NEW HYMN BOOK FOR THE LORD.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS:

A NEW COLLECTION OF

THE BEST, LONGEST TRIED

AND

MOST GENERALLY USED HYMNS AND TUNES;

EMBRACING, ALSO,

CHOICEST HYMNS

AND

TUNES OF LATER YEARS AND OF THE PRESENT DAY.

Adapted for the use of Revival Meetings, Prayer and Praise Meetings, Camp Meetings, Grove Meetings, Sunday Schools, Anniversaries, Public Worship, occasions of Baptism, Communion, Dedication, Ordination, etc., etc.

The chief merits of large, costly and cumbersome books gathered into one convenient and inexpensive collection.

BY

HENRY Y. RUSH.

DAYTON, OHIO:
CHRISTIAN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.
1876.

Price, Per Copy, Wholesale, Heavy Board, 30 cents; Fine Leatherette, 40 cents. Sample Copies, 30 and 40 cents.

B. W. HARRIS.

10 132
21 175
28 179
27 204
72 205
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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876,
BY HENRY Y. RUSH,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

PREFACE.

This book grows out of a want which twenty years' experience in pastoral work, and in protracted and social-meetings, proves extensively to prevail. As it regards this general demand for a new book of hymns, numerous other ministers, as well as laymen, have observed and experienced the same need, which is for—

1. A book whose price brings it within the reach of all congregations, families, and individuals.

2. A book containing such hymns and tunes only, or mainly, as are generally used, and not a book rendered costly and cumbersome by hundreds of hymns that are strange to the mass and are used upon no occasion whatever.

3. A book embracing such hymns and tunes, old and new, as have proved acceptable and useful in all parts of the land, and among all denominations.

4. A book whose hymns and music are free from all that is light and frivolous, and expressive only of true spiritual and Scriptural sentiment.

5. A book that embodies the precious old devotional hymns and tunes of the ages, and the vital, spiritual, helpful, saving hymns and music born of later inspiration, and sung everywhere in prayer, praise, protracted and camp-meetings.

6. A book whose size and arrangement render selections easy, thus enabling ministers and people to become familiar with the hymns, and ready in their use for all occasions.

7. A book at the same time large enough to include, under all the essential topics, hymns adapted to pulpit needs, prayer-meetings, social-meetings, Sunday-school and home needs.

8. A book of large, plain print, of large, marginal number-figures—a book for old and young, for all the followers of Christ, and for all the people.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS seeks to be most nearly such a work as this. Whether it is, let its merits determine. Above all, may it be attended with the blessing of Him who is the Head of the body the Church, and who alone can make these hymns to edify His people and bring home the prodigal.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS.

GOD.

1 *God Self-existent and Immutable.* L. M.

ALL-powerful, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain—
Thou wast, and art, and art to come—
And everlasting is thy reign.

2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.

3 Fountain of being! Source of good!
Immutable dost thou remain;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

4 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will;
But thou forever art the same;
"I AM" is thy memorial still.

2 *Is there a God?* C. M.

IS there a God? Yon rising sun
In answer meet replies,
Writes it in flame upon the earth,
Proclaims it round the skies.

2 Is there a God? Hark! from on high
His thunder shakes the poles;
I hear his voice in every wind,
In every wave that rolls.

3 Is there a God? With sacred fear
I upward turn my eyes;
"There is," each glittering lamp of light;
"There is," my soul replies.

4 If such convictions to my mind
His works alone impart,
Oh, let the wisdom of his word
Inscribe them on my heart!

3 *Wonders of God's Love.* C. M.

YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, supremely good;
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only son
To ransom rebel-worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies;—
A safe defence, a peaceful home
When storms of trouble rise.

4 *"Whom have I in Heaven," etc.* L. M.

O LORD, thy counsels and thy care
My safety and my comfort are;
And thou shalt guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.

2 In whom but thee, in heaven above,
Can I repose my trust, my love?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with thee?

3 My flesh is hastening to decay;
Soon shall the world have passed away;
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart, and strength, and life shall fail?

4 But O! my Father, be thou nigh,
And I will triumph when I die;
My strength, my portion, is divine,
And Jesus is forever mine!

5 *Man Frail—God Eternal.* C. M.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home—

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

4 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guide while life shall last
And our perpetual home!

6 *Gratitude to God.* C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O, my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds
The pleasing theme renew.

3 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

CHRIST

7 *The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.* C. M.

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 earth—the Savior reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods—rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

8 *Jesus, Lord of All.* C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

9 *The Way, Truth, and Life.* C. M.

THOU art the Way; to the alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

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

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us to know that way,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Which lead to endless day.

10 *Death of Christ.* C. M.

ALAS! and did my Savior 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 groaned 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 Savior, 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 my eyes to tears.

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

11

"*It is Finished.*" L. M.

HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness vails the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 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 richest blood!

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of Glory dies for men!
But lo, what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

4 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb!
The tomb in vain forbids his rise!
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns!
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, death, in chains:

6 Say—"Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster: "Where's thy sting?
And where's thy vic'try, boasting grave?"

12 *Star in the East.* 11s & 10s.

HAIL the blest morn! when the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends!
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger—
Lo! for your guide the bright angel attends.

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

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

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

5 Low at his feet, we in humble prostration
Lose all our sorrow, and trouble, and strife;
There we receive his divine consolation,
Flowing afresh from the fountain of life.

13 *Tune—Christian Harp, p.* 128. C. M.

THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,
The name, before his wondrous birth,
To Christ the Savior given.

Chorus.—We love to sing around our King
And hail him "blessed Jesus;"
For there's no word ear ever heard,
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

2 His human name they did proclaim,
When Abram's Son they sealed him;
The name that still, by God's good will,
Deliverer, revealed him.
Chorus.—We love to sing, etc.

3 So now upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sins and pains, he gladly reigns,
The Prince and Savior, Jesus.
Chorus.—We love to sing, etc.

HOLY SPIRIT.

14 *The Eternal Spirit.* L. M.

ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down,
From God the Father, and the Son.

2 Enlightened by the heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know—
Our danger, and our refuge, too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wayward hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

15 *Prayer for the Descent of the Spirit.* C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers.
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor 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 Dear Lord, 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 quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

16 C. M.

FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines!

2 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows
And yields a rich repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

3 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

4 Divine Instructor! gracious Lord!
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Savior there!

17 *Uses of the Bible.* 7s

HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am;

2 Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Savior's love;
Mine thou art to guide and guard;
Mine to punish or reward;

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
Suffering in this wilderness;
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 holy book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

18 *Thy Word is a Lamp.* C. M.

HOW precious is the book divine
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising 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.

PUBLIC WORSHIP

19 L. M.

LORD, in the temples of thy grace,
Thy saints behold thy smiling face
Here have we seen thy glory shine
With power and majesty divine.

2 Return, O Lord, our spirits cry;
Our graces droop; our comforts die;
Return, and let thy glories rise
Again to our admiring eyes;

3 Till, fill'd with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
Till heaven and earth resound with praise.

20 C. M.

ONCE more we come before our God,
Once more his blessing ask;
Oh, 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.

21 *Call to Joyous Worship.* S. M.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place,
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let your songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

22 *Fellowship with God.* C. M.

FROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain,
Sweet fellowship with God.

2 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

3 Not all the richness of a feast,
Can please my soul so well,
As when Christ's richer grace I taste,
And in his presence dwell.

4 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision, so divine.

23

Healing the Sick.

AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if thy form we can not see?
We know and feel that thou art here.

3 O Savior Christ! our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

4 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour
And in thy mercy heal us all.

24

L. M.

I LOVE my Lord, I love his laws,
I love religion's blessed cause
I love his faithful children, too,
I love his gracious will to do.

2 I love this narrow, happy way,
I love to watch, I love to pray,
I love the crown, I love the cross,
I love the gold without the dross.

3 I love his saints that are below,
I love the precious sinner too,
I love those who have gone before,
I love my Jesus, more and more.

4 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
Behold thy Savior, Friend, and King!
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries, "Press on, and take the crown."

25 *Before Sermon.* S. M.

HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we must starve indeed;
For we no money have to buy,
No righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want
Thy hand alone can give;
Oh, hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat, and live.

26 *Close of Sabbath Evening Service.* 7s.

FOR the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and king of heaven.

2 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

3 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
Then at evening we may say,
"We have walked with God to-day."

PRAYER.

27

Importunate Prayer. S. M.

JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint;
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give him rest,
But be importunate.

4 Jesus the Lord will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

28 L. M.

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

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

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

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

THE SABBATH.

29 C. M.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Spirit of grace, oh, deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

3 Let peace within her walls be found,
Let all her sons unite
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

30 S. M.

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.

31 L. M.

COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come bear our thoughts from earth away;
Now, let our noblest passions rise
With ardor to their native skies.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 Then when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransom'd, we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

32 *Sabbath Evening* 7s.

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath-day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God—
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Savior, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

33 *Kept from the Sanctuary by Affliction, etc.* L. M.

SWEET Sabbath bells! I love your voice—
You call me to the house of prayer;
Oft have you made my heart rejoice
When I have gone to worship there.

2 But now a pris'ner of the Lord,
His hand forbids, I can not go;
Yet may I here his love record,
And here the sweets of worship know.

3 Each place alike is holy ground,
Where prayer from humble souls is poured,
Where praise awakes its silver sound,
Or God is silently adored.

4 His sanctuary is the heart—
There with the contrite will he rest;
Lord, come, a Sabbath mind impart,
And make thy temple in my breast.

THE CHURCH.

34 *Psalms cxviii.* C. M.

BEHOLD the sure foundation stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear;
And saints adore his name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe, and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood!
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God!
And wondrous in our eyes.

35 *Immovable—Composed of All Christians.* C. M.

OH where are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 For not like kingdoms of the world
The holy church of God!
Though earthquake shocks are rocking her,
And tempests are abroad;

3 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Unmovable she stands—
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A fane unbuilt by hands.

4 The faithful of each clime and age
This glorious church compose;
Built on a Rock, with idle rage
The threat'ning tempest blows.

36 *Love to the Church.* S. M.

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 toil be given,
Till toil 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.

37 *Organizing a new Society.* C. M.

YE men and angels, witness now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break;

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Nor ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely;
May he, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.

4 Oh! guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

38 *Admission of Members.* L. M.

BELIEVING souls, of Christ beloved,
Who have yourselves to him resigned,
Your faith and practice, both approved,
A hearty welcome here shall find.

2 In fellowship we join our hands,
And you a hearty welcome give;
Unite with us in sacred bands;
The pledges of our love receive.

3 Do thou, who art the church's Head,
This union with thy blessing crown;
And still, O Lord, revive the dead,
Till thousands more thy name shall own.

39 *Faithfulness of new Members.*

MAY those who have thy name confess'd,
Now find in God a settled rest;
From day to day still more increase
In faith, and love, and holiness.

2 As living members, may they share
The joys and griefs which others bear,
And active in their stations prove
In all the offices of love.

3 From all temptations now defend,
And keep them, Lord, unto the end;
While in thy house they still improve,
Till call'd to join the church above.

PRAYER FOR REVIVAL.

40

O LORD! thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 Oh! let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break
Till sinners shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry;
Oh! come, and bring salvation near·
Our souls on thee rely.

41 8s, 7s & 4s.

SAVIOR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again;
Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee!

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

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

ORDINANCES.

BAPTISM.

42 C. M.

SALEM'S bright King, Jesus by name,
In ancient time to Jordan came,
All righteousness to fill;
'Twas there the ancient baptist stood,
Whose name was John, a man of God,
To do his Master's will.

2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize;
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleas'd in what he'd done,
And own'd him from the skies.

3 Come, children, come, his voice obey
Salem's bright King has mark'd the way,
And has a crown prepar'd;
Oh, then arise, and give consent;
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.

4 Behold his servant waiting stands,
With willing heart and ready hands,
To wait upon the bride;
Ye candidates, your hearts prepare,
And let us join in solemn prayer,
Down by the water-side.

43

L. M.

"GO, teach the nations, and baptize,"
Aloud th' ascending Jesus cries;
His glad apostles took the word,
And through the nations preached their Lord.

2 Commissioned thus by Zion's King,
We to these sacred waters bring
These happy converts, who have known
And trusted in his grace alone

3 Lord, in thy house they seek thy face,
Oh, bless them with peculiar grace;
Refresh their souls with love divine,
Let beams of glory round them shine.

44

C. M.

BURIED beneath the yielding wave,
The dear Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

2 Thus it becomes his saints to-day
Their ardent zeal t' express;
And in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfill all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain;
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.

4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away;
When he commands, and strength imparts,
We cheerfully obey.

LORD'S SUPPER.

45 *Preparation.* L. M.

THE broken bread, the blessed cup,
On which we now are call'd to sup
Without thy help and grace divine,
Will prove no more than bread and wine.

2 But come, great Master of the feast,
Dispense thy grace to every guest;
Direct our views to Calvary,
And help us to remember thee.

3 Let us with light and truth be bless'd,
That on thy bosom we may rest;
And at thy supper each may learn,
Thy broken body to discern.

4 Oh, that our souls may now be fed
With Christ himself, the living bread,
That we the cov'nant may renew,
And to our vows be render'd true!

46 *The Unity of the Saints.* L. M.

HOW pleasing to behold and see
The friends of Jesus all agree,
To sit around his sacred board,
As members of one common Lord.

2 While here we sit we would implore
That love may spread from shore to shore,
Till all the saints, like us, combine,
To praise the Lord in songs divine.

3 To all we freely give our hand,
Who love the Lord in every land;
For all are one in Christ, our Head,
To whom be endless honors paid.

47 C. M.

LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace,
But most of all rejoice that I
Should find a welcome place.

2 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Savior takes me by the hand,
And bids me freely come.

3 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
In praise join all your powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Savior is like ours.

48 *The Commission.* L. M.

GO, preach my gospel, saith the Lord—
Bid the whole world my grace receive;
He shall be saved who trusts my word,
And he condemned who won't believe.

2 I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 Teach all the nations my commands—
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands—
I can destroy, and I defend.

49 *Prayer for an Increase of Ministers.* S. M.

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 Oh, let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love!

ORDINATION.

50 *The same commit thou to Faithful Men.* L. M

O THOU who art above all hight,
Our God, our Father, and our Friend,
Beneath thy throne of love and light,
Let thine adoring children bend.

2 Since thy young servant now hath given
Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth
To the great cause of truth and heaven,
Be thou his Guide, O God of truth.

3 Oh, may his doctrines drop like rain,
His speech like Hermon's dew distil,
Till green fields smile, and golden grain,
Ripe for the harvest, waits thy will.

4 And when he sinks in death, by care,
Or pain, or toil, or years oppressed,
O God, remember then our prayer,
And take his spirit to thy rest.

DEDICATION.

51 *Divine Presence Invoked.* L. M.

BEHOLD thy temple, God of grace,
The house that we have rear'd for thee;
Regard it as thy resting-place,
And fill it with thy majesty.

2 Now by thy presence sanctify
This earthly sanctuary, Lord;
And to its courts be ever nigh,
And here thy hallow'd name record.

3 When from its altar shall arise
Joint supplication to thy name,
Deign to accept the sacrifice;
Thyself our answ'ring Lord proclaim.

3 Come, now, O Lord, our God, arise!
In this, thy resting-place, appear,
And let thy people's longing eyes
Behold thee fix thy dwelling here.

52 *On Opening a new Place of Worship.* C. M.

DEAR Shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

53 *Hear us, and here abide.* L. M.

OH, bow thine ear, eternal One;
On thee our heart adoring calls;
To thee the followers of thy Son
Have raised, and now devote these walls.

2 Here let thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here may thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

4 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn

INVITATION—REVIVAL—PRAYER AND PRAISE.

These hymns may be sung with or without the choruses. The tunes and choruses to which they are usually sung, will be found by referring to the varied and valuable collection of music, old and new, bound in the latter part of this book. There are numerous tunes in all the several metres, so that leaders of singing need not detract from the interest of this part of the service by being confined to one or to but a few tunes.

54 *Happiness of Obedience.* P. M.

OH! how happy are they,
Who their Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasures 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 first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus' dear name!

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
Oh, that all his salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as I.

5 On the wings of his love
I was carried above,
All my sin. and temptation, and pain;
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 Oh! the rapturous hight
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Savior possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
And was filled with the fullness of God.

55

Come to Jesus.

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

2 He will save you.
3 Oh, believe him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 He'll receive you.
7 Call upon him.
8 He will hear you.
9 Look unto him.
10 He'll forgive you.
11 He will cleanse you.
12 Jesus loves you.
13 Only trust him.

56

The Repenting Sinner Returning. C. M

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sins
Have like a mountain rose;
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 sovereign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose scepter pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

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

6 "I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

57 *"I go to my Father."* L. M.

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 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

3 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

4 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.

5 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

Western. [Another chorus to same hymn.]

58 L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone—
Save, mighty Savior;
He whom I fix my hopes upon—
Save, mighty Lord;
His track I see, and I'll pursue—
Save, mighty Savior;
The narrow way, till him I view—
Save, mighty Lord.

Chorus—Save, oh, save;
Save mighty Savior;
Oh, send converting power down—
Save, mighty Lord.

2 This is the way I long have sought, etc.

59 *The Precious Name.* C. M.

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

Chorus—I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me;
And thro' his blood, his precious blood,
I shall from sin be free.

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

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

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my expiring breath;
And dying, clasp thee in my arms—
The antidote of death

60 *Christ the Living Fountain.* C. M.

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

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

3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

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

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

61 *The Fount of all Blessing.* 8s & 7s.

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

[Notes in latter part of book.]

Chorus—I love Jesus, hallelujah, I love Jesus, yes I do!
I love Jesus, he's my Savior; Jesus smiles and loves me too.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, oh fix me on it,
Mount of thy redeeming love.

3 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy grace I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

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

5 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring soul to thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God of love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

62 *The Union Band.* 8s, 11s.

[TUNE—*See music following the hymns.*]

OH, we're a band of brethren dear,
We belong to this band, hallelujah!
Who live as pilgrim strangers here,
We belong to this band, etc.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
We belong to this band, hallelujah!

2 The prophets and apostles, too,
All belong to this band, etc.
And with God's children here below,
We belong to this band, etc.

3 We're traveling home to heaven above,
We belong to this band, etc.
To sing the Savior's dying love,
We belong to this band, etc.

4 Oh, glorious hope—oh, blest abode!
We belong to this band, etc.
We shall be near and like our Lord,
We belong to this band, etc.

5 Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
We belong to this band, etc.
We soon shall meet together there,
We belong to this band, etc.

63 *Sinners Entreated.* 8s, 7s & 4s.

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

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

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

WORDS BY REV. WM. MCDONALD. *W. G. Fischer, by per.*

64 7s.

I AM coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.

Chorus—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow;
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me—
I will cleanse you from all sin.
Chorus—I am trusting, etc.

3 Here I give my all to thee—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine for evermore.
Chorus—I am trusting, etc.

4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.
Chorus—I am trusting, etc.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. J. H. STOCKTON. *By per.*

65 *The Blood! the Precious Blood!*

THE cross! the cross! the blood-stained cross!
The hallow'd cross I see!
Reminding me of precious blood
That once was shed for me.

Chorus—Oh, the blood! the precious blood!
That Jesus shed for me,
Upon the cross, in crimson flood,
Just now by faith I see.

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

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

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

WORDS BY MRS. PHŒBE PALMER. *Tune—Winnowed Hymns.*

66 *The Cleansing Wave.*

OH, now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

Chorus—The cleansing stream I see, I see!
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me;
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood;
It speaks! polluted nature dies!
Sinks! 'neath the cleansing flood. *Cho.*

3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin,
With heart made pure, and garments white,
And Christ enthron'd within. *Cho.*

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know—
My Jesus crucified. *Cho.*

67 L. M.

TUNE—*Happy Day*

OH, happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

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

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done—
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed

4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed, shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death, a bond so dear.

68

Wounded for our Transgressions. Ps. liii. 5. 7s.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed;
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

69 *Depth of Mercy.* 7s.

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

Chorus—God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still;
Jesus weeps; he weeps, and loves me still.

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

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

4 Now incline me to repent!
Let me now my fall lament!
Now my soul's revolt deplore!
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

70 *The only Refuge.* 7s.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, oh, my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

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

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, 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.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY T. C. O'KANE. *By per.*

71 *"Sweeping thro' the Gates."* P. M

"I'm sweeping thro' the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."—*Dying words of Rev. A. Cookman.*

WHO, who are these beside the chilly wave,
Just on the borders of the silent grave,
Shouting Jesus' pow'r to save,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Chorus—"Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New
Jerusalem,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb;"
"Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New
Jerusalem,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

2 These, these are they who in the conflict dire,
Boldly have stood amid the hottest fire.
Jesus now says, "Come up higher,
Washed in the, etc. *Cho.*

3 Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore,
Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow, all are o'er;
Happy now, and evermore, "Washed," etc.

Chorus—Sweeping thro' the streets of the New
Jerusalem,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

MRS. ELVINA M. HALL.

72 *Jesus Died for All.* 6, 6, 7, 7.

I HEAR the Savior say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me thine all in all.

Chorus—Jesus died for all,
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He washed it white as snow

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

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

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

PHILIP PHILLIPS. *By per.*

73 *Gate Ajar.*

THERE is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the cross afar,
The Savior's love revealing.

Refrain—Oh, depth of mercy! can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?
For me, for me?
Was left ajar for me?

2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.

3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open;
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

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

MUSIC BY F. J. VAIL. TUNE—"*Gate Ajar.*"

74 *Gate Open Now for Me.*

THERE is a gate of shining pearl
Beyond the silent river,
And happy souls who enter there,
Shall dwell with Christ forever.

Chorus—Oh, love amazing! can it be
That gate is open now for me?
For me, for me—
Stands open now for me!

2 There is a land whose radiant sky
With constant light is glowing;
And all along its verdant shore,
The tide of joy is flowing.

Chorus—Oh, love amazing! can it be
A land so pure and bright for me?
For me, for me—
So pure and bright for me!

3 To every soldier of the cross,
Who waits our Lord's appearing,
There is a crown laid up for those—
The prospect, oh, how cheering.

Chorus—Amazing love! oh, can it be
There is a crown laid up for me?
For me, for me—
A crown laid up for me!

WORDS AND MUSIC BY T. C. O'KANE.

75 *Home Over There.* 8, 9, 9, 8.

OH, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

Refrain—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have troa;
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

Refrain—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

3 My Savior is now over there;
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Savior is now over there.

PHILIP PHILLIPS. *By per*

76 *Home of the Soul.* P. M.

I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far-away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll,
While the years of eternity roll;
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

2 Oh! that home of the soul in my visions and
dreams,
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
||: Between the fair city and me. :||
Till I fancy, etc.

3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
||: And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.: ||
The King of, etc.

4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands
||: To meet one another again. : ||
With songs on, etc.

77 *My Heavenly Home.* L. M.

MY heavenly home is bright and fair;
No pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.
I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home, to die no more.

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

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

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

78 *Gathered Home.* C. M.

SOON on that bright and heavenly plain,
We'll all be gathered home;
There we shall meet our friends again,
When we are gathered home.
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
Then we'll be gathered home.

2 Oh, what a cheering thought is this,
We'll all be gathered home;
We soon shall dwell in endless bliss,
We'll all be gathered home.
We'll wait till Jesus comes, etc.

3 Our kindred dear have gone before,
We'll all be gathered home;
To hail us on the distant shore,
We'll all be gathered home.
We'll wait till Jesus comes, etc.

79 *Our Home in Glory.* 8s & 7s

IN the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Savior's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.

Chorus—There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you;
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.

3 Sing, oh sing, ye heirs of glory!
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

80 *The Happy Land.*

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

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

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye—
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love can not die.
On, then, to glory! on!
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

TUNE—"*Sweet By and By.*"

81

9s.

I AM seeking "a home over there,"
Where my Savior forever doth reign;
There will be no more death over there,
Neither sorrow, nor sighing, nor pain.

Chorus—In the sweet by and by, etc.

2 There are angels that sing over there,
How delightful their singing must be;
There are crowns for the faithful to wear,
And I trust there's a crown there for me.
Chorus:

3 I have friends that have gone over there,
And I hope to rejoin them again;
How blessed to meet over there,
And with loved ones forever remain.
Chorus:

4 There are mansions for all over there,
For the poor and the homeless below;
There is room for the world over there,
And the Savior invites all to go.
Chorus:

5 And when all our sorrows are o'er,
And the toils of this life are past,
We'll shout on that beautiful shore,
Hallelujah, we're safe home at last.
Chorus:

82 *Knocking at the Door.* L. M.

BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks—has knocked before;
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh! lovely attitude—he stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands;
Oh! matchless kindness—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need·
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise—touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine—
That soul-destroying monster, sin—
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.

83 *He Leadeth Me.* P. M.

HE leadeth me! oh blessed thought!
Oh! words with heavenly comfort fraught,
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

Refrain—He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

84 *The Ninety and Nine.*

By per.

"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost." Luke xv. 6.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "'Tis of mine
Has wandered away from me:
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain-track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

85

TUNE—"*Lovest Thou Me?*

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord!
'Tis my Savior, hear his word!
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound,
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Thou shall see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner lov'st thou me?"

4 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint,
Yet I love thee and adore,
Oh, for grace to love thee more!

86 C. M.

[With or without chorus.]

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

Chorus—I want to go, I want to go,
I want to go there too;
I want to go where Jesus reigns;
I want to go there too.

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

3 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

4 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes,—

5 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.

87 C. M.

[With or without chorus.]

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

Chorus—Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
Yes, you must be a lover of the Lord,
Or you can't rise to heaven when you die

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

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

4 Sure 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,
With faith's discerning eye.

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

88 C. M.

[With or without chorus.]

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall by labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee!

Chorus—We'll stand the storm, etc.

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant green,
My study long have been!
Such sparkling light by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.

4 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

89 *Mercy's Free.* P. M.

BY faith I view my Savior dying,
On the tree, on the tree.
To every nation he is crying
Look to me, look to me.
He bids the guilty now draw near,
Repent, believe, dismiss your fears;
Hark! hark! what precious words I hear,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

2 This precious truth, ye sinners, hear it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free—
Ye ministers of God declare it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free,—
Visit the heathen's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the glorious news abroad,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

90 *Will you Go?* P. M.

WE'RE trav'ling home to heaven above.
Will you go? will you go?
To sing the Savior's dying love!
Will you go? will you go?
Our sun will then no more go down;
Our morn no more will be withdrawn,
Our days of mourning past and gone!
Will you go? will you go?

2 The way to heaven is free for all!
Will you go? will you go?
For Jew and Gentile, great and small!
Will you go? will you go?
Come, now resolve—give Christ your heart,
From every evil to depart,
And now for glory make a start!
Will you go? will you go?

91 *Prospect of Heaven.* C. M

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh! the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;.
There rocks and hills, and brooks, and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 On all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the sun forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

92 *The Beautiful River.*

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

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

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

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

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

REV. R. LOWRY, 1864 TUNE—[*See notes.*]

93 *Invitation to Sinners.* 6s, 7s

SINNER, go, will you go,
To the highlands of heaven?
Where the storms never blow,
And the long summer's given;
Where the bright blooming flowers
Are their odors emitting;
And the leaves of the bowers
In the breezes are flitting.

2 He's prepar'd thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
O come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding;
And the Savior will soon,
And forever, cease pleading.

94 *Saved by Grace* C. M.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

95

Rest in Heaven. Heb. iv. 9. 8s. & 6s.

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

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

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

96

The Christian's Farewell.

FAREWELL! farewell! to all below,
My Savior calls, and I must go;
I launch away upon the sea,
This world is not the world for me.

Chorus—This world is not my home,
This world is not my home,
This world hath many scenes of woe—
This world is not my home.

2 I've found the winding path of sin,
A rugged path to travel in;
Beyond the chilly wave I see
The land the Savior found for me.

Chorus—Oh that shall be my home,
That land shall be my home;
That world hath neither sin nor woe;
That world shall be my home.

