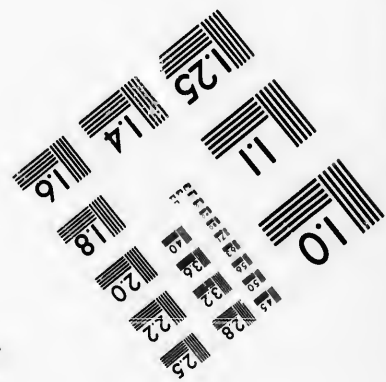
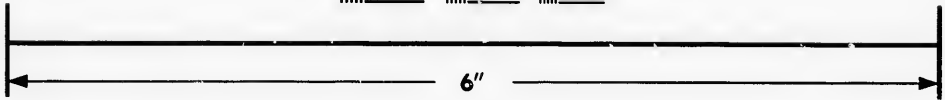
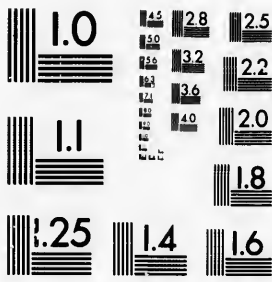


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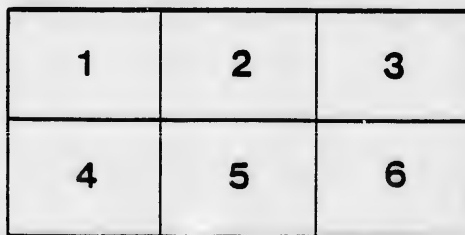
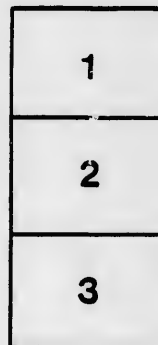
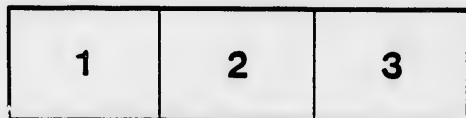
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1.

A BLESSING IMploRED. C.M.

O LORD, on this our Sabbath-
Thy blessing we implore; [School,
On those who teach and those who
Thy Holy Spirit pour. [learn,

CHORUS.—O Jesus, draw our hearts to
And when this life shall end, [thee,
Raise us to live above the sky,
With thee, the children's friend.

Here we are taught to spend aright
Thy sacred Sabbath-day;

Then let us not its hours employ
In idle talk or play.—**CHO.**

Here too we learn with thankful joy
To seek thy house of pray'r;
Then let us hear, and praise, and pray
In truth and spirit there.—**CHO.**

And here we read thy blessed word,
The Message of thy will;
May we indeed its truths believe,
Its righteous laws fulfil.—**CHO.**

2.

WE HAVE MET IN PEACE.

8's & 7's.

WE have met in peace together,
In this house of God again;
Constant friends have led us hither,
Here to chant the solemn strain;
Here to breathe our adoration,
Here the Saviour's praise to
sing;
May the spirit of salvation
Come with healing in his wing.

We have met, and time is flying;
We shall part, and still his wing,
Sweeping o'er the dead and dying,
Will the changeful seasons bring

Let us, while our hearts are lightest,
In our fresh and early years,
Turn to him whose smile is brightest,
And whose grace will calm our fears.

He will aid us, should existence,
With its sorrows sting the breast;
Gleaming in the onward distance,
Faith will mark the land of rest.
There, 'midst day-beams round him
playing,
We our Father's face shall see;
And shall hear him gently saying,
"Little children, come to me."

3.

SABBATH.

7's. Hos. 129.

SAFELY through 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.

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.

As we meet thy name to praise,
 Let us feel thy presence near;
 May thy glory meet our eyes
 While we in thy house appear;
 There afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief from all complaints:
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above.

4.

GOD'S HOLY DAY.

6's. Emilie. Hos. 55.

JESUS we love to meet
 On this thy holy day.
 We worship round thy seat,
 On this thy holy day.
 Thou tender heavenly friend,
 To thee our prayers ascend:
 O'er our young spirits bend
 On this thy holy day.
 We dare not trifle now
 On this thy holy day.
 In silent awe we bow
 On this thy holy day.

Check every wandering thought,
 And let us all be taught
 To serve thee as we ought
 On this thy holy day.

We listen to thy word
 On this thy holy day.
 Bless all that we have heard
 On this thy holy day.

Go with us when we part,
 And to each youthful heart
 Thy saving grace impart
 On this thy holy day.

5.

THE RISEN SAVIOUR.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to day!
 —Hal.
 Sons of men and angels say:
 Raise your joys and triumphs high;
 Sing ye heav'ns, and earth reply!

Love's redeeming work is done,
 —Hal.
 Fought the fight, the battle won:
 Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Lives again our Glorious King!—*Hal.*
Where, O Death! is now thy sting?
Once he died, our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, O grave?
Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!—

Hal.

Praise to thee by both be given!

6.

THE DAY OF REST. H. M.

WELCOME, delightful morn!
Thou day of sacred rest;

I hail thy kind return;

Lord make these moments blest.
From low delights and trifling toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;

7.

HAPPY DAY.

Hos. 77.

PRESERVED by thine almighty
power,

O Lord, our Maker, Saviour, King,
And brought to see this happy hour,
We come thy praises here to sing.

CHORUS.—Happy day, happy day!
Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay,
And at thy footstool humbly pray
That thou wouldst take our sins away.
Happy day, happy day! [away!
When Christ shall wash our sins

We praise thee for thy constant care,
For life preserved, for mercies given!

Thee we greet triumphant now!
Hail, the Resurrection thou!

DOXOLOGY.

Sing we to our God above,—*Hal.*
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the
Lord.

Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Reveal a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

Oh, may we still those mercies share,
And taste the joys of sins forgiven!
Happy day, &c.

We praise thee for the joyful news
Of pardon through a Saviour's blood:
O Lord, incline our hearts to choose
The way to happiness and God.
Happy day, &c.

And when on earth our days are done,
Grant, Lord, that we at length may
join, [throne
Teachers and scholars, round thy
The song of Moses and the Lamb.
Happy day, &c.

8.

WELCOME, SWEET DAY OF REST. St. Thomas. Hos. 10.

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

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

One day amidst the place
Where thou, my God, hast been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Spent in the joys of sin.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this;
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

9.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Hos. 22.

THE Sabbath-school's a place of
pray'r,

I love to meet my teachers there,
I love to meet my teachers there.
They teach me there that every one
May find in heaven a happy home,
May find in heaven a happy home.

I love to go, I love to go,
I love to go to Sabbath-school;
I love to go, I love to go,
I love to go to Sabbath-school.

In God's own book we're taught to
read,
How Christ for sinners groan'd and
bled,

That precious blood a ransom gave,
For sinful man his soul to save.

I love to go, I love to go, &c.

In Sabbath-school we sing and pray,
And learn to love the Sabbath day;
That, when on earth our Sabbaths end
A glorious rest in heaven we'll spend.

I love to go, I love to go, &c.

And when our days on earth are o'er,
We'll meet in heaven to part no more,
Our teachers kind we there shall
greet,

And oh! what joy 'twill be to meet
In heaven above, in heaven above,
In heaven above, to part no more.

10.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ARMY. 11's. Melvin. Hos. 68.

THE Sunday School army has
gather'd once more,
Its numbers are greater than ever
before;

Its banners are spread, and shall never
be furl'd.

Till the Prince of salvation has con-
quer'd the world.

CHORUS.—Sing! sing! sing!
For the army is on its bright way,
To the homes of the blest
And the mansions of day.

We fight against evil and battle with
wrong,
Our sword is the Bible, both trusty and
strong;
Our watchword is Prayer, and Faith
is our shield,
And never, no, never to our foes will
we yield.—CHO.

In the midst of our conflicts we'll think
of the Lord,

Who died on the cross, and from death
was restored,
To save us from sin, and to give us a
place
With the angels who always behold
his bright face.—CHO.

