



THE
CONFEDERATE SOLDIER'S
POCKET MANUAL
OF
DEVOTIONS.

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MANUAL OF DEVOTIONS.
THE DUTIES OF A CHRISTIAN.

That man leads a sincere Christian life,

1st. Who endeavors to serve and obey God to the best of his understanding and power.

2dly. Who strives to please his neighbor to edification.

3dly. Who endeavors to do his duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call him.

Whoever would continue in the practice of these things unto his life's end, it is necessary that he should call himself often to an account whether he does so or not; constantly pray for grace to know, and to do his duty; and preserve himself in such a teachable temper as to be always ready to receive the truth when it is fairly proposed to him.

PRAYER, AND HOPE OF VICTORY.

Now may the God of grace and power
Attend his people's humble cry;
Defend them in the needful hour,
And send deliverance from on high.

In His salvation is our hope;
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

Some trust in horses trained for war,
And some of chariots make their boast;
Our surest expectations are
From Thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
And let our trust be firm and strong,
Till Thy salvation shall appear,
And hymns of peace conclude our song.

A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not
quench;
St. Matt. xii, 20.

Strength in the Weak.

Will Jesus accept such a heart as mine-- this erring, treacherous, traitor heart? The past! how many forgotten vows--broken covenants --prayerless days! How often have I made new resolutions, and as often has the reed succumbed to the first blast of temptation, and the burning flax been well nigh quenched by guilty omissions and guiltier commissions! Oh, my soul! thou art low indeed--the things that remain seem "ready to die." But thy Saviour-God will not give thee "over unto death." The reed is bruised; but He will not pluck it up by the roots. The flax is reduced to a smoking ember; but He will fan the decaying flame. Why wound thy loving Saviour's heart by these repeated declensions? He will not--can not give thee up. Go, mourn thy weakness and unbelief. Cry unto the strong for strength. Weary and faint one! thou hast an omnipotent arm to lean on. "He fainteth not, neither is weary!" Listen to his own gracious assurance: "Fear not, for I am with thee. Be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee with the right hand of my righteousness!" Leaving all thy false props and refuges, be this thy resolve: "In the Lord put I my trust: why say ye to my soul, flee as a bird to your mountain?"

All things work together for good to them that love God.

Rom. viii, 28.

Providential Overruling.

My soul, be still! thou art in the hands of thy covenant God. Were these strange vicissitudes in thy history the result of accident, or chance, thou mightest well be overwhelmed; but "all things," and this thing (be what it may) which may be now disquieting thee is one of these "all things," that are so working mysteriously for thy good.

Trust thy God.

He will not deceive thee--thy interests are with Him in safe custody. When sight says "all these things are against me," let faith rebuke the hasty conclusion, and say "shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" How often does God hedge up our way with thorns, to elicit simple trust! How seldom can we see all things so working for our good! But it is better discipline to believe it. Oh, for faith amid frowning providences to say "I know that Thy judgments are good;" and, relying in the dark, to exclaim "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him!" Blessed Jesus! to Thee are committed the reins of this universal empire. The same hand that was once nailed to the cross is now wielding the sceptre on the throne--"all power given unto Thee in heaven and in earth."

How can I doubt the wisdom, and faithfulness, and love of the most mysterious earthly dealing, when I know that the roll of providence is thus in the hands of Him who has given the mightiest pledge omnipotence could give of His tender interest in my soul's well-being by giving Himself for me?

All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep His covenant and His testimonies.

Ps. xxv, 10.

Safe Walking.

The paths of the Lord? My soul! never follow thine own paths. If thou dost so, thou wilt be in danger often of following sight rather than faith--choosing the evil, and refusing the good. But "commit thy way unto the Lord, and He shall bring it to pass." Let this be thy prayer: "Show me Thy ways, O Lord: teach me Thy paths." Oh! for Caleb's spirit, "wholly to follow the Lord my God"--to follow Him when self must be sacrificed, and hardship must be borne, and trials await me. To "walk with God"--to ask in simple faith, "What wouldst thou have me to do?" to have no will of my own, save this, that God's will is to be my will. Here is safety-- here is happiness. Fearlessly follow the guiding Pillar. He will lead you by a right way, though it may be by a way of hardship, and crosses, and losses, and privations, to the city of habitation. Oh! the blessedness of thus lying passive in the hands of God; saying, "Undertake Thou for me!"--dwelling with holy gratitude on past mercies and interpositions-- taking these as pledges of future faithfulness and love--hearing His voice behind us amid life's manifold perplexities, exclaiming, "This is the way, walk ye in it!" Happy, O my soul! will it be for thee, if thou canst form the resolve in a strength greater than thine own: "This God shall be my God for ever and ever; He shall be my guide even unto death."

The Comfortable Words.

Hear what comfortable our Saviour Christ saith unto all who truly turn to Him:

"Come unto me, all ye that travail and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you." St. Matt. xi, 28.

"So God loved the world, that He gave His only begotten son, to the end that all that believed in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." St. John iii, 16.

