

Golden Hymns:

Selected from the following
Popular Works, viz:

THE CHAIN, CHILDREN'S SONGS,
GOLDEN SENSER,
THE SMOOTH SUNDAY COLLECTION,
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER,
AND
THE LIFE OF JESUS.

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Ella Perry.

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Research
M. J. Stone
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GOLDEN HYMNS.

1 "GLORY TO THE LAMB."

Golden Censer, Page 5.

1 Hark the sweetest notes of angels singing,
Glory, glory to the Lamb,
All the hosts of heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.

We will join the beautiful angels,
We will join the beautiful angels,
Singing away, singing away,
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

Or this: *Sing away, ye beautiful angels,
Sing away, ye beautiful angels,
Sing away, sing away,
Glory, glory to the Lamb.*

2 Hearts all filled with holy emalation,
We unite with those above ;
Sweet the theme, the theme of free salvation,
Founts of everlasting love.
We will join the beautiful angels, &c.

3 Endless life in Christ our Lord possessing,
Let us praise his precious name :
Glory, honor, riches, power, and blessing
Be forever to the Lamb.
We will join the beautiful angels, &c.

2

SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN.

New Chain, 34. Plymouth S. S. Col., 47.

1 Shall we sing in heaven forever—
Shall we sing ?

Shall we sing in heaven forever,
In that happy land ?

Yes ! oh, yes ! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall sing forever,
Far beyond the rolling river,
Meet to sing and love forever,
In that happy land.

2 Shall we know each other, ever,
In that land ?

Shall we know each other, ever,
In that happy land ?

Yes ! oh, yes ! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall know each other,
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

3 Shall we sing with holy angels
In that land ?

Shall we sing with holy angels
In that happy land ?

Yes ! oh, yes ! in that land, that happy land,
Saints and angels sing forever,
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

4 Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
In that land ?

Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
In that happy land ?

Yes ! oh, yes ! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall rest for ever,
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

5 Shall we meet our dear, lost children
In that land ?

Shall we meet our dear, lost children
In that happy land ?

Yes ! oh, yes ! in that land, that happy land,
Children meet and sing for ever
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

¶ Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that land ?

Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that happy land ?

Yes ! oh, yes ! in that land, that happy land,
We shall know our blessed Saviour,
Far beyond the rolling river,
Love and serve him there for ever, &c.

3

HE LEADETH ME.

Golden Censer, Page 105.

1 He leadeth me ! O, blessed thought,
O, words with heavenly comfort fraught,
Whate'er I do, whate'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me !
He leadeth me ! he leadeth me !
By his own hand he leadeth me ;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me !—*Cho.*

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.—*Cho.*

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.—*Cho.*

4 WE ARE COMING, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

Golden Censer, Page 17.

- 1 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
We hear thy gentle voice;
We would be thine forever,
And in thy love rejoice,
We are coming, we are coming,
We are coming, blessed Saviour,
We are coming, we are coming,
We hear thy gentle voice.
- 2 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To meet that happy band,
And sing with them forever,
And in thy presence stand.
We are coming, &c.,
To meet that happy band.
- 3 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
Our Father's house we see—
A glorious mansion ever
For children young as we.
We are coming, &c.
Our Father's house we see.
- 4 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
That happy home is ours;
If here we gain thy favor
We'll reach those fragrant bowers.
We are coming, &c.
That happy home is ours!
- 5 We are coming; blessed Saviour,
To crown our Jesus King,
And then with angels ever
His praises we will sing.
We are coming, &c.
To crown our Jesus King.

5 "EVEN ME."

Golden Shower, page 83.

- 1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessings,
Thou art scattering full and free ;
Showers the thirsty land refreshing ;
Let some droppings fall on me.
Even me, even me,
Let some droppings fall on me.
- 2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be ;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me.
Even me, &c.
- 3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour
Let me live and cling to thee :
Fain I'm longing for thy favor ;
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me—
Even me, &c.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see :
Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me, &c.
- 5 Love of God so pure and changeless :
Blood of Christ so rich and free ;
Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me,—
Even me, &c.
- 6 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing ;
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee ;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O, bless me,—
Even me, &c.

6

THE SHINING SHORE.

Golden Chain, Page 83.

- 1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly!
 These hours of toil and danger,
 For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
 Our friends are passing over,
 And just before, the shining shore
 We may almost discover.
- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
 Our distant home discerning;
 Our absent Lord has left us word,
 Let every lamp be burning—
 For oh! &c.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
 We need not cease our singing;
 That perfect rest nought can molest,
 Where golden harps are ringing.
 For oh! &c.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
 Each chord on earth to sever,
 Our King says, come, and there's our home,
 For ever, oh! for ever!
 For oh! &c.

7

CROSS AND CROWN.

Golden Chain, Page 85

- 1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
 And all the world go free?
 No, there's a cross for every one,
 And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above,
 Who once went sorrowing here:

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

- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

8

JUST AS I AM.

Golden Shower, Page 56

- 1 Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve
Because thy promise, I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 6 Just as I am, thy love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !

- 1 The gospel ship is sailing,
 Sailing, sailing,
 The gospel ship is sailing,
 Bound for Canaan's happy shore ;
 All who would ship for glory,
 Glory, glory,
 All who would ship for glory,
 Come and welcome, rich and poor.
 Glory, hallelujah !
 All on board are sweetly singing,
 Glory, hallelujah !
 Hallelujah to the Lamb !
- 2 She has landed many thousands,
 Thousands, thousands,
 She has landed many thousands,
 On fair Canaan's happy shore ;
 And thousands now are sailing,
 Sailing, sailing,
 And thousands now are sailing,
 Yet there's room for thousands more.
 Glory, Hallelujah ! &c.
- Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
 Breezes, breezes,
 Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
 Swiftly glides the ship along.
 Her company are singing,
 Singing, singing,
 Her company are singing,
 Glory, glory is their song.
 Glory, Hallelujah ! &c.
- 4 Take passage now for glory,
 Glory, glory,

Take passage now for glory,
 Sailing o'er life's troubled sea;
 With us you shall be happy,
 Happy, happy,
 With us you shall be happy,
 Happy through eternity.
 Glory, hallelujah! &c.

10

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

Golden Chain, Page 10.

- 1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throne,
 Make all my wants and wishes known:
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief;
 †: And oft escaped the tempter's snare
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. :‡

- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 Thy wings shall my petition bear,
 To him whose truth and faithfulness,
 Engage the waiting soul to bless;
 And since he bids me seek his face,
 Believe his word and trust his grace,
 †: I'll cast on him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. :‡

- 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 May I thy consolation share:
 Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home, and take my flight:
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize;
 †: And shout, while passing through the air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! :‡

11 YOUNG SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

Golden Censer, Page 50.

- 1 Go forth, young soldiers of the Cross,
The battle hour is nigh,
And ye have bound the armor on,
And sworn to do or die.
Our bugle ne'er shall sound retreat,
While Jesus leads us on ;
We will not lay our weapons by
Until we wear the crown.
A beautiful crown is waiting for you,
Far away in the promis'd land ;
A beautiful crown is waiting for me,
Far away in the promis'd land.
- 2 Be watchful, army of the Cross,
The foe is lurking nigh ;
A soul must be the mighty loss,
If but one soldier die.
Whene'er you dare the hostile ranks,
Forget not that within
There hides a most terrific foe,
The wily "inbred sin."
A beautiful crown is waiting, &c.
- 3 On guard, young soldier of the Cross,
Through all the weary night,
With praise and prayer relieve your care,
And keep your armor bright.
Your Jesus once, "without the camp,"
Bought liberty for you ;
Then bravely fight for truth and right,
And keep your crown in view.
A beautiful crown is waiting, &c.
- 4 Rejoice, young soldier of the Cross,
The victory is sure ;

The harp, the palm, are waiting all
Who to the end endure :
Your weary feet shall walk the street
All paved with gold, on high ;
And he who wore a crown of thorns,
Will crown you in the sky.

A beautiful crown is waiting, &c.

MRS. E. M. SANGSTER.

12

WE ARE PILGRIMS.

Golden Shower, Page 102.

- 1 We are pilgrims on the earth,
Journeying onward from our birth,
Every hour and every breath,
Brings us nearer still to death.
Yes, we are pilgrims,
Yes, we are pilgrims,
Yes, we are pilgrims on our journey home.
- 2 But beyond that vale of tears,
Lies the land that knows no fears,
Where our steps no more may roam,
Pilgrims we are going home!—*Cho.*
- 3 Home to long-lost friends and dear,
Who are missed and mourned for here,
Home to endless peace and love,
In our Father's house above.—*Cho.*
- 4 Let not trifles by the way,
Tempt our hearts or steps to stray
From that narrow path and straight,
Leading to the golden gate.
For we are pilgrims, &c.
- 5 No, our faith hath One in view
Who was once a pilgrim too ;
From his track we will not roam
For to Christ we're going home.—*Cho.*

- 1 Jesus loves me ! this I know,
 For the Bible tells me so,
 Little ones to him belong,
 They are weak but He is strong.
 Yes, Jesus loves me,
 Yes, Jesus loves me,
 Yes, Jesus loves me,
 The Bible tells me so.
- 2 Jesus loves me ! He who died,
 Heaven's gate to open wide ;
 He will wash away my sin,
 Let his little child come in.—*Cho.*
- 3 Jesus loves me ! loves me still,
 Though I'm very weak and ill ;
 From his shining throne on high,
 Comes to watch me where I lie.—*Cho.*
- 4 Jesus loves me ; He will stay
 Close beside me, all the way.
 If I love Him, when I die
 He will take me home on high.—*Cho.*

- 1 We know not what's before us,
 What trials are to come :
 But each day passing o'er us,
 Brings us still nearer home.
 We're nearer, nearer home,
 Our blessed, happy home,
 Where grief and sin can never come,
 We're nearer, nearer home.
 Nearer home, nearer home,
 Nearer to our happy home,

Nearer home, nearer home,
Our blessed, happy home.

2 Though dark our path, and lonely,
And clouds our sky o'ercast,
Let us remember only,
That it will soon be past.—*Cho.*

3 Whate'er of gloom or anguish
Life to our hearts may bring,
In doubt we will not languish,
But cheerfully we'll sing.—*Cho.*

KATE CAMERON.

15

TRY TO LIVE LIKE JESUS.

Golden Censer, Page 37.

1 Let us all from day to day,
Try to live like Jesus ;
Hand and hand we'll go
In our path below.
His presence then will be our guide,
And ev'ry hour will sweetly glide,
And we shall all rejoice, rejoice,
And we shall all rejoice.

2 Love our parents, God's command,
First command with promise.
That we long may live
In the land he'll give.—*Cho.*

3 Let us one and all engage,
That like friends and brothers
We in peace will live,
And our foes forgive.—*Cho.*

4 Let us never do a wrong,
Howsoever tempted ;
But in deed and word
Love and serve the Lord.—*Cho.*

1 We are joyously voyaging
Over the main,
Bound for the ever green shore,
Whose inhabitants never
Of sickness complain,
And never see death any more.
Then let the hurricane roar,
It will the sooner be o'er ;
We will weather the blast, and will land at last
Safe on the ever green shore.

2 We have nothing to fear
From the wind and the wave,
Under our Saviour's command ;
And our hearts in the midst
Of the dangers are brave,
For Jesus will bring us to land.—*Cho.*

3 Both the winds and the waves
Our Commander controls ;
Nothing can baffle his skill :
And his voice when the thundering
Hurricane rolls,
Can make the loud tempest be still.—*Cho.*

4 In the thick murky night,
When the stars and the moon,
Send not a glimmering ray,
Then the light of his countenance,
Brighter than noon,
Will drive all our terror away.—*Cho.*

5 Let the high heaving billow
And mountainous wave,
Fearfully overhead break ;

There is one by our side
That can comfort and save ;—
There's one who will never forsake.—*Cho.*

6 Let the vessel be wrecked
On the rock, or the shoal,
Sink to be seen never more :
He will bear, none the less,
Every passenger soul,
Safe, safe to the ever green shore.—*Cho.*

WM. HUNTER, D. D.

17 A LAND WITHOUT A STORM.

Golden Shower, Page 20.

Boys. 1 Traveler, whither art thou going,
Heedless of the clouds that form ?

Girls. Nought to me the winds rough blowing,
Mine's a land without a storm.

Cho.—And I'm going, yes, I'm going,
To the land that has no storms,
And I'm going, yes, I'm going,
To that land that has no storms.

Boys. 2 Traveler, art thou here a stranger,
Not to fear the tempest power ?

Girls. I have not a thought of danger,
Tho' the sky more darkly lower.—*Cho.*

Boys. 3 Traveler, now a moment linger,
Soon the darkness will be o'er.

Girls. No ! I see a beckoning finger,
Guiding to a far off shore.—*Cho.*

Boys. 4 Traveler, yonder narrow portal
Opens to receive thy form.

Girls. Yes ; but I shall be immortal
In that Land without a storm.—*Cho.*

New Golden Shower, Page 20.

- 1 A crown of glory bright,
By faith's clear eyes I see,
In yonder realms of light
Prepared for me.
I'm nearer my home, nearer my home,
Nearer my home to day :
Yes ; nearer my home in heaven to-day,
Than ever I've been before.
- 2 O may I faithful prove,
And keep the crown in view,
And thro' the storms of life
My way pursue.—*Cho.*
- 3 Jesus, be thou my guide,
And all my steps attend,
O keep me near thy side,
Be thou my friend.—*Cho.*
- 4 Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my Guard,
And when my work is done
My great reward.—*Cho.*

Golden Chain, Page 94.

- 1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'rest care ;
In thy pleasant pasture feed us,
For our use thy fold prepare.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
- 2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way ;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.

- Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be ;
Thou hast mercy to releave us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.
- 4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will ;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still !

20

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

Golden Censer, Page 115.

