friend.*

1 JESUS, Jesus, he is my friend,
 And will go with me to the end ;
 For every body is talking about
 That very same Jesus.

That very same Jesus,
 O glory hallelujah !
 For every body is talking about
 That very same Jesus.

2 He spoke to Peter on the sea,
 Saying leave your nets and follow me ;
 For everybody is talking about
 That very same Jesus, &c.

4 Did you ever hear the like before,
That Jesus preached unto the poor?
For everybody is talking about
That very same Jesus, &c.

5 Jesus spoke to me so sweet,
Saying, children have you any meat?
And everybody is talking about
That very same Jesus, &c.

6 Altho' you see me going along so,
I have my trials here below;
Yet everybody is talking about,
That very same Jesus, &c.

112. *New Year.* 5 & 11.

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

2 Our life as a dream,
Our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone:
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here!

3 O that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!"

O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done,

Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

113. *Christ in the Garden.* 11's.

1 WHILE nature was sinking in stillness to rest,
The last beams of daylight shone dim in the
west;
O'er fields by the moonlight, to lonely retreat,
In deep meditation, I wander'd to weep.

2 While passing a garden, as I paused to hear
A voice, faint and faltering, from one that
was there;
The voice of the mourner affected my heart,
While bleeding in anguish the poor sinner's
part.

3 In offering to heaven his pitying prayer,
He spake of the torments the sinner must
bear;
His life as a ransom he offer'd to give,
That sinners redeemed in glory might live.

4 I listen'd a moment, and then turn'd to see
What man of compassion this stranger
could be,
When, lo! I discover'd knelt on the cold green
The loveliest being that ever was seen.

5 His mantle was wet with the dews of the night,
His locks by pale moonbeams were glistening
and bright;

His eyes bright, like diamonds, to heaven were
raised,
While angels in wonder stood round him
amazed.

6 So deep was his sorrow, so fervent his prayer,
That down o'er his bosom roll'd sweat, blood,
and tears!
I wept to behold him, and asked him his name,
He answer'd, "'Tis Jesus, from heaven I
came.

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

8 I heard with attention the tale of his wo,
While tears like a fountain of waters did flow;
The cause of his sorrow to hear him repeat,
Affected my heart, and I fell at his feet.

9 I trembled with horror, and loudly did cry,
"Lord, save a poor sinner! O save, or I die!"
He smiled when he saw me, and said to me,
"Live!
"Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive."

10 How sweet was that moment he bade me
rejoice!
His smiles, O how pleasant! how cheering his
voice!
I flew from the garden to spread it abroad,
I shouted, "Salvation! O glory to God!"

AN

ESSAY ON EVANGELISM.

"But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work
of an Evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry."—PAUL.

EVANGELISM IS OF DIVINE APPOINTMENT.

Christ himself, was the world's Evangelist. All the Apostles were Evangelists. Missionaries are evangelists; missionary is but another name for the same office. The head of the church, guided by infinite wisdom, "gave some apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ; till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."—Eph. iv. 11—13. The fact, that He who established His kingdom in the world, guided by infinite wisdom and infinite goodness combined, has appointed the office of Evangelism, for the above inspired reasons, ought to silence all objections, and hush all queries respecting its utility or expediency. The pride, folly and madness of human beings, in arrogating to themselves, the right of judging of the expediency or in expediency, and of receiving or rejecting institutions of *Divine appointment*, have been too

manifest, and their results too disastrous in past days, to be admitted for a moment in the nineteenth century, and especially among Baptists, who profess *tenaciously* to adhere to apostolic example, and to bow with all deference to the authority of the Word of God. Men are continually running into extremes, departing from the old paths, and striking out new ones. Some are for excluding a settled ministry altogether, and establishing a system of itineracy; others, are for excluding itineracy, and sustaining a settled ministry only. The history of the past, shows, that of the two extremes, the former has succeeded the best; but there can be no doubt but that God's method is preferable to either, and that any denomination of Christians in fulfilling the work of the ministry, in perfecting the saints, and in converting the world, would succeed better and multiply faster, by combining and encouraging pastors and evangelists, and harmonizing the labors of both.

THE NECESSITY AND UTILITY OF EVANGELISM.

1. It must be admitted even in the nineteenth century, that some pastors are (to use Tennant's language,) "contentedly unsuccessful, they are unwilling to be roused from their slumbers, or to have their people roused. Hence, they must be suffered to lead their people down to perdition, or some Evangelist must break in upon them against their will." It is thus in many places now in New England, as really as in the days of Tennant and Whitefield, as it is also in many other parts of Christendom, and none can fail to see that the present method of using the means for the conversion of immortal souls, fails to reach that end. This ground is as really missionary ground as any other part of the world, and souls, without something more being done, will as really

perish in eternal night. "In such cases it cannot be expected that pastors will always close in with Evangelists; for they begin their labors with an implied consent that they are not what they should be, that they are unworthy the confidence which is reposed in them, and the emoluments which they receive, and the labors of an evangelist threatens to reduce them to their proper level, a few may be compelled by their own consciences to admit the truth of the charges, and may reform, but generally they will repel the attack. The Evangelist may sometimes be compelled to violate ecclesiastical order and ministerial courtesy, for he goes where that order is made a wall of defence against saving truth, and where that courtesy would require him to honor the unfaithful at the expense of souls. If successful, he may divide churches, and unsettle ministers; he may wish and seek to avoid it as far as possible; but it may be out of his power." Like his Master, he may not bring peace, but a sword; he may set ministers and people, friends and neighbors at variance, and will be condemned as a disturber of the peace of society, and of the churches; as an uncharitable, censorious and slanderous man. Unpleasant and painful as such things are, he should be prepared for them, and meet them without disappointment, and without irritation. If he is a suitable man, and performs the labors, and endures the afflictions of his vocation with a right spirit, the result will be, as it always has been, good; and he will soon have his reward.

