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CHRISTIAN
SUNDAY SCHOOL
HYMN BOOK.

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THE
1875
CHRISTIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL

HYMN BOOK

REVISION BY THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL AND PARISH

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PUBLISHED BY THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

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CHRISTIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL

HYMN BOOK:

DESIGNED FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

CINCINNATI:

PUBLISHED BY H. S. BOSWORTH,

Corner of 8th and Walnut Streets.

1860.

THE
CHRISTIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL

HYMN BOOK:

DESIGNED FOR

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W. B. DOWORTH

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PUBLISHED BY W. B. DOWORTH

Corner of 8th and Walnut Streets

1880.

PREP

Our little
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Recd. M. P. 10-14-40

in addition to the a number of new and
attraction, which can never be replaced by the
early and

PREFACE TO FOURTH EDITION.

Our little Hymn Book has been received with some favor, and the demand for it is rapidly increasing with the increasing number of our Sunday-schools. This state of the case encourages the American Christian Publication Society to keep up with the demand.

The increasing number of scholars in our Sunday-schools impresses us with the propriety of improving our congregational singing by having music taught as a science to our children in the Sunday-schools. Good congregational singing will never be attained in any other way. It is a vain attempt to try to make singers of a given congregation of adults. All children can acquire greater or less proficiency in music. Nations, such as the Germans, Prussians, etc., all sing as well as they speak, because they all are taught while children. From this time forth let a vigorous effort be made to educate all in singing, that the Church may find its converts used to the ways and employments of Chris-

10-14-40
Recd. M. P.

tians, and not needing a hopeless noviciate in instruction, which can never repair the wastes of early neglect. The hymn book furnishes a considerable variety of measures and themes for these singing exercises.

Great care should be taken to preserve good order in the schools during the singing exercises, the nature and objects of God's praise being always kept prominently before the minds of the children. In this way, singing now an essential part of education, will become peculiarly a part of Christian education, and our Sunday-schools fountains of sacred intelligence and holy joy.

SUNDAY

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THE CHRISTIAN
SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN BOOK.

1

Use of the Scripture.

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 Saviour's love ;
Mine, art thou to guide my feet,
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless ;
Mine, to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom ;
O thou precious book divine !
Precious treasure ! thou art mine !

2

Praise to the Saviour. S. M.

TO praise the Saviour's name,
 Let little children try;
 While saints and angels do the same
 In the bright world on high.

2 His love in heaven is sung,
 His name is there adored;
 And children here, however young,
 May learn to praise the Lord.

3 The wonders of that love
 No earthly tongue can tell,
 Which brought the Saviour from above,
 To save our souls from hell.

4 For us he wept and bled,
 And suffered all his pain;
 For us was numbered with the dead,
 And rose to life again.

5 And still for us he prays,
 And makes our souls his care;
 He loves to hear our feeble praise,
 And listen to our prayer.

6 Lord Jesus! grant that we
 May know thy saving grace;
 On earth thy humble followers be;
 In heaven behold thy face.

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3 *Remember thy Creator.* 7s & 6's.

“REMEMBER thy Creator,”
 While youth's fair spring is bright;
 Before thy cares are greater,
 Before comes age's night;
 While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
 Ere Night's dark pall is near;
 While Life is all before thee,
 Thy great Creator fear.

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

4 *The Pearl.* P. M.

The World their fancied pearl may crave,
 'Tis not the pearl for me,
 'Twill dim its luster in the grave,
 'Twill moulder in the sea.
 But there's a pearl of price untold,
 Which never can be bought or sold,
 The sinking soul 'twill save:
 O that's the pearl for me.

2 The miser knocks at mammon's gate,
 'Tis not the gate for me;
 From early morn till evening late
 At his bolted door is he.

But there's a gate which leads to bliss,
And he who knocks by faith at this,
Will ne'er be called to wait:
O that's the gate for me.

3 Let pleasure chant her syren song,
'Tis not the song for me;
To weeping it will turn, ere long,
For this is heaven's decree;
But there's a song the ransomed sing,
To Jesus, their exalted King,
With joyful heart and tongue—
O that's the song for me.

5 *Missionary Hymn.* 8, 7, 4.

CHRISTIAN! see—the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky,
Lo! th' expected day is dawning—
Glorious day-spring from on high!
Hallelujah!—
Hail the day-spring from on high!

2 Zion's Sun!—salvation beaming—
Gilding now the radiant hills—
Rise and shine, till brighter gleaming
All the world thy glory fills:
Hallelujah!—
Hail the day-spring from on high!

3 Heathen at the sight are singing;
Morning wakes the tuneful lays;
Precious offerings they are bringing—
First-fruits of more perfect praise:
Hallelujah!—
Hail the day-spring from on high!

4 Lord of
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4 Lord of every tribe and nation !
 Spread thy truth from pole to pole ;
 Spread the light of thy salvation,
 Till it shines on every soul :
 Hallelujah !—
 Hail the day-spring from on high !

6 *Benevolence of God.* 7s.

NOW behold the mid-day sun
 Sheds around a golden light,
 Every leaf that meets his ray
 Glitters gaily to the sight.

2 He who formed the seeing eye,
 He who made the hearing ear,—
 Gave each beauty we behold,
 Each delightful sound we hear.

3 If he did not keep our life,
 We could neither think nor move ;
 Every blessing we enjoy
 Is a gift of tender love.

7 *The Works of God.* C. M.

I LOVE to see the glowing sun
 Light up the deep blue sky,
 Along the pleasant fields to run,
 And hear the brook flow by.

2 How fresh and green the trees appear ;
 What blooming flowers I find !
 O, surely God has sent them here
 To tell us he is kind.

3 The beasts that on the herbage feed
 : Thank him in different ways ;
 And little birds upon the boughs
 Sing sweetly to his praise.

4 Shall I alone forget to thank
 The God who made us all ?

O no, I'll humbly kneel to him,
 And on my Maker call.

5 Though I am but a little child,
 Yet I to God belong ;
 His works declare him good and mild,
 And he will hear my song.

8

The Bible.

P. M.

HOW precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given ;
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.
 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears :
 O that's the book for me.

2 This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 I would more dearly love thy word,
 For there thou art revealed :
 O that's the book for me.

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9 *We won't give up the Bible.* P. M.

WE won't give up the Bible,
God's holy Book of Truth,—
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth,—
The lamp which sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road,—
The voice which speaks a Saviour's love,
And leads us home to God.

2 We won't give up the Bible,
Nor heed the crafty tongue
That would this treasure take away;
Ye wicked ones, begone!
For ye would fain condemn our minds
To glooms of moral night,
But we defy your mortal power,
And God defends the right!

3 We won't give up the Bible:
But could ye force away
That which is as our life-blood dear,
Yet hear us joyful say:
The words that we have learnt while young
Shall follow all our days,
And those engraven on our hearts,
He never can erase.

4 We won't give up the Bible!
We'll shout it far and wide,
Until the echo shall be heard
Beyond the swelling tide;
Till all shall know that we, though young,
Withstand your treach'rous art,
And that from God's own sacred word
WE'LL NEVER, NEVER PART.

10 *The Example of Christ.* 8's & 7's

JESUS CHRIST my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me;
O, that in my whole behavior,
He my pattern still may be.

2 If my feelings are not holy,
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.

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

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

11

Heaven and Hell.

THERE is, beyond the sky,
A heaven of joy and love;
And all good children, when they die,
Go to that world above.

2 There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains;
There sinners must forever dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains.

3 Can such a worm as I
Escape this dreadful end?
And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I shall to heaven ascend?

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- 4 Then will I read and pray
While I have life and breath;
Lest I should be cut off today,
And sent to endless death.

12

The Happy Land.

P. M.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
O, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
For evermore.

- 2 Come to the happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why yet delay.
O; we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,—
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest evermore.

- 3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die;
Then shall His kingdom come—
Saints shall share a glorious home,
And bright above the sun,
Reign evermore.

13

God's Works praise Him. S. M.

TEN thousand different flowers
To thee sweet offerings bear;
And cheerful birds in shady bowers
Sing forth thy tender care.

2 The fields on every side,
The trees on every hill,
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim thy wonders still.

3 But trees, and fields, and skies,
Still praise a God unknown;
For gratitude and love can rise
From living hearts alone.

4 These living hearts of ours
Thy holy name would bless.
The blossom of ten thousand flowers
Would please the Saviour less.

5 While earth itself decays,
Our souls can never die;
O, tune them all to sing thy praise
In better songs on high.

14

Jesus in the Garden. 11's.

THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver
stream
Our Saviour would linger in moonlight's soft beam;
And by thy bright waters till midnight would stay,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

2 How damp
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2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head ;
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed ;
The angels beholding, amazed at the sight,
Attended their master with solemn delight.

3 O, garden of Olives, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot ;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

4 Come, saints, and adore him ; come bow at his
feet ;

O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet ;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

15

Sunday Morning.

8's & 7's.

WELCOME, welcome, quiet morning,
Welcome is this holy day ;
Now the sacred morn returning,
Says a week has passed away.

2 Let me think how time is passing ;
Soon the longest life departs !
Nothing human is abiding,
Save the love of humble hearts.

3 Father, now one prayer I raise thee—
Give an humble, grateful heart ;
Never let me cease to praise thee,
Never from thy fear depart.

4 Then, when years are gathered o'er me,
And the world is sunk in shade,
Heaven's bright realm will rise before me ;
There my treasure will be laid.

16

The Poverty of Christ. 7s.

EVERY bird can build her nest,
 Foxes have their place of rest;
 He by whom the worlds were made,
 Had not where to lay his head.

2 He who is the Lord Most High,
 Then was poorer far than I,
 That I might hereafter be
 Rich to all eternity.

17

The Heathen have no Lord's day. C. M.

ONCE more we keep the sacred day
 That saw the Saviour rise;
 Once more we tune our thankful song
 To him that rules the skies.

2 What numbers vainly spend these hours
 That are to Jesus due!
 Children and parents, how they sin!
 And how they perish, too.

3 But we, a happier few, are taught
 The better paths of truth;
 We hail, once more, the plan of love
 That pities wandering youth.

4 Our foolish hearts are prone to err;
 Too oft we find it so;
 O, may the God of grace forgive,
 And better hearts bestow.

5 O, may the God who gave our life,
 And thus far leads us on,
 Be pleased to train our youthful minds
 To know and love his Son.

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18

The Second Coming.

P. M.

THE last lovely morning,
All blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting,
And soon will appear.

CHORUS.

While the mighty, mighty, mighty tramp
Sounds, come, come away,
, let us be ready to hail the glad day.

2 And when that bright morning
In splendor shall dawn,
Our tears shall be ended,
Our sorrows all gone.
While the mighty, &c.

3 The Bridegroom from glory
To earth shall descend,
Ten thousand bright angels
Around him attend.
While the mighty, &c.

4 The graves shall be opened,
The dead will arise,
And with the Redeemer
Mount up to the skies.
While the mighty, &c.

5 The saints then immortal
In glory shall reign,
The Bride with the Bridegroom
Forever remain.
While the mighty, &c.

19

Soft is the morning dew. 6's & 5's.

