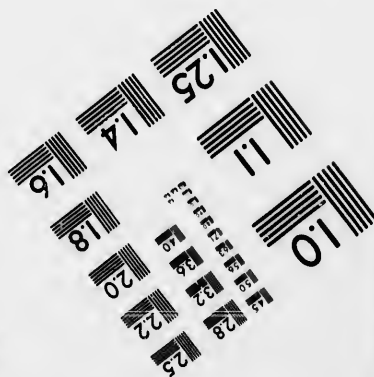
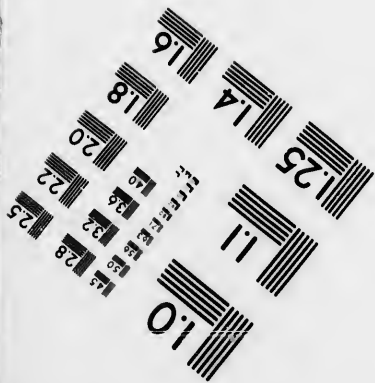
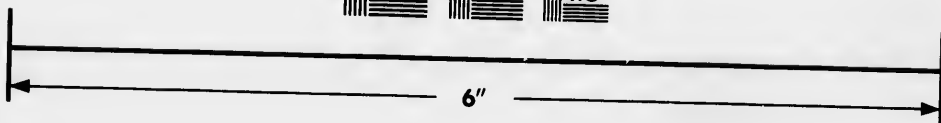
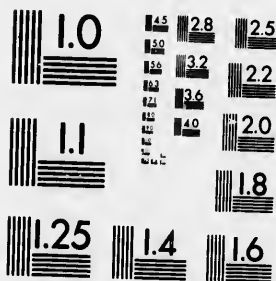


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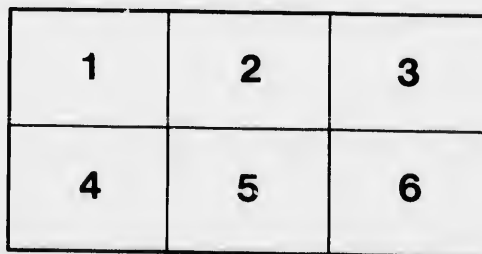
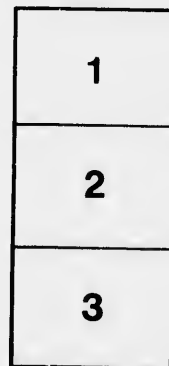
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A COMPANION
TO THE
CANADIAN
SUNDAY SCHOOL ORGAN:

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF
HYMNS, TUNES, AND PIECES

FOR THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL IN ALL ITS DEPARTMENTS;

ALSO,

*For the Prayer Meeting, Family, and Social
Circle, compiled with great care from
the best sources.*

"Both young men and maidens; old men and children: let
them praise the name of the Lord."—PSALM 148: 12, 13.

TORONTO:
PUBLISHED AT THE WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM.

1871.

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THE COMPANION

TO THE

CANADIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL ORGAN:

FATHER OF ALL.

[13.]

- 1 **O** FATHER of all, to Thee would we give
Our dutiful love, as long as we live ;
Adoring Thy grace and embracing Thy truth,
The Bible we take for the guide of our youth.
- 2 Here, reading we learn the Saviour to know,
Who waits, in His word, His love to bestow ;
Its precepts and promises all have been given
To bless us on earth, and to save us in heaven.
- 3 Salvation we take and burn to impart
The love that we feel transforming the heart :
Dear Saviour, O help us henceforth to proclaim
To perishing sinners the grace of thy name.
- 4 Our Sunday-school bless, and help us to win
The children, who are now walking in sin :
Speed on the glad time, when with joy we
may say,
A nation is born to our Lord in a day.

PRAISE! GIVE PRAISE.

- 1** PRAISE Him, praise Him—Jesus, our Blessed Redeemer,
Sing, O earth, His wonderful love proclaim.
Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glory,
Strength and honor give to His Holy name.
Like a shepherd Jesus will guide his children,
In His arms He carries them all day long.
O ye saints that dwell on the mountain of Zion,
Praise Him, praise Him ever in joyful song,
- 2** Praise Him, praise Him—Jesus, our blessed Redeemer,
For our sins He suffered, and bled and died;
He our rock, our hope of eternal salvation,
Hail Him, hail Him, Jesus the crucified.
Loving Saviour, meekly enduring sorrow,
Crowned with thorns that cruelly pierced His brow;
Once for us rejected despised, and forsaken,
Prince of Glory, He is triumphant now.
- 3** Praise Him, praise Him, Jesus our blessed Redeemer,
Heavenly portals, loud with hosannahs ring,
Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and ever;
Crown Him! crown Him—Prophet and Priest and King.

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Death is vanquished! Tell it with joy, ye faithful.

Where is now thy victory, boasting grave?
Jesus lives! No longer thy portals are cheerless,
Jesus lives, the mighty and strong to save.

SING PRAISE UNTO THE LORD. [15.]

1 **O**H, sing praise unto the Lord.
Lift your voices in accord,
Loud the joyful hallelujahs sound,
Shout the triumphs of His grace,
Let it fill the sacred place,
Where the children of His love are found.

CHORUS.

Praise Him? All ye children praise Him!
Praise Him! Children, ever praise Him!
With united voices. Hearty happy voices,
Ever, ever praise Him! Praise the Lord!

2 Glad, sing praises unto the Son!
Let the glories he hath won,
By the ransomed he hath saved, be sung;
Swell the grandly joyous strain,
Let it echo back again,
While the pealing Sabbath bells are rung!

CHO.—Praise Him! &c.

3 Full, sing praise unto the Word,
 And the Spirit of the Lord,
 For He giveth life to all who seek;
 Where He reigneth is true peace,
 And His power shall never cease,
 He alone the chains of sin can break!
 CHO.—Praise Him, &c.

NUREMBERG. 7's.

[16.]

- 1 GLORY to the Father give,
 O God, in whom we move and live;
 Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
 Children's songs delight His ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,
 Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King,
 Children raise your sweetest strain
 To the Lamb, for He was slain.
- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
 He reclaims the sinner lost.
 Children's minds may He inspire,
 Touch their tongues with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be
 To the blessed Trinity,
 For the gospel from above,
 For the word that "God is love."

WATCH AND PRAY

[17.]

- 1 **W**ATCH, for the time is short ;
 Watch, while 'tis call'd to-day ;
 Watch, lest the world prevail ;
 Watch, Christian, watch and pray ;
 Watch, for the flesh is weak ;
 Watch, for the foe is strong ;
 Watch, lest the bridegroom come ;
 Watch, tho' He tarry long.

CHORUS.

O, watch and pray,
 O, watch in the darkness
 And watch in the day ;
 Christian, watch and pray.

- 2 Chase slumber from thine eyes ;
 Chase doubting from thy breast ;
 Thine is the promis'd prize ;
 Of heaven's eternal rest ;
 Watch, Christian, watch and pray ;
 Thy Saviour watch'd for thee ;
 Till from His brow they pour'd
 Great drops of agony.
 Cho.—O watch and pray, &c.

- 3 Take Jesus for thy trust ;
 Watch, watch for ever more ;
 Watch, for thou soon must sleep
 With thousands gone before ;

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Now, when thy sun is up,
 Now, while 'tis called to day,
 Now is the accepted time ;
 Watch, Christian, watch and pray.
 CHO.—O watch and pray, &c.

BATTLING FOR THE LORD.

[1d.]

1 **W**E'VE listed in a holy war,
 Battling for the Lord !
 Eternal life, eternal joy,
 Battling for the Lord !

CHORUS.

We'll work till Jesus comes,
 We'll work till Jesus comes,
 We'll work till Jesus comes,
 And then we'll rest at home.

2 Under our captain Jesus Christ,
 Battling for the Lord !
 We've listed for this mortal life,
 Battling for the Lord !

CHO.—We'll work, &c.

3 We'll fight against the powers of sin,
 Battling for the Lord !
 In favor of our heavenly King,
 Battling for the Lord !

CHO.—We'll work, &c.

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4 And when our warfare here is o'er,
 Battling for the Lord!
 This strife we'll leave, and war no more,
 Battling for the Lord!
 CHO.—We'll work, &c.

5 Our friends and kindred there we'll meet
 On the heavenly shore!
 And ground our arms at Jesus' feet,
 On the heavenly shore!
 CHO.—We'll work, &c.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
 Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home!

SWEET LAND OF REST.

[19

1 **H**OW happy every child of grace
 Who knows his sins forgiven!
 This earth, he cries, is not my place,
 I seek my place in heaven;

CHORUS.

O heaven, dear heaven, sweet land of rest,
 When shall my soul be there,
 To dwell forever with the blest,
 Eternal joys to share.

2 A country far from mortal sight,
 Yet, oh, by faith I see
 The land of rest, the saints' delight--
 The heaven prepared for me.—CHORUS.

3 Oh, what a blessed hope is ours
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.—CHORUS.

4 We feel the resurrection near,—
Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.—CHORUS.

BE A LOVER OF THE LORD.

[20]

1 **A**M 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?

CHORUS.

You must be a lover of the Lord,
If you would go to heaven,
Yes, you must be a lover of the Lord,
If you would go to heaven.

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 ?

CHO.—You must, &c

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?

CHO.—You must, &c.

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

CHO.—You must, &c.

WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING. [21]

1 **W**ORK, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers,
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon,
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies ;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work, till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more ;
 Work, while the night is dark'ning,
 When man's work is o'er.

THE PILGRIM'S MISSION.

[22]

1 **L**ISTEN ! the Master beseecheth,
 Calling each one by his name ;
 His voice to each living heart reacheth,
 Its cheerfulest service to claim.
 Go where the vineyard demandeth
 Vine dresser's nurture and care ;
 Or go where the the white harvest standeth,
 The joy of the reaper to share.

CHORUS.

Then work, brothers, work, let us slumber no
 longer,
 For God's call to labor grows stronger and
 stronger ;
 The light of this life shall be darkened full soon,
 But the light of the better life resteth at noon.
 2 Seek those of evil behaviour,
 Bid them their lives to amend ;

Go point the lost world to the Saviour,
 And be to the friendless a friend.
 Still be the lone heart of anguish
 Soothed by the pity of thine ;
 By way-sides if wounded ones languish,
 Go pour in the oil and the wine.

CHO.—Then work, &c.

3 Work, tho' the enemies laughter
 Over the valleys may sweep—
 For God's patient workers hereafter
 Shall laugh when the enemies weep.

Ever on Jesus reliant,

Press on your chivalrous way—

The mightiest Philistine giant

His Davids are chartered to slay.

CHO.—Then work, &c.

4 Work for the good that is nighest ;
 Dream not of greatness afar ;
 That glory is ever the highest,
 Which shines upon men as they are.
 Work, though the world would defeat you ;
 Heed not its slander and scorn ;
 Nor weary till angels shall greet you
 With smiles through the gates of the morn.

CHO.—Then work, &c.

5 Offer thy life on the altar ;
 In the high purpose be strong ;
 And if the tired spirit should falter,
 Then sweeten thy labor with song.

What, if the poor heart complaineth,
 Soon shall its waiting be o'er ;
 For there, in the rest which remaineth,
 It shall grieve and be weary no more.

CHC.—Then work, &c.

OUR FIELD IS THE WORLD. [24.]

1 **D**ISCIPLINES of Jesus, why stand ye here idle?
 Go work in His vineyard, He calls us
 to-day ;
 The night is approaching when no man can
 labor,
 Our Master commands us, and shall we
 delay ?

CHORUS.

Our field is the world ! Our field is the world !
 Look up for the harvest is near
 When the reapers from glory will shout as they
 come,
 And the Lord of the vineyard appear.

2 Our field is the world, and our work is be-
 fore us,
 To each is appointed a message to bear ;
 At home or abroad, in the cottage or palace,
 Wherever directed our mission is there.

CHC.—Our field &c.

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3 Perhaps we are called from the highways and
hedges,
To gather the lowly, despised, and oppressed;
If this be our duty, then why should we falter?
We'll do it, and trust to our Saviour the rest.
CHO.—Our field, &c.

4 Instead of the thorn shall the myrtle be
planted ;
The desert shall blossom and bloom as the
rose ;
The palm tree rejoicing shall spread forth her
branches ;
The lamb and the lion together repose.
CHO.—Our field, &c.

SILOAM.

[25.

1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
How fair the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

2 Lo ! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

1 **T**ELL me the old, old story,
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and His glory,
 Of Jesus and His love.
 Tell me the story simply
 As to a little child,
 For I am weak and weary,
 And helpless and defiled.

REFRAIN.

Tell me the old, old story,
 Of Jesus and his love.

- 2 Tell me the story slowly,
 That I may take it in—
 That wonderful redemption,
 God's remedy for sin.
 Tell me the story often,
 For I forget so soon!
 The "early dew" of morning
 Has passed away at noon.
- 3 Tell me the story softly,
 With earnest tones, and grave:
 Remember! I'm the sinner
 Whom Jesus came to save.
 Tell me that story always,
 If you would really be,
 In any time of trouble,
 A comforter to me.

[22]

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[26.]

- 4 Tell me the same old story,
 When you have cause to fear
 That this world's empty glory
 Is costing me too dear.
 Yes, and when that world's glory
 Is dawning on my soul,
 Tell me the old, old story,
 "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

O GIVE THANKS.

[27.]

- 1 O give thanks to the God of heaven,
 For His mercy endureth for ever.
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

ABIDE WITH ME.

[27.]

- 1 **A**BIDE with me ; fast falls the even-tide ;
 The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me
 abide ;
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
 Change and decay in all around I see ;
 O thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour ;
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter
 power ?
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be
 Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me

4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
 Where is death's sting, where, grave, th
 victory ?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eye
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to
 the skies ;
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
 shadows flee ;
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

TITLE CLEAR.

1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear,
 To mansions in the skies,
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes,

CHORUS.

We will stand, the storm,
 We will anchor by and by.
 It will not be very long ;
 We will anchor by and by.

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2 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

CHO.—We will, &c.

3 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

CHO.—We will, &c.

HOLY SPIRIT.

[22]

1 **L**IVING Water, freely flowing,
Fount of Gladness, life-bestowing,
Holy Spirit, oh, draw nigh,
While Thy name we magnify!

2 Full of grace from heaven Thou bendest,
And to lowest depths descendest;
Seeking, through a world of sin,
Souls whom Jesus died to win.

3 Where one contrite tear gives token
Of a heart by sorrow broken,
Breathing forth the breath of prayer,—
O blest Spirit! Thou art there.

4 When the Word of revelation
Glows with tidings of salvation,
Through the cross of Christ made known,—
There Thy saving power is shown.

- 5 Where the mourner in his anguish
Lifts to God the eyes that languish ;
When his spirit finds repose,—
Comforter! from Thee it flows.
- 6 O Eternal Spirit ! hear us ;
Let thy power and presence cheer us ;
With Thy life our souls inspire ;
With Thy love our bosoms fire.
- 7 By the Father sent from heaven,
By the Saviour's promise given,
Thee we claim, O Power Divine !
Come and make our hearts Thy shrine.

JESUS, BLESSED JESUS.

[30.

- 1 JESUS, blessed Jesus,
I would follow Thee ;
Meek and pure and holy,
Thy disciple be.
Free from sin and folly,
Free from worldly strife,
Trusting in Thy merit
For eternal life.
- 2 Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Keep me near Thy side ;
Lest the world's allurements
Cause my feet to slide.

On the rock of ages,
Firmly let me stand,
Yielding strict obedience
To my Lord's command.

3 Purer yet and purer,
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find ;
Hoping still and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

4 Calmer yet and calmer
Trial bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain ;
Suffering still and doing,
To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart, and will, and mind.

5 Higher yet and higher,
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light.
Light, serene and Holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

21

SUN OF MY SOUL

- [31]
- 1 **SUN** of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes.
 - 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.
 - 3 Abide with me from morn to eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
 - 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine,
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

WORK FOR JESUS.

- [32]
- 1 **WORK** for Jesus, work to-day ;
Work for Jesus, work and pray !
Jesus will help thee, Jesus is near,
Banish each doubt and fear.

CHORUS.

He will cheer thy fainting heart,
Give thee strength and take thy part,
Casting on Jesus all thy care ;
Thy master will hear thy prayer.

[31]

- 2 Work for Jesus in the light,
While the noon-day sun is bright;
Jesus has called thee from on high,
Jesus is standing nigh.

CHO.—He will, &c.

- 3 Work for Jesus; soon 'tis night,
Soon will fade the evening light;
Then, as sinks the setting sun,
Jesus will say, "Well done."

CHO.—He will, &c.

HAST THOU GLEANED?

[32]

- 1 THE shadows are falling,
Swift closeth the day,
I hear a voice calling,
It seemeth to say,—
Oh, soul! hast thou glean'd well to-day?
In the world's harvest field,
With its full precious yield,
Has it vainly appealed,—
Oh, soul! hast thou glean'd well to-day?

REFRAIN.

- Hast thou gleaned,
Hast thou gleaned well to-day!
Oh, soul! hast thou glean'd well to-day!

- 2 The day is departing,
The darkness is here;
Ah, why am I starting,
While hearts beat with fear.

Soul ! hast thou not glean'd well to-day ?
 In the world's busy throng,
 Hast thou failed to be strong,
 Weakly yielding to wrong,
 O, has thou not gleaned well to-day ?
 REFRAIN—Hast thou, &c.

3 The light is appearing,
 The darkness is gone,
 For Jesus is nearing,
 And tender his tone,—
 Oh, soul ! in my might glean each day ;
 When the harvest is o'er,
 Shall be joy evermore,
 If the sheaves at thy door
 Shall say, thou hast filled well thy day.
 REFRAIN—Hast thou, &c.

—
 EVEN ME.

1 **L**ORD, I hear of show'rs of blessing,
 Thou art scat'ring, full and free :
 Show'rs, the thirsty land refreshing ;
 Let some droppings fall on me,—
 Even me, even me,
 Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O God, our Father !
 Sinful though my heart my be :
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
 Let Thy mercy fall on me !—
 Even me.

[33.]

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
 Let me live and cling to Thee;
 For I'm longing for Thy favor;
 Whilst Thou art calling, oh call on me—
 Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
 Thou can'st make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesu's merit!
 Speak some word of power to me—
 Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping—
 Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
 Has the world my heart been keeping?
 Oh forgive, and rescue me!—
 Even me.

6 Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing;
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
 Whilst the streams of life are springing,
 Blessing others, O bless me—
 Even me.

7 Love of God—so pure and changeless;
 Blood of Christ—so rich, so free;
 Grace of God—so strong and boundless,
 Magnify it all in me—
 Even me.

[33]

WORK TO DO FOR JESUS

[34

1 **T**HERE is work to do for Jesus,
 Yes, a glorious work to do,
 For a harvest fully ripened,
 Rich and golden lies in view;
 With a prayer to God, our Father,
 Let us all the work pursue,
 For our risen Lord is calling,
 And the harvesters are few.

CHORUS.

Yes, there's work to do for Jesus, and the
 harvest is in view,
 There's a great work everywhere to do,
 There is work to do for Jesus, and the
 harvesters are few,
 There's enough work for all to do.

2 There is work to do for Jesus,
 And we hear the Saviour say,
 Why art standing here so idle,
 At the noontide on the way?
 Even now I will accept thee;
 With the rest thy wages pay;
 Go and labor in my vineyard
 Till the closing of the day. —**CHO.**

3 Yes, there's work to do for Jesus;
 Who will answer to the call?
 See! the vintage is abundant,
 There is work to do for all;

God commands that we should labor,
 Though the task our hearts appall;
 For He claimeth our life service,
 Till the shades of death shall fall.—**CHO.**

NO CRUMB FOR ME?

[35,

- 1 **P**ASSING, Lord, by vale and mountain,
 Highway, byeway, through the land,
 Bringing wine from Calvary's fountain,
 Bread from God's free-giving hand :
 None for me ? None for me ?
 Saviour, drop one crumb for me !
- 2 Oh, dear Lord, pursue Thy mission
 To the lost of Israel :
 Yet give ear to my petition,
 Pitying Immanuel !
 None for me ? &c.
- 3 "Not to dogs—the bread of children"—
 No, dear Lord, that may not be ;
 But to dogs the crumbs are given,
 Is there then no crumb for me ?
 None for me ? &c.
- 4 Wretched, way-worn, grief o'er-taken,
 Low at Thy kind feet I bow,
 Hungry, naked, blind, forsaken,
 Jesus, feed me—feed me now !
 None for me ? &c.

BEAUTIFUL MANSIONS.

[36.]

1 **B**EAUTIFUL mansions, Home of the blest,
 Land where the faithful Ever shall rest;
 There is my treasure, There shall I be,
 Lord, I am weary, Lead me to Thee.

CHORUS.

Saviour be near me, Thy gentle voice can
 cheer me,
 O Jesus, my Saviour, Lead me to Thee.

2 Here in a desert, Cheerless I roam,
 Laden with sorrow, Far from my home;
 Clouds on my pathway, Darkly I see,
 Lord I am weary, Lead me to Thee.

CHO.—Saviour be near me, &c.

3 Thou wilt not leave me, comfortless here,
 Why should I doubt Thee? What do I fear?
 Light in the distance, Breaking, I see,
 Yet I am weary, Lead me to Thee.

CHO.—Saviour be near me, &c.

4 Jesus I love Thee, Dwell in my heart,
 Never, oh never, From me depart;
 Hope like a rainbow, Shining, I see,
 Yet I am weary, Lead me to Thee.

CHO.—Saviour be near me, &c.

NETTLETON.

[37.]

- 1 **C**OME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Calls for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet
Sung by flaming tongues above.
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it ;
Mount of thy redeeming love.
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer ;
Hither by Thy help I'm come ;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God,
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 O ! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee ;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,—
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it ;
Seal it for Thy courts above.
-

PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.

- 1 **J**ESUS lead me, Jesus guide me
 In the way I ought to go ;
 Help an erring one to praise Thee,
 Teach me, Lord, Thy word to know.
 Tho' my heart is weak and sinful,
 May I bring it, Lord, to Thee ?
 Wash me in Thy precious fountain,
 Jesus, Thou hast died for me.
- 2 In Thy word I read the promise—
 Ask for mercy and receive ;
 They who early seek shall find me,
 Lord, I will, I do believe ;
 Jesus hear me, Jesus guide me,
 In the way that leads to Thee,
 Blessed hope, my only comfort,
 Jesus, Thou hast died for me.
- 3 Happy now, my soul has found Thee,
 I can sing Thy praise divine ;
 I can tell the world around me,
 I am Thine, forever Thine.
 Thou wilt lead me, Thou wilt guide me,
 Sweetly now I rest on Thee ;
 Blessed hope, my only comfort,
 Jesus, Thou hast died for me.
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[37.

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SWEET BY AND BY.

[38.]

- 1 **T**HERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
 And by faith we may see it afar,
 For the Father waits over the way,
 To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by and by, in the sweet by and by,
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore, by
 and by,

In the sweet by and by, in the sweet by and by,
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore,

- 2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
 The melodious songs of the blest,
 And our spirits shall sorrow no more,—
 Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
 CHO.—In the sweet by and by, &c.

- 3 To our bountiful Father above,
 We will offer the tribute of praise,
 For the glorious gift of His love!
 And the blessings that hallow our days!
 CHO.—In the sweet by and by, &c.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

[40.]

- 1 **I** WILL sing you a song of that beautiful
 land,
 The far away home of the soul,

Where no storms ever beat on that glittering
strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

2 O, that home of the soul, in my visions and
dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the vale intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

3 There the great tree of life in its beauty doth
grow,
And the river of life floweth by,
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.