- 1 Around the throne of God in heaven
Ten thousand children stand,—
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.
Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah !
Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah !
- 2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love ?
How came those children there ?—*Cho.*
- 3 Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away our sin ;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.—*Cho.*
- 4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name ;
And now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.—*Cho.*

- 1 We've joined the glorious Army,
 Who march to Zion's Hill,
 And our Saviour is our Captain,
 And he'll protect us still.
 And tho' the conflict rages,
 We know 'twill soon be passed,
 For every soldier of the cross
 There's victory at last.
 For there's victory at last, yes,
 There's victory at last.
 We'll shout and sing to God our King,
 And praise him for the past,
 O we'll praise him for the past, yes,
 We'll praise him for the past,
 For there's victory, victory, victory at last.
- 2 Our foe, the cruel tempter,
 The world our battle-field,
 While the Bible is our weapon,
 And God our strength and shield,
 Press onward gallant heroes,
 The war will soon be passed.
 Then to every soldier of the cross
 There's victory at last.
 For there's victory at last, &c.
- 3 Our troops are bold and fearless,
 And tho' our march be long,
 O'er craggy rock and mountain,
 We sing our battle-song.
 Hosanna in the highest,
 Our toil will soon be passed.

For Music, see page 126, *Censer*.

Then to every soldier of the cross
There's victory at last.
For there's victory at last, &c.

- 4 O joyful, joyful tidings,
Let every tear be dry,
For our army is advancing,
The promised land is nigh.
And when the war is over,
And every danger passed,
Then we'll sing with all the ransomed there,
Of victory at last.
For there's victory at last, &c.

22

JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

Golden Censer, Page 213.

- 1 I am Jesus' little lamb,
Therefore glad and gay I am ;
Jesus loves me, Jesus knows me,
All that's good and fair he shows me,
Tends me ev'ry day the same,
Even calls me by my name.
- 2 Out and in I safely go,
Want or hunger never know ;
Soft green pastures he discloseth,
Where his happy flock repositeth ;
When I faint or thirsty be,
To the brook he leadeth me.
- 3 Should not I be glad and gay,
In this blessed fold all day ;
By this Holy Shepherd tended,
Whose kind arms, when life is ended,
Bear me to the world of light ?
Yes ! oh, yes, my lot is bright !

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

*New Chain, 77. Censer, 125.
Plymouth S. S. Col., 183.*

- 1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me !
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !
- 2 Tho' like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !
- 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !
- 4 Then with my waking thought
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !
- 5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,

Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

24

NATIONAL HYMN.

Golden Censer, Page 121.

- 1 My 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 father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing :
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by thy might
Great God, our King.

25

MY SABBATH SONG.

Golden Censer, Page 6.

- 1 Strains of music often greet me
 As I join the busy throng,
 But there's nothing half so pleasant
 As the holy Sabbath song.
 No fear of ill, no fear of wrong,
 While I can sing my Sabbath song;
 My Sabbath song, my Sabbath song;
 I love to sing my Sabbath song.
- 2 'Tis a song of love and mercy
 Speaking peace to all mankind;
 Telling sinners, poor and needy,
 Where the Saviour they may find.—*Cho.*
- 3 Angels sweetly sing in glory
 Songs of praise to God, their King;
 But the song of blest redemption
 Man, redeemed, alone can sing.—*Cho.*
- 4 While I live, O, may I ever
 Love the holy Sabbath song;
 And when death shall call me homeward,
 Join it with the blood-bought throng.—*Cho.*

26

OUT ON THE OCEAN.

Golden Chain, Page 87.

- 1 We are out on the ocean sailing,
 Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
 We are out on the ocean sailing,
 To a home beyond the tide.
 All the storms will soon be over,
 Then we'll anchor in the harbor.
 We are out on the ocean sailing,
 To a home beyond the tide.

- 2 Millions now are safely landed
 Over on the golden shore ;
 Millions more are on their journey,
 Yet there's room for millions more.—*Cho.*
- 3 Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
 Gently waft our vessel on ;
 All on board are sweetly singing—
 Free salvation is the song.—*Cho.*
- 4 When we all are safely anchored,
 We will shout—our trials o'er ;
 We will walk about the city,
 And we'll sing for evermore.—*Cho.*

27

THE LITTLE WANDERER.

Golden Censer, Page 114.

- 1 Jesus, to thy dear arms I flee,
 I have no other help but thee ;
 For thou dost suffer me to come,
 O take a little wand'rer home,
 O take a little wand'rer home.
- 2 Jesus, I'll try my cross to bear,
 I'll follow thee and never fear ;
 From thy dear fold I would not roam ;
 O take a little wanderer home.
- 3 Jesus, I cannot see thee here,
 Yet still I know thou'rt very near ;
 O say my sins are all forgiven,
 And I shall dwell with thee in heaven.
- 4 And now, dear Jesus, I am thine,
 O be thou ever, ever mine,
 And let me never, never roam
 From thee, the little wanderer's home.

- 1 Nothing either great or small,
Remains for me to do ;
Jesus died, and paid it all,
Yes, all the debt I owe.
 Jesus paid it all,
 All the debt I owe,
 Jesus died, and paid it all,
 Yes, all the debt I owe.
- 2 When he from his lofty throne,
Stoop'd down to do and die,
Everything was fully done ;
 " 'Tis finished ! " was his cry.
 Jesus paid it all, &c.
- 3 Weary, working, plodding one,
Oh, wherefore toil you so ?
Cease your doing—all was done ;
 Yes, ages long ago.
 Jesus paid it all, &c.
- 4 Till to Jesus' work you cling,
Alone by simple faith,
 " Doing " is a deadly thing,
 Your " doing " ends in death.
 Jesus paid it all, &c.
- 5 Cast your deadly " doing " down,
Down all at Jesus' feet ;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
All glorious and complete.
 Jesus paid it all, &c.

- 1 I have cast my " doing " down,
Yes, down at Jesus' feet ;

Now I stand in Him alone,
All glorious and complete.
Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe,
Something either great or small,
From love to him I'll do.

2 Now to Jesus' work I'll cling,
Alone by simple faith;
Doing was a "deadly" thing,
It would have been my death.
Jesus paid it all," &c.

3 Legal works I've given o'er,
My Jesus is my all;
Sins that tasted sweet before
Upon my senses pall.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

4 Jesus once in anguish bled
Upon the cruel tree;
There He bowed His sacred head,
And suffered all for me?
Jesus paid it all, &c.

5 'Twas my sins that nailed Him there,
My sins that shed His blood,
Mine that pierced His bleeding side,
The blessed Son of God.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

6 All my life shall now be given
To Christ, my risen Lord;
Learning all the way to Heaven,
My duty in His Word.
Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Something either great or small,
From love to Him I'll do.

- 1 Ye valiant soldiers of the cross,
 Ye happy, praying band ;
 Tho' in this world you suffer loss,
 You'll reach fair Canaan's land.
 Let us never mind the scoffs
 Nor the frowns of the world,
 For we've all got the cross to bear,
 It will only make the crown
 The brighter to shine,
 When we have the crown to wear.
- 2 All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
 When heaven appears in view,
 In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
 To fight our passage through.—*Cho.*
- 3 O what a glorious shout there'll be,
 When we arrive at home,
 Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
 And God shall say, "Well done."—*Cho.*

- 1 Sweet land of rest ! for thee I sigh,
 When will the moment come ?
 When I shall lay my armor by
 And dwell with Christ at home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 And dwell with Christ at home.
- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
 No peaceful, sheltering home—
 This world's a wilderness of woe,
 This world is not my home.
 Home, home, &c.

- 3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
 He bade me cease to roam,
 But fly for succor to his breast,
 And he'd conduct me home.
 Home, home, &c.
- 4 Weary of wandering round and round,
 This vale of sin and gloom,
 I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
 And dwell with Christ at home.
 Home, home, &c.

32

COME, THOU FOUNT.

*Censer, 101. * Praises of Jesus, 10.*

- 1 Come thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune our heart to grateful lays ;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 I love Jesus, hallelujah,
 I love Jesus, yes, I do,
 I do love Jesus, he's my Saviour,
 Jesus smiles and loves me too.
- 2 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God ;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.—*Cho.*
- 3 Oh ! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be !
 Let thy grace, Lord ! like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee.—*Cho.*
- 4 Prone to wander—Lord I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love ;
 Here's my heart—O, take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.—*Cho.*

33 I'LL THINK OF MY SAVIOUR.

New Shower, 63. S. S. Banner, 40.

1 I'll think of my Saviour
When daylight is breaking,
Away from the darkness and gloom of the night,
When fresh from his slumber
The sun is awaking,
And girding himself with the armor of light.

I'll think of my Saviour,
And trust Him forever,
I'll seek for his favor, and hope through his love,
With angels to meet Him,
With seraphs to greet Him,
And praise Him forever in mansions above.

2 I'll think of my Saviour
When daylight is sinking,
And mingling its beams with the twilight so gray,
When bright starry eyes
In the azure are twinkling,
And silence embraces the close of the day.
I'll think of my Saviour, &c.

3 I'll think of my Saviour
When pleasure is spreading
Her soft downy pinions to gladden my way ;
Thro' sorrow and sadness,
Alone He was treading,
To open for sinners the portals of day.
I'll think of my Saviour, &c.

4 I'll think of my Saviour
When sorrow is flinging,
Her thick robe of sadness around the dark tomb ;
If light from His presence
A glory is bringing,
'Twill scatter its darkness and hide all its gloom.
I'll think of my Saviour, &c.

5 I'll think of my Saviour,
My dear blessed Saviour,
When He from on high his bright angels shall send,
And take to his bosom
His loved ones forever,
To join in the anthems that never shall end.
I'll think of my Saviour, &c.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

34 I'M A PILGRIM GOING HOME.

New Chain, 113. S. S. Banner 66.

- 1 Christians, I am on my journey !
E'er I reach the narrow sea,
I would tell the wondrous story,
What the Lord has done for me.
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Tho' a stranger here I roam,
I am on my way to Zion,
I'm a pilgrim going home.
- 2 I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Taught my heart to seek his face ;
From a mild and lonely desert,
Brought me to his fold of grace.
Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.
- 3 Now my soul with rapture glowing,
Sings aloud his pard'ning love ;
Looks beyond a world of sorrow,
To the pilgrims' home above.
Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.
- 4 I shall yet behold my Saviour,
When the day of life is o'er ;
I shall cast my crown before him,
I shall praise him evermore.
Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

- 1 When the battle is fought,
 And the victory won,
 Life's trials are ended,
 And life's duties done,
 Then Jesus, our Saviour,
 Will welcome us home,
 No more in this desert,
 Of sin we shall roam.

Safe, safe at home, safe, safe at home,
 No more to roam, no more to roam,
 Safe, safe at home, safe at home,
 No more, no more to roam.

- 2 The most youthful soldier
 Will then have a share,
 In heavenly mansions
 Prepared for us there.
 The song of redemption,
 From infants, shall swell,
 As of Jesus, to wondering
 Angels they tell.—*Cho.*

- 3 Though taken from earth
 In life's earliest morn,
 The crown of our Saviour
 We'll ever adorn,
 More bright than the stars
 Will the ransomed ones shine,
 For the radiance, dear Saviour,
 Is eternally thine.—*Cho.*

- 4 Oh, then will our hearts swell,
 With rapture supreme,
 For Jesus, thy glories
 Will over us beam,

Our minds with the riches
Of wisdom be stored,
For God will be known
And for ever adored.—*Cho.*

36

“NEVER BE AFRAID.”

Golden Censer, Page 20.

- 1 Never be afraid to speak for Jesus,
Think how much a word can do ;
Never be afraid to own your Saviour,
He who loves and cares for you.
Never be afraid, never be afraid,
Never, never, never,
Jesus is your loving Saviour,
Therefore never be afraid.
- 2 Never be afraid to work for Jesus,
In his vineyard day by day ;
Labor with a kind and willing spirit,
He will all your toil repay.
Never be afraid, &c.
- 3 Never be afraid to bear for Jesus,
Keen reproaches when they fall ;
Patiently endure your every trial,
Jesus meekly bore them all.
Never be afraid, &c.
- 4 Never be afraid to live for Jesus ;
If you on his care depend,
Safely shall you pass through every trial,
He will bring you to the end.
Never be afraid, &c.
- 5 Never be afraid to die for Jesus ;
He the life, the truth, the way,
Gently in his arms of love will bear you
To the realms of endless day.
Never be afraid, &c.

37 WHEN THE BOUNDING HEART.

S. S. Banner, Page 10.

- 1 When the bounding heart is free,
When its cares, when its cares are lightest ;
When in sunshine and in glee,
Every day, every day seems brightest ;
Let us in the paths of love
Seek the purest pleasure,
Asking Jesus from above,
Here to guide us ever.
Shield us, Saviour, 'till above
Golden harps to us are given,
Trilling notes of holy love
Round the throne in heaven.
- 2 Youth's bright morning e'er should be
Of our life, of our life the sweetest,
Happy days from sorrow free,
When its cares, when its cares are fleetest ;
Kindness with her golden hue
Flecks each scene with beauty ;
Smiles of friendship, ever true,
Cheer the paths of duty.—*Cho.*
- 3 Take life's burdens gently up,
Bear it not, bear it not in sadness ;
Oft within the bitter cup,
Mingle joy, mingle joy and gladness.
Soon the rifted cloud will show
Glory in its lining,
And with soft and mellow glow,
Soothe us in its shining.—*Cho.*
- 4 In yon azure tinted sky,
Far beyond, far beyond our vision,
Brighter fields of glory lie,
Waiting our, waiting our admission ;
Jesus there in love awaits,
Of all joys the centre ;

Open wide the pearly gates—
Let the children enter.—*Cho.*

MRS. LYDIA C. BAXTER.

38

LET ME GO.

New Chain, 55. S. S. Banner, 75.

- 1 Let me go where saints are going,
To the mansions of the blest,
Let me go where my Redeemer
Has prepared his people's rest.
I would gain the realms of brightness,
Where they dwell for evermore,
I would join the friends that wait me,
Over on the other shore.
Let me go, 'tis Jesus calls me,
Let me gain the realms of day,
Bear me over, angel pinions,
Longs my soul to be away.
- 2 Let me go where none are weary,
Where is raised no wail of woe.
Let me go and bathe my spirit,
In the raptures angels know.
Let me go, for bliss eternal,
Lures my soul away, away,
And the victor's song triumphant,
Thrills my heart, I cannot stay.
- 3 Let me go, why should I tarry?
What has earth to bind me here?
What but cares and toils and sorrows?
What but death and pain and fear?
Let me go, for hopes most cherished,
Blasted round me often lie.
O! I've gathered brightest flowers,
But to see them fade and die.

REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

- Girls.* ... Pilgrims we are to Canaan bound,
Our journey lies along this road;
- Boys.* This wilderness we travel round,
To reach the city of our God.
- All.* O happy pilgrims, spotless fair,
What makes your robes so white appear?
- Girls.* Our robes are washed in Jesus' blood
And we are travelling home to God.
- o A few more days, or weeks, or years
In this dark desert to complain;
A few more sighs, a few more tears.
And we shall bid adieu to pain.
O happy pilgrims, &c.
- o O blessed land! O happy land!
When shall we reach thy golden shore?
And one redeemed, unbroken band
United be for evermore.
O happy pilgrims, &c.
- o And if our robes are pure and white,
May we all reach that blest abode?
O yes, they all shall dwell in light
Whose robes are washed in Jesus' blood.
O happy pilgrims, &c.
- o We all shall reach that golden shore
If here we watch, and fight, and pray;
Straight is the way, and straight the door,
And none but pilgrims find the way.
O happy pilgrims, &c.
- o O may we meet at last above
Amid the holy blood-washed throng,
And sing for ever Jesus' love,
While saints and angels join the song.
O happy pilgrims, &c.

- 1 In the Christian's home in glory,
 There remains a land of rest,
 There my Saviour's gone before me
 To fulfill my soul's request.
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for you—
 On the other side of Jordan,
 In the sweet fields of Eden,
 Where the tree of life is blooming,
 There is rest for you.
- 2 He is fitting up a mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand,
 For my stay shall not be transient,
 In that holy, happy land.
 There is rest, &c.
- 3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share ;
 But in that celestial centre
 I a crown of life shall wear.
 There is rest, &c.
- 4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
 And his sting shall be withdrawn ;
 Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
 Hail with joy the rising morn.
 There is rest, &c.
- 5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory ;
 Shout your triumphs as you go ;
 Zion's gates will open for you,
 You shall find an entrance through.
 There is rest, &c.

Boys. 1 Whither, pilgrims, are you going,
Going each with staff in hand ?

Girls. We are going on a journey,
Going at our King's command.

All. Over hills, and plains, and valleys,
We are going to his palace,
We are going to his palace,
Going to the better land.
We are going to his palace,
Going to the better land.

Boys. 2 Fear ye not the way so lonely,
You, a little, feeble band ?

Girls. No, for friends unseen are near us,
Holy angels round us stand.

All. Christ, our leader, walks beside us,
He will guard and he will guide us,
He will guard and he will guide us,
Guide us to that better land.

Boys. 3 Tell me pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off, better land ?

Girls. Spotless robes and crowns of glory
From a Saviour's loving hand.

All. We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
We shall dwell with God for ever.
In that bright, that better land.

Boys. 4 Pilgrims, may we travel with you,
To that bright and better land ?

Girls. Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.

All. Come, oh come, and do not leave us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,

Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright, that better land.

42

OUR BRIGHT HOME ABOVE.

Golden Censer, Page 11

We are going, we are going,
To a home beyond the skies,
Where the fields are robed in beauty,
And the sunlight never dies.

Where the fount of joy is flowing
In the valley green and fair;
We shall dwell in love together,
There will be no parting there.

We are going, we are going,
To a home beyond the skies,
Where the fields are robed in beauty,
And the sunlight never dies.

2 We are going, we are going,
And the music we have heard,
Like the echo of the woodland,
Or the carol of a bird;
With the rosy light of morning
On the calm and fragrant air,
Still it murmurs, softly murmurs,
There will be no parting there.
We are going, &c.

3 We are going, we are going,
Where the day of life is o'er—
To that pure and happy region
Where our friends have gone before;
They are singing with the angels
In that land so bright and fair;
We shall dwell with them for ever,
There will be no parting there.
We are going, &c.

- 1 Lord, at thy mercy seat,
Humbly I fall,
Pleading thy promise sweet,
Lord, hear my call ;
Now let thy work begin,
Oh, make me pure within,
Cleanse me from every sin,
Jesus, my all.
- 2 Tears of repentant grief
Silently fall,
Help thou my unbelief,
Hear thou my call.
Oh, how I pine for thee,
'Tis all my hope, my plea,
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.
- 3 Hark ! how the words of love
Tenderly fall,
Ere to the realms above,
Heard is my call.
Now every doubt has flown,
Broken my heart of stone,
Lord, I am thine alone,
Jesus, my all.
- 4 Still at thy mercy seat
Humbly I fall,
Pleading thy promise sweet,
Heard is my call.
Faith wings my soul to thee,
This all my hope shall be,
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

1 Why do we linger ?

We have no resting-place,
Rock'd by the tempest
On the ocean's foam.

Why do we linger ?

We are but strangers here :
Father, dear Father,
Take thy children home.

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

Why do we linger ?

We are but strangers here ;
Father, dear Father,
Take thy children home.

2 Why do we linger ?

Why cling to earthly joys,
Calling the pilgrim
From the narrow way ?

Trust not their brightness,
Fleet as the early beam,
Chasing the shadow

From the brow of day.—*Cho.*

3 There, on thy bosom,

Sheltered from every storm,
Peace, like a river,
Shall for ever glide.

Laving the wine-tree,
Cooling the sunny vale,
Bearing the faithful

On its silver tide.—*Cho.*

- 1 There is no name so sweet on earth,
 No name so sweet in heaven,
 The name before his won'drous birth
 To Christ, the Saviour given.
 We love to sing around our King,
 And hail him blessed Jesus ;
 For there's no word ear ever heard,
 So dear, so sweet as Jesus.
- 2 His human name they did proclaim,
 When Abram's son they seal'd him ;
 The name that still by God's good will,
 Deliverer revealed him.—*Cho.*
- 3 And when he hung upon the tree,
 They wrote his name above him,
 That all might see the reason we
 For evermore must love him.—*Cho.*
- 4 So now upon his Father's throne,
 Almighty to release us,
 From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
 The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.—*Cho.*

- 1 Who are these in bright array,
 This exulting, happy throng,
 Round the altar night and day,
 Singing one triumphant song ?
 They have clean robes, white robes,
 White robes are waiting for me !
 Yes clean robes, white robes,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
- 2 These thro' fiery trials trod,
 These from great afflictions came ;

- Now before the throne of God,
 Sealed with his almighty name—
 They have clean robes, &c.
- 3 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor palms in ev'ry hand,
 Through their great Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.
 They have clean robes, &c.
- 4 Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
 Perfect love dispels all fears ;
 And for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away the tears.
 They have clean robes, &c.

47

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

Golden Censer, Page 67

- 1 A beautiful land by faith I see,
 A land of rest, from sorrow free ;
 The home of the ransomed, bright and fair,
 And beautiful angels too are there.
 Will you go ? will you go ?
 Go to that beautiful land with me ?
 Will you go ? will you go ?
 Go to that beautiful land ?
- 2 That beautiful land, the City of Light,
 It ne'er has known the shades of night ;
 The glory of God, the light of day
 Hath driven the darkness far away.—*Cho.*
- 3 In vision I see its streets of gold,
 Its beautiful gates I too behold,
 The river of life, the crystal sea,
 The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.—*Cho.*
- 4 The heavenly throng arrayed in white,
 In rapture range the plains of light ;
 And in one harmonious choir they praise
 Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.—*Cho.*

TUNE—"Jesus Loves Me," page 38.

- 1 Jesus on the cross I saw,
 Bleeding, dying, all for me,
 I could almost hear him say,
 All thy sins are pardoned thee.
 I have seen Jesus,
 I have seen Jesus,
 I have seen Jesus,
 My Saviour, on the cross.
- 2 First my heart could scarce believe,
 That my sins were all forgiven,
 But assurance I've received,
 And I hope to sing in heaven.—*Cho.*
- 3 Now my soul is full of joy,
 "I love Jesus, yes I do;"
 Singing is my chief employ,
 "Jesus smiles, and loves me too."—*Cho.*
- E. P. H.

- 1 "Come to me, all ye that labor,
 Heavy laden and oppressed;
 These were the precious words of Jesus,
 "Come, and I will give you rest."
 'Tis a Father's love,
 'Tis a Father's call,
 In his house above,
 There is room for all;
 Yes, there's room for all
 In my Father's heavenly home;
 Yes, there's room for you,
 There's room for me.

- 2 "Take my easy yoke upon you,
 Leave the wrong and choose the right;
 Come, learn of me the meek and lowly,
 You shall find my burden light."—*Cho.*
- 3 Lord, we come to plead thy promise;
 We, by sin and guilt oppressed,
 Would take thy easy yoke upon us;
 Grant us, Lord, on thee to rest.—*Cho.*
- 4 Guard us by thy kind protection,
 Purify our ev'ry heart;
 O, teach us, Lord! and make us humble,
 Meek, and lowly, as thou art.—*Cho.*

50

BEAUTIFUL CANAAN.

S. S. Banner, Page 2A

- 1 Beautiful country, pure and blest,
 Beautiful Canaan, land of rest;
 There we shall meet to part no more,
 Our dear ones gone before.
 Home of the faithful,
 Lovely, lovely Canaan,
 There shall redeeming grace
 Our raptured souls employ.
- 2 Beautiful vales in verdure bright,
 Beautiful plains of golden light;
 Joyfully onward still we roam
 To thee our glorious home.—*Cho.*
- 3 Beautiful birds with plumage fair,
 Beautiful streams that wander there;
 Beautiful land beyond the sky,
 Where hope can never die.—*Cho.*
- 4 Beautiful songs the angels sing,
 Glory to God, our Saviour, King;
 Honor and praise to him be given,
 By all on earth and heaven.—*Cho.*

- 1 I ought to love my Saviour !
 No earthly friend can be
 One half so kind and faithful,
 As he has been to me.
 Before my lips could utter
 His sweet and precious name,
 Until the present moment,
 His love has been the same.
 I ought to love my Saviour,
 My precious, precious Saviour,
 I ought to love my Saviour,
 He loves me well, I know.
- 2 He left his home in glory,
 To save my soul from death :
 And now in all life's dangers,
 He still sustains my breath,
 I lay me down and slumber
 All thro' the hours of night ;
 And wake again in safety
 To hail the morning light.—*Cho.*
- 3 It is but very little
 For him that I can do :
 Then let me seek to serve him,
 My earthly journey through ;
 And without sigh or murmur,
 To do his holy will :
 And in my daily duties,
 His wise commands fulfill.—*Cho.*
- 4 And when I reach the mansion,
 He has prepared for me,
 'Twill be my grateful pleasure
 My Saviour's face to see.

And 'mid the angel's music,
Which then will greet my ear,
How eagerly I'll listen
My Saviour's voice to hear.—*Cho.*

52

THE WELCOME HOME.

Golden Shower, Page 33

1 How sweet will be the welcome home
When this short life is o'er,
When pain and sorrow care and grief
Shall dwell with us no more.
When we that bright and heavenly land
With spirit eyes shall see,
And join the holy angel band
In praise, dear Lord, of thee.
The welcome home, the welcome home,
The Christian's welcome home,
The welcome home, the welcome home
The Christian's welcome home.

2 Lord, grant my frail and wayward bark,
May anchor sure and fast,
Beside the shining gates of pearl,
Where I may rest at last!
When once within, my soul shall know
No hunger, thirst or pain,
No sickness, sorrow, care or death
Shall visit me again.—*Cho.*

3 Oh, may I live while here below,
In view of that blest day,
When God's bright angels shall come down
To bear my soul away!
When I shall walk the golden streets,
In garments white and pure;
And sing an endless song to him,
Who made my soul secure.—*Cho.*

1 My latest sun is sinking fast,
 My race is nearly run ;
 My strongest trials now are past,
 My triumph is begun.
 O come, angel band,
 Come and around me stand,
 O bear me away on your snowy wings,
 To my immortal home,
 O bear me away on your snowy wings,
 To my immortal home.

I know I'm nearing the holy ranks,
 Of friends and kindred dear,
 For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
 The crossing must be near.
 O come, angel band, &c.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
 My spirit loudly sings ;
 The holy ones, behold, they come !
 I hear the noise of wings.
 O come, angel band, &c.

4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
 Who bled and died for me ;
 Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
 And gives me victory.
 O come, angel band, &c.

1 Jesus, tender Saviour,
 Hast thou died for me ?
 Make me very thankful
 In my heart to thee.

When the sad, sad story
Of thy grief I read,
Make me very sorry
For my sins, indeed.

- 2 Now I know thou lovest,
And dost plead for me;
Make me very thankful.
In my prayers to thee.
Soon, I hope, in glory
At thy side to stand;
Make me fit to meet thee
In that happy land.

55

JESUS BIDS THEE COME.

S. S. Banner, Page 34.

- 1 Sinner, wake, no more delay
Wake to duty, "watch and pray,"
Haste to run the heavenly way,
Jesus bids thee come.
Lord be merciful,
To thy children now,
Oh, come and make us all thine own,
At thy feet we bow.
- 2 Careless sinner, on the tree,
Now thy dear Redeemer see,
Bleeding, groaning, all for thee,
Hark! he bids thee come.—*Cho.*
- 3 Wilt thou still his spirit grieve,
Precious soul repent, believe,
Now his offered love receive,
Jesus bids thee come.—*Cho.*
- 4 Come with all thy guilt oppressed,
Come and find eternal rest,
Come and be for ever blest,
Jesus bids thee come.—*Cho.*

56 THE ANGELS THERE WILL TEACH.

Golden Shower, Page 92.

1 To the heavenly land ;
To the heavenly land,
Where the saints and the seraphs stand ;
We are on our way ;
We are on our way,
A united and happy band.
For the angels there will teach us,
How to sing a sweeter song !
And no sorrow'll ever reach us,
In that happy, happy throng
In the heav'nly land ! in the heav'nly land,
Where the saints and the seraphs stand.

2 Tho' we often tire ;
Tho' we often tire,
Where the pathway is steep and strait,
We will still press on ;
We will still press on,
Till we pass through the Golden Gate.
For the angels there shall teach us, &c.

3 But we need not fear ;
But we need not fear,
For we've Jesus to be our guide ;
And with him so near ;
Aye with him so near,
Naught of evil can e'er betide,
For the angels there shall teach us, &c.