2. The necessity of the aid of Evangelists, where pastors are comparatively faithful, may be seen, in the extreme difficulty under certain circumstances to raise an interest on the subject of religion. Many churches and congregations are under worldly, political and infidel influences; which, like the strong

current of a sweeping mighty tide, bears the mass of the souls on the way to death, and it may not be in the power of the pastor alone to arouse the church, to break through all opposing influences, and turn the attention of the people to the word of God, and the interests of their souls. The pastor may stand up on the Sabbath, and faithfully proclaim God's truth, but one of his hearers is lost in some scheme of speculation, another is turning over in his mind the case of his client; another still, is sweetly sleeping, unconscious of his own danger, or the danger of those around him. Those students are solving some problem in Euclid; *these* young men are getting up a ball; and *those* in the gallery are laying their plans to visit the Theatre; then another class are revolving over the Theatre; then another class are revolving over some favorite scheme of false doctrine. Some of the ladies are preparing for company; others are making preparations to attend a party, (which, perhaps, is being gotten up by some hypocrite in the church.) The pastor discovers that his sermons produce but little effect, and are soon forgotten; he feels that they, like life boats thrown into the mighty Maelstrom, are soon seized by the current, and buried in the deep, and all is lost, boats and people, or sermons and souls.

Now, if a brother like Philip the Evangelist, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, can be obtained, who will sympathize with the pastor, who has a peculiar tact to draw in the multitude, secure their attention, and hold their minds to the truth for weeks and months, until religion becomes the general topic of conversation, and all are feeling and acting upon the subject of their soul's salvation, until an excitement on the subject of religion swallows up all other excitements produced by business, by politics, by pleasures, and by infidelity, and all its hellish brood. What good man would not rejoice, thank God, and take courage?

Who but wicked men and devils would stop to cavel, and find fault? Who would send back all who have by these means been converted, to infidelity, universalism, and crimes, and thence to hell?

3. The age in which we live, above all others, demands the labors of Evangelists. All go by steam this is an age of enterprise; business, politics, literary pursuits, and pleasures absorb the mind, and unless something can be done to arrest the attention, and hold the public mind to the truth, the mass will soon be drowned in perdition.

4. Evangelists are needed to aid the pastor in performing the work in a protracted meeting. Preaching on the sabbath day will never convert the world. The Apostles "disputed *daily* in the Temple." No one man can do all the visiting, superintend all the interests of the church, and preach every day besides, but combine the labors of the pastor and the Evangelist, and all can be done up in due season.

It may be supposed by some, that pastors can aid each other in protracted meetings; we have no doubt but good may be done in that way; but all who have tried both methods: that is, the aid of pastors, and the aid of Evangelists, can but see the advantages of the latter, and the disadvantages of the former. The pastor has a family at home, claiming his attention and his presence, (having made no arrangements to be constantly from home,) sometimes he is called away to attend a funeral, at other times to attend a wedding. Then there is a missionary meeting in his church, and he cannot be absent, and when the sabbath day arrives, and he is most needed in the protracted meeting, he must supply his own pulpit, the protracted meeting is a secondary consideration, and must be more or less neglected, the interest flags perhaps, and dies a natural death, or just as it begins to rise, and the

meeting becomes interesting and promising great good; it must be closed for the want of help, as the pastor is worn down and cannot endure the labors alone. But when an Evangelist is called in to the aid of the pastor, his arrangements are all made to remain as long as the circumstances require, he has no other business on hand, his mind is not divided, all his energies of body and mind are brought to bear upon one point, (the success of the meeting,) and if he cannot conquer some, he can remain the longer, until he can say with the Evangelists of old, "Thanks be unto God who *always* causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of His knowledge by us in *every place*." Who then can but see the superiority of God's arrangements to those of wise heads in modern times?

THE BENEFITS OF EVANGELISM.

1. They call out thousands to hear the word, who can not be induced to attend worship under other circumstances, or to hear the gospel from other men, and when they come under the sound of the gospel, they are as likely to be converted as others. Who can read the accounts of the listening crowds who flocked out to hear the gospel proclaimed by Martin Luther, the Evangelist, or Whitefield, or other Evangelists of less notoriety, and witness the effects of their preaching upon those crowds, in rebuking sin, in overthrowing false doctrine, in elevating the standard of piety, and in the saving renovation of thousands of souls, without gratitude to God, or without praying the Lord of the harvest to raise up more men of the same stamp, to fill the same office, and accomplish the same work?

2. The experience which an Evangelist acquires, after laboring in revivals of religion for some years, is of no little service to the churches, and to the min-

istry. He is at home in a revival of religion. No device of Satan, no difficulty in the church, no complaint arising from the enmity of the carnal mind against God, can be presented, but he is prepared to dispose of it, in a manner not to check, or at least not to break up the work of God.

Satan is never more busy, or indefatigable, than in a revival of religion. I have often found ministers and churches in a revival of religion, thrown into a state of confusion, by some occurrence which seemed to threaten to put an end to the meeting, or the work of God in it, and at a loss to know what to do, when the disposing of occurrences of the kind was an every day business with me, and I knew as well what chord to touch as an experienced player on the piano, and was as calm, and as much at home, as a commander of a ship in a storm at sea.