Hear, also, what St. Paul saith: "This is a true saying, and worthy of all men to be received, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1 Tim. i, 15.

Hear, also, what St. John saith:

"If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and He is the propitiation for our sins." 1 John ii, 1, 2.

LOOK UNTO JESUS.

He was despised and rejected of men; His life was sought for by Herod; He was tempted by Satan; hated by that world He came to save; set at naught by His own people; called a deceiver and a dealer with the devil; was driven from place to place, and had not where to lay His head; betrayed by one disciple, and forsaken by all the rest; falsely accused, spit upon, scourged; set at naught by Herod and his men of war; given up by Pilate to the will of His enemies; had a murderer preferred before Him; was condemned to a most cruel and shameful death; crucified between two thieves; reviled in the midst of His torments; had gall and vinegar given Him to drink; suffered a most bitter death, submitting with patience to the will of His Father.

O Jesu, who now sittest at the right hand of God, to succor all who suffer in a righteous way; be thou my advocate for grace, that in all my sufferings I may follow thy example, and run with patience the race that is set before me.

AMEN.

Christ our Refuge.

Jesus, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

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

An Act of Faith.

I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ, His only son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy Catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting.

AMEN.

Prayer.

Almighty God, whom without faith it is not possible to please, enable me, I beseech Thee, so perfectly to believe in Thy son Jesus Christ that my faith in Thy sight may never be reprov'd; and grant that, as I am called to a knowledge of Thy grace and faith in Thee, I may avoid all those things that are contrary to my profession, and follow all such as are agreeable to the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

"If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in His love."

St. John xv, 10.

God spake these words and said:

I. Thou shalt have none other gods but me.

II. Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and show mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

IV. Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all that thou hast to do: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work; thou, and thy son and thy daughter, thy man servant, and thy maid servant, thy cattle, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt do no murder.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

XI. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his servant, nor his maid, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his.

Lord have mercy upon me, and write all these Thy laws in my heart, I beseech Thee. AMEN.

Hear also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith:

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

O Almighty Lord and everlasting God, vouchsafe, I beseech Thee, to direct, sanctify, and govern both my heart and body, in the ways of Thy laws, and in the works of Thy commandments; that through Thy most mighty protection, both here and ever, I may be preserved in body and soul; through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

AMEN.

MORNING PRAYER.

Psalm cxxi.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.
My help cometh even from the Lord, who hath made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; and He that keepeth thee will not sleep.

Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord himself is thy keeper; the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;

So that the sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; yea, it is even He that shall keep thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth for evermore.

O God, who art the author of peace and lover of concord, in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life, whose service is perfect freedom; defend me Thy humble servant in all assaults of my enemies; that I, surely trusting in Thy defence, may not fear the Power of any adversaries, through the might of Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

O Lord our heavenly Father, almighty and everlasting God, who hast safely brought me to the beginning of this day; defend me in the same with Thy mighty power: and grant that this day I fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger; but that all my doings, being ordered by Thy governance, may be righteous in Thy sight; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

O most mighty God, and merciful Father, who hast compassion upon all men, and hatest nothing that Thou hast made; who wouldst not the

death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his sin, and be saved; mercifully forgive me my trespasses; receive and comfort me, who am grieved and wearied with the burden of my sins. Thy property is always ways to have mercy; to Thee only it appertaineth to forgive sins. Spare me, therefore, good Lord, spare Thy servant whom Thou hast redeemed; enter not into judgment with Thy servant who is vile earth and a miserable sinner; but so turn Thine anger from me, who meekly acknowledge my vileness, and truly repent me of my faults, and so make haste to help me in this world, that I may ever live with Thee in the world to come, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever.

AMEN.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all evermore.

AMEN.

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm cxli.

Lord, I call upon Thee; haste Thee unto me, and consider my voice, when I cry unto Thee.

Let my prayer be set forth in Thy sight as the incense; and let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice.

Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips.

O let not my heart be inclined to any evil thing; let me not be occupied in ungodly works with the men that work wickedness lest I eat of such things as please them.

Keep me from the snare that they have laid for me, and from the traps of the wicked doers.

Let the ungodly fall into their own nets together, and let me ever escape them.

O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed, give unto thy servant that peace which the world can not give, that my heart may be set to obey thy commandments; and also, that by thee I, being defended from the fear of my enemies, may pass my time in rest and quietness; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour.

AMEN.

O Lord, our heavenly Father, by whose almighty power I have been preserved this day; by thy great mercy defend me, and all who are dear to me, from all perils and dangers of this night; for the love of thy only Son our Saviour Jesus Christ.

AMEN.

Almighty and everlasting God, who hastest nothing that Thou hast made, and dost forgive the sins of all those who are penitent; create and make in me a new and contrite heart, that I, worthily lamenting my sins, and acknowledging my wretchedness, may obtain of Thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

O everlasting God, who hast ordained and constituted the services of angels and men in a wonderful order; mercifully grant, that as Thy holy angels always do Thee service in heaven, so, by Thy appointment, they may succor and defend me on earth; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever.