3 Oh, praise the Lord, ye saints on high,
The angels sing, and so will I;
Where seraphs bend and bow the knee,
Oh, that's the land, the home for me.

Chorus—Oh, that shall be my home,
That land shall be my home;
That world hath neither sin nor woe;
That world shall be my home.

TUNE—*Harp, p.* 261.

97

P. M.

WHAT to me are earth's pleasures, and what
its flowing tears?
What are all the sorrows I deplore? [ears;
There's a song ever swelling—still lingers on my
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more!

Chorus—'Tis a song from the home of the weary;
Sorrow, sorrow is forever o'er;
Happy now, ever happy on Canaan's peaceful shore;
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more!

2 I seek not earthly glory, nor mingle with the gay;
I court not this world's gilded store,
There are voices now calling from the bright realms of day,
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.
Chorus—'Tis a song, etc.

98 *A Home Beyond the Tide.* P. M.

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

2 Millions now are safely landed
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.
All the storms, etc.

TUNE—*Harp, p.* 180.

99 *Safe Within the Veil.* 8s, 7s.

"LAND ahead!" Its fruits are waving
O'er the hills of fadeless green;
And the living waters laving
Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.

Chorus—Rocks and storms I fear no more,
When on that eternal shore,
Drop the anchor! furl the sail!
I am safe within the veil.

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

3 There! let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silv'ry bay;
Seaward fast the tide is gliding,
Shores in sunlight stretch away. *Cho.*

4 Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rock of our salvation,
We are safely home at last. *Cho.*

TUNE—*See Silver Songs, page* **124.**

100 *Over There.* P. M.

THEY have reached the sunny shore,
And will never hunger more;
All their griefs and pains are o'er,
Over there;
And they need no lamp by night,
For their day is always bright,
And their Savior is their light,
Over there.

Chorus—Over there, over there, over there, over there,
They can never know a fear,
Over there, over there;
All their streets are shining gold,
And their glory is untold,
'Tis the Savior's blissful fold,
Over there.

2 They have fought the weary fight,
Jesus saved them by his might,

Now they dwell with him in light,
Over there;
Soon we'll reach the shining strand,
But we'll wait the Lord's command,
Till we see his beck'ning hand
Over there
Chorus:

101 *Sun-Bright Clime.* 4s, 9s & 7s.

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

2 A river of water gushes there,
'Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair
And a thousand wings are hovering o'er
The dazzling wave and the golden shore,
That are seen in that sun-bright clime.

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

TUNE—*See Harp.*

102

I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love;
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else could do.

Chorus—I love to tell the story!
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story!
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams
I love to tell the story!
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason,
I tell it now to thee.
Chorus:

3 I love to tell the story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest;
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be—the old, old story
That I have loved so long.
Chorus:

103 *Just as I Am.* P. M.

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

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

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,

Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

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

104 *Heaven is My Home. Heb. xi.* 13. 10s & 5s.

I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

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

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

TUNE—[*See Notes.*]

105 S. M.

OH sing to me of heaven,
When I am call'd to die!
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.

2 When the last moment comes,
Oh, watch my dying face,
And catch the bright seraphic gleam
Which o'er each feature plays.

3 Then to my ravish'd ears
Let one sweet song be giv'n;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heav'n.

4 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest;
And clasp my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.

5 Then round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love;
And sing of heav'n, delightful heav'n,
My glorious home above!

106 *The Heart's Desire for Heaven.* 7s & 6s.

OH, when shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er.
If I continue faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers,
Eternal life shall have.

3 Thro' grace I am determined
To conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu;
And oh, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

107

God, the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength. 8s, 7s, 4s.

GUIDE me, oh, 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 thy crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow,
Let thy fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strengh and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Foe to death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

108 *Singing as we Journey.* *Is. xxxv.* 10. 7s.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout! ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

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

109 *Nearer my Home.* 6s & 7s.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than ever I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea;

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving my cross,
Nearer wearing my crown.

FANNIE CROSBY. *W. H. Doane, by per.*

Slowly. TUNE—*Gospel Songs, No.* 48.

110

SAVIOR, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
Let thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near thy side.

Refrain—Every day, every hour,
Let me feel thy cleansing power;
May thy tender love to me,
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to thee.

2 Through this changing world below
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting thee, I can not stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

3 Let me love thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

TUNE—[*See notes.*]

111 *"O Lord, revive thy work."* *Hab. iii.* 2. P. M.

WE praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above!

Chorus—Hallelujah! thine the glory, hallelujah!
amen.
Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us again.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

112 *"Let us draw near with a true heart."* L. M.

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

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

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

113 *Remember Me.* C. M.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me!

Chorus—Remember me! remember me!
Good Lord! remember me!
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
And then remember me!

2 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath:
Good Lord, remember me. *Chorus:*

114 *Pleading for Mercy. Luke xviii.* 13. L. M.

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 Oh, 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.

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

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

TUNE—[*Notes in latter part of book.*]

115 *The Burden of Sin.* L. M.

OH, that my load of sin were gone!
Oh, 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;
Savior of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thy image on my heart.

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

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

116 *Invitation to the Feast. Luke xiv.* 17. L. M.

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

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

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

4 This is the time, no more delay,
This is the acceptable day;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

117 *While We Have Light. Hosea iv.* 17. C. M.

THERE is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
That seals the destiny of men
To glory or despair.

2 There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

3 Oh, where is this mysterious line
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which, God himself has sworn,
That he who goes is lost?

4 How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?

5 An answer from the skies is sent:
"Ye that from God depart,
While it is call'd to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart."

118 *One thing Needful. Luke x.* 42. L. M.

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

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

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God, thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction in each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

119 *An evening Expostulation. II. Cor. vi. 2.* L. M.

OH, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eye against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart—
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long deluded sight;
This is the time; oh, then be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still;
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will—
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

4 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun—
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

120 *This earth Unsatisfying, Ecc. i. 2.* P. M.

I HAVE sought round this verdant earth,
For unfading joys;
I have tried every source of mirth,
But all, all will cloy.

Lord, bestow on me
Grace to set my spirit free,
Thine, the praise shall be,
Mine, mine the joy.

2 I have wander'd in mazes dark,
Of doubt and distress;
I have had not a kindling spark,
My spirit to bless;
Cheerless unbelief
Fill'd my wavering soul with grief;
What shall give relief?
What shall give peace?

3 I then turn'd to thy gospel, Lord,
From folly away;
I then trusted thy holy word,
Which taught me to pray.
There I found release,
Weary spirit here found rest,
Hope of endless bliss,
Eternal day.

121 *Pilgrim's Hope* P. M.

OUR bondage here shall end,
By and by—by and by;
Our bondage here shall end, by and by;
From Egypt's yoke set free,
Hail the glorious jubilee,
And to Canaan march along,
By and by—by and by;
And to Canaan march along, by and by.

2 Our Deliv'rer he shall come,
By and by, etc.,
And our sorrows have an end, by and by; E
With our threescore years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day,
By and by, etc.

3 Though our enemies are strong,
We'll go on, etc.,
Though our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo! Sinai's God is near!
While the fiery pillar moves,
We'll go on, etc.

4 And when to Jordan's flood,
We are come, etc.,
Jehovah rules the tide—
And the waters he'll divide,
And the ransom'd host shall shout,
We are come, etc.

TUNE—[*Bethany.*]

122 *Draw Nigh Unto God, Etc. James iv.* 8. 6s & 4s.

NEARER, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

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

4 And when on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

123 *Dilligence and Watchfulness.* S M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

Chorus—There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill—
Oh! may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely—
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

TUNE—[*See latter part of book.*]

124 *The Joyful Meeting.* C. M.

HOW pleasant thus to dwell below,
In fellowship of love;
And though we part, 'tis bliss to know
The good shall meet above.

Chorus—Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
Oh, 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.
Oh, that will be joyful, etc.

125 *Journey On.* P. M.

COME, brethren, don't grow weary,
But let us journey on;
The moments will not tarry,
This life will soon be gone.
The passing scenes all tell us
That death will surely come;
These bodies soon will molder
In th' angel-guarded tomb.

Chorus—There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest in heaven;
There is sweet rest, there is sweet rest,
There is sweet rest in heaven

2 Our Captain's gone before us,
He kindly calls us home
To yonder world of glory,
And sweetly bids us come.
The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Will strive to hedge our way,
But we'll o'ercome these powers,
If we hourly watch and pray. *Cho:*

126 *Life a Winter's Day. Ps. cxliv.* 4. 7s & 6s.

TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Inclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Where no worldly griefs annoy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

TUNE—[*See notes.*]

127 *Life's Sun. Jer. xv.* 9; *Is. lx.* 19. C. M.

MY latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.

Refrain—Oh, come, angel band; come, and around me stand,
Oh, bear me away on your snowy wings,
To my immortal home!
Oh, bear me away on your snowy wings,
To my immortal home!

2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

4 Oh, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

128 *The Heart's Desire for Heaven.* C. M

O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh!
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell in peace at home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful shelt'ring dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 Weary of wand'ring round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I soon shall quit th' unhallow'd ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

129 TUNE—[*See music.*] P. M.

DEAR brethren, I have found
A land that doth abound
With fruit as sweet as manna;
The more I eat, I find
The more I am inclin'd
To sing and shout hosannah.

Chorus—My soul now longs to go
Where I shall fully know
The glories of my Savior;
And as I pass along,
I'll sing the Christian song,
I hope to live forever.

2 What must this fountain be,
From which grace flows so free,
It yields both peace and pleasure;
There's no terrestrial bliss,
Can ever equal this,
A foretaste of my Savior. *Chorus:*

3 My brethren, can you say,
That you are on your way—
Are on your way to glory?
I care not for your name,
Religion is the same,
With all who love the Savior.

TUNE—[*See latter part of book.*]

130 *The Rock higher than I. Ps.* P. M

IN seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
When my heart's overwhelmed with sorrow and care;
From the end of the earth unto thee will I cry,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I,
Higher than I, etc.

2 When tempted by Satan the Spirit to grieve,
And the service of Christ, my Redeemer, to leave,
I'll claim my relation to Jesus on high—
The Rock of Salvation, that's higher than I,
Higher than I, etc.

3 O Savior of sinners, when faint and depressed,
With manifold trials and sorrows oppressed,
I'll bow at thy feet, and with confidence cry,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I,
Higher than I, etc.

131 *Heavenly Rest in Anticipation.* C. M.

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

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
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 shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

132 *The Savior's Guidance.* 6s & 4s.

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

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

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

133 *At Home in Heaven. I. Thes. iv.* 17. S. M.

"FOREVER with the Lord."
Amen. So let it be;
Life for the dead is in that word—
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home,—
Nearer home, nearer home,
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah, then, my spirit faints,
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above,—
Home above, home above,
Jerusalem above.

134 *He Hath Prepared, etc. Heb. xi.* 16. 7s & 6s.

WE are on our journey home,
Where Christ our Lord is gone;
We shall meet around his throne,
When he makes his people one
In the New Jerusalem.

2 We can see that distant home,
Though clouds rise dark between;
Faith views the radiant dome,
And a luster flashes keen
From the New Jerusalem.

3 Oh, glory shining far
From the never-setting sun!
Oh, trembling morning star!
Our journey's almost done
To the New Jerusalem.

4 Oh, holy, heavenly home!
Oh, rest eternal there!
When shall the exiles come,
Where they cease from earthly care
In the New Jerusalem?

CONFERENCE MEETING—MISCELLANEOUS.

135 *Christ's Presence Our Joy.* 8s.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;
Fair prospects, sweet songs, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me.
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.

I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear,
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

136 *Not Ashamed of Christ. M. viii. 38. L. ix. 26.* C. M.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my Lord, I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name.
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

137 *Heavenly Manna.* P. M.

BRETHREN, we have met to worship
And adore the Lord our God;
Will you pray with all your fervor
While we try to preach the word?
All is vain unless the Spirit
Of the holy One, come down.

Chorus—Brethren pray, and holy manna
Will come streaming all around.

2 Let us love our Lord supremely;
Let us love each other too;
Let us strengthen one another,
Till our Lord mal es all things new.
And when we get home to glory,
At his table we'll sit down;
Christ will gird himself, and serve us
With sweet manna all around.

138 *The Lord will provide. Job xxxviii. 41.* 11s.

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

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

139 *Relying on the Promises.* 11s.

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

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

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

4 Ev'n down to old age all my people shall prove
Impartial, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

140 *My Delight is in the Lord. Ps. xxvii.* 4. 11s, 8s.

O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed in the pastures of love;
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep?
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 Dear Shepherd! I hear, and will follow thy call,
I know the sweet sound of thy voice;
Restore and defend me, for thou art my all,
And in thee I will ever rejoice.

141 TUNE—[*Autumn.*] 8s & 7s,

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.

2 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.

3 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue.

142 *Closer Walk with God. Gen. v. 22.* C. M.

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

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

3 Return, O heavenly Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

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

5 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.

TUNE—[*Buckfield.*]

143 *Christ Commended.* L. M.

WHEN strangers stand, and hear me tell
What beauties in my Savior dwell—
Where he is gone, they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.

2 My best Beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But he descends, and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

3 In vineyards, planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand,
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

4 He hath engross'd my warmest love;
No earthly charms my soul can move;
I have a mansion in his heart;
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.

5 Oh, may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies;
Till I shall make my last remove,
To dwell forever with my Love.

144 *A Heart to Praise God.* C. M.

OH, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely shed 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 Oh, 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.

145 *The Lord is in his Garden. Jer. xxxi. 12.* P. M.

THE Lord into his garden comes;
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
Which makes the dead revive.

2 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne,
From Jesus' grace on high;
It comes like floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet for more we cry.

3 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim a mansion there:
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand
To meet you in that heav'nly land,
Where we shall part no more.

146 *The Year of Jubilee. Lev. xxv. 10.* H. M.

BLOW ye the trumpet—blow!
The gladly-solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound—

The year of jubilee is come;
Return! ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return! ye ransomed sinners, home.

147 *Waiting in Faith.* C. M.

WE wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs;
Till he shall come earth's gloom to chase
With healing on his wings.

2 And even now, amid the gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to that perfect day
Which never shall be past.

3 We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
Till that blest day shall shine,
When earth shall fruits of Eden bear,
And all, O God, be thine!

148 *The Savior's tears. Luke xix.* 41. S. M.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wond'ring angels see;
Be thou astonish'd, oh my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

149 *Home at Last.* S. M.

AND may I still get there?
Still reach the heavenly shore?
The land for ever bright and fair,
Where sorrow reigns no more!

Chorus—There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there;
In heav'n above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

2 Oh, happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

3 The church of the first-born—
We shall with them be blest,
And, crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

150 *Woman First at the Sepulcher. Lk. xxiv.* 1–22. 7s.

MARY to the Savior's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone:
For awhile she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

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

151 *Benefits of Religion. I. Tim. iv. 8.* 7s.

'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys shall be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God our friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

152 *The Lord Will Provide.* P. M.

IN some way or other the Lord will provide;
It may not be *my* way,
It may not be *thy* way;
And yet, in his own way,
"The Lord will provide"

2 At some time or other the Lord will provide;
It may not be *my* time,
It may not be *thy* time;
And yet, in his *own* time,
"The Lord will provide."

153 *The Great Physician.* 8s & 7s.

THE great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus:
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

Chorus—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2 All glory to the dying Lamb
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus. *Cho*:

154 *Come, and let us Reason,* P. M

COME, my friends, and let us try,
For a little season,
Every burden to lay by—
Come, and let us reason.

2 What is this that casts you down?
What is this that grieves you?
Speak, and let the worst be known·
Speaking may relieve you.

TUNE—[*Gospel Songs*, *p.* 88.]

155 *He Hath Done All Things Well. Mark vii.* 37. P. M.

I LEFT it all with Jesus, Long ago;
All my sins I brought him, And my woe.
When by faith I saw him, On the tree,
Heard his small, still whisper, "'Tis for thee,"
||: From my heart the burden
Rolled away—Happy day! :||

2 I leave it all with Jesus, For he knows
How to steal the bitter From life's woes;
How to gild the tear-drop With his smile,
Make the desert garden Bloom awhile;
||: When my weakness leaneth On his might,
All seems light. :||

3 I leave it all with Jesus Day by day;
Faith can firmly trust him, Come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor, Found her rest
In the calm, sure heaven Of his breast;
||: Love esteems it heaven To abide At his side.:||

4 Oh, leave it *all* with Jesus, Drooping soul!
Tell not *half* thy story, But the whole.
Worlds on worlds are hanging On his hand;
Life and death are waiting His command;
||: Yet his tender bosom Makes *thee* room,
Oh, come home.:||

156 *The Father's Love.* 8s & 7s.

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice
Which is more than liberty.

2 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

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

4 If our love were but more simple
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would shed more sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

157 *The Lord of Life.* L. M.

SUN of our life! thy wakening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope! thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

2 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our moontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow's arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

3 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love;
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We have no luster of our own.

4 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

158 TUNE—*Your Mission. Matt. xxv.* 15.
8s & 7s.

IF you can not preach the gospel,
Where the learned and gifted meet,
Winning praise from rich and noble,
Sitting in the highest seat,
You can gather in the children,
Who in streets neglected stray,
You can Calvary's story tell them,
You can teach them how to pray.

2 If you can not, in the temple,
Where the gay and wealthy throng,
Please them with the chanted measure,
Swell with them the choral song,
You can seek the dreary dwelling,
Where the poor and friendless stay,
You can comfort, aid, and cheer them,
"Point to heaven, and lead the way."

3 If you can not lead devotion,
Where assembled Christians pray;
If you find you lack the talent,
There to speak to edify;

You can in the closet enter,
Only to the Savior known,
You can humbly ask his blessing
On the seed by others sown.

159 *Buried Friends.* P. M.

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

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

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

160 *The "White Pilgrim's" Grave.* 10s & 8s.

[On the death of Rev. Joseph Thomas.]

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

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

3 The cause of my Master propelled me from home,
I bade my companion farewell;
I left my dear children, who for me now mourn,
In far distant regions to dwell.

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

5 But when among strangers, and far from my home,
No kindred or relative nigh,
I met the contagion and sunk in the tomb—
My spirit to mansions on high.

6 Oh, tell my companion, and children most dear,
To weep not for Joseph, though gone;
The same hand that led me through scenes dark
and drear,
Has kindly conducted me home.

161 *Warning to Youth.* C. M.

ATTEND, young friends, while I relate
The dangers you are in;
The evils that around you wait,
While subject unto sin.
Although you flourish like the rose,
While in its branches green;
Your sparkling eyes in death must close,
No more will they be seen.

2 In silent shades you must lie down,
Long in your graves to dwell;
Your friends will then stand weeping round,
And bid a long farewell.
How small this world will then appear—
At the tremendous hour,
When you Jehovah's voice shall hear,
And feel his mighty power.

3 In vain you'll mourn, your days are past,
Alas! those days are gone;
Your golden hours are spent at last;
And never to return.
Oh, come this moment and begin,
While life's sweet moments last,
Turn to the Lord, forsake all sin,
And he'll forgive the past.

162 *Flight of Time.* P. M.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And we must launch through endless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen;
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly:
Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
That thou must fail and die.

3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast, expansive blue,
To sing above, as angels do—
Or sink in endless night.

163 *Passing Tim* P. M.

THE sun is set, the day is clos'd,
The night is calm, the world's compos'd,
And cares are laid aside;
So fly my days, without control,
Like rolling spheres around the pole,
Or swift as meteors glide.

2 My life, at best, is but a span;
Few are the days allowed to man,
To number here in pain;
Each moment clips the little space,
Contracts the span, cuts short the race,
And winds the mortal chain.

3 Well, if my days must end so soon,
My morning sun go down at noon,
The present I'll improve;
I'll watch the moments as they fly,
Improve them all as they pass by,
And serve the God I love.

MUSIC—[See page 182 Hallowed Songs; also, Singing Pilgrim.]

164 *Watch and Pray.*

SOFTLY on the breath of evening
Comes the tender sigh of day;
Lonely heart, by sorrow laden,
'Tis the time to pray.

Chorus—Weary pilgrim, cease thy
Weary pilgrim, cease thy
Weary pilgrim, cease thy
Rest beyond forever.

2 'Tis the hour where hallowed feelings
Chase our doubts and fears away;
'Tis the hour of calm devotion;
Pilgrim, watch and pray.
Weary pilgrim, etc.

3 Though temptations dark oppress thee
Jesus guides thee on thy way;
He will hear thy lightest whisper;
Pilgrim, watch and pray.
Weary pilgrim, etc.

165 *Exemplary Life. Matt. v. 16.* L. M.

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our blessed Lord,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

166 *The Promised Land.*

I HAVE a Father in the promised land,
I have a Father in the promised land;
My Father calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land.

Chorus—I'll away, I'll away to the promised la
I'll away, I'll away to the promised la
My Father calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land.

2 I have a Savior in the promised land,
I have a Savior in the promised land;
My Savior calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land.
I'll away, etc.

3 I hope to meet you in the promised land,
I hope to meet you in the promised land;
At Jesus' feet, a joyous band,
We'll meet you in the promised land.
We'll away, etc.

TUNE—[*Singing Pilgrim.*]

167 *Singing for Jesus.*

SINGING for Jesus, singing for Jesus,
Trying to serve him wherever I go;
Pointing the lost to the way of salvation,
This be my mission, a pilgrim below.
When in the strains of my country I mingle,
When to exalt her my voice I would raise,
'Tis for his glory whose arm is her refuge,
Him would I honor, his name would I praise.

Singing for Jesus, my blessed Redeemer,
Lord of the pilgrims, for thee I will sing;
When o'er the billows of time I am wafted,
Still with thy praise shall eternity ring.
Glory to God for the prospect before me,
Soon shall my spirit transported ascend;
Singing for Jesus, oh, blissful employment,
Loud hallelujahs that never shall end.

TUNE—[*Winnowed Hymns.*]

168 *How Can I Keep from Singing?* 8s & 7s.

MY life flows on in endless song,
Above earth's lamentation,
I catch the sweet though far-off hymn,
That hails a new creation.

Through all the tumult and the strife
I hear the music ringing;
It finds an echo in my soul;
How can I keep from singing?

2 What though my joys and comforts die;
The Lord, my Savior, liveth;
What though the darkness gather round;
Songs in the night he giveth.
No storm can shake my inmost calm,
While to that refuge clinging;
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing?

3 I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin;
I see the blue above it;
And day by day the pathway smooths,
Since first I learned to love it.
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart;
A fountain ever springing;
All things are mine, since I am his—
How can I keep from singing?

TUNE—*Your Mission.*

169

Missionary Hymn. 8s & 7s.

IF you can not be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;
With your prayers and with your bounties,
You can do what heaven demands,
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

2 If for you the lines have fallen
In this land of gospel light,
Can you cast no ray of gladness
Through the heathen's cheerless night?

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
For the pledge of God is given,
Thou shalt find it, surely find it,
'Mid the shining hosts of heaven.

170 *Faith and Assurance.* 4s, 6s & 2 8s.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Savior 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 was shed 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 speak for me;
Forgive him, oh, forgive! they cry,
Nor let the ransomed sinner die.

171 *Title Clear—with Chorus.* C. M.

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

Chorus—Oh! that will be joyful! joyful! joyful!
Oh! that will be joyful!
To meet to part no more,
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore;
'Tis there we'll meet at Jesus' feet,
Yes, meet to part no more.

172 *Meeting after Absence.* S. M.

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

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

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

4 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

173 *Watch against Temptation. Thess. iii.* 5. S. M.

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

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

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

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

174

8, 5, 6, 5

WORDS BY PHILIP PHILLIPS.

WE'VE 'listed in a holy war,
Battling for the Lord!
Eternal life, eternal joy,
Battling for the Lord!

Chorus—We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And then we'll rest at home.

2 And when our warfare here is o'er,
Battling for the Lord!
This strife we'll leave, and war no more,
Battling for the Lord!

3 Our friends and kindred there we'll meet,
On the heavenly shore!
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet,
On the heavenly shore!

175 TUNE—*Webb, or Yarmouth.* 7s, 6s.

STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high is royal banner;
It must not suffer loss.
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquish'd,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

CONTRIBUTIONS—BENEVOLENCE.

176 *Contribution. Prov. iii.* 9. 8s & 7s.

WITH my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
They were nothing to his word.

2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.

3 Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her Monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted;
To my Lord my all I owe.

177 *Our Gold and Silver the Lord's.* L. M.

THE gold and silver are the Lord's,
And every blessing earth affords;
All come from his propitious hand,
And must return at his command.

2 The blessings which I now enjoy,
I must for Christ and souls employ;
For if I use them as my own,
My Lord may soon recall the loan.

3 Expand my heart—incline me, Lord,
To give thee as I can afford;
That, what thy bounty renders mine
I may with cheerful hands resign.

178 *Blessings of Charity. Ps. xli.* 1. L. M.

BLEST is the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor in their distress;
Whose pity wipes the widow's tear,
Whose hand supports the fatherless.

2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do·
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has pity too.

3 Or, if he languish on his bed,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven
Will save from death his sinking head,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

179 *Fellowshtp in Love.* S. M

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

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

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

180 *Union of Saints. Col. ii. 2.* 8s.

[*See notes.*]

FROM whence does this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love?
It fastens our souls with such ties
That distance nor time can remove.

2 It can not in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends, all so dear are to me,
Our souls so united in love—
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 Oh! why then so loth now to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again?
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At a distance we can not remain.

181 *One in Christ. John xvii.* 11. **S. M.**

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

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

3 Let bitterness and wrath
Be banished far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And every heart is love.

182 *Hymn of Welcome for a Promiscuous Gathering.*

8s, 7s.

GRATEFUL hearts and cheerful voices
Swell our sacred song to-night,
Sending up to God thanksgiving
For the scenes which greet our sight;
Thanks we give for that sweet spirit
Which hath hither drawn, from far,
Such a goodly band of pilgrims,
Guided by love's gentle star.

2 Christian friends, we bid you welcome!
Welcome to this sacred place;
For we joy, with untold gladness,
Here to meet you face to face.
Welcome to our homes; we bid you
Welcome to our social cheer;
Hearts and hands we give you freely,
For you all are brethren here.

183 *Saints all of one Family. Eph. iii.* 15. C. M.

LET saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

2 One family, we dwell in him—
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death

3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Dear Savior! be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

184 *Seasons and Harvests from God. Gen. viii.* 22. L. M

GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Thy name we bless, Almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,—
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallow'd ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dang'rous way

4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

185 *Gratitude for Harvests.* *Is. ix.* 3. L. M.

GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling vear;
As time with rapid pinions flies,
May every season make us wise.

2 Long has thy favor crowned our days,
And summer shed again its rays;
No deadly cloud our sky has vailed;
No blasting winds our path assailed.

3 Our harvest months have o'er us rolled,
And filled our fields with waving gold;
Our tables spread, our garners stored!
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord?

4 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
Like stars in heaven to rise and shine;
Then shall our happy souls above
Reap the full harvest of thy love!

186 *Thanks for All Things.* *Ep. v.* 20.

WORDS BY REV. W. B. H. BEACH. TUNE—*America.*

GIVE thanks unto the Lord,
Sound his great name abroad,
For he is good!

His mercies ever sure,
To endless years endure,
Eternal and secure
His Fatherhood.

2 Come, sing his mercies o'er!
Praise God for evermore!
Whose boundless love,
Earth, with its fruits, has given,—
Joys new at morn and even,
Enriched with hopes of heaven—
Of life above!

3 Come, sing of good secured
By all our woes endured:
God leads us still—
Through sorrow's darkest night;
Through trial's sorest fight—
Victorious by his might,
O'er every ill.

4 Give thanks to God! Give praise!
Oh, wondrous are his ways!
Give thanks to God!
Let men and angels join,
Let earth and heaven combine,
To chant the song divine—
The Lord is good!

187 *Let Heaven and Earth Praise Him.* *Ps. lxix.* 34.

WORDS BY MRS. W. B. H. BEACH.

FROM the distant hill-tops,
From the vales between,
From the flowing river,
From the murmuring stream;
From the leafless forests,
From the frost-browned lea;
Nature's myriad voices
Swell the chorus free.

