SONG LIFE.

FOR

Sunday-Schools, Etc.

BY

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

HARPER & BROTHERS:

NEW YORK.

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SONG LIFE.

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS, ETC.,

ILLUSTRATING IN SONG THE JOURNEY OF CHRISTIANA AND HER CHILDREN TO THE CELESTIAL CITY.

By PHILIP PHILLIPS,

AUTHOR OF "SINGING PILGRIM," "HALLOWED SONGS," "NEW HYMN AND TUNE BOOK," ETC., ETC.,

WITH EXTRACTS FROM BUNYAN,

ILLUSTRATED BY C. GRAY PARKER.

HARPER AND BROTHERS,
NEW YORK.

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PREFACE.

If this work may claim the merit
That its hymns are pure and simple,
Culled from thoughts of deepest meaning,
Wedded to some Scripture passage,
Some important Scriptnre passage:

If their sentiments embody
Different phases of experience:
Phases in the Christian warfare,
As we read them from the volume
Of the wondrons dreamer Bunyan:
Of Christiana and her children
Going on their pilgrim journey
To the great celestial city:

If the eye should be attracted,
And the heart with rapture kindle,
At the varied illustrations
Almost every page discloses,
Making each an object lesson:

If the music fitly chosen
To the words be well adapted;
If it vary in expression,
Grave and thonghtful, soft and melting,
Deep and earnest, light and sparkling,
Grand and lofty, sweet and tender:

If the music and the stanzas
Meet the various requisitions;
Meet the wants of all occasions—
Holiday and festive gatherings—
If the workers in the vineyard
Find a song for every labor:

If the music-loving public,
If the faithful Christian public,
After close examination,
Shall agree that to these questions
Every answer is embodied
In this work which now is offered:
Then the object is accomplished,
And we have a book of *Song Life.*

"Comfort to the sick and dying
If my pilgrim songs have brought;
If a soul has been converted
Through the precepts they have taught;
If their tones have fallen gently,
Like refreshing drops of rain,
If the Sunday School reveres them
And the children catch their strain:

"If the Pastor and the people
Love to sing them when they meet,
To invoke our Father's blessing
At the hallowed mercy-seat;
If a brother's faith reviving,
They have made his heart more strong—
Then, my God, I thank and praise thee:
Praise thee for the gift of song."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

NEW YORK, *June*, 1872.

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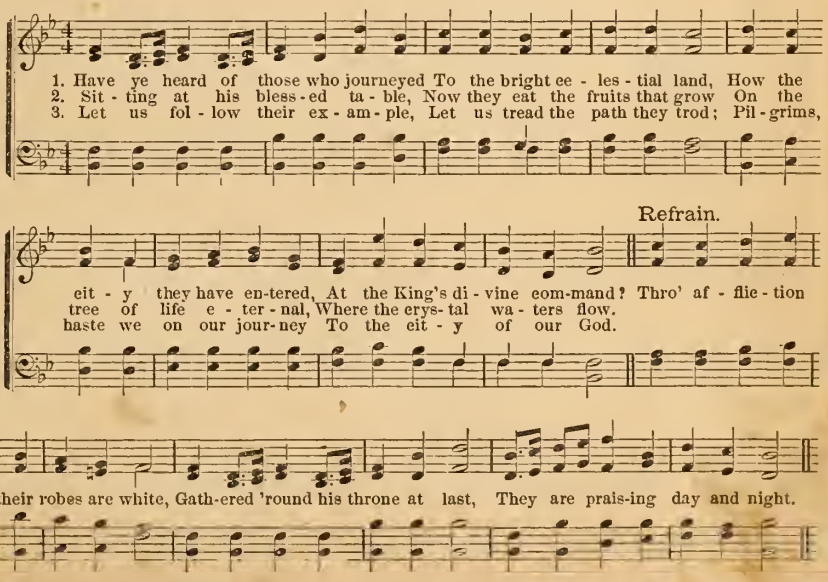
SONG LIFE.

ARRAYED IN GLORY.

"Their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the end of the world." (NEW)

"PRAY, did you never hear what happened to a man some time ago in this town, whose name was Christian, that went on pilgrimage up towards the higher regions?

"SAG. Hear of him! Ay, and I also heard of the molestations, troubles, wars, captivities, cries, groans, frights, and fears that he met with and had in his journey, besides. I must tell you all our country rings of him. There are but few houses that have heard of him and his doings, but have sought after and got the records of his pilgrimage, yea, I think I may say that his hazardous journey has got many well-wishers to his ways, for though, when he was here, he was a fool in every man's month, yet, now he is gone, he is highly recommended of all. For, it is said, he lives bravely where he is, yea, many of them that are resolved never to run his hazards, yet have their mouths water at his gains."

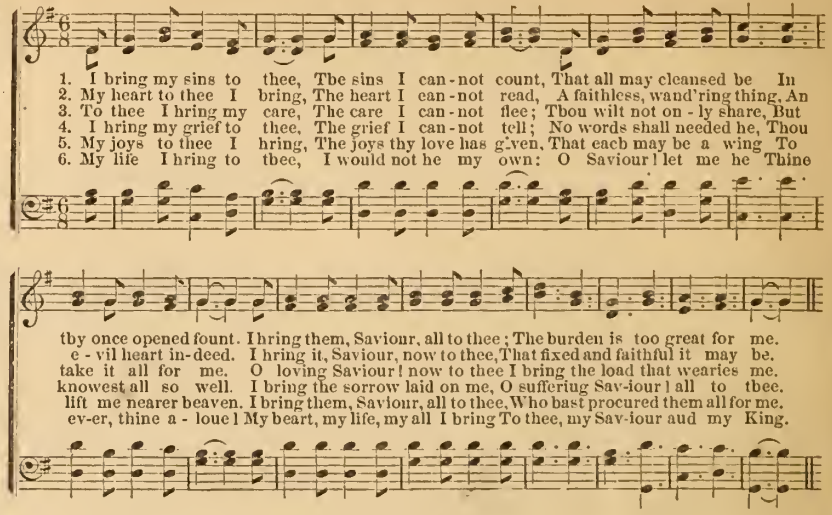


THE next night Christiana had a dream, and, behold! she saw as if a broad parchment was opened before her, in which was recorded the sum of her ways, and the times, as she thought, looked very black upon her, Then she cried out in her sleep—"Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner;" and the little children heard her.

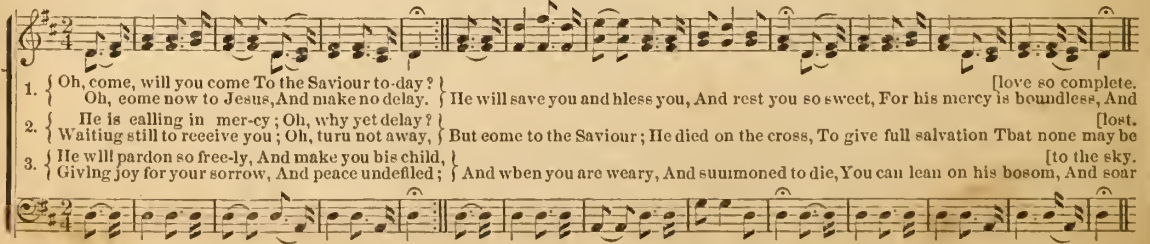
After this, she thought she saw two very ill-formed ones standing by her bedside, saying—"What shall we do with this woman, for she cries out for mercy waking and sleeping? If she be suffered to go on as she begins, we shall lose her, as we have lost her husband. Wherefore we must, by one way or other, seek to take her off from the thoughts of what shall be hereafter, else all the world cannot help it but she will become a pilgrim."

OH, MY SINS, MY SINS.

"Though they be as scarlet, they shall be made white as wool. (NEW)



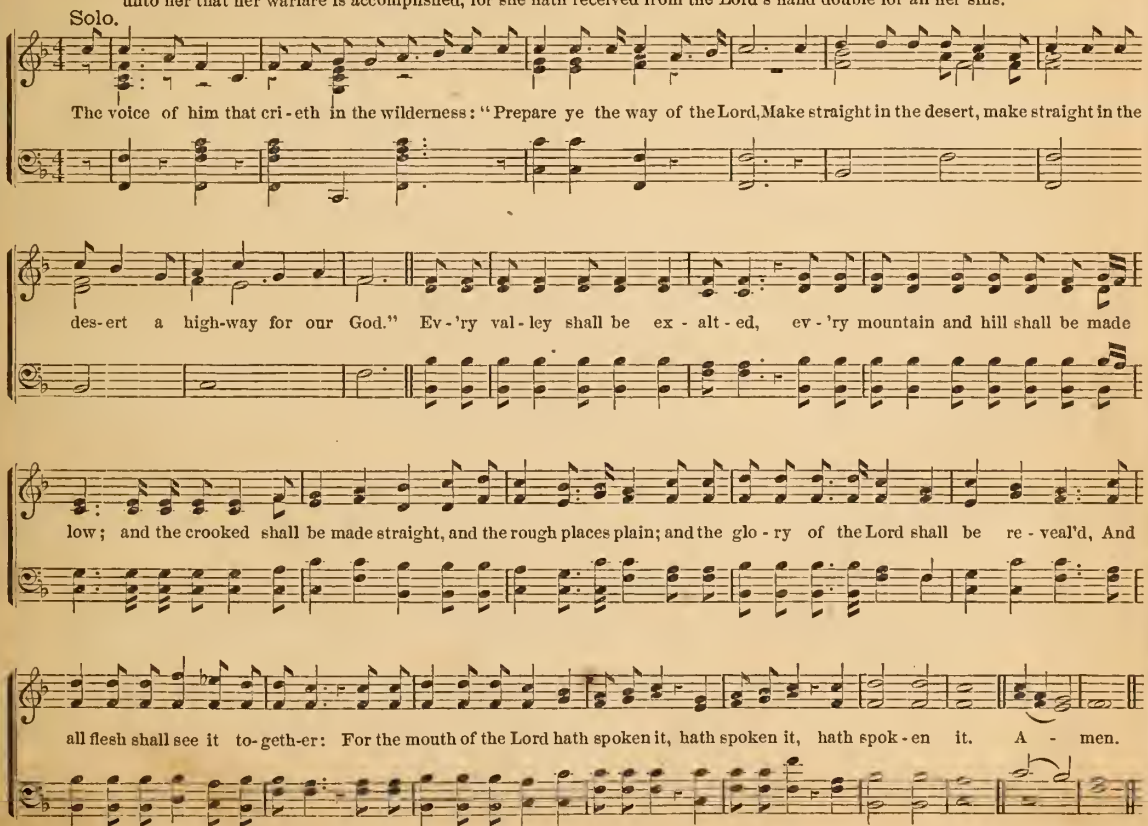
COME TO THE SAVIOUR.

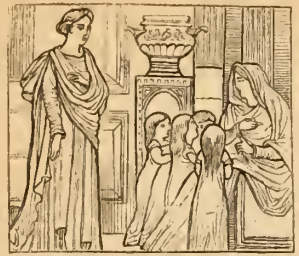


PREPARE YE THE WAY.

(NEW)

Let SUPERINTENDENT *read the Scripture Prelude:*—Comfort ye my people, saith your God; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and say unto her that her warfare is accomplished, for she hath received from the Lord's hand double for all her sins.

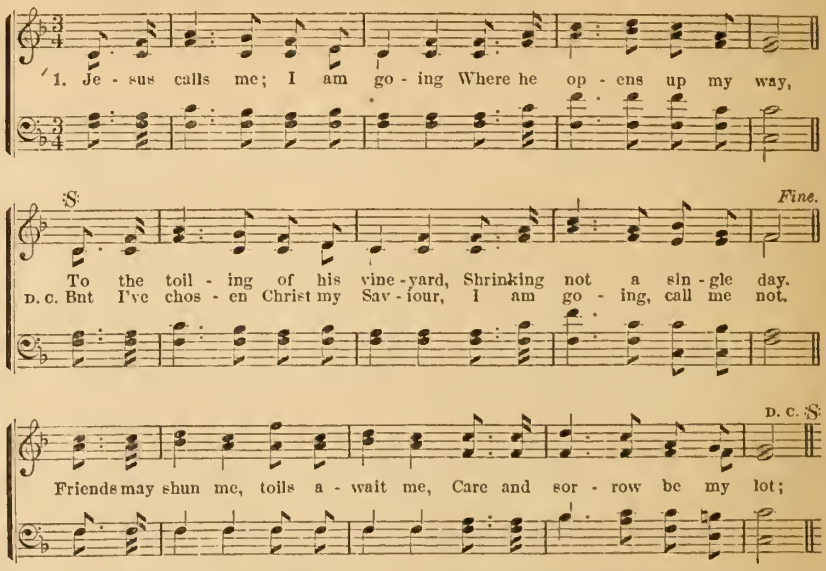




NEXT morning, when she was up, had prayed to God, and talked with her children awhile, one knocked hard at the door, to whom she spoke out; saying, "If thou comest in God's name, come in." So he said, "Amen," and opened the door, and saluted her with "Peace be to this house." The which, when he had done, he said, "Christiana, knowest thou wherefore I am come?" Then she blushed and trembled, also her heart began to wax warm with desire to know whence he came, and what his errand to her. So he said, "Unto her my name is Secret. I dwell with those that are high. It is talked of, where I dwell, as if thou hadst a desire to go thither. The merciful One has sent me to tell thee, that he is a God ready to forgive, and that he taketh delight to pardon offences."

JESUS CALLS ME.

"Now it is high time to awake out of sleep."



2 Jesus calls me; I am going
To the life he wills for me;
This poor world can't fill the aching
Of my heart, or set it free.
Oh, what anxious bitter sorrow
Does the world give with its strife;
But with Jesus—oh, what glory!
Ending in eternal life.

3 Jesus calls me; I am going
To the washing of his blood—
Healing now, and purifying
All who test the crimson flood;
Flesh may cry, not now, to-morrow—
Idols rise with wonted power;
Jesus, help me, come and help me!
Jesus, take me hour by hour.

4 Jesus calls me; I am going;
Friends and neighbors, come with me;
Hasten now and gain salvation,
For the fountain's full and free;
Test the grace that Christ now offers;
Know the worth of this new life;
Rise to all the bliss immortal
Far above this world of strife.

HASTEN, SINNER, TO BE WISE.

TUNE—PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

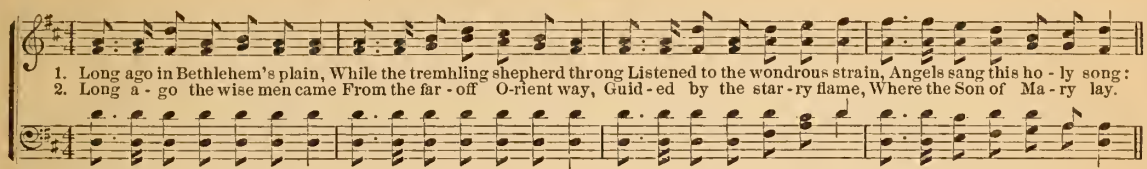
1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

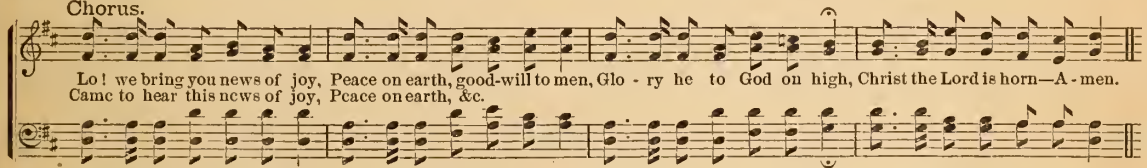
3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

CHRIST IS BORN.

"Unto you is born this day a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. (NEW)



Chorus.



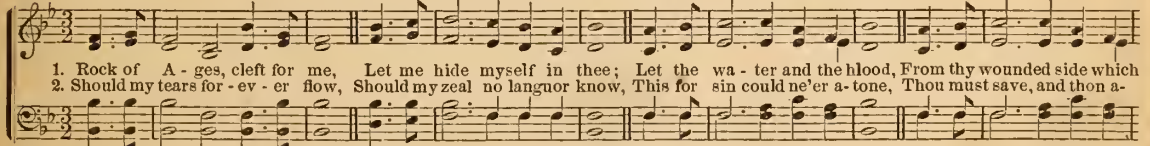
3 Bethlehem's star is still in sight,
We rejoice to see its rays:
Angels sing again to-night;
We repeat the song of praise—
Hallelujah! shout for joy! &c.

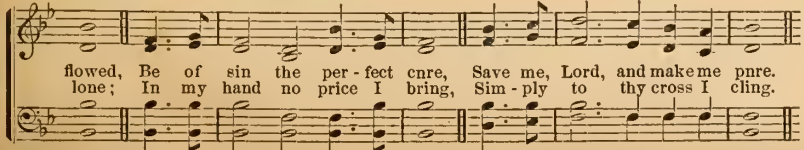
4 Gates of pearl are open wide,
Christ the Lord has passed within,
He on earth for sinners died,
That they, too, might enter in.
Hear! oh, hear the cry of joy, &c.

5 Songs of angels, starry light,
Glad evangels from above,
Lead us all, this Christmas night,
Toward the shining gates above.
Whence first came this song of joy, &c.

ROCK OF AGES.

"But the Lord is my defence, and my God is the rock of my refuge."





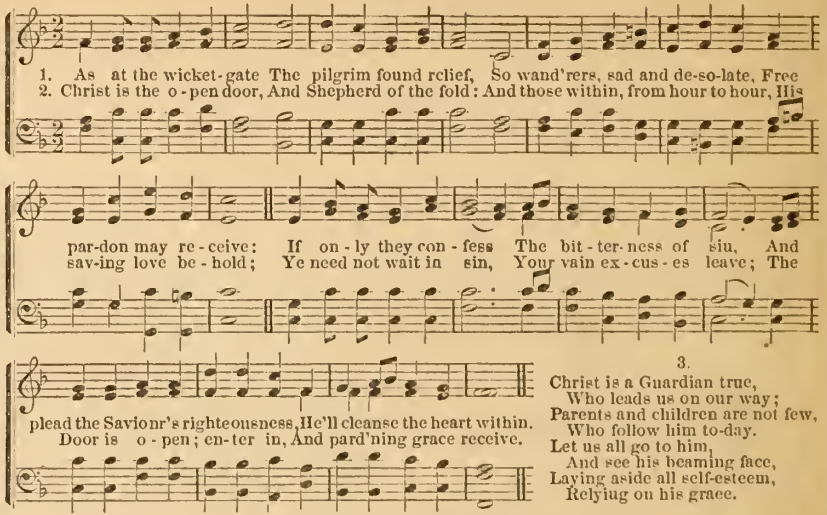
3.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

GO TO THE GATE.

"Strive to enter in at the strait gate." (NEW)

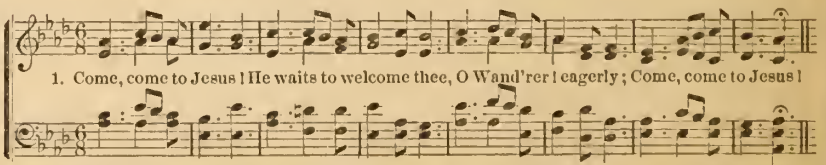
CHRISTIANA at this was greatly abashed in herself, and, bowing her head to the ground, this visitor proceeded, and said: "Christiana, here is also a letter for thee, which I have brought from thy husband's King." So she took it, and opened it, but it smelt after the manner of the best perfume, also it was written in letters of gold. The contents of the letter were these, that the King would have her do as did Christian her husband, for that was the way to come to his city, and to dwell in his presence with joy forever. At this, the good woman was quite overcome; so she cried out to her visitor, "Sir, will you carry me and my children with you, that we also may go and worship the King?" Then said the visitor: "Christiana, the bitter is before the sweet. Thou must through troubles, as did he that went before thee, enter the celestial city. Wherefore I advise thee to do as did Christian thy husband,—go to the wicket-gate yonder, over the plain, for that stands in the head of the way, up which thou must go, and I wish thee all good speed."



3.
Christ is a Guardian true,
Who leads us on our way;
Parents and children are not few,
Who follow him to-day.
Let us all go to him,
And see his beaming face,
Laying aside all self-esteem,
Relying on his grace.

JESUS WAITS FOR THEE.

"Ye would not come to me that ye might have life."



2 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to ransom thee,
O Slave! eternally;
Come, come to Jesus!

3 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to lighten thee,
O Burdened! graciously;
Come, come to Jesus!

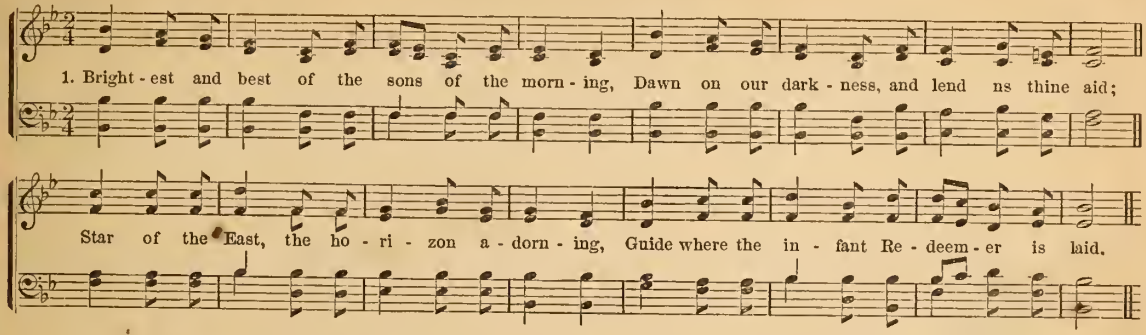
4 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,
O Blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O Weary! blessedly;
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O Lamb! so lovingly;
Come, come to Jesus!

BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem."



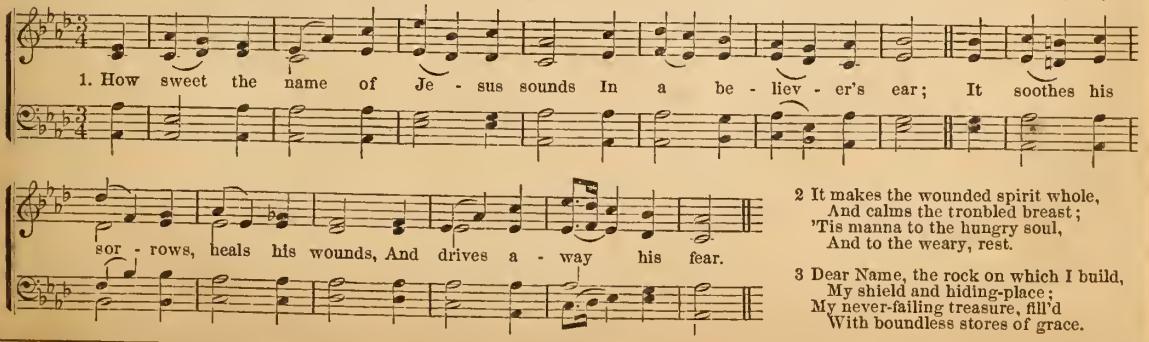
2 Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour, of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS SOUNDS.

(NEW)



2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the tronbled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

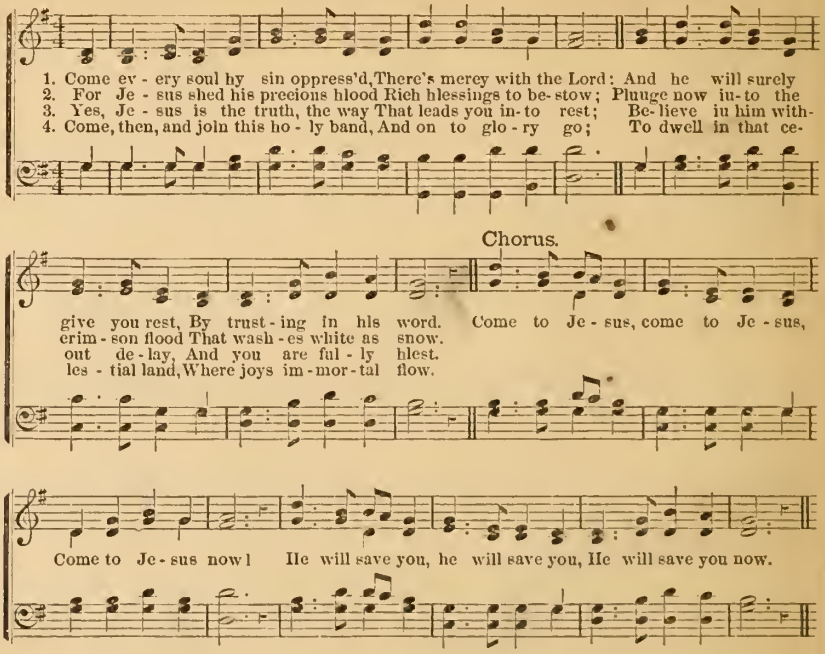
3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

COME TO JESUS.

"behold, now is the accepted time."

C. M.

So Christiana called her sons together, and began thus to address herself to them. "My sons, I have, as you may perceive, been of late under much exercise in my soul, about the death of your father, not for that I doubt at all of his happiness, for I am satisfied now that he is well. I have been also much affected with the thoughts of mine own state and yours, which, I verily believe, is by nature miserable. The thoughts of these things would now kill me outright, but that for a dream which I had last night, and but for the encouragement that this stranger has given me this morning. Come, my children, let us pack up and be gone to the gate that leads to the celestial country, that we may see your father, and be with him and his companions in peace." Then did her children burst into tears for joy, that their mother was so inclined. So their visitor bade them farewell, and they began to prepare to set out on their journey.



1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve:
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:

CHORUS.

Look to Jesus, look to Jesus,
Look to Jesus now;
He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you now.

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts; I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.—*Cho.*

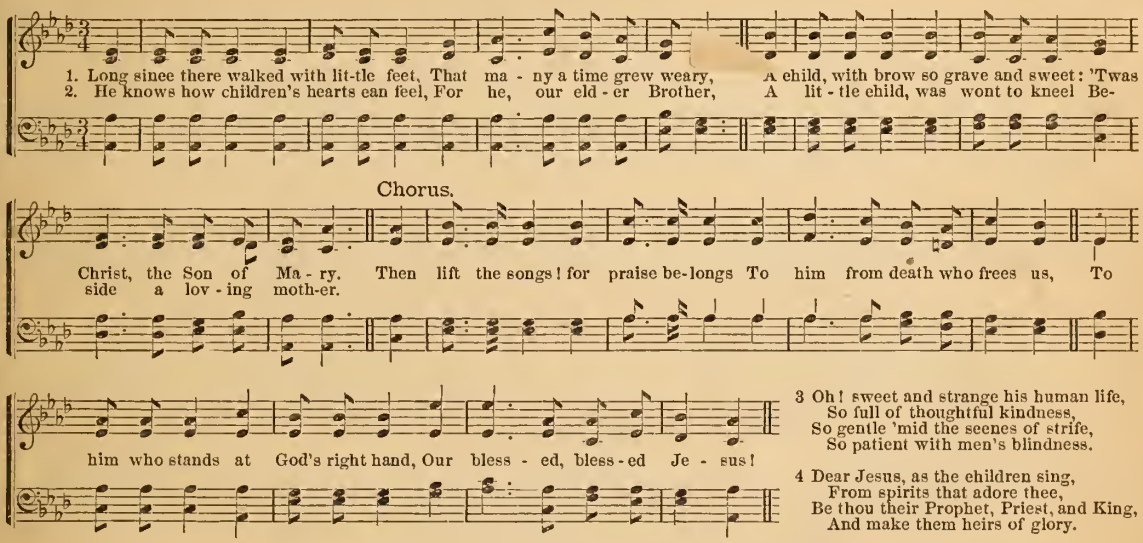
3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess:
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.—*Cho.*

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer:
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.—*Cho.*

5 I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.—*Cho.*

CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

"*God was manifest in the flesh.*" (NEW)

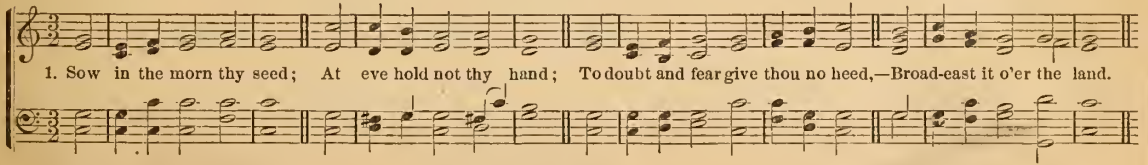


3 Oh! sweet and strange his human life,
So full of thoughtful kindness,
So gentle 'mid the scenes of strife,
So patient with men's blindness.

4 Dear Jesus, as the children sing,
From spirits that adore thee,
Be thou their Prophet, Priest, and King,
And make them heirs of glory.

SOW IN THE MORN THY SEED.

BOYLSTON. S. M.



2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown:

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn, at length,

4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

WHITHER GOEST THOU?

"Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come." (NEW)

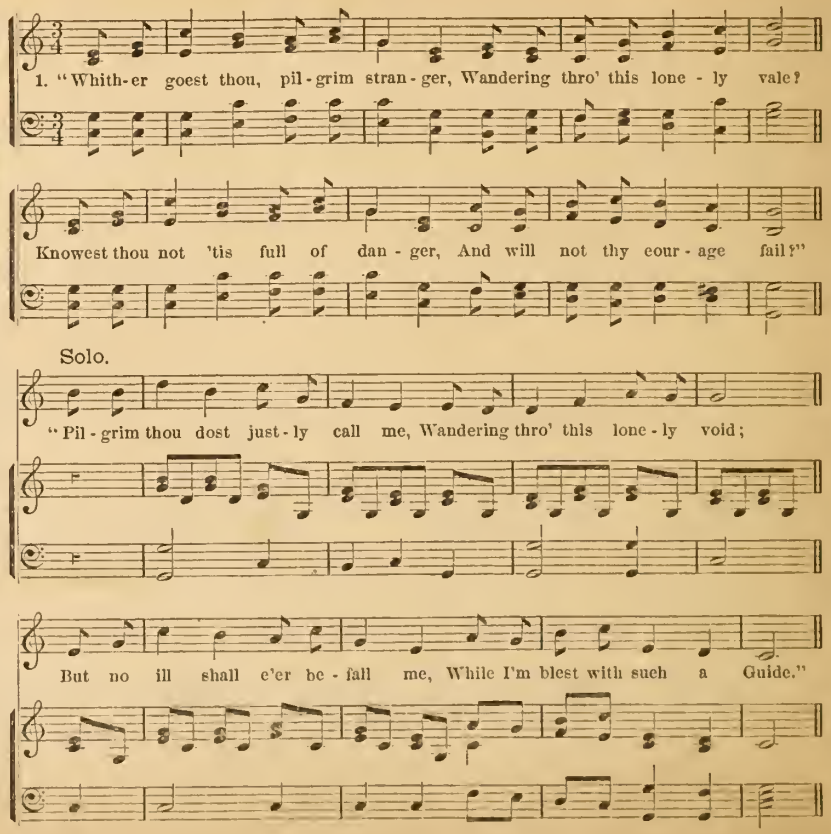
But while they were about to be gone, two of the women that were Christiana's neighbors came up to her house and knocked at her door. To whom she said, as before, "If you come in God's name, come in." At this the women were stunned, for this kind of language they used not to hear, or to perceive to drop from the lips of Christiana, yet they came in; but, behold, they found the good woman preparing to be gone from her house. They said, "Neighbor, pray, what is your meaning by this?" Christiana answered to the eldest of them, whose name was Mrs. Timorous, "I am preparing for a journey."

Tim. "For what journey, I pray you?"

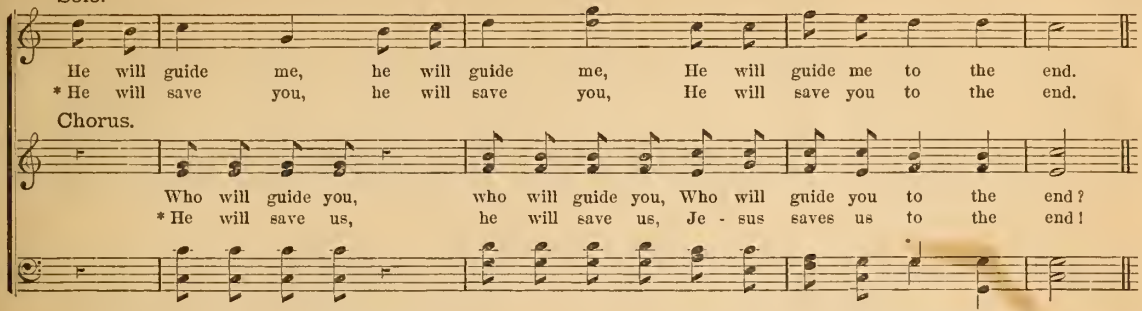
Chris. "Even to go after my good husband," and with that she fell a-weeping.

Tim. "I hope not so, good neighbor, pray, for your children's sake, do not so unwomanly cast away yourself."

Chris. "Nay, my children shall go with me; not one of them is willing to stay behind, nothing will serve me but going on pilgrimage."



Solo.



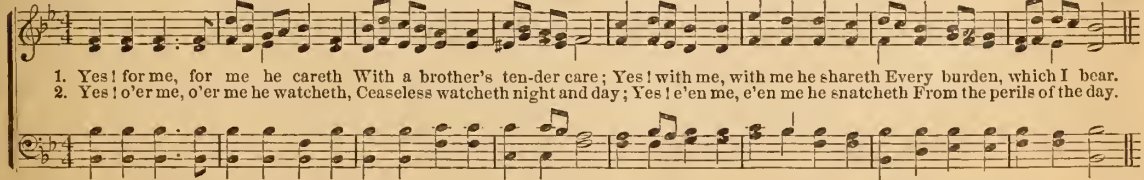
2 "Such a Guide? No guide attends thee—
Hence for thee my fears arise:
If some guardian power defend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes."
"Yes, unseen; but still, believe me,
Such a Gnide my steps attend;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end."

3 "Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly rolling through the vale;
Should its boist'rous waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?"
"No, that stream has nothing frightful;
To its brink my steps I'll bend;
Thence to plunge will be delightful—
Here my pilgrimage shall end."

* *Solo and Chorus for last stanza.*

FOR ME HE CARETH.

(NEW)



3 Yes! for me he standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

4 Yes! in me, in me he dwelleth,
I in him, and he in me;
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here, and through eternity.

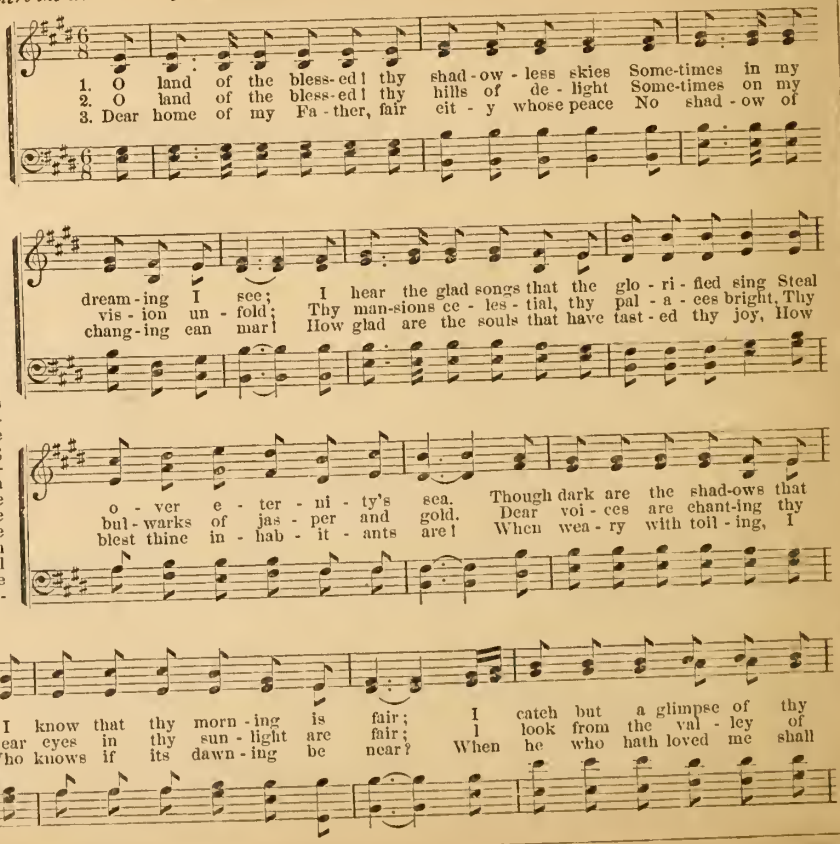
5 Thus I wait for his retnrning.
Singing on my way so hright;
Such the joyful song of morning
Such the joyful song of night.

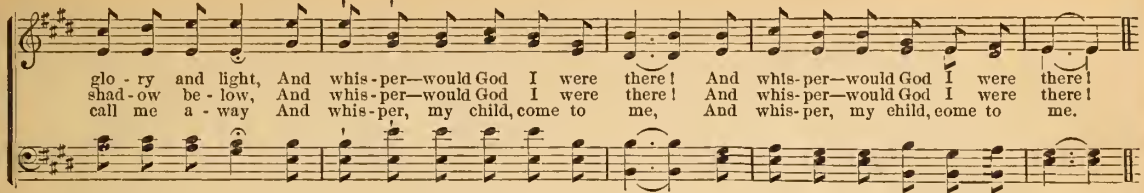
WOULD GOD I WERE THERE.

"Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

(NEW)

"THEN Christiana replied, I have been sorely afflicted since my husband's departure from me, but especially since he went over the river. Besides, I am now as he was then, nothing will serve me but to go on a pilgrimage. I was dreaming last night that I saw him. O that my soul was with him! He dwelleth in the presence of the King of the country; he sits and eats with him at his table; he is become a companion of immortals; and has a house now given him to dwell in, to which the best palace on earth, if compared, seems to me but as a dunghill. The Prince of the place has also sent for me, with promise of entertainment, if I shall come to him: his messenger was here even now, and has brought me a letter, which invites me to come."

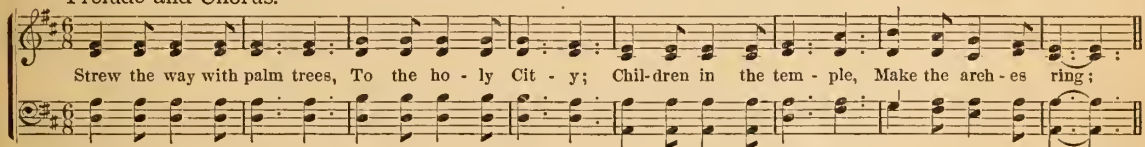




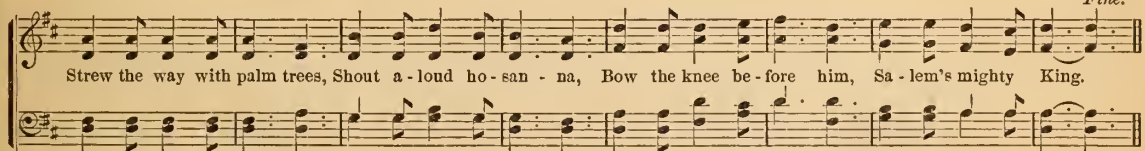
SALEM'S MIGHTY KING.

"*Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.*" (NEW)

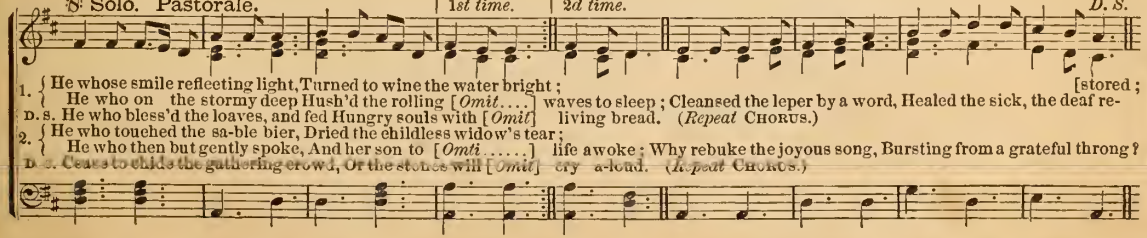
Prelude and Chorus.



Fine.



S. Solo. Pastorale. | 1*st time.* | 2*d time.* *D. S.*



1. { He whose smile reflecting light, Turned to wine the water bright; [stored;
   { He who on the stormy deep Hush'd the rolling [*Omit*.....] waves to sleep; Cleansed the leper by a word, Healed the sick, the deaf re-

D. S. He who bless'd the loaves, and fed Hungry souls with [*Omit*] living bread. (*Repeat* CHORUS.)

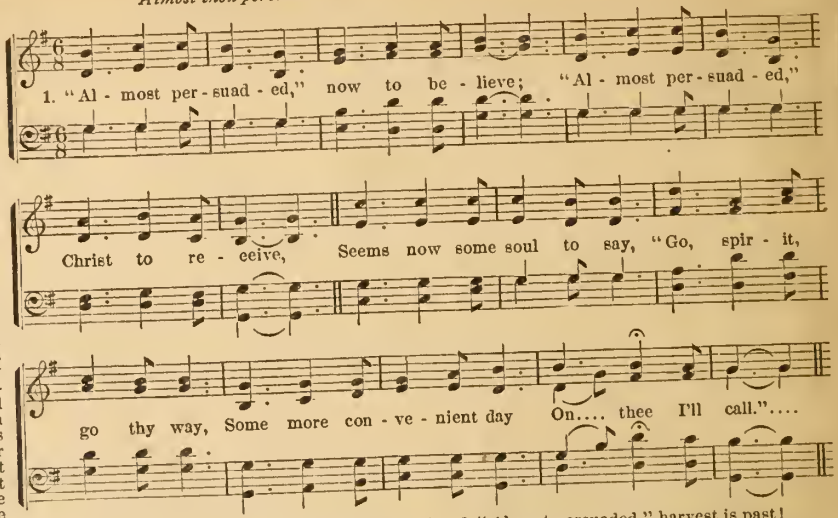
2. { He who touched the sa-ble bier, Dried the childless widow's tear;
   { He who then but gently spoke, And her son to [*Omit*.....] life awoke; Why rebuke the joyous song, Bursting from a grateful throng?

D. S. Cease to chide the gathering crowd, Or the stones will [*Omit*] cry a-loud. (*Repeat* CHORUS.)

ALMOST PERSUADED.

"Almost thou persuadest me."

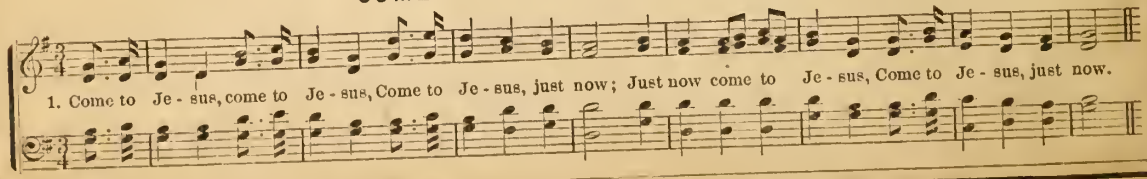
THEN Timorous reviled her, and said to her fellow, "Come, neighbor Mercy, let us leave her to her own self, since she scorns our counsel and company." But Mercy was at a stand, and could not so readily comply with her neighbor, and that for a two-fold reason. First, her heart yearned over Christiana; so she said within herself, "If my neighbor will needs be gone, I will go a little way with her and help her." Secondly, her heart yearned over her own soul, for what Christiana had said had taken some hold upon her mind. Wherefore she said within herself again, "I will yet have more talk with this Christiana, and if I find truth and life in what she shall say, myself with my heart shall also go with her."



2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away.
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are ling'ring near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
O wand'rer, come!

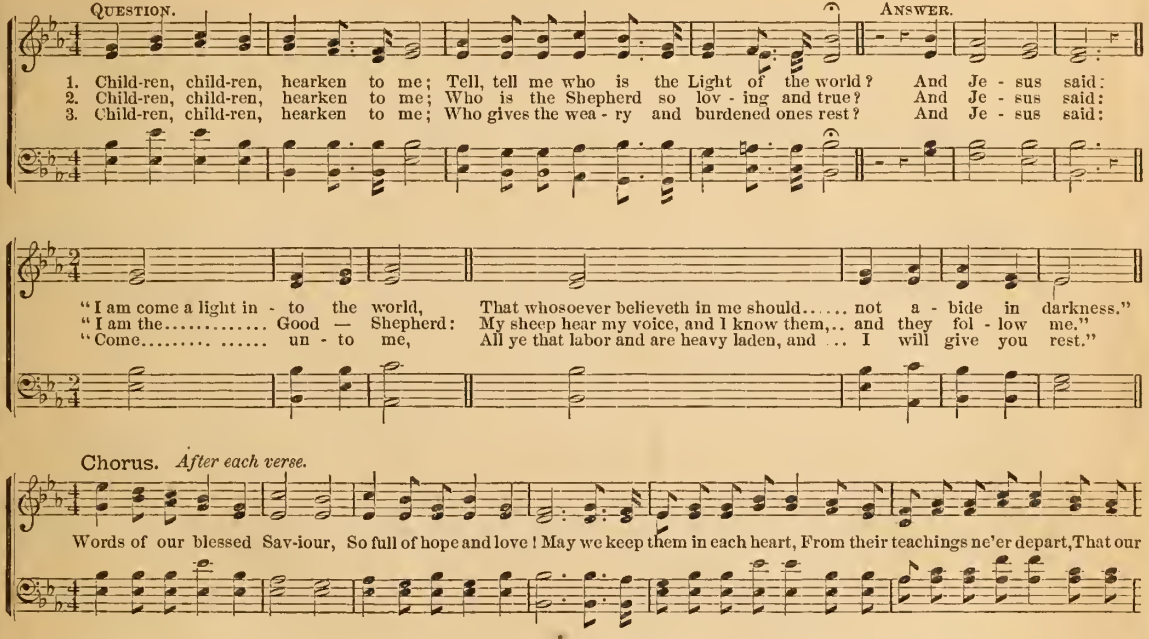
3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
"Almost *but lost!*"

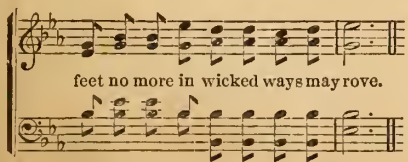
COME TO JESUS, JUST NOW.



THE GREAT TEACHER.

"*And Jesus said.*"





4 Children, children, hearken, to me;
Who is it bids us each other to love?
And Jesus said:
"This is | my com- | mandment, ‖ that ye love one another, as | I have | loved | you."

5 Children, children, hearken to me;
Who giveth life evermore, evermore?
And Jesus said:
"I am the resurrection | and the | life: ‖ he that believeth in me, though he were | dead, yet | shall he | live."

6 Children, children, hearken to me;
Whose words are true and enduring for aye?
And Jesus said:
"Heaven and earth shall | pass a- | way, ‖ but my | word shall | not pass a- | way."

COME NEARER JESUS.

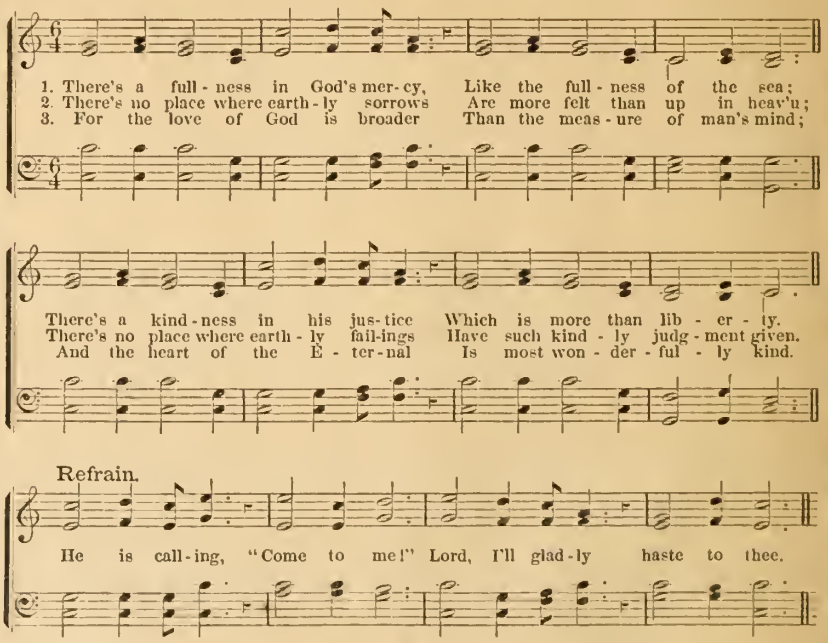
"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." (NEW)

CHRIS. "Well, Mercy," said Christiana, "cast in thy lot with me. I well know what will be the end of our pilgrimage. My husband is where he would not but be, for all the gold in the Spanish mines, nor shalt thou be rejected, though thou goest but upon my invitation. The King that hath sent for me and my children, is one that delighteth in mercy."

MERCY. "But how shall I be ascertained that I also shall be entertained? Had I this hope but from one that can tell, I would make no stick at all, but would go, being helped by him that can help, though the way was never so tedious."

CHRIS. "I will tell thee what thou shalt do. Go with me to the wicket-gate, and there I will further inquire for thee."

MERCY. "Then will I go thither, and will take what shall follow."



4 But we make his love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify his strictness
With a zeal he will not own.

REFRAIN.
He is calling, "Come to me!"
Lord, I'll gladly haste to thee.

5 Pining souls! come nearer Jesus;
Come, but come not doubting thus;
Come with faith that trusts more freely
His great tenderness for us.

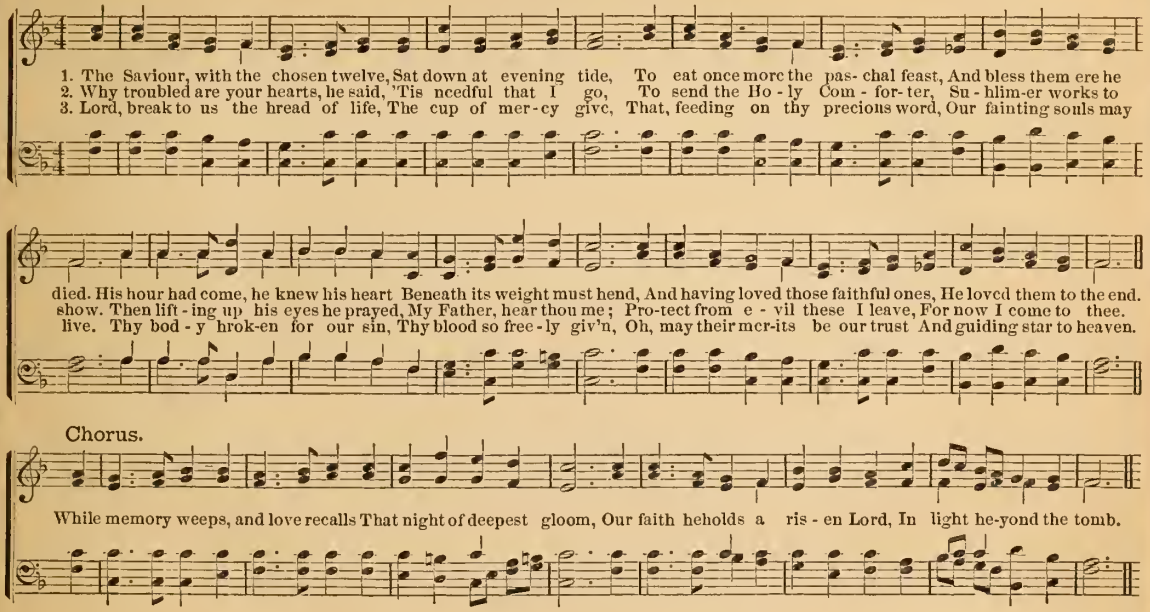
REFRAIN.
He is calling, "Come to me!"
Lord, I'll gladly haste to thee.

6 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word:
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

REFRAIN.
He is calling, "Come to me!"
Lord, I'll gladly haste to thee.

THE LAST SUPPER.

"Do this in remembrance of me." (NEW)



OH, DO NOT BE DISCOURAGED.

1 Oh, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend!
Oh, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend!
‖: He will give you grace to conquer, :‖
And keep you to the end.

Cho.—I am glad I'm in the army,
‖: Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army, :‖
And I'll battle for the school.

2 Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
‖: For the Saviour is your Captain, :‖
And he has vanquished sin.

Chg.—I am glad I'm in this army,
‖: Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army, :‖
And I'll battle for the school.

3 And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand;
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand.
‖: You shall sing his praise forever, :‖
In Canaan's happy land.

Cho.—I am glad I'm in this army,
‖: Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army, :‖
And I'll battle for the school.

CHRISTIANNA then was glad at heart, not only that she had a companion, but also for that she had prevailed with this poor maid to fall in love with her own salvation. So they went on together and Mercy began to weep. Then said Christiana, "Wherefore weepest my sister so?"

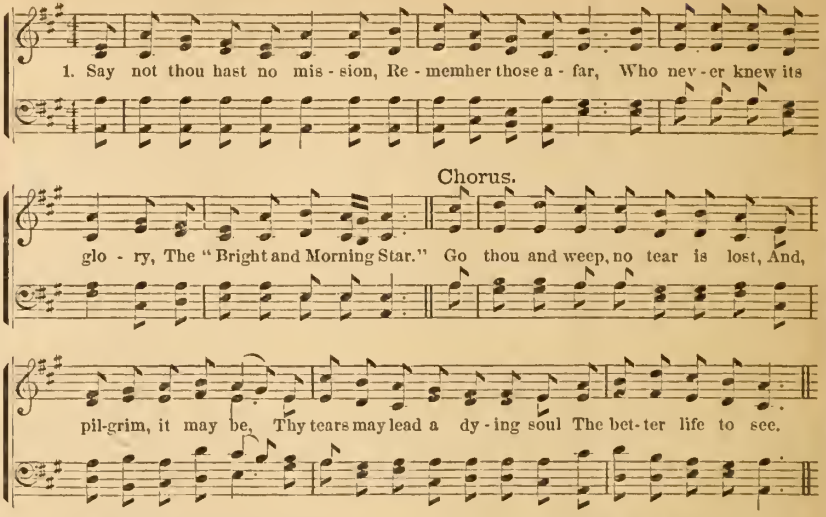
MERCY. "Alas! who can but lament, that shall but rightly consider what a state and condition my poor relations are in that yet remain in our sinful town? And that which makes my grief the more heavy, is, because they have no instructor, nor any to tell them what is to come."

CHRIS. "Tears becometh pilgrims, and thou dost for thy friends as my good Christian did for me, when he left me, he mourned that I would not heed nor regard him, but his Lord and ours did gather up his tears, and put them into his bottle, and now both I and thou and these my sweet babes are reaping the fruit and benefit of them. I hope, Mercy, these tears of thine will not be lost, for the truth hath said that 'they that sow in tears shall reap in joy.'"

NO TEARS ARE LOST.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

(NEW)



2 Say not, O Christian worker,
Thy seed is sown in vain,
For thou in time shalt gather
Thy sheaves of golden grain.
CHO.—Go thou and weep, &c.

3 Go weeping to thy labor,
And thou, when toil is o'er,
Shalt come again rejoicing,
And bring thy precious store.
CHO.—Go thou and weep, &c.

THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.

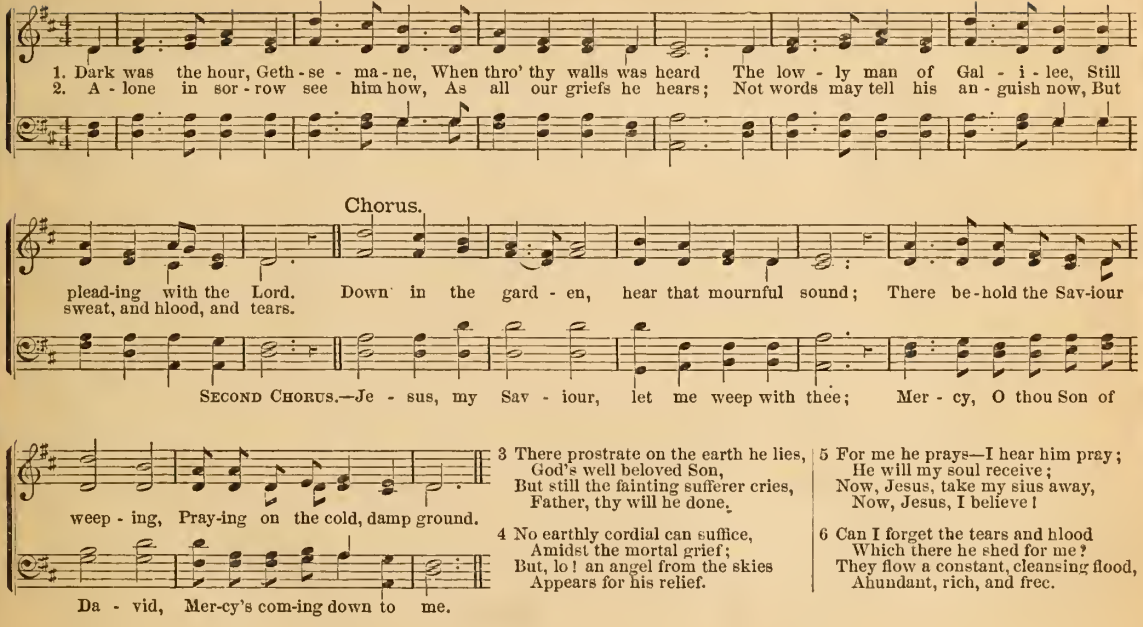
TUNE—WEBB. H. M.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

DOWN IN THE GARDEN.

"Why sleep ye? Rise, and pray lest ye enter into temptation."



3 There prostrate on the earth he lies,
God's well beloved Son,
But still the fainting sufferer cries,
Father, thy will be done.

4 No earthly cordial can suffice,
Amidst the mortal grief;
But, lo! an angel from the skies
Appears for his relief.

5 For me he prays—I hear him pray;
He will my soul receive;
Now, Jesus, take my sins away,
Now, Jesus, I believe!

6 Can I forget the tears and blood
Which there he shed for me?
They flow a constant, cleansing flood,
Abundant, rich, and free.

TUNE, MARTYN. 7s.

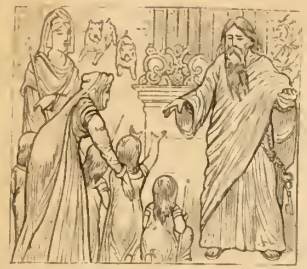
1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

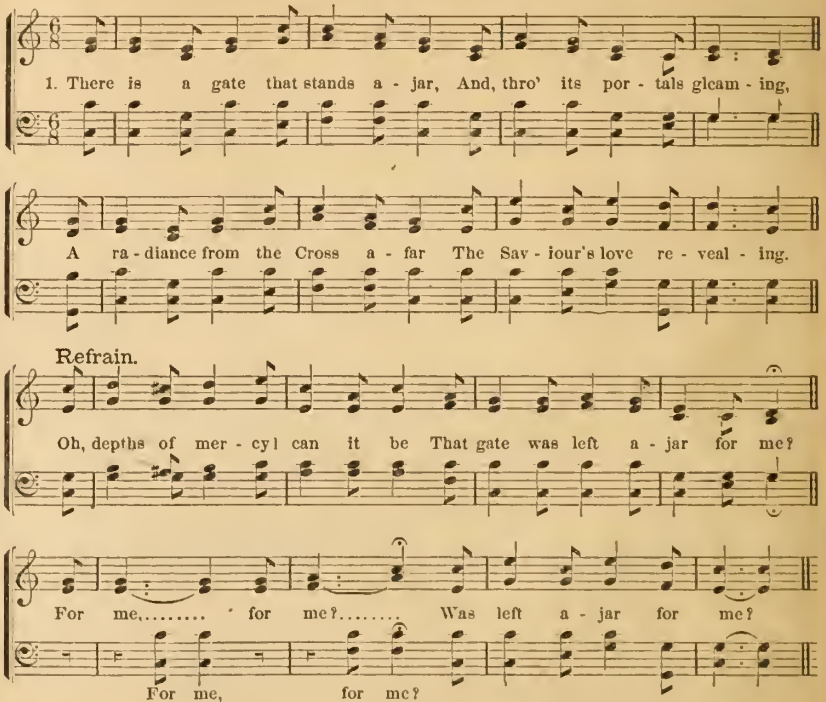
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want!
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name:
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin, I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

THE GATE AJAR.

"Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." (NEW)



WHEREFORE, methought, I saw Christiana and Mercy and the boys go all of them up to the gate, to which when they were come they betook themselves to a short debate, about how they must manage their calling at the gate, and what should be said to him that did open to them. So Christiana, being the eldest, began to knock, and, as her poor husband did, she knocked and knocked again. But instead of any that answered, they all thought as if a dog came barking upon them, nor durst they for a while knock any more. Again they knocked more vehemently than before—then said the keeper of the gate, "Who is there? And what is it that you would here?" Christiana answered, "We are come from whence Christian did come, to be, if it shall please you, graciously admitted by this gate into the way that leads to the Celestial City, and I answer, my Lord, in the next place, that I am Christiana, once the wife of Christian, that now is gotten above."



