

W. P. Williams

F-46.112

W2415

COP. 1

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCA
1620

Division

Section

F

412

415

P 1





to Mr. B. Wilbur
from D. Clark
Publicist
Tran
189

MORNAY PAPERS
THE LIBRARY OF PRINCETON

APR 27 1935

American Baptist Sabbath-School

HYMN-BOOK.

Joseph A. Wayne
Comp.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY DAVID CLARK.

Stercotyped by L. Johnson.

1842.

Wm. B. Ewing

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1842, by
David Clark,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern
District of Pennsylvania.

P R E F A C E.

WHEN a new volume of hymns for Sabbath-schools is announced, some persons may be ready to exclaim, Where is the necessity for this multiplication of hymn-books for Sabbath-schools? Is not the volume entitled "Union Hymns" all that can reasonably be required? The answer to these questions is not at all difficult; and it can be made satisfactory also, to such persons as put the questions in a candid, and not in a captious spirit.

The denomination for whose use this volume is prepared, is one of the most numerous in the land; and one which, therefore, may claim, as justly as any other, to have a volume of hymns for use in its Sabbath-schools, all of which shall be such as may be employed without doing violence to its denominational peculiarities; or covertly undermining its foundations: and if there is such a collection in existence, the compiler has not been so fortunate as to meet with it.

Moreover, hymns for Sabbath-schools should be such as possess a general adaptation to the moral condition of those for whose use they are designed; and they should express sentiments in which the children may properly and sincerely unite; and these sentiments should be uttered in language rarely superior to the level of their capacity. This rule would exclude many of the hymns found in books heretofore used in our schools:—such, for example, as utter the language of long, and varied, and deep Christian experience; and such as breathe the fervours, not merely of matured and ripened, but of almost seraphic love, and of a martyr's zeal and self-sacrifice. These, or a portion of them, may, without impropriety, find a place among the hymns for the use of teachers; but they are inappropriate for *general* use in the school.

Yet while the requisite character of the hymns in general is thus insisted on, it is not denied that there may be, and indeed should be, some which are special in their character and subjects, and adapted to the particular cases which a large school may be found to contain; and such hymns, it will be seen, are not excluded from this collection. Within the last few years, too, the infant Sabbath-school—an entirely new branch of the Sabbath-school institution—has come into considerable prominence; and more is required to meet its wants, than a single hymn or

two in a considerable volume. Accordingly, in this collection the number is considerably greater; and the language is generally characterized by unusual simplicity; that even babes may "sing praises with understanding."

Sabbath-schools have, of late years, (and long may it continue to be so,) been favoured with the special grace of the Spirit of God; and great numbers, from their classes, have been led to profess publicly their attachment to the Redeemer. It need not be said that a volume of hymns, compiled on the principle of merging all denominational peculiarities, *could not admit* into its pages hymns on the subject of baptism. But need Baptist schools be thus restricted? Surely not: and though our books of hymns used in public worship contain those adapted to this ordinance, they are yet generally both quite limited in their number and quite deficient in allusion to the early age of those candidates who are from the Sabbath-school, and who often constitute a majority of the whole number. This volume contains several hymns on this subject, not found in books in common use in this vicinity, in New England, or, it is believed, in the South or West generally.

Where a slight alteration in language could be made with advantage to simplicity or to sentiment, it has been made without scruple. To the authors of the hymns it was found in many cases impossible to give credit, inasmuch as they could not be discovered; and hence the compiler determined on not doing it in any case. A few of the hymns are original; and the compiler is happy thus to acknowledge his indebtedness to their author, Mrs. M. St. Leon Loud. His thanks are also presented to Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, of Hartford, Conn., for permission, so readily granted, to make use of some of her compositions in "Poetry for Children." A similar expression of gratitude is due to the Rev. Stephen P. Hill, of Baltimore, for permission to make use of his "Christian Melodies," some of which, as the compiler feels confident, are from the pen of that amiable and excellent brother; though their author is only indicated by a modest initial.

That this humble effort to meet a want on the part of the denomination long felt, and clearly and extensively uttered, may be acceptable to them, and meet the blessing of our Master, is the prayer of

JOSEPH A. WARNE.

BAPTIST
SABBATH-SCHOOL HYMNS.

GOD AND HIS ATTRIBUTES OR PERFECTIONS.

- 1 *The Nature and Perfections of God.* L. M.
- 1 **G**OD is a Spirit none can see ;
He ever was, is, and shall be ;
Present where'er his creatures dwell,
Through earth and sea ; through heaven and hell.
- 2 What has been, is, or shall be done,
Or here, or there, to him is known ;
Nor can one thought arise unseen
In minds of angels or of men.
- 3 Yet far above all anxious cares,
Calmly he rules his grand affairs ;
While wisdom infinite attains
The noblest ends, by surest means.
- 4 Majestic from his lofty throne
He speaks, and all his will is done,
Nor can united worlds withstand
The power of his almighty hand.
- 5 Yet ever righteous are his ways,
Faithful and true whate'er he says ;
The holy, holy, holy Lord,
By all th' angelic hosts adored.
- 6 All that is glorious, good, and great,
Does in the Lord Jehovah meet :
Then to his name be glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

2, 3, 4 GOD AND HIS ATTRIBUTES OR PERFECTIONS.

2 *The Perfections of God.*

7's.

1 **G**OD is goodness, wisdom, power,
Love him, praise him evermore ;
Let us strive, and never cease
Him, in every thing to please.

2 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live, by heaven and earth adored ;
Filled with thee let all things cry,
"Glory be to God on high."

3 *General Song of Praise to God.*

C. M.

1 **H**OW glorious is our Heav'nly King,
Who reigns above the sky !
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty ?

2 How great his pow'r is none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace ;
Not man below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.

3 Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search his secret will ;
But they perform his heav'nly word,
And sing his praises still.

4 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring ;
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice,
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

4 *God the Creator and Preserver.*

L. M.

1 **W**HEN I look up to yonder sky,
So pure, so bright, so wondrous high,

- I think of One I cannot see,
 But One who sees and cares for me.
- 2 His name is God ! he gave me birth ;
 And every living thing on earth,
 And every tree, and plant that grows,
 To the same hand its being owes.
- 3 'Tis he my daily food provides,
 And all that I require besides ;
 And when I close my slumbering eye,
 I sleep in peace, for he is nigh.
- 4 Then surely I should ever love
 This gracious God who reigns above ;
 For very kind indeed is he,
 To love a little child like me.

5 *Solemn Thoughts of God and Death.* L. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a God that reigns above,
 Lord of the heav'ns, and earth, and seas ;
 I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
 And with my lips I sing his praise.
- 2 There is a law, which he has writ,
 To teach us all what we must do ;
 My soul, to his commands submit,
 For they are holy, just and true.
- 3 There is a gospel rich in grace,
 Whence sinners all their comforts draw,
 Lord, I repent, and seek thy face,
 For I have often broke thy law.
- 4 There is an hour when I must die,
 Nor do I know how soon 'twill come ;
 A thousand children, young as I,
 Are call'd by Death to hear their doom.
- 5 Let me improve the hours I have,
 Before the day of grace is fled ;

6,7 GOD AND HIS ATTRIBUTES OR PERFECTIONS.

There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.

- 6 Just as the tree, cut down, that fell
To north or southward, there it lies ;
So man departs to Heav'n or Hell,
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

6 *Omniscience of God.*

C. M.

1 **A**LMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there ?
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear ?

4 Lord ! at thy foot asham'd I lie ;
Upward I dare not look !
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

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

7 *Omnipresence of God.*

L. M.

1 **A**MONG the deepest shades of night
Can there be one who sees my way ?

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

- 2 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.
- 3 If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet had never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone,
On every side there would be God.
- 4 He smiles in heaven, he frowns in hell,
He fills the earth, the air, the sea ;
I must within his presence dwell,
I cannot from his anger flee.
- 5 Yet I may flee ; he shows me where,
To Jesus Christ he bids me fly ;
And while I seek for pardon there,
There's only mercy in his eye.

8 *God's Goodness.*

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join, our Lord to praise
Whose mercy knows no end ;
To him our cheerful voices raise,
Our Father and our Friend.
- 2 In tender infancy, his care
Preserved our lives from harm ;
And now he keeps us from the snare
Of sin's deceitful charm.
- 3 He gives us friends, who seek our good,
And strive to make us wise ;
His bounteous hand provides our food,
And all our wants supplies.
- 4 With grateful praise we will proclaim
The mercies of our God ;

9, 10 GOD AND HIS ATTRIBUTES OR PERFECTIONS.

And sing the glory of his name,
Who bought us with his blood.

9 *Goodness of God.* C. M

1 **H**OW great thy goodness, gracious Lord!
What love resides in thee!
Through every season of my life,
Thou dost remember me.

2 While but a young and helpless babe
Rich blessings flowed from thee;
My parents' tender fondness proved
Thou didst remember me.

3 The sabbath I am taught to keep,
And every sin to flee;
With grateful heart, O Lord, I weep,
Thou didst remember me.

10 *Nature proclaims God's Goodness.* P. M.

1 **O**UR God is good! each perfum'd flower,
The smiling fields, the dark green wood,
The insect fluttering for an hour
Proclaim that "God is good."

2 I hear it in the whistling wind,
The hills that have for ages stood;
The clouds with gold and silver lined
Repeat that "God is good."

3 Each little rill, which many a year
Has the same verdant course pursued,
And every bird in accents clear,
Declare that "God is good."

4 The countless host of twinkling stars
Which e'en the keenest sight elude,
The rising sun each day declares
In radiance, "God is good."

- 5 The restless main with haughty roar,
 And each wild wave and billow rude,
 Retreat submissive from the shore,
 Resounding, "God is good."
- 6 The moon that walks in brightness, says,
 That "God is good," and we endowed
 With power to speak our Maker's praise,
 Should echo "God is good."

11 *Benevolence of God.*

7's

- 1 **N**OW behold the mid-day sun
 Sheds around a golden light,
 Every leaf that meets his ray
 Glitters gaily to the sight.
- 2 God is good! He made the sun,
 Blessing ev'ry thing that lives;
 God, who light, and joy, and food,
 T' every living being gives.
- 3 He who formed the seeing eye,
 He who made the hearing ear,—
 Gave each beauty we behold,
 Each delightful sound we hear.
- 4 If he did not keep our life,
 We could neither think nor move;
 Every blessing we enjoy
 Is a gift of tender love.

12 *Condescension of God.*

L. M.

- 1 **G**OD is so good that he will hear,
 Whenever children humbly pray;
 He always lends a gracious ear
 To what the youngest child can say.
- 2 His own most holy book declares,
 He loves good little children still;

13 GOD AND HIS ATTRIBUTES OR PERFECTIONS.

And that he listens to their prayers,
Just as a tender father will.

- 3 He loves to hear an infant tongue
Thank him for all his mercies given :
And when, by babes, his praise is sung,
Their cheerful songs are heard in heaven.
- 4 Come then, dear children, trust his word,
And seek him for your friend and guide,
Your feeble voices shall be heard,
And you will never be denied.

13 *Condescension of God.* L. M.

- 1 **W**ILL the great God, who reigns on high
With glory crown'd above the sky—
Adored by a bright angel throng,
Listen to childhood's humble song ?
- 2 Will he, who made the shining star
To throw its twinkling beams so far,
In mercy gently condescend,
To be my father and my friend ?
- 3 And will he bow his listening ear
All kind my murmur'd prayers to hear,
And, from his lofty seat above,
Bless me with his forgiving love ?
- 4 He will ; I hear the Saviour's voice ;
It bids my doubting heart rejoice,
“ Permit these youthful souls to come,
“ I am their Saviour, Heav'n their home.”
- 5 “ And hear my lips this truth declare—
“ None the pure joys of Heav'n shall share.
“ Who are not like a little child,
“ Devout and trusting, meek and mild.”

14 *Condescension of our Heavenly Father.* L. M.

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

15 *God's Condescension to Children.* C. M.

- 1 WHILE angels praise thy gracious name,
And Holy! Holy! cry;
May little children do the same
And raise their songs on high?
- 2 They may.—To Samuel thou didst speak,
And mark him as thy own;
They may—for thou hast bid them seek
For mercy through thy Son.
- 3 And king Josiah, in his youth,
Was early taught by thee,
To fear thy name, to love thy truth,
And every sin to flee.

16, 17 GOD AND HIS ATTRIBUTES OR PERFECTIONS.

4 Nor canst thou change—still, still thou art
The helpless infant's friend ;
O, I would give thee all my heart,
And on thy grace depend.

5 And now, O God ! to thee I cry :
O form my soul anew ;
The Saviour's cleansing blood apply,
And all my sins subdue.

16 *Wisdom and Love of God.* 8s & 7s.

1 **G**OD is love ; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens,
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever,
Man decays, and ages move ;
But his mercy changes never,
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 Ev'n the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove ;
From the mist, his brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is Love.

4 He with early cares entwineth,
Hope and comfort from above ;
Every where his glory shineth,
God is wisdom, God is Love.

17 *Power of God seen in Creation.* C. M.

1 **I** SING th' Almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day,
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food ;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

4 There's not a plant or flow'r below
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

18 *Greatness of God.* C. M.

1 O LORD, our God, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name !
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let old and young proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light ;—

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
That dwells so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And raise his nature so !

4 O Lord, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name !
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let all the earth proclaim.

19 *Greatness of God.* L. M.

1 'T WAS God who made the earth and skies,
Great are the wonders of his hand ;
He is more glorious, good, and wise,
Than any child can understand.

2 Bright angels bow before his face,
And saints stand waiting round his throne
And in that holy, happy place,
No sinful thoughts or words are known.

20, 21 GOD AND HIS ATTRIBUTES OR PERFECTIONS.

3 We ought to speak with humble fear,
Whenever we kneel down to pray ;
His holy word with rev'ence hear,
And never break the Sabbath day.

4 But as there will be much amiss,
Whatever care and pains we take,
We'll beg the Lord to pardon this.
And hear our prayers for Jesus' sake.

20 *Compassion of God.*

C. M.

1 PRAISE to the Sovereign of the sky,
Who, from his lofty throne,
Looks with compassion on the poor,
And makes their cause his own.

2 When we, the helpless sons of grief,
Low in distress were laid,
His pitying heart our sorrows felt,
His hands were swift to aid.

3 Should kindred, near and dear, forsake ;
Or friends and parents die,
God lives, and (blessed be his name !)
Can well the want supply.

4 His bounty gives our daily bread,
He fills our daily cup ;
Bids us rejoice in present good,
And cheers our hearts with hope.

21 *Compassion of God to the Distressed.*

7's.

1 POOR and needy though I be,
God my Maker cares for me ;
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
Gives me all I have of good.

2 He will listen when I pray,
He is with me night and day,
When I sleep and when I wake,
Keeps me safe for Jesus' sake.

3 He who reigns above the sky,
Once became as poor as I;
He whose blood for me was shed,
Had not where to lay his head.

4 Though I labor here awhile,
He will bless me with his smile;
And when this short life is past,
I shall rest with him at last.

22 *Compassion of God for Orphans.* L. M.

1 **G**OD, the Creator reigns above,
And watches all whom he has made;
He rules the world in bounteous love,
Sees the distressed, and sends them aid.

2 Have I no parent? God will be
Far better than a parent could;
A kind, a gracious Friend to me,
For earthly and for heavenly good.

3 The hearts of all are in his power;
He bids the rich his children feed;
And he supports me every hour,
And gives me all I truly need.

4 I cannot be an orphan then,
My Father is the Lord of all;
And though I have no friend in men,
He hears me whensoever I call.



WORKS OF GOD—CREATION.

23 *Creation speaks of God.* C. M.

1 **C**OME, child, look upwards to the sky,
Behold the sun and moon,
The numerous stars that sparkle high,
To cheer the midnight gloom.

- 2 The fields, the meadows, and the plain,
The little pleasant hills,
The waters too, the mighty main,
The rivers, and the rills.
- 3 Come, then, behold them all, and say,
“ How came these things to be ?
That stand around whichever way
I turn myself to see ? ”
- 4 'Twas God that made the earth and sea,
To whom the angels bow ;
'Twas God that made both thee and me,
The God who sees us now.

24 *The hand of God seen in Creation.* C. M.

- 1 **G**OD made the sky that looks so blue ;
God made the grass so green ;
God made the flowers that smell so sweet
In pretty colors seen.
- 2 God made the sun that shines so bright ;
And gladdens all we see ;
It comes to give us heat and light ;
How grateful should we be !
- 3 God made the pretty bird to fly ;
How sweetly has she sung ;
And though she soars so very high
She wont forget her young.
- 4 God made the mind, he made the heart,
With kind affections fraught,
Then should we consecrate to him
Our every active thought.

25 *God seen in the works of Nature.* C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE'S not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,

- Or streaks the humblest flower that grows,
But God has placed it there.
- 2 There's not of grass a simple blade,
Or leaf of loveliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.
- 3 There's not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the spreading earth,
There's not a cloud, or dark or bright,
But mercy gave it birth.
- 4 Then wake, my soul, and sing his name,
And all his praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's glorious frame,
And made the universe.

26

The works of God.

C. M.

- 1 **I** LOVE to see the glowing sun
Light up the deep blue sky,
Along the pleasant fields to run,
And hear the brook flow by.
- 2 How fresh and green the trees appear ;
What blooming flowers I find !
Oh, surely God has sent them here
To tell us he is kind.
- 3 The beasts that on the herbage feed
Thank him in different ways ;
And little birds upon the boughs
Sing sweetly to his praise.
- 4 Shall I alone forget to thank
The God who made us all ?
O no, I'll humbly kneel to him,
And on my Maker call.
- 5 Though I am but a little child,
Yet I to God belong ;

His works declare him good and mild,
And he will hear my song.

27

God the author of universal Nature.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HO gave the sun his noontide light?
Who taught the moon to shine by night?
Whose hand the arch of heav'n unroll'd,
Thick set with stars like drops of gold?
- 2 Who gave the winds their course to know?
The ocean's tide to ebb and flow?
The day and night to keep their bounds,
And changing seasons know their rounds?
- 3 'Twas God who gave creation birth,
Who formed this wondrous globe of earth,
And breathed throughout this mighty whole,
The likeness of a living soul.
- 4 Bow then to God,—O all that live,
To God eternal praises give,
Who fashioned by his mighty hand,
Sun, moon, and stars; and sea and land.

28

Lessons from Nature.

7's eight L.

- 1 **W**HEN the flow'rets of the year
Opening to a summer's sky,
In their varied tints appear,
And along the meadows lie.
While I mark the changing hue,
On their woven leaves imprest;
Do I ask in wonder, who
Such a robe of beauty drest?
- 2 When on all the fragrant air,
Breaks the music of the grove;
And the bird that warbles there,
Wafts to heaven its praise and love:—
Who then hears its little voice,
Tunes its throat, and decks its wings,

- Makes it in His care rejoice,
And to fear, a solace brings ?
- 3 When the elevated eye,
Fix'd in contemplation's gaze
On the scen'ry of the sky,
All the expanding field surveys ;—
Gems along the arch of blue—
When to these bright scenes we turn,
And in dread, inquire who
Placed them there, and makes them burn ?
- 4 From the earth, and air and skies,
God ! is heard in every tone ;
God ! the universe replies,
Blessed be his name, alone.
He of all things is the source ;
He sustains them every hour ;—
By his all-pervading force ;—
From the planet to the flower.
- 5 Then, when low born, grov'ling thought
Would distrust my FATHER'S care ;
Let my heart from these, be taught
How to calm each throbbing there.
Be each anxious grief forgot,
Let me every doubt condemn ;
If he holds *these*, will he not
Love *me* as he loveth them ?

29

God the teacher of all Creatures.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HO taught the bird to build her nest
Of softest wool, and hay and moss ?
Who taught her how to weave it best,
And lay the tiny twigs across ?
- 2 Who taught the busy bee to fly,
Among the sweetest herbs and flowers ?

And lay her store of honey by,
Providing food for winter's hours ?

- 3 Who taught the little ant the way
Her narrow hole so well to bore,
And through the pleasant summer's day,
To gather up her winter's store ? -
- 4 'Twas God who taught them all the way,
And gave these little creatures skill ;
And teaches children, if they pray,
To know and do his holy will.

30 *God made all things..* C. M. D.

- 1 **T**WAS God who made the stars of light,
The beautiful blue sky ;
He made the moon, so clear and bright,
That nightly rises high.
'Twas God supreme, the glorious one,
Who formed them by his power,
He made alike the brilliant sun
And every leaf and flow'r.
- 2 He made your little feet to walk ;
Your sparkling eyes to see :
Your busy prattling tongue to talk,
And limbs so light and free.
He paints each fragrant flower that blows,
With loveliness and bloom ;
He gives the violet and the rose
Their beauty and perfume.
- 3 Our various wants his hands supply,
With bounty every hour ;
We're kept beneath his watchful eye,
And guarded by his power.
Then let our youthful hearts with love
Their grateful homage pay
To that kind friend, who from above
Protects us every day.

31

God's works.

P. M.

- 1 **T**HE moon is very fair and bright,
 And also very high ;
 I think it is a pretty sight
 To see it in the sky :
 It shone upon me as I lay,
 And seemed almost as bright as day.
- 2 The stars are very pretty too,
 And scatter'd all about ;
 At first there seems a very few,
 But soon the rest come out :
 I'm sure I could not count them all,
 They are so very bright and small.
- 3 God made and keeps them, every one,
 By his great power and might :
 He is more glorious than the sun
 And all the stars of light :
 Yet though so great, we by his grace,
 If pure in heart, shall see his face.

32

God's Works praise him.

S. M.

- 1 **T**EN thousand different flowers
 To thee sweet offerings bear ;
 And cheerful birds in shady bowers
 Sing forth thy tender care.
- 2 The fields on every side,
 The trees on every hill,
 The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
 Proclaim thy wonders still.
- 3 But trees, and fields, and skies,
 Still praise a God unknown ;
 For gratitude and love can rise
 From living hearts alone.
- 4 These living hearts of ours
 Thy holy name would bless ;

The blossom of ten thousand flowers
Would please the Saviour less.

- 5 While earth itself decays,
Our souls can never die ;
O tune them all to sing thy praise
In better songs on high.

—▶▶●●◀◀—
PROVIDENCE.

33 *Praises for the blessings of Providence.* C. M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.
- 3 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store ;
But ah ! in vain my lab'ring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 4 While sweet reflection, through my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace ;
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
The blessings of thy grace.
- 5 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord !
For favors more divine ;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.
- 6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies,

34

The works of God.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
 And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth.
- 4 What though in solemn silence all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;
- 5 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing as they shine,
 " The hand that made us is divine."

35

Praise to God for our Redemption.

C. M.

- 1 **B**LEST be the wisdom and the power,
 The justice and the grace,
 That join'd in council to restore
 And save our ruin'd race.
- 2 Our father ate forbidden fruit,
 And from his glory fell ;
 And we, his children, thus were brought
 To death, and near to hell.
- 3 Blest be the Lord, that sent his Son
 To take our flesh and blood ;

He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

- 4 He honor'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd ;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

36 *Redemption through the Death of Christ.* L. M.

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies,
Hark ! his expiring groans arise !
See, how the sacred crimson tide
Flows from his hands, his feet, his side.
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound ;
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes !
- 3 Lord ! didst thou bleed ?—for sinners bleed ?
And could the sun behold the deed ?
No ! he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.
- 4 Can I survey this scene of woe
Where mingling grief and wonder flow ;
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain ?
- 5 Come, dearest Lord ! thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart ;
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.



C H R I S T .

37 *Nativity of Christ.* 8. 7. eight L.

- 1 **H**ARK ! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the sky,

Lo! th' angelic host rejoices,
 Heav'nly Hallelujahs rise.
 Hear! O hear the wondrous story
 Which they chant in songs of joy;
 Glory in the highest, glory!
 Glory be to God on high.

2 Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found;
 Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.
 Christ is born; God's own anointed,
 Heav'n and earth his praises sing;
 O, receive whom God appointed,
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

3 Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
 Learn his name, and taste his joy;
 Till in heav'n ye sing before him,
 Glory be to God on high!
 Let us learn the wondrous story
 Of our great Redeemer's birth,
 Spread the brightness of his glory,
 Till it cover all the earth.

38

Joy for Salvation.

C. M.

1 **J**OY to the world! the Lord is come;
 Let earth receive her King,
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.

- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

39

Names of Christ.

C. M.

- 1 **T**O us a child of hope is born,
 To us a Son is giv'n,
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
 Him all the hosts of heav'n.
- 2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
 For evermore ador'd,
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The great and mighty Lord.
- 3 His pow'r increasing still shall spread ;
 His reign no end shall know ;
 Justice shall guard his throne above,
 And peace abound below.
- 4 To us a child of hope is born,
 To us a son is given ;
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The mighty Lord of heaven.
- 40 *Birth of Christ celebrated by Children.* 7's eight L.

- 1 **W**HEN our fathers, long ago,
 Fled from persecution's flame,
 O'er the dark tempestuous sea,
 Little children with them came.
 Little children knelt and pray'd,
 With their sires on freedom's shore,
 Raised the grateful notes of joy,
 Louder than the ocean's roar.
- 2 Bursting on night's darkest hour,
 Children heard the savage yell,
 And the loud and fearful cry
 Of their parents as they fell.

Children sang, in later times,
 Liberty's inspiring lay,
 Glowing hearts in concert hail'd
 Each returning festal day.

3 But a nobler sweeter song,
 We this day have met to sing,
 Praise to him in Bethl'hem born,
 Him our Saviour and our King.
 He has conquered, lo! he comes,
 Captive leading death and sin;
 Open, open wide your gates,
 Let the King of glory in.

4 Jesus, Jesus, yes! 'tis he,
 Evermore the children's friend,
 We have our request to thee—
 Teachers, faithful teachers send;
 Send them through this guilty world
 To makè glad th' abodes of sin,
 Open, open, wide your gates,
 Let the King of glory in.

41 *Birth of Christ.* P. M.

1 **WE** come, we come, with loud acclaim,
 To sing the praise of Jesus' name;
 And make the vaulted temple ring
 With loud hosannas to our King.
 With joyful heart and smiling face,
 We gather round the throne of grace,
 And lowly bend to offer there,
 From infant lips, our humble prayer,—
 To Him who slept on Mary's knee,
 A gentle child as young as we.

2 We come, we come, the song to swell,
 To Him who loved our world so well,
 That stooping from his Father's throne,
 He died to claim it as his own.

With joy we haste the aisles to fill,
 Yet youthful bands are gathering still;
 O, thus may we in heaven above,
 Unite in praises and in love;
 And still the angels fill their home
 With joyful cry—"They come, they come."

42

The Birth of Christ.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HILE shepherds watched their flocks by
 night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.
- 2 Fear not, said he, (for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind,)
 Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.
- 3 To you, in David's town, this day,
 Is born, of David's line,
 The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
 And this shall be the sign:
- 4 The heavenly babe you there shall find
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
 And in a manger laid.
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels praising God on high,
 Who thus addressed their song:
- 6 All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace;
 Good will henceforth from heaven to men,
 Begin and never cease.

43

The Poverty of Christ.

7's.

- 1 **E**VERY bird can build her nest,
 Foxes have their place of rest;

He by whom the worlds were made,
Had not where to lay his head.

- 2 He who is the Lord Most High,
Then was poorer far than I,
That I might hereafter be
Rich to all eternity.

44 *Distressed condition of Christ on Earth.* C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS was once despis'd and low,
A stranger and distress'd ;
Without a home to which to go,
A pillow where to rest :
- 2 Now on a high majestic seat,
He reigns above the sky :
And angels worship at his feet ;
Or at his bidding fly.
- 3 Once he was bound with prickly thorns
And scoff'd at in his pain ;
Now a bright crown his head adorns,
And He is King again.
- 4 But what a condescending King !
Who, though he reigns so high,
Is pleased when little children sing,
And listens to their cry.
- 5 He views them from his heav'nly throne,
And watches all their ways,
And stoops to notice for his own
The youngest child that prays.

45 *The love of Christ...Christ a friend.* C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, let our hearts and voices join,
To praise the Saviour's name ;
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love's a constant flame.

- 2 When most we need his helping hand,
 He, as our friend, is near ;
 With heaven and earth at his command,
 He waits to answer prayer.
- 3 His love no end or measure knows,
 No change can turn its course ;
 Immutably the same it flows
 From one eternal source.
- 4 When frowns appear to veil his face,
 And clouds surround his throne,
 He hides the purpose of his grace,
 To make it better known.
- 5 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
 And measures out our pains ;
 'The wildest storm his word obeys,
 His word its rage restrains !

46

The tenderness of Christ.

S. M.

- 1 **D**ID Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry ?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
 The wondering angels see !
 Be thou astonished, O my soul,
 He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep,
 Each sin demands a tear ;
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.

47

The Condescension of Christ.

C. M.

- 1 **L**ET children bless the Saviour's name,
 And sing his wondrous grace ;
 Who from the realms of glory came,
 To save our sinful race.

- 2 Though he was rich, in heaven above
From all eternity ;
He left his greatness, out of love
For sinners such as we.
- 3 The poorest child is scarce so poor
As Jesus Christ became ;
When, our salvation to procure,
He bore our sin and shame.
- 4 A manger for his cradle-bed,
Received him at his birth ;
He had not where to lay his head,
Though Lord of heaven and earth.
- 5 Lord Jesus ! while we sing thy grace,
We love thee and adore ;
But when in heaven we see thy face,
Our souls shall love thee more.

48 *Jesus Christ a true friend.* 8. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 **O**NE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could, or would have shed their blood,
But the Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God :
This was boundless love indeed !
Jesus is a friend in need.
- 3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same ;

Still he calls them brethren, friends ;
And to all their wants attends.

- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often
What a friend we have above :
But when home our souls are brought,
We shall love thee as we ought.

49 *He gathereth the lambs with his arm.* L. M.

- 1 **O** LORD our Shepherd, deign to keep
Thy little lambs, thy feeble sheep ;
And when our feet would go astray,
Uphold and guide us in thy way.
- 2 When faint and trembling with alarms,
O gather us within thine arms ;
Kind Shepherd, on thy gracious breast
The weakest lamb may safely rest.

50 *Humility and Love of Christ.* C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus left his Father's throne,
He chose an humble birth ;
And all unhonoured and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.
- 2 Like him may we be found below,
In wisdom's path of peace ;
Like him in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.
- 3 Sweet were his words, and kind his look,
When mothers round him pressed ;
Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom blessed.
- 4 Safe from the world's alluring charms,
Beneath his watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of his arms
May we for ever lie.

51

The sympathy of Christ.

781

- 1 **W**HEN the Saviour dwelt below,
Pity in his bosom reigned ;
Sympathy he loved to show,
Nor the meanest suit disdained.
- 2 Children once to him were brought,
His benignant power to prove ;
Some disciples harshly thought
Their intrusion to reprove.
- 3 “ Suffer them to come to me,
Hinder not their free access ;
Children shall my kingdom see—
Children I delight to bless.”
- 4 So he spake—and in his arms
Clasped the little helpless things ;
As the hen her chickens warms
Underneath her downy wings.
- 5 Be thy love to me revealed ;
Be thy grace by me possess'd ;
Touch me, and I shall be healed,
Bless me, and I shall be bless'd.

52

Children Blessed.

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW happy those dear children were
Whom the Redeemer blessed ;
Whom, when he breathed that fervent prayer,
He folded to his breast.
- 2 How powerful was that prayer to bring
All blessings from above ;
How true to lead them to the spring
Of everlasting love.
- 3 How mighty to preserve from sin,
And every dangerous snare ;

Often I've wished that I had been
Among the children there.

4 But thanks to that Almighty Friend,
He is the same to-day,
As when he thus refused to send
Those babes unblessed away.

5 And he has made his covenant broad,—
To all who seek his face,
He'll be a Saviour and a God,
And fill them with his grace.

53 *Christ's Love to the Young.*

C. M.

1 **W**HEN the Redeemer left his throne,
And dwelt with men below ;
It was his glorious work to bless,
And happiness bestow.

2 The poor and wretched claimed his aid,
Nor sought relief in vain ;
When parents sought his gracious help,
He blessed their infant train.

3 And now, though Jesus reigns above,
He makes the young his care ;
And helpless children still he owns.
And they his goodness share.

4 Now we are taught to read that word
Which makes the foolish wise ;
O may we know a Saviour's name,
And learn his worth to prize.

54 *Jesus blessing Children.*

H. M.

HOW kind the Saviour's love,
How tenderly he smiled,
While in his arms he took
And blest each little child.
Forbid them not ; for such I came,
I love to hear them lisp my name.

- 2 How oft our teachers pray,
 Their efforts do not cease,
 'That we may find the way
 To happiness and peace ;
 They urge the message he has sent,
 Entreating children to repent.
- 3 Thy blessing, Lord, impart,
 Grant mercy to us all ;
 Let grace incline each heart
 To listen to his call.
 Then sin nor death nor earthly charms
 Shall keep us from our Saviour's arms.

55

The good Shepherd.

8. 7.

- 1 JESUS says that we must love him ;
 Helpless as the lambs are we ;
 But he very kindly tells us,
 That our Shepherd he will be.
- 2 Heavenly Shepherd, please to watch us,
 Guard us both by night and day ;
 Pity show to little children,
 Who like lambs too often stray.
- 3 We are always prone to wander,
 Please to keep us from each snare ;
 Teach our infant hearts to praise thee
 For thy kindness and thy care.

56

Christ our instructor.

L. M.

- 1 THOU great Instructor ! lest I stray,
 O teach my erring feet thy way ;
 Thy truth, with ever fresh delight,
 Shall guide my youthful steps aright.
- 2 How oft my heart's affections yield,
 And wander o'er the world's wide field ;
 My roving passions, Lord, reclaim,
 Unite them all to fear thy name.

3 Then to my God, my heart and tongue
 With all their powers shall raise the song ;
 On earth thy glories I'll declare,
 And heaven my song of joy shall hear.

57 *The Shepherd.* C. M.

1 **T**HOU art our Shepherd, gracious Lord ;
 Thy little flock behold ;
 And guide us by thy staff and rod,
 As children of thy fold.

2 We praise thy name that we are brought
 To this delightful place ;
 Where we are watched, and warned, and taught,
 As children of thy grace.

3 O may our teachers, toiling here,
 Meet us at last above ;
 And they and we in heaven appear,
 As children of thy love.

58 *Christ's love in Dying for us.* 7's. 6 L.

1 **L**O ! at noon 'tis sudden night !
 Darkness covers all the sky !
 Rocks are rending at the sight !—
 Children, can you tell me why ?
 What can all these wonders be ?
 Jesus died on Calvary !

2 Nail'd upon the cross, behold
 How his tender limbs are torn !
 For a royal crown of gold,
 They have made him one of thorn !
 Cruel hands, that dare to bind
 Thorns upon a brow so kind !

3 See ! the blood is falling fast !
 From his forehead and his side !
 Hark ! he now has breathed his last !
 With a mighty groan he died !

Children, shall I tell you why
Jesus condescends to die ?

- 4 He who was a king above,
Left his kingdom for a grave,
Out of pity, and of love,
That the guilty he might save.
Down to this sad world he flew,
For such little ones as you.
- 5 You were wretched, weak and vile ;
You deserved his holy frown ;
But he saw you with a smile,
And to save you hastened down.
Listen, children,—this is why
Jesus condescends to die.
- 6 Come then, children, come and see ;
Lift your little hands to pray ;
“ Blessed Jesus, pardon me,
“ Save a guilty sinner,” say.
“ Since it was for such as I
“ Thou didst condescend to die.”

59

The Wonders of Redemption.

C. M.

- 1 **T**O dwell with sinners here below,
The Saviour left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
That worthless man might rise.
- 2 He took the dying sinner's place,
And suffered in his stead ;
For man, O miracle of grace !
For man the Saviour bled !
- 3 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood !
By this are sinners snatched from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

60

The example of Christ.

8. 7.

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

61

Example of Christ.

C. M.

- 1 **O**UR Saviour, now in heaven above,
 But once a child like me;
 Look down upon me in thy love,
 And make me like to thee.
- 2 O make me holy as thou wert,
 When thou on earth didst live;

Oh take away my wicked heart ;
A better nature give.

- 3 I would be like thee if I could,
But thou must teach me how ;
O blessed Saviour, make me good,
In mercy hear me now.

62

Christ's Pattern.

C. M.

- 1 **O**UR Saviour was a lovely child,
His parents' chief delight ;
In his behaviour meek and mild,
He always acted right.

- 2 A blessed pattern Christ our Lord
Himself to children gave,
To lead them to obey his word,
And never misbehave.

- 3 I'm often stubborn, vain, and wild,
Self-willed, and hard in heart ;
O Lord, to me thy chaste and mild
And holy mind impart.



HOLY SPIRIT.

63

Need of the Holy Spirit acknowledged.

L. M.

- 1 **I**T is not in my power, I own,
To melt this stubborn heart of stone ;
My soul to change, my life to mend,
Or seek to Christ, that generous friend.

- 2 'Tis God's own Spirit from above,
Fixes our faith, inflames our love,
And makes a life divine begin
In wretched souls, long dead in sin.

- 3 That most important gift of heav'n,
To those that ask and seek is given ;
Then be it my immediate care,
To seek this gift by earnest prayer.
- 4 God from on high his grace will pour ;
My soul shall flourish more and more ;
Press on with speed, from grace to grace,
Till glory end and crown the race.