To Jesus, our Captain, hosannas we
raise,
And join with our teachers in singing
his praise;
His soldiers we are, and his soldiers
will be
Till we lay down our armor and death
sets us free.—CHO.

11.

STAND UP FOR JESUS. 7's & 6's. Webb. Hos. 100.

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.

Stand up!—Stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day;
“Ye are the men, now serve him”
Against unnumber'd foes,
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

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 pray'r,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

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.

12.

HALLELUJAH TO THE LAMB. Hallelujah. Hos. 11.

O GOD, to thy promise our hearts
humbly cling,
To thine altar the bloom of our child-
hood we bring;
We seek thee right early, our guide
thou shalt be;
All the years of that youth we now
offer to thee.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, Hallelujah to
the Lamb,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Amen.

Thanks, thanks for thy word, for the
sweet Sabbath day,
For the teachers who lead us in wis-
dom's glad way,
Who point us to Jesus, so ready of old
Young children like us in his arms to
enfold. Hallelujah, &c.

Should life be continued till manhood
comes on,
Till the scenes of its noontide like
shadows are gone,
Still, still be thou near us to help and
defend,
Till, like sheaves fully ripe, to the
grave we descend.

Hallelujah, &c.

Oh, grant that in heaven, earth's
labors all done,
The voice of these teachers with ours
may be one,
In praise unto Him in whose name
they have taught,
Whose blood flowing freely our par-
don has bought.

Hallelujah, &c.

13.

LOVE DIVINE.

Hos. 35.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave;

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish, then, thy new creation:
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

14.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT. C.M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

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

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;

15. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING. 6's & 4's. Italian Hymn. Hos. 95.

COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!

Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies;
Now make them fall!

16.

BIRTH OF THE SAVIOUR.

Mendelssohn.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

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

Come Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stayed:
Lord, hear our call!

Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy people bless;
Come, give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,—On us descend!

Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity;
Pleased as man with men to dwell—
Jesus our Emmanuel.
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.

Hark! &c.

I THINK, when I read that sweet
 story of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How he called little children as lambs
 to his fold,
 I should like to have been with them
 then.

I wish that his hands had been placed
 on my head,
 That his arm had been thrown
 around me,
 And that I might have seen his kind
 look when he said,
 "Let the little ones come unto me."

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I
 may go,
 And ask for a share in his love;
 And if I thus earnestly seek him be-
 low,
 I shall see him and hear him above.

In that beautiful place he is gone to
 prepare
 For all who are wash'd and for-
 given;
 And many dear children are gathering
 there,
 "For of such is the kingdom of
 heaven."

HARK!—what mean those holy
 voices,
 Sweetly sounding thro' the skies?
 Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
 Hear them tell the wondrous story,
 Hear them chant, in hymns of joy,
 "Glory in the highest—glory!
 Glory be to God most high!"

Peace on earth—good will from heaven
 Reaching far as man is found.
 "Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven,"
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.

Christ is born, the great Anointed;
 Heaven and earth his praises sing!
 Oh, receive whom God appointed
 For your Prophet, Priest, and
 King.

Haste, ye mortals, to adore him:
 Learn his name, and taste his joy;
 Till in heaven ye sing before him;
 Glory be to God most high!
 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
 Learn his name, and taste his joy;
 Till in heaven ye sing before him;
 Glory be to God most high!

19.**HOSANNA.**

WHEN, his salvation bringing,
 To Zion Jesus came,
 The children all stood singing,
 Hosanna to his name.
 Nor did their zeal offend him,
 But as he rode along,
 He bade them still attend him,
 And smiled to hear their song.

Then since the Lord retaineth
 His love for children still,
 Though now as King he reigneth,
 On Zion's heavenly hill;

We'll flock around his banner
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And sing aloud, "Hosanna!
 To David's royal Son."

For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Would their hosannas raise.
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No; while our hearts are tender,
 They, too, shall be the Lord's.

20.**HOSANNAS IN THE TEMPLE.**

Hos. 58.

WHEN Jesus to the Temple came,
 The voice of praise was heard,
 The little children owned his claim,
 And in his train appeared.
 Singing glory, glory, glory
 Be to God on High.

Hosannas made the Temple ring,
 For many tongues agreed;
 Hosanna to the heavenly King,
 To David's promised seed.
 Singing glory, &c.

O let those scenes be now renewed,
 Where children lisp thy praise!
 Thou art as gracious and as good
 As in the former days.
 Singing glory, &c.

Dwell by the Spirit in our hearts,
 And this will loose our tongues;
 The love that heavenly truth imparts,
 Will animate our songs.
 Singing glory, &c.

21.**MOTHERS OF SALEM.**

WHEN mothers of Salem their children
 brought to Jesus,
 The stern disciples drove them back,
 and bade them depart;
 But Jesus saw them ere they fled,
 And sweetly smiling, kindly said,
 "Suffer the children to come unto me."

"For I will receive them; and fold
 them to my bosom;
 I'll be a shepherd to these lambs: oh
 drive them not away;
 For if their hearts to me they give,
 They shall with me in glory live,—
 "Suffer the children to come unto me."

How kind was our Saviour, to bid
these children welcome!
But there are many thousands who
have never heard his name:
The Bible they have never read,
They know not that the Saviour said
"Suffer the children to come unto me."

Oh, soon may the heathen of every
tribe and nation
Fulfil thy blessed word, and cast their
idols all away;
Oh, shine upon them from above,
And show thyself a God of love:
Teach them, dear Saviour, to come
unto thee.

22.

FORBID THEM NOT.

WHEN many to the Saviour's feet,
Their little children brought.
And from the source of blessedness
A Saviour's blessing sought;
To some who with mistaken zeal
Their near approach forbade,
"Let little children come to me"
The blessed Saviour said.

"Forbid them not, nor harshly chide
Their wish to see my face
For little children such as these
My Father's kingdom grace."
Then, gathered in his loving arms
And folded to his breast,
He poured a blessing all divine
On every little guest.

Dear children, Jesus is the same,
Though now enthroned above;
He waits to bless you as of old
With his forgiving love.
He marks with joy each faint attempt
His favors to obtain,
And those who early seek his face
Shall never ask in vain.

But sin prevents and Satan strives
To keep you from his arms,
And to allure the soul away,
The world displays its charms;
But look to Jesus, for his power
Your foes can ne'er withstand;
Let him but say, "Forbid them not,"
They'll fly at his command.

23.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

Beale. Hos. 74.

THERE is no name so sweet on
earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,—
The name before his wondrous birth
To Christ the Saviour given.

CHO.—We love to sing around our
King,
And hail him blessed Jesus;
For there's no word ear ever heard,
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

His human name they did proclaim
When Abr'am's son they sealed him—
The name that still, by God's good will,
Deliverer revealed him.

We love to sing, &c.

To Jesus every knee shall bow,
And every tongue confess him,

24.

SONG OF PRAISE.

Hos. 18.

COME, let us sweetly sing, join in
full chorus,

Praise to the mighty King, who reigneth
o'er us;

Once he, a little child, gentle and lowly,
Taught us how we should live, loving,
pure, and holy.

Hail! hail to Him who once slept in a
manger,
Wandered from place to place, home-
less and a stranger,
Suffered and died for us,—oh, won-
drous story!—
Suffered that we might all dwell with
him in glory.

25.

THE SAVIOUR'S TOMB. Martyn. 7's, Double. Hos. 73.

MARY to the Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.
For a while she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

And we unite with saints in light,
Our only Lord to bless him.
We love to sing, &c.

O Jesus, by that matchless name,
Thy grace shall fail us never;
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same forever.
Then let us sing around our King,
The faithful, precious Jesus, &c.

O thou, who once didst hear children
when singing,
Thou, who didst sweetly say, Suffer ye
their bringing,
From thy bright home above, graci-
ously bending,
List to our joyful songs gratefully
ascending.