2 Mount to mount replieth,
O'er far-reaching plain;
Isle to islet shouteth,
In the watery main.
Ocean's sleepless billow,
The deep bass prolongs,
To the soft soprano
Of earth's mingled songs.

3 Hark! the swelling chorus
From our world of tears,
Wakes the low sweet music
Of the silver spheres,
Upward, upward stealing
Till the notes of love
Echo and re-echo
Through the realms above

4 And angelic minstrels,
On the heavenly plains,
List, to catch the echo
Of the distant strains;
Then their sweetest anthem
Mingle with the lay;
Earth approaches heaven—
'Tis "Thanksgiving-day."

188 *Prayer for our Country. I. Tim. ii. 2.* C. M.

LORD! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh! hear us for our native land—
The land we love the most.

2 Oh! guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations! thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her Refuge and her Trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

189 *Another Hymn for laying Corner-Stone.*

WORDS BY MARTYN SUMMERBELL. [*See also page* 33.]

ON Zion's mount our God and King
Prepares his church to raise,
While heavenly hosts responsive sing
Their hymns of royal praise.

2 Other foundation none can lay
Than God gives in his Son;
He is the Life, the Truth, the Way—
Christ, the Chief Corner-Stone.

3 Grounded on him may we be built
Into a temple strong;
Each heart with Christian graces filled;
"Union in Christ"—our song.

4 Here may all party strivings cease,
Lost in celestial love;
And brethren, finding Christ their Peace,
Grow fit for heaven above.

190 *Evening.* L. M.

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.

191 *Evening Reflections.* S. M.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh! may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us, while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh! may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

192 *He shall be as the Light of the Morning.*
II. Sam. xxiii. 4. L. M.

GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfill
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes,
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

193 *Another Year Past.* C M.

AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I can not long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Awake, my soul! with utmost care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair?
What is thy great concern?

3 Behold, another year begins!
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

4 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

194 *Life Short. Ps. xc. 9.* S. M.

MY few revolving years,
How swift they glide away!
How short the term of life appears!
When past—but as a day.

2 Lord, through another year,
If thou permit my stay,
With watchful care may I pursue
The true and living way.

OPENING OF THE YEAR.

195 *"I continue unto this day." Acts xxvi. 22.*

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

196 *Devote the Year to God.* C. M.

REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their round,
How short the months appear.

2 Waken, O God, my inmost heart,
Its great concerns to see,
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the years to thee.

3 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this may bear my waiting soul
To joys above the skies!

197 *Renewing the Journey.* 10s, 5s, 11s.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue—
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2 Our life as a dream; our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

3 Oh, that each in the day of His coming may say:
"I have fought my way through,
I've finished the work thou didst give me to do!"
Oh, that each from his Lord may receive the glad word:
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

198 *Opening of School.* L. M.

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

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

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

199 *Love for the Sunday-school. Ps. lxxxiv.* 10. C. M.

I LOVE the Sabbath-school—the place
My youthful feet have trod;
Where I have heard of wisdom's ways,
That lead to peace and God.
I love the Sabbath-school—'tis there
The praise of God we sing;
'Tis there we bow the knee in prayer
To God, our heavenly King.

2 I love the Sabbath-school—where we
The Holy Bible read,
Which tells of Christ, who came to be
A Savior in our need.
Oh, that, when life's few cares are past,
Our teachers we may meet
Upon the blissful plains, and cast
Our crowns at Jesus' feet.

200 *Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me.*
Matt. xix. 14 L.eM.

JESUS, thou 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 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,
And let their number be complete;
Then let the flock from earth remove
And reach the heavenly fold above.

201 *Keep the Young Heart Pure. Prov. iv.* 23. L. M.

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

2 'Tis 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.

202 *Jesus in the Temple. Matt. xxi.* 15. 8s & 7s.

SEE the Savior in the temple,
Giving sight to blinded eyes;
Giving life to dying mortals—
Hark, the songs of children rise!

2 Oh, how sweet the glad hosannas
Rising from the happy throng!
Some would hush the childish strains, but
Jesus loves the infant song.

3 Still the Lord is in his temple,
In the power of his word;
Come, ye sin-sick souls for healing—
Come, ye children, praise the Lord.

203 *The Lambs of Jesus. John xxi.* 15. L. M.

THE lambs of Jesus! who are they
But children that believe and pray?
That keep God's laws and ask his grace,
And seek a heavenly dwelling-place!

2 The lambs of Jesus! they are meek,
The words of peace and truth they speak;
To all God's creatures they are kind,
And, like their Lord, of gentle mind.

3 The lambs of Jesus! oh, that we
Might of that blessed number be!
Lord, take us early to thy love,
And lead us to the fold above.

204 *Jesus Loves Me.* 7s.

W. B. BRADBURY. TUNE—[*See Trio, page* 232.]

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

Chorus—Yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me;
The Bible tells me so.

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

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

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

205 *Jesus Blessing the Children.* P. M.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men;
How he call'd little children as lambs to his fold;
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that his hands had been plac'd on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me;
That I might have seen his kind looks when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 He's gone to that beautiful place, to prepare
For all who are wash'd and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there;
For of such is the kingdom of heav'n.

4 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.

206 *Closing School.* 7s.

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

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

3 What we each have now been taught,
Let our memories retain;
May we, if we live, be brought
Here to meet in peace again.

4 Then, if thou instruction bless,
Songs of praises shall be given;
We'll our thankfulness express,
Here on earth and when in heaven.

207 *Death of a Teacher.* S. M.

WELL may these 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.

208 *Death of a Scholar.* C. M.

DEATH has been here, and borne away
A scholar from our side;
Just in the morning of his day,
As young as we, he died.

2 Not long ago, he filled 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 All needful strength is thine to give;
To thee our souls apply
For grace to teach us how to live,
And make us fit to die.

TEMPERANCE.

209 *Divine Aid Invoked.* C. M.

'TIS thine alone, Almighty Name,
To raise the dead to life,
The lost inebriate to reclaim
From passion's fearful strife.

2 What ruin hath intemperance wrought!
How widely roll its waves!
How many millions hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!

3 And see, O Lord! what numbers still
Are maddened by the bowl;
Led captive at the tyrant's will,
In bondage, heart and soul!

4 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King!
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end th' usurper's reign.

210 *Ravages of Intemperance.* C. M.

INTEMPERANCE, like a raging flood,
Is sweeping o'er the land;
Its dire effects, in tears and blood,
Are traced on every hand.

2 It still flows on, and bears away
Ten thousands to their doom;
Who shall the mighty torrent stay,
And disappoint the tomb?

3 Almighty God! no hand but thine
Can check the flowing tide;
Stretch out thine arm of power divine,
And bid the flood subside.

3 Dry up the source from whence it flows,
Destroy its fountain-head;
That dire intemperance and its woes
No more the earth o'erspread.

211 *The Temperance Standard.* 8s & 7s.

ROUND the temp'rance standard rally,
All the friends of human kind;
Snatch the devotees of folly,
Wretched, perishing, and blind;
Loudly tell them
How they comfort now may find.

2 Plant the temp'rance standard firmly;
Round it live, and round it die;
Young and old, defend it sternly,
Till we gain the victory,
And all nations
Hail the happy jubilee.

CHRISTMAS.

212 *Its blessing is from God.* C. M.

GOD give us merry Christmas tide,
And make us happy all;
But in this hour's rejoicing may
No evil thing befall.

2 We hang the twining winter-green,
The glad home-fires we light,
And we our "Merry Christmas" keep,
With hearts and voices bright.

3 May each one by the Spirit led,
E'er make the Lord his choice;
And gladly in his footsteps tread,
And in his love rejoice;—

4 Rejoice! for once at Bethlehem,
To give his life away,
Our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ,
Was born this blessed day!

213 *The Christmas Tree.* C. M.

OUR Christmas Tree is decked once more,
In joy we meet around;
It tells of brighter things in store;
Let songs of praise abound.

2 Our Christmas Tree is fresh and green,
While skies are cold and drear;
Its harvest-store of fruit is seen
When winter blights the year.

3 The Christmas Tree, it blooms again,
So beautiful and bright,
The Christmas Tree, it bears again
For children here to-night.

4 Kind friends! whose hands have decked this tree,
Our grateful thanks receive;
Yet, Lord, for Christmas joys, to thee
Our highest praise we raise.

214 *Christmas Tree Meeting.* L. M.

WORDS BY H.

COME, meet around our Christmas Tree,—
Its gifts prepared for you and me;
With curious art and skill that prove
Each little work a work of love.

2 Brothers and sisters here unite,
Parents and friends in all delight,
Each secret kept with faithful care,
Till all the gifts of love may share.

3 Why do we prize our Christmas Tree?
Why do we press its light to see?
We know there's more than meets the eye
In outward form of harmony.

4 We prize the blessings Christmas brought,
The precious things past human thought;
For then in love divine were given,
Good-will and peace to earth from heaven.

THE PICNIC DAY.

215 [May be sung before going to the grove.] C. M.

WORDS BY C.

THE day has come, we'll haste away,
In shady groves to sing;
Then let us with our joyful lay,
Our praise to Jesus bring.

2 Come, parents, teachers, one and all,
Be young again and play;
Come, answer to the joyous call,
And drive dull care away.

3 Our heavenly Father's open hand
Has spread the grove and field;
Then let us, a united band,
Our hearty praises yield.

4 Father, attend us now, we pray,
And keep us from all sin,
Till open'd are the pearly gates
To let thy children in.

216 *Gathered to the Grove.* 7s.

NOW, from many a happy home,
To the shady woods we come;
Grant us here some blessing, Lord,
That earthly pleasures ne'er afford.

2 When we leave this pleasant grove,
Stronger be for Christ our love;
In our studies, in our play,
Make us useful ev'ry day.

3 Lord, from evil us defend,
All our helpless steps attend;
Make us good and pure within,
Keep us, Lord, from every sin.

217 *Feast for Poor and Rich.* L. M

WORDS BY H. Y. R.

NOW come the children to the feast,
And every one's a welcome guest;
Yes, rich and poor are welcome here,
The dainties of the feast to share.

2 Some may be orphans with us here—
No mother's hand to wipe the tear;
No mother's voice with lullaby
To still the sob or hush the sigh.

3 Though poor the garment, bare the feet,
The Lord will kindly come to meet
And bless the children, just the same
As if in finer garb they came.

4 For all these we our table spread,
To feed them as ourselves are fed;
In blessing them ourselves are blest—
In leading them *we* enter rest!

THE GROVE MEETING.

218 *For Services in the Grove.*

WORDS BY R.

HOW pleasant 'neath this shade to meet;
How pleasant here our friends to greet;
But better far—of all the best,
If God may now our meeting bless.

2 God's people all are welcome here—
All, all alike, to him are dear;
Then all in love to-day should meet,
And list'ning sit at Jesus' feet.

3 Teacher divine, come now and bless;
If souls are weary, give them rest;
If will is weak, thy strength bestow,
And with it grace thy will to do.

4 From city, hamlet, rural home,
The people to this grove have come;
Welcome! and may we all be blest—
All seek and find the heavenly rest.

219 *Before Benediction, in the Grove.*

WORDS BY R.

NOW since we soon must parted be,
And may not hither come again;
Father, we humbly look to thee—
Thou only canst our hearts sustain.

2 More than the leaves that give us shade
Have been thy mercies in the past;
And longer than the earth we tread,
Thy love shall to thy people last.

3 To-day thy leafy temple here
Has echoed with our songs and prayers;
Songs of the temple o'er there—
Grant us at last in these to share!

MARRIAGE.

220 *The Witness and Blessing of the Lord.* C. M.

LORD, on this bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands

2 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light—
In joy and sorrow share.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow—
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 As Isaac and Rebecca gave
A pattern chaste and kind;
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendship joined.

221 *Jesus at the Marriage. John ii.* 1. L. M.

THAT was a marriage nobly blest,
Where Jesus sat an honored guest,
The Prince of love, of plenty King,
No other such delight could bring

2 And he, when bidden, still will come,
To rule the joyful feasts of home;
'Tis wise no other guests to call,
Till Christ is sought who blesses all.

3 When in the golden courts of heaven,
His own great marriage feast is given,
He'll welcome to that sacred cheer,
The humblest heart who owns him here.

PARTING HYMNS.

222 *Friends Parting.* C. M.

LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loath to leave the place.

2 But, Father, since it is thy will,
That we must part again,
Yet let thy special presence still
With every one remain;

3 And let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love;
Till we, before thy glorious throne,
Shall joyful meet above.

223 *A Heavenly Meeting.* 7s.

CHRISTIANS, brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

DEATH—FUNERALS.

224 *Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Rev. xiv.* 13. C. M.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord!
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

225 *Let me die the death of the righteous. Num. xxiii. 10.*
S. M.

OH, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransom'd spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Savior they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 Oh, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

226 *Fears of death removed. I. John iv. 18.* L. M

WHY should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

227 *Asleep in Jesus. I. Thess. iv. 13.* L. M.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That Death has lost his venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's power

4 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.

228 *Visions of Heaven.* C. M.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die;
My soul shall quit this mortal vale,
And soar to worlds on high—

2 Shall join the glorified saints,
And find its long-sought rest;
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

3 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

4 I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliv'rer come;
And wipe away his captive's tears,
And take his exile home.

229 *Death of a Youth.* C. M.

WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's relentless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh, may this truth, impress
With awful power, I, too, must die,
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage 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
May every heart obey,
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

230 *Home in View.* L. M.

AS, when the weary traveler gains
The hight of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He sees his home, though distant still:

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

3 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past,
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away.

231 *Death of a Little Child.* S. M.

GO to thy rest, fair child!
Go to thy dreamless bed,
While yet so gentle, undefiled,
With blessings on thy head.

2 Ere sin had seared the breast,
Or sorrow woke the tear;
Rise to thy throne of changeless rest
In yon celestial sphere!

3 Because thy smile was fair
Thy lip and eye so bright;
Because thy loving cradle-care
Was such a dear delight—

4 Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy upward wing detain!
No! gentle angel, seek thy place
Amid the cherub train.

232 *Death of a Child.* C. M.

SHE was the music of our home,
A day that knew no night,
The fragrance of our garden bower,
A thing all smiles and light.

2 Above the couch we bent and prayed
In the half-lighted room,
As the bright hues of infant life
Sank slowly into gloom.

3 The form remained; but there was now
No soul our love to share;
Farewell, with weeping hearts, we said,
Child of our love and care!

4 But years are moving quickly past,
And time will soon be o'er;
Death shall be swallowed up of life,
On the immortal shore.

233 *Death of a Babe.* 7s.

LOVELY babe, how brief thy stay!
Short and hasty was thy day;
Ending soon thy journey here,
Pain and grief no more to bear.

2 Hard it is from thee to part,
Oh, it pains the troubled heart;
But an heir of glory's gone;
Let the will of God be done.

3 Pillowed on the Savior's breast,
Sweetly sleep, and softly rest;
Soon the morning shall restore
The buried babe we now deplore.

234 *The flower fadeth. Isa. xl. 8.* L. M.

AS the sweet flower that scents the morn
But withers in the rising day,
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.

2 Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death timely came, with friendly care;
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bid it bloom forever there.

3 It died to sin, and died to care;
But for a moment felt the rod;
Then, rising on the viewless air,
Spread its light wings and soared to God.

235 *Death of a Moth.er* L. M.

THE bosom where I oft have lain,
And slept my infant hours away,
Will never beat for me again;
'Tis still in death—'tis lifeless clay.

2 How many were the silent prayers
My mother offered up for me!
How many were the bitter cares
She felt, when none but God could see!

3 Well, she is gone, and now in heaven
She sings His praise, who died for her;
And to her hand a harp is given,
And she's a heavenly worshiper.

4 Now let me choose the path she chose,
And her I soon again may see,
Beyond this world of sin and woes,
With Jesus, in eternity.

236 *Death of a Pastor.* S. M.

REST from thy labor, 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 Jesus! to 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 eyes.

237 *Joy in view of the Resurrection. Phil. ii.* 16. S. M.

AND must this body die,
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie moldering in the clay?

2 Christ, my Redeemer, lives,
And often, from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

5 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these, our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

238 *They are not lost, etc. II. Sam. xii. 23.* L. M.

DEAR is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains their spirits pour;
Oh, why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost, but gone before.

2 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more;
Eternal happiness they share,
Who are not lost, but gone before.

3 To Zion's peaceful courts above
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing, in the arms of love,
The friends not lost, but gone before.

DISMISSIONS AND DOXOLOGIES.

239 8s, 7s & 4s.

LORD! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
Let us, all thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh! refresh us—
Traveling through this wilderness.

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

240 L. M.

WHILE now upon this Sabbath eve,
Thy house, Almighty God, we leave,
'Tis sweet, as sinks the setting sun,
To think on all our duties done.

2 Oh! evermore may all our bliss
Be peaceful, pure, divine, like this;
And may each Sabbath, as it flies,
Fit us for joys beyond the skies.

241 L. M.

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

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

242 .S M.

OH, there are crowns that we shall wear,
When all the saints are crowned;
Oh, there are palms that we shall bear
On yonder holy ground.

2 Come, crown and throne; come, robe and palm,
Burst forth, glad stream of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Sun of Righteousness!

243

L. M

ERE to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace, once more, O God, we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.

2 May the great truths we here have heard—
The lessons of thy holy word—
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from error keep

3 Oh, may the influence of this day
Long as our memory with us stay,
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

244

8s & 7s.

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

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

245

L. M.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our souls in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

246

C. M.

THOU art the first, and thou the last;
Time centers all in thee,
The Almighty God who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

2 To thee let every tongue be praise
And every heart be love;
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

247

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.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father who art in heaven:
Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. AMEN.

THE LAW OF GOD.

AS IT IS WRITTEN IN THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER OF THE BOOK OF EXODUS.

God spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I.—Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

III.—Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.

IV.—Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested, the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

V.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI.—Thou shalt not kill.

VII.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII.—Thou shalt not steal.

IX.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love on another. John XIII. 34.

THE SUMMARY OF THE LAW BY OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

St. Matthew XXII. 37–40.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

CONCERNING THE BIBLE.

All Scripture was given by inspiration of God.

Most of the thirty-nine books of the Old and the New Testament were written in the Hebrew.

The New Testament was written mostly, if not wholly, in the Greek.

The Old Testament was translated into Greek about three hundred years before Christ.

Soon after the apostolic writings were published, the Bible was translated into Latin, for the benefit of Christians using that language.

About the year 1455 the Bible was first printed, in Latin, at Mentz, Germany.

The first complete English Bible was proposed by John Reynolds, of Oxford, and published in England, in the year 1611.

Reynolds' proposition was favored by King James I., who appointed fifty-four learned and pious men to make the translation, the work occupying nearly four years.

The Bible was first printed in America in the language of the native Indian, by Rev. John Elliott—the New Testament in 1661, and the Old in 1663—published at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The second Bible printed in America was in the German language—published at Germantown, near Philadelphia, by Christopher Sower, in 1676.

The first English American Bible was printed by Kneeland & Green, at Boston, in 1752.
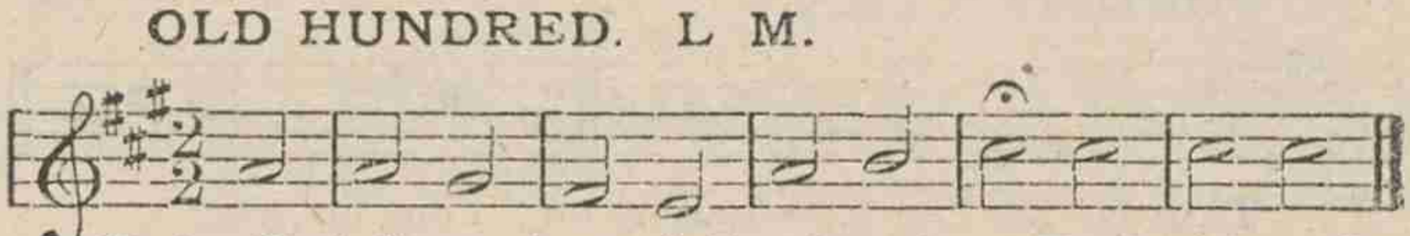
Many attempts have been made by the enemies of the Bible to destroy it from the earth. But no human power can put out this lamp for the Christian's path—this light for his feet. The law of the Lord is perfect; it converts the soul; His testimony makes wise the simple; His statutes rejoice the heart; His commandments enlighten the eyes; His law abideth securely; for not a jot or tittle of it shall pass away till all is fulfilled.

CHOICEST TUNES.

OLD AND NEW.

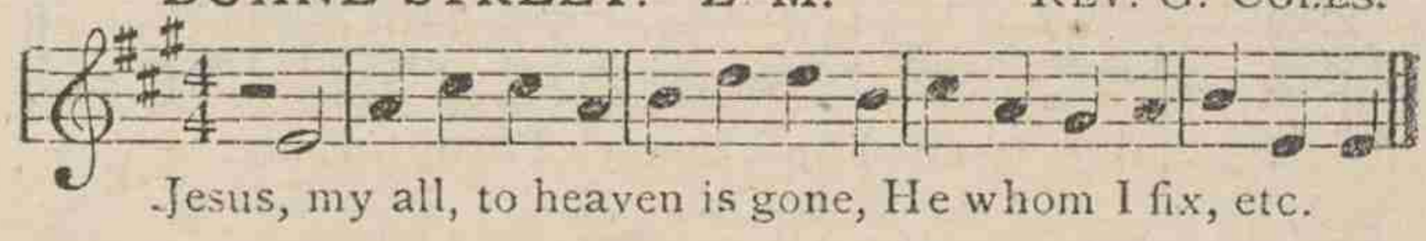
THESE musical notes are designed to place at the command of congregations and choirs a large variety of the best and most popular tunes and choruses. As the first lines of the hymns are also given, they will add much to the interest of prayer meetings by placing before the singer, in so small a compass, a large variety of the stanzas most often sung upon such occasions, and found to be the most spiritually helpful. The meters are easy of reference, as they stand in the order of long, common, short, and so on, in the descending scale of syllable and figure. In revival meetings, also, this collection of both old and new tunes will be found exceedingly convenient and useful.

OLD HUNDRED. L M.



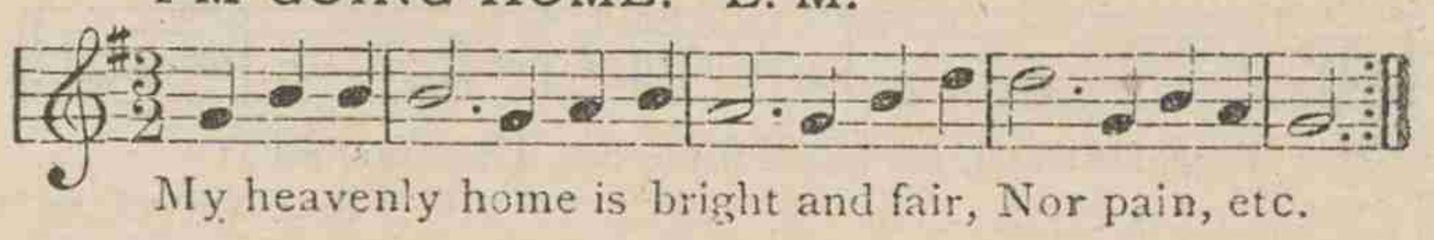
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all

DUANE STREET. L M. REV. G. COLES.



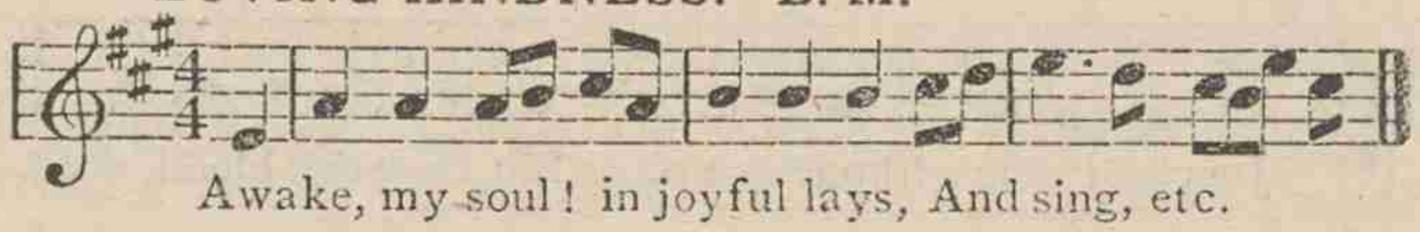
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone, He whom I fix, etc.

I'M GOING HOME. L. M.



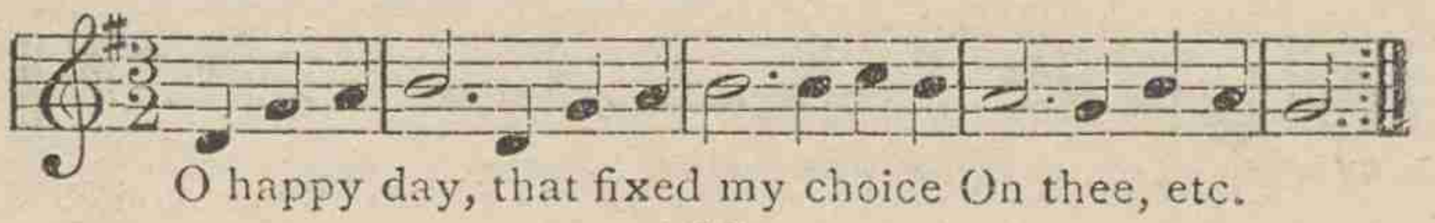
My heavenly home is bright and fair, Nor pain, etc.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.



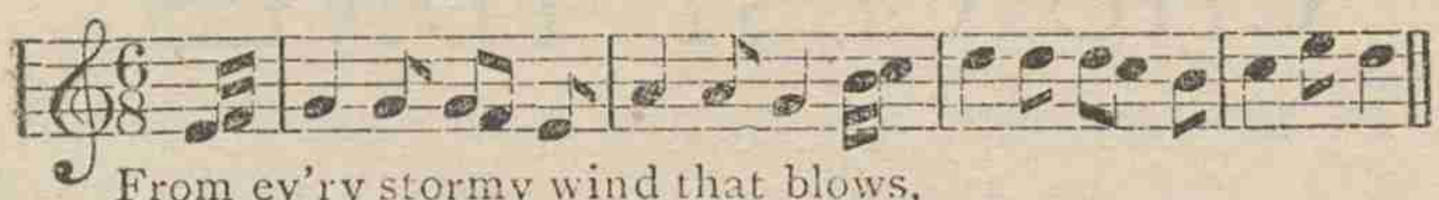
Awake, my soul! in joyful lays, And sing, etc.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.
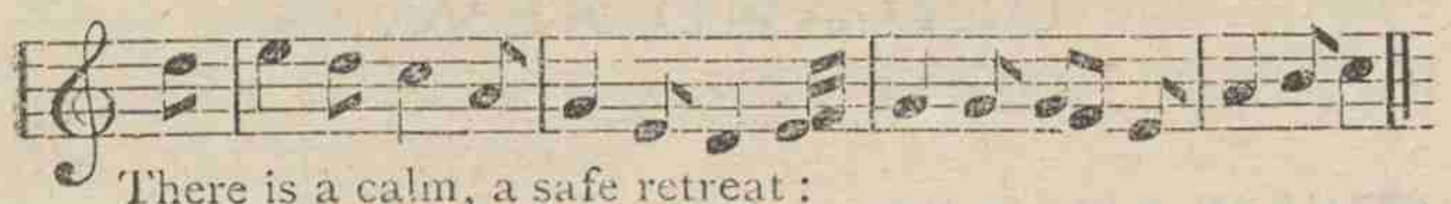


O happy day, that fixed my choice On thee, etc.

RETREAT. L. M.