SOFT is the morning dew
Resting on flowers;
Gentle the balmy breath,
'Mid summer flowers;
Green is the moss-couch,
Spread to repose;
Sweet, o'er the heather hill,
The wild flower blows.

2 Dew on the bright flowers
Soon glides away;
Calm breath of Summer
Speeds on his way;
Yellow the moss-bed,
Bleak is the hill,
Gone are the silver buds,
Hushed is the rill.

3 Days without number,
Thus on the wing,
Fly, as the shadow
Glides o'er the hill;
Star of the morning,
Gilding our bloom,
Lights up, at evening,
Our path to the tomb.

20

Time.

L. M.

ALmighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are
A little
How frail,
How vain

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2 My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears ;
How frail, at best, is dying man :
How vain are all his hopes and fears !

3 Vain his ambition, noise and show !
Vain are the cares which rack his mind :
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,
He dies and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler portion mine ;
My God, I bow before thy throne ;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

21 *Punctuality.* L. M.

THE clock has struck, I cannot stay,
O, let me rise and haste away ;
I'll quit my bed, and leave my home,
The hour of school at length is come.

2 I would be there when prayer begins,
To seek the pardon of my sins ;
I'd ask the favor of the Lord,
And pray to understand his word.

3 O, shall my teachers wait in vain,
While my neglect must give them pain ?
No, let me rather strive to be
First of their little family.

4 These holy days will soon be o'er,
And I shall go to school no more ;
I would not then endure the pain
Of having spent my time in vain.

22

The Shepherd. C. M.

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

2 We praise thy name that we are brought
 To this delightful place;
 Where we are watched, and warned, and taught,
 As children of thy grace.

3 O may our teachers, toiling here,
 Meet us at last above;
 And they and we in heaven appear,
 As children of thy love.

23

Death of a Scholar. S's & T's.

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

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

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

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24

FRIEND

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

24 *Death.*

FRRIEND after friend departs !
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

- 2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

- 3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown ;
A long eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone ;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.

- 4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away ;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day.
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

25

Incentives to Prayer. P. M.

FOLD thy little hands in prayer,
Bow down at thy mother's knee.
Now thy sunny face is fair,
Shining through thy golden hair,
And pleasant thoughts, like garlands, bind thee
Unto thy home; yet grief may find thee—
Then pray, child, pray.

2 Now thy mother's hymn abideth
Round thy pillow in the night;
Her sweet voice thy slumber chideth,
By the taper's darkened light.
Thy mother's hymn will pass away,
Her soft voice must not always stay—
Then pray, child, pray.

26

Anniversary Hymn. P. M.

THE rolling year! the rolling year!
Full many an hour of pleasure
It brings to youthful spirits here;
Its hopes, its joys we treasure.
This glad some hour, we hail it now,
This hallowed spot where praises flow;
This joyous meeting,
And kindly greeting,
From friends and teachers too.

2 O! all too swift these golden hours
Their onward flight are winging;
Too briefly bloom the gentle flowers
In childhood's pathway springing;

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E'en while we gather them they die,
And say, beyond the starry sky,
With blossoms vernal,
In light eternal,
Shall life be theirs again ?

3 Far, far beyond the darksome grave,
Our last, our narrow dwelling,
Beyond death's rudely rolling wave,
And angry billows swelling ;
O ! there, so calm, so bright, so blest,
There is the land of holy rest,
There so sweetly blending
In praise unending,
Are tones of joy and love.

4 O ! be it ours in early youth,
Ere yet her light has faded,
To choose the path of heavenly truth,
That path with bliss pervaded ;
And they who teach us truths divine,
Heaven's light around their pathway shine,
While here we gather,
Eternal Father,
Thy Spirit o'er us bend.

27 *An Evening Petition.* 7's.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away ;
Free from care—from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Soon from me the light of day
Shall forever pass away ;
Then from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee !

28

Lord's day. 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 today;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

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

29

"Remember thy Creator." 7's & 6's.

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

2 "Remember thy Creator"
Now in thy youthful days,
And he will guide thy footsteps
Through life's uncertain maze.

"Remember thy Creator"
He calls us to his feast
And offers us his love
In his dear Son.

3 And in his love
When we are gathered here
His love is made manifest
And we are made aware
And we are made aware
Thy God is here
Through his dear Son.

30

WHAT a world of love
Where we are gathered here
Of the love of God
And the love of man.

2 That blessed love
Whom we are gathered here
O, what a world of love
That is the love of God.

3 While we are gathered here
Nothing is so true
In this world of love
Clearly the love of God.

4 O, the love of God
Christ is the love of God
Freely the love of God
Grace is the love of God.

"Remember thy Creator"—

He calls in tones of love,
And offers deathless glories
In brighter worlde above.

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

30 *God's Word a Treasure.* 8's & 7's.

WHAT a mercy, what a treasure
We possess in God's own word,
Where we read with sacred pleasure,
Of the love of Christ our Lord.

- 2 That blest word reveals the Saviour
Whom our souls so deeply need,
O, what mercy, love, and favor,
That for sinners Christ should bleed!

- 3 While each wretched heathen nation
Nothing knows, dear Lord, of thee;
In this happy land, salvation
Clearly is revealed to me.

- 4 O, the blessedness of knowing
Christ our Saviour's precious love;
Freely on a child bestowing
Grace and mercy from above.

31

The Land of Rest. P. M.

BROTHER, thou art gone to rest;
We will not weep for thee,
For thou art now where oft, on earth,
Thy spirit longed to be.

2 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
Thine is an early tomb;
But Jesus summoned thee away,
Thy Saviour called thee home.

3 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
Thy toils and cares are o'er;
And sorrow, pain, and suffering, now,
Shall ne'er distress thee more.

4 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
Thy sins are all forgiven:
And saints in light have welcomed thee,
To share the joys of heaven.

5 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
And this shall be our prayer—
That when we reach our journey's end,
Thy glory we may share.

32

Our God.

8's.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

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- 2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose counsels will guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

33 *Prayer for Grace.* 7's 6l.

DEAREST Father! source of love,
Teach my infant heart to know,
While its soft affections move,
What to thy rich grace I owe,
For the goodness, rich and free,
Thou hast kindly shown to me.

- 2 By the Saviour's humble birth,
By his rocky mountain bed;
By the cold unsheltered earth
Where in agony he bled;
By his last and anguish'd cry,
Veiling all the earth and sky;—

- 3 By the pardon he hath bought,
By the peace which he hath given,
By the blessed truths he taught,
By the glorious hopes of heaven—
By all these, oh! let me learn
What I owe him in return.

- 4 Take my heart and make it thine,
Never let it from thee rove,
On its darkness sweetly shine—
Change its passions all to love,
While its powers are young and free,
Mould them all for heaven and thee.

34

Away to Sunday-School. P. M.

THE morning sky is bright and clear;
 Away to Sunday-school;
 Let each one in the class appear;
 Away to Sunday-school;
 'Tis there we learn His holy word,
 And find the road that leads to God.
 Away, away, away, away,
 Away to Sunday-school.

- 2 In season let us all be there;
 Away to Sunday-school;
 That we may join the opening prayer;
 Away to Sunday-school;
 There we can raise our hearts to heaven,
 And praise the Lord for blessings given.
 Away, away, away, away,
 Away to Sunday-school.
- 3 Let us remember, while at prayer,
 When at the Sunday-school,
 Our teachers' kindness, and their care,
 Toward our Sunday-school.
 We'll be submissive, good, and kind,
 And every rule and order mind,
 When we're at school, at Sunday-school,
 When we're at Sunday-school.

Boys.

When each at night shall go to prayer,
 We'll ask our God above

Girls.

To extend o'er teachers his kind care,
 And crown them with his love.

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Boys and Girls.

And when on earth our time is sped,
And we are numbered with the dead,

Teachers and Scholars.

If faithful, we shall meet above;
We all shall meet above.

35

Lord's Day Morning. P. M.

A WAKE! awake!

Your bed forsake,
To God your praises pay;
The morning sun is clear and bright,
How precious is the sacred light!

With songs of love,
Praise God above;
It is his holy day.

2 Before the morn
Awaked the dawn,
The blessed Saviour rose;
He conquered death and left the grave,
While soft, across the placid wave,
The morning star
Shone forth afar,
And vanquished all his foes.

3 The angels bright,
From worlds of light,
To greet his rising came;
The Prince of Life with joy they view,
While heaven its glories o'er him threw;
Then haste to fly
Above the sky,
Their raptures to proclaim.

36 *The Hope, the Star, the Voice.* C. M.

THERE is a hope, a blessed hope,
More precious and more bright
Than all the joyous mockery
The world esteems delight.

2 There is a star, a lovely star,
That lights the darkest gloom,
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
The prospects of the tomb.

3 There is a voice, a cheering voice,
That lifts the soul above—
Dispels distrustful, anxious doubt,
And whispers, God is love.

4 That voice is heard from Calv'ry's height,
And speaks the soul forgiven;
That star is Revelation's light—that
Hope, the hope of heaven.

37 *Christ's Compassion.* 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,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, O, my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

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

38 *Prayer*

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39 *Praise*

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38 *Prayer for the Rising Generation.* S. M.

GREAT God, now condescend
To bless the rising race ;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace !

2 O, what a vast delight
Their happiness to see !
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 May they receive thy word,
Confess the Saviour's name,
And follow their despised Lord,
Amidst reproach and shame.

39 *Praise to God for our Redemption.* C. M.

BLEST be the wisdom and the power
The justice and the grace,
That joined in council to restore
And save our ruin'd race.

2 Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell ;
And we, his children, thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.

3 Christ honor'd all his father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd ;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

40

The great Teacher. 7's & 8's.

TEACHER, guide of young beginners,
 Let a child approach to thee ;
 Thee, who camest to ransom sinners,
 Thee, who diedst to ransom me.

2 Into thy protection take me,
 Full of goodness as thou art ;
 After thine own image make me,
 Make me after thine own heart.

3 Exercise the potter's power
 Over this misshapen clay ;
 Call me in the morning hour ;
 Teach my youthful mind the way.

4 With a tender awe inspire,
 That I never more may rove ;
 Every spark of good desire
 Raise into a flame of love.

41

Our Father in Heaven. 11's.

OUR Father in heaven, we hallow thy name :
 May Thy kingdom, all holy, on earth be the
 same.

O, give to us daily our portion of bread ;
 It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know
 That humble compassion that pardons each foe.
 Save us from temptation, from weakness and sin ;
 And thine be the glory, for ever. Amen.

42

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42 *"Call of the Bell."* P. M.

HARK! the deep-toned bell is calling!

"Come! O, come!"

Weary ones, where'er you wander,

"Hither come!"

Louder now, and deeper pealing,

On the heart that voice is stealing,

"Come, nor longer roam."

2 Now again its tones are pealing,

"Come! O, come!"

In the sacred temple kneeling,

"Seek thy home!"