64

For the Holy Spirit

L. M.

- 1 **M**Y Father, when I come to thee,
I would not only bend the knee,
But with my spirit seek thy face,—
With my whole heart desire thy grace.
- 2 I plead the name of thy dear Son ;
All he has said, all he has done ;
O may I feel his love for me,
Who died from sin to set me free !
- 3 To guide me, Lord, be ever nigh ;
My sins forgive, my wants supply ;
With favour crown my youthful days,
And my whole life shall speak thy praise.
- 4 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, impart ;
Impress thy likeness on my heart ;
Let me obey thy truth in love,
Till raised to dwell with thee above.

65

Invocation.

S. M.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come !
With energy divine ;
And on this poor benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 From the celestial hills,
Light, life, and joy dispense :

And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.

- 3 Oh melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue ;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

66 *Sanctification prayed for.* L. M.

1 **T**HY healing Spirit, Lord, impart—
Refine, and sanctify my heart ;
And with reflected beauty fair
Impress thy sacred image there.

- 2 Oh, train me for the seats of rest,
Where, in eternal glory blest,
My soul shall see thy lovely face,
And sing the triumphs of thy grace.



P R A I S E .

67 *Exhortation to universal Praise.* 7's.

1 **Y**E who vital breath enjoy,
Praising God that breath employ,
In united chorus join ;
Praise, still praise his name divine.

- 2 O my soul, with all thy pow'rs—
O my soul,—till life's last hours,
Bless the Lord's most holy name,
Bless the Lord, his praise proclaim.

3 Glory be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky ;
Songs by all be freely given,
To the Lord of earth and heaven.

68

God's Works praise him.

P. M

- 1 **M**Y God, all nature owns thy sway ;
 Thou giv'st the night and thou the day ;
 When all thy loved creation wakes,
 When morning, rich in lustre breaks,
 All nature owns thy sway !
- 2 In ev'ry scene thy hands have dress'd,
 In ev'ry form by thee impress'd
 Upon the mountain's awful head,
 Or where the sheltering woods are spread ;
 All nature owns thy sway !
- 3 In ev'ry note that swells the gale,
 Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
 The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,
 A voice is heard of praise and love.
 All nature owns thy sway.
- 4 As o'er thy works the seasons roll,
 And soothe, with varied joys, the soul,
 O never may their smiling train
 Pass by our youthful minds in vain.
 All nature owns thy sway.

69

Creation speaks God's praise.

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y heavenly Father ! all I see
 Around me and above,
 Sends forth a hymn of praise to thee
 And speaks thy boundless love.
- 2 The clear blue sky is full of thee ;
 The woods so dark and lone,
 The soft south wind, the sounding sea,
 Worship the Holy One.
- 3 The humming of the insect throngs,
 The prattling, sparkling rill ;
 The birds with their melodious songs,
 Repeat thy praises still.

70 *General Praise.* 8. 7.

- 1 **B**LEST be thou, O God of Israel;
 Thou our Father and our Lord,
 Blest thy majesty for ever,
 Ever be thy name adored.
- 2 Thine, O Lord, are pow'r and greatness,
 Glory, vict'ry are thine own;
 All is thine in earth and heaven,
 Over all, thy boundless throne.

71 *General Praise from Children.* 8. 7. 4.

- 1 **G**OD, our Father, great Creator,
 At thy feet we humbly bow,
 Gratitude for boundless favor,
 Should, in praise, for ever flow.
 Great Jehovah!
 Praise to thee is ever due.
- 2 Gracious Jesus, mighty Saviour,
 Hear our lisplings to thy praise;
 Thou didst bless such little children,
 And invite them near thy face;
 Son of David!
 Loud hosannas to thy name.

72 *Praise from Children.* L. M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
 Through the wide earth thy name is spread;
 And thine eternal glories shine
 O'er all the heavens thy hands have made.
- 2 To thee the voices of the young
 A monument of honor raise,
 And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
 Declare the wonders of the praise.
- 3 Children amid thy temple throng,
 To see their great Redeemer's face,

The son of David is their song,
And young hosannas fill the place.

73

Invitation to Praise.

C. M.

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

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

3 He loves to be remembered thus,
And honored for his grace ;
Out of the mouths of babes like us
His wisdom calls forth praise.

4 Glory to God, and praise and power,
Honor and thanks be given !
Children and cherubim adore
The Lord of earth and heaven.

74

The Praise of Children acceptable.

C. M.

1 **C**HILDREN of old, hosannas sung
To praise the Saviour's name ;
We too would join our infant song,
To celebrate his fame.

2 Chief priests and scribes were sore displeased
That children thus should sing ;
But Jesus owned their early praise,
And we our praises bring.

3 We bless the Lord for all his gifts,
For life, and food, and friends ;
We bless him for the Word of life,
The choicest gift he sends.

75 *Praise for birth and education in a Christian land.* L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God! to thee my voice I raise,
 To thee my youngest hours belong;
 I would begin my life with praise,
 Till growing years improve the song.
- 2 'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe,
 That I was born on Christian ground;
 Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
 And words of sweet salvation sound.
- 3 I would not change my native land
 For rich Peru, with all her gold;
 A nobler prize lies in my hand,
 Than East or Western Indies hold.
- 4 How do I pity those that dwell
 Where ignorance and darkness reign;
 They know no heaven, they fear no hell,
 Those endless joys, those endless pains.
- 5 Thy glorious promises, O Lord!
 Kindle my hopes and my desire;
 While all the preachers of thy word
 Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.
- 6 Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
 Since thou hast mark'd my way to Heaven;
 Nor will I run the road to death,
 And waste the blessings thou hast given.

76 *Praise from Children.* 7's.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high;
 God whose glory fills the sky;
 Lift your voices children all,
 Praise the Lord on whom ye call.
- 2 Praise, still praise his name divine,
 Praise him at the hallow'd shrine,

In your humble hearts adore,
Praise his goodness and his power.

- 3 Children, in your early days
Learn the sweetest notes to raise ;
Sing his name with one consent,
O how great ! how excellent !

77 *Children praising the Saviour.*

C. M.

1 **H**OSANNAS were by children sung
When Jesus was on earth ;
Then surely we are not too young
To sound his praises forth.

2 The Lord is great, the Lord is good ;
He feeds us from his store
With earthly and with heavenly food ;
We'll praise him evermore.

3 We thank him for his gracious word ;
We thank him for his love ;
We'll sing the praises of our Lord,
Who reigns in heaven above.

78 *Praise from Sabbath-School Children.*

L. M.

1 **L**ORD, may a few poor children raise
To thee a hymn of humble praise ?
'Tis by thy great compassion we
Are taught to love and worship thee.

2 What wicked children we have been !
Alas ! how soon we learn'd to sin !
But *now* we learn to read and pray,
And not to break the Sabbath-day.

3 How condescending God must be,
'To love such little ones as we !
He saw our sin with angry frown,
And yet he look'd with pity down.

4 Oh, if we should again begin
To grieve our God, and turn to sin,
And let our guilty passions loose,
We now should be without excuse.

5 Remember, Lord, we are but dust ;
'Tis to thy grace alone we trust :
Do thou instruct and guide us still,
That we may ne'er forget thy will.

79 *Children incited to Praise.* 8's.

1 **S**HALL every creature around,
Their voices in concert unite,
And Sabbath-School children be found
In praising to take less delight ?

2 Awake, then, the harp, and the lute,
Sweet organ, your notes softly swell ;
No longer our lips shall be mute,
The Saviour's high praises to tell.

3 Our gracious Redeemer we love,
His praises aloud we'll proclaim ;
With spirits of children above,
We'll shout his adorable name.

80 *Children praising Christ.* C. M.

1 **T**HOUGH in the temple some are found
Who bid us hold our peace ;
Hosanna ! loud our lips resound,
To Christ, the God of Grace.

2 Hosanna ! ever be our cry,
To David's Son and Lord ;
Save ! now thou art exalted high ;
Thy gracious help afford.

3 Out of the mouths of very babes
Thou hast ordained praise :
To sing thy power, thy grace, and love,
We now our voices raise.

- 4 Hosanna ! still we'll cry aloud,
 To Christ enthroned on high ;
 May we at last surround the throne,
 And Hallelujah cry !

81 *The Object of our Creation.* L. M.

- 1 **W**HY have we lips, if not to sing
 The praises of our heavenly King ?
 Why have we hearts, if not to love
 Our Father and our friend above ?
- 2 Why were our curious bodies made,
 And every part in order laid ?
 Why, but that each of us might stand
 A living wonder from his hand ?
- 3 Why have we souls, if not to know
 The God from whom our mercies flow ?
 Sure this can never be our lot,
 Like senseless brutes, to know Him not !
- 4 Why have we life ?—if not to gain
 Immortal life, 'tis worse than vain ;
 This is the end for which 'twas given,—
 We live on earth, to live in heaven.
- 5 Why did the Saviour leave the sky,
 Hang on a cross, and bleed and die ?
 And why are kind persuasions sent
 To call and win us to repent ?
- 6 Surely it is—that robed in white
 And made well-pleasing in his sight,
 Our souls may join the happy throng,
 And sing the everlasting song.

82 *Praise from Children.* P. M.

- 1 **W**E will our youthful voices raise,
 To sing our Father's love ;
 And bow in pure and fervent praise,
 To him who rules above ;

To Him who rules on high alone,
And calls his children round his throne.

- 2 We've gather'd here to sing thy name,
And give our hearts to thee,
And may they, warm'd with virtue's flame,
A grateful incense be.
Then while with voice and heart we sing,
Accept the sacrifice we bring.
- 3 For our kind Saviour, in his love,
Took children such as we,
"And such," he said, "shall dwell above,"
"Such shall my kingdom be:"
Then let us now in early youth,
Kneel at the throne of perfect truth.

83 *Hosannas in the Temple.* C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus to the temple came,
The voice of praise was heard;
The little children own'd his claim
And in his train appear'd.
- 2 Hosannas made the temple ring,
For many tongues agreed;
Hosanna to the heavenly King!
To David's promised seed.
- 3 O let those scenes be now renew'd,
Where children lisp thy praise!
Thou art as powerful and as good
As in the former days.
- 4 Dwell by thy Spirit in our hearts,
And this will loose our tongues;
The love that heavenly truth imparts
Will animate our songs.

84 *Praise from Children.* L. M.

- 1 **A**Lmighty God! with gracious ear
Our praises and thanksgivings hear,

- And look with an approving eye
From thy eternal throne on high.
- 2 Our feeble voice and childish thought
Can never praise thee as they ought ;
Nor can our lips by words express
The tribute of our thankfulness.
- 3 But thou, O Lord, in ancient days,
From children hast perfected praise,
And still thy condescending love
Will childhood's gratitude approve.

85 *Praise to God.* C. M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God, who dwellest high,
Where mortals cannot gaze ;
If thou wilt listen, I will try
To sing a hymn of praise.
- 2 Angels adore thee, and rejoice—
Such praise to thee belongs ;
But wilt thou hear my feeble voice
Amid their lofty songs ?
- 3 My thoughts are vain, my heart is hard,
And poor the thanks I pay ;
Oh, how unworthy thy regard
Is all a child can say !
- 4 My feeble powers can never rise
To praise thee as I ought ;
For thou art great, and good, and wise,
Beyond my highest thought.
- 5 In heaven thy glories, Lord, resound
And children join the song ;
And oh may I at last be found
Among that happy throng.
- 6 Then we shall better praises bring,
And raise our voices higher
Angels will teach us how to sing,
And we shall never tire.

86

Praise from Sabbath Scholars.

L. M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Sovereign of the skies,
 Thou only good, thou only wise ;
 Our youthful hymns to thee we bring,
 And hail thee, UNIVERSAL KING.
- 2 The heav'nly choirs around thy throne,
 Attune their harps to thee alone ;
 And shall we, children here below,
 No praises on thy name bestow.
- 3 Send down, O Lord, thy pow'r and grace,
 And fill our hearts with prayer and praise ;
 Then, ceaseless shall our songs ascend
 In anthems to the children's Friend.
- 4 Oft as at Sabbath-School we meet,
 Our scripture lessons to repeat,
 May Jesus in our midst appear,
 To give us knowledge, love, and fear.
- 5 And when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
 When up to heaven our spirits soar,
 May golden harps to us be given,
 To sing thy endless praise in heaven.

87

Praise for Mercies.

C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I would own thy tender care,
 And all thy love to me ;
 The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
 Are all bestow'd by thee.
- 2 And thou preservest me from death,
 And dangers, every hour :
 I cannot draw another breath,
 Unless thou give the power.
- 3 My health, and friends, and parents dear,
 To me by God are given ;

I have not any blessings here,
But what are sent from heaven.

- 4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay ;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love thee and obey.

88 *Praise for Mercies temporal and spiritual.* C. M.

- 1 **W**HENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see !
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me ?
- 2 Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more ;
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.
- 3 How many children in the street
Half naked I behold !
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
And covered from the cold.
- 4 While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home where to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.
- 5 While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.
- 6 Are these thy favors day by day
To me above the rest ?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And strive to serve thee best.

89

Praise for God's Mercies.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd
 And all my wants redress'd,
 When I, a helpless infant, lay
 Upon my mother's breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
 Thy mercy lent an ear ;
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
 To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Unnumber'd blessings on my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart could know
 From whom those blessings flow'd.

90

Praise for Religious Instruction. 8. 7. eight L.

- 1 **A**ID, O Lord, our youthful voices
 In a song of joyful praise.
 Th' ransomed soul in heaven rejoices,
 Saved from sin by thy rich grace.
 Thou from error's ways hast brought us
 To the light that shines from heaven ;
 Wandering far the Saviour sought us,
 And has kind instructions given.
- 2 Friends and teachers are around us,
 Kindly urging thy commands ;
 Many blessings now surround us,
 Freely given from thy hands.
 Lord, accept our feeble offerings
 For these mercies freely given,
 Thy rich grace to us continue,
 Bring us safely home to heaven.

91 *Praise for Religious Instruction.*

C. M.

- 1 **A** WAKE the grateful hymn of praise
 To our Almighty Friend,
 Who bids instruction's holy light
 On youthful minds descend;—
- 2 Who bids the heav'n-taught spirit toil,
 To spread its knowledge wide,
 And urge the listening child to seek
 The love of Christ who died:—
- 3 Who makes the moral desert hear
 Salvation's glorious voice,
 The wild and solitary place
 With sudden bloom rejoice.
- 4 To us, O Lord, who learn thy word,
 A docile mind impart,
 And deign to touch with tireless zeal
 Each faithful teacher's heart.
- 5 Till as the rushing waters fill
 The boundless ocean's bed,
 The saving knowledge of thy will
 O'er all the earth shall spread.

92 *Praise for the Sabbath-School.*

8's.

- 1 **C** OME, children, and sing to the Lord,
 Who brought us from nature's dark wild;
 Let praise to our God touch a chord
 In the heart of each Sabbath-School child.
- 2 When thoughtless and sinful we stray'd,
 Surrounded by dangers unknown;
 We neither repented, nor pray'd,
 Ah! where might those wand'rings have gone?
- 3 Then Pity descended to dwell
 In hearts that she soften'd to feel;

They hastened the cloud to dispel;
And Love was attended by Zeal.

4 The voice of the servant of God
Now call'd both the rich and the poor;
To heaven they showed us the road,
And open'd the Sabbath-School door.

5 Our minds have received the true light,
The dews of the Spirit descend,
We learn with corruption to fight,
And peace on our steps will attend.

93 *Praise for Sunday-School Instruction.* C. M.

1 **G**REAT God, to thee, a lowly band,
We raise our artless prayer,
And bless thy kind preserving hand
For all the good we share.

2 Once with a helpless, hopeless throng,
E'en on thy holy day,
In sin we held our course along,
And trifled time away.

3 Unknown, untutored, and forlorn,
We sought the downward road,
Far on the stream of pleasure borne
From happiness and God.

4 But now, instructed, with delight
Thy Spirit we implore,
To guide our youthful feet aright,
That we may err no more.

5 O may the word of truth divine
Our earliest thoughts engage,
On life's unfolding prospects shine,
And crown our growing age.

94 *Praise for the Gospel of Salvation.* 7's. eight L.

1 **G**LORY to the Heavenly King,
Bounteous Parent—thee we sing,

Gratitude the strain inspires,
 Humble hopes, sincere desires.
 God of glory ! God of love !
 Lord of all the worlds above,
 Thee we bless for daily food,
 Thee we bless for ev'ry good.

- 2 More than all we praise thee, Lord,
 For the blessings of thy word ;
 For the tidings Jesus brought ;
 For the precepts Jesus taught.
 Gracious Father ! Heavenly King,
 Feeble lips thy praises sing ;
 Youthful voices humbly raise,
 Grateful, fervent songs of praise.

95

United Praise for Sabbath-Schools.

L. M.

Congregation.

- 1 GREAT God, accept our songs of praise,
 Which we would to thine honor raise ;
 Bless our attempts to spread abroad
 The knowledge of our Saviour, God.

Children.

- 2 Next to our God, our thanks are due
 To those who did compassion shew,
 In kindly pointing out the road
 That leads to Christ, the way to God.

Congregation.

- 3 We claim no merit of our own,
 Great God, the work is thine alone !
 Thou didst at first our hearts incline
 To carry on this great design.

Children.

- 4 Now we are taught to read and pray,
 To hear thy word, to keep thy day ;

Lord, here accept the thanks we bring,
Our infant tongues thy praise would sing.

Congregation.

- 5 With those dear children we'll unite ;
Their songs inspire us with delight ;
Lord, while on earth we sing thy love,
May angels join the notes above.

96 *Praise for the Scriptures.* C. M.

1 **G**REAT God, with wonder and with praise,
On all thy works I look ;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 The stars, that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given ;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heaven.

3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord ;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

4 Here are my choicest treasures hid ;
Here my best comfort lies ;
Here my desires are satisfied ;
And hence my hopes arise.

97 *Praise for distinguishing favors.* C. M.

1 **I** THANK the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A highly favor'd child.

2 I was not born, as thousands are,
Where God was never known ;
And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood and stone.

- 3 I was not born a little slave,
To labor in the sun,
And wish I were but in the grave,
And all my labor done !
- 4 I was not born without a home,
Or in some broken shed ;
A gipsy baby, taught to roam,
And steal my daily bread.
- 5 My God, I thank thee, who hast plann'd
A better lot for me,
And plac'd me in this happy land,
Where I may hear of thee.

98

Praise for the Gospel.

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance, as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a Heathen or a Jew.
- 2 What would the ancient Jewish kings,
And Jewish prophets, once have given,
Could they have heard those glorious things
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from
Heaven ?
- 3 How glad the Heathens would have been,
That worshipp'd idols, wood, and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his gospel known !
- 4 Then if this gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes ?
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Against me will in judgment rise.

99

Praise for Religious Teaching.

8's & 7's.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Friend of children, hear our lays ;

Humbly would our souls adore thee,
Sing thy name in hymns of praise.

- 2 We are debtors to thy kindness,
God of grace, and boundless love ;
Thousands wander on in blindness,
Strangers to the light above.
- 3 Jesus, on thy arm relying,
We would tread this earthly vale ;
Be our life, when we are dying ;
Be our strength, when strength shall fail.

100*Praise for Gospel Light.*

L. M.

- 1 **L** ORD, while the little heathen bend
And call some wooden God their friend,
Or stand and see with bitter cries
Their mothers burnt before their eyes ;—
- 2 While many a dear and tender child
Is thrown to bears and tigers wild,
Or left upon the river's brink,
To suffer more than heart can think :
- 3 Behold ! what mercies we possess,
How far beyond our thankfulness,
By happy thousands here we stand,
To serve thee in a Christian land.
- 4 O, when that awful day shall rise,
'That Christ shall come in yonder skies,
And we must answer one by one,
For every deed our hands have done ;
- 5 Lord, let it not be said of us
That heathen children were not worse,
But may we now that pardon crave,
Which can the guiltiest sinner save.
- 6 With all the bright and happy crowd,
We then would praise thee, long and loud ;

And O, to little heathen send
The news of Christ, the sinner's Friend.

101

Praise for Salvation.

C. M.

1 **O**NCE more we keep the sacred day
That saw the Saviour rise ;
Once more we tune our youthful song
To him that rules the skies.

2 What numbers vainly spend these hours
That are to Jesus due !
Children and parents, how they live !
And how they perish too !

3 But we, a happier few, are taught
The ways of heavenly truth ;
We hail, once more, the plan of love,
That pities wandering youth.

4 Our foolish hearts are prone to err ;
Too oft we find it so ;
O may the God of grace forgive,
And better hearts bestow.

5 Praise to our God ; and thanks to those
Who thus our souls befriend ;
While the rich benefit we reap,
On them thy blessing send.

102

Praise for Religious Instruction.

C. M.

1 **O**LORD our God, thy light and truth,
To us, thy children, send ;
That we may serve thee in our youth,
And love thee to the end.

2 By nature sinful, weak, and blind,
The downward path we trod,
Our wandering heart and wayward mind
Were enemies to God.

- 3 But friends and guardians now, through grace,
Our heedless steps restrain;
They teach us, Lord, to seek thy face,
Which none shall seek in vain.
- 4 Hence to the hills we lift our eyes,
From which salvation springs:
O Sun of righteousness arise,
With healing in thy wings.
- 5 Arise—and o'er this vale of tears
Shine unto perfect day:
Still heav'nward through our following years
Pointing thy servants' way.

103 *Praise for Instruction from the Bible.* S. M.

- 1 **T**HE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learnt so young
To read his holy word.
- 2 That I am brought to know
The danger I was in,
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin.
- 3 That I am led to see
I can do nothing well;
And whither shall a sinner flee
To save himself from hell?
- 4 Dear Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

104 *The Gospel welcomed Gratefully.* C. M.

- 1 **H**ARK! hear the sound, on earth 'tis found,
My soul delights to hear
Of dying love come from above,
And pardon bought so dear.

- 2 Let children sing, and praise their King,
 And bless God's holy name ; *
 While teachers all obey the call,
 And joy to join the theme.
- 3 Come, lovely youth, obey the truth,
 And pray with one accord ;
 Saints, raise your songs, with joyful tongues,
 And hail the welcome word.

105

Praise for Redemption.

P. M.

- 1 **I** GIVE immortal praise
 'To God the Father's love,
 For all my comforts here,
 And better hopes above :
 He sent his own eternal Son
 To die for sins that we have done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who ransomed us with blood
 From everlasting wo :
 And now he lives, and now he reigns,
 And sees the fruit of all his pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit's name
 Immortal worship give,
 Whose new-creating power
 Makes the dead sinner live :
 His work completes the great design,
 And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God, to thee
 Be endless honors done ;
 The undivided Three,
 And the mysterious One :
 Where reason fails, with all her powers,
 There faith prevails, and love adores.

106

Praise from a Renewed Heart.

C. M.

- 1 **T**O thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
 A grateful song I'll raise;
 Oh let the feeblest of thy flock
 Attempt to speak thy praise.
- 2 But how shall childhood's tongue express
 A subject so divine?
 How shall we love thee as we ought,
 Or praise a love like thine?
- 3 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
 To this amazing love;
 Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
 And nobler bliss above.
- 4 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
 With sin and grief oppressed;
 Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
 And lulls my cares to rest.



PRAYER AND PRAISE.

107

Gratitude for Sabbath-Schools.

C. P. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God, our voice to thee we raise,
 Tune thou our lips and hearts with praise
 Thy goodness to adore.
 Our life, and health, and every friend
 From thee arise, on thee depend,
 Kind Father of the poor.
- 2 Stretch o'er our heads thy guardian wings,
 Secure, the weak, O King of kings!
 Our shield and refuge be.
 Thy Spirit, Lord, conduct our youth,
 Through Christ, the life, the way, the truth,
 That we may come to thee.

- 3 While friends their generous aid afford,
 Accept the kind intention, Lord,
 And crown it with thy love.
 Then joy shall tune our humble songs,
 Till we shall join immortal tongues,
 In nobler praise above.

108

Prayer and Praise.

C. M.

- 1 **H**EAR, Lord, the song of praise and prayer,
 In heaven, thy dwelling place,
 From children made thy gracious care,
 And taught to seek thy face.

- 2 Thanks for thy word and for thy day ;
 And help us, we implore,
 That we may never waste in play
 The holy Sabbath more.

- 3 Thanks that we hear ; but oh ! impart
 To each, desire sincere,
 That we may listen with our heart,
 And learn as well as hear.

109

Prayer and Praise.

L. M.

- 1 **O** THOU, whom holy angels praise,
 Whose glory shines with brightest rays,
 To thee our grateful hymns we tune,
 For none can sing thy praise too soon.

- 2 O may thy grace be all our joy,
 Let gratitude our tongues employ,
 And lead young children, frail and weak,
 Thy praise to sing, thy face to seek.

- 3 Deny us not our earnest prayer,
 That we may all thy favor share ;
 Be led to each good work and word,
 As faithful servants of the Lord.

- 4 And bless our teachers, parents, friends ;
 And grant, where'er thy name extends,
 That heathen children, too, may bring
 Their songs of praise to Israel's king.

110

Grateful Devotion.

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS invites young children near,
 O may we now obey ;
 Give us, O Lord, the listening ear,
 And teach us how to pray.

- 2 In early life, to us, O Lord,
 Thy pardoning mercy show,
 And while our minds are early taught,
 May we in knowledge grow.

- 3 Then will we make redeeming love
 Our daily, nightly songs,
 And joy like theirs who sing above
 Shall tune our thankful tongues.

111

Children's Praise in Heaven.

C. M.

- 1 **H**ARK ! from that glorious world, what songs
 Those heavenly voices raise,
 Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
 Unite in perfect praise.

- 2 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
 If Jesus we obey ;
 That is the place where we shall go,
 If found in wisdom's way.

- 3 This is the joy we ought to seek,
 And make our chief concern ;
 For this we come from week to week,
 To read, and hear, and learn.

- 4 Soon shall our earthly race be run ;—
 Our mortal frame decay ;

Children and teachers, one by one,
Must droop and pass away.

- 5 Great God! impress the serious thought
This day on every breast;
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter to thy rest.



P R A Y E R .

112 *For a suitable spirit in School.* L. M.

1 **C**OME, Jesus, lift our souls to thee,
From childish follies set us free:
Now move our tongues to sing thy praise,
And teach our lips thy sweetest lays.

2 Delightful Sabbaths! when we meet,
Our pleasant lessons to repeat;
Dear Saviour, fit our souls to rise
To that long Sabbath in the skies.

113 *On entering the Sabbath-School.* C. M.

1 **A**DMITTED where thy truths are taught,
While pious hearts adore;
Father in heaven! my spirit ought
Thy blessings to implore.

2 Instruct my ignorance, I pray;
My wayward passions tame;
From every folly guard my way,
From every sin reclaim.

3 Each task with pleasure may I learn,
Each Scripture lesson prize;
And grant thy wisdom to discern
Whate'er in darkness lies.

4 Short is the time we here may pass,
And life is transient too;

Like the brief flow'ret of the grass,
Or like the early dew.

5 With humble awe thy power I see,
Thy boundless mercy sing,
Few words become a child like me
Before so great a King.

6 Teach me thy precepts to fulfil,
To trust in Him who died,
To yield submission to his will,
For all is vain beside.

114 *Incentives to Prayer.*

P. M.

1 **F**OLD thy little hands in prayer,
Bow down at thy mother's knee.
Now thy sunny face is fair,
Shining through thy golden hair,
And pleasant thoughts, like garlands, bind thee,
Unto thy home;—yet grief may find thee,
Then pray, child, pray.

2 Now thy mother's hymn abideth
Round thy pillow in the night;
Her sweet voice thy slumber chideth,
By the taper's darkened light.
Thy mother's hymn will pass away,
Her soft voice must not always stay,
Then pray, child, pray.

115 *Prayer for Grace.* 7's, six L.

1 **D**EAREST Father! source of love,
Teach my infant heart to know,
While its soft affections move,
What to thy rich grace I owe,
For the goodness rich and free
Thou hast kindly shown to me,

2 By the misery and woe,
Gloom and guilt in which I fell

By the bitter tears that flow,
 By the heavy sighs that swell
 From the eye and bosom where
 Rest the shadows of despair.

- 3 By the Saviour's humble birth,
 By his rocky mountain bed ;
 By the cold unsheltered earth
 Where in agony he bled ;
 By his last and anguish'd cry,
 Veiling all the earth and sky ;—
- 4 By the pardon he hath bought,
 By the peace which he hath given,
 By the blessed truths he taught,
 By the glorious hopes of heaven,
 By all these, oh ! let me learn
 What I owe him in return.
- 5 Take my heart, and make it thine,
 Never let it from thee rove,
 On its darkness sweetly shine,
 Change its passions all to love,
 While it's powers are young and free,
 Mould them all for heaven and thee.

116

For Deliverance from Sin.

L. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER above. in mercy take
 A helpless child beneath thy care,
 And condescend. for Jesus' sake,
 To listen to my feeble prayer.
- 2 I am a little sinful child,
 And have a wicked heart within ;
 O make me humble, meek and mild
 And wash me clean from every sin.
- 3 I'm not too young for thee to see,
 Thou know'st my frame and nature too ;

And all day long thou look'st on me,
And see'st my actions through and through.

4 Thou hearest all the words I say,
And know'st the thoughts I have within:
And whether I'm at work or play,
Art sure to see it if I sin.

5 O can I ever tell a lie,
Or cheat in play, or steal, or fight,
Now that I know that thou art by,
And hast me always in thy sight;

6 And when I want to do amiss,
However pleasant it may be,
I now must always think of this—
My heavenly Father looks at me.

117

Prayer for Holiness.

L. M.

1 **G**UARD me, O God, from every sin,
Let heart, and tongue, and life be clean,
Though with ten thousand snares beset,
I never would my Lord forget.

2 Fain would I learn to lay aside
Malice and stubbornness and pride,
Envy and every evil thought,
Nor be my breast with anger hot.

3 When thus my heart is well prepared,
My tongue I easily shall guard
From every oath and curse profane,
Nor take God's reverend name in vain.

4 No sacred thing shall I deride,
Nor scoff, nor rail, nor brawl, nor chide;
My soul will every lie detest,
And every base indecent jest.

118

For the Young.

L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT Saviour, who didst condescend
 Young children in thine arms to take,
 Still prove thyself the children's friend,
 And save them for thy mercy's sake.
- 2 'Tis by the guidance of thy hand
 That they within thy house appear,
 And in thine awful presence stand,
 To hear thy word, and join in prayer.
- 3 Like precious seed, in fruitful ground,
 Let the instruction they receive.
 To thy immortal praise abound,
 And make them to thy glory live.
- 4 Give them a sober, steady mind,
 Strength to withstand the snares of sin,
 Boldly to cast the world behind,
 And strive eternal life to win.
- 5 To read thy word their hearts incline ;
 To understand it, light impart ;
 O Saviour, consecrate them thine,
 Take full possession of each heart.

119

God hears, sees, and knows me.

C. M.

- 1 **G**OD is in heaven—can he hear
 A feeble prayer like mine ?
 Yes, little child, thou needst not fear ;
 He listeneth to thine.
- 2 God is in heaven—can he see
 When I am doing wrong ?
 Yes, that he can—he looks at thee
 All day and all night long.
- 3 God is in heaven—would he know
 If I should tell a lie ?

Yes, if thou said'st it very low,
He'd hear it in the sky.

- 4 God is in heaven—can I go
To thank him for his care?
Not yet—but love him here below,
And thou shalt praise him there.

120 *For the Grace of the Holy Spirit.*

L. M.

1 **G**REAT God, behold before thy throne
A band of children lowly bend;
Thy face we seek, thy name we own,
And pray that thou wilt be our friend.

2 Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,
That he may teach us how to pray,
Make us sincere, and let each heart
Delight to tread in wisdom's way.

3 O let thy grace our souls renew,
And seal a sense of pardon there;
Teach us thy will to know and do,
And let us all thy image bear.

121 *Times and subjects for Prayer. 7's & 6's. 8 L.*

1 **G**O, 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,
Cast earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are lov'd 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.

122

How to Pray aright.

S. M

- 1 **I** OFTEN say my prayers,
 But do I ever pray ?
 Or do the wishes of my heart
 Suggest the words I say ?
- 2 'Tis useless to implore,
 Unless I feel my need ;
 Unless 'tis from a sense of want
 That all my prayers proceed.
- 3 I may as well kneel down
 And worship gods of stone,
 As offer to the living God
 A prayer of words alone.
- 4 For words without the heart
 The Lord will never hear ;
 Nor will he ever those regard
 Whose prayers are insincere.
- 5 Lord ! teach me what I want,
 And teach me how to pray ;
 Nor let me e'er implore thy grace,
 Not feeling what I say.

123

Prayer.

7's.

- 1 **G**IVER of our every blessing,
 Thou, for whose unceasing care,
 Earth is still her praise addressing,
 Hear thy little children's prayer.
- 2 Wisdom with our stature grant us,
 Goodness with each growing year,

Nor let folly's wiles enchant us
From our duty's sacred sphere.

- 3 Grant us hope when life is ending ;
When the pulse forsakes the breast,
May our spirit, upward tending,
Father ! in thy bosom rest.

124*Confiding Prayer.*

C. M.

- 1 **I**N humble accents, Lord, we sing,
And worship near thy throne ;
Thou art our Saviour, thou our King,
O send thy blessings down.
- 2 Hast thou not said, " let children come" !
'Tis here thy people meet ;
And we have learnt there still is room,
We bow beneath thy feet.
- 3 To thee we give this sacred hour,
In thee our souls confide ;
Beneath the shadow of thy power,
Our feet shall never slide.

125*Children's Prayer for a Blessing.*

7. 6.

- 1 **I**T is not earthly pleasure
That withers in a day ;
It is not mortal treasure,
That flieth soon away ;
It is not friends that leave us,
It is not sense nor sin,
That smile but to deceive us,
Can give us peace within.
- 2 But 'tis religion bringeth
Joy beyond earth's control ;
Rich from the throne it springeth,
A fountain to the soul ;

He that is meek and lowly,
 The Saviour's face shall see ;
 To none but to the holy,
 Heaven's gates shall opened be.

- 3 Lord, be thy Spirit near us,
 While we thy word are taught ;
 And may these days that cheer us,
 With future good be fraught ;
 May we, to heaven invited,
 When youth and life are flown,
 Teachers and taught united,
 Assemble round the throne.

126 *Prayer to Jesus, from Children.*

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, that condescending King,
 Is pleas'd to hear when children sing,
 And while our feeble voices rise,
 Will not the humble prayer despise.
- 2 Then keep us, Lord, from every sin,
 Which we can see and feel within ;
 And what we neither feel nor see,
 Forgive, for all is known to thee.
- 3 We own there's nothing good in us,
 To tempt thee to befriend us thus :
 We cannot think a single thought,
 Nor even thank thee as we ought.
- 4 Yet, Lord, we humbly venture nigh,
 Because thou camest down to die :
 And this is all the plea we make,
 " O save us, for thy mercy's sake."

127 *Hymn for a Child.*

7's.

- 1 **J**ESUS bids me seek his face ;
 Lord, I come to ask thy grace ;

Send thy Spirit from above,
Teach me to obey and love.

- 2 Unto thee I fain would go,
All I want thou canst bestow,
Thou wilt e'en a child receive ;
Thou wilt all my sins forgive.
- 3 Oh, dissolve this heart of stone,
Make me thine, and thine alone ;
Sin is present with me still,
Disobdient is my will.
- 4 Sinful thoughts too oft prevail,
Vain desires my heart assail :
O my Saviour, make me whole,
Form anew my inmost soul.

128

Prayer for Sincerity.

C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD ! when we bend before thy throne
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.
- 2 Our contrite spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart ;
And let a healing ray from Thee
Beam peace upon our heart.
- 3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to Thee in praise.
- 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign :
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.
- 5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies ;

And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

129

Prayer for Guidance and Grace. 8's & 7's.

1 **L**EAD us, Heavenly Father, lead us,
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard and guide us, keep and feed us,—
For we have no help but thee:
Still possessing every blessing
If our God, our Father be.

2 Saviour! breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness thou dost know,
'Thou didst tread this world before us;
'Thou didst feel the keenest woe—
Lone and dreary—weak and weary,
Through the desert, thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with kind affection blending;
Pleasure time can never cloy.
Thus provided,—pardon'd—guided,
Nothing shall our peace destroy.

130

Children's Prayer.

S. M.

1 **L**ORD, in the days of youth,
May we in grace improve;
And learn the sacred word of truth,
The Saviour's dying love!

2 Our moments haste away,
With every heaving breath;
And swiftly hastens on the day,
When we must sink in death.

3 While some are never taught
The way of God with care;
We bless the Lord, that we are brought
To this thine house of pray'r.

- 4 Thro' life's dark rugged road,
 Thus far we're kept by thee;
 May heaven at last be our abode,
 Thy glory there to see!

131

Children's Prayer.

7s.

- 1 **L**ORD, before thy throne we stand;
 Once again thy children see;
 Smile upon the youthful band,
 Suffer us to come to thee.
- 2 Whither else should children go,
 Weak and impotent as we?
 Thou hast all things to bestow,
 Suffer us to come to thee.
- 3 Suffer us to come and pray,
 Daily do we stand in need;
 And, if thou should'st turn away,
 Lord we should be poor indeed!
- 4 Suffer us to come and learn;
 Lighten our beclouded eyes;
 From our folly make us turn,
 Or we never can be wise.
- 5 Suffer us to come and own
 How unworthy we have been,
 Make us look to thee alone
 For the pardon of our sin.
- 6 Suffer us to come and praise;
 Condescend to hear our songs;
 All we have in thousand ways,
 Comes from thee,—to thee belongs.
- 7 While we here have life and breath,
 This our constant prayer should be,
 This our latest sigh in death,
 Suffer us to come to thee.