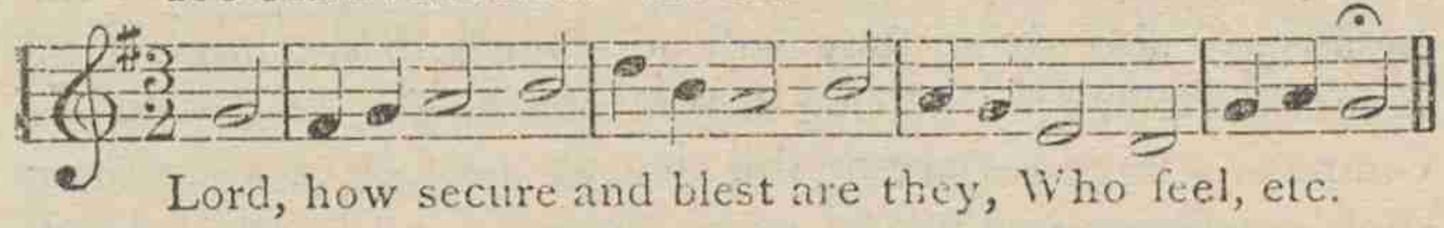


From ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,



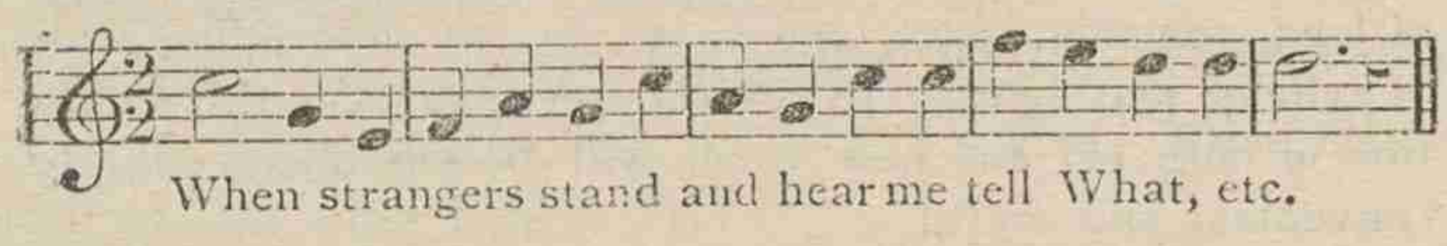
There is a calm, a safe retreat:
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. DR. L. MASON.
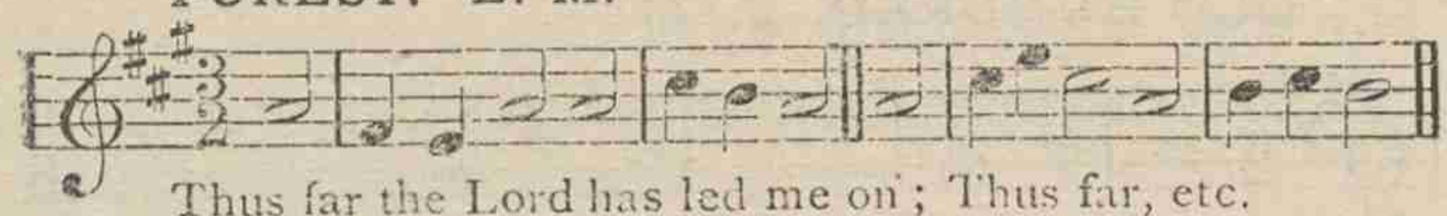


Lord, how secure and blest are they, Who feel, etc.

BUCKFIELD. L. M.
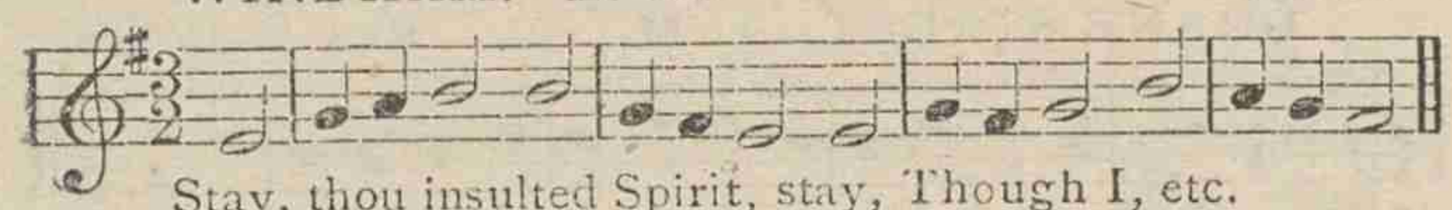


When strangers stand and hear me tell What, etc.

FOREST. L. M.
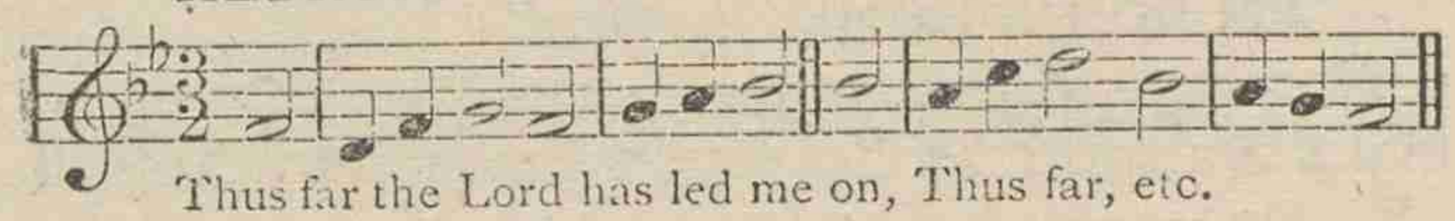


Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far, etc.

WINDHAM. L. M. READ.



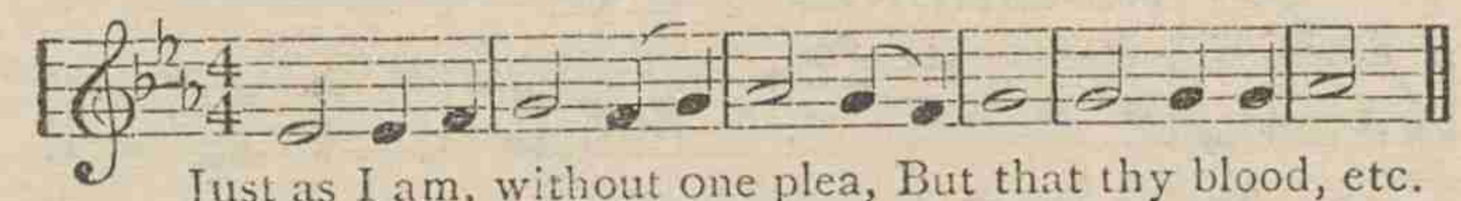
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay, Though I, etc.

HEBRON. L. M. DR. L. MASON.
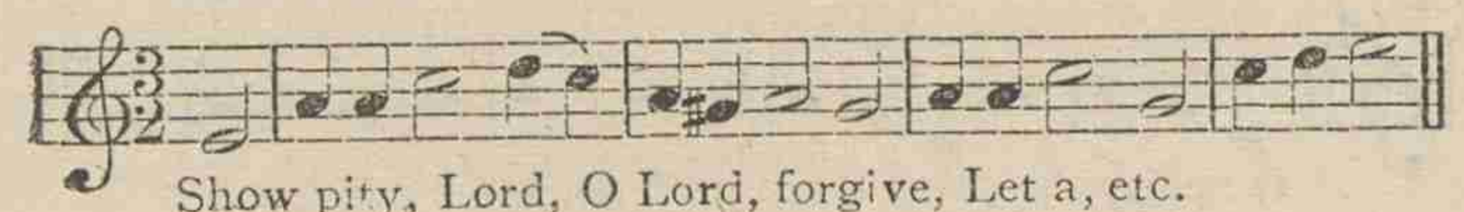


Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far, etc.

HAMBURG. L. M.



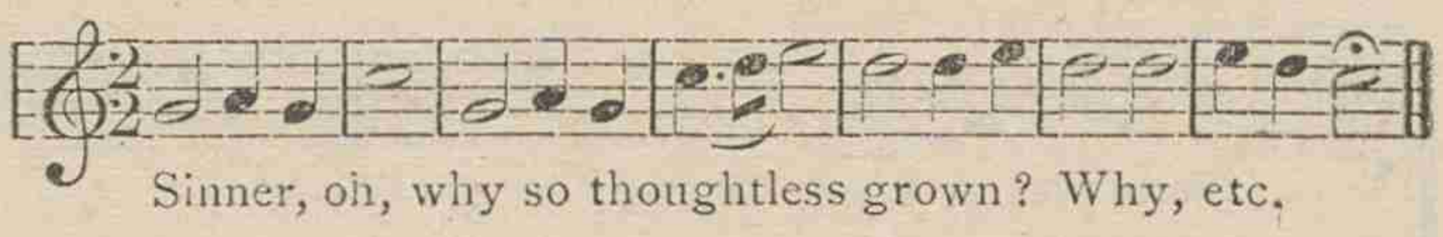
Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood, etc.

BOURBON. L. M.
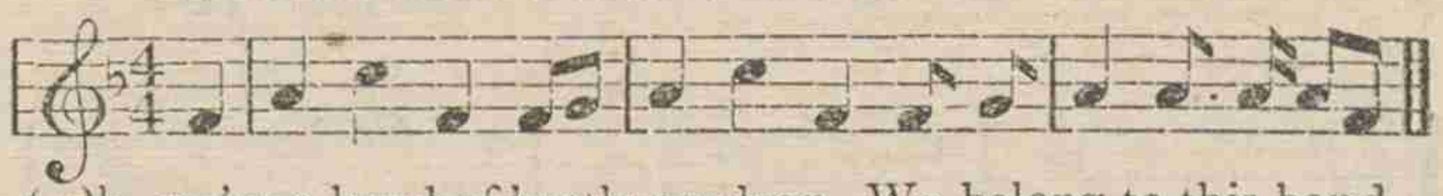


Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a, etc.

SESSIONS. L. M. EMERSON.
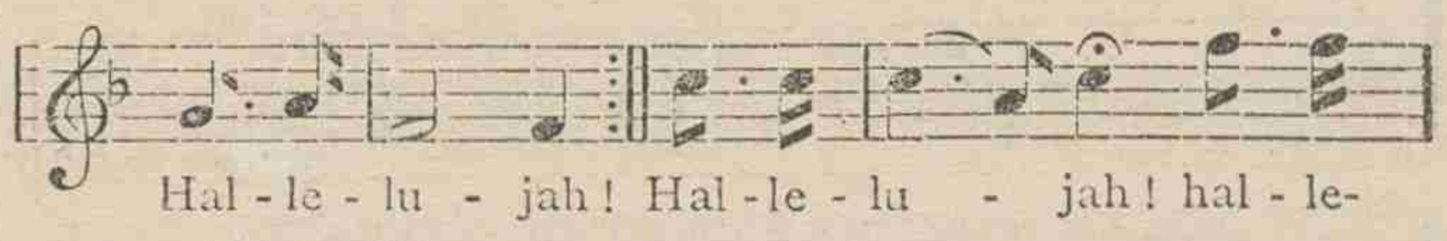


Sinner, oh, why so thoughtless grown? Why, etc.

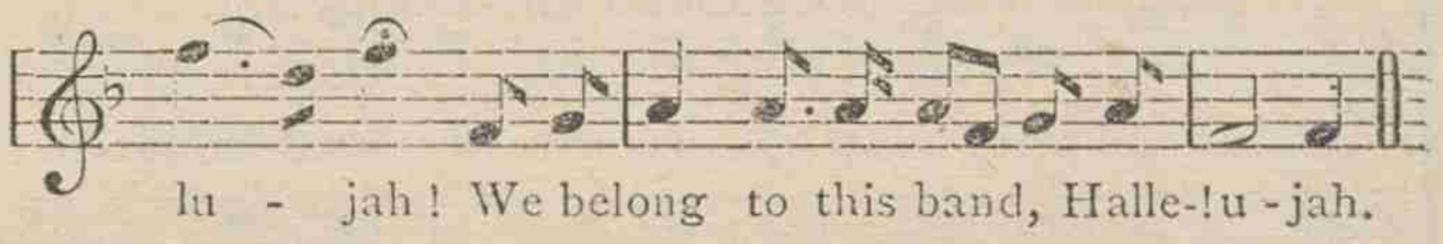
THE UNION BAND. L. M.



{ Oh, we're a band of brethren dear, We belong to this band,
{ Who live as pilgrim strangers here, We belong to this band, etc.
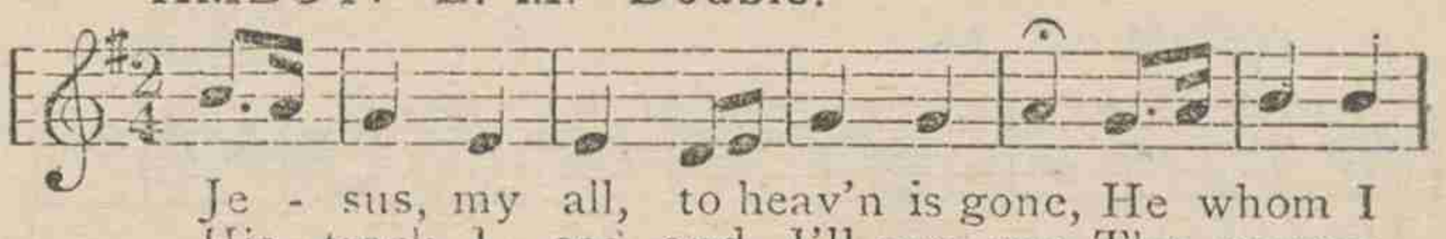


Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le-
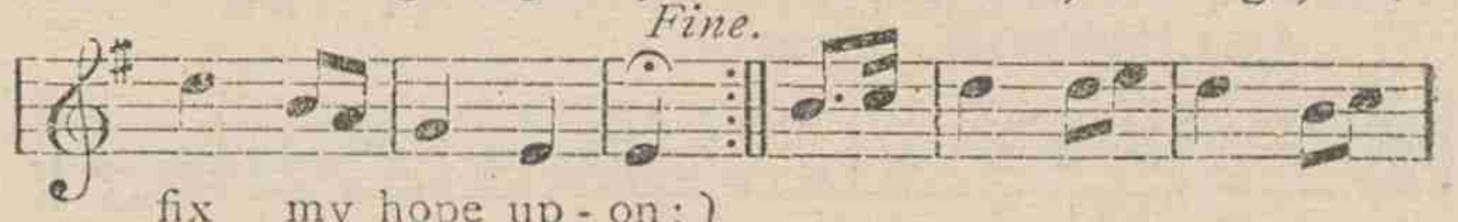


lu - jah! We belong to this band, Halle-lu - jah.

AMBOY. L. M. Double.



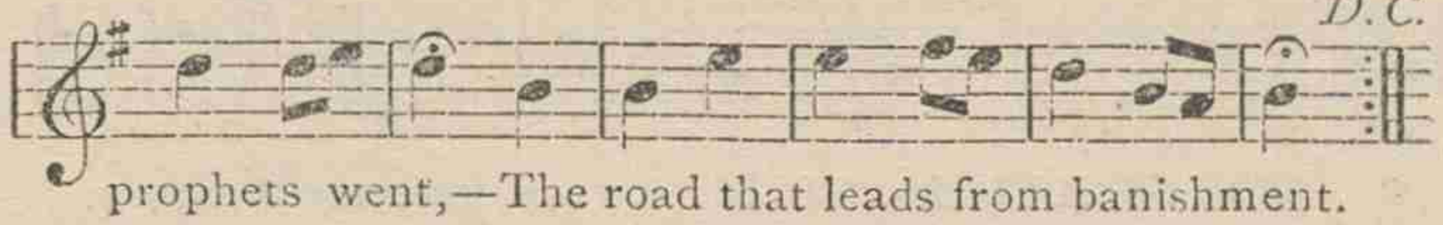
Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I
His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The narrow
D.C. The King's highway of ho - li-ness, I'll go, for.

Fine.
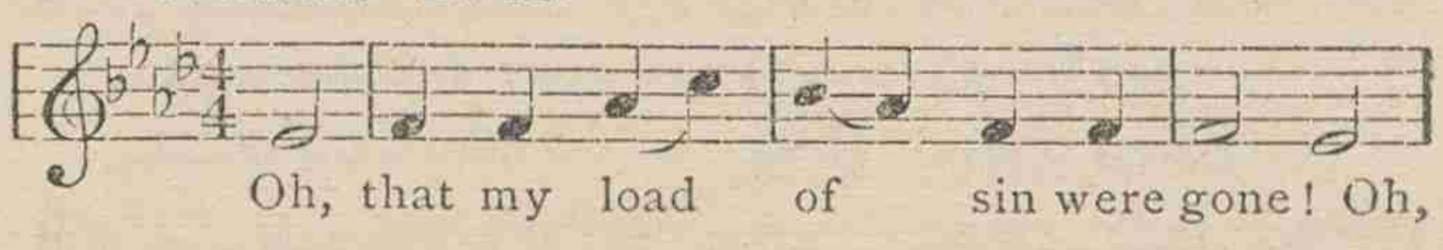


fix my hope up - on; }
way, till him I view. } The way the ho - ly
all her paths are peace.

D.C.

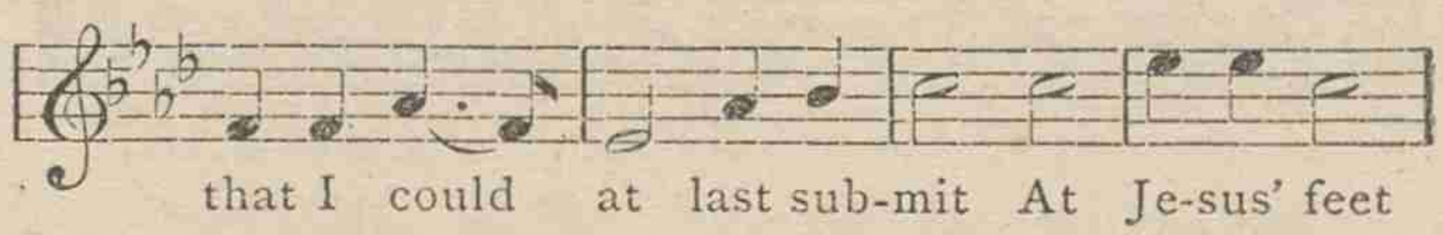


prophets went,—The road that leads from banishment.

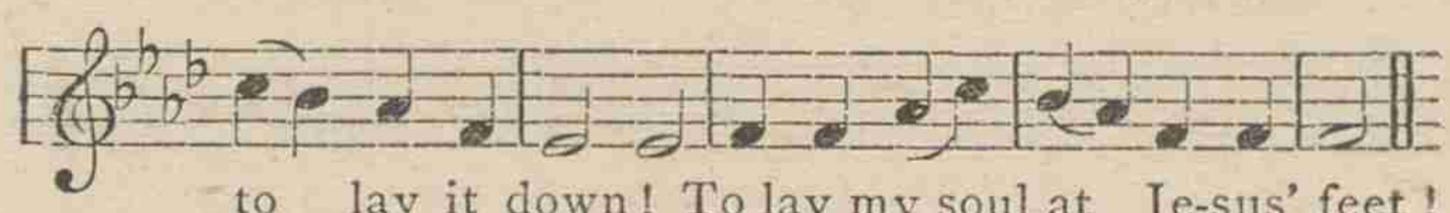
PEACE. L. M.



Oh, that my load of sin were gone! Oh,

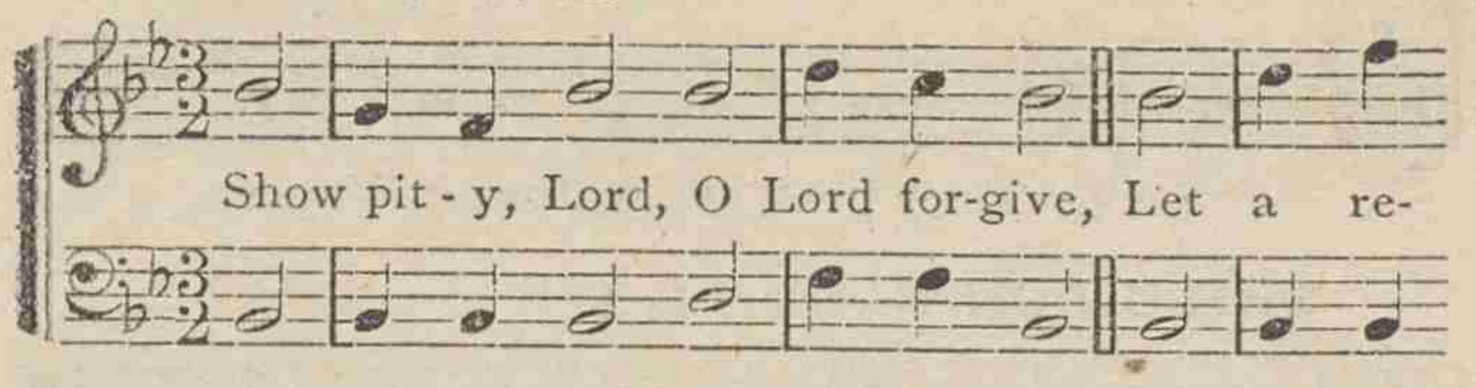


that I could at last sub-mit At Je-sus' feet

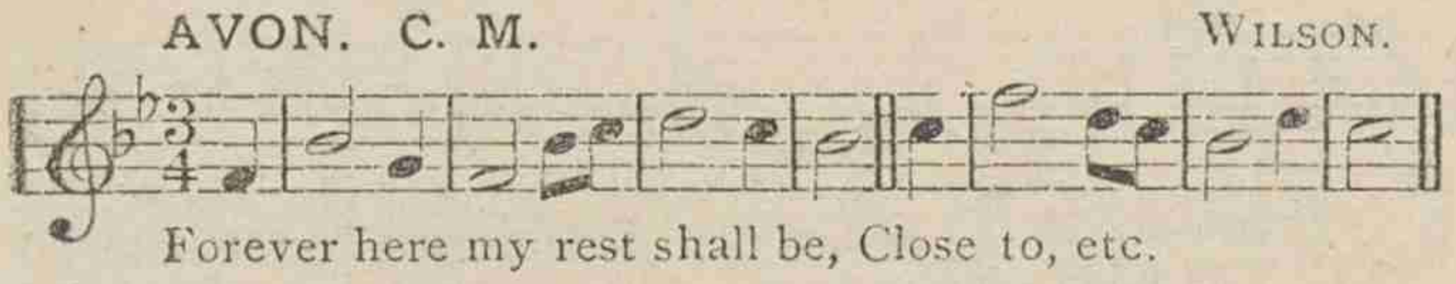


to lay it down! To lay my soul at Je-sus' feet!
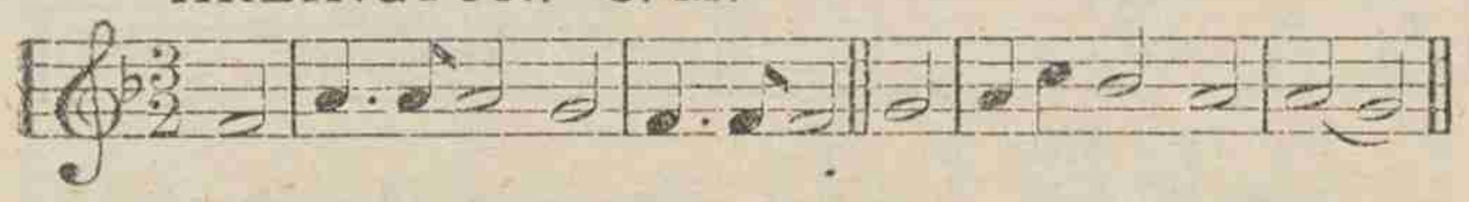
FOREST. L. M.
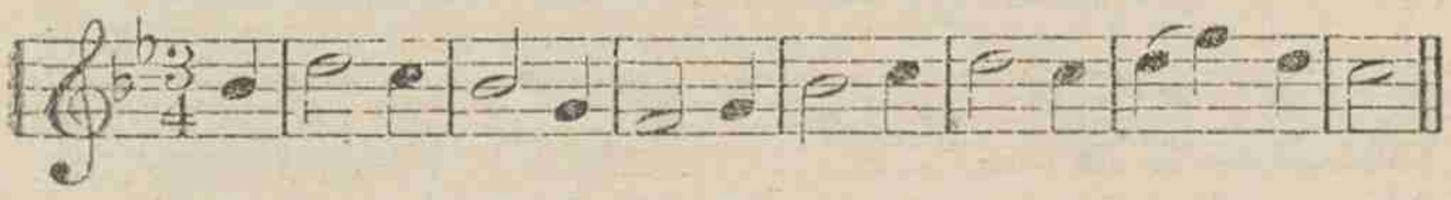


AVON. C. M. WILSON.



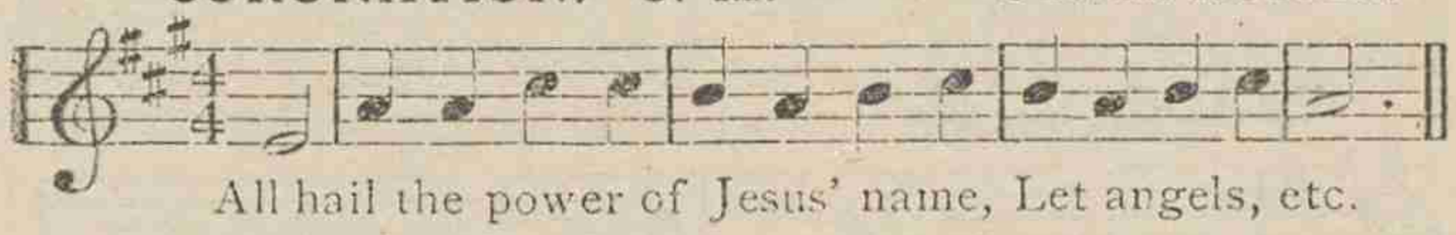
ARLINGTON. C. M.



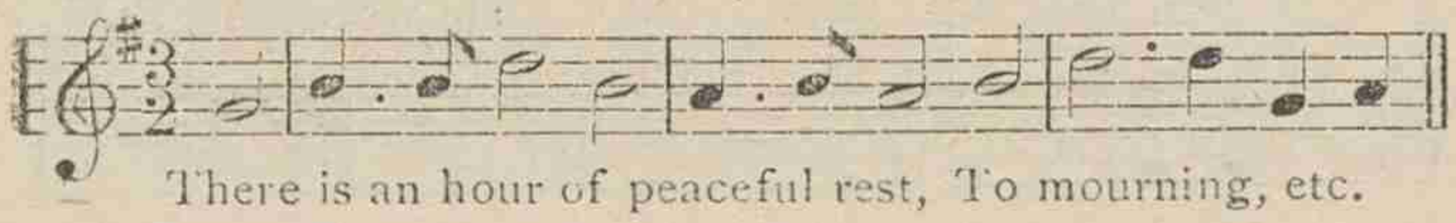
BALERMA. C. M.



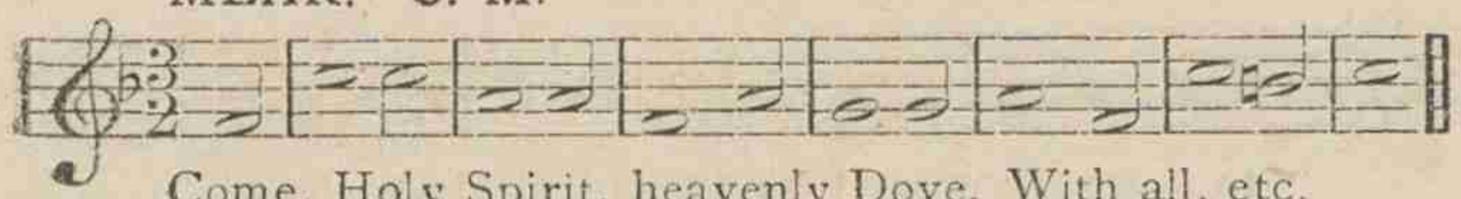
CORONATION. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN.
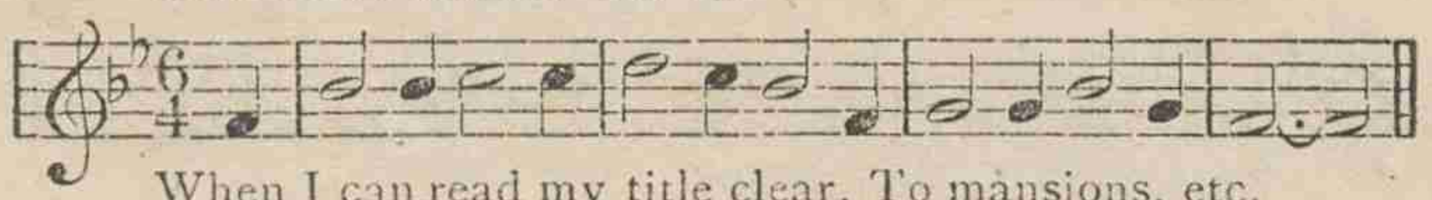


WOODLAND. C. M, GOULD.