4 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands ;
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

5 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain !
With songs on our lips and with harps in our
hands,
To meet one another again.

TO JESUS I WILL GO. [41.]

1 **T**HERE'S a gentle voice within calls away ;
'Tis a warning I have heard o'er and o'er ;
But my hear is melted now, I obey ;
From my Saviour I will wander no more.

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CHORUS.

Yes, I will go ; yes, I will go ;
 To Jesus I will go and be saved ;
 Yes, I will go ; yes, I will go ;
 To Jesus I will go and be saved.

2 He has promised all my sins to forgive,
 If I ask in simple faith for his love ;
 In his Holy Word I learn how to live,
 And to labor for His kingdom above.
 CHO.—Yes, I will go, &c.

3 I will try to bear the cross in my youth.
 And be faithful to its cause till I die :
 If with cheerful step I walk in the truth,
 I shall wear a starry crown by and by.
 CHO.—Yes, I will go, &c.

4 Still the gentle voice within calls away,
 And its warning I have heard o'er and o'er ;
 But my heart is melted now, I obey ;
 From my Saviour I will wander no more.
 CHO.—Yes, I will go, &c.

 HOLY IS THE LORD.

[42]

1 **H**OLY, holy, holy, is the Lord !
 Sing, O ye people, gladly adore Him ;
 Let the mountains tremble at His word ;
 Let the hills be joyful before Him,

Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord,
Let the hills be joyful before Him.

CHORUS.

Mighty in wisdom, boundless in mercy,
Great is Jehovah, King over all.

2 Praise Him, praise Him! Shout aloud for joy!
Watchman of Zion, herald the story;
Sin and death His kingdom shall destroy;
All the earth shall sing of His glory;
Praise Him, ye angels, ye who behold Him
Robed in His splendour, matchless divine
Cho.—Mighty in wisdom, &c.

3 King eternal, blessed be His name!
So may His children gladly adore Him,
When in heaven we join the happy strain,
When we cast our bright crowns before Him
There in His likeness, joyful awaking,
There we shall see Him, there we shall sing
Cho.—Mighty in wisdom, &c.

THE CHILDREN ALL FOR JESUS. [43]

1 THE children all for Jesus!
Every one, every one;
While a soul remains in sin,
The work is just begun.

CHORUS.

Pray on ! hope on ! though the field be dreary ;
Jesus loves the children, loves them ev'ry one.
Pray on ! work on ! let us not be weary ;
God will give a sweet reward when all the
work is done.

2 The children all for Jesus,
Hear Him call, hear Him call,
In the gentle Shepherd's arms
There's room enough for all.
CHO.—Pray on ! hope on ! &c.

3 The children all for Jesus !
Bring them now, Bring them now,
Ere the world benumb the heart,
Or sorrow mark the brow.
CHO.—Pray on ! hope on ! &c.

4 The children all for Jesus !
All may come, all may come ;
O the joy, when life is o'er,
To find them all at home.
CHO.—Pray on ! hope on ! &c.

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST. [44]

1 JERUSALEM, forever bright,—
Beautiful land of rest,
No winter there, nor chill of night,
Beautiful land of rest !

The dripping cloud is chased away,
 The sun breaks forth in endless day,
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
 The beautiful land of rest.

CHORUS.

Beautiful land, beautiful land,
 Beautiful land of rest,
 Beautiful land, beautiful land,
 Beautiful land of rest.

2 Jerusalem, for ever free,—
 Beautiful land of rest!
 The soul's sweet home with Christ
 shall be,
 Beautiful land of rest!
 The gyves of sin, the chains of woe,
 The ransomed there will never know.
 CHO.—Beautiful land, &c.

3 Jerusalem, for ever dear,—
 Beautiful land of rest!
 Thy pearly gates almost appear,—
 Beautiful land of rest!
 And when we tread thy lovely shore,
 We'll sing the song we've sung before.
 CHO.—Beautiful land, &c.

GOD BLESS OUR SCHOOL.

[45.]

1 GOD bless our school !

Sing to the praise of God most high,

Sing how He sent His Son to die ;

Sing how He brings salvation nigh :

God bless our school !

2 God bless our school !

Bring all the wandering children in,

Bring all the heirs of death and sin,

Bring them, immortal life to win :

God bless our school !

3 God bless our school !

Teach us the work of truth to know,

Teach us in Christian strength to grow,

Teach us to serve Thee here below,

God bless our school !

4 God bless our school !

Fill all our hearts with heav'nly grace,

Lead us in love to that blest place

Where we shall see our Saviour's face :

God bless our school !

THE BETTER PART.

[46.]

1 MARY sat at the feet of Jesus,
Lowly, meek—with an humble heart,
Heeding nought but His holy teaching ;
She had chosen the better part.

CHORUS.

Mary's part was the better part,
 Sitting at the feet of Jesus ;
 There, with an humble, a broken heart,
 I would choose that better part.

2 Cares that long with their weight oppressed has
 Tears that oft to her eyes would start,
 All were lost in a beam of comfort ;
 She had chosen the better part.
 CHO.—Mary's part was, &c.

3 Like a stream in a lonely desert,
 Cool and sweet to the yearning heart,
 Came the words of the blessed Saviour,
 " She hath chosen the better part."
 CHO.—Mary's part was, &c.

4 Jesus, now at Thy footstool kneeling,
 Grant thine aid to my longing heart ;
 That I may sing with the blest in glory,
 I have chosen the better part.
 Mary's part was, &c.

 HAVE COURAGE TO DO RIGHT. [47.]

1 **I**F you would find salvation,
 And taste its joys below,
 Don't parley with temptation ;
 But promptly answer, No !

CHORUS.

Have courage to do right ;
 Have courage to do right ;
 The world may sneer, but never fear,
 Have courage to do right.

2 The world will strive to charm you,
 And Satan hurl his dart ;
 But who or what can harm you
 While Jesus guards the heart ?
 CHO.—Have courage, &c.

3 Stand up then for the truthful,
 Stand up then for the pure ;
 Let courage nerve the youthful,
 The conflict to endure.
 CHO.—Have courage, &c.

 GOD BLESS OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL. [47.]

1 GOD bless our Sunday-School,
 G Increase our Sunday-School,
 God bless our School.
 Send down Thy grace divine,
 May every child be thine,
 And love, all hearts entwine ;
 God bless our School !

2 All our dear teachers bless,
 And give them large success
 In winning souls :

May they encouraged be,
And oft around them see
Their labors crown'd by Thee ;
God bless our School.

3 So may our School increase
In knowledge, love, and peace,
God bless our School.
And when death's arrows fly
And useful teachers die,
Their places still supply ;
God bless our School.

—
O COME TO THE FOUNTAIN. [48.]

1 O COME to the fountain of mercy and love,
Whose pure healing water so gently doth
move ;
It flows from the Saviour's side, plenteous and
free,
O come, guilty sinner, 'tis flowing for thee.

CHORUS.

Flowing for thee, flowing for thee,
O come guilty sinner, 'tis flowing for thee ;
Flowing for thee, flowing for thee,
Come hither, sad mourner, 'tis flowing for
thee.

- 2 Come hither, sad mourner, by sorrow oppress,
 Draw nigh to this fountain, and you shall find
 rest ;
 O trust in the Saviour, whose love flows so
 free ;
 Come hither sad mourner, 'tis flowing for thee.
 CHO. —Flowing for thee, &c.

- 3 Come weary and laden with trouble of heart,
 O come to the fountain, come just as thou art;
 Drink deep of its waters, refreshing and free,
 Partake of its fulness, 'tis flowing for thee.
 CHO. — Flowing for thee, &c.

- 4 Whoever shall hearken and turn to the Lord ;
 Shall find full redemption and peace through
 His blood ;
 Then hear all ye nations, and come at His call,
 This soul-cleansing fountain is flowing for all.
 CHO. —Flowing for thee, &c.

 MILES LANE.

[49.]

- 1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesu's name !
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL. [50]

1 "LAND ahead!" its fruits are waving,
O'er the hills of fadeless green;
And the living waters laving
Shores where heavenly forms are seen.

CHORUS.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,
When on that eternal shore;
Drop the anchor, furl the sail!
I am safe within the veil.

3 Onward, bark ! the cape I'm rounding ;
 See the blessed wave their hands ;
 Hear the harps of God resounding
 From the bright immortal bands.
 CHO.—Rocks and storms, &c.

3 There, let go the anchor, riding
 On this calm and silv'ry bay ;
 Seaward fast the tide is gliding,
 Shores in sunlight stretch away.
 CHO.—Rocks and storms, &c.

4 Now we're safe from all temptation,
 All the storms of life are past ;
 Praise the rock of our salvation,
 We are safe at home at last.
 CHO.—Rocks and storms, &c.

MARY MAGDALENE. [51.]

TO the hall of the feast came the sinful and
 fair ;
 She had heard in the city that Jesus was
 there ;
 Unheeding the splendor that blazed on the
 board,
 She silently knelt at the feet of the Lord.

- 2 The frown and the murmur went round thro
 them all,
 That one so unhallowed should tread in the
 hall ;
 And some said the poor would be object
 more meet,
 As the wealth of her perfume she showered
 on his feet.
- 3 She heard but the Saviour—she spoke but
 with sighs ;
 She dared not look up to the heaven of his eyes,
 And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave
 of her breast,
 As her lips to His sandals were throbbingly
 pressed.
- 4 In the sky after tempest, as shineth the bow,
 In the glare of the sunbeams as melteth the
 snow,
 He looked on the lost one, "Thy sins are
 forgiven,"
 And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

 ROCKINGHAM.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.

[51.

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Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal cares disturb my breast ;
 O may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
 And bless His works, and bless His word ;
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
 How deep thy counsels, how divine !

Fools never raise their thoughts so high :
 Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;
 Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
 Dooms them to everlasting death.

But I shall share a glorious part,
 When grace has well refined my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil to cheer my head.

Sin, my worst enemy before,
 Shall vex my eyes and ears no more
 My inward foes shall all be slain,
 Nor Satan break my peace again.

[51.]

Then shall I see, and hear, and know
 All I desired and wished below ;
 And every power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

KEEP ON PRAYING.

1 **L**ONG my spirit pined in sorrow,
 Watching, waiting all in vain ;
 Waiting for a golden morrow,
 Free from worldly care and pain ;
 When I heard a sweet voice saying,
 In the accents of a friend,
 Cheer up, brother, "Keep on praying,
 Keep on praying to the end."

CHORUS.

When our wayward thoughts are straying,
 When God's mercy seems delaying,
 Then in faith we'll keep on praying,
 Keep on praying, keep on praying to the end

2 Ye, who sigh for holy pleasures,
 Ye, who mourn your load of sin,
 "Keep on praying," heavenly treasures
 In the end you're sure to win ;
 Wrestle with the Lord of glory,
 Lay your troubles at His feet,
 Plead with faith in Calvary's story,
 Till your joys are all complete.
 Cho.—When our wayward, &c.

3 How the angel band rejoices
 When a kneeling mortal prays ;
 Hear them cry, in heavenly voices,
 "Keep on praying," all your days ;

Pray until you reach fair Canaan,
 Reach the pearly gates of day,
 Then your bliss shall end in glory,
 And shall never pass away.
 CHO.—When our wayward, &c.

THE GUIDING HAND. [54]

- 1 " 'Tis this the way, my Father?" | "'Tis, my
 | child ;||
 Thou must pass through this tangled |
 dreary | wild, ||
 If thou wouldst reach the city | unde | filed,
 Thy peaceful home above."
- 2 " But enemies are around," | " Yes, child, I
 | know, ||
 Where least expecting thou shalt | find a |
 foe ;||
 But victor thou shalt prove o'er | all be | low,
 Only seek strength above."
- 3 " My Father, it is dark," | " Child take my |
 hand ;||
 Cling close to me, I'll lead thee | thro' the |
 land ;||
 Trust my all-seeing care ; so | shalt thou |
 stand
 'Midst glory bright above."

4 "My footsteps seem to slide," | "Child only
 | raise||
 Thine eye to me, then, in these | slippery |
 ways,||
 I will hold up thy goings; | thou shalt | praise
 Me for each step above."

5 "Oh, Father, I am weary," | "Child, lean
 thy | head||
 Upon my breast. It was my | love that |
 spread||
 Thy rugged path; hope on till | I have | said,
 Rest, rest for aye, above."

CHRISTIAN HERALDS

1 WE Christian heralds, go proclaim [54]
 Salvation in Emmanuel's name;
 To distant climes the tidings bear,
 And plant the rose of Sharon there.

WE MUST BE BORN AGAIN. [55]

1 WE must be born again.
 And cleansed in Jesus' blood,
 The witness of the spirit know,
 That we are heirs of God.

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We must be born again,
 On Christ we must believe,
 And if we come by simple faith,
 His pardon we receive.

2 We must be born again,
 'Tis God's eternal truth,
 And happy they who early seek,
 And find Him in their youth.
 We must be born again,
 Our stubborn will subdued,
 Old things must pass, and all be changed,
 By sovereign grace renewed.

3 We must be born again,
 Or heaven we cannot see,
 And where our blessed Saviour dwells,
 We cannot hope to be.
 We must be born again,
 Lord teach our soul the way!
 Oh, help us all our journey through,
 To work, to watch, to pray.

HOME IN HEAVEN.

[56.]

A HOME in heaven ! what a joyful thought,
 As the poor man toils in his weary lot,
 His heart oppressed, and by anguish driven,
 From his home below to his home in heaven.

4

CHORUS.

Trav'ling on so glad and free,
To a home for you and me,
Come and join our pilgrim band,
Trav'ling to the promised heavenly land.

2 A home in heaven ! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what joy is given,
With the blessed thought of a home in heav'n
CHO.—Trav'ling on, &c.

3 A home in heaven ! when our treasures fade
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid
When strength decays and our health is riven
We are happy still with our home in heaven
CHO.—Trav'ling on, &c.

4 A home in heaven ! when our friends have fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mould'ring dead
We rest in hope on the promise given,
We shall meet up there in our home in heav'n
CHO.—Trav'ling on, &c.

MARTYN.

1 **M**ARY to the Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn ;
Spice she brought, and rich perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone ;

Trembling, while a crystal flood
 Issued from her weeping eyes,
 For a while she lingering stood,
 Filled with sorrow and surprise.

2 But her sorrow 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-toss'd.
 On His arm your burden cast ;
 On His love your thoughts employ :
 Weeping for a while may last,
 But the morning brings the joy.

SHALL I BE THERE?

[53.]

1 **W**HEN saints gather round Thee, dear
 Saviour, above ;
 And hasten to crown Thee with jewels of love,
 Amid these bright mansions of glory so fair,
 O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there ?

CHORUS.

O tell me, O tell me, if I shall be there ?
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there

2 When teachers and scholars each other shall
greet,

And join in the anthem at Jesus' dear feet,
Rich tokens of mercy forever to share,

O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there ?
CHO.—O tell me, &c.

3 When those, who have labored and struggled
to save

Their loved ones from sorrow beyond the dark
grave,

Are bringing the treasures they gathered with
care,

O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there ?
CHO.—O tell me, &c.

4 When life's dreary billows are spent on the
shore

Beyond the dark river, and time is no more,
When bright palms of glory the victors shall
bear,

O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there !
CHO.—O tell me, &c.

5 O blessed Redeemer, Thy mercy and grace
Alone can prepare me to enter that place ;
I'm stained and polluted, but shall I despair,
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there ?—
CHO.—O tell me, &c.

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OLIVET.

[59.]

1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross,
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

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

3 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 so rich a crown ?

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

 WHO IS HE IN YONDER STALL ? [60.]

1 **W**HO is He in yonder stall,
 At whose feet the shepherds fall ?

CHORUS.

'Tis the Lord—oh, wondrous story !—
 'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory :
 At His feet we humbly fall ;
 Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

2 " Who is he in yonder cot,
Bending to His toilsome lot?"
CHO.—'Tis the Lord, &c.

3 " Who is He who stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?"
CHO.—'Tis the Lord, &c.

4 " Who is He, in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?"
CHO.—'Tis the Lord, &c.

5 " Lo! at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?"
CHO.—'Tis the Lord, &c.

6 " Who is He, in Calvary's throes,
Asks for blessings on His foes?"
CHO.—'Tis the Lord, &c.

7 " Who is He that from the grave
Comes to heal, and help, and save?"
CHO.—'Tis the Lord, &c.

8 " Who is He that on yon throne
Rules the world of light alone?"
CHO.—'Tis the Lord, &c.

—
SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK. [61.

1 SAFELY thro' another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day;

Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face—
Take away our sin and shame ;
From our worldly cares set free—
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise ;
Let us feel Thy presence near ;
May Thy glories meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear :
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Awake our minds to raptures new ;
Let Thy victories abound—
Unrepenting souls subdue :
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove
Till we join the church above.

SAFETY NEAR THE CROSS.

1 **W**HEN striving with the hosts of sin,
We oft-times suffer loss,
But if the conquest we would win,
We must keep near the cross.

[62]

CHORUS.

O, there's safety near the cross,
 Yes, there's safety near the cross,
 'Mid the direst conflict sin can wage,
 There's safety near the cross.

2 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
 When hope seems well nigh lost,
 O, then we'll look to Christ the more,
 And still keep near the cross.

CHO.—O, there's safety, &c.

3 Let worldlings trust their hoarded gold,
 We count it filth and dross,
 In Jesus we have wealth untold,
 We glory in His cross.

CHO.—O, there's safety, &c.

4 Then let us manfully endure,
 Tho' high the waves may toss,
 In hope of rest on Canaan's shore,
 We daily bear the cross.

CHO.—O, there's safety, &c.

ALETTA.

1 **W**EEPING soul, no longer mourn,
 Jesus all thy griefs hath borne,
 View Him bleeding on the tree,
 Pouring out His life for thee ;
 There thy ev'ry sin he bore,
 Weeping soul, lament no more.

[63

2 All thy crimes on Him were laid ;
 See upon His blameless head
 Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
 Due to my offence and yours ;
 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
 On the atoning sacrifice.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on Him,
 Find Him mighty to redeem ;
 At His feet thy burden lay,
 Look thy doubts and fears away ;
 Now by faith the Son embrace,
 Plead His promise, trust His grace.

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

[64.

1 **T**HERE is light in the valley once shrouded
 with darkness,
 Hope sheds her bright ray o'er the gloom
 of the grave,
 A Saviour ascending, fills earth with his
 brightness,
 'Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus the mighty to save.

CHORUS.

Mighty to save, mighty to save,
 'Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus the mighty to save.

2 O'er the dark realms of death shines a halo
 of glory,
 The tyrant no longer exerts his dread sway,

[63

His dark reign is ended, his sceptre is broken,
Henceforth all his subjects, his subjects are
free.

CHO.—Mighty to save, &c.

- 3 Shout aloud, ye redeemed ones, repeat the
glad story,
And sing, all ye ransomed from death's
dismal thrall ;
In triumph ascend to the mansions of glory,
Forever, forever restored from the fall.

CHO.—Mighty to save, &c.

- 4 There, O there, on the banks of the beautiful
river,
Shall anthems of rapture unceasingly rise ;
While angels and saints reunited forever,
Unite in the chorus that gladdens the skies.

CHO.—Mighty to save, &c.

LABAN.

[65.

- 1 MY soul be on thy guard ;
Ten thousand foes arise :
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray ;
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly ev'ry day
And help divine implore.

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- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down ;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God ;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.
-

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

[66]

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veils,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see,
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 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.
- 4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lispng, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

[65.]

CROWN HIM.

[67.]

- 1 **C**OME, children hail the Prince of Peace,
 Obey the Saviour's call ;
 Come seek His face, and taste His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

CHORUS.

In the dewy time of youth, let us come,
 Before the brown leaves fall ;
 He will guide us with His truth, let us come,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

- 2 Ye lambs of Christ, your tribute bring,
 Ye children great and small ;
 Hosanna sing to Christ your king,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
 CHO.—In the dewy time, &c.

- 3 This Jesus will your sins forgive,
 O, haste ! before Him fall :
 For you He died that you might live,
 To crown Him Lord of all.
 CHO.—In the dewy time, &c.

SINGING FOR JESUS.

[68.]

- 1 **S**INGING for Jesus, singing for Jesus,
 Trying to serve Him wherever I go,
 Pointing the lost to the way of salvation—
 This be my mission, a pilgrim below.

[67.

When in the strains of my country I mingle,
 When to exalt her my voice I would raise ;
 'Tis for His glory, whose arm is her refuge,
 Him would I honor, His name would I praise.

2 Singing for Jesus glad hymns of devotion,
 Lifting the soul on her pinions of love ;
 Dropping a word or a thought by the wayside,
 Telling of rest in the mansions above.
 Music may soften where language would fail us,
 Feelings long buried 't will often restore,
 Tones that were breathed from the lips of
 departed,
 How we revere them when they are no
 more.

3 Singing for Jesus, my blessed Redeemer,
 God of the pilgrims, for Thee I will sing ;
 When o'er the billows of time I am wafted,
 Still with thy praise shall eternity ring.
 Glory to God for the prospect before me,
 Soon shall my spirit transported ascend ;
 Singing for Jesus, O blissful employment,
 Loud hallelujahs that never will end.

THE HIGHWAY OF HOLINESS. [69.

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

[68.

Jesus,
 er I go,
 alvation—
 below.

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,—
The road that leads from banishment,—
The Kings highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not,
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more ;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,—
Come hither, soul, I am the way.
- 5 Lo ! glad I come ; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am :
Nothing but sin have I to give,—
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say,—Behold the way to God.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

[70.]

- 1 **S**TAND up for Jesus ! Strengthened by his
hand,
Ev'n I, though young, have ventured thus to
stand ;

But, soon cut down, as maim'd and faint I lie,
Hear, O my friends ! the charge with which
I die—

Stand up for Jesus !

2 Stand up for Jesus ! All who lead His host !
Crown'd with the splendors of the Holy
Ghost !

Shrink from no foe, to no temptations yield,
Urge on the triumphs of this glorious field—
Stand up for Jesus !

3 Stand up for Jesus ! Ye with whom I stood,
In purer, stronger bonds than those of blood:
Church of the Covenant ! favored, firm and
true,

Remember Him to whom all thanks are due,
Stand up for Jesus !

4 Stand up for Jesus ! Listeners to that word—
Ye that are men, go now and serve the
Lord !

Only to serve in heaven, on earth I fall :
Ye who remain, still hear your comrade's call
Stand up for Jesus !

5 Stand up for Jesus ! Ye of every name,
All one in prayer and all with praise
a-flame ;

Forget the sad estrangements of the past,
With one consent in love and peace at last,
Stand up for Jesus !

6 Stand up for Jesus! Lo! at God's right hand
 Jesus himself for us delights to stand!
 Let saints and sinners wonder at His grace:
 Let Jews and Gentiles blend, and all our
 race
 Stand up for Jesus!

LUTON.

[71.]

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
 Your hearts and voices in His praise:
 His nature and His works invite
 To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames;
 He counts their numbers, calls their names;
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound, —
 A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Sing to the Lord! exalt Him high,
 Who spreads his clouds along the sky:
 There He prepares the fruitful rain,
 Nor lets the drops descend in vain:
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn;
 And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
 The beasts with food His hands supply,
 And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 But saints are lovely in His sight;
 He views his children with delight:
 He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
 And looks, and loves His image there.

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LAS ! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED. [7]

1 **A** LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
 And did my Sov'reign die ?
 Would He devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I ?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
 He groan'd upon the tree ?
 Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
 And love beyond degree !

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
 For man, the creature's sin.