3. When Evangelists possess that unction which is necessary to constant and great success, hundreds of pastors come in from different directions, hear the solemn, pungent, and soul-stirring truths, poured forth from a warm heart, and in a revival atmosphere, weep, make new consecrations, form new resolutions, and go home with their faith strengthened, and so labor as to produce a revival among their own people. This was the effect of the preaching of Evangelists in the 16th century, in the 18th, and also in many instances in the 19th.

God often raises up ministers of peculiar tact, and favors them with a peculiar unction, and sends them through the churches and through the world, for the benefit of the church, the benefit of the ministry, and the conversion of the world, and who dare forbid them, or attempt to drive them from the field, or seek every opportunity to throw out their cants, to slur their character, to paralyze their arm, and destroy their influence and usefulness?

4. God by them does much to break up wrong habits in preaching. Some pastors glide into hypercalvanism. Others who are surrounded by unitarianism, unconsciously conform to their manner of preaching. They make efforts to entertain their hearers with highly refined and literary productions, aim at pleasing the ear, instead of moving and breaking the heart. They put flowers where they ought to put daggers, (in sinner's bosoms.) Others often pursuing a course of systematic theology, preach upon and about theological questions; while their hearers sit in judgment as jurors, without even thinking that they are personally concerned; whereas, the hearers should all be the second person, the persons addressed; and God's heralds should come to them with a message from the eternal throne, backed up by the authority of Him from whom they have received their commission, the great *I Am*. Thus some aim at beautiful sermons, some at doctrinal discourses, and others at literary productions; but the Evangelist labors for effect, and for immediate effect; therefore, all Bible truth, doctrinal, historical and prophetic, is used for practical purposes, to bring back this revolted world to God, and to make the church more like her great and glorious Head. Their preaching is close, searching, personal and pointed; in a word, they take "God's truth, and put it into the rifle and aim at the mark." When pastors hear this kind of preaching and witness its effects, they conform (some more and some less,) to this method of presenting truth. A very great change has been effected within the last twelve years in the generality of preaching, and mostly by Evangelism; and in the humble opinion of the writer, there never has been a period since the Apostolic day, when the gospel to the same extent, was preached in

a manner so well calculated to accomplish the object for which it was appointed, as at the present period.

5. God has by Evangelism, brought about a great change in public opinion, in relation to His willingness to save at *all times* and in *all places*, and the measures which are calculated to bring men to an immediate submission to His will. It is not many years since, the idea, that we could have a revival *any where* and at *any time*, when the right means were used in good faith, was considered wild, fanatical and heretical, both by ministers and churches. Indeed, many thought there was a time fixed by the decree of Heaven, when God would pour out His Spirit, and that nothing could prevent it, and that no means could produce a revival, until that time arrived. The idea of using means to produce a revival was scouted; but now universally admitted; and now, when revivals are gotten up without the aid of Evangelists, their measures are employed, protracted meetings are gotten up, anxious seats are used, efforts are made to arouse the church, and set all at work, and revival hymns are sung. True, attempts have been made to get up revivals at the exclusion of these measures; but the want of success has only been a source of mortification to those who made the attempt, of grief to the truly pious, and of triumph to the wicked.

6. The wonderful increase of the Baptist denomination within the last twelve years, under God, is to be attributed more to the combined and harmonious labors of pastors and evangelists, than to any other one thing; though there probably would be as many causes assigned as there are classes of laborers in the field.

Note the reasons assigned a few years ago for the low state of religion in Rhode Island. One Pedo-

Baptist writer assigned as the cause the prevalence of Baptist sentiments, and the fact that the children were not baptized. Another writer in an Episcopal paper ascribes the lamentable want of the triumph of Christian principles to the fact, that there was no Bishop to spread his mantle over the State, and shed the holy and heavenly influence of Episcopacy upon the people. Whereas, were I to give my opinion, I should say the most serious difficulty in the way of Zion's prosperity could be found in the fact that the Baptist denomination, who command a controlling influence in the State, have to a great degree left their first love, lost the power and simplicity of the gospel, and unhappily fallen under the influence of worldly-mindedness, pride, and aristocracy, and then as a natural consequence many of them oppose Evangelism. The unction and power, the zeal and self-denial, of Roger Williams, of Doctor Gano, and their coadjutors, do not characterize the leading men of the denomination now in that State. It is not long since, I heard a popular minister in our denomination, not a thousand miles from Philadelphia, ascribe the rapid increase of the denomination to the influence of the missionary societies. That all the acts of benevolence on the part of the church of God, has a holy influence, can not be doubted; nor can it be doubted that *that* influence tends to the conversion of sinners at home, as well as abroad. But still, a critical and impartial observer can but admit that the revival influences which have increased our numbers for the last twelve years, have done more to increase our contributions for benevolent objects, than our contributions have to increase our numbers. Whatever opinions others may cherish of the true cause of our prosperity, those pastors and Evangelists, who have combined their prayers, tears, and labors for the conversion of the many thousands

who have been given us as the seals of our ministry, whom we have witnessed, and with whom we have sympathized, when borne down under the oppressive load of their guilt, and with whom we have rejoiced when converted to God, and whom we have baptized into Christ, not a few of whom have entered the gospel ministry; such persons, I say, can not be mistaken in relation to the real cause of the rapid increase of our numbers, and general prosperity; *their* eye has been constantly upon the connection between means and ends, cause and effects. God's thundering, Devil disturbing, sin killing, and soul transforming truth, has been preached, and backed up by the prayer of faith, and prayer has been answered on the spot. Dead sinners have started into life all around us, by hundreds and sometimes by thousands within a few week's time, or in other words, pastors and evangelists, with thousands of dear brethren and sisters, their fellow-helpers, "have gone forth weeping, bearing precious seed, and have come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them."

