

HYMN
BOOK

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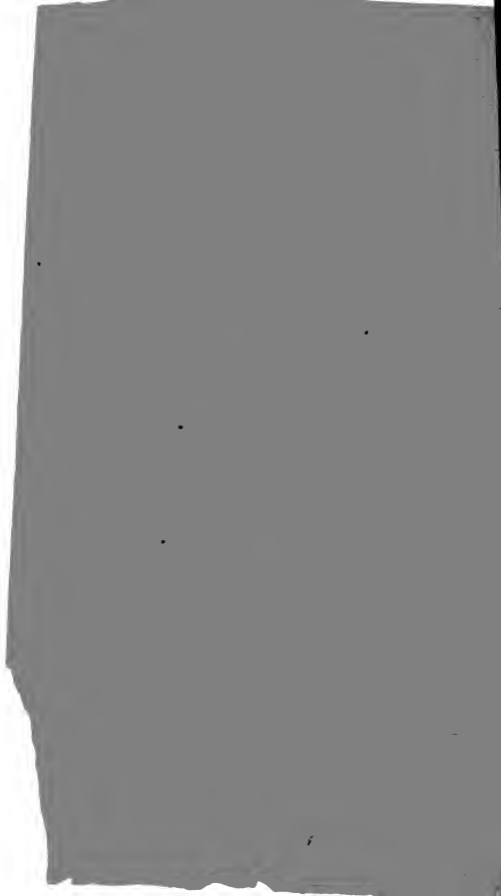
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SABBATH-SCHOOL

HYMN-BOOK,

COMPILED FOR THE **DEC 28 1935**

MONTREAL CANADA PRESBY-
TERIAN SABBATH-SCHOOL
ASSOCIATION.

*Presbyterian church
in Canada*

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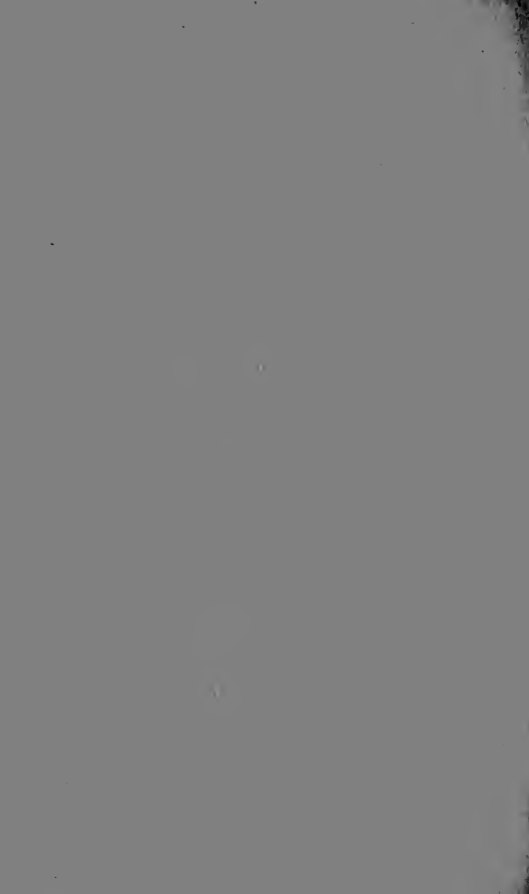
1872.



P R E F A C E .

THIS collection of Children's Hymns has been compiled by a Committee of the Montreal Sabbath-School Association, in connection with the Canada Presbyterian Church, for the use of the Schools under the care of the Association. It is hoped that it will be found better adapted to the wants of these Schools than any other low-priced collection. The range of subjects will be found very extensive, and great care has been taken in selection. The arrangement is believed to be at once the simplest and most useful for a collection of its size, as the purely alphabetical arrangement of first lines makes the book an index in itself.

While the collection has been prepared specially for the Schools of the Association, the Committee will rejoice if it shall prove more widely serviceable in the cause of Sunday-School Hymnology throughout the Church and country.



HYMNS.

I

- 1 ANOTHER happy, golden year
Has brightly smiled and passed away ;
With pastor, friends, and teachers dear,
We hail our anniversary day !
Our welcome anniversary day,
Our joyful anniversary day,
With pastor, friends, and teachers dear,
We hail our anniversary day !
- 2 With grateful hearts to God above,
We gladly join our festive lay ;
We thank Him for the tender love
That crowns our anniversary day.
Our welcome, etc.
- 3 Our growing numbers still we view,
With every week that glides away,
While blessings fall like pearly dew,
On this our anniversary day.
Our welcome, etc.
- 4 Though some who once were with us here
Have gone to fairer climes away,
Ere haps their spirits, hovering near,
Behold our anniversary day.
Our welcome, etc.

- 5 And when those mortal scenes are past,
 When one by one they fade away,
 O! may we meet in heaven at last,
 To spend a long eternal day.
 Our welcome, etc.

2

- 1 ABIDE with me! fast falls the even-tide:
 The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me!
- 2 Swift to its close ebb's out life's little day;
 Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
 Change and decay in all around I see;
 O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
 But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples,
 Lord,—
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free,—
 Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!
- 4 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
 power?
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with
 me!
- 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!

- 6 Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes!
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to
 the skies!
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
 shadows flee;—
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

3

- 1 AGAIN, we meet, O Lord,
 Again we fill this place,
 To hear Thy holy word,
 To ask Thy promised grace;
 To thank Thee for the gifts we share,
 The children of Thy love and care.
- 2 Grant us the listening ear,
 The understanding heart,
 The mind and will sincere,
 To choose the better part;
 To take the learner's lowly seat
 And gather wisdom at Thy feet.
- 3 Through this, and every day,
 Teach us Thy paths to tread:
 Nor let our feet astray
 By Satan's wiles be led;
 But keep us in the narrow road
 The road to glory and to God

4

- 1 A FEW more years shall roll,
 A few more seasons come,
 And we shall be with those who rest,
 Asleep within the tomb.

- 2 A few more suns shall set
 O'er these dark hills of time,
 And we shall be where suns are not,—
 A far serener clime.
- 3 A few more storms shall beat
 On this wild rocky shore,
 And we shall be where tempests cease,
 And surges swell no more.
- 4 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.
- 5 A few more Sabbaths here
 Shall cheer us on our way;
 And we shall reach the endless rest,
 The eternal Sabbath day.
- 6 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that great day;
 O wash me in thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away.

5

- 1 AWAKE and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb;
 Wake every heart and every tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of His dying love;
 Sing of His rising power;
 Sing how He intercedes above
 For those whose sins He bore.

- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;
 Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
 In Christ, th' Eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
 "Ye blessed children, comé";
 Soon will He call you hence away,
 And take His pilgrims home.

6

- 1 AROUND the throne of God in heav'n,
 Thousands of children stand ;
 Children whose sins are all forgiven,
 A holy, happy band,
 Singing, Glory, glory,
 Glory be to God on high.
- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
 See every one arrayed ;
 Dwelling in everlasting light,
 And joys that never fade,
 Singing, Glory, glory, glory.
- 3 What brought them to that world above,—
 That world so bright and fair,
 Where all is peace and joy and love ?
 How came those children there ?
 Singing, Glory, glory, glory.
- 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
 To wash away their sin :
 Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
 Behold them white and clean,
 Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
 On earth they loved His name ;
 So now they see His blessed face,
 And stand before the Lamb,
 Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

7

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
 Ye angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from His altar call ;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye saints redeemed of Adam's race,
 From sin and Satan's thrall,
 Hail Him who saved you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Oh that with yonder sacred throng
 We at His feet may fall !
 Join in the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

8

- 1 ARABIA'S desert ranger
 To Christ shall bow the knee ;
 The Ethiopian stranger
 His glory come to see ;

With off'rings of devotion,
 Ships from the Isles shall meet,
 To pour the wealth of ocean
 In tribute at His feet.

2 Kings shall fall down before Him,
 And gold and incense bring ;
 All nations shall adore Him—
 His praise all people sing ;
 For He shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore ;
 Far as the eagle's pinion
 Or dove's light wing can soar.

3 To Him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing ;
 A kingdom without end.
 The heavenly dew shall nourish
 A seed in weakness sown,
 Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
 And shake like Lebanon.

4 O'er every foe victorious,
 He on His throne shall rest ;
 From age to age more glorious ;
 All blessing and all blest.
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His name shall stand for ever,—
 His great, best name of Love.

9

- 1 BEAR the cross and follow Jesus,
Let His goodness be our song;
If we falter He will help us;
We are weak, but He is strong.
- 2 Bear the cross and live for Jesus,
Though at times 'tis hard to bear;
He will make the burden lighter,
He will hear the children's prayer.
- 3 Bear the cross without repining,
Joy will yet our toil repay;
Bear it with a cheerful spirit,
Meekly bear it day by day.
- 4 Bear the cross and work for Jesus,
Precious promise he hath given;
If we love him and are faithful,
Sweet will be our rest in heaven.

10

- 1 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.

11

- 1 BLEST Jesus, ever at my side,
How loving must Thou be!
To leave Thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me.
- 2 Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of Thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear.
- 3 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did,
When I was but a child.
- 4 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
That love is all from Thee.
- 5 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night to prayer,

Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there.

- 6 Yes ; when I pray thou prayest too,—
Thy prayer is all for me ;
But when I sleep Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

12

- 1 BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is
strongest ;
Watch for day, Christian, when night's long-
est ;
Onward and onward still ; be thine endea-
vour,
The rest that remaineth shall be for ever.
- 2 Fight the Fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er
thee ;
Run the race, Christian, heav'n is before
thee ;
He who hath promised faltereth never ;
The love of eternity flows on for ever.
- 3 Raise the eye, Christian, just as it closeth ;
Lift the heart, Christian, ere it repositeth ;
Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall
sever ;
Mount when thy work is done,—praise him
for ever !

13

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

14

- 1 BLESSED Jesus, ere we part,
 Speak Thy blessing to each heart.
 Blessed Jesus, Saviour, blest !
 Breathe Thy peace through every breast.

- 2 When this night our eyelids close,
 Let us in Thine arms repose.
 Blessed Jesus, Son of God,
 Wash us in Thy precious blood.
- 3 Blessed Jesus, Saviour dear!
 Through the darkness be Thou near.
 Blessed Jesus, Light Divine!
 Let Thy presence round us shine;
- 4 By our couch Thy station keep,
 Guard from evil while we sleep.
 Blessed Jesus, Saviour bright!
 Guide us safe to realms of light.

15

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
 How sweet the lily grows!
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill
 Of Sharon's dewy rose!
- 2 And such the child whose early feet
 The path of peace hath trod;
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
 Is upwards 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 seek Thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still Thine own.

16

- 1 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 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonng Lamb;
Redemption by His blood,
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year, &c.

- 3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought;
The gift of Jesus' love.
The year, &c.

- 4 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face.
The year, &c.

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

17

- 1 CHILDHOOD's years are passing o'er us,
Youthful days will soon be done;
Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.
- 2 Oh, may He who, meek and lowly,
Trode Himself this vale of woe,
Make us His, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.
- 3 Hark! it is the Saviour calling,
"Little children, follow Me!"
Jesus! keep our feet from falling;
Teach us all to follow Thee.
- 4 Soon we part,—it may be never,
Never here to meet again;
Oh, to meet in heaven forever!
Oh, the crown of life to gain!

18

- 1 COME, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and accents blend;
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only Friend.
His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices,
Exulting in His love.
- 2 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who wept our path along;

We love to sing of Jesus,
 The tempted and the strong.
 None who besought His healing,
 He passed unheeded by;
 And still retains His feeling,
 For us above the sky

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

4 Then let us sing of Jesus,
 While yet on earth we stay,
 And hope to sing of Jesus,
 Throughout eternal day;
 For those who here confess him,
 He will in heaven confess;
 And faithful hearts that bless him,
 He will for ever bless.

19

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

2 At His feet confess your sin,
 Seek forgiveness there;

For His blood can make you clean ;
He will hear your prayer.

- 3 Seek His face without delay ;
Give Him now your heart ;
Tarry not, but, while you may,
Choose the better part

20

- 1 COME, labour on !
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain ?
While all around him waves the golden grain
And to each servant does the Master say,
"Go work to-day !"
- 2 Come, labour on !
Claim the high calling angels cannot share,—
To young and old the Gospel-gladness bear
Redeem the time ; its hours too swiftly fly,
The night draws nigh
- 3 Come, labour on !
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear
No arm so weak but may do service here ;
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
His righteous will.
- 4 Come, labour on !
No time for rest, till glows the western sky
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie
And a glad sound comes with the setting
sun,—
"Servants, well done !"

- 5 Come, labour on!
 The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,
 Blessed are those who to the end endure;
 How full their joy, how deep their rest shall
 be,
 O Lord, with Thee!

21

- 1 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;
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

22

- 1 CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,
 As ye journey sweetly sing;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in His works and ways!

- 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod :
They are happy now ; and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest !
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of Light !
Zion's city is in sight :
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.
- 5 Fear not, brethren ; joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 6 Lord ! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below !
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still shall follow Thee !
- 7 Seal our love, our labours end ;
Let us to Thy bliss ascend ;
Let us to Thy kingdom come !
Lord ! we long to be at home.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare ;
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,—
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 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.
- 6 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.

24

1 COME, let us all unite to sing,
God is love, God is love!
Let heaven and earth their praises bring,
God is love, God is love!
Let every soul from sin awake
Each in his heart sweet music make,
And sing with us, for Jesus' sake,
God is love!

- 2 Oh! tell to earth's remotest bound,
 God is love!
 In Christ we have redemption found!
 God is love!
 His blood has wash'd our sins away,
 His spirit turn'd our night to day:
 And now we can rejoice to say,
 God is love!
- 3 How happy is our portion here!
 God is love!
 His promises our spirits cheer;
 God is love!
 He is our Sun and Shield by day,
 Our Help, our Hope, our Strength, and Stay:
 He will be with us all the way:
 God is love!
- 4 What though my heart and flesh should fail!
 God is love!
 Through Christ I shall o'er death prevail,
 God is love!
 Though Jordan swell I need not fear,
 My Saviour will be with me there,
 My head above the waves to bear,
 God is love!
- 5 In Zion we shall sing again,
 God is love!
 Yes, this shall be our highest strain,
 God is love!
 Whilst endless ages roll along,
 In concert with the heavenly throng,
 This shall be still our sweetest song,
 God is love!

25

- 1 COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of Thy redeeming love;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above.
- 2 Here I 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 O, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love:
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

26

- 1 CREATOR, Preserver, Redeemer of man,
Divine Intercessor above,
when shall the song of Thy praises begin,
Or how shall I speak of Thy love?

Heaven is telling,
 And earth is revealing,
 What wonders Thy mercy can prove.

- 2 And do I not love Thee, O Saviour divine,
 The Chief of ten thousands to me?
 Yes, infinite beauty and glory are Thine,
 Whose brightness no mortal can see.
 Angels shall bless Thee,
 And man shall confess Thee;
 All worlds shall acknowledge Thy sway.
- 3 Thine, thine is the kingdom, the wisdom, and
 power,
 The glory and honour supreme;
 For ever and ever my soul would adore
 The unspeakable worth of Thy name.
 For ever and ever,
 O glorious Saviour,
 I'll dwell on the rapturous theme.