132

Prayer for Divine Instruction.

C. M.

- 1 **L** ORD, make me understand thy law,
 Show what my faults have been ;
 And from thy gospel let me draw
 Pardon for all my sin.
- 2 Here would I learn how Christ has died,
 To save my soul from hell :
 Not all the books on earth beside
 Such heav'nly wonders tell.
- 3 Then let me love my Bible more,
 And take a fresh delight,
 By day to read thy wonders o'er,
 And meditate by night.

133

Prayer for Divine Teaching.

S. M.

- 1 **L** ORD ! make me early learn
 How Christ, the son of God,
 Did undertake our great concern ;
 Our ransom cost his blood :
- 2 And how he reigns above,
 And sends his Spirit down,
 To show the wonders of his love,
 And make his gospel known.
- 3 O may that Spirit teach
 And make my heart receive
 Those truths, which all thy servants preach,
 And all thy saints believe.
- 4 Then shall I praise the Lord
 In a more cheerful strain,
 That I was taught to read his word,
 And have not learnt in vain.

134

For the Spirit of Prayer.

S. M.

- 1 **L** ORD, teach us how to pray,
 And give us hearts to ask,

Or all we seek, or think, or say,
Will prove a tiresome task.

- 2 Thy Holy Spirit send,
Our bosoms to inspire !
Then shall our praise to thee ascend,
With pure and warm desire.
- 3 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Present our prayers above,
And spread abroad o'er all thou see'st
The mantle of thy love.
- 4 Teach us to find our bliss
In earnest, fervent prayer ;
For where we pray our Saviour is ;
And bliss is only there.

135 *Prayer for Grace and Guidance.* 11's.

- 1 **O** DEIGN, God of mercy, to smile on our
youth,
And early enrich us with wisdom and truth ;
If when in full manhood fond homes we must
leave,
May lessons of childhood to memory cleave.
- 2 When time, rolling onward, shall leave us alone,
And fond hearts remember the dearest ones gone ;
While life's day is closing, may hope's star display
A place of reunion—a far brighter day.

136 *The Lord's Prayer.* 10's & 11's.

- 1 **O** UR Father in heaven, we hallow thy name,
May thy kingdom holy, on earth be the
same ;
O give to us daily our portion of bread,
It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.
- 2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know
That humble compassion that pardons each foe

Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory, for ever, amen.

137 *For Protection, Guidance and Grace.* C. M.

1 **O** THOU, the guard of infant days,
The guide of erring youth;
Direct our minds to understand
Thy sacred word of truth.

2 In early life, to us, O Lord,
Thy pard'ning mercy show,
And while our minds are early taught,
May we in knowledge grow.

3 Should we to riper years attain,
O! be thou still our friend;
To guide us in the heav'nly road,
Till life with us shall end.

138 *Prayer Defined.* C. M.

1 **P** RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
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 watch-word 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 The saints in prayer appear as one,
 In word, and deed, and mind ;
 While with the Father, and the Son,
 Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;
 The Holy Spirit pleads,
 And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
 For mourners intercedes.
- 8 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 !

139

A Child's prayer in Sickness.

C. M.

- 1 SINCE, mighty God, my health and ease
 And life belong to thee,
 I might not murmur shouldst thou please
 To take them all from me.
- 2 Thou hast a right to use the rod,
 Which I should meekly bear ;
 And yet I may entreat that God
 A sinful child would spare.
- 3 I own the comforts I possess,
 And thank thy care of me,
 While thousands languish in distress,
 And pine in poverty.
- 4 Yet look in pity on my pain,
 My little strength restore :
 And grant me life and health again,
 To serve thee evermore.

140

Suffer them to Come.

7's

- 1 SAVIOUR, may a little child
Through thy grace be reconciled,
Who can feel indeed within
Much of evil, much of sin ?
- 2 Yes, thou saidst, and that's my plea,
" Suffer such to come to me ;
Turn no little child away,
Heaven is filled with such as they."
- 3 Saviour ! to thine arms I fly,
Ere my childhood passes by ;
In thy fear my years be passed,
Whether first, or midst, or last.

141

Prayer for Remembrance.

C. M.

- 1 THAT Jesus hears when children pray,
Is joyful news to me ;
I'll seek his face without delay,
And cry, " Remember me."
- 2 Dear Saviour, look upon a child,
Who fain would worship thee ;
By nature I am all defiled,
But Oh ! remember me.
- 3 Through all the dangerous paths of youth,
Do thou my leader be ;
Teach me to walk the way of truth ;
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 4 And when life's journey shall be o'er,
Thy mercy may I see ;
Dear Saviour, I would ask no more
Than this, " Remember me."

142

Prayer for Christ's Succor.

7's.

- 1 THOU who once didst condescend
Little children to receive

To thy call, Almighty Friend,
We, thy youthful flock, would cleave.

- 2 Dangers thick beset us round :
Where for succor shall we flee ?
May our help be ever found,
Blessed Saviour, all in thee.

143

Children's Prayer.

C. M.

1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, heavenly King !
Who rules the world above ;
Accept the tribute children bring
Of gratitude and love.

2 To thee, each morning, when we rise,
Our early vows we pay ;
And e'er the night hath closed our eyes,
We thank thee for the day.

3 Our Saviour, ever good and kind,
To us his word hath given ;
That children, such as we, may find
That path that leads to heaven.

4 O Lord, extend thy gracious hand,
To guide our erring youth ;
And lead us to that blissful land
Where dwells eternal truth.

144

Prayer for Spiritual protection. 8's & 7's.

1 **W**HILE our glowing hearts are beating
With the joys to youth so dear ;
While love's voice our life is greeting,
And its smiles our footsteps cheer ;
Still, to sweeten all our pleasures,
Dearest Saviour ! be thou near.

2 When temptation's struggles hold us,
When by painful fears opprest ;
Sweetly, then, kind Shepherd, fold us
To thy soft and faithful breast ;

Gently take us ;—gently take us
To the fluttering spirit's rest.

- 3 Be our SHIELD in ev'ry danger,
LIGHT, mid ev'ry thick'ning gloom,
FRIEND, when this cold world's a stranger,
HOPE when sinking to the tomb ;
Raise our spirits, blest Redeemer !
Then to heaven's unfading bloom.

145

Prayer must be Spiritual.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say,
Unless I feel it too.
- 2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile—
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking all the while
About some other thing.
- 3 Some idle play, or childish toy,
Can send my thoughts abroad ;
Though it should be my greatest joy
To love and seek the Lord.
- 4 O let me never, never dare,
To act a trifler's part ;
Or think that God will hear a prayer
That comes not from the heart.
- 5 But if I make his ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then while I seek him with my voice
My heart will love him too.

146

Prayer for Sabbath-Scholars.

7's.

- 1 **G**UIDE our youth, O God, we pray,
Lead us in thy holy way,

And may all our lives be passed
As we'd wish them at the last.

2 Smile on those whose time and care,
Give us our instruction here ;
Let our conduct ever prove
Gratitude for all their love.

3 Father, teach us while we live
Ev'ry day our thanks to give ;
Then with those we here have known
Join in praise around thy throne.

147 *Prayer of a Child in Jesus' name.*

C. M.

1 **S**HALL I presume to venture near
A God so just and true ?
Or, sinful as I am, appear
Before his piercing view.

2 How oft I grieve his holy eye,
And break his righteous law ;
And think some thought of vanity
With every breath I draw !

3 Yet, Lord, a sinful child may turn
To wisdom's pleasant ways :
For JESUS' sake, thou wilt not spurn,
My feeble pray'r and praise :

4 He died, that sinners, such as I,
May have their sins forgiven :
He died, that sinners, when they die,
May live with him in heaven.

5 It is for this I come to pray,
And on his grace depend ;
That even at the judgment day,
The Lord may be my friend.

148 *Prayer for Guidance and Instruction* C. M.

- 1 **O** THA'T the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still :
 O that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do his will.
- 2 O send thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart ;
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 Conduct my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere ;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.
- 4 Make me to walk in thy commands ;
 'T is a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
 Offend against my God.

149 *Sabbath-Scholar's Prayer.* C. M.

- 1 **O** THAT the Lord would teach my tongue
 The heavenly song to raise ;
 O that the Lord my heart would fill
 With love, and joy, and praise !
- 2 O that the Lord my steps would guide
 In paths of righteousness :
 O that the Lord my lips would teach
 His ways and works to bless !
- 3 O that the Lord would give me faith,
 The blessed Christ to see ;
 O that he now would give me grace,
 That I to him may flee !
- 4 O that the Lord would make me know
 The riches of his grace ;

Then should I live and please him too,
And dying see his face.

150

The Lord's Prayer.

L. M.

1 O UR Father! who dost dwell on high
In heaven, so far above our sight;
All hallowed be thy name, we cry,
Thy glorious name, so great in might.

2 Thy kingdom come! O haste the time
When all shall bow before thy throne;
When every nation, every clime,
Shall thy supreme dominion own.

3 Thy will be done on earth, O Lord!
As it is done in heaven above;
Where angel-hosts perform thy word,
With holy zeal and ardent love.

4 Give us each day our daily bread,
With every other needed good;
And while our bodies thus are fed,
Feed thou our souls with angel's food.

5 Pardon our sins, O Lord! we pray,
Repeated every hour we live;
Forgiving grace to us display,
As we each other's faults forgive.

6 Save from, or bring us safely through,
Temptation's sharp and trying hour;
Preserve us from all evil. too,
And guard our souls from Satan's power.

7 Thine is the power, the kingdom thine,
And thine the glory evermore;
Let all in heaven and earth combine
Thy name forever to adore.

151

Prayer for Purity of life.

S. M.

- 1 **W**ITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray ;
O make me learn, whilst I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Now in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know ;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.
- 3 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care ;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.
- 4 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine ;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.
- 5 O let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.
- 6 To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclined ;
O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.
- 7 May thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way ;
And may I here the path discern,
That leads to endless day.

152

Prayer for Light on the Bible.

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,
To thee I lift mine eyes ;
Teach and instruct me by thy word,
And make me truly wise.

2 Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will ;
Fain would I learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.

3 Help me to read the Bible o'er
With ever new delight :
Help me to love its author more ;
To seek thee day and night.

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

153 *The Young, asking Divine Guidance.*

S. M.

1 **F**ROM earliest dawn of life,
Thy goodness we have shared ;
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.

2 To learn and do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline ;
And o'er the paths of future life
Command thy light to shine.

3 While taught thy word of truth,
We would that word receive ;
And when we hear of Jesus' name ;
In that blest name believe !

4 Oh let us never tread
The sinner's dangerous road,
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory and to God.

154 *How to behave in God's House.*

L. M.

1 **W**E ought to speak with humble fear
Whenever we kneel down to pray ;

His holy word with reverence hear,
And never break the Sabbath-day.

- 2 But as there will be much amiss,
Whatever care and pains we take,
We'll beg the Lord to pardon this,
And hear our prayers for Jesus' sake.

155 *Prayer for the rising generation.*

S. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God, now condescend
To bless the rising race :
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace !

- 2 O what a vast delight
Their happiness to see !
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

- 3 May they receive thy word,
Confess the Saviour's name,
And follow their despised Lord,
Amidst reproach and shame.

156 *A Sabbath-Scholar's Prayer.*

- 1 **G**REAT God in heaven above,
We offer up in love
This hymn of praise ;
Help us, O Lord, to be
True worshippers of Thee,
And keep us ever free
From evil ways.

- 2 May all our teachers feel
A pure and holy zeal
To serve Thee well ;—
And may they hand in hand,
A blest and happy band,
Lead children to that land
Where angels dwell.

CONFESSION.

157

Of Original Depravity.

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, when my wretched soul surveys
The various follies of my ways,
Well may I tremble to appear
Laden with guilt, and shame, and fear.
- 2 Adam our head has brought disgrace,
And pain and death, on all his race!
From him my ruined nature came,
Heir to his sorrow and his shame.
- 3 My body weak, and dark my mind,
To good averse, to sin inclined,
And oh! too soon the deadly fruit
Ripened from that pernicious root.
- 4 Duty required my early care
Each vain indulgence to forbear,
Required me, all the good I knew
With constant vigor to pursue.
- 5 But my vain heart and stubborn will
In its own ways would wander still,
Vainly I seek to plead a word
Silent in guilt before the Lord.

158

A Child's Confession.

C. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, forgive a sinful child,
Whose heart is all unclean;
How base am I, and how defiled
By the vile work of sin!
- 2 O change this stubborn heart of mine,
And make me pure within;
Still manifest thy love divine,
And save me from my sin.

- 3 Stubborn, untractable, and wild,
By nature is my heart :
O Lord, to me, a patient, mild,
And holy mind impart.
- 4 Then shall I make redeeming love
My daily, hourly song ;
And joys like theirs who sing above,
Shall tune an infant's tongue.

159

The hard Heart.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HAT is there, Lord, a child can do,
Who feels with guilt opprest ?
There's evil that I never knew
Before, within my breast.
- 2 My thoughts are vain, my heart is hard,
My temper apt to rise ;
And when I seem upon my guard,
It takes me by surprise.
- 3 And yet if I begin to pray,
And lift my feeble cry ;
Some thoughts of folly or of play
Prevent me when I try.
- 4 On many Sabbaths, though I've heard
Of Jesus and of heaven,
I've scarcely listened to thy word,
Or prayed to be forgiven.
- 5 O look with pity in thine eye
Upon a heart so hard ;
Thou wilt not slight a feeble cry,
Or show it no regard.

160

Sin Confessed.

C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD! we are sinners in thy sight,
Transgressors of thy laws ;

Nor dare we to our innocence
Presume to trust our cause.

- 2 Thy curses thunder o'er our heads,
And sound their dire alarms:
And where's the worm prepared to meet
Omnipotence in arms?
- 3 Stretch forth thine hand, almighty Love,
Repeat thy deeds of fame,
And snatch the brands, to ruin doomed,
From hell's devouring flame.
- 4 Then shall we in our grateful songs
Employ our future days,
And, through a bless'd eternity,
Immortal anthems raise.

161

Sin Confessed.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HOUGH I am young, yet I have sinned,
Forgotten God, transgressed his laws;
And holy angels could not gain
Pardon for me, nor plead my cause.
- 2 To Jesus then I'll meekly go;
My penitence these tears will prove;
And he who wept for human wo,
Will take me to his arms of love.
- 3 Then will I sing, while life shall last,
Glory to God for pardoning love;
And when the hour of death is passed,
Join in immortal praise above.

162

Confession of Sin, and Prayer for pardon.

C. M.

- 1 **A** SINNER, Lord, behold I stand,
In thought, and word, and deed!
But Jesus sits at thy right hand,
For such to intercede.

- 2 From early infancy, I know,
A rebel I have been,
And daily as I older grow,
I fear I grow in sin.
- 3 But God can change this evil heart,
Can give a holy mind,
And his own heavenly grace impart,
Which those who seek shall find.
- 4 To heaven can reach the softest word,
A child's repenting prayer—
For tears are seen, and sighs are heard,
And thoughts regarded there.
- 5 Then let me all my sins confess,
And pardoning grace implore,
That I may love my follies less,
And love my Saviour more.

163

Confession of a particular Sin.

- 1 **L**ORD, I confess before thy face,
How naughty I have been:
Look down from heaven, 'hy dwelling place,
And pardon this my sin.
- 2 Forgive my temper. Lord, I pray,
My passion and my pride:
The wicked words I dar'd to say,
And wicked thoughts beside.
- 3 I cannot lay me down to rest
In quiet, on my bed,
Until with shame I have confess'd
The naughty things I said.
- 4 The Saviour answer'd not again,
Nor spake an angry word,
To all the scoffs of wicked men,
Although He was their Lord!

- 5 And who am I, a sinful child,
Such angry words to say!
Make me as mild as he was mild,
And take my pride away.
- 6 For Jesus' sake forgive my crime,
And change this stubborn heart;
And grant me grace, another time,
To act a better part.

164 *Confession of a Sin, with sorrow.*

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I have dared to disobey
My friends on earth and thee in heaven!
Oh, help me now to come and pray,
For JESUS' sake, to be forgiven.
- 2 I cannot say I did not know,
For I've been taught thy holy will;
And while my conscience told me so,
And bade me stop, I did it still.
- 3 But thou wast there to see my crime,
And write it in thy judgment-book:
Oh, make me fear another time,
A sinful word, or thought, or look.
- 4 Forgive me, Lord; forgive, I pray,
This evil thing that I have done;
And take my sinful heart away,
And make me holy, like thy Son.

165 *Confession of a Wandering Mind.*

P. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear a sinful child complain,
Whose little heart is very vain,
And folly dwells within:
What is it—for thine eye can see—
That is so very dear to me:
That steals my thoughts away from thee,
And leads me into sin?

- 2 Whatever gives me most delight,
If 'tis offensive in thy sight,
I would no more pursue:—
Since nothing can be good for me,
However pleasant it may be,
That is displeasing, Lord, to thee,
May I dislike it too!
- 3 When I attempt to read or pray,
I'm often thinking of my play,
Or some such idle thing.
How happy are the saints in bliss,
Who love no sinful world like this;
But all their joy and glory is,
To praise their heavenly King!
- 4 These trifling pleasures here below—
I wonder why I love them so;
They cannot make me blest:
O that to love my God might be
The greatest happiness to me!
And may he give me grace to see
That this is not my rest!



REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

- 1 **T**HEY must repent, and must believe,
Who CHRIST'S salvation would receive,
Oh, may the Spirit faith impart,
And work repentance in my heart.
- 2 Bless'd Jesus, who can be so base
As to suspect thy power or grace!
Or who can e'er so stupid be,
To slight thy blessings, Lord, and thee!

- 3 With humble, rev'rent hope and love,
I to thy gracious feet would move ;
And to thy care my all resign,
Resolv'd to be for ever thine ;
- 4 The sins and follies I have done,
Humbled in dust I would bemoan ;
And while past guilt I thus deplore,
I would repeat my sins no more.
- 5 But by a life of zeal and love,
My faith and my repentance prove :
So shall thy grace my sins forgive,
Jesus shall smile, and I shall live.

167 *The Goodness of God leading to Repentance.* S. M.

- 1 **H**OW gentle God's commands,
How kind his precepts are ;
Come cast your burden on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.
- 2 His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell ;
That hand which bears creation up
Shall guard his children well.
- 3 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day :
I'll drop my burdens at his feet,
And bear a song away.

168 *Repentance.*

S. M.

- 1 **I**F Jesus Christ was sent
To save us from our sin,
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.
- 2 He says he loves to see
A broken-hearted one ;

He loves that sinners such as we
Should mourn for what we've done.

3 'Tis not enough to say
We're sorry and repent ;
Yet still go on from day to day,
Just as we always went.

4 Repentance is, to leave
The sins we loved before ;
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more.

5 Lord, make us thus sincere,
To watch as well as pray ;
However small, however dear,
Take all our sins away.

6 And since the Saviour came
To make us turn from sin,
With holy grief and humble shame,
We would at once begin.

169

Earnest Supplication.

8. 7.

1 JESUS! hear a weeping mourner—
Hear a sinner poor and vile :
Hear me—once a wicked scorner—
Now implore thy pitying smile.

2 Friend of sinners! I have scorned thee—
Scorned thy name, and scorned thy laws :
Yet in mercy hast thou warned me—
Yet in mercy plead my cause.

3 Plead my cause, with power prevailing,
At the sovereign bar of God ;
Save me from eternal wailing—
Save me from Jehovah's rod !

4 Lord of pity! see me languish
At thy feet, and bid me live ;
100

Thou alone canst ease my anguish,
Thou alone canst pardon give.

170 *A broken Heart.* L. M.

1 **O** THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

171 *The only Retreat.* C. M.

1 **O** THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, Return?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

- 4 O shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine ;
 And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.

172

God commands Repentance.

C. M.

- 1 **R**EPENT, the voice celestial cries,
 Nor longer dare delay ;
 The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
 And meets the wrathful day.
- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God
 O'erlooks the crimes of men ;
 He sends his messengers abroad,
 To warn the world of sin.
- 3 Ye sinners, in his presence bow,
 And all your guilt confess ;
 Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
 Nor trifle with his grace.
- 4 Soon will the awful trumpet sound,
 And call you to his bar ;
 For mercy knows th' appointed bound
 And yields to vengeance there.
- 5 O ! listen to the Saviour's call,
 While he prolongs your days ;
 Now yield your hearts, and prostrate fall,
 And weep, and love, and praise.

173

The Repentant Robber.

C. M.

- 1 **A**S on the cross the Saviour hung,
 And wept, and bled, and died,
 He pour'd salvation on a wretch
 That languish'd at his side.
- 2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
 The penitent confess'd ;

Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd :

- 3 " Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven!
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see thee, bathed in sweat and tears,
And weltering in thy blood.
- 4 " Yet quickly, from these scenes of woe,
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.
- 5 " Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me,
And in the vict'ries of thy death
Let me a sharer be."
- 6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,—
" To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in paradise."

174

Returning to God.

L. M.

- 1 **R**ETURN, my wandering soul, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by redeeming grace.
- 2 Return, my wandering soul, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eye thy griefs discern,
His heavenly balm shall heal thy smart.
- 3 Return, my wandering soul, return,
Thy dying Saviour bids thee live;
Go, view his bleeding side, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, my wandering soul, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;

'Tis God who says, "no longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

175

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

L. M.

- 1 **S**HOW pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

176

The Decision.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE smitten heart and starting tear
Which bade me live for God and heaven,
Have sometimes roused my solemn fear,
And made me wish my sins forgiven.
- 2 But when I mingled with the crowd
That hasten to the world of woe,
I felt too stubborn, and too proud
To yield to Christ, and heavenward go.
- 3 And thus I've gone from day to day,
From month to month, and year to year,
Refusing still to bend and pray,
And shed the penitential tear.

- 4 But I'm resolved no longer now
 To put away the day of grace ;
 Lest God in anger strike the blow
 And make despair my dwelling place.

177

Pleading for Mercy.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN at thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
 And plead with thee for mercy there,
 Think of the sinner's dying Friend,
 And for his sake receive my prayer !

- 2 O think not of my shame and guilt,
 My thousand stains of deepest dye ;
 Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
 And let that blood my pardon buy.

- 3 O think upon thy holy word,
 And every precious promise there,
 How prayer should evermore be heard,
 And how thy glory 'tis to spare.

- 4 Remember not my doubts and fears,
 My strivings with thy grace divine ;
 Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
 And let his merits stand for mine.

178

Trust for the unknown Future.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HAT sorrows may my life attend,
 I never can foretell ;
 But if the Lord will be my friend,
 I know that all is well.

- 2 If all my earthly friends should die,
 And leave me mourning here,
 Since God will hear the orphan's cry,
 O what have I to fear ?

- 3 But, Lord, whatever grief or ill
 For me may be in store,

Make me submissive to thy will,
And I will ask no more.



LOVE.

179

Jesus the proper Object of Love.

L. M.

- 1 **I**F love, the noblest, purest, best,
If truth all other truth above,
Will claim returns from every breast :
O surely Jesus claims our love.
- 2 There's not a hope with comfort fraught,
Triumphant over death and time,
But Jesus mingles with the thought ;
Forerunner of our course sublime.
- 3 His image meets me in the hour
Of joy, and brightens every smile ;
I see him, when the tempests lower,
Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.
- 4 I see his pitying, gentle eye,
When lowly want appeals for aid ;
I hear him in the frequent sigh,
Which mourns the waste that sin has made.
- 5 I meet him at the lowly tomb,
I weep where Jesus wept before :
And there, above the grave's dark gloom,
I see him rise ;—and weep no more.
- 6 Then ask me not to live and be
A stranger to that gen'rous flame
Which warms, and to eternity,
Must warm my soul at Jesus' name.

180

What shall I render to the Lord.

7's.

1 **W**HAT can I, my Maker, do,
To repay the debt I owe?

- Earthly treasures are too few,
Earthly treasures all too low.

Shall I labor for the poor?

For the souls in error lost;

They who poverty endure,

Long by pain and sorrow tost?

2 Shall I this, my Maker, do,
To repay the debt I owe?

Oh! these deeds are all too few,

And these gifts are all too low!

Shall each talent thou hast given,

Wholly consecrated be?

And like incense rise to heaven

Offer'd gratefully to thee.

3 Vain to pay this debt I owe,

All the service I can do,

Earthly deeds are all too low,

Earthly years are all too few.

Faint is all the praise I breathe,

Here thy mercies to repay:

But I pray thee to receive

All my feeble lips can say.

181

Love to God, how shown.

L. M.

1 **S**INCE love is as my duty known,
How must this love to God be shown?

Sure I the highest thoughts should raise

To him, who is above all praise.

2 His favor I must most desire,

And still to please him, must aspire,

To him my constant worship pay,

And all his sacred laws obey.

- 3 If to afflict me be his will,
I'll bear it with submission still ;
A tender father sure he proves,
And but corrects because he loves.
- 4 His word with diligence I'll hear,
To him present my daily prayer,
And while new blessings I implore,
For blessings past I will adore.

182

Love to Jesus.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus Christ was here below,
And spread his works of love abroad,
If I had lived so long ago,
I think I should have loved the Lord.
- 2 Jesus, who was so very kind,
Who came to pardon sinful men,
Who healed the sick, and cured the blind—
Oh! must I not have loved him then?
- 3 But where is Jesus?—Is he dead?
Oh, no! he lives in heaven above;
“And blest are they,” the Saviour said,
“Who, though they have not seen me, love.”
- 4 He sees us, from his throne on high,
As well as when on earth he dwelt:
And when to him poor children cry,
He feels such love as then he felt.
- 5 And if the Lord will grant me grace,
Much I will love him, and adore;
But when in heaven I see his face,
'Twill be my joy to love him more.

183

Love to our Neighbour, how shown.

L. M.

- 1 **I** BY my love to men must prove
How cordially my God I love;

To those whom he hath clothed with power,
I must be subject every hour.

- 2 To parents, and to rulers too,
Pay honor and obedience due ;
In all I utter, truth maintain,
In every act let justice reign.
- 3 In all my feeble hands can do,
The good of all I must pursue ;
And where my powers of action fail,
Kind wishes in my heart prevail.
- 4 Since by God's pardoning grace I live,
Well may I all my foes forgive :
And, as Christ's word and pattern showed,
Conquer their evil by my good.

184 *The sum of Duty to God and Man.* L. M.

1 **T**HE knowledge which my heart desires,
Is but to learn what God requires ;
And O ! what joy my breast must move
To hear that all that law is love.

2 This is the sum of every part,
To love the Lord with all my heart,
That I should love my neighbours too,
And what I wish from them should do.

3 How short and sweet ; how good and plain,
Easy to learn and to retain !
O may thy grace my soul renew !
And 'twill be sweet to practise too.

185 *The Golden Rule.* C. M.

1 **T**O do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind and good,
As children ought to be.

- 2 I know I should not steal, nor use
The smallest thing I see ;
Which I should never like to lose,
If it belonged to me.
- 3 And this plain rule forbids me quite,
To strike an angry blow ;
Because I should not think it right
If others served me so.
- 4 But any kindness they may need,
I'll do, whate'er it be ;
As I am very glad indeed,
When they are kind to me.



SCRIPTURE.

- 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 Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be thou for ever near ;
 Teach me to love thy sacred word
 And view my Saviour there.

187 *Light and glory of the Word.*

C. M.

1 **A** GLORY gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic, like the sun ;
 It gives a light to every age—
 It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
 The gracious light and heat ;
 His truths upon the nations rise—
 They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of him I love,
 Till glory breaks upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.

188 *Scripture the source of Heavenly Light.*

C. M.

1 **H**OW precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given !
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
 In this dark vale of tears :
 Life, light, and joy, it still imparts
 And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way,

Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

189 *Word of God suitably received.* L. M.

- 1 **T**HY word, O Lord! is light and food,
The law of truth, and source of good:
There thou hast pointed out my way
To pardon and perpetual day.
- 2 May I receive it, Lord, as thine,
Receive it as the word divine,
With firm assent, with listening ear,
With bending heart, and filial fear.
- 3 Make me to know its saving might,
Its quickening power, its cheering light:
May it my stubborn heart subdue,
And still my sinful soul renew.
- 4 Oh! let it richly dwell within,
To keep me from the snares of sin,
And guide me still to choose my way,
That I no more may go astray.
- 5 Thus shall I stand approv'd of God,
And follow still the heavenly road:
Here like an heir of heaven shall live,
And there a crown of life receive.

190 *Uses of the Scripture.* 7's.

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

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless ;
Mine, to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom ;
O thou precious book divine !
Precious treasure ! thou art mine !

191

The Guide of the Young.

C. M.

1 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin ?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 Thy word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is every page !
O may its precepts guide our youth,
And well support our age.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day ;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Lord, send thy word to every heart,
By thine almighty voice :
Early from sin may we depart,
And make thy love our choice.

192

Instruction from the Bible.

L. P. M.

1 **I** LOVE the volume of thy word ;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed !
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

- 2 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies ;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.
- 3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts ?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain :
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace
And book of nature not in vain.

193 *God's nature and Man's duty taught.* L. M.

- 1 **H**OW shall a young immortal learn
This great, this infinite concern ;
What my Almighty Maker is,
And what the way this God to please ?
- 2 Shall some bright angel spread his wing,-
The welcome message down to bring ?
Or must we dig beneath the ground,
Deep as where silver mines are found ?
- 3 I bless his name for what I hear ;
The word of life and truth is near :
His gospel sounds through all our land ;
The Bible meets my outstretch'd hand :
- 4 That sacred book, inspir'd by God,
In our own tongue is spread abroad :
That blessed book we all may read,
And learn the knowledge which we need.

194 *Reading the Bible.* L. M.

- 1 **W**ITH humble prayer, O may I read
Whate'er shall to my Saviour lead ;

And may his Spirit now impart
A lowly mind, a thankful heart.

- 2 Be thou my teacher and my guide,
That what I read may be applied ;
My danger and my refuge show,
And let me thy salvation know.

195*God's Word a Treasure.*

8, 7.

- 1 **W**HAT a mercy, what a treasure
We possess in God's own word,
Where we read with sacred pleasure
Of the love of Christ our Lord.
- 2 That blest word reveals the Saviour
Whom our souls so deeply need,
O what mercy, love, and favor,
That for sinners Christ should bleed !
- 3 While each wretched heathen nation
Nothing knows, dear Lord, of thee,
In this happy land, salvation
Clearly is revealed to me.
- 4 O the blessedness of knowing
Christ our Saviour's precious love ;
Freely on a child bestowing
Grace and mercy from above.

196*The Bible a Treasure.*

C. M.

- 1 **T**HIS is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
Those children are divinely wise
Who make that pearl their own.
- 2 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench our thirst of sin ;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

3 This is the judge that ends the strife,
 Where wit and reason fail ;
 Our guide to everlasting life
 Through all this gloomy vale.

197

What the Bible teaches.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HIS is a precious book indeed !
 Happy the child that loves to read !
 'Tis God's own word, which he has giv'n
 To shew our souls the way to heaven.
- 2 It tells us how the world was made ;
 And how good men the Lord obey'd :
 Here his commands are written, too,
 To teach us what we ought to do.
- 3 It bids us all from sin to fly,
 Because our souls can never die ;
 It points to heav'n, where angels dwell,
 And warns us to escape from hell.
- 4 But what is more than all beside,
 The Bible tells us, JESUS died !
 This is its best, its chief intent,
 To lead poor sinners to repent.
- 5 Be thankful, children, that you may
 Read this good Bible every day :
 'Tis God's own word, which he has given
 To shew your souls the way to heaven.

198

Scriptures above all price.

C. M. D.

- 1 **L**ET avarice from door to door,
 Her fav'rite god pursue,
 Thy word, O Lord ! we value more
 Than India or Peru.
 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
 Are opened to our sight,
 The purest gold without alloy,
 And gems divinely bright.

- 2 The counsels of redeeming grace,
 These sacred leaves unfold ;
 And here the Saviour's lovely face,
 Our raptured eyes behold.
 Here light, descending from above,
 Directs our doubtful feet ;
 Here promises of heavenly love
 Our ardent wishes meet.
- 3 Our numerous griefs are here redress'd,
 And all our wants supplied ;
 Nought we can ask to make us blest,
 Is in this book denied.
 For these inestimable gains
 'That so enrich the mind ;—
 O ! may we search with eager pains,
 Assured that we shall find.

199 *Instruction from Nature and Scripture.* C. M.

- 1 **I** HEAR the voice of nature's praise,
 'Mid summer's joyous bowers,
 And when the streams with crystal maze
 Refresh the thirsty flowers.
- 2 And where the high o'erarching trees
 In verdant robes are drest,
 It comes on ev'ry gentle breeze
 From bough, and spray, and nest.
- 3 Then if the things by nature taught,
 Breathe music o'er the sod,
 How high should rise our raptured thought,
 We, who are taught of God.
- 4 To us he speaks,—from morning's cell,
 From ev'ning's dewy sphere,
 And when the Sabbath's holy bell,
 Melodious warns the ear.

5 To us he speaks,—He guides our choice,
By heaven's own book divine,
And aids our teacher's much loved voice,
To impress each treasured line.

6 To us He speaks,—and we in praise,
Would still our answer bring;
Here, where creation prompts our lays,
And *there*, where angels sing.

200 *Scripture the Source of Instruction.* C. M.

1 **L**ET children who are taught thy word,
Their lost condition see;
By saving faith, O! may they, Lord,
To Christ for pardon flee.

2 More of thy grace may teachers know,
Thy Spirit's aid impart;
Much patience, love, and zeal, bestow,
To stimulate each heart.

3 May children and their teachers rise
In Heaven's triumphant throng,
And join to sing their Saviour's praise
In one eternal song.



INVITATION.

201 *The Heavenly Guest.* L. M.

1 **B**EHOLD 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.

2 Oh, lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and open hands;

Oh, matchless kindness ! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes !

- 3 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine ;
Turn out that hateful monster, Sin,
And let the Heavenly Stranger in.
- 4 Yet know—nor of the terms complain,
Where Jesus comes he comes to reign—
To reign with universal sway :
Ev'n thoughts must die that disobey.
- 5 Sovereign of Souls ! thou Prince of Peace !
Oh, may thy gentle reign increase !
Throw wide the door, each willing mind ;
And be his empire—all mankind.

202*Children invited to Christ.*

C. M.

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."

2 In life's young morn your tribute bring,
Ye children great and small,
And chant the praise of Christ your King,
O ! crown him " Lord of all."

3 All hail the Saviour, Prince of Peace,
Let saints before him fall,
Let sinners seek his pardoning grace,
And crown him " Lord of all."

203*Invitation and Promise.*

C. M.

1 **C**OME, children, learn to fear the Lord,
And that your days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

- 2 Depart from mischief, practise love ;
Pursue the works of peace ;
So shall the Lord your ways approve
And set your souls at ease.
- 3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry ;
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.
- 4 When desolation like a flood
O'er the proud sinner rolls,
You shall a refuge find in God,
For he redeems your souls.

204

Youth expostulated with.

C. M.

- 1 **G**RACE is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root :
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 2 Ye careless sinners, hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love !
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.
- 3 For you the public prayer is made,—
O, join the public prayer !
For you the trickling tear is shed,—
O, shed yourselves a tear !
- 4 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach ;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.
- 5 Bestow, O Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace ;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

205

Expostulation.

L. M.

1 **H**ASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
 And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 The longer wisdom you despise,
 The harder is she to be won.

2 O hasten, mercy to implore,
 And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 For fear thy season should be o'er
 Before this evening's stage be run.

3 O hasten, sinner, to return,
 And stay not for the morrow's sun,
 For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
 Before the needful work is done.

4 O hasten, sinner, to be blest,
 And stay not for the morrow's sun,
 For fear the curse should thee arrest
 Before the morrow is begun.

5 O Lord, do thou the sinner turn !
 Now rouse him from his senseless state !
 O let him not thy counsel spurn
 Nor rue his fatal choice too late !

206

Early seek God.

C. M.

1 **I**F you will turn away from sin
 In childhood's early day,
 The Lord will make you pure within,
 And take your guilt away.

2 He'll show you all his matchless love,
 He'll make you heirs of light,
 And give you grace, that you may prove
 Still faithful in his sight.

3 He'll lead you in the pleasant way
 Of holiness and peace ;

And guide you thus to endless day,
Where sin and sorrow cease.

- 4 Oh, stay not in the road to death,
But to the Saviour come ;
And, when you lose life's fleeting breath,
He'll send and take you home.

207

Waiting at Wisdom's gate.

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y heart has been too long ensnared
In folly's hurtful ways ;
O may I be at length prepared
To hear what wisdom says.
- 2 'Tis Jesus from the mercy-seat
Invites me to his rest ;
He calls poor sinners to his feet,
To make them truly blest.
- 3 Approach, my soul, to wisdom's gates,
Approach without delay ;
No one who watches there, and waits,
Shall e'er be turned away.
- 4 He will not let me seek in vain ;
For all who trust his word
Shall everlasting life obtain,
And favor from the Lord.

208

God invites.

8, 7, 4.

- 1 **S**INNERS, hear, for God hath spoken,
'Tis the God that reigns on high ;
He whose law the world has broken
Sends you tidings of great joy !
Hear his message,
Hear it, sinners, lest you die.
- 2 Hear the gospel, sinners, hear it,
Joyful news from heaven it brings ;
Here's a fountain—O draw near it !—
Opened by the King of Kings :

Living water
Thence in streams eternal springs.

- 3 Sinners, hear—why will you perish?
Death to life, O why prefer?
Why your vain delusions cherish?
Why from truth persist to err?
Wisdom calls you,
Happy they who learn of her.

209

Come, whosoever will.

