

THE
SABBATH SCHOOL LUTE;

A SELECTION OF
HYMNS AND APPROPRIATE MELODIES,

ADAPTED TO THE WANTS OF
SABBATH SCHOOLS, FAMILIES & SOCIAL MEETINGS

By E. L. WHITE & J. E. GOULD,

Authors of the "Modern Harp," "Tyrolen Lyre," "Wreath of School Songs,"
"Opera Chorus Book," &c., &c.

F-46.112

W/5825

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY OLIVER DITSON,
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA. J. E. GOULD
CINCINNATI: D. A. TRUAX

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHILOSOPHY DEPARTMENT

PHILOSOPHY 101

LECTURE NOTES

BY [Name]

1998

CHICAGO, ILL.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

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THE

SABBATH SCHOOL LUTE.

1 **CHANT. THE LORD'S PRAYER.** **Gregorian.**



1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be Thy | name ;
Thy kingdom come ; Thy will be done on earth, | as it | is in | heav'n.
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread ;
And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors,
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil ;
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and |
| ever, | A- | men.

2

1. Soft be the gently-breathing notes That sing the Saviour's dying love; }
Soft as the evening zephyr floats, And soft as tuneful lyres above: }

Soft as the morning dews descend, While warbling birds ex-ult-ing soar,

So soft to our Al-migh-ty Friend Be eve-ry sigh our bo - soms pour.

Genuine Contrition.

L. M.

2
Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad;
Pure as the lucid orb of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker, God;

Pure as the breath of vernal skies,
So pure let our contrition be;
And purely let our sorrows rise
To Him who bled upon the tree.

3

Lord's Prayer.

L. M.

Our Father, God, who art in heaven :
To thy great name be reverence given ;
Thy peaceful kingdom wide extend,
And reign, O Lord, till time shall end.

Thy sacred will on earth be done,
As 'tis by angels round thy throne ;
And let us every day be fed,
With earthly, and with heavenly bread.

Our sins forgive, and teach us thus,
To pardon those who injure us ;
Our shield in all temptations prove,
And every trial far remove.

Thine is the kingdom to control,
And thine the power to save the soul ;
Great be the glory of thy reign,
Let every creature say, Amen !

4

Children's Prayer.

L. M.

O Lord, behold before thy throne,
A band of children lowly bend ;
Thy face we seek, thy name we own,
And pray that thou wilt be our friend.

Thou didst on earth the young receive ;
And gently fold them to thy breast,
And say that such in heaven should live
For ever safe, for ever blest.

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

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.

5

God Seen in his Works.

L. M.

Thy works proclaim thy glory, Lord ;
The blooming fields, the singing bird,
The tempests and the sunny hour,
Show forth thy goodness and thy power.

And when the setting sun declines,
I view Thee in its brilliant lines ;
Those tints so beautiful and bright,
Teach me the Author of all light.

Great God ! how should our worship rise
To Thee who formed the earth and skies ;
The things that creep, and things that fly,
Are viewed by thine all-seeing eye.

Then will I still adore thy name ;
Thou who forever art the same ;
But yet thy grace and mercy, Lord,
Shine brightest in thy holy word.

6

Children's Prayer.

L. M.

Art thou my Father ? canst thou hear
My feeble and imperfect prayer ?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
That such a one as I can raise ?

Art thou my Father ? let me be
A meek obedient child to thee,
And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

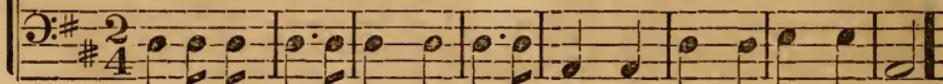
Art thou my Father ? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend ;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

Art thou my Father ? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

7



1. Why have we lips, if not to sing The prais - es of our Heavenly King ?



Why have we hearts, if not to love Our Fa - - ther and our Friend above ?



Immortal Life.

L. M.

2

Why were our curious bodies made,
And every part in order laid ?
Why, but that each of us might stand,
A living wonder from his hand ?

Why have we souls, if not to know
The God from whom our mercies flow ?
Sure, this can never be our lot,
Like senseless brutes to know him not !

Why have we life ? — if not to gain
Immortal life, 'tis worse than vain ;
This is the end for which 'twas given,
We live on earth, to live in heaven.

8

Love of Jesus.

L. M.

When Jesus Christ was here below,
And spread his works of love abroad,
If we had lived so long ago,
O, should not we have loved the Lord ?

Jesus, who was so very kind,
Who came to pardon sinful men,
Who heal'd the sick, and cured the blind
O, should not we have loved him then

But where is Jesus ? Is he dead ?
O, no ! he lives in heaven above ;
And "Blest are they," the Saviour's
"Who, though they have not seen

9 Example of Christ. L. M.

Father of our exalted Lord !
I read my duty in his word :
But in his life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

Faithful his mission to fulfil ;
Resigned to all his Father's will ;
His love and meekness how divine !
I would transcribe and make them mine.

Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of his prayer ;
The desert his temptations knew,
His conflicts and his victory too.

He is my pattern ! may I bear
More of his gracious image here :
Then shall I find my humble name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

10 The Bible. L. M.

God, in the Gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known :
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

Wisdom its dictates here imparts
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;
Its influence makes the sinner live ;
It bids the drooping saint revive.

Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It brings a better world to view,
And guides us all our journey through.

May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

11 Prayer for a Blessing. L. M.

Assembled in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore ;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray ;
Be with us, then, through this thy day.

Our fervent prayer to thee ascends
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends ;
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar,
And praise thee in more lofty strains
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

12 Holy Desires. L. M.

Lord, be thy service all my joy ;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join themselves to thee and thine.

Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to thy supreme control,
And in thy holy will rejoice.

O, may I never faint nor tire, [ways !
Nor, wandering, leave thy sacred
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to *live* thy praise.

13 The Bible. L. M.

There is a stream whose gentle flow,
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode,

That sacred stream, thy holy word,
That all our raging fear controls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford, [souls.
And give new strength to fainting

14

From "Modern Harp."

1. Still evening comes, with gentle shade, Sweet harbinger of balm - y rest

From toilsome hours and anxious thoughts Revolving in the pen - sive breast.

Evening Reflections.

2

Refulgent day in darkness sets;
 The noisy crowds are hushed in sleep;
 Harsh sounds to gentle murmurs turn,
 As o'er the fields the zephyrs sweep.

The hour is sweet when tumults cease;
 The scene obscured inspires my eye,
 And darkness marks the loved retreat,
 Where pleasures live and sorrows die.

Retirement solemn, yet serene,
 And undisturbed by human voice,
 Invites repose on Jesus' arm,
 And bids my soul in God rejoice.

15

Christian Affection. L. M.

How blest the sacred tie that binds,
 In sweet communion, kindred minds!
 How swift the heavenly course they run,
 Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes,
 [are one!

To each, the soul of each how dear!
 What tender love, what holy fear!
 How doth the generous flame within,
 Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
 When dimly burns frail nature's fire;
 Then shall they meet in realms above,
 A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

16 God the Refuge. L. M.
 God is the refuge of his saints,
 When storms of sharp distress invade ;
 Ere we can offer our complaints,
 Behold him present with his aid.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;
 In sacred peace our souls abide,
 While every nation, every shore,
 Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God ;
 Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
 And watering our divine abode.

That sacred stream, thine holy word,
 Supports our faith, our fear controls ;
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting
 [souls.]

17 The Righteous and the Wicked. L. M.
 How blest the man whose cautious feet
 Avoid the way that sinners go,
 Who hates the place where atheists meet,
 And fears to talk as scoffers do.

He loves t' employ his morning light,
 Among the statutes of the Lord,
 And spends the wakeful hours of night
 With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

He, like a plant by gentle streams,
 Shall flourish in immortal green ;
 And heaven will shine with kindest beams,
 On every work his hands begin.

But sinners find their counsels crossed :
 As chaff before the tempest flies,
 So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
 When the last trumpet shakes the
 [skies.]

18 Home in View. L. M.
 As when the weary traveller gains
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,
 His heart revives, if cross the plains
 He eyes his home, though distant still :

While he surveys the much-loved spot
 He slights the space that lies between ;
 His past fatigues are now forgot,
 Because his journey's end is seen :

Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,
 By faith, his mansion in the skies,
 The sight his fainting strength renews,
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.

19 Evening Reflections. L. M.
 Thus far the Lord has led me on ;
 Thus far his power prolongs my days ;
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.

Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
 But he forgives my follies past ;
 He gives me strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep ;
 Peace is the pillow for my head ;
 While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

20 Closing Hymn. L. M.
 By Jesus' pure example taught,
 May we be led in serious thought,
 O, Lord, in early life, to see
 And seek our happiness in thee.

May our young minds and memories be
 Here trained to early piety ;
 And may our hearts and all our days
 Be thus devoted to thy praise.

1. Jesus, thou noblest friend of man, Whene'er thy mighty deeds we scan,

Our hearts ascend with grateful love, And bless thee in thy throne a-bove.

Love for Jesus.

L. M.

2

Only the good resemble Thee,
 Only the pure in heart may see
 Our Father's face, that beaming brow,
 To which the veiled arch-angels bow.

O, may thy followers win a name,
 Brilliant with virtue's steady flame;
 And like the blessed Saviour live,
 To bless, to pity, and forgive.

Teacher and pupil, may we bend,
 In worship to our heavenly Friend;
 And with the hurrying tide of time,
 Approach to Virtue's stainless prime.

22

Public Worship.

L. M.

Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
 A whole assembly worship thee!
 At once they sing, at once they pray,
 They hear of heaven and learn the way

I have been there, and still would go;
 'Tis like a taste of heaven below;
 Not all my pleasures nor my play
 Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my memory, Lord,
 The text and doctrine of thy word
 That I may break thy laws no more,
 But love thee better than before.

23 Prayer for the Sabbath. L. M.

Father in heaven! thy ceaseless love
Has brought us to this holy day;
Blest with thy kindness from above,
Another week has passed away.

Grant us, O Lord, a grateful heart
To feel thy kindness and obey;
Ne'er may we from thy love depart,
Ne'er may we leave thy heavenly way.

Grant us, this day, a willing mind
To learn what thou wouldst have us do,
And how we may thy favor find,
And love and serve each other too.

Thy happy children may we live,
Thy happy children may we die;
To all may God, our Father, give
A home of peace above the sky!

24 Goodness of God. L. M.

God, thou art good! each perfumed
flower,
The smiling fields, the dark green wood,
The insect fluttering for an hour, —
All things proclaim that God is good.

I hear it in the rushing wind;
The hills that have for ages stood;
And clouds with golden colors lined,
Are all repeating, God is good.

Each little rill, that many a year
Has the same verdant path pursued,
And every bird, in accents clear,
Joins in the song that God is good.

The moon that walks in brightness, says
That God is good! and we, endued
With power to speak our Maker's praise,
Will still repeat that God is good.

25 God, our Father. L. M.

Great God! and wilt thou condescend
To be my father and my friend?
I but a child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky!

Art thou my Father? — Let me be
A meek obedient child to thee;
And try, in every deed and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

Art thou my Father? — Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love,
To be a better child above.

26 The Hosanna of Children. L. M.

Almighty Ruler of the skies, [spread,
Through all the earth thy name is
And thine eternal glories rise [made.
Above the heavens thy hands have

To thee the voices of the young
The sounding notes of honor raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

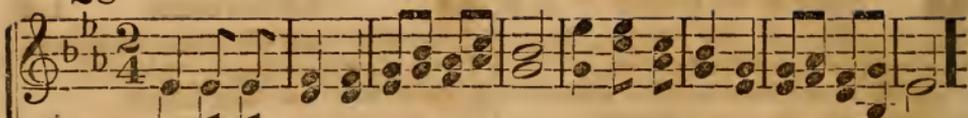
Amidst thy temple children throng
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And loud hosannas fill the place.

27 Thanks for Instruction. L. M.

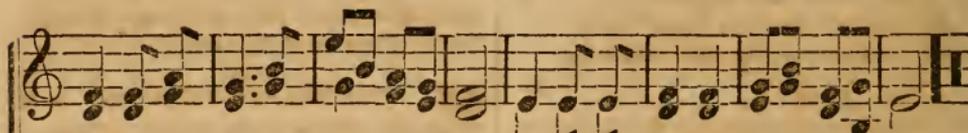
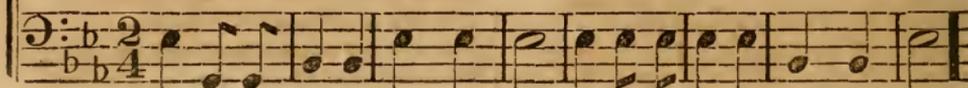
Retiring from our school once more,
Thy blessing, Father, we implore;
Still may we keep the heavenly way,
And serve and please thee thro' the day.

As in thy temple we appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear;
Thy truth impart, thy love instil,
That we may know and do thy will.

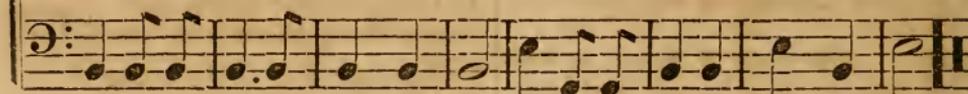
28



1. From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes,



There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found before the mer - cy - seat.



The Mercy-Seat.

2

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads —
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend; [meet,
Though sunder'd far, by faith they
Around one common mercy-seat.

There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

29

The New Year.

L. M.

From year to year, in love we meet;
What pleasure does this day impart!
Teachers and scholars uttering sweet
The New Year's wish of every heart.

As time rolls on, from year to year,
We change, grow up, or pass away;
Nor twice the same assembly here
Can welcome this returning day.

Death, ere this year shall close, may
strike
Some of our number, marked to fall;
Teachers and scholars, list alike!
The warning is to each, to all.

30 Versification of the Beatitudes. L. M.

BY P. H. SWEETSER.

O, blest in spirit are the poor;
The heavenly kingdom they possess;
And they that mourn shall mourn no more,
The mourners, God will surely bless.

The meek in heart the Lord will bless,
And they shall dwell in all the land;
And those who thirst for righteousness,
They shall be filled from God's own

[hand.

O, blessed are the merciful,
For mercy they shall sure obtain;
And blessed are the pure in soul,
For they God's favor shall reclaim.

O blest are they who strive for peace,
For they shall be the Lord's delight;
The heavenly kingdom shall increase.
In those who suffer for the right.

O blest are they whom men revile,
And persecute for Jesus' sake —
They shall rejoice in God's own smile,
And rich rewards from Heaven take.

31 A Remedy for Sin. L. M.

What shall the dying sinner do,
Who seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty sufferer find
A balm to soothe his anguished mind?

I vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'Tis there we find a sure relief,
A soothing balm for inward grief.

Be this the pillar of our hope;
This bears the fainting spirit up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

32 Love and Kindness. L. M.

How many ways the young may find
To be of use, if so inclined!
How many services perform,
If love is earnest, constant, warm!

A life that's spent for self alone
Can never be a useful one;
The good will ever scorn to be
Inactive in society.

However trifling what we do,
If a good purpose be in view,
Although we should not have success,
Our motive God will see and bless.

33 Joy for a Repenting Sinner. L. M.

Who can describe the joys that rise,
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a penitent return, —
To see an heir of glory born?

With joy the Father does approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees,
The purchase of his agonies.

The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

34 The Spirit Invoked. L. M.

Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love:
O, turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known.
O, let a holy flock await,
In crowds, around thy temple gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a weary soul to rest!

How mildly beam the closing eyes! How gently heaves th' ex-pir-ing breast!

The Righteous in Death. L. M.

2

So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are
So gently shuts the eye of day; [o'er;
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And nought disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he
[dies.]

36 The Indwelling Spirit. L. M.

Come, thou eternal Spirit, come [place;
From heaven, thy glorious dwelling-
O, make my sinful heart thy home,
And consecrate it by thy grace.

There fix, O Lord, thy blest abode,
And drive thy foes forever thence;
There shed a Saviour's love abroad,
And light, and life, and joy, and dispense.

My wants supply; my fears suppress;
Direct my way, and hold me up;
Teach me, in times of deep distress,
To pray in faith, and wait in hope.

37 The Christian's Parting Hour. L. M.

How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!

Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest; [power,
When faith, endued from heaven with
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek:
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to
To sink into that soft repose, [bless.
Then wake to perfect happiness?

38 Heaven alone Unfading. L. M.

How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true —
The glory of a passing hour.

But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're travelling home,
Though passing through a vale of
[tears.]

39 The Better Land. L. M.

There is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught; —

A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no
more,
And those long parted meet again.

There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the Paradise of God.

40 Sunday Morning. For a Child. L. M.

Called by the Sabbath bells away
Unto thy holy temple, Lord,
I'll go with willing mind to pray, [word;
To praise thy name, and hear thy
O sacred day of peace and joy,
Thy hours are ever dear to me;
Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy
The holy calm I find in thee.

Dear are thy peaceful hours to me,
For God has given them in his love,
To tell how calm, how blest, shall be
The endless day of heaven above.

41 A Child's Evening Prayer. L. M.

Another day its course has run,
And still, O God, thy child is blest;
For thou hast been by day my sun,
And thou wilt be by night my rest.
Sweet sleep descends, my eyes to close;
And now, when all the world is still,
I give my body to repose, —
My spirit to my Father's will.

42

1. O Thou who seest the sparrow's fall, And hear'st the raven's feeble cry, Whose
2. But not alone the power to know, The means of knowledge thou hast given; As

ten - der care ex - tends to all, To thee we raise the prayer - ful eye.
in the Sun - day school be - low, We learn the glo - rious way to heav'n.

To thee we owe the power of thought, To thee the vir - tue - giv - ing skill To
Fa - ther! when here thy children meet, With good de - sires our bos - oms fill, And

read thy book with wisdom fraught, To un - der - stand thy sovereign will.
hum - bly, at our Saviour's feet, May we re - solve to do thy will.

43 The Sunday School.

L. M. 45

Emblems of Decay.

L. M.

I love to join the joyful play,
 To sport beside the shady pool,
 To watch the birds soar far away ;
 But more I love the Sunday School.
 For there I meet my teacher's smile,
 And read and learn the holy book ;
 And oh, my heart doth feel the while,
 That God is pleased on us to look !

See you the eastern orb, which glows
 So pure, so beautiful, so bright ?
 The bird which hailed it as it rose,
 Shall sing its farewell song at night.
 See you the gems which deck the rim
 Of evening's sparkling coronet ?
 The twilight beams, their glow is dim—
 The morning smiles, their ray is set.

And when we bend the knee in prayer,
 And hymns to our Redeemer raise,
 It seems to me that God is there,
 To hear us pray and sing his praise.
 While others slight this holy day,
 And shun the Gospel's joyful sound,
 O, may I cleave to wisdom's way,
 And ever in my class be found.

See you the new-blown summer rose,
 That spreads its blossoms on the bough ?
 The winter frowns, the night-wind blows,
 Where are its fragrant beauties now ?
 The brightest ray which pleasure throws
 Is but a meteor-gleam displayed ;
 For all that's bright its charms must lose,
 And all that's beautiful must fade.

44 Evening.

L. M.

46

A Pleasant Day.

L. M.

Why do I love the hour of rest ?
 Is it because the lingering light
 Is glorious in the ruddy west,
 And winds are soft, and stars are bright ?
 O, yes ! I love the evening breeze,
 I joy the setting sun to see ;
 But there's a holier charm than these
 Hallows the evening hour to me.

The clear blue sky looks full of love :
 Let all our selfish passions cease ;
 O, let us lift our thoughts above,
 Where all is brightness, goodness, peace !
 If we have done another wrong,
 O, let us seek to be forgiven !
 Nor let one discord spoil the song
 Our hearts would raise this day to heav'n.

It is that then my mother speaks
 Of prayer, and heaven, and God on high ;
 To make me pious gently seeks,
 And fit me, e'en in youth, to die.
 And when the happy hour is flown,
 She quits her little worshipper, —
 With kiss and blessing left alone,
 In my own heart to pray for her.

This blessed day, when the pure air
 Is full of sweetness, full of joy,
 When all around is calm and fair,
 Shall we the harmony destroy ?
 O, may it be our earnest care
 To free our souls from every sin !
 Then will each day be bright and fair,
 For God's pure sunshine dwells within.

47

1. I love to have the Sab-bath come, For then I rise and quit my home,

And haste to school, with cheerful air, To meet my dear-est teac-hers there.

Love for the Sabbath. L. M.

2

'Tis there I'm always taught to pray
That God would bless me day by day,
And safely guard and guide me still,
And help me to obey his will.

From all the lessons I obtain
May I a store of knowledge gain,
And early seek my Saviour's face,
And gain from him supplies of grace.

And then, thro' life's remaining days,
I'll love to sing my Saviour's praise;
And bless the kindness and the grace
That brought me to this sacred place.

48 Closing Hymn. L. M.

When to the house of God we go,
To hear his word and sing his love,
To offer praises here below,
With all the saints in heaven above;

Our God is present with us there,
And watches all our thoughts and
O let us humbly join in prayer, [ways:
Let us sincerely sing his praise.

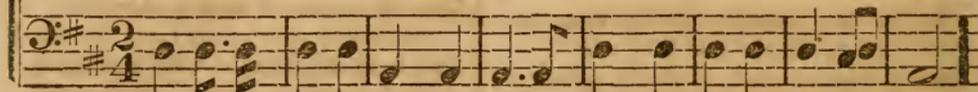
O may we never thoughtless go,
Nor lose the days our God has given;
But learn, by Sabbaths spent below,
To spend eternity in heaven.

- 49** We are but Young. L. M.
- We are but young — yet we may sing
The praises of our heavenly King ;
He made the earth, the sea, the sky,
And all the starry worlds on high.
- We are but young — yet we must die,
Perhaps our latter end is nigh :
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
And find in Christ a hiding place.
- We are but young — we need a guide,
Jesus, in thee we would confide ;
O lead us in the path of truth,
Protect and bless us, — helpless youth.
- We are but young — yet God has shed
Unnumbered blessings on our head ;
Then let our youth and riper days
Be all devoted to his praise.
- 50** Teacher's Hymn. L. M.
- Here, gracious God, beneath thy feet,
Friends to the young and thee we meet,
Joined by the cord of mutual love,
Bound to our common Friend above.
- Our hearts thy throne of grace address ;
Smile on our schools, the children bless,
For Jesus' sake, who once on earth
Appeared a child of lowly birth.
- May wisdom, zeal, and love inspire
Our bosoms with their purest fire ;
While faith on thine own word relies,
And hope loo' s joyful to the skies.
- Grant us thy presence, God of grace,
Now while we meet before thy face,
That we may feel, ere we depart,
Thy love diffused through every heart.
- 51** Improvement. L. M.
- We've met another Sabbath day,
And heard of Jesus and of heaven ;
We thank thee for thy word, and pray
That this day's sins may be forgiven.
- May all we heard and understood,
Be well remembered thro' the week ;
And help to make us wise and good,
More humble, diligent, and meek.
- So when our lives are finished here,
And days and Sabbaths shall be o'er ;
May we, at thy right hand, appear,
To serve and love thee evermore.
- 52** A Blessing Invoked. L. M.
- Come, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our tho'ts from earth away ;
Now let our noblest passions rise
With ardor to their native skies,
- Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine ;
And let our waiting souls be blest
On this sweet day of sacred rest.
- Then, when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed, we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.
- 53** Invitation to Praise. L. M.
- Thus far we're spared again to meet
Before Jehovah's mercy seat ;
To seek his face, to praise and pray,
And hail another Sabbath-day.
- Let every tongue its silence break,
Let every tongue his goodness speak,
Who deigns his glory to display
On each returning Sabbath-day.

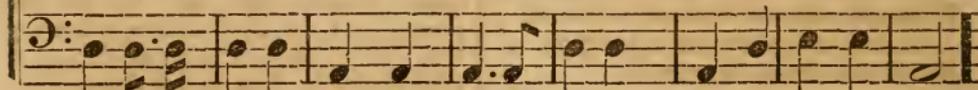
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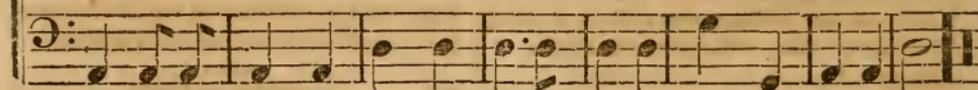
1. Thou art, O God, the life and light Of all this wondrous world we see;



Its glow by day, its smile by night, Are but re - flec-tions caught from thee.



Where'er we turn, thy glo - ries shine, And all things fair and bright are thine.



God's Power and Presence. L. M.

2

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose
plume

Is sparkling with unnumbered dyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine,

When youthful spring around us
breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things bright and fair are thine.

55 Pleading through Christ. L. M. **57** Christ All in All. L. M.

Father of mercies, God of love,
O, hear an humble suppliant's cry ;
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty :
O, deign to listen to my voice,
And bid my drooping heart rejoice.

I urge no merits of my own,
No worth, to claim thy gracious smile ;
And when I bow before the throne,
Dare to converse with God awhile,
Thy name, blest Saviour, is my plea —
Dearest and sweetest name to me.

Father of mercies, God of love,
Then hear thy humble suppliant's cry ;
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty :
One pardoning word can make me
whole,
And soothe the anguish of my soul.

56 A Support in Temptation. L. M.

Still nigh me, O, my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour ;
Support by thy almighty hand ;
Show forth in me thy saving power ;
Still be thine arm my sure defence ;
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

In suffering be thy love my peace ;
In weakness be thy love my power ;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
O, Saviour, in that trying hour,
In death, as life, be thou my Guide.
And save me, who for me hast died.

Jesus thou source of calm repose,
All fulness dwells in thee divine :
Our strength, to quell the proudest foes ;
Our light, in deepest gloom to shine ;
Thou art our fortress, strength, and
tower,
Our trust, and portion, evermore.

Jesus, our Comforter thou art ;
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain ;
The balm to heal each broken heart ;
In storms our peace, in loss our gain :
Our joy, beneath the worldling's frown :
In shame our glory and our crown ; —

In want, our plentiful supply ;
In weakness, our almighty power ;
In bonds, our perfect liberty ;
Our refuge in temptation's hour ;
Our comfort, 'midst all grief and thrall ;
Our life in death ; our all in all.

58 The Lord Our Shepherd. L. M.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

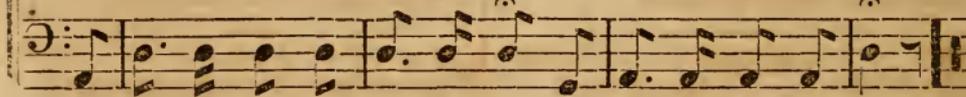
Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage
crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.



1. How sweet to be al-owed to pray, To God, the Ho-ly One,



With fil - ial love and trust to say, O God, thy will be done.



Prayer.

C. M.

2

We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill ;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

O, let that will, which gave me breath
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

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

60

Youthful Praise.

C. M.

Great God, in whom we live and move,
Accept our feeble praise,
For all the mercy, grace and love,
Which crowns our youthful days.

For countless mercies, love unknown,
Lord, what can we impart ?
Thou dost require one gift alone, —
The offering of the heart.

Incline us, Lord, to give it thee ;
Preserve us by thy grace,
Till death shall bring us all to see
Thy glory face to face.

61 Early Piety. C. M.
 Why should we spend our youthful days
 In folly and in sin?
 When wisdom shows her pleasant ways,
 And bids us walk therein.

Folly and sin our peace destroy,
 They glitter, then are past;
 They yield a moment's fleeting joy,
 And end in death at last.

But if true wisdom we possess,
 Our joys shall never cease;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness
 And all her paths are peace.

O may we now, in youthful days,
 Attend to wisdom's voice;
 And make her holy, happy ways,
 Our own delightful choice.

62 Repose. C. M.
 There is an hour of hallowed peace
 For those with care oppressed,
 When sighs and sorrowing tears shall
 And all be hushed to rest. [cease.]

'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
 And doubts which here annoy;
 Then they that oft had sown in tears
 Shall reap again in joy.

There is a home of sweet repose,
 Where storms assail no more;
 The stream of endless pleasure flows,
 On that celestial shore.

There purity with love appears,
 And bliss without alloy;
 There they that oft had sown in tears
 Shall reap again in joy.

63 Prayer for God's Presence. C. M.
 O could I find from day to day
 A nearness to my God!
 Then should my hours glide sweet away,
 And lean upon his word.

Lord, I desire with thee to live
 Anew from day to day,
 In joys the world can never give,
 Nor ever take away.

O, Jesus, come and rule my heart,
 And make me wholly thine,
 That I may never more depart,
 Nor grieve thy love divine.

Thus, till my last expiring breath,
 Thy goodness I'll adore;
 And when my flesh dissolves in death,
 My soul shall love thee more.

64 Truth. C. M.
 Be sacred truth, my child, thy guide,
 Until thy dying day,
 Nor turn a finger's breadth aside
 From God's appointed way.

For, O, no joy shall that child know,
 Who bears a guilty breast;
 His conscience drives him to and fro,
 And never lets him rest.

For him no vernal sun shines blest,
 No gales breath softly round;
 And in the grave, that home of rest,
 No peace for him is found.