AMEN.

Unto God's gracious mercy and protection I commit my soul and body. The Lord bless me and keep me. The Lord make his face to shine upon me, and be gracious unto me. The Lord lift up His countenance upon me, and give me peace, both now and evermore.

AMEN.

THE LITANY.

(To be used on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays.)

O God the Father of heaven, have mercy upon me; keep and defend me.

O God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy upon me; save and deliver me.

O God the Holy Ghost, have mercy upon me; strengthen and comfort me.

Remember not, Lord, mine offences, nor the offences of my forefathers; neither take Thou vengeance of our sins. Spare us, good Lord, spare Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us for ever.

From Thy wrath and heavy indignation; from the guilt and burden of my sins; from the dreadful sentence of the last Judgment, good Lord deliver me.

From the sting and terrors of conscience; from impatience, distrust, or despair; from extremity of sickness and pain, which may withdraw my mind from God, good Lord deliver me.

From the bitter pangs of eternal death; from the gates of hell; from the powers of darkness, and from the illusions of Satan, good Lord deliver me.

By Thy manifold and great mercies; by Thy manifold and great merits; by Thine agony and bloody sweat; by Thy bitter cross and passion; by Thy mighty resurrection; by Thy glorious ascension, and most acceptable intercession; and by the graces of the Holy Ghost, good Lord deliver me.

For the glory of Thy name; for Thy loving mercy and truth's sake, good Lord deliver me.

In my last and greatest need; in the hour of death, and in the day of Judgment, good Lord deliver me.

O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, grant me Thy peace.

O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon me.

O God, merciful Father, who despisest not the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as are sorrowful, mercifully assist my prayers which I make before Thee in all my troubles and adversities, whensoever they oppress me; and graciously hear me, that those evils which the craft and subtlety of the devil or man worketh against me may, by Thy good providence, be brought to naught; that I, Thy servant, being hurt by no persecutions, may evermore give thanks unto Thee in Thy holy Church; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, etc.

AMEN.

Prayers that may be added to the morning and evening devotions.

Almighty God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, maker of all things, judge of all men. I acknowledge and bewail my manifold sins and wickedness, which I, from time to time, most grievously have committed, by thought, word, and deed, against Thy divine majesty, provoking most justly Thy wrath and indignation against me. I do earnestly repent, and am heartily sorry for these my misdoings; the remembrance of them is grievous unto me; the burden of them is intolerable. Have mercy upon me, have mercy upon me, most merciful Father; for Thy son our Lord Jesus Christ's sake, forgive me all that is past; and grant that I may ever hereafter serve and please Thee in newness of life, to the honor and glory of Thy name; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

O God, Holy Ghost, sanctifier of the faithful, visit me, I pray Thee, with Thy love and favor; enlighten my mind more and more with the light of the everlasting gospel; graft in my heart a love of the truth; increase in me true religion; nourish me with all goodness; and of Thy great mercy keep me in the same, O blessed Spirit, whom, with the Father and the Son together, we worship and glorify as one God, world without end.

AMEN.

O Almighty God, who hast knit together thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of Thy Son Christ our Lord, grant me grace so to follow Thy blessed saints in all virtuous and godly living that we may come to those unspeakable joys which Thou hast prepared for those who unfeignedly love Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

O God, the protector of all that trust in Thee, without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy, increase and multiply upon me Thy mercy, that, Thou being my ruler and guide, I may so pass through things temporal that I finally lose not the things eternal. Grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our Lord.

AMEN.

Almighty and everlasting God, who, of Thy tender love toward mankind, hast sent Thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, to take upon Him our flesh, and to suffer death upon the cross, that all mankind should follow the example of His great humility, mercifully grant that I may both follow the example of His patience and be made a partaker of His resurrection; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.

Almighty God, who through Thine only begotten Son Jesus Christ has overcome death, and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life, I humbly beseech Thee that as, by Thy special grace preventing me, Thou dost put into my mind good desires, so by Thy continual help I may bring the same to good effect; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who

liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end.

AMEN.

O Almighty God, the supreme governor of all things, whose power no creature is able to resist, to whom it belongeth justly to punish sinners, and to be merciful to those who truly repent, save and deliver me, I humbly beseech Thee, from the hands of my enemies; abate their pride, assuage their malice, and confound their devices; that I, being armed with Thy defence, may be preserved evermore from all perils to glorify Thee, who art the only giver of all victory through the merits of Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

O most powerful and glorious Lord God, the Lord of hosts, that rulest and commandest all things: Thou sittest in the throne judging right, and therefore we make our address to Thy Divine Majesty, in our necessity, that Thou wouldest take the cause into Thine own hand, and judge between us and our enemies. Stir up Thy strength, O Lord, and come and help us; for Thou givest not always the battle to the strong, but canst save by many or by few. O let not our sins cry against us for vengeance; but hear us, Thy poor servants, begging mercy, and imploring Thy help, and that Thou wouldest be a defence unto us against the face of the enemy. Make it appear that Thou art our Saviour and mighty Deliverer; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

O Lord, our heavenly Father, the high and mighty Ruler of the universe, who dost from Thy throne behold all the dwellers upon earth: most heartily I beseech Thee to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the Confederate States, and all others in authority; and so replenish them with the grace of Thy Holy Spirit, that they may always incline to Thy will, and walk in Thy way. Endue them plenteously with heavenly gifts; grant them in health and prosperity long to live; and finally, after this life, to attain everlasting joy and felicity; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

COLLECTS FOR SEVERAL GRACES.