C. M.

- 1 O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to ev'ry sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

- 2 Poor sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free and clear.

- 3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring!
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep celestial spring!

- 4 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

210

Christ's regard for little Children.

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, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to Thee:
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,—
Thine let these children be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear:
Ye children, seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

211

Invitations of Scripture.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the joyful sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,—
And can you yet delay?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.



EARLY PIETY.

212

Early Religion commanded.

C. M.

- 1 **I**N the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
124

Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb.

- 2 Remember thy Creator, God ;
For him thy powers employ ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence and joy.
- 3 He shall defend and guide thy course,
Through life's uncertain sea ;
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity.
- 4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth ;
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

213

Prompt Obedience.

- 1 **S**OON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek my grace ;"
My heart replied, without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."
- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away ;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.
- 3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.
- 4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believed
To see thy grace provide relief ;
Nor was my hope deceived.
- 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up ;

He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

214 *The Young invited to Christ.*

C. M.

- 1 **Y**E hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you ;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain :
And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul shall move,
If once compared with thee ?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see ?
- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind !
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

215 *Youth exhorted from Abijah's example.*

L. M.

- 1 **Y**E lovely tribes, in youthful bloom,
A sweet and smiling joy assume ;
Come, and with cheerful voices raise
To God, your grateful songs of praise.
- 2 Kindly he makes your lives his care ;
His favors, still, you richly share ;
Now to the God of grace and truth,
Devote your prime and flower of youth.

- 3 Think how the young Abijah stood,
 Blooming in youth, belov'd of God;
 This all his youthful beauty crown'd,
 "That in him some good thing was found!"
- 4 Almighty grace his mind renew'd,
 And all his soul to God subdued;
 'Twas love divine that formed his heart,
 To love and choose the better part.
- 5 Dear monument of grace and truth!
 Thus lived and died this happy youth:
 May every youth to pray incline—
 O let Abijah's God be mine!

216 *Youth addressed and prayed for.*

L. M.

- 1 **Y**E lovely tribes of smiling youth,
 Attend the voice of sacred truth;
 Your parents' hope, and joy, and boast,
 Let not the word on you be lost.
- 2 As plants you flourish, thrive, and grow;
 But do you God the Saviour know?
 In age and stature you increase;
 But do you know the God of grace?
- 3 Ah! let not sin consume the prime
 Of youthful, healthful, precious time!
 Do not these golden hours employ
 In pride, and fleeting carnal joy.
- 4 As plants of piety and grace,
 The strength and glory of our race,
 O may you grow, and thrive, and shine,
 In beauties heavenly and divine.

217 *Yielding to Christ.*

8's.

- 1 **O** JESUS! delight of my soul,
 My Saviour, my Shepherd divine!

- I yield to thy blessed control,
My body and spirit are thine.
- 2 Thy love I can never deserve,
That bids me be happy in thee;
My God and my King I will serve,
Whose favor is heaven to me.
- 3 How can I thy goodness repay,
By nature so weak and defiled?
Myself I have given away,
O call me thine own little child.
- 4 And art thou my Father above?
Will Jesus abide in my heart?
O bind me so fast with thy love
That I never from thee shall depart.

218

What shall I render?

C. M. D.

- 1 **T**HOUGH God preserves me ev'ry hour,
And feeds me ev'ry day,
I feel it is not in my pow'r
His goodness to repay.
The youngest child, the greatest king,
Alike must humbly own,
No worthy off'ring they can bring,
To lay before his throne.
- 2 For we, and all we offer, too,
Are His who rules above,
Then is there nothing I can do
To prove my grateful love?
An humble heart he'll not despise,
For 'tis his chief delight;
This is a holy sacrifice
Well pleasing in his sight.
- 3 The richest gifts before his throne
Would no acceptance find;
But he will kindly deign to own
A meek and humble mind.

This is an off'ring we may bring,
 However mean our store,
 The youngest child, the greatest king
 Can give him nothing more.

219

A Child's aspirations.

C. M.

1 **A**LMIGHTY God, while earth and heav'n
 Thy power and skill proclaim ;
 Wilt thou permit a child to sing
 The honors of thy name ?

2 Great God, be thou my hope and strength,
 To thee my spirit flies ;
 While the first tributes of my voice
 In grateful accents rise.

3 The early dawn of op'ning life
 Has prov'd thy guardian care ,
 O may I through my future years
 Thy grace and goodness share.

4 Behold, I give myself to thee,
 And in thy name confide ;
 Most gracious God, O deign to be
 My father, friend, and guide.

220

Loveliness of Early Piety.

C. M. D.

1 **B**Y cool Siloam's shady rill,
 How sweet the lily grows ;
 How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
 Of Sharon's dewy rose.
 And such the child, whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod ;
 Whose tender heart, with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God.

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

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age,
 Will blight the soul with sorrow's power,
 Or stormy passion's rage.

- 3 Oh! thou whose infancy was found
 With heavenly rays to shine,
 Whose years, with spotless virtue crown'd,
 Were all alike divine.
 Supported by thy bounteous breath,
 We seek thy gracious throne,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still thine own.

221 *Example of Jesus an incentive to Piety.* L. M.

- 1 **B**Y Jesus' pure example taught,
 May we be led in serious thought,
 O Lord! in early life to see
 And seek our happiness in thee.
- 2 May our young minds and mem'ries be
 Here train'd to early piety;
 And may our hearts through all our days
 Be thus devoted to thy praise.

222 *Early Instruction.* C. M.

- 1 **H**OW happy is the child who hears
 Instruction's warning voice;
 And who celestial wisdom makes
 His early, only choice.
- 2 For she has treasures greater far,
 Than east or west unfold;
 And her rewards more precious are
 Than all their stores of gold.
- 3 She guides the young with innocence
 In pleasure's path to tread;
 A crown of glory she bestows
 Upon the aged head.

- 4 According as her labors rise,
 So her rewards increase ;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

223

Holy Resolutions.

L. M.

- 1 **M**AY I resolve with all my heart,
 With all my powers to serve the Lord,
 Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.
- 2 Oh ! be his service all my joy,
 Around let my example shine ;
 Till others love the blest employ,
 And join in labors so divine.
- 3 Oh ! may I never faint nor tire,
 Nor wand'ring leave his sacred ways ;
 Great God accept my soul's desire
 And give me strength to live thy praise.

224

The advantages of Early Religion.

C. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the child, whose tender years
 Receive instruction well ;
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road that leads to hell.
- 2 When we devote our youth to God,
 'Tis pleasing in his eyes ;
 A flow'r, when offered in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'Tis easier work if we begin
 To fear the Lord betimes ;
 While sinners, who grow old in sin,
 Are harden'd in their crimes.
- 4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
 To mind religion young ;

Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

- 5 To thee, Almighty God! to thee,
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.
- 6 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

225

Early Consecration.

C. M.

- 1 **I**N the bright morn of life, when youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose;
- 2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved;
- 3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days:
And cares, and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways.
- 4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age
With vain regret deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.
- 5 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest;
O then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest!

226 *Seeking first the Kingdom of God.*

C. M.

- 1 **N**OW let a true ambition rise,
 And ardor fire our breast,
 To reign in worlds above the skies,
 In heavenly glories drest.
- 2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
 A radiant crown display,
 Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
 While stars and suns decay.
- 3 Away each grovelling anxious care,
 Beneath a Christian's thought;
 We spring to seize immortal joys,
 Which our Redeemer bought.
- 4 Ye hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
 The glorious prize pursue:
 Nor fear the want of earthly good,
 While heaven is kept in view.

227 *Children encouraged to seek.*

C. M.

- 1 **E**NQUIRE, ye children, for the way
 That leads to Zion's hill;
 And thither set your steady face
 With a determined will.
- 2 Come, let us to his temple haste,
 And seek his favor there:
 Before his footstool humbly bow,
 And pour our fervent prayer.
- 3 Come, let us join our souls to God,
 In everlasting bands;
 And seize the blessing he bestows,
 With eager hearts and hands.
- 4 Come let us seal without delay
 The covenant of his grace;
 Nor shall the years of distant life
 Its memory efface.

228

The ways of Wisdom.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HY should we spend our youthful days
 In folly and in sin?
 When wisdom shows her pleasant ways,
 And bids us walk therein.
- 2 Folly and sin our peace destroy,
 They glitter and are past:
 They yield us but a moment's joy,
 And end in death at last.
- 3 But, if true wisdom we possess,
 Our joys shall never cease;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.
- 4 O may we, in our youthful days,
 Attend to wisdom's voice;
 And make these holy, happy ways,
 Our own delightful choice!

229

Self-dedication.

S. M.

- 1 **L**ORD! I would come to thee,
 A sinner all defiled;
 O take the stain of guilt away,
 And own me as thy child.
- 2 I cannot live in sin,
 And feel a Saviour's love;
 Thy blood can make my spirit clean;
 O write my name above!

230

"Suffer little Children to come."

C. M.

- 1 **Y**OUNG children once to Jesus came,
 His blessing to entreat:
 And I may humbly do the same
 Before his mercy-seat.
- 2 For when their feeble hands were spread,
 And bent each infant knee,

"Forbid them not," the Saviour said,
And so he says of me.

- 3 Though now he is not here below,
We know his holy will ;
To him may little children go,
And seek a blessing still.
- 4 Well pleased that little flock to see,
The Saviour kindly smiled ;
O then he will not frown on me,
Because I am a child.
- 5 For as so many years ago,
Children his pity drew,
I'm sure he will not let me go
Without a blessing too.
- 6 Then while this favor to implore,
My little hands are spread,
Do thou thy sacred blessings pour,
Lord Jesus, on my head.

231

Examples of Early Piety.

- 1 **W**HAT blest examples do we find,
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth !
- 2 Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.
- 3 At twelve years old he talked with men
(The Jews all wond'ring stand,)
Yet he obey'd his mother then,
And came at her command.
- 4 Children a sweet hosanna sung,
And blest their Saviour's name ;

They gave him honor with their tongue,
While scribes and priests blaspheme.

5 Samuel the child was wean'd and brought
To wait upon the Lord ;
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know his holy word.

6 Then why should I so long delay
What others learnt so soon ?
I would not pass another day
Without this work begun.

232

" Give me thy Heart."

7's.

1 **H**EAR ye not a voice from heaven,
To the listening spirit given ?
Children, come ! it seems to say,
Give your hearts to me to-day.

2 Sweet as is a mother's love,
Tender as the heavenly Dove,
Thus it speaks a Saviour's charms :
Thus it wins us to his arms.

3 Lord, we will remember thee,
While from pains and sorrows free ;
While our day is in its dew,
And the clouds of life are few.

4 Then, when night and age appear,
Thou wilt chase each doubt and fear ;
Thou our glorious leader be,
When the stars shall fade and flee.

5 Now to thee, O Lord ! we come,
In our morning's early bloom ;
Breathe on us thy grace divine ;
Touch our hearts, and make them thine !

233

We are but Young.

L. M.

- 1 **WE** are but young—yet we may sing
 The praises of our heavenly King ;
 He made the earth, the sea, the sky,
 And all the starry worlds on high.
- 2 We are but young—yet we have heard
 The gospel news, the heavenly word :
 If we despise the only way,
 Dreadful will be the judgment day.
- 3 We are but young—yet we must die,
 Perhaps our latter end is nigh ;
 Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
 And find in Christ a hiding-place.
- 4 We are but young—we need a guide ;
 Jesus, in thee we would confide ;
 O lead us in the path of truth,
 Protect and bless our helpless youth.
- 5 We are but young—yet God has shed
 Unnumbered blessings on our head ;
 Then let our youth and riper days
 Be all devoted to his praise.

234

True Wisdom.

S. M.

- 1 **KING** Solomon of old
 A happy choice had made ;
 'Twas not for life, 'twas not for gold,
 Nor honors that he prayed.
- 2 He chose the better part ;
 He sought for purer joys ;
 A wise and understanding heart ;
 And God approved his choice.
- 3 Far better than his crown,
 And all his grand array,
 That wisdom was which God sent down
 To guide him on his way.

DANGER OF DELAY.

235

The accepted time.

C. M.

- 1 O 'TIS a folly and a crime
To put religion by ;
For now is the accepted time,
To-morrow we may die.
- 2 Our hearts grow harder every day,
And more depraved the mind ;
The longer we neglect to pray,
The less we feel inclined.
- 3 Yet sinners trifle, young and old,
Until the dying day ;
Then they would give a world of gold
To have an hour to pray.
- 4 O then, lest we should perish thus,
We would no longer wait ;
For time will soon be past with us,
And death will fix our state.

236

Tender Entreaty.

L. M.

- 1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light
Mercy is found and peace is giv'n ;
But soon, ah soon ! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming sound—
“ Come, sinners, haste, oh haste away,
While, yet a pard'ning God is found.”
- 3 “ Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear, or save.”

- 4 " In that lone land of deep despair,
 No Sabbath's heav'nly light shall rise ;
 No God regard your bitter prayer,
 Nor Saviour call you to the skies."

237

The danger of Delay.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HY should I say, "'Tis yet too soon
 " To seek for Heaven, or think of death ?"
 A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
 And I this day may lose my breath.
- 2 If this rebellious heart of mine
 Despise the gracious calls of Heaven,
 I may be hardened in sin,
 And never have repentance given.
- 3 What if the Lord in wrath shall swear,
 While I refuse to read and pray,
 That he'll refuse to lend an ear
 To all my groans another day ?
- 4 What if his dreadful anger burn,
 While I refuse his offer'd grace,
 And all his love to fury turn,
 And strike me dead upon the place ?
- 5 'Tis dangerous to provoke a God !
 His power and vengeance none can tell ;
 One stroke of his almighty rod
 Shall send young sinners quick to hell.
- 6 Then 'twill for ever be in vain
 To cry for pardon and for grace ;
 To wish I had my time again,
 Or hope to see my Maker's face.

238

The Child's complaint.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HY should I love my sport so well,
 So constant at my play,

- And lose the thoughts of heaven and hell,
 And then forget to pray ?
- 2 What do I read my Bible for,
 But, Lord, to learn thy will ?
 And shall I daily know thee more,
 And less obey thee still ?
- 3 How senseless is my heart, and wild !
 How vain are all my thoughts !
 Pity the weakness of a child,
 And pardon all my faults.
- 4 Make me thy heavenly voice to hear,
 And let me love to pray ;
 Since God will lend a gracious ear
 To what a child can say.

239

The last Call to Sinners.

L. M.

- 1 **S**AY, sinner, hath a voice within
 Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
 Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
 And leave thy heart to God's control ?
- 2 God's Spirit will not always strive
 With hardened, self-destroying man,
 Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
 May never hear his voice again.
- 3 Sinner, perhaps this very day
 Thy last accepted time may be :
 O shouldst thou grieve him now away,
 Then hope may never smile on thee.



SHORTNESS AND SWIFTNESS OF LIFE.

240

Time glides constantly.

7's.

- 1 **G**ENTLY glides the stream of life
 Oft along the flowery vale,

Or, impetuous down the cliff
Rushing, roars when winds assail.

- 2 'Tis an ever varying flood,
Always rolling to its sea,
Slow or quick, or mild or rude,
Tending to eternity.

241*Time is flying.*

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW long sometimes a day appears!
And weeks how long are they!
Months move along, as if the years
Would never pass away.

- 2 But months and years are passing by,
And soon must all be gone;
For day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.

- 3 Days, months, and years must have an end,
Eternity has none:
'Twill always have as long to spend
As when it first began.

- 4 Great God, an infant cannot tell
How such a thing can be;
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time with thee.

242*Brevity of Life.*

S. M.

- 1 **M**Y life's a narrow span,
A short uncertain day,
And if I reach the age of man,
It soon will pass away.

- 2 I may, for aught I know,
This hour the summons hear,
That calls me where the wicked go,
Or where the saints appear.

- 3 Teach me, with all my heart,
 Thy mercy to embrace ;
 And now, from every sin depart,
 To seize the time of grace.
- 4 My soul from ruin save,
 And cleanse my ev'ry stain,
 Then shall I triumph o'er the grave,
 And paradise regain.

243 *Temporal things all Transitory.*

P. M.

- 1 OH, how fleeting, how deceiving,
 Is our earthly being !
 'Tis a mist in wintry weather,
 Gathered in an hour together,
 And as soon dispers'd for ever !
- 2 Oh, how fleeting, how deceiving,
 Are our days departing !
 Like a deep and headlong river,
 Flowing onward, flowing ever !
 Tarrying not, and stopping never.
- 3 Oh, how fleeting, how deceiving,
 Are the world's enjoyments !
 All the hues of change they borrow,
 Bright to-day, and dark to-morrow ;
 Mingled lot of joy and sorrow.
- 4 Oh, how fleeting, how deceiving,
 Is all earthly beauty !
 Like a summer flow'ret flowing,
 Scatter'd by the breezes, blowing
 O'er the bed on which 'twas growing.
- 5 Oh ! how fleeting, how deceiving,
 All—yes, all that's earthly !
 Ev'ry thing is fading,—flying—
 Man is mortal,—earth is dying—
 Christian ! live, on heav'n relying.

244 *Youth and Pleasure passing away.* 7's.

- 1 SEE the lovely, blooming flower,
 Fade and wither in an hour ;
 So our transient comforts fly,
 Pleasure only blooms to die.
- 2 See the leaves are falling fast,
 Scatter'd by the wintry blast ;
 So our youthful pleasures fade,
 Cares will soon our breasts invade.
- 3 Time is passing swift away,
 Earthly joys will soon decay,
 May we have, prepared on high,
 Pleasures that will never die.

245 *Time and Opportunity passing.* L. M.

- 1 TO-DAY is added to our time,
 Yet while we sing, it glides away ;
 How soon shall we be past our prime,
 For, where alas ! is yesterday ?
- 2 Gone, gone into eternity.
 There ev'ry day in turn appears ;
 To-morrow ! oh ! 'twill never be,
 If we should live a thousand years.
- 3 Our time is all to-day,—to-day ;
 The same though changed ;—and while it flies,
 With still small voice the moments say,
 " To-day, to-day, be wise, be wise."
- 4 Then, wisdom from above impart,
 Good Lord, send forth thy light and truth
 To guide our feet, inspire our heart,
 And make us Christians from our youth.

246

All. Flesh is grass.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE grass and flow'rs which clothe the field,
 And look so green and gay ;
 Touch'd by the scythe, defenceless, yield,
 And fall and fade away.
- 2 Fit emblem of our mortal state,
 That, in the scripture glass,
 The young, the strong, the wise, the great,
 May see themselves but grass.
- 3 Ah ! trust not to your fleeting breath,
 Nor call your time your own ;
 Around you see !—the scythe of death
 Is mowing thousands down.

247

Time is Flying.

7's & 6's.

- 1 **T**IME is winging us away
 To our eternal home ;
 Life is but a winter's day—
 A journey to the tomb :
 Youth and vigor soon will flee,
 Blooming beauty lose its charms,
 All that's mortal soon shall be
 Enclosed in death's cold arms.
- 2 Time is winging us away
 To our eternal home ;
 Life is but a winter's day—
 A journey to the tomb :
 But the Christian shall enjoy
 Health and beauty soon above,
 Far beyond the world's alloy
 Secure in Jesus' love.

248

Wisdom of improving Time.

S. M.

- 1 **T**O-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
 Lodged in thy sovereign hand :

- And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care :
O, be it still pursued ;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

249

Time is short, 1 Cor. vii. 29.

C. M.

- 1 "THE time is short!" the season near,
When death will us remove,
To leave our friends, however dear—
Leave all we fondly love.
- 2 "The time is short!" sinners, beware ;
Nor trifle time away ;
The word of great salvation hear,
While it is called to-day.
- 3 "The time is short!" ye children now
To Christ the Lord submit,
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.
- 4 "The time is short!" ye saints, rejoice,
The Lord will quickly come ;

250, 251 SHORTNESS AND SWIFTNESS OF LIFE.

Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,
To call you to your home.

250

A minute.

P. M.

- 1 **A** MINUTE, how soon it has flown !
And yet how important it is !
God calls every moment his own,
For all our existence is his ;
And tho' we may waste them in folly and play,
He notices each that we squander away.
- 2 Why should we a minute despise,
Because it so quickly is o'er ?
We know that it rapidly flies,
And therefore should prize it the more :
Another, indeed, may appear in its stead,
But that precious moment for ever is fled.
- 3 'Tis easy to squander our years
In idleness, folly, and strife :
But, oh ! no repentance or tears
Can bring back one moment of life !
But time, if well-spent, and improv'd as it goes,
Will render life pleasant, and peaceful its close.
- 4 And when all the minutes are past,
Which God for our portion has given,
We shall cheerfully welcome the last,
If it safely conduct us to heaven.
The value of time, then, may all of us see ;
Not knowing how near our last minute may be !

251

Children numbering their days.

S. M.

- 1 **T**HE pure and peaceful mind,
The meek and lowly heart,
The patient will, to thine resigned,
God of all pow'r, impart.

- 2 Young though in years we be,
 In health and spirits strong ;
 What is the life of man to thee ?
 The longest is not long.
- 3 A thousand years ! a day !
 Are equal in thy sight :
 Our generations pass away,
 Like watches in the night.
- 4 Lord, make us timely wise,
 To know our call of grace,
 And with the moment as it flies
 Run our appointed race.

252

Time flies.

C. M.

- 1 **Q**UICKLY my days have passed away,
 How soon, alas, they're gone !
 Life's gayest scenes decline in haste,
 Just like the setting sun.
- 2 Always in motion, ne'er at rest,
 My minutes onward roll ;
 Swift to pursue their destined course,
 And soon to reach the goal.
- 3 Eternal pains, or endless joys,
 Stand waiting at the door ;
 The moments pass, or those to come,
 Are not within my power.
- 4 God of my strength and of my hope,
 In whom I live and move,
 Help me by thine instructive grace
 The present to improve.
- 5 And if through this revolving year
 Thou shouldst my life prolong,
 O may thy wisdom guide my steps,
 Thy praise employ my tongue.

DEATH APPROACHING.

253

Eternity.

L. M.

- 1 **E**TERNITY is just at hand ;
 And shall I waste my ebbing sand ?
 And careless view departing day,
 And throw my precious time away ?
- 2 Eternity !—without a bound ;
 To guilty souls a dreadful sound !
 But O, if Christ and heaven be mine,
 How sweet the accents ! how divine !
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care,
 My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
 An interest in the Saviour's blood,
 My pardon sealed, and peace with God.

254

To-day.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HAT awful hour will soon appear,
 Swift on the wings of time it flies ;
 When all that pains or pleases here,
 Will vanish from my closing eyes.
- 2 Death calls my friends and neighbours hence,
 None can resist the fatal dart ;
 Continual warnings strike my sense,
 And shall they fail to reach my heart !
- 3 Think, O my soul ! how much depends
 On the short period of to-day ;
 Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends,
 Be negligently thrown away ?
- 4 Lord of my life, inspire my heart
 With heavenly ardour, grace divine,
 Nor let thy presence e'er depart ;
 For strength, and life, and death are thine.

255

Death approaching.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE short-lived day declines in haste,
 The night of death approaches fast ;
 With rapid speed the moments run
 In which the work of life is done.
- 2 As flies the shuttle o'er the loom,
 So mortals hasten to the tomb ;
 As ships that skim along the sea,
 Or eagles darting on their prey.
- 3 As vanishes the fleeting shade,
 As flowers before the evening fade,
 Such is the life of feeble man ;
 His days are measured by a span.
- 4 Be this my one, my great concern,
 The way of life and peace to learn ;
 To know my dear Redeemer's love,
 And his renewing grace to prove.



D E A T H .



256

The great Object of Life.

P. M.

- 1 **A**ND am I only born to die ?
 And must I certainly comply
 With nature's stern decree ?
 What after death for me remains ?
 Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
 To all eternity.
- 2 How then ought I on earth to live,
 While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
 And props the house of clay ?
 My sole concern, my single care,
 To watch, and tremble, and prepare
 Against that fatal day !

- 3 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
 But how I may escape the death
 That never, never dies!
 How make my own election sure,
 And when I fail on earth, secure
 A mansion in the skies.
- 4 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray ;
 Be thou my guide, be thou my way
 To glorious happiness !
 Ah ! write the pardon on my heart !
 And whensoe'er I hence depart,
 Let me depart in peace !

257

Time of Death uncertain.

C. M.

- 1 COME, O my soul, look up and see
 How swift the moments run !
 Swift as the wheel of time whirls round
 My closing day moves on.
- 2 [Some busy hand perhaps this hour
 Is weaving fast my shroud ;—
 Soon hoary winter will draw on,
 And freeze life's vital flood.]
- 3 Few clocks, for aught I know, may strike
 Before my fun'ral knell,
 Which by its doleful sounding tongue,
 Shall my departure tell.
- 4 When the grim king of terrors calls
 May I triumphant stand ;
 And find my Saviour then my friend
 To guide me with his hand.
- 5 Then shall my spirit soar away
 To heav'n, and see his face ;
 And sing with all the ransom'd throng
 The wonders of his grace !

258

Death solemn and inevitable.

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I confess thy sentence just,
That sinful man should turn to dust,
That I ere long should yield my breath,
The captive of all-conq'ring Death.
- 2 Soon will the awful hour appear,
When I must quit my dwelling here :
These active limbs, to worms a prey,
In the cold grave must waste away.
- 3 To distant climes, and seats unknown,
My naked spirit must be gone ;
To God its Maker must return,
And ever joy, or ever mourn.
- 4 No room for penitence and pray'r ;
No farther preparation there
Can e'er be made ; the thought is vain ;
My state unalter'd must remain.
- 5 Awake, my soul, without delay,
That if God summon thee this day,
Thou cheerful at his call may'st rise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

259

Death of a Child.

7's.

- 1 **M**OURN not ye whose child hath found
Purer skies and holier ground ;
Flowers of bright and pleasant hue,
Free from thorns and fresh with dew.
- 2 Mourn not ye whose child hath fled
From this region of the dead,
To yon winged angel-band,
To a better, fairer land.
- 3 Knowledge in that clime doth grow
Free from weeds of toil and wo,

Joys which mortals may not share ;
Mourn ye not your child is there.

260

For a dying child.

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y heavenly Father ! I confess
That all thy ways are just ;
Although I faint with sore distress,
And now draw near the dust.
- 2 How soon my little strength has fled !
My life will soon be past ;
O smile upon my dying bed,
And love me to the last.
- 3 Once did the blessed Saviour cry,
" Let little children come ;"
On this kind word I would rely,
Since I am going home.
- 4 O take this guilty soul of mine
That now will soon be gone,
And wash it clean, and make it shine
With heavenly garments on.

261

Death and its consequences.

L. M.

- 1 **S**URE 'tis a serious thing to die,
To be we known not *what*, or *where* ;
That state untried we soon must try,
And every knell proclaims prepare.
- 2 I, too, must pass through death's dark vale,
And walk, alone, the cheerless gloom ;
Where friendship's tenderest efforts fail
To smooth the path, its shades illumine.
- 3 Soon, and the last, relentless foe,
Shall quench each power ; close every sense ;
Strike on this frame the mortal blow,
And drive my trembling spirit thence.

- 4 Lord, may thy presence round me shine,
When feeble flesh and heart shall fail;
Break on my soul, with beams benign:
While nature sinks, may grace prevail.
- 5 Then, when my weeping friends survey
My pale remains—the conflict o'er—
My soul shall mount its heavenly way,
Smile back on death—nor fear him more.

262

The Grave.

P. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a grassy bed,
A cold and gloomy cell,
In which some youthful head,
Reclined, will surely dwell;
Before another pleasant spring
The first young violets shall bring!
- 2 O, if on yonder side
A hand of dazzling flame
Should the blue heavens divide,
And write that young one's name;
His knees would shake, his blood run cold,
Like the Chaldean king of old.
- 3 With earnest hope and fear,
For pardon he'd implore,
And spend this hasty year
As he spent none before;
'To Jesus Christ his soul would cling,
As the one only needful thing.
- 4 Well, let the name be mine,
(As possibly it may,)
Great Saviour, now incline
This thoughtless heart to pray
Help me to choose the better part;
Help me to give thee all my heart.

- 5 Then though the grassy bed,
 The cold and gloomy cell,
 Should bear my youthful head,
 For me it will be well ;
 Yes, better far than dwelling here,
 Away from home, another year !

263

Sleeping in Jesus.

L. M.

- 1 **A** SLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep !
 From which none ever wakes to weep ;
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus ! O how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet !
 With holy confidence to sing
 That death has lost his cruel sting.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest !
 Whose waking is supremely blest ;
 No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
 That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus ! O, for me
 May such a blissful refuge be ;
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 Waiting the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be ;
 But there is still a blessed sleep
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

264

Death of a Scholar.

L. M.

- 1 **A** MOURNING class, a vacant seat,
 Tell us that one we loved to meet
 Will join our youthful throng no more,
 Till all these changing scenes are o'er.

- 2 No more that voice we loved to hear
 Shall fill his teacher's listening ear ;
 No more its tones shall join to swell
 The songs that of a Saviour tell.
- 3 That welcome face, that sparkling eye,
 And sprightly form, must buried lie ;
 Deep in the cold and silent gloom,
 The rayless night that fills the tomb.
- 4 And we live on, but none can say,
 How near or distant is the day
 When death's unwelcome hand shall come,
 To lay us in our narrow home.
- 5 God tells us, by this mournful death,
 How vain and fleeting is our breath ;
 And bids our souls prepare to meet
 The trial of his judgment-seat.

265

Death of a Pious Child.

S. M.

- 1 **W**HEN sickness, pain, and death
 Come o'er a godly child,
 How sweetly then departs the breath '
 The dying pang how mild !
- 2 It gently sinks to rest,
 As once it used to do
 Upon its mother's tender breast,
 And as securely too.
- 3 The spirit is not dead,
 Though low the body lies ;
 But, freed from sin and sorrow, fled
 To dwell beyond the skies.
- 4 That death is but a sleep
 Beneath a Saviour's care ;
 And he will surely safely keep
 The body resting there.

266

Death of a Scholar.

C. M.

- 1 **D**EATH has been here, and borne away
 A brother from our side,—
 Just in the morning of *his* day,
 As young as we, *he* died.
- 2 Not long ago, *he* filled his place,
 And sat with us to learn :
 But *he* has run *his* mortal race,
 And never can return.
- 3 Perhaps our time may be as short,
 Our days may fly as fast ;
 O Lord, impress the solemn thought
 That this may be our last !
- 4 All needful strength is thine to give ;
 To thee our souls apply
 For grace to teach us how to live,
 And make us fit to die.

267

The Young in Heaven.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HAT souls are those that venture near
 The throne of God to see ?
 Ten thousand happy ones, who here
 Were children such as we !
- 2 Their sins the Saviour washed away,
 He made them white and clean ;
 They loved his word, they loved his day,
 They loved him though unseen.
- 3 Now under many a grassy mound
 Their youthful bodies rest,
 But safe their happy souls are found
 Upon their Saviour's breast.
- 4 O may we travel, as they trod,
 The path that leads to heaven,
 156

And seek forgiveness from that God
Who hath their sins forgiven.

- 5 Dear Saviour ! hear our humble cry,
And our young hearts renew ;
Then raise our ransomed souls on high,
That we may see thee too.

268

Death of a Child.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HY life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transport all divine ;
Thine image trace in ev'ry word,
Thy love in ev'ry line.
- 2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive thy smiling grace.
- 3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
"And lay them in my breast ;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.
- 4 Death may the band of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love,
Millions of infants souls compose
The family above.
- 5 Their feeble frames my pow'r shall raise,
And mould with heav'nly skill,
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will."
- 6 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joys divine ;
Dear Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

269

Death of a Child.

C. M.

- 1 **A**LAS ! how chang'd that lovely flower,
Which bloom'd and cheer'd my heart !

- Fair fleeting comfort of an hour,
How soon we're call'd to part !
- 2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign
That God, whose ways are love ?
Or vainly cherish anxious pain
For *her* who rests above ?
- 3 No !—let me rather humbly pay
Obedience to his will,
And with my inmost spirit, say,
“ The Lord is righteous still.”
- 4 From adverse blasts, and low'ring storms,
Her favor'd soul he bore,
And with yon bright angelic forms,
She lives to die no more.
- 5 Why should I vex my heart, or fast ?
No more *she'll* visit me,
My soul will mount to *her* at last,
And I *her* face shall see.
- 6 Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share
The bliss thy people prove ;
Who round thy glorious throne appear,
And dwell in perfect love.

270 *At the Funeral of a Young Person.* C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatched away,
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
With awful power,—“ I too must die !”
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world delude no more ;
Behold the gaping tomb !

It bids us seize the present hour :
To-morrow death may come.

- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey ;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 Oh, let us fly,—to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save ;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God ! thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power ;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

271 *Funeral Hymn of a Sabbath-Scholar.* C. M.

- 1 **A**S, crushed by sudden storms, the rose
Sinks on the garden's breast,
Down to the grave our brother goes
In earth's cold arms to rest.
- 2 No more, with us, his tuneful voice
The hymn of praise shall swell ;
No more his cheerful heart rejoice
To hear the Sabbath-bell.
- 3 Yet if, in yon unclouded sphere
Amid a blessed throng,
He warbles in his Saviour's ear
The everlasting song ;—
- 4 No more we'll mourn our buried friend,
But lift the ardent prayer,
And ev'ry wish and effort bend
To rise and join him there.

272 *Death of a Mother.* L. M.

- 1 **T**HE bosom where I oft have lain,
And slept my infant hours away,

- Will never beat for me again,
For it lies dead, and wrapt in clay.
- 2 How many were the silent prayers
My mother offered up for me ;
How many were the bitter cares
Who none but God besides could see.
- 3 Well, she is gone, and now in heaven
She sings his praise, who died for her ;
And to her hand a harp is given,
And she's a heavenly worshipper.
- 4 O let me think of all she said,
And all the kind advice she gave ;
And let me do it now she's dead,
And sleeping in her lowly grave.
- 5 And let me choose the path she chose,
And her I soon again may see,
Beyond this world of sin and woes,
With Jesus, in eternity.



JUDGMENT.

273 *The final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked.* S. M.

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend ?
And must the dead arise ?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away ?
- 3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,

Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice,
What joyful tidings spread.

- 4 Ye children, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.
- 5 So shall that curse remove
By which the Saviour bled,
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

274

The last Day.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away :
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How will he meet that dreadful day ?
- 2 When shrivelling, like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.
- 3 O ! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay ;
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

275

Death and Judgment Appointed.

C. M.

- 1 **H**EAVEN has confirm'd the great decree,
That Adam's race must die ;
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must quickly dwell ;
Hark ! how the awful summons sounds,
In every funeral knell.

- 3 Once you must die ; and once for all
 The solemn purport weigh ;
 For know, that heaven or hell attend
 On that important day.
- 4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
 Must wake, the Judge to see ;
 And every word and every thought
 Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 O, may I in the Judge behold
 My Saviour and my Friend !
 And, far beyond the reach of death,
 With all his saints ascend.

276

The wicked Child judged.

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW dreadful, Lord, will be the day
 When all the tribes of dead shall rise,
 And those who dared to disobey
 Be brought before thy piercing eyes !
- 2 The wicked child, who often heard
 His faithful teachers speak of thee,
 And fled from every serious word,
 Shall not be able then to flee.
- 3 No teacher, then, shall bid him pray
 To him, who now the sinner hears ;
 For Christ himself shall turn away,
 And show no pity to his tears.
- 4 Great God ! I tremble at the thought ;
 And at thy feet for mercy bend,
 That when to judgment I am brought,
 The Judge himself may be my Friend.

277

Judgment-day.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker face to face—
 O, how shall I appear !

- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought :
- 3 When thou, O Lord ! shalt stand disclosed
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 O, how shall I appear !
- 4 Prepare me, Lord, to meet that day,
 Ere yet it be too late,
 When I shall view these solemn scenes,
 And feel their awful weight.

278

Time mis-spent.

S. M.

- 1 **A** DREAD and solemn hour
 To us is drawing near ;
 When we, before the throne of God,
 All present shall appear.
- 2 What answer shall we give,
 When God himself demands,
 The uses made of times like these,
 In judgment, at our hands ?
- 3 And must we then confess
 That all was spent in vain ;
 The seasons that were once our own,
 But cannot be again ?
- 4 This will be woe indeed !
 To regions of despair
 Our own neglect will sink us down,
 To mourn for ever there.



HELL.

279

Everlasting Punishment.

S. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a dreadful hell,
 And everlasting pains !

Where sinners must with devils dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains.

- 2 Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end?
And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I shall to heav'n ascend?
- 3 Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and breath,
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent t' eternal death.

280

Hell the consequence of Sin.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HO can abide God's wrath, or stand
Before the terrors of his hand?
Jehovah's curse what heart shall dare
To meet, or who be strong to bear?
- 2 I then, poor feeble worm! how soon
Must I dissolve before his frown!
And yet his frowns and vengeance too,
I, by my sins, have made my due.
- 3 Is there no hope? and must I die?
Is there no friend, no helper nigh?
Is it, beyond repeal, decreed?
That every soul that sins must bleed!
- 4 O let my listening, longing ear
Some sound of grace and pardon hear!
My soul, the Gospel news embrace;
And turn thy trembling into praise.



HEAVEN.



281

Heaven contrasted with Earth.

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, let us now forget our mirth,
And think that we must die:

What are our best delights on earth
Compared with those on high ?