O, then, be sacred truth thy guide,
 Until thy dying day;
 Nor turn a finger's breadth aside
 From God's appointed way!

68 Praise of God. C. M.
 There 's not a tint that paints the rose,
 Or decks the lily fair, [grows,
 Or streaks the humblest flower that
 But God has placed it there.

There 's not of grass a simple blade,
 Or leaf of lowliest mien,
 Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
 And heavenly wisdom seen.

There's not a star, whose twinkling light,
 Illumes the spreading earth;
 There 's not a cloud, or dark or bright,
 But mercy gave it birth.

Then let us join, and sing his name,
 And all his praise rehearse,
 Who spread abroad earth's glorious
 And made the universe. [frame,

69 Early Piety. C. M.
 My God, who makes the sun to know
 His proper hour to rise,
 And to give light to all below
 Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the east,
 His morning race begins,
 He never tires nor stops to rest,
 But round the world he shines.

So like the sun, would I fulfil
 The business of the day;
 Begin my work betimes, and still
 March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,—
 Nor let my soul complain,
 That all the morning of my days
 Has been consumed in vain.

70 Thanks for Instruction. C. M.
 Hear, Lord, the voice of praise and
 In heaven, thy dwelling place, [prayer,
 From children made thy constant care,
 And taught to seek thy face.

Thanks for thy word and for thy day,
 And grant us, we implore,
 Never to waste in sinful play
 Thy holy Sabbaths more.

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

71 God's Word a Guide. C. M.
 The morn of life how fair and gay!
 How cheering and how new!
 What hope illumes each opening day,
 And brightens every view!

Youth's ardent mind with joy elate,
 Elastic and sincere,
 Suspects no ills that may await,
 Nor yields a thought to fear.

In God's own word a way is sure,
 And clear to every eye;
 It leads us in a path secure,
 To brighter worlds on high.

72 Penitence. C. M.
 O for that tenderness of heart,
 Which bows before the Lord!
 That owns how just and good thou art,
 And trembles at thy word.

Saviour, to me in pity give
 For sin, the deep distress,—
 The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
 And bid me die in peace.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha-dy rill How sweet the li - ly grows!

How sweet the breath beneath the hill, Of Sha-ron's dew - y rose!

Early Piety.

C. M.

2

Lo, such the child whose early feet,
 The paths of peace have trod,
 Whose heart, inspir'd with influence
 Is upward drawn to God. [sweet,

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

O, Thou! who giv'st us life and breath,
 We seek thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still thine own.

74

Evening Prayer.

C. M.

When darkness, like a curtain, spreads
 All over earth and sky,
 And I, with every comfort blest,
 Upon my pillow lie;

Before I close my eyes to sleep,
 Or say my evening prayer,
 I'll think of all I've said and done,
 At home and everywhere,—

And pray to have my sins forgiven;
 That every setting sun
 May find me still a better child
 Than when the day begun.

75 Early Piety. C. M.

We ask not golden streams of wealth
 Along our path to flow;
 We ask not undecaying health,
 Nor length of years below.

We ask not honors, which an hour
 May bring and take away;
 We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
 Lest we should go astray.

We ask for wisdom: — Lord, impart
 The knowledge how to live;
 A wise and understanding heart
 To us, thy children, give.

Let us remember thee in youth,
 Before the evil days;
 And do thou guide us by thy truth
 In wisdom's pleasant ways.

76 God our Guide. C. M.

The morn of life how fair and gay,
 How cheering and how new!
 What hopes illumine the opening day,
 And brighten every view!

But slippery is the path we tread;
 In pleasure's dangerous way,
 A thousand snares are round us spread,
 And oft our feet betray.

How shall we, then, our course pursue
 Through life's uncertain road?
 What friendly hand will point our view
 To duty and to God?

In God's own word the way is sure
 And plain to every eye;
 It leads us, in a path secure,
 To brighter worlds on high.

77 Death of Friends. C. M.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
 Young spirit, rest thee now!
 E'en while with us thy footstep trod,
 His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
 Soul, to its peace on high;
 They that have seen thy look in death,
 No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths, and sad the hours,
 Since thy meek spirit's gone;
 But, O, a brighter home than ours,
 In heaven is now thine own!

78 Sin. C. M.

What do I read my Bible for,
 But, Lord, to learn thy will?
 And shall I daily know thee more,
 And less obey thee still?

How senseless is my heart, and wild!
 How vain are all my thoughts!
 Pity the folly of a child,
 And pardon all my faults.

Make me thy heavenly voice to hear,
 And let me love to pray;
 Since God will lend a gracious ear
 To what a child can say.

79 Time. C. M.

Young though we are, and in the prime
 Of life's unfolding powers,
 Of all the moments of our time,
 This, only this, is ours.

We seize it, Lord, before 'tis past,
 We yield ourselves to thee;
 Thine be our earliest years, our last,
 And our eternity.

80

1. In verdant fields of Pal-es-tine, By sparkling fount and rill, }
And by the sacred Jordan's stream, And o'er each vine-clad hill, }

Once lived and rov'd the fair - est child That ev - er blessed the earth ;

The hap - pi - est, the ho - li - est, That e'er had hu-man birth.

Childhood of Jesus.

C. M.

2

How beautiful his childhood was !
How pure and undefiled ;
O, dear to his young mother's breast
Was that pure, sinless child !
How kind in all his deeds and words,
And gentle as the dove ;
Obedient and affectionate,
His very soul was Love. ♡

O, is it not a blessed thought,
That once upon the earth,
The blessed Saviour was a child,
Like us, of human birth ;
That all our little joys he felt,
And all our troubles knew ;
As o'er our heads the moments fly,
O'er that blessed head they flew.

81 Influence Exerted. C. M.

What if the little rain should say,
So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty fields,
I'll tarry in the sky?

What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day?

Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower?
And every ray of light, to warm
And beautify the flower?

'T is thus the good each child may do,
When many do their best,
Will help to bring within our view
The glory of the blest.

82 Early Piety. C. M.

When children give their hearts to God,
'T is pleasing in his eyes;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

It saves us from unnumbered snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'T will please us to look back and see
Life's morning all was thine!

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our youngest breath;
Thus we're prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

83 Prayer. C. M.

When in the school we rise to pray,
As we are taught to do,
God will not answer what we say,
Unless we feel it too.

Yet foolish thoughts our hearts beguile,
And, when we pray or sing,
We're often thinking, all the while,
About some other thing.

O, let us never, never dare
To act the trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a prayer
That comes not from the heart!

But if we make his ways our choice,
As holy children do,
Then, while we seek him with our voice,
Our hearts will love him too.

84 Prayer. C. M.

Will God, who made the earth and sea,
The night, and shining day,
Regard a little child like me,
And listen when I pray?

Yes; in his holy word we read
Of his unfailing love;
And when his mercy most we need,
His mercy he will prove.

To those who seek him he is near;
He looks upon the heart;
And from the humble and sincere,
He never will depart.

He sees our thoughts, our wishes knows,
He hears our faintest prayer
Where'er the child to seek him goes,
He finds his Father there.

1. Be-ware, be-ware of care-less words, They have a fear-ful power,
2. Tho' not designed to give us pain, Tho' but a ran-dom word,

And jar up - on the spir-it's chords Thro' many a wea - ry hour.
Re - mem-brance bringeth back a - gain What once our bo-soms stirr'd.

And jar up - on the spir-it's chords Thro' many a wea - ry hour.
Re - mem-brance bringeth back a - gain What once our bo-soms stirred.

Careless Words.

3

They haunt us through the toilsome day,
And through the lonely night,
And rise to cloud the spirit's ray
When all beside is bright.

Tho' from the mind and with the breath
Which gave them, they have flown,
Yet wormwood, gall, and even death,
May dwell in every tone.

And burning tears can well attest
A sentence lightly framed
May linger, cankering in the breast,
At which it first was aimed.

O, could my prayers indeed be heard,
Might I the past live o'er,
I'd guard against a careless word,
E'en though I spoke no more.

86 Kind Words. C. M.
 A little word in kindness said,
 A motion or a tear,
 Has often healed the heart that's sad,
 And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth,
 Full many a budding flower ;
 Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
 Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
 A pleasant word to speak ; [bring,
 The face you wear, the thoughts you
 A heart may heal or break.

87 Be Thou my Strength. C. M.
 Almighty Father ! I am weak,
 But thou wilt strengthen me,
 If from my heart I humbly seek
 For health and light from thee.

When I am tempted to do wrong,
 Then, Father, pity me,
 And make my failing virtue strong, —
 Help me to think of thee.

Let Christian courage guard my youth.
 That courage give to me,
 That ever speaks and acts the truth,
 And puts its trust in thee.

88 Christ our Theme. C. M.
 Jesus, unite our hearts to thee,
 And join us all in one ;
 And in our meetings every where,
 Be thou our theme alone.

Reign thou sole monarch of our hearts,
 Without a rival reign ;
 Till we with angels join above,
 To praise the lamb once slain.

89 God our Protector. C. M.
 Lord, I would own thy tender care,
 And all thy love to me ;
 The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
 Are all bestowed by thee.

'Tis thou preservest me from death,
 And dangers every hour ;
 I cannot draw another breath
 Unless thou giv'st me power.

Kind angels guard me every night,
 As round my bed they stay ;
 Nor am I absent from thy sight,
 In darkness, or by day.

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

90 Sufferings of Christ. C. M.
 With warm affection let us view,
 With pious grief improve,
 The solemn and impressive scene
 Of Jesus' dying love.

O what a love was here displayed —
 Beyond our utmost thought !
 How pure the lessons, how sublime,
 In life and death he taught.

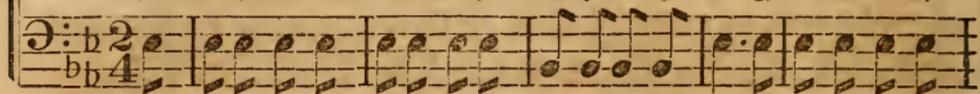
Let not his sacred truths by us
 Be lost and misapplied ;
 Nor let our thoughtless hearts forget
 That 'twas for us he died.

Let all, his sacred law fulfil ;
 Like his be every mind ;
 Be every temper formed by love,
 And every action kind

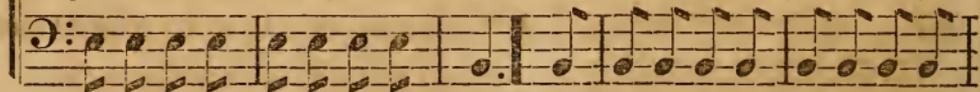
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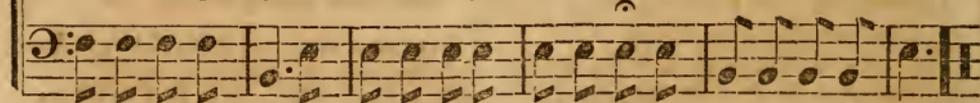
1. Come, children, learn to fear the Lord ; And that your days be long, Let not a false, or



spiteful word Be found up-on your tongue. Depart from mischief, practise love, Pur-



sue the work of peace ; So shall the Lord your ways approve, And set your souls at ease.



Exhortations to Holiness. C. M.

2

His eyes awake to guard the just,
 His ears attend their cry :
 When broken spirits dwell in dust,
 The God of grace is nigh.
 What though the sorrows, here they
 Are sharp and tedious too, [taste,
 The Lord, who saves them all at last,
 Is their supporter now.

Evil shall smite the wicked dead ;
 But God secures his own ;
 Prevents the mischief when they slide,
 Or heals the broken bone.
 When desolation, like a flood,
 O'er the proud sinner rolls,
 Saints find a refuge in their God,
 For he redeemed their souls.

92

The Soul.

C. M.

How beautiful the setting sun !
 The clouds how bright and gay !
 The stars, appearing one by one,
 How beautiful are they !

And when the moon climbs up the sky,
 And sheds her gentle light,
 And hangs her crystal lamp on high,
 How beautiful is night !

And can it be I am possessed
 Of something brighter far ?
 Glows there a light within this breast
 Outshining every star ?

Yes : should the sun and stars turn pale,
 The mountains melt away,
 This flame within shall never fail,
 But live in endless day.

93

God over All.

C. M.

The Lord our God is Lord of all ;
 His station who can find ?
 I hear him in the waterfall ;
 I hear him in the wind.

If in the gloom of night I shroud,
 His face I cannot fly ;
 I see him in the evening cloud,
 And in the morning sky.

He lives, he reigns in every land,
 From winter's polar snows,
 To where, across the burning sand,
 The blasting meteor glows.

He bids his gales the fields deform :
 Then, when his thunders cease,
 He paints his rainbow on the storm,
 And lulls the winds to peace.

[3]

94

Goodness of God.

C. M.

Father ! I love to read of thee,
 And learn of heaven above ;
 To hear what thou hast done for me,
 By thy unerring love.

I know that all this world contains
 Was made and formed by thee,
 And yet the power which all sustains,
 Has thought and cared for me.

That thou art ever kind and good,
 My constant blessings prove, —
 My home, my school, my daily food,
 Speak thy unfailing love.

Father ! I know each living thing
 Should sing its Maker's praise,
 O let me, then, my tribute bring,
 My humble offering raise.

95

Holy Desires.

C. M.

O, for a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free !
 A heart that always feels how good,
 How kind thou art to me !

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne,
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone !

O, for a lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean !
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine ;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine !

96

1. I love the sunshine eve-rywhere, In wood and field and glen ;

I love it in the bus - y haunts Of town-im-pris - on'd men.

The Sunshine.

2

C. M.

I love it when it streameth in
The humble cottage door ;
And casts the checkered casement
Upon the red brick floor. [shade,

How beautiful on little streams,
Where sun and shade at play
Make silv'ry meshes, while the brook
Goes singing on its way.

O, yes ! I love the sunshine bright,
Like kindness or like mirth
Upon a human countenance,
Is sunshine on the earth.

97

Obedience.

C. M.

Let children that would fear the Lord,
Hear what their teachers say,
With reverence heed their parent's
And with delight obey. [word,

Have we not heard what dreadful
Are threatened by the Lord, [plagues,
To him who breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word ?

But those that worship God, and give
Their parents honor due,
Shall long on earth in comfort live,
And live hereafter, too.

98 Youthful Prayer. C. M.

Lord! teach us children how to pray,
And listen to our prayer;
Thou hearest all the words we say,
For thou art everywhere,

A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by thee;
And though we are but young and
Thy constant care are we. [small,

Teach us to do what'er is right;
When we do wrong, forgive;
And make it our sincere delight
To serve thee while we live.

Whatever trouble we are in,
To thee for help we'll call;
But keep us more than all from sin,
For that is worse than all.

