SONGS
for the
SABBATH SCHOOL
and
VESTRY

Emma J. Stevens

Claremont

N. H.

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050404.SPC

SONGS FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL AND VESTRY.

DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR

The Sabbath School and Concert.

WITH ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MUSIC.

EDITED AND ARRANGED

BY B. W. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

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HENRY HOYT, 9 CORNHILL.
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HENRY HOYT

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

It is believed that this book will meet a want which has long been felt by Superintendents of Sabbath Schools, and others who select hymns and music for children to sing. There have been two difficulties with most of the Sabbath School hymn books that have been published: First, the hymns have been "too old"—above the comprehension of young minds: second, the music has been either too difficult, too tame, or has been arranged so high as to be entirely beyond the reach of children's voices. It will be found, upon examination, that these difficulties have been avoided in this book. A large proportion of the tunes have been composed and compiled expressly for the words; and the publisher and editor are both greatly indebted to S. B. BALL, Esq., one of the most popular and successful teachers of vocal music in Boston, for very valuable aid in this department.

PUBLISHER.

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SONGS FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

TAKE US WITH YOU.

From Sabbath School Bell,
by permission of Horace Waters.

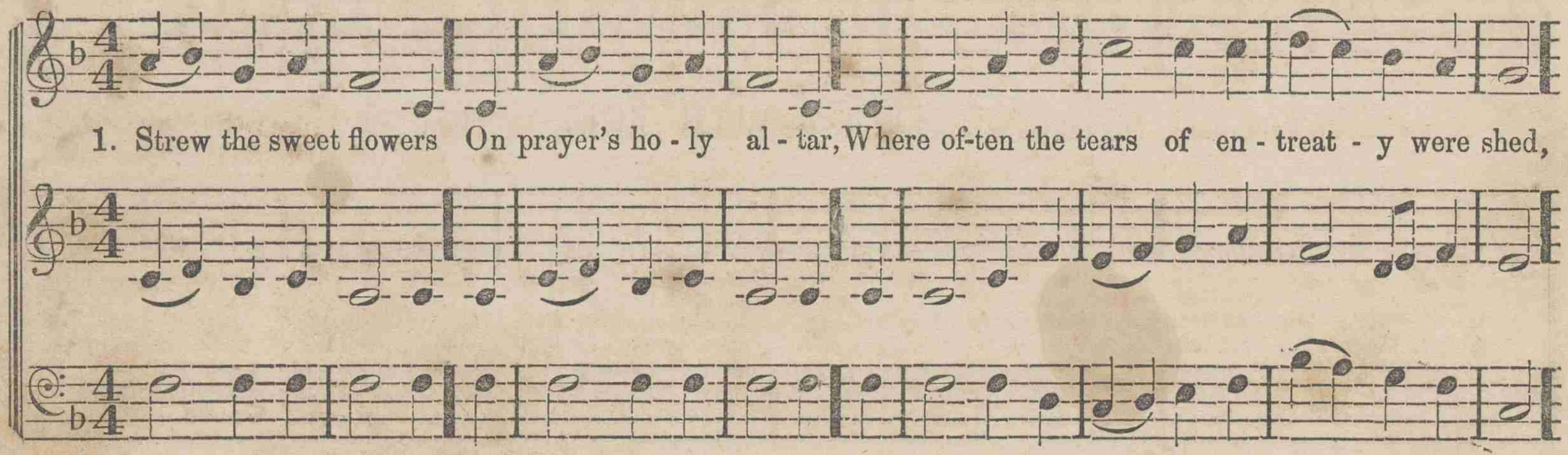
1. The Sav - iour has been pass-ing by, A free sal - va - tion bring- ing; And, at the door of ma - ny hearts, He
2. Ma - ny have heard the gracious call, So time-ly, and so press-ing; And some the por - tal have un - bar'd, And
3. But while they feast-ed with their Lord, In heavenly pla - ces seat - ed, The chil-dren were al - most for - got, Who
4. Prayer went up like an incense cloud, From lips that nev - er fal - ter; But oh, the children were not called To
5. Come, look in - to the Sabbath School, Where we in crowds do gath - er; And take us with you when you wait Up -