4 Will you go with us !
Will you go with us !
Come and share this bright home above,
Where the endless day ;
Where the endless day,
Is illumined by our Father's love.
For the angels there shall teach us, &c.

57 THERE ARE ANGELS HOVERING.

S. S. Banner, Page 6.

- 1 When the golden shadows die
In the rosy evening sky,
There are angels hov'ring round.
- 2 When our youthful voices join
In the song of praise divine,
There are angels, &c.
- 3 When the stars their watches keep,
O'er our calm and quiet sleep,
There are angels, &c.
- 4 When the early beams of day,
Chase the gloomy night away,
There are angels, &c.
- 5 When our greatful hearts in love
Breathe a prayer to God above,
There are angels, &c.

58 SOLDIERS OF CHRIST.

S. S. Banner, Page 16.

- 1 Onward, press onward, the great command,
Who'll be the first to join our band,
Who from the snares of the world will fly,
And prove the joys that will never die.
Soldiers for Jesus, soldiers for Jesus,
Soldiers for Jesus we will be.
Honor and glory, and praise we'll give
To him who died and has made us free.
- 2 What have we done in the week that's past,
What if this hour should be our last,
Have we been seeking with earnest heart,
To choose, like Mary, the better part?—*Cho.*
- 3 Onward, still onward, our way pursue,
Working with zeal and courage too,
Bearing with patience the ills we meet,
'Tis grief that makes every joy more sweet.—*Cho.*

- 1 The children are gath'ring from near
 And from far
 The trumpet is sounding the
 Call for the war.
 The conflict is raging, 'twill be
 Fearful and long,
 We'll gird on our armor, and be
 Marching along.
 Marching along, we are
 Marching along,
 Gird on the armor and be
 Marching along,
 The conflict is raging, 'twill be
 Fearful and long,
 Then gird on the armor and be
 Marching along.
- 2 The foe is before us in
 Battle array,
 But let us not waver nor
 Turn from the way,
 The Lord is our strength, be this
 Ever our song,
 With courage and faith we are
 Marching along.
 Marching along, &c.
- 3 We've listed for life, and will
 Camp on the field,
 With Christ as our Captain we
 Never will yield ;
 The "sword of the Spirit," both
 Trusty and strong,
 We'll hold in our hands as we're
 Marching along.
 Marching along, &c.

4 Through conflicts and trials our
Crowns we must win,
For here we contend 'gainst
Temptation and sin ;
But one thing assures us, we
Can not go wrong,
If trusting our Saviour, while
Marching along.
Marching along, &c.

60

OUR HOME WITH JESUS.

Golden Censer, Page 18.

- 1 My heavenly home is bright and fair ;
We'll be gathered home ;
Nor death, nor sighing, visit there,
We'll be gathered home.
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gathered home.
- 2 Its glittering towers the sun outshine, &c.
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.—*Cho.*
- 3 My Father's house is built on high, &c.
Above the arched and starry sky.—*Cho.*
- 4 Let others seek a home below, &c.
Which flames devour, or waves o'erthrow.—*Cho*
- 5 Be mine the happier lot to own, &c.
A heavenly mansion near the throne.—*Cho.*
- 6 Then fail this earth, let stars decline, &c.
And sun and moon refuse to shine.—*Cho.*
- 7 All nature sink, and cease to be, &c.
That heavenly mansion stands for me.—*Cho.*

61

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Golden Chain, Page 73.

- 1 Children, do you love each other?
Are you always kind and true?
Do you always do to others
As you'd have them do to you?
Are you gentle to each other?
Are you careful day by day
Not to give offense by actions,
Or by anything you say?
Not to give offense by actions,
Or by anything you say?
- 2 Little children, love each other—
Never give another pain;
If your brother speaks in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.
Be not selfish to each other;
Never spoil another's rest;
:] Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourselves be blest. :]

62

THY WILL BE DONE.

S. S. Banner, Page 12.

- 1 How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God the Holy One,
With filial love and trust to say,
O God, thy will be done.
- 2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for ev'ry ill;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.
- 3 Oh! let that will, which gave me breath
And an immortal soul,

In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

- 4 Oh ! teach my heart the blessed way
To imitate thy Son !
Teach me, O Lord, in truth to pray,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

63 CHIDE MILDLY THE ERRING.

Golden Chain, Page 56.

- 1 Chide mildly the erring,
Kind language endears,
Grief follows the sinful,
Add not to their tears ;
Avoid with reproaches
Fresh pain to bestow,
The heart which is stricken
Needs never a blow.
The heart which is stricken
Needs never a blow.
- 2 Chide mildly the erring,
Jeer not at their fall,
If strength be but human,
How weakly were all !
What marvel that footsteps
Should wander astray,
When tempests so shadow
Life's wearisome way.
- 3 Chide mildly the erring,
Entreat them with care,
Their nature^s are mortal,
They need not despair.
We all have some frailty,
We all are unwise,
The grace which redeems us
Must come from the skies.

I am bound for the land of the living,
 O hinder me not on my way ;
 The sunlight is bright'ning before me
 That heralds eternity's day.
 The flowers that bloom in my pathway
 Breathe odors that waft me right on ;
 They lure me no longer to tarry,
 But welcome earth's time to be gone.
 There's a happy home,
 Beyond this world of care ;
 A home above, where all is love,
 And the good shall all meet there ;
 A home above, where all is love,
 And the good shall all meet there.
 Shall all meet there, shall all meet there.

2 I am weaned from this land of the dying ;
 Decay is enstamped everywhere ;
 Earth's pleasures are seeming and fleeting—
 My soul has grown weak with its care.
 The joy-rays of life are remembered
 Like sleep-thoughts that float thro' the brain,
 The flesh and the spirit are weaving,
 Each striving the mastery to gain.—*Cho.*

3 I am waiting the summons that bids me
 No longer a pilgrim to roam,
 But, leaving the past in this death-land,
 Make the land of the living my home.
 The messenger-angel stands waiting,
 The signal to whisper to me,
 That the place is prepared for my dwelling,
 And the master is calling for me.—*Cho.*

4 The land of the living is yonder ;
 There life to its fullness has grown ;

There sin, and temptation, and sorrow,
And sickness, and death are unknown.
There the songs of redemption are chanted,
By a holy, harmonious band ;
O, when shall I leave this clay casket,
And fly to my home in that land ?—*Cho.*

65

TRY TO BE LIKE JESUS.

Golden Censer, Page 54

- 1 We'll try to be like Jesus,
The children's precious Friend,
Far dearer than a mother,
A sister, or a brother,
He'll love us to the end.
We'll try to be like Jesus,
We'll try to be like Jesus,
We'll try to be like Jesus,
The children's precious Friend.
- 2 We'll try to be like Jesus,
In body and in mind ;
For pure he was and holy,
In temper meek and lowly,
And to poor sinners kind.—*Cho.*
- 3 We'll try to be like Jesus,
And do our Father's will ;
We'll seek His strength in weakness,
We'll bear the cross in meekness,
Up Calvary's rugged hill.—*Cho.*
- 4 We'll try to be like Jesus,
And when we come to die,
At his right hand in glory
We'll sing the blessed story
The ransomed sing on high.—*Cho.*

66

GO AND TELL JESUS.

Golden Censer, Page 61.

- 1 Go and tell Jesus, weary, sin-sick soul,
 He'll ease thee of thy burden, make thee whole;
 Look up to Him, He only can forgive,
 Believe on Him, and thou shalt surely live.
 Go and tell Jesus, He only can forgive,
 Go and tell Jesus, O turn to him and live.
 Go and tell Jesus, go and tell Jesus,
 Go and tell Jesus, He only can forgive.
- 2 Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise
 Like mountains of deep guilt before your eyes;
 His blood was spilt, His precious life He gave,
 That mercy, peace and pardon you might have.
- 3 Go and tell Jesus, he'll dispel thy fears,
 Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away thy tears;
 He'll take thee in His arm, and on His breast
 Thou mayst be happy, and for ever rest.—*Cho.*

67

GLORY IN THE HIGHEST.

S. S. Banner, Page 3.

- 1 Merry, merry, chiming bells,
 Stealing o'er the silent dells,
 Happy news their music tells,
 Glory in the highest,
 Glory in the highest.
- 2 In a manger far away
 Once the infant Saviour lay,
 He was born on Christmas day,
 Glory in the highest.
- 3 Born to die for you and me,
 Born to set the captive free;
 Prophets longed his birth to see,
 Glory in the highest.

- 4 With the bells that sweetly chime,
 Soon shall every heathen clime,
 Hail the happy Christmas time,
 Glory in the highest.
- 5 Let the joyful echo fly,
 Angels sing and earth reply,
 Glory be to God on high,
 Glory in the highest.

68

THE HEAVENLY LAND.

Golden Censer, Page 61

- 1 I love to think of the heavenly land,
 Where white-robed angels are ;
 Where many a friend is gathered safe
 From fear, and toil and care.
 There'll be no parting,
 There'll be no parting,
 There'll be no parting,
 There'll be no parting there.
- 2 I love to think of the heavenly land,
 Where my Redeemer reigns,
 Where rapturous songs of triumph rise
 In endless, joyous strains.—*Cho.*
- 3 I love to think of the heavenly land,
 The saints' eternal home,
 Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade
 And all our joys are one.—*Cho.*
- 4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
 The greetings there we'll meet,
 The harps—the songs for ever ours—
 The walks—the golden streets.—*Cho.*
- I love to think of the heavenly land,
 That promised land so fair,
 O, how my raptured spirit longs
 To be for ever there!—*Cho.*

- 1 Blessed are the poor in spirit,
 Children of the lowly one ;
 They shall wear a crown of glory,
 When their work on earth is done.
 In their trials God is with them,
 He will make their burden light,
 He will cheer them by his presence,
 Turning darkness into light.
 Blessed are the poor in spirit,
 Children of the lowly one ;
 They shall wear a crown of glory,
 When their work on earth is done.
- 2 Humble Christian, meekly toiling,
 As thy day thy strength shall be ;
 Bear thy cross a little longer,
 Jesus bore it once for thee.
 Art thou sometimes faint and weary,
 Drink the fount that flows for all,
 Precious words of holy comfort,
 On thy ear like music fall.
 Humble Christian, meekly toiling, &c.
- 3 Art thou tempted go to Jesus,
 Tell him all thy doubts and fears,
 He has felt thy every sorrow,
 He will treasure all thy tears.
 Blessed are the poor in spirit,
 Rich in faith and strong in love,
 Hoping, trusting and believing,
 Toil shall end in bliss above.
 Art thou tempted go to Jesus, &c.

1 Glory, glory everlasting,
 Be to him who bore the cross !
 Who redeem'd our souls by tasting
 Death, and death deserved by us.
 I love Jesus, hallelujah,
 I love Jesus, yes, I do,
 I do love Jesus, he's my Saviour,
 Jesus smiles and loves me too.

2 His is love ! 'tis love unbounded,
 Without measure, without end :
 Human thought is here confounded :
 'Tis too vast to comprehend.
 I love Jesus, &c.

3 While we hear the wondrous story,
 Of the Saviour's cross and shame ;
 Sing we " Everlasting glory
 Be to God and to the Lamb !"
 I love Jesus, &c.

TUNE—"Cross and Crown," page 20.

- 1 O precious blood, O glorious death,
 By which the sinner lives !
 When stung with sin, this blood we view,
 And all our joy revives.
- 2 The blood that purchased our release,
 And washes out our stains,
 We challenge earth and hell to show
 A sin it cannot cleanse.

- 1 "I feel like singing all the time,"
 My heart with joy is ringing;
 Since Jesus hath my sins forgiven,
 I'm happiest when I'm singing.
 O happy they who reach that place
 Where sorrow cometh never;
 Who rest within his loving arms
 For ever and for ever.
- 2 Since I have found a Saviour's love,
 To him my hopes are clinging;
 I feel so happy all the time,
 My heart is always singing.—*Cho.*
- 3 A light I never knew before,
 Around my path is breaking,
 And cheerful songs of grateful praise,
 My raptured soul is waking.—*Cho.*
- 4 I see in heaven some mansions bright,
 The noonday sun outshining;
 For those who feel the Saviour's love
 Around their hearts entwining.—*Cho.*
- 5 "I feel like singing all the time,"
 I have no thought of sadness;
 When Jesus washed my sins away,
 He tuned my heart to gladness.—*Cho.*
- 6 Each moment, as it glides away,
 Some new delight is bringing;
 Redeeming love, O blessed theme,
 My heart is always singing.—*Cho.*

- 1 I know 'tis Jesus loves my soul,
 And makes the wounded spirit whole:

My nature is by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

2 How kind is Jesus, oh, how good !
'Twas for my soul he shed his blood ;
For children's sake he was reviled,
For Jesus loves a little child.

3 When I offend, by thought or tongue,
Omit the right, or do the wrong,
If I repent, he's reconciled,
For Jesus loves a little child.

4 To me may Jesus now impart,
Although so young, a gracious heart ;
Alas ! I'm oft by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

74

JESUS LIVES AGAIN.

S. S. Banner, Page 26.

1 Hark ! the joyful sound !
Jesus lives again ;
Praise him all ye nations,
All ye saints adore him,
Cast your crowns before him,
Jesus lives again.

2 He, our Priest and King,
Shall for ever reign ;
Justice, love and mercy
Now are sweetly blending,
Hope to all extending,
Jesus lives again.

3 Earth and sea and sky
Join the choral strain,
Praise him all ye nations,
All ye saints adore him,
Cast your crowns before him,
Jesus lives again.

- 1 Jesus, we love to meet,
Where thou art near ;
We worship round thy seat,
With holy fear.
Thou tender, heavenly Friend,
To thee our prayers ascend,
O'er our young spirits bend,
To us draw near.
- 2 We dare not trifle now,
For thou art here :
In silent awe we bow,
For thou art here :
Check ev'ry wand'ring thought,
And let us all be taught
To serve thee as we ought,
To us be near.
- 3 We listen to thy Word,
When thou art near ;
Bless all that we have heard,
With holy fear :
Go with us when we part,
And to each youthful heart,
Thy saving grace impart,
Jesus be near.

- 1 Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Dost dwell with those of humble mind :

Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

- 3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim,
The sweetness of thy saving name.

77

HAPPY IN THE LORD.