Be thou our guard and guide, grant us
thy Spirit,
Own us as thine at last, through thy
perfect merit; [chorus,
Then shall we sweetly sing, in angelic
Praise evermore to Him who shall
there reign o'er us.

But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead;
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

26.

WORTHY THE LAMB. C. M.

COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their
But all their joys are one. [tongues,
"Worthy the Lamb that died," they
"To be exalted thus;" [cry,
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;

And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord! for ever thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

27.

WE LOVE TO SING TOGETHER.

Hos. 23.

WE love to sing together,
Our hearts and voices one.
To praise our heavenly Father,
And his eternal Son.

CHORUS.

We love to sing,
We love to sing,
We love to sing together:
We love to sing,
We love to sing,
We love to sing together.

We love to pray together
To Jesus on his throne,

And ask that he will ever
Accept us as his own.
We love, &c.

We love to read together
The word of saving truth,
Whose light is shining ever
To guide our early youth.
We love, &c.

We love to be together
Upon the Sabbath day,
And strive to help each other
Along the heavenly way.
We love, &c.

28.

SING A HYMN TO JESUS.

SING a hymn to Jesus,
When the heart is faint;
Tell it all to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint.
If the work is sorrow,
If the way is long,

If thou dread'st the morrow,
Tell it him in song.
Though thy heart be aching,
For the crown and palm;
Keep thy spirit waking,
With a faithful psalm.

Jesus, we are lowly,
Thou art very high;
We are all unholy,
Thou art purity.
We are frail and fleeting
Thou art still the same.
All life's joys are meeting,
In thy blessed name.
Sing a hymn to Jesus,
When the heart is faint;
Tell it all to Jesus,
Comfort of complaint.

All begins in Jesus,
And in him I see
All the Eternal Godhead
Coming down to me.
I climb to his brightness,
Up my steps of praise;
And a radiant brightness
Gladly my darkened days.
So I sing to Jesus,
When my heart is faint;
So I tell to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint.

All his words are music,
Tho' they make me weep;
Infinitely tender,
Infinitely deep.
Time can never render,
All in him I see;
Infinitely tender,
Human deity.
Sing a hymn to Jesus
When thy heart is faint;
Tell it all to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint;

Jesus let me love thee
Infinitely sweet;
What are the poor odours
I bring to thy feet?
Yet I love thee, love thee;
Come into my heart;
And ere long receive me
To be where thou art.
Thus I sing to Jesus
When my heart is faint
So I tell to Jesus
Comfort or complaint.—AMEN

29.

SING OF JESUS. Newport. 7's & 6's. Hos. 117.

COME, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and accents blend;
Come let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only friend:
His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
Exulting in his love.

We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And in our hour of danger,
We'll trust his love alone,
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.

Then let us sing of Jesus,
While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing for Jesus
Throughout eternal day:

For those who here confess him
He will in heaven confess;
And faithful hearts that bless him,
He will forever bless.

30. MY SAVIOUR'S MATCHLESS WORTH.

OH! could I speak the matchless
worth,
Oh! could I sound the glories forth,
That in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

Well! the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me
And I shall see his face; [home,
Then with my Saviour, Brother,
Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

31. THE GOODNESS OF OUR GOD. Cooper. Hos. 30.

COME, let us raise a song of praise
To him who rules on high;
Whose love and power, from hour to
Can every want supply: [hour,
The goodness of our God and King
Let all with hallelujahs sing,
Let all with hallelujahs sing.

His bounties flow where'er we go,
Abound where'er we stay;
From every snare his gracious care
Defends by night and day:

The goodness of our God and King
Let all with hallelujahs sing,
Let all with hallelujahs sing.

We're travelling on, yet not alone,
Thro' life's dark wilderness;
Close by our side a heavenly Guide
Is pledged for our success:
The goodness of our God and King
Let all with hallelujahs sing,
Let all with hallelujahs sing.

32.**GLADNESS.**

Hos. 30.

OH, come, let us sing!
 Our youthful hearts now swelling,
 To God above, a God of love,
 Oh, come let us sing!
 Our joyful spirits, glad and free,
 With high emotions rise to thee,
 In heavenly melody:
 Oh, come let us sing!

Oh, swell, swell the song,
 His praises oft repeating,
 His Son he gave our souls to save,—
 Oh, swell, swell the song,
 The humble heart's devotion bring,
 Whence gushing streams of love do
 And make the welkin ring [spring,
 With sweet swelling song.

We'll chant, chant his praise,—
 Our lofty strains now blending;
 A tribute bring to Christ our King,
 And chant, chant his praise!
 Our Saviour, Prince, was crucified,
 " 'Tis finished!" then he meekly cried,
 And bowed his head and died,—
 Then chant, chant his praise!

All full chorus join,
 To Jesus condescending
 To bless our race with heavenly grace;
 All full chorus join
 To God, whose mercy on us smiled,
 And Holy Spirit, reconciled
 By Christ the meek and mild:
 All full chorus join!

33.**JESUS REIGNS.**

8's & 7's. Hos. 122.

HARK! ten thousand harps and
 voices

Sound the note of praise above;
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices:
 Jesus reigns, the God of love.
 See he sits on yonder throne!
 Jesus rules the world alone.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah, Amen.

Jesus hail! whose glory brightens
 All above, and gives it worth;
 Lord of love, thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers and charms thy saints on
 earth:

When we think of love like thine,
 Lord we own it love divine.—Hal., &c.

King of glory, reign forever,
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine
 Happy objects of thy grace, [own,—
 Chosen to behold thy face.—Hal., &c.

Saviour, hasten thine appearing,
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away!
 Then with golden harps we'll sing
 Glory, glory, to our King!—Hal., &c.

34.**THE GOD OF OUR FATHERS.**

Hos. 96.

LET every heart rejoice and sing,
 Let choral anthems rise;
 Ye reverend men and children bring
 To God your sacrifice;
 For he is good; the Lord is good,
 And kind are all his ways;
 With songs and honors sounding
 The Lord Jehovah praise. [loud,
 While the rocks and the rills,
 While the vales and the hills,

A glorious anthem raise,
 Let each prolong the grateful song,
 And the God of our fathers praise,
 And the God of our fathers praise.
 He bids the sun to rise and set;
 In heaven his power is known;
 And earth, subdued to him, shall yet
 Bow low before his throne;
 For he is good, &c.

35.**CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL. C. M. Hos. 142.**

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.
 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Extol the stem of Jesus rod,
 And crown him Lord of all:

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransom'd from the fall,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.
 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

36.**SINGING FOR JESUS.**

SINGING for Jesus, singing for
 Jesus,
 Trying to serve him wherever I go;
 Pointing the lost to the way of salva-
 tion—
 This be my mission, a pilgrim below.
 When in the strains of my country I
 mingle
 When to exalt her my voice would I
 raise;

'Tis for his glory whose arm is her
 refuge,
 Him would I honor, his name would I
 praise;
 His name would I praise.
 Singing for Jesus glad hymns of devo-
 tion,
 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, [restore;
 Feelings long buried 'twill often
 Tunes that were breathed from the lips
 of departed, [no more!
 How we revere them when they are
 Singing for Jesus, my blessed Re-
 deemer; [sing;
 God of the pilgrims, for thee will I

When o'er the billows of time I am
 wafsted,
 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 employ-
 ment,
 Loud hallelujahs that never will
 end.

37.

JESUS LOVES ME.

JESUS loves me! this I know,
 For the Bible tells me so.
 Little ones to him belong,
 They are weak but he is strong. [me;
 Yes, Jesus loves me; yes, Jesus loves
 Yes; Jesus loves me, the Bible tells me
 [so.
 Jesus loves me! he who died,
 Heaven's gate to open wide;
 He will wash away my sin,
 Let his little child come in.
 Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

Jesus loves me; ev'ry day
 Watches o'er me lest I stray;
 From his shining mercy seat,
 Guides my trembling, erring feet.
 Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

Jesus loves me; he will stay
 Close beside me, all the way,
 If I love him, when I die
 He will take me home on high.
 Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

38.

