

WORD EDITION.

LIVING HYMNS



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LIVING HYMNS

(WORD EDITION.)

FOR USE IN

THE SABBATH SCHOOL,

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MEETINGS,

THE CHURCH AND HOME.

COMPILED BY

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PREFACE.

HUNDREDS of letters and personal inquiries come to us asking, "What hymns do you use in your Sunday-schools and night meetings?" *This book is the answer.*

To the good old hymns of our mothers we add some of the newer songs that have been blest. With ministers, superintendents and teachers it is a burning question, Which of our sermons, books—hymns and helpers—is it that God blesses? When we have made this discovery it is wise to take heed to it. But one thought has led us in making this compilation, to wit, to get together as many as possible of the hymns that have been marked, in a long course of varied work, as used of God. We would like to have included other good hymns scattered through many books, here one and there another, but the right to use them was denied us for love or money. We obtained all we could, and we are informed that in no other one book can so many of the best hymns be found for such work as ours.

The LIVING HYMNS are good hymns to live by. We expect the scholars to buy them, bring them to every meeting, and use them at home and in Church. This is all the singing book we shall need for a life-time.

Wm Wadsworth
J. Milton Chapman
J. Miller

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LIVING HYMNS.

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1-3

Key Eb.

FATHER all holy, bend we so lowly,
Glowing with love's tender flame,
Father in heaven, praises be given,
Hallowed forever thy Name.
Telling the story, spreading thy glory,
Send forth thy people, we pray,
Till every nation know thy salvation,
Under thy kingdom's full sway.

2 Angels adore thee, waiting before
Swift thy commands to fulfil: [thee,
Grant us, we pray thee, grace to obey
Choosing and serving thy will. [thee.
Father, now lead us, day by day feed us,
Ever provide and defend; [blessing,
Tresspass confessing, seeking thy
Pardon and peace without end.

3 From sin deliver, keep us forever,
Kingdom and glory are thine,
Thine, too, the power, hear us this hour,
Father, our Father divine!

Jesus is pleading, still interceding
For his redeemed ones again, [us,
For his sake hear us, in his name cheer
He is the faithful "Amen"

—E. E. HEWITT.

4

Key G.

I'VE a message from the Lord,
Hallelujah!
The message unto you I'll give,
'Tis recorded in his word,
Hallelujah!
It is only that you "look and live."

CHO.—Look and live, my brother, live,
Look to Jesus now and live;
'Tis recorded in his word,
Hallelujah!
It is only that you "look and live."

2 I've a message full of love,
Hallelujah!
A message, O my friend, for you,
'Tis a message from above,
Hallelujah!
Jesus said it, and I know 'tis true.

3 Life is offered unto thee,
Hallelujah!
Eternal life thy soul shall have,
If you'll only look to him,
Hallelujah!
Look to Jesus who alone can save.

4 I will tell you how I came,
Hallelujah!
To Jesus, when he made me whole;
'Twas believing on his name,
Hallelujah!
I trusted, and he saved my soul.

—W. A. OGDEN.

5

Key Bb.

JESUS is waiting to welcome the weary,
Worn with the world's fruitless striving
for peace;
Tired with a night-watch that knoweth
no morning, [not ease.
Sick with a heartache that earth can-

CHO.—Jesus is seeking, Jesus is calling,
Will you not come to him now?
Jesus is knocking, Jesus is waiting,
Waiting to save you now.

2 Jesus is waiting, he standeth and
knocketh,
Calling in love unto each one op-
pressed,
"Come unto me, sinner, weary and
laden, [rest."
I will receive you, and give you my

3 "Will you not come? you need no preparation, [you are;
Stay not to think, but come just as
Bring nothing with you, for love giveth
freely; [can mar.
Peace—perfect peace—that no sorrow

4 Oh, I am yearning to see you unburdened, [free.
Death did I suffer that you might be
Will you not come, and by life consecration, [to me?"
Try to win others, and bring them
—C. Murray.

6 *Key Bb.*

CONQUERING now and to conquer,
Rideth a King in his might,
Leading the host of the faithful
Into the midst of the fight;
See them with courage advancing,
Clad in their brilliant array,
Shouting the name of their Leader,
Hear them exultingly say.

CHO.—Not to the strong is the battle,
Not to the swift is the race,
Yet to the true and the faithful
Vict'ry is promised thro' grace.

2 Conquering now and to conquer,
Who is this wonderful King?
Whence are the armies he leadeth,
While of his glory they sing?
He is our Lord and Redeemer,
Saviour and monarch divine,
They are the stars that forever
Bright in his kingdom will shine.

3 Conquering now and to conquer,
Jesus, thou Ruler of all, [ish,
Thrones and their scepters shall per-
Crowns and their splendor shall fall,
Yet shall the armies thou leades*
Faithful and true to the last,
Find in thy mansions eternal
Rest, when their warfare is past.
—Sallie Martin.

7 *Key C.*

I AM passing down the valley that
they say is so lone,
But I find that all the pathway is
with flow'rs overgrown;

'Tis to me the vale of Beulah, 'tis a
beautiful way,
For the Saviour walks beside me, my
companion all day.

CHO.—Vale of Beulah! Vale of Beau-
Thou art precious to me, [lah!
For the lovely land of Canaan
In the distance I see.

2 Not a shadow, not a shadow ever
darkens the way,
For a radiance of rare glory shines
upon it all day:
And the music, sweetly chanted by
the heavenly throng,
Floats in cadence down the valley,
'and it cheers me along.

3 So I journey with rejoicing toward
the City of Light,
While each day my joy is deeper, and
the path grows more bright;
And I near the open portals of the
kingdom above,
For this highway leads to Canaan,
to the Kingdom of Love.
—E. A. Hoffman.

8 *Key Db.*

OH, I often sit and ponder,
When the sun is sinking low,
Where shall yonder future find me:
Does but God in heaven know?
Shall I be among the living?
Shall I mingle with the free?
Wheresoe'er my path be leading,
Saviour, keep my heart with thee.

CHO.—Oh, the future lies before me,
And I know not where I'll be,
But where'er my path be leading,
Saviour, keep my heart with thee.

2 Shall I be at work for Jesus,
Whilst he leads me by the hand,
And to those around be saying,
Come and join his happy band?
Come, for all things now are ready,
Come, his faithful foll'wer be;
Oh, where'er my path be leading,
Saviour, keep my heart with thee.

3 But perhaps my work for Jesus
 Soon in future may be done,
 All my earthly trials ended,
 And my crown in heaven won;
 Then forever with the ransomed
 Thro' eternity I'd be, [me
 Chanting hymns to him who bought
 With his blood shed on the tree.
 —Miss Jennie Stout.

9 *Key F.*

WHEN I shall wake in that fair morn of
 morns,
 After whose dawning never night returns,
 And with whose glory day eternal burns,
 I shall be satisfied.

CHO.—||: I shall be satisfied,: ||
 By and by.

2 When I shall see thy glory face to face,
 When in thine arms thou wilt thy child em-
 brace, [grace.
 When thou shalt open all thy stores of
 I shall be satisfied.

3 When I shall meet with those that I have
 loved,
 Clasp in my eager arms the long removed,
 And find how faithful thou to me hast
 I shall be satisfied. [proved,

4 When I shall gaze upon the face of him
 Who for me died, with eye no longer dim,
 And praise him with the everlasting hymn,
 I shall be satisfied.

—Bonar.

10 *Key F.*

TRUSTING in Jesus, my Saviour divine,
 I have the witness that still he is mine;
 Great are the blessings he giveth to me:
 Oh, I am happy as mortal can be.

CHO.—I am redeemed, and I know it full
 well,
 Saved by his grace, I with him shall dwell;
 I am redeemed, and the child of his love,
 Heir to a glorious crown above.

2 Once I was far from my Saviour and King,
 Now he has taught me his mercy to sing;
 Peace in believing he giveth to me:
 Oh, I am happy as mortal can be.

3 Trusting in Jesus, oh, what should I fear?
 Nothing can harm me when he is so near!
 Sweet is the promise he giveth to me:
 Oh, I am happy as mortal can be.

4 If while a stranger I journey below
 Filled with his fulness such rapture I know,
 What will the bliss of eternity be,
 When in his beauty the King I shall see?
 —Frank Gould.

11 *Key D.*

WITH our colors waving bright
 In the blaze of gospel light [field;
 We are marshal'd on the world's great
 We are ready for the strife,
 And the battle work of life,
 Ever trusting in the Lord our shield.

CHO.—Glory to God! we are marching,
 marching on,
 Marching to a home above; [ing on,
 Glory to God! we are marching, march-
 Happy in a Saviour's love.

2 Oft the tempter we shall meet,
 But we will not fear defeat,
 Tho' his arrows at our ranks may fly;
 Thro' a Saviour's mighty love
 More than conquerors we shall prove,
 Shouting, glory be to God on high.

3 We have girded on the sword
 And the armor of the Lord,
 We have taken up the cross he bore;
 Oh, the trophies we shall win,
 Oh, the victory over sin,
 When the battle and the strife are o'er!

4 Soon we'll reach the pearly gate,
 Where the blessed army wait,
 Soon their welcome, welcome song may
 When we lay our armor down, [ring;
 And receive a starry crown,
 Shouting, glory be to God our King.
 —Jennie Garnett.

12 *Key A.*

THERE comes to my heart one sweet
 A glad and a joyous refrain, [strain,
 I sing it again and again,
 Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHO.—Peace, peace, sweet peace!
Wonderful gift from above!
Oh, wonderful, wonderful peace!
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

2 By Christ on the cross peace was
made,

My debt by his death was all paid,
No other foundation is laid
For peace, the gift of God's love.

3 When Jesus as Lord I had crowned,
My heart with this peace did abound,
In him the rich blessing I found,
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

4 In Jesus for peace I abide,
And as I keep close to his side,
There's nothing but peace doth betide,
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

—P. H. Roblin.

13 *Key Db.*

JESUS is waiting his grace to bestow;
Sin "red like crimson" he makes white
as snow;

Loving us freely, his life-blood he gave;
Blessed Redeemer! he's mighty to save.

CHO.—Mighty to save, mighty to save,
Jesus is mighty to save;
Mighty to save, mighty to save,
Jesus is mighty to save.

2 Standing alone, in the strife we shall
fail, [vail;

Close to our Leader, his might will pre-
Or, if a blessing for others we crave,
Pray on, believing, —he's mighty to save.

3 Take him the burden that weighs on
your heart, [part;

Take him the trouble, he'll comfort im-
Held by his hand we can walk on the
wave;

Look up to Jesus, he's mighty to save.

4 Up from the valley the darkness is
gone [dawn;

When Jesus brings there the beauty of
Vict'ry, glad vict'ry, we sing o'er the
grave!

Glory to Jesus! he's mighty to save.

—E. E. Hewitt.

14 *Key Ab.*

HERE in thy name we are gathered,
Come and revive us, O Lord;
"There shall be showers of blessing"
Thou hast declared in thy word.

CHO.—Oh, graciously hear us,
Graciously hear us, we pray:
Pour from thy windows upon us
Showers of blessing to-day.

2 O that the showers of blessing
Now on our souls may descend,
While at the footstool of mercy,
Pleading thy promise, we bend!

3 There shall be showers of blessing,—
Promise that never can fail;
Thou wilt regard our petition;
Surely our faith will prevail.

4 Showers of blessing,—we need them,
Showers of blessing from thee;
Showers of blessing,—oh, grant them;
Thine all the glory shall be.

—Jennie Garnett.

15 *Key Db.*

SAVIOUR, lead me, lest I stray,
Gently lead me all the way;
I am safe when by thy side,
I would in thy love abide.

CHO.—Lead me, lead me,
Saviour, lead me, lest I stray;
Gently down the stream of time,
Lead me, Saviour, all the way.

2 Thou the refuge of my soul
When life's stormy billows roll,
I am safe when thou art nigh,
All my hopes on thee rely.

3 Saviour, lead me, then at last,
When the storm of life is past,
To the land of endless day,
Where all tears are wiped away.

—Frank M. Davis.

16 *Key G.*

WHY art thou fearful, beloved of the Lord?
Jesus will tenderly guide thee,
Heir to his kingdom, remember his word,
Safe in the Rock he will hide thee.

CHO.—Safe in the Rock, when the storm
billows roll,
Safe in the rock he will cover thy soul;
Be not afraid, O be not dismayed,
Safe in the Rock he will hide thee.

2 Why art thou fearful, when trials are
Jesus will tenderly guide thee, [deep?
Over thy footsteps a watch he will keep,
Safe in the rock he will hide thee.

3 Why art thou fearful, and where is thy
Jesus will tenderly guide thee, [faith?
Thro' the dark valley of shadow and death,
Still in the Rock he will hide thee.

4 Why art thou fearful, he holdeth thy
Jesus will tenderly guide thee, [hand?
Safe till thou enter eternity's land,
Safe in the Rock he will hide thee.

—James S. Apples.

17 *Key F.*

IN the shadow of his wings
There is rest, sweet rest;
There is rest from care and labor,
There is rest for friend and neighbor,
In the shadow of his wings.
There is rest, sweet rest
In the shadow of his wings,
There is rest, *sweet rest*.

CHO.—||: There is rest, there is peace,
There is joy
In the shadow of his wings. :||

2 In the shadow of his wings
There is peace, sweet peace,
Peace that passeth understanding,
Peace, sweet peace that knows no end—
In the shadow of his wings. [ing.
There is peace, sweet peace
In the shadow of his wings,
There is peace, *sweet peace*.

3 In the shadow of his wings
There is joy, glad joy,
There is joy to tell the story—
Joy exceeding, full of glory,
In the shadow of his wings.
There is joy, glad joy
In the shadow of his wings,
There is joy, *glad joy*.

—Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

18 *Key Ab.*

BEAUTIFUL day, lovely thy light;
Holy each ray, banishing night;
Cloudless thy sky; peaceful my stay
Here in the sunlight of beautiful day.

CHO.—Beautiful, beautiful day,
Evermore shine on my way;
Saviour, I pray, keep me alway
Safe in this beautiful day.

2 Beautiful day, calm was thy dawn;
Joyous the lay, blessed the morn,
When in my heart, over my way [day.
First shone the noontide of beautiful

3 Beautiful day, perfectly bright;
Jesus alway, boundless delight,
Bliss all around, heaven by the way,
Shining in fulness, oh, beautiful day!

4 Beautiful day, haven of rest;
Ev'ry one may come and be blest;
Glory to God! naught can dismay;
Christ is the light of this beautiful day.
—Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

19 *Key Eb.*

HARK! hark! my soul: angelic songs are
swelling [wave-beat shore;
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's
How sweet the truth those blessed strains
are telling, [more.
Of that new life when sin shall be no

CHO.—||: Angels of Jesus, angels of light!
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the
night; :||

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them
singing, [come :"
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you
And, through the dark, its echoes sweetly
ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening peal-
ing, [sea :
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and
And laden souls by thousands meekly steal-
ing, [to thee.
Kind Shepherd; turn thy weary steps

4 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches
 keeping, [bove;
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs a-
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of
 weeping, [less love.
 And life's long shadows break in cloud-
 —F. W. Faber.

20 *Key Db.*

WE are pilgrims looking home,
 Sad and weary oft we roam,
 But we know 'twill all be well
 In the morning;
 When, our anchor firmly cast,
 Ev'ry stormy wave is past,
 And we gather safe at last
 In the morning.

CHO.—When we all meet again
 In the morning
 On the sweet blooming hills
 In the morning;
 Nevermore to say good night,
 In that sunny region bright,
 When we hail the blessed light
 Of the morning.

2 O these tender broken ties,
 How they dim our aching eyes,
 But like jewels they will shine
 In the morning;
 When our victor palms we bear,
 And our robes immortal wear,
 We shall know each other there,
 In the morning.

3 When our fettered souls are free,
 Far beyond the narrow sea,
 And we hear the Saviour's voice
 In the morning;
 When our golden sheaves we bring
 To the feet of Christ our King,
 What a chorus we shall sing
 In the morning.

4 Thro' our pilgrim journey here,
 Tho' the night is sometimes drear,
 Let us watch and persevere
 Till the morning;
 Then our highest tribute raise
 For the love that crowns our days,
 And to Jesus give the praise
 In the morning.

—Lizzie Edwards.

21

Key Ab.

IN thy book, where glory bright
 Shines with never-fading light,
 Where thy saved thou wilt record,
 Write my name, my name, O Lord.

CHO.—Write my name in the book of life,
 Lamb of God, write it there;
 Where thy saved thou wilt record
 Write my name, my name, O Lord.

2 In the book, whose pages tell
 Who have tried to serve thee well,
 O'er my name let mercy trace
 Child of God, redeemed by grace.

3 In the book, where thou dost keep
 Record still of years that sleep,
 Let my name be written down
 Heir to life's immortal crown.

4 O my Saviour, thou canst show
 What I long so much to know:
 Let my faith behold and see
 That my life is hid with thee.

—Lizzie Edwards.

22

Key E.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?

CHO.—At the cross, at the cross,
 Where I first saw the light, [way,
 And the burden of my heart rolled a-
 It was there by faith
 I received my sight,
 And now I am happy all the day.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity, grace unknown,
 And love beyond degree!

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

—I. Watts.

23

Key Db.

TRYING to walk in the steps of the Saviour,
 Trying to follow our Saviour and King;
 Shaping our lives by his blessed example,
 Happy, how happy, the songs that we
 bring.

CHO.—How beautiful to walk in the steps
 Stepping in the light, [of the Saviour,
 Stepping in the light;
 How beautiful to walk in the steps of the
 Led in paths of light. [Saviour,

2 Pressing more closely to him who is lead-
 ing, [way;
 When we are tempted to turn from the
 Trusting the arm that is strong to defend us,
 Happy, how happy, our praises each day.

3 Walking in footsteps of gentle forbear-
 ance, [love,
 Footsteps of faithfulness, mercy, and
 Looking to him for the grace freely prom-
 ised,
 Happy, how happy, our journey above.

4 Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour,
 Upward, still upward we'll follow our
 Guide, [beauty,"
 When we shall see him, "the King in his
 Happy, how happy, our place at his side.
 —L. H. Edmunds.

24

Key Bb.

I WILL sing when morning cometh,
 And the shadows drift away,
 And I wake with grateful spirit
 To behold another day;
 'Tis the Lord who watches o'er me
 Thro' the night so still and long,
 And to him who ever heareth
 I will lift a morning song.

CHO.—||: I will sing, I will sing,
 Making melody unto the Lord. :||

2 I will sing when I am busy,
 Toiling on in hope and cheer,
 Happy in the many blessings
 That along my path appear;

I will sing when I am weary
 With the burdens that I bear,
 For the Lord will ever keep me
 In his tender love and care.

3 I will sing when evening cometh,
 And the light it steals away,
 And I rest amid the shadows,
 From the duties of the day;
 To the Lord who reigns forever
 'Mid the glad celestial throng,
 To the Lord, my hope of heaven,
 I will sing an evening song,

—E. A. Barnes.

25

Key G.

JESUS, I come to thee,
 Longing for rest;
 Fold thou thy weary child
 Safe to thy breast.

CHO.—Rocked on a stormy sea,
 Oh, be not far from me,
 Lord, let me cling to thee,
 Only to thee.

2 Jesus, I come to thee,
 Hear thou my cry;
 Save, or I perish, Lord,
 Save or I die,

3 Now let the rolling waves
 Bend to thy will,
 Say to the troubled deep,
 Peace, peace be still.

4 Swiftly the parting clouds
 Fade from my sight;
 Yonder thy bow appears,
 Lovely and bright.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

26

Key Db.

IN this sinful world I'm walking
 Jesus is my Strength and Guide,
 And I know there's naught can harm me
 While I'm walking at his side;
 Though oft-times the storm-clouds gather,
 Wild waves beat and tempests roar,
 Jesus by the hand doth lead me,
 And I'm safe forevermore.

CHO.—Walking, walking,
Walking at my Saviour's side;
Nothing in the world can harm me,
While I'm walking at my Saviour's side.

2 Clouds disperse; the sun shines brightly,
Flow'rs along my pathway spring,
Then my Saviour seems more precious,
Praises unto him I sing;
Patiently awhile I'll tarry,
Till he calls me to come home,
There I'll meet with many loved ones,
Never more from them to roam.

—D. Y. Stephens.

27 *Key Bb.*

THE Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not
He maketh me down to lie [want,
In pastures green, he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

CHO.—His yoke is easy, his burden is
I've found it so, I've found it so; [light,
He leadeth me, by day and by night,
Where living waters flow,

2 My soul crieth out: "restore me again,
And give me the strength to take
The narrow path of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake."

3 Yea, tho' I should walk in the valley of
Yet why should I fear from ill? [death,
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

—Psalm xxiii.

28 *Key Eb.*

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord,
Give thanks, give thanks!
Swell the full, triumphant chord,
Give thanks!

For his wonderful creation,
For his glorious salvation,
Give all praise and adoration,
O give thanks, give thanks.

CHO.—||: O give thanks unto the Lord,
for he is good,
For his mercy endureth forever, :||
O give thanks, O give thanks.

2 For the way in which he leads,
Give thanks, give thanks!
Timely care in all our needs,
Give thanks!
Daily bread his hand providing,
Pathway thro' the seas dividing,
Thro' the desert safely guiding,
O give thanks, give thanks.

3 For the greatness of his might,
Give thanks, give thanks!
All in vain his foes unite,
Give thanks!
For his banner o'er us streaming,
For his love upon us beaming,
For his grace our souls redeeming,
O give thanks, give thanks.

—E. E. Hewitt.

29 *Key A.*

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

CHO.—Oh, glorious fountain!
Here will I stay,
And in thee ever
Wash my sins away.

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

3 Thou dying Lamb, ||: thy precious
Shall never lose its power, [blood, :||
Till all the ransomed ||: Church of God: ||
Are saved to sin no more.

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.

30 *Key D.*

FOR Christ and the church,
Let our voices ring,
Let us honor the name
Of our own blessed King,
Let us work with a will
In the strength of youth,
And loyally stand
For the kingdom of truth.

CHO —For Christ our dear Redeemer,
For Christ who died to save,
For the Church his blood hath purchased,
Lord, make us pure and brave.

2 For Christ and the church,
Be our earnest prayer,
Let us follow his banner,
The cross daily bear,
Let us yield, wholly yield,
To his Spirit's power,
And faithfully serve him
In life's brightest hour.

3 For Christ and the church
Willing off'rings make,
Time and talents and gold,
For the dear Master's sake;
We'll remember the best
We can bring to him,
The heart's wealth of love,
That will never grow dim.

4 For Christ and the church
Let us cast aside,
By his conquering grace,
chains of self, fear, and pride;
May our lives be enriched
By an aim so grand,
Then happy the call
To the Saviour's right hand

—E. E. Hewitt.

31 *Key G.*

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
Ye who have but scant supply,
Angel eyes will watch above it;—
You shall find it by and by!
He who in his righteous balance
Doth each human action weigh
Will your sacrifice remember,
Will your loving deeds repay.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Poor and weary, worn with care,—
Often sitting in the shadow,
Have you not a crumb to spare?
Can you not to those around you
Sing some little song of hope,
As you look with longing vision
Thro' faith's mighty telescope?

3 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Ye who have abundant store;
It may float on many-a billow,
It may strand on many-a shore;
You may think it lost forever,
But, as sure as God is true,
In this life or in the other,
It will yet return to you.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Far and wide your treasures strew,
Scatter it with willing fingers,
Shout for joy to see it go!
For if you do closely keep it,
It will only drag you down;
If you love it more than Jesus,
It will keep you from your crown.

5 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Waft it on with praying breath,
In some distant, doubtful moment
It may save a soul from death;
When you sleep in solemn silence,
'Neath the morn and evening dew,
Stranger hands, which you have
strengthened,
May strew lilies over you.

32 *Key D.*

WHAT did the angels say?
Hymning their joyous lay,
While the dark midnight grew brighter
than morn;
Glory came blazing through,
Gilding the stars anew,
List the glad tidings, a Saviour is born.
What shall we call his name,
Whom angel hosts proclaim?
How shall earth's children his praises
Wondrous and Mighty One, [begin?
God's own Eternal Son, [sin.
Call his name Jesus, the Saviour from

CHO.—||: Call his name Jesus, :||
The Saviour from sin.

2 Earth heard the welcome sound;
Long had the nations round
Waited in darkness, this light drawing
Waited beside the tomb, [near,
Weeping in deepest gloom,

Life rose in sorrow and ended in fear.
 But over vale and height,
 Joy, like a beacon light,
 Rose upward, fanned by that heaven-
 drawn breath:
 "Lo, we have found our Lord,
 - This is the promised Word,"
 Call his name Jesus, the Saviour from
 death.

3 Vanish, ye funeral train,—
 Shadows of grief and pain,—
 This is Death's victor, ass in was Death's
 Mourner, put by thy tears, [sting;
 Trembler, dismiss thy fears;
 Come home, ye banished, and welcome
 your King,
 Sin, death, and hell o'erthrown,
 Glory is all his own,
 Into his mansions bright leading us in:
 Over the plains above
 Echoes his name of Love, [su.
 Jesus, our Saviour from death and from
 —Priscilla J. Owens.

33 *Key Bb.*

GIFTS we bring to our King,
 Every heart an offering,—
 Loving deeds for Jesus' sake
 Are the best gifts we can make:

CHO.—For our gifts the Lord hath need;
 ||: He will bless each loving deed, :||
 And the children's off'ring heed.

2 Praise we bring to our King,
 And of God's great love-gift sing,
 While the story we repeat
 Of the Christmas babe, so sweet!

CHO.—For our praise the Lord hath
 need;
 ||: When we love in truth and deed, :||
 Children's praises he will heed.

3 Gifts we bring to our King,
 While the merry chime-bells ring,
 Kind words from our lips shall fall,
 Cheerful smiles we'll give to all:

CHO.—For our gifts the Lord hath need;
 ||: He will bless each kindly deed, :||
 And the words of children heed.

—F. G. Burroughs.

34 *Key F.*

In the hush of early morning
 When the breeze is whisp'ring low,
 There's a voice that gently calls me,
 And its accents well I know!
 Here I am, O Saviour, waiting;
 For thy will alone is mine,
 This is all my crown and glory,
 I am thine, and only thine!

2 When the noontide falls upon me,
 With its fervid light'ning ray,
 There's a voice, divinely earnest,
 Bids me work while it is day;
 Open, Saviour, now before me
 All thy will for me to do,
 Only help me, watching, working,
 Still to keep my Lord in view!

3 As the dewy shades steal downward
 O'er the earth at evening mild,
 There's a voice I love that whispers,
 "After labor, rest, my child!"
 O my Saviour, loving, tender,
 Help me to account it blest
 Thus to work within thy vineyard,
 Till thou callest me to rest!
 —Mrs. R. N. Turner.

35 *Key G.*

DOWN life's dark vale we wander,
 Till Jesus comes;
 We watch and wait and wonder,
 Till Jesus comes.

CHO.—All joy his loved ones bringing,
 When Jesus comes;
 All praise thro' heaven ringing,
 When Jesus comes;
 All beauty bright and vernal,
 When Jesus comes;
 All glory, grand, eternal,
 When Jesus comes.

2 Oh, let my lamp be burning
 When Jesus comes;
 For him my soul be yearning,
 When Jesus comes.

3 No more heart-pangs nor sadness,
 When Jesus comes;
 All peace and joy and gladness,
 When Jesus comes.

- 4 All doubts and fears will vanish,
When Jesus comes;
All gloom his face will banish,
When Jesus comes.
- 5 He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes;
He'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes.
- 6 He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
When Jesus comes;
Oh, how his arms will rest me!
When Jesus comes.

