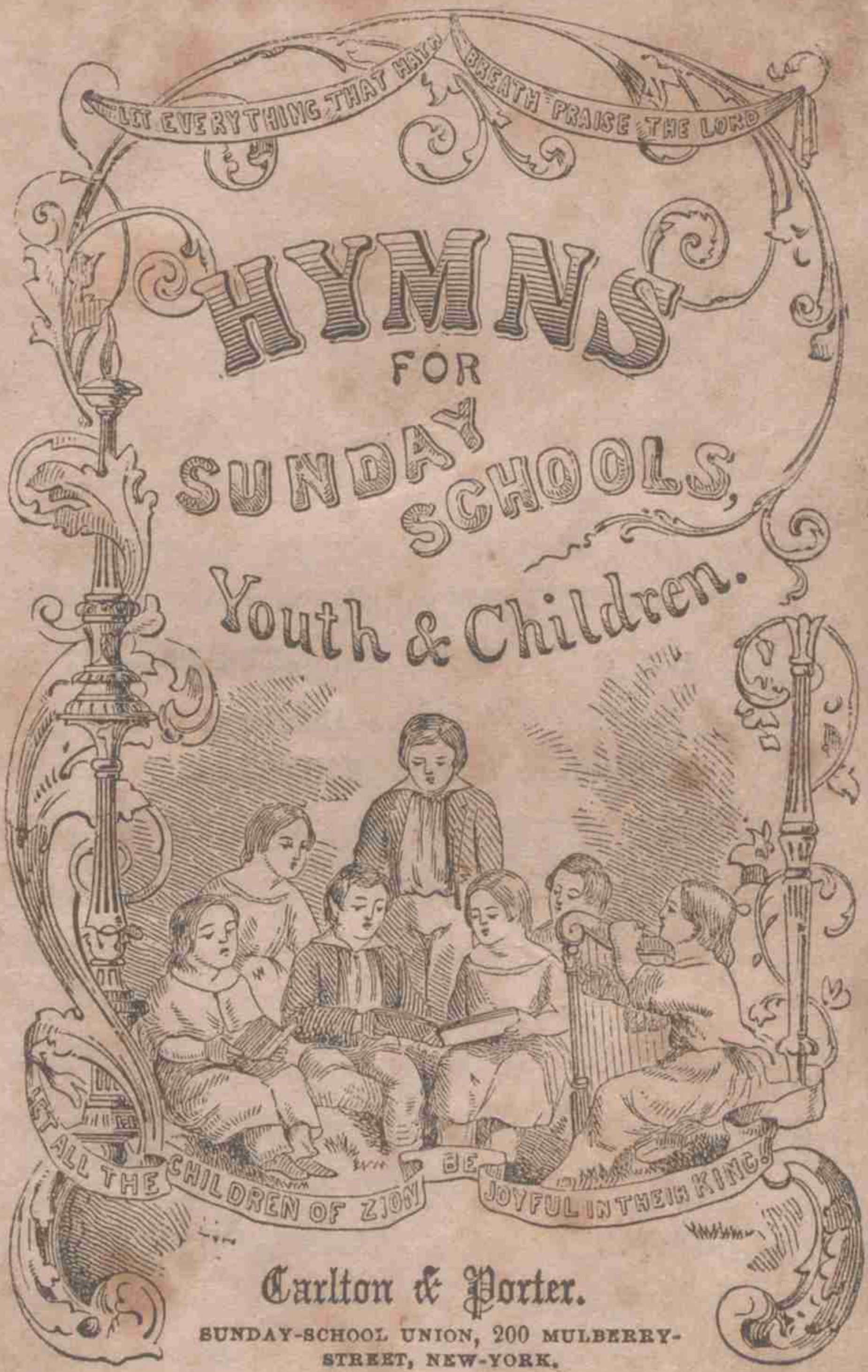
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Carlton & Porter.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, 200 MULBERRY-STREET, NEW-YORK.

376th Thousand.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854,

BY CARLTON & PHILLIPS,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

PREFACE.

GREAT care has been taken in the compilation of this Hymn-Book. The object has been to make it as perfect as the present state of Sunday-school hymnology will admit. It has been chiefly compiled from a very large collection of the best Sunday-school hymn-books, published both in this country and Great Britain. Some original hymns have been inserted. Credits of authorship have been given in the index, in all cases where it could be ascertained with certainty to whom they were due.

The arrangement is strictly practical, and will enable superintendents and others to find hymns suited to almost any occasion, with the least possible delay.

For the information of all concerned it should be stated, that this book contains all the Sunday-school hymns now to be found in our standard Church Hymn-Book and Supplement; also a selection of more than one hundred of the best standard devotional hymns, reprinted from the Church Hymn-Book. Beyond this, the hymns are from other and numerous sources.

The collection, as a whole, will be found to provide amply for all proper Sunday-school purposes, even in the largest schools, and it is published in the confident hope of its being widely useful.

NEW-YORK, *August*, 1854.

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HYMNS.

OPENING.

1 C. M.

Invitation to praise the Redeemer.

O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus!—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears,
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd 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.

2 C. M.

Thanksgiving.

FATHER of mercies, let our songs
With thee acceptance find;
Thy loving-kindness we confess,
To us and all mankind.

2 Thanks for creation are thy due,
For life preserved by thee;
And all the blessings life affords,
So great, and yet so free.

3 Thanks for redemption above all,
To us in Jesus given;
Thanks for the means of grace on earth,
And for the hope of heaven.

4 O let a sense of this thy grace
Our best affections move,
That while our lips thy praise proclaim,
Our hearts may feel thy love!

3 L. M.

Prayer for Help and Guidance.

OUR Father, bless the youthful band
That humbly bow before thee here;
Uphold us by thy mighty hand,
And keep us in thy faith and fear.

2 O fill our minds with thoughts of thee,
Help us to walk as in thy sight;
Grant us thy grace from sin to flee,
And in the ways of truth delight.

3 And O! when life's short day is done,—
Its cares, its pains, its labours o'er,—
Grant, through the merits of thy Son,
That we may meet to part no more!

4 In that blest home, that better land,
To which our longing eyes we raise,
A happy. ransom'd, glorious band,
Together may we sing thy praise.

4 L. M.

Tribute of Praise to the Saviour.

JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee:
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay:
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold.

4 Let every moment, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

5 C. M.

God's care of Children.

WE bless the Lord, our God and King,
The gracious and the good,
Who gives to every living thing
Its needful daily food.

2 God sets the glorious sun in heaven,
By day to give us light;
And draws the starry shades of even
Around us every night.

3 His ear is open to our prayer,
His mercy never fails;
And we may sing his tender care,
For still his love prevails.

4 In him may youthful hearts rejoice,
And hallelujah sing;
While men of might lift up their voice
To bless our God and King.

6 C. M.

Invitation to worship.

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.

7 L. M.

The Creation invited to praise God.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great Salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

8 C. M.

Sunday-School Privileges.

THOU art our Shepherd, gracious God:
Thy little flock behold;
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.

2 We praise thy name that we are brought
To this delightful place;
Where we are watch'd, and warn'd, and taught,
The children of thy grace.

3 O may our friends who meet us here,
Meet us at last above,
And they and we in heaven appear,
The children of thy love.

9 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

Suffer Little Children to come unto Me.

SAVIOUR, at thy footstool bending,
We a youthful band appear;
May our grateful songs ascending
Reach and please thy gracious ear:
Thus to praise thee
Make and keep our hearts sincere.

2 No harsh words of indignation
Drive this little flock from thee;
Gentle is thine invitation:
"Suffer them to come to me."
Dearest Saviour,
Let us each thy kingdom see

3 Take us, then, thou kind Protector
Keep us by thy watchful care;
Be our Shepherd, Friend, Director;
In thine arms of mercy bear.
Guide to glory:
We shall dwell in safety there.

10 P. M. 77, 77, 47.

Thou art worthy.

GRATEFUL praise to thee we bring,
God our Saviour and our King;
While our feeble songs we raise,
Hear us from thy dwelling-place.
Thou art worthy,
God of glory, God of grace.

2 Thou hast made us by thy power,
Thou hast kept us to this hour;
Guardian of our helpless days,
Hear, O hear, our humble lays.
Thou art worthy,
God of glory, God of grace.

3 For thy life of righteousness,
For thy death of shame, we bless;
For thy sanctifying grace,
We our loud hosannas raise.
Thou art worthy,
God of glory, God of grace.

4 Though but creatures of a day,
Soon like flowers to pass away,
Thou canst raise us by thy power,
Up where seraphim adore.
Thou art worthy,
God of glory, God of grace.

11 S. M

The Gate of Heaven.

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.

12 C. M.

Children's Morning Hymn.

AGAIN, O Lord, we rise to see
The glories of the day!
Let our first thoughts ascend to thee,
And teach our hearts to pray.

2 We laid us down, and slept in peace,
For thou wert near us still;
Let us this day our Saviour please,
And do his holy will.

3 Beneath thine eye we still are found,
The same by night or day;
O let thy goodness guard us round,
And guide us in thy way.

4 Assist us, Lord, this day to live
Obedient to thy word;
Nor let us thy good Spirit grieve,
Nor sin against the Lord.

5 Let us, with every day we live,
Be better fit for heaven;
Thy grace improve as we receive,
And live and die forgiven.

13 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Confession of God's Mercies.

CHILDREN, join your God to bless,
Gratefully his care confess;
Of his bounties you have shared,
He your lives has kindly spared.

2 Spared, again in school to meet;
Spared, to bow at Jesus' feet;
Spared, to see this holy day:
With your teachers sing and pray.

3 Now you meet to read the word,
Word of Christ your King and Lord;
Lord, who died that you might live—
Then to him your service give.

14 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

The Shepherd and his Flock.

JESUS, Shepherd of thy sheep,
Hither with thy flock we come;
All our souls in mercy keep,
Never from thy side to roam.
Take the lambs within thine arms,
Gently to thy bosom press'd;
From all sin and mortal harms,
In thy free salvation bless'd.

2 Where the gentlest waters flow,
Thither, Lord, each wand'rer lead;
Where the greenest pastures grow,
There securely let us feed.
Close beside the shelt'ring rock,
When the desert wind is high,
Gather all our little flock
Till the tempest shall pass by.

3 Vain each under-shepherd's care,
Unless thou thy blessing give:
Hear, O Lord, our humble prayer;
Let us in thy favor live.
And when death's dark shadows fall,
And the day of life shall close,
May each lamb, each shepherd, all
In thy heavenly fold repose.

15 L. M.

The Lord's Blessing implored.

THY name, Almighty Lord, we praise,
Whose varied goodness crowns our days:
O let thy Spirit's gracious power
Descend, and consecrate this hour.

2 Give us to feel that thou art here;
And may we worship in thy fear:
Our secret thoughts before thee lie,
And naught we do escapes thine eye.

3 Now let thy blessing rest, O Lord,
Upon instruction from thy word;
And may we all rejoice to meet,
And sit and learn at Jesus' feet.

16 L. M.

Assembling in School.

NOW we are met to read and pray,
And hear what our kind teachers say;
Let every child attentive be
To Him who every child can see.

2 He dwells in heaven; but he is here:
He lives on high; but he is near:
He knows our thoughts and wishes too,
And knows what we 're about to do.

3 The careless soul, the roving mind,
Will not divine instruction find;
The serious and the thoughtful youth
Will learn the ways of God and truth.

4 Then let us all be wise and learn
How from the ways of sin to turn;
How we may fear and love the Lord,
And understand his holy word.

17 L. M.

Supplication.

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.

18 C. M.

Sunday-School Morning Worship.

NOW condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this youthful throng;
And kindly listen, while we sing
Our grateful morning song.

2 We come to own the Power Divine,
That watches o'er our days;
For this our cheerful voices join,
In hymns of grateful praise.

3 We come to learn thy holy word,
And ask thy tender care;
Before thy throne, Almighty Lord,
We bend in humble prayer.

4 May we in safety pass this day,
From sin and danger free;
And ever tread the narrow way
Which leads to heaven and thee.

19 S. M.

Morning Hymn.

THIS morning, Lord, attend,
While we are bow'd in prayer;
And from thy glorious throne descend,
And in our midst appear.

2 Make this thy dwelling-place,
While we assembled stay;
Inspire each youthful soul with grace,
And wash our sins away.

3 O let this morning be
Devoted to thy ways;
And consecrate our school to thee,
And fill each heart with praise.

4 To child and teacher, Lord,
Be thy best favors given;
And may we all, with one accord,
Make sure our way to heaven.

20 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Children invited to Christ.

CHILDREN! listen to the Lord,
And obey his gracious word;
Seek his face with heart and mind;
Early seek, and you shall find.

2 Sorrowful your sins confess;
Plead his saving righteousness;
See the Saviour's bleeding side;—
Come! you will not be denied.

3 For his worship now prepare;
Kneel to him in fervent prayer;
Serve him with a perfect heart;
Never from his ways depart.

21 L. M.

Prayer for Divine Guidance.

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 strait 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.

22 C. M.

Our Father which art in Heaven.

TO God, who reigns above the sky,
Our Father and our Friend,
To him let all our vows be paid,
And all our prayers ascend.

'T is he who claims our youthful hearts;
He loves to hear us pray;
By night we 'll think upon his love,
And praise him day by day.

3 When we offend against our God,
We 'll ask his pard'ning love:
'T was for our sins the Saviour died;
He pleads for us above.

4 With all the love a father feels,
He pities and forgives;
And though our earthly parents die,
Our heavenly Father lives.

23 C. M.

For a Blessing on our Worship.

IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
O, pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice:
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek;
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Let sinners now thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

24 L. M.

Grateful Adoration.

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

2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and 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 thankful 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.

25 C. M.

Prayer for Light.

LIGHT of the world! shine on our souls,
Thy grace to us afford;
And, while we meet to learn thy truth,
Be thou our teacher, Lord.

2 As once thou didst thy word expound
To those that walk'd with thee,
So teach us, Lord, to understand,
And all its fullness see.

3 Its richness, sweetness, power, and depth,
Its holiness discern;
Its joyful news of saving grace,
By blest experience learn.

4 Thus may thy word be dearer still,
And studied more each day,
And, as it richly dwells within,
Thyself in it display!

26 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s

Sabbath Morning.

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

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconcilèd face;
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly 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.

27 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Prayer for Grace.

JESUS Christ, the Truth, the Way,
In thy name we meet to-day,—
Meet to read thy gracious word;
Meet to hear of Christ the Lord.

2 From this hour may we, anew,
Seek thy holy will to do,—
Give to thee each youthful heart,
And from thee no more depart!

28 L. M.

Father, hear us.

ONCE more assembled on thy day,
O Father, hear us when we pray,
And teach us thankfully to own
The love that draws us near thy throne.

2 Lord, let thy grace our souls inspire
With holy love and heavenly fire;
And let our songs of praise arise
In grateful incense to the skies.

3 O may our faith on wings of love
Soar upward to the realms above;
And grant us fervency in prayer,
That we thy richest grace may share.

29 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

Divine Teaching sought.

HOLY Lord, our hearts prepare
For the solemn work of prayer;
Grant that while we bend the knee,
All our thoughts may turn to thee;
Let thy presence here be found,
Breathing peace and joy around.

2 While we come around thy throne,
Make thy power and glory known;
As thy children may we call
On our Father, Lord of all;
And with holy love and fear
At thy footstool now appear.

3 Teach us, while we breathe our woes,
On thy promise to repose;
All thy tender love to trace
In the Saviour's work of grace;
Let us all in faith depend
On a gracious God and Friend

30 C. M.

O come, let us worship.

COME, let us join the hosts above,
Now in our youthful days;
Remember our Creator's love,
And lisp our Father's praise.

2 His majesty will not despise
The day of feeble things:
Grateful the songs of children rise,
And please the King of kings.

3 He loves to be remember'd thus,
And honor'd for his grace;
Out of the mouths of babes like us,
His wisdom perfects praise.

4 Glory to God, and praise, and power,
Honor and thanks be given!
Children and cherubim adore
The Lord of earth and heaven.

31 9th P. M. 87, 87.

Object and End of Sunday Schools.

ON this holy Sabbath morning
We again together meet,
To unite our hearts and voices,
And approach the mercy-seat.

2 Lord, may we possess a spirit
In accordance with thy word;
Feeling, praying, acting, giving,
That thy name be spread abroad.

3 Here we come to search the Scriptures
Here our off'rings, too, we bring,
That the wilderness may blossom,
And the desert places sing;—

4 That the many now in darkness
May arise to light divine;
And the gospel in its brightness
O'er the darken'd earth may shine.

32 C. M.

Gifts implored.

LORD, we address thy heavenly throne;
Though children, call us thine;
O hear us when we pray to thee,
And form our hearts divine!

2 Give us an humble, active mind,
From sloth and folly free;
Give us a cheerful heart, inclined
To truth and piety.

3 A faithful memory bestow,
Our minds with wisdom store;
And still, O Lord, as more we know,
May we obey thee more.

33 L. M.

Joy of Public Worship.

GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, or thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God our King, whose sov'reign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

34 S. M.

Claiming the Promise.

JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name:

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove:
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

4 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

35 C. M.

God's Goodness.

COME, let us join, our Lord to praise
Whose mercy knows no end;
To him our cheerful voices raise,
Our Father and our Friend.

2 In tender infancy, his care
Preserved our lives from harm;
And now he keeps us from the snare
Of sin's deceitful charm.

3 He gives us friends, who seek our good,
And strive to make us wise;
His bounteous hand provides our food,
And all our wants supplies.

4 With grateful praise we will proclaim
The mercies of our God;
And sing the glory of his name,
Who bought us with his blood.

36 L. M.

Solemn Reverence.

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God:
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds:

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings:
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshiping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth, from afar, hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short our tunes; our words be few:
A solemn rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

37 C. M.

The Promised Blessing.

SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see;
The promised blessing give;
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here,
But O, thyself reveal;
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.

38 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

God's Glorious Perfections celebrated.

GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.

2 Sov'reign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

3 Hail, by all thy works adored!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
God of power, and God of love.

4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

5 Jesus, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away;
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement, thou!

6 Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone,
Art with thy great Father one;
One the Holy Ghost with thee;
One supreme eternal Three.

39 L. M.

Morning in Sunday School.

ETERNAL God, incline thine ear,
Accept the tribute we would pay,
As once again assembled here,
We hail, with joy, this sacred day.

2 Come with us to thy temple, Lord;
Here let devotion fill each heart;
And may thine ever-blessed word
Eternal life to all impart.

40 C. M.

A Blessing on the Word.

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.

41 C. M.

Children imploring a Blessing.

HERE, Lord, before thy mercy-seat
In Christ's prevailing name,
Behold a band of children meet,
A Father's love to claim.

2 Our foolish hearts, alas, are slow
To understand thy way;
O teach us, Lord, thy will to know,
And help us to obey.

3 Kind are the friends who bring us here
To learn thy holy word;
But vain is all their toil and care,
Without thy blessing, Lord.

4 Fulfill their hopes; thy grace display
In every youthful mind;
And while they guide us in thy way,
Let them a blessing find.

42 L. M.

Worship in the Sunday School.

HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy children smile,
According to thy faithful word.

2 From worldly scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
O Lord, behold us at thy feet;
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 "Chief of ten thousands," now appear,
That we, by faith, may view thy face:
O speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill the place!

43 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Praise to Jesus.

INVITED by a Saviour's love,
We meet to praise his sacred name;
The Church below, the Church above
Unite his glory to proclaim;
And youthful voices join to swell
The chorus to Immanuel.

2 Do any ask why children sing,
And why approach thy heavenly seat?
It is, that we, O Lord, may bring
And lay our tribute at thy feet;
Since thou for children too wast slain,
Thou wilt not deem their praises vain.

3 Lord, with thy love each bosom fill,
And bid each heart aspire to thee;
Make us desire to do thy will,
From sin and folly set us free.
Did Jesus die that we might live?
To Jesus then our souls we give.

44 S. M.

Before Reading the Scriptures.

MY Saviour and my Lord,
To thee I lift mine eyes;
Instruct me by thy holy Word,
And make me truly wise.

2 Be it my chief delight
To read this volume o'er;
To seek its Author day and night,
And love thee more and more.

3 May this my thoughts engage,
In each perplexing case;
Help me to feed on every page,
And grow in every grace.

4 O let it cleanse my heart,
And guide me all my days;
Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,
And thou shalt have the praise.

45 C. M.

Hosanna to Christ.

WHEN Jesus to the temple came,
The voice of praise was heard;
The very children own'd his claim,
And in his train appear'd.

2 Hosannas made the temple ring,
For many tongues agreed;
"Hosanna to the heavenly King,
To David's holy Seed."

3 Lord, let the joy be now renew'd,
Let children sing thy praise;
For thou art still as great and good
As in the former days.

4 O, sanctify our youthful hearts,
And this shall teach our tongues:
The love and joy thy grace imparts
Shall animate our songs.

46 C. M.

God's Service delightful.

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.

47 L. M.

Children's Worship.

GREAT God! behold, before thy throne
A band of children lowly bend;
Thy face we seek, thy name we own,
And pray that thou wilt be our Friend.

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

3 O let thy grace our souls renew,
And seal a sense of pardon there;
Teach us thy will to know and do,
And let us all thy image bear.

48 C. M.

The Tribute and Prayer of Children.

ALMIGHTY Father, heavenly King!
Who rul'st the world above;
Accept the tribute children bring
Of gratitude and love.

2 To thee each morning, when we rise,
Our early vows we pay;
And ere the night hath closed our eyes,
We thank thee for the day.

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

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

49 C. M.

Children seeking a Blessing.

LORD, no forbidding voice is here
To keep us from thy feet;
But Christian friends invite us near,
Thy gracious call to meet.

2 O teach and help us to improve
The means by mercy given,
To fill our hearts with truth and love
And lead our steps to heaven.

3 Though we are feeble, thou, O Lord,
Wilt keep us with thy might;
Though we are dark, thy heavenly Word
Can fill the mind with light.

4 O look on those whose kind concern
Would lead us to thy rest;
And with a blessing, Lord, return
Their gifts to ev'ry breast.

50 9th P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

Jesus inviting Little Children.

JESUS Christ, our Lord and Saviour,
Who hast bid us come to thee,
Now extend to us thy favor,
Little children though we be;
Low we humbly bend before thee,
All unworthy of thy love;
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Hear us from thy throne above.

2 Thou who holdest high dominion
Over air, and earth, and sea,
Yet didst bless the little children
That of old were brought to thee,—
Lord, this day we ask thy blessing,
Send thy Holy Spirit down;
May we all, our sins confessing,
Thee our Lord and Saviour own.

3 So when death this frame shall sever,
(And we know that all must die,)
May our souls, O Lord, forever
Live and reign with thee on high:
O that we, to whom 't is given
Here to join in praise and p.ayer,
May around thy throne in heaven
Meet, and none be wanting there.

51 S. M.

Heavenly Influence sought.

JUST as the kindly rain
Returns not back to heaven,
But cheers and fruitful makes the earth,
The end for which 't was given:

2 So let thy word, O Lord,
Accomplish thy design;
Distill on all our youthful minds,
And consecrate us thine.

3 Water the sacred seed,
And give it large increase;
Let neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Hinder the fruits of peace.

52 P. M. 87, 87, 77, 8, 77.

Before Sermon.

GRANT us, Lord, thy gracious presence,
While we worship at thy throne;
Teach our souls those gracious lessons,
Which are taught by thee alone!
While we pray, and sing, and hear,
In the midst do thou appear;
Sin reproving, fear removing;
Light to all our minds impart,
Love convey to every heart!

2 As the dew from heaven distilling
Gently on the grass descends,
Rightly unto all fulfilling
What thy providence intends:
So may words of truth and peace
Yield the fruits of righteousness;
Tender, gracious, efficacious,
To our waiting spirits prove:—
Raise our hearts to things above.