- 1 COME, children, hail the Prince of Peace,
 Obey the Saviour's call;
 Come, sing aloud his glorious grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 This Jesus will your sins forgive,
 He now invites us all;
 For us He died that we might live,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

- 3 Oh, let our hearts receive our King,
 No more refuse his call:
 That so in heaven we still may sing,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

28

- 1 COME, children, join to sing,
 Halleluiah! Amen!
 Loud praise to Christ our King,
 Halleluiah! Amen!
 Let all with heart and voice,
 Before His throne rejoice:
 Praise is His gracious choice,
 Halleluiah! Amen!
- 2 Come lift your hearts on high,—*Hal., &c.*
 Let praises fill the sky,—*Hal., &c.*
 He is our Guide and Friend:
 'To us He'll condescend:
 His love shall never end,—*Hal., &c.*
- 3 Praise yet the Lord again,—*Hal., &c.*
 Life shall not end the strain,—*Hal., &c.*
 On heaven's blissful shore
 His goodness we'll adore:
 Singing for evermore,—*Hal., &c.*

29

- 1 CHILD of sin and sorrow,
 Fill'd with dismay,
 Wait not for to-morrow:
 Yield thee to-day.

Heav'n bids thee come
 While yet there's room ;
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Why wilt thou die ?
 Wait not for to-morrow
 Jesus is nigh.
 Grieve not that love
 Which from above,
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Life can supply.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Where wilt thou flee ?
 Through that long to-morrow,
 Eternity ?
 Exiled from home,
 Darkly to roam,—
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Where wilt thou flee ?

4 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Lift up thine eye :
 Joy knows no to-morrow
 In heaven high.
 O, sinner, come
 While yet there's room ;
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 To Jesus fly.

30

- 1 COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now :
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.
- 2 He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you just now ;
Just now He will save you,
He will save you just now.
- 3 O believe Him, O believe Him,
O believe Him just now :
Just now O believe Him,
O believe Him just now.
- 4 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen.
Amen, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen.

31

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
This is your accepted hour,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power :
He is able,—
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better,

You will never come at all.
 Not the righteous,—
 Sinners, Jesus came to call!

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream :
 All the fitness He requireth,
 Is to feel your need of Him :
 This He gives you,—
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam!
- 4 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
 Pleads the merit of His blood :
 Venture on Him, venture wholly,—
 Let no other trust intrude :
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

32

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come!
 Let thy bright beams arise :
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
 And open all our eyes.
- 2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
 Thou Heavenly Paraclete ;
 Give us to lie, with humble hope,
 At our Redeemer's feet.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
 Our doubts and fears remove ;
 And kindle in our breasts the flame
 Of never-dying love.

- 4 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood:
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 5 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 6 Dwell Thou within our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;—
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

33

- 1 COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Do the right, do the right,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
- 2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Do the right, etc.
- 3 Perish policy and cunning!
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Do the right, etc.

- 4 Trust no party, sect, or faction ;
Trust no leaders in the fight :
t, in ev'ry word and action,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Do the right, etc.
- 5 Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Do the right, etc.
- 6 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight ;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Do the right, etc.

34

- 1 DEATH has been here, and borne away
A [sister]* from our side :
Just in the morning of [her]† day,
As young as we, [she]‡ died.
- 2 Not long ago [she] fill'd [her] place,
And sat with us to learn ;
But [she] has run [her] mortal race,
And never can return.
- 3 Perhaps our time may be as short,
Our days may fly as fast ;
O Lord, impress the solemn thought,
That this may be our last.

* Or, brother.

† Or, his.

‡ Or, he.

33

- 4 We cannot tell who next may fall
 Beneath Thy chast'ning rod:
One must be first: oh, may we all
 Prepare to meet our God.
- 5 All needful help is Thine to give;
 To Thee our souls apply
For grace to teach us how to live,
 And make us fit to die.

35

- 1 DAY by day the little daisy
 Looks up with its yellow eye,
Never murmurs, never wishes
 It were hanging up on high.
And the air is just as pleasant,
 And as bright the sunny sky
To the daisy by the footpath,
 As to flowers that bloom on high.
- 2 God has given to each his station;
 Some have riches and high place,
Some have lowly homes and labour,—
 All may have his precious grace.
And God loveth all His children,
 Rich and poor and high and low;
And they all shall meet in heaven,
 Who have served Him here below.

36

- 1 DARE to do right! Dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,

Angels will hasten the story to tell.
Dare, dare, dare to do right.

2 Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you;
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your
faith;
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.
Dare, dare, etc.

3 Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
God, who created you, cares for you too,—
Treasures the tears that His striving ones
shed,
Counts and protects ev'ry hair of your head.
Dare, dare, etc.

4 Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
Keep the great judgment-seat always in
view;
Look at your work as you'll look at it then,
Scanned by Jehovah, and angels and men
Dare, dare, etc.

5 Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
Jesus, your Saviour, will carry you through:
City, and mansion, and throne all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and do right?
Dare, dare, etc.

37

1 ETERNAL God, incline Thine ear,
Accept the tribute we would pay;
While once again assembled here,
We hail with joy this sacred day.

- 2 Our hearts and voices we would raise,
 In gratitude, O Lord, to Thee ;
 Accept our cheerful song of praise,
 And let us all Thy children be.
- 3 Be with us in Thy temple, Lord ;
 There let devotion fill each heart ;
 And may Thy ever blessed word
 Eternal life to all impart.
- 4 O may our future conduct show,
 Instruction has not been in vain :
 Do Thou, O Lord, Thy grace bestow,
 And make our path of duty plain.

- 1 ERE to the world again we go,
 Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
 Thy grace, once more, O God, we crave,
 From folly and from sin to save.
- 2 May the great truths we here have heard—
 The lessons of Thy holy word—
 Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
 And all our souls from error keep.
- 3 Oh, may the influence of this day
 Long as our memory with us stay,
 And as an angel guardian prove,
 To guide us to our home above.

1 FADING, still fading, the last beam is shining ;
 Father in Heaven, the day is declining ;
 Safety and innocence fly with the light ;
 Temptation and danger walk forth with the
 night.

From the fall of the shade till the morning
 bells chime,

Shield me from danger, and save me from
 crime.

Father have mercy, Father have mercy,
 Father have mercy, thro' Jesus Christ our
 Lord.

2 Father in heaven, O, hear when we call ;
 Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all ;
 Feeble and fainting, we trust in Thy might,
 In doubting and darkness Thy love be our
 light ;

Let us sleep on Thy breast while the night
 taper burns,

And wake in Thine arms when morning re-
 turns.

Father, have mercy, etc.

1 For a season called to part,
 Let us now ourselves commend
 To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our ever present Friend.

- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer :
 Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,
 Let Thy mercy and Thy care
 All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In Thy strength may we be strong ;
 Sweeten every cross and pain ;
 Spare us, that we may, ere long,
 Meet and worship Thee again.

41

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
 What endless glory shines !
 For ever be Thy name adored
 For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here my Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around ;
 And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight ;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light !
- 4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be Thou for ever near ;
 Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour there.

42

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

43

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Thro' every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attend Thy word ;
Thy name shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow !
Praise Him, all creatures here below !
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host !
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

- 4 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!

44

- 1 For the mercies of this day,
 Thanks to Thee, our God, we pay ;
 Now, ere we retire to rest,
 Let our souls by Thee be blest.
- 2 Through each dark and silent hour,
 O preserve us by Thy power ;
 Keep us safe from every fear,
 Thankful that our God is near.
- 3 Let the sins which we have done
 All be pardon'd through Thy Son ;
 From whose dying sacrifice
 All our hopes and joys arise:
- 4 Saviour, we our souls resign
 To those piercèd hands of thine,
 Which shall keep our sleeping breath,
 Which shall guard our sleep in death.

45

- 1 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 his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! O Salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each 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 ransom'd nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

46

- 1 For ever with the Lord
 Amen, so let it be ;
 Life from the dead is in that word—
 'Tis immortality.
 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam ;
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home,
 Nearer home, nearer home,
 A day's march nearer home.
- 2 My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near
 At times, to Faith's foreseeing eye,
 Thy golden gates appear !
 Here in, &c.
- 3 My thirsty spirit faints
 To reach the land I love,
 The bright inheritance of saints, ¹
 Jerusalem above.
 Here in, &c.
- 4 For ever with the Lord !
 Father, if 'tis Thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word,
 Ev'n here to me fulfil.
 Here in, &c.
- 5 So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the vail in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain
 Here in, &c.

- 6 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word;
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 For ever with the Lord!
 Here in, &c.

47

- 1 FATHER, let Thy benediction,
 Gently falling as the dew,
 And Thy ever-gracious presence,
 Bless us all our journey through.
 May we ever
 Keep the end of life in view!
- 2 Young in years, we need the wisdom
 Which can only come from Thee;
 In the morn of our existence
 Let us Thy salvation see.
 Changed in spirit,
 Then shall we Thy children be.
- 3 When temptations shall assail us,
 When we falter by the way,
 Let Thine arm of strength defend us,
 Saviour, hear us when we pray.
 Thou art mighty,
 Be Thou then our rock and stay.
- 4 Praise and blessing, power and glory,
 Will we render, Lord, to Thee;
 For the news of Thy salvation,
 Shall extend from sea to sea.
 All the nations
 Joyfully shall worship Thee.

- 1 GLORY to God on high !
 Let earth and heaven reply,
 Praise ye His name.
 Angels, His name adore
 Who all our sorrows bore ;
 Saints, sing for evermore,
 Worthy the Lamb !

- 2 Ye who surround the throne,
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising His name ;
 Ye who have felt His blood
 Sealing your peace with God,
 Sound through the earth abroad,
 Worthy the Lamb !

- 3 Join all the ransom'd race,
 Our God and Saviour bless,
 Praise ye His name :
 In Him we will rejoice,
 Making a cheerful noise ;
 Shouting, with heart and voice,
 Worthy the Lamb !

- 4 Soon must we change our place ;
 Yet will we never cease
 Praising His name.
 Still will we tribute bring ;
 Hail Him our gracious King :
 And through all ages sing,
 Worthy the Lamb !

- 1 GREAT God, behold before Thy throne
A band of children lowly bend ;
Thy face we seek, Thy name we own,
And pray that Thou wouldst be our Friend.
- 2 The Holy Spirit's aid impart,
That He may teach us how to pray ;
Make us sincere, and let each heart
Delight to tread in wisdom's way.
- 3 O let Thy grace our souls renew,
And seal a sense of pardon there ;
Teach us Thy will to know and do,
And let us all Thine image bear.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform :
He plants His footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence .
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

51

- 1 GENTLE Saviour, bless the children,
Gathered on this sacred day ;
May we feel Thy presence with us
While we meet to sing and pray.
Safely through the week departed,
Thou hast kept us by Thy grace ;
Now we come with joy to praise Thee,
Come to seek our Father's face.
- 2 Thou hast spoken words of comfort,
"Let the children come to Me ;"
Though our hearts are weak and sinful,
We may bring them, Lord, to Thee.
Gentle Saviour, while we thank Thee
For this holy Sabbath day,
Turn our thoughts from earthly pleasure,
Lead us in the shining way.

- 3 Bless our school, increase its numbers ;
 Every soul with rapture fill ;
 Give our teachers heavenly wisdom,
 In Thy cause to labor still.
 When the day of life is ended,
 Bear us on Thy wings of love,
 There to join the saints in glory,
 In our Father's home above.

52

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God ;
 He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
 Chose thee for His own abode.
- 2 Lord, thy Church is still thy dwelling,
 Still is precious in Thy sight ;
 Judah's temple far excelling,
 Beaming with the gospel's light.
- 3 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake her sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 She can smile at all her foes.
- 4 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God ;
 He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
 Chose thee for His own abode.

53

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

54

- 1 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 :
 In the kingdom of thy grace,
 Give a little child a place.
- 3 Oh, supply my every want !
 Feed the young and tender plant :
 Day and night my keeper be ;
 Every moment watch round me.

55

- 1 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 now and evermore.
- 2 Open Thou 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 ;
 Death of Death, and Hell's Destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

56

- 1 God of Love, before Thee now
Help us all in love to bow ;
As the dew's on Hermon-fall,
Let thy blessing rest on all!
- 2 Let it soften every breast,
Hush ungentle thoughts to rest,
Till we feel ourselves to be
Children of one family ;
- 3 Children who can look above
For a Heavenly Father's love ;
Who shall meet, life's journey past,
In that Father's house at last.
- 4 But, while thankfully we stand
Round Thy footstool, hand in hand,
Yet one humble, earnest plea,
Father, we would bring to Thee :
- 5 Far across the ocean wave,
Brethren, sisters too, we have ;
But they have not heard of Thee ;
Wilt thou not their Father be ?
- 6 Let them hear the Shepherd's voice,
And beneath His care rejoice ;
And together let them come
To the fold, while yet there's room.

57

- 1 HASTE, O sinner, to be wise!
Stay not, stay not, for the morrow's sun!
Wisdom warns thee from the skies,
All the paths of death to shun.
- 2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun!
Thy probation may be o'er,
Ere this evening's work be done.
- 3 Haste! while yet thou canst be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun!
Death may e'en thy soul arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

58

- 1 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 ca'ms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

- 4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
 Although with sin defiled;
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am owned a child.
- 5 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

59

- 1 HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above;
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices:
 Jesus reigns, the God of Love.
 See, He sits on yonder throne!
 Jesus rules the world alone.
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah, Amen.
- 2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
 All above, and gives it worth;
 Lord of Love, whose smile enlightens,
 Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth
 When we think of love like Thine,
 Lord, we own it love divine.
 Hal., &c.

- 3 King of Glory, reign forever,
 Thine an everlasting crown ;
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine own,
 Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Chosen to behold Thy face.
 Hal., &c.
- 4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing,
 Bring, oh bring the glorious day
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away !
 Then with golden harps we'll sing
 Glory, glory to our King !
 Hal., &c.

60

- 1 How glorious is our Heavenly King,
 Who reigns above the sky !
 How shall a child presume to sing
 His dreadful-majesty ?
- 2 How great His power is, none can tell,
 Nor think how large His grace ;
 Not men below, nor saints that dwell
 On high before His face.
- 3 Not angels, that stand round the Lord,
 Can search His secret will ;
 But they perform His heavenly word,
 And sing His praises still.

- 4 Then let me join His holy train,
And my first offerings bring;
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.
- 5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

61

- 1 HERE we suffer grief and pain;
Here we meet to part again;
In heaven we part no more.
Chorus—O, that will be joyful!
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
O, that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.
- 2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.
O, that will be joyful!
- 3 Little children will be there;
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sabbath-school.
O, that will be joyful!
- 4 Oh! how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on His throne.
O, that will be joyful!

- 5 There we all shall sing with joy,
 And eternity employ
 In praising Christ the Lord.
 O, that will be joyful!

62

- 1 HARK my soul! it is the Lord:
 'Tis the Saviour, hear His word:
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to Thee;
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"
- 2 "I delivered thee when bound;
 And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right—
 Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above,
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful,—strong as death.
- 4 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done;
 Partner of My throne shalt be;
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"
- 5 Lord it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint;
 Yet I love Thee and adore—
 O for grace to love Thee more!