For Faith.

O blessed Lord, whom without faith it is impossible to please, let Thy Spirit, I beseech Thee, work in me such a faith as may be acceptable in Thy sight, even such as may show itself by my works, that it may enable me to overcome the world, and conform me to the image of that Christ on whom I believe; that so at the last I may receive the end of my faith, even the salvation of my soul, by the same Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

For Hope.

O Lord, who art the hope of all the ends of the earth, let me never be destitute of a well-grounded hope, nor yet possessed with a vain presumption; suffer me not to think Thou wilt either be reconciled to my sins or reject my repentance; but give me, I beseech Thee, such hope as may both encourage and enable me to purify myself, even as Thou art pure, that when Thou shalt appear, I may be made like unto Thee, in thy eternal and glorious kingdom, where, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, Thou livest and reignest one God, world without end.

AMEN.

For the Love of God.

O God, who hast prepared for those who love Thee such good things as pass man's understanding, pour into our hearts such love toward Thee that we, loving Thee above all things, may obtain Thy promises, which exceed all that we can desire; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

For Charity.

O Lord, who hast taught us that all our doings without charity are nothing worth, send Thy Holy Ghost, and pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace and of all virtues, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before Thee, Grant this for Thine only Son Jesus Christ's sake.

AMEN.

For Chastity.

O holy and immaculate Jesus, who wast conceived in a virgin's womb, and who dost still love to dwell in pure and virgin hearts; give me, I beseech Thee, the grace to keep my heart with all diligence, and to withstand all temptations of the flesh, and with pure and clean heart to follow Thee, the only God, even for Thine own merits' and mercies' sake.

AMEN.

For Contentedness.

O God, Heavenly Father, who by Thy Son Jesus Christ hast promised to all them that seek Thy kingdom and its righteousness all things necessary to their bodily sustenance, let me always fully resign myself to Thy disposal, having no desires of my own, and teach me in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content. Grant me grace to forsake all covetous desires, and inordinate love of riches, and so to pass through things temporal that I finally lose not the things eternal; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

For Contrition.

Almighty and everlasting God, who hatest nothing that Thou hast made, and dost forgive the sins of all those who are penitent, create and make in us new and contrite hearts, that we, worthily lamenting our sins, and acknowledging our wretchedness, may obtain of Thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

For Devotion.

Most gracious Lord God, who hast not only permitted, but invited us miserable and needy creatures to present our petitions to Thee; grant that I may set a true value on this most valuable privilege, and take delight in approaching Thee. Give me a hearty desire to pray, and such fixedness and attention of mind as no wandering thoughts may interrupt, that I may no more incur the guilt of drawing near to Thee with my lips when my heart is far from Thee, or have my prayers turned into sin; but may so ask, that I may receive; seek, that I may find; knock, that it may be opened unto me; that from praying to Thee here I may be translated to the praising Thee eternally in Thy glory; through the merits and intercession of Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

For Diligence.

O God, who hast commanded that no man should be idle, but that we should all work with our hands the thing that is good, grant that I may diligently do my duty in that station of life to which Thou hast been pleased to call me. Give me a grace that I may improve all the talents Thou hast committed to my trust; and that no worldly business, no worldly pleasures may ever divert me from the thoughts of the life to come; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

For the Fear of God.

O most glorious God, who only art high and to be feared, put Thy fear into my heart that I may not sin against Thee, nor sacrilegiously profane any holy thing. O let me never so misplace my fear as to be afraid of man, whose breath is in his nostrils; but fill me, O Lord, with the Spirit of thy holy fear, which is the beginning of wisdom, and keep me in a constant conformity to Thy holy will, that I may, with fear and trembling, work out my own salvation, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

For Humility.

Almighty God, who resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble, mercifully grant that I may follow the example of the great humility of Thy blessed Son, who did humble Himself to take upon Him our flesh, and to suffer death upon the cross: convince me that I am less than the least of all Thy mercies; that as I am vile in myself, so let me be vile in mine own eyes, and may therefore esteem every man better than myself. Grant this, O Father, for Thy Son Jesus Christ's sake.

AMEN.

For Justice.