Come, and round the altar bending,

Love the place where God, descending,

Calls the spirit home.

3 Still the echoed voice is ringing,

"Come! O, come!"

Every heart pure incense bringing,

"Hither come!"

Father, round thy footstool bending,

May our souls, to heaven ascending,

Find in thee their home.

43 *Time glides constantly.* 7's.

GENTLY glides the stream of life,

Oft along the flowery vale,

Or, impetuous down the cliff,

Rushing, roars when winds assail.

2 'Tis an ever-varying flood,

Always rolling to its sea,

Slow or quick, or mild or rude,

Tending to eternity

3

44 *The promised time is coming.* P. M.

REJOICE, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom;
 And Zion's children then shall sing,
 The deserts are all blossoming.
 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom;
 The gospel banner, wide unfurled,
 Shall wave in triumph o'er the world,
 And every creature, bond or free,
 Shall hail that glorious jubilee.

45 *Hymn before Prayers.* S. M.

LORD, help us, as we pray,
 To come with hearts sincere,
 And, as we rise in wisdom's way,
 To seek thy blessing here.

2 Lord, help us, as we sing,
 To mean the words we use,
 And not to mock our heavenly King,
 And all His love abuse.

3 Lord, help us, as we hear,
 To treasure up thy word,
 Nor let it fall upon the ear
 As if it were unheard.

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

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5 Lord, help us, while we live,
Thy servants to abide ;
The aid of thy good Spirit give ;
In mercy be our guide.

6 Lord, help us, when we die,
To reach yon heavenly shore,
That we, with angel hosts on high,
May praise Thee evermore.

46

Children's Anthem.

L. M. 8's.

WHAT are those soul-reviving strains
Which echo thus from Salem's plains ?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
So sweetly sound from Zion's hill ?
Lo ! 'tis an infant chorus sings
Hosanna to the King of kings :
The Saviour comes ! and babes proclaim
Salvation sent in Jesus' name.

2 O ! what sweet music, what a song,
Swells from this bright, this happy throng !
Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart
Joy to each raptured, listening heart.
Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise ;
Still Israel's children forward press
To hail the Lord their righteousness.

3 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart ;
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.
Proclaim hosannas loud and clear ;
See David's Son, and Lord, appear !
All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout through highest heaven.

47 "The Seraphs bright are hovering." 7.

THE seraphs bright are hovering
 Around the throne above,
 Their harps are ever tuning
 To thrilling tones of love.
 Or through the azure soaring,
 Or poised on snowy wing,
 With glowing hearts adoring,
 Sweet choral notes they sing.

2 From earth is dayly rising
 A rich, harmonious song,
 From sunny, perfumed flowers
 By breezes borne along.
 From hills in sunlight glittering,
 From smooth, deep emerald seas,
 A cloud of praise is rising
 Like incense on the breeze.

3 And childhood's voice is chanting
 A full, harmonious song,
 When morning light is breaking,
 Or evening sweeps along.
 For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Would their hosanna raise.

48

Praise to Christ. S. M.

HOSANNA to the Son
 Of David and of God,
 Who brought the news of pardon down,
 And seal'd it with his blood!

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- 2 To Christ, th' anointed King,
Be endless blessings giv'n !
Let the whole world his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.

49 *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.
O ! that will be joyful, joyful, joyful
O ! that will be joyful,
To meet to part no more,
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore,
And sing the everlasting song,
With those who've gone before.

- 2 Yes, happy thought ! when we are free
From earthly grief and pain,
In heaven we shall each other see,
And never part again.
O ! that will be joyful, &c.

- 3 The children who have loved the Lord
Shall hail their teachers there !
And teachers gain the rich reward
Of all their toil and care.
O ! that will be joyful, &c.

- 4 Then let us each, in strength divine,
Still walk in wisdom's ways ;
That we, with those we love, may join
In never-ending praise.
O ! that will be joyful, &c.

50

Feed my Lambs. 8's & 7's.

“**F**EED my lambs!”—how condescending,
 How compassionate the grace
 Of the Saviour, just ascending,
 Thus to bless our infant race!

2 Richest treasure, dearest token,
 From his stores of love to give;
 Kept from age to age unbroken,
 Till its bounty *we* receive.

3 Who, without that word of blessing,
 Could our dark estate have told?
 Sin and wo our souls distressing,
 Lost and wandering from his fold.

4 “Feed my lambs!” ye pastors, hear it—
 Feed the flock of his own hand:
 O, for him, for us, revere it;
 Keep the Shepherd’s last command.

51

Filial Affection.

BE kind to thy father, for when thou wast young
 Who lov’d thee so fondly as he?
 He caught the first accents that fell from thy
 tongue,
 And joined in thy innocent glee.
 Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
 His locks intermingled with grey;
 His footsteps are feeble—once fearless and bold:
 Thy father is passing away

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2 Be kind to thy mother, for lo ! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen ;
O, well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind she hath been.
Remember thy mother—for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath ;
With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way
E'en to the dark valley of death.

52

The night of Death. S. M.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what we 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 we early rise
To view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 Lord, when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

53 *A Scholar's Prayer.*

GREAT God in heaven above,
 We offer up in love
 This hymn of praise ;
 Help us, O Lord, to be
 True worshippers of Thee,
 And keep us ever free
 From evil ways.

2 May all our teachers feel
 A pure and holy zeal
 To serve Thee well ;—
 And may they, hand in hand,
 A blest and happy band,
 Lead children to that land
 Where angels dwell.

54 *God seen in his Works.* C. M.

THERE'S not a tint that paints the rose,
 Or decks the lily fair,
 Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
 But God has placed it there.

2 At early dawn there's not a gale
 Across the landscape driven,
 And not a breeze that sweeps the vale,
 That is not sent by heaven.

3 There's not of grass a single blade,
 Or leaf of loveliest green,
 Where heavenly skill is not displayed.
 And heavenly wisdom seen.

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4 There's not a tempest, dark and dread,
Or storm that rends the air,
Or blast that sweeps the ocean's bed,
But God's own voice is there.

5 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays his boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

55

Birth of Christ.

8's.

WE come, we come, with loud acclaim,
To sing the praise of Jesus' name,
And make the vaulted temple ring
With loud hosannas to our King.
With joyful heart and smiling face,
We gather round the throne of grace,
And lowly bend to offer there,
From infant lips, our humble prayer,—
To Him who slept on Mary's knee,
A gentle child as young as we.

2 We come, we come, the song to swell,
To Him who loved our world so well,
That stooping from his Father's throne,
He died to claim it as his own.
With joy we haste the aisles to fill,
Yet youthful bands are gathering still;
O, thus may we in heaven above,
Unite in praises and in love;
And still the angels fill their home
With joyful cry—"They come, they come."

56 *Invitation to Praise.* C. M

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

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

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

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

57 *Childhood.* 8's & 7's

BE the little ones instructed,
Taught the knowledge of the Lord;
To the school—to church conducted;
Christ invites them in his word.

2 Brethren, sisters! fond of guiding
Youthful feet that wand'ring stray;
In your Saviour's help confiding,
Lead them on in wisdom's way.

3 Still the Lord, by invitation,
Welcomes children to his arms ;
Boundless is the Lord's compassion.
Sweet the voice of Jesus sounds.

4 Lord of teachers ! blessed Jesus,
As thou wert, make us to be ;
Then what pleaseth thee will please us,
We shall then resemble thee.

58

The better way.

7's.

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

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

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

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

59

Song of Children. 8's 7's & 4's.

ONCE was heard the song of children,
 By the Saviour when on earth :
 Joyful in the sacred temple
 Shouts of youthful praise had birth,
 And Hosannas
 Loud to David's son broke forth.

2 Palms of victory strewn around him,
 Garments spread beneath his feet,
 Prophet of the Lord they crowned him
 In fair Salem's crowded street.
 While Hosannas
 From the lips of children greet.

3 Blessed Saviour, now triumphant,
 Glorified and throned on high,
 Mortal lays, from man or infant,
 Vain to tell thy praise essay ;
 But Hosannas
 Swell the chorus to the sky.

4 God o'er all in Heaven reigning,
 We, this day, thy glory sing—
 Not with palms thy pathway strewing,
 We would loftier tribute bring—
 Glad Hosannas
 To our *Prophet, Priest, and King.*

5 O, though humble is our offering,
 Deign accept our grateful lays—
 These from children once proceeding,
 Thou didst deem "perfected praise."
 Now Hosannas,
 Saviour, Lord, to thee we raise.

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60 *Lord's Day Enjoyment.* 6's.

WELCOME delightful morn,
Sweet day of sacred rest,
I hail thy kind return ;
Lord, make these moments blest.
To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside.

- 2 God is our sun and shield.
Our light and our defence ;
With gifts his hands are filled,—
We draw our blessings thence.
The Lord his people loves ;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,—
From pure and upright souls.

61 *This is God's day.* L. M.

THIS day belongs to God alone,
This day he chooses for his own ;
And we must neither work nor play,
Because it is God's holy day.

- 2 'Tis well to have one day in seven,
That we may learn the way to heaven,
Then let us spend it as we should,
In serving God and being good.
- 3 We ought to-day to learn and seek
What we may think of all the week ;
And be the better every day,
For what we hear our teachers say.

62

Teachings of Nature. 7's & 6's.

THERE'S learning, pleasant learning,
 In nature's ample book ;
 Its leaves are wide unfolded,
 For all who care to look.
 And there are gentle lessons,
 In Summer's blooming walks ;
 And wisdom in each little flower,
 Though silently it talks.

2 And there are holy teachings,
 In evening's quiet hour,
 When stars are brightly peeping,
 From out their heav'nly bower.
 There's beauty, glowing beauty,
 In morning tints so bright,
 While o'er the waking earth is poured,
 A flood of golden light.

3 In all the world of beauty,
 Spread out before our sight,
 Bright lessons wisdom has engraved,
 In characters of light.
 O nature ! bounteous nature,
 Thine Author dwells above ;
 Thy teachings are of heav'nly truth,
 Thy motto—"God is love."

63

Closing Anniversary Hymn. 6's & 8's.

DEAR Father, ere we part,
 Now let thy grace descend,
 And fill each youthful heart,
 With peace from Christ, our friend.
 May showers of blessings from above,
 Descend and fill our hearts with love.

2 May we, in after years,
With gratitude review
The service of this day,
The works we now pursue,
And speed our way to worlds above,
With hearts inspired with holy love.

3 We know that soon on earth
The fondest ties must end,—
Our own most cherished hopes
To death's cold hand must bend.
The fairest flowers, in all their bloom,
Must soon lie withered in the tomb.

4 Then, when our spirits leave
These tenements of clay,
May they to God who gave,
Ascend,—in endless day,
To join with parents, teachers, friends,
That anthem sweet, which never ends.

64 *Morning or Evening.* S. M.
SWEET, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell,
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme we dwell.

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

65

Hosanna.