53 L. M.

My Mouth shall speak forth thy Praise.

ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Through the wide earth thy name is spread;
And thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heavens thy hands have made.

2 To thee, the voices of the young
A monument of honor raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3 Children thine earthly temple throng,
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And young hosannas fill the place.

THE LORD'S DAY.

54 S. M

The Sabbath a Good Day.

HOW pleasant is the dawn
Of this delightful day!
Now, with our teachers we would join
To read and praise and pray.

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

3 But may we not forget
That this can never be,
Except our hearts are changed by grace,
And we from sin set free.

4 Blest Saviour! hear our cry,
And grant us now thy grace:
Thus make us fit, while here below,
To dwell in thine embrace.

55 C. M.

The Sabbath a Holy Day.

THE Sabbath is a blessed day,
For holy worship given,
When in God's house we meet to pray,
And learn the songs of heaven.

2 Bright festal day of holiest peace,
Of all our days the best,
When worldly cares and duties cease—
Foretaste of heavenly rest.

3 Teach us to love the house of prayer,
The open gate of heaven,
And seek and find thy blessing there,
To thine own children given.

56 C. M.

Sabbath-Morning Hymn.

WITH joy we hail this blessed day,
Sabbath of rest and peace;
With willing hearts our God obey,
From all earth's pleasures cease.

2 Jehovah claims this day his own,
The Lord shall have his right;
To us be servile works unknown,
His service our delight.

3 Then let us honor him who made,
For man, this day of rest;
To God be grateful homage paid,
To God, forever blest.

4 With joy we hail this blessed day,
Sabbath of Christ our Lord;
With angels praise, with mortals pray,
By all be Christ adored.

57 P. M. 88, 88, 57.

Love for the Sabbath.

I LOVE to have the Sabbath come,
For then I rise and quit my home,
And haste to school with cheerful air,
To meet my dearest teachers there:
Then, haste, haste away,
Then haste to the Sabbath school.

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

3 And then, through life's remaining days,
I'll love to sing my Saviour's praise;
And bless the kindness of his grace,
That brought me to this sacred place.
Then haste, &c.

58 33d P. M. 66, 66

Close of the Sabbath.

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 destroy'd?
Or have these moments lent,
Been sacredly employ'd?

2 To waste these Sabbath hours,
O 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.

59 C. M.

Sweetness of the Sabbath.

THE Sabbath day, how sweet to me,
The day the Saviour rose;
The day when we may see his face,
And in his arms repose.

2 To-day he calls us all to come,
He bids us all draw near;
He offers heaven for our home,
And wipes away each tear.

3 He offers pardon for our sin,
To save from every snare;
To lead our souls in ways of truth,
And show his tend'rest care.

4 And shall I, can I now refuse
To yield to him my heart?
Forbid it, Lord, and let me choose,
This day, the better part.

60 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Duties of the Sabbath.

THIS is God's most holy day;
We must neither work nor play;
But we 'll try to pray and sing,
And to serve our heavenly King.

2 O, 't is pleasant now to go
To our Saviour's house below;
And we hope to sing and love
In our Saviour's house above.

61 C. M.

The Use of the Sabbath.

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.

62 L. M.

The Day of Rest.

O FOR a sweet, a holy calm,
To rest upon my soul to-day;
That sacred peace, which, like a balm,
The pains of care can take away!

2 From the long labor of the week,
The toil of spirits ill at ease;
Gladly would I refreshment seek,
In such delightful scenes as these.

3 The Christian Sabbath is design'd
A holy rest, to mortals giv'n;
The prospect mountain of the mind,
Whence it may view the rest of heaven.

4 Come, heavenly Spirit; light and peace,
And every holy gift are thine;
Grant me this day thy rich increase,
And with new kindled glory shine.

63 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Sabbath-Day Worship.

LORD, my spirit humbly waits
Thy refreshing grace to-day;
From thy temple's opening gates
Send me not unbless'd away.

2 May thy Spirit with thy Word,
On my heart descend and rest;
Naught in vain be read or heard,
All by thee applied and blest.

3 May my prayers with fervor glow:
May my praise rejoicing soar;
May my heart with love o'erflow,
And with holy joy adore.

4 When this Sabbath shall depart,
May it pass in peace away;
Let me say with grateful heart,
"God has bless'd my soul to-day.

64 C. M.

Sunday Morning.

THIS is the day, the happy day,
Which God himself hath bless'd,
That we from earthly thoughts and cares
Awhile may calmly rest;
And learn the peaceful way that leads
To holiness and heaven,
And hear those gracious promises
Which God hath richly given.

2 This is the day, the happy day,
When Christ our Saviour rose
A mighty conqueror from the grave,
Victorious o'er his foes;
And now for us he intercedes
Before the throne above;
And we, with glad and grateful hearts,
Will praise him for his love.

65 C. M.

The Same.

THIS is the day, the happy day,
When heavenly voices call
Our ruined race to worship God,
And at his footstool fall.
And little children too may kneel
Within the house of prayer;
For Jesus bids such little ones
His grace and goodness share.

2 This is the day, the happy day,
Type of the perfect rest,
Reserved for those who shall attain
The mansions of the blest.
O Saviour! grant that when at last
Our earthly Sabbaths close,
We all may reach that blissful land
Of glory and repose.

66 L. M.

Joy in the Sabbath.

WELCOME, sweet morn, we hail with joy
Thy holy light, thy blest employ;
And come, a little favor'd band,
One sacred hour with Christ to spend.

2 Our youthful hearts would humbly pray
That he will bless our school to-day;
To him our joyful notes of praise
With one united voice we raise.

3 An offering to our heavenly King
Of glad hosannas now we bring;
And hope at last in his embrace,
Secure from sin, to find a place.

4 O it shall be our constant prayer,
That we may here his blessings share;
Then go and live at Christ's right hand
A joyful, happy, favor'd band.

67 L. M.

In the Sanctuary.

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 glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

68 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Welcome, Day of Rest.

WELCOME, welcome, day of rest,
To the world in kindness given;
Welcome to this humble breast,
As the beaming light from heaven.

2 Day of soft and sweet repose,
Gently now thy moments run,
As the peaceful streamlet flows,
Radiant with a summer's sun.

3 Day of tidings from the skies,
Day of solemn praise and prayer,
Day to make the simple wise,
O how great thy blessings are!

4 Welcome, welcome, day of rest,
With thy influence all divine;
May thy hallow'd hours be blest
To this feeble heart of mine.

69 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

The Everlasting Sabbath.

SOON will set the Sabbath sun,
Soon the sacred day be gone;
But a sweeter rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

2 Pleasant are the songs we raise;
Full of joy our notes of praise;
But a music sweeter far
Breathes where angel spirits are.

3 Shall we ever rise to dwell
Where immortal praises swell?
And can children ever go
Where eternal Sabbaths glow?

4 Yes:—that rest our own may be;
All the good shall Jesus see;
For the good a rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

70 L. M.

Morning Hymn.

AGAIN returns the Sabbath day,
Another week has pass'd 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.

71 27th P. M. 4 *lines* 11s.

How sweet is the Sabbath.

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.

72 S. M.

Delight in Ordinances.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise:
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

73 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Life and Immortality brought to Light.

DAY of God! thou blessed day,
At thy dawn the grave gave way
To the power of Him within,
Who had, sinless, bled for sin.

2 Thine the radiance to illume
First, for man, the dismal tomb,
When its bars their weakness own'd,
There revealing death dethroned.

3 Then the Sun of righteousness
Rose, a darken'd world to bless,
Bringing up from mortal night
Immortality and light.

4 Day of glory, day of power,
Sacred be thine every hour,—
Emblem, earnest, of the rest
That remaineth for the blest.

74 C. M.

Love for God's Day and House.

I LOVE the blessed Sabbath-day,
Which God has kindly given;
When we may meet to praise and pray,
And learn the way to heaven:
It leads our youthful thoughts to Him
Who reigns in light above;
And makes the joys of earth grow dim,
While musing on his love.

2 I love to hear that Jesus died,
And how he rose again;
Exalted at his Father's side,
A Saviour-prince to reign.
To him the pure angelic throng
Raise their seraphic strain;
And yet a child's thanksgiving song
His list'ning ear may gain.

3 I love to sing on earth his grace
To fallen, sinful man;
But, when in glory, him I'll praise
More than the angels can.
Then will we sing in louder strain,
Through all eternity,
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
To him all glory be.

75 L. M.

The Holy Sabbath.

THIS day belongs to God alone;
He chose the Sábbath for his own;
And we must neither work nor play,
Because it is God's holy day.

2 'Tis well to have one day in seven,
That we may learn the way to heaven;
Then let us spend it as we should,
In serving God and growing good.

3 We ought, to-day, to learn and seek
What we may think of all the week;
And be the better every day,
For what we hear our teachers say.

4 And every Sabbath should be pass'd,
As if we knew it were our last:
What would the dying sinner give
To have one Sabbath more to live!

76 L. M.

The Day of Rest.

THIS is the day the Lord hath blest,
The day to us in mercy given;
The holy Sabbath of his rest,
The pledge and type of rest in heaven.

2 Lord, in thy praises we would join;
To thee devote this sacred day;
Our earthly cares and thoughts resign;
Look up to heaven, and learn the way.

3 May we by every Sabbath grow
In grace, humility, and love;
And thus thy holy rest below
Shall fit us for thy rest above.

77 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Blessedness of the Sabbath.

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

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

3 Let the Sabbath day be blest,
Day of joy and day of rest;
Gladly hear his holy Word,
Gladly learn the way to God.

78 L. M.

The Joys of the Sabbath.

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.

79 L. M.

Pledge of Endless Rest.

RETURN, my soul, enjoy thy rest;
Improve the day thy God hath blest:
Another six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from Christ that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy comforts, pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

80 C. M.

The Sabbath School.

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.

81 C. M

The Teacher's Object.

ATTRACTED by love's sacred force,
Like planets to the sun,
Though different spheres may mark our course,
Our center is but one.

2 As teachers of the young we meet;
Our object is the same:
To lead them to the Saviour's feet,
And praise his glorious name.

3 We meet to strengthen and unite
Our hearts in this employ:
O may our work be our delight,
A crown of future joy!

82 S. M.

A Heavenly Place.

I LOVE the Sabbath school,
Where happy children meet;
Where rich and poor alike may come,
And sit at Jesus' feet.

2 I love the Sabbath school,
Where children learn to pray,
And hear about the world to come,
And Jesus Christ, the Way.

3 I love the Sabbath school;
It is a heav'nly place!
For there the youthful heart may learn
To seek the Saviour's face.

4 I love the Sabbath school,
And Him who bought for me
This sweet, this precious means of grace,
And gives the blessing free!

83 C. M.

Love for the Sunday School.

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—'t is there
The praise of God we sing;
'T is 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.

84 C. M.

The Christian Child.

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 the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod—
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

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

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

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

85 L. M.

Sunday-School Teachers' Prayer.

MAY we who teach the rising race
Be fill'd, O Lord, with every grace;
And may thy Spirit from above
Descend and bless our work of love.

2 Thy grace to those we teach impart:
O Lord, renew each youthful heart:
Help them from every sin to flee,
And dedicate their lives to thee.

3 May we in love to them abound,
And zealous in the work be found;
And many seals may we obtain,
To prove our labor 's not in vain.

86 L. M.

Prayer for Children.

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.

3 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

87 C. M.

The Wise Resolve.

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!

88 C. M

Praise for Sunday Schools.

AS children favor'd of the Lord,
His goodness we confess,
And join his mercies to record,
To praise him for his grace.

2 We praise the Lord that we are brought
Within a Sabbath school,
In which we are so kindly taught
To make his Word our rule:—

3 Our rule of love to man and God,
Of hope to be forgiven;
Of faith in Christ's atoning blood;
Our guide through earth to heaven.

4 For house of prayer, for preached Word,
For holy Sabbath-days,
For ministers and teachers, Lord,
Accept our youthful praise.

89 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Feed my Lambs.

SHEPHERDS of the fold of God,
Which he purchased with his blood,
Hear the great Redeemer cry,
Feed my lambs, or else they die.

2 In a wilderness they stray,
In a wild and desert way;
They are famishing for food,
Be it yours to do them good.

3 Give them food that shall endure,
Show them waters running pure;
Lead them into pastures green,
Where the living streams are seen.

4 "Feed my little children here,
Lambs that roam this desert drear;
Guide them to the living streams,
Where eternal glory beams!"

90 L. M.

Children instructed.

O THOU, who from the infant's tongue
Wert wont of old to perfect praise,
Almighty Father, hear the song
Which we thy youthful servants raise.

2 How blest are they, who early taught
To know and love thy Word of truth,
Far from the sinner's path are brought,
To serve their Maker in their youth.

3 And blest are they whose pious care
Forbids the youthful foot to stray,
Unfolds the Book of Truth, and there
To life eternal points the way.

4 Accept our praise, O Lord, and still
Let streams of heav'nly goodness flow;
That all the earth may learn thy will,
And babes thy power and glory show.

91 C. M.

Blessedness of instructing the Young.

DELIGHTFUL work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful path of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

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

3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutor'd youth,
And show the mind which went astray
The Way, the Life, the Truth.

4 Almighty God, thine influence shed,
To aid this blest design:
The honors of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

92 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Thanks to God.

FATHER! from thy throne above,
Smile upon us in thy love:
Happy children of the free,
Grateful songs would raise to thee.

2 Thanks for Sunday schools so dear,
Where we're taught thy word and fear,
From that Holy Book of thine,
Fill'd with precious truths divine.

3 Saviour! 'mid all earthly strife,
Through the cares and ills of life,
May the precepts thou hast given
Guide us in the path to heaven.

93 L. M.

For the Divine Blessing.

HERE, gracious God, before thy feet,
Friends to the young and thee we meet;
Join'd by the band of mutual love,
Bound to our common Friend above.

2 Our hearts thy throne of grace address:
Smile on our schools, the children bless,
For Jesus' sake, who once on earth
Appear'd a child of lowly birth.

3 Bless all the plans which we devise;
May they be useful, good, and wise;
While we our humble labors bend
Thy glorious kingdom to extend.

4 May wisdom, zeal and love inspire
Our bosoms with their purest fire;
While faith on thine own word relies,
And hope looks joyful to the skies.

5 Grant us thy presence, God of grace,
Now while we meet before thy face;
And may we feel, ere we depart,
Thy love diffused through every heart.

94 C. M.

Sabbath School Hymn.

O THOU! who when upon our sphere,
Wast merciful and mild;
Be now, we pray, divinely near
To bless each little child!

2 Here we have met to learn thy word,
And read, and praise, and pray;
And here we join with one accord
To seek the narrow way.

3 O, listen to our songs of praise,
Of gratitude and love!
And, when we've pass'd our fleeting days,
Grant us a home above.

4 A home above! O yes, for this
We'll gladly labor on,
Until we join our friends in bliss
Before the Saviour's throne.

95 L. M.

For the Salvation of the Young.

ETERNAL Being! Source of love!
Permit us to approach thy seat:
We have an Advocate above,
And plead his merits at thy feet.

2 Us thou hast call'd to labor here,
To train the rising race for heaven:
O may we do it in thy fear,
And use the talents thou hast given.

3 What can we do without thine aid?
Therefore to thee for help we fly:
O may we never be dismay'd,
For thou canst every want supply.

4 In some thy love a work has wrought,
Which time we trust will not efface:
May all their tender minds be brought
To taste the riches of thy grace.

96 9th P. M. 87, 87.

Praise for Divine Mercies.

PRAISE the Lord who reigns in heaven,
For a living, deathless soul:
Praise to his blest name be given,
While eternal ages roll.

2 Praise to him who dwells in glory
For the gift of Christ the Lord;
And that all the wondrous story
Is recorded in his Word.

3 Low before his footstool bending,
We would praise the' Incarnate God,
For the grace on us descending,
Through his own most precious blood.

4 For the Sabbath school we bless thee:
By our teachers' tender care,
We are taught to know and love thee,
And to breathe our youthful prayer.

5 Be thy love our choicest treasure,
While we sojourn here below;
Be thy praise our dearest pleasure,
From our hearts, Lord, let it flow.

97 C. M.

Preparation of the Spirit.

WHEN we together weekly meet,
Instruction to receive,
Do thou, O Lord, thy Spirit grant,
That we may hear and live.

2 Turn off our minds from vain desire;
From folly we would flee;
O may it be our fervent prayer,
"Lord, let us live for thee."

3 Then, when our days on earth are past,
And Sabbath schools are o'er,
We all shall meet in heaven at last,—
Shall meet to part no more.

98 L. M.

Privileges of Sunday School.

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 'T is 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 'T is here I sing a Saviour's love
That brought him from his throne above:
'T is here I seek my Father's face,
And here begin the Christian race.

99 L. M.

Children the Hope of the Church.

CHILDHOOD and youth, how vain they seem!
Their beauty passes like a dream,
And soon or late, the loveliest bloom
Will fade and wither in the tomb.

2 Yet in our charge with hope we trace
The features of a future race,
And in these youthful classes see
The seed of Churches yet to be.

3 God of the Church, which must remain
While generations wax and wane,
For this we toil—O deign to bless
The humble effort with success.

4 Hence fill thy courts with songs of praise,
Hence ministers and people raise,
And hence supply the failing bands
That bear thy Word to heathen lands.

5 We plead thy promise, sovereign Lord,
While thus we pray with one accord:
E'en as thy promise let it be,
For, touching this, we all agree.

100 S. M.

The Serious Charge.

HOW serious is the charge
To train the infant mind!
'T is God alone can give a heart
To such a work inclined.

2 May we in Christian bonds
The Christian name adorn,
By active deeds for public good,
Nor mind the sinner's scorn.

3 While wicked men unite,
Our youth to lead aside,
'T is ours to show them wisdom's path,
In wisdom's path to guide.

4 Dependent, Lord, on thee,
Our humble means to bless,
We gladly join our hearts and hands,
And look for large success.

101 C. M.

Children recalling the Example of Jesus.

WHEN Jesus left his Father's throne,
He chose an humble birth;
And, all unhonor'd and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.

2 Like him, may we be found below
In wisdom's path of peace;
Like him, in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.

3 Sweet were his words, and kind his look,
When mothers round him press'd;
Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom blest.

4 Safe from the world's alluring charms,
Beneath his watchful eye,
Thus, in the circle of his arms,
May we forever lie.

102 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

Love for the Sabbath School.

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 fill'd with wonder:
Parents, teachers, can you tell
Why neglected many wander,
When so near the school they dwell?
O, 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.

103 L. M.

The Morning of Life.

IN life's gay morn let children learn
To love the sacred place of prayer;
From sinful ways delight to turn,
And early pay their tribute there.

2 Let buoyant hearts harmonious blend
As youthful lips are tuned to sing,
And lofty strains of praise ascend
To heaven's exalted, glorious King.

104 C. M.

A Blessing sought.

O LORD, on this our Sunday school
Thy blessing we implore;
On those who teach and those who learn
Thy Holy Spirit pour.

2 Here we are taught to spend aright
Thy sacred Sabbath-day;
Then let us not its hours employ
In idle talk or play.

3 Here too we learn with thankful joy
To seek thy house of prayer;
Then let us hear and praise and pray
In truth and spirit there.

4 And here we read thy blessed Word,
The message of thy will;
May we indeed its truths believe,
Its righteous laws fulfill.

105 L. M.

Going to Sabbath School.

THE hour has come: I will not stay,
But haste to school without delay;
Nor loiter here, for 't is 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?

106 C. M.

For a Blessing on the Children.

O WISDOM! whose unfading power
Beside the' Eternal stood,
To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
The land, the sky, the flood;

2 Yet didst thou not disdain awhile
An infant form to wear,—
To bless thy mother with a smile,
And lisp thy falter'd prayer.

3 But in thy Father's own abode,
With Israel's elders round,
Conversing high with Israel's God,
Thy chiefest joy was found.

4 So may our youth adore thy name!
And, Saviour! deign to bless
With fost'ring grace the timid flame
Of early holiness.

107 33d P. M. 8 *lines* 6s.

Love for the Sunday School.

I LOVE the Sunday school,
And on that holy day
My heart is often full
When I attempt to pray;
With early steps I come
To meet my teacher dear,
Leaving my happy home
To seek instruction here.

2 I love the Sunday school,
The precious volume too,
Which is the only rule
To teach me what to do:
Within it I behold
The rays of gospel light,
Richer than gems or gold,
And more divinely bright.

3 I love the Sunday school,
And wish that every child
Would here his name enroll,
No more be rude and wild;
Wasting his precious time,
Spending his idle breath
In folly or in crime
Along the road to death.

4 I love the Sunday school,
And wish that all the earth
Might know, from pole to pole,
Its influence and worth:
And may God give me grace
A Saviour's name to love;
To see his smiling face
In mansions blest above.

108 C. M.

God present in the Sabbath School.

MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'T is heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

3 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

4 Could I possess the spacious land,
And own the boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away.

109 P. M. 86, 86, 76, 86.

Haste to the School.

WHEN Sabbath's sacred morning light
Begins on earth to dawn,
We'll wake with eyes all sparkling bright,
And bid dull sloth begone.
Then haste to the school away,
And keep this sacred day:
Yes, haste away—yes, haste away,
And keep this sacred day.

2 The tuneful birds in concert meet,
And carol sweet their lays;
In nature's temple they repeat
Their great Creator's praise.
Then haste, &c.

3 From valley, field, and mountain air
They pour their warbling strains,
And in one chorus loud declare
That God forever reigns.
Then haste, &c.

4 Then in the temple of the Lord,
That consecrated place,
We'll listen to God's holy word,
And seek his pardoning grace,
Then haste, &c.

5 Then with united heart and voice,
Our song to God we'll raise,
While millions more with us rejoice,
And join in prayer and praise.
Then haste, &c.

110 C. M.

Children in Heaven.

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 frame decay;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must die and pass away.

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

111 L. M.

Progress of Sabbath Schools.

AS drops which, from the mountain side,
Unite and form a flowing stream,
Our Sunday schools have multiplied,
Till barren lands with blessings teem;

2 As streaks which tint the eastern skies,
While darkness hides its gloom from sight,
Foretell a glorious sun will rise,
To flush the world with love and light;

3 Or as the seed, which placed in earth,
Reveals the germ, the bud, the flower,
Our schools have, from their humble birth,
Grown up in beauty, grace, and power.

4 Their course for many years has run
With onward strength and rising fame;
Jesus through them has trophies won,
And many pluck'd as brands from flame.

112 S. M.

Invitation.

COME, join our Sabbath song,
On this the holy day;
We know that angel harps above
Unite to swell the lay.

2 Come to our Sabbath school—
Come to the place of prayer;
Come, little boy, and little girl,
Our sacred pleasure share;

3 And in the house above,
Not made with human hand,
We'll sing at last the Sabbath song,
In one unbroken band!

113 L. M.

Teachers' Meeting.

AS teachers of the rising race,
O Lord, we supplicate thy grace;
Assured that all our toil is vain
Unless we heavenly influence gain.

2 But if thy blessing thou impart,
The shades of error will depart,
As night's dark shadows flee away
Before the glorious orb of day.

3 O may thy heavenly beams be felt,
Causing the frozen heart to melt;
And in the soften'd ground may we
See the young germs of piety.

4 This is our heart's desire, the end
For which we labor and attend,
With patient hope from year to year,
Anxious to see the fruit appear.

5 Still may we wait with patience, still
Pursue our work with cheerful will,
And find in this our loved employ
An earnest of our future joy.

114 L. M.

Hosanna to the Son of David.

WHAT are those soul-reviving strains
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?