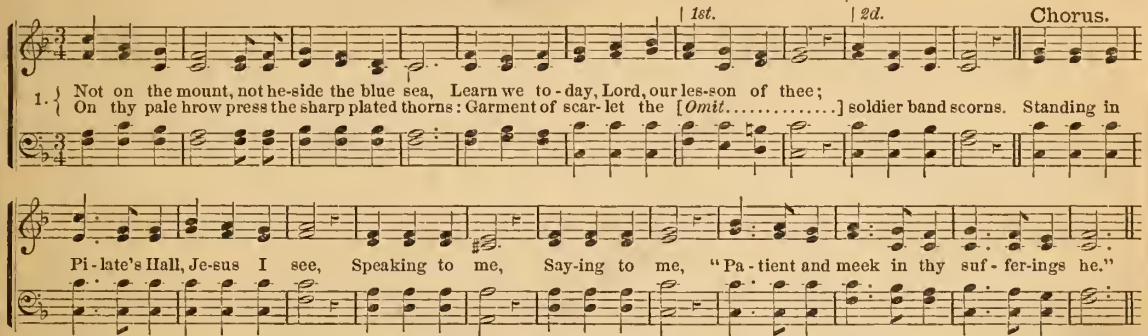
2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.
REF.—Oh, depths of mercy, &c.

3 Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.
REF.—Oh, depths of mercy, &c.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given.
And bear the crown of life away,
And love him more in heaven.
REF.—Oh, depths of mercy, &c.

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

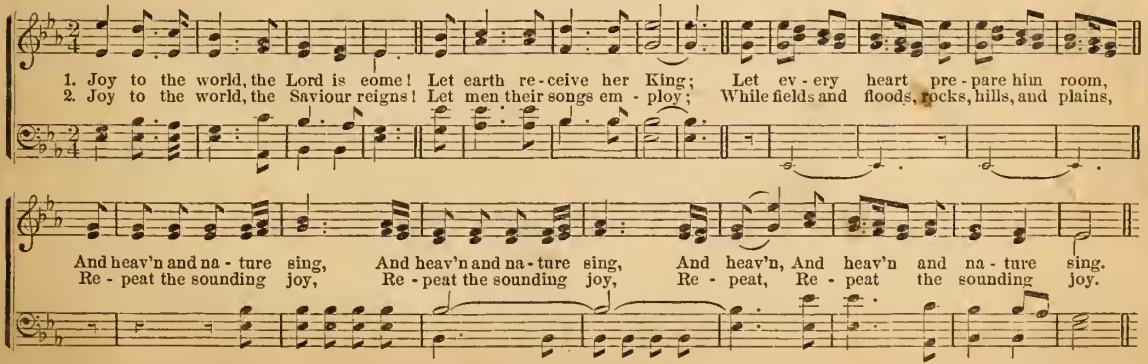
"Patient and meek in thy sufferings be."



2 Scourgings of Pilate are racking his frame;
Soldiers revile him, and mock him to shame;
On the dear head, 'neath the thorns bending low,
Falleth the smart of the reed's cruel blow.

Changed are the thorns to a glory-crown bright;
Scarlet robes changed for his own raiment white;
Yet when I go to the feet of my Lord,
Seeking sweet lessons of love in his word:

JOY TO THE WORLD.

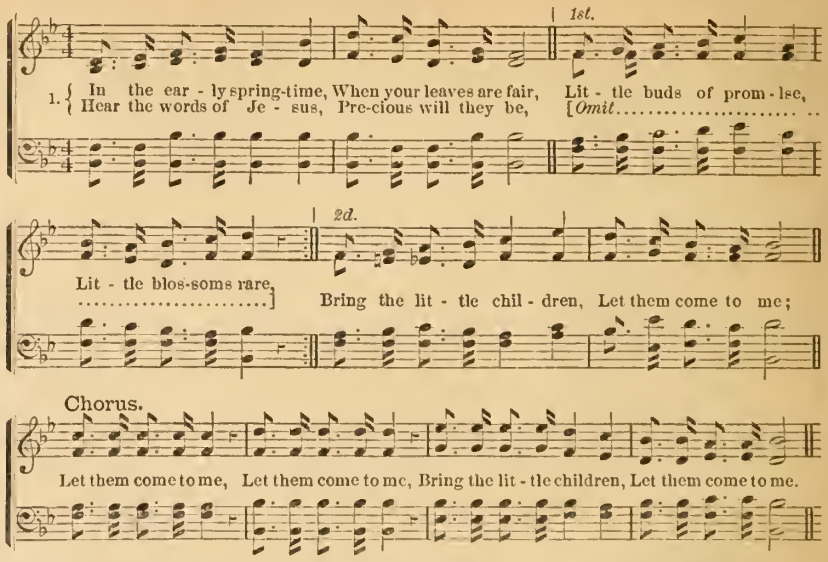


LET THE CHILDREN COME IN.

(NEW)

INTER. "But why standest thou thus at the door? Come in, thou daughter of Abraham; we were talking of thee but now, for tidings have come to us before how thou art become a pilgrim. Come, children, come in; come, maiden, come in." So he had them all into the house.

So when they were within, they were bidden to sit down and rest them; the which when they had done, those that attended upon the pilgrims in the house, came into the room to see them. And one smiled, and another smiled, and they all smiled for joy that Christiana was become a pilgrim. They also looked upon the boys, they stroked them over their faces with their hand, in token of their kind reception of them; they also carried it lovingly to Mercy, and bid them all welcome into their master's house.



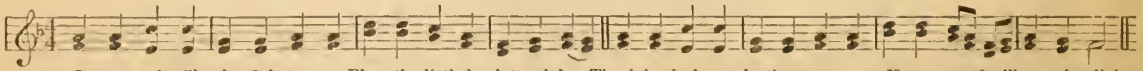
2 All the little children
Gladly will we bring
To the arms of Jesus,
Heaven's exalted King.
For the invitation,
Gracious, full and free,
Says to *all* the children,
Let them come to me.

3 Let them come in welcome
To my bleeding side,
To secure their pardon
I was crucified:
They may be forgiven,
From the law set free,
I, the Lord, have risen,
Let them come to me.

4 Jesus, we are coming
To thy loving arms,
Safely there reposing,
Sin no longer harms.
From the wiles of Satan
Thou canst set us free,
Though we're little children,
We will come to thee.

TENDER SHEPHERD, HEAR ME.

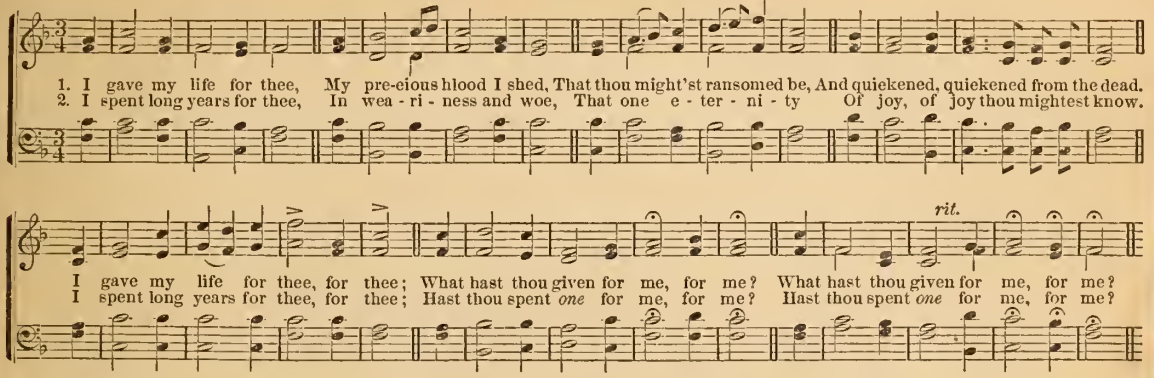
(NEW)



1. Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me; Bless thy little lamb to-night; Thro' the darkness be thou near me; Keep me safe till morning light.
2. All this day thy hand has led me, And I thank thee for thy care; Thou hast warm'd me, cloth'd and fed me, Listen to my evening pray'r!

THIS I DID FOR THEE.*

"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."



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

4 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell.
I suffered much for thee, for thee;
‖: What dost thou *bear* for me, for me? :‖

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

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

THE PITY OF THE LORD.

TUNE—BOYLSTON. S. M.

1 THE pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

* *Motto placed under a print of Christ on the Cross, in the study of a German clergyman. It is said that Count Zinzendorf was first taught to love the Saviour by reading this motto.*

OUTSIDE THE GATE.

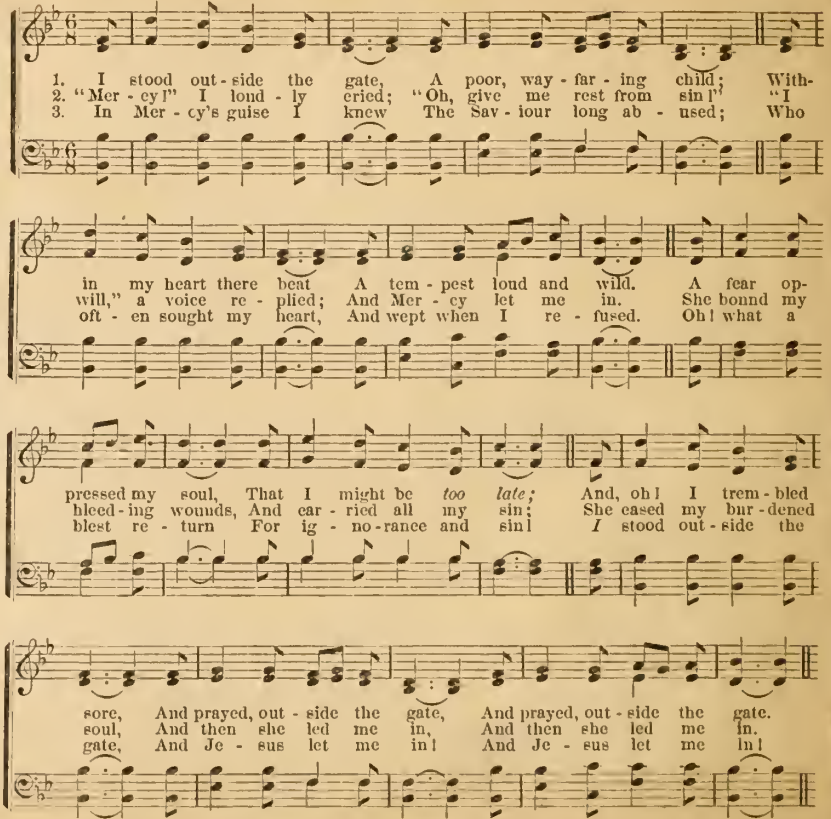
"Oh, look thou upon me, and be merciful unto me."

Now all this time poor Mercy did stand without, trembling and crying for fear that she was rejected; then she knocked so loud that the keeper said, "Who is there?" and Christiana said, "It is my friend." So he opened the gate and looked out, but Mercy had fallen down in a swoon. Then he took her by the hand, and said, "Damsel, I bid thee arise; stand upon thy feet, and tell me wherefore thou art come."

MERCY. "I am come for that into which I was never invited, as my friend Christiana was. Hers was from the King, and mine was but from her. Wherefore I fear I presume."

KEEPER. "Did she desire thee to come with her to this place?"

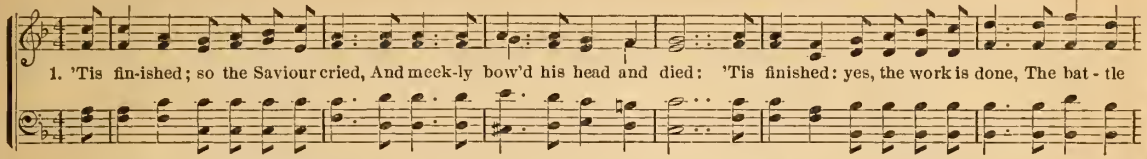
MERCY. "Yes, and if there is any grace or forgiveness of sins, I beseech that I, thy poor handmaid, may be partaker thereof." Then he took her by the hand and led her gently in, and said, "I pray for all them that believe on me, by what means soever they come unto me."

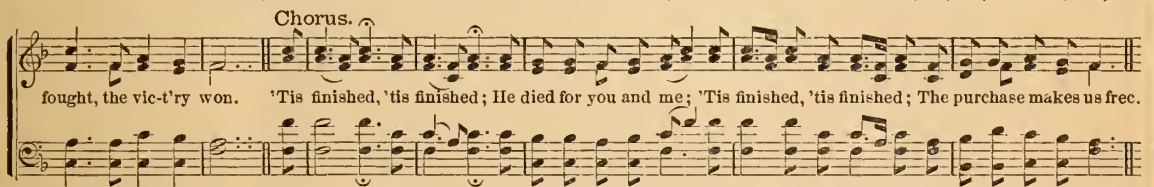


'TIS FINISHED!

(NEW)

"When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost."





2 'Tis finished: Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore:
The sacred vail is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

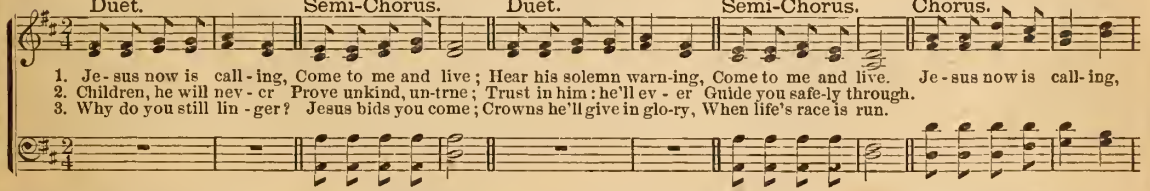
3 'Tis finished: this my dying groan,
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this, my last expiring breath.

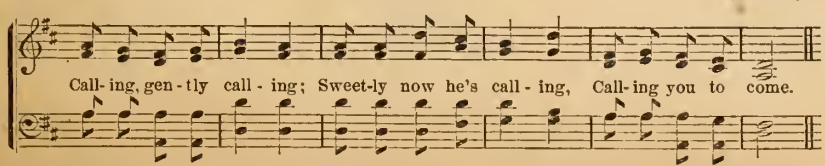
4 'Tis finished: heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd:
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

JESUS NOW IS CALLING.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

(NEW)





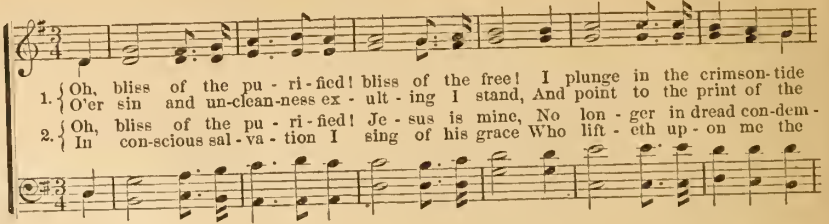
4 We will heed his calling,
And no longer roam;
We will try to serve him,
Till he calls us home.

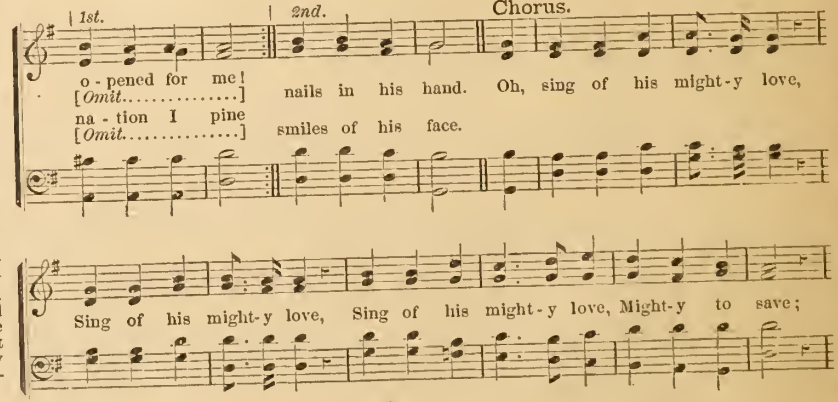
Chorus.—He is always calling,
Calling, sweetly calling
Blessed little children,
Let them come to me.

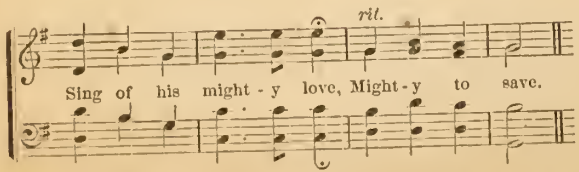
BLISS OF THE PURIFIED.

"He is mighty to save." (NEW)

AND now was Christiana and her boys, and Mercy received of the Lord at the head of the way, and spoke kindly unto hy him. Then said they yet further unto him, "We are sorry for our sins and beg of our Lord his pardon, and further information what we must do." "I graut pardon," said he, "hy word and deed. By word in the promise of forgiveness; by deed in the way I obtained it. Take the first from my lips with a kiss, and the other as it shall be revealed." Now I saw in my dream that he spake many good words unto them, whereby they were greatly gladdened. He also had them up to the top of the gate, and showed them by what deed they were saved, and told them wlthal, that that sight they would have again as they went along in the way to their comfort.





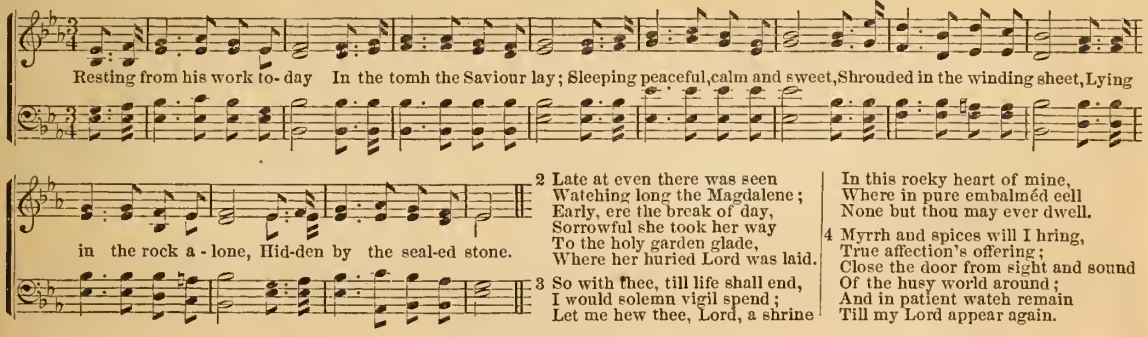


3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that his blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,—
No tears but may try them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the Crucified! thee will I sing!
My blessed Redeemer! my God and my King!
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the Mighty to save.

RESTING FROM HIS WORK.

"And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out of the rock."



2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

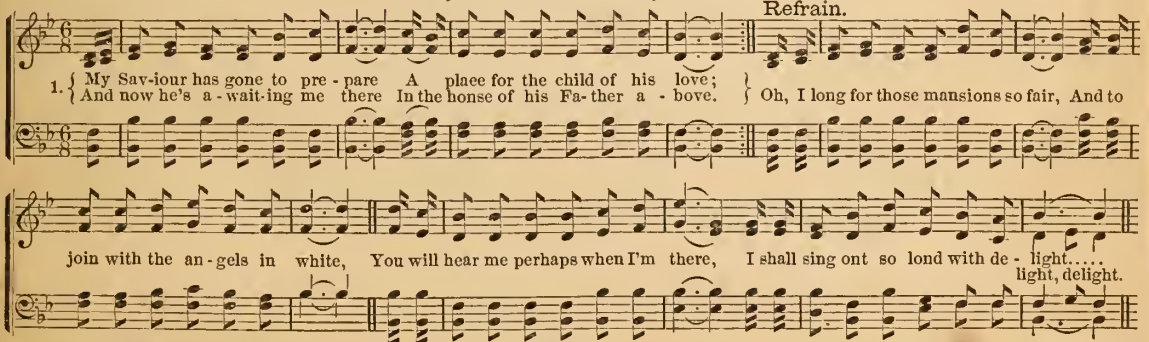
3 So with thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend;
Let me hew thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmed cell
None but thou may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."

(NEW)



2 That house is beyond the blue sky,
More bright than I ever could tell:
I shall only go home when I die,
With my Brother and Father to dwell.

3 I have treasures laid up for me there,—
A crown of the loveliest gold;
And my Father will give me to wear
A dress that will never grow old.

4 And perhaps he will give me bright wings,
To fly on long errands for him,
And a harp with its sweet sounding strings,
Which never are tuneless or dim.

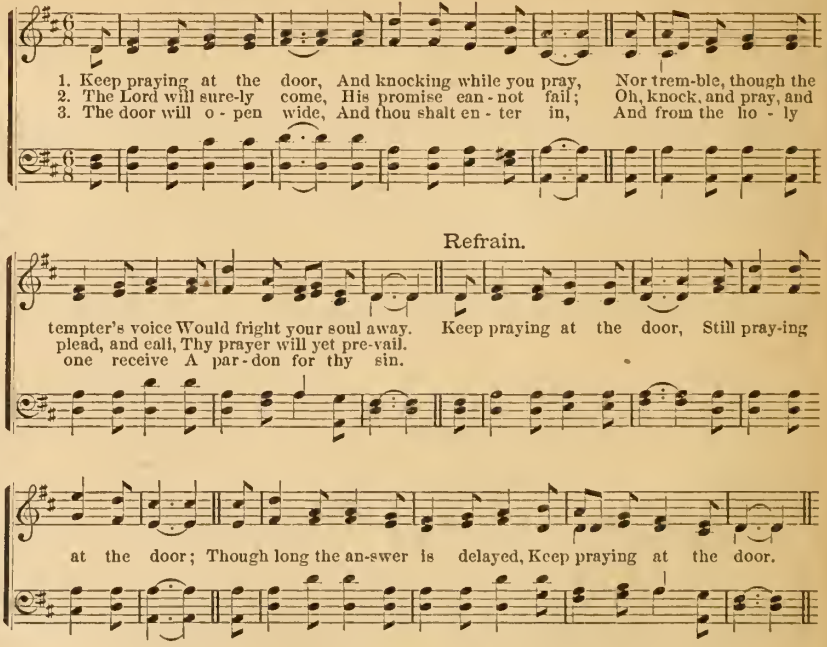
KEEP PRAYING AT THE DOOR.

"*Seek, and ye shall find.*" (NEW)

CHRIS. "Can you not tell me how you knocked? I am sure your knocks were so earnest, that the very sound of them made me start. I thought I never heard such knocking in all my life, I thought you would have taken the kingdom by storm."

MERCY. "Alas, to be in my case, who that so was, could but have done so? You saw that the door was shut upon me, and that there was a most cruel dog thereabout. Who, I say, that was so faint-hearted as I, that would not have knocked with all their might? But pray, was not my Lord, on account of my rudeness, angry with me?"

CHRIS. "When he heard your lumbering noise, he gave an innocent smile. I believe what you did pleased him well enough, for he showed no sign to the contrary. I marvel why he keeps such a dog; had I known that before, I fear I should not have ventured myself in this manner."



AND ARE WE YET ALIVE.

TUNE—BOYLSTON. S. M.

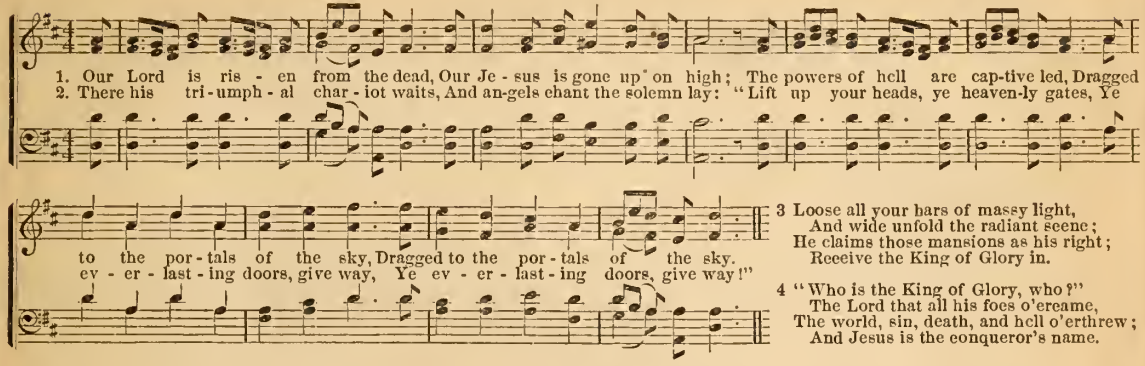
1 AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.

2 Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear,

3 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we past!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

OUR LORD IS RISEN.

"And where thy victory, O grave?" — *L. M.* (NEW)

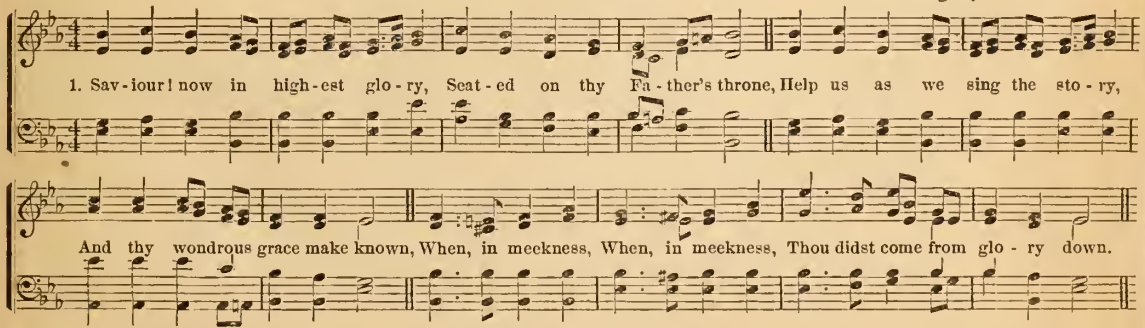


3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord that all his foes o'ereame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

BOTTOME.

8s, 7s & 4s. (NEW)



2 Holy Spirit! give thy blessing,
Show us all thy Saviour's love,
Who the Father's love professing,
Yet descended from above,
Veiled in weakness,
That his strength we all might prove.

3 Father! breathe thy benediction,
Let us see thee in thy Son;
Let us know thy great salvation,
God and man in Christ made one.
With the Father,
First the glorious work begun.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
One in purpose, as in name;
Only one in grace and merit,
Now, as yesterday, the same.
All the Godhead,
Meeting in the blessed Lamb!

CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

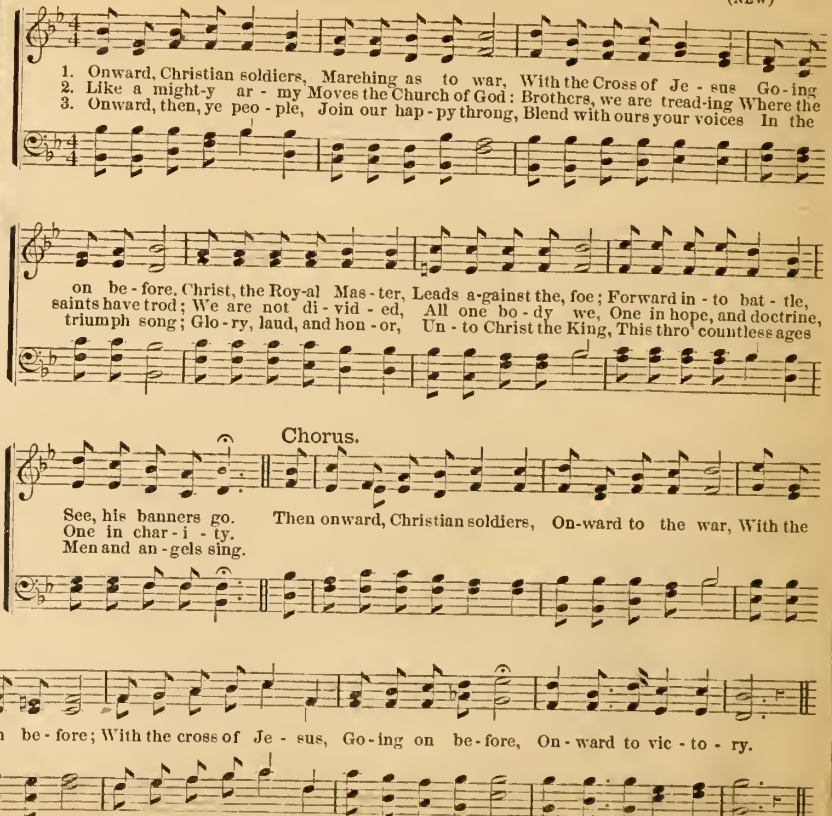
"Be strong and of good courage."

(NEW)

BUT their Guide made first his approach unto Grim, and laid so heavily at him with his sword, that he forced him to a retreat.

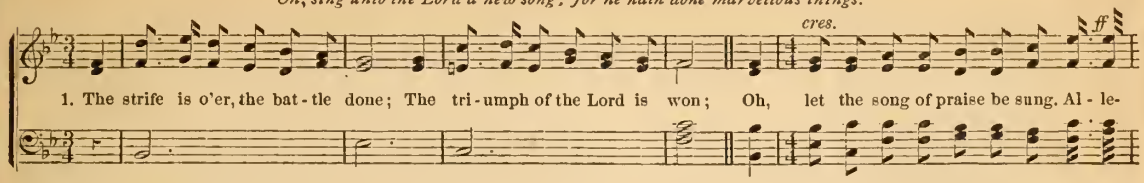
"Then," said he that attempted to back the lions, "will you slay me upon mine own ground?"

GREAT-HEART. "It is the King's high-way that we are in, and in his way it is that you have placed thy lions; but these women and these children, though weak, shall hold on their way in spite of thy lions;" and with that he gave him a downright blow, and brought him on his knees. Then did the giant roar so hideously, that his voice frightened the women; yet they were glad to see him on the ground. Now the lions were chained, and so of themselves could do nothing. Then said Great-Heart to the pilgrims, "Come now, follow me, and no hurt shall happen to you from the lions."



THE TRIUMPH OF THE LORD IS WON.

"Oh, sing unto the Lord a new song: for he hath done marvellous things."



2 The powers of death have done their worst,
And Jesus hath his foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.
Alleluia!

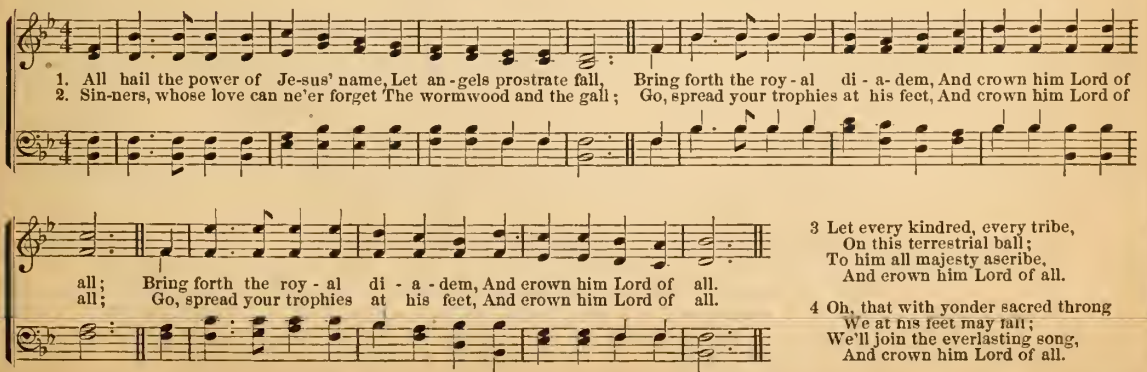
3 On that third morn he rose again,
In glorious majesty to reign;
Oh, let us swell the joyful strain.
Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let songs of joy his triumphs tell.
Alleluia!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,
From death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to thee.
Alleluia! Amen.

THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

"Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." C. M.



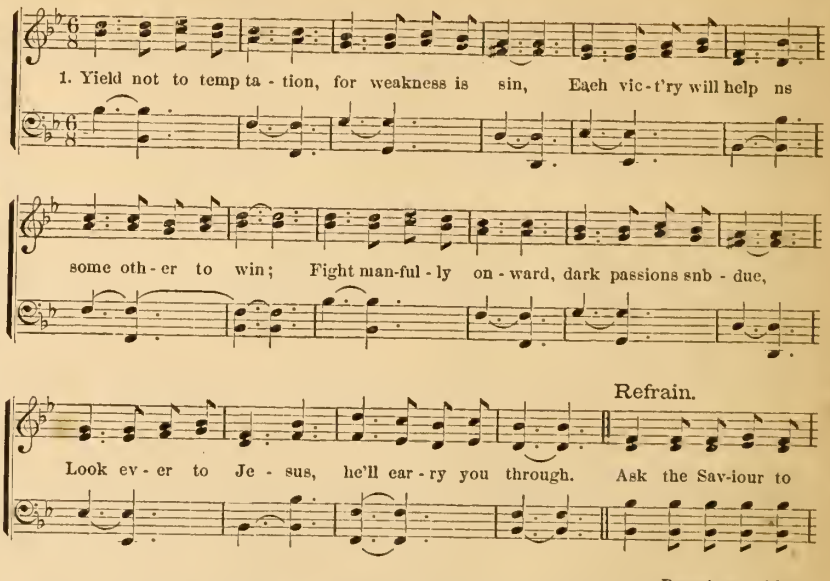
3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball;
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

"Avoid the appearance of evil."

Now there was on the other side of the wall that fenced in the way, up which Christiana and her companions were to go, a garden, and that garden belonged to him whose was that harking dog of whom mention was made before. And some of the fruit-trees that grew in that garden, shot their branches over the wall, and, being mellow, they that found them did gather them up, and oft eat of them to their hurt. So Christiana's boys, as boys are apt to do, being pleased with the trees, and with the fruits that did hang thereon, did pluck them, and began to eat. Their mother did also chide them for so doing, but still the boys went on. "Well," said she, "my sons, you transgress; for that fruit is none of yours."

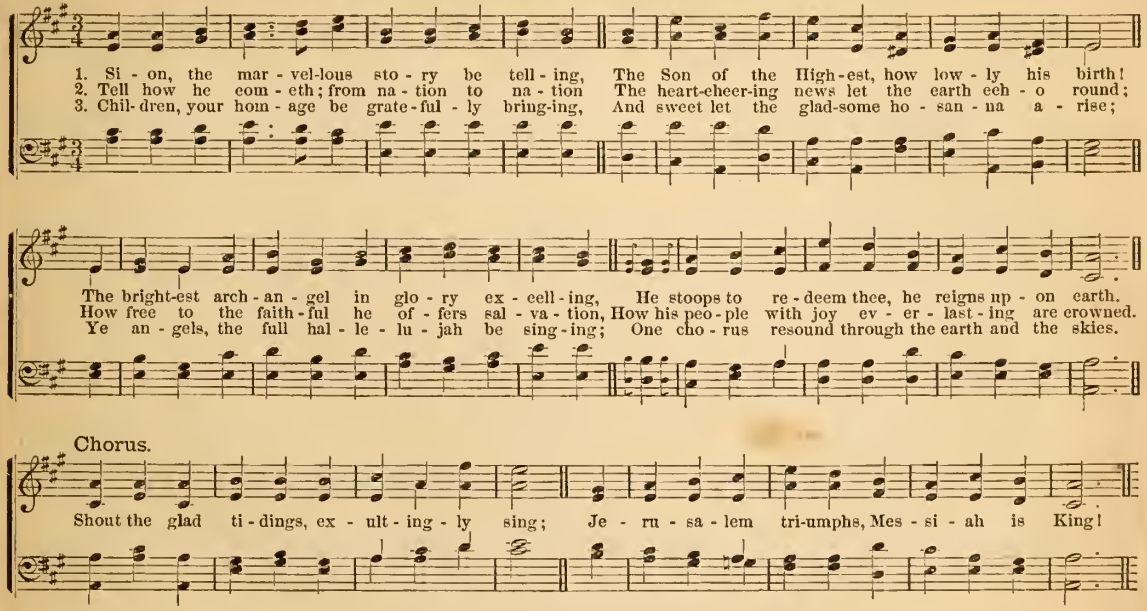


2 Shun evil companions, bad language disdain,
God's name hold in rev'rence, nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus, he'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh, God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer, though often cast down;
He who is the Saviour, our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus, he'll carry you through.

KING OF KINGS.

"*Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.*" (NEW)



I WILL SING FOR JESUS.

1 I WILL sing for Jesus,
With his blood he bought me:
And all along my pilgrim way
His loving hand has brought me.
CHORUS.
Oh, help me sing for Jesus,
Help me tell the story
Of him who did redeem us,
The Lord of life and glory.

2 Can there overtake me
Any dark disaster,
While I sing for Jesus,
My blessed, blessed Master?

3 I will sing for Jesus!
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing.

4 Still I'll sing for Jesus!
Oh, how will I adore him,
Among the cloud of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before him.
CHORUS.
Oh, help me sing for Jesus,
Help me tell the story
Of him who did redeem us,
The Lord of life and glory.

STANDING OPEN, NOT AJAR!

"And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day, for there shall be no night there." (NEW)

With that the keeper of the gate did marvel, saying, "What, is she become now a pilgrim, that, but a while ago, abhorred that life?" Then she bowed her head, and said, "Yes, and so are these, my sweet babes, also." Then he took her by the hand, and let her in, and said also, "Suffer the little children to come unto me;" and with that he shut up the gate. This done, he called to a trumpeter, that was above over the gate, to entertain Christiana with shouting and sound of trumpet for joy. So he obeyed, and sounded, and filled the air with his melodious notes, and the boys were greatly pleased with the sound thereof.

1. Not a - jar, the gates of glo - ry, Leading to the realms of light, For the ho - ly
2. When our hearts are chill'd by sor - row, And the days are dark and drear, Oft we feel the
3. Faith a gold - en vis - ion brings us Of that pure transcendent shore, Where the bless'd shall

Bi - ble tells us They are o - pen day and night; And the pray'rs of countless millions Wafted
gen - tle pin - ions Of our guardian an - gel near, Come to waft the sigh we mur - mur Up to
walk with Je - sus, Robed in white for - ev - er more; Choral strains of dis - tant mu - sic, In that

to that land a - far, Reach it thro' the gates e - ter - nal, Standing o - pen, not a - jar!
yon - der world a - far, Thro' the gates of life e - ter - nal, Standing o - pen, not a - jar!
sun - ny land a - far, Greet us from the gates e - ter - nal, Standing o - pen, not a - jar!

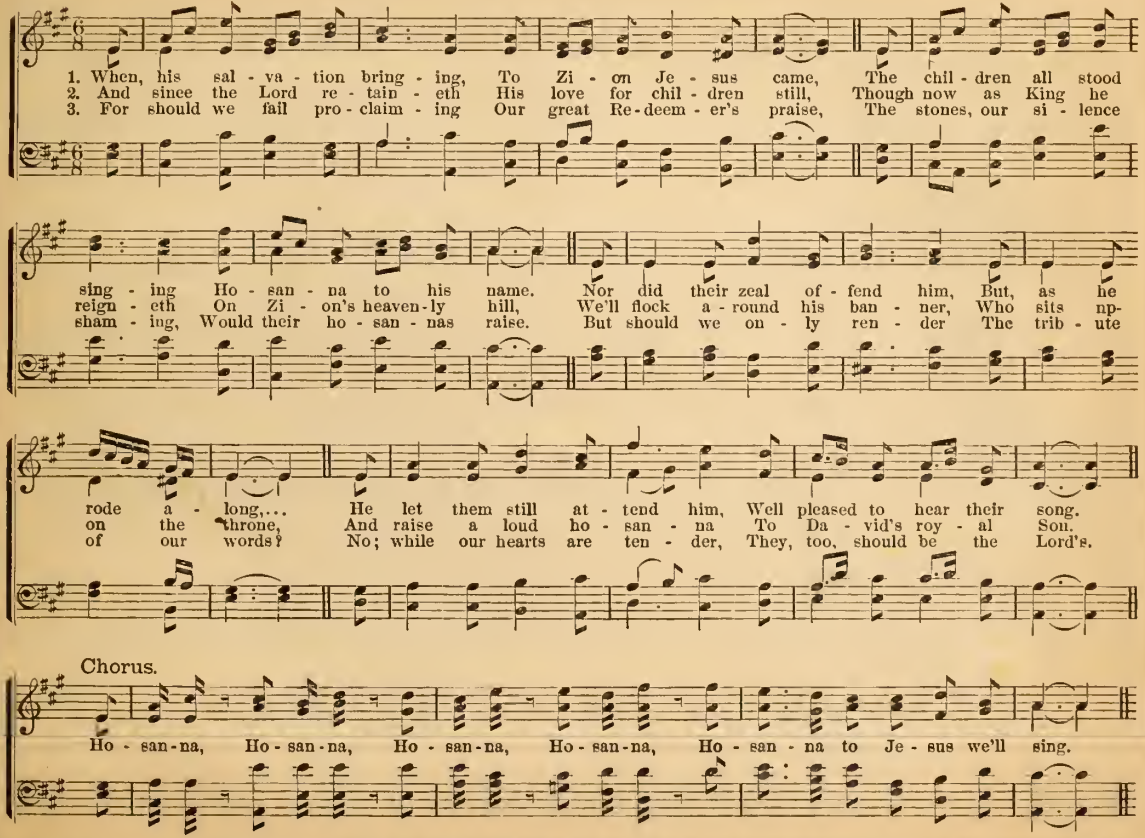
Chorus.

rit.

Where our friends with crowns await us, Bright with many a radiant star, We shall enter thro' the portals Standing o - pen, not a - jar!

HOSANNA TO JESUS.

"Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." (NEW)



HEAPING UP RICHES.

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" 11s. (NEW)

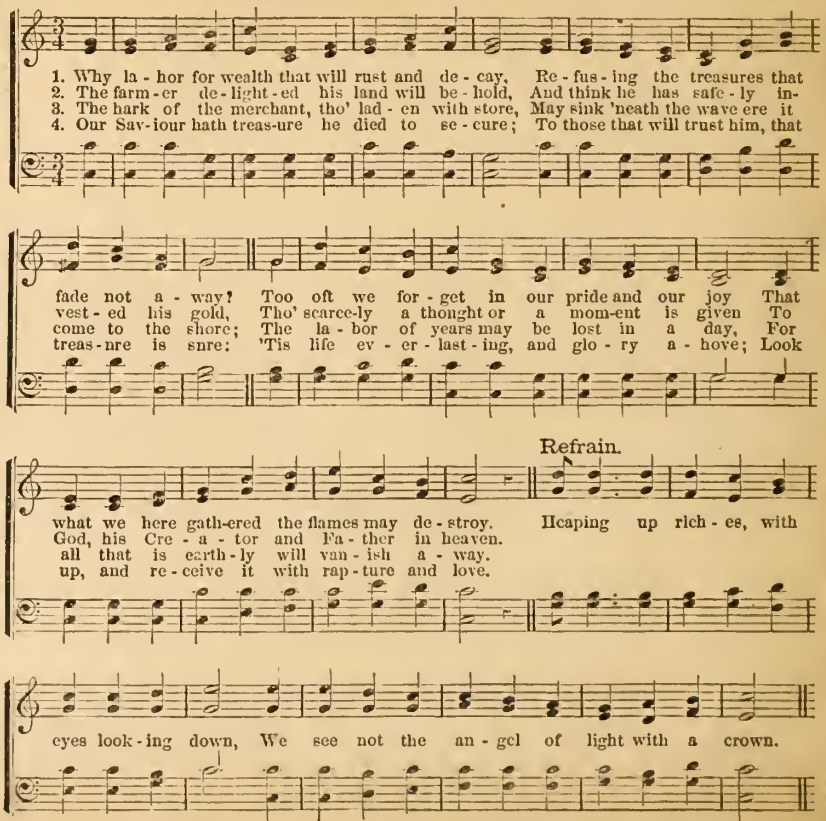
After these things had been somewhat digested by Christiana and her company, the Interpreter takes them apart again, and has them first into a room, where was a man that could look no way but downwards, with a muck-rake in his hand. There stood also one over his head, with a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered him that crown for his muck-rake; but the man did neither look up nor regard them. Then said Christiana, "I persuade myself that I know somewhat the meaning of this; for this is the figure of a man of this world; is it not, good sir?"

Inter. "Thou hast said the right; and his muck-rake doth show his carnal mind. And, whereas thou seest him rather give heed to rake up straws and sticks, and the dust of the floor, it is to let thee know that earthly things, when they are with power upon men's minds, quite carry their hearts away from God."

Chris. "Oh, deliver me from this muck-rake."

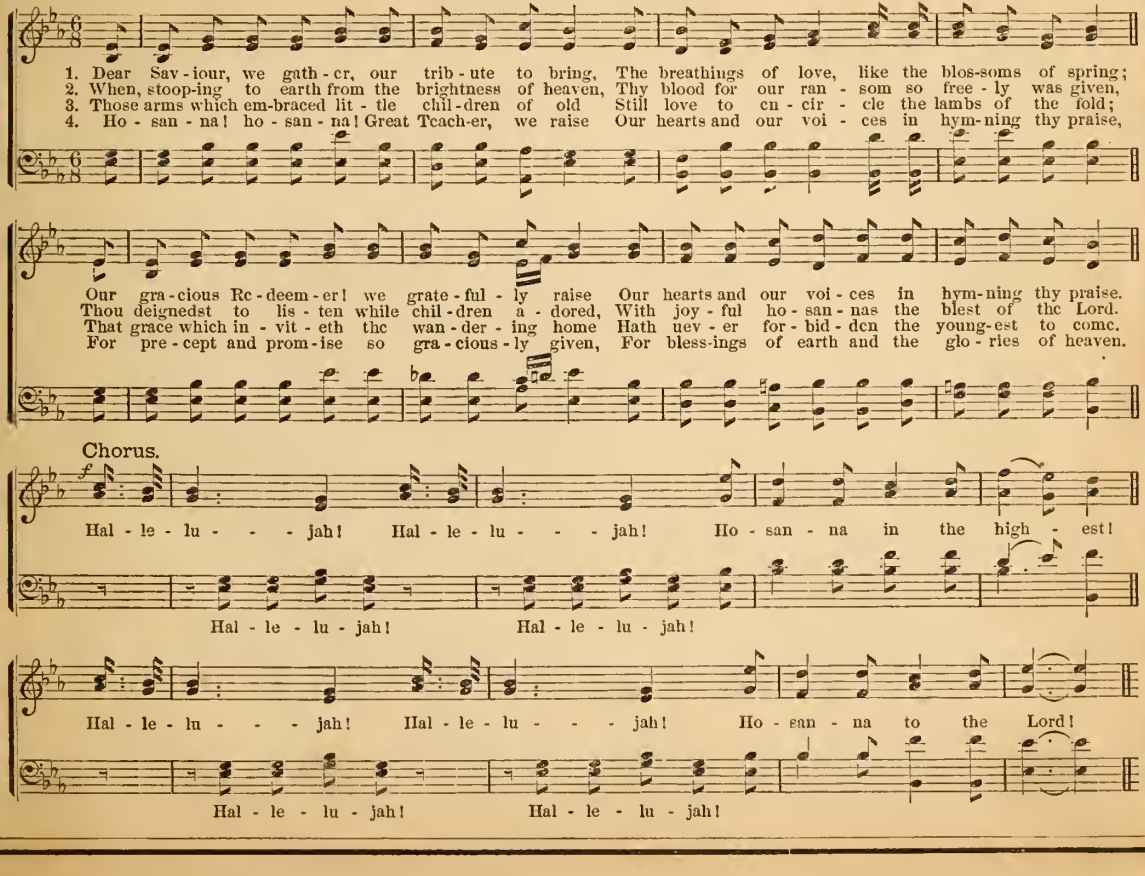
Inter. "That prayer has lain by till it is almost rusty: Give me not riches, is scarce the prayer of one of ten thousand. Straws, and sticks, and dust, with most, are the great things now looked after."

With that Christiana and Mercy wept, and said, "It is, alas! too true."



GREETING SONG.

"A tribute of a freewill offering." (NEW)

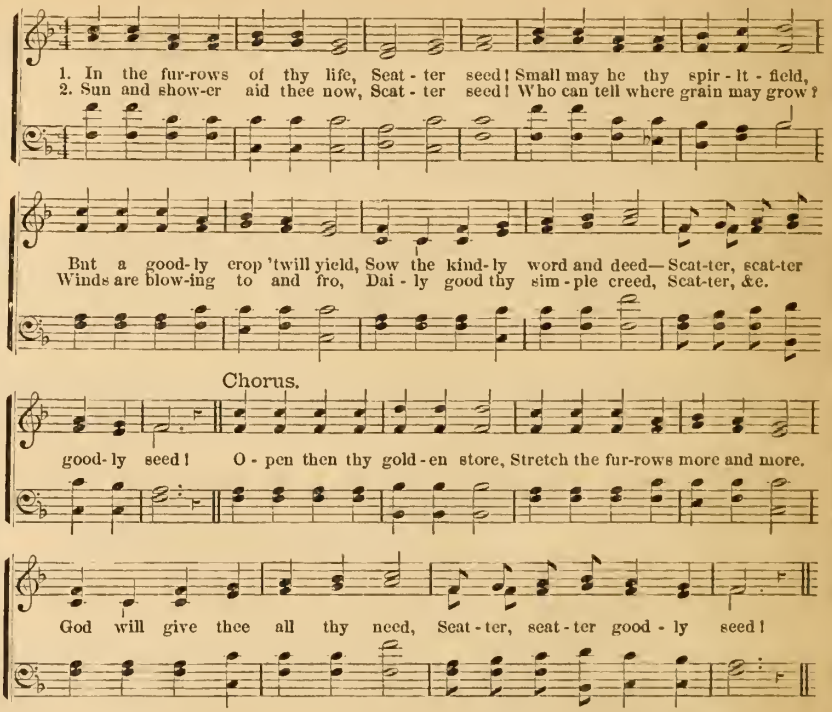


THE GOLDEN STORE.

"Behold! a sower went out to sow." (NEW)

After this, he led them into his garden, where was great variety of flowers; and he said, "Do you see all these?" So Christiana said, "Yes." Then said he again, "Behold, the flowers are diverse in stature, in quality, and color, and smell, and virtue; and some are better than others; also, where the gardener had set them, there they stand, and quarrel not one with another."

Again, he had them into his field, which he had sowed with wheat and corn; but, when they beheld the tops of all were cut off, and only the straw remained, he said again, "This ground was dunged, and ploughed, and sowed, but what shall we do with the crop?" Then said Christiana, "Burn some, and make muck of the rest." Then said the Interpreter again, "Fruit, you see, is that thing you look for; and for want of that you condemn it to the fire, and to be trodden under foot of men; beware that in this you condemn not yourselves."



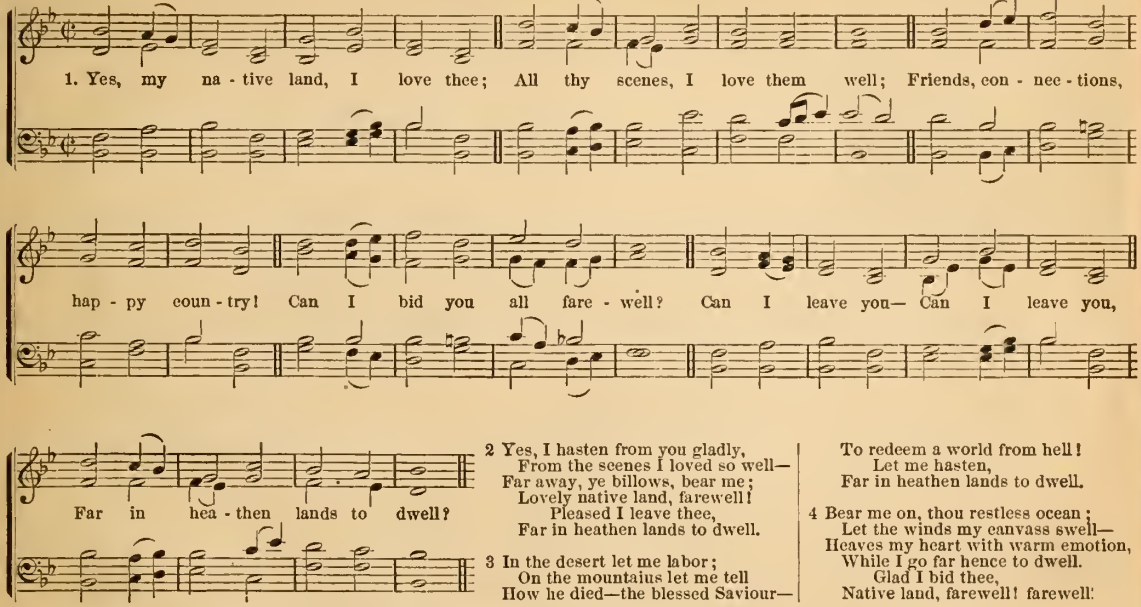
3 Up! the morning flies away—
Scatter seed!
Hand of thine must never tire;
Heart must keep its pure desire;
While thy brothers faint and bleed,
Scatter, scatter goodly seed.

4 Though thy work should seem to fail,
Scatter seed!
Some may fall on stony ground;
Flower and blade are often found
In the clefts we little heed,
Scatter, scatter goodly seed.

5 Spring-time always dawns for thee!
Scatter seed!
Open then thy golden store,
Stretch thy furrows more and more,
God will give thee all thy need,
Scatter, scatter goodly seed.

MACEDONIAN CRY.

"Come over into Macedonia, and help us." 8s & 7s.



2 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well—
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

3 In the desert let me labor;
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

4 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell—
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell! farewell!

FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

TUNE—MISS. HYMN. 7s & 6s.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand—
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain—
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

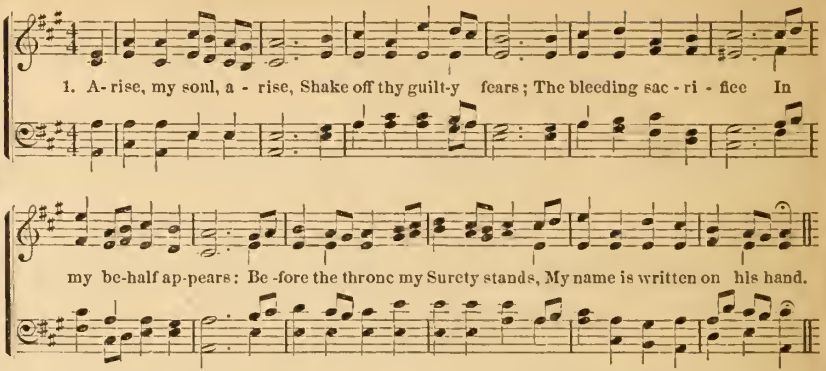
3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The light of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Now supper was ready, the table spread, and all things set on the board; so they sat down, and did eat, when one had given thanks. And the Interpreter did usually entertain those that lodged with him with music at meals; so the minstrels played. There was also one that did sing, and a very fine voice he had. His song was this: "Be present at our table, Lord."

When the song and music were ended, the Interpreter asked Christiana what it was that first did move her to betake herself to a pilgrim's life. Christiana answered, "First the loss of my husband."

ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE.

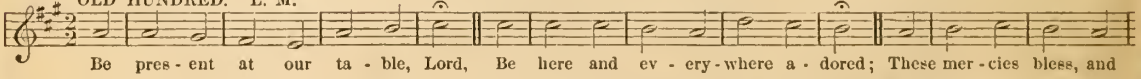
"Your life is hid with Christ in God." (NEW)



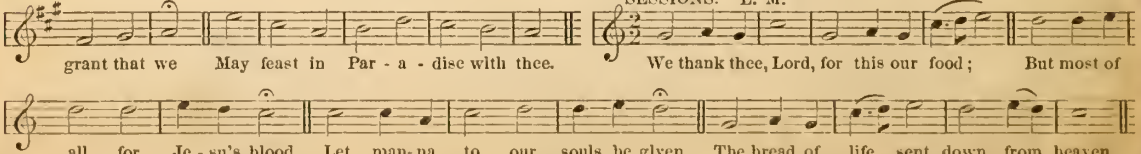
2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 My God is reconciled;
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

GRACES.—BEFORE MEAT.

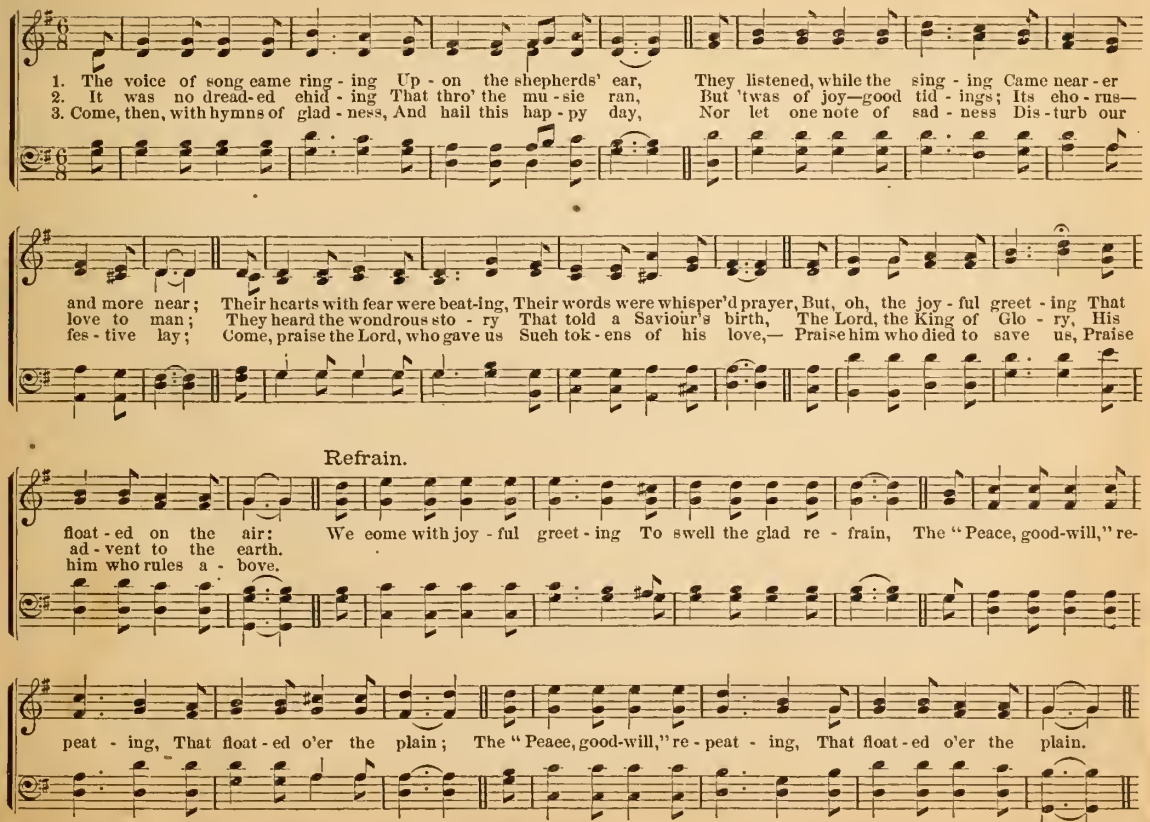


AFTER MEAT.



CHRISTMAS GREETING.

"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

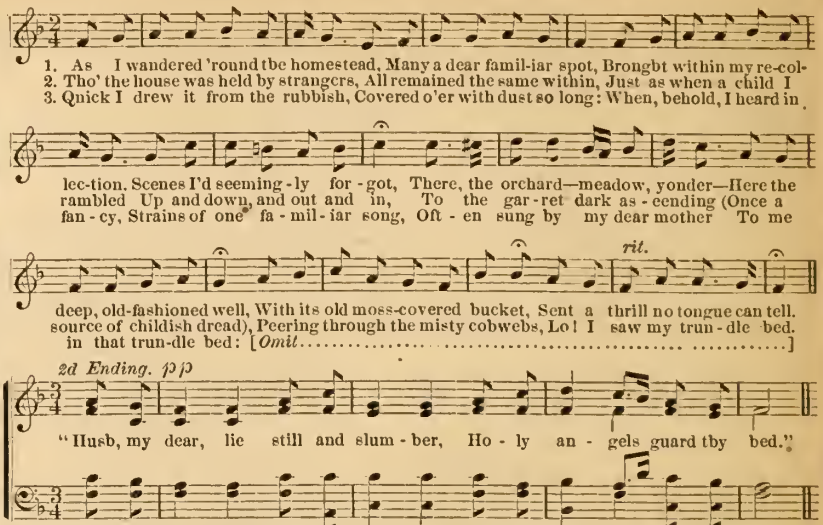


MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

He had them then into another room, where were a hen and chickens, and bid them observe a while. So one of the chickens went to the trough to drink; and, every time she drank, she lifted up her bead and her eyes towards heaven. "See," said he, "what this little chick doth, and learn of her to acknowledge whence your mercies come, by receiving them with looking up. Yet, again, "said he," observe and look:" so they gave heed, and perceived that the hen did walk in a fourfold method towards her chickens. 1. She had a common call, and that she hath all day long. 2. She had a special call, and that she had but sometimes. 3 She had a brooding note, *Matt.* 23:37. And, 4, she had an outcry.