63

- 1 HOLY Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine ;
Mine to teach me whence I came,
Mine to tell me what I am.
 Holy Bible, book divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine.
- 2 Mine thou art to guide my feet ;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit ;
Mine to show a Saviour's love ;
Mine to chide me when I rove.
 Holy Bible, &c.
- 3 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom ;
Mine to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death.
 Holy Bible, &c.

64

- 1 How kind is the Saviour,—
 How great is His love !
To bless little children
 He came from above ;
He left holy angels,
 And their bright abode,
To dwell here with children,
 And teach them the road.
- 2 He wept in the garden,
 And died on the tree,

To open a fountain
 For sinners like me :
 His blood is that fountain,
 Which pardon bestows,
 And cleanses the foulest
 Wherever it flows.

- 3 He went back to glory ;
 But left us His word,
 Which oft from our teachers
 And pastors we've heard :
 He sends forth His Spirit
 Our hearts to inflame,
 With joy in His service,
 And love to His name.

65

- 1 IN the Christian's home in glory,
 There remains a land of rest,
 Where the Saviour's gone before me
 To fulfil my soul's request.
 On the other side of Jordan,
 In the sweet fields of Eden,
 Where the Tree of Life is blooming,
 There is rest for you.
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for you.
- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand ;
 My stay shall not be transient
 In that holy, happy land.
 On the, &c.

- 3 Pain nor sickness e'er can enter;
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
 But in that celestial centre,
 I a crown of life shall wear.
 On the, &c.
- 4 Death itself shall then be vanquish'd,
 And its sting shall be withdrawn,
 Shout with gladness, O ye ransom'd!
 Hail with joy the happy dawn.
 On the, &c.
- 5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
 Shout your triumphs as you go!
 Zion's gates will open to you,
 You shall find an ontrance through.
 On the, &c.

66

- 1 I'm a little pilgrim,
 And a stranger here;
 Though this world is pleasant,
 Sin is always near.
 Jesus loves our pilgrim band;
 He will lead us by the hand,
 Lead us to the better land,
 Happy home on high.
- 2 Mine's a better country,
 Where there is no sin;
 Where the tones of sorrow
 Never enter in.
 Jesus loves, &c.

3 But a little pilgrim
 Must have garments clean,
 Ere he'd wear the white robe,
 And with Christ be seen.
 Jesus loves, &c.

4 Jesus, hear and save me;
 Teach me to obey;
 Holy Spirit, guide me
 In the heavenly way.
 Jesus loves, &c.

5 I'm a little pilgrim,
 And a stranger here,
 But my home in heaven
 Cometh ever near.
 Jesus loves, &c.

67

1 In the vineyard of our Father,
 Daily work we find to do;
 Scatter'd gleanings we may gather,
 Though we are but young and few.
 Little clusters,
 Help to fill the garner's too.

2 Toiling early in the morning,
 Catching moments through the day,
 Nothing small or lowly scorning,
 So along our path we stray,
 Gath'ring gladly
 Freewill offerings by the way.

3 Up and ever at our calling,
 Till in death our lips are dumb;
 Or till, sin's dominion falling,
 Christ shall in His kingdom come,
 And His children
 Reach their everlasting home.

4 Steadfast, then, in our endeavour,
 Heavenly Father, may we be!
 And for ever, and for ever
 We shall give the praise to Thee;
 Halleluiah!
 Singing through eternity.

68

- 1 I THINK when I read the sweet story of old,
 How when Jesus was here among men,
 He once call'd little children as lambs to
 His fold;
 I should like to have been with Him then.
 I wish that His hands had been placed on
 my head,
 That His arms had been thrown around
 me;
 And that I might have seen His kind look
 when He said,
 "Let the little ones come unto Me."
- 2 Yet still to His footstool in faith I may go,
 And there ask for a share of His love;
 And I know if I earnestly seek Him below
 I shall see Him and hear Him above,—

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

69

- 1 In the far better land of glory and light,
 The ransomed are singing in garments of
 white,
 The harpers are harping, and all the bright
 train
 Sing the song of Redemption, the Lamb that
 was slain ;
 Sing the song of Redemption, the Lamb that
 was slain.
- 2 Like the sound of the sea swells their chorus
 of praise,
 Round the star-circled crown of the Ancient
 of Days,
 And thrones and dominions re-echo the
 strain
 Of glory eternal to Him that was slain.
- 3 Dear Saviour, may we, with our voices so
 faint,
 Sing the chorus celestial with angel and
 saint?
 Yes! yes! we will sing, and Thine ear we
 will gain
 With the song of Redemption,—the Lamb
 that was slain.

70

- 1 I HAVE a Father in the promised land ;
 I have a Father in the promised land,
 My Father calls me ; I must go,
 To meet Him in the promised land.
 I'll away, I'll away, to the promised land !
 My Father calls me ; I must go,
 To meet Him in the promised land.
- 2 I have a Saviour in the promised land ;
 I have a Saviour in the promised land.
 My Saviour calls me ; I must go,
 To meet Him in the promised land,
 I'll away, I'll away, to the promised land !
 My Saviour calls me ; I must go,
 To meet Him in the promised land.
- 3 I have a crown in the promised land ;
 I have a crown in the promised land.
 When Jesus calls me I must go,
 To wear it in the promised land.
 I'll away, I'll away, to the promised land !
 When Jesus calls me I must go,
 To wear it in the promised land.
- 4 I hope to meet you in the promised land ;
 I hope to meet you in the promised land.
 At Jesus' feet a joyous band,
 We'll praise Him in the promised land.
 We'll away, we'll away, to the promised
 land !
 At Jesus' feet a joyous band,
 We'll praise Him in the promised land.

71

- 1 I'M but a stranger here,
 Heaven is my home :
 Earth is a desert drear,
 Heaven is my home.
 Danger and sorrow stand
 Round me on every hand ;
 Heaven is my fatherland,
 Heaven is my home.
- 2 What though the tempest rage,
 Heaven, &c.
 Short is my pilgrimage,
 Heaven, &c.
 And Time's wild wintry blast
 Soon will be overpast :
 I shall reach my home at last,
 Heaven, &c.
- 3 Therefore I murmur not,
 Heaven, &c.
 Whate'er my earthly lot,
 Heaven, &c.
 For I shall surely stand
 Then at my Lord's right hand ;
 Heaven is my fatherland,
 Heaven, &c.

72

- 1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God ;
 He bears them all and frees us
 From the accursed load.

- I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White in His blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains.
- 2 I bring my wants to Jesus ;
 All fulness dwells in Him ;
 He heals all my diseases,—
 He doth my soul redeem.
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares ;
 He from them all releases,—
 He all my sorrows shares.
- 3 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 ;
 And sing with saints His praises,—
 To learn the angels' song.

73

- 1 I WANT to be like Jesus,
 So lowly and so meek ;
 For no one mark'd an angry word
 That ever heard Him speak.
- 2 I want to be like Jesus,
 So frequently in prayer ;
 Alone upon the mountain top,
 He met His Father there.

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

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

74

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad :
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water ; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 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 look'd to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun ;
 And in that Light of life I'll walk,
 Till trav'ling days are done.

75

- 1 I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful
 land,
 The far away home of the soul,
 Where no storms ever beat on the glittering
 strand,
 While the years of eternity roll.
- 2 O, that home of the soul in my visions and
 dreams !
 Its bright jasper walls I can see,
 Till I fancy but thinly the vale intervenes
 Between the fair city and me.
- 3 There the great trees of life in their beauty
 do grow,
 And the river of life floweth by,
 For no death ever enters that city, you
 know,
 And nothing that maketh a lie.
- 4 That unchangeable home is for you and for
 me,
 Where Jesus of Nazareth stands ;
 The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
 And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

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

76

- 1 If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boat away.
- 2 If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.
- 3 If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

- 4 Do not then stand idly waiting,
 For some greater work to do ;
 Fortune is a lazy goddess,—
 She will never come to you.
 Go and toil in any vineyard,
 Do not fear to do or dare ;
 If you want a field of labour,
 You can find it anywhere.

77

- 1 I WILL sing for Jesus ;
 With His blood He bought me ;
 And all along my pilgrim way
 His loving hand has brought me.
 O! help me sing for Jesus,
 Help me tell the story
 Of Him who did redeem us,
 The Lord of life and glory.
- 2 Can there overtake me,
 Any dark disaster,
 While I sing for Jesus,
 My blessed, blessed Master ?
 O! help me, &c.
- 3 I will sing for Jesus !
 His name alone prevailing,
 Shall be my sweetest music,
 When heart and flesh are failing.
 O! help me, &c.

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

78

- 1 I LOVE to tell the story
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and His glory,
 Of Jesus and His love.
 I love to tell the story,
 Because I know it's true ;
 It satisfies my longings,
 As nothing else would do.
 Oh ! yes, I love to tell the story ;
 'Twill be my happy 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.

79

- 1 JESUS ascends on high,
 And sits upon His throne ;
 Attending angels round Him fly,
 And all His greatness own.
- 2 Still for the young He prays,
 And blesses them above ;
 " Forbid them not," He kindly says,
 And offers them His love.
- 3 His heart is still the same ;
 To Him may children fly ;
 His gracious promise let them claim,
 And on His word rely.
- 4 Jesus, accept our praise ;
 To Thee our youth be given ;
 Guide us through all our future days,
 And make us heirs of heaven.

80

- 1 JESUS, how can I but love Thee,
 Jesus, so loving and mild !
 How can Thy cross fail to move me ?
 There didst Thou die for a child.
 Love of the heart, praise of the tongue,
 Jesus my Saviour deserves from the young,
 Jesus my Saviour deserves from the young.

- 2 There, in the day of Thy anguish,
 Mocked by the guilty around,
 There didst Thou suffer and languish,
 Bleeding from many a wound.
 Love of the heart, &c.

- 3 Where are the friends that clung to Thee ?
 Thee they would never disown !
 Now from a distance they view Thee
 Treading the wine-press alone.
 Love of the heart, &c.

- 4 Help me, my Saviour, to love Thee,
 Though Thy dear name is reviled ;
 Then at Thy bar shall I prove Thee,
 Saviour and Friend of Thy child.
 Love of the heart, &c.

- 5 In that dear cross would I glory,
 Which the proud world may despise,
 And let the wonderful story
 Tune my sweet harp in the skies.
 Love of the heart, &c.

81

- 1 JESUS loves me! this I know,
 For the Bible tells me so;
 Little ones to Him belong;
 They are weak, but He is strong:
Cho.—Oh, I would love Him,
 I'd love my Saviour dear,
 For from above, He comes in love,
 My fainting heart to cheer.

- 2 Jesus loves me! He who died,
 Heaven's gate to open wide;
 He will wash away my sin,
 Let His little child come in.
 Oh, I would, &c.

- 3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,
 Though I'm very weak and ill;
 From His shining throne on high,
 Comes to watch me where I lie.
 Oh, I would, &c.

- 4 Jesus loves me! He will stay
 Close beside me all the way;
 If I love Him, when I die
 He will take me home on high.
 Oh, I would, &c.

82

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home!
 Name ever dear to me!
 When shall my labours have an end,
 In joy and peace and thee?

- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
walls,
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee!
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

- 1 JESUS! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

- 2 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear ;
It tells me in a still small voice,
To trust and not to fear.
- 3 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road ;
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.
- 4 And there with all the blood-bought
throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new, eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

84

- 1 JESUS, standing by the sea,
With His faithful, chosen band,
Said to Peter, "Lov'st thou Me ?"
When He gave him this command,
"Feed my lambs."
- 2 On the young His watchful care,
Like a shield is kindly spread ;
Sweet to Him the children's prayer ;
Surely 'twas to them He said,
"Feed my lambs."
- 3 To our Father's throne of grace,
By our teachers we are led ;
Early taught to seek His face,
They remember He has said,
"Feed my lambs."

- 4 Lambs of Jesus, such are we,
 By His tender mercy led ;
 Still our Shepherd He will be,
 He who once to Peter said,
 "Feed my lambs."

85

- 1 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 bliss 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 shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast ;
 And they who with their Leader
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.

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

86

- 1 JESUS Christ is passing by,
 Sinner, lift to Him thine eye:
 As the precious moments flee,
 Cry, "Be merciful to me."
- 2 Lo! He stands and calls to thee,
 "What wilt thou then have of Me?"
 Rise, and tell Him all thy need;
 Rise, He calleth thee indeed.
- 3 "Lord, I would Thy mercy see!
 Lord, reveal Thy love to me!
 Let it penetrate my soul,—
 All my heart and life control!"
- 4 Oh, how sweet! the touch of power
 Comes,—it is salvation's hour;
 Jesus gives from guilt release,—
 Faith hath saved thee, go in peace."
- 5 Glory to the Saviour's name!
 He is ever still the same;
 To His matchless honour raise
 Never-ending songs of praise. f

- 1 Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above :
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says "Come !"
 Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below ;
Soon to the presence of God we shall go ;
Then if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
 Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.
- 2 Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow ;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
 Joyfully, joyfully, we will go home !
Bright will the morn of Eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquer'd, his sceptre be
 gone ;
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam.
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home !
- 3 Friends fondly cherish'd have pass'd on be-
fore,
Waiting, they watch us approaching the
shore,
Singing, to cheer us while passing along,
 "Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home!"
Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear ;
Harps of the blessed, your strains we can
hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome :
 Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come !

Thou tender, Heavenly Friend,
 To Thee our prayers ascend ;
 O'er our young spirits bend,
 On this Thy holy day.

2 We dare not trifle now,
 On this, &c.
 In silent awe we bow,
 On this, &c.
 Check every wandering thought,
 And let us all be taught
 To serve Thee as we ought,
 On this, &c.

3 We listen to Thy Word,
 On this, &c.
 Bless all that we have heard,
 On this, &c.
 Go with us when we part,
 And to each youthful heart
 Thy saving grace impart,
 On this, &c.

90

1 JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
 Bless Thy little lamb to-night ;
 Through the darkness be Thou near me,
 Watch my sleep till morning light.

2 All this day Thy hand hath led me,
 And I thank Thee for thy care ;
 Thou hast kept, and clothed, and fed me,
 Listen to my humble prayer.

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

91

- 1 JESUS yet shall reign victorious,
 All the earth shall own His sway ;
 He will make His kingdom glorious,—
 He shall reign through endless day.
 See the ancient idols falling,
 Worshipp'd once, but now abhorr'd !
 Men on Jesus now are calling,
 Zion's King by all adored.
- 2 Then shall Zion, long dispersed,
 Mourning, seek the Lord their God ;
 Look on Him whom they have pierced,
 Own and kiss His chast'ning rod.
 Then shall Israel all be saved,
 War and tumult then shall cease,
 When the promised Son of David
 Rules a conquer'd world in peace.

92

- 1 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 be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, oh! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found;
 Grace to pardon 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.

93

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his 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 princes throng to 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 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
 The pris'ner leaps to burst his chains ;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise, and bring
 Peculiar honours to our King ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the long Amen !

94

- 1 Just as I am—without one plea,
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee.
 Oh, Lamb of God, I come !
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 Oh, Lamb of God, I come !
- 3 Just as I am, though toss'd about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within and fears without,
 Oh, Lamb of God, I come !
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind ;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in Thee I find,
 Oh, Lamb of God, I come !
- 5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 Oh, Lamb of God, I come !