7. In the Presbyterian denomination, Evangelists have broken up the stiff, cold and deadening formality by which they were distinguished.

8. They have done much to weaken sectarianism in all denominations.

But the policy of the strongest opponents of Evangelism, now seems to be, to cry up the dead Evangelists, and cry down the living. The great complaint now is against *modern* Evangelists. The reader may have noticed an encomium upon the late deceased Nettleton, with some unchristian and ungentlemanly back-handed thrusts at those Evangelists, who yet live. This is so much like the spirit and policy of the Pharisees of old, that I forbear to make any comment upon it. They built and garnished the sepul-

chres of the prophets, who prophesied of Christ, while they persecuted and crucified Christ himself, who came to carry out and perfect that kingdom for which the prophets lived and died. Their object in eulogising the champions of by gone ages, was to cripple and destroy the champions in the same cause then living. But it should be remembered that all the *pre-eminently* successful Evangelists now resting from their labors, when living, were charged with the same things of which living Evangelists are now accused, and that the complaints were mostly made by men of substantially the same character, more distinguished for their literary attainments, than for their attainments in piety; for their pride of character and standing, than for their humility and success in winning souls. Look at the testimony of the Faculty of Harvard College against Whitefield, Dec. 28th, 1744.

"We look upon his going about in this itinerant way, especially as he hath so much of an enthusiastical turn of mind, utterly inconsistent with the peace and order, if not the very being of these churches of Christ." They charge him

"1. With enthusiasm.

"2. With being an uncharitable, censorious, and slanderous man, in proof of which, they refer to his remarks of the great and good archbishop Tillotson.

"3. They accuse him of dishonesty, in the application of moneys raised by him for benevolent purposes. They pronounced his accounts of disbursements unsatisfactory because several charges of large amounts were for sundries, no mention being made what the sum was expended for, nor to whom it was paid; hence, they say, that he deluded the people in the affair of the collections for the orphan house.

"4. They bore testimony against his manner of preaching.

"5. They complained that his itineracy from place to place was calculated to break up and unsettle Pastors. See the "Great Awakening," pages 347—350.

The Faculty of Yale College on the 25th Febuary, 1745, endorsed the above complaints against Whitefield, and other evangelists; making other complaints, "that he had spoken uncharitably of the piety of the colleges, and other ministers, saying that unconverted ministers were half beast and half devil, and that they could no more be the means of any man's conversion, than a dead man could beget living children." Now it is well known that the same complaints are urged against modern Evangelists, and that men of the schools (with some noble exceptions,) puffed up with some kinds of knowledge, are in this case as in the former, the most forward to make and circulate these complaints. I say with some noble exceptions, because President Edwards was Whitefield's admirer, and able advocate. He also advocated other Evangelists of his day; and there are some such admirable spirits at the present day, who combine sound judgment, extensive knowledge with deep and ardent piety.

To give the reader some idea of public opinion respecting an Evangelist while living, who is as popular as any one when dead, I will make an extract from Cowper's description of public opinion of Whitefield.

"Leuconomas [beneath well sounding Greek,
I slur a name a poet must not speak,]
Stood pilloried on infamy's high stage,
And bore the pelting scorn of half an age.
The very butt of slander, and the blot,
For every dart that malice ever shot,
The man that mentioned him at once dismiss'd,
All mercy from his lips, and sneered and hissed.
His crimes were such as sodom never knew,
And perjury stood up to swear all true.
His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretense,
His speech rebellion against common sense:

A knave when tried on honesty's plain rule,
 And when by that of reason a mere fool.
 The world's best comfort was, his doom was passed,
 Die when he might, he must be damned at last.'

To show the weakness and injustice of eulogising ancient and condemning modern Evangelism, I will hint at a few things which are strikingly analagous between the two.

1. They are both called out and thrust into the field of their labors by the Spirit and the providence of God.

The great Shepherd of Israel gives no wise heads no doctors of divinity, no human being, the honor of having any hand in their election, or their designation to their work; and often they are the last persons whom the wisdom of this world would choose; as was the case in David's election.

Who but God called and sent out Paul to do the work of an Evangelist. Who but the invisible God started out Luther from the monastery, and fired his heart with love and faith, and nerved his arm to overthrow the man of sin, to give the beast and the false prophet a deadly blow? Who pressed an immortal Whitefield to spike the cannons of the church, to break away from the restraints of the dead forms and ceremonies of the denomination with which he was connected, and go like an angel of light and mercy through the world doing the work of an Evangelist? Despising the highest rank and honors, with their attendant ease and affluence, which the Episcopal church could confer! "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasure of sin for a season." And who does not know that the coadjutors of these good and great men were called by the same God, and in a similar manner, to the same work?

Thus it is with modern Evangelists. They have been pressed by a clear conviction of duty, by an

abiding sense of their obligations to God, and their fellow-men to break away from all other claims, to leave their families, to abandon their salaries, and with their lives in their hand, to go forth preaching up Christ, and preaching down the devil, voluntarily exposing themselves to all the maledictions and persecutions from every source.