"Now," said he, "compare this hen to our King, and these chickens to his obedient ones; for, answerable to her, he himself hath his methods which he walketh in towards his people. By his common call, he gives nothing; by his special call, he always has something to give; he also has a brooding voice, for them that are under his wing; and he has an outcry to give the alarm when he seeth the enemy come."



4 While I listen to the music
Stealing on in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood—
I am now a child again;
'Tis the hour of my retiring,
At the dusky eventide;
Near my trundle bed I'm kneeling,
As in yore, by mother's side.

5 Hands are on my head so loving,
As they were in childhood's days;
I, with weary tones, am trying
To repeat the words she says;
'Tis a prayer in language simple
As a mother's lips can frame:
* "Father, thou who art in heaven,
Hallowed, ever, be thy name."

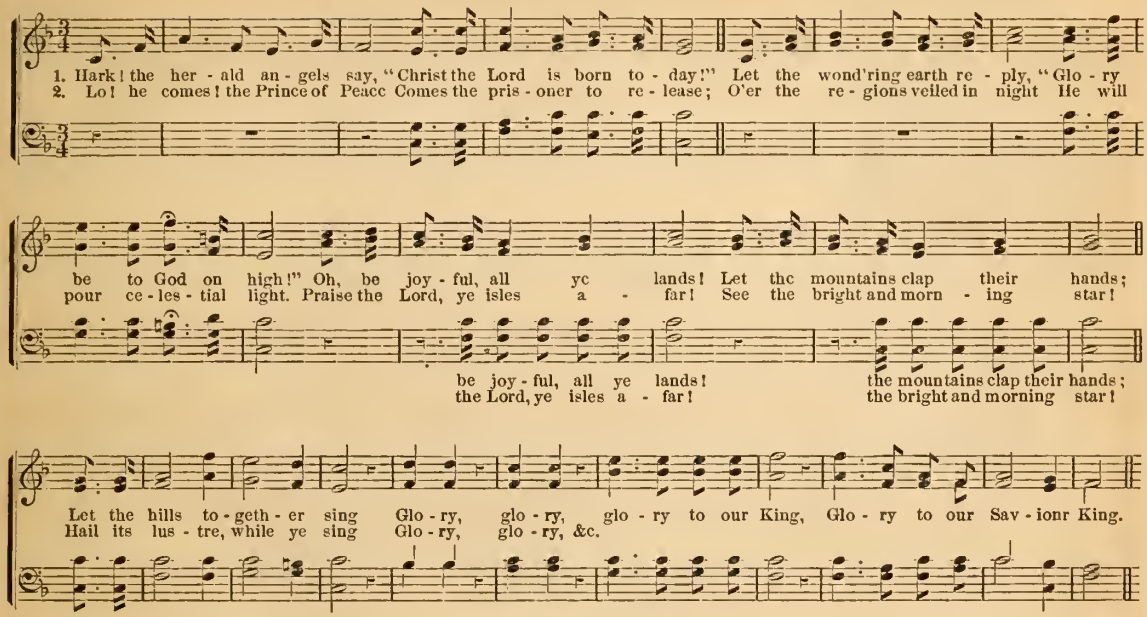
6 Prayer is over—to my pillow
With a good-night kiss I creep,
Scarcely waking while I whisper,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then my mother, o'er me bending,
Prays in earnest words, but mild:
"Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Bless, oh, bless my precious child."

7 Yet I am but only dreaming,
Ne'er I'll be a child again,
Many years has that dear mother,
In the quiet graveyard lain;
But her blessed, angel spirit,
Daily hovers o'er my head,
Calling me from earth to heaven,
Even from my trundle bed.

* *Use the Second Ending for these two lines.*

HARK THE HERALD ANGELS.

"Christ the Lord is born to-day." (NEW)



BROTHER, YOU MAY WORK FOR JESUS.

1 BROTHER, you may work for Jesus,
God has given you a place
In some portion of his vineyard,
And will give sustaining grace.
He has bidden you "Go labor,"
And has promised a reward,
Even joy and life eternal
In the kingdom of your Lord.

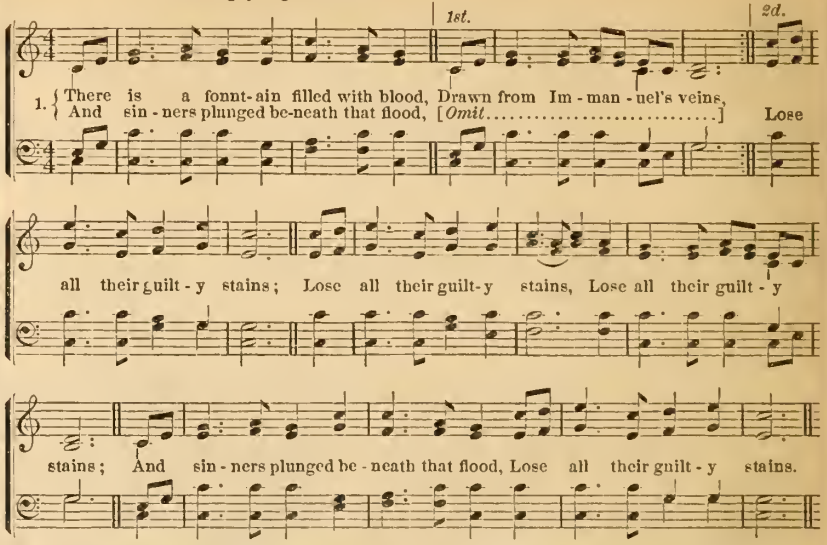
2 Brother, you may "sing for Jesus,"
Oh, how precious is his love!
Praise him for his boundless blessings
Ever coming from above.
Sing how Jesus died to save you,
How your sin and guilt he bore;
How his blood hath sealed your pardon:
"Sing for Jesus" evermore.

3 Brother, you may live for Jesus,
Him who died that you might live;
Oh, then, all your ransomed powers
Cheerful to his service give.
Thus for Jesus you may labor,
And for Jesus sing and pray;
Consecrate your life to Jesus—
Love and serve him every day.

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.

"The washing of regeneration."

THEN said the Interpreter to the Damsel that first opened unto them, "Take them and have them into the garden for bath, and then wash them, and make them clean from the soil which they have gathered from traveling." Then Innocent the Damsel took them, and had them into the garden. So she told them that there they must wash and be clean, for so her master would have the women to do, that called at his house who were going on pilgrimage. They then went in and washed, and came out of that bath not only sweet and clean, but much enlivened and strengthened in their joints. So when they came in they looked fairer a deal than when they went out to the washing.

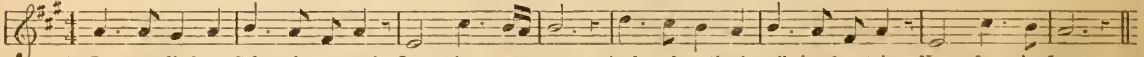


2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

JESUS DIED ON CALVARY'S MOUNTAIN.



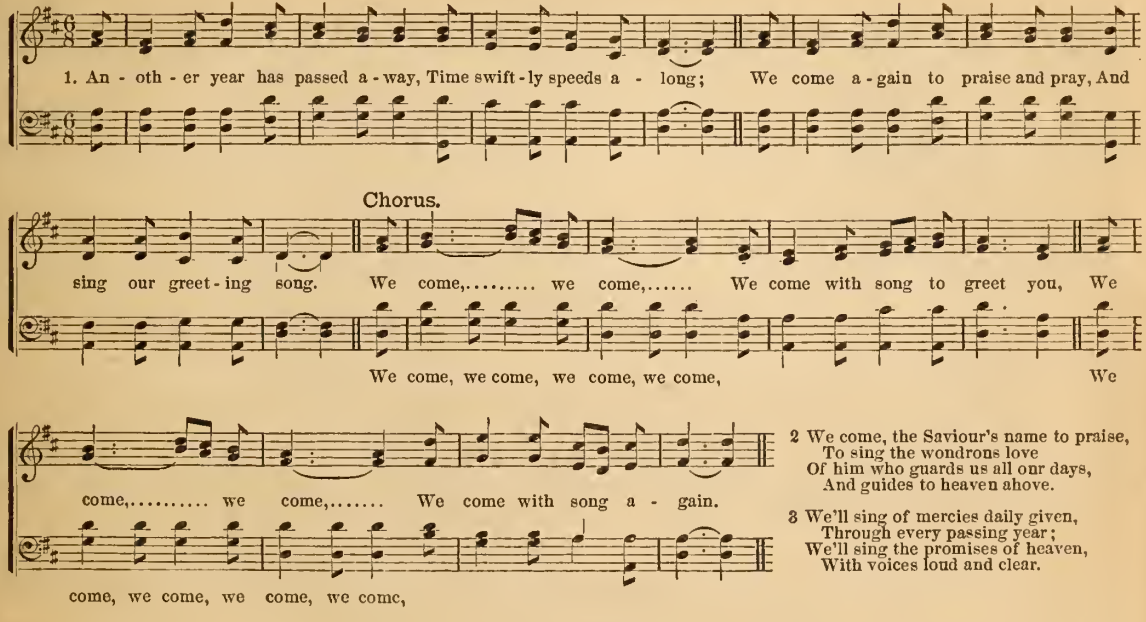
3 Jesus died, yet lives forever,
No more to die!
Bleeding Jesus! blessed Saviour!
Now reigns on high.

4 Now in heaven he's interceding,
By faith I see,
With the Father earnest pleading
For you and me.

5 Courage, then, my soul, press onward!
'Mid ease or pain;
Soon he'll bid thee come up yonder,
With him to reign.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

"The years come and go."



2 We come, the Saviour's name to praise,
To sing the wondrous love
Of him who guards us all our days,
And guides to heaven above.

3 We'll sing of mercies daily given,
Through every passing year;
We'll sing the promises of heaven,
With voices loud and clear.

OLD YEAR GONE.

TUNE—HEBRON. L. M.

1 THE old year now is past and gone,
And we are left with thanks alone;
Thanks that, in danger and in fear,
Thou, Lord, hast kept us all the year.

2 We pray thee, Christ, thou Son of God,
Throned in thy Father's blest abode,
Thy little flock—in youth and age—
Protect through all our pilgrimage.

3 Preserve to us thy blessed word,
Our soul's defence, thy Spirit's sword:
From errors vain, and scorn of thee,
O Lord, the Truth, our helper be!

4 Help—that from sin we may depart,
And holy he in life and heart:
From old-year sins, Lord, hide thy face,
And fill the New Year with thy grace.

5 Like Christ to live, in him to die,
Goes forth each longing, heaves each sigh,
Till life is o'er, till wakes the morn,
With which heaven's glad New Year is born.

6 Then shall a sweeter hymn arise,
And fill with angel-voice the skies!
Such blessed hopes thou giv'st us here!
Increase our faith, Lord, year by year.

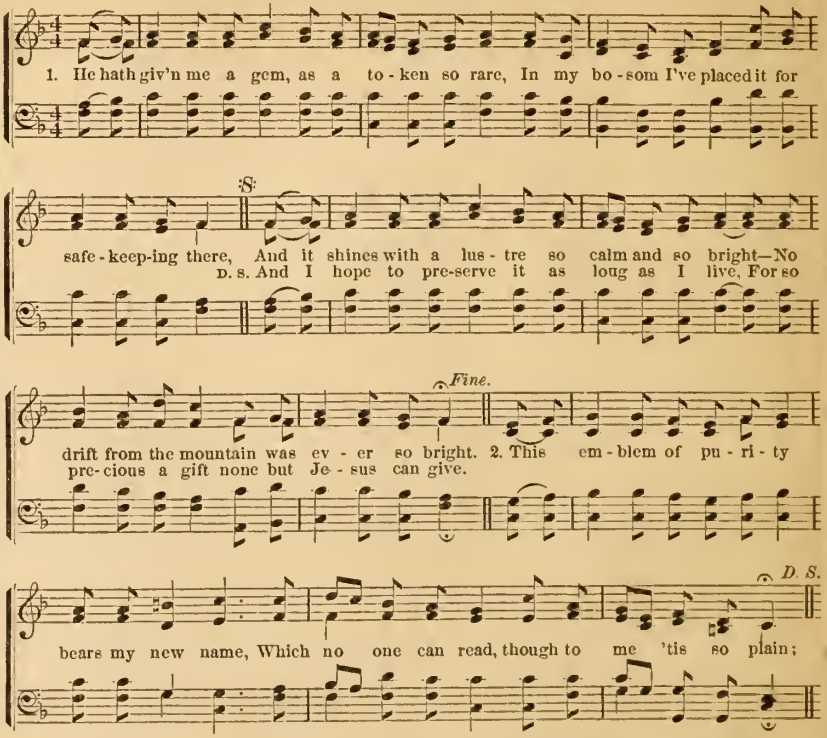
THE NEW BEST NAME.

(NEW)

"I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."

THEN said the Interpreter again to the damsel that waited upon these women, "Go into the vestry, and fetch out garments for these people." So she went and fetched out white raiment, and laid it down before him; so he commanded them to put it on; it was fine linen, white and clean. When the women were thus adorned, they seemed to be a terror one to the other; for that they could not see that glory each one had in herself, which they could see in each other. Now therefore they began to esteem each other better than themselves. For, "You are fairer than I," said one; and, "You are more comely than I," said another. The children also stood amazed, to see into what fashion they were brought.

The Interpreter then called for a man-servant of his, one Great-heart, and bid him take sword, and helmet, and shield, and, "Take these, my daughters," said he, "conduct them to the house called Beautiful, at which place they will rest next."

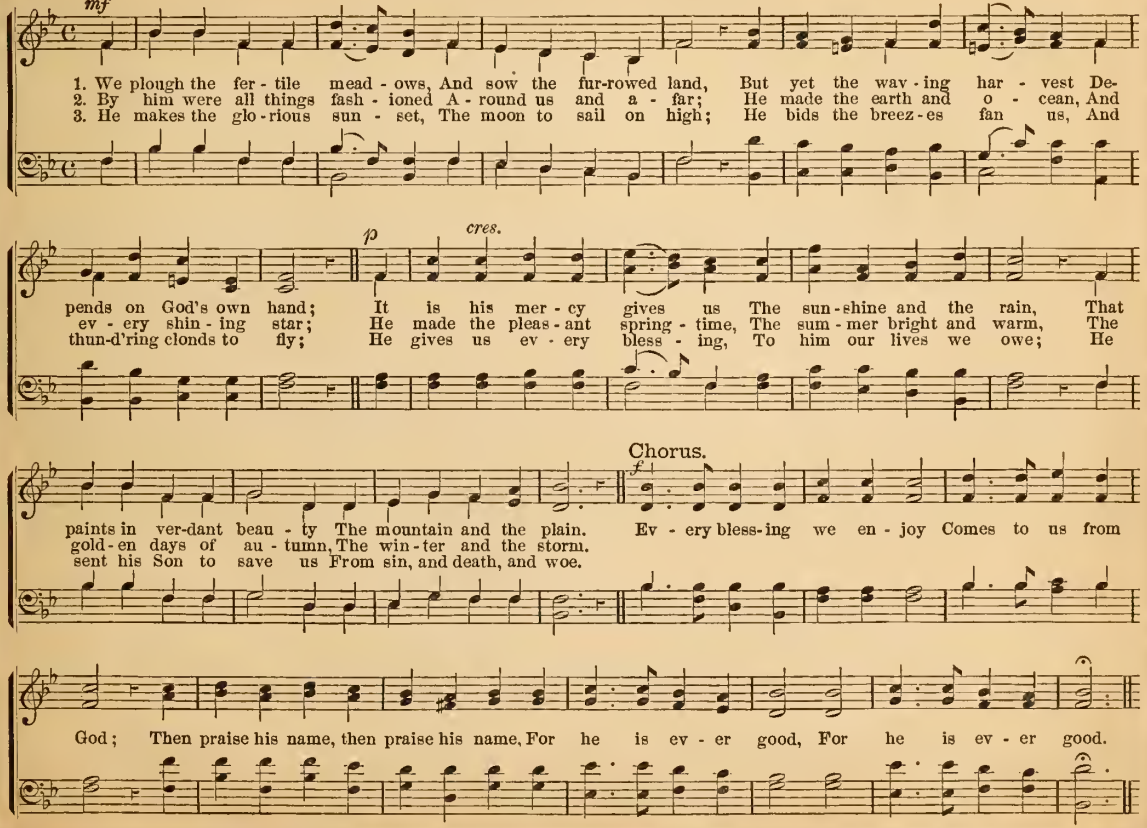


3 And oft when my day-dreams draw nigh to a close,
And I sigh for the calm of the evening's repose,
How sweet is the solace, when left all alone,
Which is mine when I gaze on my beautiful stone.

4 And this blest bond of union is promis'd the same
To all who will love and believe on his name;
Ah! who would not covet a token so rare,
In their bosom to place it for safe-keeping there.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

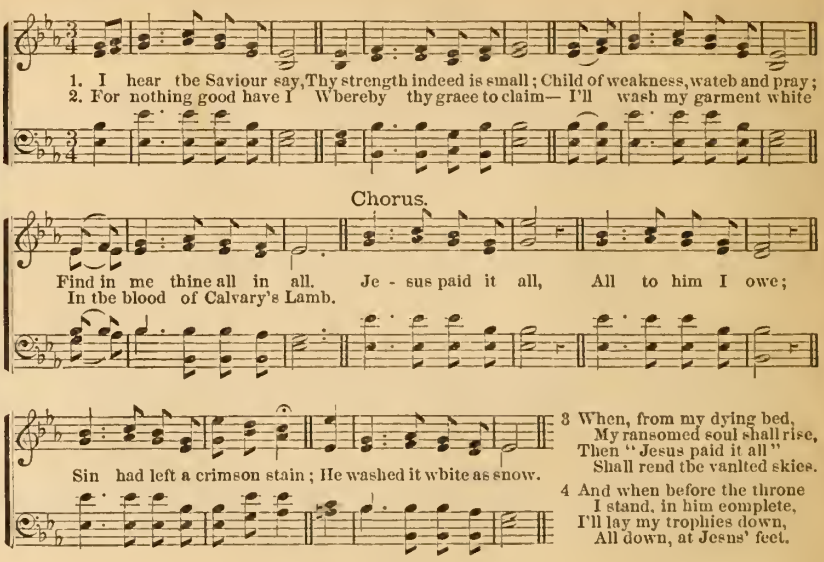
"His praise shall continually be in my mouth."



JESUS PAID THE DEBT.

"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

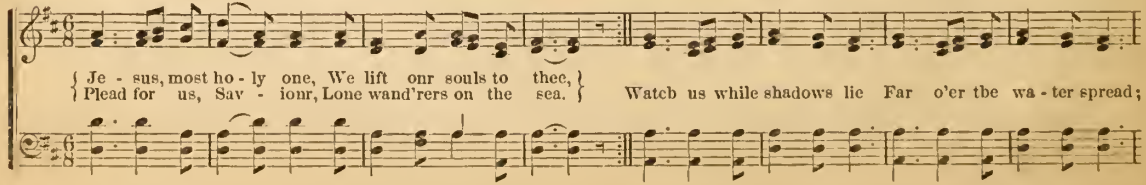
But again, in order to pardon by deed, there must something be paid to God as a price, as well as something prepared to cover us withal. Sin has delivered us up to the just curse of a righteous law: now from this curse we must be justified by way of redemption, a price being paid for the harms we have done; and this is by the blood of our Lord, who came and stood in your place and stead, and died your death for your transgressions. Thus has he ransomed you from your transgressions by blood, and covered your polluted and deformed souls with righteousness, *Rom.* 8 : 34, for the sake of which God passeth by you, and will not hurt you when he comes to judge the world, *Gal.* 3 : 13.

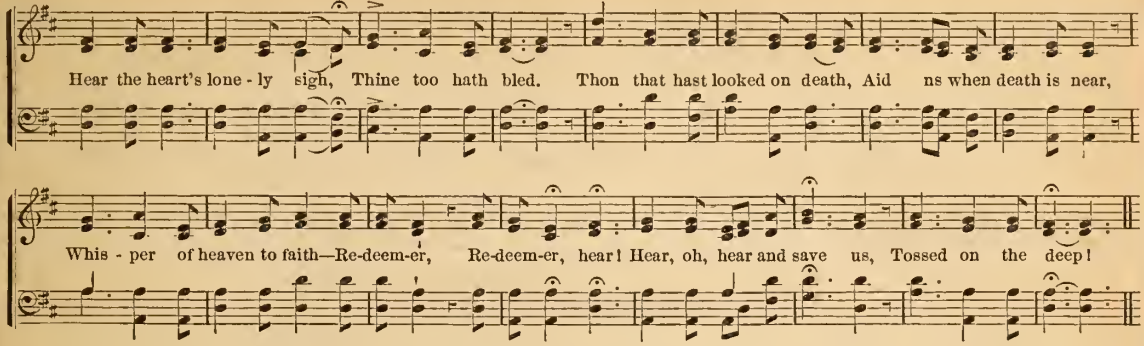


3 When, from my dying bed,
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

4 And when before the throne
I stand, in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down, at Jesus' feet.

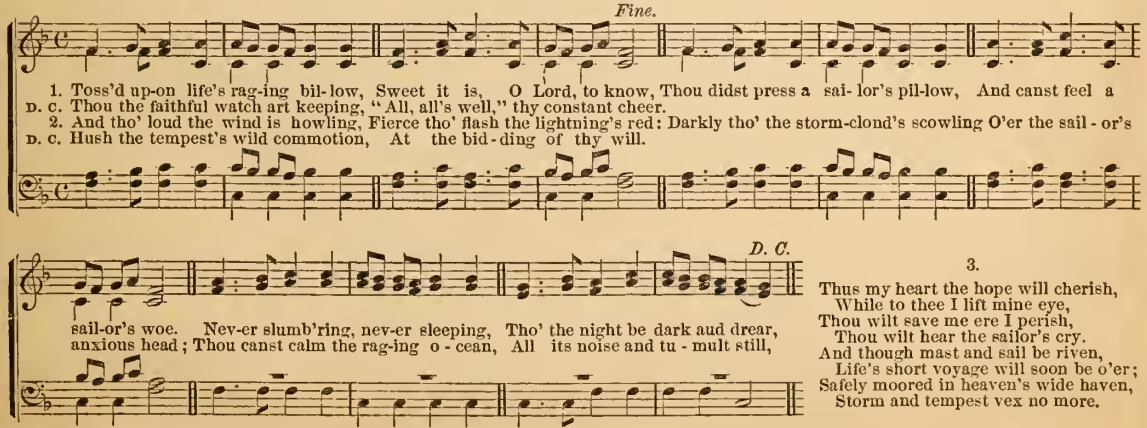
THE SEAMAN'S PRAYER.





THE PILOT. 8s & 7s.

"*The Lord shall guide thee continually.*"

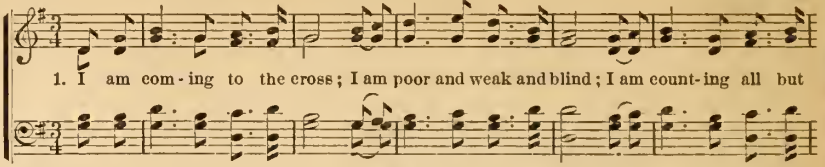


3.

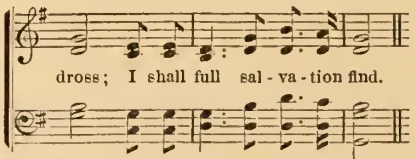
Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to thee I lift mine eye,
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry.
And though mast and sail be riven,
Life's short voyage will soon be o'er;
Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

"*Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood.*"



Chr. "This is brave! Now I see that there was something to be learned by our being pardoned by word and deed. Good Mercy, let us labor to keep this in mind; and, my children, do you remember it also. But, sir, was not this it that made my good Christian's burden fall from off his shoulder, and that made him give three leaps for joy? True; methinks it makes my heart bleed to think that he should bleed for me. O, thou loving One! O, thou blessed One! Thou deservest to have me; thou hast bought me. Thou deservest to have me all; thou hast paid for me ten thousand times more than I am worth. No marvel that this made tears stand in my husband's eyes, and that it made him trudge so nimbly on."



2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.

3 Here I give my all to thee—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine—forever more.

4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me:
Still all my song would be,
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Day-light all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone:

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.—Ps. 42: 1.

The Lord is my strength and my song, and he is become my salvation.—Exod. 15: 2.

And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran. And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun

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

3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given.
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee.

was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.

And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And behold, the Lord stood above it.—Gen. 28: 10–13.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. CONCLUDED.

4 Then with my waking tho'ts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee.

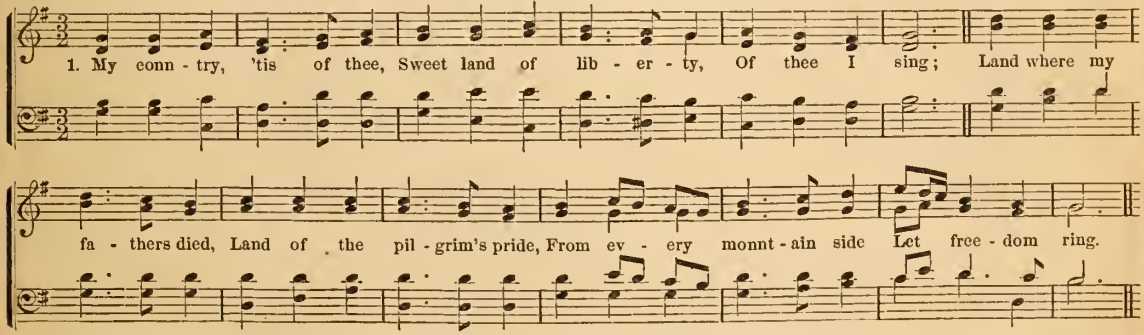
And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it. And he called the name of that place Beth-el.—Gen. 28 : 18, 19.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Clearing the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forget,
Upwards I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee.

When shall I come and appear before God?—Ps. 42 : 2.
Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.
—Ps. 43 : 25.

NATIONAL HYMN.

"*The Lord shall give his people the blessing of peace.*"



2 My native conntry! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee—
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND.

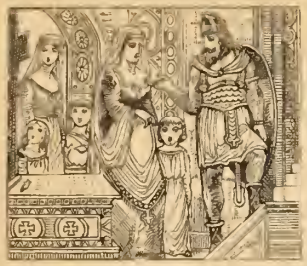
1 God bless our native land;
May heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore;
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's power depend
On war no more.

2 May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle.
Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
Kind heaven may smile.

3 And not this land alone,
But be thy mercies known
From shore to shore.
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family,
The wide world o'er!

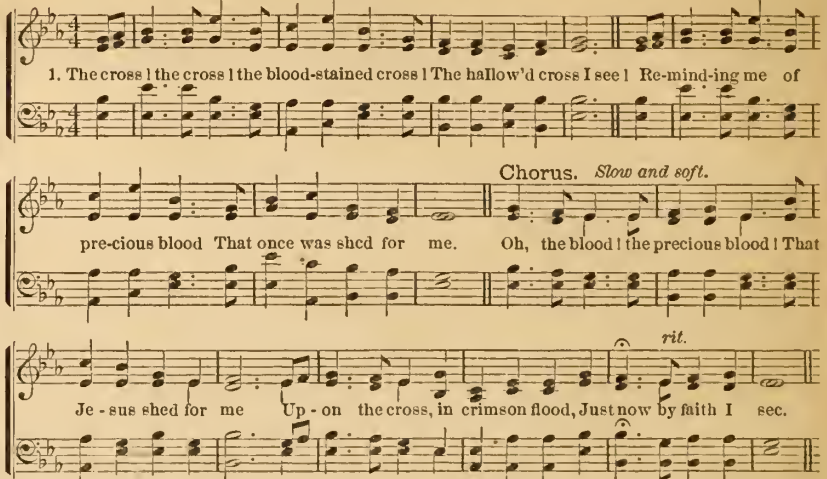
OH, THE BLOOD! THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

"He was wounded for our transgression."



CHRIS. "O, Mercy, that thy father and mother were here! yea, and Mrs. Timorous also! nay, I wish now with all my heart that here was Madam Wanton too. Surely, surely, their hearts would he affected; nor could the fear of the one, nor the powerful lusts of the other, prevail with them to go home again, and refuse to become good pilgrims."

GREAT. "You speak now in the warmth of your affections; will it, think you, be always thus with you? Besides, this is not communicated to every one, nor to every one that did see your Jesus bleed. There were that stood by, and that saw the blood run from his heart to the ground, and yet were so far off this, that, instead of lamenting, they laughed at him, and instead of becoming his disciples, did harden their hearts against him."



2 The cross! the cross! the heavy cross,
My Saviour bore for me,
Which bowed him to the earth with grief,
On sad Mount Calvary.

3 How light! how light! this precious cross,
Presented to my view;
And while, with care, I take it up,
Behold the crown my due.

4 The crown! the crown! the glorious crown!
The crown of victory!
The crown of life! it shall be mine
When I shall Jesus see.

5 My tears, unbidden, seem to flow
For love, unbounded love,
Which guides me through this world of woe,
And points to joys above.

JUST AS I AM.

TUNE—WOODWORTH. L. M.

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

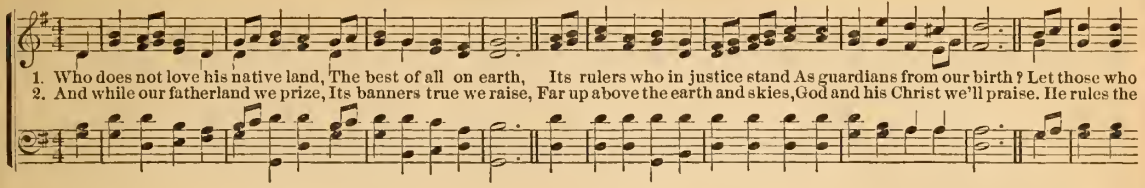
3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
"Fightings within, and fears without,"
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

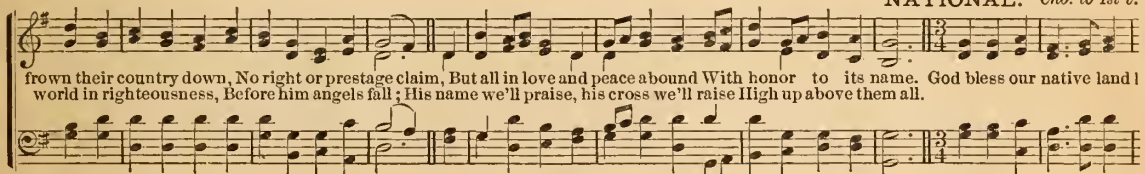
5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

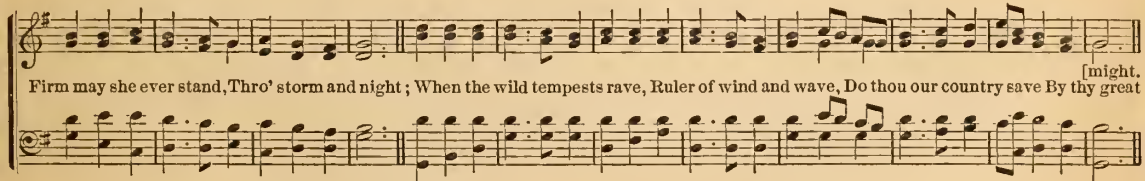
6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

"*A nation whose God is the Lord.*" (NEW)

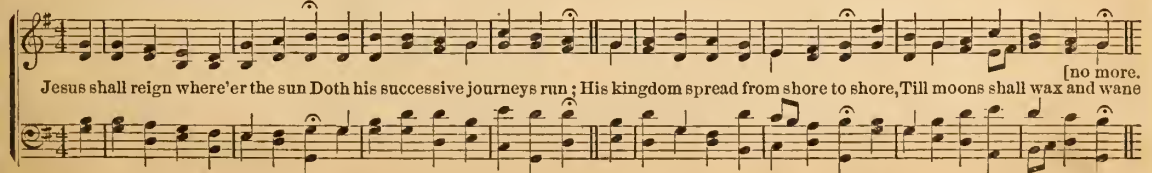


NATIONAL. *Cho. to 1st v.*





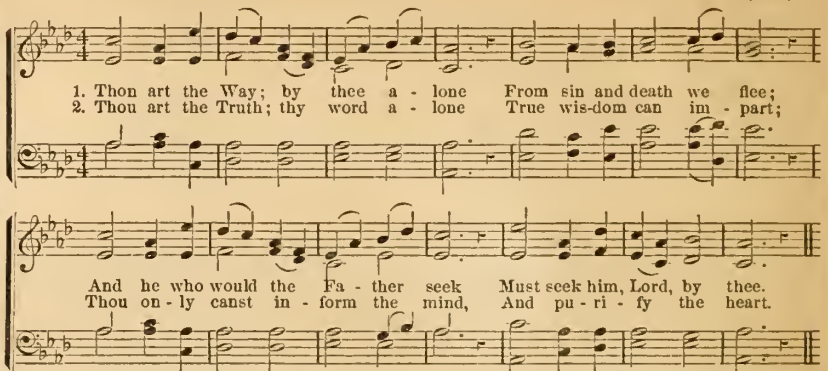
OLD HUNDREDTH. *Cho. to 2d v.*



THOU ART THE WAY.

"Jesus said unto them, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." — *C. M.* (NEW)

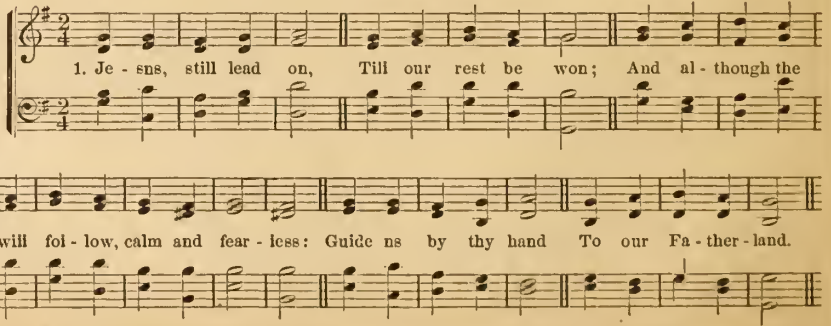
Now they came to the foot of the hill Difficulty, where again the good Mr. Great-heart took an occasion to tell them what happened there when Christian himself went by. So he had them first to the spring. "Lo," saith he, "this is the spring that Christian drank of, before he went up this hill; and then it was clear and good; but now it is dirty with the feet of some that are not desirous that pilgrims here should quench their thirst," *Ezek.* 34 : 18, 19. Thereat Mercy said, "And why so envious, trow?" "But," said the guide, "it will do, if taken up and put into a vessel that is sweet and good: for then the dirt will sink to the bottom, and the water by itself come out more clear." Thus, therefore, Christiana and her companions were compelled to do. They took it up, and put it into an earthen pot, and so let it stand till the dirt was gone to the bottom, and then they drank thereof.



3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

JESUS, STILL LEAD ON.



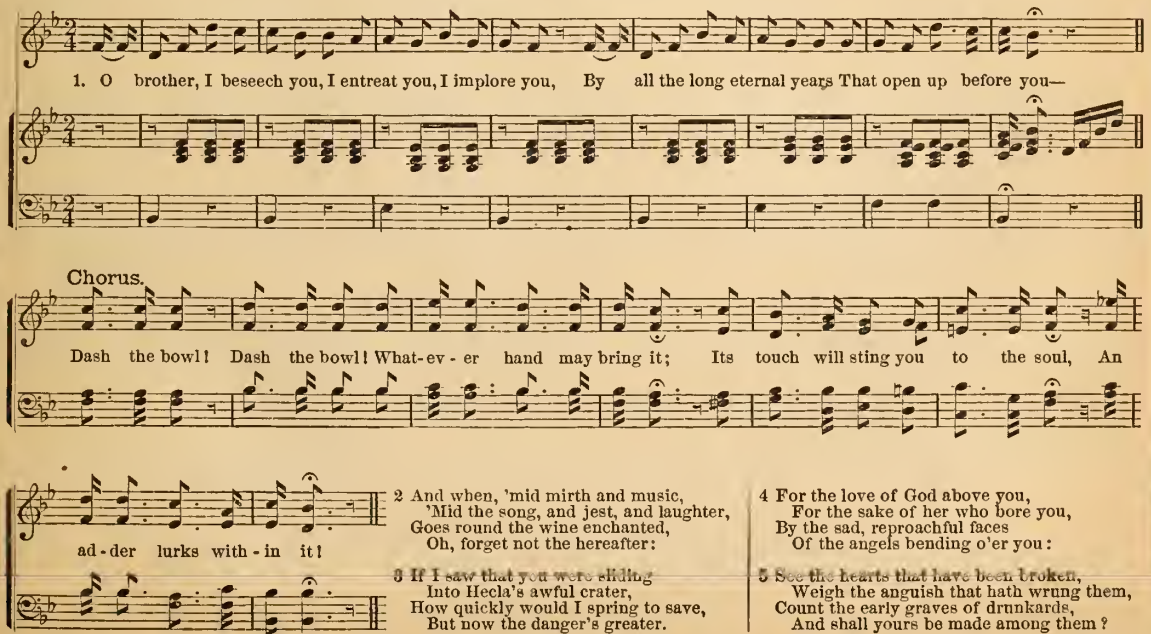
2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let no faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let no faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief;
When, oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore,
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

DASH THE BOWL.

"*It stingeth like an adder.*" (NEW)



2 And when, 'mid mirth and music,
'Mid the song, and jest, and laughter,
Goes round the wine enchanted,
Oh, forget not the hereafter:

3 If I saw that you were sliding
Into Hecla's awful crater,
How quickly would I spring to save,
But now the danger's greater.

4 For the love of God above you,
For the sake of her who bore you,
By the sad, reproachful faces
Of the angels bending o'er you:

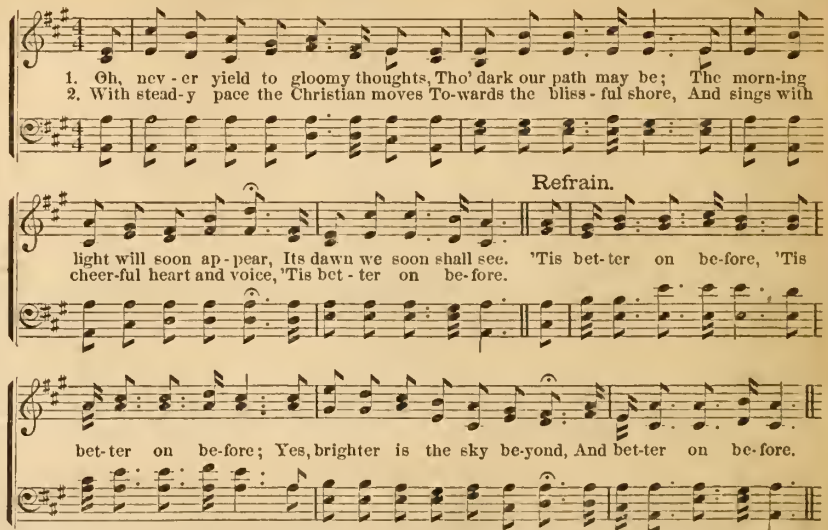
5 See the hearts that have been broken,
Weigh the anguish that hath wrung them,
Count the early graves of drunkards,
And shall yours be made among them?

'TIS BETTER ON BEFORE.

"In thy light shall we see light."

C. M. (NEW)

THEN they set forward, and began to go up the hill. But, before they got to the top, Christiana said, "I daresay this is a breathing hill." Then said Mercy, "I must sit down." Also the least of the children began to cry. "Come, come," said Great-heart, "sit not down here; for a little above is the Prince's arbor." Then he took the little boy by the hand, and led him up thereto. Then said Mercy, "How sweet is rest to them that labor." Then said Mr. Great-heart to the little ones, "Come, my pretty boys, how do you do? what think you now of going on pilgrimage?" "Sir," said the least, "I was almost beat out of heart; but I thank you for lending me a hand in my need. And I remember now what my mother hath told me, namely, that the way to heaven is as a ladder, and the way to hell is down a hill. But I had rather go up the ladder to life, than down the hill to death."



3 When tempted to forsake his God,
And give the contest o'er,
He hears a voice, which says, "Look up,
'Tis better on before."

4 When stern affliction clouds her sky,
And death stands at the door,
Hope cheers him with her sweetest note,
'Tis better on before.

5 And when on Jordan's banks he stands,
And views the radiant shore,
Bright angels whisper, "Come away,
'Tis better on before."

6 And so it is! for high in heaven
They never suffer more;
Eternal calm succeeds the storm,
'Tis better on before.

AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD IN HEAVEN.

1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band;
Singing glory, glory, glory.

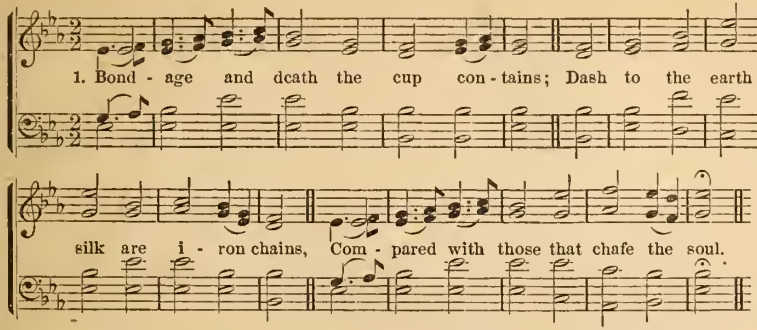
2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where is all peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there?
Singing glory, glory, glory.

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean;
Singing glory, glory, glory.

BONDAGE AND DEATH.

"*It biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.*"

ILLINOIS. L. M.



2 Hosannas, Lord, to thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys!
What countless thousands tribute bring,
For happier homes and brighter days!

3 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless! guide the blind!
Till man no more shall deem it just
To live, by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust.

GREAT GOD, WHOSE HAND.

TUNE—ILLINOIS. L. M.

1 GREAT God, whose hand outpours the rills
And springs that burst from all the hills,
At whose command the rock was riven,
Who send'st on all thy rain from heaven,

2 If there the drunkard may not dwell,
But woes crowd thick his paths to hell,
Oh, wake and help us, Lord, to save
Their souls from thirst beyond the grave!

3 Stay thou, O Lord, the tide of death!
Rebuke the demon's blasting breath!
And speed, oh, speed on every shore
The day when strong drink slays no more!

LIFE FROM THE DEAD.

TUNE—BALERMA. C. M.

1 LIFE from the dead, Almighty God,
'Tis thine alone to give;
To lift the poor inebriate up,
And bid the helpless live.

2 Life from the dead! For those we plead
Fast bound in passion's chain,
That, from their iron fetters freed,
They wake to life again.

3 And may they by thy help abide,
The tempter's power withstand!
By grace restored and purified,
In Christ accepted stand.

MOURN FOR THE THOUSANDS.

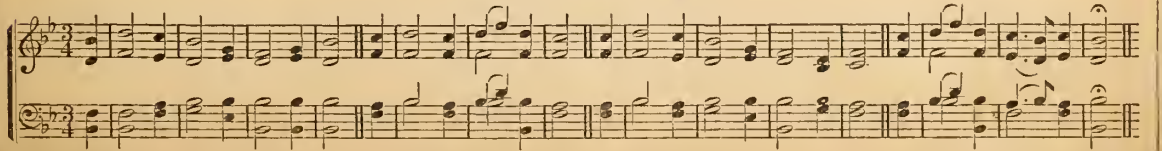
TUNE—BOYLSTON. S. M.

1 MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

BALERMA. C. M.

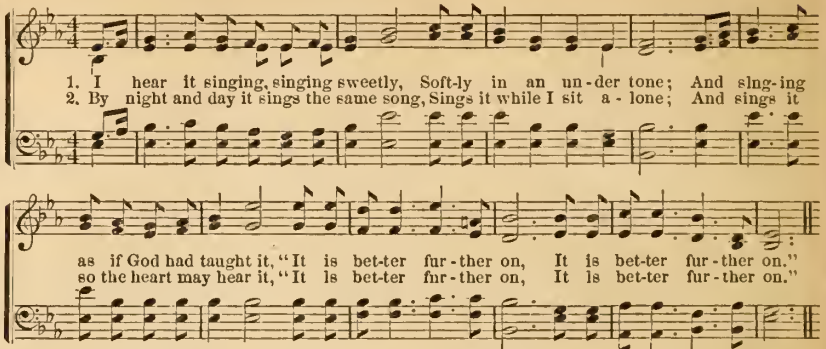


So they went on till they came within sight of the lions, but Mr. Great-heart, being a strong man, was not afraid of them; but when they were come up to where the lions were, the boys were afraid and stepped back. At this their guide smiled, and said: "How now my boys, do you love to go before, when no danger is near, and come behind when the lions appear?" Now, as they went up, Mr. Great-heart drew his sword, to make way for the pilgrims, in spite of the lions. Then there appeared one that had taken upon him to back the lions, and he said to the pilgrims, "What is the cause of your coming hither?" The name of that man was Grim or Bloody-man.

GREAT-HEART. "These women and children are going on pilgrimage, and this is the way they must go, and go it they shall, in spite of thee and the lions."

IT IS BETTER FURTHER ON.

"In due season we shall reap if we faint not." (NEW)

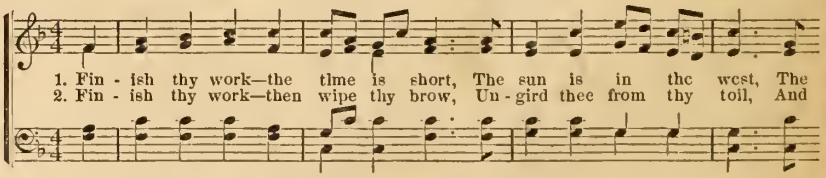


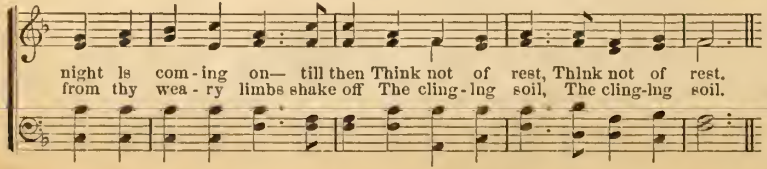
3 It sits upon the grave and sings it—
Sings it when the heart would groan;
And sings it when the shadows darken,
"It is better further on."

4 Still further on! Oh how much further?
Count the mile stones one by one;
No, no! no counting—only trusting,
"It is better further on."

FINISH THY WORK.

(NEW)



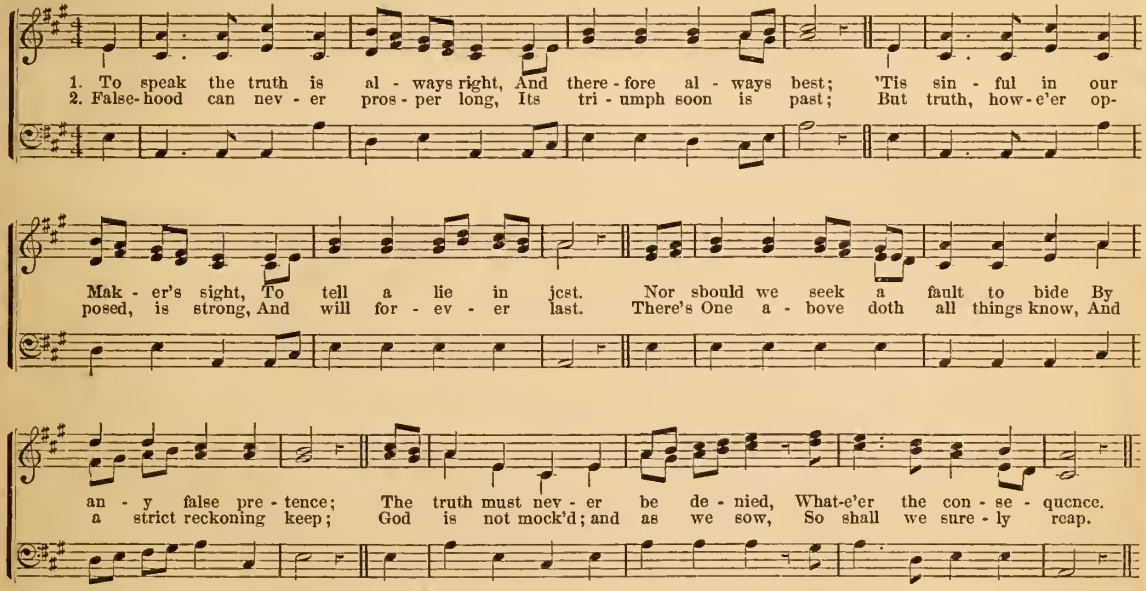


3 Finish thy work—then rest in peace,
Life's battle fought and won,
And hear thy Master say, "Well done,
My child, well done!"

4 Finish thy work—then take the harp,
Give praise to God above;
And with the blood-wash'd throng, oh, sing
Redeeming love.

SPEAK THE TRUTH.

"Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord."



O HAPPY DAY, THAT FIX'D MY CHOICE.

1 O HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With him of every good possess'd.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

"The Lord is my light." (NEW)

Now they were within sight of the Porter's lodge, and they soon came up nnto it.

PORTER. "Will yon not go in, and stay till morning?"

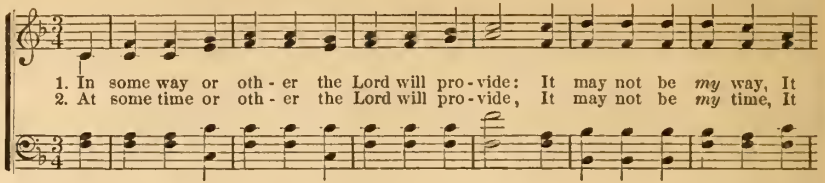
GREAT. "No, I will return to my Lord to-night."

CHRIS. "Oh, sir, I know not how to be willing you should leave us in our pilgrimage; you have been so faithful, and you have fought so stoutly for us, that I shall never forget your favor towards us."

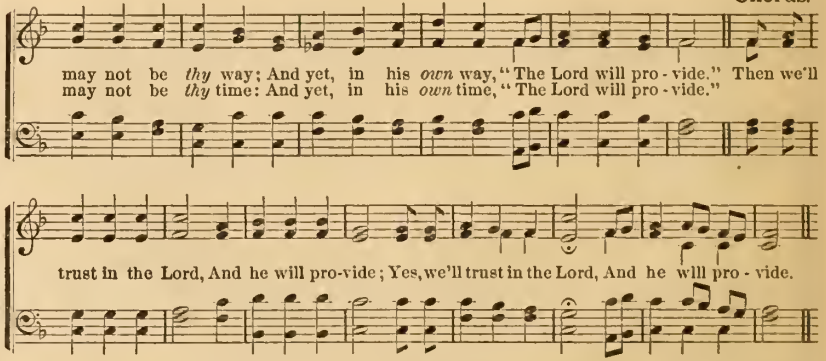
MERCY. "Oh, that we might have thy company to our journey's end! How can such poor women as we hold out in a way so full of troubles as this way is, without a friend and defender?"

JAMES (*the youngest of the boys*). "Pray, sir, be persuaded to go with us, because we are so weak, and the way so dangerous as it is."

GREAT. "I am at my Lord's commandment; if he shall allot me to be your gnide quite through, I will willingly wait upon you. But here you failed at first; for when he bid me come thus far with you, then yon should have begged me of him to go quite through with you, and he would have granted your request. However, at present, I must withdraw; and so, good Christiana, Mercy, and my brave children, adieu."



Chorus.



3 Despond, then, no longer; the Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken—
"The Lord will provide."

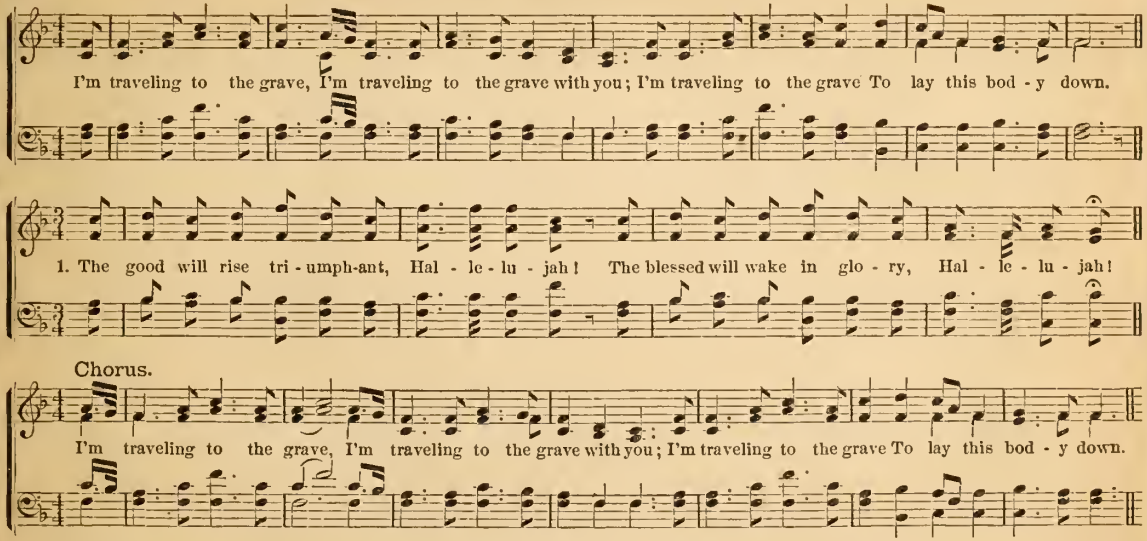
4 March on, then, right boldly; the sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'rest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us, when we pray.

WE'RE TRAVELING TO THE GRAVE.

"Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble." (NEW)



2 The martyrs sang when dying, Hallelujah!
Their faith was strong in Jesus, Hallelujah!

3 The Lord will save his people, Hallelujah!
And bring them to his kingdom, Hallelujah!

4 O brethren, if we're ready, Hallelujah!
We'll all go home a-shouting, Hallelujah!

5 And then we'll see the prophets, Hallelujah!
The holy men of ages, Hallelujah!

CHRISTIAN UNION.

TUNE—MISSIONARY HYMN.

1 God bless our Christian Union,
Now gathered in his name,
May love in every bosom
Be kindled to a flame;
While Christ, the hope of glory,
By Christian faith we view,
May every soul united
Begin the work anew.

2 God bless our Christian Union!
On him our hope is staid,
We look to him for counsel,
Our mission cause to aid;
For though Apollos water
The seed that Paul has sown,
The increase of their labor
Must come from God alone.

3 That every clime and nation
The gospel light may share,
That all may be converted
Should be our constant prayer;
Yet while the truth is wafted
Across the ocean's foam,
There is a sacred duty
We owe to those at home.

So, when they had supped, and ended their prayer with a psalm, they desired they might go to rest. "But let us," said Christiana, "if we may be so bold as to choose, be in that chamber that was my husband's when he was here." So they had them up thither, and they lay all in a room. When they were at rest, Christiana and Mercy entered into discourse.

CHRIS. "Little did I think once, when my husband went on pilgrimage, that I should ever have followed."

MERCY. "And you as little thought of lying in his bed, and in this chamber, to rest, as you do now."

CHRIS. "And much less did I ever think of seeing his face with comfort, and of worshipping the Lord the King with him; and yet, now I believe I shall."

MERCY. "Hark! don't you hear a noise?"

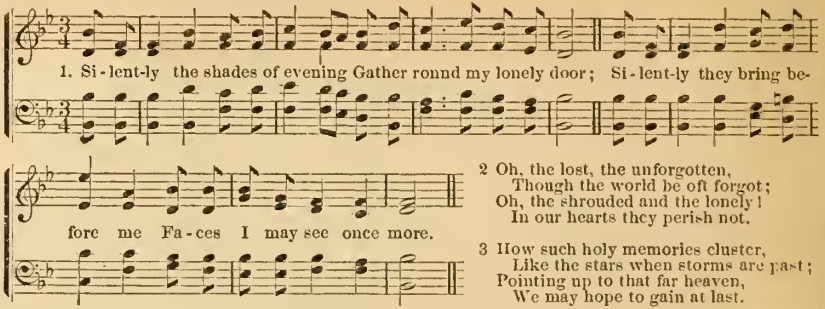
CHR. "Yes; it is, as I believe, a noise of music, for joy that we are here."

MERCY. "Wonderful! Music in the house, music in the heart, and music also in heaven, for joy that we are here!" Thus they talked a while, and then betook themselves to sleep.

3 Delight in the Lord,
His wonders record,
Whose arm is Almighty to save;
His own resurrection
Brought death in subjection,
Abolished the power of the grave.

SHADES OF EVENING.

"Who is gone into heaven."

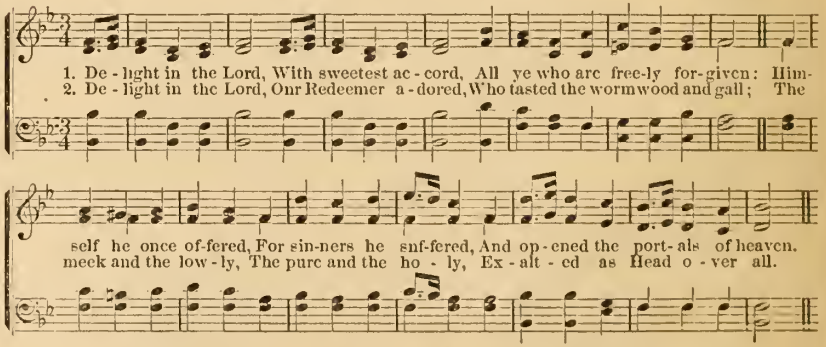


2 Oh, the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot;
Oh, the shrouded and the lonely!
In our hearts they perish not.

3 How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past;
Pointing up to that far heaven,
We may hope to gain at last.

DELIGHT IN THE LORD.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." (NEW)



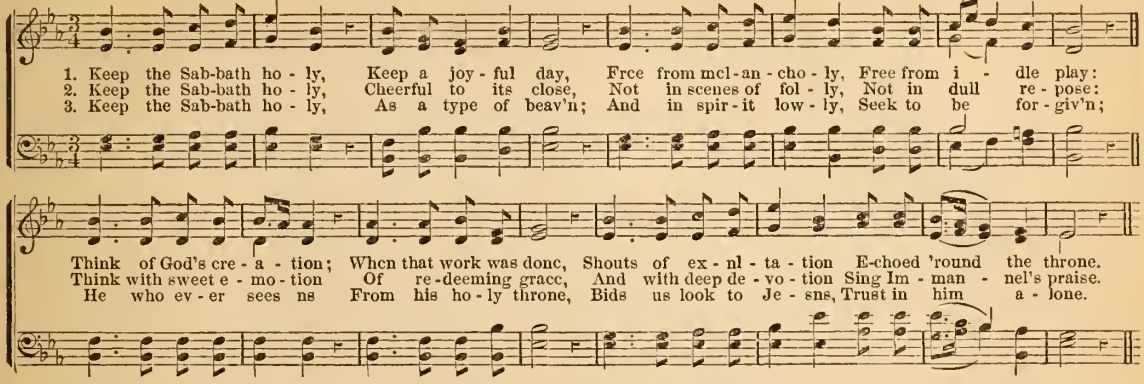
4 Delight in the Lord,
Confide in his word,
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King:
His wisdom, his merit,
His guidance, his Spirit,
His love we exultingly sing.

5 Delight in the Lord,
In his sceptre and sword;
His foes shall assail him in vain:
His kingdom all glorious,
Will soon be victorious,
O'er all the wide world he shall reign.

KEEP THE SABBATH HOLY.

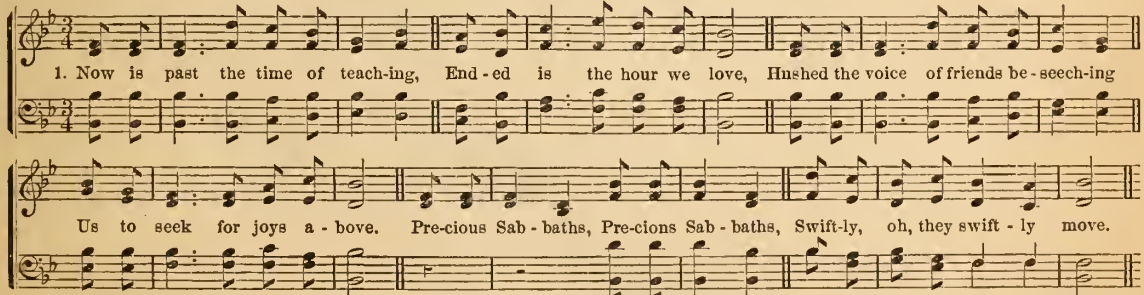
"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

(NEW)



PRECIOUS SABBATHS.