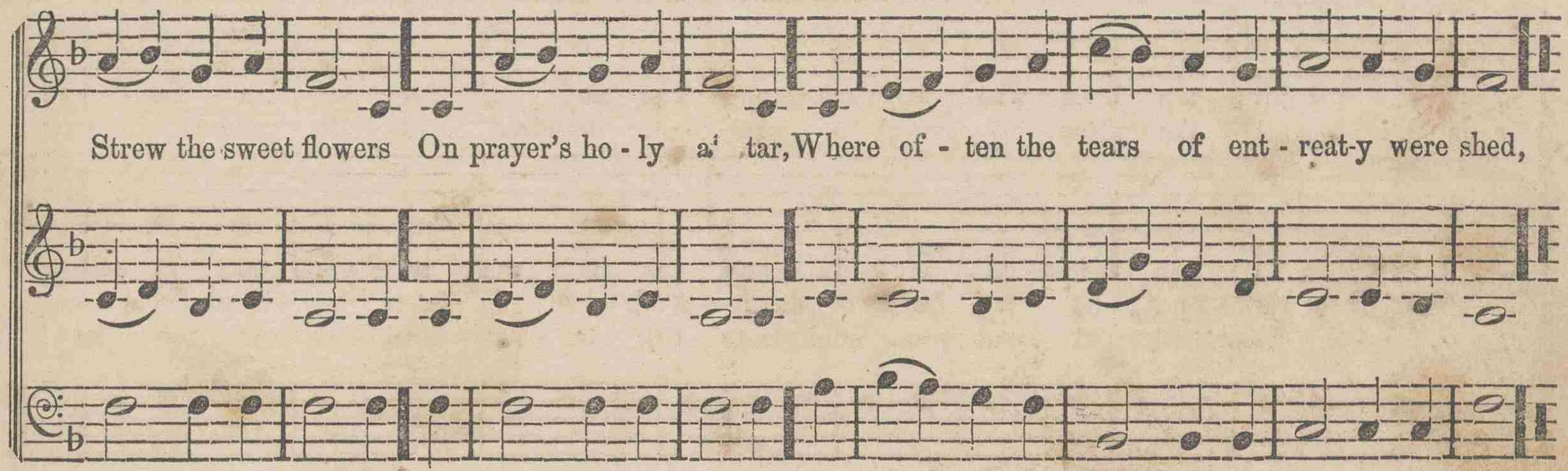
CHORUS.

still is Ringing, Ring-ing. Ring - ing, Ring-ing, And at the door of ma -ny hearts, He still is Ring - ing, Ring - ing.
rich-ly shared the blessing. The Blessing, the Blessing, &c.
in their chambers waited. Wait - ed, Wait - ed, &c.
stand around the Al - tar. The Al-tar, The Altar, &c.
on our Heavenly Fa-ther. Our Father, Our Father, &c.

STREW THE SWEET FLOWERS.

S. B. BALL.





2

Sing to the glory of sovereign compassion,
For no arm can save but the arm of the Lord,
Our fears are all hushed when the song of salvation
Is heard from the lips of our brothers restored.
Sing to the glory, &c.

3

Blessed Redeemer, we pledge thee forever,
Our time and our talents, *the dew of our youth*,
Let thy spirit attend every earnest endeavor,
To live in thy love and rejoice in thy truth.
Blessed Redeemer, &c.

"HE KEEPETH ME."

S. B. BALL.

1. I love the Lord who brought me through The days of help - less in - fan - cy;
2. When thro' the place of graves I pass, A hundred lit - tle mounds I see;
3. When I am tempt - ed to do wrong, Oh help me to come near to thee;
4. I would not be a - fraid of death— And when I cross his troub-led sea,
5. Oh, that both old and young might taste Of Je - sus' love, so rich, so free!

And still in childhood's gold-en hours, In his own hand he keepeth me, He keepeth me.
But I among the liv - ing dwell, For 'tis the Lord that keepeth me, That keepeth me.

The precious thought shall make me strong, It is the Lord that keepeth me, That keepeth me.
Help me, in that dark hour to sing: It is the Lord that keepeth me, That keepeth me.
And feel that they are shielded by The same strong arm that keepeth me, That keepeth me.