99 The Safe Retreat. C. M.

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

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

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

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

100 The Bible. C. M.

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

When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

101 Coldness Lamented. C. M.

How cold and feeble is our love,
How negligent our fear,
How low our hope of joys above,
How few affections there!

Great God! thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

102 Child's Supplication. C. M.

Lord Jesus, teach a child to pray,
Who humbly kneels to thee,
And every night and every day
My Friend and Saviour be.

While here I live, give me thy grace,
And when I'm called to die,
O take my soul to see thy face,
And sing thy praise on high.

103

1. Almighty Father, heavenly King! Who rul'st the world above; Accept the tribute

which we bring, Of grat-i-tude and love. To thee, each morning when we rise, Our

early vows we pay; And e'er the night hath closed our eyes, We thank thee for the day.

Thankfulness.

C. M.

2

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

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

104 Repentance. C. M.

O, may my heart, by grace renewed,
 Be my Redeemer's throne ;
 And be my stubborn will subdued,
 His rightful claim to own.

Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
 Be joined with godly fear ;
 And all my conversation prove
 My heart to be sincere.

Preserve me safe from every sin,
 Through my remaining days ;
 And let each virtue in me shine,
 To my Redeemer's praise.

Let lively hope my soul inspire ;
 Let warm affections rise ;
 And may I wait with strong desire,
 To mount above the skies.

105 Teaching Youth. C. M.

Blest work ! the youthful mind to win,
 And turn the rising race
 From dark and dangerous paths of sin,
 To seek redeeming grace.

Children our kind protection claim ;
 And God will well approve,
 When infants learn to lisp his name.
 And their Redeemer love.

Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way,
 To guide untutored youth,
 And show the mind which went astray,
 The way, the life, the truth !

Thy spirit, Father, on us shed,
 And bless this good design ;
 The honors of thy name be spread ;
 Be all the glory thine.

106 Prayer for the Spirit. C. M.

Now gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
 And make thy glory known ;
 Make us the Saviour's presence feel,
 And melt these hearts of stone.

From all the guilt of former sin,
 May mercy set us free ;
 And let the year we now begin,
 Begin and end with thee.

Send down thy spirit from above,
 That saints may love Thee more :
 That sinners, too, may learn to love,
 Who never loved before.

And when before Thee we appear
 In our eternal home ;
 May glowing numbers worship here,
 And praise Thee in our room.

107 Repentance. C. M.

Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,
 In smiling crowds draw near ;
 And turn from every mortal charm,
 A Saviour's voice to hear.

He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
 Stoops to converse with you ;
 He lays his radiant glories by,
 Your friendship to pursue.

The soul that longs to see his face,
 Is sure his love to gain ;
 And those who early seek his grace,
 Shall never seek in vain.

Then come, with youthful vigor warm ;
 To Jesus now draw near,
 And turn from every mortal charm,
 A Saviour's voice to hear.

1. Thou boundless source of eve - ry good, Our best de-sires ful - fil;
2. Teach us, in time of deep dis-tress, To own thy hand, O God,

We would a - dore thy wondrous grace, And mark thy sovereign will.
And in sub - mis-sive si-lence learn The les-sons of thy rod.

In all thy mer-cies may our souls Thy bounteous goodness see;
In eve-ry chang-ing scene of life, Whate'er that scene may be,

Nor let the gifts thy hand im-parts Es-trange our hearts from thee.
Give us a meek and hum-ble mind, A mind at peace with thee.

109 The Pastor's Return. C. M.

O when we give the parting hand
 How oft it causes pain,
 How oft the cheerless thought will rise,
 We may not meet again.
 But God has kindly spared our lives,
 And spared our pastor dear,
 And songs of gratitude should rise,
 While welcomes meet him here.

We bid thee welcome back to toils
 And efforts kindly given,
 To lead our feet from paths of sin,
 And point the way to heaven.
 O there at last, on those blest shores,
 May all this little band,
 'Mid welcomes from the shining ones,
 Be found at Christ's right hand.

110 The Path to Heaven. C. M.

There is a path that leads to God,
 All others go astray ;
 Narrow, but pleasant is the road,
 And Christians love the way.
 It leads us through this world of sin,
 And dangers must be past ;
 But all who boldly walk therein,
 Will come to heaven at last.

How shall a youthful pilgrim dare
 This dangerous path to tread ?
 Do I not need a shepherd's care,
 To be securely led ?
 Be thou, O Lord, my guard, my guide,
 Nor let me from thee stray ;
 Uphold my footsteps, lest I slide
 Or wander from thy way.

111 Praise and Hope. C. M.

O Lord, if in the book of life,
 My worthless name should stand,
 In fairest characters, inscribed
 By thine unerring hand, —
 My soul thou wilt by grace prepare
 For crowns above the skies,
 And on my way, from heavenly stores,
 Wilt grant me fresh supplies.

Then I to thee, in sweetest strains,
 Will grateful anthems raise ;
 But life 's too short, my powers too weak,
 To utter half thy praise.
 Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
 Not one should silent be ;
 Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
 I'd give them all to thee.

112 Contentment. C. M.

I, like the little busy bee,
 That hies from flower to flower,
 Must active be, and useful too,
 As far as in my power.
 Contented, though my lot be hard,
 And cheerful every day ;
 Nor ever to a fretful word
 Or wilful thought give way.

All haughtiness I must repress,
 All vanity and pride,
 Take conscience for my monitor,
 And reason for my guide.
 What'er would do me hurt I must
 With cheerfulness resign ;
 And when I suffer, always pray, —
 " Thy will, O God ! not mine ! "

1. As o'er the past my memory strays, Why heaves the secret sigh?
 2. Yet, ho-ly Father, wild despair Chase from my laboring breast:

'Tis that I mourn de - part - ed days, Still un - pre - pared to die.
 Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer; That grace can do the rest.

The world and world-ly things be-loved My anxious thoughts employed;
 My life's brief rem - nant all be thine; And when thy sure de - cree

And time, unhallowed, un-im-proved, Pre - sents a fear - ful void.
 Bids me this fleeting breath re-sign, O, speed my soul to thee.

114 Lord, Remember me. C. M.

O Thou who didst uphold my way
 From earliest infancy,
 Before my lisping tongue could say
 O "Lord, remember me!"
 Still through the path of youth my guide
 And my protector be;
 And when my feet would turn aside,
 O "Lord, remember me!"

If thou shouldst pain or sickness send,
 From murm'ring keep me free;
 Or, if thy hand should riches lend,
 O "Lord, remember me!"
 And when this earthly scene I leave,
 And worldly prospects flee,
 As then my latest sigh I heave,
 O "Lord remember me!"

115 God's Goodness. C. M.

When, all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love and praise.
 Unnumbered blessings on my head
 Thy tender care bestowed,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those blessings flowed.

Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew.
 Through all eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 But O! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

116 The Family Bible. C. M.

This book is all that's left me now!
 Tears will unbidden start;
 With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
 I press it to my heart;
 For many generations pass'd
 Here is our family tree;
 My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd;
 She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
 Whose names these records bear;
 Who 'round the hearth-stone used to
 After the evening prayer, [close,
 And speak of what these pages said,
 In tones my heart would thrill!
 Though they are with the silent dead,
 Here are the living still.

My father read this holy book,
 To brothers, sisters dear;
 How calm was my poor mother's look,
 Who lean'd, God's word to hear.
 Her angel face, I see it yet!
 What thronging memories come!
 Again that little group is met,
 Within the walls of home.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
 Thy constancy I've tried,
 Where all were false, I've found thee
 My counsellor and guide. [true.
 The mines of earth no treasure give,
 That could this volume buy;
 In teaching me the way to live,
 It taught me how to die.

117

1. The lil - ies of the field, That quick-ly fade a - way,

May well to us a les-son yield; For we are frail as they.

Death.

2

S. M.

Just like an early rose,
I've seen an infant bloom;
But death, perhaps, before it blows,
Will lay it in the tomb.

Then let us think on death,
Though we are young and gay;
For God, who gave our life and breath,
Can take them both away.

To God who made them all,
Let children humbly fly:
And then, whenever death may call,
They'll be prepared to die.

118

Devout Affection.

S. M.

God, who is just and kind,
Will those who err instruct,
And to the paths of righteousness
Their wandering steps conduct.

The humble soul he guides;
Teaches the meek his way;
Kindness and truth he shows to all
Who his just laws obey.

Give me the tender heart
That mixes fear with love,
And lead me through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.

- 119** Invitation of Jesus. S. M.
- See Israel's Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms ;
See how he takes the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.
- "Permit them to approach,
Forbid them not," he cried ;
"Of such my Father's kingdom is,
And such with him abide."
- O let this little flock,
We children seek his face ;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.
-
- 120** Death of Christ. S. M.
- Behold th' amazing sight —
The Saviour lifted high !
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony !
- For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne ?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn ?
- For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died ;
'Twas love that bow'd his fainting head,
And oped his gushing side.
-
- 121** Supplication. S. M.
- Lord, teach me so to live,
That when this life shall end,
My soul, redeemed from death and sin,
May glad to heaven ascend.
- O, Lamb of God ! thy peace
E'en now impart to me,
The peace of God, the hope of heav'n,
Blest fruits of faith in thee.
-
- 122** Jesus Welcomed. S. M.
- How sweet the infant song,
As to the city's gate
The blessed Jesus rode along
In humble, peaceful state !
- Hosannas filled the air,
And branches strewed the plain !
And thus, like welcome they prepare
Within the Jewish fane.
- Such be his welcome here !
And such the hymn we raise,
Till all the young for Christ appear
And thus perfect his praise.
-
- Then from all infant tongues
Shall praise be lisp'd in love ;
Then shall their sweetest, noblest songs
Be joined with those above.
-
- 123** Early Piety. S. M.
- Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- The follies of our mind
Be banished from this place ;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasure less.
- Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew the Lord ;
But children of the heavenly King,
Should sound his praise abroad.
- Then let our songs abound,
And every fear put by ;
We're marching thro' Emanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

124

1. From ear-liest dawn of life, Thy good-ness we have shared ;

And still we live to sing thy praise, By sovereign mercy spared.

Guide to Youth.

2

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

While taught thy word of truth,
May we that word receive ;
And when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe.

O let us never tread
The broad, destructive road,
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory, and to God.

S. M.

125

Dependence.

S. M.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see ;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee !

To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend ;
In all I do be thou the way, —
In all be thou the end.

All may of thee partake, —
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

126 Sweet is the Work. S. M.

Sweet is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray — to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

Sweet — at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night
Still on the theme to dwell.

Sweet on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

127 The goodly Heritage. S. M.

Through God our Father's care,
Though we deserve it not,
Our lines in pleasant places are
And goodly is our lot.

The cheerful morning sun,
That lights our happy plains,
Shines, ere his daily course is run,
Where heathen darkness reigns.

Lord! let thy light we pray,
On them, on us, arise;
For we were ignorant as they,
Till teaching made us wise.

And here we learn thy will,
We read thy holy word;
Then may we thy commands fulfil,
Which heathens never heard.

128 The Seed is the Word of God. S. M.

Within our minds the seed
Of sacred truth is sown;
But, Lord, the blessing that we need,
Must come from thee alone.

That seed will buried lie,
Till thou the increase give;
Yet then, although it seem to die,
It shall revive and live.

Then, though the sower weep,
Ere long, with thankful voice,
Both he who sows and they who reap
Together shall rejoice.

129 God's Goodness. S. M.

For us God's blessed Son,
From childhood to the grave,
Was poorer than the humblest one
Of those he came to save.

For us he was distressed;
And many a tear he shed;
And had, in his few hours of rest,
Not where to lay his head.

For us the Saviour died
In weariness and pain;
And God forbid the crimson tide
Should be poured out in vain!

130 Heaven. S. M.

There is a world above,
All beautiful and bright;
And those who love and serve the Lord,
Rise to that world of light.

There sin is known no more,
Nor tears, nor want nor care;
There good and happy beings dwell,
And all are holy there.

131

1. Lord, teach us how to pray, And give us hearts to ask ;

Or all we think, or do, or say, Will be a tire-some task.

Lord, Teach us how to Pray. S. M.

2

Thy Holy Spirit send,
Our bosoms to inspire ;
Then shall thy praise to thee ascend,
With pure and warm desire.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Present our prayers above :
And spread abroad o'er all thou see'st.
The mantle of thy love.

Teach us to find our bliss
In earnest, fervent prayer ;
For where we pray our Saviour is,
And bliss is only there.

132

Sunday Morning.

S. M.

How pleasant is the dawn
Of this delightful day ;
Now with our teachers, let us join
To read, and praise and pray.

And may the God of love
Their kind endeavors own,
That we and they may meet above
To sing before his throne.

Sweet Saviour ! hear our cry,
O grant us all thy grace :
And make us fit, while here below,
To dwell before thy face.

133 Thy Kingdom Come. S. M.

Lord, let thy kingdom come;
Let thy good Spirit find
A calm abode, a peaceful home,
A temple in our mind.

In us reveal thy laws,
And teach us all thy will;
That we, devoted to thy cause,
Thy pleasure may fulfil.

Let peace, and joy, and love,
Be fully, freely given,
And may our youthful hearts improve,
Till we are fit for heaven.

134 Opening a School. S. M.

Within these walls be peace,
Love through our borders found;
Here may our piety increase,
And God's rich grace abound!

God scorns not humble things;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.

May none who thus are taught,
From glory be cast down;
But all, thro' faith and patience, bro't
To an immortal crown,

135 Dismissal. S. M.

Once more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name,
Record his mercies every heart,
Sing every tongue the same.

Lord, may we love thy word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on to learn thy holy will,
And practice what we know.

136 Sunday Morning. S. M.

Lord, fix our wand'ring thoughts
Thy sacred word to hear,
With deep attention and with love,
With rev'rence and with fear.

Let us remember still
That God is present here:
And let our hearts be all engag'd
When we draw near in prayer.

And when the humble notes
Of praise our lips employ,
Give us to taste the sweet delight
Which saints in heaven enjoy.

O may thy sacred word
Sink deep in every breast,
And let us all by grace be brought
To Christ, the promised rest.

137 On Seeking God Early. S. M.

With humble heart and tongue,
Great God, to thee we pray;
O may we learn, while we are young,
To walk in wisdom's way.

Now, in our early days,
Teach us thyself to know;
O God, thy sanctifying grace,
Betimes, on us bestow.

Make our defenceless youth
The object of thy care;
Help us to choose the way of truth,
And flee from every snare.

O let thy word of grace
Our warmest thought employ,
Be this, through all our following days,
Our treasure and our joy.

138

1. The pi - - ty of the Lord To those that fear his name,

Is such as tender parents feel,— Is such as ten-der pa-rents feel,—

He knows our fee - ble frame.

Christ's Compassion.

S. M.

Our days are as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower,
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field
 It withers in an hour.