(NEW)



2 Wake, then, every tender feeling,
Ere from school we go away;
Saviour, come, thy grace revealing,
In our hearts assert thy sway.
Bless us, parting,
On this sacred Sabbath-day.

3 Soon our Sabbaths will be ended,
All our Sabbath-schools be past:
Like the leaf, to earth descended,
Withered in the autumn blast.
Life is passing,
We must see the grave at last.

4 Then may Heaven be beaming o'er us,
With celestial glories bright;
And with millions saved before us,
May we join in worlds of light.
Praising Jesus,
Where the Sabbath knows no night.

SHALL I BE THERE?

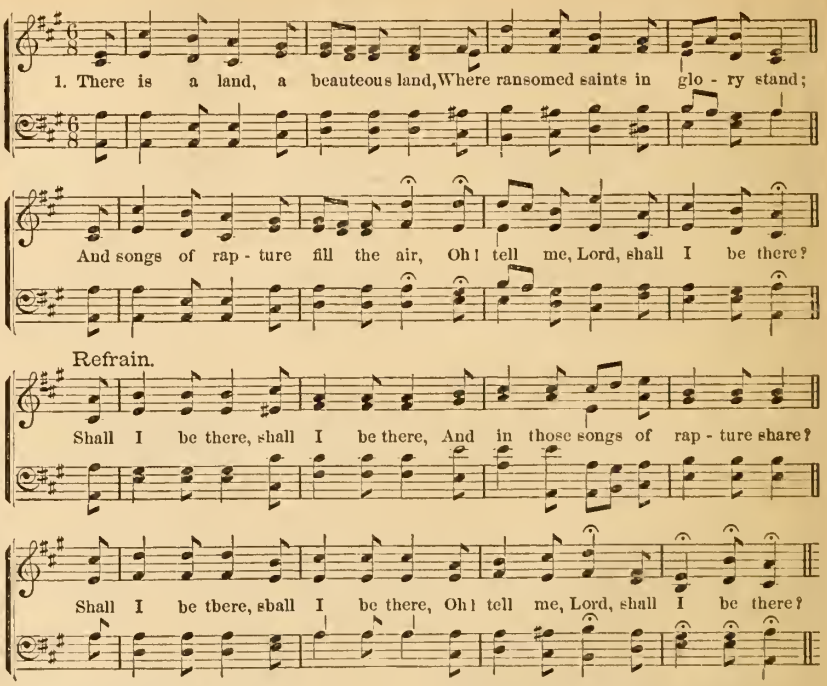
"I myself will awake right early." (NEW)

So, in the morning, when they were awake, Christiana said to Mercy, "What was the matter that you did laugh in your sleep to-night? I suppose you were in a dream?"

MERCY. "So I was, and a sweet dream it was; but are you sure I laughed?"

CHRIS. "Yes, you laughed heartily; tell me thy dream."

MERCY. "I was dreamiug that I sat all alone in a solitary place, and was bemoaning of the hardness of my heart. Now I had not sat there long, but methought many were gathered about me. So they hearkened, and I went on bemoaning the hardness of my heart. At this some of them laughed at me. With that, methought I looked up, and saw one coming with wings towards me. So he came directly to me, and said, 'Mercy, what aileth thee?' Now, when he had heard me make my complaint, he said, 'Peace be to thee.' He also wiped my eyes, and clad me in silver and gold, *Ezek.* 16; 8-12. He put a chain about my neck, and a beautiful crown upon my head. Then he took me by the hand, and said, 'Mercy, come after me.' So he went up, and I followed, till we came at a golden gate. Then he knocked; and when they within had opened, the man went in, and I followed him up to a throne, upon which one sat; and he said to me, 'Welcome, daughter.' So I awoke from my dream. But did I laugh?"



2 Shall I those glories e'er behold,
Those pearly gates and streets of gold,
A crown of glory shall I wear?
Oh! tell me, Lord, shall I be there?

3 That glorious land when shall I see?
Oh! is that blessed place for me?
Is there a crown for me to wear?
Shall I indeed, O Lord, be there?

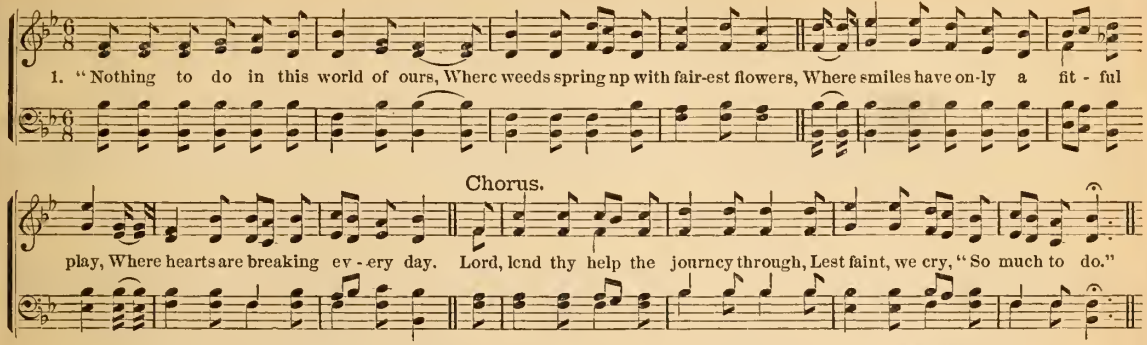
4 When e'er my wand'rings here shall cease,
Receive me into perfect peace,
And may thy voice to me declare,
Oh! yes, my child, thou shalt be there!

REFRAIN.

I shall be there, I shall be there,
And in those songs of rapture share;
I shall be there, I shall be there,
Through faith in God, I shall be there.

NOTHING TO DO.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard." (NEW)



2 "Nothing to do!" There are prayers to lay
On God's altar, day by day;
There are foes to meet within and without,
There are wrongs to conquer, strong and stout.

3 "Nothing to do!" There are minds to teach
The simplest form of Christian speech;
There are hearts to lure with loving wile,
From the grimmest haunts of Sin's defile.

4 "Nothing to do!" There are lambs to feed,
The precious hope of the Church's need;
Strength to be borne to the weak and faint,
Vigils to keep with the doubting saint.

5 "Nothing to do!" and thy Saviour said,
"Follow thou Me, in the path I tread;"
Lord, lend Thy help the journey through,
Lest faint we cry, "So much to do."

YOUR MISSION. (*Solo.*)

1 If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boat away.

2 If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

3 If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever-open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

4 If you can not in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Will the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briers,
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

5 If you can not in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true:
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread;
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

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

THE BETTER LAND.

"For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

(NEW)

PRUD. "Come, James, canst thou tell me who made thee?"

JAMES. "God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost."

PRUD. "Good boy. And canst thou tell who saves thee?"

JAMES. "God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost."

PRUD. "Good boy still. But how doth God the Father save thee?"

JAMES. "By his grace."

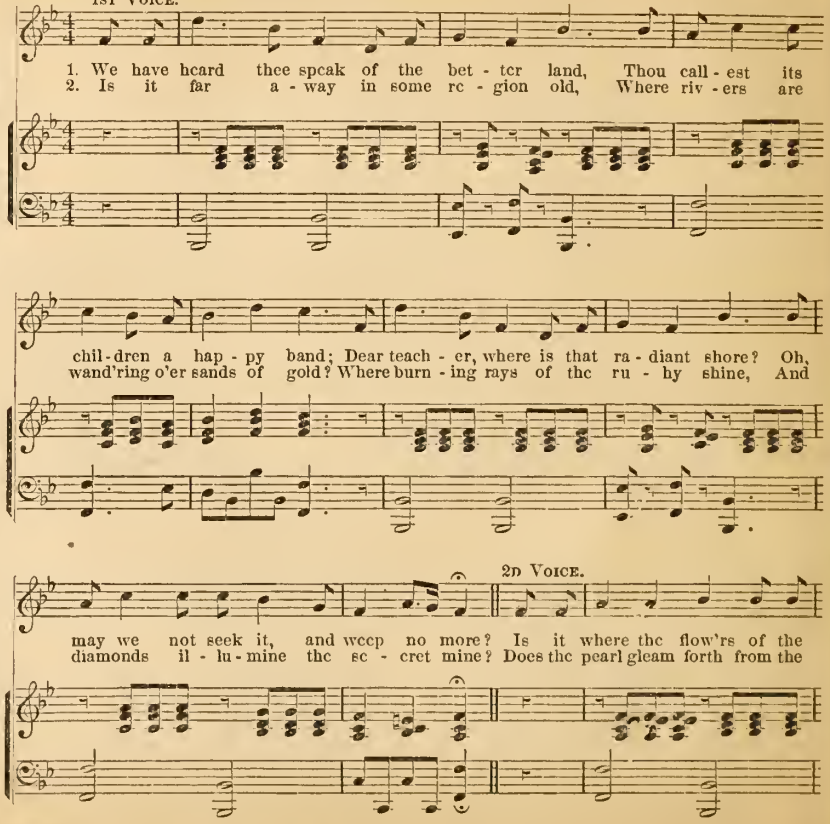
PRUD. "How doth God the Son save thee?"

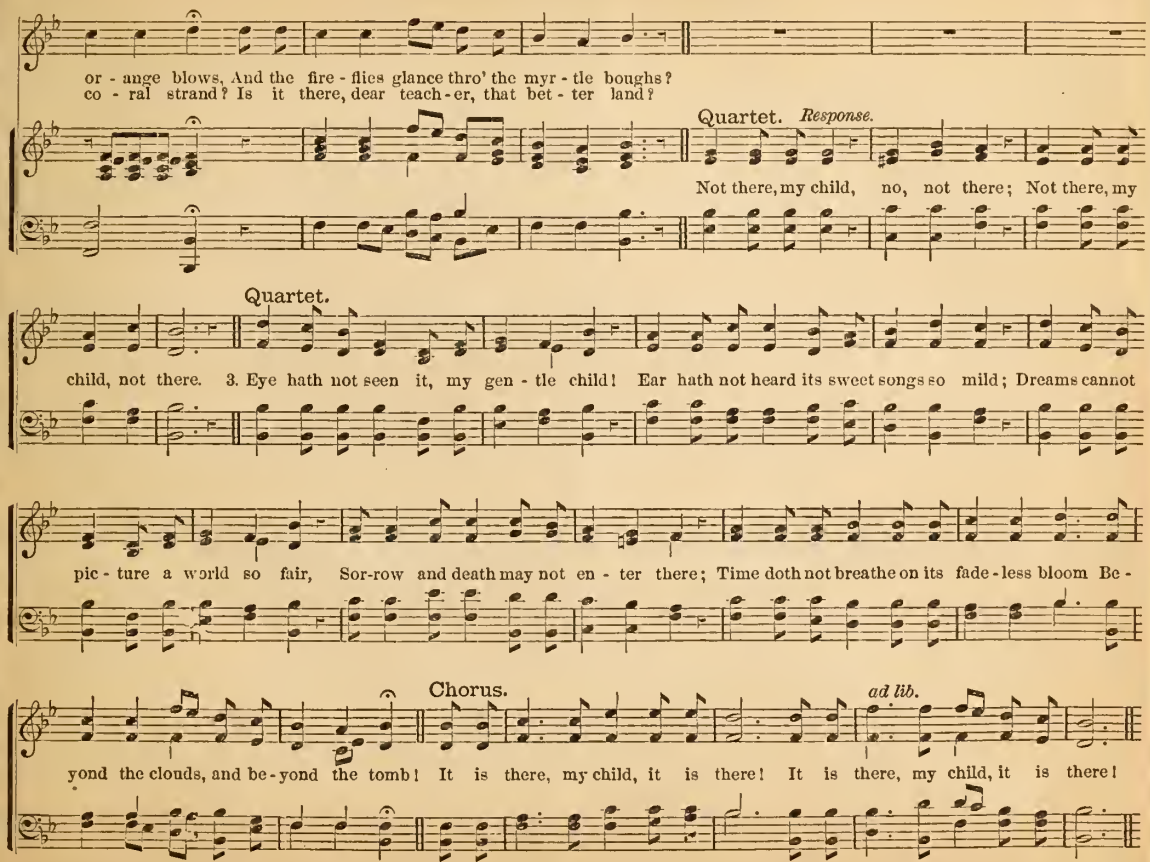
JAMES. "By his righteousness, death and blood, and life."

PRUD. "How does God the holy Ghost save thee?"

JAMES. "By his illumination, his renovation, and his preservation."

Then said Prudence to Christiana, "You are to be commended for thus bringing up your children. I suppose I need not ask the rest these questions, since the youngest of them can answer them so well. I will, therefore, now apply myself to the next youngest."




or - ange blows, And the fire - flies glance thro' the myr - tle boughs?
co - ral strand? Is it there, dear teach - er, that bet - ter land?
Quartet. Response.
Not there, my child, no, not there; Not there, my
Quartet.
child, not there. 3. Eye hath not seen it, my gen - tle child! Ear hath not heard its sweet songs so mild; Dreams cannot
pic - ture a world so fair, Sor-row and death may not en - ter there; Time doth not breathe on its fade - less bloom Be -
Chorus.
ad lib.
yond the clouds, and be - yond the tomb! It is there, my child, it is there! It is there, my child, it is there!

COME AND BE AT REST.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden."

PRUDENCE. "Come, Joseph, will you let me catechise you?"

JOSEPH. "With all my heart."

PRUD. "What is man?"

JOS. "A reasonable creature, so made by God, as my brother said."

PRUD. "What is supposed by this word, saved?"

JOS. "That man, by sin, has brought himself into a state of captivity and misery."

PRUD. "What is supposed by his being saved by the Trinity?"

JOS. "That sin is so great and mighty a tyrant, that none can pull us out of its clutches but God; and that God is so good and loving to man, as to pull him indeed out of his miserable state."

PRUD. "What is God's design in saving poor men?"

JOS. "The glorifying of his name, of his grace, and justice, etc., and the everlasting happiness of his creature."

PRUD. "Who are they that must be saved?"

JOS. "They that accept of his salvation."

PRUD. "Good boy, Joseph; thy mother hath taught thee well, and thou hast hearkened unto what she has said unto thee."

Quartette. *for first verse only.* (NEW)

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?
"Come to me," saith One, "and com - ing Be at rest, Be at rest!"

S. *Fine.*

D. S. "In his feet and hands are wound-prints, And his side, And his side."

D. S. "Yes, a crown, &c.

Solo.—TENOR.

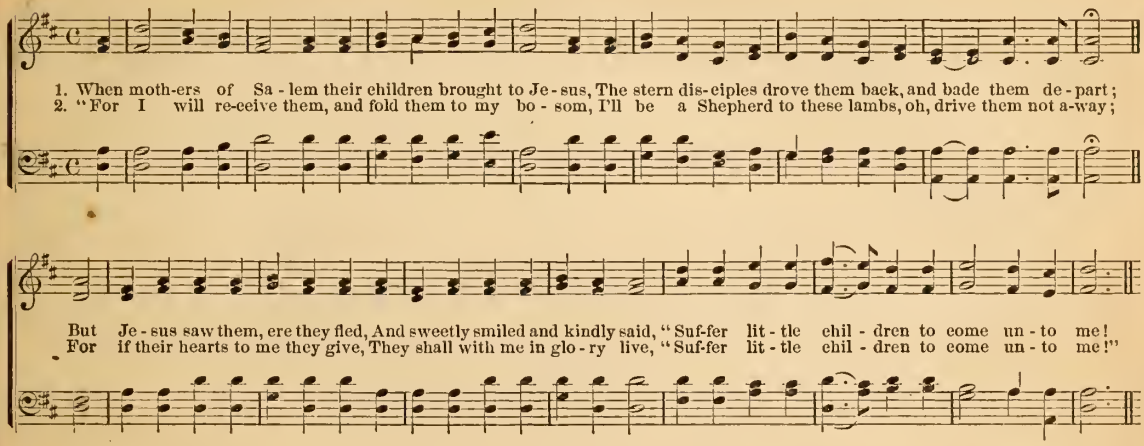
2. Hath he marks to lead me to him, If he be my Guide?
3. Hath he di - a - dem as Mon-arch That his brow a - dorns?
4. If I still hold close - ly to him, What hath he at last?
5. Find - ing, following, keep - ing, struggling, Is he sure to bless?

Response.—SOPRANO. *D. S. in Chorus.*

"In his feet and hands are wound-prints, And his side," And his side."
"Yes, a crown in ve - ry sure - ty, But of thorns, But of thorns."
"Sor - row vanquished, la - bor en - ded, Jor - dan past, Jor - dan past!"
"An - gels, mar - tyrs, prophets, sag - es, An - swer, yes! An - swer, yes!"

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me."



3 How kind was our Saviour to bid those children welcome!
But there are many thousands who have never heard his name;
Dear Saviour, hear us when we pray,
That they may hear thee to them say,
"Suffer little children to come unto me!"

4 And soon may the heathen, of every tribe and nation,
Fulfil thy blessed word, and cast their idols all away:
Oh, shine upon them from above,
And show thyself a God of love,—
Teach the little children to come unto thee.

JESUS LOVES ME.

1 Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so,
Little ones to him belong,
They are weak, but he is strong.

Chorus.

Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me! he who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.

3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From his shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me where I lie.

4 Jesus loves me; he will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love him, when I die
He will take me home on high.

Chorus.

Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

THERE IS A BLESSED HOME.

"Which remaineth to the people of God." (NEW)

THEN said Prudence to Samuel, who was the eldest son but one:

PRUD. "Come, Samuel, are you willing that I should catechise you?"

SAM. "Yes, forsooth, if you please."

PRUD. "What is heaven."

SAM. "A place and state most blessed, because God dwelleth there."

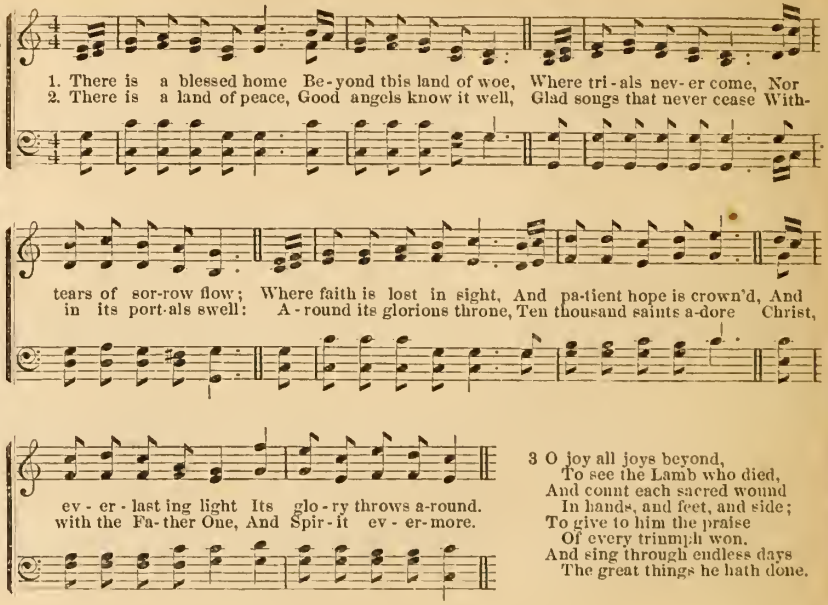
PRUD. "What is hell?"

SAM. "A place and state most woeful, because it is the dwelling place of sin, the devil, and death."

PRUD. "Why wouldst thou go to heaven?"

SAM. "That I may see God, and serve him without weariness; that I may see Christ, and love him everlastingly; that I may have that fullness of the Holy Spirit in me which I can by no means here enjoy."

PRUD. "A very good boy, and one that has learned well."



3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
To give to him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things he hath done.

"LAND AHEAD!" ITS FRUITS ARE WAVING.

1 "LAND ahead!" its fruits are waving
O'er the hills of fadeless green;
And the living waters laving
Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
CHORUS.
Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,
When on that eternal shore,
Drop the anchor! furl the sail!
I am safe within the vail.

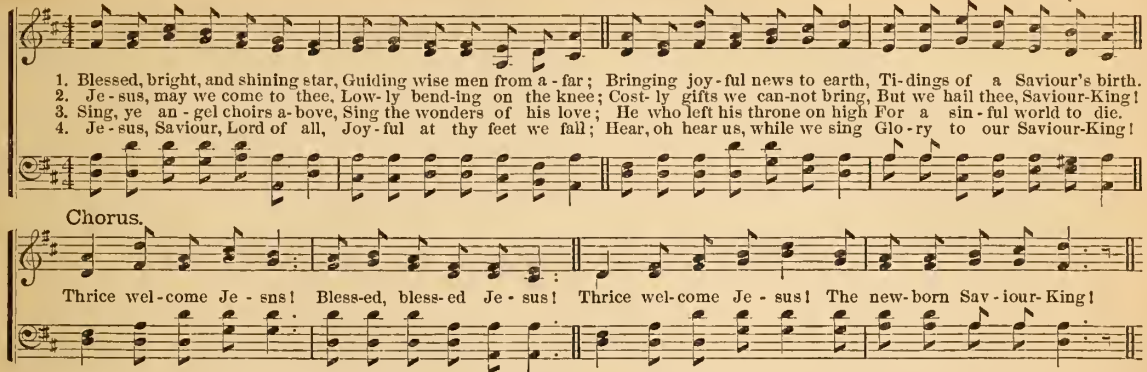
3 Onward, bark! the cape I'm rounding,
See, the blessed wave their hands;
Hear the harps of God resounding
From the bright immortal bands.

3 There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silv'ry bay:
Sea-ward fast the tide is gliding,
Shores in sunlight stretch away.

4 Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rock of our salvation,
We are safe at home at last!
CHORUS.
Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,
When on that eternal shore.
Drop the anchor! furl the sail!
I am safe within the vail.

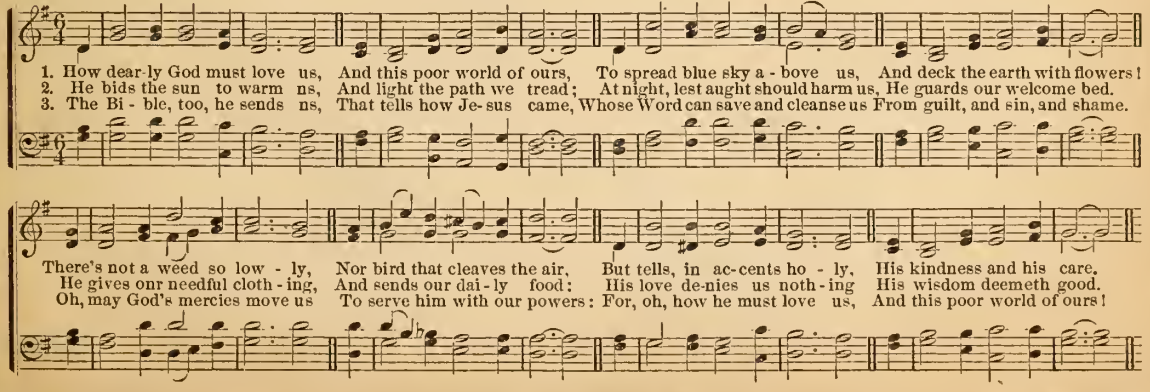
THRICE WELCOME JESUS.

"Come ye, and buy without money." (NEW)



GOD LOVES US DEARLY.

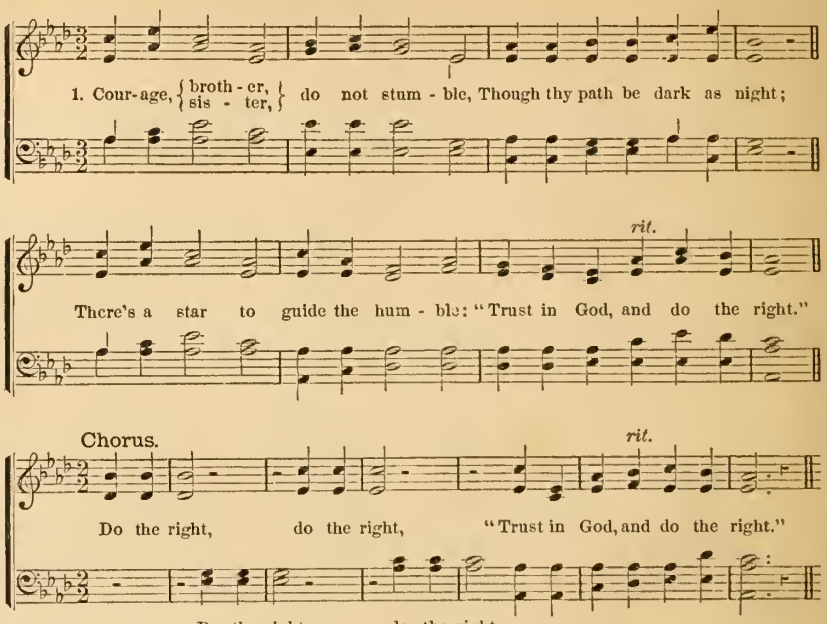
"I have loved thee with an everlasting love." (NEW)



CHOOSE THE RIGHT.

"Be ye not unevenly yoked one with another."

Now when these pilgrims had been in this place a week, Mercy had a visitor that pretended some good will unto her, and his name was Mr. Brisk, a man of some breeding, and that pretended to some religion, but a man that stuck very close to the world. So he came once or twice to Mercy and offered love unto her. Now Mercy was of fair countenance; her mind, also, was to busy herself in doing, for when she had nothing to do for herself she would be making garments for those that had need. And Mr. Brisk seemed to be greatly taken for that he never found her idle. "I will warrant her a good housewife," quoth he to himself. Mercy then revealed the business to the maidens, and inquired of them concerning him. They told her that he was a very busy young man, and pretended to religion, but was, as they feared, a stranger. "Nay, then," said Mercy, "I will look no more on him, for I purpose never to have a clog to my soul. If nobody will have me, I will die a maid, or my conditions shall be to me as a husband, for I cannot change my nature, and to have one that lies cross to me in this, that I purpose never to admit of as long as I live."



2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

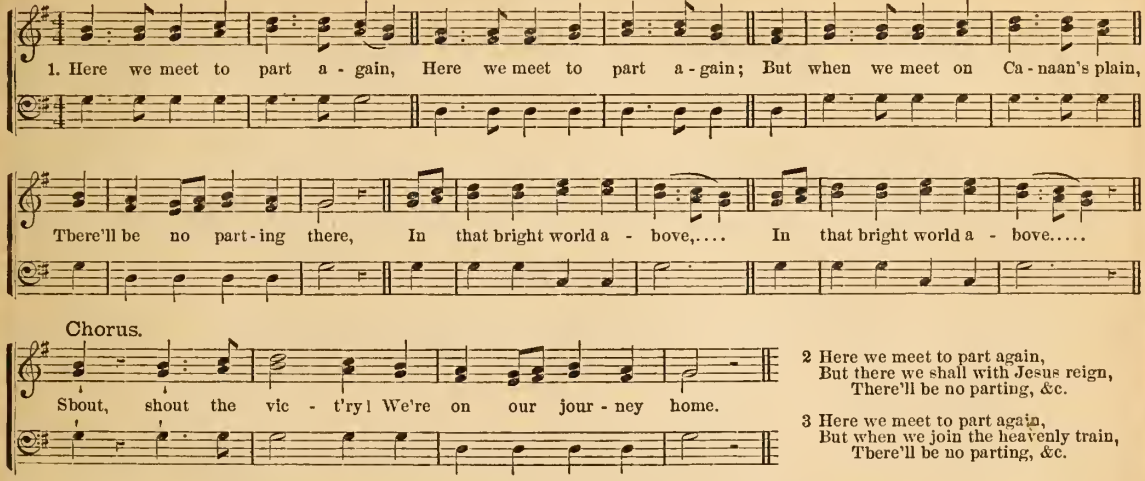
3 Perish policy and cunning!
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

4 Trust no party, sect, or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight:
But in every word and action,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

5 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

HERE WE MEET TO PART AGAIN.

"It is expedient that I go away."



2 Here we meet to part again,
But there we shall with Jesus reign,
There'll be no parting, &c.

3 Here we meet to part again,
But when we join the heavenly train,
There'll be no parting, &c.

COME, CHILDREN, AND JOIN IN OUR FESTIVAL SONG.

1 COME, children, and join in our festival song,
And hail the sweet joys which this day brings along;
We'll join our glad voices in one hymn of praise
To God, who has kept us, and lengthened our days.

CHORUS.

Happy greeting to all! happy greeting to all!
Happy greeting, happy greeting, happy greeting to all!

2 Our Father in Heaven, we lift up to thee
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee;
Oh, bless us and guide us, dear Saviour, we pray,
That from thy blest precepts we never may stray.

3 And if, ere this glad year has drawn to a close,
Some loved one among us in death shall repose,
Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may dwell,
In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall be well.

4 Kind teachers, we children would thank you this day
That faithfully, kindly, you've taught us the way;
How we may escape from the world's sinful charms,
And find a safe refuge in the Saviour's loved arms.

5 Dear Pastor, we ask thee, as lambs of thy fold,
To teach us that wisdom more precious than gold.
Our footsteps to guide in the pathway of truth,
To "love our Creator in the days of our youth."

6 And now, as we part, let us bid you good cheer,
We pray for a blessing on your labors here;
May many "bright jewels" be your blest reward,
And "crowns of rejoicing, in the day of Lord."

CHORUS.

Happy greeting to all! happy greeting to all!
Happy greeting, happy greeting, happy greeting to all!

THEN Christiana began to cry, and she said, "O naughty boy! O careless mother! What shall I do for my son?"

SKILL. "Come, do not be too much dejected; the boy may do well again."

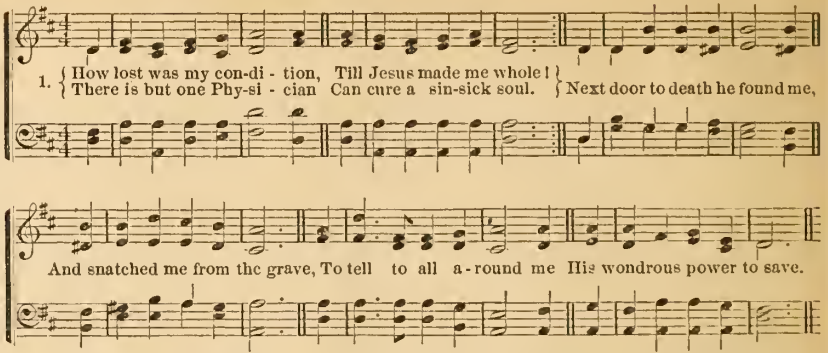
CHRIS. "Pray, sir, try the utmost of your skill with him, whatever it costs."

So he made him a purge of the blood of a goat, the ashes of a heifer, with some of the juice of hyssop; but it was too weak. So he made him one to the purpose, and it was made into pills, with a promise or two, and a quantity of salt.

Now he was to take them, three at a time, fasting, in half-quarter of a pint of the tears of repentance. When this was brought the boy, he was loth to take it, but said the physician, "You *must* take it." So, with much ado, after a short prayer for the blessing of God upon it, he took it, and it caused him to sleep and rest quietly.

HEAVENLY BALM.

"Balm in Gilead."



2 The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within;
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness, all combined;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

3 From men, great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

4 At length, this great Physician—
How matchless is his grace!—
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;
First gave me sight to view him—
For sin my sight had sealed—
Then bade me look unto him;
I looked, and I was healed.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from anguish frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come, then, to this Physician;
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition;
'Tis only—look and live!

I AM A LITTLE SOLDIER.

1 I AM a little soldier,
And only five years old;
I mean to fight for Jesus,
And wear a crown of gold;
I know he makes me happy,
And loves me all the day,
I'll be his little soldier,
"The Bible says I may."

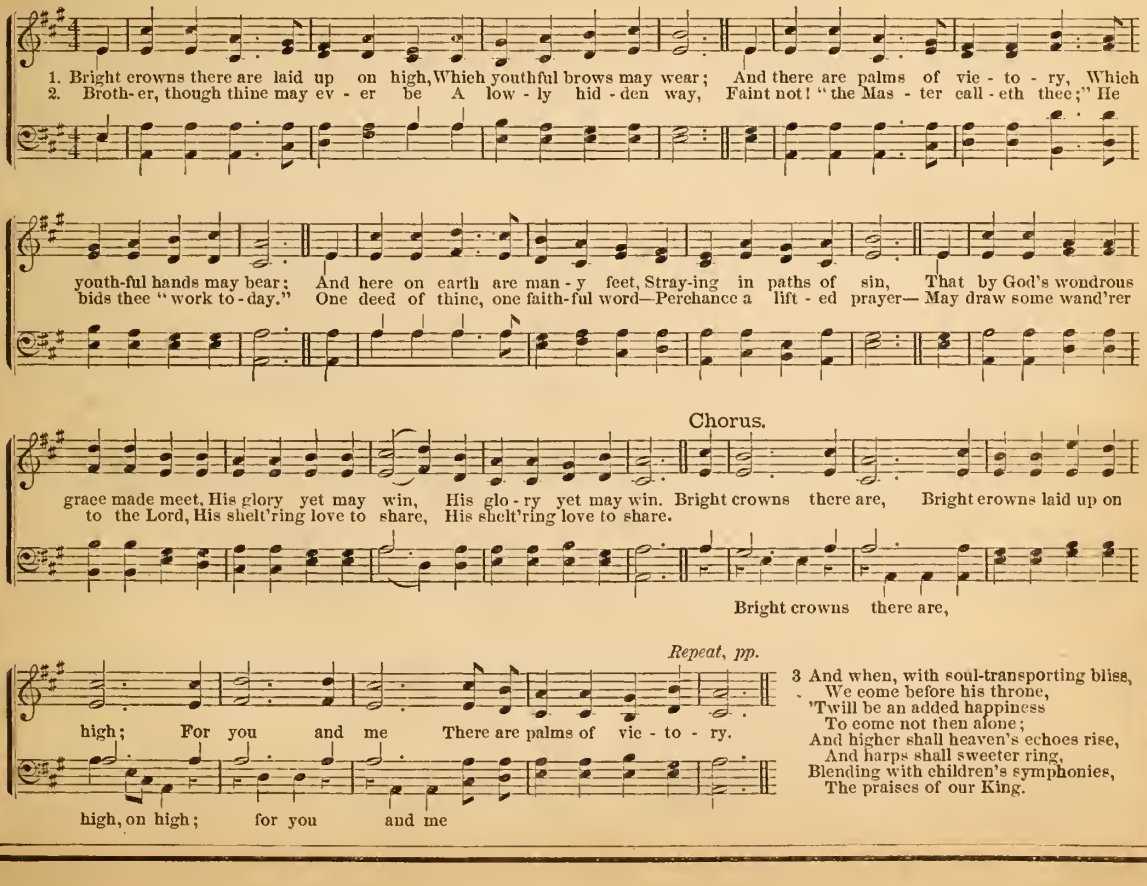
2 I love my precious Saviour,
Because he died for me,
And if I did not serve him,
How sinful I should be;
He gives me every comfort,
And hears me when I pray,
I want to live for Jesus,
"The Bible says I may."

3 I now can do but little,
Yet, when I grow a man,
I'll try and do for Jesus
The greatest good I can;
God help and keep me faithful
In all I do and say;
I want to live a Christian,
"The Bible says I may."

BRIGHT CROWNS.

"And I will give thee a crown of life."

(NEW)



3 And when, with soul-transporting bliss,
We come before his throne,
'Twill be an added happiness
To come not then alone;
And higher shall heaven's echoes rise,
And harps shall sweeter ring,
Blending with children's symphonies,
The praises of our King.

PILGRIM ON THE ROAD.

"For we seek a city which hath foundations."

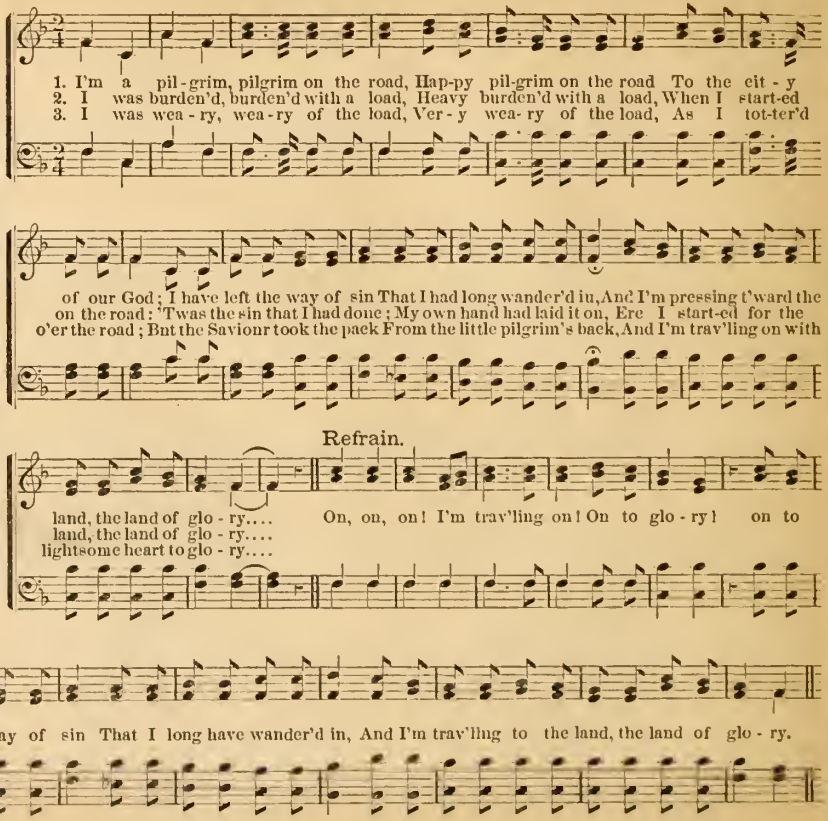
So when the boy was healed, Christiana asked Mr. Skill, saying, "What is this pill good for else?"

SKILL. "It is a universal pill, it is good against all the diseases that pilgrims are incident to; and, when it is well prepared, it will keep good."

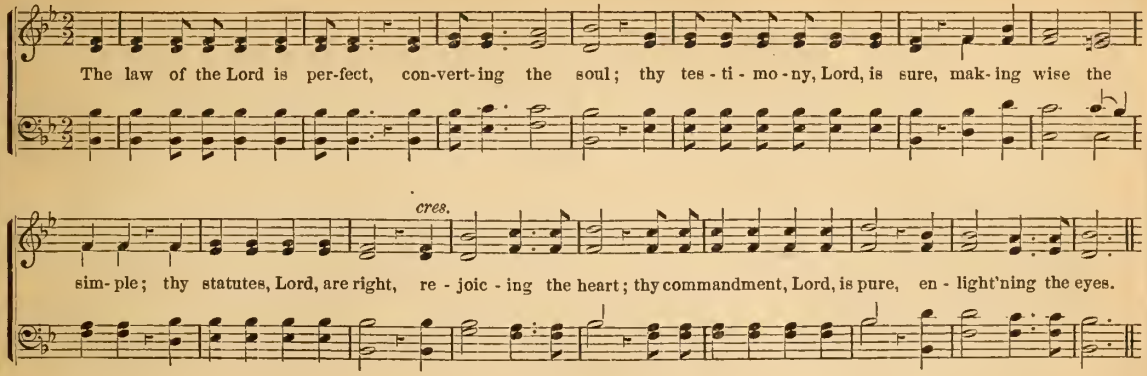
CHRIS. "Pray, sir, make me up twelve boxes of them; for, if I can get these, I will never take other physic."

SKILL. "These pills are good to prevent disease, as well as to cure when one is sick; if he will but use it as he should, it will make him live for ever. But thou must give them no other way, but as I have prescribed."

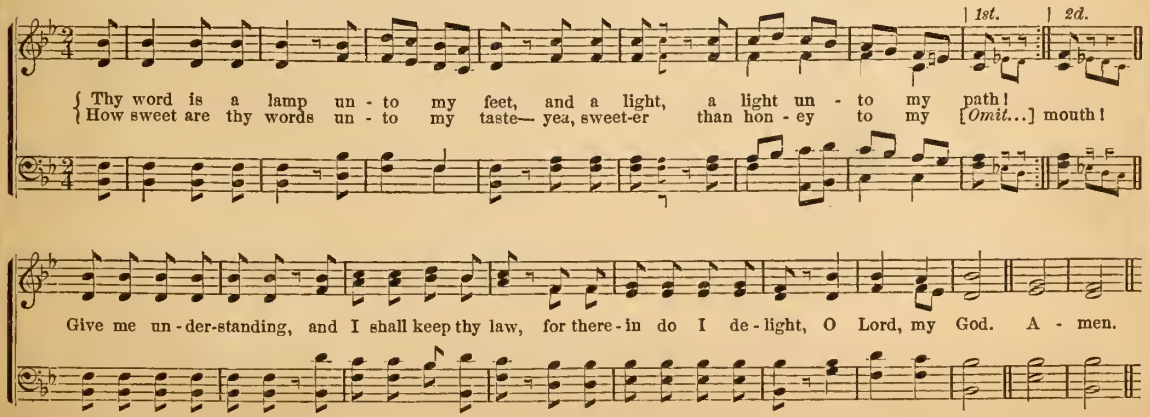
So he gave unto Christiana pills for herself, and her boys, and for Mercy, and bid Matthew take heed how he eat any more green plums, and kissed them, and went his way."



THE LAW OF THE LORD.



THY WORD IS A LAMP UNTO MY FEET.

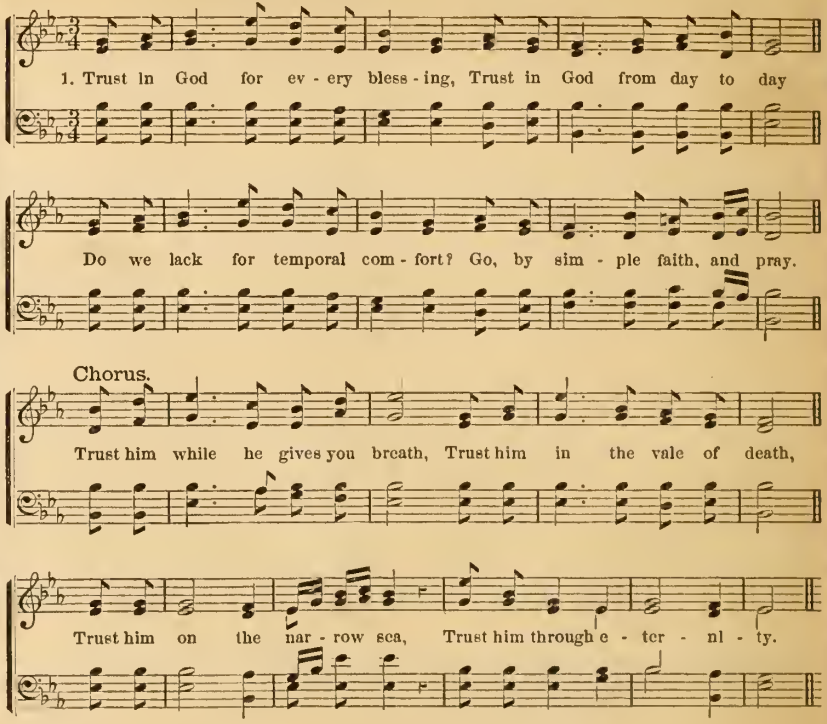


EVER TRUSTING.

"The communion of the Holy Ghost." (NEW)

WHEN the family where Christiana was saw that they had a purpose to go forward, they took Christiana, her children, and Mercy, and showed them Jacob's ladder. *Gen.* 28 : 12. Now at that time there were some angels ascending upon it. So Christiana looked and looked to see the angels go up; so did the rest of the company. Then they were going into another place, to show them something else; but James said to his mother, "Pray, bid them stay here a little longer, for this is a curious sight." So they turned again, and stood feeding their eyes with this so pleasing a prospect.

After this they took them, and had them to the mount upon which Abraham, our father, offered up Isaac, his son, and showed them the altar, the wood, the fire, and the knife, for they remain to be seen this very day. *Gen.* 22 : 9. When they had seen it, they held up their hands, and blessed them.

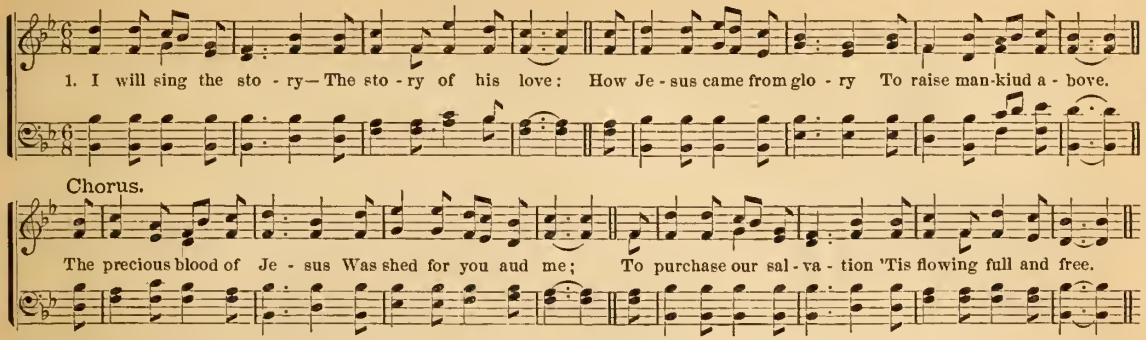


2 God will never fail his children
If his promise they believe;
In the precious name of Jesus
All we ask we shall receive.

3 Are the ties of earthly friendship
Crushed and broken, one by one?
Trust in God, and say, rejoicing,
Lord, thy will, not mine, be done!

4 Trust in God, the Rock of Ages,
Then thy feet shall stand secure;
Bear thy cross without repining,
Patient to the end endure.

I WILL SING THE STORY. (NEW)

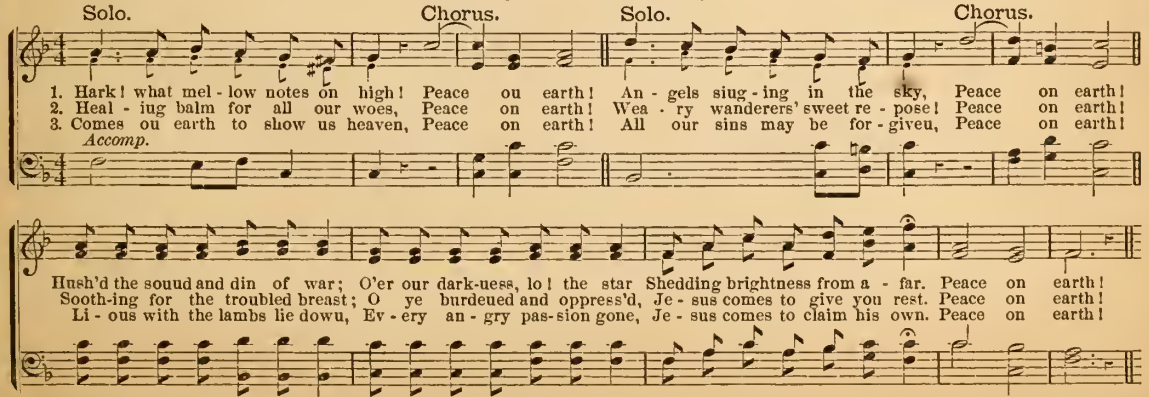


2 I will sing the story,
How Jesus died for me,
The cross on which he suffered
My hoast shall ever be.

3 I will siug the story—
The story of his death:
How Jesus came from glory
And died to give us rest.

4 I will sing the story
Of pardon, peace, and love;
For all who will receive it,
A home of rest ahove.

PEACE ON EARTH. (NEW)



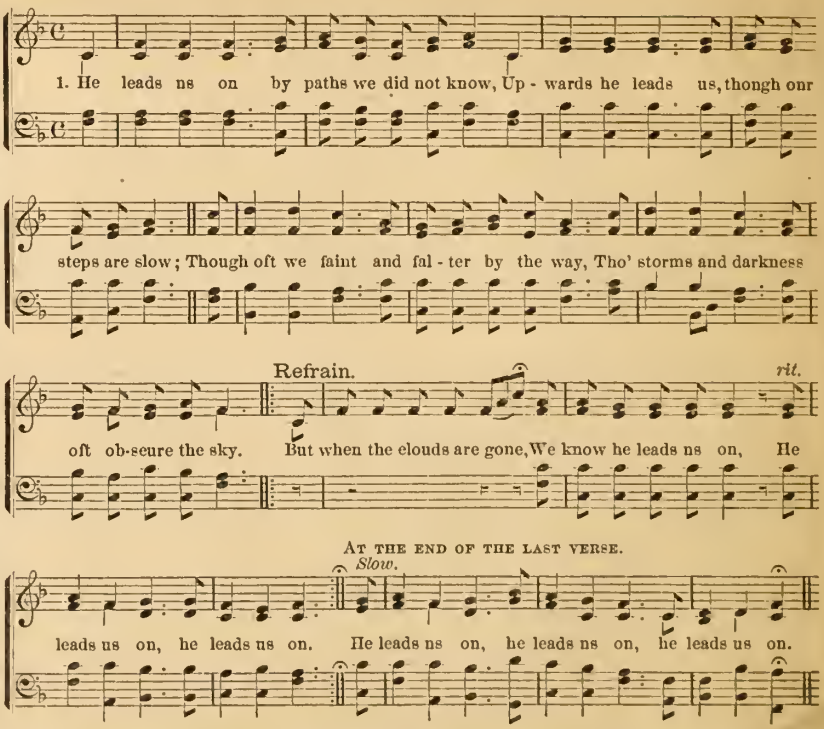
HE LEADS US ON.

"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake."

Now about this time one knocked at the door. So the Porter opened, and behold, Mr. Great-heart was there; but when he was come in, what joy was there! For it came now afresh again into their minds how but a while ago he had slain old Grim Bloody-man, the giant, and had delivered them from the lions.

Then said Mr. Great-heart to Christiana and to Merey, "My lord has sent some parched corn, together with a couple of pomegranates; he has also sent the boys some figs and raisins, to refresh you in your way."

Then they addressed themselves to their journey; and Prudence and Piety went along with them. When they came to the gate, Christiana asked the Porter if any of late went by. He said, "No; only one some time since, who also told me that of late there had been a great robbery committed on the King's highway as you go. But," said he, "the thieves are taken, and will shortly be tried for their lives." Then Christiana and Merey were afraid; but Matthew said, "Mother, fear nothing as long as Mr. Great-heart is to go with us, and be our conductor."



2.

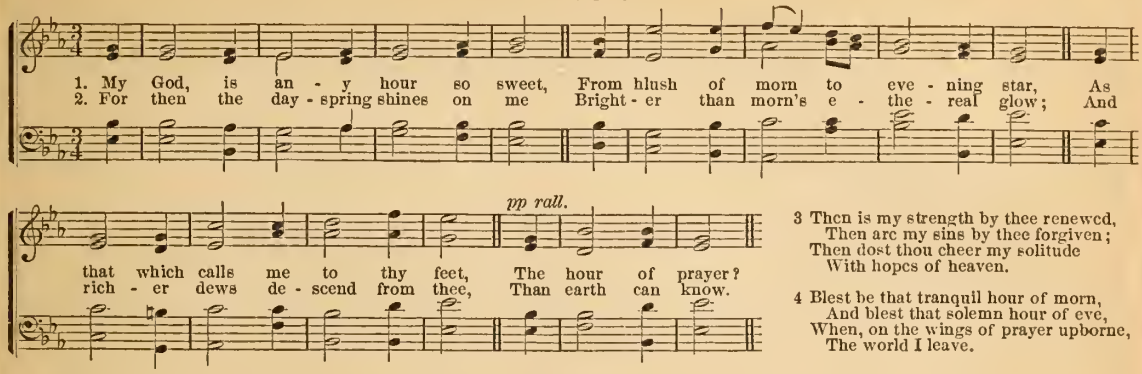
He leads us on through all the trying years,
Past all our dreamland hopes and doubts and fears,
He guides our steps through all the tangled maze,
In paths of peace and wisdom's pleasant ways.

3.

And he, at last, after the weary strife,
Will lead us home to everlasting life,
No parting there, or pain, on that bright shore,
We'll meet dear friends, and sing for evermore.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

"*The hour of prayer.*" (NEW)

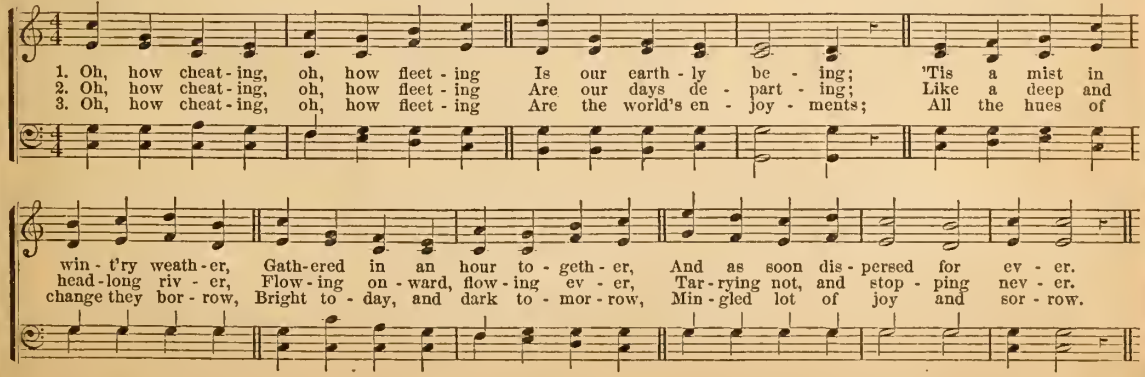


3 Then is my strength by thee renewed,
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 Blest be that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

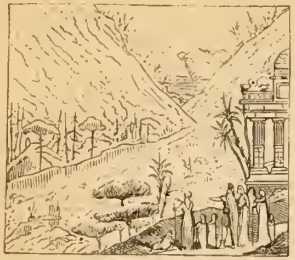
OH, HOW CHEATING, OH, HOW FLEETING.

"*Our days are as the grass.*" (NEW)

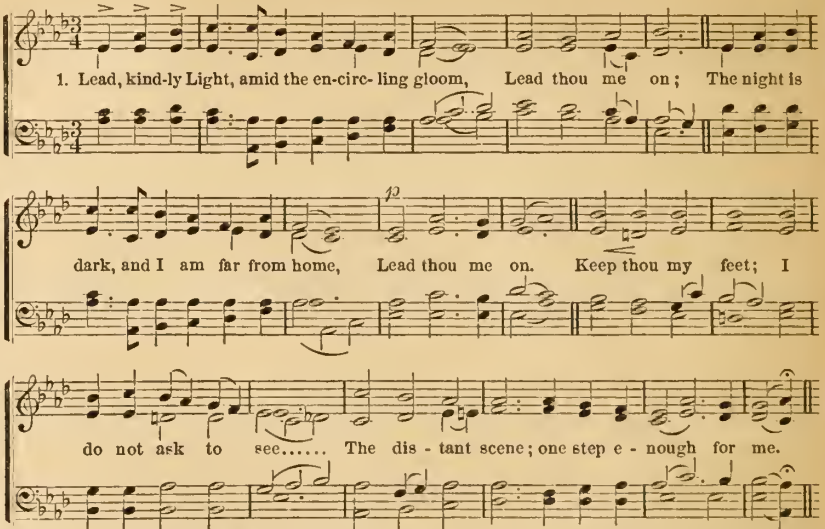


LEAD THOU ME ON.

" In the day time also he led them with a cloud, and all the night through with the light of fire."



Now they began to go down the hill into the valley of Humiliation. It was a steep hill, and the way was slippery; but they were very careful; so they got down pretty well. When they were down in the valley, Piety said to Christiana, "This is the place where your husband met with the foul fiend Apollyon, and where they had that dreadful fight that they had; I know you cannot but have heard thereof. But be of good courage; as long as you have here Mr. Great-heart to be your guide and conductor, we hope you will fare the better." So when these two had committed the pilgrims into the conduct of their guide, he went forward, and they went after.



2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

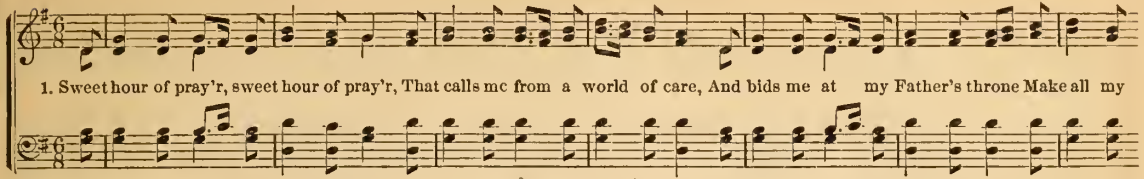
LEAD US, HEAVENLY FATHER.

1 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

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

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. (NEW)

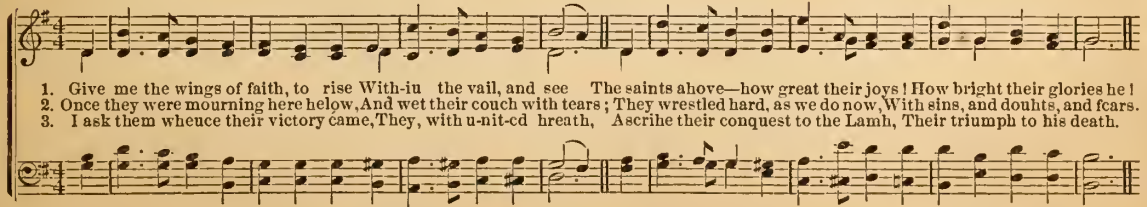


2 In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.

4 And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

THE WINGS OF FAITH. C. M. (NEW)



A QUIET MIND.

"A contended mind is a continual feast."

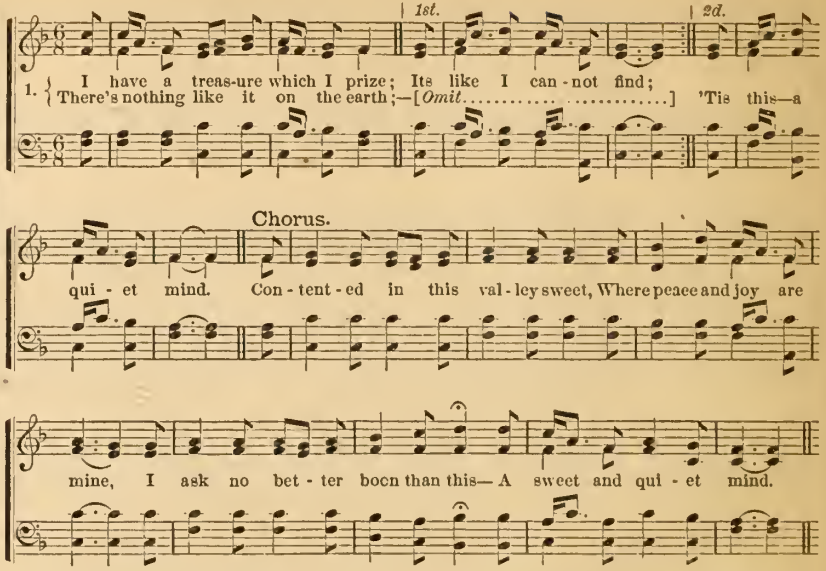
(NEW)

Now as they were going along and talking, they espied a boy feeding his father's sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a fresh and well-favored countenance; and as he sat by himself he sung. "Hark!" said Mr. Great-heart, "to what the shepherd's boy saith." So they hearkened, and he said:

"He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

"I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such."

Then said their guide, "Do you hear him? I will dare to say, this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of that herb called heart's-ease in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet."



2 I found this treasure at the Cross:
And there to every kind
Of weary, heavy-laden souls,
Christ gives a quiet mind.

3 The love of God within my breast,
My heart to him doth bind;
This is the peace of heaven on earth—
This is a quiet mind.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE.

TUNE—MEAR. C. M.

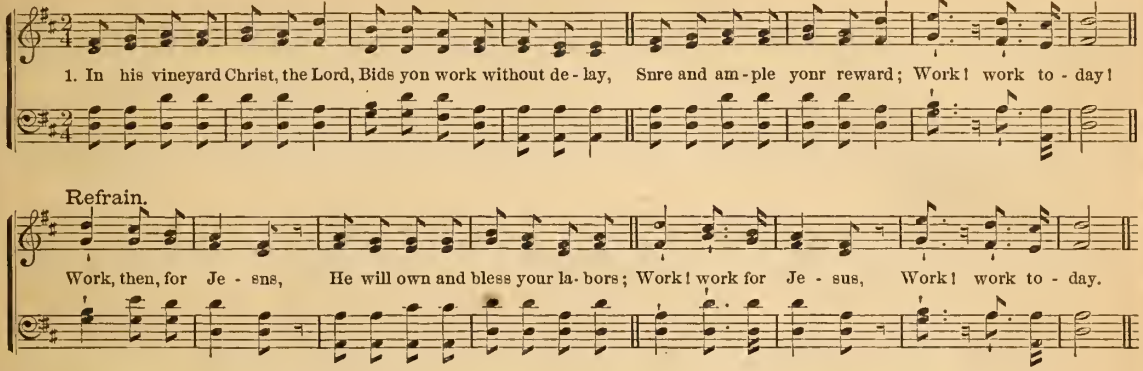
1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joy.