MARLOW. C. M.
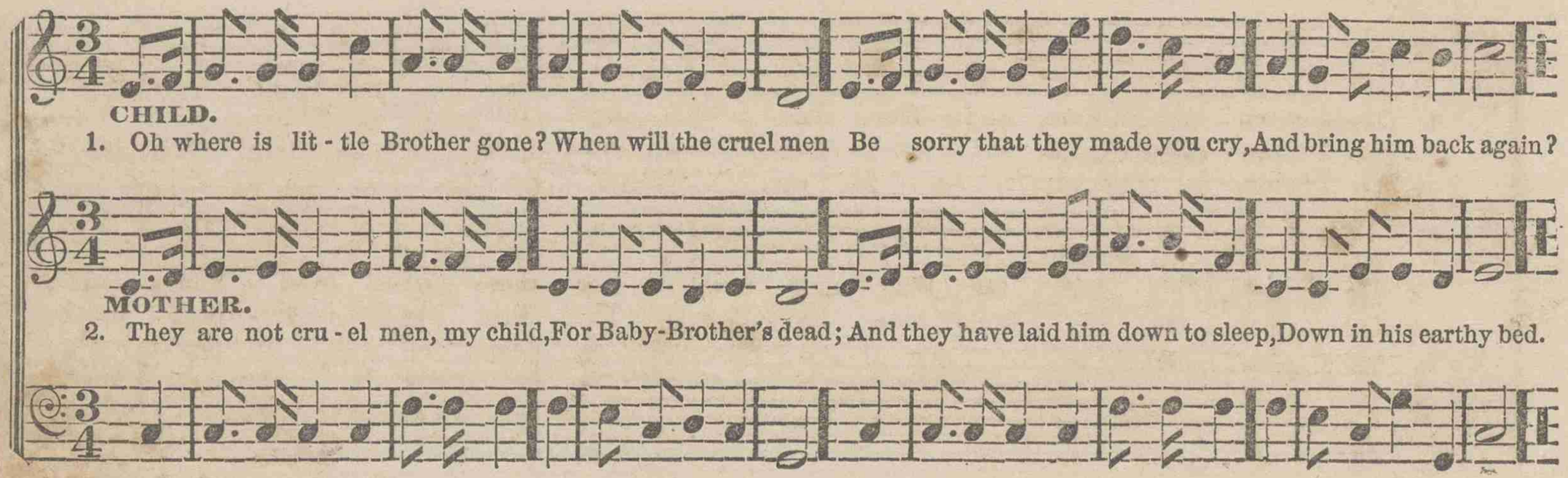
Arranged by L. MASON.

1. Come, ye that know and fear the Lord, And raise your soul a - bove;
2. This pre - cious truth his word de - clares, And all his mer - cies prove;
3. Be - hold, his lov - ing kind - ness waits For those who from him rove,
4. O! may we all, while here be - low, This best of bless - ings prove;

Let eve - ry heart and voice ac - cord, To sing that— God is love!
While Christ, th' a - ton - ing Lamb, ap - pears, To show that— God is love!
And calls of mer - cy reach their hearts, To teach them—God is love!
Till warm - er hearts, in bright - er worlds, Shall shout that— God is love!

BABY BROTHER.

Arranged from MOZART,
S. B. B.



CHILD.

3 And where is now my little mate?
Oh mother! tell me where;
Will he not cry, when he wakes up,
To find you are not there?

MOTHER.

4 He's dead, my child, and ne'er again,
Will he awake to cry;
And we must go and lay us down
Beside him, when we die.

CHILD.

5 Oh what is death? I am afraid
With him, alone to stay;
I do not like his narrow house,
In which there is no day.

MOTHER.

6 You need not be afraid of death,
If you the Saviour love,
He'll snatch you out of his cold arms,
And make you blest above.