—P. P. Bliss.

36 *Key D.*

BLESSED be the fountain of blood,
To a world of sinners revealed;
Blessed be the dear Son of God,
Only by his stripes we are healed;
Tho' I've wandered far from his fold,
Bringing to my heart pain and woe;
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

CHO.—Whiter than snow;
Whiter than snow;
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Thorny was the crown that he wore,
And the cross his body o'ercame;
Grievous were the sorrows he bore,
But he suffered not thus in vain;
May I to that fountain be led,
Made to cleanse my sins here below;
Wash me in the blood that was shed,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Father, I have wandered from thee;
Often has my heart gone astray;
Crimson do my sins seem to me,
Water cannot wash them away;
Jesus to that fountain of thine,
Leaning on thy promise I'll go;
Cleanse me with thy washing divine,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

—E. R. Latta.

37 *Key F.*

FAR away my steps have wandered,
On the rugged mountain's brow;

But to thee my heart is crying,
Gentle Shepherd, save me now!

CHO.—Save me now! save me now!
Gentle Shepherd, save me now!
Unto thee my heart is crying,
Gentle Shepherd, save me now!

2 Thou hast borne my weight of sor-
At thy feet I humbly bow; [row;
And my heart with thee is pleading,
Gentle Shepherd, save me now!

3 Though thy love I long have slighted,
Though ungrateful I have been,
To thy fold my faith has brought me;
Let my weary soul come in.

4 Though thy love I long have slighted,
O'er my wasted years I weep;
In thy blessed arms of mercy
Shield and save thy wand'ring sheep.

—Henrietta E. Blair.

38 *Key D.*

WHEN the morning breaks in splendor
O'er the valley, warm and tender,
Joyful praise our hearts would render
To our Father God on high;
Thro' the night, when all were sleeping,
We were guarded safe beneath his
care, [ing,
When the stars their watch were keep-
In the calm, blue sky so fair.

CHO.—Oh, the love, precious love,
He bestows from above!
Let our souls and all within us
Praise the Lord for all his love.

2 When the noontide hour is beaming,
Happy songs each bird is singing,
May our hearts in measure ringing,
Praise our Father God on high;
With a gentle hand he leads us,
He is still our patient, loving Friend,
And the hand we now are holding
Will protect us to the end,

3 When the evening winds are sighing,
And the light is softly dying,
Then, to nature's voice replying,
Praise our Father God on high;

He has crowned our life with mercy,
 He has scattered blessings on our way,
 And we hope to see and praise him
 In the realms of endless day.

—Jennie Garnett

39 *Key Eb.*

COME, O my soul, my ev'ry power awaking,
 Look unto him whose goodness crowns
 thy days; [ing,
 While into song angelic choirs are break-
 Oh, let thy voice its thankful tribute raise.

CHO.—Tell how alone the path of death
 he trod; [God;

Tell how he lives, thy Advocate with
 Lift up thy voice, while heaven's trium-
 phant throng
 Swell at his feet the everlasting song.

2 Think, O my soul, how patiently he
 sought thee,

Far, far away upon the mountains steep,
 Then in his arms how tenderly he brought
 thee [sheep.

Home to his fold, a weary, wand'ring

3 Sing, O my soul, and let thy pure devo-
 tion [and Guide;

Rise to his throne,—thy Saviour, Friend,
 Sing of his love, that, like a mighty ocean
 Flows unto thee, and all the world beside.

4 Soon, O my soul, thy earthly house for-
 saking, [see;

Soon shalt thou rise the better land to
 Then wilt thy harp, a nobler strain awak-
 ing, [thee.

Praise him who died to purchase life for
 —Lizzie Edwards.

40 *Key Ab.*

LIKE an army we are marching,
 In the service of the Lord;
 Marching onward to the vict'ry
 He has promised in his word.

CHO.—Marching, marching,
 Marching brave and strong,
 Like an army we are marching,
 While we sing our happy song.

2 Like an army we are marching,
 With our banners, day by day,

Looking ever unto Jesus,
 Trusting him to guide our way.

3 Like an army we are marching,
 From the Sunday-school we come;
 Trained to follow our Commander,
 Till he brings us safely home.

4 Like an army we are marching,
 Many trials though we meet,—
 We shall count them scores of bless-
 When we rest at Jesus' feet. [ings,
 —Sallie Martin.

41 *Key C.*

WORTHY to be praised is God my Father;
 He is my Deliv'rer, my High Tower;
 He my Strength and Buckler, Horn of my
 Bless him for his mighty power. [salvation,

CHO.—Worthy to be praised, worthy to be
 praised,

Worthy to be praised forevermore;
 Thanks and adoration for his great salva-
 Praise his name forevermore. [tion;

2 Worthy to be praised is God my Saviour;
 Praise him for his mercy,—boundless
 grace; [waters,"

'Twas his strong arm drew me out of "many
 Brought me to a "wealthy place."

3 Worthy to be praised! the chant unend-
 ing [throne;

Rings from angel chorus round the
 Yet for his redemption human voices praise
 Glory to our God alone! [him:

—E. E. Hewitt.

42 *Key A.*

GOD loved the world so tenderly
 His only Son he gave,
 That all who on his name believe
 Its wondrous power will save.

CHO.—For God so loved the world
 That he gave his only Son,
 That whosoever believeth in him
 Should not perish, should not perish,
 That whosoever believeth in him
 Should not perish, but have everlasting,

2 Oh, love that only God can feel,
 And only he can show!

Its height and depth, its length and
breadth

Nor heaven nor earth can know!

3 Why perish, then, ye ransomed ones?
Why slight the gracious call?

Why turn from him whose words pro-
Eternal life to all? [claim

4 O Saviour, melt these hearts of ours,
And teach us to believe
That whosoever comes to thee
Shall endless life receive.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

43 *Key G.*

LIGHT in our darkness, hope in our fear,
Joy in our sorrow, still thou art near;
Constant, unchanging, praise to thy name,
Now and forever thou art the same.

CHO.—Thou hast redeemed us,—we are
thine own;

Thou wilt not leave us friendless alone;
Hope to the promise trustingly clings,
Thou wilt defend us under thy wings.

2 Gifts that with morning fall like the dew,
Still with the evening cheer us anew;
Songs of rejoicing, anthems of praise,
Lord, for thy goodness help us to raise.

3 What tho' the night clouds frown on the
deep? [keep;

Watch o'er thy loved ones thine eye will
Rocked on the billow, weak and dismayed,
Thy voice will whisper, be not afraid.

—Mable F. Long.

44 *Key G.*

OUT on the midnight deep

Hear thou my cry,

Come to my rescue, Lord,

Save or I die.

Let not the stormy waves

Break over me,

Reach out thy loving arm,

Draw me to thee.

CHO.—Draw me to thee, Saviour,
Draw me to thee,
Reach out thy loving arm,
Draw me to thee.

2 Hope of the desolate,
Light of the soul,
Now of thy lonely bark
Take thou control.
Yonder the Ark of Grace
Dimly I see,
Reach out thy loving arm,
Draw me to thee.

3 Lord, at the open door
Let me come in,
Heal thou my broken heart,
Weary of sin.
Close to thy bleeding side
Still would I be,
Reach out thy loving arm,
Draw me to thee.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

45 *Key C.*

SIMPLY trusting ev'ry day;
Trusting, though a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

CHO.—Trusting him while life shall last,
Trusting him till earth is past—
Till within the jasper wall—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 Brightly doth his Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine.
While he leads I cannot fall,—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Singing, if my way is clear;
Praying, if the path is drear;
If in danger, for him call,—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by,
Trusting him, whate'er befall,—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

—Edgar Page.

46 *Key F.*

OH, to have the mind of Jesus,
Purer than the light of day;
Calm as skies that smile at morning,
When the storm has passed away!

CHO.—Oh, to have the mind of Jesus!

Oh, to "see him as he is!"
This our highest, holiest longing,
This is heaven's crowning bliss,

2 Oh, to have the mind of Jesus,
With the heav'nly flame aglow;
Scatt'ring love's sweet benefactions
All around us as we go!

3 Oh, to have the mind of Jesus,
On the Father's service bent;
Meek and lowly, true and faithful,
With the Father's will content!

4 Oh, to have the mind of Jesus,
When like him the cross we bear,
Patient in "much tribulation,"
Joyful through the pow'r of prayer!
—E. E. Hewitt.

47

Key Bb.

PRAISE ye the Lord, the hope of our sal-
vation; [trust;

Praise ye the Lord, our soul's abiding
Great are his works and wonderful his coun-
sels; [just.

Praise ye the Lord, the only wise and
Praise ye the Lord, our strength and our
Redeemer, [call,—
Praise ye the Lord, his mighty love re-
Tell how he came from bondage to deliver,
Tell how he came to purchase life for all.

CHO.—Praise ye the Lord, for good it is to
praise him;

O let the earth his majesty proclaim;
Shout, shout for joy and bow the knee be-
fore him;

Sing to the harp and magnify his name.

2 Praise ye the Lord, whose throne is ever-
lasting; [new;

Praise ye the Lord, whose gifts are ever
Praise ye the Lord, whose tender mercy
falleth

Pure as the rain and gentle as the dew.
Praise ye the Lord, oh, glory! hallelujah!
Praise ye the Lord, whose kingdom has
no end; [faithful,

Praise ye the Lord, who watcheth o'er the
Praise ye the Lord, our never changing
Friend.
—Fanny J. Crosby.

48

Key C.

COME unto me, the | Saviour said, :||
And | I will give you | rest.

CHO.—Oh, the blessed words of Jesus!
Precious words! hallowed words!
Oh, the blessed words of Jesus!
Words of life to me.

2 I am the way, the | truth, the life, :||
| I am the light of the | world.

3 Take up the cross, and | follow me, :||
And | thou shalt have treasure in |
heaven.

4 Ask and it shall be | given you, :||
| Seek and ye shall | find.

5 He that believeth | on the Son, :||
Hath everlasting | life.

6 Look unto me, and | be ye saved, :||
All the ends of the | earth.

7 Blessed are the | pure in heart, :||
For | they shall see | God.

8 Re- | joice and be ex- | ceeding glad, :||
For | great is your reward in | heaven.

9 I | will not leave you | comfortless, :||
I will come unto | you. [me, :||

10 If | any man thirst let him | come unto
And drink of the water of | life.

11 Suffer little children to | come unto
me, :|| [heaven.
For of | such is the kingdom of |

12 I | go to prepare a | place for you, :||
In my Father's house.

—E. E. Hewitt.

49

Key A.

BEHOLD a stranger at the door,
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

CHO.—Oh, let the dear Saviour come in,
He'll cleanse the heart from sin;
Oh, keep him no more out at the door,
But let the dear Saviour come in.

2 O lovely attitude,—he stands
With melting heart and open hands;
O matchless kindness, and he sho'rs
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will,—the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners? Yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
That soul-destroying monster, Sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at HIS door rejected stand.

—Jos. Griggs.

50 *Key Bb.*

THE Saviour is my all in all,
He is my constant theme!
By simply trusting in his word
He keeps me pure and clean.

CHO.—Glory! oh, glory!
Jesus hath redeemed me;
Glory! oh, glory!
He washed my sins away!

2 His Spirit gives sweet peace within,
And bids all care depart!
He fills my soul with righteousness,
And purifies the heart.

3 And whatsoever I may ask,
To glorify his name,
The Father freely gives to me,
Since Christ the Saviour came.

4 Oh, praise the Lord, my soul, rejoice,
Give thanks unto thy God!
Who took thee in thy sinfulness,
And cleansed thee by his blood!

—P. Bilhorn.

51 *Key Eb.*

TELL me the story of Jesus,
Write on my heart ev'ry word,
Tell me the story most precious,
Sweetest that ever was heard;

Living Hymns—B

Tell how the angels, in chorus,
Sang as they welcomed his birth,—
Glory to God in the highest!
Peace and good tidings to earth.

CHO.—Tell me the story of Jesus,
Write on my heart ev'ry word,
Tell me the story most precious,
Sweetest that ever was heard.

2 Fasting, alone in the desert,
Tell of the days that he passed,
How for our sins he was tempted,
Yet was triumphant at last;
Tell of the years of his labor,
Tell of the sorrow he bore,
He was despised and afflicted,
Homeless, rejected and poor.

3 Tell of the cross where they nailed
Writhing in anguish and pain; [him,
Tell of the grave where they laid him,
Tell how he liveth again;
Love in that story so tender,
Clearer than ever I see;
Stay, let me weep while you whisper,
Love paid the ransom for me.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

52 *Key F.*

O BLESS the Lord, our souls and all within;
O bless the Lord, who pardons ev'ry sin;
Give thanks to him with ev'ry fleeting
breath; [death.
Give thanks to him who triumphed over
O bless the Lord, ye angels round his
throne, [known;
Who do his will and make his wonders
Strike, strike your harps, ye ransomed host
above, [love.
With rapture sing, and shout redeeming

CHO.—O bless the Lord, our souls and all
within;
O bless the Lord, who pardons ev'ry sin;
Give thanks to him with ev'ry fleeting
breath; [death.
Give thanks to him who triumphed over

2 O bless the Lord, ye worlds beyond the
sky; [reply;
Break forth, ye depths, let rocks and hills
Praise him, ye stars that saw creation's birth,

Whose music hailed the pure and shining earth. [dore,
 O bless the Lord, the Prince of Peace a-
 And let his love resound from shore to
 shore;
 O bless the Lord Jehovah, King of kings,
 Who guards his own beneath his mighty
 wings. —Fanny J. Crosby.

53 *Key Eb.*

GOD bless our Sabbath-school! firmly uni-
 Under thy banner thy glory we sing; [ted
 Strength of each youthful heart, hope never
 blighted,
 Be thou our portion, Jesus, our King.

2 God bless our Sabbath-school! Almighty
 Father, [wing;
 Shelter thy children in peace 'neath thy
 Guide in the narrow way, Heav'nward us
 gather,
 Be thou our refuge, Jesus, our King.

3 God bless our Sabbath-school! glorious
 Defender,
 Under thy banner we march as we sing;
 Lead us to victory; never surrender,
 Thy name must conquer, Jesus, our King.
 —Priscilla J. Owens.

54 *Key Bb.*

OH, the song of the soul shall not die nor
 grow old, [our King!
 Nor languish nor pine, in the home of
 But as ages fly onward new chords shall
 unfold,
 New melodies meeting, inspire us to sing.

CHO.—||: Oh! the song of the soul! :||
 Forever in glory the song of the soul!

2 In the beautiful land far away o'er the
 tide, [of Days,
 The jasper-walled home of the Ancient
 Where the ransomed ones shine as the sun
 in his pride,
 Our long hallelujahs of glory we'll raise.

3 And the fair, golden harps in the hands
 of the blest [give,
 Shall thrill to a touch that no angel can
 As we sing in that land, where the weary
 shall rest, [live.
 Of One who hath died that a sinner might

4 And as ages fly onward, tho' worlds cease
 to be, [throng,
 And perish the stars that in heaven do
 Still the joy of the soul shall be deathless
 and free, [of her song.
 And deathless and free the sweet notes
 —Rev. Henry A. von Dulsem.

55 *Key Db.*

TO-DAY God is telling a wonderful story,
 The truest, the grandest that ever was
 told;
 The fullest disclosure of grace and of glory,
 Kept hidden from all the prophets of old.

CHO.—To-day we're telling the story,
 Wonderful, wonderful story,
 'To-day we're telling the story,
 The wonderful story of love.

2 He brings the assurance of present sal-
 vation,
 Eternal as God's own immutable throne,
 Deliv'rance forever from all condemnation,
 A standing in Christ, the place of a son.

3 This, then, is the day when with love far
 exceeding, [ones endow,
 With all that he has, God would lost
 The acceptable time, e'en the time of his
 pleading, [NOW.
 The day of salvation, God's wonderful

56 *Key Bb.*

PRAISE him for his glory,
 Praise him for his grace,
 For his help adapted
 To each time and place,
 For his promised presence
 All the pilgrim way,
 For the flaming pillar,
 And the cloud by day.

CHO.—Praise him, shining angels,
 On your harps of gold,
 All his hosts adore him
 Who his face behold,
 Thro' his great dominion,
 While the ages roll,
 ||: All his works shall praise him, :||
 Bless the Lord, my soul.

2 Praise for free forgiveness,
Power which makes us whole,
For his touch of healing,
Strengthening the soul,
For his gifts of kindness
And his loving care,
For the blest assurance
That he answers prayer.

3 Praise him for the trials
Sent as cords of love,
Binding us more closely
To the things above,
For the faith that conquers,
Hope that naught can dim,
For the land where loved ones
Gather home to him.

—E. E. Hewitt.

57 *Key G.*

STEPS are before me, dear Saviour,
Marking the path thou hast trod;
So would my feet be progressing
Upward and onward to God.

CHO.—More of thy likeness, dear Sav-
Less of myself I would see; [iour,
Born in thine image, and growing
More and more like unto thee.

2 Daily thy work was appointed,
Wrought by no hand but thine own;
So in my field I would labor,
Tho' it be small and unknown.

4 Burdens were laid on thy shoulders,
Meekly thou suffered the cross;
So would I take up my trials,
Counting them gain and not loss.

4 Not for thyself, but for others,
Living and dying for love;
So would I daily be spending,
Till I shall meet thee above.

—Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

58 *Key F.*

TAKE the world, but give me Jesus,—
All its joys are but a name;
But his love abideth ever,
Thro' eternal years the same. [cy!

CHO.—Oh, the height and depth of mer-
Oh, the length and breadth of love!

Oh, the fulness of redemption,
Pledge of endless life above!

2 Take the world, but give me Jesus,
Sweetest comfort of my soul;
With my Saviour watching o'er me
I can sing, though billows roll.

3 Take the world, but give me Jesus,
Let me view his constant smile;
Then throughout my pilgrim journey
Light will cheer me all the while.

4 Take the world, but give me Jesus,
In his cross my trust shall be,
Till, with clearer, brighter vision,
Face to face my Lord I see.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

59 *Key Bb.*

SHOULD the summons, quickly flying,
On the slumb'ring nations fall,—
Lo! the Heav'nly Bridegroom cometh,
Would the sound your souls appal?

CHO.—||: Are you ready? are you ready?
Should you hear the midnight call?:||

2 What if now the startling mandate
Should the sleeping virgins hear,—
Are your lamps all trimmed and burn-
ing?
Should the Bridegroom now appear?

CHO.—||: Are you ready? are you ready?
Now to see your Lord appear! :||

3 Is there oil in all your vessel's?
Are your garments pure and white?
Are they washed in the cleansing Foun-
Fit to stand in Jesus sight? [tain,

CHO.—||: Are you ready? are you ready?
Are your lamps all clear and bright?:||

4 Rise! ye virgins,—sleep no longer,—
Lest the call your souls surprise!
Lest ye fail to meet the Bridegroom,
When he cometh from the skies.

CHO.—Oh, be ready! oh, be ready!
When he cometh from the skies;
Oh, be ready! oh, be ready!
Hasten, from your slumbers rise!

—Mary D. James.

60

Key Eb.

ON the happy, golden shore,
Where the faithful part no more,
When the storms of life are o'er,
Meet me there;
Where the night dissolves away
Into pure and perfect day,
I am going home to stay,
Meet me there.

CHO.—||: Meet me there, :||
Where the tree of life is blooming,
Meet me there;
When the storms of life are o'er,
On the happy golden shore,
Where the faithful part no more,
Meet me there.

2 Here our fondest hopes are vain,
Dearest links are rent in twain;
But in heav'n no throb of pain,
Meet me there;
By the river sparkling bright,
In the city of delight,
Where our faith is lost in sight,
Meet me there.

3 Where the harps of angels ring,
And the blest forever sing,
In the palace of the King,
Meet me there;
Where in sweet communion blend
Heart with heart, and friend with
In a world that ne'er shall end, [friend,
Meet me there.

—Henrietta E. Blair.

61

Key F.

WHATSOEVER burden presses on thy
heart, [part,
Take it to thy Saviour, he will peace im-
Whatsoever sorrow, whatsoever fear,
Take it to thy Saviour, he will help and
cheer.

CHO.—Whosoever cometh, all the power
may know [show.
Of each "whosoever," and its fullness
Oh, the love of Jesus! oh, his grace di-
vine! [thine.

Kingdom, power and glory, Lord, be ever
2 Whatsoever plea thou bringest in his
name, [the same!
Oh, the precious promise, throughl. a. years

Whatsoever plea, according to his will,
Pray, the Father hears thee, and will answer
still.

3 Whatsoever work thy hand may find to
do [true,
For our loving Master, service good and
Faithful be and earnest; "do it with thy
might," [come the night.
Work while sunshine lingers, soon will

4 Whatsoever bidding find we in his word,
Whatsoever precept of our blessed Lord,
He who giveth ever strength as needs each
Surely he will make us able to obey. [day
—E. E. Hewitt.

62

Key E.

*Steersman, steersman, the channel's rough
and dark,
The waves roll high, the winds sweep by,
||: Now whither speeds thy bark? :||* [home,
Sailing, sailing, to reach a glorious
Tho' storms assail we dare the gale,
For Jesus bids us come.

CHO.—Sailing o'er the restless tide,
Sailing thro' the gale we glide,
There, beyond the billows' foam,
We see the lights of home.

2 *Steersman, steersman, the stars are
wrapped in mist.*

The Polar star still beams afar
||: On hills of amethyst. :||
Sailing, sailing, to find a better land,
No wind that blows our hope o'er-
throws,
While Christ waits on the strand.

3 *Steersman, steersman, how wild the tem-
pest raves!*

The floods may swell, but all is well.
||: While Jesus walks the waves, :||
Sailing, sailing, to find a happier
shore, [night.
A pathway bright shines through the
Where friends have gone before.

—Priscilla J. Owens.

63

Key F.

WE'VE 'listed in a holy war,
Battling for the Lord!

Eternal life, our guiding star,
 Battling for the Lord!

CHO.—||: We'll work till Jesus comes, :||
 And then we'll rest at home.

2 We've girded on our armor bright,
 Battling for the Lord! [might,
 Our Captain's word our strength and
 Battling for the Lord!

3 We'll stand like heroes on the field,
 Battling for the Lord!
 And nobly fight, but never yield,
 Battling for the Lord!

4 Tho' sin and death our way oppose,
 Battling for the Lord!
 Thro' grace we'll conquer all our foes,
 Battling for the Lord!

5 And when our glorious war is o'er,
 Battling for the Lord!
 We'll shout salvation evermore,
 Battling for the Lord!

64 *Key G.*

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and power:
 ||: He is able, he is willing. [more.:||
 He is able, he is willing, doubt no

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh,
 ||: Without money, without money,
 Without money, come to Jesus Christ
 and buy.:||

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better
 You will never come at all;
 ||: Not the righteous, not the righteous,
 Not the righteous,—sinners Jesus
 came to call.:||

4 Lo! th'incarnate God, ascending,
 Pleads the merit of his blood:
 Venture on him, venture freely;
 Let no other trust intrude;

||: None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
 None but Jesus, can do helpless sin-
 ners good.:|| —Joseph Hart.

65 *Key Ab.*

WHEN doubt and conflict weigh me
 And clouds before me rise, [down,
 Whose gath'ring gloom and deep'ning
 With sorrow fills mine eyes, [shade
 'Tis then I lift my fainting soul
 In prayer that I may be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

2 When joys that once I thought so true
 Have lost each balmy sweet,
 And withered hopes, like summer flow-
 Lie crushed beneath my feet, [ers,
 With quivering lip and yearning heart
 I pray on bended knee,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

3 While day by day I journey on
 To reach that world sublime,
 That stands in perfect loveliness
 Beyond the shore of time;
 My faith looks up and softly breathes
 The prayer so dear to me,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

—Martha J. Lankton.

66 *Key Eb.*

UP to the bountiful Giver of life,—
 Gathering home! gathering home!
 Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife,
 The dear ones are gathering home.

CHO.—Gathering home! gathering home!
 Never to sorrow more, never to roam;
 Gathering home! gathering home!
 God's children are gathering home.

2 Up to the city where falleth no night,—
 Gathering home! gathering home!
 Up where the Saviour's own face is the
 The dear ones are gathering home. [light,

3 Up to the beautiful mansions above,—
 Gathering home! gathering home!
 Safe in the arms of his infinite love,
 The dear ones are gathering home.

—Miss Mariana B. Slade.

67

Key D.

ANYWHERE with Jesus I can safely go,
 Anywhere he leads me in this world below.
 Anywhere, without him, dearest joys would
 Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid. [fade,

CHO.—Anywhere! anywhere!

Fear I cannot know,
 Anywhere with Jesus
 I can safely go.

2 Anywhere with Jesus I am not alone,
 Other friends may fail me, he is still my own.
 Tho' his hand may lead me over drearest
 ways,

Anywhere with Jesus is a house of praise.

3 Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep,
 When the darkling shadows round about
 me creep; [roam,

Knowing I shall waken never more to
 Anywhere with Jesus will be home, sweet
 home. —Jessie H. Brown

68

Key E.

A LITTLE talk with Jesus,
 How it smoothes the rugged road!
 How it seems to help me onward,
 When I faint beneath my load;
 When my heart is crush'd with sorrow,
 And my eyes with tears are dim,
 There is naught can yield me comfort
 Like a little talk with him.

2 Ah, this is what I'm wanting,
 His lovely face to see;
 And I'm not afraid to say it,
 I know he's wanting me.
 He gave his life a ransom,
 To make me all his own,
 And he'll ne'er forget his promise
 To me, his purchased one.

3 I cannot live without him,
 Nor would I if I could,
 He is my daily portion,
 My medicine and food.
 He is altogether lovely;
 None can with him compare;
 Chiefest among ten thousand,
 And fairest of the fair.

4 So I'll wait a little longer,
 Till his appointed time,

And along the upward pathway
 My pilgrim feet shall climb.
 There, in my Father's dwelling,
 Where many mansions be,
 I shall sweetly talk with Jesus,
 And he will talk with me.

69

Key D.

TAKE my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
 Take my hands and let them move
 At the impulse of thy love.

CHO.—Wash me in the Saviour's pre-
 cious blood,

Cleanse me in its purifying flood, [be
 Lord, I give to thee my life and all, to
 Thine, henceforth, eternally.

2 Take my feet, and let them be
 Swift and beautiful for thee;
 Take my voice and let me sing
 Always, only, for my King.

3 Take my lips, and let them be
 Filled with messages for thee;
 Take my silver and my gold,—
 Not a mite would I withhold.

4 Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in endless praise;
 Take my intellect, and use
 Ev'ry power as thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it thine;
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart,—it is thine own,—
 It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love.—my Lord, I pour
 At thy feet its treasure-store!
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for thee!

Frances Ridley Havergal.

70

Key Ab.

THY Saviour calls! oh, come and see
 What things he hath prepared for thee!
 Life, love, and joy, from God on high,
 By Christ himself to thee brought nigh,

CHO.—||: "Him that cometh, him that
 Him that cometh to me, [cometh,
 I will in no wise, I will in no wise,
 I will in no wise cast out." :||

2 Thy Saviour calls! oh, can it be
That call has no sweet charm for thee!
Wilt thou not turn and give him heed?
Wilt thou not think while he doth plead?