4 In vain we tune our formal songs,—
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

WORK! WORK TO-DAY.

"Go, work to-day in my vine-yard."



2 Lo, the grain is rip'ning fast!
Now the Master's call obey,
In the Gospel Sickle cast;
Work! work to-day.

3 Few the lab'rers in the land,
Linger not in all the way,
Come, and join the Reaping Band;
Work! work to-day.

4 Swift your hours are passing by,
Nor will, at your bidding, stay:
Garner now the grain on high:
Work! work to-day.

5 Souls are seeking heavenly food:
Haste to help them while you may,
Do them more than earthly good;
Work! work to-day.

6 Not unaided will yon go,
While you labor; if you pray,
Jesus will his help bestow
Work! work to-day.

7 Soon the Harvest King will come,
And his lab'rers call away
Up to heaven, their "Harvest Home."
Work! watch, and pray.

ONWARD, FELLOW-TEACHERS, ONWARD!

TUNE—ZION. 8s & 7s.

1 ONWARD, fellow-teachers, onward!
Sow the seed with faith and prayer;
None can wrest these weapons from us,
Let us never then despair.
Sow, and faint not,
Till the seed a harvest bear.

2 Courage, fellow-teachers, conrage!
Though we now see no success;
Wait his time with faith and patience,
God will yet our labors bless.
Look to Jesus,
When discouragements distress.

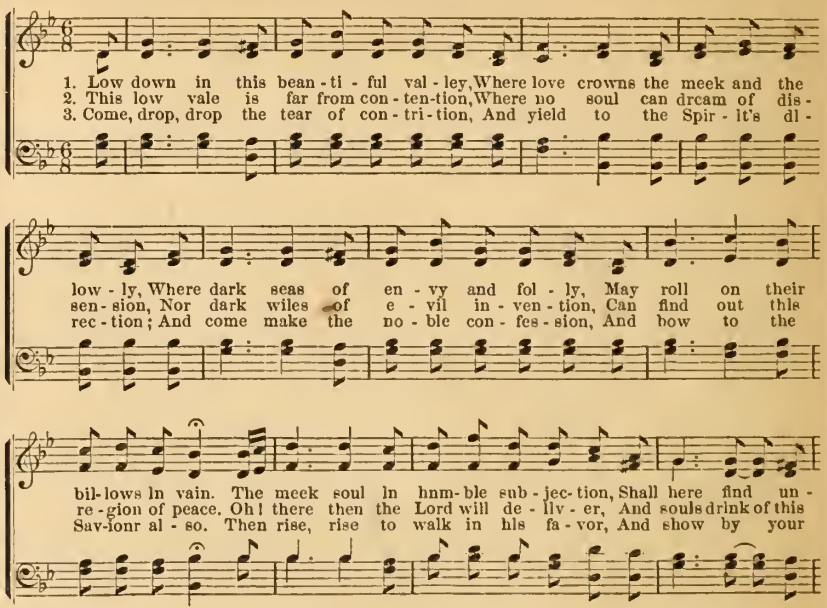
3 Wrestle, fellow-teachers, wrestle!
With the God of Jacob plead;
Pray, until you get the blessing,
Which your fainting spirits need.
Plead with Jesus;
For these little children plead.

4 Hear us, oh, our Saviour, hear us,
While we supplicate thy throne;
Let us be successful pleaders,
Saviour, make our cause thine own.
Let these children
All be saved and gathered home.

THE BEAUTIFUL VALLEY.

" He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

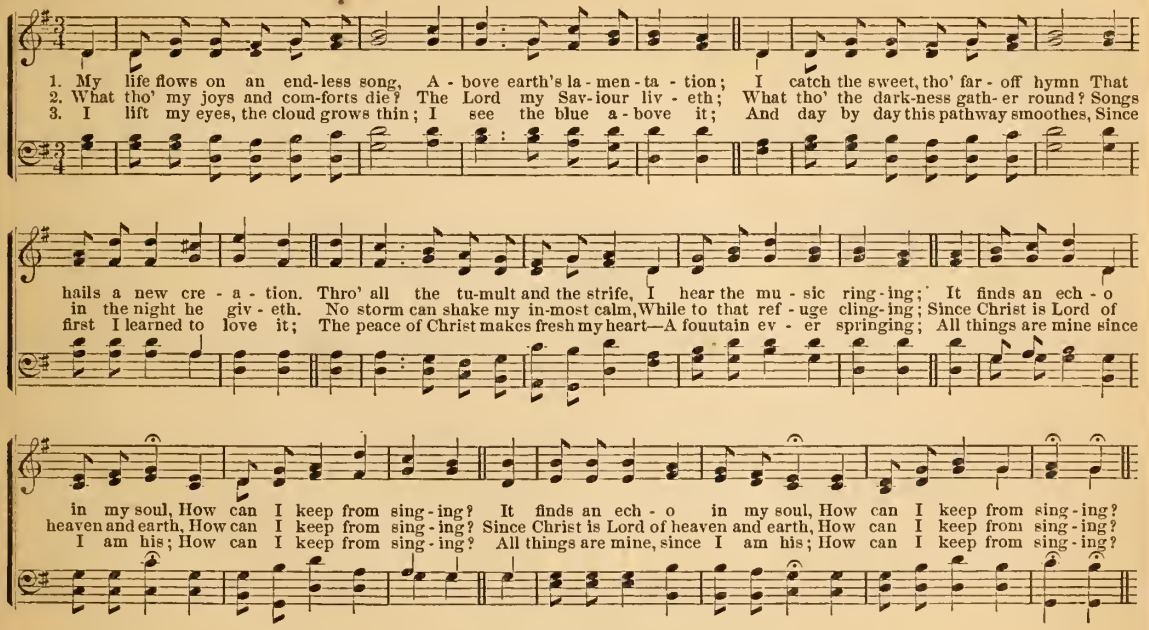
In this valley our Lord formerly had his country-house; he loved much to be here. He loved also to walk these meadows, for he found the air was pleasant. Besides, here a man shall be free from the noise, and from the hurrying of this life; all states are full of noise and confusion; only the Valley of Humiliation is that empty and solitary place. This is a valley that nobody walks in but those that love a pilgrim's life. And though Christian had the hard hap to meet here with Apollyon, and to enter with him into a brisk encounter, yet I must tell you, that in former times men have met with angels here, have found pearls here, and have in this place found the words of life. Our Lord also has left a yearly revenue, to be faithfully paid them at certain seasons, for their maintenance by the way, and for their further encouragement to go on in their pilgrimage.



HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING?

"*Praise the Lord, O my soul.*"

(NEW)



I'M BUT A STRANGER HERE.

1 I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home;
Danger and sorrow staud
Round me on every haud;
Heaven is my fatherlaud,
Heaven is my home.

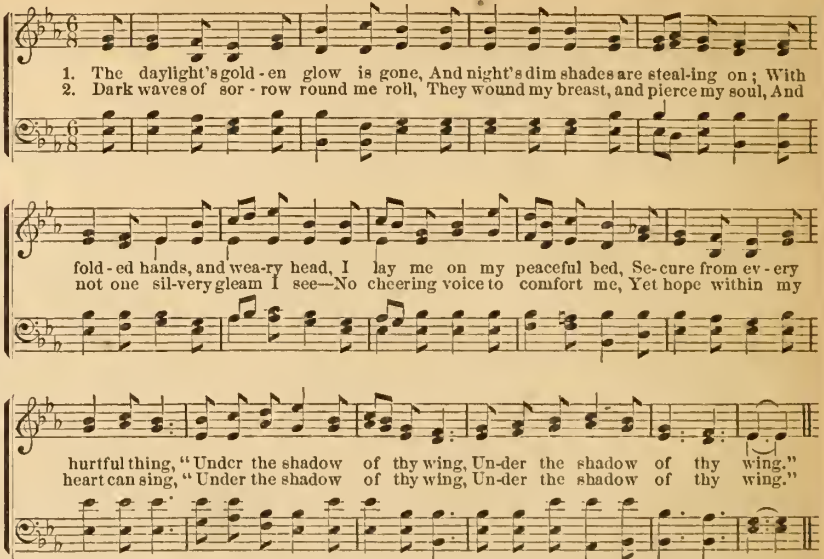
2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home:
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
Time's cold and wint'ry blast
Soon will he overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
There too, I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF THY WING.

"He shall defend thee under his wings." (NEW)

THEN said Mercy, "I think I am as well in this valley as I have been anywhere else in all our journey; the place, methinks, suits with my spirit. I love to be in such places where there is no rattling with coaches, nor rumbling with wheels. Methinks, here one may, without much molestation, be thinking what he is, whence he came, what he has done, and to what the King has called him. Here one may think, and break at heart, and melt in one's spirit, until one's eyes become as the fish-pools in Heshbon. *Song* 7: 4. They that go rightly through this valley of Baca, make it a well; the rain that God sends down from heaven upon them that are here also filleth the pools. This valley is that from whence also the King will give to his their vineyards, and they that go through it shall sing, as Christian did for all he met with Apollyon.



3 Shut eyes have valled from me their light,
Loved faces vanished into night,
And all along life's way I miss
The forms that filled my world with bliss;
Yet love around my soul doth cling,
"Under the shadow of thy wing."

4 Soon will my tired feet reach the brink,
From which the strongest soul doth shrink;
But fearlessly its might I'll brave,
And cry, exulting 'neath the wave,
"Where, Death, oh, where is now thy sting,"
"Under the shadow of thy wing."

THE MERCY-SEAT.

TUNE—RETREAT. L. M.

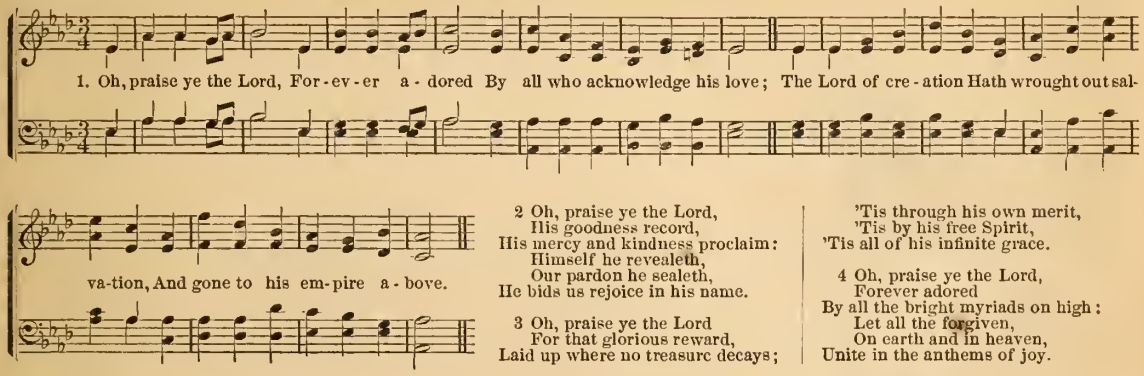
1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all beside more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

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

OH, PRAISE YE THE LORD.

"*Praise ye the Lord.*" (NEW)



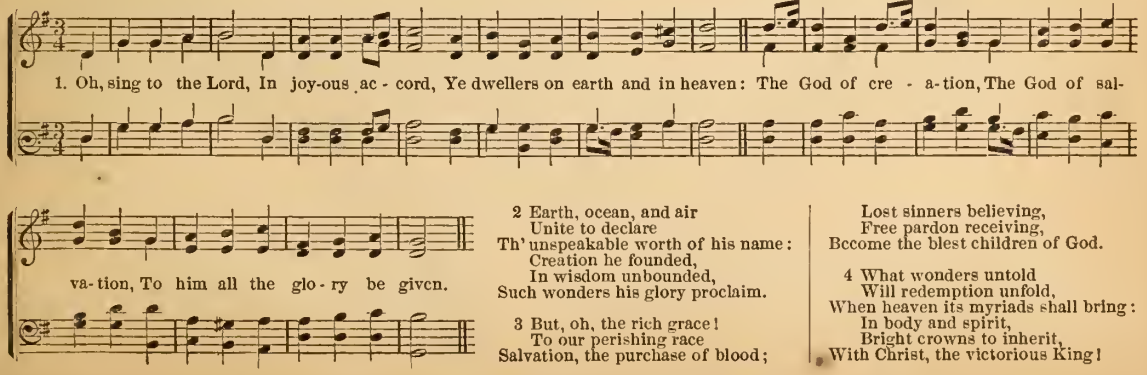
2 Oh, praise ye the Lord,
His goodness record,
His mercy and kindness proclaim:
Himself he revealeth,
Our pardon he sealeth,
He bids us rejoice in his name.

3 Oh, praise ye the Lord
For that glorious reward,
Laid up where no treasure decays;
'Tis through his own merit,
'Tis by his free Spirit,
'Tis all of his infinite grace.

4 Oh, praise ye the Lord,
Forever adored
By all the bright myriads on high:
Let all the forgiven,
On earth and in heaven,
Unite in the anthems of joy.

SING TO THE LORD.

(NEW)



2 Earth, ocean, and air
Unite to declare
Th' unspeakable worth of his name:
Creation he founded,
In wisdom unbounded,
Such wonders his glory proclaim.

3 But, oh, the rich grace!
To our perishing race
Salvation, the purchase of blood;
Lost sinners believing,
Free pardon receiving,
Become the blest children of God.

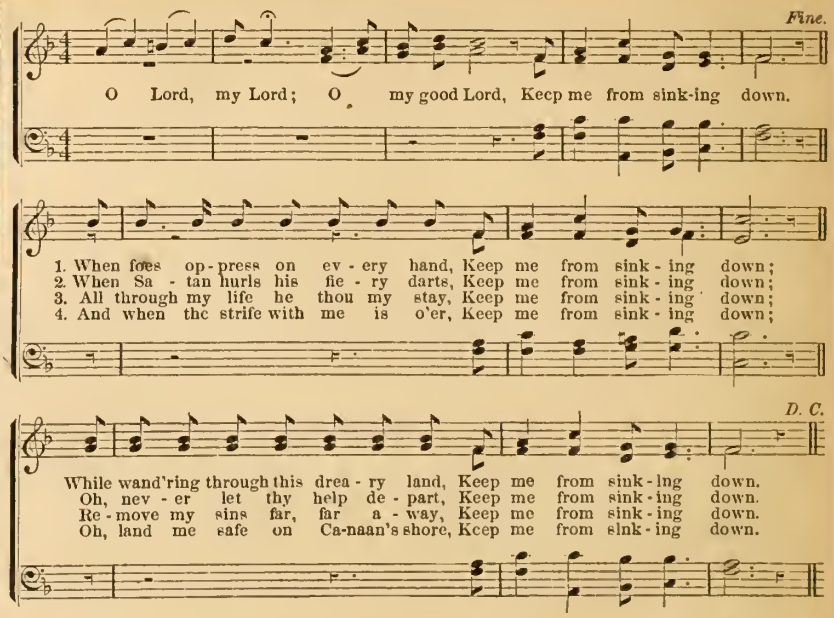
4 What wonders untold
Will redemption unfold,
When heaven its myriads shall bring:
In body and spirit,
Bright crowns to inherit,
With Christ, the victorious King!

KEEP ME FROM SINKING DOWN.

"Let not mine enemies triumph over me."

When they had passed by this place, they came upon the borders of the Shadow of Death. This valley was longer than the other; a place also most strangely haunted with evil things, as many are able to testify; but these women and children went the better through it, because they had daylight, and because Mr. Great-heart was their conductor.

So they went on a little farther, and they thought that they felt the ground begin to shake under them, as if some hollow place was there; they heard, also, a kind of hissing, as of serpents, but nothing as yet appeared. Then said the boys, "Are we not yet at the end of this doleful place?" But the guide also bid them be of good courage, and look well to their feet; "Lest, haply," said he, "you be taken in some snare."



COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

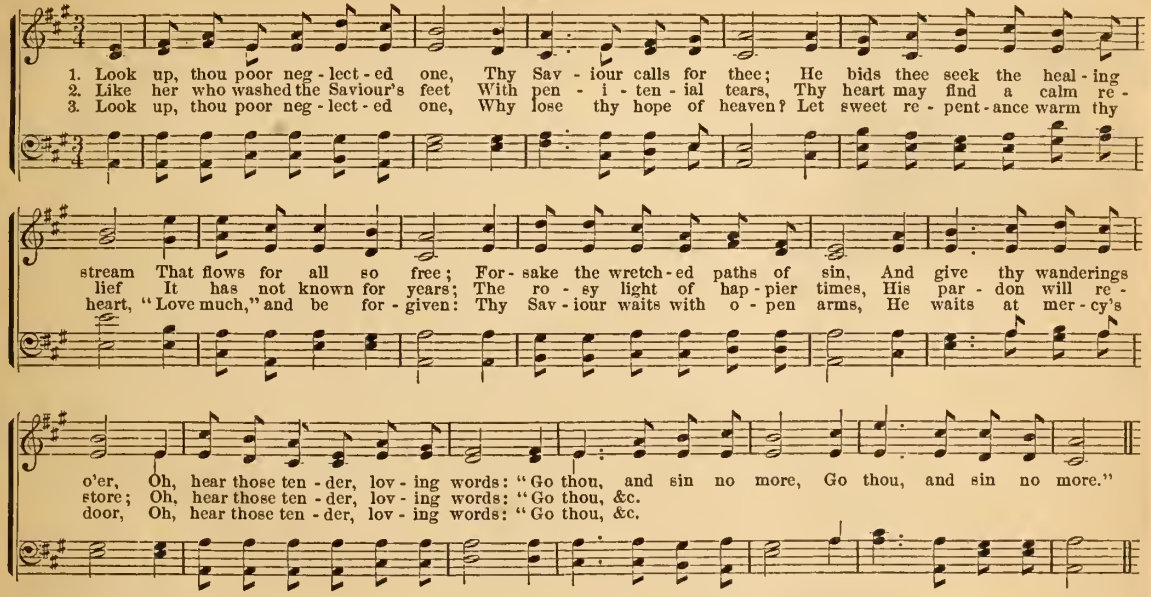
2 Joy to the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;—
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying—
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing—
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

4 Go ask the infidel what boon he brings us,
What charm for aching hearts he can reveal,
Sweet as that heavenly promise hope brings us—
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

SIN NO MORE.

"Go thou and sin no more." (NEW)



WHISPER IT SOFTLY.

TUNE—BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

1 WHISPER it softly when nobody's near;
Let not those accents fall on the ear;
She is a blossom too tender and frail
For the keen blast of the pitiless gale.

2 Whisper it gently, 'twill cost thee no pain;
Gentle words rarely are spoken in vain;
Threats and reproaches the stubborn may move
Noble the conquest that's aided by love.

3 Whisper it kindly, 'twill pay thee to know
Penitent tear-drops oft down her cheeks flow;
Has she from virtue's paths wandered astray,
Guide her feet gently, for rough is the way.

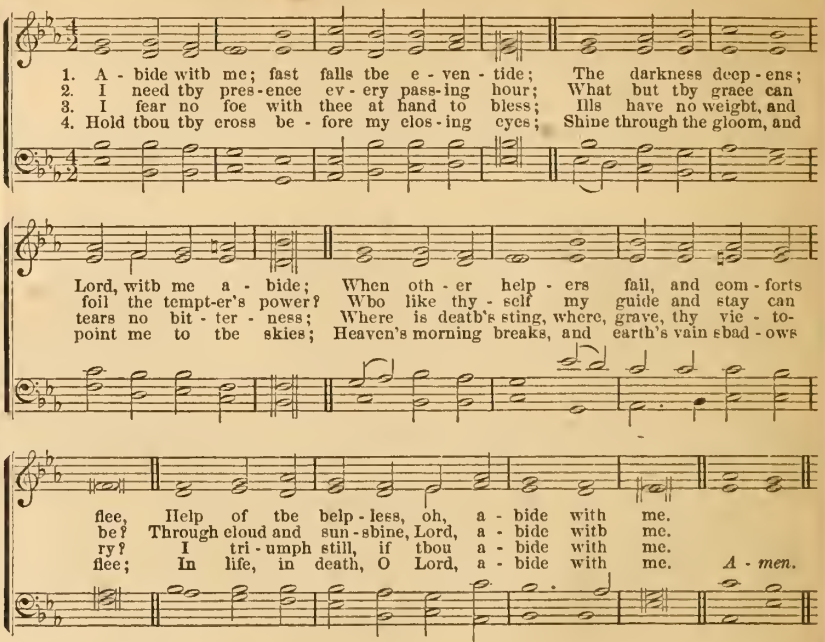
4 She has no parent, and none of her kin
Lead her from error, or keep her from sin;
Does she lean on thee, then cherish the trust;
God to the merciful ever is just.

LORD, ABIDE WITH ME.

"Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." *10s.*

THEY went on again, and their conductor did go before them. Then said Great-Heart: "This is like being in the heart of the sea, and like going down to the bottoms of the mountains. Now it seems as if the earth, with its bars, were about us for ever. But let them that walk in darkness and have no light, trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon their God, *Isa.* 50 : 10. For my part, as I have told you already, I have gone often through this valley, and have been much harder put to it than now I am; and yet you see I am alive. I would not boast, for that I am not my own savior; but I trust we shall have a good deliverance. Come, let us pray for light to him that can lighten our darkness, and that can rebuke not only these, but all the satans in hell."

So they cried and prayed, and God sent light and deliverance.



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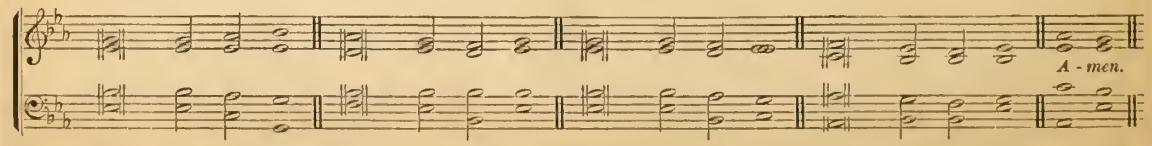
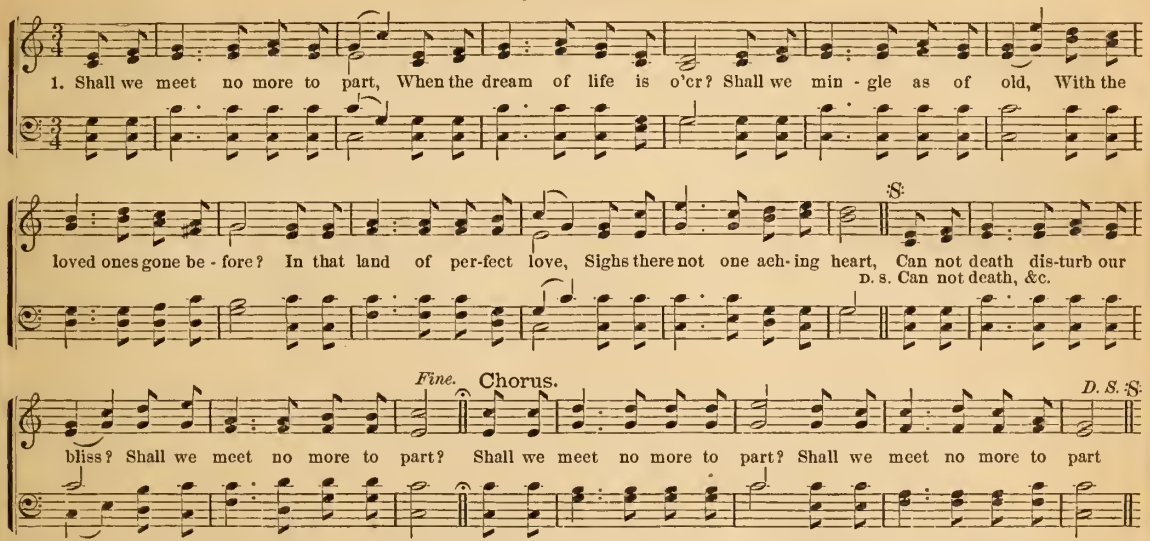


SHALL WE MEET NO MORE TO PART.

"*And shall go out no more forever.*" (NEW)



2 Shall we meet no more to part,
When we get beyond the tide?
Every blossom that we mourned,
As it vanished from our side?
Every young and tender bud
Stricken down by death's cold dart,
Shall we clasp them in our arms,
Shall we meet no more to part?
Shall we meet no more to part,
Shall we clasp them in our arms, &c.

3 Shall we meet no more to part,
With our blessed Saviour there?
With the saints and angels too,
In that world so bright and fair?
Shall we dare to love them all
With an overflowing heart?
Will they never leave our side,
Shall we meet no more to part?
Shall we meet no more to part,
Will they never leave us more, &c.

ONCE MORE, BEFORE WE PART.

TUNE BOYLSTON. S. M.

1 ONCE more, before we part,
Bless the Redeemer's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Praise and adore the Lamb.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
Thy blessing still impart;
We meet in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

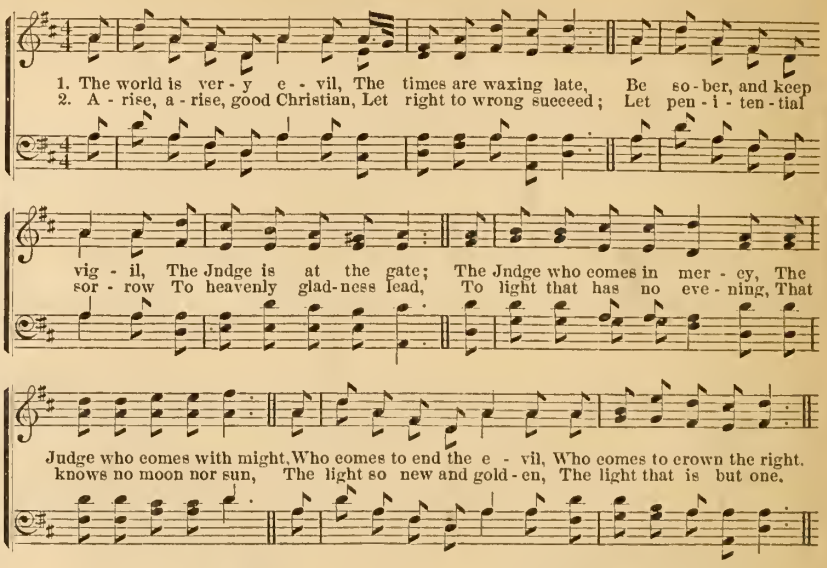
3 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name:
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

THE JUDGE IS AT THE GATE.

"Work your work betimes, and in his time he will give you your reward." (NEW)

Now they drew towards the end of this way; and just where Christian had seen the cave when he went by, out thence came forth Maul, a giant. This Maul did use to spoil young pilgrims with sophistry; and he called Great-heart by his name, and said unto him, "How many times have you been forbidden to do these things?" Then said Mr. Great-heart, "What things?" "What things!" quoth the giant; "you know what things; but I will put an end to your trade." "But pray," said Mr. Great-heart, "before we fall to it, let us understand wherefore we must fight." Now the women and children stood trembling, and knew not what to do.

Then said the giant, "Thou gatherest up women and children, and carriest them into a strange country, to the weakening of my master's kingdom." But now Great-heart replied, "I am a servant of the God of heaven; my business is to persuade sinners to repentance. I am commanded to do my endeavor to turn men, women, and children, from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God."



3 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
True cure of the distrest:
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

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

THAT AWFUL DAY WILL SURELY COME. C. M.

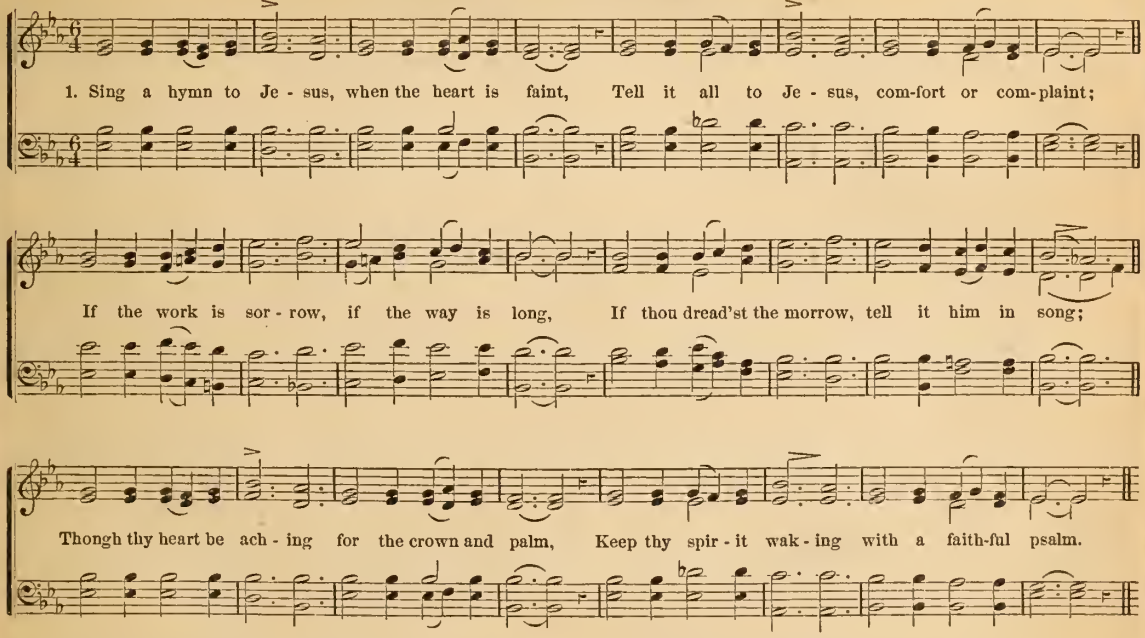
1 That awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste—
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound Depart!

3 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast,
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit can not rest.

TELL IT ALL TO JESUS.

"The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." (NEW)



2 Jesus, we are lowly, thou art very high;
We are all unholy, thou art pnrity;
We are frail and fleeting, thou art still the same,
All life's joys are meeting in thy blessed name.
Sing a hymn to Jesus, when thy heart is faint;
Tell it all to Jesns, comfort or complaint.

3 All his words are music, though they make me weep,
Infinitely tender, infinitely deep.
Time can never render all in him I see;
Infinitely tender human deity.
Sing a hymn to Jesus, when thy heart is faint;
Tell it all to Jesus, comfort or complaint.

4 Jesus, let me love thee, infinitely sweet;
What are the poor odors I bring to thy feet?
Yet I love thee, love thee; come into my heart,
And ere long remove me to be where thou art.
Thus I sing to Jesus, when my heart is faint;
So I tell to Jesus comfort or complaint.

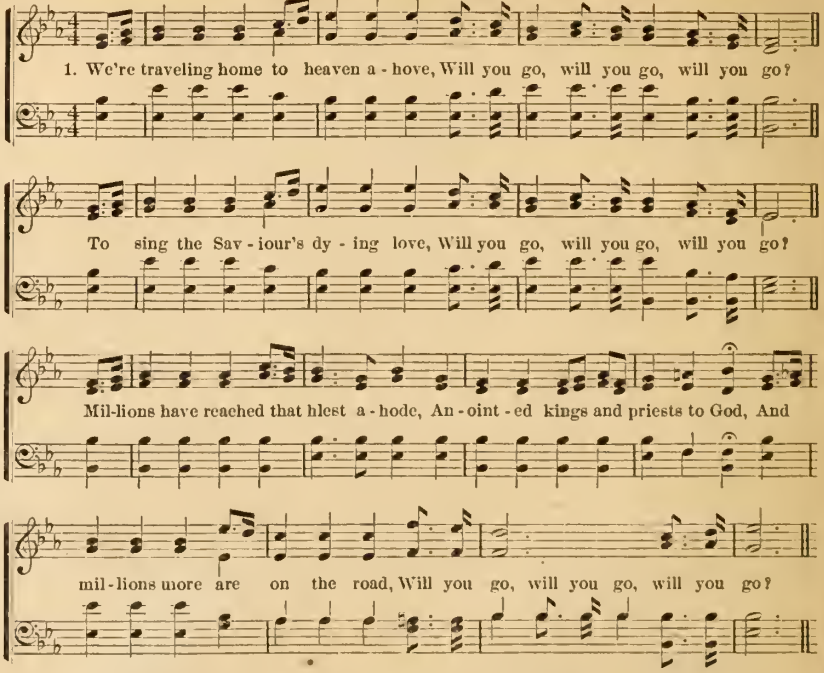
WE'RE TRAVELING HOME.

"We seek a city that hath foundations whose maker and builder is God." (NEW)

Now a little before them stood an oak, and under it, when they came to it, they found an old pilgrim fast asleep. They knew he was a pilgrim by his clothes, and staff, and girdle. So the guide awakened him, and the old gentleman, as he lifted his eyes, cried out, "What's the matter? Who are you, and what is your business here?"

GREAT-HEART. "Come, be not so rash: here are none but your friends." Yet the old man gets up, and stands upon his guard, and will know of them what they are. Then said the guide: "My name is Great-heart; I am the guide of these pilgrims, that are going to the celestial country."

Then said Mr. Honest, "I cry you mercy: I feared that you had been of the company of those that some time ago did rob Little-faith of his money; but, now I look better about me, I perceive you are honester people."



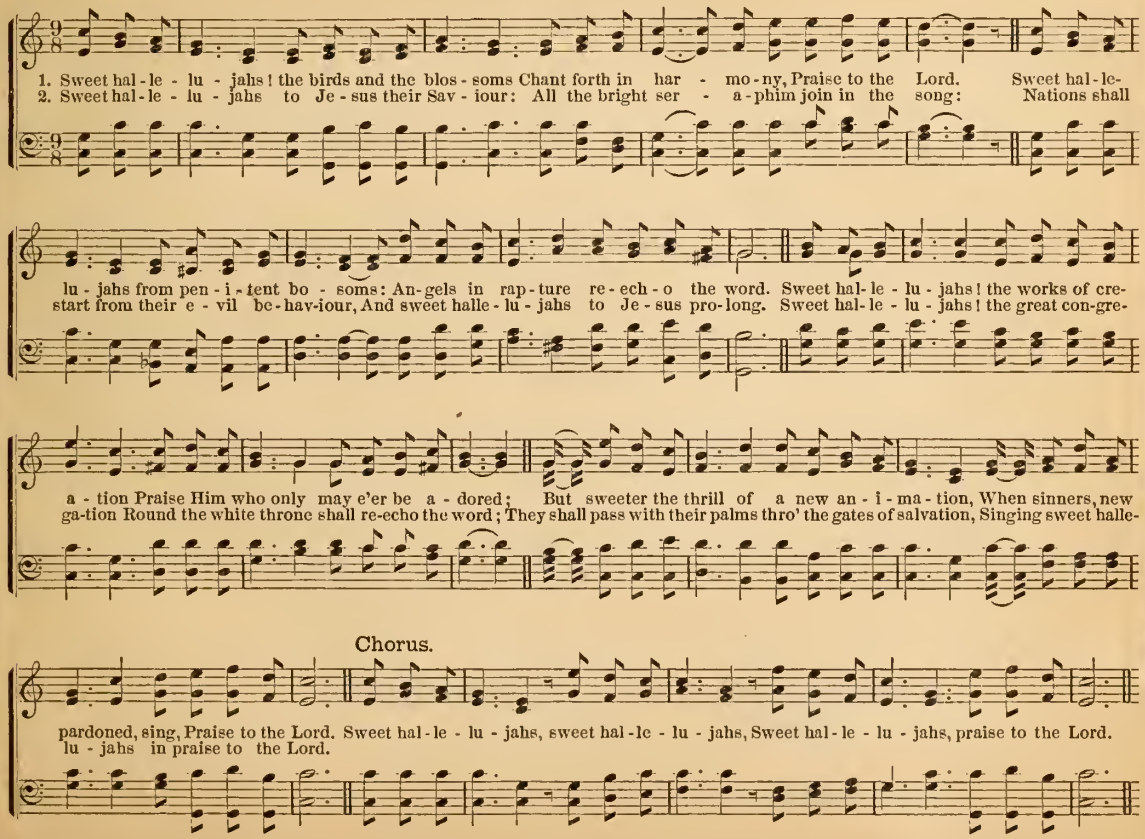
2 Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,
Will you go?
In that blest house there still is room,
Will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease,
Come, believe.

3 The way to heaven is straight and plain,
Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again,
Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see,
Come to me."

4 Oh, could I hear some sinner say,
I will go;
I'll start this moment, clear the way,
Let me go!
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
With Jesus Christ I mean to dwell,
Let me go!

SWEET HALLELUJAHS.

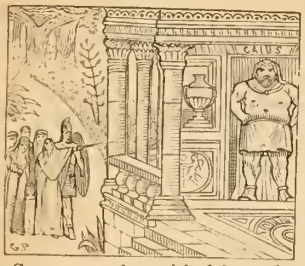
"Praise ye the Lord." (NEW)



FAIR CITY.

"A house not made with hands."

(NEW)



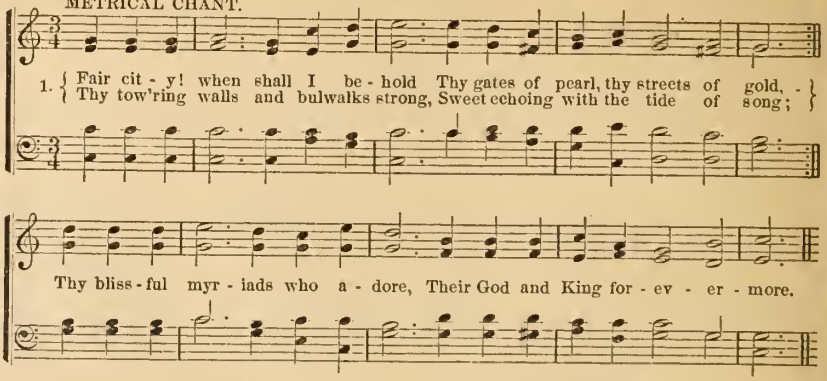
CHRISTIANA then wished for an inn for herself and her children, because they were weary. Then said Mr. Honest, "There is one a little before us, where a very honorable disciple, one Gains, dwells. When they came to the door, they went in. Then they called for the master of the house, and he came to them. So they asked if they might lie there that night.

GAIUS. "Yes, gentlemen, if you be true men; for my house is for none but pilgrims." Then were Christiana, Mercy, and the boys the more glad, for that the innkeeper was a lover of pilgrims. So they called for rooms, and he showed them one for Christiana and her children and Mercy, and another for Mr. Great-heart and the old gentleman.

GREAT. "Good Gaius, what hast thou for supper? for these pilgrims have come far to-day, and are weary."

Then he went down and spake to the cook, whose name was Taste-that-which-is-good, to get ready supper for so many pilgrims. This done, he came up again, saying, "Come, good friends, you are welcome to me, and I am glad that I have a house to entertain you in; and while supper is making ready, if you please, let us entertain one another with some good discourse." So they all said, "Content."

METRICAL CHANT.

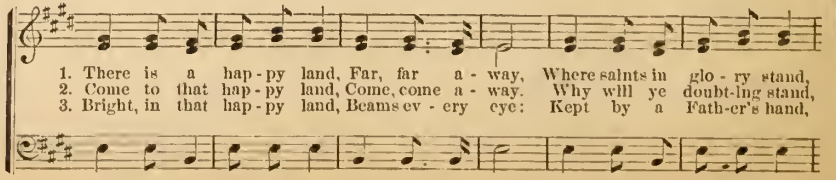


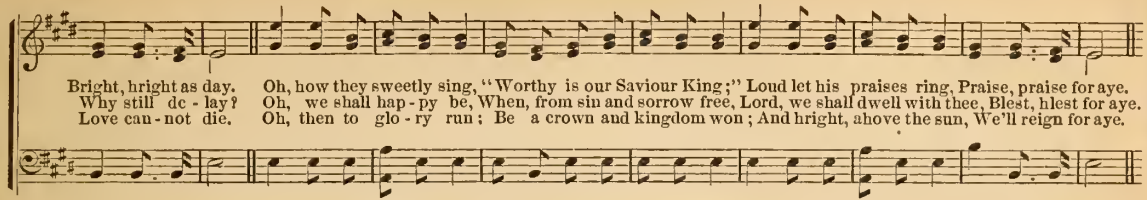
2 Those trees of life with angels' food,
That river from the throne of God,
That glorious light whose rays divine,
In uncreated lustre shine,—
That Saviour on a throne of love,
The triune Majesty above!

3 There all is perfect, all is pure,
There, love forever shall endure;
No envious hand will there betray;
Tears are forever wiped away;
Sickness, nor pain, nor guilt, nor gloom,
Nor fear, nor sorrow there will come.

4 Bright are the symbols Heaven supplied
To fill the heart with holy joys;
But—to be proud where Jesus dwells—
This is the glory that excels;
Oh, let me there more earnest prove
In cherishing a Saviour's love.

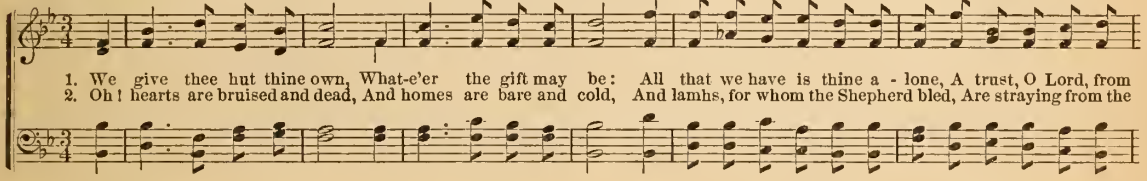
THE HAPPY LAND.

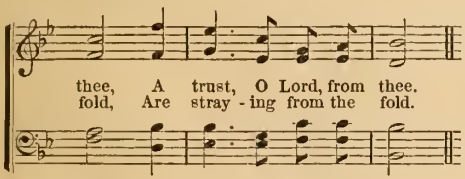




A TRUST, O LORD, FROM THEE. (NEW)

"Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"





3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
In angels' work below.

4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

6 All might, all praise be thine,
Father, Co-equal Son,
And Spirit, Bond of love divine,
While endless ages run.

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED.

TUNE—BALERMA. C. M.

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

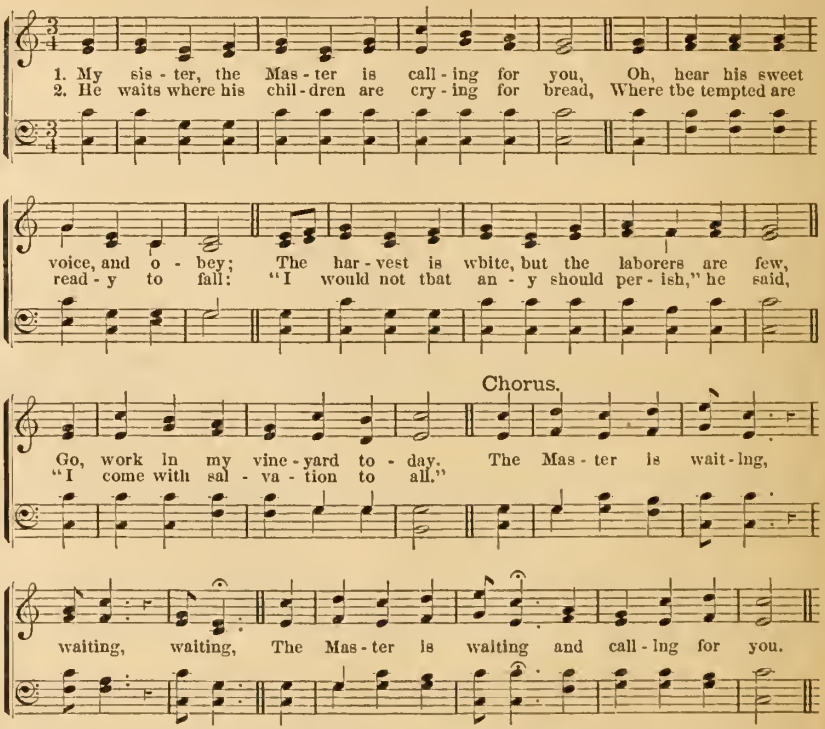
2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

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

THE MASTER IS WAITING.

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother." (NEW)

GAIUS also proceeded, and said, "I will now speak on the behalf of women, to take away their reproach. For as death and the curse came into the world by a woman, so also did life and health; God sent forth his Son, made of a woman. I will say again, that when the Saviour was come, women rejoiced in him, before either man or angel. I read not that man ever gave unto Christ so much as one groat; but the women followed him, and ministered to him of their substance. 'Twas a woman that washed his feet with tears, and a woman that anointed his body to the burial. They were women who wept when he was going to the cross, and women that followed him from the cross, and that sat over against his sepulchre when he was buried. They were women that were first with him at his resurrection-morn, and women that brought tidings first to his disciples that he was risen from the dead. Women, therefore, are highly favored, and show by these things, that they are sharers with us in the grace of life."

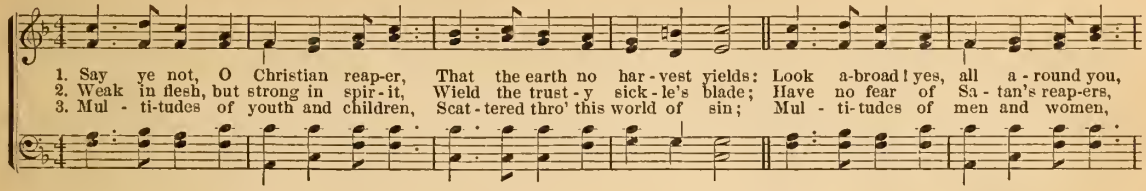


3 He waits in the homes of the poor and oppressed,
To lighten the burdens they bear,
And bring to the weary and fainting ones rest—
Go quickly, and meet with him there.

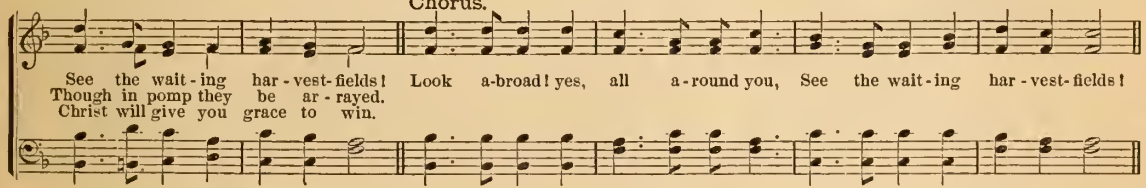
4 My sister, the Master is waiting for you,
He calls for the reapers to-day;
There's work for each one of his children to do
Oh! haste thee, no longer delay.

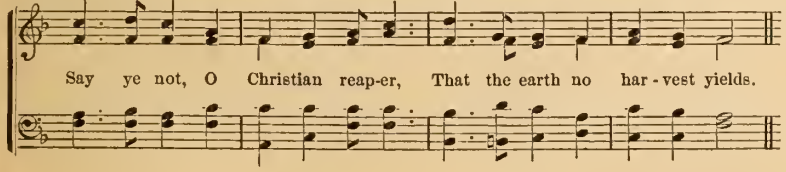
THE WAITING HARVEST. (NEW)

"Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? Look on the fields: for they are white, already to harvest."



Chorus.





4 Very soon the autumn cometh,
And the summer will be o'er,
Then, among the ripened harvests,
You will find your work no more.

5 But if you in faith have labored,
Gathering all the sheaves of grain,
You in joy will meet the Master,
When at last he comes again!

STAND UP FOR JESUS, CHRISTIAN, STAND!

1 STAND up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!
Beat back the waves of sin that roll,
Like raging floods, around thy soul!

CHORUS.

Stand up for Jesus, nobly stand!
Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!
Stand up, his righteous cause defend;
Stand up for Jesus, your best friend.

2 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Sound forth his name o'er sea and land!
Spread ye his glorious Word abroad,
Till all the world shall own him Lord!

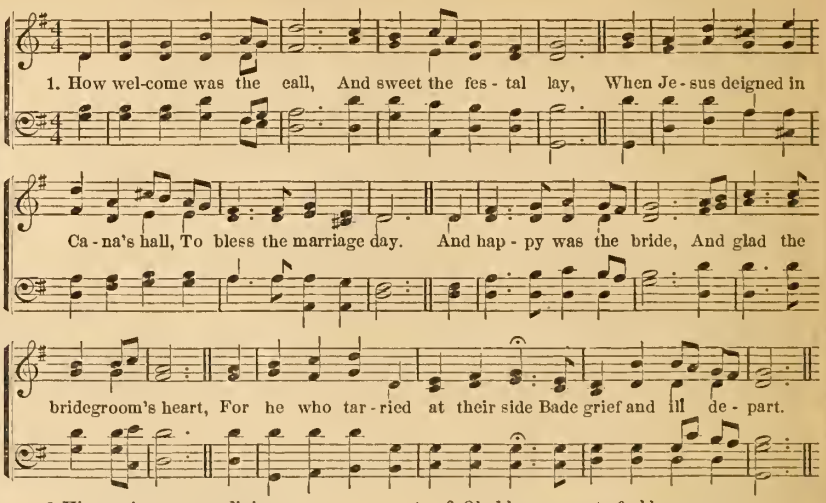
3 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand!
Till heathen lands with wondering eye
Its rising glory shall descry.

NUPTIAL HYMN.

"*Both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage.*" (NEW)

Now about this time Matthew and Mercy were married; also Gaius gave his daughter Phœbe to James, Matthew's brother, to wife; after which time, they yet stayed about ten days at Gaius' house, spending their time and their seasons like as pilgrims used to do.

Now the hour was come that they must he gone; wherefore Mr. Great-heart called for a reckoning. But Gaius told him that at his house it was not the custom for pilgrims to pay for their entertainment. He boarded them by the year, but looked for his pay from the good Samaritan, who had promised him, at his return, whatsoever charge he was at with them faithfully to repay him. Then Gaius took his leave of them all, and his children, and particularly of Mr. Feeble-mind.



2 His gracious power divine
The water vessels knew;
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.
O Lord of life and love.
Come thou again to-day;
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.

3 Oh, bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from thy piercéd side.
Before thine altar-throne
This mercy we implore;
As thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore.

I WAS A WANDERING SHEEP.

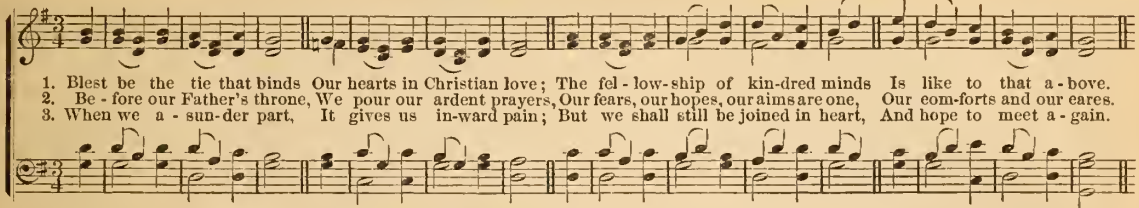
1 I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controll'd;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the hands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole;
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

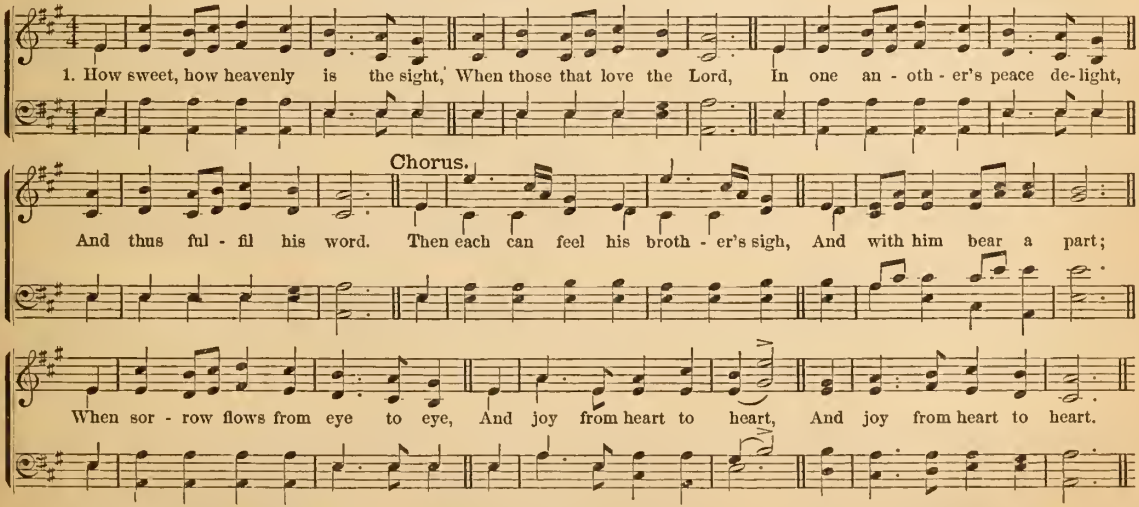
BLEST BE THE TIE.

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." S. M.



HOW SWEET, HOW HEAVENLY.

C. M.



2 When, free from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

3 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

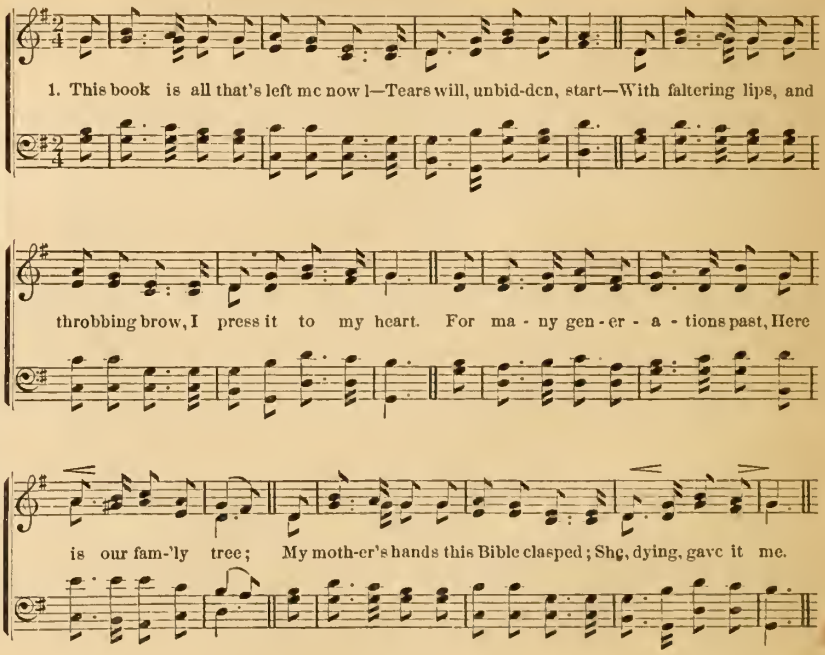
4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

"Thy word have I hid in my heart."

Now, when the family were up, Christiana bade her son James read a chapter, so he read the 53d of Isaiah. When he had done, Mr. Honest asked why it was said that the Saviour was to come out of a dry ground; and also that he had no form or comeliness in him.

Then said Mr. Great-heart, "To the first I answer, Because the church of the Jews, of which Christ came, had then lost almost all the sap and spirit of religion. To the second I say, The words are spoken in the person of unbelievers, who, because they want the eye that can see into our Prince's heart, therefore they judge of him by the meanness of his outside just like those who, not knowing that precious stones are covered over with a homely crust, when they have found one, because they know not what they have found, cast it away again, as men do a common stone."



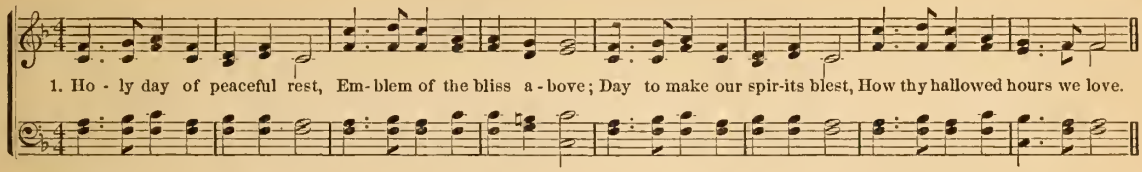
2 Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer:
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are the living still.

3 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 mem'ries come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home.

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

OH, KEEP THE SABBATH DAY.

"Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy." 7s.



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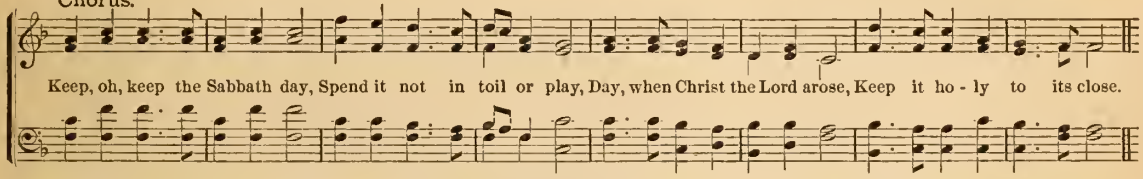


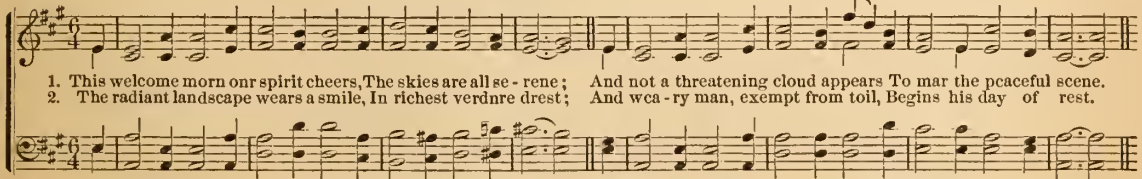
2 Day to make the simple wise,
In the things that make for peace;
Day of converse with the skies,
While our cares and labors cease.

3 While we hear the gospel sound,
And the tidings learn to prize;
Deeds of love shall more abound,
At the heart's best sacrifice.

4 While we join in prayer and praise,
To the God of earth and heaven;
Let us loud thanksgivings raise,
That eternal life is given.

LORD'S DAY.

L. M. (NEW)



3 Blest Sabbath, fount of heavenly joy!
Thy spell around us throw:
Let earnest thoughts the mind employ,
And pure affection glow.

4 Sweet is the hallowed day of rest,
How welcome are its hours!
May grace distill in every breast,
Like gentle vernal showers.

5 With holy thoughts in converse meet,
In mingled praise and prayer;
We'll linger round the mercy-seat
To find our Saviour there.

PILGRIM'S MISSION.

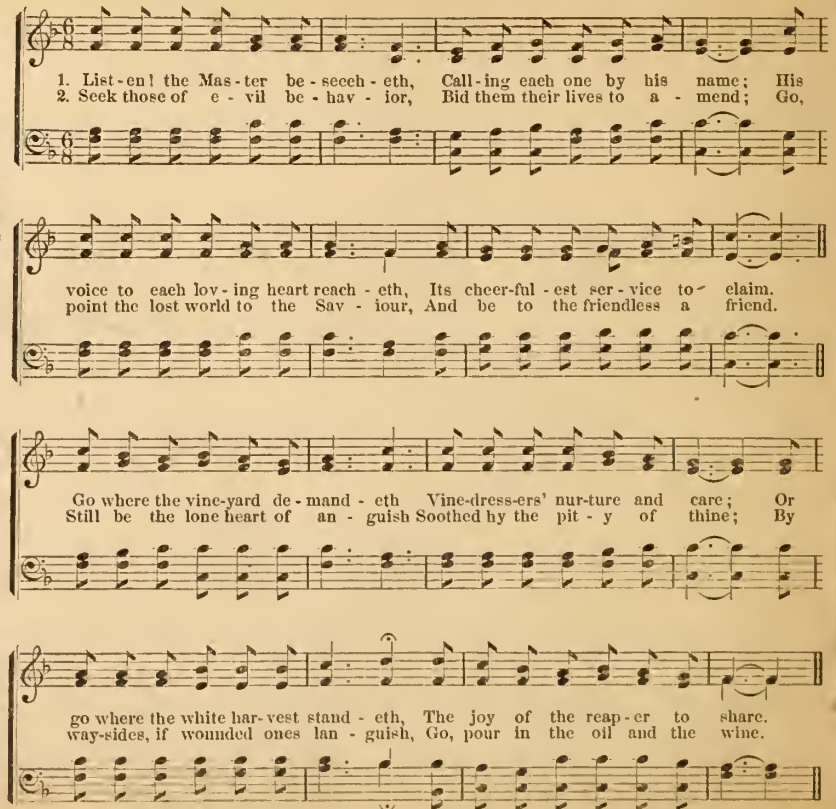
"WELL," said Gaius, "now you are here, and since, as Mr. Great-heart is good at his weapons, if you please, after we have refreshed ourselves, we will walk into the fields, to see if we can do any good. About a mile from hence there is one Slay-good, that does much annoy the King's highway in these parts, and I know whereabout his haunt is; 'twould be well if we could clear these parts of him."