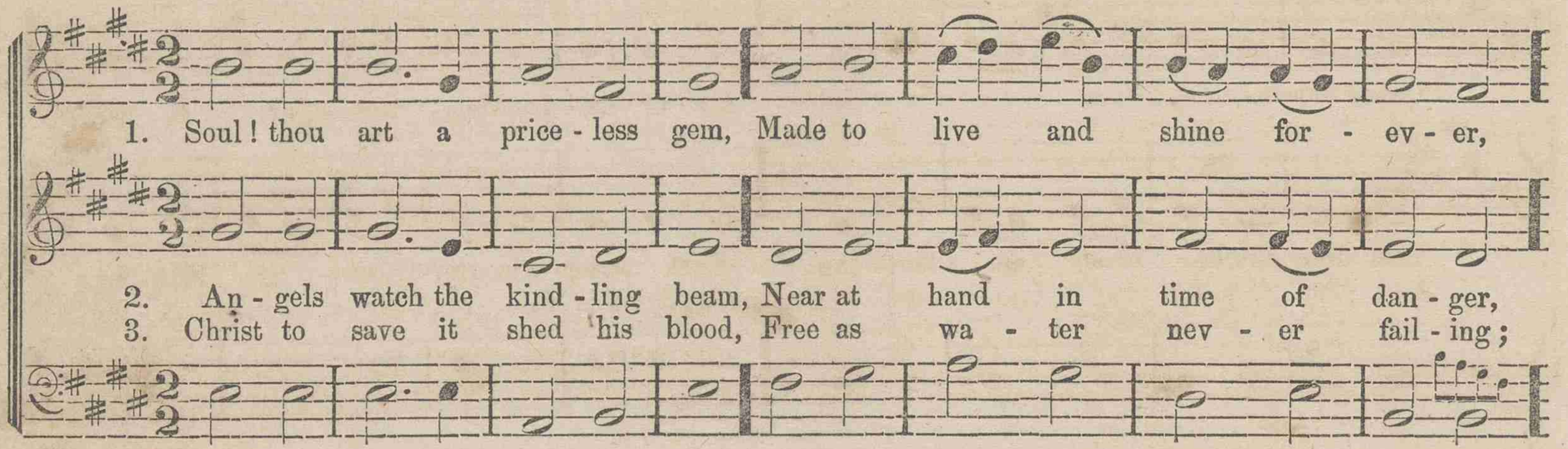
1. Beau-ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove; Beau-ti - ful ci - ty that I love;
2. Beau-ti - ful trees for - ev - er there, Beau-ti - ful fruits they al - ways bear;
3. Beau-ti - ful light with - out the sun; Beau-ti - ful day re - volv - ing on;
4. Beau-ti-ful heaven, where all is light; Beau - ti - ful an - gels clothed in white;
5. Beau-ti - ful crowns on eve - ry brow; Beau - ti - ful palms the conquerors show;
6. Beau-ti - ful throne for God the Lamb; Beau - ti - ful seats at God's right hand;
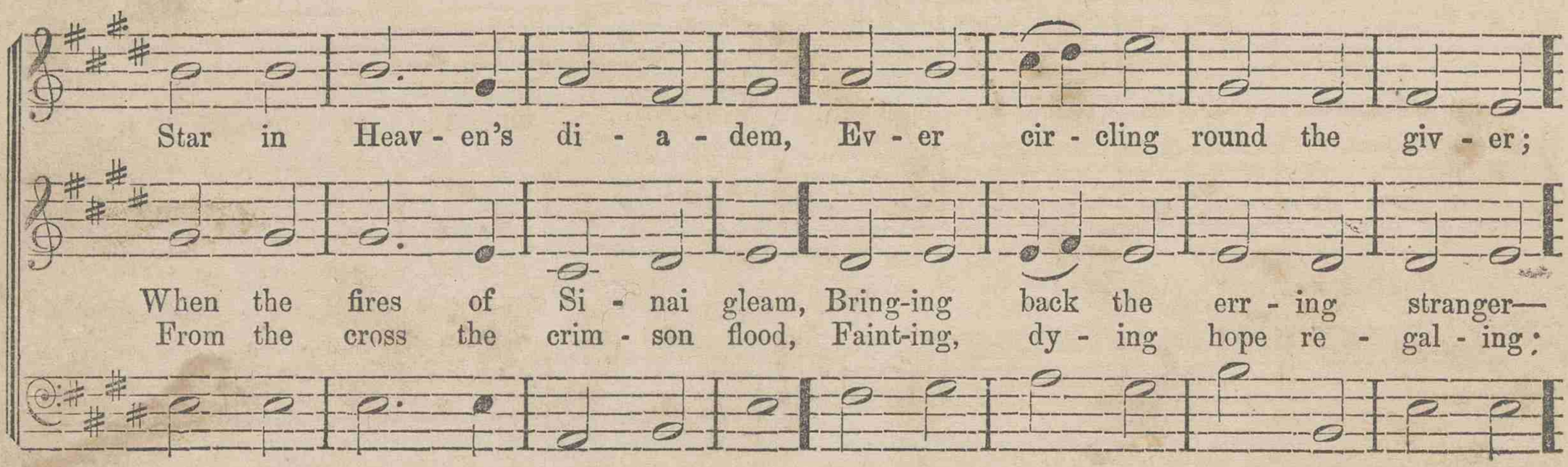
Beau-ti - ful gate of pear - ly white; Beau - ti - ful tem - ple, God its light.
Beau-ti - ful riv - ers glid - ing by; Beau - ti - ful foun-tains, nev - er dry.
Beau-ti - ful worlds on worlds un - told; Beau - ti - ful streets with shin - ing gold.