3 Thy Saviour calls! he knows thy sin:
But trust him now, he'll enter in:
And he thy heart will purify,
And ev'ry needed grace supply.

—Jessie C. Young.

71 *Key C.*

ANGELS above are singing,
Heavenly harps are ringing,
Voices to me are bringing
Whispers of joy to be;
Oh, to be yonder, up yonder,
Never, no, never to wander,
Ever my heart growing fonder,—
Fonder, dear Master, of thee.

2 There, where the stars are gleaming,
There, where thy smile is beaming,
Sweetly my soul is dreaming,
Longing thy face to see:

Ever thy power confessing,—
Seeking thy favor and blessing,
Still is my soul ever pressing,—
Pressing yet nearer to thee.

3 Nevermore sin nor sighing,
Nevermore grief nor crying,
Nevermore pain nor dying,—
Joy evermore for me:

Praising thee ever and ever,
Leaving thee never, no, never,
Dwelling in glory forever,—
Ever, forever with thee.

—Francis A. Simkins.

72 *Key Eb.*

MY Father is rich in houses and lands.
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his
hands!

Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold
His coffers are full,—he has riches untold.

CHO.—||: I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King;
With Jesus my Saviour
I'm the child of a King.:||

2 My Father's own Son, the Saviour from
sin, [men,

Once wander'd o'er earth as the poorest of

But now he is reigning forever on high, [by.
And will give me a home in heaven by and

3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, an alien by birth!
But I've been adopted, my name's written
down,—

An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over
there! [sing:

Tho' exiled from home, yet, still I may
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.
—Hattie E. Buell.

73 *Key Eb.*

I GAVE my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave my life for thee;
What hast thou done for me?

CHO.—||: This I did for thee,
What hast thou done for me?:||

2 I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
That one eternity
Of joy thou mightest know;
I spent long years for thee;
Hast thou spent one for me?

3 My Father's house of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for me?

4 I suffered much for thee,—
More than my tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony;
To rescue thee from hell;
I suffered much for thee;
What dost thou bear for me?

5 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my house above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
Great gifts I brought to thee;
What hast thou brought to me?

6 Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for me be spent,
World fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
Give thou thyself to me,
And I will welcome thee!

—H. Bonar.

74 *Key D.*

ONWARD still, and upward,
Follow evermore
Where our mighty Leader
Goes in love before;
“Looking unto Jesus,”
Reach a helping hand
To a struggling neighbor,
Helping him to stand.

CHO.—Marching onward, upward,
Marching steadily, onward,
Jesus leads the way,
Marching onward, upward,
Onward unto glory,
To the perfect day.

2 Onward, ever onward,
Thro' the pastures green,
Where the streams flow softly,
Under skies serene;
Or, if need be, upward,
O'er the rocky steep,
Trusting him who guides us,
Strong to save and keep.

3 Upward, ever upward,
T'ward the radiant glow,
Far above the valley,
Where the mist hangs low;
On, with songs of gladness,
Till the march shall end.
Where ten thousand thousand
Hallelujahs blend.

—E. E. Hewitt.

75 *Key Eb.*

THE Great Physician now is here,
The sympathizing Jesus:
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHO.—Sweetest note in seraph song:
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 The children too, both great and
Who love the name of Jesus, [small,
May now accept his gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

5 Come, brethren, help me sing his
Oh, praise the name of Jesus; [praise,
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

7 And when to that bright world above
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

—Rev. Wm. H. Hunter. D. D.

76—77 *Key F.*

SING on, ye joyful pilgrims,
Nor think the moments long;
My faith is heav'nward rising
With ev'ry tuneful song;
Lo! on the mount of blessing,
The glorious mount! I stand,
And, looking over Jordan,
I see the promised land.

CHO.—||: Sing on; oh, blissful music!
With ev'ry note you raise
My heart is filled with rapture,
My soul is lost in praise.:||

2 Sing on, ye joyful pilgrims,
While here on earth we stay
Let songs of home and Jesus
Beguile each fleeting day;
Sing on the grand old story
Of his redeeming love,—
The everlasting chorus
That fills the realms above.

- 3 Sing on, ye joyful pilgrims,
The time will not be long
Till in our Father's kingdom
We swell a nobler song,
Where those we love are waiting
To greet us on the shore,
We'll meet beyond the river,
Where surges roll no more.
—Carric M. Wilson.

78 *Key Bb.*

UP for Jesus! up and onward!
Hear him saying, "follow me;"
In the noble christian army
Faithful soldiers let us be.

CHO.—Marching on with singing,
Sweetest music bringing
Unto him that shall reign;
Let the world before us
Hear the joyful chorus,
Hallelujah, amen.

- 2 Up for Jesus! up and onward!
In the early morning bright,
With the watchword on our banner,
Brave defenders of the right.
- 3 Up for Jesus! up and onward!
Through the conflict firmly stand;
For we cannot lose a battle
With our Leader in command.
- 4 Up for Jesus! up and onward!
He will guide us with his eye;
He has promised if we trust him,
We shall conquer by and by.
—Sallie Martin.

79 *Key G.*

I HAVE a song I love to sing,
Since I have been redeemed,
Of my Redeemer, Saviour, King,
Since I have been redeemed.

CHO.—:Since I have been redeemed,:||
I will glory in his name,
Since I have been redeemed,
I will glory in the Saviour's name.

- 2 I have a Christ that satisfies,
Since I have been redeemed,
To do his will my highest prize,
Since I have been redeemed.

- 3 I have a Witness bright and clear,
Since I have been redeemed,
Dispelling every doubt and fear,
Since I have been redeemed.
- 4 I have a joy I can't express,
Since I have been redeemed,
All thro' his blood and righteousness,
Since I have been redeemed.
- 5 I have a home prepared for me,
Since I have been redeemed,
Where I shall dwell eternally,
Since I have been redeemed.

—E. O. Excell.

80 *Key Eb*

HEAR the footsteps of Jesus,
He is now passing by,
Bearing balm for the wounded,
Healing all who apply;
As he spake to the suff'rer
Who lay at the pool,
He is saying this moment,
"Wilt thou be made whole?"

CHO.—: Wilt thou be made whole?:||
O come, weary suff'rer,
O come, sin-sick soul;
See, the life-stream is flowing,
See, the cleansing waves roll,
Step into the current,
And thou shalt be whole.

- 2 'Tis the voice of that Saviour,
Whose merciful call
Freely offers salvation
To one and to all;
He is now beck'ning to him
Each sin-tainted soul,
And lovingly asking,
"Wilt thou be made whole?"
- 3 Are you halting and struggling,
O'erpowered by your sin,
While the waters are troubled
Can you not enter in?
Lo, the Saviour stands waiting
To strengthen your soul,
He is earnestly pleading,
"Wilt thou be made whole?"

4 Blessed Saviour, assist us
 To rest on thy word;
 Let the soul-healing power
 On us now be out-poured:
 Wash away ev'ry sin-spot,
 Takè perfect control,
 Say to each trusting spirit,
 "Thy faith makes thee whole."
 —Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

81 *Key G.*

SING them over again to me,
 Wonderful words of Life;
 Let me more of their beauty see,
 Wonderful words of Life.
 Words of life and beauty,
 Teach me faith and duty;
 ¶: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
 Wonderful words of Life.: ¶

2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all
 Wonderful words of Life;
 Sinner, list to the loving call,
 Wonderful words of Life.

All so freely given,
 Wooing us to heaven.
 ¶: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
 Wonderful words of Life.: ¶

3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
 Wonderful words of Life;
 Offer pardon and peace to all,
 Wonderful words of Life.

Jesus, only Saviour,
 Sanctify forever.
 ¶: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
 Wonderful words of Life.: ¶
 —P. P. Bliss.

82—83 *Key Ab.*

THE Lord is my shepherd, my keeper and
 guide, [provide;
 My wants he'll supply, and for me he'll
 In midst of green pastures he makes me
 to lie,

Beside the still waters that gently pass by.

CHO.—My Shepherd will provide, what-
 ever may betide;

I am secure, for his promise is sure,
 The Lord will provide.

2 Whenever I wander, and leave the true
 way, [stray;
 And like a lost sheep from the flock go a-

My soul he restores to the path that is right,
 He leads me in safety, I walk in his light.

3 When called to surrender my faltering
 breath, [death,
 And pass thro' the vale of the shadow of
 The presence of Jesus will brighten the
 tomb, [gloom,
 With hope and with gladness dispelling its

4 For me his free bounty a table has spread;
 And blessings unmeasured he pours on my
 head;
 My cup with abundance and joy over-
 flows; [woes.
 He dries all my tears, and he heals all my

5 His goodness and mercy shall crown all
 my days, [and praise;
 My mouth shall be filled with thanksgiving
 I'll dwell in his temple of glory above,
 And sing evermore of his grace and his love.

—Rev. Joseph H. Martin.

84 *Key G.*

ONLY a beam of sunshine,
 But oh, it was warm and bright;
 The heart of a weary trav'ler
 Was cheered by its welcome sight.
 Only a beam of sunshine
 That fell from the arch above,
 And tenderly, softly whispered
 A message of peace and love.

CHO.—Only a word for Jesus,
 Only a whispered prayer
 Over some grief-worn spirit
 May rest like a sunbeam fair.

2 Only a beam of sunshine,
 That into a dwelling crept,
 Where, over a fading rosebud,
 A mother her vigil kept.
 Only a beam of sunshine
 That smiled thro' her falling tears,
 And showed her the bow of promise,
 Forgotten perhaps for years.

3 Only a word for Jesus!
 Oh, speak it in his dear name;
 To perishing souls around you
 The message of love proclaim.

Go, like the faithful sunbeam,
Your mission of joy fulfil;
Remember the Saviour's promise,
That he will be with you still.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

85 *Key Eb.*

LET us ask the precious Saviour
To go with us while we part,
For his presence in life's journey
Peace and comfort will impart.

CHO.—Long our hallowed prayer will
Mingling with sweet melody; [linger,
Be our wish at parting, "Mispah,"] [me.
May the Lord keep watch over you and

2 Know we not what changes wait us,
But we know our mighty Guide,
Safe are we in his dear keeping,
Happy, when he walks beside.

3 In his tender hands entrusting
Ev'ry link in love's bright chain;
'Tis a blessed hope that whispers,
Surely we shall meet again.

4 Meet again, no more to sever,
In the "beautiful beyond,"
Where the love of our Redeemer
Is the strongest, sweetest bond.

—E. E. Hewitt.

86 *Key Ab.*

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

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

2 I love to tell the story!
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story!
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy Word.

4 I love to tell the story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the *New, New Song*,
'Twill be the *Old, Old Story*,
That I have loved so long.

—Miss Kate Hankey.

87 *Key Eb.*

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

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me.—
Even me, even me, etc.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me live and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.—
Even me, even me, etc.

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

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,—
Even me, even me, etc.

—Mrs. E. Conder.

88

Key Eb.

WHAT shall separate us
From the love that bought us?
Shall the pangs of anguish
Which the cross hath wrought us?
Doubtings and distresses,
Fiery trials prove us;
Yet am I persuaded
None of these shall move us.

CHO.—||:We are more than conquerors,
More, yea, more; :||
||:We are more than conquerors; :||
Thro' him that loved us.

2 Things to come or present,
Whatsoe'er betide us,—
Life nor death shall ever
From our Lord divide us;
Angels, powers, dominions,
These shall fall before us;
Clothed in his salvation,
With his banner o'er us.

3 Depths that are beneath us,
Heights that are above us,
Have no power to sunder,
Since he stooped to love us.
Prince of our Redemption,
Sons to glory bringing,
Thou hast made from sinners
Victors, crowned and singing.

—Mrs. Flora B. Harris.

89

Key Bb.

SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds of
kindness, [eves;
Sowing in the noontide, and the dewy
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of
reaping, [sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the

CHO.—||:Bringing in the sheaves, bringing
in the sheaves, [sheaves. :||
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the
shadows, [ing breeze;
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chill—
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves.

3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the
Master, [grieves;
Tho' the loss sustained our spirit often
When our weeping's over he will bid us
welcome, [sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the

90

Key C.

LITTLE children of Jesus,
We carol his praise,
Praise our mighty Redeemer
In childhood's bright days;
Jesus loves us, and folds us
In tender embrace:
Like the sunbeams of morning
The smiles of his grace.

CHO.—||:Sweetly sing, gladly sing, :||
Little children of Jesus,
Our voices shall ring,
Oh, what happy hosannas
To Jesus our King!

2 Like a bird in the heart,
Is the music of love,
Rising joyfully upward
To Jesus above;
Dearer far to his sight than
The blossoms of spring
Are the deeds of affection
His little ones bring.

3 Let us follow his word,
Praying daily to grow
In his beautiful likeness,
His glory to show;
He will give us his blessing
Till, full of delight,
We shall sing hallelujah,
In mansions so bright.

—Lidie E. Hewitt.

91

Key D.

THERE is rest, sweet rest, at the Master's
There is favor now at the mercy seat, [feet;
For atoning blood has been sprinkled there;
There is always a blessing, a blessing in
prayer.

CHO.—There's a blessing in prayer, in be-
lieving prayer; [bear,
When our Saviour's name to the throne we

Then a Father's love will receive us there ;
There is always a blessing, a blessing in
prayer.

2 There is grace to help in our time of need,
For our friend above is a friend indeed,
We may cast on him ev'ry grief and care ;
There is always a blessing, a blessing in
- prayer,

3 When our songs are glad with the joy of
life, [strife,
When our hearts are sad with its ills and
When the powers of sin would the soul
ensnare, [prayer.
There is always a blessing, a blessing in

4 There is perfect peace tho' the wild waves
roll ;
There are gifts of love for the seeking soul ;
Till we praise the Lord in his home so fair,
There is always a blessing, a blessing in
prayer. —E. E. H. Witt.

92

Key F.

HARK the song of holy rapture,
Hear it break from yonder strand,
Where our friends for us are waiting,
In the golden, summer land ;
They have reach'd the port of glory,
O'er the Jordan they have passed,
||: And with millions they are shouting,
Home at last, home at last. :||

2 Oh, the long and sweet reunion,
Where the bells of time shall cease,
Oh, the greeting, endless greeting,
On the vernal heights of peace ;
Where the hoping and desponding
Of the weary heart are past,
||: And we enter life eternal,—
Home at last, home at last. :||

3 Look beyond, the skies are clearing ;
See, the mist dissolves away ;
Soon our eyes will catch the dawning
Of a bright, celestial day ;
Soon the shadows will be lifted
That around us now are cast,
||: And rejoicing we shall gather
Home at last, home at last. :||

—Fanny J. Crosby.

93

Key Ab.

LORD, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold ;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,
Is my name written there ?

CHO.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair ?
In the book of thy kingdom,
Is my name written there ?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But thy blood, O my Saviour !
Is sufficient for me ;
For thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh ! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white ;
Where no evil thing cometh,
To despoil what is fair ;
Where the angels are watching,—
Is my name written there ?
—M. A. K.

94

Key Eb.

OH, to be over yonder !
In that land of wonder,
Where the angel voices mingle,
And the angel harpers ring ;
To be free from pain and sorrow,
And the anxious, dread-to-morrow,
To rest in light and sunshine
In the presence of the King.

CHO.—Oh, to be over yonder,
In that land of wonder,
There to be forever
In the presence of the King.

2 Oh, to be over yonder !
My yearning heart grows fonder
Of looking to the east, to see
The blessed day-star bring

Some tidings of the waking,
The cloudless, pure day breaking;
My heart is yearning—yearning
For the coming of the King.

3 Oh, to be over yonder!
Alas! I sigh and wonder [heart
Why clings my poor, weak, sinful
To any earthly thing;
Each tie of earth must sever,
And pass away forever;
But there's no more separation
In the presence of the King.

4 Oh, when shall I be dwelling
Where angel voices, swelling
In triumphant hallelujahs,
Make the vaulted heavens ring?
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
And the morning-star is beaming?
Oh, when shall I be yonder,
In the presence of the King?

5 Oh, I shall soon be yonder,
Tho' lonely here I wander,
Yearning for the welcome summer—
Longing for the bird's fleet wing;
The midnight may be dreary,
And the heart be worn and weary,
But there's no more shadow yonder,
In the presence of the King.

Miss Florence C. Armstrong.

95 *Key Eb.*

In the dark and cloudy day,
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay,
Saviour, comfort me.

2 When the secret idol's gone
That my poor heart yearned upon,
Desolate, bereft, alone,
Saviour, comfort me.

3 Thou who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in thy love confide,
Saviour, comfort me.

4 So it shall be good for me
Much afflicted now to be,
If thou wilt but tenderly,
Saviour, comfort me.

96 *Key C.*

AWAKE! awake! the Master now is calling us,

Arise! arise! and, trusting in his word,
Go forth, go forth! proclaim the year of
jubilee, [Christ our Lord.
And take the cross, the blessed cross, of

CHO.—On, on, swell the chorus;
On, on, the morning star is shining o'er us;
On, on, while before us
Our mighty, mighty Saviour leads the way:
Glory, glory, hear the everlasting throng
Shout hosanna, while we boldly march a-
Faithful soldiers here below, [long;
Only Jesus will we know, [we go.
Shouting "free salvation" o'er the world

2 A cry for light from dying ones in heathen
lands: [foam;
It comes, it comes, across the ocean's
Then haste, oh, haste to spread the words
of truth abroad, [dear home.
Forgetting not the starving poor at home,

3 O Church of God, extend thy kind ma-
ternal arms [cold,
To save the lost on mountains dark and
Reach out thy hand with loving smile to
rescue them, [iour's fold.
And bring them to the shelter of the Sav-

4 Look up! look up! the promised day is
drawing near, [King,
When all shall hail, shall hail the Saviour
When peace and joy shall fold their wings
in ev'ry clime, [shall ring.
And "Glory, hallelujah," o'er the earth
—Fanny J. Crosby.

97 *Key C.*

AWAKE! awake! our festive day is dawn-
ing now,
Awake! awake! and hail its golden light;
Rejoice! rejoice! behold the Sun of right-
eousness [night.
Arising in its beauty o'er a long, long

CHO.—Come, come, join the chorus,
Come, come, the angel hosts are bending
o'er us;
Come, come, join the chorus,—
All glory be to God, to God above,

Oh, the rapture of the bright angelic form,
 Oh, the rapture while the anthem rolls a-
 Hark! the merry, merry bells, [long.
 Everywhere their music swells; [bells.
 Hark! the merry chiming of the grand old

2 Good news, good news resounding o'er
 the earth again, [born;
 Good news, good news: behold a Saviour
 Make room, make room in every heart to
 welcome him, [day morn.
 And shout aloud, hosanna! on his birth-

3 He comes, he comes, the captive's cruel
 chain to break, [rest;
 He comes, he comes to give his people
 Break forth, break forth, his mighty, mighty
 love proclaim; [blessed.
 In him shall every nation, every clime be
 —Fanny J. Crosby.

98 *Key Eb.*

1 AWAKE, awake, O heart of mine,
 Sing praise to God above;
 Take up the song of endless years,
 And shout redeeming love;
 Redeemed by him who bore my sins,
 When on the cross he died; [blood,
 Redeemed and purchased with his
 Redeemed and sanctified.

CHO.—Awake, awake, O heart of mine,
 Sing praise, sing praise to God above;
 Take up the song of endless years,
 And shout redeeming love.

2 Redeemed by him, my Lord and
 Who saves me day by day; [King,
 My life and all its ransomed powers
 Could ne'er his love repay;
 And yet his mercy condescends
 My humble gift to own,
 And thro' the riches of his grace,
 He brings me near his throne.

3 O love, unchanging and sublime!
 Not all the hosts above [depth
 Can reach the height or sound the
 Of God's eternal love; [world,
 This wondrous love enfolds the
 It fills the realms above;
 'Tis boundless as eternity,
 'Tis God, and God is love.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

99 *Key A.*

DOWN at the cross where my Saviour died,
 Down where for cleansing from sin I cried;
 There to my heart was the blood applied;
 Glory to his name.

CHO.—||: Glory to his name, :||
 There to my heart was the blood applied;
 Glory to his name.

2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
 Jesus so sweetly abides within;
 There at the cross where he took me in;
 Glory to his name.

3 Oh, precious fountain, that saves from
 I am so glad I have entered in; [sin!
 There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
 Glory to his name.

4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet;
 Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;
 Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
 Glory to his name.

—Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

100 *Key C.*

THE whole wide world for Jesus,
 This shall our watchword be,
 Upon the highest mountain,
 Down by the widest sea.
 The whole wide world for Jesus,
 To him all men shall bow,
 In city or on prairie,
 The world for Jesus now.

CHO.—||: The whole wide world, :||
 Proclaim the gospel tidings
 Thro' the whole wide world,
 Lift up the cross for Jesus,
 His banner be unfurled,
 Till ev'ry tongue confess him,
 Thro' the whole wide world.

2 The whole wide world for Jesus,
 Inspires us with the thought
 That every son of Adam
 Hath by the blood been bought.
 The whole wide world for Jesus,
 O faint not by the way!
 The cross shall surely conquer
 In this our glorious day.

3 The whole wide world for Jesus,
The marching order sound,
Go ye and preach the gospel
Wherever man is found.
The whole wide world for Jesus,
Our banner is unfurled,
We battle now for Jesus,
And faith demands the world.

4 The whole wide world for Jesus,
In-the Father's home above
Are many wondrous mansions,
Mansions of light and love.
The whole wide world for Jesus,
Ride forth, O conquering King,
Thro' all the mighty nations,—
The world to glory bring.

—Rev. J. Demster Hammond

101 *Key E.*

“ETERNITY!—where?” It floats in the air;
Amid clamor or silence it ever is there!
||: The question so solemn—“Eternity!—
where?”:||

2 “Eternity!—where?” Oh, Eternity!—
where?
With redeemed ones in glory? or fiends in
despair? [where?”:||
||: With one or the other—“Eternity!—

3 “Eternity!—where?” Oh! how can you
share
The world's giddy pleasures, or heedlessly
dare [where?”:||
||: Do aught till you settle—“Eternity!—

4 “Eternity:—where?” Oh! friend, have
a care;
Soon God will no longer his judgement
forbear; where?”:||
||: This day may decide your “Eternity!—

5 “Eternity!—where?” Oh! Eternity!—
where?
Friend, sleep not, nor take in the world
any share, [ty!—where!”:||
||: Till you answer this question—“Eterni-

102 *Key Eb.*

PASSING homeward, O how gladly
Comes the life-boat to the land,
With its freight of souls, rejoicing
As they reach the shining strand!

Passing homeward, passing homeward,
Lo, from ev'ry clime they come,
While the choral bells of Eden
Ring their happy welcome home.

[iour,
CHO.—Passing home to Jesus, our Sav-
Passing home from sorrow and care,
Passing home, to anchor forever;
Praise the Lord, we'll soon be there.

2 Passing homeward, O the prospect
Of a morrow clear and bright, [ing,”
Where from lips that say “good morn-
We shall never hear “good night.”
Where the patient, silent worker
With his humble sheaves will stand,
And receive a crown of jewels,
At the dear Redeemer's hand.

3 See the faithful Christian warriors,
Passing homeward to their rest,
With the blessed name of Jesus
On their banner's waving crest.
Passing homeward, O how joyful,
Passing homeward one by one!
In the upper fold they gather,
Trials ended, labor done.

—Frank Gould.

103 *Key Eb.*

COME home! come home!
You are weary at heart,
For the way has been dark,
And so lonely and wild
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh, come home!

CHO.—Come home!
Come, oh, come home!

2 Come home! come home!
For we watch and we wait,
And we stand at the gate,
While the shadows are piled.
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh, come home!

3 Come home! come home!
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh, come home!

4 Come home! come home!
There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there,
Then, to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh, come home!
—Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.

104 *Key A.*

WHY do you wait, dear brother,
Oh, why do you tarry so long?
Your Saviour is waiting to give you
A place in his sanctified throng.

CHO.—||: Why not? why not?
Why not come to him now?: ||

2 What do you hope, dear brother,
To gain by a further delay?
There's no one to save you but Jesus,
There's no other way but his way.

3 Do you not feel, dear brother,
His Spirit now striving within?
Oh, why not accept his salvation,
And throw off thy burden of sin?

4 Why do you wait, dear brother,
The harvest is passing away,
Your Saviour is longing to bless you,
There's danger and death in delay?
—Geo. F. Root.

105 *Key Eb.*

CHILD of God, be not discouraged,
Cast thy burden on the Lord;
With a cheerful, loving spirit
Read and trust his gracious word.

CHO.—Casting all your care upon him,
When your skies with clouds are dim,
You will find the promise true,
Jesus careth, Jesus careth still for you.

2 O'er the dark and troubled waters,
Tho' you oft may stem the tide,
Not alone you brave the tempest,—
He is there, your Friend and Guide.

3 Child of God, no power can harm you,
Naught of ill your soul molest,
Casting all your care on Jesus,
In his arms you safely rest.

4 Soon your eyes with joy will see him,
Soon your feet will press the shore,

Where the saints redeemed are waiting,
And the storms of life are o'er.

—James L. Black.

106 *Key Ab.*

WHAT will you do with the King called
Jesus?

Many are waiting to hear you say,—
Some have despised him, rejecting his
mercy, [day?

What will you do with your King to-
What can you witness concerning his good-
ness, [thrall?

Who died to save you from sin's bitter
Who will declare him the fairest of thous-
ands? [all?

Who now will crown him the Lord of

CHO.—What will you do with the King
called Jesus?

What, oh, what will you do with Jesus?
He waits to bless all who humbly confess
Faith in his blood and righteousness.

2 What will you do for the King called
Jesus?

He who for you left his throne above,
Here 'mid the lowly and sinful to labor,
Daily unfolding his Father's love.

Look on the fields white already to harvest,
Who now is willing to toil with the few?
What will you do for the dear Saviour, Je-
Lo, he is waiting, he calls for you! [sus?

3 What will you do with the King called
Jesus,—

Who will submit to his gentle sway?
Where are the hearts ready now to en-
throned him?

Who will his kind commands obey?
Come with your ointments most costly and
precious, [feet;

Pour out your gifts at the dear Saviour's
Render to him all your loyal devotion;
Seek to exalt him by praises meet.

—F. G. Burroughs.

107 *Key E.*

MY body, soul, and spirit,
Jesus, I give to thee,
A consecrated offering,
Thine evermore to be.

REF.—My all is on the altar,
I'm waiting for the fire ;
Waiting, waiting, waiting,
I'm waiting for the fire.

2 O Jesus, mighty Saviour,
I trust in thy great name,
I look for thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim.

3 Oh, let the fire, descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole,

4 I'm thine, O blessed Jesus,
Wash'd by thy precious blood,
Now seal me by thy Spirit,
A sacrifice to God.

—Mrs. Mary D. James.

108 *Key C.*

A CHRSTIAN band from far and near,
We meet to learn of Jesus here,
To read his word, whose every line
Is full of hope and joy divine.

CHO.—This blest Endeavor band,
All o'er this broad, bright land,
Is gathered in his Name,
To grasp the friendly hand ;
Our thoughts are one in thee,
Our prayers will ever be
That God may bless and keep
The Y. P. S. C. E.

2 A Christian band, where all may sing
Glad songs of praise to God our King,
And youthful hearts may find the way
To perfect peace and endless day.

3 Each willing hand and thankful
Is bound again before we part, [heart
As sheaves on earth are bound with
twine,
His word shall bind as cords divine.