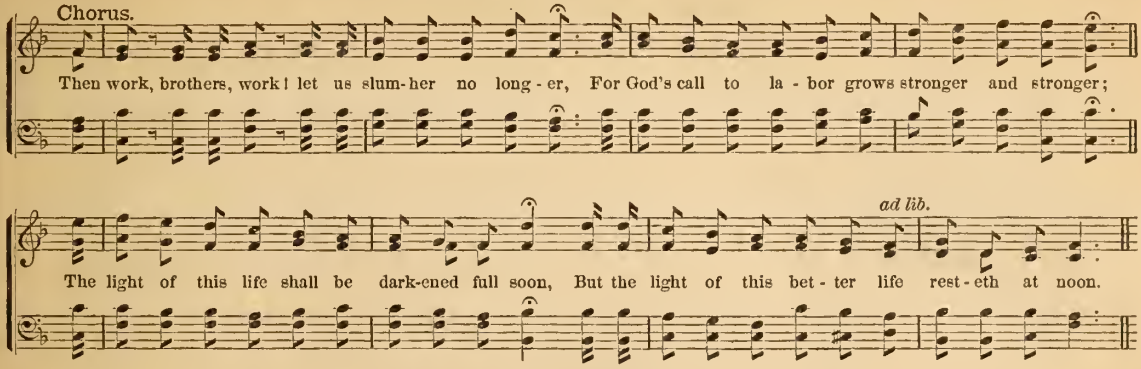
So they consented, and went, Mr. Great-heart with his sword, helmet, and shield, and the rest with spears and staves. When they came to the place where he was, he demanded what they wanted. "We want thee, wherefore come out of thy cave!" So he armed himself, and came out, and to battle they went, and fought for above an hour, and then stood still to take wind.

SLAY-GOOD. "Why are you here on my ground?"

GREAT-HEART. "To revenge the blood of pilgrims, as I told thee before." So they went to it again, and the giant made Mr. Great-heart give back: but he came up again, and in the greatness of his mind he let fly with such stoutness at the giant's head and sides, that he made him let his weapon fall out of his hand. So he smote him, and slew him, and cut off his head, and brought it away to the inn.

"Whatsoever thy kand findeth to do, do it with thy might." (NEW)





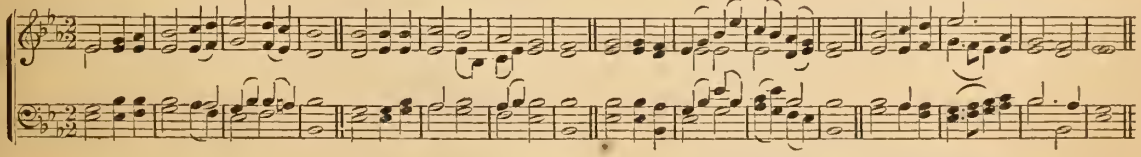
3 Work, though the enemies' laughter
Over the valleys may sweep—
For God's patient workers hereafter
Shall laugh when the enemies weep.
Ever on Jesus reliant,
Press on your chivalrous way—
The mightiest Philistine giant,
His Davids are chartered to slay.

4 Work for the good that is nighest;
Dream not of greatness afar;
That glory is ever the highest,
Which shines upon men as they are.
Work, tho' the world would defeat you;
Heed not its slander and scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles thro' the gates of the morn.

5 Offer thy life on the altar;
In the high purpose be strong;
And if the tired spirit should falter,
Then sweeten thy labor with song.
What, if the poor heart complaineth,
Soon shall its wailing be o'er;
For there, in the rest that remaineth,
It shall grieve and be weary no more.

JESUS SHALL REIGN.

DUKE STREET. L. M.



1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise,
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.

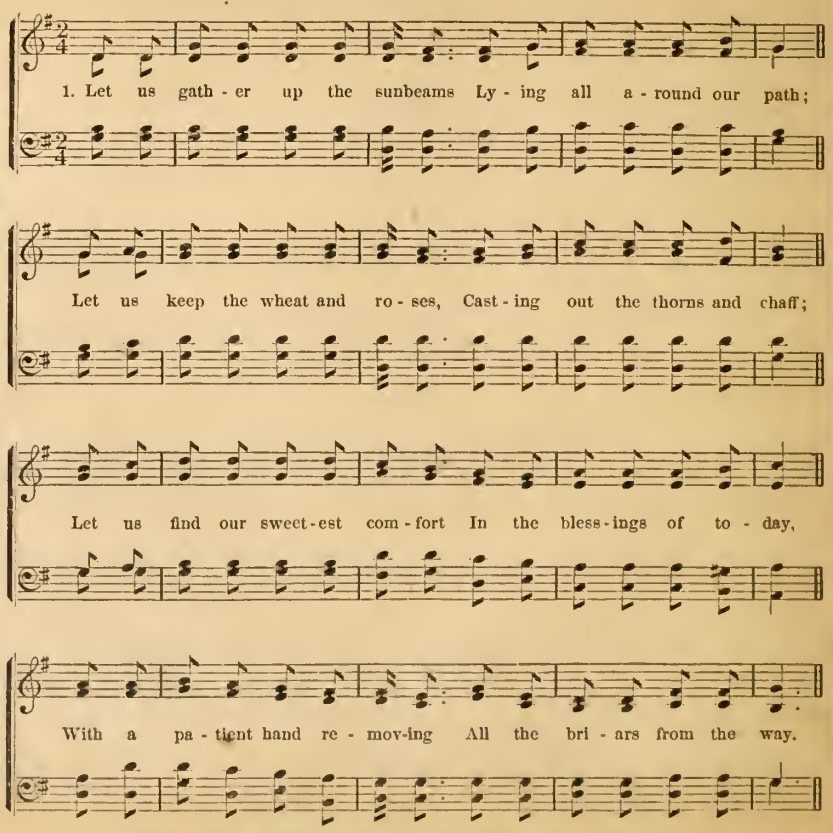
SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

"Be kindly affectionate one towards another."

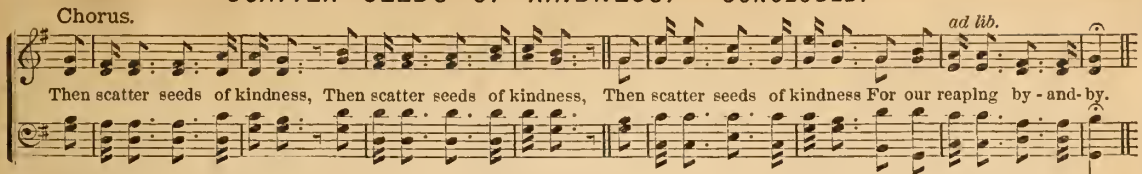
Now Mr. Feeble-mind, when they were going out at the door, made as though he intended to linger. When seeing him, Mr. Great-heart said, "Come, Mr. Feeblemind, pray, go along with us; I will be your conductor, and we shall fare as the rest."

FEEBLE. "Alas, I want a suitable companion; you are lusty and strong, but I, as you see, am weak; I choose therefore rather to come behind, lest, by reason of my many infirmities, I should be both a burden to myself and to you. I am, as I said, a man of a weak and feeble mind. I do not yet know all the truth. I am a very ignorant Christian man."

GREAT. "But, brother, I have it in commission to comfort the feeble-minded, and to support the weak. You must needs go along with us; we will wait for you; we will lend you our help; we will deny ourselves of some things, both opinionative and practical; for your sake we will not enter into doubtful disputations before you; we will be made all things to you, rather than you shall be left behind." 1 *Thess.* 5.



Chorus.



2 Strange, we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!
Strange, that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone!
Strange, that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air!

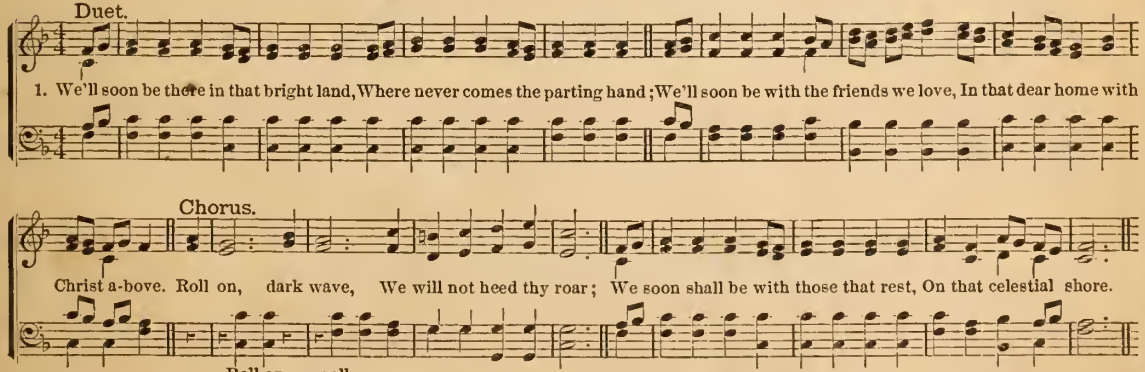
3 If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window-pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by-and-by!

WE'LL SOON BE THERE.

"*Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye know not, the son of man cometh.*" (NEW)

Duet.



2 What though our way be lone and dark,
And storms assail our fragile bark;
Or gloomy clouds obscure the light,
We'll trust in God, and do the right.

3 Though earthly dreams may prove untrue,
Or fruitless seems each work we do;
The bread we cast upon the wave
May some poor wand'ring sinner save.

4 'Twill not be long till we shall stand
With angels in that heavenly land;
Then evermore our song shall be,
King Jesus died to set us free.

THE BLESSED PROMISE.

" I go to prepare a place for you that where I am ye may be also." (NEW)

THUS, therefore, they went on. Mr. Great-heart and Mr. Honest went before, Christiana and her children went next, and Mr. Feeble-mind came behind, and Mr. Ready-to-halt with his crutches. Then said Mr. Honest,

HON. "Pray, sir, now we are upon the road, tell us some profitable things of some that have gone on pilgrimage before us."

GREAT. "With a good will. I suppose you have heard how Christian of old did meet with Apollyon in the Valley of Humiliation, and also what hard work he had to go through the Valley of the Shadow of Death."

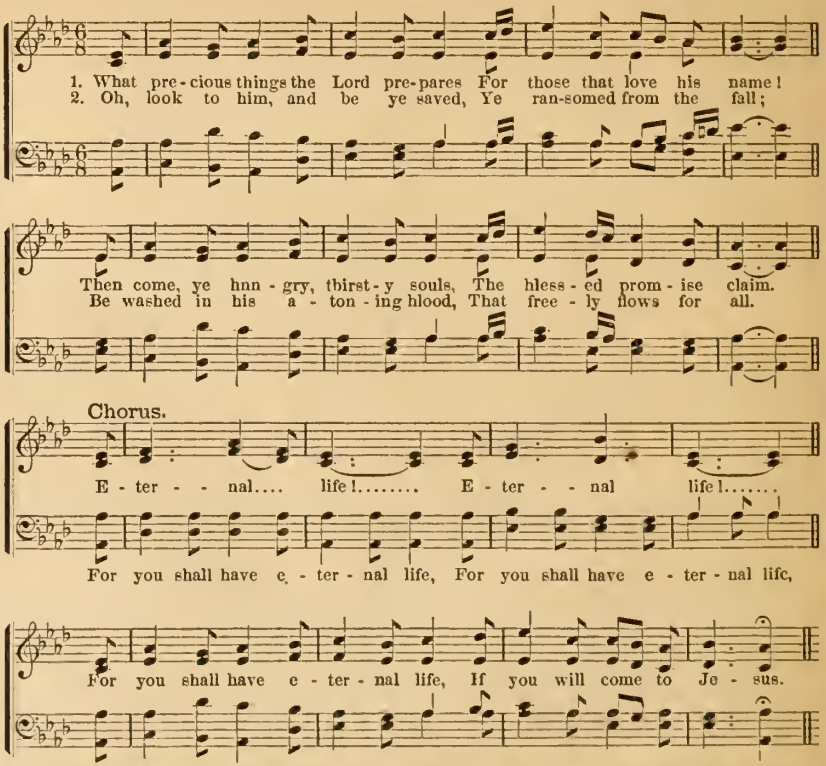
HON. "But pray, sir, where was it that Christian and Faithful met Talkative? That same was also a notable one."

GREAT. "He was a confident fool; yet many follow his ways."

HON. "He had liked to have beguiled Faithful?"

GREAT. "Ay, but Christian put him into a way quickly to find him out."

Thus they went on till they came to the place where Evangelist met with Christian and Faithful, and prophesied to them what should befall them at Vanity Fair. Then said their guide, "Hereabouts did Christian and Faithful meet with Evangelist."

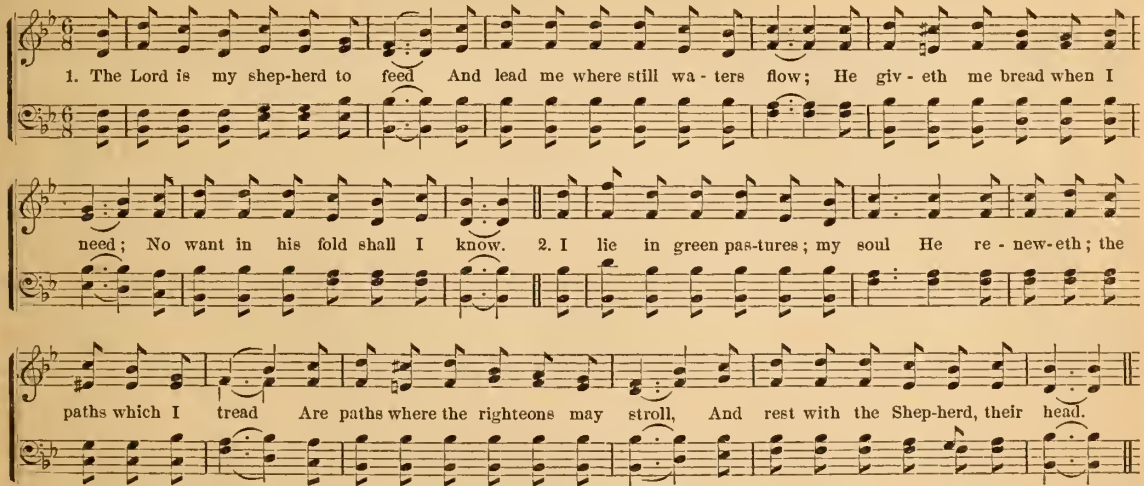


3 Now lay your burden at his feet,
With all your hearts believe,
And whatsoe'er you ask in faith,
By faith ye shall receive.

4 Fear not, he says, O little flock,
Your pilgrim way pursue;
Your Father's pleasure 'tis to give
The joys of heaven to you.

MY HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

"*The Lord is my shepherd and I shall not want.*" (NEW)

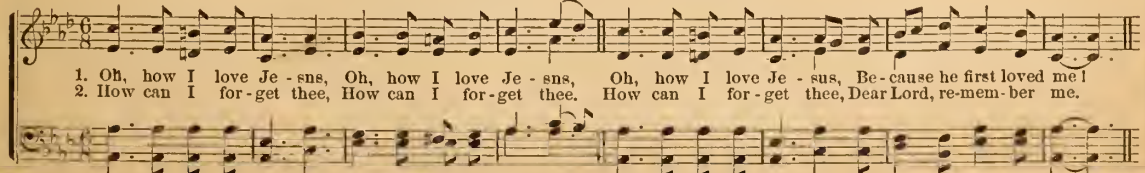


3 When walking the shadowy vale,
Where death's awful visage appears,
Thy glorious rod shall prevail,
And banish forever my fears.

4 A table for me thon hast set
In the face of my deadliest foes;
My head with fine oil thou hast wet,
My cup with salvation o'erflows.

5 Thy goodness, O Lord! shall endure,
Thy mercy shall ever abide;
I'll dwell in thy temple secure
From tempests of life's troubled tide.

OH, HOW I LOVE JESUS.*

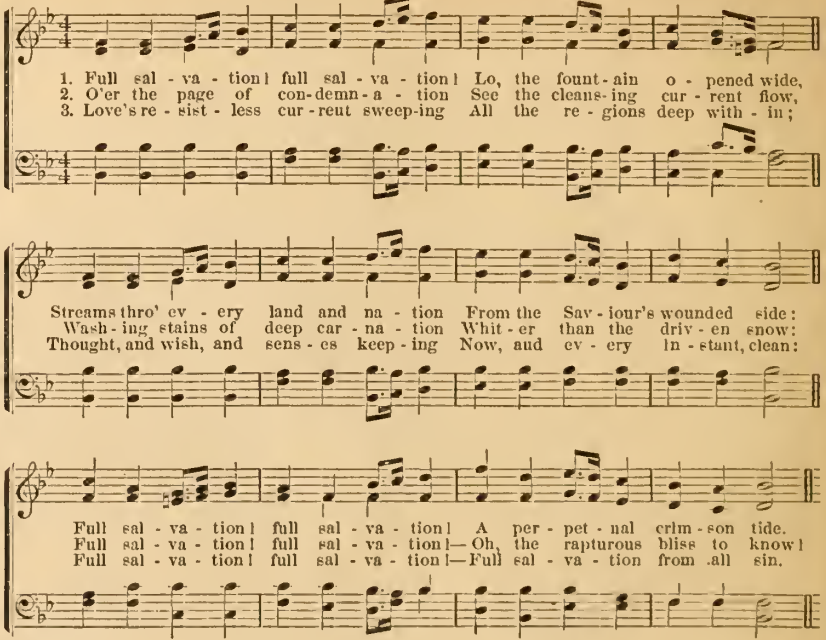


* *May be sung after any hymn, where thought proper.*

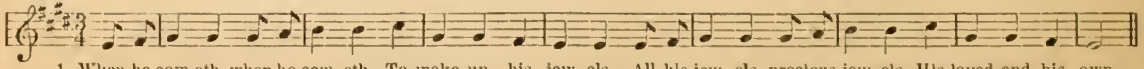
THEN he turned him to the boys, and asked of them their names, which they told him. Then said he unto them, "Matthew, be thou like Matthew the publican, not in vice, but in virtue. Samuel," said he, "be thou like Samuel the prophet, a man of faith and prayer. Joseph," said he, "be thou like Joseph in Potiphar's house, chaste and one that flees from temptation. And, James, be thou like James the Just, and like James the brother of our Lord." Then they told him of Mercy, and how she had left her own town and her kindred to come along with Christiana, and with her sons. At that the old honest man said, "Mercy is thy name: by mercy thou shalt be sustained and carried through all those difficulties that shall assault thee in thy way, till thou shalt come thither where thou shalt look the Fountain of mercy in the face with comfort." All this while, the guide, Mr. Great-heart, was very well pleased, and smiled upon his companion.

FULL SALVATION.

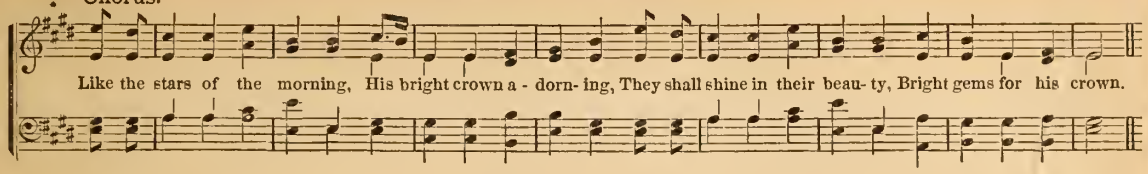
"Able to save to the uttermost." (NEW)



JEWELS.

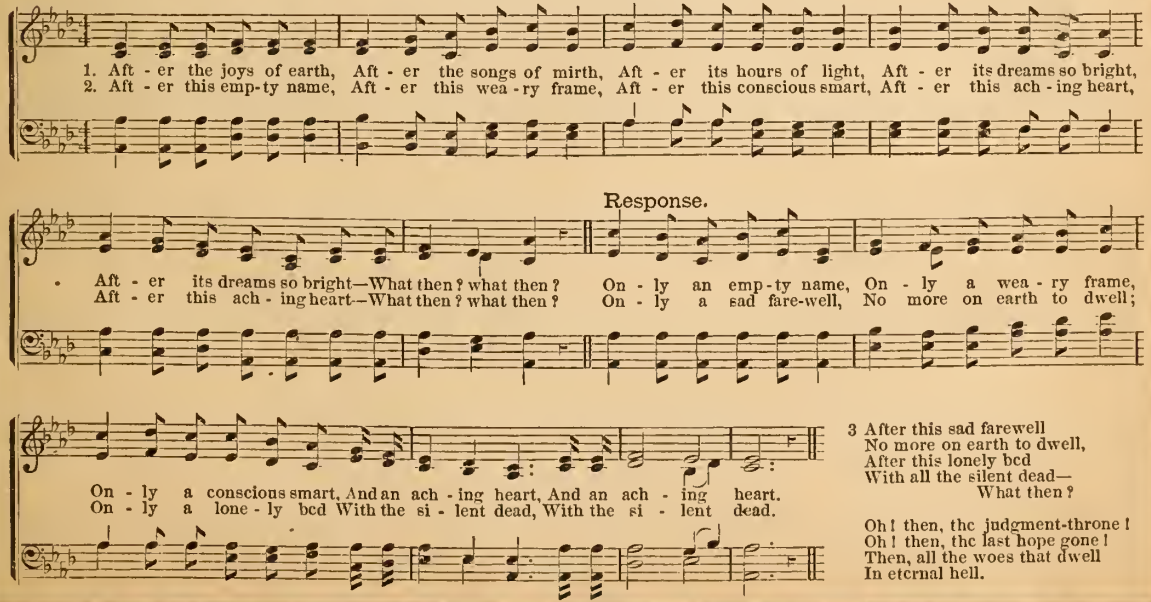


Chorus.



WHAT THEN?

"*Behold, now is the accepted time.*" (NEW)



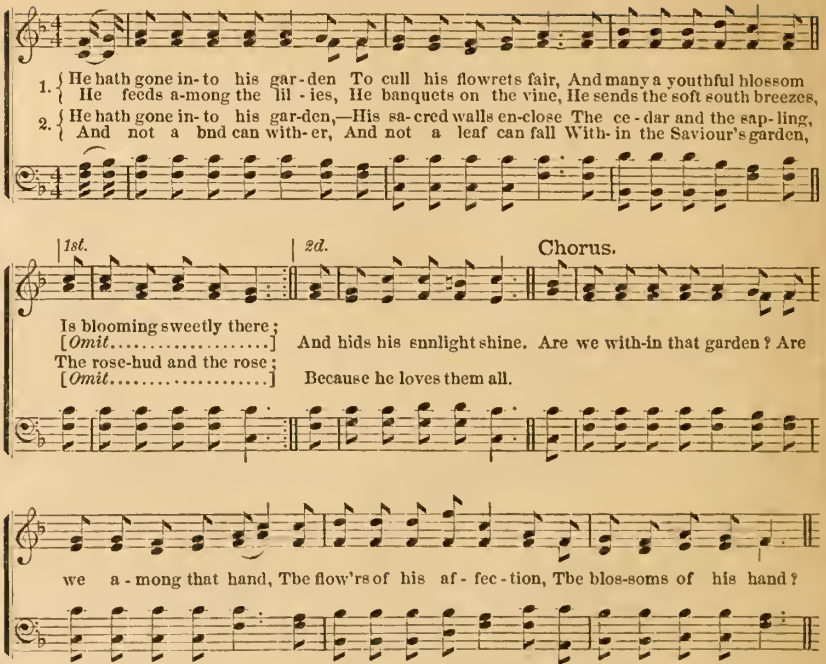
3 After this sad farewell
No more on earth to dwell,
After this lonely bed
With all the silent dead—
What then?

Oh! then, the judgment-throne!
Oh! then, the last hope gone!
Then, all the woes that dwell
In eternal hell.

GARDEN OF THE LORD.

"The vineyard which thy right hand hath planted." (NEW)

BY this river side, in the meadows, there were cotes and folds for sheep, and a house built for the nourishing and bringing up of those lambs, the babes of those women that go on pilgrimage. Also there was here one that was entrusted with them, who could have compassion; and that could gather these lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom. Now to the care of this man Christiana admonished her four daughters to commit their little ones, that by these waters they might be housed, harbored, succored, and nourished, and that none of them might be lacking in time to come. This man, if any of them go astray, or be lost, he will bring them again; he will also bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen them that are sick. Here they will be kept from thieves and robbers; for this man will die before one of those committed to his trust shall be lost. Besides, here they shall be taught to walk in right paths, and that you know is a favor of no small account. Also here, as you see, are delicate waters, pleasant meadows, dainty flowers, variety of trees, and such as bear wholesome fruit.

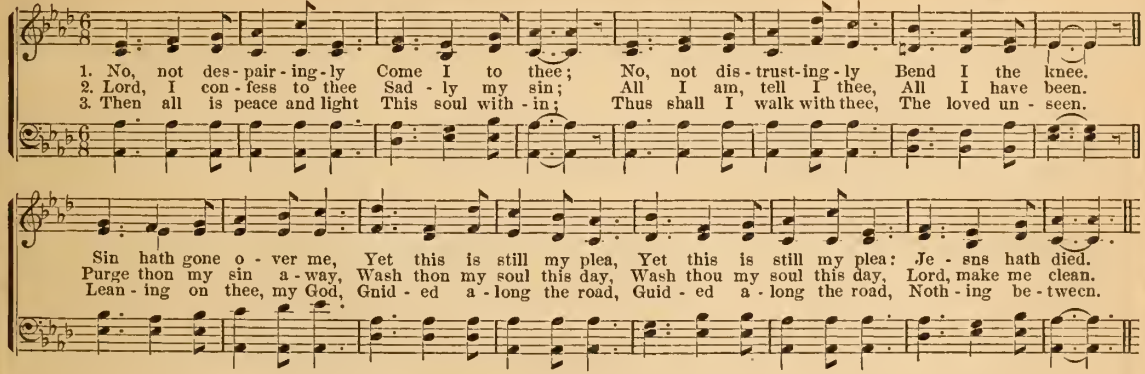


3 He numbers all his blossoms;
The smallest flowers must be
As precious to the Master
As palm or cedar tree.
With watchful care he seeks them
In noontide or in shade,
And silver showers fall softly
To freshen those that fade.

4 He comes to gather lilies;
We may not know the honr
That makes some earthly blossom
A bright immortal flower;
Then, Lord, may we be ready
And waiting for thy hand,
That we may bloom in glory
In thine eternal land.

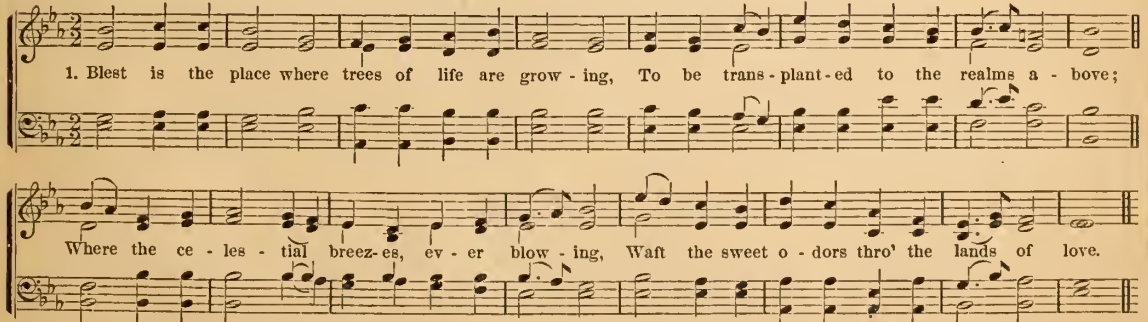
NOT DESPAIRINGLY.

" Casting all your care upon him for he careth for you." (NEW)



BLEST IS THE PLACE.

(NEW)



2 Guides of our children, for their welfare striving,
Cling to the objects of your tender care;
Seedlings of grace, may they beam, still thriving,
Till heaven removes them to be planted there.

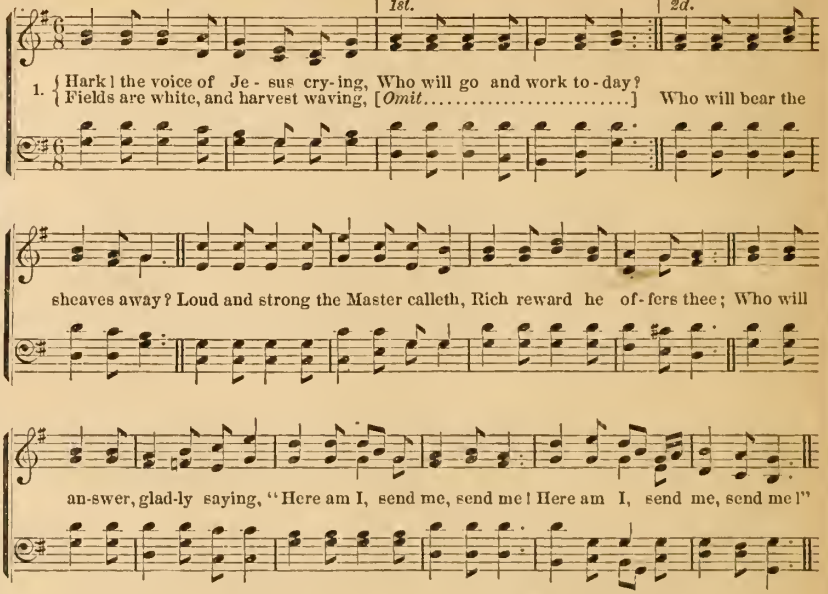
3 Blest is the place where trees of life are growing,
Earth is the field where culture must begin;
Here, where the sacred streams are flowing,
Here should the heavenly blossomings be seen.

HERE AM I, SEND ME.

"Go ye therefore and teach all nations."

(NEW)

Now when they were come to By-Path Meadow, over which Christian went with Hopeful, when they were taken by Giant Despair, and put into Doubting Castle, they sat down and consulted whether they had not best to make an attempt upon the giant, and demolish his castle. One questioned if it was lawful to go upon consecrated ground. Mr. Great-heart said, "I have a commandment to resist sin, to overcome evil, to fight the good fight of faith. I will, therefore, attempt the taking away of his life, and the demolishing of Doubting Castle. Then," said he, "who will go with me?" Then said old Honest, "I will." "And so will we, too," said Christiana's four sons. Now, when they had come to the castle-gate, they knocked. At that the old giant came to the gate, and Diffidence, his wife, followed. Then said he, "Who comes in this manner to molest Giant Despair?" Great-heart said, "It is I, one of the King of the Celestial Country's conductors, and I demand of thee, open thy gates for my entrance. Prepare thyself also to fight, for I am come to take away thy head, and to demolish Doubting Castle."



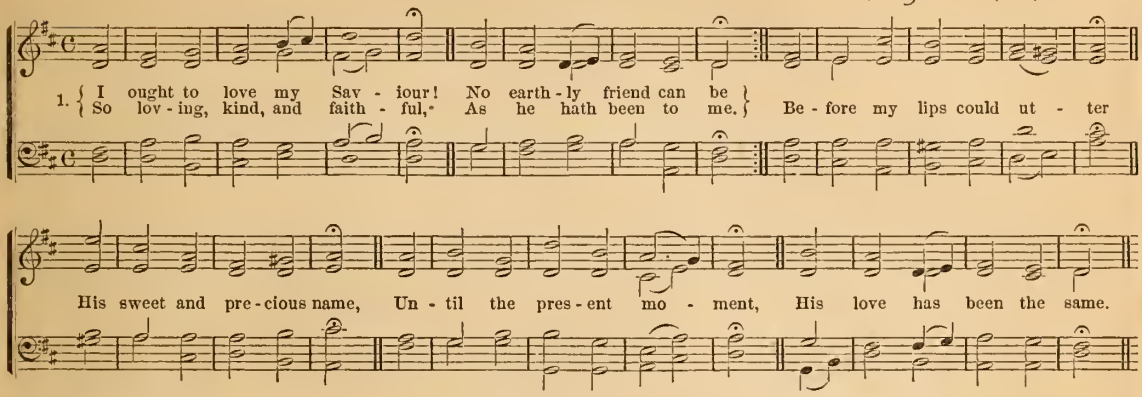
2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give for Jesus,
Will be precious in his sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task he gives you gladly,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me!"

LOVING, GENTLE SAVIOUR.

"We love him, because he first loved us." — *7s & 6s.* (NEW)



2 He left his home in glory
To save my soul from death,
And now, in all life's dangers,
He still sustains my breath.
I lay me down and slumber
All through the hours of night,
And wake again in safety
To hail the morning light.

3 It is but very little
For him that I can do;
Then let me seek to serve him
My earthly journey through;
And without sigh or murmur
To do his holy will,
And in my daily duties
His wise commands fulfil.

4 And when I reach the mansion
He has prepared for me,
'Twill be my grateful pleasure
My Saviour's face to see;
And 'mid the angels' music
Which then will greet my ear,
How eagerly I'll listen
My Saviour's voice to hear!

WE ARE COMING, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

1 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
We hear thy gentle voice;
We would be thine for ever,
And in thy love rejoice.
We are coming, blessed Saviour,
We hear thy gentle voice.

CHORUS.

We are coming, we are coming.
We are coming, blessed Saviour:
We are coming, we are coming,
We hear thy gentle voice.

2 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To meet that happy band,
And sing with them forever.
And in thy presence stand.
We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To meet that happy band.

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

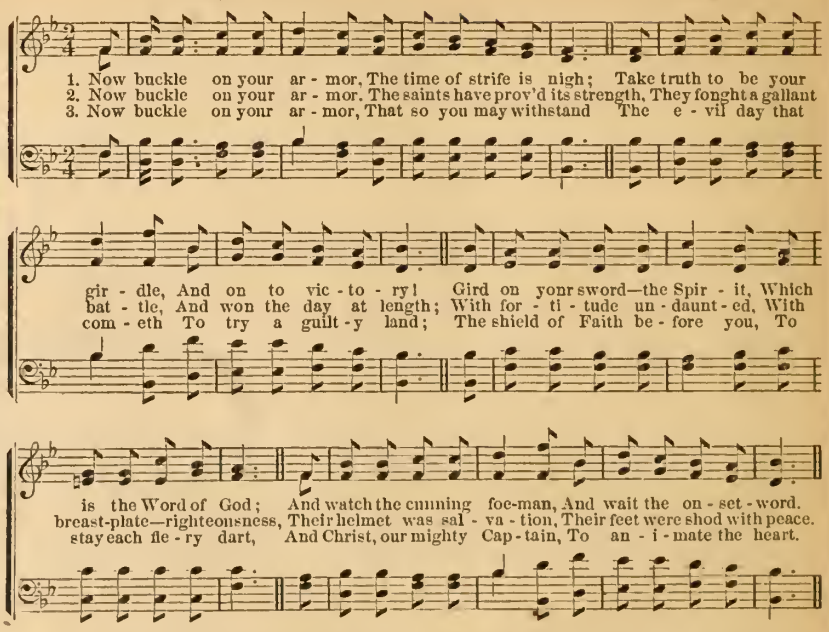
4 We are coming, blessed Saviour.
That happy home is ours;
If here we gain thy favor,
We'll reach those fragrant bowers.
We are coming, blessed Saviour,
That happy home is ours.

5 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To crown our Jesus King,
And then with angels ever
His praises we will sing.
We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To crown our Jesus King.

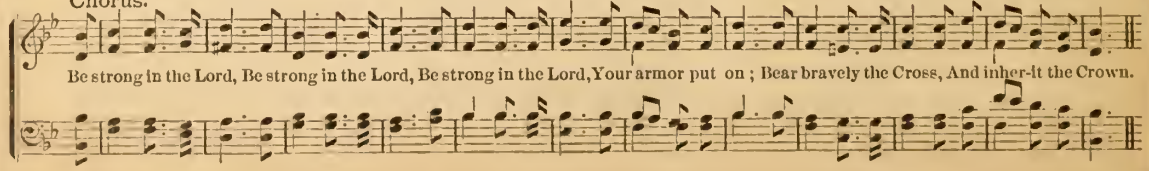
CHRISTIAN COURAGE.

"*Stand fast therefore.*" (NEW)

Now Giant Despair, because he was a Giant, thought no man could overcome him, and again, thought he, since heretofore I have made a conquest of angels, shall Great-heart make me afraid. So he harnessed himself, and went ont. He had a cap of steel upon his head, a breast-plate of fire girded to him, and he came ont with iron shoes, and a great club in his hand. Then there were six men made np to him, and beset him behind and before. Also, when Diffidence, the giantess, came up to help him, old Mr. Honest cnt her down at one blow. Then they fought for their lives, and Giant Despair was brought down to the ground, but was very loth to die. He struggled hard, and had, as they say, as many lives as a cat, but Great-heart was his death, for he left him not till he had severed his head from his shonlders.

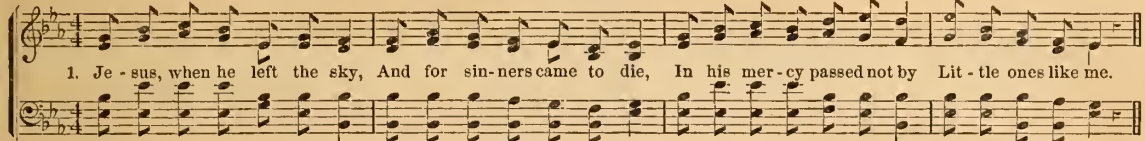


Chorus.

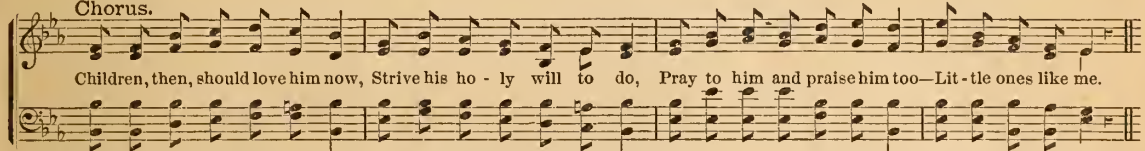


LITTLE ONES LIKE ME.

"These little ones." (NEW)



Chorus.



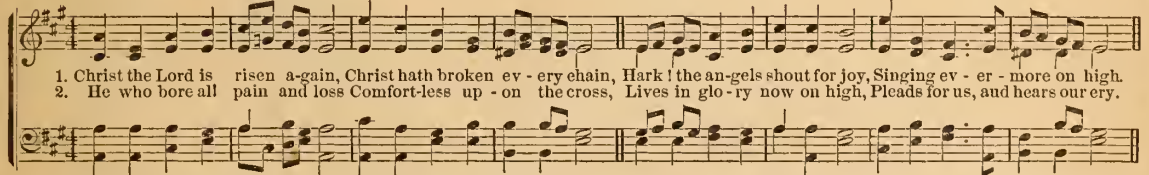
2 Mothers then the Saviour sought
In the places where he taught,
And to him their children brought—
Little ones like me.

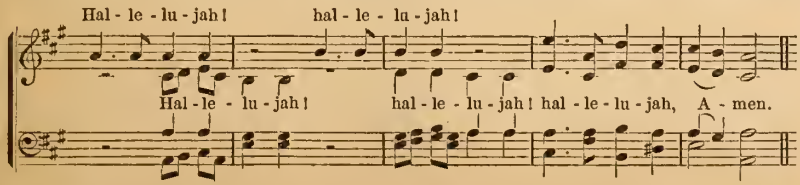
3 Did the Saviour say them nay?
No, he kindly bid them stay,
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me.

4 T'was for them his life he gave,
To redeem them from the grave:
Jesus ahle is to save
Little ones like me.

CHRIST THE LORD.

(NEW)





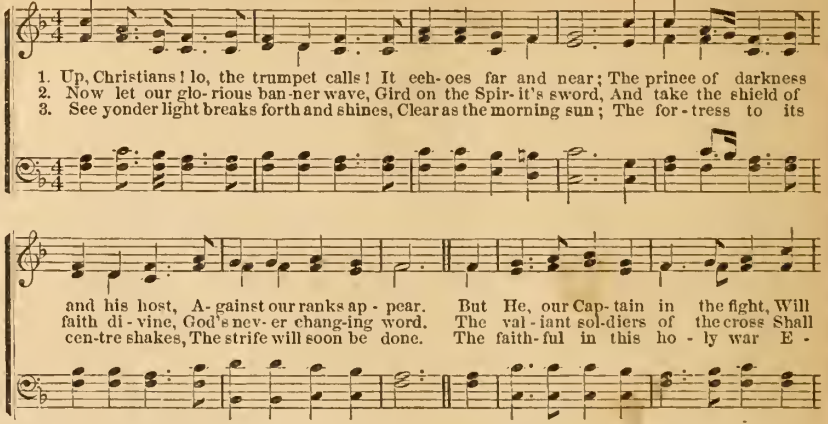
2 He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save,
And through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Hallelujah!

4 Now he bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven.
Hallelujah!

STORM THE FORT OF SIN.

THEN they fell to demolishing Doubting Castle; that, you know, might with ease be done, since Grant Despair was dead. They were seven days in destroying of that, and in it they found one Mr. Despondency, a pilgrim, almost starved to death, and one Much-afraid, his daughter, these two they saved alive. But it would have made you wonder to have seen the dead bodies that lay here and there in the castle-yard, and how full of dead men's bones the castle was.

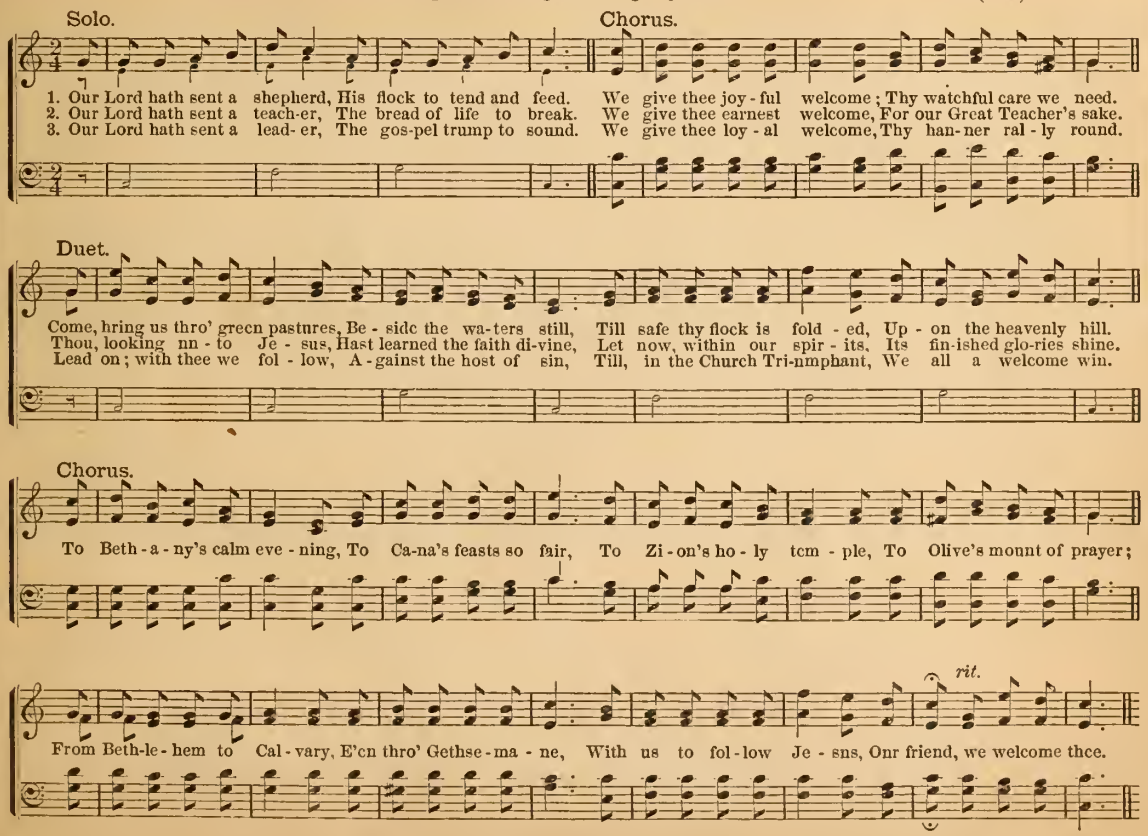
"Through God we shall do valiantly." (NEW)



THE PASTOR'S WELCOME.

"*I give thee charge in the sight of God.*"

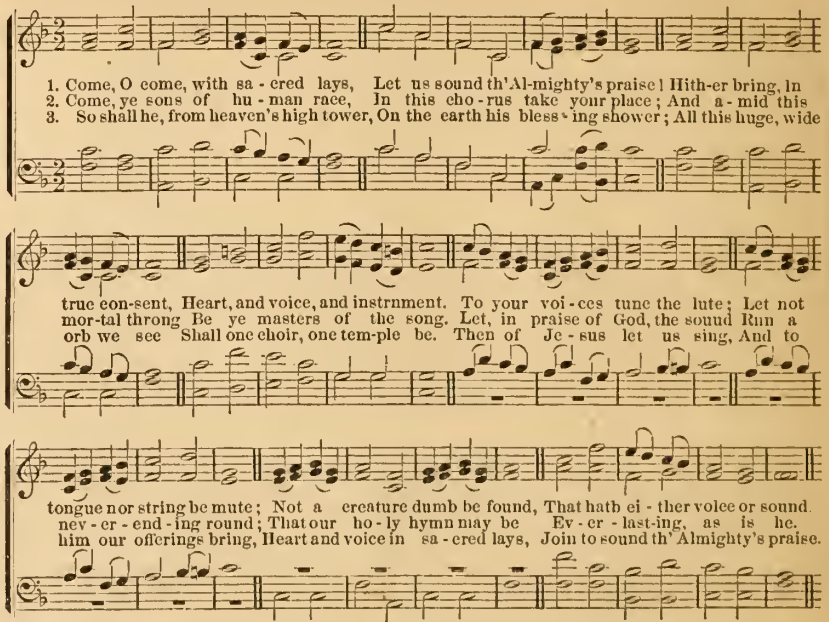
(NEW)



UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

"Let every thing that hast breath, praise the Lord." (NEW)

WHEN Mr. Great-heart and his companions had performed this exploit, they took Mr. Despondency and his daughter Much-afraid into their protection; for they were honest people, though they were prisoners in Doubting Castle, to that tyrant Giant Despair. Now when Feeble-mind and Ready-to-halt saw that it was the head of Giant Despair indeed, they were very jocund and merry. Now Christiana could play upon the viol, and her daughter Mercy upon the lute; so since they were so merry disposed, she played them a lesson, and Ready-to-halt would dance. So he took Despondency's daughter Much-afraid by the hand, and to dancing they went in the road. True, he could not dance without one crutch in his hand, but I promise you he footed it well: also the girl was to be commended, for she answered the music handsomely.



AWAKE, MY SOUL, IN JOYFUL LAYS.

TUNE—LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 Thoough numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

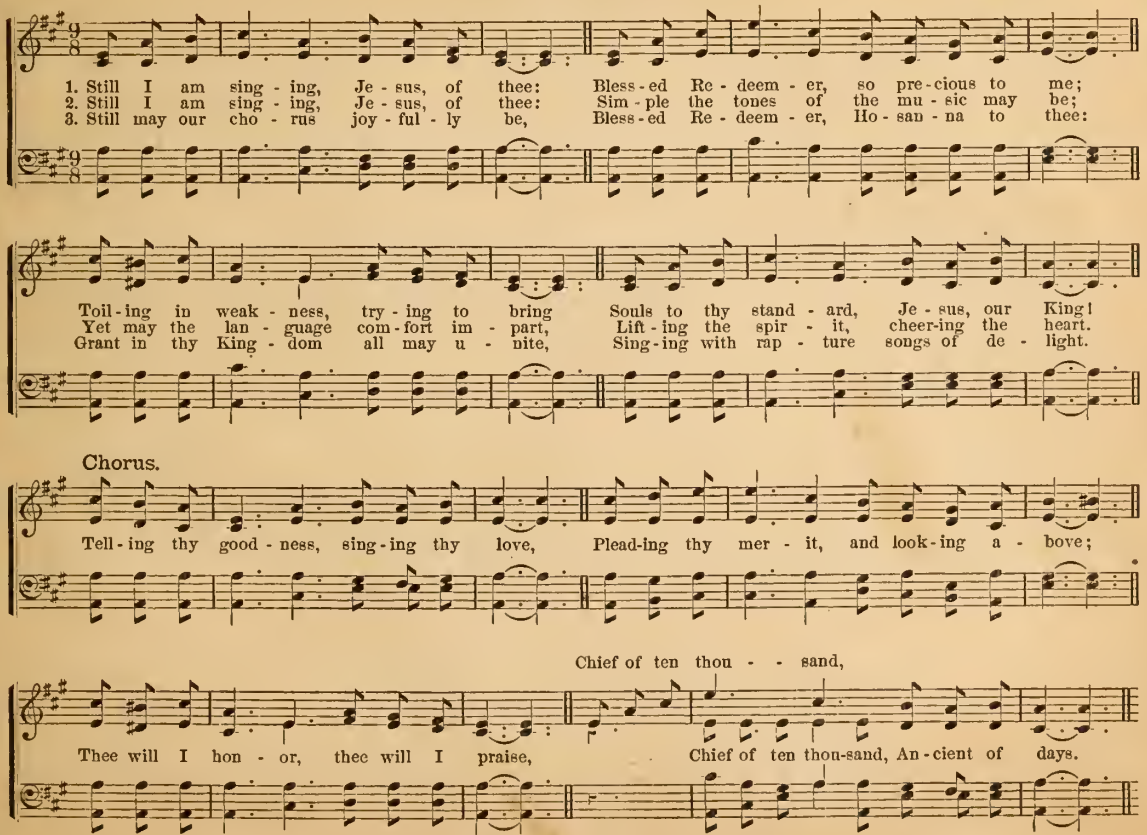
4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

5 I often feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh, may my last, expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

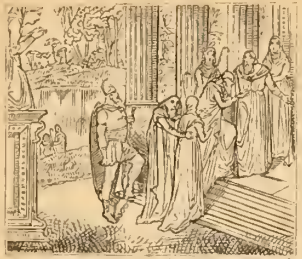
STILL I AM SINGING.

"And he ministered with singing." (NEW)



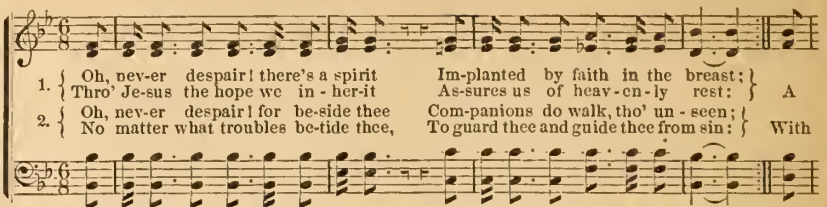
NEVER DESPAIR.

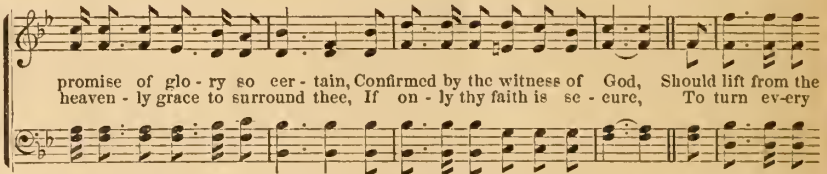
"*My feet had well nigh slipped.*" (NEW)

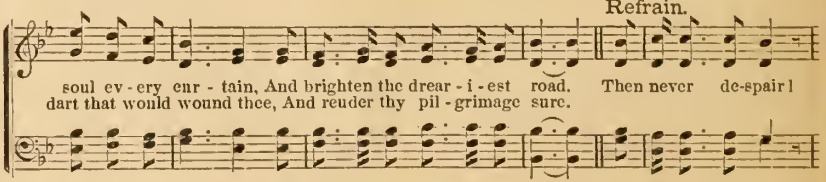


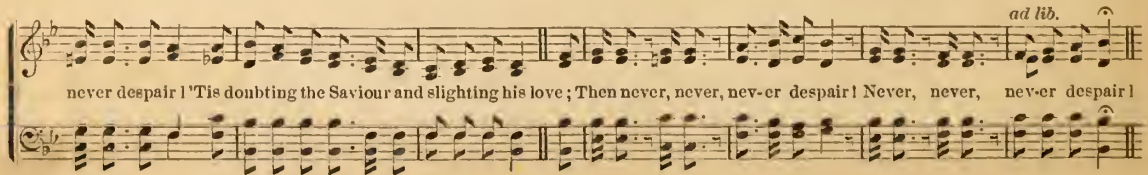
WHEN these men had thus bravely showed themselves against Doubting Castle, and had slain Giant Despair, they went forward, and went on till they came to the Delectable Mountains, where Christian and Hopeful refreshed themselves with the varieties of the place. They also acquainted themselves with the shepherds there, who welcomed them, as they had done Christian before, unto the Delectable Mountains.

Then said the shepherds, "This is a comfortable company. You are welcome to us; for we have for the feeble as well as for the strong. Our Prince has an eye to what is done to the least of these; therefore infirmity must not be a block to our entertainment." *Matt.* 25 : 40. So they had them to the palace door, and then said unto them, "Come in, Mr. Feeble-mind; come in, Mr. Ready-to-halt; come in, Mr. Despondency, and Miss Much-afraid, his daughter."



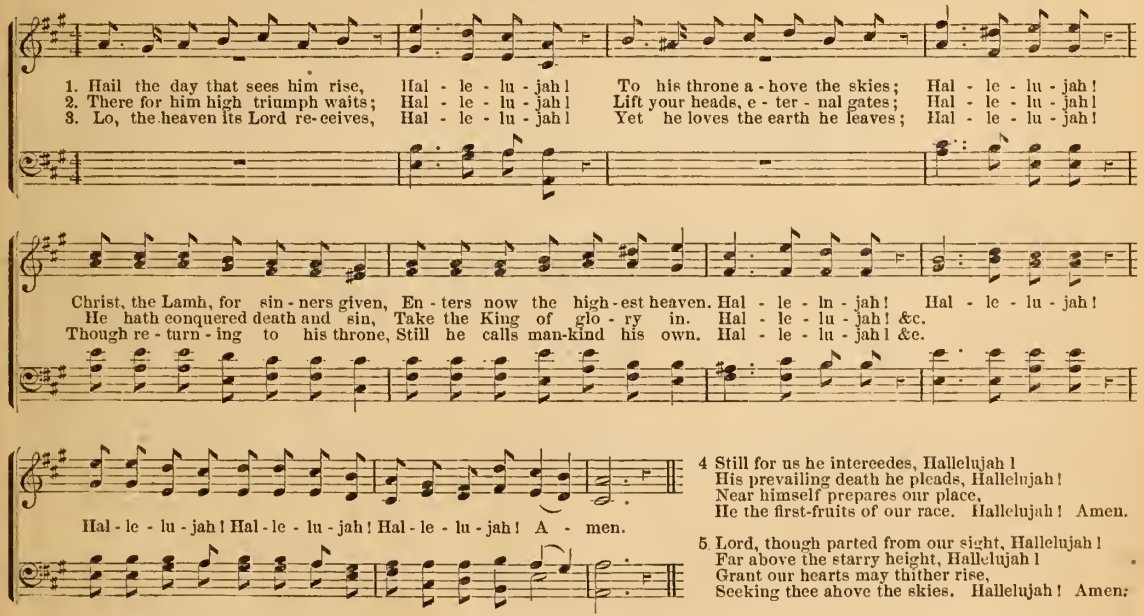






HAIL THE DAY.

"After three days I will rise again." (NEW)



4 Still for us he intercedes, Hallelujah!
His prevailing death he pleads, Hallelujah!
Near himself prepares our place,
He the first-fruits of our race. Hallelujah! Amen.

5 Lord, though parted from our sight, Hallelujah!
Far above the starry height, Hallelujah!
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking thee above the skies. Hallelujah! Amen.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

1 WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

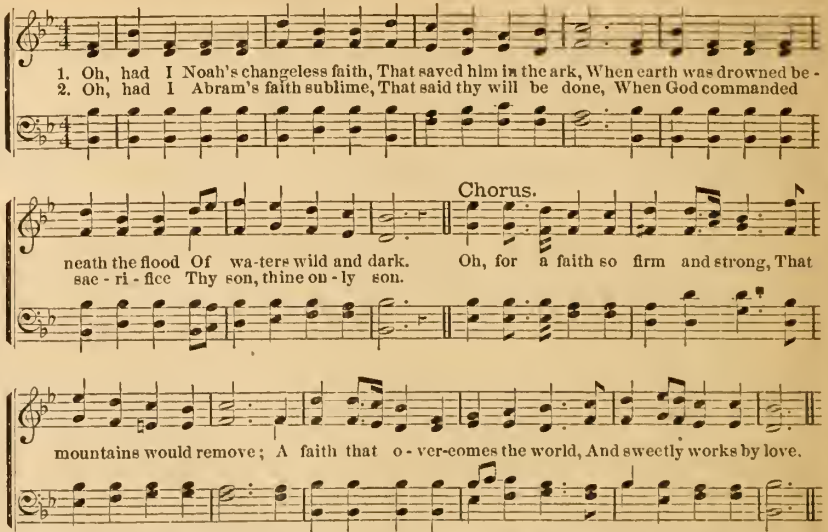
3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

When morning was come, because the mountains were high and the day clear, and because it was the custom of the shepherds to show the pilgrims before their departure some rarities, therefore after they were ready, and had refreshed themselves, the shepherds took them out into the fields and showed them first what they had shown to Christian before.

Then they had them to some new places. The first was Mount Marvel, where they looked, and beheld a man at a distance, that tumbled the hills about with words. Then they asked the shepherds what that should mean. So they told them that that man was the son of one Mr. Great-grace, of whom you read in the first part of the records of the Pilgrim's Progress; and was there to teach pilgrims how to believe, or to tell them of their ways, what difficulties they should meet with. *Mark* 11 : 23, 24. Then said Mr. Great-heart, "I know him, he is a man above many."

SONG OF FAITH.

"*The just shall live by faith.*" (New)



3 Oh, for Elijah's trusting faith,
He prayed, and prayed again;
When, lo! a little cloud arose,
Faith brought the promised rain.

4 Oh, for the steadfast faith of Paul,
Unwavering, clear and bright,
Through faith he ran the Christian race,
And fought the glorious fight.

OH, FOR A FAITH.

Tune—ORTONVILLE. C. M.

1 Oh, for a faith that will not shrink,
Though press'd by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

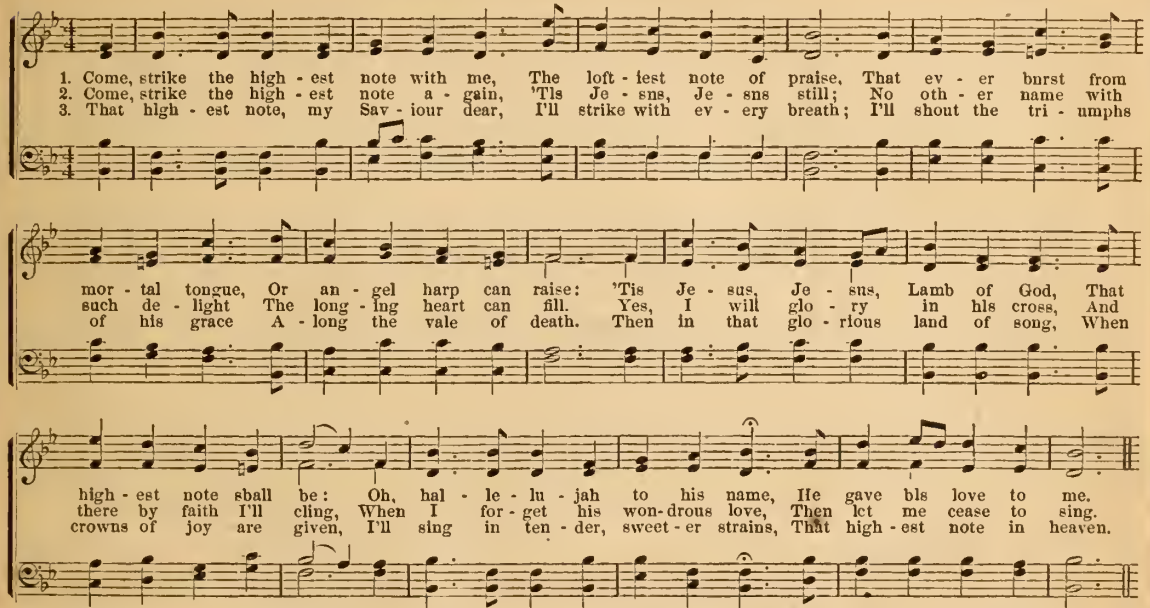
4 That bears, unmov'd, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile;—

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, that hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

THE LOFTIEST NOTE OF PRAISE.