MEAR. C. M.

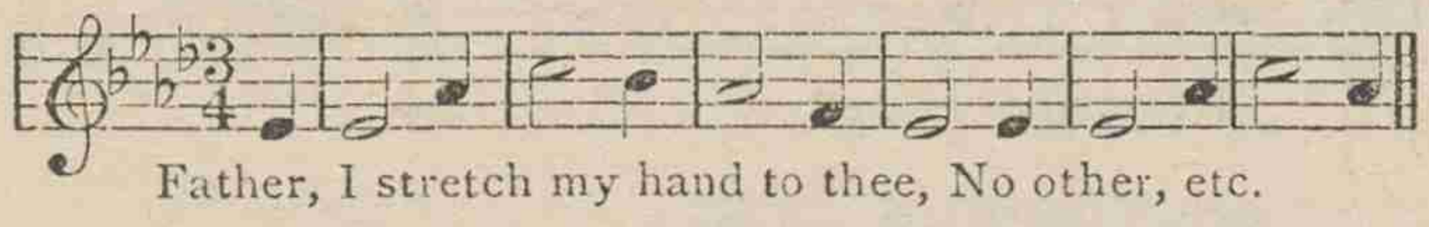


ORTONVILLE. C. M.
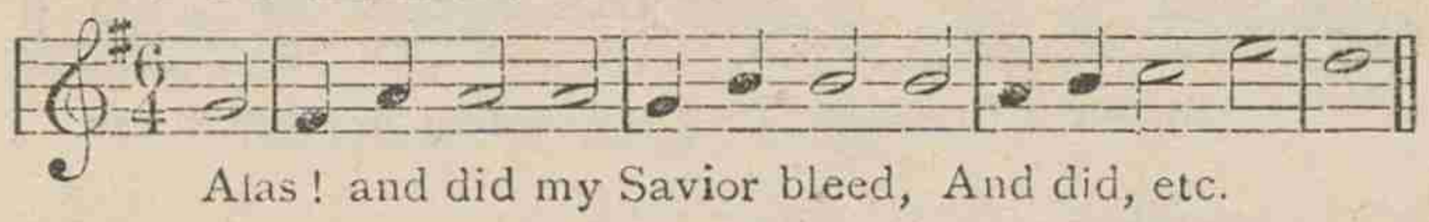


When I can read my title clear, To mansions, etc.

EVAN. C. M.
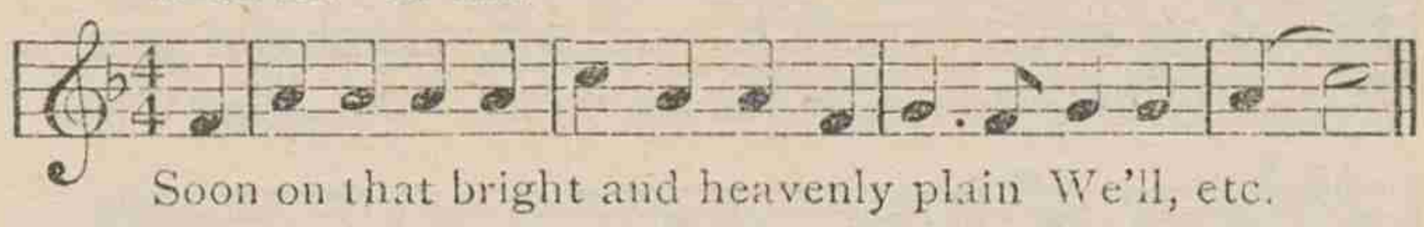


Father, I stretch my hand to thee, No other, etc.

I DO BELIEVE. C. M.



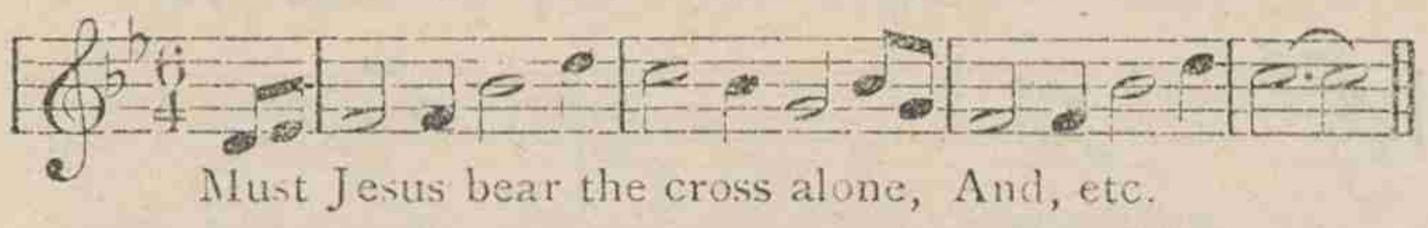
Alas! and did my Savior bleed, And did, etc.

HOPE. C. M.
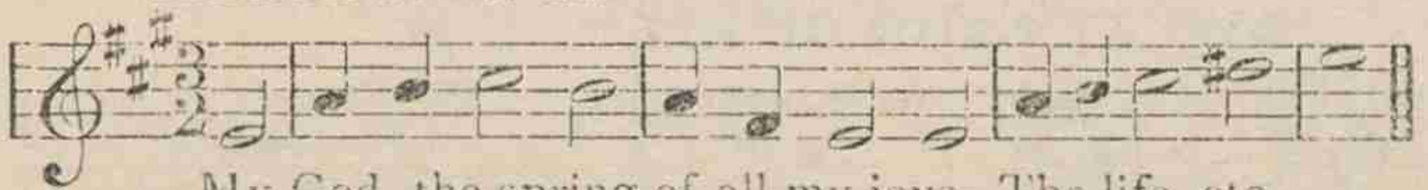


Soon on that bright and heavenly plain We'll, etc.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.
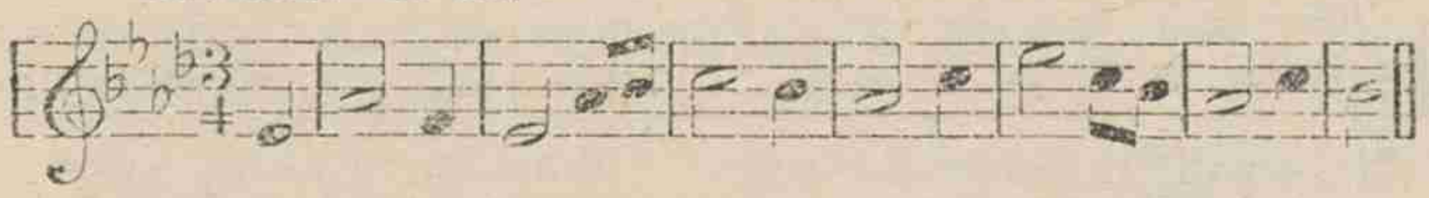


Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And, etc.

MELODY. C. M.



My God, the spring of all my joys, The life, etc.

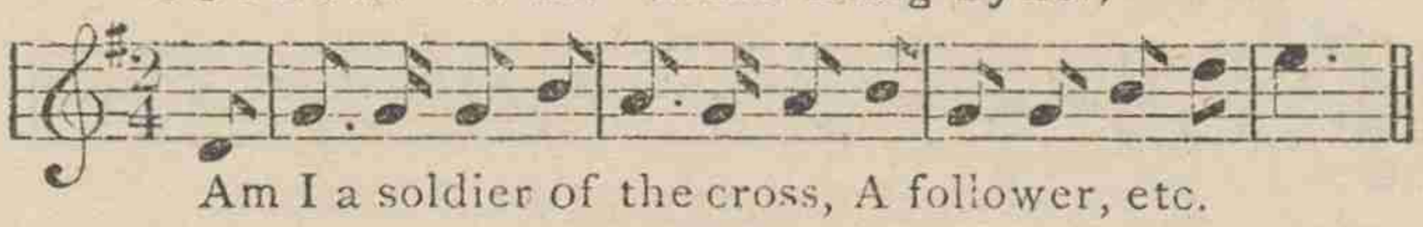
AVON. C. M.



ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

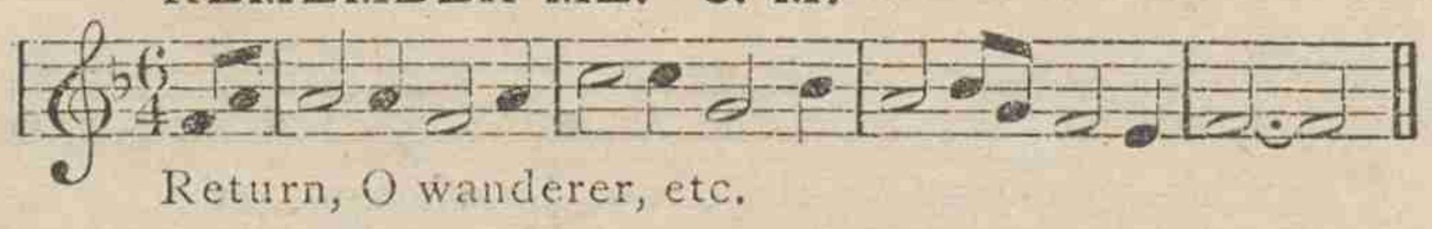


SUTTON. C. M. (Auld Lang Syne.)
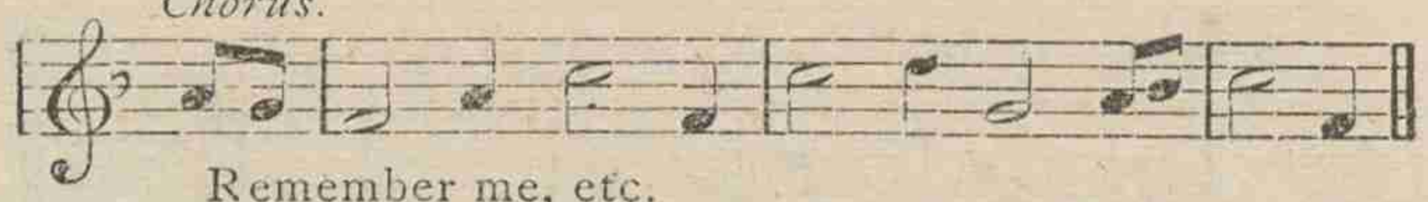


Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower, etc.

REMEMBER ME. C. M.



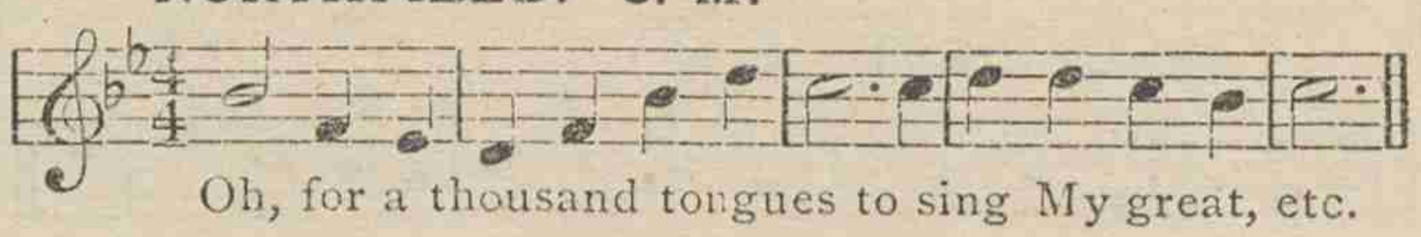
Return, O wanderer, etc.

Chorus.
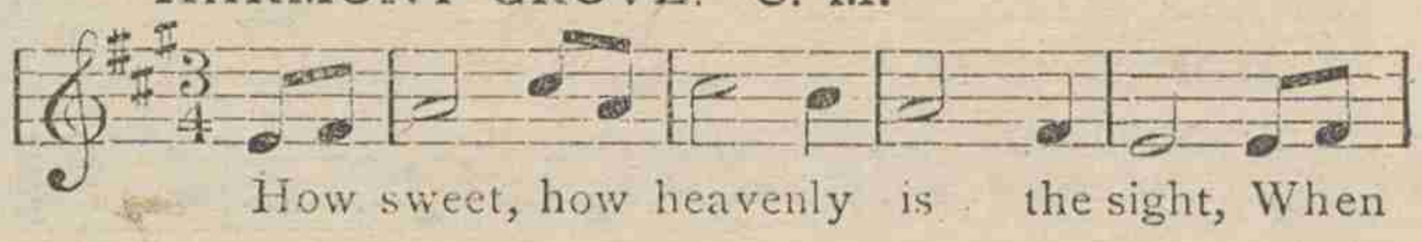


Remember me, etc.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.

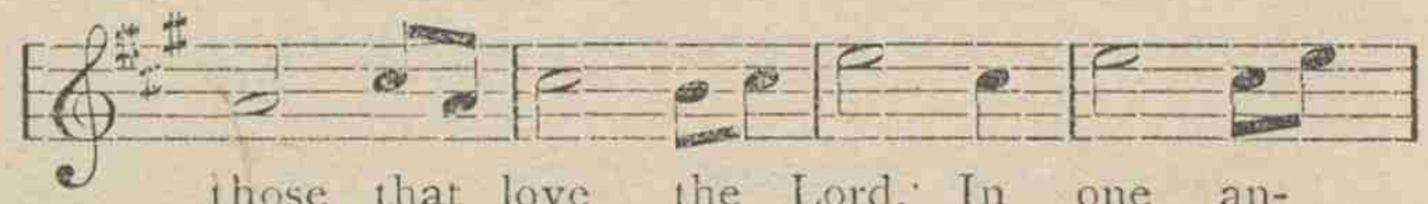


Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My great, etc.
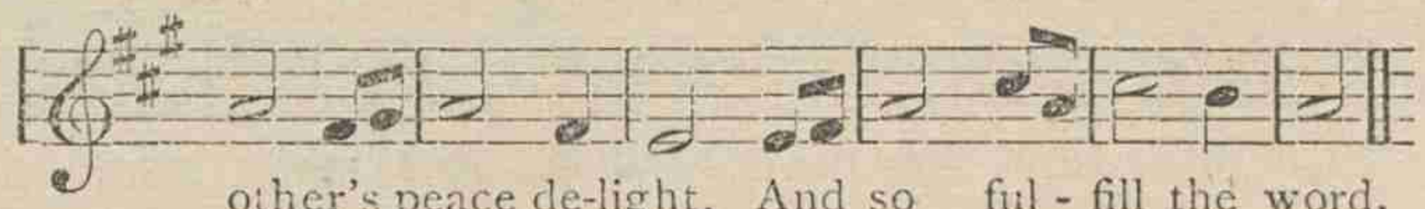
HARMONY GROVE. C. M.



How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When
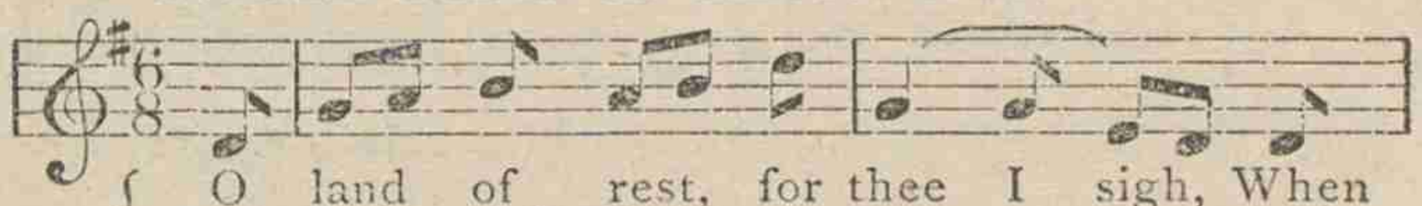


those that love the Lord, In one an-
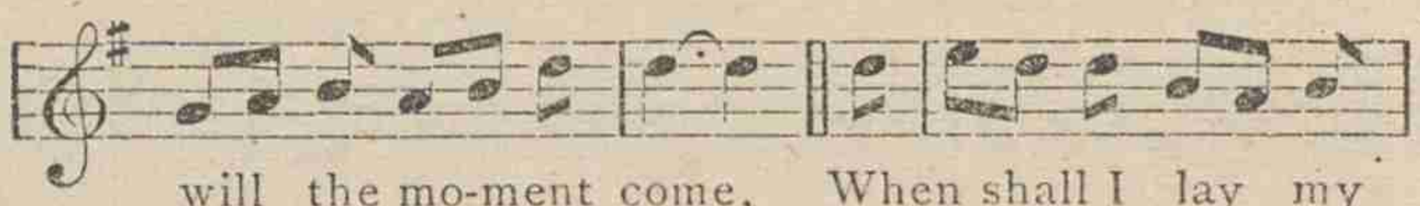


other's peace de-light, And so ful - fill the word.

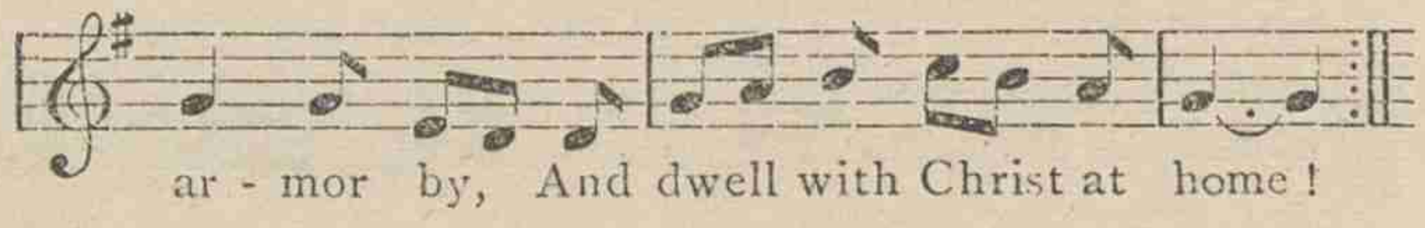
SWEET LAND OF REST. C. M.



{ O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When
{ And dwell with Christ at home, . . . And

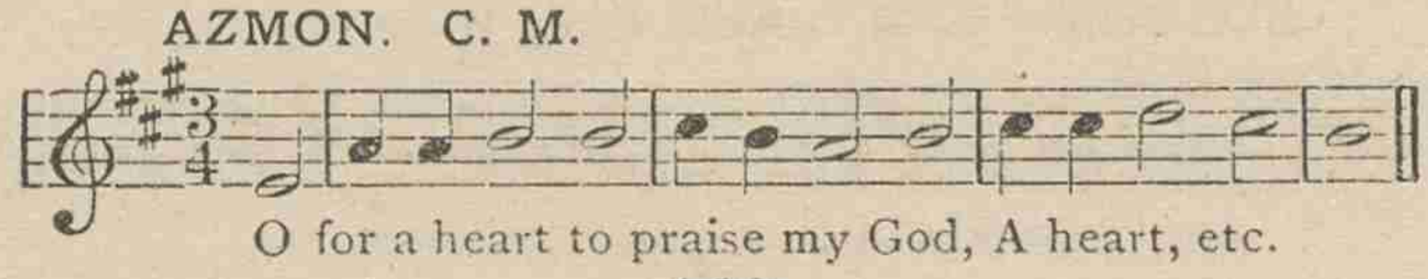


will the mo-ment come, When shall I lay my
dwell with Christ at home, When shall I lay, etc.
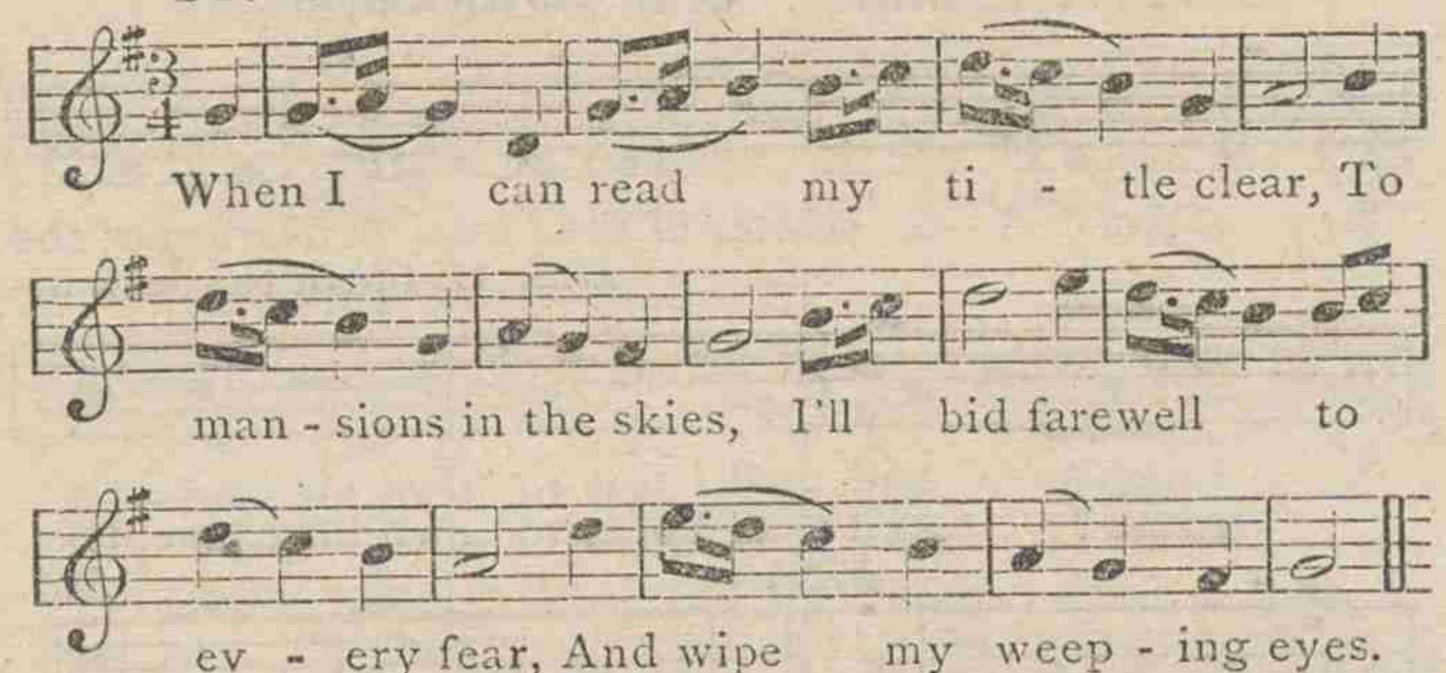


ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home!

AZMON. C. M.
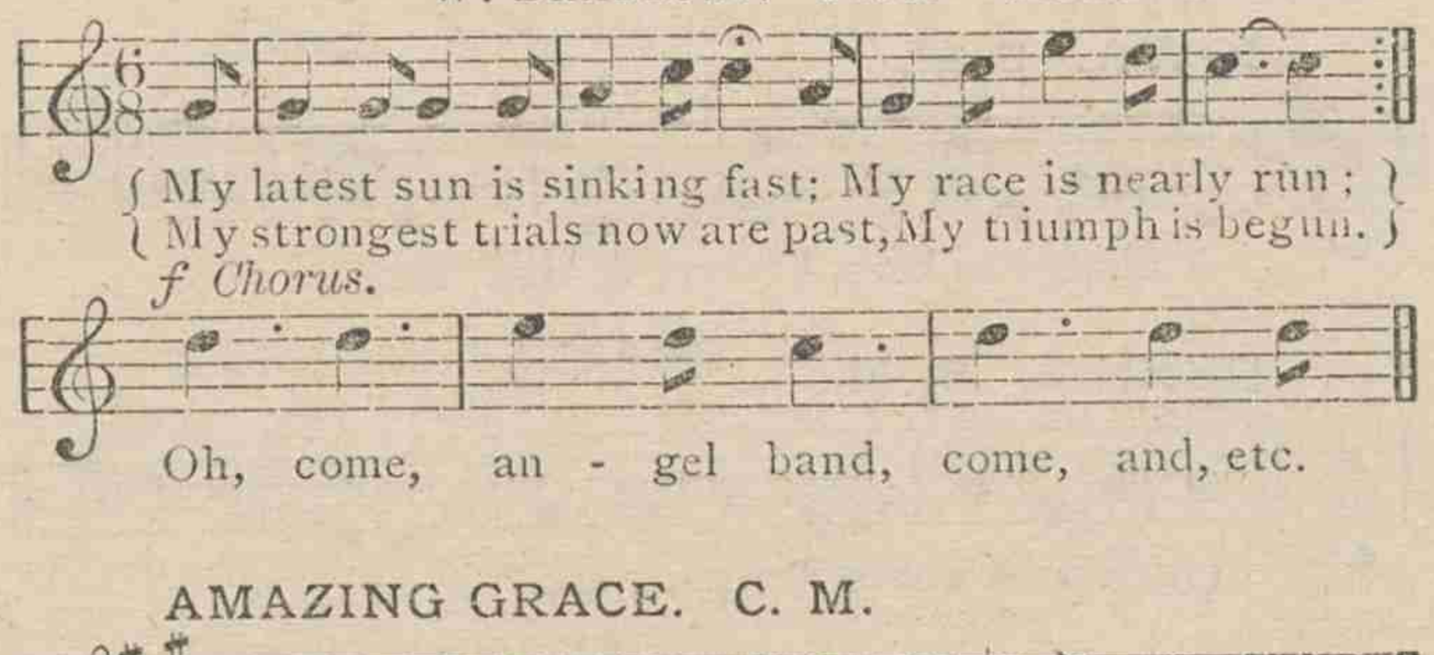


O for a heart to praise my God, A heart, etc.

ST. MARTINS. C. M.

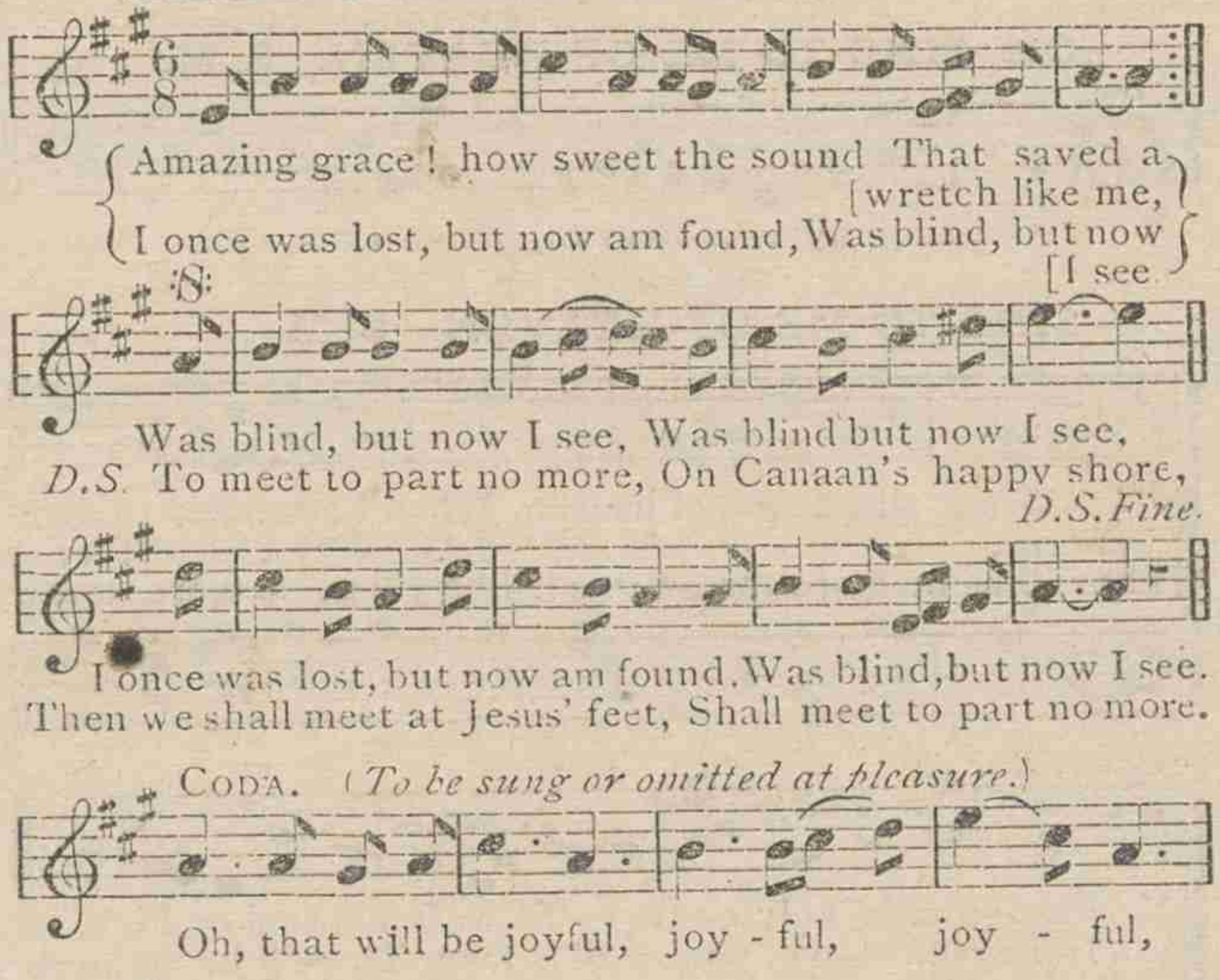


SNOWY WINGS. C. M.