2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings
a to the King of kings:
viour comes!—and babes proclaim
on, sent in Jesus' name.

hese alone their voice shall raise,
will join this song of praise;
ael's children forward press,
the Lord their Righteousness.

ah's name shall joy impart
Jew and Gentile heart:
for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.

5 Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout through highest heaven.

115 S. M.

Worship in the Sabbath School.

SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing;
To praise and pray; to hear thy Word,
And grateful off'rings bring.

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

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

114 L. M.

Hosanna to the Son of David.

WHAT are those soul-reviving strains
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?

2 Lo! 't is an infant chorus sings
Hosanna to the King of kings:
The Saviour comes!—and babes proclaim
Salvation, sent in Jesus' name.

3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise;
Still Israel's children forward press,
To hail the Lord their Righteousness.

4 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.

5 Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout through highest heaven.

115 S. M.

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SWEET is the work, O Lord,
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To praise and pray; to hear thy Word,
And grateful off'rings bring.

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

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

116 9th P. M. 87, 87.

Feed my Lambs.

"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.

117 C. M.

The Children's Jubilee.

HOSANNA, be the children's song,
To Christ, the children's King;
His praise, to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.

2 From little ones to Jesus brought,
Hosanna now be heard;
Let little infants now be taught
To lisp that lovely word.

3 Hosanna, sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

4 Hosanna, on the wings of light
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply.

5 Hosanna, then, our song shall be;
Hosanna to our King:
This is the children's jubilee;
Let all the children sing.

118 C. M.

Sabbath-School Teachers' Prayer.

TEACHER divine! we bow the knee,
Submissive, at thy throne;
Our fervent cry we raise to thee:
Ah! leave us not alone.

2 In vain we teach, unless thy grace
Instruct each tender heart:
Then deign to hear, hide not thy face,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart.

3 Without thee we can nothing do,
But further from thee stray;
O! change our hearts, our minds renew,
And teach us how to pray.

4 And may the sacred tie of love
Bind us together here;
A foretaste give of joys above,
Life's pilgrimage to cheer.

5 Thus while on earth we would adore,
When death shall close our eyes,
May teachers, children, meet once more,
Transplanted to the skies.

119 6th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

A Blessing invoked on Teachers.

MIGHTY One, before whose face
Wisdom had her glorious seat,
When the orbs that people space
Sprang to birth beneath thy feet;

2 Source of truth, whose rays alone
Light the mighty world of mind;
God of love, who from thy throne
Kindly watchest all mankind;

3 Shed on these, who in thy name
Teach the way of truth and right,
Shed that love's undying flame,—
Shed that wisdom's guiding light.

120 26th P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76.

Grateful Praise.

WE bring no glitt'ring treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come, with simple measures,
To chant thy love divine.
Children, thy favors sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our off'ring,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of Heaven,
Love's written Word of Truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth:
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer! grant thy blessing!
O! teach us how to pray,
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way;
Then where the pure are dwelling
We hope to meet again,
And sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise thy name.

121 L. M.

Mariner's Sabbath-School Hymn.

LIFE is an ocean; years the tide
That floats ten thousand barks along;
Sins are the rocks on every side
Where passion drives a current strong.

2 Pleasures that look so bright and fair,
Are like the shallows, set with sands;
And many a wreck, forlorn and bare,
Lies high and dry upon those strands.

3 Faith is the compass, firm and true,
Whose needle points to Christ the pole;
That changeless star will guide us through,
Though winds may howl and waves may roll.

4 Happy is he who early steers,
Like a trim vessel, straight for heaven;
Who Christian colors bravely rears,
And keeps the course that God has given.

122 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Sanctified Knowledge.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry,
The good desired, and wanted most,
Out of thy richest grace supply;
The sacred discipline be given,
To train and bring them up for heaven.

2 Error and ignorance remove;
Their blindness both of heart and mind:
Give them the wisdom from above,—
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind:
In knowledge pure their minds renew,
And store with thoughts divinely true.

3 Learning's redundant part and vain
Be here cut off, and cast aside:
But let them, Lord, the substance gain,
In every solid truth abide;
Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forego
The knowledge fit for man to know.

4 Unite the pair so long disjoin'd,
Knowledge and vital piety:
Learning and holiness combined,
And truth and love, let all men see
In those whom up to thee we give,
Thine, wholly thine, to die and live.

123 P. M. 10, 7, 10, 7, 77, 75.

I'll away to Sabbath-School.

WHEN the morning light drives away the night,
With the sun so bright and full,
And it draws its line near the hour of nine,
I'll away to 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.

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.

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 't is always pleasant there:
In the Book of holy truth,
Full of counsel and reproof,
We behold the guide of youth
At the Sabbath school.

4 May the dews of grace fill the hallow'd place,
And the sunshine never fail,
While each blooming 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.

INFANT CLASSES AND YOUNG CHILDREN.

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124 P. M.

"Suffer the Little Ones to come unto Me."

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 him then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me;
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 has gone to prepare,
For all who are wash'd and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

125 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Jesus a Guide.

SHEPHERD of thy little flock,
Lead us to the shadowing rock,
Where the richest pastures grow,
Where the living waters flow.

2 By that pure and silent stream,
Shelter'd from the scorching beam,
Shepherd, Saviour, Guardian, Guide,
Keep us ever near thy side!

126

5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Children may pray to God.

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,
Keep 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.

127

9th P. M. 87, 87.

Invitation.

HARK, the Sabbath bells are ringing!
Let us haste without delay;
Prayers of thousands now are winging
Up to heaven their silent way.

2 'T is an hour of happy meeting,
When we meet 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;
'T is the holy Sabbath day.

4 Children, haste, the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair;
Thousands now are join'd in singing—
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.

128 L. M.

A Child's Hymn.

WHAT though I'm but a little child,
And very little can discern,
Christ is a teacher meek and mild,
And bids me come to him and learn.

2 And when the Saviour dwelt below,
He children tenderly caress'd;
He pray'd for them, and bless'd them too:
In blessing surely they were bless'd.

3 The Saviour's grace is still the same,
Young children are his tender care;
He teaches them to praise his name,
And listens to their lisping prayer.

4 And, as in age I daily grow,
O may I grow in every grace;
That I my God may love and know,
And then in heaven behold his face.

5 May I not trifle or delay,
But seek the Lord with serious mind;
For Jesus tells me he's the way,
And they who early seek shall find.

129 9th P. M. 87, 87.

The Lambs of Christ.

HUMBLE praises, holy Jesus,
Infant voices raise to thee;
In thy mercy, O receive us!
Suffer us thy lambs to be.

2 Blessed Jesus, thou hast bidden
Babes, like us, to come to thee;
Though by thy disciples chidden,
Thou didst tell them not to flee.

3 Saviour, condescend to feed us,
Richly let thy mercy flow;
Send thy Spirit, blessed Jesus;
Light and life on us bestow.

130 C. M.

The Pardon and Renewal.

LORD, teach a little child to pray;
Thy early grace impart;
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my sinful heart.

2 A fallen creature I was born,
And from my birth I stray'd:
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without thy mercy's aid.

3 For Jesus' sake my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain:
O fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.

131 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

The Shepherd and his Flock.

IN the Saviour's pleasant fold,
Shelter'd from the heat and cold,
Guarded from the dangers round,
We thy little lambs are found.

2 None can ever hurt us there,
Safe within our Shepherd's care;
For, if any foe alarms,
He will clasp us in his arms.

3 He our youthful steps will guide
Where refreshing waters glide;
Or in meadows, fresh and green,
Where the sweetest flowers are seen.

4 Saviour, by thy tender grace
Grant us in thy fold a place;
May we listen to thy voice,
And to do thy will rejoice.

5 Day by day, while here below,
May we wiser, happier, grow;
Thus preparing in thy love,
For the better fold above.

132 S. M.

On hearing the Word.

LORD, wilt thou deign to speak
To little ones like me?
Thou wilt, for thou hast bid us come,
And hearken unto thee.

2 Then give the hearing ear,
And give the ready mind,
The childlike heart, to all thy will
Submissively inclined.

3 Thus we, like her of old,
Would wait upon thee, Lord;
Meekly at thy dear feet to sit,
And listen to thy word.

4 'T is all a child can do
To love and to obey:
Speak, Lord, and we too will attend
To hear what thou wilt say.

133 26th P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76.

Infant Praise.

THOUGH sinful, weak, and erring,
The God who dwells in light,
Will hear a child preferring
His praises, with delight;
Will stoop from heaven to listen
When children to him cry,
And mark the tears that glisten
In every weeping eye.

2 The Saviour has invited
The youngest to his love,
And deigns to smile delighted
Upon them from above.
Thus may we in life's morning,
Dear Saviour, come to thee;
And heed the solemn warning,
From sin and wrath to flee.

134 C. M.

Coming to Jesus.

LOVER of little children, thee,
O Jesus, we adore:
Our kind and loving Saviour be,
Both now and evermore.

2 O take us, Saviour, to thine arms,
And we are truly blest:
Thy new-born babes are safe from harms,
While shelter'd on thy breast.

3 Still, as we grow in years, in grace
And wisdom let us grow;
But never leave thy dear embrace,
And never evil know.

4 Strong let us in thy grace abide;
But, ignorant of ill,
In malice, subtilty, and pride,
Let us be children still.

5 Lover of little children, thee,
O Jesus, we adore:
Our kind and loving Saviour be
Both now and evermore.

135 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Prayer for Grace.

JESUS, let a little child
Humbly supplicate thy throne;
Speak to me in accents mild,
O thou great and holy One!

2 Fill my youthful heart with grace,
Make it thy beloved abode;
Show thy reconciling face,
O my Father and my God!

3 May I early learn thy ways,
Early know thy power and love;
Then devote to thee my days,
Till I am removed above.

136 P. M. 65, 65.

God is good.

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 Hymns of praise are ringing
Through the leafy wood:
Songsters, sweetly singing,
Warble—God is good.

4 Wake, and join the chorus,
Man, with soul endued:
He whose smile is o'er us,
God, our God, is good.

137 S. M.

On Meekness and Love.

DEAR Saviour, to a child
A lamblike temper give;
And daily, hourly, grace bestow,
In joy and peace to live.

2 It was thine own command
That we should others love,
And ever give thee thanks, as do
Thy holy ones above.

3 By nature prone to ill,
Do thou our hearts renew;
And take each sinful thought away,
And all self-will subdue.

4 Thy lowly mind impart,
The spirit like a dove;
And daily may we learn of thee,
As thou hast loved, to love.

138 P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76.

Prayer for Instruction.

LOVER of a little child,
O hear my humble prayer;
Make me teachable and mild,
And free from guile and care.
I am ignorant and weak,
I nothing have or am;
But my Shepherd came to seek
And save an erring lamb.

2 Day by day I learn of thee
Sweet lessons of thy love;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to me,
Although he reigns above.
Saviour! may I hearken still
And heed thy gentle voice,
Bidding me obey thy will,
And in thy name rejoice.

3 When kind teachers speak to me,
Dear Saviour, of thy love,
May I listen as to thee
Thus speaking from above:
Thou canst find a tongue to speak
To little children here,
And we only need to seek
The' obedient list'ning ear.

139 10th P. M. 4 *lines* 8s.

Little Child's Prayer.

OMAKE me a very good child,
My Father in heaven, I ask:
Ne'er let me be careless or wild,
Or consider my lessons a task.

2 I'll do what my teachers direct—
My gratitude show for their care,
By treating their rules with respect,
And walking each day in thy fear.

140 P. M.

Infant Praise and Prayer.

HELP me to praise thy name
While I am young;
Let me thy truth proclaim
With my infant tongue:
Angels from the skies
Will look down with gladsome eyes,
When thy praises rise,
By infants sung.

2 Keep us in peace and joy
Through childhood's days;
Help each little girl and boy
To walk in thy ways:
So shall we be free
From the thorns of misery;
Heaven our home shall be,
Thine all the praise.

141 C. M.

Exposures of Children.

THOSE children, who are all the day
Allow'd to wander out,
And only waste their time in play,
Or running wild about;

2 Who do not any school attend,
But trifle as they will;
Are almost certain in the end
To come to something ill.

3 There 's nothing worse than idleness
To lead them into sin:
'T is sure to end in wretchedness,
In poverty and pain.

4 Sometimes they learn to lie and cheat,
Sometimes to steal and swear;
So vile the lessons in the street,
For idle children are.

142 P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76.

Evening Hymn.

NOW the golden beams of day
In the west are fading,
Evening tints of sober gray
Fairest scenes are shading;
Sweet repose on all around
Silently is stealing;
Hush'd is every busy sound,
Soften'd every feeling.

2 Glad to thee our song ascends,
Gratitude expressing,
For our health, and home, and friends,
And each varied blessing.
Lord, thy love we still would share,
As the day is closing;
Guard us with thy gentle care
While we are reposing.

3 Let our slumber, calm and light,
Free from care and sorrow,
Make us feel all fresh and bright
When we wake to-morrow;
And in radiant worlds above
Where night cometh never,
Where the Saviour reigns in love
May we dwell forever.

143 P. M. 64, 64, 67, 64.

The Happy Land.

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
Forever more.

2 Come to this 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 with thee,
Blest evermore.

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,
Reign evermore.

144 P. M. 86, 86, 88, 88.

Children praising Jesus.

ALMIGHTY Lord, with joy to thee
Our infant voices rise;
Accept, O God, our feeble praise
And humble sacrifice.
Glory, honor, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb forever:
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer:
Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord.

2 We glorify, we bless thy name,
For all thy mercies given;
But most for Jesus Christ, who died
To raise our souls to heaven.
Glory, honor, &c.

3 O bless the Lord, our gracious God,
Whose mercies thus we prove:
Who bids the infant tongue proclaim
The wonders of his love.
Glory, honor, &c.

145 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

Praise to the Saviour.

LORD, with grateful hearts before thee,
We thy little children meet,
For thy goodness to adore thee,
And thy praises to repeat.
Saviour, hear us!
Hear us from thy mercy-seat.

2 For thy bounteous gifts we praise thee—
Life, and peace, and friends, and home;
Yet a nobler song we'll raise thee,
Since thou didst from glory come,
And didst freely
Suffer in the sinner's room.

3 Wherefore, Lord of earth and heaven,
We thy little flock would be;
Unto us thy grace be given,
Teach us how to follow thee,
And for refuge
To the Rock of Ages flee.

146 13th P. M. 10, 10, 11, 11.

Praise to Jesus.

LET children proclaim their Saviour and King;
To Jesus's name hosannas we sing:
Our best adoration to Jesus we give,
Who purchased salvation that we may receive.

2 The meek Lamb of God from heaven came down,
To ransom with blood and make us his own;
He patiently suffer'd, our souls to redeem;
Let songs then be offer'd to Jesus's name.

3 To him let us give our earliest days,
And thankfully live to publish his praise:
Our lives shall confess him who came from above;
Our tongues ever bless him, and tell of his love.

147 L. M.

Child's Thoughts of God.

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.

148 C. M.

God sees, hears, and knows Me.

GOD is in heaven—can he hear
A feeble prayer like mine?
Yes, little child—thou need'st not fear:
He will attend to thine.

2 God is in heaven—can he see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that he can—he looks at thee
All day and all night long.

3 God is in heaven—would he know
If I should tell a lie?
Yes, if thou said'st it very low,
He'd hear it in the sky.

4 God is in heaven—can I go
To thank him for his care?
Not yet—but love him here below,
And thou shalt praise him there.

149 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

Children's Worship.

LORD, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing of thee;
Thou art great, and high, and holy;
O how solemn we should be.
May thy Spirit
Teach us how to worship thee.

2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven, where he is gone;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.
May we ever
Live to him, and him alone.

3 Heavenly Father, thou hast told us
What thou'd have us be and do;
Thou dost evermore behold us,
And dost search us through and through.
Thoughts unholy
Thou dost weigh, and actions too.

4 May our sins be all forgiven,
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us in the way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.
Praise and glory
To the Lord our God belong.

150 L. M

The Penitent Child.

LORD, I have dared to disobey
My friends on earth, and thee in heaven:
O help me now to come and pray,
For Jesus' sake, to be forgiven.

2 I cannot say I did not know,
For I've been taught thy holy will;
And while my conscience told me so,
And bade me stop, I did it still.

3 But thou wast there to see my crime,
And write it in thy judgment-book:
O make me fear, another time,
A sinful thought, or word, or look.

4 Forgive me, Lord; forgive, I pray,
This wicked thing that I have done;
And take my sinful heart away,
And make me holy, like thy Son.

151 C. M.

Promptness and Care.

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.

152 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

Hosanna to Jesus.

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!

153 P. M. 76, 76.

The Love of Jesus.

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

2 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

3 I lay my wants on Jesus:
All fullness dwells in him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.

4 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

5 I love the name of Jesus—
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord!
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name is spread abroad.

6 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.

7 I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
To sing with saints his praises,
And learn the angels' song.

154 S. M.

Hymn for an Infant Class.

SAVIOUR, do thou appear,
Our Sabbath school to bless;
Give to our youthful hearts thy fear,
And perfect righteousness.

2 Thy boundless grace reveal,
And all our fears remove;
And let our youthful spirits feel
The kindlings of thy love.

3 Subdue our hearts to thee,
And may our infant tongues
From all offense and guile be free,
And full of cheerful songs.

4 Call us each one by name,
Receive each child as thine;
And O, regard our youthful claim,
With benefits divine.

155 P. M. 446, 446; or, C. M.

Little Child's Morning Hymn.

THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me up from sleep:
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

2 All through the day
I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide:
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near thy side.

3 O make thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace:
Make me like thee—
Then shall I be
Prepared to see thy face.

156 L. M.

Against Evil Words.

ALMIGHTY God, to thee I cry,
Assist a child's infirmity;
Nor let me with my lips draw nigh,
While my heart wanders far from thee.

2 Ah! never let me speak a word
But what with all my soul I mean;
Or lie to thee, thou glorious Lord,
By whom my every thought is seen.

3 But with submissive lowliness
Should I approach thy glorious throne,
How can I hope by words to please,
To please a God I have not known?

4 I know not what to do or say,
Till thy bless'd Spirit I receive,
And Jesus teaches me to pray,
And Jesus teaches me to live.

157 P. M. 87, 87, 87.

The Good Shepherd.

GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to thee;
Gather'd with thine arms, and carried
In thy bosom, we may be
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended—
From all want and danger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From thy fold to go astray;
By thy look of love direct us:
May we walk the narrow way.
Thus direct us, and defend us,
Lest we fall to sin a prey.

3 Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly,
In the stream thy love supplied;
Mingled stream of blood and water,
Flowing from thy wounded side;
And to heavenly pastures lead us,
Where the peaceful waters glide.

4 Let thy holy Word instruct us;
Fill our minds with heavenly light:
Let thy love and grace constrain us,
To approve whate'er is right;
Take thy easy yoke and wear it,
And to prove thy burden light.

5 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned
May we our thank-offerings bring,
And with all the saints in glory
Join to praise the Shepherd-King.

158 P. M. 446, 446; or, C. M

Little Child's Evening Hymn.

THE daylight fades;
The evening shades
Are gathering round my head:
Father above,
I praise that love
Which smooths and guards my bed.

2 While thou art near,
I need not fear
The gloom of midnight hour:
Blest Jesus, still
From every ill
Defend me with thy power.

3 Pardon my sin,
And enter in
And sanctify my heart:
Spirit divine,
O make me thine,
And ne'er from me depart.

159 L. M.

Prayer for Conversion.

LORD, look upon a little child,
By nature sinful, rude, and wild:
O! put thy gracious hands on me,
And make me all I ought to be.

2 Make me thy child, a child of God,
Wash'd in my Saviour's precious blood;
And my whole heart, from sin set free,
A little vessel full of thee.

3 A star of early dawn and bright,
Shining within thy sacred light;
A beam of grace to all around;
A little spot of hallow'd ground.

4 Dear Jesus, take me to thy breast,
And bless me, that I may be blest;
Both when I wake, and when I sleep,
Thy little lamb in safety keep.

160 4th P. M. 886, 886.

"*The Little One.*"

IN Holy Scriptures I am told,
That there are lambs within the fold
Of God's beloved Son;
That Jesus Christ, with tender care,
Will in his arms most gently bear
The helpless "little one."

2 And I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
Though goodness I have none;
May now be folded on his breast,
As birds within the parent nest,
And be his "little one."

3 And he can do all this for me,
Because he died, on Calvary,
For children's sins to' atone;
And, having wash'd their guilt away,
He now rejoices day by day,
To cleanse the "little one."

4 Others there are, who love me too;
But who, with all their love, can do
What Jesus Christ has done?
Then, if he teaches me to pray,
I'll surely go to him and say,
Lord! keep thy "little one."

5 Thus by this gracious Shepherd fed,
And by his mercy gently led
Where living waters run,
My greatest pleasure will be this,
That I'm a little lamb of his,
Who loves the "little one."

161 C. M.

Prayer for Grace.

SOON as my infant lips can speak
Their feeble prayer to thee,
O let my heart thy favor seek—
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 In childhood's following years my tongue
Tuned to thy praise shall be,
And this the' expressive humble song—
Dear Lord, remember me.

3 From every sin that wounds the heart
May I be taught to flee;
O bid them all from me depart—
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 When, with life's heavy load oppress'd,
I bend the trembling knee;
Then give my suff'ring spirit rest—
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 O let me, on the bed of death,
Thy great salvation see;
And cry, with my expiring breath,
Dear Lord, remember me.

162 4th P. M. 886, 886.

Children supplicating.

OUR Father, hallow'd be thy name,
The sweetest infant lips can frame,
We lift our prayer to thee:
Do thou the Holy Spirit send,
Our guardian, guide, instructor, friend,
And comforter to be.

2 Protect and lead our erring youth
In paths of piety and truth,
Nor ever let us stray;
But, through the Saviour's dying love
Bring us to dwell with thee above
In everlasting day.

163 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

An Infant's Prayer.

JESUS, Saviour, Son of God,
Who for me life's pathway trod,
Who for me became a child;
Make me humble, meek, and mild.

2 I thy little lamb would be;
Jesus, I would follow thee:
Samuel was thy child of old;
Take me, too, within thy fold.

3 Teach me how to pray to thee;
Make me holy, heavenly:
Let me love what thou dost love;
Let me live with thee above.

164 C. M.

Against Wandering Thoughts.

WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say,
Unless I feel it too.

2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile;
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking all the while
About some other thing.

3 Some idle play, or childish toy,
Can send my thoughts abroad;
Though this should be my greatest joy—
To love and seek the Lord.

4 O, let me never, never dare
To act the trifler's part;
Or think that God will hear a prayer
That comes not from my heart.

5 But if I make his ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then, while I seek him with my voice,
My heart will love him too.

165 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Morning Hymn for an Infant School.

FIRST CLASS.

LITTLE schoolmates, 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,
Schoolmates dear, and teachers kind,
Useful books, and active mind?

SECOND CLASS.

4 Yes; our heav'nly 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.

166 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

The Little Lambs.

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.

167 C. M.

An Infant's Hymn.

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.

168 10th P. M. 4 *lines* 8s.

Gratitude to Parents.

MY father, my mother, I know
I cannot your kindness repay;
But I hope that, as older I grow,
I shall learn your commands to' obey.

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

3 I am sorry that ever I should
Be naughty and give you a pain;
I hope I shall learn to be good,
And so never grieve you again.

4 But lest, after all, I should dare
To act an undutiful part,
Whenever I 'm saying my prayer,
I'll ask for a teachable heart.

169 26th P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76.

The Child's Wish.

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 thousands
Praise him both 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.

170 C. M.

Sweet Sabbath School.

HOW sweet upon the Sabbath day,
To meet with one accord,
Where we our Scripture lessons say,
And learn to serve the Lord.