"For thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God." (NEW)



CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL.

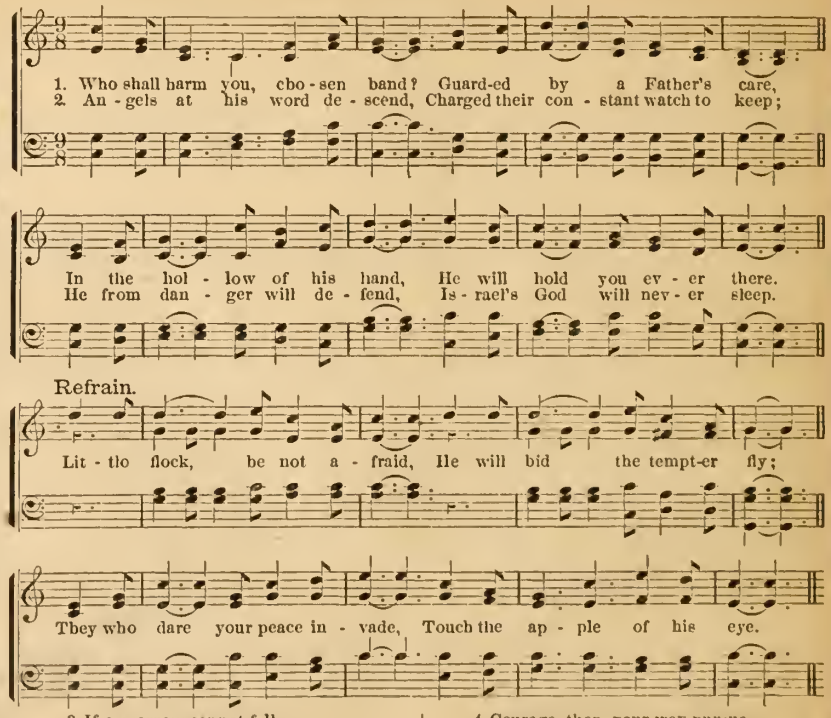
1 I'm trying to climb up Zion's hill,
For the Saviour whispers, "Love me;"
Though all beneath is dark as death,
Yet the stars are bright above me.
Then upward still, to Zion's hill,
To the land of joy and beauty,
My path before shines more and more,
As it nears the golden city.
CHO.—‖: I'm climbing up Zion's hill, :‖
Climbing, climbing, climbing up Zion's hill.

2 I know I'm but a little child,
My strength will not protect me;
But then I am the Saviour's Lamb,
And he will not neglect me.
Then all the time I try to climb
This holy hill of Zion,
For I am sure the way is pure,
And on it comes "no lion."
CHO.—‖: I'm climbing up Zion's hill, :‖
Climbing, climbing, climbing up Zion's hill.

3 Then come with me, we'll upward go,
And climb this hill together;
And as we walk we'll sweetly talk,
And sing as we go thither.
Then mount up still God's holy hill,
Till we reach the pearly portals,
Where raptured tongues proclaim the songs
Of the shining-robed immortals.
CHO.—‖: I'm climbing up Zion's hill, :‖
Climbing, climbing, climbing up Zion's hill.

WHO SHALL HARM YOU.

"Their innocence shall break forth as the light." (NEW)



3 If a sparrow cannot fall,
But he marks it from above,
Surely he will hear you call,
Children of his tender love.

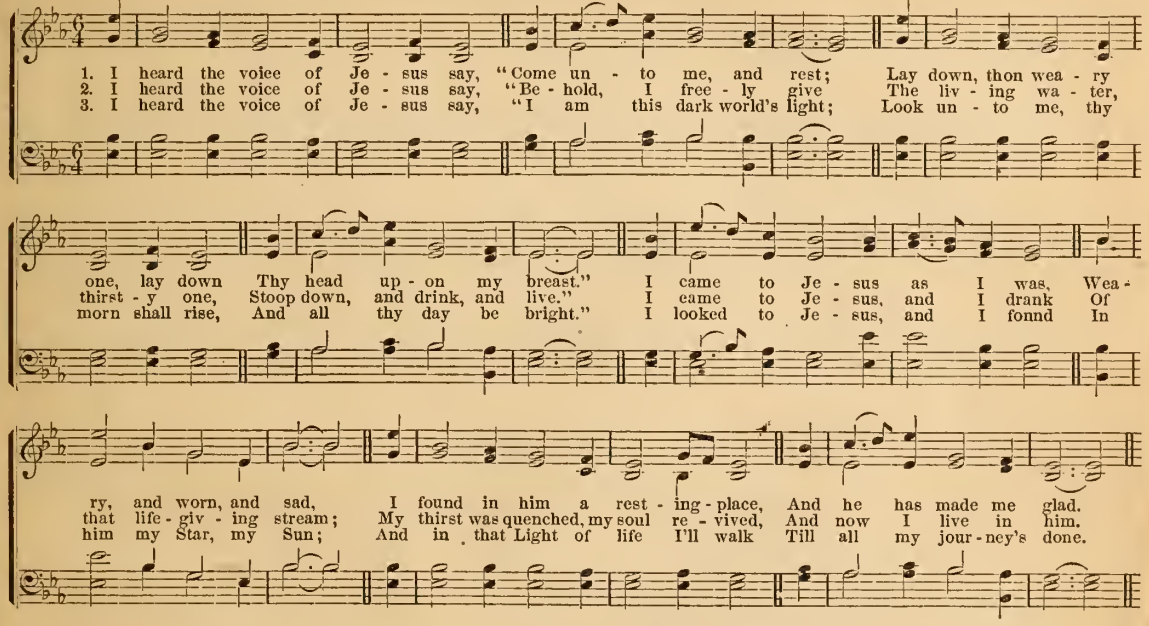
4 Courage, then, your way pursue,
Pilgrims on a desert wide;
He your vigor will renew,
To the end will safely guide.

THEN they had them to another place, called Mount Innocence. And there they saw a man, clothed all in white, and two men, Prejudice and Ill-will, continually casting dirt upon him. Now, behold, the dirt, whatsoever they cast at him, would in a little time fall off again, and his garment would look as clear as if no dirt had been cast thereat. Then said the pilgrims, "What means this?" The shepherds answered, "This man is named Godly-man, and this garment is to show the innocency of his life. Now those that throw dirt at him, are such as hate his well-doing; but, as you see, the dirt will not stick upon his clothes; so it shall be with him that liveth innocently in the world. Whoever they be that would make such men dirty, they labor all in vain; for God, by that a little time is spent, will cause that their innocence shall break forth as the light, and their righteousness as the noonday."

Then they took them, and had them to Mount Charity, where they showed them a man that had a bundle of cloth lying before him, out of which he cut coats and garments for the poor that stood about him; yet his bundle or roll of cloth was never the less. Then said they, "What should this be?" "This is," said the shepherds, "to show you, that he who has a heart to give of his labor to the poor, shall never want wherewithal. He that watereth, shall be watered himself. And the cake that the widow gave to the prophet, did not cause that she had the less in her barrel."

COME UNTO ME AND REST.

"And ye shall find rest unto your souls."



HOW HAPPY EVERY CHILD OF GRACE.

C. M.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven:
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet oh, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saint's delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

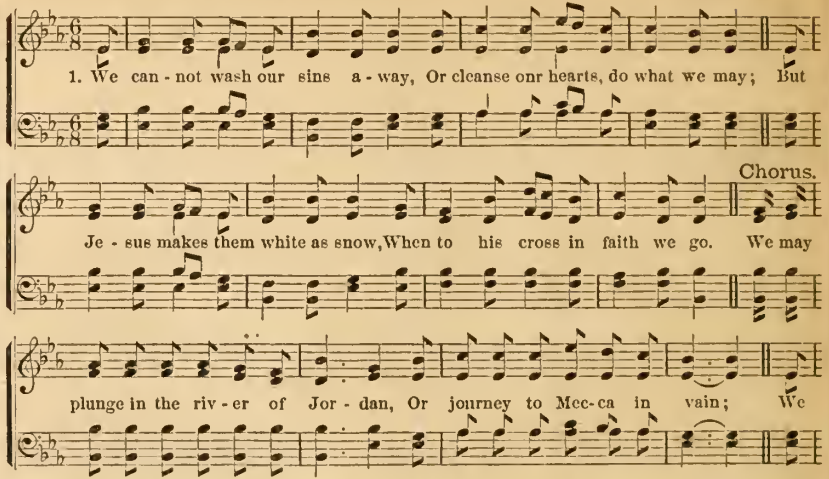
2 Oh what a blesséd hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near—
Our life in Christ conccaled—
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 Oh, would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
To all eternity.

NO OTHER NAME.

"There is no other name under heaven given among man whereby we must be saved." (NEW)

THEY had them also to the place where they saw one Fool, and one Want-wit, washing an Ethiopian, with an intention to make him white; but the more they washed him, the blacker he was. Then they asked the shepherds what they should mean. So they told them, saying, "Thus it is with the vile person; all means used to get such a one a good name, shall in conclusion tend but to make him more abominable. Thus it was with the Pharisees; and so it shall be with all hypocrites."



2 The pilgrim to the Papal See,
Who tells his beads on bended knees,
External words must throw aside,
And cling to Jesus crucified.

3 No other name to man is given,
No other name in earth or heaven
Can save from death that never dies,
And bring us joyful to the skies.

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER.

1 SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?
CHORUS.
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.

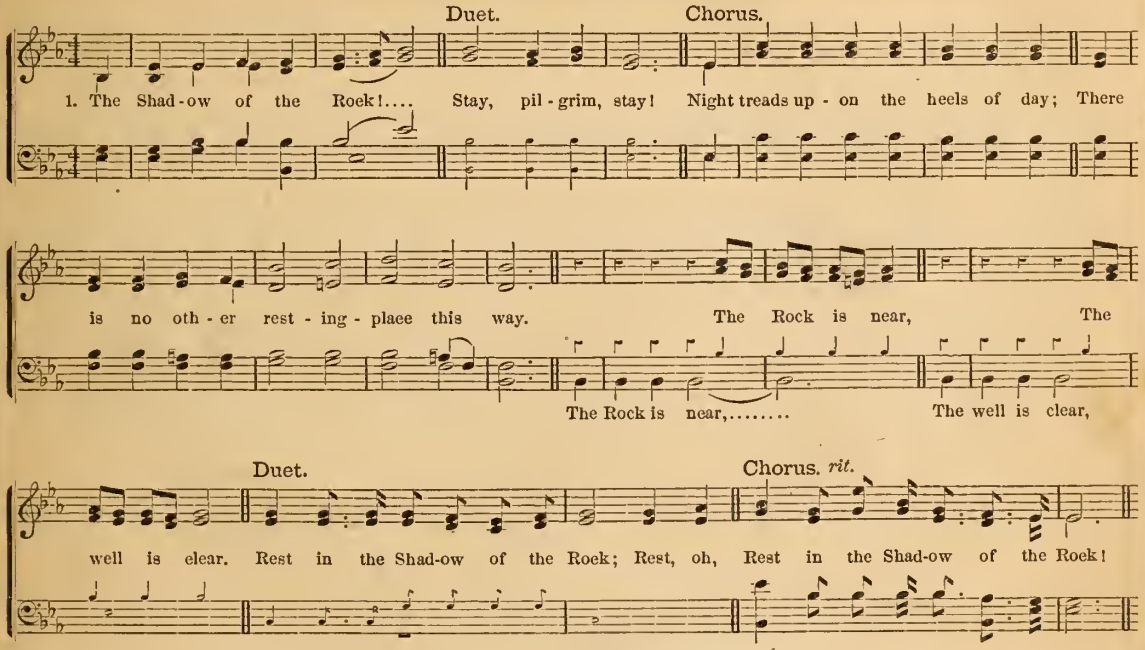
3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver
And provide a robe and crown.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Lift their songs of saving grace.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

"The shadow of a rock in a weary land."



2.

The Shadow of the Rock!
All come alone;
All, ever since the sun hath shone,
Who traveled by this road, have come alone.
Be of good cheer—
A home is here—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

3.

The Shadow of the Rock!
To weary feet,
That have been diligent and fleet,
The sleep is deeper, and the shade more sweet.
O weary, rest!
Thou art sore pressed—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

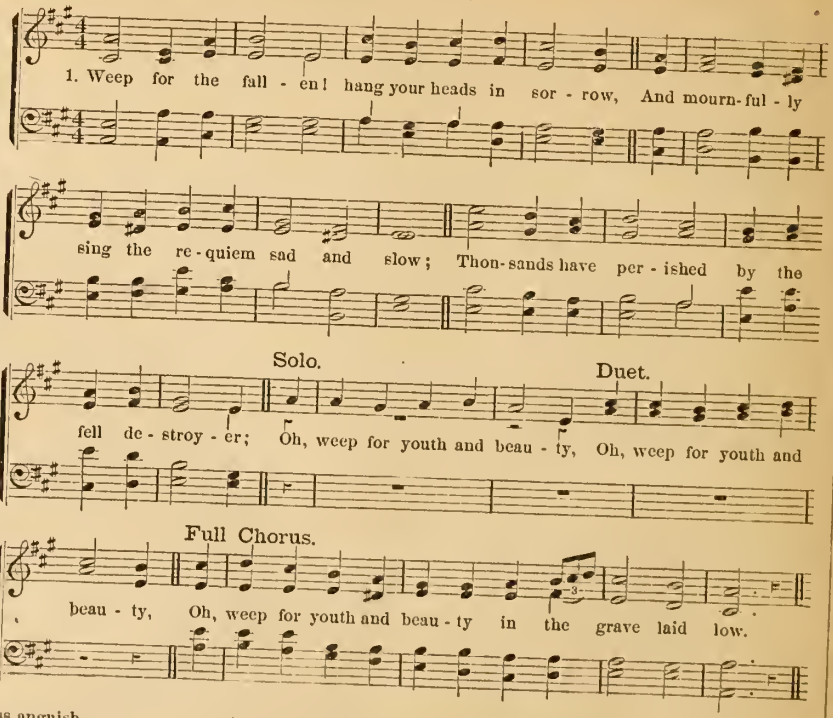
4.

The Shadow of the Rock!
One day of pain,
Thou scarce wilt hope the Rock to gain,
Yet there wilt sleep thy last sleep of the plain.
And only wake
In heaven's daybreak—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

WEEP FOR THE LOST.

"Meekness, temperance—against such there is no law."

THEN said Mercy, the wife of Matthew, to Christiana, her mother: "Mother, I would, if it might be, see the hole in the hill, or that commonly called the by-way to hell." So her mother brake her mind to the shepherds. Then they went to the door; it was on the side of a hill; and they opened it, and bid Mercy hearken awhile. So she hearkened, and heard one saying, "Cursed be my father for holding of my feet back from the way of peace and life." Another said, "Oh, that I had been torn in pieces before I had, to save my life, lost my soul!" And another said, "If I were to live again, how would I deny myself rather than come to this place!" Then there was as if the very earth groaned and quaked under the feet of this young woman for fear; so she looked white, and came trembling away, saying, "Blessed be he and she that are delivered from this place!"



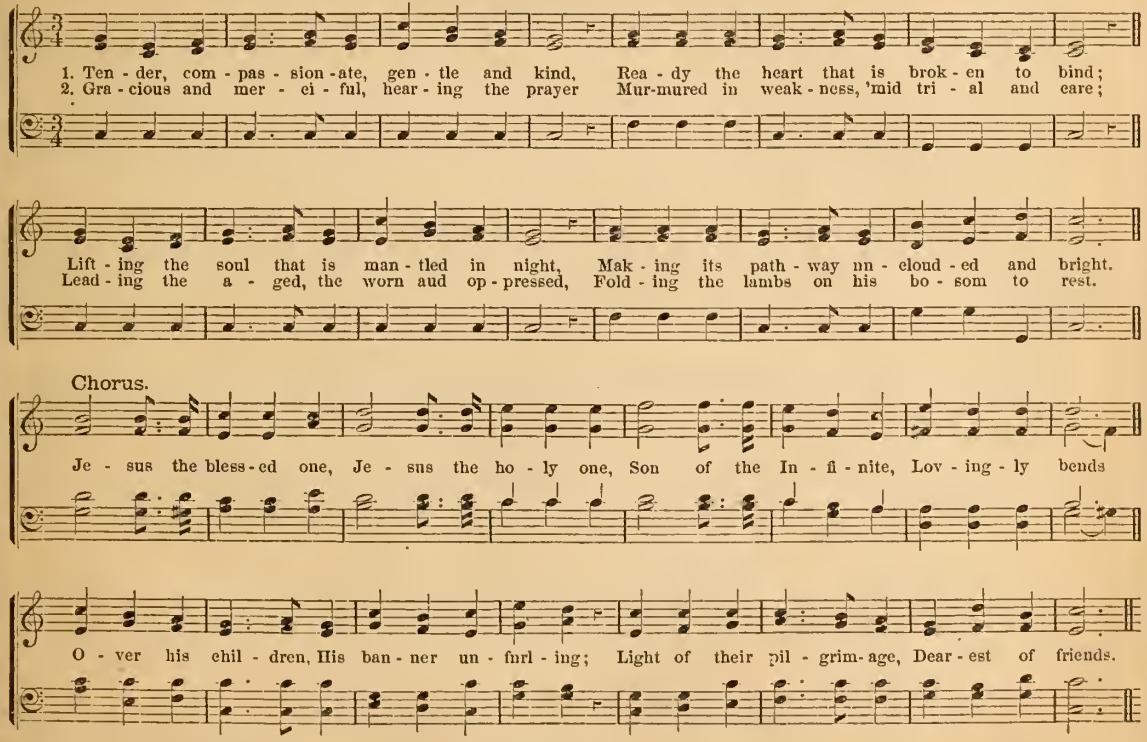
2 Voices of wailing tell our hopeless anguish,
While sorrowing mothers bid us onward go:
Hark! to their accents, theirs the broken-hearted,
Who weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid low!

3 Hear how they bid us sound the timely warning,
While yet there is hope to shun the cup of woe;
For is it nothing, ye who see no danger,
To weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid low?

4 Weep for the fallen; but amid your sorrow
Still point to the pledge that freedom can bestow,
Rescue the nation from the fell destroyer,
For why should youth and beauty in the grave lie low

DEAREST OF FRIENDS.

"There is one that sticketh closer than a brother." (NEW)



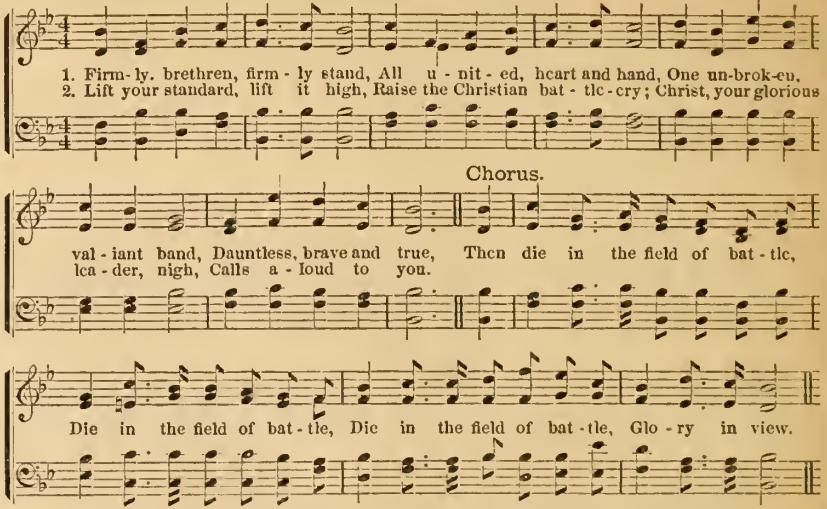
3 Is he not pitiful, e'en to his foes?
Bidding them come to the fountain that flows
Free to the vilest, who weary of sin,
Longs in its waters to wash and be clean.

4 Ask and he comforted—ask and receive—
This is the promise to all that believe;
Blessed Redeemer, no love is like thine,
Changeless, eternal, unfailing, divine.

FIRMLY STAND.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble." (NEW)

THEN they went on; and just at the place where Little-faith formerly was robbed, there stood a man with his sword drawn, and his face all over with blood. Then said Mr. Great-heart, "Who art thou?" The man made answer, saying, "I am one whose name is Valiant-for-truth. I am a pilgrim, and am going to the Celestial City. Now, as I was in my way, there were three men did beset me. So I told them the place from whence I came, had I not found incommodity there, I had not forsaken it at all; but finding it altogether unsuitable to me, and very unprofitable for me, I forsook it for this way. Then these three, to wit, Wild-head, Inconsiderate, and Pragmatic, drew upon me, and I also drew upon them. So we fell to it, one against three, for the space of above three hours. They have left upon me, as you see, some of the marks of their valor, and have also carried away with them some of mine. They are but just now gone: I suppose they might, as the saying is, hear your horse dash, and so they betook themselves to flight."



3 Once our father freemen cried,
"Victory or death" betide!
But, with Jesus on our side,
Death and victory too.

4 There to die, the battle won;
There to fall, the warfare done;
Glory brighter than the sun
Then our promised due;

5 Glorious thus for Christ to die,
And with Christ to reign on high;
There with victor hosts to cry,
"Christ has brought us through!"

6 Christ, our Captain's name we boast,
Quells the dark Satanic host;
Fall we, then, each at his post,—
Fall as Christians do.

PRAYER IS APPOINTED TO CONVEY.

TUNE—UXBRIDGE. L. M.

1 PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray,
They learn to pray when first they live.

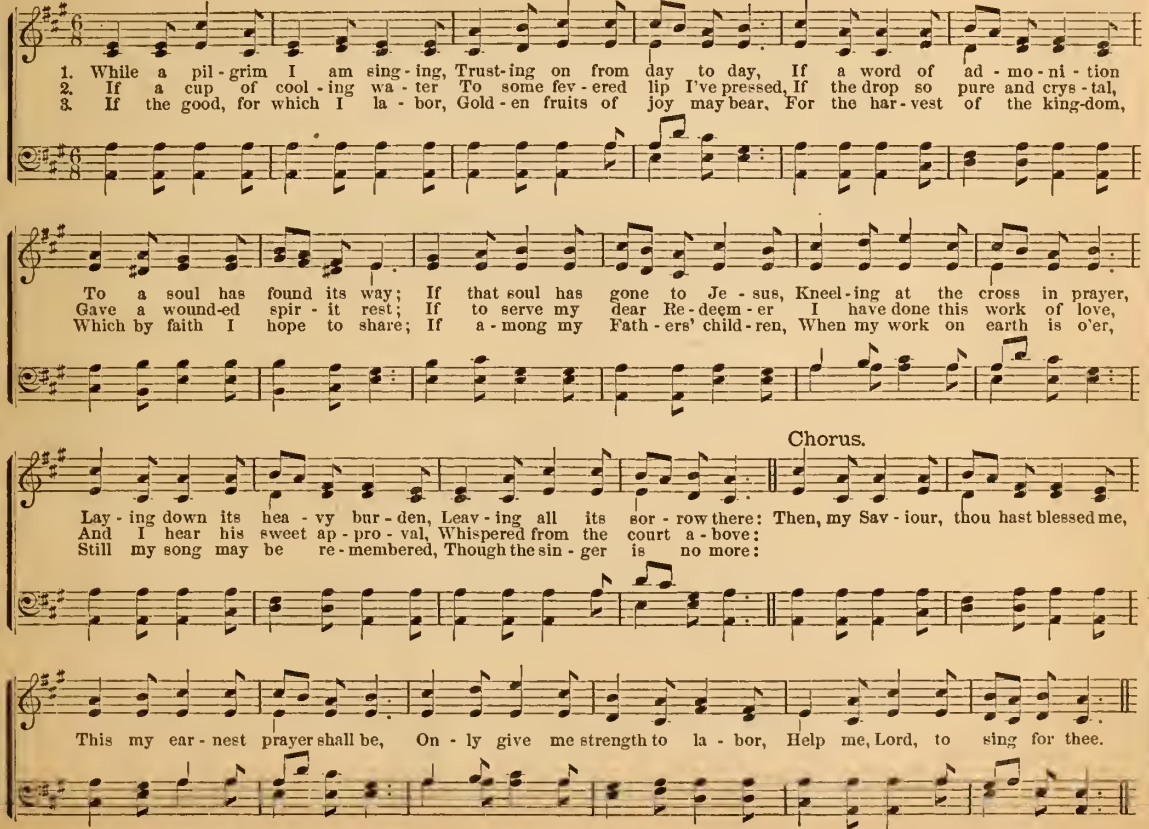
2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fear dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 Depend on him; thou canst not fall:
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

HELP ME, LORD, TO SING FOR THEE.

"And he ministered with singing."

(NEW)



GREAT-HEART. "But here was great odds three against one."

VALIANT. "'Tis true; but little or more are nothing to him that has the truth on his side: 'Though an host should encamp against me,' said one, 'my heart shall not fear; though war shall rise against me, in this will I be confident,' &c. Besides, I have read in some records that one man has fought an army; and how many did Samson slay with the jawbones of an ass?"

GREAT. "Why did you not cry out, that some might have come for your succor?"

VALIANT. "So I did to my King, who I knew could hear me, and afford invisible help, and that was sufficient for me."

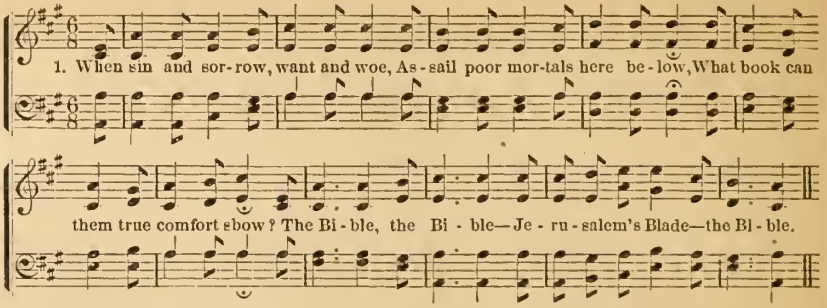
Then said Great-heart to Mr. Valiant-for-truth, "Thou hast worthily behaved thyself; let me see thy sword." So he showed it him.

When he had taken it in his hand, and looked thereon a while, he said, "Ha! It is a right Jerusalem blade."

VALIANT. "It is so. Let a man have one of these blades, with a hand to wield it, and skill to use it, and he might venture upon an angel with it. He need not fear its holding, if he can but tell how to lay on. Its edge will never blunt. It will cut flesh and bones, and soul and spirit, and all."

JERUSALEM'S BLADE.

"*Sharper than a two-edged sword.*" (NEW)



2 What is the brightest gift the Lord,
In his great mercy, did award
To man, to be his shield and guard?
The Bible, the Bible, &c.

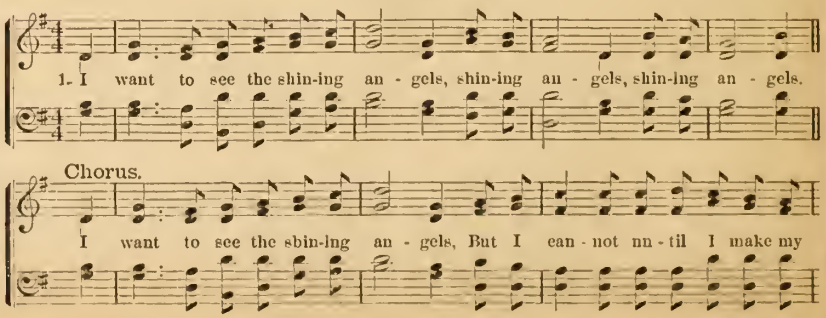
3 What elevates and purifies
The souls of men, until they rise,
Like brilliant stars set in the skies?
The Bible, the Bible, &c.

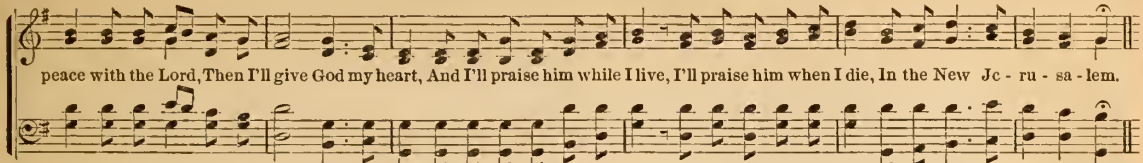
4 Oh! what can make this world of woe
With peace, and truth, and virtue glow,
Till man no sin or sorrow know?
The Bible, the Bible, &c.

5 When death comes knocking at the door,
And man's short life on earth is o'er,
What tells of bliss for evermore?
The Bible, the Bible, &c.

SHINING ANGELS.

"*We shall see him as he is.*" (NEW)

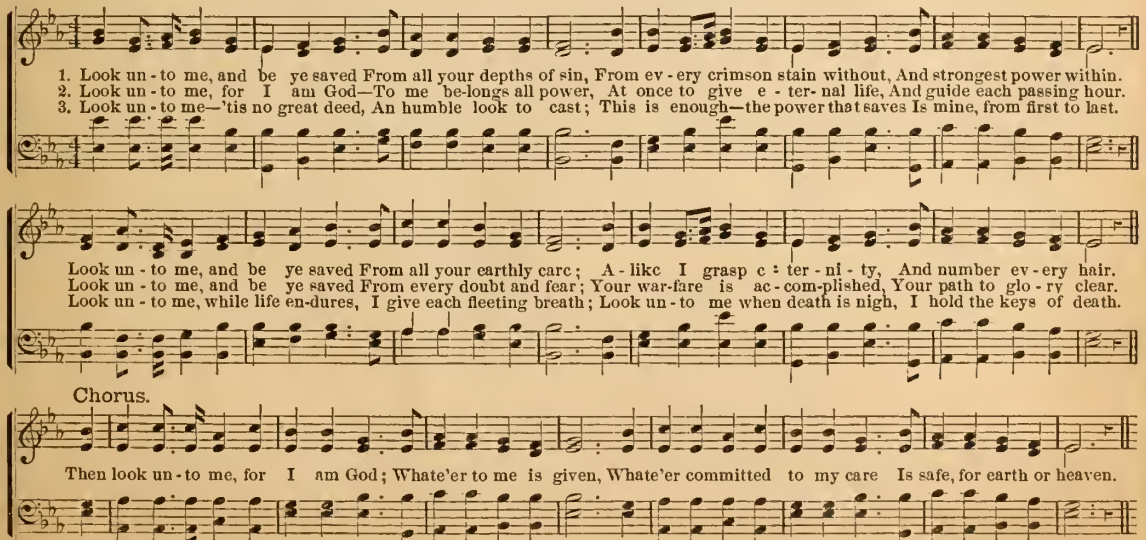




2 I want to see my blessed Jesus, &c.
3 I want to see the Golden City, &c.
4 I want to see the saints in glory, &c.
5 I want to meet my friends in heaven, &c.

LOOK UNTO ME.

"*The God of salvation, and the God of providence.*" (NEW)



I'M RESTING AT LAST.

"To you who believe he is precious."

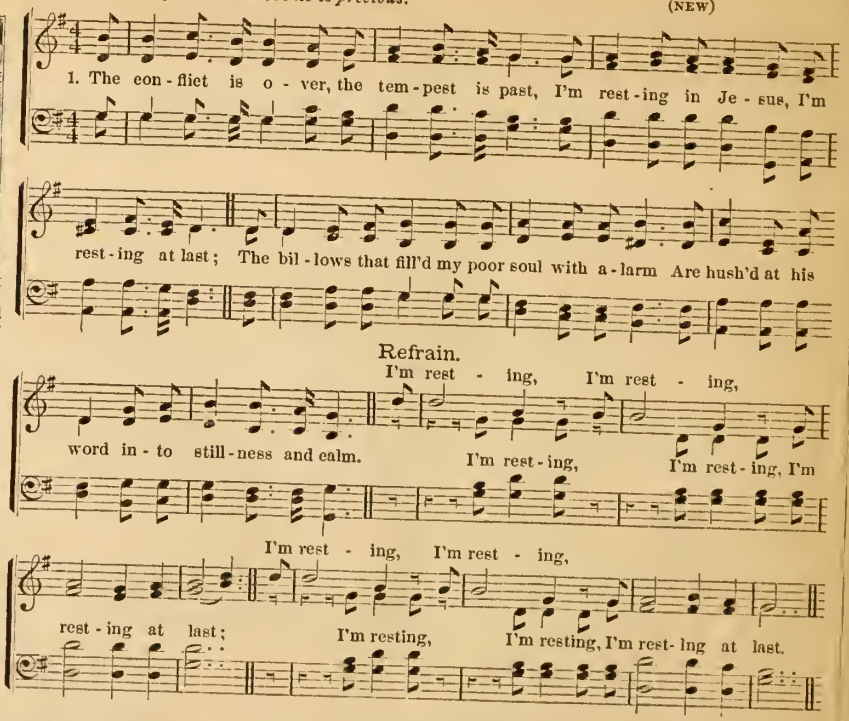
(NEW)

GREAT. "Bnt you fought a great while, I wonder you was not weary."

VALIANT. "I fought till my sword did cleave to my hand; and then they were joined together as if a sword grew out of my arm, and when the blood ran through my fingers, then I fought with most courage."

GREAT. "Thou hast done well; thou hast resisted unto blood, striving against sin. Thou shalt abide by us, come in and go out with us; for we are thy companions." Then they took him, and washed his wounds, and gave him of what they had, to refresh him, and so they went together.

Now, as they went on, because Mr. Great-heart was delighted in him (for he loved one greatly that he found to be a man of his hands), and because there were in company them that were feeble and weak, therefore he questioned with him about many things.



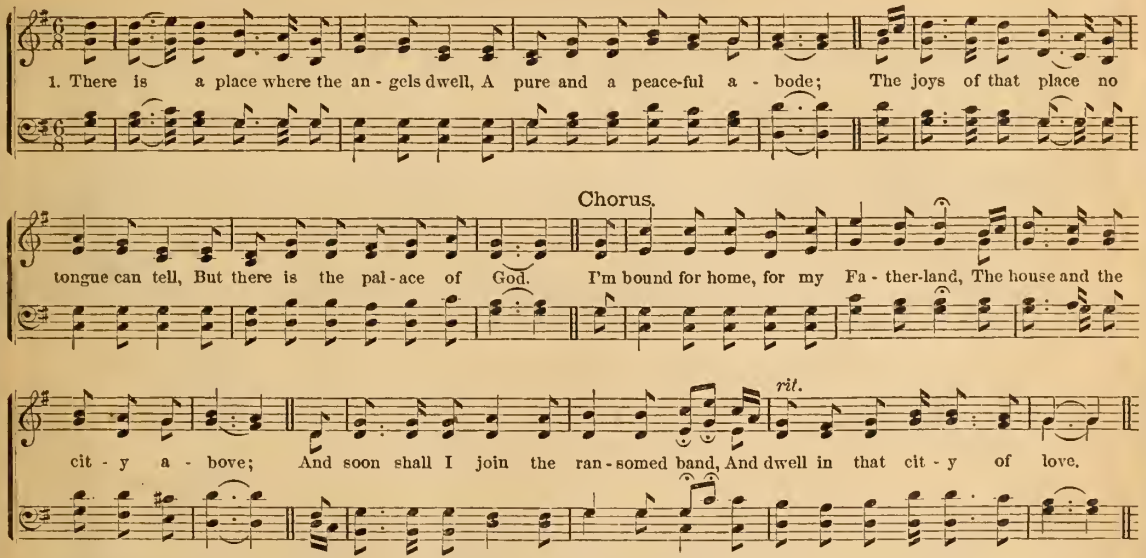
2 There's peace in believing, sweet peace to the soul,
To know that he maketh me perfectly whole;
There's joy everlasting to feel his blood flow,
'Tis life from the dead my Redeemer to know.

3 Oh, hinder me not while his love I proclaim,
My soul makes her boast of his wonderful name;
I stand with my foot on the neck of my foe,
Then, bounding with gladness, triumphant I go.

4 There's peace in believing, sweet peace to the soul,
To know that he maketh me perfectly whole;
Oh, come to the fountain—oh, come at his call!
There's healing, and cleansing, and welcome for all.

MY FATHERLAND.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."



2 There is a place where they never die,
Where beauty and youth never fade;
Where never is heard the mournful cry,
"My friend, my beloved, is dead."

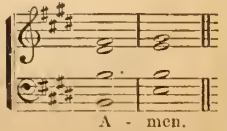
3 There is a place where my friends have gone,
Who suffered and worshiped with me,
Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
The King in his beauty they see.

4 There is a place where I hope to live,
When life and its labors are o'er,
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

(Pitch E.)—*Let the words be deliberately, distinctly, and reverently pronounced by a single voice, or in unison, adding the* Amen *in harmony parts, as written.*

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever.



VAL. "Why, is this Christian's wife?"

GREAT. "Yes, that it is; and these also are his four sons."

VAL. "What! and going on pilgrimage too?"

GREAT. "Yes, verily, they are following after."

VAL. "It glads me at the heart. Good man, how joyful will he be when he shall see them that would not go with him, yet to enter after him in at the gates into the Celestial City!"

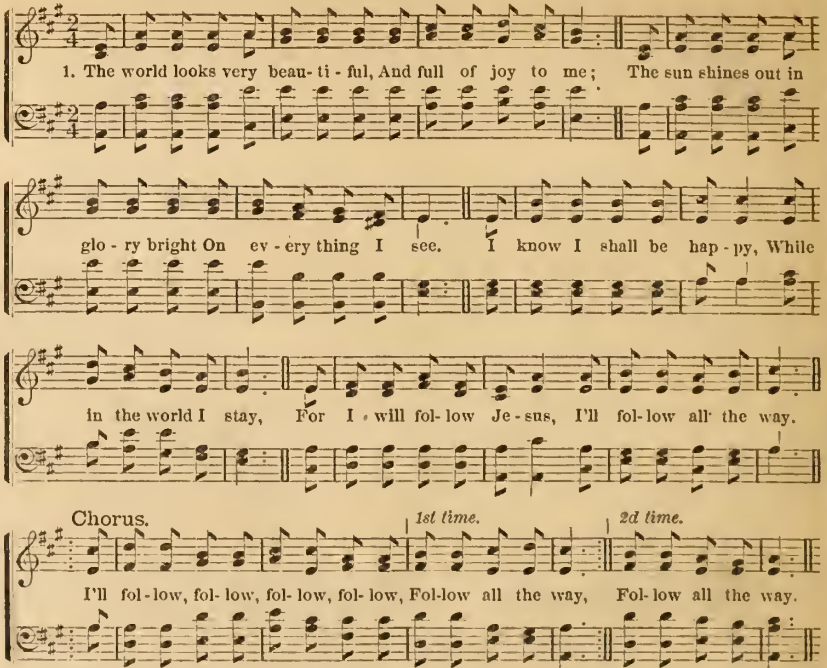
GREAT. "Without doubt, it will be a comfort to him to meet there his wife and children."

VAL. "But now you are upon that, let me hear your opinion about it. Some make a question, whether or no, we shall know one another, when we are there."

GREAT. "Do they think they shall know themselves then, or that they shall rejoice to see themselves in that bliss? And if they think they shall know and do these, why not know others, and rejoice in their welfare also?"

I'LL FOLLOW JESUS.

"Let him take up his cross and follow me."

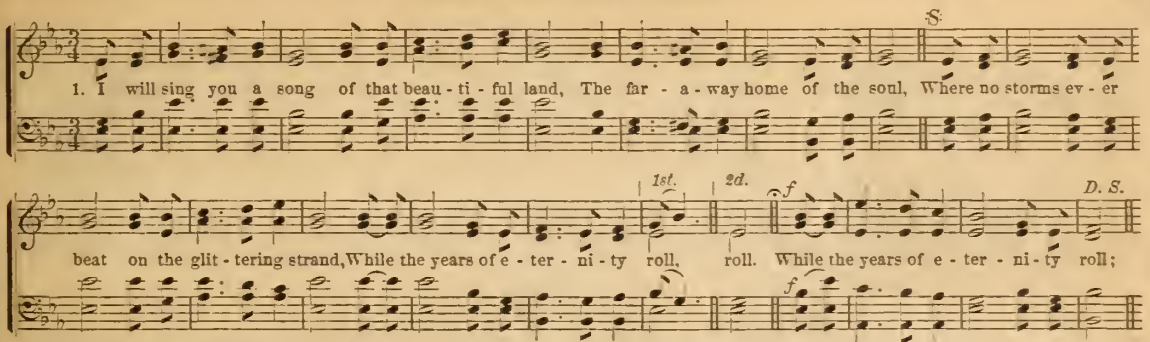


2 I'm but a youthful pilgrim here,
My journey's just begun;
They tell me I shall sorrow meet
Before my journey's done.
The world is full of sorrow
And suffering, they say;
But I will follow Jesus,
And follow all the way.

3 Then on my youthful pilgrimage,
Whatever I may meet,
I'll take it—joy and sorrow all—
And lay at Jesus' feet.
He'll comfort me in trouble,
He'll wipe my tears away,
With joy I'll follow Jesus,
And follow all the way.

4 Then trials can not weigh me down,
And pain I need not fear;
For when I'm close by Jesus' side,
Grief can not come too near.
Not even death can harm me,
When death I meet one day;
To heaven I'll follow Jesus,
And follow all the way.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

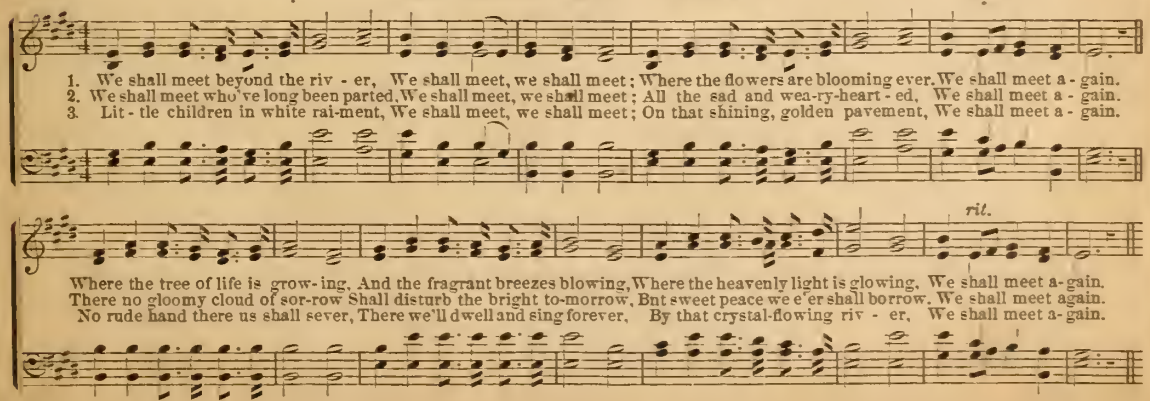


2 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

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

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

(NEW)

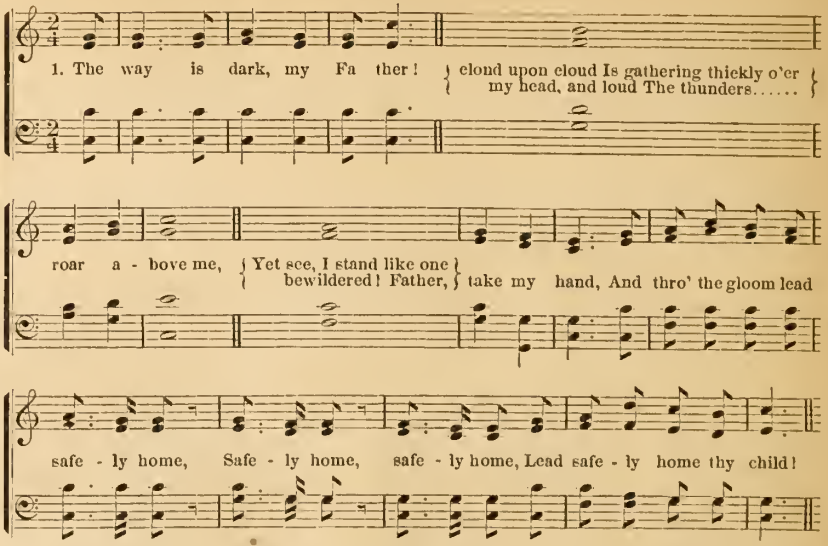


FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.

By this time they were got to the Enchanted Ground, where the air naturally tended to make one drowsy. And if a man sits, or if a man sleeps, it is a question, some say, whether ever he shall rise or wake again in this world.

Now, they had not gone far, but a great mist and darkness fell upon them all; so that they could scarce, for a great while, the one see the other. Wherefore they were forced, for some time, to feel for one another by words; for they walked not by sight.

The way was also here very wearisome, through dirt and slabbiness. Nor was there, on all this ground, so much as one inn or victualing-house wherein to refresh the feebler sort. Here, therefore, was nothing but grunting, and puffing, and sighing, while one tumbleth over a hush, another sticks fast in the dirt, and the children, some of them, lost their shoes in the mire; while one cries out, "I am down!" and another, "Ho! where are you?" and a third, "The bushes have got such a fast hold on me, I think I cannot get away from them."



2 The day declines, my Father! ‖ and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees | ghostly | visions. ‖ Fears of a spectral band
Encompass me. O Father, | take my | hand,
And from the night lead up to light,
Up to light, up to light,
Lead up to light thy child!

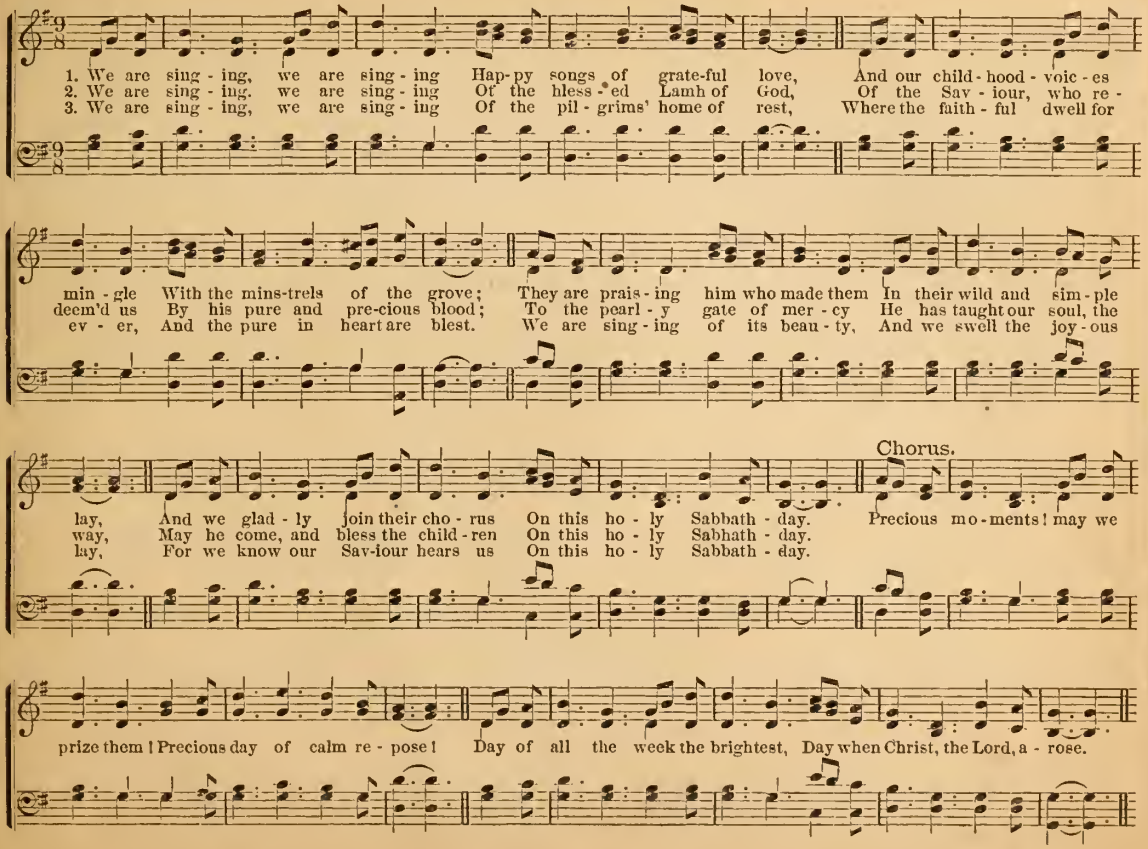
3 The path is rough, my Father! ‖ Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my feet, all torn
And bleeding, | mark the | way. ‖ Yet thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, | take my | hand;
Then safe and blest, O lead to rest,
Lead to rest, lead to rest,
O lead to rest thy child!

4 The throng is great, my Father! ‖ Many a doubt
And fear of danger compass me about;
And foes op- | press me | sore. ‖ I cannot stand
Or go, alone. O Father! | take my | hand;
And through the throng, lead safe along,
Safe along, safe along,
Lead safe along thy child!

5 The cross is heavy, Father! ‖ I have borne
It long, and | still do | bear it. ‖ Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that bright land
Where crowns are given. Father, | take my | hand;
And, reaching down, lead to the crown,
To the crown, to the crown,
Lead to the crown thy child.

WE ARE SINGING.

(NEW)

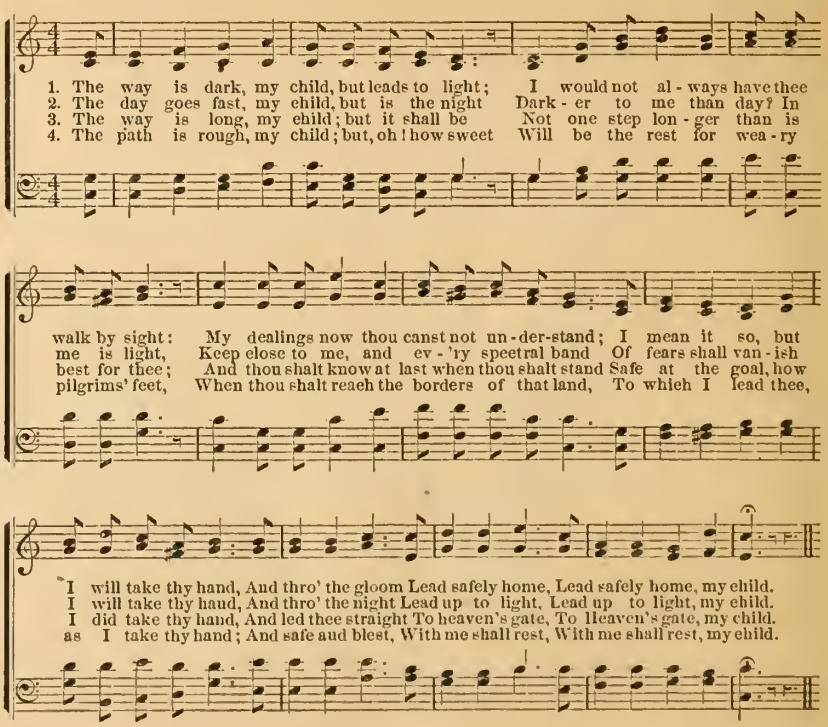


I WILL, MY CHILD.

"Lead me into the paths of thy testimony." (NEW)

"I saw then in my dream, that they went on in this their solitary ground, till they came to a place at which a man is apt to lose his way. Now, though when it was light their guide could well enough tell how to miss those ways that led wrong, yet in the dark he was put to a stand. But he had in his pocket a map of all ways leading to or from the Celestial City: wherefore he struck a light (for he never goes without his tinderbox), and takes a view of his book or map, which bids him to be careful in that place to turn to the right hand. And had he not been careful here to look in his map, they had in all probability been smothered in the mud; for just a little before them, and that at the end of the cleanest way too, was a pit, none knows how deep, full of nothing but mud, there made on purpose to destroy the pilgrims in.

"Then thought I with myself, 'Who that goeth on pilgrimage but would have one of these maps about him, that he may look when he is at a stand, which is the way he must take.'"

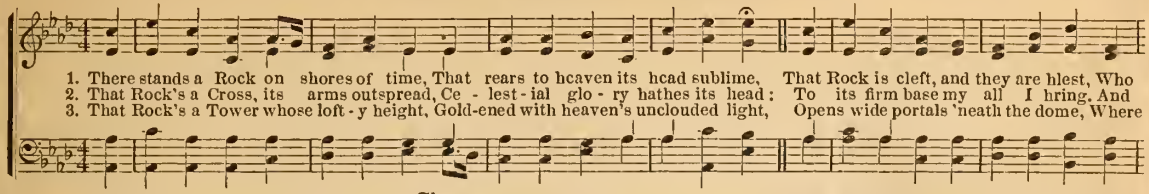


5 The throng is great, my child, but at thy side
Thy Father walks; then be not terrified,
For I am with thee; will thy foes command
To let thee pass; but I will take thy hand,
And thro' the throng Lead safe along, my child.

6 The cross is heavy, child; yet there was One
Who bore a heavier cross for thee—my Son,
My well-beloved. For him bear thine; and stand
With him at last; and from thy Father's hand,
Thy cross laid down, Receive thy crown, my child.

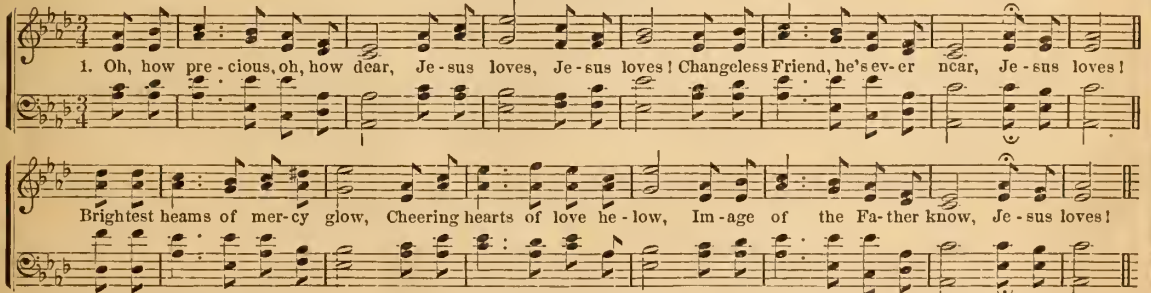
THE CROSS OF AGES.

(NEW)



JESUS LOVES.

(NEW)



2 Offer sweetest notes of praise,
Jesus loves, Jesus loves!
Chorus of redemption raise,
Jesus loves!
Of his dying pity sing,
Calvary's melting anthems sing,
Ceaseless heaven's arches ring,
Jesus loves!

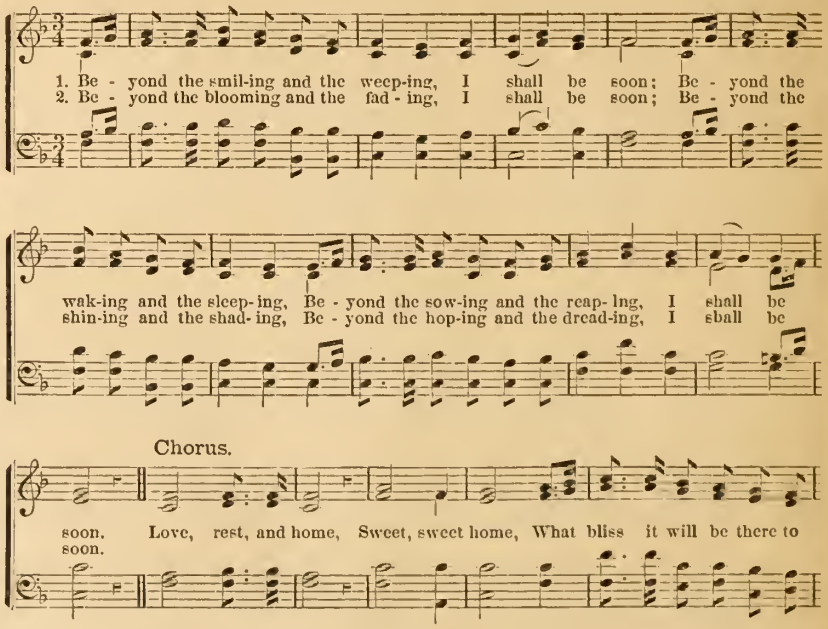
3 All ye ransomed join the song,
Jesus loves, Jesus loves!
Hail creation's countless throng,
Jesus loves!
All the blood-washed ever nigh,
Filled with loud hosannas cry,
Back to earth the echoes fly,
Jesus loves!

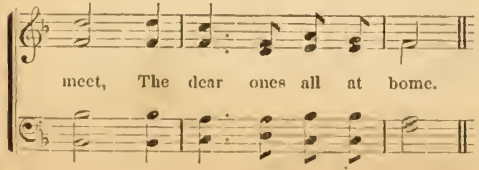
3 List the world, dispel your fear,
Jesus loves, Jesus loves!
Great and small the tidings hear,
Jesus loves!
'Mid all nations, every tongue,
Let the trumpet note be rung,
As by saints in glory sung,
Jesus loves!

THE DEAR ONES ALL AT HOME.

"For we shall see him as he is." (NEW)

THEN the pilgrims desired with trembling to go forward: only they prayed their guide to strike a light, that they might go the rest of their way by the help of the light of a lantern. So he struck a light, and they went by the help of that through the rest of this way, though the darkness was very great, 2 *Pet.* 1 : 19. But the children began to be sorely weary, and they cried out unto Him that loveth pilgrims to make their way more comfortable. So by that they had gone a little further; a wind arose that drove away the fog, so the air became more clear. Yet they were not off (by much) of the Enchanted Ground; only now they could see one another, and the way wherein they should walk.





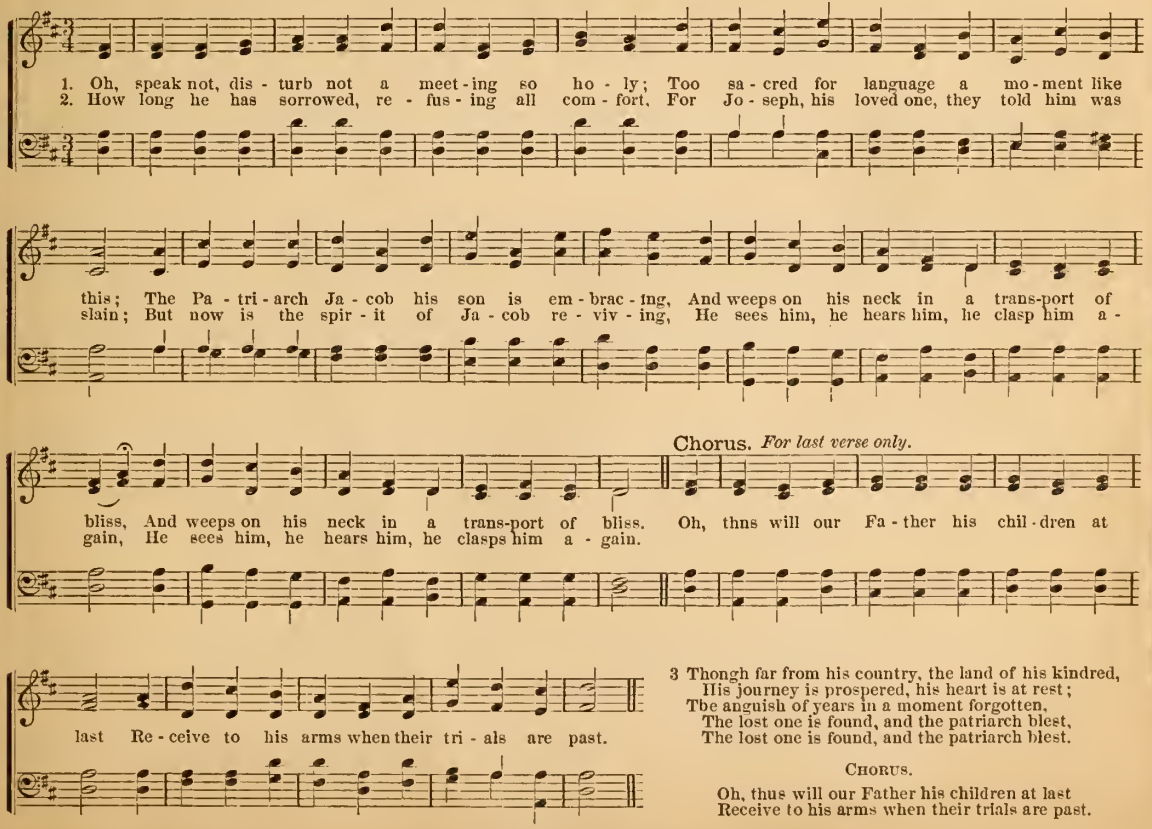
3.
Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond rememb'ring and forgetting,
I shall be soon.

4.
Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.

5.
Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.

MEETING OF JACOB AND JOSEPH.

"Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." (NEW)



3 Though far from his country, the land of his kindred,
His journey is prospered, his heart is at rest;
The anguish of years in a moment forgotten,
The lost one is found, and the patriarch blest,
The lost one is found, and the patriarch blest.