O Thou King of righteousness, who hast commanded us to keep judgment, and do justice, be pleased by Thy grace to cleanse my heart and hands from all fraud and injustice. Grant that I may most strictly observe that sacred rule of doing unto all men as I would they should do unto me; that I may hurt nobody by word or deed, but be true and just in all my dealings; that so, keeping innocency and taking heed unto the thing that is right, I may have peace at the last, even peace with Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

For Sincerity.

O holy Lord, who searchest the heart and triest the reins; try me, I beseech Thee, and seek the ground of my heart; purge it from all hypocrisy and insincerity, and suffer not any accursed thing to lurk within me; give me truth in the inward parts, and purity of heart, that I may be prepared to see Thee in Thy kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

For Temperance.

Gracious Lord, who hast afforded us the use of Thy good creatures for the refreshment of our bodies, and art the Author and Giver of all good things, give me grace always to use this liberty with thankfulness and moderation, that my table may never be made a snare unto me. And grant that my pursuits may not be after the meat that perisheth, but after that which endureth unto everlasting life; that, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, I may be filled with Thy grace here, and Thy glory hereafter, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

For Thankfulness.

Most gracious and bountiful Lord, who fillest all things living with good, and hast taught us that it is a joyful and pleasant thing to be thankful, suffer me not, I beseech Thee, to lose my part in that divine pleasure, but grant that as I daily receive blessings from Thee, so may I daily, from an affectionate and devout heart, offer up thanks to Thee; let Thy mercies lead me to repentance, and give me grace to improve them all to the advancement of Thy glory, and the furtherance of my salvation, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

For Trust in God.

O God, who never failest to help and govern them whom Thou dost bring up in Thy steadfast fear and love, grant, I pray Thee, that I may lean only upon the hope of Thy heavenly grace, and in all my troubles put my whole trust and confidence in Thy mercy, casting all my care upon Thee, and being careful for nothing but to keep Thy testimonies, and think upon Thy commandments to do them. Grant this, O Father, for Jesus Christ's sake.

AMEN.

For Perseverance.

O eternal God, who seest my weakness, and knowest the number and strength of the temptations against which I have to struggle, leave me not to myself, but cover Thou my head in the day of battle, and in all Spiritual combats make me more than conqueror through Him that loved me. O let no terrors or flatteries, either of the world or my own flesh, ever draw me from my obedience to Thee; but grant that I may continue steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; and, by patient continuance in well doing, seek, and at last obtain glory, and honor, and immortality, and eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

For the members of our family from whom we are separated.

O God, merciful and gracious, who art everywhere present, let thy loving mercy and compassion descend upon the heads of Thy servants, the members of my family from whom I am now separated; depute Thy holy angels to guard their persons, Thy holy spirit to guide their souls, Thy providence to minister to their necessities; let Thy blessing be upon them night and day; sanctify them in their bodies, souls, and spirits; keep them unblamable to the coming of the Lord Jesus, and make them and me to dwell with Thee for ever in the light of Thy countenance, and in Thy glory for Jesus' sake.

AMEN.

A FORM OF THANKSGIVING AFTER VICTORY.

Psalm.

If the Lord had not been on our side, now may we say; if the Lord himself had not been on our side when men rose up against us;

They had swallowed us up quick, when they were so wrathfully displeased at us.

Yea, the waters had drowned us, and the stream had gone over our souls: the deep waters of the proud had gone over our souls.

But praised be the Lord, who hath not given us over as a prey unto them.

The Lord hath wrought a mighty salvation for us.

We got not this by our own sword, neither was it our own arm that saved us; but Thy right hand, and Thine arm, and the light of Thy countenance, because Thou hadst a favor unto us.

The Lord hath appeared for us; the Lord hath covered our heads, and made us to stand in the day of battle.

The Lord hath appeared for us; the Lord hath overthrown our enemies, and dashed in pieces those that rose up against us.

Therefore, not unto us, O Lord, not unto us; but unto Thy name be given the glory.

The Lord hath done great things for us; the Lord hath done great things for us whereof we rejoice.

Our help standeth in the name of the Lord, who hath made heaven and earth.

Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth for evermore.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

AMEN.

TE DEUMLAUDAMUS.

We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.
To Thee all Angels cry aloud; the heavens and all the powers therein.
To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry;
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabbaoth; heaven and earth
are full of the majesty of Thy glory.
The glorious company of the Apostles praise Thee.
The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise Thee.
The noble army of Martyrs praise Thee.
The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee;
The Father of an infinite Majesty;
Thine adorable, true, and only Son;
Also, the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.
Thou art the King of glory, O Christ.
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.
When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man, Thou didst humble
Thyself to be born of a virgin.
When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open
the kingdom of heaven to all believers.
Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.
We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.
We therefore pray Thee to help Thy servants, whom Thou hast
redeemed with Thy precious blood.
Make them to be numbered with Thy saints, in glory everlasting.
O Lord, save Thy people, and bless Thine heritage.

Govern them, and lift them up for ever.

Day by day we magnify Thee;

And we worship Thy name ever, world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is in Thee.

O Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded.

COLLECT.