P. M.

COME, O my soul, in joyous lays,
 Attempt thy great Redeemer's praise :
 But O, what tongue can speak his fame ?
 What verse can reach the lofty theme ?
 Glory, glory, let us sing,
 While heaven and earth with praises ring,
 Hosanna ! hosanna !
 Hosanna to the Lamb of God.

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
 He glory like a garment wears ;
 To form a robe of light divine,
 Ten thousand suns around him shine.
 Glory, glory, &c.

3 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
 Do thou, my soul, his glories sing ;
 And let his praise employ my tongue
 Till listening worlds shall join the song.
 Glory, glory, &c.

66

Prospects of the Heathen. 8's & 7's

HARK !—what mean those lamentations,
 Rolling sadly through the sky ?
 'Tis the cry of heathen nations,
 "Come and help us, or we die !"

2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining—
 Christians, hear their dying cry,
 And the love of Christ constraining,
 Join to help them, ere they die.

67

67 *Salvation for the Heathen.* 7's & 6's.

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

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

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name!

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,—
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

68

School is begun.

P. M.

SCHOOL is begun, so come every one,
And come with smiling faces ;
For happy are they who learn when they may
So come and take your places.

2 Here you will find your teachers are kind,
And with their help succeeding,
The older you grow the more you will know
And soon you'll love your reading.

3 Little boys, when you grow to be men,
And fill some useful station,
If you should be once found out as a dunce,
O think of your vexation.

4 Little girls too, a lesson for you,
To learn is now your duty,
Or no one will deem you worthy esteem,
Whatever your youth or beauty.

69

"Lord, remember me."

C. M.

O THOU who didst uphold my way
From earliest infancy,
Before my lisping tongue could say,
O "Lord remember me!"

2 Still through the path of youth, my guide
And my protector be ;
And when my feet would turn aside,
O "Lord, remember me!"

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- 3 And shouldst thou graciously ordain
That manhood I should see,
O, let me never live in vain ;
O " Lord remember me ! "
- 4 If thou shouldst pain or sickness send,
From murm'ring keep me free ;
Or, if thy hand should riches lend,
O " Lord, remember me ! "
- 5 And when this earthly scene I leave,
And worldly prospects flee,
As then my latest sigh I heave,
O " Lord, remember me ! "

70

Frailty.

S. M.

THE lilies of the field,
That quickly fade away,
May well to us a lesson yield,
For we are frail as they.

- 2 Just like an early rose,
I've seen an infant bloom :
But death, perhaps, before it blows,
Will lay it in the tomb.
- 3 Then let us think on death,
Though we are young and gay ;
For God, who gave our life and breath
Can take them both away.
- 4 To God, who made them all,
Let children humbly cry ;
And then, whenever death may call,
They'll be prepared to die.

71

Many have died. 7's.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here;
 Fixed in their eternal state,
 They have done with all below;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little none can know.

As the winged arrow flies,
 Speedily, the mark to find;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind.
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
 All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us henceforth how to live,
 With eternity in view.
 Bless thy word to young and old,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

72

My Country. P. M

THERE is a tract of earth,
 Bedecked with beauty's charms
 Replete with virtuous worth,
 And free from rude alarms:

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A land where freedom's tribes are dwelling,—
 A land where streams of light are swelling ;
 Where haughty wealth and titled pride,
 And sov'reign clans, do not reside ;—

2 A land of vigorous youth,
 Of wide and rich domain,—
 A land of moral truth,
 And blest with glory's reign ;—
 A land where patriot hearts are glowing,—
 A land on which high Heaven's bestowing
 His choicest gifts, His sov'reign might,
 To save its good from evil's blight.

3 It is a land of fame ;
 Its noble deeds are known
 With high and honored name,
 Where'er the sun has shone ;
 Its canvass lights the face of ocean,
 Its power defies the world's commotion ;
 And yet it is a land of peace,
 Where quiet dwells, and love, and bliss.

73 *Value of Religion.* 7s.

'TIS religion that can give
 Sweetest pleasures while we live ;
 'Tis religion must supply
 Solid comfort when we die.
 After death, its joys will be
 Lasting as eternity !
 Be the living God my friend,
 Then my bliss shall never end

74 *The Child's Hymn.* 7s.

POOR and needy though I be,
God, my Maker, cares for me;
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
Gives me all I have of good.

2 He will listen when I pray;
He is with me night and day;
When I sleep and when I wake,
Keeps me safe for Jesus' sake.

3 He who reigns above the sky,
Once became as poor as I;
He whose blood for me was shed,
Had not where to lay his head.

4 Though I labor here awhile,
He will bless me with his smile;
And when this short life is past,
I shall rest with him at last.

75 *Praise.* C. M.

NOW to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

2 Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
And set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee

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76

Watch and Pray.

S. M.

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

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

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got thy crown.

77

Land of our Fathers.

P. M.

LAND of our fathers; wheresoe'er we roam,
Land of our birth! to us thou still art home
Peace and prosperity on thy sons attend,
And to posterity their influence descend.

All, then, inviting, hearts and voices joining,
Sing we in harmony, our native land—
Our native land—our native land.

2 Tho' other climes may brighter hopes fulfil,
Land of our fathers! we love thee still
Heaven shield our happy home from each hostile
band;

Freedom and plenty crown our native land,
Thus, then, uniting, hearts and voices joining,
Sing we in harmony, our native land—
Our native land—our native land.

78

Lord's day.

11's.

HOW sweet to our heart is the morning of rest ;
 The day of the week which I surely love best ;
 The morning my Saviour arose from the tomb,
 And took from the grave all its terror and gloom

2 O, let me be prayerful and thoughtful today,
 And not spend a minute in trifling or play ;
 Remembering these seasons were graciously given
 To teach me to seek, and prepare me for heaven

3 In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
 When I worship today, may it all be sincere ;
 In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,
 And be grateful to those who watch over me there.

4 Instruct me, my Saviour ; a child though I be,
 I am not too young to be noticed by thee ;
 Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways,
 I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee
 the praise.

79

Lord's day Morning.

C. M.

THIS is the day when Christ arose
 So early from the dead ;
 Why should I keep my eyelids closed
 And waste my hours in bed ?

2 This is the day when Jesus broke
 The powers of death and hell ;
 And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
 And love my sins so well ?

3 Today with pleasure Christians meet,
To pray and hear the word;
And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will, O Lord.

4 I'll leave my sport to read and pray;
And so prepare for heaven;
O, may I love this blessed day,
The best of all the seven.

80 "Give me thy Heart." 7's.

HEAR ye not a voice from heaven,
To the listening spirit given?
Children, come! it seems to say,
Give your hearts to me today.

2 Sweet as is a mother's love,
Tender as the heavenly Dove,
Thus it speaks a Saviour's charms;
Thus it wins us to his arms.

3 Lord, we will remember thee,
While from pains and sorrows free;
While our day is in its dew,
And the clouds of life are few.

4 Then, when night and age appear,
Thou wilt chase each doubt and fear;
Thou our glorious leader be,
When the stars shall fade and flee.

5 Now to thee, O Lord, we come,
In our morning's early bloom;
Breathe on us thy grace divine,
Touch our hearts, and make them thine.

81

Solitude. C. M

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heav'n;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driv'n.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

82

A blessing sought on instruction given. P. M

ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow;
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou, alone, shalt have the praise.

83

Samuel.

P. M.

WHEN little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word he spoke,
How much did he rejoice ;
O blessed, happy child, to find
The God of heaven so near and kind.

2 If God would speak to me,
And say he was my friend,
How happy should I be !
O, how would I attend !
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

3 And does he never speak ?
O yes ! for in his word
He bids me come and seek
The God whom Samuel heard ;
In almost every page I see,
The God of Samuel calls to me.

4 And I, beneath his care,
May safely rest my head ;
I know that God is there,
To guard my humble bed ;
And every sin I well may fear,
Since God Almighty is so near.

5 Like Samuel, let me say,
Whene'er I read his word,
"Speak, Lord, I would obey
The voice that Samuel heard ;"
And when I in thy house appear,
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear.

84

The Good Shepherd.

8's & 7's

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

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

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

85

The Seed of the Word.

C. M.

ALMIGHTY God ! thy word is cast
 Like seed into the ground ;
 Now let the dew of heaven descend,
 And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
 This holy seed remove ;
 But give it root in every heart,
 To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
 The rising plant destroy ;
 But let it yield a hundred fold,
 The fruits of peace and joy.

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4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

86

The Family Bible. C. M. 81.

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

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

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

87

Prayer for Success. 8's 7's & 4's.

THOU, who didst with love and blessing
 Gather Zion's babes to thee,
 Still a Saviour's love expressing,
 These, the babes of Zion see;
 Bless the labors
 That would bring them up for thee.

2 Smile upon the weak endeavor,
 Vain, if thou thy smile deny;
 Lo they rise,—to live forever!
 Train, O train them for the sky!
 Ne'er may Satan
 Plunder Zion's nursery.

3 Let no self-applauding feeling,
 Naught of praise from mortals won,
 O'er the heart infectious stealing
 Poison what our hands have done;
 Raise the motives,
 Sink the pride of every one.

88

Sacred Hours. P. M.

HAIL, sacred season! peaceful day,
 By God himself ordain'd and blest,
 A foretaste, in a weary way,
 Of endless rest.

2 Devoted day of calm repose,
 Close of creation, sweetly blest,
 A pause to labor, balm of woes,
 An hour of rest.

- 3 Thou who this day ordained and blest,
Shed on my heart its tranquil powers,
And teach my bosom how to rest,
In sacred hours.

89

Speak Gently. C. M. 8L

SPEAK gently—it is better far
To rule by love than fear ;
Speak gently—let no harsh word mar
The good we might do here.
Speak gently to the little child ;
Its love be sure to gain ;
Teach it, in accents soft and mild,
From evil to refrain.

- 2 Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear :
Pass thro' this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.
Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart ;
The sands of life are nearly run—
Let such in peace depart.

- 3 Speak gently—He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were fierce with strife,
Said to them, " Peace ! be still ! "
Speak gently—'tis a little thing,
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

90

Birth-day.

HEAV'NLY Father! look on me,
 Now my birth-day's come once more
 Listen while I pray to thee,
 And with infant powers adore.

2 Once I was an infant weak,
 Sleeping on my mother's knee;
 Then I could not walk or speak,
 Yet thou didst take care of me.

2 Now I run about and talk;
 Now I learn to read my book;
 Through the fields I now can walk,
 On the pretty flowers can look.

4 Bless me now, I am a child,
 Bless this birth-day, Lord, to me;
 Make me good, and wise, and mild,
 Make me all that I should be.

91

Youthful Aspirations.

7's

HAPPY would it be for me,
 In the morning of my youth,
 To devote my life to thee,
 O thou God of love and truth.

2 May I anxious be to know
 More of thee, and things above;
 Lord, upon a youth bestow
 Light and knowledge, joy and love

- 3 Lord forbid the tempter's wiles
To direct my feet aside ;
Save me from whate'er defiles,
Sin and folly, lust and pride.

- 4 Let thy will in me be done ;
Let thy sacred will be mine ;
Fix my heart on thee alone,
To evince I'm truly thine.