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

JESUS BY THE SEA.

O I LOVE to look at Jesus as he sat beside
 the sea ;
 Where the waves were only murm'ring on
 the strand ;
 When he sat within the boat, on the silver
 wave afloat,
 Where he taught the waiting people on the
 land.

O I love to think of Jesus by the sea ;
 And I love the precious Word,
 Which he spake to them that heard,
 While he taught the waiting people by the
 sea.

2 O I love to think of Jesus as he walked upon
 the sea ;
 When the waves were rolling fearfully and
 grand ;
 How the winds and waves were still, at the
 bidding of his will,
 While he brought his lov'd disciples safe to
 land.

O I love to think of Jesus by the sea,
 How he walked upon the wave,
 His beloved ones to save,
 While he brought them safely o'er the
 stormy sea.

3 O I love to think of Jesus as he walk'd beside
 the sea ;
 Where the fishers spread their nets upon the
 shore :
 How he bade them follow him and forsake
 the paths of sin,
 And to be his true disciples evermore.

O I love to think of Jesus by the sea,
 And I long to leave my all,
 At my dear Redeemer's call,
 And his true disciple evermore to be.

WILLIMANTIC.

[72.]

- 1 **J**ESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence, look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
- 2 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
- 3 I rest upon thy word ;
The promise is for me,
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee.

WE SING THE SONG OF JESUS. [74.]

- 1 **W**E sing the song of Jesus,
With happy heart and voice !
Come join our tuneful numbers,
With us may you rejoice.

CHORUS.

We sing the song of Jesus,
We sing the song of love.

- 2 For us the Saviour suffered,
For us the Saviour died,
And healing streams of mercy
Flowed from His wounded side.
CHO. — We sing, &c.,

3 For us He waits in glory,
Up on the further shore,
Where sin and all transgression
Shall live and harm no more.
CHO.—We sing, &c.

4 We know our upward journey
Is only just begun,
But fear not toil or danger
While Jesus leads us on.
CHO.—We sing, &c.

5 Come walk with us the pathway
That leads unto the skies,
And let your tuneful voices
With ours in anthems raise.
CHO.—We sing, &c.

DENNIS.

[75.]

1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds,
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;

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And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

GOD KNOWS IT ALL.

[76.]

1 [I]N dim recesses of thy spirit's chamber
Is there some hidden grief thou may'st
not tell?

Let not thy heart forsake thee, but remember
His pitying eye who sees and knows it well.
God knows it all!

2 And art thou tossed on billows of temptation,
And wouldst do good, but evil still prevails,
Oh! think amid the waves of tribulation,
When earthly hope, when early refuge fails,
God knows it all!

3 And dost thou sin ! thy deeds of shame concealing

In some dark spot no human eye can see—
Then walk in pride, without one sign revealing

The deep remorse that should disquiet thee !

God knows it all !

4 Art thou opprest and poor, and heavy-hearted,
The heavens above thee in thick clouds arrayed,

And well-nigh crushed, no earthly strength imparted,

No friendly voice to say, " Be not afraid !"
God knows it all !

5 Art thou a mourner ? Are thy tear-drops flowing

For one so early lost to earth and thee—
The depth of grief no human spirit knowing,
Which mourns in secret like the moaning sea ?

God knows it all !

6 Dost thou look back upon a life of sinning ?
Forward, and tremble for thy future lot !
There's One who sees the end from the beginning,

The penitential tear is unforgot—
God knows it all !

Then go to God ! Pour out your heart before
him !

There is no grief your Father cannot feel ;
And let your grateful songs of praise adore
Him—

To save, forgive, and every wound to heal !
God knows it all !

YOUTHFUL WORKERS.

[77.]

1 **Y**OUTH is the time to leave
Our hearts in Jesus' care,
To seek the fountain of His blood,
And find redemption there.
Youth is the time to know
The bliss of sins forgiven,
And feel the soul-inspiring hope
Of endless joy in heaven.

2 Youth is the time to work ;
Behold the fields are white !
Then let us to our duty haste,
And labor with our might.
Youth is the time to watch
Against the tempter's power,
And pray for strength and grace divine
To help us every hour.

3 Youth is the time to walk
With Jesus at our side ;

To put our trusting hand in his,
 And in his strength confide.
 Youth is the time to learn
 The blessed cross to bear ;
 O Saviour, in thy mercy grant
 We all a crown may wear.

THE MASTER'S CALL.

[78]

1 THE Master is come, and calleth for thee,
 He stands at the door of thy heart,
 No friend so forgiving, so gentle as he,
 Oh, say, wilt thou let him depart ?

REFRAIN.

2 Patiently waiting, earnestly pleading,
 Jesus, thy Saviour, knocks at thy heart,
 Patiently waiting, earnestly pleading,
 Jesus, thy Saviour, knocks at thy heart.

3 The Master has come with blessings for thee,
 Arise, and his message receive ;
 Thy ransom is purchased, thy pardon is free,
 If thou wilt repent and believe.

REFRAIN.—Patiently waiting, &c.

4 The Master is come, and calleth thee now,
 This moment what joy may be thine ;
 How tender the smile that illumines his brow
 A pledge of his favor divine.

REFRAIN.—Patiently waiting, &c.

- 4 He waits for thee still, then haste with delight,
 O, fly to the arms of his love,
 Press on to that beautiful mansion of light,
 Prepared in his kingdom above.

REFRAIN.—Patiently waiting, &c.

GOD IS NEAR THEE.

[79.]

- 1 **G**OD is near thee, therefore cheer thee,
 Sad soul !
 He'll defend thee ; when around thee
 Billows roll,
 When around thee billows roll.

- 2 Calm thy sadness, look in gladness,
 On high !
 Faint and weary, pilgrim, cheer thee,
 Help is nigh !
 Pilgrim, cheer thee, help is nigh.

- 3 Mark the sea-bird wildly wheeling
 Through the skies !
 God defends him, God attends him,
 When he cries !
 God attends him when he cries.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

[80.]

- 1 " **F**OREVER with the Lord,"
 Amen, so let it be ;

Life from the dead is in that word ;
 'Tis immortality.

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

2 My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near,
 At times, to faith's aspiring eye
 Thy golden gates appear !
Ah, then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love ;
 The bright inheritance of saints—
 Jerusalem above ;
 Home above, home above,
 Jerusalem above.

3 Yet doubts still intervene,
 And all my comfort flies :
 Like Noah's dove, I flit between
 Rough seas and stormy skies :
 Anon the clouds depart,
 The wind and waters cease,
 While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
 Expands the bow of peace ;
Bow of peace, bow of peace,
 Expands the bow of peace.

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4 So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain ;
 Knowing "as I am known,"
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 "Forever with the Lord ;"
 With the Lord, with the Lord,
 "Forever with the Lord."

 GUIDE.

[81.]

1 **H**OLY Spirit, faithful Guide,
 Ever near the Christian's side ;
 Gently lead us by the hand,
 Pilgrims in a desert land.
 Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
 While they hear that sweetest voice,
 Whisp'ring softly, wand'rer come !
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present, truest friend,
 Ever near, thine aid to lend,
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Groping on in darkness drear,
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
 Whisper softly, wand'rer come !
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Wondering if our names are there ;
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading nought but Jesus' blood ;
 Whisper softly, wanderer, come !
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

THEY ARE GOING DOWN THE
 VALLEY. [8]

- 1 GONE to the grave is our loved one,
 Gone with a youthful bloom ;
 Lowly we bend, school-mate and friend,
 Passing away to the tomb.

CHORUS.

- They are going down the valley,
 The deep, dark valley ;
 We'll see their faces never more,
 Till we pass down the valley,
 The dark, death valley,
 And meet them on the other shore.
- 2 Oft we have mingled together,
 Sometimes in prayer and song ;
 Now when we meet, this one we greet
 Never again in our throng.
 CHO.—They are going, &c.

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3 Sweetly the form will be sleeping,

Under the cypress shade ;

Sad though we be, fondly will we

Cherish the name of the dead.

CHO.—They are going, &c.

4 Down in the valley they're going,

Down to the other shore ;

But with the blest—fair land of rest—

Weeping will come never more.

CHO.—They are going, &c.

RINDGE.

[83.]

1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise !
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace.

2 Jesus ! the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease ;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
 He sets the prisoner free ;
 His blood can make the foulest clean,
 His blood avail'd for me.

4 See all your sins on Jesus laid :
 The Lamb of God was slain :
 His soul was once an offering made
 For every soul of man.

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS. [84]

1 **L**ET us gather up the the sunbeams
 Lying all around our path ;
 Let us keep the wheat and roses,
 Casting out the thorns and chaff ;
 Let us find our sweetest comfort
 In the blessings of to-day,
 With a patient hand removing
 All the briars from the way.

CHORUS.

Then scatter seeds of kindness,
 For our reaping by-and-by.

2 Stranger, we never prize the music
 Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown !
 Strange that we should slight the violet
 Till the lovely flowers are gone !
 Strange, that summer skies and sunshine
 Never seem one half so fair,
 As when winter's snowy pinions
 Shake the white down in the air !
 CHO.—Then scatter, &c.

3 If we knew the baby fingers,
 Pressed against the window pane,
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
 Never trouble us again—
 Would the bright eyes of our darling
 Catch the frown upon our brow ?
 Would the print of rosy fingers
 Vex us then as they do now ?
 CHO.—Then scatter. &c.

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4 Ah ! those little ice-cold fingers,
 How they point our memories back
 To the hasty words and actions
 Strewn along our backward track !
 How those little hands remind us,
 As in snowy grace they lie,
 Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
 For our reaping by-and-by !
 Cro.—Then scatter, &c.

—
 PRAISE TO CHRIST.

[85.]

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues
 But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus !"
 "Worthy the Lamb !" our hearts reply ;
 "For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine ;
 And blessings, more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, forever thine !
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

I WILL SING FOR JESUS.

[34

1 I WILL sing for Jesus,
 With his blood he bought me,
 And all along my pilgrim way
 His loving hand has brought me.

CHORUS.

O help me sing for Jesus,
 Help me tell the story
 Of Him who did redeem us,
 The Lord of life and glory.

2 Can there overtake me
 Any dark disaster,
 While I can sing for Jesus?
 My blessed, blessed Master.
 CHO.—O help me sing, &c.

3 I will sing for Jesus,
 His name alone prevailing,
 Shall be my sweetest music,
 When heart and flesh are failing.
 CHO.—O help me sing, &c.

4 Still I'll sing for Jesus!
 O! how I will adore Him
 Among the cloud of witnesses
 Who cast their crowns before Him.
 CHO.—O, help me sing, &c.

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I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. [84]

1 I LOVE to tell the story
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and his glory,
 Of Jesus and his love.
 I love to tell the story
 Because I know it's true ;
 It satisfies my longings
 As nothing else can do.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the story,
 'Twill be my theme in glory
 To tell the old, old story,
 Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story,
 'Tis pleasant to repeat
 What seems, each time I tell it,
 More wonderfully sweet.
 I love to tell the story ;
 For some have never heard
 The message of salvation
 From God's own holy word.
 CHO.—I love to tell, &c.

3 I love to tell the story ;
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it like the rest.

And when in scenes of glory,
 I sing the New, New Song,
 'Twill be the Old, Old Story
 That I have loved so long.
 CHO.—I love to tell, &c.

—
 WE SHALL MEET.

- 1 **W**E shall meet no more to sever,
 By-and-by, by-and-by,
 And the darkness will be over,
 By-and-by, by-and-by,
 With the toilsome journey done,
 And the glorious battle won.
 We shall shine forth as the sun,
 By-and-by, by-and-by.
- 2 Done with all of earth's delusion,
 By-and-by, by-and-by,
 War and strife, and sin's confusion,
 By-and-by, by-and-by,
 We shall rest our pilgrim feet,
 On the shores where lov'd ones meet,
 There to dwell in bliss complete,
 By-and-by, by-and by.
- 3 We shall see and be like Jesus,
 By-and-by, by-and-by ;
 He a crown of life will give us,
 By-and-by, by-and-by,

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2 Life
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And the angels who fulfil
 All the mandates of His will,
 Shall attend and love us still,
 By-and-by, by-and-by,

- 4 When with robes of snowy whiteness,
 By-and-by, by-and-by ;
 And with crowns of dazzling brightness,
 By-and-by, by-and-by—
 There our storms and perils passed,
 And with glory ours at last,
 We'll possess the kingdom vast,
 By-and-by, by-and-by.

ALL THINGS EARNEST.

[89.]

- 1 **T**IME is earnest, passing by,
 Death is earnest, drawing nigh,
 Sinner ! wilt thou trifling be ?
 Time and death appeal to thee.

CHORUS.

Christ is earnest, bids thee "come,"
 Paid thy spirit's priceless sum—
 Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love,
 Pleading with thee from above.

- 2 Life is earnest, when 'tis o'er
 Thou returnest never more ;
 Soon to meet eternity,
 Wilt thou never serious be ?
 Cho.—Christ is earnest, &c.

3 When thy pleasures all depart,
 What will soothe thy fainting heart?
 Friendless, desolate, alone,
 Hast'ning to a world unknown.
 Cho.—Christ is earnest, &c.

4 Heaven is earnest : solemnly
 Float its voices down to thee.
 O, thou mortal, art thou gay,
 Sporting through thine earthly day?
 Cho.—Christ is earnest, &c.

5 God is earnest: kneel and pray
 Ere thy season pass away ;
 Ere be set His judgment throne,
 Vengeance ready, mercy gone.
 Cho.—Christ is earnest, &c.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN. [90.]

1 JOY! joy! joy! there is joy in heaven with
 the angels ;
 Joy ! joy ! joy ! for the prodigal's return.
 He has come, he has come,
 To his father's house at last ;
 He was lost, he is found,
 And the night of gloom is past.
 Blessed hour of joy, and communion sweet,
 For his heart is full and his love complete,
 His Father sees him and hastes to meet,
 And bid him welcome home.

2 Joy ! j

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2 Joy ! joy ! joy ! in the courts of heaven re-
sounding,

Joy ! joy ! joy ! o'er the prodigal's return ;
Hark ! the song, hark ! the song,

'Tis a joyful, joyful strain,

Welcome home, welcome home,

To thy Father's house again.

While his eye is dim with the falling tears

Of repentent grief, over wasted years,

The pardoning voice of his Father cheers,

And bids him welcome home.

3 Joy ! joy ! joy ! in the radiant fields of glory,
Joy ! joy ! joy ! when a wandering soul
returns ;

Let us haste, let us haste,

While the morning sun is bright,

Jesus calls, Jesus calls,

To a land of love and light.

We will journey on till our pilgrim feet

Shall be found at last in the golden street,

Our glorious Saviour will smile to greet,

And bid us welcome home.

VESPER. 8s & 7s.

1 THANKS to God for every blessing [91.
Which his bounteous hand bestows ;
All on earth that's worth possessing,
From that hand incessant flows.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

- 2 To his arms we're yet invited ;
 'Tis the Saviour bids us come,
 Let us, then, with hearts united,
 Seek thro' him a heavenly home.
 Hallelujah, &c.

ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS. [92

- 1 ONE more day's work for Jesus,
 One less of life for me !
 But heav'n is nearer,
 And Christ is dearer
 Than yesterday to me :
 His love and light
 Fill all my soul to-night.

CHORUS.

- One more day's work for Jesus,
 One less of life for me.
- 2 One more day's work for Jesus,
 How glorious is my king !
 'Tis joy, not duty,
 To speak his beauty ;
 My soul mounts on the wing
 At the mere thought
 How Christ my life has bought.
 CHO.—One more, &c.
- 3 One more day's work for Jesus ;
 How sweet the work has been,

4 Or

5 O,

1 JESUS
 Angel
 And

To tell the story,
 To show the glory,
 Where Christ's flock enter in!
 How it did shine
 In this poor heart of mine!
 CHO.—One more, &c.

4 One more day's work for Jesus—
 O, yes, a weary day;
 But heaven shines clearer
 And rest comes nearer,
 At each step of the way;
 And Christ in all—
 Before his face I fall.
 CHO.—One more, &c.

5 O, blessed work for Jesus!
 O, rest at Jesus' feet!
 There toil seems pleasure,
 My wants are treasure,
 And pain for him is sweet
 Lord, if I may,
 I'll serve another day.
 CHO.—One more, &c.

MIDLOTHIAN. C. M.

[93.]

1 JESUS, the name high over all,
 In hell, or earth, or sky,
 Angels and men before it fall,
 And devils fear and fly.

- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given ;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Jesus, the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head ;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.
- 4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace !
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.
- 5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim :
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, " Behold the Lamb !"
- 6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his Name ;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
" Behold, behold the Lamb !"

THE WATER OF LIFE

- 1 JESUS, the water of life will give
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus, the water of life will give
Freely to those who love him.

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Come to that fountain, O drink and live,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Come to that fountain, O drink and live,
 Flowing for those that love him.

CHORUS.

The Spirit and the Bride say, come
 Freely, freely, freely,
 And he that is thirsty, let him come,
 And drink of the water of life.

FULL CHORUS.

The fountain of life is flowing,
 Flowing, freely flowing,
 The fountain of life is flowing,
 Is flowing for you and for me.

2 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
 Freely to those that love him.
 Treasures unfading will there be given,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Treasures unfading will there be given,
 Freely to those that love him.
 CHO.—The Spirit, &c.
 FULL CHO.—The fountain, &c.

3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Freely to those that love him;
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
 Freely to those that love him.
 CHO.—The Spirit, &c.
 FULL CHO.—The fountain, &c.

- 4 Jesus has promised eternal day,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised eternal day,
 Freely to those that love him ;
 Pleasure that never shall pass away,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Pleasure that never shall pass away,
 Freely to those that love him.

CHO.—The Spirit, &c.

FULL CHO.—The fountain, &c.

- 5 Jesus has promised a calm repose,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a calm repose,
 Freely, to all that love him ;
 Come to the water of life that flows
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Come to the water of life that flows
 Freely to all that love him.

CHO.—The Spirit, &c.

FULL CHO.—The fountain, &c.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s Double.

- 1 HAIL! my ever blessed Jesus,
 Only thee I wish to sing ;
 To my soul thy name is precious,
 Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.
 O ! what mercy flows from heaven !
 O ! what joy and happiness,
 Love I much ? I'm much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace.

[96

i OUR
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2 Once in Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcerned in sin I lay ;
 Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Saviour passed that way.
 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
 My Redeemer's tenderness ;
 Love I much ? I'm much forgiven
 I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Shout ye bright angelic choir,
 Praise the Lamb enthroned above ;
 While astonished I admire
 God's free grace and boundless love,
 That blest moment I received him,
 Filled my soul with joy and peace ;
 Love I much ? I'm much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace.

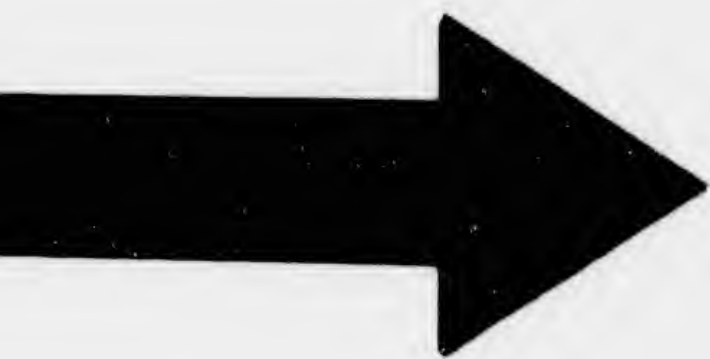
4 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,
 There forever to abide ;
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee
 Seated at thy Father's side :
 There for sinners thou art pleading ;
 There thou dost our place prepare :
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

OUR MISSION SONG.

[97.]

1 **O**UR hearts are very joyful in our Sunday-
 school to-day,
 Singing our mission song together ;





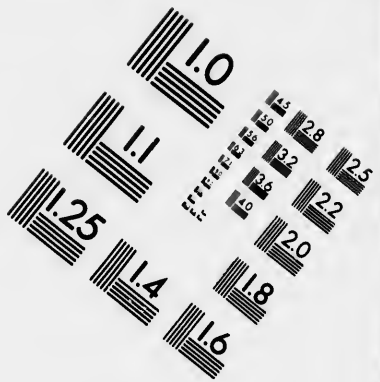
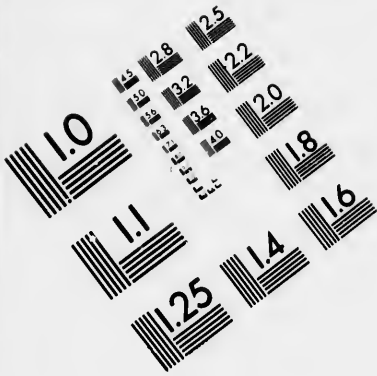
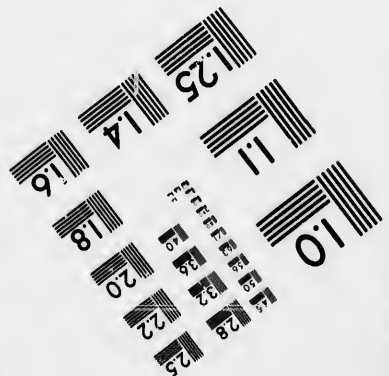
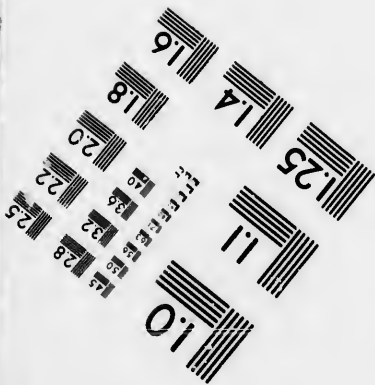
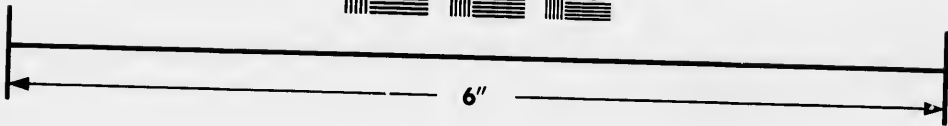
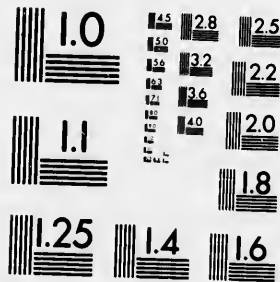


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We'll never be discouraged but we'll labor
 while we may ;
 Singing our mission song together.
 Jesus will help us, he is our friend,
 He will protect us, and he will defend ;
 His gracious ear will listen while before his
 throne we bend,
 Singing our mission song together.

2 While many precious blessings he has scatter-
 ed in our way,
 Singing our mission song together ;
 For those who sit in darkness, we must not
 forget to pray ;
 Singing our mission song together . .
 Jesus will, &c.

3 Our happy voices mingle in our Sunday-
 school so dear,
 Singing our mission song together ;
 We know that God is with us when we meet
 together here,
 Singing our mission song together.
 Jesus will, &c.

COMFORT ME.

[98.]

1. **W**EAK and and sinful, O my Father,
 Hoping, trusting only thee,
 Fold thy loving arms around me,
 Saviour, thou hast died for me.

Comfort me, comfort me,
Blessed Saviour, comfort me.

- 2 Standing at the door of mercy,
Lord, I wait a smile from thee;
Rich and boundless are thy blessings,
Surely there is one for me.
Comfort me, &c.
- 3 Thou, my life, my only treasure,
Let me give myself to thee,
Let me drink the healing fountain;
There is comfort still for me.
Comfort me, &c.

