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THE

UNION HARP

AND

REVIVAL CHORISTER

BEING A

COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES FOR THE SOCIAL MEANS OF GRACE.

WITH AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING HYMNS AND TUNES FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS AND ANNIVERSARY OCCASIONS.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

CHARLES DUNBAR.

REVISED EDITION

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THE UNION HARP
AND
REVIVAL CHORISTER.

A Home Beyond the Tide.*

BY C. DUNBAR.

Composed for the Exhibition held in Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati, May 13, 1858.

1. HYMN. P. M.

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

2. Millions now are safely landed
Over on the golden shore,
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.
All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor.
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

3. Come on board and "ship" for glory,
Be in haste—make up your mind!
For our vessel's weighing anchor,
You will soon be left behind.

* See page 248 for music.

All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor.
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

4. You have kindred over yonder,
On that bright and happy shore,
By-and-by we'll swell the number,
When the toils of life are o'er.
All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor.
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

5. Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes,
Gently waft our vessel on ;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song.
All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor.
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

6. When we all are safely anchored,
Over on the shining shore,
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing forever more.
All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor.
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

2. HYMN. C. M.

I HAVE a heavenly chartered bank,
Of more than golden store;
No earthly bank is half as rich—
How then can I be poor?

2. Sometimes my Banker smiling says,
"Why don't you oftener come?
And when you draw a little check,
Why not a larger one?

3. Your bank is full of current notes,
All signed with blood, and free;
Though many a doubting 'Thomas' says,
There is not one for me.

4. We read of one young man, indeed,
Whose riches did abound,
But in our Banker's book of grace,
His name was never found.

5. The "leper" had a little check,
"Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou can."
Our Banker cashed the little check,
And healed the sickly man.

6. We see the wretched, dying thief
Hang by the Banker's side;
He cried, "Dear Lord, remember me;"
He drew his cash and died.

7. Should all the banks of earth suspend,
The "mints" their funds withhold,
Bring in your checks to "Zion's Bank,"
They'll be redeemed with gold!

3. HYMN. P. M.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

2. Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beast 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.

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4. HYMN. C. M.

WITH pitying eyes the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief,
He saw, and (O, amazing love!)
He flew to our relief.

2. Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

3. O! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak.

4. Angels! assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

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5. HYMN. S. M.

I LOVE thy kingdom Lord,—
The house of thine abode,—
The Church our blessed Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2. I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3. For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4. Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5. Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

6. HYMN. P. M.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2. In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3. Fear not, I am with thee—O! be not dismay'd,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand.
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4. When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The river of woe shall not thee o'erflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5. When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6. E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn.
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7. The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

7. HYMN. P. M.

WE have heard of that bright, that holy land,
We have heard and our hearts are glad,
For we are a lonely pilgrim band;
We are weary, and worn, and sad.
They tell us that pilgrims have a dwelling there,
No more are they homeless ones,
And they say that the goodly land is fair,
Where the fountain of life ever runs.

CHORUS.

We'll be there, we'll be there in a little while,
And we'll join with the pure and the blest,
We'll all have the palms, the robes, the crowns,
And we'll be forever at rest.

2. We have heard of the palms, the robes, the crowns,
Of that silvery band in white,
Of the city fair with its golden gates
All radiant with heavenly light.
We have heard of the angels there, and saints
With their golden harps, how they sing,
And the mount, with the fruitful tree of life,
And the leaves that healing bring.

3. There are beautiful birds in the bowers green,
Their songs are blythe and sweet,
Their warbling gushing ever new,
The angel harpers greet.
We'll be there, we'll be there in a little while,
And we'll join with the pure and blest;
We'll all have the palms, the robes, the crowns,
And we'll be forever at rest.

8 HYMN. P. M.

WHITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
Wand'ring through this lonely vale?
Know'st thou not 't is full of danger?
And will not thy courage fail?
No, I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
O hallelujah! O hallelujah!
I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
O hallelujah! O praise ye the Lord.

2. Pilgrim thou hast justly call'd me,
Passing through a waste so wide;
But no harm will e'er befall me
While I'm bless'd with such a guide.
For I'm bound, etc.

3. Such a guide!—no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian pow'r befriend thee,
'T is unseen by mortal eyes,
O, I'm bound, etc.

4. Yes, unseen; but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend;
He'll in ev'ry strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.
For I'm bound, etc.

5. Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
No, I'm bound, etc.

6. No, that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I 'll bend ;
Thence to plunge 't will be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.
For I 'm bound, etc.

7. While I gazed, with speed surprising
Down the stream she plung'd from sight ;
Gazing still, I saw her rising
Like an angel clothed with light.
O, I 'm bound, etc.

8. Cease, my heart, this mournful crying,
Death will burst this sullen gloom ;
Soon my spirit, flutt'ring, flying,
Will be borne beyond the tomb.
For I 'm bound, etc.

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9 HYMN. C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I 'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2. Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4. There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

---

10. HYMN. P. M.

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

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

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

4. Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived amid the throng,
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

11. HYMN. C. M.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears:
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2. Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3. Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

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12. HYMN. C. M.

WHAT vessel are you sailing in;
Pray, tell to me the same?
Our vessel is the Church of God,
And Christ our captain's name.

CHORUS.

Hoist every sail to catch the gale,
The storms will soon be o'er;
The night begins to wear away,
We soon shall reach the shore.

2. And what's the port you're sailing for,
Pray, tell to me straight way?
The New Jerusalem's the port,
The realms of endless day.

3. Our compass is the sacred word,
Our anchor blooming hope;
The love of God our maintop-sail,
And faith our cable rope.

4. But are you not afraid some storm
Your bark will overwhelm?
How can we fear, when Christ is near,
Our Father's at the helm?

5. We're not afraid, for many a storm
The Lord has brought us through;
And soon we'll hear the joyful cry
The land appears in view.

6. Send out a boat, I'll go along,
If you can find me room.
There's room for you and all the world,
Make no delay to come.

7. And when we all are landed safe,
On that celestial plain,
Our song shall be, Worthy the Lamb
That was for sinners slain!

8. The sun is up, the clouds are gone;
The heavens above are clear,
A city bright appears in sight,
We're sailing round the pier.

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13. HYMN. C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2. There everlasting spring abides,
And never with 'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress 'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll 'd between.

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

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14. HYMN. C. M.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear:
Repent, thine end is nigh:
Death, at the farthest, can 't be far:
O think before thou die.

2. Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave!
How stands that dark account?

3. Death enters, and there 's no defense;
His time there 's none can tell;
He 'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven or down to hell.

4. Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

15. HYMN. L. M.

O FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2. The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the earth can shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3. To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4. Thy judgments too, which devils fear,—
Amazing thought!—unmoved I hear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5. But power divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

---

16. HYMN. P. M.

I DREAD thee not, thou darksome grave,
Though thou dost madly yawn for me;
For Jesus, strong his own to save,
Shall my deliverer be.
The turf may rest upon my breast,

Yet broken is death's envious chain;
And I rejoice to hear a voice,
Saying I shall rise again,
Saying I shall rise again.

2. My soul exults, my heart expands,
While round my bark the waters roar;
Beyond the floods I see a land
Where sorrow is no more.
In endless light, forever bright,
Is heard the loud seraphic strain;
My soul cries out, 'T is he! 't is he!
Who died and rose again,
Who died and rose again.

3. I mount, I fly, I near the throne,
While louder peals the heavenly song;
My eyes are fixed on one alone,
High o'er the glittering throng;
While seraphs sing, while arches ring,
The lamb that was for sinners slain;
With rapture bold, I cry, Behold!
He lives for me again!
He lives for me again!

4. Since Jesus makes my heart his home,
My soul shall fear no dread alarm;
The lonely grave in vain cries, Come
To darkness and the tomb.
The monster king has lost his sting,
And hurls his fiery darts in vain;
My eyes shall close in sweet repose,
For I shall rise again,
For I shall rise again.

17. HYMN. L. M.

WHILE thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth and hell I now defy:
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

2. I rest beneath the' Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease:
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

3. Me for thine own thou lov'st to take,
In time and in eternity;
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

---

18. HYMN. P. M.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Rise and ask without delay.
Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring,
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

2. With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

3. While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

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19. HYMN. C. M.

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2. The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3. Lord, everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day!

4. Our souls rejoicingly pursue
The steps of Him we love,
Till glory break upon our view
In brighter worlds above.

20. HYMN. L. M.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world begone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2. O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire;
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3. Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4. Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glory shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

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21. HYMN. L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and he destroy.

2. His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3. We'll crowd thy gates with joyful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4. Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

22. HYMN. P. M.

O TELL me no more of this world's vain store
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er
A country I've found where true joys abound,
To dwell I 'm determined on that happy ground.

CHORUS.

Sing hallelujah ! sing hallelujah !
Sing hallelu-hallelu-hallelujah !

2. The souls that believe, in Paradise live,
And we in that number will Jesus receive ;
My soul, do n't delay, he calls thee away,
Rise, follow the Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3. No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength and comfort do after him go;
Lo ! onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

4. Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell and sin,
Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within ;
And when I 'm to die, Receive me ! I 'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

5. But this I do find, we two are so join'd,
He 'll not live in glory and leave me behind.
So this is the race I 'm running through grace,
Henceforth till admitted to see my Lord's face.

---

23. HYMN. P. M.

I 'M a lonely traveler here, weary, oppressed,
But my journey's end is near, soon I shall rest
Dark and dreary is the way, toiling I 've come,
Ask me not with you to stay, yonder 's my home.

2. I 'm a weary traveler here, I must go on,
For my journey's end is near, I must be gone;
Brighter joys than earth can give win me away,
Pleasures that forever live, I cannot stay.

3. I 'm a traveler to a land where all is fair,
Where is seen no broken band, saints all are there,
Where no tear shall ever fall, nor heart be sad,
Where the glory is for all, and all are glad.

4. I 'm a traveler, and I go where all is fair—
Farewell, all I 've loved below, I must be there;
Worldly honors, hope and gain, all, I resign—
Welcome sorrow, grief and pain, if heaven be mine.

5. I 'm a traveler, call me not, upward 's my way,
Yonder is my rest and lot, I cannot stay;
Farewell, earthly pleasures all, pilgrim I roam;
Hail me not, in vain you call, yonder 's my home.

---

24. HYMN. L. M.

MY heavenly home is bright and fair,
No pain nor death can enter there;
It's glittering towers the sun outshine—
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

CHORUS.

I 'm going home, I 'm going home,
I 'm going home to die no more.

2. My Father's home is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3. While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
And though, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4. Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine a happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5. Then, fail this earth, and stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine;
All nature sink and cease to be—
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

---

25. MYMN. P. M.

WHEN shall we meet again?
Meet ne'r to sever?
When will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes—
Never—no, never!

2. Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour:
May we all there unite,
Happy forever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never—no never!

26. HYMN. S. M.

O WHERE shall rest be found,—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2. The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3. Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4. There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5. Thou God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
Forever more undone.

---

27 HYMN. P. M.

THE Christian pilgrim sings,
Heaven 's my home, heaven 's my home,
The Christian pilgrim sings,
Heaven 's my home.
Through the telescope of faith
He looks o 'er the river death,
And exultingly exclaims,
Heaven 's my home, heaven 's my home.

2. Though poverty 's my lot,
Heaven 's my home, heaven 's my home;
Though poverty 's my lot,
Heaven 's my home.
Though poverty 's my lot,
Though the fig-tree blossom not,
I can sing the song of hope,—
Heaven 's my home, heaven 's my home.

3. Though the world may me disown,
Heaven 's my home, heaven 's my home;
Though the world may me disown,
Heaven 's my home.
Though the world may me disown,
And I 'm little and unknown,
I 'm an heir to yonder throne,—
Heaven 's my home, heaven 's my home.

4. Through the dark and cloudy day
Heaven 's my home, heaven 's my home:
Through the dark and cloudy day
Heaven 's my home.
Through the dark and cloudy day
On Jehovah 's arm I 'll stay,
And pursue my happy way;
Heaven 's my home, heaven 's my home.

5. O that every soul could say,
Heaven 's my home, heaven 's my home;
O that every soul could say,
Heaven 's my home.
O that every soul could say,
If I die this blessed day,
I should rise and soar away;
Heaven 's my home, heaven 's my home.

28. HYMN. P. M.

WHILE wandering to and fro,
In this wide world of woe,
Where streams of sorrow flow,

CHORUS.

Give me Jesus—give me Jesus—
Give me Jesus—
You may have all this world—
Give me Jesus.

2. When tears o'erflow mine eyes;
When pressed by grief I sigh;
Still this shall be my cry,
Give me Jesus, etc.

3. When to the mercy-seat
I go my Lord to meet,
My heart shall still repeat,
Give me Jesus, etc.

4. Though strength and friends should fail,
And foes my soul assail,
Through Him I shall prevail:—
Give me Jesus, etc

5. And when my toils are o'er,
When nearing Jordan's shore,
I'll shout as up I soar,
Give me Jesus, etc.

6. When at the judgment seat,
I stand at Jesus' feet,
When worlds on worlds shall meet,
Give me Jesus, etc.

29. HYMN. P. M.

THE gospel ship has long been sailing,
Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore;
All who would set out for glory,
Come, and welcome, rich and poor

CHORUS.

"Glory! glory! hallelujah!"
All the sailors loudly cry;
See the blissful ports of glory,
Open to each faithful eye.

2. Thousands she has safely landed,
Far beyond this earthly shore;
Thousands now are sailing thither,
Yet there's room for thousands more.

3. Waft along this noble vessel,
All ye gales of gospel grace;
Carrying ev'ry faithful trav'ler
To his glorious landing place!

4. Her sails well filled with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly glides the ship along;
All her company rejoicing,
"Glory!" bursts from every tongue.

5. Come, poor sinner, get converted,
Sail with us o'er life's rough sea;
And with us you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity.

30. HYMN. L. M.

O THAT my load of sin were gone;
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2. Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art?
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3. Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I can not rest till pure within,—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4. Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

5. I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

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31. HYMN. S. M.

GRACE! 't is a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2. Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3. Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4. Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

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32. HYMN. P. M.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restored;
On me be all long-suff'ring shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2. Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3. For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I do myself bemoan?
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

---

33. HYMN. C. M.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign 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. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

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

34. HYMN. P. M.

LET me go, the day is breaking,
Dear companions, let me go:
We have spent a night of waking
In the wilderness below:
Upward now I bend my way,
Part we hear at break of day.

2. Let me go, I may not tarry,
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears:
Angels wait my soul to carry
Where my risen Lord appears:
Friends and kindred, weep not so,
If you love me, let me go.

3. We have travel'd long together,
Hand in hand and heart in heart,
Both through fair and stormy weather,
And 'tis hard—'t is hard to part:
While I sing, "Farewell" to you:
Answer, one and all, "Adieu."

4. 'Tis not darkness gathering round me
That withdraws me from your sight:
Walls of earth no more can bound me,
But, translated into light,
Like the lark on mounting wing,
Though unseen, you hear me sing.

5. Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
Far beyond earth's span of sky:
Am I dead? Nay, by this token,
Know that I have ceased to die:
Would you solve the mystery?
Came up hither—come and see.

35. HYMN. C. M.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly-solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2. Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made :
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3. Extol the Lamb of God,—
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4. Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5. Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6. The gospel trumpet hear,—
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

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36. HYMN. P. M.

OUR bondage here shall end,
By and by—by and by;
Our griefs shall banish then,
With our three-score years and ten,
And bright glory crown the day,
By and by—by and by.

2. Though strong our foes appear,
We 'll go on—we 'll go on;
Our hearts shall know no fear,
For Israel's God is near;—
While the fiery pillar moves,
We 'll go on—we 'll go on.

3. And when to Jordan's flood
We are come—we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters will divide,
While the ransom'd host shall shout,
"We are come—we are come."

4. There friends shall meet again,
Who have lov'd—who have lov'd;

Our embraces shall be sweet,
At our great Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more,
Who have lov'd,—who have lov'd.

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37. HYMN. P. M.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Trav'ler, o'er you mountain's height
See the glory beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

2. Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams, alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3. Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

38. HYMN. S. M.

LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

2. Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3. Thus will the Church below
Resemble that above ;
Were streams of bliss forever flow,
And every heart is love

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39. HYMN. L. M.

WHEN marshal'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye :—
Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem,—
But one alone, the Saviour speaks :
It is "The Star of Bethlehem !"

2. Once on the raging sea I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark :
Deep horror then my vitals froze ;
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem,

When suddenly a star arose!
It was "The Star of Bethlehem!"

3. It was my guide, my light, my all:
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace!
Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore.
The glorious "Star of Bethlehem!'

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40. HYMN. C. M.

BRETHREN and sisters, we must part,
And to our callings go;
But let us all keep one in heart,
Whilst we remain below.

CHORUS.

We 're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
And then with Jesus we shall meet,
And never, never part again.
What! never part again?
No! never part again!
But then we shall each other greet,
And never part again.

2. We may but meet a few times more,
Till we shall meet above,
Where pain and parting are no more,
In that bright world of love.

3. We shall with Christ, in Paradise,
To endless ages dwell:
Then let us pray, both night and day—
So now, dear friends, farewell.

4. And when we meet in heaven above,
Where saints and angels dwell,
We'll sing of his redeeming love,
And never say farewell.

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41. HYMN. L. M.

THOUGH in the outward church below,
The wheat and tares together grow,
Jesus ere long will reap the crop,
And burn the tares in anger up:
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2. Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here,—
How much they heard, how much they knew?
How much among the wheat they grew?
No, soon the reaping time, etc.

3. Oh, this will aggravate their case;
They perish'd under means of grace!
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.
And soon the reaping time, etc.

4. But though they grew so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;

In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown!
For soon the reaping time, etc.

5. We seem alike when thus we meet—
Strangers might think we all were wheat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.
And soon the reaping time, etc.

6. Most awful thought! and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is ev'ry man a wheat, or tare?
Me for that harvest, Lord, prepare:
For soon the reaping time, etc.

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42. HYMN. P. M.

MY buried friends can I forget?
Or must the grave eternal sever?
They linger in my memory yet,
And in my heart they'll live for ever.
They lov'd me once, with love sincere,
And never did their love deceive me;
But often in my conflicts here,
They rallied quickly to relieve me.

2. I fain would weep—but what of tears?
No tears of mine could e'er recall them;
Nor would I wish that grov'ling cares,
Cares like mine, should e'er befall them.
They rest in realms of light and love;
They dwell upon the mount of glory;
They bask in beams of bliss above,
And shout to tell their happy story.

3. I heard them bid the world adieu;
I saw them on the rolling billow:
Their far-off home appear'd in view,
While yet they pressed a dying pillow.
I heard the parting pilgrim tell,
While passing Jordan's stormy river,
"Adieu to earth, for all is well;
Now all is well with me for ever."

4. O, how I long to join their wing,
And range their fields of blooming flowers!
Come, holy watchers, come and bring
A mourner to your blissful bowers.
I'd speed with rapture on my way,
Nor would I pause at Jordan's river,
With songs I'd enter endless day,
And live with my lov'd friends forever.

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43. HYMN. P. M.

HOW painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connexions and innocent joy;
When, blest with paternal advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high,
I still view the chairs of my sire and mother,
The seats of each offspring as ranged on each hand,
And that richest of books, which excell'd every other,
The Family Bible, which lay on the stand,—
The old-fashion'd Bible, the dear, blessed Bible,
The Family Bible, which lay on the stand.

2. That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening could yield us delight;
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day and for safety through night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving, with harmony swelling.
All warm from the hearts of the family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand,—
The old-fashion'd Bible, the dear, blessed Bible,
The Family Bible, which lay on the stand.

3. Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted;
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more,
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore;
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand;
O let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand,—
The old-fashion'd Bible, the dear, blessed Bible,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

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44. HYMN. P. M.

YE people, that wonder at me and my ways,
And with much astonishment on me do gaze,—
Come, lend your attention, and I will relate
My past exercises, and my present state.

2. The people I follow I once did despise,
And ofttimes, like you, gazed on them with surprise;

I gazed with a mixture of pride and disdain,
But still from their meetings I could not refrain.

3. I ofttimes did jest at their sighs and their groans,
And sometimes in secret was made for to mourn;
Though weeping and shouting gave me such offence
I thought it delusion, and all a pretence.

4. I ofttimes resolved to hear them no more,
But still, on occasions, would go as before;
Although persecuted I still would return,
And the spark of conviction began for to burn.

5. The word, clothed with power, at last reach'd
my heart,—
I sat under preaching, and there felt the dart;
I strove to conceal it, but all was in vain,—
To pray, weep, and tremble, it did me constrain.

6. I sank down in sorrow; so great my distress,
I lay for some hours almost motionless;
Till Jesus in mercy his love did reveal:
A wonder, a wonder,—O how did I feel!

7. My burden of guilt was removed and gone,
My spirit was joyful, my soul was serene;
I stood up and praised him, without dread or fear,
Nor would I regard it, though the world had been
there.

8. My friends may despise me, my folks ridicule,
The wise of this world may esteem me a fool;
But all their endeavors will be fruitless and vain,
For Jesus has bless'd me, and I'll praise his name,

45. HYMN. L. M.

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

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

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

4. Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

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

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46. HYMN. P. M.

HAVE you heard, have you heard of that sun-
bright clime,
Undimm'd by sorrow, unhurt by time;
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame,
Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame—
Have you heard of that sun-bright clime?

2. A river of water gushes there,
Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair,

And a thousand wings are hovering o'er
The dazzling wave and the golden shore,
That are seen in that sun-bright clime.

3. Millions of forms all cloth'd in light,
In garments of beauty, clear and white—
They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers
That bloom in that sun-bright clime.

4. Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen,
Their swelling songs and their changeless sheen;
Their ensigns are waving, their banners unfurl'd
O'er jaspar walls and gates of pearl,
That are fix'd in that sun-light clime.

5. But far, far away is that sinless clime,
Undimm'd by sorrow, unhurt by time;
Where, 'mid ev'ry thing that's fair, is given
The home of the just—and its name is Heaven,
The name of that sun-bright clime.

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47. HYMN. P. M.

STREAMING mercy, how it flows,
Now, I know I feel it;
Half has never yet been told,
Yet I want to tell it.
Jesus' blood has heal'd my wound—
O, the wondrous story!
I was lost, but now am found,
Glory! Glory! Glory!

2. Glory to my Saviour's name,
Saints are bound to love him;

Mourners, you may do the same,
Only come and prove him.
Hasten to the Saviour's blood,
Feel it and declare it;
O, that I could sing so loud
All the world might hear it!

3 If no greater joys are known
In the upper region,
I will try to travel on
In this pure religion:
Heaven 's here, and heaven 's there,
Glory here and yonder;
Brightest seraphs shout, Amen,
While the angels wonder.

48. HYMN. S. M.

O SING to me of Heaven,
When I am called to die:
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.

2. When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Break forth in strains of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.

3. Then, to my 'raptur'd ear,
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

4. Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest;

And clasped my cold and icy hands
Upon my peaceful breast.

5. Then, round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.

---

49. HYMN. P. M.

TO heaven I 'm bound with prosp'rous gales,
My bark by grace does safely steer,
And going under gospel sails,
Celestial prospects bright appear,—
To sound her ground my faith now springs,
And to her Author thus she sings,
"Thy will be done!"

2. As bearing up to gain the port,
A blood-stain'd cross and heav'n in view
A Saviour's wounds, my harbor,—fort,—
The beacon, to my vessel true;
Again my faith her soundings tries,
And to my soul's sure pilot cries,
"A blessed hope!"

3. Now, as the blissful shore draws near,
With transport I beheld the place
Where dwells my friend, my Saviour dear,
And long with joy to see his face;
Once more my faith doth try her ground,
And thus reëchoes back the sound,
"Christ is my rock!"

50. HYMN. P. M.

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

2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings you nigh,—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3. Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

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

5. Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
It is finish'd!—
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6. Lo! the' incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him,—venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7. Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

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51. HYMN. P. M.

WE'RE traveling home to heaven above,
Will you go? will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go? will you go?
Millions have reach'd that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God;
And millions more are on the road:
Will you go? will you go?

2. We're going to walk the plains of light,
Where perfect day excludes the night;
Our sun will there no more go down,
In that blest world of great renown,
Our days of mourning past and gone.

3. We're going where tears will never flow,
Sorrow and pain no more to know;
A crown of life we there shall wear,

The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear
And all the joys of heaven we 'll share.

4. The way to heaven is free for all,
For Jew and Gentile, great and small;
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see.
Come to me! come to me!

5. O, could I hear some sinner say,
I will go! I will go!
I 'll start this moment on the way;
Let me go! let me go!
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell;
Let me go! fare you well!

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52. HYMN. P. M.

THE pearl the worldlings covet,
Is not the pearl for me;
Its beauty fades as quickly
As sunshine on the sea;
But there 's a pearl sought by the wise,
'T is called the pearl of greatest price,
Though few its value see.
O that 's the pearl for me, etc.

2. The crown that decks the monarch
Is not the crown for me;
It dazzles but a moment,
Its brightness soon shall flee;

But there 's a crown prepared above,
For all who walk in humble love ;
Forever bright 't will be.

3. The road that many travel
Is not the road for me ;
It leads to death and sorrow,
In it I would not be ;
But there 's a road that leads to God,
'T is marked by Christ's most precious blood,
The passage there is free.

4. The hope that sinners cherish
Is not the hope for me ;
Most surely will they perish,
Unless from sin made free ;
But there 's a hope which rests in God,
And leads the soul to keep his word,
And sinful pleasures flee.

---

53. HYMN. P. M.

WHAT is life ? 'tis but a vapor,
Soon it vanishes away ;
Life is but a dying taper,
O my soul ! why wish to stay ?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy ?

2. See that glorry, how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns—the King of saints.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly, etc.

3. Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love;
Through the heavens his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly, etc

4. Go, and share his people's glory,
'Mid the ransomed crowd appear;—
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly, etc.

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54. HYMN. P. M.

OH! that I had a secret place,
Where I might hide from sorrow,
Where I might see my Saviour's face,
And thus be saved from terror;
Oh! had I wings like Noah's dove,
I'd leave this world and Satan,
And fly away to realms above,
Where Jesus stands inviting.

2. I 'm ofttimes made to weep and mourn,
Because I 'm faint and feeble;
And when my Saviour hides his face,
My soul is filled with trouble;
But when he doth again return,
And I lament my folly,
Then I do after glory run,
And still my Jesus follow.

3. I want to live a Christian here,
I want to die a shouting,

I want to feel my Saviour near,
When soul and body's parting;
I want to see bright angels stand,
And ready to receive me,
To bear my soul to Canaan's land,
Where Christ has gone before me.

---

55. HYMN. P. M.

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2. I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3. Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4. Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, how shall I give thee up?—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5. There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

56. HYMN. P. M.

AN alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wander'd through earth, its gay pleasures to trace,
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me dear Saviour for heaven my home!

2. The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are giv'n,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heav'n.

3. Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms;
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms!
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home!

4. Farewell, vain amusements! my follies, adieu!
While Jesus and heaven, and glory I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.

5. The days of my exile are passing away;
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
"Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence forever at home."

6. Affliction and sorrow, and death shall be o'er,
The saints shall unite to be parted no more,
There loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
They dwell with the Saviour forever at home.

57. HYMN. S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

2. Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

---

58. HYMN. S. M.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

2. Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3. Leave no unguarded place,—
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:
Indissolubly join'd,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your Head.

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59. HYMN. L. M.

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 fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3. 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

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

60. HYMN. P. M.

GUIDE me, O, thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak--but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current:
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

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61. HYMN. P. M.

A LITTLE longer here below,
Then home to glory we shall go;
Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, roll on,
And let these poor pilgrims go home, go home.

2. I have some friends before me gone,
And I'm resolved to travel on;
Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, roll on,
And let these poor pilgrims go home, go home.

62. HYMN. P. M.

COME to Jesus ! come to Jesus !
Come to Jesus just now ;
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.

2. He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you just now ;
Just now he will save you,
He will save you just now.

3. Venture on him, venture on him,
Venture on him just now ;
Just now venture on him,
Venture on him just now.

4. Trust the Saviour, trust the Saviour,
Trust the Saviour just now ;
Just now trust the Saviour,
Trust the Saviour just now.

5. Jesus saves me, Jesus saves me,
Jesus saves me just now ;
Just now Jesus saves me,
Jesus saves me just now.

6. Give him glory, give him glory,
Give him glory just now ;
Just now give him glory,
Give him glory just now.

7. Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
Hallelujah to the Lamb ;
Praise God ! hallelujah !
Hallelujah !—Amen.

63. HYMN. P. M.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow!
There 's nothing TRUE but heaven.

2. Poor wand'rers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we 're driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light us on the way!
There 's nothing CALM but heaven.

3. And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues at even;
And genius' bud, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb!
There's nothing BRIGHT but heaven.

4. And where 's the hand held out to cheer
The heart with anguish riven?
For sorrow's sigh, and trouble's tear
Have never found a refuge here!
There's nothing KIND but heaven.

5. In vain do mortals sigh for bliss,
Without their sins forgiven:
True pleasure, everlasting peace,
Are only found in God's free grace!
There 's nothing GOOD but heaven.

6. From such as walk in wisdom's road,
Corrcding fears are driven;
They 're wash'd in Christ's atoning blood,
Enjoy communion with their God,
And find their way to heaven.

64. HYMN. L. M.

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

2. From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet ;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

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

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

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65. HYMN. P. M.

YE who know your sins forgiven,
And are happy in the Lord,
Have you read that gracious promise,
Which is left upon record ?
I will sprinkle you with water,
I will cleanse you from all sin :
Sanctify and make you holy,
I will dwell and reign within.

2. Though you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find ;

Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind.
To procure your perfect freedom,
Jesus suffer'd, groan'd, and died;
On the cross the healing fountain
Gush-ed from his wounded side.

3. Be as holy and as happy,
And as useful here below,
As it is your Father's pleasure;
Jesus, only Jesus, know.
None but holy ones can enter
To the pure celestial sphere;
Let me ask the solemn question,—
Has the Lord a witness here?

4. Wake up brother, wake up sister,
Seek, O seek this holy state;
None but holy ones can enter,
Thro' the pure, celestial gate.
Can you bear the thought of losing
All the joys that are above?
No my brother, no my sister,
God will perfect you in love.

---

66. HYMN. P. M.

I AM fading away to the land of the blest,
Like the last lingering hues of the even:
Reclining my head on my Saviour's breast,
I soar to my own native heaven;
My warfare is finished, the battle is won,
To a crown and a throne I aspire;

My coursers are swifter than steeds of the sun,
I mount in a chariot of fire.

2. The world is fast sinking away from my sight,
A trifle appears all its treasures!
I see them from hence by eternity's light:
How vanish its pomp and its pleasures!
How faint are the notes of the trumpet of fame,
Refreshing its soul-flattering story!
How tarnished the luster of each noble name!
A meteor flash is its glory.

3. But there is a spot—one beautiful spot
My heart lingers o'er with emotion;
Its peaceful enjoyment shall ne'er be forgot;
'Tis the place of my former devotion.
I see it, "outstretched in its loveliness," lie,
Like a garden of lilies and roses;
More charming to me, as it fades from the eye,
Than the valleys of Canaan to Moses.

4. Lo! upward I gaze, and the glory supreme,
That illumines the hights of elysium,
Shines down through the veil—there is life in each beam—
It renders immortal my vision;
The notes of soft melody fall on my ear;
Harmonious the cadence and measure;
'Tis the voice of the harpers on Zion I hear;
Full high swells their chorus of pleasure.

5. Lo! there are the towers of my future abode,
The city on high and eternal!

See, there is the Eden—the river of God !
And the trees ever bearing and vernal :
Haste, haste with me onward, companion and guide,
Let me join in that heavenly matin ;
Fly wide, ye bright gates ! swiftly through them I ride,
Triumphant o'er sin, death and Satan.

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67. HYMN. C. M.

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 joys.

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

4. Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate ;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?

5. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

68. HYMN. P. M.

WHAT must the fountain be,
From whence grace runs so free!
It gives such peace and pleasure;
Not all terrestrial bliss
Can ever equal this,
A foretaste of my Saviour.

CHORUS.

My soul doth long to go
Where it may fully know
The glories of my Saviour;
And as we pass along,
We'll sing a Christian song:
We hope to live forever.

2. My brethren, can you say
That you are on your way,
You are on your way to glory?
I care not for your name,
Religion is the same,
Come, tell the pleasing story.
My soul doth long to go
Where it may fully know, etc.

3. My soul now sits and sings,
And practices her wings,
And contemplates the hour,
When the messenger will say,
Come quit this house of clay,
And with bright angels tower.
My soul doth long to go
Where it may fully know, etc.

69. HYMN. P. M.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—I 'm fixed upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love!

Chorus.

None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good,
None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.

2 Here I 'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I 'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I 'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here 's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

70. HYMN. P. M.

THE morning star of hope and love,
Shines brightly in the vaulted sky,
To guide the weary traveler home,
Where pleasures never die.

CHORUS.

Then weep no more there yet is light,
Though darkness for a while may stay,
The morning star that shines so bright,
Shall chase the night away.

2. Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head,
'Tis Christ, the bright and morning star,
Upon thy path his light is shed,
And shows thee heaven afar.
Then weep no more, etc.

3. That beaming star is shining still
Upon life's dark and troubled sea,
To quell the storm, to calm the deep,
And speak in peace to thee.
Then weep no more, etc.

4. Then hope again whate'er betide,
A pledge is given that storms shall cease;
Your fragile bark he'll surely guide
Into the port of peace.
Then weep no more, etc.

5. And when the storm of life is past,
That star will settle o'er thy tomb
To watch the till the trumpet's blast
Shall call thee to thy home.
Then weep no more, etc.

71. HYMN. P. M.

I am weary of Straying.

I AM weary of straying, O! fain would I rest,
In that far distant land of the pure and the blest;
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations forever are fled.

2. I am weary of hoping where hope is untrue,
As fair, but as fleeting, as morning's bright dew;
I long for the land whose blest promise alone,
Is as changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

3. I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions, that fade at their birth,
O'er pangs of the lov'd, which we can not assuage,
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.

4. I am weary of loving what passes away—
The sweetest and dearest, alas, may not stay!
I long for that land where those partings are o'er.
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

5. I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy love;
O, when shall I rest in thy presence above!
I am weary—but, O! let me never repine,
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise are mine.

6. I am weary of straying, O! fain would I rest,
In that far distant land of the pure and the blest;
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations forever are fled.

72. HYMN. P. M.

MY brother, will you meet me
On that delightful shore?
My brother, will you meet me
Where parting is no more?
Then we 'll march around Jerusalem,
We 'll march around Jerusalem,
We 'll march around Jerusalem,
When we arrive at home.

2. O sister, will you meet me
On that delightful shore?
O sister, will you meet me
Where parting is no more?

3. O leader, will you meet me
On that delightful shore?
O leader will you meet me
Where parting is no more?

4. O preacher, will you meet me
On that delightful shore?
O preacher, will you meet me
Where parting is no more?

5. O classmate, will you meet me
On that delightful shore?
O classmate, will you meet me
Where parting is no more?

6. Young convert, will you meet me
On that delightful shore?
Young convert, will you meet me
Where parting is no more?

7. O mourner, will you meet meet me
On that delightful shore?
O mourner, will you meet me
Where parting is no more?

8. Backslider, will you meet me
On that delightful shore?
Backslider, will you meet me
Where parting is no more?

9. Yes, bless the Lord! I' ll meet you
On that delightful shore;
Yes, bless the Lord! I' ll meet you
Where parting is no more.

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73. HYMN. P. M.

HOW happy is the man
Who has chosen wisdom's ways,
And measured out his span,
To his God in prayer and praise.
His God and his Bible
Are all that he desires;
To holiness of heart and life
He constantly aspires;
In poverty he 's happy,
For he knows he has a friend
Who never will forsake him,
And on whom he can depend.

2. He rises in the morning,
With the lark he tunes his lays,
And offers up a tribute
To his God, in prayer and praise;

And then unto his labor,
He cheerfully repairs,
In confidence believing
His God will hear his prayers.
Whatever he engages in,
At home, or far abroad,
His object is to honor
And glorify his God.

3. 'Tis thus you have his history,
Through life from day to day;
Religion is no mystery,
It is a beaten way;
And when upon his pillow
He lays him down to die,
His soul in hope rejoices,
For he knows his God is nigh.
And when life's lamp is flickering,
His soul, on wings of love,
Flies away to realms of glory
To dwell with Christ above.

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74. HYMN. P. M.

FLY away to thy long-sought home on high!
Fly away to the promis'd shore!
Where the Eden fields in glory lie,
And the humble shall weep no more.
I have long thought on your scenes sublime,
And dreamed of your temple of light;
I have wept while I mus'd on your sun-lit clime,
Borne on with ecstatic delight.

2. I must wait for the word of the Prince of Peace;
I must wait for the guardian bands;
I must wait till the message brings release,
That 's signed by Immanuel's hands.
Then away from this desert, with joy I'll rise;
Then away from my prison I 'll fly;
My pinion I 'll dip in the clear bright skies,
And fly away to my home on high.

---

75. HYMN. P. M.

A HOME in heaven! what a joyful thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot;
His heart oppressed, and with anguish riven,
From his home below to a home in heaven.

2. A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of a home in heaven.

3. A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid;
And our strength decays, and our health is rive
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

4. A home in heaven! when the sinner mourns,
And with contrite heart to the Saviour turns;
O! then, what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.

5. A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless grave of the moldering dead;

We wait in hope of the promise given,
We will meet again in our home in heaven

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76. HYMN. S. M.

JESUS, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me;
Thy yearning pity for mankind,—
Thy burning charity.

2. In me thy spirit dwells
In me thy bowels move;
So shall the fervor of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love.

---

77. HYMN. S. M.

LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2. Thy ransom'd servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;
And from this moment live or die,
To serve my God alone.

---

78. HYMN. P. M.

O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;—
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

79. HYMN. C. M.

ONCE more we come before our God;
Once more his blessing ask:
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2. Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
And bid our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3. May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4. To seek thee, all our hearts dispose;
To each thy blessings suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce abundant fruit.

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80. HYMN. S. M.

I LISTEN for the voice
Which speaks my sins forgiven;
Speak, Lord, and bid my heart rejoice
In certain hope of heaven.
Thy Name O! may I prove,
Thy name inscribed on me;
And triumph in redeeming love
Through all eternity.

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81. HYMN. P. M.

WE many a sore temptation meet,
While in this world of woe,

But that will make our joys more sweet,
When we to glory go.
O, hallelujah ! Glory, hallelujah !
Praise Him, hallelujah !
We're on our journey home.

---

82. HYMN. P. M.

MARY to the Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn,
Spice she bro't, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.
For awhile she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2. But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard His welcome voice ;
Christ had risen from the dead,
Now He bids her heart rejoice ;
What a change His word can make,
Turning darkness into day ;
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake
He will wipe your tears away.

3. He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest-tossed :
On His word your burden cast,
On His love your thoughts employ :
Weeping for awhile may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

83. HYMN. C. M.

AT Jacob's well a stranger sought
His drooping frame to cheer:
Samaria's daughter little thought
That Jacob's God was near.

2. This had she known, her fainting mind
For richer draughts had sigh'd;
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
Those richer draughts denied.

3. The man, who came on earth to die,
How few appear to know:
The friend of sinners, passing by,
Is still esteem'd a foe.

4. The sinner must the stranger know,
Or soon his loss deplore:
Behold! the living waters flow:
Come—drink and thirst no more.

---

84. HYMN. P. M.

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee:
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2. Delay not, delay not: why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3. Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb:
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4. Delay not, delay not: the Spirit of Grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5. Delay not, delay not: the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand:
What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

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85. HYMN. P. M.

I CAME to the spot where the poor pilgrim lay,
And pensively stood by his tomb;
When in a low whisper, I heard something say,
How sweetly I sleep here alone.

2. The tempest may howl, and the loud thunder roll,
And gathering storms may arise;
Yet calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,
And the tears are all wiped from my eyes.

3. The call of my Master compelled me from
home—
I bade my companion farewell!
I left my sweet children, who for me now mourn,
In far distant regions to dwell.

4. I wandered an exile, a stranger below,
To publish salvation abroad;
The trump of the Gospel endeavored to blow,
Inviting poor sinners to God.

5. But when among strangers, and far from my
home,
No kindred, nor relative nigh,
Death blighted my body, I sank to the tomb,
My spirit to mansions on high.

6. Go tell my companion and children most dear,
Although from the earth I am gone,
The same Hand that led me thro' scenes dark and
drear,
Hath kindly conducted me home.

---

86. HYMN. C. M.

WHAT if our bark, o'er life's rough wave
By adverse winds be driv'n,
And howling tempests round us rave,
There are no tears in heav'n.

2. What though affliction be our lot,
Our heart with anguish riv'n,
Still, let it never be forgot
There are no tears in heav'n.

3. If sweetest joys here vanish all,
And fade like hues at ev'n,
Our brightest hopes like meteors fall—
There are no tears in heav'n.

4. The mourner sad, and drown'd in grief,
Hath long in sorrow striven,
Shall find at last a sweet relief,
Tears wiped away in heav'n.

5. Then God our joy and rest shall be,
And sorrow far be driven;
And sin and death forever flee—
There are no tears in heav'n.

6. There from the blooming tree of life
The healing fruit is giv'n;
There, there shall cease the painful strife—
There are no tears in heav'n.

---

87. HYMN. P. M.

DAUGHTER of Zion! awake from thy sadness,
Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the Day-Star of gladness,
Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2. Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions was mightier far:
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
How vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3. Daughter of Zion ! the power that hath saved
thee,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel shall
be ;—
Shout ! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved
thee,
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

---

88. HYMN. P. M.

MUST Simon bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free ?
No, there 's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
Yes, there's a cross on Calvary,
Through which by faith the crown I see,—
To me 't is pardon bringing ;
O that's the cross for me !

2. How happy are the saints above,
Who once went mourning here !
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
For perfect love will dry the tear,
And cast out all tormenting fear
Which round my heart is clinging ;
O that 's the love for me !

3. We 'll bear the consecrated cross,
Till from the cross we 're free ;
And then go home to wear the crown,
For there 's a crown for me.

Yes, there's a crown in heaven above,
The purchase of my Saviour's love,
For me at His appearing;
O that's the crown for me!

4. The saints shall hear the midnight cry;
The Lord will then appear,
And virgins wise, with burning lamps,
Will meet him in the air.
For there's a home in heaven prepared,
A house by saints and angels shared,
Where Christ is interceding;
O that's the home for me!

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89. HYMN. P. M.

THERE is a land of pleasure,
Where streams of joy forever roll,
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I long to rest my soul.
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray;
But since my Saviour found me,
A lamp has shone around my way

2. Then come, thou king of terrors,
And with thy weapons lay me low:
I soon shall reach that region
Where everlasting pleasures flow.
Now, Christians, I must leave you
A few more days to suffer here:
Through grace I soon shall meet you—
My soul exults—I 'm almost there,

90. HYMN. P. M.

THERE'S a home in the heavens for you, my brother,
There's a home in the heavens for you:
The Saviour is fitting up mansions above—
There 's a home in the heavens for you.

2. Then watch and be faithful, and pray, my brother,
Then watch and be faithful and pray;
For Jesus has gone to prepare thee a home—
O watch and be faithful and pray.

3. And when the last conflict is o'er, my brother.
And when the last conflict is o'er,
We'll mount on the pinions of light to our home,
Where sighing and death are no more.

---

91. HYMN. P. M.

WHILE nature was sinking in stillness to rest,
The last beams of daylight shone dim in the west,
O'er fields by the moonlight my wandering feet
Sought, in quiet meditation, some lonely retreat.

2. While passing a garden, I paused for to hear
A voice, faint and plaintive, from one that was there;
The voice of the suff'rer affected my heart,
While in agony pleading the poor sinner's part.

3. In offering to heaven his pitying prayer,
He spoke of the torments the sinner must bear;
His life, as a ransom, he offered to give,
That sinners redeemed in glory might live.

4. I listen'd a moment, then turn'd to see
What man of compassion this Stranger could be;
I saw him low kneeling upon the cold ground,
The loveliest being that ever was found!

5. His mantle was wet with the dew of the night,
His locks by pale moonbeams were glist'ning and
bright;
His eyes, bright as diamonds, to heaven were
raised,
While angels in wonder stood round him amazed!

6. So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his pray-
ers,
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood and
tears.
I wept to behold him, I asked him his name—
He answered, "'Tis Jesus, from heaven I came!

7. I am thy Redeemer, for thee I must die:
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by;
Thy sins, like a mountain, are laid upon me;
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee."

8. I heard with deep sorrow the tale of his woe,
While tears, like a fountain of waters, did flow;
The cause of his sorrows to hear him repeat,
Affected my heart, and I fell at his feet.

9. I trembled with horror and loudly did cry,
"Lord, save a poor sinner; O save, or I die!"
He smiled when he saw me, and said to me,
"Live!
Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive."

10. How sweet was the moment he bade me rejoice!
His smile, O how pleasant! how cheering his voice!
I flew from the garden to spread it abroad,
I shouted, Salvation and glory to God!

11. I'm now on my journey to mansions above;
My soul's full of glory, of light, peace and love;
I think of the garden, the prayer, and the tears,
Of that loving Stranger who banished my fears.

12. The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When Gabriel, descending, the trumpet shall sound;
My soul, then, in raptures of glory shall rise,
To gaze on the Stranger with unclouded eyes.

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92. HYMN. P. M.

WHEN the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me;
When the languid eye is streaming,
Weep not for me;
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing;
'T is the fettered soul's releasing,
Weep not for me.

2. When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me;
Christ is mine, he cannot fail me,
Weep not for me;

Yes, though sin and doubt endeavor,
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength forever;
Weep not for me.

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93. HYMN. C. M.

FAREWELL, dear friends, adieu, adieu;
Still in God's ways delight;
May grace and peace abide with you—
Good night, good night, good night!

2. Tho' in this world our foes are strong,
And would our souls affright,
Our God will ne'er forsake his own—
Good night, good night, good night!

3. Urge on your journey to the end,
Turn not to left or right;
In Christ you'll find a constant friend—
Good night, good night, good night!

4. Then when Christ's banner is unfurl'd,
The signal for our flight;
We each will say to this vain world—
Good night, good night, good night!

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94. HYMN. P. M.

MERCY, O thou Son of David!"
Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed:
"Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid."

2. "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let mine eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

3. Now, methinks, I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around—
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!

4. O, that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me;
Surely they would hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see."

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95. HYMN. P. M.

YE careless professors, who rest on your lees,
Amidst your vain pleasures, your profit and ease,
Now, God says, Arise and escape for your life,
And look not behind you—Remember Lot's wife.

2. Awake from your slumber, the warning receive;
'Tis Jesus that warns you, the message believe;
While dangers are pending, Escape for your life,
And look not behind you—Remember Lot's wife.

3. The first bold apostate will tempt you to stray,
And tell you no dangers are found in the way;
He means to deceive you; Escape for your life,
And look not behind you—Remember Lot's wife.

4. How many poor souls has the serpent beguil'd,
With specious temptations, how many defil'd;

Then be not deluded; Escape for your life,
And look not behind you—Remember Lot's wife.

5. The ways of religion true pleasures afford,
No pleasures can equal the joys of the Lord;
Forsake then the world, and escape for your life,
And look not behind you—Remember Lot's wife.

6. But if you determine the call to refuse,
And venture the way of destruction to choose:
For hell, you must part with the blessings of life,
And then, if not now, you'll Remember Lot's wife.

---

96. HYMN. C. M.

THE day has come, the joyful day,
At last the day has come,
When saints and angels joy display,
O'er sinners coming home.

CHORUS.

They're coming home, they're coming home,—
Behold them coming home;
And saints and angels joy display,
Praise God, they're coming home.

2. How beautiful on mountain's top
The herald's feet appear;
While tidings, blessed tidings drop,
The broken heart to cheer.
They're coming home, etc.

3. New trophies greet us every day,
Which spread the flame around,
While parents to each other say,
"Tho' lost, my child is found."
They're coming home, etc.

4. And while the day of mercy shines,
Poor sinners still may come,
And light, and peace, and joy divine
Shall cheer their journey home.
They 're coming home, etc.

5. Let every sinner here now say,
"I will my Saviour love ;
I'll take my cross, I 'll urge my way
To that bright home above."
They 're coming home, etc.

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97. HYMN. L. M.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee !
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,—
Whose glories shine through endless days.

2. Ashamed of Jesus ;—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend ;
No !—when I blush, be this my shame,—
That I no more revere his name.

3. Ashamed of Jesus !—yes, I may,
When I 've no guilt to wash away :
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
And O, may this my glory be,—
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

98. HYMN. P. M.

HOW precious is the name !
Brethren sing, brethren sing,
How precious is the name!
Brethren sing,
How precious is the name !
Of Christ, the paschal Lamb,
Who bore our gilt and shame
On the tree.

2. I've given all for Christ,
He's my all, he's my all ;
I've given all for Christ,
And my spirit cannot rest,
Unless he's in my breast,
Reigning there, reigning there.

3. His easy yoke I'll bear
With delight, with delight ;
His easy yoke I'll bear,
And his cross I will not fear ;
His name I will declare,
Ever more, ever more.

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99. HYMN. P. M.

HARK ! the jubilee is sounding,
O the joyful news to come !
Free salvation, grace abounding,
By and through God's only Son.
Now the Saviour is beginning
To revive his work again.

CHORUS.

Glory, honor and salvation,
Christ the Lord is come to reign.

2. Come, young friends, pray don't reject him,
Come to Jesus in your prime;
Choose salvation, don't reject it,
O! embrace it, now's your time;
Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his dear name.

2. Now let each one cease from sinning,
Follow Christ, the call obey,
And our souls shall find a blessing,
Seeking Jesus in the way:
Golden moments we've neglected,
O! the time we've spent in vain.

---

100. HYMN. P. M.

DON'T you see my Jesus coming,
Don't you see him in yon cloud,
With ten thousand angels round him,
How they do my Jesus crowd;
I'll arise and go and meet him,
He'll embrace me in his arms;
In the arms of my dear Jesus,
O! there are ten thousand charms.

2. Death shall not destroy my comfort,
Christ shall guide me thro' the gloom;
Down he'll send a heav'nly convoy,
To convey my spirit home:

Jordan's streams shall near o'erflow me,
While my Saviour 's by my side;
Canaan, Canaan lies before me,
Rise and cross the swelling tide.

3. See the happy spirits waiting,
On the banks beyond the stream,
Sweet responses still repeating,
Jesus, Jesus, is their theme;
See, they whisper! hark, they call me,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
Lo I come! earth can't contain me,
Hail! ye realms of endless day.

---

101. HYMN. P. M.

HEAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation;
Published now to every creature,
To the ruined sons of nature.

CHORUS.

Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious;
Over heaven and earth most glorious,
Jesus reigns.

2. See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Saviour."

3. Ho! ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing,
Here is life and free salvation,
Offered to the whole creation.

4. Here is wine, and milk, and honey,
Come, and purchase without money;
Mercy, like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.

5. For this love let rocks and mountains,
Pouring streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.

---

102. HYMN. P. M.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast,—
'Tis found above, in heaven.

2. There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3. There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

103. HYMN. L. M.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2. Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vex'd, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years.

3. Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Then thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

4. Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To' exclude me from thy people's rest.

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104. HYMN. L. M.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:—
Come all the world! come sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3. Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4. My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5. See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

---

105. HYMN. S. M.

OUR sins on Christ were laid;
He bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid
In groans, and tears, and blood.

2. To save a world, he dies;
Sinners, behold the Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes;
Seek mercy in his name.

3. Pardon and peace abound;
He will your sins forgive;
Salvation in his name is found,—
He bids the sinner live.

4. Jesus, we look to thee;—
Where else can sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set us free
From wretchedness and wo.

106. HYMN. L. M.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2. "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command:
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3. The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

---

107. HYMN. C. M.

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

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:—

3. Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone
Without his sov'reign grace.

3. Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

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

---

108. HYMN. P. M.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu!
With all of creature good:
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasures I forego;
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2. Other knowledge I disdain;
'T is all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain—
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe,
The sin-atoning Victim died—
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3. O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love!

Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus will I know
And Jesus crucified.

---

109. HYMN. P. M.

WHEN shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again
Oft shall glowing hope aspire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

2. Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath the hostile sky:
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And, in fancy's wide domain,
There shall we all meet again.

3. When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

---

110. HYMN. C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me:—

2. A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3. O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:—

4. A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

---

111. HYMN. C. M.

O 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, the hallow'd bliss
Of an an eternal home.

---

112. HYMN. L. M.

OF Him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—he 'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty,—he 'll forgive.

2. Ask but his grace, and lo, 't is given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3. To shame our sins he blush 'd in blood
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.

4. 'T is thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan:
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5. Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

113. HYMN. S. M.

AS strangers here below,
With various woes oppress'd,
We must through tribulation go
To our eternal rest.

2. Thus Christ, our glorious Head,
Ascended to his throne :—
Why should his servants fear to tread
The way their Lord has gone ?

3. The path to glory lies
Through conflict and distress :—
But joyful we at length shall rise,
The kingdom to possess.

---

114. HYMN. S. M.

MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise ;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2. O watch, and fight, and pray ;
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3. Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down :
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4. Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God ;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

115. HYMN. S. M.

AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.
Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

2. What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we pass'd!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

3. Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

---

116. HYMN. S. M.

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?

To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive.

2. Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror.

3. Though late, I all forsake:
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

---

117. HYMN. C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all,

2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

---

118. HYMN. P. M.

ARE there not in the laborer's day
Twelve hours, in which he safely may
His calling's work pursue?
Though sin and Satan still are near,
Nor sin nor Satan can I fear,
With Jesus in my view.

2. Ten thousand snares my paths beset,
Yet will I, Lord, the work complete,
Which thou to me hast given;
Regardless of the pains I feel,
Close by the gates of death and hell,
I urge my way to heaven.

---

119. HYMN. P. M.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rd heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;

Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
There we'll join the heavenly train,
Welcomed to partake the bliss;
Fly from sorrow, care, and pain,
To realms of endless peace.

---

120. HYMN. P. M.

AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear—
The day of eternity come.
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode;
The house of our Father above—
The palace of angels and God.

2. By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold;
As crystal her buildings are clear;
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

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121. HYMN. L. M.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2. While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound,
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

3. Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave—
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4. In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5. Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound,
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

---

122. HYMN. C. M.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

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

3. Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

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

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

---

123. HYMN. C. M.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea—
For me the Saviour died.

2. My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3. Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart

---

124. HYMN. C. M.

JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fiy.

2. Jesus, the name to sinners dear—
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3. Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4. O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5. His only righteousness I show—
His saving truth proclaim:
'T is all my business here below,
To cry, Behold the Lamb!

6. Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!

---

125. HYMN. P. M.

HEAD of the Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory;
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation;
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2. By faith we see the glory
To which thou shalt restore us:
The cross despise for that high prize
Which thou hast set before us;
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand, at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

---

126. HYMN. P. M.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us—The Lord will provide.

2. The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed:
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written—The Lord will provide.

3. When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us (though oft he has tried)
The heart-cheering promise—The Lord will provide.

4. He tells us we're weak—our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain:
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions—The Lord will provide.

5. No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide:
The Lord is our power—The Lord will provide.

6. When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting—The Lord will provide.

---

127. HYMN. L. M.

WHY will ye waste, on trifling cares,
That life which God's compassion spares,
While, in various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2. Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain,
And all these pleas unite in vain?

---

128. HYMN. L. M.

COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2. Christians, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

129. HYMN. P. M.

SHUDDER not to pass the stream:
Venture all thy care on him—
Him, whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar.

2. Angels, joyful to attend,
Hov'ring round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And convey thee quick to heaven.

3. Go to shine before the throne;
Deck the Mediator's crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

4. See the haven full in view;
Love divine shall bear thee through:
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thine anchor, spread thy sail.

---

130. HYMN. L. M.

MY crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,—
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

2. My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

3. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death;

And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

4. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,—
Some sure support against despair

131. HYMN. L. M.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around:
A solemn darkness vails the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,—
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2. Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for man;
But lo! what sudden joys we see;
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise;)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

3. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns,
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains:
Say, Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
Then ask the monster, Where 's thy sting?
And, where 's thy victory, boasting grave?

132. HYMN. C. M.

WHY should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe,
For an immortal crown?

2. Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3. Their toils are passed, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
And enter'd into rest.

4. Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recall'd his own;
But let our hearts, in every wo,
Still say,—Thy will be done.

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133. HYMN. L. M.

AGAIN returns the Sabbath day,
Another week has passed away;
Again we meet to serve the Lord,
To sing his love, and read his word.

2. Before our God let us appear
With reverence and with holy fear;
Let every knee before him bend,
Our Judge, our Saviour, and our Friend,

3. Let our united voices rise
In songs of praises to the skies;
To him who hears our humble cry,
And sees us with a Father's eye.

134. HYMN. L. M.

THE rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

2. To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

3. Thy judgments too, which devils fear—
Amazing thought! unmoved I hear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

4. But power divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need·
Thy spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

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135. HYMN. P. M.

HOW lost was my condition
Till Jesus made me whole!
He is the great Physician
That cures the sin-sick soul;
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave:
Now will I tell around me,
His wondrous power to save.

2. The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On ev'ry 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 prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail'd me:
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus ev'ry refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4. A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger 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!

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136. HYMN. L. M.

WHILE I to grief my heart gave way,
To see the word of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say,
"Dismiss thy fears,—the ark is mine!

2. "Though for a time I hide my face,
Rely upon my love and pow'r;
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.

3. "Take down the long-neglected harp,
I 've seen thy tears and heard thy pray'r;
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair."

137. HYMN. C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh,—
The falling of a tear,—
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5. Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels, in their songs rejoice,
And cry,—Behold, he prays!

6. O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,—
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;—
Lord, teach us how to pray!

138. HYMN. L. M.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day—

2. When shriv'ling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the.high trump that wakes the dead?

3. O! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

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139. HYMN. P. M.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, thou Gallilean king!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.

2. Hail, thou agonizing Saviour!
Bearer of our sin and shame,
By thy merits we find favor,
Life and pardon in thy name.

3. Sinner, can you hate the Saviour?
Will you thrust him from your arms?
Once he died for your behavior,
Now he calls you by his charms.

140. HYMN. L. M.

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

2. Just as I am, and waiting not
To cleanse my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can wash 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, I own
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, and thine alone,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

141. HYMN. P. M.

OUT on the dark, raging waters we ride,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound,
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

2. Soon with our friends who have passed on before
We'll all unite to be parted no more;
There we shall live with the Lord evermore,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

3. Wildly the storm sweeps us on in its roar,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
See! yonder looms up the bright golden shore,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

4. Steady, O Pilot! stand firm at the wheel;
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale;
O, how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail!
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

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142. HYMN. P. M.

WE'LL meet again! we'll meet again!
Tho' we may see thee here no more;
We'll meet again! we'll meet again!
'Way over on the shining shore.
Then let us wipe the falling tear,
We soon shall greet our kindred there;
And in that bright and holy land,
We'll never take the parting hand!

143. HYMN. P. M.

COME mourning sinner and dry up your tears,
Jesus has died, Jesus has died ;
Come though your sins like a mountain appear
Jesus has died, died for you.
Come in the strength of your Saviour divine,
Hear the sweet accents of mercy so kind ;
Now turn your eyes to a holier clime,
Prepared for you in the skies.

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144. HYMN. P. M.

THERE'S a friend above all others,
O how He loves !
His is love beyond a brother's,
O how He loves !
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day kind, the next bereave us,
But this friend will ne'er deceive us,—
O how He loves !

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145. HYMN. C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

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

146. HYMN. S. M.

IN sorrow I lament,
Before thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,—
My vile ingratitude.

2. Ne 'er was a heart more base
And false than mine has been ;
More faithless to its promises,—
More prone to every sin.

3. How long, Lord, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast ?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest ?

4. Break thou, O break the charm,
And set the captive free :
Reveal, great God, thy mighty arm,
And haste to rescue me.

---

147. HYMN. L. M.

MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary.
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2. May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart ;

My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove:
O bear me safe above,—
A ransom'd soul.

---

148. HYMN. L. M.

SAVIOUR of men, thy searching eye
Doth all mine honest thoughts descry:
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

2. The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wand'ring souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,—
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

3. For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame;
All hail, reproach; and welcome pain;
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

4. My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfill thy sov'reign counsel, Lord;
Thy will be done thy name adored.

5. Give me thy strength, O God of power;
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar
Thy faithful witness will I be—
'Tis fix'd! I can do all through thee.

---

149. HYMN. L. M.

SHALL I for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismay'd in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my Lord?

2. Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God Most High?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thy anger bear?

3. Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys—or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?

4. What then is he whose scorn I dread?
Whose wrath or hate makes we afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5. Yea, let them rage, since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

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150. HYMN. P. M.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through this wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears
To that celestial hill.

2. Who suffer with our Master here,
Will all before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

3. Thrice blessed bliss, inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirit up,
It brings to life the dead.
Our conflicts here will soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

4. Fly, lingering moments, fly, O, fly!
I thirst—I pant—I long to try
Angelic joys to prove;
Soon shall I quit this house of clay,
Clap my wings and soar away,
And shout redeeming love.

151. HYMN. L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4. 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.

---

152. HYMN. P. M.

COME, O thou traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee, all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2. I need not tell thee who I am.
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name—
Look on thy hands, and read it there;

But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3. In vain thou strugglest to be free;
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the man that died for me?—
The secret of thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4. Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee tell:
To know it now resolv'd I am;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

---

153. HYMN. P. M.

BURST, ye em'rald gates, and bring
To my enraptur'd vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysian:
Lo! we lift our longing eyes;
Break, ye intervening skies:
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Ope the gates of paradise!

2. Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him;
Myriads with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him;
Trumps angelic sound his fame;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim

All the music of his name,
Heaven echoing the theme;

3. Four-and-twenty elders rise
From their princely station,
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the "Great Salvation?"
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
"Glory be to God alone,
Holy, holy, HOLY ONE!

4. Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we, too, the holy lays:
JESUS—JESUS—JESUS!"
Sweetest sound in seraph's song!
Sweetest note on mortal tongue!
Sweetest carol ever sung!
Jesus—Jesus, is the song!

---

154. HYMN. P. M

O LOVE divine; how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst—I faint—I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2. O that I could forever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;

My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the bridegroom's voice!

3. O that I could, with favor'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast:
From care and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest!

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155. HYMN. L. M.

AWAKE, my soul to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving kindness, O how free.

2. He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great.

3. Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving kindness, O how strong.

4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, O how good.

5. Although I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;

And though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

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

7. Then let me mount, and soar away
To brighter worlds of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

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156. HYMN. C. M.

HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one!
Hail sacred Hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine!

CHORUS.

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
That God's own word has giv'n,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heav'n.
We all shall meet in heav'n, at last—
We all shall meet in heav'n;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heav'n.

2. What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around my cot,—
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot?

3. From Burmah's shore, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.

4. No ling'ring look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows:
There pleasure beams from ev'ry eye,
And hope immortal grows!

---

157. HYMN. P. M.

THERE is a place where my hopes are stay'd;
My heart and my treasure are there,
Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
And fields are eternally fair!

CHORUS.

That blissful place is my Father's land:
O, how I long to be there!
Come favor my flight, angelic band,
And waft me in peace to that shore!

2. There is a place where the angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode:
The joys of that place no tongue can tell,
But there is the palace of God.

3. There is a place where my friends are gone,
Who worship'd and suffer'd 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 troubles are o'er,—
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.

---

158. HYMN. P. M.

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo, self-moving, it drives on the pathway of cloud,
And the heav'ns with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

2. The glory! the glory around him is pour'd!
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord,
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

3. The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard!
Lo! the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirr'd;
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth.

4. The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met;

There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word!

5. O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love;
When beneath, to their darkness, the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heav'n!

---

159. HYMN. C. M.

O FOR a closer walk with God,—
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2. Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3. What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4. Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb

---

160. HYMN. C. M.

AM I a soldier of the cross,—
A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?

2. Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease ;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas ?

3. Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?

4. Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord ;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5. Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die ;
They see the triumph from afar,—
By faith they bring it nigh.

6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

161. HYMN. P. M.

SPEAK gently to the erring—
Ye know not all the power
With which the dark temptation came,
In some unguarded hour;
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus they fell.

2. Speak gently to the erring—
O! do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet;
Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

3. Speak kindly to the erring—
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace are gone,
Without thy censure rough?
It surely is a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear;
And they who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

4. Speak kindly to the erring—
Thou yet mayst lead him back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From mis'ry's thorny track;

Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be;
Deal kindly with the erring one,
As God hath dealt with thee!

---

162. HYMN. P. M.

SINCE meridian light commences,
Purer light's revealed to some;
If there still should be offenses,
Woe to him by whom they come.
"Judge not, that ye be not judged,"
Was the counsel Christ did give;
And the measure that is given,
Just the same you will receive.

2. Jesus says, Be meek and lowly,
For 't is high to be a judge;
If I would be pure and holy,
I must live without a grudge.
It requires a constant labor
All his precepts to obey;
If I truly love my neighbor,
Then I 'm in the holy way.

3. Once I said unto my neighbor,
In thine eye there is a mote;
If thou be a friend and brother,
Hold and let me pluck it out.
But I could not get it fairly,
For my sight was very dim;
When I came to see more clearly,
In mine eye there was a beam.

163. HYMN. L. M.

WHAT! never speak one evil word?
Or rash, or little, or unkind?
O! how shall I, most gracious Lord,
This mark of true perfection find?

2. Thy sinless mind in me reveal;
Thy spirit's plentitude impart;
And all my spotless life shall tell
Th' abundance of a loving heart.

---

164. HYMN. P. M.

O! THEY crucified the Saviour,
They crucified the Saviour,
O! they crucified the Saviour,
And nailed him to the tree;
But he rose, he rose,
He rose, my Saviour;
He rose and went to heaven in a cloud,
But soon he says he 'll come again,
And take us up on high. He rose, etc.

---

165. HYMN. S. M.

ALL yesterday is gone;
To-morrow 's not our own;
O sinner, come, without delay,
And bow before the throne.

2. Oh, hear God's voice to-day,
And harden not your heart;
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
Pronounce the word, Depart!

166. HYMN. C. M.

TIMES without number have I pray'd,—
This only once forgive;
Relapsing when thy hand was stay'd,
And suffer'd me to live:

2. Yet now the kingdom of thy peace,
Lord, to my heart restore;
Forgive my vain repentances,
And bid me sin no more.

---

167. HYMN. P. M.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and vails the sky;
It is finished—
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2. Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
It is finished—
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

---

168. HYMN. C. M.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2. Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy soften'd spirit moan,
When no one else is nigh.

3. Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4. Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear;
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

5. Return, O wanderer, return;
Regain thy long-sought rest;
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to his breast.

---

169. HYMN. P. M.

A FEW more days on earth to spend,
My toils and cares shall have an end;
Then shall I see my God and friend,
And praise his name on high.
There no more sighs and no more tears,
There no more pains and no more fears,
But God, and Christ, and heaven appears
Unto the ravish'd eye.

2. Then, O my soul, despond no more,
The storm of life will soon be o'er,
And I shall find the peaceful shore

Of everlasting rest!
O happy day, O joyful hour,
When freed from earth, my soul shall tow'r
Beyond the reach of Satan's pow'r,
To be forever blest.

3. My soul anticipates the day;
I'd joyfully the voice obey,
Which calls my soul to soar away
To seats prepar'd above.
There I shall see my Saviour's face,
And dwell in his belov'd embrace,
And taste the fullness of his grace,
And sing redeeming love.

4. Adieu, ye scenes of noise and show,
And all this region here below,
Where nought but disappointments grow
A better world's in view.
My Saviour calls, I haste away,
I would not here forever stay:
Hail, ye bright realms of endless day,
Vain world, once more, adieu!

---

170. HYMN. P. M.

WOE, woe to the sinner, who lives in his sin;
Unrighteous without and unholy within;
Each thought of his heart and each look of his eye
Is tainted with sin—and his doom is to die.

2. Woe, woe to the sinner; his hopes, bright, but vain,
Will turn to despair, and his pleasures to pain;

To whom in the day of distress will he fly?
Forsaken of God—and his doom is to die.

3. Woe, woe to the sinner, his deeds of dark night
Shall all be revealed by eternity's light;
Like specters of horror shall each meet his eye;
Too late then to pray, for his doom is to die.

4. Woe, woe to the sinner, who lives at his ease,
Expecting long years of enjoyment and peace;
His barns he may build, and his hopes may be high,
But God hath declared that his doom is to die.

5. Woe, woe to the sinner, in gaudy array,
Who feasts in profusion from day unto day;
For water, alas! soon in vain will he cry,
Tormented in flames—for his doom is to die.

6. Woe, woe to the sinner, who will not repent;
To hell shall his sin-burdened spirit be sent;
Forever in that fearful prison to lie--
No hope for him there—O his doom is to die!

---

171. HYMN. C. M.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of all my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights:—

2. In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3. The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers, I am his.

4. My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5. Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I 'd break through every foe ;
The wings of love and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

---

172. HYMN. C. M.

THE long-lost son, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wand'rings with surprise;
His heart begins to break.

2. I starve, he cries, nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my father share
The bounty of his hand.

3. With deep repentance I'll return,
And seek my father's face;
Unworthy to be call'd a son,
I 'll ask a servant's place.

4. Far off the father saw him move,—
In pensive silence mourn,—
And quickly ran with arms of love,
To welcome his return.

5. Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tuned their harps anew,—
The long-lost son is found!

---

173. HYMN. S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2. Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
Our comforts and our cares.

3. We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4. When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5. This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6. From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

174. HYMN. P. M.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation ;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain :
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

2. Keep no longer at a distance ;—
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3. Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers ;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's enticing snares.

4. Break the tempter's fatal power ;
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

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175. HYMN. P. M.

KNOW, my soul ! thy full salvation ;
Rise o'er sin, and fear and care,
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.

2. Think, what spirit dwells within thee ;
Think, what Father's smiles are thine ;
Think, that Jesus died to win thee ;—
Child of heaven ! canst thou repine ?

176. HYMN. C. M.

COURAGE, my soul, thy bitter cross,
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.

2. The sighing ones that humbly seek
In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.

3. Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er,
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare.

4. Courage, my soul, on God rely;
Deliv'rance soon will come;
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.

---

177. HYMN. L. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives—
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head.

2. He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above:
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3. He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;

He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there;

4. He lives, all glory to his name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives—
I know that my Redeemer lives.

---

178. HYMN. P. M.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2. We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3. O ye banish'd seed, be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save our flesh assumes—
Brother to our souls becomes.

4. Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

5. Lord, obediently we 'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

179. HYMN. P. M.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I
know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when
oppress'd.

2. Through the valley and shadow of death tho'
I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3. In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth
o'er;
With oil and perfume thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4. Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn—thy king-
dom of love.

---

180. HYMN. P. M.

I'M happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount:
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus, my Saviour, the kingdom to share.

2. O Jesus, my Saviour, in thee I am blest!
My life and my treasure, my joy and my rest!

Thy grace be my theme and thy name be my song:
Thy love doth inspire my heart and my tongue.

3. O, who is like Jesus! he's Salem's bright King;
He smiles, and he loves me, he taught me to sing;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, and bow to his will,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill.

---

181. HYMN. P. M.

STOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go;
Can you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?
Hell beneath is gaping wide,
Vengeance waits the dread command;
Soon 't will stop your sport and pride,
And sink you with the damned.

2. Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that great day,
When his judgment he proclaims;
And the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flames?

3. Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to the bar;
Then, to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair;

All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood-crimson dye,
Each for vengeance cries aloud,
And what will you reply?

4. Though your hearts be made of steel,
Your foreheads lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass:
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Though they now despise his grace,)
"Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face."

5. But as yet there is a hope,
You may his mercy know:
Though his arm be lifted up,
He still forbears the blow;
'Twas for sinners Jesus died;
Sinners he invites to come,
None that come shall be denied—
He says there still is room.

---

182. HYMN. C. M.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2. If to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3. Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4. Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve,
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5. Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6. Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

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183. HYMN. L. M.

GO forth, ye heralds, and proclaim
The wonders of a Saviour's name;
Proclaim the year of Jubilee,
And bid the captives now go free.

CHORUS.

O, hallelujah! grace is free:
There's enough for each, enough for all
Enough for evermore.

2. Go spread the victory of his cross,
And reckon all things else but loss;

Waft the glad sound, from sea to sea,
And bid the captives now go free.

3. Go tell poor sinners all around,
The dead may live, the lost be found;
Show what he purchased on the tree,
And bid the captives now go free.

4. Proclaim the Gospel news around,
That all may know the joyful sound:
Go sound the trump of Jubilee,
And bid the captives now go free.

5. The great commission! make it known;
Let bleeding love to all be shown;
The deaf may hear, the blind may see,
And every captive soul go free.

6. 'Tis blessed news! ye heralds, run;
Soon will your day of toil be done;
'Tis grace, free grace and liberty,
And captives all may now go free.

---

184. HYMN. P. M.

HOLY God, and hast thou sent
Me here to preach to-day?
O baptize my soul with fire,
And point me out the way:
When I draw the gospel bow,
Jesus, let thine arrows fly!
May each sinner feel this day,
That thou for him didst die!

2. Here 's backsliding Peters, too,
That left the narrow way!
O my Lord, shall they be damned,
Shall they be devil's prey?
If there 's mercy for their souls,
O now reach them by thy power!
Lord, we beg, for Jesus' sake,
A sweet refreshing shower.

3. Here are some, though justified,
That feel their inbred sin,
And they long to see the day
When they shall be made clean.
O for sanctifying grace;
O for purifying power!
Lord, we beg, for Jesus' sake.
A sweet refreshing shower,

4. Lord of heaven and earth, descend
And feed thy lambs to-day;
Help us in thy name to preach,
To hear, to sing, and pray.
O for streams of grace and love,
O for floods of life and power!
Lord, we beg, for Jesus' sake,
A sweet refreshing shower.

---

185. HYMN. S. M.

HOW oft this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord;
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.

2. Yet mercy calls—Return;
Saviour, to thee I come;
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home!

3. Thy love, so free, so sweet,
Blest Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

---

186. HYMN. P. M.

SAW ye my Saviour! saw ye my Saviour!
Saw ye my Saviour and God?
O! he died on Calvary, to atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2. He was extended! he was extended!
Shamefully nailed to the cross;
O! he bowed his head and died: thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3. Jesus hung bleeding! Jesus lies bleeding!
Three dreadful hours in pain;
O! the sun refused to shine, when his majesty divine
Was derided, insulted and slain.

4. Dardness prevailed! darkness prevailed!
Darkness prevailed o'er the land;
O! the solid rocks were rent, through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God-man.

5. When it was finished, when it was finished,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great, and embalmed in spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulcher laid.

6. Hail, mighty Saviour! hail, mighty Saviour!
Prince and the author of peace;
O! he burst the bands of death, and triumphant from the earth,
He ascended to the mansions of bliss.

7. Now interceding, now interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live;
Crying, Father, I have died, (O behold my hands and side,)
To redeem them—I pray thee forgive.

8. I will forgive them, I will forgive them,
If they will repent and believe;
Let them now return to me and be reconciled to thee,
And salvation they all shall receive.

---

187. HYMN. C. M.

AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2. 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3. A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4. Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We 'll lay our trophies down.

---

188. HYMN. L. M.

THOUGH born to suffer and to die—
From grief and woe my soul shall fly;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem.

2. I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
I hope to praise him after death,
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.

3. Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles, and bids me come;
Sweet angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.

4. I soon shall pass the vail of death,
And in his arms I'll lose my breath,
And then my happy soul shall tell
How Jesus hath done all things well.

5. I soon shall hear the awful sound,
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Arise, and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet your Saviour in the clouds.

6. When to that blessed world I rise,
And join the anthem in the skies,
This note above the rest shall swell.
My Jesus hath done all things well.

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189. HYMN. C. M.

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

2. O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And ante-date that day:
We feel the resurrection near,—
Our life in Christ conceal'd,—
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

3. O would he more of heaven bestow!
And when the vessels break,
Let our triumphant 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.

190. HYMN. P. M.

I WOULD not live alway ; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for its joys, full enough for its cheer.

2. I would not live alway ; no—welcome the tomb !
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom :
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

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

4. There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

---

191. HYMN. P. M.

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker,—Save, Lord, or we perish !

2. O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries, in his anguish, Save, Lord, or we perish !

4. And, O, when the wirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its sad warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer,—Save, Lord, or we perish!

---

192. HYMN. C. M.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2. Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:—

3. Eternal wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4. Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5. Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6. The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

193. HYMN. P. M.

WHO are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light;
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross;
Nobly for their Master stood;
Suff'rers in his righteous cause;
Foll'wers of the dying God.

2. Out of great distress they came;
Wash'd their robes, by faith, below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,—
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne;
Serve their Maker day and night.
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

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194. HYMN. L. M.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

2. No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3. No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
But, sacred, high, eternal noon.

195. HYMN. C. M.

AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2. Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3. How careful then ought I to live;
With what religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.

4. Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,—
To all I speak or do.

5. If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

---

196. HYMN. L. M.

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

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

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

4. A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

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

---

197. HYMN. C. M.

WE' RE sailing o'er the sea of life,
To fairer worlds on high,
We hope to gain the port at last,
We 'll anchor by-and-by.

We 're going home, we 're going home,
The voyage will soon be o'er;
Our kindred dear are waiting there,
Upon the golden shore.

2. And when our bark is safely moored,
On Canaan's peaceful shore,
We 'll range the blissful fields of light
With those who 've gone before.

198. HYMN. P. M.

HEAR, O sinner! mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of Justice falls:
Trust in Jesus;
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2. Haste, O sinner! to the Saviour,—
Seek his mercy, while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away!
Haste to Jesus;
You must perish, if you stay.

---

199. HYMN. C. M.

I WOULD be thine; O! take my heart,
And fill it with thy love;
Thy sacred image, Lord, impart,
And seal it from above.

2. I would be thine; but while I strive
To give myself away,
I feel rebellion still alive,
And wander while I pray.

3. I would be thine; but, Lord, I feel
Evil still lurks within:—
Do thou thy majesty reveal,
And overcome my sin.

4. I would be thine; I would embrace
The Saviour, and adore;
Inspire with faith, infuse thy grace,
And now my soul restore.

200. HYMN. P. M.

OH! when will the day-spring arise from above,
Revisit our souls with the tokens of love,
And scatter the shadows which darken our way,
Illumine our souls with the beamings of day?

2. Oh! when will the dawn of a bright day appear,
And the sun of his glory come graciously near,
The bow of his promise appear in the skies,
And the day-star again in his glory arise?

3. Oh! when will the coldness so drear pass away,
And Zion put on her most beauteous array,
And the Spirit descend, to revive like a shower,
Distill like the dew on the herb and the flower?

4. When again will the tears of contrition be shed,
And faith lay her hand on Immanuel's head,
And angels rejoice in their brightest abode,
Over sinners repenting and turning to God?

5. Lord, hasten the time so desired, we pray;
Oh hasten in mercy that glorious day,
When the anthem of praise, and the echo of prayer,
Like heavenly music, shall break on the ear.

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201. HYMN. L. M.

'TIS finish'd! so the Saviour said,
And meekly bow'd his dying head:
'Tis finish'd! yes, the race is run;
The battle fought; the vict'ry won.

2. 'Tis finish'd! let the joyful sound
Be heard the spacious earth around:
'Tis finish'd! let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

202. HYMN. P. M.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His last farewell,
A guide,—a comforter, bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

2. He comes, his graces to impart;
A willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

---

203. HYMN. P. M.

WHEN through the strength of saving grace
I finish my appointed race,
On that immortal, heavenly plain,
I 'll meet with all my friends again.

CHORUS.

We are passing away,
We are passing away,
We are passing away,
To the great Judgment-day.

2. There blissful groves, so green and fair,
Perennial fruit and blossoms bear;
And angel forms of various grade
Enjoy their ever peaceful shade.

3. Their harps of gold are tuned to sing
The triumph of their Saviour king;
And heavenly hill, and grove, and stream,
Are vocal with the joyful theme.

4. Then speed your flight, ye passing years,
Till God shall wipe these falling tears,
And bid my exile spirit come
To dwell in that eternal home.

204. HYMN. P. M.

The Shining Shore.

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

CHORUS.

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

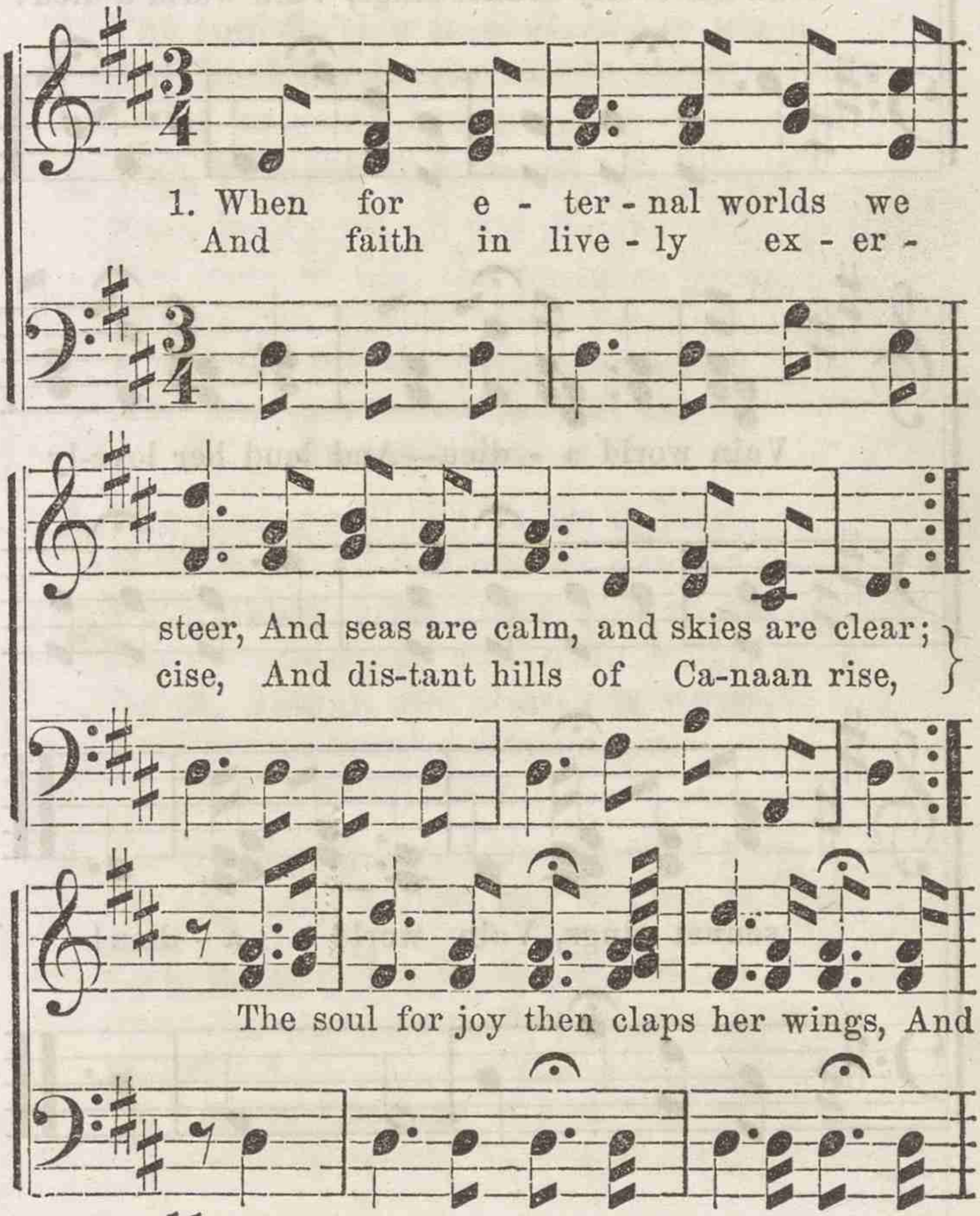
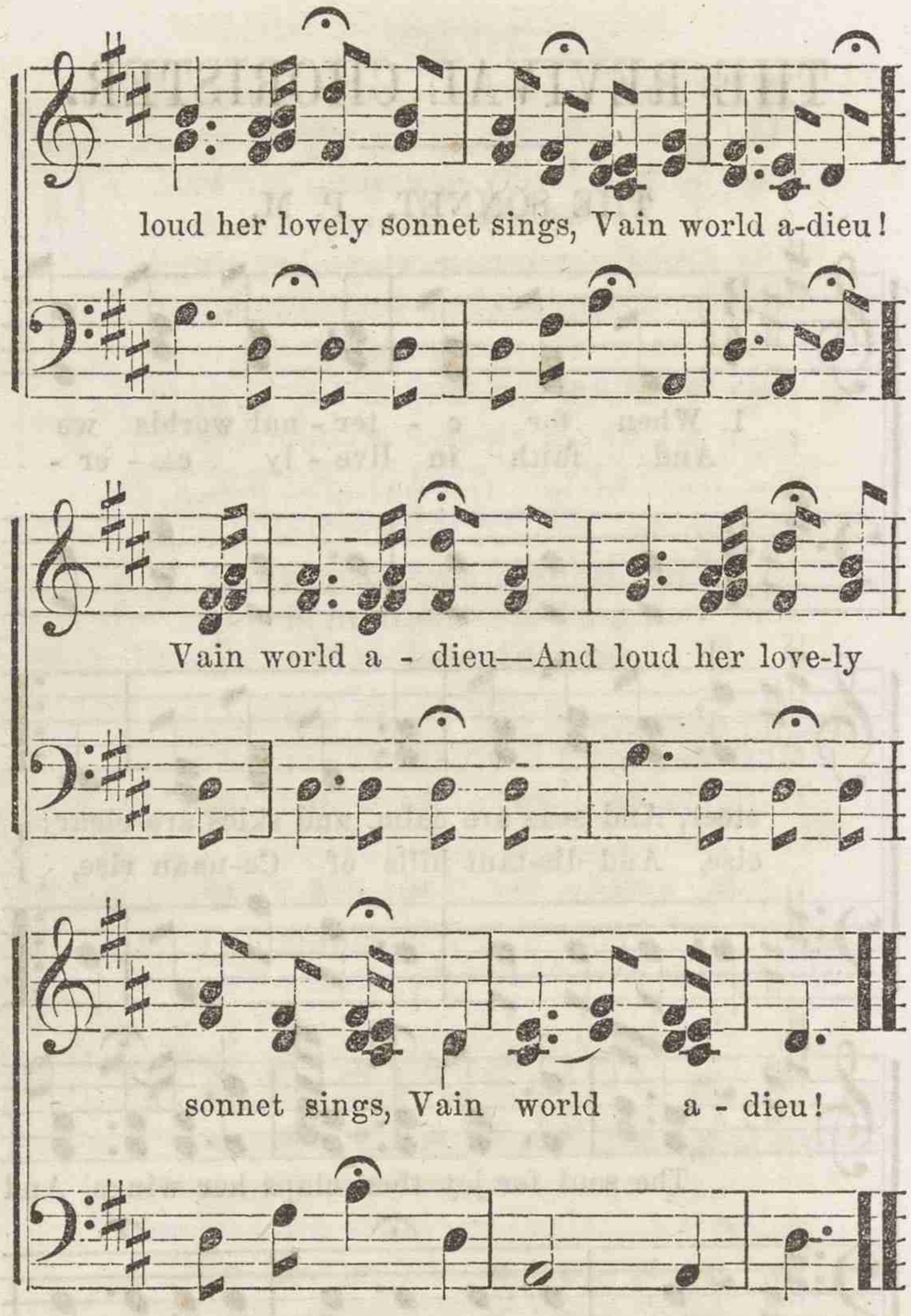
2. We 'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning ;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For oh ! we stand on Jordan's strand, etc.

3. Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing ;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For oh ! we stand on Jordan's strand, etc.

4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever ;
Our King says, "Come," and there 's our home,
Forever, oh ! forever.
For oh ! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over ;
And just before, the shining shore,
We may almost discover.

THE REVIVAL CHORISTER.

THE SONNET. P. M.



loud her lovely sonnet sings, Vain world a-dieu!

Vain world a - dieu—And loud her love-ly

sonnet sings, Vain world a - dieu!

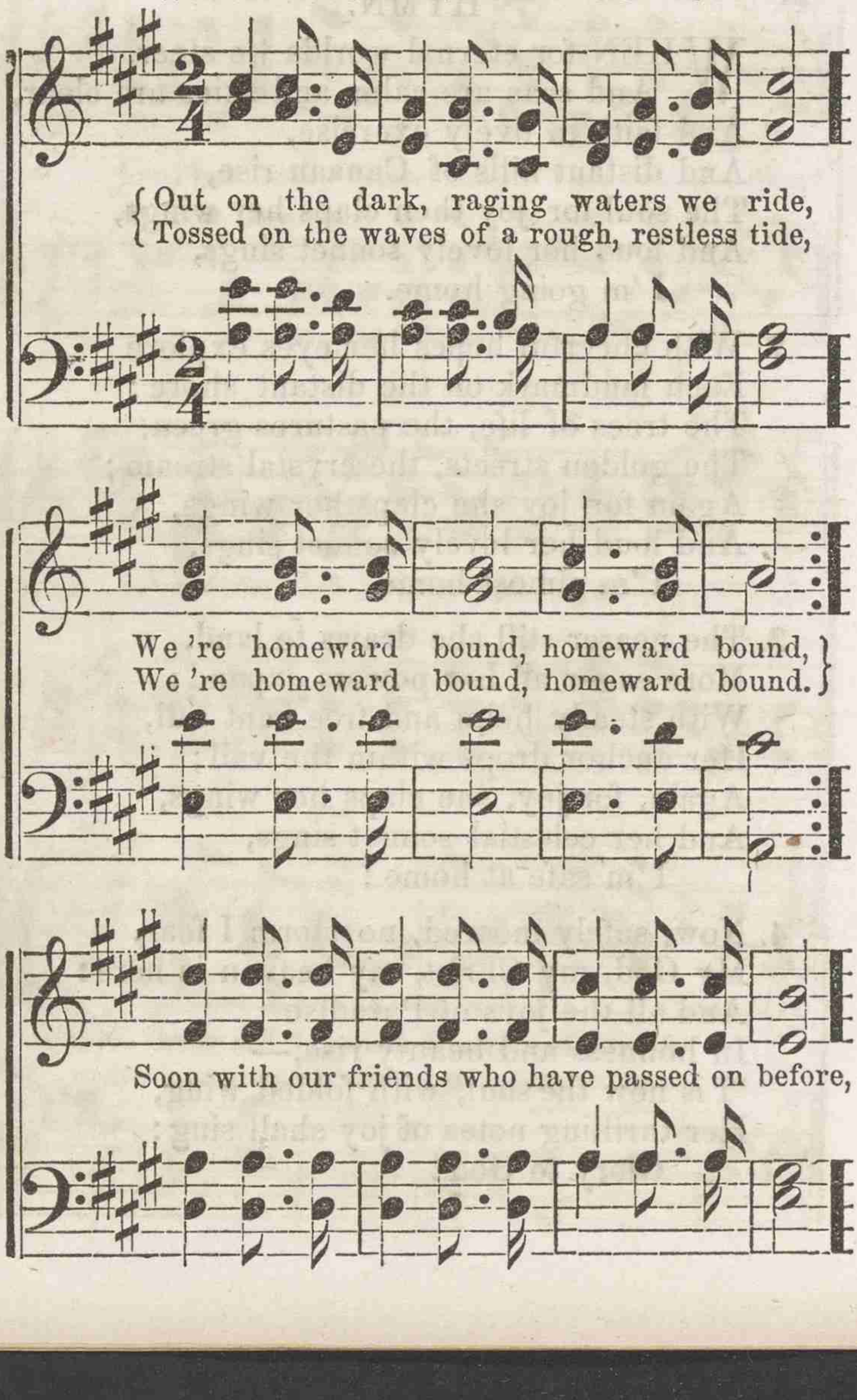
HYMN.

WHEN for eternal worlds we steer,
And seas are calm and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise,
The soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm going home.

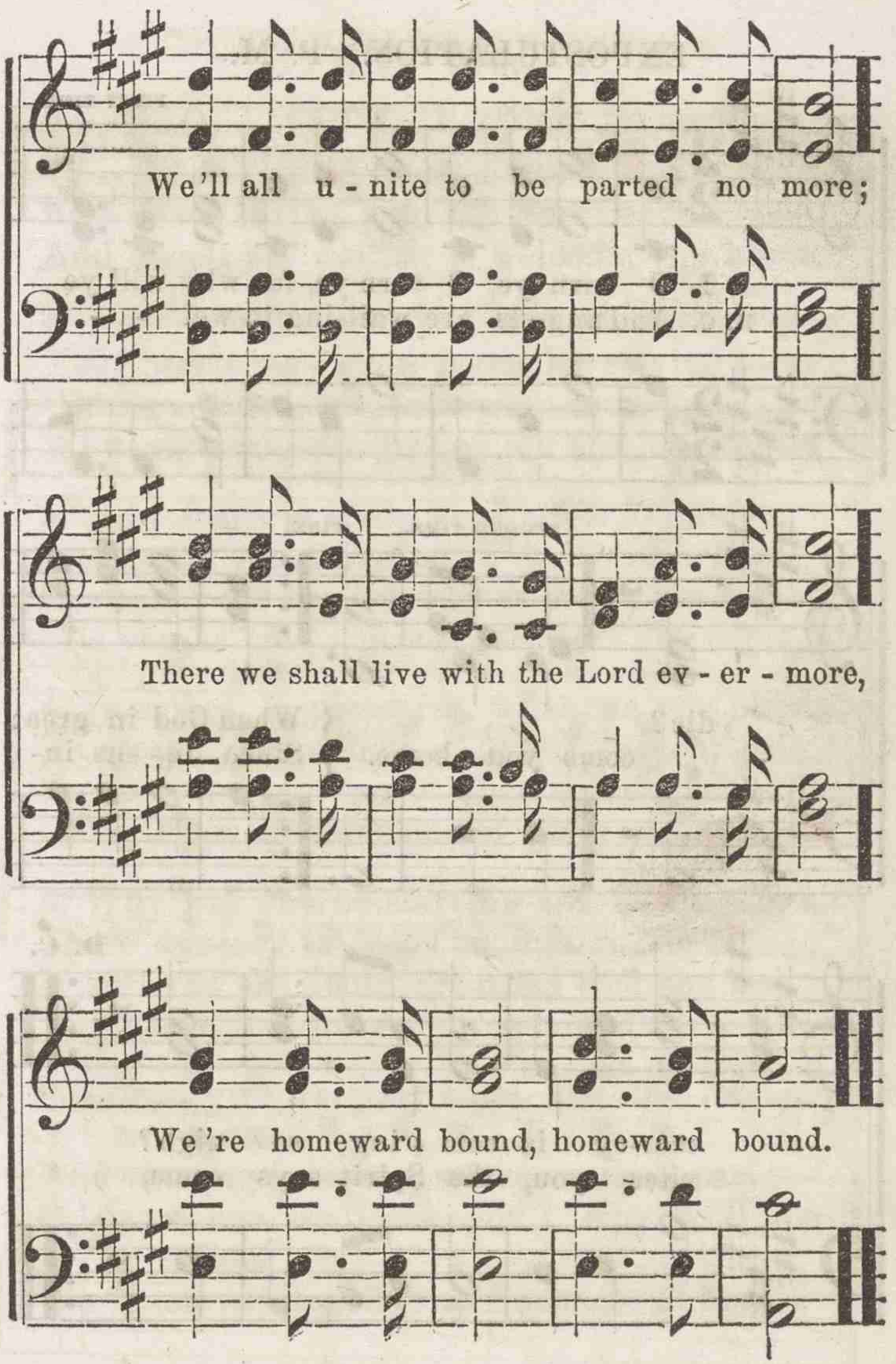
2. With cheerful hopes her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore;
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm almost home.

3. The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand;
With steady helm and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail;
Again, for joy, she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
I'm safe at home!

4. Now, safely moored, no storm I fear,
My God, my Christ, my heaven is here:
And all the joys of Paradise
In holiness and beauty rise,—
'T is now the soul, with folded wing,
Her thrilling notes of joy shall sing:
Glory to God!

WE 'RE HOMEWARD BOUND.

{Out on the dark, raging waters we ride,
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,

We 're homeward bound, homeward bound,}
We 're homeward bound, homeward bound.}

Soon with our friends who have passed on before,

We'll all u - nite to be parted no more;
There we shall live with the Lord ev - er - more,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

EXPOSTULATION. P. M.

FIRST TIME.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye
D. C. And ang-els are wait-ing to wel - -

SECOND TIME. FINE.

die?
- come you home.
{ When God in great
{ Since Je-sus in-

D. C.

mer-cy is com-ing so nigh?
vites you, the Spirit says come,

HYMN. 27th. P. M.

O! Turn ye, O! turn ye; for why will you die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

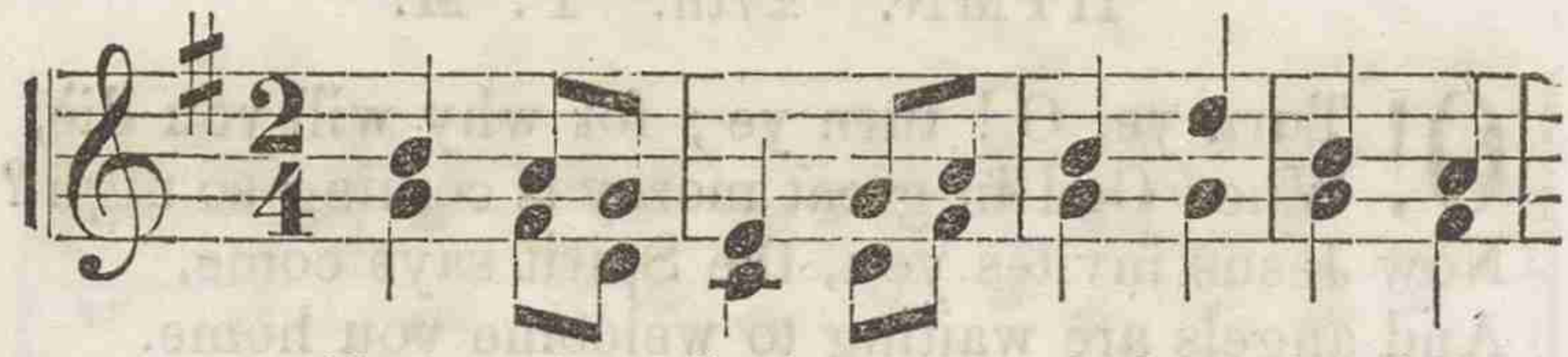
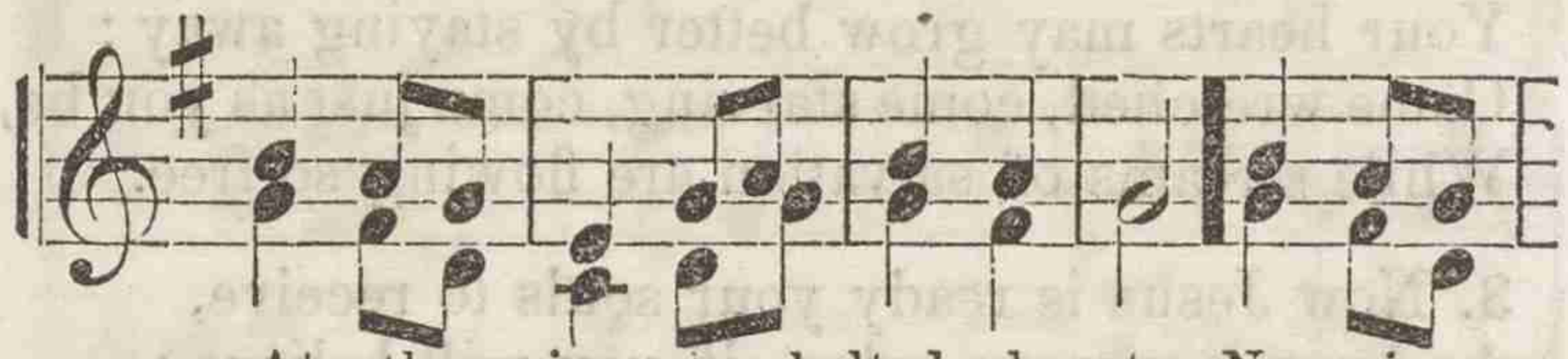
2. How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

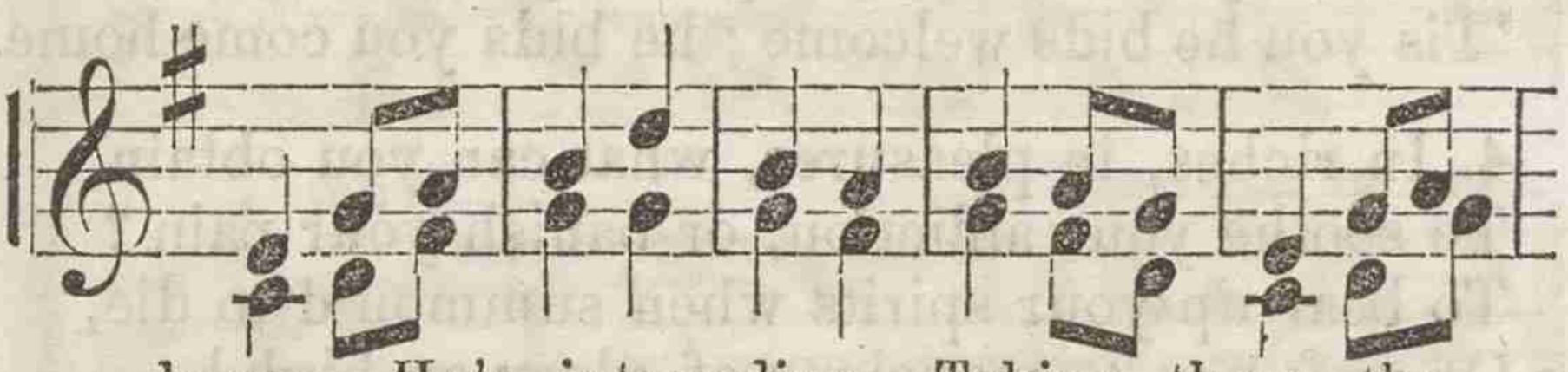
3. Now Jesus is ready your souls to receive,
And grant you a pardon, if you will believe;
If sin is your burden why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4. In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirits when summon'd to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high!

5. Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There 's mercy in Jesus enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

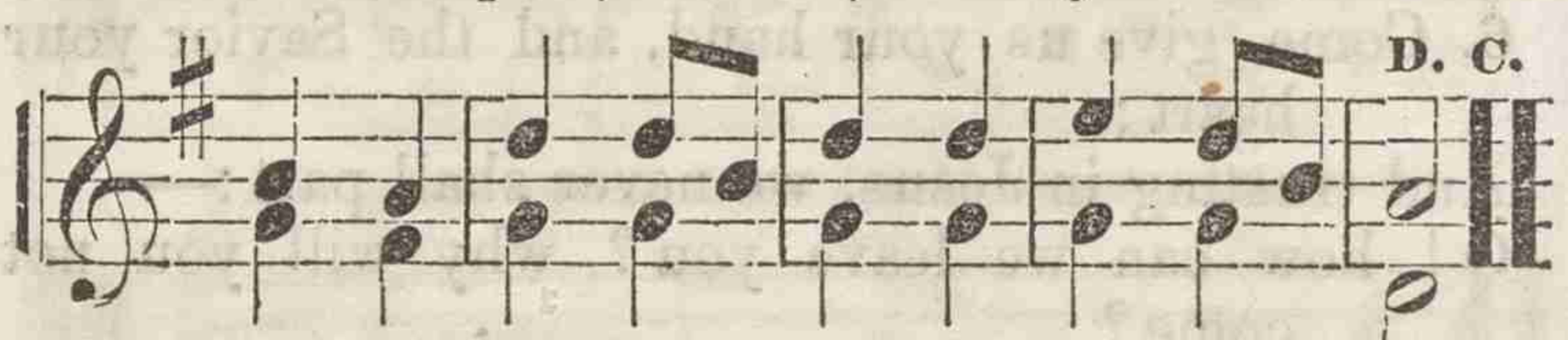
6. Come, give us your hand, and the Savior your heart;
And trusting in Jesus, we never shall part:—
O! how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We 'll journey together and soon be at home.

PLEADING SAVIOR. 8s & 7s.

Now the Savior standeth pleading,
D. C. Once he died for your behavior

At the sinner's bolted heart; Now in
Now He calls you by his charms.



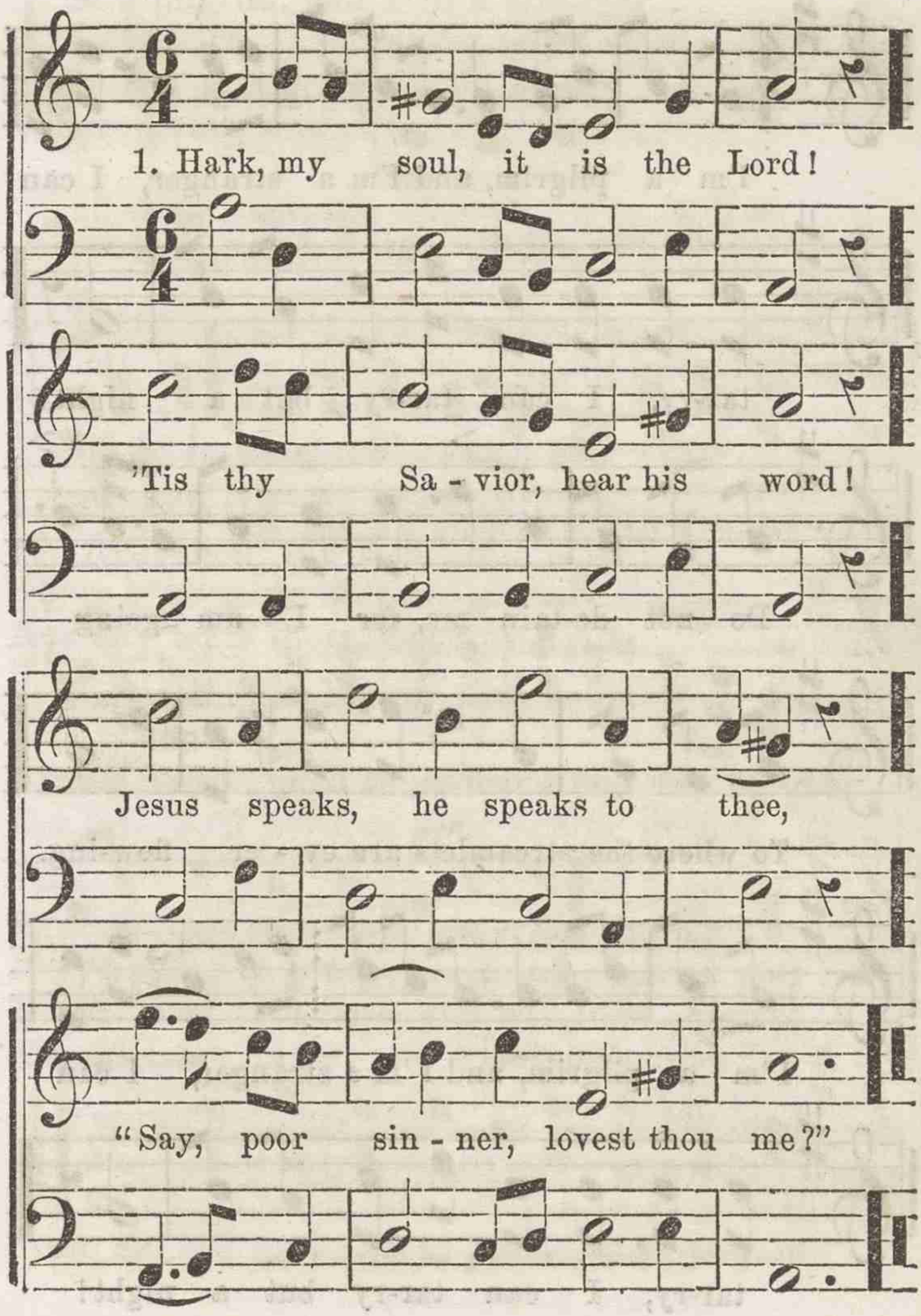
heaven He's interceding, Taking there the

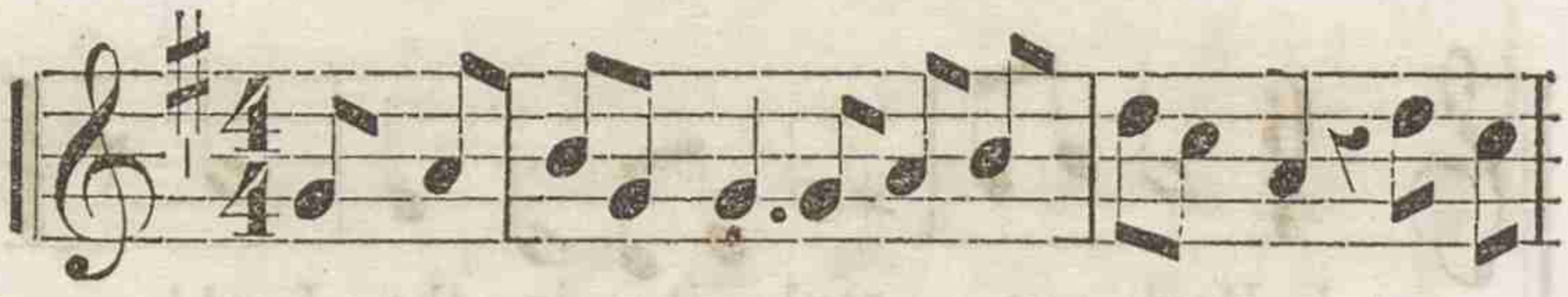
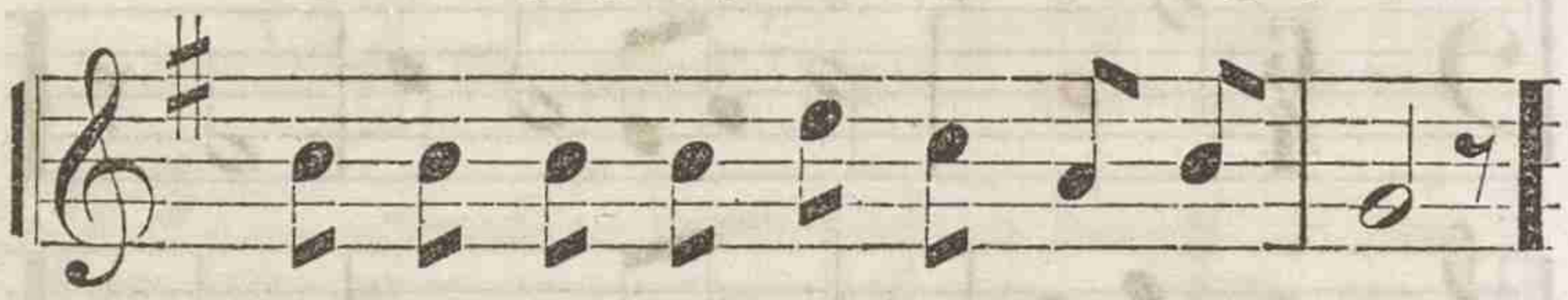
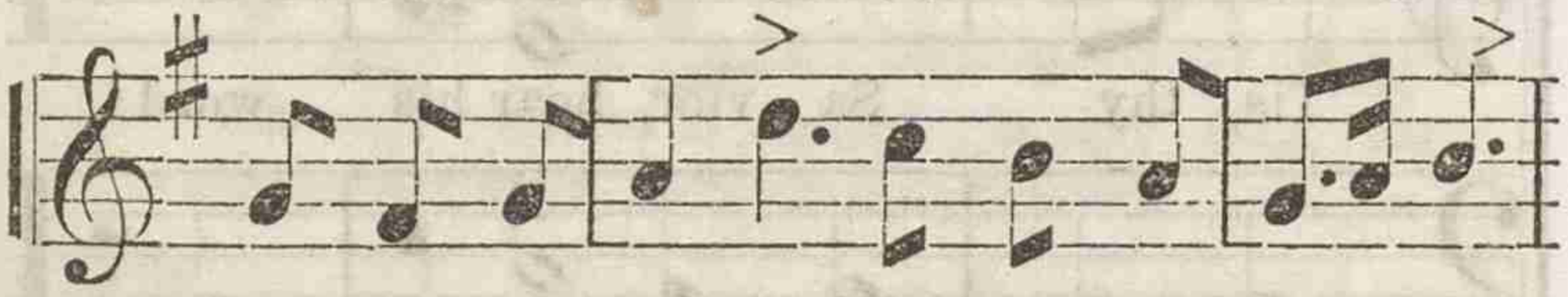
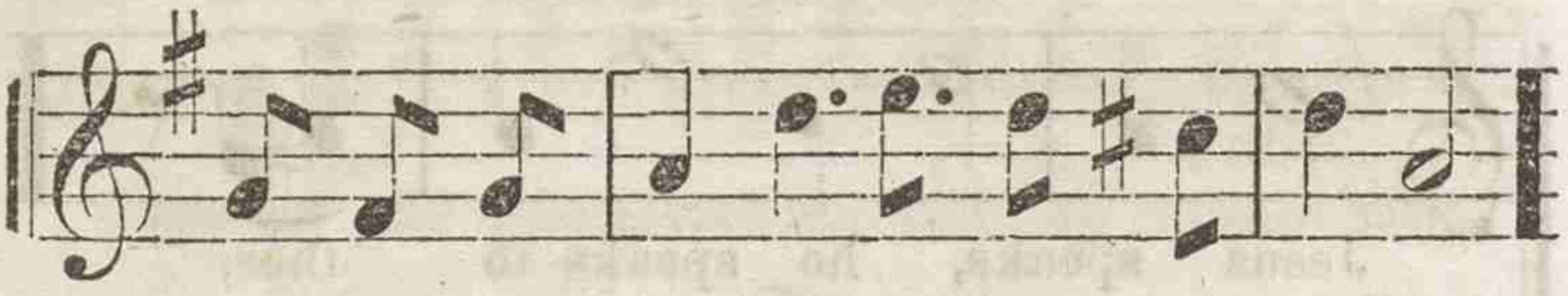
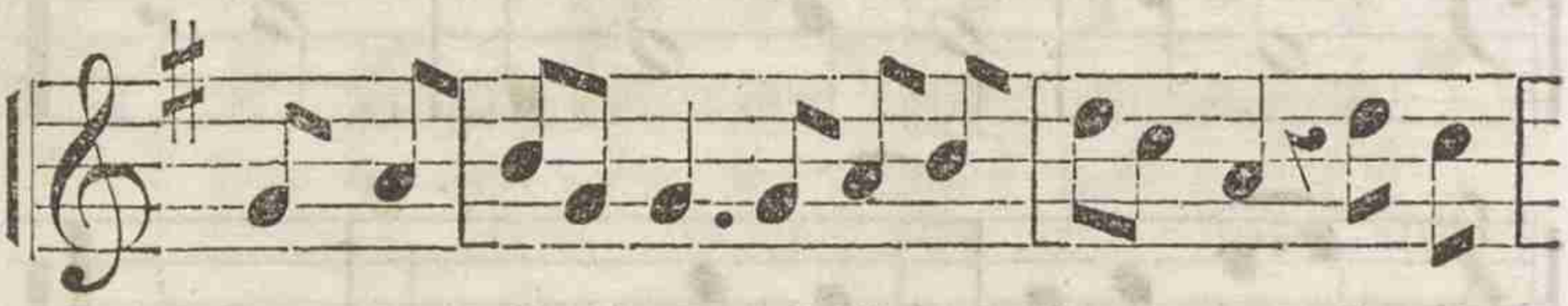
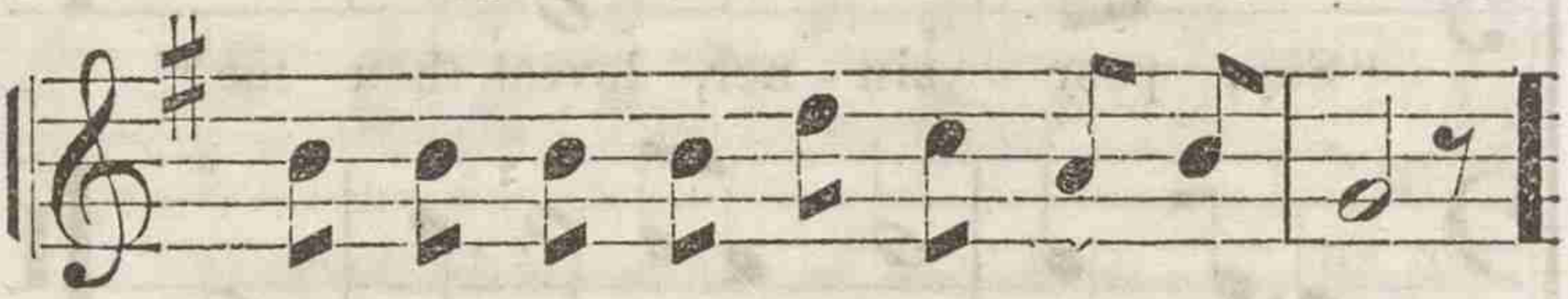
sinner's part; Sinner, can you hate the



Savior? Will you thrust him from your arms?

"LOVEST THOU ME?" P. M.



I'M A PILGRIM. P. M.

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, I can

tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night!

Do not de-tain me, for I am going

To where the streamlets are ev - er flow-ing.

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, I can

tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night!

HYMN.

I 'M a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
Where living waters are ever flowing.

CHORUS.

I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

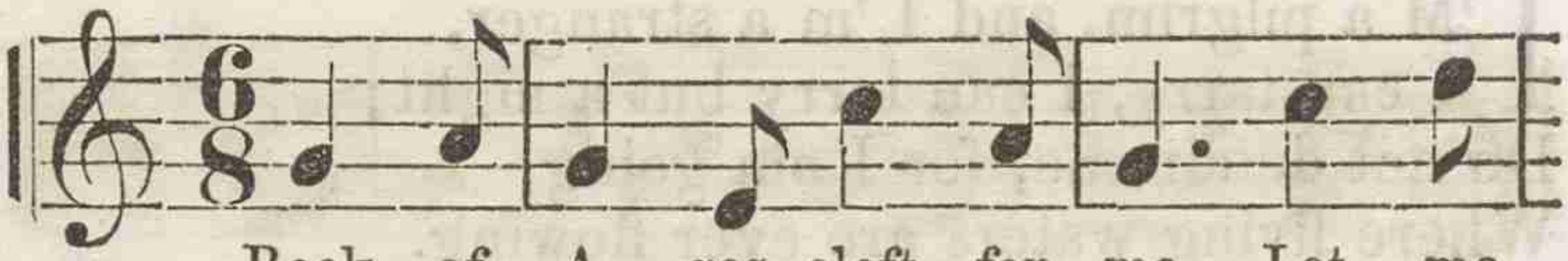
2. There the glory is ever shining,
O ! my longing heart, my longing heart is there !
Here in this vain world, so lone and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.

3. There 's the city to which I journey,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light;
There 's no more sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.

4. Farewell, neighbors, with tears I've warned you;
I must leave you, I must leave you and be gone;
For this your portion, your hearts' desire,
Why will you perish in endless fire ?

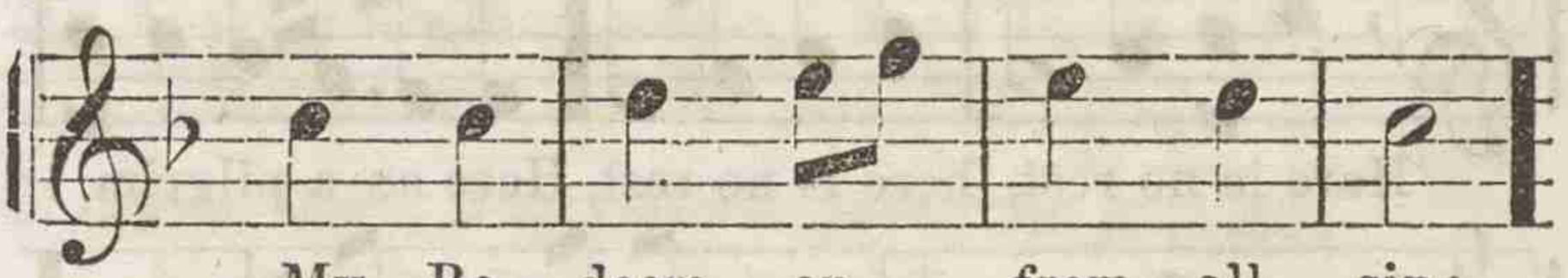
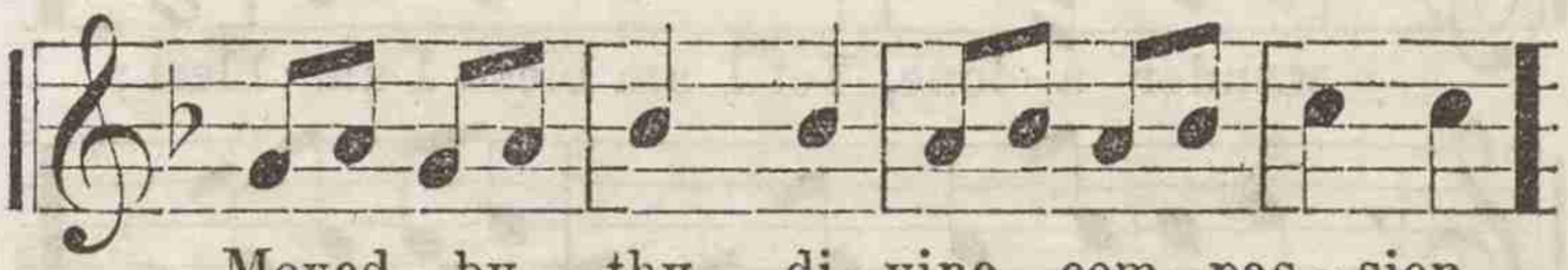
5. Father, mother, and sister, brother,
If you will not journey with me, I must go;
If this your vain hope you will thus cherish,
Should I too linger, and with you perish ?

6. Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so blighted,
In immortal beauty thou shalt be array'd;
For he who formed thee, shall soon restore thee,
From sin and darkness to praise and glory.