92

Rose of Beauty. 7's & 6's.

HOW many a rose of beauty
Will bloom to fade away,
How many a child of pity
Will die ere yet 'tis day.

- 2 How many a gem of brightness,
Lies hidden from our sight !
Yet there's a world of gladness
Where all 's revealed to light.

- 3 The budding flower of sweetness,
The blooming citron's shade,
Are emblems of life's fleetness,
To where no foes invade.

Then look to heav'n in sorrow,
Forget all mortal care ;
The past forget, the morrow
Will be eternal there

93

Praiss.

6's & 4's

HOW beauteous is the earth !
 How bright the sky !
 How wisely planned by Him
 Who reigns on high !
 His love is rich and free—
 A boundless store !
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
 Forever more !

2 By day, he makes the sun

To pour forth light :

The moon and starry host

To shine by night ;

His love, &c.

3 He 'waters hill and dale

With dews and showers,

And crowns their varied soils

With fruits and flowers ;

His love, &c.

4 He sent his only Son

To save the world,

When, from its Eden bowers,

Fallen man was hurled ;

His love, &c.

5 His face hath smiled on us,

Above all lands ;

Our thousand splendid gifts

Are from his hands ;

His love, &c.

94

94

Music.

7's & 6's.

I HEAR the voice of singing
Among the waving trees ;
Its echoes still are ringing
In every playful breeze ;
The bud, its leaves extending—
The dew-drop in its cell ;
Their equal beauties blending,
The song of praise to swell.

2 The brooks with murmuring voices,
Pour forth their noisy lays,
And every thing rejoices
To sing Jehovah's praise ;
On every cloud it lingers,
And thunders back in fire,
And winds with breezy fingers,
Awake the sleeping lyre.

3 The summer's cloud unfolding
Its misty scarf of air,
Which mountain hands are holding
To veil the sunset fair ;
Whose golden rays ascending,
Gleam up the western sky,
And point the one offending
To mercy's bow on high.

4 Then let each heart with gladness
Employ the circling year,
To banish every sadness,
And drooping hearts to cheer ;
And when our years are ended
And silent are our lays,
Then may our notes be blended
In everlasting praise.

95

Reflection.

C. M.

AND now another hour is past,
Of kind instruction given ;
And this, perhaps, may be the last
On this side hell or heaven.

2 And is it so ? How dread the thought,
And yet indeed how true !
If I could feel it as I ought,
This day, what should I do ?

3 O, surely prize it more and more,
And pray that God would give
A death of gain, if life be o'er,
And blessing if I live.

96

I must not sin.

L. M.

I MUST not sin as many do,
Lest I lie down in sorrow too :
For God is angry every day
With wicked ones who go astray

2 From sinful words I must refrain ;
I must not take God's name in vain ;
I must not work, I must not play,
Upon God's holy blessed day.

3 And if my parents speak the word,
I must obey them in the Lord :
Nor steal, nor lie, nor waste my days
In idle tales and foolish plays.

97

97 *Children's celebration of Independence.*

MY country, 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

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

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

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

98 *Sunday-School Celebration.* 7's & 5's

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

2 Lord, guide and bless our teachers,
 Who labor for our good,
 And may the holy Scriptures
 By us be understood;
 O, may our hearts be given
 To thee, our glorious King;
 That we may meet in heaven,
 Thy praises there to sing.

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

99 *Mutual and united Petitions.* 10's & 11's.

Scholars.

OUR Father in heaven, though feeble our lays
 We raise them with grateful emotions of
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For patrons and teachers to guide us above,
Reward thou in heav'n, their labors of love.

Teachers

2 Our Father in heaven, thy blessing we crave
On ail our endeavors these children to save :
O, make us more faithful, more prayerful, more
wise,
To win them to Jesus who dwells in the skies.

Chorus.

3 With voices united, thy mercies we sing,
Proclaiming all glory to Jesus our King ;
And when life is ended, receive us in love,
To sing hallelujahs with angels above.

100

Never look sad. P. M.

NEVER look sad, there's nothing so bad
As getting familiar with sorrow ;
Treat him today in a cavalier way,
He'll seek other quarters tomorrow.

2 Do not then sigh, but e'er turn your eye
At the bright side of every trial ;
Fortune, you'll find, is often most kind,
When chilling your hopes with denial.

3 Let the sad day, then, carry away
Its own little burden of sorrow ;
Or you may miss full half of the bliss
Which comes in the lap of tomorrow

101 *Death of a Teacher.* S. M.

WEEP, little children, weep,
A teacher gone before ;
For those that loved to see his face
Shall see his face no more.

2 Yet all whom once he taught
To sit at Jesus' feet,
And seek the blessedness he sought,
May him in glory meet

3 Grieve, brother teachers, grieve ;
With you he bore the cross ;
And gladly, for a crown of life,
Accounted all things loss.

4 His eye, his voice, his hand
Still marshal you along ;
A fearless, firm, united band—
Quit you like men—be strong.

5 Strong in the Lord was he,
And valiant for the truth ;
Go, train your little ones to be
Christ's soldiers from their youth.

102 *Thoughts of Death.* 8's & 7's

LET me think, if I were dying,
(And I very soon must die,)
On what hope am I relying !
To what refuge could I fly ?

2 Not a sister, not a brother,
Nor the holiest of men,
Nor a father, nor a mother,
Could afford me refuge then!

3 They could only stand beside me,
Smooth my pillow, mourn my fall;
But death's pow'r would soon divide me
From the dearest of them all.

103

Early Piety. C. M.

YOUTH, when devoted to the Lord,
Is pleasing in his eyes;
A flow'r, though offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

2 'Tis easier far if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
For sinners who grow old in sin
Are hardened by their crimes.

3 'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young,
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.

4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

5 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ our youngest breath;
Thus we're prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

104

Devotion in Youth. C. M.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

2 Lo, such a child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose heart, with holy influence,
Is upward drawn to God!

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

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

105

Morning and Evening. 7s.

TEACH me, Lord, thy name to know
'Teach me, Lord, thy name to love;
May I do thy will below,
As thy will is done above.

2 When I go to rest at night,
O'er me watch and near me stay;
And when morning brings the light,
May I wake to praise and pray.

106

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106 *Invitation to Praise.* C. M.

COME, let us join with one accord,
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our risen Lord
Hath made and called his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven;
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all, our days below
Let us in hymns employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing go
To his eternal joy.

107 *Who shall live in Heaven.* S. M.

THERE is a land above,
All beautiful and bright,
And those who love and seek the Lord
Rise to that world of light.

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

108 *Soft be the gently breathing notes.* L. M.

SOFT be the gently breathing notes,
 That sing the Saviour's dying love;
 Soft as the evening zephyr floats,
 Soft as the tuneful lyres above;
 Soft as the morning dew descend,
 While the sweet lark exulting soars
 So soft to your Almighty friend,
 Be every sigh your bosom pours.

2 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
 That scatters life and joy abroad;
 Pure as the lucid car of day,
 That wide proclaims its maker God,
 True as the magnet to the pole,
 So true let your contrition be,
 So true let all your sorrows roll,
 To Him who bled upon the tree.

109 *The Bible for the Heathen.* 7

SEE that heathen mother stand
 Where the sacred currents flow:
 With her own maternal hand,
 'Mid the waves her infant throw

2 Hark! I hear the piteous scream;
 Frightful monsters seize their prey,
 Or the dark and bloody stream
 Bears the struggling child away

3 Fainter now, and fainter still,
 Breaks the cry upon the ear;
 But the mother's heart is steel,
 She, unmoved, that cry can hear

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- 4 Send, O send the Bible there ;
Let its precepts reach the heart ;
She may then her children spare,
She may act the mother's part.

110

The Strait Way. 6's. 2

STRIVE, for the way is strait
In which the Saviour trod ;
And narrow is the gate
That leadeth up to God.
Cut off th' ensnaring hand,
Pluck out th' ensnaring eye ;
Turn ye at God's command ;
Sinners, why will ye die ?

- 2 Strive, for there are but few
Who find the living way ;
Children, alas ! will you
Still blindly go astray ?
O shun the crowded gate,
Though wide it seem and fair,
'Twill bring you, soon, or late,
To anguish and despair.

- 3 Strive, ere life's setting sun
Shall sink in thickest gloom :
Strive, night is coming on,
Ye hasten to the tomb.
Ask, mercy shall be given ;
Seek as for hidden gold ;
Knock, and the Lord of heaven
The gates will wide unfold.

111

Youthful Piety. L. M.

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

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

3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

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

112

Morning Hymn. C. M.

THE morning breaks; my voice I raise
To thee, great God, above;
Accept my prayer, my feeble praise,
In kindness and in love.

2 Forgive the crimes that I have done;
My follies I deplore;
And since another day's begun,
O may I love thee more.

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3 Preserve me from all ill, I pray,
And guide me with thine eye,
And grant through every hour I may
On grace divine rely.

4 Keep me from sinful thoughts, O Lord,
And make my heart sincere;
Make me to read thy holy word
With reverence and fear.

5 Then shall I be prepared below
For thy eternal home;
Where pleasures like a river flow,
And sorrows never come.

113 *The Pleasure of following Christ.* 8. 7

L ORD, in humble, sweet submission,
Here we meet to follow thee;
Trusting in thy great salvation,
Which alone can make us free.

2 Nought have we to claim as merit;
All the duties we can do
Can no crown of life inherit:
All the praise to thee is due!

3 Yet we come in christian duty,
Down beneath the wave to go!
O the bliss! the heavenly beauty!
Christ the Lord was buried so.

4 Come, ye children of the kingdom,
Follow him, beneath the wave;
Rise and show his resurrection,
And proclaim his pow'r to save.

114 *Prayer for heavenly wisdom. C. M.*

TEACH us, O Lord, we earnest pray,
 Let grace to us be given,
 To point our rising charge the way
 To happiness and heav'n.

2 O that with wisdom from above
 Our minds may be imbued,
 With patience, tenderness, and love,
 And zeal in doing good.

3 The Saviour's mind may we possess,
 And in his strength be strong;
 Through disappointment and success
 Pass steadily along!

4 And, in that day when worlds shall stand
 Before thy judgment throne,
 Smile, Saviour, on this youthful band
 And claim them for thine own.

115 *One there is above all others. 8's & 7's*

ONE there is above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end.
 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But the Saviour died to have us
 Reconciled in Him to God.

2 When he lived on earth, abased,
 Friend of Sinners was his name;
 Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same.

116

O, for grace, our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

116

The Child's first grief.

O CALL my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone ;
The summer comes with flower and bee,
Where is my brother gone ?
The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sun-beam's track,
I care not now to trace its flight ;
O call my brother back.

2 He would not hear thy voice, fair child,
He may not come to thee ;
The face that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.
A rose's brief, bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given ;
Go—thou must play alone, my boy,
Thy brother is in heaven.

3 And has he left his birds and flowers ?
And must I call in vain ?
And through the long, long summer hours
Will he not come again ?
And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er ?
O, while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more !