I AM FREE.

[98]

- 1 **T**HOU hast rolled away my burden,
Praise forever, praise to thee;
Blessed pardon, now I feel it,
Thou hast spoken, Lord, to me.
I am free, I am free,
Saviour, thou dost comfort me.
- 2 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
I am free, I am free,
Saviour, thou dost comfort me.

[98]

Father,

3 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heaven are still my own.
 I am free, I am free,
 Saviour, thou dost comfort me.

PRAYER, SWEET PRAYER. 11s. [99.

1 **W**HEN torn is the bosom by sorrow and care,
 Be it ever so simple, there's nothing
 like prayer ;

It comforts, it softens, subdues, yet sustains,
 Bids hope rise exulting, and passion restrains.
 Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer,
 Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like
 prayer.

2 When far from the friends that are dearest, we
 part,

What fond recollections still cling to the heart.
 Past scenes and enjoyment live painfully there,
 And restless we languish till peace comes in
 prayer.

Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer, &c.

3 When earthly delusions would lead us astray
 In folly's gay mazes, or sin's treacherous way,
 How strong the enchantment, how fatal the
 snare !

But looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer.

)Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer, &c.

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- 4 While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to
bliss,
The world has no refuge, no solace like this ;
And till we the seraph's full ecstasy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer, &c.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

[100.]

- 1 **M**ARCH along together,
Ever firm and true,
Many eyes are watching,
Taking note of you.
Pleasant winds or foul ones,
Cloudy days or bright,
Keep to the right, boys,
Keep to the right.
- 2 Rais high your banner,
That its folds may fly,
Like the wing of eagle
Sweeping to the sky.
If you wish to conquer
Every foe you fight.
Keep to the right, boys,
Keep to the right.
- 3 Of your heavenly Father,
Strength and courage seek ;
Swords are to no purpose,
If the heart be weak !

Every arm endowing
 With a warrior's might,
 Keep to the right, boys,
 Keep to the right.

- 4 *Love* should be your motto,
Duty be your aim :
 Ever "overcoming,"
 Till a crown you claim ;
 For a fame undying,
 Strive with all your might,
 Keep to the right, boys,
 Keep to the right.

LOVE FOR JESUS.

[10L

- 1 I LOVE the name of Jesus,
 That name the angels sing;
 And with their loud hosannas
 The heavenly portals ring.
 To him my all confiding,
 In him my joy complete ;
 I learn with Christian meekness
 My duty at his feet.

REFRAIN.

I love the name of Jesus,
 The sweetest name,
 The name the angels sing.

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2 I love to think of Jesus,
 When all is calm and still ;
 When pure and holy feelings,
 My grateful bosom fill.
 I love to think of Jesus
 Whose mercy crowns my days,
 How just are all his counsels,
 And true are all his ways.
 REFRAIN—I love, &c.

3 I love to work for Jesus,
 And worship at his throne ;
 O, may his spirit help me
 To live for him alone.
 To labor for my Saviour
 My greatest joy shall be ;
 I know that Jesus loves me
 Because he died for me.
 REFRAIN—I love, &c.

LOOKING TO JESUS.

1 **Y**IELD not to temptation,
 For yielding is sin
 Each victory will help us,
 Some other to win.
 Fight manfully onward,
 Dark passions subdue,
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.

7

[102]

[10L]

REFRAIN.

Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name held in reverence,
Nor take it in vain.
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.
REFRAIN—Ask the, &c.

3 To him that o'ercometh,
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down,
He who is the Saviour
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.
REFRAIN—Ask the, &c.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

1 **M**Y faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine !

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Now hear me while I pray,
 Take all my guilt away ;
 O let me from this day
 Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart—
 My zeal inspire ;
 As thou hast died for me,
 Oh may my love to thee
 Pure, warm and changeless be—
 A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my Guide :
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tear away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

COME TO THE SAVIOUR. [104]

1 NOW the Saviour invites you to come ;
 And fly to the arms of his love ;
 In his kingdom of grace there is room,
 And a mansion of glory above.

CHORUS.

Over Jordan a home bright and fair,
 Our Saviour has gone to prepare ;
 We shall rest by-and-by from our care,
 In that home bright and fair.

- 2 Are you thirsty? remember the call,
O come, and salvation receive;
For the fountain is open to all
Who will truly repent and believe.
CHO.—Over Jordan, &c.
- 3 Are you weary and sighing for rest?
To Jesus your refuge repair;
He will pillow your head on his breast;
If you seek him by watching and prayer.
CHO.—Over Jordan, &c.
- 4 To the faithful a promise is given,
Who meekly his counsel obey,
Of a crown of rejoicing in heaven,
And a treasure that fades not away.
CHO.—Over Jordan, &c.

THE CLEANSING BLOOD. L. M. [105]

- 1 **I** THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood:
To dwell within thy wounds: then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there!
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!

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Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move?
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

First part. DEAR LITTLE LAMBS. [106.]

DEAR little lambs, will you come to the
Saviour,

O come to His fold with the happy and the
blest;

Sweet is the voice of the Shepherd that loves
you,

How gently he will fold you in his arms to
rest.

Second part.—INFANT CLASS.

Are we little lambs, little lambs of the Sa-
viour?

May we follow Jesus and be like him every
day!

Gladly we will come to the kind, loving Shep-
herd,

Whose gentle hand will lead us in the shin-
ing way.

First Part.

Yes, little lambs, He'll protect you for ever,
And welcome you all to a Father's dear em-
brace:

Angels that stand by the portals of glory
Are gazing now with rapture on each happy
face.

Second Part.

We are little lambs, little lambs of the Sa-
viour,
We are very humble, but our Shepherd he
will be ;
Precious are the words that with joy we re-
member :
" Forbid not little children," let them come
unto me.

First Part.

3 Dear little lambs, what a promise he gives
you,
How great are the blessings his tender care
bestows,
Safe you shall dwell in the green shady
pastures,
Beside the cooling fountain where the water
flows.

Second Part.

We are little lambs, we will cling to the
Saviour,
We will be his precious ones and give him
all our love :
Help us by your prayers that we may all be
faithful,
And Jesus then will take us to our home
above.

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First Part.

- 4 Dear little lambs, we will pray for each other,
 And trust in the Lord as we journey thus
 along,
 Soon we shall cross o'er the dark rolling river,
 And join the happy chorus of the angels'
 song.

All.

Blessed be the Lord, we will praise him forever,
 He will bid us welcome when we reach fair
 Canaan's shore ;
 Blessed be the Lord, to his name be the glory,
 We'll meet the friends we've cherished then
 to part no more.

 DEAR JESUS, HEAR ME. [108.]

- 1 SAVIOUR, bless a little child ;
 Teach my heart the way to Thee ;
 Make it gentle, good and mild ;
 Loving Saviour, care for me.

CHORUS.

Dear Jesus, hear me,
 Hear Thy little child to-day ;
 Hear, O hear me ;
 Hear me when I pray.

- 2 I am young, but Thou hast said—
 • *All who will, may come to Thee ;*

Feed my soul with living bread ;
 Loving Saviour, care for me.
 CHO.—Dear Jesus, &c.

3 Jesus, help me, I am weak ;
 Let me put my trust in Thee ;
 Teach me how, and what to speak ;
 Loving Saviour, care for me.
 CHO.—Dear Jesus, &c.

4 I would never go astray,
 Never turn aside from Thee ;
 Keep me in the heavenly way ;
 Loving Saviour, care for me.
 CHO.—Dear Jesus, &c.

IF I COME TO JESUS.

[109.

1 IF I come to Jesus,
 He will make me glad,
 He will give me pleasure,
 When my heart is sad.

CHORUS.

If I come to Jesus,
 Happy I should be,
 He is gently calling
 Little ones like me.

2 If I come to Jesus,
 He will hear my prayer ;

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He will love me dearly,
 He my sins did bear.
 CHO.—If I come, &c.

3 If I come to Jesus,
 He will take my hand,
 He will kindly lead me
 To a better land.
 CHO.—If I come, &c.

4 There with happy children,
 Robed in snowy white,
 I shall see my Saviour
 In that world so bright.
 CHO.—If I come, &c.

CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL. [110.]

[109.] 1 "I'M trying to climb up Zion's hill,"
 For the Saviour whispers "Love me,"
 Tho' all beneath is dark as death :
 Yet the stars are bright above me,
 Then upward still to Zion's Hill,
 To the land of joy and beauty,
 My path before shines more and more,
 As it nears the golden city.

CHORUS.

I'm climbing up Zion's Hill,
 I'm climbing up Zion's Hill,
 Climbing, climbing
 Climbing up Zion's Hill.

2 I know I am but a little child,
 My strength will not protect me ;
 But then I am the Saviour's lamb,
 And he will not neglect me,
 Then all the time I'll try to climb
 This holy hill of Zion,
 For I am sure the way is pure,
 And on it comes "no lion."
 Cho.—I'm climbing, &c.

3 Then come with me, we'll upward go,
 And climb this hill together ;
 And as we walk we'll sweetly talk,
 And sing as we go thither.
 Then mount up still God's holy hill,
 Till we reach the pearly portals,
 Where raptured tongues proclaim the song
 Of the shining-robed immortals.
 Cho.—I'm climbing, &c.

JESUS, MY LORD.

[111.]

1 JESUS, thy name I love,
 All other names above,
 Jesus, my Lord !
 Oh ! thou art all to me !
 Nothing to please I see.
 Nothing apart from thee,
 Jesus, my Lord !

2 Thou blessed son of God
 Hast bought me with thy blood,
 Jesus, my Lord !
 Oh ! how great is thy love,
 All other loves above,
 Love that I daily prove,
 Jesus, my Lord !

3 When unto thee I flee,
 Thou wilt my refuge be,
 Jesus, my Lord !
 What need I now to fear ?
 What earthly grief or care ?
 Since thou art ever near,
 Jesus, my Lord !

TRY TO BE LIKE JESUS. [112]

1 **W**E'LL try to be like Jesus,
 The children's precious Friend,
 Far dearer than a mother,
 A sister or a brother,
 He'll love us to the end.

Girls.

We'll try to be like Jesus,

Boys.

We'll try to be like Jesus,

All.

We'll try to be like Jesus,
 The children's precious Friend.

[111.

- 2 We'll try to be like Jesus,
 In body and in mind ;
 For pure he was and holy.
 In temper meek and lowly.
 And to poor sinners kind.
 CHO.—We'll try, &c.
- 3 We'll try to be like Jesus,
 And do our Father's will :
 We'll seek his strength in weakness,
 We'll bear the cross in meekness,
 Up Calvary's rugged hill.
 CHO.—We'll try, &c.
- 4 We'll try to be like Jesus,
 And when we come to die,
 At his right hand in glory
 We'll sing the blessed story,
 The ransomed sing on high.
 CHO.—We'll try, &c.

 THE GRAVE.

[113]

- 1 OH how they softly rest
 For aye, each blessed one,
 Who now, on Jesu's breast,
 Sleeping from us are gone.
 Softly their ashes lie,
 Under the grassy sod ;
 They did not really die,
 They but went home to God.

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- 2 Yet 'tis no idle rest,
 No mere release from care ;
 What they loved here the best,
 They are fulfilling there.
 There they in active love,
 Their truest leisure find
 And worship God above,
 And know His holy mind.
- 3 Yet are they often here,
 Yet do we meet again ;
 Our hearts they come to cheer,
 In work, in joy, in pain.
 And we to them are bound
 In closer union still,
 Where'er, with them, we're found,
 Doing the Father's will.

NEVER GROW WEARY. [114]

[113]

1 WE must never grow weary, doing well,
 Though in time we may reap no reward ;
 For eternity will tell—yes eternity will tell,
 What a blessing rests on those who serve the
 Lord.

CHORUS.

O ye stars ! shine on, shine on,
 Far up in heaven's own blue,
 Some time, some time, I too may shine,
 I may shine as brightly as you.

- 2 We must bear the yoke daily :—Jesus says,
 “It is easy, my burden is light;”
 For he knows how frail we are, yes, he knows
 how frail we are,
 And he helps us through the day and thro’
 the night.

CHO.—O ye stars ! &c.

- 3 All the stars o’er us shining in the sky,
 And the sun and the moon do his will ;
 And we know that by-and-by, if to serve him
 well we try,
 With a brighter glow our spirits he will fill.

CHO.—O ye stars ! &c.

- 4 We must ever be watchful ; for to-day
 May, for you and for me, be the last .
 So the work we’ll not delay, but we’ll labor
 and we’ll pray
 Till the sunset hour of life is safely past.

CHO.—O ye stars ! &c.

JUST AS I AM.

[115.]

- 1 **J**UST 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.
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not,
 To rid my soul of ~~the~~ dark blot ;

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To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 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.

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

MY HOME IS THERE.

[116.]

1 **A**BOVE the waves of earthly strife,
Above the ills and cares of life,
Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair,
My home is there, my home is there.

CHORUS.

My beautiful home, my beautiful home,
In the land where the glorified ever shall roam,
Where angels bright, wear crowns of light,
My home is there, my home is there,

2 Where living fountains sweetly flow,
Where buds and flowers immortal grow,
Where trees their fruits celestial bear;
My home is there, my home is there.

CHO.—My beautiful, &c.

3 Away from sorrow, doubt and pain,
 Away from worldly loss and gain,
 From all temptation, tears and care ;
 My home is there, my home is there.
 CHO.—My beautiful, &c.

4 Beyond the bright and pearly gates,
 Where Jesus, loving Saviour waits,
 Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair ;
 My home is there, my home is there.
 CHO.—My beautiful home, &c.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M. [117.]

- 1 **M**UST Jesus bear the cross alone,
 And all the world go free
 No ; there's a cross for ev'ry one,
 And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above,
 Who once went sorrowing here !
 But now they taste unmingled love,
 And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
 Till death shall set me free,
 And then go home, my crown to wear ;
 For there's a crown for me.
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MEET ME IN THAT LOVELY LAND [11

- 1 **M**EET me in that lovely land,
 Where the happy white-robed band,
 Round the throne of glory stand,
 Ever blest at God's right hand,

CHORUS.

Meet in bliss no tongue can tell;
 Meet with angel bands to dwell,
 Meet in heaven where all is well,
 Meet me in that land.

- 2 Meet me on that peaceful shore,
 When earth's toilsome work is o'er,
 Where our friends have gone before,
 And the ransomed part no more.
 CHO.—Meet in bliss, &c.

- 3 Meet me in that world of light,
 Where amid the glories bright,
 All who conquer in the fight,
 Share the beatific sight.
 CHO.—Meet in bliss, &c.

- 4 Meet me in that world of cheer,
 Where is seen no falling tear,
 Where no clouds of night appear,
 Where the sky is ever clear.
 CHO.—Meet in bliss, &c.

- 5 Gentle Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 Guide us to that realm above,

Where the saints forever prove
All the fullness of thy love.

CHO.—Meet in bliss, &c.

IN A MANGER LAID SO LOWLY. [119]

- 1 **I**n a manger laid so lowly,
Came the Prince of Peace to earth;
While a choir of angels holy,
Sang to celebrate his birth.

CHORUS.

“Glory in the highest,”
Sang the glad angelic strain;
“Glory in the highest,”
“Peace on earth, good will to men.”

- 2 As the wise men from far Persia
Brought rich gifts to Jewry's King,
Grateful love, a richer treasure,
Would we as our offering bring.
CHO.—“Glory in the,” &c.

- 3 Where Christ's joyful kingdom cometh,
Deserts blossom as the rose;
And God's gracious rain descendeth,
Where the coral island grows.
CHO.—“Glory in the,” &c.

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JESU, LOVER OF MY SOUL. [120]

- 1 **J**ESU, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly ;
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past,
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 More than all in thee I find ;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
 Just and holy is thy name ;
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 False, and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin :
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within :

Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee :
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

GOOD NIGHT, WE'LL MEET IN THE
 MORNING. [122.]

1 GOOD night ! good night ! till we meet in
 the morning,
 Far above this fleeting shore ;
 To endless joy in a moment awaking,
 There we'll sleep no more.

CHORUS.

Where the pearly gates will never, never
 close
 And the tree of life its dewy shadow throws,
 Where the ransomed ones in love repose,
 Our precious home shall be.

2 Good night ! good night ! till we meet in the
 morning,
 See the hours are waning fast :
 Along the banks of the clear flowing river
 We shall meet at last.

Cho.—Where the pearly gates, &c.

3 Good night ! good night ! till we meet in the
 morning,
 Where our friends have gone before :

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In robes of white they are waiting to greet us
On the other shore.

Cho.—Where the pearly gates, &c.

4 Good night ! good night ! till we meet in the
morning,

There from pain and sorrow free,
With Him who rose from the grave to re-
deem us

We shall ever be.

Cho.—Where the pearly gates, &c.

ATONEMENT.

[123.

1 SAW ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour,
Saw ye my Saviour and God !
O He died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended—He was extended,
Painfully nailed to the cross :
Here He bowed His head and died,
Thus 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 God-man.

4 **Darkness prevailed,—darkness prevailed,**
 Darkness prevailed o'er the land,
 And the sun refused to shine,
 When His Majesty Divine,
 Was derided, insulted, and slain.

5 **Hail, mighty Saviour—hail mighty Saviour,**
 Prince, and the author of peace!
 O, He burst the bars of death,
 And, triumphant, from beneath,
 He ascended to mansions of bliss.

THE BEATITUDES.

[124]

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain;
 and when he was set, his disciples came unto him; and
 he opened his mouth, and taught them saying:

1 **BLESSED** are the poor in spirit:
 For their's is the kingdom of heaven.
 Blessed are they that mourn:
 For they shall be comforted.

2 **Blessed** are the meek:
 For they shall inherit the earth.
 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst
 after righteousness,
 For they shall be filled.

3 **Blessed** are the merciful:
 For they shall obtain mercy.

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Blessed are the pure in heart
For they shall see God.

4 Blessed are the peace makers :
For they shall be called the children of God.
Blessed are they which are persecuted for
righteousness sake :
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

5 Blessed are ye when men shall
Revile you and persecute you,
And shall say all manner of evil against
You falsely for my sake,

CHORUS.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad,
For great is your reward in heaven,
For so persecuted they the prophets
Which were before you.

ELIM. C.M.

[125.]

1 **F**OR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died !

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

- 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own ;
 Wash me, and mine Thou art ;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve ;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

NEAR THE CROSS.

[120

- 1 JESUS, keep me near the cross,
 There a precious fountain,
 Free to all, a healing stream,
 Flows from Calvary's mountain.

CHORUS.

- In the Cross, in the Cross
 Be my glory ever,
 Till my raptured soul shall find
 Rest beyond the river.
- 2 Near the cross a trembling soul,
 Love and mercy found me ;
 There the bright and morning star
 Shed its beams around me.
 CHO.—In the Cross, &c.
- 3 Near the Cross ! oh, Lamb of God,
 Bring its scenes before me ;

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Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.

CHO.—In the Cross, &c.

- 4 Near the Cross ! I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

CHO.—In the Cross, &c.

[126]

WHOSOEVER WILL, LET HIM COME. [127

- 1 **T**HE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come ;"
The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all His children "Come."

CHORUS.

The youngest may come,
The poorest may come,
The weakest, the meanest, the vilest
may come,
And whosoever will, let him come,
And take of the life-water freely.

- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come ;"
Let him who thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the Fountain, come.

CHO.—The youngest may, &c.

- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
 O let him freely come,
 And freely drink the stream of life ;
 'Tis Jesus bids him come.
 CHO.—The youngest may, &c.

DAWNING IN THE VALLEY. [123]

- 1 DAWNING in the valley,
 Smiling o'er the hill,
 Lo ! the Sabbath morning,
 Peaceful, calm, and still,
 Cheers the drooping spirit,
 With its golden rays,
 While we greet its coming
 With a song of praise.

CHORUS.

Welcome day, holy day,
 Hear the passing moments gently say,
 Watch and pray, watch and pray,
 Come to Jesus, come away.

- 2 While in joyful chorus
 Chime the Sabbath bells,
 Let us seek the temple
 Where our Father dwells.
 Bending there before Him,
 Ask for grace divine,
 Light of hope eternal,
 In our hearts to shine.
 CHO.—Welcome day. &c.

- 3 Day of rest from labor,
 Pure and tranquil rest :
 Day of sweet refreshing,
 By our Father blest.
 May our soul's devotion
 Kindle while we sing,
 Praise to Him who made it,
 Praise to God our King.
 Cho.—Welcome day, &c.

REAPING TIME.

[129

- 1 JESUS, we Thy lambs would be,
 Humbly we would follow Thee,
 Waiting for the joyful day,
 When all care will pass away.
- 1: When the reaping-time shall come,
 And angels shout the harvest home. :2
- 2 Now the field of grain is white,
 Now the day is dawning bright ;—
 Brighter far the sky will be,
 When our Master we shall see !
 When the reaping-time, &c.
- 3 May we wait, and watch, and pray,
 For the coming of that day,
 When the wheat shall sifted be,
 And the chaff be driv'n from thee.
 When the reaping-time, &c.

THE SWEET EDEN SHORE. [130.]

- 1 **O**N the sweet Eden shore so peaceful and bright,
The spirits made perfect are dwelling in light,
Their white wings are wafting them gently along,
Thro' beautiful regions of glory and song.

CHORUS.

- On the sweet Eden shore, so peaceful and bright,
On the sweet Eden shore, the home of the blest
With friends gone before, we'll tarry and rest,
Tarry and rest, tarry and rest on the shore.
- 2 O, blessed to rise when life's pangs are o'er,
To mount up to heaven and dwell evermore,
To never grow weary and never know care,
In those beautiful regions so blooming and fair.

CHO.—On the sweet Eden shore, &c.

- 3 On the sweet Eden shore, the home of the blest,
With friends gone before soon we'll tarry and rest,
Content there with Jesus our Saviour to stay,
We'll delight in the pleasures that never decay.

CHO.—On the sweet Eden shore, &c.

ANGELS HOVERING ROUND. [131.]

- 1 **T**HERE are angels hov'ring round,
There are angels hov'ring round,
There are angels, angels hov'ring round.

- 2 To carry the tidings home,
To the New Jerusalem.
There are angels, angels hov'ring round.
- 3 Let him that heareth come,
Oh, come, while yet there's room ;
There are angels, angels hov'ring round.

JESUS LIVES.

[132.]

- 1 **I** COME, I come, with this one plea,
Jesus lives, Jesus lives,
My Lord, my Life, I come to Thee,
Jesus lives, Jesus lives.
Though in my soul remains no trace
Of love or joy, or inward grace,
Nor fitness for yon heavenly place,
Jesus lives, Jesus lives.
- 2 With this sure plea, O Lord, I come,
Jesus lives, Jesus lives,
O fit me for Thy heavenly home,
Jesus lives, Jesus lives,
Though guilty all, and sore opprest,
Yet here I find enduring rest,
Through faith in thee my soul is blest.
Jesus lives, Jesus lives.
- 3 Now my enraptured spirit sings,
Jesus lives, Jesus lives,
Such joy the blest assurance brings,
Jesus lives, Jesus lives,

He lives to plead for me above,
 And through his life I sweetly prove
 The fulness of his dying love,
 Jesus lives, Jesus lives.

SING ALWAYS.