GOD IS LIGHT AND LOVE. 8's & 7's. Hos. 56.

GOD is love, his glory brightens
 All the path in which we move,
 Bliss he grants, and woe he lightens:
 God is light, and God is love.
 Chance and change are busy ever,
 Worlds decay, and ages move;
 ||:But his mercy waneth never,
 God is light, and God is love. :||

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
 His unchanging goodness proves;
 From the cloud his brightness stream-
 God is light, and God is love. [eth:
 He our earthly cares entwined,
 With his comforts far above;
 ||:Everywhere his glory shineth,
 God is light, and God is love. :||

39.

GOD IS LOVE.

Hos. 99.

COME, let us all unite and sing,
 God is love.
 While heaven and earth their praises
 bring; God is love.
 Let every soul from sin awake,
 Their harps now from the willows
 take,
 And sing with me, for Jesus' sake,
 God is love.

Oh, tell to earth's remotest bound,
 God is love.
 In Christ I have redemption found;
 God is love.
 His blood has washed my sins away;
 His spirit turns my night to day;
 And now my soul with joy can say,
 God is love.

How happy is our portion here!
 God is love.
 His promises our spirits cheer;
 God is love.
 He is our sun and shield by day,
 By night he near our tents will stay,
 He will be with us all the way:—
 God is love.

What though my heart and flesh shall
 fail? God is love.
 Through Christ I shall o'er death pre-
 vail, God is love.
 Through Jordan's swell I will not fear;
 My Jesus will be with me there,
 My head above the waves to bear:—
 God is love.

40.

HOLY BIBLE! 7's.

HOLY Bible! book divine!
 Precious treasure! thou art mine!
 Mine, to tell me whence I came;
 Mine to teach me what I am.
 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
 Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
 Mine thou art to guide my feet;
 Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

Mine, to comfort in distress,
 If the Holy Spirit bless;
 Mine, to show by living faith
 Man can triumph over death.
 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
 And the rebel sinner's doom;
 O thou precious book divine!
 Precious treasure! thou art mine!

41.

THANK GOD FOR THE BIBLE.

Hos. 20.

THANK God for the Bible! 'tis
 there that we find
 The story of Christ and his love,—
 How he came down to earth from his
 beautiful home,
 In the mansions of glory above.

Thanks to him we will bring,
 Praise to him we will sing,
 For he came down to earth from his
 beautiful home
 In the mansions of glory above.
 For he came down, &c.

While he lived on this earth, to the sick
and the blind, [given;
And to mourners his blessings were
And he said: Let the little ones come
unto me,

For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
Jesus calls us to come:
He's prepared us a home; [unto me,
For he said, Let the little ones come
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
For he said, &c.

In the Bible we read of a beautiful
land,
Where sorrow and pain never come;
For Jesus is there with a heavenly
band, [home.
And 'tis there he's prepared us a

Jesus calls: shall we stay?
No, we'll gladly obey, [band,
For Jesus is there with a heavenly
And 'tis there he's prepared us a
home. For Jesus is there, &c.

Thank God for the Bible! its truths,
o'er the earth,
We'll scatter with bountiful hand;
But we never can tell what a Bible is
worth,
Till we go to that beautiful land;
There our thanks we will bring,
There with angels we'll sing,
And its worth we can tell when with
Jesus we dwell,
In heaven,—that beautiful land.
And its worth, &c.

42. NATIONS PREPARING. 7's & 6's. Webb. Hos. 10.

THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

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

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

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

43. THE DAY IS BREAKING. 8's, 7's & 4's. Zion. Hos. 127.

YES! we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are near at hand;
God—the mighty God, is speaking
By his word, in every land;
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

Oh, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day,
Joyful news from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way,

Those enlightening
Who in death and darkness lay.

God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious
Through the world, in every
land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

44. MISSIONARY HYMN. 7's & 6's. Hos. 129.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a balmy plain,—
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

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

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

45. RETURN YE RANSOMED. H.M. Hos. III.

BLLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,

The year of jubilee is come,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
Exalt the Lamb of God,

The sin-atonig Lamb,
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim.
The year, &c.

The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;

46. PRAYER FOR MISSIONARIES. Nettleton. Hos. 11.

SAVIOUR, shed thy sweetest blessing

On the Missionaries' way! [ing,
Hear their pray'r, thy throne address-
While they sojourn far away.

Bid them seek lost souls and love them
With a fervent, patient heart;
Let thy smile shine bright above them,
When from other smiles they part.

Shed abroad thy love within them,
Thus their love to souls shall wake;

47. SUNDAY-SCHOOL CELEBRATION. 7's & 6's.

TO thee, O blessed Saviour,
Our grateful songs we raise;
O tune our hearts and voices
Thy holy name to praise;
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
We're here allowed to meet,
To join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to entreat.

Lord, guide and bless our teachers,
Who labor for our good;
And may the holy scriptures
By us be understood.

Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face.
The year, &c.

Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad.
The year, &c.

They shall watch and toil to win them,
Live or die for heathen's sake!

Speed them forth thy message telling,
Sweeten all the toils they brave:
Be on foreign shores their dwelling,
Watch them in a foreign grave.

Where the seed ev'n now is springing—
Precious seed in weeping sown,
Soon may faith, her sheaves in-bringing,
Claim the harvest joy her own.

O may our hearts be given
To thee, our glorious King;
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing.

And may the precious gospel
Be publish'd all abroad,
Till the benighted heathen
Shall know and serve the Lord;
Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations now in darkness
Arise to light divine.

48.

HAPPY MEETING TO ALL.

11's. Hos. 11.

COME, children, and join in our
festal song,
The weeks and the months are all
speeding along;
We'll join our glad voices in one
hymn of praise
To God, who has kept us and lengthen-
ed our days.

Happy meeting to all.

Our Father in heaven, we lift up to thee
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad
jubilee;
Oh bless us, and guide us, dear Saviour,
we pray,
That from thy blest precepts we never
may stray.

Happy meeting to all.

And if before this year has drawn to a
close,
Some loved one amongst us, in death
shall repose,
Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven
may dwell, [be well.
In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall
Happy meeting to all.

Kind teachers, we children would
thank you this day,
That faithfully, kindly, you've taught
us the way,
How we may escape from the world's
sinful charms,
And find a safe refuge in our Saviour's
loved arms.

Happy meeting to all.

49.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

Hos. 47.

BE kind to each other;
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone:
Then, 'midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earn'd
The blest recollection
Of kindness returned!
Happy children, blessed children,
Who are loving one another truly;
And the Saviour, blessed Saviour,
Loving more than all beside.

When day hath departed,
And memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all the loved sleep.

22

Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove,
Let trifles prevail not
'Gainst those whom you love.

Happy children, &c.

Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing:
The deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling!
Be kind to each other:
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone.

Happy children, &c.

50.

KIND WORDS.

Hos. 86.

KIND words can never die,
Heaven gave them birth;
Wing'd with a smile they fly
All o'er the earth.

Kind words the angels brought,
Kind words our Saviour taught,
Sweet melodies of thought!

Who knows their worth? [never die;
Kind words can never die, never die,
Kind words can never die, no! never
[die.

Kind deeds can never die:
Though weak and small.
From his bright throne on high
God sees them all;

He doth reward with love
All those who faithful prove;
Round them, where'er they move,
Rich blessings fall.

Kind deeds can never die, &c.

God's word can never die:
Though fallen man
Oft dares its truth deny,—
Dares it in vain.

God's word alone is pure;
His promises are sure;
Trust him, and rest secure
Heaven you shall gain.

God's word can never die, &c.

51.

REMEMBER THY CREATOR NOW.

C. M.

REMEMBER thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thy earliest vow,
And listen to thy praise.