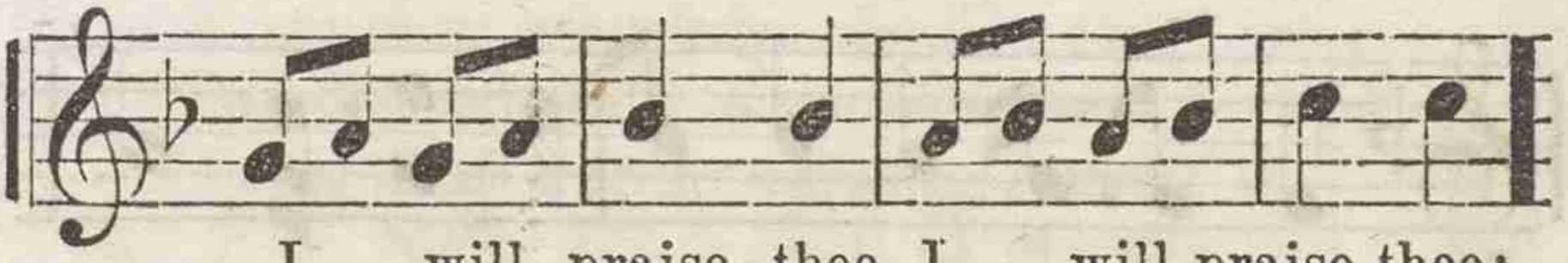
ROCK OF AGES. P. M.

2. Could my tears forever flow—
Could my zeal no languor know—
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling;

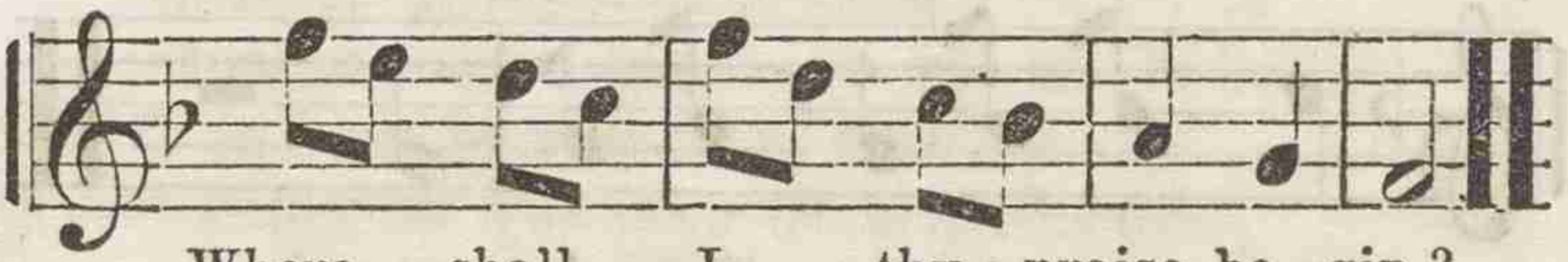
3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

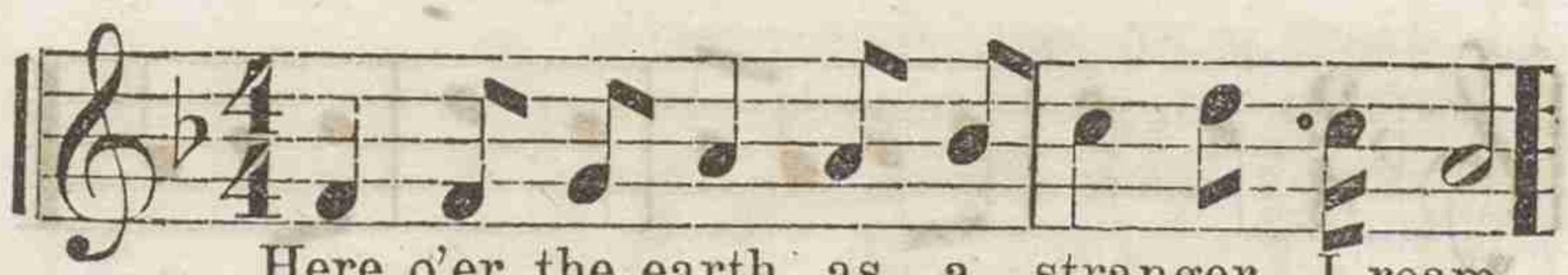
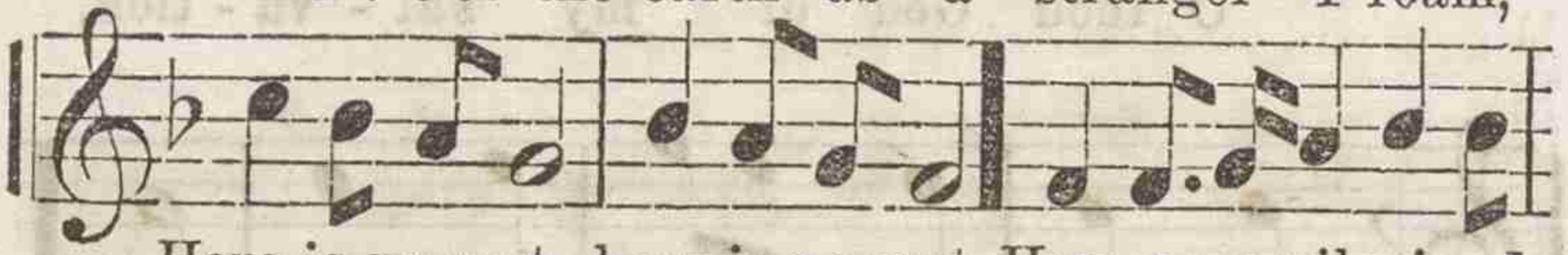
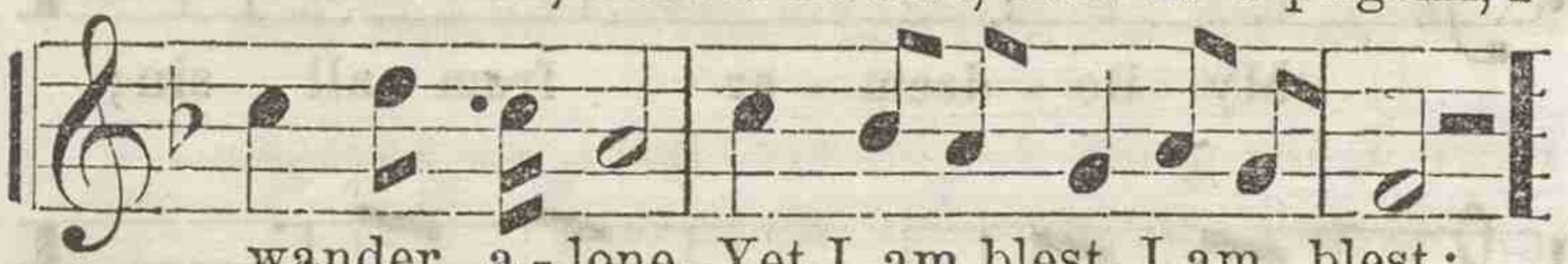
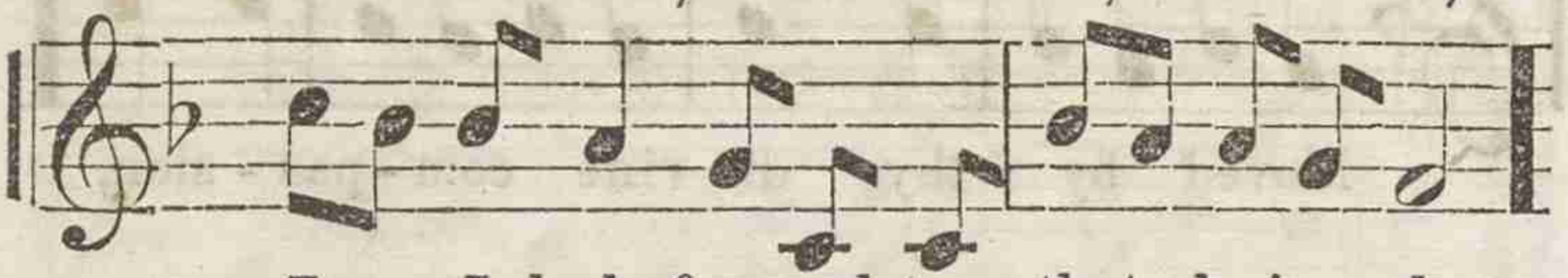
SICILIAN HYMN.

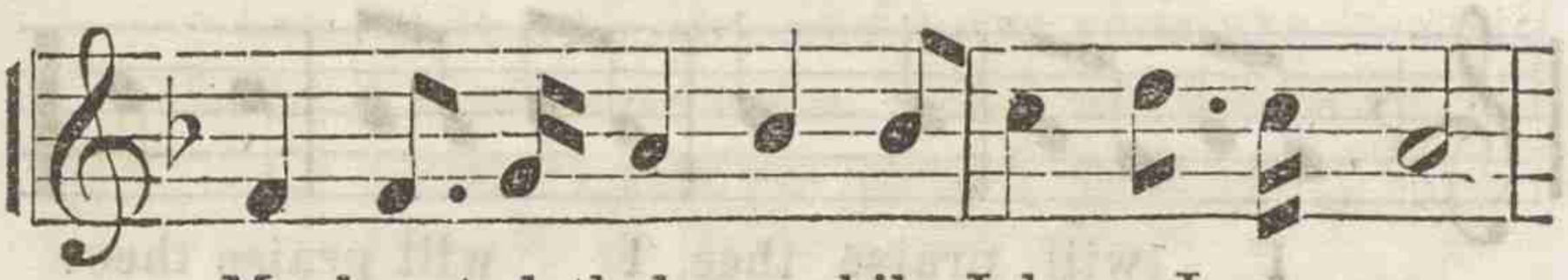
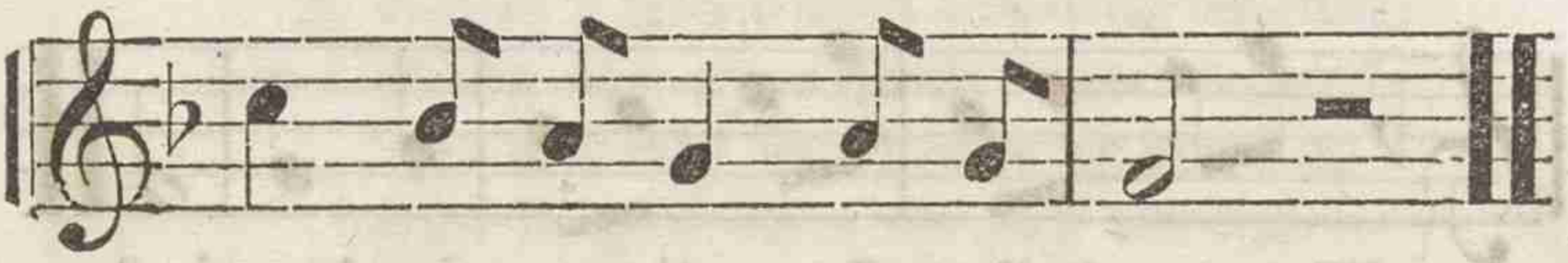
O thou God of my sal - va - tion,

My Re - deem - er from all sin;

Moved by thy di - vine com - pas - sion,

Who hast died my heart to win,



I will praise thee, I will praise thee:

Where shall I thy praise be - gin?

HERE IS NO REST. P. M.

Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,

Here is no rest, here is no rest, Here as a pilgrim, I

wander a - lone, Yet I am blest, I am blest;

For I look forward to that glorious day,

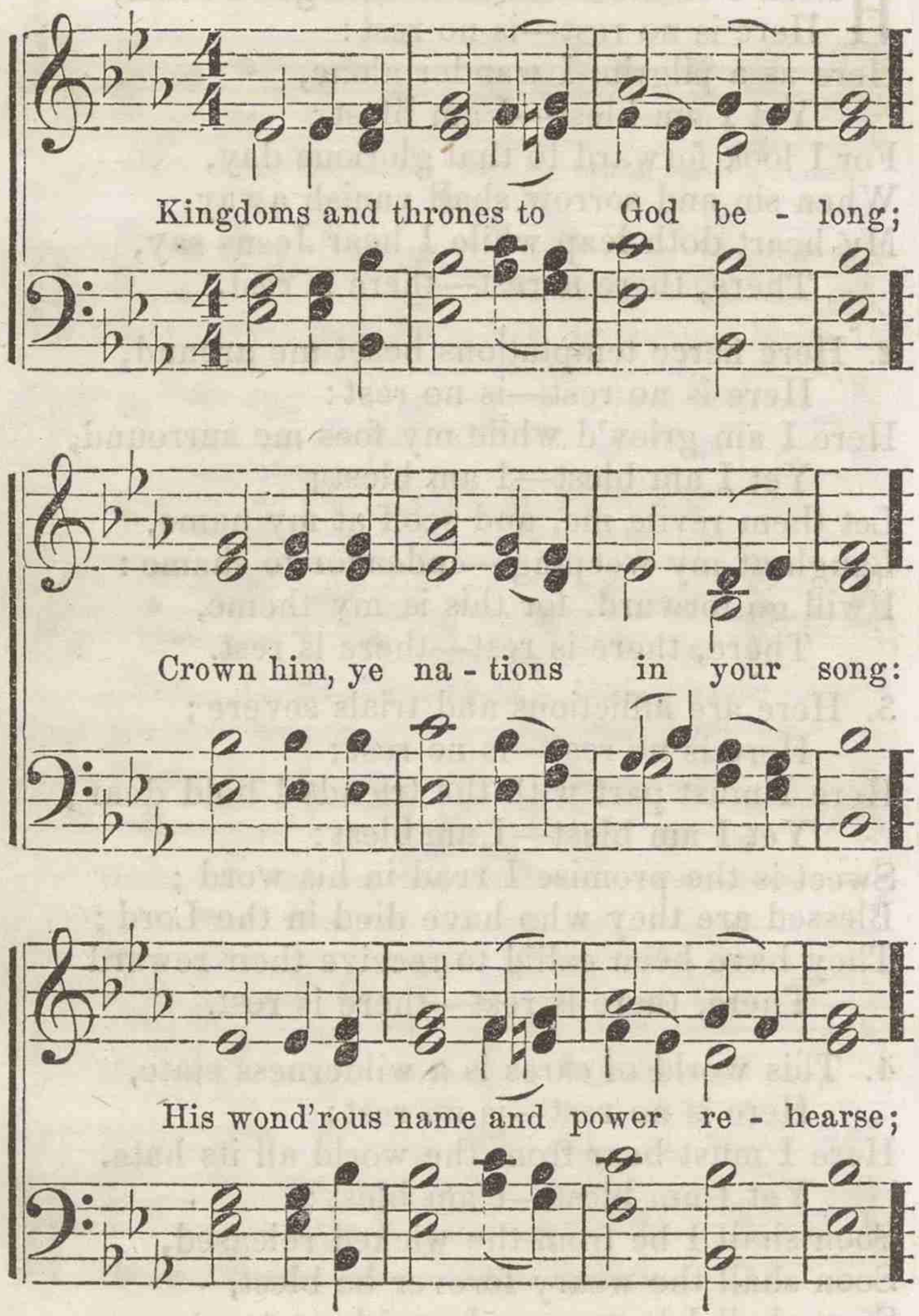
When sin and sorrow shall va - nish away.

My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,

There, there is rest, There is rest.

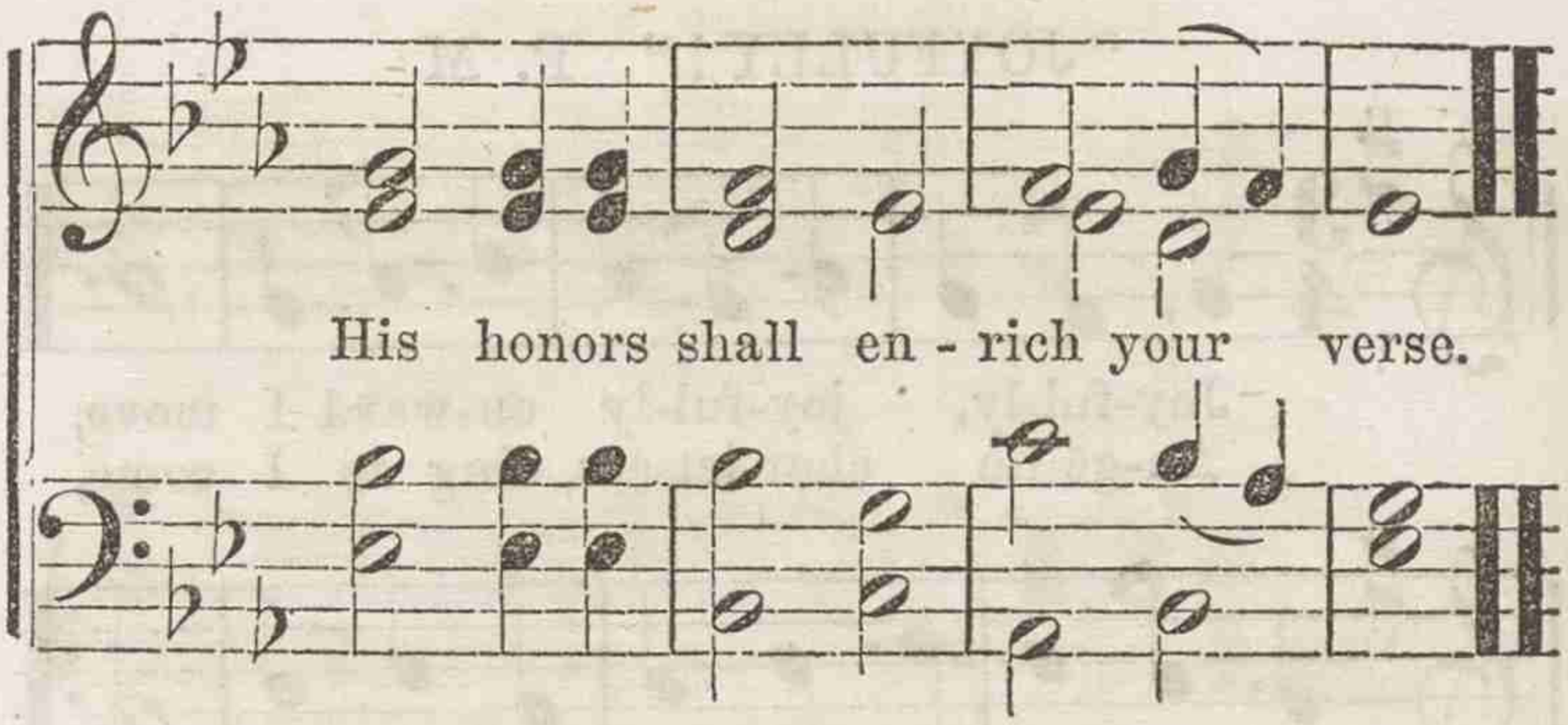
HERE o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest—is no rest:
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
Yet I am blest—I am blest;
For I look forward to that glorious day,
When sin and sorrow shall vanish away,
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,
There, there is rest—there is rest.

2. Here fierce temptations beset me around,
Here is no rest—is no rest:
Here I am griev'd while my foes me surround,
Yet I am blest—I am blest;
Let them revile me, and scoff at my name,
Laugh at my weeping—endeavor to shame:
I will go forward, for this is my theme,
There, there is rest—there is rest.

3. Here are afflictions and trials severe;
Here is no rest—is no rest;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear;
Yet I am blest—I am blest:
Sweet is the promise I read in his word;
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;
They have been call'd to receive their reward
There, there is rest—there is rest.

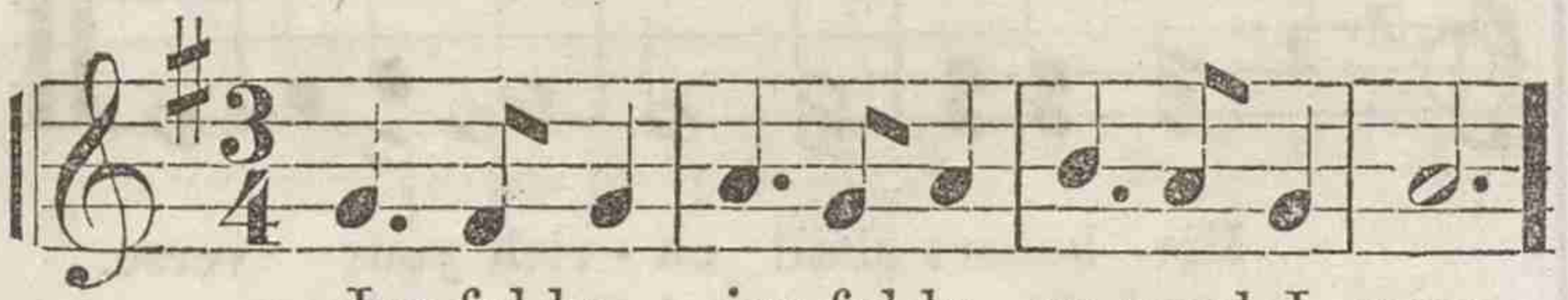
4. This world of cares is a wilderness state,
Here is no rest—is no rest:
Here I must bear from the world all its hate.
Yet I am blest—I am blest:
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
Soon shall the weary forever be blest,
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' breast,
There, there is rest—there is rest.

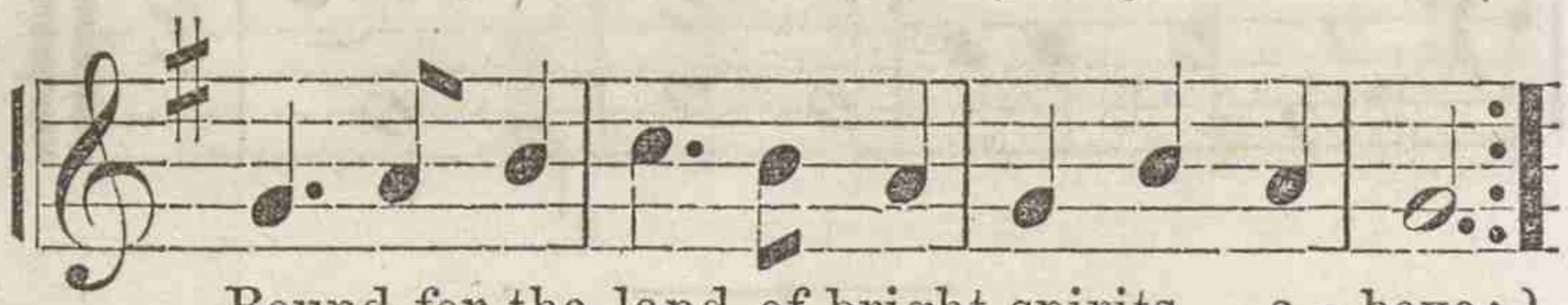
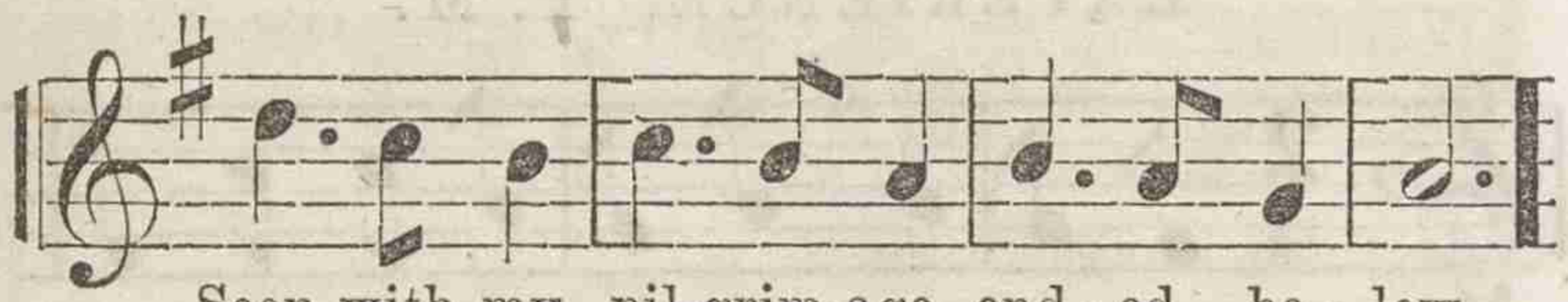
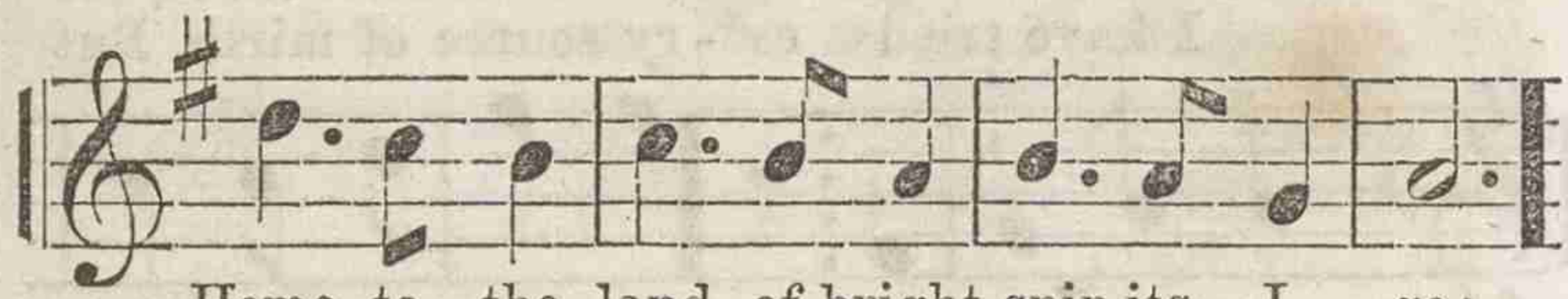
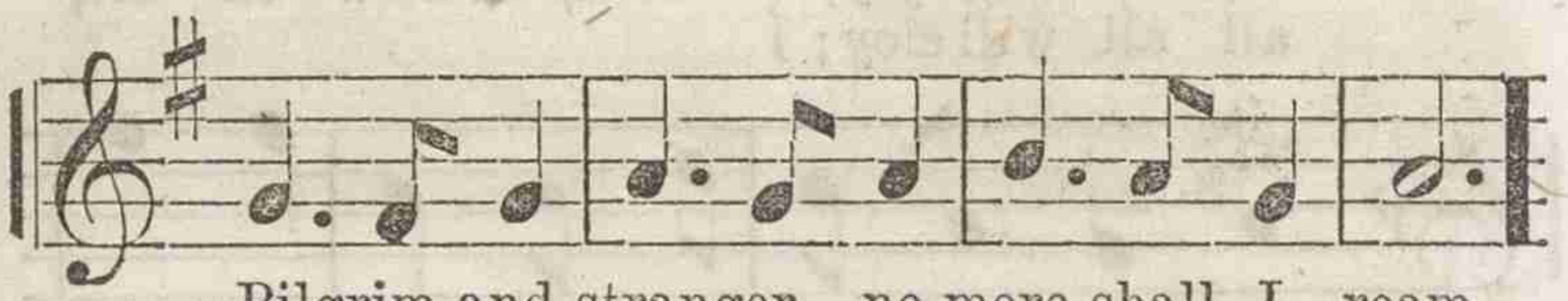
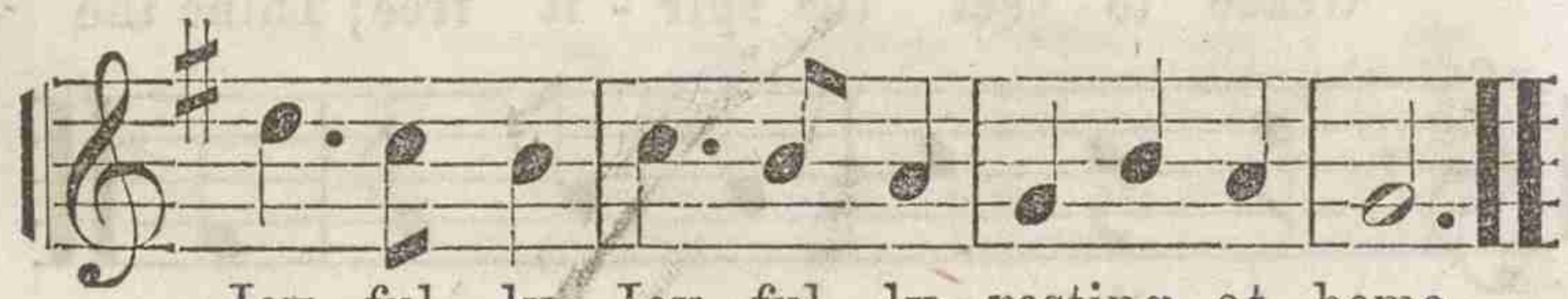
HAMBURG. L. M.

Kingdoms and thrones to God be - long;
Crown him, ye na - tions in your song:
His wond'rous name and power re - hearse;



EXPERIENCE. P. M.

"JOYFULLY!" P. M.



Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly on-ward I move,
An-ge-lic chor-ist-ers, sing as I come,

Bound for the land of bright spirits a - bove;
Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home,

Soon with my pil-grim-age end - ed be - low,

Home to the land of bright spir-its I go;

Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,

Joy - ful - ly, Joy - ful - ly resting at home.

HYMN.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above:
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

2. Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to that land of delight will I go:
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

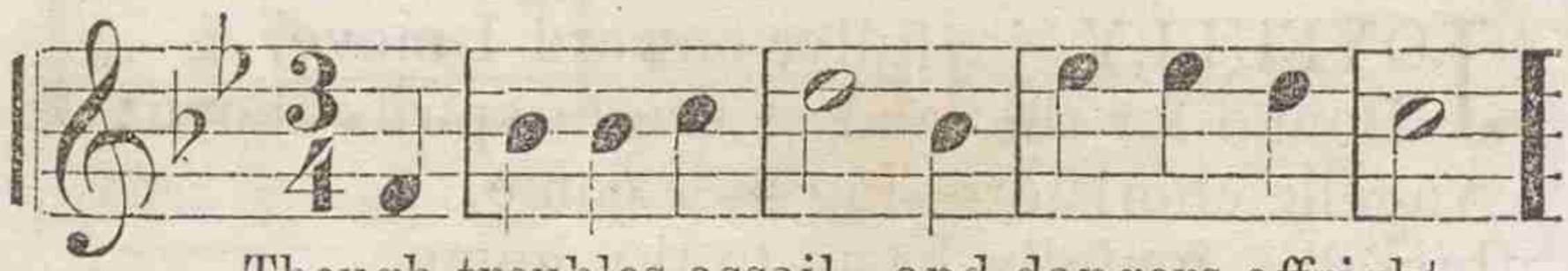
3. Friends fondly cherished have pass'd on before,
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore,
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

4. Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear:
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

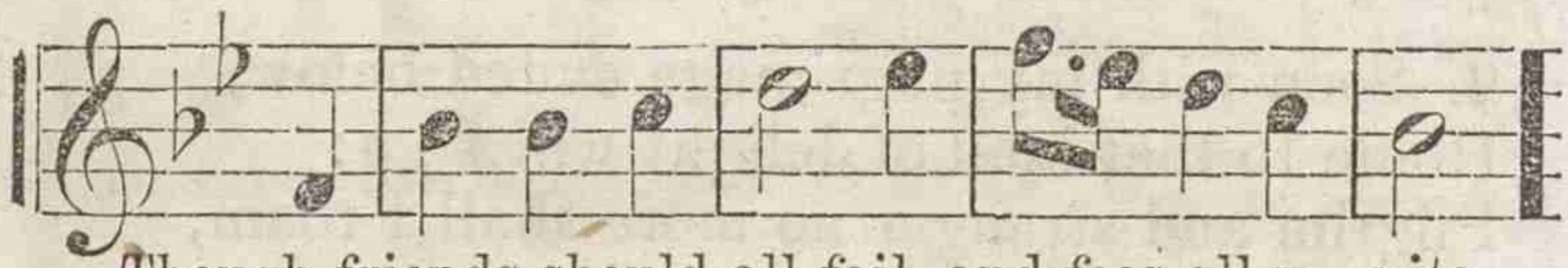
5. Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow:
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb:
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.

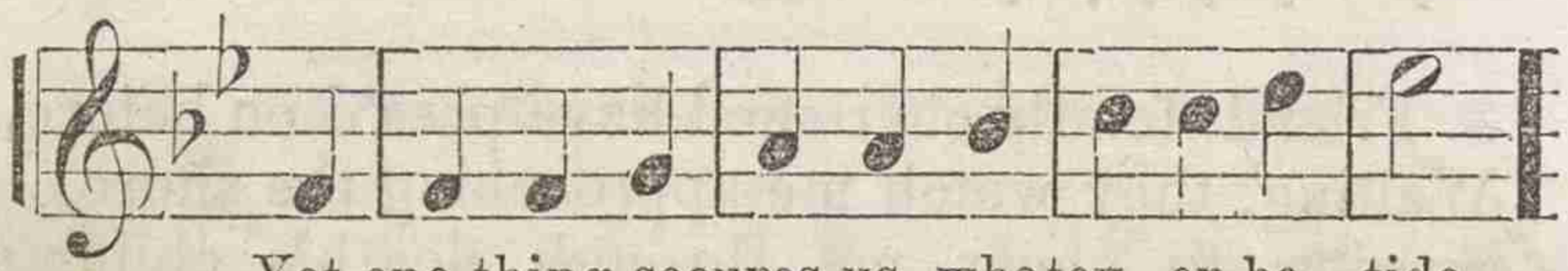
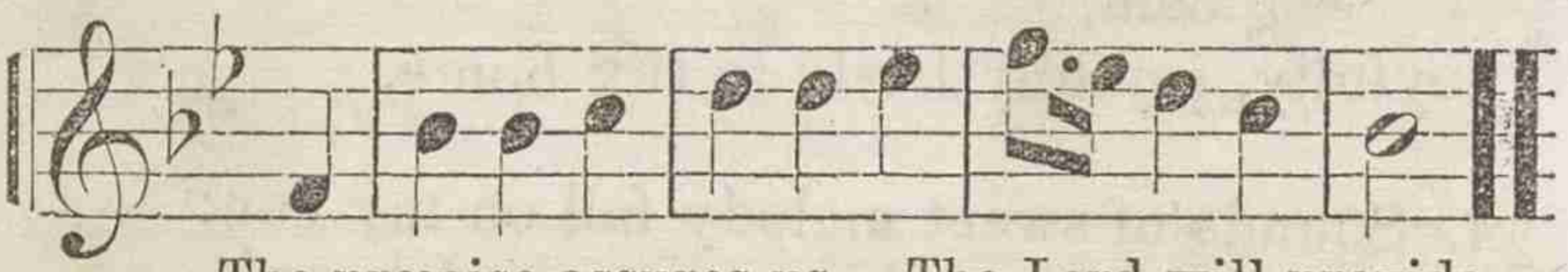
6. Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banish'd, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

LYONS. P. M.

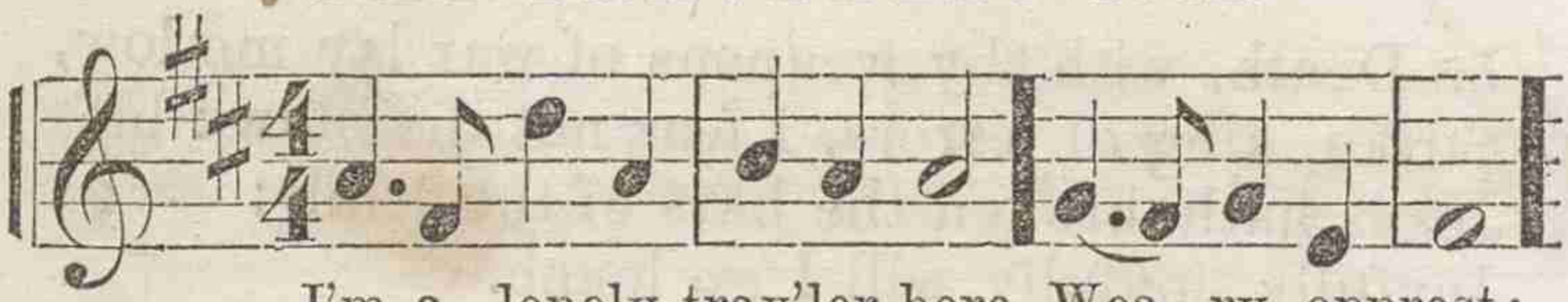


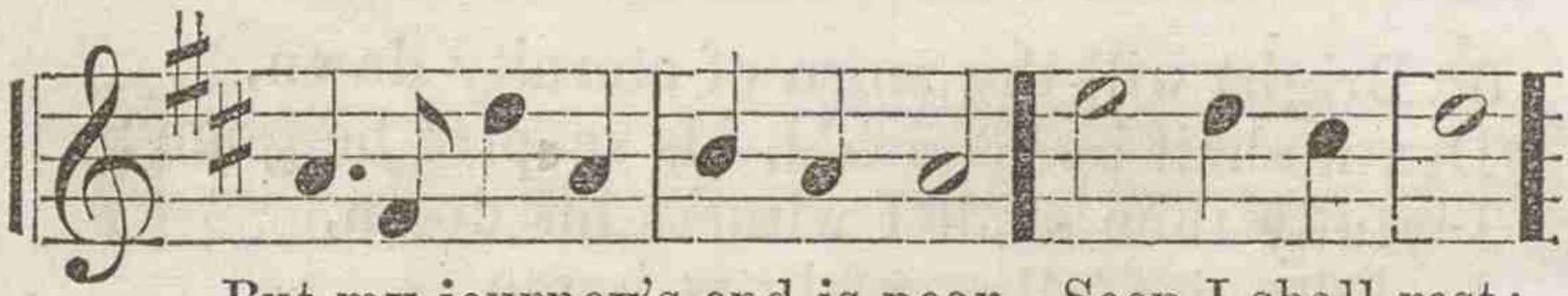
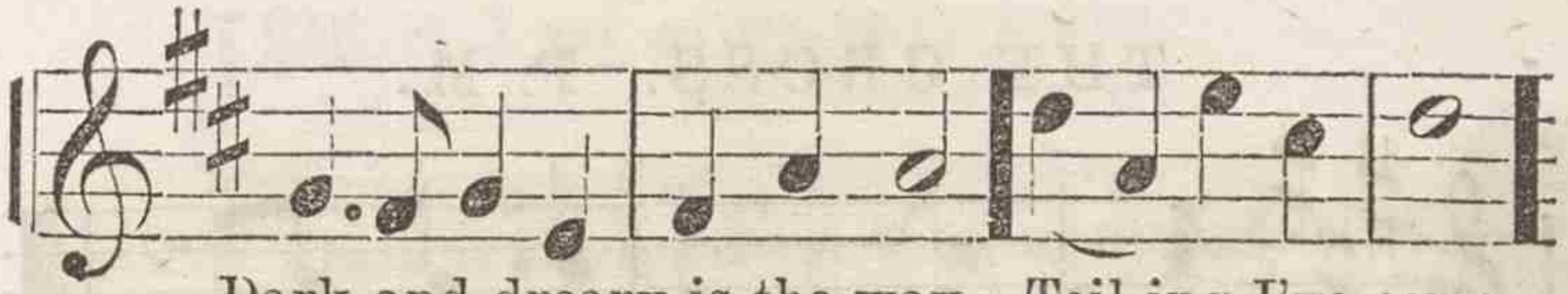
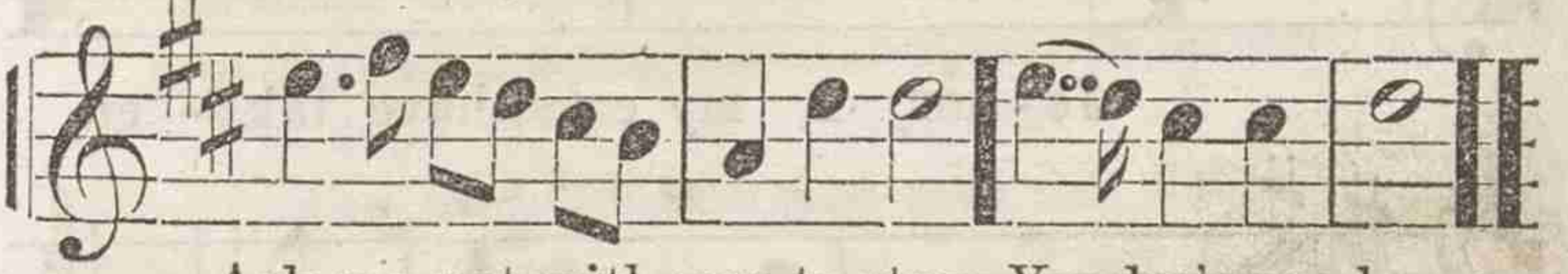
Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,

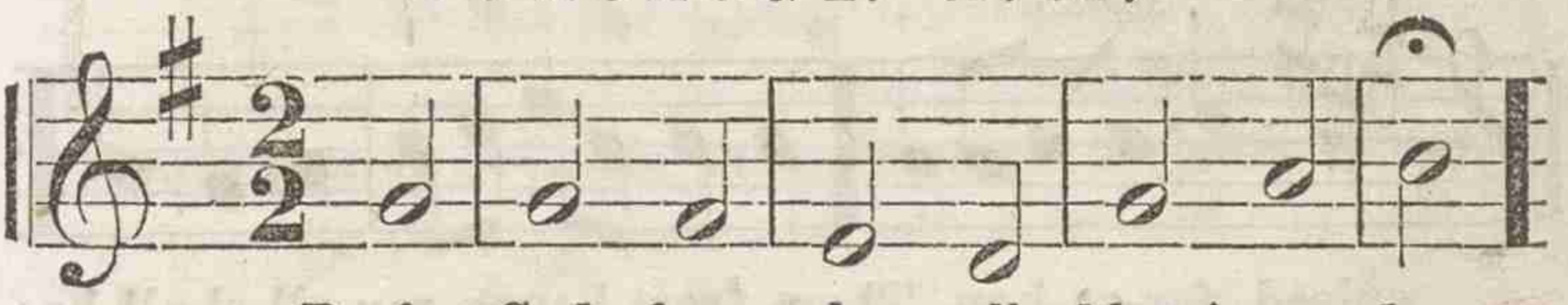
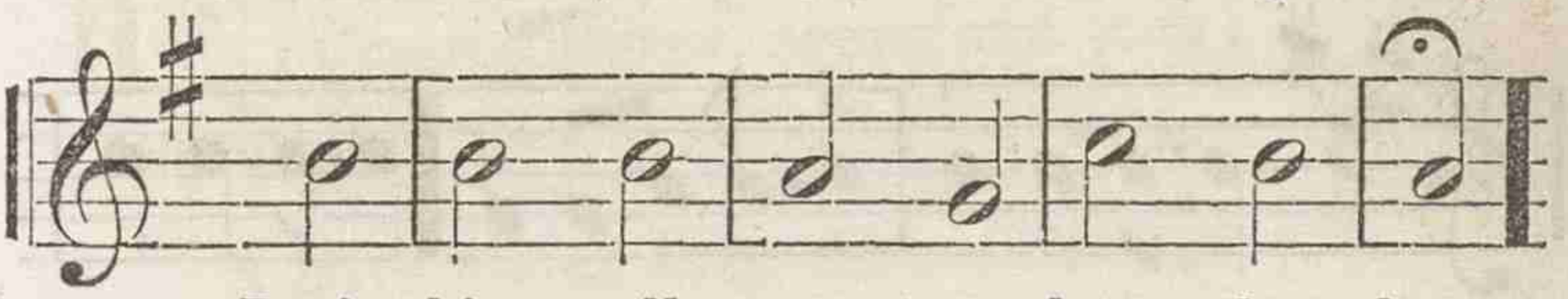
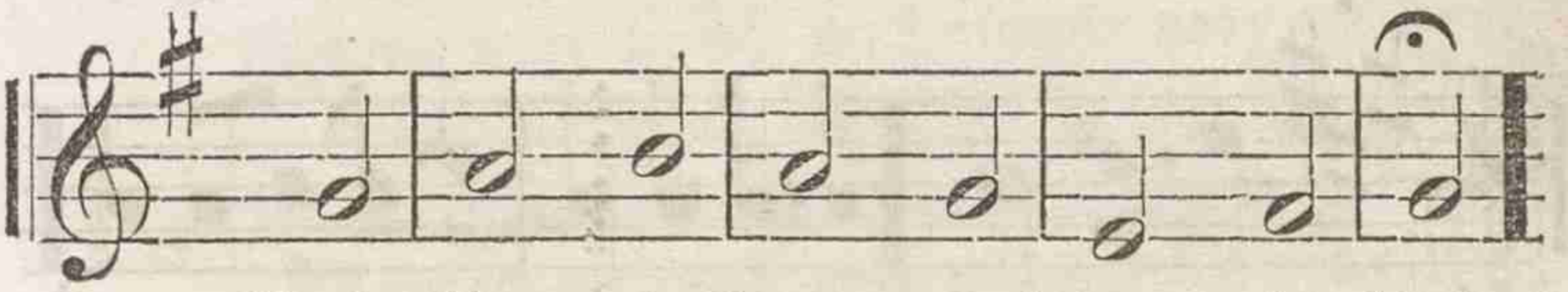
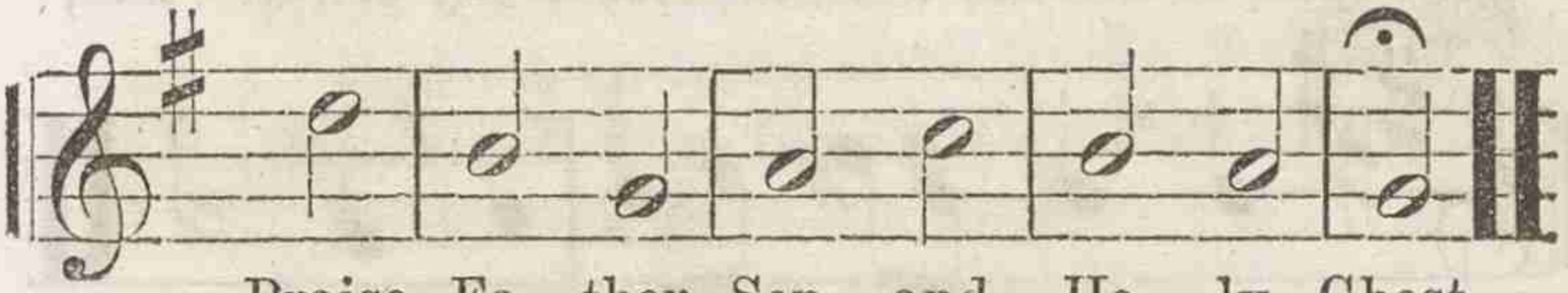


Though friends should all fail, and foes all u - nite,

Yet one thing secures us, whatev - er be - tide,

The promise assures us,—The Lord will provide.

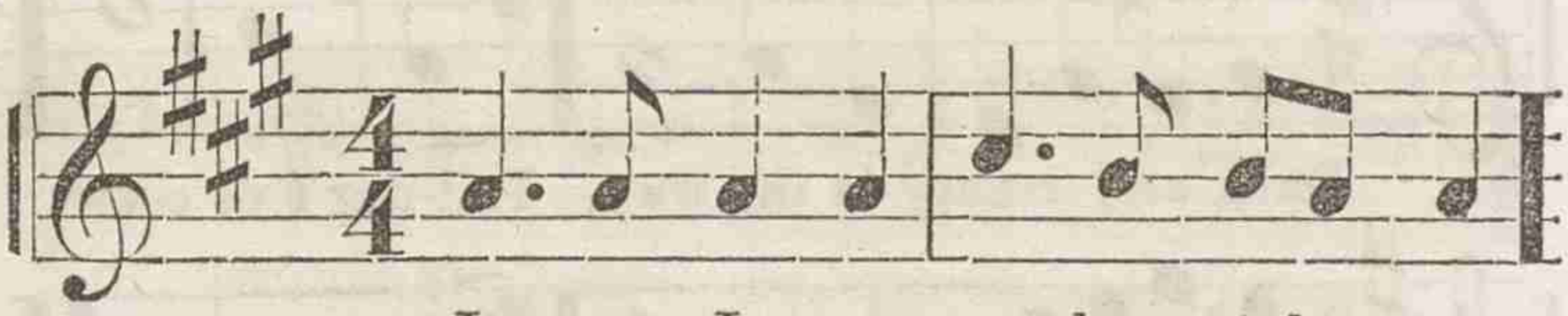
THE TRAVELER. P. M.

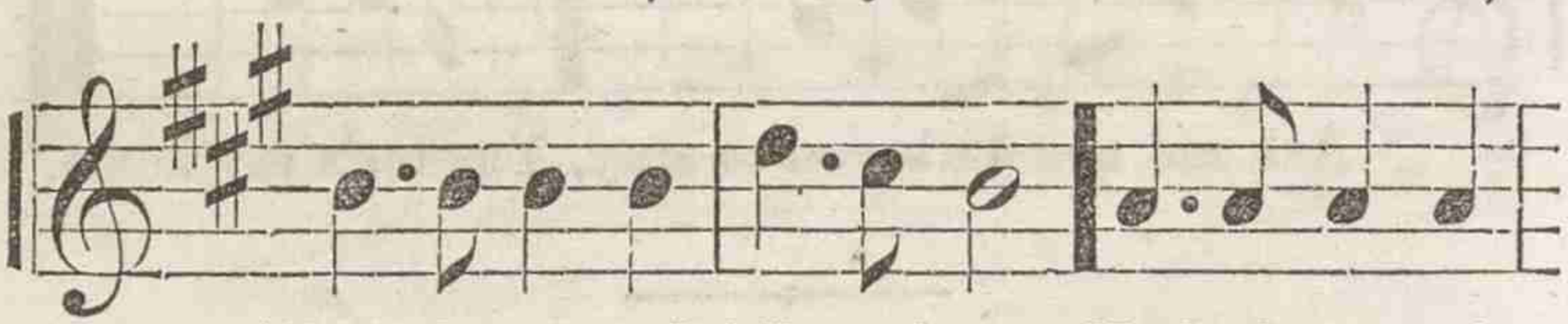
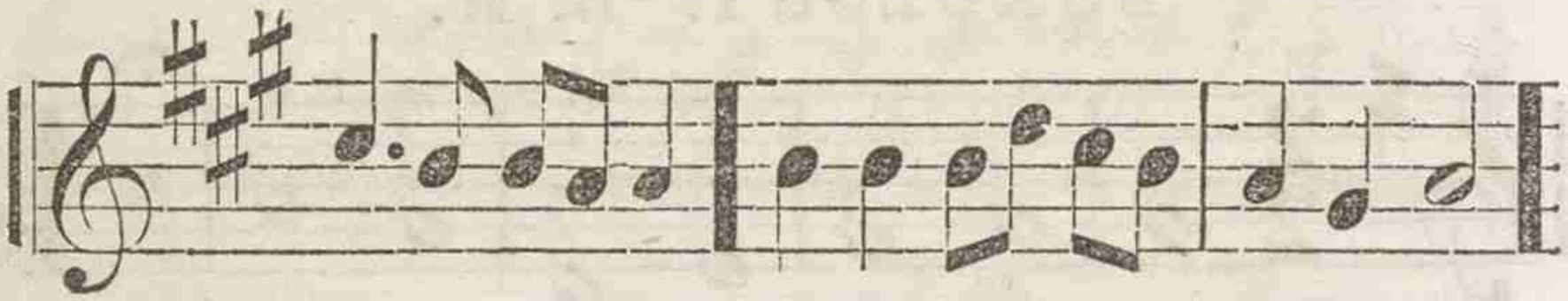
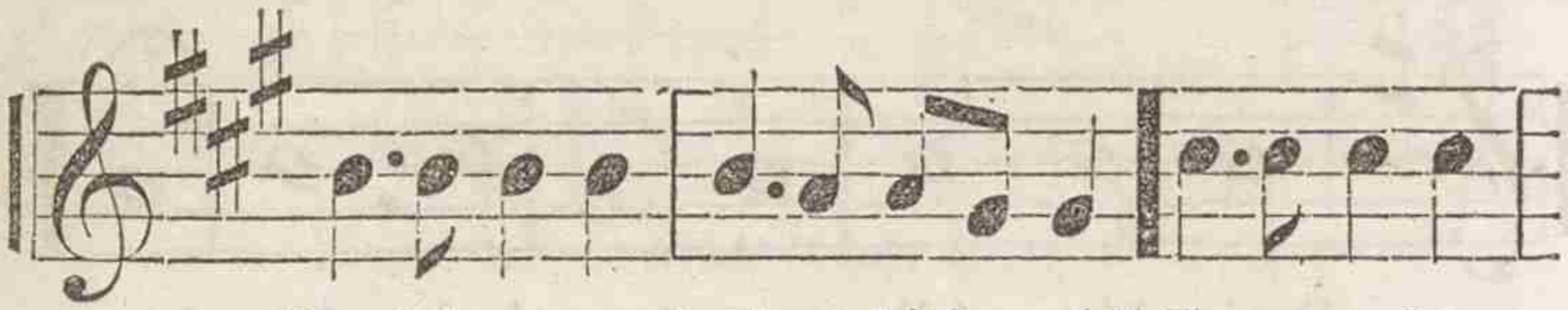
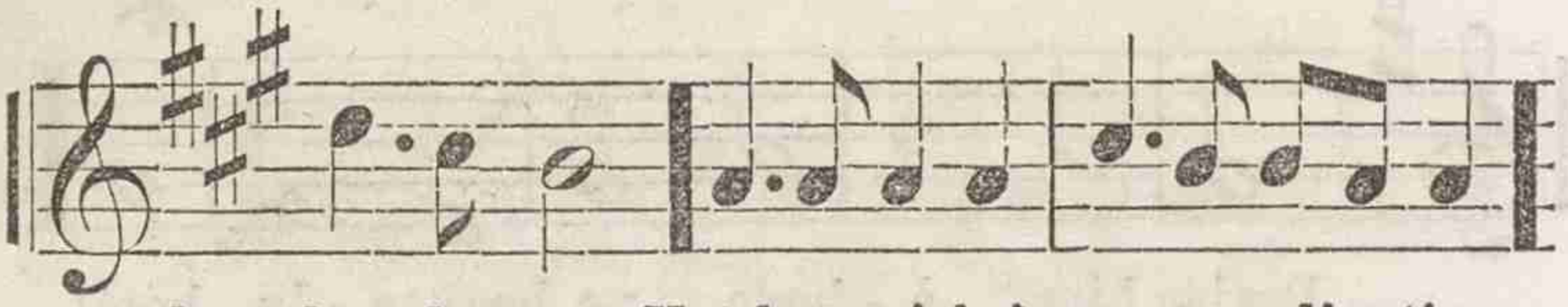
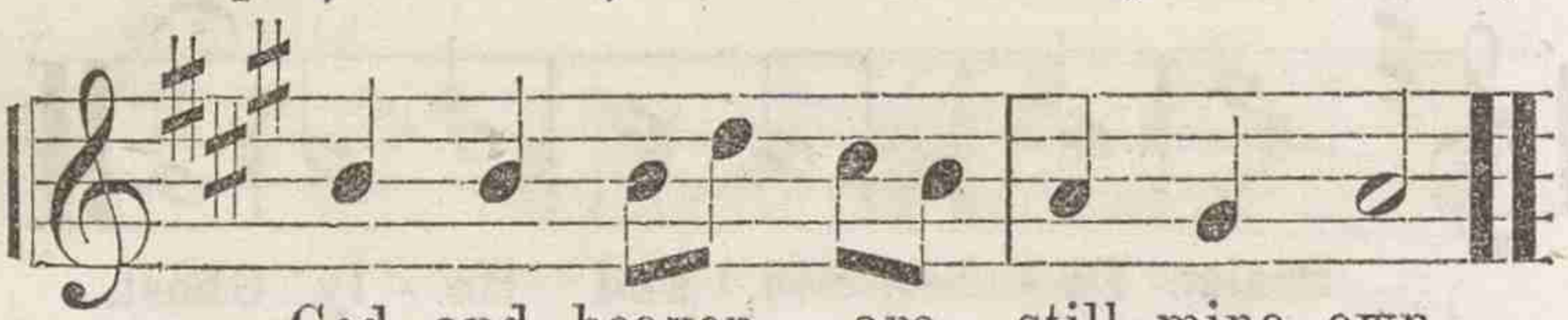


I'm a lonely trav'ler here, Wea - ry, opprest;

But my journey's end is near—Soon I shall rest;

Dark and dreary is the way, Toil-ing I've come,

Ask me not with you to stay, Yonder's my home.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;

Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low;

Praise him a - bove, ye heaven - ly host;

Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

THE CROSS. P. M.



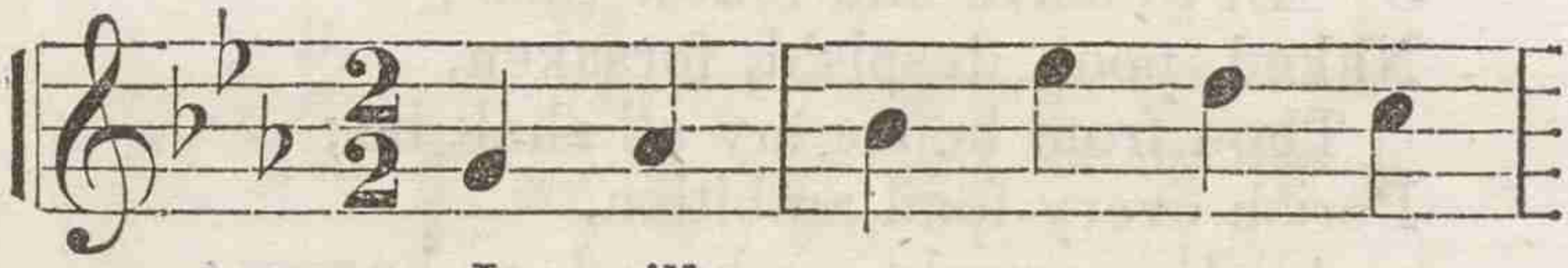
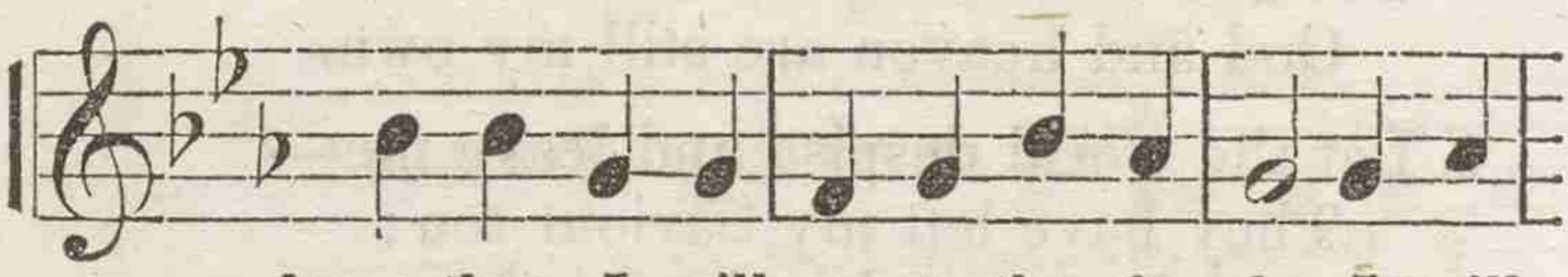
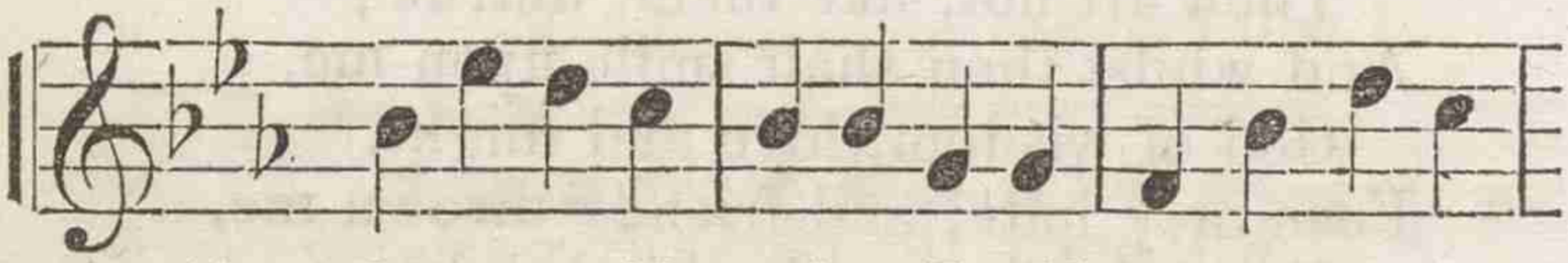
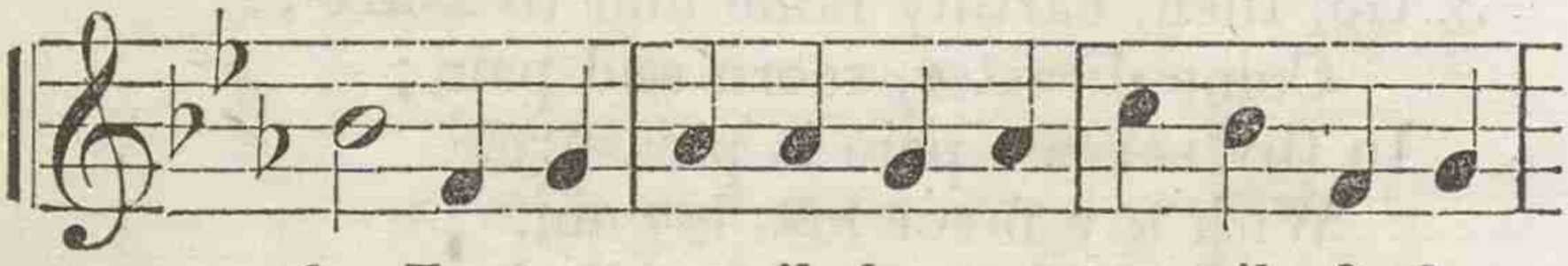
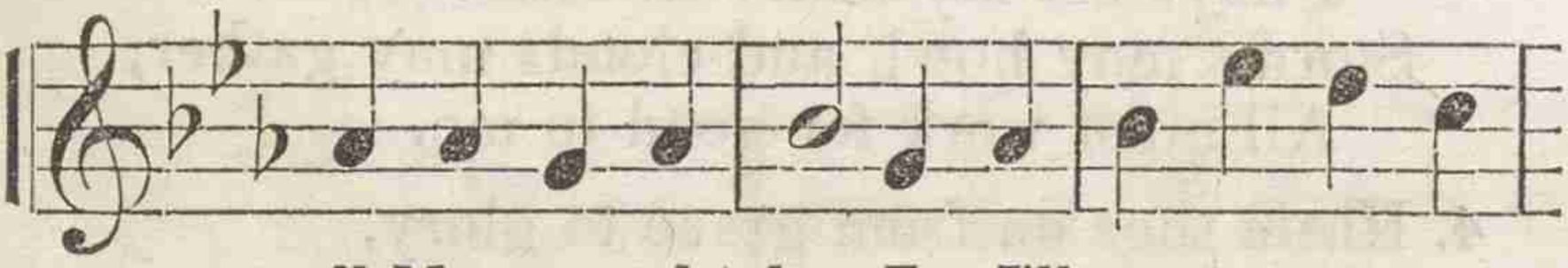
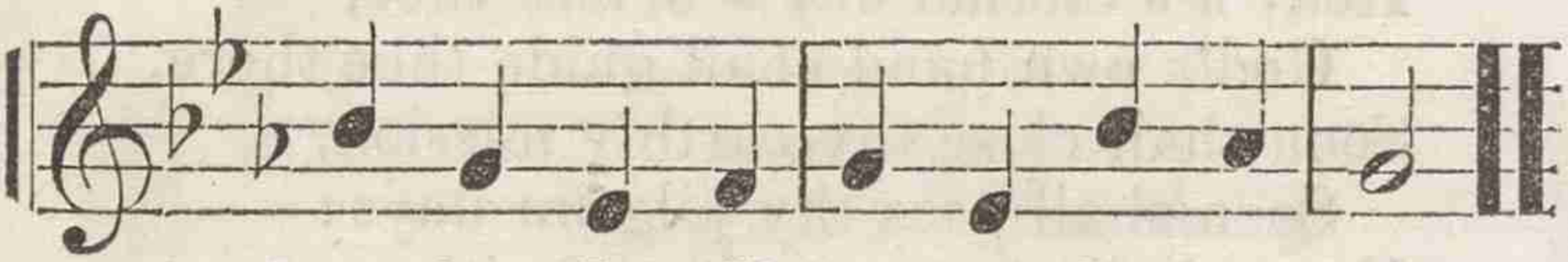
Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en,

All to leave and follow thee; Na-ked, poor, de-

spised, for-sa-ken, Thou, from hence, my all shall be;

Per-ish every fond ambition, All I've sought, or

hoped, or known, Yet how rich is my con-di - tion,

God and heaven are still mine own.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despis'd, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2. Let the world despise and leave me—
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face and all is bright.

3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come disaster, scorn and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father:
I have set my heart on thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4. Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and wing'd by pray'r;
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days:
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

CHRIST CARING FOR US. P. M.

I will nev - er, nev - er

leave thee, I will never thee forsake, I will

guide, and save, and keep thee, For My name and mercy

sake, Fear no e - vil, fear no e - vil, On-ly

all My counsel take; For I'll nev-er, nev-er

leave thee, I will nev - er thee for - sake.

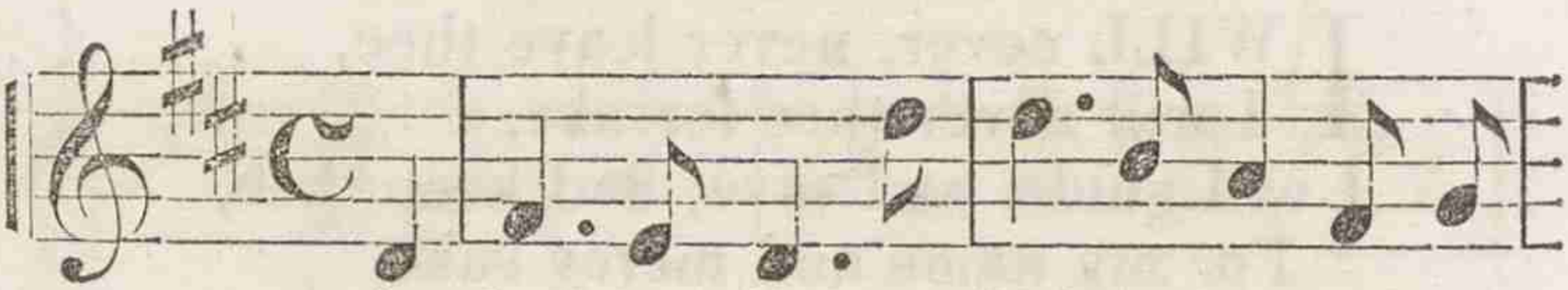
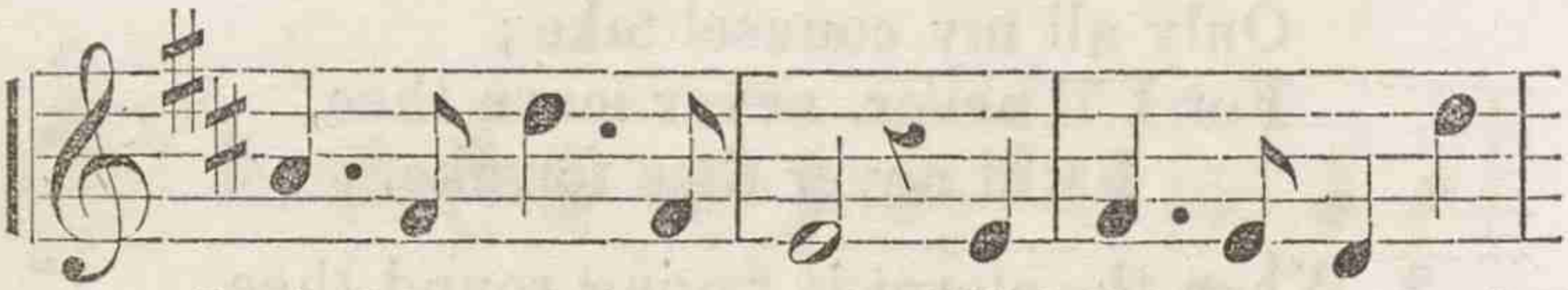
HYMN.

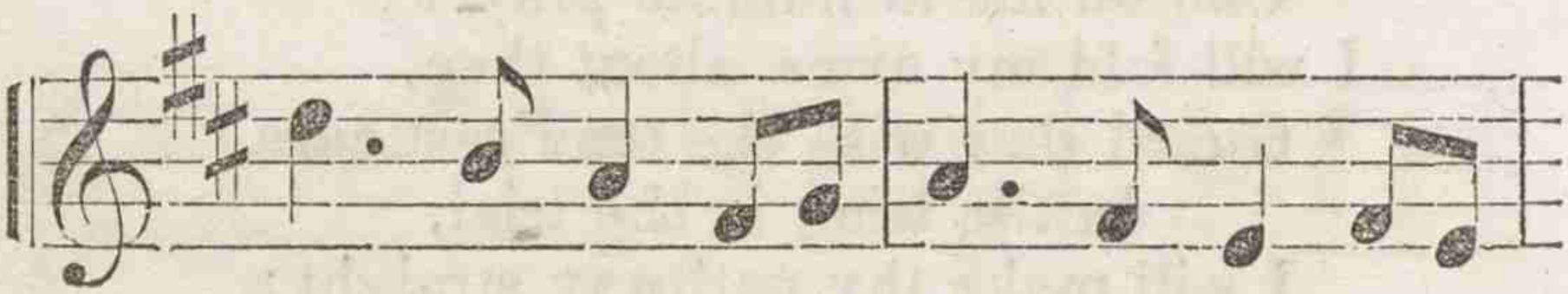
I WILL never, never leave thee,
I will never thee forsake,
I will guide, and save, and keep thee,
For my name and mercy sake.
Fear no evil, fear no evil,
Only all my counsel take;
For I 'll never, never leave thee,
I will never thee forsake.

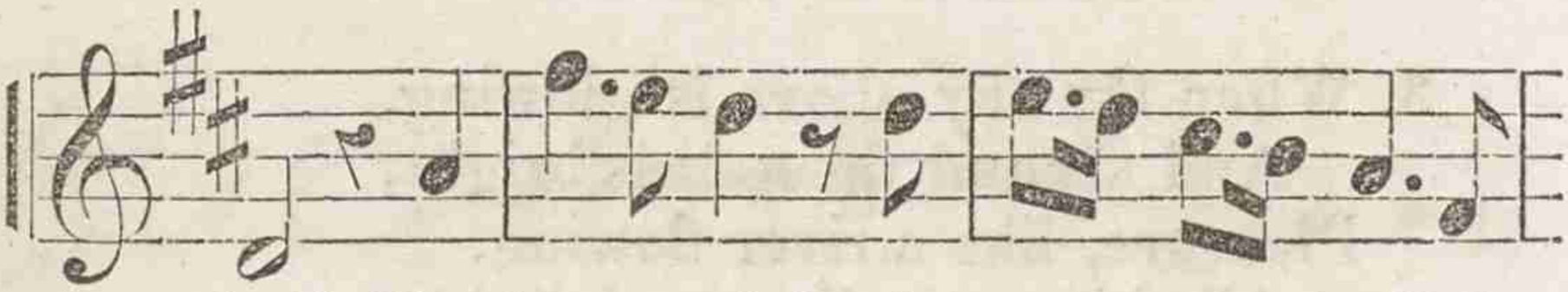
2. When the storm is raging round thee,
Call on me in humble prayer;
I will fold my arms about thee,
Guard thee with the tend'rest care.
In the trial, in the trial,
I will make thy pathway straight;
For I 'll never, etc.

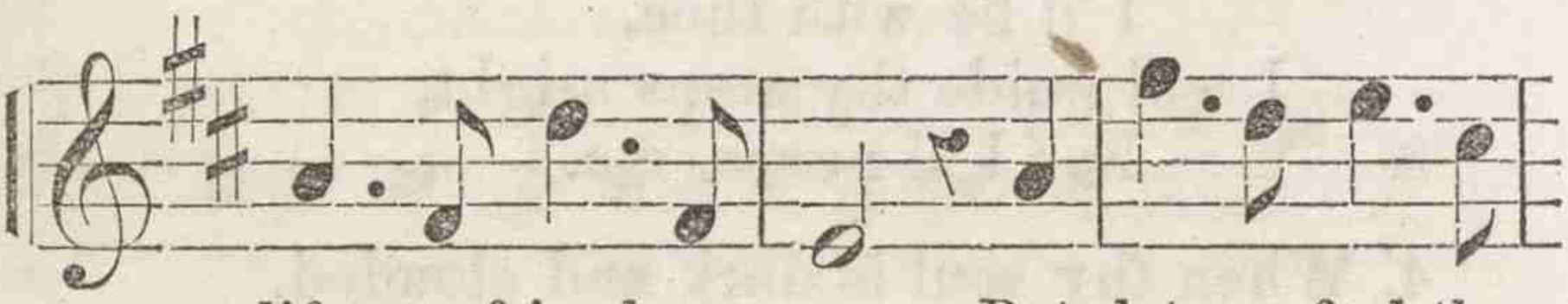
3. When the sky above is glowing,
And around thee all is bright,
Pleasure, like a river flowing,
All things tending to delight,
I 'll be with thee,
I will guide thy steps aright,
For I 'll never, etc.

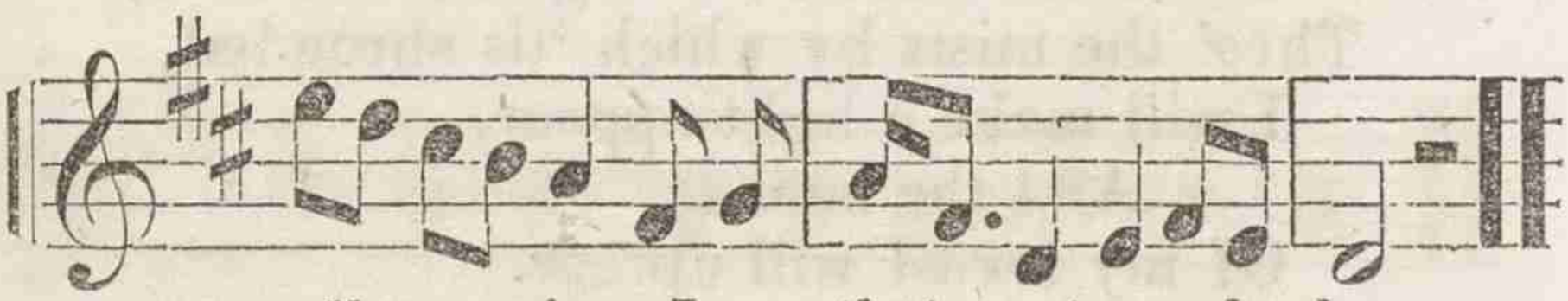
4. When thy soul is dark and clouded,
Filled with doubt, and grief, and care,
Thro' the mists by which 'tis shrouded,
I will make a light appear,
And the banner
Of my love I will uprear.
For I 'll never, etc.

PROSPECT. C. M.

O what are all my sufferings here, If,

Lord, thou count me meet, With that enraptured



host t'ap-pear, And wor - ship at thy

feet! Give joy or grief, give care or pain, Take



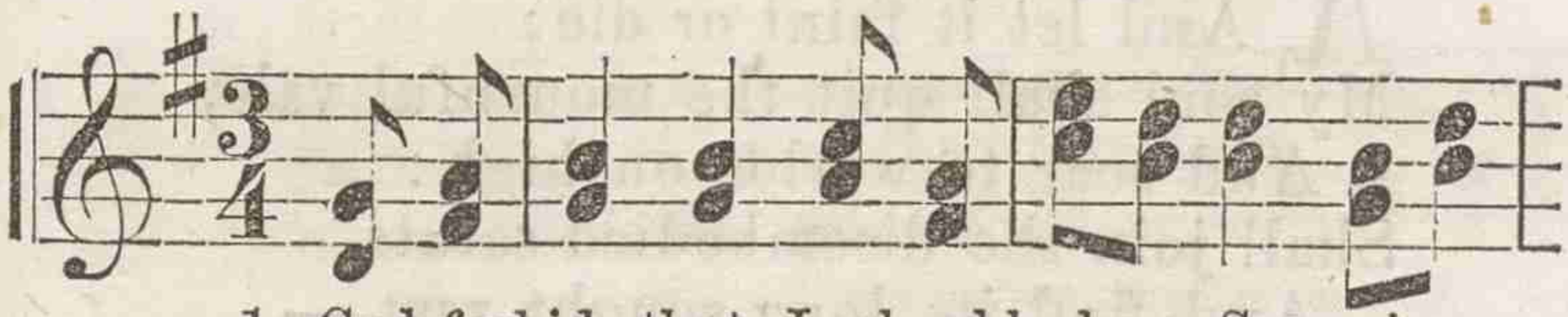
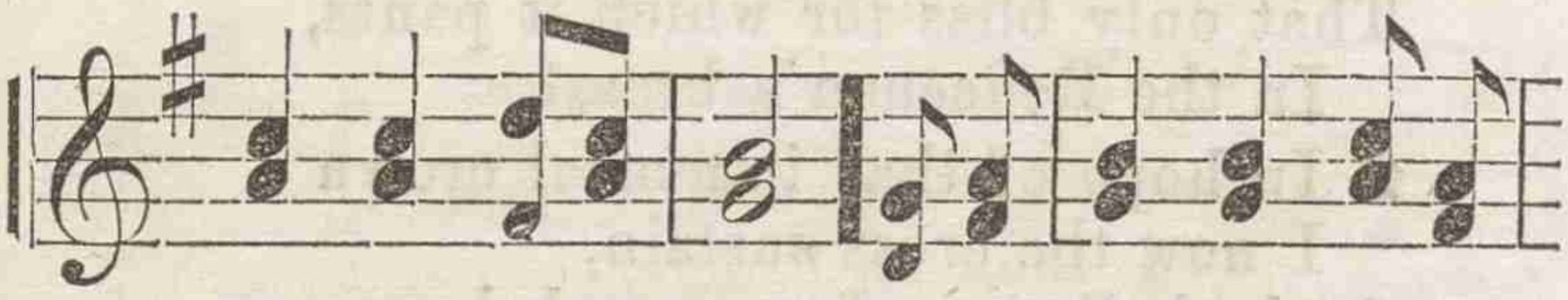
life or friends a - way, But let me find them

all a-gain In that e-ter-nal day.

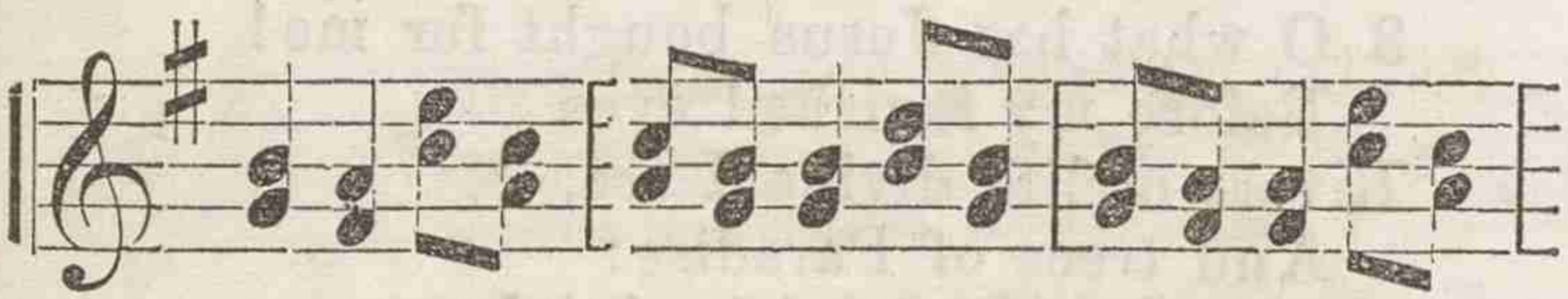
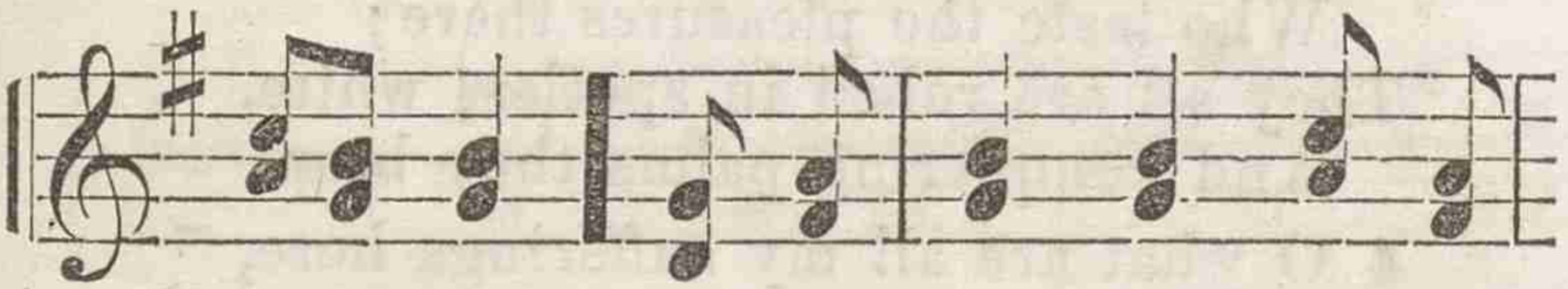
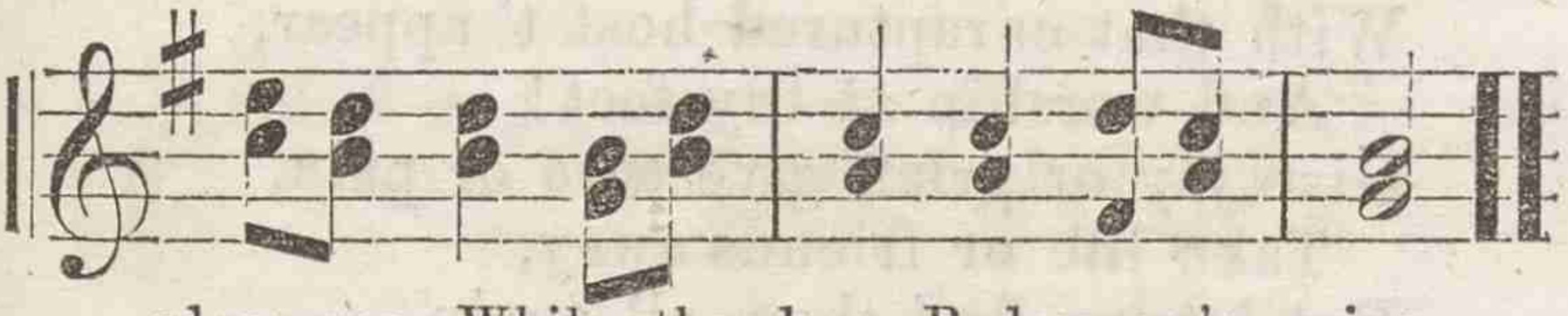
AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high:
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,—
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what has Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise:
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

GLORYING IN THE CROSS.

1. God forbid that I should glory, Save in

Christ the crucified, Or should blush to tell the

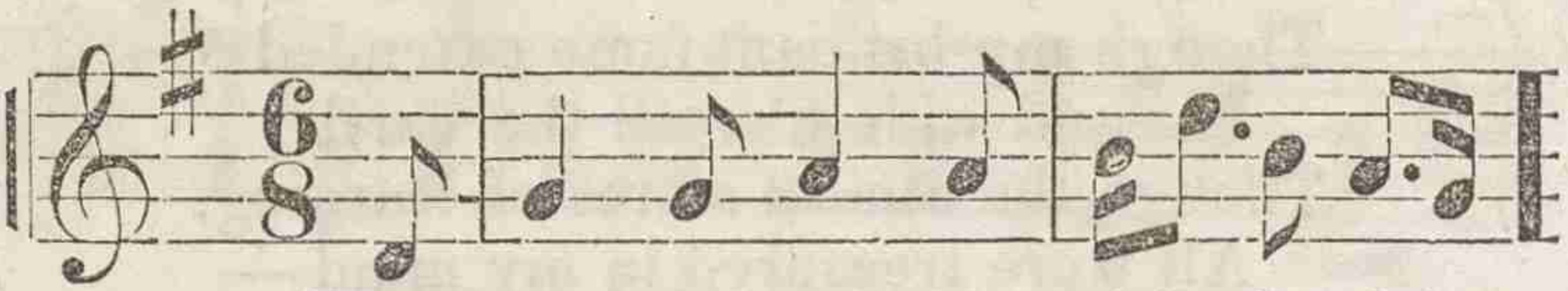
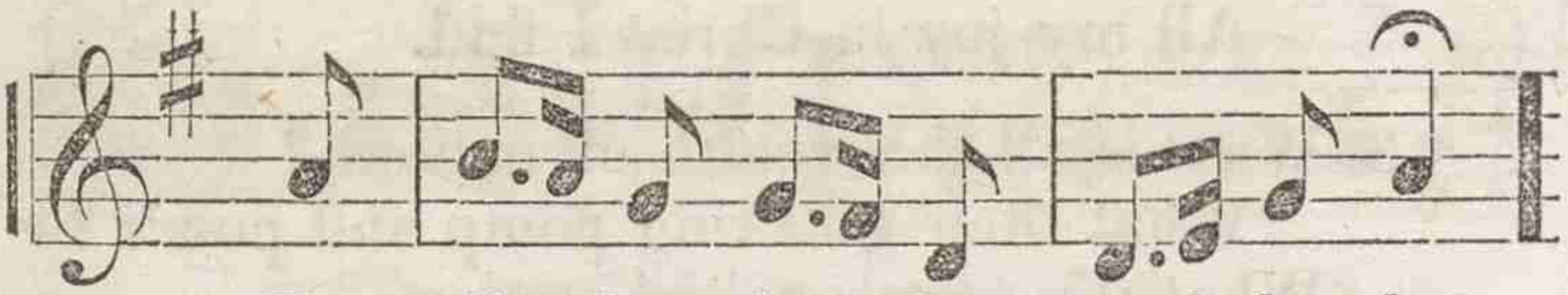
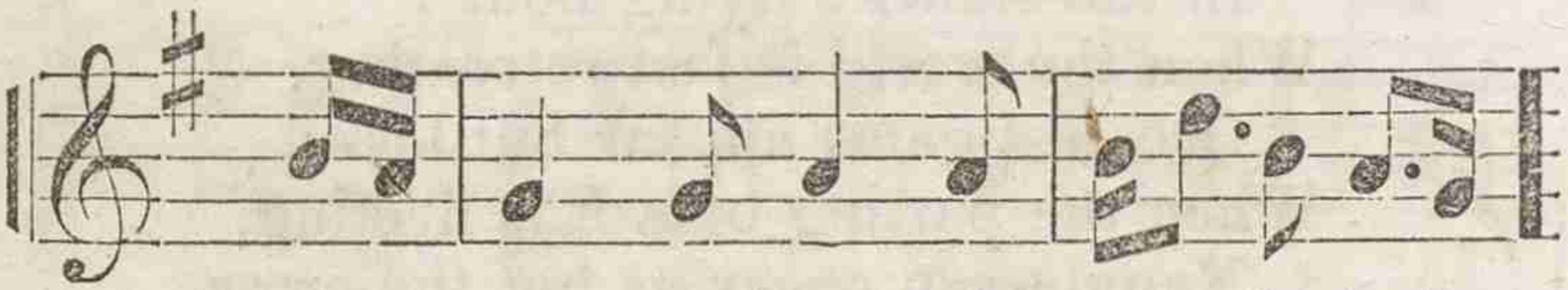
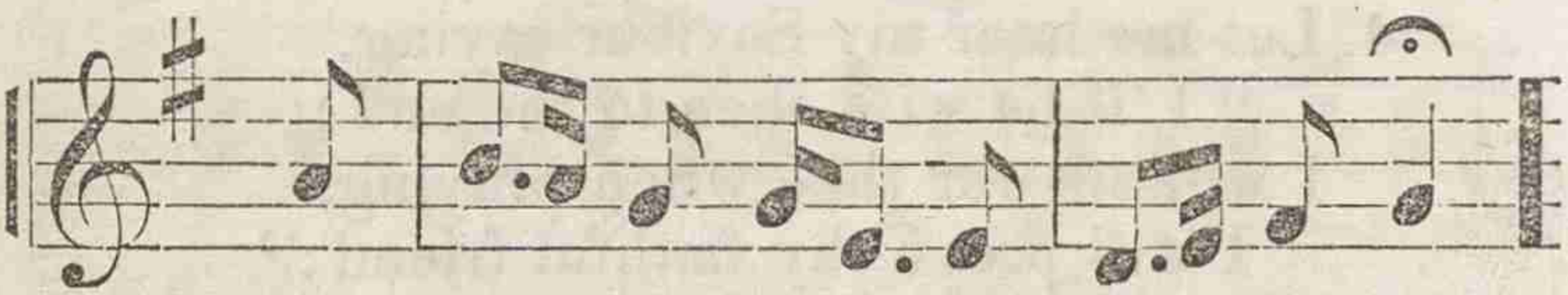
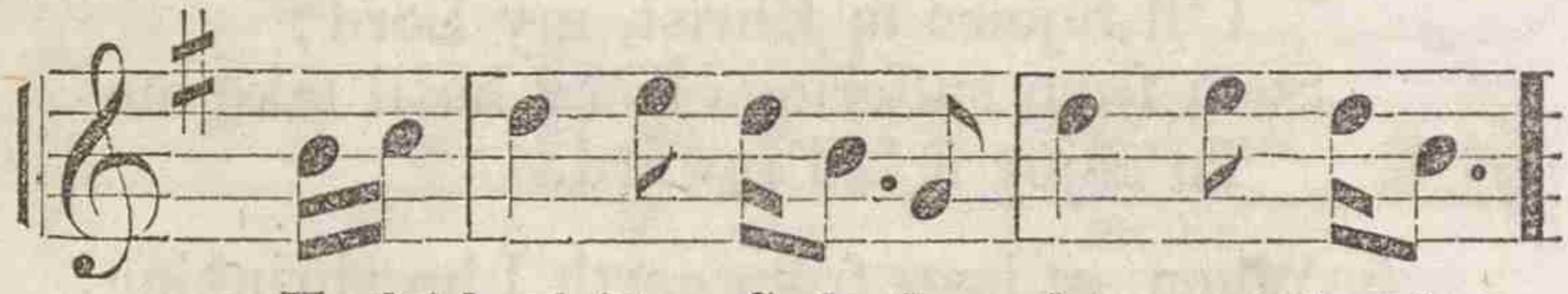
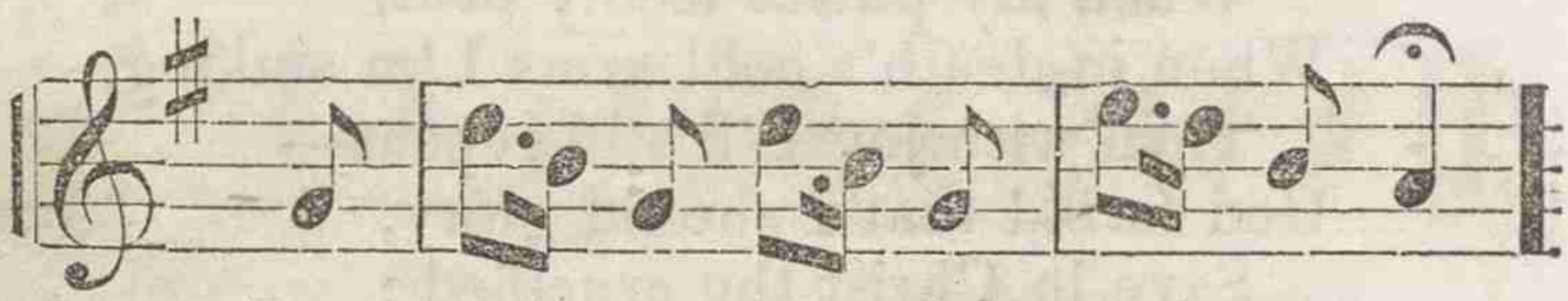
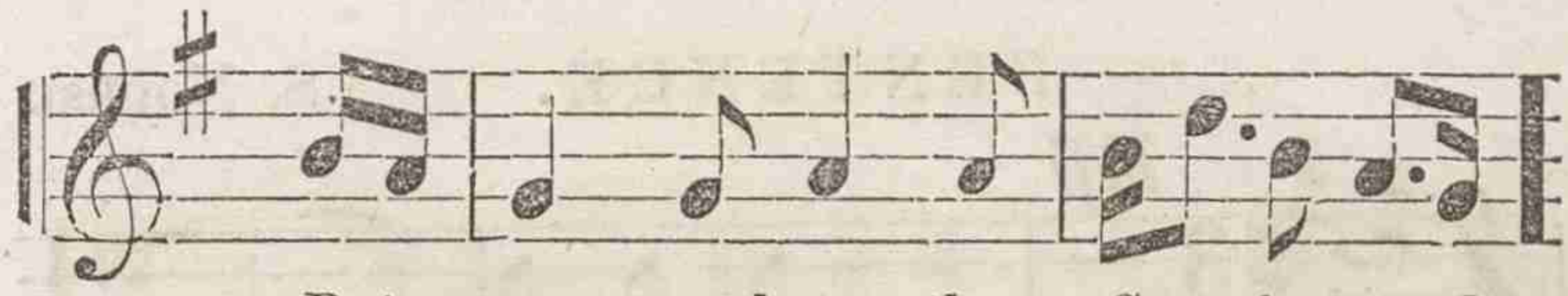
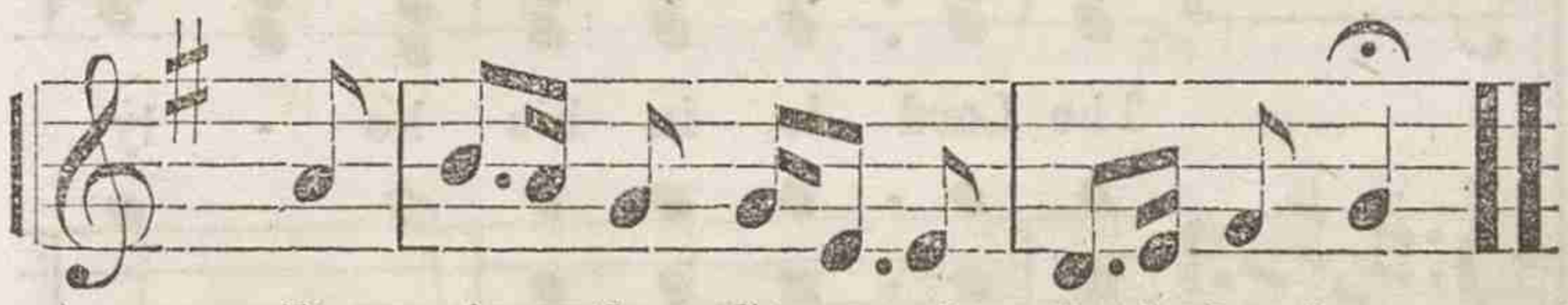
story, How for sinners Jesus died: Let the

rich display their treasures, Let them boast how bright

they shine; I will nev - er seek their

pleasures, While the dear Redeemer's mine.

2. Though from kings I had descended,
And could boast of noblest birth;
Though my brilliant fame extended
Far and wide o'er all the earth;
Though the utmost stores of learning,
All were treasured in my mind—
From the whole with gladness turning,
All my joy in Christ I find.

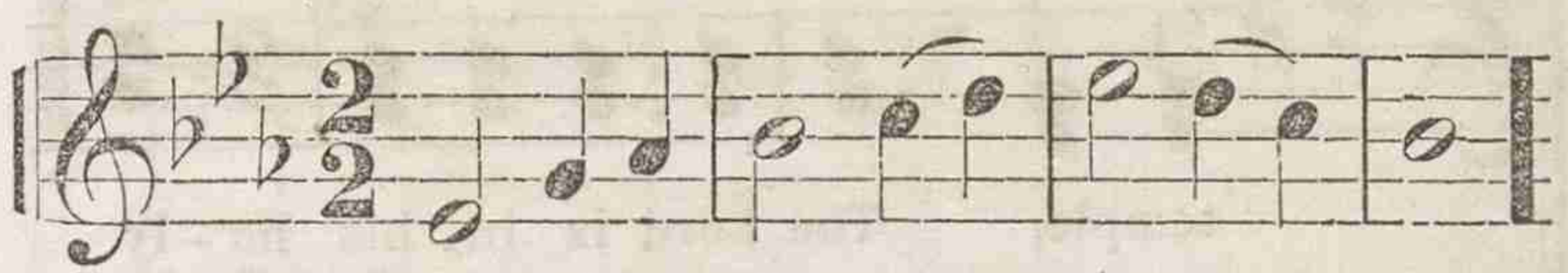
3. What is all the wealth of nations?
What their glitt'ring pomp and pow'r?
What the most exalted stations?
In the sinner's dying hour?
When the world is fast retreating,
Greatest gains appear but loss:
When the parting breath is fleeting,
Naught can cheer us but the cross.

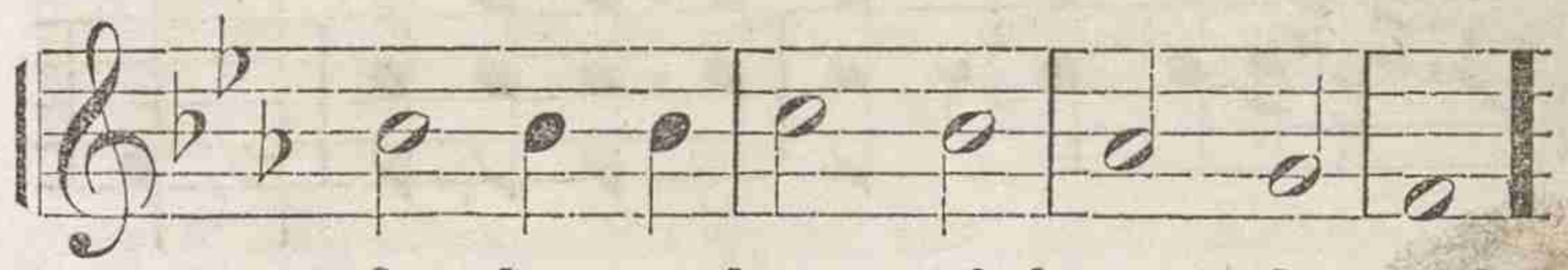
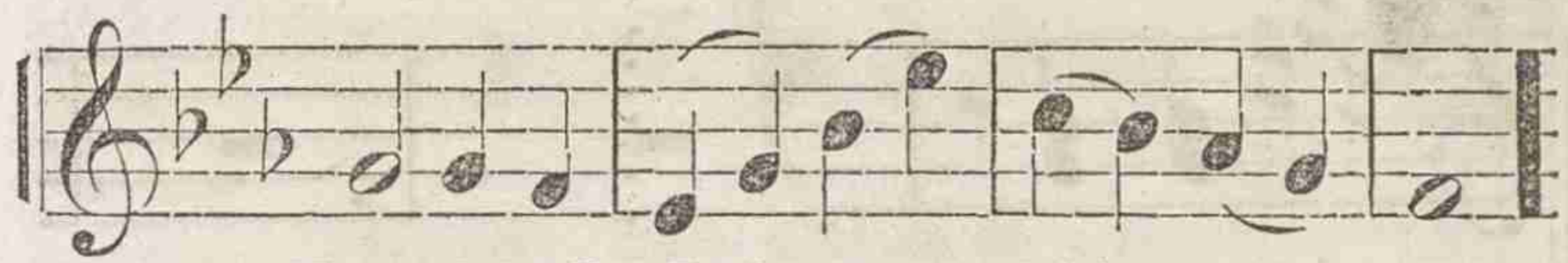
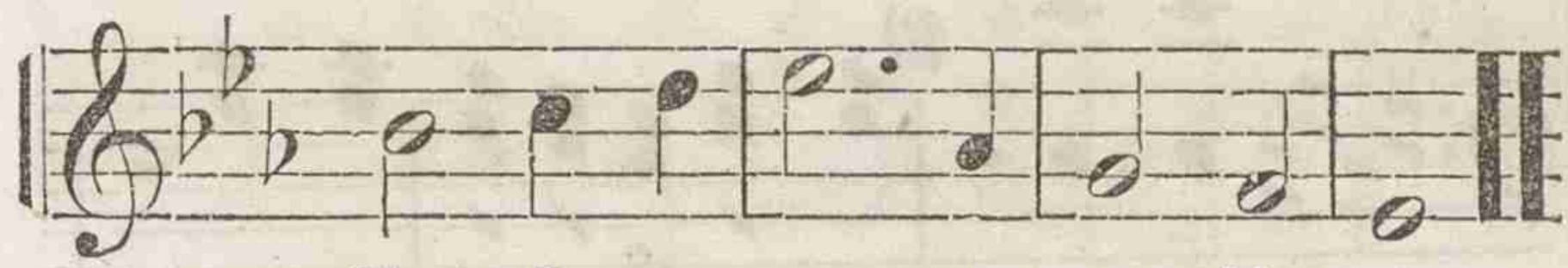
4. Let me hear my Saviour saying,
"I'll be with thee to the end;
I will answer thee when praying,
I will prove thy faithful friend;"
Then though all the world forsake me,
I'll rejoice in Christ, my Lord;
Soon from sufferings freed he'll take me
To enjoy a full reward.

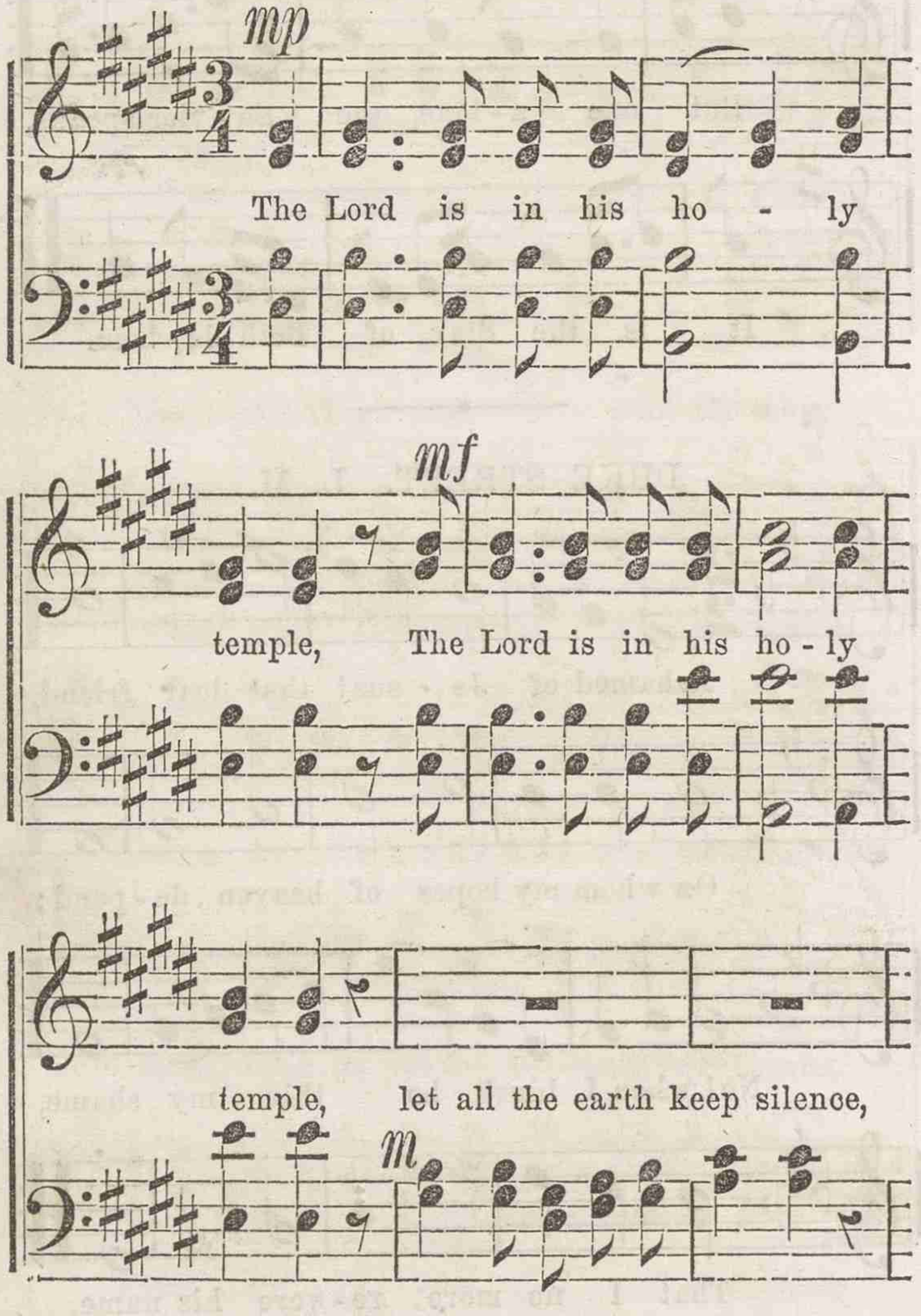
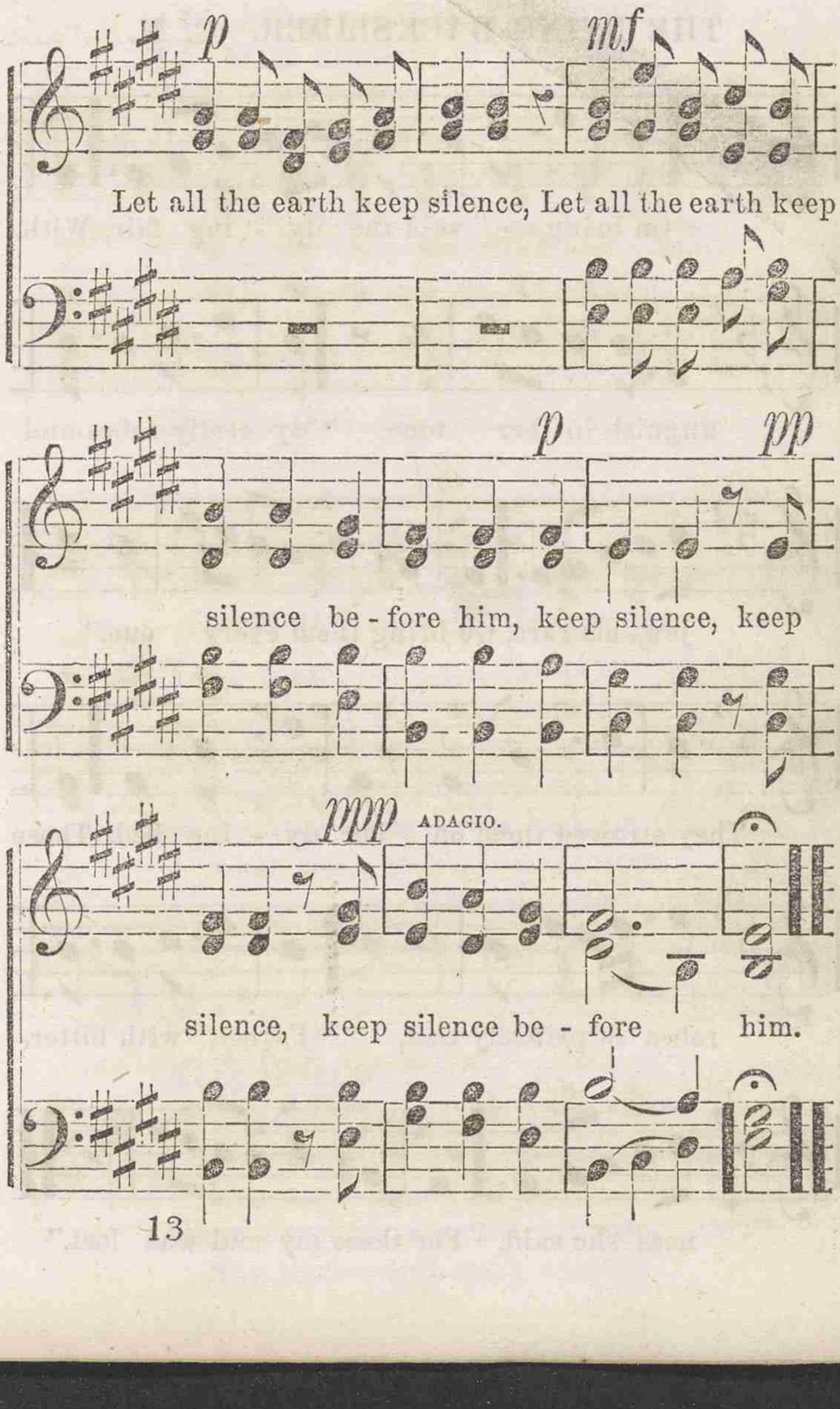
5. When, at last, from earth I'm shrinking,
When my pulses feebly beat,
When in death's cold arms I'm sinking,
Then with joy I'll still repeat—
God forbid that I should glory,
Save in Christ the crucified;
Still in death I'll tell the story,
How for sinners Jesus died.

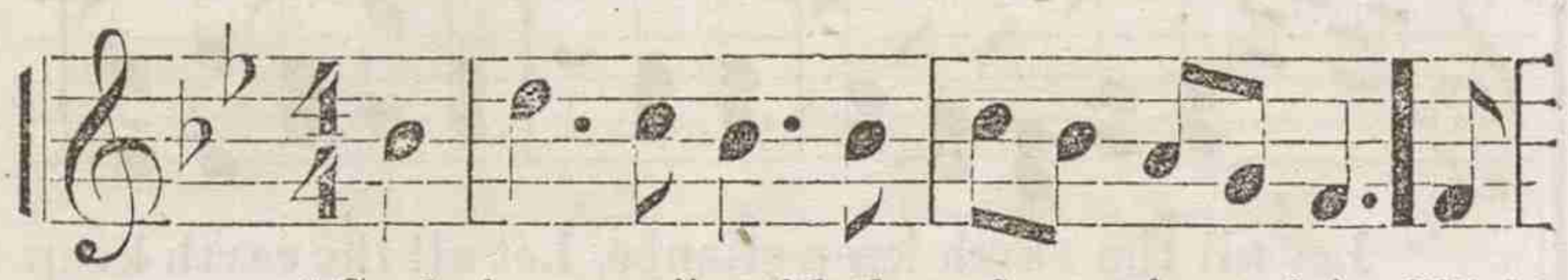
STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L. M.

When marshaled on the night-ly plain,

The glittering host be - stud the sky;

One star a - lone of all the train,

Can fix the sin - ner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the cho - rus breaks,

From ev' - ry host, from ev' - ry gem;

But one a-lone, the Sa-vior speaks,

It is the Star of Beth-le-hem.

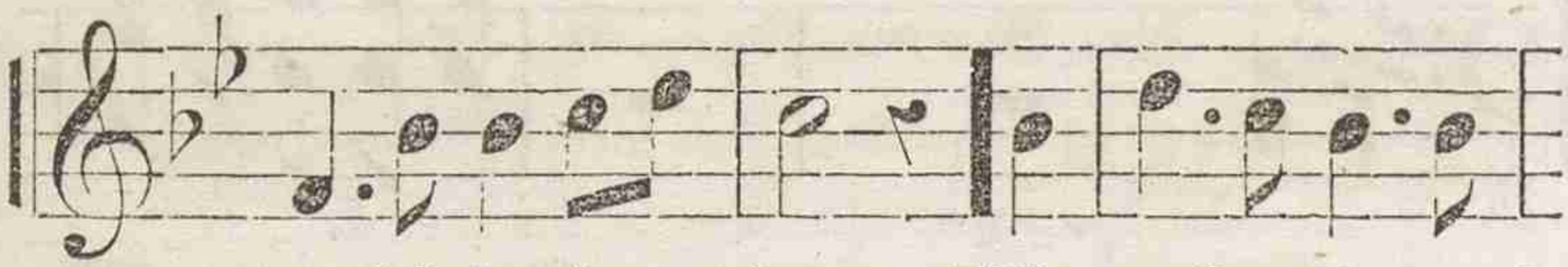
DUKE STREET. L. M.

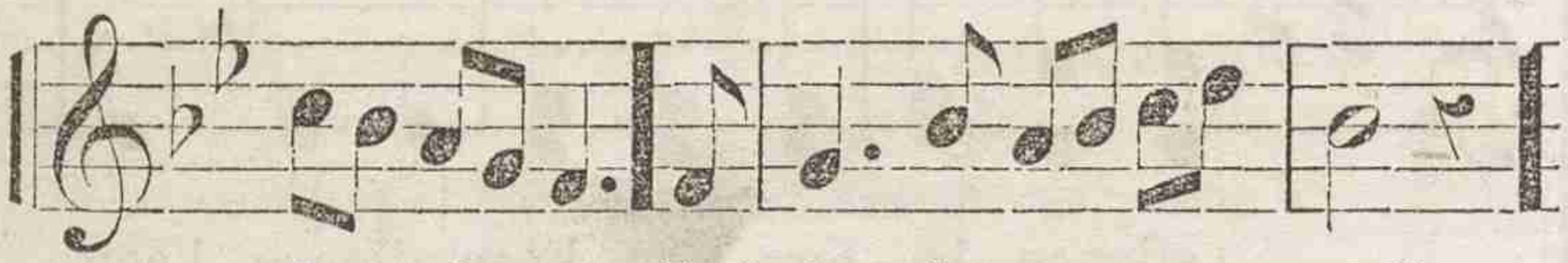


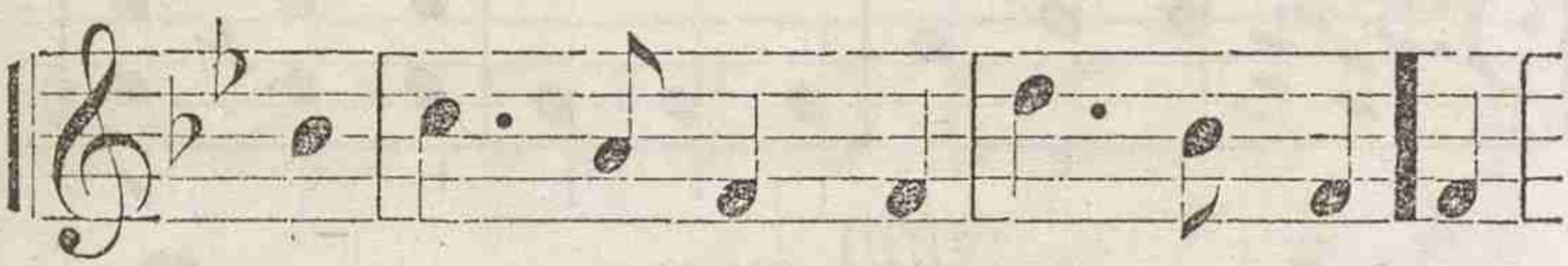
Ashamed of Je-sus! that dear friend,

On whom my hopes of heaven de-pend;

No! when I blush be this my shame,

That I no more re-vere his name.

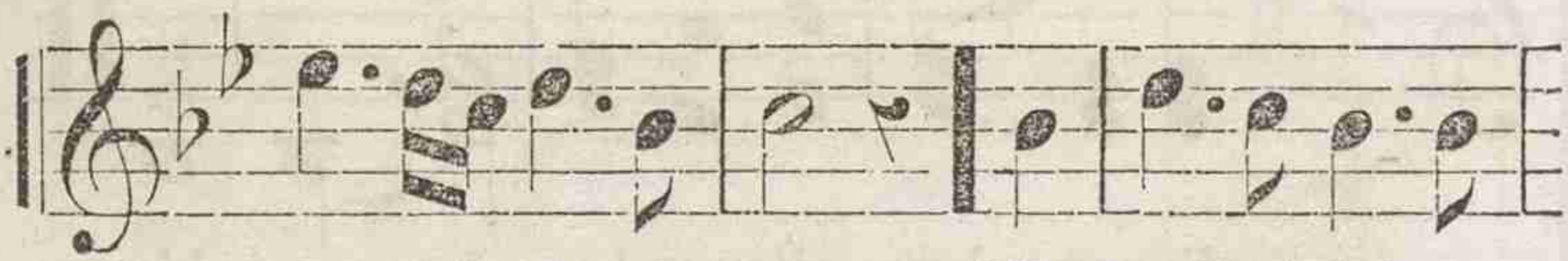
SENTENCE. S. NOURSE.


p
mf
Let all the earth keep silence, Let all the earth keep
p
pp
silence be - fore him, keep silence, keep
ppp
ADAGIO.
silence, keep silence be - fore him.

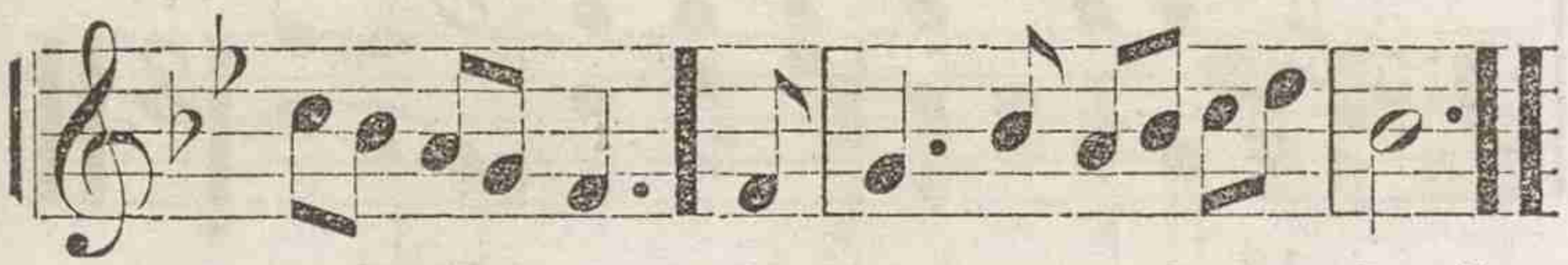
THE DYING BACKSLIDER. C. M.

"Go bring me," said the dy - ing fair, With



anguish in her tone, "My costly robes and

jew-els rare, Go bring them every one."



They strewed them on her dy - ing bed, Those

robes of princely cost, "Father," with bitter-



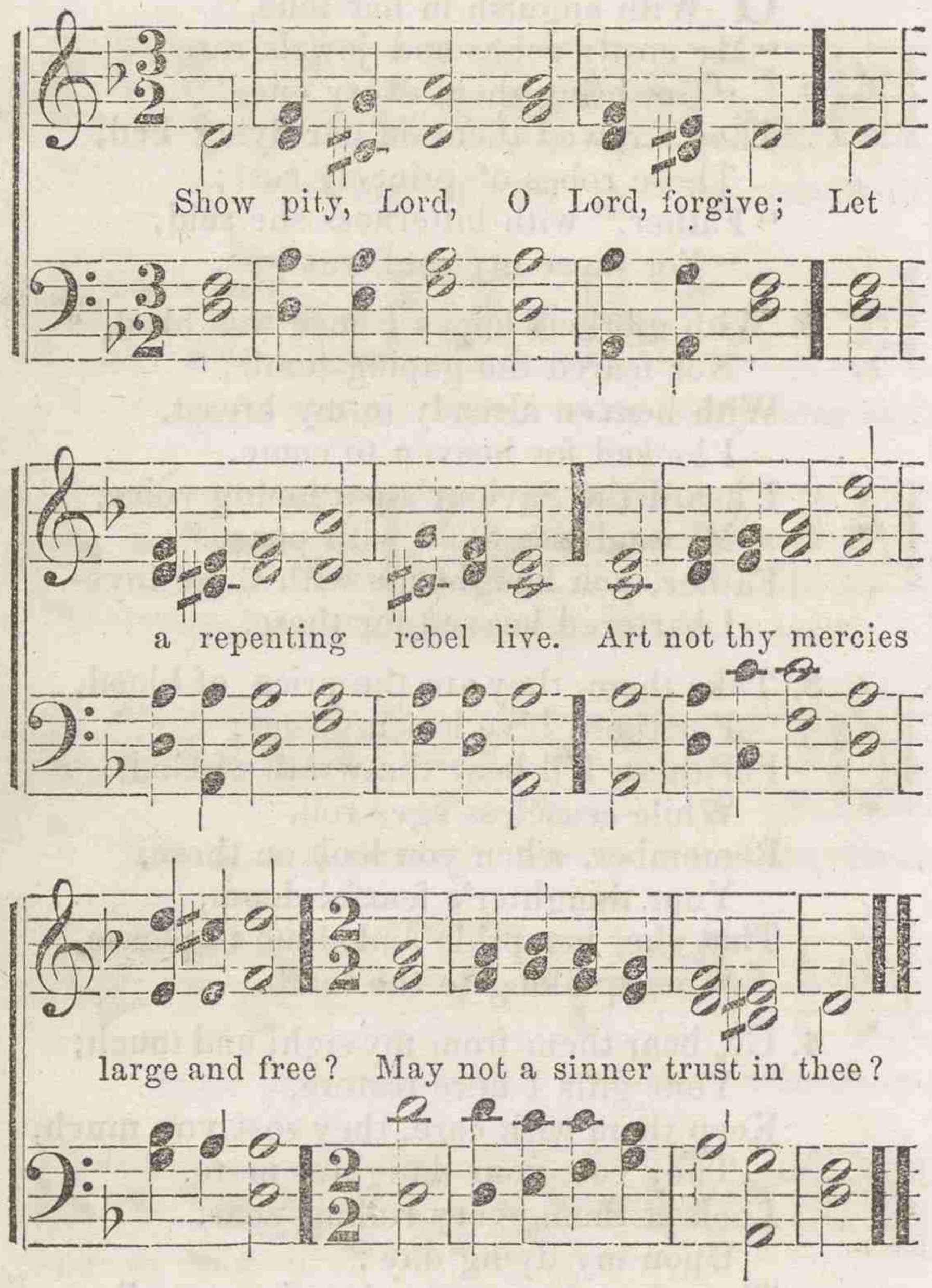
ness she said, "For these my soul was lost."

"GO bring me," said the dying fair,
With anguish in her tone,
"My costly robes and jewels rare;
"Go, bring them every one."
They strewed them on her dying bed,
Those robes of princely cost;
"Father," with bitterness she said,
"For these my soul was lost.