2. The speech of both ancient and modern Evangelists, is not with enticing words of man's wisdom but in demonstration of the Spirit and with power. No man can read the writings of Luther, Wesley, Whitefield, Tennant, and become familiar with their style of preaching, and then hear modern Evangelists, without perceiving a striking resemblance between their language.

3. With the exception of myself, modern Evangelists, like ancient, are men of strong faith, and much prayer, they spend hours and days on their knees in prayer, whilst some of their brethren in the ministry are sleeping or talking about them. To my certain knowledge, some of them spend whole nights in prayer with fasting, and while many envy them their success, but few are willing to pay the price which their success costs them.

4. Modern, as well as ancient Evangelists, are more or less successful in winning souls.

5. Their course of labor and success in their work in both cases, have excited the envy and opposition of the same class of men.

6. Both have alike been faithful and fearless in reproving sin of all kinds, and in all classes, and in urging Christians up to the Bible standard. For this John, the first Evangelist under the gospel dispensation, lost his head; Christ his heart's blood! and eleven of the apostles their lives. For this Luther, Zuingli, and even the beautiful Melancthon, stood in fear of their lives. For this Whitefield preached in showers of

stones, clubs, rotten eggs, and dead cats, and on one occasion was well nigh beaten to death. For this modern Evangelists have been surrounded by mobs, prosecuted, attended from the pulpit to their lodgings by a hellish rabble, hurling stones, clubs, and brickbats with momentum sufficient to break through an inch board. For this, too, they have been way-laid with loaded pistols and a pointed dagger, "to let out their life-blood."

7. As the most formal and graceless portion of the church opposed Ancient Evangelists, so it is now. It is marvellous to see how large a portion of those who are assailing Evangelism, with the most violence, do not pray in their families, or even ask a blessing at the table. Others, instead of filling their places in the prayer meeting, and weeping between the porch and the altar, are whiling away their precious time in making and attending fashionable parties; waxing wanton, and becoming busy-bodies in other men's matters. So, on the other hand, the most devoted, warm-hearted portion of all the churches,—those who sustain the prayer-meetings—weep between the porch and the altar—who are longing and looking for the salvation of the Lord, are the true friends of Evangelists—their helpers and supporters; and they love their pastor the better for welcoming them, as their fellow-laborers, to their pulpits, and to their hearts. While it is admitted by all, that the leading Evangelists in the sixteenth century, also in the eighteenth, were, in some respects, superior to any now in the field; yet, it must be acceded by all who are familiar with the history of their labors, and the state of things connected with them, that, under the labors of the Evangelists of the nineteenth century, there are less irregularities, less things to be deplored, and more conversions, and more permanent results. There are less bodily convulsions, less noise and confusion in their meetings, less errors,

and following impulses. Father Peak, of Boston, remarked to me, during the great revival of 1842, that he was in the revival in that city, under the lamented Baldwin and Stillman, and that the principal difference between the two was, that the present work was more orderly, attended with less outcries and enthusiasm, than the former. To give the reader a correct idea of the convulsions of the moral elements, towards the close of the great awakening in the eighteenth century, under Whitefield, Edwards, and the Tennants, I will make an extract from the 432d page of the "Great Awakening:"

"When did appearances justify more gloomy forebodings than from 1742 to 1745? The whole land was full of angry controversy; pastors were divided against pastors, churches against churches, and the members of the same church against each other, and against their pastor. The established rules of Ecclesiastical order were set at defiance, and openly trampled upon in the name of God, and numbers were found everywhere to justify those who did it. Ignorant and headstrong men were roaming at large, pretending to be under the immediate guidance of the Holy Ghost, and slandering the best men in the land. Multitudes believed them.

"Religious meetings were often attended with disorders, from which the most reckless new-measure man of the nineteenth century would shrink back in absolute dismay. Conversions, most evidently spurious, were proclaimed as real, and God was publicly praised for them; and supposed converts, concerning whom, even the most judicious had hoped favorably, were falling away by thousands. One system of false theology was gaining favor, as a means of opposing these evils. Another, equally false, and more directly per-

icious, was mingling with the revival itself, and spreading as it advanced."

Notwithstanding all these evils, growing out of the darkness of the human mind, and the imperfection of human agencies, yet God brought about most important ends—the most glorious results; for, as the atmosphere is purified by motion and combustion, so, in this case, was the moral atmosphere purified by the putting in motion all the moral elements. Much light was shed. The fatal heresy that all should be admitted to the communion and to the ministry, whose lives were not scandalous, with or without piety, was ferreted out and swept away. Many other pernicious sentiments were destroyed, by the brightness of God's presence and by the sword of his mouth; and, after making a fair discount for the thousands who apostatized, there were not less than 50,000 sound conversions, the subjects of which remained as the salt of America—the light of this newly discovered world.

I say, there have been more conversions under the labors of Evangelists of the nineteenth century, than under the labors of those of the 18th; (when I speak of the labors of Evangelists, I mean in connection with pastors and churches co-operating with them, in this period as well as all others;) for while 50,000 may be considered as a fair estimate in the great awakening of the 18th century, it cannot be denied, that God, during the last 15 years, in connection with the labors of Evangelists, has converted more than 100,000 souls, after making due allowance for apostacies; and it is my opinion that more than twice that number have been soundly converted; that is, among the different denominations;—and I have as good an opportunity of knowing as any one. The conversions, aside from the influences of which I speak, have been "few and far between." Before passing to notice some

of the objections urged against Evangelism, I wish to notice one or two more arguments in favor of it. God, in different periods of the world, has raised up Evangelists, for the accomplishment of important ends.