2 They tell us here the little child—
Though very young, as we—
May come to Him who gently smiled
On lisping infancy.

3 They say, he'll take us to his arms,
And then pronounce us blest;
And that we're safe from threat'ning harms,
Reposing on his breast.

4 They tell us, too, that childhood's voice
Our Jesus loves to hear,—
When meekly we in praise rejoice,
'T is pleasing in his ear.

171 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

Hallelujah.

MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
May not infants lisp thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme!
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen!

2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be thy just and lawful praise:
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen!

172 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

Praise and Prayer.

MEET and right it is, that I
Should my Maker glorify;
Born for this alone I am,
God to praise through Jesus' name:
Author of my life, receive
Praise, the best a child can give.

2 Teach me, as I older grow,
Thee in Christ aright to know;
That I may thy blessings prize,
Bring thee Jesus' sacrifice;
Thee with understanding praise;
Love, and serve thee all my days.

173 4th P. M. 886, 886.

For Thou hast been Strength to the Poor.

GREAT God, our infant voices raise,
And tune our lips and hearts with praise.
Thy goodness to adore;
Our life, our health, our every friend,
From thee arose, on thee depend,
Kind Father of the poor.

2 Stretch o'er our heads thy guardian wings,
Secure the weak, O King of kings!
The stranger's refuge be;
And, as thy hand conducts our youth,
Inspire our tender minds with truth—
The truth that leads to thee.

174 L. M.

Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.

DEAR Saviour, let an infant claim
The favor to address thy name:
Thou wast so meek, that babes may be
Encouraged to draw near to thee.

2 Now to a child, dear Lord, impart
A penitent, believing heart;
O, cleanse me by thy precious blood,
And fill me with the love of God.

3 Though oft I sin, yet save me still,
And make me love thy sacred will;
Each day prepare me by thy grace
With joy at last to see thy face.

175 9th P. M. 87, 87.

The Good Shepherd.

JESUS says that we must love him;
Helpless as the lambs are we;
But he very kindly tells us,
That our Shepherd he will be.

2 Heavenly Shepherd, deign to watch us,
Guard us both by night and day;
Pity show to little children,
Who like lambs too often stray.

3 We are always prone to wander,
Grant to keep us from each snare;
Teach our infant hearts to praise thee
For thy kindness and thy care.

176 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

A little Child's Prayer.

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.

177 S. M.

Evening.

THE sun has gone to rest,
The bee forsakes the flower,
The young bird slumbers in its nest
Within the leafy bower.

2 Where have I been this day?
Into what folly run?
Forgive me, Father, when I pray,
Through Jesus Christ, thy Son.

3 When all my days are o'er,
And in the grave I lie,
Do thou permit my soul to soar
To worlds beyond the sky.

178 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

The Humiliation of Christ.

CHRIST is merciful and mild,
He was once a little child:
He whom heavenly hosts adore
Lived on earth among the poor.

2 Every bird can build its nest:
Foxes have their place of rest:
He, by whom the world was made,
Had not where to lay his head.

3 He who is the Lord most high,
Then was poorer far than I,
That I might hereafter be
Rich to all eternity.

179 C. M.

Early Consecration.

NOW that our journey 's just begun,
Our road so little trod,
We 'll come, before we further run,
And give ourselves to God.

2 And lest we should be ever led
Through sinful paths to stray,
We would at once begin to tread
In wisdom's pleasant way.

3 What sorrows may our steps attend
We never can foretell;
But if the Lord will be our friend,
We know all will be well.

180 9th P. M. 87, 87.

Evening Hymn.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 Through this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast warm'd me, clothed, and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.

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

181 P. M. 86, 86, 88, 86.

Away to Sabbath School.

THE morning sky is bright and clear—
Away to Sabbath school;
Let each one in the class appear—
Away to Sabbath school:
'T is 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 given.
Away, away, away, away,
Away to Sabbath school.

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, away,
Away to Sabbath school.

182 L. M.

He gathereth the Lambs with his Arm.

O LORD our Shepherd, deign to keep
Thy little lambs, thy feeble sheep;
And when our feet would go astray,
Restrain and guide us in thy way.

2 When faint and trembling with alarms,
O gather us within thine arms;
Kind Shepherd, on thy gracious breast
The weakest lamb may safely rest.

183 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Christ liveth in Me.

LOVING Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what thou art;
Live thyself within my heart.

2 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.

184 P. M. 55, 55, 77.

The Precious Sabbath School.

LOVELY is the dawn
Of each rising day;
Loveliest the morn
Of the Sabbath day:
Yet our joys would not be full
Had we not the Sabbath school.

2 All the week we spend
Full of youth and bliss;
Every changing scene
Brings its happiness;
Yet no joys are half as full,
As we meet at Sabbath school.

3 Why do children stay
From this source of joy?
What we learn to-day
Time cannot destroy;
And we wish the seats were full
At this precious Sabbath school.

4 Teachers, you are kind
Thus to point the road,
Leading us from sin
To our Father, God;
And our joys are ever full,
When we are at Sabbath school.

185 9th P. M. 87, 87.

Mutual Love.

"LITTLE children, love each other;"
'T is the blessed Saviour's rule:
Every little one is brother
To his play-fellows at school.

2 We're all children of one Father,
That great God who reigns above;
Shall we quarrel? No; much rather
Would we dwell like him—in love.

3 He has placed us here together,
That we may be good and kind·
He is ever watching whether
We are one in heart and mind.

4 Who is stronger than the other?
Let him be the weak one's friend:
Who's more playthings than his brother?
He should like to give or lend.

5 All they have they share with others,
With kind looks and gentle words:
Thus they live like happy brothers,
And are known to be the Lord's.

186 C. M.

Example of Christ.

MY Saviour, now in heaven above,
But once a child like me;
Look down upon me in thy love,
And make me like to thee.

2 O make me holy as thou wert,
When thou on earth didst live;
O take away my wicked heart—
A better nature give.

3 I would be like thee if I could,
But thou must teach me how;
O blessed Saviour, make me good;
In mercy hear me now.

EARLY PIETY.

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

187 C. M.

Christ's Invitation.

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.

188 S. M.

Progress and Consequence of Sin.

OUR evil actions spring
From small and hidden seeds:
At first we think some wicked thing,
Then practice sinful deeds.

2 Wherever sin begins,
It tends to death and woe;
And he who heeds not little sins
A sinner's doom shall know.

3 O for a holy fear
Of every evil way,
That we may never venture near
The path that leads astray.

189 3d P. M. 4 6s and 2 8s.

Youthful Piety.

O, WHILE the light from heaven
Rests on life's early morn,
When with each blessing given
A new delight is born,
Dear little ones, his praises sing,
From whom your choicest comforts spring

2 Ere earth's bright scenes shall fade,
And joys like flowers depart,
O be the purpose made
To give to God your heart:
Dear little ones, remember him,
Ere care and grief your bright hopes dim.

3 His easy yoke now take
Upon you with delight;
His tender love will make
His burden very light:
Dear little ones, be timely wise,
And make his holy ways your choice.

190 30th P. M. 11, 10, 11, 10.

Invitation to the Young.

COME, youthful sinners, come, haste to the Saviour:
Come, ye young wanderers, cling to his side:
Kneel at his mercy-seat, sue for his favor,
Lambs of his bosom, for whom he hath died.

2 Come to his temple-gate, come in life's morning:
Give up your souls to the Guide of your youth:
How fair is grace, the young bosom adorning!
What robe so pure as the raiment of truth?

3 Can you find pleasure in pathways unholy?
Hope ye for wisdom in wandering from God?
Sorrow and shame wait the votaries of folly:
Earth has no comfort not found in his blood.

4 Has he not died for you? gaze on his passion:
There see the tokens of sorrow and love.
Lives he not now for you? Jesus the Saviour
Bled and ascended to crown you above.

191 26th P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76.

Remember thy Creator.

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

2 Remember thy Creator,
Before the dust returns
To earth—for 't is its nature—
And life's last ember burns.
Before the God who gave it
The spirit shall appear;
He cries, who died to save it,
Thy great Creator fear.

192 C. M.

Suffer the little Children to come unto Me.

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.

193 P. M. 64, 64, 44, 64.

Invitation.

CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Fill'd with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day;
Heaven bids thee come,
While yet there 's room;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love,
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

194 C. M.

The New Birth.

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 O, 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.

195 26th P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76.

Come ere it be too late.

O COME in life's gay morning,
Ere in thy sunny way
The flowers of hope have wither'd,
And sorrow end thy day.
Come, while from joy's bright fountain
The streams of pleasure flow,
Come ere thy buoyant spirits
Have felt the blight of woe.

2 "Remember thy Creator"
Now in thy youthful days,
And he will guide thy footsteps
Through life's uncertain maze.
"Remember thy Creator,"
He calls in tones of love,
And offers deathless glories
In brighter worlds above.

3 And in the hour of sadness,
When earthly joys depart,
His love shall be thy solace,
And cheer thy drooping heart.
And when life's storm is over,
And thou from earth art free,
Thy God will be thy portion
Throughout eternity.

196 C. M.

Remember thy Creator.

DEAR children, now remember God,
While health's full current flows;
Ere o'er your path affliction's cloud
Its sadd'ning shadow throws.

2 Remember him, while now life's spring
Thy smiling hours attend;
Revolving days will winter bring,
Thy transient course to end.

3 Let memory those sweet words retrace,
He spoke thy heart to gain—
"The soul that early seeks my face,
Shall never seek in vain."

4 And while he looks from worlds on high,
Thus to remember thee,
Be this thine ever suppliant cry,
"O Lord, remember me."

197 L. M.

The Children warned.

CHILDREN, hath not a voice within
Oft whisper'd to your secret soul—
Urged you to leave the ways of sin,
And yield your heart to God's control?

2 Hath it not met you in the path
Of youthful mirth and vanity,
And, pointing to the coming wrath,
Warn'd you from that dread wrath to flee?

3 Children, it was a heavenly voice;
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade you make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ your all.

4 O heed the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind!
That call no longer dare to slight;
Seek now, and mercy you shall find.

198 S. M.

Seeking God while he may be found.

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.

3 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.

199 C. M.

Youthful Piety.

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.

200 L. M.

Samuel.

ONCE, in the silence of the night,
The lamp of God was clear and bright;
And there, by holy angels kept,
Samuel the child securely slept.

2 An unknown voice the stillness broke;
"Samuel," it call'd, and thrice it spoke:
He rose—he ask'd whence came the word?
From Eli? no; it was the Lord.

3 Thus early call'd to serve his God,
The paths of righteousness he trod;
Wisdom and mercy ruled his breast,
And Israel, taught by him, was blest.

4 Speak, Lord, and from our earliest days
Incline our hearts to love thy ways;
O let thy voice now reach our ear;
Speak, Lord, and let thy servants hear.

201 C. M.

Youth the Season for Piety.

NOW in the season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrives, and trembling waits
Its summons to the tomb,—
Remember thy Creator now;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence and joy.

2 He will defend and guide thy youth
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the coast
Of bless'd eternity:
Then seek the Lord at once, and choose
The path of heavenly truth:
This earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

202 C. M.

The Wise Choice.

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

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

3 "The soul that longs to see my face
Is sure my love to gain;
And those that early seek my grace
Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'T is here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

203 P. M. 87, 87, 77.

The Truly Blest.

THEY are blest, and blest forever,
Who in childhood's early day,
Seek the care of him, who never
Turns the seeking soul away.
Jesus, lest their feet should slide,
Condescends to be their guide.

2 Who the world's temptations scorning,
Keep in view the great reward,
And in youth's delightful morning,
Yield themselves unto the Lord,
Jesus will their portion be
Now and through eternity.

MOTIVES.

204

36th P. M. 86, 886.

The Young may die.

THE rose-bud yet unblown may lie
Wither'd beside the way;
The lamb amid the flock may die,
The grave unthought of may be nigh
To children young as they.

2 O let not one short day be past,
Without a pardon sought:
Many a day has proved the last,
And suddenly their lot been cast,
Who little fear'd or thought.

3 Now, Saviour, bless me; then, wh' ne'er
My life or death may be,
There shall be left no cause for fear,
For if removed from living here,
A heaven remains for me.

205

27th P. M. 4 *lines* 11s.

Seeking God early.

LIKE mist on the mountain, like ships on the sea,
So swiftly the years of our pilgrimage flee;
In the grave with our fathers how soon we shall lie!
O children, to-day to the dear Saviour fly!

2 How sweet are the flow'rets in April and May!
Yet often the frost makes them wither away:
Like flowers you may fade; are you ready to die?
While "yet there is room," to the dear Saviour fly!

3 When Samuel was young, he first knew the Lord;
He slept in his smile, and rejoiced in his word!
So, most of God's children are early bro't nigh:
O seek him in youth—to the dear Saviour fly!

206 L. M.

Death approaches.

THERE is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 't will 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.

207 C. M.

The Soul.

THOUGH I am young, I have a soul
The world can never buy;
And while eternal ages roll,
It will not, cannot die.

2 For it must soar to worlds on high,
Where happy spirits dwell;
Or, buried with the wicked, lie
Deep in the grave of hell.

3 The soul by numerous sins defiled
Can never enter heaven,
Till God and it be reconciled,
And all its sins forgiven:—

4 Till it be pure from all its stains,
In perfect righteousness;
Cleansed by the Saviour's dying pains,
Renew'd by sovereign grace.

5 Pardon it, cleanse it, God of grace!
And let it holy be;
Array'd in thine own holiness,
And meet to dwell with thee.

208 C. M.

Thou, God, seest me.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment-day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there?
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

4 Lord, at thy foot ashamed I lie;
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

209 C. M.

The Wise Choice.

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!

210 S. M.

Shortness of Time.

FEW are our years, yet soon
We may be call'd to die;
And, ere our life has reach'd its noon,
In the dark grave may lie.

2 Early, O Lord, bestow
The grace to live or die;
To love and serve thee here below,
And yonder in the sky.

211 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Choosing the Better Part.

MANY voices seem to say,
"Hither, children—here 's the way:
Haste along and nothing fear—
Every pleasant thing is here!"

2 Yes—but whither would ye lead?
Is it happiness indeed?
Or a little shining show,
Leading down to death and woe?

3 We were made for better things:
High as heaven our nature springs:
Like the lark that upward flies,
We were made to seek the skies.

4 We were made to love and fear
That great God who placed us here:
Made to study and fulfill
All his good and holy will.

5 We were made to work awhile,
Cheerful at our work to smile;
Thinking, as we labor thus,
Of the heaven prepared for us.

6 So, a pleasant path we'll tread,
By the hand of Jesus led,
Till from sin and sorrow freed—
Ours is happiness indeed!

212 C. M.

I am to live forever.

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, are fled,
Eternity is mine.

3 For I shall never, never die,
While God himself remains;
But either live in heaven on high,
Or bound in hell in chains.

4 If heaven and hell ne'er pass away,
To Christ O let me flee;
If pain be hard for one short day,
What must *forever* be!

213 C. M

The Narrow Way.

THERE is a path that leads to God—
All others go astray:
Narrow, but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be pass'd;
But those who boldly walk therein
Will come to heaven at last.

3 While the broad road where thousands go
Lies near, and opens fair;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

4 But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from the way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
That I may never stray.

214 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Shortness of Time.

SWIFT the moments fly away—
First the hour and then the day,
Next the week, the month, the year,
Steal away, and disappear.

2 Time is ever on the wing,
While I speak, or think, or sing;
Whether working or at play,
Time is rolling fast away!

3 Think, my soul! awake and see
What will soon become of thee!
Whither tending, canst thou tell,—
Up to heaven, or down to hell?

4 Jesus, I would humbly pray,
Guide and keep me in the way;
Every gift and grace bestow;
Wean my heart from things below.

215 C. M.

The Broad and the Narrow Way.

THERE is a way that's very broad—
'T is call'd the way of sin;
We all, by nature, choose this road,
And thousands walk therein.

2 There is a little narrow way,
Which is so very strait,
That few, the Bible says, are they
Who enter at the gate.

3 This is the blessed path that leads
Direct to heaven above;
Here the dear flock of Jesus feeds,
And walks in peace and love.

4 Come, all ye children, then, who long,
To taste such love as this:
Forsake the wretched, sinful throng,
And choose the way of peace.

216 C. M.

Life a Summer's Day.

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 This life was given us to prepare
For that which is to come;
O 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?

217 C. M.

Jesus a Shepherd.

SEE, the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
And calls his sheep by name;
Gathers the feeble in his arms,
And feeds each tender lamb.

2 He'll lead us to the' heavenly streams
Where living waters flow;
And guide us to the fruitful fields
Where trees of knowledge grow.

3 When, wand'ring from the fold, we leave
The strait and narrow way,
Our faithful Shepherd still is near
To guide us when we stray.

4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be the Shepherd's care;
While folded in our Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.

218 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

Jesus a Refuge.

LITTLE children, stop and think;
Turn away from ruin's brink;
Shun the wicked liar's path;
Fly from scenes of strife and wrath;
Read with prayer the holy Word;
Follow Jesus Christ the Lord.

2 Jesus is the Christian's rock;
He will safely guide his flock;
In his arms the lambs will bear:
Children, seek your refuge there;
Of your Saviour stop and think;
Fly to Him from ruin's brink!

219 C. M.

The Folly and Crime of Delay.

O 'TIS a folly and a crime
To put religion by!
For *now* is the accepted time;
To-morrow we may die.

2 Our hearts grow harder every day,
And more depraved the mind—
The longer we neglect to pray,
The less we feel inclined.

3 Yet sinners trifle, young and old,
Until their dying day;
Then they would give a world of gold
To have an hour to pray.

4 O then, lest we should perish thus,
Let us no longer wait;
For time will soon be past with us,
And death will fix our state.

BLESSINGS.

220 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Early Devotion.

HOW bless'd are those in early youth
Who seek the holy ways of truth!
The firstling of the flock was given
By Israel to the God of heaven;
But dearer still he deigns to prize
The young heart's fervent sacrifice.

2 O, while the path of youth is trod,
May we commit our way to God;
Nor ever form throughout the way
One hope for which we dare not pray:
Thus may we boldly cast our care
On him who hears and answers prayer.

221 • 4th P. M. 886, 886.

Praise in Affliction.

O SWEET it is in life's young spring,
When days and hours fresh tributes bring
Of gladness as they move,
To see a Father's hand impress'd
On gifts the choicest and the best,
As tokens of his love.

2 But sweeter, in affliction's hour,
When kindest friends have lost their power
To bid our ills remove,
To feel our Father still is near,
To make our sharpest griefs appear
Fresh tokens of his love.

3 And sweet it is, exceeding sweet,
To know, whatever change we meet,
Our God will changeless prove:
Though death dissolve our dearest ties,
Our Friend and Father never dies;—
That Father may we love.

222 C. M.

Her Ways are Pleasantness, her Paths Peace.

HOW happy is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice!

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left the prize of fame
And honor now appears.

4 She guides the young, with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

223 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

Holy Children.

HOLY children read and pray,
Love God's holy Word and day;
Fly from sin and seek his grace,
Learn his will, and Christ embrace;
They are humble, meek, and mild:
Lord, make me a holy child.

2 Holy children, when they die,
Soar to Christ, above the sky;
Take their seats around his throne,
Make his praise forever known:
Pleasing thought! may I be styled,
Now, the Saviour's holy child!

224 9th P. M. 87, 87.

God will be our Guide.

BLEST, beyond all earthly blessing,
Is the child whose tender youth,
In the Lord a guide possessing,
Walks in paths of light and truth.

2 He will govern those who love him:
Those who walk in faith and fear,
In all danger still shall prove him
Gracious, kind, and ever near.

3 Heavenly Father, let us prove thee
An all-wise, protecting Friend!
Make us fear thee, make us love thee,
Constant, to our latest end!

225 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

Rewards of Early Piety.

GOD has said, "Forever blessed
Those who seek me in their youth—
They shall find the path of wisdom,
And the narrow way of truth:"
Guide us, Saviour,
In the narrow way of truth.

2 Be our strength, for we are weakness;
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Saviour's side:
Naught can harm us,
While we thus in thee abide.

3 Thus, when evening shades shall gather,
We may turn our tearless eye
To the dwelling of our Father,
To our home beyond the sky—
Gently passing
To the happy land on high.

226 L. M.

The Unspeakable Gift.

HAPPY the child who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows the Saviour died for me!
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise,—
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honor that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,—
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the child who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy who his guest retains:
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven, are one.

227 S. M.

The Happy Child.

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 hour of prayer,
And takes delight in praise:
The Lord to bless him will be near
With sanctifying grace.

228 C. M.

Youth devoted to God.

HAPPY the child whose tender years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 'T will 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;
'T will 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.

229 C. M.

The Good Shepherd.

HOW carefully the shepherds keep
Their flocks within their sight;
So Jesus watches o'er his sheep;
And guards them day and night.

2 The shepherd numbers twice a day
The flock beneath his care;
He knows if any go astray,
Or sick or dying are.

3 So Jesus reckons one by one,
And numbers all his sheep;
He knows if but a lamb is gone,
For he doth never sleep.

4 Dear Lord, who would not wish to be
One of that happy band
Who know thy voice and follow thee,
Led by thy gentle hand?

230 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Religion.

'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.

231 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

God's Blessings on Children.

HAPPY child, whom God doth aid!
God our souls and bodies made;
God on us in gracious showers
Blessings every moment pours;
Compasses with angel bands,
Bids them bear us in their hands;
Parents, friends, 't was God bestow'd:
Life and all descend from God.

2 He this flowery carpet spread,
Made the earth on which we tread;
God refreshes in the air,
Covers with the clothes we wear;
Feeds us with the food we eat,
Cheers us by his light and heat,
Makes his sun on us to shine:
All our blessings are divine.

3 Man we for his kindness love;
How much more our God above!
Give him then, and ever give,
Thanks for all that we receive:
Worthy thou, our heavenly Lord,
To be honor'd and adored:
God of all-creating grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

232 26th P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76.

Buy the Truth, and sell it not.

GO thou, in life's fair morning—
Go in the bloom of youth—
And buy, for thine adorning,
The precious pearl of truth:
Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart;
And let not worldly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

2 Go, while the day-star shineth;
Go, while thy heart is light;
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright:
Sell all thou hast, and buy it;
'T is worth all earthly things—
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Scepters, and crowns of kings.

3 Go, ere the clouds of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow:
Go now, and buy the truth.
Go seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise:
Go, place upon his altar
A morning sacrifice!

233 L. M.

O Thou that hearest Prayer.

WHAT though we now are weak and young,
The Lord will hear us when we pray;
For never from the youthful tongue
Did Jesus turn his ear away.

2 Lord, may thy love renew our hearts—
Thy Spirit guide in all our ways;
And when our life from earth departs,
In heaven above we'll sing thy praise.

234 9th P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

Coming to Jesus.

TEACHER, guide of young beginners
Let a child draw nigh to thee—
Thee, who cam'st to ransom sinners—
Thee, who diedst to ransom me.
Into thy protection take me—
Full of goodness as thou art:
After thine own image make me—
Make me after thine own heart.

2 Exercise the potter's power
Over this unshapen clay:
Call me in the morning hour;
Teach my youthful mind the way.
With a tender awe inspire,
That I never more may rove:
Every spark of good desire
Blow into a flame of love.

235 S. M.

Solomon's Wise Choice.

KING Solomon of old
A happy choice had made;
'T was not for life—'t was not for gold—
Nor honor, that he pray'd.

2 He chose that better part
That leads to heavenly joys—
A wise and understanding heart;
And God approved the choice.

3 If this is what we seek,
We cannot ask amiss;
The youngest, poorest child may seek,
And ask the Lord for this.

236 L. M.

Privileges and Duties of the Young.

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.

237 10th P. M. 4 *lines* &s.

The Ten Commandments.

ONE God I must worship supreme,
And ne'er before images bow:
I must not speak light of his name,
But pay to him every vow.