- 6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
 Hath broken every barrier down,
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 Oh, Lamb of God, I come !

95

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

96

- 1 LORD, look upon a little child,
 By nature sinful, rude, and wild ;
 Oh ! put Thy gracious hand on me,
 And make me all I ought to be. .

- 2 Make me Thy child, a child of God,
Wash'd in my Saviour's precious blood,
And my whole heart from sin set free,—
A little vessel full of Thee
- 3 A star of early dawn and bright,
Shining within Thy sacred light ;
A beam of grace to all around,
A little spot of hallow'd ground.
- 4 Oh ! Jesus, take me to Thy breast,
And bless me, then I shall be blest ;
Both when I wake and when I sleep,
Thy little lamb in safety keep.

97

- 1 LORD, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart,
And grant Thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my sinful heart.
A sinful creature I was born,
And from my birth have stray'd ;
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without Thy mercy's aid.
- 2 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain ;
Can fit my soul with Him to live,
And in His kingdom reign.
To Him let little children come,
For He has said they may ;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears He'll wipe away.

98

- 1 LORD, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow ;
Oh, do not our suit disdain ;
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend ;
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with heavenly grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
- 3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee,—here we stay ;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from Thy word
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

99

- 1 LIFT up your hearts to God,
And hail His sacred day ;
In joyful songs of praise
Your cheerful worship pay :
Welcome the day the Lord hath bless'd,
Emblem of heaven's eternal rest.
- 2 On this the promis'd morn
The Lord of life arose ;
He burst the bars of death,
And conquered all our foes :
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

- 3 All hail ! triumphant Lord ;
 Heaven with hosannas rings,
 And earth in humble strains
 Thy praise in concert sings :
 " Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign."

100

- 1 LITTLE drops of water,
 Little grains of sand,
 Make the mighty ocean,
 And the pleasant land.
- 2 Thus the little minutes
 Humble though they be,
 Make the mighty ages
 Of eternity.
- 3 Thus our little errors
 Lead the soul away
 From the path of virtue,
 Far in sin to stray.
- 4 Little deeds of kindness,
 Little words of love,
 Make our earth an Eden
 Like the heaven above.

101

1. LITTLE children, Jesus calls you !
 Listen to His blessed voice :
 Sinners try in vain to shun it,
 Christians hail it and rejoice.

Come then, children, join to sing
 Glory to our Saviour King.

2 Little children, come to Jesus!
 See Him still inviting stand!
 Hark! He bids you leave destruction,—
 Calls you to the better land!
 Come then, children, join to sing
 Glory to our Saviour King!

3 Little children, look to Jesus!
 Look to Jesus! look and live!
 Jesus suffered death to save you!
 Freest pardon He will give.
 Come then, children, join to sing
 Glory to our Saviour King!

102

1 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious!
 See the Man of Sorrows now;
 From the fight return'd victorious,
 Every knee to Him shall bow:
 Crown Him! crown Him!
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour! angels crown him!
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 In the seat of power enthrone 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 !

103

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of Thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are !
 To Thine abode my heart aspires,
 With warm desires to see my God.
- 2 O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear !
 Oh happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise Thee still ; and happy they
 That love the way to Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength,
 Through the dark vale of tears,

Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears,
 Oh glorious seat, when God our King
 Shall thither bring our willing feet.

104

1. LIKE mist on the mountain, like ships on
 the sea,
 So swiftly the years of our pilgrimage flee;
 In th' grave of our fathers how soon we
 shall lie!
 Dear children, to-day, to a Saviour fly.
2. How sweet are the flow'rets in April and
 May!
 But often the frost makes them wither away.
 Like flow'rs you may fade:—are you ready
 to die?
 While “yet there is room,” to a Saviour fly.
3. When Samuel was young, he first knew the
 Lord,
 He slept in His smile and rejoiced in His
 word,
 So most of God's children are early brought
 nigh;
 Oh, seek Him in youth—to a Saviour fly.
4. Do you ask me for pleasure? then lean on
 His breast,
 For there the sin-laden and weary find rest;
 In th' Valley of Death you will triumphing
 cry—
 “If this be called dying, 'tis pleasant to die!”

105

- 1 LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when apt to stray ;
Stream, from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook, by the traveller's way :
- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high ;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky :
- 3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day ;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay :
- 4 Word of the Everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son ;
Without Thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won ?
- 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts ;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

106

- 1 LORD, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to Thee !
Thou art great, and high, and holy,
Oh ! how solemn we should be !

Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
 And of heaven where He is gone;
 And let nothing ever please us
 He would grieve to look upon.

- 2 For we know the Lord of glory
 Always sees what children do,
 And is writing now the story
 Of our thoughts and actions too.
 Let our sins be all forgiven,
 Make us fear whatever is wrong;
 Lead us on our way to heaven,
 There to sing a nobler song.

107

- 1 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain;
 Thousand, thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of His train.
 Halleluiah! Halleluiah!
 Jesus comes—and comes to reign!
- 2 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear!
 All His saints, by man rejected,
 Rise to meet Him, free from fear.
 Halleluiah! Halleluiah!
 Shouts of welcome greet His ear.
- 3 Yes, Amen! let all adore Thee,
 High, on Thine eternal throne!
 Saviour, take the power and glory,

Make Thy righteous sentence known.
 O come quickly ! O come quickly !
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own.

108

- 1 **LITTLE** travellers Zionward,
 Each one entering into rest
 In the kingdom of your Lord,
 In the mansions of the blest.
 There to welcome Jesus waits,
 Gives the crowns His followers win ;
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
 Let the little travellers in !

- 2 Who are they whose little feet,
 Pacing life's dark journey through,
 Now have reach'd the heavenly seat
 They had ever kept in view ?
 " I from Greenland's frozen land ;"
 " I from India's sultry plain ;"
 " I from Afric's barren sand ;"
 " I from Islands of the main."

- 3 " All our earthly journey past,
 Every tear and pain gone by,
 We're together met at last,
 At the portal of the sky."
 Each the welcome " COME " awaits
 Conquerors over death and sin ;
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
 Let the little travellers in !

109

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
 Let us all, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace.

110

- 1 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*.
- 2 Pass me not, O God my Father !
 Sinful though my heart may be ;
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
 Let Thy mercy light on me !—
 Even *me*.
- 3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour !
 Let me live and cling to Thee ;
 Oh, I'm longing for Thy favour :
 Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me—
 Even *me*.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit !
 Thou canst make the blind to see ;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak some word of power to me—
 Even *me*.

- 5 Have I long in sin been sleeping—
 Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
 Has the world my heart been keeping?
 Oh, forgive and rescue me!—
 Even *me*
- 6 Love of God—so pure and changeless;
 Blood of Christ—so rich, so free!
 Grace of God—so strong and boundless,—
 Magnify it all in me!—
 Even *me*.
- 7 Pass me not—Thy lost one bringing,
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee.
 Whilst the streams of life are springing,
 Blessing others, oh, bless me—
 Even *me*.

111

- 1 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;
 Thy arduous work will not be done
 Till thou obtain thy crown.

- 4 Light on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God !
 He'll take thee at thy parting-breath,
 Up to His blest abode.

112

- 1 MAKE haste, O man, to live,
 For thou so soon must die ;
 Time hurries past thee like the breeze ;
 How swift its moments fly !
- 2 To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
 To smile, to sigh, to grieve,
 To move in idleness through earth—
 This, this is not to live.
- 3 Make haste, O man, to do
 Whatever must be done ;
 Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
 Thy day will soon be gone.
- 4 Up, then, with speed, and work ;
 Fling ease and self away—
 This is no time for thee to sleep—
 Up, watch, and work, and pray !

113

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

- 2 How happy are the saints above,
 Who once went sorrowing here !
 But now they taste unmingled love
 And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
 Till death shall set me free,
 And then go home, my crown to wear ;
 For there's a crown for me.

114

- 1 My God ! my Father ! while I stray
 Far from my home in life's rough way,
 Oh teach me from my heart to say,
 " Thy will be done !"
- 2 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
 What most I prize ;—it ne'er was mine ;
 I only yield Thee what is Thine,
 " Thy will be done !"
- 3 Should pining sickness waste away
 My life in premature decay,
 " My Father," still I'll strive to say,
 " Thy will be done !"
- 4 Renew my will from day to day,
 Blend it with Thine, and take away
 Whatever makes it hard to say,
 " Thy will be done !"
- 5 Then when on earth, I breathe no more
 The prayer oft mix'd with tears before,
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 " Thy will be done !"

115

- 1 My Saviour dear ! my Saviour dear !
 I love to think of Thee !
 Fain would I sound, through all earth's bound,
 Thy matchless love to me.
 Thy life and death, while I have breath,
 My constant theme shall be ;
 And all my ways, throughout my days,
 Shall speak Thy love to me.
- 2 My Saviour dear ! my Saviour dear !
 I long, I faint to see
 Thy lovely face, in yon blest place
 Thou hast prepared for me.
 There, clothed in light, with angels bright,
 I'll worship and adore ;
 And love and praise, through endless days,
 A trophy of this power.

116

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine !
 Now hear me while I pray,
 Take all my guilt away,
 O let me from this day
 Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My soul inspire ;
 As Thou hast died for me,

O may my love to Thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire

3 When Life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my guide.

Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's 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,
 O bear me safe above—
 A ransom'd soul.

117

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly!
 Those hours of toil and danger.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
 Our friends are passing over,
 And, just before the shining shore
 We almost may discover.

2 Our absent Lord has left us word,
 Let every lamp be burning ;
 With eye of faith we look afar,
 Our happy home discerning.

For now, &c.

- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
 We need not cease our singing ;
 That perfect rest nought can molest,
 Where golden harps are ringing.
 For now, &c.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest rise,
 Each cord on earth to sever ;
 There, bright and joyous in the skies,
 There is our Home for ever.
 For now, &c.

113

- 1 MIGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,
 May an infant lisp Thy name ?
 Lord of men as well as angels,
 Thou art every creature's theme.
 Halleluiah ! Amen !
- 2 Lord of every land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days ;
 Sounded through Thy wide dominion
 Be Thy just and lawful praise.
 Halleluiah ! Amen !
- 3 Brightness of the Father's glory,
 Shall Thy praise unutter'd be ?
 Flee, my soul, such guilty silence,
 Sing, the Lord who died for Thee.
 Halleluiah ! Amen !

119

1 MY home is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials are
near ?

Be hushed, my dark spirit, the worst that
can come,

But shortens my journey, and hastens thee
home.

Cho.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my
home.

2 It is not for thee to be seeking thy bliss,
And building thy hopes in a region like this ;
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
Home, home, &c.

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may
grow,
I would not recline upon roses below ;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them forever on Jesus' breast.
Home, home, &c.

120

1 NEVER be afraid to speak for Jesus,
Think how much a word can do ;
Never be afraid to own your Saviour,
He who loves and cares for you.
Never be afraid, never be afraid,
Never, never, never ;

Jesus is your loving Saviour,
Therefore never be afraid.

- 2 Never be afraid to work for Jesus,
In His vineyard day by day ;
Labour with a kind and willing spirit,
He will all your toil repay.
Never be afraid, &c.
- 3 Never be afraid to bear for Jesus,
Keen reproaches when they fall ;
Patiently endure your every trial,
Jesus meekly bore them all.
Never be afraid, &c.
- 4 Never be afraid to live for Jesus :
If you on His care depend,
Safely shall you pass thro' every trial,
He will bring you to the end.
Never be afraid, &c.
- 5 Never be afraid to die for Jesus :
He, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Gently in His arms of love will bear you
To the realms of endless day.
Never be afraid, &c.

121

- 1 NOTHING but leaves ; the Spirit grieves
Over a wasted life,
O'er sin committed while conscience slept,
Promises made but never kept,
Folly and shame and strife,
Nothing but leaves.

- 2 Nothing but leaves ; no ripened sheaves
 Garner'd of life's fair grain :
 We sow our seed—lo, tares and weeds,
 Words, idle words for earnest deeds ;
 Reaping, we find with pain
 Nothing but leaves.
- 3 Nothing but leaves ; and memory weaves
 No veil to hide the past ;
 And as we trace our weary way
 Counting each lost and misspent day,
 Sadly we find at last
 Nothing but leaves.
- 4 And shall we meet the Master so,
 Bearing our withered leaves ?
 The Saviour looks for perfect fruit ;
 Stand we before Him sad and mute,
 Waiting the word He breathes,
 "Nothing but leaves !"

- 1 NEARER my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee ;
 Ev'n 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 a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness comes over me,
 My rest a stone ;

Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 Here let my 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
Bethels I'll raise,—
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 And when 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.

1 Now that my journey's just begun,
My course so little trod,
I'll stay, before I further run,
And give myself to God.

- 2 What sorrows may my steps attend,
I cannot now foretell ;
But if the Lord will be my Friend,
I know that all is well.
- 3 If I am rich, He'll guard my heart
Temptation to withstand ;
And make me willing to impart
The bounties of His hand.
- 4 If I am poor, He can supply
Who has my table spread ;
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
And fills His poor with bread.
- 5 And, Lord, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to Thy will,
And I would ask no more.
- 6 Attend me through my youthful way,
Whatever be my lot ;
And when I'm feeble, old, and gray,
O Lord, forsake me not.

124

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep His statutes still ;
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will.

- 2 O send Thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart ;
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desires arise
 Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
 And make my heart sincere ;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road :
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

125

- 1 ONCE was heard the song of children,
 By the Saviour, when on earth ;
 Joyful in the sacred temple,
 Shouts of youthful praise had birth ;
 And hosannas
 Loud to David's Son break forth.
- 2 Palms of victory strewn around Him,
 Garments spread beneath His feet ;
 Prophet of the Lord they crowned Him,
 In fair Salem's crowded street ;
 While hosannas
 From the lips of children greet.

- 3 God o'er all, in heaven reigning,
 We this day thy glory sing ;
 Not with palms thy pathway strewing,
 We would loftier tribute bring,—
 Glad hosannas
 To our Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 4 Oh, though humble is our offering,
 Lord accept our grateful lays,
 These from children once proceeding,
 Thou didst deem them "perfect praise ;"
 Now hosannas,
 Saviour Lord, to Thee, we raise.

126

- 1 Oh, come let us sing
 To the God of salvation,
 To Jesus our King,
 Who hath brought consolation ;
 Who in His own body
 Hath opened a fountain
 To cleanse all our sins,
 Though as high as a mountain.
 Halleluiah to the Lamb,
 Who hath bought us a pardon :
 We will praise Him again
 When we've pass'd over Jordan.
- 2 Though our hearts are depraved,
 Though with sin we are burden'd,
 Our souls may be saved,
 And our sins may be pardon'd ;
 And Jesus, our Saviour,

Hath promised to bless us,
 And free us forever
 From those that oppress us.
 Halleluiah, &c.

- 3 The hour may be nigh,
 When our bosoms, faint heaving,
 Shall breathe their last sigh
 In the peace of believing :
 And Thou from our pillow
 All darkness dispelling,
 Wilt calm the rude billow
 Of Jordan's proud swelling.
 Halleluiah, &c.