Golden Shower, Page 76

- 1 A pilgrim and a stranger here,
Happy, happy, happy,
I seek the home to pilgrims dear,
Happy in the Lord ;
A home beyond this mortal shore,
Happy, happy, happy,
Where sin and sorrow come no more,
Happy in the Lord.
We'll cross the river of Jordan,
Happy, happy, happy, happy,
Cross the river of Jordan,
Happy in the Lord.
- 2 I leave this world of sin behind,
That better home in heaven to find,
Fair lands are here, and houses fair,
But fairer is my home up there.—*Cho.*
- 3 In that fair clime of endless day,
The Lord shall wipe all tears away,
To living founts, through verdant meads,
The Lamb his ransomed followers leads.—*Cho*
- 4 The fruits and flowers of Paradise,
In plenteous showers round them rise,
No death shall visit them again,
No sickness there, no touch of pain.—*Cho.*
- 5 Farewell ! vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come,
No mourning there, no funeral gloom,
But health and youth for ever bloom.—*Cho*

- 1 Ah, this heart is void and chill,
 'Mid earth's noisy throngings ;
 For my Father's mansions still
 Earnestly is longing.
 Looking home, looking home,
 Towards the heavenly mansions
 Jesus hath prepared for me,
 In his Father's kingdom.
- 2 Soon the glorious day will dawn,
 Heavenly pleasure bringing ;
 Night will be exchanged for morn,
 Sighs give place to singing.—*Cho.*
- 3 Oh ! to be at home again,
 All for which we're sighing,
 From all earthly want and pain
 To be swiftly flying.—*Cho.*
- 4 With this load of sin and care,
 Then no longer bending,
 But with waiting angels there
 On our souls attending.—*Cho.*
- 5 Blessed home, oh ! blessed home,
 All for which we're sighing,
 Soon our Lord will bid us come
 To our Father's kingdom.

79 "COME TO JESUS, LITTLE ONE."

New Chain, 16. Praises of Jesus, 20.

- 1 Come to Jesus, little one,
 Come to Jesus now ;
 Humbly at his gracious throne
 In submission bow.

At his feet confess your sin,
Seek forgiveness there ;
For his blood can make you clean ;
He will hear your prayer.

- 2 Seek his face without delay ;
Give him now your heart ;
Tarry not, but, while you may,
Choose the better part.
Come to Jesus, little one,
Come to Jesus now ;
Humbly at his gracious throne
In submission bow.

80 HOW I LONG TO BE LIKE JESUS

S. S. Banner, Pag. 36

- 1 How I long to be like Jesus,
How I long to be like Jesus,
Doing good to all around me
Wheresoe'r I go.
There no more to sever,
Dwell with him for ever,
Joy, there like a river,
Shall for ever flow.
- 2 How I long to be like Jesus,
How I long to be like Jesus,
Mild and patient, meek and lowly,
Wheresoe'er I go.—*Cho.*
- 3 How I long to be like Jesus,
How I long to be like Jesus,
Kind, forgiving those who wrong me
Wheresoe'er I go.—*Cho.*
- How I long to be like Jesus,
How I long to be like Jesus,
Like my Saviour pure and holy
Wheresoe'er I go.—*Cho.*

- 1 Dare to do right! dare to be true!
 You have a work that no other can do;
 Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
 Angels will hasten the story to tell.
 Dare, dare, dare to do right!
 Dare, dare, dare to be true!
 Dare to be true! dare to be true!
- 2 Dare to do right! dare to be true!
 Other men's failures can never save you;
 Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;
 Stand like a hero, and battle till death.—*Cho.*
- 3 Dare to do right! dare to be true!
 God, who created you, cares for you too;
 Treasure the tears that his striving ones shed,
 Counts and protects every hair of your head.
- 4 Dare to do right! dare to be true!
 Keep the great judgment-seat always in view,
 Look at your work as you'll look at it then—
 Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and men.—*Cho.*
- Dare to do right! dare to be true!
 Jesus, your Saviour, will carry you through;
 City, and mansion, and throne all in sight,
 Can you not dare to be true and do right?—*Cho.*

REV. GEO. LANSING TAYLOR.

- 1 Hark! hark! the battle cry,
 Is sounding o'er the hill,
 Quick to your duty now,
 And haste your ranks to fill;

Let us rally round our standard,
Like the heroes of the past,
And to those who fight with courage bold,
There's victory at last.

Marching on together,
Singing ever as we go,
Truth shall be our watchword,
And the world our traitor foe ;
But salvation is our helmet,
And our sword can never fail,
For our Captain we will nobly fight,
And in his strength prevail.

2 Who will join our army ?

Hark ! we call for volunteers,
Yonder in the distance see,
Our beacon light appears ;
When our way is dark and dreary,
We will keep it still in view,
And we'll fight the battle of the cross,
And bear our colors true.—*Cho.*

3 Who will join our army ?

Though the struggle may be long,
Nobly we will brave it,
For our hearts in God are strong ;
If we trust our great Commander,
Aid and comfort we shall find,
And he'll drive the foe before us,
Like the chaff before the wind.—*Cho.*

4 Onward, ever onward,

Then our steady course we'll keep,
Onward, ever onward,
'Till we climb the mountain steep ;
For our Captain's gone before us,
And the war will soon be past,
He has promised all his faithful ones
A glorious crown at last.—*Cho.*

- 1 Worthy, worthy is the Lamb,
 Worthy, worthy is the Lamb,
 Worthy, worthy is the Lamb,
 That was slain.
 Glory, hallelujah!
 Praise him, hallelujah!
 Glory, hallelujah,
 To the Lamb.
- 2 Sons of morning, sing his praise,
 In the noblest strains you raise,
 Man's redemption claims your lays,
 Praise the Lamb.—*Cho.*
- 3 Christ has come in very deed,
 Born to bruise the serpent's head,
 Sinner, he's the friend you need,
 Praise the Lamb.—*Cho.*
- 4 See, in sad Gethsemane,
 See, on tragic Calvary,
 Sinner, see his love to thee,
 Praise the Lamb.—*Cho.*
- 5 Strike the stoutest sinner thro' ^{right},
 Force the cry, "what shall I do?"
 Let him weep till born anew,
 Blessed Lamb.—*Cho.*
- 6 Penitents, dry up your tears,
 God hath heard believing prayers,
 He forgives you when he hears,
 His dear Lamb.—*Cho.*
- 7 Thus may we each moment feel,
 Love him, serve him, praise him still,
 Till we all on Zion's hill,
 See the Lamb.—*Cho.*

- 1 He is risen, He is risen,
 Tell it with a joyful voice,
 He has burst his three days' prison,
 Let the whole wide earth rejoice :
 Death is conquered, man is free,
 Christ has won the victory,
 Death is conquered, man is free,
 Christ has won the victory.
- 2 Tell it to the sinners, weeping
 Over deeds in darkness done,
 Weary, fast, and vigil-keeping,
 Brightly breaks their Easter Sun ;
 †: Blood can wash all sins away,
 Christ has conquered hell to-day. :‡
- 3 Come ye sad and fearful-hearted
 With glad smile and radiant brow,
 Lent's long shadows have departed,
 All his woes are over now ;
 †: And the glorious form he bore,
 Mortal us can vex no more. :‡
- 4 Come with high and holy gladness,
 Chant our Lord's triumphant lay ;
 Not one touch of twilight sadness
 Dims his resurrection day ;
 †: Brightly dawns the radiant east,
 Brighter far our Easter feast. :‡
- 5 He is risen ! He is risen !
 He has oped the eternal gate ;
 We are free from sin's dark prison,
 Risen to a holier state ;
 †: Soon a brighter Easter beam
 On our longing eyes shall stream. †

- 1 In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me ;
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified :
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the lights of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

- 1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
I now believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me ;
That on the cross he shed his blood,
From sin to set me free.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
 I now believe, I do believe, &c.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Are saved, to sin no more.
 I now believe, I do believe, &c.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be, till I die.
 I now believe, I do believe, &c.
- 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save ;
 When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.
 I now believe, I do believe, &c.

87 LET SUCH AS FEEL OPPRESSION.

S. S. Banner, Page 50.

- 1 Let such as feel oppression's load,
 Thy tender pity share ;
 And let the helpless, homeless poor
 Be thy peculiar care.
- 2 Go, bid the hungry orphan be
 With thine abundance blest ;
 Invite the wand'rer to thy gate,
 And spread the couch of rest.
- 3 Then bright as morning, shall come forth,
 In peace and joy thy days ;
 And glory from the Lord above
 Shall shine on all thy ways.

88

MY FATHERLAND.

New Shower, 108. Plymouth S. S. Col., 129.

- 1 There is a place where all my hopes are stayed,
My heart and my treasure are there,
Where verdure and bloss'ns will nevermore fade,
And fields are eternally fair.
That blissful place is my dear fatherland ;
By faith its delights I explore ;
But sweeter, dearer, dearer is the hand,
That leads me in peace to the shore.
- 2 There is a place where the holy angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode,
Of the joys of that place no tongue can tell,
For there is the palace of God.—*Cho.*
- 3 There is a place where loving friends are gone,
Who suffered and worshiped with me,
Exalted with Christ on his pure white throne,
The King in his beauty they see.—*Cho.*
- 4 There is a place where I hope to live,
When life and its labors are o'er,
A place which the Saviour to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.—*Cho.*

89

THE PENITENT.

Golden Censer, Page 115

TUNE—"Children in Heaven."

- 1 Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies,
And upward to the mercy seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
Crying, save me, save me !
Save me, blessed Saviour !
Crying, save me, save me !
Save me, blessed Saviour !

- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
 To pay the debt I owe,
 Tears should from both my weeping eyes
 In ceaseless torrents flow.—*Cho.*
- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead
 To expiate my guilt;
 No tears, but those which thou hast shed—
 No blood, but thou hast spilt.—*Cho.*
- 4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
 And all my sins forgive!
 Justice will well approve the word
 That bids the sinner live.—*Cho.*

90

THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

Golden Censer, Page 7

- 1 Whatever cross the world may bring
 Of poverty and shame,
 To Jesus' hand we still can cling—
 He always is the same.
 He who was the sinner's Friend,
 Will be with us to the end,
 Noting every smile and tear:
 Our blessed Saviour's ever near.
- 2 In sorrow's hour his love can cheer,
 And bid our fears depart;
 He makes our happiness more dear,
 And fills with peace our heart.—*Cho.*
- 3 Dear Saviour, make us truly thine,
 And all our sins forgive;
 Conform us to thy will divine,
 And bless us while we live.—*Cho.*
- 4 ALD in the world beyond the sky,
 With thee we'll gladly dwell;
 No more to weep, no more to die,
 No more to say farewell.—*Cho.*

- 1 Earth's shadowy years will soon be o'er—
 Heaven's blissful morn arise,
 And sorrow's night will then no more
 O'ercloud our weeping eyes.
 Then will the Lord of life and love
 Unveil his beaming face ;
 And never from our sight remove
 The bright celestial rays.
- 2 The precious jewels Jesus sent
 To be our solace here,
 Were only for a season lent,
 They're shining brighter there.
 And we shall soon their lovely forms
 In glorious robes behold ;
 Shall sing with them in angel's songs,
 With harps of shining gold.
- 3 In that blest place no loved ones part,
 No mourning there, no sighs ;
 For God himself will gently wipe
 All sorrow from their eyes.
 There everlasting peace and joy,
 And transport shall be thine ;
 Praise shall our utmost powers employ,
 In melody divine.

- 1 With tearful eyes I look around,
 Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea :
 Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
 A heavenly | whisper, | Come to | me.
- 2 It tells me of a place of rest—
 It tells me where my | soul may | flee ;

Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the | bidding, | Come to | me

3 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, en- | joy, and | see
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice | utters, | Come to | me.

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

5 O voice of mercy ! voice of love !
In conflict, grief, and | ago- | ny,
Support me, cheer me from above !
And gently | whisper, | Come to | me.

93

OH! MAKE ME THINE.

Golden Censer, Page 81

1 My father, I would be thy child,
I know I'm sinful, wayward, wild,
To thee I would be reconciled,
Oh! make me, oh! make me thine.

2 With patience I the race have run,
Not looking back when once begun,
And seek salvation through thy Son,
And make me, oh! make me thine.

3 The narrow way I fain would tread,
And by thy gentle hand be led,
With heavenly manna daily fed,
Oh! make me, oh! make me thine.

4 Make me to love thee more and more,
Thy Holy Spirit on me pour ;
Grant me of grace a plenteous store,
Oh! make me, oh! make me thine.

- 1 Beyond this life of hopes and fears,
 Beyond this world of griefs and tears,
 There is a region fair.
 It knows no change and no decay,
 No night, but one unending day,
 Oh say, will you be there?
 Oh say, will you be there?
 Oh say, oh say, oh say, will you be there?
- 2 Its glorious gates are closed to sin;
 Nought that defiles can enter in
 To mar its beauty rare.
 Upon that bright, eternal shore,
 Earth's bitter curse is known no more;
 Oh say, will you be there? &c.
- 3 No drooping form, no tearful eye,
 No hoary head, no weary sigh,
 No pain, no grief, no care;
 But joys which mortals may not know,
 Like a calm river, ever flow.
 Oh say, will you be there? &c.
- 4 Our Saviour, once as mortal child,
 As mortal man, by man reviled,
 There many crowns doth wear;
 While thousand thousands swell the strain
 Of glory to the Lamb once slain!
 Oh say, will you be there? &c.
- 5 Who shall be there? The lowly here—
 All those who serve the Lord in fear,
 The world's proud mockery dare!
 Who, by the Holy Spirit led,
 Rejoice the narrow path to tread:—
 Oh, they shall all be there! &c.

- 6 Those who have learnt at Jesus' cross
 All earthly gain to count but loss,
 So that his love they share ;
 Who, gazing on the Crucified,
 By faith can say, " For me he died ;"
 Oh, they shall all be there ! &c.
- 7 Will you be there ? You shall, you must,
 If, hating sin, in Christ you trust,
 Who did that place prepare.
 Still doth his voice sound sweetly, " Come !
 I am the way—I'll lead you home—
 With me, you shall be there !"