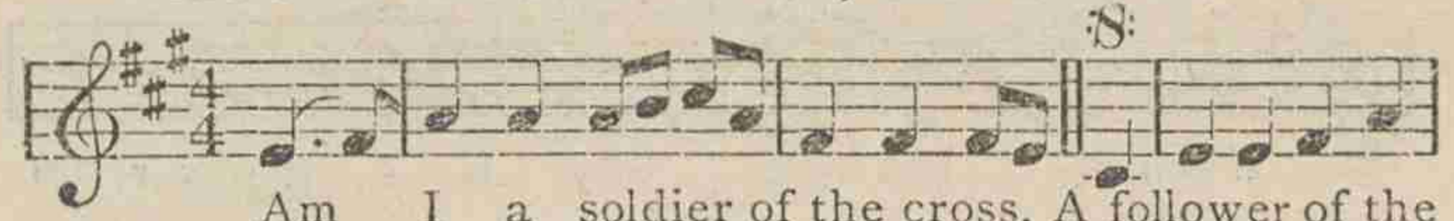
W. BRADBURY. From "Golden Showers."
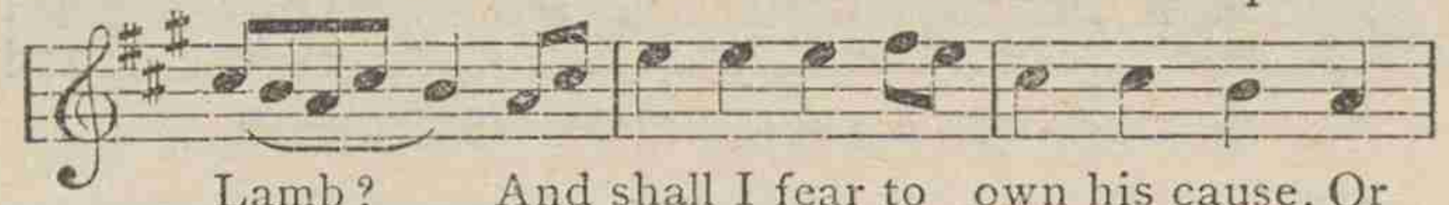


AMAZING GRACE. C. M.



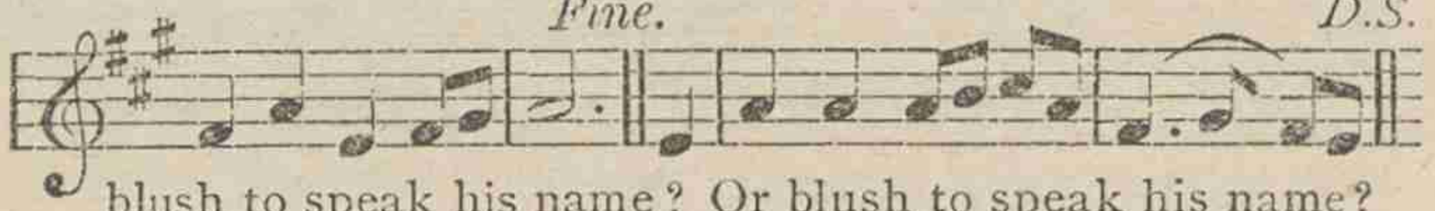
MOUNT PISGAH. C. M., with Chorus.



Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the
D.S. Or blush to speak his

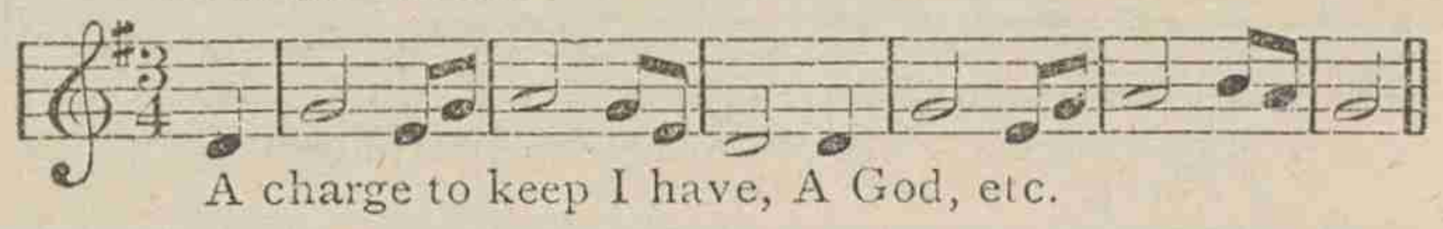


Lamb? And shall I fear to own his cause, Or
name? And shall I fear to own his cause, Or
Fine. *D.S.*
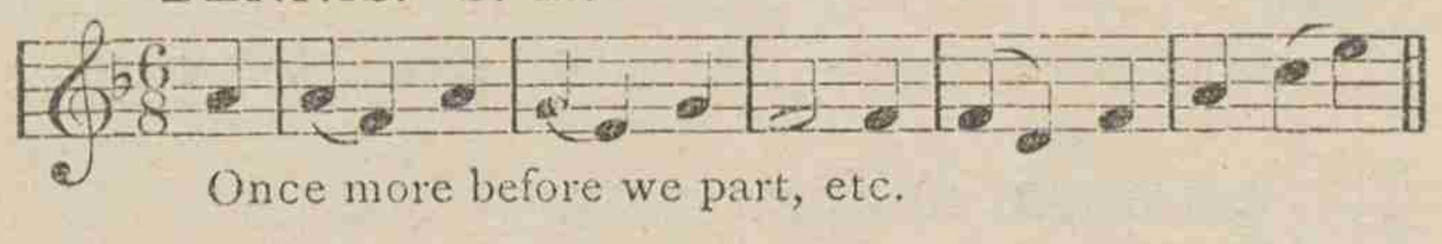


blush to speak his name? Or blush to speak his name?
blush to speak his name?

IOWA. S. M.
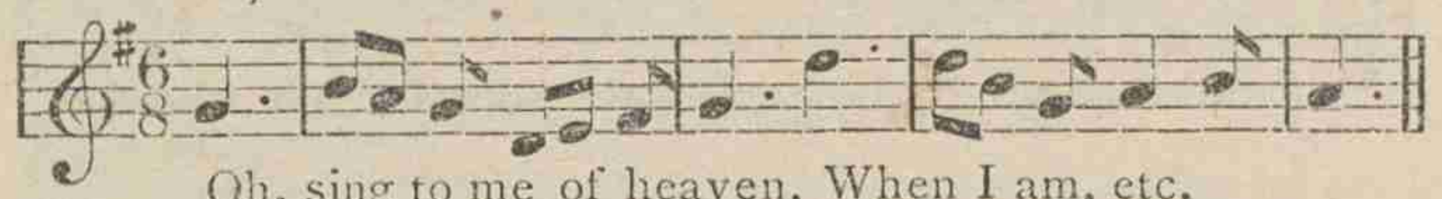


A charge to keep I have, A God, etc.

DENNIS. S. M.



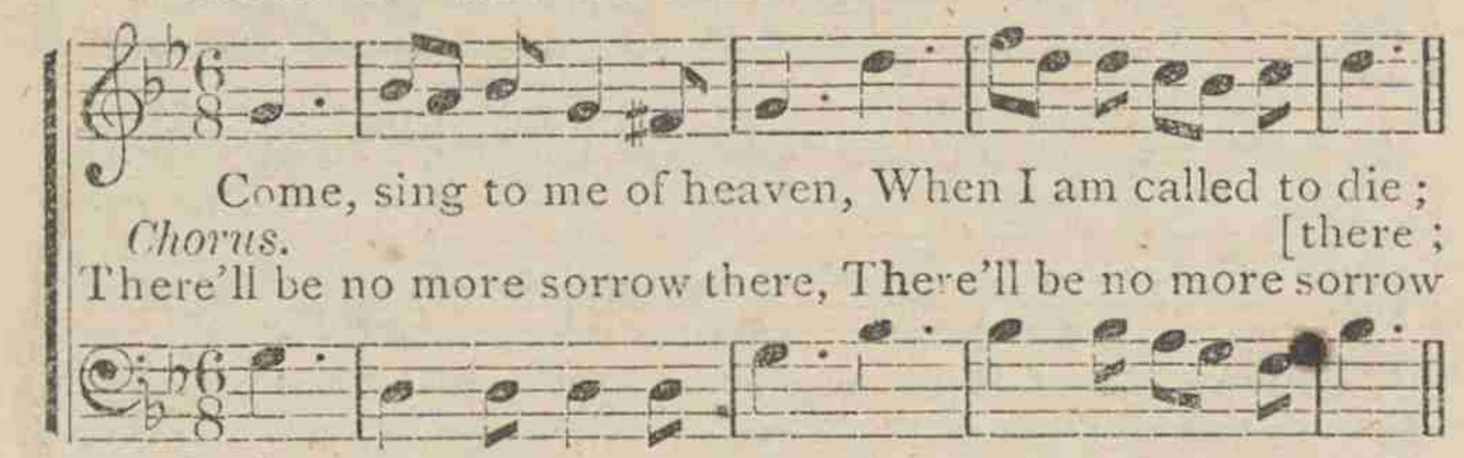
Once more before we part, etc.

OH, SING TO ME OF HEAVEN. S. M.



Oh, sing to me of heaven, When I am, etc.

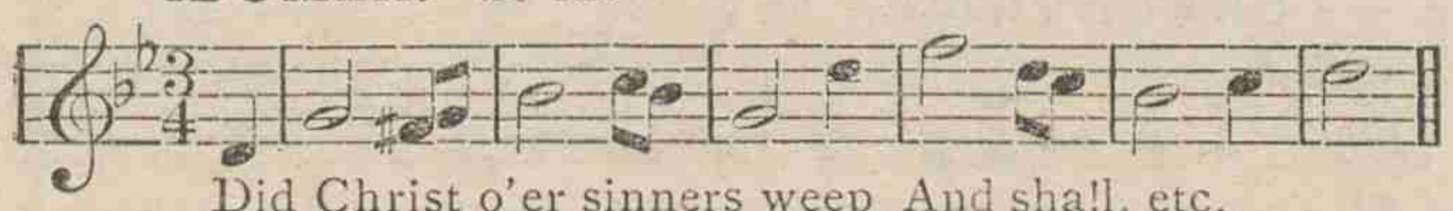
SING TO ME OF HEAVEN. S. M.



Come, sing to me of heaven, When I am called to die;
Chorus. [there;
There'll be no more sorrow there, There'll be no more sorrow

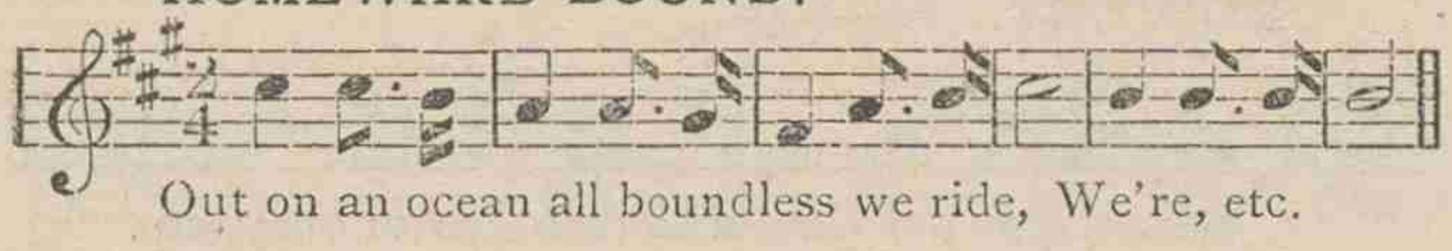
Sing songs of holy ecstasy, To waft my soul on high.
In heaven above, where all is love, There'll be no more
[sorrow there.

IDUMEA. S. M.
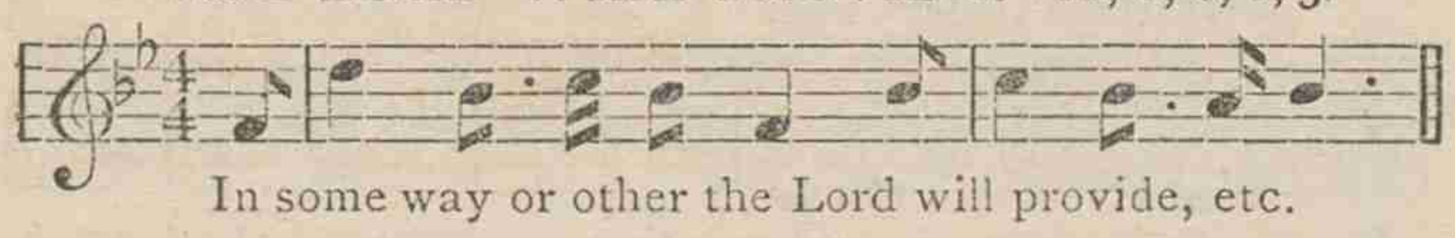


Did Christ o'er sinners weep And shall, etc.

HOMEWARD BOUND.
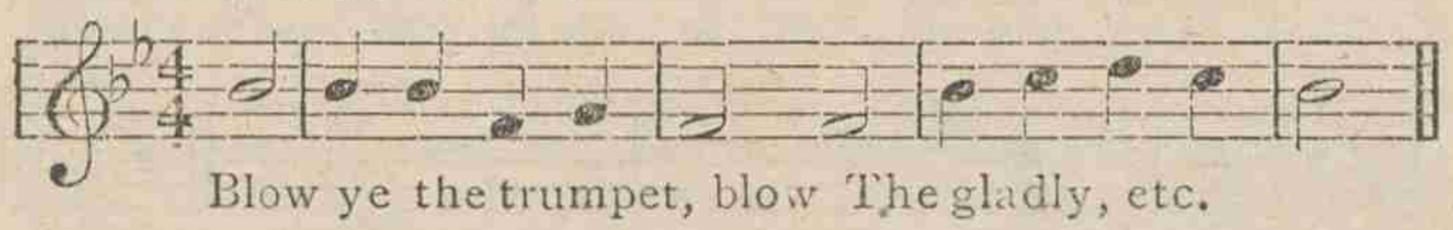


Out on an ocean all boundless we ride, We're, etc.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE. 11, 6, 6, 6, 5.
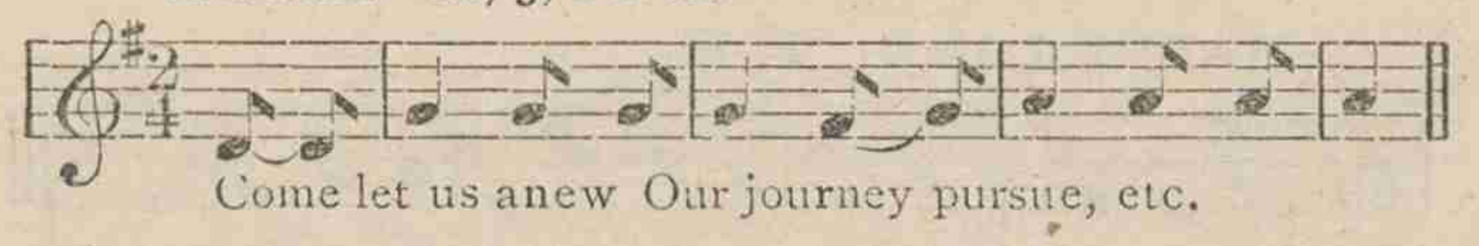


In some way or other the Lord will provide, etc.

LENOX. H. M.



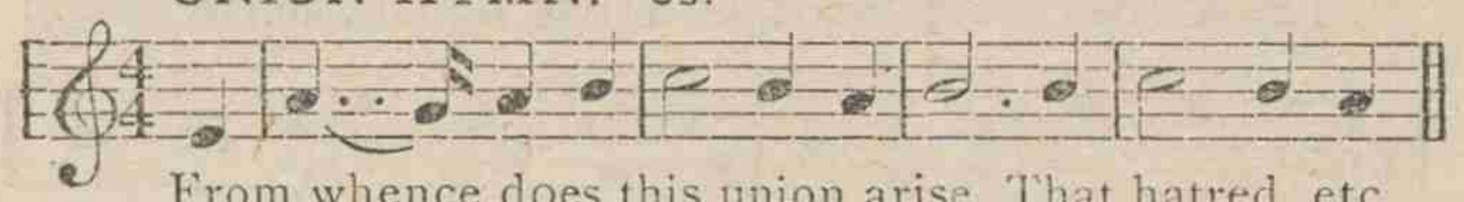
Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly, etc.

LUCAS. 10, 5, 6 & 12.
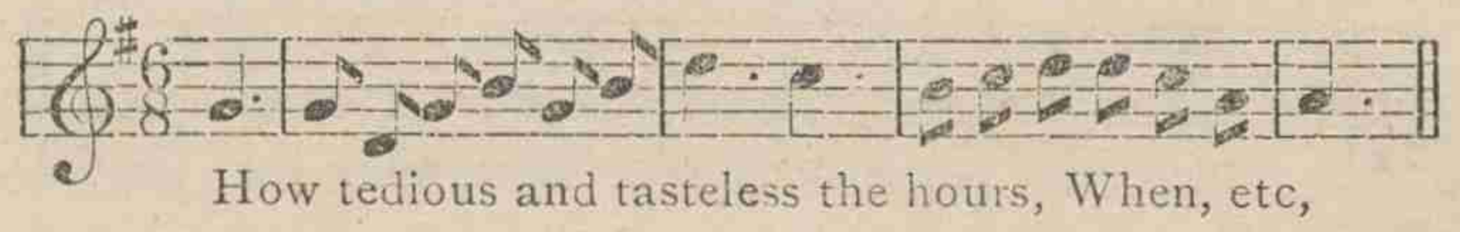


Come let us anew Our journey pursue, etc.

UNION HYMN. 8s.



From whence does this union arise, That hatred, etc.

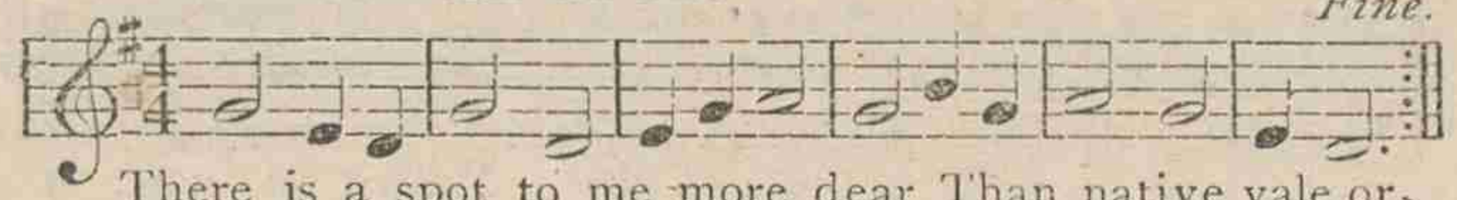
DE FLEURY. 8s. Double.



How tedious and tasteless the hours, When, etc,

HALLOWED SPOT.
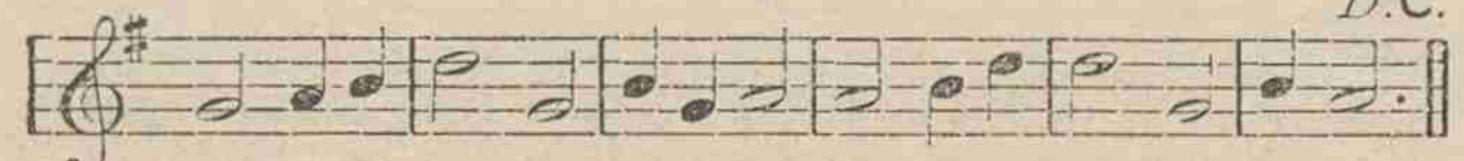
Fine.



There is a spot to me more dear Than native vale or mountair,
A spot for which affection's tear Springs grateful from its [fountain.
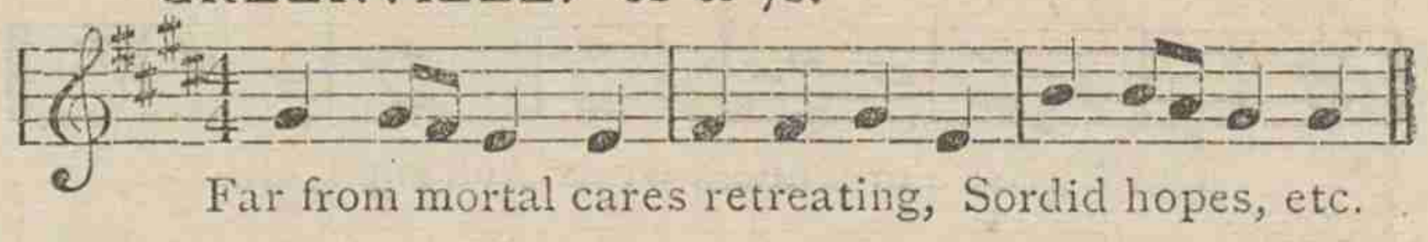
D.C. But where I first my Savior found, And felt my sins [forgiven.

D.C.



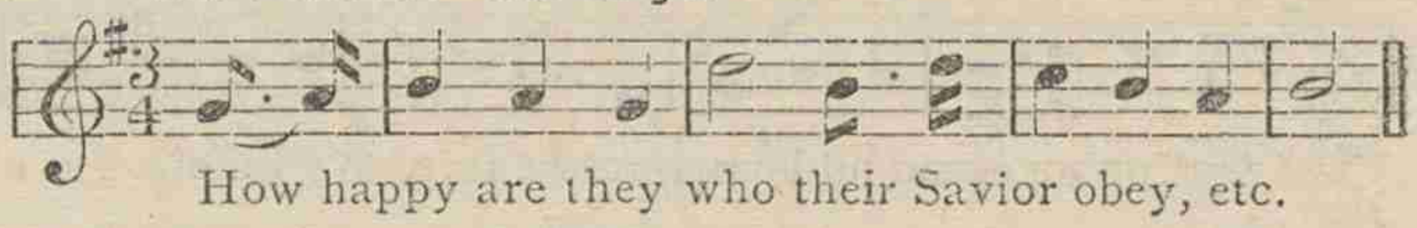
'Tis not where kindred souls abound, Though that is al- [most heaven.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.



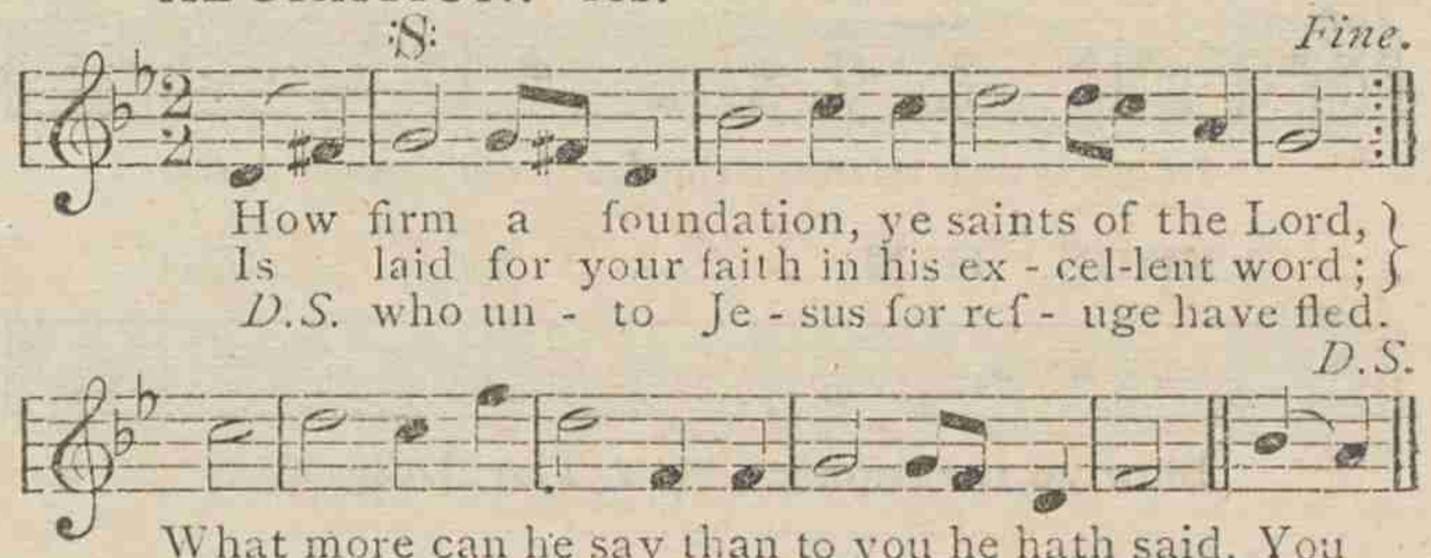
Far from mortal cares retreating, Sordid hopes, etc.

ROWLEY. 11s & 9s.



How happy are they who their Savior obey, etc.