127

- 1 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 Where is the blessedness I knew,
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and His word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
 How sweet their memory still !
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
 Sweet Messenger of rest ;
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
 And drove Thee from my breast.

128

- 1 OH, for a thousand tongues to sing
 My dear Redeemer's praise ;
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of His grace.
- 2 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
 That bids our sorrow cease ;
 'Tis music to our ravished ears ;
 'Tis life and health and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
 He sets the pris'ner free ;
 His blood can make the foulest clean—
 His blood availed for me.

129

- 1 OH worship the King,
 All glorious above :
 Oh gratefully sing
 His power and love.
 Our Shield and Defender
 The Ancient of Days,
 Pavillioned in splendour,
 And girded with praise.
- 2 Oh tell of His might,
 Oh sing of His grace,
 Whose robe is the light,
 Whose canopy, space :
 His chariots of wrath
 The deep thunder-clouds form,
 And dark is His path
 On the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care
 What tongue can recite ?
 It breathes in the air,
 It shines in the light ;
 It streams from the hills,
 It descends to the plain,
 And sweetly distils
 In the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust,
 And feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust,
 Nor find Thee to fail ;
 Thy mercies how tender,
 How firm to the end,
 Our Maker, Defender,
 Redeemer, and Friend !

130

- 1 ONWARD, Christian, though the region
 Where thou art be dear and lone ;
 God has set a guardian legion
 Very near thee ; press thou on.
- 2 Listen, Christian, their hosanna
 Rolleth o'er thee ; " God is love."
 Write upon thy red-cross banner,
 " Upward ever ; heaven's above."
- 3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
 Is the mount of vision won ;
 Tread it without shrinking, brother ;
 Jesus trod it ; press thou on.

- 4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
 For Thy life of pain and peace ;
 While it needs thee, oh ! no longer
 Pray thou for thy quick release.
- 5 Pray thou, Christian, daily rather,
 That thou be a faithful son ;
 By the prayer of Jesus, " Father,
 Not my will, but Thine, be done."

131

- 1 OUR home is on high,
 The home of joy unchanging ;
 Here sorrow's cloud
 Our joys may shroud,
 As night veils the sky ;
 But *there*, where happy saints repose,
 Around them bright and brighter glows
 The day which ne'er shall close,
 In our home on high.
- 2 Our home is on high,
 The home of love unchanging :
 Here those we love
 May faithless prove,
 Forsake us--or die !
 But *there* the blessed, joined in heart,
 Can never change, can never part,
 Nor feel bereavement's smart,
 In their home on high.

Every blessing He'll provide thee,
 Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
 Safe to glory He will guide thee.
 O, how He loves !

133

- 1 Oh! what has Jesus done for me?
 He came from the land of Canaan;
 He groan'd and died upon the tree,
 That I might go to Canaan.
 A glorious crown appears in view
 In that bright land of Canaan;
 A palm of royal vict'ry too;
 Come let us go to Canaan.
 Canaan, bright Canaan,
 The glorious land of Canaan;
 Oh, Canaan is a happy place,
 Come let us go to Canaan.
- 2 When I shall join that blessed throng
 In the glorious land of Canaan,
 I'll sing the great Redeemer's song
 With the happy saints of Canaan.
 There Jesus sits upon His throne,
 Exalted high in Canaan;
 Inviting all His children home,
 To dwell with Him in Canaan.
 Canaan, &c.
- 3 Come, sinner, turn and go with me,
 For Jesus waits in Canaan,
 With angels bright to welcome thee
 'To all the joys of Canaan.

Come freely to salvation's streams ;
 They sweetly flow in Canaan ;
 There everlasting glory beams
 Around His throne in Canaan.
 Canaan, &c.

134

- 1 ONLY waiting till the shadows
 Are a little longer grown,
 Only waiting till the glimmer—
 Of the day's last beam is flown,
 Till the night of earth is faded
 From the heart once full of day—
 Till the stars of heaven are breaking,
 Thro' the twilight soft and gray.
 Waiting, waiting, waiting till the shadows
 Waiting, waiting, waiting till the shadows
 Are a little longer grown.
- 2 Only waiting till the reapers
 Have the last sheaf gathered home :
 For the summer-time is faded,
 And the autumn winds have come.
 Quickly, reapers, quickly gather
 The last ripe hours of my heart,
 For the bloom of life is withered,
 And I hasten to depart.
 Waiting, waiting, &c.
- 3 Only waiting till the shadows
 Are a little longer grown,
 Only waiting till the glimmer
 Of the day's last beam is done ;

Then from out the gathering darkness
 Holy, deathless stars arise,
 By whose light my soul shall gladly,
 Tread its pathway to the skies.
 Waiting, waiting, &c.

135

- 1 O come, let us sing unto the Lord,
 Let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our
 salvation.
 Let us come before His presence with
 thanksgiving,
 And show ourselves glad in Him with
 psalms.
- 2 For the Lord is a great God;
 And a great King above all gods.
 In His hand are all the corners of the earth;
 And the strength of the hills is His also.
- 3 The sea is His, and He made it;
 And His hands prepared the dry land.
 O come, let us worship and fall down,
 And kneel before the Lord our Maker.
- 4 For He is the Lord our God;
 And we are the people of His pasture, and
 the sheep of His hand.
 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
 Let the whole earth stand in awe of Him.
- 5 For He cometh, for He cometh to judge the
 earth;
 And with righteousness to judge the world,
 and the people with His truth.

136

- 1 OH, let our Sabbath evening song
 Like Holy incense rise ;
 And let the praises of our tongue
 Ascend the lofty skies.
 Through all the dangers of the day,
 Thy hand was still our guard ;
 And still, to keep each want away,
 Thy goodness was prepared.
- 2 Thy richest blessings from above
 Encompass'd us around ;
 But yet how few returns of love
 Hast Thou, our Father, found.
 Oh, wash from sin our guilty heart,
 When to the cross we flee ;
 And let thy Spirit grace impart,
 That we may live to Thee.

137

1. O YE who feel each other's woes !
 Who will go ?
 Go tell poor sinners Jesus rose,
 Who will go ?
 Go preach the Saviour's boundless grace,
 Go point out Christ, the Hiding-place,
 To every soul of Adam's race.
 Who will go ?
- 2 Go forth to Afric's teeming land,
 Who will go ?
 Midst China's myriads take your stand,

Tell India's millions "Jesus reigns,"
 Let countless Isles resound the strains,
 From rocks and vales, or hills and plains.

Who will go?

3 Go seek the scatter'd tribes which roam,

Who will go?

Oppress'd, despised, without a home,

Who will go?

Tell the poor Jews, Messiah's come,
 And in that heart they pierced, there's room
 For all who flee the impending doom!

Who will go?

4 Proclaim Immanuel's power to save,

Who will go?

From sin and Satan and the grave,

Who will go?

The silver trumpet sweetly blow,
 The great salvation plainly show
 To black and white, to friend and foe.

5 Lift up the Gospel standard high,

Who will go?

Rise, Zion's watchman! rise and cry,

Who will go?

"Behold! behold your Saviour King!"
 His praise rehearse, His triumph sing,
 Till earth with hallelujahs ring,

Who will go?

- 1 O HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice
 On Thee, my Saviour and my God !
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.
 Happy day ! happy day !
 When Jesus wash'd my sins away,
 He taught me how to watch and pray.
 And live rejoicing every day.
 Happy day ! happy day !
 When Jesus wash'd 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,
 Happy day, &c.
- 3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done,
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine ;
 He drew me, and I follow'd on,
 Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
 Happy day, &c.
- 4 Now rest, my long divided heart ;
 Fix'd on this blissful centre rest,
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 With Him of every good possess'd.
 Happy day, &c.
- 5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear ;
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless, in death, a bond so dear.
 Happy day, &c.

139

Out on an ocean all boundless we ride ;
 We're homeward bound.

Toss'd on the waves of a rough, restless tide ;
 We're homeward bound.

Far from the safe quiet harbour we've rode,
 Seeking our Father's celestial abode ;
 Promise of which on us each he bestow'd ;
 We're homeward bound !

Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars ;
 We're homeward bound.

See yonder dawns the celestial shores.
 We're homeward bound.

Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppress'd,
 Come to the Saviour, oh come and be blest ;
 Journey with us to the mansions of rest ;
 We're homeward bound.

Down the horizon the earth disappears,
 We're homeward bound.

Joyful, oh brethren, no sighing or fears,
 We're homeward bound.

Listen what music comes soft o'er the sea—
 " Welcome, thrice welcome, and blessed are
 ye !"

Can it the greeting of Paradise be ?
 We're homeward bound.

Into the harbour of heaven we glide ;
 We're home at last !

Softly we rest on its bright silver tide ;
 We're home at last !

Glory to Jesus, our dangers are o'er,
 Safely we stand on the radiant shore ;
 Glory to God, we will shout evermore ?
 We're home at last.

140

- 1 O do not be discouraged,
 For Jesus is your friend !
 O, do not be discouraged,
 For Jesus is your Friend !
 He will give you grace to conquer,
 He will give you grace to conquer,
 And keep you to the end.
 I am glad I'm in this army,
 Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
 Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
 And I'll battle for the school.
- 2 Fight on, ye little soldiers,
 The battle you shall win ;
 Fight on, ye little soldiers,
 The battle you shall win ;
 For the Saviour is your Captain,
 For the Saviour is your Captain,
 And He has vanquished sin.
 I am glad, etc.
- 3 And when the conflict's over,
 Before him you shall stand ;
 And when the conflict's over,
 Before Him you shall stand ;
 You shall sing His praise forever,
 You shall sing His praise forever,
 In Canaan's happy land.
 I am glad, etc.

141

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry " Behold, he prays ! "
- 5 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :
Lord, teach us how to pray !

142

- 1 PILGRIM in this vale below,
By sin and care oppressed,
Stay not by the streams of woe,
Press onward to thy rest.

Look beyond the stormy sky,
 Upward to a calm retreat ;
 There shall friendship never die,
 Our joy will be complete.

2 Wand'ers from our native clime,
 While strangers here we roam ;
 Look beyond the shores of time
 To heaven, the Christian's home.
 Life is but a win'try day,
 Mercy brings the promise sweet ;
 Soon its light will fade away,
 Our joy will be complete.

3 Father, when the way is dark,
 O ! guide us o'er the sea ;
 Thou canst steer our fragile bark,
 And waft it home to Thee.
 Bid the raging waters cease,
 Hush the waves beneath our feet ;
 Anchor'd in the port of peace,
 Our joy will be complete.

4 Faith immortal plumes her wings,
 And bids the soul ascend ;
 Hope the glorious prospect brings,
 When all our toils shall end.
 Then we'll shout, the conflict o'er,
 Then we'll bow at Jesus' feet ;
 There with martyrs gone before,
 Our joy will be complete.

143

- 1 PASS away, earthly joy,
 Jesus is mine ;
Break every mortal tie,
 Jesus is mine ;
Dark is the wilderness,
Distant the 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 Fare ye well, dreams of night,
 Jesus is mine ;
Mine is a dawning bright,
 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, ye scenes of rest,
 Welcome, ye mansions blest,
 Welcome, a Saviour's breast,
 Jesus is mine !

144

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens adore Him,
 Praise Him, angels in the height ;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before Him ;
 Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
 Hallelujah ! Amen !
- 2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken,
 Worlds His mighty voice obey'd ;
 Laws which never can be broken
 For their guidance He hath made.
 Hallelujah ! Amen !
- 3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious ;
 Never shall His promise fail ;
 God hath made His saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
 Hallelujah ! Amen !
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation,
 Hosts on high His power proclaim ;
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,
 Praise and magnify His name,
 Hallelujah ! Amen !

145

- 1 PRESERVED by Thine Almighty power,
 O Lord, our Maker, Saviour, King,
 And brought to see this happy hour,
 We come Thy praises here to sing.

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

- 2 We praise Thee for Thy constant care,
 For life preserved, for mercies given,
 O may we still those mercies share,
 And taste the joy of sins forgiven.
 Happy day, &c.
- 3 We praise Thee for the joyful news,
 Of pardon through our Saviour's blood ;
 O Lord, incline our hearts to choose,
 The road to happiness and God.
 Happy day, &c.
- 4 And when on earth our days are done,
 Grant, Lord, that we at length may join,
 Teachers and scholars, round Thy throne,
 The song of Moses and the Lamb.
 Happy day, &c.

146

- 1 PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator !
 Praise to Thee from every tongue ;
 Join, my soul, with every creature,
 Join the universal song.
- 2 Father ! source of all compassion !
 Pure, unbounded grace is Thine :
 Hail the God of our salvation,
 Praise Him for His love divine !

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
 For the hope of future joy,
 Sound His praise thro' earth and heaven,
 Sound Jehovah's praise on high!

1 Praise to God, the great Creator,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
 Praise Him, every living creature,
 Earth and heaven's united host.

147

1 ROUND the throne in glory
 Happy children throng,
 And redemption's story
 Wakes the harp and song.
 On the verdant mountain,
 By the shining stream,
 Or the living fountain,
 Jesus is their theme.
 Glory to the Lamb,
 Praise Him and adore;
 Glory to the Lamb
 For evermore.

2 Robes of snowy whiteness,
 Beautiful and rare;
 Crowns of radiant brightness,
 Those blest children wear:
 Safe from death's bereavement,
 Sorrow and the grave;
 Free from sin's enslavement,
 Vict'ry's palm they wave.
 Glory, &c.

3 Now their skilful fingers
 Sweep the golden lyre ;
 Not a harper lingers
 In that ransom'd choir ;
 Voices sweetly blending
 With the tuneful string ;
 To the throne ascending,
 Praise the heavenly King.
 Glory, &c.

4 Children now sojourning
 In a world of sin,
 From your follies turning
 Strive to enter in :
 Let your young affections
 Round the Saviour twine ;
 And 'mid heaven's attractions
 You shall sing and shine.
 Glory, &c.

148

- 1 REMEMBER thy Creator now,
 In these thy youthful days ;
 He will accept thy earliest vow,
 And listen to thy praise.
- 2 Remember thy Creator now,
 And seek Him while He's near ;
 For evil days will come when thou
 Shall find no comfort near.
- 3 Remember thy Creator now,
 His willing servant be ;
 Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
 He will remember thee.

- 4 Almighty God! our hearts incline
 Thy heavenly voice to hear;
 Let all our future days be Thine,
 Devoted to Thy fear.

149

- 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King :
 Your Lord and King adore ;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore :
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
 The God of Truth and Love :
 When He had purged our stains,
 He took His seat above :
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Saviour given :
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand,
 Till all His foes submit ;
 And bow to His command,
 And fall beneath His feet :
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take His servants up
 To their eternal home :
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

150

- 1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean ;
 And, as thy billows flow,
 Bear messengers of mercy
 To every land below.
 Arise, ye gales, and waft them
 Safe to the destined shore,
 That man may sit in darkness
 And death's black shade no more.
- 2 O Thou Eternal Ruler,
 Who holdest in Thine arm
 The tempests of the ocean,
 Protect them from all harm !
 Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
 Wherever they may be ;
 Though far from those who love them,
 Still let them be with Thee.