117

Heaven.

8's & 6's.

THERE's joy in Heaven, thrilling joy,
 Whene'er a sinner turns ;
 Then with a holy ecstasy,
 The tallest seraph burns :
 Through all the shining courts of bliss,
 The joyful news is borne,
 And thousand angel voices shout,
 The wanderer's return,

2 There's light, effulgent light in Heaven,—
 It radiates from the throne,
 And bright reflects from golden streets
 And walls of precious stone ;
 Ten thousand times ten thousand stars,
 And suns by scores untold,
 Could ne'er emit such glorious light,
 As that the saints behold.

3 There's rest in Heaven, calm repose,
 From pain, and toil, and care ;
 And there the weary shall enjoy
 A peace beyond compare.
 A tranquil quiet, calm and deep,
 A sea without a shore,
 An ocean vast, of bliss, that shall
 Endure for evermore.

4 There's music, heavenly music, there
 Ten thousand harps of gold
 Are tuned and touched by angel hands,
 To measures sweet and bold ;
 Tw'lvè thousand times tw'lvè thousand souls,
 Of their redemption sing ;
 And louder yet, rank after rank
 Redemption's anthems ring.—

118

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113

O come, come away.

P. M.

Teachers.

O COME, children come, from labor now
reposing,

'Tis God's own day, you must not play,

O come, come away.

O come, your sacred joy renew,

And here find rest and pleasure too,

While kind friends welcome you,

O come, come away.

Scholars.

Yes, we will away, our play and labor ceasing ;

'Tis God's own day, we hail its ray,

We'll come, come away.

To teachers dear we now will turn,

Their kind instructions gladly learn,

For truth our hearts do yearn ;

We'll come, come away

Both.

Yes come, come away, the world's delusions
spurning,

To school we'll go, God's will to know,

Then come, come away

And if that holy will we do,

His promise shall be ever true,

And heaven ours shall be too ;

Then come, come away.

119

Star of Bethlehem.

L. M.

WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host be-stud the sky,
 One star alone, of all that train,
 Attracts the eastern sages' eye.
 A voice from every star there breaks
 Throughout eve's radiant diadem,
 But one alone, the Saviour speaks,
 It is the Star of Bethlehem!

2 Once as these sages nightly gazed
 On fields of light divinely fair,
 The wondrous power of God they praised,
 Who fixed those orbs of glory there;
 The spangled heavens shone all around,
 Each star appeared a sparkling gem,
 When bursting from the blue profound,
 Arose the Star of Bethlehem!

3 These holy men arose that night,
 As guided by that star divine,
 That, pouring floods of glorious light,
 Did all the host of heaven out-shine:
 Thus guided by its light on high,
 O'er mountain huge and rugged glen,
 Still gliding through the azure sky,
 It leads them safe to Bethlehem.

4 And when they saw the infant mild,
 For sinners born to bleed and die,
 They worshipped there the holy child,
 While tears came trickling from their eyes.

120

They open now their treasures great,
Incense and myrrh, and gold, and gem,
And pour them at Emanuel's feet,
The lowly babe of Bethlehem.—

120

Love.

8's & 7's.

WHEN the orb of morn enlightens
Hill and mountain, mead and dell;
When the dim horizon brightens,
And the serried clouds dispel;
And the sun-flower eastward bending,
Its fidelity to prove;
Be thy gratitude ascending
Unto him whose name is love.

2 When the vesper star is beaming
In the coronet of even;
And the lake and river gleaming
With the ruddy hues of heaven;
When a thousand notes are blending,
In the forest and the grove;
Be thy gratitude ascending
Unto him whose name is love.

3 When the stars appear in millions
In the portals of the west,
Bright bespangling the pavilions
Where the blessed are at rest;
When the milky way is glowing
In the cope of heaven above,
Let thy gratitude be flowing
Unto him whose name is love.

121 *All things fair and bright.* 8's

THOU art, O God, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from thee
 Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

2 When day with farewell beam delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven,
 Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
 So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3 When night with wings of stormy gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with a thousand dyes,
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

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

121 *Asking Divine aid in teaching children* 7's

LORD, assist us by thy grace,
 To instruct our infant race;
 Grant us wisdom from above,
 Fill us with a Savior's love

2 Let us in thy peace abide,
In thy promises confide,
While our youthful charge, with zeal,
Learn of us to do thy will.

3 While in childhood's tender age
They unfold the sacred page,
May they see in every line,
Kindling rays of light divine.

4 Precious Saviour ! hear our prayer,
We commit them to thy care !
Be their Shepherd and their guide,
Bring them to thy bleeding side.

123

Prayer. 7's & 6's

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

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

124

Sowing the Seed. S. M.

- SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it round the land.
- 2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.
- 3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by spots, 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.
- 4 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.
- 5 And duty shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 6 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garnerers in the sky.
- 7 Then when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing "Harvest home!"

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How to read the Bible. C. M.

JESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,
 To thee I lift mine eyes;
 Teach and instruct me by thy word,
 And make me truly wise.

2 Make me to know and understand
 Thy whole revealed will;
 Fain would I learn to comprehend
 Thy love more clearly still.

3 Help me to read the Bible o'er
 With ever new delight;
 Help me to love its author more;
 To seek thee day and night.

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

126

What the Bible tells us. L. M.

THIS is a precious book indeed;
 Happy the child that loves to read;
 'Tis God's own word, which he hath given
 To show our souls the way to heaven!

2 It tells us how the world was made;
 And how good men the Lord obeyed;
 And his commands are in it too,
 To teach us what we ought to do.

3 It bids us all from sin to fly,
Because our souls can never die ;
It points to heaven, where angels dwell,
And warns us to escape from hell.

4 But what is more than all beside,
The Bible tells us, Jesus died ;
This is its first, its chief intent,
To lead poor sinners to repent.

5 Let us be thankful that we may
Read this good Bible every day ;
And learn the way that God hath given,
To lead our souls to peace and heaven.

127 *Prayer for Grace and Salvation.* 8, 7, 4.

HEAR, Oh ! hear me, Heavenly Father !
Teach a little child to pray ;
Weak and trembling, to thy footstool,
I would come and learn the way
Help, O, help me,
Thy commandments to obey.

2 Thou, O Lord ! art pure and holy,
All defiled by sin am I ;
Yet relying on thy promise,
Penitent, to thee I fly.
Hear, O, hear me,
Still shall be my earnest cry.

3 I would fain, like Samuel, serve thee,
Like him in thy favor grow ;
Cheerfully thy will performing
All the days I live below ;
Give, O, give me
Joys thou only canst bestow

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- 4 Then my former sins forsaking,
I will live alone for thee ;
Father ! when my life is ended,
And death sets my spirit free—
Save, O, Save me,
For his sake who died for me.

128

Submission and Contentment. 7's.

DID the Prince of Glory die
For a little child like me ?
Leave his mansion in the sky,
Bleed and suffer on the tree ?
And shall I, a worm, complain
When I feel the slightest pain ?

2 Once he felt the keenest want,
And when angry, wicked men
Spoke with loud reviling taunt,
Answered not a word again ;
And shall I indulge my pride ?
Chide again when others chide ?

3 Did the Saviour of Mankind
Know not where to lay his head ?
Where a home or shelter find,
Or procure his daily bread ?
More than he possess'd is mine,
And shall I, though poor, repine ?

4 Lord, forbid it ! let me prove
Patient, unrevengeful, mild :
Poor in spirit, rich in love,
And in heart a little child ;
Let thy bright example shine
In each word and deed of mine.

129

Invitation to Praise. L. M.

WHEN morning reviveth her beams,
 And earth is yet pearly with dew,
 And mercy's delectable streams
 Their equible courses renew,
 Come then to the altar of prayer,
 And bow to the ancient of days,
 Your sacrifice offer, and there
 Peal high the pure anthem of praise.

2 The God of the seasons adore,
 When spring breathes her earliest breeze,
 When winter, reluctant, is o'er,
 And smile all the rivers and trees ;
 When summer, in showers and gales,
 Her merciful mission fulfils ;
 When plenty matures in the vales,
 And joy speaks aloud from the hills.

3 When autumn is sober and sere,
 And pours out her plentiful store,
 O then, as declineth the year,
 The God of abundance adore ;
 When winter obscureth the sky,
 And vapory turbulence blows,
 Forbid that devotion should die,
 Or freeze with the frosts and the snows.

4 At home, with thy kindred and friends,
 Alone, or with strangers abroad,
 Whatever kind Providence sends,
 O call on the name of thy God ;
 When sickness at last is thy lot,
 And death hastens on in the gloom,
 The monarch of terrors fear not,
 For Jesus has conquered the tomb.

130

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I want to be an Angel. 6's & 7's.

I WANT to be an angel,
 And with the angels stand—
 A crown upon my forehead,
 And a harp within my hand.
 There, right before my Saviour,
 So glorious and so bright,
 I'd make the sweetest music,
 And praise him day and night.

2 I never should be weary,
 Nor ever shed a tear,
 Nor ever know a sorrow,
 Nor ever feel a fear:
 But blessed, pure, and holy
 I'd dwell in Jesus' sight;
 And with ten thousand thousand,
 Praise him both day and night.

3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
 But Jesus will forgive;
 For many little children
 Have gone to heaven to live.
 Dear Saviour, when I languish,
 And lay me down to die,
 O send a shining angel
 To bear me to the sky.

4 Oh there I'll be an angel,
 And with the angels stand,
 A crown upon my forehead,
 A harp within my hand;

And then before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise him day and night.

131

Not ashamed of Christ. L. M.

JESUS! and can it ever be
That I should be ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning-star! bids darkness flee.

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

5 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,—
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to hush, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O may this my glory be,
Jesus is not ashamed of me!

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His name is God. L. M.

WHEN I look up to yonder sky,
 So pure, so bright, so wondrous high,
 I think of One I cannot see,
 But One who sees and cares for me.

2 His name is God! he gave me birth;
 And every living thing on earth,
 And every tree and plant that grows,
 To the same hand its being owes.

3 'Tis he my daily food provides,
 And all that I require besides;
 And when I close my slumbering eye,
 I sleep in peace, for he is nigh.

4 Then surely I should ever love
 This gracious God who reigns above:
 For very kind indeed is he,
 To love a little child like me.

133

Praise to Christ. S. M.

A WAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb;
 Wake every heart and every tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
 Sing of his rising power;
 Sing how he intercedes above
 For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the exalted King.

4 Soon we shall hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

5 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

134

Infant's Prayer.

7's.

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

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

135

Children, Come!

7's.

HARK! a tender Saviour speaks,
And the lonely silence breaks:
"Little Children come to me,
I will your Redeemer be;

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2 You I'll save from every ill,
And will be your guardian still,
I will raise you to the skies,
Where the spirit never dies;

3 I will lift you to my throne,
And confess you as my own:
Come then, children, come and see
What a Saviour I will be."

136 *God hears Children's Prayers.* S. M.

GOD is so good that he will hear,
Whenever children humbly pray;
He always lends a gracious ear
To what the youngest child can say.