Remember thy Creator now,
And seek him while he's near;
For evil days will come when thou
Shalt find no comfort near.

Remember thy Creator now,
His willing servant be;
Then when thy head in death shall bow
He will remember thee.

Almighty God, our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be thine,
Devoted to thy fear.

52.

A CHARGE TO KEEP.

S. M.

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.
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live,
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

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

53.**PRAYER IS HEARD.** 7's. Seymour. Hos. 17.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;
 He that bids us humbly pray,
 Sends us not unblessed away.

Thou art coming to a King,
 Large petitions with thee bring;

For his grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.

Lord, I come to thee for rest,
 Take possession of my breast;
 There thy sovereign right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.

54.**SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.** Hos. 158.

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet
 hour of prayer!

That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throne
 Make all my wants and wishes
 known.

In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief;

||: And oft escaped the tempter's snare
 By thy return, sweet hour of
 prayer.:||

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
 prayer!

Thy wings shall my petition bear,
 To him whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless;
 And since he bids me seek his face,

Believe his word, and trust his
 grace,

||: I'll cast on him my every care,

And wait for thee, sweet hour of
 prayer!:||

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
 prayer!

May I thy consolation share;
 Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty
 height,

I view my home and take my flight:
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize;

||: And shout, while passing through
 the air,

Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of
 prayer.:||

55.**EVEN ME.**

LORD I hear that showers of blessing
 Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
 Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
 Let some droppings fall on me—
 Even me, Lord, even me;
 Let some droppings fall on me.

Pass me not, O God our Father!
 Sinful though my heart may be;
 Thou might'st leave me, but the
 rather

Let thy mercy light on me!—

Even me, &c.

Pass me not, O gracious Saviour !
Let me live and cling to thee ;
I am longing for thy favor :
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me!—
Even me, &c.

Love of God—so pure and changeless ;
Blood of Christ—so rich, so free ;

Grace of God—so strong and bound-
Magnify it all in me !— [less—
Even me, &c.

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, &c.

56.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Hos. 134.

LORD, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart,
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my sinful heart.

A sinful creature I was born,
And from my birth have stray'd ;
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without thy mercy's aid.

But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain ;
Can fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.

To him let little children come,
For he has said they may ;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears he'll wipe away.

57.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

Webb. Hos. 101.

GO when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night ;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee—
All who are loved by thee ;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be ;

Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim :
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray ;
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way :
Ev'n then the silent breathing
Thy spirit lifts above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Who is Mercy, Truth, and Love.

58.

GOD ALL-SEEING.

Retreat. Hos. 138.

AMONG the deepest shades of night,
Can there be one that sees my
way?

Yes; God is like a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.

When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?

No; for a constant watch he keeps
On every thought of every soul.

He smiles in heaven, he frowns in
hell;

He fills the air, the earth, the sea;
I must within his presence dwell;
I cannot from his anger flee.

Yes!—I may flee—he shows me where;
Tells me to Jesus Christ to fly;
And when he sees me weeping there,
There's mercy beaming in his eye.

59.

DIVINE GUIDANCE.

Oliphant. Hos. 128.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
Bread of heaven!

Feed me till I want no more.

Open thou the living fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar

Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliv'rer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

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

Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

60.

THE LORD MY SHEPHERD.

s. m. Dennis. Hos. 105.

THE Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear; [dark shade,
Though I should walk through death's
My Shepherd's with me there.

61.

THY WILL BE DONE.

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's
rough way,
Oh! teach me from my heart to say
Thy will be done.

If thou should'st call me to resign,
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee that is thine,
Thy will be done.

Subdue my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

Then when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before
I'll sing upon a happier shore;
Thy will be done.

62.

THY WAY, NOT MINE, O LORD. S. M.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot,—
I would not, if I might;

Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my all.

63.

"MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND." S. M. BOYLSTON. HOS. 114.

"MY times are in thy hand,"
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to thy care.

"My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be:
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

"My times are in thy hand,"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

"My times are in thy hand,"
I'll always trust in thee;
And after death at thy right hand
I shall forever be.

64.**THE ONE PETITION.** Naomi.

Hos. 89.

FATHER whate'er of earthly
bliss

Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :—

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;

The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;

Thy presence through my journey
shine,
And crown my journey's end.

65.**MY SHEPHERD.**

GREAT Shepherd of the sheep,
Who all thy flock dost keep,
Leading by waters calm ;
Do thou my footsteps guide,
To follow by thy side,—
Make me thy little lamb.

I fear I may be torn
By many a sharp-set thorn,
As far from thee I stray :
My weary feet may bleed,
For rough are paths which lead
Out of thy pleasant way.

But when the road seems long,
Thy tender arm and strong
The weary one will bear ;
And thou wilt wash me clean,
And lead to pastures green,
Where all the flowers are fair ;

Till—from the soil of sin
Cleansed and made pure within,
Dear Saviour, whose I am—
Thou bringest me in love
To thy sweet fold above,
A little snow-white lamb.

66.**WALKING WITH GOD.** Ballerma. Hos. 30.

OH! for a closer walk with God!
A calm and heav'nly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

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

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;

I hate the sins that made thee mourn
And drove thee from my breast.

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

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

67.

HOW MUCH I OWE.

WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When I stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finish'd story;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne
Dress'd in beauty not my own,
When I see thee as thou art,—
Love thee with unsinning heart;

68.

SEE THE KIND SHEPHERD. C.M. Hos. 141.

SEE the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
With all engaging charms;
||: Hark how he calls his tender
lambs, :||
And folds them in his arms.

Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
||: For 'twas to bless such souls as
these, :||
The Lord of angels came.

69.

JESUS, STILL LEAD ON.

JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless:
Guide us by thy hand
To our Fatherland.

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

Ev'n on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly let thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make thy Spirit's help so meet;
Ev'n on earth, Lord, make me
know
Something of how much I owe.

He'll lead us to the heavenly streams
Where living waters flow,
||: And guide us to the fruitful
fields :||
Where trees of knowledge grow.

The feeblest lamb amid the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care;
||: While folded in the Saviour's
arms, :||
We're safe from every snare.

When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief;
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience:
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

70.

COME TO JESUS.

COME to Jesus—just now, &c.,
 He will save you—just now, &c.
 O believe him—just now, &c.
 He is able—just now, &c.
 He is willing—just now, &c.
 He'll receive you—just now, &c.

Flee to Jesus—just now, &c.
 He'll have mercy—just now, &c.
 He will cleanse you—just now, &c.
 He'll forgive you—just now, &c.
 He'll renew you—just now, &c.
 Jesus loves you—just now, &c.

71.

BEHOLD, A STRANGER.

BEHOLD, a stranger at the door!
 He gently knocks, has knock'd
 before;
 Has waited long, is waiting still;—
 You use no other friend so ill.
 O lovely attitude! he stands
 With melting heart and open hands;
 O matchless kindness! and he shows
 This matchless kindness to his foes.

Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,
 Turn out his enemy, and thine;
 Turn out the hateful monster, sin,
 And let the Heavenly Stranger in.
 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
 Where Jesus comes, he comes to reign;
 Sov'reign of souls! thou Prince of
 Peace,
 Oh, may thy gentle reign increase!

72.

RETURN, O WANDERER.

RETURN, O wand'rer, to thy
 home,
 Thy Father calls for thee;
 No longer now an exile roam,
 In guilt and misery.
 Return! return!

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
 O now for refuge flee.
 Return! return!

Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
 'Tis Jesus calls for thee;

Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
 'Tis madness to delay;
 There are no pardons in the tomb,
 And brief is mercy's day.
 Return! return!

73.

COME TO ME.

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

It tells me of a place of rest,—
 It tells me where my soul may flee;
 Oh! to the weary, faint, oppress,
 How sweet the bidding, *Come to me.*

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

O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, **COME TO ME.**

74.

COME UNTO ME AND REST. D. C. M.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me, and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay
down

Thy head upon my breast."