1. The apostles, for the establishment of the gospel dispensation.

2. Different Evangelists, in the days of Waldo, in the valley of Piedmont, and to keep the church alive in the wilderness.

3. Luther and Melancthon, of Germany, Zuingle, of Switzerland, Knox, of Scotland, were raised up to uncover the word of God from obscurity, and to break the right arm of Popery.

4. Wesley, Whitefield and the Tennants, of England and America, with their coadjutors, were raised up and sent out for important purposes, which have already been alluded to.

5. The Evangelists now in the field, as has been shown, have been called and sent forth to elevate the standard of piety, to give point, directness, simplicity and pathos to preaching; to arouse and put in successful operation all of God's agencies and machinery for the conversion of the world.

Another argument may be derived from the fact, that Infidels, Universalists, cold formalists, and all haters of God, and despisers of the Christian religion, are opposed to it. The moment a minister of the gospel takes a stand against it, he is identified with the very class of men who killed the prophets, beheaded John the Baptist crucified Christ, put to death the apostles of the Lamb, and soaked the earth in the blood of the martyrs.

This fact, of itself, is enough to convince any un-biassed mind that Evangelism is of God, or the devil would not be alarmed about it, or opposed to it. Who does not know that wicked men and devils hated and persecuted Evangelists eighteen hundred years ago?

that they were imprisoned, whipped, stoned and put to death? And, who does not know that every minister in modern times, who has come out against Evangelism, has been puffed, flattered, slimed over, and swallowed alive, by Universalists and Infidels? This is going into the belly of hell, in good earnest! I should much prefer to be swallowed by the great fish, as was Jonah.

But, I will answer a few objections:

1. *They unsettle pastors.*—That such a case may occur, is admitted; and that very circumstance may be the best thing that could be done; for there is now and then a case where the pastor stands directly in the way of the prosperity of the church and the conversion of sinners: but that such cases are "few and far between," experience and observation abundantly show.

I am knowing to many cases where the labors of an Evangelist have prolonged the stay of pastors, by endearing him to his people, increasing his congregation, enlarging his church, and increasing their ability to support him, as well as improving his preaching; and but a very few cases can be found, in the fourteen past years, where pastors have been unsettled by the labors of Evangelists; and, in most of these cases, it is believed that his removal was the result of his own imprudence, his want of sympathy in the work of God, or seeking to save his own life (by which means he lost it,) or his instability in turning around and opposing the very thing which he enthusiastically applauded.

It is true, Evangelists may be imprudent; but their imprudence can scarcely fail to injure themselves rather than the pastor. There is common sense enough in almost every church to award to every man his due. People are not such fools as some ministers suppose. I always feel it my duty

as an Evangelist, to strengthen and extend the influence of the pastor—to be very cautious, and say nothing that shall be prejudicial to his influence, especially among his people. This, I think, is the duty of all Evangelists. I have, many a time, made myself the scape-goat to carry away the sins of the pastor, and done those things for him which he could not so well do for himself. I would gladly transfer my influence in that place to him. We can not fail to see that there is less danger of an Evangelist unsettling a pastor, than there is of pastors unsettling each other, when they turn in to each other's aid, in protracted meetings; for, it is understood by all, that the Evangelist will not settle anywhere; and, of course, he can have no temptation to supplant the pastor. His interest is to strengthen and extend his usefulness. The church can have no temptation to dismiss their pastor, because carried away with the preaching of the Evangelist, for they know he can not be obtained. But too many cases have occurred, where pastors, wishing to obtain a better situation, have turned in to aid a neighboring pastor in a revival, and after securing the affections of the people, have intimated, that if duty called, they might be induced to remove their relations, and the pastor has found it the most prudent course for him to resign. This is cruel—it is wicked; but still, such things do occur. But are they an argument against the pastorate? I need not answer. There are not a few cases where pastors have broken up and unsettled themselves, by their deadly and uncompromising hostility to Evangelists, and the work of God which he was carrying forward by them; but let a candid public judge whether this was the fault of Evangelism or the fruit of their own prejudice and folly.

2. It is said that, in some cases, a general dearth

succeeds their labors, and leaves things in a worse state than they were before. This reminds me of the object of the Devil in drowning the swine, which was to lay all the mischief he was thereby doing to Christ, and induce the people with one consent to beseech Him to depart out of their coasts. Let us suppose that all the ministers and the members of the churches in these cases of complaint, had unitedly come in, co-operated with the Evangelist, and participated in the powerful and glorious work of God—that they had sympathized with angels in rejoicing over every sinner who repented—that they had all thanked God for the outpouring of His Spirit, and the refreshings of His presence—that the most sacred and hallowed recollections and associations were cherished of these heavenly scenes—these displays of God's power and grace in the extension of His kingdom? What a delightful state of things would have followed! The celestial dove had remained in our midst, a spirit of prayer had still prevailed; sinner's consciences would have continued tender, and all would have regarded the past work as the work of God: and they would long and pray for its return. But where some ministers take a stand against the work of God on the ground of their opposition to Evangelism, encourage and aid the wicked in their opposition, divide and distract the disciples of Jesus, talk about men and measures, divert the minds of many from the work of winning souls to Christ, and then, as soon as they can stop the work of God, go to writing and talking against the whole as the work of man, ascribing the work of the Holy Spirit, to human agency; assailing the character and impugning the motives of those whom God employed as leading agencies in His work, magnifying all their errors, distorting and misrepresenting their sermons, holding them up to ridicule, giving curren-

cy to false and scandalous reports, over-rating the cases of apostacy, and blazing them abroad through the press in hellish triumph. What can be expected as the result of such a course, but the flight of the insulted Spirit, distraction in the Zion of God, coldness and moral death, among the churches, and a universal blight and mildew upon the community, triumph among the uncircumsised, and a jubilee in hell. And then, when this state of things follows this wicked opposition, to the work of God, the Devil turns round and ascribes it to the work of God and the measures and arguments by which it was promoted, and the people rise up and beseech them to depart out of their coasts; as in the case of the Devil's drowning the swine.