2 I'm bound to remember, with care,
The Sabbath so hallow'd and pure—
To honor my parents so dear,
That life may the longer endure.

3 I never must steal, or consent
To what is impure or untrue:
I must not indulge discontent,
Or covet my neighbor his due.

4 Now help me, O Father in heaven,
To keep these commandments with zeal,
In the strength that through Jesus is given
To those who are doing thy will.

238 C. M.

God's Condescension to Children.

WHILE angels praise thy gracious name,
And Holy! Holy! cry,
May little children do the same
And raise their songs on high?

2 They may. To Samuel thou didst speak,
And mark him as thine own:
—for thou hast bid them seek
cy through thy Son.

ıg Josiah, in his youth,
ly taught by thee,
y name, to love thy truth,
ry sin to flee.

st thou change—still, still thou art
pless infant's friend;
l give thee all my heart,
thy grace depend.

5 And now, O God! to thee I cry:
O form my soul anew;
The Saviour's cleansing blood apply,
And all my sins subdue.

239 L. M.

First Commandment.

THE gods that gave us not our birth,
The gods that made not heaven and earth
Perish their names! no gods are they—
We cast them all in scorn away.

2 But, Lord, idolaters are we,
If we withhold our hearts from thee:
Self and the world our idols are,
If they our chief affections share.

3 O set up in our hearts thy throne;
Destroy thy rivals—reign alone:
Maker of heaven, and earth, and sea,
We'll have no other gods but thee!

238 C. M.

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WHILE angels praise thy gracious name,
And Holy! Holy! cry,
May little children do the same
And raise their songs on high?

2 They may. To Samuel thou didst speak,
And mark him as thine own:
They may—for thou hast bid them seek
For mercy through thy Son.

3 And King Josiah, in his youth,
Was early taught by thee,
To fear thy name, to love thy truth,
And every sin to flee.

4 Nor canst thou change—still, still thou art
The helpless infant's friend;
O, I would give thee all my heart,
And on thy grace depend.

5 And now, O God! to thee I cry:
O form my soul anew;
The Saviour's cleansing blood apply,
And all my sins subdue.

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Self and the world our idols are,
If they our chief affections share.

3 O set up in our hearts thy throne;
Destroy thy rivals—reign alone:
Maker of heaven, and earth, and sea,
We'll have no other gods but thee!

240 9th P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

Youthful consecration.

SAVIOUR! while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to thee—
All my powers to thee surrender,
Thine and only thine to be.
Take me now, Lord Jesus! take me—
Let my youthful heart be thine;
Thy devoted servant make me—
Fill my soul with love divine.

2 Send me, Lord, where thou wilt send me,
Only do thou guide my way;
May thy grace through life attend me—
Gladly then shall I obey.
Let me do thy will, or bear it—
I would know no will but thine;
Shouldst thou take my life, or spare it,
I that life to thee resign.

3 May this solemn dedication
Never once forgotten lie;
Let it know no revocation,
Publish'd and confirm'd on high.
Thine I am, O Lord, forever—
To thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave thee never;
Seal thine image on my heart.

241 C. M.

Importance of Religion to the Young.

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below:
May I its great importance learn—
Its sovereign virtue know!

2 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amid our youthful bloom:
'T will fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

3 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own!

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

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

242 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Against Idleness.

IDLE boys and men are found
Standing on the devil's ground:
He will find them work to do,
He will pay them wages too.

2 Are they not of wisdom void,
Those that saunter unemploy'd—
Young or old, who fondly play
Their important time away?

3 We by idleness expose
Our own souls to endless woes:
We, whenever loit'ring thus,
Tempt the devil to tempt us.

4 Jesus, help! to thee we pray;
Take the cursed root away:
Idleness far off remove—
Let us thee and labor love;—

5 All our time and vigor give,
Serve our Maker while we live;
Use for God the talents given—
Work on earth, and rest in heaven.

243 C. M.

Children may come.

I KNOW that I am but a child—
Yet children young as I
Have often sought and found the Lord,
And thus prepared to die.

2 And in his holy Word I read,
That those who seek in youth
Shall surely taste his pard'ning love,
And find the way of truth.

3 How careless then in me to live,
As none would dare to die!
With active zeal I should secure
A home beyond the sky.

4 How much I need the grace of God
To keep this thought alive!
Whoever gains the Christian's crown
Must like the Christian strive.

244 9th P. M. 87, 87

The Golden Rule.

LOVE and kindness we may measure
By this simple rule alone:
Do we mind our neighbor's pleasure
Just as if it were our own?

2 We should always care for others,
Nor suppose ourselves the best;
Let us love like friends and brothers—
'T was the Saviour's last request.

3 His example we should borrow,
Who forsook his throne above,
And endured such pain and sorrow,
Out of tenderness and love.

4 When a selfish thought would seize us,
And our resolution break,
Let us then remember Jesus,
And resist it for his sake.

245 L. M.

Our Heavenly Father.

GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my friend?
I but a child, and thou so high,
Lord of the earth, and air, and sky!

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

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

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

246 C. M.

Children brought to Jesus.

YOUNG children were to Jesus brought,
His blessing to obtain;
And never was his blessing sought
By old or young in vain.

2 When his disciples would have sent
Those little ones away,
Jesus rebuked the harsh intent,
And kindly bade them stay.

3 "Let little children come to me,
Nor from my arms be driven;
For these, and such as these, shall be
The blessed heirs of heaven.

4 "Forbid them not to ask my grace,
Though with a feeble tongue;
Forbid them not to seek my face—
They cannot be too young."

247 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

On Evil-speaking.

WORDS are things of little cost,
Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
We forget them, but they stand
Witnesses at God's right hand,
And their testimony bear
For us, or against us, there.

2 O, how often ours have been
Idle words, and words of sin!
Words of anger, scorn, or pride;
Or deceit, our faults to hide;
Envious tales, or strife unkind,
Leaving bitter thoughts behind.

3 Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
Strength to watch, and grace to pray;
May our lips, from sin kept free,
Love to speak and sing of thee;
Till in heaven we learn to raise
Hymns of everlasting praise.

248 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Humility.

THE bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest,
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade when all things rest:—
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

2 When Mary chose the better part,
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently-open'd heart
Was made for God's own temple meet:
Fairest and best-adorn'd is she
Whose clothing is humility.

3 The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most when most his soul ascends:—
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

249 9th P. M. 87, 87.

Improvement of Time.

TIME once gone is gone forever—
Fast the minutes hasten by;
Let us use our best endeavor
To improve them as they fly.

2 If our hearts to Jesus giving,
We upon his grace rely,
Not in vain we then are living,
And it will be gain to die.

250 C. M.

Obedience to Parents.

LET children that would fear the Lord,
Hear what their teachers say;
With rev'rence meet their parents' word,
And with delight obey.

2 Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law
Or mocks his mother's word?

3 What heavy guilt upon him lies,
How cursed is his name!
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.

4 But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honor due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live in glory too.

251 L. M.

It is a Good Thing to give Thanks unto the Lord.

HOW pleasant for a child to sing
The goodness of his God and King,
Who lives above the sun and stars,
And everlasting glory wears!

2 He loves to hear a youthful tongue
Address him in an humble song,
With praise for health and food and friends,
And all the good his mercy sends.

3 O may I walk in wisdom's ways!
She'll bless my youth and crown my days,
And lead me in the pleasant road
That leads to glory and to God.

252 C. M.

Children blessed.

HOW happy those dear children were
Whom the Redeemer bless'd;
Whom, when he breathed that fervent prayer,
He folded to his breast.

2 How pow'rful was that prayer to bring
All blessings from above;
How true to lead them to the spring
Of everlasting love;—

3 How mighty to preserve from sin,
And every dangerous snare:
Often I 've wish'd that I had been
Among the children there.

4 But, thanks to that Almighty Friend,
He is the same to-day
As when he thus refused to send
Those babes unbless'd away.

5 And he has made his covenant broad
To all who seek his face:
He'll be their Saviour and their God,
And fill them with his grace.

253 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

Self-consecration.

O JESUS, delight of my soul,
My Saviour, my Shepherd divine,
I yield to thy blessed control—
My body and spirit are thine.
Thy love I can never deserve,
That bids me be happy in thee;
My God and my King I will serve,
Whose favor is heaven to me

2 How can I thy goodness repay,
By nature so weak and defiled?
Myself I have given away;
O call me thine own blessed child:
And art thou my Father above?
Will Jesus abide in my heart?
O bind me so fast with thy love,
That I never from thee shall depart.

254 9th P. M. 87, 87.

Glorying in the Cross.

IN the cross of Jesus glory,
While your 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 lustre 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.

255 C. M

Examples of Industry.

HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower.

2 How skillfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads her wax!
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

3 In works of labor, or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

4 In books, or works, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

256 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

Praise to the Saviour.

CHILDREN, now your voices raise,
Sing the great Redeemer's praise;
With the shining hosts above
Celebrate his matchless love.
Praise his name, whose love hath shed
Heavenly blessings on our head,
Calls the young to seek his face,
Bids them know his wondrous grace.

2 He our souls and bodies feeds,
And our footsteps gently leads,
Makes us his peculiar care;
O how rich his mercies are!
Keep us, Saviour, at thy side,
Condescend to be our guide;
Suffer not our feet to stray;
Make us love thy perfect way.

257 10th P. M. 4 *lines* 8s.

Improvement of Time.

A MINUTE, how soon it has flown,
And yet how important it is!
God calls every moment his own;
For all our existence is his.

2 'T is easy to squander our years
In idleness, folly, and strife;
But ne'er can our penitent tears
Bring back one past moment of life.

3 Our hours let us waste not in play;
For time, if well spent as it goes,
Would render life pleasant each day,
And happy and peaceful its close.

4 And when all the minutes are past
Which God for our portion has given,
We shall certainly welcome the last,
If it safely conduct us to heaven.

258 9th P. M. 87, 87.

Jesus our Example.

JESUS CHRIST, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me:
O that in my whole behavior
He my pattern still may be!

2 All my nature is unholy—
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.

3 I am often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess;
He was always self-denying,
Patient in his worst distress.

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

259 C. M.

The Lambs of Christ.

YOUNG children once to Jesus came,
His blessing to entreat;
And I may humbly do the same
Before his mercy-seat.

2 For when their feeble hands were spread,
And bent each infant knee,
"Forbid them not," the Saviour said;
And so he says to me.

3 Then while this favor to implore,
My youthful hands are spread,
Do thou thy sacred blessing pour,
Dear Saviour, on my head.

260 C. M.

The Children's Friend.

THOU Guardian of our youthful days,
To thee our prayers ascend;
To thee we'll tune our songs of praise,
Jesus! the Children's Friend.

2 From thee our daily mercies flow—
Our life and health descend;
O save our souls from sin and wo—
Thou art the Children's Friend.

3 Teach us to prize thy holy Word,
And to its truths attend;
Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord,
And love the Children's Friend.

4 O may we feel a Saviour's love—
To him our souls commend,
Who left his glorious throne above
To be the Children's Friend.

5 Lord, draw our youthful hearts to thee,
And when this life shall end,
Raise us to live above the sky,
With thee, the Children's Friend.

261 C. M.

For Meekness.

IF any little insult given,
Should make my anger rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
And bore his injuries.

2 He was insulted every day,
Though all his words were kind;
But nothing men could do or say
Disturb'd his heavenly mind.

3 Not all the wicked scoffs he heard
Against the truths he taught
Excited one reviling word,
Or one revengeful thought.

4 And when upon the cross he bled,
With all his foes in view,
"Father, forgive them," Jesus said;
"They know not what they do."

5 Dear Saviour, may I learn of thee
My temper to amend!
But speak that pard'ning word for me
Whenever I offend.

262 C. M.

Kindness of Jesus to Children.

THE Saviour loved of heaven to talk
With children in his sight,—
To meet them in his daily walk,
And to his arms invite.

2 He never pass'd them heedless by,
Nor scorn'd their tender years;
Attentive to the feeblest cry,
Moved by an infant's tears.

3 His was a Saviour's heart of love,
And Jesus was his name;
And now in glory throned above,
His heart is still the same.

263 S. M.

On Forbearance.

AS thou forgivest us,
So, Lord, may we forgive;
As freely we receive from thee,
So may we freely give.

2 May we forbear like thee,
Not answering again;
Rememb'ring how our Saviour bore
The scoffs of wicked men.

3 When for our faults reproved,
May we the fault confess,
And humbly seek thy grace, that we
May not again transgress.

4 Thus make us ever kind,
Gentle, and meek, and good,
Mindful how dearly we were bought
With thy most precious blood.

264 S. M.

The Unspeakable Gift.

O THOU whose name is love,
From whom all love proceeds,
Thy kindness every day we prove
In loving words and deeds.

2 Thou hearest when we call,
And giv'st us daily food;
Hast made, dost love, and care for all,
For thou alone art good.

3 But most thy love is shown
In sending from on high
Thine only well-beloved Son,
For guilty man to die.

4 O Gift all gifts above,
Whose worth we cannot tell,
But humbly own herein is love—
Yea, love unspeakable.

265 C. M.

The Use of the Lips.

GREAT God, with meekness we confess
Our lips are not our own;
And in thy service should be used,
As they are thine alone:
For thou, O Lord, our lips hast made,
And in the judgment-day
How strict the reck'ning thou wilt take
Of everything we say!

2 Yes, words of bitter, angry strife,
And foolish words and vain,
And false, and envious, and unclean,
And words that are profane:
All, all are heard, O Lord, by thee,
And if not now forgiven,
However idly utter'd here,
Will keep us out of heaven.

3 Lord, set a watch unto our lips,
And guard our tongues from sin;
And, lest we ever should offend,
Create us pure within.
All our past words of sin forgive,
Which we to thee confess;
And help us that henceforward, Lord,
Our mouths may not transgress.

266 C. M.

Praise to Jesus.

LET children bless the Saviour's name,
And sing his wondrous grace,
Who from the realms of glory came,
To save our sinful race.

2 Lord Jesus! while we sing thy grace,
We love thee and adore;
But when in heaven we see thy face,
Our souls shall love thee more.

YOUTH.

267 L. M.

Young Men exhort to be sober-minded.

YOUNG men exhort, the' apostle said,
To cherish soberness of mind;
So when the bloom of life is fled,
Substantial fruit shall stay behind.

2 If God's eternal Word of truth
Affect your hearts—your thoughts engage,
Its guardian power shall shield your youth—
Its consolations cheer your age.

3 Come, then, and choose religion's ways,
In life's sweet fragrancy and prime;
So peace shall crown your foll'wing days—
Peace, indestructible by time.

268 P. M. 86, 88, 86.

The Morning of Life.

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 't is spent in wisdom's way,
We meet old age without dismay,
And death is sweet at last.

269 S. M.

Prayer for Youth.

GREAT God! with heart and tongue
For all our youth we pray;
O may they learn, while they are young,
To walk in wisdom's way!

2 Now, in their early days,
Teach them thy will to know;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
On every heart bestow!

3 Make their unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Cause them to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

4 Their hearts, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite them to thyself alone,
And make them wholly thine.

5 Lord, let thy sacred Word
Their warmest thoughts employ:
There let them daily find the road
Which leads to endless joy.

270 C. M.

The Guide of Youth.

GUIDE of my youth be thou, O Lord;
Implant in me thy fear;
Instruct me by thy holy Word,
And warn of danger near.

2 Preserve me from the snares and wiles
Of time's uncertain state;
Teach me to shun its sinful smiles,
And all its follies hate.

3 Help me to walk, as truly wise,
In wisdom's pleasant ways;
My life a constant sacrifice
Of fervent prayer and praise.

271 C. M.

Instruction from the Scriptures.

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.

272 L. M.

Prayer offered by Youth.

LORD, we are young—thy help we need,
For various foes infest our way;
Be thou to us a friend indeed,
Nor let us from thy precepts stray.

2 From wayward paths our feet restore,
And keep our tongues from speaking guile:
And O, preserve us evermore
From sin's seducing, luring smile.

3 Our youthful hearts with grace inspire;
To thee our every power incline;
And may the pure celestial fire
Within our bosoms ever shine.

4 O let the morning of our days
To thee, and thee alone, be given;
Increase our love, approve our ways,
And guide us safely into heaven.

273 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

The Guide of Youth.

IN the joyous hours of youth,
Lest my feet should turn aside
From the paths of peace and truth,
Father, wilt thou be my Guide?

2 When the world with flatt'ring smiles
Bids me in her love confide,
And to misery beguiles,
Father, wilt thou be my Guide?

3 Or should grief each prospect blight—
Earthly hopes be all denied;
When my path seems wrapt in night,
Father, wilt thou be my Guide?

4 And if call'd in early years
Soon to cross death's swelling tide,
Then, to quell my gloomy fears,
Father, wilt thou be my Guide?

5 When I join the seraph throng,
Who before thy throne abide,
This shall be my grateful song,
Father, thou hast been my Guide.

274 S. M.

Loveliness of Youthful Piety.

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.

275 L. M.

The Day of Life.

OUR youth is like the opening day—
As swiftly pass the hours away;
While like the birds on active wing,
Unthinkingly we sport and sing.

2 Our manhood is the fervid noon—
Its sunny moments pass as soon;
Its brightest hour will soon be o'er,
And time once past returns no more.

3 Old age is like the evening gray,
Closing around the traveler's way,
Who faint and weary seeks the road
Which leads him to a safe abode.

4 Morn, noon, and eve will soon be past,
And death's dark night approaches fast;
No light can cheer the midnight gloom,
Which reigns within the silent tomb.

5 Let us improve our life's short day,
That when its hours have pass'd away,
We may behold, without a fear,
Death's long and dreary night draw near.

6 Another morn will surely break,
And all our sleeping dust awake;
O may we then with joy arise,
And meet our Saviour in the skies.

276 L. M.

The Youth's Supplication.

GUARDIAN of souls, throughout my days
Inspire my heart, and keep my ways;
And let thy kindest love prevail,
Though foes unite, and friends all fail.

2 By night and day, where'er I be,
Be thou, my Saviour, near to me;
In health or pain, in rest or toil,
Give me thy kind, approving smile.

3 When flesh and sinking nature fail,
Then let sustaining grace prevail;
Its holy influence impart,
To melt and overflow my heart.

4 Or, slowly wasting to the dust,
Be thou my firm support and trust;
Nor let death's gloomy shadows be
The slightest terror, Lord, to me.

5 In cheerful hope my eyelids close,
And give me calm and sweet repose:
My spirit from its prison free,
To reign in heaven, O Lord, with thee.

277 C. M.

The Fading Leaf.

THE fading leaf—an emblem fit
Of mortal man's decay;
For here proud genius, talent, wit,
Will shortly pass away.

2 Thy youthful days may glorious shine
As dew upon the leaf,
Should all the bliss of earth be thine,
Yet joys will be as brief.

3 The autumn wind, with solemn moan,
Comes rushing o'er the plain;
The flowers that bloom'd are sear'd and gone
To be renew'd again.

4 Thy youthful days will not return
With any passing year;
The lamp of life will fainter burn,
Till it shall disappear.

5 Lift up thine eye, improve thy heart
In truths divinely given,
That thou at last may'st have a part
In all the bliss of heaven.

278 L. M.

O Lord God, Thou art my Trust from my Youth.

GUIDE of our youth! to thee we cry:
Great God! to us be ever nigh;
Our minds instruct, our hearts convert,
Nor let us thy good ways desert.

2 Ten thousand snares beset our way,
To draw our helpless souls astray;
Our wants regard, our prayers attend,
And with thy power and grace defend.

3 O smile on those whose Christian care
Provides for our instruction here;
And let our conduct ever prove
We're grateful for their gen'rous love.

4 Through life may we perform thy will,
Our sev'ral stations wisely fill;
Then join the friends we here have known
In endless songs around thy throne.

279 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

For Divine Guidance.

GRANT us, Lord, thy heavenly light
All our steps to guide aright;
Shine along the narrow road
Which shall lead our souls to God.
We are weak and prone to stray—
Keep us in thy holy way;
All our wants let grace supply;
Lead us onward to the sky.

2 Thus protected, may we go
Safely through this vale of woe;
May thy gracious presence cheer
Us in all our trials here.
Loving all thy statutes, Lord,
Ever trusting in thy Word,
May we reach that happy home
Where no ill can ever come.

280 S. M.

The Spirit of Prayer.

THE praying spirit breathe;
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart;
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppress'd;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come;
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
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.

281 S. M.

For the Conversion of Children.

CREATOR! Saviour! God!
We raise our hearts to thee;
And, resting on thy precious blood,
We bend our suppliant knee.

2 O deign to hear our prayer,
And save the youthful race:
Convert the children of our care
By thine almighty grace.

3 Cause them to feel thy love,
Teach them to lisp thy praise,
While strains seraphic from above
Reëcho youthful lays.

282 P. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

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

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

283 26th P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76.

Prayer the Balm of Sorrow.

O WHEN the tear is gushing
From sorrow's fading eye,
When gath'ring storms are rushing
Across the gloomy sky,
When the full heart is breaking,
And hope is far away,
How sweet, the world forsaking,
Alone with God, to pray!

2 O weary child of sadness,
Pilgrim bereft and lone,
Behold the fount of gladness,
Springing from heaven's throne;
Each want and sin confessing,
On Christ thy burden lay,
And learn how rich the blessing,
Alone with God, to pray!

284 L. M.

The Mercy-seat.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'T is 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 eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And Heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

285 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe.

DAY by day supplies of grace,
Blessed Lord, to me impart;
Let not sin have any place
In the chambers of my heart.

2 If a single hour thou dost
This supply of grace withhold,
Lord, I feel I should be lost—
Yield to sin, and quit thy fold.

3 Helpless, ignorant, and weak,
Ever prone to follow ill,
Lord, restraining grace I seek—
Watch me, guide me, keep me still.

286 C. M.

What is Prayer?

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
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 watch-word 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!

287 C. M.

For Victorious Faith.

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 nor 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, unmoved, 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 eternal home.

288 L. M.

For the Lambs of the Flock.

AUTHOR of faith, we seek thy face
For all who feel thy work begun:
Confirm and strengthen them in grace,
And bring thy feeblest children on.

2 Thou seest their wants, thou know'st their names;
Be mindful of thy youngest care;
Be tender of the new-born lambs,
And gently in thy bosom bear.

3 The lion, roaring for his prey,
And ravening wolves on every side,
Watch over them to tear and slay,
If found one moment from their Guide.

4 In safety lead thy little flock,—
From hell, the world, and sin secure;
And set their feet upon the rock,
And make in thee their goings sure.

289 L. M.

Design of Prayer.

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 'T is 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.

290 C. M.

On Prayer.

THE Lord attends when children pray;
A whisper he can hear;
He knows not only what we say,
But what we wish or fear.

2 He sees us when we are alone,
Though no one else can see;
And all our thoughts to him are known,
Wherever we may be.

3 'T is not enough to bend the knee,
And words of prayer to say;
The heart must with the lips agree,
Or else we do not pray.

4 Teach us, O Lord, to pray aright;
Thy grace to us impart;
That we in prayer may take delight,
And serve thee with the heart.

291 S. M.

Prayer for Grace.

LORD, teach me how to pray,
Thy saving grace impart;
Grant that thy Holy Spirit may
Renew and cleanse my heart.

2 Unholy was I born,
And from my birth I stray'd;
I must be wretched and forlorn,
Without thy saving aid.

3 But those who seek thy face,
Shall taste thy wond'rous love;
And thou wilt guide them by thy grace,
To dwell with thee above.

4 To thee, O Lord, we come,
And on thy promise stay:
O may we find in thee our home,
Nor wander from thy way.

292 C. M.

Sabbath-Scholar's Prayer.

O THAT the Lord would teach my tongue
The heavenly song to raise;
O that the Lord my heart would fill
With love, and joy, and praise!