O Almighty God, the sovereign Commander of all the world, in whose hand is power and might, which none is able to withstand; I bless and magnify Thy great and glorious name for this happy victory, the whole glory whereof we do ascribe to Thee, who art the only giver of victory.

And I beseech Thee, give me grace to improve this great mercy to Thy glory, the advancement of Thy gospel, the honor of my country, and, as much as in me lieth, to the good of all mankind.

And I beseech Thee give us all such a sense of this great mercy, as may engage us to a true thankfulness, such as may appear in our lives by an humble, obedient, and holy walking before Thee all our days, through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Spirit, as for all Thy mercies, so in particular for this victory and deliverance be all glory and honor, world without end.

AMEN.

HYMNS.

I.

C.M.

Scriptures.

Father of mercies! in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

Divine Instructor! gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

II.

The Christian Life.

Nearer, my God, to Thee!

Nearer to Thee!

E'en though it be a cross

That raiseth me;

Still all my song shall be,

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee.

Though like a wanderer,

Weary and lone,

Darkness comes over me,

My rest a stone;

Yet in my dreams I'd be

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee!

There let my way appear

Steps unto heaven;

All that Thou sendest me

In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts,

Bright with Thy praise,

Out of my strong griefs

Altars I'll raise;

So by my woes to be

Nearer, my God, to Thee!

Nearer to Thee!

And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

III.

LM

Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee:
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star;
T is midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

Ashamed of Jesus! Oh, as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend:
No; when I blush be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride;
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And, oh, may this my portion be,
My Saviour not ashamed of me.

IV.

Almighty Father, unto Thee I call!
Make me submissive to Thy holy will:
Make me, though I should lose my earthly all
Obedient still.

Take me, unclean and sinful though I am,
And wash me in the blood of Christ, Thy Son:
O make my soul's unquiet surface calm;
Make me Thine own.

O make my heart Thy Spirit's resting place;
On me Thy blessing gently pour;
Make me at last to see thy glorious face,
And Thee adore.

Make me to fight the goodly fight of faith,
That when my earthly labors all shall cease,
may my eyelids gently close in death,
And rest in peace.

V.

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty:
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.

Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.

Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner;
Be the Lord my righteousness.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

VI.

While Thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled:
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

In each even of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear.
That heart will rest on Thee.

VII.

Something, my God, for Thee--

Something for Thee!

That each day's setting sun may bring
Some penitential offering,

In thy dear name some kindness done--

To thy dear love some wanderer won--

Some trial meekly borne for Thee--

Dear Lord, for Thee.

Something, my God, for Thee--

Something for Thee!

That to thy gracious throne may rise

Sweet incense from some sacrifice;

Uplifted eyes undimmed by tears--

Uplifted faith unstained by fears,

Hailing each joy as light from Thee,

Dear Lord, from Thee.

Something, my God, for Thee--

Something for Thee!

For the great love that Thou hast given,

For the dear hope of Thee and heaven:

My soul her first allegiance brings,

And upward plumes her heavenward wings

Nearer, most gracious God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee.

VIII.

CM.

Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
And light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn.
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be--
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
And purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

IX.

iii, 2.

Faith.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

X.

4, 4.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said--
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

Fear not, I am with thee, oh! be not dismayed,
I--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.

When through the deep waters I cause 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.

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee--I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I call not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never--no, never--no never forsake.

XI.

C.M.

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?

Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this dark world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar
With faith's discerning eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

XII.

P.M.

I need thee, precious Jesus, for I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty, my heart is dead within;
I need the cleansing fountain, where I can always flee--
The blood of Christ most precious, the sinner's perfect plea.

I need thee, precious Jesus, I need a friend like thee--
A friend to soothe and sympathize, a friend to care for me.

I need the heart of Jesus, to feel each anxious care,
To tell my every want, and all my sorrows share.

I need thee, precious Jesus, I need thee day by day,
To fill me with thy fulness, to lead me on my way;

I need thy holy spirit to teach me what I am,
To show me more of Jesus, to point me to the Lamb.

XIII.

L. M.

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

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

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

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

XIV.

C.M.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
By Him my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.
Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath:
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

XV.

L. M.

"Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast him out."

Just as I am--without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

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

Just as I am--though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without--
O Lamb of God, I come.

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

Just as I am--Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe--
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am--Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

XVI.

Love.

My God, I love Thee! not because
I hope for heaven thereby:
Nor yet because if I love not
I must for ever die.

But, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon Thy cross embrace:
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace;
And griefs and torments numberless;
And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself; and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ!
Should I not love Thee well;
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell;

Not for the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord?

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

XVII.

Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee
For the bliss Thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

XVIII.

C.M.

Jesus, I love Thy charming name;
 T is music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
 My joy, my hope, my trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.

Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
 And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honors of Thy name
 With my last laboring breath;
Then speechless clasp Thee in mine arms,
 The antidote of death.

XIX.

S.M.

Worship.