But thy compassions, Lord,
 To endless years endure;
 And children's children ever find
 Thy words of promise sure.

139 How Sweet to Bless the Lord. S. M.

How sweet to bless the Lord;
 And in his praises join,
 With saints his goodness to record,
 And sing his power divine.

These seasons of delight
 The dawn of glory seem,
 Like rays of pure celestial light,
 Which on our spirits beam.

O, blest assurance this;
 Bright morn of heavenly day;
 Sweet foretaste of eternal bliss,
 That cheers the pilgrim's way.

Thus may our joys increase,
 Our love more ardent glow;
 While rich supplies of Jesus' grace
 Refresh our souls below.

- 140** The Place of Praise. S. M.
- Come to the place of praise,
Ye who are happy now ;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.
- Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
Let not your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.
- Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all ;
Who see't the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call, —
- Up to thy dwelling place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.
-
- 141** Blessings Sought in Prayer. S. M.
- Behold the throne of grace !
The promise calls me near ;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love ;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
- Teach me to live by faith ;
Conform my will to thine ;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.
- If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
All worldly joys I'll cheerful leave,
And find my heaven in thee.
- 142** For a Rural Excursion. S. M.
- The freshly blooming flowers
To thee sweet offerings bear ;
And cheerful birds in shady bowers
Sing forth thy tender care.
- The fields on every side,
The trees on every hill,
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim thy wonders still.
- But trees, and fields and skies,
Still praise a God unknown ;
For gratitude and love can rise
From living hearts alone.
- These living hearts of ours
Thy holy name would bless ;
The blossoms of all nature's flowers
Would please our Father less.
-
- 143** Self-Dedication. S. M.
- Lord ! I would come to thee,
A sinner all defiled ;
O take the stain of guilt away,
And own me as thy child,
- I cannot live in sin
And feel a Saviour's love ;
Thy blood can make my spirit clean,
O write my name above !
-
- 144** Danger of Delay. S. M.
- All yesterday is gone ;
To-morrow's not our own ;
O sinner, come, without delay,
To bow before the throne.
- O, hear his voice to-day,
And harden not your heart ;
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
Pronounce the word — "Depart."

145

1. Is this the kind re - turn? Are these the thanks we owe?

Thus to a - buse e - ter - nal love, Whence all our blessings flow?

Ingratitude Deplored.

2

To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we!
And God as strangely kind.

Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of
And give us hearts of flesh. [stone,

Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

146 Danger of Neglect. S. M.

And can'st thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

But grace so dearly bought
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with sorrow fraught
Will fill thee with surprise.

147 Union and Peace. S. M.

Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled
Make their communion sweet. [vows,

From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

148 Prayer for the Spirit, S. M.

Blest comforter divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

Turn us with gentle voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

O fill thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

149 Resurrection and Judgment. S. M.

And am I born to die?
To lay his body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from the grave must rise,
And see the Judge with glory crowned.
And see the flaming skies.

Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That, when thou comest on thy throne
I may with joy appear.

150 Flight of Time. S. M.

Another day is past,
The hours forever fled,
And time is bearing us away
To mingle with the dead.

Our minds in perfect peace
Our Father's care shall keep;
We yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

151 Prayer for the World. S. M.

O God of sovereign grace,
We bow before thy throne,
And plead, for all the human race,
The merits of thy Son.

Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways,
And let all lands with joy record
The Great Redeemer's praise.

I. Not with our mor-tal eyes Have we be-held the Lord ;

Yet we rejoice to hear his name, Yet we rejoice to hear his name,

And love him in his word.

Christ Unseen, yet Beloved. S. M.

2

On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face ;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

And when we feel thy love,
Diviner joys arise ;
On wings of faith we soar above,
To mansions in the skies.

153 Office of Faith. S. M.

Faith is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed ;
It boasts a high, celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest ;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

To him it leads the soul,
When filled with deep distress,
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free,
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

154 Affliction Blessed. S. M.

How tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.

How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been.

A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide;
Forever be his name adored,
For there is none beside.

155 Blessedness of the Righteous. S. M.

The man is ever blest,
Who shuns the sinner's ways,
Among their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place, —

But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labors of the day,
And watches of the night.

He, like a tree, shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live
His works are heavenly fruit.

Not so th' ungodly race;
They no such blessings find:
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

156 Prayer for Self-Consecration. S. M.

O God, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hearest prayer.

O for a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly!

A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer!

157 The Kind Shepherd. S. M.

While my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to every fear;
My wants are all supplied.

To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

158 Blest are the Pure in Heart. S. M.

Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

159

1. When be - fore thy throne we kneel, Filled with awe and ho - ly fear,

Teach us, O our God, to feel All thy sa - cred presence near.

Worship.

2

7s.

Check each proud and wandering tho't
 When on thy great name we call,
 Man is naught, is less than naught,
 Thou, O God, art all in all.

Weak, imperfect creatures, we
 In this vale of darkness dwell,
 Yet presume to look at thee,
 Midst thy light ineffable.

O receive the praise that dares
 Seek thy heaven-exalted throne;
 Bless our offerings, hear our prayers,
 Infinite and Holy One.

160 Prayer for Strength.

7s.

Son of God, thy blessing grant,
 Still supply my every want;
 Tree of life, thine influence shed,
 With thy fruit my spirit feed.

Tenderest branch, alas, am I;
 Without thee I droop and die;
 Weaker than a bruised reed,
 Help I every moment need.

All my hopes on thee depend;
 Love me, save me, to the end!
 Give me thy supporting grace,
 Take the everlasting praise.

161 The Sabbath.

Let the Sabbath day be blest,
Day of joy and day of rest,
Songs of praise ascend on high,
Hallelujahs fill the sky.

Let the Sabbath day be blest,
Day of joy and day of rest ;
Humble prayer to God ascend,
God our Father and our Friend.

Let the Sabbath day be blest,
Day of joy and day of rest ;
Gladly may we hear his word,
Gladly learn the way to God.

Let the Sabbath day be blest,
Day of joy and day of rest ;
Precious day to mortals given,
Emblem of the rest of heaven.

162 Infant School Hymn.

Jesus, see a little child
Humbly at thy footstool stay ;
Thou who art so meek and mild
Stoop, and teach me what to say.

Though thou art so great and high,
Thou dost view with smiling face,
Little children when they cry,
"Saviour! guide us by thy grace."

Show me what I ought to be,
Make me every evil shun ;
Thee in all things may I see,
In thy holy footsteps run.

Jesus! all my sins forgive,
Make me lowly, pure in heart,
For thy glory may I live,
Then be with thee where thou art.

7s. **163** Christ's Love to Children. 7s.

Saviour! didst thou die for me,
Die for one so poor and mean ?
Let me look by faith to thee,
Love thee, trust thee, though unseen.

Though the world may turn aside,
Spurning one so poor as I ;
Christ, the Lord, was crucified,
He for me came down to die.

On the lowly, contrite heart,
If the Lord in love look down,
And to me his smiles impart,
I need fear no other frown.

164 Death of a Child. 7s.

Mourn ye not whose child hath found
Purer skies and holier ground ;
Flowers of bright and pleasant hue,
Free from thorns and fresh with dew.

7s. Mourn not ye, whose child hath fled
From this region of the dead,
To yon winged angel band,
To a better, fairer land.

Knowledge in that clime doth grow
Free from weeds of toil and woe ;
Joys which mortals may not share ;—
Mourn ye not, your child is there.

165 For Morning and Evening. 7s.

Gracious God! to thee I pray,
Give me grace to pray aright ;
Guide and bless me every day,
And defend me every night.

Let thy mercy, while I live,
Every needful want supply ;
And thy blissful presence give,
To support me when I die.

166

1. Lord, be-fore thy presence come, Bow we down with ho-ly fear;

Call our er-ring foot-steps home, Let us feel that thou art near.

Prayer and Praise.

2

7s.

Wand'ring thoughts and languid powers,
Come not where devotion kneels;
Let the soul expend her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.

Jesus, hear our humble prayer:
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

At the portals of thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares;
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

167

Supplication.

7s.

Suppliant, lo! thy children bend,
Father, for thy blessings now;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend!
We are weak, almighty thou.

With the peace thy word imparts,
Be the taught and teachers blest;
In our lives and in our hearts,
Father be thy laws impressed.

Shed abroad in every mind
Light and pardon from above,
Charity for all our kind,
Trusting faith and holy love.

168 Who Shall Dwell in Heaven. 7s.
 Who, O Lord, when life is o'er,
 Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar;
 Who an ever-welcome guest,
 In thy holy place shall rest?

He, whose heart thy love has warmed;
 He, whose will to thine conformed,
 Bids his life unsullied run;
 He whose words and thoughts are one.

He, who shuns the sinner's road.
 Loving those who love their God;
 Who, with hope and faith unfeigned
 Treads the path by thee ordained;

He, who trusts in Christ alone,
 Not in aught himself hath done:
 He, great God, shall be thy care,
 And thy choicest blessing share.

169 Sabbath Worship. 7s.
 Soft and holy is the place [heav'n,
 Where the light that beams from
 Shows the Saviour's smiling face,
 With the joy of sin forgiven.

Here with one accord we meet,
 All the words of life to hear,
 Bending low at Jesus' feet,
 Worshiping with godly fear.

Let the world and all its cares
 Now retire from every breast;
 Let the tempter and his snares
 Cease to hinder or molest.

Precious Sabbath of the Lord,
 Fairest type of heaven above,
 Purest joys thy scenes afford
 To the heart attuned to love.

170 Suffer us to Come. 7s.
 Lord, before thy throne we stand,
 Once again thy children see,
 Smile upon this youthful band,
 Suffer us to come to thee.

Whither else should children go,
 Weak and impotent as we?
 Thou hast all things to bestow,
 Suffer us to come to thee,

While we here have life and breath,
 This our constant prayer should be,
 This our latest sigh in death,
 Suffer us to come to thee.

171 A Morning Prayer. 7s.
 Now the shades of night are gone;
 Now is passed the early dawn;
 Lord, we would be thine to day;
 Drive the shades of sin away.

Make our souls as noonday clear;
 Banish every doubt and fear:
 In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,
 We would labor, we would pray.

When our work of life is past,
 O, receive us all at last:
 Labor then will all be o'er;
 Sin's dark night will be no more.

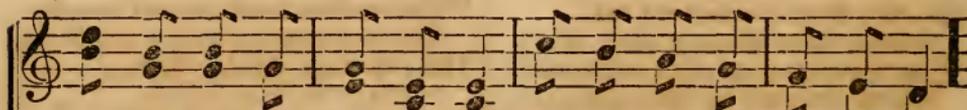
172 Communion with God. 7s.
 Softly now the light of day
 Fades upon our sight away;
 Free from care, from labor free,
 Lord we would commune with thee.

Soon for us the light of day,
 Shall forever pass away;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

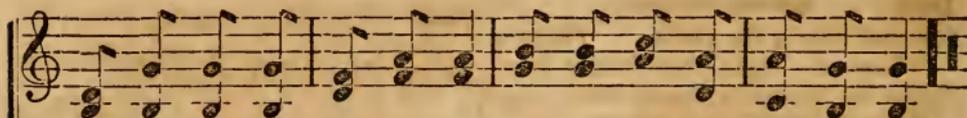
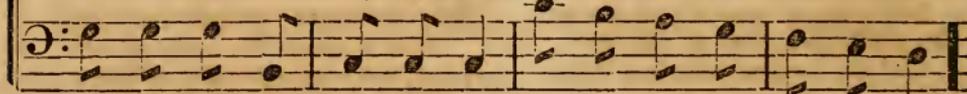
173



1. In a si-lent curtain'd room, Wrapt we stood in grief and gloom, }
 While the struggling sunbeams shed Faint light on the dy-ing bed, }



Where our gray-haired fa-ther lay, Faint with life's last fad-ing ray :



Kind each trembling lip he pressed, Fervent each dear child he bless'd.



The Father's Death.

7s.)

2

Wild with grief, each bosom swell'd,
 While each little hand he held ;
 Told us that if Christ we love,
 We should meet again above ;
 And our sorrow strove to calm,
 With a sweet and heav'nly balm ;
 While above his pain he smil'd,
 Holy, pure, and angel mild.

Then around the bed we knelt,
 While an higher power we felt,
 Hov'ring on the breathless air,
 As he prayed a trustful prayer ;
 Thus with quiet saint-like faith,
 Pass'd away our father's breath,
 As at close of summer's day,
 Fades the sunset's latest ray.

174 Example of Christ.

Jesus, when a little child,
 Taught us what we ought to be ;
 Holy, harmless, undefiled,
 Was the Saviour's infancy.
 And the Father's glory shone,
 In the person of his Son.

As in age and strength he grew,
 Heavenly wisdom filled his breast ;
 Crowds attentive round him drew,
 Wondering at their infant guest ;
 Gazed upon his beaming face,
 Saw him full of truth and grace.

Father, guide our steps aright,
 In the way that Jesus trod ;
 May it be our chief delight
 To obey thy will, O God !
 Then to us shall soon be given
 Endless bliss with Christ in heaven.

175 Summer Evening.

See the glowing sunlight now
 Tinge the mountain's misty brow,
 Over field and meadow bright,
 Spread a flood of golden light,
 Gild the lowly cottage pane,
 And the steeple's giddy vane.

Sweet is summer's evening hour ;
 Soothing is its magic power ;
 Gentle whispers seem to say
 "Life is but a summer's day ;"
 And its close, if spent aright,
 Tranquil as a summer's night.

7s. **176** The Sabbath in the Sanctuary. 7s.

Safely through another week
 God has brought us on our way ;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day,—
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

While we seek supplies of grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciling face,
 Take away our sin and shame ;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest, this day, in thee.

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

177 Acceptable Offerings. 7s.

Lord, what offerings shall we bring,
 At thine altars when we bow ?
 Hearts the pure unsullied spring,
 Whence the kind affections flow ;
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye expressed ;
 Sympathy, at whose control
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.

Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Heal the wounded, feed the poor ;
 Love, embracing all our kind ;
 Charity with liberal store :
 Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
 Thus to show our grateful mind,
 Thus th' accepted offering bring,—
 Love to thee and all mankind.

178

1. Young and happy while thou art, Not a fur-row on thy brow,

Not a sor-row in thy heart, Seek the Lord, thy Maker, now.

Early Piety.

2

In its freshness bring the flower,
While the dew upon it lies,
In the cool and cloudless hour
Of the morning sacrifice.

As the first-fruits of the year
Should be offered to the Lord,
So the first-fruits of the heart
On his altar should be poured.

Thus the blessing from above
On life's harvest shall be given;
Sown in tears, perhaps, on earth,
Reaped in joyfulness in heaven.

7s.

179

Thanks to God.

7s.