95 THE LORD'S PRAYER.—CHANT.

New Golden Shower, Page 99

- 1 Our Father who art in heaven, | hallowed | be
 thy | name :
 Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth,
 as it | is in | heaven ;
- 2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread ;
 And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive |
 them that | trespass a- | gainst us ;
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver |
 us from | evil :
 For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and
 the | glory, for- | ever. A | men.

96 DOXOLOGY.

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

- 1 How sweet and heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
Praise ye the Lord, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord.
- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part ;
May sorrow flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.
Praise the Lord, &c.
- 3 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow ;
Let union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action, glow.
Praise the Lord, &c.
- 4 Love is the GOLDEN CHAIN that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.
Praise the Lord, &c.

- 1 Wake the song of Jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea ;
Now is come the promised hour ;
Jesus reigns with sov'reign power.
Wake the song of Jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea.
- 2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Christ, of lords and kings, is King :

Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns for ever more.

Wake the song, &c.

- 3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice—
Yea, the whole creation sings,
Jesus is the King of kings.

Wake the song, &c.

99

JESUS EVER NEAR.

Golden Chain, Page 28

- 1 Dear Saviour, ever at my side,
How loving thou must be,
To leave thy home in heaven, to guard
A little child like me.
Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, tho' so near ;
The sweetness of thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear.
- 2 I cannot feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did,
When I was but a child.
But I have felt thee in my thoughts,
Fighting with sin for me ;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.
- 3 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night, to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.
Yes ! when I pray, thou prayest, too—
Thy prayer is all for me ;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

- 1 Pilgrim, halting, staff in hand,
 Haste away ! haste away !
 Pilgrim, halting, staff in hand,
 Haste, haste away ;
 E'en this path where thou dost stand,
 Endeth in a better land
 Far away, far away,
 Far, far away.
- 2 Though thy way seem dark and lone,
 Look above, look above ;
 Though thy way seem dark and lone,
 Look, look above ;
 All is light around the throne—
 Sorrow's sighs are there unknown—
 All is love, all is love,
 All, all is love.
- 3 Pilgrim ! God thy guide will be,
 Him obey, him obey ;
 Pilgrim ! God thy guide will be,
 Him, him obey ;
 Trust him, though thou canst not see,
 'Tis his hand that leadeth thee
 All the way, all the way,
 All, all the way.
- 4 Hark ! a voice of melody !
 " Pilgrim come ! pilgrim come !"
 Hark ! a voice of melody !
 " Pilgrim, come home !"
 'Tis thy Father calleth thee,
 Onward press, and soon thou'lt be
 Safe at home, safe at home,
 Safe, safe at home.

101 JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD.

New Chain, 44. Plymouth S. S. Col., 197.

- 1 Jesus is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear ;
Folded in his bosom,
What have we to fear ?
Only let us follow
Whither he doth lead,
To the thirsty desert,
Or the dewy mead.
- 2 Jesus is our Shepherd ;
Well we know his voice ;
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice !
Even when he chideth,
Tender is his tone ;
None but he shall guide us,
We are his alone.
- 3 Jesus is our Shepherd,
For the sheep he bled ;
Every land is sprinkled
With the blood he shed.
Then on each he setteth
His own secret sign :
" They that have my Spirit,
These," saith he, " are mine."
- 4 Jesus is our Shepherd,
Guided by his arm,
Though the wolves may rave,
None can do us harm.
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

- 1 Far out upon the prairie
 How many children dwell,
 Who never read the Bible,
 Or hear the Sabbath bell ;
 And when the holy morning
 Wakes us to sing and pray,
 They spend the precious moments
 In idleness and play.
 Far out upon the prairie
 How many children dwell,
 Who never read the Bible,
 Or hear the Sabbath bell.
- 2 For they have no kind pastor,
 Whose loving words have told
 Of Jesus, the good Shepherd,
 And called them to his fold ;
 No Sabbath school inviting
 Its pleasant doors within,
 No teacher's voice entreating
 To leave the way of sin.—*Cho.*
- 3 I wish that I could tell them
 How Jesus came to die,
 When he for little children
 Left his bright throne on high ,
 And all the sad, sad story
 Of sorrow which he bore,
 When for his crown of glory
 A crown of thorns he wore.—*Cho.*
- 4 And so each morn and evening,
 Whene'er I kneel in prayer,
 I'll ask the gracious Saviour
 To send his gospel there ;

That in the glorious city
In which he dwells above,
We all may sing together
Of his redeeming love.—*Cho.*

103 A FRIEND THAT'S EVER NEAR.

Golden Chain, Page 106

- 1 Tho' the days are dark with trouble,
And thy heart is filled with fear,
There is One that sees thee ever,
And will hold thee near and dear.
Cheerful hearts and smiling faces
Often make thee happy here,
Yet no one was e'er so happy
But sometimes the clouds appear.
There's a friend that's ever near, never fear,
He is ever near, never, never fear,
There's a friend that's ever near, never fear,
He is ever near, never fear.
- 2 All thy prospects will seem brighter
When the shadow leaves the heart,
And the steps of time beat lighter,
When the gloomy clouds depart
Many days have dawned serenely,
While the birds sang with delight,
But the skies were dark and gloomy
Ere the sun had reached its height.—*Cho.*
- 3 Soon will dawn a brighter morning
On a blessed, tranquil shore ;
Sighs will then give place to singing,
Tears to bliss for evermore.
Thou shalt see a world of glory,
And eternal joy and bliss ;
Let not then thy soul be moaning
O'er the woes and cares of this.—*Cho.*

1 Thank God for the Bible !

'Tis here that we find

The story of Christ and his love—

How he came down to earth

From his beautiful home,

In the mansions of glory above ;

Thanks to him we will bring,

Praise to him we will sing,

For he came down to earth

From his beautiful home,

In the mansions of glory above.

2 While he lived on this earth,

To the sick and the blind,

And to mourners his blessings were given ;

And he said let the little ones

Come unto me,

For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Jesus calls *us* to come,

He's prepared us a home,

For he said, Let the little ones

Come unto me,

For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

3 In the Bible we read

Of a beautiful land,

Where sorrow and pain never come ;

For Jesus is there

With a heavenly band

And 'tis there he's prepared us a home.

Jesus calls ; shall we stay ?

No ! we'll gladly obey,

For Jesus is there

With a heavenly band,

And 'tis there he's prepared us a home

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

105 A SAVIOUR EVER NEAR.

Golden Shower, Page 26

- 1 Hush'd be my murmurings, let cares depart,
 Jesus is near me, to cheer my heart;
 He's near to help me whilst life's hour remain,
 He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain,
 He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain.
 Gentle angels near me glide,
 Hopes of glory 'round me 'bide,
 And there lingers by my side
 A Saviour, a Saviour,
 A Saviour ever near,
 A Saviour, a Saviour,
 A Saviour ever near.
- 2 Why should I languish—why should I fear?
 In sorrow and anguish He's ever near;
 Sleeping or waking—in pleasure or pain,
 Roaming or resting, He'll near me remain.
 Gentle angels near me glide, &c.
- 3 Scenes that will vanish smile on me now,
 Joys of a moment play round my brow,
 But soon in heaven He'll meet me again,
 There'll end my sorrow, and there'll end my pain.
 Gentle angels near me glide, &c.

- 1 Weary of wandering long,
 My sore heart saith,
 "Show me thy way, O Lord!
 Teach me thy path!"
 I thought these weary feet
 Straightway would find,
 All rough and rugged paths
 Left far behind.
- 2 But, as I onward passed,
 The way grew steep;
 And black clouds gathered fast,
 And skies did weep,
 And darkness seemed to hide
 The toilsome road;
 Amazed, again I cried,
 "Thy way, O God!"
- 3 "A lamp unto my feet,"
 God's word did prove;
 A "still, small voice," and sweet,
 Spoke thus in love:—
 "Whoso, through night and day,
 God's way pursues,
 'Him shall He teach the way
 That He shall choose.'"
- 4 Then, since He chose for me
 This rugged path,
 My hand in His shall be
 With steadfast faith:
 Each step, this darksome night,
 Is bringing me
 Still nearer to the bright
 Eternity.

- 1 Although I am a sinful child,
 Jesus is my Saviour—
 With guilt my heart is all defiled,
 Jesus died for me.
 I sing the love of Jesus—
 He died for me, He died for me—
 His precious blood can cleanse us,
 Once shed on Calvary.
- 2 Though but a child, I'll do His will,
 Jesus is my Saviour—
 I'll hear His voice, and follow still—
 Jesus died for me.
 I sing the love of Jesus, &c.
- 3 Around my feet is many a snare,
 Jesus is my Saviour—
 I'll seek Him every day in prayer,
 Jesus died for me.
 I sing the love of Jesus, &c.
- 4 And since His service I've begun,
 Jesus is my Saviour—
 I'll tell His love to every one,
 Jesus died for me.
 I sing the love of Jesus, &c.
- 5 When all my duties here are done,
 Jesus is my Saviour—
 He'll take me nearer to His throne,
 Jesus died for me.
 There I shall be with Jesus,
 Who died for me, who died for me,
 And sing the love of Jesus,
 Through all eternity.

*New Golden Shower, Page 86.**Plymouth S. S. Col., 145.*

- 1 Beautiful Zion built above,
Beautiful city that I love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple—God its light;
He who was slain on Calvary,
Opens those pearly gates to me.
- 2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.
- 3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there:
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.
- 4 Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace;
There shall my eyes the Saviour see,
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

Plymouth S. S. Col., Page 149.

- 1 Jesus, Saviour, hear my call,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou, my life, my hope, my all,
Lord, abide with me.

- 2 Lonely in a stranger land,
Cast me not away from thee ;
Lead me by thy gentle hand,
Lord, abide with me.
- 3 Thou hast died the lost to save,
Died to set the captive free ;
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
Lord abide with me.
- 4 Fill me with thy love divine,
Consecrate my life to thee ;
Bend my stubborn will to thine,
Lord, abide with me.
- 5 When the shades of death prevail,
Father, let me cling to thee ;
When I pass the gloomy vail,
Lord, abide with me.
- 6 Then, oh, then, my raptured soul
Heaven's eternal rest shall see ;
There, while endless ages roll,
Live and reign with me.

110 LORD, TEACH A CHILD TO PRAY.

S. S. Banner, Page 50

- 1 Lord, teach a sinful child to pray,
And then accept my prayer ;
For thou canst hear the words I say,
For thou art every where.
- 2 Teach me to do the thing that's right
And when I sin, forgive ;
And may it be my chief delight
To serve thee while I live.
- 3 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.

This tune, as it now stands, was first sung, I think, in Scotland, where hundreds were asking "What shall we do to be saved?" Those who have never heard it under such circumstances, cannot judge of its persuasive power to lead trembling sinners to the cross. The verses, of which we have given the first lines, can easily be filled out. Thousands will remember this hymn to all eternity, as having been used by God to lead them to Jesus. It has often, also, impressed upon the careless the solemn declaration of God's word, "Behold, now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation."—1 Cor. vi. 2

1 Come to Jesus, just now, &c.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*Matt.* 11 : 28.

2 He will save you, just now, &c.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—*Acts* 16 : 31.

3 O believe him, just now, &c.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—*John* 3 : 16.

4 He is able.

"He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us."—*Heb.* 7 : 25.

5 He is willing.

"The Lord is long suffering toward us, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."—2 *Pet.* 3 : 9.

6 He'll receive you.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—*John* 6 : 37.

7 Then flee to Jesus.

“Flee from the wrath to come.”—*Matt. 3 : 7.*

8 Call unto him.

“Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.”—*Acts 2 : 21.*

9 “Mercy on me.”

“Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.”—*Mark 10 : 47.*

10 He will hear you.

“And Jesus said unto him, go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole.”—*Mark 10 : 52.*

11 He'll forgive you.

“If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.”—1 *John 1 : 9.*

12 He will cleanse you.

“The blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.”—1 *John 1 : 7.*

13 He'll renew you.

“Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.”—2 *Cor. 5 : 17.*

14 He will clothe you.

“He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment.”—*Rev. 3 : 5.*

15 Jesus loves you.

“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friends.”—*John 15 : 13.*

16 Don't reject Him.

“He is despised and rejected of men.”—*Isa. 53 : 3*

17 Only trust Him.

“He that hath the Son hath life.”—*John 5 : 12*

112 SINGING AND PRAISING FOREVER.

New Shower, Page 58.

- 1 Thro' the new Jerusalem,
Lined by fairest flowers,
Flows a pure and crystal stream,
Wat'ring the heavenly bowers.
On its banks we hope to stand,
Close by the beautiful river,
There to join the ransom'd host,
Singing and praising for ever.
Singing and praising for ever,
Close by that beautiful river,
There to join the ransom'd host,
Singing and praising forever.
- 2 There are saints in robes of white,
That have gone before us,
With the angels there unite,
Swelling the heavenly chorus.
And with them we hope to stand,
Close by the beautiful river,
There to join the ransomed host,
Singing and praising forever.—*Cho.*
- 3 They who long the cross have borne,
Cast their crowns before Him ;
Martyrs with their palms of gold
Singing with joy adore Him.
Soon along the verdant banks ;
Close by the beautiful river ;
We shall hail our Saviour, King—
Singing and praising forever.—*Cho.*
- 4 Courage, then, O fainting soul,
Jesus still is near thee ;
If thy feeble strength should fail
Call, for He waits to hear thee ;
He will bear thee in His arms,
Close by the beautiful river ;

There we'll hail our Sovereign King,
Singing and praising forever.—*Cho.*

113 BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH.

New Shower, Page 27.

- 1 There's a beautiful land on high,
To its glories I fain would fly,
When by sorrows pressed down, I long for my
crown,
In that beautiful land on high.
In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free ;
My Jesus is there, He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.
- 2 There's a beautiful land on high,
I shall enter it by and by,
There with friends hand in hand, I shall walk
on the strand,
In that beautiful land on high.—*Cho.*
- 3 There's a beautiful land on high,
Then why should I fear to die,
When death is the way, to the realms of day,
In that beautiful land on high.—*Cho.*
- 4 There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy ;
And methinks I now see them waiting for me,
In that beautiful land on high.—*Cho.*
- 5 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where I never shall weep or sigh ;
For my Father hath said no tear shall be shed,
In that beautiful land on high.—*Cho.*
- 6 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say "good-bye ;"
Where the righteous will sing, and their cho-
rus will ring
In that beautiful land on high.—*Cho.*

114 MY MANSION IN THE SKY.

New Shower, Page 71.