Welcome sweet day of rest
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

The King himself comes near,
To feast his saints to-day;
Here may we sit and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

One day amidst the place
Where Jesus is within,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till it is called to soar away
To everlasting bliss.

XX.

C.M.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers!
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

XXI.

L. M.

My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth;
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

XXII.

L. M.

Where high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears--
The Guardian of mankind appears.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of sorrow had a part;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

XXIII.

S.M.

Come ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

Children of grace have found
Glory began below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're travelling through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

XXIV.

C.M.

Prayer.

Approach, my soul, the mercy seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to Thee for rest.

Be Thou my shield and hiding place;
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him "Thou hast died!"

Oh, wondrous love to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

XXV.

C.M.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
The watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

In prayer, on earth, the saints are one;
They're one in word and mind,
When with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

XXVI.

C.M.

Providence.

Angels, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide;
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.

Myriads of bright cherubic bands,
Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.

Jehovah's charioteers surround;
The ministerial choir
Encamp where'er His heirs are found,
And form our wall of fire.

Ten thousand offices unseen
For us they gladly do,
Deliver in the furnace keen,
And safe escort us through.

And thronging round, with steadfast love,
They guard the dying breast,
The lurking fiend far off remove,
And soothe our souls to rest;

And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretched wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms divine,
And leave us ever there.

XXVII.

3,1.

"My times are in Thy hand."

Sovereign Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All our times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

He that formed us in the womb,
He shall guide us to the tomb;
All our ways shall ever be
Ordered by His wise decree.

Times of sickness, times of health,
Blighting want, and cheerful wealth,
All our pleasures, all our pains,
Come and end as God ordains.

May we always own Thy hand,
Still to Thee surrendered stand,
Know that Thou art God alone,
We and ours are all Thy own!

XXVIII.

C.M.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

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

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

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

XXIX.

C. M.

Redemption.

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

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

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

XXX.

C.M.

To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!

O may his love, immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue.

His love what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display;
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

He left his radiant throne on high;
Left the bright realms of bliss;
And came to earth to bleed and die:
Was ever love like this?

Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say:
The Saviour died for me.

O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love Thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

XXXI.

C. M.

Salvation! O the joyful sound!
Glad tidings to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Salvation! buried once by sin,
At hell's dark door we lay,
But now we rise by grace divine,
And see a heavenly day.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs;
Our hearts shall kindle at Thy name,
Thy name inspire our songs.

CHORUS.

Glory, honor, praise, and power
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer;
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

XXXII.

P. M.

Judgment.

DIES IRAE.

Day of wrath! that day of mourning,
See once more the cross returning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning.

O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!

Lo! the trumpet's wondrous swelling,
Pears through each sepulchral dwelling,
All before the throne compelling.

Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

Lo! the book exactly worded!
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

When the Judge his seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding
When the just are mercy needing.

King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity! then befriend us.

Think, kind Jesus, my salvation
Cost Thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!

Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace in vain be brought me?

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day's dread execution.

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owing;
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning!

Thou the harlot gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition;
Hopeless else were my condition.

Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!

With Thy favored sheep, O place me!
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me with Thy saints surrounded.

Bow my heart in meek submission
Strewn with ashes of contrition--
Succor Thou my lost condition.

Day of sorrows, day of weeping,
When in dust no longer sleeping,
Man awakes in Thy dread keeping.

To the rest Thou didst prepare him
On Thy cross, O Christ, upbear him:
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him.

XXXIII.

P.M.

Our Rest.

The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared to
the glory that shall be revealed in us.

My feet are worn and weary with the march
Over rough roads and up the steep hill-side;
O! city of our God, I fain would see
Thy pastures green where peaceful waters glide.

My hands are weary, laboring, toiling on,
Day after day, for perishable meat;
Oh! city of our God, I fain would rest;
I sigh to gain thy glorious mercy seat.

My garments, travel-worn, and stained with dust,
Oft rent by briars and thorns that crowd my way,
Would fain be made, O Lord, my righteousness,
Spotless and white in heaven's unclouded ray.

My eyes are weary looking at the sin,
Impiety, and scorn upon the earth;
Oh! city of our God, within Thy walls.
All, all are clothed upon with the new birth.

My heart is weary of its own deep sin--
Sinning, repenting, sinning still away;
When shall my soul thy glorious presence feel,
And find its guilt, dear Saviour, washed away.

Patience, poor soul; thy Saviour's feet were worn;
The Saviour's heart and hands were weary too;
His garments stained, and travel-worn, and old;
His sacred eyes blinded with tears for you.

Love thou the path of sorrow that He trod,
Toil on, and wait in patience for thy rest;

Oh! city of our God, we soon shall see
Thy glorious halls, home of the loved and blest.

XXXIV.

P.M.

God's Support and Guidance.

Forsake me not, my God,
Thou God of my salvation!
Give me Thy light, to be
My sure illumination.