2 His own most holy book declares
He loves good little children still,
And that he listens to their prayers
Just as a tender father will.

3 He loves to hear an infant tongue
Thank him for all his mercies given;
And when by babes his praise is sung,
Their cheerful songs are heard in heaven.

4 Come then, dear children, trust his word,
And seek him for your friend and guide;
Your little voices shall be heard,
And you will never be denied.

137

Death of Christ.

C. M.

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

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
 He 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 Saviour 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.

138

Sleeping in Jesus.

L. M.

A SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
 From which none ever wakes to weep;
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

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C. M.

- 2 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his cruel sting.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep.

139

Heaven.

C. M.

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

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

- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

L. M.

4 But timorous mortals start, and shrink
To cross the narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise;
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbecclouded eyes;

6 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.

140. *Early Instruction.* C. M.

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

2 'T will save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.

3 To thee, Almighty God, to thee,
Our childhood we resign;
'T will please us to look back, and see
That our whole lives were thine.

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- 4 O let the work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath:
Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

141 *Early Consecration.* C. M.

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

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

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

142 *The Child's Desire.* P. M.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his
fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

- 2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my
head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look
when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 But still to his footstool in prayer may I go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all that are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

143

Like Jesus. P. M.

I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard him speak.

2 I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer:
Alone upon the mountain-top,
He met his Father there.

3 I want to be like Jesus:
I never, never find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

4 I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good;
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

5 Alas, I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see:
O gentle Saviour, send thy grace
And make me like to thee.

144

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144 *Take my Heart.* 8's & 7's.

TAKE my heart, O Father! take it,
 Make and keep it all thine own;
 Let thy spirit melt and break it,
 Turn to flesh this heart of stone.
 Heavenly Father, deign to mold it,
 In obedience to thy will,
 And as passing years unfold it,
 Keep it meek and childlike still.

2 Father, make it pure and lowly,
 Peaceful, kind, and far from strife,
 Turning from the paths unholy
 Of this vain and sinful life.
 May the blood of Jesus heal it,
 And its sins be all forgiven;
 Holy Spirit, take and seal it,
 Guide it in the path to heaven.

145 *Children's Praises.* P. M.

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

2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
 See every one arrayed,
 Dwelling in everlasting light,
 And joys that never fade,
 Singing, Glory, glory.

3 Once they were little things like you,
And lived on earth below,
And could not praise, as now they do,
The Lord who loved them so,
Singing, Glory, glory.

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

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

6 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory.

146 *Joyfully, Joyfully.* 10's.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says, come,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;
Then if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
Joyfully, joyfully rest we in heaven.

2 Teacher
Waiting
she
Singing
Joyfully
Sounds
Harps
he
Filling
Joyfully

3 Death
Safe in
Jesus
Joyfully
Bright
Death
Over the
Joyful

2 Teachers and scholars, have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch us, approaching the
shore,
Singing to cheer us, while passing along,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall
hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus we come.

3 Death with its arrow may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully will we go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his scepter be gone,
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

147

Little Drops of Water. 6's & 5's.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

2 And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 So our little errors
Lead the soul away,
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the Heaven above.

5 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.

148 *God hears, sees, and knows me.* C. M

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

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

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

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

149

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149

The Friend you need. 7's.

CHILDREN, do you want a friend,
Ever faithful, ever true;
One whose kindness knows no end,
One whose love can shelter you?
Jesus is the friend you need,
Jesus is a friend indeed.

2 None that sought his love's embrace,
Has he ever turned away;
You may see his smiling face,
Gaze upon his charms to-day:
Ever faithful, ever true,
Jesus is the friend for you.

C. M.

150

A Child's Prayer. C. M.

LORD, teach a sinful child to pray,
And then accept my prayer;
For thou canst hear the words I say
For thou art everywhere.

2 A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by thee;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.

3 Teach me to do the thing that's right,
And when I sin, forgive;
And make it still my chief delight
To serve thee while I live.

- 4 Whatever trouble I am in,
To thee for help I'll call;
But keep me, more than all, from sin,
For that's the worst of all.

151 *Children! hear the melting story.* P. M.

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

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

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

152

Praise.

P. M.

JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before thee,
Infant praises hear.

153

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2 Though thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love thee,
Take our sins away:

5 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
"Saviour Lord, we come."

153 *The Lord is our Shepherd.* 11's.

THE Lord is our Shepherd our guardian and
guide;
Whatever we want he will kindly provide,
To sheep of his pasture his mercies abound,
His care and protection his flock will surround.

2 The Lord is our shepherd, what then shall we
fear?
What danger can move us, while Jesus is near?
Not when the time calls us to walk through the
vale
Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ever
fail.

- 3 Though afraid of ourselves to pursue the dark
way,
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay,
For we know by thy guidance, when once it is
past,
To a fountain of life it will bring us at last.
- 4 The Lord has become our salvation and song,
His blessings have followed us all our life long,
His name we will praise while he lends us our
breath,
Be cheerful in life and be happy in death.

154

The Heavenly Sabbath.

L. M.

- A**NOTHER six day's work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God hath blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Draws us away from earth to heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O may our prayers and praises rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he who feels it knows.
- 4 In holy duties may the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

155

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A Blessing desired. 27's.

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

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

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
 Let us feel thy presence near:
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in thy house appear:
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

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

156

Responsibility. S. M.

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

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill:
O 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 O 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.

157

Against Quarreling.

C. M.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight
For 't is their nature too.

2 But, children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

3 Let love thro' all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the blessed virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

4 His soul was gentle as a lamb;
And, as his stature grew,
He grew in favor both with man,
And God, his Father, too.

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- 5 Now, Lord of all, he reigns above,
And from his heavenly throne,
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

158 *Mercies Spiritual and Temporal.* C. M.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

- 2 Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more:
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

- 3 How many children in the street
Half naked I behold;
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And covered from the cold.

- 4 While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

- 5 While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal;
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

- 6 Are these thy favors, day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

159 *Child's Evening Prayer.* 8's & 7's.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me!

Bless a little child to-night;

Through the darkness be thou near me,

Watch my sleep till morning light.

2 All this day thy hand has led me,

And I thank thee for thy care;

Thou hast cloth'd me, warm'd me, fed me,

Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;

Bless the friends I love so well;

Take me, when I die, to heaven,

Happy there with thee to dwell.

160 *Christ for our sake became poor.* 7's.

CHRIST is merciful and mild;

He was once a little child;

He whom heavenly hosts adore

Lived on earth among the poor.

2 Then he laid his glory by

When for us he came to die:

How I wonder when I see

His unbounded love for me.

3 Through his life on earth I see

Lowliness and poverty;

O how mean was his abode,

Though he was the mighty God!

4 Yet through all his actions ran
Love to poor and sinful man :
He the sick to health restored ;
To the poor he preached the word.

5 Children in his arms he pressed,
Kindly took them to his breast ;
They, said he, shall share my bliss,
For of such my kingdom is.

161 "Suffer little Children to come
unto me." 7's.

L ORD, before thy throne we stand,
Once again thy children see;

Smile upon the youthful band,
Suffer us to come to thee.

2 Suffer us to come and pray,
Daily do we stand in need,
And if thou shouldst turn away,
Lord, we should be poor indeed !

3 Suffer us to come and own
How unworthy we have been,
Since we look to thee alone
For the pardon of our sin.

4 Suffer us to come and praise,
Condescend to hear our songs;
All we have, ten thousand ways,
Comes from thee, to thee belongs.

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

162

Meditation on Death.

L. M.

WHY should I say, "'Tis yet too soon
 "To seek for heaven, or think of death?"
 A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
 And I this day may lose my breath.

2 If this rebellious heart of mine
 Despise the gracious calls of heaven,
 I may be hardened in my sin,
 And never have repentance given.

3 What if Jehovah's anger burn
 While I refuse his offered grace,
 And all his love to fury turn,
 And strike me dead upon the place?

4 'Tis dang'rous to offend a God
 Whose power and vengeance none can tell:
 One stroke of his almighty rod
 Would send young sinners quick to hell.

5 Then 'twould forever be in vain
 To cry for pardon and for grace,
 To wish I had my time again,
 Or hope to see my Maker's face.

163

Judgment.

S. M.

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

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L. M.

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

3 I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else depart to hell.

4 O thou that would'st not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who diedst thyself my soul to save
From endless misery;

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

164

Morning.

S. M.

SERENE I laid me down,
Beneath my Guardian's care,
I slept—and I awoke and found
My kind Preserver near.

2 O how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.

3 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

S. M.

165

Evening. C. M.

O HOW my childhood runs to waste!
 My sins, how great their sum!
 Lord, give me pardon for the past,
 And strength for days to come.

2 I lay my body down to sleep,
 Let angels guard my head,
 And through the hours of darkness keep
 Their watch around my bed.

3 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
 Since thou wilt not remove;
 And in the morning let me rise
 Rejoicing in thy love.

166

Praise to God from all Nations. L. M.

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

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

167

Doxology. S. M.

WE now from school depart,
 Grace in God's house to seek;
 Be present, Lord, with every heart,
 There and throughout the week.

2 May Father, Spirit, Son,
Rule us in peace and love;
And when on earth thy will is done,
Receive our souls above.

168

Dismission.

8's, 7's & 4's.

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

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

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay—
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

169

Doxology.

8's & 7's.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
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 cannot afford.

170

Doxology.

C. M.

NOW to the Lamb that once was slain
 Be endless blessings paid;
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain
 For ever on thy head.

2 Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
 And set the prisoners free;
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with thee.

171

Infant Praise.

8's & 7's.

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

2 Thanks to thee, O God, who gave us
 Thy beloved Son to die;
 From eternal death to save us:
 Glory be to God on high.

172

Prayer for a Little Child.

7's.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
 Look upon a little child;
 Pity my simplicity,
 Suffer me to come to thee.

2 Fain I would to thee be brought ;
Gracious God, forbid it not ;
In the kingdom of thy grace,
Give a little child a place.

3 O supply my every want,
Feed the young and tender plant ;
Day and night my keeper be,
Every moment watch o'er me.

173 *Against Wandering Thoughts.* C. M

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

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

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

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

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

174

For Christian Energy. C. M.

MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
 Awake my sluggish soul!
 Nothing hath half thy work to do,
 Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 Go to the ant, for one poor grain
 See how they toil and strive;
 Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
 How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
 And stars their courses move;
 We, for whose sakes the angel bands
 Come flying from above.

4 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
 And never act our parts;
 Come, Holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
 And warm our frozen hearts.