4 The Master's work we'll still pursue,
And once again our pledge renew,
To him who saves us by his love,
Till gathered home with him above.

—L. F. Lindsay.

109—1 *Key C.*

OUR Sunday-school, how sweet, how
To meet and learn of Jesus here ; [dear

To read his word, whose ev'ry line
Is full of hope and joy divine.

CHO.—Our blessed Sunday-school,
Our bright and happy home,
Within thy peaceful dome
We love, we love to come ;
Our thoughts will cling to thee,
And still our prayer will be,
That God may bless and keep our
Sunday-school.

2 Our Sunday school, where all may
sing
Glad songs of praise to God our King,
And youthful hearts may find the way
To perfect peace and endless day.

3 Our school is like a garden fair, [care
Where plants are trained with tender
To bloom for him, the Lord of all, [fall.
Whose loving smiles like sunbeams

4 Our Sunday-school, whose golden
hours
From Eden bring refreshing showers,
In thee on earth we learn to live.
For thee our thanks to God we give.

109—2 *Key A.*

OVER the ocean wave, far, far away, [day ;
There the poor heathen live, waiting for
Groping in ignorance, dark as the night,
No blessed Bible to give them the light.

CHO.—Pity them, pity them,
Christians at home,
Haste with the bread of life,
Hasten, and come.

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

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

110 *Key C.*

LOOK up! behold, the fields are white,
The harvest time is near,
The summons of the Master falls
Upon the reaper's ear:
Go forth into the golden grain,
And bind the precious sheaves,
And garner for the Lord of hosts
The harvest which he gives.

CHO.—Look up! look up! behold, the
fields are white,

||: The harvest time is near, :||
Look up! look up! behold, the fields
are white,

Look up! behold, the fields are white,
The harvest time is near.

2 Look up! behold, the fields are white,
The laborers are few,

The gath'ring of the harvest must
By grace depend on you:

Go forth throughout the busy world,
The world of want and sin,

And gather for the Lord of Hosts
Its dying millions in.

3 Look up! behold, the fields are white,
The Master soon will come,

And carry with rejoicing heart
His gathered trophies home,

And can you stand with empty arms,
While gladly he receives

From others in the harvest field
A load of precious sheaves!

—Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford.

111 *Key C.*

Do you know what makes us happy,
When so many hearts are sad?

We are little friends of Jesus,
That is why we are so glad.

CHO.—We are little friends,
We are loving friends, [Jesus];

We are happy, happy little friends of
We are little friends,

We are loving friends,
We are happy all day long.

2 Jesus loves the children dearly,—
In his word he tells them so; [them,

Once he took them up and blessed
Many, many years ago.

3 We are little lambs of Jesus:
He, our Shepherd kind and dear,
Speaks, and, though we do not see him,
In our hearts his voice we hear.

4 If we try our best to please him
He will take us by and by
Where our spirit eyes will know him,
Far beyond the starry sky.

—S. Martin.

112 *Key G.*

ONLY Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Lifts the heavy burden from the soul;
Only Jesus, blessed Jesus, [ed whole.
Speaks the word that makes the wound-

[tenderly;

CHO.—Sing the dear name softly, sweetly,
While souls are kindling with the flame;
Sing the dear name softly, sweetly, tenderly,
Dear name of Jesus, precious name!

2 Only Jesus, blessed Jesus, [away;
Gives the peace that naught can take
Only Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Turns the night of sorrow into day.

3 Only Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Died himself that I might "never die;"
Only Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Lives again, that I may live on high.

4 Only Jesus, blessed Jesus;
Let him write that name upon my heart;
Only Jesus, blessed Jesus;
From his service never to depart.

5 Only Jesus, blessed Jesus;
With his praise the heavenly arches ring;
Only Jesus, blessed Jesus,
In his beauty I shall see the King.

—E. E. Hewitt.

113 *Key C.*

IN vain in high and holy lays
My soul her grateful voice would raise;
For who can sing the worthy praise
Of the wonderful love of Jesus?

[love!

CHO.—||: Wonderful love! wonderful
Wonderful love of Jesus! :||

2 A joy by day, a peace by night,
In storms a calm, in darkness light;
In pain a balm, in weakness might,
Is the wonderful love of Jesus.

3 My hope for pardon when I call,
My trust for lifting when I fall;
In life, in death, my all in all,
Is the wonderful love of Jesus.

—E. D. Mund.

114 *Key Eb.*

THY word have I hid in my heart
That I might not sin against thee.
Blessed art thou, O Lord:
Teach me thy statutes. Amen.

115 *Key C.*

HAIL! glorious company,
To Zion's city bound!
While marching on your way
Let songs of praise resound!

On, then, to heaven above,
Firm in faith and love;
Trust in God; naught shall stay,
Our triumphant way!
On, then, to heaven above,
Firm in faith and love;
Trust in God; naught shall stay,
Our glorious way.

Rest and peace invite us;
Joy and love await us.
Thus in happy company,
Press we on to our home,
Press we on our joyful way
To heaven our home.

Jesus waits to welcome all
Who obey his gentle call;
Who believe he'll receive
In his heavenly home.
There the weary soul shall rest
In the love of Jesus blest,
And adore evermore
Christ the Lord and King.

Hail! glorious company!
The crowns that you shall wear
Await you at the throne
Beyond the golden stair.

On, then, to reach the prize;
Let loud anthems rise!

Praise the Lord! he will guide;
May your faith abide!
On, then, to heav'n above,
Firm in faith and love;
Trust in God, naught shall stay
Our glorious way.

Rest and peace invite us;
Joy and love await us.
Thus in happy company,
Press we on to our home,
Press we on our joyful way
To heaven our home.

116 *Key G.*

WE have heard a joyful sound,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Spread the gladness all around,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Bear the news to ev'ry land, [waves,
Climb the steeps and cross the
Onward, 'tis our Lord's command,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves

2 Waft it on the rolling tide,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Tell to sinners, far and wide,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Sing, ye islands of the sea,
Echo back, ye ocean caves,
Earth shall keep her jubilee,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

3 Sing above the battle's strife,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
By his death and endless life,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Sing it softly thro' the gloom,
When the heart for mercy craves,
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

4 Give the winds a mighty voice,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Let the nations now rejoice,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Shout salvation full and free,
Highest hills and deepest caves,
This our song of victory,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

—Priscilla J. Owens

117

Key F.

WHEN we walk with the Lord
 In the light of his word,
 What a glory he sheds on our way!
 While we do his good will,
 He abides with us still,
 And with all who will trust and obey.

CHO.—Trust and obey,
 For there's no other way
 To be happy in Jesus
 But to trust and obey.

2 Not a shadow can rise,
 Not a cloud in the skies,
 But his smile quickly drives it away;
 Not a doubt nor a fear,
 Not a sigh nor a tear
 Can abide while we trust and obey.

3 Not a burden we bear,
 Not a sorrow we share,
 But our toil he doth richly repay;
 Not a grief nor a loss,
 Not a frown nor a cross,
 But is blest if we trust and obey.

4 But we never can prove
 The delights of his love
 Until all on the altar we lay,
 For the favor he shows,
 And the joy he bestows,
 Are for all who will trust and obey.

5 Then in fellowship sweet
 We will sit at his feet,
 Or we'll walk by his side in the way;
 What he says we will do,
 Where he sends we will go,
 Never fear, only trust and obey.

—Rev. J. H. Sammis.

118

Key Ab.

TO the summer-land of beauty we are go-
 going, going, going, [flowing,
 Where the ocean-tide of love is brightly
 Gently through the sunny, sunny vales;
 There to wake, far away from sorrow,
 Every sorrow, every sorrow;

There to hail joy's eternal morrow
 When the toils of earth shall cease,
 There to dwell by the crystal river,
 Blessed river, blessed river,
 With the Lord happy and forever,
 When the toils of earth shall cease.

2 In the summer-land of beauty they are
 singing, singing, singing, [ing,
 And the melody that sweetly there is ring-
 Wafted in a vision oft we hear;
 Home at last they have gone before us,
 Gone before us, gone before us;
 Hark the song, listen to the chorus,
 "Praise the Lord, the King of kings:
 Saved by grace; glory! hallelujah!
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Crowned with love; glory! hallelujah!
 Praise the mighty King of kings."

3 From the summer-land of beauty they
 are calling, calling, calling, [ing,
 And their voices in the dewy night are fall-
 Falling on the weary, weary soul;
 Look beyond, soon will dawn the morning,
 Blissful morning, blissful morning,
 Holy light soon the sky adorning
 We shall meet with joyful eyes;
 We shall meet by the crystal river,
 Shining river, shining river;
 On its banks meet no more to sever,
 Look beyond with joyful eyes.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

119

Key Ab.

'Twas a night of long ago when all were
 sleeping, sleeping, sleeping, [keeping,
 When the lonely silent stars a watch were
 Softly o'er the dreaming, dreaming earth;
 Floods of light bursting forth in glory,
 Brightest glory, brightest glory,
 Harp and voice told the joyful story
 Of his birth the Prince of Peace.

CHO.—He has come; hail the lovely stran-
 Lovely stranger, lovely stranger;
 Lo, the babe cradled in a manger
 Is the King and Prince of Peace. [ger,

2 See the rosy blushing morn again is
 breaking, breaking, breaking,
 And the melody of song again is waking
 Music in the hearts of all to-day;
 Praise the Lord, come with happy voices,
 Happy voices, happy voices,
 Praise the Lord, how the world rejoices,
 At his birth the Prince of Peace.

3 Hark, the merry silver bells are sweetly
ringing, ringing, ringing, [ing
And the multitude of angels now are sing-
Glory in the highest evermore ;
Sing aloud, glory! hallelujah!
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Sing aloud, glory! hallelujah!
At his birth the Prince of Peace.
—Fanny J. Crosby.

120 *Key Eb.*

ALONG the River of Time we glide,
Along the river, along the river,
The swiftly flowing, resistless tide,
The swiftly flowing, the swiftly flowing,
And soon, ah, soon the end we'll see :
Yes, soon 'twill come, and we will be
||: Floating, floating
Out on the sea of eternity! :||

2 Along the River of Time we glide,
Along the river, along the river ;
A thousand dangers its currents hide,
A thousand dangers, a thousand dangers,
And near our course the rocks we see :
O dreadful thought! a wreck to be,
||: Floating, floating
Out on the sea of eternity! :||

3 Along the River of Time we glide,
Along the river, along the river ;
Our Saviour only our bark can guide,
Our Saviour only, our Saviour only,
But with him we secure may be :
No fear, no doubt, but joy to be
||: Floating, floating
Out on the sea of eternity! :||
—Geo. F. Root.

121 *Key E.*

I MUST have the Saviour with me,
For I dare not walk alone,
I must feel his presence near me,
And his arm around me thrown.
CHO.—Then my soul shall fear no ill,
Let him lead me where he will,
I will go without a murmur,
And his footsteps follow still.
2 I must have the Saviour with me,
For my faith, at best, is weak ;
He can whisper words of comfort
That no other voice can speak.

3 I must have the Saviour with me
In the onward march of life,
Thro' the tempest and the sunshine,
Thro' the battle and the strife.
4 I must have the Saviour with me,
And his eye the way must guide,
Till I reach the vale of Jordan,
Till I cross the rolling tide.
—Lizzie Edwards.

122 *Key Eb.*

I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful
The far away home of the soul, [land,
||: Where no storms ever beat on the glitter-
ing strand,
While the years of eternity roll,
While the years of eternity roll. :||

2 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions
and dreams,
It's bright, jasper walls I can see ;
||: Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me,
Between the fair city and me. :||

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

4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful
So free from all sorrow and pain ; [land,
||: With songs on our lips, and with harps in
To meet one another again, [our hands,
To meet one another again. :||
—Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.

123 *Key C.*

GREAT is the Lord, the Prince of life and
glory,— [name ;
Great is the Lord, and wonderful his
Shout, shout again the soul redeeming
story,
Mercy for all through him proclaim.

CHO.—Great is the Lord, great is the Lord,
Hail him, hail him, sound his name afar ;
He is the light that shineth in the darkness,
He is the Bright and Morning-Star.

2 Great was the love that from his throne
of splendor [die;
Brought him to earth for sinful man to
Oh, for a gift amazing and so tender
Glory to God, to God on high.

3 Great is the Lord, the hope of our sal-
vation,— [stand;
Srong is the tower whereon the faithful
Oh, clap your hands with holy exultation,
Come with a song at his command.

4 Wake, ev'ry heart; let ev'ry voice adore
him;
Now let the world with hallelujahs ring;
Sceptres and crowns in dust shall fall before
Jesus alone shall reign our King. [him,
—Fanny J. Crosby.

124 *Key Bb.*

CHURCH of God, whose conq'ring ban-
Float along the glorious years, [ners
Gath'ring harvest rich and golden,
Sowed in poverty and tears:
Onward press, the cross is bending
Far toward the morning skies,
Speedy dawn of light portending;—
Church of God, awake, arise!

CHO.—Church of God, awake! arise!
Christ, your Head and Master, cries,
Send the gospel's joyful sound
Unto earth's remotest bound.

2 In your costly temples praying,
"Let thy kingdom come," ye pray,
Are but words of idle meaning,
If with these ye turn away;
Boundless wealth to you is given,
From his hand who owns it all,
And his eye beholds in heaven
What ye render back for all.

3 Grace and glory he hath sent you,
Cast your lines in places fair,
Scatter blessing *now* he bids you,
O'er his green earth ev'rywhere;
Till the millions in the twilight
Of the far off Orient land,
In the gracious morning splendor
Of the gospel light shall stand.

4 Shake the earth and rend the heaven,
Wake thy sleeping children, Lord,

Till the measure, full and even,
Has been rendered at thy word;
Then from out her night of sorrow
Shall the earth redeemed arise,
And the fair millennial morrow
Dawn with opal-tinted skies.
—Mrs. E. J. Bugbee.

125 *Key Bb.*

O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
||: I will praise thee, I will praise thee;
Where shall I thy praise begin?:||

2 Tho' unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near,
Manifests his pard'ning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
||: Soul and body, soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.:||

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
||: O how precious, O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name! :||

4 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:
||: Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!
—T. Olivers.

126 *Key Bb.*

LIVING for Jesus, living for Jesus,
Tracing his steps by the way,
Following fully, serving him truly,
Nearer to heaven each day.
Jesus has freed me, Jesus shall lead me,
Gladly I follow his voice;
Living for Jesus, living for Jesus,
Glorious portion and choice!

CHO.—Living for Jesus, living for Jesus,
Tracing his steps by the way,
Following fully, serving him truly,
Nearer to heaven each day.

2 Living for Jesus, living for Jesus,
All of my will to resign,
Rearing his banner, bearing his burden,
Only to follow be mine. [ful,
Happy and grateful, tender and faith-
Ready to work or to wait;
Living for Jesus, living for Jesus,
Serving him early and late.

3 Living for Jesus, living for Jesus,
Led by his Spirit each day,
Kept by his power, watchful each hour,
Prompt to observe and obey.
Love's lowly mission, highest ambition,
Crowning each cross with delight;
Duty is gladness, shining thro' sadness,
Faith will soon grow into sight.

—Priscilla J. Owens.

127 *Key Bb.*

JESUS, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from thee;
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 When the apostles' fragile bark
Struggled with the billows dark,
On the stormy Galilee,
Thou didst walk across the sea;
And when they beheld thy form,
Safe they glided through the storm.

3 As a mother stills her child
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will
When thou say'st to them "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

4 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

128 *Key D.*

THERE is a home eternal,
Beautiful and bright,
Where sweet joys supernal
Never are dimmed by night;

White-robed angels are singing
Ever around the bright throne;
When, oh, when shall I see thee,
Beautiful, beautiful home?

CHO —Home, beautiful home,
Bright, beautiful home;
Home, home of our Saviour,
Bright, beautiful home.

2 Flow'rs forever are springing
In that home so fair,
Thousands of children are singing
Praises to Jesus there;
How they swell the glad anthems
Ever around the bright throne;
When, oh, when shall I see thee,
Beautiful, beautiful home?

3 Soon shall I join that anthem,
Far beyond the sky;
Jesus became my ransom,
Why should I fear to die?
Soon my eyes will behold him
Seated upon the bright throne;
Then, oh, then shall I see thee,
Beautiful, beautiful home!

—Frank Forest.

129 *Key Bb.*

WE shall have a new name in that land,
In that land, that sunny, sunny land,
When we meet the bright angelic band
— In that sunny land.

A new name, a new name we'll receive up
there; [there.
A new name, a new name, all who enter

CHO.—We shall have a new name in that
In that land, that sunny, sunny land, [land,
When we meet the bright angelic band,
In that sunny land.

2 We'll receive it in a pure, white stone,
And no one will know the name therein;
Only unto him who hath 'tis known,
When we're free from sin.

A white stone, a white stone, we'll receive
up there; [there.
A white stone, a white stone, all who enter

3 Dont you wonder what that name will be?
Sweeter far than aught on earth can be,
We will be quite satisfied when we

Shall that new name know. [be,
I wonder, I wonder what that name will
I wonder, I wonder what he'll give to me.
—J. E. Hall.

130 *Key Eb.*

UP and onward, Christian soldier,
Hear thy Lord's divine command;
Be thou ready, when he calls thee,
In the foremost ranks to stand.

CHO.—Unto death O be thou faithful,
Strong in him, thy Strength and
Shield;
Go thou forth where duty calls thee,
Truth's eternal sword to wield.

2 Up and onward, Christian soldier,
To the conflict and the strife;
God will test thy zeal and courage,
Ere thou enter into life.

3 Up and onward, be not weary,
Do not lay thy armor down;
Thou must fight the battle bravely,
Ere thy soul can wear a crown.

4 Up and onward, firm and fearless,
Like the vet'rans of the past; [thee,
Then, thro' him whose grace redeems
Thou shalt overcome at last.

—Sallie Martin.

131 *Key Ab.*

BROTHER, you've come to the Lord,
You believe in his holy word,
And it's light has shone on your heart;
Oh! my brother, ne'er let it depart.

[now shine,

CHO.—Let your light shine, oh, let it
Out from your heart o'er the world;
Do something, though it's little,
Out of love for your Lord.

2 Brother, your Lord lived for you
As the humblest of humble do,
And for you he willingly died,
To redeem you, and all men beside.

3 Brother, you may really think,
And by this from your duty shrink,
That for you there's nothing to do,
But, my brother, that can't be, no! no!

4 Brother, your talents may be
Neither five, nor yet two or three,
But you certainly must have one,
Then, arouse you! before that is gone.
—Mrs. G. W. Burroughs.

132 *Key G.*

WHEN the storms of life are raging,
Tempests wild on sea and land,
I will seek a place of refuge
In the shadow of God's hand.

CHO.—He will hide me, he will hide me,
Where no harm can ere betide me;
He will hide me, safely hide me
In the shadow of his hand.

2 Though he may send some affliction,
'Twill but make me long for home;
For in love, and not in anger,
All his chastenings will come.

3 Enemies may strive to injure,
Satan all his arts employ;
He will turn what seems to harm me
Into everlasting joy.

4 So, while here the cross I'm bearing,
Meeting storms and billows wild,
Jesus for my soul is caring,
Naught can harm his Father's child.

—M. E. Servoss.

133 *Key Db.*

IN the hour of trial,
Jesus, plead for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from thee,
When thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favor
Suffer me to fall.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;

Or should pain attend me
On my path below:
Grant that I may never
Fail thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on thee.

- 4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

—James Montgomery

134 *Key Ab.*

PRESS on, press on, ye workers,
Be loyal, brave, and true:
Great things the Lord is doing,
And greater things will do;
His army, still increasing
With each revolving year,
Shall send a shout of rapture forth
That all the world shall hear.

CHO.—Rejoice, rejoice, ye workers all,
rejoice;

||: O clap your hands and sing: ||
God's holy church shall triumph yet, tri-
umph yet, triumph yet,
And he shall reign our King, shall
reign our King.

- 2 The walls of leagued oppression
To dust shall fall away;
The sword of truth eternal
No power on earth can stay:
Though all the hosts of darkness
Were marshalled on the field, [mov'd,
The church of God would stand un-
With Christ her strength and shield.

- 3 Behold her marching onward,
In majesty sublime,
Along the rolling prairies
That bound our western clime;
And soon from every hamlet
On all our vast frontier
Glad songs shall rise to Jesus,
While skeptics turn to hear.

—Fanny J. Crosby

135 *Key Eb.*

LIGHT after darkness, gain after loss,
Strengthen after weakness, crown after cross,
Sweet after bitter, song after fears,
Home after wandering, praise after tears,

- 2 Sheaves after sowing, sun after rain,
Sight after mystery, peace after pain,
Joy after sorrow, calm after blast,
Rest after weariness,—sweet rest at last.

- 3 Near after distant, gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness, life after tomb;
After long agony, rapture of bliss;
Right was the pathway leading to this!

136 *Key C.*

WE have wandered far away
From our Father's home,
In the dark and dreary paths of sin;
But we hear our Saviour's voice
Calling us to come,
And at once a better life begin.

CHO.—We are coming home, [to-day;
We are coming home, coming home
We have heard thy loving voice,
Blessed Saviour, and rejoice;
We are coming home to-day.

- 2 We are coming now by faith,
By the Spirit led,
We are coming with our hearts to thee;
We are trusting in the blood
That for us was shed,
And the Holy Spirit sets us free.

- 3 We have kindred gone before
To the heavenly home,
And they draw us by the chords of love;
They are calling us to-day,
Calling us to come
To the happy, happy home above.

—Rev. J. P. Dimmit.

137 *Key Eb.*

THERE is joy, there is joy,
There is joy in heaven:
A ransomed soul returns,
The path of sin forsaking,
And while his sad heart mourns,
The harps of God are waking.

CHO.—All the golden bells are ringing,
All the angel choirs are singing,
All the loving angels say,
“There is joy in heav'n to-day, [day.”
There is joy, there is joy, joy, joy to—

2 There is joy, there is joy,
There is joy in heaven:
A weeping sinner kneels,
The chains of death are broken,
And soon his glad heart feels
The Saviour's welcome spoken.

3 There is joy, there is joy,
There is joy in heaven:
No news of pain or care,
The jasper sea o'er-reaching,
But sweet is echoed there
The contrite heart's beseeching.

4 There is joy, there is joy,
There is joy in heaven:
O then to God return,—
Come back and be forgiven,
And soon thy heart shall learn
To know the joy of heaven.

—Priscilla J. Owens.

138 *Key F.*

I WILL bless the Lord at all times
For his goodness unto me,
For the joys of his salvation;
For his love so full and free.

CHO.—I will bless the Lord, bless the
Bless the Lord at all times, [Lord,
And praise him, praise him,
Praise him o'er and o'er,
I will bless the Lord, bless the Lord,
Bless the Lord at all times!
Till I strike my harp in Zion
With his saints forevermore.

2 I will bless the Lord, my Father,
For his kindness day by day,
For his loving arms around me,
For his sunshine on my way.

3 I will bless the Lord, my Saviour,
For he died to ransom me,
That he lives and reigns forever,
And his glory I shall see.

4 I will bless the Holy Spirit,
That my soul is sanctified,

For his promise and his presence,
Ev'ry day my loving guide.

—Priscilla J. Owens.

139 *Key G.*

MAKE room for Jesus! room! sad
Beguiled and sick of sin; [heart,
Bid ev'ry alien guest depart,
And rise and let him in.

CHO.—Make room, sad heart, make
room, make room!
Bid alien guests depart,
Oh, let the Master in, sad heart;
Arise, make room, make room!

2 Make room for Jesus! room! make
His hand is at the door; [room!
He comes to banish guilt and gloom,
And bless thee more and more.

3 Make room for Jesus! soul of mine,
He waits response to-day,
His smile is peace, his grace, divine,
Oh, turn him not away.

4 Make room for Jesus! by and by,
'Midst saint and seraphim,
He'll welcome to his throne on high
The soul that welcomed him.

—Rev. Alex. Clark. D.D.

140 *Key F.*

WHO is this that waiteth,
Waiteth for my call,
While the dews of morning
Gently round liim fall?
Hark! I hear him knocking,
Knocking at my door,
Asking me for entrance,—
Pleading o'er and o'er!

CHO.—||: Let me in, let me in,
Patiently I wait?
Wilt thou not unbar the door
Ere it be too late?:||

2 Who is this that waiteth
In the storm outside,
Sad and worn and weary,
Still his wish denied?
O, such gentle patience
Must an entrance win;
Still I hear him pleading,
“Let me enter in.”

3 O, it is my Saviour!
Saw I not before
All that bleeding sorrow,
All that anguish sore?
Saw I not the nail-prints,
When his blood was shed?
Saw I not the thorn-crown
On his kingly head?

4 Thou shalt wait no longer
In the gloom outside!
Enter, O sweet Stranger,
And with me abide!
Long I sought thee, Saviour,
Thou wast at my door!
Now I bid thee welcome,
Welcome evermore!

CHO.—||: O come in, O come in,
Be my guest to-day;
Saviour, come, abide with me
Evermore, I pray.:||
—Mrs. R. N. Turner.

141 *Key G.*

THE children to Jesus may come,
And life and salvation receive;
New hearts will he give every one,
If on him they only believe.

CHO.—I will love him, I will love him,
For his child I want to be;
On the cross he died for sinners,
On the cross he died for me.

2 My name will he write in his book,
And call me a lamb of his fold;
When Satan shall seek to devour,
Then me in his hands will he hold.

3 I read in his own blessed word
How little ones useful may be,
I'll stand with my face to the cross,
That others the Saviour may see.
—Rev. C. H. Yatman.

142 *Key Eb.*

ONE more day its twilight brings,
One more day its shadow flings;
One sweet hour of grateful prayer,
Calling to rest from toil and care.

CHO.—One day nearer the land of song,
One day nearer the white-robed throng;
There at the gate they watch and wait
For a meeting that shall last forever.

2 One more day of conflict passed,
One more vict'ry gained at last;
One sweet hour in praise to spend
While at a throne of grace we bend.

3 One more day of reaping o'er,
One more sheaf to crown our store;
One sweet hour to bathe the soul
Here in the streams of joy that roll.

4 Saviour, when as now we rest,
Leaning, trusting on thy breast,
We shall cross the narrow sea,
Still may we sing, inspired by thee:—
—Frank Gould.

143 *Key Bb.*

GLORY to Jesus who died on the tree,
Paid the great price that my soul might be
Now I can sing hallelujah to God, [free;
Glory! he saves, he saves.

CHO.—||: Glory! he saves, glory! he saves,
Saves a poor sinner like me.:||

2 Once in my heart there was sin and despair, [there,
Now the dear Saviour himself dwelleth
And from his presence comes peace to my
Glory! he saves, he saves. [soul,

3 Come, then, ye weary, who long to be free,
Come to the Saviour, he waiteth for thee;
Then with the ransomed this song you can
Glory! he saves, he saves. [sing,
—P. Bilhorn.

144 *Key Eb.*

IN darkness I wandered till Jesus I found,
||: And then, praise his name! :|| [round,
The clear light of heaven my pathway shone
And peace to my spirit there came.

CHO.—And now I'm confiding,
And sweetly abiding
In Jesus, my Saviour.
Companion and Guide:
His name I'm confessing,
He fills me with blessing;
To me he's far dearer
Than all else beside.

2 The birds o'er my head seemed to sing
||: So wondrously sweet, :|| [a new song,
All nature seemed praising in notes loud and
My Saviour, when first we did meet. [long,

3 And now we are walking together along,
 ∥: My Saviour and I, ∥ [and strong,
 He blesses and leads me with hand kind
 And freely his grace does supply.