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul
revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till trav'ling days are done.

75.

JUST AS I AM.

Hos. 134.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

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

Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

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

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

Just as I am, thy love, I own,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, and thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

76.**I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS.**

Hos. 120.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God;
 He bears them all and frees us
 From the accursed load.
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White in his blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains.

I bring my wants to Jesus,—
 All fulness dwells in him;
 He heals all my diseases,—
 He doth my soul redeem.
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares;
 He from them all releases,—
 He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine;
 His right hand me embraces,
 I on his breast recline.
 I love the name of Jesus,
 Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
 Like fragrance on the breezes,
 His name abroad is pour'd.

I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's Holy Child.
 I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heav'nly throng,—
 To sing with saints his praises,—
 To learn the angels' song.

77.**LIKE JESUS.**

Hos. 20.

I WANT to be like Jesus,—
 So lowly and so meek;
 For no one mark'd an angry word
 That ever heard him speak.

I want to be like Jesus,
 So frequently in prayer,
 Alone upon the mountain top,
 He met his Father there.

I want to be like Jesus,
 I never, never find

That he, though persecuted, was
 To any one unkind.

I want to be like Jesus,
 Engaged in doing good,
 So that of me it may be said,
 "She hath done what she could."

Alas! I'm not like Jesus,
 As any one may see:
 O gentle Saviour, send thy grace
 And make me like to thee.

78.**THE CLEANSING STREAM.** C. M. Fountain. Hos. 120.

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

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

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

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,

Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

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

79.

ROCK of Ages! cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,

ROCK OF AGES.

7's & 6's. Hos. 33.

All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in
death,

When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

80.

I'VE found the pearl of greatest
price;

My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine—
Christ shall my song employ.

Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and
King;

My Prophet full of light;
My great High Priest before the
throne;

My King of heavenly might.

For he, indeed, is Lord of lords,
And he the King of kings;

"YE ARE COMPLETE IN HIM."

He is the Sun of Righteous-
ness,
With healing in his wings.

Christ is my Peace: he died for
me,

For me he gave his blood;
And, as my wondrous sacrifice,
Offered himself to God.

Christ Jesus is my All in All,
My comfort and my love;
My life below, and he shall be
My joy and crown above.

81.**CHRIST THE ONLY REFUGE. Martyn's. Hos. 73.****J**ESUS, lover of my soul!

Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high!

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,

Till the storm of life is past;

Safe into the haven guide;

O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;

Hangs my helpless soul on thee;

Leave, oh, 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.

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.

Thou of light the Fountain art,

Freely let me take of thee;

Spring thou up within my heart,—

Rise to all eternity.

82.**NEARER TO THEE. Bethany. Hos. 38.****N**EARER, my God, to thee,

Nearer to thee!

E'en tho' it be a cross

That raiseth me!

Still all my song shall be,

Nearer, my God, to thee,

Nearer to thee!

Tho' like the wanderer,

The sun gone down,

Darkness be over me,

My rest a stone;

Yet in my dreams I'd be

Nearer, my God, to thee,

Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear,

Steps unto heaven;

All that thou sendest me,

In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me

Nearer, my God, to thee,

Nearer to thee!

Then with my waking thoughts,

Bright with thy praise,

Out of my stony griefs

Bethel I'll raise;

So by my woes to be

Nearer, my God, to thee,

Nearer to thee!

Or if, on joyful wing,

Cleaving the sky,

Sun, moon and stars forgot,

Upward I fly,

Still all my song shall be,

Nearer, my God, to thee,

Nearer to thee.

83. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE. New Haven. 6's&4's. Hos. 45.

MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!

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

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.

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.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove:
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul.

84. CROSS AND CROWN. C.M. Hos. 37.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No: there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!

But now they taste unmingled love
And joy without a tear.

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.

85. ASHAMED OF JESUS. L.M.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless
days?

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to
crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And, oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

86.**ABIDE WITH ME.**

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.

I need thy presence ev'ry passing
hour—

What but thy grace can foil the
tempter's pow'r ?

Who like thyself my guide and stay
can be ?

Thro' cloud and sunshine, O abide
with me !

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,
thy victory ?

I triumph still, if thou abide with me !

Reveal thyself before my closing
eyes,

Shine through the gloom, and point
me to the skies ;

Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's
vain shadows flee—

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with
me !

87.**NEARER HOME.**

FOR ever 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,

Yet nightly pitch my moving tent

A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,

Home of my soul, how near !

At times to faith's foreseeing eye

The golden gates appear.

Here in the body pent, &c.

Ah ! then my spirit faints

To reach the land I love,

The bright inheritance of saints,

Jerusalem above,

Here in the body pent, &c.

For ever with the Lord !

Father, if 'tis thy will,

The promise of that faithful word

Ev'n here to me fulfil.

Here in the body pent, &c.

88.**RISE, MY SOUL.**

7's & 6's. Hos. 78.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,

Thy better portion trace ;

Rise from transitory things

Towards heav'n, thy native place ;

Sun and moon and stars decay,

Time shall soon this earth remove :

Rise, my soul, and haste away

To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source:
So the soul that's born of God
Pants to see his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

89.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

Hos. 61.

IN the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.

On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;

90.

SHALL I AMONG THEM STAND. C. P. M. Hos. 72.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge
shalt come
To take thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

Blest Saviour, grant it, by thy grace;
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.

There is rest, &c.

Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that celestial centre

I a crown of life shall wear,

There is rest, &c.

Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You will find an entrance through.

There is rest, &c.

Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

And when the archangel's trump shall
sound,

Let me among thy saints be found,
To see thy smiling face:

Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions
ring

With shouts of sovereign grace.

91.**A LIFE WITH JESUS.**

Hos. 158.

A LIFE with Jesus, O, how sweet!
 A life where all the pure will meet,
 A life where pleasures ever flow,
 A life where heavenly breezes blow,
 A life where praises never cease,
 A life of constant joy and peace;
 ||: A life in that bright happy land,
 A life with all the holy band :||

A life where all the ransomed sing
 Hosannas to their Saviour King.
 A life of never-ending love,
 With Jesus Christ, in heaven above;
 A life where all the just will meet,
 In praises round the "mercy seat."
 ||: A life with glorious spirits free,
 But better, Lord, a life with thee. :||

92.**A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.**

C. M.

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

There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-with'ring flow'rs;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heav'nly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond that swelling
 flood,
 Stand dress'd in living green;—
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.

Yet tim'rous mortals start and shrink
 To cross the narrow sea,
 And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

[move,
 Oh! could we make our doubts re-
 Those gloomy doubts that rise;
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With faith's illumined eyes,—

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

93.**ASLEEP IN JESUS.**

Zephyr. Hos. 139.

A SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
 From which none ever wake to
 weep;

A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet!

With holy confidence to sing,
 That death hath lost its venom'd
 sting!

Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
 May such a blissful refuge be!
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 And wait the summons from the sky.

158.
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94.

DEPARTED BROTHER. 8's & 7's.

BROTHER, rest from sin and sorrow,
Death is o'er, and life is won;
On thy slumber dawns no morrow,
Rest, thine earthly race is run.

Brother, wake, the night is waning,
Endless day is round thee poured;
Enter thou the rest remaining
For the people of the Lord.

95.

THE SHINING SHORE.

Hos. 40.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly!
Those hours of toil and danger.
For, oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before the shining shore
We may almost discover.

We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning:
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning;
For, oh! &c.

96.

REALMS OF THE BLEST.

WE sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so
And oft are its glories confess'd; [fair,
But what must it be to be there!
There! there! there!
Oh, what must it be to be there!

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there!
There! there! there! &c.

Brother, wake, for he who loved thee,—
He who died that thou might live,
He who graciously approved thee,
Waits thy crown of joy to give.

Fare-thee-well, though woe is blend-
With the tones of earthly love; [ing
Triumph, peace, and joy ascending,
Wait thee in the realms above.