[133]

- 1 **S**ING with a tuneful spirit,
 Sing with a cheerful lay,
 Praise to thy great Creator,
 While on the pilgrim way.
 Sing when the birds are waking,
 Sing with the morning light ;
 Sing in the noontides golden beam,
 Sing in the hush of night.
- 2 Sing when the heart is troubled,
 Sing when the hours are long,
 Sing when the storm-cloud gathers ;
 Sweet is the voice of song.
 Sing when the sky is darkest,
 Sing when the thunders roll ;
 Sing of a land where rest remains,
 Rest for the weary soul.
- 3 Sing in the vale of shadows,
 Sing in the hour of death,
 And when the eyes are closing,
 Sing with the latest breath.
 Sing till the heart's deep longings,
 Cease on the other shore ;
 Then with the countless numbers there,
 Sing on, forever more !

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KINDLY AND GRACIOUSLY. [134.]

1 **K**INDLY and graciously prompted by love,
 Jesus came down from the bright world
 above,

Tho' he was glorious, almighty, divine,
 Sun of that world where the bright spirits
 shine ;

Gentle and lowly, and humble and mild,
 Like us poor children, He, too, was a child,
 Praise Him ! oh, praise Him ! for prompted
 by love,

Jesus came down from the bright world above

2 Lovingly, lovingly, close to His breast,
 Once little children so fondly he press'd ;
 Laid each dear hand on some little one's head,
 Tenderly smiling, as sweetly he said,—

“ Dear little children, so happy and free !
 Suffer the children to come unto me.”

Lovingly, lovingly, close to His breast,
 Once little children so fondly he press'd.

3 Tenderly, tenderly, free from alarms,
 Jesus now folds the dear lambs in His arms ;
 Hark ! there is melody through the air borne,
 Borne from the “ happy land ” whither they're
 gone :

“ Parents, and sisters, and brothers most
 dear !

Weep not, but meet us, oh meet with us here !
 Tenderly, tenderly, free from alarms,
 Jesus now folds us, His lambs, in His arms.”

STERLING. L. M. [135.]

- 1 **E**TERNAL Power, whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God,
 Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
 He hides his face behind his wings ;
 And ranks of shining thrones around
 Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
 We would adore our Maker too !
 From sin and dust to thee we cry,
 The Great, the Holy, and the High.
- 4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
 And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name ;
 But, O! the glories of thy mind
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind !
- 5 God is in heaven, and men below,
 Be short our tunes, our words be few !
 A solemn reverence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

OUR CHEERFUL SABBATH HOME. [136.]

- 1 **H**OW sweet the chiming Sabbath bells!
 We love the welcome sound ;
 And haste, with glad and willing heart,
 Where purest joys are found.

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CHORUS.

Our home, our home,
Our cheerful Sabbath home !
We gladly seek its dear retreat,
Our cheerful Sabbath home.

2 From Christian friends and teachers there
We learn the heavenly way,
That leads to him who kindly gave
This holy, happy day.

CHO.—Our home, &c.

3 We sing our Saviour's wond'rous love,
And all his tender care ;
We sing of joy beyond the sky
In mansions bright and fair.

CHO.—Our home, &c.

4 The angels robed in purest white,
Surround the throne above ;
And there our happy souls may join
To sing redeeming love.

CHO.—Our home, &c.

KEEP THOU MY WAY, O LORD. [137]

1 **K**EEP thou my way, O Lord !
Myself I cannot guide ;
Nor dare I trust my erring steps
One moment from thy side ;

I cannot think aright,
 Unless inspired by thee :
 My heart would fail without thy aid,
 Choose thou my thoughts for me.

- 2 For every act of faith,
 And every pure design,—
 For all of good my soul can know,
 The glory, Lord, be thine ;
 Free grace my pardon seals,
 Thro' thy atoning blood :
 Free grace the full assurance brings,
 Of peace with thee, my God
- 3 O speak, and I will hear ;
 Command, and I obey ;
 My willing feet with joy shall haste
 To run the heavenly way.
 Keep thou my wand'ring heart,
 And bid it cease to roam ;
 O bear me safe o'er death's cold wave
 To heaven, my blissful home.

WHY WEEPEST THOU ? [138.

- 1 " WHY weepst thou? Whom seekest thou?"
 O wouldst thou see our Jesus?
 Behold Him near, He marks each tear,
 Our blessed, loving Jesus.

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REFRAIN.

O believe Him ; O receive Him—
 There is none like Jesus ;
 He is near thee ; He will cheer thee—
 Only trust in Jesus.

2 Why weepest thou, And seekest thou,
 With doubting and repining ?

O lift thine eye ! Thou shalt descry,
 His raiment, near thee, shining.

REFRAIN—O believe Him, &c.

3 Believe Him now ; Receive Him now ;
 Look up with faith and meekness,

To Jesus' blood, Which freely flowed
 For all thy sin and weakness.

REFRAIN.—O believe Him, &c.

4 Believest thou ? Cease weeping now—
 Thy soul He will deliver ;

The cross he bore, Our sins he wore,
 And nailed them there forever.

REFRAIN—O believe Him, &c.

OUR GRATITUDE.

[139]

1 **W**HEN I think of Jesus' love,
 Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 How He came from heav'n above ;
 Oh ! how I love Jesus.

When I know he died for me,
 On the hill of Calvary ;
 Died to set my spirit free,
 Then how I love Jesus.

2 When I feel my sins forgiven,
 Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 When I read or sing of heaven ;
 Oh ! how I love Jesus.
 When He bids me come and rest,
 On His kind and loving breast,
 Then my grateful heart is blest,
 Oh ! how I love Jesus.

3 When Jesus sends His spirit down,
 Jesus, blessed Jesus ;
 When he points to harp and crown,
 Oh ! how I love Jesus.
 When he tells me of the bliss,
 In that better world than this,
 Of the joys I would not miss,
 Then how I love Jesus.

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER. (Quartette) [140.

1 I LOVE to stay where my mother sleeps,
 And gaze on each star as it twinkling peeps
 Through that bending willow which lonely
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O'er my mother's grave,
 O'er my mother's grave,
 Through that bending willow
 O'er my mother's grave.

2 I love to kneel on the green turf there,
 Afar from the scene of my daily care,
 And breathe to my Saviour my evening prayer
 O'er my mother's grave.
 O'er my mother's grave, &c.

3 I still remember how oft she led,
 And knelt me by her, as with God she plead,
 That I might be his when the clod was spread
 O'er my mother's grave.
 O'er my mother's grave, &c.

4 I love to think how 'neath the ground,
 She slumbers in death as a captive bound,
 She'll slumber no more when the trump shall
 sound,
 O'er my mother's grave.
 O'er my mother's grave, &c.

THE SEAMAN'S PRAYER. (Quartette. [141.

JESUS, most holy one, we lift our souls to
 Thee,
 Plead for us, Saviour, lone wand'ers on the
 sea.

Watch us while shadows lie far o'er the water
 spread,
 Hear the heart's lonely sigh, thine, too, hath
 bled,
 Thou that hast looked on death, aid us when
 death is near,
 Whisper of heav'n to faith—Redeemer, Re-
 deemer hear,
 Hear, O hear and save us,
 Toss'd on the deep !

THE BEAUTIFUL HILLS. (Quartette.) [142.]

1 **O!** THE beautiful hills, where the blest
 have trod,
 Since the years when the earth was new,
 Where our fathers gaze from the fields of God,
 On the vale we are journeying through.
 We have seen those hills in their brightness
 rise,
 When the world was black below,
 And we've felt the thrill of immortal eyes
 In the night of our darkest woe.

CHORUS.

We sing of the beautiful hills
 That rise from the evergreen shore,
O! sing of the beautiful hills,
 Where the weary shall toil no more.

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2 The cities of yore, that were reared in crime,
 And renowned by the praise of seers,
 Went down in the tramp of old king Time,
 To sleep with his gray-haired years ;
 But the beautiful hills rise bright and strong
 Thro' the smoke of old Time's red wars,
 As on that day when the first deep song
 Rolled up from the morning stars.
 CHO.—We sing, &c.

3 We dream of rest on the beautiful hills,
 Where the traveller shall thirst no more ;
 And we hear the hum of a thousand rills
 That wander the green glens o'er.
 We feel the souls of the martyred men
 Who have braved a cold world's frown,
 We can bear the burden which they did ~~then~~,
 Nor shrink from their thorny crown.
 CHO.—We sing, &c.

4 Our arms are weak, yet we would not fling
 To our feet this load of ours,
 The winds of Spring to the valleys sing,
 And the turf replies with flowers—
 And thus we learn on our wintry way,
 How a mightier arm controls
 That the breath of God on our lives will play,
 Till our bodies bloom to souls.
 CHO.—We sing, &c.

THE CHILDREN'S SAVIOUR. [144

- 1 **J**ESUS is our loving Saviour,
 He, our best, our constant friend ;
 In his service life is pleasure,
 For He loveth to the end.
 Loving Saviour,
 Here we at thy footstool bend.
- 2 Jesus is the children's Saviour !
 'Twas for them He shed his blood ;
 Died, that poor and needy sinners
 Might be reconciled to God.
Dying Saviour,
 Bearing thus our sinful load.
- 3 Jesus is the children's Saviour !
 " Suffer them," he says, " to come,"
 If they seek his face and favor,
 They shall share his heavenly home.
Risen Saviour !
 Never more from Thee to roam.
- 4 Loving, Suffering, Dying Saviour !
 Risen, *Glorious* on thy throne,
 Haste the day when every idol
 Shall by truth be overthrown.
 And the kingdoms
 Of the earth, to thee belong.
-

LABOR FOR GOOD.

[145.]

- 1 **W**HY stand ye here? the master said,
Go forth at morning light,
Work in the vineyard of the Lord,
And do it with your might.

CHORUS.

Labor for good, labor for good,
The day will soon be o'er,
The evening shades are drawing nigh
When thou canst work no more.

- 2 Why stand ye here? let idle hands
Be useful while they may,
Wide is the field, the harvest great,
Go work, and watch, and pray.
CHO.—Labor for good, &c.

- 3 Why stand ye here? the Master calls,
And shall he call in vain?
Up, for the reapers soon will come,
And bear the sheaves of grain.
CHO.—Labor for good, &c.

- 4 Why stand ye here? no time to lose,
O haste with one accord,
Keep in your mind the solemn truth,
No labor, no reward.
CHO.—Labor for good, &c.
-

I'M PRAYING FOR YOU. [146.]

- 1 I HAVE a Saviour—he's pleading in glory—
 Se precious, tho' earthly enjoyments be few;
 And now he is watching in tenderness o'er me,
 But oh! that my Saviour was your Saviour
 too!

REFRAIN.

For you I am praying,
 I'm praying for you.

- 2 I have a Father—to me he has given
 A hope for eternity, precious and true;
 And soon will my spirit be with him in
 heaven;
 But oh! that he'd let me bring you with me
 too!

REF.—For you, &c.

- 3 I have a Crown, and I'll wear it forever,
 Encircled with jewels of heavenly hue;
 'Twas purchased by Jesus, my glorified
 Saviour;
 But oh! could I know one was purchased
 for you.

REF.—For you, &c.

- 4 I have a Rest, and the earnest is given,
 Tho' now for a time, 'tis concealed from my
 view;

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YOU. [146.
 ing in glory—
 vments be few;
 erness o'er me,
 your Saviour

'Tis life everlasting—'tis Jesus,—'tis heaven,
 And oh! dearest friend, let me meet you
 there, too.

REF.—For you, &c.

CLING CLOSE TO THE ROCK. [147.

- 1 **C**LING close to the rock, brother,
 Danger is near;
 Cling close to thy Saviour,
 And doubt not, nor fear,
 For Jesus will hold thee,
 Almighty to save,
 Thy Jesus, who triumphed
 O'er death and the grave.

CHORUS.

Cling close to the Rock,
 Though the tempests may shock;
 Assur'd of salvation,
 In Jesus, the Rock.

- 2 Cling close to the Rock, brother,
 Closely to-day,
 Ere waves of temptation
 Shall sweep thee away,
 Cling close to the Rock,
 In the time of thy grief,
 For Jesus brings speedy
 And precious relief.

CHO.—Cling close, &c.

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3 Cling close to the Rock, brother,
 Close to the Rock,
 Though tempests may rage,
 And tho' billows may shock,
 For Jesus, the Saviour,
 Thy refuge, thy friend,
 In mercy hath loved thee,
 And loves to the end.

CHO.—Cling close, &c.

OUR VICTORY.

- 1 ||: **W**E are marching on to glory, :||
 Lift the gospel banner high,
 ||: Listen to the wondrous story, :||
 How he gained the victory,
 How we found the glorious way,
 Leading to the happy gates of day,
 ||: Let us sing, let us sing,
 Of our glorious, glorious victory, :||
- 2 ||: When beset by sore temptation :||
 Satan's host against us rose,
 ||: With the armor of salvation :||
 Did we triumph o'er our foes ;
 Now we praise the Lord on high
 For our glorious, glorious victory.
 Let us sing, &c.
- 3 ||: When the clouds were dark above us, :||
 And the storm came on apace,

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¶ He who cares for us and loves us, ¶
 Was our shield and hiding-place :
 Under His protecting wing,
 Now rejoicing, gladly we will sing.
 Let us sing, &c.

OUR PASCAL LAMB. 8s & 7s. [149.

[148] HAIL, thou once despised Jesus !
 Hail, thou Galilean King !
 Thou did'st suffer to release us :
 Thou did'st free salvation bring.
 Hail thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame !
 By thy merits we find favor,
 Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on thee were laid ;
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made :
 All thy people are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of thy blood ;
 Open'd is the gate of heaven,
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive ;
 Loudest praises without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give :

Help, ye bright, angelic spirits !
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits ;
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

OUR SABBATH HOME.

[150]

- 1 This temple, Lord, our Sabbath home,
 We consecrate to Thee ;
 Here may the light of glory shine,
 Here may Thy presence be.

CHORUS.

Hear thou in heav'n, thy dwelling place,
 Descend with richest showers of grace,
 With joy we consecrate to Thee,
 Our blessed Sabbath home.

- 2 And while we bow before Thy throne,
 Unveil Thy smiling face,
 And water every youthful heart
 With dews of heavenly grace.

CHO.—Hear thou, &c.

- 3 Here may we gather precious souls
 To thy dear fold of love ;
 And all who meet within these walls,
 Be thine in heaven above.

CHO.—Hear thou, &c.

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MY MOTHER'S BIBLE. C.M. (Double.) [151.

1 **T**HIS book is all that's left me now !
 Tears will unbidden start,
 With faltering lip, and throbbing brow,
 I press it to my heart.
 For many generations past,
 Here is our family tree ;
 My mother's hand this Bible clasped ;
 She, dying, gave it me.

2 Ah ! well do I remember those
 Whose names these records bear ;
 Who round the hearth-stone used to close
 After the evening prayer,
 And speak of what these pages said,
 In tones my heart would thrill !
 Th' they are with the silent dead,
 Here are they living still.

3 My father read this holy book
 To brothers, sisters dear ;
 How calm was my poor mother's look,
 Who loved God's word to hear.
 Her angel face,—I see it yet !
 What thronging memories come !
 Again that little group is met
 Within the halls of home.

4 Thou truest friend man ever knew,
 Thy constancy I've tried ;
 Where all were false I found thee true,
 My counsellor and guide.

The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy ;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

OUR SAVIOUR'S COMMAND. [152.]

- 1 O'ER the portals of mercy these words are
inscribed,
And written in letters of gold :
The wayfaring man may behold them afar,
And knock at the heavenly fold.

CHORUS.

- Knock, knock, knock, 'tis the Saviour's com-
mand,
Knock at the portals above ;
Knock, knock, knock, 'tis the Saviour's com-
mand,
Enter into the mansion of love.
- 2 O ye weary draw nigh, 'tis the place of repose ;
Ye footsore your journeyings cease ;
Ye toilworn with labor, new vigor put on,
And knock at the portals of peace.
- CHO.—Knock, knock, etc.
- 3 All ye mourners believing, in confidence come,
Ye desolate, haste to look up ;
Ye troubled in heart be resigned to his word,
And knock at the portals of hope.
- CHO.—Knock, knock, etc.

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4 And ye sinners, O come! there's a palace for
you,

Prepared by the Builder above;

Approach with your burden, in meekness
submit,

And knock at the portals of love.

CHO.—Knock, knock, etc.

5 They're all waiting within, and the feast is
prepared,

What folly to tarry and wait!

Let every one come in obedient haste,

And knock at the heavenly gate.

CHO.—Knock, knock, etc.

'TIS NOT FOR MAN TO TRIFLE. [153.]

1 'TIS not for man to trifle! Life is brief
and | sin is | here.

Our age is but the falling of a leaf—a |
dropping | tear.

We have no time to sport a- | way the | hours;
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

2 Not many lives, but only one have we, one, |
only | one!

How sacred should that one life ever be—
that | narrow | span!

Day after day filled up with | blessed | toil.

Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

- 3 Our being is no shadow of thin air, no | va-
cant | dream.
No fable of the things that never were, but
| only | seem.
'Tis full of meaning, as of | myste- | ry,
Though strange and solemn may that
meaning be.
- 4 Our sorrows are no phantom of the | night, no
| idle | tale ;
No cloud that flits along the ský of light
on | summer | gale.
They are the true reali- | ties of | earth,
Friends and companions even from our birth.
- 5 O life below ! how brief, and poor, and sad !
one | heavy | sigh.
O life above ! how long, how fair and glad !
One | endless | joy.
O ! to be done with daily | dying | here ;
O ! to begin the living in yon sphere !
- 6 O day of time, how dark ! O sky and earth,
how | dull your | hue !
O day of Christ, how bright ! O sky and
earth, made | fair and | new !
Come, better Eden, with thy | fresher | green
Come brighter Salem, gladden all the
scene.
-

WEARY NOT, MY BROTHER. [154]

1 **W**EARY not, my brother ;
 Cheerful be thy song ;
 Is thy burden heavy,
 And the journey long.
 Does the weight oppress thee ?
 Cast it on the Lord ;
 Run thy race with patience,
 Trusting in his word.

CHORUS.

Looking unto Jesus,
 He has died for thee ;
 Oh, glory be to Jesus,
 We'll shout salvation free.

2 Seek and thou shalt find him,
 Steadfastly believe ;
 Call and he will hear thee,
 Ask him, and receive ;
 In the darkest moment—
 In the deepest night,
 He will give thee comfort,
 He will give thee light.
 CHO.—Looking unto, &c.

3 Trials may befall thee,
 Thorns beset thy way,
 Never mind them, brother,
 Only watch and pray ;

Through the vale of sorrow
 Once the Saviour trod ;
 Run thy race with patience,
 Pressing on to God.

CHO.—Looking unto, &c.

4 Labor on, my brother,
 Thou shalt reap at last
 Fruits of joy eternal,
 When thy work is past ;
 Crowds of shining angels
 View thee from the skies ;
 Run thy race with patience,
 Yonder is the prize.

CHO.—Looking unto, &c.

CHILDREN, LO ! YOUR SAVIOUR. [155]

1 CHILDREN, lo ! your Saviour
 Calls you to-day !
 Do you prize His favor ?
 Make no delay ;
 He bids you come,
 ||: There yet is room ; :||
 Do you prize his favor ?
 Make no delay.

2 Children, Jesus loves you.
 Lo ! see Him stand !
 By this call He proves you,
 Hear His command :

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Give me thy heart,
 ||: From sin depart ; :||
 By this call he proves you,
 Hear His command.

3 Then He'll safely take you
 Through all life's way,
 And will not forsake you,
 Only obey :
 Yield every heart,
 ||: From sin depart ; ||:
 And He'll not forsake you,
 Only obey.

O CHRISTIAN AWAKE ! [156.]

1 O CHRISTIAN awake ! for the strife is at
 hand,
 With helmet, and shield, and a sword in
 thy hand,
 To meet the bold tempter, go, fearlessly go !
 And stand like the brave with thy face to
 the foe.

SOLO.—Stand like the brave.

SEMI-CHORUS—Stand like the brave.

FULL CHORUS—Stand like the brave with thy
 face to the foe.

2 Whatever thy danger, take heed and beware,
 And turn not thy back, for no armor is there ;

The legions of darkness, if thou would'st o'er-
throw,
Then stand like the brave with thy face to
the foe.

CHO.—Stand like, &c.

3 The cause of thy Master, with vigor defend,
Be watchful, be zealous, and fight to the end;
Wherever He leads thee, go, valiantly go,
And stand like the brave with thy face to
the foe.

CHO.—Stand like, &c.

4 Press on, never doubting, thy Captain is near,
With grace to supply, and with comfort to
cheer;
His love, like a stream, in the desert will flow,
Then stand like the brave with thy face to
the foe.

CHO.—Stand like, &c.

TAPPAN. 8s & 6s.

[157.]

1 **T**HERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,—
'Tis found above in heaven:

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

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- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

THE PENITENT.

[156.]

- 1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus ! at Thy feet
A guilty rebel lies ;
And upwards to the mercy seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

CHORUS.

Crying save me, save me, save me !
Blessed Saviour !
Crying save me, save me !
O thou Lamb of God.

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

Cho.—Crying, &c.

- 2 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt ;

No tears, but those which thou hast shed—
No blood but thou hast spilt.

Cho.—Crying, &c.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord !
And all my sins forgive !

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

Cho.—Crying, &c.

THE CONVERT. 6s & 9s. [158.]

1 **O**H, how happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey
And have laid up their treasures above,
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,—
What a heaven 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 :
 Oh, that all His salvation might see ;
 He hath loved me, I cried,
 He hath suffer'd and died,
 To redeem even rebels like me.

5 Oh, the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight,
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood ;
 Of my Saviour possessed
 I was perfectly blest,
 As if filled with the fullness of God.

AUTHOR OF FAITH. L.M. [159.]

1 **A**UTHOR of faith, we seek thy face
 For all who feel thy work begun ;
 Confirm and strengthen them in grace,
 And bring thy feeblest children on.

2 Thou seest their wants, thou know'st their
 names,
 Be mindful of thy youngest care ;
 Be tender of thy new-born lambs,
 And gently in thy bosom bear.

3 Satan his thousand arts essays,
 His agents all their powers employ,
 To blast the blooming work of grace,
 The heavenly offspring to destroy.

- 4 Baffle the crooked serpent's skill,
And turn his sharpest dart aside ;
Hide from their eyes the devilish ill
O save them from the demon, Pride !
- 5 In safety lead thy little flock,
From hell, the world, and sin secure ;
And set their feet upon the rock,
'And make in thee their goings sure.

—

“THE LORD IS KING.” [160.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord all ye people,
O lift up your voice.
Let the floods clap their hands
And the mountains rejoice.

CHORUS.

- We will praise Him, we will praise Him,
We will join the mighty, mighty chorus,
For the Lord is our God,
For the Lord is our King.
- 2 See the mansions of glory
Their portals unfold,
Our Redeemer ascending,
The angels behold.
CHO.—We will, &c.
- 3 Though the kingdoms of earth
And their splendor shall fall,

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Yet the Lord is triumphant
He rules over all.

CHO.—We will, &c.

4 To the Lord our Creator,
Salvation belongs,
Let His name be exalted
With rapture and songs.

CHO.—We will, &c.

HE LEADS US ON.

[161.]

1 HE leads us on by paths we did not know,
Upwards he leads us, though our steps
are slow.
Though oft we faint and falter by the way,
Tho' storms and darkness oft obscure the
day.

REFRAIN.

But when the clouds are gone,
We know he leads us on

||: He leads us on. : ||

2 He leads us on through all the trying years,
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts, and
fears,
He guides our steps through all the tangled
maze,
In paths of peace and wisdom's pleasant ways.

REF.—But when the clouds, &c.

3 And he at last, after the weary strife,
 Will lead us home to everlasting life.
 No parting there, or pain on that bright shore,
 We'll meet dear friends and sing for evermore.
 REF.—But when the clouds, &c.