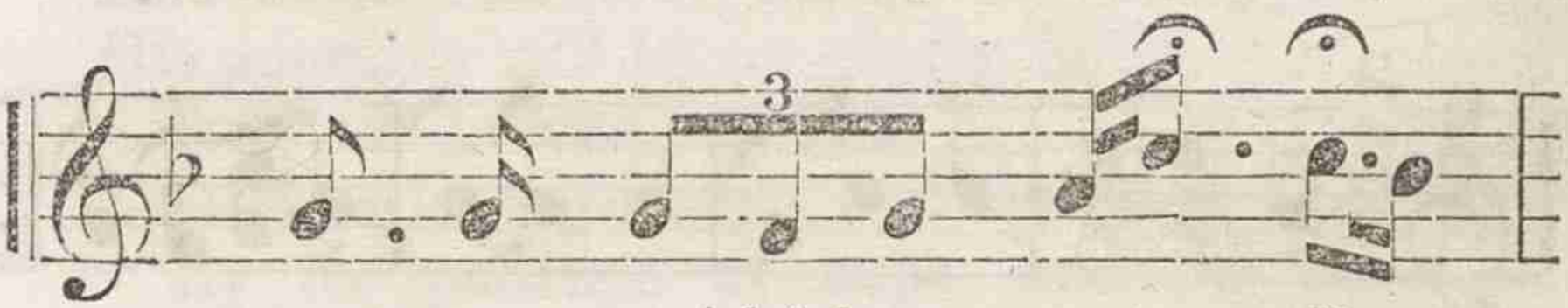
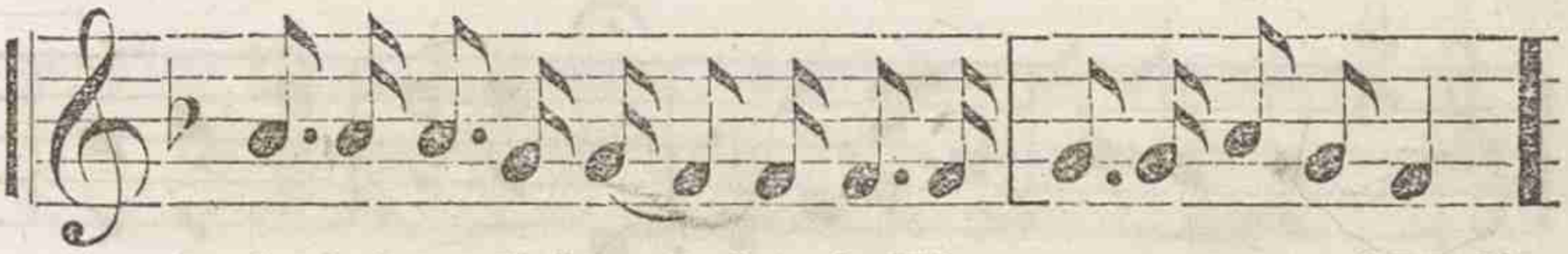
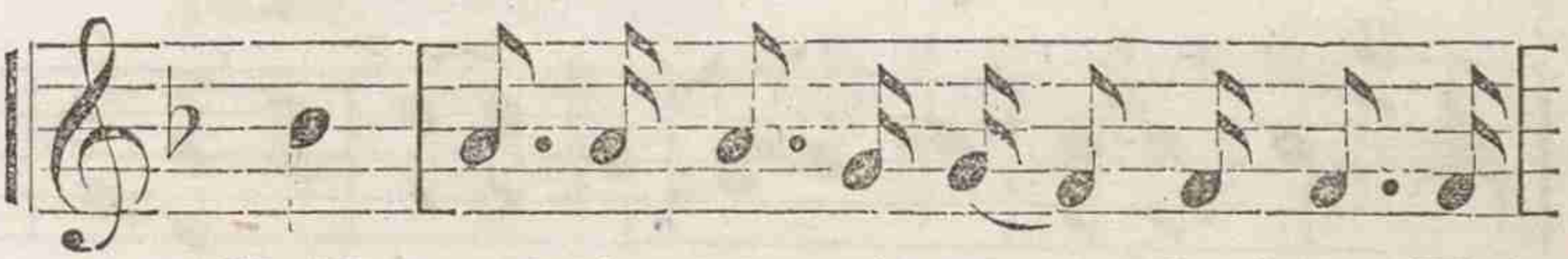
2. With glorious hopes I once was blest,
Nor feared the gaping tomb;
With heaven already in my breast,
I looked for heaven to come.
I heard the Saviour's pardoning voice,
My soul was filled with peace.
Father, you bought me with these toys—
I bartered heaven for these.

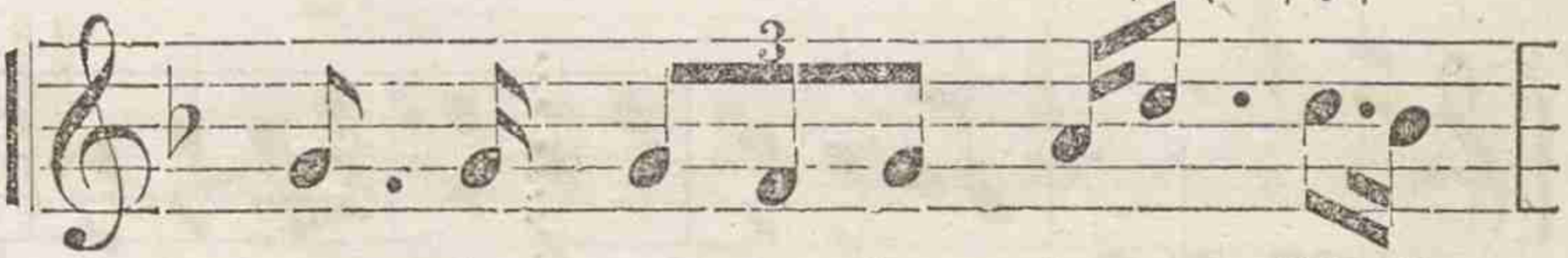
3. Take them, they are the price of blood,
For these I've lost my soul;
For these I'll bear the wrath of God,
While ceaseless ages roll.
Remember, when you look on these,
Your daughter's fearful doom,
That she, her pride and thine to please,
Went quaking to the tomb.

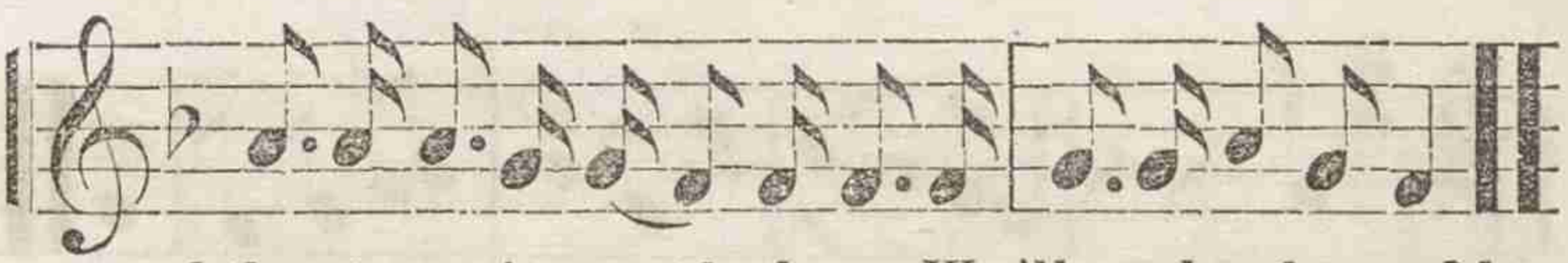
4. Go, bear them from my sight and touch;
Your gifts I here restore,
Keep them with care, they cost you much,
They cost your daughter more.
Look at them every rolling year,
Upon my dying day;
Then drop for me the burning tear,"
She said—and sank away!

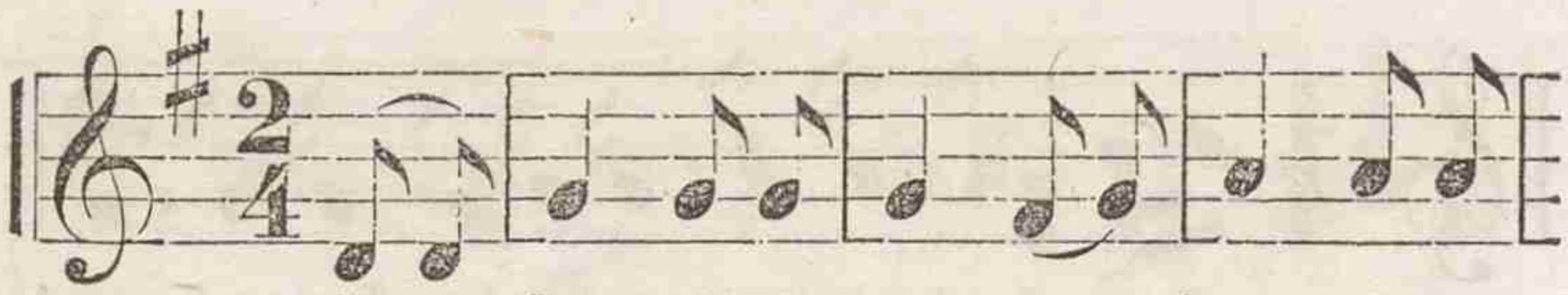
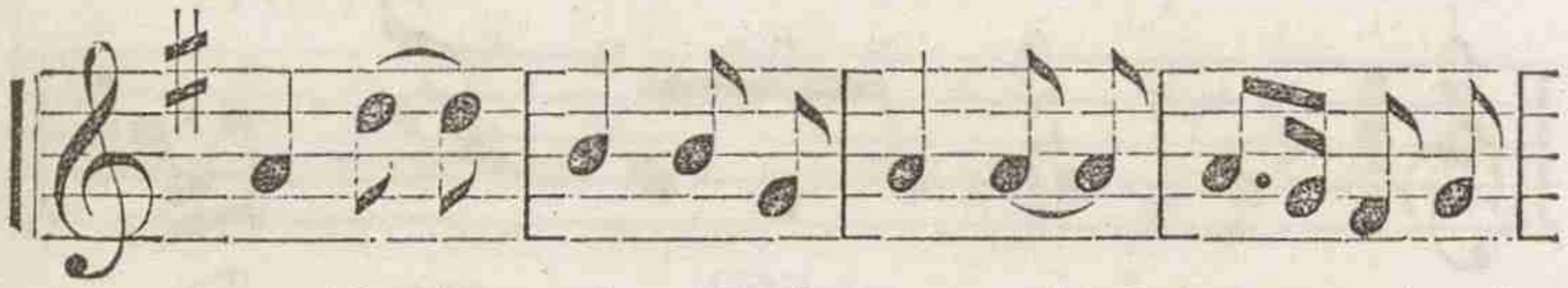
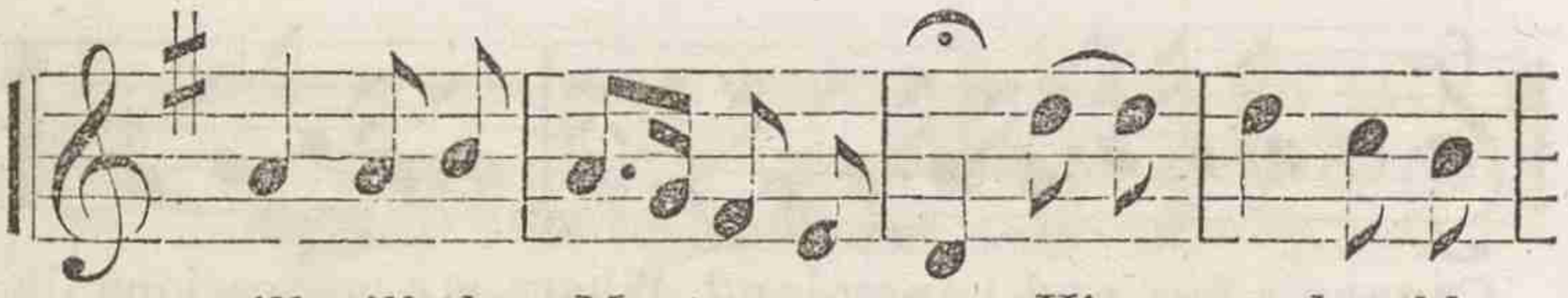
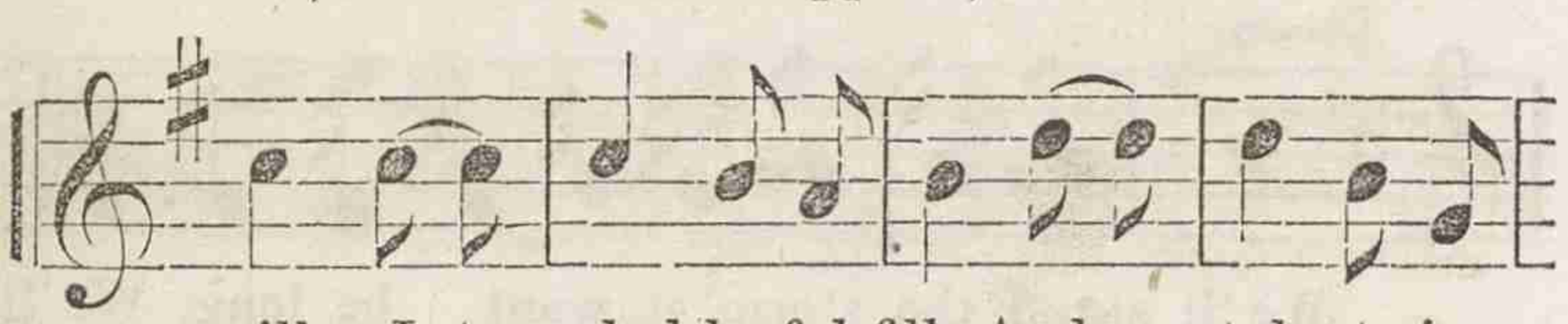
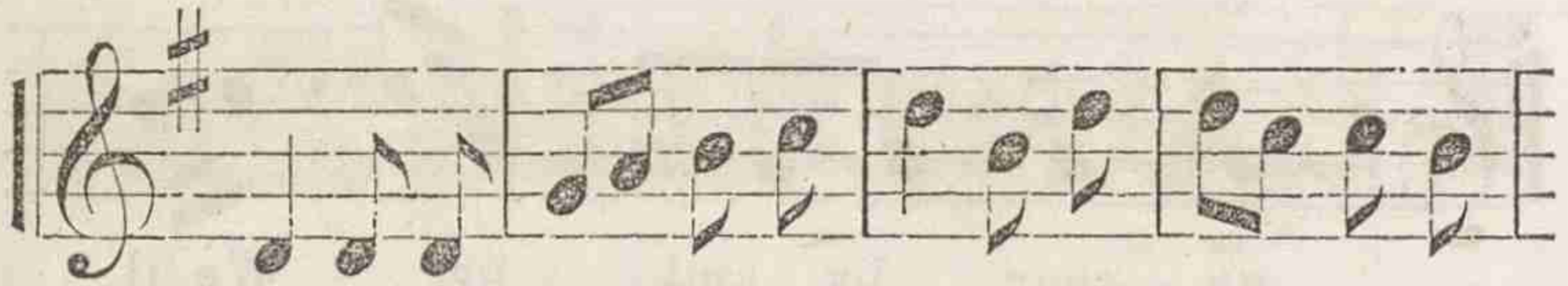
WINDHAM. L. M.

Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive; Let
a repenting rebel live. Art not thy mercies
large and free? May not a sinner trust in thee?

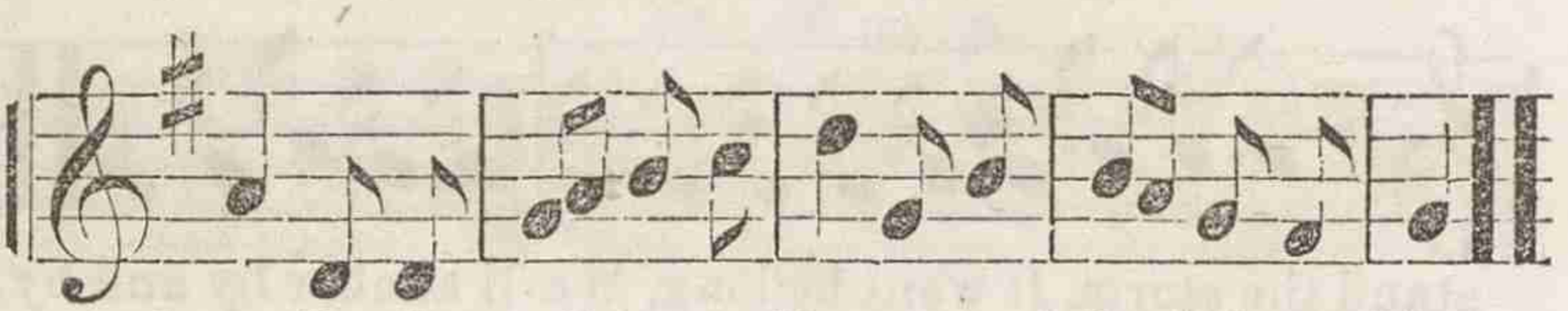
WE'LL STAND THE STORM.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And

cast a wishful eye, To

Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

We'll stand the storm, it wont be long, We'll



an - chor by and by, We'll

stand the storm, it wont be long, We'll anchor by and by.

LUCAS. P. M.

Come let us a-new, our journey pur-

sue, Roll round with the year, And never stand

still, till the Master appear; His a-dorable

will, Let us glad-ly ful-fill, And our talents im-

prove, By the patience of hope, and the la-bor of



love, By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

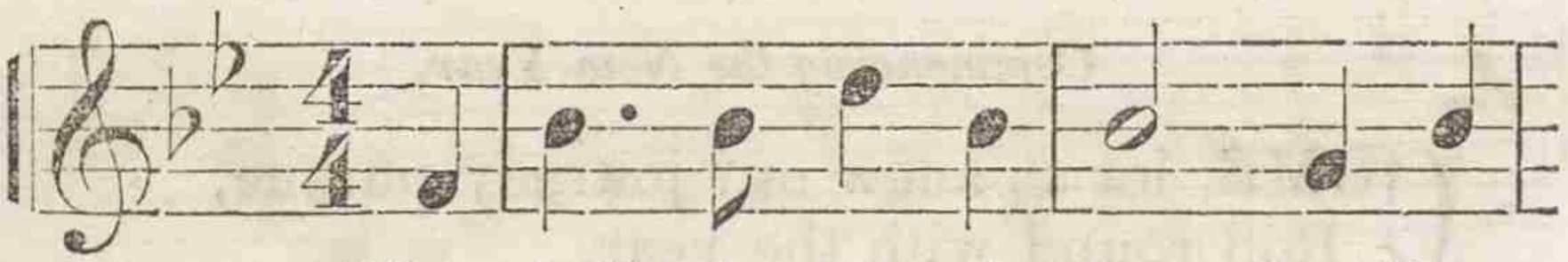
HYMN. P. M.

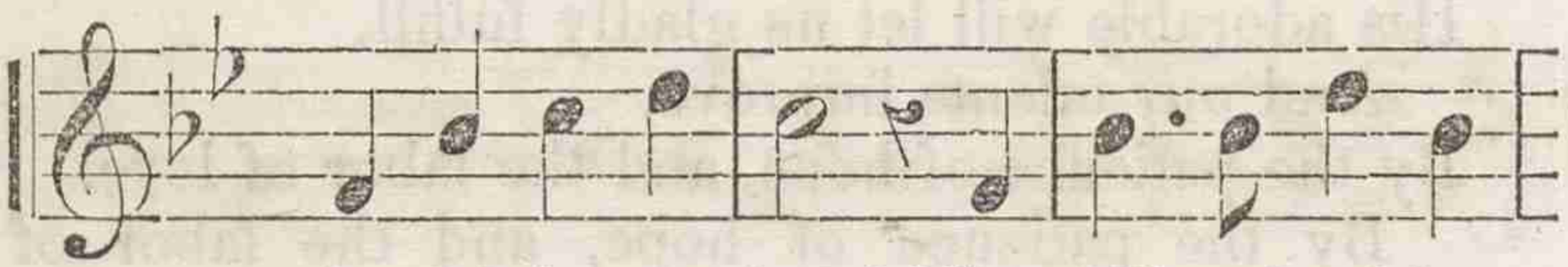
Commencing the New Year.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

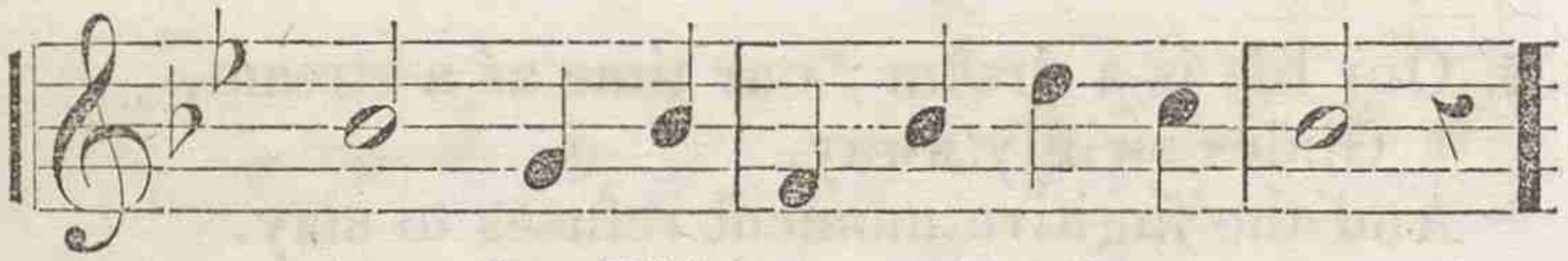
2. Our life is a dream; our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown,—the moment is gone;
The millenial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

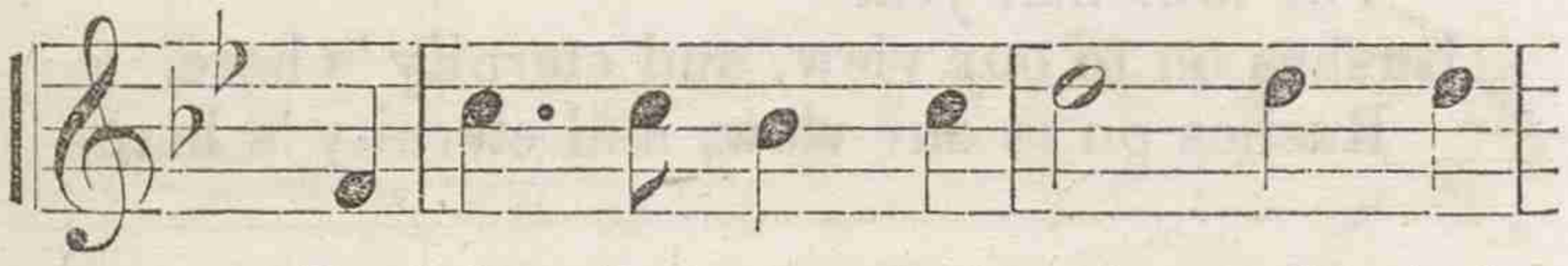
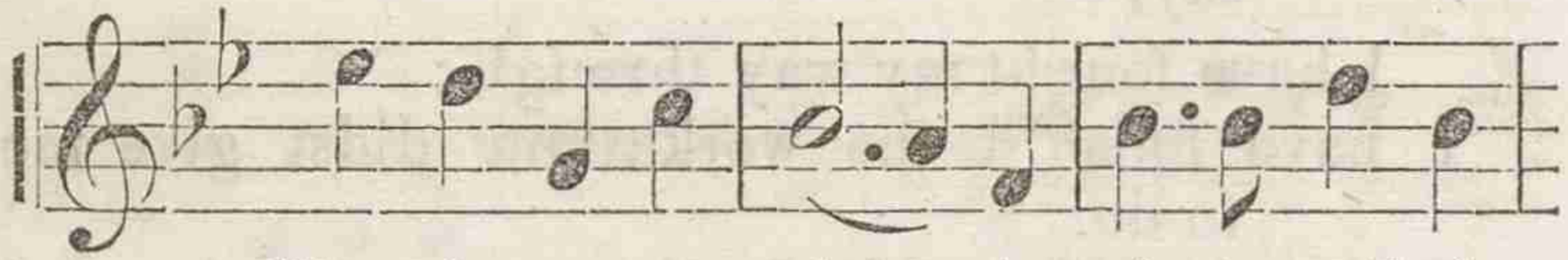
3. O that each, in the day of His coming, may say,—
I have fought my way through;
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do.
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,—
Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.

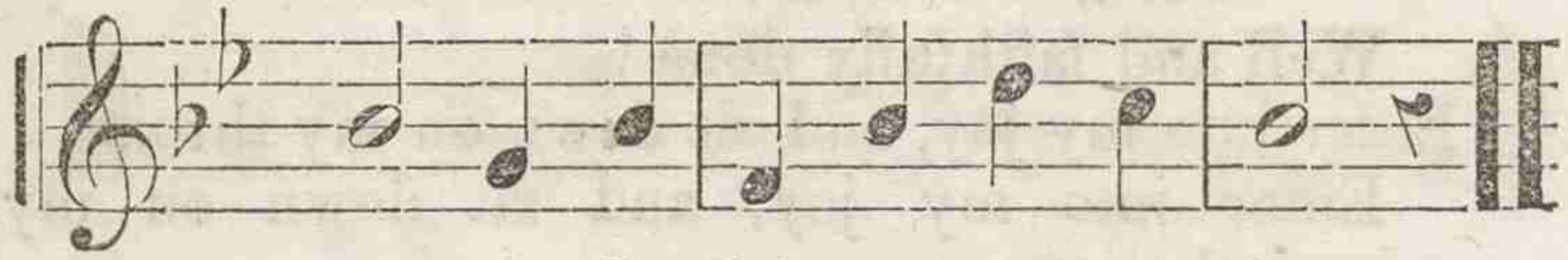
WEBB. P. M.

When shall the voice of sing - ing Flow



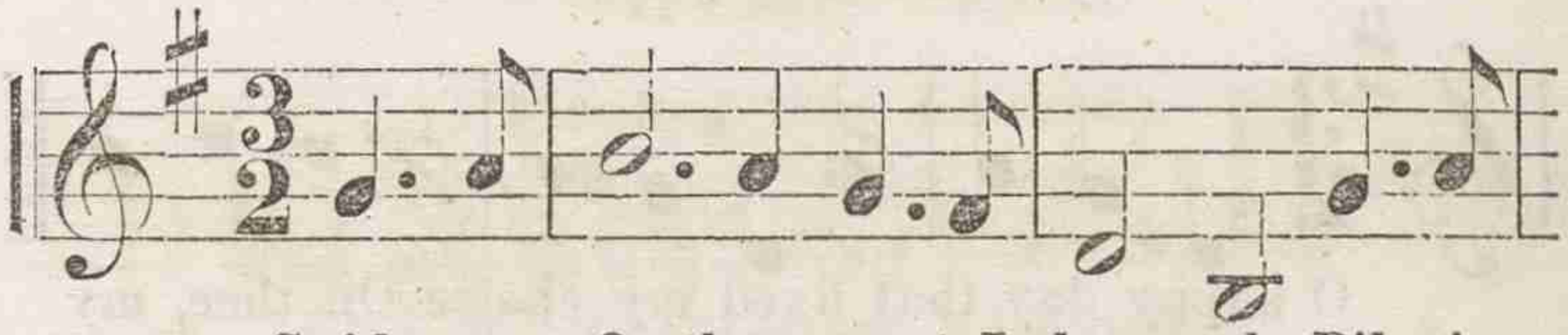
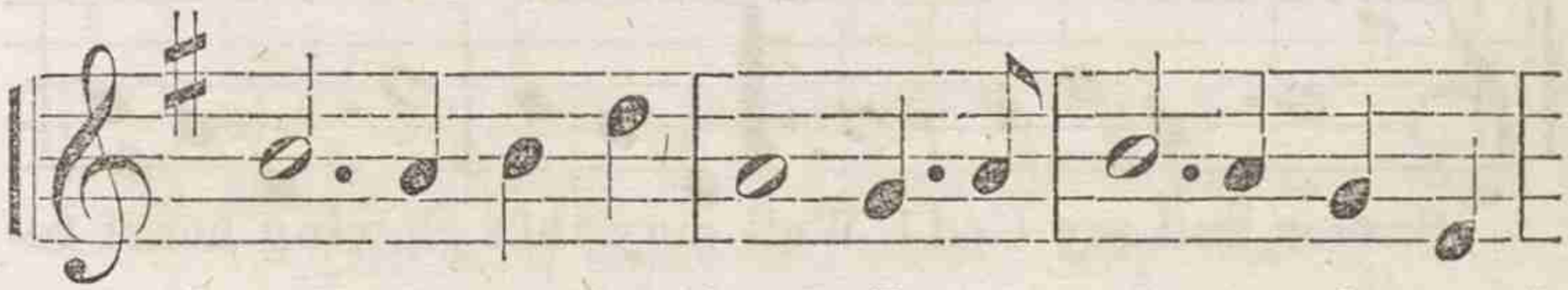
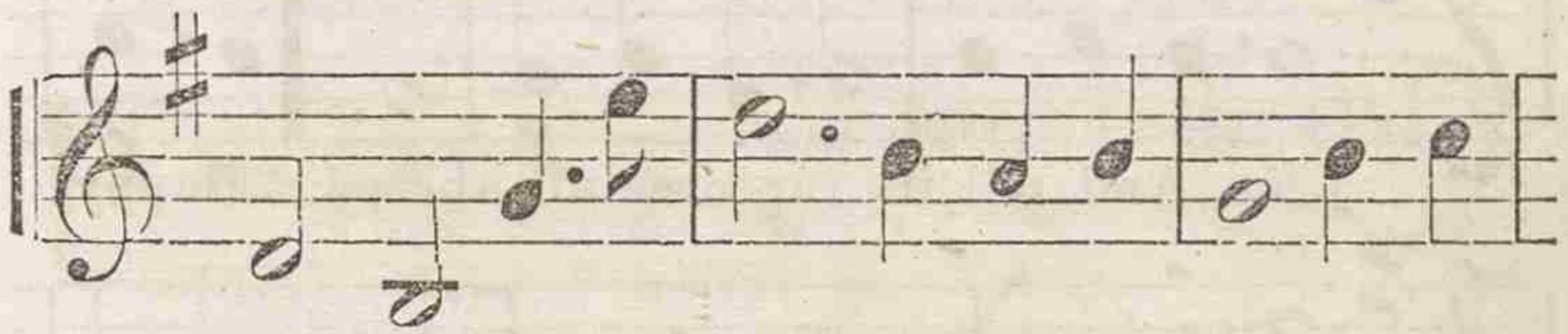
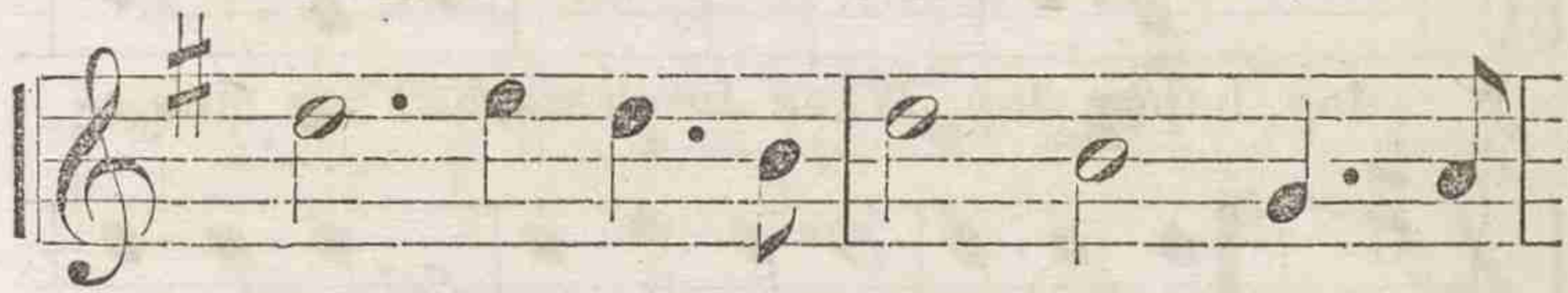
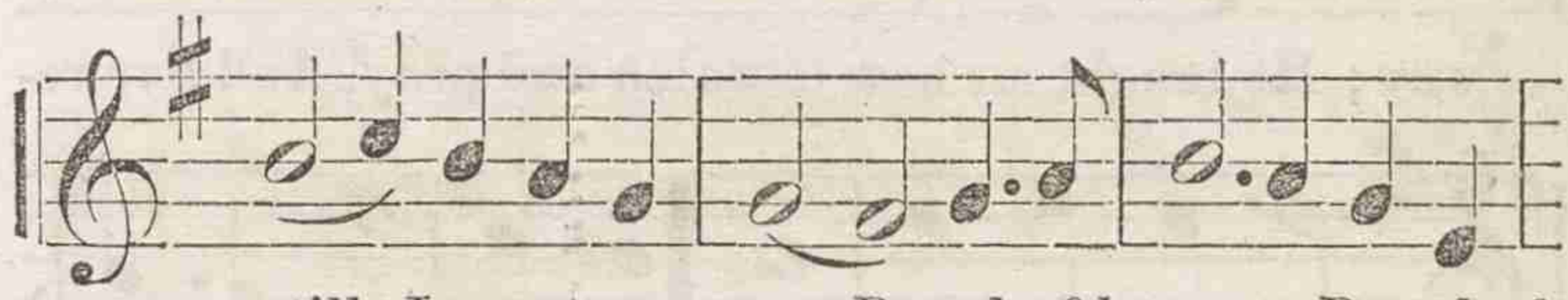
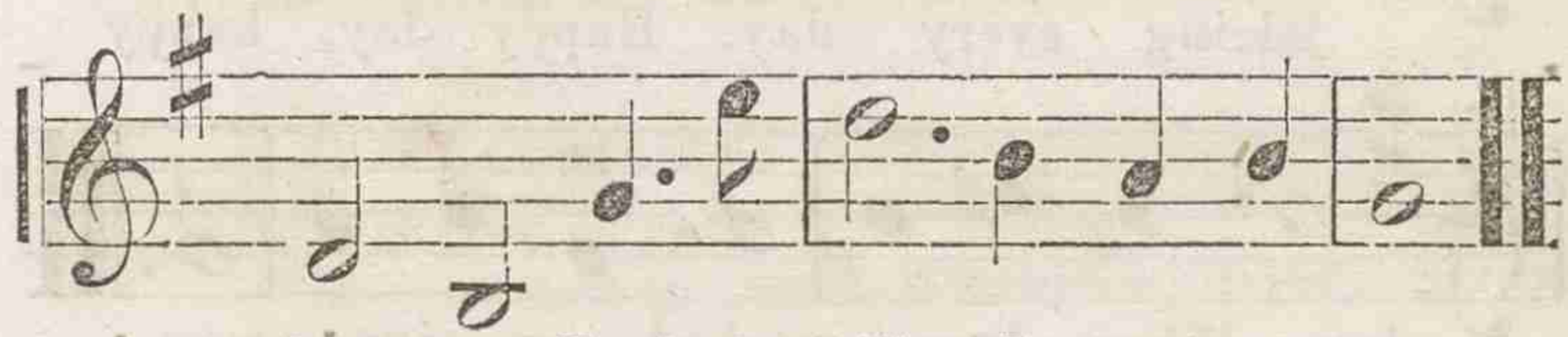
joy-ful-ly a - long? When hill and val-ley,



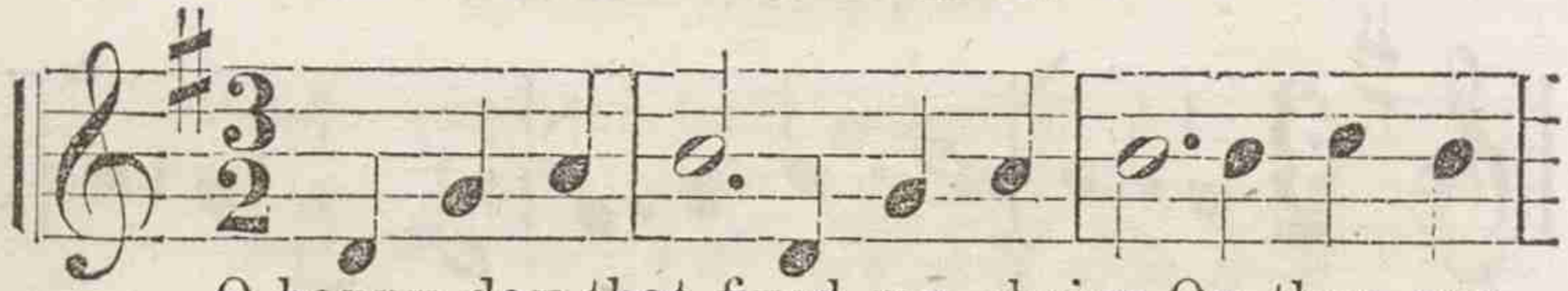
ring - ing With one triumphant song,

Proclaim the con - test end - ed, And

Him who once was slain, A - gain to earth de-

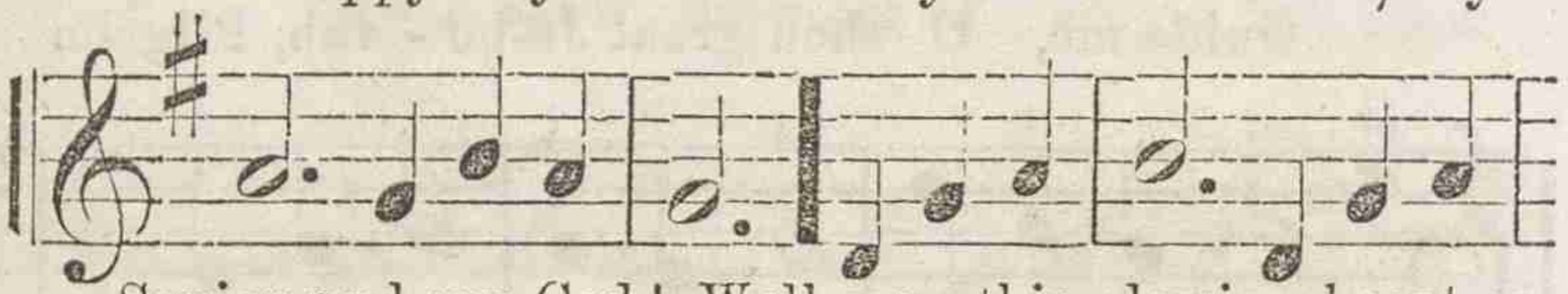
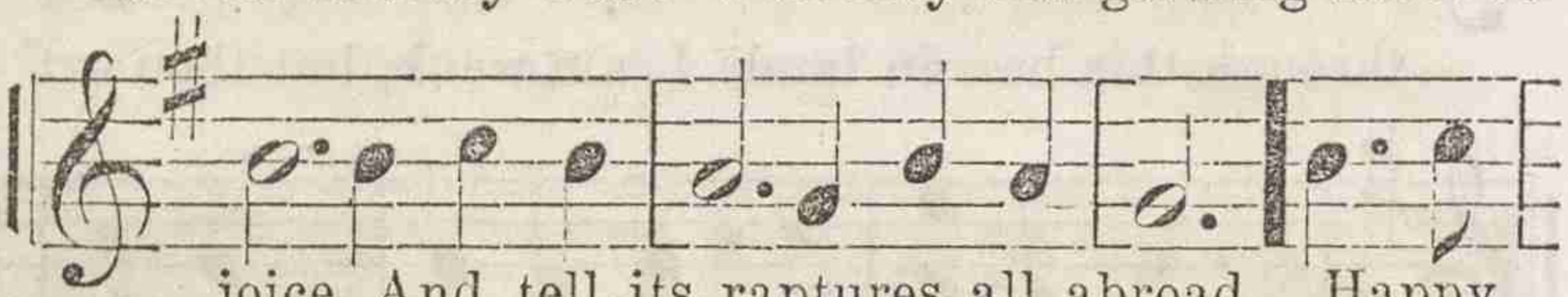


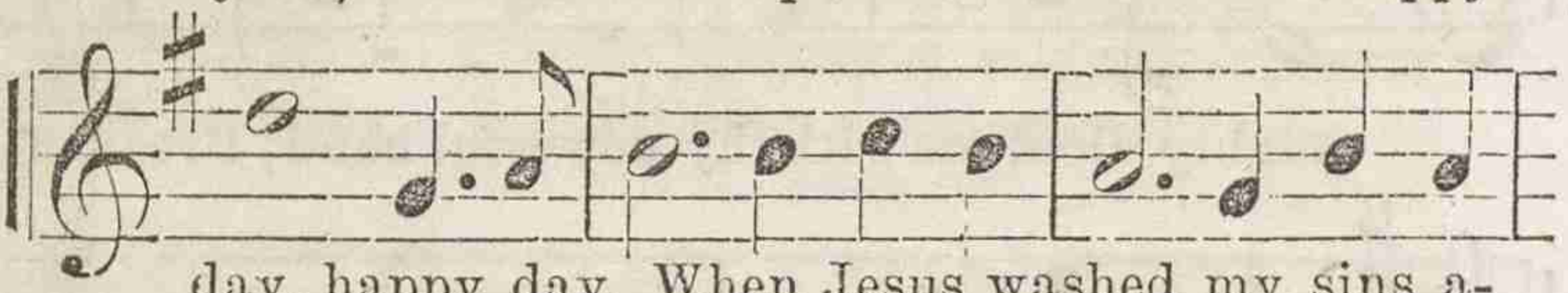
scended, In righteousness to reign.

SARDIUS. P. M.

Guide me, O thou great Je-ho - vah, Pilgrim

through this barren land: I am weak, but thou art

mighty, Hold me with thy powerful hand; Bread of

hea - ven, Bread of hea - ven, Feed me

till I want no more, Bread of heaven, Bread of

hea - ven, Feed me till I want no more.

HAPPY DAY.

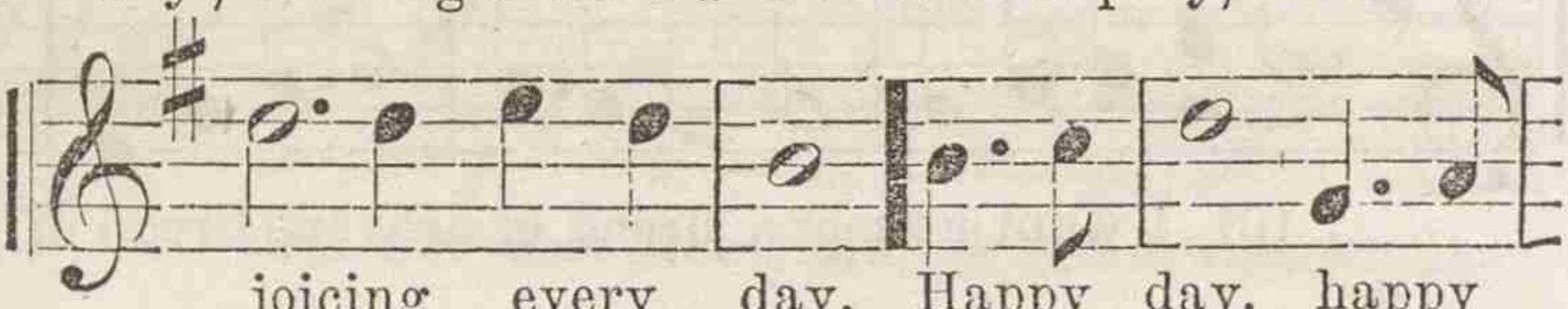


O happy day that fixed my choice On thee, my

Savior and my God! Well may this glowing heart re-

joice, And tell its raptures all abroad. Happy

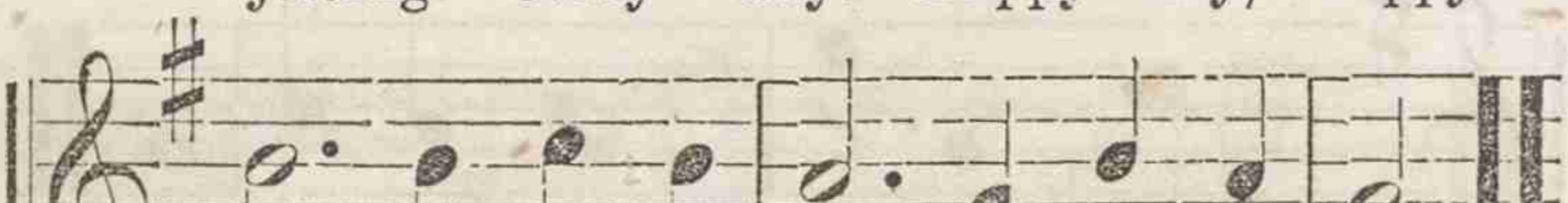


day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins a-

way; He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-



joicing every day. Happy day, happy



day, When Jesus washed my sins away.

HYMN. L. M.

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

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

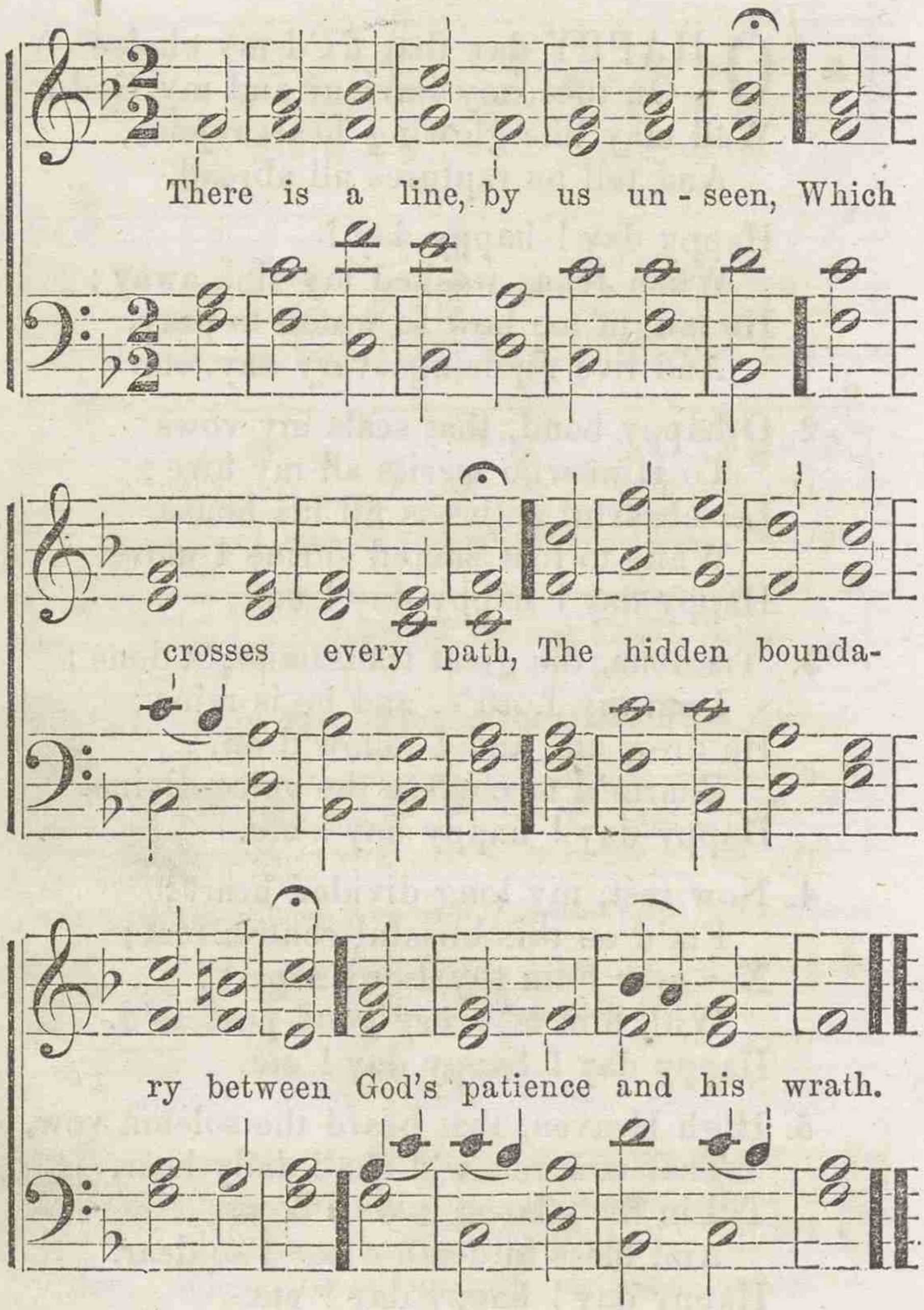
2. O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
Happy day! happy day! etc.

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

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

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

THE DOOMED MAN.



HYMN.

THERE is a line, by us unseen,
Which crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

2. To pass that limit is to die;
To die as if by stealth—
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.

3. And yet the doomed man's course below,
Like Eden may have bloomed;
He did not—does not, will not know,
Or feel that he is doomed.

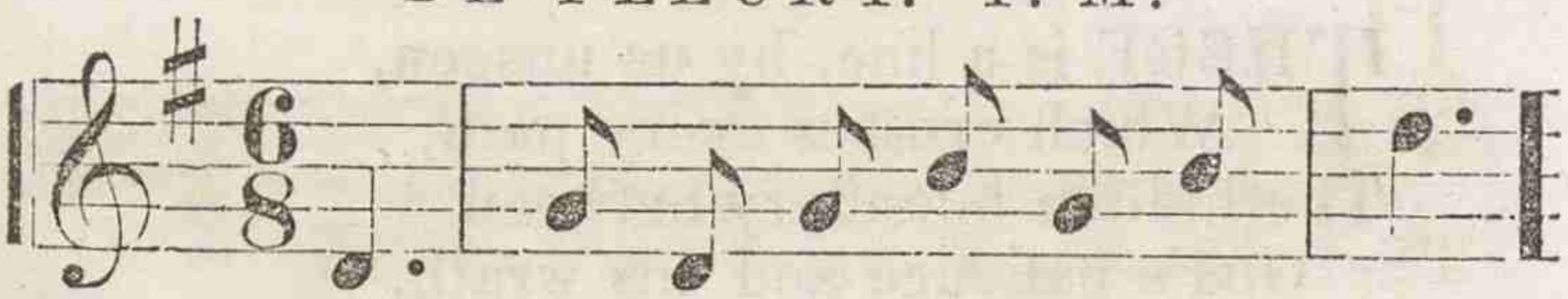
4. He feels—he knows that all is well,
And every fear is calmed;
He lives—he dies—he wakes in hell—
Not only doomed, but damned.

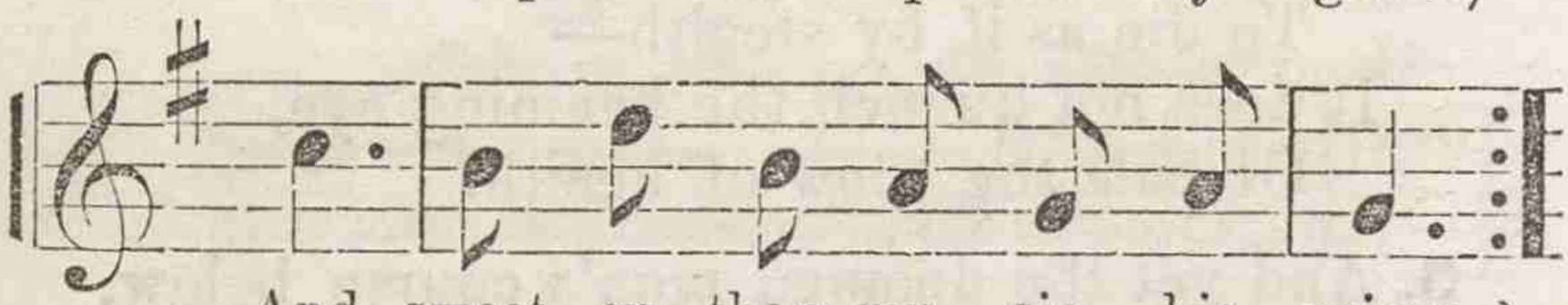
5. O where is this mysterious bourne,
By which our paths are crossed;
Beyond which God himself hath sworn,
That he who goes is lost?

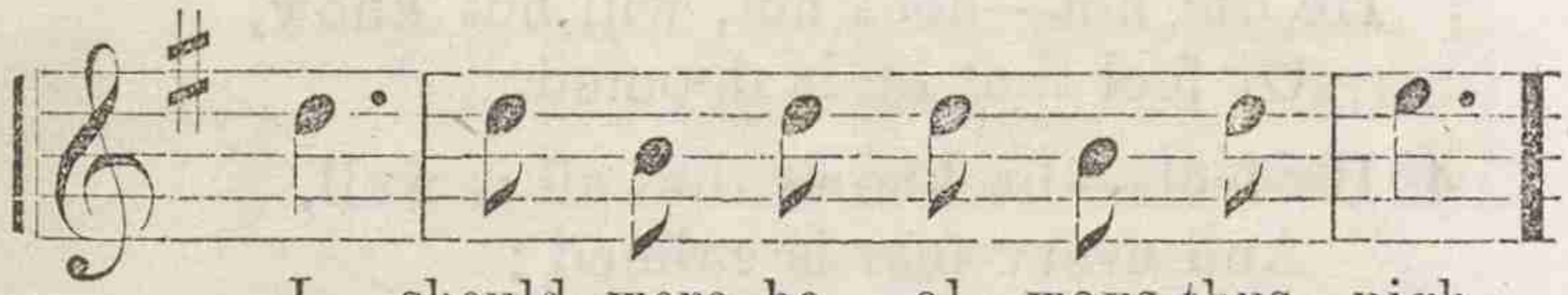
6. How far may we go on in sin;
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end; and where begin
The confines of despair?

7. An answer from the skies is sent:
"Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart."

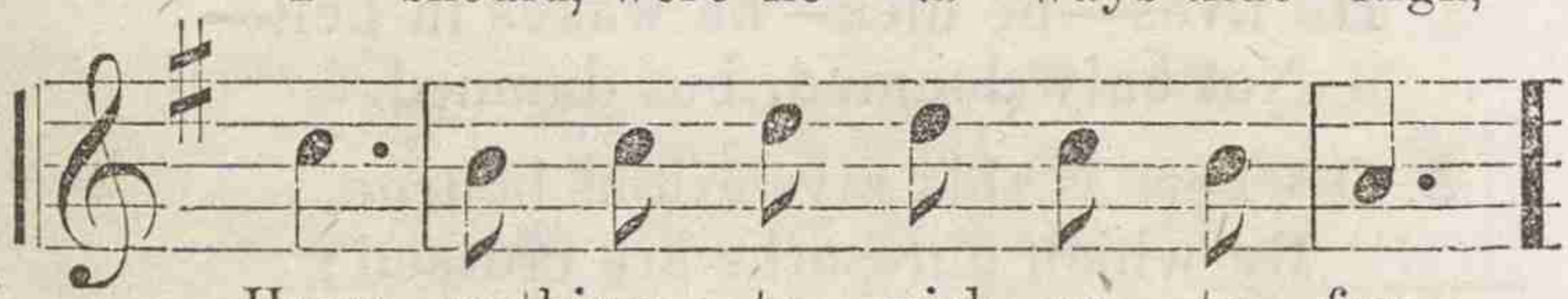
DE FLEURY. P. M.

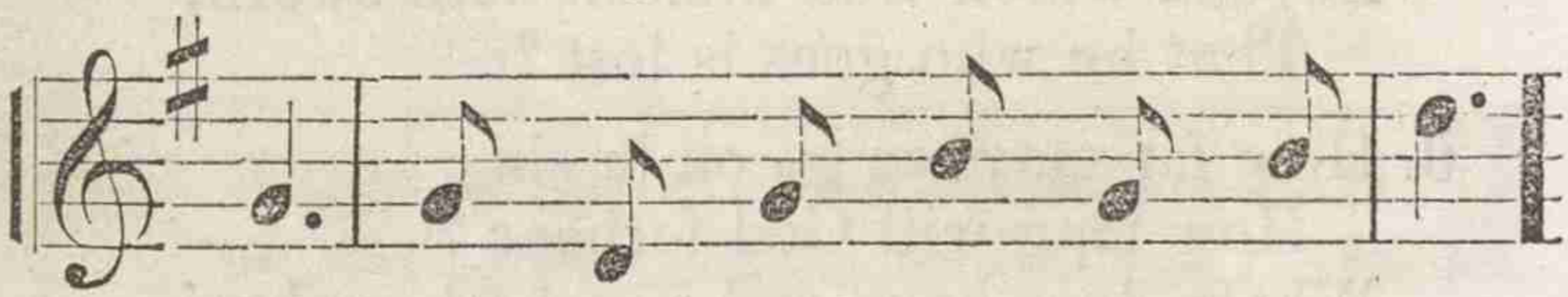
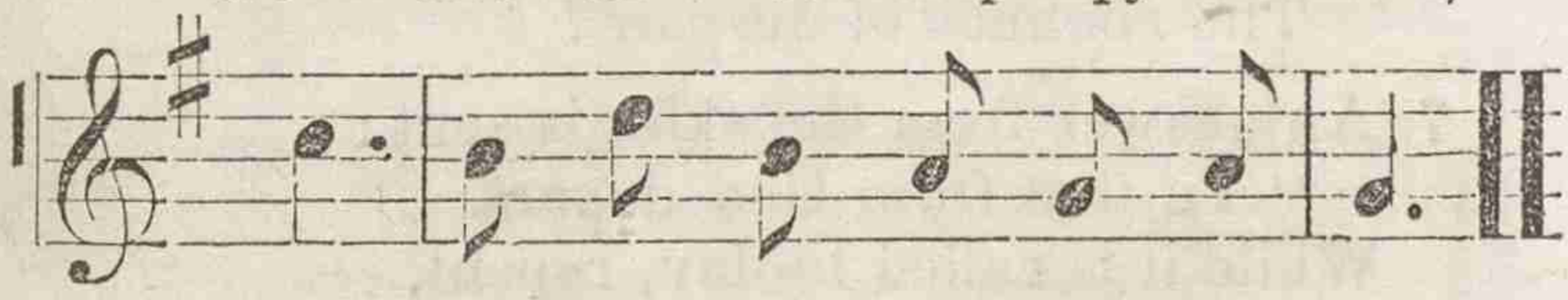


His name yields the richest per - fume,
His presence dis - per-ses my gloom,

And sweet - er than mu - sic his voice;
And makes all with - in me re - joice;



I should, were he al - ways thus nigh,



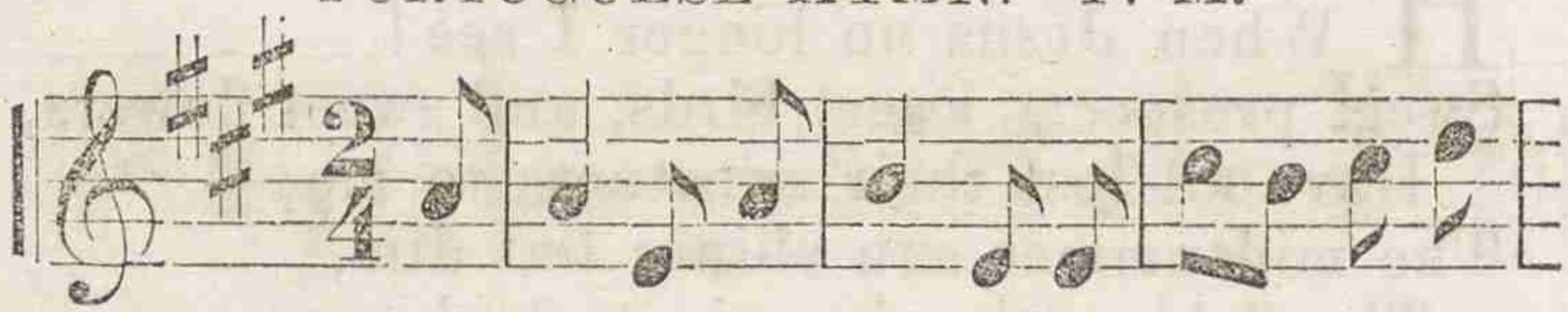
Have nothing to wish or to fear,

No mor - tal so hap - py as I,

My sum - mer would last all the year.

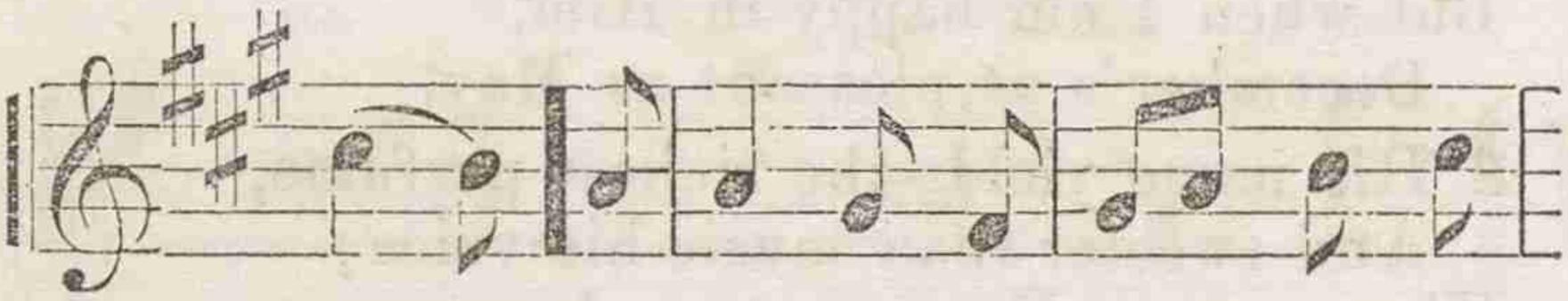
HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me;—
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,—
My summer would last all the year.

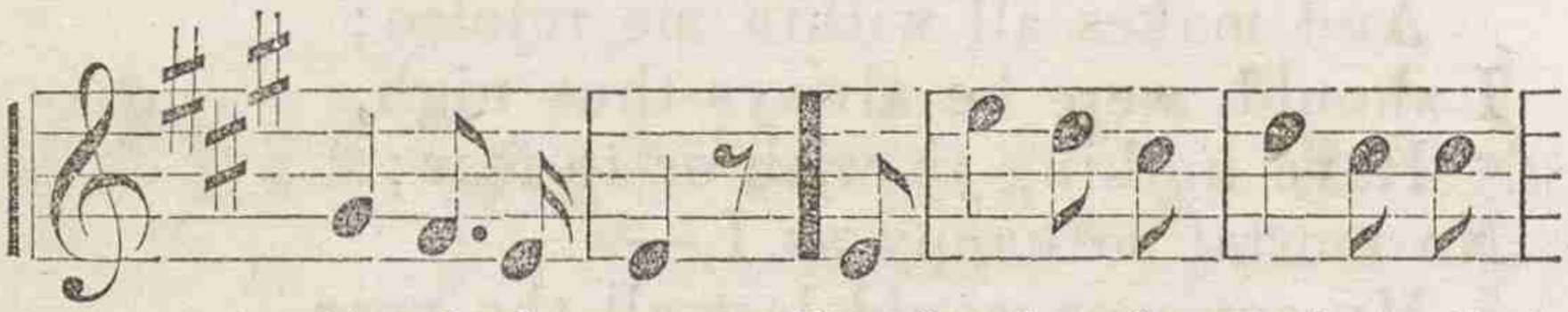
3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

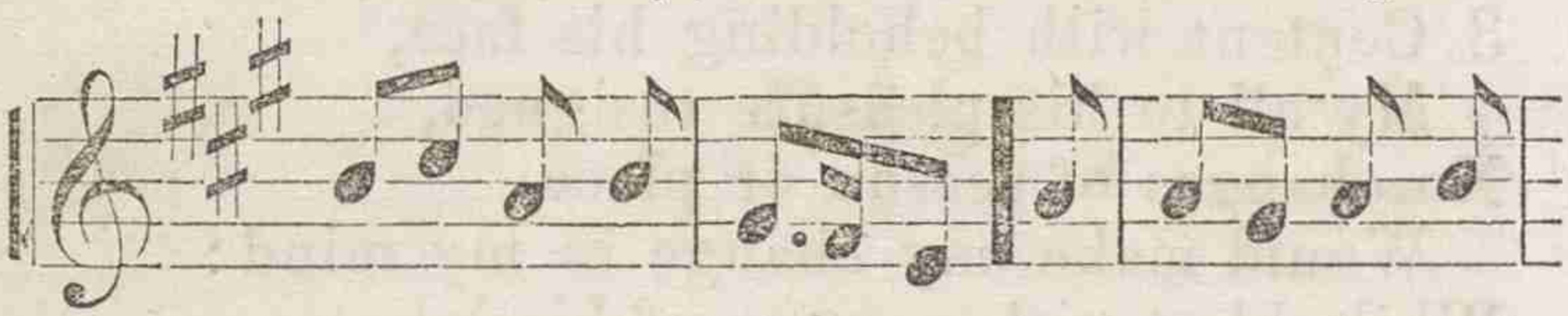
PORTUGUESE HYMN. P. M.

I would not live alway, I ask not to



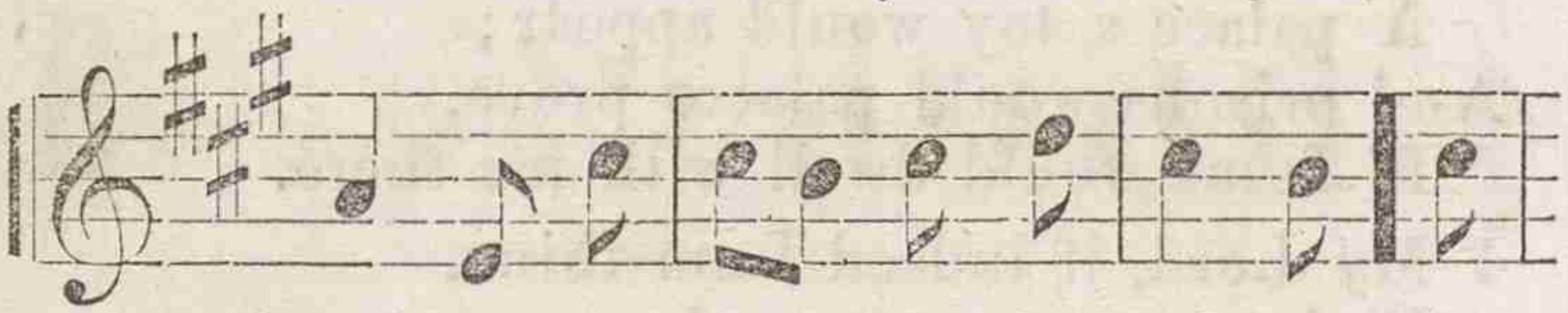
stay, Where storm af-ter storm ri - ses

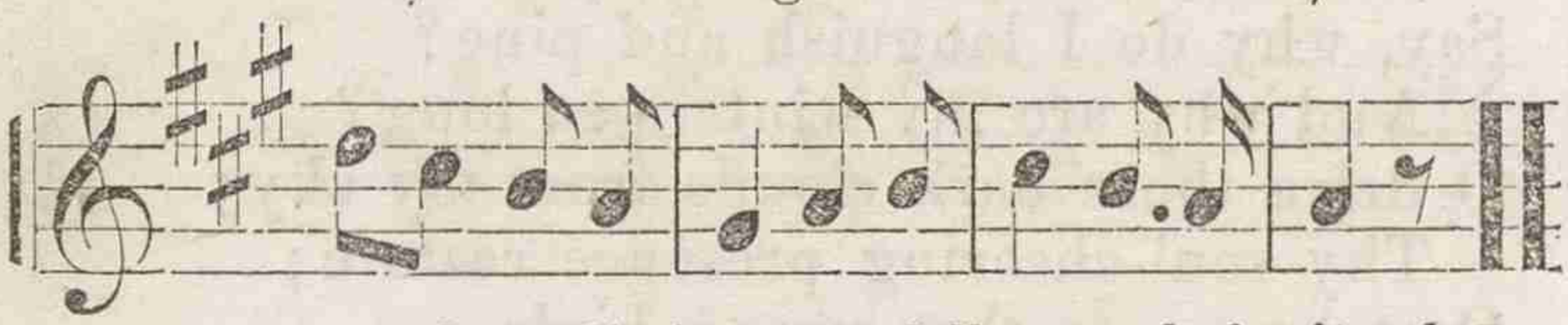


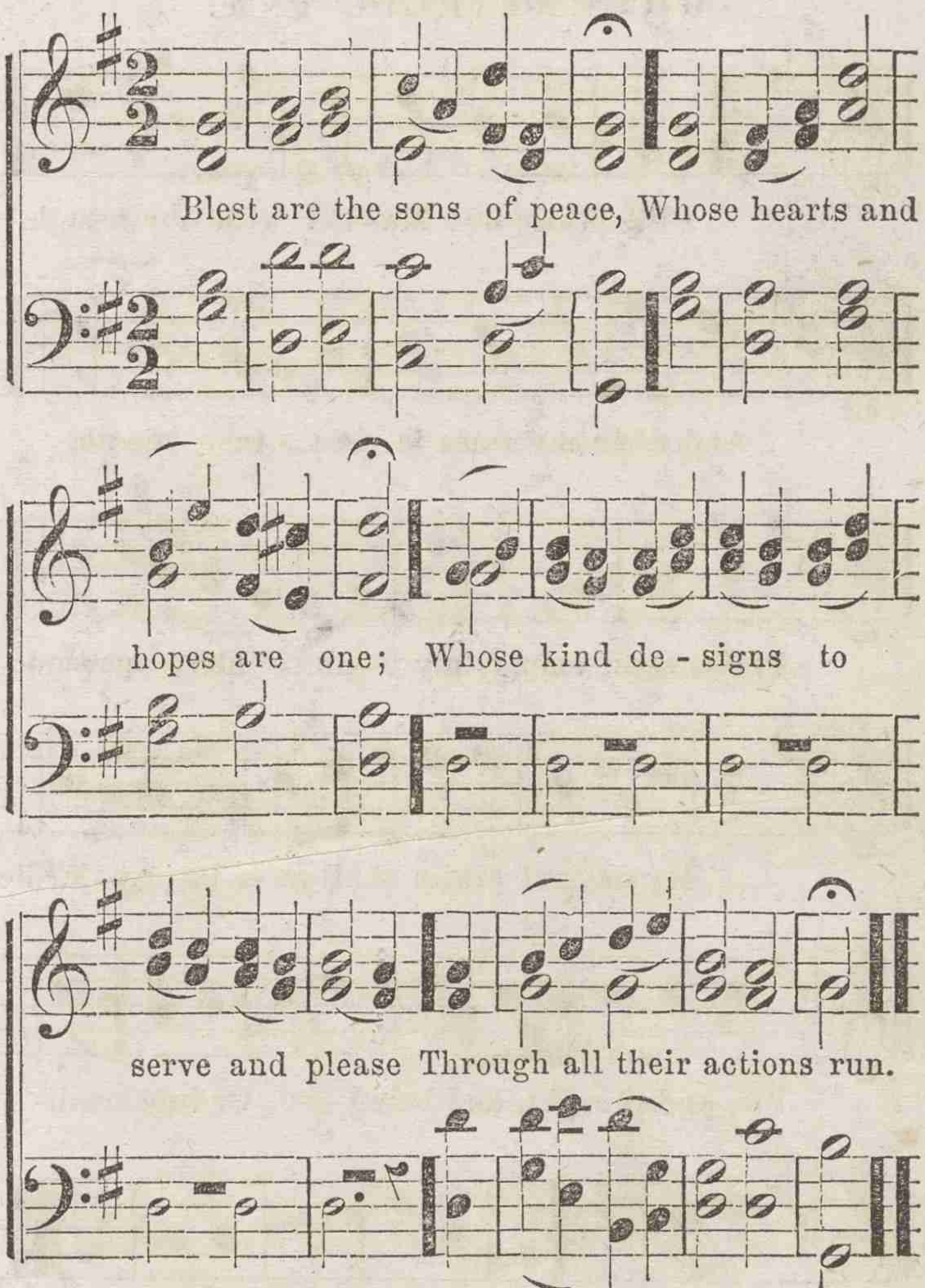
o'er the dark way; The few lurid mornings that



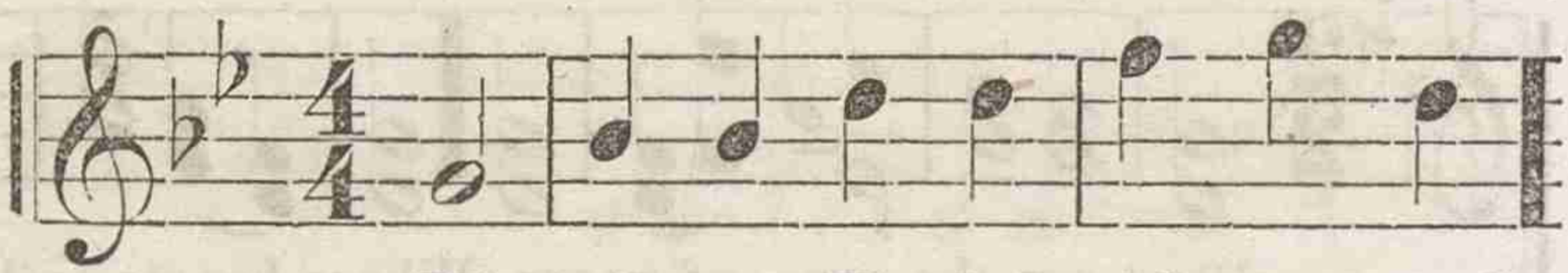
dawn on us here, Are enough for life's



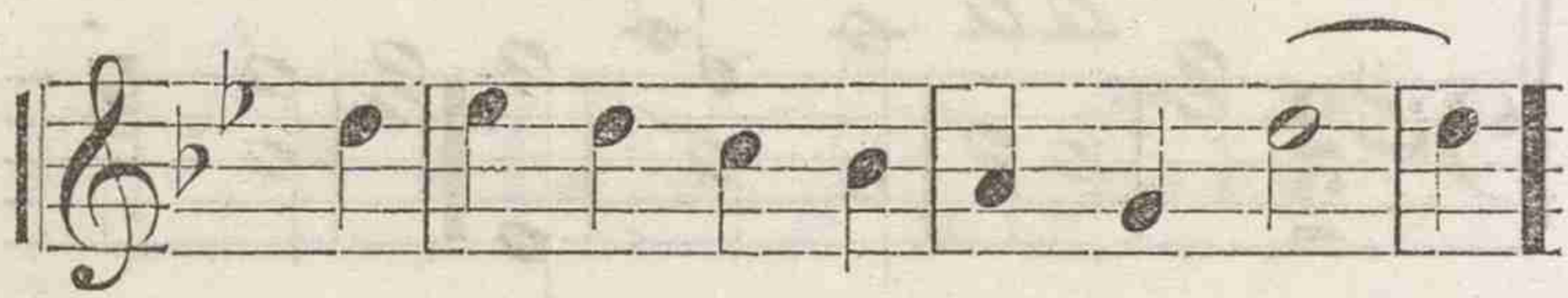
woes, full e - nough for its cheer, Are

enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

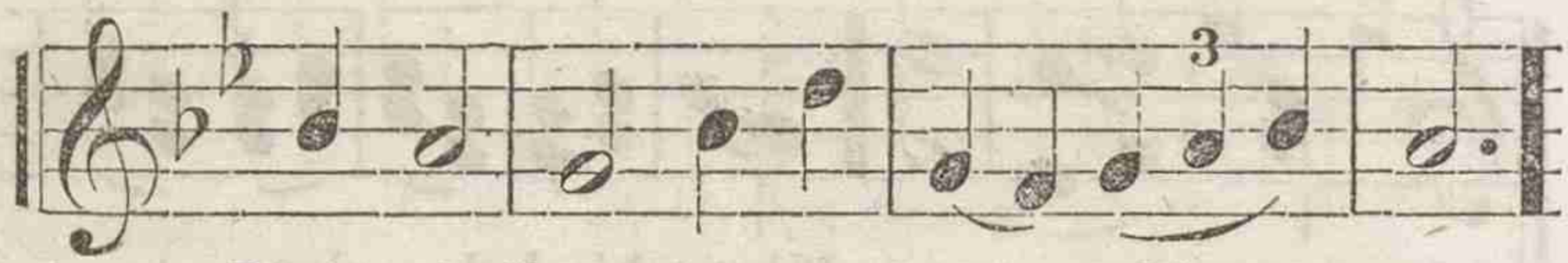
SHIRLAND. S. M.

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

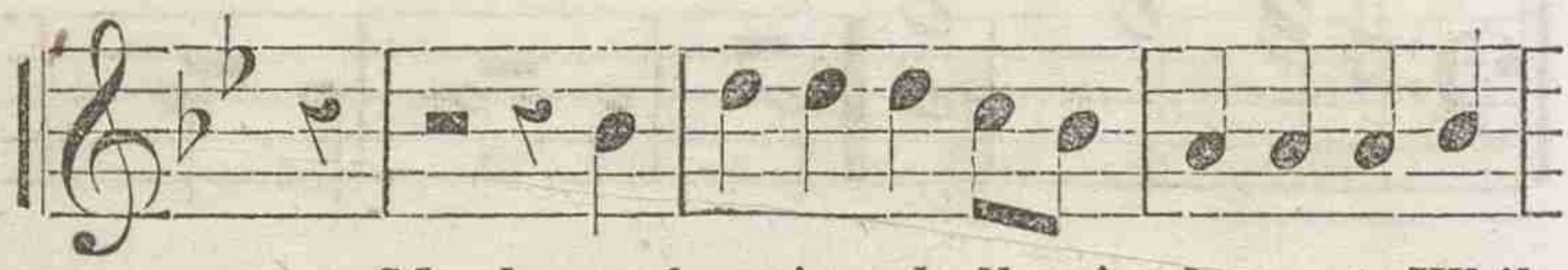
GREENFIELD. P. M.



I'll praise my Ma - ker with my breath,

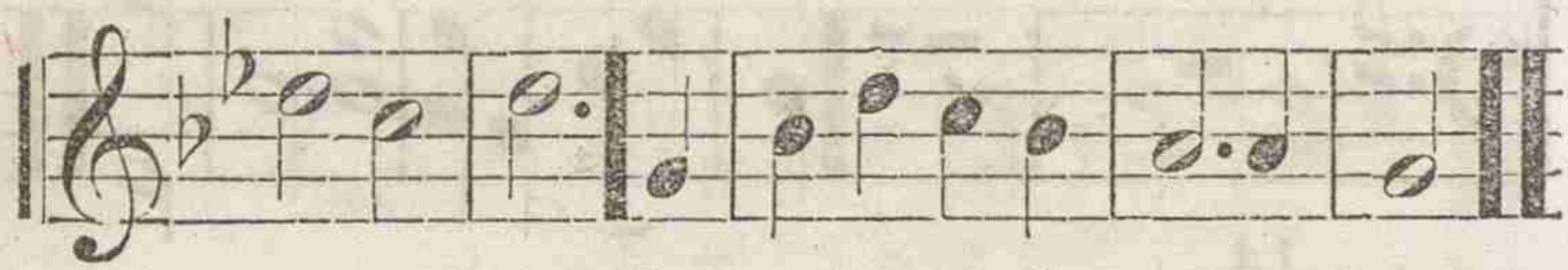


And when my voice is lost in death,

Praise shall employ my no - bler powers;



My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While

life, and thought, and being last, Or immortali-



ty endures, Or immorta - li - ty en - dures.

HYMN.

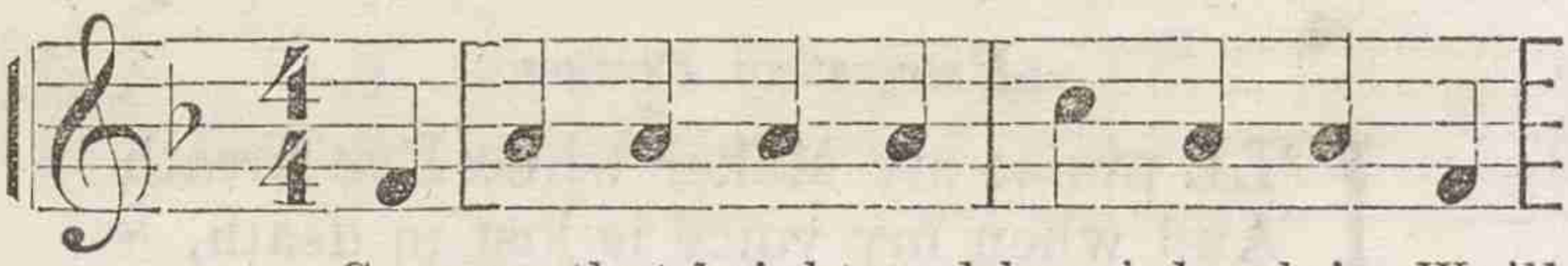
Everlasting Praises.

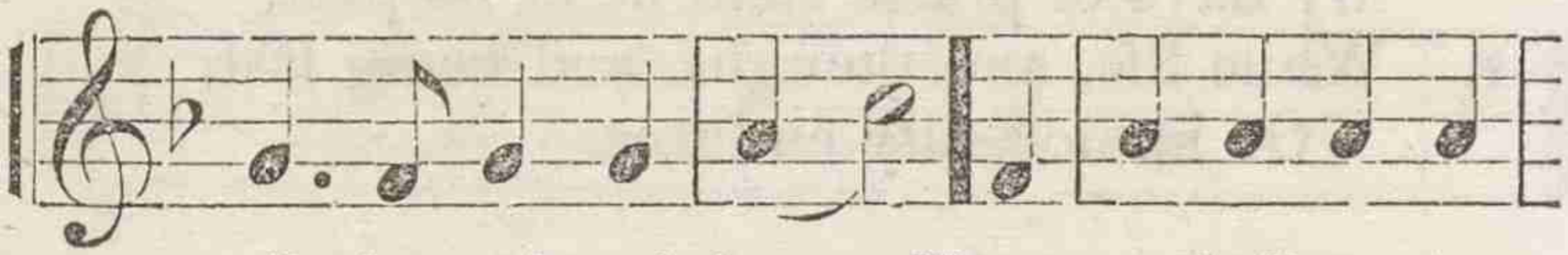
I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2. Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

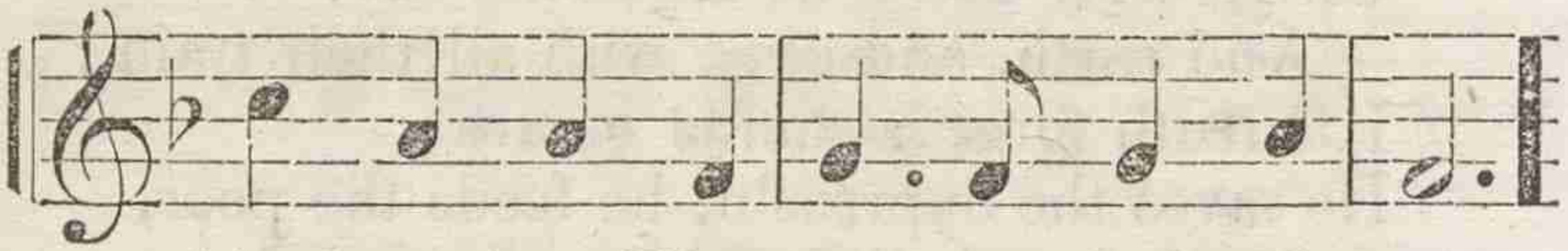
3. The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

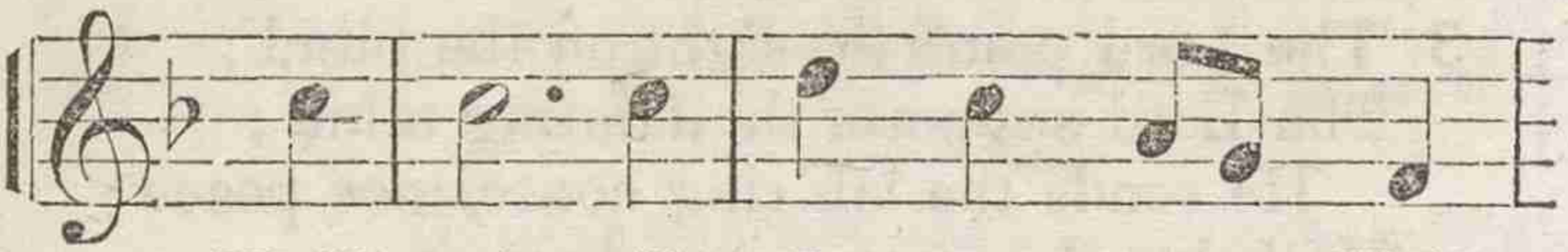
4. I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

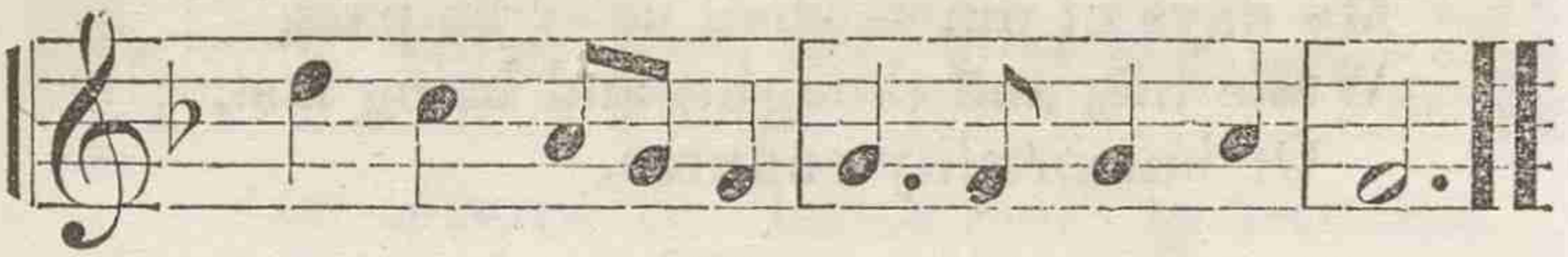
WE 'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

Soon on that bright and heav'nly plain, We'll



all be gathered home; There we shall meet our



friends again, When we are gathered home.

We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll

wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till

Je - sus comes, Then we'll be gathered home.

HYMN. C. M.

SOON on that bright and heavenly plain
We 'll all be gathered home,
There we shall meet our friends again,
When we are gathered home.

CHORUS.

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

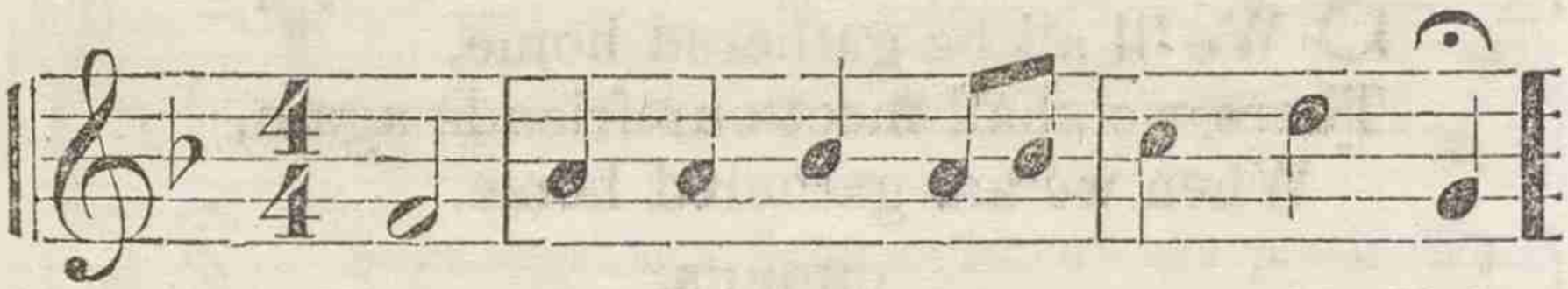
2. O ! what a cheering thought is this,
We 'll all be gathered home ;
We soon shall dwell in endless bliss,
We 'll all be gathered home.
We 'll wait till Jesus comes, etc.

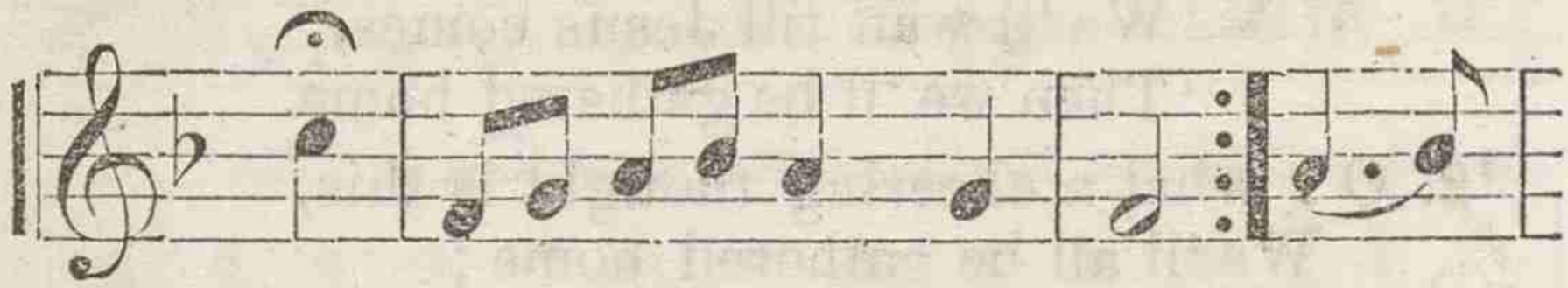
3. Our kindred dear have gone before,
We 'll all be gathered home ;
I hear them on the distant shore,
We 'll all be gathered home.
We 'll wait till Jesus comes, etc.

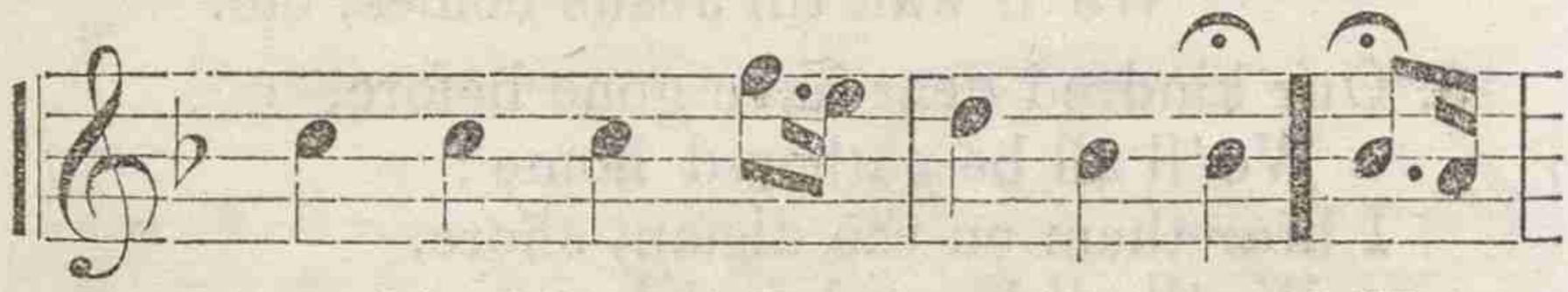
4. When in those heavenly courts above,
We all are gathered home ;
We 'll sing the Saviour's dying love,
When we are gathered home.
We 'll wait till Jesus comes, etc.

5. Then speed your flight ye passing years,
We 'll all be gathered home ;
'Till God shall wipe these falling tears,
Then we 'll be gathered home.
We 'll wait till Jesus comes, etc.

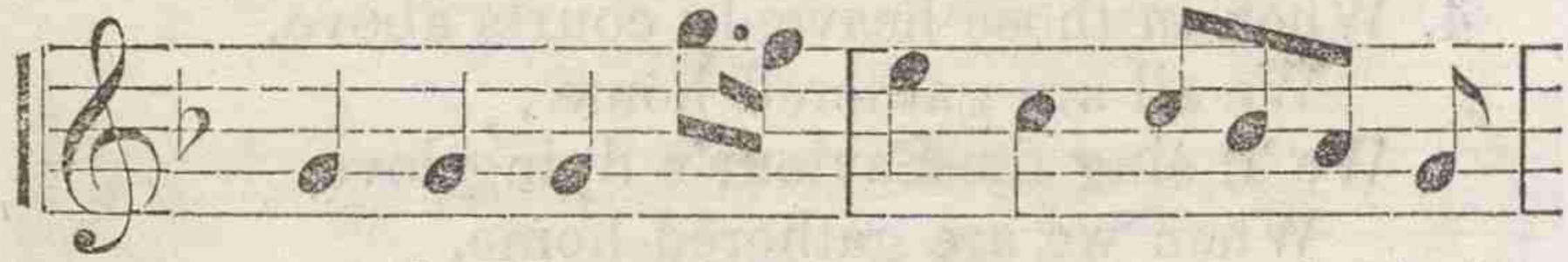
WHAT! NEVER PART AGAIN?



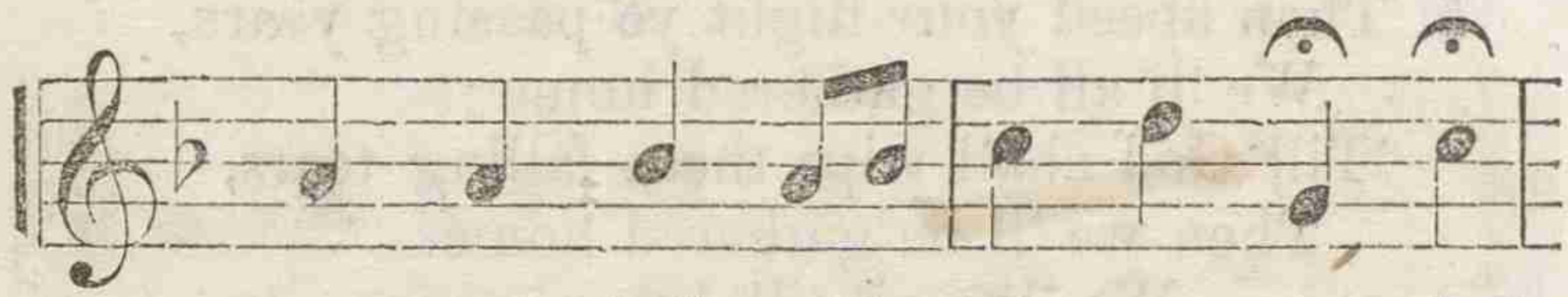
There is a land of pure de - light,
E - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night,

Where saints im - mor - tal reign, } We're
And pleasures ban - ish pain. }

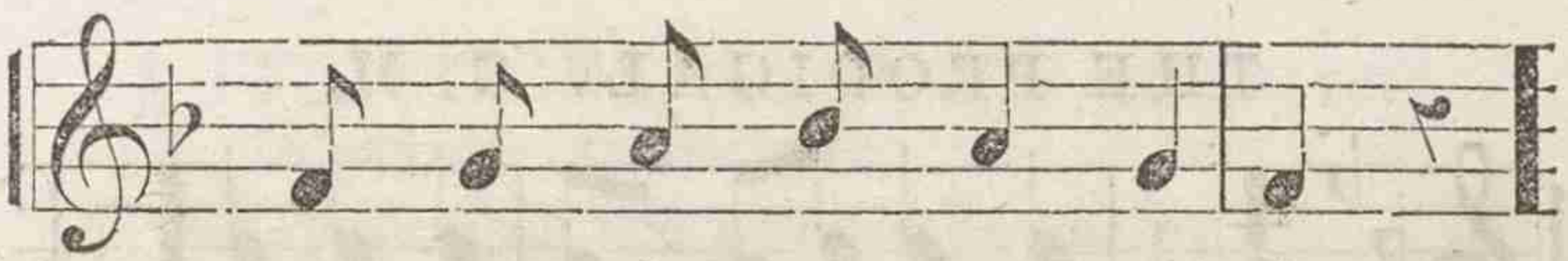


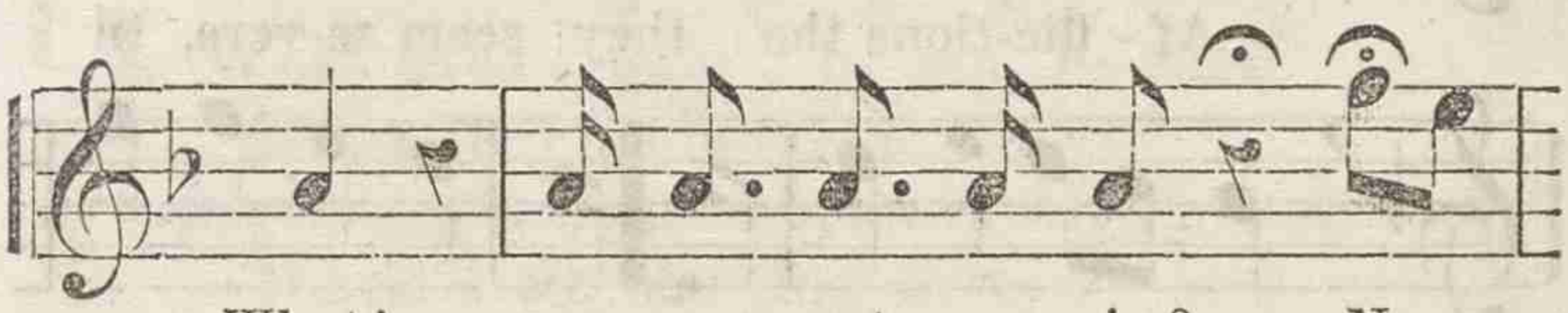
marching through Im - manuel's ground, We



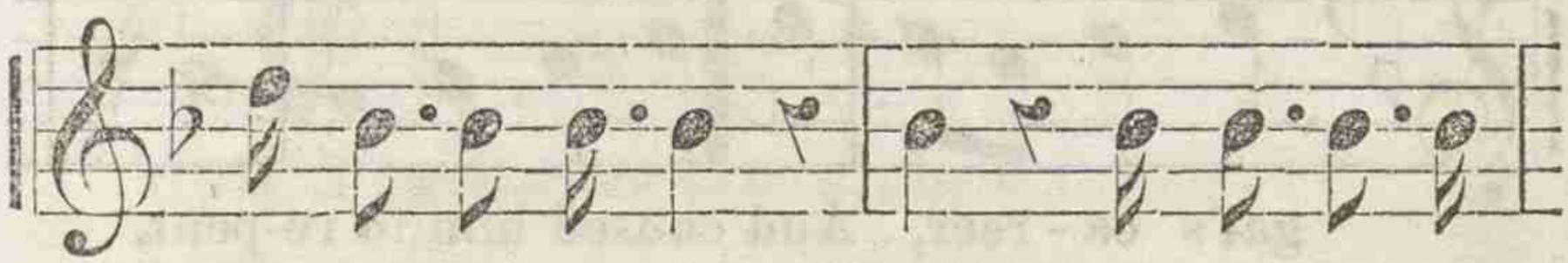
soon shall hear the trumpet sound, And

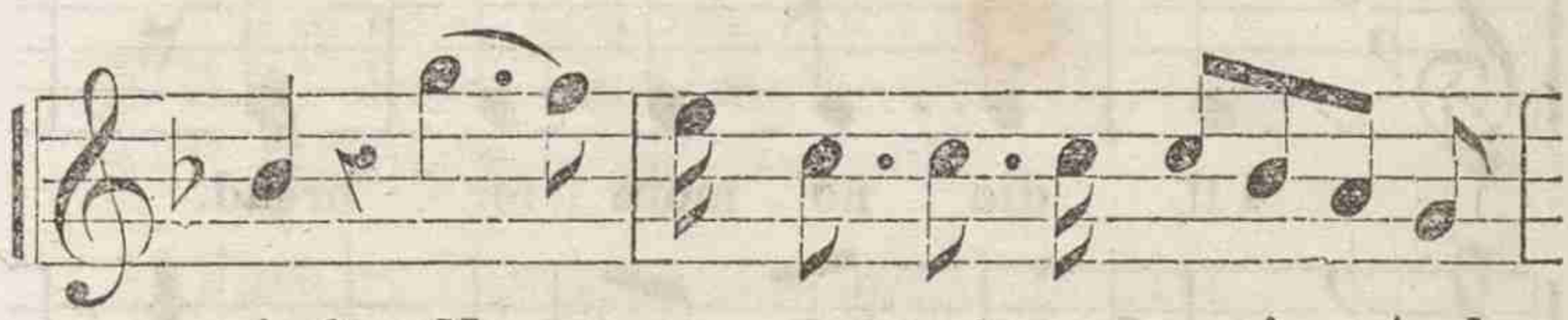
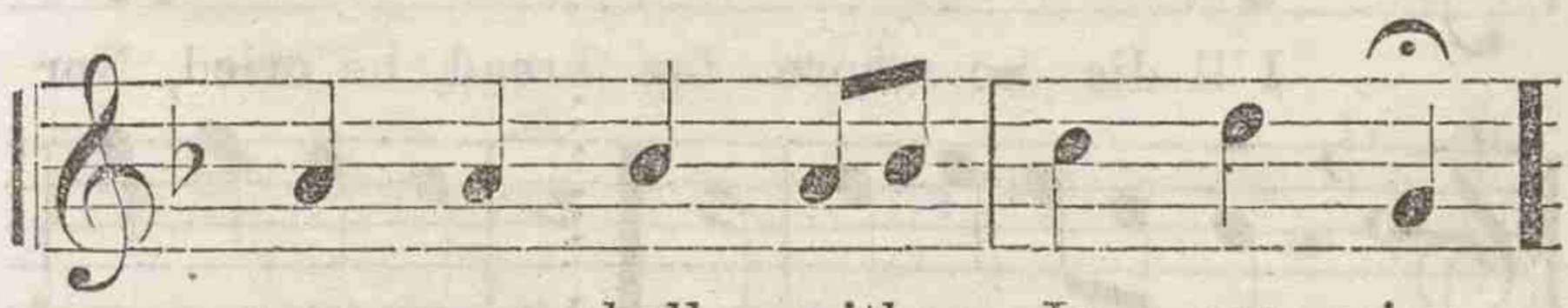
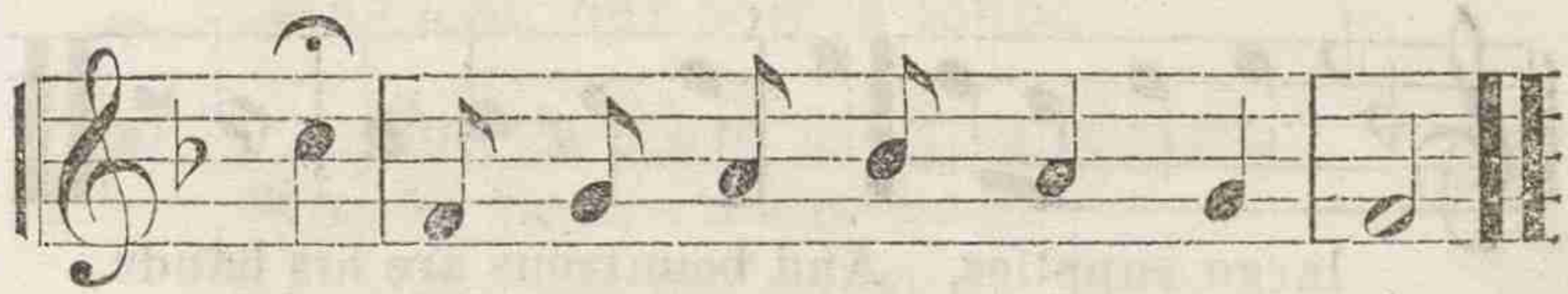


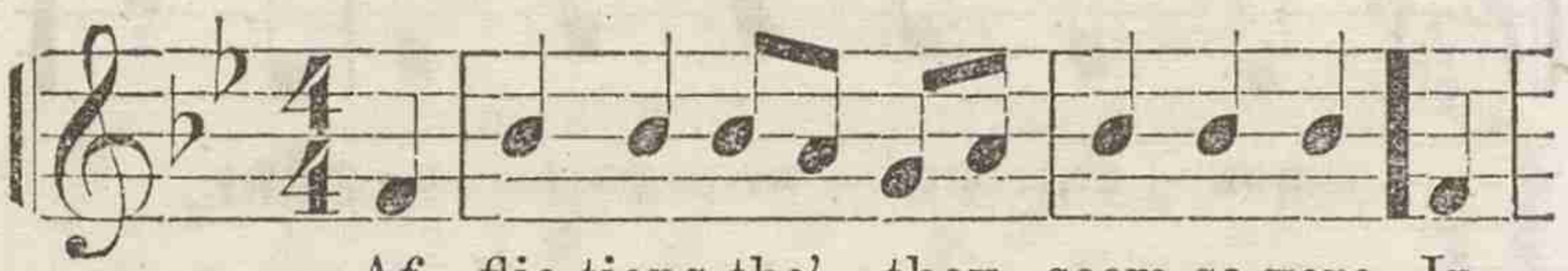
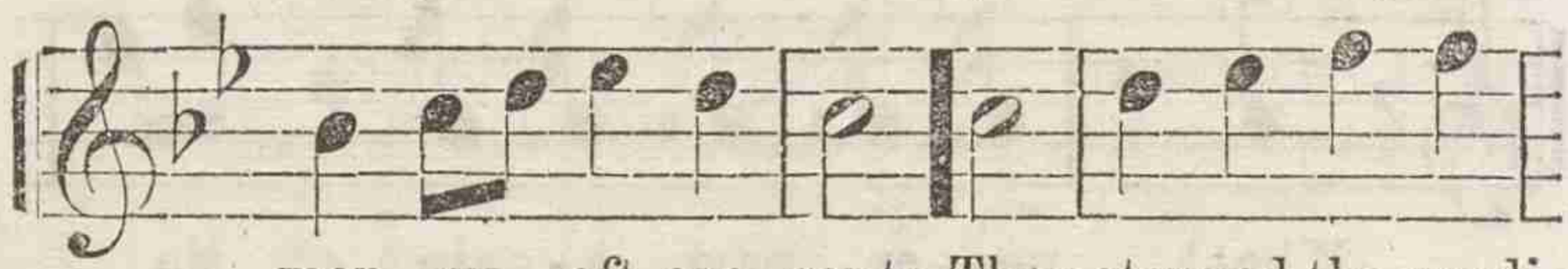
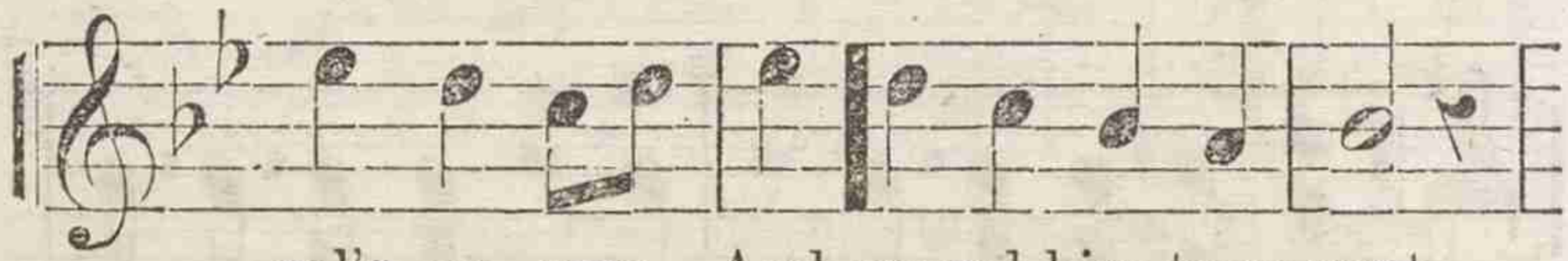
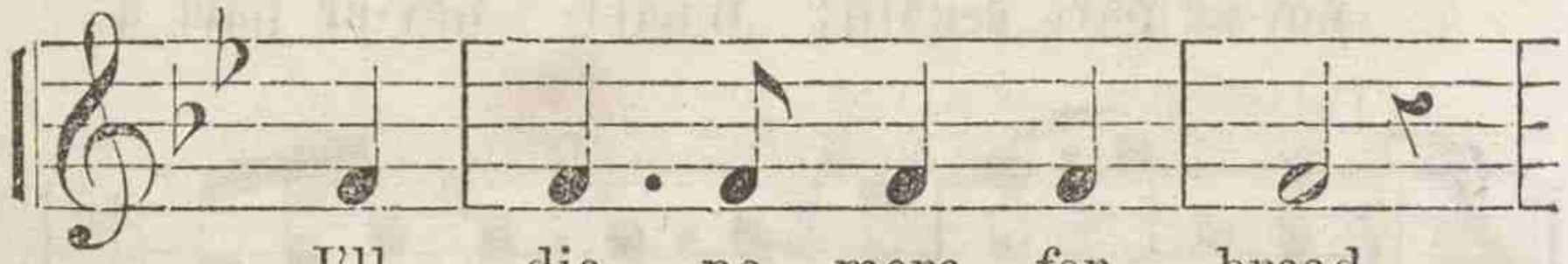
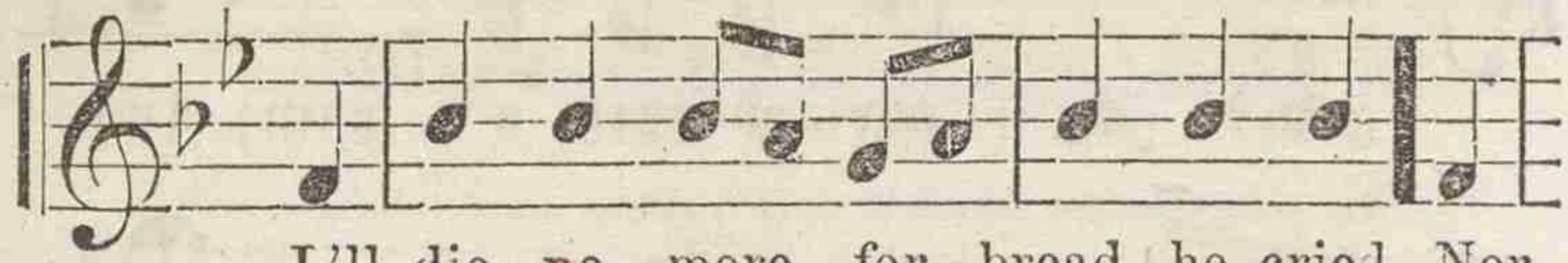
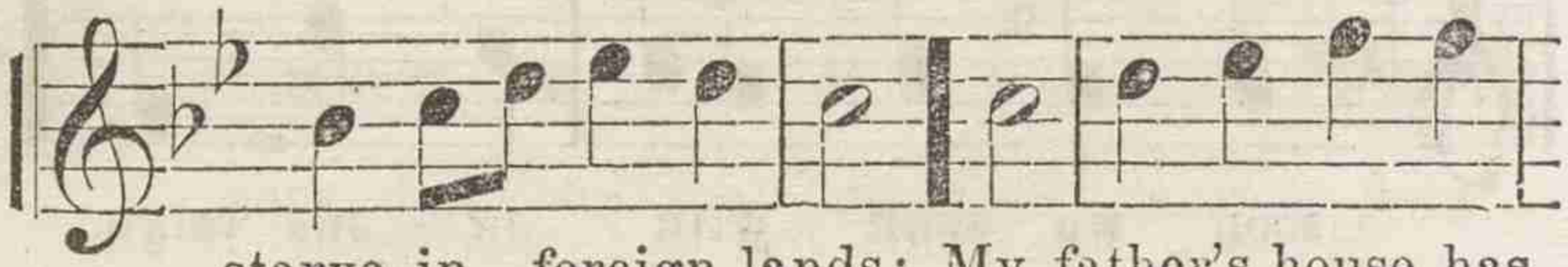
soon we shall with Je - sus reign, And

nev - er, nev - er part a - gain;

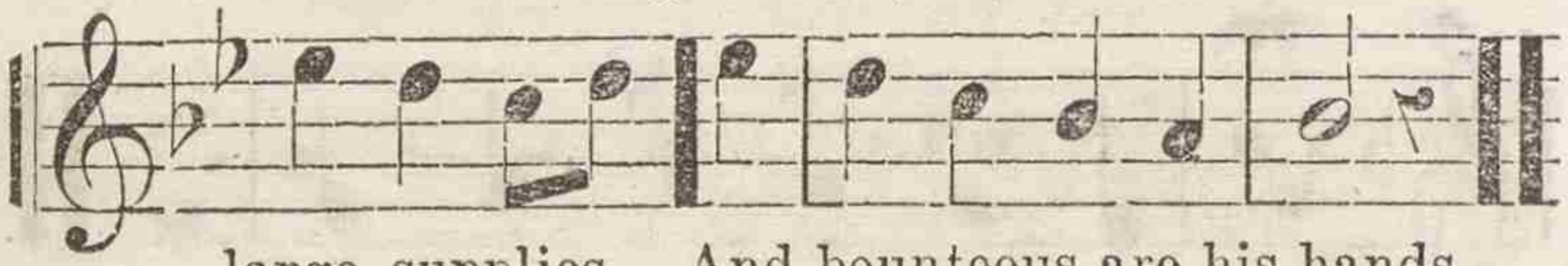


What! nev - er part a - gain? No



nev-er part a-gain; What! nev-er part a-

gain? No, nev - er part a - gain; And

soon we shall with Je - sus reign,

And nev - er, nev - er part a - gain.

THE PRODIGAL. C. M.

Af - flic-tions tho' they seem se-vere, In

mer - cy oft are sent; They stopped the prodi-

gal's ca - reer, And caused him to re-pent.

I'll die no more for bread.

I'll die no more for bread, he cried, Nor

starve in foreign lands; My father's house has



large supplies, And bounteous are his hands.

AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent,
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And caused him to repent:

2. What have I gain'd by sin, he said,
But hunger, shame, and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.

3. I'll go, and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face—
Unworthy to be call'd his son,
I'll seek a servant's place.

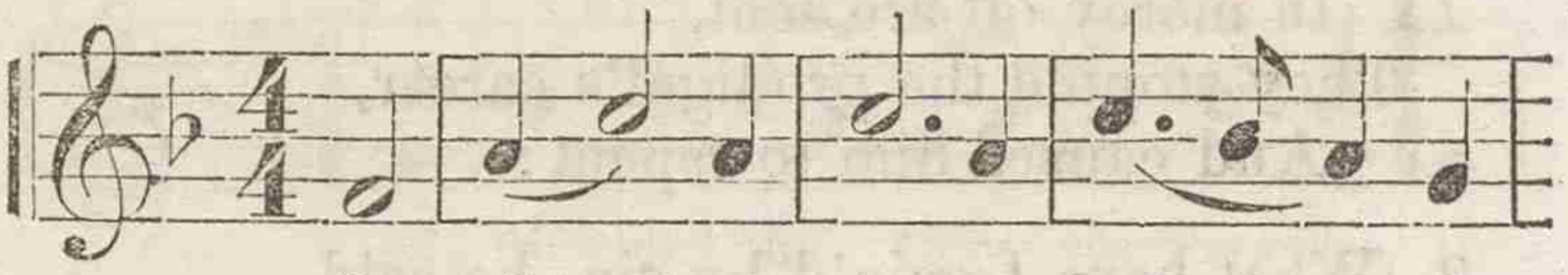
4. His father saw him coming back;
He saw, and ran, and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

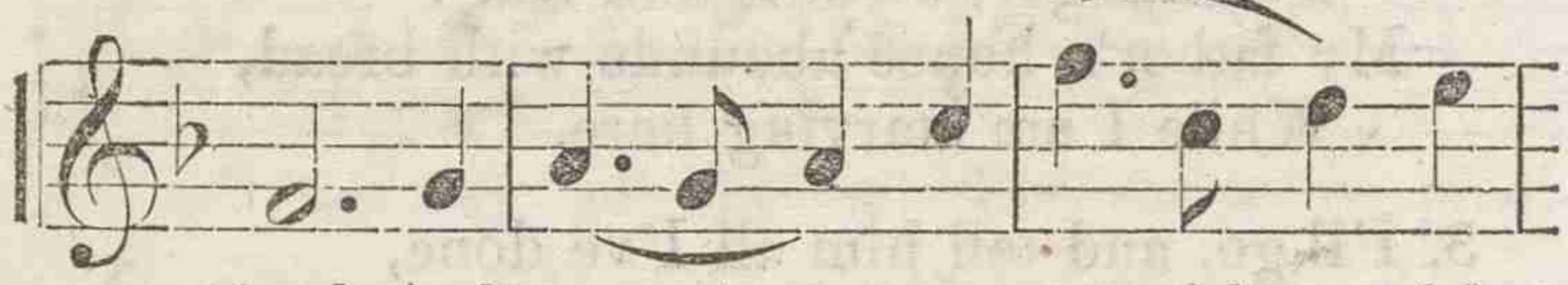
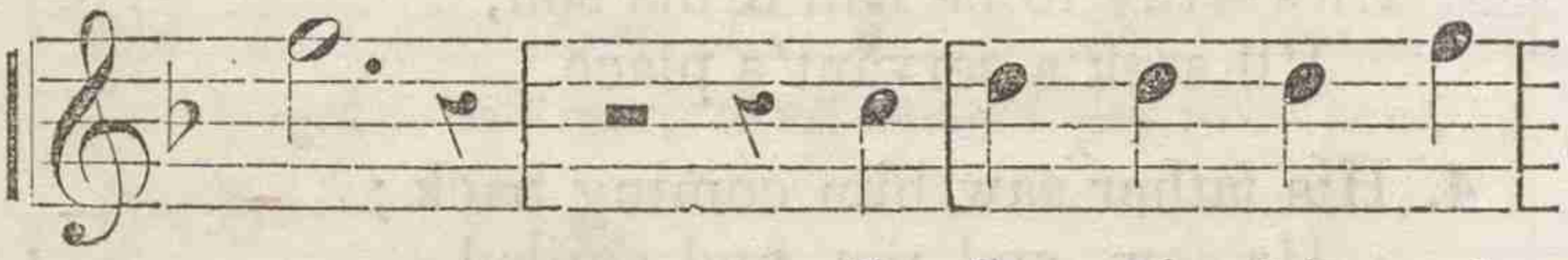
5. Father, I've sinn'd—but O forgive!
Enough, the father said;
Rejoice, my house, my son 's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.

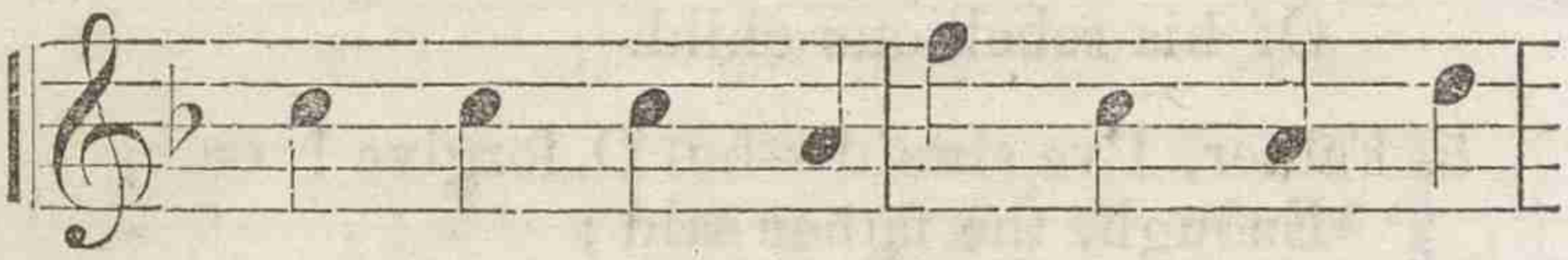
6. Now let the fatted calf be slain,
Go spread the news around;
My son was dead, but lives again—
Was lost, but now is found.

7. 'T is thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

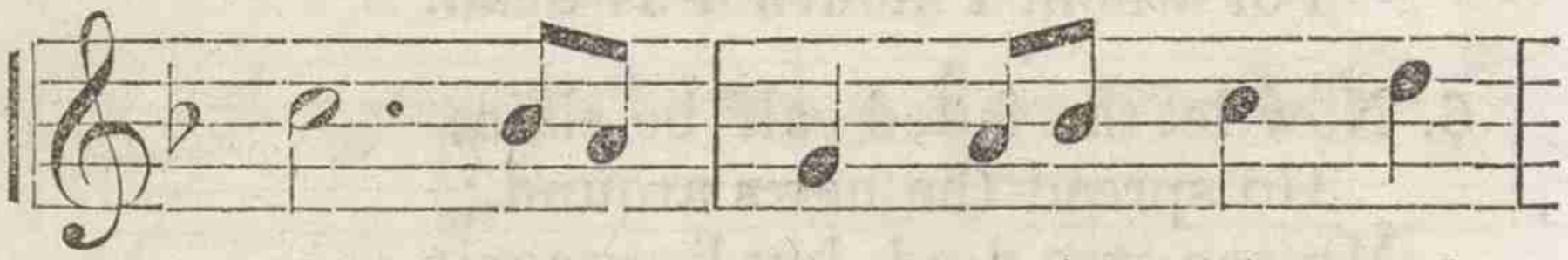
EXHORTATION. C. M.



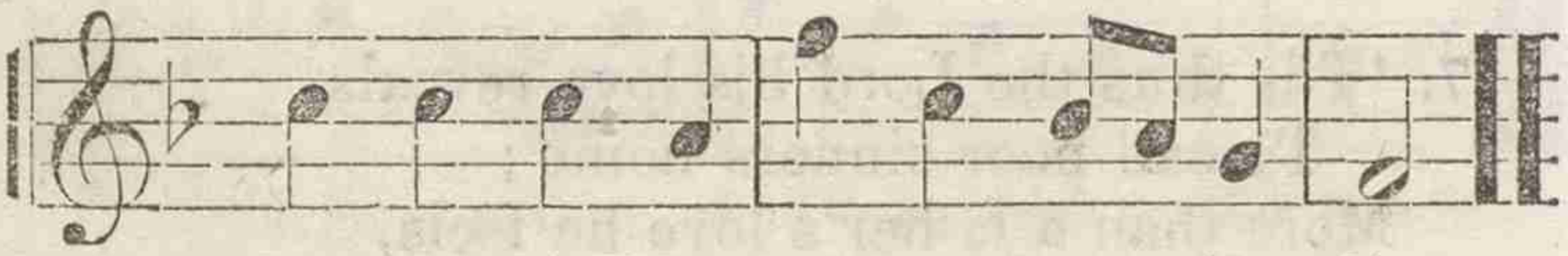
On Jor- dan's stormy banks I

stand, And cast a wish - ful

eye, To Canaan's fair and



hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions



lie, To Ca - naan's fair and



happy land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.