151

- 1 ROCK of Ages ! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee !
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy wounded side that flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure ;
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labour of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,—
 Could my tears for ever 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 eyelids close in death ;
 When I soar to worlds unknown,—
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne :
 Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee !

152

- 1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
 Much we need Thy tender care ;
 In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use Thy folds prepare :
 Blessed Jesus !
 Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
- 2 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 !
 Let us early turn to Thee.

- 3 Early let us seek Thy favour,
 Early let us learn Thy will :
 Do Thou, Lord, our only Saviour,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill :
 Blessed Jesus !
 Thou hast loved us,—love us still !

153

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ ! arise,
 And put your armour on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies,
 Through His Eternal Son :
- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in His mighty power :
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in His great might,
 With all His grace endowed ;
 But take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God.
- 4 That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.

154

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

- 2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
Nor scorns their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.
- 3 He'll lead us to the heavenly streams,
Where living waters flow;
And guide us to the fruitful fields,
Where trees of knowledge grow.
- 5 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care:
While folded in the Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.

155

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heav'n and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heav'ns and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

156

- 1 SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayer,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious power,—
O come, great Spirit, come!
- 2 Come as the LIGHT—to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the FIRE—and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole souls an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as the DEW—and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barren minds be taught to own
Thy fertilizing power.
- 5 Come as the DOVE—and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let the Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

157

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

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

- 2 On the margin of the river,
 Washing up its silver spray,
 We will walk and worship ever,
 All the happy, golden day.
 Yes, we'll gather, etc.
- 3 Ere we reach the shining river,
 Lay we ev'ry burden down;
 Grace our spirits will deliver,
 And provide a robe and crown.
 Yes, we'll gather, etc.
- 4 At the smiling of the river,
 Mirror of the Saviour's face,
 Saints whom death will never sever
 Lift their songs of saving grace.
 Yes, we'll gather, etc.
- 5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace.
 Yes, we'll gather, etc.

158

- 1 SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throne
 Make all my wants and wishes known;

In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief ;
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !

Thy wings shall my petition bear,
 To Him whose truth and faithfulness,
 Engage the waiting soul to bless ;
 And since He bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,
 I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !

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

159

1 SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if Thou be near ;
 O may no earth-born cloud arise
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes !

2 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.

- 3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought—How sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast!
- 4 Come near and bless me when I wake,
 Ere through the world my way I take;
 Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
 I lose myself in heaven above.

160

- 1 SEE you not the countless number
 Standing round the throne above?
 Hear you not their songs of wonder,
 As they chant redeeming love?

Chorus.—These have safe to glory come;
 But behold there yet is room,
 These have safe to glory come;
 But behold there yet is room.

- 2 Tell it in the homes of sorrow;
 Tell it in the dens of woe;
 Tell it to blaspheming scoffers;
 Say to all where'er you go.

Chorus.—These have safe to glory come;
 But in heav'n there yet is room,
 These have safe to glory come;
 But in heav'n there yet is room.

- 3 Tell it to the sons of India,
 Sunk in degradation deep;
 Publish it to Afric's people,
 Christ for them doth mercy keep.

Chorus.—These have safe to glory come ;
 O return ! there yet is room,
 These have safe to glory come ;
 O return ! there yet is room.

- 4 Tell it in the lanes and alleys ;
 Shout it in the gates of death ;
 Echo it, O hills and valleys,
 Let it fill the world beneath :

Chorus.—Daily crowds to glory come ;
 Heaven's not full, there yet is room ;
 Daily crowds to glory come ;
 Heaven's not full, there yet is room.

161

- 1 SAVIOUR, sin and want confessing,
 We would humbly seek Thy blessing,
 Rich indeed if that possessing,
 Grant it now we pray !

All the riches of the earth,
 Without this, are nothing worth :
 Saviour, sin and want confessing,
 We would humbly seek Thy blessing,
 Rich indeed if that possessing ;
 Send us blest away !

- 2 Sweet it is to kneel before Thee,
 And with prayer and praise adore Thee :
 Dwell among us, we implore Thee :

Leave us not alone.
 May we lambs of Jesus be ;
 Saviour, we would follow Thee,

Humbly trusting, kneel before Thee,
 And with prayer and praise adore Thee.
 Guide and keep us, we implore Thee :
 Make us all Thine own.

162

- 1 THANKS for mercies past receive ;
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us henceforth how to live,
 With eternity in view.
- 2 Bless the word to all the young ;
 Fill us with the Saviour's love ;
 And, when life's short race is run,
 Take us to Thy house above.

163

- 1 THERE'S a beautiful home for thee, brother,
 A home, a home for thee ;
 In that land of bliss where pleasure is,
 There, brother, 's a home for thee.
- Cha.*—A beautiful home for thee, brother,
 A beautiful home for thee ;
 In that land of bliss, where pleasure is,
 There, brother, 's a home for thee.
- 2 There's a beautiful rest for thee, brother,
 A rest, a rest for thee ;
 In those mansions above where all is love,
 There, brother, 's a rest for thee.

Cho.—A beautiful rest for thee, brother,
 A beautiful rest for thee ;
 In those mansions above where all is
 love,
 There, brother, 's a rest for thee.

3 There's a beautiful crown for thee, brother,
 A crown, a crown for thee ;
 When the battle is done, and the victory won,
 Our Saviour will give it to thee.

Cho.—A beautiful crown for thee, &c.

4 There's a beautiful robe for thee, brother,
 A robe, a robe for thee ;
 A robe of white, so pure and bright,
 A glorious robe for thee.

Cho.—A beautiful robe for thee, &c.

5 Wilt seek that beautiful home, brother,
 That home, that home above ;
 In that land of light, where all is bright,
 That land where all is love ?

Cho.—A beautiful home for thee, &c.

164

1 THE Sabbath school's a place of prayer,
 I love to meet my teacher there,
 They teach me there that every one
 May find, in heav'n, a happy home,
 May find, in heav'n, a happy home,
 I love to go, I love to go,
 I love to go to Sabbath school,
 I love to go, I love to go,
 I love to go to Sabbath school.

- 2 In God's own Book we're taught to read,
 How Christ for sinners groaned and bled;
 That precious blood a ransom gave
 For sinful man, his soul to save.
 I love to go to Sabbath school.
- 3 In Sabbath school we sing and pray,
 And learn to love the Sabbath day;
 That, when on earth our Sabbaths end,
 A glorious rest in heaven we'll spend.
 I love to go to Sabbath school.
- 4 And when our days on earth are o'er,
 We'll meet in heaven to part no more;
 Our teachers kind we there shall greet,
 And oh! what joy 'twill be to meet,
 In heaven above to part no more.

165

- 1 THERE is a name I love to hear,
 I love to speak its worth;
 It sounds like music in mine ear,
 The sweetest name on earth.
- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
 Who died to set me free;
 It tells me of His precious blood,—
 The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 It tells me of a Father's smile
 Beaming upon his child;
 It cheers me through this "little while,"
 Through desert, waste, and wild.

- 4 It tells me what my Father hath
 In store for every day,
 And though I tread a darksome path,
 Yields sunshine all the way.
- 5 It tells of One whose loving heart
 Can feel my deepest woe,
 Who in my sorrow bears a part
 That none can bear below.
- 6 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
 It dries each rising tear ;
 It tells me in a "still small voice,"
 To trust and never fear.

166

- 1 To Thy temple we repair :
 Lord, we love to worship there :
 When within the veil we meet
 Christ before the mercy-seat.
- 2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
 Touch our lips, unloose our tongue,
 That our joyful souls may bless
 Thee the Lord our Righteousness.
- 3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
 God of love, to our's attend :
 Hear us, for Thy Spirit pleads :
 Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 While Thy ministers proclaim
 Peace and pardon in Thy name,
 Through their voice by faith may we
 Hear the word of power from Thee.

- 5 From Thy house when we return
 May our hearts within us burn :
 And at evening let us say,
 We have walked with God to-day !

167

- 1 THIS is not my place of resting,—
 Mine's a city yet to come ;
 Onward to it I am hasting,—
 On to my eternal home.
 Farewell, then, all earthly treasures,
 Farewell, all its empty pleasures ;
 Onward, onward, we are pressing,
 Onward to our heavenly home.
- 2 In it, all is light and glory ;
 O'er it shines a nightless day :
 Every trace of sin's sad story,
 All the cause, hath passed away.
 Farewell, then, &c.
- 3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
 By the streams of life along,—
 On the freshest pasture feeds us,
 Turns our sighing into song.
 Farewell, then, &c.
- 4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
 Soon we bid farewell to pain ;
 Never more are sad or weary,
 Never, never sin again !
 Farewell, then, &c.

168

- 1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, Come,"
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all His children, "Come!"
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the Fountain, come!
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream-of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; we wait thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

169

- 1 TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steps of light:
'Tis finished—all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates
And let the victors in!
- 2 What rush of Hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!

What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph night !
 O day, for which Creation
 And all its tribes were made :
 O joy, for all its former woes
 A thousand fold repaid !

- 3 O then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore,
 What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more !
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
 That brimmed with tears of late :
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

170

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

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

- 3 I dare not choose my lot,—
 I would not, if I might ;
 Choose Thou for me, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.

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

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

171

- 1 THERE is a glorious world of light
 Above the starry sky,
 Where saints departed, clothed in white,
 Adore the Lord Most High.
- 2 And hark, amid the sacred songs,
 'Those heavenly voices raise ;
 Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
 Unite in perfect praise.
- 3 These are the hymns that we shall know,
 If Jesus we obey :
 That is the place where we shall go,
 If found in wisdom's way.
- 4 Soon will our earthly race be run—
 Our mortal frame decay ;
 Children and teachers, one by one,
 Must die and pass away.

- 5 Great God, impress this serious thought,
 To-day, on every breast ;
 That both the teachers and the-taught
 May dwell among the blest.

172

- 1 THERE is an Eye that never sleeps
 Beneath the wing of night ;
 There is an Ear that never shuts,
 When darkness shrouds the light.
 There is an Arm that never tires,
 When human strength gives way ;
 There is a Love that never fails
 When earthly loves decay.
- 2 But there's a power which man can wield
 When mortal aid is vain,
 That Eye, that Arm, that Love to reach,
 That list'ning Ear to gain.
 That power is prayer, the noblest boon
 To sinful creatures given :
 It moves the Hand omnipotent,
 That rules o'er earth and heaven.

173

- 1 THO' often here we're weary,
 There is sweet rest above,
 A rest that is eternal,
 Where all is peace and love ;
 O let us then press forward,
 That glorious rest to gain ;
 We'll soon be free from sorrow,
 From toil and care and pain.
 There is sweet rest in heaven, &c.

- 2 Loved ones have gone before us,
 They beckon us away,
 O'er ærial plains they're soaring,
 Blest in eternal day ;
 But we are in the army,
 And dare not leave our post ;
 We'll fight until we conquer
 The foe's most mighty host.
 There is sweet rest in heaven, &c.
- 3 Our Saviour will be with us,
 E'en to our journey's end,
 In every sore affliction,
 His present help to lend.
 He never will grow weary,
 Though often we request,
 He'll give us grace to conquer,
 And take us home to rest.
 There is sweet rest, &c.
- 4 All glory to the Father,
 Who gives us every good,
 All glory be to Jesus,
 Who bought us with His blood ;
 And glory to the Spirit,
 Who keeps us to the end ;
 To the Triune God be glory,
 The sinner's only Friend.
 There is sweet rest, &c.

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

Its banners are spread, and shall never be
furl'd,
Till the Prince of Salvation has conquer'd
the world.

Cho.—Sing! sing! sing!

For the army is on its bright way,
To the homes of the blest
And the mansions of day.

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

Cho.—Sing, &c.

- 3 In the midst of our conflicts we'll think of
the Lord,
Who died on the cross, and from death was
restored,
To save us from sin, and to give us a place,
With the angels who always behold His
bright face.

Cho.—Sing, &c.

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

Cho.—Sing, &c.

175

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransom'd Church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.
- 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.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save :
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

176

- 1 THE sands of time are sinking,
 Heav'n's dawn will soon awake ;
 The summer morn I've sigh'd for,
 The fair sweet morn shall break.

Then let the vain world vanish,
 As from the ship the strand,
 While glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

- 2 There the red Rose of Sharon
 Unfolds its heartmost bloom,
 And fills the air of heaven
 With ravishing perfume.
 Oh, to behold it blossom !
 While by its fragrance fanned,
 Where glory—glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's Land.
- 3 The King there in His beauty,
 Without a veil is seen ;
 It were a well-spent journey,
 Though seven deaths lay between.
 The Lamb with His fair army,
 Doth on Mount Zion stand,
 And glory—glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's Land.

177

- 1 THERE is a happy land,
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day.
 Oh, how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Saviour King ;
 Loud let his praises ring—
 Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to this happy land,
 Come, come away :
 Why will ye doubting stand ?—
 Why still delay ?
 Oh, we shall happy be,
 When from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with Thee !
 Blest, blest for aye.

3 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
 We reign for aye.

178

1 'THERE is a better world, they say,—
 Oh, so bright !
 Where sin and woe are done away,
 Oh, so bright !
 And music fills the balmy air,
 And angels bright and pure are there,
 And harps of gold and mansions fair,
 Oh, so bright ! oh, so bright !

2 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
 Happy land !
 No tear-drop glistens in the eye,
 Happy land !

They drink the gushing streams of grace,
 And gaze upon the Saviour's face.
 Whose brightness fills the holy place.
 Happy land ! happy land !

- 3 Though we are sinners, every one,
 Jesus died !
 And though our crown of peace is gone,
 Jesus died !
 We may be cleansed from every stain,
 We may be crowned with peace again,
 And in that land of pleasure reign.
 Jesus died ! Jesus died !

179

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight
 Where saints immortal reign,
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
 Come, children, march to Emmanuel's
 ground,
 For soon we'll hear the trumpet's sound,
 And then we shall with Jesus reign,
 And never, never part again.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-with'ring flowers :
 Death, like a narrow stream, divides
 That happy land from ours.
 Come, children, &c.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dress'd in living green ;

So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.
 Come, children, &c.

- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore,
 Come, children, &c.

180

- 1 THEY are waiting for the coming,
 Angels on the other shore ;
 Waiting to receive the ransomed,
 When the storms of life are o'er ;
 Watching at the shining portals
 Of our Father's mansion fair ;
 They will strike their harps of glory,
 They will bid us welcome there.
 They are waiting, waiting, waiting,
 Angels on the other shore ;
 Waiting to receive the ransomed,
 When the storms of life are o'er.
- 2 They are waiting for the aged,
 Those who long the way have trod ;
 Waiting for the poor in spirit,
 Rich in faith and love to God ;
 For the young and valiant soldiers,
 Who have nobly borne their part ;
 For the self-denying Christian,
 For the meek, the pure in heart.
 They are waiting, &c.

- 3 They are waiting for the heralds,
 Who in distant lands proclaim
 Life eternal, free salvation,
 Through a dying Saviour's name ;
 Waiting for the silent mourner,
 For the weary and oppressed,
 Who have borne their cross with patience,
 And are going home to rest.
 They are waiting, &c.
- 4 In the sunny vales of Eden,
 By the river, clear and bright,
 Where the tree of life is planted,
 And our faith is lost in sight ;
 We shall join the "Church triumphant,"
 Free from sorrow, toil and care :
 Every tie again united,
 There will be no parting there.
 They are waiting, &c.