Thank to thee, before we part,
Father, rise from every heart,
For the blessed Sabbath, given
To prepare our souls for heaven.

Give the teaching of this hour
O'er our lives a guiding power;
Deep impress thy saving truth
On the wavering heart of youth.

Guide and Guardian be to each,
Till that safer home we reach,
Where — sweet Sabbaths never o'er —
We shall meet and part no more.

180 God Everywhere. 7s.
 In the stars that shine so bright,
 In the moon we see above,
 In the sun that gives us light,
 In the worlds that round him move ;

In the ocean, in the seas,
 In the dry and fruitful land,
 In the green and lofty trees,
 In the wind that makes them bend ;

In the flowers that smell so sweet,
 In the garden where they grow,
 In the house and in the street,
 Wheresoever we may go ;

In the chamber where we sleep,
 By the bed, to hear our prayer ;
 God will all his children keep,
 God is here and every where.

181 The Bible. 7s.
 Holy Bible ! book divine !
 Precious treasure ! thou art mine !
 Mine to tell me whence I came ;
 Mine to teach me what I am ;

Mine to chide me when I rove ;
 Mine to show a Father's love ;
 Mine to guide my doubtful feet ;
 Mine to judge, condemn, acquit ;

Mine to comfort in distress ;
 Mine to cheer, sustain, and bless ;
 Mine to show by living faith
 Man can triumph over death ;

Mine to tell of joys to come ;
 Mine to lead the spirit home :
 O thou precious book divine !
 Holy Bible ! thou art mine.

182 God's Goodness. 7s.
 Children, can you tell us why
 You should love the God on high ?
 Teachers, yes ; the God above
 Is our Father ; God is love.

Children, have you learned to know
 What return to God you owe ?
 Teachers, we our hearts must give,
 Love, obey him, while we live.

Children, if you do his will,
 May you trust his mercy still ?
 Teachers, boundless is his grace,
 If we early seek his face.

Children, ask his mercy now.
 Teachers with us humbly bow.
All, { Father ! in thy love divine,
 { Make us all forever thine.

183 Praise to the Saviour. 7s.
 Let us sing, with one accord,
 Praise to the eternal Lord ;
 He is worthy whom we praise,
 Hearts and voices let us raise.

He hath made us by his power,
 He hath kept us to this hour,
 He redeems us from the grave,
 Lives to bless who died to save.

Angels praise him, so will we,
 Sinful children though we be ;
 Poor and weak, well sing the more,
 Jesus loves the weak and poor.

Dear to him is youthful prayer :
 Humble hearts to him are dear ;
 Heart and voice, let all be given,
 All will find its way to heaven.

1. God is love; his mer - - cy brightens All the path in
 2. Death and change are bu - - sy ev - er; Man de-cays and

which we rove; Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens: God is
 a - - ges move; But his mer - cy wan-eth nev-er: God is

wisdom, God is love.
 wisdom, God is love.

God is Love.

8s & 7s.

2
 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will his changeless goodness prove;
 From the mist his brightness streameth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
 He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above;
 Everywhere his glory shineth:
 God is wisdom, God is love.

185 The Fount of Blessing. 8s & 7s.

Far from mortal cares retreating,
 Sordid hopes, and vain desires,
 Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
 Every heart to heaven aspires.

From the fount of glory beaming,
 Light celestial cheers our eyes,
 Mercy from above proclaiming
 Peace and pardon from the skies.

Who may share this great salvation?
 Every pure and humble mind,
 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
 From the stains of guilt refined.

Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds his care from none,
 Grace and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountain of his throne.

186 Following Christ. 8s & 7s.

Humble souls, who seek salvation
 Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
 Hear the voice of revelation ;
 Tread the path that Jesus trod.

Hear the blest Redeemer call you ;
 Listen to his heavenly voice ;
 Dread no ills that can befall you,
 While you make his ways your choice.

Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
 Follow him without delay,
 Gladly his command embracing ;
 Lo! your Captain leads the way.

187 Confidence in God. 8s & 7s.

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing
 Ere repose our spirits seal ;
 Sin and want we come confessing ;
 Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrows past us fly,
 Angel guards from thee surround us ;
 We are safe, if thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from thee ;
 Thou art he who, never weary,
 Watches where thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And command us to the tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

188 Prayer for a Blessing. 8s & 7s.

May the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above.

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

189 Prayer of the Universe. 8s & 7s.

This hymn may be sung to "Avon," by omitting the slurs, and singing the small notes.

Humbly we gather,
 Lord, in thy temple,
 Hear us, O Father,
 Hear us, we pray !

God of Creation,
 Lord of salvation,
 In all temptation,
 Be thou our stay,

May we with meekness,
 Make our petition !
 Aid Thou our weakness !
 Grant us thy might !
 Calming each terror,
 Say to the spirits
 Darkness and error,
 Let there be light !

Lamb of the manger,
 In all our striving,
 Through every danger,
 Grant us thy peace !
 Not for our merit,
 But for thy mercy,
 Grant that thy spirit
 In us increase.

1. Je - sus Christ, my Lord and Sav - iour, Once be - came a
 2. If my feel - ings are not ho - ly, Pride and pas - sion

child like me! O, that in my whole be - ha - viour,
 dwell with - in; But the Lord was meek and low - ly,

He my pat - tern still may be.
 And was nev - er known to sin.

Example of Christ.

8s & 7s.

While I'm often vainly trying
 Some new pleasure to possess, —
 He was always self denying,
 Patient in his worst distress.

Lord, assist a feeble creature,
 Guide me by thy word of truth;
 Condescend to be my teacher
 Through my childhood and my youth.

191 Christ's Care of Children. 8s & 7s.

Saviour, who thy flock art feeding
 With the shepherd's kindest care,
 All the feeble gently leading,
 While the lambs thy bosom share;

Now, these little ones receiving,
 Fold them in thy gracious arm;
 There, we know, — thy word believing,
 Only there secure from harm.

Never from thy pasture roving,
 Let them be the lion's prey;
 Let thy tenderness so loving,
 Keep them all life's dangerous way.

Then, within thy fold eternal,
 Let them find a resting place;
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of thy grace.

192 Death of a Pupil. 8s & 7s.

One sweet flower has drooped and faded,
 One sweet infant voice has fled,
 One fair brow the grave has shaded,
 One dear schoolmate now is dead.

But we feel no thought of sadness,
 For our friend is happy now ;
 She has knelt in soul-felt gladness,
 Where the blessed angels bow.

She has gone to heaven before us,
 But she turns and waves her hand,
 Pointing to the glories o'er us,
 In that happy spirit land,

May our footsteps never falter
 In the path that she has trod ;
 May we worship at the altar
 Of the great and living God.

Lord, may angels watch above us,
 Keep us all from error free —
 May they guard, and guide, and love
 Till, like her, we go to Thee. [us,

193 Mercies Acknowledged. 8s & 7s.

Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious measure,
 Sung by raptured saints above ;
 Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
 While I sing redeeming love.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God ;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

[5]

194 Death of a Young Female. 8s & 7s.

Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
 Gentle as the summer breeze,
 Pleasant as the air of evening,
 When it floats among the trees.

Peaceful be thy silent slumber —
 Peaceful in the grave so low :
 Thou no more wilt join the number ;
 Thou no more our songs shalt know.

Dearest sister, thou hast left us ;
 Here thy loss we deeply feel ;
 But 'tis God that hath bereft us :
 He can all our sorrows heal.

Yet again we hope to meet thee,
 When the day of life is fled,
 Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
 Where no farewell tear is shed.

195 Prayer for Light. 8s & 7s

Light of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come, and, by thyself revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath.

Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise,
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring day upon our eyes.

Still we wait for thy appearing ;
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor benighted heart.

By thine all-atoning merit
 Every burdened soul release ;
 By the teachings of thy spirit
 Guide us into perfect peace.

196

1. Ho - ly Saviour! thou hast told us, When we meet to hear of thee,

With thy love thou wilt be-hold us, And a - mongst us thou wilt be.

Prayer to the Saviour. 8s & 7s.

2

Lord of hosts! to seek thy blessing,
We are gathered here to-day;
Help us, all our sins confessing,
Saviour, teach thy flock to pray.

May the words we hear, direct us
How to learn and do thy will;
May thy Spirit's aid protect us,
And with faith our bosoms fill.

And when death dissolves the union,
Which to us on earth is given,
May we spend in blest communion
Endless Sabbath days in heaven.

197

Morning Hymn. 8s & 7s.

When the morning bells are ringing
To our school-room we repair,
Where our voices join in singing,
And our hearts unite in prayer.

Let us all with firm endeavor,
In our duties now engage;
We shall gain our Father's favor,
Bending o'er his sacred page.

There the lessons he has taught us,
Will our hearts and minds improve,
And the blessings he has brought us
Wake a strong and filial love.

198 For a Rural Excursion. 8s & 7s.

Here we meet with joy together,
 'Neath the shade of leafy trees,
 While the branches make sweet music
 Rustling in the summer breeze.

Filled with love each heart rejoices,
 Breathing forth the secret prayer;
 While young children's sweet-toned
 Float upon the balmy air. [voices,

Hour of gladness, scene of beauty!
 Radiant all around, above;
 Speaking to the soul of duty,
 Hope and faith and heavenly love.

Day of happiness and pleasure,
 Ne'er wilt thou forgotten be!
 But 'mid memory's choicest treasure,
 We will guard and cherish thee.

199 Praise the Lord. 8s & 7s.

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.

Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
 Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
 Laws, which never can be broken,
 For their guidance he hath made.

Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
 Never shall his promise fail;
 God hath made his saints victorious;
 Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation;
 Hosts on high his power proclaim;
 Heaven and earth and all creation,
 Praise and magnify his name.

200 God of our Salvation. 8s & 7s.

Praise to thee, thou great Creator;
 Praise be thine from every tongue:
 Join, my soul, with every creature,
 Join the universal song.

Father, source of all compassion,
 Free, unbounded grace is thine:
 Hail, the God of our salvation;
 Praise him for his love divine.

For ten thousand blessings given,
 For the hope of future joy, [heaven;
 Sound his praise through earth and
 Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

201 The Song of Angels. 8s & 7s.

Hark! what means those lofty voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies?
 Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Hear them tell the wondrous story;
 Hear them chant, in hymns of joy,
 "Glory in the highest—glory!
 Glory be to God most high!

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

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

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

1. Father, hear the songs we raise thee, Swelling from our youthful band;
2. Long thine arm has been around us, To pro - tect and to de - fend;

Here with grate-ful hearts to praise thee, Pouring forth our song we stand;
Let thy pow - er still sur-round us, Still thy shield a - bove us bend,

While we praise thee, While we praise thee, With glad tones and voices bland.
While to praise thee, While to praise thee, Shall our hearts and voices blend.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O, refresh us
Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

204 Gently Lead Us. 8s, 7s & 4.

Gently Lord, O gently lead us,
 Thro' this lowly vale of tears ;
 And, O Lord, in mercy give us
 Thy rich grace in all our fears.
 O refresh us,
 O refresh us,
 O refresh us with thy grace.

Though ten thousand ills beset us
 From without and from within,
 Jesus says he'll ne'er forget us,
 But will save from every sin,
 Therefore praise him,
 Therefore praise him,
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.

O that I could now adore him,
 Like the heavenly host above,
 Who forever bow before him,
 And unceasing sing his love.
 Happy songsters,
 Happy songsters,
 When shall I your chorus join.

205 Prayer for Light. 8s, 7s & 4.

Light of those whose dreary dwelling,
 Borders on the shades of death !
 Rise on us, thyself revealing,
 Rise and chase the clouds beneath ;
 Rise upon us, —
 Chase the mists of sin away.

Save us, in thy great compassion,
 O thou God of grace and love,
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Fix our hearts on things above.
 Give us knowledge
 That will lead us all to thee.

206 Children Exhorted. 8s, 7s & 4.

Children, hear the melting story
 Of the Lamb that once was slain ;
 'Tis the Lord of life and glory :
 Shall he plead with you in vain ?
 O, receive him,
 And salvation now obtain.

Yield no more to sin and folly,
 So displeasing in his sight ;
 Jesus loves the pure and holy ;
 They alone are his delight ;
 Seek his favor,
 And your hearts to him unite.

All your sins to him confessing,
 Who is ready to forgive,
 Seek the Saviour's richest blessing ;
 On his precious name believe :
 He is waiting ;
 Will you not his grace receive ?

207 Departure of Missionaries. 8s, 7s & 4.

Men of God, go, take your stations ;
 Darkness reigns throughout the earth ;
 Go, proclaim among the nations
 Joyful news of heavenly birth ;
 Bear the tidings
 Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

When exposed to fearful dangers,
 Jesus will his own defend ;
 Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
 Jesus will appear your Friend ;
 And his presence
 Shall be with you to the end.

208

1. Our Fa - ther, bless this hour, In - spire us with the power To
2. Our Sa - viour's word in - vites; His life and love delights Our

wor - ship Thee. Thee would we make our choice, Raise our u -
no - blest thought. May we his in - age bear, The Christian

nit - ed voice, Which makes our souls re - jice In har - mo - ny.
ar - mor wear, His cross and tri - als share, Which glo - ry brought.

Our Father, Bless this Hour. 6s & 4s.

3
Come, blessed Spirit, come,
And make our heavenly home
Our strong desire.
May every waiting soul,
Each worldly thought control,
And reach earth's highest goal,
Then "go up higher."

In faith may we increase,
In gratitude and peace,
In love to Thee.
While ages shall endure,
Our spirits grow more pure,
And happiness secure,
Eternally.

209 Commencing Hymn. 6s & 4s

Come, thou Almighty King!
 Help us thy name to sing!
 Help us to praise!
 Father, all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of days!

Come, thou all-gracious Lord!
 By heaven and earth adored,
 Our prayer attend!
 Come, and thy children bless;
 Give thy good word success;
 Make thine own holiness
 On us descend.

Never from us depart;
 Rule thou in every heart,
 Hence, evermore!
 Thy sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

210 Rural Celebration. 6s & 4s.

Our Father, nature's God!
 At whose controlling nod,
 These hills arose:—
 These groves and valleys fair,
 Each breeze of fragrant air,
 These buds and flowers so rare,
 Thy love disclose.

We came to taste that love,
 Which flows from thee above,
 On all around:—

Our spirits full of glee,
 Panting for liberty,
 Seeking in scenes so free
 The joy we've found.

Aid us, great God! to be
 True to ourselves and thee,
 Where'er we go;—
 And on whatever page
 We read from youth to age,
 Let us with zeal engage,
 Thy will to know.