2 O that the Lord my steps would guide
In paths of righteousness;
O that the Lord my lips would teach
His ways and works to bless!

3 O that the Lord would give me faith,
The blessed Christ to see;
O that he now would give me grace,
That I to him may flee!

4 O that the Lord would make me know
The riches of his grace;
Then should I live and please him too,
And dying, see his face.

293 C. M.

God's Greatness and Wisdom.

THERE'S not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that grows,
But Heaven has placed it there.

2 There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not display'd,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

3 There's not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But Heaven gave it birth.

4 There's not a place in heaven's vast round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,—
For God is everywhere.

294 C. M.

Goodness and Mercy.

LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distress'd,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children's cry;
And their best wishes to fulfill,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere:
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

295 L. M.

God's Parental Care and Kindness acknowledged.

O THOU who dost young children love,
And feel for us a father's care,
From thy high throne in heaven above
Vouchsafe to listen to our prayer

2 The lowliest flower that decks the vale,
Or gems the rugged mountain's side,
Enjoys the sunlight, shower, and gale,
As freely as the garden's pride.

3 E'en so we children, poor and low,
Are not too mean thy love to share;
Alike for all thy mercies flow,
Alike for all thy guardian care.

4 Then, gracious Lord, in mercy now
Thy blessing unto us be given,—
Thy Spirit pour, thy grace bestow,
To save from sin and guide to heaven.

296 C. M.

Crown Him Lord of all.

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

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

297 9th P. M. 87, 87.

Adoration.

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!

298 C. M.

Praise,—delightful.

MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,—
The numbers of thy grace?

2 I trust in thy eternal word;
Thy goodness I adore:
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song;
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

299 C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
On my Redeemer's brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men:
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress—
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And o'er the boasting grave.

5 Since from his mercy I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine!

300 C. M.

God seen in his Works.

THERE'S not a star whose twinkling ray
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But goodness gave it birth.

2 There's not a cloud whose dews distill
Upon the parched clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

3 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean's depths, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,—
For God is everywhere.

4 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends;
There heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with goodness blends.

301 S. M.

The Horrors of the Second Death.

O WHERE shall rest be found,—
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were 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.

302 C. M.

Lord, help my Unbelief.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep its stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there 's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred Word:—
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord.

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help my unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thine arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,—
My Jesus, and my all.

303 L. M.

Preparation for Judgment.

WHO shall the Book of Judgment write?
That awful Book! young sinner, thou,
Year after year, with all thy might,
Hast written, and art writing now.

2 Each guilty thought, each sinful word,
Each wanton, wicked act of thine,
Leaves there its mark, and shall be heard,
As thou thyself hast writ the line.

3 O! who the dreadful page can blot?
Who rend it from the Judge's hand?
Sinner, if thou repentest not,
The guilty lines shall always stand.

4 But One there is—a Saviour now—
Whose blood can wash those words away;
Come to his feet, and humbly bow;
Come, while 't is not the judgment-day.

5 O wait not till, in pomp, he rends
The sky above, the earth below;
Until to judgment he descends,
And seals thy doom to endless wo!

6 Wait not—for now he waits for thee;
Count all beside but worthless dross;
Look not behind, but onward flee,
Till safe and pardon'd at his cross.

304 P. M. 87, 87, 77.

Christ our 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.
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But the Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now to heavenly glory raised,
He rejoiceth in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 O! for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love:
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

305 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

The Invitation.

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,—
'T is 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.

306 S. M.

Invitation to Christ.

COME, children, come to God;
Cast all your sins away;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood,
Repent, believe, obey.

2 Say not ye cannot come;
For Jesus bled and died,
That none who ask in humble faith
Should ever be denied.

3 Say not ye will not come,
When God vouchsafes to call;
For fearful will their end be found
On whom his wrath shall fall.

4 Come, then, whoever will;
Come while 't is call'd to-day;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood;
Repent, believe, obey.

307 C. M.

The Gospel Feast.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

3 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

4 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

308 C. M.

The Resolution.

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.

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

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

309 S. M.

Come to Jesus.

COME to the mercy-seat—
Come to the place of prayer;
Come, little children, to His feet
In whom we live and are!

2 Come to your God in prayer—
Come to your Saviour now—
While youthful skies are bright and fair,
And health is on your brow.

3 Come in the name of Him
Who all your sorrows bore—
Who ever lives to pardon sin,
And will be sought by prayer.

310 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Give Me thy Heart.

HEAR ye not a voice from heaven
To the list'ning spirit given?
"Children, come," it seems to say;
"Give your hearts to me to-day."

2 Sweet as is a mother's love,
Tender as the heavenly Dove;
Thus it speaks a Saviour's charms,
Thus it wins us to his arms.

3 Lord, we will remember thee
While from pains and sorrow free;
While our day is in its dew,
And the cares of life are few.

4 While to thee, O Lord, we come
In our morning's early bloom,
Breathe on us thy grace divine,
Take our hearts and make them thine.

311 C. M.

The Saviour Precious.

JESUS, I love thy charming name—
'T is music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath;
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

312 P. M. 11, 10, 11, 10.

Earth has no Sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

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

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

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

313 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

Seek, and ye shall find.

LET us now, with hearts united,
Seek and praise our God above;
Far too long we him have slighted:
But if now we seek his love,
We shall find him
And our souls he will approve.

2 If we seek him through the Saviour,
Pleading all he did below,
We shall surely find his favor,
And be saved from endless woe;
And to heaven,
After death, our souls will go.

3 If we seek his Holy Spirit
In our young and early days,
He will grant, through Jesus' merit,
Rich supplies of heavenly grace;
And will fit us
For eternal songs of praise.

314 S. M.

The Heart of Stone.

O THAT I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble contrite heart;—

2 A heart with grief oppress'd,
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart, that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire.

4 With soft'ning pity look,
And melt my hardness down:
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

315 C. M.

Refuge in God.

DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
O let thy kind, thy gracious word,
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 O never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

316 C. M.

Joy over the Repenting Sinner.

O HOW divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart,
His sin and error mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is fill'd with joy.

3 Well pleased the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

317 L. M.

Children encouraged to seek the Lord.

BLEST Jesus, hear our humble claim,
The favor to address thy name;
Thou wast so meek that babes might be
Encouraged to draw near to thee.

2 O Saviour, help us to believe
That thou wilt children yet receive;
Thy tender mercies, Lord, are free,
And we are welcome unto thee.

3 To every child, O Lord, impart
A broken and a contrite heart;
O cleanse us by thy precious blood,
And fill us with the fear of God.

4 Though oft we err, restore us still,
And make us better do thy will;
Till, fitted by thy power and grace,
We reach thy throne and see thy face.

318 L. M.

The Light Yoke and Easy Burden.

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

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

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

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

319 C. M.

Lamenting the Absence of the Spirit.

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 enjoyed!
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.

320 C. M.

Indwelling Sin deplored.

WHAT is there, Lord, a youth can do
That feels with guilt oppress'd?
Sins that I never mourn'd before
I find within my breast.

2 My thoughts are vain; my heart is hard;
My temper apt to rise;
E'en when I seem upon my guard,
It takes me by surprise.

3 Whene'er to thy commands I turn,
I find I've broken them;
And in thy Holy Scriptures learn
That God will sin condemn.

4 With pity to my prayer attend,
My humble voice regard;
And thine own Holy Spirit send,
To melt a heart so hard.

5 I feel there is no strength in me
To do that work alone;
But, Lord, I come and look to thee
To change this heart of stone.

321 L. M.

The Stubborn Heart.

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 mountains 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.

322 C. M.

The Dreadful Sentence.

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

2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word,—Depart!

3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'T would tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 What, to be banish'd from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die;
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly!—

5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

323 C. M.

Unwearied Earnestness.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know:
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.

4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift,—
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely, thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see thy face;
Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace.

324 9th P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

The Heart given to God.

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.

325 L. M.

Condemned, but pleading the Promises.

SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 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.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain my eyes.

4 O 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.

326 C. M.

A Child's Confession.

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.

327 L. M.

The Youthful Pilgrim.

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 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.

328 12th P. M. 76, 76, 78, 76.

Humility and Contrition.

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.

329 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

Clinging to the Cross.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

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.

330 L. M.

Weary Souls invited to Rest.

COME, weary souls, with sins distress'd;
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O, come and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon and life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart
The love thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind, inviting voice.

5 Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

331 L. M.

Deprecating the Withdrawal of the Spirit.

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;
Ten 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.

332 C. M.

He died for thee.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes
And earth's strong pillars bend:
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,—
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid
Receive my soul! he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

333 L. M.

Love which passeth Knowledge.

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?

34 L. M.

Fullness and Sufficiency of the Atonement.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,—
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,—
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

3 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid—
For all a full atonement made.

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For all a full atonement made.

335 C. M.

Efficacy of the Atoning Blood.

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

336 C. M.

God manifested in the Flesh.

WITH glorious clouds encompass'd round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

2 Will he forsake his throne above,—
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart.

3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design;
What meant the suff'ring Son of man,—
The streaming blood divine?

4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I might now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know ?—

5 Might view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see ;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity ?

337 L. M.

Dying, rising, reigning.

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 groan'd 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 spoil'd 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 vict'ry, boasting grave ?

338 9th P. M. 87, 87.

Jesus our Strength.

JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Friend of children, hear our lays:
Humbly would our souls adore thee,
Sing thy name in hymns of praise.

2 O what debtors to thy kindness
Are we, God of boundless love!
Thousands wander on in blindness,
Strangers to the light above.

3 Jesus, on thine arm relying,
We would tread this earthly vale;
Be our life when we are dying;
Be our strength, when strength shall fail.

4 Let us mount the hills of glory,
Far from sins, and woes, and pains;
There, in perfect songs, adore thee,
And in everlasting strains.

339 L. M.

The Saviour's Love.

SOFT be the gently breathing notes,
That sing the Saviour's dying love;
Soft as the evening zephyr floats;
Soft as the tuneful lyres above.

2 Soft as the morning dews descend,
While the sweet lark exulting soars;
So soft, to your Almighty Friend,
Be every sigh your bosom pours.

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

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

340 L. M.

Christ the True Vine.

JESUS, thou true and living Vine,
Make me by faith a child of thine;
That I a living branch may be,
Abiding always, Lord, in thee.

2 Now to my soul thy life impart,
Come and abide within my heart;
May heavenly sap thy Spirit give,
That to thy glory I may live.

3 Beneath my heavenly Father's care
"Fruits of the Spirit" may I bear—
Humility, and faith, and love:
So shall I thy disciple prove.

4 Saviour, a tender branch am I;
Sever'd from thee my soul would die:
For life, for strength, I must entwine,
And cling around the living Vine.

5 To me eternal life supply;
Then shall I never, never die—
But when transplanted by thy love
Bloom in thy Paradise above.

341 C. M.

The Joyful Sound.

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.

342 C. M.

Godly Sorrow at the Cross.

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,—
'T is all that I can do.

343 C. M.

His Amazing Love.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

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

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

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

5 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.

344 C. M.

The Precious Name.

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;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

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

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

345 L. M.

Vows remembered and renewed.

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.

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

3 'T is done—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

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

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

346 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

"*Abba, Father.*"

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 ransom'd sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot 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.

347 C. M.

Entire Purification.

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.

4 The' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

348 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s

Learning to love.

SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

2 With a childlike heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

349 L. M.

The Highway of Holiness.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,—
He, whom I fix my hopes upon:
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

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 mourn'd 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 Saviour 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 Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say,—Behold the way to God!

350 C. M.

The Only Solace in Sorrow.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But Christ can heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not His wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above.

5 Then sorrow, touch'd by Him, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

351 C. M.

Watchfulness and Prayer.

ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

3 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

4 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

352 P. M. 86, 86, 88, 86.

All is well.

WHAT'S this that steals upon my frame?
Is it death? is it death?
That soon shall quench this vital flame?
Is it death? is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free;
I shall the King of glory see:
All is well, all is well.

2 Weep not, my friends, weep not for me;
All is well, all is well:
My sins are pardon'd—I am free;
All is well, all is well.
There 's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Saviour from my eyes:
I soon shall mount the upper skies:
All is well, all is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, ye saints in glory;
All is well, all is well:
I will 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 and Master calls me;
All is well, all is well:
I soon 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! ye blood-wash'd throng,
Saved by grace, saved by grace;
I come to join your rapturous song,
Saved by grace, saved by grace:
All is peace and joy divine,
And heaven and glory now are mine;
O hallelujah to the Lamb,
All is well, all is well.

353 C. M.

Bearing the Cross.

DIDST thou, dear Saviour, suffer shame
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
O let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross.

3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

354 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

The Pilgrim's Guide and Guardian.

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.

355 L. M.

For Sustaining Grace.

MY hope, my all, my Saviour thou;
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow;
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,—
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength,—be thou my way;
Protect me through my life's short day:
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

3 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.

356 L. M.

Glorying only in the Cross.

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.

357 L. M.

Because He liveth I shall live also.

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.

358 C. M.

His Sympathizing Love.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruisèd reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In every trying hour.

359 C. M.

His Quickening Power.

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.

360 L. M.

Following the Saviour.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart—it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way:
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,—
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,—
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
'Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

361 L. M.

Evening: Memorials of His Grace.

THUS far the Lord hath led me on,—
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

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

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

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

362 C. M.

Morning: The Sun of Righteousness.

AWAKE, my soul, to meet the day;
Unfold thy drowsy eyes,
And burst the heavy chain that binds
Thine active faculties.

2 God's guardian shield was round me spread,
In my defenseless sleep:
Let Him have all my waking hours
Who doth my slumbers keep.

3 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
And arm my soul with grace;
As, rising, now I seal my vows
To prosecute thy ways.

4 Bright Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Thy radiant beams display;
And guide my dark, bewilder'd soul
To everlasting day.

363 C. M.

Morning: Self-consecration.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'T is he supports my mortal frame:
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.

4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

364 9th P. M. 87, 87.

Evening: Confidence in God's Protection.

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

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

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

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

365 L. M.

Evening: Trusting in God.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vig'rous make.
To serve my God when I awake.

5 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'T is heaven on earth, 't is heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

366 C. M.

Evening: Numberless Mercies.

NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let warmest thanks arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 This day God was our sun and shield,
Our keeper and our guide;
His care was on our weakness shown,—
His mercies multiplied.

3 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

367 29th P. M. 4 *lines* 12s.

The Triumphs of Grace.

THE voice of free grace cries,—Escape to the mountain;
For Adam's lost race Christ hath open'd a fountain:
For sin and uncleanness, and ev'ry transgression,
His blood flows most freely, in streams of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has purchased our pardon:
We will praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 Now glory to God in the highest is given;
Now glory to God is reëchoed in heaven;
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 O Jesus, ride on,—thy kingdom is glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us victorious:
Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,
And saints shall ascribe unto thee their salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore;
We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,
And sing of redemption forever and ever.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

368 S. M.

Contrition's Sigh.

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

2 See, at thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said,—Return?

3 Shall guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O! let not this last refuge fail,—
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,—
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5 On this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy voice again impart
A taste of joy divine.

369 C. M.

Evening—Solitude.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,—
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

370 P. M. 8 *lines* 10s.

Triumph.

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."
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.

2 Friends fondly cherish'd 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."
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."

3 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low;
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not thy blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb:
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn;
Death shall be banish'd, his scepter be gone:
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

371 C. M.

Lamenting Spiritual Sloth.

MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul:
Nothing hath half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 Go to the ants! for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive;
Yet we who have a heaven to' obtain,
How negligent we live!—

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above:—

4 We for whom God the Son came dow
And labor'd for our good;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

5 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vig'rous souls to rise;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.

372 2d P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

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.

373 C. M.

Secrets of the Heart made known.

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.

374 L. M.

The Influence of Love.

THE ransom'd spirit to her home,
The clime of cloudless beauty, flies;
No more on stormy seas to roam,
She hails her haven in the skies:
But cheerless are those heavenly fields,
That cloudless clime no pleasure yields,
There is no bliss in bowers above,
If thou art absent, holy Love!

2 The cherub near the viewless throne,
Hath smote the harp with trembling hand
And one with incense-fire hath flown,
To touch with flame the angel band;
But tuneless is the quivering string,
No melody can Gabriel bring,
Mute are its arches, when above
The harps of heaven wake not to Love

3 Earth, sea, and sky one language speak,
In harmony that soothes the soul:
'T is heard when scarce the zephyrs wake,
And when on thunders thunders roll:
That voice is heard, and tumults cease—
It whispers to the bosom peace.
Speak, thou Inspirer, from above,
And cheer our hearts, celestial Love!

375 9th P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

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 fix'd upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love!

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 constrain'd 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.

376 C. M.

The Race for Glory.

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.

377 C. M.

A Perfect Heart the Redeemer's Throne.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spill'd 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.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,—
Thy new, best name of Love.

378 27th P. M. 4 *lines* 11s.

I would not live alway.

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 life's 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.

379 L. M.

Star of Bethlehem.

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 every host, from every gem:
But one alone the Saviour speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased 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 foreboding 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 forever more,
The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem!

380 C. M.

Faith sees the Final Triumph.

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.

381 C. M.

For a Tender Conscience.

I WANT a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,—
A pain to feel it near:
I want the first approach to feel,
Of pride or fond desire;
To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

2 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved thy love.
O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

382 L. M.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

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.

383 C. M.

Remembrance of Jesus.

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 fasting and thy prayer;
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair?
Our sorrows, &c.

3 Gethsemane, can we forget;
Thy struggling agony—
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?
Our sorrows, &c.

4 Can we the platted crown forget—
The buffeting and shame;
When hell thy sinking soul beset,
And earth reviled thy name?
Our sorrows, &c.

5 The nails—the spear—can we forget;
The agonizing cry—
"My God! my Father! wilt thou let
Thy Son forsaken die?"
Our sorrows, &c.

6 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, &c.

384 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

The Pilgrim's Song.

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.

385 4th P. M. 886, 886.

Gratitude evinced by Living to God's Glory.

BE it my only wisdom here
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given;
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

386 S. M.

For Diligence and Watchfulness.

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.

387 9th P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

Taking up the Cross.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee:
Naked, poor, despised, 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 while 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 Soul, then know thy full salvation:
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care:
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee:
Think what Father's smiles are thine:
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days:
Hope shall change to glad fruition—
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

388 C. M.

Heavenly Rest in Anticipation.

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.

389 27th P. M. 4 *lines* 11

The Judgment.

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 its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are 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-cover'd 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 heaven!

390 C. M.

Deliverance is at hand.

MY span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say;
As length'ning shadows o'er the mead,
Proclaim the close of day.

2 O that my heart might dwell aloof
From all created things;
And learn that wisdom from above,
Whence true contentment springs.

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

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

391 C. M.

The Full Assurance of Hope.

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 antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,—
Our life in Christ conceal'd,—
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

392 36th P. M. 86, 886.

Nothing true but Heaven.

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

2 And false the light on glory's plume
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb:
There 's nothing bright but heaven!

3 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we 're driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way:
There 's nothing calm but heaven!

393 S. M.

Glory begun below.

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.

394 C. M.

The Loadstone of His Love.

JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.

3 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

4 To thee, inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive.

395 C. M.

Renewing the Covenant.

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.

396 C. M.

Safety in Union.

JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly:
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O! the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thine arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,—
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

397 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

The Jubilee Trumpet.

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.

398 12th P. M. 76, 76, 78, 76.

Determined to know Nothing but Jesus, and Him crucified.

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;
'Tis 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 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

5 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.

399 15th P. M. 11 9, 11 9.

Joy of the Young Convert.

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's name!

3 'T was 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 suffer'd and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

400 10th P. M. 8 *lincs* 8s.

All-sufficiency of Jesus.

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's 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 resign'd,
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.

401 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

The Only Refuge.

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 defenseless 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.

402 L. M.

The Law of the Lord.

THIS is a precious book indeed!
Happy the child who loves to read!
'T is God's own Word, which he has given,
To show our souls the way to heaven.

2 It tells us how the world was made,
And how good men the Lord obey'd!
Here his commands are written too,
To teach us what we ought to do.

3 It bids us all from sin to fly,
Because our souls can never die;
It points to heaven where angels dwell,
And warns us to escape from hell.

4 But, what is more than all beside,
The Bible tells us Jesus died;
This is its best, its chief intent,
To lead poor sinners to repent.

403 27th P. M. 4 *lines* 11s.

The Bible, the Word of Truth.

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 reëcho the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

404 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Value of the Scriptures.

LORD, thy words are dearer far
Than earth's choicest treasures are:
Purest gold or costly gem
Are but dust compared with them.

2 Like a lamp, whene'er we stray,
Shining bright upon the way;
Let these holy words of truth
Be the guide, Lord, of our youth.

405 P. M. 76, 86, 86, 86.

We'll not give up the Bible.

WE'LL not give up the Bible,
God's holy Book of truth;
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth:
The sun that sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road;
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,
And calls us home to God.

2 We'll not give up the Bible,
For pleasure or for pain;
We'll buy the truth, and sell it not,
For all that we might gain:
Though man should try to take our prize
By guile or cruel might,
We'll suffer all that man could do,
And God defend the right!

3 We'll not give up the Bible,
But spread it far and wide,
Until its saving voice be heard
Beyond the rolling tide:
Till all shall know its gracious power,
And, with one voice and heart,
Resolve, that from God's sacred Word
We'll never, never part!

406 C. M.

God's Word our Guide.

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

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

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

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

407 C. M.

My Mother's Bible.

THIS book is all that's left me now:
Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree:
My mother's hand this Bible clasp'd—
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 they living still.

3 My father read this holy Book
To brothers, sisters dear:
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who lean'd God's Word to hear!
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging mem'ries come!—
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home.

4 Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I've found thee true—
My counselor 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.

408 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

The Precious Bible.

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!

409 C. M.

Excellency and Sufficiency.

FATHER of mercies, in thy Word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast:
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

410 C. M.

Preciousness of the Bible.

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.

411 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

Knowledge of the Scriptures.

O THAT I, like Timothy,
Might the Holy Scriptures know,
From mine early infancy,
Till for God mature I grow!
Made unto salvation wise,
Ready for the glorious prize!

2 Jesus, all-redeeming Lord,
Full of truth, and full of grace,
Make me understand thy Word;
Teach me in my youthful days
Wonders in thy Word to see,
Wise through faith which is in thee.

3 Open thou mine eyes of faith;
Open now the Book of God;
Show me here the sacred path,
Leading to thy blest abode;
Wisdom from above impart,
Speak the meaning to my heart.

412 L. M.

The Sacred Stream.

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

2 That sacred stream, God's holy Word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls:
Sweet peace its promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

413 P. M. 11, 8, 11, 8.

The Scriptures.

HERE'S a message of love sent down from above,
To invite little children to heaven;
In God's blessed Book poor sinners may look,
And see how all sins are forgiven.

414 C. M.

Light and Glory of the Sacred Page.

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.

415 C. M

Riches of God's Word.

THE counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

2 Here light descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our num'rous griefs are here redress'd,
And all our wants supplied:
Naught we can ask to make us blest
Is in this Book denied.

4 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find.

416 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

The Heathen Mother.

SEE that heathen mother stand
Where the sacred currents flow—
With her own maternal hand
'Mid the waves her infant throw.

2 Hark! I hear the piteous scream!
Frightful monsters seize their prey;
Or the dark and bloody stream
Bears the struggling child away.

3 Fainter now, and fainter still,
Breaks the cry upon the ear;
But the mother's heart is steel—
She, unmoved, that cry can hear!

4 Send, O send the Bible there;
Let its precepts reach her heart:
She may then her children spare—
Act the mother's tender part.

417 L. M.

Missionary Meeting.