- 1 Oh, Jesus, precious bleeding Lamb,
My spirit longs for Thee ;
My waiting soul on wings of love,
From this vain world would flee.

Oh ! I'm glad there's a mansion in the sky,
Where my soul may be happy when I die,
I'm glad, I'm glad,
Oh, I'm glad there's a mansion in the sky.

- 2 In that bright world of love and light,
That city of our God ;
I know a glorious welcome waits,
Each lover of the Lord !—*Cho.*

- 3 The vain pursuits of this short life,
How weak and frail they seem ;
When from my blessed home above,
I catch one shining gleam !—*Cho.*

- 4 If I'm a lover of the Lord,
And to His footstool come ;
I know He'll send His angels down,
To guide me safely home ;—*Cho.*

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

115 THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE.

New Shower, Page 17.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

- 1 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna,
Hosanna be the children's song,
To Christ the children's King,
His praise to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.

Hosanna then our song shall be,
Hosanna to our King,

This is the children's jubilee,

Let all the children sing.

This is the children's jubilee, jubilee, jubilee,

This is the children's jubilee,

Let all the children sing.

2 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna!

Hosanna here in joyful bands,

Teachers, and taught, proclaim,

And hail with voices, hearts, and hands,

Our loving Saviour's name.—*Cho.*

3 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna!

Hosanna on the wings of light,

O'er earth and ocean flow,

Till morn to eve, and noon to night,

And heaven to earth reply.—*Cho.*

4 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna!

Hosanna, sound from church and hall,

Let every voice ascend;

And this our watchword, one and all,

Hosanna praise the Lord.—*Cho.*

116 WE COME WITH REJOICING.

New Shower, Page 67.

1 We come with rejoicing, thanksgiving, and so
The notes of our anthem, let echo prolong;
To Him who redeemed us, and saved us from
death,
We'll sing loudest praises, while He gives us
breath.

The Lamb that was slain!

And liveth again,

We'll sing loudest praises,

To the Lamb that was slain.

2 The Lamb that was slain! our salvation is
made!

In robes of His glory, our spirits arrayed:

O why should we fear, while on Him we rely,
He'll help us to live, and prepare us to die.—*Cho.*

- 8 Oh! Jesus our Saviour, the dearest and best,
On Thee all our hopes for Eternity rest!
We love Thee, we praise Thee, Thy name we
adore,
To Thee all our thoughts and our wishes shall
soar.—*Cho.*

KATE CAMERON.

117

LOVE AT HOME.

New Chain, Page 115.

- 1 There is beauty all around,
When there's love at home ;
There is joy in every sound,
When there's love at home.
Peace and plenty here abide,
Smiling sweet on every side,
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.
Love at home, love at home,
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.
- 2 In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home ;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home.
Roses blossom 'neath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.—*Cho.*
- 3 Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home ;
All the earth is filled with love,
Where there's love at home.

Sweeter sings the brocklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky;
Oh, there's One who smiles on high
When there's love at home.—*Cho.*

- 4 Jesus make me wholly Thine,
Then there's love at home;
May Thy sacrifice be mine,
Then there's love at home.
Safely from all harm I'll rest,
With no sinful care distressed,
Thro' Thy tender mercy blessed,
With Thy love at home.—*Cho.*

J. H. McNAUGHTON.

118 THE ANGELS ARE COMING.

New Chain, Page 91.

- 1 The angels are coming for me, mother,
Coming, coming, coming for me;
The angels are coming for me, mother,
To waft me away to the sky;
Already their music I hear, mother,
Singing, singing, singing for me;
How lightly it falls on my ear, mother,
My spirit is waiting to fly;
Waiting to burst from its prison away,
Waiting a crown of rejoicing to wear,
Waiting to enter the portals of day,
My Shepherd, my Saviour, is there.
- 2 Now gently I'm going to sleep, mother,
Going, going, going to sleep;
To wake where I never shall weep, mother
Or suffer a moment of pain.
Glad voices are calling for me, mother,
Calling, calling, calling for me;
Their pinions of glory I see, mother,
Farewell till I meet thee again.

Yes, we shall meet by the river that flows,
Tranquil and bright on that beautiful shore ;
There will thy sorrow be lost in repose,
There I will leave thee no more.

119 WHAT MAKES US HAPPY.

New Chain, Page 37.

1 Why are we all so happy,
Singing sweet, while we meet,
Why are we all so happy,
In this dear retreat.
Nature the fields adorning
Fresh and gay, fresh and gay,
Beautiful Sunday morning,
'Tis a holy day,
Here we learn a Saviour's name,
How on earth a child he came,
Suffered, died, and rose again,
That we might dwell with him.

That is what makes us happy,
Singing sweet, while we meet,
That is what makes us happy,
In this dear retreat.

2 What are the wild birds singing,
Full of glee—full of glee,
Swiftly their pinions winging,
O'er the flowery lea :
Praising the God who made them,
Free as air—free as air,
Kindly his hand arrayed them,
In the plumes they wear.
Wood and stream and meadow gay,
Join the merry, merry lay,
All are praising God to-day.
And we will praise him too.—*Cho.*

- 3 What are the angels singing,
 Robed in white, crowned with light,
 Ever their music ringing,
 In that world so bright !
 Singing of grace and glory,
 Sweet and clear—sweet and clear,
 Telling the wondrous story,
 Children love so dear.
 Happy, happy angel band,
 Round our Father's throne they stand,
 In that pure and sunny land,
 Our home beyond the sky.—*Cho.*

120

JESUS OUR KING.

New Shower, Page 97.

- 1 Go, sound it abroad, the tidings proclaim,
 Salvation to all, through him that was slain ;
 He lives to redeem us, Jesus our King !
 To mansions of glory the ransomed will bring.
 Go, sound it abroad, the tidings proclaim,
 Salvation is purchased through Him that
 was slain.
- 2 The Isles of the deep shall lift up their voice,
 And nations afar shall hear and rejoice ;
 The harp that was broken—sweetly shall ring,
 And Judah return to her Saviour and King.
Cho.—Go, sound it abroad, &c.
- 3 Go, heralds, away ! your mission fulfil,
 The Gospel declare, we'll pray for you still—
 Be steadfast, be watchful, stand by the right,
 And God will sustain you with wisdom and
 might.
Cho.—Go, sound it abroad, &c.
- 4 Go, heralds, away ! the harvest is near,
 The reapers will come, the Master appear ;

Be patient in labor, fervent in love,
And God will reward you in glory above.

Chc.—Go, sound it abroad, &c.

121

MARCHING HOME.

New Chain, Page 89.

- 1 We are all enlisted 'till the conflict is o'er,
Happy are we, happy are we,
Soldiers in the army there's a bright crown in
store,
We shall win and wear it by and by.
Haste to the battle, quick to the field,
Truth is our helmet, buckler and shield ;
Stand by our colors, proudly they wave,
We're joyfully, joyfully marching to our home.
- 2 Hark! the cry of battle sounding loudly and
clear,
Come join the ranks, come join the ranks,
We are waiting now for soldiers, who will vol-
unteer,
Rally round the standard of the cross.
Hark! 'tis our Captain calls you to-day,
Lose not a moment, make no delay ;
Fight for our Saviour, come, come away,
We're joyfully, joyfully marching to our home.
- 3 Fighting for a kingdom, and the world is our
foe,
Happy are we, happy are we,
Glad to join the army, we will sing as we go,
We shall gain the victory by and by.
Dangers may gather, why should we fear,
Jesus our leader ever is near,
He will protect us, comfort and cheer,
We're joyfully, joyfully marching to our home.

122 I WOULD LOVE THEE, HEAVEN-
LY FATHER. *New Chain, Page 47.*

- 1 I would love thee, heavenly Father,
My Redeemer, and my King ;
I would love thee, for without thee
Life is but a bitter thing.
I would love thee, I would love thee,
My Redeemer and my King ;
I would love thee, I would love thee,
My Redeemer and my King.
- 2 I would love thee ; every blessing,
Flows to me from out thy throne,
I would love thee ; he who loves thee,
Never feels himself alone.—*Cho.*
- 3 I would love thee ; look upon me,
Ever guide me with thine eye,
I would love thee ; if not nourished
By thy love, my soul would die.—*Cho.*

123 *New Chain, Page 33.*

- 1 Weeping soul, no longer mourn,
Jesus all thy griefs hath borne ;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee ;
There thy every sin He bore,
Weeping soul, lament no more.
- 2 All thy crimes on him were laid,
See upon his blameless head
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offence and yours ;
Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice.

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

124 OUR BRIGHT AND MORNING
STAR. *New Shower, Page 73.*

- 1 Jesus is our morning star,
Brightly beaming from afar;
He is sent to guide our way,
From the darkness to the day:
And his dying love alone,
Can for all our sins atone.

The bright and morning star,
The bright and morning star,
Jesus is the morning star,
The bright and morning star.

- 2 Jesus is our morning star,
Tho' in sorrow's night we are;
Tho' the clouds around our way
Give no token of the day:
Still the dawning hour draws near;
Rise and cast aside each fear.—*Cho.*

- 3 Jesus is our morning star
When our prison we unbar,
When we break the chains of sin,
And the pure light ushers in,
Trust not earth's delusive ray,
He alone fortells the day.—*Cho.*

KATE CAMERON.

125 OUR GUIDING STAR.
New Shower, Page 73.

- 1 Glorious hope, eternal life,
Promise sweet to mourners given,

Soon will end this mortal strife,
Look beyond, there's rest in heaven,
Rest from sorrow, toil and care
In our Father's mansion fair.

We're on our journey home,
We're on our journey home,
Jesus is our guiding star,
We're on our journey home.

2 We must meet with trials here ;
Through a desert waste we roam ;
But our Saviour still is near,
He will guide us safely home,
From the world's corroding care
To our Father's mansions fair.—*Cho.*

3 On a wild and stormy sea,
When our fragile bark is driven,
Shatter'd though its sails may be,
We shall anchor safe in heaven.
We shall rise triumphant there,
To our Father's mansion fair.—*Cho.*

(C.)

126 CHRIST'S LOVE TO CHILDREN.

New Chain, Page 97.

- 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 scorns their humble name ;
For it was to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.
- 3 Oh ! let us then with pleasure hear,
And seek the Saviour's face ;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of His grace.

- 4 Soon at his feet my soul will lie,
 In life's last struggling breath;
 But I shall only seem to die,
 I shall not taste of death.
- 5 Far from this guilty world, to be
 Exempt from toil and strife;
 To spend eternity with Thee,
 My Saviour, this is life.

127 THE CHILDREN'S BATTLE SONG.

New Shower, Page 116.

- 1 Yes, we are soldiers of the cross,
 A young and joyful band;
 We've joined the army marching home
 To Canaan's promised land.
 The world and sin, our strongest foes,
 Will oft beset our way;
 But we must keep our armor bright,
 And always watch and pray.
 We must keep our armor bright,
 We must keep our armor bright,
 We must keep our armor bright,
 And always watch and pray.
- 2 Yes, we are soldiers of the cross,
 We'll never quit the field;
 Like valiant heroes bold and brave,
 We'll fight but never yield.
 Our Captain is the Prince of Peace,
 Who died that we might live;
 To all His faithful children here
 A crown of life He'll give.—*Cho.*
- 3 Yes, we are soldiers of the cross,
 Our colors we will show;
 And with the Bible in our hand
 We'll boldly meet the foe.

O let us strive to win the prize,
The great command obey ;
To love the Lord with all our soul,
And labor while 'tis day.—*Cho.*

- 4 Yes, we are soldiers of the cross,
And by that cross we'll stand ;
We've joined the army marching home
To Canaan's promised land.
And when we reach the golden fields
Of that immortal shore,
With all the armies of the blest,
We'll sing the battle o'er.—*Cho.*

128

LOOK TO JESUS.

New Chain, Page 23.

- 1 Look to Jesus, youthful Christian,
Just begun the heavenly race :
Let no dream of strength or wisdom
Make thee turn from Him thy face :
He, thy righteousness, shall be
Wisdom, holiness to thee.
Look to Jesus ! look to Jesus !
Ever trust in His dear name.
- 2 Look to Jesus ! strong in manhood,
Who art pressing on thy race :
Slight the snares the world is spreading,
Onward, upward speed thy pace :
Poor and mean earth's brightest toys,
Weighed with heaven's eternal joys.—*Cho.*
- 3 Look to Jesus ! aged traveler
On life's long and changeeful road :
Seest thou not ? 'tis almost ended,
Soon thou'lt be *at home* with God :
Lean upon Him as you go,
Age and weakness stronger grow.—*Cho.*

- 4 Look to Jesus ! steadfast ever
Let us on His glory gaze ;
Though revealed here but dimly,
Brightly on our souls 'twill blaze :
If by looking here below,
Like to Him our spirits grow.—*Cho.*

129

THE PROMISED DAY.

New Shower, Page 113.

- 1 Saw ye not the promised day,
Breaking o'er the mountain height ?
Doubt and darkness flee away,
Trembling at its dawning light.
Blessed Jesus, reign for ever,
Let salvation, like a river,
Rolling onward, onward still,
All the world with gladness fill.
- 2 Heard ye not the welcome sound,
Wafted o'er the heaving main ?
Now the fruits of joy abound,
Precious souls are born again.—*Cho.*
- 3 Sing, O Zion, land of rest,
They are flocking home to thee ;
From the East, the North and West,
And the Isles beyond the sea.—*Cho.*

MRS. VAN ALSTYNE

130

GO TO JESUS.

New Shower, Page 113.

- 1 Go to Jesus when thy heart
Droops beneath its weight of care ;
When the joys of earth depart,
Seek a purer light in prayer.
Jesus will forsake thee never,
He is thine, and thine forever,
By the cooling stream that flows,
Thou shalt find a sweet repose.