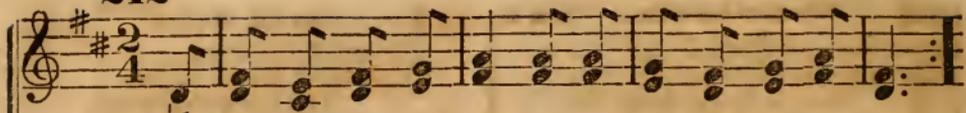
And when the fields of heaven
 Are to the faithful given,
 In joy to roam:—
 O then the blissful throng,
 May we be found among,
 Raising the grateful song
 Of praise — at home.

211 Sabbath Worship. 6s & 4s.

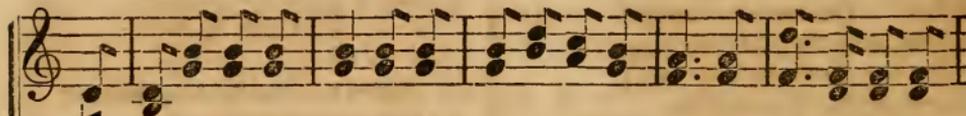
O thou all-gracious Lord,
 By heaven and earth adored,
 Our prayer attend!
 Hear, and thy children bless,
 Give thy good word success,
 Make thine own holiness
 On us descend.

Thy truth and grace impart,
 Rule thou in every heart,
 Hence, evermore!
 In meek humility
 May we now worship thee,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

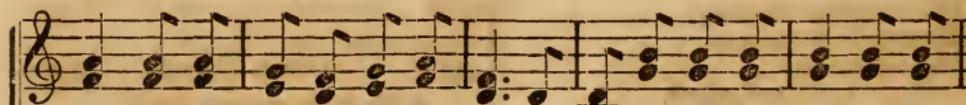
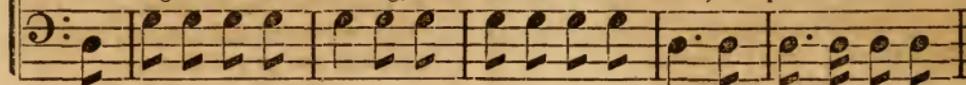
212



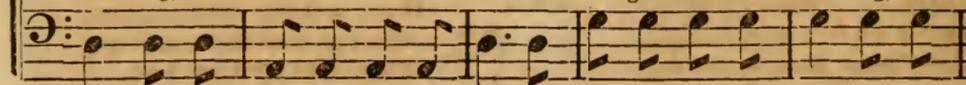
1. That mu - sic sweet and low - ly, It breaks up - on my ear,
Like voice of ser - a - phs ho - ly, "Dost hear it, moth - er dear?"
2. That mu - sic sweet and low - ly, My gen - tle dy - ing boy,
It is the whis - pers ho - ly, From the bright world of joy!



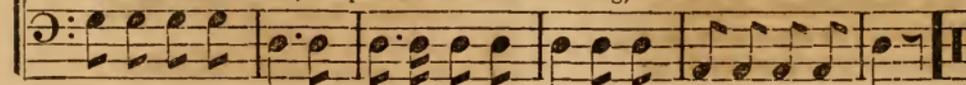
List to its tones of glad - ness, It is the voice of love! I leave this world of
The angels now are bend - ing, To welcome thee a - bove; To pleasures nev - er



sad - ness, To join the choir a - bove! List to its tones of gladness, It
end - ing, A - round the throne of love! The an - gels now are bend - ing, To



is the voice of love! I leave this world of sadness, To join the choir a - bove.
welcome thee a - bove; To pleasures nev - er end - ing, Around the throne of love



* Lines on the death of a child whose last words were — "What is that music, dear mother?"

The Angels' Greeting.

7s & 6s. **214**

Sabbath Worship.

7s & 6s.

3

That music sweet and lowly, —
 'Tis Jesus bids thee come,
 To join the spirits holy,
 In thy eternal home!
 Go, dwell in yon bright heaven,
 And with thy Saviour be —
 O God! to thee is given
 The child thou gav'st to me!

213 Pray without Ceasing.

7s & 6s.

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

Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee;
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be;
 Then for thyself, in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim,
 And blend with each petition
 Thy great Redeemer's name.

O, not a joy or blessing
 With this can we compare —
 The grace our Father gave us,
 To pour our souls in prayer:
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Before his footstool fall;
 Remember, in thy gladness,
 His love who gave thee all.

Assembled in the morning
 At this our Sunday School,
 We would, our faith adorning,
 Observe this sacred rule:
 That, as God is a spirit,
 Our spirits should adore;
 That we may now inherit
 The blessing we implore.

Preserve us from temptation,
 From idle words and play;
 And let thine approbation
 Attend us through the day:
 O, like the blessed Saviour,
 May we obey thy truth,
 And thus grow up in favor
 With God and man from youth!

215 Remember thy Creator. 7s & 6s.

“Remember thy Creator”
 While youth's fair spring is bright,
 Before thy cares are greater,
 Before comes age's night;
 While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
 While stars the darkness cheer,
 While life is all before thee,
 Thy great Creator fear.

“Remember thy Creator”
 Ere life resigns its trust,
 Ere sinks dissolving nature,
 And dust returns to dust;
 Before with God, who gave it,
 The spirit shall appear:
 He cries, who died to save it,
 “Thy great Creator fear.”

216

DUET.

Poetry by J. E. A. Smith, Esq.

1. Come seek the Sav-iour ear-ly, While e - vil days come not, With
2. Let now thy voice ascending In hum-ble prayer be heard, Re -

CHORUS.

him in faith a - bid-ing, Cast in thy part and lot. Oh! come while joy, the
ceive with youthful gladness The pure eternal WORD! Oh! come while life is

brightest Thy youth-ful vis-ion greets; Oh! come while, bounding lightest, Thy
glowing With strength and hope and truth, While feeling's fount is flowing With

heart with pleas-ure beats!
pu - ri - ty and truth!

Early Piety. 7s & 6s.
3
While youth and health are strongest
Come, consecrate to Heaven
The powers that, for His glory,
Thy Maker, God, hath given;
O, strive, while life is blooming,
To find the narrow way,
Ere age thy years consuming,
Thy strength shall waste away

217 Life Rapidly Passing Away. 7s & 6s.

As flows the rapid river,
 With channel broad and free,
 Its waters rippling ever,
 And hastening to the sea,
 So life is onward flowing,
 And days of offered peace,
 And man is swiftly going
 Where calls of mercy cease.

As moons are ever waning,
 As hastes the sun away,
 As stormy winds, complaining,
 Bring on the wintry day,
 So fast the night comes o'er us —
 The darkness of the grave ;
 And death is just before us :
 God takes the life he gave.

Say, hath thy heart its treasure
 Laid up in worlds above ?
 And is it all thy pleasure
 Thy God to praise and love ?
 Beware, lest death's dark river
 Its billows o'er thee roll,
 And thou lament forever
 The ruin of thy soul.

218

Autumn.

7s. & 6s.

The leaves around me falling,
 Are preaching of decay ;
 The hollow winds are calling,
 " Come, pilgrim, come away : "
 The day, in night declining,
 Says I must, too, decline ;
 The year its bloom resigning,
 Its lot foreshadows mine.

The light my path surrounding,
 The loves to which I cling,
 The hopes within me bounding,
 The joys that round me wing, —
 All, all, like stars at even,
 Just gleam and shoot away,
 Pass on before to heaven,
 And chide at my delay.

I hear the invitation,
 And fain would rise and come,
 A sinner, to salvation,
 An exile, to his home ;
 But, while I here must linger,
 Thus, thus, let all I see
 Point on, with faithful finger,
 To heaven, O Lord, and thee.

219 Praise to the Saviour. 7s & 6s.

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

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

220

1. My fa - ther, my moth - er, I know I can - not your

kind - ness re - pay; But I hope, that, as old - er I grow, I shall

learn your commands to o - bey.

Obedience.

8s.

You loved me before I could tell,
Who it was that so tenderly smiled;
But now that I know it so well,
I should be a dutiful child.

But, for fear that I ever should dare
From all your commands to depart,
Whenever I utter a prayer,
I'll ask for a dutiful heart.

221

Prayer for Guidance.

8s.

When laden and weary with sin,
In darkness and error I stray,
O Lord, be my strength and my guide,
And teach me that Thou art the way!

O Lord, in thy garden below,
When drooping and barren I pine,
O teach me, reviving to know,
Thy cross is the Root and the Vine!

When prostrate and wounded I lie
O'ercome by the world in the strife,
O Lord! be my help or I die,
I know that Thy grace is the life!

J. E. A. S.

222

1. I would not live alway; I ask not to stay, Where storm after

storm ris - es dark o'er the way; I would not live al-way; no,

welcome the tomb; Since Je - sus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom.

2

Who, who would live always, away from his God,
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the life of the Soul!

Poetry by R. W. Bayley, Esq.

1. 'Tis pleas-ant our brothers and sis-ters to meet, In kind friendly
Where smiles of af-fec-tion, and hearts tender love, Gush forth in their
Mid cares of the school-room, the noise and the hum, Where children and

Fine.

greetings, where home is so sweet ;
sweetness, like in-cen-se a-bove. } 'Tis pleas-ant to meet where our
Teach-ers to - geth-er have come.

D. C.

knowledge is gain'd, Our tal - ents improved, and in-struc-tion ob-tained.

2

'Tis pleasant to gather, in our Sunday School class,
The happiest hour in the week that we pass ;
For there we are taken by the hand of a friend,
Who leads to instruction that never will end.
On this blest occasion, where once in a year,
The day of our school-birth we celebrate here ;
We meet with true pleasure, united to raise
The song of thanksgiving, of prayer and of praise.

224

Poetry by J. E. A. Smith, Esq.

1. While grate-ful-ly telling, Oh, Sav-iour, thy praise; Our
 2. Thy mer-cy imploring Thy love we con-fess; Thy

mel-o-dies swelling To heaven we raise Thou hearest the songster The
 kindness a-dor-ing Thy goodness we bless; Thou lovest the fragrance, The

humblest that flies; The praise of our voices Thou wilt not despise!
 vi-o-o-lets fling, Re-ject not the incense Of song that we bring!

225

The Lord's Prayer.

11s.

Our Father in heaven,
 We hallow thy name!
 May thy kingdom holy
 On earth be the same!
 O, give to us daily
 Our portion of bread;
 It is from thy bounty
 That all must be fed.

Forgive our transgressions,
 And teach us to know
 That humble compassion
 That pardons each foe;
 Keep us from temptation,
 From weakness and sin,
 And thine be the glory,
 Forever, Amen.

1. While the heart for truth is beam-ing, Hith-er we our feet are turn - ing,
2. But we come to thee ap - peal-ing, All our wants and hopes re-veal - ing —

Here that liv-ing bread to find, Which shall feed the crav - ing mind.
Teachers! as by Je - sus giv'n, Feed our souls with bread from heav'n.

Not that bread the Prophet call - - ing, Nightly for his peo - ple fall - ing;
As thy words are o'er us steal - - ing, Touch our deepest springs of feel - ing,

No, for that was earth's sup - ply— Those who ate were left to die.
Give, O give us Heav'n's sup - ply, Eat-ing which we ne'er can die.

"Our Father, in temptation."

81

227

Poetry by J. E. A. Smith, Esq.



1. Our Father, in temp-tation Thy sure defence we claim, In
2. Be still, each mur-mur chiding The High and Ho-ly One, In



every hour and station, From aught thy name profaning, May we, in thought ab-
childlike faith abiding Be this, each wish attending Our prayer to Heaven as-



staining, Still hallow'd keep thy name.
cending "My God thy will be done!"



Our Father, in Temptation.

3

When pain or want invade us
To Thee our prayer we raise,
Thou, God, alone canst aid us!
When joy our life is crowning,
O God, thy goodness owning
To Thee we bring our praise.

[6]

228

The Voice of God.

While, in the Temple sleeping,
The child of sacred fame
His midnight rest was keeping,
He heard, from slumber waking,
The solemn silence breaking,
Jehovah call his name.

And while his soul was thrilling,
With deep and holy fears,
Before his Maker kneeling,
Amid the night surrounding,
His voice was heard resounding,

"Speak Lord, thy servant hears!"

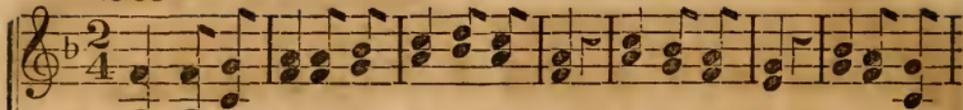
Within the Temple Holy
Our youthful band appears:
May we in accents lowly,
With bosoms humbly beating,
Be heard that prayer repeating,

"Speak Lord, thy servant hears!"

THE SAVIOUR'S TOMB.

Poetry by J. E. A. Smith, Esq.

229



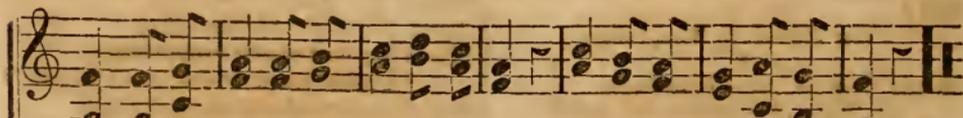
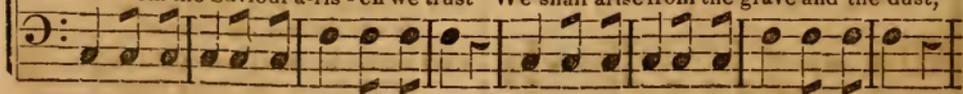
1. Dark was the night when the Saviour was laid Low in the tomb, Low in the
 2. Bright was the morn, when the Saviour arose, Rose from the tomb, Rose from the



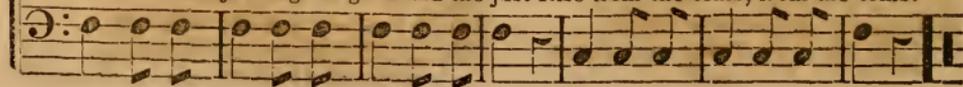
tomb, Sad were the mourners that doubtingly prayed There by his tomb, by his tomb,
 tomb, Bright is the glo - ry it cheeringly throws Now o'er the tomb, o'er the tomb,



Fast fell the tears that they bitterly shed, Few were the words of despair that they said,
 Now with the Saviour a-ris - en we trust We shall arise from the grave and the dust,



There while they laid him at rest with the dead Low in the tomb, in the tomb.
 When with re - joic-ing the good and the just Rise from the tomb, from the tomb.



THE SABBATH BELL.

83

230

Poetry by P. H. Sweetser.

1. O how sweet-ly the Sabbath bell Resounds thro' the air, As it
 2. O how sweet-ly the Sabbath bell Resounds thro' the air; As it

calleth from hill and dell, To praises and prayer. Friends and kindred dear,
 calleth from hill and dell, To praises and prayer. To the tem-ple go,

Who the house of God revere, Filled with ho-ly fear, Go wor-ship there!
 Rich and poor, and high and low; There rich blessings flow For hearts sincere!