4 Oh, wonderful Brother, Redeemer and
 ∥: I love him I know, ∥ [Friend!
 This blessed companionship, never to end,
 Grows sweeter as onward I go.
 —F. A. Blackmer.

145 *Key F.*

WHEN Jesus called the little ones,
 He said that they would welcome be;
 It fills my heart with joy to know
 He spoke those words for me,
 For me, for me,
 He spoke those words for me,
 It fills my heart with joy to know,
 He spoke those words for me.

2 The Saviour took them in his arms,
 And gave his blessing tenderly;
 It fills my heart with joy to know
 His blessing is for me,
 For me, for me,
 His blessing is for me,
 It fills my heart with joy to know,
 His blessing is for me.

3 Our Saviour listened to the praise
 Of children's voices, glad and free,
 It fills my heart with joy to know,
 He listens now to me,
 To me, to me,
 He listens now to me,
 It fills my heart with joy to know,
 He listens now to me.
 —E. E. Hewitt.

146 *Key A.*

OH, why should we wrestle with fears
 And doubts, which the Spirit must grieve?
 And why should we languish in sorrow and
 tears,
 When there's nothing to do but believe.

CHO.—Believe, believe,
 Only on Jesus believe;
 Salvation is waiting for you and for me,
 There is nothing to do but believe.

2 His word is assurance complete;
 Thy sins and thine idols now leave;

Come, pleading his promise, and fall at his
 feet,
 Then you've nothing to do but believe.

3 How easy the terms of his grace:
 'Tis only to ask and receive;
 The seal of his favor, the smile of his face,
 Are for those who will only believe.
 —Emma M. Johnston.

147 *Key D.*

BLESSED assurance, Jesus is mine!
 Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
 Heir of salvation, purchased of God,
 Born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

CHO.—∥: This is my story, this is my song,
 Praising my Saviour all the day long. ∥

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
 Visions of rapture burst on my sight,
 Angels descending, bring from above
 Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
 I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
 Watching and waiting, looking above.
 Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.
 —F. J. Crosby.

148 *Key Db.*

THERE'S a stranger at the door, let him in,
 He has been there oft before, let him in;
 Let him in ere he is gone,
 Let him in, the Holy One,
 Jesus Christ, the Father's Son, let him in.

2 Open now to him your heart, let him in,
 If you wait he will depart, let him in.
 Let him in, he is your Friend,
 He your soul will sure defend,
 He will keep you to the end, let him in.

3 Hear you now his loving voice? let him in,
 Now, oh, now make him your choice, let him in
 He is standing at the door, [in,
 Joy to you he will restore,
 And his name you will adore, let him in.

4 Now admit the heavenly Guest, let him in,
 He will make for you a feast, let him in.
 He will speak your sins forgiven,
 And when earth ties all are riven,
 He will take you home to heaven let him in.
 —Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

149

Key F.

WEARY pilgrim on life's pathway,
Struggling on beneath thy load,
Hear these words of consolation,—
"Cast thy burden on the Lord."

CHO.—||: Cast thy burden on the Lord.:||
And he will strengthen thee,
Sustain and comfort thee;
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

2 Are thy tired feet unsteady?
Does thy lamp no light afford?
Is thy cross too great and heavy?
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

3 Are the ties of friendship severed?
Hushed the voices fondly heard?
Breaks thy heart with weight of anguish,
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

4 Does thy heart with faintness falter?
Does thy mind forget his word?
Does thy strength succumb to weak-
Cast thy burden on the Lord. [ness?

5 He will hold thee up from falling,
He will guide thy steps aright!
He will strengthen each endeavor;
He will keep thee by his might.

—Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

150

Key F.

SAVED to the uttermost: I am the Lord's,
Jesus my Saviour salvation affords,
Gives me his Spirit a witness within,
Whisp'ring of pardon, and saving from sin.

CHO.—Saved, saved, saved to the utter-
Saved, saved by power divine; [most,
Saved, saved, saved to the uttermost,
Jesus the Saviour is mine.

2 Saved to the uttermost: Jesus is near,
Keeping me safely, he casteth out fear;
Trusting his promises, how I am blest!
Leaning upon him, how sweet is my rest!

3 Saved to the uttermost: this I can say,
"Once all was darkness, but now it is day,"
Beautiful visions of glory I see,
Jesus in brightness revealed unto me.

4 Saved to the uttermost: cheerfully sing
Loud hallelujahs to Jesus, my King;

Ransomed and pardoned, redeemed by his
blood, [God!
Cleansed from unrighteousness, glory to
—Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

151

Key Db.

GOD be with you till we meet again,
By his counsels guide, uphold you,
With his sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again.

CHO.—Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings securely hide you;
Daily manna still provide you,
God be with you till we meet again.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you;
Put his arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before
you,
God be with you till we meet again.

—J. E. Rankin, D. D.

152

Key Eb.

I ENTERED once a home of care,
For age and penury were there,
Yet peace and joy withal;
I asked the lonely mother whence
Her helpless widowhood's defense,
She told me "Christ was all."

CHO.—||: Christ is all, all in all,
Yes, Christ is all in all.:||

2 I stood beside a dying bed,
Where lay a child with aching head,
Waiting for Jesus' call;
I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May,
And as his spirit passed away,
He whispered, "Christ is all."

3 I saw the martyr at the stake, [shake,
The flames could not his courage

Nor death his soul appal, [given,
I asked him whence his strength was
He looked triumphantly to heaven,
And answered, "Christ is all."

4 I saw the gospel herald go,—
To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow,
To save from Satan's thrall,
Nor home nor life he counted dear,
'Midst wants and perils owned no fear,
He felt that "Christ is all."

5 I dreamed that hoary time had fled,
And earth and sea gave up their dead,
A fire dissolved this ball,
I saw the church's ransomed throng,
I heard the burden of their song,
'Twas "Christ is all in all."

6 Then come to Christ, oh, come to-day,
The Father, Son, and Spirit say;
The Bride repeats the call,
For he will cleanse your guilty stains,
His love will soothe your weary pains,
For "Christ is all in all."

153*Key Ab.*

KEEP thy faith steady, my brother,
Shedding its beautiful ray,
Clear as the brow of the morning,
Bright as the eye of the day.

CHO.—Tranquilly shining,
Never declining,
Keep thy faith steady,
And wait, oh, wait on the Lord.

2 Keep thy faith steady, my brother,
Firm as a rock let it be;
Pray, and believe when thou prayest
Love hath an answer for thee.

3 Keep thy faith steady, my brother,
Looking to Jesus alone;
Then will the blessing thou seekest
Drop like the dew from his throne.

4 Keep thy faith steady, my brother,
Souls by its light may be won;
Trust till thy journey is over,
Trust till thy life-work is done.

—Martha J. Lankton.

154*Key G.*

AWAKE! awake! O Zion, lift thy voice!
In the Lord thy God forevermore rejoice;
Arise! arise! behold, the night is past,
And the day has come at last;
Let thy harp resound as once it rang
In the grand old time
Of thy strength and prime,
When thy soul within thee sweetly sang,
Trusting in the promise of the Lord.
Hark! O Zion, hear the joy-bells ring!
Lo, he cometh, thy Redeemer-King!
He shall reign all glorious,
He shall reign victorious
O'er the world from shore to shore.

CHO.—Awake! awake! O Zion, lift thy
voice!
In the Lord thy God forevermore rejoice;
Arise! arise! behold, the night is past,
And the day has come at last;

2 He comes! he comes! the faithful watch-
men cry; [high!
To the hills look up, and wave the banner
He comes! he comes! with trumpet tongue
Our redemption thro' his name. [proclaim
Oh, the songs, glad songs that now we raise
In the dear retreat
Where we love to meet,
In the house of prayer and joyous praise,
Singing with the happy ones above.
Crown, oh, crown him, our Deliv'rer-King!
Hail, oh, hail him, while our gifts we bring!
All shall hear his story,
All shall see his glory;
He shall reign from shore to shore.
—Fanny J. Crosby.

155*Key F.*

WILL you go to Jesus now, dear friend?
He is calling you to-day;
Will you seek the bright and better land,
By "the true and living way?"

REF.—I will, I will! by the grace of God,
I will go to Jesus now; [I will;
I will heed the gospel call,
For the promise is for all;
I will go to Jesus now.

2 Would you know the Saviour's bound-
And his mercy rich and free? [less love,
Will you seek the saving, cleansing blood,
That was shed for you and me.

3 Will you consecrate your life to him,
To be ever his alone?

And your loving service freely yield,
To the King upon his throne.

4 Will you follow where the Master leads,
Choosing only his renown,
Will you daily bear the cross for him,
Till he bids you wear the crown?

—E. E. Hewitt.

156 *Key A.*

WE shall walk with him in white,
In that country pure and bright, [file;
Where shall enter naught that may de-
Where the day-beam ne'er declines,
For the blessed light that shines
Is the glory of the Saviour's smile.

CHO.—Beautiful robes, beautiful robes,
Beautiful robes we then shall wear,
Garments of light, lovely and bright,
Walking with Jesus in white,
Beautiful robes we shall wear.

2 We shall walk with him in white,
Were faith yields to blissful sight,
When the beauty of the King we see;
Holding converse full and sweet,
In a fellowship complete;
Waking songs of holy melody.

3 We shall walk with him in white,
By the fountains of delight,
Where the Lamb his ransomed ones
shall lead,
For his blood shall wash each stain,
Till no spot of sin remain,
And the soul forevermore is freed.

—E. E. Hewitt.

157 *Key E.*

PRAYER is the key
For the bending knee
To open the morn's first hours;
See the incense rise
To the starry skies,
Like perfume from the flow'rs.

2 Not a soul so sad,
Nor a heart so glad,
When cometh the shades of night,
But the daybreak song
Will the joy prolong,
And some darkness turn to light.

3 Take the golden key
In your hand and see,
As the night tide drifts away,
How its blessed hold
Is a crown of gold,
Thro' the weary hours of day.

4 When the shadows fall,
And the vesper call
Is sobbing its low refrain,
'Tis a garland sweet
To the toil dent feet,
And an antidote for pain.

5 Soon the year's dark door
Shall be shut no more:
Life's tears shall be wiped away,
As the pearl gates swing,
And the gold harps ring,
And the sun unsheathe for aye.

158 *Key D.*

In the murmur of the breeze
There is music low and sweet,
In the gently waving trees,
And the flow'rs beneath our feet.

CHO.—Praise the Lord, praisethe Lord,
Is the language of the skies;
Praise the Lord, praisethe Lord,
Nature's happy voice replies.

2 And the bird on airy wing
Seems in merry tones to say,
God has taught me how to sing,
I must praise him all the day.

3 Let our hearts take up the strain,
Let us praise him o'er and o'er,
Let us join the glad refrain,
Till we sing on earth no more.

Jennie Garnett.

159 *Key Ab.*

BE earnest, my brothers,
In word and in deed,
Be active in reaping
And sowing the seed;

And thus in the vineyard,
With Jesus to lead,
Be always abounding
In the work of the Lord.

CHO.—||: Be always abounding
In the work of the Lord, :||
Be earnest, be active,
Relying on his word,
Be always abounding
In the work of the Lord.

2 Be ready, my brothers,
His call to obey,
In seeking the erring
And showing the way;
And thus as his servants,
Remember, we pray,
Be always abounding
In the work of the Lord.

3 Be zealous, my brothers,
The light to extend,
And unto all nations
The gospel to send;
And thus, till the harvest
In glory shall end,
Be always abounding
In the work of the Lord.
—E. A. Barnes.

160 *Key Ab.*

MY soul in sad exile was out on life's sea,
So burdened with sin, and distress,
Till I heard a sweet voice saying, make me
your choice;
And I entered the "Haven of Rest!"

CHO.—I've anchored my soul in the haven
I'll sail the wide seas no more; [of rest,
The tempest may sweep o'er the wild stormy
In Jesus I'm safe evermore. [deep,

2 I yielded myself to his tender embrace,
And faith taking hold of the word,
My fetters fell off, and I anchored my soul;
The haven of rest is my Lord.

3 The song of my soul, since the Lord made
me whole,
Has been the OLD STORY so blest
Of Jesus, who'll save whosoever will have
A home in the "Haven of Rest!"

Living Hymns—D

4 How precious the thought that we all may
Like John the beloved and blest, [recline,
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can
Secure in the "Haven of Rest!" [harm,
5 Oh, come to the Saviour, he patiently
To save by his power divine; [waits
Come, anchor your soul in the haven of rest,
And say, "my Beloved is mine."
—H. L. Gilmour.

161 *Key Ab.*

"THOUGH your sins be as scarlet,
They shall be as white as snow;
Though they be red like crimson,
They shall be as wool;"
||: "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, :||
||: They shall be as white as snow." :||

2 Hear the voice that entreats you,
Oh, return ye unto God!
He is of great compassion,
And of wondrous love;
||: Hear the voice that entreats you, :||
||: Oh, return ye unto God! :||

3 He'll forgive your transgressions,
And remember them no more;
"Look unto me, ye people,"
Saith the Lord your God;
||: He'll forgive your transgressions. :||
||: And remember them no more. :||
—Fanny J. Crosby.

162 *Key G.*

LEADING souls to Jesus who are sad and
lost, [tossed;
Who upon life's waters have been tempest-
All the heavy-laden, burdened with their
load, [God.
Whisp'ring of salvation thro' the Lamb of

CHO.—Leading souls to Jesus! oh, may
this be mine,

Till I cross the river to that home divine;
Sowing by all waters, till the great day
come, [vest home,
When with joy the reapers shout the har-

2 Leading souls to Jesus, telling them the
way [day;
Out of nature's darkness into God's own
Kneeling with the sinner at the Saviour's
feet, [sweet.
Even angels can not know of work more

3 Leading souls to Jesus from their want
and sin, [within;
Setting up his kingdom with its peace
Till the Spirit witness in them o'er and o'er,
Cleans'd are thy transgressions: go, and
sin no more.

4 Leading souls to Jesus, as the stars to
shine, [mine;
In some humbly station, Master, be it
With forgiven sinners, not alone to stand,
When I rise to glory in the better land.

—J. E. Rankin, D. D.

163 *Key Db.*

WHEN peace, like a river attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea-billows, roll;
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to
It is well, it is well with my soul. [say.

CHO.—It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials
should come,
Let this blest assurance control, [tate,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless es-
And hath shed his own blood for my soul.

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious
thought—
My sin—not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my
soul!

4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith
shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall
descend,
“Even so”—it is well with my soul.
—H. G. Spafford.

164 *Key C.*

Low in the grave he lay—
Jesus, My Saviour!
Waiting the coming day—
Jesus, my Lord!

CHO.—Up from the grave he arose,
With a mighty triumph o'er his
He arose a Victor [foes;
From the dark domain,

And he lives forever
With his saints to reign:
He arose! he arose!
Hallelujah! Christ arose!

2 Vainly they watch his bed—
Jesus, my Saviour!
Vainly they seal the dead—
Jesus, my Lord!

3 Death cannot keep his prey—
Jesus, my Saviour!
He tore the bars away—
Jesus, my Lord!

—Rev. Robert Lowry.

165 *Key Bb.*

ON Calv'ry's brow my Saviour died,
'Twas there my Lord was crucified:
'Twas on the cross he bled for me,
And purchased there my pardon free.

CHO.—O Calvary! dark Calvary!
Where Jesus shed his blood for me.
O Calvary! blest Calvary!
'Twas there my Saviour died for me.

2 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning
skies,
My Saviour bows his head and dies;
The opening vail reveals the way
To heaven's joys and endless day.

3 O Jesus, Lord, how can it be,
That thou shouldst give thy life for me,
To bear the cross and agony,—
In that dread hour on Calvary!—
—Rev. W. M'K Darwood.

166 *Key Bb.*

OH, we are young soldiers for Jesus,
And he, our Commander and Friend,
Will help us each one to be faithful,
And lead us safe on to the end;
Wherever the post of our duty,
Let none of us falter nor fear;
Remember no danger can harm us
When Jesus our Saviour is near. [sus,

CHO.—Oh, we are young soldiers for Je-
And he, our Commander and Friend,
Will help us each one to be faithful,
And lead us safe on to the end;

2 Oh, we are young soldiers for Jesus,
And promise to follow him still;
A place in the Sunday-school army
To-day we are happy to fill;
Yes, we are young soldiers for Jesus,
And proudly our colors we show;
Our watchword is RIGHT and PRESS ON-
WARD;
We dread not the field nor the foe.

3 Our pathway may sometimes be rug-
ged,
Our marching may sometimes belong,
But gladly our footsteps shall ever
Keep time to the voice of our song;
And oh, when the warfare is over,
And Jesus our Saviour shall come,
How sweetly we'll rest on his bosom,
In Eden, dear Eden, our home.

—Jennie E. Johnson.

167 *Key C.*

WE are looking away from the vale of time,
Beyond the sea, the rolling sea,
Where the beautiful hills of a purer clime
Are blooming for you and for me.

CHO.—Press onward, press onward
To meet our Saviour there;
Press onward, press onward,
A robe and crown to wear.

2 We are passing away like the spring-time
And birds that sing on airy wing; [flowers
But we dream of the splendor of radiant
Where music forever shall ring. [bowers

3 We are floating away like the clouds of
That softly rest on evening's breast; [gold
But the portals of joy we shall soon behold,
And dwell with the happy and blest.

4 We are gliding away where the morning
light
Shall break and rise o'er cloudless skies,
While its glories shall banish the shades of
And fill us with joyful surprise. [night,
—Jennie Garnett.

168 *Key D.*

WEARY with walking alone,
Long heavy-laden with sin;
Toiling all night without Christ,—
Rest for my soul shall I win.

CHO.—Leaning on Jesus,
I walk at his side;
Leaning on Jesus,
I trust him, my Shepherd and Guide.

2 Fearing to stand for my Lord,
Trembling for weakness in prayer;
Yet on the bosom divine
Losing each sorrow and fear.

3 Anxious no longer for self,
Shrinking no longer from pain,
Leaning on Jesus alone,
He all my care will sustain.

4 Leaning, I walk in "the way,"
Leaning, "the truth" I shall know;
Leaning on heart-throbs of Christ,
Safe into "life" I may go.
—Rev. W. F. Crafts.

169 *Key Bb.*

JESUS is the light, the way,
||: We are walking in the light, :||
Shining brighter day by day, [of God.
We are walking in the beautiful light

CHO.—||: We are walking in the light, :||
We are walking in the light, [God.
We are walking in the beautiful light of

2 We who know our sins forgiven,
||: We are walking in the light, :||
Find on earth the joy of heaven, [God.
We are walking in the beautiful light of

3 As we journey here below,
||: We are walking in the light, :||
Oh, what joy and peace we know, [God.
We are walking in the beautiful light of

4 We will sing his power to save,
||: We are walking in the light, :||
We will triumph o'er the grave, [God.
We are walking in the beautiful light of
—R. Kelso Carter.

170 *Key D.*

THERE are songs of joy that I loved to sing,
When my heart was as blithe as a bird in
spring;
But the song I have learned is so full of
cheer, [dear.
That the dawn shines out in the darkness

CHO.—||: O, the new, new song! :||
I can sing it now with the ransomed throng:
Power and dominion to him that shall reign;
Glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain;

2 There are strains of home that are dear
as life,
And I list to them oft 'mid the din of strife;
But I know of a home that is wondrous fair,
And I sing the psalm they are singing there.

3 Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad,
When the gracious Master hath made me
glad? [be,
When he points where the many mansions
And sweetly says, "there is one for thee?"

4 I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall
When I come to the gloom of the evenfall,
For I know that the shadows, dreary and
dim,
Have a path of light that will lead to him.
—Flora L. Best.

171

Key G.

I bring my *sins* to thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansed be
In thy once opened fount;
||: I bring them, Saviour, all to thee,
The burden is too great for me. :||

2 My *heart* to thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read;
A faithless, wand'ring thing—
An evil heart indeed;
||: I bring it, Saviour, now to thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be. :||

3 I bring my *grief* to thee,
The grief I cannot tell,
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well;
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
||: O suffering Saviour, all to thee. :||

4 My *joys* to thee I bring,
The joys thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven;
||: I bring them, Saviour, all to thee,
Who hast procured them all for me. :||

5 My *life* I bring to thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine, ever thine alone:
||: My heart, my life, my all, I bring
To thee, my Saviour and my King. :||
—Havergal.

172

Key Eb.

WHEN the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray,—
We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away.

CHO.—We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
||: In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away. :||

2 If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust;
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the plain that hides away,—
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away.

3 When the mists have risen above us,
As our Father knows his own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known;
Love, beyond the orient meadows
Floats the golden fringe of day,
Heart to heart we bide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away.
—Annie Herbert.

173

Key Bb.

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

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

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

—Thomas Shepherd. Alt.

174 *Key Ab.*

I WILL sing of my Redeemer,
And his wondrous love to me;
On the cruel cross he suffered,
From the curse to set me free.

CHO.—Sing, oh, sing of my Redeemer,
With his blood he purchased me,
On the cross he sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt, and made me free.

2 I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In his boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.

3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell,
How the victory he giveth
Over sin, and death, and hell.

4 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And his heav'nly love to me; [me.
He from death to life hath brought
Son of God with him to be.

—P. P. Bliss.

175 *Key G.*

LITTLE voices, happy voices,
Sing of Jesus and his love,
While the angels bending o'er us
Whisper softly from above,—

CHO.—Oh, believe him, oh, receive him,
Your Redeemer kind and true!
How he loves you! yes, he loves you
More than all your friends can do.

2 Little voices, happy voices,
While we praise him day by day,
Lo! the angels hover round us;
In our hearts we hear them say,—

3 Little voices, happy voices,
While we breathe his name so dear,
From the Bible, holy Bible,
Still the gentle words we hear,—

4 Little voices, happy voices,
With our teachers while we sing;

They are telling, sweetly telling,
Of the Lord, our Saviour-King.

—Lizzie Edwards.

176 *Key F.*

WHEN Jesus shall gather the nations
Before him at last to appear,
Then how shall we stand in the judgment,
When summoned our sentence to hear?

CHO.—He will gather the wheat in his gar-
But the chaff will he scatter away; [ner,
Then how shall we stand in the judgment,
Oh, how shall it be in that day?

2 Shall we hear, from the lips of the Saviour,
The words, "Faithful servant, well done;"
Or, trembling with fear and with anguish,
Be banished away from his throne. [dren,

3 He will smile when he looks on his chil-
And sees on the ransomed his seal;
He will clothe them in heavenly beauty,
As low at his footstool they kneel.

4 Then let us be watching and waiting,—
Our lamps burning steady and bright,—
When the bridegroom shall call to the wed-
Our spirits made ready for flight. [ding

5 Thus living with hearts fixed on Jesus,
In patience we wait for the time,
When, the days of our pilgrimage ended,
We'll bask in his presence divine.

—Harriet B. M'Keever.

177 *Key G.*

DARK are the waters before me,—
Loud is the voice of the gale;
Storm-cloud and tempest are o'er me,
Boatman! oh, list to my hail.

CHO.—Carry me over the tide, [wide;
Dark are the waters, and deep and
Yonder, just over the sea,
My mansion is waiting for me.

2 Onward I move o'er the waters,
Lurid the light'ning's fierce glare,
Angry the surges beneath me,—
Boatman! lo, danger is there.

3 Peril is in the dark waters,—
Safety beyond the deep wave;
Father! oh, let me not perish—
Thou who art mighty to save.

4 Ah, when the voyage is over,
There, on that beautiful shore,
Safely beyond the dark waters,
Joy shall be mine evermore.

—Francis A. Simkins.

178 *Key G.*

I'VE reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Hereshines undimm'd one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

CHO.—O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah
As on thy highest mount I stand, [Land,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,—
My heav'n, my home for evermore!

2 My Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by his hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever-vernal trees,
And flowers, that never-fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-robed throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

—Edgar Page.

179 *Key G.*

WILL you meet me in the morning,
On that bright and golden shore?
Will your lamp be trimmed and burning
When he comes to take you o'er?

CHO.—Yes, I'll meet you in the morning,
When I hear the Saviour's call,
"Come, ye blessed of my Father,
To a home prepared for all."

2 Oh, to meet on that bright morning,
When the clouds have passed away;
Oh, to walk and talk with Jesus,
There to dwell with him for aye.

3 When we meet our loving Saviour,
What a happy hour 'twill be, [ones,
When we're gathered with our loved
And their happy faces see.

4 Oh, this thought should make us hap-
And we all should love him more, [py,
For he'll come, and will not tarry,
Come to bear us safely o'er.

—E. O. Excell.

180 *Key Ab.*

MORE about Jesus would I know,
More of his grace to others show;
More of his saving fulness see,
More of his love who died for me.

CHO.—More, more about Jesus,
More, more about Jesus;
More of his saving fulness see,
More of his love who died for me.

2 More about Jesus let me learn,
More of his holy will discern;
Spirit of God, my teacher be,
Showing the things of Christ to me.

3 More about Jesus; in his word,
Holding communion with my Lord;
Hearing his voice in ev'ry line,
Making each faithful saying mine.

4 More about Jesus; on his throne,
Riches in glory all his own;
More of his kingdom's sure increase;
More of his coming, Prince of Peace.

—E. E. Hewitt.

181 *Key Bb.*

Do you hear that gentle whisper?
Sweeter accents cannot be;
'Tis the Saviour's invitation,
"Come, my child, oh, come to me."

CHO.—Come to me, come to me;
Sweetly breathes that gentle whisper,
"Come to me, oh, come to me,"
Breathes the Saviour's invitation,
Come to me, oh, come to me.

2 Wait not till the evening shadows
Close around your dark'ning way,
Come, while morning dew-drops spar-
kle,
Come, while early sunbeams play.

3 Come, and bring your fresh affections,
Youth's bright flowers of joy and love,
Come, to find eternal treasures,
Find your truest Friend above.

4 Leave these shallow streams untast-
Never can they satisfy, [ed,
Come, to drink of living waters,
Freely flowing from on high.

—E. E. Hewitt.

182 *Key C.*

LET us endeavor to speak for the Master ;
Surely he's worthy our heartiest praise ;
Worthy our loyal and loving confession ;
Worthy the hymns of thanksgiving we
raise.

CHO.—Helping us ever in each endeavor,
Jesus stands by us to give us success ;
His arm upholding, his love enfolding,
Jesus will guide us, and Jesus will bless.

2 Let us endeavor to work for the Master ;
Serving in gladness wherever we go, [ness,
Keeping our lamps shining out in the dark-
Till others follow the heaven-lit glow.

3 Let us endeavor to live for the Master ;
Live for his glory who died for our sin ;
Yielding our all in a true consecration,
Trusting, obeying, his blessing we win.

—E. E. Hewitt.

183 *Key E.*

JESUS, when he left the sky,
And for sinners came to die,
In his mercy passed not by
Little ones like me.

CHO.—Little ones, little ones, [he ;
“Suffer them to come,” said
Jesus loves the little ones,
Little ones like me.

2 Mothers then the Saviour sought
In the places where he taught,
And to him the children brought,
Little ones like me.

3 Did the Saviour say them nay ?
No, he kindly bade them stay,
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me.

4 'Twas for them his life he gave,
To redeem them from the grave,
Jesus now will gladly save
Little ones like me.