CHORUS.

Oh, thus will our Father his children at last
Receive to his arms when their trials are past.

KEEP ON PRAYING.

"Pray without ceasing."

Now when they were almost at the end of this ground, they perceived that a little before them was a solemn noise as of one that was much concerned. So they went on, and looked before them: and behold they saw, as they thought, a man upon his knees, with hands and eyes lifted up, and speaking, as they thought, earnestly to one that was above. They drew nigh, but could not tell what he said; so they went softly till he had done. When he had done, he got up, and began to run towards the Celestial City. Then Mr. Great-heart called after him, saying, "Soho, friend! let us have your company if you go, as I suppose you do, to the Celestial City." So the man stopped and they came up to him. But as soon as Mr. Honest saw him, he said, "I know this man." Then said Mr. Valiant-for-truth, "Prithee, who is it?" "It is one," said he, "who comes from whereabouts I dwelt. His name is Stand-fast; he is certainly a good pilgrim."

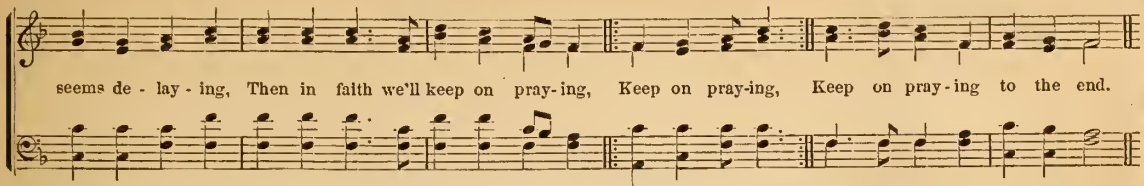
1. Long my spir - it pined in sor- row, Watching, wait - ing all in vain; Wait - ing
2. Ye, who sigh for ho - ly pleasures, Ye, who mourn for ho - ly sin, "Keep on
3. How the an - gel - band re - joic- es, When a kneel- ing mor - tal prays; Hear them

for a gold - en mor-row, Free from earth - ly care and pain. When I heard a
pray - ing," heavenly treas-ures In the end you're sure to win. Wres - tle with the
cry in heaven-ly voi - ces, "Keep on pray - ing," all your days: Pray un - til you

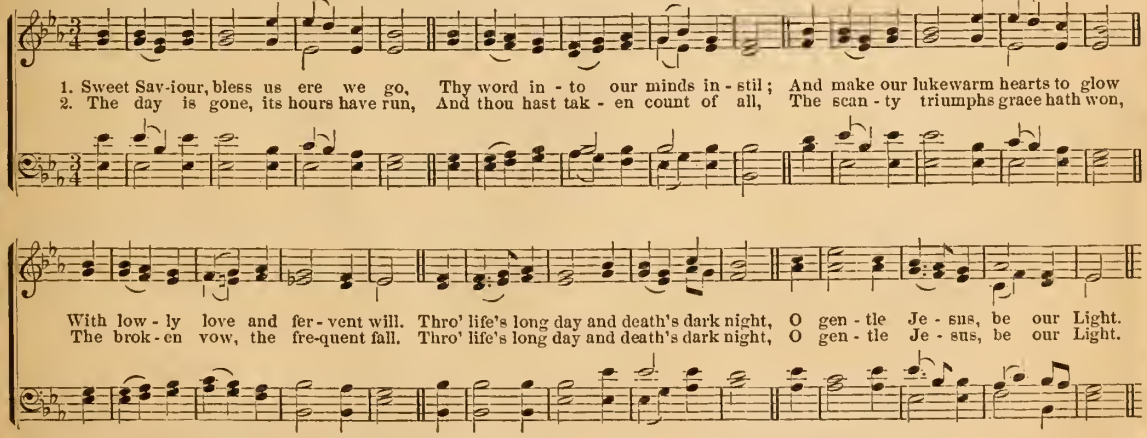
sweet voice say-ing, In the ac - cents of a friend, Cheer up, brother, "keep on praying,"
Lord of glo - ry, Lay your troubles at his feet, Plead with faith in Calvary's sto - ry
reach fair Ca-naan, Reach the pearl - y gates of day, Then your bliss shall end in glo - ry,

Chorus.

Keep on pray-ing to the end. When our wayward tho'ts are straying, When God's mercy
Till your joys are all com-plete.
And shall nev - er pass a - way.



SWEET SAVIOUR, BLESS US. (NEW)



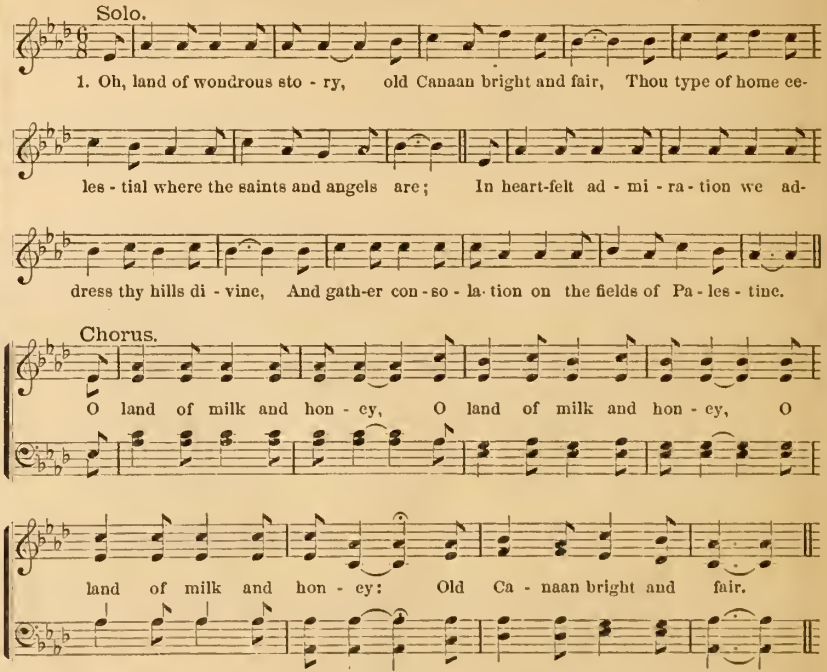
3 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call;
Oh, let thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus, and our All.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

4 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Through night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

LAND OF MILK AND HONEY.

"A land which floweth with milk and honey." (NEW)

AFTER this, I beheld until they were come into the land of Beulah, where the sun shineth night and day. Here, because they were weary, they betook themselves a while to rest. And because this country was common for pilgrims, and because the orchards and vineyards that were here belonged to the King of the Celestial Country, therefore they were licensed to make bold with any of his things. Here also all the noise of them that walked the streets was, "More pilgrims are come to town!" And another would answer, saying, "And so many went over the water, and were let in at the golden gates to-day!" They would cry again, "There is now a legion of shining ones just come to town, by which we know that there are more pilgrims upon the road; for here they come to wait for them, and to comfort them after all their sorrow. Then the pilgrims got up, and walked to and fro. But how were their ears now filled with heavenly noises, and their eyes delighted with celestial visions!



2 The dew of Hermon falling yet, revives the golden days;
Sweet Sharon lends her roses still, to win the poet's lays;
In every vale the lily bends, while o'er them wing the birds,
Whose cheerful notes so marvelously recall the Saviour's words.

3 He prayed upon thy mountain side, he rested in thy grove,
He walked upon thy Galilee, when winds with billows strove:
Thy land was full of happy homes, that loving hearts did own,
E'en foxes and the birds of air—but Jesus Christ had none.

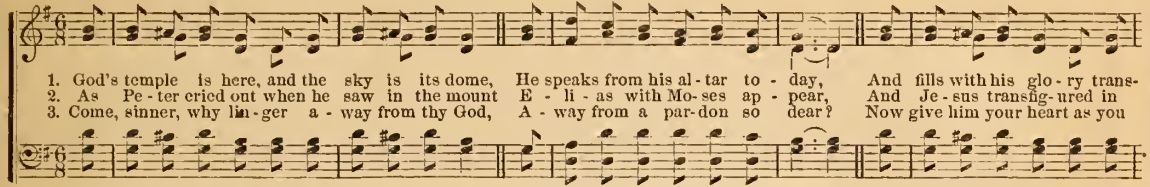
4 Thou land of milk and honey, of corn, and oil, and wine,
How longs my hungry spirit to enjoy thy food divine!
I hunger and I thirst afar, the Jordan rolls between,
I faintly see thy paradise all clothed in living green.

5 My day of life declineth, and my sun is sinking low:
I near the banks of Jordan through whose waters I must go;
Oh, let me wake beyond the stream in land celestial blest,
To be forever with the Lord in Canaan's promised rest.

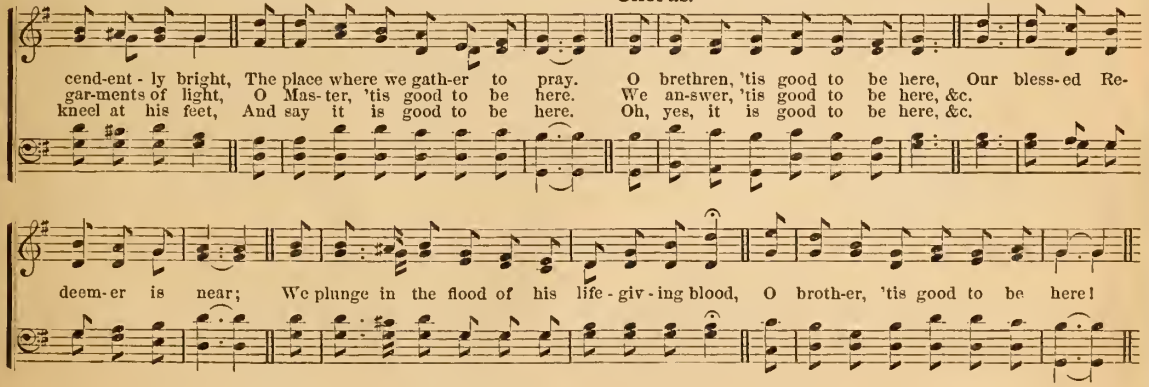
'TIS GOOD TO BE HERE.

"*Let us build here three tabernacles.*"

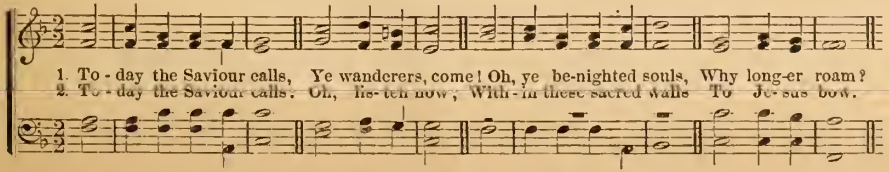
(NEW)



Chorus.



TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

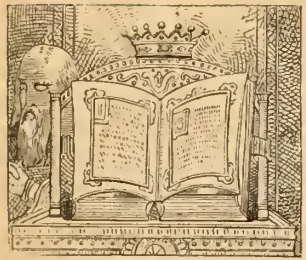


3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power:
Oh, grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

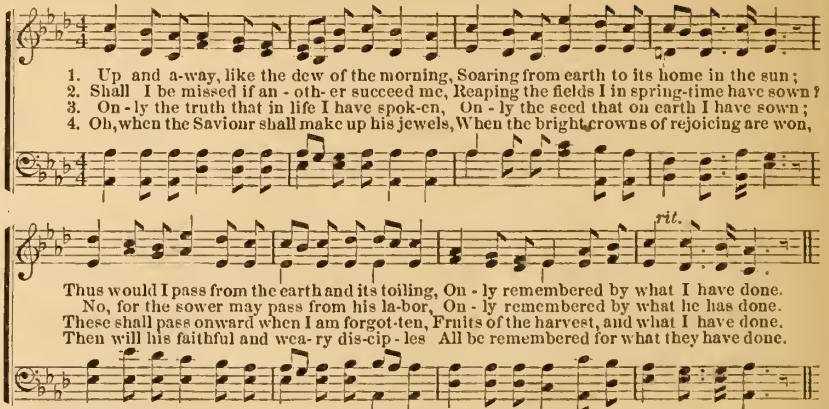
BY WHAT I HAVE DONE.

"Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching." (NEW)



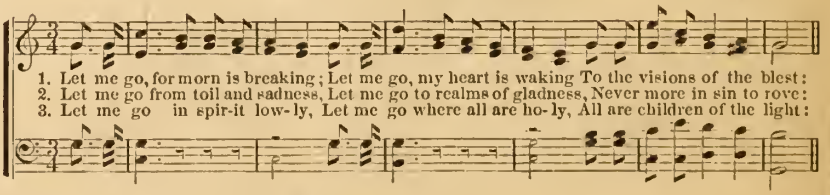
In this place there was a record kept of the names of them that had been pilgrims of old, and a history of all the famous acts that they had done. It was here also much discoursed how the river to some had had its flowings, and what ebbings it has had while others have gone over. It has been in a manner dry for some, while it has overflowed its banks for others.

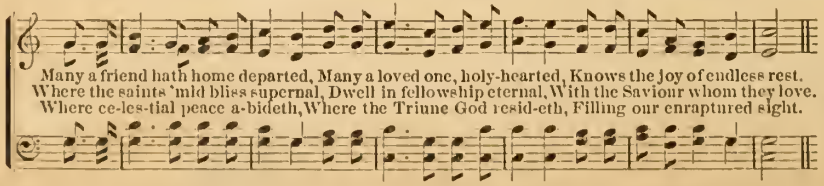
In this place the children of the town would go into the King's gardens, and gather nosegays for the pilgrims, and bring them to them with much affection. Here also grew camphire, with spikenard and saffron, calamus, and cinnamon, with all the trees of frankincense, myrrh, and aloes, with all chief spices. With these the pilgrims' chambers were perfumed while they stayed here; and with these were their bodies anointed, to prepare them to go over the river, when the time appointed was come.



MORN IS BREAKING.

(NEW)



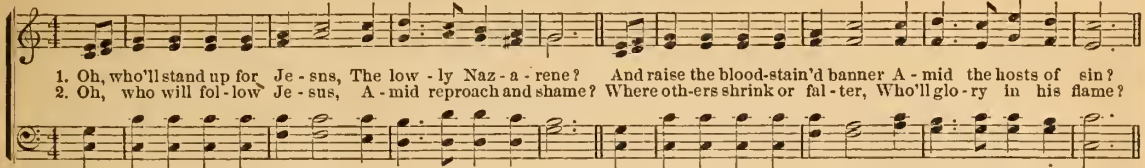


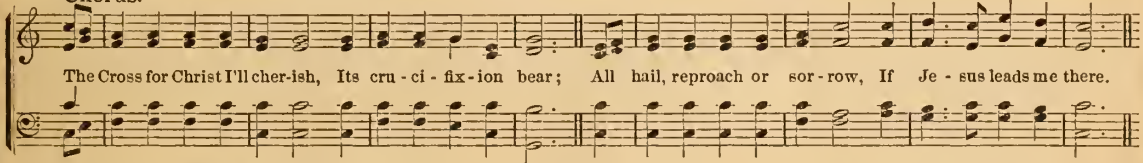
4.

Let me go, the harps are ringing,
Let me go, the myriads singing,
Sweet, seraphic anthems raise:
While the multitudes increasing,
Serve in fellowship unceasing,
One in heart through endless days.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

"Sing ye to the Lord, he hath triumphed gloriously."



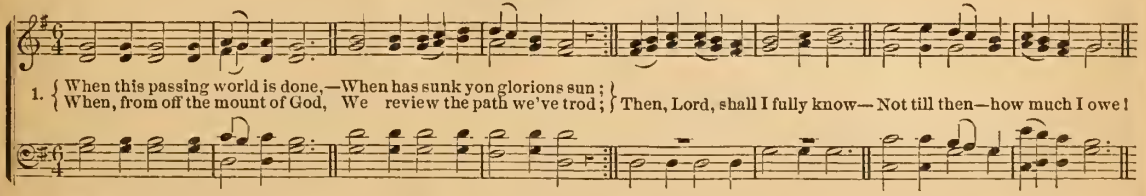


3 Though fierce may rage the battle,
And wild the storm may blow,
Though friends may go forever,
Who will with Jesus go?

4 Though foes shall madly gather,
And devils rage and roar,
Who'll choose the fiery furnace,
With Jesus evermore?

5 O Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
My all-sufficient Friend!
Come, fold me to thy bosom,
E'en to the journey's end.

HOW MUCH I OWE.



2 When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall;
When I see them start and shrink,
On the fiery deluge brink;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe!

3 When I stand before the throne,
Clothed in beauty not my own;
When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinning heart;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe!

4 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harps' melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe!

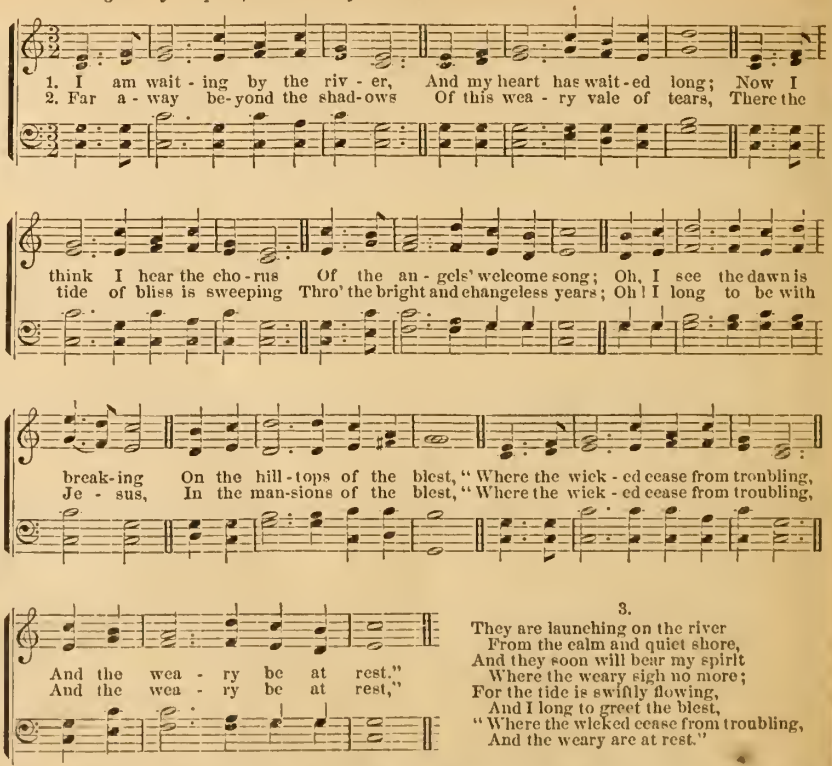
WAITING BY THE RIVER.

"The night is far spent, and the day is at hand."

Now while they lay here, and waited for the good hour, there was a noise in the town that there was a post come from the Celestial City, with matter of great importance to one Christiana, the wife of Christian the pilgrim. So inquiry was made for her; the house was found out where she was. So the post presented her with a letter. The contents were, "Hail, good woman; I bring thee tidings that the Master calleth for thee, and expects that thou shouldst stand in his presence, in clothes of immortality, within these ten days."

When Christiana saw that her time was come, and that she was the first of this company that was to go over, she called for Mr. Great-heart, her guide, and told him how matters were. So he told her he was heartily glad of the news, and could have been glad, had the post come for him. Then she bid him that he should give advice how all things should be prepared for her journey. So he told her, saying, thus and thus it must be; and we that survive will accompany you to the river side.

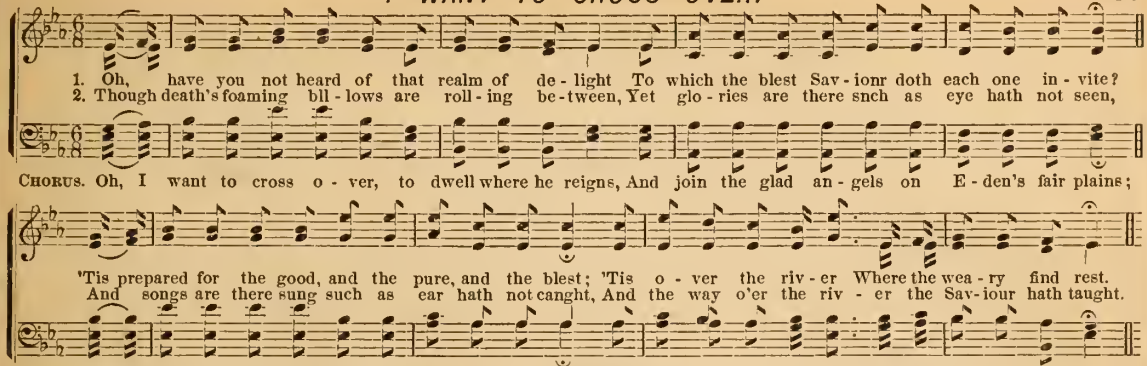
Then she called for her children, and gave them her blessing, and told them that she had read with comfort the mark that was set in their foreheads, and was glad to see them with her there, and that they had kept their garments so white. Lastly, she bequeathed to the poor that little she had, and commanded her sons and daughters to be ready against the messenger should come for them. The last words that she was heard to say were, "I come, Lord, to be with thee!"



3.

They are launching on the river
From the calm and quiet shore,
And they soon will bear my spirit
Where the weary sigh no more;
For the tide is swiftly flowing,
And I long to greet the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

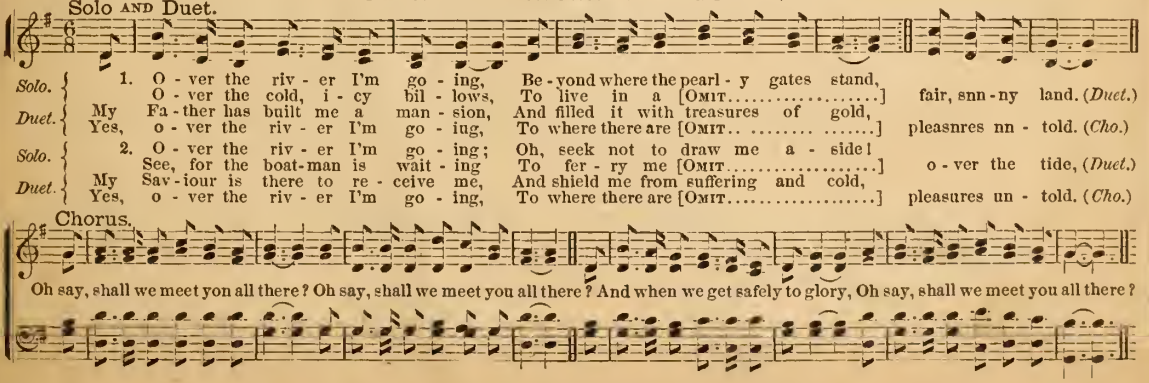
I WANT TO CROSS OVER.



3 'Tis a land of rare beauty—a realm of delight,
O'erflowing with gladness, refulgent with light;
Its verdure ne'er withers, its flowers ne'er die:
Oh, I long to pass over with Jesus on high.

4 'Tis Jesus invites me this glory to see,
To reign with him ever, all happy and free;
I'll join with the ransomed, and with them abide;
I'll cross the dark river—bright angels will guide,

OVER THE RIVER I'M GOING.

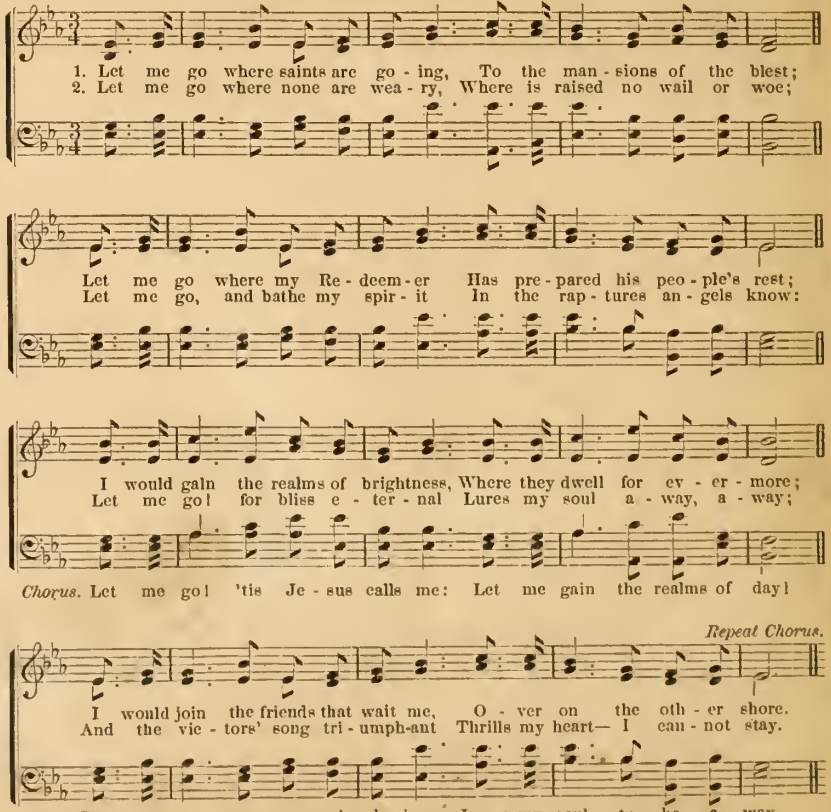


LET ME GO.

" I have broken the golden bowl and loosed the silver chord."

In process of time, there came a post again, and his business was with Mr. Ready-to-halt. So he inquired him out, and said, " I am come from Him whom thou hast loved and followed, though upon crutches; and my message is to tell thee that he expects thee at his table to sup with him in his kingdom, the next day after Easter; wherefore prepare thyself for this journey." Then he also gave him a token that he was a true messenger,

After this, Mr. Ready-to-halt called for his fellow-pilgrims, saying, " I am sent for, and God shall surely visit you also." So he desired Mr. Valiant to make his will. He said, " These crutches I bequeath to my son, that shall tread in my steps, with a hundred warm wishes that he may prove better than I have been." Then he thanked Mr. Great-heart for his conduct and kindness, and so addressed himself to his journey. When he came to the brink of the river, he said, " Now I shall have no more need of these crutches, since yonder are chariots and horses for me to ride on." The last words he was heard to say were, " Welcome, life!" So he went his way.



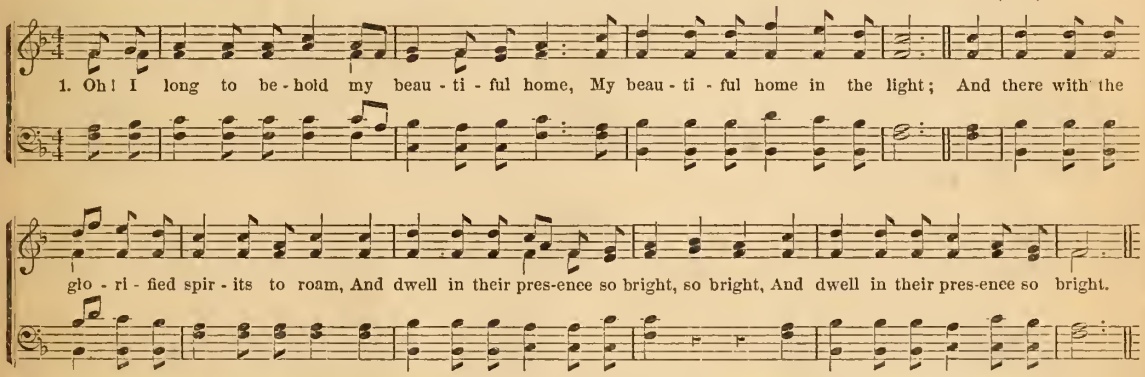
3 Let me go! why should I tarry?
What has earth to keep me here?
What, but cares and toils and sorrows?
What, but death and pain and fear?
Let me go! for hopes most cherished
Blasted round me often lie;
Oh! I've gathered brightest flowers,
But to see them fade and die.

4 Let me go where tears and sighing
Are for evermore unknown;
Where the joyous songs of glory
Call me to a happier home:
Let me go!—I'd cease this dying;
I would gain life's fairer plains;
Let me join the myriad harpers!
Let me chant their rapturous strains!

5 Let me go! there is a glory
That my soul hath longed to know:
I am thirsting for the waters
That from crystal fountains flow:
There is where the angels tarry;
There the saved forever throng;
There the brightness wearies never;
There I'll sing Redemption's song.

MY BEAUTIFUL HOME.

"*Eternal in the heavens.*" (NEW)



2 Oh! I long to behold the evergreen bowers
That grow on the mountains above,
And breathe the sweet fragrance of unfading flowers,
That bloom in the valleys of love, of love.

3 Oh! I long to lay hold on victory's palm,
And wave it in glory so bright,
And chant hallelujah to God and the Lamb
For my beautiful home in the light, the light.

O EYES THAT ARE WEARY.

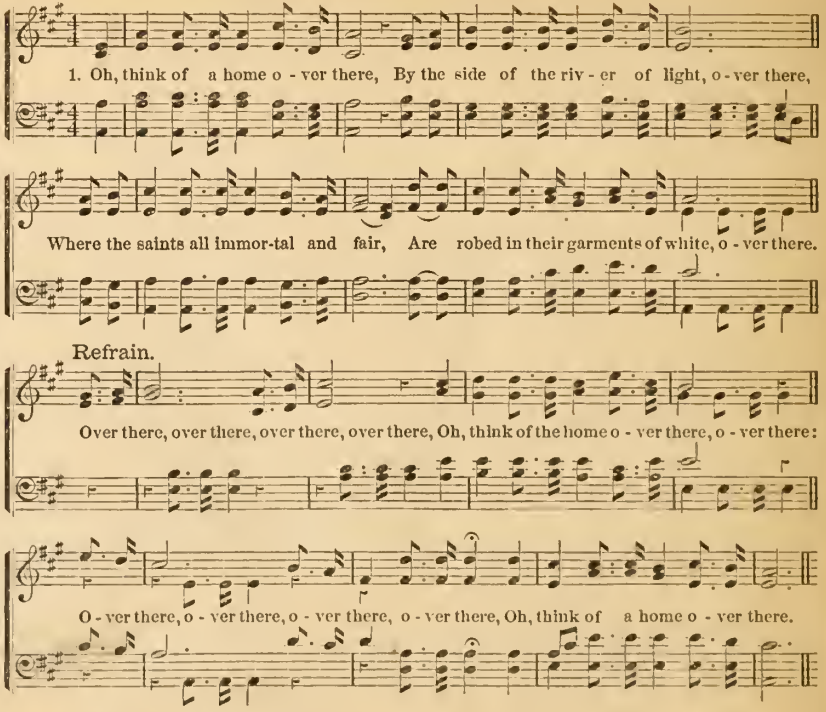
1 O EYES that are weary, and hearts that are sore!
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more!
The light of his countenance shineth so bright,
That here as in heaven there need be no night.

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near:
I know that his presence my safeguard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" he saith unto me.

WE'VE A HOME OVER THERE.

"Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God."

After this, Mr. Feeble-mind had tidings brought him that the post sounded his horn at his chamber-door. Then he came in, and told him, saying, "I am come to tell thee that thy Master hath need of thee, and that in a very little time thou must behold his face in brightness." Then Mr. Feeble-mind called for his friends, and told them what errand had been brought unto him. Then he said: "Since I have nothing to bequeath to any, to what purpose should I make a will? As for my feeble mind, that I will leave behind me, for that I shall have no need of in the place whither I go, nor is it worth bestowing upon the poorest pilgrims: wherefore, when I am gone, I desire that you, Mr. Valiant, would bury it in a dunghill." This done, and the day being come on which he was to depart, he entered the river as the rest. His last words were, "Hold out, faith and patience!" So he went over to the other side.



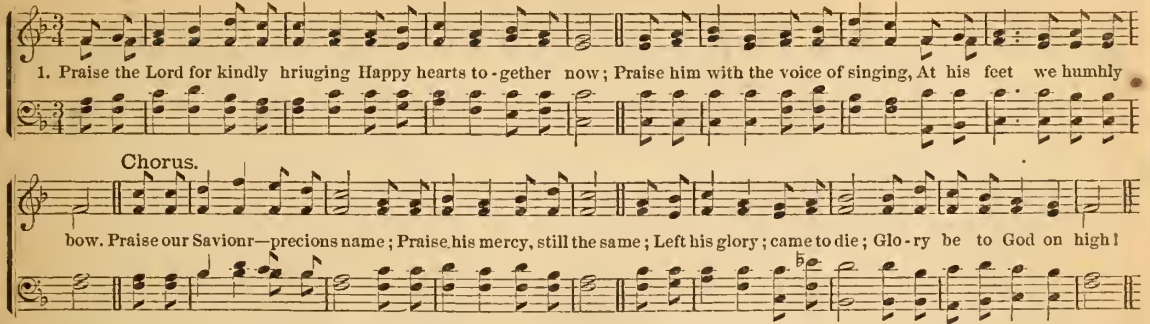
2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.
Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

3 My Saviour is now over there.
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

PRAISE THE SAVIOUR'S NAME.

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord." (NEW)



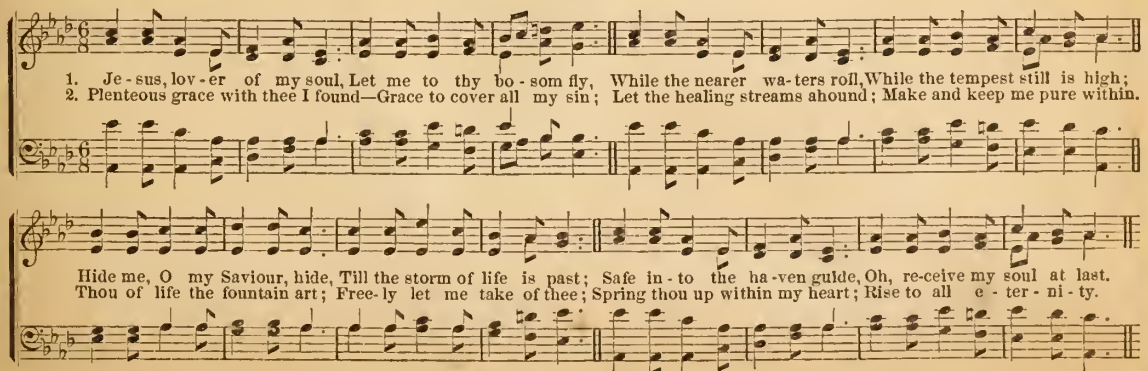
2 Praise the mercy that has brought us
Safely through another year;
Praise the Lord who kindly taught us,
Kept us in his love and fear.

3 Praise the Lord, whose love hath hrightened
All the way hy which we've come;
Praise him, for his smile hath lightened,
Cheered and hlessed, each happy home.

4 God of mercy, bless us; hear us;
Keep us ever in thy sight;
Come in love, and he thou near us;
Make our pathway always bright.

REFUGE OF PEACE.

(NEW)

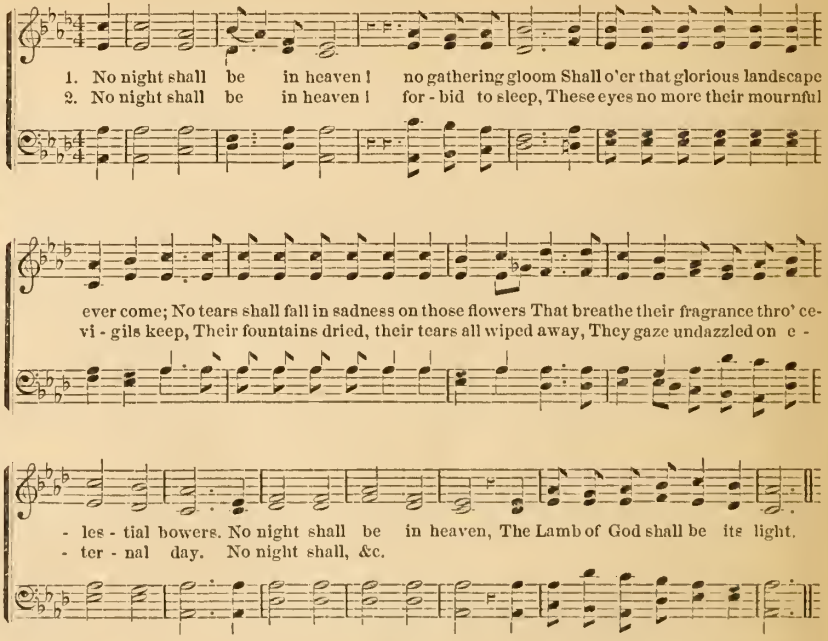


NO NIGHT SHALL BE IN HEAVEN.

"For the Lamb is the light thereof." (NEW)

WHEN days had many of them passed away, Mr. Despondency was sent for, for a post was come and brought this message to him: "Trembling man, these are to summon thee to be ready with thy King by the next Lord's day, to shout for joy for thy deliverance from all thy doubting." Now Mr. Despondency's daughter, whose name was Much-afraid, said, when she heard what was done, that she would go with her father. Then Mr. Despondency said, "Myself and my daughter, you know what we have been, my will and my daughter's is, that our doubts and slavish fears be by no man ever received from the day of our departure for ever."

When the time was come for them to depart, they went up to the brink of the river. The last words of Mr. Despondency were, "Farewell, night! welcome, day!"



3 No night shall be in heaven, no sorrow reign,
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain,
No shivering limbs, no burning fevers there,
No souls eclipse, no winter of despair.

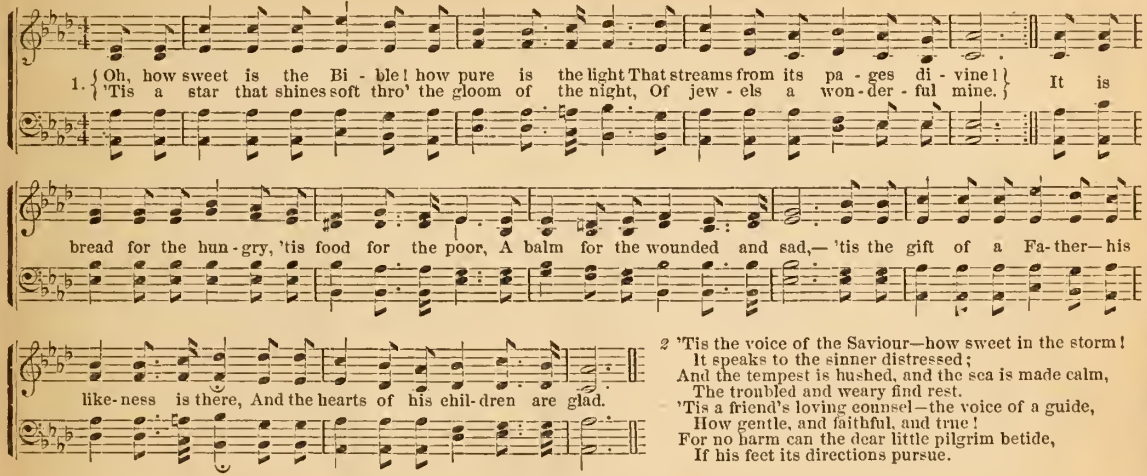
4 No night shall be in heaven—but endless noon—
No fast declining sun, no waning moon;
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light
'Mid pastures green and waters ever bright.

5 No night shall be in heaven, no darkened room,
No bed of death nor silence of the tomb,
But breezes ever fresh with love and truth
Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.

6 No night shall be in heaven, oh, had I faith
To rest in what the faithful Witness saith,
That faith shall make these hideous phantoms flee,
And leave no night henceforth on earth to me.

HOW SWEET IS THE BIBLE.

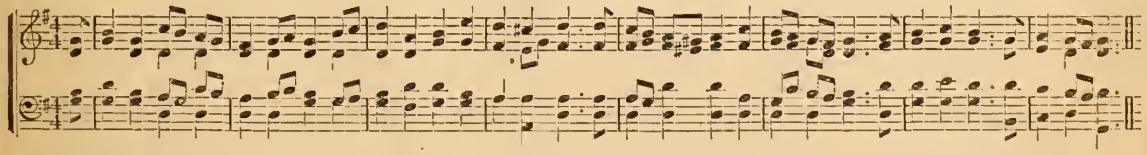
"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." (NEW)



2 'Tis the voice of the Saviour—how sweet in the storm!
It speaks to the sinner distressed;
And the tempest is hushed, and the sea is made calm,
The troubled and weary find rest.
'Tis a friend's loving counsel—the voice of a guide,
How gentle, and faithful, and true!
For no harm can the dear little pilgrim betide,
If his feet its directions pursue.

GIVER OF ALL.

(NEW)



1 O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to thee,
Giver of all.

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, thou art there,
Giver of all.

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all.

4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

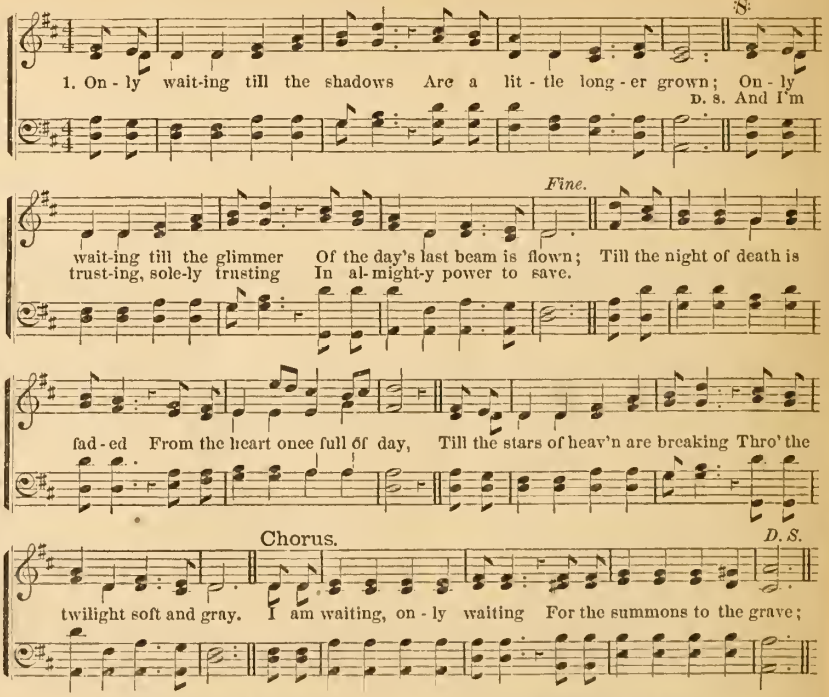
5 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,
Who givest all.

6 Whatever, Lord, we lend to thee,
Repaid a thousand fold will be;
Then gladly will we give to thee,
Giver of all.

EVENING SHADOWS.

"*All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change cometh.*"

THEN it came to pass a while after, that there was a post in the town that inquired for Mr. Honest. So he came to the house where he was, and delivered to his hand these lines: "Thou art commanded to be ready against this day seven night, to present thyself before thy Lord at his Father's house. And for a token that my message is true, 'All the daughters of music shall be brought low.'" Then Mr. Honest called for his friends, and said unto them, "I die, but shall make no will. As for my honesty, it shall go with me; let him that comes after be told of this." When the day that he was to be gone was come, he addressed himself to go over the river. Now the river at that time overflowed its banks in some places; but Mr. Honest, in his life-time, had spoken to one Good-conscience to meet him there, the which he also did, and lent him his hand, and so helped him over. The last words of Mr. Honest were, "Grace reigns!"



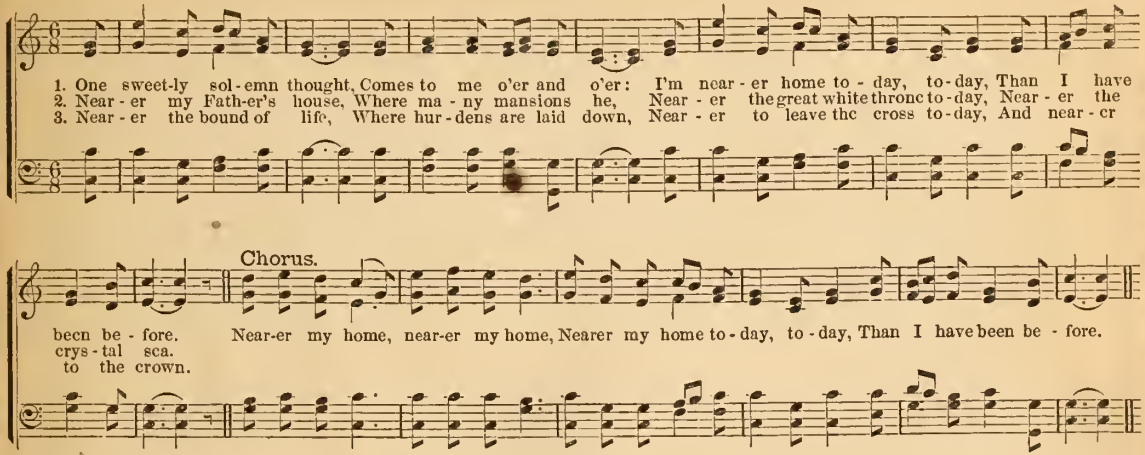
2 Only waiting till the reapers
Have their last sheaf gather'd home;
For the summer time is ended,
And the autumn winds have come;
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
All the ripe hours of my heart;
For the bloom of life is wither'd,
And I hasten to depart.

3 Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have linger'd,
Weary, poor, and desolate;
Even now I hear their footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

4 Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then, from out the gathering darkness
Holy, deathless stars will rise,
By whose light my soul will gladly
Wing its passage to the skies.

SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT. *Cs.*

"For I know if the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, I have a building of God." (NEW)



4 But lying dark between,
And winding through the night,
The deep and unknown stream to-day,
Crossed ere we reach the light.

5 Jesus confirm my trust;
Strengthen the hand of faith
To feel thee, when I stand to-day
Upon the shore of death.

6 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think.

THE WONDROUS CROSS.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died;
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Refrain.

The cross, the cross, the cross, the cross,
The blood-stained cross,
On which the Saviour died for me;
The cross, the cross, the blessed cross,
My glory and my hope shall be.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

Refrain.—The cross, &c.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Refrain.—The cross, &c.

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small.
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

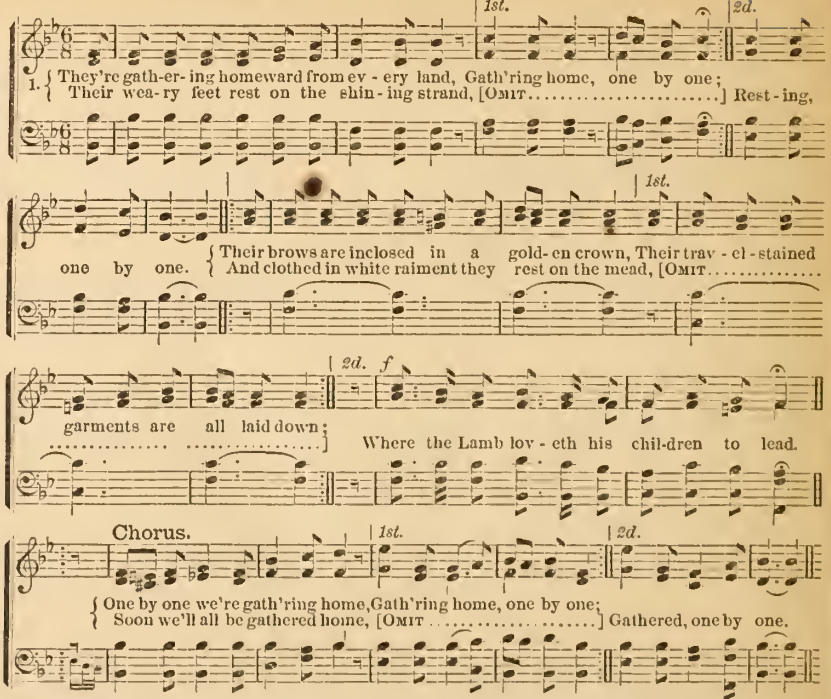
Refrain.

The cross, the cross, the cross, the cross,
The blood-stained cross,
On which the Saviour died for me;
The cross, the cross, the blessed cross,
My glory and my hope shall be.

ONE BY ONE WE'RE GATHERING HOME.

"*Enter into thy rest.*"

After this it was noised abroad that Mr. Valiant-for-truth was taken with a summons by the same post as the other, and had this for a token that the summons was true, "That his pitcher was broken at the fountain." When he understood it, he called for his friends, and told them of it. Then said he, "I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I have got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought his battles who now will be my rewarder." When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river-side, into which as he went he said, "Death, where is thy sting?" And as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?" So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

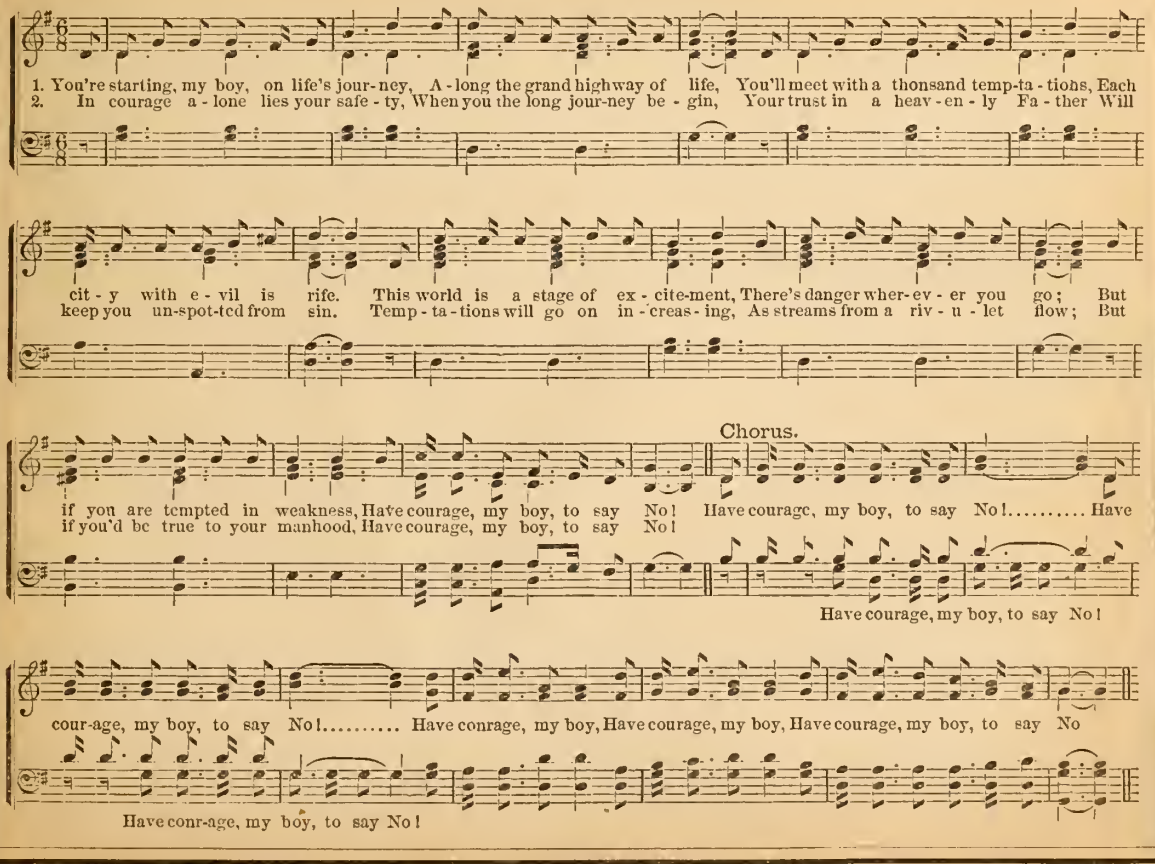


2 Before they can rest they must pass thro' strife,
Passing through, one by one;
'Tis only through death they can enter life,
Ent'ring, one by one.
To some are the floods of the river still,
While fording their way to the heavenly hill;
To others the billows rage fierce and roar,—
Still they all land on the heavenly shore.

2 We also shall come to the river's side,
Coming home, one by one;
We're nearer its waters each eventide,
Nearer, one by one.
We hear now the noise and the dash of the stream,
Again and again thro' our life's deep dream;
And sometimes the floods o'er the banks o'erflow,
Sometimes in ripples the smaller waves go.

HAVE COURAGE TO SAY NO.

"*Resist the devil and he will flee from you.*



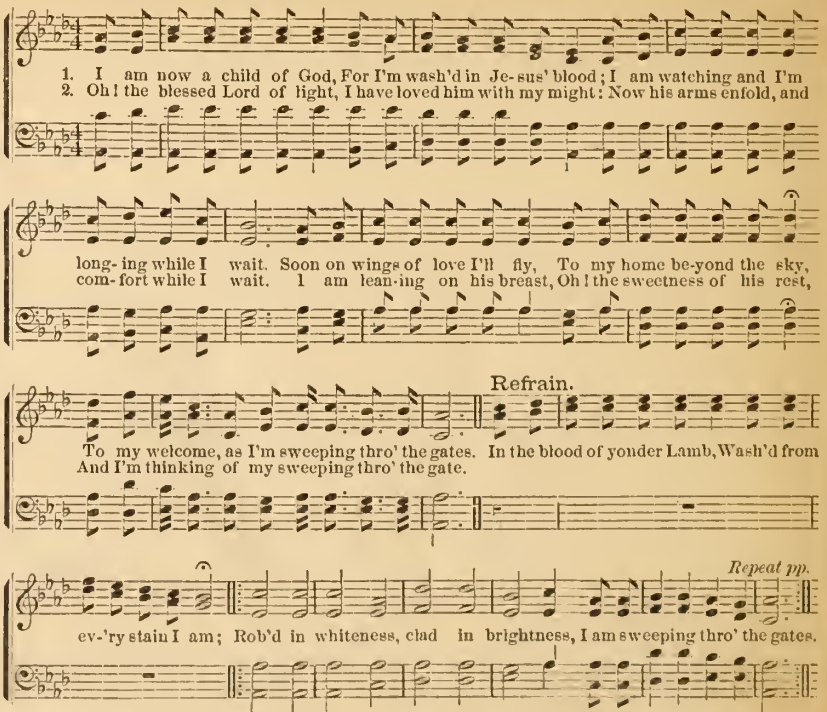
I AM SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.*

"And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there." (NEW)

THEN there came forth a summons for Mr. Standfast. This Mr. Standfast was he that the rest of the pilgrims found upon his *knees* in the Enchanted Ground. And the post brought it him open in his hands; the conten. . thereof were, that he must prepare for a change of life, for his Master was not willing that he should be so far from him any longer.

Then he called unto him Mr. Great-heart, and said, "You have been profitable to me. When I came from home I left behind me a wife, and five small children; let me entreat you, upon your return, that you send to my family, and let them be acquainted with all that has or shall happen to me. Tell them, moreover, of my happy arrival to this place, and of the present blessed condition that I am in." Now while he was in this discourse, his countenance changed, his strong man lowered under him, and he said, "Take me, for I come unto thee." But glorious it was to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players on instruments, to welcome the pilgrims as they went up, and followed one another in at the beautiful gate of the city.

* *Dying words of* REV. ALFRED COOKMAN.



3 I am sweeping thro' the gate
Where the blessed for me wait:
Where the weary workers rest for evermore.
Where the strife of earth is done,
And the crown of life is won,
Oh! I'm thinking of the city while I soar.

4 Burst are all my prison bars,
And I soar beyond the stars;
To my Father's house, the bright and blest estate.
Lo! the morn eternal breaks,
And the song immortal wakes,
Rob'd in whiteness, I am sweeping thro' the gates.

"*And God spake all these words, saying:*"

FIRST COMMANDMENT.—"Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

"*We know that an idol is nothing in the world, and that there is none other god but one.*"

SECOND COMMANDMENT.—"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of *anything* that *is* in heaven above, or that *is* in the earth beneath, or that *is* in the water under the earth: Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth *generation* of them that hate me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments."

"*We ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device.*"

THIRD COMMANDMENT.—"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

"*Let your yea, be yea; and your nay, nay; lest ye fall into condemnation.*"

FOURTH COMMANDMENT.—"Remember the sabbath-day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; But the seventh day *is* the sabbath of the Lord thy God; *in it* thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that *is* within thy gates: For *in* six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them *is*, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath-day and hallowed it."

"*The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath.*"

FIFTH COMMANDMENT.—"Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

"*Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well-pleasing unto the Lord.*"

SIXTH COMMANDMENT.—"Thou shalt not kill."

"*Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer: and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.*"

SEVENTH COMMANDMENT.—"Thou shalt not commit adultery."

"*Know ye not that ye are the temple of God? * * * If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy.*"

EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.—"Thou shalt not steal."

"*Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God.*"

NINTH COMMANDMENT.—"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

"*Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth.*"

TENTH COMMANDMENT.—"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that *is* thy neighbor's."

"*How hard it is for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God!*"

WHAT JESUS SAID.

"*Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.*"

"If a man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

"*God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.*"

"I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

"*Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else.*"

"Search the Scriptures, for they are they which testify of me."

"*Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life.*"

"Behold I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in and sup with him, and he with me."

"*I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.*"

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"*Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.*"

"If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."

"*Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.*"

"I am the door; by me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved."

"*Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me hath everlasting life.*"

"Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye can not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

"*I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep: my sheep hear my voice and I know them, and they follow me.*"

CONSOLING PROMISES.

"*Be ye strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak, for your work shall be rewarded.*"
"O how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee."

"*Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord, and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.*"
"Blessed are they that keep judgment, and he that doeth righteousness at all times."

"*He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.*"
"In famine he shall redeem thee from death, and in war from the power of the sword."

"*The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way.*"
"Though he fall he shall not be utterly cast down, for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand."

"*If they obey and serve him, they shall spend their days in prosperity and their years in pleasure.*"
"Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him, for they shall eat of the fruit of their doings."

"*Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.*"
"For the Lord God is a sun and shield; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

"*Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*"
"Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

"*He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment.*"
"And I will not blot his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father and before his angels."

"*The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, but is long suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish.*"
"And this is the promise that he hath promised us, even eternal life."

"*Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord. And he shall lift you up.*"
"Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you."

"*But as it is written, Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.*"
"He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God and he shall be my son."

"*I will give them eternal life, and they shall never perish.*"
"It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

"*Gather the people together, men and women and children, and thy stranger that is within thy gates, that they may hear, and that they may learn, and fear the Lord your God, and observe to do all the words of this law.*"
"And that their children, which have not known anything, may hear and learn to fear the Lord your God."

"*He giveth power to the faint, and to them that hath no might he increaseth strength.*"
"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles. They shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint."

"*They helped every one his neighbor, and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage.*"
"For the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee."

"*When the poor and needy seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them.*"
"I will open rivers in high places and fountains in the midst of the valleys: I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water."

"*For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love, which ye have showed towards his name.*"
"And we desire that every one of you do show the same diligence, to the full assurance of hope unto the end: that ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

"*But if we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.*"
"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling."

"*For we have not a High Priest which cannot be touched with the feelings of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.*"
"Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need."

"*Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit; and there are differences of administration, but the same Lord; and there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh in all.*"
"And God hath set some in the Church: first, Apostles; secondarily, Prophets; thirdly, Teachers; after that, miracles, their gifts of healings, helps, governments, diversities of tongues."

"*Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.*"
"Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your request be made known unto God; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"*The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.*"

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters."

"*He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.*"

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou *art* with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

"*Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.*"

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

EXHORTATION TO PRAISE. No. 1.

"*O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.*"

"Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms."

"*For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.*"

"In his hand *are* the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills *is* his also."

"*The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.*"

"O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker."

"*For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.*"

EXHORTATION TO PRAISE. No. 2.

"*Praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints.*"

"Let Israel rejoice in him that made him: let the children of Zion be joyful in their King."

"*Let them praise his name in the dance, let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp.*"

"For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people: he will beautify the meek with salvation."

"*Let the saints be joyful in glory: let them sing aloud upon their beds.*"

"*Let* the high *praises* of God *be* in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand."

"*To execute vengeance upon the heathen, and punishments upon the people;*"

"To bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron."

"*To execute upon them the judgment written: this honour have all his saints. Praise ye the Lord.*"

EXHORTATION TO PRAISE. No. 3.

"*Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.*"

"Praise him in his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness."

"*Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.*"

"Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs."

"*Praise him upon the loud cymbals; praise him upon the high-sounding cymbals.*"

"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord."

BEATITUDES.

"*Blessed are the poor in spirit:*
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

"Blessed are they that mourn:
For they shall be comforted."

"*Blessed are the meek:*
For they shall inherit the earth."

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:
For they shall be filled."

"*Blessed are the merciful:*
For they shall obtain mercy."

"Blessed are the pure in heart:
For they shall see God."

"*Blessed are the peacemakers:*
For they shall be called the children of God."

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

"*Blessed are they that dwell in thy house:*
They will be still praising thee."

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor:
The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."

"*Blessed is the man that endureth temptation:*
For when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life."

"The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it."

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