- 2 A sad and sinful world is this,
Although it seems so fair ;
But heav'n is perfect joy and bliss,
For God himself is there.
- 3 Here all our pleasures soon are past,
Our brightest joys decay ;
But pleasures there for ever last,
And cannot fade away.
- 4 Here many a pain, and bitter groan,
Our feeble bodies tear ;
But pain and sickness are not known,
And never shall be there.
- 5 Here sins and sorrows we deplore,
With many cares distress ?
But there the mourners weep no more,
And there the weary rest.
- 6 Our dearest friends, when death shall call
At once must hence depart ;
But there we hope to meet them all,
And never, never part.
- 7 Then let us love and serve the Lord
With all our youthful pow'rs ;
And we shall gain this great reward—
This glory shall be ours.

282

Rest and Joy only in Heaven.

6, 5.

- 1 **O**UR hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
Never, no, never.
- 2 Where joys celestial thrill :
Where bliss each heart shall fill,

And fears of parting chill
Never, no, never :—

- 3 Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel ;
Never, no, never.
- 4 There will our hearts repose,
Secure from worldly woes,
Our song of praise shall close,
Never, no, never.

283*Heaven.*

S. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is, beyond the sky,
A Heaven of joy and love,
And holy children when they die
Go to that world above.
- 2 There, may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honor sing !
Jesus, receive our infant songs
And bear them to the King.

284*Who shall live in Heaven.*

S. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land above
All beautiful and bright,
And those who love and seek the Lord
Rise to that world of light.
- 2 There sin is known no more,
Nor tears, nor want, nor care ;
There good and happy beings dwell,
And all are holy there.

285*Preparation for Heaven.*

L. M.

- 1 **H**EAVEN is a place of rest from sin ;
But all, who hope to enter there,
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

- 2 Clean hearts, O God! in us create,
 Right spirits; Lord, in us renew;
 Commence we now that higher state—
 Now do thy will as angels do.
- 3 In Jesus' footsteps may we tread,
 Learn every lesson of his love;
 And be from grace to glory led,
 From heaven below to heaven above.



TIMES AND SEASONS.

MORNING.

286

Morning Worship.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, with rapture rise,
 And fill'd with love and fear, adore
 The awful Sovereign of the skies,
 Whose mercy lends me one day more.
- 2 And may this day, indulgent Power,
 Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;
 But may each swiftly flying hour
 Still nearer bring my soul to thee.
- 3 But wilt thou deign to lend an ear
 When I, a sinful child, shall pray?
 Yes, boundless goodness!—thou *wilt* hear;
 Nor cast the weakest child away.
- 4 Then let me serve thee all my days,
 And may my zeal with years increase;
 For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,
 And all thy paths are paths of peace.

287

A Morning Hymn.

P. M

- 1 **O**NCE more my eyes behold the day,
 And to my God my soul would pay

Its tributary lays.

O may the life preserv'd by thee,
With all its powers and blessings be
Devoted to thy praise.

- 2 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
Israel's great keeper, King of Kings,
My weary head found rest.
No dire alarms, or aching pains,
Devouring fire, or galling chains,
Disturb'd my peaceful breast.
- 3 How many, since I laid me down,
Have launch'd into a world unknown,
To meet a dreadful doom,
While some, on wat'ry billows toss'd,
Or wand'ring on an unknown coast,
Have sigh'd in vain for home.
- 4 But I am spar'd to see thy face,
A monument of saving grace,
And live to praise thy name:
Still be thou near, my gracious Lord,
To keep and guide, and by thy word
Peace to my soul proclaim.
- 5 Let me enjoy thy presence here,
In every storm my heart to cheer,
Till thou shalt bid me rise,
Where sin and sorrow never come,
'Till at my blest eternal home
I wake in sweet surprise.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes,
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.

- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise ;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 [On a poor worm thy power might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand ;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.
- 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]
- 6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine
Whilst I enjoy the light,
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

289

Praise to God in the Morning.

C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD of my life ! O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.
- 2 Preserv'd by thy almighty arm,
I pass the shades of night,
Serene and safe from ev'ry harm,
And see returning light.
- 3 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains, and woes,
In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes
And undisturb'd repose.

- 4 When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spread,
 And I unconscious lay ;
 Thy watchful care was round my bed
 To guard my feeble clay.
- 5 O let the same almighty care
 My waking hours attend,
 From ev'ry tresspass, ev'ry snare
 My heedless steps defend.

290 *The Morning emblematic of eternal day.* L. M.

- 1 **I**N sleep's serene oblivion laid,
 I safely pass'd the silent night :
 Again I see the breaking shade,
 Again I drink the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,
 Once more, with awe, rejoice to be :
 My conscious soul resumes her pow'r,
 And springs; my guardian God! to thee.
- 3 O guide me through the various maze
 My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread ;
 And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
 Where dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend ;
 A deeper sleep my eyes oppress :
 Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
 Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away ;
 That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes ;
 Thy light shall give eternal day ;
 The love, the rapture of the skies.

291 *Morning Song.* S. M.

- 1 **S**EE how the rising sun
 Pursues his shining way ;

And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly parent sing :
And to its great original,
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I lay me down
Beneath his guardian care ;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near !

4 Thus does thine arm support
This weak, defenceless frame ;
But whence these favours, Lord, to me,
So worthless as I am ?

5 O how shall I repay
The bounties of my God ?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing—painful load.

292 *Seeking Divine protection in the Morning.* C. M.

1 **T**O thee let my first off'rings rise,
Whose sun creates my day ;
Swift as his gladd'ning influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

2 This day the fav'ring hand be nigh
So oft vouchsaf'd before !
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.

3 Affliction should'st thou please to send
As sin's or folly's cure,
Patient to gain that blessed end,
May I the means endure.

4 Be this, and every future day
Still wiser than the past ;

That from the whole of life's survey,
I may find peace at last.

293

Resolutions in the Morning.

L. M.

1 **A** WAKE, my soul ! and with the sun
The daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 By influence of the light divine,
Let thy own light to others shine ;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

3 Lord ! I my vows to thee renew :
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will ;
And with thyself my spirit fill.

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

5 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept !
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

294

Morning.

S. M.

1 **W**E lift our hearts to thee,
O Day-star from on high !
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy orient beams
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error and of vice,
Which shade the universe.

- 3 How beauteous nature now !
How dark and sad before !
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.
- 4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day ;
May Jesus' blood, like evening dew,
Wash all our stains away.
- 5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past :
And live this short revolving day,
As if it were our last.

295*Morning Supplication.*

7's.

- 1 **N**OW the shades of night are gone ;
Now the morning light is come ;
Lord, may I be thine to-day—
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill my soul with heav'nly light,
Banish doubt, and cleanse my sight,
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
Help me labor, help me pray.
- 3 Keep my haughty passions bound,
Save me from my foes around ;
Going out and coming in,
Keep me safe from ev'ry sin.
- 4 When my work of life is past,
Oh ! receive me then at last !
Night of sin will be no more,
When I reach the heav'nly shore.

296*Morning Prayer.*

7's.

- 1 **T**HOU that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song ;

- Thankful from my couch I rise,
Bear my praises to the skies.
- 2 Thou didst hear my evening cry ;
Thy preserving hand was nigh ;
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.
- 3 Thou hast kept me through the night ;
'Twas thy hand restor'd the light :
Lord, thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew.
- 4 Still my feet are prone to stray ;
Oh ! preserve me through the day :
Dangers every where abound ;
Sins and snares beset me round.
- 5 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display ;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

297

A Morning Hymn.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE veil of night is now withdrawn,
And day salutes our eyes ;
Fatigued and worn we laid us down,
Safe and refresh'd we rise.
- 2 Guarded by the almighty arm,
Securely we have slept ;
While he who never sleeps, from harm
Our slumbering bodies kept.
- 3 Come, let us early thanks repay
To him who never sleeps ;
He shades the night, he gilds the day,
Our sleeping dust he keeps.
- 4 Oh, let us live to him whose voice
A dying life prolongs ;

As daily he renews our joys,
Let us repeat our songs.

298

The same.

C. M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, to meet the day ;
Unfold thy drowsy eyes,
And burst the pond'rous chain that loads
Thine active faculties.
- 2 God's guardian shield was round me spread,
In my defenceless sleep :
Let him have all my waking hours
Who doth my slumbers keep.
- 3 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
And arm my soul with grace ;
As rising now, I seal my vows
To prosecute thy ways.
- 4 Bright Sun of Righteousness, arise ;
Thy radiant beams display,
And guide my dark bewilder'd soul
To everlasting day.

299

Morning Hymn.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the dangers of the night,
Preserved, O Lord ! by thee ;
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee.
- 2 Preserve us, Lord ! throughout the day,
And guide us by thy arm ;
For they are safe, and only they,
Whom thou dost keep from harm.
- 3 Let all our words, and all our ways,
Declare that we are thine,
That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.

300, 301, 302 TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 4 Let us ne'er turn away from thee ;
Dear Saviour, hold us fast,
Till, with immortal eyes, we see
Thy glorious face at last.

300

Morning Hymn.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE morning breaks; my voice I raise
To thee, great God above ;
Accept my prayer, my feeble praise,
In kindness and in love.
- 2 Forgive the crimes that I have done ;
My follies I deplore ;
And since another day's begun,
O may I love thee more.
- 3 Preserve me from all ill, I pray,
And guide me with thine eye,
And grant through every hour I may
On grace divine rely.

301

Thanks for the Light.

L. M.

- 1 **O** GOD ! I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest has passed away ;
And that I see my Father's smile,
In this fair light that makes it day.
- 2 Be thou my guide, and let me live
As under thy all-seeing eye ;
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

302

Morning Mercies.

S. M.

- 1 **A** WAKE ! my heart, awake !
Thy gracious God to praise ;
Who condescends such care to take,
And lengthen out my days.
- 2 While some have passed the night
In restlessness and pain ;

I rise in health, to see the light,
And seek the Lord again.

3 This day will many die !
This hour what numbers go !
What if my soul be called to fly,
And I that change should know ?

4 Lord, come, and be my guide
Through this uncertain space ;
Keep me for ever near thy side,
And grant a child thy grace.

303

Morning Gratitude.

L. M.

1 **B**EHOLD the sun adorns the sky,
And darts his cheering rays on high ;
From east to west, in glorious march,
He gilds the wide expanded arch.

2 When I begin my morning song,
Let thankfulness inspire my tongue :
The kindness of my God proclaim,
And tell the honors of his name.

3 Yes, O my God ! thy glorious name,
My soul shall through the day proclaim ;
I'll bear thy kindness on my heart,
While ev'ry power performs its part.

304

God's Truth more desirable than the Sun.

L. M.

1 **N**OW I awake to see the light !
God hath preserved me through the night :
He gives me life, and health, and joy,
His praise shall all my powers employ.

2 Behold ! the sun in splendor bright,
Dispels the darkness of the night ;
So let the light of truth divine
Upon our souls with power shine.

3 The glorious sun, that makes the day,
And heav'n and earth shall pass away;
But every word of God is sure,
And shall forever firm endure.

305 *Praise for the mercies of the night. 8's & 11's.*

1 **M**Y Father, I thank thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest,
I thank thee for stooping to keep
An infant from being distrest.
O how can a poor little creature repay
Thy fatherly kindness by night and by day?

2 My voice would be lisping thy praise,
My heart would repay thee with love,
O teach me to walk in thy ways
And fit me to see thee above;—
For Jesus has bid little children come nigh;
He will not despise such an infant as I.

3 As long as thou deemest it right
That here on this earth I should stay,
I pray thee to guard me by night,
And help me to serve thee by day,
And when all the days of my life shall have past,
Receive me in heaven to praise thee at last.

306

Morning Praise.

C. M.

1 **B**EHOLD once more the morning sun,
How shining bright and gay!
Cheerful I'll leave my peaceful bed,
And read, and sing, and pray.

2 Through Jesus' kind indulgent care,
In peace I laid me down;
And 'tis his soft, bright beams of love,
My waking moments crown.

3 No sad alarm my slumbers broke,
No terror, fear, or dread;

No sickness seized my tender frame,
Nor flames came round my bed.

- 4 Lord! condescend to teach a child
To praise the Saviour's love;
O, let me live to thee below,
And dwell with thee above.

307 *The morning invites to devotion. 7, 6. eight L.*

1 **F**ROM whence came beauteous morning
With all its radiant light!
The tranquil scene adorning
With visions heav'nly bright;
The golden clouds disclosing
Their ever-changing dyes;
Sweet nature still reposing
Reflected to the skies.

2 Can mortals see such splendor
Unfold before their view,
And not, in rapture, render
Their fervent homage, due
To Him supremely reigning
In glory thus above;
And o'er the earth ordaining
His goodness and his love?

3 May we bow down before thee,
Great God, our heav'nly King—
With filial hearts adore thee,
And daily praises sing.
May we in nature see thee;
Read there thy pow'r and love,
May all that glows with beauty
Lead us to thee above.

308 *Morning Thoughts.*

S. M.

1 **D**ARK night away hath roll'd,
Glad birds are soaring high,

And see,—a ray like dazzling gold
Comes darting from the sky.

2 How shall I thank the pow'r
Whose hand sustains me so,
And o'er each waking plant and flow'r
Bids dews of mercy flow?

3 Teach me to look above ;
Receive my morning prayer,
And, Father, in thy boundless love,
Make me this day thy care.

309

Morning Devotion.

C. M.

1 **N**OW, condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this happy throng ;
And kindly listen while we sing
Our grateful morning song.

2 We come to own the pow'r divine
That watches o'er our days ;
For this our cheerful voices join
In songs of grateful praise.

3 May we in safety pass this day,
From sin and folly free ;
And ever walk in that sure way
That leads to heav'n and thee.

4 Where'er the rising sun displays
His cheerful beams abroad ;
There shall our morning hymns of praise
Declare thy goodness, Lord.

310

Morning Praise.

H. M.

1 **T**O thee, my God and Friend,
I wake my grateful tongue,
Still does thy pow'r defend,
It claims my morning song.

How rich and great thy mercies prove,
Thine angels wait on men in love.

- 2 Now blest with morning light
To thee I give the day,
And with renew'd delight,
Pursue my heav'nly way,
Till thou shalt raise my soul above,
Where all is praise, and joy and love.

311

A Morning Song.

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, who mak'st the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And, to give light to all below,
Dost send him round the skies.
- 2 When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest ;
But round the world he shines.
- 3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day ;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

EVENING.

312

An Evening Hymn.

L. M.

- 1 **A**NOTHER fleeting day is gone,
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise ;
Swift the soft stealing hours have flown,
And night's dark mantle veils the skies.

- 2 Another fleeting day is gone,
Swept from the records of the year ;
And still with each successive sun,
Life's fading visions disappear.
- 3 Another fleeting day is gone,
To tell thy secrets, O my soul ;
Faithful before th' eternal throne,
Thy slightest folly 'twill enroll.
- 4 Another fleeting day is gone,
To join the fugitives before :
And I, when life's employ is done,
Shall sleep to wake in time no more.
- 5 Another fleeting day is gone,
And soon a fairer day shall rise ;
A day, whose never-setting sun
Shall pour his light o'er cloudless skies.
- 6 Another fleeting day is gone,
In solemn silence rest, my soul ;
Bend, bend before his awful throne,
Who bids the morn and evening roll !

313

Gratitude.

L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise ;
Oh let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle-rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 Thy love and power, celestial guard,
Preserve me from surrounding harm :
Can danger reach me while the Lord
Extends his kind, protecting arm ?

- 4 Let this blest thought my eyelids close ;
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
 Safe in thy care may I repose,
 And wake with praises to thy name.

314

Praise and Prayer.

L. M.

- 1 **G**LORY 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.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ills which I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, e'er I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 O, may my soul on thee repose,
 And with sweet sleep my eyelids close ;
 Sleep, that may me more active make
 To serve my God, when I awake.
- 4 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 With joy behold the judgment-day.
- 5 If wakeful in the night I lie,
 My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,
 Thy watchful station near me keep ;
 My heart with love celestial fill,
 And save me from the approach of ill.
- 7 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.

315

Grateful Devotion.

C. M.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT God, whose bounteous care
 O'er all thy works is shown,
 O let my grateful praise and prayer
 Arise before thy throne.
- 2 What mercies has this day bestowed !
 How largely hast thou blest !
 My cup with plenty overflowed,
 With cheerfulness my breast.
- 3 Now may soft slumber close my eyes,
 From pain and sickness free ;
 And let my waking thoughts arise,
 To meditate on thee.
- 4 Thus bless each future day and night,
 Till life's vain scene is o'er ;
 And then to realms of endless light,
 Oh let my spirit soar.

316

The night of Death.

S. M.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and gone,
 The evening shades appear ;
 O may we all remember well
 The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest ;
 So death shall soon disrobe us all
 Of what we here possessed.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears ;
 May angels guard us while we sleep,
 Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when we early rise
 To view the unwearied sun,
 184

May we set out to win the prize
And after glory run.

- 5 Lord, when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

317 *An Evening Petition.*

7's.

- 1 **S**OFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away ;
Free from care—from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.
- 2 Soon for me the light of day
Shall for ever pass away ;
Then from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee !

318 *Evening Devotion.*

C. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fost'ring hand.
- 2 And wilt thou bend a list'ning ear,
To praises low as ours ?
Thou wilt ! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.
- 3 And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray ;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And are we less than they ?
- 4 Oh, let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease ;
And shed abroad in ev'ry heart
Thine everlasting peace.

- 5 And deign to turn our wandering feet,
 And bless our weary way ;
 Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
 The dawn of lasting day.

319

Evening Hymn.

C. M.

- 1 **N**OW, from the altar of our hearts
 Let incense flames arise ;
 Assist us, Lord, to offer up
 Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Awake, our love ; awake, our joy ;
 Awake, our heart and tongue :
 Sleep not when mercies loudly call,
 Break forth into a song.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied
 Have made up all this day ;
 Minutes came quick, but mercies were
 More fleet and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
 Do a new song require ;
 Till we shall praise thee as we would,
 Accept our heart's desire.
- 5 Lord of our life, whose hand hath set
 New time upon our score ;
 Thee may we praise for every gift,
 When time shall be no more !

320

Another day passed.

L. M.

- 1 **A**NOTHER day its course has run,
 And still, O God ! thy child is blest ;
 For thou hast been by day my sun,
 And thou wilt be by night my rest.
- 2 Sweet sleep descends my eyes to close,
 And soon, when all the world is still,

I'll give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will.

321*Evening Worship.*

L. M.

- 1 **I** HEAR the call—I will not stay,
But take my seat without delay;
Should others loiter, I'll be there,
Nor will I miss the time of prayer.
- 2 When darkness shades the distant hill,
The little birds are hid and still;
And I a quiet sleep may take,
For my Creator is awake.
- 3 'Tis sweet to lie upon my bed,
And think my Saviour guards my head;
And he a helpless child can keep
Throughout the silent hours of sleep.

322*Evening Devotion.*

C. M.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT Father, by whose care
I've pass'd another day,
Let me this night thy mercy share,
And teach me how to pray.
- 2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn
My guilt before thy face;
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
And save me by thy grace.
- 3 Let each returning night declare
The tokens of thy love;
And ev'ry hour thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.
- 4 And when on earth I close mine eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me to heaven and glory rise;
T' enjoy thy smiling face.

323

Evening Hymn.

C. M.

- 1 **A**ND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.
- 2 But how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins how great their sum!
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head;
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.
- 4 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

324

Another.

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I have passed another day,
And come to thank thee for thy care:
Forgive my faults in work and play,
And listen to my evening prayer.
- 2 Thy favor gives me daily bread,
And friends who all my wants supply;
And safely now I rest my head,
Preserved and guarded by thine eye.
- 3 Look down in pity, and forgive
Whate'er I've said or done amiss;
And help me, ev'ry day I live,
To serve thee better than in this.
- 4 Now, while I speak, be pleased to take
A helpless child beneath thy care;

And condescend, for Jesus' sake,
To listen to my evening prayer.

325*An Evening Prayer.*

P. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, now the day is gone,
As I lie down to rest in slumber,
Fain would I think upon
'Thy blessings without number ;
Hear thou a little child
Pour out his supplications fervent,
That he may be undefil'd,
For ever be thy servant.
- 2 Guard thou my infant days,
Through ev'ry joy and ev'ry danger ;
Make me in all my ways
To thee, my God, no stranger ;
O let thy Spirit be
My guard from sin and all temptation,
That when e'en I die, from thee
My soul may meet salvation.

326*Sun setting.*

L. M.

- 1 **T**HY works proclaim thy glory, Lord,
The blooming flow'r, the singing bird,
The tempest and the sunny hour,
Show forth thy goodness and thy power.
- 2 And when the setting sun declines,
I view thee in its brilliant lines ;
Those tints so beautiful and bright,
'Teach me the author of all light.
- 3 Great God ! how should our anthems rise
'To thee who formed the earth and skies ;
The things that creep and things that fly
- Are view'd by thine omniscient eye.
- 4 Then I will still adore thy name,
Theu who for ever art the same ;

327, 328, 329 TIMES AND SEASONS.

Thy goodness, and thy mercy, Lord,
Shine brightest in thy holy word.

327

Thoughts at Sun-set.

S. M.

1 **T**HE sun hath gone to rest,
The bee forsakes the flow'r,
The bird doth hasten to its nest
Within the leafy bower.

2 Where have I been this day ?
Into what follies run ?
Forgive me, Father, when I pray,
Through Jesus Christ thy Son.

3 When all my days are o'er,
And in the tomb I rest,
Oh, may my happy spirit soar
Up to a Saviour's breast.

328

Morning or Evening.

S. M.

1 **S**WEET, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell ;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme we dwell.

2 To learn to do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline ;
And, o'er the paths of future life,
Command thy light to shine.

329

The same.

L. M.

1 **M**Y God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new :
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

- 3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

330*Morning and Evening.*

7's.

- 1 **T**EACH me, Lord, thy name to know,
Teach me, Lord, thy name to love ;
May I do thy will below
As thy will is done above.
- 2 When I go to rest at night,
O'er me watch and near me stay ;
And when morning brings the light,
May I wake to praise and pray.

331*For Morning and Evening.*

- 1 **G**RACIOUS God ! to thee I pray,
Give me grace to pray aright ;
Guide and bless me every day,
And defend me every night.
- 2 Let thy mercy, while I live,
Every needful want supply ;
And thy blissful presence give,
To support me when I die.



THE SABBATH.

332*Sabbath Morning.*

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, children, join in sweet accord,
In hymns around the throne ;
This is the day our rising Lord
Has made and called his own.
- 2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven,

Type of that everlasting rest,
The saints enjoy in heaven.

333

The Lord's Day.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord of life
Ascended to the skies,
My thoughts pursue the lofty theme,
And to the heavens arise.
- 2 Let no vain cares divert my mind
From this celestial road,
Nor all the honors of the earth
Detain my soul from God.
- 3 Think of the splendors of that place,
The joys that are on high ;
Nor meanly rest contented here
With worlds beneath the sky.
- 4 Heaven is the birth-place of the saints,
To heaven their souls ascend ;
Th' Almighty owns his fav'rite race,
As Father and as Friend.
- 5 O may these lovely titles prove
My comfort and defence,
When the sick couch shall be my lot,
And death shall call me hence !

334

Sabbath Joys.

P. M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet is the day
When leaving our play
The Saviour we seek ;
The fair morning glows
When Jesus arose—
The best of the week !
- 2 The Sabbath-bell rings,
The full choir sings,
The minister prays ;

And God's holy word
Devoutly is heard,
And given his grace.

3 The dear place of prayer
Our teachers are there,
To point us above ;
Their hearts burn with zeal
That children may feel
The Saviour's kind love.

4 To school then we'll go,
For surely we know
Our sabbaths must end ;
O then to the skies,
Redeemed may we rise,
To Jesus our friend.

335

Sabbath hours.

P. M.

1 **H**AIL, sacred season ! peaceful day,
By God himself ordain'd and blest,
A foretaste, in a weary way,
Of endless rest.

2 Spirit of heav'nly grace, descend,
Breathe on this sinful heart of mine ;
And as I trust thee for my friend,
Give life divine.

3 Devoted day of calm repose,
Close of creation sweetly blest,
A pause to labor,—balm of woes,
An hour of rest.

4 Thou who this day ordained and blest,
Shed on my heart its tranquil powers,
And teach my bosom how to rest,
In sacred hours.

336 *Prayer of preparation for Sabbath duties.* S. M.

1 **L**ORD! fix my wand'ring thoughts
 Thy sacred word to hear,
 With deep attention and with love,
 With rev'ence and with fear.

2 Let me remember well
 That God is present here,
 And let my heart be all engaged,
 When I draw near in prayer.

3 And when thy praises shall
 My tuneful lips employ,
 Give me to taste that sweet delight
 Which saints in heav'n enjoy.

337 *Prayer for the Sabbath.* L. M.

1 **L**ORD, give us grace to put away
 Each idle thought of work and play;
 For thou, O Lord, our hearts canst see,
 And nothing can be hid from thee.

2 This is the day of holy rest,
 The Sabbath-day which thou hast blest;
 O may we all thy will obey,
 And holy keep the Sabbath-day.

338 *This is God's day.* L. M.

1 **T**HIS day belongs to God alone,
 This day he chooses for his own;
 And we must neither work nor play,
 Because it is God's holy day.

2 'Tis well to have one day in seven,
 That we may learn the way to heaven,
 Then let us spend it as we should
 In serving God and being good.

3 We ought to-day to learn and seek
 What we may think of all the week;

And be the better every day,
For what we hear our teachers say.

- 4 And every Sabbath should be passed
As if we knew it were our last :
What would the dying sinner give
To have one Sabbath more to live !

339*Prayer for the Sabbath.*

7's.

- 1 **M**AKER of the Sabbath-day,
Teach us how to praise and pray ;
Thou this blessed day hast given,
To prepare our souls for heaven.
- 2 Giver of eternal rest,
Be thy glorious Gospel blest ;
Thou alone canst change the heart,
Thou alone canst peace impart.
- 3 Ruler of the earth and sky,
Lord of all below, on high ;
Make the young, as well as old,
Sheep of thy eternal fold.
- 4 Friend of children, hear our prayer ;
Let no trifling feelings dare
Steal the precious hours away,
Of this sacred Sabbath-day.

340*Sabbath Morning.*

C. M.

- 1 **V**AIN world, with all thy busy cares
And glittering toys, depart ;
A nobler guest demands my time,
'Tis Jesus claims my heart.
- 2 He rose, the dear Redeemer rose,
And owns this sacred day ;
Come, O my soul, with cheerful haste,
Thy grateful homage pay.
- 3 Come, blessed Jesus, from above,
And in my bosom shine ;

Come, bear my soul from earth away,
To feast on joys divine.

- 4 O happy place! may I appear
In that bright world above;
To see my dear Redeemer there,
And sing, and praise his love!

341

Sabbath Morning.

C. M.

- 1 **A** GAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours celestial day.
- 2 O what a night was that, which wrapt
A sinful world in gloom!
O what a sun, which broke, this day,
Triumphant, from the tomb!
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand joyful lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from above,
To nations yet unborn.

342

Sabbath morning welcomed.

P. M.

- 1 **B** LEST the day returning,
When the Saviour rose;
Holy thoughts awaking,
While devotion glows:
And we learn the story
Of the God of Glory,
Kind, and merciful,—
In the Sabbath-school.
- 2 Great is the salvation
Sounded in our ears;

Sweet the invitation
Which the humble hears :
As we learn the story
Of the God of Glory,
Kind, and merciful,—
In the Sabbath-school.

- 3 Let our minds be wakeful,
Foolish thoughts away ;
Let our hearts be grateful
Ev'ry Sabbath-day.
While we learn the story
Of the Lord of glory,
Kind and merciful,—
In the Sabbath-school.

343

How sweet is the Sabbath.

11's.

- 1 **H**OW sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest ;
The day of the week which I surely love best ;
The morning my Saviour arose from the tomb,
And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.
- 2 O let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
And not spend a minute in trifling or play ;
Remembering these seasons were graciously given
To teach me to seek, and prepare me for heaven.
- 3 In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere ;
In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over me there.
- 4 Instruct me, my Saviour ; a child though I be,
I am not too young to be noticed by thee ;
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways,
I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee
the praise.

344

Sabbath Morning.

S. M.

- 1 **T**HE night is past and gone,
The Sabbath sun I see ;
Now may I rise to see thy grace
Again renewed to me.
- 2 I humbly bow in prayer,
And supplicate thy throne ;
Forgiveness seek for follies past,
And all thy goodness own.
- 3 O condescend to hear
While I attempt to pray ;
And guard me safe from harm and sin
Through all this Sabbath-day.
- 4 Let not my heart forget
Thy kindness and thy love ;
Who gav'st for us thy Son to die,
That we might live above.
- 5 O let thy word of grace
My heart and mind employ ;
And in the Sabbath-school this day
May I its light enjoy.
- 6 Let all my days and nights,
As they revolve around,
Be spent in doing all thy will ;
Thus shall my peace abound.

345

Love of the Sabbath.

L. M

- 1 **I** LOVE to have the Sabbath come,
For then I rise and quit my home ;
And haste to school with cheerful air,
To meet my dearest teachers there.
- 2 'Tis there I'm always taught to pray
That God would bless me day by day ;

And safely guard, and guide me still,
And help me to obey his will.

- 3 'Tis there I sing a Saviour's love,
Which brought him from his throne above,
And made him suffer, bleed, and die,
For sinful creatures, such as I.
- 4 From all the lessons I obtain,
May I a store of knowledge gain;
And early seek my Saviour's face,
And gain from him supplies of grace.
- 5 And then, through life's remaining days,
I'll love to sing my Saviour's praise;
And bless the kindness and the grace
That brought me to this sacred place.

346*Prayer for Sabbath blessings.*

L. M.

- 1 **O**UR Father, here again we raise,
To thee our morning hymn of praise;
For all the joys thy smiles afford,—
This sacred day—thy holy word.
- 2 We thank thee, Father, that to thee
Again we bend the lowly knee:
That here in peace and prayer we stand,
Upheld by an almighty hand.
- 3 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
Keep us from sin and error free;
Thy Sabbaths may we so improve,
At last to win our Father's love.
- 4 So shall we then, when life shall end,
A nobler, holier Sabbath spend;
When thy good children all shall be
Join'd in one family with thee.

347 *Sabbath praise from Children.*

C. M.

- 1 **O**NCE more we keep the sacred day
That saw the Saviour rise,
Once more we tune our infant song
To him that rules the skies.
- 2 O may the God, who gave our lives
And thus far led us on ;
Be pleas'd to train our infant minds
To know and love the Son.
- 3 Teach us thy way while here we learn
To read thy holy word ;
Bless all the kind instructions giv'n,
And make us thine, O Lord.

348 *The Sabbath hailed.*

7, 6.

- 1 **T**HINE holy day's returning
Our hearts exult to see,
And with devotion burning,
Ascend, great God, to thee.
To-day with purest pleasure,
Our thoughts from earth withdraw,
We search for heav'nly treasure,
We learn thy holy law.
- 2 We join to sing thy praises,
O God of Sabbath-day !
Each voice in gladness raises
Its loudest, sweetest lay.
Thy richest mercies sharing,
Inspire us with thy love ;
By grace our souls preparing
For nobler praise above.

349 *The Sabbath.*

S. M.

(SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM MRS. SIGOURNEY.)

- 1 **T**HE best of days has come,
The day our Maker blest ;

And bids us mark its sacred hours
By sweet and holy rest.

2 A day to blessed thought
And happy feelings given,
A day to read that blessed Book
Which shows the way to Heaven.

3 A day to hear of God,
Of rest and joy above ;
A day to learn to fit our souls
For realms of peace and love.

350 *Lord's-day Morning.* C. M.

1 **T**HIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead ;
Why should I keep my eyelids closed,
And waste my hours in bed ?

2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The powers of death and hell ;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well ?

3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
To pray and hear the word ;
And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will, O Lord.

4 I'll leave my sport to read and pray ;
And so prepare for heaven :
O may I love this blessed day
The best of all the seven.

351 *For Sabbath Morning.* L. M.

1 **W**ELCOME, sweet morn, we hail with joy
Thy holy light, thy blest employ ;
And come, a little favored band,
One sacred hour with Christ to spend.

- 2 Our infant hearts would humbly pray
That he will bless our school to-day ;
To him our joyful notes of praise,
With one united voice we raise.
- 3 An offering to our heavenly King
Of glad hosannas now we bring ;
And hope at last in his embrace,
Secure from sin, to find a place.
- 4 O it shall be our constant prayer,
That we may here his blessings share ;
Then go and live at Christ's right hand,
A joyful, happy, favored band.

352

Sabbath Evening.

6's. Eight L.

- 1 **T**HE light of Sabbath eve
Is fading fast away ;
What record will it leave
To crown the closing day !
Is it a Sabbath spent
Of fruitless time destroy'd ?
Or have these moments lent
Been sacredly employ'd ?
- 2 How dreadful and how drear,
In yon dark world of pain,
Will Sabbaths lost appear,
That cannot come again.
Then in that hopeless place,
The wretched soul will say,
" I had those hours of grace,
But cast them all away."
- 3 To waste these Sabbath hours,
O may we never dare ;
Nor taint with thoughts of ours
These sacred days of prayer :

But may our Sabbaths here
 Inspire our hearts with love ;
 And prove a foretaste clear
 Of that sweet rest above.

353*For Sabbath Evening.*

L. M.

- 1 **W**E'VE pass'd another Sabbath-day,
 And heard of Jesus and of heav'n ;
 We thank thee for thy word, and pray
 That this day's sin may be forgiv'n.
- 2 Forgive our inattention, Lord,
 Our looks and thoughts that went astray ;
 Forgive our carelessness abroad ;
 At home, our idleness and play.
- 3 May all we heard and understood
 Be well remembered thro' the week,
 And help to make us wise and good,
 More humble, diligent, and meek.
- 4 Bless our good minister, we pray,
 Who loves to see a child attend ;
 And let us honor and obey
 The words of such a holy friend.
- 5 So, when our lives are finish'd here,
 And days and Sabbaths shall be o'er,
 May we along with him appear
 To serve and love thee evermore.

354*Worship of God delightful.*

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see
 A whole assembly worship thee !
 At once they sing, at once they pray,
 They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go ;
 'Tis like a taste of heaven below ;

Not all my pleasures and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

- 3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word ;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
That hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

355*Evening Thoughts.*

L. M.

- 1 **M**Y days on earth how swift they run,
Another Sabbath's nearly gone ;
And who can tell but this may be
The only Sabbath I shall see ?
- 2 Since I am not too young to die,
I would at once to Jesus fly ;
His precious blood, for sinners spilt,
Can wash away the foulest guilt.
- 3 I would his word of truth believe,
That little children he'll receive ;
Their feeble prayer will not disdain,
Nor shall they seek his face in vain.
- 4 On this dear friend may I rely ;
Then, should I soon be called to die,
I need not fear, for death would be
A welcome messenger to me.

356*The everlasting Sabbath.*

7's.

- 1 **S**OON will set the Sabbath sun,
Soon the sacred day be gone ;
But a sweeter rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

- 2 Pleasant is the Sabbath-bell,
Seeming much of joy to tell ;
Kind our teachers are to-day,
In the school we love to stay.
- 3 But a music, sweeter far,
Breathes where angel-spirits are ;
Higher far than earthly strains,
Where the rest of God remains.
- 4 Shall we ever rise to dwell,
Where immortal praises swell ?
And can children ever go
Where eternal Sabbaths glow ?
- 5 Yes :—that rest our own may be,
All the good shall Jesus see ;
For the good a rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

357

Saturday Evening.

C. M.

- 1 **G**OD over all, for ever blest !
Grant me thy grace within ;
That I may keep to morrow's rest,
A rest indeed from sin :
- 2 A rest from all my usual play,
A holy rest in thee ;
Then will thy blessed Sabbath-day
Be a sweet rest to me.
- 3 Lord, sanctify my every thought
In these my days of youth ;
Make me remember what I'm taught
Out of thy word of truth.
- 4 O, teach me how to pray aright,
And what to ask of thee ;
That when I'm kneeling in thy sight,
I may not thoughtless be.

- 5 But give me faith to look above,
 And see my Jesus there,
 To feel a dying Saviour's love,
 In answer to my prayer.

358

Sabbaths will soon be over.

7's.

- 1 SEE! another week is gone!
 Quickly have the minutes past;
 This we enter now upon
 Will to many prove their last.
 Mercy hitherto has spared,
 But have mercies been improved?
 Let us ask, am I prepared,
 Should I be this week removed?
- 2 Some we now no longer see,
 Who their mortal race have run,
 Seemed as fair for life as we
 When the former week begun.
 While we pray, and while we hear,
 Help us, Lord, each one to think,
 Vast eternity is near,
 I am standing on the brink.



CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

359

The last day in the Year.

C. M.

- 1 O THOU who dwellest in the heavens,
 Whom angels love and fear,
 Who giv'st us, in thy tender love,
 To close another year,—
- 2 Did'st for our many daily wants
 Untiringly provide,
 And grant us friends and parents dear
 Our thoughtless steps to guide,—

- 3 When sickness smote our feeble frames,
 Did'st take away our pain,
 And ev'n when others found the grave,
 Restor'd our health again,—
- 4 And bade the lamp of knowledge shine
 With radiance full and free,
 And sent thy holy Book to show
 The path that leads to thee,—
- 5 Oh! give us good and grateful hearts
 Thy mercy to adore,
 And take our spirits, when we die,
 Where they can praise thee more.

360

Lessons from the leaves.

8's & 7's.

- 1 **S**EE the leaves around you falling,
 Dry and withered, to the ground;
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn sound;
 Sons of Adam! when in Eden
 You like us, once blighted fell;
 Hear the lessons we are reading;
 And believe the truth we tell.
- 2 Yearly in our course returning;
 Messengers of shortest stay;
 Our example gives the warning:
 All things here must pass away.
 On the tree of life eternal,
 Let all human hopes be stayed,
 Which alone for ever vernal
 Bears the leaves that never fade.