181

- 1 THE children are gath'ring from near and
 from
 The trumpet is sounding the call for the
 war,
 The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and
 long,
 We'll gird on our armour, and be marching
 along.
 Marching along, we are marching along,
 Gird on the armour, and be marching
 along ;

The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and
 long,
 Then gird on the armour, and be marching
 along.

2 The foe is before us in battle array,
 But let us not waver nor turn from the way,
 The Lord is our strength, be this ever our
 song,
 With courage and faith we are marching
 along.

Marching along, &c.

3 We've 'listed for life, and will camp on the
 field,
 With Christ as our Captain we never will
 yield;
 The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and
 strong,
 We'll hold in our hands as we're marching
 along.

Marching along, &c.

4 Through conflicts and trials our crowns we
 must win,
 For here we contend 'gainst temptation and
 sin.
 But one thing assures us, we cannot go
 wrong,
 If trusting our Saviour, while marching
 along.

Marching along, &c.

182

- 1 TIME is winging us away
 To our eternal home ;
 Life is but a winter's day,
 A journey to the tomb.
 Youth and vigour soon will cease,
 Blooming beauty lose its charms :
 All that's mortal soon will be
 Inclosed 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 from above,
 Far above the world's alloy,
 Secure in Jesus' love.

183

- 1 To Thee, oh, blessed Saviour,
 Our grateful songs we raise ;
 Oh, tune our hearts and voices
 Thy holy name to praise ;
 'Tis by Thy sov'reign mercy
 We're here allowed to meet,
 To join with friends and teachers
 Thy blessing to entreat.
- 2 Oh, may Thy precious gospel
 Be publish'd all abroad,
 Till the benighted heathen
 Shall know and serve the Lord.

Till o'er the wide creation
 The rays of truth shall shine ;
 And nations now in darkness
 Arise to light divine.

184

- 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I,
 How tender and watchful my wants to supply :
 He daily provides me with raiment and food ;
 Whate'er He denies me is meant for my good.
- 2 The Lord is my Shepherd, then I must obey
 His gracious commandments, and walk in
 His way ;
 His fear He will teach me, my heart He'll
 renew,
 And though I'm so sinful my sins He'll
 subdue.
- 3 The Lord is my Shepherd how happy am I :
 I'm blest while I live, and I'm blest when I
 die ;
 In death's gloomy valley no evil I'll dread,
 For " I will be with thee," my Shepherd hath
 said.
- 4 The Lord is my Shepherd, I'll sing with de-
 light,
 Till call'd to adore him in regions of light ;
 Then praise Him with angels on bright
 harps of gold,
 And ever and ever His glory behold.

1 Tho' the days are dark with trouble,
 And thy heart is filled with fear,
 There is One that sees thee ever,
 And will hold thee near and dear.
 Cheerful hearts and smiling faces
 Often make thee happy here :
 Yet no one was e'er so happy,
 But sometimes the clouds appear.
 There's a Friend that's ever near,
 Never fear ;
 He is ever near,
 Never, never fear.

2 All thy prospects will seem brighter
 When the shadow leaves the heart,
 And the steps of time beat lighter,
 When the gloomy clouds depart.
 Many days have dawned serenely,
 While the birds sang with delight ;
 But the skies were dark and gloomy
 Ere the sun had reached its height.
 There's a Friend, etc.

3 Soon will dawn a brighter morning,
 On a blessed tranquil shore ;
 Sighs will then give place to singing,
 Tears to bliss for evermore.
 Thou shalt see a world of glory,
 And eternal joy and bliss ;
 Let not then thy soul be moaning
 O'er the woes and cares of this.
 There's a Friend, etc.

186

- 1 WITH Thy counsel Thou shalt guide me,
O Thou Shepherd of the flock ;
Safe from every tempest hide me,
Fix'd upon the living rock.
- 2 Poor and needy, O receive me,
Be Thy rod my staff and stay ;
And that blessed portion give me
Which no power can take away.
- 3 Never leave me nor forsake me,
More and more reveal Thy love ;
Till Thou shalt a pillar make me
In the house of God above.
- 4 Then the songs of grace abounding,
Freely round Thy throne shall rise ;
And Thy praise for ever sounding,
Fill Thy temple to the skies.

187

- 1 WHEN we've crossed the Jasper sea,
To the other shore ;
Full of bliss our songs shall be,
Praising ever more.
When we reach the shore,
O'er the Jasper sea ;
Joy shall reign for ever more,
And heaven our home will be.

- 2 With the angels round the throne,
 Robed in white we'll stand ;
 Death and tears are never known
 In that happy land.
 When we reach, etc.
- 3 Captive chains shall bind no more,
 When death sets us free ;
 When we reach the other shore,
 O'er the Jasper sea.
 When we reach, etc.
- 4 Parting days will never come ;
 Bright our lot will be ;
 When we reach our heavenly home
 O'er the Jasper sea.
 When we reach, etc.
- 5 To the judgment-seat above,
 Swiftly we repair ;
 Saved from wrath through Jesus' love,
 We shall see Him there.
 When we reach, etc.

188

- 1 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 Cross of Christ my God ;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown.
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small :
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

189

- 1 WHAT souls are those that venture near
The throne of God to see ?
Ten thousand happy ones, who here
Were children such as we !
- 2 Their sins the Saviour wash'd away,
He made them white and clean ;
They lov'd His word, they lov'd His day,
They lov'd Him, though unseen.
- 3 Now under many a grassy mound
In peace their bodies rest,
While safe their happy souls are found
Upon the Saviour's breast.
- 4 Oh may we travel, as they trod,
The path that leads to heaven,
And seek forgiveness from that God
Who has their sins forgiven.
- 5 Dear Saviour, hear this humble cry,
And our young hearts renew ;
Then raise our ransom'd souls on high,
That we may see Thee too.

190

- 1 WE'LL journey together to Zion,
 That beautiful city of light ;
 Whose sky is unclouded forever,
 Nor veiled by a shadow of night.
 We'll stay not to drink of the water,
 Nor rest in the valley below ;
 But cheered by the cross and its banner,
 We'll sing and be glad as we go.
 We'll journey together to Zion,
 The beautiful, beautiful Zion ;
 We'll journey together to Zion,
 The beautiful city of God.
- 2 We'll journey together to Zion,
 Where all who are faithful may share
 A place in the mansion of glory
 Our Saviour has gone to prepare.
 His flock He will feed like a Shepherd,
 And guard them by night and by day ;
 We'll talk of His goodness and mercy,
 And tell of His love by the way.
 We'll journey, etc.
- 3 We'll journey together to Zion,
 With rapture we soon shall behold
 The saints who have reached it before us,
 The prophets and martyrs of old.
 We'll learn the new song of redemption,
 Which only the ransomed can sing ;
 Ascribing all honor and glory
 To Jesus our Saviour and King.
 We'll journey, etc.

191

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Girls. Come and welcome, come and wel-
come,

Welcome to our pilgrim band.

All. Come, oh come, and do not leave us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright, that better land.

- 1 WE are now in youth's bright morning,
 Cheerily we're passing on ;
 Joys around us sweetly dawning,
 Tell us joys may yet be won.
 We are young, and we are happy,
 We are happy, happy in our song.
 We are young, and we are happy,
 Happy, happy in our song.
- 2 If the charms of earth are fleeting,
 And should quickly pass away,
 Still the Holy Spirit's greeting,
 Shall not with those charms decay.
 We are young, etc.
- 3 Wisdom's cheering voice invites us,
 To the feast of Jesus' love,
 And a foretaste here delights us,
 On our way to realms above.
 We are young, etc.
- 4 When we cross the shining portal
 On the banks of yonder shore,
 And are clothed in robes immortal
 We'll be happy evermore.
 We are young, etc.

192

- 1 WE meet again in gladness,
 And thankful voices raise,
 To God, our Heavenly Father,
 We offer grateful praise :
 'Twas His kind hand that kept us
 Through all the changing year ;

- His love it is that brings us
Again to worship here.
- 2 We thank Him for the Sabbath,
This day of holy rest ;
And for the blessed Bible,
The book we should love best ;
For Sabbath-schools and teachers,
To us so kindly given,
To guide us in the pathway,
That leads to joys in heaven.
- 3 We thank Him for our country,
The land our fathers trod ;
For liberty of conscience,
For right to worship God.
O Lord, our-Heavenly Father,
Accept the praise we bring ;
And tune our hearts and voices,
Thy glorious name to sing.
- 4 Soon may Thy gracious sceptre
Extend to every land ;
And all, as willing subjects,
Submit to Thy command.
Send forth the Gospel tidings ;
And hasten on the day,
When every isle and nation
Shall own Messiah's sway.

193

- 1 WE'LL praise His name, who reigns above,
Alleluia! Amen!
He is a God,—a God of love,
Alleluia! Amen!

We tell His wonders in our song,
 To Him all praise and power belong,
 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen!

2 His grace and glory we'll proclaim;
 Alleluia! Amen!

For worthy is Immanuel's name;
 Alleluia! Amen!

To Him who sits upon the throne,
 To Him be praise, to Him alone.
 Alleluia! Alleluia! etc.

3 We praise Him for the cross He bore;
 Alleluia! Amen!

And for the painful crown He wore;
 Alleluia! Amen!

For us He suffered death and shame;
 O Lamb of God! we praise Thy name!
 Alleluia! Alleluia! etc.

4 The angel hosts their chorus raise;
 Alleluia! Amen!

And heaven resounds with songs of praise;
 Alleluia! Amen!

On earth we'll sing His praises too,
 And then in heaven our songs renew;
 Alleluia! Alleluia! etc.

194

1 Who are these like stars appearing,
 These, before God's throne who stand?
 Each a golden crown is wearing.

Who are all this glorious band?

Alleluia! hark they sing,
 Praising loud their heavenly King.

- 2 Who are these in dazzling brightness,
 Clothed in God's own righteousness ;
 These, whose robes of purest whiteness
 Shall their lustre still possess ;
 Still untouched by time's rude hand,
 Whence comes all this glorious band ?
- 3 These are they who have contended
 For their Saviour's honour long,
 Wrestling on till life was ended,
 Following not the sinful throng ;
 These, who well the fight sustained,
 Triumph by the Lamb have gained.
- 4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
 Sore with woe and anguish tried,
 Who in prayer full oft have striven
 With the God they glorified ;
 Now, their painful conflict o'er
 God has bid them weep no more.
- 5 These, the Almighty contemplating,
 Did as priests before Him stand,
 Soul and body always waiting
 Day and night at His command :
 Now in God's most holy place
 Blest, they stand before His face.

195

- 1 WE know there's a bright and glorious home,
 Away in the heavens high,
 Where all the redeemed shall with Jesus
 dwell ;
 But will you be there, and I ?
 Will you be there, and I ?

- 2 In robes of white, o'er the streets of gold,
 Beneath a cloudless sky,
 They walk in the light of their Father's
 smile;
 But will you be there, and I?
 Will you be there, and I?
- 3 From every kingdom of earth they come
 To join the triumphal cry,
 Of "Worthy the Lamb that once was slain;"
 But will you be there, and I?
 Will you be there, and I?
- 4 If we seek the loving Saviour now,
 And follow Him faithfully,
 When he gathers His children in that bright
 home;
 Then you will be there, and I—
 Yes, you will be there, and I.

196

- 1 We won't give up the Bible,
 God's holy book of truth;
 The blessed staff of hoary age,
 The guide of early youth;
 The lamp that sheds a glorious light
 O'er every dreary road,
 The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,
 And calls us back to God.
- 2 We won't give up the Bible,
 For pleasure or for pain;
 We'll buy the truth, and sell it not
 For all that we might gain.

Though man should try to take our prize,
 By guile or cruel might,
 We'll suffer all that men can do,
 And God defend the right!

- 3 We won't give up the Bible,
 But spread it far and wide,
 Until its saving voice be heard
 Beyond the rolling tide,—
 Till all shall feel its gracious power;
 While we, with voice and heart,
 Resolve that from God's sacred word
We'll never, never part.

197

- 1 WHY thus so sadly weeping,
 Belov'd ones of my heart?
 The Lord is good and gracious,
 Tho' now He bids us part.
 Oft have we met in gladness,
 And we shall meet again,
 All sorrow left behind us,—
 Good night, good night, till then!
- 2 I go to see His glory,
 Whom we have loved below;
 I go, the blessed angels,
 The holy saints to know;
 Our lovely ones departed,
 I go to find again,
 And wait for you to join us,—
 Good night, good night, till then!

- 3 I hear the Saviour calling ;
 The joyful hour is come ;
 The angel-guards are ready
 To guide me to our home ;
 Where Christ our Lord shall gather
 All His redeemed again,
 His kingdom to inherit,—
 Good night, good night, till then !

198

- 1 WHEN this passing world is done,
 When has sunk yon glaring sun,
 When I stand with Christ in glory,
 Looking o'er life's finished story ;
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.
- 2 When I stand before the throne,
 Dressed in beauty not my own,
 When I see Thee as Thou art,—
 Love Thee with unsinning heart ;
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.
- 3 Even on earth, as through a glass,
 Darkly let Thy glory pass ;
 Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
 Make Thy Spirit's help so meet ;
 Even on earth, Lord, make me know
 Something of how much I owe.
- 4 Chosen not for good in me,
 Wakened up from wrath to flee,

Hidden in the Saviour's side,
 By the Spirit sanctified :
 Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
 By my love, how much I owe.

199

- 1 WE shall meet beyond the river,
 We shall meet, we shall meet ;
 Where the flowers are blooming ever,
 We shall meet again.
 Where the tree of life is growing,
 And the fragrant breezes blowing,
 Where the heavenly light is glowing,
 We shall meet again.
- 2 We shall meet who've long been parted,
 We shall meet, we shall meet :
 All the sad and weary hearted,
 We shall meet again.
 There no gloomy cloud of sorrow
 Shall disturb the bright to-morrow,
 But sweet peace we e'er shall borrow,
 We shall meet again.
- 3 Little children in white raiment,
 We shall meet, we shall meet ;
 On that shining golden pavement,
 We shall meet again.
 No rude hand there us shall sever,
 There we'll dwell and sing forever,
 By that crystal flowing river,
 We shall meet again.

200

- 1 WE shall sleep, but not forever ;
 There will be a glorious dawn ;
 We shall meet to part, no, never !
 On the resurrection morn !
 From the deepest caves of ocean,
 From the desert and the plain,
 From the valley and the mountain,
 Countless throngs shall rise again.
 We shall sleep, but not for ever ;
 There will be a glorious dawn ;
 We shall meet to part, no, never !
 On the resurrection morn !
- 2 When we see a precious blossom
 That we tended with such care,
 Rudely taken from our bosom,
 How our aching hearts despair !
 Round its little grave we linger,
 Till the setting sun is low,
 Feeling all our hopes have perished
 With the flower we cherished so.
 We shall sleep, etc.
- 3 We shall sleep, but not for ever,
 In the lone and silent grave ;
 Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
 Blessed be the Lord that gave.
 In the bright, eternal city
 Death can never, never come ;
 In His own good time He'll call us
 From our rest to Home, sweet Home.
 We shall sleep, etc.