184 *Key G.*

OH, where are the reapers that garner in
The sheaves of the good from the fields of
sin ;

With sickles of truth must the work be done,
And no one may rest till the “harvest home.”

CHO.—Where are the reapers ! oh, who will
come [home ?”

And share in the glory of the “harvest
Oh, who will help us to garner in [sin ?
The sheaves of good from the fields of

2 Go out in the byways and search them all ;
The wheat may be there, tho' the weeds are
tall ; [by,

Then search in the highway, and pass none
But gather from all for the home on high.

[wide
3 The fields all are ripening, and far and
The world now is waiting the harvest-tide ;
But reapers are few, and the work is great,
And much will be lost should the harvest
wait.

4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain ;
Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,
Then share ye his joy in the “harvest home.”

—Eben E. Rexford.

185 *Key D.*

I'VE been to the field with the reapers,
And there I have gleaned all day ;
But my task was light, and my heart was
For I heard the Master say : [glad,

CHO.—Rest by and by, rest by and by,
Rest in the field above ; [and by,
There is rest by and by, happy rest by
And a crown of eternal love.

2 O sweet was the song of the reapers,
And bright was their golden grain.
As it waved in the light of the mid-day
sun,
And it smiled o'er the harvest plain.

3 And still by the side of the reapers,
I ask that my place may be, [done,
Till the sun shall set, and my work is
And the Master calls for me.

—May L. Clayton.

186

Key G.

BLESSED Bible! how I love it!

How it doth my spirit cheer!
What on earth like this to covet?

Oh, what stores of wealth are here!
Man was lost and doomed to sorrow,
Not one ray of light or bliss
Could he from earth's treasures borrow,
Till his way was cheered by this.

CHO.—Blessed Bible, how I love it!

How it doth my spirit cheer,
What on earth like this to covet?
Oh, what stores of wealth are here!

2 Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee;
Precious Word, I'll hide thee here,
Sure my very heart will bless thee,
For thou ever say'st, "Good cheer!"
Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pond-
Tell how far thy rovings led, [rings,
When this book brought back thy wand-
Speaking life as from the dead. [rings,

3 Blessed Bible! I will hide thee
Deep—yes, deeper in my heart;
Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
And in death we will not part:
Part in death? no, never, never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Then, in worlds above, forever,
Sweeter still thy truths shall be.
—Mrs. Phoebe Palmer.

187

Key G.

WAKE from thy drowsy sleep,
Yonder the day, yonder the day
Breaks o'er the golden fields,
Up and away;
Lose not the morning hours,
Balmy and clear, balmy and clear,
Toil with a cheerful heart;
Reaping is near.

CHO.—Wake from thy drowsy sleep,
Yonder the day, yonder the day
Breaks o'er the golden fields,
Up and away.

2 Wake from thy drowsy sleep,
Time flies apace, time flies apace;
Go, lest another fill
Thy vacant place;

Speed to thy labor now, [sheaves;
Care for thy sheaves, care for thy
Say, wouldst thou bring thy Lord
Nothing but leaves?

3 Wake from thy drowsy sleep,
List to the song, list to the song
Now on the summer breeze
Floating along;
Haste, ere the noontide beams
Fall from the sky, fall from the sky,
Work till the Master comes;
Rest by and by.

—Frank Gould.

188

Key D.

LIFT the voice in holy song,
Awake, ye saints who love the Lord;
Gather now in happy throng,
And praise his name with one accord;
Ye who know the great salvation,
Sing the triumphs of his grace,
And with highest adoration,
Come before Jehovah's face.

CHO.—Praise the Lord, ye sons of light;
Praise the Lord, ye heavenly host;
Praise the Lord for all his mighty acts
In all the places of his wide dominion;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2 Crowd his courts with lofty praise,
And sing the works that he hath done;
Songs of love and honor raise
To Christ, the Lord, the equal Son;
Shout aloud, ye souls in glory;
Swell the song, ye saints below;
Till the heavens shall tell the story,
And the earth the strain shall know.
—Rev. R. Lowry.

189

Key Eb.

ART thou in darkness? he is the Light:
Hast suffered wrongly? he is the Right:
Hast thou lost all things? he hath all won:
And hast thou wandered? he leadeth on.

2 Art thou so hungry? he is thy food:
Art thou as nothing? he is all Good:
Art thou sore wounded? he healeth all:
Hast none to love thee? he hears thy call.

3 Wouldst thou find labor? this is the land:
Askest thou whither? on ev'ry hand:
Art thou so weary? he is thy Rest:
Art thou so longing? in him be blest.

—A. Z. G.

190 *Key Eb.*

WHAT! sitting at ease when there's work
to be done!

The best of the day half its circuit has run;
Yon orb to its zenith rides forth in the sky;
What! sitting at ease and the harvest so
nigh!

[white;

CHO.—O look on the fields that already are
The Lord hath commanded to work in the
light;

[sheaves,

Beware lest, instead of the bright, golden
We bring to him only a handful of leaves.

2 What! sitting at ease, leaving others the
toil

Of training the vineyard and tilling the soil;
This truth in our mind let us constantly
keep,

[reap

From seed that we scatter the fruit we shall

3 What! sitting at ease, when a burden of
care

[to bear;

Our brother has borne we might help him
Oh, let us be earnest, and work while we may,
The Master is calling, arise and away.

4 No longer at ease we are folding our
hands,

[mands,

But, willing to do what the Saviour com-
We'll work till the harvest, then gather the
sheaves,

[leaves.

And bring to him more than a handful of
—Fanny J. Crosby.

191 *Key Ab.*

OH! do not let the Word depart,
Nor close thine eyes against the Light,
Poor sinner, harden not your heart,
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-
night?

CHO.—Why not to-night?

Why not to-night?

Thou would'st be saved,

Why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight,
This is the time, oh, then, be wise!
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-
night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will,
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-
night?

4 The world has nothing left to give,
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh, try the life which Christians live,
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-
night?

5 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite,
Then be the work of grace begun,
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-
night?

—Anon.

192 *Key F.*

COME, oh, come with me where love is
beaming,

[streaming,

Come, oh, come with me where light is
Light and love divine, in Christ revealing
God himself to you and me.

CHO.—||: Hallelujah, hallelujah;

I love thee, my Saviour:

Hallelujah, hallelujah;

I trust but in thee.:||

2 Come with all your sins, altho' a moun-
tain,

[tain

Come unto the cross, from whence a foun-
Flows, divinely clear, to heal the nations;
Come and wash, and make you clean.

3 None can be too vile for love so beaming,
None can be too dark for light so streaming,
Christ will make you whole, thro' faith re-
Full salvation unto you.

[vealing

4 Come and let us kneel where Jesus meets
us,

Let us ever stay where Christ receives us,
Safe within the fold no harm can reach us,
Hasten, hasten to the fold.

—Mrs. Edward Anderson.

193

Key G.

GO and tell Jesus, O desolate heart,
Go and tell Jesus how weary thou art;
Weary of trying without him to live,
Seeking for comfort the world cannot give.

CHO.—Go and tell Jesus,—

Tell him how weary thou art,
Go, thy Saviour is waiting,
Waiting for comfort thy heart.

2 Go and tell Jesus, so ready to hear,
Whisper thy sorrow alone in his ear;
Long hast thou grieved him, but still he is
kind; [find.

Ask, he will give thee; go, seek thou and
5 Narrow the gate but a light thou wilt see
Shining above it, and shining for thee;
Go, and, believing, acknowledge thy sin;
Knock, he will open and welcome thee in.

4 Go and tell Jesus thy soul is oppressed,
Go and tell Jesus 'tis longing for rest,
Helpless, dependent, bend low at his throne,
Clinging by faith to his merits alone.

—Jennie Garnett.

194

Key C.

I HAVE read of a beautiful city,
Far away in the kingdom of God;
I have read how its walls are of jasper,
How its streets are all golden and broad.
In the midst of the street is life's river,
Clear as crystal and pure to behold;
But not half of that city's bright glory
To mortals has ever been told.

CHO.—||: Not half has ever been told;
Not half has ever been told;
Not half of that city's bright glory
To mortals has ever been told. :||

2 I have read of bright mansions in heaven,
Which the Saviour has gone to prepare;
And the saints who on earth have been faithful
Rest forever with Christ over there; [ful,
There no sin ever enters, nor sorrow,
The inhabitants never grow old;
But not half of the joys that await them
To mortals has ever been told. [teous,

3 I have read of white robes for the right-
Of bright crowns which the glorified wear,
When our Father shall bid them "Come,
And my glory eternally share;" [enter,

How the righteous are evermore blessed,
As they walk thro' the streets of pure gold;
But not half of the wonderful story
To mortals has ever been told.

4 I have read of a Christ so forgiving,
That vile sinners may ask and receive
Peace and pardon from every transgression,
If, when asking, they only believe.
I have read how he'll guide and protect us,
If for safety we enter his fold;
But not half of his goodness and mercy
To mortals has ever been told.

—Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

195

Key F.

TO-DAY the Saviour calls;
Ye wand'ers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of Justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

—Sallie F. Smith.

196

Key C.

THROUGH the gates of pearl and jasper
To the city paved with gold,
When the ransomed host shall enter,
And their gracious Lord behold,
When they meet in blissful triumph
By the tree of life so fair,
Shall we join the noble army,
And receive a welcome there?

CHO.—By the grace of God we'll meet,
In the city's golden street,
Shouting glory! hallelujah!
At the dear Redeemer's feet.

2 When the harvest work is ended,
And the summer days are past,

When the reapers go rejoicing
To their bright reward at last; [them
When the white-robed angel leads
To the gates of joy so fair,
Shall we join their happy number?
Will they bid us welcome there?

3 Let us follow on with firmness,
Keeping ever in the way,
Where our blessed Lord has taught us
To be faithful, watch and pray;
Then, in garments pure and spotless,
By the tree of life so fair,
We shall sing through endless ages
With the countless millions there.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

197 *Key G.*

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

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

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

198 *Key E.*

REVIVE thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the
And make thy people hear. [dead,

CHO.—Revive thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all thine own,
The blessing shall be ours.

2 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smould'ring embers now
By thine almighty breath.

3 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for thee;
And hung'ring for the bread of life,
Oh, may our spirits be!

4 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Exalt thy precious name;
And by the Holy Ghost our love
For thee and thine in-flame.
—Albert Midlane.

199 *Key D.*

PRAISE the Saviour, O ye people!
Praise and bless his holy name!
Praise and worship him; children, wor-
ship him,
For a child from heav'n he came;
Praise him from the hills and moun-
From the vales and cities all; [tains,
||: Hail him King of earth and heaven,
Who was once a child so small. :||

CHO.—Praise him in the sanctuary;
Let the children swell the strain,
||: And at morn, and noon and even,
Echo still the sweet refrain. :||

2 Praise him for his mighty actions;
Praise him for his tenderness,
When he lovingly held the little ones
In his arms to save and bless;
Praise him, all ye wise and noble,
Men and maidens, old and young;
||: Let redeeming love and mercy
Be the theme of ev'ry tongue. :||
—Miss M. A. Baker.

200 *Key Ab.*

SOFTLY and tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling for you and for me, [ing,
See on the portals he's waiting and watch-
Watching for you and for me.

CHO.—Come home, come home,
Ye who are weary, come home,
Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling, O sinner, come home!

2 Why should we tarry when Jesus is plead-
Pleading for you and for me? [ing,
Why should we linger and heed not his
Mercies for you and for me? [mercies,

3 Time is now fleeting, the moments are
Passing from you and from me; [passing,
Shadows are gathering, death beds are com-
Coming for you and for me. [ing,

4 Oh! for the wonderful love he has prom-
Promised for you and for me; [ised,
Tho' we have sinned, he has mercy and
Pardon for you and for me. [pardon,
—Will L. Thompson.

201 *Key C.*

GOD has bless'd us without measure,
Crown'd our years with richest treasure,
Join'd our hearts in love to him,
That we all might praise his name.

CHO.—||: Praise him, praise him,
Praise his holy name. :||

2 And our school to-day rejoices,
While we praise with happy voices,
On this Anniversary Day
We would bring our grateful lay.

3 Thanks to God, our Heav'nly Father,
Who has bless'd and kept us ever,
With united heart and tongue
May his praise by us be sung.
—Mrs. A. M. Chance.

202 *Key C.*

GREAT is the Lord, who ruleth over all!
Wake, wake and sing, wake, wake and
Down at his feet in adoration fall, [sing;
Praise and magnify our King.

CHO.—O ye redeemed above,
Strike, strike your harps of love,
Hail the Blessed One,
Hail the Mighty One,
Sweetly his wonders tell,
Loudly his glory swell,
Praise and magnify our King.

2 Great is the Lord, who spake and it was
done; [sing;
Wake, wake and sing, wake, wake and
Honor and strength, dominion he has won,
Praise and magnify our King.

3 Great is the Lord: oh, come with holy
mirth; [sing,
Wake, wake and sing, wake, wake and
Come and rejoice, ye nations of the earth,
Praise and magnify our King.

4 Great is the Lord, and holy is his name!
Wake, wake and sing, wake, wake and
sing; [claim,
Angels and men his wondrous works pro-
Praise and magnify our King.
—Lizzie Edwards.

203 *Key A.*

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of Sorrows now!
From the fight returned victorious,
Ev'ry knee to him shall bow:
||: Crown him, crown him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow. :||

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown
Rich the trophies Jesus brings: [him:
In the seat of power enthroned him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
||: Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Saviour King of kings. :||

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
||: Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame. :||

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
||: Crown him, crown him;
King of kings, and Lord of lords. :||
—Thomas Kelley.

204 *Key Ab.*

THERE'S a crown in heaven for the striving
soul, [place
Which the blessed Jesus himself will
On the head of each who shall faithful prove,
Even unto death, in the heavenly race.

REF.—Oh, may that crown in heaven be
And I among the angels shine; [mine,
Be thou, O Lord, my daily guide,
Let me ever in thy love abide.

2 There's a joy in heaven for the mourning
soul, [night;
Though the tears may fall all the earthly
Yet the clouds of sadness will break away,
And rejoicing come with the morning
light.

REF.—Oh, may that joy, etc. [soul],

3 There's a home in heaven for the faithful
In the many mansions prepared above,
Where the glorified shall forever sing
Of a Saviour's free and unbounded love.

REF.—Oh, may that home, etc.
—T. C. O'Kane.

205 *Key Eb.*

ABUNDANT salvation thro' Jesus I know;
Rich streams of refreshing from Calvary
flow:

Believing his word, with rejoicing I see
The fountain of blessing is flowing for me!

CHO.—Flowing for me, now flowing for me;
The fountain of blessing is flowing for me.

2 "Alive evermore! he's a Saviour indeed;
His fulness surpassing my uttermost need;
His bounty is "royal," exceeding my plea—
The fountain of blessing is flowing for me!

3 There's strength in temptation, the vict'ry
to gain; [in pain;
There's sunshine in darkness, and comfort
This "plenteous redemption" in Jesus is
free—
The fountain of blessing is flowing for me!

4 The brightening waves of the river of
peace, [increase:
And joy, fresh and sparkling, find happy
All honor and glory, dear Saviour, to thee—
The fountain of blessing is flowing for me!
—E. E. Hewitt.

206 *Key Ab.*

I WILL praise him, I will praise him,
I will sing unto the Lord;
For his plenteous, free compassion,
Round the earth like floods outpour'd;
Reaching every tribe and nation
To the earth's remotest line,
Touching, cleansing, healing, saving,—
Oh, the *breadth* of love divine!

CHO.—I will praise him, I will praise
Ever be his name adored; [him,
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

2 I will praise him, I will praise him,
Witness to his love for me; [me
How he chose, and sought and found
With his grace so full and free;
How he leads me on with blessing,
Closely holds this hand of mine,
Keeps me when I shrink and falter,—
Oh, the *length* of love divine!

3 I will praise him, I will praise him,
I will sing unto the Lord;
For the joy of his salvation
Shining from his holy word;
Amplly freighted with his mercy
Is each sacred page and line,
Even to the chief of sinners,—
Oh, the *depth* of love divine!

4 I will praise him, I will praise him,
I will sing unto the Lord;
Loud extol the royal bounty
His full treasures afford;
Half his goodness was not told me!
Oh, what glories in him shine!
I can never, never tell it,
All the *height* of love divine!

5 I will praise him, I will praise him,
Holy Ghost, my song indite,—
For the love that passeth knowledge,
Length and *breadth* and *depth* and
Sing, O earth! let every creature [*height*;
Help this feeble tongue of mine
To declare a love so precious,
Endless, infinite, divine!

—Mrs. H. E. Brown.

207 *Key E.*

O HEAVENLY Father, thou hast | told
Of a gift more precious than | pearls and
A gift that is free to | ev'ry one, [gold;
Through Jesus Christ, thy | only Son;
For his sake, oh, give it to me.

2 Oh, give it to me, for Jesus | said
That a father giveth his | children bread,
And how much more thou wilt | surely give
The gift by which the | dead shall live?
For Christ's sake, oh, give it to me.

3 I cannot see, and I want the | sight ;
I am in the dark, and I | want the light ;
I | want to pray, and I know not how ;
Oh, give me thy Holy | Spirit now !
For Christ's sake, oh, give it to me.

4 Thou hast said it, I must be- | lieve,
It is only " ask " and I | shall receive ;
If thou saidst it, it | must be true,
And there's nothing else for | me to do !
For Christ's sake, oh, give it to me.

5 So I come and ask, because my | need
Is very great and | real indeed, [say,
On the strength of thy Word I | come and
Oh, let thy Word come | true to-day !
For Christ's sake, oh, give it to me ! -
-F. R. Havergal.

208 *Key D.*

OH, come with hearts rejoicing,
And full of grateful praise,
For this returning Sabbath,
The best of all our days.

CHO.—Oh, come where love is bending
The children's song to hear,
And Jesus with his blessing crowns
Our Sabbath home so dear.

2 Oh, come and learn the Bible,
That book whose ev'ry page
Is bright with words of comfort,
For childhood, youth, and age.

3 Oh, come and learn of Jesus,
Believe and serve him now,
Let ev'ry one believe him,
In sweetest rapture bow.

4 Oh, come, and if we ask him
He'll take us in his care,
And bring us to his kingdom,
Eternal life to share.

-Fanny J. Crosby.

209 *Key G.*

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day ;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.
Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades ;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

2 Peace is on the world abroad ;
'Tis the holy peace of God,
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.
Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heav'n our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

210 *Key C.*

PRAISE the Lord, the Rock of Ages,
Come before him with a song, [peat ;
While the story of his goodness we re-
Praise the Lord, the King of Glory,
With the everlasting throng [feet.
Who are shouting, Hallelujah ! at his

CHO.—O praise his name, his holy name,
O come with joyful, joyful song ;
His wondrous love proclaim :
O praise his name, his holy name ;
Rejoice, rejoice and sing with loud ac-
claim. [ness

2 Praise the Lord, whose loving kind-
Has redeemed us from the fall, [free ;
And has bought for us a pardon full and
Praise the Lord that all are welcome
To accept the gracious call,
Ho, ye weary, heavy laden, come to me.

3 Praise the Lord, that in his kingdom
There are mansions bright and fair,
Where the streams of life and joy in
beauty glide,
Praise the Lord that all the faithful
By and by shall enter there,
And forever in his tender love abide.
-F. J. C.

211 *Key D.*

IN the midnight silent watches,
What a wondrous voice I hear !
Charming accents sweet and tender,
Music like salute mine ear.

CHO.—Calling, gently calling, [mild !
Wondrous accents, sweet and
Calling, for he loves me :
He loves a little child.

2 Blessed Lord, O great Creator,
How I wonder can it be
He that built the starry mansion
Doth regard a child like me.

- 3 There again I hear thee calling,
In such tender accents near;
Here am I! oh, yes, I listen:
Speak, and I will gladly hear.
- 4 Speak, O Lord, thy servant heareth;
Help thou me to understand;
Here I wait to do thy errands,
And obey, Lord, thy command.

—Rev. J. M. Lyons.

212 *Key Bb.*

GOD calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

CHO.—||: Calling, calling!
God is calling, calling yet!:||

- 2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still—can I delay?
- 3 God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive;
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I gv
No heed, but still in boudage live?
I wait—but he does not forsake;
He calls me still—my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay,
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God has reach'd my heart!

—Gerhard Tersteegen (tr).

213 *Key G.*

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

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

2 Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown!
Strange that we should slight the vio-
Till the lovely flow'rs are gone! [lets
Strange that summer skies and sun-
Never seem one half so fair, [shine
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air.

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

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

—Mrs. Albert Smith.

214-215 *Key D.*

SING unto God, our hope and our deliv-
'rer; [long;
He is the Lord, the mighty theme pro-
Pour out your hearts in music's sweetest
numbers, [song.
Pour out your hearts in melody and
Seek ye the gates, the lovely gates of Zion,
Now let his courts with holy rapturing;
Wake, wake again the silent harp of Judah!
Break forth, ye hills, and let the desert sing.

CHO.—Sing unto God, our hope and our
deliv'rer; [long;
He is the Lord, the mighty theme pro-
Pour out your hearts in music's sweetest
numbers, [song.
Pour out your hearts in melody and

2 Sing unto God, for he alone is worthy,
Sing unto God, for he alone is King;
Come, O ye lands, and, trusting his salva-
tion,
Sing unto God, in grateful chorus sing.

Great is the Lord, and wonderful his mercy,
 Strong is his love, abiding evermore;
 Sing unto God, and let the voice of glad-
 ness [shore to shore.
 Break from our hearts and spread from

3 Sing unto God, ye ransomed ones in glo-
 ry, [of peace,
 Ye who have reach'd the shining realms
 Ye who are safe within the blessed king-
 dom, [er cease
 Safe in that land where praise shall nev-
 Sing unto God, ye angels that behold him,
 Sing as ye fly to do your Sov'reign's will,
 Sing unto God, let anthems ever rolling,
 Earth and the sky with joy and gladness
 fill; —F. J. C.

216 *Key C.*

WHEN my Saviour I shall see,
 In his glorious likeness be.
 Clad in robes by love supplied,
 Then shall I be satisfied.

CHO.—Satisfied with love divine,
 Satisfied, since Christ is mine,
 Ev'ry need in him supplied,
 Then shall I be satisfied.

2 When I'm wholly freed from sin,
 Spotless, clean and pure within,
 Meet to stand by Jesus' side,
 Then shall I be satisfied.

3 When my feet shall press the shore,
 Trod by angels' feet before,
 Near to living streams that glide,
 Then shall I be satisfied.

4 Oh, till then be this my care,
 More his image blest to wear;
 More to conquer self and pride,
 So shall I be satisfied.

—Arr. P. H. Roblin.

217 *Key Eb.*

SING with a tuneful heart, sing and adore,
 Jesus, the holy one, King evermore;
 He is the desert Rock, there we may hide,
 Under his mighty shade, safe we abide.

CHO.—||: Joyfully sing, :|| joyfully sing,
 Light of eternity,
 Honor and praise to thee
 Now and forever be, Jesus our King.

2 Sing with a grateful heart, hallow his
 name,
 All he has done for us gladly proclaim;
 Tell how each promise sweet cheers us a-
 long, [song.

Praise we the Lord of lords, fountain of

3 Sing with a trusting heart, looking away
 Up to the brighter land, brighter than day;
 Sing with a glowing heart, filled with his
 love,

Sing till our happy souls anchor above.
 —Fanny J. Crosby.

218 *Key Bb.*

IN a world so full of weeping,
 While the years are rolling on,
 Christian souls the watch are keeping,
 While the years are rolling on.
 While our journey we pursue,
 With the haven still in view,
 There is work for us to do,
 While the years are rolling on.

CHO —||: Are rolling on, are rolling on, :||
 Oh, the joy that we may scatter,
 While the years are rolling on.

2 There's no time to waste in sighing,
 While the years are rolling on;
 Time is flying, souls are dying,
 While the years are rolling on,
 Loving words a soul may win,
 From the wretched paths of sin;
 We may bring the wand'ers in,
 While the years are rolling on.

3 Let us strengthen one another,
 While the years are rolling on;
 Seek to raise a fallen brother,
 While the years are rolling on;
 This is work for ev'ry hand
 Till, throughout creation's land,
 Armies for the Lord shall stand,
 While the years are rolling on.

4 Friends we love are quickly flying,
 While the years are rolling on;
 No more parting, no more dying,
 While the years are rolling on.
 In the world beyond the tomb
 Sorrow never more can come,
 When we meet in that blest home,
 While the years are rolling on.

—Harriet B. McKeever.

219

Key D.

ON the sweet Eden shore,
So peaceful and bright,
The spirits made perfect
Are dwelling in light;
Their white wings are wafting
Them gently along,
Through beautiful regions
Of glory and song.

CHO.—On the sweet Eden shore,
So peaceful and bright;
On the sweet Eden shore,
The home of the blest,
With friends gone before
We'll tarry and rest,
Tarry and rest,
Tarry and rest on the shore.

2 Oh, blessed to rise,
When life's pangs are o'er,
To mount up to heaven
And dwell evermore,
To never grow weary,
And never know care,
In those beautiful regions,
So blooming and fair!

3 On the sweet Eden shore,
The home of the blest,
With friends gone before
Soon we'll tarry and rest;
Content there with Jesus
Our Saviour to stay,
We'll delight in the pleasures
That never decay.

—Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

220

Key G.

ALL the day, in sweet communion,
Jesus, I have walked with thee:
Do not now withdraw thy presence,
From this hour abide with me.

CHO.—Thou my life, my only guide,
There is naught in heaven or earth I
ask but thee;

Hear my prayer, my soul's petition,
Go not hence, abide with me.

2 One by one the evening shadows
Gather darkly o'er the lea,
Yet the light of peace remaineth
If thou still abide with me.

—Frank Gould.

221

Key Eb.

OH, to be like him, tender and kind,
Gentle in spirit, lowly in mind;
More like to Jesus day after day,
Filled with his Spirit now and alway.

CHO.—Yes, to be like him, we must abide
Near to our Saviour, close to his side.

2 Oh, to be like him, quick to obey,
Child-like and trustful, ready to say,
"I and my Father purpose have one,
Thine, not my will, ever be done."

3 Oh, to be like him, tempted in vain,
Dwelling with sinners, yet without stain;
Giving our lifework sinners to save,
Triumphing over death and the grave.

—Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

222

Key D.

AT the sounding of the trumpet, when the
saints are gathered home, [see,
We will greet each other by the crystal
With the friends and all the loved ones there
awaiting us to come, [be!
What a gathering of the faithful that will

CHO.—What a gathering, gathering,
At the sounding of the glorious jubilee!
What a gathering, gathering, [be!
What a gathering of the faithful that will

2 When the angel of the Lord proclaims
that time shall be no more,
We shall gather, and the saved and ransomed see,

Then to meet again together, on the bright
celestial shore, [be!
What a gathering of the faithful that will

3 At the great and final judgment, when
the hidden comes to light, [see,
When the Lord in all his glory we shall
At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye
blessed, to my right," [be!
What a gathering of the faithful that will

4 When the golden harps are sounding and
the angel bands proclaim, [lee,
In triumphant strains, the glorious jubi-
Then to meet and join to sing the song of
Moses and the Lamb, [be!

What a gathering of the faithful that will

—J. H. Kurzenknabe.

223

Key Ab.

WEAK and weary, poor and sinful,
Vainly I cry; [row,
Bound and crush'd with years of sor-
What help is nigh? [garment, :||

CHO.—||: Let me touch the hem of his
Let me touch the hem of his garment,
And the touch will make me whole.