HYMN. C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

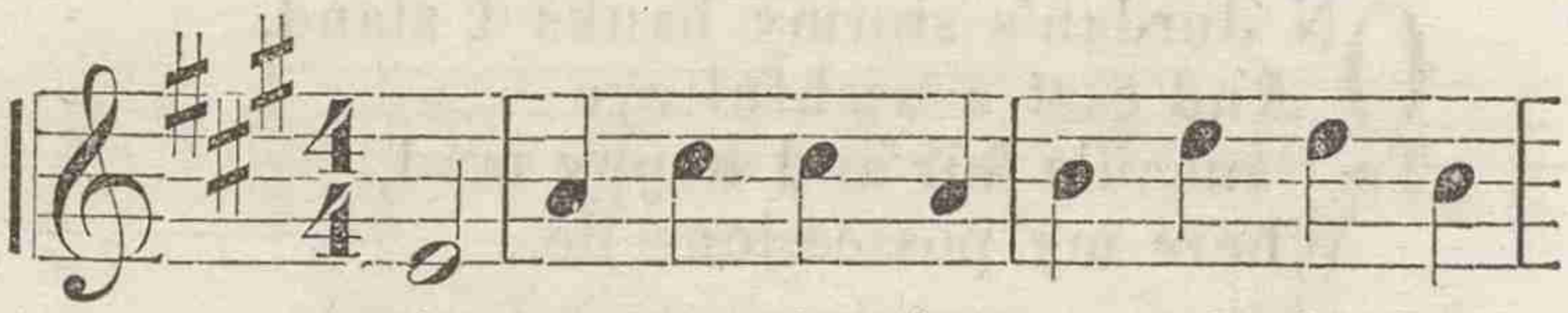
3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

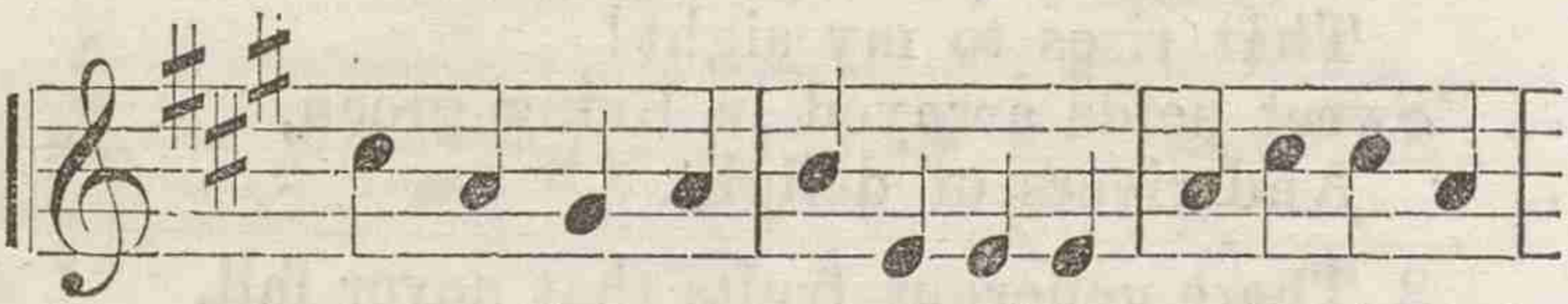
4 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

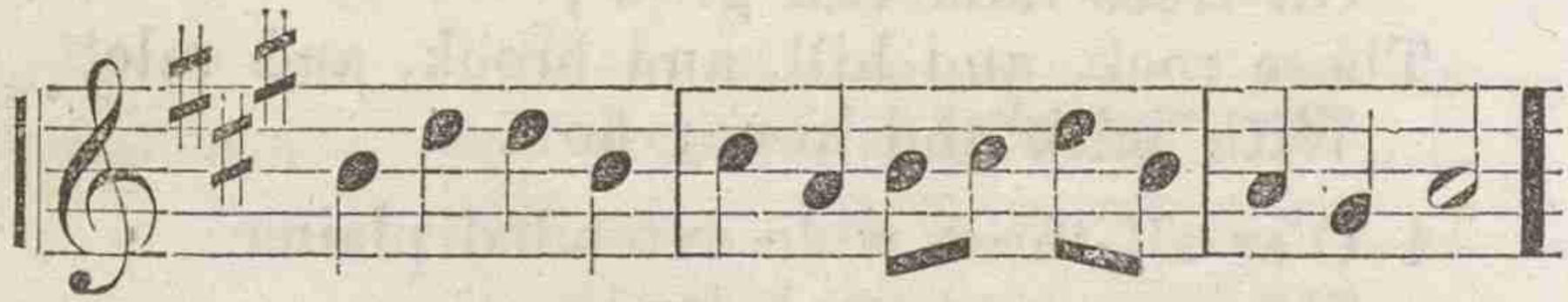
6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I 'd launch away.

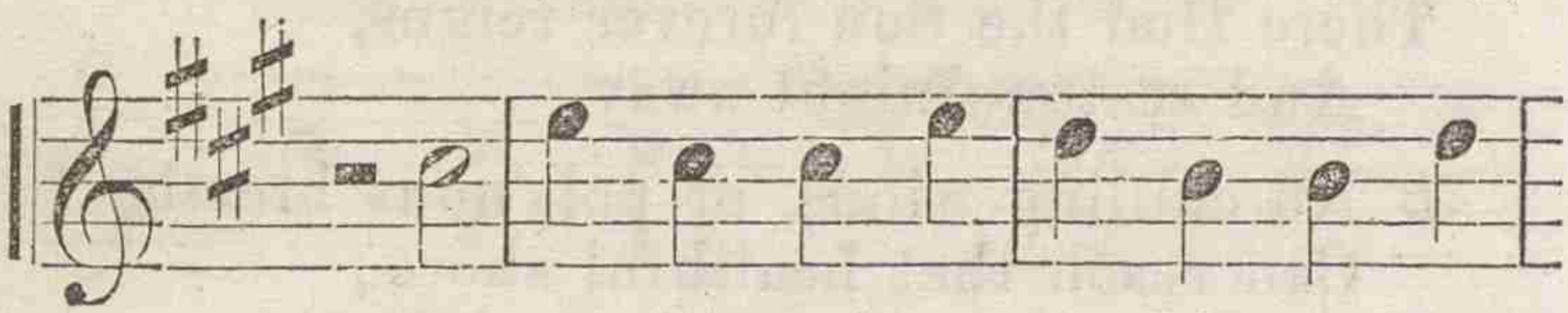
WAYFARING MAN. L. M. DOUBLE.

A poor way-fa-ring man of grief, Hath



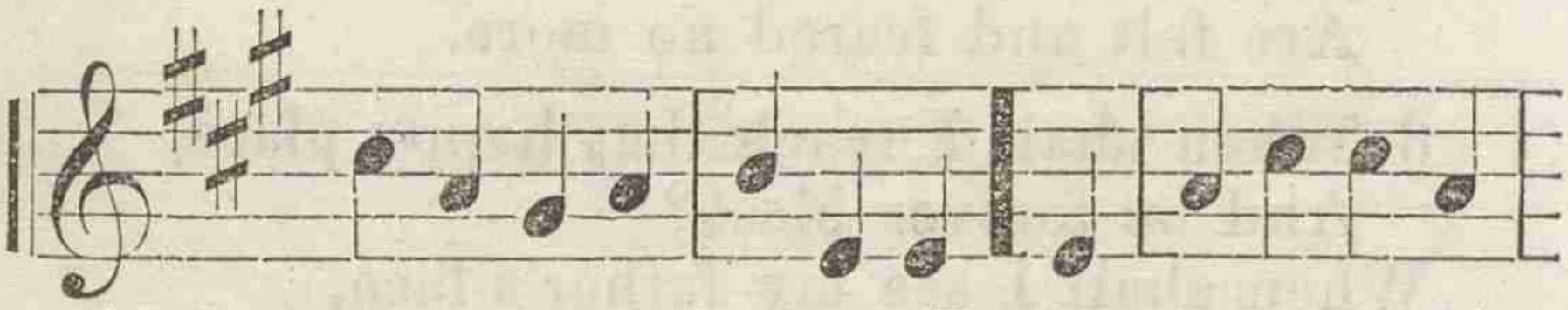
often crossed me on my way, Who sued so humbly

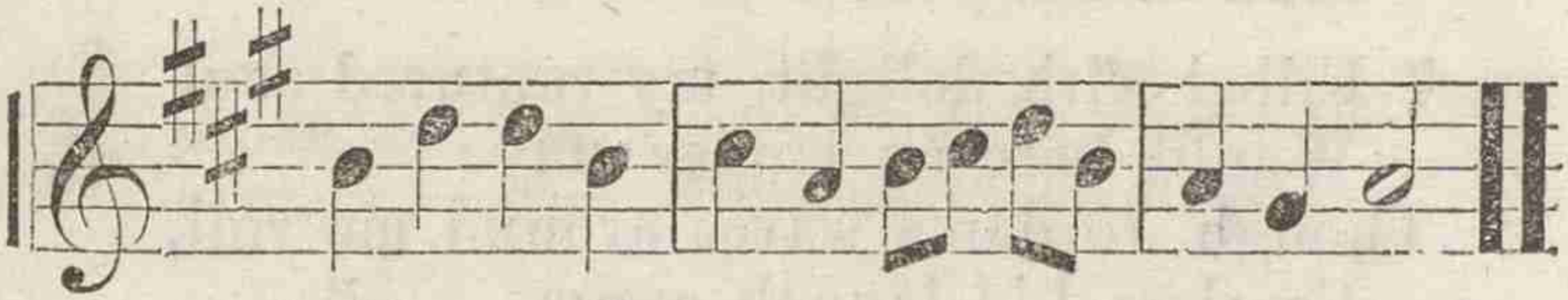


for relief, That I could nev-er answer nay;



I had not power to ask his name, Whi-



ther he went or whence he came, Yet there was something

in his eye, That won my love, I knew not why.

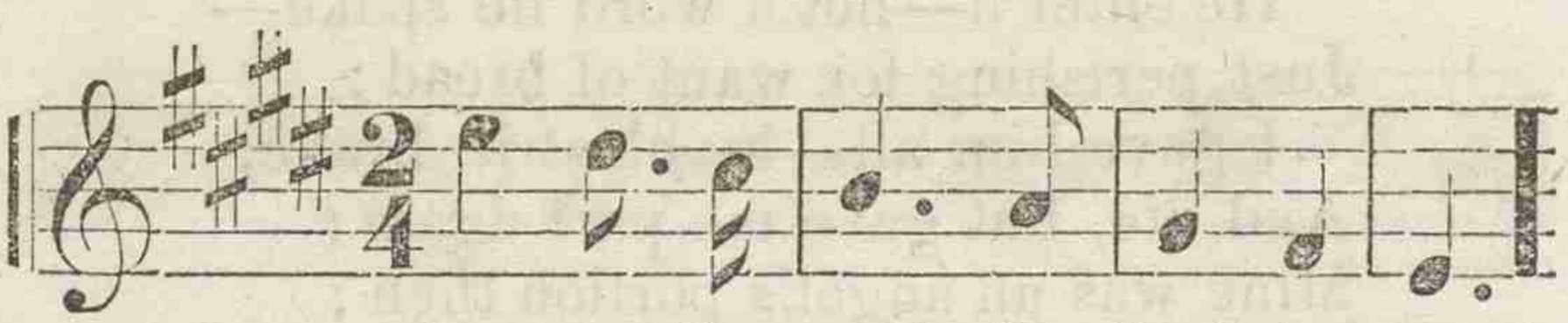
2. Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He enter'd—not a word he spake—
Just perishing for want of bread:
I gave him all—he blest it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again:
Mine was an angel's portion then;
For while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

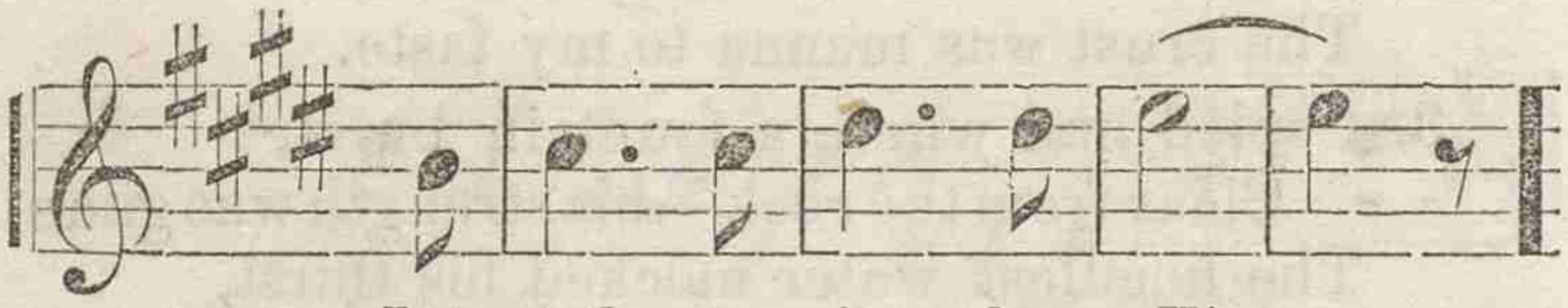
3. I spied him where a fountain burst,
Clear from the rock—his strength was gone
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on:
I ran to raise the sufferer up:
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,
Dipt, and return'd it running o'er,
I drank and never thirsted more.

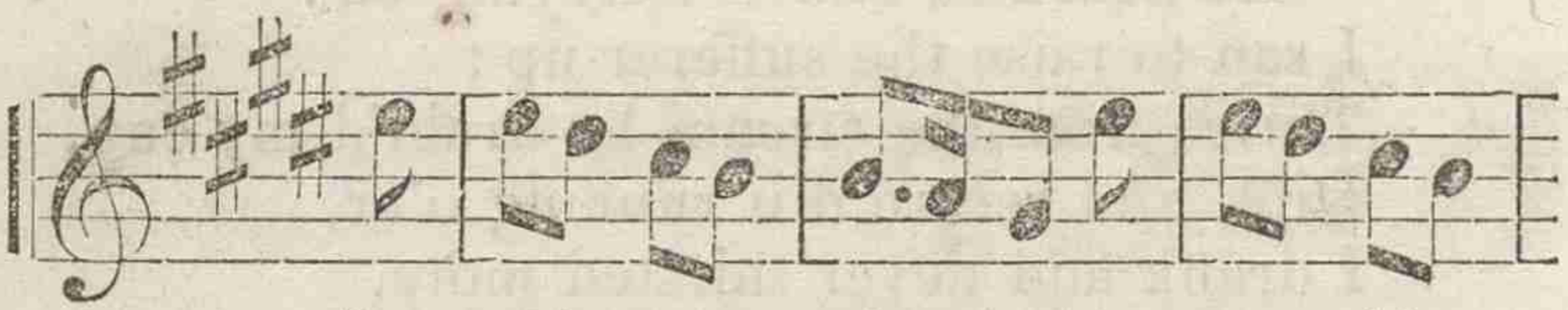
4. In prison I saw him next condemn'd
To meet a traitor's doom at morn:
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honor'd him mid shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

5. Then, in a moment, to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise:
The tokens in his hands I knew:
My Saviour stood before mine eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he named:
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed:
These deeds shall thy memorial be:
Fear not: thou didst them unto me."

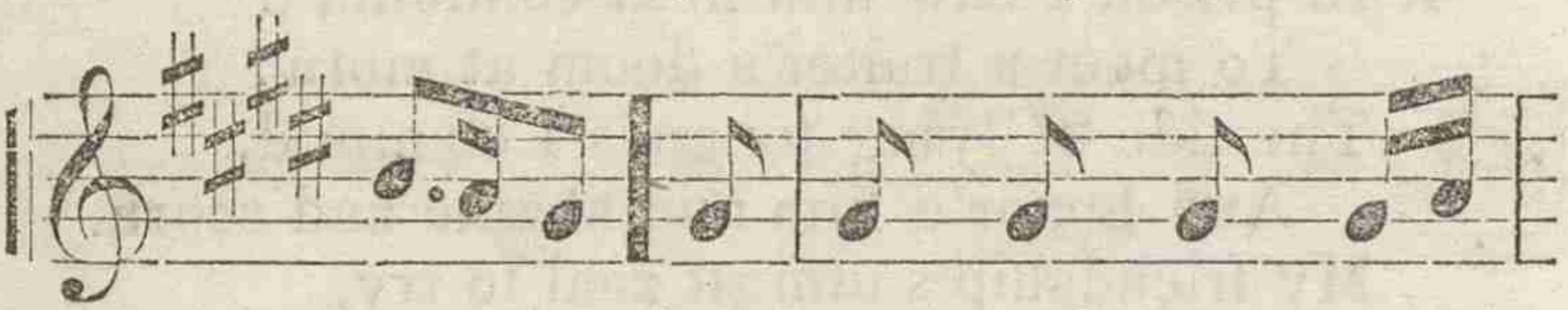
ANTIOCH. C. M.



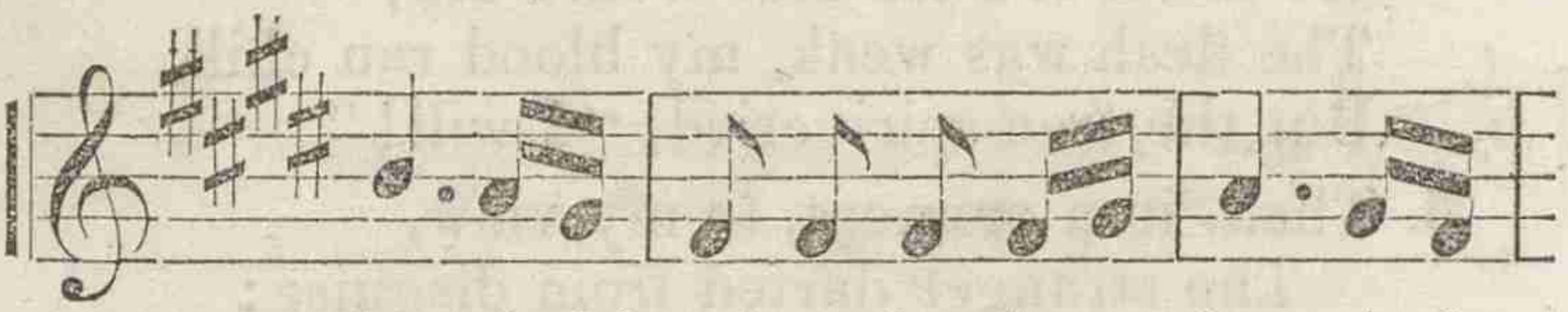
Joy to the world, the Lord is come!

Let earth re-ceive her King;

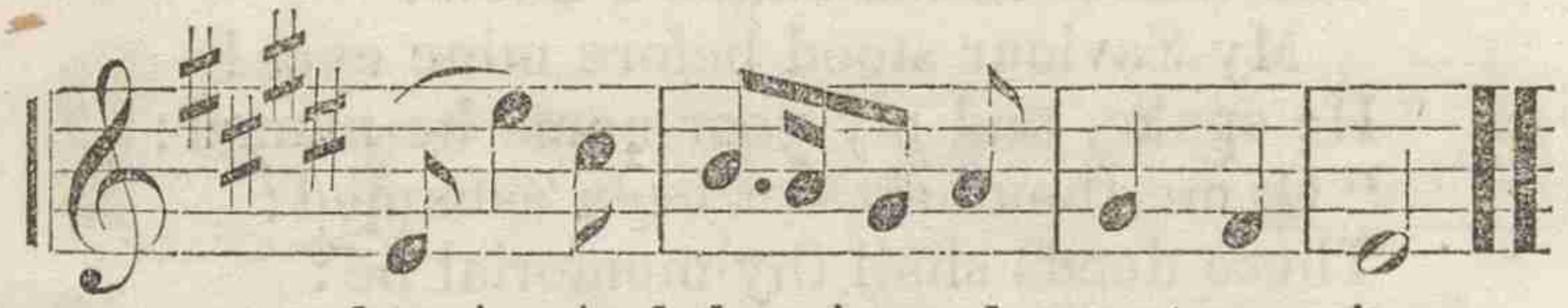


Let ev' - ry heart pre-pare him

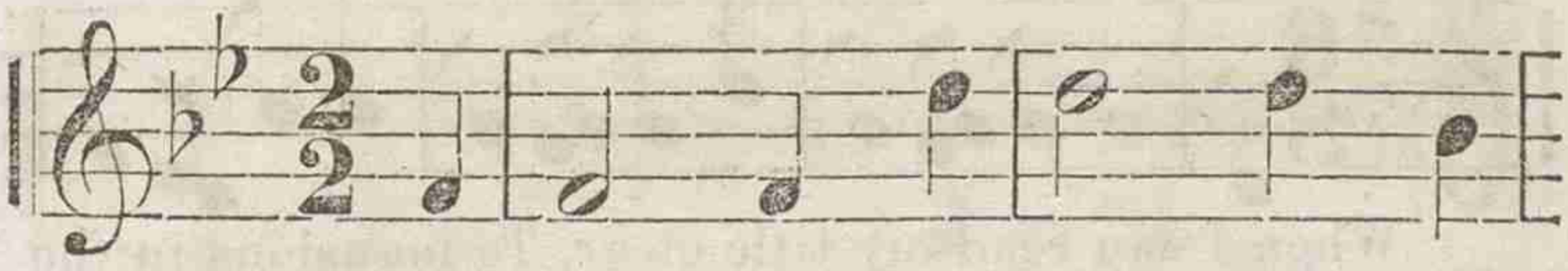


room, And heaven and na - ture

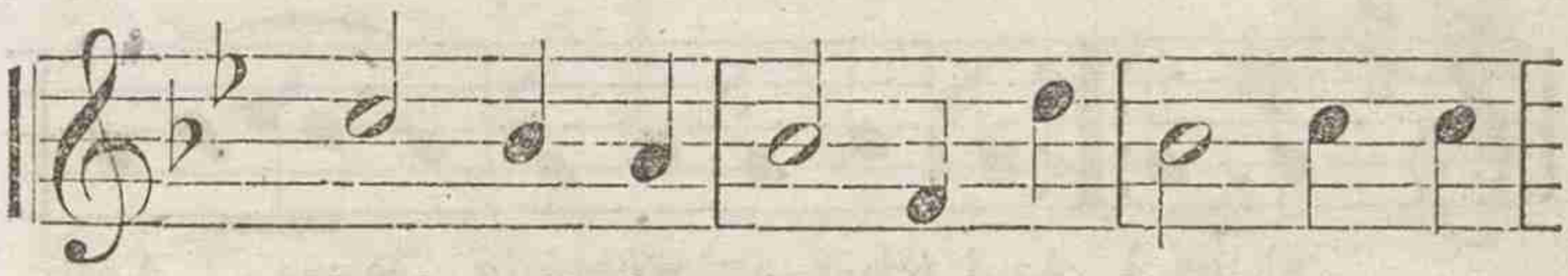


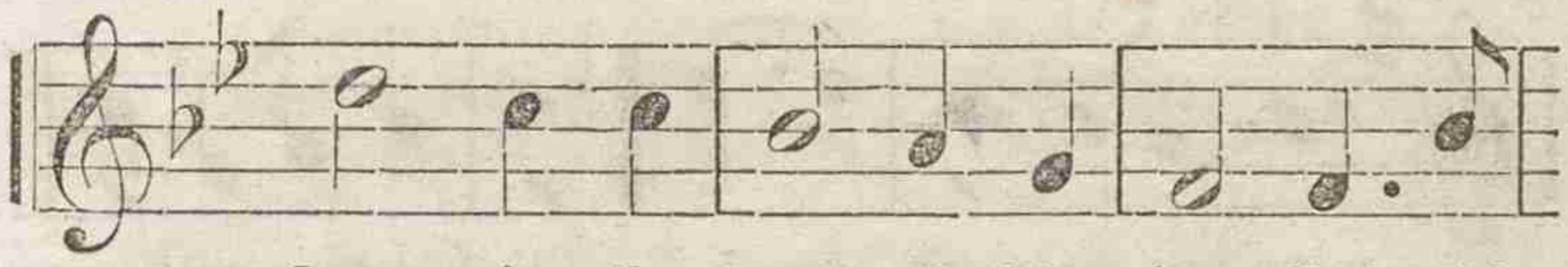
sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And

heav'n, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

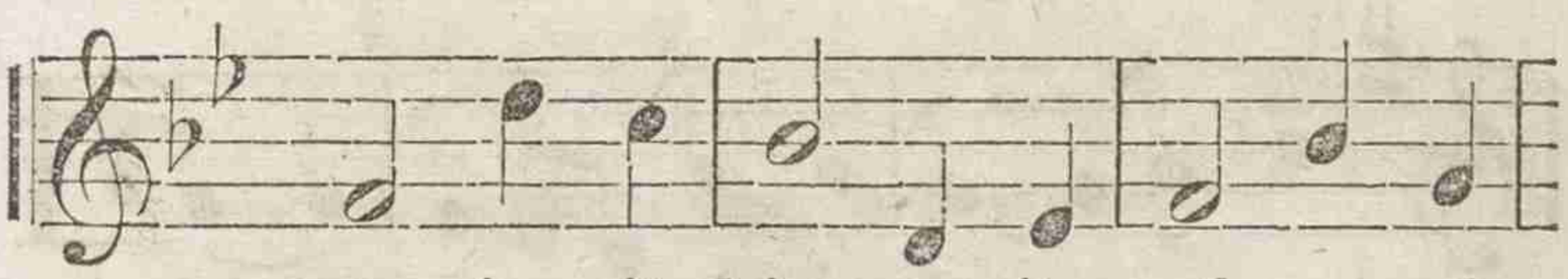
THE CHARIOT. P. M.

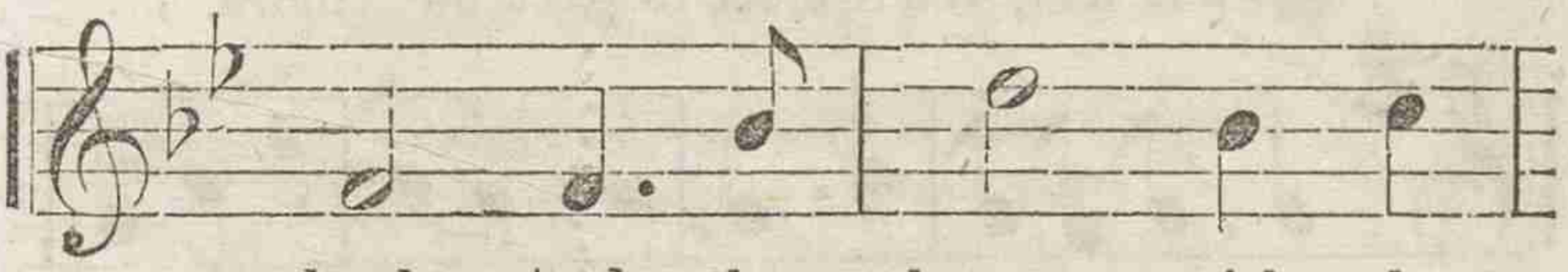


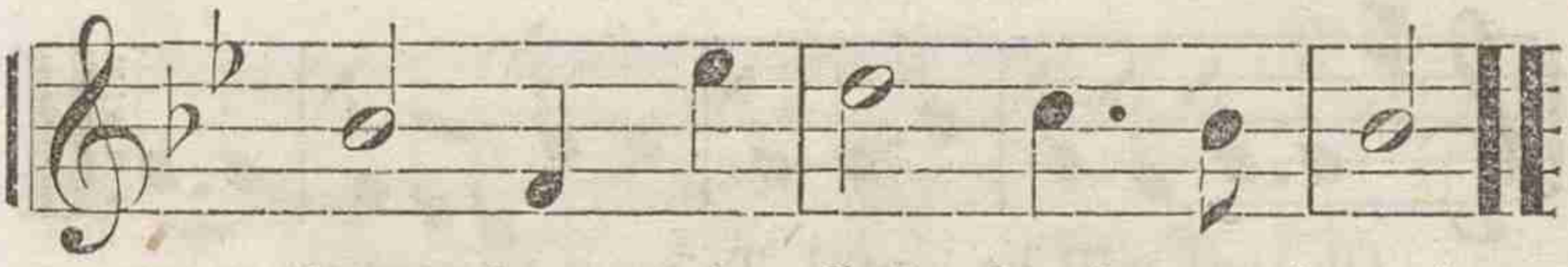
The cha - riot! the cha - riot! its



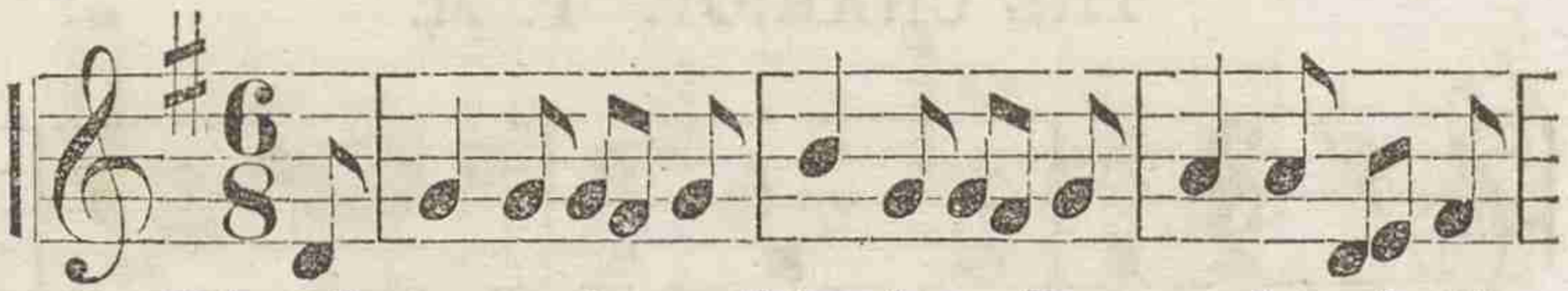
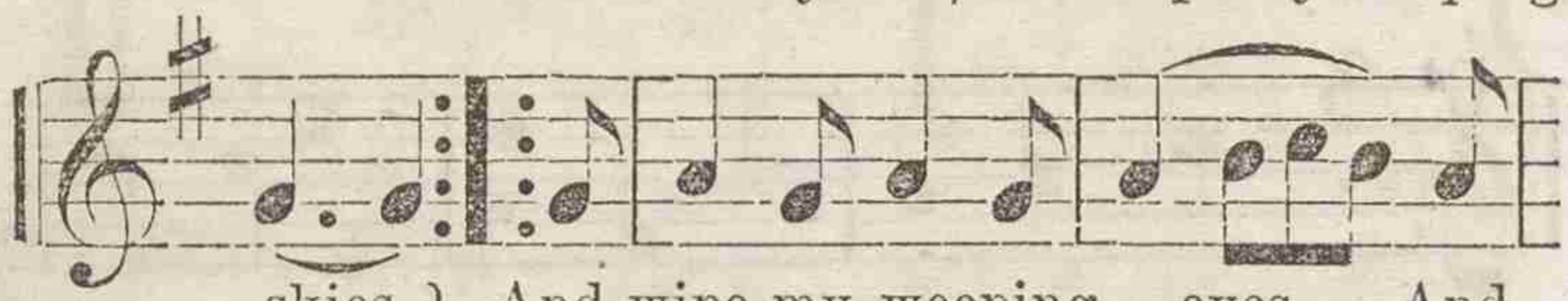
wheels roll in fire, As the Lord cometh

down in the pomp of his ire; Lo! self-

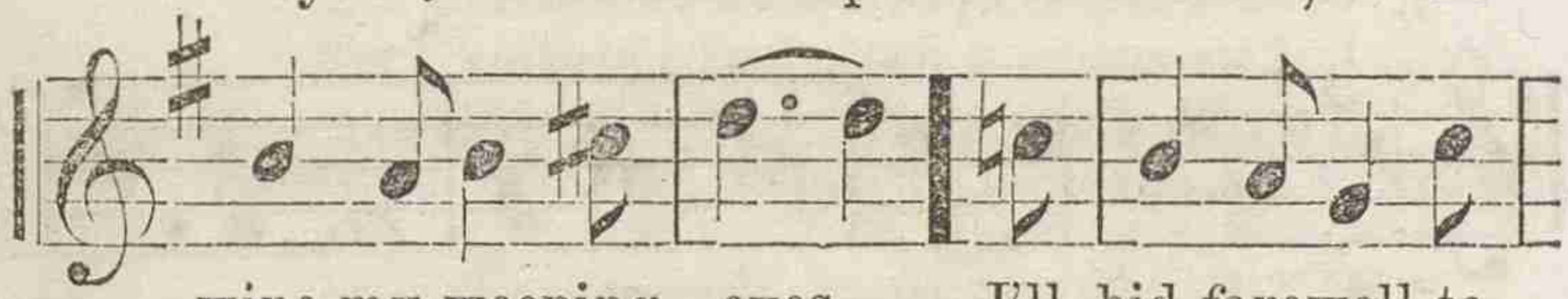


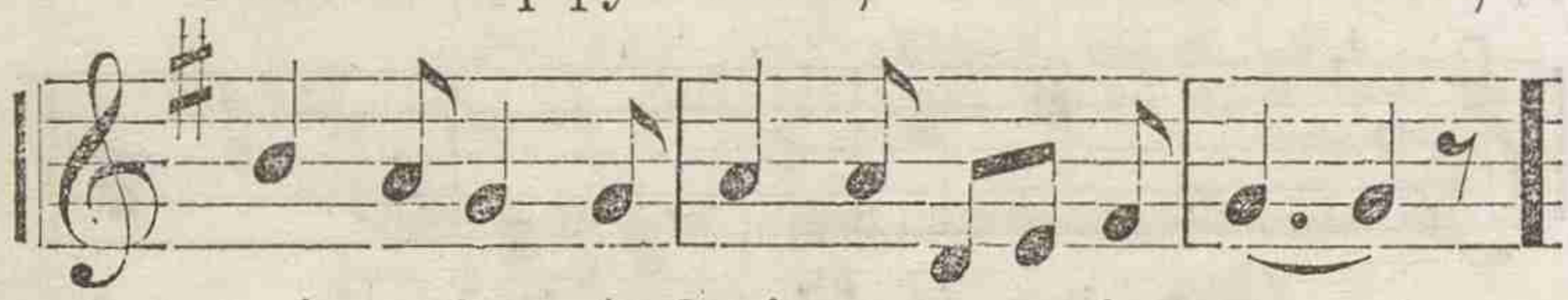
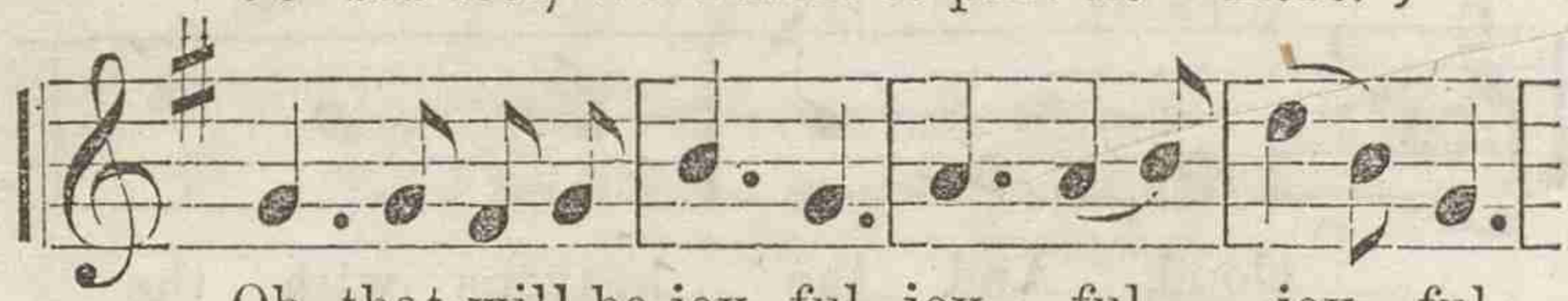
mov - ing, it drives on its pathway of

cloud, And the heavens with the

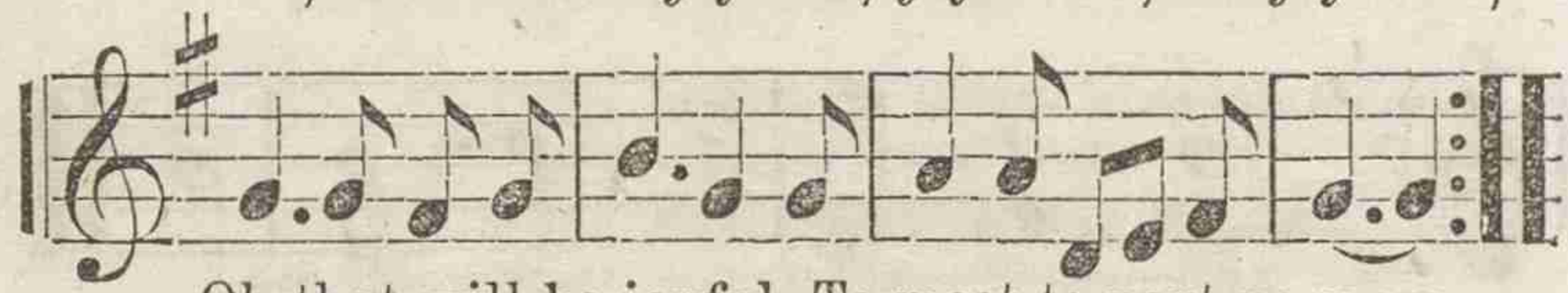


bur - den of God - head are bowed.

"O THAT WILL BE JOYFUL." C. M.

When I can read my title clear, To mansions in the
I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping

skies, } And wipe my weeping eyes, And
eyes. } To meet to part no more, On

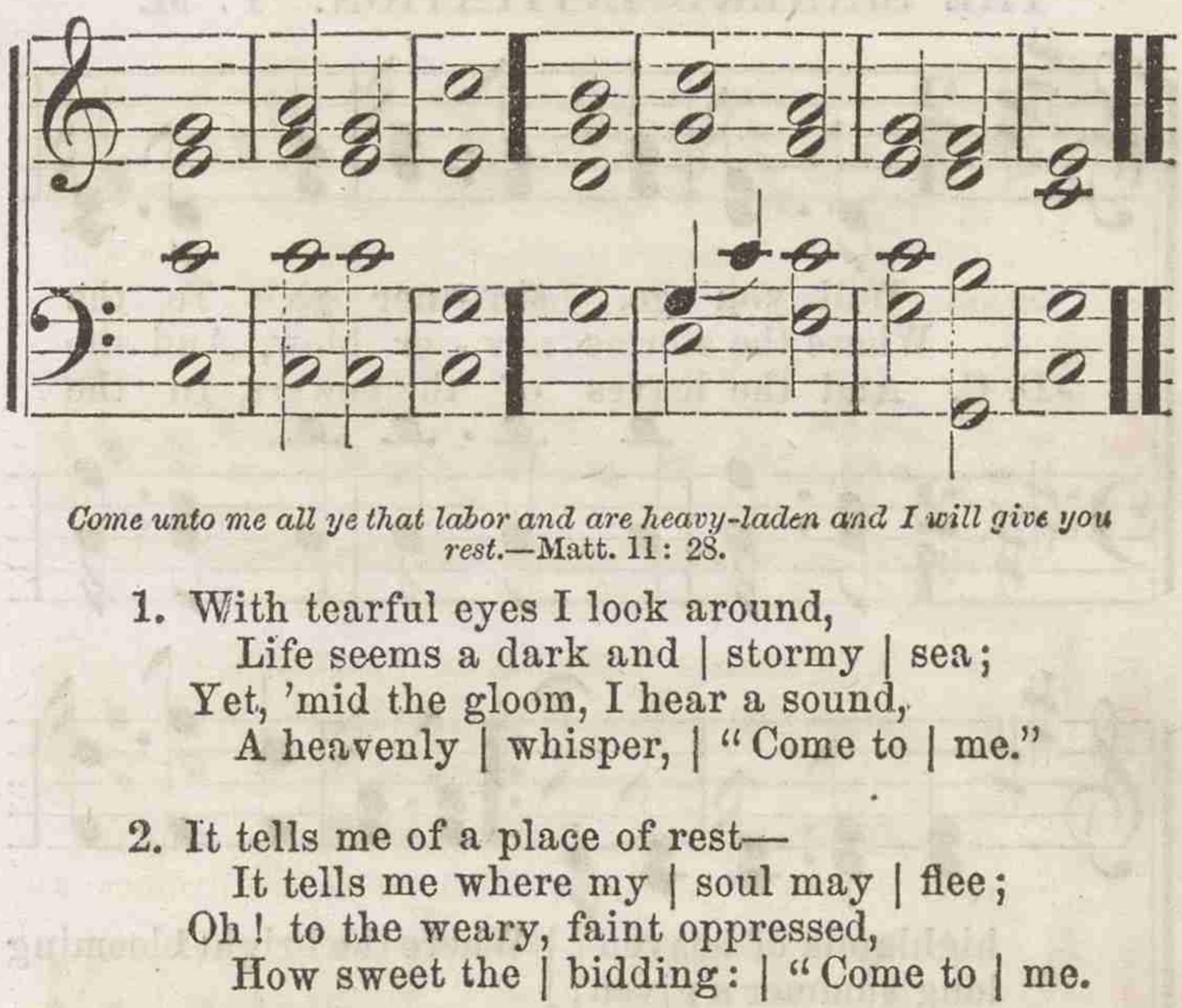


wipe my weeping eyes, I'll bid farewell to
Canaan's hap-py shore; 'Tis there we'll meet, at

ev'-ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes, }
Je-sus feet, We'll meet to part no more. }

Oh, that will be joy-ful, joy - ful, joy - ful,



Oh that will be joyful, To meet to part no more.

Chant.

"COME TO ME." FROM SHAWM.

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

1. With tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea;
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly | whisper, | "Come to | me."

2. It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my | soul may | flee;
Oh! to the weary, faint oppressed,
How sweet the | bidding: | "Come to | me.

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

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

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

THE SINNER'S INVITATION. P. M.

Will you go, sin - ner go, To the
Where the storms nev - er blow, And the
D. C. And the leaves of the bowers, In the

highlands of heaven? } Where the bright blooming
long summer's given; }
bree-zes are flitting.

D. C.

flowers are their o - dors e - mit - ting,

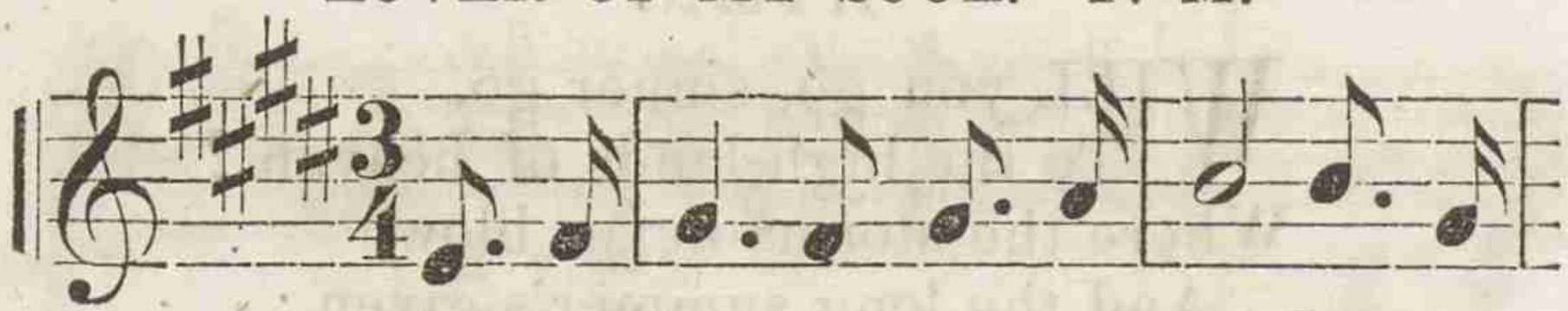
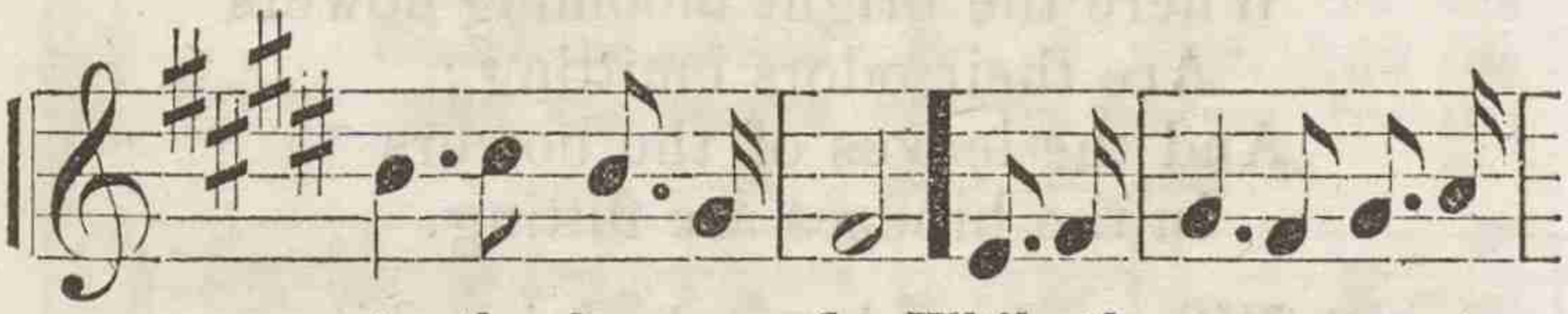
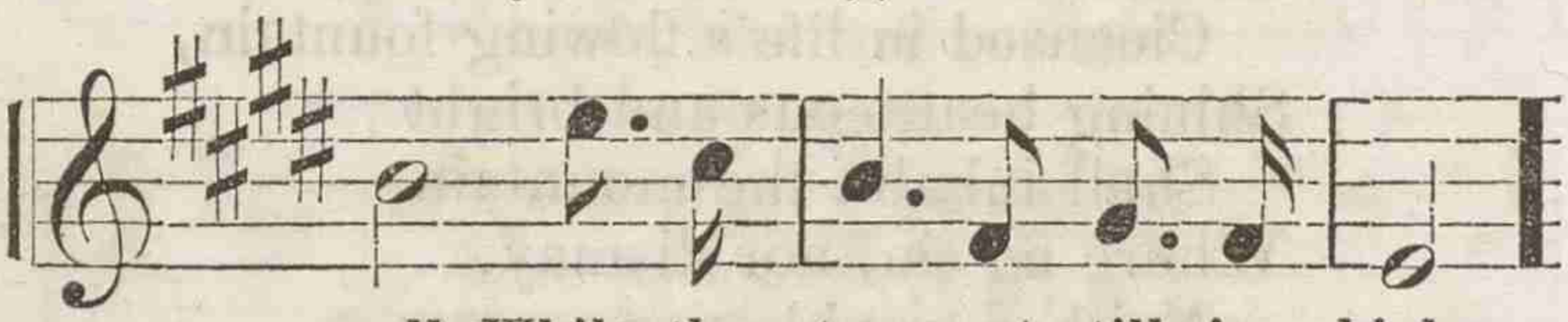
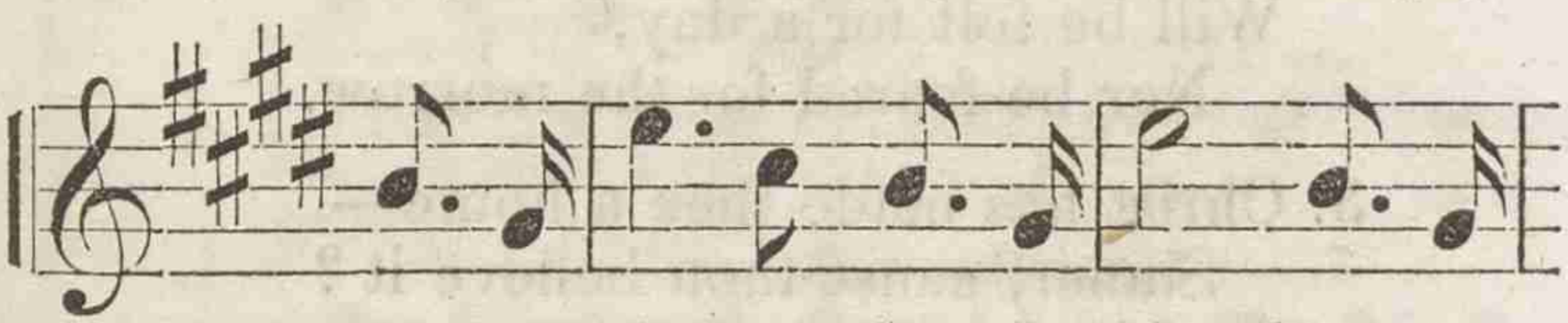
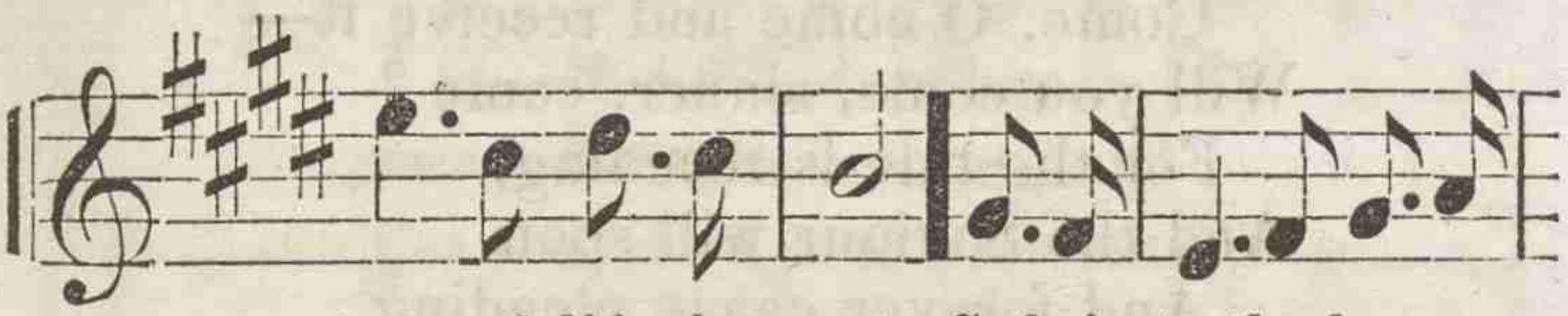
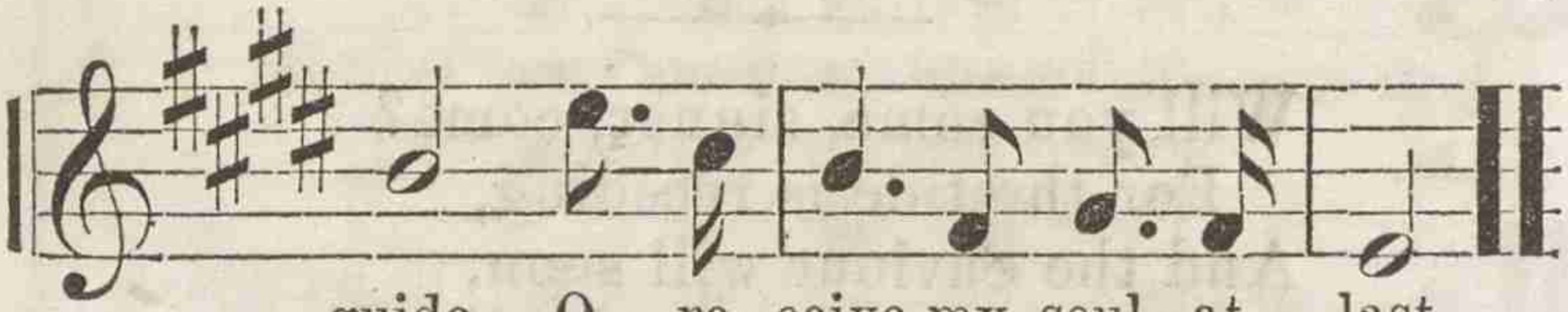
HYMN.

WILL you go, sinner go,
To the high-lands of heaven?
Where the storms never blow,
And the long summer's given;
Where the bright blooming flowers
Are their odors emitting;
And the leaves of the bowers
In the breezes are flitting.

2. Where the saints robed in white—
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
Shining beauteous and bright
Shall inhabit the mountain.
Where no sin, nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

3. Christ has made thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,
Come, O come and receive it—
Will you come, sinner, come?
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon
And forever cease pleading.

Will you come, sinner, come?
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon,
And forever cease pleading.

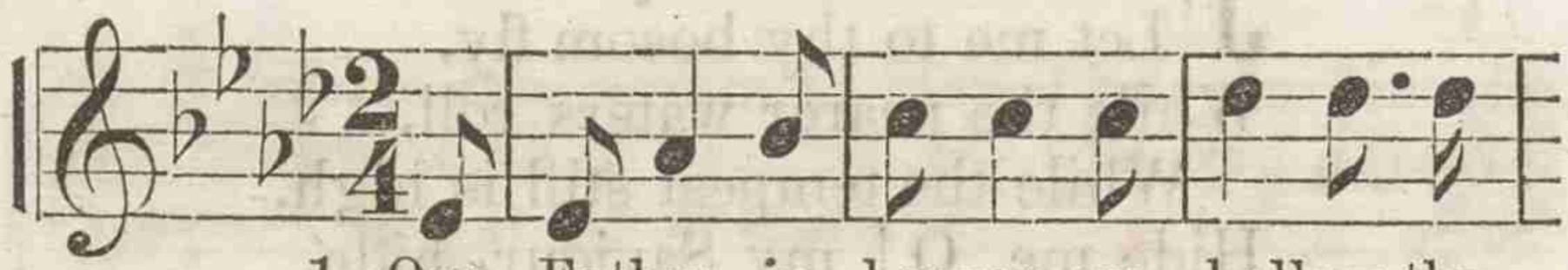
LOVER OF MY SOUL. P. M.

Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me

to thy bo-som fly, While the nearer waters

roll, While the tem-pest still is high;

Hide me, O my Sa - vior, hide, Till the

storm of life is past; Safe in-to the ha-ven

guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

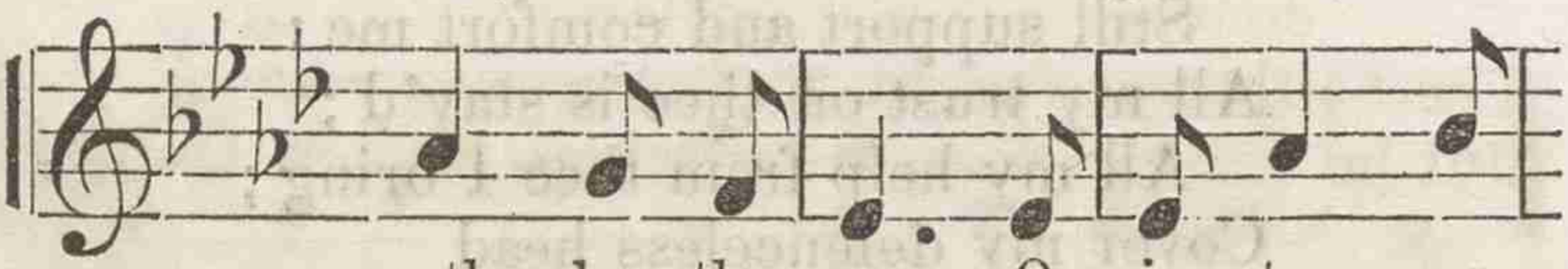
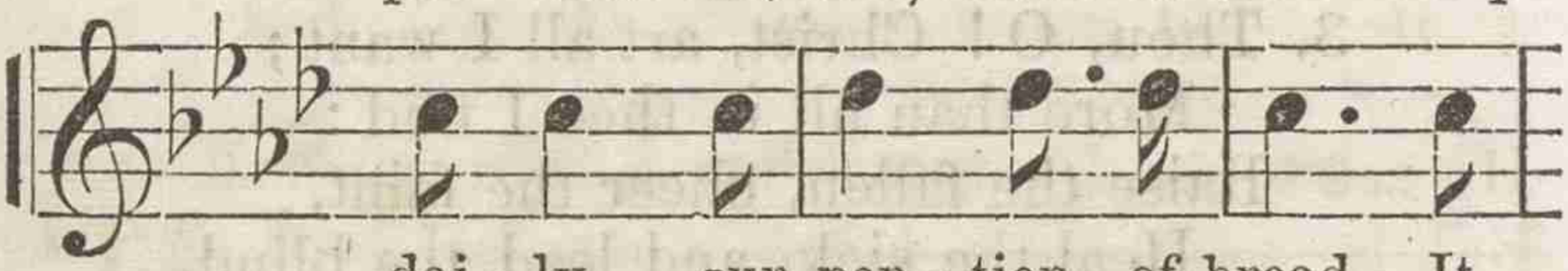
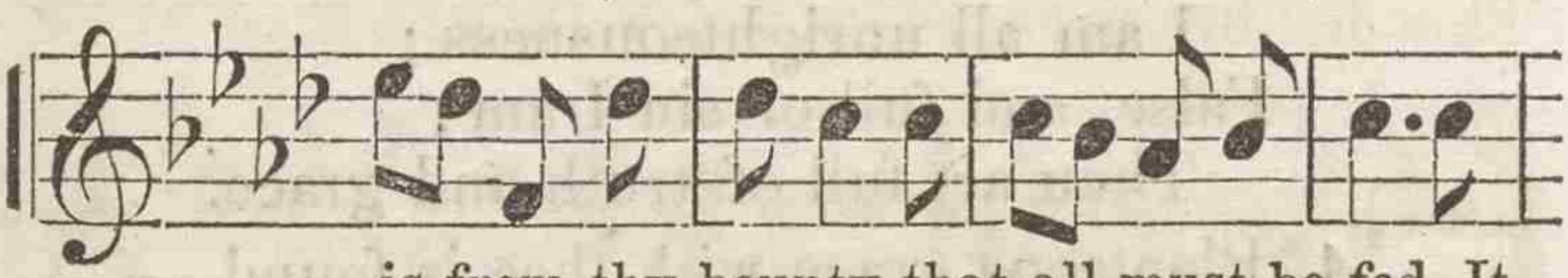
JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O! my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O! receive my soul at last.

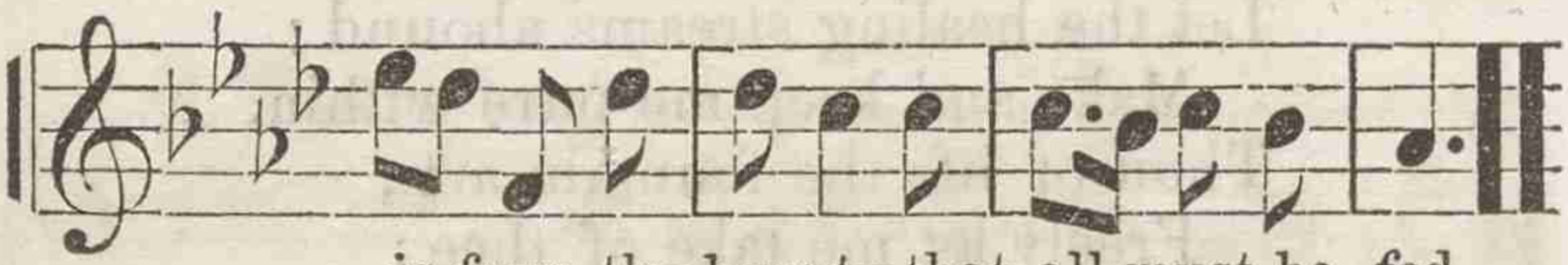
2. Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3. 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.

4. Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. P. M.

1. Our Father in heaven we hallow thy
2. Forgive our transgressions and teach us to

name, Thy kingdom, all ho - ly, on
know, That humble com - pas-sion, that

earth be the same; O give to us
par - dons each foe; Save us from temp-

dai - ly our por - tion of bread, It
ta - tion, from weak-ness and sin, And

is from thy bounty that all must be fed, It
thine be the glo-ry, for - ev - er, A-men, And



is from thy bounty that all must be fed.
thine be the glo-ry, for - ev - er, A - men.

AWAY from his home and the friends of his youth,
He hasted, the herald of mercy and truth,
For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost:
Soon, alas! was his fall—but he died at his post.

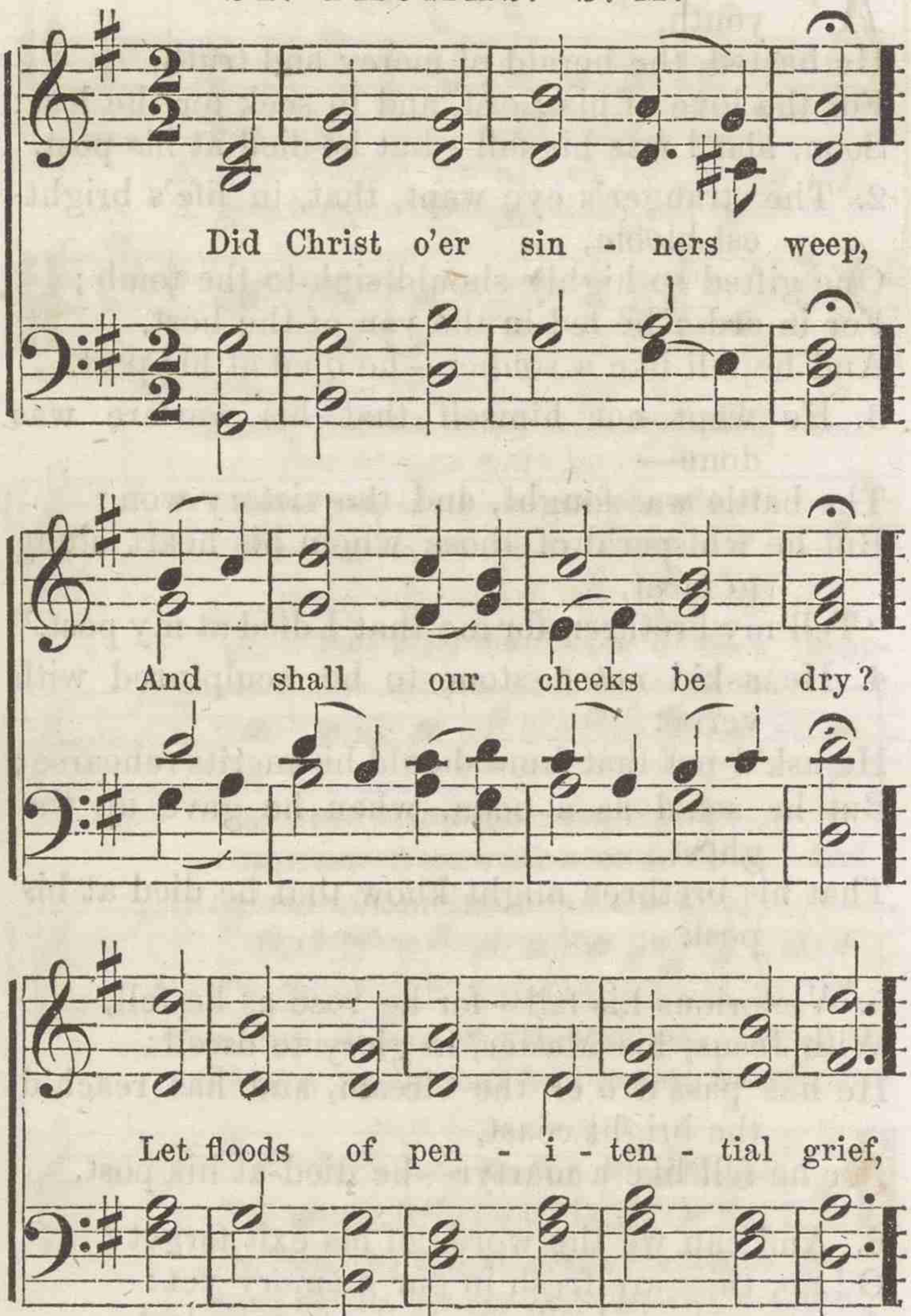
2. The stranger's eye wept, that, in life's brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb;
For in ardor he led in the van of the host,
And he fell like a soldier—he died at his post.

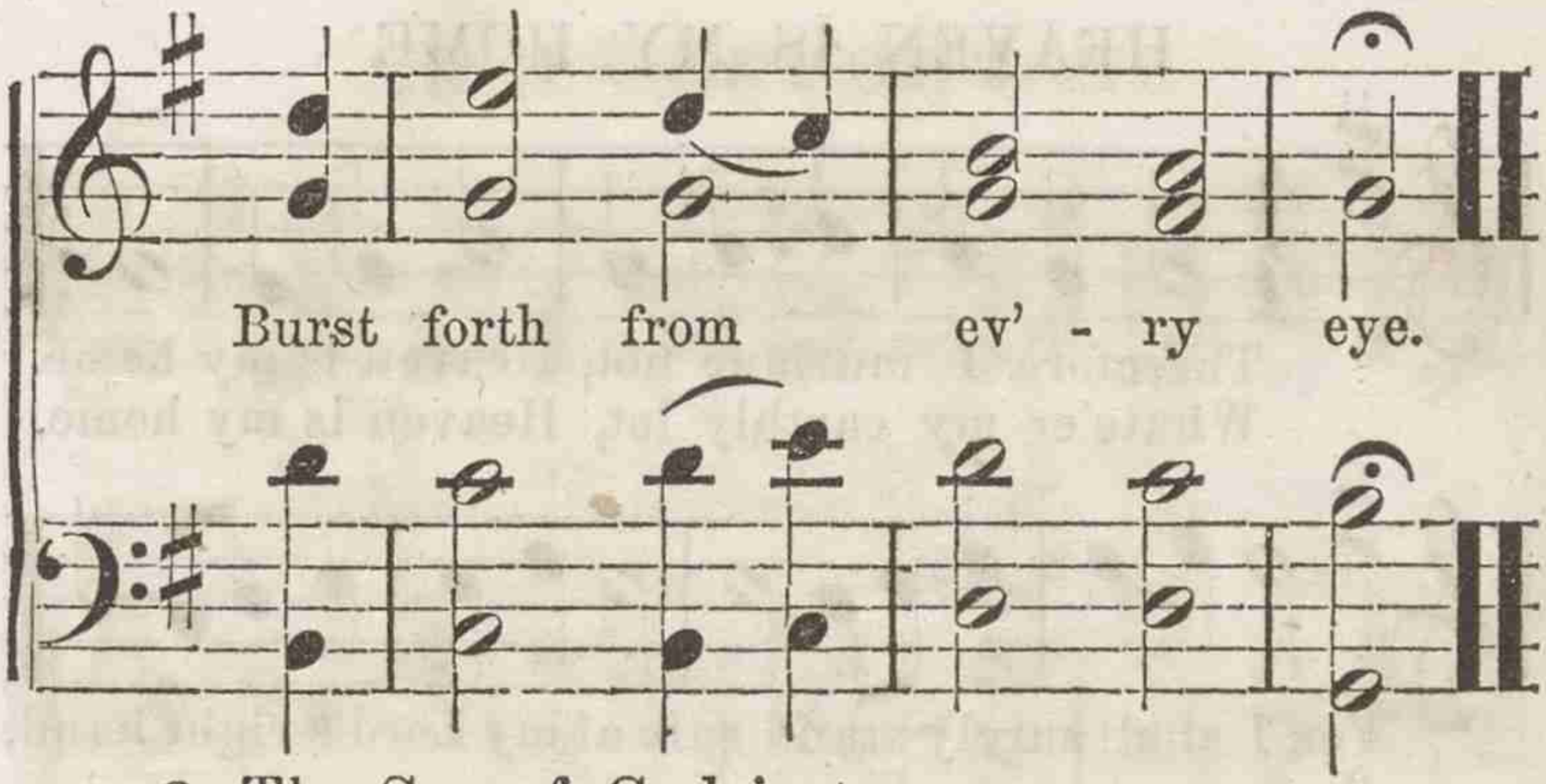
3. He wept not himself that his warfare was done—
The battle was fought, and the victory won;
But he whisper'd of those whom his heart clung to most,
"Tell my brethren for me that I died at my post."

4. He ask'd not a stone to be sculptured with verse:
He ask'd not that fame should his merits rehearse;
But he ask'd as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

5. Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell:
He has pass'd o'er the stream, and has reach'd the bright coast,
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.

6. And can we the words of his exit forget?
O! no, they are fresh in our memory yet:
An example so brilliant shall never be lost,
We will fall in the work—we will die at our post.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief,



2. The Son of God in tears
The wond'ring angels see;
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

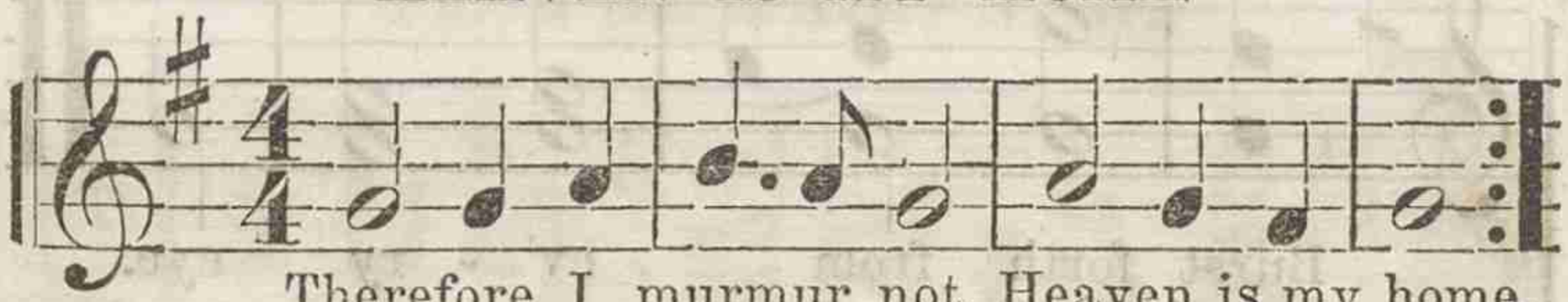
3. He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there 's no weeping there.

THE praying spirit breathe!
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my peaceful heart;

2. My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppress'd;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

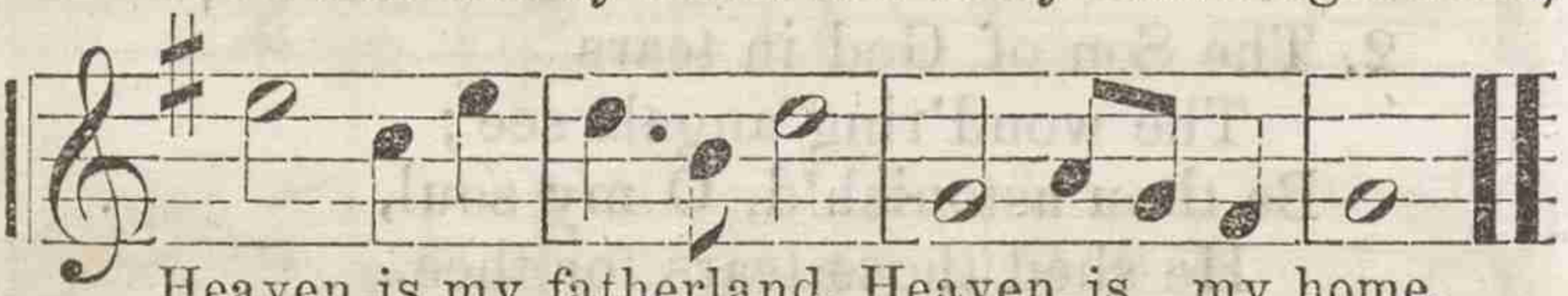
3. Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.



Therefore I murmur not, Heaven is my home.
Whate'er my earthly lot, Heaven is my home.

For I shall surely stand safe at my Lord's right hand,



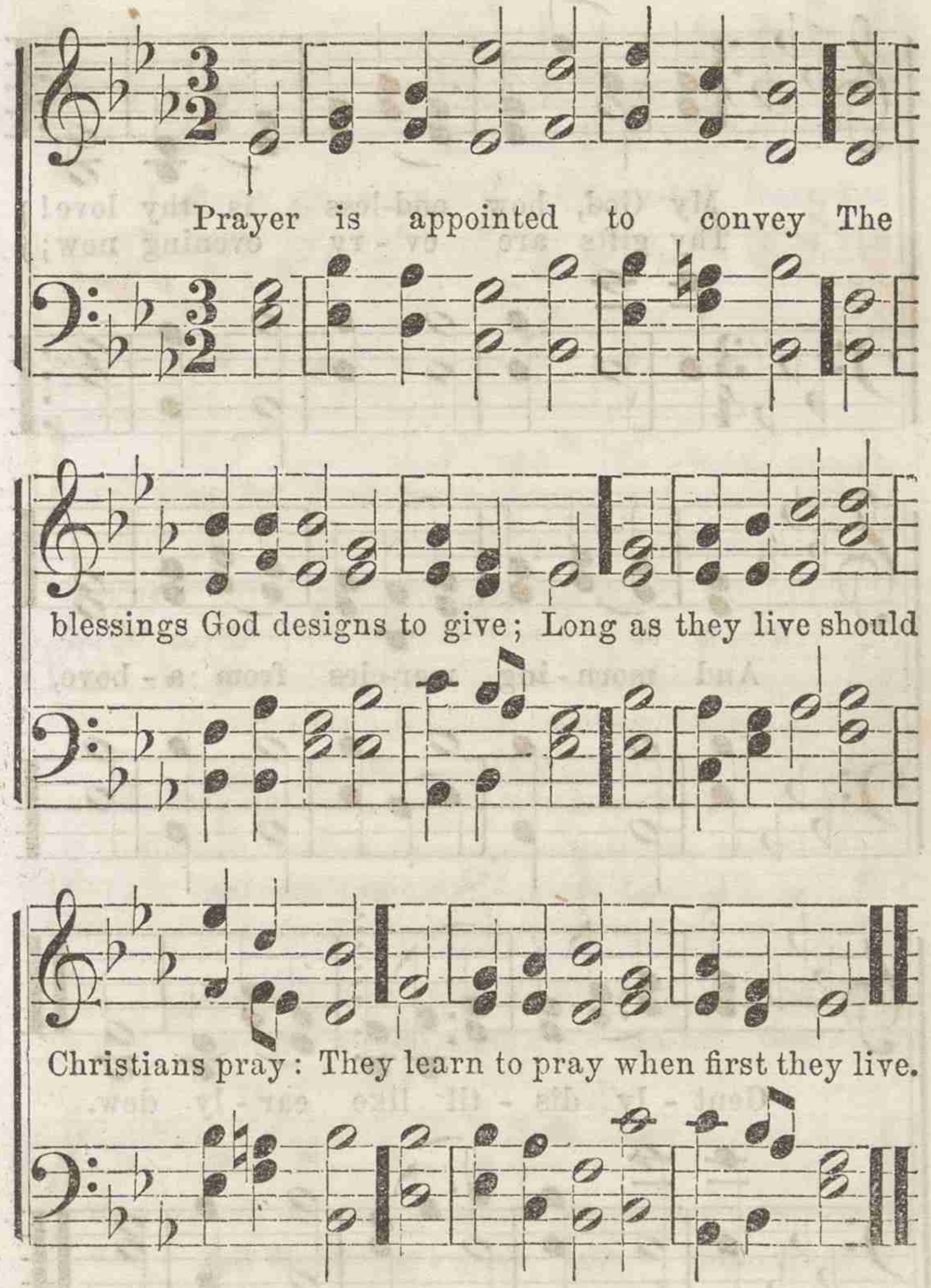
Heaven is my fatherland, Heaven is my home.

I'M but a stranger here—heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear—heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand 'round me on every hand,
Heaven is my father-land—heaven is my home.

2. What tho' the tempest rage—heaven is my home.
Short is my pilgrimage—heaven is my home.
Time's cold and wintry blast soon will be over past,
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. [best,
There are the good and blest, those I lov'd most and
There, too, I soon shall rest—heaven is my home.

4. Therefore I murmur not—heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot—heaven is my home.
For I shall surely stand safe at my Lord's right hand,
Heaven is my father-land—heaven is my home.

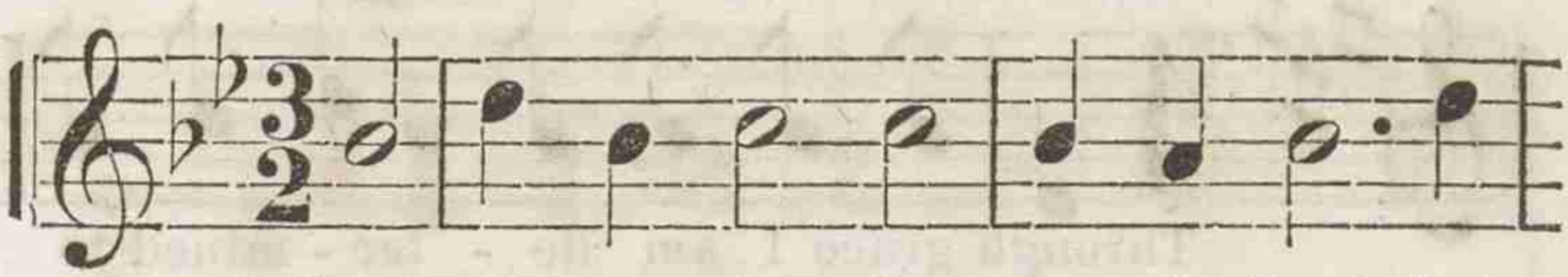
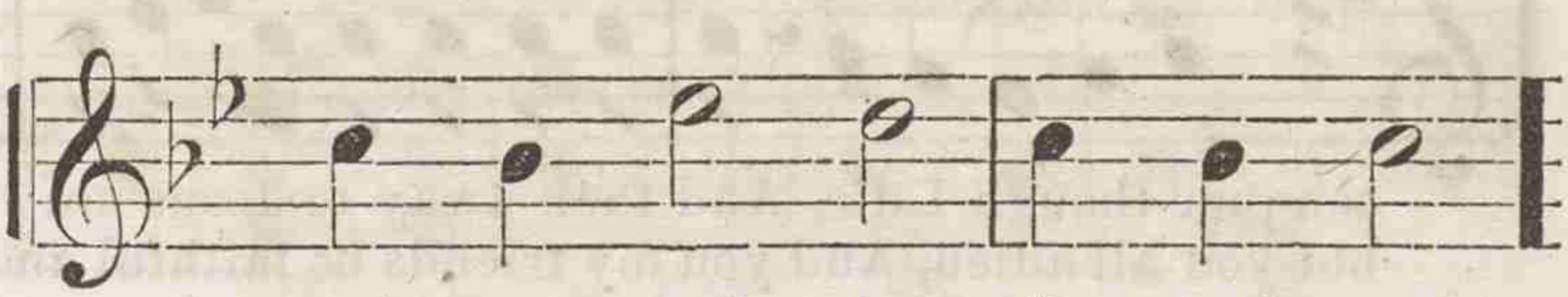
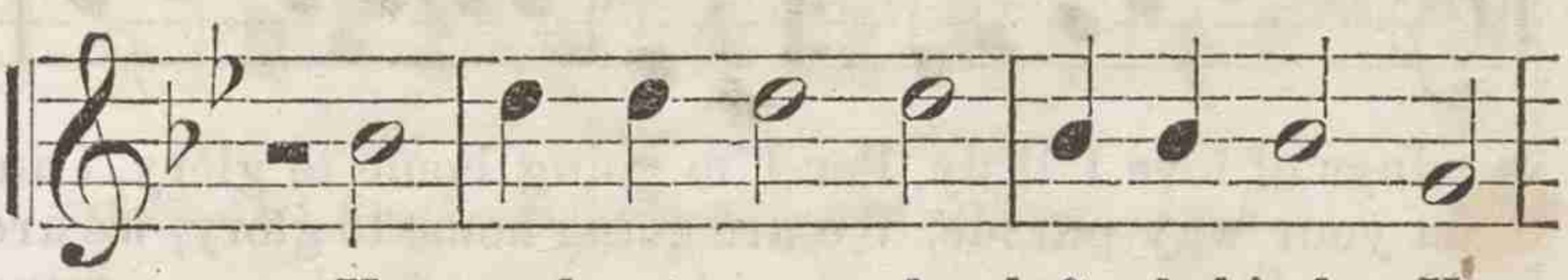
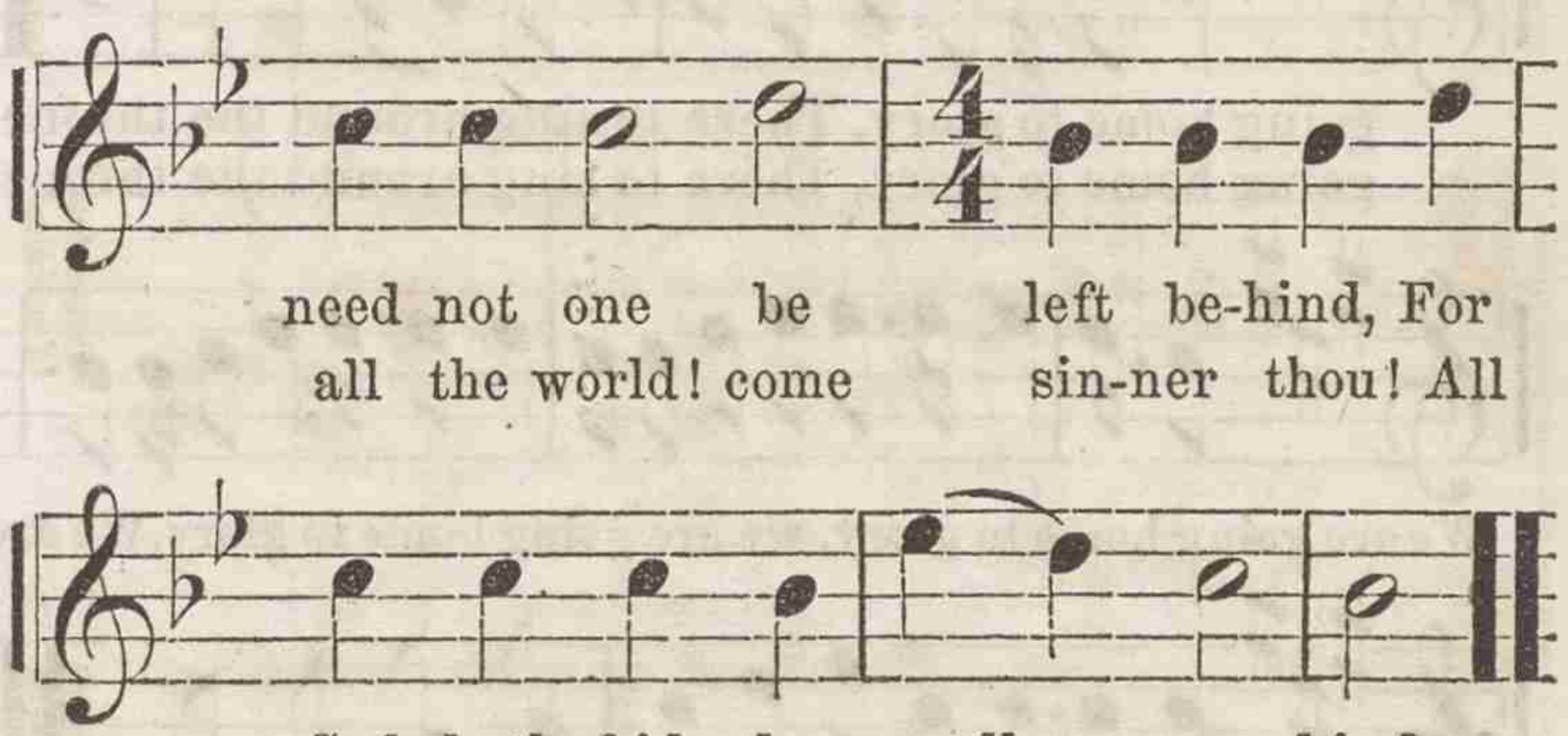
WELLS. L. M.

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.

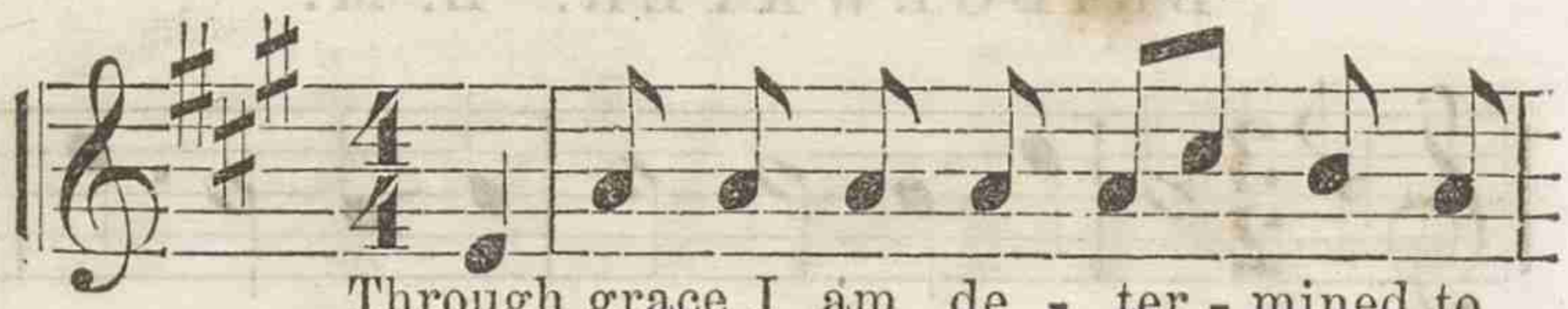
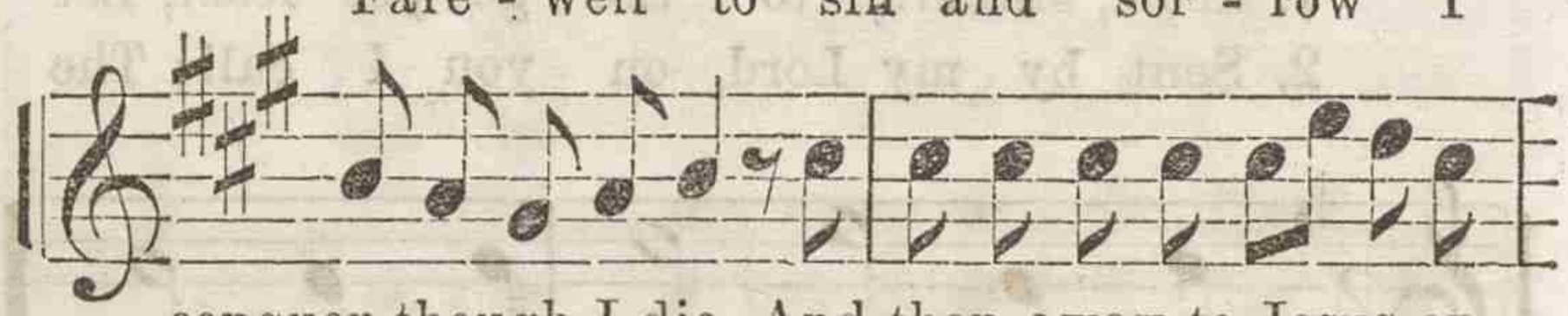
GRATITUDE. L. M.

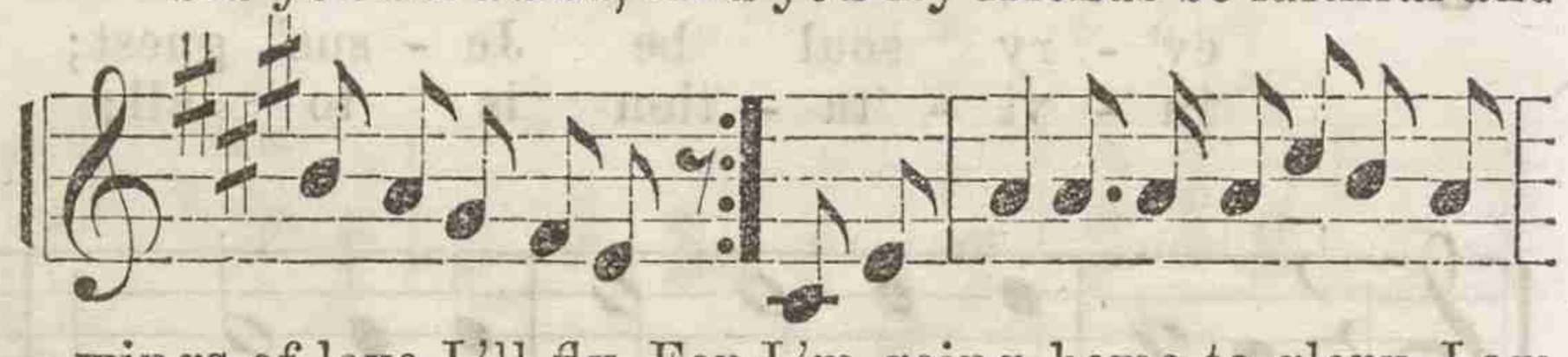
My God, how end-less is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'-ry evening new;

And morn-ing mer-cies from a-bove,

Gent-ly dis-til like ear-ly dew.

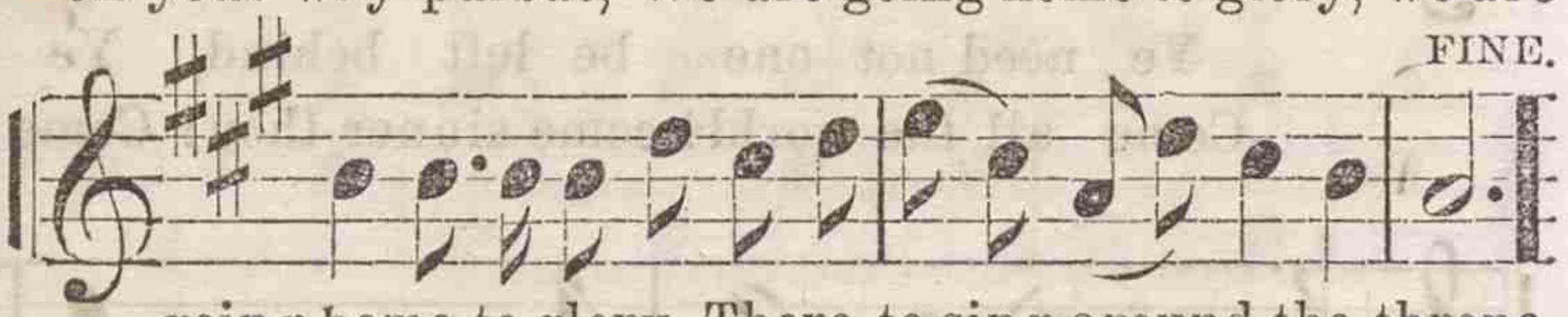
BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

1. Come, sinners, to the gos-pel feast, Let ev' - ry soul be Je - sus' guest;
2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The in - vi - ta - tion is to all;

Ye need not one be left behind, Ye
Come all the world! come sinner thou! Come

need not one be left be-hind, For
all the world! come sin-ner thou! All

God hath bid - den all man-kind.
things in Christ are read - y now.

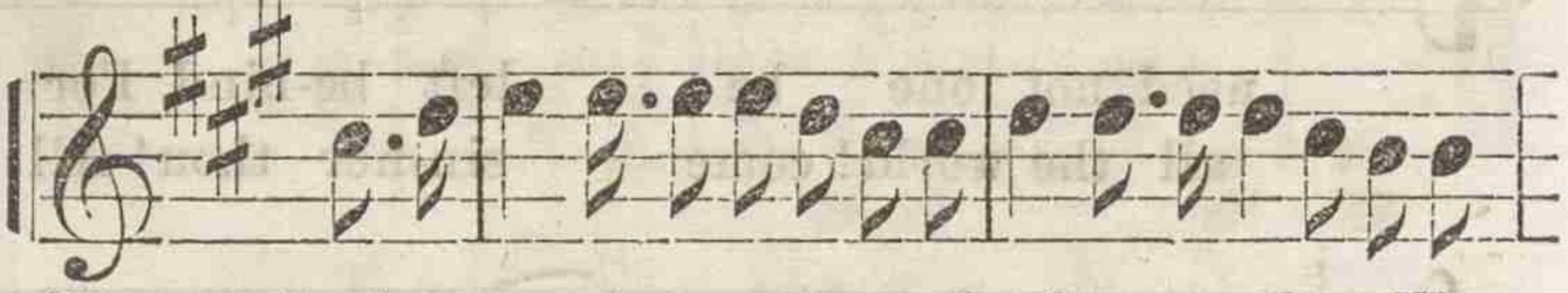
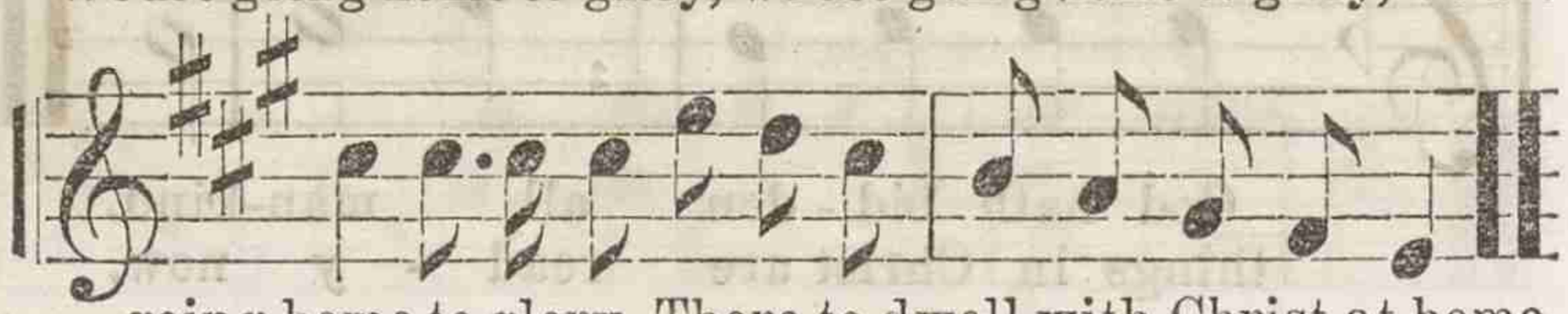
GOING HOME TO GLORY.

Through grace I am de - ter - mined to
Fare - well to sin and sor - row I

conquer though I die, And then away to Jesus on
bid you all adieu, And you my friends be faithful and



wings of love I'll fly, For I'm going home to glory, I am
on your way pursue, We are going home to glory, we are

FINE.



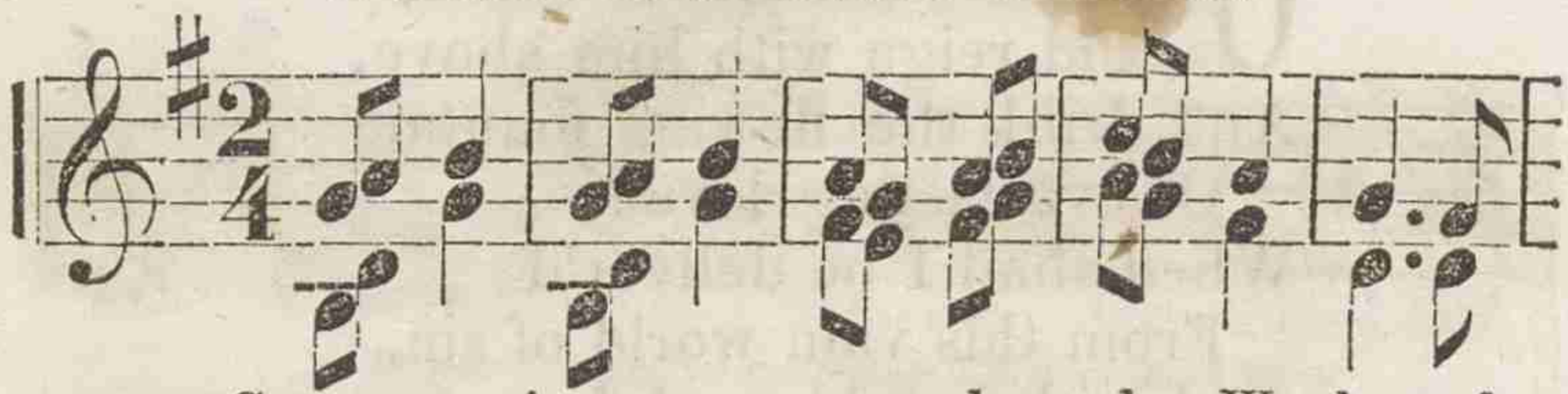
going home to glory, There to sing around the throne.
going home to glory, There to sing around the throne.

We are going home to glory, we are going home to glory, We are

going home to glory, There to dwell with Christ at home.

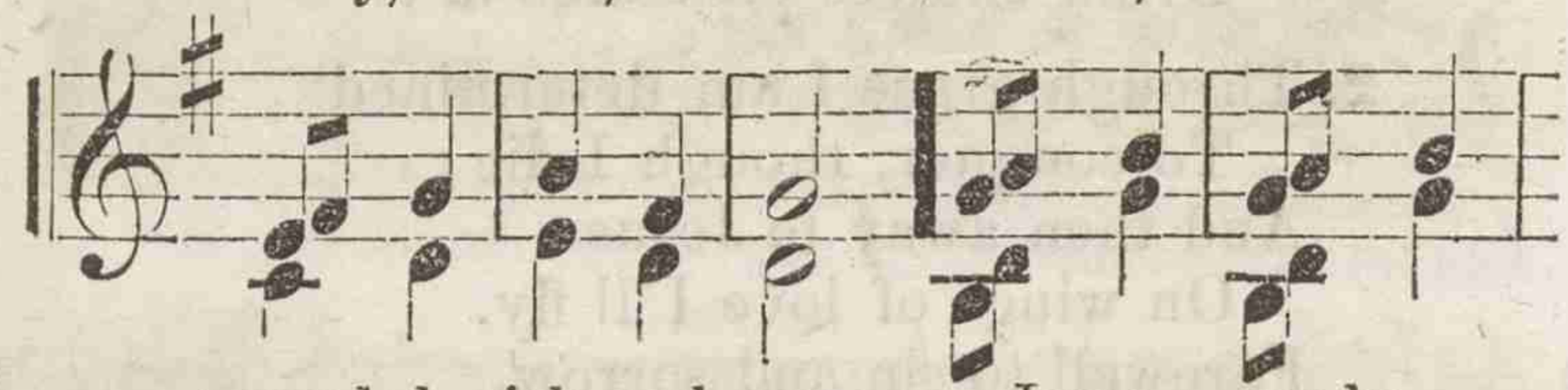
O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

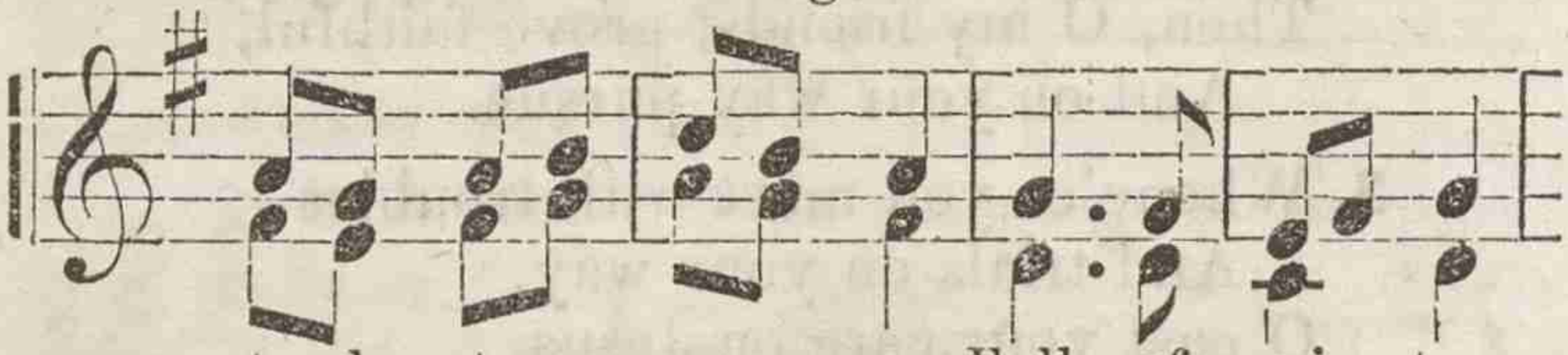
2. Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu:
Then, O my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

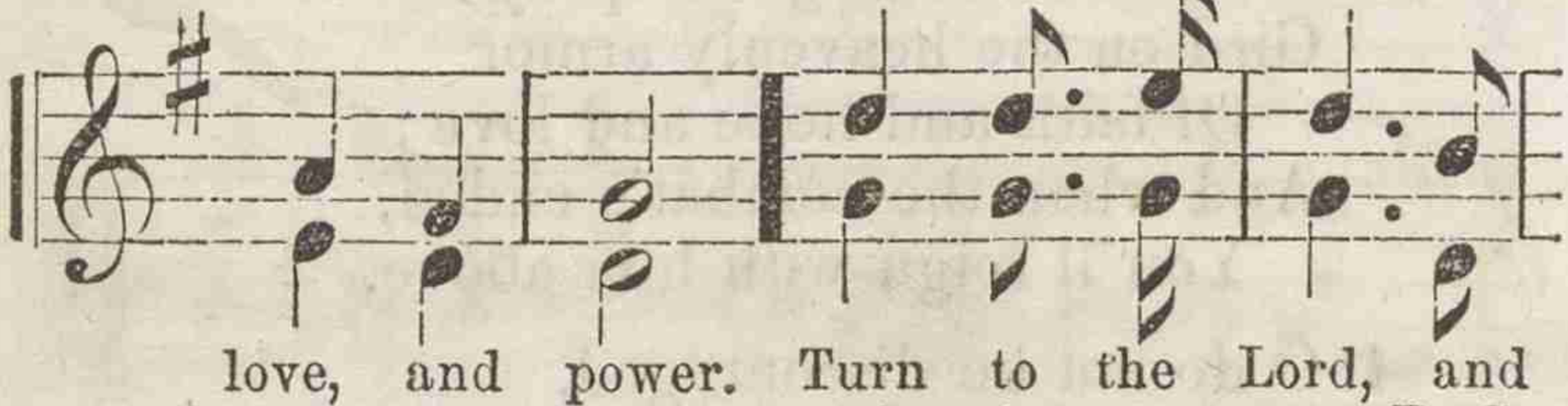
3. Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
O cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray;
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith and hope and love;
And when the combat's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

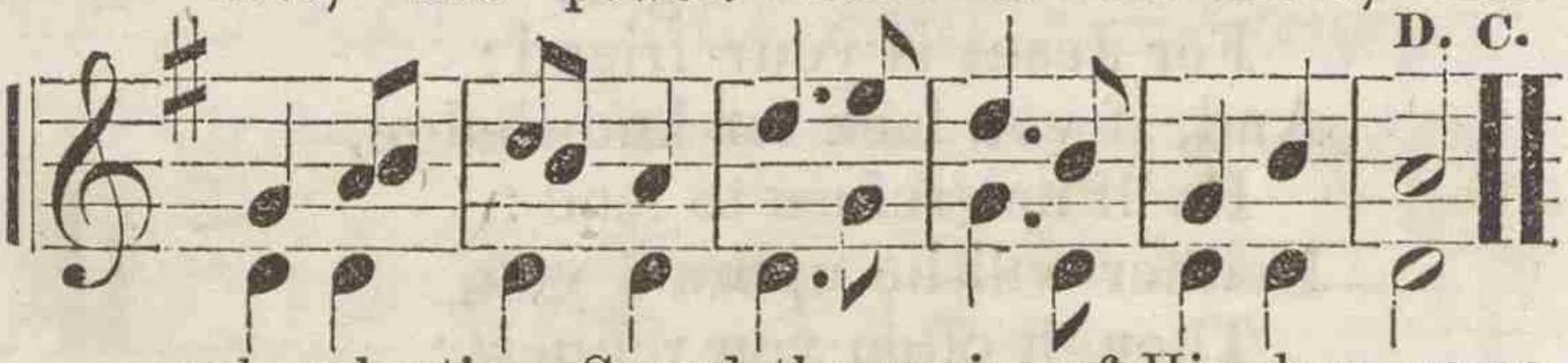
4. O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And, if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend:
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request:
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

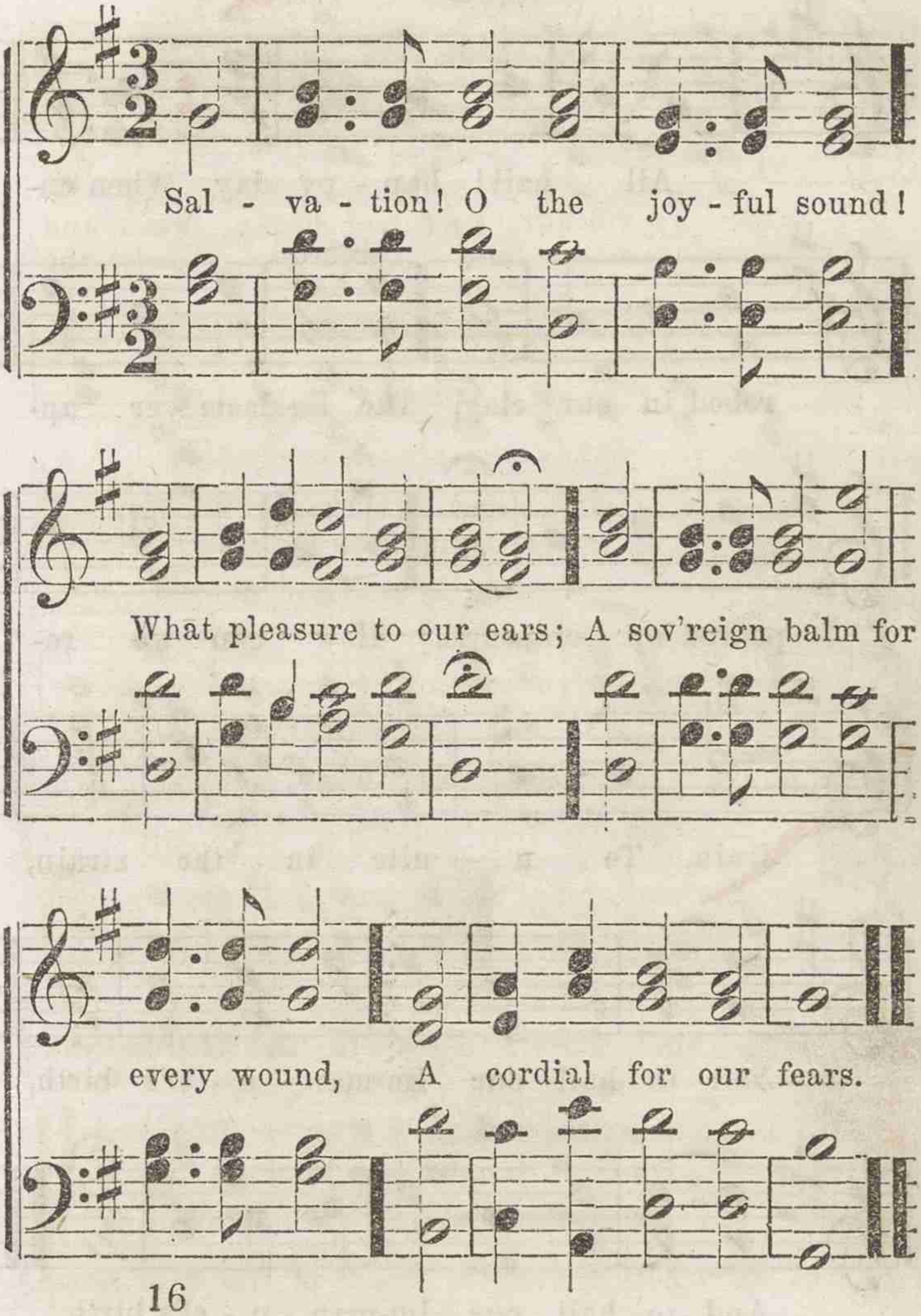
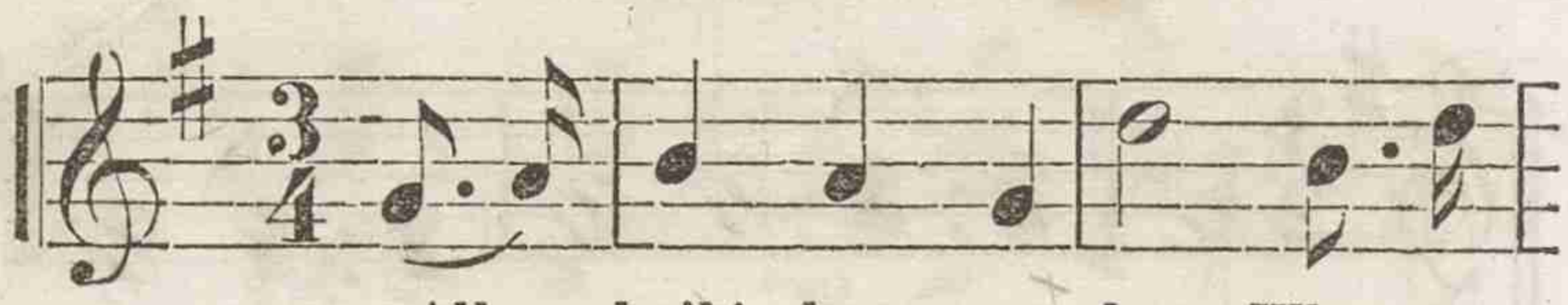
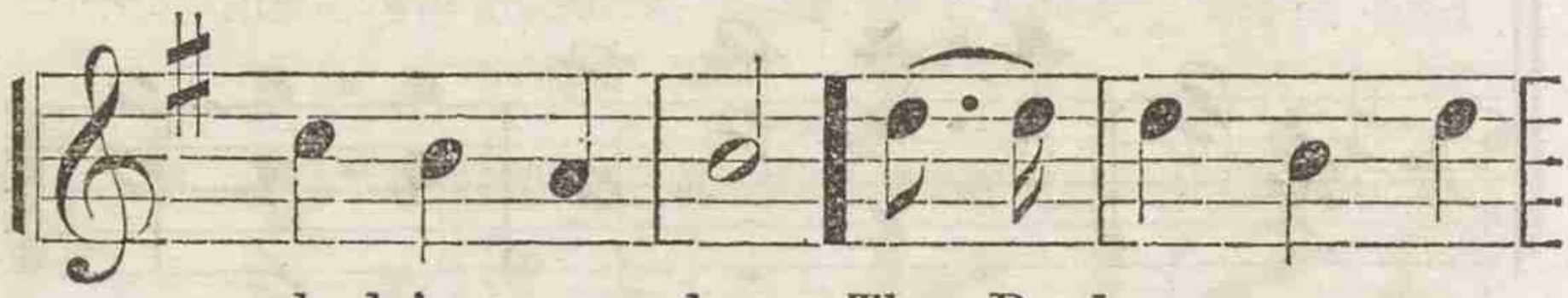
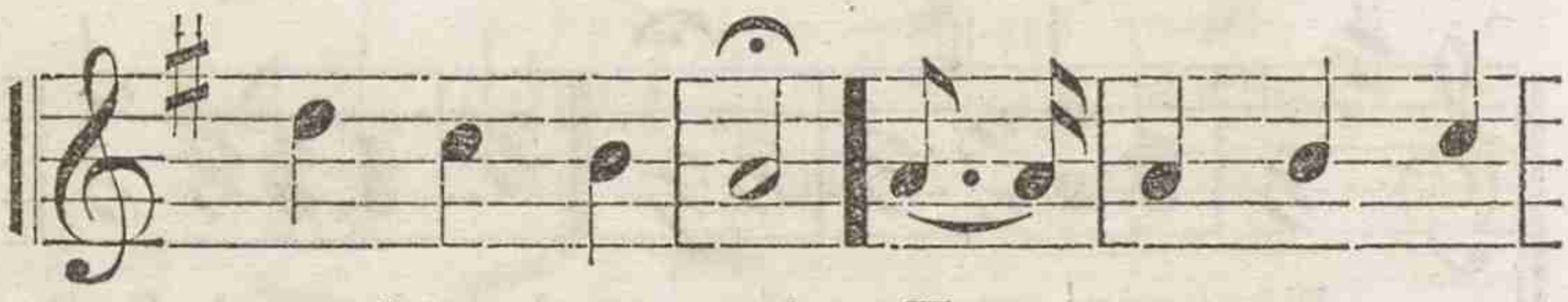
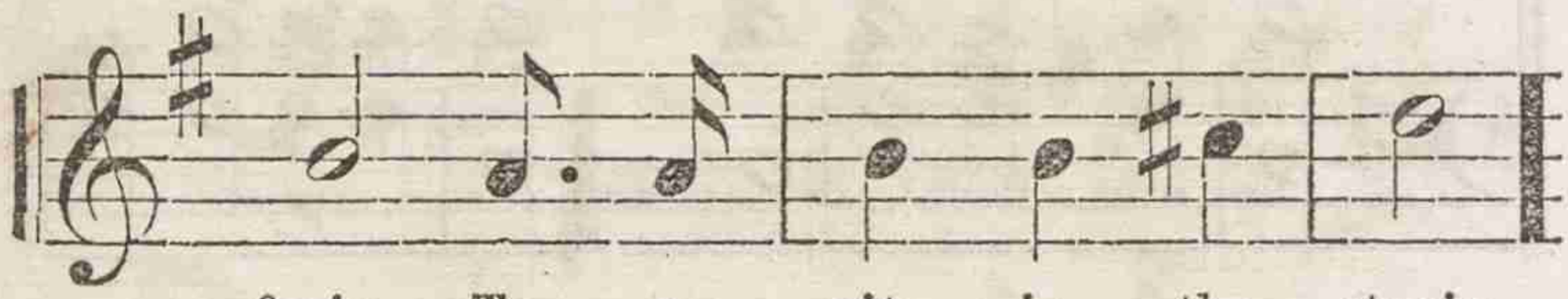
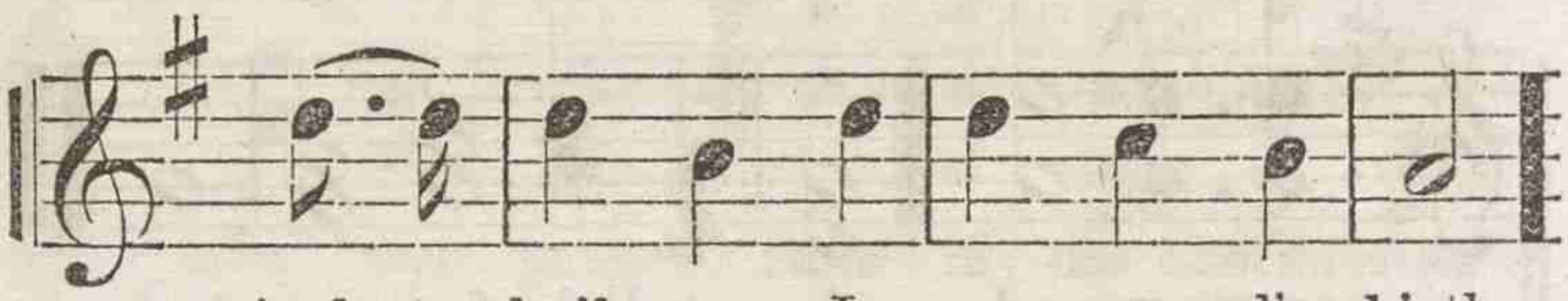
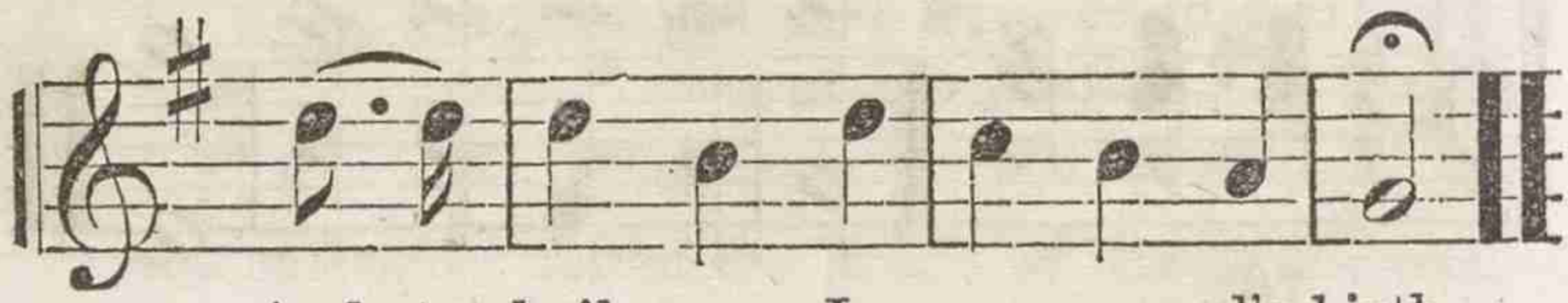
TURN TO THE LORD.

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and

D. C. Glory, honor, and salvation, Christ the

wounded, sick and sore; Jesus ready

Lord has come to reign.

stands to save you, Full of pi - ty,



love, and power. Turn to the Lord, and

seek salvation, Sound the praise of His dear name.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

ROWLEY. P. M.

All hail! hap - py day, When en-

robed in our clay, The Re-deem - er ap-

peared up - on earth; How can we re-

frain, To u - nite in the strain,

And to hail our Im-man - u - el's birth,

And to hail our Im-man - u - el's birth.

HYMN.

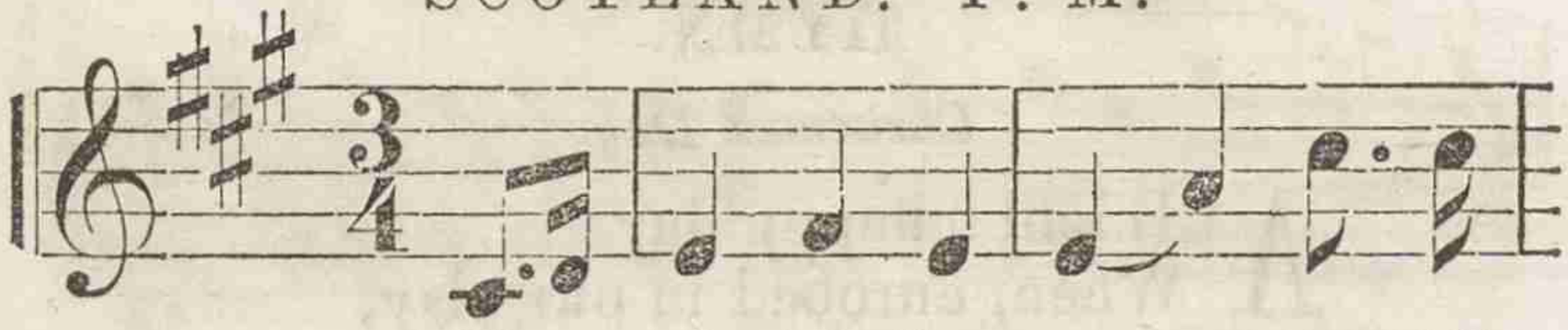
Christmas Day.

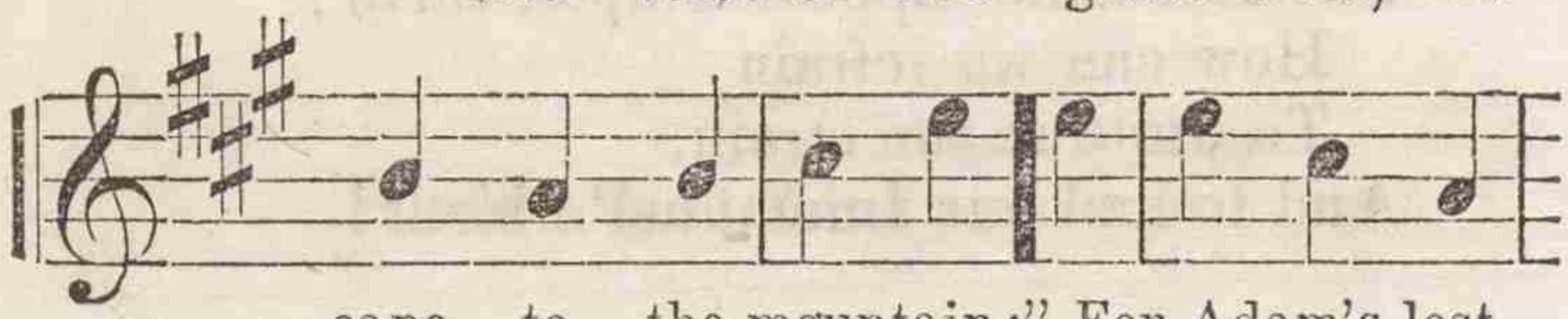
ALL hail! happy day,
When, enrobed in our clay,
The Redeemer appear'd upon earth;
How can we refrain
To unite in the strain,
And to hail our Immanuel's birth!