My soul to folly turns,
Seeking she knows not what;
Oh! lead her to Thyself--
My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
Take not Thy spirit from me;
And suffer not the might
Of sin to overcome me.

A father pitieth
The children he begot;
My Father, pity me;
My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
Thou God of life and power,
Enliven, strengthen me,
In every evil hour;

And when the sinful fire
Within my heart is hot,
Be not Thou far from me;
My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
Uphold me in my going,
That evermore I may
Please Thee in all well doing;

And that Thy will, O Lord,
 May never be forgot
In all my works and ways--
 My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
I would be Thine for ever;
 Confirm me mightily
 In every right endeavor.
And when my hour is come,
Cleansed from all stain and spot
 Of sin, receive my soul;
 My God, forsake me not!

XXXV.

P.M.

Jesus our Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, and so shall I:
Death! thy sting is gone for ever!
He who deigned for me to die,
Lives the bands of death to sever.
He shall raise me with the just:
Jesus is my Hope, and Trust.

Jesus lives and reigns supreme;
And, His kingdom still remaining,
I shall also be with Him,
Ever living, ever reigning,
God has promised; be it must:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, and God extends
Grace to each returning sinner;
Rebels he receives as friends,
And exalts to highest honor.
God is true, as he is just:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, and by His grace
Victory o'er my passions giving,
I will cleanse my heart and ways,
Ever to His glory living.
The weak He raises from the dust;
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, and I am sure
Nought shall me from Jesus sever.
Satan's wiles and Satan's power,
Pain or pleasure--ye shall never!

Christian armor can not rust:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.
Jesus lives, and death is now
But my entrance into glory.
Courage! then, my soul, for thou
Hast a crown of life before thee:
Thou shalt find thy hopes were just,
Jesus is the Christian's Trust.

XXXVI.

4, 4.

I would not live alway.

I would not live alway--live alway below!

O, no! I'll not linger when bidden to go.

The days of our pilgrimage granted us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

Would I shrink from the path which the prophets of God,

Apostles and martyrs, so joyfully trod?

While brethren and friends are all hastening home,

Like a spirit unblest o'er the earth would I roam?

I would not live alway--I ask not to stay,

Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;

Where, seeking for peace, we but hover around

Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;

Where hope, when she paints her gay bow on the air,

Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair,

And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,

Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway--thus fettered by sin,

Temptation without, and corruption within;

In a moment of strength, if I sever the chain,

Scarce the victory is mine, ere I'm captive again.

E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,

And my cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears:

The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,

But my spirit her own miserere prolongs.

I would not live alway--no, welcome the tomb;

Immortality's lamp burns there bright 'mid the gloom;

There, too, is the pillow, where Christ bowed his head;

O soft are the slumbers on that holy bed!

And then the glad dawn soon to follow that night,
When the sunrise of glory shall beam on my sight,
When the full matin song, as the sleepers arise
To shout in the morning, shall peal through the skies.

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

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the songs of salvation unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in the air:
And see, soft unfolding those portals of gold;
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold!

O give me, O give me the wings of a dove!
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above;
Ay, t' is now that my soul on swift pinions would soar,
And in ecstasy bid earth adieu evermore.

XXXVII.

7s.

Invitation and Warning.

Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks, you why:
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live:
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the works of His own hands:
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love and die?

Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?

Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love.

Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye for ever die?

XXXVIII.

S. M.

Rev. *xxii*, 17-20.

The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, sinner, come:
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, come.

Let him that heareth say
To all about him, come:
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come
And freely drink the stream of life:
T is Jesus bids him come.

Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come.
Lord! even so; I wait thy hour:
Jesus, my Saviour come.

XXXIX.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Bright fields, beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

XL.

For the Hospital.

When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
T is sweet to look by faith abroad,
And long to flee away.

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the throne
When Jesus pleads above.

Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on the promise of his grace,
For all things to depend.

XLI.

For a Funeral.

Hear what the voice from heaven declares

To those in Christ who die!

"Released from all their earthly cares,

They'll reign with him on high."

Then why lament departed friends,

Or shake at death's alarms?

Death 's but the servant Jesus sends

To call us to His arms.

If sin be pardoned, we 're secure,

Death hath no sting beside;

The law gave sin its strength and power;

But Christ, our ransom, died!

Then joyfully, while life we have,

To Christ our life we'll sing,

"Where is thy victory, O grave?

And where, O death, thy sting?"

XLII.

S.M.

And will the Judge descend,
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes;
And from His righteous lips
Shall the dread sentence sound,
And through the numerous guilty throng
Spread black despair around?
Depart from me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel angels first prepared
Where mercy never came.
How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before His face
Astonished shrink away.
But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark from the Gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread.
Ye sinners, seek His grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of the Cross,
And find salvation there.
So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled,
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

XLIII.

L. M.

The Christian's Death.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost its painful sting.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

XLIV.

Another.

Servant of God, well done!
Go forth from earth's employ,
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke--and caught his Captain's eye,
Still strong in faith and prayer.

Soldier of Christ well done,
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

AMEN