- 2 O'er the hopes in ruin laid ;
 Does the tear in secret fall ?
 Is thy trembling soul afraid ?
 Go to Jesus—tell Him all.—*Cho.*
- 3 Go to Jesus, on His breast
 He will lay thy aching head,
 Calm thy every pain to rest,
 Beams of mercy o'er thee shed.—*Cho.*
 Words by (V)

131 FOR THOU HAST DIED FOR ME

New Shower, Page 75

- 1 When clouds hang darkly o'er my way
 And earthly comfort dies,
 On Thee, my Saviour and my God,
 My every hope relies.
 I hear Thy Spirit's gentle voice,
 Thy cross by faith I see,
 Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb,
 Redeems and makes me what I am,
 "For Thou hast died for me."
- 2 My soul, confiding in Thy word,
 Can rest securely there,
 And feel at peace in every storm,
 Beneath Thy watchful care ;
 A sinner lost, but saved by grace
 Be this my only plea :
 Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb,
 Redeems and makes me what I am,
 "For Thou hast died for me."
- 3 O, when I leave this mortal scene,
 And rise to worlds of light ;
 Then shall I see Thee as Thou art
 Arrayed in glory bright :
 There by the living stream divine,

My raptured song shall be ;
Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb,
Redeems and makes me what I am,
“ For Thou hast died for me.”

FANNY CROSBY.

132 THE ANGELS IN THE AIR.

New Shower, Page 83.

1 When life's labor song is sung,
And the ebon arch is sprung,
O'er the shaded couch of death so still,
Then the Lord will light the scene
With the angels' starry sheen,
As they welcome us to Zion's hill.

We'll meet each other there,
Yes! we'll meet each other there,
With the angels in the air,
| Yes, we'll meet each other there. |

2 Dark the shadows in the vale,
Fierce the howling of the gale,
But the shining ones are near our door:
With our robes as bright as they,
We will tread the starry way,
With the shadow and the storm no more.

—*Cho.*

3 Flood the heart with parting tears,
Frost the head with passing years,
Mingle woe and joy together here—
But the Lord will lift the cloud
That enwraps the shining crowd,
And we'll never know a sorrow there.

—*Cho.*

REV. R. LOWRY.

133 THE WEARY ARE AT REST.

New Shower, Page 77.

1 Earth may robe her fairest blossoms,
In her crimson light serene,

Yet the pleasure that awaits us,
Mortal eye has never seen.

'Tis a vail our souls dividing
From the region of the blest,

1: Sorrow there can never enter,
There the weary are at rest. : |

2 Through eternal ages rolling,
Angel choirs their notes prolong,
We shall join their choral numbers,
We shall learn their happy song.

Jesus calls us to his bosom,
From the region of the blest,

1: Sorrow there can never enter,
There the weary are at rest. : |

3 Here our kindred ties are broken,
Here our fondest hopes decay;
In that land of sacred pleasure,
God will wipe all tears away.
Those we love will bid us welcome
In the region of the blest,

1: Sorrow there can never enter,
There the weary are at rest. :

FANNY CROSBY.

134 STAR OF ETERNAL DAY.

New Chain, Page 41.

1 Star of eternal day, cloudless and bright,
Guide of the pilgrims' way, banish my night,
Come Thou celestial Dove, dwell in my heart;
Source of immortal love, never depart.
Oh, how I long for Thee, Spirit divine,
What is the world to me, Jesus is mine.

2 When shall my wanderings cease, when shall
I rest
Safe in the port of peace, happy and blest,

There from Thy dear embrace, severed no
more
Lord, I shall see Thy face, praise and adore.
Oh! I would fly to Thee, Spirit divine;
Earth has no tie for me, Jesus is mine.

135

SAVED BY GRACE.

New Shower, Page 93.

- 1 Precious Saviour, I have found Thee,
Now I feel Thy power divine;
In my raptured soul reflected,
I can see Thy glory shine.

What a change from grief to gladness,
Lost in wonder I adore
Precious Saviour, I have found Thee,
Thou art mine, I ask no more.

- 2 Earthly pleasures fading round me,
Like the autumn leaf may fall;
Jesus, thou wilt give me comfort,
Thou art dearer far than all.—*Cho.*

- 3 I will praise Thee, I will bless Thee,
This my happy song shall be;
When I reach the port of glory,
Jesus, Thou hast died for me.

Chorus for 3d verse.

Saved by grace, Thy child forever,
Lost in wonder, love and praise;
Precious Saviour, I have found Thee,
Thou art mine, I ask no more.

FANNY CROSBY.

136

ONE THING NEEDFUL.

New Chain, Page 40.

- 1 Jesus engrave it on my heart,
That Thou the one thing needful art;

I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from Thee.

2 Needful is Thy most precious blood,
To reconcile my soul to God;
Needful is Thy indulgent care;
Needful Thy all prevailing prayer.

3 Needful Thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford;
Needful Thy promise to impart
Fresh life and vigor to my heart.

4 Needful art Thou, my guide, my stay,
Through all life's dark and weary way;
Nor less in death Thou'lt needful be,
To bring my spirit home to Thee.

5 Then needful still, my God, my King,
Thy name eternally I'll sing!
Glory and praise be ever His,
The one thing needful Jesus is.

137 WELCOME HOUR OF PRAYER.

New Shower, Page 80.

1 When softly o'er the distant hills
The beams of morning break,
When nature breathes her choral hymn,
My cheerful heart shall wake;
My strength renewed, my soul refreshed,
I'll bless a Father's care,
And hail with pure and holy joy,
The welcome hour of prayer.

2 When, like a giant in his course,
The glorious orb of light,
Ascending in the radiant sky,
Has reached his noonday height:

From earthly scenes I'll turn away,
To bless a Father's care,
And hail with pure and holy joy,
The welcome hour of prayer.

- 3 When slowly fades the silent eve,
Beneath the glowing west ;
And tranquil thoughts of heavenly peace,
Within my bosom rest ;
For all the mercies of the day
I'll bless a Father's care,
And hail, with pure and holy joy,
The welcome hour of prayer.

Words by (V).

138

JESUS AT THE HELM.

New Shower, Page 105.

- 1 Frail is my bark, and stormy is the ocean,
How can I hope to stem the rushing tide ;
How can I face the billows' wild commotion,
Dangers are threatening me on every side.
With Jesus at the helm, I shall journey safely
over,
Though the storm is raging, and the billows
foam ;
With Jesus at the helm, I shall journey safely
over,
And find a refuge from the storm when Heav'n
is my home.
- 2 Though weak my faith, there's One whose love
unfailing,
Will cast a brightness over sight so dim ;
His strength for all my frailties still availing,
Will make me feel the love I owe to Him.
—*Cho.*
- 3 Hushed are my fears, and in His love confiding,
O let me lean my head upon His breast ;

At His command the troubled waves subsiding,
Will safely bear me home with Him to rest.

—*Cho.*

- 4 Frail is my bark, but Jesus is beside me,
E'en through the night I see His glorious form,
With Him to cheer, to strengthen and to guide
me,
My soul will calmly brave the darkest storm.

—*Cho.*

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

139

New Chain, Page 81.

- 1 Holy Father, Thou hast taught me,
I should live to Thee alone ;
Year by year Thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown.
When I wandered Thou hast found me ;
When I doubted sent me light,
Still Thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in Thy sight.
- 2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I ;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need ;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the Spirit's strength indeed.
- 3 I would trust in Thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon Thine arm ;
Follow wholly thy directing,
Thou mine only guard from harm !
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to Thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father viewing,
Keep me ever at Thy side.

140 GLORY TO THE FATHER GIVE.

New Shower, Page 49.

1 Glory to the Father give,
God, in whom we move and live,
Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear ;
Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King.
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

2 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclaims the sinner lost ;
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire,
Glory in the highest be,
To the blessed Trinity.
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that God is love.

141 THE SOUND OF SALVATION.

New Shower, Page 46.

1 Go forth, ye glad heralds, with tidings of joy,
A Saviour is given for our race ;
O bid all the heathen their idols destroy,
And trust in his fullness of grace.

Let the sound of salvation be echoed abroad,
Till the world shall acknowledge her Saviour and
God.

2 O tell of His wisdom, His power and His love,
How He labored, and languished, and bled,
How He rose from the tomb and ascended above,
Rich blessings around us to shed.—*Cho.*

3 Bid the heathen repent of their sin, and believe,
And trust in Immanuel's word ;
O tell them His promise can never deceive,
For righteousness dwells with the Lord.—*Cho.*

- 4 O tell of His purity, gentleness, graee,
 His holiness, kindness, and care ;
 And bid them His offers of pardon embrace,
 And unite in thanksgiving and prayer.—*Cho.*
- 5 Go forth, ye glad heralds, and publish afar
 That sinners may now be forgiven ;
 Go, show them the brightness of Bethlehem's
 Star,
 To lead in the pathway to heaven.—*Cho.*
 THOS. HASTINGS.

142

New Shower, Page 82.

- 1 These are the crowns that we shall wear,
 When all thy saints are crowned ;
 These are the palms that we shall bear
 On yonder holy ground.
- 2 These are the robes, unsoiled and white,
 Which we shall then put on,
 When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,
 We sit on yonder throne.
- 3 That is the city of the saints,
 Where we so soon shall stand,
 When we shall strike these desert-tents,
 And quit this desert-land.
- 4 Then welcome toil, and care, and pain !
 And welcome sorrow too !
 All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
 With such a prize in view.
- 5 Come crown and throne ; come robe and palm ;
 Burst forth, glad stream of peace !
 Come, holy city of the Lamb !
 Rise, Sun of righteousness !

- 1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God !
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for His own abode.
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See! the streams of living waters
 Springing from eternal love ;
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ;
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age ?

- 1 Thou art my shepherd,
 Caring in every need,
 Thy little lambs to feed ;
 Trusting Thee still ;
 In the green pastures low,
 Where living waters flow,
 Safe by Thy side I go,
 Fearing no ill.
- 2 Or if my way lie
 Where death, o'erhanging nigh,
 My soul would terrify
 With sudden chill,—
 Yet I am not afraid ;
 While softly on my head

Thy tender hand is laid,
I fear no ill!

- 3 If Thou wilt guide me,
Gladly I'll go with Thee ;—
No harm can come to me
Holding Thy hand ;
And soon my weary feet
Safe in the golden street,
Where all who love Thee meet,
Redeem'd shall stand.

145

New Chain, Page 10.

- 1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord—
The house of Thine abode—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy Church, O God !
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways ;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

146 WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

New Shower, Page 103.

- 1 O land of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell in peace at home.

We'll wait till Jesus comes,
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gathered home.

- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

- 3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on His breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

- 4 I sought at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam:
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

147 GOD IS LOVE.

New Shower, Page 5.

- 1 What sound is this? a song thro' heaven re-
sounding,
God is love!
And now from earth I hear the song rebounding.
God is love!
Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim
Love is His nature, love His name,
My soul in rapture cries the same:
God is love!

2 This song repeat, repeat, ye saints in glory,
God is love !
And saints on earth shout back the pleasing
story,
God is love !
In this let heaven and earth agree,
To sound His love both full and free,
And let the theme forever be,
God is love !

3 Creation speaks with thousand tongues pro-
claiming,
God is love !
And providence unites her voice, exclaiming,
God is love !
Then let the burden'd sinner hear
The Gospel sounding loud and clear,
To every soul both far and near,
God is love !

4 This heavenly love all round is sweetly flowing,
God is love !
And in my heart the sacred fire is glowing,
God is love !
That God is love I know full well ;
And had I power His love to tell,
With loudest notes my song should swell,
God is love !

5 The love of God is now my greatest pleasure,
God is love !
And while I live I'll ask no greater treasure,
God is love !
This theme shall be my song below,
And when to glory I shall go,
This strain eternally shall flow,
God is love !

148 WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

New Shower, Page 68.

- 1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours ;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers ;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies ;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies,
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more ;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

149 THINK OF JESUS.

New Shower, Page 11.

- 1 Doth sorrow's shadow hover o'er thee,
Think, think of Jesus,
Is toil, and care, and pain before thee,
Think, think of Jesus,
Think of Him on earth descending,
'Neath thy sins and sorrows bending,
With thy griefs His bosom rending,
Think, think of Jesus.

2 If morning's light to joy awaken,
 Think, think of Jesus,
 Should evening find thee lone, forsaken,
 Think, think of Jesus,
 Should Time's hands of friends bereave thee,
 And thy brightest hopes deceive thee,
 Think of one who will not leave thee,
 Think, think of Jesus.

3 When stormy passions rise within thee,
 Think, think of Jesus,
 When earthly pleasure lures to win thee,
 Think, think of Jesus,
 Though the cup of anguish draining,
 Cease thy wearied soul's complaining,
 See the Lamb in glory reigning,
 Think, think of Jesus.

MRS. GODFREY.

150 OUR LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE.

New Shower, Page 14.

1 Oh! how sweet when we mingle with kindred
 spirits here,
 And tell of Jesus and His love;
 When by faith we can see Him, and feel His
 presence near,
 It lifts our longing souls above.

We shall meet on the banks of the river,
 Happy, happy, there forever more,
 We shall dwell with the angels, and join
 their choral song,
 Our loved ones, loved ones gone before.

2 Hark! the words of our Master, be faithful,
 watch and pray,
 Press on where joys eternal flow;
 Let us journey together along the shining way,
 And sing rejoicing as we go.—*Cho.*

- 3 We are pilgrims to Zion, though trials we must
bear,
We'll count them blessings in disguise;
Though the cross may be heavy, the crown we
soon shall wear
In heaven, where pleasure never dies.—*Cho.*
- 4 When we walk through the valley and shadow
of the tomb,
Dear Saviour, Thou wilt be our guide;
Thy smile like a sunbeam shall light beyond the
gloom,
And keep the ransomed at Thy side.—*Cho.*
(V).

151

PRAISE THE LORD.

New Shower, Page 43.

- 1 Praise the Lord, when blushing morning
Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew;
Praise Him, when reviv'd creation
Beams with beauty fair and new.
Praise the Lord, when early breezes
Come so fragrant from the flowers;
Praise, thou willow by the brookside;
Praise, ye birds among the bowers.
- 2 Praise the Lord, and may His blessing
Guide us in the way of truth;
Keep our feet from paths of error,
Make us holy in our youth.
Praise the Lord, ye hosts of heaven,
Angels sing your sweetest lays,
All things utter forth His glory;
Sound aloud Jehovah's praise.

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