Should coming days be cold and
dark,

We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

For, oh! &c.

Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, Come, and there's our
home,
For ever, oh, for ever.

For, oh! &c.

We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the First-born above;
But what must it be to be there!
There! there! there! &c.

Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
Then soon shall we joyfully know
And feel what it is to be there!
There! there! there! &c.

97.**WILL YOU GO ?**

Hos. 98.

WE'RE travelling home to heaven
above:

Will you go ? Will you go ?
To sing the Saviour's dying love:

Will you go ?
Millions have reach'd that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions more are on the road;

Will you go ?

We're going to walk the plains of light:

Will you go ? Will you go ?
Far, far from death, and curse, and
night: Will you go ?

The crown of life we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then shall
bear,

And all the joys of heaven we'll share,
Will you go ?

The way to heaven is straight and
plain: Will you go ?

Repent, believe, be born again? Will
you go ?

The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see:"
Will you go ?

Oh, could I hear some sinner say, "I
will go."

Oh, could I hear him humbly pray,
"Make me go."

And all his old companions tell,
"I will not go with you to hell:
I long with Jesus Christ to dwell.
Let me go !"

98.**THE HAPPY LAND.**

Hos. 63.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.

Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye !

Come to that happy land,
Come, come away.

Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?

Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye,
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.

Oh, then, to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
We reign for aye.

99.

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

Hos. 159.

A BEAUTIFUL land by faith I see,
A land of rest, from sorrow free,
The home of the ransomed, bright and
fair,

And beautiful angels, too, are there.

Will you go? will you go?

Go to that beautiful land with me?

Will you go? will you go?

Go to that beautiful land?

That beautiful land, the city of light,
It ne'er has known the shades of night,
The glory of God, the light of day
Hath driven the darkness far away.

Will you go? &c.

In vision I see its streets of gold,
Its beautiful gates I too behold,
The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.

Will you go? &c.

The heavenly throng arrayed in
white,

In rapture range the plains of light;
And in one harmonious choir they
praise

Their glorious Saviour's matchless
grace.

Will you go? &c.

100.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,

Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice to rest.

I know not—Oh! I know not

What joys await me there,

What radiancy of glory,

What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,

And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever, and for ever,
Are clad in robes of white.
Oh! land that see'st no sorrow,
Oh! state that fear'st no strife,
Oh! royal land of flowers,
Oh! realms and home of life!

Oh! sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect,
Oh! sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And spirit, ever blest.

101.**BEAUTIFUL CITY.**

Hos. 65.

BEAUTIFUL Zion, built above,
 Beautiful city, that I love;
 Beautiful gates of pearly white,
 Beautiful temple—God its light!
 He who was slain on Calvary
 Opens those pearly gates to me.

Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
 Beautiful angels, clothed in white.
 Beautiful strains, that nee e,
 Beautiful harps, thro' all the choir,
 There shall I join the chorus sweet,
 Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.

Beautiful crowns on every brow,
 Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
 Beautiful all who enter there!
 Thither I press with eager feet;
 There shall my rest be long and sweet.

Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
 Beautiful songs the angels sing,
 Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
 Beautiful home of perfect peace!
 There shall my eyes the Saviour see—
 Hasten to this heavenly home with me.

102.**CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.**

Hos. 58.

AROUND the throne of God in
 heaven

Thousands of children stand;
 Children whose sins are all forgiven.

A holy happy band,
 Singing glory, glory,
 Glory be to God on high.

In flowing robes of spotless white,
 See every one array'd,
 Dwelling in everlasting light,
 And joys that never fade,
 Singing, &c.

What brought them to that world
 above,
 That heaven so bright and fair,

Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
 How came those children there?
 Singing, &c.

Because the Saviour shed his blood
 To wash away their sin;
 Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
 Behold them white and clean!
 Singing, &c.

On earth they sought their Saviour's
 grace,
 On earth they loved his name;
 So now they see his blessed face,
 And stand before the Lamb,
 Singing, &c.

103.**OH! THAT WILL BE JOYFUL.**

Hos. 72.

HERE we suffer grief and pain,
 Here we meet to part again:
 In heaven we part no more.
 Oh, that will be joyful!

Joyful, joyful, joyful!
 Oh, that will be joyful!
 When we meet to part no
 more.

All who love the Lord below,
When they die, to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.
Oh, that will be joyful ! &c.

Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sunday-school.
Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

Teachers, too, shall meet above,
And our Pastors, whom we love,

Shall meet to part no more.
Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

Oh, how happy we shall be !
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on his throne.
Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.
Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

104.

NEVER—NO, NEVER.

Hos. 8c.

WHEN shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever !
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes,
Never,—no, never.

When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never,—no, never.

Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour !
May we all there unite,
Happy forever !
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never,—no, never.

Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever ;
Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever ;
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes ;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never,—no, never.

105.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod ;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God ?

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river ;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray;
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we ev'ry burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

106. "BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS." Hos. 106.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

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

107. **TEACH US, LORD.** Hos. 79.

PRAISE we Him by whose kind
favor,
Heavenly truth has reach'd our ears;
May its sweet reviving savor
Fill our hearts, dispel our fears.

Truth—how sacred is the treasure!
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know;
Vain the hope, and short the pleasure
Which from other sources flow.

108. **THE SEED OF THE WORD.** C. M.

ALmighty God! thy word is cast,
Like seed, into the ground;
Now let the dew of Heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Lift their songs of saving grace.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.,

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

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

Lord, the truth we have been hear-
ing,
Now to every heart apply;
In the day of thine appearing,
May we share thy people's joy.

Till thou take us hence for ever,
Saviour, guide us with thine eye;
May it be our sole endeavor
Thine to live, and thine to die.

Let not the foe of Christ and man,
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

Let not the world's deceitful cares,
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield, a hundred fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow;
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

109. "BLESS THE HEAVENLY MESSAGE." 8's, 7's & 4's.

FATHER, bless the heavenly mes-
sage,
Now in Jesus' name declared;
Let no heart by Satan hardened,
To the heavenly voice be barred.
Bless the Gospel,
Father, bless thy preached Word!

Thou art working for the honor,
And the glory of thy Son;

Lay thy word upon each conscience,
Let each soul to Christ be won.
Bless the Gospel,
And exalt thy blessed Son.

By thy spirit work in power,
Souls subdue to Jesus' sway;
Speak to each and all assembled,
Let each soul thy voice obey.
Bless the Gospel,
Father, bless the word, we pray!

110. JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD. Mt. Vernon. 8's & 7's. Hos. 124.

JESUS! tender Shepherd, hear me!
Bless thy little lamb to-night!
Through the darkness be thou near
me;
Watch my sleep till morning light.
All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;

Thou hast clothed me, warm'd and
fed me,—
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven!
Bless the friends I love so well!
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

111. CLOSING HYMN. 8's, 7's & 4's.

PEACE from God, our heav'nly
Father,
Now descending from above;
With the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the spirit of his love:
Here abiding—here abiding—
Fit us for our Home above.

There, in songs of praise forever,
May we all at last unite—
Freely drink of that pure river,
Flowing from the throne of light—
Join the number, join the number,
Who are clothed in spotless
white.

112.**EVENING HYMN. L. M.**

Hos. 137.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done,
That with the world, myself and thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;

113.**FATHER, LET THY BENEDICTION.**

8. 7. 4's.

FATHER, let thy benediction,
Gently falling as the dew,
And thy ever gracious presence
Bless us all our journey through.

||: May we ever, may we ever
Keep the end of life in view. :||

Young in years, we need the wisdom,
Which can only come from thee,
In the morn of our existence,
Let us thy salvation see.

Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at thy judgment day.

Oh, let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids
close! [make

Sleep which shall me more vigorous
To serve my God when I awake.

Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face and sing thy love.

||: Changed in spirit, changed in
spirit,

Then shall we thy children be. :||

When temptations shall assail us,
When we falter by the way,
Let thine arm of strength defend us;
Saviour, hear us when we pray.

||: Thou art mighty, thou art mighty,
Be thou then our rock and stay. :||

114.**THE BLESSING.**

8. 7's.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us all depart in peace;
Still on bread of heaven feeding,
Let our love to thee increase.

Fill our hearts with consolation;
Up to thee our spirits raise;
When we reach yon blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

115.**DISMISSION.**

8. 7. 4's.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace:
Let us all, thy love possessing,

Triumph in redeeming grace:
Oh, refresh us!
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

DOXOLOGIES.

117.

L. M.

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

118.

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—
One God whom we adore—
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

119.

7. 6's.

TO thee be praise for ever,
Thou glorious King of kings;
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransom'd spirit sings.
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

120.

6. 6. 4's.

TO God—the Father, Son,
And Spirit—three in one—
All praise be giv'n;
Crown him, in ev'ry song,
To him your hearts belong,
Let all his praise prolong,
On earth—in heav'n.

121.

ASCRPTION OF PRAISE.

Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask, or think, according to the power that worketh in us; unto him be glory in the Church, by Christ Jesus, through all ages, world without end. Amen.

INDEX.

	Hymn.		Hymn.		Hymn.
A beautiful land,	99	I heard the voice of Jesus -	74	Remember thy Creator now	51
Abide with me	86	I lay my sins on Jesus -	76	Return, O wand'rer, to thy	72
A charge to keep I have -	52	In the Christian's home in	89	Rise my soul, and stretch	88
A life with Jesus !	91	I think, when I read that -	17	Rock of Ages ! cleft for me	79
All hail the power of Jesus	35	I've found the pearl of -	80		
Almighty God ! thy word -	108	I want to be like Jesus -	77	Safely through another week	3
Among the deepest shades	58			Saviour, shed thy sweetest	48
Around the throne of God -	102	Jerusalem the golden -	100	See the kind Shepherd -	68
Asleep in Jesus !	93	Jesus ! and shall it ever be	85	Shall we gather at the river	105
		Jesus lover o' my soul ! -	81	Sing a hymn to Jesus -	28
Beautiful Zion, built above	101	Jesus loves me ! this I know	37	Sin : in : for Jesus -	36
Behold a stranger -	71	Jesus, still lead on -	69	Stand up !—Stand up for -	11
Be kind to each other -	49	Jesus ! tender shepherd -	110	Sweet hour of prayer ! -	54
Blest be t e tie that binds -	106	Jesus, we love to meet -	4		
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	45	Just as I am -	75	Thank God for the Bible ! -	41
Brother, rest from sin -	94	Kind words can never die	50	The Lord my Shepherd is -	60
				The morning light is -	42
Christ the Lord is risen -	5	Let every heart rejoice -	34	The e is a fountain filled -	78
Come, children, and join -	48	Lord, dismiss us with thy	114	There is a happy land -	98
Come, Holy Spi it -	14	Lord, dismiss us with thy	115	There is a land of pure -	92
Come, let us all unite -	39	Lord, I hear that showers of	55	There is no name so sweet	23
Come, let us join our cheerful	26	Lord, teach a little child -	56	The Sabbath-school's a place	9
Come, let us raise a song -	31	Love divine, all love -	18	The Sunday-school a my is	10
Come, let us sing of Jesus -	29			Thy way, not mine, O Lord	62
Come, let us sweetly sing -	24	Mary to the Saviour's tomb	27	To Father, Son and Holy -	118
Come, my soul, thy suit -	53	May the grace of Christ our	116	To God, the Father, Son -	120
Come, thou Almighty King	15	Must Jesus bear the cross	84	To thee be praise forever -	119
Come to Jesus—just now -	70	My days are gliding swiftly	95	To thee, O blessed Saviour	47
		My faith looks up to thee -	83		
Father, bless the heavenly	109	My God, my Father, while I	61	We have met in peace -	1
Father, let thy benediction	113	" My times a e in thy hand "	63	welcome, delightful morn !	6
Father, whate'er of earthly	64			Welcome, sweet day of rest	8
Forever with the Lord ! -	87	Nearer, my God, to thee ! -	82	We love to sing together -	27
From Greenland's icy -	44	Now unto him that is able	121	We' e travelling home to -	97
				We sing of the realms of the	96
Glory to thee, my God -	112	O God, to thy promise our	12	When his salvation -	19
Go's love, his glory -	38	Oh, come, let us sing ! -	32	When Jesus to the Temple	20
Go when the morning -	57	Oh ! could I speak the -	30	When many to the Saviour's	22
Great shepherd of the -	65	Oh ! for a closer walk with	66	When mothers of Silem -	21
Guide me, O thou great -	59	O Lord, on this our Sabbath	1	When shall we meet again ?	104
				When this passing world -	67
Hark ! ten thousand harps	33	Peace from God our -	111	When thou, my righteous	56
Hark ! the herald angels -	16	Praise God, from whom all	117	With tearful eyes I look -	78
Hark ! what mean hose holy	18	Praise we him by whose	107		
Here we suffer grief -	103	Preserved by thine -	7	Yes ! we trust the day is -	43
Holy Bible ! Book divine ! -	40				

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WHEN
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SUPPLEMENT.

"GOD IS THERE."

Hos. 54.

1.
WHEN o'er earth is breaking
Rosy light, and fair,
Morn afar proclaimeth
Sweetly, "God is there."
When the spring is wreathing
Flowers rich and rare,
On each leaf is written,
"Nature's God is there."
In the Sabbath school-room,
As we join in prayer,
Every falling accent
Tells us, "God is there."

Kindly, teachers point us,
With regard and care,
To the heavenly mansion,
Saying, "God is there."
Let us learn those lessons,
Taught us everywhere:
And, if sin assail us,
Think that "God is there."
Then, at last, with angels,
Ever bright and fair,
Singing glorious anthems,
We'll see "God is there."

SUN OF MY SOUL.

2
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.
When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought,—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in thy love
I lose myself in Heaven above.

3. THE TEACHER'S PRAYER.

SAVE all my children, Lord,
For less I dare not ask;
I know thou wilt fulfil thy word,
May I fulfil my task.
Thy word is, "Work and pray,
Toil on, 'mid hopes and fears:
The sowing brings the reaping days,
The harvest follows tears."

Yet, when my best is done,
'Tis sin and folly still;
My only plea is, that thy Son
Wrought out thy perfect will.

Then hear me while I ask,
"Save all my children, Lord;
While I, in faith, fulfil my task,
Do thou fulfil thy word."

4.

JESUS, TO THY DEAR ARMS I FLEE.

JESUS, to thy dear arms I flee,
I have no other help but thee;
For thou dost suffer me to come,
O take a little wand'rer home,
O take a little wand'rer home.

Jesus, I'll try my cross to bear,
I'll follow thee and never fear;
From thy dear fold I would not roam;
O take a little wanderer home.

5.

I WILL SING FOR JESUS.

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.

6.

BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH.

THERE'S a beautiful land on high,
To its glories I fain would fly,
When by sorrows press'd down I long
for my crown
In that beautiful land on high.

CHORUS.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy;

Jesus, I cannot see thee here,
Yet still I know thou'rt very near;
O say my sins are all forgiven,
And I shall dwell with thee in heaven.

And now, dear Jesus, I am thine,
O be thou ever, ever mine,
And let me never, never roam
From thee, the little wanderer's home.

I will sing for Jesus!

His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing.
O! help me sing, &c.

Still I'll sing for Jesus!

O! how will I adore him,
Among the cloud of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before him.
O! help me sing, &c.

Methinks I now see how they're wait-
ing for me

In that beautiful land on high.

CHO.—In that, &c.

There's a beautiful land on high,
And though here I oft weep and sigh,
My Jesus hath said that no tears shall
be shed

In that beautiful land on high.

CHO.—In that, &c.

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