WHERE DO YOU JOURNEY, MY
 BROTHER? [162]

1 **W**HERE do you journey, my brother,
 O, where do you journey, I pray?
 Where do you journey, my sister?
 For stormy and dark is the way.
 We'er journeying onward to Canaan,
 Through suff'ring and trial and care,
 And when we get safely to glory,
 O say, shall we meet you all there?

CHORUS.

O say, shall we meet you all there?
 O say, shall we meet you all there?
 And when we get safely to glory,
 O say, shall we meet you all there?

2 What is your mission, my brother,
 What is your mission below?
 What is your mission, my sister,
 As journeying onward you go?
 Our mission is practising mercy,
 Sweet charity, patience, and love,
 And following the footsteps of Jesus,
 That lead to the mansions above.

CHO.—O say, shall we meet, &c.

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3 O yes, you will meet us, my brother,
 God helping our weakness and sin :
 Bearing the cross, we, my sister,
 The crown will endeavor to win.
 We'll walk through the vale and the shadow,
 Through sufferings and trials and care,
 And when you get safely to glory,
 You'll meet, yes, you'll meet us all there !
 CHO.—O say, shall we meet, &c.

COME TO JESUS.

[163.]

- 1** COME to Jesus. come to Jesus,
 Come to Jesus just now,
 Just now, come to Jesus,
 Come to Jesus just now.
- 2** He will save you, &c.
3 Oh, believe Him, &c.
4 He'll receive you, &c.
5 Flee to Jesus, &c.
6 He will hear you, &c.
7 He'll have mercy, &c.
8 He'll forgive you, &c.
9 He will cleanse you, &c.
10 Jesus loves you, &c.
-

DEAR AND BLESSED JESUS. [164.]

- 1 **O** DEAR and blessed Jesus,
 We come with songs of praise,
 Our thankful hearts and voices,
 To Thee we gladly raise ;
 Tho' thou art high and holy,
 'Mid angels bright above,
 Yet we on earth so lowly,
 May reach Thee with our love.

CHORUS.

We come, we come,
 We come with songs of praise,
 We come to-day,
 We come with songs of praise.

- 2 For Thou in Thy compassion,
 Did'st leave Thy heavenly home;
 And did'st in Bethlehem's manger
 A little child become ;
 Did'st live a life of sorrow,
 And die a death of shame,
 That Thou might'st give salvation
 To all that trust Thy name.
 CHO. — We come, &c.

- 3 **O**, dear and blessed Jesus,
 Accept our loving song,
 As we now come to praise thee
 A thankful, happy throng

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As we recount thy story,
 We wonder and adore,
 Oh ! may we sing Thy glory,
 Both now and evermore.
 CHO.— We come, &c.

CADDO. C. M.

[165.]

- 1 **P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered, or unexpressed,
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,—
 The falling of a tear,—
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try ;
 Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air ;
 His watchword at the gates of death,
 He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways ;
 While angels, in their songs rejoice,
 And cry,—Behold, he prays !

6 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 !

TAKE THY CHILDREN HOME. [166.

2 **W**HY do we linger ?
 We have no resting-place,
 Rock'd by the tempest,
 On the ocean's foam.
 Why do we linger ?
 We are but strangers here ;
 Father, dear Father,
 Take Thy children home.

FULL CHORUS.

Dark and lone our path below,
 By care and sorrow clouded,
 Dreary winds around us blow,
 While onward still we roam.

CHORUS.

Why do we linger ?
 We are but strangers here,
 Father, dear Father,
 Take thy children home.

2 Why do we linger ?
 Why cling to earthly joys,
 Calling the pilgrim
 From the narrow way ?

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Trust not their brightness,
 Fleet as the early beam,
 Chasing the shadow,
 From the brow of day.
 CHO.—Dark and lone, &c.

3 There, on thy bosom,
 Sheltered from every storm,
 Peace, like a river,
 Shall forever glide;
 Laving the vine tree,
 Cooling the sunny vale,
 Bearing the faithful
 On its silver tide.
 CHO.—Dark and lone, &c.

REVIVE US AGAIN. [167.]

1 WE praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy
 love,
 For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! thine the glory,
 Hallelujah! Amen.
 Hallelujah! thine the glory,
 Revive us again.

1 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of
 light,
 Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered
 our night.

11 Hallelujah, &c.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

Hallelujah, &c.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

Hallelujah, &c.

5 Revive us again ; fill each heart with thy love,
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

Hallelujah, &c.

LET ME DIE IN THE HARNESS. [163.]

1 **L**ET me die in the harness, let me die in the work,

In the work my Master has given me to do,
With his arm to uphold me and his promise to cheer,

Oh ! how joyful my way I'll pursue.

Strong in him I'll bear my burden,

Cheerful in the heat of day,

Thro' temptation, storm, and danger,

Gladly I'll follow where he leads the way.

2 Let my hand never weary, let my heart never faint,

He has said his grace is sufficient for me,

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Let me work in the vineyard, let me work in
the field,

For my Master who suffered for me.

I am his, I feel, I know it,
Blest assurance, faith divine,

O 'tis sweet for him to labor,
Jesus, my Saviour, what rapture is mine.

3 With my lamp trimmed and burning, and my
staff in my hand,

While the gospel truth for my sandals I
wear ;

May my Lord, when he cometh, find me still
in the work,

Ever faithful, and watching in prayer ;

Then to him through life awaking,

I shall see his smiling face,

On seraphic pinions wafted,

Rest me forever in his dear embrace.

JESUS MY ALL. 6s & 4s. [169.

1 **L**ORD, at thy mercy seat, Humbly I fall ;
Pleading thy promise sweet, Lord hear
my call.

Now let thy work begin, Oh, make me pure
within,

Cleanse me from every sin, Jesus my all.

2 Tears of repentant grief silently fall ;
Help thou my unbelief, hear thou my call,

Oh, how I pine for Thee, 'tis all my hope, my
 plea,
 Jesus has died for me, Jesus my all.

3 Hark ! how the words of love tenderly fall,
 Ere to the realms above heard is my call.
 Now every doubt has flown, broken my heart
 of stone,
 Lord, I am thine alone, Jesus my all.

4 Still at thy mercy seat, humbly I fall ;
 Pleading thy promise sweet, heard is my call.
 Faith wings my soul to thee, this all my
 hope shall be,
 Jesus has died for me, Jesus, my all.

WELCOME.

[170.]

1 **Y**ES, we bid you welcome here,
 To our Sunday-school so dear,
 You have joined our youthful band,
 Marching to the promised land.
 Now begin with earnest heart,
 Early choose the better part ;
 Learning in this dear retreat,
 Lessons at the Saviour's feet.

CHORUS.

||: Yes, we bid you welcome here, :||
 Welcome here, welcome here,
 Welcome, welcome here.

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2 God will help you by His grace,
 If you try to seek his face,
 He will guide you day by day,
 If you love the narrow way.
 You have joined our happy throng,
 You will learn our cheerful song,
 Thus together we will sing,
 Praise to God, our Saviour King
 CHO.—Yes, we, &c.

3 Let us all in love agree,
 Then how happy we shall be !
 Always ready to obey
 What our teachers kindly say.
 Never absent from the school,
 Faithful to each golden rule ;
 Patient workers for the Lord,
 Trusting in His holy word.
 CHO.—Yes we, &c.

SAVIOUR, I LOOK TO THEE. [171.]

1 SAVIOUR, I look to thee,
 Be not thou far from me,
 'Mid storms that lower :
 On me thy care bestow,
 Thy loving kindness show,
 Thine arms around me throw,
 This trying hour.

2 Saviour, I look to thee,
 Feeble as infancy,
 Gird up my heart :
 Author of life and light,
 Thou hast an arm of might,
 Thine is the sovereign right,
 Thy strength impart.

3 Saviour, I look to thee,
 Let me thy fullness see,
 Save me from fear ;
 While at thy cross I kneel,
 All my backslidings heal,
 And a free pardon seal,
 My soul to cheer.

4 Saviour, I look to thee,
 Thine shall the glory be,
 Hearer of prayer :
 Thou art my only aid,
 On thee my soul is stayed,
 Naught can my heart invade,
 While thou art near.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS. [172.

1 **O**NWARD, Christian soldiers, marching as
 to war,
 With the cross of Jesus going on before.
 Christ the Royal Master, leads against the foe;
 Forward into battle, see, his banners go.

CHORUS.

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to
war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

2 Like a mighty army, moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading where the saints
have trod ;
We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.
CHO.—Onward, &c.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms
rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus constant will re-
main ;
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church
prevail :
We have Christ's own promise, which can
never fail.
CHO.—Onward, &c.

4 Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph
song,
Glory, praise and honor, men and angels sing,
Through the countless ages unto Christ the
King.
CHO.—Onward, &c.

RS. [172.

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THE SCRIPTURES. C.M. [173.]

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word
 What endless glory shines !
 For ever be thy name adored
 For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find ;
 Riches, above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair Tree of Knowledge grows,
 And yields a free repast ;
 Sublimers sweets than nature knows,
 Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around.
 And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
 Our ever dear delight ;
 And still new beauties may we see,
 And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be thou for ever near ;
 Teach me to love thy sacred word
 And view my Saviour there.
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NOTES OF JOY.

[174.]

1 **NOTES** of joy for the Sabbath home,
 The home where the children meet ;
 Where buds that bloom for a purer clime,
 Burst forth in that dear retreat.

CHORUS.

Notes of joy, notes of joy ;
 Notes of joy whose tones of love
 Are echoed strains from the harps above,
 Sweet strains from the harps above.

2 Notes of joy for the earnest hearts
 That work for the souls of youth ;
 That guide their thoughts to the Lamb of God,
 Their steps to the fount of truth.

CHO.—Notes of joy, &c,

3 Notes of joy when the way is dark,
 And hard is the cross to bear,
 Glad notes of joy for the social throng,
 To sing at the hour of prayer.

CHO.—Notes of joy, &c.

4 Notes of joy for the mourning one,
 That longs for a Saviour's love :
 God speed them on till their voice from earth
 Shall blend with the choir above.

CHO.—Notes of joy, &c.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

[175]

- 1 **N**OTHING but leaves ! the spirit grieves
 Over a wasted life ;
 O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
 O'er vows and promises unkept,
 And reap from years of strife—
 Nothing but leaves, nothing but leaves.
- 2 **O** nothing but leaves ! no gathered sheaves
 Of life's fair ripening grain.
 We sow our seeds, lo ! tares and weeds,
 Words, idle words for earnest deeds.
 We reap with toil and pain—
 Nothing but leaves.
- 3 **N**othing but leaves ! sad memory weaves
 No veil to hide the past ;
 And as we trace our weary way,
 Counting each lost and mis-spent day,
 Sadly we find at last—
 Nothing but leaves.
- 4 **A**h ! who shall thus the Master meet,
 Bearing but withered leaves ?
 Ah ! who shall at the Saviour's feet,
 Before the awful judgment seat,
 Lay down, for golden sheaves,
 Nothing but leaves.

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SABBATH CLOSING HYMN.

[176]

1 **FADING**, slowly fading,
 Sweet Sabbath day,
 Like a hallow'd mem'ry,
 Lingers thy golden ray.
 Dear Saviour, now to every heart,
 Reveal the way, the truth impart,
 That leads to life beyond the skies,
 Where pleasure never dies.

CHORUS.

Fading, slowly fading,
 Sweet Sabbath day,
 In gentle tones it seems to say :
 Passing away ! passing away !

2 Fading, slowly fading,
 Sweet day of rest,
 Still thy beauty lingers
 Over the rosy west.
 Our earthly joys will soon decline,
 Our earthly hopes but faintly shine ;
 Then may we rise on wings of love,
 And rest with God above.

Cho.—Fading, &c.

WE'VE A HOME UP YONDER. [177.]

1 **WE'VE** a home up yonder,
 Where the sky is bright,
 In the blessed mansions
 Of the Lord of Light.

CHORUS.

¶: We've a home up yonder, ¶:
In the starry sky.

2 Jesus went before us,
To prepare the way,
And his Spirit guides us
To the realms of day!

CHO.—We've a home, &c.

3 We are only pilgrims
While below we stay;
And our feet are walking
Up the starry way.

CHO.—We've a home, &c.

LET US JOURNEY ON. [17

1 LET our hearts be full of gladness,
Vanish every cloud of sadness,
In our weakness strength receiving,
Be not faithless, but believing.

CHORUS.

Pray in secret, God will hear us,
He is watching ever near us,
He will comfort, help, and cheer us,
Let us journey on.

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2 Let us run and not be weary,
 Can our way be dark and dreary,
 With the lamp of grace to guide us,
 And our Saviour close beside us?

CHO.—Pray in secret, &c.

3 Earthly pleasure may deceive us,
 God has promised not to leave us ;
 Can we doubt when he has spoken ?
 No—His word was never broken.

CHO.—Pray in secret, &c.

4 By His loving arm defended,
 By the angel guards attended,
 We shall meet beyond the river—
 Meet to part no more forever.

CHO.—Pray in secret, &c.

WELCOME HOME.

[179.

1 **T**HERE is a realm where Jesus reigns,
 A home of grace and love,
 Where angels meet with sweetest strains,
 To greet the saints above.

CHORUS.

They'll sing their welcome home to me,
 The angels will stand on the heavenly strand,
 And sing their welcome home.

- 2 The sons of earth will join to bless
The precious Saviour's name,
Clothed in his perfect righteousness,
And saved from sin and shame.
CHO.—They'll sing, &c.
- 3 Yet all, alas ! will not be there,
For some will slight his grace,
Though now he calls, they do not care
To turn and seek his face.
CHO.—They'll sing, &c.
- 4 He speaks so kindly, "Come to me,
And I will give you rest ;"
The angels wait their melody,
To greet you with the blest.
CHO.—They'll sing, &c.

THE HOLY CITY.

[180.]

- 1 **T**HERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love ;
An everlasting temple ;
And saints arrayed in white
There serve their great Redeemer,
And dwell with him in light.

CHORUS.

- O home above ! O world of love !
O ever blessed place !

Above the sky, at home on high,
I'll sing of Jesus' grace.

2 The meanest child of glory,
Out-shines the radiant sun,
But who can speak the splendor
Of that eternal throne,
Where Jesus sits exalted,
In God-like majesty?
The elders fall before Him,
The angels bend the knee.
CHO.—O home, &c.

3 The hosts of saints around Him
Proclaim His work of grace;
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race,
Who speak of fiery trials
And tortures on their way—
They came from tribulation,
To everlasting day.
CHO.—O home, &c.

4 And what shall be my journey,
How long I'll stay below,
Or what shall be my trials,
Are not for me to know;
In every day of trouble,
I'll raise my thoughts on high;
I'll think of the bright temple,
And crowns above the sky.
CHO.—O home, &c.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.

331.

- 1 **STAND** up, stand up for Jesus,
 Ye soldiers of the cross ;
 Lift high his royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss :
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall be led,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Stand in his strength alone ;
 The arm of flesh will fail you,
 Ye dare not trust your own.
 Put on the Gospel armor,
 And watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.
- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The strife will not be long ;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song.
 To him that overcometh
 A crown of life shall be
 He with the King of glory
 Shall reign eternally.
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THE POWER OF PRAYER. [182.]

1 **W**HEN my soul was distress'd and my spirit
was bow'd,
And the dark waves of trouble ran wild ;
Then I pray'd to the Lord and He parted the
cloud,
And he look'd down upon me and smil'd.

CHORUS.

Oh the sunshine drove darkness away,
And 'freed my glad heart from its pall ;
And I wish'd. oh I wish'd that the whole world
would pray
For the smile of the Lord on us all.

2 When my friends had all left me alone to my
lot,
Then I went to my Saviour and Friend ;
And He soothingly spake to my spirit, " Fear
not ;
I am with thee e'en unto the end."
CHO.—Oh the sunshine, &c. /

3 When billows of sorrow did over me roll,
Then I pray'd for his help from above ;
And He looked down upon me and filled up
my soul
With emotions of rapturous love.
CHO.—Oh the sunshine, &c.

GLORY TO THE LAMB.

[183.]

- 1 **T**HE world is overcome
By the blood of the Lamb,
Glory to the Lamb,
- 2 My sins are washed away
In the blood of the Lamb.
- 3 I've washed my garments white
In the blood of the Lamb.
- 4 I've lost the fear of death
Through the blood of the Lamb.
- 5 The martyrs overcame
By the blood of the Lamb.
- 6 I soon shall mount the skies
Through the blood of the Lamb.

JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY. [184.]

- 1 **W**HAT means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along—
These wond'rous gath'rings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, say?
In accents hushed the throng reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
- 2 Who is this Jesus? why should he
The city move so mightily?

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A passing stranger, has he skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring tones reply :
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus ! 'tis he who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe ;
And burdened ones, where'er he came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry :
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Ho ! all ye heavy laden, come !
Here's pardon, comfort, rest and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept his proffered grace.
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh :
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

THE PURE IN HEART.

185.

1 **B**LESSED are the pure in heart !
Blessed evermore.
They shall meet, and never part,
On the golden shore.
Thorny paths their feet have trod,
But their rest is sure with God !

CHORUS.

Blessed are the pure in the heart,
Blessed evermore.

2 Blessed are the pure in heart !
 Freed from sin and stain,
 Satan with his fiery dart
 Tempts their peace in vain ;
 For they lean on Jesus' arm,
 He will keep them safe from harm.
 CHO.—Blessed, &c.

3 Blessed are the pure in heart !
 Oh ! that we may stand,
 Choosing now the better part
 At the Lord's right hand.
 With us may his love abide,
 For the sake of Christ who died.
 CHO.—Blessed, &c.

TO-DAY.

[186.]

1 **W**E never shall be happy if we walk the
 ways of sin,
 'Tis a path that leads onward to sorrow ;
 If the right we would pursue, it is time we
 should begin,
 For why need we wait till to-morrow ?

CHORUS.

Let us seek salvation to-day, yes, to day,
 Seek salvation to-day,
 If the crown we would secure, we must make
 our calling sure,
 And seek salvation to-day.

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2 We'll never get to heaven if we do not learn
the way,

And prepare for the journey before us ;
If for Jesus we would live, we must always
watch and pray,

And thus will his banner be o'er us.

CHO. — Let us seek, &c.

3 The tempter may assail us, but with Jesus by
our side,

And a hope in His power possessing ;
We will make his holy word still our counsel
and our guide,

And count every trial a blessing.

CHO. — Let us seek, &c.

PORTUGUESE. 10s & 11s. [187.]

1 **O** WHAT shall I do my Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true, So plenteous in grace,
So strong to deliver, So good to redeem,
The weakest believer That hangs upon him.

2 How happy the man Whose heart is set free,
The people that can Be joyful in thee !
Their joy is to walk in The light of thy face,
And still they are talking Of Jesus' grace.

3 Their daily delight Shall be in thy name ;
They shall as their right Thy righteousness
claim :

Thy righteousness wearing, And cleansed by
thy blood,

Bold shall they appear in The presence of God.

DON'T YOU HEAR A SOFT VOICE
CALLING. [188]

- 1 DON'T you hear a soft voice calling?
Jesus speaks in tones of love;
Hear the melting accents falling,
Gently falling from above.

CHORUS.

Let us round the standard rally,
Jesus, Jesus bids us come:
He will lead us through the valley,
Over the river—safely home.

- 2 Hear Him pleading in the garden,
See Him bleeding on the cross,
Shall we slight the proffered pardon?
Can we bear the dreadful loss?
CHO.—Let us, &c.

- 3 Let us climb the holy mountain,
Safe from anger, sloth, and pride,
Ling'ring near the healing fountain,
Flowing from Immanuel's side.
CHO.—Let us, &c.

- 4 Christians need not be affrighted,
When the night of death shall come,
All the passage will be lighted,
To their own immortal home.
CHO.—Let us, &c.

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[188]
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- 5 When the silver cord is broken,
When our earthly house shall fall,
When the last "Farewell" is spoken,
Save us, Jesus, one and all.
CHO.—Let us, &c.

GLAD NOTES OF JOY. [189]

- 1 I'M singing my grateful notes of joy,
Telling of Jesus' love,
How happy the thoughts my heart employ,
Singing of home above.

CHORUS.

Mercy is rich, mercy is free,
Jesus, my Saviour, died for me,
Help me to sing, Jesus, my King,
Oh! help me to sing of Thee.

- 2 O glad be the notes of joy I raise,
Stranger and pilgrim here,
O loud be my voice of cheerful praise;
Heaven is bright and near.
CHO.—Mercy is rich, &c.

- 3 I'll tell of the love of my Saviour King—
Mercy is rich and free;
And e'en in my latest hour I'll sing,
Jesus has died for me.
CHO.—Mercy is rich, &c.

THE LAMBS OF THE UPPER FOLD. [190.]

1 **M**ID the pastures green of the blessed isles,
 Where never is heat or cold,
 Where the light of life is the Shepherd's smile,
 Are the lambs of the Upper Fold,
 Where the lilies blossom in fadeless spring,
 And never a heart grows old,
 Where the glad new song is the song they sing,
 Are the lambs of the Upper Fold.
 Lambs of the Upper Fold,
 Lambs of the Upper Fold,
 Where the glad new song is the song they sing,
 Are the lambs of the Upper Fold.

2 There are tiny mounds where the hopes of
 earth
 Were laid 'neath the tear-wet mould,
 But the light that paled at the stricken hearth,
 Was joy to the Upper Fold.
 Oh, the white stone beareth a new name now,
 That never on earth was told,
 And the tender Shepherd doth guard with care
 The lambs of the Upper Fold.
 Lambs, &c.

 OVER THE OCEAN WAVE. [191.]

1 **O**VER the ocean wave, far, far away,
 There the poor heathen live, waiting for
 day.

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Groping in ignorance, dark as the night,
 No blessed Bible to give them the light.
 Pity them, pity them, Christians at home,
 Haste with the bread of life, hasten and come.

- 2 Here, in this happy land, we have the light,
 Shining from God's own word, free, pure and
 bright ;
 Shall we not send to them Bibles to read,
 Teachers, and preachers, and all that they
 need ?

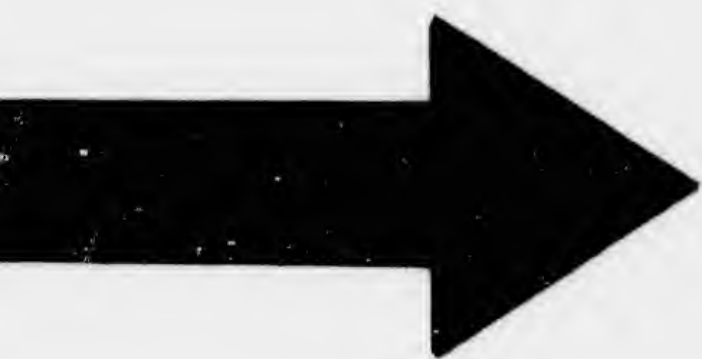
Pity them, &c.

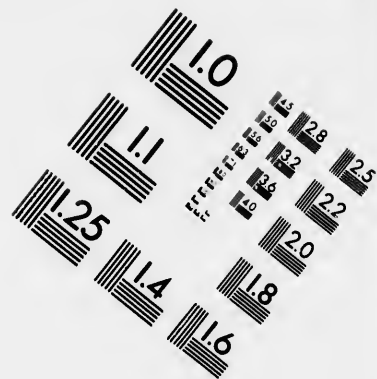
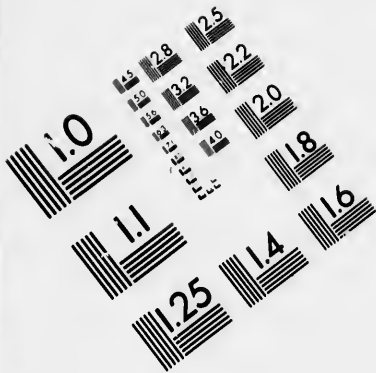
- 3 Then while the mission ships glad tidings
 bring,
 List ! as the heathen band joyfully sing,
 "Over the ocean wave, oh ! see them come,
 Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home !"
 Pity them, &c.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER
 THERE? [192.