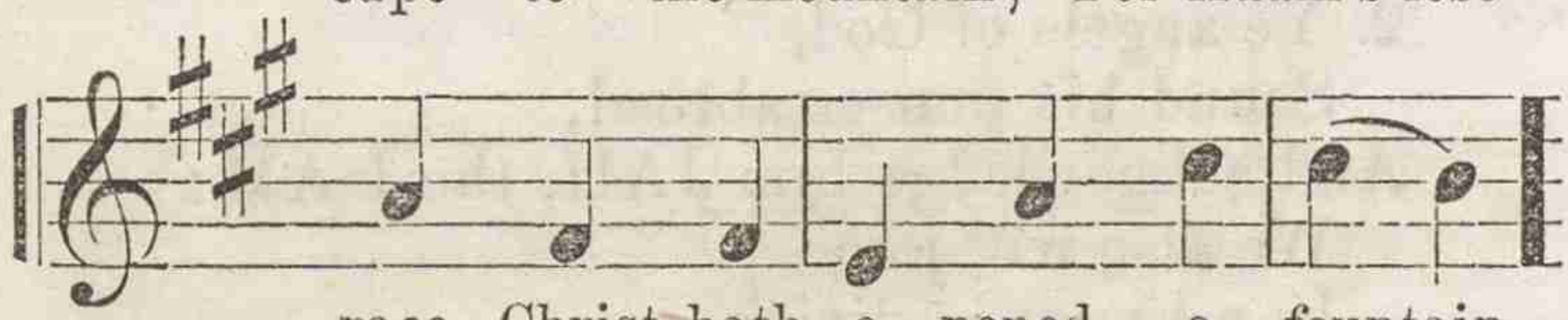
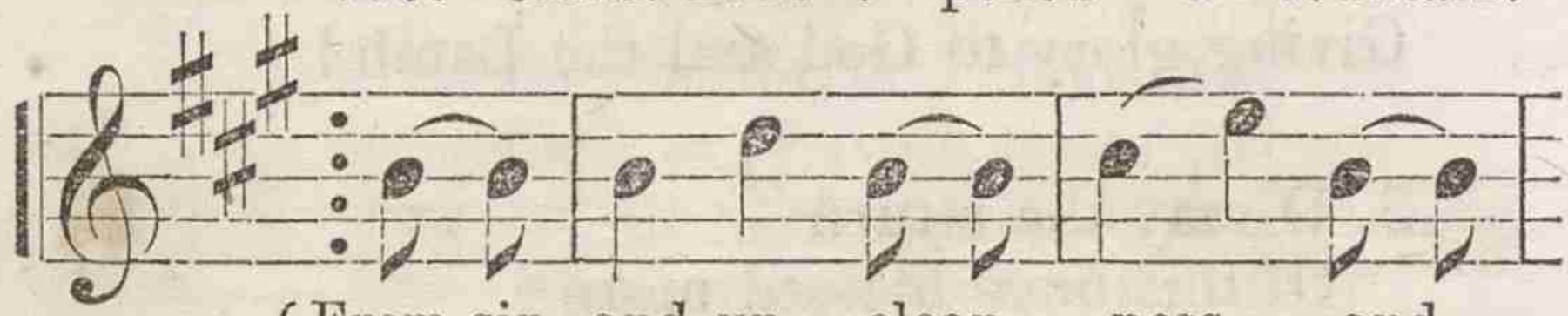
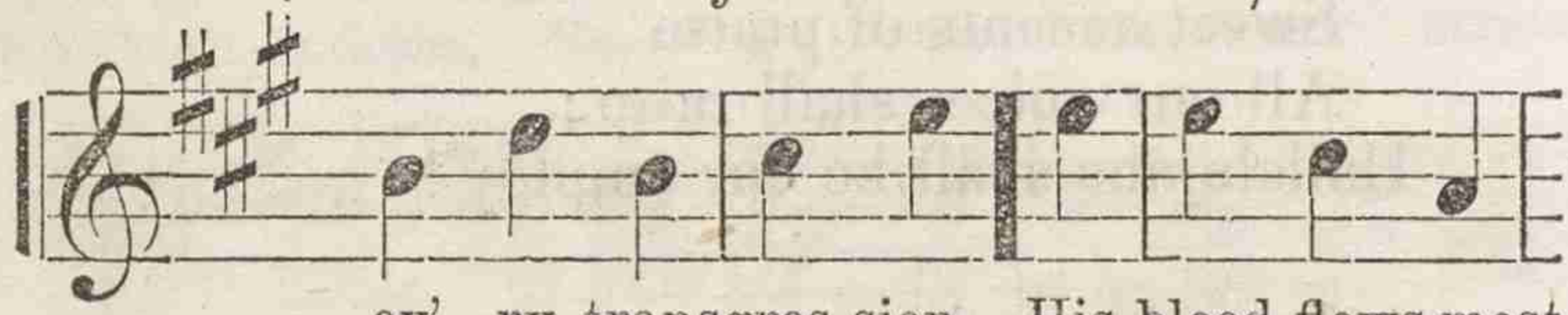
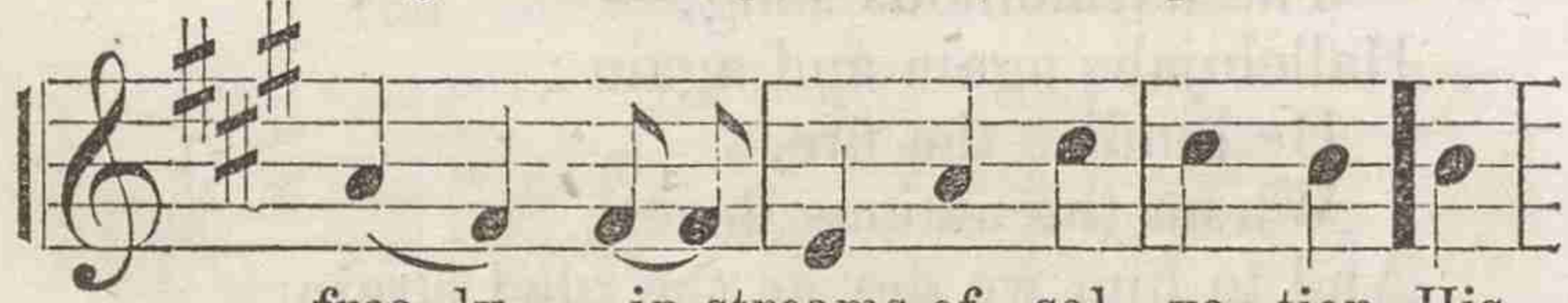
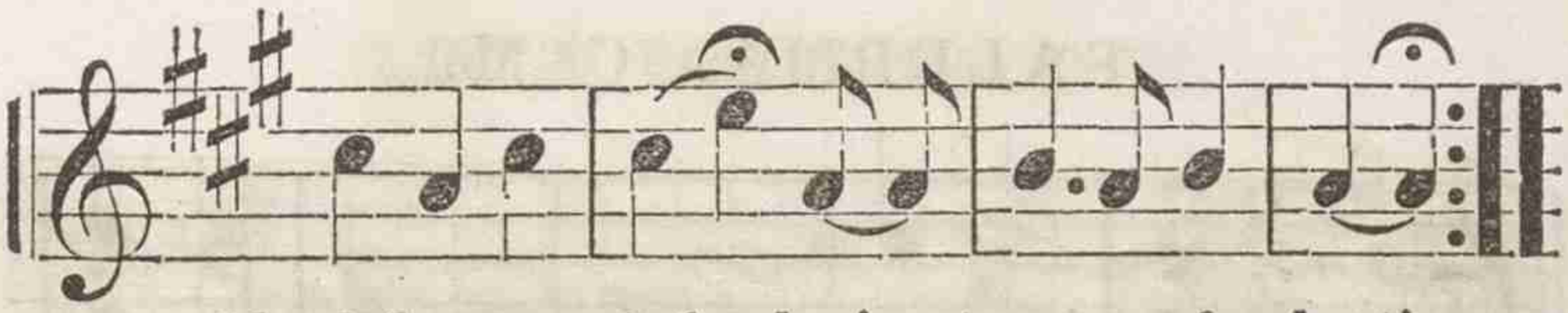
2. Ye angels of God,
Sound his praises abroad,
And acknowledge him JAH, the I AM:
We also will join
In a hymn so divine,
Giving glory to God and the Lamb!

3. O may the return
Of this once blessed morn
Be forever remember'd with joy!
Sweet accents of praise
All our voices shall raise;
Hallelujahs shall be our employ!

4. Let echo prolong
The harmonious song,—
Hallelujahs again and again:
He kindles the fire,
Whom the nations desire,
And to him we devote the glad strain.

SCOTLAND. P. M.

The voice of free grace cries, "Es-



cape to the mountain;" For Adam's lost

race Christ hath o-pened a fountain.

{From sin and un-clean-ness, and
Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, who has

ev'-ry transgres-sion, His blood flows most
bought us a par-don; We'll praise him a-

free-ly in streams of sal-va-tion, His
gain when me pass o-ver Jor-dan, We'll

blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

HYMN. P. M.

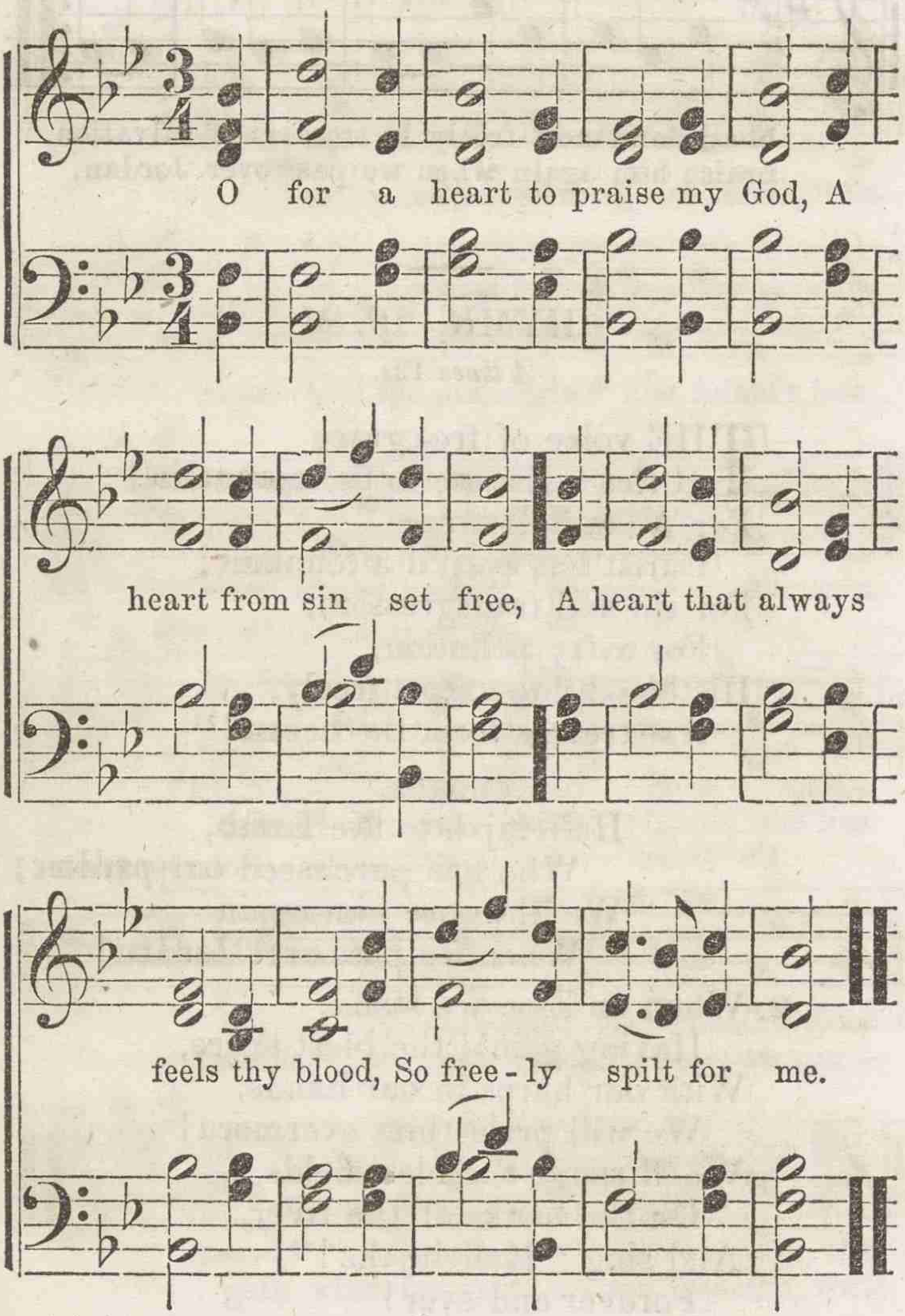
4 lines 12*s.*

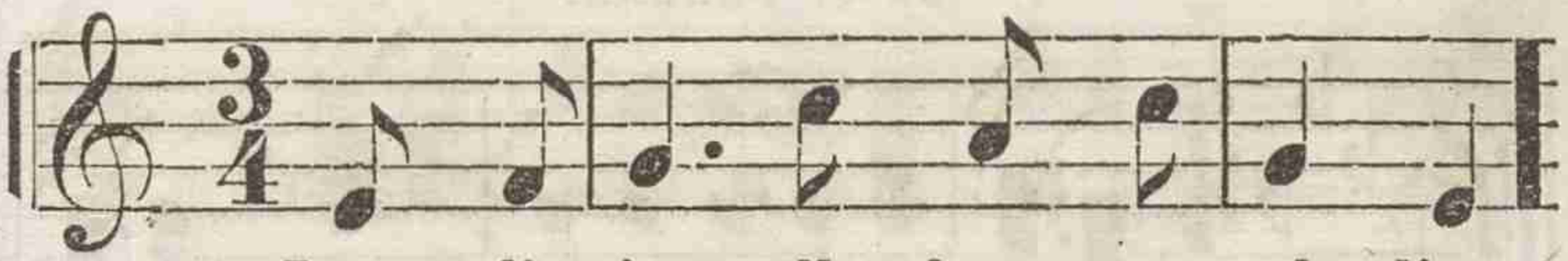
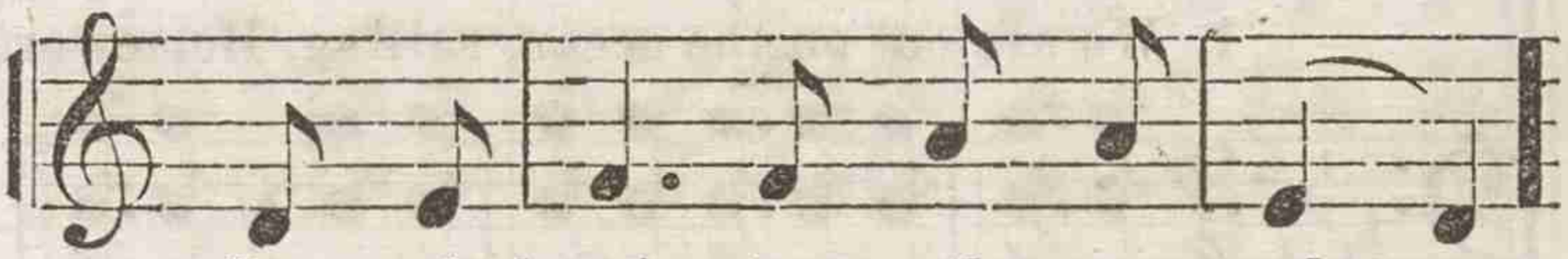
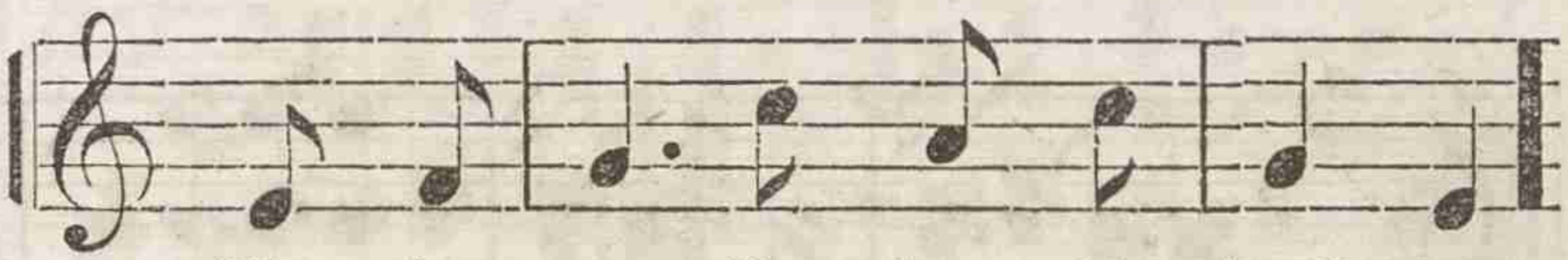
THE voice of free grace
Cries "Escape to the mountain!
For Adam's lost race
Christ has open'd a fountain;
For sin and transgression,
For ev'ry pollution,
His blood flows most freely,
As streams from the ocean!"

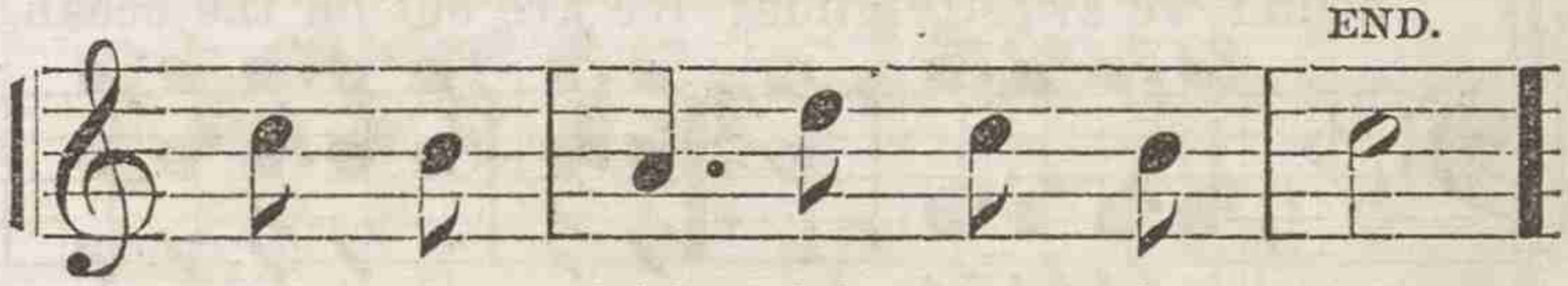
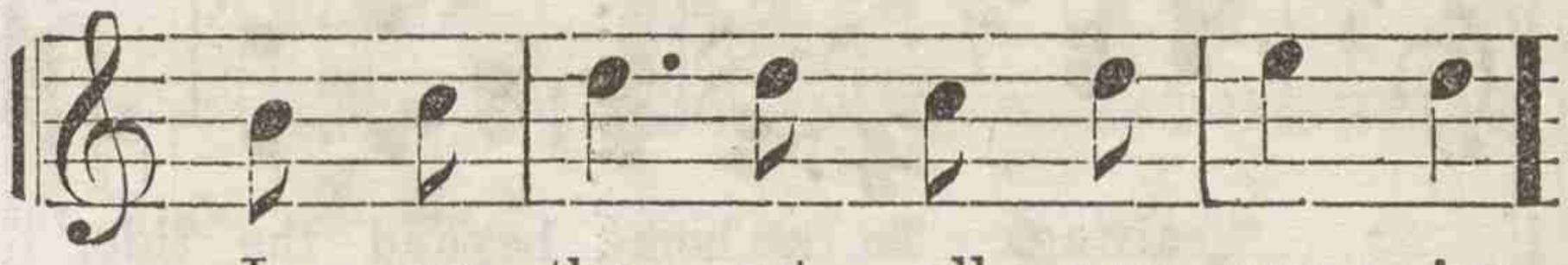
CHORUS.

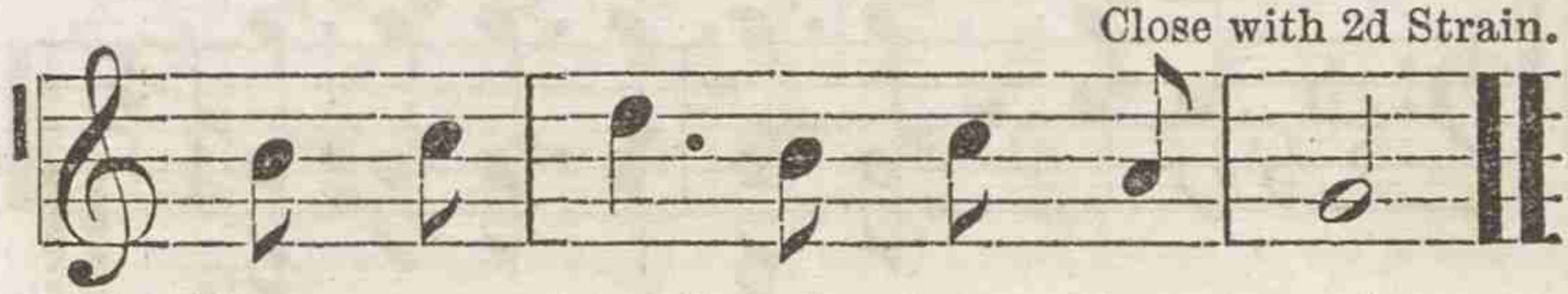
Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who has purchased our pardon;
We 'll praise him again
When we pass over Jordan!

2. When on Zion we stand,
Having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands,
We will praise him evermore!
We 'll range the blest fields
On the banks of the river,
And sing "Hallelujahs!"
Forever and ever!

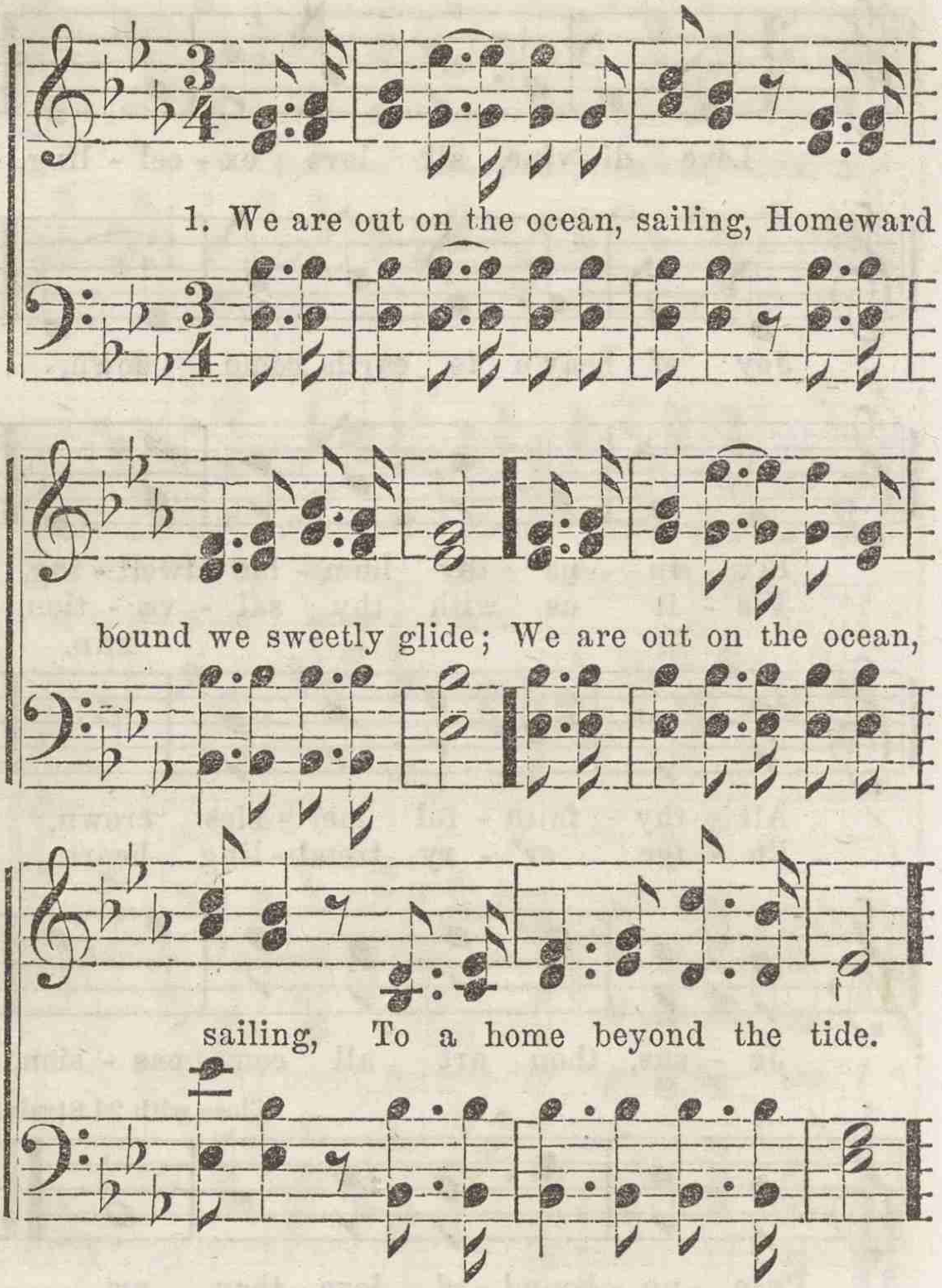
BALERMA. C. M.

O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free, A heart that always feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me.

LOVE DIVINE. P. M.

Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling,

Joy of heav'n to earth come down,

Fix in us thy hum - ble dwell - ing,
Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion,

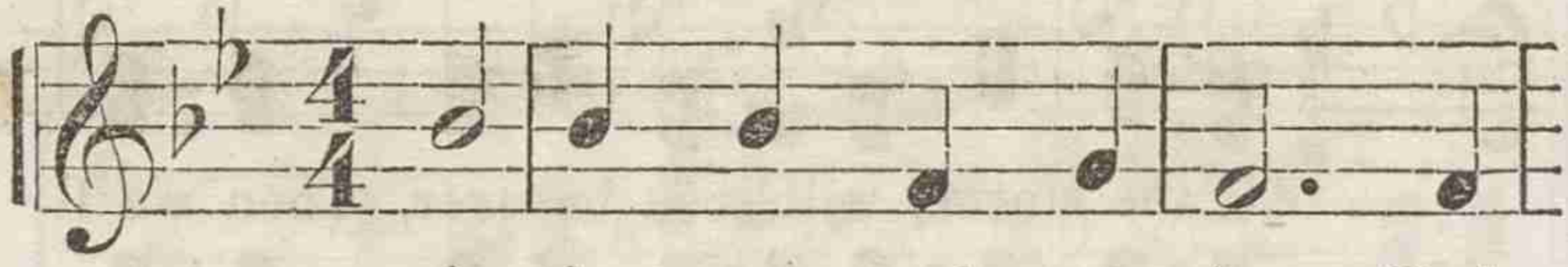
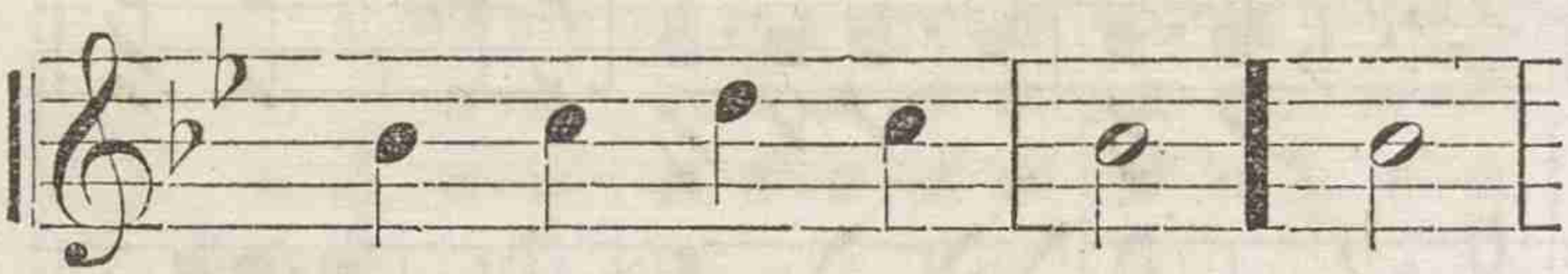
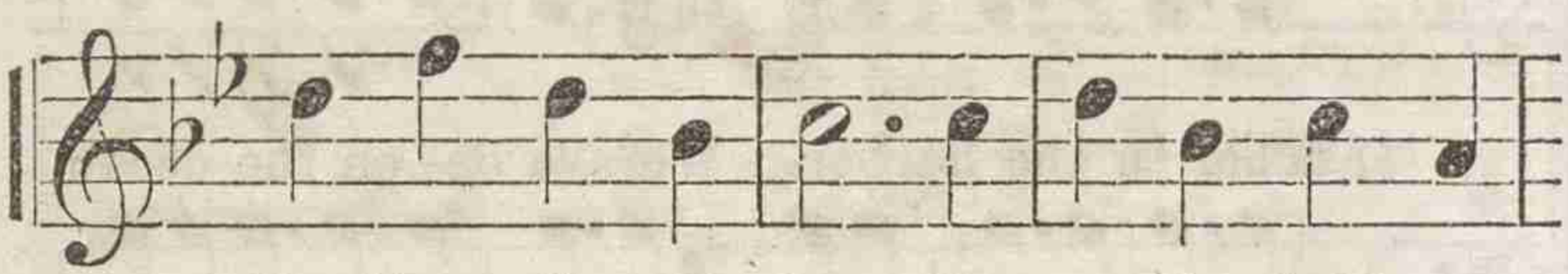
END.

All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown,
En - ter ev' - ry tremb - ling heart.

Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion,

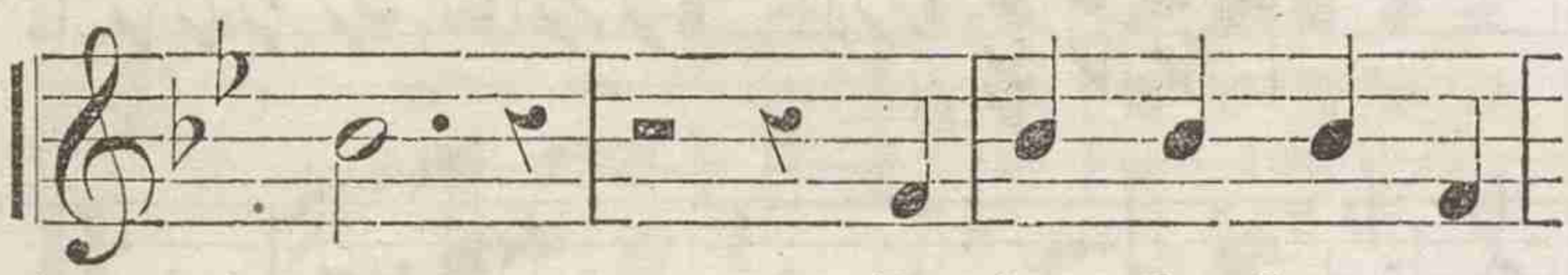
Close with 2d Strain.

Pure, un - bound - ed love thou art.

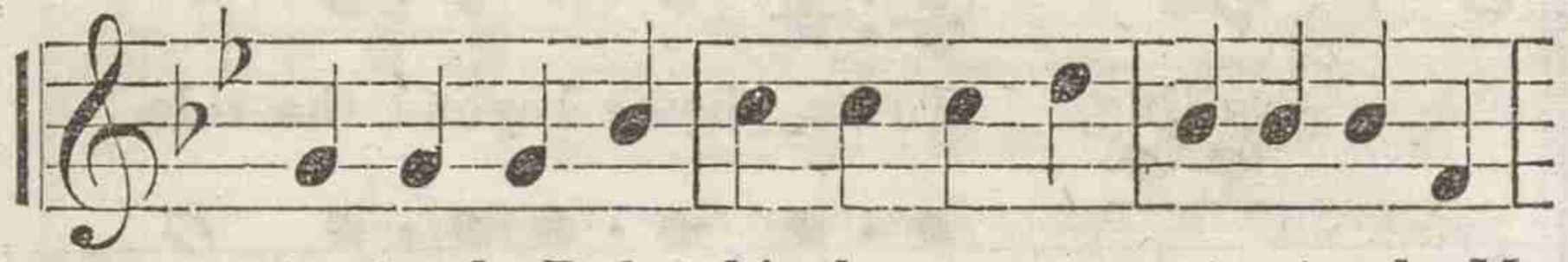
A HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

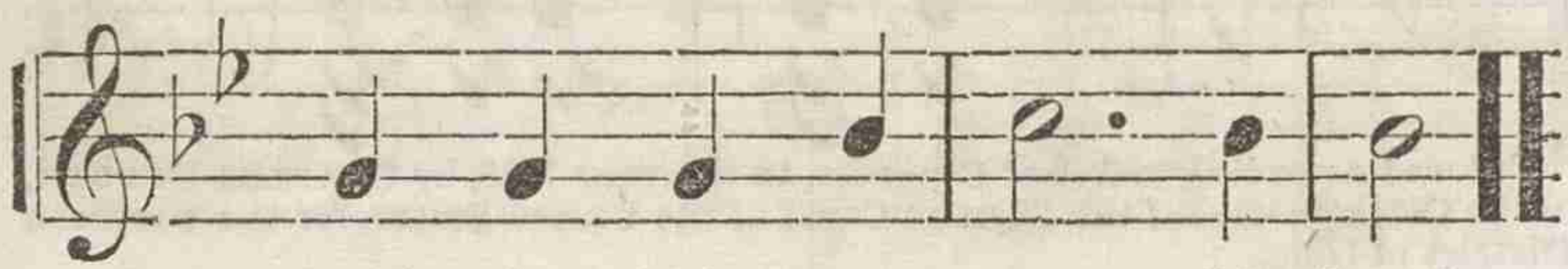
BY C. DUNBAR.

CHORUS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by CHARLES DUNBAR, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of Ohio.

LENOX. P. M.

A - rise my soul, a - rise, Shake

off thy guilt - y fears, The

bleeding Sa - cri - fice, In my be - half ap-



pears; Be - fore the throne my

surety stands, Before his throne my surety stands, My



name is writ - ten on his hands.

HYMN. P. M.

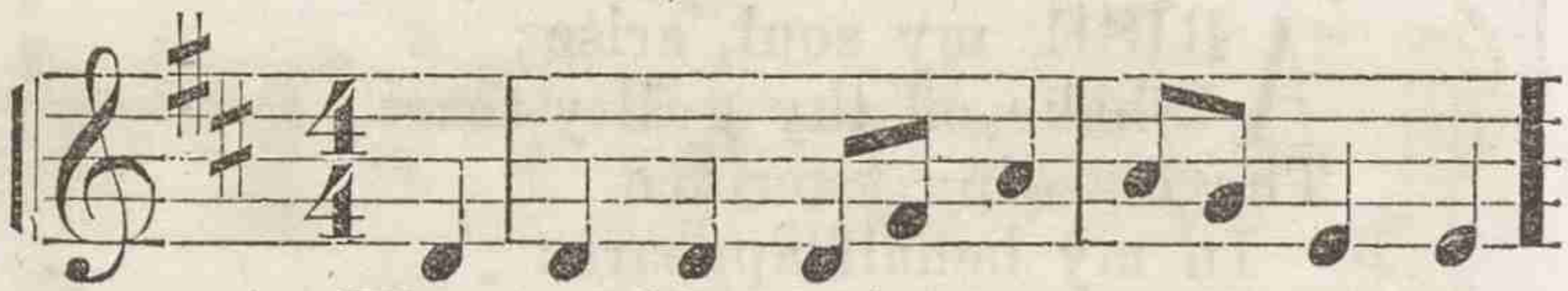
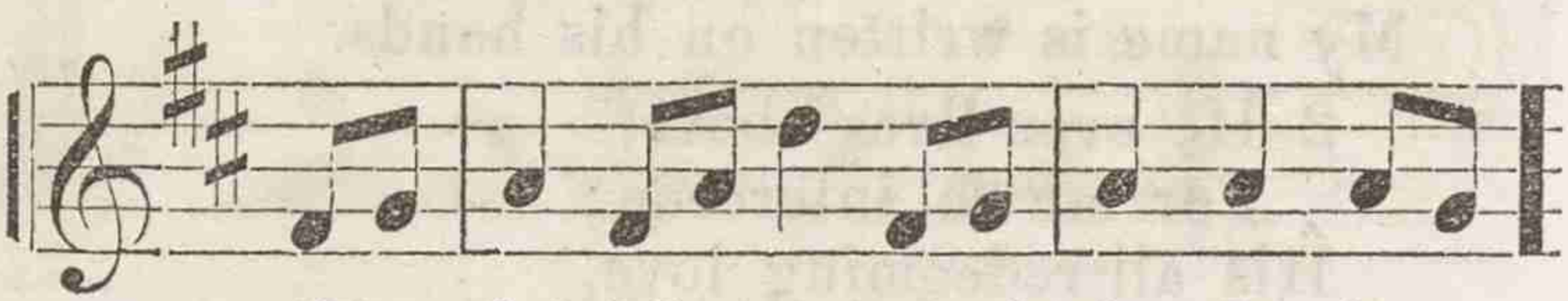
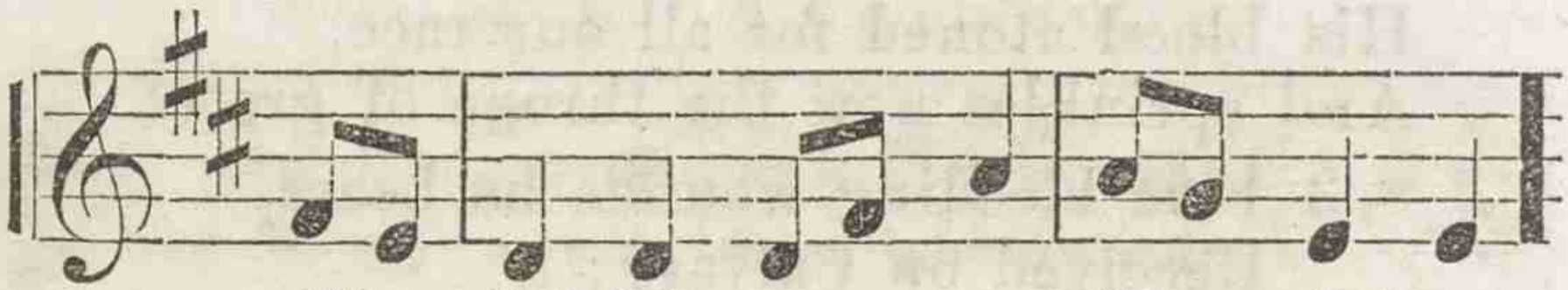
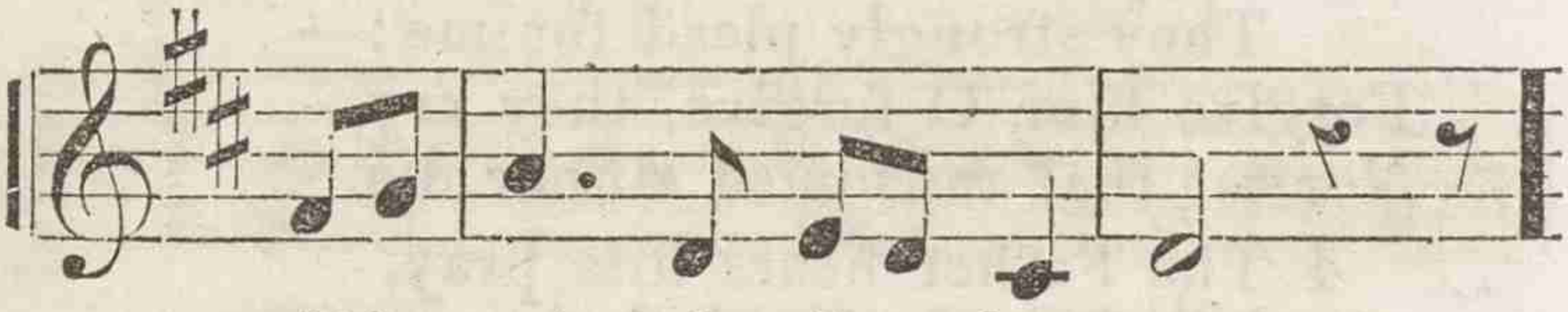
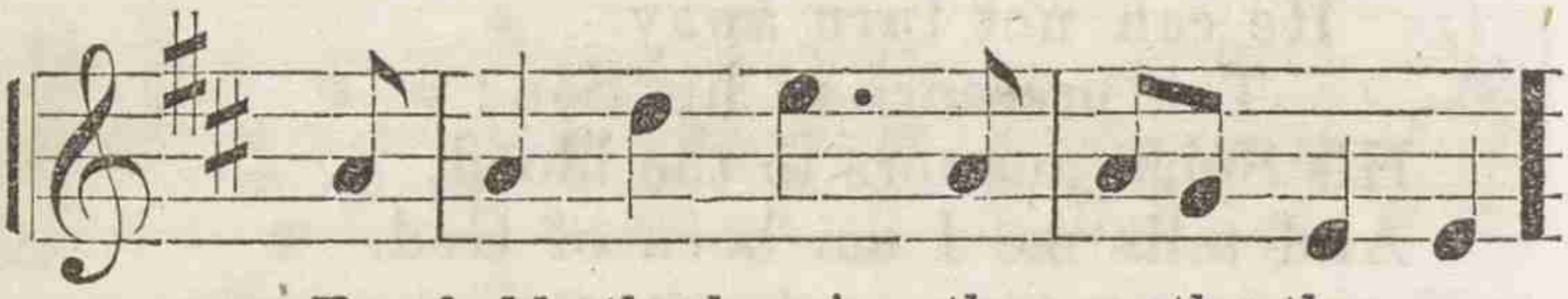
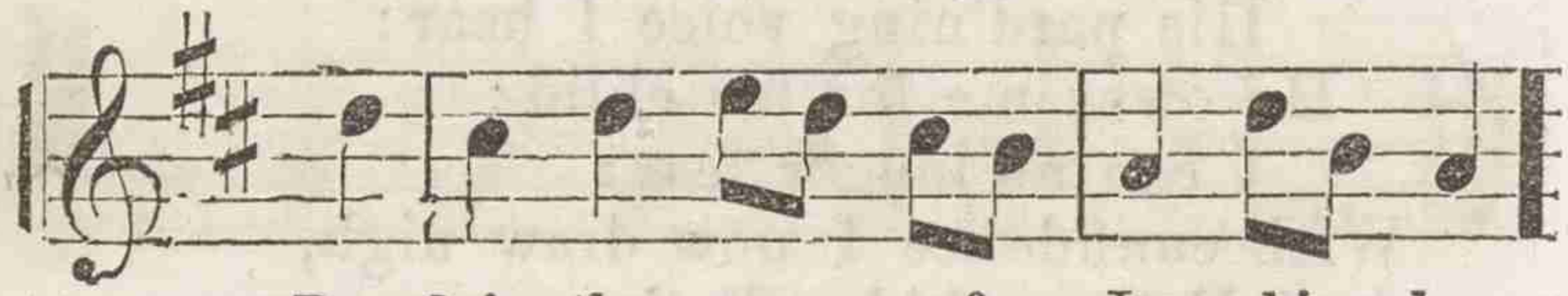
ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

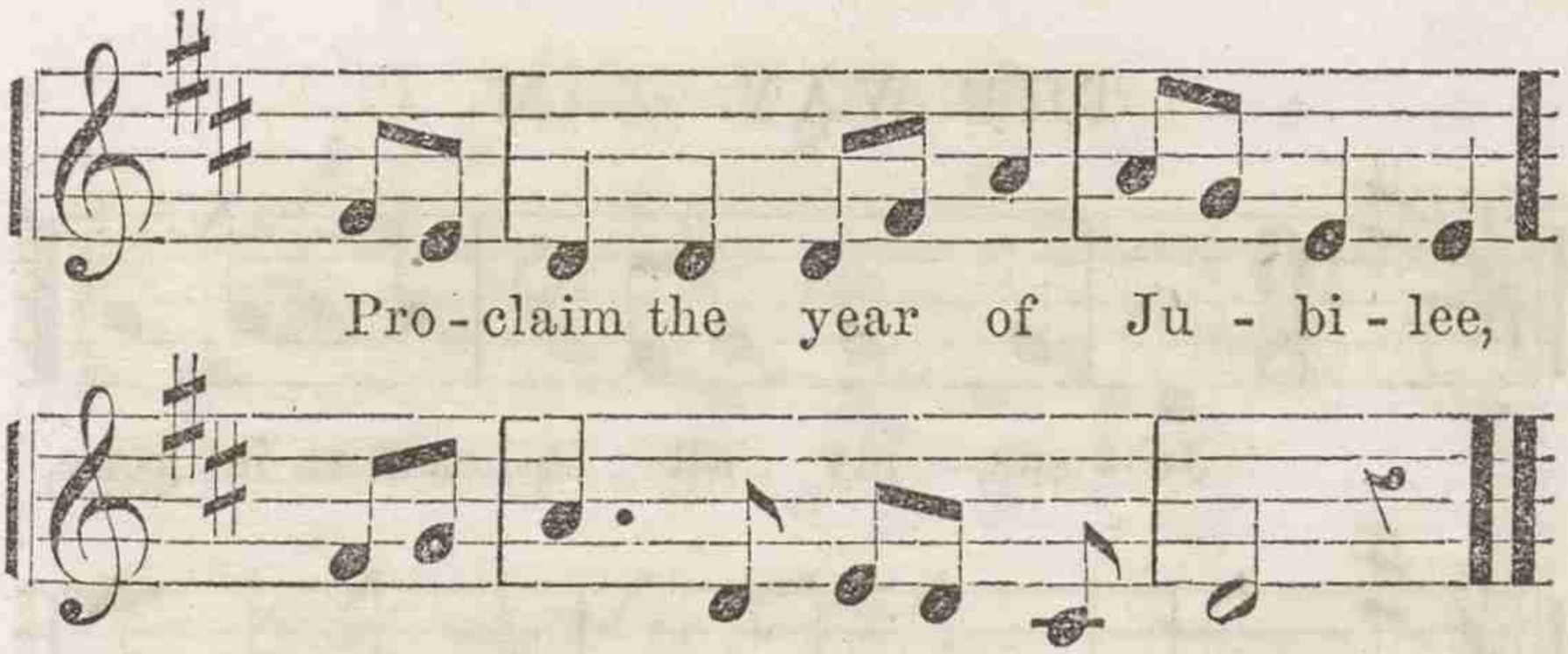
2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:—
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He can not turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

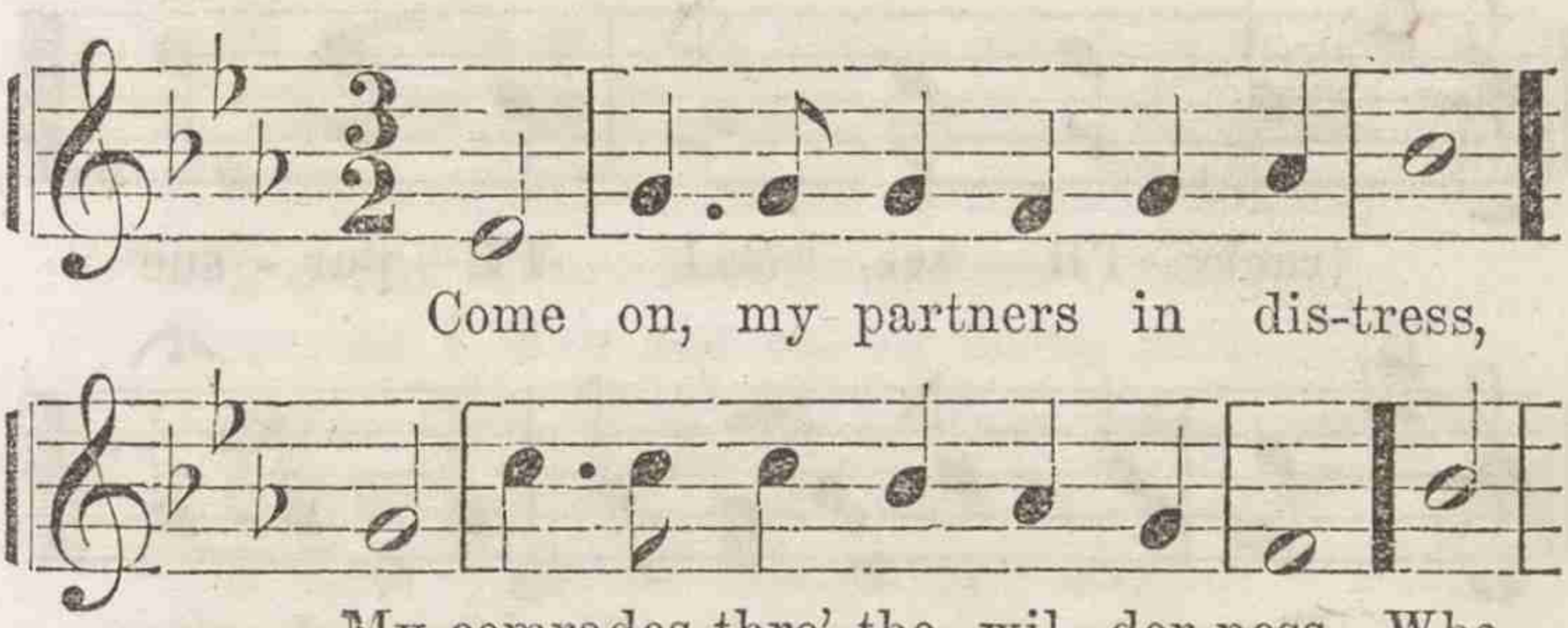
5 My God is reconciled;
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child:
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

WHAT SOUND IS THIS? P. M.

What sound is this sa - lutes my ear?

'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear,

'Tis Gabriel's trump me-thinks I hear,

Th'ex-pect - ed day has come;

Be - hold the heav'ns, the earth, the sea,

Pro-claim the year of Ju - bi - lee,



Pro - claim the year of Ju - bi - lee,

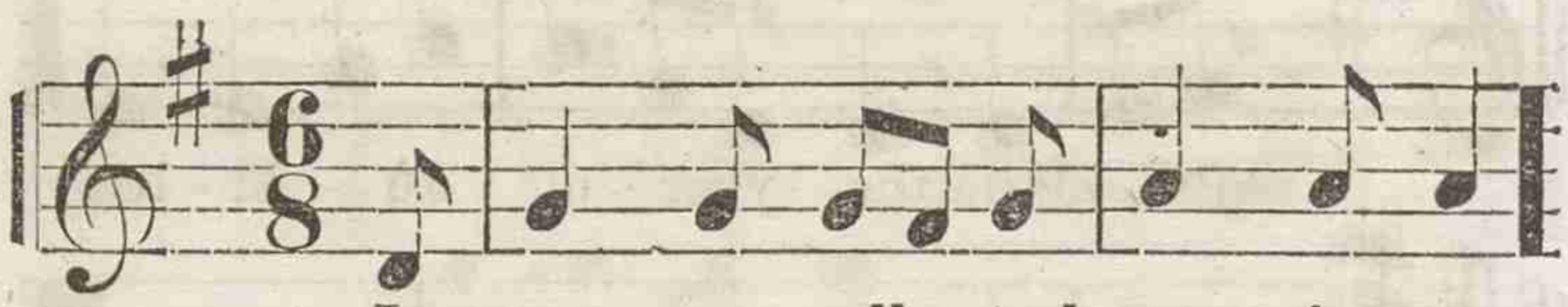
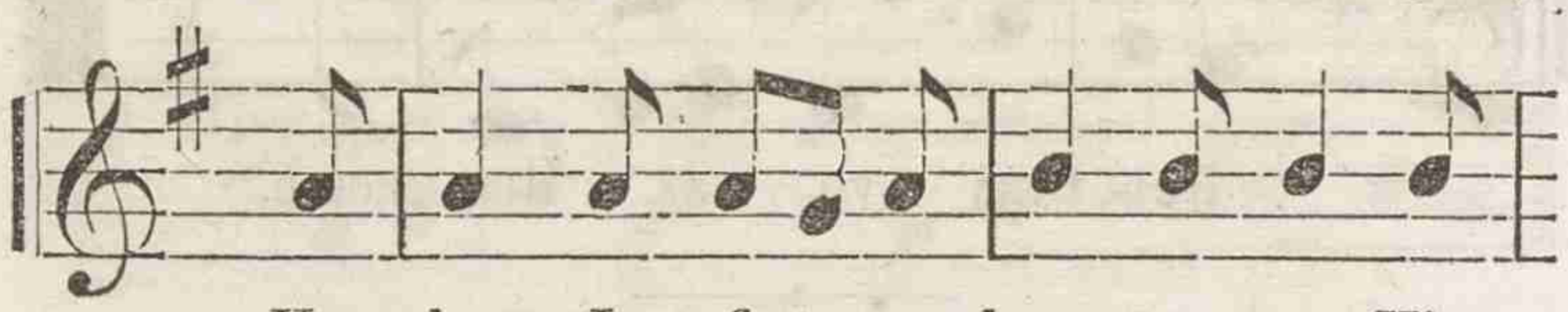
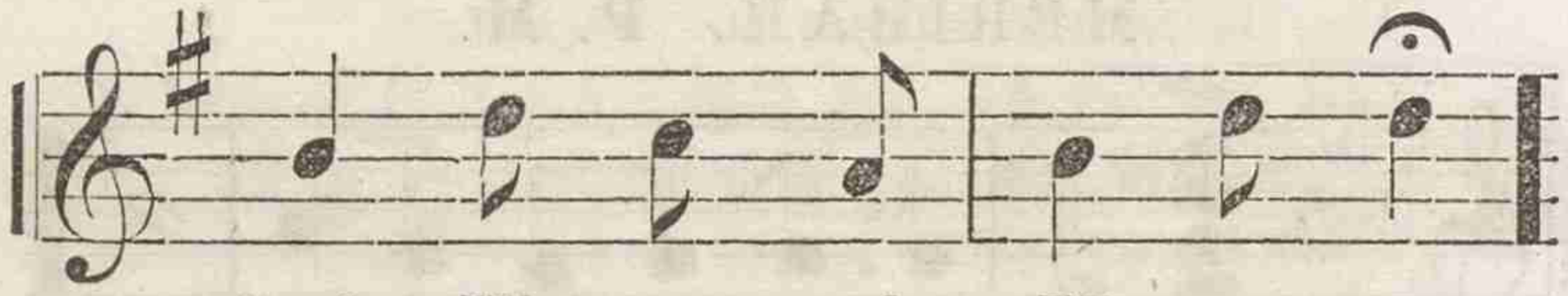
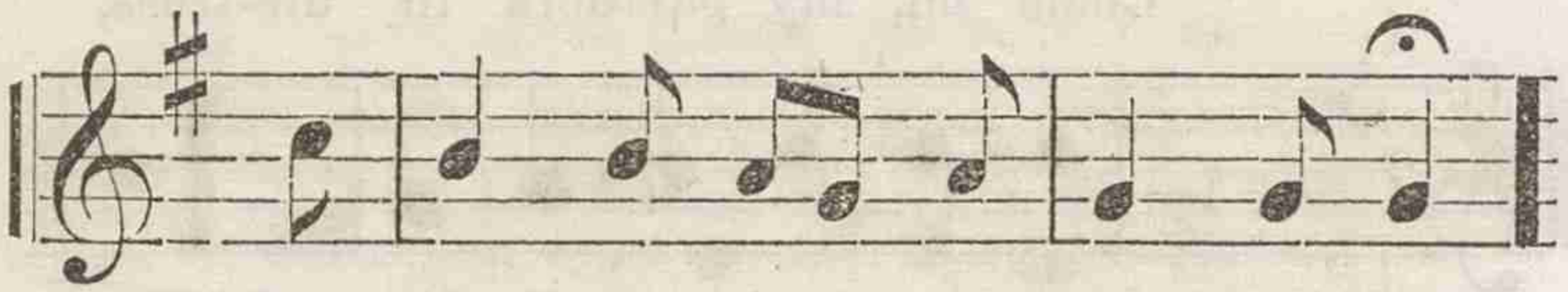
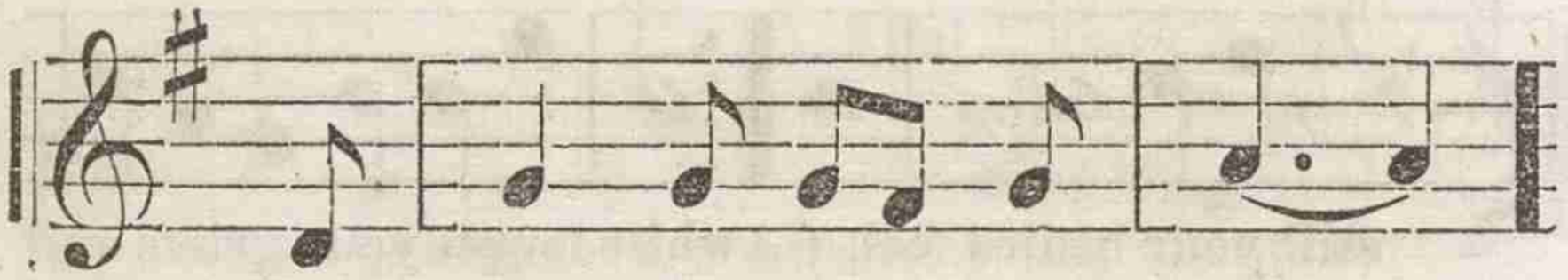
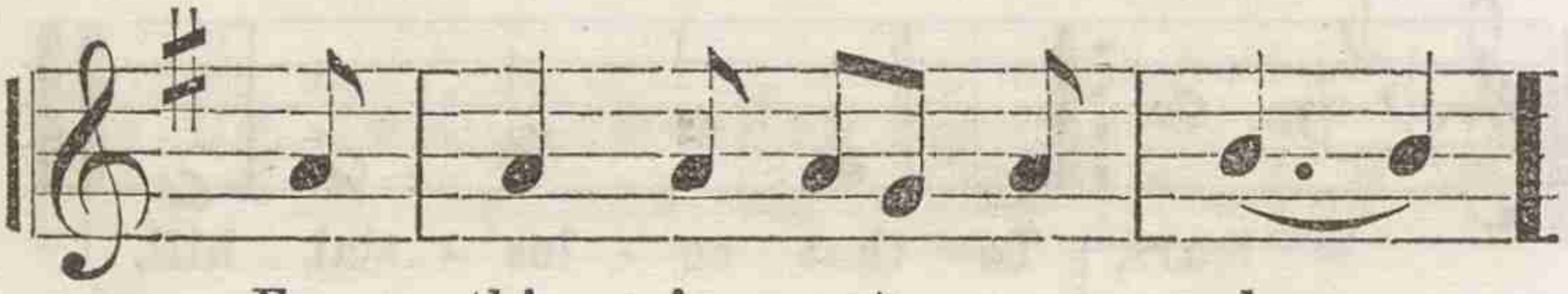
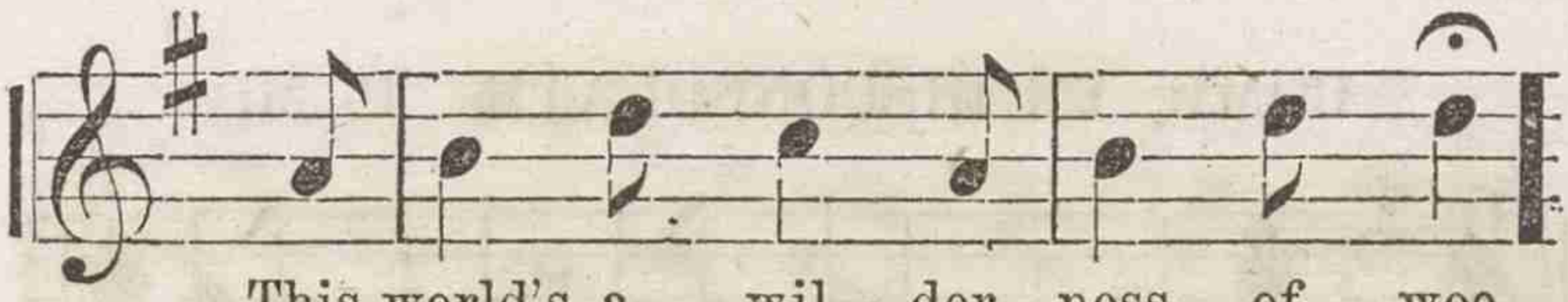
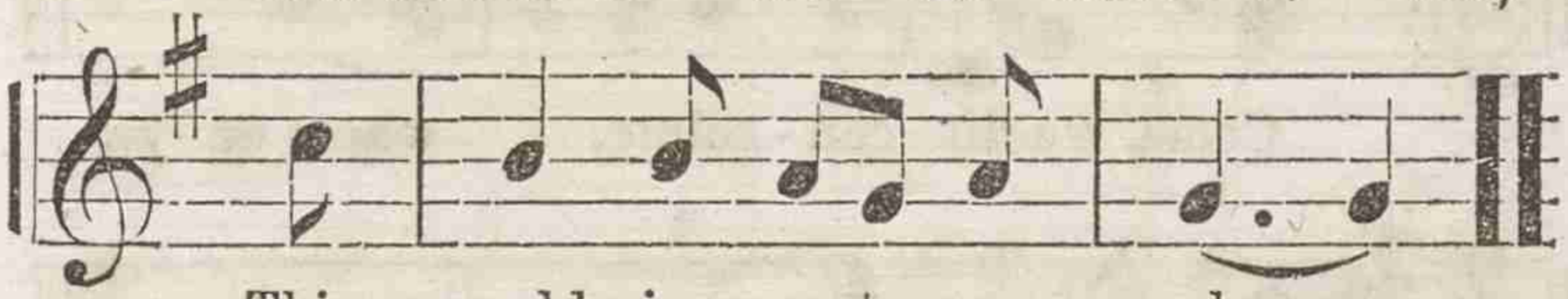
Re - turn ye ex - iles home.

MERIBAH. P. M.

Come on, my partners in dis-tress,

My comrades thro' the wil - der-ness, Who

still your bodies feel, { Awhile forget your griefs and
{ And look beyond this vale of

fears, } To that ce - les - tial hill.
tears, }

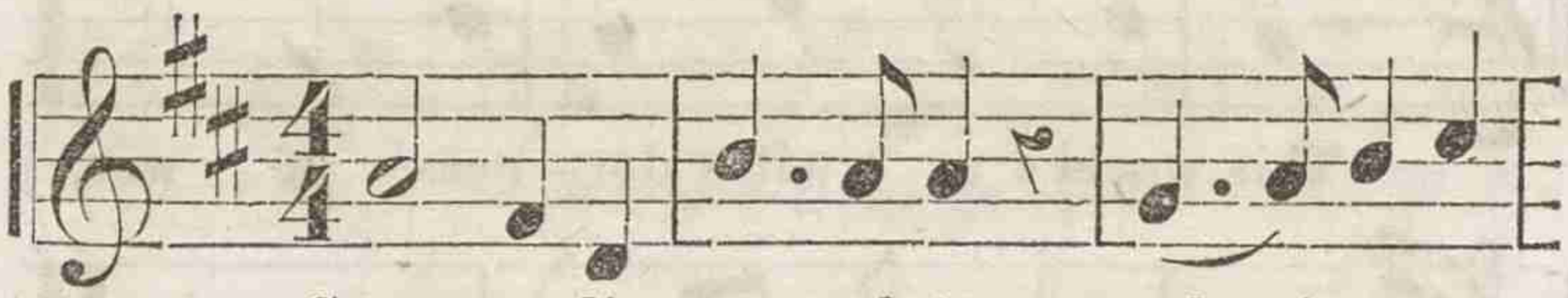
THE WAY. L. M.

Je - sus, my all to heaven is gone,

He whom I fix my hopes up - on, His

track I'll see, and I'll pur - sue

The nar - row way till him I view;

For this is not my home,

For this is not my home,

2. The way the holy prophets went,—
The road that leads from banishment,—
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

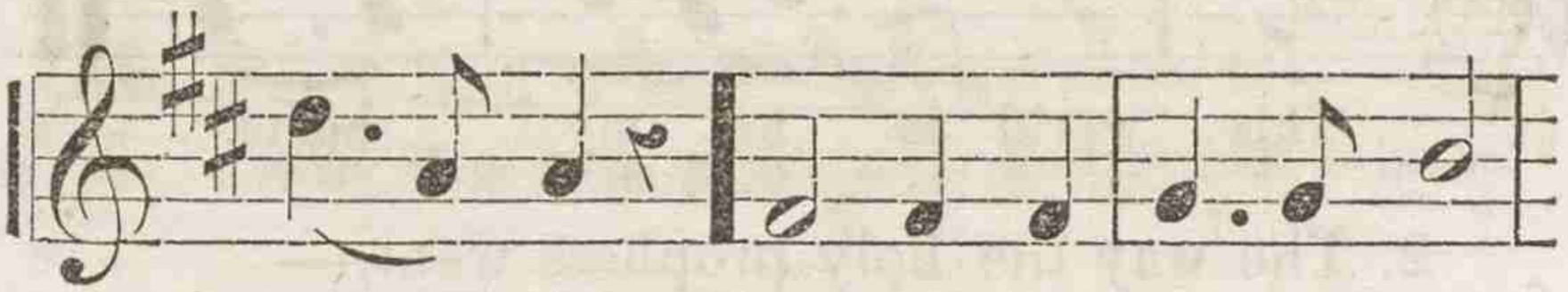
3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,—
Come hither, soul, I am the way.

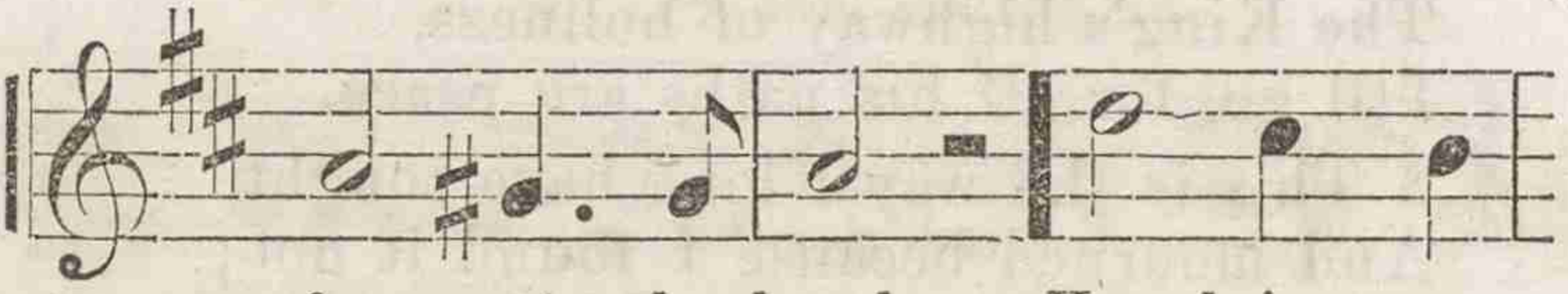
5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin have I to give,—
Nothing but love shall I receive.

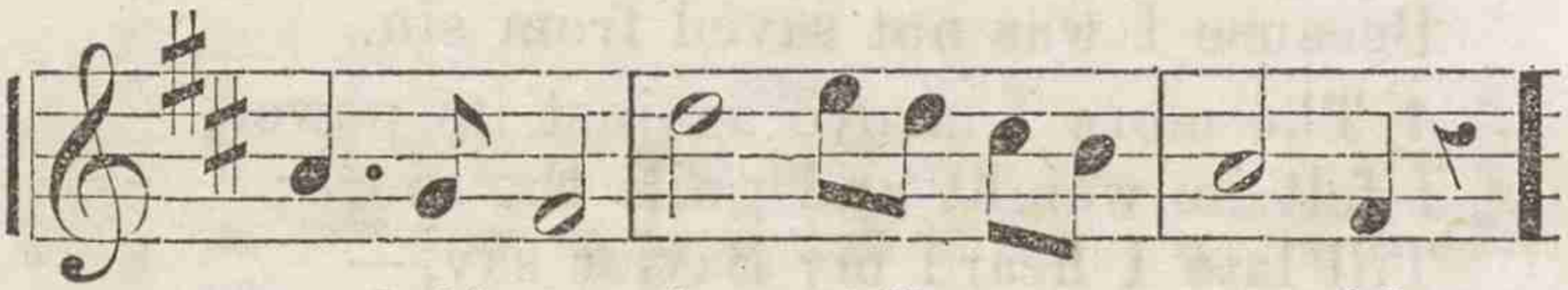
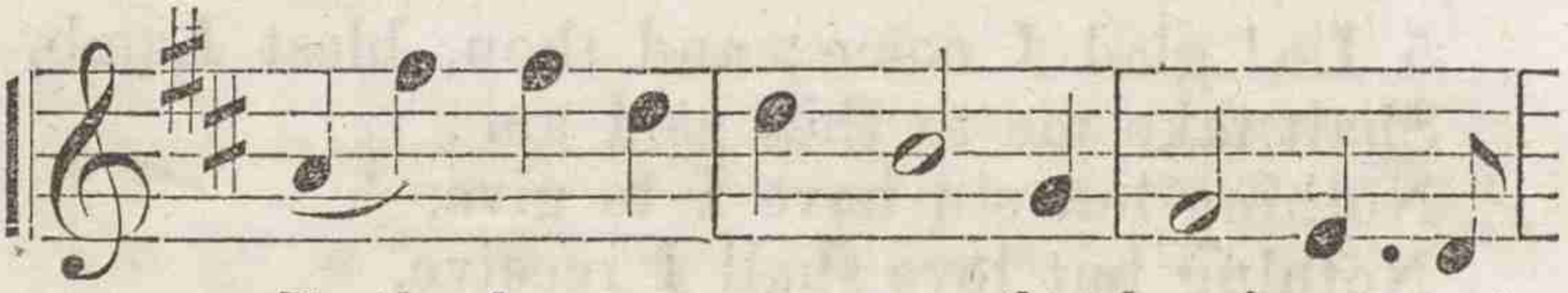
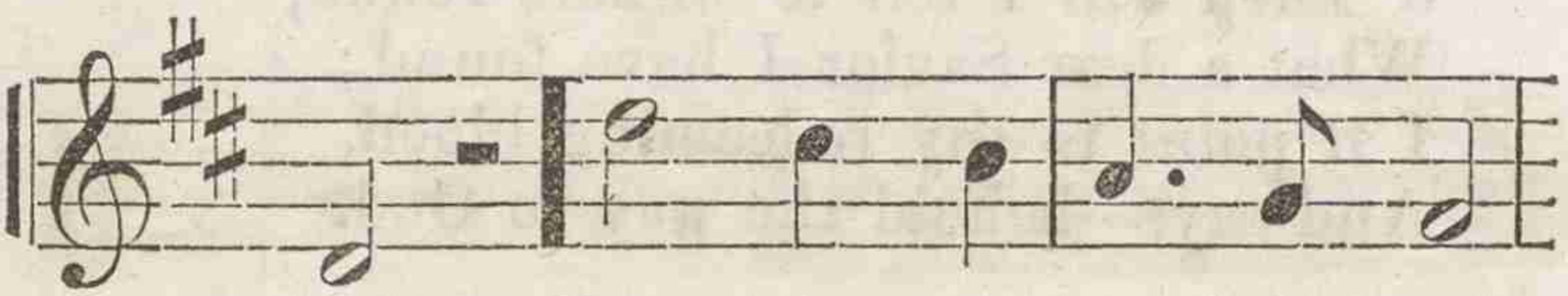
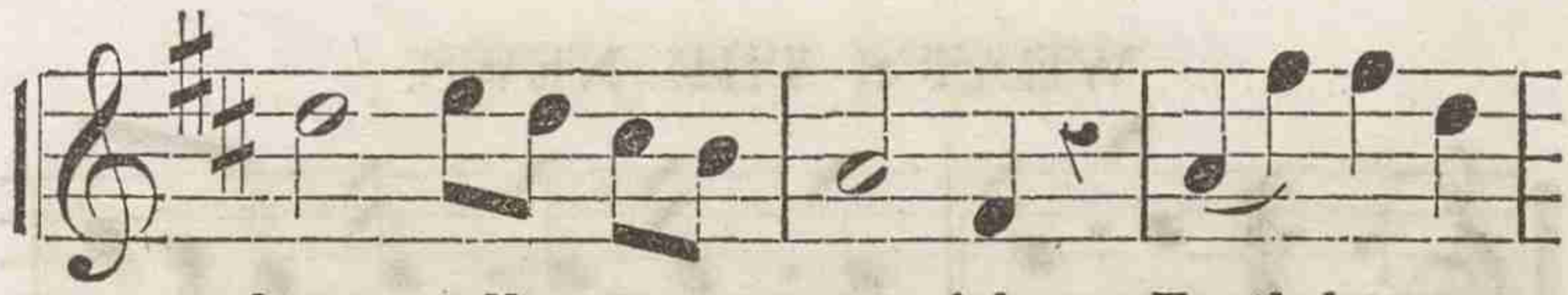
6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say,—behold the way to God.

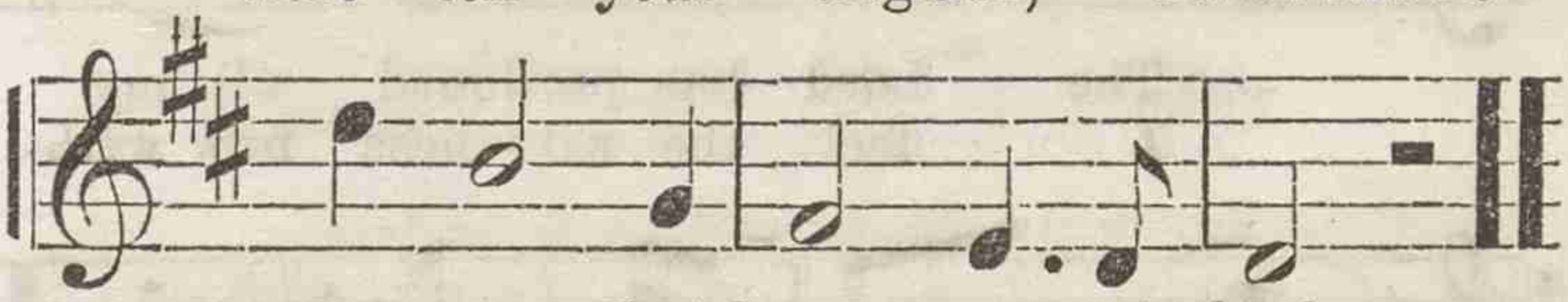
COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. P. M.

Come, ye dis - con - solate, where'er ye



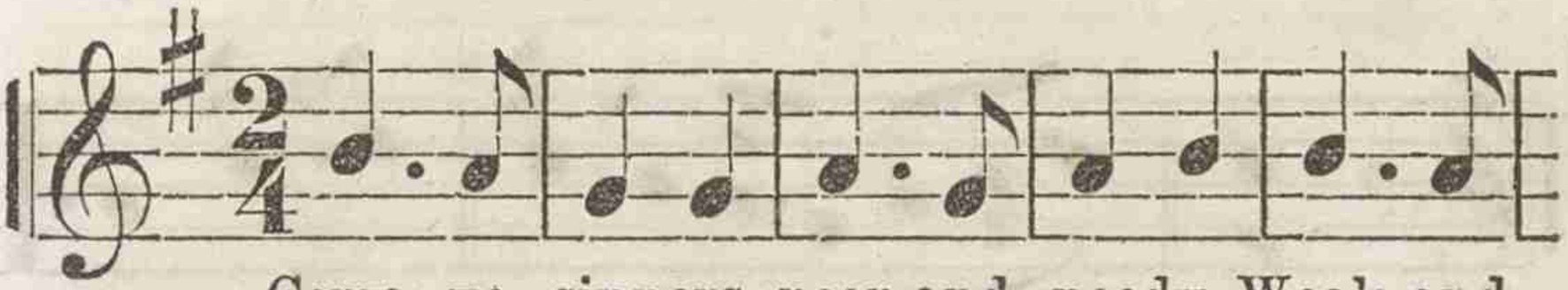
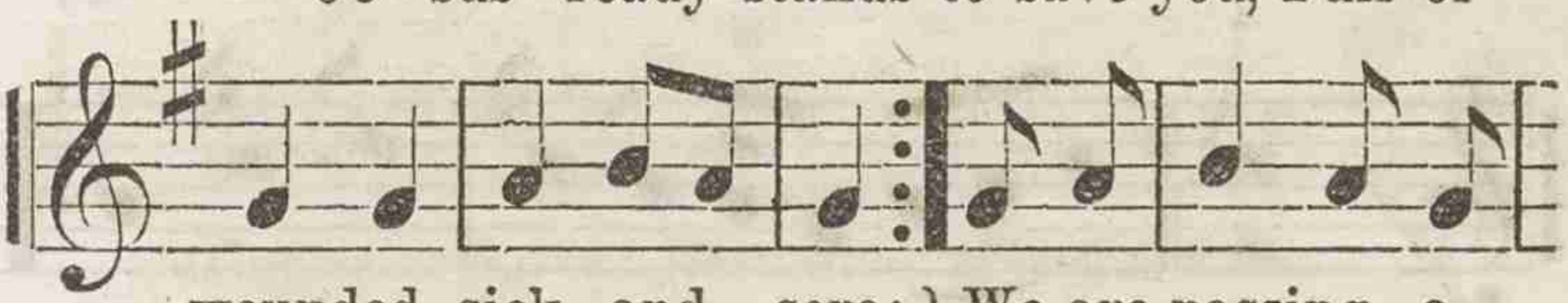
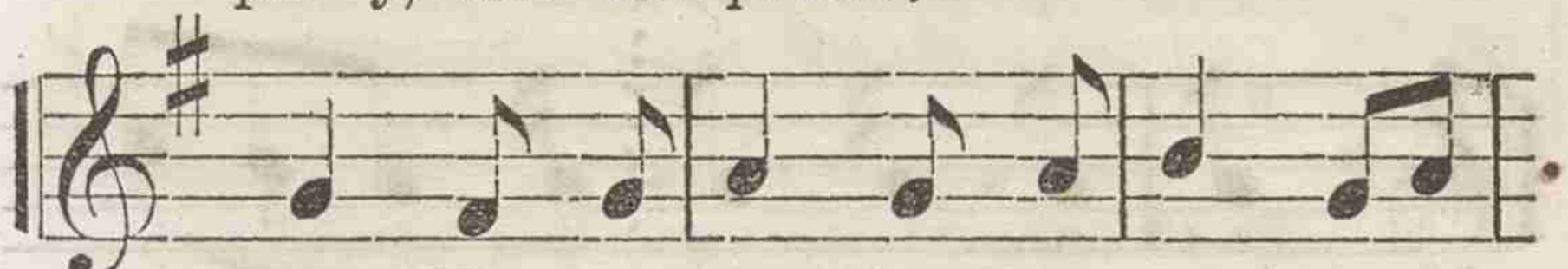
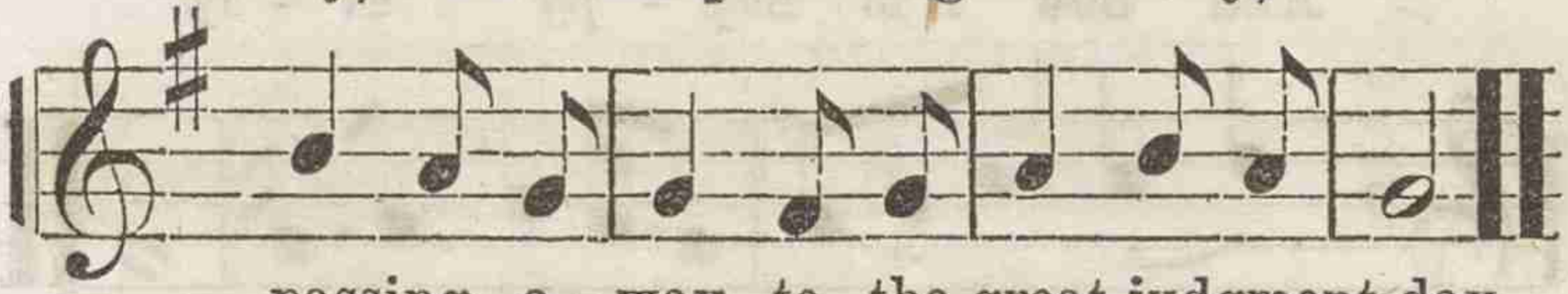
lan - guish; Come, at the mer - cy seat

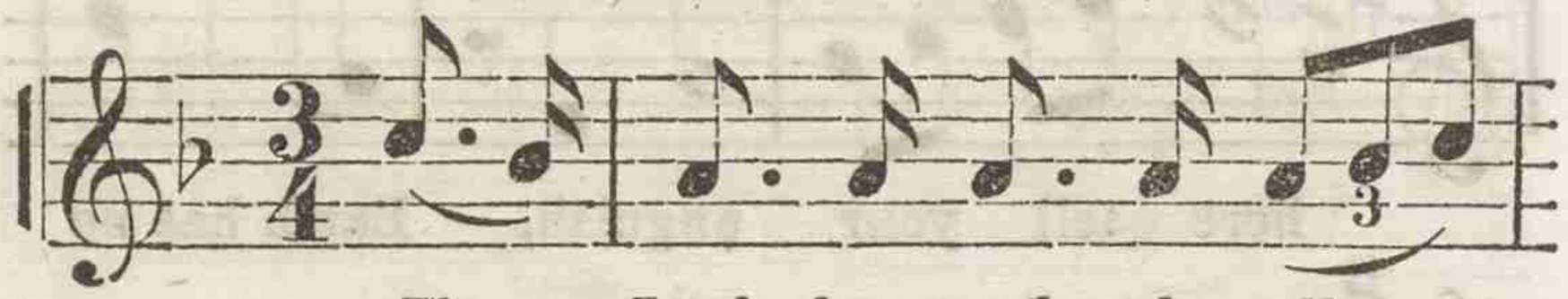


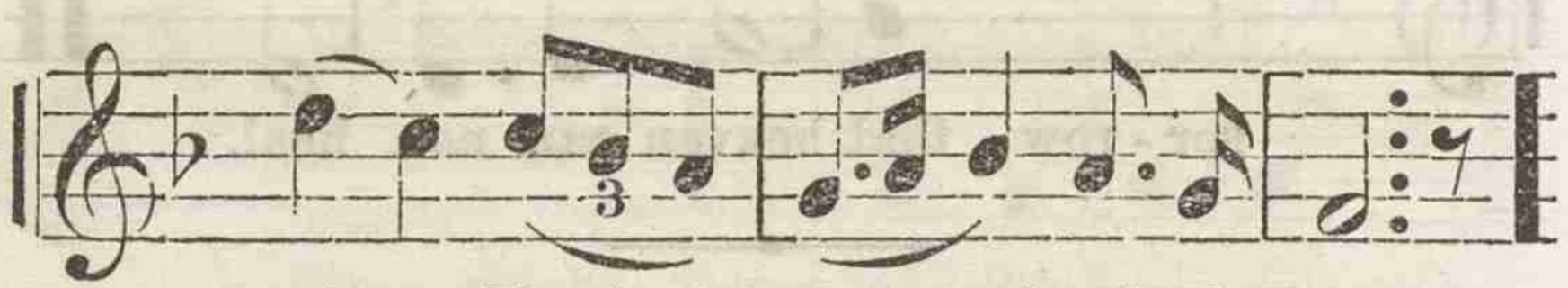
fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your

wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;

Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can not

heal; Here bring your wounded hearts,

here tell your anguish, Earth has no

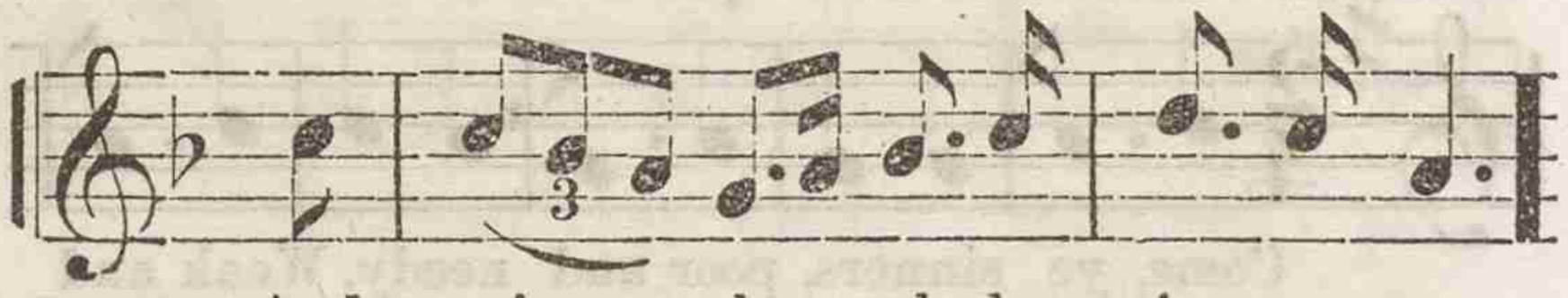
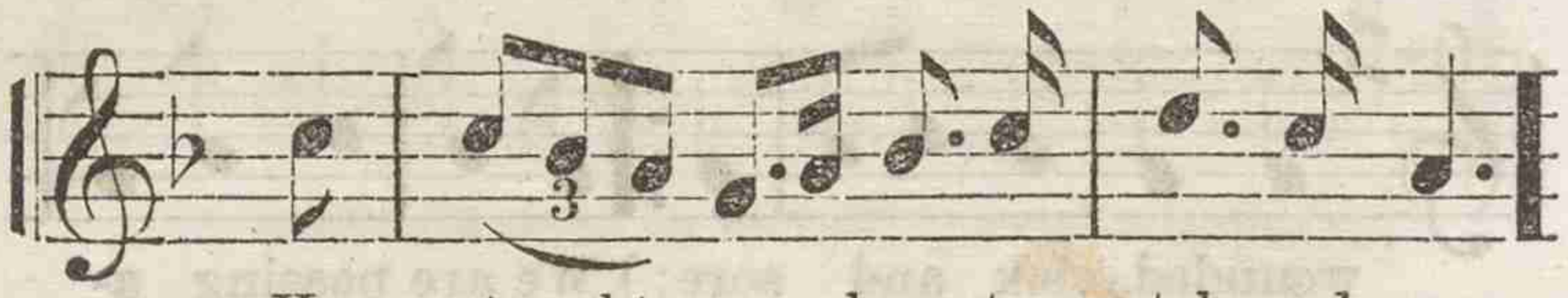
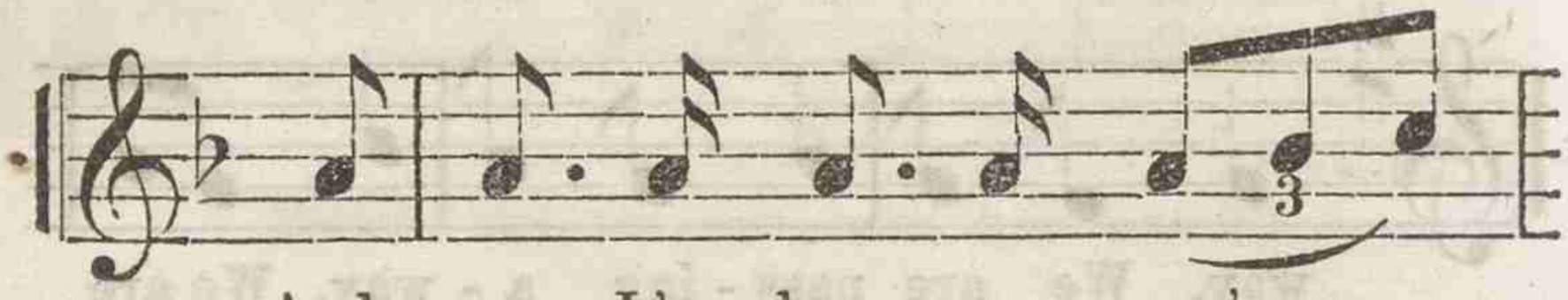
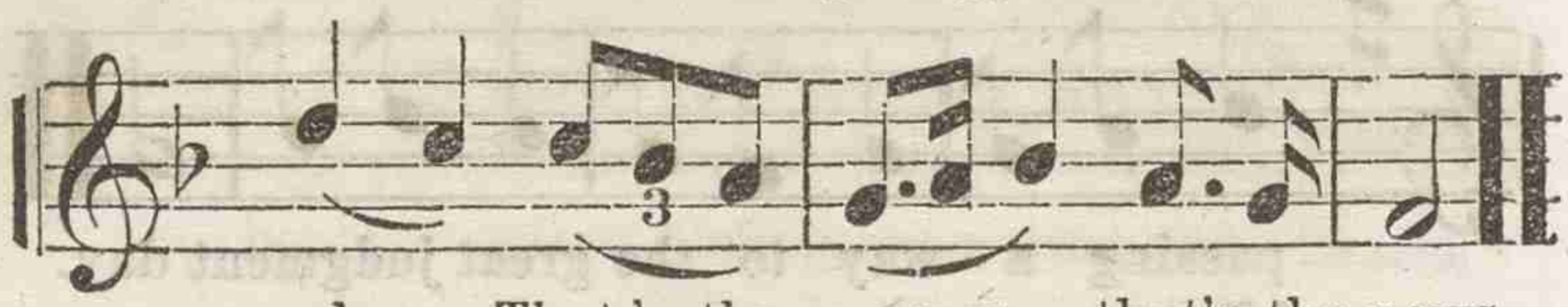


sor - row that heaven can not heal.

PASSING AWAY. P. M.

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and
Je - sus ready stands to save you, Full of

wounded, sick and sore; } We are passing a-
pit - y, love and power. }

way, We are pass - ing a - way, We are

passing a - way to the great judgment day.

WHAT'S THE NEWS.

The Lord has pardoned all my
I feel the wit - ness now with-



sins, That 's the news, that 's the news,
in. That 's the news, that 's the news,

And since he washed my sins a - way,

He taught me how to watch and pray,

And now I'm hap - py ev' - ry

day, That 's the news, that 's the news.

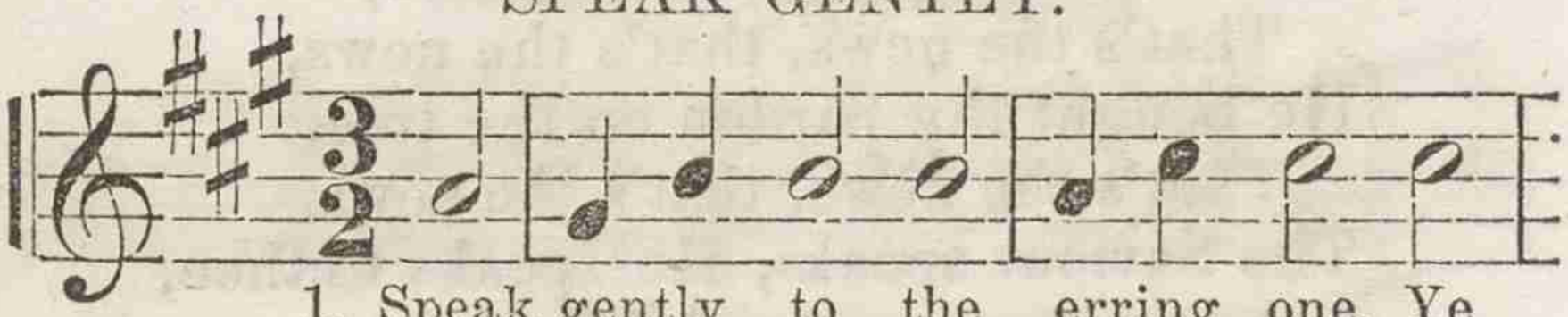
3. The Lord of glory died for thee,
That's the news, that's the news,
He bought thy pardon on the tree,
That's the news, that's the news.
The Saviour speaks, He speaks to thee,
Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see,
That's the news, that's the news.

4. The work's reviving all around,
Cheering news, cheering news,
And thousands have their Saviour found,
That's the news, that's the news.
The churches now throughout the land,
Have all united hand in hand,
I'm going to join this Union band,
That's the news, that's the news.

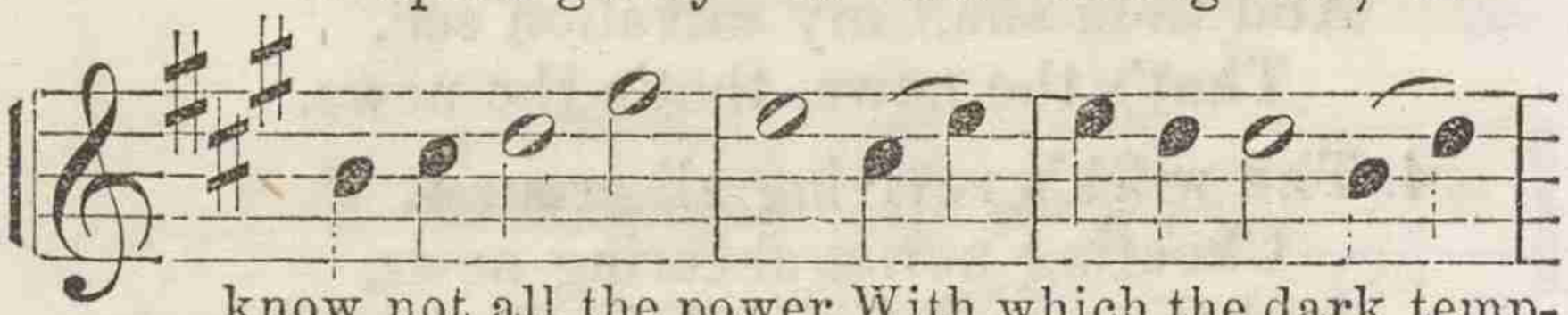
5. Now when your friends and neighbors say,
What's the news? what's the news?
Just tell them you've begun to pray,
That's the news, that's the news.
Ask them to join the Union band,
That's marching on at God's command,
We soon shall reach the better land,
Cheering news, cheering news.

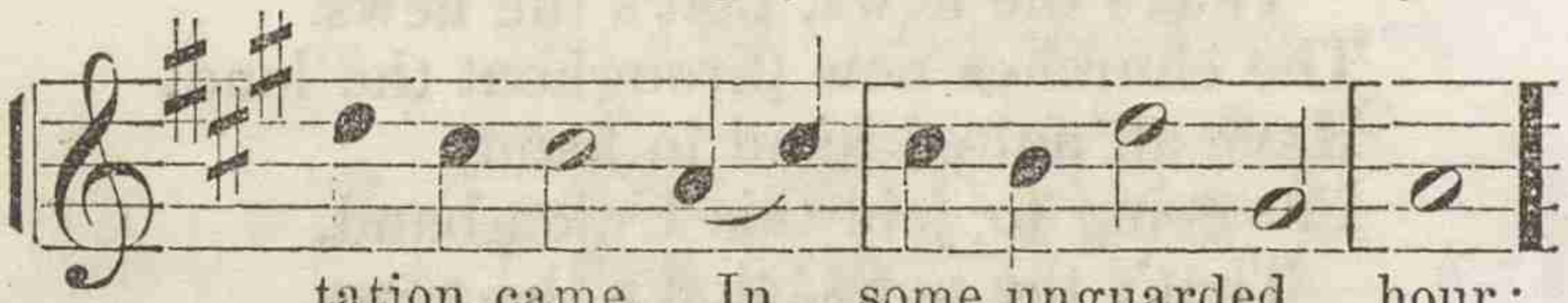
6. In glory now the Saviour waits,
That's the news, that's the news,
And opens wide the pearly gates,
Cheering news, cheering news.
The Spirit calls on you to-day,
Forsake your sins without delay,
While Jesus beckons you away,
That's the news, that's the news.

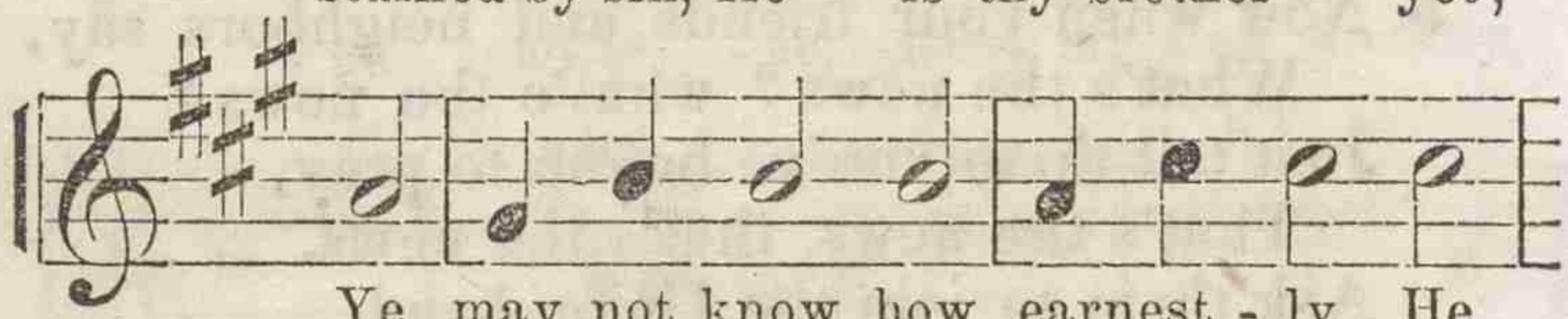
SPEAK GENTLY.



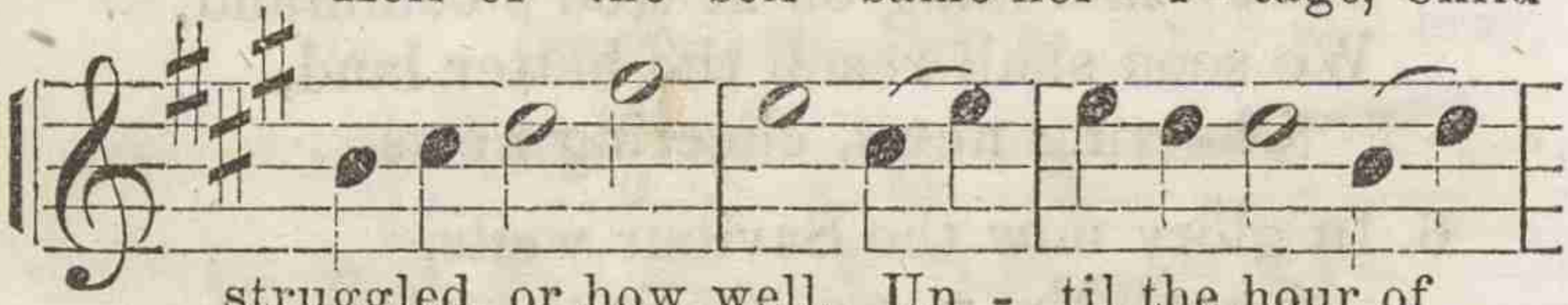
1. Speak gently to the erring one, Ye
2. Speak gently to the erring one, O!



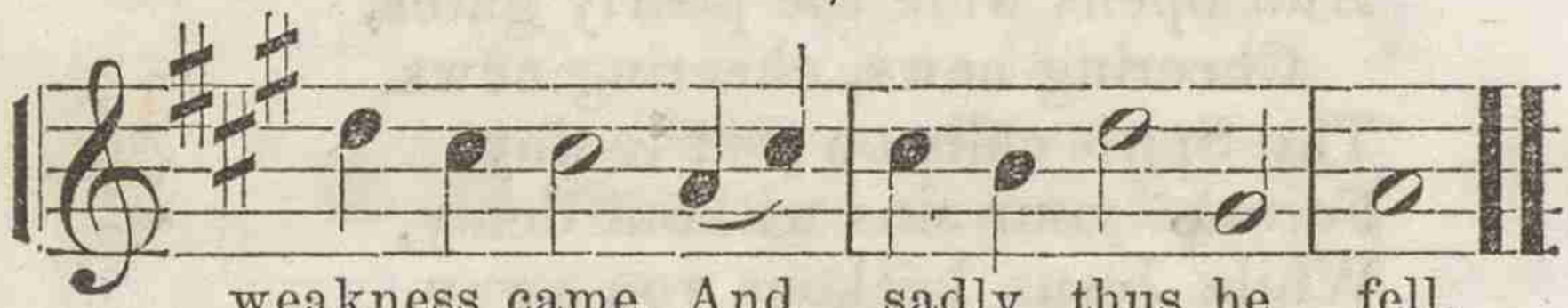
know not all the power With which the dark temp-
do not thou forget, How - ever dark - ly

tation came, In some unguarded hour;
stained by sin, He is thy brother yet;



Ye may not know how earnest - ly He
Heir of the self - same her - i - tage, Child



struggled, or how well, Un - til the hour of
of the self-same God, He hath but stumbled



weakness came, And sadly thus he fell.
in the path Thou hast in weakness trod.

HYMN. C. M.

O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

Chorus.

I will believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me,
And the streams of salvation
Are copious and free.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.

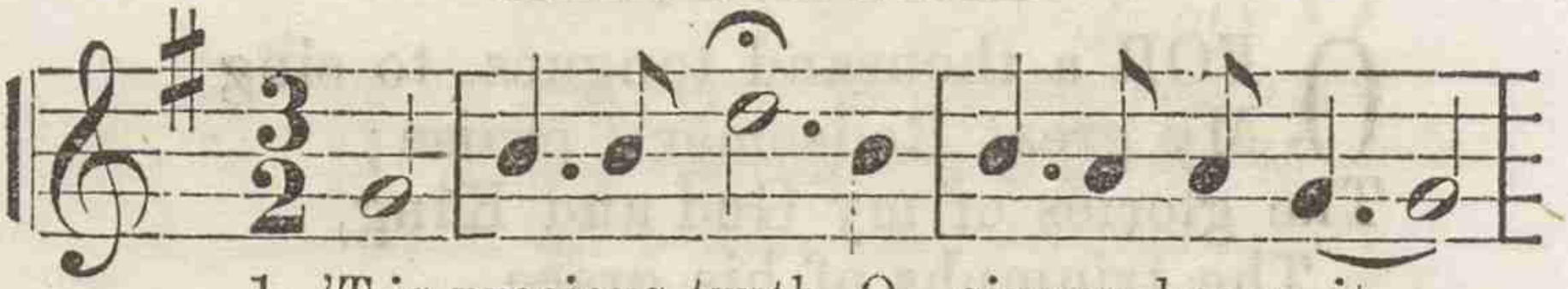
3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

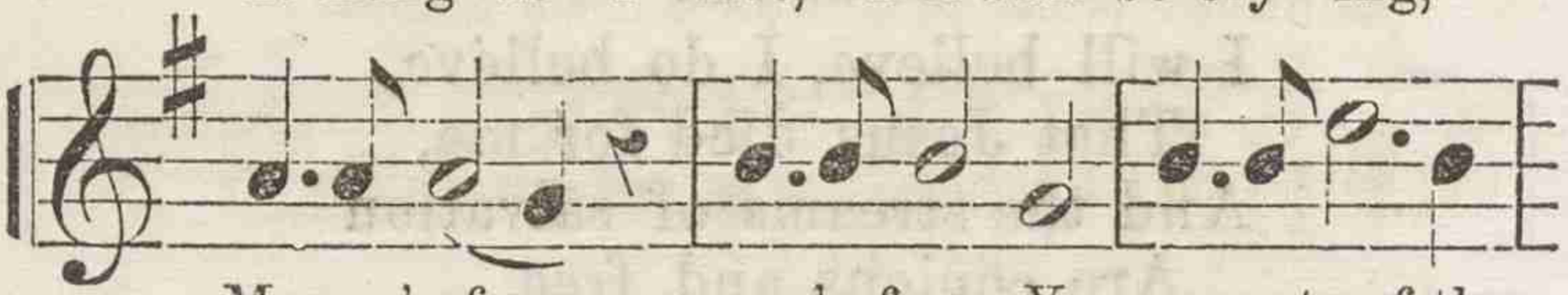
4 He breaks the powers of cancelled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

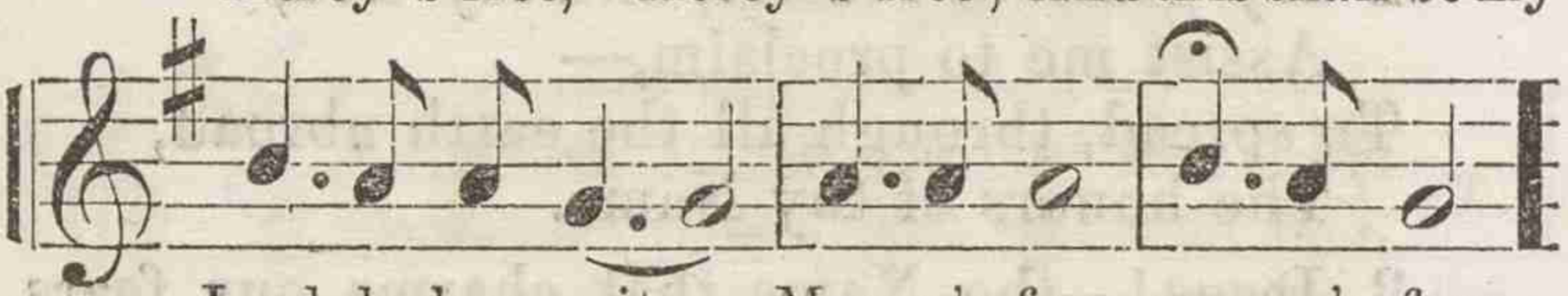
5 He speaks,—and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

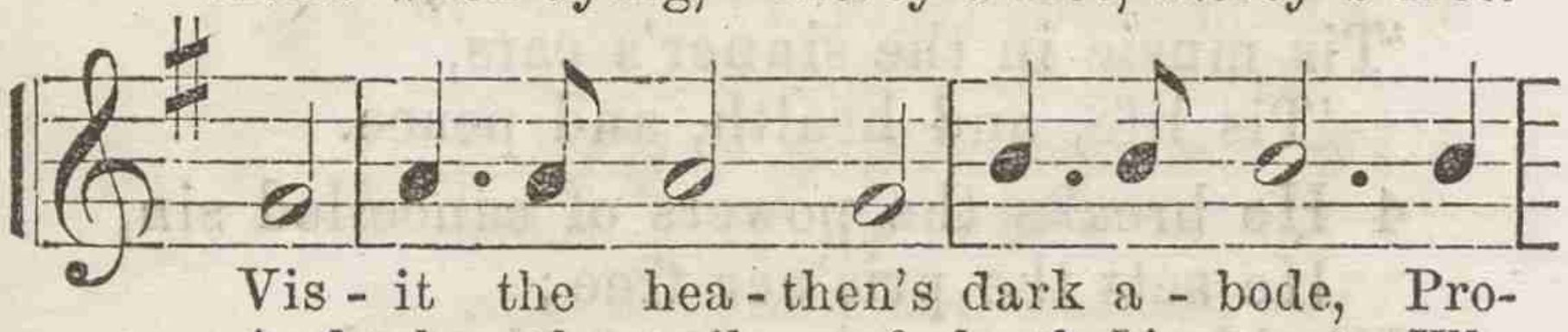
MERCY 'S FREE.

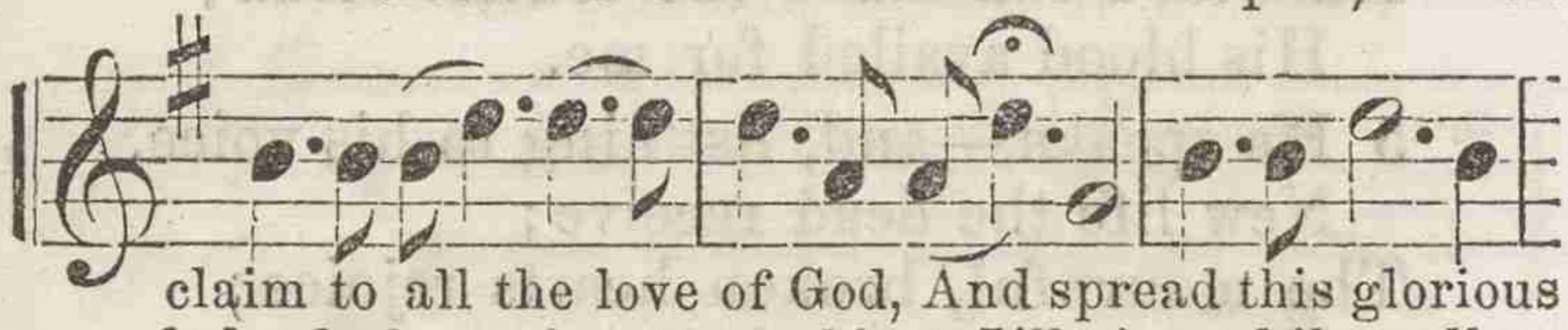


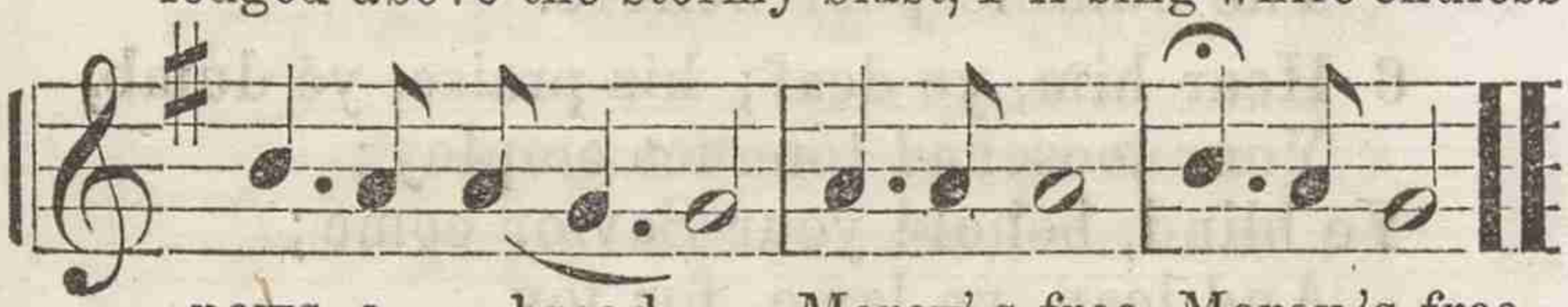
1. 'T is precious truth, O sinner hear it,
2. Long as I live, I'll still be cry - ing,

Mercy 's free, mercy 's free; Ye servants of the
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free; And this shall be my



Lord declare it, Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.
theme when dying, Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.



Vis - it the hea - then's dark a - bode, Pro-
And when the vail of death I 've past, When

claim to all the love of God, And spread this glorious
lodged above the stormy blast, I'll sing while endless



news a - broad, Mercy' s free, Mercy 's free.
a - ges last, Mercy' s free, Mercy 's free.

O SINNER! see the Saviour dying,
On the tree, on the tree;
To every nation he is crying,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free!
He bids the guilty now draw near,
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear;
O hark, what precious words I hear—
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free!

2. Did Christ when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin?
Can it be, can it be?
O yes, he did salvation bring,
He is my prophet, priest, and king.
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free!

3. 'T is precious truth, O sinner, hear it,
Mercy 's free, mercy's free!
Ye ministers of God, declare it,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free!
Visit the heathen's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread this glorious news abroad,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free!

4. Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free!
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free!
And when the vail of death I 've past,
When lodged beyond the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free!

MY BROTHER WILL YOU MEET ME.

8s & 6s. HYMN. P. M.

SAY, my brother, will you meet me
On Canaan's happy shore?
Yes, by the grace of God I'll meet you
On Canaan's happy shore.
Jesus lives and reigns forever
Forever, ever more;
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Praise God forever more.

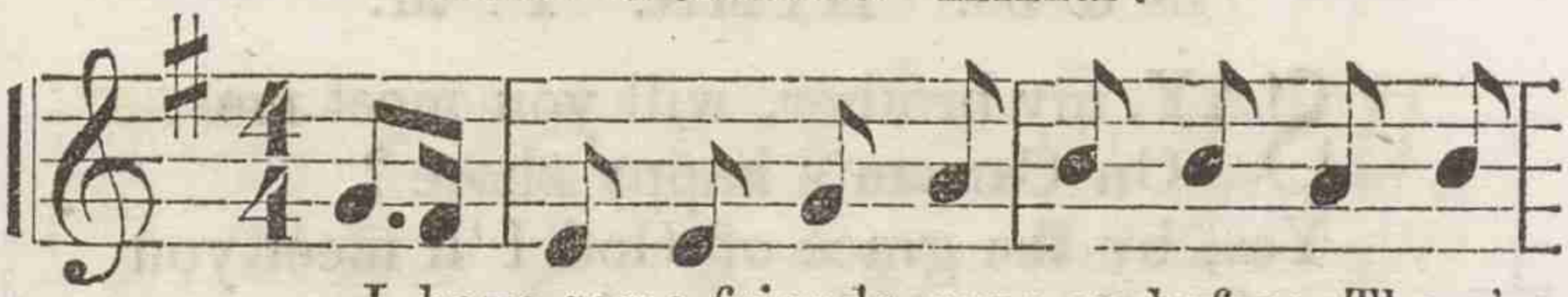
2. Say, my sister, will you meet me
On Canaan's happy shore?
Yes, by the grace of God I'll meet you
On Canaan's happy shore.

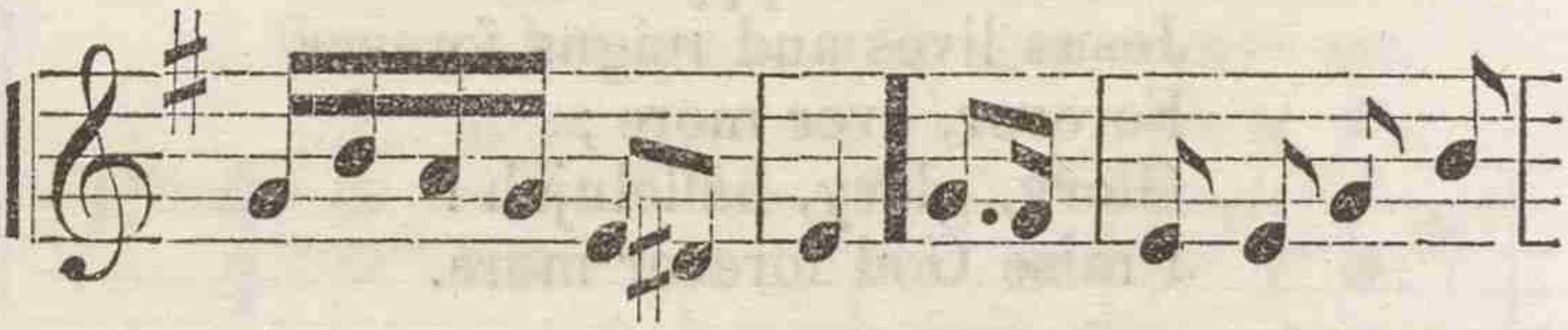
3. Say, dear children, will you meet me
On Canaan's happy shore?
Yes, by the grace of God we'll meet you
On Canaan's happy shore.

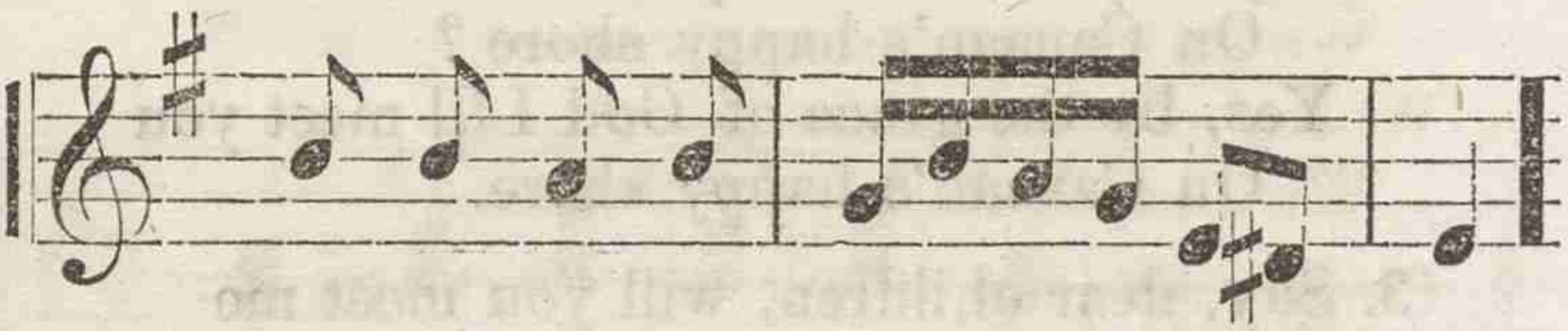
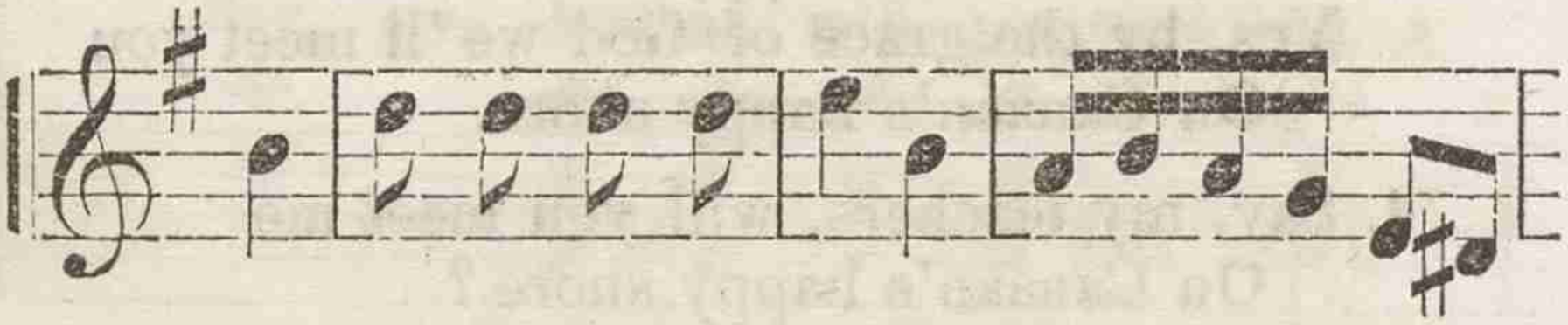
4. Say, my teachers, will you meet me
On Canaan's happy shore?
Yes, by the grace of God we'll meet you
On Canaan's happy shore.

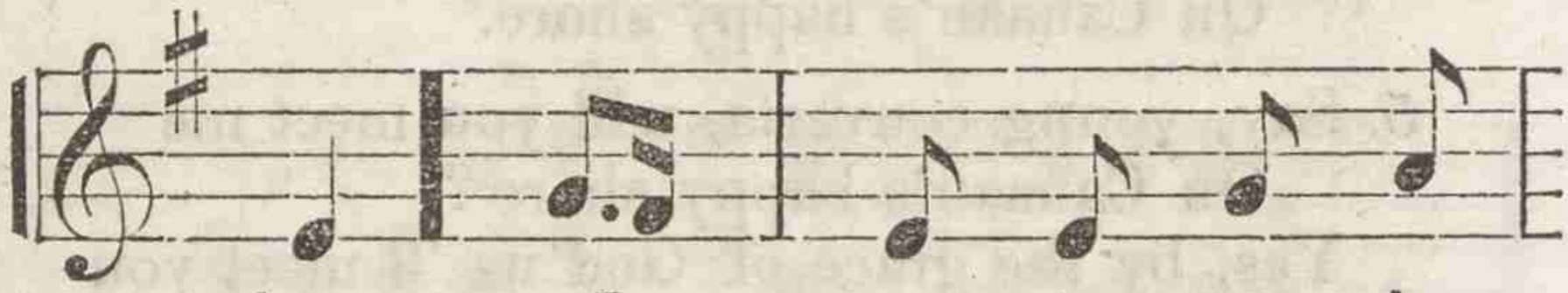
5. Say, young converts, will you meet me
On Canaan's happy shore?
Yes, by the grace of God we'll meet you
On Canaan's happy shore.

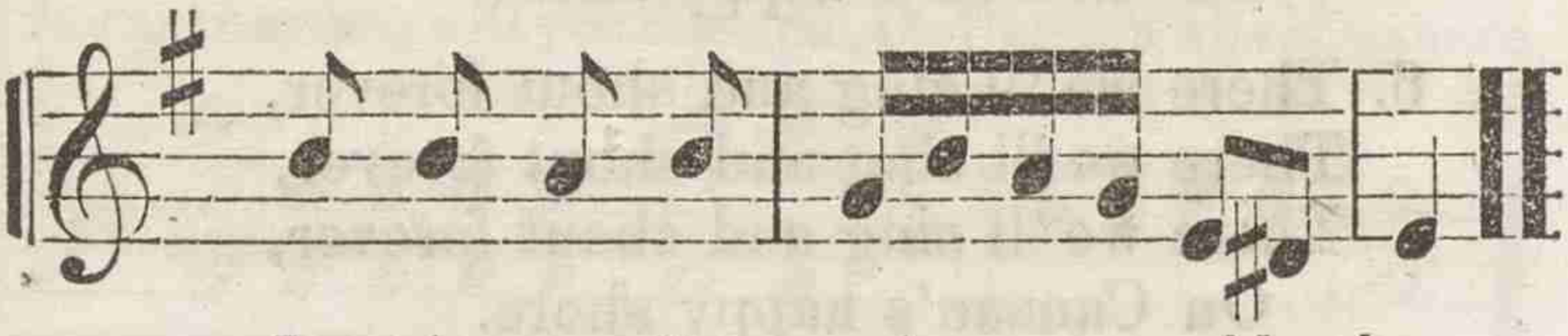
6. There we'll sing and shout forever,
There we'll sing and shout forever,
There we'll sing and shout forever,
On Canaan's happy shore.

THE GOLDEN HARP.

I have some friends gone on before, They 're



playing on golden harps, I hear them on the

distant shore, They 're playing on golden harps,

Then strike the golden harp, O sweep the golden



harp, I want to go where

Jesus 's gone, To play on a golden harp.

HYMN. C. M. OR L. M.

WE'RE going on board the gospel train—
We 're on our journey home;
We soon shall meet our friends again—
We 're on our journey home.
We 're on our journey home,
We 're on our journey home;
We soon shall greet our kindred there—
We 're on our journey home.

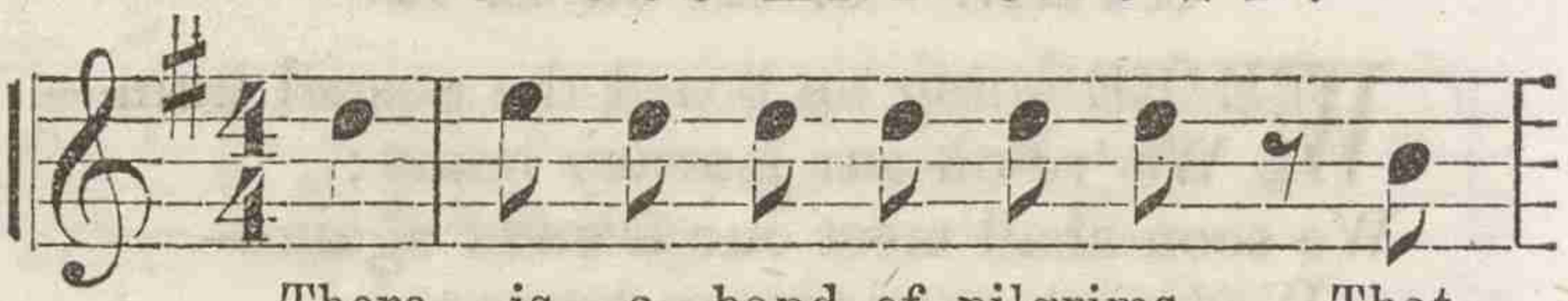
2. Repentance is the station then—
We 're on our journey home;
Where passengers are taken in—
We 're on our journey home.

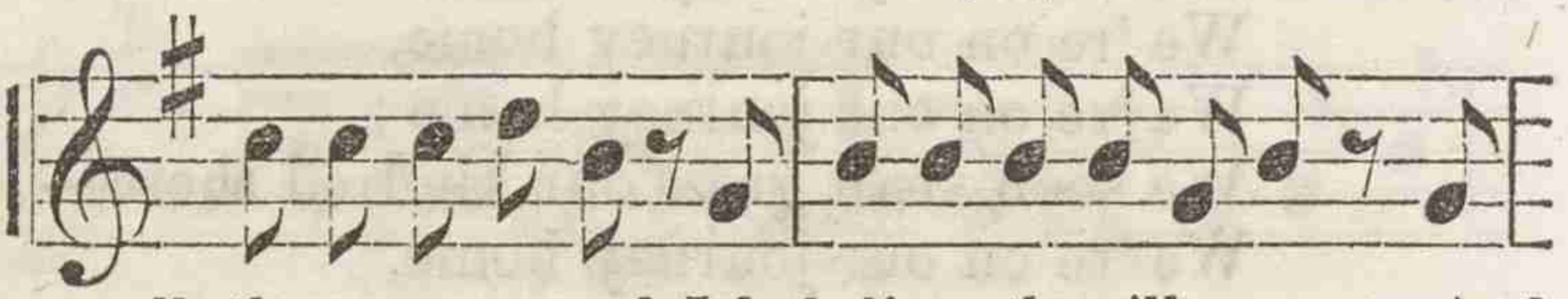
3. Come then poor sinner, now 's the time—
We 're on our journey home;
At any station on the line—
We 're on our journey home.