JESUS! in Christian love we meet
To bring an off'ring to thy feet;
All in their hand some talent bear,
And lay it humbly, freely there.

2 Yes, for thy gospel's cause, with joy,
Our hands, our hearts, we would employ:
O smile upon us from above,
That bless'd may be our work of love.

3 Then let us feel thy presence near,
While met in holy union here:
Our zeal, our love do thou increase,
And let us reap the fruits of peace.

418 26th P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76

The Gospel Banner.

NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd;
And be the shout HOSANNA
Reëchoed through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.
Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd;
And be the shout Hosanna
Reëchoed through the world.

2 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.
Now be the gospel, &c.

419 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

Pagan Children.

ON many a foreign shore
Poor pagan children now
The basest things adore—
To horrid idols bow;
Images, carved from stone or trees;
Their helpless gods are such as these!

2 But we, from earliest youth,
Have been to knowledge led;
We read the Word of truth,
We hear what God has said;
The mercy, undeserved, we own,
That makes to us a Saviour known.

3 We would to them convey,
As well as yet we can,
The knowledge of that way
That pardon brings to man:
We humbly ask thy goodness, Lord,
To send thy blessed truth abroad.

4 Nor suffer us to stand
Beneath the gospel day,
With Bibles in our hand,
As far from God as they:
O let us not at last be found
Heathens, though born on Christian ground.

120 S. M.

The Joyful Sound.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,—
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice,—
So sweet the tidings are;
Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

421 L. M.

The Little Jew.

FAR, far from Zion, far from God,
And suff'ring still the chast'ning rod,
Hopeless and homeless meets your view
The little, weary, wand'ring Jew!

2 He mourns his city's broken walls,
Yet on no strong Deliv'rer calls;
For ah! the curse doth yet pursue
The little, weary, wand'ring Jew!

3 No Father's name, no worship sweet,
No Saviour's love, no mercy-seat,
No land where vines and fig-trees grew,
Now glad the little wand'ring Jew!

4 O Christian child, and canst thou hear
That gospel to thy soul so dear,
And yet no sympathy from you
Awaits the little wand'ring Jew?

5 Or can you view the eastern star,
Which brought the wise men from afar;
And while it shines so bright on you,
Forget the darkness of the Jew?

6 Or can you hear your God's address,
"Who blesseth thee, I'll ever bless;"
And yet refuse the tribute due,
To teach and cheer the little Jew?

422 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

Children at the Gate of Heaven.

LITTLE trav'lers, Zionward,
Each one ent'ring 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 reach'd 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!

423 C. M.

Circulation of Religious Tracts.

TRACTS have the gift of tongues: they preach
Through every peopled land,
In all the forms of human speech,
What all may understand.

2 Tracts have the wings of angels, spread
To waft the joyful sound
Of resurrection from the dead,
Where'er the curse is found.

3 What scale of numbers, grasp of thought,
What power of words, could speak
The miracles of mercy wrought
By instruments so weak!

4 O ye who send these heralds forth,
By millions bid them fly—
From east to west, from south to north,
As sunbeams fill the sky.

424 S M

The Laborers are Few.

LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry:
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,—
Our wants are in thy view.
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.

3 Convert and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 O let them spread thy name,—
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,—
Thine all-redeeming love.

425 26th P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76.

The Cry of the Heathen.

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 learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

426 S. M.

Sow beside All Waters.

SOW in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,—
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

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

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

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

427 L. M.

Darkness in Palestine.

NIGHT wraps the land where Jesus spoke,
No guiding star the wise men see;
And heavy is oppression's yoke,
Where first the gospel said, "Be free!"

2 And where the harps of angels bore
Heaven's message to the shepherd-throng,
Good will and peace are heard no more
To murmur Bethlehem's vales along.

3 Send forth, send forth the glorious light,
That from eternal woe doth save;
And bid Christ's heralds speed their flight,
Ere millions find a hopeless grave.

4 Behold the knee of childhood bends
In prayer for that benighted land,
And with its Sabbath lesson blends
Fond memory of the mission band.

5 With pitying zeal o'er ocean's wave,
We reach, the helpless hand to take;
May we at last one wanderer save!
We ask it for the Saviour's sake.

428 L. M.

The World's Conversion.

SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favor'd hour;
Bid the bright Morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns—
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown;
And make the nations all thine own.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice·
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

429 C. M.

The Minister's Only Business.

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

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

3 Jesus the 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.

430 S. M.

Love for Zion.

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

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

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

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

431 L. M.

Christ's Universal and Everlasting Kingdom.

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

2 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.

432 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

The Watchman's Report.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Trav'ler, o'er yon 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.

433 L. M.

Prayer for Missionaries.

MILLIONS there are on heathen ground
Who never heard the gospel's sound;
Lord, send it forth, and let it run,
Swift and reviving as the sun.

2 Guide thou their lips, who stand to tell
Sinners the way that leads from hell;
To those who give, do thou impart
A generous, wise, and tender heart.

3 Lord, crown their zeal, reward their care,
That in thy grace they all may share;
And those who now in darkness dwell,
Deliverance sing from guilt and hell.

434 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Meeting for Charity.

LITTLE rain-drops feed the rill;
Rills to meet the brooklet glide;
Brooks the broader rivers fill;
Rivers swell the ocean's tide.

2 So the dew-drops gather'd here,
Mites from willing childhood's hand,
Shall those streams of bounty cheer
That with greenness clothe the land.

3 With that sea of love shall blend
Which the gospel's grace doth pour;
And the name of Jesus send
E'en to earth's remotest shore.

ANNIVERSARIES.

435 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

Anniversary Hymn.

LORD, we thank thee thou hast spoken,
By thy word of grace again;
Every heart and bosom open,
That the seed may there remain;
Grant in mercy
That it be not sown in vain.

2 Thanks we give for thy protection
O'er our path another year;
Still we pray for thy direction
While we walk as pilgrims here;
Safe our journey,
Only safe while thou art near.

3 And when death shall hover o'er us,
When we come to Jordan's tide,
Thou, who passedst through before us,
Be our Guardian and our Guide;
Still protect us
Till we land on Canaan's side.

4 Angels, in the realms of glory,
Hymn thy love to fallen man;
There we too would swell the story
Of thy mercy's wondrous plan,
And would praise thee—
Praise thee more than angels can.

436 L. M.

Anniversary Hymn.

FROM year to year in love we meet,
From year to year in peace we part;
The tongues of children utt'ring sweet
The bosom joy of every heart.

2 But time rolls on, and, year by year,
We change, grow up, or pass away;
Not twice the same assembly here
Have hail'd the children's festal day.

3 Death, ere another year, may strike
Some of our number, mark'd to fall:
Be young and old prepared alike;
The warning is to each—to all.

4 This sole occasion then is ours;
This day we ne'er again shall see:
Lord God, awaken all our powers
To spend it for eternity.

5 Meanwhile our failing ranks renew:
Send children, teachers in our place,
More humble, docile, faithful, true;
More like thy Son,—from race to race.

437 P. M. 55, 5, 11.

Praise to the Saviour.

COME, let us rejoice,
And lift our glad voice,
Though children we are:
The Saviour delights our thanksgivings to hear,

2 His promise is given
To bring us to heaven:
On him we depend
For blessings which daily our pathway attend.

3 He bids children come
To a heavenly home,
Prepared by his love;
And waits to receive them in mansions above.

4 With loudest acclaim
We'll sound forth thy fame,
O Saviour and Friend;
And sing thee hosannas in worlds without end.

438 C. M.

The Voice of Nature.

WE seem to hear a voice of praise,
Here, mid the leafy bowers,
From murm'ring streams whose crystal maze
Doth cheer the thirsty flowers.

2 But louder where yon lofty trees
By summer's hand are dress'd,
It swells on every gentle breeze,
From bough, and spray, and nest.

3 But if the things by nature taught
With music fill the air,
How high should rise our raptured thought,
Who worship God in prayer!

4 To us he speaks, from morning's cell—
From evening's dewy sphere,
And when the holy Sabbath bell
Salutes the Christian's ear.

5 To us he speaks: he guides our choice
By heaven's own Book divine;
And aids our teachers' much-loved voice
To fix each treasured line.

6 To us he speaks, and we in praise
Would still our off'ring bring:
Here, where creation joins our lays;
And there, where angels sing.

439 L. M.

Children's Hosannas.

YOUNG children once were heard to sing
When multitudes there silent were:
Gladly they welcomed Israel's king;
Their loud hosannas fill'd 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 hallow'd 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.

440 13th P. M. 10, 10, 11, 11.

Hosanna.

LET children proclaim their Saviour and King;
To Jesus's name hosannas we sing:
Our best adoration to Jesus we give,
Who purchased salvation for all to receive.

2 The meek Lamb of God from heaven came down,
And ransom'd with blood, and made us his own:
He suffer'd to save us from sin and from thrall;
And Jesus shall have us, who purchased us all!

3 To him will we give our earliest days,
And thankfully live to publish his praise:
Our lives shall confess him who came from above,
Our tongues shall all bless him, and tell of his love.

4 In innocent songs his coming we shout;
Should we hold our tongues the stones would cry out;
But him, without ceasing, we all will proclaim,
And ever be blessing our Jesus's name.

441 L. M.

By the Children and Choir.

CHILDREN.

RICH is the sacred song that swells
Where God in light and glory dwells
What joyful choir their notes combine?
Who utter music so divine?

CHOIR.

2 'T is the sweet song of spotless love,
Which ransom'd children sing above:
Early to God their hearts were given,
And now they dwell with him in heaven.

CHILDREN.

3 O, who may hope with them to be,
And join their tones of harmony?
Who can escape from earth and sin,
And pure and holy be within?

CHOIR.

4 In strength divine, the youngest may
Begin a holy life to-day;
Through Him that loved us, hopes remain
That none shall seek the Lord in vain.

CHORUS.

5 Dear Saviour, may thy Spirit's call
Produce its blest effects on all;
Thine be the remnant of our days,
And every breath be love and praise.

442 4th P. M. 886, 886.

Sunday-School Jubilee.

O THOU, whose all-sustaining power
Hath spared us till this joyful hour,
We lift our hearts to thee;
Though feeble be our songs of praise,
Yet hear in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And bless our jubilee.

2 May all the children of our care,
In early years thy mercy share;
Teach them to know thy ways!
Teach them thy holy name to bless,
Guide them in paths of holiness,
And thine shall be the praise!

3 Then when our earthly course is o'er,
When we on earth shall meet no more,
Take us to dwell with thee;
And in thy blissful courts above,
We'll celebrate with joy and love
The heavenly JUBILEE.

443 C. M.

Rural Celebration.

HAIL, great Creator, wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise:
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night,
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

3 The lofty hill, the humble vale,
With countless beauties shine:
The silent grove, the vocal shore,
Proclaim thy power divine.

4 Great God of nature! may these scenes
Our serious thoughts engage:
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page.

5 And while, in all above, around,
Thy varied love we see,
O may our hearts, great God, be led
Through all thy works to thee!

444 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

Sunday-School Celebration.

CHILDREN.

COME, let our voices join
In one glad song of praise:
To God, the God of love,
Our grateful hearts we raise:

CONGREGATION.

To God alone your praise belongs:
His love demands your earliest songs.

CHILDREN.

2 Now we are taught to read
The Book of life divine,
Where our Redeemer's love
And brightest glories shine:

CONGREGATION.

To God alone the praise is due,
Who sends his Word to us and you

CHILDREN.

3 Within these hallow'd walls
Our wand'ring feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone your off'rings bring:
Here in his Church his praises sing.

CHILDREN.

4 For blessings such as these
Our gratitude receive:
Lord, here accept our hearts—
'T is all that we can give:

CONGREGATION.

Great God, accept their infant songs:
To thee alone their praise belongs.

BOTH.

5 Lord, bid this work of love
Be crown'd with meet success:
May thousands yet unborn
This institution bless:
Thus shall the praise resound to thee
Now, and through all eternity.

445 C. M.

Rural Feast.

HERE, like the birds that wander free
Warbling their woodland lays,
We, heavenly Father, sing to thee
Our grateful song of praise.

2 The happy minstrels of the air,
That on thy bounty live,
With songs repay thy constant care,—
'Tis all that they can give.

3 But we can give the loving heart,
And lift our thoughts above—
Can learn that thou our Father art,
And feel that thou art love.

4 A table in the wilderness
Of old thy bounty spread,
When manna dropp'd, the tribes to bless
That cried to thee for bread.

5 For us kind friends a feast prepare,
Beneath this wild-wood shade:
Scarce better could thy children fare
Whose food the manna made.

6 Never, like them, may we be heard
To murmur or repine:
Still may we heed thy holy Word,
And form our wills to thine.

446 9th P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

Invitation and Response.

TEACHERS.

COME, ye children, and adore him—
Lord of all, he reigns above;
Come and worship now before him—
He hath call'd 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.
O to feel the love of Jesus!
O 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 thy 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!
Ransom'd nation, spread the story!
Rescued people, ne'er give o'er!
All his grace, and all his glory,
O proclaim forever more!

447 L. M.

Improvement of Time.

WITH mercies crown'd, the rolling years
Pass onward to their destiny;
While smiling heaven their pathway cheers,
To light us to eternity.

2 And every hour, and day, and week,
Since last we sung our festal lay,
Shall to eternal ages speak,
With sounds of joy, or of dismay.

3 O! shall the hours which we have spent
In learning of the way to heaven,
Be misimproved? and we lament,
When it's too late to be forgiven?

4 No—rather let each passing day
In heaven's eternal book record
Memorials which will ever say,
Each hour was given to the Lord.

5 While thus from year to year we learn
The things of God to know and prize,
We'll hail each festive day's return
With still more treasure in the skies.

6 And when time's ever-fleeting wing,
Hath borne us to eternity,
O! may we all in chorus sing,
Through heaven's eternal Jubilee!

448 C. M.

Sunday-School Celebration.

LORD, we are spared again to meet
On this rejoicing day,
To bow before thy mercy-seat,
To praise thee, and to pray.

2 Many, since last we gather'd here,
Have pass'd away like flowers:
Perhaps, before another year,
Their dwelling may be ours!

3 To Jesus every eye we raise—
On him for mercy rest:
Young children, in his mortal days,
He folded to his breast.

4 Young children, at his Father's side,
He still with pity views;
And, pleading that for such he died,
Their sinful hearts renews.

5 Lord, to thine open arms we fly,
And seek our safety there:
Then shall we have no fear to die,
If thou our hearts prepare.

449 4th P. M. 886, 886.

Anniversary Hymn.

ALMIGHTY God! to thee we raise
Our tribute of united praise,
On this returning day:
Teachers and children meet once more,
Thy sparing mercy to adore,
And for thy grace to pray.

2 Before thy face, O Lord, we stand,
A large and still increasing band,
Thy blessing now to seek:
While our glad voices thus combine,
O, touch our hearts with grace divine,
That we thy praise may speak.

3 Our happy eyes this day behold
What kings and righteous men of old
Desired in vain to see:
And we shall see yet greater things,
When thou, Almighty King of kings!
Shalt draw all men to thee.

4 Lord Jesus! let the rising race
Become the children of thy grace,
To reign with thee above:
Into thy fold the wand'rers bring,
That they, with us, may learn to sing
The wonders of thy love.

450 S. M.

For a Sunday-School Anniversary.

O GOD of Zion, hear!
Hear and propitious be;
The labors of another year
Thy servants bring to thee.

2 Though weary oft, and sad,
Our hope is in thy word;
Now shall our hearts in thee be glad,
And magnify the Lord.

3 Thy help in former days
We thankfully review;
In faith and prayer our hands we raise,
Our labors to renew.

4 All pledged to serve thy Son,
In purity and love,
Until we meet before thy throne
In perfect joy above.

5 Upon this gather'd host
O, let thy power come down:
Make this a day of Pentecost,
And make our hearts thine own.

451 C. M.

Anniversary Hymn.

WE now to Christ, the Saviour, King,
Our annual tribute pay;
In sweet hosannas here we sing,
For his life-cheering ray:
O, let the heavenly chorus rise,
On this our festal day,
And wake the concord of the skies
With this our joyous lay.

2 Another year has run its round
Since last we gather'd here;
And still the precious gospel sound
Invites our list'ning ear:
But many Sabbath hours are gone,
Of kind instruction given;
O, may the lessons we have learn'd
Guide us to Christ and heaven!

452 C. M.

The Bible and the Sunday School.

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 freeborn minds, and bounding hearts
We prize its sacred truth,
For comfort in declining years—
Our guide in early youth.

3 O holy book! O happy day!
May unborn millions stand,
Surrounded by these bulwarks strong,
Throughout this happy land:
Nor tyrant's rod, nor despot's power,
Deprive us of our right
To serve our country and our God
In freedom's blessed light.

4 And when we stand on Zion's heights,
In yon bright world above,
Where golden harps are sounding forth
The Saviour's dying love—
The Bible and the Sunday school
Our anthems still shall be,
For they have led our wand'ring feet,
O Lord, to heaven and thee!

453 L. M.

Sunday-School Jubilee.

OUR schools are nurseries below,
For trees of paradise to grow,
Till, by their Saviour's training hand,
Transplanted to the promised land.

2 Myriads already, from our care,
Once our companions, flourish there:
Yet still in fellowship all meet;
They see his face, we kiss his feet.

3 There's joy in heaven among the saints,
O'er every sinner that repents:
The children's angels swell that strain
When little ones are born again.

4 Then be this day of sacred mirth
A jubilee in heaven and earth:
Hence, while our glad hosannas rise,
High hallelujahs fill the skies.

454 9th P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

The Song of Heaven.

COME, and sing with joy and gladness;
Elevate your hearts in praise;
Come, dismiss all gloom and sadness;
High your songs exulting raise,—
With the angel choirs uniting,
Sing of Jesus' wondrous love;
'T is a subject so delighting,
Thrilling all the harps above.

2 Come, and sweetly tune your voices;
Raise them to a lofty strain;
Sing aloud, while heaven rejoices;
Shout! for Jesus comes to reign:
Glory! hear the angels crying,
Glory to the Saviour's name;
Shall not children, with them vieing,
Here, on earth, his praise proclaim?

3 Yes! it was the Saviour's pleasure
That they should not hold their peace;
And his blessings, without measure,
He bestow'd on such as these:
Then to heaven high ascending
Shall our anthems quickly rise;
With angelic voices blending
Far above yon azure skies.

455 26th P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76.

Sabbath-School Celebration.

TO thee, O blessed Saviour,
Our grateful songs we raise;
O tune our hearts and voices
Thy holy name to praise:
'T is by thy sovereign mercy
We 're here allow'd 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 publish'd 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.

456 S. M.

Rural Celebration.

THE freshly-blooming flowers
To thee sweet off'rings bear;
And cheerful birds in shady bowers
Sing forth thy tender care.

2 The fields on every side,
The trees on every hill,
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim thy wonders still.

3 But trees, and fields, and skies,
Still praise a God unknown;
For gratitude and love can rise
From living hearts alone.

4 These living hearts of ours
Thy holy name would bless:
The blossoms of all nature's flowers
Would please our Father less.

457 L. M.

Anniversary Hymn for a School.

GREAT God! to thee our thanks we bring,
For all the blessings we enjoy;
May we with grateful feelings sing,
While words of praise our lips employ.

2 From day to day, from year to year,
Our kind preserver thou hast been;
And by thy grace we now are here,
Kept from the dang'rous paths of sin.

3 O, keep us still, Almighty Lord!
Guide and defend our giddy youth;
And grant to those a rich reward
Who seek to lead us in thy truth.

4 Glory to thee, O Lord, we give;
Thy providence and grace adore:
O, may we praise thee while we live,
And after death forever more.

458 26th P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76.

Sunday-School Celebration.

COME, let us tune our voices,
And in a joyful lay
Unite, as each rejoices
To hail this festal day.
Still life and light surrounding
Demand anew our praise,
And this our bosoms bounding
In highest transports raise.

2 The star that guides to glory
Still lures our youthful eyes,
And Love's redeeming story
Still urges to the skies.
The young are still invited
To come where all are blest,
And even babes unslighted
To Jesus' heart are press'd.

3 And still he stands inviting;
Yet some, alas! from choice
The blessed Saviour slighting,
Refuse to hear his voice.
O! while he stands beseeching,
Shall we dare disobey
His Holy Spirit's teaching,
Which bids us come to-day?

4 We come! the strain is sounding;
'T is heard in réalms of light;
And seraph hearts are bounding
To witness such a sight.
The waiting heavens are bending
To take the flames that rise,
From youthful hearts ascending,
As incense to the skies.

459 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

A Blessing sought for the Sunday School.

THOU, who didst with love and blessing
Gather Zion's babes to thee;
Still a Saviour's love expressing,
Now the babes of Zion see:
Bless the labors
That would bring them up for thee.

2 Smile upon our weak endeavor—
Vain, if thou thy smile deny;
Let them rise, to live forever!
Train, O! train them for the sky:
Ne'er may Satan
Plunder Zion's nursery.

3 Lord, with humble fervor bending,
We thy blessing would entreat;
Let thy Spirit, now descending,
Make the toils of learning sweet:
Straight to Zion
Guide the young inquirer's feet.

460 9th P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

Spring Celebration.

WE have met in peace together,
In this house of God again:
Constant friends have led us hither,
Here to chant the solemn strain;—
Here to breathe our adoration,
While the balmy breeze of spring,
Like the Spirit of salvation,
Comes with gladness on its wing.

2 And, while nature glows with beauty,
While the fields are rich in flowers,
Shall our hearts neglect their duty?
Shall our souls abuse their powers?
Shall not all our hopes, ascending,
Point us to a home above,
Where, in glory never ending,
He who made us smiles in love?

3 There no autumn tempests gather,
There no friends lament the dead;
And on fields that never wither,
Fadeless rays of light are shed:
There with bright immortal roses
Angels wreath their harps of gold,
And each ransom'd soul reposes
Midst a scene of bliss untold.

4 We have met, and time is flying;
We shall part, and still his wing,
Sweeping o'er the dead and dying,
Will the changeful seasons bring.
Let us, while our hearts are lightest,
In our fresh and early years,
Turn to Him whose smile is brightest,
And whose grace will calm our fears.

461 26th P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76.

Sunday-School Celebration.

WE meet again in gladness,
And thankful voices raise;
To God, our heavenly Father,
We'll tune our grateful praise:
'T was 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 scepter
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.

462 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Sabbath-School Anniversary.

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.

463 26th P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76.

Fourth of July and the Sunday School.

ALL hail the joyful morning!
'T is Freedom's natal day!
What glories blend, adorning,
With Heaven's benignant ray,
Our free and prosp'rous 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.

4 Let children sing hosanna,
And raise their voices high,
While under Freedom's banner
The nation shall reply,
And high and lowly dwellings
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujahs swelling
In one eternal sound!

464 9th P. M. 87, 87.

National Praise.

UP to thee, Almighty Father,
Ancient of eternal days,
Throned in uncreated glory,
Hear us, while our songs we raise.

2 Praise, for the unceasing bounty,
Pour'd with an indulgent hand—
Praise, for blessings still increasing,
Crowning Freedom's favor'd land.

3 While a nation's heart is leaping,
Mighty in its gushing joy,
May the song of adoration
All its grateful powers employ.

4 Thine, O Lord, shall be the kingdom,
Thine the power and glory be,
Thine through endless ages rolling,
Thine throughout eternity.

465 P. M. 57, 85, 88, 65.

Sunday-School Celebration.

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 to 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:
"'T is 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!

466 19th P. M. 664, 6664.

My Country, 't is of Thee.

MY country! 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

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

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

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

467 P. M. 446, 446; or, C. M.

Independence-Day.

WITH joy we meet,
With smiles we greet,
Our schoolmates bright and gay:
Be dry each tear
Of sorrow here—
'T is Independence-Day.