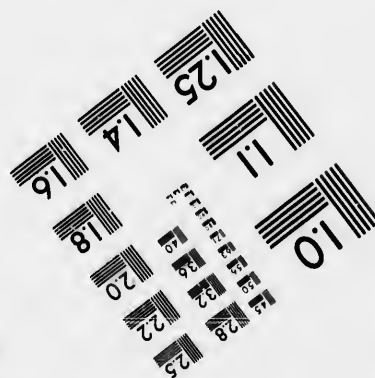
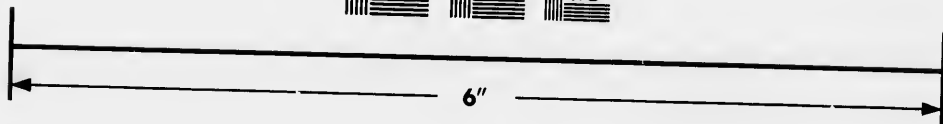
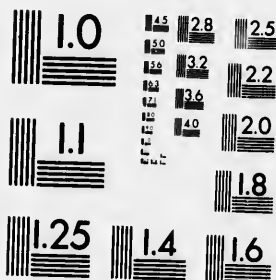
- 1 **W**HEN we hear the music ringing
 In the bright ce.stial dome,
 When sweet angel voices singing
 Gladly bid us welcome home,
 To the land of ancient story,
 Where the spirit knows no care,
 In that land of light and glory,
 Shall we know each other there ?







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CHORUS.

Shall we know each other?
 Shall we know each other?
 Shall we know each other?
 Shall we know each other there?

2 When the holy angels meet us,
 As we go to join their band;
 Shall we know the friends that greet us,
 In the glorious spirit land?
 Shall we see the same eyes shining
 On us, as in days of yore?
 Shall we feel their dear arms twining
 Fondly round us, as before?
 CHO.—Shall we, &c.

3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
 And my weary heart grows light,
 For the thrilling angel voices,
 And the angel faces bright:
 That shall welcome us in heaven,
 Are the loved of long ago,
 And to them 'tis kindly given,
 Thus their earthly friends to know.
 CHO.—Shall we, &c.

4 Oh, ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones,
 Droop not, faint not, by the way;
 Ye shall join the loved and just ones
 In the land of perfect day!

Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,
 Murmur in my raptured ear,
 Ever more their sweet song lingers,
We shall know each other there !
 CHO.—We shall, &c.

SHALL WE SEE OUR SAVIOUR
 THERE. [193.]

1 **W**HEN the scenes of earth have faded,
 And we tarry here no more ;
 When we catch sweet shining glimpses,
 Of the fair celestial shore ;
 Of the land that knows no sorrow,
 Neither darkness nor despair,
 Shall we see Him in His glory,
 Shall we see our Saviour there ?

CHORUS.

Shall we see our Saviour there ?

2 When the friends we love shall fail us,
 As we brave death's chilling tide ;
 When the olive plants forsake us,
 That have grown up by our side,
 And no living thing we cherished,
 Will avail us on that day,
 As we near the hills of glory,
 Shall we see Him on our way ?
 CHO.—Shall we, &c.

- 3 When the dreams of youth have vanished,
 And th hopes of riper years ;
 All our j ys, and all our sorrows ;
 All our ills, and all our tears ;
 In that land of golden promise,
 Where the flowers are blooming fair,
 Shall we see Him in His glory.
 Shall we see our Saviour there ?
 CHO.— *We shall, &c.*

CALLING US AWAY. [194

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise,
 Within the veil, and see
 The saints above, how great their joys !
 How bright their glories be !

DUET.

Many are the friends Who are waiting to-day,
 Happy on the golden strand ;

CHORUS.

Many are the voices Calling us away,
 To join their glorious band ;
 Calling us away. Calling us away,
 Calling to the better land.

- 2 Once they were mourners here below,
 And pour'd out cries and tears ;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.
 Many are the friends, &c.

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came :
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,—
 Their triumph to His death.
 Many are the friends, &c.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that He trod.
 His zeal inspired their breast ;
 And following their incarnate God,
 Possess the promised rest.
 Many are the friends, &c.

— — —
 SWEET REST IN HEAVEN. [195.]

1 COME, brethren, don't grow weary,
 But let us journey on ;
 The moments will not tarry
 This life will soon be gone.
 The passing scenes all tell us
 That death will surely come ;
 These bodies soon will moulder
 In the dark and dreary tomb.

CHORUS.

There is sweet rest in heav'n.

2 Loved ones have gone before us,
 They beckon us away ;
 O'er a rial plains they're soaring
 Blest in eternal day ;

But we are in the army,
 And dare not leave our post;
 We'll fight until we conquer
 The foe's most mighty host.
 CHO.—There is, &c.

3 Our Captain's gone before us,
 He kindly calls us home
 To yonder world of glory,
 And sweetly bids us come.
 The world, the flesh, and Satan,
 Will strive to hedge our way.
 But we'll overcome these powers,—
 We'll hourly watch and pray.
 CHO.—There is, &c.

OVER THERE.

[196.]

1 O, THINK of a home over there,
 By the side of the river of light,
 Where the saint all immortal and fair,
 Are robed in their garments of white.

REFRAIN.

Over there, over there,
 O, think of a home over there,
 Over there, over there, over there,
 O, think of a home over there.

2 O, think of the friends over there,
 Who before us the journey have trod,

If the songs that they breathe on the air,
 In their home in the palace of God.
 REF.--Over there, &c.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
 There my kindred and friends are at rest:
 Then away from my sorrow and care,
 Let me fly to the land of the blest.
 REF.—Over there, &c.
 My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
 For the end of my journey I see ;
 Many dear to my heart, over there,
 Are watching and waiting for me.
 REF.—Over there, &c.
 I'll soon be at home over there.

 PORTLAND. 8s.

[197.]

1 **T**HOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
 The joy and desire of my heart ;
 For closer communion I pine,
 I long to reside where Thou art :
 The pasture I languish to find,
 Where all who their Shepherd obey,
 Are fed, on Thy bosom reclined,
 And screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 **A**h ! show me that happiest place,
 The place of Thy people's abode,

[196.]

Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
 And hang on a crucified God :
 Thy love for a sinner declare,
 Thy passion and death on the tree ;
 My spirit to Calvary bear,
 To suffer and triumph with Thee.

3 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
 There only, I covet to rest,
 To lie at the foot of the rock,
 Or rise to be hid in Thy breast :
 'Tis there I would always abide,
 And never a moment depart :
 Conceal'd in the cleft of Thy side,
 Eternally held in Thy heart.

—
 "LET ME GO."

[198.

1 **L**ET me go where saints are going,
 To the mansions of the blest ;
 Let me go where my Redeemer
 Has prepared His people's rest ;
 I would gain the realms of brightness,
 Where they dwell for ever more ;
 I would join the friends that wait me,
 Over on the other shore.

CHORUS.

Let me go ! 'tis Jesus calls me ;
 Let me gain the realms of day !
 Bear me over, angel pinions,
 Longs my soul to be away.

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2 Let me go where none are weary,
 Where is raised no wail or woe ;
 Let me go, and bathe my spirit
 In the raptures angels know :
 Let me go ! for bliss eternal
 Lures my soul away, away ;
 And the victors' song triumphant
 Thrills my heart—I cannot stay.
 CHO.—Let me go, &c.

3 Let me go ! why should I tarry ?
 What has earth to keep me here ?
 What, but cares, and toils, and sorrows ?
 What, but death, and pain, and fear ?
 Let me go ! for hopes most cherished
 Blasted round me often lie ;
 Oh ! I've gathered brightest flowers,
 But to see them fade and die.
 CHO.—Let me go, &c.

4 Let me go ! there is a glory
 That my soul hath longed to know .
 I am thirsting for the waters
 That from crystal fountains flow ;
 There is where the angels tarry ;
 There the saved forever throng ;
 There the brightness wearies never ;
 There I'll sing Redemption's song.
 CHO.—Let me go, &c.

CHANT.—“Thy Will be Done.” [192.]

- 1 **F**ATHER I know thy ways are just,
Al- | though to me un- | known ; ||
O, grant me grace thy love to trust,
And cry, | “Thy will be | done.”
- 2 If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path,
Should | wealth and friends be | gone, ||
Still, with a firm a d lively faith,
I'll cry : | “Thy will be | done.”
- 3 Although thy steps I cannot trace,
Thy | sov'reign right I ll | own ; ||
And, as instructed by thy grace,
I'll cry : | “Thy will be | done.”
- 4 'Tis sweet thus passively to lie
Be- | fore thy gracious | throne, ||
Concerning every thing to cry :
My Fath- | er's will be | done.

GRACE AND SALVATION. [193.]

(Round in Four Parts.)

- 1 **F**OR grace and salvation,
Through Christ our Redeemer,
We'll sing ha'lelu'ah
For ever and ever.

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CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL TO ME. [20L

1 **T**HOUGH in a world of sickness,
 While on my Saviour's breast,
 He strengthens all my weakness,
 And makes me truly blest.

CHORUS.

My Sav our died for me,
 His blood is all my plea ;
 O, my blessed Lord and Saviour,
 Thou'rt all in all to me.

2 He cheers my drooping spirit,
 And fills me with his love,
 And soon I shall inherit
 Those shining realms above
 CHO.—My Saviour, &c.

3 Could I but see my Jesus,
 And scale the mountain height,
 How would I shout his praises,
 In yonder realms of light.
 CHO.—My Saviour, &c.

4 Christian. be not faint-hearted,
 Though least among the flock,
 From Christ you'll ne'er be parted,
 While built upon the rock.
 CHO.—My Saviour, &c.

5 I taste a heavenly pleasure,
 And need not fear a frown ;

Christ is my joy and treasure,
My glory and my crown.
CHO.—My Saviour, &c.

I'M KNEELING AT THE DOOR. [202]

1 I'M kneeling, Lord, at mercy's gate,
With trembling hope and fear,
I've waited long and still I wait
Thy gracious voice to hear.
Thy precious word has bid me seek
The joys Thou hast in store ;
Wilt Thou, O Lord, in mercy speak,
I'm kneeling at the door.

CHORUS.

I'm kneeling at the door,
Kneeling at the door,
Wilt Thou, O Lord, in mercy speak,
I'm kneeling at the door.

2 None ever empty turned away,
Who truly sought Thy face :
And I, my Saviour, come to-day,
To seek Thy pardoning grace.
Thy precious blood is all my plea
This can my soul restore ;
Wilt Thou in mercy speak to me,
Low kneeling at the door.
CHO.—I'm kneeling, &c.

- 3** And when the ransomed millions rise,
 From death and sorrow free,
 To meet Thee in the upper skies,
 With songs of victory,
 May I through grace redeemed be there,
 To thankfully adore
 The love that heard my trembling pray'r,
 While kneeling at the do r.
 CHO.—I m kneeling, &c.
-

MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST. [203.

- 1** **M**ORE love to Thee. O Christ,
 More love to Thee!
 Hear Thou the prayer I make;
 On bended knee.
 This is my earnest plea:
 More love, O Christ, to Thee!
 More love to Thee!
- 2** Once earthly joy I craved,
 Sought peace and i rest,
 Now Thee alone I seek,
 Give what is best:
 This all my prayer shall be,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!
- 3** Let sorrow do its work,
 Send grief and pain,

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Sweet are Thy messengers,
 Sweet their refrain,
 When they can sing with me,—
 More love, O Christ, to Thee!
 More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
 Whisper Thy praise;
 This be the paring cry
 My heart shall raise.
 This still its prayer shall be;
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee.

THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN. [204.

1 **A**LL thanks to the Lamb, who gives us to
 meet:
 His love we proclaim, his praises repeat:
 We own him our Jesus, continually near,
 To pardon and bless us and perfect us here.

REFRAIN.

The Lamb, the Lamb,
 The Lamb, that was slain.

2 In him we have peace, in him we have power,
 Preserved by his grace throughout the dark
 hour,

In all our temptations he keeps us to prove
 His utmost salvation, his fullness of love.

REF.—The Lamb, the Lamb, &c.

3 All praise to the Lamb ! accepted I am.
 Through faith in the Saviour's adorable name ;
 In him I confide, his blood is applied ;
 For me he hath suffer'd, for me he hath died
 REF.—The Lamb, the Lamb, &c.

4 Salvation to God who sits on the throne :
 Let all cry aloud and honour the Son ;
 The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their faces and worship the
 Lamb.
 REF.—The Lamb, the Lamb, &c.

BE JOYFUL IN GOD.

[205.]

1 **B**E joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth :
 Oh, serve him with gladness and fear ;
 Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
 With love and devotion draw near.
 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
 Creator and Ruler o'er all,
 And we are his people, his sceptre we own,
 His sheep, and we follow his call.

2 Oh ! enter his gates with thanksgiving and
 song,
 Your vows in his temple proclaim ;
 His praise in melodious accordance prolong,
 And bless his adorable name,

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For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
 And we are the work of his hand,
 His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
 And shall to eternity stand.

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE ? [206.]

1 **S**OWING their seed by the dawnlight fair,
 Sowing their seed in the noontide glare,
 Sowing their seed in the fading light,
 Sowing their seed in the solemn night,
 Oh, what shall the harvest be ?

CHORUS.

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,
 Sown in our weakness, or sown in our might,
 Gathered in time or eternity,
 Sure, ah sure, will the harvest be.

2 Sowing their seed by the wayside high,
 Sowing their seed on the rocks to die,
 Sowing their seed where the thorns will spoil,
 Sowing their seed in the fertile soil,
 Oh, what shall the harvest be ?

Cho.—Sown, &c.

3 They're sowing the seed of word and deed,
 The proud know not, nor the careless heed ;
 The gentle word and the kindest deed
 Have blest sad hearts in their sorest need,
 Oh, sweet will the harvest be.

Cho.—Sown, &c.

They're sowing the seed of noble deed,
 With sleepless watch and an earnest heed ;
 With tireless hands they toil and sow,
 And the fields are white'ning where'er they go
 Oh, rich will the harvest be.

CHO.—Sown, &c.

And many who stand with idle hand,
 Are scattering seeds throughout the land,
 And some are sowing the seeds of care,
 Which their soil has borne and still must bear.
 Oh, sad will the harvest be.

CHO.—Sown, &c.

SWEET PEACE.

[203.]

1 **T**HERE is a stream whose gentle flow,
 Supplies the city of our God :
 Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
 And wat'ring our divine abode,

CHO.—Life, love and joy still gliding through,
 And wat'ring our divine abode.

Duet—Sweet peace thy promises afford.

CHO.—Life, love and joy, &c.

2 That sacred stream whose holy fount
 Does all our raging fears control :

Sweet peace thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls,

CHO.—And give new strength to fainting souls.

Duet—Sweet peace thy promises afford.

CHO.—And give new strength, &c.

I'LL FOLLOW JESUS.

[202.]

1 **T**HE world looks very beautiful,
 And full of joy to me
 The sun shines out in glory bright,
 On every thing I see.
 I know I shall be happy,
 While in the world I stay,
 For I will follow Jesus,
 I'll follow all the way.

CHORUS.

||: I'll follow, follow, follow, follow,
 Follow all the way. :||

2 I am but a youthful pilgrim here,
 My journey's just begun ;
 They tell me I shall sorrow meet
 Before my journey's done.
 The world is full of sorrow,
 And suffering, they say :
 But I will follow Jesus,
 And follow all the way.
 Cho.—I'll follow, &c.

3 Then on my youthful pilgrimage,
 Whatever I may meet,
 I'll take it— joy and sorrow all,
 And lay at Jesus' feet.
 He'll comfort me in trouble
 He'll wipe my tears away,
 With joy I'll follow Jesus,
 And follow all the way.
 Cho.—I'll follow, &c.

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[203.]

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4 Then trials can not weigh me down,
 And pain I need not fear;
 For when I'm close by Jesus' side,
 Grief can not come too near.
 Not even death can harm me,
 When death I meet one day,
 To heaven I'll follow Jesus,
 And follow all the way.
 Cho.—I'll follow, &c.

THE BLESSED BIBLE.

[210.]

1 CHILDREN. would you know the story,
 Of the Saviour, loving, mild,
 How he left the realms of glory,
 And became a little child?
 In the Bible, blessed Bible,
 Book of Books, the best by far,
 You can read the wondrous story
 Of the "wise men" and the "star."

2 Would you know his artless childhood,
 Free from sin and wicked strife,
 Full of smiles and loving favor,
 Brave and truthful in His life?
 Read the Bible, blessed Bible,
 Read its pages all you can;
 It will tell you how He labored,
 Loving God and blessing man.

3 Would you hear His words of wisdom,
 See the glory of His face ;
 How He bless'd the little children,
 Held them in His close embrace,—
 In the Bible, precious Bible,
 All this matchless love appears ;
 How He healed the broken-hearted,
 How He dried the mourner's tears.

4 Would you know how dark that garden.
 Terraced on the mountain side,
 Would you know the taunts and jeerings,
 See the cross on which He died ?—
 Read your Bible, precious Bible ;
 All the story you may know,
 And the price of man's redemption,
 Saved from sin and endless woe.

LITTLE SOLDIERS.

[211.]

1 I'M a little soldier boy,
 Brave and true ;
 "Follow me," my Captain says,
 So I do.

CHORUS.

Raise the banner, join the song,
 Face the foe ;
 Up with right and down with wrong,
 On we go.

2 May I be a soldier boy,
Brave and true ?
Have you in your army bright,
Room for two.

CHO.—Raise the banner, &c.

3 Let me be a soldier boy,
Brave and true ;
Three can battle for the right,
More than two.

CHO.—Raise the banner, &c.

4 I'm a little soldier boy,
Brave and true ;
I can wave the banner—see !
Will I do ?

CHO.—Raise the banner, &c.

LORD, IS IT I ?

[212]

[] IST—the disciple band, | “ Lord, is it I ? ”
Mournfully tender the | wail and the cry,
Long had they walked in the | pathway he trod,
Served Him as Master, and | worshipped as God;
Out in the wilderness— | out on the deep,
With Him in perils—in | waking—in sleep ;
Hearing the prayer, and the | moan, and the sigh,
Well might they question Him, “ Lord, is it I ? ”

CHORUS.

Asking so fearfully, can we deny ?
Asking so tearfully, “ Lord, is it I ? ”

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2 Forth in the darkness the | lost spirit rushed,
 Hymns on the white lips for | ever were hushed.
 Only once more to the | Master he came,
 Then to betray Him to | death and to shame.
 Legions of evil the trai- | tor attend,
 Torture his dark life, and | hasten its end.
 We might the faithful, who | could not deny,
 Ask of Him sorrowing, " Lord, is it I ?"
 CHO.—Asking, &c.

3 Bearing the name of dis- | ciple, shall we
 Shrink from the pathway, tho' | thorny it be ?
 Murmur, while under the | cross and the rod,
 Craving the earthly, and | turning from God ?
 Father in Heaven, Oh, | save us from this ;
 Let us betray not Thy | love with a kiss.
 Clasp the cross, though we | live or we die,
 Still would we ask of Thee, " Lord, is it I ?"
 CHO.—Asking, &c.

THERE'LL BE REST BY-AND-BY. [213.]

1 **W**E must toil in the heat of the day,
 From the dawn until daylight be o'er ;
 For we swiftly are passing away
 To the land where we'll labor no more.

CHORUS.

There will be rest by-and-by, by-and-by.

2 We are weak, but the Sa- | our is strong,
 And his grace he will freely supply ;

Though the time of our trial seem long,
Yet we know we shall rest by-and-by.

CHO.—There'll be, &c.

3 In the land where our sighing will cease,
Where no sorrow shall ever come nigh;
In that land of contentment and peace
We shall rest, we shall rest by-and-by.

CHO.—There'll be, &c.

—

THE SONG OF THE REAPERS. [214.]

1 OH, we are the reapers that garner in
The sheaves of the good from the fields
of sin;
With sickles of truth must the work be done,
And no one may rest till the "harvest home."

CHORUS.

We are the reapers! Oh, who will come
And share in the glory of the "harvest home?"
Oh, who will help us to garner in
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

2 Go out in the by-ways and search them all;
The wheat may be there, though the weeds
are tall;

Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
But gather from all for the home on high.

CHO.—We are, &c.

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3 The fields are all rip'ning, and far and wide
 The world now is waiting the harvest tide :
 But reapers are few, and the work is great,
 And much will belost should the harvest wait.
 CHO.—We are, &c.

4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
 And gather together the golden grain ;
 Toil on till the sheaves of the Lord are bound,
 And joyfully borne from the harvest ground.
 CHO.—We are, &c.

WE GATHER IN THE CHILDREN.

7s & 6s.

[215.]

1 WE gather in the children,
 From every street and lane,
 To train them up for Jesus,
 Eternal life to gain.
 For this we band together,
 And join our fervent prayer,
 That Christ, the gracious Teacher,
 Would bless our earnest care.

2 We gather in the children,
 Devoutly to impart,
 The Saviour's blessed gospel
 To every youthful heart.
 Oh, may the Spirit guide us
 Its joyful lines to trace ;
 And while we try to teach them,
 May He bestow the grace.

3 We gather in the children,
 To teach them how to sing,
 As they did in the temple,
 "Hosanna to our King."
 And while we tune our voices
 To sing with sweet accord,
 Oh, may they call Him blessed,
 Their Saviour and their Lord!

4 We gather in the children,
 With loving hearts and true,—
 And may we never grow weary
 While there is aught to do:
 Though hard may be the labor,
 Though toiling may be long,
 And tears bedew the sowing—
 We'll bind the sheaves with song!

LIFT ME HIGHER.

[216]

1 "LIFT me higher! lift me higher!"
 L From these scenes of pain and night,
 Bear me up on angel's pinions,
 To the world of spirits bright,
 Let not earth's delusive pleasures
 Serve my highest joys to blight,
 I would range the fields of glory,
 In celestial worlds of light.

CHORUS.

"Lift me higher, higher, higher,"
Till my spirit ends its flight,
Far beyond this world of darkness,
In the realms of endless light.

2 "Lift me higher ! lift me higher !"
When temptations me assail,
Arm me for the fiercest conflict,
Let me in thy strength prevail.
"Lift me higher !" keep before me
Calv'ry's mount where Jesus died ;
Rest my faith in Christ my Saviour,
My Redeemer crucified.
Cho—Lift me higher, &c.

3 "Lift me higher ! lift me higher,"
In affliction's darkest hour,
Let my faith surmount the trial,
In the strength of Jesus' power.
"Lift me higher ! lift me higher !"
Till by faith the land I see,
Where the ransomed, from affliction,
Grief and pain are ever free.
Cho.—Lift me higher, &c.

THERE IS A QUESTION.

[217.]

1 **T**HERE is a question for | all below,
Mighty in import for | weal or woe ;

[216.]

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Question for childhood on | bended knee,
 Question of fate and fu | turity.
 Answer it, ere thou shalt feel the rod,
 "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"

2 We have been blind, but by | faith we see
 Him, whose earth-life was what | ours should be,
 Gentle, and lowly, and | undefiled,
 Pattern for manhood and | little child.
 Thus did he ask of one 'neath the rod,
 "Dost thou believe on the Son of God!"