361

The dying Year.

S. M.

- 1 **T**IME'S never tiring hand
 Points to the finished year;
 Its moments with past ages stand,
 Nor will again appear.

- 2 The precious moments pass
And time again revolves ;
Spirit of pow'r and heav'nly grace,
Assist my weak resolves.
- 3 From each imperfect part,
Then purer good shall spring
From errors past, a contrite heart
Will true repentance bring.

362

Recollection of Sin.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HIS year is hastening too away,
The hours are closing fast ;
My heart, alas ! has much to say
About the time that's past.
- 2 How oft I've risen from my bed,
And not remembered prayer ;
Or if the words of prayer I've said,
My thoughts have been elsewhere.
- 3 Ill temper, passions, hateful pride,
Have grieved my friends and thee ;
And seldom I've sincerely tried,
Gentle and good to be.
- 4 But, Lord, thou hast already known
More of my guilt than I ;
There's not a fault that I can own,
Too small for God to spy.
- 5 And if through this revolving year
Thou shouldst my life prolong,
O may thy wisdom guide my steps,
Thy praise employ my tongue.

363

For the last day of the Year. 8's, Eight L.

- 1 **T**HIS year is just going away,
The moments are finishing fast :

My heart, have you nothing to say
Concerning the time that is past?
Now, while in my chamber alone,
Where God will be present to hear;
I'll try to remember, and own
The faults I've committed this year.

2 O Lord! I'm ashamed to confess
How often I've broken thy day!
Perhaps I have thought of my dress,
Or wasted the moments in play!
And when the good minister tried
To make little children attend,
I was thinking of something beside,
Or wishing the sermon would end!

3 How often I rose from my bed,
And did not remember my prayer;
Or, if a few words I have said,
My thoughts have been going elsewhere!
Ill temper, and passion, and pride,
Have griev'd my dear parents and thee,
And seldom I've *heartily* tried
Obedient and gentle to be!

4 But, Lord, thou already hast known
Much more of my folly than I;
There is not a fault I can own,
Too little for God to descry.
Yet hear me, and help me to feel
How wicked and weak I must be:
And let me not try to conceal
The least of my follies from thee.

5 This year is fast going away,
The moments are finishing fast;
Look down, in thy mercy, I pray,
And pardon the time that is past.
And soon as another begins,
So help me to walk in thy fear

That neither with follies nor sins
I may waste and deform a new year.



NEW YEAR.

364 *Praise for the year's privileges.* C. M.

- 1 **T**HANKS to the grace that brings us here
While thousands go astray ;
That spares us yet another year,
To this expected day.
- 2 Thanks that we know the joyful sound
Of life, through Jesus' name,
And were not born on heathen ground,
To which it never came.
- 3 But poor and mean our thanks must be
For favors so divine !
Great God ! we owe ourselves to thee ;
Make us entirely thine.

365 *Shortness of time.* 7's. Eight L.

- 1 **W**HILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here :
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies,
Darts and leaves no trace behind ;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;

Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

366

Reflections and resolutions.

C. M.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER, child, another year
Of thy short life is past ;
Thou canst not long continue here,
And this may be thy last !
- 2 Much of thy dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again
And swift thy passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.
- 3 Arouse thy soul—with utmost care
Thy true condition learn :
What are thy hopes ?—how sure ? how fair ?
What is thy great concern ?
- 4 Behold, another year begins !
Set out anew for heaven ;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend ;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.



THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

367

Sabbath-school pleasures.

S. M.

- 1 **O**URS is the Sabbath-day !
The Sabbath of the Lord,
For then we learn to praise and pray,
To read and hear God's word.

- 2 Ours is the Sabbath-school ;
Its lessons may we prize,
And grow by every gospel rule
Unto salvation wise.
- 3 So all our lives below,
In wisdom's pleasant ways,
The fruits of Sabbath-schools will show,
The bliss of Sabbath-days.
- 4 Lord of the Sabbath ! send
Prosperity and peace,
Till tasks and teaching here shall end,
Tongues fail, and knowledge cease ;
- 5 Then heaven itself shall be
One Sabbath-school above,
And undisturbed eternity,
One Sabbath-day of love.

368

School time near.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE clock has struck, I cannot stay,
O let me rise and haste away ;
I'll quit my bed, and leave my home,
The hour of school will quickly come.
- 2 I would be there when prayer begins,
To seek the pardon of my sins ;
I'd ask the favor of the Lord,
And pray to understand his word.
- 3 O shall my teachers wait in vain,
While my neglect must give them pain ?
No, let me rather strive to be
First of their little family.
- 4 These Sabbath-days will soon be o'er,
And I shall go to school no more ;
I would not then endure the pain
Of having spent my time in vain.

369

Going to Sabbath-school.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE hour is come, I will not stay,
 But haste to school without delay,
 Nor loiter here, for 'tis a crime
 To trifle thus with precious time.
- 2 Say, shall my teachers wait in vain,
 And of my sad neglect complain?
 No! rather let me strive to be
 The first of all the family.
- 3 I should be there with humble mind,
 To seek th' instruction I may find;
 And while I hear the sacred page,
 O may its truths my heart engage.
- 4 These golden hours will soon be o'er
 When I can go to school no more;
 How shall I then endure the thought
 Of having spent my time for naught?

370

A Blessing asked.

L. M.

- 1 **A**SSEMBLED in our school once more,
 O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
 We meet to read, and sing, and pray;
 Be with us, then, through this thy day.
- 2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
 For parents, teachers, foes and friends;
 And when we in thy house appear,
 Help us to worship in thy fear.
- 3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
 May we above to glory soar;
 And praise thee in more lofty strains,
 Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

371

Invitation to Praise.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HUS far we're spared again to meet
 Before Jehovah's mercy-seat;

To seek his face, to praise and pray,
And hail another Sabbath-day.

- 2 Let every tongue its silence break,
Let every tongue his goodness speak,
Who deigns his glory to display
On each returning Sabbath-day.

372 *Prayer on opening School.*

S. M.

- 1 **N**OW we've assembled here,
To read, to learn, and pray;
Shed on us, mighty God, thy fear,
To keep us through the day.
- 2 Be vanity afar,
And every evil thought;
O let us think how blest we are,
In being rightly taught.
- 3 Nor let us lightly hold
The blessing that is given;
To learn that love that can't be told,
Which angels sing in heaven.
- 4 Impress upon our hearts,
Great Spirit, all we read;
And when all other stay departs,
This will be sweet indeed.

373 *Prayer at entering School.*

S. M.

- 1 **L**ORD! lead my heart to learn,
Prepare my ears to hear,
And let me useful knowledge seek
In thy most holy fear.
- 2 Oh! make me kindly treat
My dear companions all,
Nor let me causeless anger feel,
Nor in temptation fall.

- 3 If unforgiven sin
 Within my bosom lies,
 Or evil motives linger there,
 T' offend thy perfect eyes :
- 4 Remove them far away,
 Inspire me with thy love,
 That I may please thee here below,
 And dwell with thee above.



CLOSING SCHOOL.

374

The Word sown.

S. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies ! hear
 The notes that children raise ;
 To our request bow down thy ear,
 And hearken to our praise.
- 2 Within our hearts, the seed
 Of sacred truth is sown ;
 But, Lord ! the blessing that we need,
 Must come from thee alone.
- 3 That seed will buried lie
 'Till thou the increase give ;
 Yet then, although it seem to die,
 It shall revive and live.
- 4 Then though the sower weep,
 Ere long, with thankful voice,
 Both he who sows and they who reap,
 Together shall rejoice.
- 5 Thou dost the seed prepare,
 And make it spring when sown ;
 And if a hundred fold it bear
 The praise is all thy own.

375, 376, 377 CLOSING SCHOOL.

375 *Behaviour in God's house.* C. M.

- 1 **N**OW, children, to God's house repair,
And with the holy throng
O give your hearts to humble prayer,
And raise the cheerful song.
- 2 Praise God, whose mercies brought you here,
Whose goodness keeps you still ;
Whose grace with joy your souls can cheer,
Whose power subdues your will.
- 3 Improve the strength you here have gained
To do his holy will :
Improve the knowledge here attained,
To love and serve him still.
- 4 Let not the world have cause to say,
You served your God for naught ;
But grow in grace from day to day,
As you have here been taught.

376 *A blessing sought on Instruction given.* P. M.

- 1 **O**N what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord ! bestow ;
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow :
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou, alone, shalt have the praise.

377 *The same subject.* 8. 7

- 1 **H**EAVENLY Father, grant thy blessing
On the teaching of this day ;
That our hearts thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turn'd away.
- 2 Have we wander'd ? Oh ! forgive us :
Have we wish'd from truth to rove ?

Turn, Oh! turn us, and receive us,
And incline us truth to love.

378*Prayer to God.*

7's.

1 **W**HEN we children bend the knee
Round the mercy-seat of love,
Then our voices rise to thee,
God omnipotent above!

2 Able thou to seek, to save,
Able to forgive and bless;
Grant each blessing that we crave,
Pardon sin we all confess.

3 Teach us what we ought to seek,
Now all prostrate in thy sight;
We are sinful, poor, and weak,
Thou alone canst lead us right.

379*Reflection.*

C. M.

1 **A**ND now another hour is past,
Of kind instruction given;
And this, perhaps, may be the last
On this side hell or heaven!

2 And is it so? How dread the thought,
And yet indeed how true!
If I could feel it as I ought,
This day, what should I do?

3 O, surely prize it more and more,
And pray that God would give
A death of gain, if life be o'er,
And blessing if I live.

380*The Seed of the Word.*

C. M.

1 **A**LMIGHTY God! thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

- 2 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.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
 The rising plant destroy ;
 But let it yield a hundred-fold,
 The fruits of peace and joy.
- 4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
 Thy quickening grace bestow,
 That all, whose souls the truth receive,
 Its saving power may know.



SABBATH-SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

381

Children's Praise.

C. M.

SCHOLARS.

- 1 **T**HOU Guardian of our youthful days,
 To thee our prayers ascend ;
 To thee we'll tune our song of praise,
 Thou art the children's Friend.
- 2 From thee our daily mercies flow,
 Our life and health descend ;
 Lord, save our souls from sin and woe ;
 Be thou the children's Friend.
- 3 Teach us to prize thy holy word,
 And to its truths attend ;
 Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord,
 And love the children's Friend.
- 4 Lord, draw our youthful hearts to thee,
 From ev'ry ill defend ;
 Help us in early life, to flee
 To thee, the children's Friend.

CONGREGATION.

- 5 May all our hopes be fix'd on high,
 And when our lives shall end,
 Then may we live above the sky
 With Christ, the sinner's Friend.

382 *Prayer for Sabbath-Schools.* L. M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father of mankind!
 Accept our humble suppliant prayer:
 Oh! bless our schools; let ev'ry mind
 In hymns of praise, thy name declare.
- 2 May Teachers, Friends, and children too,
 Thy mercy find, thy goodness prove;
 And while on earth, may we pursue
 The path to endless joys above.

383 *Thanksgiving and Prayer.* L. M.

- 1 **A**CCEPT our thanks, O God of truth!
 Spared this returning day to see;
 Still bless the guardian friends of youth,
 Engaged to bring them up for Thee.
- 2 Oft have we felt thy gracious power,
 And still to thee we lift our eyes;
 Now give the Pentecostal shower,
 Now, with thy Spirit, all baptize.
- 3 As in times past, again appear,
 Our cherish'd work increase, approve;
 Give us to say, "Lo! God is here!"
 "Behold the tokens of his love."
- 4 Smile on our union: still the same,
 Our toils, our prospects, and our end;
 One hope, one heaven, our only aim
 The Saviour's kingdom to extend.
- 5 Thy servants, Jesus, prove and seal,
 And bless this joyous day's return;

384, 385 SABBATH-SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

Stir up the fire of sacred zeal,
Stir up and bid it ever burn :

- 6 Till o'er the earth thy knowledge reach,
And triumphs crown redemption's plan,
Far as extends the human speech,
Wide as the family of man.

384 *Prayer for the increase of Sabbath-Schools.* L. M.

- 1 "LET there be light," Jehovah said,
And light o'er nature's face was spread ;
"Let there be light," O say again,
And end the night of Satan's reign.
- 2 "Let there be light ;" O may the sound
Travel the earth's wide circuit round ;
O'er all the nations, far and near,
Bright Sun of righteousness, appear.
- 3 In mercy may our native land
Hear the benevolent command,
And at thy voice arise and shine,
Reflecting this bright light divine.
- 4 And may these little ones who now
With us before thy footstool bow,
See in the dying Saviour's face,
The beams of thy forgiving grace.

385 *Praise for grace by Christ.* 8. 7.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord who reigns in heaven,
For a living deathless soul :
Praise to his blest name be given,
While eternal ages roll.
- 2 Praise to him who dwells in glory,
For the gift of Christ the Lord ;
And that all the wondrous story
Is recorded in his word.

- 3 Low before his footstool bending,
We would praise th' Incarnate God,
For the grace on us descending,
Through his own most precious blood.
- 4 For the Sabbath-school we bless thee :
By our teachers' tender care,
We are taught to know and love thee,
And to breathe our infant prayer.
- 5 Be thy love our choicest treasure,
While we sojourn here below ;
Be thy praise our dearest pleasure,
From our hearts, Lord, let it flow.

386

United praise to God.

H. M.

Children.

- 1 COME, let our voices join
To sing a song of praise ;
For favors so divine,
Our grateful notes we'll raise :

Congregation.

To God alone the praise belongs,
His love demands your noblest songs.

Children.

- 2 When wand'ring far astray,
In paths of vice and sin,
You kindly pointed out
The danger we were in :

Congregation.

To God alone be all the praise,
Who turns your feet from sinful ways.

Children.

- 3 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine,
Where our Redeemer's love
And brightest glories shine :

Congregation.

To God alone the praise is due,
Whose sacred book is sent to you.

Children.

4 Within this sacred house
Our youthful feet are brought,
Where pray'r and praise abound,
And heav'nly truths are taught :

Congregation.

To God alone your praises bring,
And in the church his glories sing.

Children.

5 For favors such as these,
Our grateful thanks receive ;
Lord, here accept our hearts,
'Tis all that we can give :

Congregation.

Great God, accept their infant songs,
To thee alone the praise belongs.

Chorus.

6 Lord, let this glorious work
Be crown'd with large success !
May thousands yet unborn
This institution bless !

Then shall thy praise be sounded high
Throughout a vast eternity.

387

Years and their changes.

L. M.

1 **F**ROM year to year in love we meet,
From year to year in peace we part,
The tongues of children uttering sweet
The bosom joy of every heart.

2 But time rolls on ; and year by year
We change, grow up, or pass away :

Nor twice the same assembly here
Have hail'd the children's festal day.

3 Death, ere another year, shall strike
Some in our number mark'd to fall;
Be young and old prepared alike:
The warning is to each and all.

4 This sole occasion then is ours!
This day we ne'er again shall see!
Lord God, awaken all our powers
To spend it for eternity!

388 *Praise for grace imparted.* C. M.

1 **L**ORD, thou hast fix'd our place of birth,
And we thy goodness share;
Still make us, while we dwell on earth,
The children of thy care.

2 Strangers to thee, though thine by name,
We heard thy welcome voice,
And, gather'd from the world, became
The children of thy choice.

3 Thou art our Shepherd, glorious God!
Thy little flock behold,
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.

4 We praise thy name that we were brought
To this delightful place,
Where we are watch'd, and warn'd, and taught,
The children of thy grace.

5 May all our friends, thy servants here,
Meet all our souls above,
And we and they in heaven appear
The children of thy love!

389

Praise from many voices.

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS to many or to few,
Thy bounty is the same,
Thou kindly blessest one or two
Assembled in thy name.
- 2 Here, then, a thousand lips would pray,
A thousand voices praise,
Great Saviour, bless this happy day,
And hear the songs we raise.
- 3 We thank thee for the pitying eye
That saw our low estate,
And kindly sent and brought us nigh
To seek thy temple gate.
- 4 For ev'ry kind forgiving word
That in thy gospel shines,
And more than all, that we have heard
And learn those heavenly lines.

390

*Mutual and united Petitions. 10's & 11's.
Scholars.*

- 1 **O**UR Father in heaven, though feeble our lays,
We raise them with grateful emotions of
praise,
For patrons and teachers to guide us above,
Reward them in Heav'n for their labors of love.
- 2 Our Father in heaven thy blessing we crave
On all our endeavors these children to save ;
O make us more faithful, more prayerful, more
wise,
To win them to Jesus who dwells in the skies.

Teachers.

- 3 With voices united thy mercies we sing,
Proclaiming all glory to Jesus our King ;

And when life is ended, receive us in love,
To sing hallelujahs with angels above.

391

Sabbath-School Celebration.

7, 6.

1 **T**O 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.

2 Lord, guide and bless our teachers,
Who labor for our good,
And may the holy Scriptures
By us be understood ;
O may our hearts be given
To thee, our glorious King ;
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing.

3 And may the precious gospel
Be published 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.

C. M.

392

Choir.

1 **L**ET little children come to me,
The blessed Saviour said,
And kindly laid his hand on those
Who unto him were led.

2 To those who early seek my face
Shall early grace be given ;

The humble and the childlike ones
Shall dwell with me in heaven.

Children,

- 3 Thou that hast gone to take thy throne
In thy own courts above ;
Thou that didst pity children then,
Regard us now in love.
- 4 Deep on these young and thoughtless hearts
Thy sacred likeness trace ;
And gird us by thy Spirit, Lord,
To run the Christian race.
- 5 Safe through the snares around our path,
O guide our wayward feet ;
And in each painful scene of life
Be thou our sure retreat.

393

L. M.

BY THE CHILDREN AND CHOIR.

Children.

- 1 **R**ICH is the sacred song that swells
Where God in light and glory dwells ;
What joyful choir their notes combine ?
Who utter music so divine ?

Choir.

- 2 'Tis the sweet song of spotless love,
Which ransomed children sing above ;
Early to God their hearts were given,
And now they dwell with him in heaven.

Children.

- 3 O, who may hope with them to be,
And join their tones of harmony ?
Who can escape from earth and sin,
And pure and holy be within ?

Choir.

- 4 In strength divine, the youngest may
 Begin a holy life to-day ;
 Through Him that loved us, hopes remain
 That none shall seek the Lord in vain.

Chorus.

- 5 Dear Saviour, may thy Spirit's call
 Produce its blest effects on all ;
 Thine be the remnant of our days,
 And every breath be love and praise.

394 *Collections for Sabbath Schools.*

C. M.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose heart expands
 At melting pity's call,
 And the rich blessings of whose hands
 Like heavenly manna fall.
- 2 Mercy, descending from above,
 In softest accents pleads ;
 O ! may each tender bosom move,
 When mercy intercedes.
- 3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
 To guide untutor'd youth ;
 And lead the mind that went astray,
 To virtue and to truth.
- 4 Children our kind protection claim,
 And God will well approve,
 When infants learn to lisp his name,
 And their Creator love.
- 5 Delightful work ! young souls to win,
 And turn the rising race
 From the deceitful paths of sin
 To seek redeeming grace.
- 6 Almighty God ! thy influence shed
 To aid this good design ;

The honours of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

395

The Importance of educating Youth. C. P. M.

Congregation.

1 NOW let our hearts conspire to raise
A cheerful anthem to his praise,
Who reigns enthroned above :
Let music, sweet as incense, rise
With grateful odors to the skies,
The work of joy and love.

Children.

2 Teach us to bow before thy face,
Nor let our hearts forget thy grace,
Or slight thy providence ;
When lost in ignorance we lay,
To vice and death an easy prey,
Thy goodness snatch'd us thence.

Congregation.

3 O what a numerous race we see,
In ignorance and misery,
Unprincipled, untaught !
Shall they *continue* still to lie
In ignorance and misery ?
We cannot bear the thought.

Children.

4 Give, Lord, each liberal soul to prove
The joys of thine exhaustless love ;
And while thy praise we sing,
May we the sacred Scriptures know,
And like the blessed Jesus grow,
That earth and heaven may ring.

Congregation.

5 We feel a sympathizing heart ;
Lord, 'tis a pleasure to impart ;
To thee thine own we give :

Hear thou our cry, and pitying see,
O let these children live to thee,
O let these children live.

396*On the removal of a Scholar.*

L. M.

1 **W**E offer, Lord, an humble prayer,
And thank thee for thy grace bestow'd
In leading one beneath our care,
Thus far in wisdom's pleasant road.

2 What trials to his lot may fall,
What toilsome duties to fulfil,
We do not know, but in them all,
Be thou his strength and comfort still.

3 May Jesus be his constant friend,
The Bible his support and stay ;
And may thy Spirit, Lord, descend
To bless and guide him day by day.



MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

397*Difficulties of Religion.*

6's.

1 **S**TRIVE, for the way is strait
In which the Saviour trod ;
And narrow is the gate
That leadeth up to God.
Cut off th' ensnaring hand,
Pluck out th' ensnaring eye ;
Turn ye at God's command ;
Sinners, why will ye die ?

2 Strive, for there are but few
Who find the living way ;
Children, alas ! will you
Still blindly go astray ?

O shun the crowded gate,
 Though wide it seem, and fair,
 'Twill bring you, soon or late,
 To anguish and despair.

- 3 Strive, ere life's setting sun
 Shall sink in thickest gloom :
 Strive, night is coming on,
 Ye hasten to the tomb.
 Ask, mercy shall be given ;
 Seek as for hidden gold ;
 Knock, and the Lord of heaven
 The gates will wide unfold.

398

Value of Religion.

7's.

- 1 'TIS religion that can give
 Sweetest pleasure while we live ;
 'Tis religion must supply
 Solid comfort when we die.
- 2 After death, its joys will be
 Lasting as eternity !
 Be the living God my friend,
 'Then my bliss shall never end.

399

Supreme importance of Religion.

C. M.

- 1 RELIGION is the chief concern
 Of mortals here below :
 May I its great importance learn,
 Its sovereign virtue know !
- 2 More needful *this* than glittering wealth
 Or aught the world bestows ;
 Not reputation, food, or health,
 Can give us such repose.
- 3 *Religion* should our thoughts engage
 Amidst our youthful bloom ;
 'Twill fit us for declining age
 And for the awful tomb.

4 Oh, may my heart, by grace renewed,
 Be my Redeemer's throne ;
 And be my stubborn will subdued,
 His government to own !

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
 Be joined with godly fear ;
 And all my conversation prove
 My heart to be sincere.

400 *Safety of Religion as a guide.* C. M.

1 **B**RIGHT was the guiding star that led,
 With mild benignant ray,
 The Gentiles to the lowly shed
 Where our Redeemer lay.

2 But lo ! a brighter, clearer light,
 Now points to his abode,
 It shines through sin and-sorrow's night,
 To guide us to our Lord.

3 O gladly tread the narrow path,
 While light and grace are given,
 Who meekly follows Christ on earth
 Shall reign with him in heaven.

401 *Christian Pilgrims. A Dialogue Hymn.* C. M.

Scholars.

1 **T**ELL us, dear teachers, we would know,
 Where rests your ardent love ?

Teachers.

We soon must leave the world below—
 Are seeking one above.

2 *Sch.*—Is not your native country here ?
 Like you not this abode ?

Tea.—We seek a better country far,
 A city built of God.

- 3 *Sch.*—Thither we travel, nor intend
Short of that bliss to rest.
Tea.—Nor we, till with the sinner's Friend
Our weary souls shall rest.
- 4 *Both.*—Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day
That calls thy children home.

402 *The Christian Pilgrim.*

C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray ;
Narrow but pleasant is the road,
And christians love the way.
- 2 How shall a christian pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread ?
For on the way is many a snare
For youthful travellers spread.
- 3 But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from the way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.
- 4 Thus I may safely venture through
Beneath my Shepherd's care,
And keep the gate of heav'n in view,
Till I shall enter there.

403 *The worth of the Soul.*

C. M.

- 1 **W**HAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round ?—
That which was lost in Paradise,
That which in Christ is found :
- 2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath—
That keeps two worlds at strife ;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.

- 3 God, to redeem it, did not spare
His well-beloved Son ;
Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear
The sins of all in one.
- 4 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthen vessels frail ?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail ?
- 5 Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain ;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

404

The same.

C. M.

- 1 **Y**OUNG though I am, I have a soul
The world can never buy ;
And while eternal ages roll,
It will not, cannot die.
- 2 For it must soar to worlds on high,
Where happy spirits dwell ;
Or buried with the wicked, lie
Deep in the grave of hell.
- 3 The soul by blackening sin defiled
Can never enter heaven,
Till God and it be reconciled,
And all its sins forgiven.
- 4 Till it be pure from all its stains,
In perfect righteousness ;
Cleansed by the Saviour's dying pains,
Renewed by sovereign grace.
- 5 Pardon it, cleanse it, God of grace !
And let it holy be ;
Arrayed in thine own holiness,
And meet to dwell with thee.

405

Power of the Gospel.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT shall the dying sinner do
That seeks relief for all his wo?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of his mind?
- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can souls all o'er defil'd with sin
Make their own powers and passions clean?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
'Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'Tis there such power and glory dwell
As saves rebellious souls from hell.
- 4 This is the pillar of our hope
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

406

The same subject.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT joyful tidings do I hear?
'Tis gospel grace salutes my ear;
And by that gracious sound I find
The righteous God is also kind.
- 2 Jesus, his only Son, displays
The wonders of his Father's grace;
The great salvation, long foretold
By prophets to the Jews of old,—
- 3 Is now, in plainer words, made known,
As by th' apostles clearly shown,
By this bless'd message brought from heav'n,
Pardon, and peace, and grace are giv'n.
- 4 O may I know that Saviour dear,
Who intercedes for sinners there;

And that eternal life receive,
Which he was sent of God to give !

407 *Grace especially shown in the Gospel.* C. M.

- 1 **Y**E youthful band, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come ;
'Tis here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee ;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy Almighty love
What honors shall we raise ?
Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

408 *Affection in Brothers and Sisters.* L. M.

- 1 **T**HE God of heav'n is pleas'd to see
A little family agree,
And will not slight the praise they bring,
When loving children join to sing.

- 2 For love and kindness please him more
Than if we gave him all our store ;
And children here who dwell in love,
Are like his happy ones above.
- 3 The gentle child that tries to please,
That hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,
And would not say an angry word ;
That child is pleasing to the Lord.
- 4 Great God ! forgive, whenever we
Forget thy will, and disagree ;
And grant that each of us may find
The sweet delight of being kind.

409

Filial Love.

7's.

- 1 **C**OULD I so ungrateful be
As to cause a mother pain ?
She was always good to me,
Can I yield her ill again ?
- 2 In each hour of harm or good,
'Twas her hand that all the day
Clothed me, kept me, gave me food,
Taught me how to God to pray.
- 3 Oft as I have sickly lain,
By my bed her watch she kept ;
And when she has seen my pain,
Kindly looked on me, and wept.
- 4 Heavenly Father, who didst give
Such a gift as this to me ;
Grant me, ever as I live,
Gratitude to her, and thee !

410

Obedience to Parents.

C. M.

- 1 **L**ET children that would fear the Lord,
Hear what their teachers say ;
With rev'rence meet their parents' word,
And with delight obey.

- 2 Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law
Or mocks his mother's word ?
- 3 What heavy guilt upon him lies,
How cursed is his name !
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.
- 4 But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honor due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

411

Test of Selfishness.

8s & 7s.

- 1 **L**OVE and kindness we may measure,
By this simple rule alone ;
Do we mind our neighbor's pleasure,
Just as if it were our own ?
- 2 We should always care for others,
Nor suppose ourselves the best :
Let us love like friends and brothers—
'Twas the Saviour's last request.
- 3 His example we should borrow,
Who forsook his throne above ;
And endur'd such pain and sorrow,
Out of tenderness and love.
- 4 When the poor are unbefriended,
When we will not pity lend,
Christ accounts himself offended,
Who is ev'ry creature's friend.
- 5 Let us not be so ungrateful,
Thus his goodness to reward ;
Selfishness, indeed, is hateful
In the followers of the Lord.

- 6 When a selfish thought would seize us,
 And our resolution break,
 Let us then remember Jesus,
 And resist it for his sake.

412

Independence day.

L. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER! when round thy holy shrine,
 The gathering crowds of freemen press;
 The olive-wreath of peace, to twine;
 And all thy gracious care, to bless;—
- 2 When golden fields, and verdant hills,
 In beauty, and in peace, repose;
 And freedom's song, that sweetly thrills,
 Is borne on every breeze that blows;—
- 3 We too, while yet, in life's warm spring,
 With feeble voice, and bending knee,
 In gratitude and trust, would bring
 Our praises and our prayers to thee!
- 4 Thou heardst, when such in ancient days
 Hosannas in thy temple sung;
 And wilt not now disdain the praise
 That falls from childhood's lisping tongue.
- 5 Our beating hearts, our youthful thought;
 The sunny hopes around us thrown;—
 These are the offerings we have brought;
 Oh! love us; make us all thine own.
- 6 And when our feet no more shall come,
 With lov'd ones at this shrine, to bow,
 Take then our spirits to thy home,
 To raise the songs we give thee now.

413

Fourth of July.

C. M.

- 1 **T**O thee, the little children's Friend,
 Their hymn to-day shall rise;

O from the heavenly courts descend,
And bless the sacrifice !

2 While through our land fair freedom's song
Our fathers raise to thee ;
Our accents shall the notes prolong ;
We children, too, are free !

3 The past with blessings from thy hand
Was richly scattered o'er ;
As numerous as the countless sand
That spreads the ocean shore.

4 O may the future be as bright,
Nor be thy favors less ;
Resplendent with the glorious light
Of peace and happiness.

5 On earth prepare us for the skies ;
And when our life is o'er,
Let us to purer mansions rise,
And praise thee evermore.

414 * *Children's celebration of Independence.*

6. 4.

1 **M**Y country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country ! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees,
 Sweet freedom's song ;
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,—
 The sound prolong.

4 Our Fathers' God, to thee,
 Author of liberty,—
 To thee I sing :
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light ; .
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

415

The same Subject.

7's & 6's.

1 **W**E come in childhood's gladness,
 'To breathe our song of praise ;
 Nor let one note of sadness
 Be mingled with our lays :
 For 'tis a hallow'd story,
 The theme of freedom's birth ;
 Our fathers' deeds of glory
 Are echoed round the earth.

2 The sound is waxing stronger,
 And thrones and nations hear ;
 Proud man shall rule no longer,
 For God the Lord is near.
 And he will crush oppression,
 And raise the humble mind ;
 And give the earth's possession
 Among the good and kind.

3 And then shall sink the mountains,
 Where pride and pow'r are crown'd ;
 And peace, like gentle fountains,
 Shall shed its fulness round.

O God! we would adore thee
 And in thy shadow rest;
 Our fathers' bowed before thee,
 And trusted, and were blest.

416

Anger repressed.

C. M.

1 **W**HEN for some little insult given,
 My angry passions rise,
 I'll think how Jesus came from heav'n,
 And bore his injuries.

2 He was insulted every day,
 Though all his words were kind;
 But nothing men could do or say,
 Disturbed his heav'nly mind.

3 Not all the wicked scoffs he heard,
 Against the truths he taught,
 Excited one reviling word,
 Or one revengeful thought.

4 Dear Saviour, may I learn of thee,
 My temper to amend;—
 And speak the pardoning word to me,
 Whenever I offend.

417

Recovery from Sickness.

C. M.

1 **L**ORD, thou hast heard my humble voice,
 For all my pains depart;
 O grant that I may now rejoice
 With thankfulness of heart.

2 Many have died as young as I
 Though nurs'd with equal care,
 But God in pity heard my cry
 And has been pleas'd to spare.

3 Let me improve the years, or days;
 Thy mercy lends me here;

And show my gratitude and praise,
By living in thy fear.

4 The kindness that my friends have shown,
O teach me to repay,
By double kindness of my own,
In ev'ry future day.

5 And, lest I need thy rod again,
I pray thee to impart,
As long as life or health remain,
A thankful, humble heart.

418 *Humility becomes children.* 8's & 7's.

1 **H**UMBLY walk, and God will love thee,
Heav'n will hear thy ev'ry prayer;
Then our Saviour will approve thee,
Angels shield thee from despair.

2 Many virtues here must grace thee,
But in meekness still delight,
Pride alone will quite deface thee,
And will shroud them all from sight.

3 Why should feeble children glory?
Long, their life can never last:
Soon the head of youth is hoary,
Then its pleasures here are past.

4 When these joys that charm'd shall fail thee,
And the scenes are fading round,
What will foolish pride avail thee?
Then, *in meekness* peace is found.

419 *Humility.* 7's.

1 **I**N a modest, humble mind
God himself will take delight;
But the proud and haughty find
They are hateful in his sight.

- 2 Jesus Christ was meek and mild,
And no angry thoughts allow'd ;
Oh, then, shall a little child
Dare to be perverse and proud ?
- 3 This, indeed, should never be ;—
Lord, forbid it, we entreat :
Grant that all may learn of thee,
That humility is sweet !
- 4 Make it shine in ev'ry part ;
Fill them with this heav'nly grace ;
F'or a little infant's heart
Surely is its proper place.

420

Against Pride in clothes.

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW proud we are, how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new :
When the poor sheep and silk-worms wore
That very clothing long before !
- 2 The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I ;
Let me be drest fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still.
- 3 Then, will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind ;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
These are the robes of richest dress.
- 4 No more shall worms with me compare ;
This is the raiment angels wear ;
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this blest apparel too.
- 5 In this, on earth, would I appear,
Then go to heaven, and wear it there ;
God will approve it in his sight ;
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

421

Lying.

— S. M.

- 1 **G**OD is a God of truth,
And hates a lying tongue ;
And what is more depraved in youth !
A liar bold and young !
- 2 Nothing can be concealed
By the most artful lie ;
To God e'en then it is revealed,
For he is ever by.
- 3 And he will surely tell,
At the great judgment-day,
All we had thought concealed so well,
And hoped had passed away.

422

Save us from Falsehood.

7's.

- 1 **L**ORD ! if e'er I dare to speak
Words of falsehood, check my tongue ;
Lest I sin against thy laws,
By committing what is wrong.
- 2 Plainly doth thy word declare
Thou the wicked dost despise,
Who with base and impious lips
Utter fearful oaths and lies.
- 3 Why, if I have dared commit
What is evil in thy sight,
Should I seek by an untruth
To conceal it from the light ?
- 4 Idle words and foolish jests
Are offensive, Lord, to thee ;
Thou requirest in the heart
Perfect truth and purity.
- 5 Teach me then, O Lord ! to shun
Evil speaking in my youth :

So shall I in after days
 Hope to walk with thee in truth.

423

Lying.

C. M.

1 **T**HOSE children who a promise give
 Should always keep their word ;
 And falsehood from their little mouths
 Should never once be heard.

2 For when a child a lie has told,
 He cannot be believed ;
 Not even when the truth he speaks,
 Because he once deceived.

3 O who a lie would dare to tell,
 And bring himself to shame ;
 And thus offend the God of truth,
 And mock his holy name !

424

Loveliness of Truth.

L. M.

1 **O** 'TIS a lovely thing for youth
 To walk betimes in wisdom's way ;
 To fear a lie, to speak the truth ;
 That we may trust to all they say.

2 But liars we can never trust,
 Though they should speak the thing that's true ;
 And he that does one fault at first,
 And lies to hide it, makes it two.

3 Have children never heard, nor read,
 How God abhors deceit and wrong ?
 How Ananias was struck dead,
 Caught with a lie upon his tongue ?

4 So did his wife Sapphira die,
 When she came in, and grew so bold,
 As to confirm the wicked lie,
 That, just before, her husband told.

- 5 The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth ; but every liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone and with fire.

425

Allurements of Sin.

7's.

- 1 **M**ANY voices seem to say,
" Hither, children here's the way ;
Haste along, and nothing fear,
Every pleasant thing is here !"
- 2 Yes—but whither would ye lead ?
Is it happiness indeed ?
Or a little shining show,
Leading down to death and wo ?
- 3 We were made for better things ;
High as heaven our nature springs ;
Like the lark that upward flies,
We were made to seek the skies.
- 4 We were made to love and fear
That great God who placed us here ;
Made to study and fulfil
All his good and holy will.
- 5 We were made to work awhile,
Cheerful at our work to smile ;
Thinking, as we labor thus,
Of the heaven prepared for us.

426

End of our Creation.

- 1 **I** AM the creature of the Lord ;
He made me by his pow'rful word :
This body, in each curious part,
Was wrought by his unfailing art.
- 2 From him my nobler spirit came,
My soul, a spark of heav'nly flame ;

That soul, by which my body lives,
Which thinks, and hopes, and joys, and grieves.

- 3 What business then should I attend,
Or what esteem my noblest end?
Sure it consists in this alone;—
That God my Maker may be known.
- 4 So known, that I may love him still,
And form my actions by his will;
That he may bless me while I live,
And, when I die, my soul receive.

427

Idolatry detected.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HAT is an idol?—every heart
Has idols of its own;
Some are of gold and silver bright,
And some of wood and stone.
- 2 If there be aught the world contains
Which I love more than thee,
That sinful love within my heart
Idolatry must be.
- 3 Then take that sinful love away,
And place thy love within;
And break down every image there
That leads me into sin.
- 4 Deeply inscribed upon my heart
Let thy commandments be;
That there may live within my breast
None other God but thee.

428

Spring.

8. 7. Eight L.