2 'T is 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.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

468 L. M.

Sunday-School Dedication.

IN fervent prayer, with holy praise,
This building now we consecrate;
To train the young, from early days,
To know Thy will, their sins to hate.

2 To teach them how and where to find
The grace that saves from Satan's reign;
To love their God with heart and mind,
And from forbidden ways refrain.

3 To read and learn a Saviour's grace,
Who on the cross himself he gave
For them,—and all the fallen race,—
Jesus, the mighty Lord, to save.

4 May all the children who attend
Within these walls, thy children be;
And with their teachers ever spend,
With thee, a blest eternity.

469 10th P. M. 4 *lines* 8s.

Opening of a Sabbath-School Room.

WITH grateful delight we survey
The work of this building complete:
We bless thee, dear Saviour, this day
We here are permitted to meet.

2 But what will this structure avail,
Unless thy kind presence is here?
Our work will most certainly fail:
No fruit unto God will appear.

3 But sweet are thy promises, Lord—
On these let us ever depend:
They teach, where thy name we record,
Thy presence and grace will attend.

470 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s

Laying a Foundation-Stone.

LORD, to thee our songs we raise;
Hear our prayer, accept our praise;
God of love! our efforts own,
Laying this foundation-stone.

2 Grant thy blessing, God of truth,
To instruct the rising youth;
Fix their hopes on Christ alone—
Christ, the sure Foundation-Stone.

3 We would here with one accord
Raise our songs to Christ the Lord—
Christ, thy well-beloved Son,
Chief and precious Corner-Stone.

4 Let our kind instructors prove
Blessings in their work of love;
With thy grace their labors crown,
Fix'd on this Foundation-Stone.

5 Let thy grace, O Lord, be given;
Make us fit to dwell in heaven:
Thus may we, through Christ alone,
Each be found a "living stone."

471 L. M.

Dedication of a Sunday-School Room.

A CHILDREN'S temple here we build
And consecrate it, Lord, to thee,
In hope that with thy presence fill'd
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.

472 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Opening of a Sunday-School Room.

HALLOW'D be this humble spot,
Like the place of Jacob's bed:
God was there—he knew it not
Till heaven open'd o'er his head.

2 Not in visions of the night,
God of Jacob! on our way,
But in noon of gospel light
Here thy power and grace display.

3 Oft on embassies of love
Be descending angels sent,
And, returning, spread above
Joy o'er sinners that repent.

4 Here the children's angels see
Little ones to Jesus brought,
In thy nurture train'd for thee,
By thine admonition taught.

5 While thy ministers declare
All the counsel of thy will,
Lord, thy people's hearts prepare
Every precept to fulfill.

6 Here, when all that live are dead,
And successors fill their place,
Age by age may souls be led,
In this house, to seek thy face.

473 C. M

Against Intemperance.

O DO not touch the madd'ning bowl!
'T will lead thee far astray;
'T will 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!
'T will lead thee far astray;
'T will quench the gladness of thy soul,
And steal thy hopes away!

474 C. M.

The Drunkard.

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.

475 S. M.

Mourning for the Lost.

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

2 Mourn for the tarnish'd gem—
For reason's light divine
Quench'd from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God hath bid it shine.

3 Mourn for the ruin'd soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, madd'ning bowl,
And turn'd to hopeless night.

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

5 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

476 C. M.

Pledge to abandon Strong Drinks.

O TAKE the madd'ning bowl away,
Remove the pois'nous cup;
My soul is sick—its burning ray
Hath drunk my spirit up.

2 Say not, "It hath a spell to soothe
The soul in mis'ry deep;"
Go, ask thy conscience if the bowl
Can give eternal sleep.

3 Go! I will have no more of thee,
Thou bane of Adam's race;
But to a heavenly fountain flee,
And drink the dews of grace.

477 L. M

Thanksgiving-Day.

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, 't is 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.

478 C. M.

Glory to God in the Highest.

MORTALS, awake! with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail the' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'T was more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
The' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 With joy the chorus we repeat,—
Glory to God on high!
Good-will and peace are now complete—
Jesus was born to die.

6 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

7 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
The' harmonious heavenly throng.

479 26th P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76.

Christmas-Morning.

THE glorious light is dawning,
And gilds the mountain's brow;
To Bethlehem this morning,
Rejoicing, let us go.
We'll sing the blissful story
The angels sang this morn—
How Christ, the King of glory,
Was in a stable born.

2 His diadem forsaking,
He laid his glory by;
Our nature on him taking,
That he might bleed and die.
From sin and death to free us,
On wings of love he came—
For this the blessed Jesus
A little child became.

3 While shepherds, low adoring,
To him give homage meet,
And Eastern Magi pouring
Earth's treasures at his feet;
We, now life's day is dawning,
Would our best off'rings bring,
And on this happy morning
Worship the new-born King.

480 26th P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76.

Christmas.

SWEET is the song of heaven,
The anthem of the sky—
"Good-will to man be given,
Glory to God on high:"
While every heart rejoices
To sing of peace on earth,
We'll tune our feeble voices,
To sing a Saviour's birth.
Sweet is the song of heaven,
The anthem of the sky—
"Good-will to man be given,
Glory to God on high."

2 Publish the great salvation;
Repeat the heavenly strain
Through every land and nation—
O'er every hill and plain:
Let notes of joy and gladness
The cheerful strain prolong,
Nor let one note of sadness
Be mingled with the song.
Sweet is the song, &c,

481 30th P. M. 11, 10, 11, 10.

The Star in the East.

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 beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour, of all.

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

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

482 P. M. 76, 76, 77, 76.

Christ the Song of Angels.

HAPPY angels! still ye dwell
In yon worlds of glory;
And in joyous anthem swell
Love's redeeming story.
Shining multitudes! ye came
Our Redeemer to proclaim;
Still your song is just the same—
Glory, glory, glory!

2 Angels, sing again with man—
Swell our strain of glory;
Shout with us the wondrous plan,
Love's redeeming story.
Soon our stay on earth shall fail,
Soon shall drop the mortal vail,
Then in song and voice we'll hail,
Glory, glory, glory!

3 Christ, our Lord, the *theme*, the *song*—
Then no more the stranger,
Welcomed by the shining throng,
In lone Bethlehem's manger.
Robed in peerless majesty,
Soon our eyes shall also see;
Then we'll sing, "'T is He, 't is He!
Glory, glory, glory!"

483 C. M.

Joy to the World.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and 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.

484 L. M.

New-Year Hymn.

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.

485 C. M.

New-Year's Day.

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.

486 C. M.

For a New-Year or Birthday.

SPARED to commence another year,
The past I now review:
How num'rous do my sins appear!
How great thy mercies, too!

2 I thank thee for thy tender care
Through all my infant days;
And for each privilege I share,
That still thy love displays.

3 For Jesus' sake my sins forgive,
And strengthen me in grace;
That to thy glory I may live,
And run the Christian race.

4 How long or short my course may be,
'T is not for me to know;
But may I yield my heart to thee,
And in thy favor grow.

487 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

Swiftness of Time.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fix'd in their eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait.
But how little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily, the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

488 C. M

The Heavenly Heralds of Peace.

O LOVELY voices of the sky,
That hymn'd the Saviour's birth!
Are ye not singing still on high,
Who once sang "Peace on earth?"
To us yet speak the blissful strains
Wherewith, in days gone by,
Ye bless'd the wond'ring Syrian swains,
O voices of the sky!

2 O clear and shining light, whose beams
A heavenly glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherds' head!
Be near to us through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope, and peace, and joy, and faith,
O clear and shining light!

3 O star which led to Him whose love
Brought hope and mercy free!
Where art thou? Mid the host above?
May we still gaze on thee?
In heaven thy glories are not set;
Thy rays earth might not dim;
Send them to guide our youthful feet,
O star which led to him!

489 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

Parting with Missionaries.

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,
Yet shall love unite our souls:
Oft 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.

490 L. M.

Farewell to a Teacher.

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 cherish'd 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 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.

491 L. M.

Dismissal of a Good Scholar.

WE offer, Lord, an humble prayer,
And thank thee for thy grace bestow'd,
In leading one beneath our care
Thus far in wisdom's pleasant road.

2 Whatever to *his* lot may fall,—
What toilsome duties to fulfill,—
We do not know; but in them all
Be thou *his* strength and comfort still.

3 May Jesus be *his* constant friend—
The Bible *his* support and stay;
And may thy Spirit, Lord, descend,
To bless and guide *him* day by day.

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492 L. M.

Asleep in Jesus.

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 which none ever wake to weep.

493 L. M.

Death of a Scholar.

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.

494 S. M.

Death of a Pious Child.

WHEN sickness, pain, and death
Come o'er a godly child,
How sweetly then departs the breath!
The dying pang how mild!

2 It gently sinks to rest,
As once it used to do
Upon its mother's tender breast,
And as securely too.

3 The spirit is not dead,
Though low the body lies;
But, freed from sin and sorrow, fled
To dwell beyond the skies.

4 That death is but a sleep
Beneath a Saviour's care;
And he will surely safely keep
The body resting there.

495 C. M.

Death of a Child.

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour,—
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 Death spreads his with'ring, wint'ry arms,
And beauty smiles no more:
Ah! where are now those rising charms
Which pleased our eyes before?

3 That once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs:
We weep our earthly comforts fled,
And wither'd all our joys.

4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

496 C. M.

Death of a Teacher.

AS, bow'd by sudden storms, the rose
Sinks on the garden's breast,
Down to the grave our *brother* goes,
In silence there to rest.
No more with us *his* tuneful voice
The hymn of praise shall swell;
No more *his* cheerful heart rejoice
When peals the Sabbath bell.

2 Yet, if in yonder cloudless sphere,
Amid a sinless throng,
He utters in his Saviour's ear
The everlasting song,
No more we'll mourn the absent friend,
But lift our earnest prayer,
And daily every effort bend
To rise and join *him* there.

497 S. M.

Death of a Teacher.

WEEP, little children, weep,
A teacher gone before;
For those that loved to see *his* face,
Shall see *his* face no more.

2 Yet all whom once *he* taught
To sit at Jesus' feet,
And seek the blessedness *he* sought,
May *him* in glory meet.

3 Grieve, brother teachers, grieve:
With you *he* bore the cross;
And gladly, for a crown of life,
Accounted all things loss.

4 *His* eye, *his* voice, *his* hand
Still marshal you along:
A fearless, firm, united band—
Quit you like men—be strong.

5 Strong in the Lord was *he*,
And valiant for the truth:
Go, train your little ones to be
Christ's soldiers from their youth.

498 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

The Early Dead.

CHILDREN, like the early flower,
Often droop and lose their bloom—
Pass away in childhood's hour,
To the cold and silent tomb;
Bodies laid beneath the sod—
Spirits gone away to God!

2 Oft along the busy street
Sad and tearful mourners go;
Mothers for their children weep—
Weep that death has laid them low:
Nipp'd the buds before their bloom—
Hid them in the silent tomb.

3 But the little ones who hear
  Kind instruction's warning voice,—
Turn to truth a willing ear,
  And in wisdom's ways rejoice,—
Need not fear the spoiler's blow,
Though he lay the spring-buds low!

4 God will gather them again;
  In his garden they will grow,
On that green and lovely plain,
  Where the crystal waters flow,
Never more to lay their head
Faintly on the cold earth-bed.

499 P. M. 12, 11, 12, 11.

Thou art gone to the Grave.

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 infold 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.

500 33d P. M. 8 *lines* 6s.

Go to thy Rest, my Child.

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.

501 L. M.

Death of a Teacher.

THE voice is hush'd—the gentle voice,
That told us of a Saviour's love;
And made our youthful hearts rejoice
In hope of heaven, our home above.

2 The eye is dim—the loving eye,
That beam'd so fondly on us here;
Seal'd up in death, the anxious sigh
No more bedews it with a tear!

3 But in the land beyond the grave,
That voice will swell in rapt'rous tone
The song to Him who died to save,
And bring the weary trav'ler home.

4 That eye, with holy radiance bright,
Shall kindle like the stars of even;
Like them shall pierce the shades of night,
And sweetly shine on us from heaven.

5 That brow shall wear its glitt'ring crown,
When sun and stars no more shall shine;
When death shall lay his scepter down—
The grave her empire shall resign.

6 Then let us weep as Jesus wept;
Hallow'd by love each gentle sigh;
Since in the grave our Saviour slept,
The Christian need not fear to die.

502 C. M.

Death of a Young Person.

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's relentless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impress'd
With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world delude no more:
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour—
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
Let every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.

503 9th P. M. 87, 87.

Funeral Hymn.

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 is fled;
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

504 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

Death of a Scholar.

WHERE we oft have met in gladness,
On the holy Sabbath-day,
Slowly now, with tearful sadness,
Each pursues his lonely way;
Tears are falling—
On this holy Sabbath-day.

2 One we loved has left our number
For the dark and silent tomb;
Closed *his* eyes in deathless slumber—
Faded in *his* early bloom:
Hear us, Saviour,—
Thou hast blest the lonely tomb.

3 Through its dark and narrow portal
Once they bore thee to thy rest;
There a ray of light immortal,
Like a sunbeam from the west,
Burst the shadows—
And the grave thenceforth was blest.

4 By the light that thus was given
To the darkness of the tomb—
By the blessed light of heaven,
Gilding scenes of earthly gloom,—
Star of gladness,—
All our night with joy illume.

5 From our circle, little *brother*,
Early hast thou pass'd away!
But the angels say,—Another
Joins our holy song to-day!
Weep no longer—
Join with them the sacred lay.

505 C. M

Death of a Scholar.

DEATH has been here, and borne away
A *brother* from our side:
Just in the morning of *his* day,
As young as we, *he* died.

2 Not long ago *he* fill'd his place,
And sat with us to learn;
But *he* has run *his* mortal race,
And never can return.

3 Perhaps our time may be as short—
Our days may fly as fast:
O Lord, impress the solemn thought
That this may be our last.

4 We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chast'ning rod:
One must be first; but let us all
Prepare to meet our God.

506 C. M.

A Teacher's Death.

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!

507 C. M.

At the Grave of a Child.

WHO shall forbid our grateful woe,
Our tears of love to start?
There's balm in their assuaging flow
To heal the wounded heart.

2 Here rest thee, till our longer race
And heavier toils shall close;
Then shall we seek thy resting-place,
And share thy long repose.

3 We plant thee here, with tears bedew'd,
Bright flower of heavenly dye;
And often shall our griefs, renew'd,
These flowing founts supply.

4 But thou shalt yet in beauty bloom,
A plant of Paradise;
And gladden with thy sweet perfume
Our mansion in the skies.

508 S. M.

Death of a Minister.

REST from thy labors, rest,
Soul of the just set free!
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be.

2 Now, toil and conflict o'er,
Go take with saints thy place:
But go, as each hath gone before,
A sinner saved by grace.

3 Lord Christ, into thy hands
Our pastor we resign;
And now we wait thine own commands—
We were not his, but thine.

4 Thou art thy Church's Head;
And when the members die,
Thou raisest others in their stead—
To thee we lift our eye.

5 On thee our hopes depend:
We gather round our Rock:
Send whom thou wilt, but condescend
Thyself to feed thy flock.

509 C. M.

At a Funeral.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Dear spirit, rest thee now;
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

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

510 C. M.

The Promised Land.

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 array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There gen'rous 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 fear'd 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 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

511 S. M.

Heaven and Hell.

THERE is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love;
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.

2 There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains;
There sinners must with devils dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains.

3 Can such a child as I
Escape this awful end?
And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I shall to heaven ascend?

4 Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and breath;
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent to' eternal death.

512 L. M.

Children in Heaven.

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!

513 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

The Blood-washed Throng.

WHO are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his eternal name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed:
Them the Lamb, amid the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

514 C. M.

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and 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 woe?
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 will my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

515 C. M.

The Young in Heaven.

WHAT souls are those that venture near
The throne of God to see?
Ten thousand happy ones, who here
Were children such as we!

2 Their sins the Saviour wash'd away—
He made them white and clean;
They loved his Word, they loved his day,
They loved him though unseen.

3 Now under many a grassy mound
Their youthful bodies rest,
But safe their happy souls are found
Upon their Saviour's breast.

4 O may we travel, as they trod,
The path that leads to heaven,
And seek forgiveness from that God
Who hath their sins forgiven.

5 Dear Saviour! hear our humble cry,
And our young hearts renew;
Then raise our ransom'd souls on high,
That we may see thee too.

516 P. M. 86, 868.

Glory to God in the Highest.

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

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

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

4 On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb—
Singing glory, glory, glory.

517 4th P. M. 886, 886.

Bliss-inspiring Hope.

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

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall 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.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

518 C. M.

The Heavenly Canaan.

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
This 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.

519 L. M.

The Wicked Child judged.

HOW dreadful, Lord, will be the day
When all the slumb'ring dead shall rise,
And those who dared to disobey
Be brought before thy searching eyes!

2 The wicked child, who often heard
His faithful teachers speak of thee,
And fled from every serious word,
Shall not be able then to flee.

3 No teacher, then, shall bid him pray
To Him who now the sinner hears;
For Christ himself shall turn away,
And show no pity to his tears.

4 Great God! I tremble at the thought,
And at thy feet for mercy bend,
That when to judgment I am brought,
The Judge himself may be my friend.

520 C. M.

Preparation for Heaven.

O HAPPY land! O happy land!
Where saints and angels dwell;
We long to join that glorious band,
And all their anthems swell.
But every voice in yonder throng
On earth has breathed a prayer;
No lips untaught may join that song,
Or learn the music there.

2 Thou heavenly Friend! thou heavenly Friend!
O hear us when we pray;
Now let thy pard'ning grace descend,
And take our sins away.
Be all our fresh, our youthful days,
To thy blest service given:
Then we shall meet to sing thy praise,
A ransom'd band in heaven.

521 C. M.

Church below and above.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The Church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
And thence our spirits rise;
For he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

522 C. M.

Eternity.

HOW long sometimes a day appears!
And weeks, how long are they!
Months move along as if the years
Would never pass away.

2 But months and years are passing by
And soon must all be gone;
For day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.

3 Days, months, and years must have an end;
Eternity has none:
'T will always have as long to run
As when it first begun.

4 Great God, an infant cannot tell
How such a thing can be:
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time with thee.

523 P. M. 8s & 6s.

The Land of Rest.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'rers given,
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast,—
'T is 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.

524 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

Happiness of Heaven.

BEFORE the Father's throne
There is a happy band,
Who home have early flown,
And in his presence stand:
Once little children here they were,
But now angelic bliss they share.

2 They hear the Saviour's voice,
His glorious face behold;
Forever they rejoice,
And to their harps of gold
They sing the Saviour's dying love,
Which brought them to that fold above

CLOSING.

525 S. M.

For a Blessing on the Seed sown.

FATHER of mercies, hear:
On us look kindly down:
Our humble labors deign to cheer,
And with thy favor crown.

2 In youthful hearts the seed
Of sacred truth we sow:
Now, Lord, the blessing that we need
Freely do thou bestow.

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

4 Thou dost the seed prepare,
And make it spring when sown;
And if a hundred-fold it bear,
The praise is all thine own.

526 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

For a Blessing on the School.

GOD o'er all, supremely blest;
God, in Christ made manifest;
God, the Spirit—One in Three—
Make thy children one with thee.

2 Thou art power, and love, and light;
By that threefold cord unite
All our schools, with large increase,
In thy covenant of peace.

3 Then the living, year by year,
Shall recruit our numbers here,
And our dying friends supply
Fresh accessions to the sky.

527 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

Preparation for the Heavenly Sabbath.

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.

528 P. M. 776, 6669.

Parting.

HERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again;
In heaven we part no more.
CHORUS.—O that will be joyful!
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
O that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more!

2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.
O that will be joyful, &c.

3 Holy children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sunday school.
O that will be joyful, &c.

4 Teachers, too, shall meet above,
And our pastors, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.
O that will be joyful, &c.

5 O how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on his throne!
O that will be joyful, &c.

6 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.
O that will be joyful, &c.

529 C. M.

Closing School.

AND now another hour is past,
Of kind instruction given;
And this, perhaps, may be the last
On this side hell or heaven.

2 And is it so? How dread the thought,
And yet indeed how true!
If I could feel it as I ought,
This day, what should I do?

3 O surely prize it more and more,
And pray that God would give
A death of gain, if life be o'er,
And blessing, if I live.

530 S. M.

Sympathy and Mutual Love.

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.

531 9th P. M. 87, 87.

A Blessing sought on Instruction given.

HEAVENLY Father, grant thy blessing
On the teaching of this day;
That our hearts thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turn'd away.

2 Have we wander'd? O! forgive us:
Have we wish'd from truth to rove?
Turn, O! turn us, and receive us,
And incline us truth to love.

532 L. M.

Lord, dismiss us.

ETERNAL Father, God of grace!
Who dwellest in this holy place,
Hear us, O hear us, while we pray,
And send us not unblest away!

2 Look on us now, and bless us here:
We fain would worship in thy fear:
O be thy shadow round us spread,
O be thy Spirit on us shed.

3 Not many years our feet have run,
Yet hast thou watch'd them every one:
May all our future years be bright
With beams of heavenly love and light.

4 In life, and when we come to die,
Be thou our guardian ever nigh;
And may the pang that sets us free
Waft every spirit home to thee!

533 C. M.

Closing School.

JESUS, we cast ourselves on thee—
On thee our works we cast:
The Alpha and Omega be
In all, the first and last.

2 If well we anything have done,
'Tis owing to thy grace:
What therefore we with prayer begun,
We now conclude with praise.

3 We praise thee for our teachers' care,
To us their scholars show'd:
If forward brought to-day we are,
It is the gift of God.

4 We praise thee for our hope to know
The wisdom from above,
And own that all our blessings flow
From thy redeeming love.

540 33d P. M. 8 *lines* 6s.

Parting Hymn.

COME, children, ere we part,
Bless the Redeemer's name—
Join every tongue and heart
To celebrate his fame.
Jesus, the children's Friend,
Him whom our souls adore,
His praises have no end;
Praise him forever more.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came—
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' name—
In Jesus' name we part.
Jesus, &c.

3 If here we meet no more,
May we in realms above,
With all the saints, adore
Redeeming grace and love.
Jesus, &c.

541 L. M.

The Shepherd and his Flock.

JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy "little flock" in safety keep;
These lambs within thine arms now take,
Nor let them e'er thy fold forsake.

2 Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream;
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a shepherd's eye!

3 O teach them to discern thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice!
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but thee.

542 L. M.

Parting Hymn.

GUIDE of our youth, to thee we pray;
Help us to tread thy holy way;
And may each day of life be pass'd
As if we knew it were our last.

2 Smile, Lord, on those whose toil and care
Are spent for our instruction here;
And let our conduct ever prove
Our gratitude for all their love.

3 Through life may we perform thy will—
Our various duties all fulfill;
Then join the friends we here have known,
In nobler songs around thy throne.

543 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

For the Fullness of Peace and Joy.

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,
Trav'ling 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 to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

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Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

544 C. M.

From School to Church.

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 knowledge 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.

545 P. M. 8886.

A Litany.

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.

546 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Sabbath Evening.

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.

547 C. M.

Sunday-School Evening Worship.

ALMIGHTY God! thy word is spread
Like seed upon the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quick'ning grace bestow;
That all, whose minds the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

548 C. M.

Meet, to part no more.

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, &c.

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, &c.

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, &c.

549 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

On leaving School.

ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

DOXOLOGIES.

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550 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

GLORY to the Father give,
God, in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Be this day a Pentecost!
Children's minds may he inspire—
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

551 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 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:
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

552 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

553 S. M

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

554 C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree,
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

555 L. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord, who kindly rules
And blesses all our Sunday schools;
Let children, with the cherub host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

556 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.

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