231

The Happy Land.

There is peace in the happy land
 That's far, far away,
 Where the saints in their glory stand
 In happy array.
 There they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Saviour King
 Loud his praises ring
 Gladly for aye!

There is joy in that happy land
 That fades not nor dies,
 And the love of that happy band
 Nor changes, nor dies,
 When that land we see
 Then from sin and sorrow free
 Shall we happily,
 Life in the skies!

232

1. O come, let us sing! Our youthful hearts now swelling To God above, a

God of love, O come let us sing! Our joyful spirits glad and free, With

high e-motions rise to thee, In heavenly Melody, O come, let us sing!

2.

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

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

"Father, at the dawning."

85

233

Poetry by Dr. G. O. Stearns.

1. Father, at the dawn-ing Of this sa-cred morn-ing,

We ac-knowl-edge thee; May a fa-ther's bless-ing

Rest on us, con-fess-ing Here on bend-ed knee.

May no evil feeling
Secretly be stealing
Love and truth away;
While true love we cherish
Angry passions perish,
Falsehood will not stay.

May we, meek and lowly,
Keep this Sabbath holy,
Holy to the Lord;
While our hearts are burning
Ever to be learning
Thine eternal word.

"Our Father and Friend."

Poetry by P. H. Sweetser.

231

1. Our Fa - ther and our Friend, Thee we a - dore! Be - fore thy
2. Hope, Faith, and Char - i - ty, Be these our light; And may we

throne we bend, Thy grace im - plore. Thy spirit Lord, impart, Reign thou in
earnest be, For truth and right. Let love our souls impel, In vir - tue

eve - ry heart, If thou with - in us dwell, All's well— all's well!
to ex - cel; Then loud the an - them swell, All's well— all's well!

235

Trust in God.

Be Thou, O God, our guide,
Lead thou our feet,
Till, where thy saints abide,
Thy face we greet!
O grant us, Lord, thy grace,
Support each arm of dust;
In thee alone we place
Our hope, our Trust!

No more on man we call,
On man rely,
His strength is weakness all,
When death is nigh!
On Thee our hopes repose,
On thee our help is laid;
When life at last shall close
Be thou our aid.

J. E. A. S.

"We sing thy praise."

236

Poetry by J. E. A. Smith, Esq.

1. We sing, we sing Thy praise, Oh, Prince of Peace!
 2. 'Tis Thine, 'tis thine to calm the troubled breast,

To Thee our grateful song we bring, Our God, our Father, Priest and King.
 'Tis Thine to soothe us when we mourn The dear ones from our bosom torn,

We sing Thee, God of love and Prince of Peace!
 'Tis Thine, Oh God, to calm the trou-ble-d breast.

Thy hand, Thy hand each joy of life
 bestows,
 Thy bounty ev'ry moment crowns,
 My heart thy loving kindness owns
 Thy hand, O God, each joy of life
 bestows!

We praise, we praise thee, God, in
 grateful song,
 Who tuned our young melodious voice;
 Who bade us in sweet song rejoice;
 We praise, we praise thee, Lord, in
 joyous song!

1. When o'er earth is break - ing Ro - sy light, and fair,
2. When the spring is wreath - ing Flowers rich and rare,

Morn-a-far pro-claim-eth Sweetly "God is there," Sweetly "God is there."
On each leaf is written "Nature's God is there," "Nature's God is there."

3

When the storm is howling
Through the midnight air,
Fearfully its thunder
Tells us "God is there."

All the wide world's treasures,
Rich, or grand, or fair,
In each feature beareth
Graven, "God is there."

—

238 Beauty Everywhere.

When the rose is blushing,
Pure and sweet and fair,
Joy within us gushing,
Greeteth beauty there.

When the storm is rolling
Darkly through the air,
Pearly snow descending,
Scatters beauty there.
In the dark old caverns,
In the gloomy lair,
Crystal gems and diamonds
Gleam in beauty there.
In the sandy desert,
Birds of plumage rare,
Shed around the traveller
Beauty, even there.
Every prospect showeth,
Something rich and rare,
And the true heart findeth
Beauty, everywhere.

"In Our life's young morning."

89

239

Auschutz.

Poetry by J. E. A. Smith, Esq.

1. In our life's young morning In thy house we stand, Grant us, Lord, thy

blessing On our youthful band.

They who seek thee early,
Thou hast said, shall find ;
All who love, shall know thee
To thy children kind.

Here before thine altar
We thy promise claim,
O inspire our bosoms
With thy sacred flame !

240

"Prayer is sweet and holy." Poetry by P. H. Sweetser.

1. Prayer is sweet and ho-ly ! At the morn's first ray, Pray the Lord to
2. Prayer is sweet and ho-ly ! At the noon-tide hour, Of thy great Cre-

bless thee, Thro' the coming day.
a-tor, Heavenly grace implore.

Prayer is sweet and holy !
In the silent night,
Pray the Lord to keep thee,
Till the morning light.

Prayer is sweet and holy !
As the moments glide,
Pray for constant wisdom,
All thy steps to guide.

"Life is a day."

241

Poetry by J. E. A. Smith, Esq.

1. Life is a day. Fleeting and brief, Transient its clouds of woe;
 2. Life is a ray, Flashing and gone. Swiftly its bright-ness flies
 3. Life is a day! Work while it lasts! Trust to the vine-yard's Lord,

Vain-ly its pleasures flow, Pass-ing a - way, Passing a - way!
 Dark-ly its glo - ry dies, Pass-ing a - way, Passing a - way!
 'Tis not the sure re - ward Pass-eth a - way, Passeth a - way!

4

Life is a ray!
 Walk while it shines,
 Trust when its light is gone.
 Never the rising morn
 Passeth away;
 Passeth away.

242

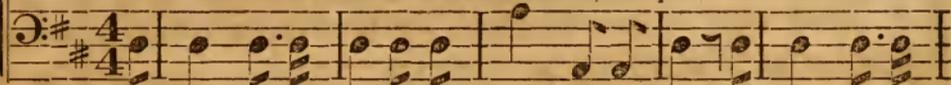
Sweet Sabbath School.

Sweet Sabbath School!
 I love thee well;
 I love thy joys to tell,
 Thy sacred songs to swell.
 Sweet Sabbath School!
 Sweet Sabbath School!

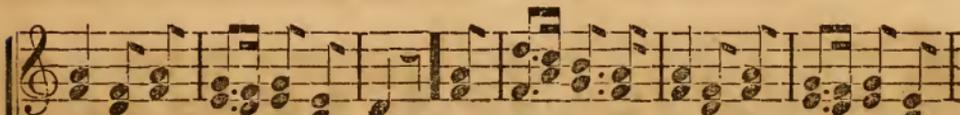
Sweet Sabbath School!
 I love thee more
 Than earth's most precious store
 Of gold or silver ore.
 Sweet Sabbath School!
 Sweet Sabbath School!
 Sweet Sabbath School!
 I love the way
 That leads me to obey,
 When comes the holy day.
 Sweet Sabbath School!
 Sweet Sabbath School!
 Sweet Sabbath School!
 I love the road
 That leads me to my God;
 I'll spread thy praise abroad,
 Sweet Sabbath School!
 Sweet Sabbath School!



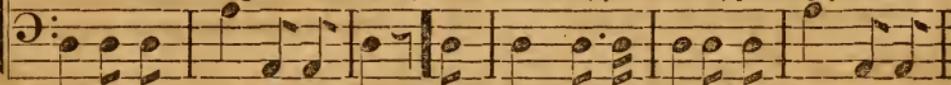
1. When torn 'is the bosom with sor-row and care, Be it ev - er so
 2. When far from the friends we hold dear-est, we part, What fond re-col -



3. When pleas-ure would woo us from pi - e - ty's arms, The sy - ren sings
 4. While stran-gers to prayer, we are stran-gers to bliss, Heav'n pours its full



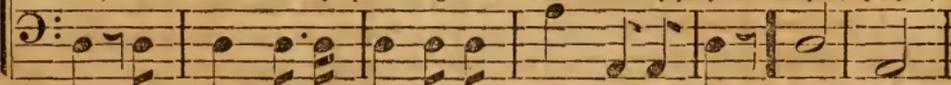
simple, there's nothing like prayer; It eases, and, softens, subdues, yet sus -
 lec - tions still cling to the heart; Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are



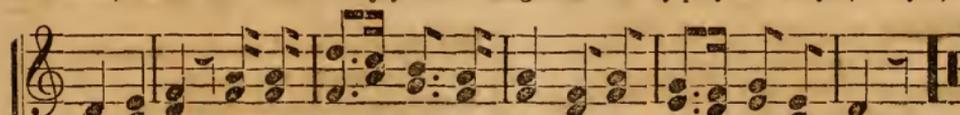
sweet - ly, or si - lent - ly charms; We list - en, love, loi-ter, are caught in the
 stream thro' no me-dium but this! And still we the ser-aph's full ec - sta - cy



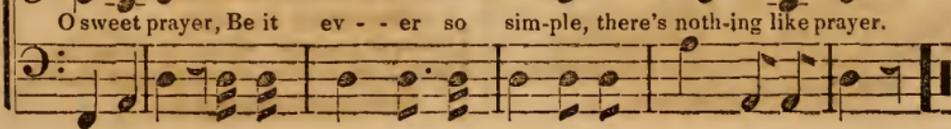
tains, Gives vig - or to hope, and puts pas - sion in chains. Prayer, prayer,
 there, How hurt - ful - ly pleas-ing 'till hal - lowed by prayer. Prayer, prayer,



snare, In look - ing to Je - sus we con - quer by prayer. Prayer, prayer,
 share, Our chal - ice of joy must be guard - ed by prayer. Prayer, Prayer,



O sweet prayer, Be it ev - - er so sim-ple, there's noth-ing like prayer.



244

1. Now to heav'n our pray'rs ascending, God speed the right; In a no - ble
2. Be that pray'r a - gain re-peat-ed, God speed the right; Ne'er despairing,

cause contending, God speed the right. Be their zeal in heav'n, recorded,
though de-feat-ed, God speed the right. Like the good and great in story,

With success on earth rewarded, God speed the right, God speed the right.
If they fail, they fail with glory, God speed the right, God speed the right.

3
Patient, firm, and, persevering,
God speed the right;
Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right.
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's own time succeeding,
God speed the right.

Still their onward course pursuing,
God speed the right;
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right.
Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
God speed the right.

1. On the peaceful Sabbath morn When the chime of bells is borne, Ringing clear,
 2. Call-ing us with spir - its meek, In the house of God to seek Peace and love,
 3. Day of calm and ho - ly joy May no sin our peace al-loy; Doub-ly blest,

far and near, Well I love the sound to hear. Well I love the sound to hear.
 from a-bove Coming from the Heavenly Dove. Coming from the Heavenly Dove.
 prayer and rest Giving all thine hours new zest, Giving all thine hours new zest.

246

Missionary Hymn.

Tune, "God speed the Right," p. 92.

Now, the Saviour's voice obeying,
 Go preach the word;
 Thro' the world his love conveying
 Go preach the word;
 To the tribes in darkness dwelling
 Say, the clouds of sin dispelling,
 Christ is the Lord!

As upon the dark creation
 God spake the light,
 Say to every darkened nation,
 Let there be light;
 Spread abroad the Saviour's story,
 Let its bright celestial glory
 Beam on the night.

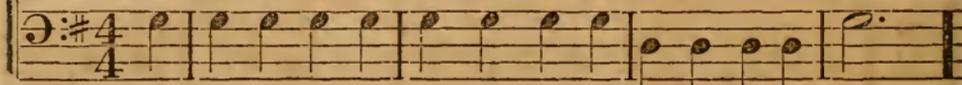
Freely as thou hast received it,
 Go spread the truth;
 Firmly, if thou hast believed it,
 Go spread the truth;
 Now the work of love beginning,
 Souls from sin and error winning,
 Now, in thy youth.

DUET. 1st voices.

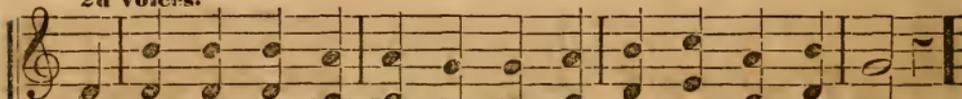
Poetry by J. E. A. Smith. Esq.



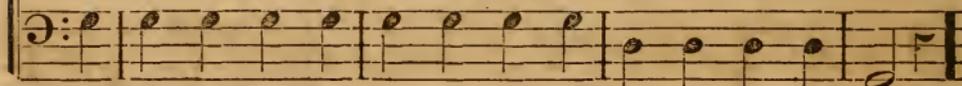
1. Oh! who hath bless'd our youthful days With parents, home and friends?
2. Oh! who hath taught our youthful hearts The way of truth and peace?
3. Oh! who hath shed up - on our world A Saviour's precious grace?



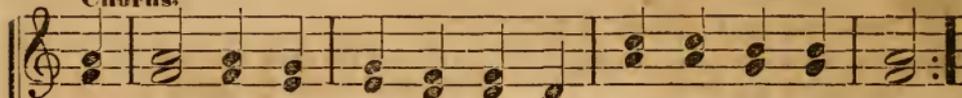
2d voices.



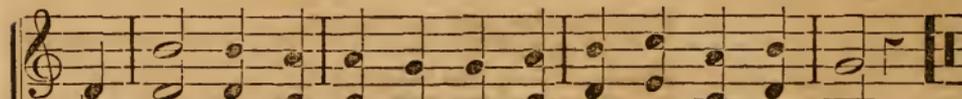
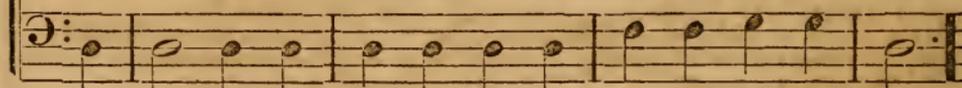
Our Heavenly Father from whose throne Each gift of good de-scends.
 Our Heavenly Father from whose hand The blessings nev - er cease!
 Our Fa-ther, God, who sent his Son To raise our fal - len race.



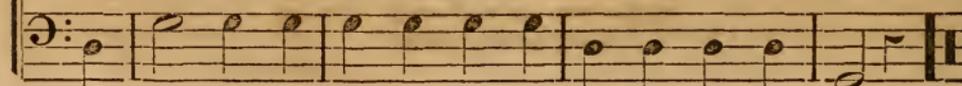
Chorus.



Then praise Him, with heart and voice, To whom all praise be - longs;



Oh! praise Him, in Him re - jice With swelling grate-ful songs!



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