- 1 **L**O! the bright, the rosy morning
Calls me forth to take the air;
Cheerful spring with smiles returning,
Ushers in the new-born year.

- Vernal music, softly sounding,
 Echoes through the verdant grove ;
 Nature now with life abounding
 Swells in harmony and love.
- 2 Now the kind refreshing showers
 Water all the plains around ;
 Springing grass and painted flowers
 In the smiling meads abound.
 Now the vernal dress assuming
 Leafy robes adorn the trees ;
 Odors now the air perfuming
 Sweetly scent the gentle breeze.
- 3 Praise to thee, thou great Creator !
 Praise be thine from ev'ry tongue ;
 Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature
 Join the universal song :
 For ten thousand blessings given
 For the richest gifts bestow'd—
 Sound his praise through earth and heaven ;—
 Sound Jehovah's praise abroad.

429

Birth day.

7's.

- 1 **H** EAVENLY Father ! look on me,
 Now my birth-day's come once more,
 Listen while I pray to thee,
 And with infant powers adore.
- 2 Once I was an infant weak,
 Sleeping on my mother's knee ;
 Then I could not walk or speak,
 Yet thou didst take care of me.
- 3 Now I run about and talk ;
 Now I learn to read my book ;
 Through the fields I now can walk,
 On the pretty flowers can look.
- 4 Bless me now I am a child,
 Bless this birth-day, Lord, to me ;

Make me good, and wise, and mild,
Make me all that I should be.

430

Only sin makes God angry.

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW kind, in all his works and ways,
Must our Creator be!
I learn a lesson of his praise,
From ev'ry thing I see.
- 2 And can so kind a Father frown?
Will he, who stoops to care
For little sparrows falling down,
Despise an infant's pray'r?
- 3 No; he regards the feeblest cry;
'Tis only when we sin,
He puts the smile of mercy by,
And lets his frown begin.
- 4 'Tis sin that grieves his holy mind,
And makes his anger rise;
And sinners old or young shall find
No favor in his eyes.

431

Resurrection and Intercession of Christ.

C. M.

- 1 **S**EE Jesus rising from the grave;
Behold him rais'd on high;
He pleads his merits there, to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.
- 2 There, on a glorious throne, he reigns,
And, by his power divine,
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.
- 3 Thence shall the Lord to judgment come.
And with a sov'reign voice,
Shall call, and break up ev'ry tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.

- 4 O may I then with joy appear
 Before the Judge's face,
 And, with the bless'd assembly there,
 Sing his redeeming grace.

432

Eternity.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE sun that lights the world shall fade,
 The stars shall pass away ;
 And I, a child immortal made,
 Shall witness their decay.
- 2 Yes, I shall live when they are dead
 Though now so bright they shine ;
 When earth and all it holds have fled,
 Eternity is mine.
- 3 For I can never, never die,
 While God himself remains ;
 But I must live in heaven on high,
 Or where deep darkness reigns.
- 4 If heaven and hell ne'er pass away,
 To Christ, O let me flee ;
 If pain be hard for one short day,
 What must forever be !

433

God's relation to us.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my Maker I adore,
 Created by his love and pow'r :
 He fashion'd in their various forms
 Angels and men, and beasts and worms.
- 2 Father of light, amidst the skies
 He bids the golden sun arise ;
 He scatters the refreshing rain,
 To cheer the grass, and swell the grain.
- 3 At home, abroad, by night, by day,
 He is my guardian and my stay ;

And sure 'tis fit my soul should know,
He is my Lord and Sov'reign too.

- 4 O may that voice that speaks his law,
My heart to sweet obedience draw ;
That when I see the Judge descend,
I, in that Judge, may see my friend !

434

Evil company.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HY should I join with those in play,
In whom I've no delight ;
Who curse and swear, but never pray,
Who call ill names, and fight ?

- 2 I hate to hear a wanton song ;
Their words offend my ears ;
I would not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.

- 3 Away from fools I'll turn my eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go ;
I would be walking with the wise,
'That wiser I might grow.

- 4 I hate to walk, I hate to dwell
With sinful children here ;
Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.

435

Forsaking Sinners.

L. M.

- 1 **A**NGELS that high in glory dwell,
Adore thy name, Almighty God !
And devils tremble low in hell,
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

- 2 And yet how wicked children dare
Abuse thy dreadful, glorious name !
And when they're angry how they swear,
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme.

- 3 I'll leave my playmates whom I hear
Profanely take thy name in vain ;
Lest I too learn to curse and swear,
And dwell with them in endless flame.

436 *Orphan's Hymn.*

7's

- 1 **W**HITHER, but to thee, O Lord,
Shall a little orphan go ?
Thou alone canst speak the word,
Thou canst dry my tears of wo.
Father ! may my lips once more
Whisper that beloved name ?
Helpless, guilty, friendless, poor,
Let me thy protection claim.
- 2 O, my Father ! may I tell
All my wants and woes to thee ?
Every want thou knowest well,
Every wo thine eye can see.
'Twas thy hand that took away
Father, mother, from my sight ;
Him that was my infant stay,
Her, that watched me day and night.
- 3 Yet I bless thee, for I know
Thou hast wounded me in love ;
Weaned my heart from things below,
That it might aspire above.
Here I tarry for a while :
Saviour ! keep me near thy side ;
Cheer my journey with thy smile ;
Be my Father, Friend, and Guide.

437 *Leaning on Christ.*

L. P. M.

- 1 **W**HEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain ;

He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I should pursue,
Or do the sin I should not do ;
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 And O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

438

Kindness in Affliction.

C. M.

1 O THOU whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seems severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say,
"There is no mercy here."

2 O may I, Lord, desire the pain
That comes in kindness down ;
Far more than sweetest earthly gain,
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see ;
The gracious hand that strikes the blow
Was wounded once for me.

439

A hopeful Youth falling short of Heaven.

L. M.

1 MUST all the charms of nature then
So hopeless to salvation prove ?
Can hell demand, can heaven condemn
The man whom Jesus deigns to love ?

2 The man who sought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbors all their due,

- (A modest, sober, lovely youth,)
 And thought he wanted nothing now ?
- 3 But mark the change ! thus spake the Lord,
 "Come part with earth for heaven to-day ;"
 The youth, astonish'd at the word,
 In silent sadness went his way.
- 4 Poor virtues that he boasted so,
 This test unable to endure ;
 Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,
 To make his land and money sure !
- 5 Ah, foolish choice of treasures here !
 Ah, fatal love of tempting gold !
 Must this base world be bought so dear ?
 Are life and heaven so cheaply sold ?
- 6 In vain the charms of nature shine,
 If this vile passion govern me ;
 Transform my soul, O love divine !
 And make me part with all for thee.

440

The Request.

C. M.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise :
- 2 " Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free ;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee :
- 3 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."

441

Christ was poor.

8. 7.

- 1 A M I poor ? do men despise me ?
 Do they pass me proudly by ?

Then, O let me, still remember,
Jesus was as poor as I.

2 Was as poor? nay, he was poorer:
He had neither home nor bed;
Neither friendly shade nor shelter
For his unprotected head.

3 Then I'll ever cease complaining;
What though riches be not mine;
I am poor, and thus, my Saviour!
Does my lot resemble thine.

442*Trifling in Worship.*

L. M.

1 **I**N God's own house for me to play,
While Christians meet to hear and pray,
Is to profane his holy place,
And tempt the Almighty to his face.

2 When angels bow before the Lord,
And devils tremble at his word,
Shall I, a feeble mortal, dare
To mock, and sport, and trifle there?

3 Great God, compassionate and mild,
Forgive the follies of a child;
Teach me to pray and mind thy word,
That I may learn to serve the Lord.

443*How to behave during Worship.*

L. M.

1 **W**HEN to the house of God we go,
To hear his word, and sing his love,
We ought to worship him below,
As saints and angels do above.

2 They stand before his presence now,
And praise him better far than we,
Who only at his footstool bow,
And love him, whom we cannot see.

- 3 But God is present everywhere,
And watches all our thoughts and ways ;
He marks who humbly join in prayer,
And who sincerely sing his praise.
- 4 The triflers, too, his eye can see,
Who only seem to take a part ;
They move the lip, and bend the knee,
But do not seek him with the heart.
- 5 O may we never trifle so,
Nor lose the days our God has given ;
But learn by sabbaths here below
To spend eternity in heaven !

444

Prayer for Direction.

7's.

- 1 **T**O thy temple I repair !
Lord, I love to worship there ;
While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.
- 2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend ;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads ;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 3 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe ;
May thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.
- 4 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through their voice, by faith may I
Hear thee speaking from on high.
- 5 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn ;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

445

Choosing to worship God.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HILE wicked boys and girls we meet,
 Breaking the Sabbath in the street,
 Mispending all that holy day
 In foolish talk or idle play ;
- 2 We to thy sacred house of prayer,
 With gratitude would oft repair,
 T' adore thy name, and seek thy face,
 And hear the messages of grace.
- 3 The truths thy gospel, Lord, imparts,
 Apply with power to all our hearts ;
 Whilst thou art calling, make us hear,
 And worship thee with holy fear.

446

To Worship acceptably.

P. M.

- 1 **O** FOR a heart to feel
 Thy presence where we stand !
 Remember, as we kneel,
 That God is nigh at hand,
 And while we meet to seek him thus,
 He will be gracious e'en to us.
- 2 The sigh of one distrest
 By sorrow for his sins,
 Who humbly smites his breast,
 And to serve God begins :
 This is the voice that God attends,
 And such he chooses for his friends.
- 3 He knows—he knows of me,
 If I am friend or foe ;
 Wherever I may be
 He follows as I go :
 Sees every word, and thought, and look,
 And writes it in his judgment book.
- 4 Well may I think with dread
 On that tremendous day,

And hang my guilty head,
 And now in earnest pray :
 In this accepted time I cry,
 Have mercy, Lord! or else I die.



MISSIONARY HYMNS.

447 *The Heathen perish.* L. M.

1 **T**HE heathen perish,—day by day,
 Thousands on thousands pass away ;
 O Christians, to their rescue fly,
 Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

2 Wealth, talents, labor, freely give,
 Spend and be spent, that they may live !
 What hath your Saviour done for you ?
 And what for Him would you not do ?

448 *Prospects of the Heathen.* 8. 7.

1 **H**ARK !—what mean those lamentations,
 Rolling sadly through the sky ?
 'Tis the cry of heathen nations,
 " Come, and help us, or we die !"

2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining—
 Christians, hear their dying cry ;
 And the love of Christ constraining,
 Join to help them, ere they die.

449 *For a Missionary meeting.* S. M.

1 **W**E meet for evening prayer !
 Lord, give us life divine ;
 Let every tongue thy praise declare
 And all our hearts be thine.

2 Hark ! the sweet anthems rise
 Where pagan altars stand ;

The swelling chorus mounts the skies
From every pagan land.

- 3 While glad hosannas ring
From desert, rock, and sea;
The heathen tribes their children bring,
And give them, Lord, to thee.

450 *The Bible for the Heathen.*

'7's.

- 1 **S**EE that heathen mother stand
Where the sacred currents flow;
With her own maternal hand,
'Mid the waves her infant throw.
- 2 Hark! I hear the piteous scream;
Frightful monsters seize their prey,
Or the dark and bloody stream
Bears the struggling child away!
- 3 Fainter now, and fainter still,
Breaks the cry upon the ear;
But the mother's heart is steel,
She, unmoved, that cry can hear.
- 4 Send, O send the Bible there;
Let its precepts reach the heart;
She may then her children spare,
She may act the mother's part.

451 *"Thy kingdom come."*

L. M.

- 1 **T**HY kingdom come! thus, day by day,
We lift our hands to God and pray;
But who has ever duly weighed
The meaning of the words he said.
- 2 Thy kingdom come! O day of joy,
When praise shall every tongue employ;
When hatred, strife, and battles cease,
And man with man shall be at peace.

- 3 Then bears and wolves, no longer wild,
Obey the leading of a child ;
The lions with the oxen eat,
And dust shall be the serpent's meat.
- 4 Then all shall know and serve the Lord,
And walk according to his word ;
His glory spread around shall be,
As waters cover o'er the sea.
- 5 God's holy will shall then be done
By all who live beneath the sun ;
And every evil will remove,
For God will reign, and "*God is love.*"

452

Christ our King.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

453

Prayer for the spread of Christ's Kingdom.

C. M.

- 1 WHEN will the day, th' expected day,
The glorious day be shown

When ev'ry voice shall rise and say
The Lord is God alone ?

2 When shall the young of ev'ry land,
The Hallelujah sing,
And far on ev'ry foreign strand,
Confess him as their King ?

3 Let us begin the noble tune
On freedom's happy ground,
And distant nations join it, soon
In one eternal sound.



BAPTISMAL HYMNS.

454 *Christians buried and risen with Christ.* C. M.

1 **B**APTIZED into our Saviour's death,
Our souls to sin must die ;
With Christ our Lord we live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

2 There, by his Father's side he sits,
Enthroned divinely fair ;
Yet owns himself our brother still,
And our forerunner there.

3 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love ;
Above our choicest treasure lies,—
And be our hearts above.

4 But earth and sin will drag us down,
When we attempt to fly ;
Lord, send thy strong attractive power
To raise and fix us high.

455 *The commission to Baptise.* L. M.

1 **E**RE Christ ascended to his throne,
He issued forth this great command—

- “ Go preach my gospel to the world,
 “ And spread my name through every land.
- 2 “ To men declare their sinful state,
 “ The methods of my grace explain ;
 “ He that believes and is baptized,
 “ Shall everlasting life obtain.”
- 3 Dear Saviour, we thy will obey,
 Not of constraint, but with delight
 Hither thy servants come to-day,
 To honor thine appointed rite.
- 4 Descend again, celestial Dove,
 On these dear followers of the Lord ;
 Exalted Head of all the church,
 Thy promised aid to them afford.
- 5 Let faith, assisted now by signs,
 The mysteries of thy love explore ,
 And, washed in thy redeeming blood,
 Let them depart, and sin no more.

456

Obedience to Christ in baptism.

C. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR ! we seek the watery tomb,
 Illumed by love divine ;
 Far from the deep tremendous gloom
 Of that which once was thine.
- 2 Down to the hallowed grave we go,
 Obedient to thy word ;
 'Tis thus the world around shall know
 We're buried with the Lord.
- 3 'Tis thus we bid its pomps adieu,
 And boldly venture in :
 O may we rise to life anew,
 And only die to sin.

457

Jesus baptized in Jordan.

C. M.

- 1 **T**O Jordan's stream the Saviour goes
 To do his Father's will,
 His breast with sacred ardor glows,
 Each precept to fulfil.
- 2 Behold him buried in the flood,
 (The emblem of his grave)
 Who from the bosom of his God
 Came down, a world to save.
- 3 As from the water he ascends,
 What miracles appear!
 God with a voice his Son commends—
 Let all the nations hear!
- 4 Ye youthful pilgrims, hear, rejoice—
 Let this your courage raise:
 What God approves, be this your choice,
 And glory in his ways.

458

Baptism divinely honored.

L. M.

- 1 **A**LL glory be to him who came
 From Galilee to Jordan's stream,
 There did he sink beneath the wave,
 And to his saints a pattern gave.
- 2 Glory to him, who from on high
 Proclaimed to all, both far and nigh,
 That he in whom his glory shone,
 Was his belov'd and only Son.
- 3 Glory to the celestial dove,
 Who, swift descending from above,
 Rested upon Messiah's head,
 And there a heavenly lustre spread.
- 4 Ye saints, with cheerfulness submit
 To this mysterious solemn rite,

On which the sacred 'Three combine
To put an honor so divine.

459 *Self-devotion encouraged and practised.* S. M.

Choir and Congregation.

- 1 **Y**OUR souls and bodies too,
Ye youthful saints, are His,
Who claims this sacrifice of you,
The favor'd heirs of bliss.
- 2 Fearless, approach the stream,
Fit emblem of that grave,
Which closed its portals over him,
Who stoop'd so low to save.

Candidates.

- 3 But will th' eternal King,
So mean a gift reward?
That offering, Lord, with joy we bring,
Which thine own hand prepared.
- 4 We own thy various claims,
And to thine altar move,
The willing victims of thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.
- 5 Descend, celestial fire,
The sacrifice inflame;
So shall a grateful odor rise
Through our Redeemer's name.

460 *Before Baptism.* C. M.

- 1 **F**ROM the still flood, where Faith indeed
The Saviour's voice can hear,
Let each unhallow'd foot recede,
While she alone draws near.
- 2 To her dissolving eye reveal'd,
Fair shines the liquid grave

That Jesus' holy form conceal'd
When humbled in the wave.

- 3 Taught by his dear expiring breath,
She bids her children come,
And take the image of his death
Within the wat'ry tomb.
- 4 Though but the semblance of his woes
Their prostrate bodies bear,
All the large bliss which from them flows,
Their glowing souls shall share!
- 5 Yes—ye who love his mystic grave
Shall brighter deeps explore,
Embosomed in the radiant wave
That rolls on glory's shore!

461

After Baptism.

L. M.

- 1 'TIS done, the great transaction's done:
I am my Lord's and he is mine:
He drew me and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 2 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angel's bread to feast?
- 3 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.

462

Baptismal Hymn.

C. M.

- 1 'TIS the great Father we adore
In this baptismal sign;
'Tis he whose voice on Jordan's shore
Proclaimed the Son divine.

- 2 The Father hail'd him ; let our breath
 In answering praise ascend,
 As in the image of his death
 We own our buried friend.
- 3 We seek the consecrated grave,
 Along the path he trod,
 Receive us in the hallowed wave,
 Thou holy Son of God.
- 4 Blest Spirit, with intense desire
 Solicitous we bow ;
 Baptize us with renewing fire,
 And ratify the vow.
- 5 Let earth and heaven our zeal record,
 And future witness bear ;
 That we to Zion's mighty Lord
 Our full allegiance swear.
- 6 O that our conscious souls may own,
 With joy's serene survey,
 Inscribed upon his judgment throne
 The transcript of this day.

463

Before Baptism.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Jordan prophet cries to-day,
 "Behold the Lamb of God ;"
 The Spirit's consecrating ray
 Still lingering o'er the flood.
- 2 Before the symbol wave we bend,
 And shed contrition's tear,
 And own again our buried friend,
 And learn his sorrows here.
- 3 Saviour, within this shadowy tomb,
 Let us the glory see,
 Which pierced the deep unearthly gloom
 Of that which closed on thee.

- 4 Pure as thine own baptismal sign,
 So let our faith arise,
 To live that hidden life of thine—
 That life which never dies.

464 *Christ's word our guide.* 8. 7. Eight L.

- 1 **F**ROM the world's enchantments turning,
 I a brighter path pursue ;
 Brighter joys than yours discerning,
 Vain, inconstant world ! adieu !
 Now my grateful, fond obedience,
 Lord ! to thee, no more delays ;
 Now, to thee ! I vow allegiance,
 Now I choose thy pleasant ways.

- 2 Can I, where thy changeless finger
 Points my path of duty, doubt ?
 Can I, in reluctance, linger,
 From thy light and peace shut out ?
 Should I, from thy precepts swerving,
 Fruitless, thankless, to thee prove ;
 Thou might'st deem me undeserving
 Of thy mercy and thy love.

- 3 No ! the word which thou hast spoken
 Shall my joy and safeguard be ;
 And, till life's last cord is broken,
 I will cleave in love to thee !
 Thou my Guardian, Guide, Defender !
 Death's cold waves, may round me stand,
 May I then, as now, surrender
 All my interests to thy hand.

465 *Joy arising from obedience.* L. M.

- 1 **N**OT with a pained reluctant heart
 Seek we, to-day, this sacred grave ;
 The tears that now, unbidden, start,
 Are not the weeping of the slave.

- 2 They come from springs of joy and love,
Springs, that our hardness seal'd before ;
And flow because, our hearts above,
We now are Satan's slaves no more.
- 3 Long did the world our spirit hold
In paths that down to darkness led ;
To sin our noblest powers we sold,
And in its cruel fetters bled.
- 4 But thou ! O Lord, hast broke that spell,
And set us from that bondage free,
Reclaim'd us from the gates of hell,
And turned our wandering feet to thee.

466

Christ our pattern.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE great Redeemer we adore,
Who came the lost to seek and save ;
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,
To find a tomb beneath its wave.
- 2 " Thus it becomes us to fulfil,
All righteousness," he meekly said ;
Why should we then, to do his will,
Or be ashamed, or be afraid.
- 3 With thee unto thy wat'ry tomb,
Lord, 'tis our glory to descend ;
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room,
To lie beside so dear a friend.
- 4 Yet as the yielding waves give way,
To let us see the light again :
So on the resurrection day,
The bands of death prov'd weak and vain.
- 5 Thus when thou shalt again appear,
The gates of death shall open wide ;
Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,
And rise and triumph at thy side.

467

Despising the shame for Christ.

C. M.

- 1 **D**IDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?
- 2 Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,
And all its shame despis'd?
And shall I be asham'd, O Lord,
With thee to be baptiz'd?
- 3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's rolling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed,
That's worthy of my God?
- 4 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
But in thy footsteps let me tread,
And glory in thy cross.
- 5 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I will not repine.

468

What doth hinder? Acts viii. 36. C. P. M.

- 1 **C**OME, children, come, his voice obey,
Salem's bright king has mark'd the way,
And has a crown prepar'd;
O then arise and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.
- 2 Believing children, gather round,
And let your joyful songs abound,
With cheerful hearts arise;
See here is water, here is room,
And what doth hinder thee to come,
Arise and be baptiz'd.

- 3 Behold, his servant waiting stands,
 With willing heart and ready hands,
 To wait upon the bride ;
 Ye candidates, your hearts prepare,
 And let us join in solemn prayer,
 Down by the water side.

469, *Baptism a sign of Moral Purification.*

P. M.

- 1 **K**INDEST Saviour, we adore thee,
 And thy sacred name confess ;
 While we now appear before thee,
 Condescend our souls to bless :
 May thy Spirit and thy word
 Inward peace and joy afford.
- 2 In this rite, by Heaven appointed,
 We may wash the body clean,
 But may still be unacquainted
 With the malady of sin :
 Grant, O Lord, that with the sign
 We may feel the pow'r divine.
- 3 Outward forms are unavailing
 To the soul estrang'd from God ;
 They can ne'er afford him healing
 While he treads the downward road ;
 But when sanctified by grace,
 We, in them, can Jesus trace.
- 4 Now we follow thine example,
 Promis'd help do thou afford ;
 Teach us on the world to trample,
 Cleaving still to thee, the Lord ;
 Hence depart, with cheerful voice,
 In thy ways may we rejoice.

470 *Practical Improvement of Baptism.*

C. M.

- 1 **A**TTEND, ye children of your God,
 Ye heirs of glory. hear,

For accents, so divine as these,
Might charm the dullest ear.

2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die ;
With Christ, your Lord, ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

3 There, by his Father's side he sits
Enthron'd, divinely fair ;
Yet owns himself your brother still,
And your forerunner there.

4 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love ;
Above, your choicest treasure lies,
And be your hearts above.

471 *The Pleasure of following Christ.*

8. 7.

1 **L**ORD, in humble, sweet submission,
Here we meet to follow thee ;
Trusting in thy great salvation,
Which alone can make us free.

2 Nought have we to claim as merit ;
All the duties we can do
Can no crown of life inherit :
All the praise to thee is due.

3 Yet we come in christian duty,
Down beneath the wave to go !
O the bliss ! the heavenly beauty !
Christ the Lord was buried so.

4 Come, ye children of the kingdom,
Follow him beneath the wave ;
Rise and show his resurrection,
And proclaim his pow'r to save.

472 *Exhortance to obedience.*

H. M.

1 **R**EPENT, and be baptiz'd,
Saith your Redeeming Lord ;

- Ye all are now appriz'd,
That 'tis your Saviour's word ;
Arise, arise, without delay,
And his divine command obey.
- 2 Ye penitential race,
Who fall at Jesus' feet,
Saved by a glorious grace,
Come, to his will submit ;
And be baptiz'd without delay,
And his divine command obey.
- 3 Come, ye believing train,
No more this truth withstand ;
No longer think it vain
To honor God's command ;
But haste, arise, without delay,
And be baptiz'd in Jesus' way.
- 4 Jesus, thou Prince of Peace,
To thy great name we pray ;
Make the converted race
Thine ordinance obey ;
O may thy love their souls o'ercome,
And draw them to thy liquid tomb.
- 5 Now while thy saints attend
This ordinance of thine ;
O bless their waiting souls,
With comforts all divine ;
Give them a soul-refreshing sight
Of the blest realms of heavenly light.

473

Receiving Members :...Exhortation.

S. M.

- 1 **A**LL you that in the flood
Have own'd your holy Lord,
And to his people join'd yourselves,
According to his word ;—
- 2 In Zion you must dwell,
Her altar ne'er forsake .

Must come to all her solemn feasts,
And all her joys partake.

3 She must employ your thoughts,
And your unceasing care ;
Her welfare be your constant wish,
And her increase your prayer.

4 With humbleness of mind,
Among her sons rejoice :
A meek and quiet spirit is
With God of highest price.

5 Never offend nor grieve
Your brethren in the way ;
But shun the dark abodes of strife,
Like children of the day.

6 In all your Saviour's ways
With willing footsteps move ;
Be faithful unto death, and then
You'll reign with him above.

474 *Obedience prompted by love.*

L. M.

1 **G**REAT God, we in thy courts appear,
With humble joy and holy fear,
Thy wise injunctions to obey ;
Let saints and angels hail the day !

2 Great things, O everlasting Son,
Great things thy grace for us hath done ;
Constrain'd by thy almighty love,
Our willing feet to meet thee move.

3 In thy assembly here we stand,
Obedient to thy great command ;
The sacred flood is full in view,
And thy sweet voice invites us through.

4 The word, the Spirit, and the bride
Must not invite and be denied ;

Was not the Lord, who came to save,
Interr'd in such a liquid grave ?

- 5 Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name,
Receive us rising from the stream ;
Then to thy table let us come,
And dwell in Zion as our home.



FOR TEACHERS' MEETINGS.

475 *Prayer for the Spirit's influence.* L. M.

- 1 **A**S teachers of the rising race,
O Lord, we supplicate thy grace ;
Assur'd that all our toil is vain
Unless we heavenly influence gain.
- 2 But if thy blessing thou impart,
The shades of error will depart,
As night's dark shadows flee away
Before the glorious orb of day.
- 3 O may thy heav'nly beams be felt,
Causing the frozen heart to melt ;
And in the soften'd ground may we
See the young germs of piety.
- 4 This is our heart's desire, the end
For which we labor and attend,
With patient hope from year to year,
Anxious to see the fruit appear.
- 5 Still may we wait with patience, still
Pursue our work with cheerful will,
And find in this our lov'd employ
An earnest of our future joy.

476 *Prayer for heavenly wisdom.* C. M.

- 1 **T**EACH us, O Lord, we earnest pray,
Let grace to us be given,

To point our rising charge the way
To happiness and heav'n.

- 2 O that with wisdom from above
Our minds may be imbued,
With patience, tenderness, and love,
And zeal in doing good.
- 3 The Saviour's mind may we possess,
And in his strength be strong ;
Through disappointment and success
Pass steadily along.
- 4 And, in that day when worlds shall stand
Before thy judgment throne,
Smile, Saviour, on this youthful band
And claim them for thine own.

477 *Grateful Praise for success.*

8. 7.

- 1 **L**ORD of ev'ry bright perfection,
Thou who art the teacher's friend,
Aid us with thy sure protection,
Ev'ry duty to attend.
- 2 Lo ! what youthful bands attending,
Guided by thy heav'nly care,
Humbly at the footstool bending
Pour the ardent heartfelt prayer.
- 3 Thou hast deign'd to smile approving
Since the bright'ning work began—
Cheer the constant ;—wake the roving
To redemption's wondrous plan.
- 4 Still assist each weak endeavor ;
Make and keep us wholly thine ;
Fix our hopes on thee forever,
Hopes immortal and divine.

478 *The Object of a faithful Teacher's love.*

P. M.

- 1 **W**HAT is it makes me early rise,
What is it that unscals my eyes

- To meet the Sabbath-morning skies ?
My class.
- 2 When storms and hail upon me beat,
What then attracts my willing feet
To brave the driving snow and sleet ?
My class.
- 3 What, when I bend my knees in prayer,
Shall have a warm petition, there,
That it may be the Saviour's care ?
My class.
- 4 Who throng around their wooden seat,
While their young hearts with transport beat
Their teacher's eye once more to meet ?
My class.
- 5 Whom do I strive to tell the way
That leads to realms of endless day ;
And teach in Jesus' name to pray ?
My class.
- 6 Who oft to God, in hymns of praise
Their infant voices sweetly raise,
And vow to serve him all their days ?
My class.
- 7 Whom do I hope to meet above
If grateful for their school they prove,
Sav'd by an everlasting love ?
My class.

- 1 **B**E ours the happy work to guide
Untutor'd youth in wisdom's way ;
Teach them from sin to turn aside,
Point them to Christ, and humbly pray :—
- 2 That He who laid his glory by,
And left the lofty courts above,

Partook of our humanity
And died, to prove that he was love :—

- 3 Would crown our efforts with success,
And grant that the instruction given,
May lead to peace and happiness,
And guide their wand'ring feet to heaven.
- 4 May we, around thy throne of love,
Unite to praise the Saviour's grace,
'Teachers and children meet above,
And see Immanuel, face to face :—
- 5 Without the dimming veil between,
That now conceals his dazzling light ;
Here sin and sorrows intervene,
There faith is swallow'd up in sight.

480

The Great Teacher.

7's.

- 1 CHRIST was teaching all the day
Where the throng of hearers met ;
And at night retired to pray
In the mount of Olivet.
- 2 He on no soft couch reposed
Through th' accustomed hours of sleep :
But when others' eyes were closed,
He awoke to pray and weep.
- 3 All the labors we have shared,
O how poor, and little worth,
When with those, so great, compared
Of our Saviour upon earth !
- 4 O may gratitude inspire,
Him to follow now above ;
Then our hearts will never tire
In these humble deeds of love.

481

Sabbath-School Teacher's Object.

C. M.

- 1 ATTRACTED by love's sacred force,
Like planets to the sun,

Though different spheres may mark our course,
Our centre is but one.

- 2 As teachers of the young we meet,
Our object is the same ;
To lead them to the Saviour's feet,
And praise his glorious name.
- 3 We meet to strengthen and unite
Our hearts in this employ ;
O may our work be our delight,
A crown of future joy.
- 4 May union, zeal, and wisdom join,
To make our meetings blessed ;
And ardent love to God and man
Be constantly possess'd.

482 *Teachers' meeting.*

S. M.

- 1 **D**ESCEND, O God of love,
And bless our kind design ;
Send thy good Spirit from above
And make these children thine.
- 2 O what a vast delight,
Their happiness to see !
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

483 *Confession, and prayer for assistance.*

7's.

- 1 **G**RANT us wisdom, gracious Lord,
To instruct our children dear ;
And thy special aid afford,
While for them we kneel in prayer.
- 2 Oh ! how ignorant and weak !
How imperfect in our zeal !
Guilty, while to heav'n we speak—
Jesus, Lord, our pardon seal !

- 3 Help us still our work of love,
Daily, hourly, to pursue ;
While thy Spirit from above,
Shall our children's souls renew.
- 4 Thou hast heard our solemn prayer,—
We are thine, for ever thine :
Take these children to thy care,
Fill their hearts with grace divine.

484 *Asking for Divine assistance in teaching children.* 7 8.

- 1 **L**ORD, assist us by thy grace
To instruct our infant race,
Grant us wisdom from above,
Fill us with a Saviour's love.
- 2 Let us in thy peace abide,
In thy promises confide,
While our youthful charge with zeal,
Learn of us to do thy will.
- 3 While in childhood's tender age
They unfold the sacred page,
May they see in every line,
Kindling rays of light divine.
- 4 Precious Saviour! hear our prayer,
We commit them to thy care!
Be their Shepherd and their guide,
Bring them to thy bleeding side.

485 *Prayer for the Sanctification of the Young.* S. III.

- 1 **G**REAT God, with heart and tongue,
To thee aloud we pray,
That all our scholars, while they're young,
May walk in wisdom's way.
- 2 Now in their early days,
Teach them thy will to know ;

O God, thy sanctifying grace
On every heart bestow.

3 Make their defenceless youth
The object of thy care ;
Cause them to choose the way of truth,
And flee from every snare.

4 Their hearts to folly prone,
Renew by power divine ;
Unite them to thyself alone,
And make them wholly thine.

486 *Asking for spiritual mercies on children.*

S. M.

1 **T**HOU God of sovereign grace,
In mercy now appear ;
We long to see thy smiling face,
And feel that thou art near.

2 Receive these lambs to-day,
O Shepherd of the flock !
And wash their stains of guilt away
Beside the smitten rock.

3 Thy saving health impart,
O Comforter divine ;
Now make these children pure in heart,
Make them entirely thine.

4 To-day in love descend,
O come this precious hour ;
In mercy now their spirits bend
By thy resistless power.

487 *Teacher's Hymn.*

C. M.

1 **F**ATHER ! with one accord we stand,
To bring thee of thine own ;
And train a bright immortal band
To worship round thy throne.

- 2 Accept, Almighty Parent! these,
The children thou hast given;
And in thy sovereign favor make
These loved ones heirs of heaven.
- 3 There, ranked among the shining host,
May all before thee meet:
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our labors there complete.

488

Sowing the Seed.

S. M.

- 1 **S**OW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it round the land.
- 2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.
- 3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale by spots 'tis found;
Go forth then everywhere.
- 4 Thou knowest not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.
- 5 And duty shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 6 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garnerers in the sky.

- 7 Then when the glorious end,
 The day of God is come,
 The angel-reapers shall descend,
 And heaven sing "Harvest home!"

489 *Reward of the faithful Teachers.*

8. 7.

- 1 **W**HEN the infant spirit, flying,
 Smiles and gladly leaves its clay,
 On a Saviour's death relying,
 Soaring to the world of day :
- 2 If beside that pillow, standing,
 One there be, who taught it so ;
 Led that little soul, expanding,
 All the love of God to know ;
- 3 O how pure must be the pleasure,
 Thus his sweet reward to see ;
 As its life fulfils its measure,
 As it seeks eternity !

490 *The end of Time.*

L. M

- 1 **T**IME grows not old with length of years,
 Changes he brings, but changes not ;
 New born each moment he appears ;
 We run our race, and are forgot.
- 2 Stars in their yearly rounds return,
 As from eternity they came,
 And to eternity might burn ;
 We are not for one hour the same.
- 3 Spring flowers renew their wild perfume,
 But ere a second spring they fly ;
 Our life is longer than their bloom,
 Our bloom is fresher, yet we die.
- 4 The stars, like flowers, have but their day,
 And time, like stars, shall cease to roll ;

We have what never can decay,
A living and immortal soul !

- 5 Great God ! when time shall end his flight,
Stars set and flowers revive no more,
May we behold thy face in light,
Thy love in Christ may we adore.

491 *Prayer for the Guidance of the Holy Spirit.* L. M.

1 **C**OME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide !
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare ;
Lead to thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose the way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
'That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God
Lead us to Christ—the living way ;
Nor let us from his pasture stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest ;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

492 *Christian Fellowship.* S. M.

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 comfort and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined 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.

493

Responsibility.

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.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

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

494

Teachers' Prayer.

L. M.

- 1 **M**AY we who teach the rising race,
 Be filled, O Lord, with every grace ;
 And may thy Spirit from above
 Descend and bless our work of love.
- 2 Thy grace to those we teach impart,
 O Lord, renew each youthful heart ;
 Help them from every sin to flee,
 And dedicate their lives to thee.
- 3 May we in love to them abound,
 And zealous in the work be found ;
 And many seals may we obtain,
 To prove our labor's not in vain.
- 4 When at thine awful bar they stand,
 O welcome them to thy right hand,
 To join with us the heavenly lays,
 And sing our great Redeemer's praise.

495

The love of Christ constraining.

5. 6

- 1 **A**LL glory and praise
 To the ancient of days
 Who was born and was slain
 To redeem a lost race.
- 2 And shall he not have
 The lives that he gave,
 Such an infinite ransom
 As forever to save ?
- 3 Yes ! Lord, we are thine,
 And gladly resign

All our souls to be fill'd
With the fulness divine.

496 *The endless meeting anticipated.*

6. 5.

1 **W**HEN shall we meet again?
Meet, ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever?

2 When shall love freely flow?
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?

3 Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever.

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever.

497 *Brotherly love.*

L. M.

1 **H**OW pleasing is the scene, how sweet,
Where Christian souls in friendship join,
Whose cares and joys united, meet
In bonds of charity divine!

2 Less fragrant was the ointment pour'd
On Aaron's consecrated head,
When balmy odors, richly shower'd,
All o'er his sacred vesture spread.

3 Not flow'ry Hermon e'er display'd,
Impearl'd with dew, a fairer sight;
Nor Zion's beauteous hills array'd
In golden beams of morning light.

498

Teachers' Prayer meeting.

L. M.

1 **H**OW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour! on thy children smile,
And come, according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee!
Oh! Lord, behold us at thy feet,
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 O let thy glory now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face;
And speak that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

499

Farewell to a Teacher.

L. M.

1 **D**EAR partner of our hopes and fears,
And wilt thou here no longer dwell,
'To share our toils, and joys, and tears?
And must we bid a sad farewell?

2 Yes, thou must fill thy future lot,
Far from thy fond and cherished friends;
But not to be by us forgot,
While life its beating pulses spends.

3 We'll think of thee amid the scene
Of each returning Sabbath-day;
And nowhere else with grief so keen,
Will mourn that thou art far away.