4. If you 'll repent and turn from sin—
We 're on our journey home;
The train will stop and take you in—
We 're on our journey home.

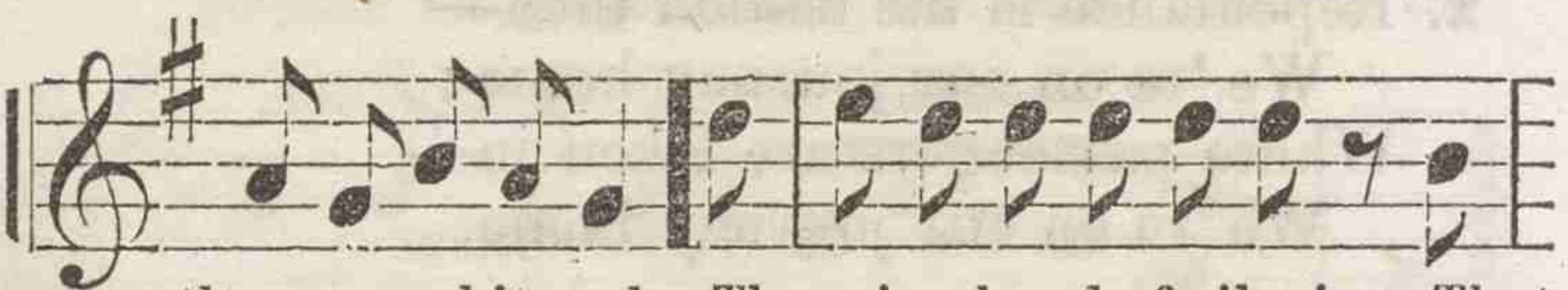
5. There is no danger on the way—
We 're on our journey home;
'Tis safe to run by night and day—
We 're on our journey home.

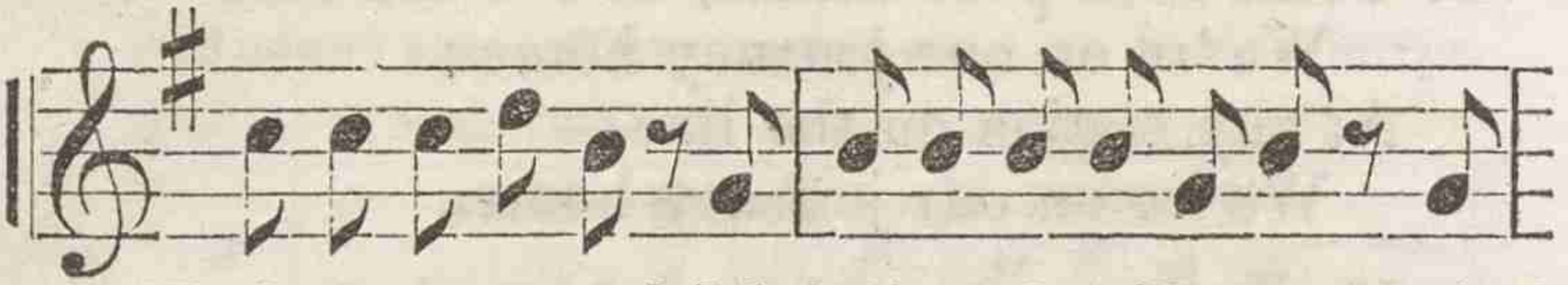
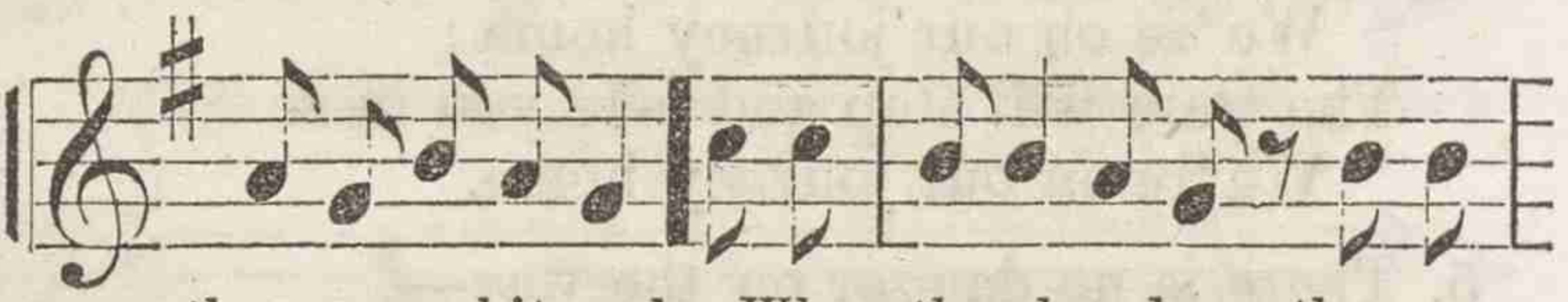
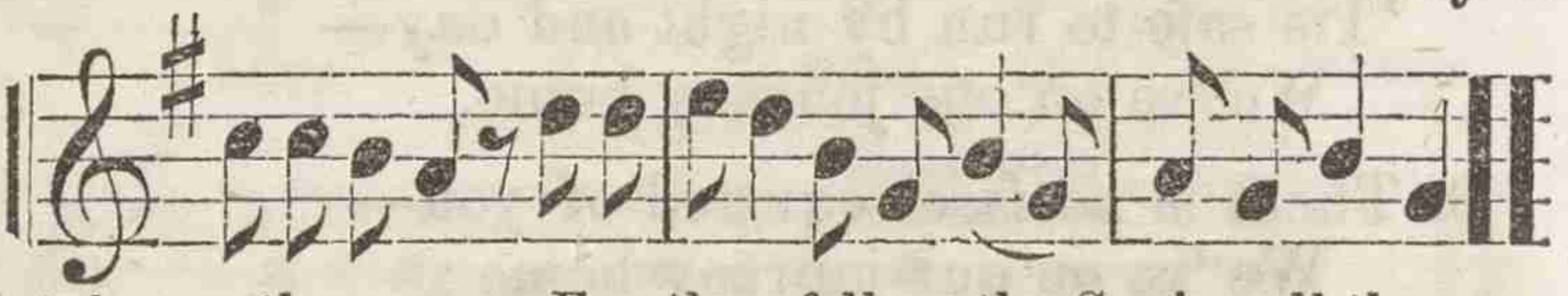
6. There is no fare required of you—
We 're on our journey home;
For Christ has paid your passage through—
We 're on our journey home.

THE CROSS AND CROWN.

There is a band of pilgrims That



walk the narrow road, I do believe they 'll conquer, And



wear the snow white robe. There is a band of pilgrims, That

walk the narrow road, I do believe they 'll conquer, And

wear the snow white robe. When they lay down the cross,
They 'll

take up the crown, For they follow the Savior all the way long.

HYMN. P. M.

THERE is a band of pilgrims
That walk the narrow road;
I do believe they 'll conquer
And wear the snow white robe.

CHORUS.

When they lay down the cross,
They 'll take up the crown;
For they follow the Saviour
All the way long.

2. And when they meet with troubles,
Or trials on the way,
They cast their care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
When they lay down the cross, etc.

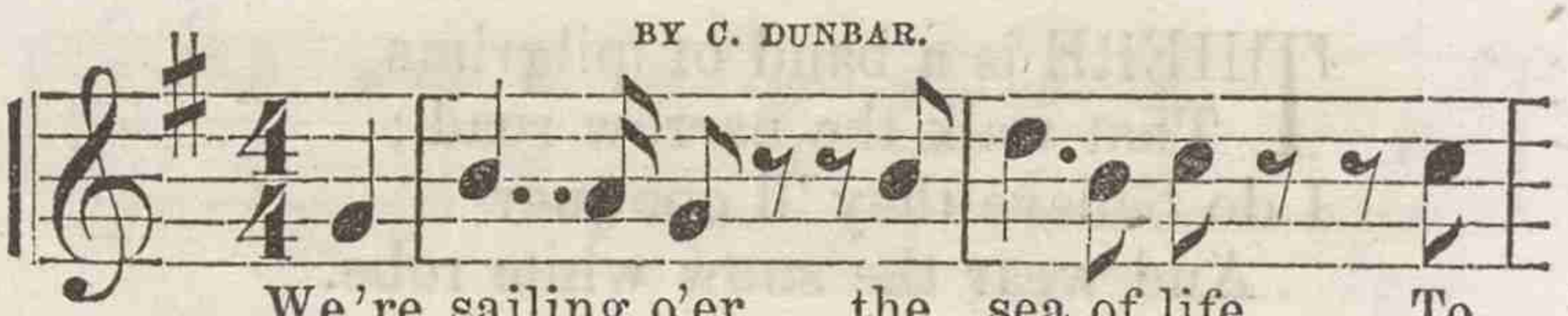
3. We too have joined the number
That walk the narrow way;
We hope to gain fair Canaan
And dwell in endless day.
When we lay down the cross, etc.

4. I want to see my kindred
In that bright world above;
I want to live with Jesus,
And shout redeeming love.
When we lay down the cross, etc.

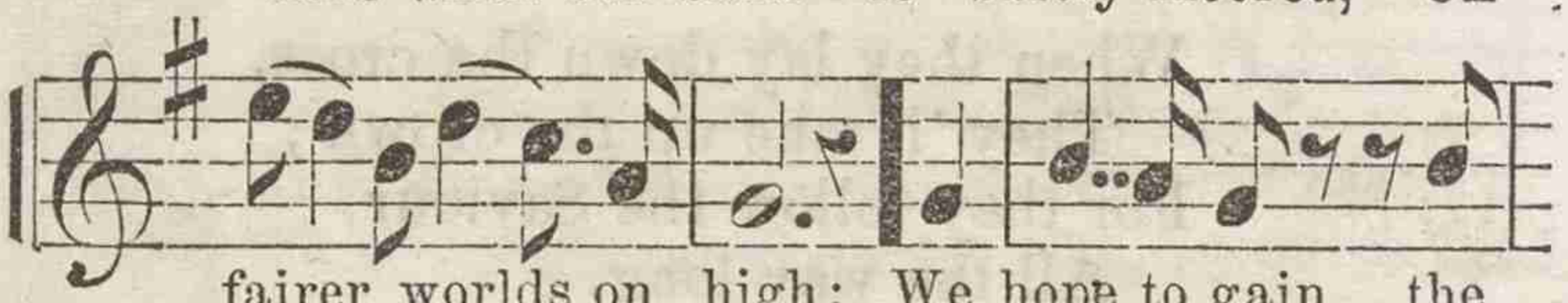
5. And when we reach the city,
We 'll shout our suffering o'er;
We 'll settle in our mansion,
And live forever more.
When we lay down the cross, etc.

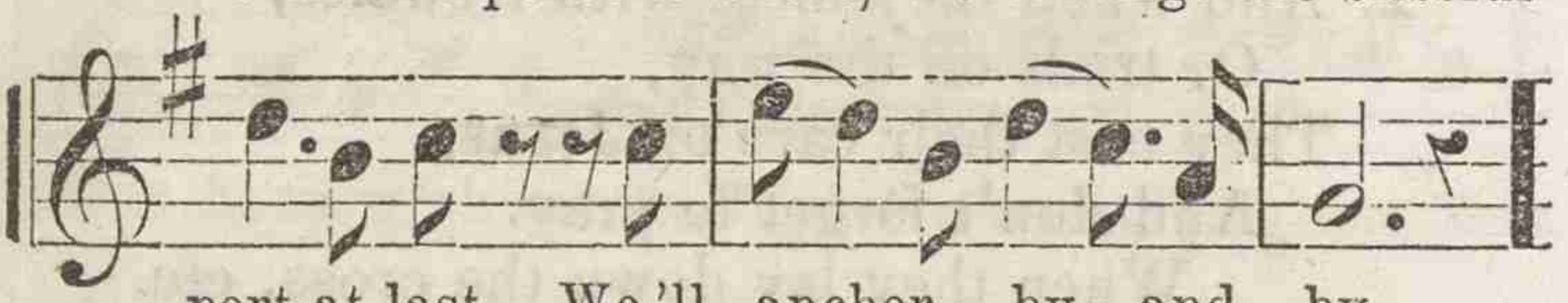
THE GOLDEN SHORE.

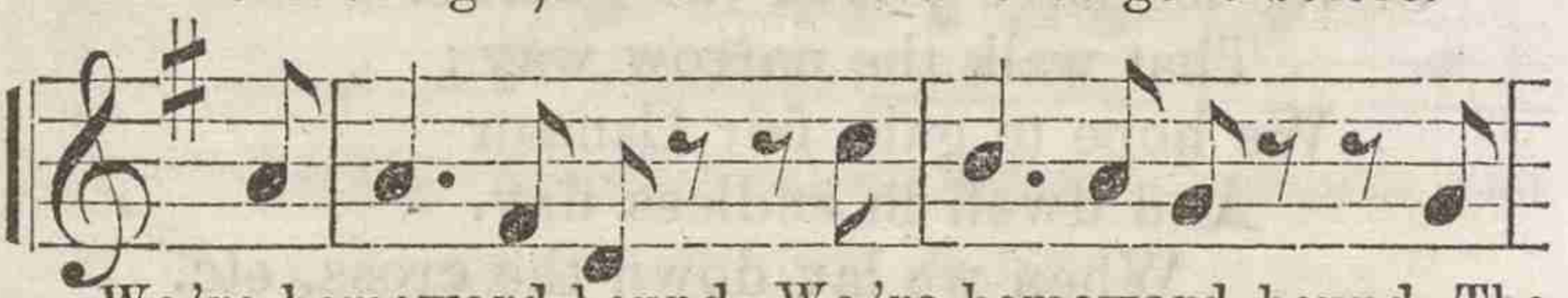
BY C. DUNBAR.



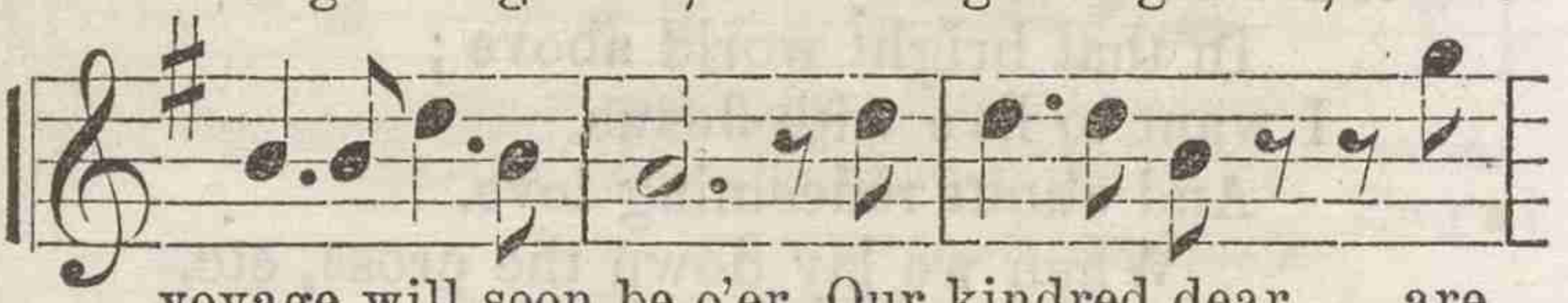
We're sailing o'er the sea of life, To
And when our bark is safely moored, On



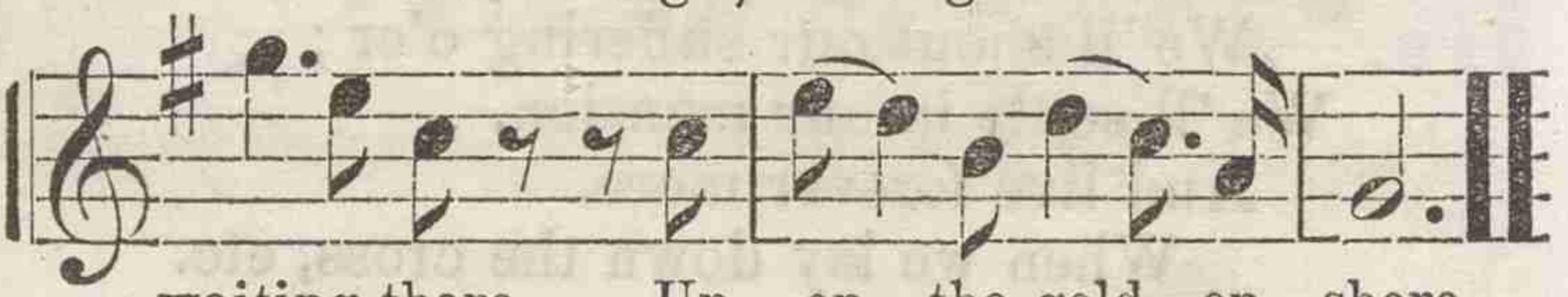
fairer worlds on high; We hope to gain the
Canaan's peaceful shore, We'll range the blissful

port at last, We'll anchor by and by.
fields of light, With those who've gone before.



We're homeward bound, We're homeward bound, The
We're go - ing home, We're go - ing home, To



voyage will soon be o'er, Our kindred dear are
fairer worlds on high; The golden shore is



waiting there, Up - on the gold - en shore.
just before, We'll anchor by and by.

APPENDIX.

HYMNS FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS AND ANNIVERSARIES.

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205. HYMN. P. M.

WHEN the morning light drives away the night,
With sun so bright and full,
And it draws its line near the hour of nine,
I'll away to Sabbath school:
For 'tis there we all agree,
And with happy hearts and free,
And I love to early be
At the Sabbath school.
I'll away, away, I'll away, away,
I'll away to sabbath school.

2. On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,
When the earth is wrapp'd in snow,
Or the summer breeze plays around the trees
To the Sabbath school I'll go:
When the holy day has come,
And the Sabbath-breakers roam,
I delight to leave my home
For the Sabbath School.
I'll away, etc.

3. In the class I meet with the friends I greet
At the time of morning prayer;
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,
For 'tis always pleasant there:

In the Book of holy truth,
Full of counsel and reproof,
We behold the guide of youth
At the Sabbath school.
I'll away, etc.

4. May the dews of grace fill the hallow'd place,
And the sunshine never fail,
While each blossoming rose which in memory grows,
Shall a sweet perfume exhale:
When we mingle here no more,
But have met on Jordan's shore,
We will talk of moments o'er
At the Sabbath school.
I'll away, etc.

---

206. HYMN. P. M.

MY Bible leads to glory,
My Bible leads to glory,
My Bible leads to glory,
Ye followers of the Lamb.

CHORUS.

Sing on, pray on,
Ye followers of Immanuel.
Sing on, pray on,
Ye followers of the Lamb.

2. I hope to live with Jesus,
I hope to live with Jesus,
I hope to live with Jesus,
Ye followers of the Lamb.

207. HYMN. P. M.

DANIEL'S wisdom may I know,
Stephen's faith and spirit show,
John's divine communion feel,
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal:
Run like the unwearied Paul,
Win the day and conquer all.

2. Mary's love may I possess,
Lydia's tender-heartedness,
Peter's ardent spirit feel,
James' faith by works reveal:
Like young Timothy, may I
Every sinful passion fly.

3. Job's submission may I show,
David's true devotion know:
Samuel's call, O may I hear,
Lazarus' happy portion share:
Let Isaiah's hallowed fire
All my new-born soul inspire.

4. Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,
Gideon's valiant steadfast care,
Joseph's purity impart,
Isaac's meditating heart,
Abrah'm's friendship may I prove,
Faithful to the God of love.

5. Most of all, may I pursue,
That example Jesus drew:
By my life and conduct show
How he lived and walk'd below:
Day by day, through grace restored,
Imitate my blessed Lord.

208. HYMN. P. M.

I HAVE a Father in the promised land,
I have a Father in the promised land,
My Father calls me, I must go,
To meet him in the promised land.
Cho.—I 'll away, I 'll away, to the promised land,
I 'll away, I 'll away, to the promised land,
My Father calls me, I must go,
To meet him in the promised land.

2. I have a Saviour in the promised land,
I have a Saviour in the promised land,
My Saviour calls me, I must go,
To meet Him in the promised land.
Cho.—I 'll away, I 'll away, to the promised land,
I 'll away, I 'll away, to the promised land,
My Saviour calls me, I must go,
To meet Him in the promised land.

3. I have a crown in the promised land,
I have a crown in the promised land,
When Jesus calls me, I must go,
To wear it in the promised land.
Cho.—I 'll away, I 'll away, to the promised land,
I 'll away, I 'll away, to the promised land,
When Jesus calls me, I must go,
To meet him in the promised land.

4. I hope to meet you in the promised land,
I hope to meet you in the promised land,
At Jesus' feet, a joyous band ;
We 'll praise him in the promised land.
Cho.—We'll away, we'll away, etc.

209. HYMN. P. M.

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

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

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

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

210. HYMN. P. M.

I HEAR thee speak of a better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! O where is that radiant shore,—
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?
O no, no; not there, not there, my child.

2. Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or mid the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
O no, no; not there, not there, my child!

2. Is it far away in some region old
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
O no, no; not there, not there, my child!

4. Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams can not picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
There, yes, there is that better land, my child!

211. HYMN. C. M.

WHEN Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart—
And, lo! he saith, I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart.

2. I wait till he shall make me clean—
Shall life and power impart;
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

3. Be it according to thy word;
Redeem me from all sin;
My heart would now receive thee, Lord,
Come in my Lord, come in!

---

212. HYMN. P. M.

WHEN I was young, of tender years,
My Saviour did invite me;
My heart was fill'd with many fears,
But Satan did entice me.
He told me that I was too young
To leave my sinful pleasure;
That I might wait till I was old,
And serve God at my leisure.

2. At length the Spirit came one day,
And strove with mighty power,
Which caus'd me to forsake my way,
And tremble every hour;
Which caused me to weep and mourn,
Saying, Lord Jesus, save me;
If mercy thou canst me afford,
Unto thy glory raise me.

3. When Jesus heard the rebel cry
He sent his kind compassion;
Down at his feet my soul did lie,
There pleading for a blessing.
My heart did melt with tenderness,
My mouth was filled with praises,
While Abba, Father, I did cry,
And glory to my Jesus.

4. Glory to God! for I have found
The pearl of my salvation;
I'm marching through Immanuel's ground,
Up to the heavenly Canaan.
Now I'm resolv'd to serve the Lord,
And never more forsake him;
But march along the heavenly road,
Till I do overtake him.

213. HYMN. P. M.

SILENT night! hallow'd night!
Land and deep, silent sleep!
Softly glitters bright Bethlehem's star,
Beck'ning Israel's eye from afar,
Where the Saviour is born!

2. Silent night! hallow'd night!
On the plain wakes the strain,
Sung by heavenly harbingers bright,
Fraught with tidings of boundless delight—
Jesus the Saviour has come!

3. Silent night! hallow'd night!
Earth awake, silence break;
High your anthems of melody raise,
Sing to heaven in cordial praise,
Peace forever shall reign!

214. HYMN. P. M.

Marseilles Hymn.

HAIL, ransomed world! awake to glory!
For God, the Saviour, bids you rise;
Angelic hosts proclaim the story,
And speed the tidings from the skies:—
Shall then the Prince of darkness reigning —
Oppress the earth from pole to pole —
And bind in chains the immortal soul;
His hands all sacred things profaning?
Awake! O Church, awake!
The tyrant's fetters break!
In God's right arm of strength resolved
On glorious victory.

2. Far let the gospel trump be sounding;
O'er sea, and continent, and isle:—
While the sweet voice of grace abounding;
Shall make the burdened captive smile.
Yes! to a world in bondage lying—
Go teach a bleeding Saviour's name—
Freedom from sin and death proclaim;
On every breeze salvation flying—
And sieze the gospel sword!
And with our mighty Lord!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On glorious victory.

215. HYMN. L. M.

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

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

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

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216. HYMN. P. M.

FIRMLY, brethren, firmly stand,
All united, heart and hand,
One unbroken, valiant band,
Dauntless, brave, and true;
Lift your standard, lift it high,
Raise the Christian battle cry,
Christ your glorious leader nigh,
Calls aloud to you:—

2. Once our fathers freedom cried,
"Victory *or* death" betide;
But with Jesus on our side,
Death AND vic'try too;
There to die, the battle won,
There to fall, the warfare done,

Glory brighter than the sun,
Then our promised due:—

3. Glorious thus for Christ to die,
And with Christ to reign on high;
There with victor hosts to cry,
Christ has brought us through;—
Christ, our Captain's name, we boast,
Quells the dark Satanic host;
Fall we then, each at his post—
Fall as Christians do.

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217. HYMN. C. M.

I LOVE the Sabbath school—the place
My youthful feet have trod;
Where I have heard of wisdom's ways,
That lead to peace and God.

2. I love the Sabbath school—'tis there
The praise of God we sing;
'Tis there we bow the knee in prayer
To God, our heavenly King.

3. I love the Sabbath school—where we
The Holy Bible read,
Which tells of Christ, who came to be
A Saviour in our need.

4. O, that, when life's few cares are past,
Our teachers we may meet
Upon the blissful plains, and cast
Our crowns at Jesus' feet.

218. HYMN. P. M.

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
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name!

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,—
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.
Till o'er our ransomed nature,

The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

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219. HYMN. P. M.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White, in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2. I lay my wants on Jesus:
All fulness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares:
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3. I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lovely, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

220. HYMN. P. M.

THE last lovely morning,
All blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting,
And soon will appear.

CHORUS.

While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump
Sounds, Come, come away,
O, let us be ready to hail the glad day.

2. And when that bright morning
In splendor shall dawn,
Our tears shall be ended,
Our sorrows all gone.

3. The Bridegroom from glory
To earth shall descend,
Ten thousand bright angels
Around him attend.

4. The graves shall be opened,
The dead shall arise,
And with the Redeemer
Mount up to the skies.

5. The saints then immortal
In glory shall reign,
The Bride with the Bridegroom
Forever remain.

221. HYMN. P. M.

WE won't give up the Bible,
God's holy book of Truth,—

The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth,—
The lamp which sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road,—
The voice which speaks a Saviour's love,
And leads us home to God.

2. We won't give up the Bible,
Nor heed the crafty tongue
That would this treasure take away;
Ye wicked ones, begone!
For ye would fain condemn our minds
To glooms of moral night,
But we defy your mortal power,
And God defends the right!

3. We won't give up the Bible:
But could ye force away
That which is as our life-blood dear,
Yet hear us joyful say:
The words that we have learnt while young
Shall follow all our days,
And those engraven on our hearts,
He never can erase.

4. We won't give up the Bible!
We'll shout it far and wide,
Until the echo shall be heard
Beyond the swelling tide;
Till all shall know that we, though young,
Withstand your treach'rous art,
And that from God's own sacred word
WE'LL NEVER, NEVER PART.

222. HYMN. P. M.

STAR of Peace, to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

2. Star of Hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3. Star of Faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4. Star Divine! O, safely guide him—
Bring the wanderer home to thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

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223. HYMN. P. M.

Holy Bible.

HOLY Bible, Book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Mine to light me on the road;
Mine to bring me safe to God.

2. Thou hast lighted many through,
Been their sword and compass too,—
Now they shout on Zion's hill,
"Hallelujah! all is well!"

3. So, blest volume, be to me,
Though I much have slighted thee;
Yet instruct me on until,
Safe in heaven, all is well.

4. Then, while endless ages roll,
And fresh glory swells the soul,
O how blest to feel and tell,
'Twas my Bible—all is well.

---

224. HYMN. C. M.

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

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 loved God's word to hear.

Her angel face,—I see it yet!
What thronging memories 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.

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225. HYMN. P. M.

WE live as pilgrims and strangers below,
We're homeward bound;
Though often tempted, yet onward we go,
We're homeward bound.
Trials and crosses we cheerfully bear,
Toils and temptations expecting to share,
We hasten forward, content with the fare;
We're homeward bound.

2. Earth with its trifles we all have resigned,
We're homeward bound.
Heaven, with its glories, we shortly shall find,
We're homeward bound.
Sinful amusements no longer are dear,
O! how illusive and vain they appear,
While to our home we are drawing so near,
We're homeward bound.

3. We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound.
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and opprest,
Join our number, O, come, and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound.

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226. HYMN. P. M.

LITTLE trav'lers, Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest;
There, to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns his foll'wers win—
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little trav'lers in!

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

3. "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by—
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky!

Each the welcome 'COME' awaits,
Conqu'rors over death and sin!"
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little trav'lers in!

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227. HYMN. P. M.

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

2. Lord guide and bless our teachers,
Who labor for our good;
And may the Holy Scriptures
By us be understood:
O may our hearts be given
To thee, our glorious King;
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing.

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

228. HYMN. C. M.

THE Sunday-school! the Sunday-school!
Blest be the wondrous plan!
So strong its power, so fraught with love,
Descending down to man!
The Bible and the Sunday-school
Our bulwark firm shall be,
To guard our rights, maintain our laws,
Preserve our liberty.

2. The blessed Bible! we'll maintain
Our charter and our shield—
Its precepts and its promises
Unfetter'd sway shall wield.
With free-born minds, and bounding hearts,
We prize its sacred truth,
For comfort in declining years—
Our guide in early youth.

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229. HYMN. P. M.

O COME, let us sing!
Our youthful hearts now swelling,
To God above, a God of love—
O come let us sing!
Our joyful spirits, glad and free,
With high emotions rise to thee
In heavenly melody—
O come let us sing!

2. The full notes prolong
Our festal celebration:
We hail the day with cheerful lay,
And full notes prolong.

Both cheerful youth and silvery age,
And childhood pure, the gay, the sage,
These thrilling scenes engage,
Full notes prolong.

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

4. We'll chant, chant his praise—
Our lofty strains now blending:
A tribute bring to Christ our King,
And chant, chant his praise.
Our Saviour, Prince, was crucified:
"'Tis finish'd," then, he meekly cried,
And bow'd his head and died—
Then chant, chant his praise!

5. All full chorus join—
To Jesus condescending
To bless our race with heavenly grace,
All full chorus join!
To God, whose mercy on us smiled,
And Holy Spirit, reconciled
By Christ, the meek and mild;
All full chorus join!

230. HYMN. P. M.

HAPPY the spirit released from its clay:
Happy the soul that goes bounding away;
Singing, as upward it hastes to the skies,
Victory! victory! homeward I rise.
Many the toils it has passed through below,
Many the seasons of trial and woe,
Many the doubtings it never should sing,
Victory! victory! thus on the wing.

2. How can we wish them recalled from their home,
Longer in sorrowing exile to roam?
Safely they passed from their troubles beneath,
Victory! victory! shouting in death.
Thus let them slumber till Christ from the skies,
Bids them in glorified bodies arise;
Singing as upward they spring from the tomb,
Victory! victory! Jesus has come.

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231. HYMN. P. M.

THERE is a happy land, far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand, bright, bright as day;
O! how they sweetly sing, "worthy is our Saviour King;"
Loud let his praises ring; praise, praise for aye.

2. Come to that happy land, come, come away,
Why will ye doubting stand, why still delay?
O, we shall happy be, when from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live for thee, blest, blest for aye.

3. Bright in that happy land, beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand, love cannot die;
O, then to glory run; be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun, we reign for aye.

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232. HYMN. C. M.

MY father's growing old! his eye
Looks dimly on the page;
The locks that round his forehead lie,
Are silver'd o'er by age.
My heart has learned too well the tale
Which other lips have told;
His years and strength begin to fail,—
My father's growing old.

2. They tell me in my youthful years,
He led me by his side,
And strove to calm my childish fears—
My erring steps to guide.
But years, with all their scenes of change,
Above us both have rolled;
I now must guide his faltering steps,—
My father's growing old.

3. And when each tuneful voice we raise
In songs of "long ago,"
His voice, which mingles with our lays,
Is tremulous and low;
It used to seem a clarion's tone,
So musical and bold;
But weaker, fainter has it grown,—
My father's growing old.

4. The same fond smile he used to wear,
Still wreaths his pale lips now;
But time, with lines of age and care,
Has traced his placid brow.
But yet, amid the lapse of years,
His heart has not grown cold;
Though voice and footsteps plainly tell
My father's growing old.

5. My father! thou didst strive to share
My joys, and calm my fears,
And now thy child, with grateful care,
In thy declining years
Shall smooth thy path, and brighter scenes
By faith and hope unfold;
And love thee with a holier love,
Since thou art "growing old."

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233. HYMN. P. M.

HOW cheering the thought that the spirits in bliss
Should bow their bright wings to a world such as this;
Should leave their bright mansions of glory above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! to the Lamb! hallelujah! to the Lamb!
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah! to the Lamb!

2. They come on the wings of the morning, they come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;
Some pilgrim to snatch from his stormy abode,
And bear him to rest in the bosom of love.

234. HYMN. P. M.

COME, my Christian brethren, come,
Let us onward to our home,
Though we many trials meet,
Jesus makes our trials sweet.

CHORUS

We with Jesus soon shall be
Happy in eternity:
By our Father's side sit down:
They that conquer shall wear the crown.

2. Brother Christian, doubt no more,
Christ, your Saviour 's gone before;
He himself has marked the way,
Leading to eternal day.
We with Jesus, etc.

3. Let us never be afraid,
'Tis on Christ our help is laid;
He will all our foes o'ercome,
He will take his exiles home.
We with Jesus, etc.

4. Though the world revile and mock,
We are built upon the Rock;
And while thus we dwell secure,
Christ will make our goings sure.
We with Jesus, etc.

---

235. HYMN. P. M.

WHEN to thee, who hast thy dwelling
In the heaven of light excelling,

We our youthful griefs are telling;
Lord and Saviour, hear us.

2. When, at birth of rosy morning,
Our glad songs shall greet the dawning,
When the sun the noon 's adorning;
Lord and Saviour, hear us.

3. Or when day's bright hours are ending,
When, the shades of night descending,
We are at thy footstool bending;
Lord and Saviour, hear us.

4. For a life thy praise expressing
For a death thy name confessing,
For a heaven of endless blessing;
Lord and Saviour, hear us.

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236. HYMN. C. M.

NOW, children, to God's house repair,
And with the holy throng
O give your hearts to humble prayer,
And raise the cheerful song.

2. Praise God, whose mercies brought you here,
Whose goodness keeps you still,
Whose grace with joy your souls can cheer,
Whose power subdues your will.

3. Improve the strength you here have gain'd
To do his holy will;
Improve the knoweldge here attain'd,
To love and serve him still.

4. Let not the world have cause to say,
You served your God for naught;
But grow in grace from day to day,
As you have here been taught.

---

237. HYMN. P. M.

NOW is done the time of teaching,
Ended is the hour we love;
Hush'd the voice of friends beseeching
Us to seek for joys above:
Precious Sabbaths!
Swiftly, O! they swiftly move.

2. Wake, then, every tender feeling!
Ere from school we go away;
Saviour, come, thy grace revealing,
Every troubled thought allay—
Make us holy,
On the sacred Sabbath day.

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

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

238. HYMN. C. M.

WE lift to heaven our tearful eyes,
And bow in sadness here;
For cold in death our teacher lies,
Upon the lowly bier.

2. We never more shall hear the word
Of wisdom from that tongue;
Gone now to reap a rich reward—
The work of earth is done!

3. Asleep in death—but not the word
Of wisdom from that tongue;
To-day, it bids us seek the Lord,
Before the night comes on.

4. O may we heed the counsel wise,
By our dear teacher given;
And meet that spirit in the skies,
And share the bliss of heaven!

---

239. HYMN. L. M.

THERE is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
A thousand children young as I,
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

2. Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.

3. Just as a tree cut down, that fell
To north or southward, there it lies;
So man departs to heaven or hell,
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

---

240. HYMN. P. M.

GO to thy rest, my child—
Go to thy dreamless bed;
Gentle, and meek, and mild,
With blessings on thy head:
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

2. Before thy heart might learn
In waywardness to stray,—
Before thy feet could turn
The dark and downward way,—
Ere sin might wound thy breast,
Or sorrow wake the tear,
Rise to thy home of rest
In yon celestial sphere.

3. Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lips and eyes so bright,—
Because thy cradle-care
Was such a fond delight,—
Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy heavenward flight detain?
No, angel! seek thy place
Amid yon cherub train.

241. HYMN. C. M.

CHILDREN.

TO Sabbath school, to Sabbath school,
We'll haste, we'll haste away;
We'll early be at Sabbath school,
Nor ever stop to play.

TEACHERS.

2. At Sabbath school, at Sabbath school,
This precious holy day;
Be careful at the Sabbath school
Your lessons well to say.

CHILDREN.

3. At Sabbath school, at Sabbath school,
This precious holy day;
We'll careful be at Sabbath school
Our lessons well to say.

TEACHERS.

4. At Sabbath school, at Sabbath school,
Your teachers' voice obey;
And listen at the Sabbath school
To everything they say.

BOTH.

5. The Sabbath school, the Sabbath school,
It is the place of prayer;
We'll solemn be at Sabbath school,
For God himself is there.

242. HYMN. C. M.

A YEAR, another year, is fled;
Its issues who can tell?
Millions of voices of the dead
Reply from heaven or hell.

2. All these were living at the birth
Of the departed year:
They all have vanish'd from the earth;
We fill their places here.

3. Lost spirits from the dark abyss
Cry mournfully, Beware!
Spirits in glory and in bliss
Sing joyfully, Prepare!

4. Thus timely warn'd, and moved with fear,
Of wrath let us beware:
For life or death, in this new year—
For earth and heaven prepare.

---

243. HYMN. L. M.

A MOURNING class, a vacant seat
Tell us that one we loved to meet
Will join our youthful throng no more
Till all these changing scenes are o'er.

2. No more that voice we loved to hear
Shall fill *her* teacher's list'ning ear;
No more its tones shall join to swell
The songs that of a Saviour tell.

3. That welcome face, that sparkling eye,
And sprightly form, must buried lie

Deep in the cold and silent gloom,
The rayless night, that fills the tomb.

4. God tells us, by this mournful death,
How vain and fleeting is our breath,
And bids our souls prepare to meet
The trial of his judgment-seat.

---

244. HYMN. C. M.

THE Sabbath is the day of rest
From earthly toil and care,
The holy day that God hath bless'd,
The time for praise and prayer.

2. Now we must lay our toys aside,
And leave our sports and play;
Far better things doth God provide
For this his holy day.

3. The Sunday school, the house of prayer,
With open doors invite:
We see our kind instructors there,
And pleasant is the sight.

4. And there we read and hear that Word
Which makes the simple wise:
And learn to know and fear the Lord,
And heavenly truth to prize.

5. There too we sing our Saviour's love,
Who from the dead arose;
Who lives, and from his throne above
Eternal life bestows.

6. May we improve our Sabbaths more,
And thus for heaven prepare;
That we may spend, when life is o'er,
An endless Sabbath there.

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245. HYMN. L. M.

WE are but young—yet we may sing
The praises of our heavenly King;
He made the earth, the sea, the sky,
And all the starry worlds on high.

2. We are but young—yet we must die;
Perhaps our latter end is nigh;
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
And find in Christ a hiding place.

3. We are but young—we need a guide;
Jesus, in thee we would confide;
O! lead us in the path of truth,
Protect and bless our helpless youth.

4. We are but young—yet God has shed
Unnumber'd blessings on our head;
Then let our youth and riper days
Be all devoted to his praise.

---

246. HYMN. L. M.

PRESERVED by thine Almighty Power,
Our Lord, our Maker,—Saviour,—King,
And brought to see this happy hour,
We come thy praises here to sing.
Happy day, etc.

2. We praise thee for thy constant care,
For life preserved, for mercies given;
Oh may we still those mercies share,
And taste the joys of sins forgiven.
Happy day, etc.

3. We praise thee for the joyful news,
Of pardon through a Saviour's blood;
Oh Lord, incline our hearts to choose
The road to happiness and God.
Happy day, etc.

4. And when on earth our days are done,
Grant, Lord, that we at length may join,
Teachers and scholars round thy throne,
The song of Moses and the Lamb.
Happy day, etc.

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247. HYMN. P. M.

CHILDREN of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesus' name;
Children, too, of modern days
Join to sing the Saviour's praise:
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King!

2. We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read his word;
We are taught the way to heaven:
Praise for all to God be given:
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King!

3. Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song:
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies:
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King!

---

248. HYMN. P. M.

TO-DAY,—If ye will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say,—will you to Mount Zion go?
Say,—will you have this Christ, or no?
We are passing away.

2. Ye wandering souls, who find no rest!
Say,—will you be for ever blest?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?
We are passing away.

3. Come now, dear youth! for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.
We are passing away.

4. Once more we ask you in his name,—
For yet his love remains the same,—
Say,—will you to Mount Zion go?
Say,—will you have this Christ, or no?
We are passing away.

249. HYMN. C. M.

SPEAK gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear.
Speak gently: let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

2. Speak gently: love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow—
Affection's voice is kind.

3. Speak gently to the little child,
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain.

4. Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

5. Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

6. Speak gently to the erring—know
That they have toil'd in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so.
O! win them back again.

7. Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

250. HYMN. P. M.

WHEN I sleep, and when I wake,
When my daily walks I take,
Though my eyes no God can see,
Still He ever looks at me.

2. When I speak a wicked word,
By my Saviour it is heard;
Though I seek from God to flee,
Still from heaven he looks at me.

3. When I break His holy day,
And indulge in sinful play,
Could I still so thoughtless be
If I felt He looks at me?

4. When with wicked ones I play,
When my heart forgets to pray,
Though I may forgetful be,
Still my Saviour looks at me.

5. When my angry passions rise,
God can hear my sinful cries;
When rebellious I would be,
Still He ever looks at me.

6 Every disobedient word,
False or cross, in heaven is heard:
Though no human eye can see,
God, my Saviour, looks at me.

7. In each action that I do,
God can see me through and through:
May this thought a comfort be,
Christ, my Saviour, cares for me.

251. HYMN. P. M.

OH, 't is in this land of the Bible we love,
Which so proudly we hail in the gospel light gleaming,
Whose radiance, reflecting pure light from above,
O'er the land of the heathen in brilliance is streaming;
In strength do we meet,—in might do we come,
The youth of your country, the pride of your home;
And long may the Sabbath school banner still wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

2. We gather in strength, and in numbers appear,
Rich and poor meet alike your lov'd banner surrounding;
What a garden for culture,—what tendrils to rear?
What a field for your labors,—the harvest abounding!
In strength do we meet, etc.

3. O guide us in truth, and the future will smile,
Be your precepts in love, and we gladly receive them;
No infidel tale will our reason beguile,
But the words of the Bible our young hearts believe them.
In strength do we meet, etc.

4. And in love we will think of the heathen afar,
And forget not to weep o'er his mind's desolation:
The mission of mercy shall beam as a star,
And shall gild with its brilliance each far-distant nation.
In strength do we meet, etc.

5. And our own land of freedom, be it ever the same;
Future ages shall read and rejoice in our story;
Our Sunday school system shall gain us a name,
And religion shall wreathe our young brows with its glory.
Then the cause that we love, O triumph it must;
With the brave be our motto, In God is our trust;
And long shall the Sabbath school banner still wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave

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252. HYMN. P. M.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish!
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal!

2. Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,
"Earth hath no sorrow that heav'n 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 heav'n can remove.

253. HYMN. P. M.

The Eden of Love.

HOW sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest.
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
And lead me to mansions prepar'd for the blest;
Encircled with light, and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight thro' the Eden of love.

2 While angelic legions, with harps tun'd celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise;
The saints as they flock from the regions terrestrial
In loud hallelujahs their voices shall raise;
Their songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
My soul shall respond, to Emmanual be given,
All glory, all honor, all might, all dominion,
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of love.

3 Then, hail blessed state! hail ye songsters of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above;
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
Salvation from sorrow through Jesus' love;
Though prison'd in clay, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me when freed from probation;
My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love.

254. HYMN P. M.

WITH joy we meet,
With smiles we greet,
Our schoolmates bright and gay;
Be dry each tear
Of sorrow here—
'Tis Independence Day

2. 'Tis freedom's sound
That rings around,
And brightens every ray;
Our banner floats,
With trumpet notes,
On Independence Day.

3. While thunder breaks,
And music wakes
Its patriotic lay,
At temple-gate
Our feet shall wait
On Independence Day.

4. O, who from home
Would fail to come
And join the children's lay,
When praise we bring
To God, our King,
On Independence day!

5. For liberty,
Great God, to Thee
Our grateful thanks we pay;
For thanks, we know,
To Thee we owe,
On Independence Day.

255. HYMN. C. M.

JESUS! thy love shall we forget,
And never bring to mind
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find?
Chorus—Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On thee—alone on thee;
Thy precious blood our ransom paid,
Thine all the glory be.

2. Shall we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fastings and thy prayer;
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair?
Our sorrows, etc.

3. Gethsemane, can we forget,
Thy struggling agony,
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?
Our sorrows, etc.

4. The nails—the spear—can we forget,
The agonizing cry:
"My God! my Father! wilt thou let
Thy Son, forsaken die?"
Our sorrow, etc.

5. Life's brightest joys we may forget,
Our kindred cease to love;
But he who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.
Our sorrows, etc.

256. HYMN. P. M.

WITH joy again, kind friends, we meet you,
Once again our songs we sing ;
This happy night we gladly greet you,
Grateful hearts their tribute bring.

CHORUS.

We come, we come, we come with songs to greet you,
We come, we come, we come, we come again.

2. Time has sped since last you hearkened
To our notes of youthful praise,
Yet our joys have not been darkened
By the noiseless flight of days,
We come, we come, etc.

3. But now again we meet in gladness,
To wipe the tear from every eye ;
Come ! banish from the heart all sadness,
Nor let a sorrow cause a sigh.
We come, we come, etc.

4. We once again give you our greeting,
While we welcome those we love,
Hoping for a happier meeting
In our Father's house above.
We come, we come, etc.

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257. HYMN. C. M.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given ;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears,
And life, and light, and joy imparts,
And banishes our fears.

3. This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
'Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

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258. HYMN. P. M.

AROUND the throne of God in heav'n,
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band—
Singing glory, glory, glory be to God on high.

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

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, etc.

4. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb—
Singing glory, etc.

259. HYMN. P. M.

WE speak, we speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair;
And ofttimes its glories we here confess,
But what must it be to be there?

2. We speak, we speak of its pathway of gold,
And its walks decked with jewels most rare;
Of the river of life and its joys untold—
But what must it be to be there?

3. We speak, we speak of its freedom from sin
From sorrow, temptation, and care;
From fightings without and fears within—
But what must it be to be there.

4. Then let us, my brethren, midst pleasure and
Our spirits for heaven prepare; [woe,
For shortly we all may rejoice to know
And feel what it is to be there.

260. HYMN. P. M.

THE Bible—the Bible! more precious than gold,
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold;
It speaks of salvation—wide opens the door—
Its offers are free to the rich and the poor.

2. The Bible—the Bible! blest volume of truth,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth;
It bids us seek early the "pearl of great price,"
'Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

3. The Bible—the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

261. HYMN. C. M.

O happy land! O happy land!
Where saints and angels dwell;
We long to join that glorious band,
And all their anthems swell.

CHORUS.

Tune all your harps to sing His praise,
Who died that we might live;
We soon shall reach that happy place,
Which Christ, the Lord, will give.

2. But every voice in yonder throng,
On earth has breathed a prayer;
No lips untaught may join that song,
Or learn the music there.
Tune all your harps, etc.

3. Thou heavenly friend! thou heavenly friend!
O, hear us when we pray;
Now let Thy pard'ning grace descend,
And take our sins away.
Tune all your harps, etc.

4. Be all our fresh, our youthful days,
To Thy blest service given;
That we may meet to sing Thy praise,
A ransom'd band in heaven.
Tune all your harps, etc.

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262. HYMN. C. M.

HAPPY the child whose tender years
Receive instruction well,
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2. 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To seek religion young;
Grace will preserve our foll'wing years,
And make our virtue strong.

3. To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were Thine.

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

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263. HYMN. P. M.

HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.

2. Mine, to chide me when I rove,
Mine, to show a Saviour's love,
Mine art thou to guide my feet,
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3. Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4. Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O, thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!

264. HYMN. P. M.

HOW sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest,
The day of the week which I ought to love best;
The morning the Saviour arose from the tomb,
And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.

2. O let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
And not spend a moment in trifling or play;
Rememb'ring these seasons were graciously given
To teach me to seek, and prepare me for heaven.

3. In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
While I worship to-day may my heart be sincere,
In the school while I learn, may I listen with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over me there.

4. Instruct me, my Saviour, for Thine would I be,
Nor am I too young to be noticed by Thee;
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in Thy ways,
I would love Thee, and serve Thee, and give Thee the praise.

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265. HYMN. C. M.

WHEN Thou shalt make Thy jewels up,
And set Thy starry crown;
When all Thy gems, O Lord, shall shine,
Proclaimed by Thee Thine own,—

2. May we, a little band of love,
Poor sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold Thee face to face.

266. HYMN. L. M.

MAY this a happy new year be;
We would begin it, Lord, with Thee;
O mercifully condescend
To be our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend.

2. Each day our youthful footsteps guide,
And keep us closely by Thy side;
Each night may we in safety rest
Within Thy fold—upon Thy breast.

3. Blest Saviour, we would bring to Thee,
A New Year's gift; O may it be
A heart renew'd by grace divine,
Which Thou wilt take and own as Thine.

4. And we would ask a gift from Thee—
Thine own best blessing let it be;
The Comforter, the Holy Dove,
To teach our hearts a Saviour's love.

5. And when our years on earth are told.
Then take us to Thy heavenly fold;
May this our happy portion be—
To spend eternity with Thee.

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267. HYMN. P. M.

O HOW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2. That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received—
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3. 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet.
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4. Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O, that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried;
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

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268. HYMN. L. M.

DEAR partner of our hopes and fears,
And wilt thou here no longer dwell,
To share our toils, and joys, and tears?
And must we bid a sad farewell?

2. Yes, thou must fill thy future lot
Far from thy fond and cherished friends,
But not to be by us forgot
While life its beating pulses spends

3. We'll think of thee amid the scene
Of each returning Sabbath-day;
And nowhere else with grief so keen,
Will mourn that thou art far away.

4. We'll think of thee around the board
That speaks of a dying Saviour's love;
And trust our joy will be restored
In endless fellowship above.

5. Lord, let thy care *his* footsteps guard,
Thy choicest blessings fill *his* heart,
And crown *him* with thy rich reward,
Where Christian friends no more shall part.

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269. HYMN. L. M.

HAPPY the children who are gone
To live with Jesus Christ in peace,
Who stand around his glorious throne,
Redeem'd by blood, and saved by grace.

2. The Saviour, whom they loved below,
Hath kindly wiped their tears away;
No sin, no sorrow there they know,
But bask in one eternal day.

3. Now to their golden harps they sing,
While tens of thousands join the songs,
Hosanna to the immortal King
To whom immortal praise belongs!

4. Most gracious Lord! O may we be
All brought with them in bliss to join;
Thy sacred countenance to see,
And sing Thy mercies all divine!

270. HYMN. C. M.

WE'LL not forget the Sunday school,
This hallow'd, much-loved place;
Though friends and scenes around us change,
And time flies on apace.

2. We'll not forget the Sunday school,
Where hopes of sin forgiven
Through Him alone, who came to die,
Allure our souls to heaven.

3. We'll not forget the Sunday school,
Which taught us to beware
Of Satan's foul, deceitful arts,
Our youthful souls t' insnare.

4. We'll not forget the Sunday school,
Nor friends that here we found,
Who strove to lead us home to God;
To them our hearts are bound.

5. We'll follow in their footsteps here,
And teach, and sing, and love;
Keep them and us, Lord, in Thy fear,
'Till we shall meet above!

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271. HYMN. P. M.

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

2. While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciled face;
Take away our sin and shame;
From our wordly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3. As we meet Thy name to praise,
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes
While we in Thy house appear;
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

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

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272. HYMN. L. M.

LET children to their God draw near
With rev'rence and with holy fear;
Let every knee before him bend,
Our Maker, Saviour, Guide and Friend.

2. Lord, may Thy mercies great and free
Fill us with gratitude to Thee;
And still, as through the world we go,
More of these mercies may we know.

3. Far from our hearts, O Lord, remove
The evil thoughts that sinners love;
And give us wisdom, day by day,
To choose the straight and narrow way.

4. In times of sickness, times of health,
In times of poverty or wealth,
And in our last and dying hour,
Save us by Thine almighty power.

5. Then may we join the happy band
That in Thy heavenly temple stand,
And as Thy goodness we adore,
Sing glory, glory evermore.

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273. HYMN. C. M.

THE drunkard wastes away his strength
For that which does no good;
He madly drinks, and sees at length,
His children pine for food.

2. The sparkling poison of the bowl
Makes all the man decay—
Creates a hell within his soul,
And clouds his troubled way.

3. And when at length he comes to die,
He shrieks in wild affright;
For snaky fiends are gath'ring nigh—
Hell opens to his sight!

4. Then let us to our ways attend,
For God in wrath decrees,
That drunkards shall at last descend
To endless agonies.

274. HYMN. P. M.

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2. Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,—
Symbol of the peace within,
When the heart is free from sin.

3. Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies
Pressing onward to the prize.

4. Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
'Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

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275. HYMN. P. M

THE hour has come, I will not stay,
But haste to school without delay
Nor loiter here, for 'tis a crime
To waste away my precious time.

2. I should be there when prayer begins,
To seek the pardon of my sins;
To ask the favor of the Lord,
And pray to understand His word.

3. I should be there with fear and love
To seek for wisdom from above;
And while I read the sacred page,
O, may its truths my heart engage!

4. These Sabbath-days will soon be o'er
When I can go to school no more;
How shall I then endure the pain
Of having spent God's day in vain?

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276. HYMN. C. M.

O DO not touch the madd'ning bowl!
'Twill lead thee far astray;
'Twill quench the gladness of thy soul,
And steal thy hopes away.

2. What numbers in the graveyard lie,
Who might be living still,
Had they been timely warn'd to fly
This fiery fount of ill!

3. Now while their wretched offspring weep,
Their souls in darkness dwell;
For justice must in anger sweep
The drunkard down to hell.

4. O, do not touch the madd'ning bowl!
'Twill lead thee far astray,
'Twill quench the gladness of thy soul,
And steal thy hopes away!

277. HYMN. P. M.

WORTHY, worthy is the Lamb;
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb;
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb that once was slain.

Chorus.—Glory, hallelujah!
Praise him, hallelujah!
Glory, hallelujah!
Praise ye the Lord.

2. Stars of morning shout for joy!
Sing redemption's mystery;
Holy, holy, holy cry, praise ye the Lord.

3. Bend thy bow, and whet thy sword,
Send thy spirit with thy word—
Now revive thy work, O Lord, thou bleeding Lamb.

4. In this place, and at this hour,
Bare thy arm, display thy power,—
Show thyself the Conqueror, thou reigning Lamb.

5. Strike the stoutest sinner through,
Force the cry, "What shall I do?"
Let him weep till born anew, to praise the Lord.

6. Thus we may each moment feel,
Love him, serve him, praise him still,
Till on Zion's holy hill, we praise the Lamb.

7. And when landed safe above,
In the kingdom of his love,
We shall all the fullness prove, of Christ the Lamb.

8. You must all be born anew,
You must all be happy too,
You must all this gate pass through, to that bright world.

278. HYMN. P. M.

THE morning hours of cheerful light
Of all the day are best;
But as they speed their hasty flight,
If every hour is spent aright,
We sweetly sink to sleep at night,
And pleasant is our rest.

2. And life is like a summer's day,
It seems so quickly past,
Youth is the morning bright and gay,
And, if 'tis spent in wisdom's way,
We meet old age without dismay,
And death is sweet at last.

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279. HYMN. L. M.

I LOVE to have the Sabbath come,
I love to rise and quit my home,
And haste to school with cheerful air,
To meet my friends and teachers there.

2. 'Tis here I'm always taught to pray,
That God would bless me day by day;
And safely guard and guide me still,
And ever help to do his will

3. 'Tis here I sing a Saviour's love
That brought him from his throne above,
'Tis here I seek my Father's face,
And here begin the Christian's race.

280. HYMN. C. M.

I'M with you once again, my friends,
No more my footsteps roam ;
Where it began, my journey ends,
Amind the scenes of home.
No other clime has sky so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear;
And where are hearts so warm and true,
As those that meet us here,
And where are hearts so warm and true,
As those that meet us here.

2. Since last, with spirits wild and free,
I pressed my native strand,
I've wandered many miles at sea,
And many miles on land ;
I've seen all nations of the earth,
Of every hue and tongue ;
Which taught me how to prize the worth
Of that from which I sprung,
Which taught me how to prize the worth
Of that from which I sprung.

3. My native land I turn to you,
With blessing and with prayer ;
Where man is brave, and woman true,
And free as mountain air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave,
Against the world combined ;
And friends a welcome, foes a grave,
Within our borders find,
And friends a welcome, foes a grave,
Within our borders find.

281. HYMN. P. M.

O SAY can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
On the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare—bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say does the star-spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

2. On the shore dimly seen, through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes;
What is that which the breeze o'er the lowering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream.
'Tis the star-spangled banner, etc.

3. And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood hath washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;

No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner, etc.

4. O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"IN GOD IS OUR TRUST;"
And the star-spangled banner, etc.

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282. HYMN. L. M.

WHAT is't to keep Thanksgiving-day?
Is it to eat, and drink, and play,
Our work to leave, our friends to meet,
And please our taste with every sweet?

2. No, 'tis a day of pious joy,
And we should every hour employ
In speaking of God's mercies given,
And raising grateful thoughts to heaven.

3. The friends we meet, the food we share,
The fire we feel, the clothes we wear,
And all the blessings that we prove,
Should fill our hearts with grateful love.

283. HYMN. P. M.

THE bright flag of America,
How gallantly it waves
Above the freeman's dwelling place,
Above the foeman's grave,
By noble streams and forests deep,
And on the bounding sea,
A thousand hearts are welcoming
The banner of the free.
The banner of the free;
The banner of the free.

2. Where'er a peaceful hamlet lies,
Its sheltering hills between,
The starry beacon floats above,
As guardian of the scene;
Where'er the north pine forests bind
The tempests sweeping blast;
And every stone a record keeps
Of struggles of the past.
Of struggles of the past,
Of struggles of the past.

3. Where prairie's spreading plain is seen,
And wild war-whoops ring by;
Or, by the distant watercourse,
Beneath a southern sky—
The stars and stripes wave proudly out,
And from far wood to sea,
From heart and voice breaks forth the shout,
"The banner of the free,"
"The banner of the free."

284. HYMN. P. M.

WHO shall sing, if not the children?
Did not Jesus die for them?
May they not, with other jewels,
Sparkle in his diadem?
Why to them were voices given—
Bird-like voices, sweet and clear?
Why, unless the song of heaven
They begin to practise here?

2. There's a choir of infant songsters,
White-robed, round the Saviour's throne:
Angels cease, and waiting, listen!
Oh! 'tis sweeter than their own!
Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
When her ear is upward turned;
Is it not the same, perfected,
Which upon the earth they learned?

3. Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
Loved them with a wondrous love;
And will he, to heaven returning,
Faithless to his blessing prove?
Oh! they can not sing too early:
Fathers, stand not in their way!
Birds do sing while day is breaking—
Tell me, then, why should not they?

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285. HYMN. P. M.

AMERICA, I love thee still!
There's glory in thy name,
There's brightness beaming from thy birth,
And honor from thy fame.

There's beauty in thy naked soil,
Bespeaking smiles of love;
Thy rocks and blooming wilds proclaim,
Protection from above.

2. America, I love thee still!
Thou art my native land!
Thy joys, so pure, can ne'er be found
Upon a foreign strand.
Tho' pleasure's path and fortune's smiles
In other climes seem fair,
The brightest of their hopes and joys,
Can naught with thee compare.

3. America, I love thee still!
Resplendent glories gleam,
Through all thy deeds;—the sacred light
Shall ever be my theme.
Pure from the realms of Victory's sky,
The crown was given to thee;
Midst starry lights eternal stands
The orb of liberty.

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286. HYMN. P. M.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

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

287. HYMN. P. M.

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

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

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

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

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288. HYMN. P. M.

"FEED my lambs"—how condescending,
How compassionate the grace
Of the Saviour, just ascending,
Thus to bless our infant race!

2. Richest treasure, dearest token,
From his stores of love to give;
Kept from age to age unbroken,
'Till its bounty we receive.

3. "Feed my lambs!" ye pastors, hear it;
Feed the flock of his own hand;
O, for him, for us, revere it—
Keep the Shepherd's last command.

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289. HYMN. P. M.

NOW to heaven our prayers ascending,
God speed the right;
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right.
Be their zeal in heaven recorded,
With success on earth rewarded,
God speed the right,
God speed the right.

2. Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right;
Ne'er despairing though defeated,
God speed the right.
Like the good and great in story,
If they fail, they fail with glory,
God speed the right,
God speed the right.

3. Patient, firm and persevering,
God speed the right,
Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right.
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's own time succeeding,
God speed the right,
God speed the right.

290. HYMN. P. M.

WE were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.
'Tis a fearful thing in winter,
To be shattered in the blast,
And to hear the trumpet thunder,
"Cut away the mast!"

2. We shuddered there in silence,
For the stoutest held his breath;
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with death.
Sad, thus we sat in silence,
And busy with their prayers;
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

3. But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"
Then he kissed the little maiden;
And we spake of better cheer,
As we anchored safe in harbor
As the sun was shining clear.
And a shout rose wild and joyous,
As we clasped the friendly hand,
"Ah! God is on the ocean,
Just the same as on the land."

291. HYMN. L. M.

HOW many were the silent prayers
My mother offered up for me ;
How many were the bitter cares
She felt when none but God could see.

2. Well, she is gone, and now in heaven
She sings his praise who died for her ;
And to her hand a harp is given,
And she's a heavenly worshiper.

3. O let me think of all she said,
And all the kind advice she gave ;
And let me do it, now she's dead,
And sleeping in her lowly grave.

4. And let me choose the path she chose,
And her I soon again may see,
Beyond this world of sin and woes,
With Jesus, in eternity.

292. HYMN. S. M.

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

2. May we receive his word,
And feed thereon and grow ;
Go on to seek, and know the Lord,
And practice what we know

293. HYMN. P. M.

HARK my mother's voice I hear,
Sweet that voice is to my ear;
Ever soft it seems to tell,
Dearest child, I love thee well.

2. Love me, mother? yes, I know
None can love as well as thou;
Was it not upon thy breast
I was taught in sleep to rest?

3. Didst not thou, in hours of pain,
Lull this head to ease again?
With the music of thy voice
Bid my little heart rejoice?

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294. HYMN. P. M.

HARK! the Sabbath bells are ringing!
Let us haste without delay;
Prayers of thousands now are winging
Up to heaven their silent way.

2. 'Tis an hour of happy meeting,
We have met for praise and prayer,
But the hour is short and fleeting;
Let us then be early there.

3. Do not keep our teachers waiting,
While you tarry by the way,
Nor disturb the school reciting;
'Tis the holy Sabbath day.

4. Children haste; the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair,
Thousands now are joined in singing;
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.

---

295. HYMN. L. M.

The Sunday-school.

THE Sunday-school, how dear to me!
Within thy walls I love to be.
My youthful heart with joy is full
When I am in the Sunday-school.
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school!
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school!
My youthful heart with joy is full
When I am in the Sunday-school!

2. 'Tis here that I my teachers see,
Who always pleased to welcome me,
As on the Sabbath day we meet
In our accustomed class and seat,
In Sunday-school, etc.

3. 'Tis here that I am taught to pray,
And love God's holy Sabbath day;
To sing his praise and learn his will,
And all my duties to fulfill,
In Sunday-school, etc.

4. 'Tis here I learn that Christ has died,
That he for me was crucified;
That he my precious soul has bought;
These blessed truths I here am taught,
In Sunday-school, etc.

296. HYMN. L. M.

FAREWELL, farewell to all below,
My Saviour calls and I must go;
I'll launch my boat upon the sea,
O! there's a better land for me.
This world is not my home,
This world is not my home,
This world is all a wilderness,
This world is not my home.

2. I found the winding paths of sin,
A rugged path to travel in,
Beyond the chilling waves I see,
The land my Saviour bought for me.

3. O sinner! why will you not go?
There is room enough for you I know,
The vessel's large, the passage free,
O! there's a better land for me.

4. Praise be to God, my home's on high,
Where angels sing, and so will I,
Where seraphs bow and bend the knee,
O! that's the land, the land for me.

---

297. HYMN. C. M.

Eternity.

THE sun that lights the world shall fade,
The stars shall pass away;
But I, a child immortal made,
Shall witness their decay.

2. Yes, I shall live when they are dead,
Though now so bright they shine;
When earth and all it holds have fled,
Eternity is mine.

3. For I can never, never die,
While God himself remains;
But I must live in heaven on high,
Or dwell where darkness reigns.

4. If heaven and hell ne'er pass away,
To Christ, oh! let me flee;
If pain be hard for one short day,
What must FOREVER be?

---

298. HYMN. S. M.

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
Zion, behold thy Saviour king,
He reigns and triumphs here!

2. How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found,
How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light—
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

299. HYMN. P. M.

Safe in the Promised Land.

WHERE, O! where are the Hebrew children—
Where, O! where are the Hebrew children,
Who were cast in the furnace of fire?
Safe now in the promis'd land.
By-and-by we 'll go home to meet them,
By-and-by we 'll go home to meet them,
By-and-by we 'll go home to meet them;
'Way o'er in the promis'd land.

2. Where, O! where is the prophet Daniel—
Where, O! where is the prophet Daniel,
Who was cast in the den of lions?
Safe now in the promis'd land.
By-and-by, etc.

3. Where, O! where is the martyred Stephen—
Where, O! where is the martyred Stephen,
Who was stoned for his love to Jesus?
Safe now in the promis'd land.
By-and-by, etc.

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300. HYMN. P. M.

Dear Father, ere we part.

DEAR father, ere we part,
Now let thy grace descend,
And fill each youthful heart
With peace from Christ our friend;
May show'rs of blessings from above,
Descend and fill our hearts with love.

2. May we, in after years,
With gratitude review
The service of this day,
The works we now pursue;
And speed our way to worlds above,
With hearts all fired with holy love.

3. We know that soon on earth
The fondest ties must end,—
Our own most cherished hopes
To death's cold hand must bend;
The fairest flowers in all their bloom,
Must soon lie withered in the tomb.

4. Then when our spirits leave
These tenements of clay,
May they, to God who gave,
Ascend, in endless day,
To join with parents, teachers, friends,
That anthem sweet which never ends.

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301. HYMN. L. M.

I am bound for the Land of Canaan.

TOGETHER let us sweetly live,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
Together let us sweetly die,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O! Canaan, bright Canaan,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
O! Canaan, it is my happy home,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

2. Part of my friends the prize have won,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
And I'm resolved to travel on,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O! Canaan, etc.

3. Our songs of praise shall fill the skies,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
While higher still our joys they rise,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O! Canaan, etc.

---

302. HYMN. P. M.

The Child's Desire.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he call'd little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3. Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

4. In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

303. HYMN. C. M.

THERE is a glorious world of light,
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2. And hark, amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.

3. Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey ;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

4. Soon will our earthly race be run—
Our mortal frames decay ;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must die and pass away.

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

---

304. HYMN. C. M.

Cross and Crown.

LORD teach a little child to pray ;
Thy grace betimes impart ;
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my sinful heart.

2. A fallen creature I was born,
And from my birth I strayed;
I must be wretched and forlorn,
Without thy mercy's aid.

3. But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain;
Can fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.

4. To him let little children come,
For he hath said they may;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears he 'll wipe away.

5. For all who early seek his face
Shall surely taste his love;
Jesus shall guide them by his grace,
To dwell with him above.

---

305. HYMN. C. M.

The Joyful Meeting.

HOW pleasant thus to dwell below,
In fellowship of love;
And though we part, 'tis bliss to know
The good shall meet above.
O! that will be joyful, joyful, joyful!
O! that will be joyful,
To meet to part no more.
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore,
And sing the everlasting song,
With those who 've gone before.

2. Yes, happy thought! when we are free
From earthly grief and pain,
In heaven we shall each other see,
And never part again.
O! that will be joyful, etc.

3. The children who have loved the Lord
Shall hail their teachers there;
And teachers gain the rich reward
Of all their toil and care.
O! that will be joyful, etc.

4. Then let us each, in strength divine,
Still walk in wisdom's ways;
That we, with those we love, may join
In never-ending praise.
O! that will be joyful, etc.

---

306. HYMN. P. M.

Rejoice, or Millenium.

REJOICE, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom,
And Zion's children then shall sing,
The deserts all are blossoming.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom,
The gospel banner, wide unfurl'd,
Shall wave in triumph o'er the world;
And ev'ry creature, bond and free,
Shall hail the glorious jubilee.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom.

2. Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign;
And lambs shall with the leopard play;
For nought shall harm in Zion's way;
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign.
The sword and spear, of needless worth,
Shall prune the tree, and plough the earth;
And peace shall smile from shore to shore,
And nations learn to war no more;
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign.

---

307. HYMN. P. M.

Come, let us Sing.

COME, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and voices blend;
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only friend.
His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices,
Exulting in his love.

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

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

---

308. HYMN. C. M.

The Promised Land

WE'RE marching to the promised land,
A land all fair and bright;
Come, join our happy, youthful band,
And seek the plains of light.
O! come and join our youthful band,
Our songs and triumphs share;
We soon shall reach the promised land,
And rest forever there.

2. The Saviour feeds his little flock,
His grace is freely given;
The living waters from the rock,
And daily bread from heaven.
O! come and join, etc.

3. In that bright land no sin is found,
But all are happy there;
And youthful voices there shall join,
With the angelic choir.
O! come and join, etc.

4. Our teachers kind, do point the way,
And guide our feet aright,
To those bright realms of endless day,
Where Jesus is the light.
O ! come and join, etc.

---

309. HYMN. P. M.

HOLY and bright is the soften'd light
Of the Sabbath evening o'er us ;
Then with calm delight will we sing to-night,
Our vesper hymn in chorus !
We 'll sing the love of God above,
Who sent his Son to save us,
With sacrifice beyond all price,
Eternal life he gave us.

2. Pilgrims are we in this world of sin,
And our pathway filled with sorrow ;
But we 'll firmly tread in the steps he led,
And fear not for the morrow.
We 'll sing, etc.

3. With heaven in view, let our hearts be true
In Christ, whose blood hath bought us,
With an inward strife, and a lowly life,
We 'll follow as he taught us.
We 'll sing, etc.

4. On let us press in the heavenly race,
With patient faith untiring ;
All the warfare done, we 'll obtain the crown
Of steadfast hearts aspiring.
We 'll sing, etc.

310. HYMN. P. M.

Sing Praises.

IN the rosy light of the morning bright,
Lift the voice of praise on high,
From the lips of youth, to the God of truth,
Let the joyful echoes fly.
Sing praises, glad praises,
Sing, children, sing;
Let your songs arise to the lofty skies,
And exult in God our King.

2. As he looked in love from the world above,
Our distresses filled his eye:
And, a world to save, his own Son he gave,
On the bloody tree to die.
Sing praises, etc.

3. Let his praise be spread, for the Lamb who bled
To deliver us from woe;
He endured the cross, the disgrace, the loss;—
Let his praises forever flow.
Sing praises, etc.

4. Now, exalted high o'er the earth and sky,
He delights in mercy still;
Bends his gracious ear, our requests to hear,
And our longing souls to fill.
Sing praises, etc.

5. On the cross he hung for the old and young,
But he loves the children best;
To his arms we 'll fly, on his grace rely,
And secure his promised rest.
Sing praises, etc.

311. HYMN. P. M.

Glorious Treasure.

RELIGION is a glorious treasure,
The purchase of the Saviour's blood:
It fills the mind with consolation;
It lifts the thoughts to things above;
It calms our fears and soothes our sorrows;
It smooths our way o'er life's rough sea:
'T is mix'd with goodness, meekness and temp-
'rance;
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

2. How vain, how fleeting and transitory
This world, with all its splendid show!
Its vain delights and deceitful pleasures,
I'll gladly bid them all adieu;
But grace and glory shall be my story,
While I in Jesus such beauty do see:
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heav'nly portion mine shall be.

---

312. HYMN. C. M.

The Sunday-school.

THE Sunday-school, that blessed place,
Oh! I would rather stay
Within its walls, a child of grace,
Than spend my hours in play.
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school,
Oh! 'tis the place I love,
For there I learn the golden rule
Which leads to joys above.

2. 'Tis there I learn that Jesus died,
For sinners such as I:
Oh! what has all the world beside
That I should prize so high.
The Sunday-school, etc.

3. Then let our grateful tribute rise,
And songs of praise be given
To Him who dwells above the skies,
For such a blessing given.
The Sunday-school, etc.

4. And welcome then the Sunday-school,
We 'll read, and sing, and pray,
That we may keep the golden rule,
And never from it stray.
The Sunday-school, etc.

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313. HYMN. L. M.

Immanuel.

TEACHERS.

COME, children, can 't you rise and tell,
The wonders of Immanuel?
Come, children, can 't you rise and swell
The praises of Immanuel?

CHILDREN.

2. Yes, bless the Lord, we 'll rise and tell
The wonders of Immanuel;
Yes, bless the Lord, we 'll rise and swell
The praises of Immanuel.

CHORUS.

3. All glory to the Lamb of God,
Who bought us with atoning blood
And wash'd us in the purple flood,
Which makes us fit for heaven.

CHILDREN.

4. We bless him for his "golden rules,"
Which we are taught in Sabbath-schools,
By which he saves our dying souls
From endless pain and sorrow.
All glory to the Lamb of God, etc.

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314. HYMN. S. M.

The Lord my Shepherd.

THE Lord my shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied,
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2. He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3. If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4. The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

315. HYMN. P. M.

HARK! 'tis a martial sound!
To arms, ye saints, to arms!
Your foes are gathering round,
And peace has lost its charms:
Prepare the helmet, sword and shield,
The trumpet calls you to the field.

2 No common foes appear
To dare you to the fight,
But such as own no fear,
And glory in their might;
The powers of darkness are at hand;
Resist or bow at their command.

3. An arm of flesh must fail
In such a strife as this;
He only can prevail
Whose arm immortal is,
'Tis heaven itself the strength must yield
And weapons fit for such a field.

4. And heaven supplies them too;
The Lord who never faints
Is greater than the foe,
And he is with his saints:
Thus armed, they venture to the fight,
Thus armed, they put their foes to flight.

5. And when the conflict 's past,
On yonder peaceful shore
They shall repose at last
And see their foes no more.
The fruits of victory enjoy,
And never more their arms employ.

316. HYMN. P. M.

Christ the Sinner's Friend.

ONE there is above all others
Well deserves the name of friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

3. When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4. Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

---

317. HYMN. P. M.

Time Fleeting.

TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon will be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2. Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above;
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

---

318. HYMN. P. M.

THE wond'rous love of Jesus?
From doubts and fears it frees us,
With pitying eye it sees us,
While traveling here below.
Chorus.—Till we all meet in heaven,
Till we all meet in heaven,
Where we shall meet and part no more.

2. And there we shall forever,
Drink of the flowing river,
And ever, ever, ever,
Surround the throne above.
When we, etc.

3. There is a blooming garden
Of Eden, gained by pardon,
Upon the banks of Jordan,
We 'll worship then the Lamb.
When we, etc.

4. We 'll sing the song of Moses,
While Jesus sweet composes
A song that never closes,
Of praises to his name.
When we, etc.

319. HYMN. P. M.

TAKE my heart, O Father! take it;
Make and keep it all thine own:
Let thy Spirit melt and break it;
Turn to flesh this heart of stone.
Heavenly Father, deign to mold it
In obedience to thy will;
And, as passing years unfold it,
Keep it meek and childlike still.

2. Father, make it pure and lowly,
Peaceful, kind, and far from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.
May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven:
Holy Spirit, take and seal it;
Guide it in the path to Heaven.

---

320. HYMN. P. M.

HARK! the bells of holy Sabbath,
Hear their ringing soft and clear,
While their solemn, sacred music
Sounds so sweetly to the ear;
Hear their sweet, persuasive summons,
Recalling now God's high behest:
Six days shalt thou have for labor,
On the seventh thou shalt rest.

2. While the tools of weary workmen,
Lying all unheeded now;
For from toil his arm is ceasing,
Happy smiles play on his brow,

As he hears the church bells ringing,
Blessing with tears the high behest,
Six days shalt thou have for labor,
On the seventh thou shalt rest.

3. Human hearts, e'en if they 're sinful,
Now a purer impulse swells,
As they feel the soothing cadence,
Of those sweetly echoing bells;
For their music, calm but earnest,
Echo deep within the breast;
Six days shalt thou have for labor,
On the seventh thou shalt rest.

4. What a blessing is the Sabbath,
With its sweetly chiming bells!
Spirits pure of deep devotion
In their calm vibration dwells,
Then the weary one 's reminded
Of *Jehovah's* high behest:
Six days only shalt thou labor,
On the seventh thou shalt rest.

---

321. HYMN. P. M.

I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard him speak.

2. I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain top
He met his Father there.

3. I want to be like Jesus;
I never, never find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

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

5. Alas! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see;
O gentle Saviour! send thy grace,
And make me like to thee.

---

322. HYMN. P. M.

First Voice—Child—

"OH, boatman, row me o'er the stream,
The storm is rising near,
And I must cross to yonder point,
Before the storm is here."

Second Voice—Boatman—

"You can not cross to yonder point;
The lightnings fiercely gleam,
And brave the heart and strong the arm,
That rows across the stream."

Chorus—All—

The sun is set, the tide is strong,
The lightnings fiercely gleam,
And brave the heart and strong the arm
That rows across the stream.

Child—

2. "Oh, boatman, row me o'er the stream,
The gale, I fear it not;
My gentle mother waits for me,
Within our lonely cot."

Boatman—

Thy mother long shall wait for thee
In vain, thou darling child,
If thou should'st tempt the raging stream
Amid a storm so wild."

Chorus—All—

The sun is set, the tide is strong,
The lightnings fiercely gleam,
And brave the heart and strong the arm
That rows across the stream.

Child—

3. "Oh, boatman, row me o'er the stream,
And swift our bark shall glide,
MY FATHER holds the raging storm,
And calms the angry tide!"

Boatman—

"Then I will row thee o'er the stream,
If God will be thy stay;
We'll boldly ride before the storm,—
Oh, haste thee, child, away!"

Chorus—All—

The sun is set, the wind is strong,
The lightnings fiercely gleam;
WE'LL TRUST IN HEAVEN, and boldly dare,
The deep and rolling stream!"

323. HYMN. P. M.

HARK, how the angels sing,
Anthems from heaven,
Tiding of joy they bring,
Jesus is given;
He comes the world to own,
Earth, hail thy King.
Children, come seek his throne,
Your praises bring.

2. O heavenly Bethlehem,
Had we been there,
Guarding our tender lambs,
With fondest care;
We with the shepherd throng,
Flowers would bear;
With the rose and the song,
Gladdening the air.

3. Still to the temple here,
He deigns to come,
Deeming sweet childhood's prayer,
Richest perfume;
No flowret's he'll receive,
Strewed at his feet,
While the song childhood gives,
To Him is sweet.

4. O may these little ones,
In yonder heaven,
Worship before the throne,
Where joy is given;

Where flowers that never die.
Lov'd angels bring,
In the world o'er the sky,
With them we'll sing.

---

324. HYMN. S. M.

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

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

3. Jesus my Shepherd is,
'T was he that loved my soul,
'T was he washed me in his blood,
'T was he that made me whole;
'T was he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'T was he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

4. No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold;
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam,
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home.

---

325. HYMN. P. M.

WE'VE bid the vain pleasures of earth now adieu,
The glories of Zion stand full in our view;
With joy we press onward at Jesus' command,
And soon we'll go up to possess the good land.

Chorus.—Give him glory! He is worthy!
Give him glory! He is worthy!
And we 'll all give him glory,
When we arrive at home.
When *you* arrive—and *I* arrive—
When *they* arrive—and *all* arrive—
Then we 'll *all* give him glory,
When we arrive at home.

2. The bondage of sin it was hard, but we 're free,
And sweetly possessing the true liberty;
And all may unite now with us, in our band,
And soon we 'll go up and possess the good land.
Give him glory, etc.

3. The tall sons of Anak may stand in our way,
But Jesus, our captain, is stronger than they,
The power of his gospel they cannot withstand,
So come, let us go, and possess the good land.
Give him glory, etc.

326. HYMN. P. M.

WE have no home but heaven !
A pilgrim's garb we wear ;
Our path is marked by changes,
And strewed with many a care ;
Surrounded with temptation ;
By varied ills opprest ;
Each day's experience warns us
That this is not our rest.

2. We have no home but heaven !
Then wherefore seek one here ;
Why murmur at privations,
Or grieve when trouble 's near ?
It is but for a season
That we as strangers roam,
And strangers must not look for
The comforts of a home.

3. We have no home but heaven !
We want no home beside ;
O God, our friend and Father !
Our footsteps thither guide !
Unfold to us its glory ;
Prepare us for its joy—
Its pure and perfect friendship—
Its angel-like employ.

4. We have no home but heaven !
How cheering is the thought !
How bright the expectations
Which God's own word has taught.

With eager hearts we hasten,
The promised bliss to share ;
We have no home but heaven !
Oh would that we were there.

---

327. HYMN. P. M.

HOW sweet is the Sabbath to me,
The day when the Saviour arose ;
'Tis heaven his beauties to see,
And in his soft arms to repose.
He knows I am weak and defiled,
My life is but empty and vain ;
But if he will make me his child,
I 'll never forsake him again.

2. This day he invites me to come,
How kindly he bids me draw near ;
He offers me heaven for home,
And wipes off the penitent tear :
He offers to pardon my sin,
And keep me from every snare,
To sprinkle and cleanse me within,
And show me his tenderest care.

3. I can not, I must not refuse ;
His goodness has conquered my heart ;
The Lord for my portion I choose,
And bid all my folly depart.
How sweet is the Sabbath to me,
The day my Redeemer arose ;
'Tis heaven his beauties to see,
And in his soft arms to repose.

328. HYMN. P. M.

SWEETLY the Sabbath bell
Steals on the air,
That in the house of God,
Bids us appear;
"Children of God," it seems
Softly to say,
"Haste to your Father's house,
Hasten to pray."

2. Oft as the Sabbath chimes
Summon to pray,
May we their holy call
Gladly obey;
Then, when the last sad bell
For us shall sound,
Ready our Judge to meet
We may be found.

---

329. HYMN. P. M.

THE light of Sabbath eve,
Is fading fast away:
What record will it leave,
To crown the closing day?
Is it a Sabbath spent,
Of fruitless time destroyed?
Or have these moments, lent,
Been sacredly employed?

2. How dreadful and how drear,
In yon dark world of pain,
Will Sabbaths lost appear,
That can not not come again!

Then, in that hopeless place,
The wretched soul will say:
"I had those hours of grace,
But cast them all away."

3. To waste these Sabbath hours,
Oh! may we never dare;
Nor taint, with thoughts of ours,
These sacred days of prayer:
But may our Sabbaths here
Inspire our hearts with love;
And prove a foretaste, clear,
Of that sweet rest above.

---

330. HYMN. C. M.

JOY to the world,—the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her king;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

2. Joy to the world,—the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods,—rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3. No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

331. HYMN. P. M.

Morning Hymn.

COME, let us all awake,
Sing every one;
Let every voice partake,
Join in our song:
Our grateful notes of praise,
O Lord! to thee we raise,
Spirit of truth and grace,
Lord, hear our song.

2. Thanks to our God on high,
Sing endless praise;
Thanks for his watchful eye,
Guiding our ways;
Thanks for his holy word,
Pointing to Jesus' blood,
Sealing our peace with God,
To endless days.

3. Down from his Father's throne,
Glorious and bright,
He came, and bled, and died—
O wondrous sight!
Jesus, to thee we come,
In childhood's early bloom,
O! lead us safely home
To realms of light.

4. Then let us all awake,
Sing every one;
Let every voice partake,
Join in our song;

Children, his praise proclaim,
Teachers, prolong the strain,
Glory to Jesus' name!
Worthy the Lamb.

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332. HYMN. P. M.

I WANT to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise him day and night.

2. I never should be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousand
I'd praise him day and night.

3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live;
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
O! send a shining angel
To bear me to the sky.

4. O! there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise him day and night.

333: HYMN. C. M.

WE lay thee in the silent tomb,
Sweet blossom of a day;
We just began to view thy bloom,
And thou art called away.

2. Friendship and love have done their last,
And now can do no more;
The bitterness of death is past,
And all thy sufferings o'er.

3. Thy gentle spirit passed away
'Mid pain the most severe;
So great we could not wish thy stay
A moment longer here.

4. Thou minglest now in that bright throng
Around the eternal throne,
And join'st the everlasting song
With those before thee gone.

5. O who could wish thy longer stay
In such a world as this,
Since thou hast gained the realms of day,
And pure, undying bliss?

334. HYMN. P. M.

DEAR brethren, I have found
A land that doth abound
With fruit as sweet as honey;
The more I eat I find
The more I am inclined
To shout and sing Hosannah!

CHORUS.

My soul doth long to go
Where I may fully know
The glories of my Saviour;
And as I pass along,
I'll sing the Christian's song—
I hope to live forever.

2. In fields of living green,
Close by the crystal stream,
The Saviour leads his children;
And if they watch and pray
Each moment every day,
Their Shepherd never leaves them.

CHORUS.

While perfect love controls
Each 'motion of the soul,
Their faces shine with glory;
And as they pass along, etc.

3. Perhaps you think me wild,
Or simple as a child;
I am a child of glory—
My birth is from above,
My heart is filled with love—
I long to tell the story.

335. HYMN. P. M.

THE Sabbath-school 's a place of prayer,
I love to meet my teachers there ;
They teach me there that every one
May find, in heaven, a happy home ;
I love to go, I love to go,
I love to go to Sabbath-school.

2. In God's own book we 're taught to read
How Christ for sinners groaned and bled ;
That precious blood a ransom gave
For sinful man, his soul to save ;
I love to go, I love to go, etc.

3. In Sabbath-school we sing and pray,
And learn to love the Sabbath day ;
That, when on earth our Sabbaths end,
A glorious rest in heaven we 'll spend ;
I love to go, I love to go, etc.

4. And when our days on earth are o'er,
We 'll meet in heaven to part no more ;
Our teachers kind we there shall greet,
And oh ! what joy 't will be to meet
In heaven above, in heaven above,
In heaven above, to part no more.

---

336. HYMN. P. M.

I 'LL awake at dawn on the Sabbath day,
For 'tis wrong to doze holy time away ;
With my lesson learned, this shall be my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.

2. Birds awake betimes, every morn they sing,
None are tardy then, when the woods do ring;
Nor will I forget that this is my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.

3. When the summer sun wakes the flowers again,
They the call obey, none are tardy then;
So when Sunday comes, this shall be my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.

---

337. HYMN. P. M.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed! his people are free.
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots and horsemen, all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting, the Lord hath but spoken,
And all their brave thousands are drowned in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed! his people are free.

2. Praise to the Conqueror! Praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword:
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story,
Of those who went forth in the hour of their pride,
The Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
And chariots and horsemen are dash'd in the tide.
Praise to the Conqueror! Praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.

338. HYMN. P. M.

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2. Mightiest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his Name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3. Then shall wars and tumults cease;
Then be banish'd grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturb'd, shall ever reign.

4. Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious Name;
All his mighty acts record,—
All his wondrous love proclaim.

---

339. HYMN. C. M.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has call'd his own:
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.

2. Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

3. Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4. Let peace within her walls be found,—
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with holy zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.

5. Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast call'd thine own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.

---

340. HYMN. L. M.

TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long,—awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength!

2. Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3. No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4. God, from on high, has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

341. HYMN. L. M.

WITH tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me."

2. It tells me of a place of rest,—
It tells me where my soul may flee;
O! to the weary, faint, oppress'd,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me."

3. When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to Me.'

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

5. O, voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to Me."

---

342. HYMN. P. M.

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2. Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affection transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3. There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

4. Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

---

343. HYMN. C. M.

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

2. O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up
And Sabbaths have no end?

3. Why should I shrink at pain and wo?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

4. Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

5. Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

---

344. HYMN. P. M.

HOW precious is the story
Of our Redeemer's birth,
Who left the realms of glory,
And came to dwell on earth:
He saw our sad condition,
Our guilt, and sin, and shame;
To save us from perdition
The blessed Jesus came.

2. He came to earth from heaven,
To weep, and bleed, and die,
That we might be forgiven,
And raised to God on high.
His kindness and compassion
To children then were shown;
The heirs of his salvation,
He claim'd them for his own.

3. O, may I love this Saviour,
So good, so kind, so mild;
And may I find his favor,
A young, though sinful child!
And in his blissful heaven
May I at last appear,
With all my sins forgiven,
To know and praise him there.

---

345. HYMN. P. M.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land.

2. Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

3. Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.

4. And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

5. So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

346. HYMN. P. M.

WHAT a strange and wondrous story
From the book of God is read;
How the Lord of life and glory
Had not where to lay his head;
How he left his throne in heaven,
Here to suffer, bleed, and die;
That my soul might be forgiven,
And ascend to God on high!

2. If I worship God, who gave me
Life, and health, and all things here;
Should not He, who died to save me,
To my soul be very dear?
Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
Let me not ungrateful be;
Let my words, and my behaviour,
Prove I love and honor thee.

3. Father, let thy Holy Spirit
Still reveal a Saviour's love,
And prepare me to inherit
Glory where he reigns above.
There with saints and angels dwelling,
May I that great love proclaim,
And with them be ever telling
All the wonders of his name.

---

347. HYMN. P. M.

ROUSE ye at the Saviour's call!
Children rouse ye one and all;
Wake, or soon your souls will fall,
Fall in deep despair.

Woe to him who turns away,
Jesus kindly calls to-day;
Come, O children, while you may,
Raise your souls in prayer.

2. Heard ye not the Saviour cry?
"Turn, O turn, why will you die!"
And in keenest agony,
Mourn too late your doom!
Haste, for time is rushing on!
Soon the fleeting hour is gone,
The lifted arrow flies anon,
To sink you in the tomb.

3. By the Saviour's bleeding love,
By the joys of heaven above,
Let these words your spirits move;
Quick to Jesus fly!
Come, and save your souls from death,
Haste! escape Jehovah's wrath;
Fly! for life's a fleeting breath,
Soon, O soon you'll die.

---

348. HYMN. L. M.

SAY, sinner! hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2. Sinner! it was a heavenly voice,—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3. Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard, in time, the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4. God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist His love to grieve,
May never hear His voice again.

5. Sinner! perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be:
Oh! should'st thou grieve Him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

---

349. HYMN. P. M.

WHAT shall I wish thee, my darling boy?
Shall I wish thee a life of unclouded joy,
That the hours shall pass like a summer's wind,
And leave not a trace of woe behind?
Not this, my child.

2. Shall I wish my boy the noble heir
To mines of gold, and to jewels rare,—
A mighty place in the world's estate,
And a lofty home with the wealthy great?
Not this, my child.

3. Shall I wish for thee an honored name
That shall stand on the golden rolls of fame;
That thy deeds may be echoed along time's shore
Till the echoes of time shall be heard no more?
Not this, my child.

4. But Oh, for my child a humble seat
On Calvary's mount, at Jesus' feet;
And a home at last in the happy plains
Where the glorious Saviour ever reigns:
God grant thee this.

---

350. HYMN. P. M.

ZION! bright and fair, strong thy bulwarks are,
And thy towers majestic stand!
City of our God, now our blest abode
In this free and happy land.

CHORUS.

O Zion, dear Zion, lovely and fair,
Now arise and shine, for thy light has come;
In thy beautiful robes appear.

2. Now the isles of the sea look imploring to thee
For the gospel's joyful sound;
And from heathen lands millions stretch their hands,
For the word which you have found.
O Zion, etc.

3. Let the word go forth to the South and North,
And thy light be seen afar,
Till the East and West with the rays are bless'd
Of the bright and morning Star.
O Zion, etc.

4. Then the heavenly strain shall be heard again,
As it once o'er Judah ran,
And all nations join in the song divine,—
Peace on earth, good-will to man.
O Zion, etc.

351. HYMN. P. M.

IN childhood's young and happy hours,
I wander free o'er hill and plain;
I gather bright and fragrant flowers,
And love the sunshine and the rain,
And love the sunshine and the rain.
In ev'ry scene of nature free,
In garden and in forest wild,
I look to God, who blesses me.
And thank him that I am a child,
I look to God, who blesses me,
And thank him that I am, I am a child.

2. I love these childhood's hours, they bring
On ev'ry moment some new joy:
Oh, who can half the rapture sing
That crowns the happy girl and boy?
That crowns the happy girl and boy?
I see in ev'ry thing in life
A beauty on which God hath smiled,
And turn from care, and toil, and strife,
To thank him that I am a child,
And turn from care, and toil, and strife,
To thank him that I am, I am a child.

---

352. HYMN. P. M.

YES, dear Sabbath-school, I love thee,
Here I meet with friends most dear:
None to scorn or feel above me,
None to dread with slavish fear,
And the teachers
Kindly all my lessons hear.

2. Here I learn of richer treasures
Than the mines of earth afford;
Earthly friends and earthly pleasures
Shall not keep me from the Lord;
Precious lessons
Here are spoken from his word.

3. Yet my heart is filled with wonder;
Parents, teachers, can you tell
Why, neglected, many wander,
When so near the school they dwell?
Oh! invite them,
They will love the school so well.

4. I will go and tell those children
There is room for them and me,
And to school will straightway bring them,
If persuaded they will be:
I am thankful
That my friends invited me.

---

353. HYMN. S. M.

THRICE happy is the youth
Who, morning, noon and night,
Reads the blest page of sacred truth,
And makes it his delight.

2. Who loves the house of prayer,
And takes delight in praise;
The Lord to bless him will be near,
With sanctifying grace.

354. HYMN. P. M.

AWAY on the banks of life's bright river,
Far, far away,—
There will my heart be turning ever;
There's where the blest ones stay.
All through this vale of sin and sorrow,
Sadly I roam.
Still longing for the dawn of the morrow,
And for the blest ones at home.
All without is dark and dreary,
Everywhere I roam.
O brothers, how the heart grows weary,
Sighing for the blest ones at home!

2. Through all earth's sunny scenes I wander'd,
In youth's gay morn;
How many precious hours I've squander'd,
How many mercies scorn'd!
When seeking sin's delusive pleasures,
Wretched was I,
But now my heart has found a treasure,
There with the blest ones on high..
All without is dark and dreary,
Everywhere I roam.
O brothers, how the heart grows weary,
Sighing for the blest ones at home!

3. One hour there is forever bringing
Memories of love;
'T was when my sighs were changed to singing
Of the blest ones above.
When shall I see my Saviour reigning,
On his white throne?

When will be hushed my heart's complaining,
There with the blest ones at home?
All till then is dark and dreary,
Everywhere I roam.
O brothers, how the heart grows weary,
Longing for the blest ones at home!

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355. HYMN. P. M.

"STAND UP FOR JESUS."

Dying Charge of the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng.

STAND up for Jesus! Strengthen'd by his hand,
Even I, though young, have ventured thus to stand;
But, soon cut down, as maim'd and faint I lie,
Hear, O my friends, the charge with which I die:—
Stand up for Jesus!

2. Stand up for Jesus! Dear ones of my home,
Who made me slow to leave and swift to come,
Sweet wife and children, gifts of perfect love,
Still, as ye catch my smile from climes above,—
Stand up for Jesus!

3. Stand up for Jesus! Thou, my honor'd sire,
Blest with the heart of truth, and tongue of fire,
Whose brave example taught me how to live,
Take from my lips the lesson thine should give:—
Stand up for Jesus!

4. Stand up for Jesus! All who lead his host,
Crown'd with the splendors of the Holy Ghost!
Shrink from no foe, to no temptations yield;
Urge on the triumphs of his glorious field:—
Stand up for Jesus!

5. Stand up for Jesus! Ye with whom I stood
In purer, stronger bonds than those of blood;
Church of the Covenant! favor'd, firm, and true,
Remember Him to whom all thanks are due:—
Stand up for Jesus!

6. Stand up for Jesus! Listeners to that word,
"Ye that are men, go now and serve the Lord!"
Only to serve in heaven, on earth I fall;
Ye who remain, still hear your comrade's call:—
Stand up for Jesus!

7. Stand up for Jesus! Ye of every name,
All one in prayer, and all with praise aflame:
Forget the sad estrangements of the past,
With one consent in love and peace at last
Stand up for Jesus!

8. Stand up for Jesus! Lo! at God's right hand,
Jesus himself for us delights to stand!
Let saints and sinners wonder at his grace:
Let Jews and Gentiles blend, and all our race
Stand up for Jesus!

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356. HYMN. C. M.

DEAR Jesus! ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me.

2. Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft, low voice,
I am too deaf to hear.

3. I can not feel thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother does
Her erring little child.

4. But I have felt thee in my thoughts,
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

5. And when, dear Saviour! I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

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

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357. HYMN. L. M.

THE lambs of Jesus,—who are they,
But children that believe and pray;
That keep God's laws, and ask his grace,
And seek a heavenly dwelling-place?

2. The lambs of Jesus! they are meek,
The words of peace and truth they speak;
To all God's creatures they are kind,
And, like their Lord, of gentle mind.

3. The lambs of Jesus,—oh! that we
Might of that blessed number be!
Lord, take us early to thy love,
And lead us to the fold above.

358. HYMN. P. M.

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,
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end.

CHORUS.

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

2. Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win.
For the Saviour is your Captain,
For the Saviour is your Captain,
And he has vanquished sin.
I am glad I'm in this army, etc.

3. And when the conflict 's over,
Before him you shall stand;
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand.
You shall sing his praise forever,
You shall sing his praise forever,
In Canaan's happy land.
I am glad I'm in this army, etc.

359. HYMN. P. M.

COME, little soldiers, join in our band,
March for the kingdom, our promised land:
Fearless of danger, onward we roam,
Jesus our leader is, soon we'll be home.

CHORUS.

We're a little pilgrim band,
Guided by a Saviour's hand,
Soon we'll reach our fatherland,
No more to roam.

2. Hark to the voices, bidding us come!
Angels rejoicing, beckon us home:
No more shall sadness or sorrow oppress,
Come, little pilgrim band, there we shall rest.
We're a little pilgrim band, etc.

3. Soon we shall never know sorrow more,
But blest forever, God's love shall share;
Soon we shall see him in his blest home,
Ever still praising him ages to come.
We're a little pilgrim band, etc.

---

360. HYMN. L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3. When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part:
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

4. Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

---

361. HYMN. P. M.

IN the far better land of glory and light,
The ransomed are singing, in garments of white;
The harpers are harping, and all the bright train
Sing the song of redemption, "the Lamb that was slain."

2. Like the sound of the sea swells their chorus of praise,
Round the star-circled crown of the Ancient of Days;
And thrones and dominions reëcho the strain,
Of "Glory eternal to him that was slain."

3. Dear Saviour, may we, with our voices so faint,
Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint?
Yes! yes! we will sing, and thine ear we will gain,
With the song of redemption, "the Lamb that was slain."

4. Now teachers, and children, and friends all unite
In a loud hallelujah with the ransomed in light;
To Jesus we'll sing that melodious strain,
The song of redemption, "the Lamb that was slain."

362. HYMN. P. M.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

2. Fain I would to thee be brought;
Gracious Lord, forbid it not:
Give a little child a place
In the kingdom of thy grace.

3. I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days:
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

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363. HYMN. P. M.

COME, come, come!
Don't delay, haste away,
To the Sabbath-school to-day;
Here to meet, and to greet,
All in friendship sweet.
Come, while yet the dews of morn
Nature all with gems adorn;
Be in time, rain or shine,—
Order is divine.

2. Come, come, come!
Not a tear,—naught of fear
Nor of sorrow is found here;
Faces bright, tempers right,
O, the happy sight!

Health and beauty all around,
And no harsh or jarring sound;
Light and free, full of glee,
All is harmony.
O the happy, happy school!
Joyous, happy Sabbath-school!
Light and free, full of glee,
All is harmony.

3. Come, come, come!
Keep the way, do not stray,
'T is the holy Sabbath day!
Hie along, join the throng,
In their grateful song.
Hither come! who would decline
Bliss so rare, and joys divine?
Pleasures pure, that endure,
All may here secure.
O the happy, happy school!
Joyous, joyous Sabbath-school!
Pleasure pure, that endure,
All may here secure.

---

364. HYMN. P. M.

'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'T is religion must supply
Solid comforts when we die.

2. After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity;
Let me then make God my friend,
And on all his ways attend.

365. HYMN. P. M.

TO do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind and good,
As children ought to be.
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school,
Oh! 'tis the place I love,
For there I learn the golden rule,
Which leads to joys above.

2. I know I should not steal, nor use
The smallest thing I see,
Which I should never like to lose,
If it belonged to me.
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, etc.

3. And this plain rule forbids me quite
To strike an angry blow,
Because I should not think it right
If others served me so.
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, etc.

4. But any kindness they may need,
I'll do, whate'er it be;
And I am very glad indeed
When they are kind to me.
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, etc.

---

366. HYMN. P. M.

POOR and needy though I be,
God my Maker cares for me;
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
Gives me all I have of good.

2. He will listen when I pray,
He is with me night and day;
When I sleep and when I wake,
Keeps me safe for Jesus' sake.

3. He who reigns above the sky
Once became as poor as I;
He whose blood for me was shed,
Had not where to lay his head!

4. Though I labor here awhile,
He will bless me with his smile;
And when this short life is past,
I shall rest with him at last.

---

367. HYMN. P. M.

WELCOME to our festival,
Parents, teachers, children, all:
God has spared us through the year,
And in mercy brings us here.

2. All unite to praise our God,
For his grace on us bestow'd;
Hallow'd be the songs we raise—
Happy songs of grateful praise.

3. God, who dwells beyond the sky,
Turns on us a gracious eye;
Still prolongs our day of grace;
Gives us time to seek his face.

4. But while thus our hearts rejoice,
We must hear his warning voice,—
Seek the way of peace and truth,
In the early days of youth.

368. HYMN. P. M.

WE're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love;
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,
O say, will you go to the *Eden above.*
Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go,
O say, will you go to the *Eden above.*

2. In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified love;
Ye heart-burdened ones who in misery languish,
O say, will you go to the *Eden above.*
Will you go, etc.

3. Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression
Can injure the dwellers in that holy grove;
No wickedness there, no shade of transgression,
O say, will you go to the *Eden above.*
Will you go, etc.

4. No poverty there—no, the saints are all wealthy,
The heirs of his glory whose nature is love;
Nor sickness can reach them, that country is healthy,
O say, will you go to the *Eden above.*
Will you go, etc.

5. Each saint has a mansion, prepared and all furnished,
Ere from this clay house he is summoned to move;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished,
O say, will you go to the *Eden above.*
Will you go, etc.

6. March on happy pilgrims, that land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the *Eden above.*
We will go, we will go,
O yes, we will go to the *Eden above.*

7. And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee,
We halt yet a moment as onward we move;
O come to thy Lord! in his arms he will take thee,
And bear thee along to the *Eden above.*
Will you go, will you go,
O say, will you go to the *Eden above.*

8. Methinks thou art now in thy wretchedness saying,
Oh, who can this guilt from my conscience remove?
No other but *Jesus;* then come to him, praying,
Prepare me, O Lord! for the *Eden above.*
Will you go, will you go,
At last, will you go the *Eden above.*

---

369. HYMN. P. M.

THE people called Christians, how many things they tell
About the land of Canaan, where saints and angels dwell;
But sin, the dreadful ocean, encloses them around
With its tide, to divide them from Canaan's happy ground.

2. But thousands have been impatient to find a pas-
sage through, [do;
And with united wisdom have tried what they could
But vessels built with human skill have never sailed
far,
Until we found them aground on some dreadful bar.

3. At length the King of Heaven a glorious plan
devised, [prised;
Of which the world of nature had never been ap-
He built a ship for sailing around the world with
me, [free.
And all true hearted seamen may have a passage

4. The everlasting gospel has launched the deep at
last, [masts;
With her sails all extended around her towering
While on her deck in order her joyful sailors stand,
Crying, O here we go to Canaan's happy land!

5. To those who stand spectators, what anguish must
ensue,
To hear their old companions bid them a long adieu;
The pleasures of a paradise no longer doth invite;
While we sail, you may rail, but we 'll soon be out
of sight.

6. We are on the wide ocean, we bid the world
farewell,
But when we shall cast anchor no human tongue
can tell;
About our future destiny there need be no debate,
While we ride on the tide with our Captain and our
mate.

370. HYMN. P. M.

HOW sweet on the Sabbath to rise with the sun,
And haste to the Sabbath-school!
For there in my place, with my lesson begun,
I love Sabbath-school.
I love, I love, I love school,
I love, I love, I love school,
I love school, I love school,
I love Sabbath-school.

2. Some love with the vain and the wicked to stray,
But I love Sabbath-school;
To profane the Lord's name, on his holy day,
I love Sabbath-school.
I love, I love, etc.

3. For there from the noise of the world shut in,
I love Sabbath-school;
I learn to escape from Satan and sin,
I love Sabbath-school.
I love, I love, etc.

4. In the school I hear of a heaven of peace,
I love Sabbath-school;
A glorious plan of salvation by faith,
I love Sabbath-School,
I love, I love, etc.

5. Then there will I go, where these lessons I've learned,
I love Sabbath-school;
And be prompt in my place when the Sabbath returned,
I love Sabbath-school,
I love, I love, etc.

371. HYMN. L. M.

YOUNG children once were heard to sing
When multitudes there silent were :
Gladly they welcomed Israel's king ;
Their loud hosannas filled the air.

2. And David's Son and David's Lord
Their praises heard and well approved ;
Still be the Saviour's grace adored,
And be his hallowed name beloved.

3. Blest Saviour, count us not too bold,
If we attempt our songs to raise :
Children in years, like those of old,
We're taught like them to sing thy praise.

4. O make us wise, thy name to know ;
Now let us feel thy power and love :
Give grace to serve thee here below,
That we may dwell with thee above.

5. There we will sing hosannas loud,
Till heaven's eternal arches ring ;
And join with yonder joyful crowd,
Forever praising Christ our King.

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372. HYMN. P. M.

HEAVENLY Father, grant thy blessing,
While thy praise we humbly sing,
Sinful hearts and lives confessing,
Nothing worthy can we bring.

Yet thy book of love hath taught us
Thou wilt kindly bow thine ear;
For the sake of him who bought us,
We may call, and thou wilt hear.

2. What a boon to us is given
Thus to lift our voice on high,
Well assured the ear of Heaven
Hears our wants and will supply.
Weak and sinful, oh! how often
Must we look to God alone,
For his grace our hearts to soften,
And sustain us as his own.

3. Bless, O Lord! this happy meeting,
While we stay and when we go;
There our hearts in friendly greeting,
Gladly join the praise below.
But all earthly unions sever—
All their pleasures quickly fly:
Oh! for grace to praise thee ever
In that better world on high.

---

373. HYMN. P. M.

MAY I love thee and adore thee,
O thou bleeding, dying Lamb;
Teach my heart to bow before thee,
Kindle there a sacred flame.

2. Teach me what I am by nature,
How to lift my thoughts on high;
Teach me, O thou great Creator!
How to live, and how to die!

374. HYMN. P. M.

WE meet again in gladness,
And thankful voices raise;
To God, our heavenly Father,
We'll tune our grateful praise;
'Twas his kind hand that kept us
Through all the changing year;
His love it is that brings us
Again to worship here.

2. We'll thank him for the Sabbath,
This day of holy rest;
And for the blessed Bible,
The book that we love best —
For Sabbath-schools and teachers,
To us so kindly given,
To guide us in the pathway
That leads to joys in heaven.

3. We'll thank him for our country,
The land our fathers trod —
For liberty of conscience,
And right to worship God.
O Lord, our heavenly Father,
Accept the praise we bring,
And tune our hearts and voices
Thy glorious name to sing.

4. Soon may thy gracious sceptre
Extend to every land,
And all as willing subjects
Submit to thy command.

Send forth the gospel tidings,
And hasten on the day
When every isle and nation
Shall own Messiah's sway.

---

375. HYMN. P. M.

ALL hail the joyful morning!
'T is Freedom's natal day!
What glories blend, adorning,
With heaven's benignant ray,
Our free and prosperous nation,
The land the pilgrims trod,
Abounding with salvation,
And every gift of God!

2. Religion's gracious blessing
Is Freedom's gift for youth,
And we, that boon possessing,
Are taught this precious truth,
That Christ, a Saviour given,
Took children to his arms,
And calls them now to heaven,
To bless them with his charms.

3. Then let the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along,
While hill and valley ringing,
Shall echo to the song.
We thank the blessed Saviour,
By whom to us is given
This blessed institution,
To lead our souls to heaven.

376. HYMN. C. M.

SWEET Sabbath-school, place dear to me,
Where'er through life I roam,
My heart will often turn to thee,
My childhood's Sabbath home.

2. Within thy courts of Him I've heard
Whose birth the angels sung,
When o'er the shepherds fill'd with fear,
The star of glory hung.

3. O holy place! where first we shed
The penitential tear;
Where youthful steps are taught to tread
In paths of peace and prayer.

4. When all our wand'rings here shall cease,
And cares of life shall end,
In God's eternal Sabbath place
May we our anthems blend.

377: HYMN. L. M.

DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From thy secure inclosure's bound:
And, lured by earthly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found:

2. In all their erring, sinful years,
O let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which have devoted them to thee.

378. HYMN. L. M.

COME all who would to glory go.
And leave this world of sin and woe,
Forsake your sins without delay,
Believe, and you shall gain the day.
Happy day, happy day, etc.

2. O do not tarry longer here,
You 'll surely die in dark despair;
There is a straight and narrow way,
In which you 're sure to win the day.
Happy day, happy day, etc.

3. And if your conflicts be severe,
And you have many trials here;
You only need to watch and pray,
Press on, and you shall gain the day.
Happy day, happy day, etc.

---

379. HYMN. P. M.

HOME! home! can I forget thee,
Dear, dear, dearly loved home?
No! no! still I will love thee,
Though I may far from thee roam.
Home, home, home, home,
Dearest and happiest home.

2. Friends, friends, Oh how we love you,
Dear, dear, in our dear home;
Soon, soon, high up in heaven,
There we shall all meet at home.
Home, home, home, home,
Our happy and heavenly home.

380. HYMN. P. M.

THE day is bright, the sky is clear;
Away to Sabbath-school;
Let each one in the class appear;
Away to Sabbath-school!
'Tis there we learn his holy word,
And find the road that leads to God.
Away, away, away, away,
Away to Sabbath-school.

2. In season let us all be there,
Away to Sabbath-school;
That we may join the opening prayer,
Away to Sabbath-school.
There we can raise our hearts to heaven,
And praise the Lord for blessings giv'n.
Away, away, away, etc.

3. Let us remember while at prayer,
When at the Sabbath-school,
Our teachers' kindness and their care,
Toward our Sabbath-school.
We'll be submissive, good, and kind,
And every rule and order mind.
Away, away, away, etc.

---

381. HYMN. L. M.

LO! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand:
Of every tongue redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.

2. Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
But now from all their labors rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3. They see the Saviour face to face:
They sing the triumphs of his grace;
And day and night with ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise.

4. O, may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod!
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life.

---

382. HYMN. P. M.

WHAT song is this, from heaven resounding?
God is love, God is love!
And now from earth I hear rebounding,
God is love, God is love!
Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim,
Love is his nature, love his name,
My soul in rapture cries the same,
God is love, God is love.

2. This song repeat, ye saints in glory:
God is love, God is love,
While we shout back the pleasing story,
God is love, God is love.
In this let heaven and earth agree,
And sing his love both full and free;
And let the theme forever be,
God is love, God is love.

383. HYMN. S. M.

WITHIN these walls be peace,
Love through our borders found,
In all our youthful palaces
Prosperity abound.

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

---

384. HYMN. P. M.

LIKE mists on the mount,
Like ships on the sea,
So swiftly the years
Of our short lives flee.

2. In the grave of our sires,
How soon we shall lie;
Dear children, to-day
To a Saviour fly.

3. How sweet are the flowers
In April and May!
But oft the frost makes
Them wither away.

4. Like flowers you may fade—
Are you ready to die?
While "yet there is room,"
To a Saviour fly.

385. HYMN. P. M.

WELCOME friends, whose cheering presence,
Fills our hearts with joy to-day;
Fathers, Mothers, Sisters, Brothers,
Join us while to Him we pray:
Him who came one blessed morning,
Many hundred years ago,
When the sun was just adorning
Judah's hills where cedars grow.

CHORUS.

Welcome friends, whose cheering presence,
Fills our hearts with joy to-day;
Fathers, Mothers, Sisters, Brothers,
Join us while to Him we pray.

2. Came He, thus, when man was sleeping,
In the gloom of endless night,
Still our steps His guiding keeping,
In life's dim, uncertain light.
He our Maker, helper, Father,—
Keeps us still in tenderness;
His the love that lets us gather
Here His holy name to bless.

3. This the day when first He brought us,
Hope of better things to come;
Trained our steps and kindly taught us
Of the way that leadeth home.
Welcome, then, dear friends, and greeting,
Blessings crown you from above;
But to Him who caused our meeting
Prayer, and praise, and boundless love.

386. HYMN. S. M.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2. The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

3. There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in;
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,

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

---

387. HYMN. P. M.

THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb:
The Saviour hath pass'd through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2. Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope since the Saviour hath died.

3. Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide:
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,
And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

388. HYMN. P. M.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices:
Jesus reigns the God of love.
See, he sits on yonder throne!
Jesus rules the world alone;
Hallelujah, Amen!

2. Jesus hail! whose glory brightens
All above and gives it worth;
Lord of love, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.
Hallelujah, Amen!

3. King of glory, reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Chosen to behold thy face.
Hallelujah, Amen!

4. Saviour, hasten thine appearing,
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away!
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
Glory, glory to our King!
Hallelujah, Amen!

389. HYMN. C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne :
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2. Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus :
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4. The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

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390. HYMN. C. M.

The Consecration.

COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord ;—

2. Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify ;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3. The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind:
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4. We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now.

5. Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6. To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

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391. HYMN. C. M.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'T is mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.

2. Like the rough sea that cannot rest
You live, devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.

3. Your way is dark, and leads to hell:
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4. Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reach eternal woe.

5. But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6. Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sov'reign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

---

392. HYMN. C. M.

WHY should we spend our youthful days
In folly and in sin,
When wisdom shows her pleasant ways,
And bids us walk therein?

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

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

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

393. HYMN. P. M.

Infant Class.

VERY little ones are we,
O how mild we all should be;
Never quarrel, never fight,
This would be a shocking sight,
And would break a happy rule
Of our much loved Infant-school.

2. Just like pretty little lambs,
Softly skipping by their dams,
We'll be gentle all the day,
Love to learn as well as play,
And attend to every rule
Of our much loved Infant-school.

3. In the winter, when 't is mild,
We may run, but not be wild;
But in summer, we must walk,
And improve the time by talk;
Thus we may come, nice and cool,
To our much loved Infant-school.

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394. HYMN. P. M.

IN the cross of Jesus glory,
While our youth is in its prime;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round the theme sublime.

2. When the woes of life o'ertake you,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake you;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3. When the Sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon your way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more luster to the day.

4. Grief and blessing, pain and pleasure
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that evermore abide.

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395. HYMN. C. M.

THEY tell me that beyond the seas,
In distant heathen lands,
The people worship idol gods,
The work of human hands.

2. They never heard of Jesus Christ,
And all his dying love;
They fear not hell below, nor care
For joys of heaven above.

3. Oh, what a wretched state is theirs!
How sad no tongue can say!
But am I wiser, let me ask.
Or better off than they?

4. What good can come of all I know
Of God's most holy word,
Unless my heart be changed and brought
To know and love the Lord!

5. If I delight in earthly things,
Instead of God alone,
I worship idols just as they
Who bow to wood and stone.

6, Since then I am to evil born,
Like other sons of men,
O grant, that by thy Spirit, Lord,
I may be born again.

---

396. HYMN. C. M.

TO see a pilgrim as he dies,
With glory in his view ;
To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
And bids the world adieu.
While friends are weeping all around,
And loth to let him go,
He shouts with his expiring breath,
And leaves them all below.

2. O ! Christians, are you ready now
To cross the swelling flood ?
On Canaan's happy shore to stand,
And see your smiling God !
The dazzling charms of that bright world,
Attract my soul above ;
My tongue shall shout redeeming grace
When perfected in love.

3. Go on, my brethren in the Lord,
I'm bound to meet you there ;
Although you tread enchanted ground,
Be bold, and never fear.
We'll join the heavenly armies bright,
In presence of the Lamb,
And tune our harps, and sing free grace
In love's eternal flame.

397. HYMN. P. M.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why:
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live,
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love and die?

2. Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live,
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace and die?

3. Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace his love,
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

---

398. HYMN. C. M.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2. Once they were mourners here below,
And pour'd out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3. I ask them whence their vict'ry came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,—
Their triumph to his death.

4. They marked the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And foll'wing their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5. Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

---

399. HYMN. C. M.

OUR Saviour bids the children come;
He bids us come to him;
And as, in other days, he spreads
His arms to take us in.

2. Forever blessed be his name;
No earthly love like his!
O may it draw our hearts to him,
And to the world of bliss!

3. There may we come at last, to sing
In nobler strains his praise;
And join the little ones who stand
Before our Father's face.

400. HYMN. L. M.

BE still, my heart, these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2. Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3. When first before his mercy-seat
Thou didst to him thy all commit,
He gave thee warrant from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.

4. Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

5. Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home apace to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

---

401. HYMN. L. M.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2. So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;

So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

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

4. Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell !
How bright th' unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

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

---

402. HYMN. C. M.

I'M not too young to love the Lord,
Who does so much for me ;
My blessings come alone from God—
How thankful I should be !

2. I 'm not too young a prayer to raise
To God who dwells on high ;
He'll listen to my song of praise,
And hear my feeble cry.

3. I'm not too young for Christ to save ;
He even died for me ;
Yes ! he his life for children gave,
And will their Saviour be.

4. I'm not too young to die and go
To Jesus Christ in heaven ;

But ere I reach that place I know
My sins must be forgiven.

5. O Saviour, listen to my prayer,
And change this heart of mine;
O! take an infant to thy care,
And make me wholly thine.

---

403. HYMN. P. M.

ATTEND, ye saints, and hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Who saved me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And feel this blessed union.

2. When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He looked on me with pitying eye,
And said to me as he passed by,
"With God you have no union."

3. Then I began to weep and cry,
And looked this way and that, to fly;
It grieved me so that I must die,
I strove salvation for to buy:
But still I had no union.

4. But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he washed me clean;
And oh! what seasons I have seen
Since first I felt this union.

5. I praised the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray,

And if I met one on the way,
I always had something to say
About this heavenly union.

---

404. HYMN. P. M.

FIRST CLASS.

LITTLE school-mates, can you tell
Who has kept us safe and well,
Through the watches of the night,
Brought us safe to see the light?

SECOND CLASS.

2. Yes; it is our God does keep
Little children while they sleep;
He has kept us safe from harm,
Shelter'd by his powerful arm.

FIRST CLASS.

3. Can you tell who gives us food,
Clothes, and home, and parents good,
School-mates dear, and parents kind,
Useful books, and active mind?

SECOND CLASS.

4. Yes; our heavenly Father's care
Gives us all we eat and wear;
All our books, and all our friends,
God, in kindness, to us sends.

CHORUS.

5. O, then, let us thankful be,
For his mercies large and free;
Every morning let us raise
Our young voices in his praise.

405. HYMN. P. M.

HOW pleasant is the Sabbath-school;
With joy we enter there;
Where little children learn to sing
The hymns of praise and prayer.

CHORUS.

Sweet Sabbath-school, place dear to me;
Where'er through life I roam,
My heart will turn to thee,
My childhood's Sabbath home.

2. These sacred songs remind us of
The days when we were young;
When we, like them, at Sabbath-school,
The praise of Jesus sung.
Sweet Sabbath-school, etc.

3. O holy place! where first we shed
The penitential tear;
Where youthful steps are taught to tread
In paths of peace and prayer.
Sweet Sabbath-school, etc.

4. We'll ever love the Sabbath-school,
Its toil we'll freely share;
That God will give it great increase,
Shall be our latest prayer.
Sweet Sabbath-school, etc.

5. And when our labors here shall end,
We hope, in nobler strains,
To sing again our Sabbath songs
Where endless Sabbath reigns.
Sweet Sabbath-school, etc.

406. HYMN. P. M.

Secret Prayer.

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

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

3. Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing,
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

4. Oh, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare—
The grace our Father gives us,
To pour our souls in prayer;

Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

407. HYMN. P. M.

COME away to the skies,
My beloved arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day,
Come exulting away,
And with singing to Zion return.

2. We have laid up our love,
And our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeem'd of the Lord,
We remember his word,
And with singing to Paradise go.

3. There, there at his feet,
We shall suddenly meet,
And parted in body no more,
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

4. In assurance of hope,
We to Jesus look up,
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air
From our graves we shall see,
And cry out, "It is he!"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

408. HYMN. P. M.

COME, my fond fluttering heart,
Come, thou must now be free;
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be.
My trembling spirit owns 't is just,
But clings still closer to the dust.

2. Ye fond pursuits, forbear,
Ye dearest idols, fall;
My love ye cannot share,
For Jesus must have all.
'T is bitter pain, 't is cruel smart,
But still thou must consent, my heart.

3. Ye gay, enchanting throng,
Ye golden dreams, farewell!
Earth has prevailed too long,
Now I must break the spell.
Go, cherished joys of earlier years,
Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

4. Welcome, O bleeding Cross!
Thou only way to God;
My former gains were loss,
My path was folly's road.
At last my heart is undeceived,
The world is given and Christ received.

---

409. HYMN. P. M.

THERE is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain,
A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain;

'T is not where kindred souls abound,
Though that is almost heaven;
But where I first my Saviour found,
And felt my sins forgiven.

2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean;
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath the waves commotion.
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror;
In that dark hour how did my groan,
Ascend for years of error.

3. Sinking and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was near me;
I cried, O save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, save me!
Then, quick as thought, I felt him mine,
My Saviour stood before me;
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted, Glory, glory!

4. O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart will linger round thee.
And when from earth I rise to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

---

410. HYMN. C. M.

WHAT if the little drop should say,
"So small a drop as I

Can ne'er refresh those thirsty hills,
I'll tarry in the sky!"
What if a single beam of moon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day!

2. Doth not each raindrop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?
Go, then, and strive to do thy share;
One talent, less than thine,
Improved with steady zeal and care,
Would gain rewards divine.

---

411. HYMN. P. M.

Lovest thou me.

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord,
'T is thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2. I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3. Thou shalt see me in glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

4. Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O, for grace to love thee more!