3. It is said they are not men of good character.

I am personally acquainted with ten ministers of the Baptist denomination, who have labored with good success for a considerable time as Evangelists, with great acceptance to the churches. All of these have been pastors of churches, and have succeeded as well as their brethren around them. As it regards myself, I know I have not as much of the Spirit of my Master, as I ought to possess, I need a great deal more of that unction, which would not harm my brethren who are pastors. I often mourn in secret places over my unlikeness to God, and it has caused me more tears, groans, anxieties, and strong cryings to God in prayer, than all my enemies combined. I can not say but there have been times when I doubted my own piety, but of the piety of the other nine, I have no doubt at all. Their praise is in all the churches, the seals of their ministry are not few. Thousands will bless God to all eternity that He ever called them to do the work of an Evangelist. But they make no pretensions to infallibility. The best of men are *but* men at *best*, yet we have reason to

thank God that there has not been one case of apostasy among them all ; but suppose there had been, and suppose there has been among other denominations, does that prove that Evangelism is not of God ? As well might we say, that because some pastors apostatize, the pastorate is not of God, or because a perfect Christian abuses his profession, Christianity is not of God ; and what though some weak men, not always discreet, may enter upon the work of an Evangelist, and though they may succeed well sometimes, yet at other times, for the want of discretion, or the want of co-operation on the part of others, they mismanage, and disastrous consequences follow. Is *this* any more evidence that Evangelism is not useful, though the fact that there are weak, indiscreet, pastors ; who mismanage and produce disastrous consequences, is an evidence that a settled ministry is disastrous ?

4. They are peculiarly exposed to a mercenary spirit.

The article referred to in the Review, states that "Doctor Nettleton would receive no remuneration, except such as was necessary for his mere support. They (modern Evangelists) do not, in general, follow his example." This and every other statement in that article, in reference to modern Evangelists, I do positively know to be false, and calumnious, and would be actionable were any one disposed to notice it as such ; nor can the proprietors of the Review be surprised that the work is no more extensively patronized, while they admit such abusive things upon their pages. If they have no higher employment, nor more important business, than that of slandering their fellow laborers in the field, the quicker they wind up, the better. They ought to know, that by so doing, they not only grieve the mass of the denomination, ministers and people, but seriously injure themselves. There is no class of laborers now in the field, who

are as poorly compensated for their services as Evangelists ; taking into the account, the amount of their labors, the tax upon their constitutions, the deprivations of their families ; in fact there are but few who can support their families in this way, unless it is in the most plain and self-denying manner. The most successful in this respect, of the Evangelists in the Baptist denomination, has only met the expenses of his family by his labors as an Evangelist, and could not have done that but for the most rigid economy, and much self-denial.

5. It is thought by many, that the converts under the labors of Evangelists and in protracted meetings, do not wear as well as those brought out under other circumstances.

Upon this objection, I will spend but a moment, as facts everywhere prove the contrary. The multitudes in the churches of all denominations, who stand as pillars, who are among the most devoted, ready to every good word and work ; "are our Epistles read and known of all men." The many who have entered the work of the ministry, some in a course of preparatory studies, others in the field, some in foreign lands, others in our own country, all lift up their voice in sweet and delightful harmony against such an unfounded objection.

6. It has been said, that modern Evangelists hurry all who can be induced to hope, into the church.

So far as my knowledge extends, Evangelists take the ground of the Apostles on this subject, they encourage all who give evidence of a sound conversion, to come immediately out from the world, and confess Christ before men, and as the church and their pastor are to judge of that evidence, and receive or reject, I see not room for such an objection, and therefore pass it by as coming from those who are talking about what they have not understood.

7. They bring in the poor, and drive off the rich and respectable.

This objection savors so much of the spirit and conversation of the Scribes and Pharisees of old, who said, "have any of the *rulers believed on Him?*" that every Christian must turn away from it with disgust.

Hear what what God says on this subject.

"For you know your calling, brethren, not many mighty, nor many noble." "Hearken, my beloved brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world?" "Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate." "Have not the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ with respect of persons." In fact, this objection identifies modern Evangelists with their master, for it is said of Him, "The common people heard him gladly."

But it is not true, that a less portion of the wealthy and the learned are converted under the labors of Evangelists and the measures they adopt, than under any other course of labor, by other agencies. I have positive evidence, that under the labors of one Evangelist, yet in the land of the living, not less than ten lawyers, twelve regularly bred physicians, one hundred and fifty-six students, who were members of Colleges at the time, one hundred and forty young ladies who were members of female Seminaries, and multitudes of merchants and traders, who were independently rich, together with Judges, Mayors, and members of the families of Governors of different States, have given evidence of a saving change of heart. This fact is not referred to because the conversion of these persons was an object of more importance, or of deeper gratitude to God, than the conversion of so many cowans, or African slaves, nor because the humble agent whom God was pleased to employ, had anything whereof to glory; but to show how far from the truth, and consequently how unfounded is such an objection.