3 "Lord I believe!" In the | answer low
 Dwelleth a solace for | every woe;
 Bidding the storm clouds of | sorrow part-
 Pouring a balm for the | wounded heart.
 Even though bowed by the chast'ning rod,
 Lord, I believe on the Son of God.

WAITING AT THE DOOR. [218.

1 I AM waiting for the Master
 Who will rise and bid me come,
 To the glory of his presence,
 To the gladness of his home.

CHORUS.

They are watching at the portal,
 They are waiting at the door,
 Waiting only for my coming,
 All the loved ones gone before.

- 2 Many a weary path I've travelled
 In the darkest storm and strife,
 Bearing many a heavy burden
 Often struggling for my life.
 They are watching, &c.
- 3 Many friends that travelled with me,
 Reached that portal long ago ;
 One by one they left me battling
 With the dark and crafty foe.
 But they're watching, &c.
- 4 Yes, their pilgrimage was shorter,
 And their triumphs sooner won ;
 O how lovingly they'll greet me,
 When the toils of life are done.
 For they're watching, &c.
- 5 O how soon shall I be with them,
 And shall join their glorious throng,
 There to mingle in their worship,
 And to swell their mighty song.
 Yes, they're watching, &c.

FLY TO THE FOUNTAIN.

[219.]

- 1 FROM Zion's sacred mountain, see,
 The living waters glide !
 Fly to that fountain, fly with me,
 And plunge beneath its tide.

CHORUS.

¶: Fly to the fountain :¶
Flowing for you and me.

2 'Twill cleanse the heart from every sin,
And purify the soul ;
Yes, Jesus' blood will keep it clean,
And make the sinner whole.
CHO.—Fly to, the, &c.

3 "Ho ! every one," the prophet cries,
For every one there's room,
"Ho ! every one," my soul replies,
"And to the fountain come."
CHO.—Fly to the, &c.

BLESSED ARE THE PEOPLE. [220.

1 BLESSED are the people that know the joy-
ful sound,
Still with peace and plenty they are crowned,
God is ever with them, their refuge and their
might,
They shall dwell together in His holy light.

CHORUS.

Praise Him ye nations, great is your King,
Under the shadow of His wing,
He will keep you safely from the tempter's
snare,
Evil cannot harm you, cannot harm you there.

2 Blessed are the people whose trust is in the
Lord,

Walking in the counsel of His word ;
They shall be exalted who love His holy name,
They shall never, never seek his face in vain.
Cho.—Praise Him, &c.

3 Blessed are the people who on his arm repose,
Looking to the hills whence comfort flows ;
They shall grow and flourish who in His
strength abide,
Like the trees that blossom by the river's side.
Cho.—Praise Him, &c.

4 Blessed are the people who trust in Christ
alone ;
He shall claim and crown them as His own ;
They shall reign forever, in realms of cloud-
less light,
Where the day is darkened by no shades of
night.
Cho.—Praise Him, &c.

THANKSGIVING CHANT.

[221.]

1 O give thanks unto the Lord.
For his mercy endureth forever.
O give thanks unto the God of Gods.
For his mercy, &c.

- 2 O give thanks unto the Lord of Lords.
 For his mercy, &c.
 To Him who alone doeth great wonders.
 For his mercy, &c.
- 3 To Him that by wisdom made the heavens.
 For his mercy, &c.
 To Him that stretched out the earth above
 the waters.
 For his mercy, &c.
- 4 To Him that made great lights.
 For his mercy, &c.
 The sun to rule by day, the moon and stars
 to rule by night.
 For his mercy, &c.
- 5 Who remembered us in our low estate.
 For his mercy, &c.
 And hath redeemed us from our enemies,
 For his mercy, &c.
- 6 Who giveth food to all flesh.
 For his mercy, &c.
 O give thanks unto the God of Heaven.
 For his mercy, &c.

BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM. [2:2.

- 1 O UR lamps are trimm'd and burning
 Our robes are white and clean;
 We've tarried for the Bridegroom,
 O may we enter in?

We know we've nothing worthy
That we can call our own—
The light, the oil, the robes we wear,
Are all from Him alone.

CHORUS.

Behold, the Bridegroom cometh !
And all may enter in
Whose lamps are trimmed and burning,
Whose robes are white and clean.

2 Go forth, go forth to meet Him,
The way is open now,
All lighted with the glory,
From His refulgent brow.
Accept the invitation
Beyond deserving kind ;
Make no delay, but take your lamps,
And joy eternal find.
Behold the Bridegroom, &c.

3 We see the marriage splendor
Within the open door,
We know that those who enter
Are blest for evermore.
We see He is more lovely
Than all the sons of men,
But still we know the door once shut,
Will never ope again.
Behold the Bridegroom, &c.

TOO LATE.

[223.]

- 1 **L**A TE, late, so late ! and dark the night and
chill ;
Late, late, so late ! but we can enter still
||: Late, late, so late :||
||: But we can enter still :||

CHORUS.

- ||: Too late ! too late ! ye cannot enter now :||
2 No light ! so late ! and dark and chill the
night ;
O let us in that we may find the light ;
||: O let us in, :||
||: That we may find the light. ?||
CHO.—Too late ! &c.

- 3 Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet,
O let us in that we may kiss his feet !
||: O let us in, :||
||: That we may kiss his feet. :||
CHO.—Too late ! &c.

STAND FAST.

[224.]

- 1 **C**AN you stand for God, though you stand
alone,
With your heart at rest and your soul
secure ;
With the rock beneath and in front the throne
Can you stand and still endure ?

[223.

k the night and

enter still

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enter now :||

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&c.

[224.

h you stand

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at the throne
?

CHORUS.

Can you stand, can you stand,
Can you stand for Christ alone ?
If we stand in the strife 'till the end of life,
We shall stand at the heavenly throne.

2 Can you stand for God when the heart grows
faint,

And your sad soul looks through the blind-
ing tears ;

Can you bear life's sorrows without complaint,
Through the tedious, toilsome years ?

CHO.—Can you, &c.

3 Can you stand with faith, though the time
be long,

Tho' the night be dark and the day-star dim ;

Can you stand for truth, and in Christ be strong
'Till you stand complete in Him ?

CHO.—Can you, &c.

MY FATHER-LAND.

[225.

1 **T**HERE is a place where my hopes are stay'd
My heart and my treasure are there ;
Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
And fields are eternally fair.

CHORUS.

That blissful place is my fatherland,
By faith its delights I explore ;
Come, favor my flight, angelic band,
And waft me in peace to the shore.

2 There is a place where the angels dwell,
 A pure and a peaceful abode ;
 The joys of that place no tongue can tell,
 But there is the palace of God.
 Cho.—That blissful, &c.

3 There is a place where my friends are gone,
 Who suffered and worshipped with me,
 Exalted with Christ high on His throne,
 The King in His beauty they see.
 Cho.—That blissful, &c.

HOSANNA ANTHEM.

[226.

Scholars.

∴ **H**OSANNA in the highest, in the highest:∴
 ∴ ∴: Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the
 highest. ∴∴

Teachers and Congregation.

1 What are those reviving strains
 Which echo thus from Salem's plains ;
 What anthems loud, and louder still,
 So sweetly sound from Zion's hill ?

Semi Chorus.

∴: Hosanna in the highest ∴∴
 Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest, in the
 highest,
 Hosanna in the highest, in the highest, in the
 highest, in the highest.

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Bass Solo.

- 2 Lo ! 'tis an infant chorus sings,
Hosanna to the King of kings,
The Saviour comes, and babes proclaim
Salvation sent in Jesus' name.

Scholars.—Hosanna in the highest, &c.

Teachers and Congregation.

- 3 Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear ;
See David's Son and Lord appear !
All praise on earth to Him be given,
And glory shout through highest heaven.

Semi Chorus.—Hosanna in the highest, &c.

Full Chorus—Hosanna in the highest,
Hosanna in the highest, in the
highest.

- 4 Messiah's name shall joy impart,
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart,
He bled for us, He bled for you,
And we will sing hosannas too.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

[228.]

- 1 ||: **T**HE joys of Earth are fading flowers,
A fleeting moment given, :||
But in the bright celestial bowers,
No grief shall cloud the blissful hours—
There's joy for all in Heaven.

2 ||: Though Earth no sheltering refuge knows,
 For souls by tempests driven. :||
 From faithless fears, from sorrow's woes,
 And every storm of life that blows—
 There's rest from all in Heaven.

3 ||: The friends of Earth may change or die
 And leave us sorrow-riven ; :||
 But Christ, on whom our souls rely,
 Is ever true, and ever nigh—
 There's love for all in Heaven.

YOUR MISSION.

[230]

1 **I**f you cannot on the ocean
 Sail among the swiftest fleet.
 Rocking on the highest billows,
 Laughing at the storms you meet ;
 You can stand among the sailors,
 Anchored yet within the bay,
 You can lend a hand to help them,
 As they launch their boats away.

2 **I**f you have not gold and silver,
 Ever ready to command ;
 If you cannot towards the needy,
 Reach an ever open hand ;
 You can visit the afflicted,
 O'er the erring you can weep,
 You can be a true disciple,
 Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

3 If you cannot be the watchman,
 Standing high on Zion's wall,
 Pointing out the path to heaven.
 Offering life and peace to all ;
 With your prayers and with your bounties
 You can do what heaven demands ;
 You can be like faithful Aaron,
 Holding up the prophet's hands,

4 If among the older people,
 You may not be apt to teach ;
 "Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shep-
 herd,
 Place the food within their reach.
 And it may be that the children
 You have led with trembling hand,
 Will be found among your jewels,
 When you reach the better land.

5 Do not, then, stand idly waiting,
 For some greater work to do ;
 Lo ! the fields are white to harvest,
 And the laborers are few ;
 Go and toil in any vineyard,
 Do not fear to do or dare,
 If you want a field of labor,
 You can find it anywhere.

MISSION SONG.

[231.]

1 **H**ARK ! the voice of Jesus calling,—
 Who will go and and work to-day ?

Fields are white, the harvest waiting,
 Who will bear the sheaves away ?
 Loud and long the Master calleth,
 Rich reward he offers free ;
 Who will answer, gladly saying,
 " Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
 And the heathen lands explore,
 You can find the heathen nearer,
 You can help them at your door ;
 If you cannot give your thousands,
 You can give the widow's mite,
 And the least you do for Jesus
 Will be precious in his sight.

If you cannot speak like angels,
 If you cannot preach like Paul,
 You can tell the love of Jesus,
 You can say he died for all ;
 If you fail to rouse the wicked,
 With the judgment's dread alarms,
 You may lead the little children
 To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 While the souls of men are dying,
 And the Master calls for you,
 Let none hear you idly saying,
 " There is nothing I can do !"
 Gladly take the task he gives you,
 Let his work your pleasure be,
 Answer quickly when he calleth,
 " Here am I, O Lord, send me."

HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL. [232]

1 I REMEMBER how I loved her,
 When a little guileless child,
 I saw her in the cradle,
 As she looked on me and smiled.
 My cup of happiness was full,
 My joy words cannot tell,
 And I blessed the glorious Giver,
 "Who doeth all things well."

2 Months passed—that bud of promise
 Was unfolding every hour ;
 I thought that earth had never smiled
 Upon a fairer flower,
 So beautiful it well might grace
 The bowers where angels dwell,
 And waft its fragrance to His throne
 "Who doeth all things well."

3 Yearned—that little sister
 Then was dear as life to me,
 And woke in my unconscious heart
 A wild idolatry.
 I worshipped at an earthly shrine,
 Lured by some magic spell,
 Forgetful of the praise of Him
 "Who doeth all things well."

That star went down in beauty,
 Yet it shineth sweetly now,

In the bright and dazzling coronet
That decks the Saviour's brow.
She bowed to the Destroyer,
Whose shafts none may repel,
But we know, for God hath told us,
"He doeth all things well."

6 I remember well my sorrow,
As I stood beside her bed,
And my deep and heartfelt anguish
When they told me she was dead ;
And oh ! that cup of bitterness,
Let not my heart rebel ;
God gave, He took, He will restore,
"He doeth all things well."

ROCK OF AGES.

[233.]

1 **R**OCK of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee :
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save and thou alone ;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

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3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall 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.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD. [236.]

- 1 **A**S I rummag'd thro' the attic,
 List'ning to the falling rain,
 As it patter'd on the shingles
 And against the window pane ;
 Peeping over chests and boxes,
 Which with dust were thickly spread ;
 Saw I in the farthest corner
 What was once my trundle bed.
- 2 So I drew it from the recess,
 Where it had remain'd so long,
 Hearing all the while the music
 Of my mother's voice in song ;
 And she sung in sweetest accents,
 What I since have often read.
 "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
 Holy angels guard thy bed."
- 3 As I listen'd, recollections,
 That I thought had been forgot,
 Came with all the gush of memory,
 Rushing, thronging to the spot ;

[233.]

And I wander'd back to childhood,
 To those merry days of yore,
 When I knelt beside my mother,
 By this bed upon the floor.

4 Then it was with hands so gently
 Placed upon my infant head,
 That she taught my lips to utter
 Carefully the words she said ;
 Never can they be forgotten,
 Deep are they in mem'ry riven—
 "Hallowed be thy name, O Father !
 Father ! thou who art in heaven."

5 Years have pass'd, and that dear mother,
 Long has moulder'd 'neath the sod,
 And I trust her sainted spirit
 Revels in the home of God ;
 But that scene at summer twilight,
 Never has from mem'ry fled,
 And it comes in all its freshness
 When I see my trundle bed.

6 This she taught me, then she told me,
 Of its import, great and deep—
 After which I learned to utter
 "Now I lay me down to sleep :"
 Then it was with hands uplifted,
 And in accents soft and mild,
 That my mother asked—"Our Father !
 Father ! do thou bless my child !"

HOLD THE FORT.

[239.]

- 1 **H**OLD ! my comrades, see the signal
 Waving in the sky !
 Re-inforcements now appearing,
 Victory is nigh.

CHORUS.

“ Hold the fort, for I am coming,”
 Jesus signals still,
 Wave the answer back to heaven,—
 “ By Thy grace, we will.”

- 2 See the mighty host advancing,
 Satan leading on ;
 Mighty men around us falling,
 Courage almost gone.

CHO.—Hold the, &c.

- 3 See the glorious banner waving,
 Hear the bugle blow ;
 In our Leader's name we'll triumph
 Over every foe.

CHO.—Hold the, &c.

- 4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
 But our Help is near ;
 Onward comes our Great Commander,
 Cheer, my comrades, cheer !

CHO.—Hold the, &c.

SUMMER'S EVENING. [240.]

1 **H**OW fine has the day been, how bright was
 the sun,
 How lovely and joyful the course that he run ;
 Though he rose in a mist, when his race he
 begun
 And there followed some droppings of rain.

CHORUS.

But now the fair traveller comes to the west,
 His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best,
 He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
 And foretells a bright rising again.

2 Just such is the Christian ; his course he
 begins,
 Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for
 his sins,
 And he melts into tears, then he breaks out
 and shines,
 And he travels his heavenly way.

CHORUS.

But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
 Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
 And gives a sure hope, at the end of his
 days,
 Of arising in brighter array.

MY OWN CANADIAN HOME. [241.]

- 1 **M**Y own Canadian home,
 Wherever I may roam,
 I love thee best.
 Land where our fathers sleep,
 Who crossed the stormy deep,
 Their memory green we keep,
 Cherished and blest.
- 2 Blest land where God is known,
 Where justice rears her throne
 On truth divine !
 Thy hills and vales are fair—
 No tyrant's yoke we wear,
 No slave can breathe thine air,
 Freedom is thine.
- 3 May all thy children stand
 A brave united band,
 True evermore.
 If we in God confide,
 Whatever fate betide,
 His arm will shield and guide,
 Till life is o'er.

THE THREE CALLS. [241.]

Third Hour.

- 1 **O** SLUMBERER, arouse thee ! despise not
 the truth,
 But give thy Creator the days of thy youth ;

**Why standest there idle ! the day breaketh,
see !**

The Lord of the vineyard is waiting for thee.

“ Holy Spirit, by thy power,

Grant me yet another hour,

Earthly pleasures I would prove,

Earthly joy and earthly love ;

Scarcely yet has dawned the day ;

Holy Spirit, wait, I pray.”

Sixth and Ninth Hours.

2 O loiterer, speed thee ! the morn wears apace,
Then squander no longer the moments of
grace,

But haste while there's time ! with thy Mas-
ter agree ;

The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting for
thee.

“ Gentle Spirit, stay, oh stay ;

Brightly beams the early day ;

Let me linger in these bowers ;

God shall have my noontide hours ;

Chide me not, for my delay ;

Gentle Spirit, wait, I pray !

Eleventh Hour.

2 O sinner, arouse thee ! thy morning is pass'd,

Already the shadows are lengthening fast ;

Escape for thy life ! from the dark moun-
tains flee ;

The Lord of the vineyard yet waiteth for thee.

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“ Spirit, cease thy mournful lay ;
 Leave me to myself, I pray ;
 Earth hath flung her spell around me ;
 Pleasure’s silken chain hath bound me ;
 When the sun his path hath trod,
 Spirit, then I’ll turn to God !”

- 4 Hark ! borne on the wind is the bell’s solemn
 toll ;
 ’Tis mournfully pealing the knell of a soul—
 The Spirit’s sweet pleadings and strivings
 are o’er ;
 The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting no
 more.

HALLELUJAH CHORUS. [246.]

HALLELUJAH ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelu-
 jah ! For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth,
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, Halle-
 lujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 The kingdom of this world is become the king-
 dom of our Lord, and of his Christ, and of his
 Christ ; and he shall reign for ever and ever,
 King of kings. Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! and
 Lord of lords, Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! King
 of kings, and Lord of lords, and he shall reign

for ever and ever, And he shall reign for ever,
and ever, King of kings, for ever and ever and
Lord of lords. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! and
he shall reign for ever, for ever and ever,
King of kings! and Lord of lords! King of
kings! and Lord of lords, and he shall reign for
ever and ever and ever, for ever and ever, for
ever and ever, Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hal-
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ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

REJOICING IN GOD. C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun :
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
-If Jesus shews his mercy mine
And whispers I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word ;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

PRAISE TO GOD. 8s & 6s.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, still to thee,
 With thankful hearts we bend the knee,
 And bring thee songs of praise.
 In thee, the poor and helpless find
 A friend all-powerful, constant, kind,
 Who crowns with joy their days.
- 2 Weak and imperfect is our song ;
 For how shall mortal's erring tongue,
 Thy Majesty address ?
 Yet thou dost know each want and care,
 Ere we can sigh them forth in prayer,
 And willing art to bless.
- 3 Thy guardian care around us spread,
 From snares that fill the path we tread,
 Protect our feeble youth :
 May we, through infancy and age,
 Take for our constant guide, the page
 Of thy eternal truth !

REALMS OF THE BLEST. 8s.

- 1 **W**E sing of the realms of the blest,
 That country so bright and so fair ;
 And oft are its glories confess'd,
 But what must it be to be there ?
- 2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation and care,

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From trials without and within,—
But what must it be to be there ?

2 We speak of its service of love,
Of robes which the glorified wear ;
The church of the first-born above,—
But what must it be to be there ?

4 Do thou Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare ;
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there !

CHRIST CRUCIFIED. C. M.

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

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

3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul," he cries !
See where he bows his sacred head !
He bows his head and dies !

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine :
O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine !

NEW YEAR'S HYMN. 3-5s & 1-12s.

- 1 COME, let us anew, Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still, Till the Master appear !
- 2 His adorable Will, Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, And the labor of love.
- 3 Our life is a dream, Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away ;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
- 4 The arrow is flown, The moment is gone ;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, And eternity's here.
- 5 O that each in the day Of his coming may say,
I have fought my way through ;
I have finish'd the work Thou didst give me
to do.
- 6 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."
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THE SCRIPTURES. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
 Let us thine influence prove ;
 Source of the old prophetic fire,
 Fountain of Light and Love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, (for mov'd by thee,
 The prophets wrote and spoke :)
 Unlock the Truth, thyself the Key,
 Unseal the sacred Book.
- 3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
 Brood o'er our nature's night ;
 On our disorder'd spirits move,
 And let there now be light.
- 4 God, thro' himself, we then shall know
 If thou within us shine ;
 And sound, with all thy saints below,
 The depths of love divine.

CHRISTMAS HYMN. 7s.

- 1 **H**ARK, the herald angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King,
 "Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
 God and sinners reconciled.
- 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ the everlasting Lord,
 Late in time, behold him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb.

3 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see ;
Hail the' incarnate Deity !
Pleased as man with men to' appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

5 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

CHRISTIAN WATCHFULNESS. S. M.

1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky ;
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil ;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

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

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Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely,
 Assur'd, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

SALVATION FOUND.

- 1 (O) HAPPY day that fix'd my choice,
 On thee, my Saviour and my God,
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To Him who merits all my love !
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done the great transaction's done,
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest my long-divided heart ;
 Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest ;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart
 With him of every good possess'd
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

THE SCRIPTURES. C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, in whom alone
 We live, and move, and breathe;
 One bright, celestial ray dart down,
 And cheer thy sons beneath.
- 2 While in thy Word we search for thee,
 (We search with trembling awe!)
 Open our eyes, and let us see
 The wonders of thy law.
- 3 Now let our darkness comprehend,
 The light that shines so clear!
 Now the revealing Spirit send,
 And give us ears to hear.
- 4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
 Which here by faith we know;
 Let us in Jesus see thy face,
 And die to all below.

TRUST IN JESUS. 6-8s.

- 1 **N**OW I have found the ground wherein
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain:
 The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
 Before the world's foundation slain;
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
 When heaven and earth are fled away.

- 2 Father, thine everlasting grace
 Our scanty thought surpasses far :
 Thy heart still melts with tenderness ;
 Thy arms of love still open are,
 Returning sinners to receive,
 That mercy they may taste and live.
- 3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss !
 My sins are swallow'd up in thee ;
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
 While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries !
- 4 With faith I plunge me in this sea :
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;
 Hither, when hell assails I flee ;
 I look into my Saviour's breast ;
 Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear !
 Mercy is all that's written there.

JESUS OUR INTERCESSOR. 4-6s & 2-8s.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears ;
 The bleeding sacrifice
 In my behalf appears ;
 Before the Throne my Surety stands ;
 My name is written on his hands.

- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede ;
 His a'l-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead ;
 His blood aton'd for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of **grace**.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Receiv'd on Calvary :
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me :
 "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
 "Nor let that ransoni'd sinner die."
- 4 My God is reconcil'd,
 His pardon'ing 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 !

CHILDREN INVITED TO CHRIST. C. M.

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle shepherd stand
 With all engaging charms ;
 Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms !
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble name ;
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 The Lord of angels came."

- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.
-

CHRIST OUR SACRIFICE. S. M.

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away our stain.
- 2 But Christ the heavenly lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 Be'ieving, we rejoice,
To feel the curse remove ;
We bless the lamb, with cheerful voice,
And trust his bleeding love.
-

INVOCATION. 8s & 6s.

- 1 **B**E it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude ;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in th' good.

- 2 O may I still from sin depart,
 A wise and understanding heart,
 Jesus, to me be given :
 And let me through thy Spirit know,
 To glorify my God below,
 And find my way to heaven.
-

DISMISSION. P. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 O refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy Gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound ;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away.
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.
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PRAISE TO GOD. L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise :
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
 Eternal truth attends thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring ;
 In songs of praise divinely sing ;
 The great salvation loud proclaim,
 And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !



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