201

- 1 Who shall sing, if not the children?
 Did not Jesus die for them?
 May they not, with other jewels,
 Sparkle in His diadem?
 Why unless the song of heaven,
 They begin practice here?
 Why to them were voices given,—
 Bird-like voices, sweet and clear?
- 2 There's a choir of infant songsters,
 White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;
 Angels cease, and waiting, listen!
 Oh! 'tis sweeter than their own!
 Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
 When her ear is upward turned;
 Is not this the same perfected,
 Which upon the earth they learned.
- 3 Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
 Loved them with a wondrous love;
 And will He, to heaven returning,
 Faithless to His blessing prove?
 On His throne of glory seated,
 Still He loves to hear them sing;
 Loves to hear their gladsome voices,
 Praise their Maker, Saviour, King.

202

- 1 WHEN mothers of Salem their children
 brought to Jesus,
 The stern disciples drove them back, and
 bade them depart.

But Jesus saw them ere they fled, and sweetly
smiled and kindly said—

“Suffer little children to come unto Me.”

2 For I will receive them, and fold them in
my bosom :

I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs, oh ! drive
them not away,

For if their hearts to Me they give, they
shall with Me in glory live ;

“Suffer little children to come unto Me.”

3 How kind was our Saviour to bid these
children welcome,

But there are many thousands who have
never heard His name :

The Bible they have never read, they know
not that the Saviour said,

“Suffer little children to come unto Me !”

4 Oh ! soon may the heathen, of every tribe
and nation,

Fulfil Thy blessed Word, and cast their
idols all away !

Oh ! shine upon them from above, and shew
Thyself a God of love.

‘Teach the little children to come unto
Thee !

203

1 We sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair

And oft are its glories confess'd ;

But what will it be to be there !

There! there! there!
Oh! what will it be to be there!

- 2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials, without and within;
But what must it be to be there!
There! there! etc.
- 3 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above;
But what must it be to be there?
There! there! etc.
- 4 Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
Our Spirits for heaven prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel, what it is to be there.
There! there! etc.

204

- 1 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
We hear Thy gentle voice;
We would be Thine for ever,
And in Thy love rejoice.
We are coming, we are coming;
We are coming blessed Saviour,
We are coming, we are coming,
We hear Thy gentle voice.
- 2 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To meet that happy band,

And sing with them for ever,
 And in Thy presence stand.
 We are coming, &c.
 To meet that happy band.

3 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
 Our Father's house we see,—
 A glorious mansion ever
 For children young as we.
 We are coming, &c.
 Our Father's house we see.

4 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
 That happy home is ours ;
 If here we gain Thy favour,
 We'll reach those fragrant bowers.
 We are coming, &c.
 That happy home is ours.

205

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

- 2 What is your mission, my brother,
 What is your mission below?
 What is your mission, my sister,
 As journeying onward you go?
 Our mission is practising mercy,
 Sweet charity, patience, and love,
 And following the footsteps of Jesus,
 That lead to the mansions above.
 O say, etc.
- 3 O! yes, you will meet us, my brother,
 God helping our weakness and sin;
 Bearing the cross, we, my sister,
 The crown will endeavour to win
 We'll walk through the vale and the shadow,
 Through sufferings, and trials, and care,
 And when you get safely to glory,
 You'll meet, yes, you'll meet us all there!
 O say, etc.

206

- 1 WHEN faint and weary toiling,
 The sweat-drops on my brow,
 I long to rest from labour,
 To drop the burden now,—
 There comes a gentle chiding,
 To quell each mourning sigh:
 Work while the day is shining,
 There's resting by and by.
 Resting by and by,
 There's resting by and by,
 We shall not always labour,
 We shall not always cry;

The end is drawing nearer,
 The end for which we sigh;
 We'll lay our heavy burdens down,—
 There's resting by and

- 2 This life to toil is given,
 And he improves it best
 Who seeks by patient labour,
 To enter into rest;
 Then, pilgrim, worn and weary,
 Press on, the goal is nigh;
 The prize is straight before thee,
 There's resting by and by.
 Resting, etc.
- 3 Nor ask, when overburdened,
 You long for friendly aid,
 "Why idle stands my brother,
 No yoke upon him laid?"
 The Master bids him tarry,
 And dare you ask Him why?
 "Go, labour in my vineyard,
 There's resting by and by."
 Resting, etc.
- 4 Weak reaper in the harvest,
 Let this thy strength sustain,
 Each sheaf that fills the garner
 Brings you eternal gain;
 Then bear the cross with patience,
 To fields of duty hie;
 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,
 There's resting by and by.
 Resting, etc.

207

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in His office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.
- 3 Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command ;
And, while we speak, He's near ;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand ;
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.
- 6 All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore ;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.

- 1 YEA, fear not, fear not, little ones ;
 There is in heaven an Eye
That looks with yearning fondness down
 On all the paths you try.
- 2 'Tis He who guides the sparrow's wing,
 And guards her little brood ;
Who hears the ravens when they cry,
 And fills them all with food.
- 3 'Tis He who clothes the fields with flowers,
 And pours the light abroad ;
'Tis He who numbers all your hours—
 Your Father and your God.
- 4 Ye are the chosen of His love,
 His most peculiar care ;
And will He guide the flutt'ring dove
 And not regard your prayer ?
- 5 He'll keep you when the storm is wild,
 And when the flood is near ;
Oh, trust Him, trust Him as a child,
 And you have nought to fear.

PSALMS

AND

PARAPHRASES.

1

- 1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make :
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto :
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

2

- 1 FATHER of peace, and God of love!
We own Thy power to save,
That power by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.
- 2 Him from the dead Thou brought'st again,
When, by His sacred blood,
Confirmed and sealed for evermore,
Th' eternal covenant stood.
- 3 Oh may Thy Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to Thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep Thy precepts still:
- 4 That to perfection's sacred height
We nearer still may rise,
And all we think, and all we do,
Be pleasing in Thine eyes.

3

- 1 God's law is perfect, and converts
The soul in sin that lies:
God's testimony is most sure,
And makes the simple wise.
- 2 The statutes of the Lord are right,
And do rejoice the heart:
The Lord's command is pure, and doth
Light to the eyes impart.

- 3 Unspotted is the fear of God,
 And doth endure forever :
 The judgments of the Lord are true
 And righteous altogether.
- 4 They more than gold, yea, much fine gold,
 To be desired are :
 Than honey, honey from the comb
 That droppeth, sweeter far.
- 5 Moreover, they thy servant warn
 How he his life should frame :
 A great reward provided is
 For them that keep the same.

4

- 1 God is our refuge and our strength,
 In straits a present aid ;
 Therefore, although the earth remove,
 We will not be afraid.
- 2 Though hills amidst the seas be cast ;
 Though waters roaring make,
 And troubled be ; yea, though the hills
 By swelling seas do shake.
- 3 Be still, and know that I am God :
 Among the heathen I
 Will be exalted ; I on earth
 Will be exalted high.

- 4 Our God, who is the Lord of hosts,
 Is still upon our side ;
 The God of Jacob our refuge
 For ever will abide.

5

- 1 HARK how th' adoring hosts above
 With songs surround the throne !
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues
 But all their hearts are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
 To be exalted thus :
 Worthy the Lamb, let us reply,
 For He was slain for us.
- 3 To Him be pow'r divine ascrib'd,
 And endless blessings paid ;
 Salvation, glory, joy remain
 Forever on His head !
- 4 Thou hast redeem'd us with Thy blood,
 And set the pris'ners free ;
 Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with Thee.

6

- 1 How bright these glorious spirits shine !
 Whence all their white array ?
 How came they to the blissful seats
 Of everlasting day ?

- 2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great,
 Who came to realms of light,
 And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
 Those robes which shine so bright:
- 3 Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
 Before the throne on high,
 And serve the God they love, amidst
 The glories of the sky.
- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
 Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing:
 By day, by night, the sacred courts
 With glad hosannas ring.

7

- 1 How glorious Zion's courts appear,
 The city of our God;
 His throne He hath established here,
 Here fixed His loved abode.
- 2 Its walls, defended by His grace,
 No power shall e'er o'erthrow;
 Salvation is its bulwark sure
 Against the assailing foe.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
 The doors wide open fling;
 Enter, ye nations, who obey
 The statutes of our King.

- 4 Here shall ye taste unmingled joys,
 And dwell in perfect peace,
 Ye, who have known Jehovah's name,
 And trusted in His grace.

8

- 1 How lovely is Thy dwelling place,
 O Lord of hosts, to me !
 The tabernacles of Thy grace
 How pleasant, Lord, they be !
- 2 My thirsty soul longs veh'mently,
 Yea fainst Thy courts to see :
 My very heart and flesh cry out,
 O living God, for Thee.
- 3 For in Thy courts one day excels
 A thousand ; rather in
 My God's house will I keep a door,
 Than dwell in tents of sin.
- 4 For God the Lord's a sun and shield :
 He'll grace and glory give ;
 And will withhold no good from them
 That uprightly do live.

9

- 1 I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
 From whence doth come mine aid.
 My safety cometh from the Lord,
 Who heaven and earth hath made.

- 2 Thy foot He'll not let slide, nor will
 He slumber that thee keeps.
 Behold, He that keeps Israel,
 He slumbers not, nor sleeps.
- 3 The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy shade
 On thy right hand doth stay ;
 The moon by night thee shall not smite,
 Nor yet the sun by day.
- 4 The Lord shall keep thy soul ; He shall
 Preserve thee from all ill.
 Henceforth thy going out and in
 God keep for ever will.

10

- 1 LORD, Thee my God, I'll early seek :
 My soul doth thirst for Thee ;
 My flesh longs in a dry parch'd land,
 Wherein no waters be :
- 2 That I Thy power may behold,
 And brightness of Thy face,
 As I have seen Thee heretofore
 Within Thy holy place.
- 3 Since better is Thy love than life,
 My lips Thee praise shall give.
 I in Thy name will lift my hands,
 And bless Thee while I live.

11

- 1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led :
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present,
Before Thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease ;
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

12

- 1 O LORD, Thou art my God and King ;
Thee will I magnify and praise :
I will Thee bless, and gladly sing
Unto Thy holy name always.

- 2 Each day I rise I will Thee bless,
 And praise Thy name 'till without end.
 Much to be prais'd, and great God is ;
 His greatness none can comprehend.
- 3 Race shall Thy works praise unto race,
 The mighty acts show done by Thee.
 I will speak of the glorious grace,
 And honour of Thy majesty :
- 4 Thy wondrous works I will record.
 By men the might shall be extoll'd
 Of all Thy dreadful acts, O Lord :
 And I Thy greatness will unfold.

13

- 1 O SET ye open unto me
 The gates of righteousness :
 Then will I enter into them,
 And I the Lord will bless.
- 2 This is the gate of God, by it
 The just shall enter in.
 Thee will I praise, for Thou me heard'st,
 And hast my safety been.
- 3 This is the day God made, in it
 We'll joy triumphantly.
 Save now, I pray Thee, Lord ; I pray,
 Send now prosperity.

- 4 Thou art my God, I'll Thee exalt ;
 My God, I will Thee praise.
 Give thanks to God, for He is good :
 His mercy lasts always.

14

- 1 Oh happy is the man who hears
 Instruction's warning voice ;
 And who celestial wisdom makes
 His early, only choice.
- 2 For she has treasures greater far
 Than east or west unfold ;
 And her rewards more precious are
 Than all their stores of gold.
- 3 She guides the young with innocence
 In pleasure's paths to tread ;
 A crown of glory she bestows
 Upon the hoary head.
- 4 According as her labours rise,
 So her rewards increase ;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace..

15

- 1 PRAISE waits for Thee in Sion, Lord :
 To Thee vows paid shall be.
 O Thou that hearer art of pray'r,
 All flesh shall come to Thee.

- 2 Iniquities, I must confess,
 Prevail against me do ;
 But as for our transgressions,
 Them purge away shalt Thou.
- 3 Bless'd is the man whom Thou dost choose,
 And mak'st approach to Thee,
 That He within Thy courts, O Lord,
 May still a dweller be :
- 4 We surely shall be satisfied
 With Thy abundant grace,
 And with the goodness of Thy house,
 Ev'n of Thy holy place.

16

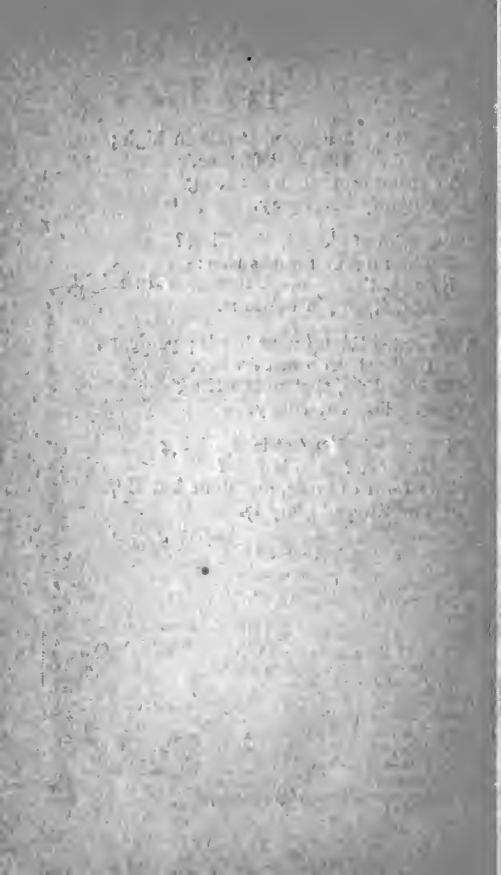
- 1 SET thou thy trust upon the Lord,
 And be thou doing good :
 And so thou in the land shalt dwell,
 And verily have food.
- 2 Delight thyself in God ; He'll give
 Thine heart's desire to thee.
 Thy way to God commit, Him trust,
 It bring to pass shall He.
- 3 And, like unto the light, He shall
 Thy righteousness display ;
 And He thy judgment shall bring forth
 Like noontide of the day.

- 4 Rest in the Lord, and patiently
 Wait for Him : do not fret
 For Him who, prosp'ring in his way,
 Success in sin doth get.

17

- 1 THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.
 He makes me down to lie
 In pastures green : He leadeth me
 The quiet waters by.
- 2 My soul He doth restore again ;
 And me to walk doth make
 Within the paths of righteousness,
 Ev'n for His own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
 Yet will I fear none ill :
 For Thou art with me ; and Thy rod
 And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table Thou hast furnished
 In presence of my foes ;
 My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
 And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
 Shall surely follow me :
 And in God's house for evermore
 My dwelling-place shall be.

- 1 Ye gates lift up your heads on high ;
Ye doors that last for aye,
Be lifted up that so the King
Of glory enter may.
- 2 But who of glory is the King ?
The mighty Lord is this ;
Ev'n that same Lord, that great in might,
And strong in battle is.
- 3 Ye gates lift up your heads ; ye doors,
Doors that do last for aye,
Be lifted up, that so the King
Of glory enter may.
- 4 But who is He that is the King
Of glory ? who is this ?
The Lord of hosts, and none but He,
The King of glory is.



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