---

412. HYMN. L. M.

ASLEEP in Jesus! Blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep—
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2. Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his venom'd sting.

3. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4. Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

5. Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place:
On Indian plains or Lapland snows
Believers find the same repose.

6. Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From whence none ever wake to weep.

413. HYMN. P. M.

'TIS low down in that beautiful valley,
Where love crowns the meek and the lowly,
Where no storms of envy or folly
Can e'er roll their billows again,—
The meek soul, in humble subjection,
Can there find unshaken protection,
There soft gales of cheering reflection,
The mind sooth'd from sorrow and pain.

2. This low vale is free from contention,
Where no soul can dream of dissention,
Where no wiles of evil intention
Can find out these regions of peace;
'Tis there, there the Lord will deliver,
And souls drink of that beautiful river,
Where peace flows forever and ever,
And love and joy forever increase.

3. There those who by storms have been driven,
Shall moor their barks in that beautiful haven,
And there bask in the sunshine of heaven,
And triumph in Immanuel's name.
'Tis there, there in yonder bright glory,
We'll shout and sing, and tell the glad story;
And when we've pass'd cold Jordan quite over,
We'll sing "hallelujah to God and the Lamb!"

---

414. HYMN. P. M.

IN seasons of grief to my God I'il repair,
When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sorrow and care;

From the end of the earth, unto thee will I cry—
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I,
Higher than I, higher than I,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

2. When Satan, the tempter, comes in like a flood,
To drive my poor soul from the Fountain of good,
I 'll pray to the Lord, who for sinners did die,—
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

3. And when the last trumpet shall sound through the skies,
And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise;
Transported I 'll join with the ransomed on high,
To praise the dear Rock that is higher than I.

415. HYMN. P. M.

ALONG the smooth and slender wires
The sleepless heralds run,
Fast as the clear and living rays
Go streaming from the sun;
No peals or flashes heard or seen,
Their wondrous flight betray;
And yet their words are plainly felt
In cities far away.

2. No summer's heat or winter's cold can check their rapid course;
They meet unmoved the fierce wind's rage, the rough wind's sweeping force;

In the long night of rain and wrath, as in the
blaze of day,
They rush with news of weal or woe, to thousands
far away.

3. But faster still than tidings borne
On that electric cord,
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves
The Christian's life and Lord;
Of him who taught in smiles and tears
With fervent lips to pray.
Maintains high converse here on earth
With bright worlds far away.

4. Ah! tho' no outward wish is breathed, nor out-
ward answer given,
The sighing of that humble heart is known and
felt in heaven.
Those long frail wires may bend or break, those
viewless heralds stray;
But Faith's least word shall reach the throne of
God, though far away.

---

416. HYMN. P. M.

THERE'S a good time coming, it hasteneth nigh,
When the pilgrim shall be blest,
When Christ shall reign o'er all the earth,
And give the promised rest.

CHORUS.

O, Canaan, bright Canaan, when shall I see
That land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2. There's a good time coming, a glorious day,
When the righteous millions slain,
Shall awake to immortality,
And with Christ forever reign.
O, Canaan, bright Canaan, etc.

3. There's a good time coming, when the saints shall rejoice,
That earth's dread night is o'er,
When sickness and death, temptation and sin,
Shall be felt and feared no more.
O, Canaan, bright Canaan, etc.

4. There's a good time coming, when the curse shall cease,
And the tree of life shall grow,
When the earth shall blossom in Eden bloom,
And the healing streams shall flow.
O, Canaan, bright Canaan, etc.

417. HYMN. P. M.

I THOUHT that the course of the pilgrim to heaven,
Would be bright as the summer and glad as the morn;
Thou show'dst me the path, t'was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rock and all tangled with thorn.

2. I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown,
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave,
I sought for the palm-branch, the robe and the crown,
I asked, and thou show'dst me a cross and a grave,

3. Subdued and instructed at length to thy will,
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign;
O, give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine.

4. There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy—but they roll not below;
There is rest—but it dwells in the presence of God.

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418. HYMN. L. M.

'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.

2. Before the mournful scene began
He took the bread, and blest, and brake,
What love thro' all his actions ran,
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3. "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying friend,
Meet at my table and record
The love of your departed Lord."

4. Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return and we shall eat,
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

419. HYMN. P. M.

HOW solemn the signal I hear!
The summons that calls me away,
In regions unknown to appear;
How shall I the summons obey!
What scenes in that world shall arise,
When life's latest sigh shall be fled,
And darkness has seal'd up mine eyes,
And deep in the dust I am laid.

2. Dear Shepherd of Israel, lead on,
My soul follows hard after thee;
The phantoms of death are all flown,
When Jesus my Shepherd I see.
Dear brethren and sisters, I go
To wait your arrival above;
Be faithful, and soon you shall know
The triumphs and joys of his love.

420. HYMN. P. M.

I SAW a wide and well-spread board,
And children young and fair;
Came one by one, the eldest first,
And took their stations there.
All neatly clad and beautiful;
And with familiar tread,
They gathered round with joy to feast
On meats, and fruit, and bread.

2. Beside the board the Father sat,
A smile his features wore,
As on the little group he gazed,
And tole their portions o'er.

A meager form, arrayed in rags,
Out by the threshold stood;
A half-starved child had wandered there
To beg a little food.

3. Said one, "Why standest here, my dear?
See, there's a vacant seat
Amid the children, and enough
For them and thee to eat."
"Alas, for me," the child replied,
In tones of deep despair,
"No right have I amid your group,
I have no Father there."

4. O, hour of fate, when from the skies,
With notes of deepest dread,
The far resounding trump of God,
Shall summon forth the dead,
What countless hosts shall stand without
The heavenly threshold fair,
And gazing on the blest, exclaim:
"I have no Father there."

421. HYMN. P. M.

COME where our father lies low in the grave,
Low in the tomb, low in the tomb;
Come where the willows so mournfully wave
Low o'er his tomb, o'er his tomb.
Think of the days when we stood by his side,
Think how he looked on his children with pride,
Think how he blessed us the day that he died,
Here by his tomb, by his tomb.

2. Think of the lips that so sweetly we pressed,
Pressed by the tomb, pressed by the tomb;
Think of the hours we passed on that breast,
Now in the tomb, now in the tomb.
Pray that we meet him again in the skies,
Far from the region of parting and sighs,
When with rejoicing the good shall arise,
Rise from the tomb, from the tomb.

422. HYMN. P. M.

WHAT'S this that steals, that steals upon my frame?
Is it death, is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame;
Is it death, is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From ev'ry pain and sorrow free;
I shall the King of glory see:
All is well, all is well.

2. Weep not, my friends, my friends, weep not for me;
All is well, all is well:
My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I am free,
All is well, all is well:
There is not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Jesus from mine eyes,
I soon shall mount the upper skies;
All is well, all is well.

3. Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in glory,
All is well, all is well:

I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,
All is well, all is well:
Bright angels are from glory come,
They 're round my bed, they 're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home,
All is well, all is well.

4. Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master calls me,
All is well, all is well:
I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory,
All is well, all is well:
Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu!
I can no longer stay with you;
My glittering crown appears in view,
All is well, all is well.

5. Hail, hail, all hail, all hail, ye blood-washed throng!
Saved by grace, saved by grace:
I come to join, to join your rapturous song—
Saved by grace, saved by grace:
All, all is peace and joy divine,
And heaven and glory now are mine;
O hallelujah to the Lamb!
All is well, all is well!

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423. HYMN. P. M.

I HAD a faithful mother,
How oft in childhood's years
She soothed my little troubles,
And kissed away my tears!

2. With every wish I hastened
Instinctive to her side,
Nor dream'd that I could lose her,
My constant, faithful guide.

3. I had a praying mother,
She led me to the shrine,
Whence drawing heavenly wisdom,
She taught me things divine.

4. Her lamp was trimm'd and burning,
Illuming all the way,
That leads thro' death's dark valley,
Up to eternal day.

5. I've now an angel mother,
For she hath left this land,
And found a better country,
A home at God's right hand.

6. Could she now see my sorrow,
I know she'd pity me;
God help me to subdue it,
Lest she my sin might see.

7. O, had I still a mother,
I'd be more mild and meek;
I'd speak in kindly accents,
As she was wont to speak.

8. But these are vain resolvings—
I'll try to prove more true
To those whom God hath spared me,
Ere they are angels too.

424. HYMN. P. M.

SING, O sing the song of gladness;
Joy becomes the happy scene;
See the earth her wintry sadness
Wears no more, but robes of green.

2. Sing his mercy that doth keep us
While our years are flitting by;
Pouring all its richest treasures,
Guarding with a father's eye—

3. Sing his love, all love surpassing!
How his only Son he gave
On the cruel cross to suffer,
From its doom the soul to save.

4. Brightly now our waving banners
Float upon the gentle breeze;
While the tide of glad hosannas
Pours its choral melodies.

5. Countless as the stars of heaven,
Richer far than golden store,
Are the blessings he has given,
Freely as the summer shower.

6. Children, will you hear the story,
And refuse his pard'ning love?
Come! O come and share his glory
In the worlds of light above.

7. Sing, O sing, his praises bringing,
While the ringing skies resound;
Rocks and hills, and tower and dwelling,
Send the swelling chorus round.

425. HYMN. P. M.

THERE is a Friend we ought to love,
More than all friends beside;
His name is Jesus, and his love
Forever shall abide.
Come, children, then, for now he lives,
And praise from little ones receives;
With lip and life we'll praise his name,
And not forget his laws again.
What—not forget again?
No—not forget again!

2. There is a word we ought to prize,
More than all words beside;
It tells how Jesus from the skies.
Came down, and wept, and died.
Come, children, then, for now he lives;
Sinners from every land receives;
Oh! let us spread the tidings round,
And publish wide the joyful sound.
What—spread the joyful sound?
Yes—spread the joyful sound!

3. There is a loss we ought to fear
More than all loss beside;
Our souls—than life itself more dear,
Those souls for which Christ died.
Come, children, then, say Jesus lives,
To Jew and Gentile life he gives,
And if in him they now believe,
Their souls shall endless life receive.
What—endless life receive?
Yes—endless life receive!

4. There is a land we ought to love
More than all lands beside ;
The land of glory, light, and love,
Where all the saints abide.
Come, children, for this land prepare,
Tribes of all nations shall be there ;
Oh ! then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.
What—never part again ?
No—never part again !

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426. HYMN. L. M.

WHEN I look up to yonder sky,
So pure, so bright, so wondrous high,
I think of One I cannot see,
But One who sees and cares for me.

2. His name is God ! he gave me birth ;
And every living thing on earth,
And every tree and plant that grows
To the same hand its being owes.

3. 'T is he my daily food provides,
And all that I require besides ;
And when I close my slumb'ring eye,
I sleep in peace, for he is nigh.

4. Then surely I should ever love
This gracious God who reigns above ;
For very kind indeed is he
To love a little child like me.

427. HYMN. P. M.

COME, join our celebration
With hallow'd songs of joy,
And on this bright occasion
Your sweetest notes employ;
Parents and friends invited,
And teachers now are here,
In purpose all united
Our youthful hearts to cheer.

2. Thanks to the God of heaven,
Kind Guardian of our race,
For all the favors given
Beneath his smiling face;
For health, and strength, and reason,
And friendship unalloyed;
And every pleasant season
In Sunday-schools enjoyed.
Come, join, etc.

3. Thanks for the kind protection
God's arm has thrown around,
And for that sweet affection
He causes to abound
In those who 're watching o'er us
With many an anxious sigh,
And seeking to restore us
To peace and heavenly joy.
Come, join, etc.

4. May God with many a blessing
Reward their toil and care,
And hear them while addressing
His throne in fervent prayer;

And may his love constraining
Our youthful spirits bow,
And grace forever reigning
Our inmost souls endow.
Come, join, etc.

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428. HYMN. P. M.

WE gather, we gather,
Dear Jesus, to bring,
The breathings of love,
'Mid the blossoms of spring.
Our Maker! Redeemer!
We gratefully raise
Our hearts and our voices,
In singing thy praise.

2. When stooping to earth
From the brightness of heaven,
Thy blood for our ransom
So freely was given;
Thou deignedst to listen
While children adored,
With joyful hosannas
The bless'd of the Lord.

3. Those arms which embraced
Little children of old,
Still love to encircle
The lambs of the fold.
The grace which invited
The wanderer home
Hath never forbidden
The youngest to come.

4. Hosannah ! hosannah !
Great Teacher ! we raise
Our hearts and our voices
In hymning thy praise,
For precept and promise
So graciously given ;
For blessings of earth
And the glories of heaven.

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429. HYMN. L. M.

A CHILDREN'S temple here we build,
And consecrate it, Lord, to thee,
In hope that with thy presence filled
These humble walls henceforth may be.

2. When Christ, thy holy child, was born,
He had not where to lay his head :
Though King of kings, he did not scorn
The meanness of a manger-bed.

3. And is he not to-day the same ?
And deigns he not to visit there
Where two or three, in his great name,
Are met for worship, praise, and prayer ?

4. Ah ! yes, where simple souls are taught
To know and do his Father's will,
Or infants to his arms are brought,
He welcomes all, and blesses still.

5. Come, Holy Ghost, while we draw nigh ;
Such life and power to us afford,
That each may Abba, Father cry
And young and old call Jesus LORD.

430. HYMN. L. M.

I WOULD a youthful pilgrim be,
Resolved alone to follow thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who now art gone
Up to thine everlasting throne.

2. I would my heart to thee resign;
O come and make it wholly thine!
Set up in thy kingdom, Lord, within,
And cast out every thought of sin.

3. Be it my chief desire to prove
How much I owe, how much I love;
Contentedly my cross to take,
And meekly bear it for thy sake.

4. Then, when my pilgrimage is o'er,
And I can serve thee here no more,
Within thy temple, God of love,
I'll serve thee day and night above.

---

431. HYMN. P. M.

ONCE again, with animation,
In this pleasing month of May,
We repeat our celebration,
And enjoy the festive day;
Notes of praise, notes of praise,
Notes of praise to heaven we raise.

2. Parents, teachers, friends and neighbors,
Met with us this welcome hour;
Thanks for all your cares and labors,
In our grateful songs we pour,
Notes of praise, etc.

3. And let gratitude awaken,
To the God who rules above;
He hath never yet forsaken,
Nor withheld his tender love.
Notes of praise, etc.

4. We—so full of sin and folly,
Oft forget and disbelieve;
He—so excellent, so holy,
Still is waiting to forgive.
Notes of praise, etc.

5. To his arms we 're yet invited;
'T is the Saviour bids us come;
Let us then, with hearts united,
Seek through him a heavenly home.
Notes of praise, etc.

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432. HYMN. P. M.

TEACHERS.

COME, ye children, and adore him,
Lord of all, he reigns above;
Come, and worship now before him,
He hath called you by his love.
He will grant you every blessing
Of his all-abounding grace;
Come, with humble hearts expressing
All your gratitude and praise.

CHILDREN.

2. On this holy day of gladness,
We will join in praises meet;
Every bosom free from sadness—
All with happiness replete.

Oh, to feel the love of Jesus!
Oh, to know that from above
Still our heavenly Father sees us
With an eye of tender love!

TEACHERS.

3. Dearest children, now adore him;
Swell aloud the joyful strain:
Let the nations bow before him—
Echo back the notes again.
While he will accept the praises,
E'en from every heart and tongue,
Those to him an infant raises,
Still are sweetest of the song.

CHILDREN.

4. Lord of all, our hearts' oblation
Now ascends to thee alone;
We would come, with all the nation,
Now to worship at the throne.
Teachers! will you join the chorus?
Join in hymning forth his praise,
Who, for our redemption, shows us
All the riches of his grace.

TEACHERS AND CHILDREN.

5. Praise to thee, O Lord, forever!
Gladly now we all unite;
Praise to thee, O God! the giver,
Blessed Lord of life and light!
Ransomed nation, spread the story:
Rescued people, ne'er give o'er;
All his grace and all his glory
Oh proclaim for evermore!

433. HYMN. C. M.

O LORD, forgive a sinful child,
Whose heart is all unclean;
How base am I, and how defiled
By the vile work of sin!

2. O change this stubborn heart of mine,
And make me pure within;
Still manifest thy love divine,
And save me from all sin.

3. Stubborn, untractable, and wild
By nature is my heart;
O Lord to me, a patient, mild,
And holy mind impart.

4. Then shall I make redeeming love
My daily, hourly song;
And joys like theirs who sing above
Shall tune an infant's tongue.

---

434. HYMN. C. M.

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

2. 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3. Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!

That holy Book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

4. Thy precepts make me truly wise:
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

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435. HYMN. P. M.

OH send forth the Bible, more precious than gold!
Let no one presume the best gift to withhold:
It speaks to all nations in language so plain,
That he who will read it, true wisdom may gain.

2. It points us to heaven, where the righteous will go;
It warns us to shun the dark regions of wo;
It shows us the evil and dangers of sin,
And opens a fountain for cleansing within.

3. It tells us of One who is mighty to save,
Who died on the cross and arose from the grave;
Who dwelleth on high, in that holy abode,
Interceding for man with a pardoning God.

4. It tells us that all will awake from the tomb;
Bids sinners reflect on a judgment to come:
It tells us that mansions of bliss are prepared,
The hope of believers—their glorious award.

5. Oh, who would neglect such a volume as this,
That warns us from danger, invites us to bliss?
Send forth the blest Bible earth's regions around,
Wherever the footsteps of man shall be found.

436. HYMN. P. M.

WITH joyful hearts again we sing
The praises of our Saviour-King,
And high our voices raise:
We bless the Lord that we were born,
In school to meet each Sabbath morn,
To chant our youthful lays.

2. Another year has rolled around,
And in sweet union here we 're found:
To God the glory give,
For all the means that he hath given,
That we may learn the way to heaven,
And with him ever live.

3. To Sunday-school we love to go,
And while we dwell on earth below,
Our Sunday-school we'll bless.
Dear teachers, too, we love them well,
For they of heavenly tidings tell,
And endless happiness.

4. For us our Saviour shed his blood;
He feeds our souls with heavenly food;
He gives us life and breath.
He sends his Spirit from above,
To draw us with his cords of love,
And save our souls from death.

5. Our Heavenly Father we adore!
His gracious prêsence we implore
Upon our youthful band.
Oh! that his word may make us wise,
And lead to bliss beyond the skies,
To dwell at his right hand.

437. HYMN. P. M.

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot;
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2. This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3. There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

4. I come, thy servant, Lord, replies;
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Soon will the pilgrim's journey end;
Then, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

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438. HYMN. P. M.

PRECIOUS Saviour! of salvation,
We, this festal day, would sing,
And would make our celebration
With our Saviour's praises ring.

'T is thy mercy that hath led us
To the Sabbath-schools we love,
And our teachers there have fed us
With the manna from above.

2. Precious Saviour! 't is thy blessing
Cheers us in the morn of life;
Helps us onward to be pressing,
'Mid earth's sorrows and its strife;
Guards from fascinating pleasures
That would lead our feet astray;
Sets before us heavenly treasures,
While we walk the narrow way.

3. Precious Saviour! we adore thee,
For thy many mercies shown;
Let our praises come before thee,
Find acceptance at thy throne:
Thus our songs to heaven ascending,
Join with those of saints above,
And with angel-voices blending,
Celebrate redeeming love.

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439. HYMN. P. M.

TO-DAY we come with singing
And gladness in our breast,
Our blooming off'rings bringing,
For God has greatly blest.
We spread our flowing banners,
And lift our voices high;
Our hymns and glad hosannas
Resounding through the sky.

2. We come with exultation,
A joyful, happy band,
Proclaiming free salvation
To children of our land.
Loud ring the glowing anthem!
Oh! shout, "A Saviour slain!"
And let the mountains echo
The glories of his name.

3. Our souls be filled with gladness;
Let rapture swell the breast;
Ten thousand hearts are beating
For children in the West.
Shout, shout, ye saints in triumph,
The Conqueror comes to reign,
Let earth exalt her Saviour
And bless Emanuel's name.

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440. HYMN. S. M.

NOW is the' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2. Now is the' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?

3. Now is the' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

441. HYMN. P. M.

WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

2. If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace,—
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

3. Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayest see,
This is still thy sweet relief,—
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

4. Rock of ages, I'm secure,
With thy promise, full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure;
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

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442. HYMN. P. M.

Our Sabbath Home.

OH! we love to come to our Sabbath home,
And learn of our teachers dear,
Who point us with love to our home above,
And the crown that awaits us there.

2. Oh! we love to come to our Sabbath home,
When the six days' toil is o'er,
And read and sing of our heavenly King,
And learn to love him more.

3. Oh! we love to come to our Sabbath home,
But we would not come alone,
We would each bring in from the paths of sin,
Some wretched wandering one;

4. Whose feet now stray in the broad, broad way,
Who know not of God or heaven,
And would bid them taste of the blessed feast
Which our Father's love hath given.

5. Then toil we on till the race is won,
And the pearly gates unfold,
And we find our rest on the Saviour's breast,
At home in the city of gold.

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443. HYMN. P. M.

MY rest is in heaven—my home is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials appear?
Be hushed, my sad spirit,—the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey and hastens thee home.

2. A pilgrim and stranger, I seek not my bliss,
Nor lay up my treasures in regions like this;
I look for a mansion which hands have not piled;
I long for a city by sin undefiled.

3. Though foes and afflictions my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close;
Come joy or come sorrow—the worst may befall
One moment in heaven makes up for them all.

4. The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not repose me on roses below;
I ask not my portion—I seek not my rest,
Till seated with Jesus, I lean on his breast.

5. No scrip for my journey—no staff in my hand,
A pilgrim impatient, I press to that land;
The path may be rugged, it cannot be long—
With hope I'll beguile it, and cheer it with song.

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444. HYMN. P. M.

"BE good, little children," your mother will say,
She will whisper it soft in your ear,
And oftimes repeat it, by night and by day,
That you may not forget it, my dear.
The ant at its work, and the flower-loving bee,
And the sweet little bird in the wood,
As it warbles its song from its nest in the tree,
Seem to say, "Little children, be good."

2. "Be good," says the Bible, that volume of love,
Which the wisest delight to obey,
And the truths which it teaches will lead you above,
When death calls the spirit away.
As sure as the brook to the river doth run,
And the river to ocean's broad wave,
This rule, if well learned in thy childhood, my son,
Will prove your best wealth in the grave.

---

445. HYMN. P. M.

OH there is a river whose fresh waters flow
O'er earth's broadest surface, a cure for all wo;
Its streams are all-healing, there's life in each wave;
Oh try it and prove it, 't is mighty to save.

2. Oh drink of this river, its full crystal flood
Refreshes and lightens of sin's weary load;

Its ripples ne'er mix with the billows of strife—
This is the "Pure River of Water of Life."

3. This beautiful river our boast well may be,
'T is fresh, overflowing,—and better, 't is free!
The sin-sick rejoice in this "peace-making" tide,
This river is JESUS, "the once crucified."

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446. HYMN. C. M.

SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2. Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

3. We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine;
Thine let our offspring be.

---

447. HYMN. S. M.

FOREVER with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'T is immortality.

2. Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

448. HYMN. S. M.

MY son, know thou the Lord,
Thy fathers' God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

2. Call while he may be found,
And seek him while he's near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.

4. But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven,
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.

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449. HYMN. P. M.

NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd;
And be the shout, Hosanna,
Reëcho'd through the world,
Till ev'ry isle and nation,
Till ev'ry tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2. What though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?

His arm throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord, victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of Peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious—
Thy empire shall increase.

3. Yes—thou shalt reign forever:
O, Jesus, King of kings,
Thy light, thy love, thy favor
Each ransom'd captive sings;
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise;
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

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450. HYMN. S. M.

REMEMBER thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thine earliest vow,
And listen to thy praise.

2. Remember thy Creator now;
Seek him while he is near:
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.

3. Remember thy Creator now—
His willing servant be;
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.

4. Almighty God! our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;

Let all our future days be thine,
Devoted to thy fear.

---

451. HYMN. S. M.

O WHAT a lovely sight,
To see our tender youth
Follow the Saviour with delight,
And tread the paths of truth!

2. They who begin so soon,
With swifter speed shall run;
More bright and sweet shall be their noon,
More fair their evening sun.

3. When we can work no more,
They shall the cause extend,
Till every knee, from shore to shore,
At Jesus' name shall bend.

---

452. HYMN. P. M.

THIS life is but a summer's day
Of shadows and of light,
Its brightest sunbeams pass away
And soon give place to night.
Fair childhood is the early dawn,
And youth the morning gay;
Manhood's the noon, so quickly gone,
And age the evening ray.

2. But life eternal, who can tell
How long it shall endure?
The righteous shall forever dwell
In mansions bright and pure.

The hours of childhood and of youth,
Of manhood and of age,
Should in the love of sacred truth
The inmost soul engage.

3. This life was given to prepare
For that which is to come;
Oh may I gain admittance there,
And find a heavenly home!
And will the Lord my sins forgive
Through his redeeming love,
And bid me to his glory live,
And write my name above?

---

453. HYMN. P. M.

MORN amid the mountains—
Lovely solitude!
Gushing streams and fountains
Murmur, God is good.

2. Now the glad sun breaking,
Pours a golden flood;
Deepest vales awaking,
Echo, God is good.

3. Round yon pine-clad mountain,
Flows a golden flood;
Hear the sparkling fountain
Whisper, God is good.

4. See the streamlet bounding
Through the vale and wood;
Hear its ripples sounding,
Tell that God is good.

454. HYMN. L. M.

THIS life 's a dream, an empty show,
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere!
When shall I wake and find me there?

2. O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

3. My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound:
Then burst its chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

---

455. HYMN. S. M.

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

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

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

456. HYMN. P. M.

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

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

3. So, whene'er the signal 's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons we obey—
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

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457. HYMN. L. M.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2. Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

458. HYMN. P. M.

My Experience.

COME, ye that love the Lord, unto me, unto me,
Come, ye that love the Lord, unto me.
I've something good to say about the narrow way,
For Christ the other day
Saved my soul, saved my soul,
For Christ the other day saved my soul.

2. My old companions said, he's undone, he's undone,
My old companions said, he's undone,
My old companions said, he's surely going mad,
But Jesus made me glad:—
Bless his name! bless his name!
But Jesus made me glad—bless his name.

3. He gave me first to see what I was, what I was,
He gave me first to see what I was,
He gave me first to see, my guilt and misery,
And then he set me free:—
Bless his name! bless his name!
And then he set me free—bless his name.

4. Some said I'd soon give o'er,
They shall see, they shall see;
Some said I'd soon give o'er, they shall see;
Some time has passed away since I began to pray,
And I love the Lord to-day:—
Bless his name! bless his name!
I love the Lord to-day—bless his name.

459. HYMN. P. M.

TUNE—*Long, long ago.*

SHED not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
When I am gone—I am gone;
Smile when the slow tolling bell you shall hear,
When I am gone—I am gone:
Weep not for me when you stand round my grave;
Think who has died his beloved to save;
Think of the crown all the ransom'd shall have;
When I am gone—I am gone.

2. Plant ye a tree which may wave over me,
When I am gone—I am gone;
Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall see,
When I am gone—I am gone:
Come at the close of a bright summer's day;
Come when the sun sheds his last ling'ring ray;
Come and rejoice that I thus pass away;
When I am gone—I am gone.

3. Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed,
When I am gone—I am gone;
Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead,
When I am gone—I am gone:
Praise ye the Lord I'm freed from all care;
Serve ye the Lord that my bliss ye may share;
Look up on high and believe I am there;
When I am gone—I am gone.

FAVORITE CHORUSES.

1. CHORUS. P. M.

Home at last, home at last,
From an earthly shore,
I now am with my kindred dear.
Who passed on long before.

2. CHORUS. C, M.

I will believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me;
And the streams of salvation
Are copious and free.

3. CHORUS. P. M.

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary;
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for the soul.

4. CHORUS. P. M.

We are passing away,
Like a mid-summer's day;
We are passing away,
To the great judgment day.

5. CHORUS. L. M.

Then we'll lay down the cross,
And we'll take up the crown,
And we'll follow the Saviour
All the day long.

6. CHORUS. P. M.

We have kindred over yonder,
We have kindred over yonder;
By and by we'll go and see them,
Way over on the golden shore,

7. CHORUS. P. M.

That blissful place is my Father-Land—
O how I long to be there;
Come favor my flight, angelic band,
And waft me in peace to that shore.

8. CHORUS. L. M.

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

9. CHORUS. P. M.

They that conquer shall wear the crown,
And by their Father's side sit down:
Soon we'll join the holy throng;
They that conquer shall wear the crown.

10. CHORUS. C. M.

We'll stand the storm, it wont be long,
We'll anchor by and by—
We'll stand the storm, it wont be long,
We'll anchor by and by.

11. CHORUS. C. M.

O heaven! sweet heaven, home of the blest,
How I long to be there, and its glories share,
And to lean on my Saviour's breast.

12. CHORUS. C. M.

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
That God's own word has given;
The hope, when days and years are passed,
We all may meet in heaven.

13. CHORUS. C. M.

Remember, Lord, thy dying groans;
Remember Calvary;
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

14. CHORUS. C. M.

We're going home, we're going home,
The voyage will soon be o'er;
Our kindred dear are waiting there
Upon the golden shore.

15. CHORUS. P. M.

We'll be there, we'll be there in a little while,
And we'll join with the pure and the blest,
We'll all have the palms, the robes, the crowns,
And we'll be forever at rest.

16. CHORUS. P. M.

We'll meet again, we'll meet again,
Though we may see thee here no more;
We'll meet again, we'll meet again,
Way over on the shining shore.

17. CHORUS. P. M.

Say, my brother, will you meet me?
Say, my brother, will you meet me?
Yes, by the grace of God, I'll meet you
On Canaan's happy shore.

18. CHORUS. L. M.

O He died for you, and He died for me,
And He died to set poor sinners free;
Yes, He died for you, and He died for me,
And He died to set poor sinners free

19. CHORUS. L. M.

O reign, O reign, mighty Saviour,
Send converting power down;
Reign, mighty Lord.
O, reign, O, reign, etc.

20. CHORUS. P. M.

And we'll overtake the army,
Overtake the army,
And we'll overtake the army,
On our way.

21. CHORUS. P. M.

O brother, be faithful,
O brother, be faithful,
Faithful, faithful,
Till we all arrive at home.

22. CHORUS. P. M.

I'll try to prove faithful,
I'll try to prove faithful,
Faithful, faithful,
Till we all arrive at home.

23. CHORUS. P. M.

There are angels hovering round,
There are angels hovering round,
There are angels, angels
Hovering round.

24. CHORUS. P. M.

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

25. CHORUS. P. M.

Lift up your heads, ye golden gates,
Ye golden gates, ye golden gates,
Lift up your heads, ye golden gates,
And let the children in.

26. CHORUS. P. M.

When the toils of life are o'er,
When the toils of life are o'er,
When the toils of life are o'er,
We'll all be gathered home.

27. CHORUS. P. M.

Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his great name;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

28. CHORUS. L. M.

We're going home, we're going home,
We're going home to die no more,
To die no more, to die no more,
We're going home to die no more.

29. CHORUS. P. M.

My sins are washed away,
Through the blood of the Lamb,
Glory to the the Lamb, glory to the Lamb,
Glory to the Lamb.

30. CHORUS. L. M.

My suffering time will soon be o'er,
Then I shall sigh and weep no more;
Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, roll on,
And let these poor pilgrims go home,

31. CHORUS. P. M.

Travel on, and you shall gain the victory,
Travel on, and you shall gain the day,
Travel on, and you shall gain the victory,
Travel on, and you shall gain the day,

32. CHORUS. P. M.

Sing on, pray on, ye followers
Of Immanuel,
Sing on, pray on, ye followers
Of the Lamb.

33. CHORUS. P. M.

When the mighty, mighty, mighty trump
Sounds come, come away,
O let us be ready
To hail that glad day.

34. CHORUS. P. M.

I have a Father in the promised land,
I have a Father in the promised land;
My Lord calls, and I must go,
To meet him in the promised land.

35. CHORUS. P. M.

O, hallelujah!
Glory, hallelujah!
Praise Him! hallelujah!
We're on our journey home!

36. CHORUS. P. M.

Only let me die happy,
Only let me die happy,
Only let me die happy,
When I die.

37. CHORUS. P. M.

Good news gone to Canaan,
Good news gone to Canaan,
Good news gone to Canaan,
I'm on the way.

38. CHORUS. P. M.

There 's a crown up in glory for you, my brother,
There 's a crown up in glory for you ;
Then watch and be faithful and pray, my brother,
O watch and be faithful and pray.

39. CHORUS. P. M.

They 're coming home, they 're coming home,
Praise God they 're coming home ;
And saints and angels joy display,
Poor sinners are coming home.

40. CHORUS. P. M.

O he's taken my feet from the mire and the clay,
And he's placed them on the Rock of Ages ;
Yes, he's taken my feet from the mire and the clay,
And he's placed them on the Rock of Ages.

41. CHORUS. P. M.

Then we'll march around Jerusalem,
We'll march around Jerusalem,
We'll march around Jerusalem,
When we arrive at home.

42. CHORUS. P. M.

O, I'm glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the Lord.

43. CHORUS. P. M.

And we'll go on, glory, hallelujah!
We'll go on and serve the Lord,
Glory, hallelujah!
We'll go on, glory, hallelujah, etc.

44. CHORUS. P. M.

All hail! all hail!
I want to join the union band;
All hail! all hail!
I'm bound for the throne.

45. CHORUS. P. M.

He wills that I should holy be,
That holiness I long to see.
Walk in the light, walk in the light,
Walk in the light of God.

46. CHORUS. P. M.

We are just around the fountain, Lord,
We're just around the fountain,
We are just around the fountain, Lord,
That never runs dry.

47. CHORUS. P. M.

Victory, victory,
When we gain the victory;
O how happy we shall be,
When we gain the victory.

48. CHORUS. P. M.

Jesus died on Calvary's mountain,
Long time ago;
And salvation's healing fountain,
Now freely flows.

DOXOLOGIES.

1. L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

2. L. P. M.

Now to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given—
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

3. P. M.

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

4. C. P. M.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

5. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

6. P. M. 7s.

Praise the name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

7. P. M.

Great Jehovah, we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

8. P. M.

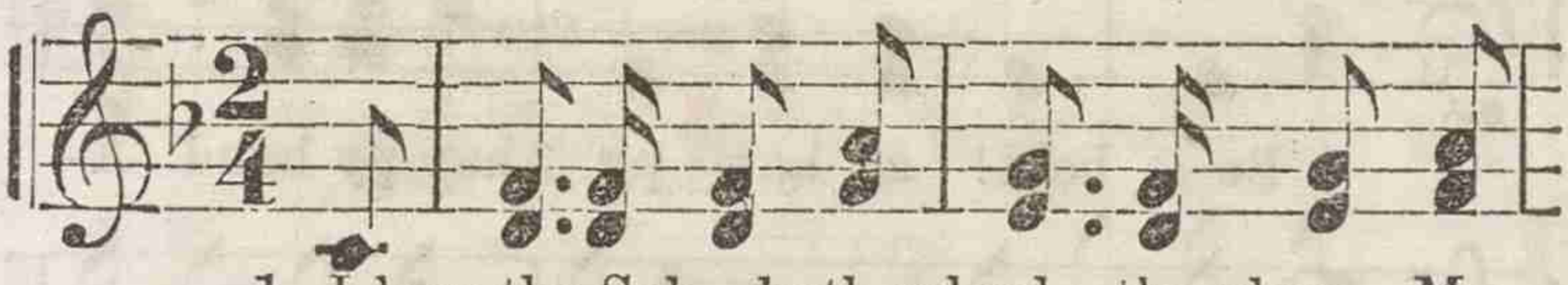
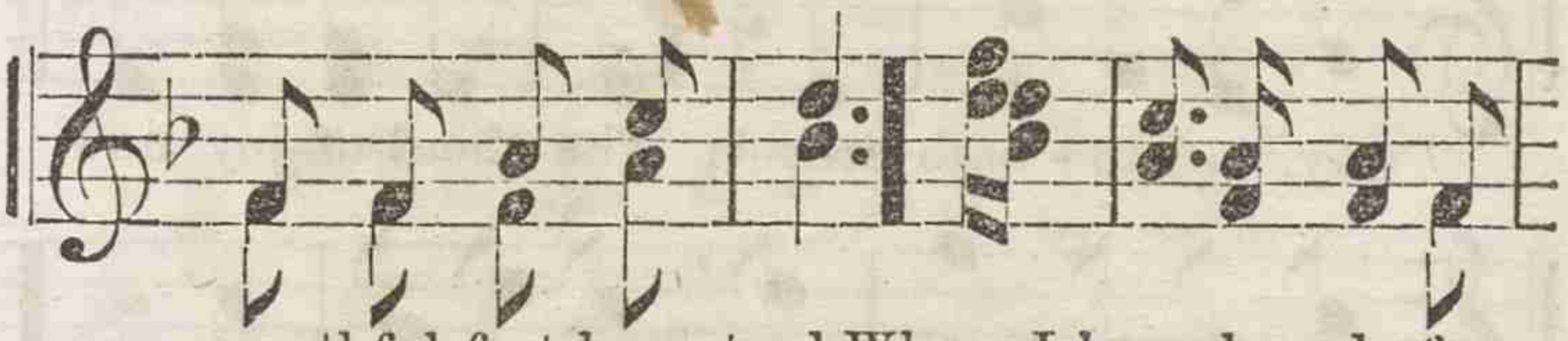
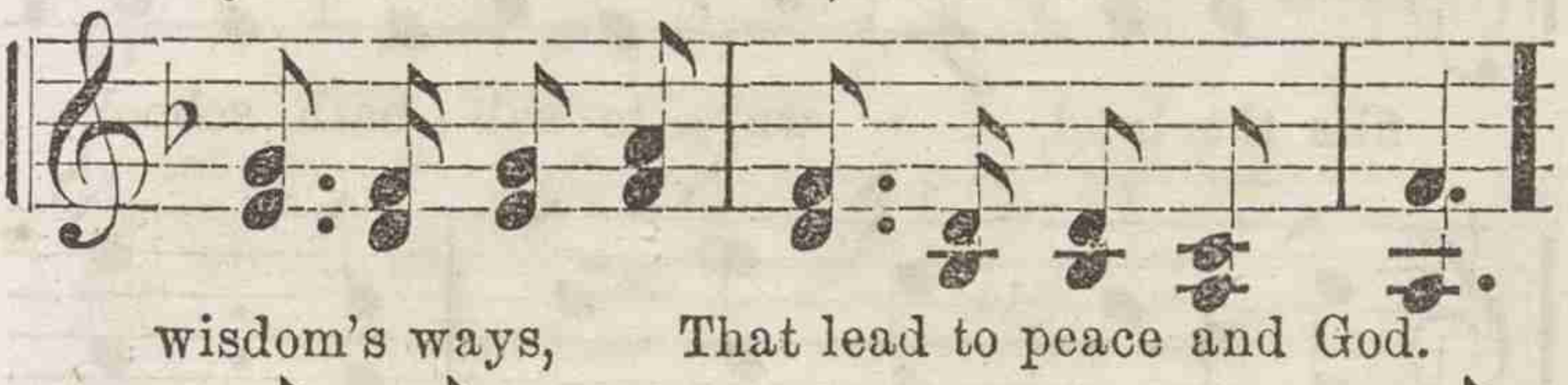
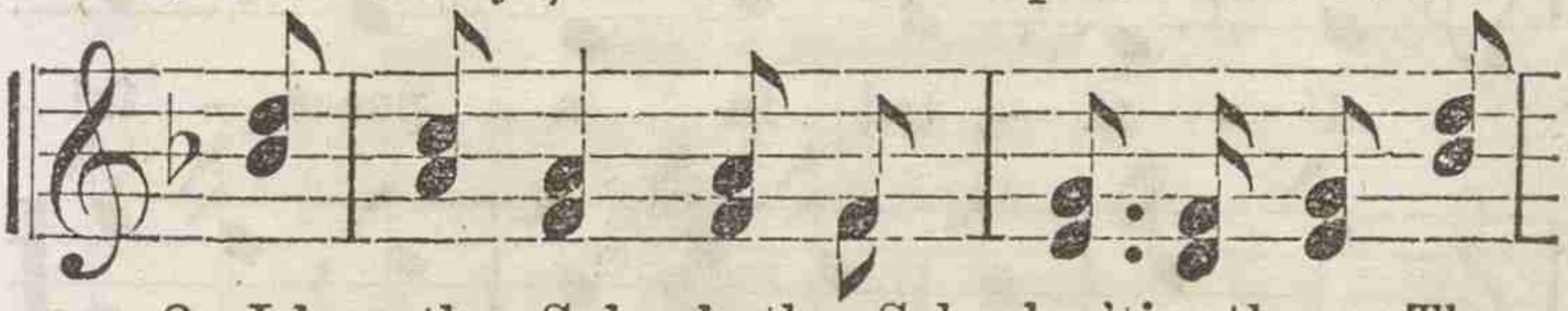
To Thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings:
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We 'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all Thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.

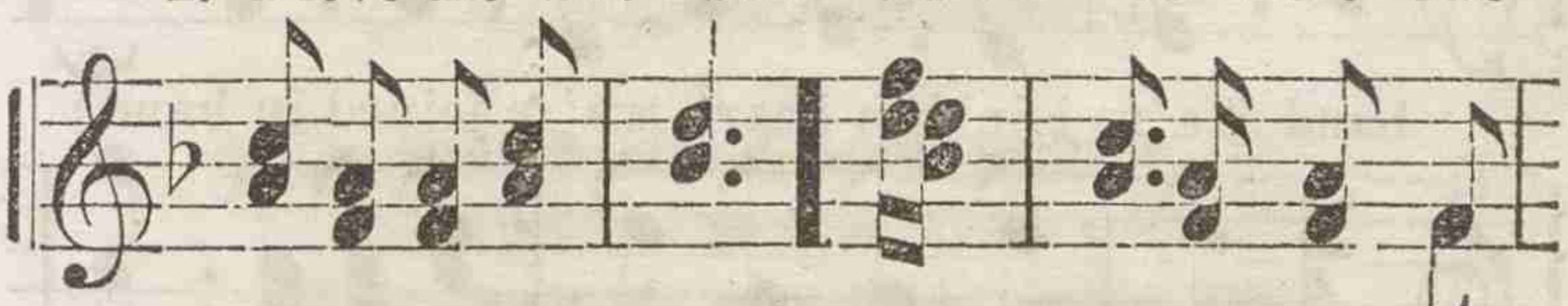
9. C. M.

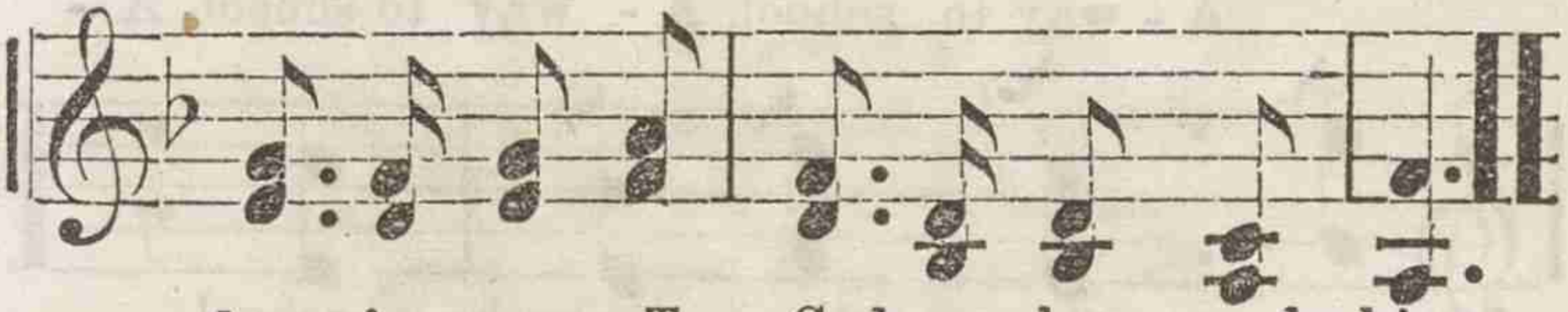
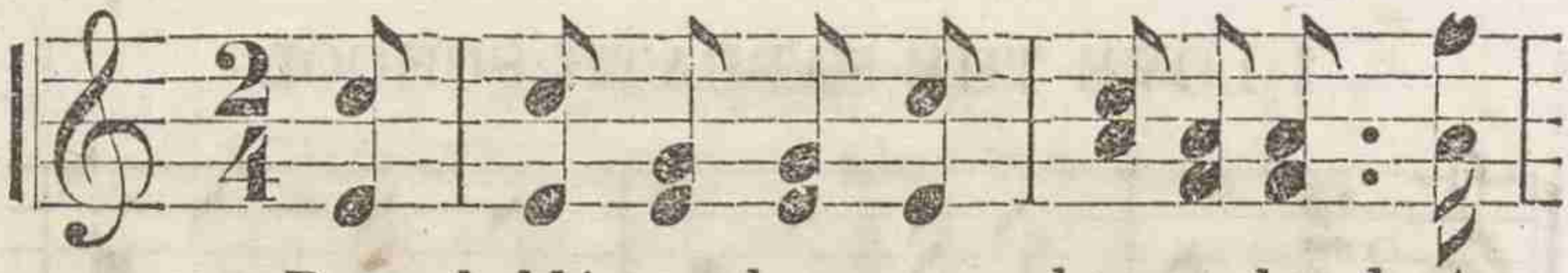
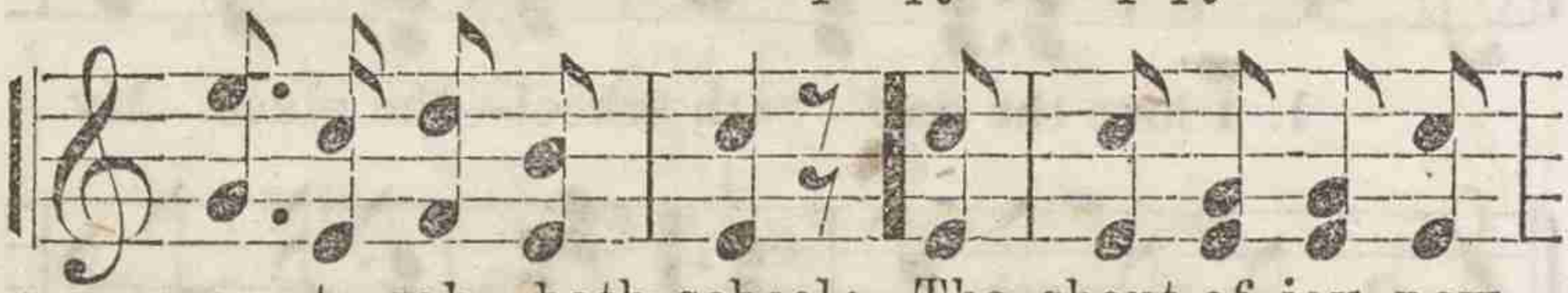
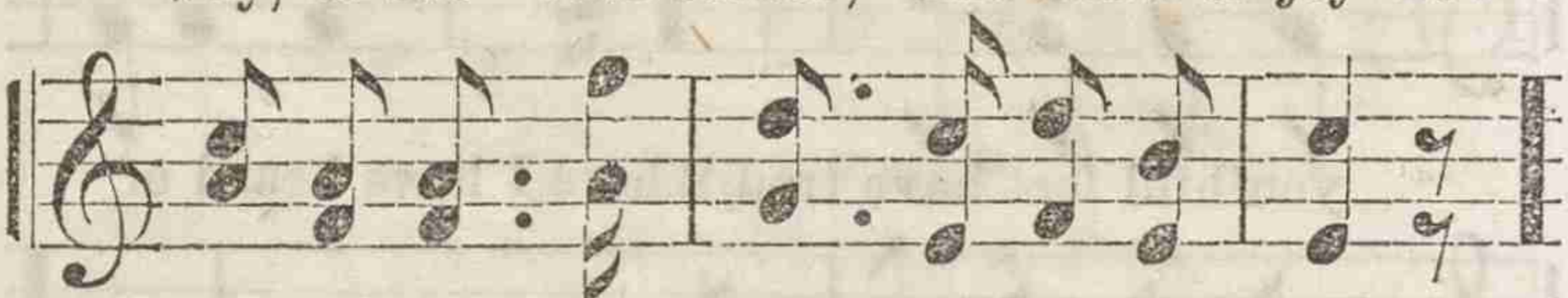
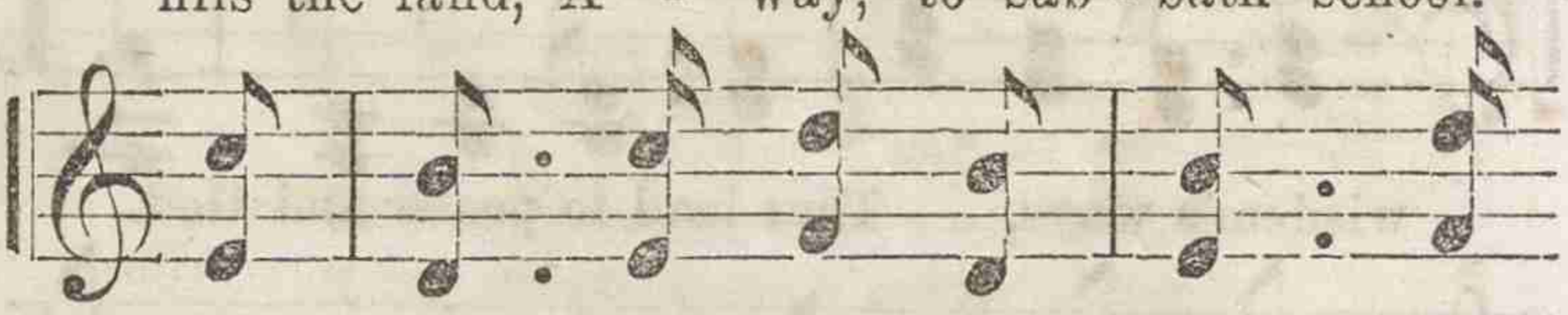
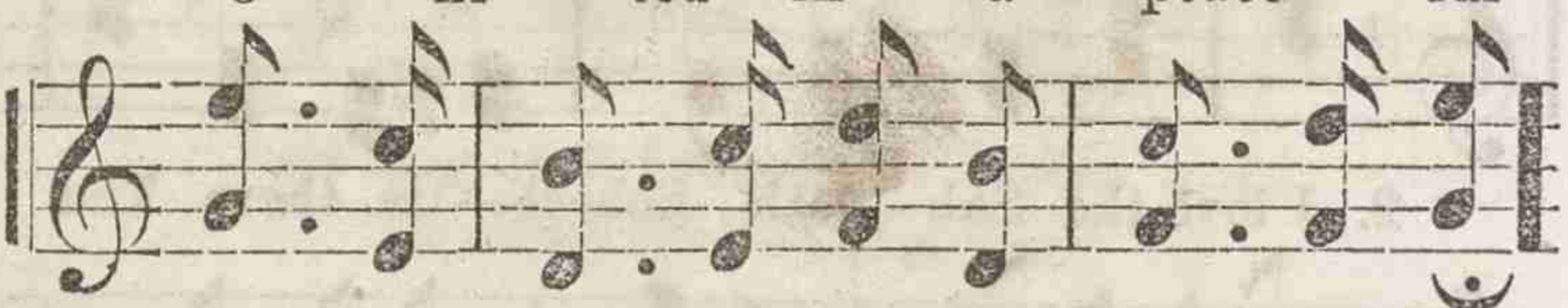
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

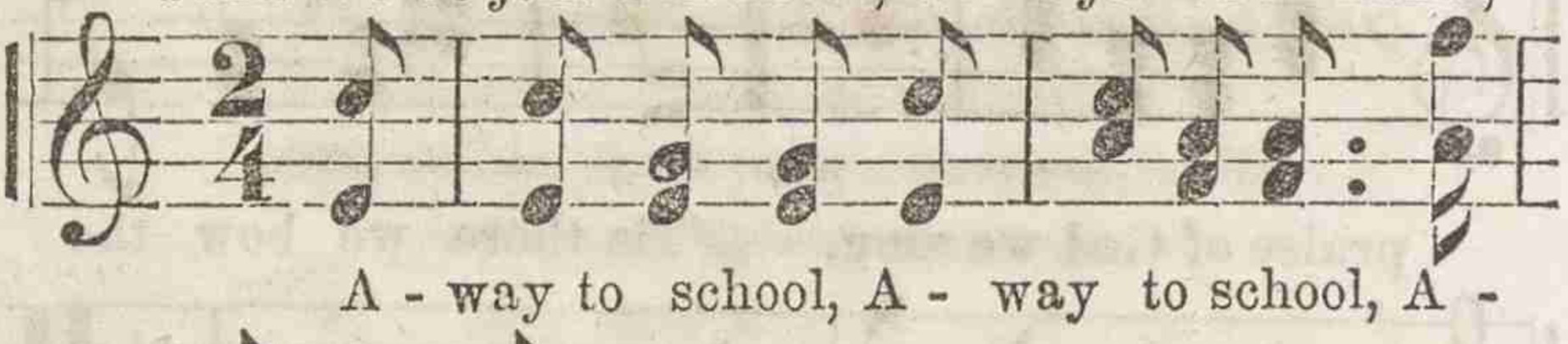
10. S. M.

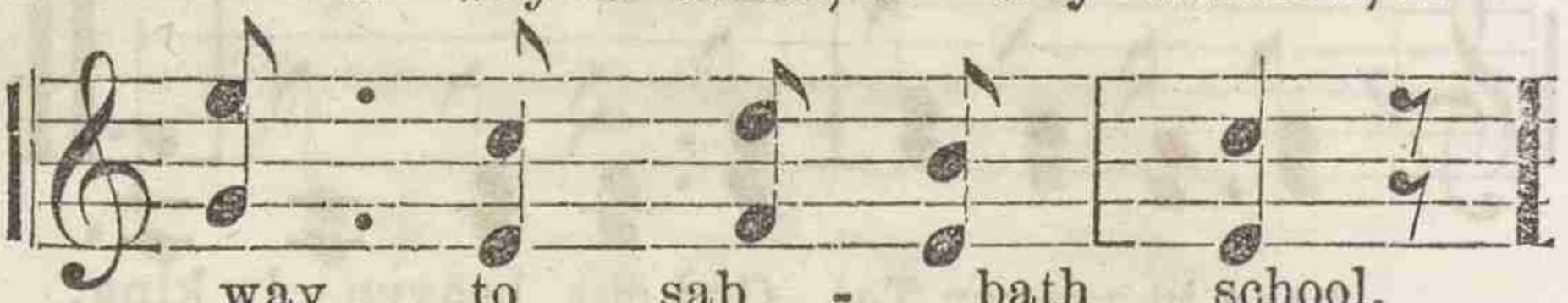
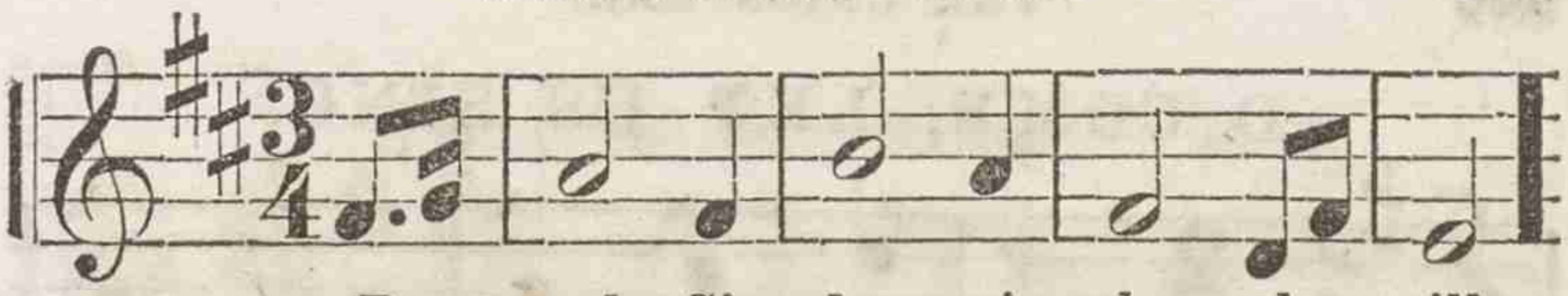
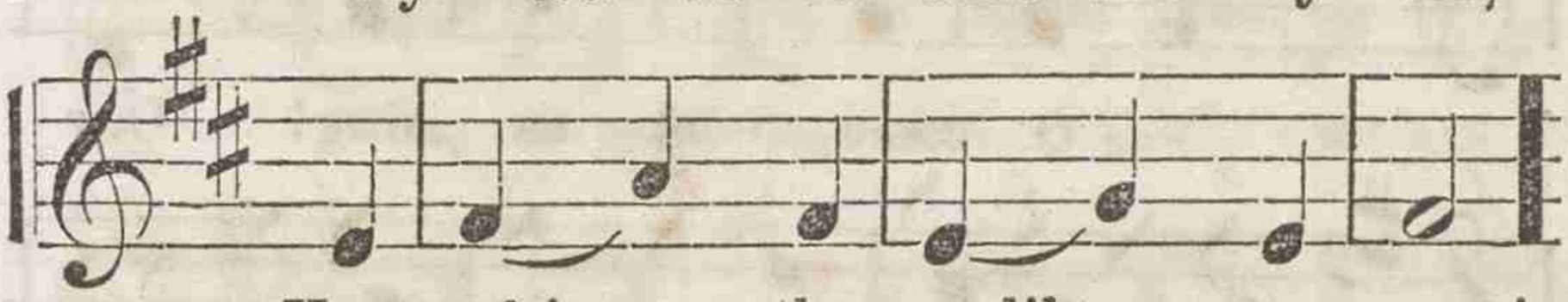
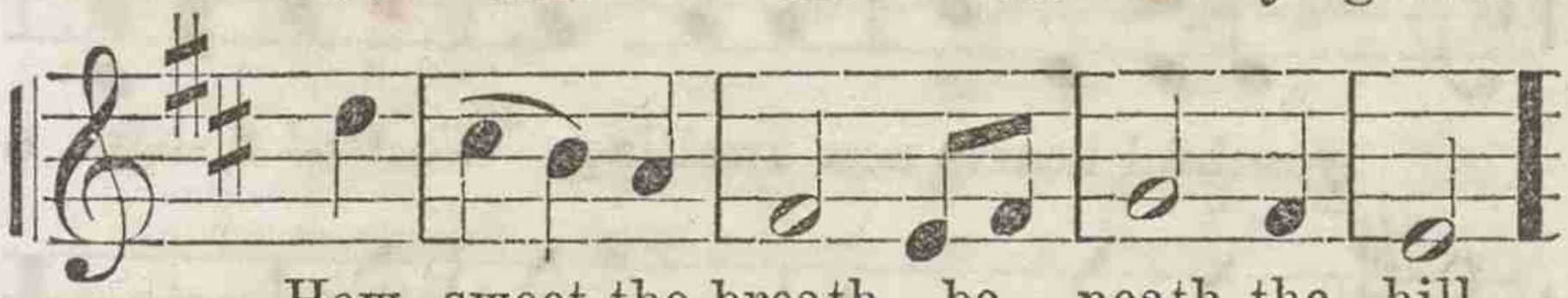
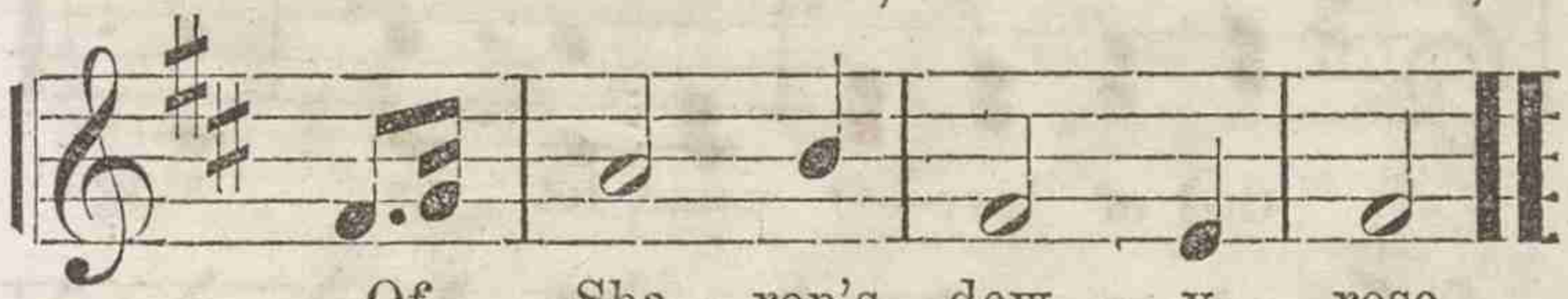
To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

I LOVE THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

1. I love the Sab - bath school—the place My

youthful feet have trod, Where I have heard of

wisdom's ways, That lead to peace and God.

2. I love the Sab - bath School—'tis there The



praise of God we sing, 'Tis there we bow the

knee in prayer To God our heaven - ly king.

Be - hold! a hap - py hap-py band A-

way, to sab - bath school; The shout of joy now

fills the land, A - way, to sab - bath school.

U - ni - ted in a peace - ful

band We're join'd in heart, we're joined in hand;

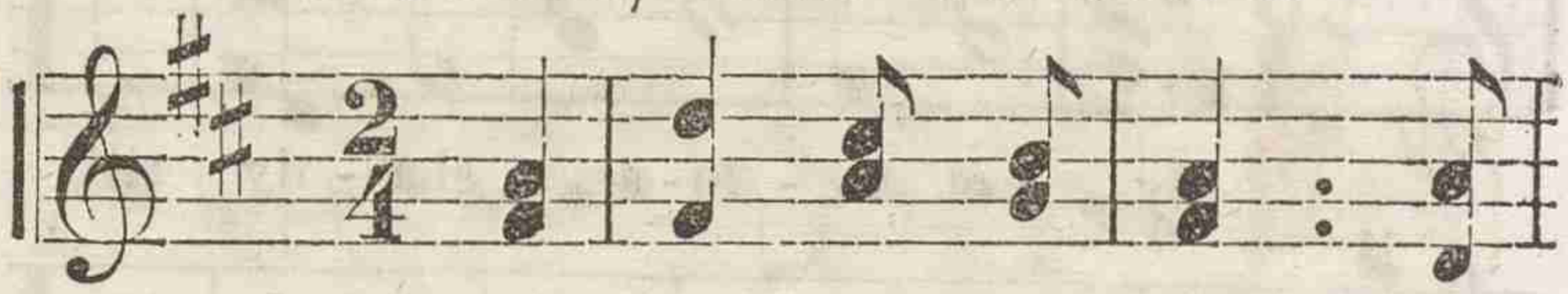
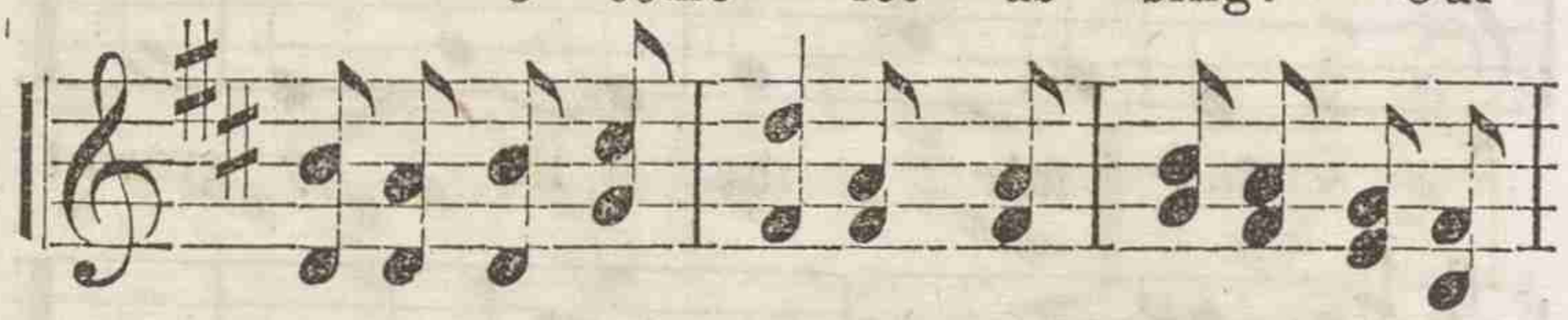
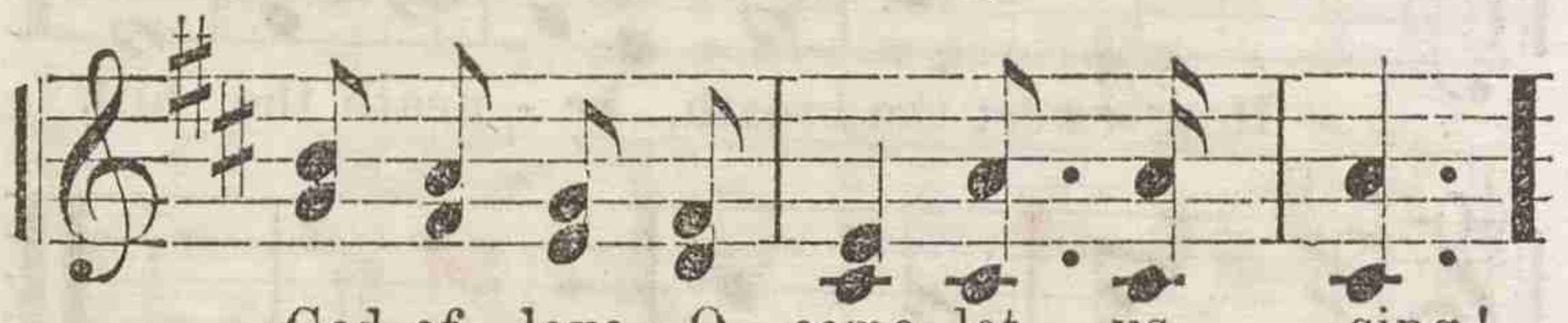
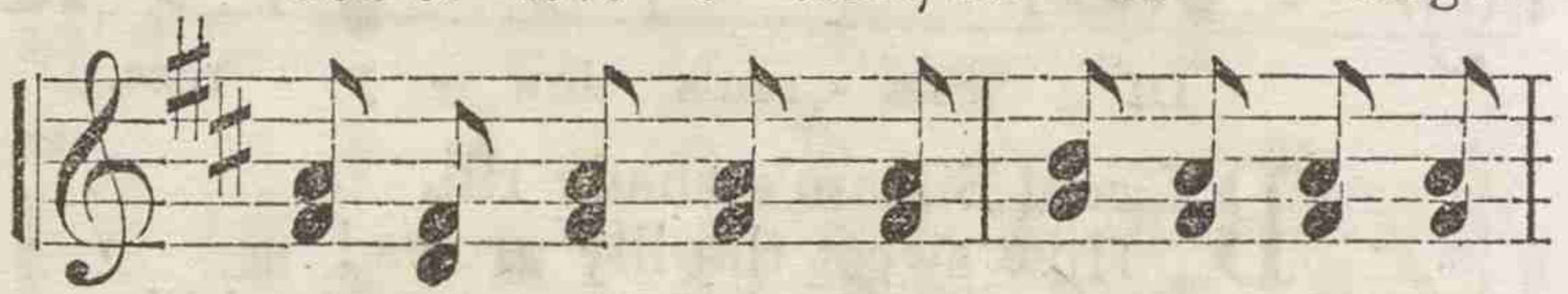
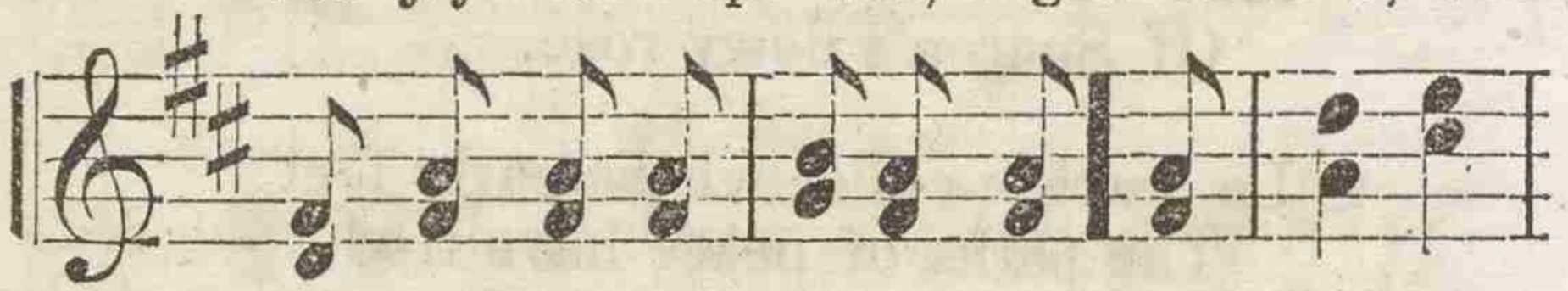
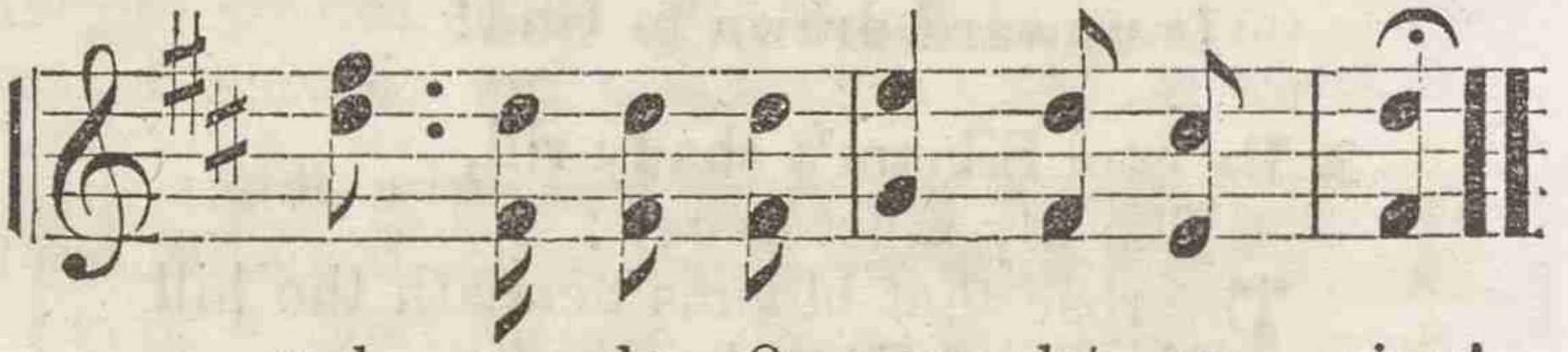


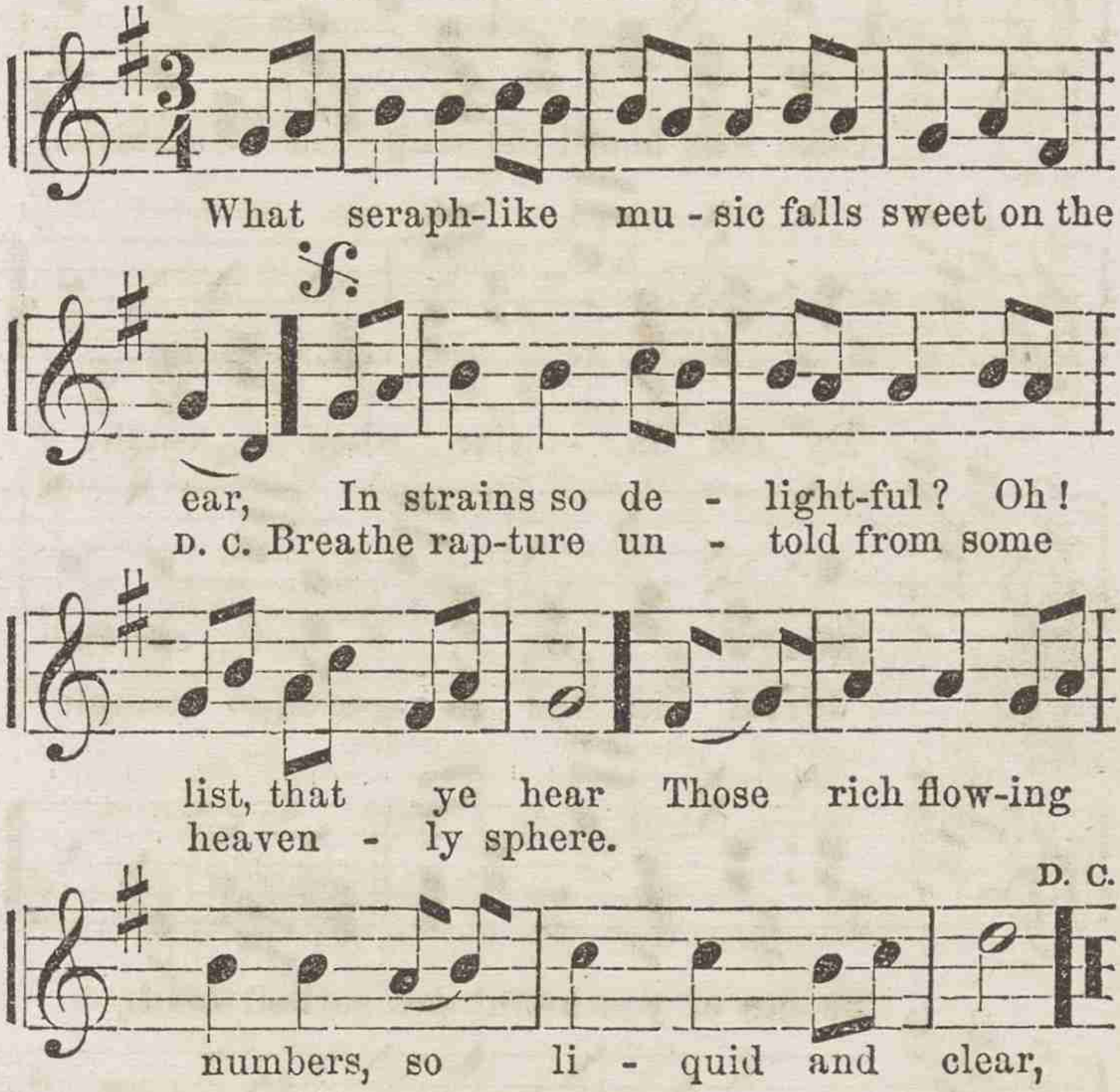
A - way to school, A - way to school, A -

way to sab - bath school.



BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

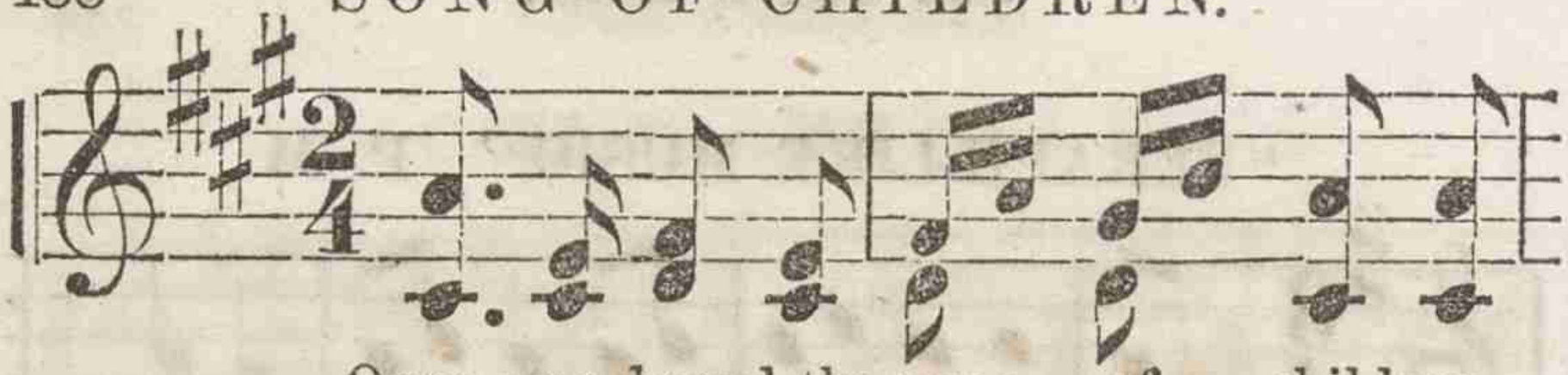
2. Lo, such a child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose heart, with holy influence,
Is upward drawn to God!

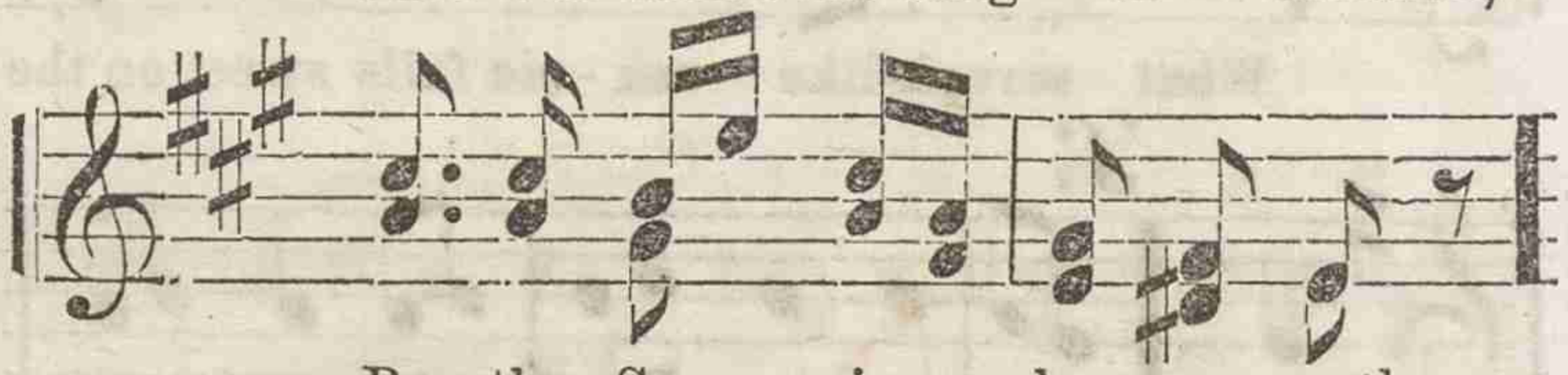
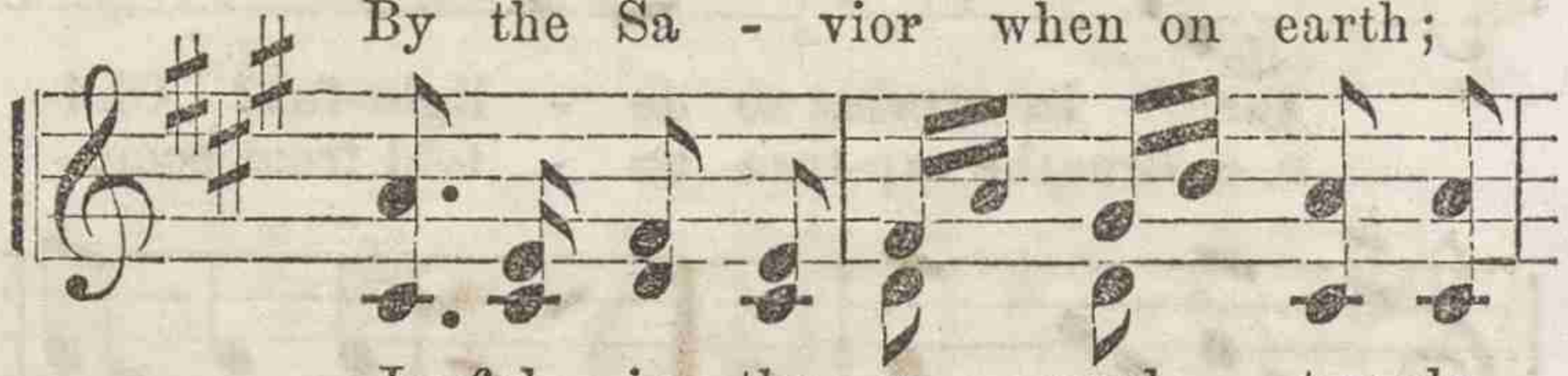
3. By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

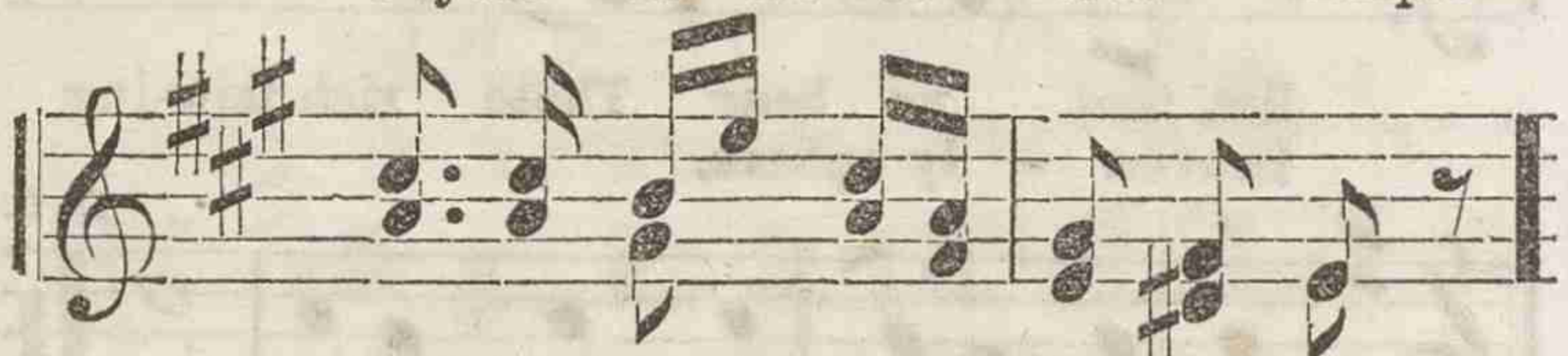
O COME, LET US SING.

O come let us sing! Our

youthful hearts now swelling, To God a-bove, a

God of love—O come, let us sing!

Our joy-ful spi-rits, glad and free, With

high e-mo-tions raise to thee, In heav'n-ly

mel-o-dy—O come, let us sing!

"SERAPH-LIKE MUSIC." P. M

WHAT seraph-like music steals over the sea,
Entrancing the senses with charmed melody?
'Tis the song of the angels, borne soft on the air;
'Tis for me they are singing, my welcome I hear.

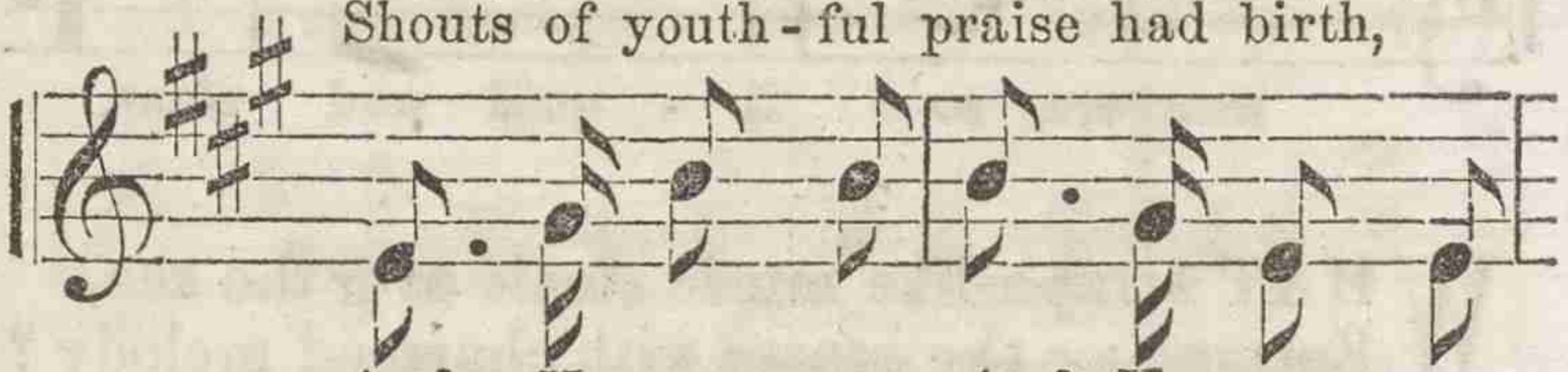
2. At Jordan's lone river I eagerly stand,
And stretch forth my hands to yon beautiful land;
Send a convoy of angels, dear Saviour, I pray!
Let me join their sweet music: away, O, away!

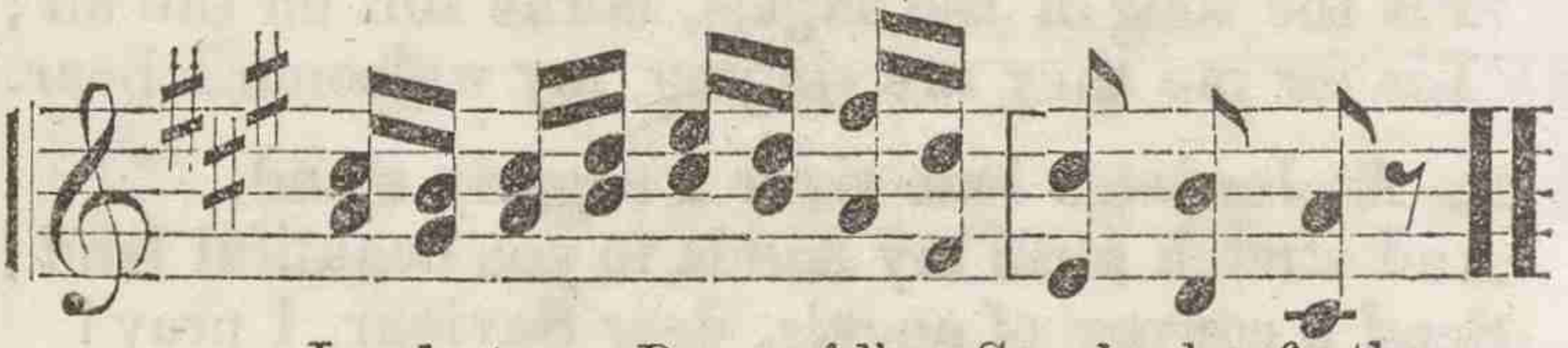


Once was heard the song of children,

By the Sa - vior when on earth;

Joyful in the sa - cred temple



Shouts of youth - ful praise had birth,



And Ho - san - nas, And Ho - san - nas

Loud to Da - vid's Son broke forth.

HYMN. P. M.

ONCE was heard the song of children,
By the Saviour when on earth ;
Joyful in the sacred temple
Shouts of youthful praise had birth,
And hosannas
Loud to David's Son broke forth.

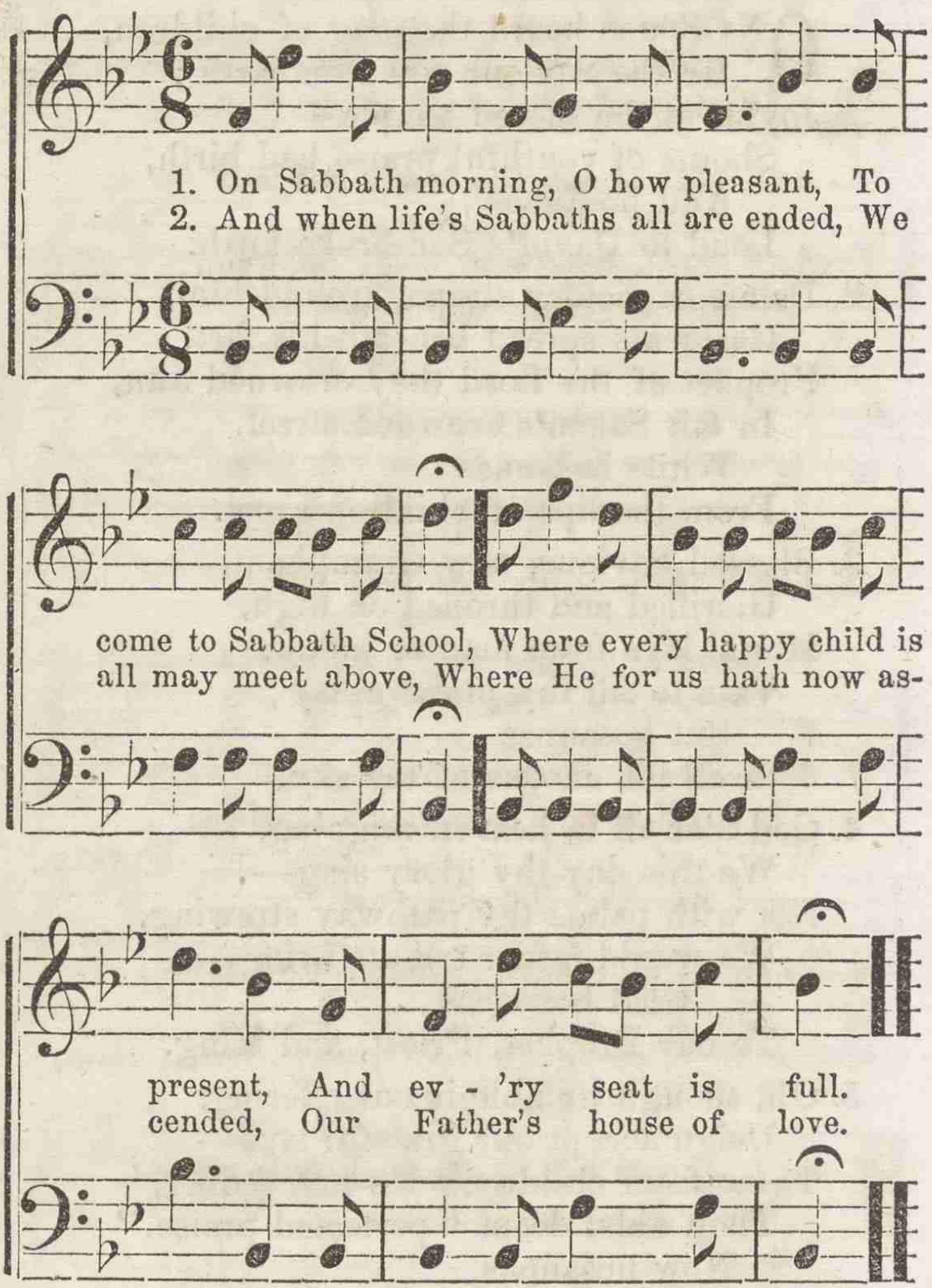
2. Palms of victory strewn around him,
Garments spread beneath his feet,
Prophet of the Lord they crowned him,
In fair Salem's crowded street,
While hosannas
From the lips of children greet.

3. Blessed Saviour, now triumphant,
Glorified and throned on high,
Mortal lays from man or infant,
Vain to tell thy praise essay ;
But hosannas
Swell the chorus of the sky.

4. God o'er all in heaven reigning,
We this day thy glory sing—
Not with palms thy pathway strewing,
We would loftier tribute bring—
Glad hosannas
To our Prophet, Priest, and King.

5. Oh, though humble is our offering,
Deign accept our grateful lays—
These from children once proceeding,
Thou didst deem "perfected praise."
Now hosannas,
Saviour, Lord, to thee we raise.

SABBATH MORNING.



1. On Sabbath morning, O how pleasant, To
2. And when life's Sabbaths all are ended, We

come to Sabbath School, Where every happy child is
all may meet above, Where He for us hath now as-

present, And ev - 'ry seat is full.
cended, Our Father's house of love.

2. For there we meet each gentle teacher
Without a frown or rod,
And sometimes, too, our dear kind preacher,
Who speaks to us of God.

3. But, best of all, the lowly Saviour
Is where his children meet,
And show, by quiet, meek behavior,
They 're sitting at his feet.

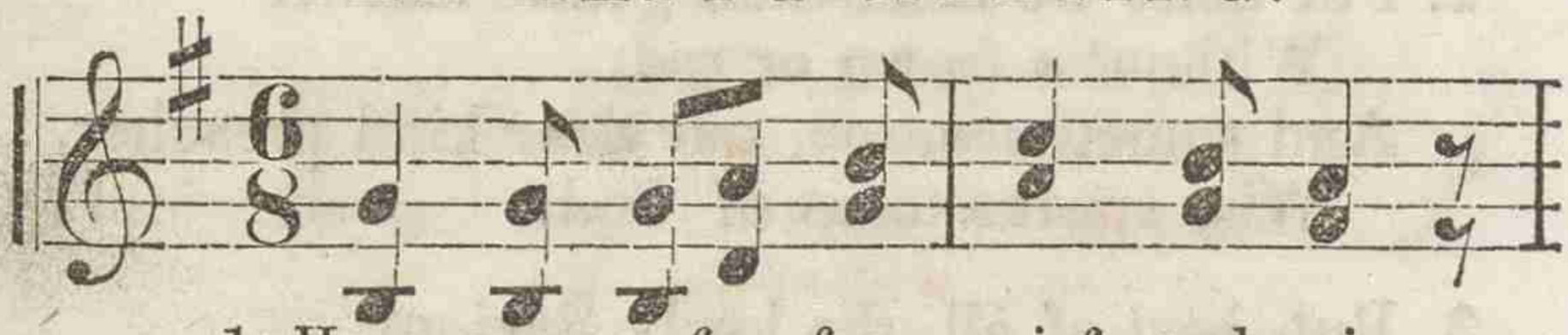
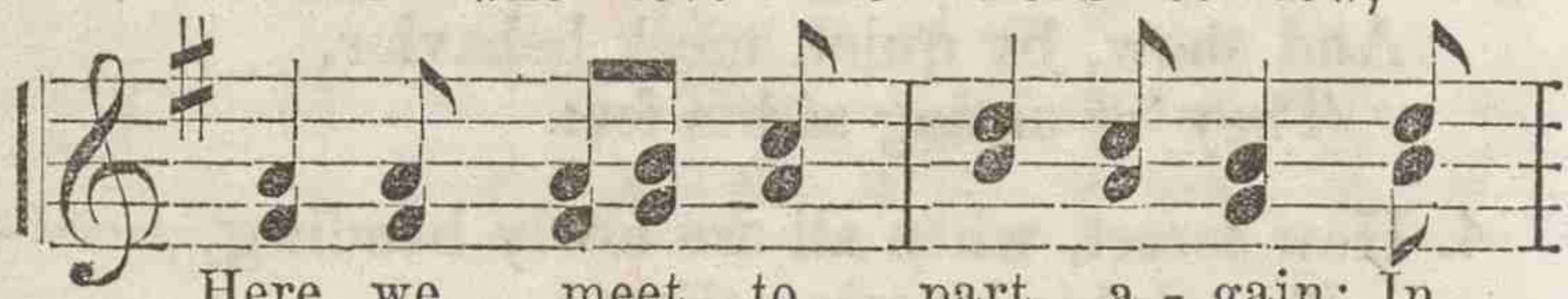
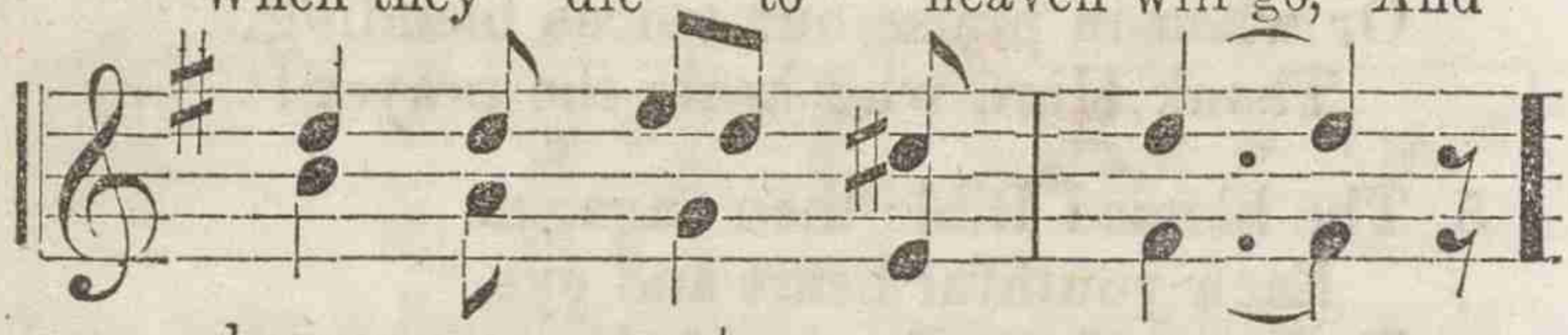
4. How sweet, when all are lowly bending,
To ask his blessing there ;
Or when in praise our voices blending,
Thank Him, who hears the prayer !

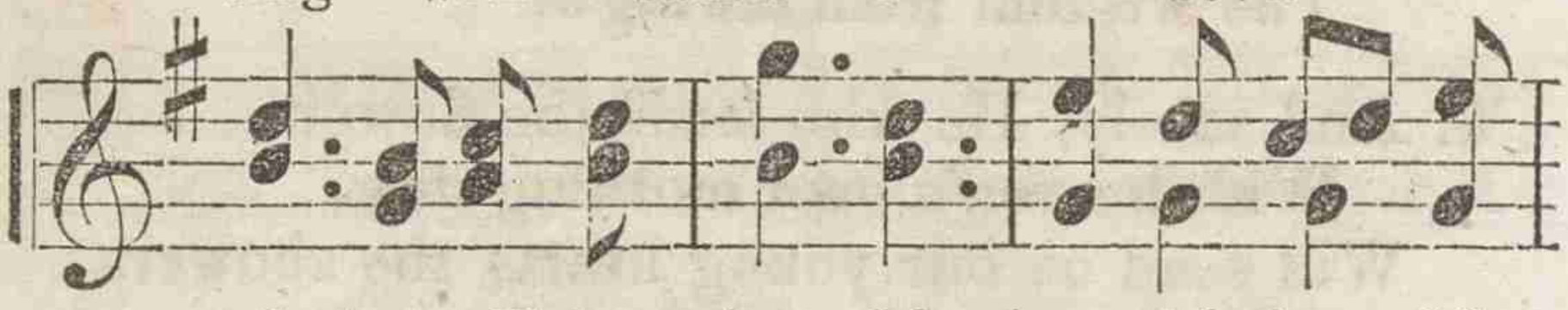
5. The blessed Bible then engages
Each youthful heart and eye,
To learn of God's own holy pages
The wisdom from on high.

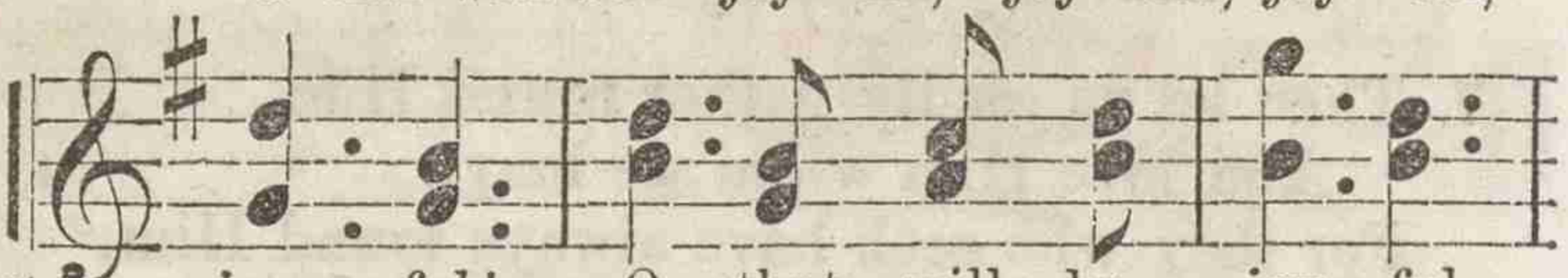
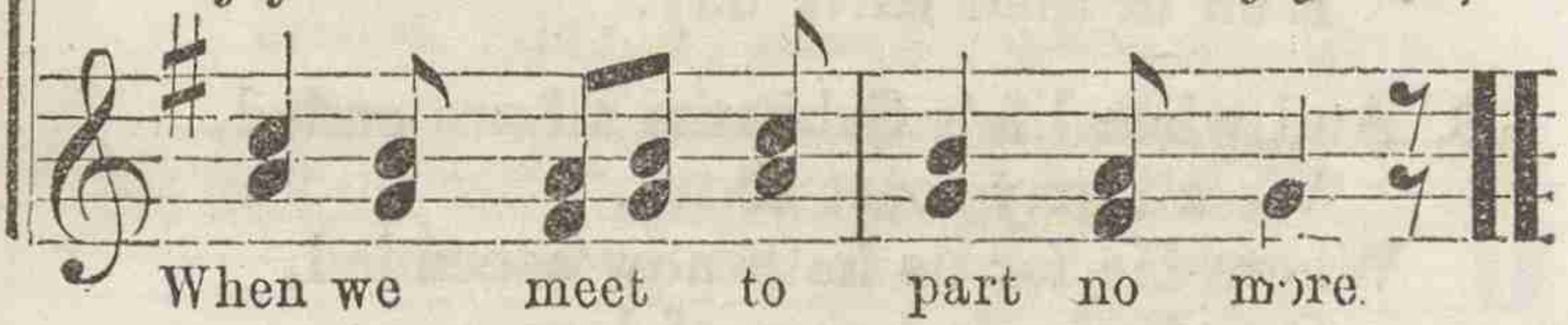
6. And surely, He who feeds the flowers
With heaven's own morning dew,
Will send on our young hearts the showers
Of heavenly blessing too.

7. Then let us gladly gather round Him,
And love Him while we may,
For they who seek have always found Him,
E'en in their early day.

8. And when life's Sabbaths all are ended,
We all may meet above,
Where He for us hath now ascended,
Our Father's house of love.

THE HAPPY MEETING.

1. Here we suf - fer grief and pain,
2. All who love the Lord be - low,

Here we meet to part a - gain; In
When they die to heaven will go, And

heaven we part no more.
sing with saints a - bove.



O that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful,

joy - ful! O that will be joy - ful,

When we meet to part no more.

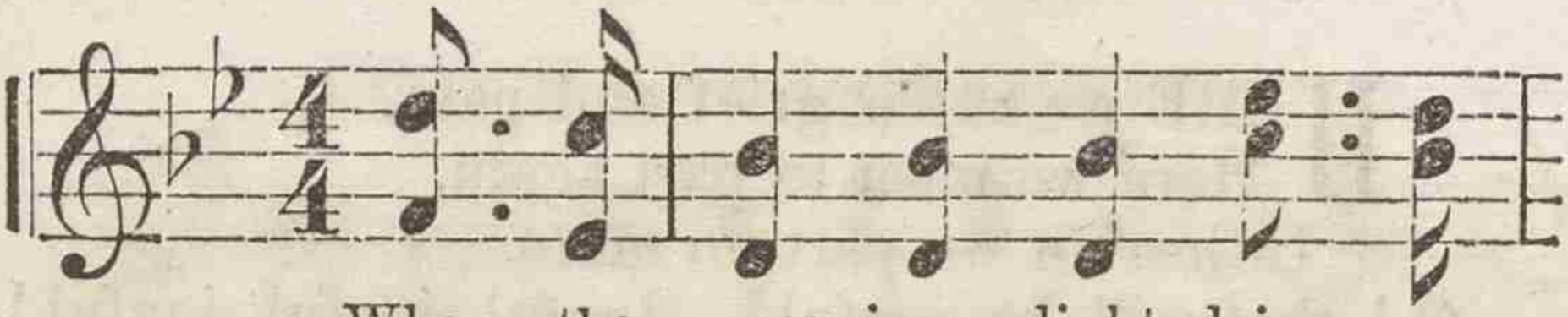
HERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heav'n we part no more.
O! that will be joyful! Joyful, joyful, joyful!
O! that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

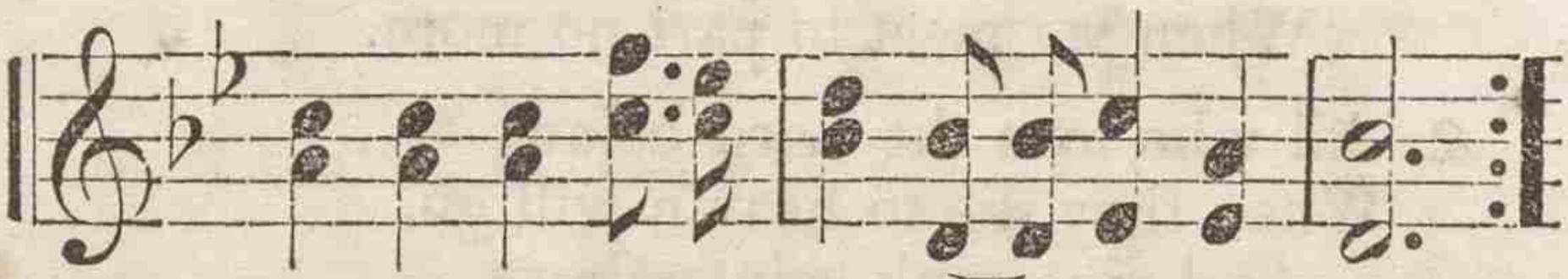
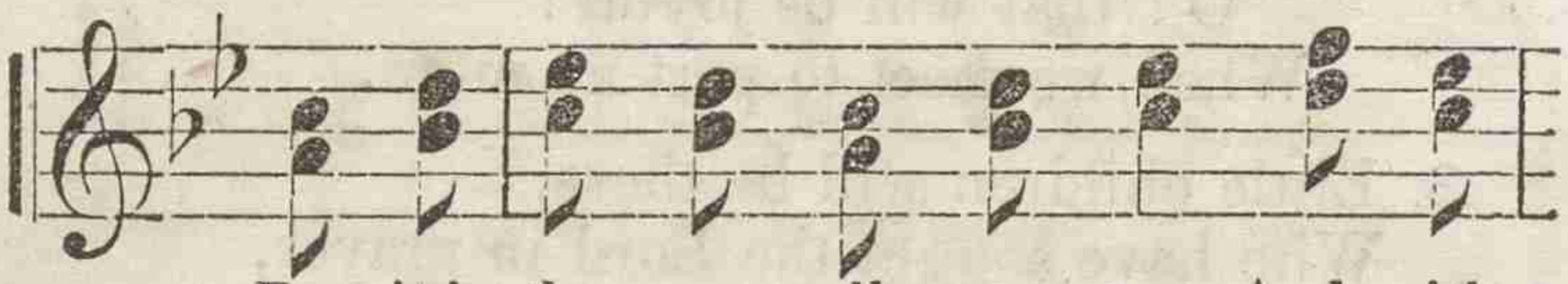
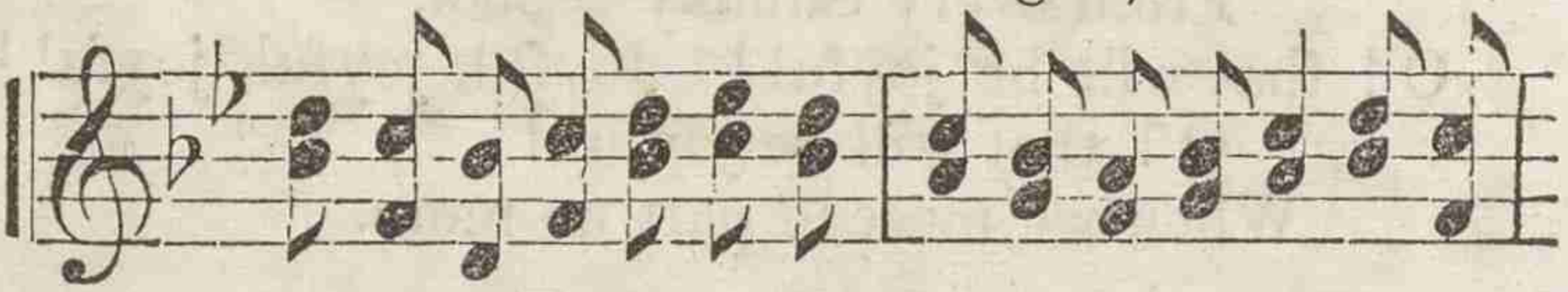
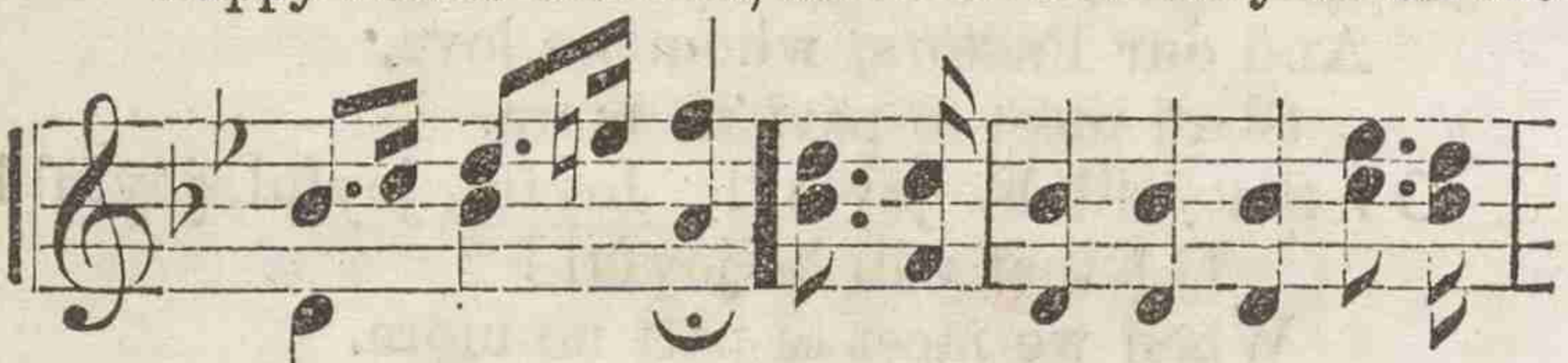
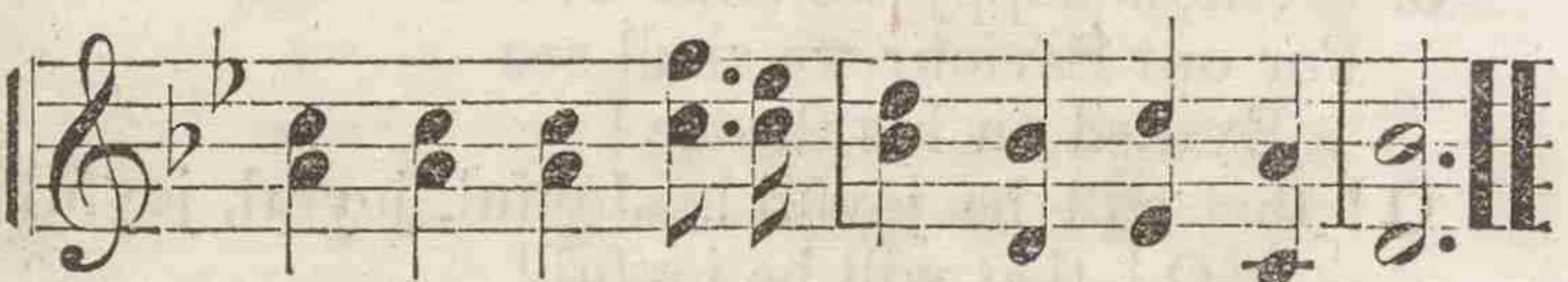
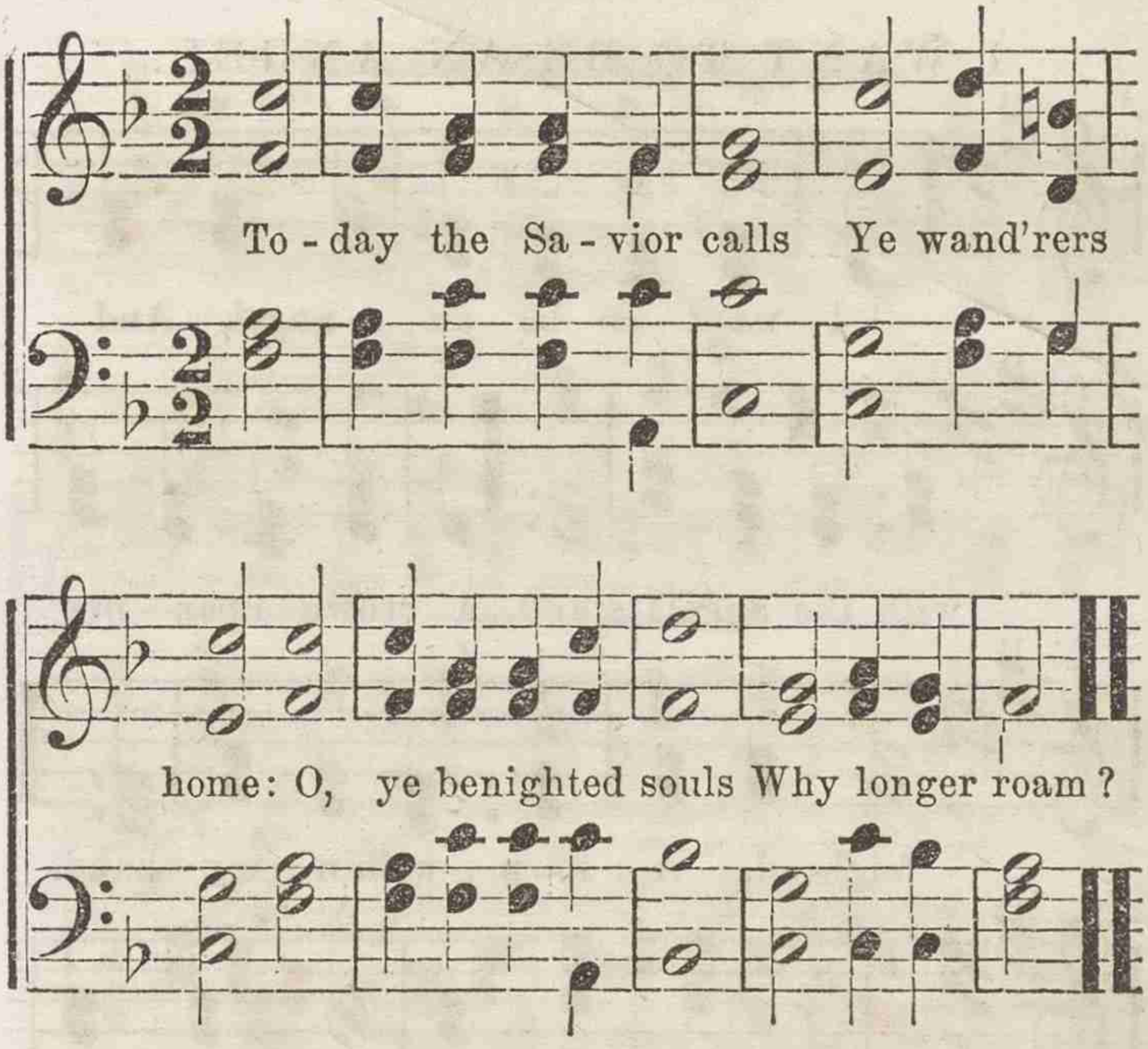
2. All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heav'n will go,
And sing with saints above.
O! that will be joyful! Joyful, joyful, joyful!
O! that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

3. Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord in prayer,
From every Sunday-school.
O! that will be joyful! Joyful, joyful, joyful!
O! that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

4. Teachers, too, shall meet above,
And our Pastors, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.
O! that will be joyful! Joyful, joyful, joyful!
O! that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

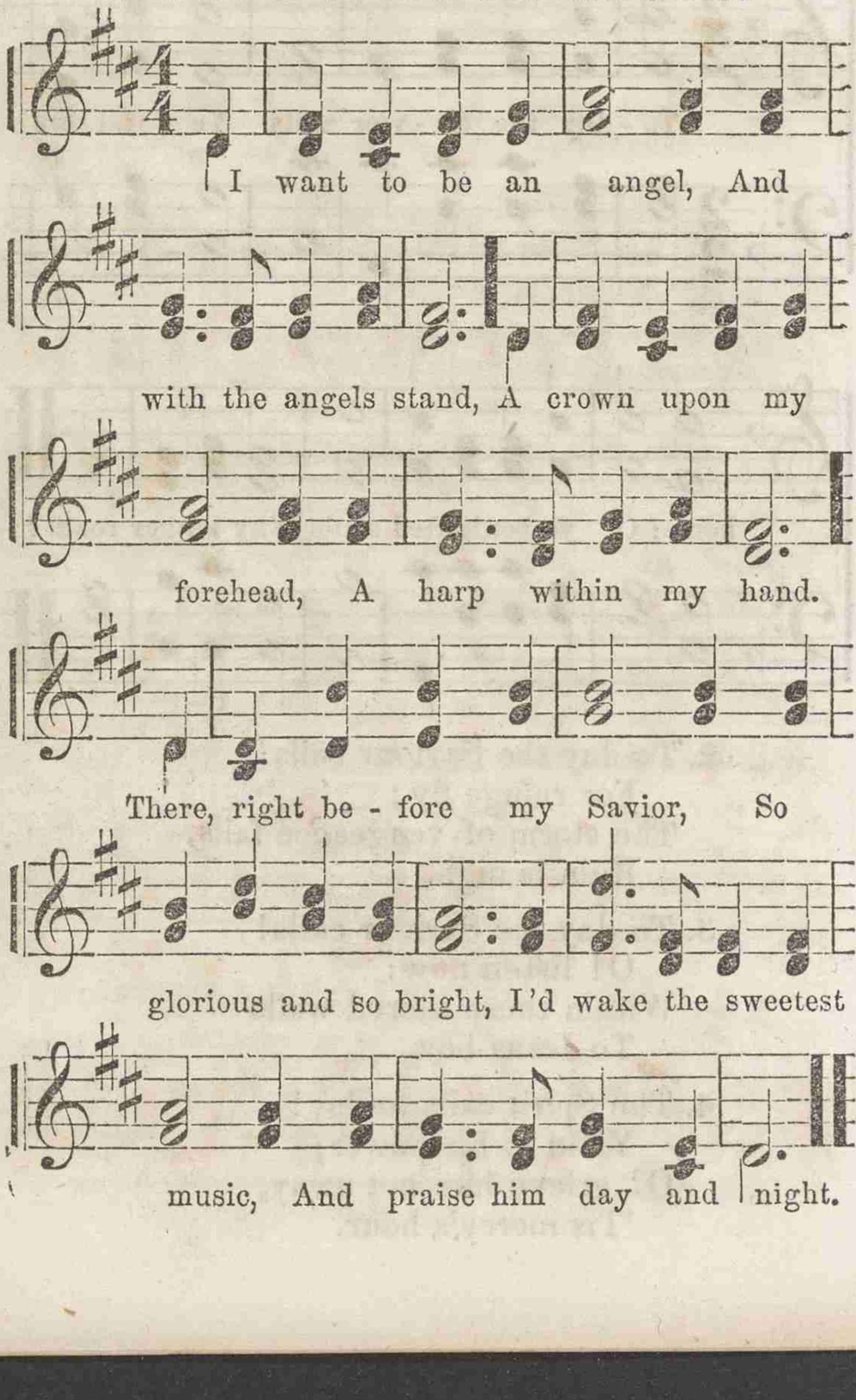
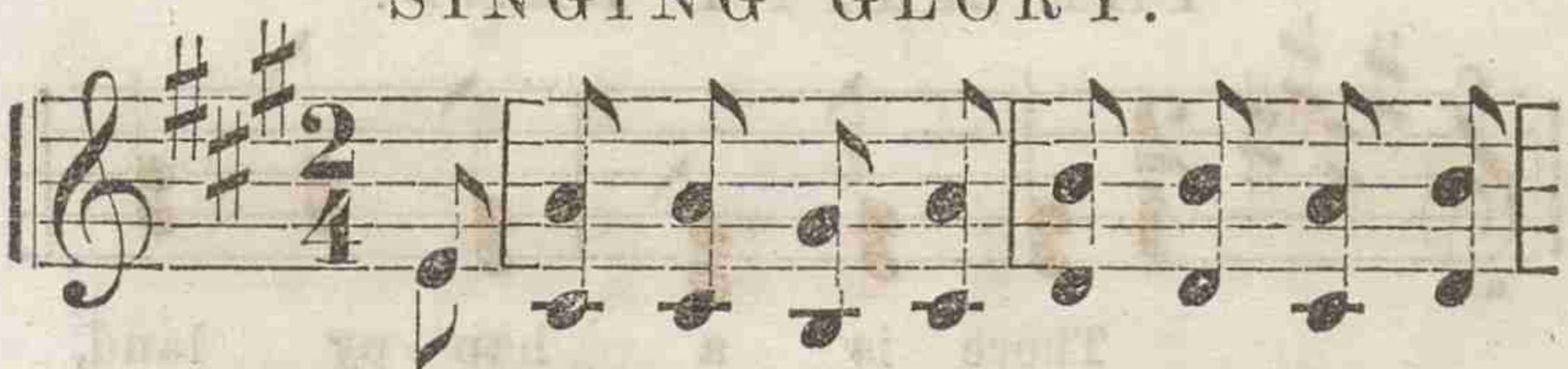
5. O! how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on his throne!
O! that will be joyful! Joyful, joyful, joyful!
O! that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

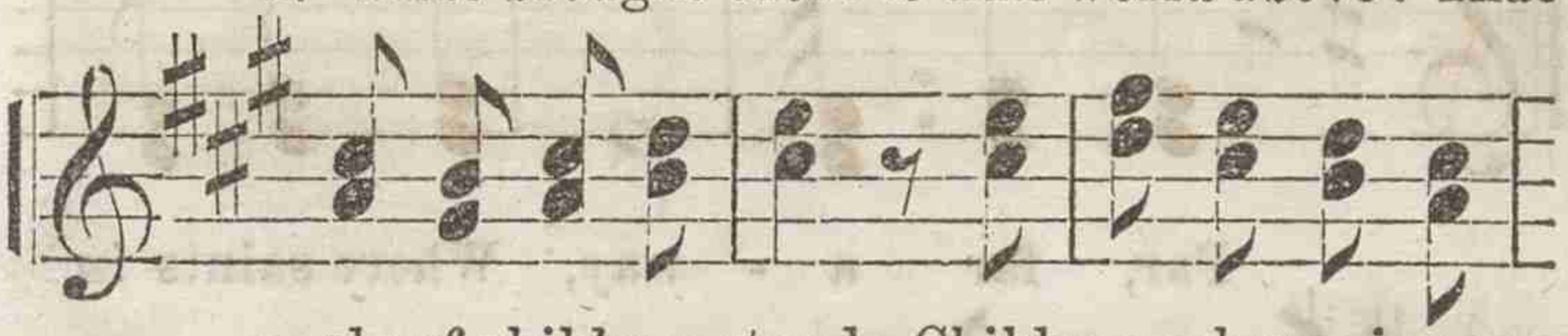


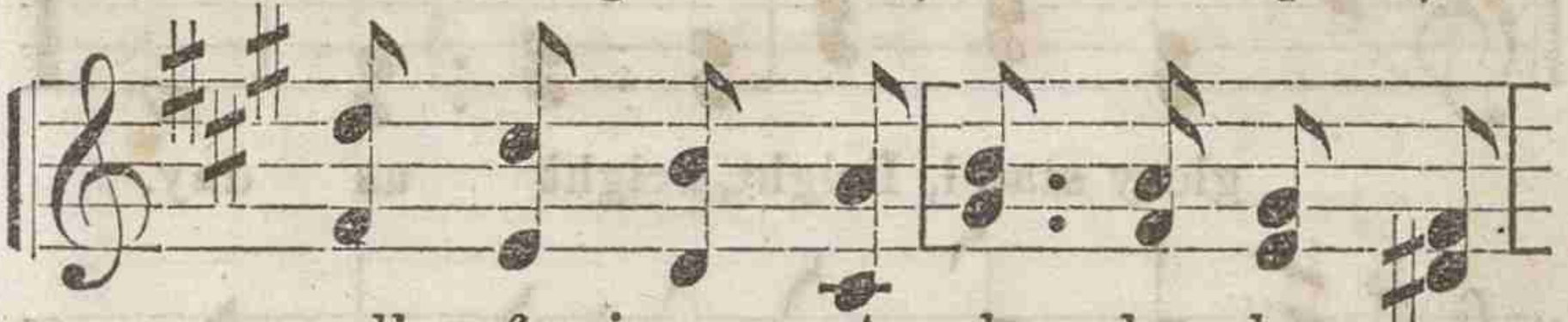
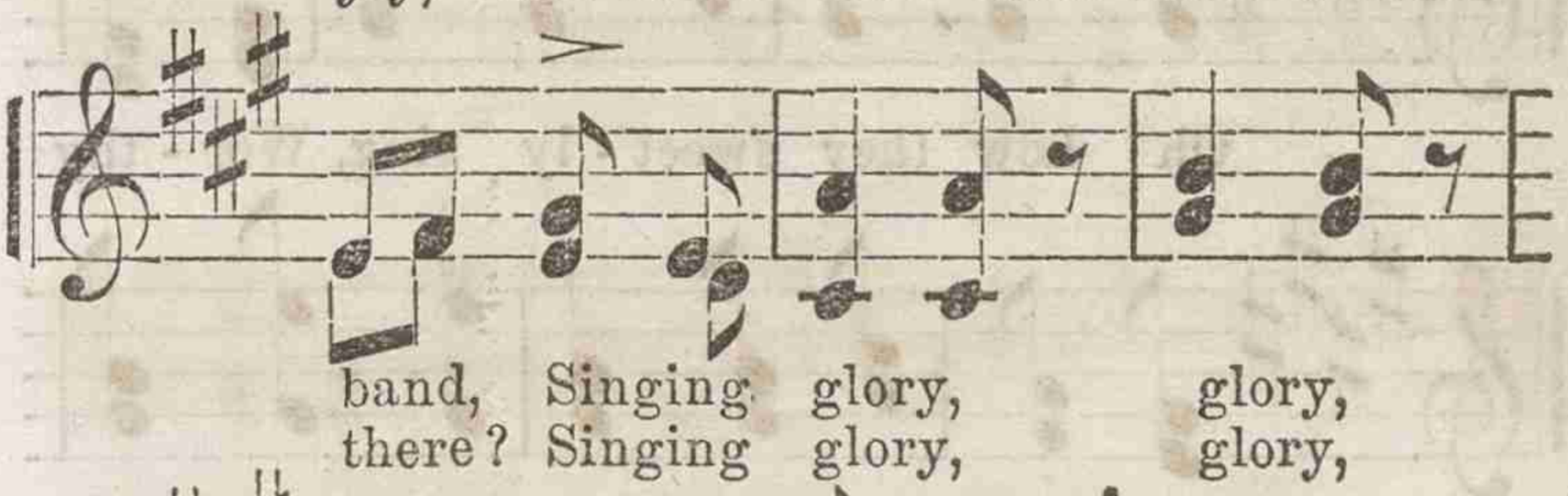
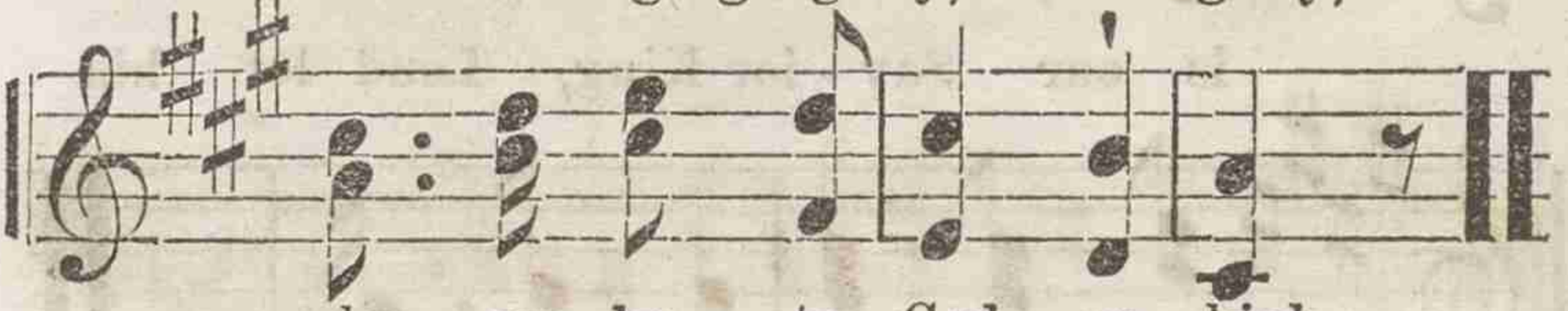
When the morning light drives a-
And it draws its line near the

way the night, With the sun so bright and full,
hour of nine, I'll away to the Sabbath-School,

For 't is there we all agree, And with

happy hearts and free, and I love to early be At the

Sabbath-School; I'll away! away! I ll a-

way! away! I'll away to Sabbath-School!