8. It is said, there can be no objection to Evangelists, on condition that they will go where there are no pastors; that the Apostles brake new ground, and went where Christ was not named.

We admit that the Apostles first went out among the destitute, for the best of reasons, there were no churches until they planted them, no pastors until they ordained them; but is it not equally certain, that after churches were planted, and ministers were settled, that they went over the same ground again, and labored among churches with pastors? See Acts xv. 36-41. Have we not the most indubitable evidence that God called other Evangelists in different periods, from that time to the present, to labor where there were churches planted, and a ministry established? For one, I can say, for a number of years I have been desiring to go West, and labor among the more destitute; but the pastors and churches will not let me go, the Macedonian cries are so thick and loud, from every direction, that I can not break away.

9. It was said, not a thousand miles from Boston, that I came from a *country village*.

My answer is, my Master came from Nazareth, and if I was not born where I ought to have been born, how could I atone better for the offence, than by availing myself of the most rapid means of conveyance, and hastening on to the spot where I ought to have been born.

CONCLUSION.

As I am the first Evangelist of the Baptist denomination now in the field, my brethren younger in the work will kindly receive a few hints in relation to some evils to which we are exposed, and against which we need to be guarded.

1. We are liable, from habits of occupying a prominent place in society, and standing at the head of,

and directing large bodies of men, to contract a habit of feeling that we ought to be at the head of the heap everywhere, and direct all other matters.

2. We are liable, through the abundance of our success, and the constant opposition from different sources which our success will call forth, to become censorious. If an Evangelist possesses that firmness and that combativeness which are necessary to qualify him to meet all forms of error, and to overcome all kinds of obstacles in the way of reforming the world; when good men assail him, oppose his measures; (which he knows to be more successful than any others yet tried,) when they, for the want of that light which he possesses, throw all their influence in the way of his success, he may feel as did Luther, when the King of England came out against him, when he began to foam and rage, and rave, feeling as though he could stave his kingdom into flinders, and scatter it to the winds! I am convinced that some allowance should be made for some of those ministers, who oppose Evangelism, and protracted meetings, on the ground of their ignorance of these things. They have never attended such meetings, they have never heard Evangelists preach enough to be suitable judges of their preaching, they know not what they oppose. As evidence of it: A minister of the gospel, not a "thousand miles from Boston," told me that he heard a sermon from a venerable D.D., upon Evangelism, and one strong objection which he urged was, that "there were so many ludicrous things in their preaching;" "and yet," says he, "I have heard you preach over one hundred sermons, and there were more ludicrous things in that one sermon than in all the sermons which I ever heard you preach, and it produced more laughter!" and then added, "the doctor knows no more what he is opposing than a child!" Another instance: A certain D. D., not a "thousand miles from Providence," in an article published in

the Review, undertook to account for the excitement, and the many supposed conversions in protracted meetings, and he ascribed them to there being so many crowded into one room and the air becoming heated! Now, nothing can be more foreign from the facts in the case, or the philosophy of the subject: for all who attend such meetings know that Evangelists make great efforts to have the house well ventilated and filled with fresh air; for the very reason that a close and heated air will stupify the people, and incapacitate them to think, feel or act on the subject of religion. So, the doctor was writing about that of which he knew nothing, and opposing that which did not exist.

3. The Evangelist should always do what he can to strengthen the pastor's influence, and to extend his usefulness. This he can do both in public and in private. In case there should be a difference in judgment between the pastor and himself, in anything connected with their mutual labors, it is better for him to yield all he can without sacrificing the interests of the meeting and the salvation of souls. In the end, he will find it "more blessed to give than to receive."

4. The Evangelist should keep his eye, all through his labors, in every place, upon the future peace and prosperity of the church; and do all in his power, to render his services both a present and a permanent good. Old and long standing difficulties should not be touched until the hearts of the people are warmed; and then he and the pastor should concert their plan and "strike when the iron is hot," and be sure and get a welding heat.

5. The more indifferent he can be to what others think or say of him, the better; except it is, like the bee, silently to extract what honey there may be in it, and leave the refuse to be trodden down in the streets.

6. All should be on their guard against copying the expressions or adopting the strong measures (in cer-

tain emergencies,) of those who are stronger, and command more influence than themselves; because certain things will go well, when there is moral power enough to carry them through, which would produce a break-down under other circumstances. Should the sawyer give his saw as much feed when he has but little hydraulic power, as when he has much, his saw would soon come to a dead stand; or should he give it as much feed when going through hemlock knots, as when sawing soft wood, he would be very certain to strip every tooth out of his saw, if he did not stave up all his machinery!

But the limits of this short, imperfect, and hastily written article, will not allow me to enlarge, and I will close by entreating all my fellow-laborers in the kingdom and patience of Jesus, pastors, teachers and Evangelists, editors of religious papers, and private laborers in the field, not to spend their precious time and energies in opposing and crippling each other; especially at this time, when the Man of Sin has planted his foot upon our American shores, and is boldly looking the whole Protestant church in the face; when the tide of infidelity is setting in upon us, and immersing thousands of our young men in ruin; when the winds of false doctrine, more blighting and deadly than the simoon or sirocco, are sweeping along from the shores of the Atlantic to the shores of the Oregon, and thousands, yea, tens of thousands, of our sons and daughters, as fair as the rose, are turning pale and falling dead under its withering curse, while six hundred millions of Pagans are constantly sinking to hell. But, let every one abide in his calling, gird on the armor, bring all his artillery to bear on the enemy; and let us, in beautiful and holy concord of action, go up, and, in the name of Israel's God, conquer the world!