2 How the people press around him,
His word receive;
Surely I may share his blessing,
I too believe.

3 Long my heart has felt its burden,
Seeking for peace;
Now, at last I find in Jesus
My sweet release.

—Rev. R. Lowry.

224

Key D.

OH; word of words the sweetest,
Oh, word, in which there lie
All promise, all fulfillment,
And end of mystery;
Lamenting or rejoicing,
With doubt or terror nigh,
I hear the "Come" of Jesus,
And to his cross I fly.

CHO.—||: Come, oh, come to me,
Come, oh, come to me,
Weary, heavy laden,
Come, oh, come to me. :||

2 O soul, why shouldst thou wander
From such a loving Friend?
Cling closer, closer to him,
Stay with him to the end,
Alas! I am so helpless,
So very full of sin,
For I am ever wand'ring,
And coming back again.

3 Oh, each time draw me nearer,
That soon the "Come" may be
Naught but a gentle whisper,
To one close, close to thee;
Then, over sea and mountain,
Far from, or near my home,
I'll take thy hand and follow,
At that sweet whisper "Come!"

—Mrs. Jas. Gibson Johnson.

225

Key A.

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Through the long night watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

4 When the morning wakens
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

—Rev. S. Baring Gould.

226

Key Eb.

MY Saviour stands waiting and knocks at
the door;

Has knocked and is knocking again;
I hear his kind voice, I'll reject him no more,
Nor let him stand pleading in vain;
In infinite mercy he came from above,
To ransom, to cleanse me from sin;
I'll yield to the voice of his merciful love,
And let my dear Saviour come in. [sin;

CHO.—Saviour, come in, cleanse me from
Jesus, my Saviour, come in, come in!
Enter the door, waiting no more,
Saviour, dear Saviour, come in!

2 O Saviour, my Ransom, Redeemer and
Friend,

The Life, and the Truth, and the Way,
On thy precious merit alone I depend;
Dwell in me, and keep me, I pray.

Thy goodness hath opened the door of my
'Tis open in welcome to thee; [heart;
Come in, blessed Saviour, and never de-
Come in, with thy mercy, to me. [part;
—Rev. Alfred Taylor.

227

Key C.

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.

CHO.—||: 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 bloom—
 There is rest for you. [ing,

2 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.

3 Death itself shall then be vanquish'd,
 And his sting shall be withdrawn:
 Shout for gladness, O ye ransom'd!
 Hail with joy the rising morn.

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

228-229 *Key C.*

MASTER, the tempest is raging!
 The billows are tossing high! [ness.
 The sky is o'ershadowed with black—
 No shelter or help is nigh;
 "Carest thou not that we perish?"
 How canst'thou lie asleep, [ening
 When each moment so madly is threat—
 A grave in the angry deep?

CHO.—The winds and the waves shall
 Peace be still! [obey thy will,
 Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed
 sea,

Or demons, or men, or whatever it be,
 No waters can swallow the ship where
 lies [skies;

The Master of ocean, and earth, and
 They all so sweetly obey thy will,
 Peace, be still! peace, be still!
 They all so sweetly obey thy will,
 Peace, peace, be still!

2 Master, with anguish of spirit
 I bow in my grief to-day; [bled,
 The depths of my sad heart are trou—
 Oh, waken and save, I pray!
 Torrents of sin and of anguish
 Sweep o'er my sinking soul;
 And I perish! I perish! dear Master,—
 Oh, hasten, and take control!

3 Master, the terror is over,
 The elements sweetly rest;
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,
 And heaven's within my breast;
 Linger, O blessed Redeemer;
 Leave me alone no more; [hor,
 And with joy I shall make the blest har—
 And rest on the blissful shore.
 —M. A. Baker.

230 *Key Bb.*

MARCH steadily onward
 To the battle-field away,
 Haste! follow our Leader,
 Let one and all his voice obey;
 Oh, march steadily onward,
 Let the ranks be filled to-day,
 March under the banner of the Saviour.
 March hopefully onward,
 Our colors displaying,
 No longer delaying
 Our place at once to fill;
 No evil can harm us,
 No danger alarm us
 While to the Saviour faithful still.

CHO.—March steadily onward
 To the battle-field away,
 Haste! follow our Leader,
 Let one and all his voice obey;
 Oh, march steadily onward,
 Let the ranks be filled to-day,
 March under the banner of the Saviour.

2 March steadily onward
 Like the armies gone before,
 Wear bravely the armor, [wore;
 The shield that once on earth they
 Oh, march steadily onward
 Till our life's great work is o'er,
 March under the banner of the Saviour.
 March trustingly onward
 Through sorrow or gladness,
 Through sunshine or sadness
 With joy our way pursue;
 Our hearts will be lighter,
 Our path will grow brighter,
 Walking with Jesus firm and true.

3 March steadily onward
 To the conquest here below,
 March steadily onward,
 Nor let us fear to meet the foe;

But march steadily onward,
 Shouting vict'ry as we go,
 March under the banner of the Saviour.
 March joyfully onward,
 Whatever befall us,
 Till Jesus shall call us,
 And say our work is done;
 Keep step to the chorus
 Of millions before us,
 Soon will our glorious crown be won.
 —S. Martin.

231 *Key Eb.*

GOD be with thee, God be with thee,
 When the morn is bright and fair;
 When thy heart is filled with gladness;
 And thou knowest not a care;
 God be with thee, God be with thee,
 All thy daily joy to share.

2 God be with thee, God be with thee,
 When the cloudy day is near,
 When thou art by cares surrounded,
 And thy path seems long and drear;
 God be with thee, God be with thee,
 May he keep thy heart from fear.

3 God be with thee, God be with thee,
 When amidst the wintry blast,
 When the sky is dark and gloomy,
 And thy strength is failing fast;
 God be with thee, God be with thee,
 Keep thy soul in perfect peace.
 —F. G. Burroughs.

232 *Key Bb.*

PRAISE ye the Lord! joyfully shout hosanna
 Praise the Lord with glad acclaim; [na!
 Lift up our hearts unto his throne with glad-
 Magnify his holy name. [ness,—
 Marching along under his banner bright,
 Trusting in his mercy as we go,
 His light divine tenderly o'er us will shine;
 We shall be guided by his hand now and
 forever.

CHO.—Steadily marching on, with our banner waving o'er us, [ful chorus;
 Steadily marching on, while we sing the joy-
 Steadily marching on, pillar and cloud going
 before us, [high.
 To the realms of glory, to our home on

2 Praise we the Lord! he is the King eter-
 Glory be to God on high! [nal;
 Praise we the Lord, tell of his loving kind-
 Join the chorus of the sky. [ness,
 Still marching on, cheerily marching on,
 In the ranks of Jesus we will go,
 Home to our rest, joyfully home, where the
 blest
 Gather and praise the Saviour's name,
 praise him forever. —F J. Crosby.

233 *Key G.*

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distress'd?
 "Come to me," saith One, "and, coming,
 Be at rest."

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
 If he be my guide? [prints,
 "In his feet, and hands, are wound-
 And his side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
 That his brow adorns?
 "Yes, a crown in very surety,
 But of thorns."

4 If I find him, if I follow,
 What his guerdon here?
 Many a sorrow, many a labor,
 Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,
 What hath he at last?
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
 Jordan past."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
 Will he say me nay?
 "Not till earth and not till heaven
 Pass away." Tr. by T. M. Neale.

234 *Key G.*

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

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

2 Onward, bark! the cape I'm rounding;
See, the blessed wave their hands,
Hear the harps of God resounding
From the bright, immortal bands.

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

4 Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rock of our Salvation,
We are safe at home at last.

—Rev. E. Adams.

235 *Key F.*

FADING away, like the dew of the morning.
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun;
Thus would I pass from the earth and its
toiling,

Only remembered by what I have done.

[bered,

CHO.—||: Only remembered, only remem-
bered by what I have done. :||

2 Shall I be missed if another succeed me,
Reaping the fields I in spring-time have
sown?

No, for the sower may pass from his labors,
Only remembered by what he has done.

3 Oh, when the Saviour shall make up his
jewels, [won,

When the bright crowns of rejoicing are
Then will his faithful and weary disciples
All be remembered for what they have
done.

—H. Bonar. D. D.

236—238 *Key G.*

THE earth is the Lord's, and the fulness
thereof;

The world, and they that dwell therein;
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
Or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
Nor sworn deceitfully.

||: He shall receive the blessing from the
Lord, [vation. :||

And righteousness from the God of his sal-

This is the generation of them that seek him,
That seek thy face, O God of Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates,
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in,
||: The King of glory shall come in. :||

||: Who is this King of glory?: ||

The Lord, the Lord strong and mighty,
The Lord, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates,
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors,
And the King of glory shall come in,
||: The King of glory shall come in. :||

||: Who is this King of glory?: ||

The Lord of hosts, the Lord of hosts.

||: He is the King of glory. :||

||: He is the King, the King of glory. :||
The King of glory.

239 *Key C.*

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice
Which is more than liberty.

CHO.—He is calling, "Come to me!"
Lord, I'll gladly haste to thee.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

—Faber.

240 *Key F.*

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains he had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

CHO.—He died for you,
He died for me,
His blood hath atoned for our race;
Oh, wonderful love!
He came from above
To suffer and die in our place.

- 2 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.
There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

241*Key G.*

GLORY be to the Father,
Glory be to the Son,
Glory be to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning,
Is now, and ever shall be,
World without end. Amen, amen.
Words arr. by B. M. A.

242—244*Key E.*

ONWARD, onward, onward, Christian soldiers!

Marching, marching, marching to war,
||: With the cross of Jesus, :||
With the cross of Jesus going on before.
||: Christ, the royal Master, leads against the
foe,
Forward into battle, see, his banners go! :||

Like a mighty army moves the church of
God; [have trod;
Brothers, we are treading where the saints
We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.

Onward, onward, onward, Christian soldiers!

Marching, marching, marching to war,
||: With the cross of Jesus, :||
With the cross of Jesus going on before;
With the cross of Jesus,
With the cross of Jesus, cross of Jesus
Going on before, marching
||: With the cross of Jesus, :||
The cross of Jesus going on before.

245—248*Key Eb.*

||: THE Lord shall comfort Zion:
He will comfort her waste places; :||
||: And make her like Eden,
Like the garden of the Lord; :||
||: The Lord shall comfort Zion:
He will comfort her waste places; :||
||: And make her like Eden,
Like the garden of the Lord; :||
The Lord shall comfort Zion:
He will comfort her waste places; :||
And make her like Eden,
Like the garden of the Lord;
Joy and gladness, joy and gladness,
Joy and gladness shall be found therein,
||: Shall be found therein. :||
Joy and gladness shall be found therein.
Thanksgiving, thanksgiving,
||: And the voice of melody. :||
||: The Lord shall comfort Zion:
He will comfort her waste places;
And make her like Eden,
Like the garden of the Lord; :||
||: Joy and gladness, joy and gladness
Shall be found therein. :||
||: Thanksgiving, and the voice of melo-
dy, [dy, :||
Thanksgiving, and the voice of melo-
And the voice, the voice of melody.

249*Key Eb.*

THOU shalt not have, [so says the Lord,
Be- | fore me any | other God.
2 Thou shalt not make, nor | worship one,
Save the Almighty | God alone.

CHO.—Ten commandments,—all divine,—
Every one of them is mine;
Every one,—the whole complete,
Ever; one for me to keep.

3 Thou shalt not take | the hallowed name
Of | God upon thy | lips in vain.

4 Remember always, | and obey,
To holy keep the | Sabbath day.

5 Honor thy father, | mother, too,—
To | them be duti- | ful and true.

6 Thou shalt not kill,—but | rather love,—
This is God's message | from above.

- 7 Adultery do | not commit,
For | has not God for- | bidden it.
- 8 Thou shalt not steal, nor | make too free
With what does not be- | long to thee.—
- 9 False witness thou | must never bear,
The | word of God does | so declare.
- 10 Thou shalt not covet, | 'tis a wrong.—
What to thy neighbor | may belong.
—W. H. Flaville.

250 *Key Eb.*

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me | o'er and o'er,—
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I ever have | been before.
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many | mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the | crystal sea;

CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour,
For glory, my home.

- 2 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our | burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross;
Nearer | gaining the crown;
But lying darkly between,
Winding down | thro' the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream
That leads at | last to the light.
- 3 Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen the | might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death:
Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping | over the brink
For it may be, I'm nearer home—
Nearer now than-I think!
—Phœbe Cary.

251 *Key Kb.*

'MID scenes of confusion and creature com-
plaints, [saints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with
To find at the banquet of mercy there's
room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour,
For glory, my home.

- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children
of peace, [not cease,
And thrice gracious Jesus, whose love can-
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I
roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.
- 3 Whate'er thou deniest, oh, give me thy
grace! [face:
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy
Endue me with patience to wait at thy
throne, [home.
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of
- 4 I long, dearest Saviour, in thy beauty to
shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
But in thy bright image to rise from the
tomb, [home.
With glorified millions to praise thee at
—H. R. Bishop.

252 *Key G.*

- MY country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!
- 2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!
—S. F. Smith.

253

Key Bb.

IN some way or other
The Lord will provide;
It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way,
And yet in his own way
"The Lord will provide."

2 At some time or other
The Lord will provide;
It may not be my time,
It may not be thy time,
And yet in his own time
"The Lord will provide."

3 Despond then no longer,
The Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken,—
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on, then, right boldly;
The sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."
—Mrs. M. A. W. Cook.

254

Key Eb.

ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me a-
bide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a-
Change and decay in all around I see; [way;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's
pow'r?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can
be? [me!
Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with

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

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing
eyes; [skies;
Shine thro' the gloom and point me to the
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!
—H. F. Lyte.

255

Key Eb.

O THE bitter | shame and sorrow,
That a time could | ever be,
When I let the | Saviour's pity
Plead in | vain, and proudly answered,
All of self and none of thee.

2 Yet he found me, | I beheld him
Bleeding on the ac- | cursed tree,
Heard him pray, for- | givethem Father,
And my | wistful heart said faintly,
Some of self and some of thee.

3 Day by day his | tender mercy,
Healing, helping, | full and free,
Sweet, and strong, | and, oh, so patient,
Brought me | lower, while I whispered,
Less of self and more of thee.

4 Higher than the | highest heaven,
Deeper than the | deepest sea,
Lord, thy love | at last has conquered,
Grant me | now my soul's desire,
None of self and all of thee.
—Rev. Theo. Monod.

256

Key D.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.
—Anne Steele.

257

Key F.

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?

CHO.—||: We'll work till Jesus comes, ||
We'll work 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,
Till he 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.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Mills.

258 *Key D.*

- THERE is happy land,
Far, far away.
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day;
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
"Worthy is our Saviour King,"
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!
- 2 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die
On, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright, above the sun,
Reign evermore.
 - 3 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will you doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be.
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall dwell with thee,
Blest evermore.

259 *Key G.*

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies
I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

CHO.—We will stand the storm,
We will anchor by and by, by and by,
We will stand the storm,
We will anchor by and by.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

260 *Key Ab.*

- BEYOND the smiling and the weeping, |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the waking and the sleeping, |
Beyond the sowing and the reaping, |
I shall be soon. ||
Love, rest and home! sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.
- 2 Beyond the blooming and the fading, |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the shining and the shading, |
Beyond the hoping and the dreading, |
I shall be soon. || Love, rest, etc.
 - 3 Beyond the rising and the setting, |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the calming and the fretting, |
Beyond remembering and forgetting, |
I shall be soon. || Love, rest, etc.
 - 4 Beyond the parting and the meeting, |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the farewell and the greeting, |
Beyond the pulse's fever beating, |
I shall be soon. || Love, rest, etc.

—H. Bonar.

261 *Key A.*

GLORY be to the Father, | and to the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and |
ever shall be,
World without end. Amen.

262

Key Eb.

FADE, fade, each earthly joy,
 Jesus is mine!
 Break, ev'ry tender tie,
 Jesus is mine!
 Dark is the wilderness,
 Earth has no resting place,
 Jesus alone can bless,
 Jesus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away,
 Jesus is mine!
 Here would I ever stay,
 Jesus is mine!
 Perishing things of clay,
 Born but for one brief day,
 Pass from my heart away,
 Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
 Jesus is mine!
 Lost in this dawning light,
 Jesus is mine!
 All that my soul has tried
 Left but a dismal void,
 Jesus has satisfied,
 Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,
 Jesus is mine!
 Welcome, eternity,
 Jesus is mine!
 Welcome, O loved and blest,
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
 Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
 Jesus is mine!

—Mrs. Catherine J. Bonar.

263

Key F.

My life, my love I give to thee,
 Thou Lamb of God, who died for me,
 Oh, may I ever faithful be,
 My Saviour and my God!

CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me,
 How happy then my life shall be!
 I'll live for him who died for me,
 My Saviour and my God!

2 I now believe thou dost receive,
 For thou hast died that I might live;
 And now henceforth I'll trust in thee,
 My Saviour and my God!

3 Oh, thou whō died on Calvary,
 To save my soul and make me free,
 I consecrate my life to thee,
 My Saviour and my God!

264

Key F.

WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear!
 What a privilege to carry
 Ev'rything to God in prayer!
 O what peace we often forfeit,
 O what needless pain we bear,
 All because we do not carry
 Ev'rything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a friend so faithful
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

—H. Bonar.

265

Key F.

TOIL on, teachers, toil on boldly,
 Labor on and watch and pray;
 Men may scoff and treat you coldly,
 Heed them not, go on your way;
 Jesus is a loving Master;
 Cease not then his work to do;
 Cleave to him still closer, faster,
 He will own and honor you.

2 Toil on, teachers! toil on ever,
 Constantly, unflinching toil;
 Faint ye not, and weary never,
 Labor on in ev'ry soil;
 Listless souls one day may waken,
 Buried seeds spring up and grow,
 Sin's stout bulwarks may be shaken,
 Hardened hearts may be brought low.

3 Toil on, teachers! earnest, steady,
Sowing well the seed of truth;
Always willing, cheerful, ready,
Watching, praying for your youth;
Patient, firm and persevering,
Leaning on the promise sure;
Prayer will surely gain a hearing,
Faithful to the end endure.

266 *Key F.*

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tenderest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare:
Blessed Jesus, 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, blessed Jesus,
Hear thy children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Let us ever turn to thee.

267 *Key Ab.*

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish ev'ry fond ambition, [known;
All I've sought and hoped, and
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends may shun
Show thy face, and all is bright. [me;

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.

I have called thee, "Abba, Father;"
I have stayed my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather—
All must work for good to me. [er,

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by
prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy early mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
—Henry F. Lyte.

268 *Key Ab.*

GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears,
Thro' the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears;
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended
We awake among the blest.

—Thos. Hastings.

269

Key G.

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

CHO.—Hallelujah! thine the glory;
Hallelujah! amen!
Hallelujah! thine the glory;
Revive us again.

- 2 We praise thee, O God!
For thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour
And scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise
To the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins,
And has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise
To the God of all grace,
Who has brought us and sought us,
And guided our ways.

—Wm. P. Mackay.

270

Key F.

WHILE Jesus whispers to you
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you
Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to own him,
Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to know him,
Come, sinner, come!

- 2 Are you too heavy laden?
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will not deceive you,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus can now redeem you,
Come, sinner, come!
- 3 Oh, hear his tender pleading,
Come, sinner, come!
Come and receive the blessing,
Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!

—Will. E. Witter.

271

Key G.

I AM coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
“I will cleanse you from all sin.”
- 3 Here I give my all to thee, [store;
Friends, and time, and earthly
Soul and body thine to be,—
Wholly thine forevermore.
- 4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

- 5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

—Rev. Wm. McDonald.

272

Key G.

O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing ev'ry day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done! the great transaction's
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:[done]
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess that voice divine.

- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With him of every good possessed.
[vow,
5 High heav'n that heard the solemn
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.
—P. Doddridge.

273 *Key Eb.*

My Jesus, as thou wilt:
O may thy will be mine;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
"My Lord, thy will be done."

- 2 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
"My Lord, thy will be done."

- 3 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
"My Lord, thy will be done."
—Benjamin Schmolka.
Tr. by Miss J. Borthwick

274 *Key E.*

HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to
thee;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed trinity!

- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around
the glassy sea; [fore thee,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down be-
Which wert and art and evermore shall be.

- 3 Holy, holy, holy! tho' the darkness hide
thee, [not see,
Tho' the eye of sinful man thy glory may
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

- 4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth,
and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed trinity!
—Reginald Heber.

275 *Key Bb.*

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

- 2 Not the labor of my hands,
Can fulfil the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,—
Thou must save, and thou alone.

- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace,—
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgement-throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

276 *Key F.*

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
O may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

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

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

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Hath spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless
store;

Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we
wake,

Ere thro' the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

—John Kepler.

277 *Key F.*

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and
sing,

To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

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

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they
shine;

How deep thy counsels! how divine!

278 *Key F.*

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 art thou to make me live;
Needful art thou all grace to give;
Needful to guide me, lest I stray;
Needful to help me every day.

3 Needful is thy most precious blood;
Needful is thy correcting rod;
Needful is thine-indulgent care,
Needful thine all-prevailing prayer.

4 Needful art thou to be my stay
Thro' all life's dark and thorny way;
Nor less in death thou'lt needful be,
When I yield up my soul to thee.

279 *Key G.*

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,—
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep we
strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are thy people, we thy care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful
songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise:
And earth, with her ten thousand
tongues, [praise.
Shall fill thy courts with sounding

280 *Key Eb.*

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome world I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way:
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

—Tr. by J. Wesley.

281

Key Bb.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
||: The year of jubilee is come! :||
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest:
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
||: The year of jubilee is come! :||
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
||: The year of jubilee is come! :||
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
||: The year of jubilee is come! :||
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
||: The year of jubilee is come! :||
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
||: The year of jubilee is come! :||
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

282

Key Bb.

COME, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside,
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What he endured, oh, who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansions of the dead,
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the conquerer rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve;
Our hearts, our all to thee we give,—
The gift, tho' small, thou wilt receive.

283

Key G.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

CHO.—We will rest in the fair and happy land,
Just across on the evergreen shore,
Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb,
by and by,
And dwell with Jesus evermore.

2 O'er all these wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

284

Key Eb.

COME, O my soul, in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But oh! what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres
He glory, like a garment, wears;
To form a robe of light divine
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous
Declare the glory of his name. [frame,

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song.
—Thomas Blacklock.

285 *Ward-Bb.*

As pants the hart for water brooks,
So pants my soul, O God, for thee;
For thee it thirsts, to thee it looks,
And longs the living God to see.

2 Oh! why art thou cast down, my soul?
And what should so disquiet thee?
Still hope in God, and him extol. [thee.
Whose face brings saving health to

286 *Ward-Bb.*

How blest the righteous when they die,
When holy souls retire to rest!
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell:
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

4 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

287 *Forest-Ab.*

O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,

Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stained with hallowed
The labor of thy dying love. [blood,

5 I would, but thou must give the
power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
—Chas. Wesley.

288 *Forest-Ab.*

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, thine would I die;
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal. [blood

3 Here, at the cross where flows the
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

4 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend
—Samuel Davies.

289 *Forest-Ab.*

I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

3 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!

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

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

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

—Nicolaus L. Zinzendorf.

290 *Hamburg-F.*

WHILE life prolongs its precious light
Mercy is found, and peace is given,
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day,
How sweet the gospel's charming
sound;

Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid
wing, [grave:
Shall death command you to the
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall
rise—

No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

291 *Hamburg-F.*

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bids't me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

292 *Hamburg-F.*

COME. Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly tho't,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame,
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened
And bid my spirit rest in thee. [heart,

293 *Hamburg-F.*

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

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

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree,
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

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

294 *Missionary C.—Ab.*

GO, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

4 Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compea the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,

The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"
—H. Bonar.

295 *Christmas—D.*

AWAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

4 That prize, with peerless glories
bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

—P. Doddridge,

296 *Key C.*

By faith the Lamb of God I see
Expiring on the cross for me;
He paid the mighty debt I owe:
He died because he loved me so.

CHO.—He loved me so, he loved me so,
He died because he loved me so,

2 For me the Father sent his Son;
For me the victory he won;
To save my soul from endless woe,
He died because he loved me so.

3 So glad I am that he is mine,—
So glad that I with him shall shine:
I'll trust in him, for this I know,
He died because he loved me so.

4 O Lamb of God that made me free,
I consecrate my all to thee;
My all,—for this I surely know,
He died because he loved me so.

5 And when my Lord shall bid me come
To join the lov'd ones' round the throne,
I'll sing, as through the gates I go,
He died because he loved me so.

—E. O. Excell.

297 *Key Bb.*

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise,
Within the veil and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

CHO.—Many are the friends who are
waiting to-day,
Happy on the golden strand,
Many are the voices calling us away,
To join their glorious band,
||: Calling us away, calling us away,
Calling to the better land. :||

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 Ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

—Rev. I. Watts.

298 *Key Eb.*

COME, with all thy sorrow,
Weary, wandering soul;
Come to him who loves thee,
He will make thee whole.

CHO.—||: There is rest in Jesus,
Sweet, sweet rest. :||

2 He thy strength in weakness,
Will thy refuge be;
Cast on him thy burden,
He will care for thee.

3 Come, in faith believing,
To his will resigned;
Ask, and he will give thee;
Seek, and thou shalt find.

4 See the door of Mercy,
Wouldst thou enter there?
Knock, and he will open;
Lo! the key is prayer.

299 *Mendelssohn-G.*

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

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with men to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King. [Peace!

3 Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of
Hail! the Sun of righteousness!

Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth,
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

300 *Missionary H.-F.*

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

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

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

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

301 *Missionary H.-F.*

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!

- He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,—
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth :
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
- 3 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end ;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand forever,
That name to us is—LOVE.
- 302** *Bera-Eb.*
- ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep ;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost its venom'd sting.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest ;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.
- 303** *Park Street-G.*
- WHAT sinners value I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine.
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream—an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 3 Oh, glorious hour!—oh, blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound :
Then burst the chains with sweet sur-
And in my Saviour's image rise. [prise,
- 304** *Bera-Eb.*
- FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all besides more sweet ;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.
- 305** *Park Street-G.*
- JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does its successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.
- 306** *Park Street-G.*
- Lo! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand ;
Of ev'ry tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Thro' tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despis'd the shame;
But now from all their labors rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see the Saviour face to face;
They sing the triumph of his grace;
And day and night, with ceaseless
praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise.

4 O may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life!
—Mary L. Duncan.

307 *Park Street-G.*

Now to the Lord a noble song:
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading
Proclaim the wise and powerful God:
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

5 Oh! may I reach that happy place,
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.
—Isaac Watts.

308 *Park Street-G.*

SOON may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies;
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and king-
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the scepter of thy reign.

3 O let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
Till not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.
—Mrs. Vokes.

309

Key A.

I'm but a stranger here,
Heav'n is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heav'n is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on ev'ry hand;
Heav'n is my Fatherland,
Heav'n is my home.

2 What tho' the tempest rage?
Heav'n is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heav'n is my home;
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last;
Heav'n is my home.

3 Peace! O my troubled soul,
Heav'n is my home;
I soon shall reach the goal;
Heav'n is my home;
Swiftly the race I'll run,
Yield up my crown to none;
Forward! the prize is won;
Heav'n is my home.