4 We'll think of thee whene'er we meet,
Our weekly lessons to prepare;
Nor deem our social band complete,
Whilst thou, dear friend, art wanting there.

5 We'll think of thee around the board
'That speaks a Saviour's dying love;

And trust our joy will be restored
In endless fellowship above.

- 6 Lord, let thy care *his* footsteps guard,
Thy choicest blessing fill *his* heart ;
And crown *him* with thy rich reward,
Where Christian friends no more shall part.

500

Sabbath-School Union Hymn.

8. 7.

- 1 **B**E the little ones instructed,
Taught the knowledge of the Lord ;
To the school—to church conducted ;
Christ invites them in his word.

- 2 Brethren, sisters ! fond of guiding
Youthful feet that wandering stray ;
In your Saviour's help confiding,
Lead them on in wisdom's way.

- 3 Still the Lord, by invitation,
Welcomes children to his arms ;
Boundless is the Lord's compassion,
Sweet the voice of Jesus charms.

- 4 Hear us, Saviour ! now imploring
For the children of our care ;
May their hearts, by love adoring,
Find access to thee in prayer.

- 5 Lord of teachers ! blessed Jesus,
As thou wert, make us to be ;
Then what pleaseth thee will please us,
We shall then resemble thee.

501

Teacher's Prayer.

S. M.

- 1 **C**ONTROL my every thought,
And all my sins remove ;
Let every work in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

2 O bless me with the mind,
 Meek Lamb, that was in thee !
 And let my faith and zeal be joined
 With perfect charity.

3 O may I love like thee ;
 In all thy footsteps tread ;
 Thou hatest all iniquity,
 But nothing thou hast made.

4 O may I learn the art,
 With meekness to reprove !
 And hate the sin with all my heart,
 But still the sinner love.

502 *Reliance on Divine assistance.*

S. M.

1 **H**EIRS of unending life,
 While yet we sojourn here,
 O let us our salvation work
 With trembling and with fear.

2 God will support our hearts
 With might before unknown ;
 The work to be performed is ours,
 The strength is all his own.

3 'Tis he that works to will,
 'Tis he that works to do ;
 He is the power by which we act,
 His be the glory too.



INFANT SABBATH-SCHOOL HYMNS.

503 *Child's Prayer.*

C. M.

1 **L**ORD, teach a little child to pray ;
 Thy grace betimes impart ;
 And grant thy Holy Spirit may
 Renew my sinful heart.

- 2 A fallen creature I was born,
 And from my birth I strayed :
 I must be wretched and forlorn
 Without thy mercy's aid.
- 3 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.
- 4 To him let little children come,
 For he hath said they may ;
 His bosom then shall be their home,
 Their tears he'll wipe away.
- 5 For all who early seek his face
 Shall surely taste his love ;
 Jesus shall guide them by his grace,
 To dwell with him above.

504

A Child's Prayer.

C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, teach a sinful child to pray,
 And then accept my prayer ;
 For thou canst hear the words I say,
 For thou art everywhere.
- 2 A little sparrow cannot fall
 Unnoticed, Lord, by thee ;
 And though I am so young and small,
 Thou dost take care of me.
- 3 Teach me to do the thing that's right,
 And when I sin, forgive ;
 And make it still my chief delight
 To serve thee while I live.
- 4 Whatever trouble I am in,
 To thee for help I'll call ;
 But keep me, more than all, from sin,
 For that's the worst of all.

505

Samuel.

P. M.

- 1 **W**HEN little Samuel woke
 And heard his Maker's voice,
 At every word he spoke,
 How much did he rejoice ;
 O blessed, happy child, to find
 The God of heaven so near and kind.
- 2 If God would speak to me,
 And say he was my friend,
 How happy should I be !
 O, how would I attend !
 The smallest sin I then should fear,
 If God Almighty were so near.
- 3 And does he never speak ?
 O yes ! for in his word
 He bids me come and seek
 The God whom Samuel heard ;
 In almost every page I see,
 The God of Samuel calls to me.
- 4 And I, beneath his care,
 May safely rest my head ;
 I know that God is there,
 To guard my humble bed :
 And every sin I well may fear,
 Since God Almighty is so near.
- 5 Like Samuel, let me say,
 Whene'er I read his word,
 " Speak, Lord, I would obey
 The voice that Samuel heard ;"
 And when I in thy house appear,
 Speak, for thy servant waits to hear.

506

For a gracious mind.

L. M.

- 1 **B**LEST Jesus ! let an infant claim
 The favor to adore thy name ;

Thou wast so meek that babes might be
Encouraged to draw near to thee.

- 2 Then to a child, great God, impart
An humble, meek, and lowly heart ;
O cleanse me by thy precious blood,
And fill me with the love of God.
- 3 Though oft I sin, yet save me still,
And make me love thy sacred will ;
Each day prepare me by thy grace
To worship thee and see thy face.

507

I must not sin.

L. M.

- 1 **I** MUST not sin as many do,
Lest I lie down in sorrow too :
For God is angry every day
With wicked ones who go astray.
- 2 From sinful words I must refrain ;
I must not take God's name in vain ;
I must not work, I must not play
Upon God's holy Sabbath-day.
- 3 And if my parents speak the word,
I must obey them in the Lord :
Nor steal, nor lie, nor waste my days
In idle tales and foolish plays.

508

For a very little child in sickness.

L. M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God, I'm very ill,
But cure me, if it be thy will ;
For thou canst take away my pain,
And make me strong and well again.
- 2 Let me be patient every day,
And mind what those who nurse me say ;
And grant that all I have to take
May do me good—for Jesus' sake.

509 *For a very little child on getting well.* C. M.

- 1 **I** THANK the Lord, who lives on high ;
 He heard an infant pray,
 And cur'd me, that I should not die,
 And took my pains away.
- 2 Oh, let me love and thank thee too
 As long as I shall live ;
 And ev'ry naughty thing I do
 I pray thee to forgive.

510 *Who made everything ?* P. M

- 1 **I** SAW the glorious sun arise,
 From yonder mountain gray ;
 And as he rose upon the skies
 The darkness went away.
 And all around me was so bright
 I wish'd it would be always light.
- 2 But when his shining course was done,
 The gentle moon drew nigh :
 And stars came twinkling one by one
 Upon the dusky sky.
 Who made the sun to shine so far ;
 The moon and ev'ry twinkling star ?
- 3 'Twas God, my child, who made them all
 By his Almighty skill ;
 He guides them that they do not fall
 And bids them do his will,
 The glorious God, who rules in love
 On earth and in the heav'ns above.
- 4 Behold the daisy where you tread,—
 That useless little thing ;
 Behold the insect over head,
 That gambols on the wing,
 His goodness bids the daisy rise,
 And ev'ry insect's want supplies.

511

Infants invited to praise.

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, children, let us Jesus praise,
His holy name adore ;
O ! let us love him all our days,
And praise him evermore.
- 2 'Twas Jesus who, though Lord of all ;
For us became so poor ;
'Twas Jesus raised us from the fall,
O ! praise him evermore !
- 3 'Twas Jesus who did bleed and die,
When all our sins he bore ;
'Tis Jesus pleads for us on high,—
O ! praise him evermore !
- 4 'Tis Jesus to prepare a place
For us is gone before ;
'Tis Jesus bids us seek his face,—
O ! praise him evermore.
- 5 'Tis Jesus then, while life shall last,
We'll worship and adore ;
'Tis Jesus too, when life is past,
We'll praise for evermore.

512

The Infant's confidence in God.

C. M.

- 1 **N**OW that my journey's just begun,
My road so little trod,
I'll come, before I further run,
And give myself to God.
- 2 What sorrows may my steps attend,
I never can foretell ;
But if the Lord will be my friend,
I know that all is well.
- 3 If all my earthly friends should die
And leave me mourning here ;

Since he can hear the orphan's cry,
O what have I to fear?

- 4 But, Lord, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store;
Make me submissive to thy will,
And I would ask no more.

513

The Infant-School.

S. M.

- 1 **W**ITHIN these walls be peace,
Love through our borders found;
In all our little palaces
Prosperity abound.

- 2 God scorns not humble things;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.

514

Infant Hymn.

L. M.

- 1 **O** LORD of Hosts! thou King of kings!
Before whose throne, assembled, sings
The great angelic host above,
In hymns of praise and notes of love:—

- 2 O hear this little infant band,
Who now have met at thy command,
To bless thy name and try to raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

- 3 Blest be thy name that we are fed,
And clothed, have where to lay our head;
That day by day we know and share
The blessings of thy constant care.

- 4 But most of all, we bless thee now,
That early we are taught to know
Thy will revealed in thy good word,
And read of Christ, our living Lord.

515 *An Infant's prayer for remembrance.*

C. M.

- 1 **S**OON as my infant lips can lisp
 Their feeble prayers to thee,
 O may my heart thy favor seek ;
 Dear Lord, remember me.
- 2 In childhood's tender years, my tongue
 Train'd to thy praise shall be,
 And this shall be my humble song,—
 Dear Lord, remember me.
- 3 From wild desires that wound the soul
 May I be taught to flee ;
 And when I feel their rude control,
 Dear Lord, remember me.
- 4 And when with age's load oppress'd,
 I bend the trembling knee,
 Then give my suffering spirit rest ;
 Dear Lord, remember me.

516 *Frailty.*

S. M.

- 1 **T**HE lilies of the field,
 That quickly fade away,
 May well to us a lesson yield,
 For we are frail as they.
- 2 Just like an early rose,
 I've seen an infant bloom ;
 But death, perhaps, before it blows,
 Will lay it in the tomb.
- 3 Then let us think on death,
 Though we are young and gay ;
 For God, who gave our life and breath,
 Can take them both away.
- 4 To God, who made them all,
 Let children humbly cry ;
 And then, whenever death may call,
 They'll be prepared to die.

517 *Praise and prayer for Teachers.* C. M. D.

1 **O** 'THOU to whom the grateful song
 Of prayer and praise is due,
 Hear, we entreat, our childish throng,
 And grant thy blessing too ;
 On those who have so kindly strove
 Thy precepts to instil ;
 Who strive to teach us how to love,
 And do thy holy will.

2 On such, O Lord, thy mercies shed,
 Who in this world of wo,
 Like fountains fresh with waters fed,
 Bear blessings as they flow.
 May we, thus blest, thus humbly bow
 To *thee*, the source of love,
 And drawing nurture from below
 Breathe brightness from above.

518 *Infant prayer and praise to Jesus.* 7's.

1 **H**UMBLE praises, holy Jesus,
 Infant voices raise to thee
 In thy arms thou wilt receive us ;
 Suffer us thy lambs to be.

2 Blessed Jesus, thou hast bidden
 Babes like us to come to thee ;
 Though by thy disciples chidden,
 Thou didst bless such ones as we.

3 Thanks to thee, who freely gave us
 Thy exalted Son to die,
 From eternal death to save us,—
 Glory be to God on high.

519 *Prayer for obedient hearts.* 7's.

1 **H**OLY Father, please to hear
 Children's praise and humble prayer ;

- Thou didst give us parents kind,
Teach us ever them to mind.
- 2 Food and raiment, home and friends,
All we have thy goodness sends,
And for these our hearts shall raise
Grateful thanks and humble praise.
- 3 Guide our lives, in grace and truth,
Through the tempting scenes of youth ;
And when here our trials cease,
Oh receive our souls in peace.

520 *An Infant's prayer to Jesus.*

7's.

- 1 **J**ESUS, see a little child
Humbly at thy footstool stay ;
Thou, who art so sweet and mild,
Stoop and teach me what to say.
- 2 Though thou art so great and high,
Thou dost view with smiling face
Little children when they cry ;—
Saviour, guide us by thy grace.
- 3 Jesus, all my sins forgive,
Make me lowly, pure in heart ;
For thy glory may I live,
Then be with thee where thou art.



DISMISSIONS AND DOXOLOGIES.

521

7's.

- 1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Smile upon us from above ;
May we each thy peace possessing,
Trust in thy paternal love.

2 Bless, O Lord! our fathers, mothers,
Send our teachers light from heav'n;
Bless our sisters and our brothers,
Let thy grace to each be given.

3 Make us gentle, kind, and lowly;
Teach us, Father, by thy word,
How we may be good and holy,
Like to Jesus Christ our Lord.

522

S. M.

1 **W**E now from school depart,
Grace in God's house to seek;
Be present, Lord, with every heart,
There, and throughout the week.

2 May Father, Spirit, Son,
Rule us in peace and love;
And when on earth thy will is done,
Receive our souls above.

523

L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

524

C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

525

S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace,
Be equal honour done.

526

S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

527

L. M.

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.

528

8. 7.

- 1 **M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

529

C. M.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head.
- 2 Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
And set the prisoners free ;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

530

7's.

- 1 **G**LORY to the Father give,
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 ;—
Be this day a pentecost !
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."



The following hymns, from the pen of Mrs. M. St. LEON LOUD, were not received in season to be arranged with the others, under their respective heads ; but the editor feels certain that he renders a service grateful to the public, as it is pleasant to himself, by inserting them, even at the end of the volume.

531

The Day of Life.

L. M.

- 1 **O**UR youth is like the opening day—
As swiftly pass the hours away ;
While like the birds on sportive wing,
Unthinkingly we dance and sing.
- 2 Our manhood is the fervid noon,
Its sunny moments pass as soon ;
Its brightest hour will soon be o'er,
And time once past returns no more.
- 3 Old age is like the evening gray,
Closing around the traveller's way,

Who faint and weary seeks the road
Which leads him to a safe abode.

- 4 Morn, noon, and eve will soon be past,
And death's dark night approaches fast ;
No light can cheer the midnight gloom,
Which reigns within the silent tomb.
- 5 Let us improve our life's short day,
That when its hours have passed away,
We may behold, without a fear,
Death's long and dreary night draw near.
- 6 Another morn will surely break,
And all our sleeping dust awake ;
Oh may we then with joy arise,
And meet our Saviour in the skies.

532

Humble praise to Jesus.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory condescends
To hear when children sing ;
And his rich blessing still attends
The sacrifice they bring.
- 2 The humble and the contrite heart
He never will despise ;
And all who well perform their part
Are precious in his eyes.
- 3 Angels around the throne above
Sing of his glorious ways ;
Our theme—the Saviour's dying love,
Our song—redeeming grace.
- 4 Then let us praise him with our tongues,
Though in a feeble strain ;
Since Jesus listens to our songs,
We shall not sing in vain.

533 *The Child's prayer for Grace and Salvation.* S. 7. 4.

- 1 **H**EAR, Oh ! hear me, Heavenly Father !
Teach a little child to pray ;

Weak and trembling to thy footstool,
I would come and learn the way.

Help, O help me,

Thy commandments to obey.

- 2 Thou, oh Lord! art pure and holy,
All defiled by sin am I;
Yet relying on thy promise,
Penitent to thee I fly.

Hear, O hear me,

Still shall be my earnest cry.

- 3 I would fain, like Samuel, serve thee,
Like him in thy favour grow;
Cheerfully thy will performing
All the days I live below;

Give, O give me,

Joys thou only canst bestow.

- 4 Then my former sins forsaking,
I will live alone for thee:

Father! when my life is ended

And death sets my spirit free—

Save, O save me,

For *his* sake who died for me.

534 *Submission and Contentment learned from Christ. 7's.*

- 1 **D**ID the Prince of Glory die
For a little child like me?
Leave his mansion in the sky,
Bleed and suffer on the tree?
And shall I, a worm, complain
When I feel the slightest pain?

- 2 Once he felt the keenest want,
And when angry, wicked men
Spoke with loud reviling taunt,
Answered not a word again;
And shall I indulge my pride?
Chide again when others chide?

- 3 Did the Saviour of mankind
Know not where to lay his head?
Where a home or shelter find
Or procure his daily bread?
More than he possess'd is mine,
And shall I, though poor, repine?
- 4 Lord, forbid it! let me prove
Patient, unrevengeful, mild;
Poor in spirit, rich in love,
And *in heart* a little child:
Let thy bright example shine
In each word and deed of mine.

TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	Hymn
A charge to keep I have	493
Accept our thanks, O God of truth	383
Admitted where thy truths are taught	113
A dread and solemn hour	278
Again the Lord of life and light	341
A glory gilds the sacred page	187
And, O Lord, our youthful voices	90
Alas! how changed that lovely flower	269
All glory and praise	495
All glory be to Him who came	458
All you that in the flood	473
Almighty Father, gracious Lord	33
Almighty Father of mankind	382
Almighty Father, heavenly King	143
Almighty God, I'm very ill	508
Almighty God, while earth and heaven	219
Almighty God, thy piercing eye	6
Almighty God, who dwellest high	85
Almighty God, with gracious ear	84
Almighty God, thy word is cast	380
Almighty Ruler of the skies	72
Almighty Sovereign of the skies	86
A minute, how soon it has flown	250
Am I poor? do men despise me?	441
Among the deepest shades of night	7
A mourning class, a vacant seat	264
And am I only born to die?	256
And now another day is gone	323
And now another hour is past	379
And will the Judge descend?	273
Angels that high in glory dwell	435
Another day its course has run	320
Another fleeting day is gone	312
Arise, my soul, with rapture rise	286
As crush'd by sudden storms, the rose	271
A sinner, Lord, behold I stand	162

TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	Hymn
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep	- 263
As on the cross the Saviour hung	- 173
Assembled in our school once more	- 370
As teachers of the rising race	- 475
Attend, ye children of your God	- 470
Attracted by love's sacred force	- 481
Awake, my heart, awake	- 302
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	- 293
Awake, my soul, to meet the day	- 298
Awake the grateful hymn of praise	- 91
Baptized into our Saviour's death	- 454
Behold! a stranger at the door	- 201
Behold, once more the morning sun	- 306
Behold the sun adorns the sky	- 303
Be ours the happy work to guide	- 479
Be the little ones instructed	- 500
Blest be the tie that binds	- 492
Blest be the wisdom and the power	- 35
Blest be thou, O God of Israel	- 70
Blest is the man whose heart expands	- 394
Blest Jesus, let an infant claim	- 506
Blest the day's returning	- 342
Bright was the guiding star that led	- 400
By cool Siloam's shady rill	- 220
By Jesus' pure example taught	- 221
Children of old, hosannas sung	- 74
Christ was teaching all the day	- 480
Come, child, look upwards to the sky	- 23
Come, children, and sing to the Lord	- 92
Come, children, come, his voice obey	- 468
Come, children, hail the Prince of peace	- 202
Come, children, join in sweet accord	- 332
Come, children, learn to fear the Lord	- 203
Come, children, let us Jesus praise	- 511
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove	- 491
Come, Holy Spirit, come	- 65
Come, Jesus, lift our souls to thee	- 112
Come, let our hearts and voices join	- 45
Come, let our voices join	- 386
Come, let us join, our Lord to praise	- 8
Come, let us join the hosts above	- 73
Come, let us now forget our mirth	- 281

TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	Hymn
Come, O my soul, look up and see - - -	257
Control my every thought - - -	501
Could I so ungrateful be - - -	409
Dark night away hath roll'd - - -	308
Dearest Father, Source of love - - -	115
Dear partner of our hopes and fears - - -	499
Death has been here and borne away - - -	266
Descend, O God of love - - -	482
Did Christ o'er sinners weep - - -	46
Didst thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame - - -	467
Did the Prince of glory die - - -	534
Enquire, ye children, for the way - - -	227
Ere Christ ascended to his throne - - -	155
Eternity is just at hand - - -	253
Every bird can build her nest - - -	43
Father above, in mercy take - - -	116
Father of mercies, hear - - -	374
Father of mercies, in thy word - - -	186
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss - - -	440
Father, when round thy holy shrine - - -	412
Father, with one accord we stand - - -	487
Fold thy little hands in prayer - - -	114
From earliest dawn of life - - -	152
From the still flood where faith indeed - - -	460
From the world's enchantment turning - - -	464
From whence came beauteous morning - - -	307
From year to year, in love we meet - - -	387
Gently glides the stream of life - - -	240
Giver of our every blessing - - -	123
Give to the Father praise - - -	525
Glory be to God on high - - -	76
Glory to thee, my God, this night - - -	314
Glory to the Father give - - -	530
Glory to the heavenly King - - -	94
God is a God of truth - - -	421
God is a spirit none can see - - -	1
God is goodness, wisdom, power - - -	2
God is in heaven, can he hear - - -	119
God is love, his mercy brightens - - -	16
God is so good that he will hear - - -	1-

TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	Hymn
God made the sky that looks so blue - - -	24
God our Father, great Creator - - -	71
God over all, forever blest - - -	357
God the Creator reigns above - - -	22
Go, when the morning shineth - - -	121
Grace is a plant, where'er it grows - - -	204
Gracious God, to thee I pray - - -	331
Grant us wisdom, gracious Lord - - -	483
Great God, accept our songs of praise - - -	95
Great God, and wilt thou condescend - - -	14
Great God, behold, before thy throne - - -	120
Great God in heaven above - - -	156
Great God, now condescend - - -	155
Great God, our voice to thee we raise - - -	107
Great God, to thee a lowly band - - -	93
Great God, to thee my evening song - - -	313
Great God, to thee my voice I raise - - -	75
Great God, we in thy courts appear - - -	474
Great God, with heart and tongue - - -	485
Great God, with wonder and with praise - - -	96
Great Saviour, who didst condescend - - -	118
Guard me, O God, from every sin - - -	117
Guide our youth, O God, we pray - - -	146
Hail, sacred season! peaceful day - - -	335
Happy the child whose tender years - - -	224
Hark! from that glorious world, what songs - - -	111
Hark! hear the sound, on earth 'tis found - - -	104
Hark! what mean those holy voices - - -	37
Hark! what mean those lamentations - - -	448
Hasten, O sinner, to be wise - - -	205
Hear, Lord, the song of praise and prayer - - -	108
Hear, oh! hear me, heavenly Father - - -	533
Hear ye not a voice from heaven - - -	232
Heaven has confirm'd the great decree - - -	275
Heaven is a place of rest from sin - - -	285
Heavenly Father, grant thy blessing - - -	377
Heavenly Father, look on me - - -	420
Heirs of unending life - - -	502
Holy Bible! book divine - - -	190
Holy Father, please to hear - - -	519
Hosannas were by children sung - - -	77
How dreadful, Lord, will be the day - - -	276
How gentle God's commands - - -	167

TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	Hymn
How glorious is our heavenly King - - -	3
How great thy goodness, gracious Lord - - -	9
How happy is the child who hears - - -	222
How happy those dear children were - - -	52
How kind in all his works and ways - - -	430
How kind the Saviour's love - - -	54
How long sometimes a day appears - - -	241
How pleasing is the scene, how sweet - - -	497
How precious is the book divine - - -	188
How proud we are; how fond to show - - -	420
How shall a young immortal learn - - -	193
How shall the young secure their hearts - - -	191
How sweet is the day - - -	334
How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest - - -	313
How sweet to leave the world awhile - - -	498
Humble praises, holy Jesus - - -	518
Humbly walk, and God will love thee - - -	418
I am the creature of the Lord - - -	426
I by my love to men must prove - - -	183
If Jesus Christ was sent - - -	168
If love, the noblest, purest, best - - -	179
If you will turn away from sin - - -	206
I give immortal praise - - -	105
I hear the call,—I will not stay - - -	321
I hear the voice of nature's praise - - -	199
I saw the glorious sun arise - - -	510
I sing the almighty power of God - - -	17
I thank the goodness and the grace - - -	97
I thank the Lord, who lives on high - - -	509
I love the volume of thy word - - -	192
I love to have the Sabbath come - - -	345
I love to see the glowing sun - - -	26
I must not sin, as many do - - -	507
I often say my prayers - - -	122
In a modest humble mind - - -	419
Indulgent Father, by whose care - - -	322
Indulgent God, whose bounteous care - - -	315
In God's own house for me to play - - -	442
In humble accents, Lord, we sing - - -	124
In sleep's serene oblivion laid - - -	290
In the bright morn of life, when youth - - -	225
In the soft season of thy youth - - -	212

TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	Hymn
It is not earthly pleasure - - - -	125
It is not in my power, I own - - - -	63
Jesus bids me seek his face - - - -	127
Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour - - - -	60
Jesus, hear a weeping mourner - - - -	169
Jesus invites young children near - - - -	110
Jesus, Lord of life and glory - - - -	99
Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord - - - -	152
Jesus says that we must love him - - - -	55
Jesus, see a little child - - - -	520
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun - - - -	452
Jesus, to many or to few - - - -	389
Jesus, that condescending King - - - -	126
Jesus was once despised and low - - - -	44
Joy to the world, the Lord is come - - - -	38
Kindest Saviour, we adore thee - - - -	469
King Solomon of old - - - -	234
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us - - - -	129
Let avarice from door to door - - - -	198
Let children bless the Saviour's name - - - -	47
Let children that would fear the Lord - - - -	410
Let children who are taught thy word - - - -	200
Let God the Father, and the Son - - - -	524
Let little children come to me - - - -	392
"Let there be light," Jehovah said - - - -	384
Lo! at noon 'tis sudden night - - - -	58
Lo! the bright, the rosy morning - - - -	428
Lord, assist us by thy grace - - - -	484
Lord, before thy throne we stand - - - -	131
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing - - - -	521
Lord, fix my wandering thoughts - - - -	336
Lord, give us grace to put away - - - -	337
Lord, hear a sinful child complain - - - -	165
Lord, how delightful 'tis to see - - - -	354
Lord, I ascribe it to thy grace - - - -	98
Lord, I confess before thy face - - - -	163
Lord, I confess thy sentence just - - - -	258
Lord, if e'er I dare to speak - - - -	422
Lord, I have dared to disobey - - - -	164
Lord, I have pass'd another day - - - -	324

TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	Hymn
Lord, in humble, sweet submission - - -	471
Lord, in the days of youth - - -	130
Lord, I would come to thee - - -	229
Lord, I would own thy tender care - - -	87
Lord, lead my heart to learn - - -	373
Lord, make me early learn - - -	133
Lord, make me understand thy law - - -	132
Lord, may a few poor children raise - - -	78
Lord, now the day is gone - - -	325
Lord of every bright perfection - - -	477
Lord of my life, O may thy praise - - -	289
Lord, thou hast fix'd our place of birth - - -	388
Lord, thou hast heard my humble voice - - -	417
Lord, teach a little child to pray - - -	503
Lord, teach a sinful child to pray - - -	504
Lord, teach us how to pray - - -	134
Lord, we are sinners in thy sight - - -	160
Lord, when my wretched soul surveys - - -	157
Lord, when we bend before thy throne - - -	123
Lord, while the little heathen bend - - -	100
Love and kindness we may measure - - -	411
Maker of the Sabbath-day - - -	339
Many voices seem to say - - -	425
May I resolve with all my heart - - -	223
May the grace of Christ our Saviour - - -	528
May we who teach the rising race - - -	494
Mourn not ye whose child hath found - - -	259
Must all the charms of nature, then - - -	439
My country, 'tis of thee - - -	414
My days on earth, how swift they run - - -	355
My Father, I thank thee for sleep - - -	305
My Father, when I come to thee - - -	64
My God, all nature owns thy sway - - -	68
My God, how endless is thy love - - -	329
My God, who makest the sun to know - - -	311
My heart has been too long ensnared - - -	207
My Heavenly Father, all I see - - -	69
My Heavenly Father! I confess - - -	260
My life's a narrow span - - -	242
Not with a pain'd, reluctant heart - - -	465
Now behold the mid-day sun - - -	11
Now, children, to God's house repair - - -	375

TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	Hymn
Now condescend, Almighty King - - -	309
Now from the altar of our hearts - - -	319
Now I awake to see the light - - -	304
Now let a true ambition rise - - -	226
Now let our hearts conspire to raise - - -	395
Now that my journey's just begun - - -	512
Now the shades of night are gone - - -	295
Now to the Lamb that once was slain - - -	529
Now we've assembled here - - -	372
O deign, God of mercy, to smile on our youth -	135
O for a heart to feel - - -	446
O God, I thank thee that the night - - -	301
Oh! how fleeting, how deceiving - - -	243
O Jesus, delight of my soul - - -	217
O Lord, forgive a sinful child - - -	158
O Lord our God, how wondrous great - - -	18
O Lord our God, thy light and truth - - -	102
O Lord; another day is flown - - -	318
O Lord our Shepherd, deign to keep - - -	49
O Lord of Hosts! thou King of kings - - -	514
Once more my eyes behold the day - - -	287
Once more, my soul, the rising day - - -	288
Once more we keep the sacred day - - -	101
Once more we keep the sacred day - - -	347
One there is above all others - - -	48
On what has now been sown - - -	376
O that the Lord would guide my ways - - -	148
O that the Lord would teach my tongue - - -	149
O thou that hear'st when sinners cry - - -	170
O thou the guard of infant days - - -	137
O thou to whom the grateful song - - -	517
O thou who dwellest in the heavens - - -	359
O thou whom holy angels praise - - -	109
O thou whose mercy guides my way - - -	438
O thou whose tender mercy hears - - -	171
O 'tis a folly and a crime - - -	235
O 'tis a lovely thing for youth - - -	424
Our Father, here again we raise - - -	346
Our Father in heaven, though feeble our lays -	390
Our Father in heaven, we hallow thy name -	136
Our Father! who dost dwell on high - - -	150
Our God is good; each perfumed flower - - -	10
Our hearts will ne'er repose - - -	282

TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	Hymn
Our Saviour, now in heaven above	61
Our Saviour was a lovely child	62
Ours is the Sabbath-day	367
Our youth is like the opening day	531
O what amazing words of grace	209
Poor and needy though I be	21
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow	527
Praise the Lord who reigns in heaven	385
Praise to the Sovereign of the sky	20
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	138
Quickly my days have pass'd away	252
Religion is the chief concern	399
Remember, child, another year	366
Repent and be baptized	472
Repent, the voice celestial cries	172
Return, my wandering soul, return	174
Rich is the sacred song that swells	393
Saviour, may a little child	140
Saviour, we seek thy watery tomb	456
Say, sinner, hath a voice within	239
See! another week is gone	358
See how the rising sun	291
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand	210
See Jesus rising from the grave	431
See that heathen mother stand	450
See the leaves around you falling	360
See the lovely blooming flower	244
Shall every creature around	79
Shall I presume to venture near	147
Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive	175
Since love is as my duty known	181
Since, mighty God, my health and ease	139
Sinners, hear; for God hath spoken	208
Softly now the light of day	317
Soon as I heard my Father say	213
Soon as my infant lips can lisp	515
Soon will set the Sabbath sun	356
Sow in the morn thy seed	488
Stretch'd on the cross the Saviour dies	36
Strive, for the way is strait	397

TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	Hymn
Sure 'tis a serious thing to die - - - -	261
Sweet at the dawning light - - - -	328
Teach me, Lord, thy name to know - - - -	330
Teach us, O Lord, we earnest pray - - - -	476
Tell us, dear teachers, we would know - - - -	401
Ten thousand different flowers - - - -	32
Thanks to the grace that brings us here - - - -	364
That awful hour will soon appear - - - -	254
That day of wrath, that dreadful day - - - -	274
That Jesus hears when children pray - - - -	141
The best of days has come - - - -	349
The bosom where I oft have lain - - - -	272
The clock has struck, I cannot stay. - - - -	368
The day is past and gone - - - -	316
The God of heaven is pleased to see - - - -	408
The grass and flowers which clothe the field - - - -	216
The great Redeemer we adore - - - -	466
The heathen perish—day by day - - - -	447
The hour is come, I will not stay - - - -	369
The Jordan prophet cries to-day - - - -	463
The knowledge which my heart desires - - - -	184
The light of Sabbath eve - - - -	352
The lilies of the field - - - -	516
The Lord, my Maker, I adore - - - -	433
The Lord of glory condescends - - - -	532
The moon is very fair and bright - - - -	31
The morning breaks ; my voice I raise - - - -	300
The night is past and gone - - - -	344
The praises of my tongue - - - -	108
The pure and peaceful mind - - - -	251
There is a dreadful hell - - - -	279
There is a God that reigns above - - - -	5
There is a grassy hed - - - -	262
There is a land above - - - -	284
There is a path that leads to God - - - -	402
There is beyond the sky - - - -	283
There's not a tint that paints the rose - - - -	25
The Saviour calls, let every ear - - - -	211
The short-lived day declines in haste - - - -	255
The smitten heart, and starting tear - - - -	176
The spacious firmament on high - - - -	34
The sun has gone to rest - - - -	327
The sun that lights the world shall fade - - - -	432

TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	Hymn
The time is short, the season near - - -	249
The veil of night is now withdrawn - - -	297
They must repent and must believe - - -	166
Thine holy day's returning - - -	348
This day belongs to God alone - - -	338
This is a precious book indeed - - -	197
This is the day the Lord of life - - -	333
This is the day when Christ arose - - -	350
'This is the field where hidden lies - - -	196
This year is hastening, too, away - - -	362
This year is just going away - - -	363
Time grows not old with length of years - - -	490
Time is winging us away - - -	247
Time's never tiring hand - - -	361
'Tis done: the great transaction's done - - -	461
'Tis religion that can give - - -	398
'Tis the great Father we adore - - -	462
Those children who a promise give - - -	423
Thou art our Shepherd, gracious Lord - - -	57
Though God preserves me every hour - - -	218
Though I am young, yet I have sinn'd - - -	161
Though in the temple some are found - - -	80
Thou God of sovereign grace - - -	486
Thou great Instructor! lest I stray - - -	56
Thou guardian of our youthful days - - -	381
Thou that dost my life prolong - - -	296
Thou who once didst condescend - - -	142
Through all the dangers of the night - - -	299
Thus far we're spared, again to meet - - -	371
Thy healing Spirit, Lord, impart - - -	66
"Thy kingdom come!" thus, day by day - - -	451
Thy life I read, my dearest Lord - - -	268
Thy word, O Lord, is light and food - - -	189
Thy works proclaim thy glory, Lord - - -	326
To-day is added to our time - - -	245
To do to others as I would - - -	185
To dwell with sinners here below - - -	59
To God the Father, God the Son - - -	523
To Jordan's stream the Saviour goes - - -	457
To-morrow, Lord, is thine - - -	248
To thee let my first offerings rise - - -	292
To thee, my God and Friend - - -	310
To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord - - -	106
To thee, O blessed Saviour - - -	391

TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	Hymn
To thee, the little children's Friend - - -	413
To thy temple I repair - - - - -	444
To us a child of hope is born - - -	39
'Twas God that made the stars that light - - -	30
'Twas God who made the earth and skies - - -	19
Vain world, with all thy busy cares - - -	340
We are but young, yet we may sing - - -	233
We come in childhood's gladness - - -	415
We come, we come, with loud acclaim - - -	41
We lift our hearts to thee - - - - -	294
Welcome, sweet morn, we hail with joy - - -	351
We meet for evening prayer - - - - -	449
We now from school depart - - - - -	522
We offer, Lord, an humble prayer - - -	396
We ought to speak with humble fear - - -	154
We've passed another Sabbath-day - - -	253
We will our youthful voices raise - - -	82
What a mercy, what a treasure - - - - -	195
What blest examples do I find - - - - -	231
What can I, my Maker, do - - - - -	180
What joyful tidings do I hear - - - - -	406
What is an idol?—every heart - - - - -	427
What is it makes me early rise - - - - -	478
What is there, Lord, a child can do - - -	159
What is the thing of greatest price - - -	403
What shall the dying sinner do - - - - -	405
What sorrows may my life attend - - - - -	178
What souls are those that venture near - - -	267
When at thy footstool, Lord, I bend - - -	177
When all thy mercies, O my God - - - - -	89
When blooming youth are snatch'd away - - -	270
When daily I kneel down to pray - - - - -	145
Whene'er I take my walks abroad - - - - -	88
When, for some little insult given - - -	416
When gathering clouds around I view - - -	437
When I look up to yonder sky - - - - -	4
When Jesus Christ was here below - - - - -	182
When Jesus left his Father's throne - - -	50
When Jesus to the temple came - - - - -	83
When little Samuel woke - - - - -	505
When our fathers, long ago - - - - -	40
When the Saviour dwelt below - - - - -	51

TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	Hymn
When rising from the bed of death - - -	277
When shall we meet again - - -	196
When sickness, pain, and death - - -	265
When the infant spirit flying - - -	489
When the flowerets of the year - - -	28
When the Redeemer left his throne - - -	53
When to the house of God we go - - -	443
When we children bend the knee - - -	378
When will the day, the expected day - - -	453
While angels praise thy gracious name - - -	15
While life prolongs its precious light - - -	236
While our glowing hearts are beating - - -	144
While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night - - -	42
While wicked boys and girls we meet - - -	145
While with ceaseless course the sun - - -	365
Will the great God who reigns on high - - -	13
With humble heart and tongue - - -	151
With humble prayer, O may I read - - -	194
Within these walls be peace - - -	513
Whither but to thee, O Lord - - -	436
Who can abide God's wrath, or stand - - -	280
Who gave the sun his noontide light - - -	27
Who taught the bird to build her nest - - -	29
Why have we lips if not to sing - - -	81
Why should I join with those in play - - -	434
Why should I love my sport so well - - -	238
Why should I say 'tis yet too soon - - -	237
Why should we spend our youthful days - - -	228
Ye angels round the throne - - -	526
Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm - - -	214
Ye lovely tribes in youthful bloom - - -	215
Ye lovely tribes of smiling youth - - -	216
Ye who vital breath enjoy - - -	67
Ye youthful band, approach your God - - -	407
Young children once to Jesus came - - -	230
Young though I am, I have a soul - - -	404
Your souls and bodies too - - -	459

THE END.

A desiderata
Suppl. 17.













et