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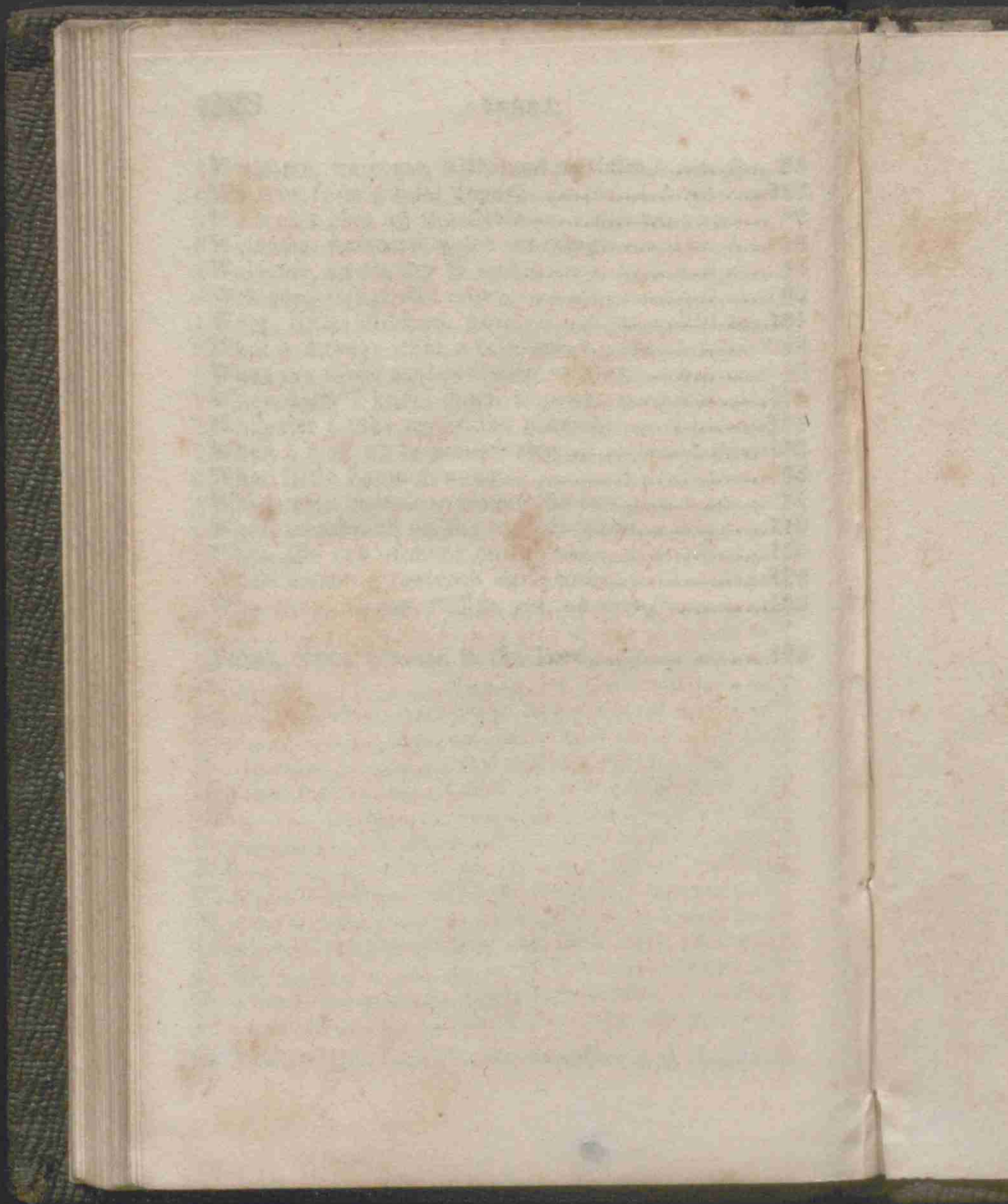
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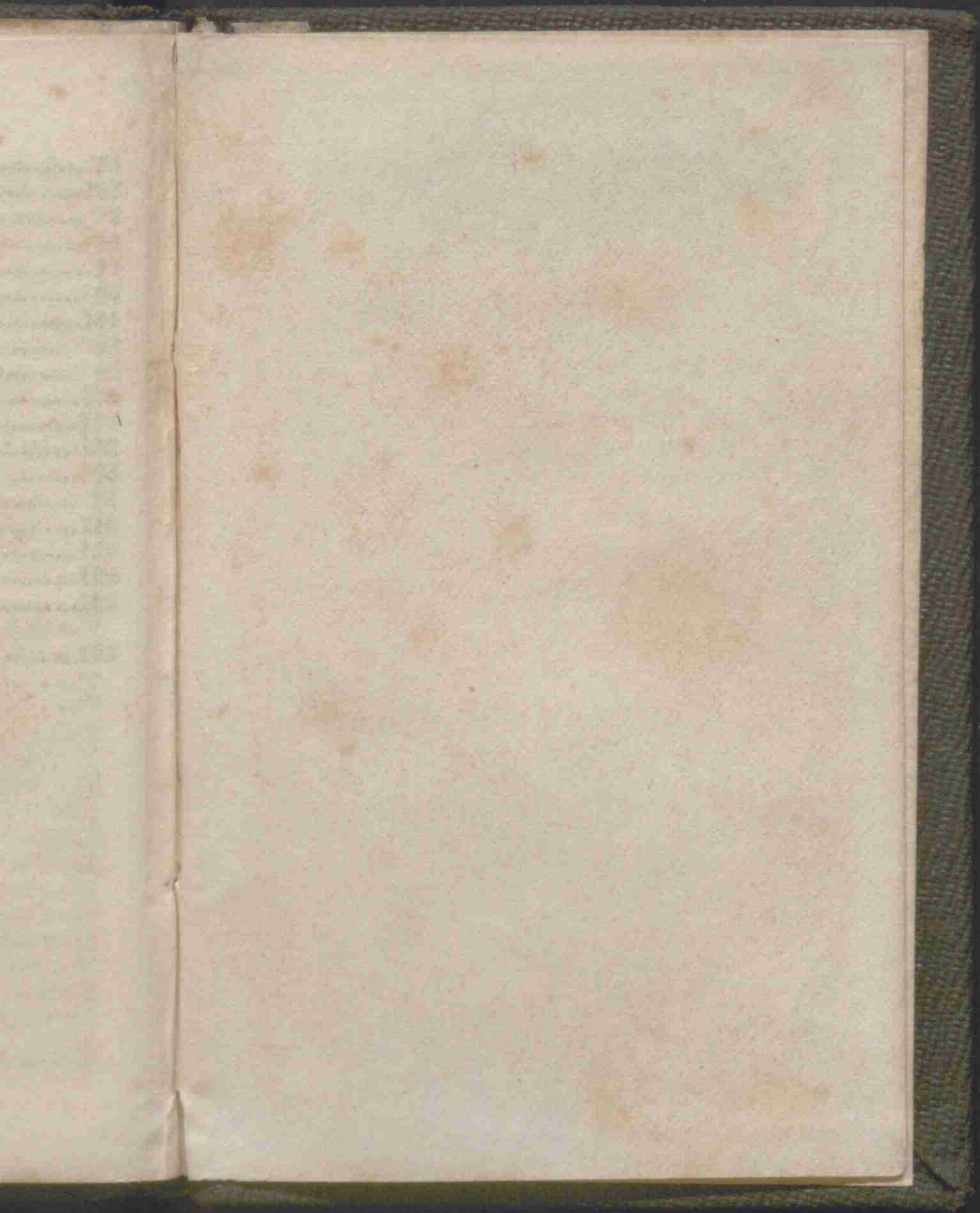
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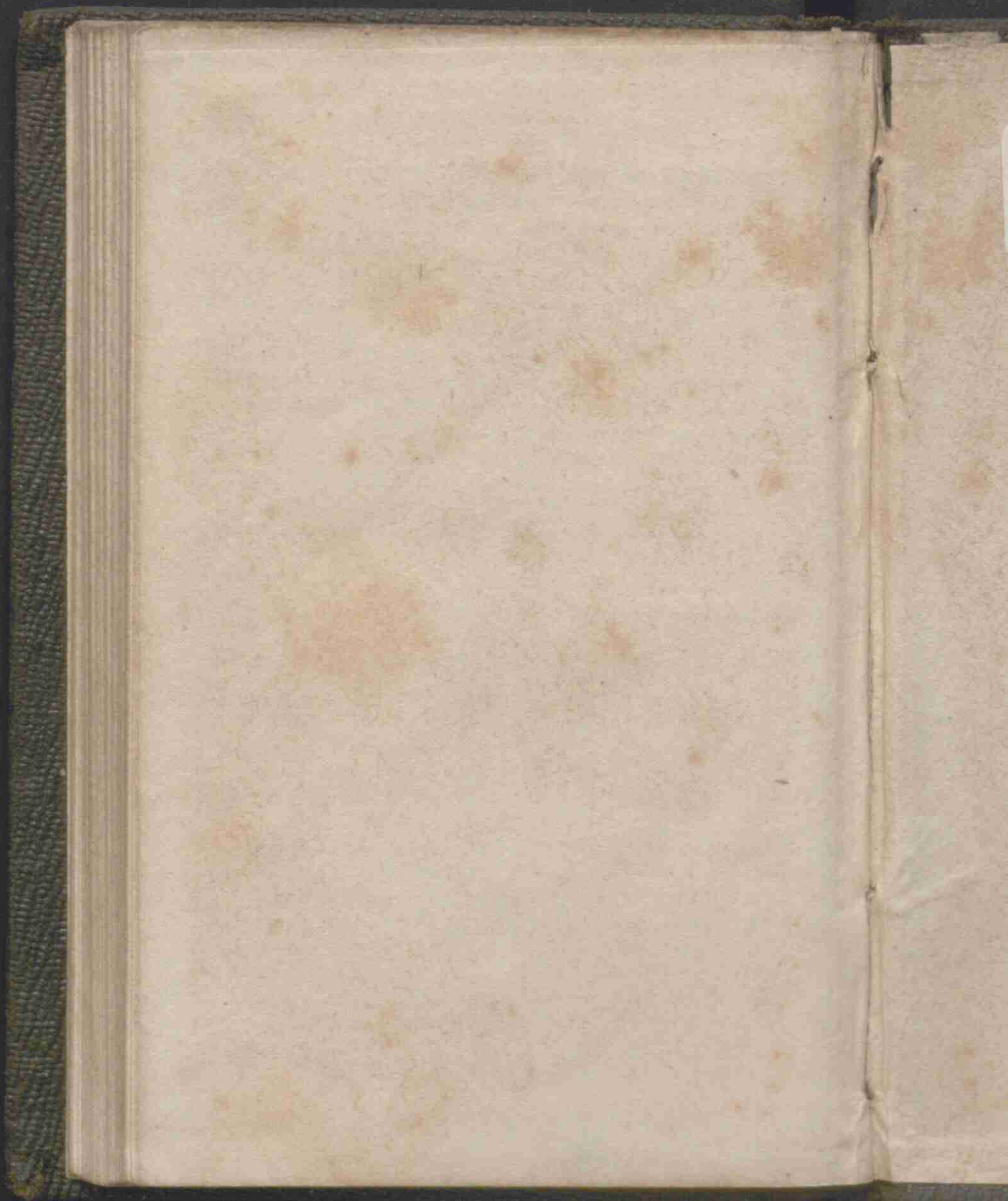
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