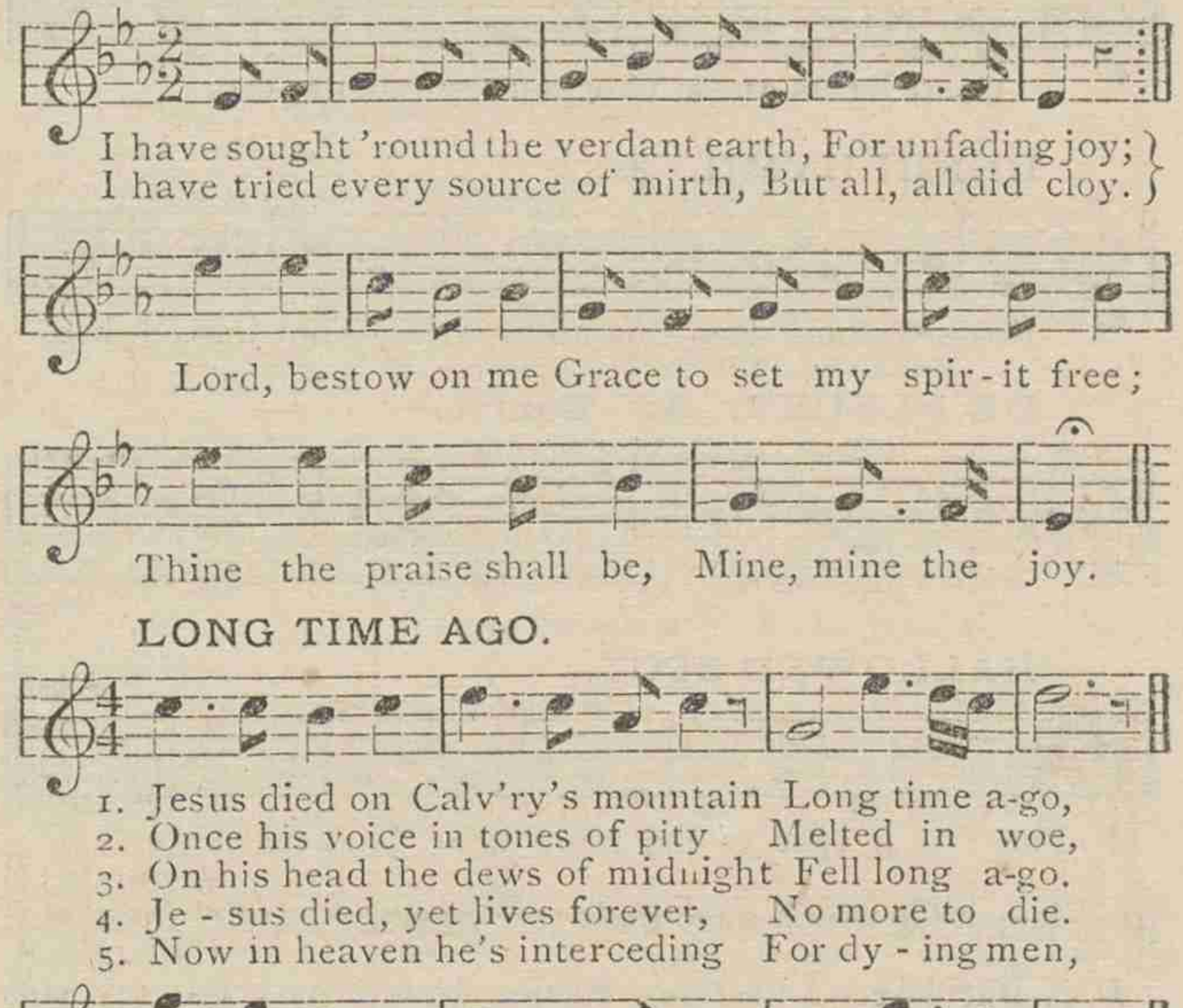
ADORATION. 11s.



How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his ex - cel-lent word;
D.S. who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled.

What more can he say than to you he hath said, You

HAPPY LAND. P. M.



I have sought 'round the verdant earth, For unfading joy;
I have tried every source of mirth, But all, all did cloy.

Lord, bestow on me Grace to set my spir - it free;

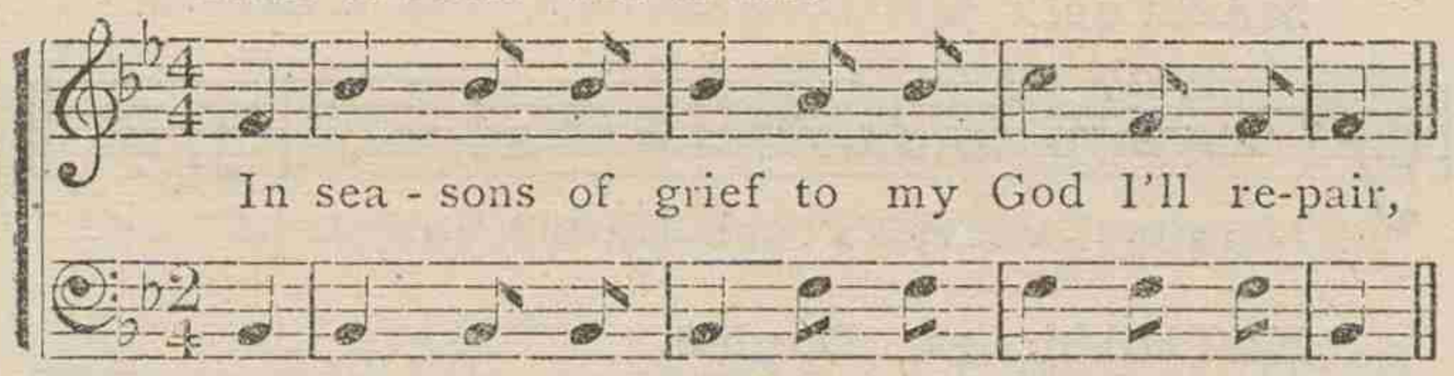
Thine the praise shall be, Mine, mine the joy.

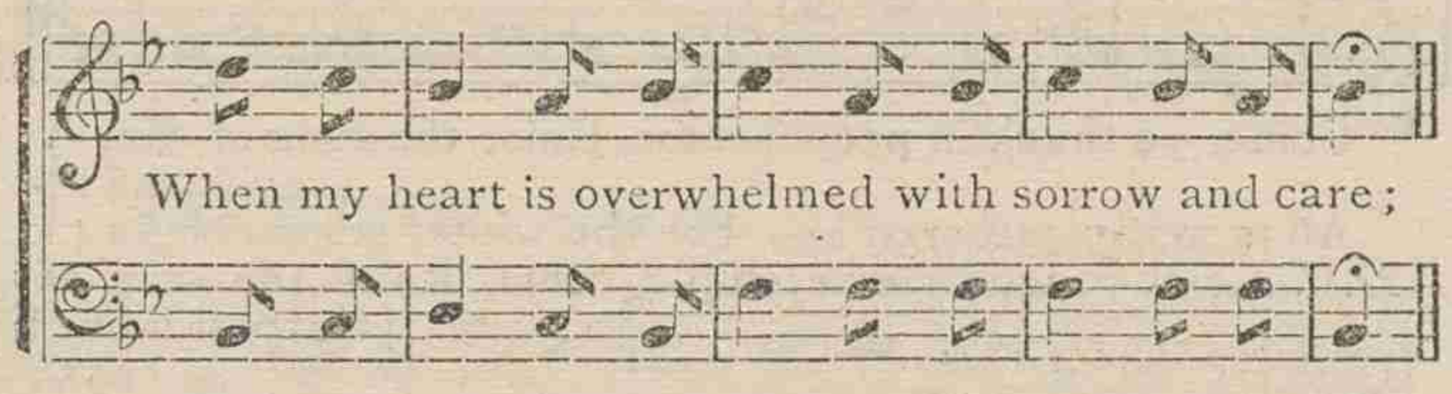
LONG TIME AGO.

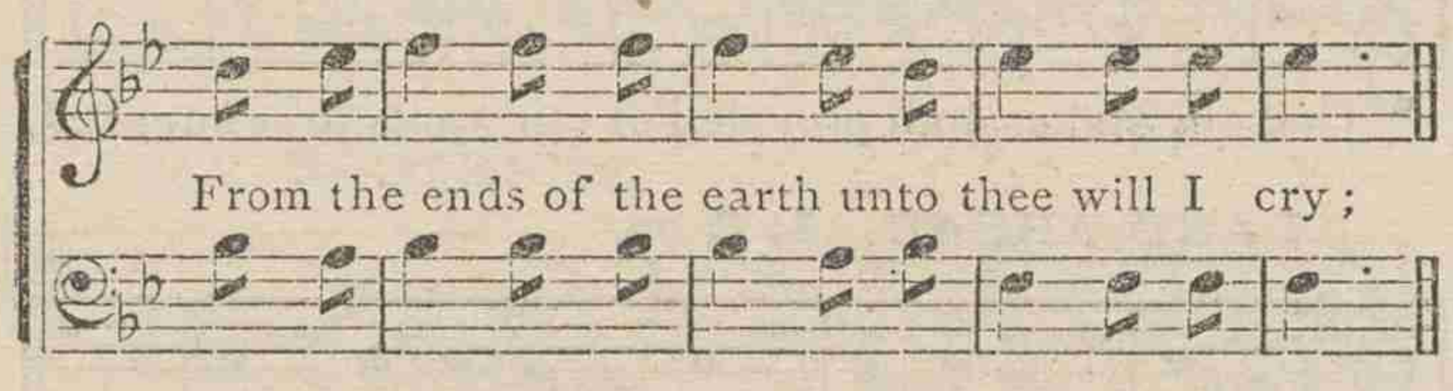
1. Jesus died on Calv'ry's mountain Long time a-go,
2. Once his voice in tones of pity Melted in woe,
3. On his head the dews of midnight Fell long a-go.
4. Je - sus died, yet lives forever, No more to die.
5. Now in heaven he's interceding For dy - ing men,

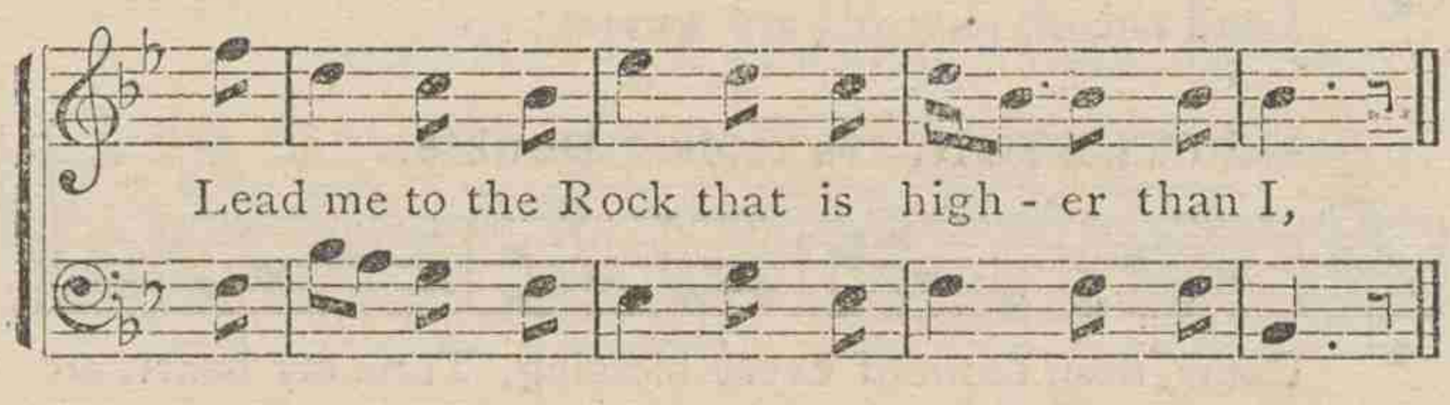
And salvation's rolling fount-ain Now free-ly flows.
And he wept o'er Judah's cit-y Long time a - go.
Now a crown of dazzling sunlight Sits on his brow.
Bleeding Jesus, bless-ed Sav-ior, Now reigns on high!
Soon he'll finish all his pleading, And come a - gain.
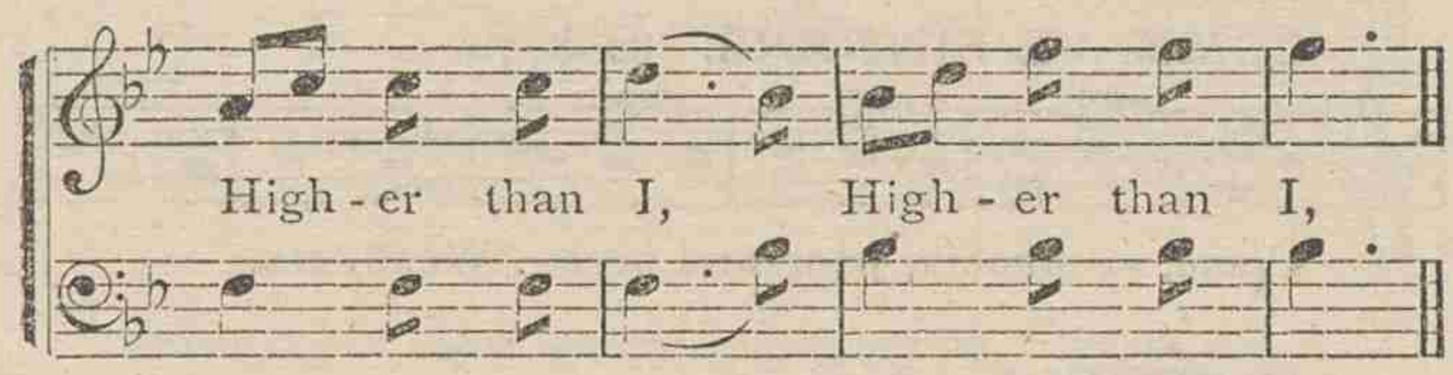
THE ROCK. 11s & 12s.

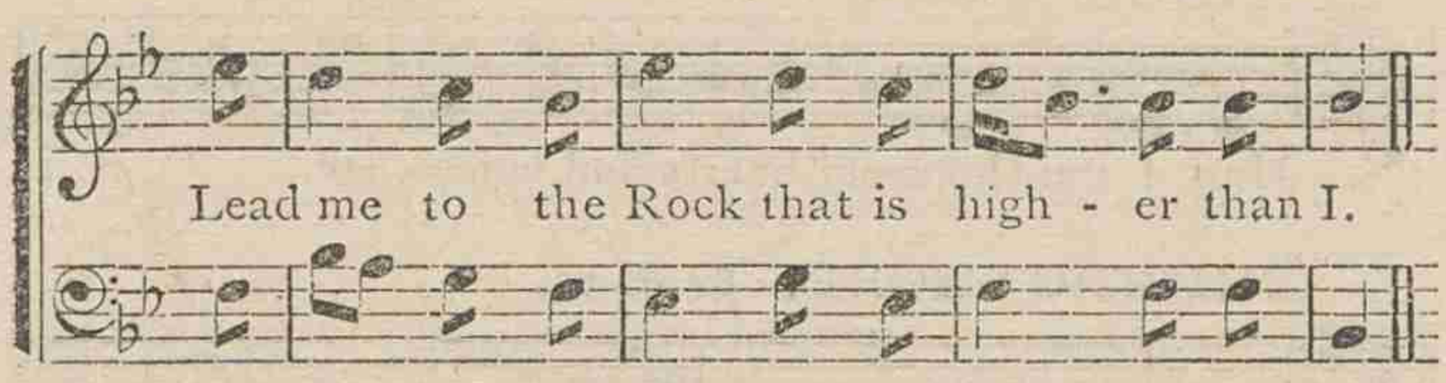




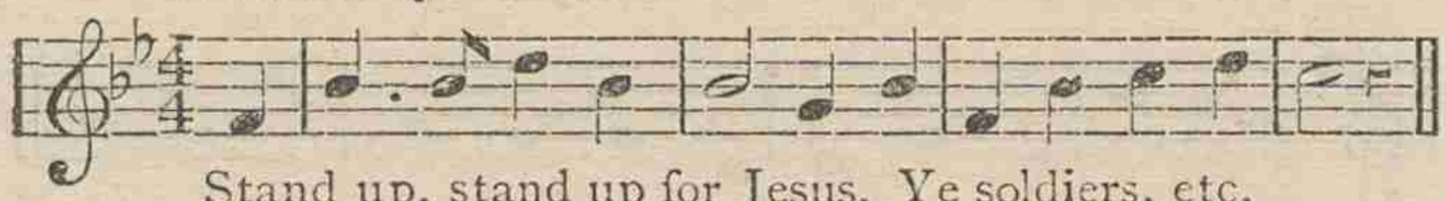




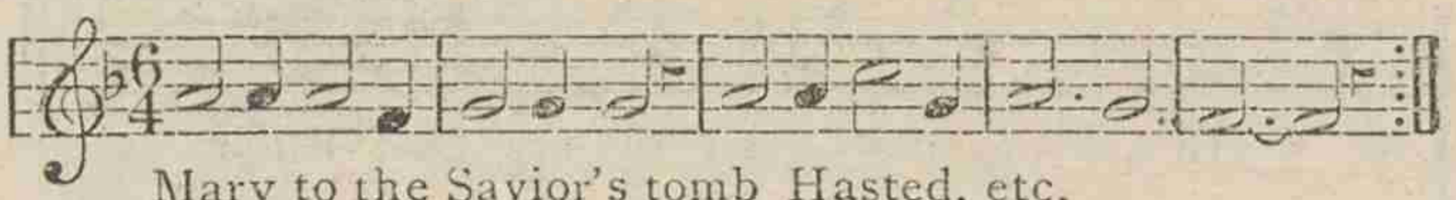




WEBB. 7s & 6s.

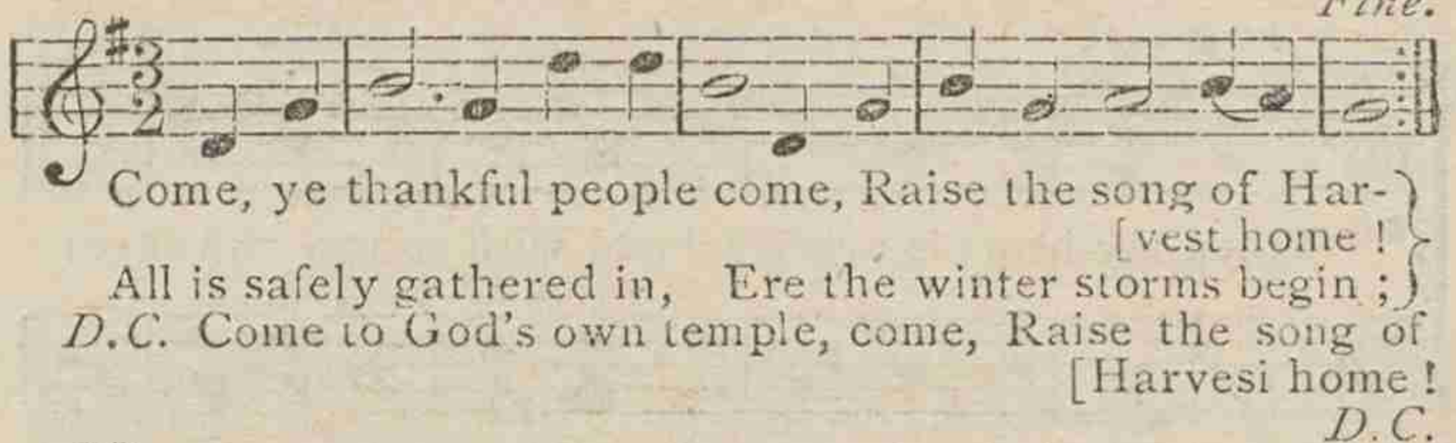


MARTYN. 7s.

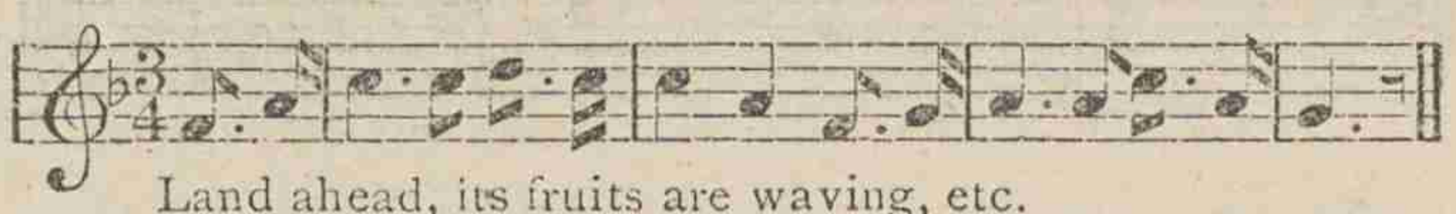


Mary to the Savior's tomb Hasted, etc.

ELTHAM. 7s. Double.

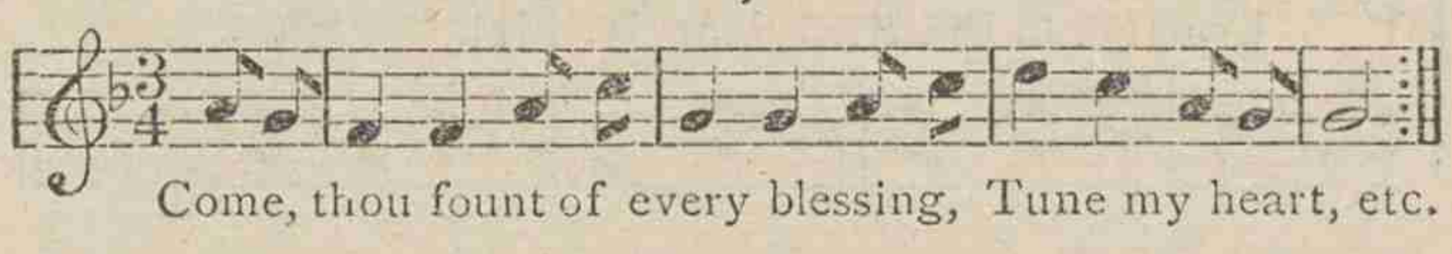


LAND AHEAD. 8s & 7s.
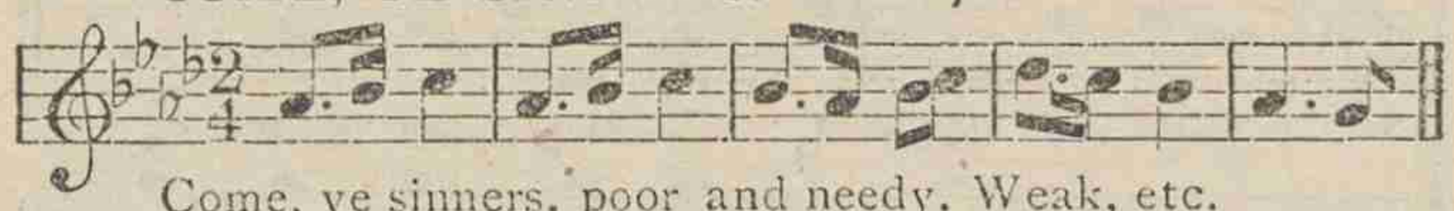


Land ahead, its fruits are waving, etc.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. Double.
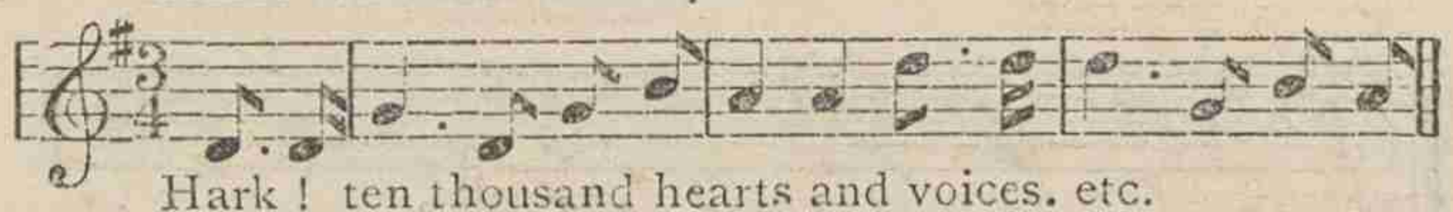


Come, thou fount of every blessing, Tune my heart, etc.

COME, YE SINNERS. 8s & 7s.



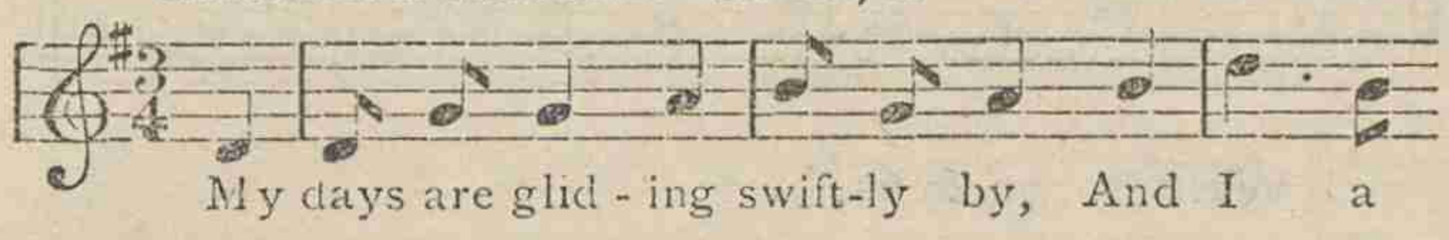
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy. Weak, etc.

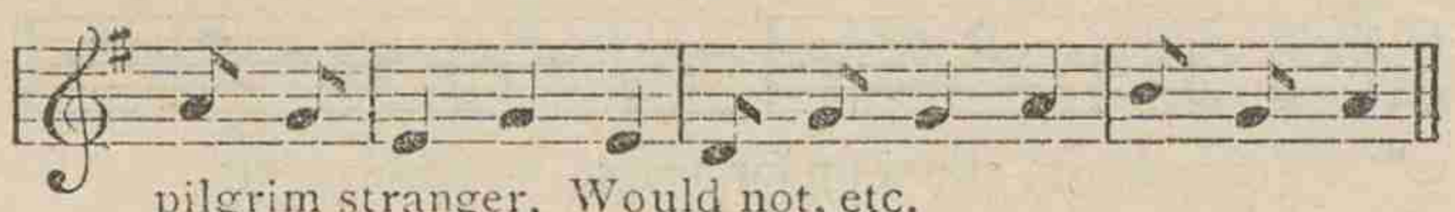
HARWELL. 8s & 7s.



Hark ! ten thousand hearts and voices. etc.
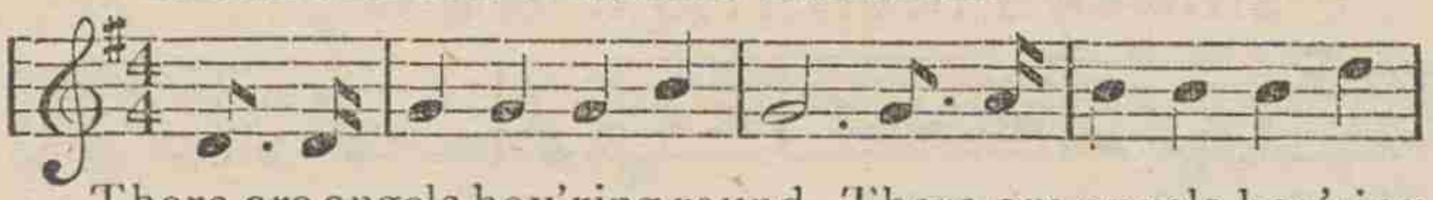
SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s.
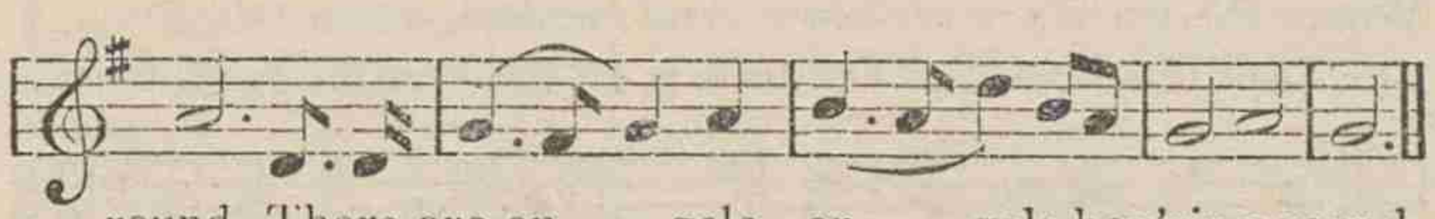




pilgrim stranger, Would not, etc.

ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

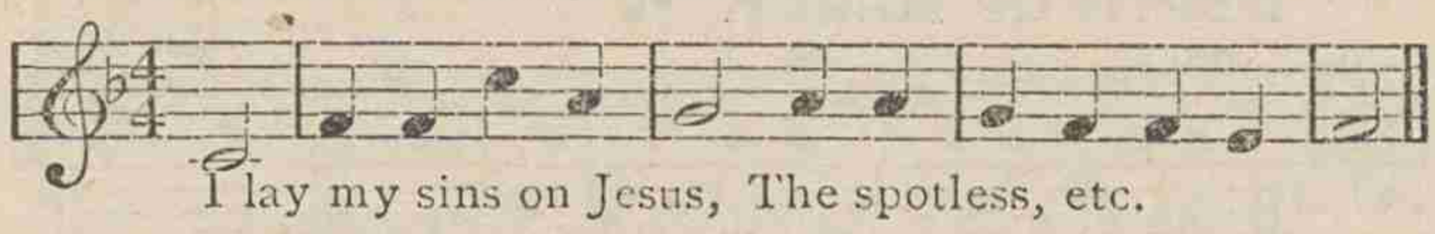


There are angels hov'ring round, There are angels hov'ring



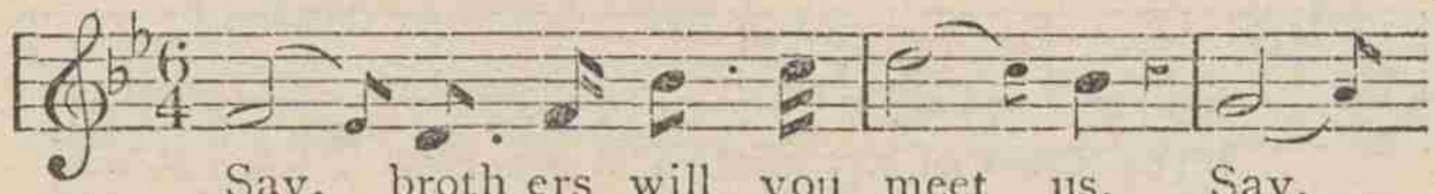
round, There are an - gels, an - gels hov'ring round.

YARMOUTH. 7s & 6s.



I lay my sins on Jesus, The spotless, etc.
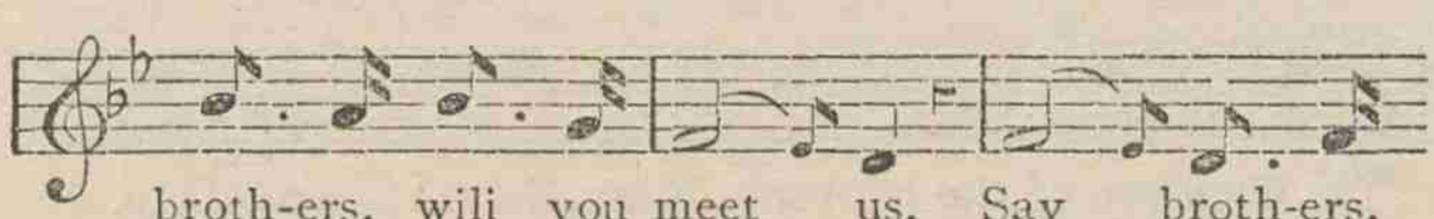
SAY, BROTHERS.



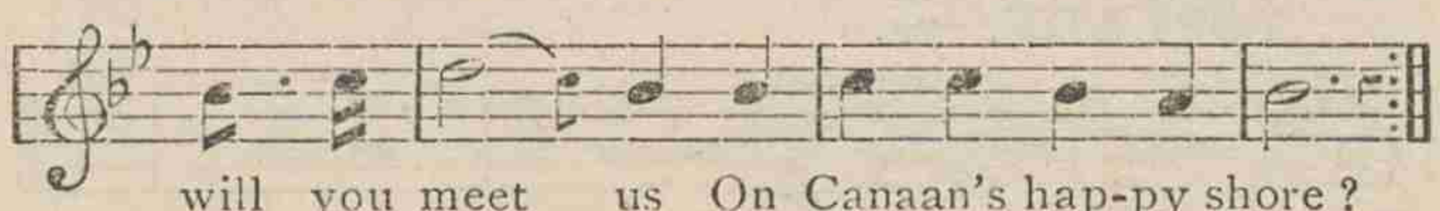
Say, broth ers will you meet us, Say,

Chorus.

By the grace of God we'll meet you, By the



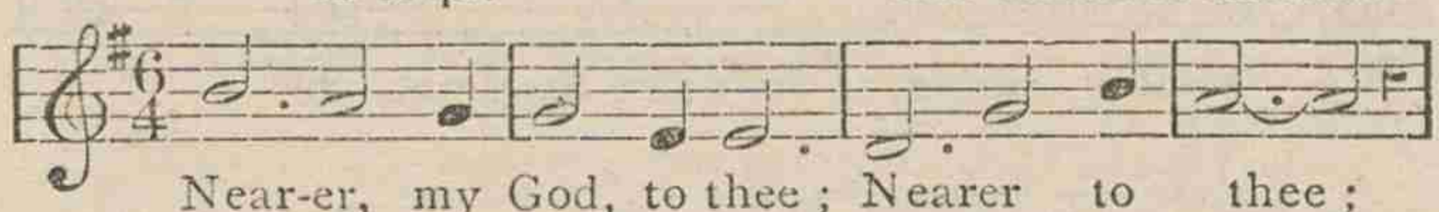
broth-ers, wili you meet us, Say broth-ers,
grace of God we'll meet you, By the grace of



will you meet us On Canaan's hap-py shore?
God we'll meet you, On Canaan's hap-py shore.

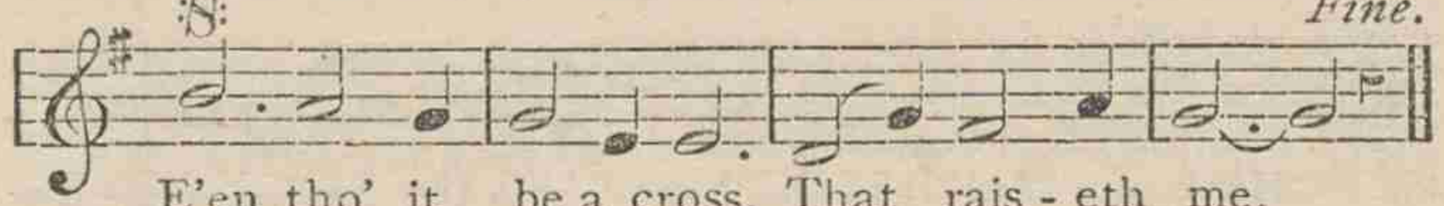
NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. (Bethany.)

6s & 4s. DR. LOWELL MASON.



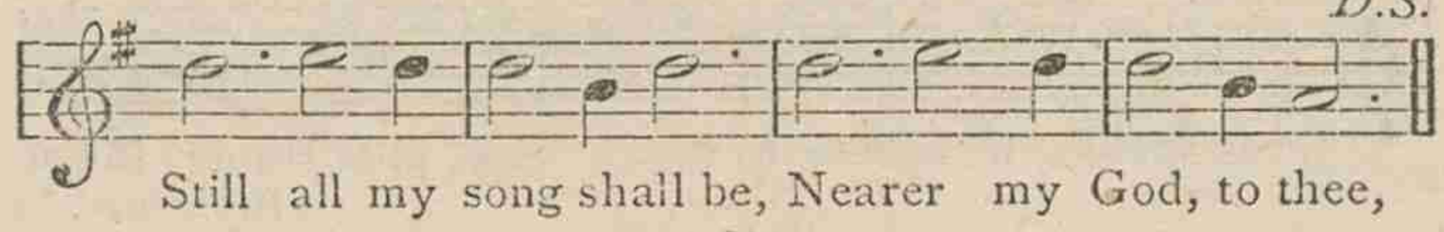
Near-er, my God, to thee; Nearer to thee;

:S: *Fine.*



E'en tho' it be a cross, That rais - eth me,
D.S. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.
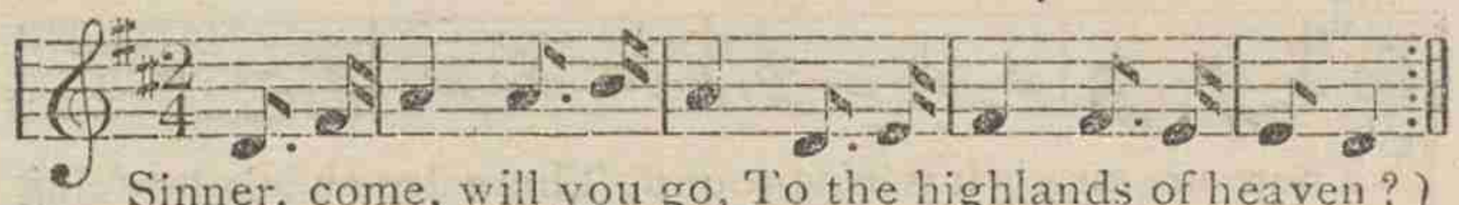
D.S.



Still all my song shall be, Nearer my God, to thee,
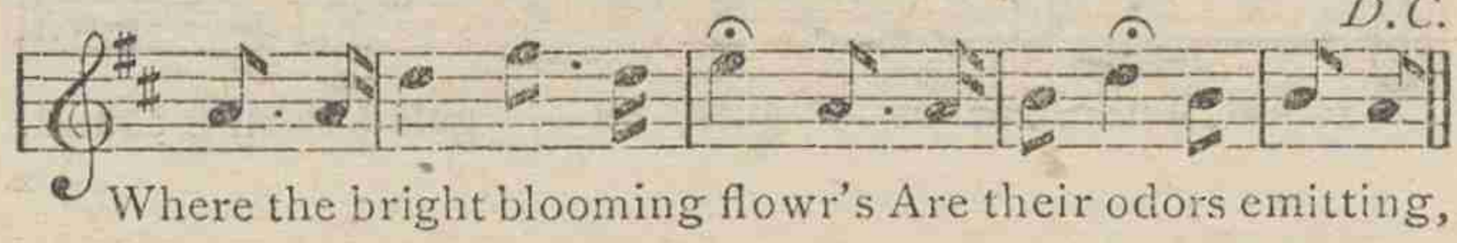
SINNER'S INVITATION. 6s & 7s.

Fine.
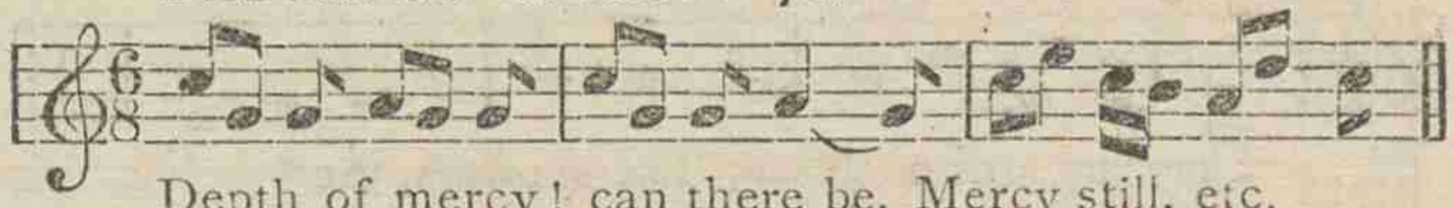


Sinner, come, will you go, To the highlands of heaven? }
Where the storms never blow, And the long summer's given, }
D.C. And the leaves of the bow'rs In the breezes are flitting.

D.C.
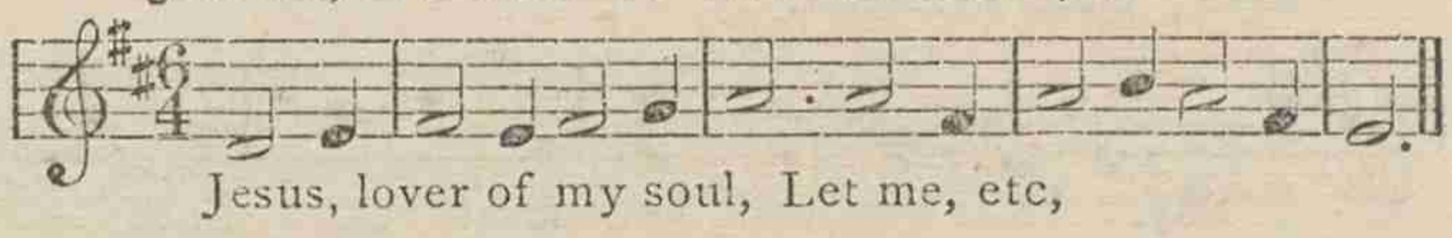


Where the bright blooming flowr's Are their odors emitting,

DEPTH OF MERCY. 7s.



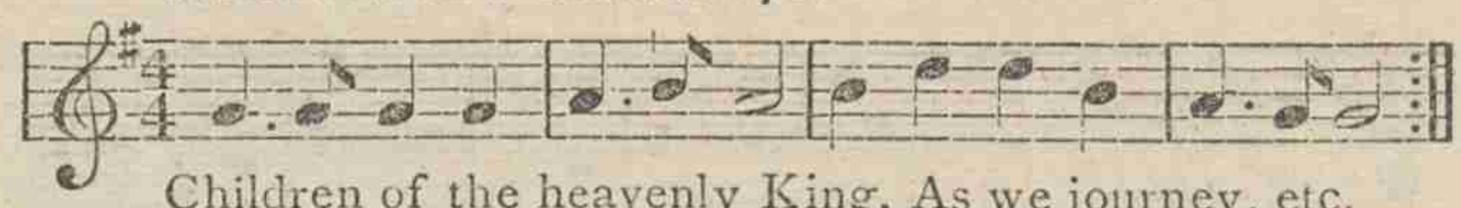
Depth of mercy! can there be, Mercy still, etc.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL. 7s.



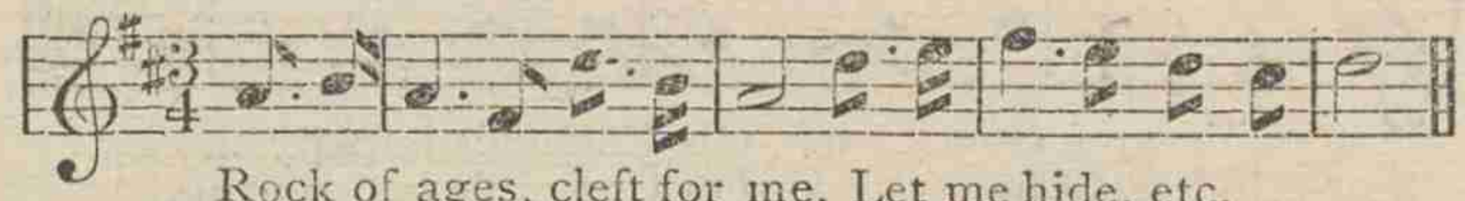
Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me, etc,

HEAVENLY KING. 7s.



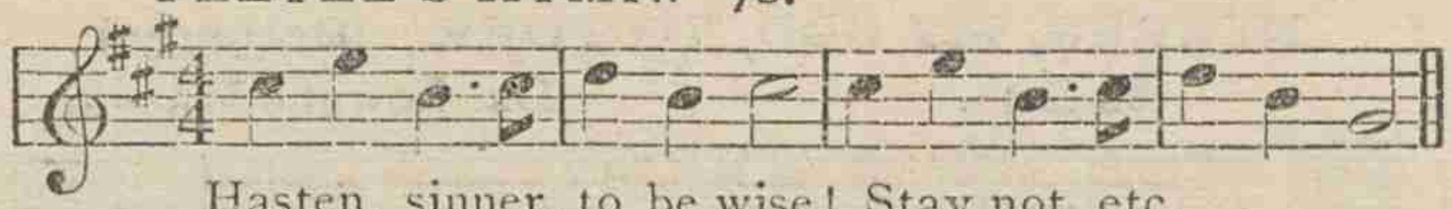
Children of the heavenly King, As we journey, etc.

TOPLADY. 7s.
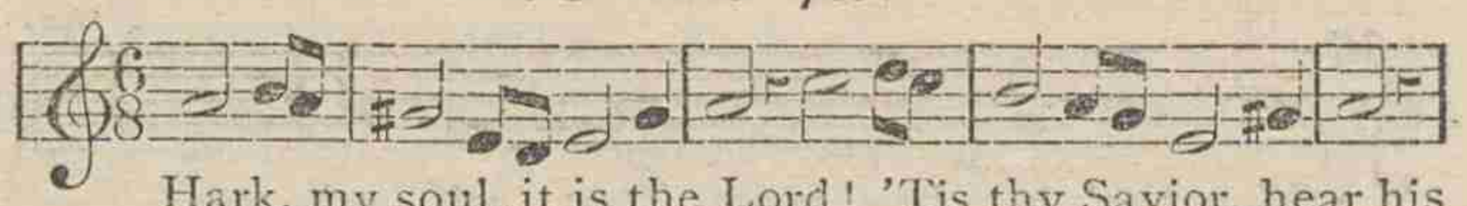


Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide, etc.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

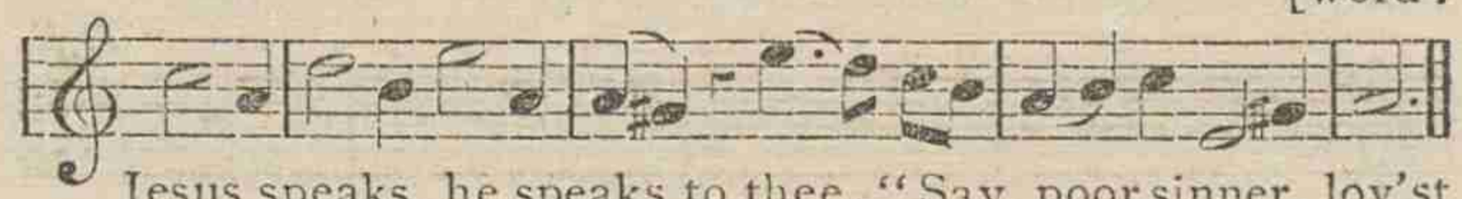


Hasten, sinner, to be wise! Stay not, etc.

LOVEST THOU ME? 7s.

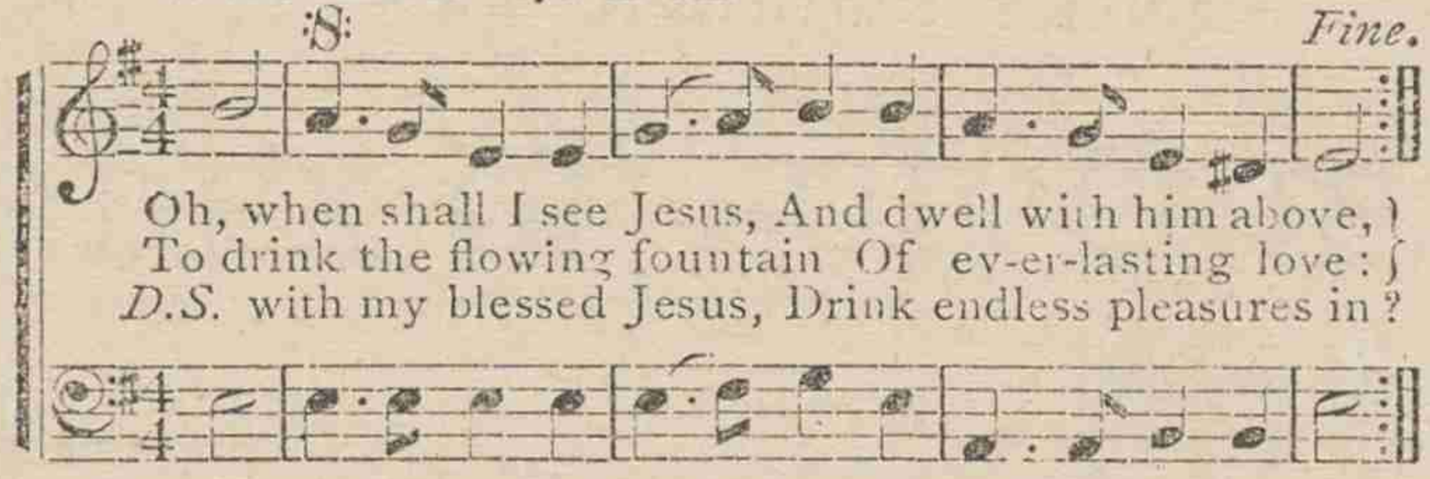


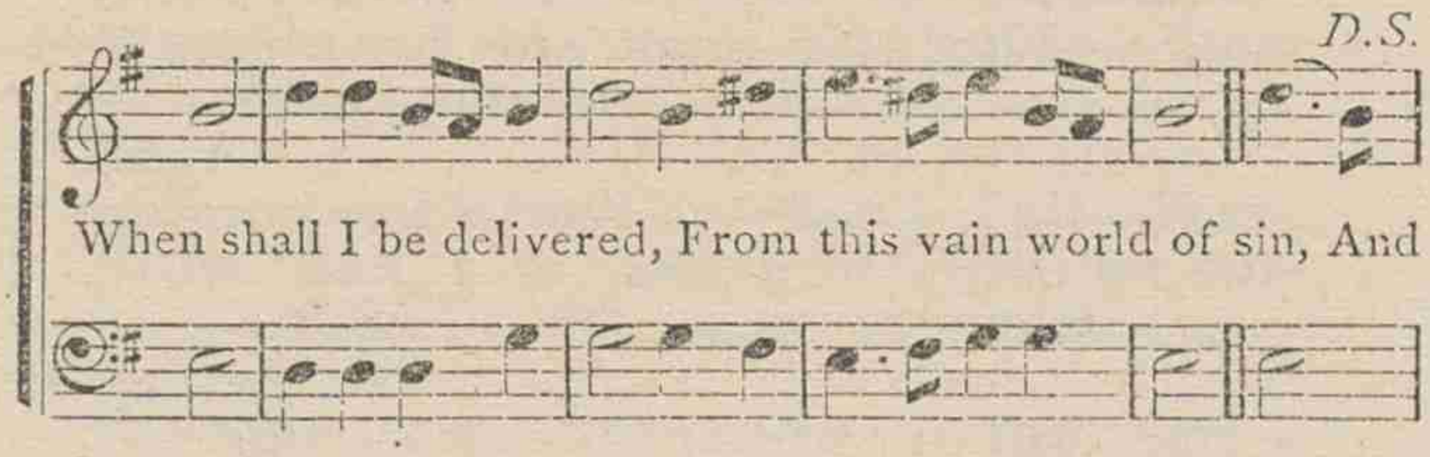
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Savior, hear his [word!



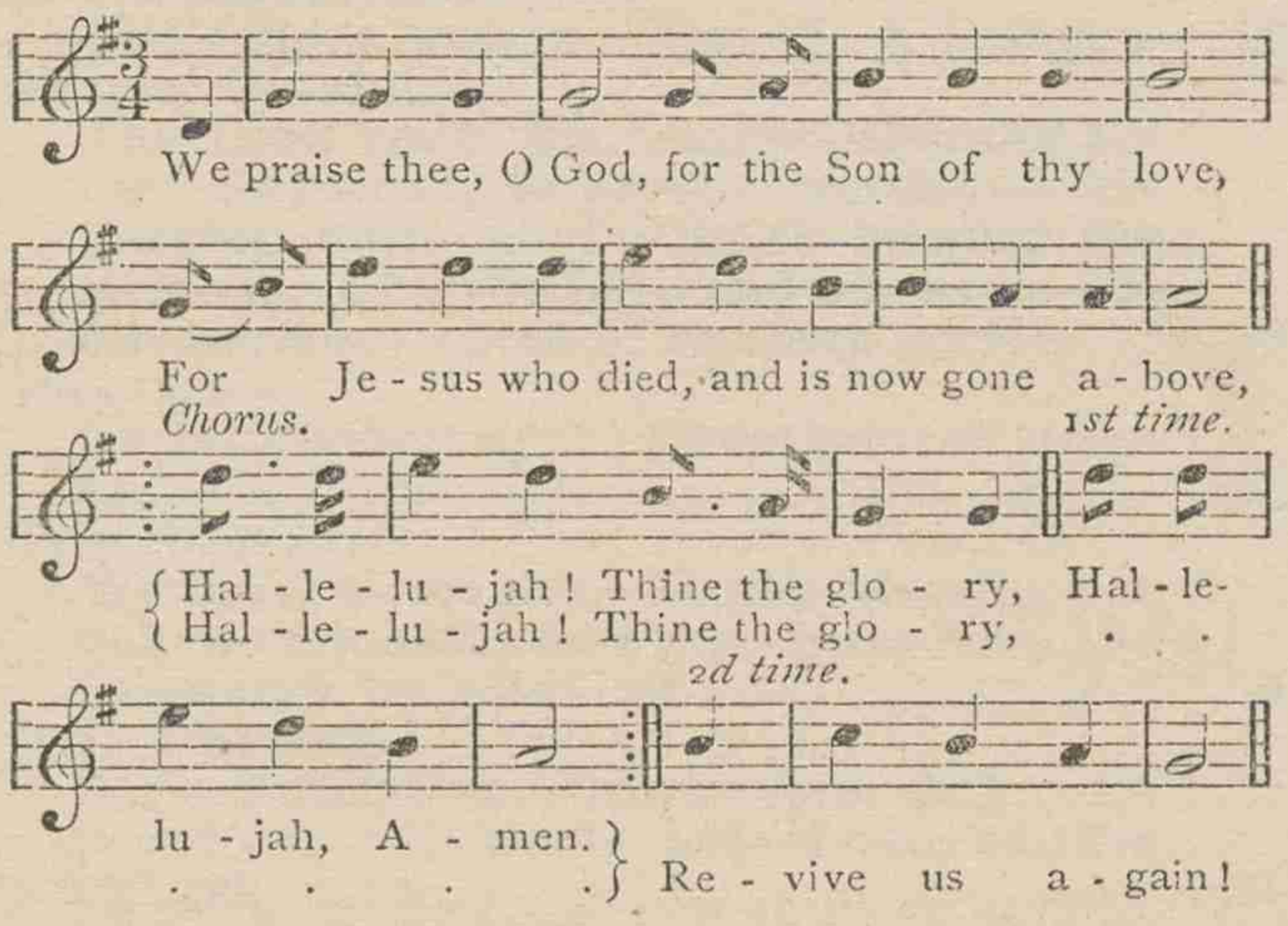
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee, "Say, poor sinner, lov'st [thou me?"

WESTERN. 7s & 6s.
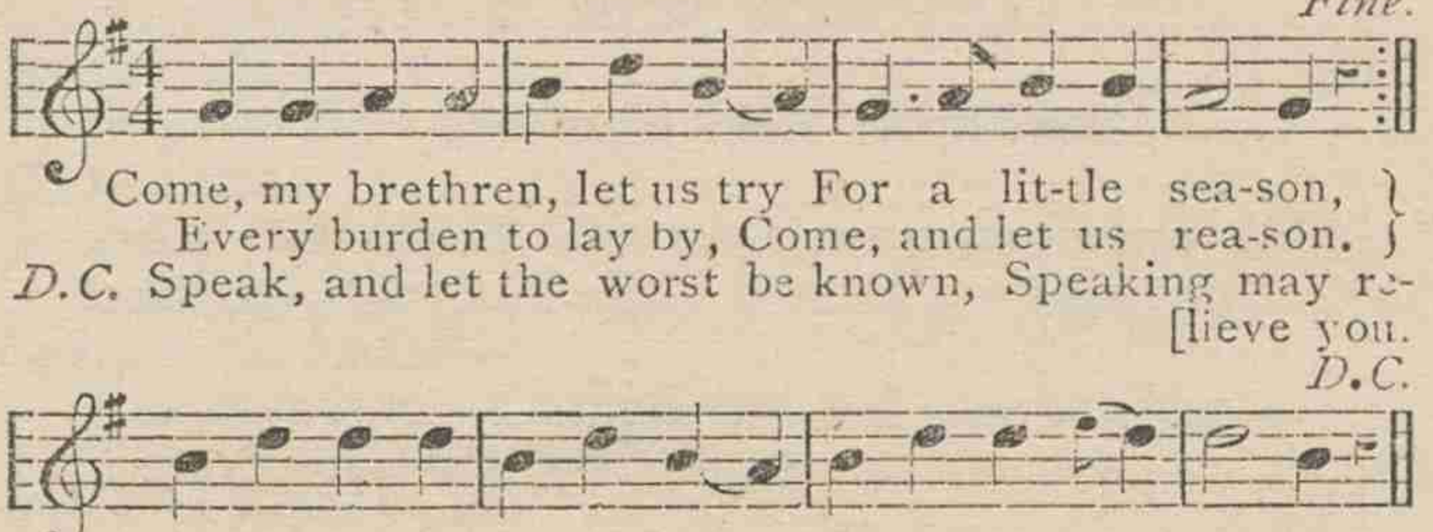




THINE THE GLORY.



COME, MY BRETHREN.



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