4 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heav'n is my home;
I shall be glorified;
Heav'n is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heav'n is my home.

310

NEARER, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

- 2 Though 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 thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!
- 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!

311 *Federal Street-F.*

How do thy mercies close me round!
Forever be thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord.

- 2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head.
- 3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects; my fears, be gone;
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy:
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
—C. Wesley.

312 *Federal Street-F.*

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

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

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

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

313 *Federal Street-F.*

COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.

4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

314 *Federal Street-F.*

- My gracious Lord! I own thy right
To every service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end,
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend?
- 3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.
- 4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more,
And my last hour or life confess
His dying love, his saving power.

315 *Meribah-Eb.*

- WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt
come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
'Be found at thy right hand?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought!
What if my name should be left out
When thou for them shalt call?
- 3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace—
Be thou my only hiding place,
In this, the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall
To see thy smiling face; [sound,
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions
With shouts of sovereign grace. [ring

316 *Frederick-F.*

- I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
way;
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us
here [its cheer,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for
- 2 I would not live alway; no, welcome the
tomb: [gloom:
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 3 Who, who would live alway away from
his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?
- 4 Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and breth'ren transported to
greet:
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll, [soul,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the

317 *Zebulon-F.*

- COME, my Redeemer, come,
And deign to dwell with me;
Come, and thy right assume,
And bid thy rivals flee:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.
- 2 Rule thou in every thought
And passion of my soul,
Till all my powers are brought
Beneath thy full control;
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.
- 3 Then shall my days be thine,
And all my heart be love,
And joy and peace be mine,
Such as are known above!
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

318 *Nettleton-F.*

COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,—
Prone to leave the God I love,—
Here's my heart; oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

319

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine;
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near;
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints! the Lord is here.

320 *Vespers-Ab.*

LO! the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
May the Sun which ever shineth
Fill our souls with heavenly light.

2 While, thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, grant thine evening blessing,
Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

321 *Sicily-Eb.*

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, when'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

322 *Sicily-Eb.*

SAVIOUR! visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

CHO.—Lord, revive us, Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thy assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's enticing snares.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power:
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

323 *Sicily-Eb.*

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

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

324 *Vespers-Ab.*

WE have come to worship Jesus,
And in adoration bow
Low before our gracious Saviour,
Who vouchsafes to hear us now.

2 Jesus, friend of earth-bound sinners,
Wash away our every stain;
May our hearts to thee be opened,
So that thou may'st in them reign.

3 May we find thy great salvation,
And our souls be filled with love;
May thy Kingdom here, Lord Jesus,
Soon be like to heav'n above.

4 Prayers ascend, like incense rising,
For new pardon, grace, and peace:
May thy Spirit's influence brighten
All our lives,—our faith increase.

5 May the wisdom of thy gospel
Comfort for all times afford;
And may we be waiting, ready
At thy coming, dearest Lord.
—H. S. Jones.

325 *Mendebras-F.*

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright:
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing, "Holy, holy, holy,"
To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living waters flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.
—C. Wordsworth.

326 *Mendebras-F.*

Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled,
And be the shout, Hosanna!
Re-echoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine,
His arm throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine;
Ride on, O Lord, victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of Peace,
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings;
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise;
The hills and valleys greëting,
The song responsive raise.

327 *Webb-Bb.*

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

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;

While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

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

328 *Webb-Bb.*

STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes:
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

- 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.
—Geo. Duffield, Jr.

329 *Webb-Bb.*

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

- 2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still:
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne;
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!"

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

330 *Boyleston-C.*

LORD, God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

- 2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,—
The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.
- 4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above; [fire,
And give us hearts and tongues of
To pray, and praise, and love.
- 5 Spirit of light! explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more,
Unto the perfect day.

331 *Boyleston-C.*

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills
Light, life, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.

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

4 The profit will be mine,
But thine shall be the praise;
Cheerful to thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

332 *Boyleston-C.*

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear!
Oh! may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

333 *Boyleston-C.*

LORD, teach us how to pray,
And give us hearts to ask;
Or all we think, or do, or say,
Will be a tiresome task.

2 Thy Holy Spirit send,
Our bosoms to inspire;
Then shall our praise to thee ascend
With pure and warm desire.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Present our prayers above;
And spread abroad o'er all thou seest
The mantle of thy love.

4 Teach us to find our bliss
In earnest, fervent prayer;
For where we pray our Saviour is,
And bliss is only there.

334 *Boyleston-C.*

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

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

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

335 *Luther-F.*

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.

336 *Luther-F.*

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

337 *Luther-F.*

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God.
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, forevermore.

338 *Luther-F.*

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for thee.

339 *Doxology-S. M.*

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

340 *Key G.*

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

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

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

—John Newton.

341 *Eltham-G.*

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Ev'ry nation, ev'ry clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.

Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;

All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

—Harriet Auber

342 *Amsterdam-G.*

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place.
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

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

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

343 *Amsterdam-G.*

TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms:
All that's mortal soon will be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above;
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

344 *Coronation-G.*

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

2 Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head; [speaks,
Power into strengthless souls he
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"
—C. Wesley.

345 *Coronation-G.*

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

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

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

346 *Antioch-D.*

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

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

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

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe. [dumb,

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

347 *Antioch-D.*

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

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

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

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

348 *Key F.*

OUR Father which art in heaven, hal-
lowed | be thy | name, || Thy king-
dom come, thy will be done in |
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
deliver | us from | evil; || For thine
is the kingdom, and the power and
the | glory for- | ever and | ever. ||
A- | men.

349 *Ewing-D.*

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest:
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;

And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

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

—Bernard of Cluny.
—Tr. by J. M. Neale.

350 *Love Divine—Bb.*

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

2 Breathe, oh, breath thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

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

—Charles Wesley.

351 *Key F.*

THE Lord bless thee, and keep thee:
The Lord make his faceshine upon thee
And be gracious unto thee: [thee,
The Lord lift up his countenance upon
And give thee peace. Amen.

352 *Key F.*

MY Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art
thou,

If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

2 I love thee because thou hast first loved
me, [tree;
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy
brow;

If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3 I will love thee in life, I'll love thee in
death, [breath;
And praise thee as long as thou lendest me
And say, when the death-dew lies cold on
my brow,

If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my
brow,

If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
—"London Hymn Book."

353 *Stockwell—Bb.*

YES, for me, for me he careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes, for me he standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above,
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

3 Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His paternal wing of might

4 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth,
I in him, and he in me;
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity.

- 5 Thus I wait for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

354 *Stockwell-Bb.*

- TARRY with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.
- 2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?
- 3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak thou, Lord! in words of cheer.

- 4 Let me hear thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me underneath my weakness
Feel the everlasting arms.

- 5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord! I cast myself on thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep still watch by me.

- 6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest.

355

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

CHO.—On Christ the solid Rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

- 2 When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

- 3 His oath, his covenant, his blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

- 4 When he shall come with trumpet
O, may I then in him be found; [sound,
Drest in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

356 *Goshen-G.*

- HOW sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of
rest, [best;
The day of the week which I surely love
The morning my Saviour arose from the
tomb, [gloom.
And took from the grave all its terror and

- 2 Oh, let me be thoughtful and prayerful
to-day,
And not spend a minute in trifling or play;
Remembering these seasons were gracious-
ly given [heaven.
To teach me to seek and prepare me for

- 3 In the house of my God, in his presence
and fear. [cere;
When I worship to-day, may it all be sin-
In the school when I learn, may I do it with
care, [me there.
And be grateful to those who watch over

- 4 Instruct me, my Saviour, a child tho' I be,
I am not too young to be noticed by thee;
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy
ways, [thee the praise.
I would love thee, and serve thee, and give

357 *Goshen-G.*

BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief he will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will per-
form; [storm.
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the

- 2 Though dark be my way, thou, Lord!
art my guide;
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis thine to provide;
Though cisterns be broken and creatures
all fail, [prevail.
The word thou hast spoken shall surely

- 3 Since all that I meet shall work for my
good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine food:
Though painful at present, 'twill cease be-
fore long, [or's song!
And then, oh, how pleasant the conquer-

358 *Goshen-G.*

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;

No price is demanded, the Saviour is here; [free.

Redemption is purchased, salvation is

2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?

A fountain is opened; how canst thou refuse [ing blood?

To wash and be cleansed in his pardon-

3 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted may take his sad flight, [race,

And leave thee in darkness to finish thy
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

359 *Portuguese-G.*

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,

Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,

To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,

For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,

Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

3 "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,

The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,

My grace all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design [fine.

Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-

5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove

My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, [borne.

Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,

I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,

I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"
—George Keith.

360 *Hendon-G.*

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself invites thee near.
Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

2 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right main-
And without a rival reign. [tain,

3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.
—John Newton.

361 *Hendon-G.*

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey we will sing,—
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye mourning souls, be glad,
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
Soon we'll enter into rest;
There our seat is now prepared,
There our Kingdom and reward.

5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

362 *Hendon-G.*

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,"
And, when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore,
Oh, for grace to love thee more!

363 *Key Bb.*

YIELD not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each vict'ry will help you
Some other to win;
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

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

2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in rev'rence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown,
Thro' faith we will conquer,
Though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

364

Lo! the stone is rolled away,
Death yields up his mighty prey;
Jesus, rising from the tomb,
Scatters all its fearful gloom.

2 Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues
Every note with rapture swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell.

3 Let Immanuel be adored—
Ransom, Mediator, Lord!
To creation's utmost bound,
Let the eternal praise resound.

365

WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon this word,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace,—
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see;
This is still my sweet relief,—
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

366 *Ariel-Eb.*

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?

I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breath, the height.

- 3 God only knows the love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine ;
Be mine this better part.
- 4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 5 O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast !
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

367 *Ariel-Eb.*

- O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine ;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne ;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face ;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

368 *Avon-Ab.*

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord
I will remember thee.

- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee.—
- 5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

369 *Avon-Ab.*

- JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My joy, my hope, my trust ;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee most richly meet ;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there,
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

370 *Avon-Ab.*

- ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's, sin.

- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

371 *Avon-Ab.*

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve.—
Come with your guilt and fear oppressed
And make this last resolve :

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
High as a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

4 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

372 *Horton-A.*

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my path your choice,
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's
scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

373 *Horton-A.*

- As the twilight shadows fall,
Let us, in the closing day,
Mark the solemn hour when all
Earthly things shall fade away.
- 2 In the grave to which we haste,
No repentance can be found;
Shall we then our moments waste
While we stand on trial-ground?
- 3 Ere the coming of that night,
(When its coming who can say?)
Let us do with all our might,
Strive and labor, watch and pray.
- 4 Lord, do thou thy grace impart;
Penitence and faith bestow!
Come and sanctify each heart,
Let us thy salvation know.
- 5 That when waning years have fled,
And these scenes have passed away,
Rising with the summoned dead,
We may wake to endless day.

374 *Horton-A.*

- GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.
- 2 Fain I would to thee be brought;
Gracious God, forbid it not;
Give me, O my God, a place
In the kingdom of thy grace!
- 3 Put thy hands upon my head,
Let me in thine arms be stayed;
Let me lean upon thy breast,
Lull me there, O Lord, to rest.
- 4 Fain I would be as thou art;
Give me thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have thy loving mind.

375 *Horton-A.*

- Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

- 3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
- 4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, 'how can I give thee up?'
Lest the lifted thunder drop.
- 5 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his
God is love! I know, I feel; [hands];
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

376 *Pleyel's Hymn.-G.*

GRACIOUS Spirit, love divine,
Let thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

377 *Pleyel's Hymn.-G.*

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

- 2 Hasten mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's course be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

378 *Pleyel's Hymn.-G.*

HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

379 *Pleyel's Hymn.-G.*

ERE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord! our song ascends to thee;
At thy feet we bow the knee.

- 2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven!
- 3 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead,
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last.
- 4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

380 *Zion-D.*

- GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever sing to thee.

381 *Zion-D.*

WHERE we oft have met in gladness,
On the holy Sabbath day,
Now we gather in our sadness,
Mourning over one away:
Tears are falling
On this holy Sabbath day.

2 One we loved has left our number,—
In the narrow dwelling laid;
There to rest in dreamless slumber,
Till the trump that wakes the dead
When the angel
From their slumbers wakes the dead.

3 But while we in sadness gather,
Mourning thus for one away,
Lo, the angels say, "Another
Joins our holy song to-day!"
Weep no longer;
Join with them the sacred lay.

4 Let our grief, then, turn to gladness,
As we praise the saving love,
Which o'er every shade of sadness
Sheds the light of joys above:
Grief dispelling
By the light of joys above.

382 *Zion-D.*

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion long in hostile lands;
Mourning captive!
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mourn-
All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God; thy God, will now restore thee,
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will quickly send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now is past,
God, thy Saviour, shall defend thee,
Peace and joy are come at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

383

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

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

384 *Wilmot-Bb.*

ONE there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends to save us
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died, to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

3 When he lived on earth, abased,
Friend of Sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord! at length to love;
We alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.
—John Newton.

385 *Dorrnance-E.*

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,—
Life and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy stream in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie.—
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,—
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

386

Key F.

JESUS, lover of my soul!
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity

—Charles Wesley.

387 *Watchman-Eb.*

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are;
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!

Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler, yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!
—Sir John Bowring.

388 *Watchman-Eb.*

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp and power;
Welcome, poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.
"Follow me!" I know thy voice!
Jesus, Lord! thy steps I see:
Now I take thy yoke by choice;
Light thy burden now on me.

389 *Zerah-C.*

COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hear's proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your Lord, your Master,
With glories all divine; [crowned
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright those glories shine.

3 When, in his earthly courts, we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

390 *Zerah-C.*

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

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

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

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

391 *Zerah-C.*

TO us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of
Forevermore adored; [Peace,
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord. [spread.

3 His power, increasing, still shall
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

392 *Zerah-C.*

SALVATION! O the joyful sound,
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

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

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

393 *Doxology-C. M.*

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

394 *Arlington-G.*

THROUGH all the changing scenes of
In trouble and in joy, [life,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 My soul shall make her boast in him,
And celebrate his fame;
Come, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

4 Oh! make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

395 *Arlington-C.*

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own—
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men,
With messages of grace,
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he
Shall give him nobler praise. [reigns,

396 *Arlington-G.*

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

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

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

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

397 *Arlington-G.*

BENEATH Moriah's rocky side
A gentle fountain springs:
Silent and soft its waters glide,
Like the peace the Spirit brings.

2 The thirsty Arab stoops to drink
Of the cool and quiet wave—
And the thirsty spirit stops to think
Of him who came to save.

3 Siloam is the fountain's name:
It means *One sent of God*;
And thus the holy Saviour's name
It gently spreads abroad.

4 Oh, grant that I, like this sweet well,
May Jesus' image bear,
And spend my life, my all, to tell
How full his mercies are.

398 *Balerna-Bb.*

How happy is the youth who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasure greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

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

399 *Balerna-Bb.*

OH, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely shed for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean;
Which neither life, nor death can part
From him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

400 *Key F.*

JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee;
Now in the fulness of thy love,
O Lord, remember me.

CHO.—Remember me, remember me,
Dear Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.

401 *Dundee-F.*

How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors;
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongues,
“Lord, why was I a guest?”

3 “Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched
And rather starve than come. [choice,

4 “’Twas the same love that spread the
That sweetly forced me in; [feast,
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

402 *Dundee-F.*

How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord;
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, “Return;”
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn,
Oh, take the wanderer home.

3 Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious, how divine,
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

4 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
Oh, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

403 *Dundee-F.*

O GOD, our help in ages past
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising dawn.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten—as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

404 *Dundee-F.*

THE Lord Jehovah unto all
His goodness doth declare,
And over all his mighty works
His tender mercies are.

2 Thy kingdom shall forever stand,
Thy reign through ages all;
God raiseth all that are bowed down,
Upholdeth all that fall.

3 The eyes of all things wait on thee,
Thou Giver of all good!
And thou in season due dost give
To every one his food.

4 My mouth the praises of the Lord
To publish shall not cease;
Let all flesh join his holy name
Forevermore to bless.

405 *Rathbun-C.*

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring 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 more 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 light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
—Sir J. Bowring.

406 *Key Ab.*

THE tranquil hours steal by
On drowsy wings and slow,
And over all the peaceful sky
The stars of evening glow.

2 No gathering clouds I see,
I hear no rising blast,
I fold my tired hands restfully,
As tho' all storms were past.

3 Yet whether so or not,
O Lord, thou knowest best,
This night let every anxious thought
And trembling fear have rest.

4 This night I will lie down
In peace beneath thine eye:
Nor heed what ills unseen may frown,
Since thou art ever nigh.

5 I will lie down to sleep,
From every terror free,
Nor wake to tremble or to weep,
Secure, O Lord, in thee!
—Mrs. J. C. Yule.

407 *Siloam-D.*

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

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

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

408 *Siloam-D.*

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

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

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

4 O Thou who givest life and breath,
We ask thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

409 *Siloam-D.*

WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first the soul-reviving morn
Beams its new rays of light!

3 Sweet day, thine hours too soon will
Yet while they gently roll, [cease;
Breathe, Holy Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more?

410

OF thy love some gracious token
Grant us, Lord, before we go;
Bless thy word which has been spoken.
Life and peace on all bestow!
When we join the world again,
Let our hearts with thee remain;

Oh, direct us

And protect us,

Till we gain the heavenly shore.

411 *Peterborough-G.*

I WAITED for the Lord, my God,
And patiently did bear,
At length to me he did incline,
My voice and cry to hear.

2 He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock he set my feet,
Establishing my way.

3 He put a new song in my mouth,
Our God to magnify;
Many shall see it, and shall fear,
And on the Lord rely.

412 *Woodland-G.*

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wand'ers given,
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above, in heaven.

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

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven. [bloom,

4 There fragrant flowers immortal
And joys supreme are given:
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

413*Evan-Ab.*

JESUS, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good, to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

—Tr. by Caswall.

414*Evan-Ab.*

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm:
Let thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert spring.

2 Yes, keep me calm, tho' loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street,—

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in the hour of pain:
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain,—

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like him who bore my shame;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting
Who hate thy holy name. [throng,

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

415

Evan-Ab.

- OH, for a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Return! O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 4 So shall my walk be close with God;
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

416

Evan-Ab.

- How blest the man whose sins the Lord
Has pardoned in his grace,
All whose transgressions are removed,
And covered from his face.
- 2 How blest the man to whom the Lord
Imputeth not his sin;
And in whose spirit is no guile,
Nor fraud is found therein.
- 3 Surely, when floods and waters great
Do swell up to the brim,
They shall not overwhelm his soul,
Nor once come near to him.

417

Lebanon-F.

- I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

- 3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole;
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas he that brought me to the fold—
'Tis he that still doth keep.

418

Lebanon-F.

- JESUS, my strength, my hope!
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer;
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee,—almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

- 2 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.
- 3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

- 4 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

419

Vigil-F.

- "Forever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfil.

4 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"
—James Montgomery.

420 *Vigil-F.*

OH, bless the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

421 *Lebanon-F.*

FATHER, a weary heart
Hath come to thee for peace;
The world hath not the healing art
To bid its troubles cease;
It brings before thy throne
Its weight of woe and care;
Do thou accept its pleading tone—
The contrite sinner's prayer.

2 Father—it hath rebelled,
Hath wandered from thy path,
Nor heeded when the thunder swelled
The tempest of thy wrath;

But now, a bruised thing,
Neglected, pale, and bare,
Lo, at thy footstool it doth bring
The contrite sinner's prayer.

3 Father, it bends before
Thy throne among the blest;
Peace to the wretched heart restore,
Give to the weary rest:
Through Christ's atonement given,
It trusteth yet to share
The glorious heritage of heaven,
By lowly, contrite prayer.

422 *St. Thomas-G.*

MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

423 *St. Thomas-G.*

JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain:
Yet we must wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give him rest,
But be importunate.

4 Jesus the Lord will hear
His chosen, when they cry;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

424 *St. Thomas-G.*

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

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

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

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

425 *St. Thomas-G.*

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open thou our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

4 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free; [love
Then shall we know, and praise, and
The Father, Son and Thee.

426 *Olmutz-Bb.*

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

427 *Laban-C.*

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

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

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

428 *Laban-C.*

MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

429 *Varina-Eb.*

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest,—
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast:
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad:
I found him in a resting place,
And he has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light,—
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done.

430 *Varina-Eb.*

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
Oh, when, thou city of my God!
Shall I thy courts ascend?
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.

2 There happier bowers than Eden's
Nor sin nor sorrow know; [bloom,
Blest seats! through rude and stormy
I onward press to you. [scenes
Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

431 *Varina-Eb.*

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

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

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling
Stand dressed in living green; [flood
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away. [move,

3 Oh, could we make our doubts re-
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes:
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

432 *Varina-Eb.*

WHILST thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled,
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled. [stowed,
Thy love the power of thought be-
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

433 *Alida-C.*

How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven,—
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me."

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay;
We more than taste the heavenly
And antedate that day; [powers,
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity!

434

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 darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

435

||: 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:

Living Hymns—H

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, :||
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 ev'ry care.
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

436 *Woodstock—G.*

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect does my strength renew
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

437 *Woodstock—G.*

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms!
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble name,
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these
 The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful
 And yield them up to thee; [hands,
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,—
 Thine let our offspring be.

438 *Spoehr-G.*

FATHER! I know that all my life
 Is portioned out for me;
 The changes that will surely come
 I do not fear to see:

- 3 I ask thee for the daily strength,
 To none that ask denied,
 A mind to blend with outward life,
 While keeping at thy side,
 Content to fill a little space,
 If thou be glorified.
- 4 And if some things I do not ask
 Among my blessings be,
 I'd have my spirit filled the more
 With grateful love to thee;
 More careful not to serve thee much,
 But please thee perfectly.

439 *Geneva-Eb.*

- WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestowed,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
 And led me up to man.

- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue,
 And after death in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew.

440 *Selwin-E.*

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

- 2 "My times are in thy hand,"
 Whatever they may be;
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
 As best may seem to thee.
- 3 "My times are in thy hand;"
 Why should I doubt or fear?
 My father's hand will never cause
 His child a needless tear.
- 4 "My times are in thy hand,"
 Jesus, the crucified!
 The hand my cruel sins had pierced
 Is now my guard and guide.
- 5 "My times are in thy hand;"
 I'll always trust in thee;
 And after death, at thy right hand
 I shall forever be.

441 *Selwin-E.*

- O LORD, thy perfect word
 Directs our steps aright,
 Nor can all other books afford
 Such profit and delight.
- 2 Celestial beams it sheds,
 To cheer this vale below:
 To distant lands its glory spreads,
 And streams of mercy flow.
- 3 True wisdom it imparts,
 Commands our hope and fear;
 Oh, may we hide it in our hearts,
 And feel its influence there.

442 *Selwin-E.*

- NOT what I feel or do
 Can give me peace with God;
 Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
 Can bear my awful load.

2 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

3 'Tis Christ who saveth me;
And freely pardon gives;
I love because he loveth me,
I live because he lives.

443 *Dennis-F.*

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

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

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

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

444 *Dennis-F.*

How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find!

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

445 *Dennis-F.*

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

4 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way:
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath day.

446 *Dennis-F.*

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

447 *Downs-Eb.*

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest

3 Dear name! the rock on which I
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

—John Newton.

448 *Downs—Eb*

O THAT the Lord would guide my way
To keep his statutes still!
Oh that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 Oh, send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

4 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

5 Make me to walk in thy commands.
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands
Offend against my God.

449 *Downs—Eb.*

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—oh, amazing love!—
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

450 *Downs—Eb.*

THE Saviour calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,—
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss that love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

451 *Key F.*

ALL for Jesus, all for Jesus!
All my being's ransomed powers:
All my thoughts, and words, and doings,
All my days, and all my hours.
||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All my days, and all my hours.:||

2 Let my hands perform his bidding,
Let my feet run in his ways—
Let my eyes see Jesus only,
Let my lips speak forth his praise,
||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Let my lips speak forth his praise.:||

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all besides;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified.:||

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Lets me rest beneath his wings.
||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath his wings! :||
—Mary D. James.

452

Key F.

SITTING at the feet of Jesus,
 Oh, what words I hear him say!
 Happy place! so near, so precious!
 May it find me there each day!
 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
 I would look upon the past;
 For his love has been so gracious,
 It has won my heart at last.

- 2 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
 Where can mortal be more blest?
 There I lay my sins and sorrows.
 And, when weary, find sweet rest.
 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
 There I love to weep and pray,
 While I from his fulness gather
 Grace and comfort every day.
- 3 Bless me, O my Saviour! bless me,
 As I sit low at thy feet;
 Oh! look down in love upon me;
 Let me see thy face so sweet.
 Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus;
 Make me holy as he is:
 May I prove I've been with Jesus,
 Who is all my righteousness!

453

Key F.

WHILE in different paths dividing,
 We our pilgrimage pursue,
 May our Shepherd, safely guiding,
 Keep his scattered flock in view!
 May the bond of blest communion
 Every distant soul embrace,
 Till in everlasting union,
 We attain our resting place.

- 3 Oh, 'tis sweet, each other aiding,
 In companionship to move,
 One pure flame each heart pervading,
 One, our Lord, our faith, our love;
 Sweet when each can bend. imploring
 Solace for our brother's pain,
 And, the stumbling foot restoring,
 Cheer him to the race again.
- 3 We may part in tearful sadness,
 Bearing forth the precious grain,
 But we shall return with gladness,
 Bringing harvest sheaves again.

Thus, though fond affection weepeth,
 Faith exalts her cheering voice;
 He that soweth, he that reapeth,
 Soon together shall rejoice.

454 *Rockingham-G.*

OF him who did salvation bring,
 I could forever think and sing;
 Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;
 Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
 Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 TOSHANE our sins he blushed in blood;
 He closed his eyes to show us God:
 Let all the world fall down and know
 That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
 I shed my tears and make my moan;
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
 I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
 I drink, and yet am ever dry:
 Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
 Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

455 *Rockingham-G.*

So let our lips and lives express
 The holy gospel we profess;
 So let our works and virtues shine
 To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
 The honors of our Saviour God,
 When his salvation reigns within,
 And grace subdue the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
 While we expect that blessed hope,
 The bright appearance of the Lord,
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

456 *Rockingham-G.*

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
 Another sabbath is begun;
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest.
 Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2 Oh that our thoughts and thanks may
As grateful incense to the skies, [rise
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

457 *Rockingham-G.*

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With ardent love and strong desire.

2 In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 Oh, long expected day, begin,
Dawn on this world of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, and rest in God.

Doxology.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

458 *Angelus-D.*

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

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

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

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
And learn the angels' song.
—H Bonar.

459 *Angelus-D.*

I COULD not do without thee,
O Saviour of the Lost!
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost.
My righteousness, my pardon,
Thy precious blood must be,
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

2 I could not do without thee,
I cannot stand alone;
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me;
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on thee.

3 I could not do without thee,
For oh! the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song.
How could I do without thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest and thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

460 *Key A.*

SHALL we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

CHO.—Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the bright, celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls its harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus
With its sweet melodious sound?

5 Shall we meet there many a loved one
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon his throne?
—H. L. Hastings.

461 *Loving Kindness—G.*

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered
loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!
—Medley.

462

Key Eb.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

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

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

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul! —Ray Palmer.

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