2. To-day the Saviour calls!
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls,
Ruin is nigh.

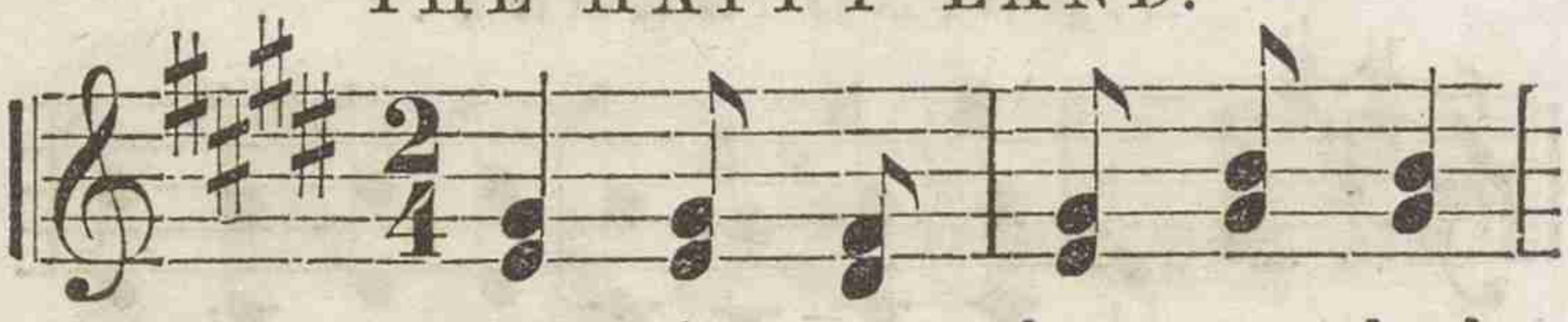
3. To-day the Saviour calls!
O! listen now:
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

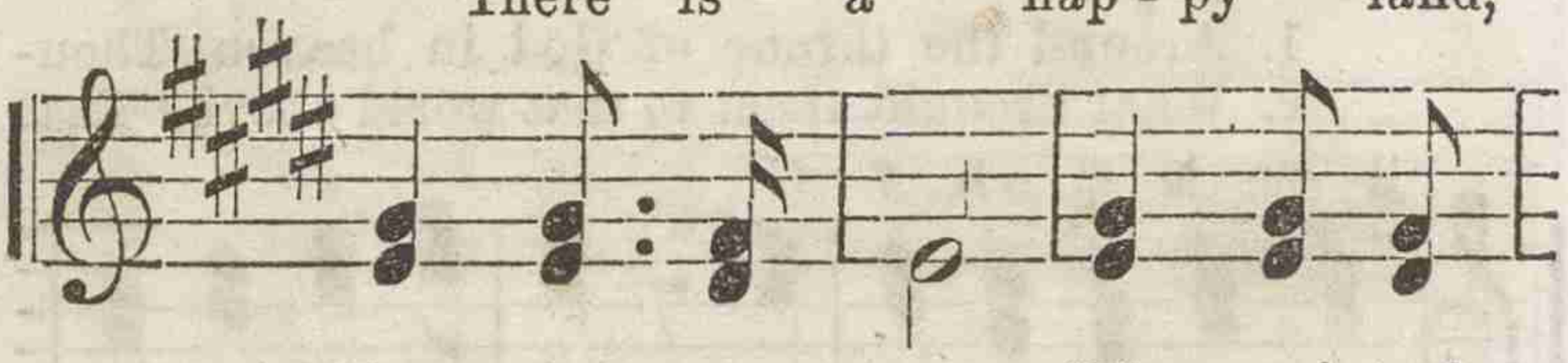
4. The Spirit calls to-day!
Yield to his power;
O! grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

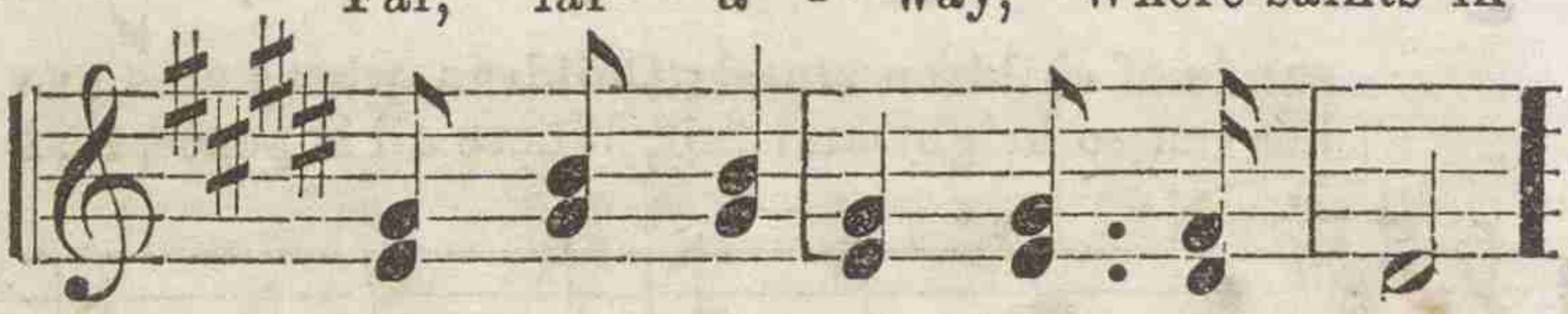
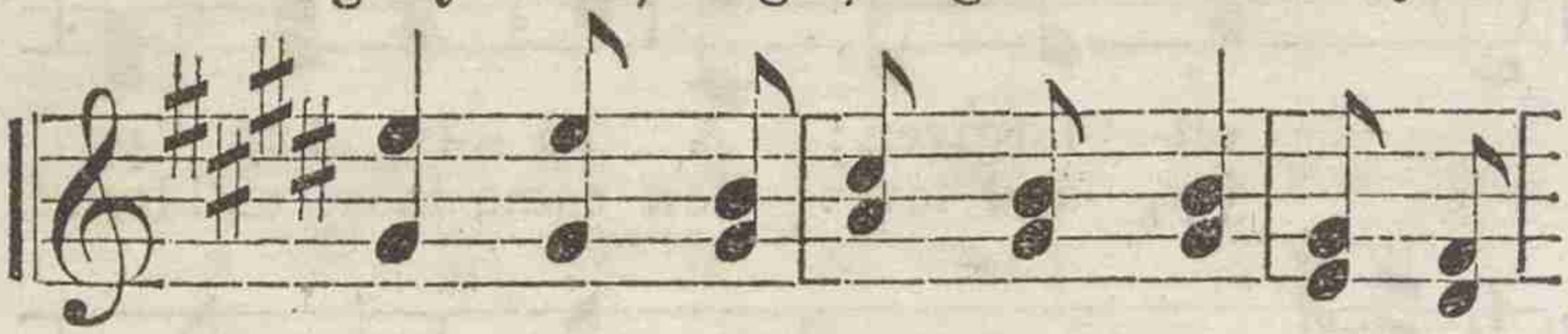
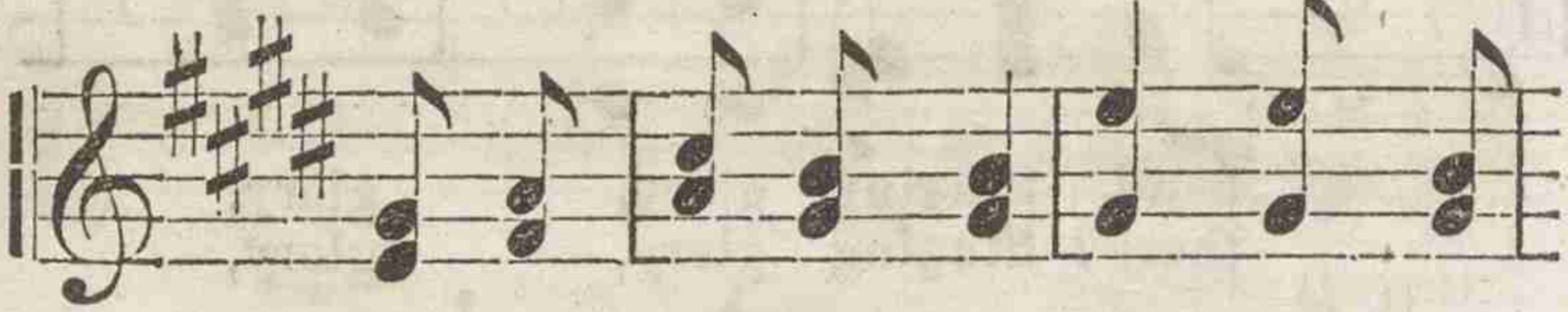
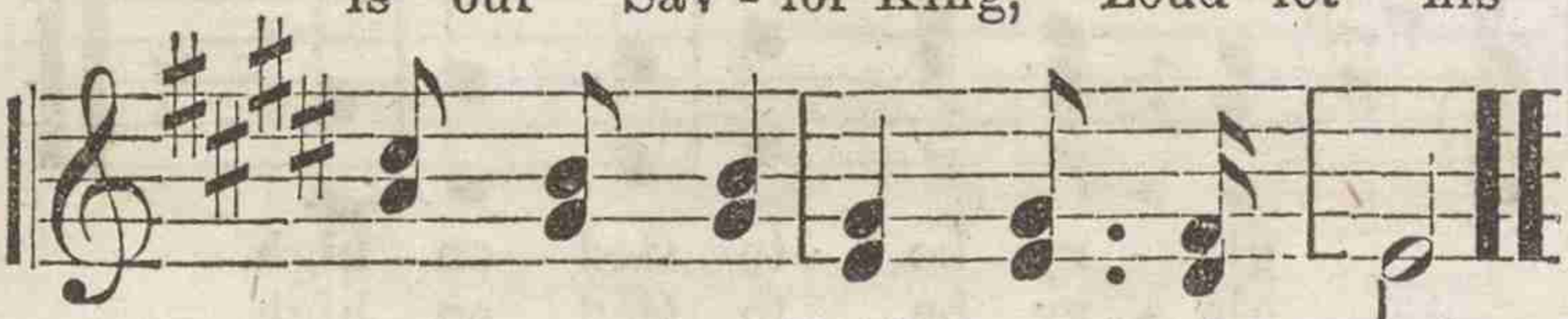
I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

SINGING GLORY.

1. Around the throne of God in heaven, Thou-
2. What brought them to that world above? That

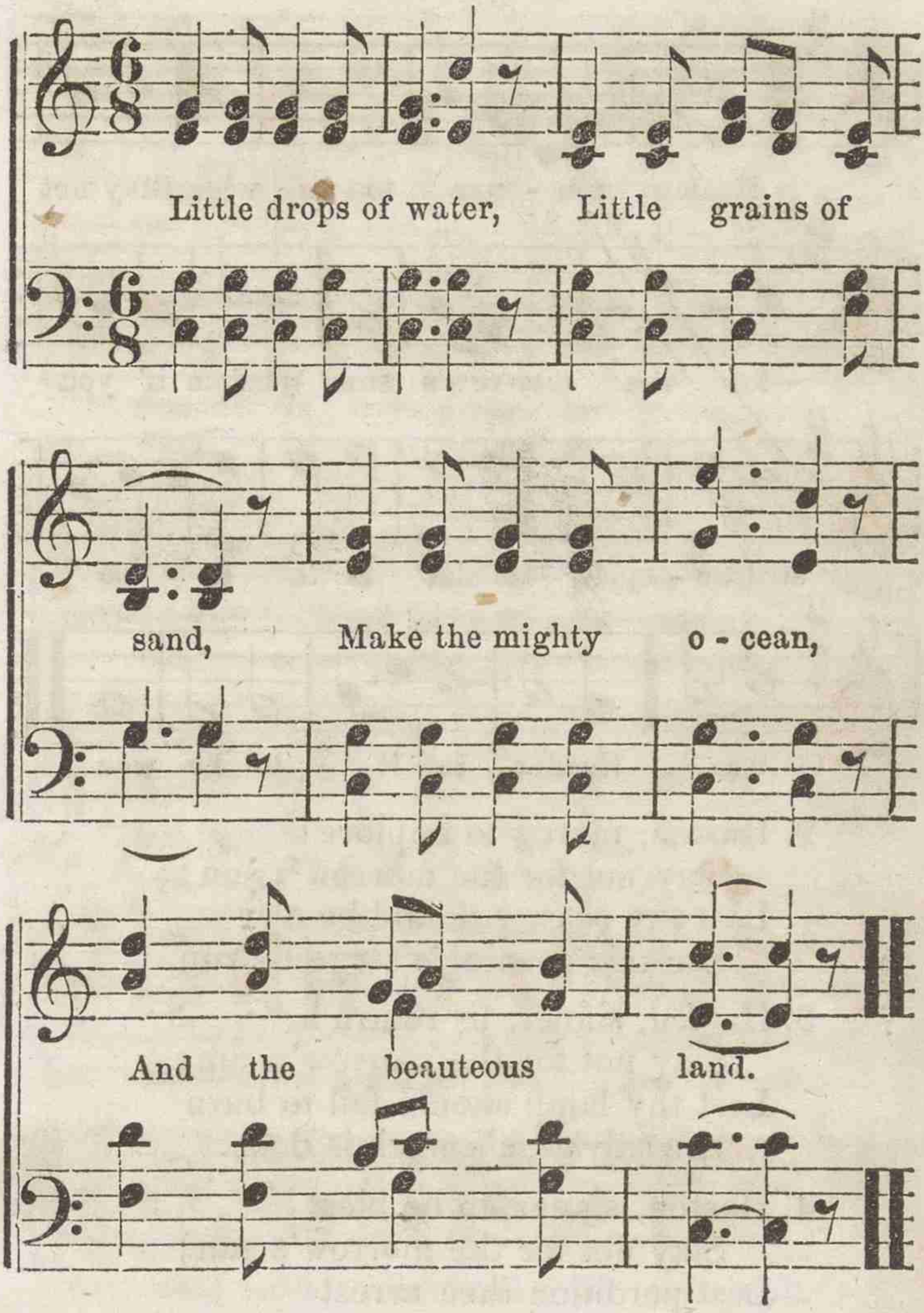
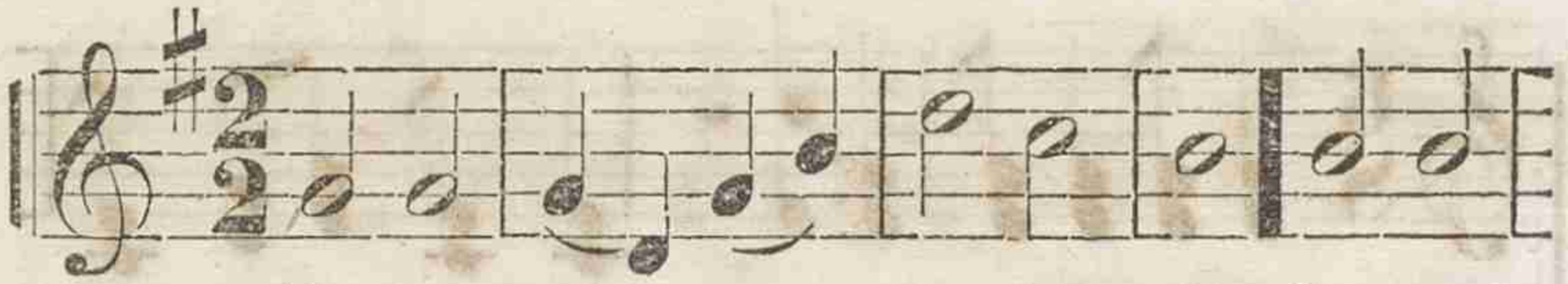
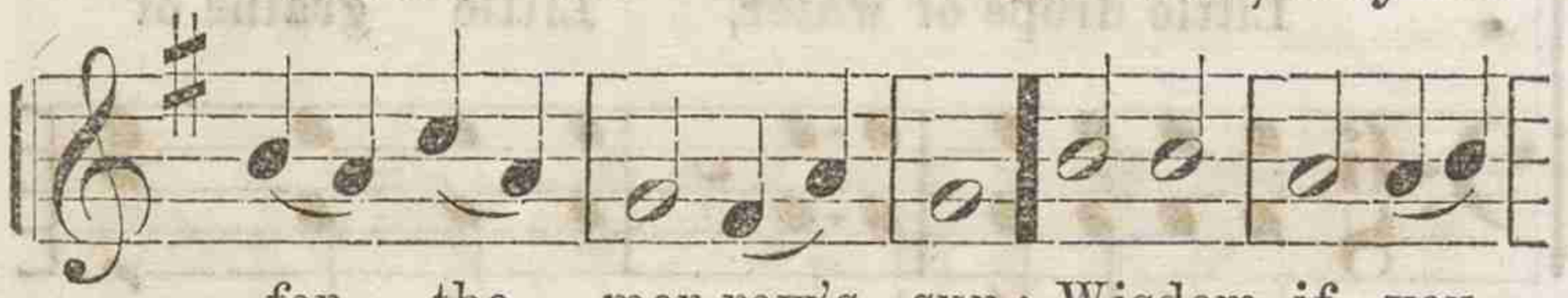
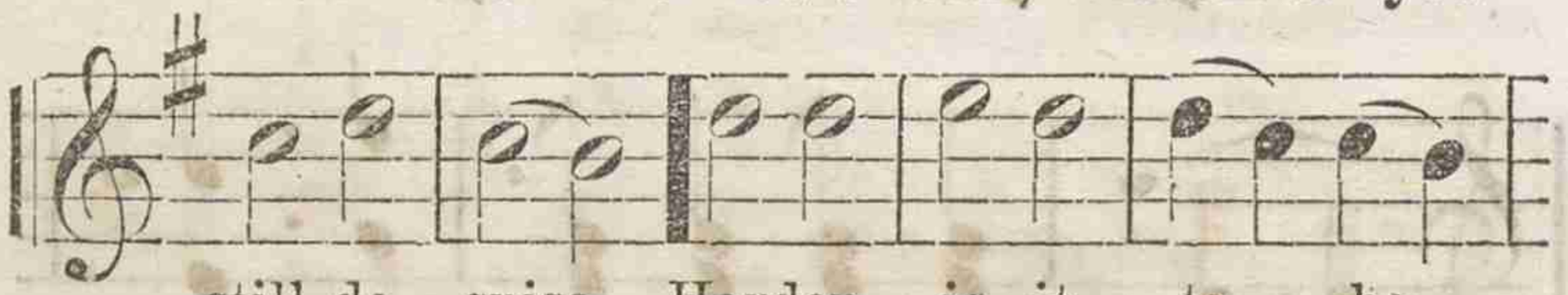
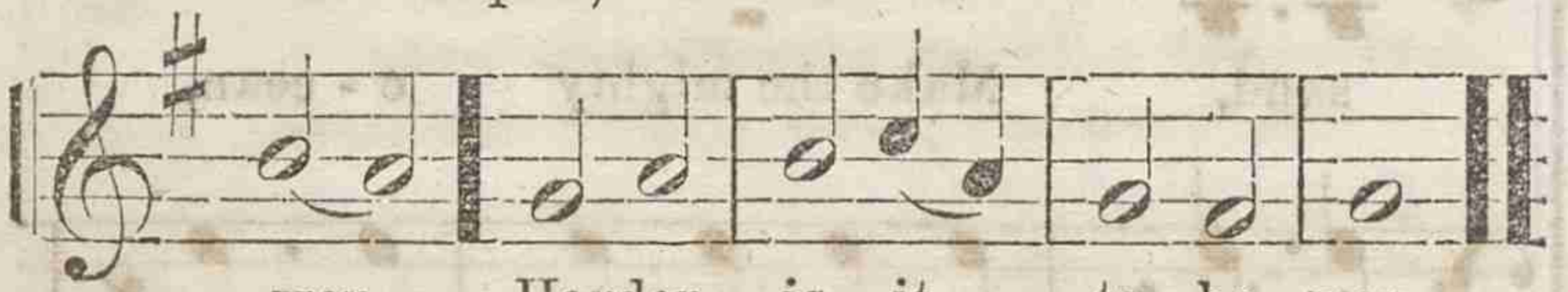


sands of children stand; Children, whose sins are
heaven so bright and fair, Where all is peace, and

all forgiven; A ho - ly, hap - py
joy, and love: How came those children

band, Singing glory, glory,
there? Singing glory, glory,

glo - ry be to God on high,
glo - ry be to God on high.

THE HAPPY LAND.

There is a hap - py land,



Far, far a - way, Where saints in

glory stand, Bright, bright as day.

Oh how they sweet - ly sing, Wor - thy

is our Sav - ior King, Loud let his

prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!

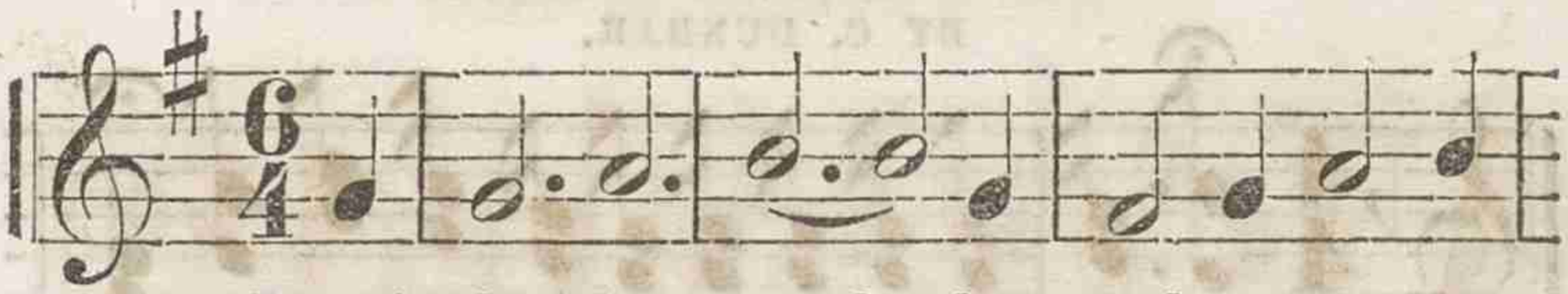
LITTLE THINGS.

HENDON. P. M.

Hasten sin - ner to be wise, Stay not

for the mor-row's sun; Wisdom if you

still de - spise, Harder is it to be

won, Harder is it to be won

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

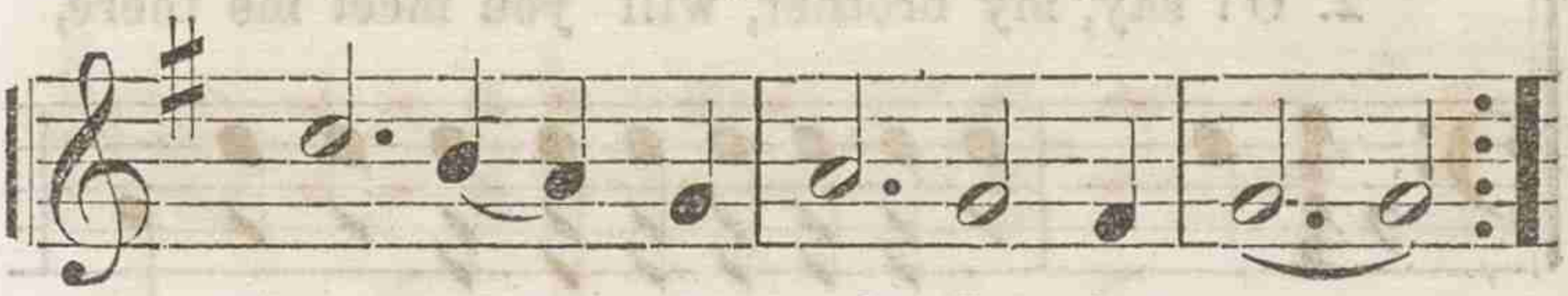
3. Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

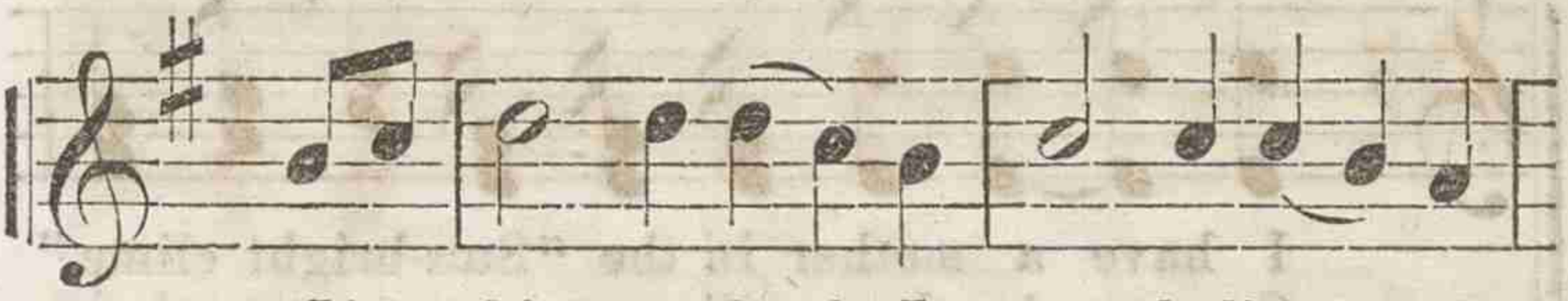
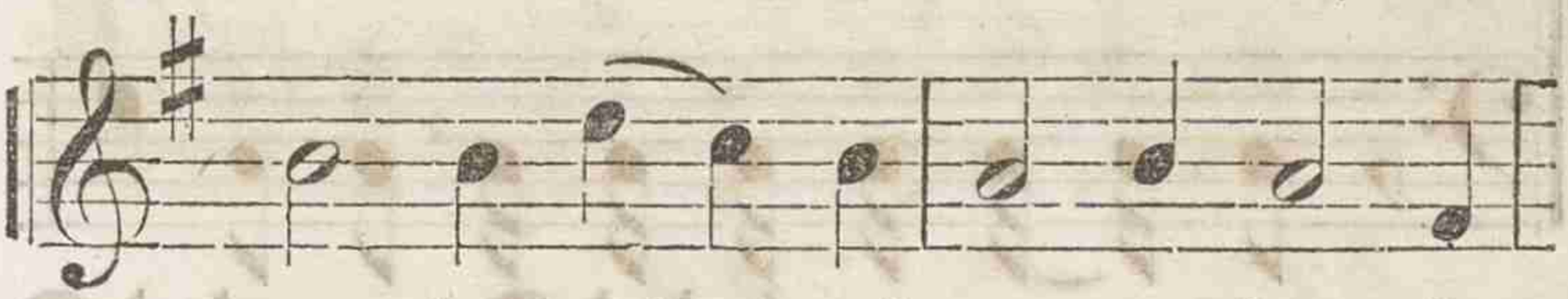
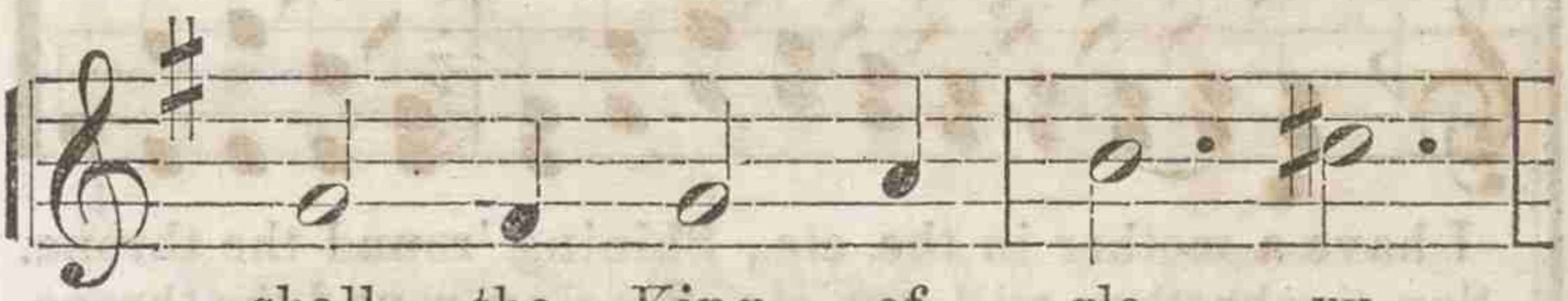
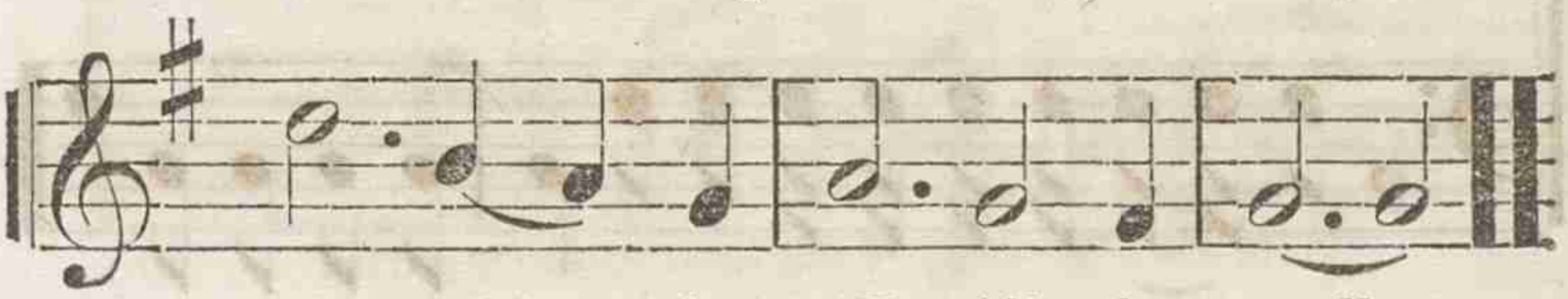
4. Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun

ALL IS WELL. P. M.

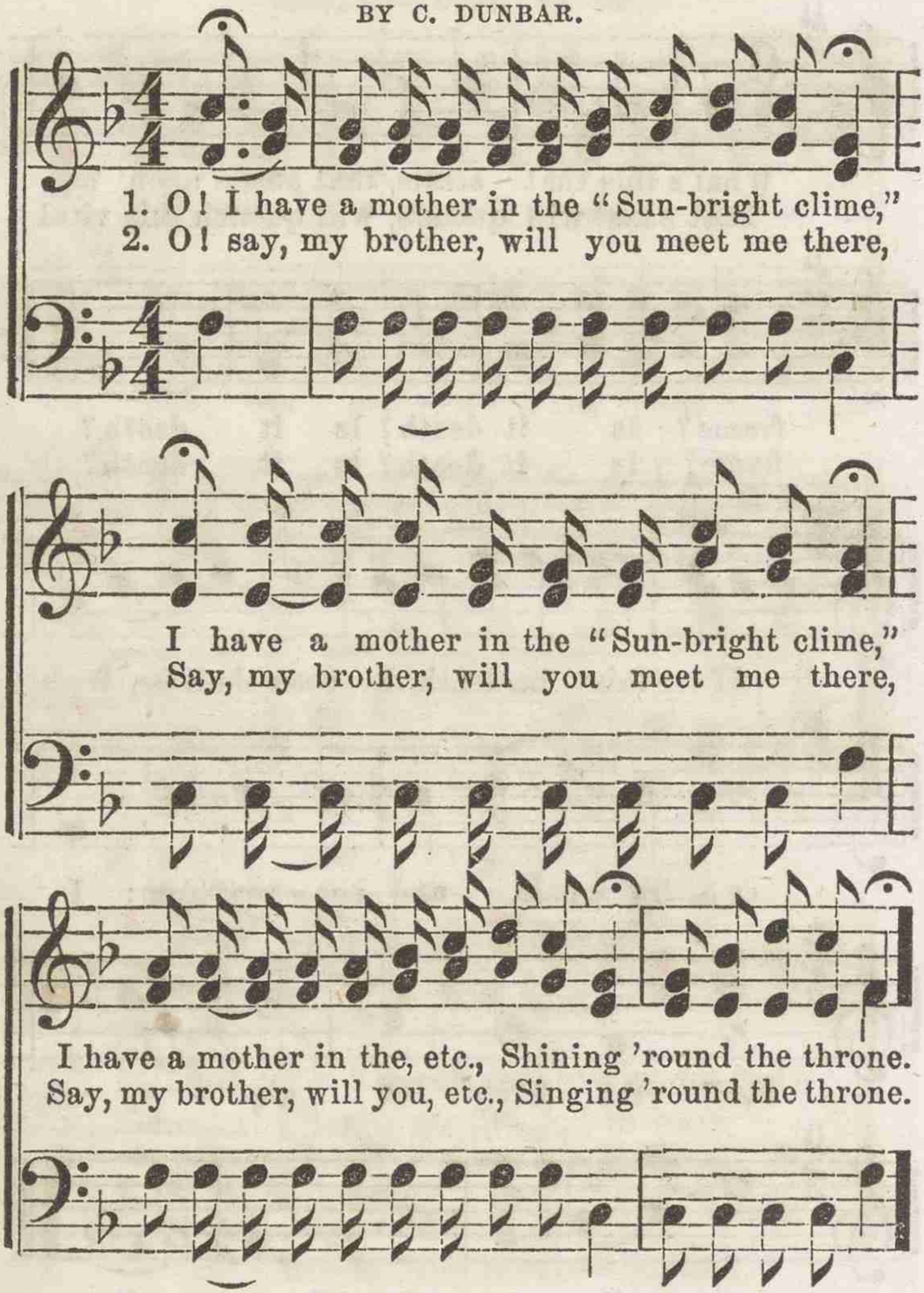


What's this that steals, that steals upon my
That soon will quench, will quench this vital



frame? Is it death? Is it death?
flame? Is it death? Is it death?

If this be death, I soon shall be, from

ev - 'ry pain and sor - row free; I

shall the King of glo - ry

see, All is well, All is well.

KINDRED IN HEAVEN.

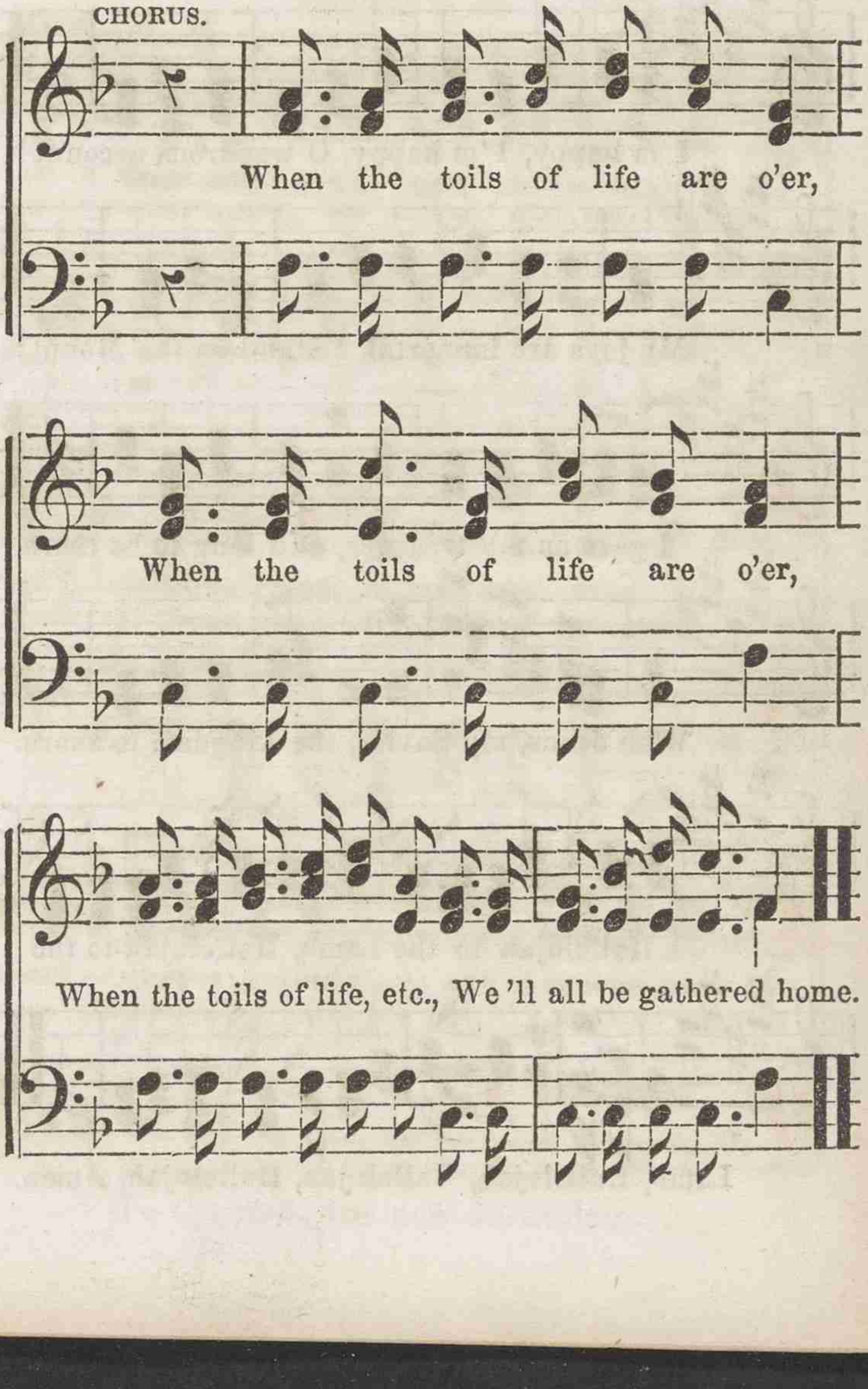
BY C. DUNBAR.

1. O! I have a mother in the "Sun-bright clime,"
2. O! say, my brother, will you meet me there,

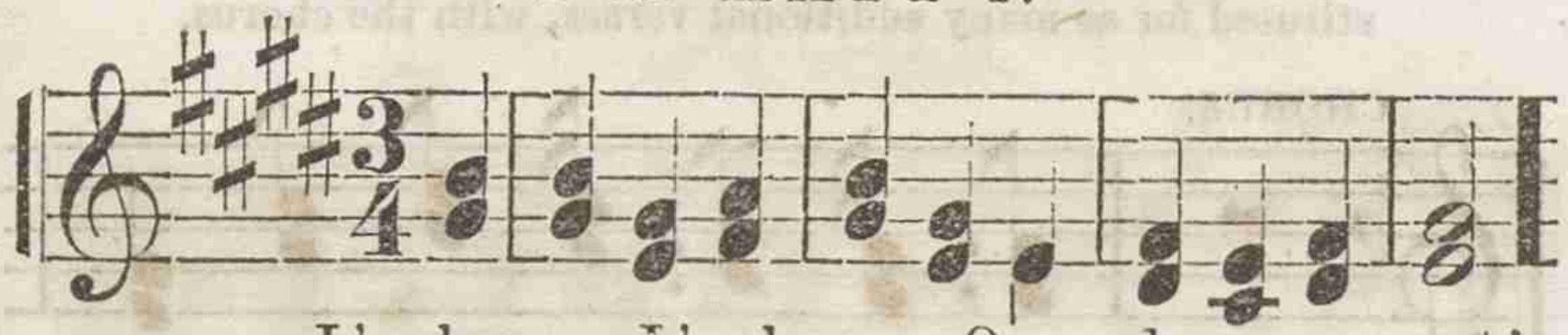
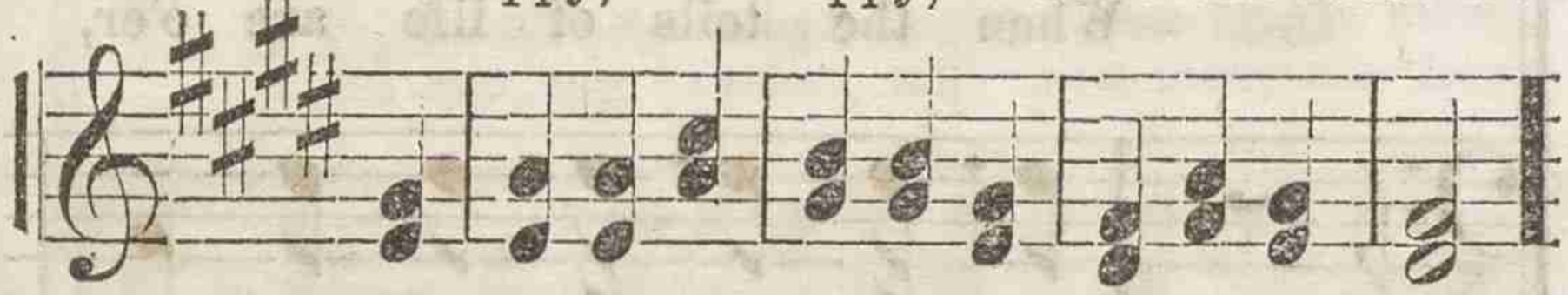
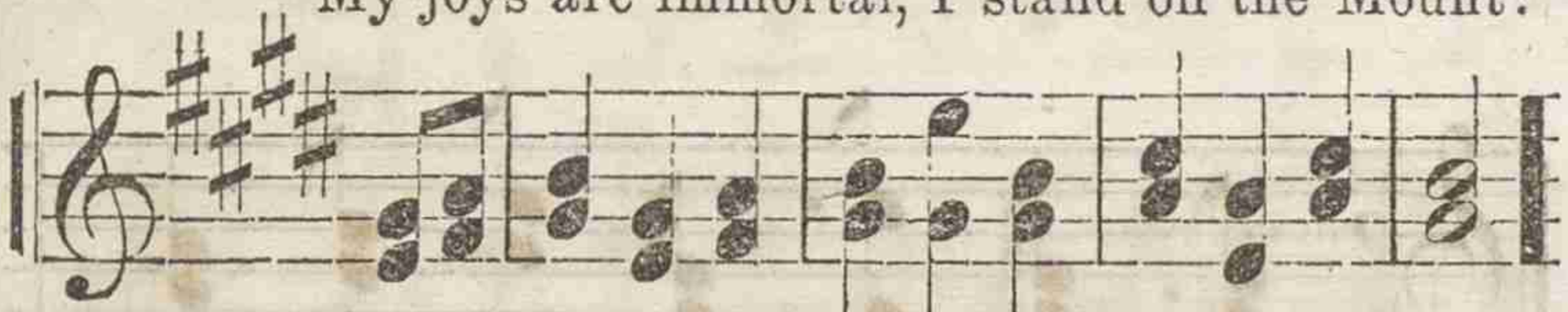
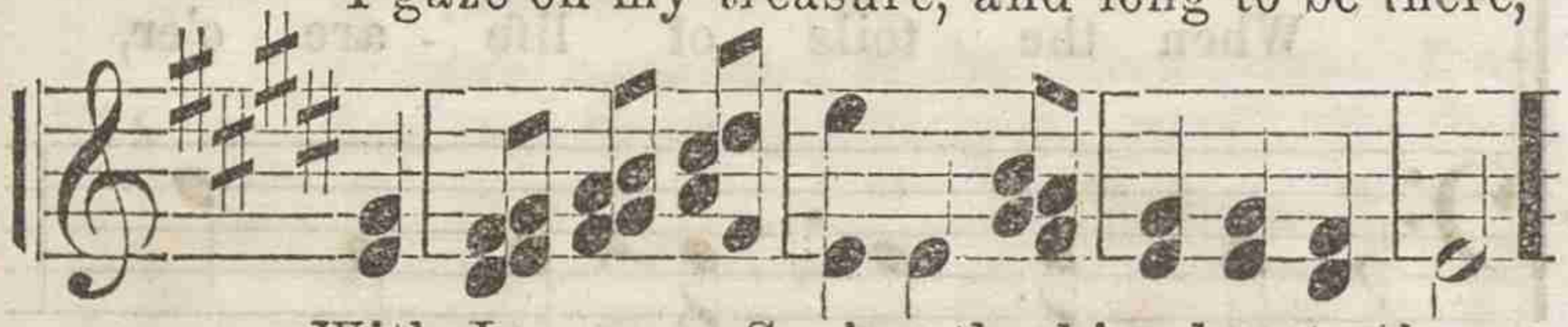
I have a mother in the "Sun-bright clime,"
Say, my brother, will you meet me there,

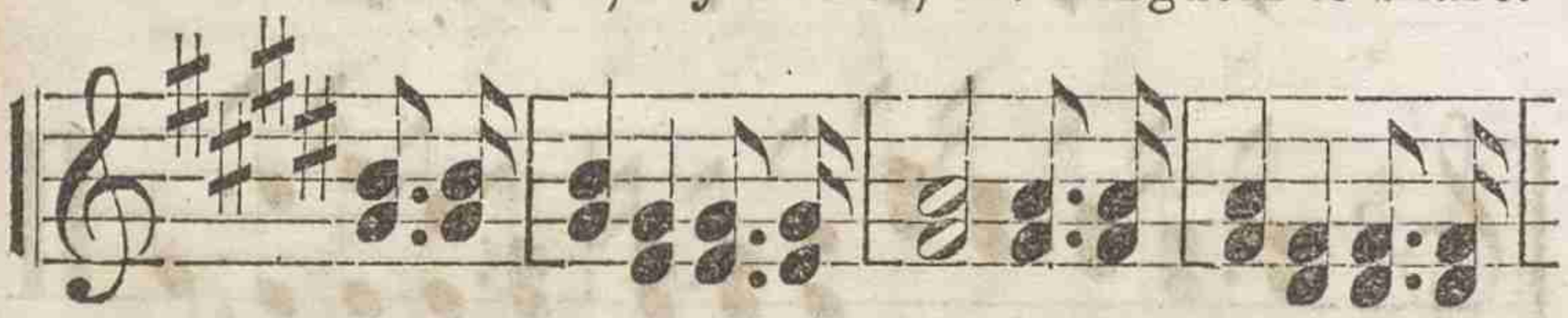
I have a mother in the, etc., Shining 'round the throne.
Say, my brother, will you, etc., Singing 'round the throne.

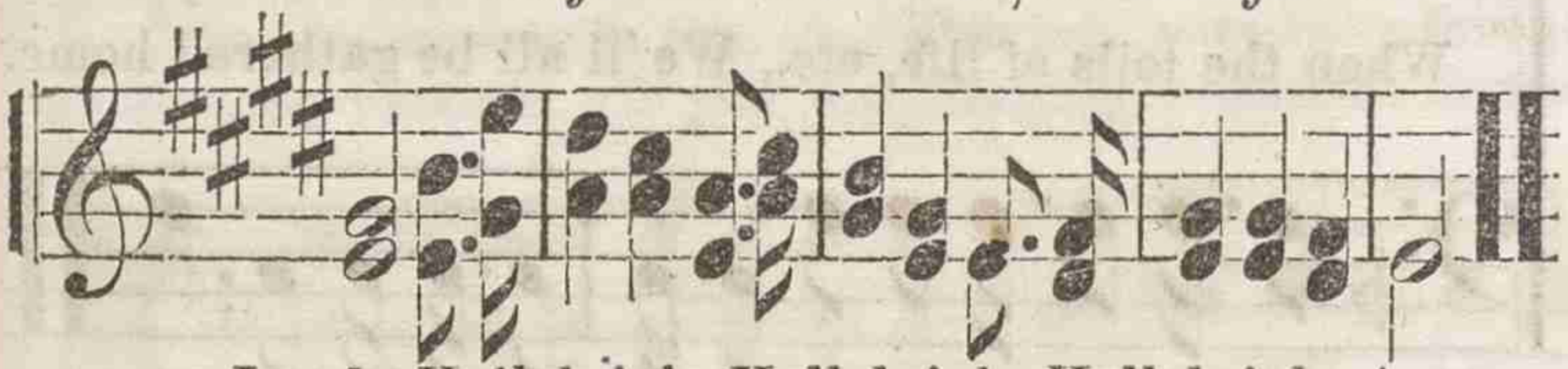
The words Kindred, Father, Brother, or Sister may be substituted for as many additional verses, with the chorus.

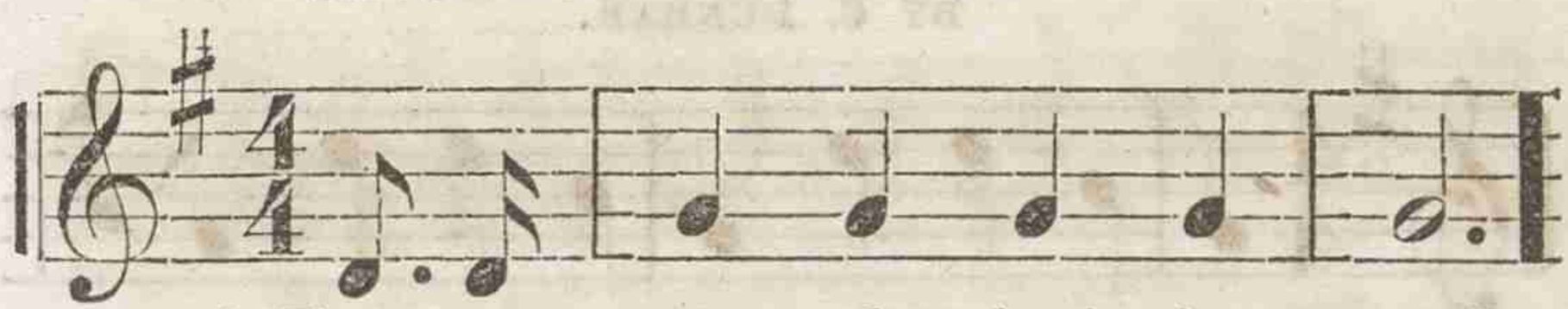
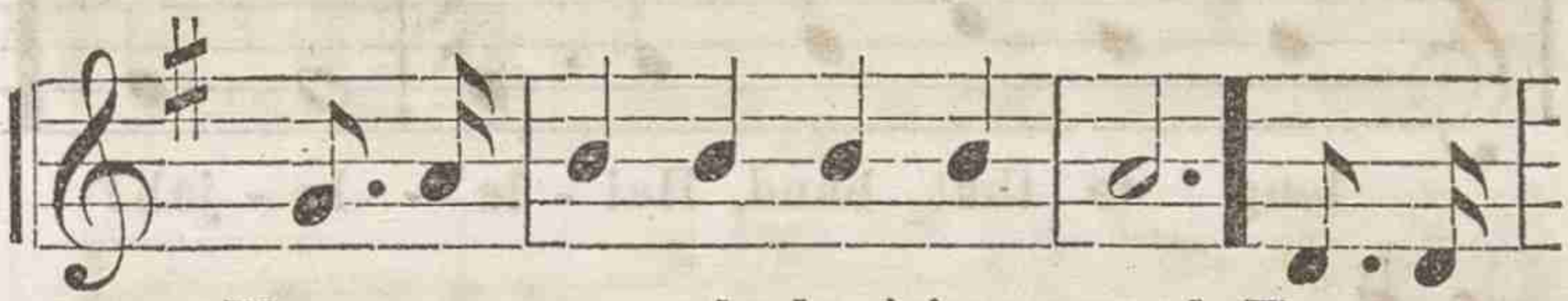
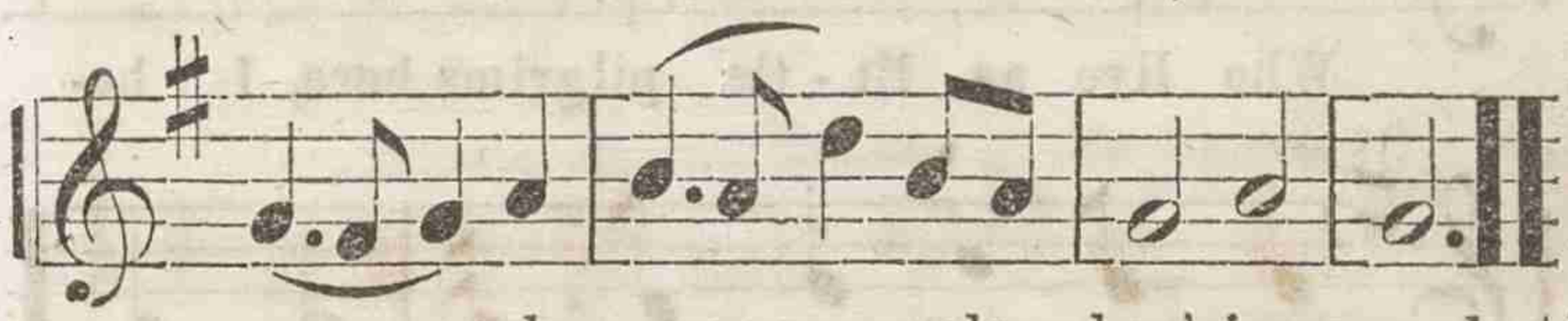
CHORUS.



I'M HAPPY.

I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!

My joys are immortal, I stand on the Mount:

I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,

With Jesus, my Savior, the kingdom to share.



Hallelujah to the Lamb, Hallelujah to the

Lamb, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

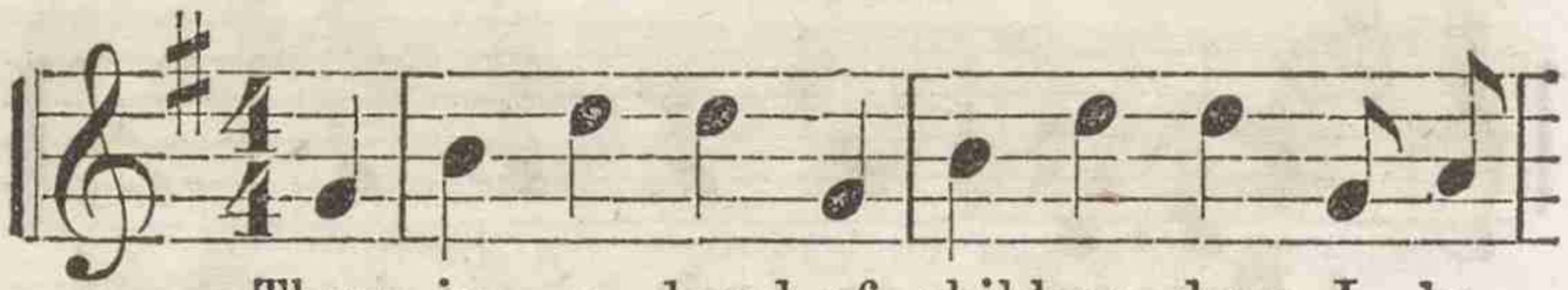
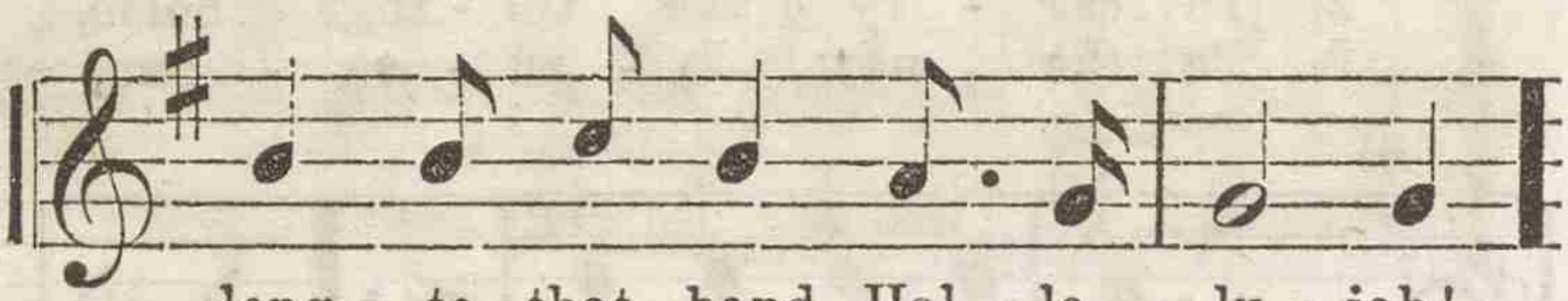
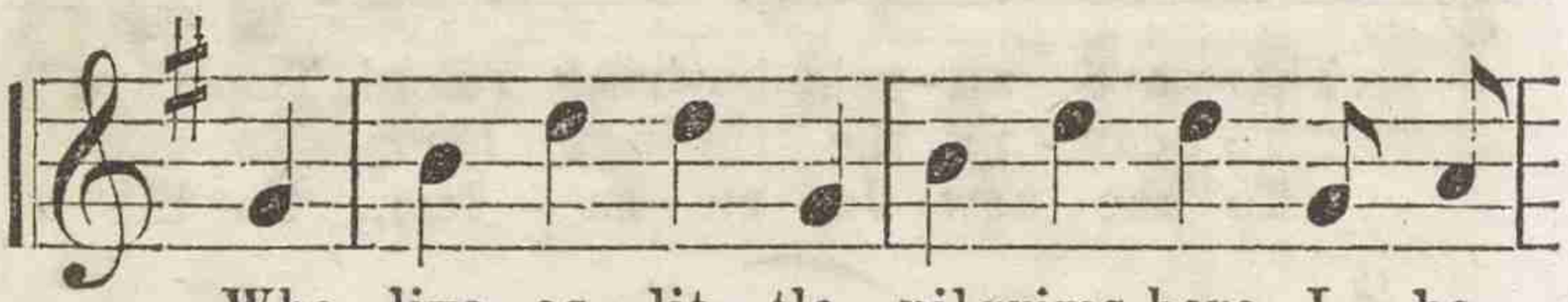
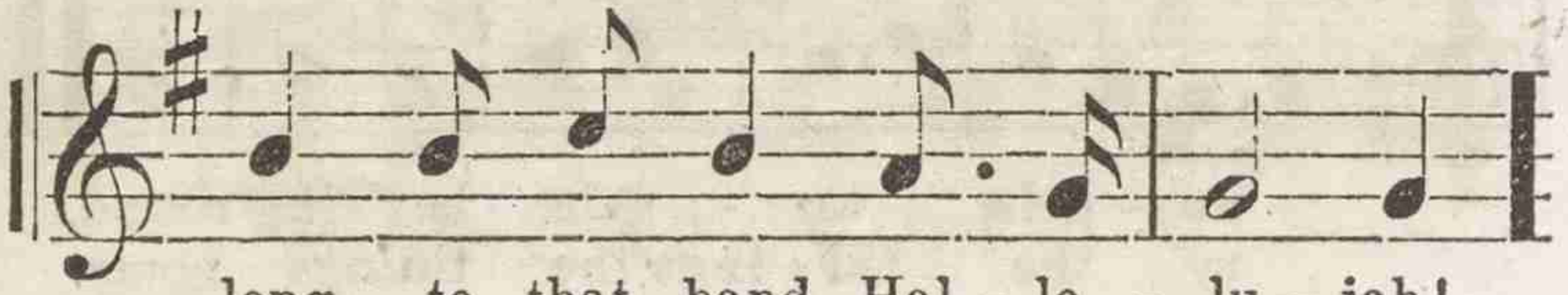
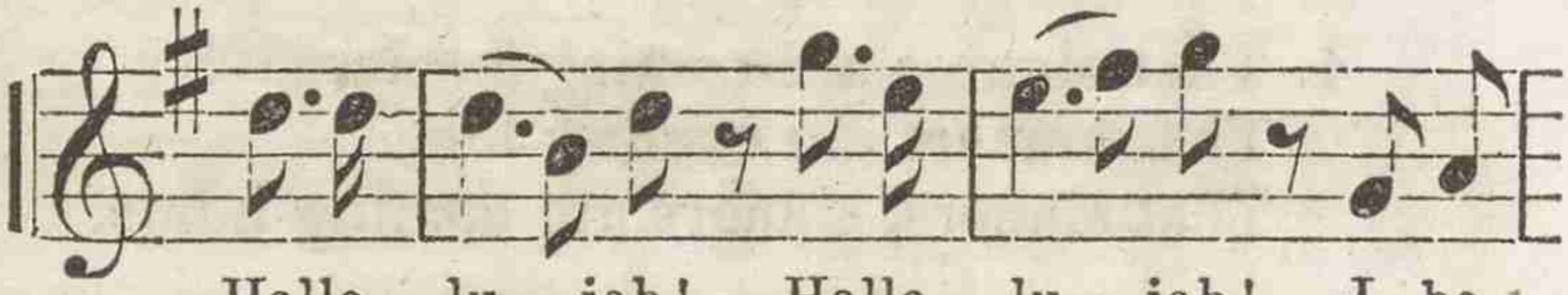
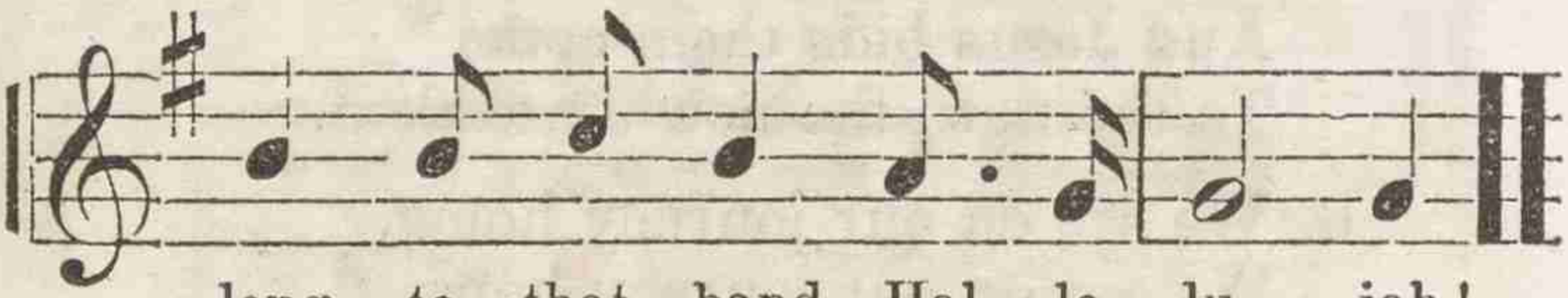
ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

1. There are an - gels hov' - ring round,
2. To car - ry the tid - ings home,
3. To the new Je - ru - sa - lem,

There are an - gels hov'ring round, There are
To car - ry the tid-ings home, To car-
To the new Je - ru - sa - lem, To the

an - gels, an - gels hov'ring round.
ry the tid - ings the tidings home.
new, the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

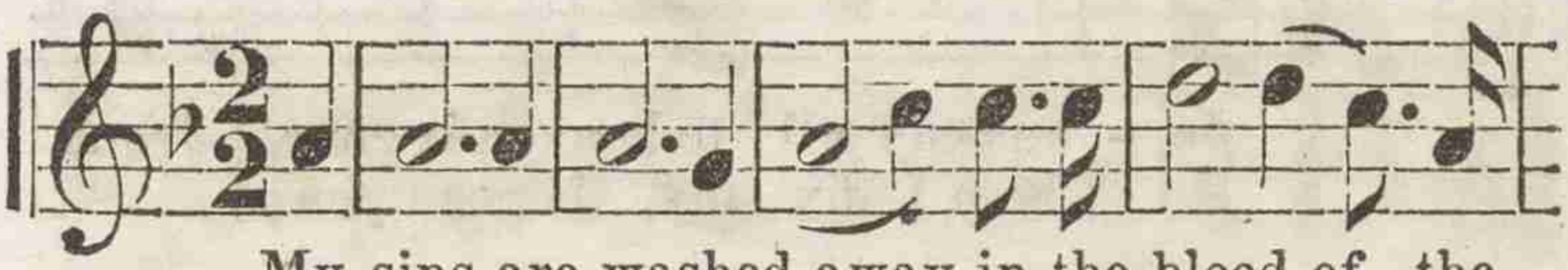
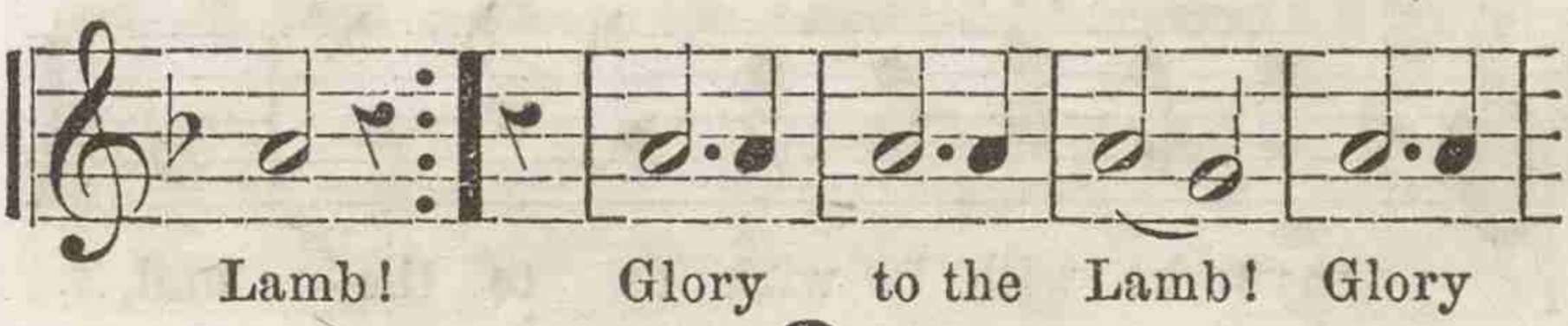
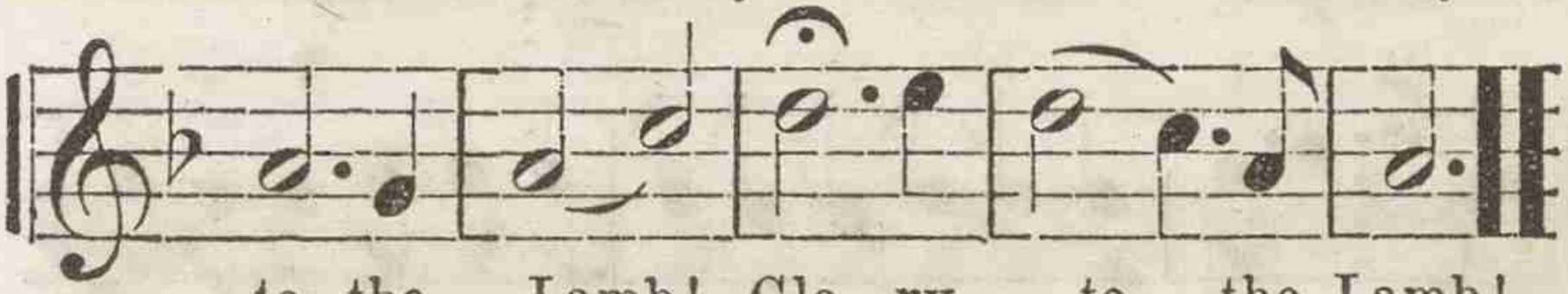
4. That sinners are coming home,
That sinners are coming home,
That sinners, sinners are coming home.

5. And Jesus bids them come,
And Jesus bids them come
To the new, the new Jerusalem.

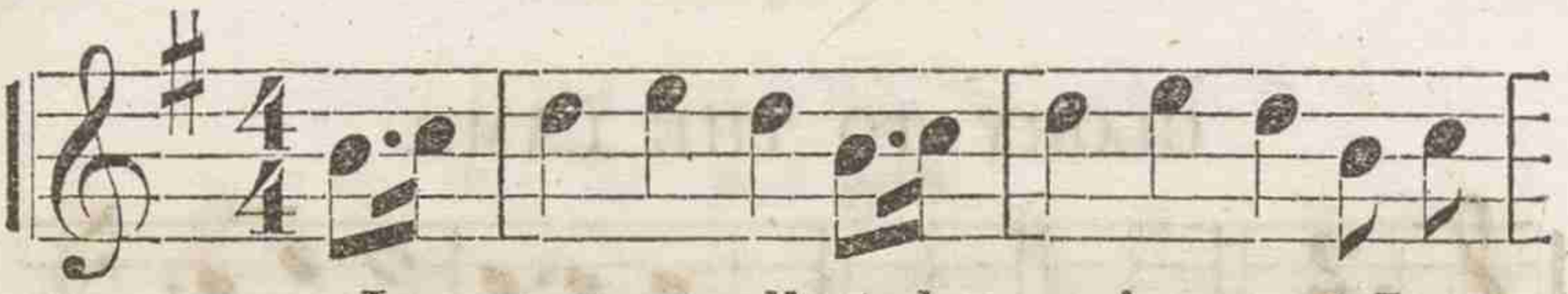
6. We are on our journey home,
We are on our journey home,
To the new, the new Jerusalem.

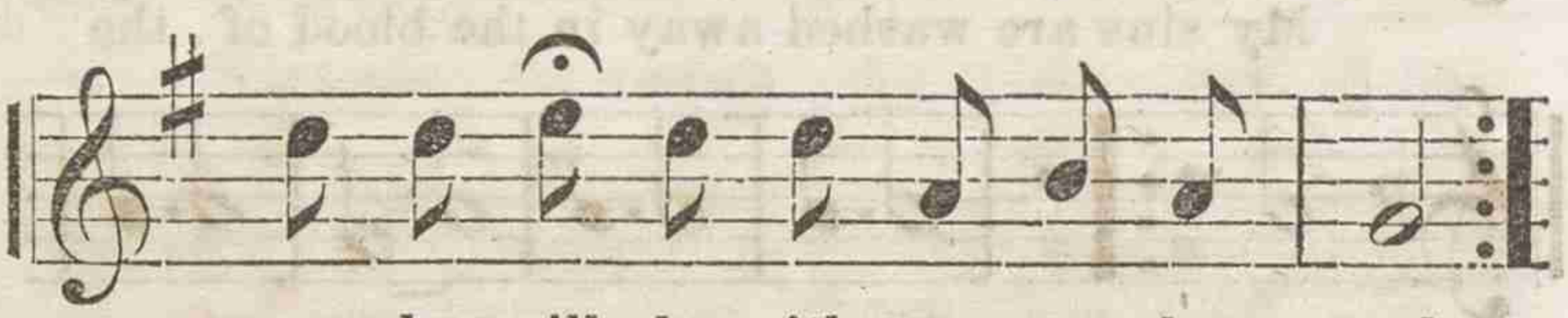
THE CHILDREN'S BAND.

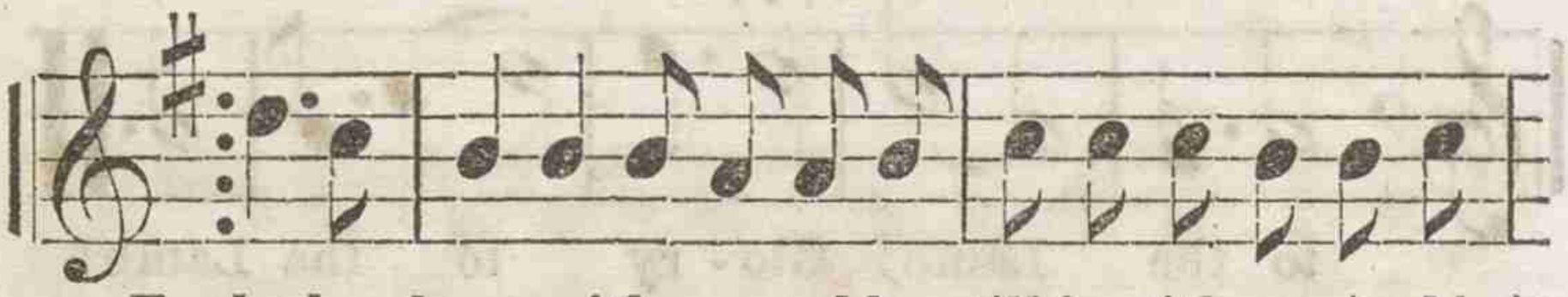
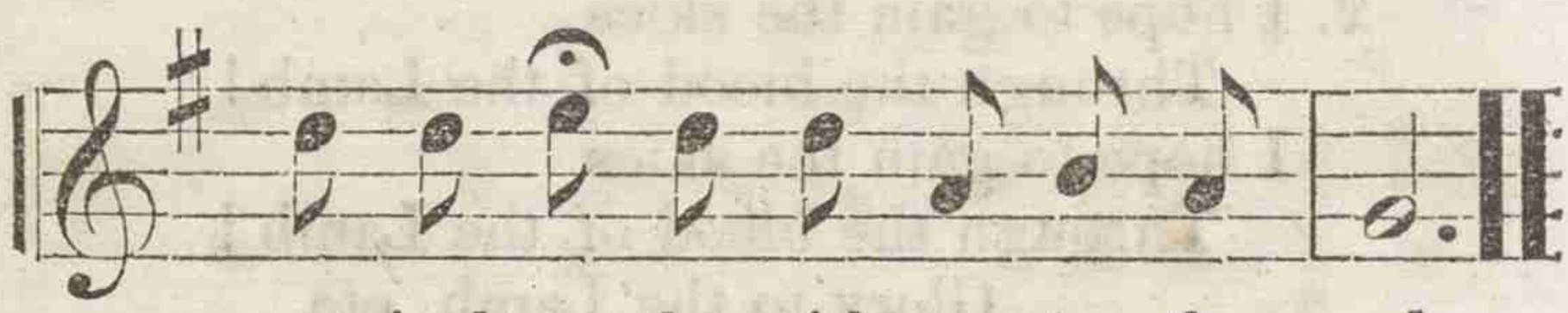
BY C. DUNBAR.

There is a band of children dear, I be-

long to that band, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Who live as lit - tle pilgrims here, I be-

long to that band, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Halle - lu - jah! Halle - lu - jah! I be-

long to that band, Hal - le - lu - jah!

GLORY TO THE LAMB.

2. I hope to gain the skies
Through the blood of the Lamb!
I hope to gain the skies
Through the blood of the Lamb!
Glory to the Lamb, etc.

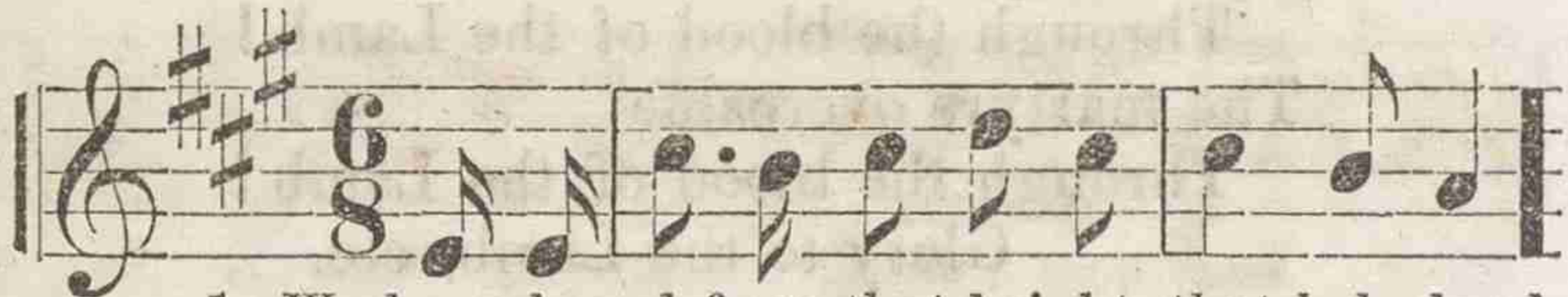
3. The martyrs overcame
Through the blood of the Lamb!
The martyrs overcame
Through the blood of the Lamb!
Glory to the Lamb, etc.

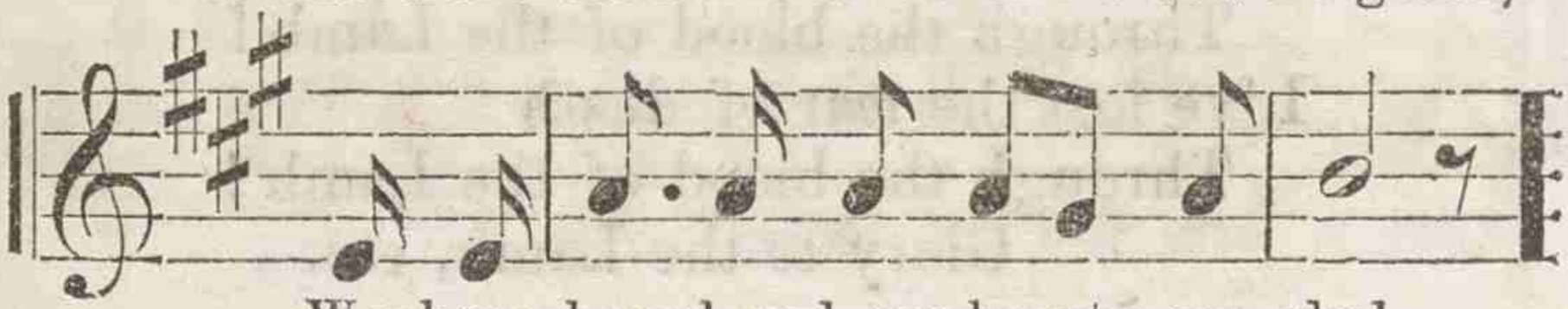
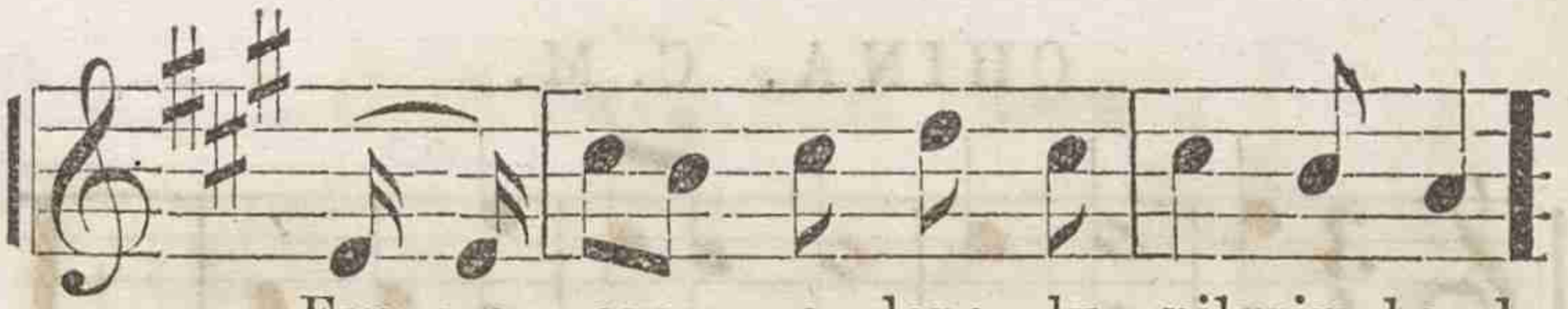
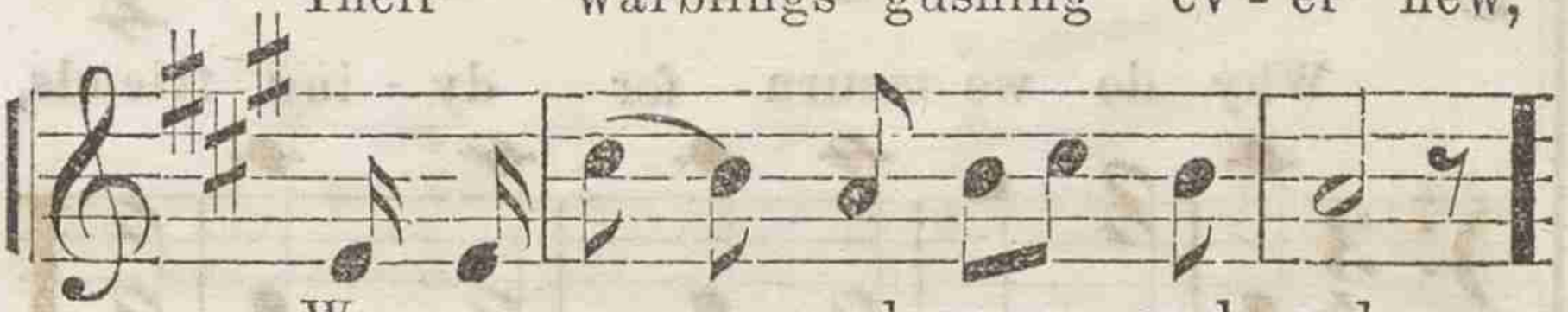
4. I've lost the fear of death
Through the blood of the Lamb!
I've lost the fear of death
Through the blood of the Lamb!
Glory to the Lamb, etc.

Je - sus my all to heaven is gone, } Jesus
He whom I fix my hopes upon; }

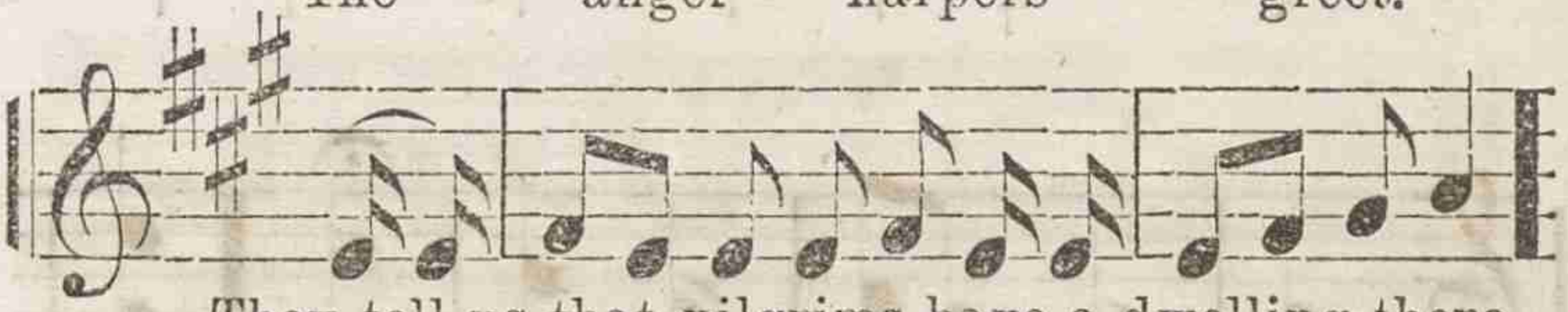


says he will be with us to the end,

For he has been with us, and he still is with us, And he's

promised to be with us to the end.

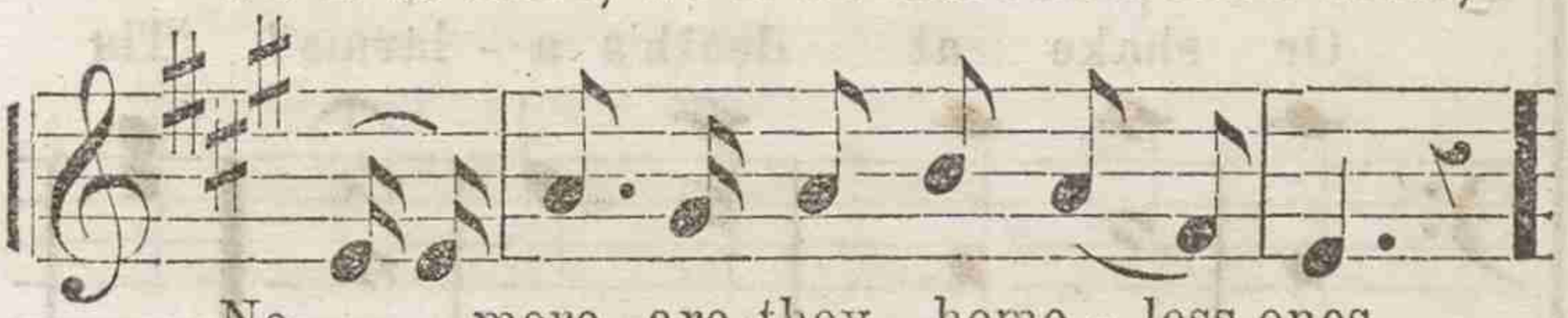
THE BRIGHT AND HOLY LAND.

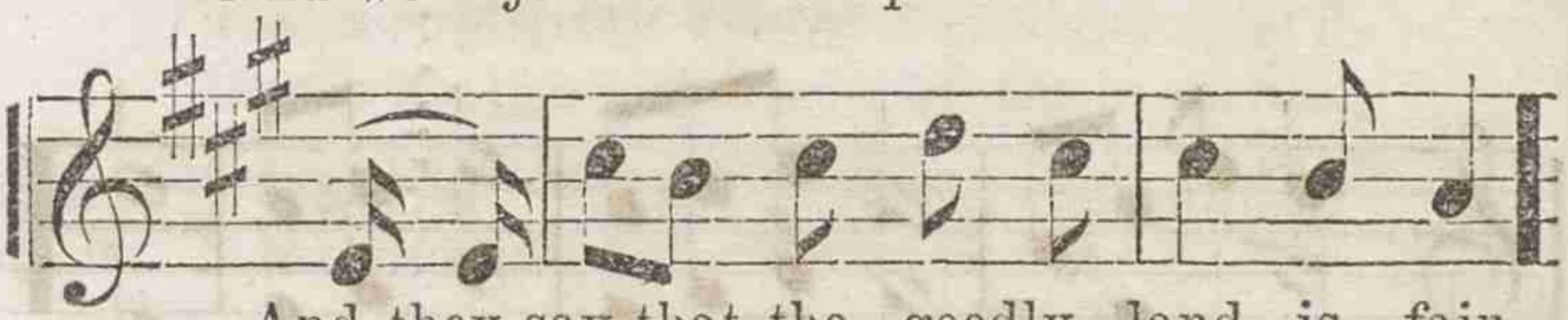
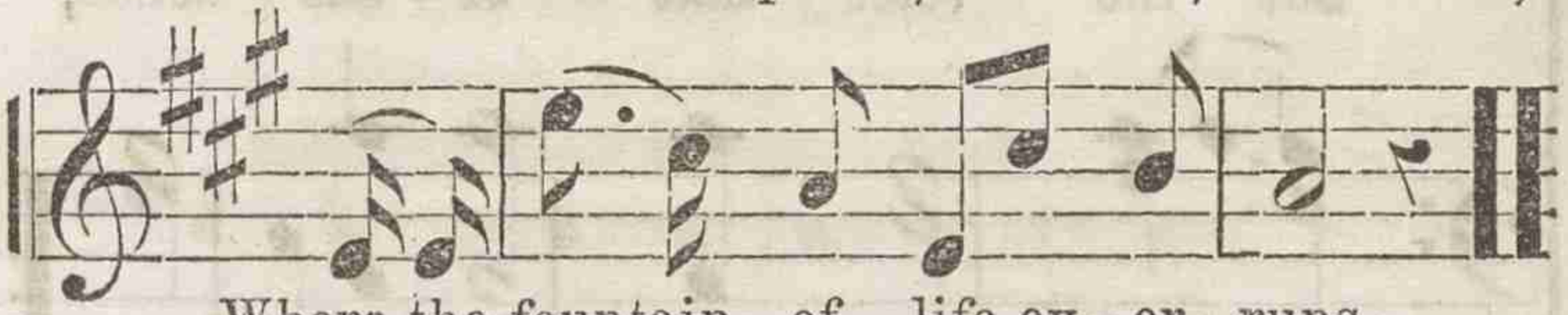


1. We have heard from that bright, that holy land,
2. There are beautiful birds in the bowers green,

We have heard and our hearts are glad,
Their songs are blithe and sweet,

For we are a lone - ly pilgrim band,
Their warblings gushing ev - er new,

We are weary and worn and sad.
The angel harpers greet.

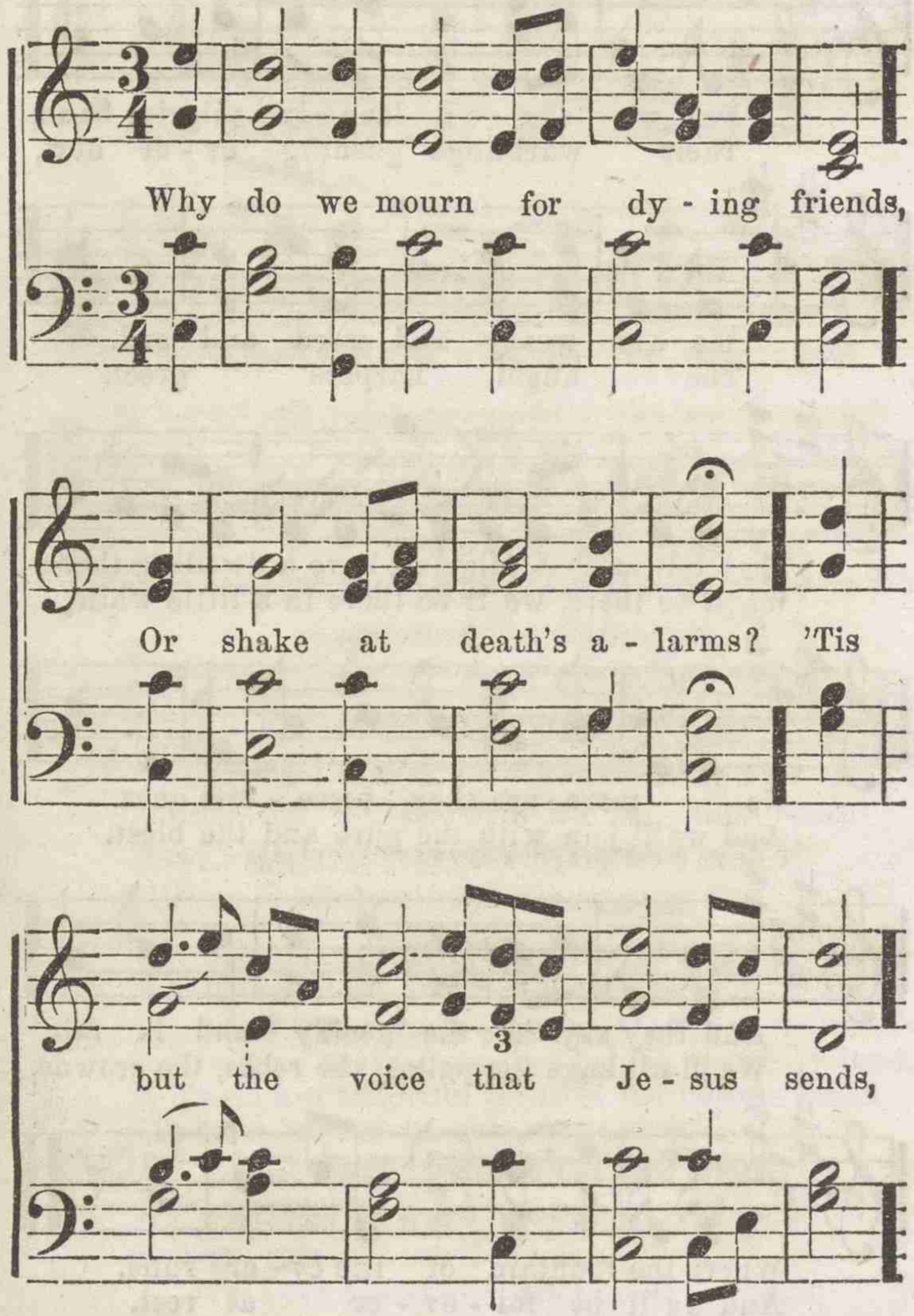
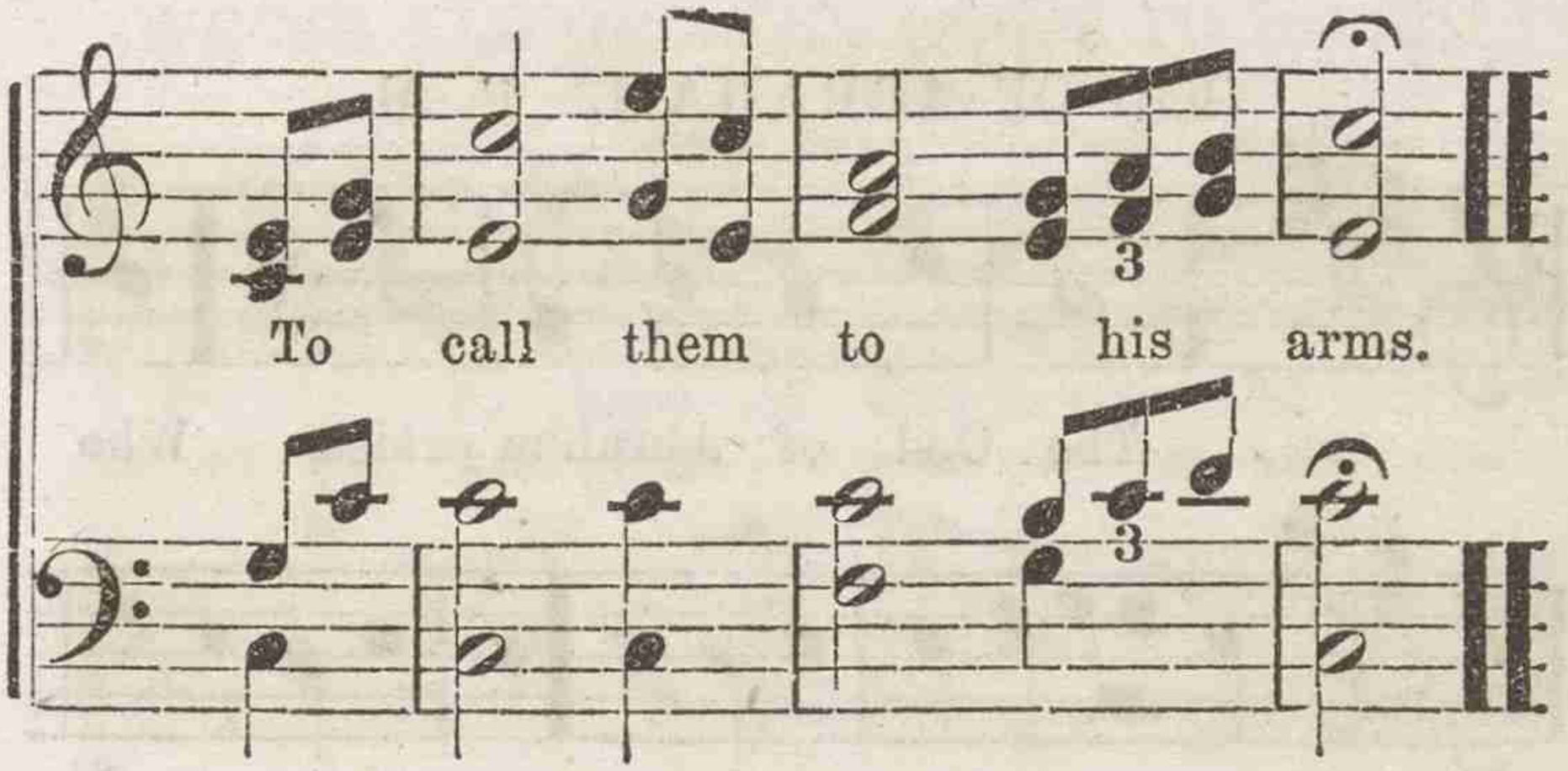


They tell us that pilgrims have a dwelling there,
We 'll be there, we 'll be there in a little while,



No more are they home - less ones.
And we 'll join with the pure and the blest.

And they say that the goodly land is fair,
We 'll all have the palms, the robes, the crowns,

Where the fountain of life ev - er runs.
And we 'll be for - ev - er at rest.

CHINA. C. M.

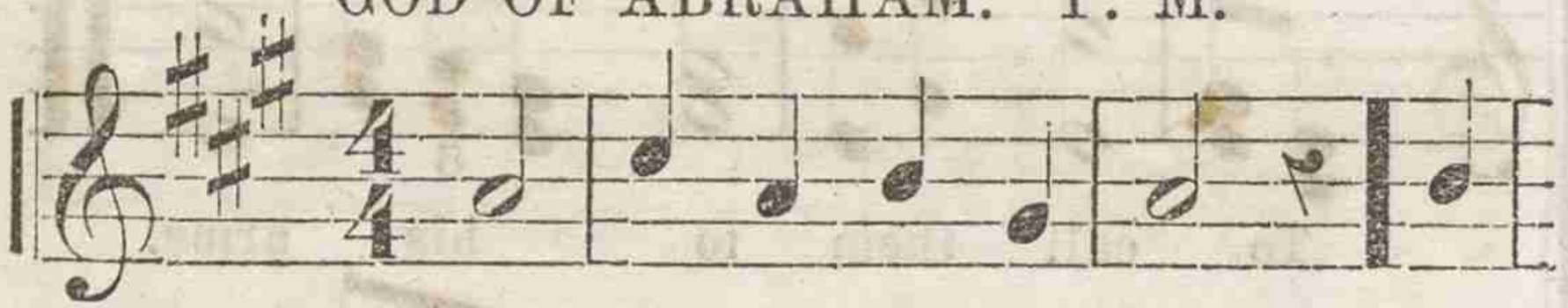

Why do we mourn for dy - ing friends,
Or shake at death's a - larms? 'Tis
but the voice that Je - sus sends,

2. Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move ?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

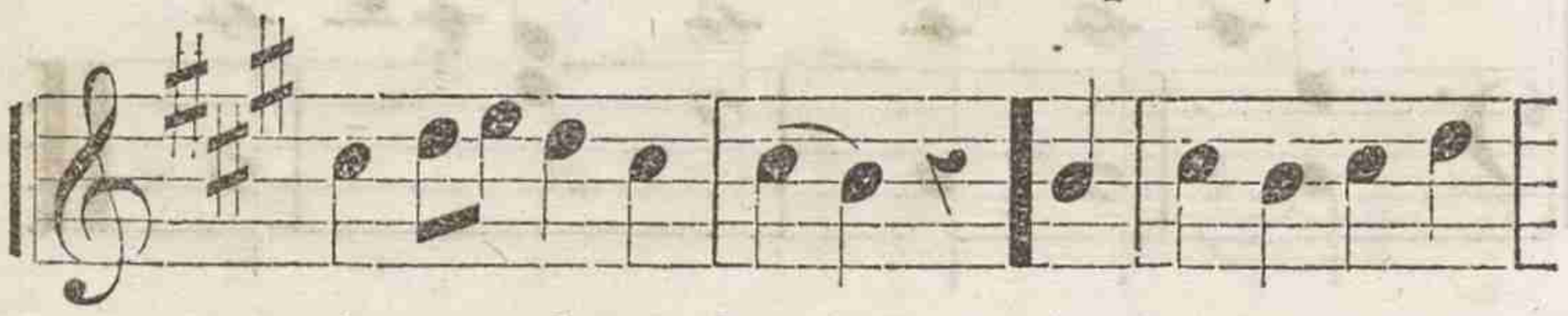
3. Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

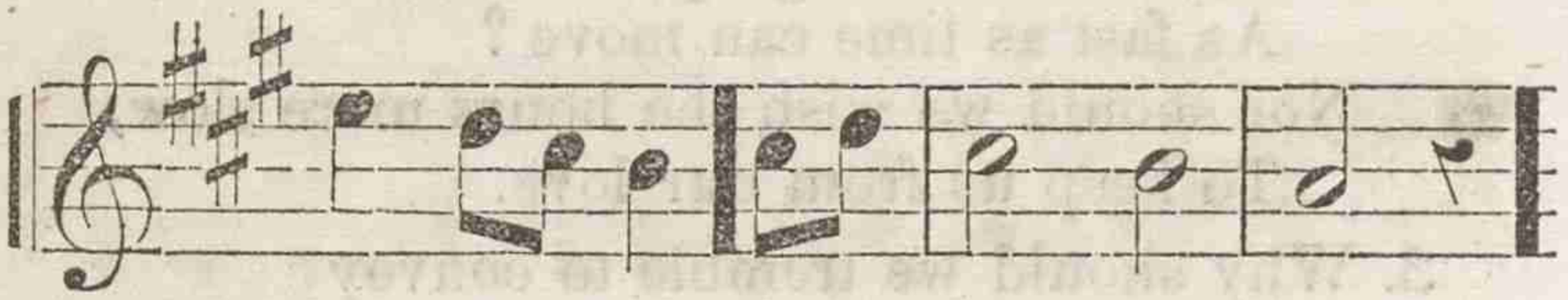
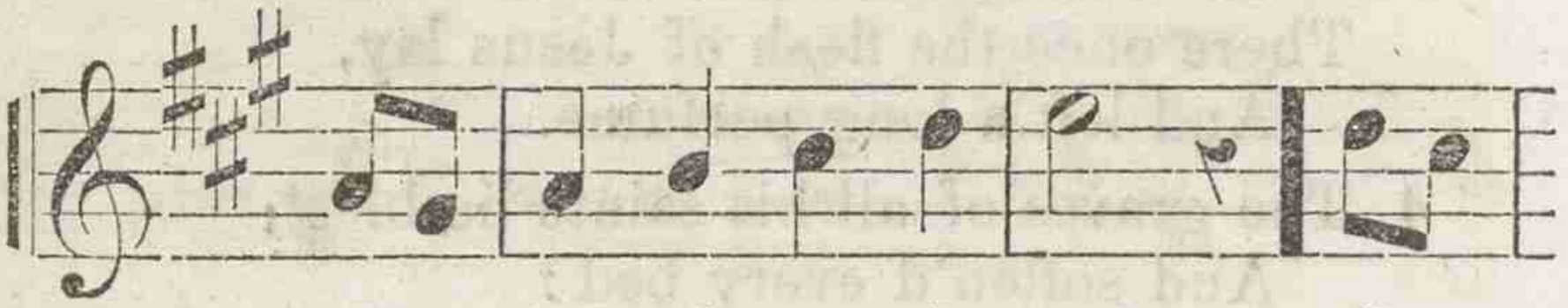
4. The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed :
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head ?

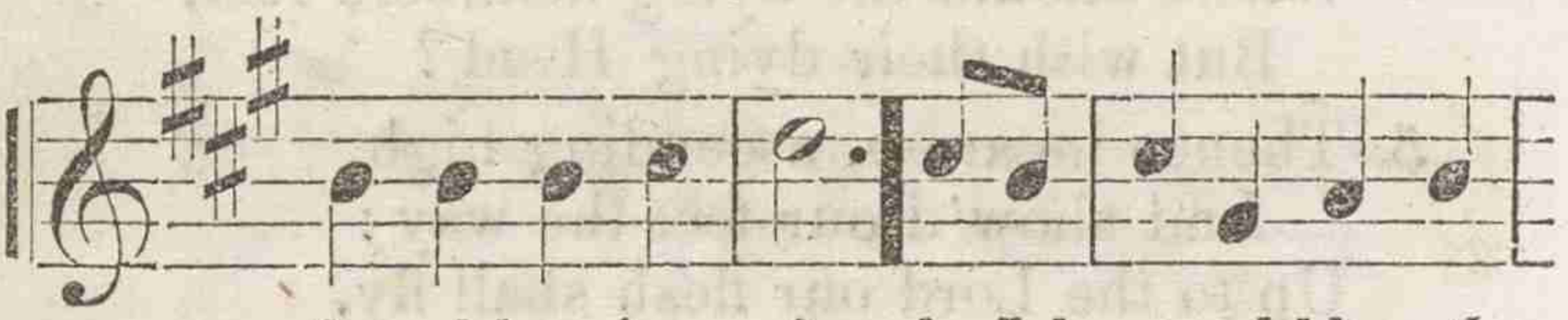
5. Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way :
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

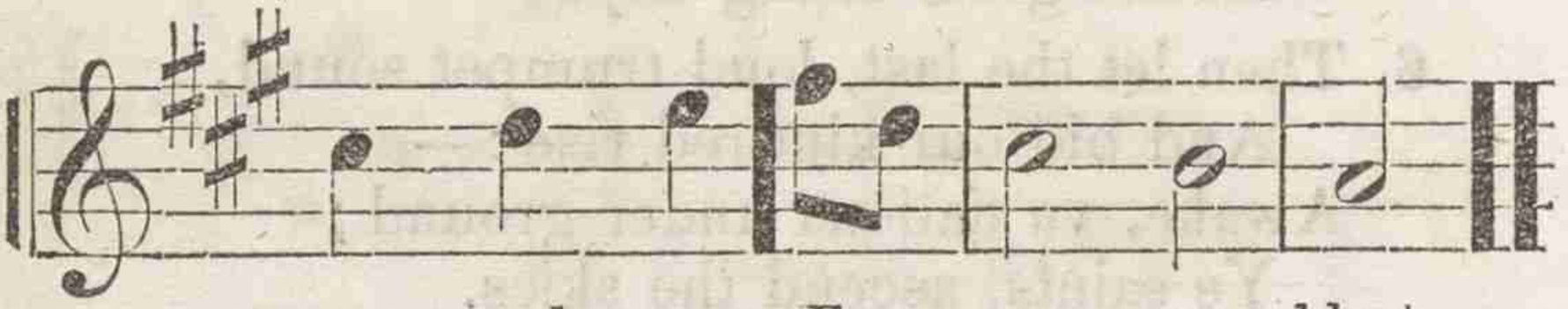
6. Then let the last, loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise :—
Awake, ye nations under ground ;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

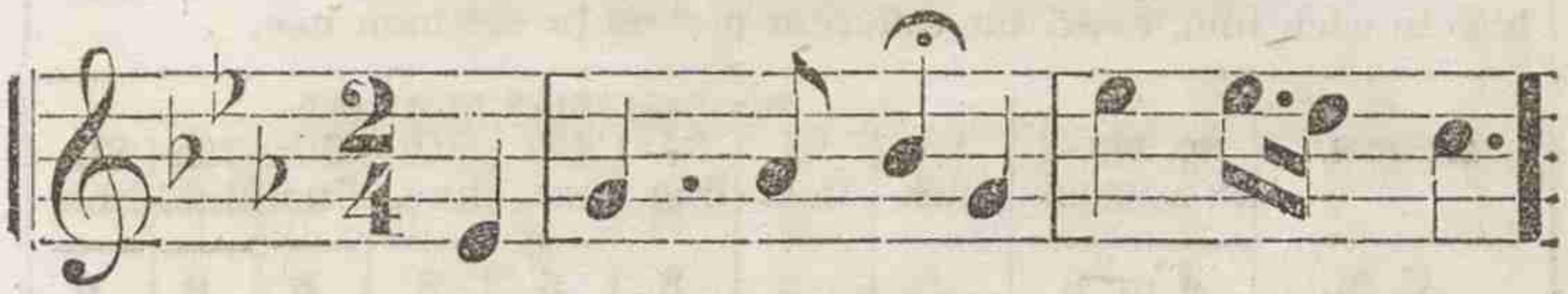
GOD OF ABRAHAM. P. M.

The God of Abrah'm praise, Who

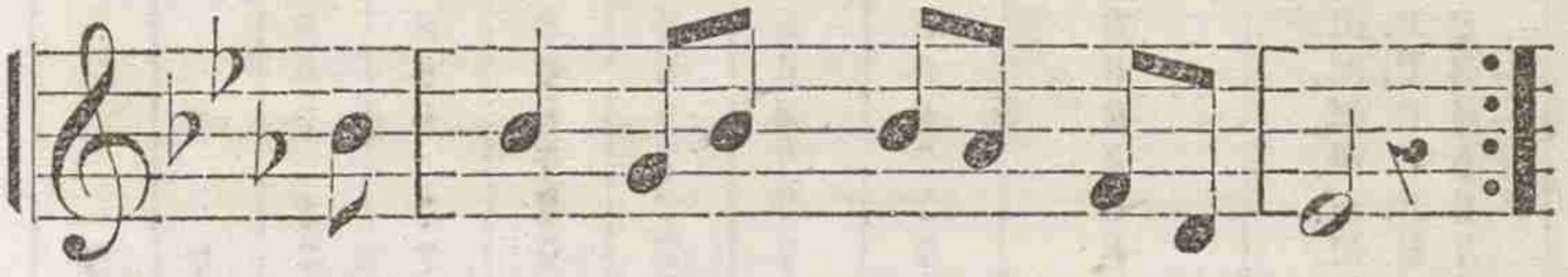


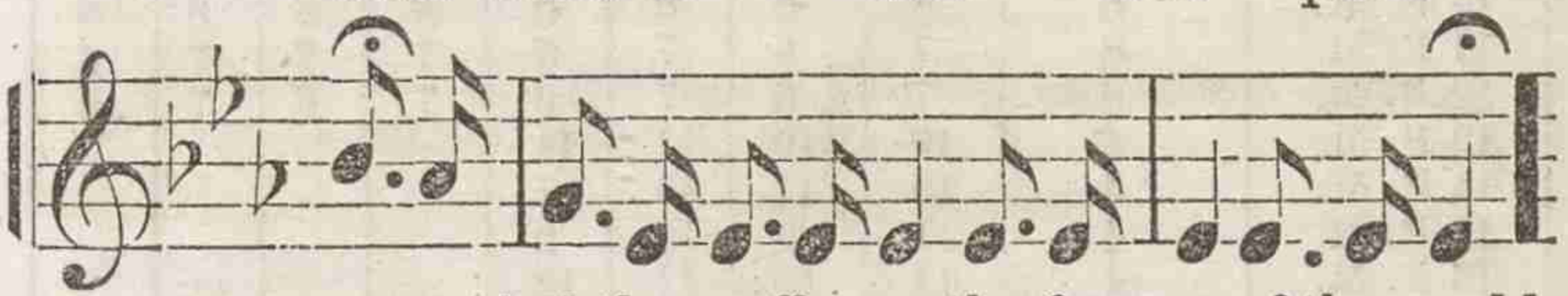
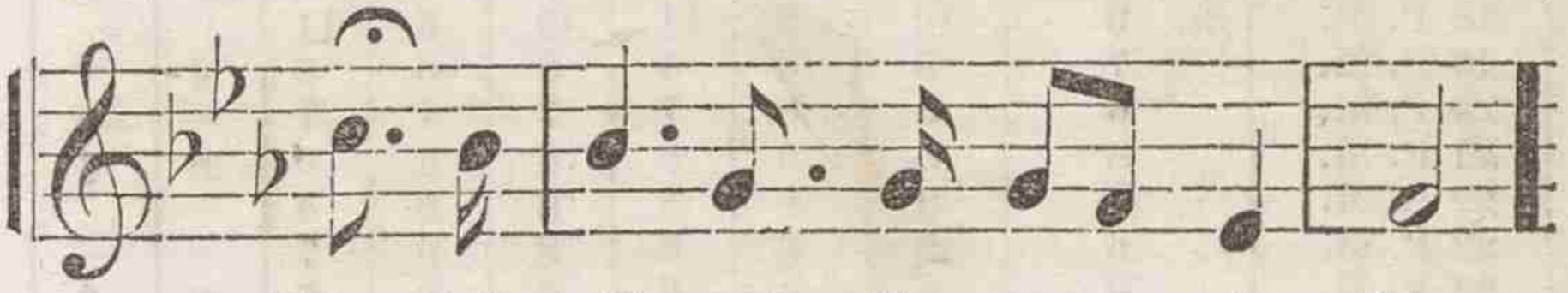
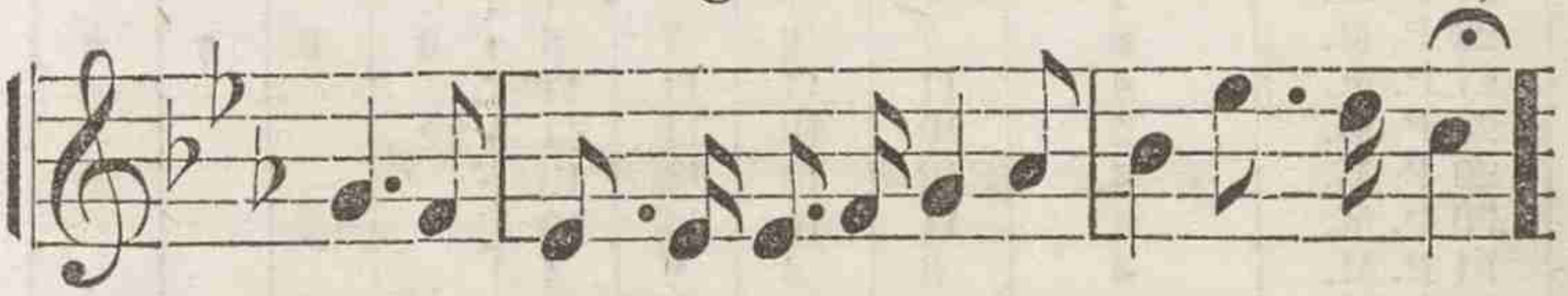
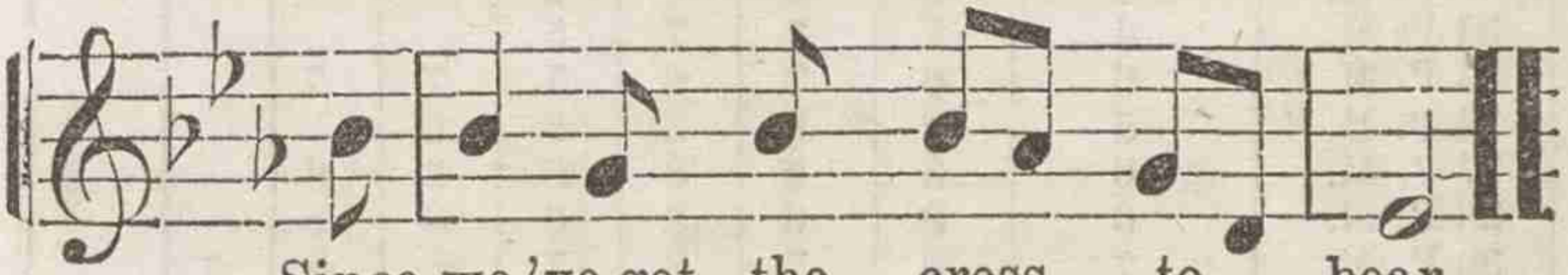
reigns enthroned above: Ancient of ev-er-

last - ing days, And God of love:

Je - ho - vah, great I am! By



earth and heav'n confessed; I bow and bless the

sa - cred name, For ev - er blest.

WE'VE ALL GOT THE CROSS TO BEAR.

In hope of that im-mor - tal crown,
And glad - ly wan - der up and down,



We now the cross sus - tain;
And smile at toil and pain.

Let us nev - er mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world,

For we've all got the cross to bear,

It will on - ly make the crown shine brightly and fair.

Since we've got the cross to bear.

METRICAL TABLE.

Giving the number of lines in a verse, and the number of syllables in each line, to all the different meters in common use.

METERS.	NO. LINES IN A VERSE.	NO. SYLLABLES IN A LINE. 1st line.	2d line.	3d line.	4th line.	5th line.	6th line.	7th line.	8th line.
C. M.	4 or 8	8	6	8	6	8	6	8	6
L. M.	4 or 8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
S. M.	4 or 8	6	6	8	6	6	6	8	6
1 P. M.	6	8	8	8	8	8	8		
2 P. M.	6	8	8	8	8	8	8		
3 P. M.	6	6	6	6	6	8	8		
4 P. M,	6	8	8	6	8	8	6		
5 P. M.	4	7	7	7	7				
6 P. M.	6	7	7	7	7	7	7		
7 P. M.	8	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
8 P. M.	6	8	7	8	7	4	7		
9 P. M.	8	8	7	8	7	8	7	8	7
10 P. M.	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
11 P. M.	8	7	6	7	6	7	7	7	6
12 P. M.	8	7	6	7	6	7	8	7	6
13 P. M.	4	10	10	11	11				
14 P. M.	4	10	11	10	11				
15 P. M.	4	11	9	11	9				
16 P. M.	4	11	12	11	12				
17 P. M.	4	10	10	10	10				
18 P. M.	6	10	5	11	10	5	11		
19 P. M.	7	6	6	4	6	6	6	4	
20 P. M.	6	6	6	7	7	7	7		
21 P. M.	8	6	6	8	4	6	6	8	4
22 P. M.	6	8	8	8	8	8	4		
23 P. M.	6	8	8	8	8	8	7		
24 P. M.	8	6	6	6	6	8	6	8	6
25 P. M.	4	7	7	8	7				
26 P. M.	8	7	6	7	6	9	6	7	6
27 P. M.	4	11	11	11	11				
28 P. M.	5	10	10	11	11	12			
29 P. M.	4	12	12	12	12				
30 P. M.	4	11	10	11	10				
31 P. M.	4	8	4	8	4				
32 P. M.	6	8	8	4	8	8	4		
33 P. M.	4	6	6	6	6				
34 P. M.	4	7	7	7	5				
35 P. M.	6	8	7	8	7	7	7		
36 P. M.	5	8	6	8	8	6			
37 P. M.	6	6	6	8	6	8	8		
38 P. M.	6	8	6	8	6	8	8		
39 P. M.	7	8	7	8	7	8	8	7	
40 P. M.	6	7	7	8	8	7	8		

ALPHABETICAL INDEX,

GIVING THE FIRST LINE OF EACH HYMN.

SEE INDEX TO THE TUNES.

The figures on the right refer to the page.

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A home in heaven! what a joyful thought..... 69
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A poor wayfaring man of grief..... 220
A stranger here below..... 97
A year, another year, is fled..... 302
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Again returns the Sabbath day..... 109
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All hail the power of Jesus' name..... 99
All hail the joyful morning..... 407
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