Beau-ti - ful songs that nev - er tire; Beau - ti - ful harps through all the choir.
Beau-ti - ful robes the ran - somed wear; Beau - ti - ful all who en - ter there.
Beau-ti - ful rest, all wanderings cease; Beau - ti - ful home of per - fect peace.

THE SOUL. 7s, DOUBLE.

Arranged from PLEYEL,
S. B. B.





Powers thou hast by God cre - a - ted, Ev - er ex - panding, nev - er sa - ted,

When the swelling floods are flow - ing, When the win - ter blast is blow-ing,
And the Com-fort - er de - scend - ing, Through this vale of sor - row, lend - ing

Un-known glo - ries still be - hold - ing, Through e - ter - ni - ty un - fold - ing.

When the powers of hell com - bin - ing, Strive to in - ter - cept its shin - ing.
Suc - cour, with - out stint or measure; Oh the Soul! how rich a treas - ure.

CHANT. "'TIS BETTER, NOW."

B. F. BAKER.

1. 'Tis better, now, to seek the Lord— 'Tis ..... bet - ter, now;
2. 'Tis better, now, to save thy soul— 'Tis ..... bet - ter, now;
3. 'Tis better to be reconciled— 'Tis ..... bet - ter, now;
4. 'Tis better, now, to weep for sin— 'Tis ..... bet - ter, now;

Now, in the morning of thy days; For those who early seek God's ways, Shall find— Thus saith his Ho - ly Word; 'Tis bet - ter, now.

For death may come and cut life's thread, And number thee among the dead; Yield, then, thy heart to God's con - trol; 'Tis bet - ter, now.

For there will come an evil day, To those who trifle time away; Thy Saviour says, "Come, be my child;" 'Tis bet - ter, now.

For Jesus quickly sees their grief, When children mourn, and sends relief, Heaven's gate is o - pen! En - ter in! 'Tis bet - ter, now.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

T. HASTINGS.
By permission.

m *p* *m* Cres.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en-throned Up - on the Sa - viour's brow; His head with ra - diant
2. To him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me tri-umph
3. To heaven, the place of his a - bode, He brings my wea - ry feet; Shows me the glo - ries
4. Since from his boun - ty I re - ceive Such proofs of love di - vine, Had I a thou - sand

Dim.

glo - ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
o - ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.
of my God, And makes my joys com - plete, And makes my joys com - plete.
hearts to give, Lord, they should all be thine, Lord, they should all be thine.

WILLIE AND I.

S. B BALL.

1. We love to go to Sabbath school, Willie and I, Willie and I; And, be the weather foul or fair,
2. Our Teacher we do dearly love— Willie and I, Willie and I; She comes and takes us by the hand,
3. Our father—mother too, we love— Willie and I, Willie and I; While many boys and girls there are,
4. We ought to love the Saviour most— Willie and I, Willie and I; For if we love and serve him best,

We purpose to be always there, To lis-ten to the opening pray'r, Willie and I, Willie and I.
And points us to the bet-ter land, And tries to make us understand— Willie and I, Willie and I.

Whose parents for them do not care, We of the good things richly share—Willie and I, Willie and I.
In his own bos-om we shall rest, And be in heav'n for - ev - er blest—Willie and I, Willie and I.

1. Far o - ver the ocean, our teachers oft say, Dwell millions on millions who know not *the way;*
2. For these monthly concerts are held; and we know That it can - not be wrong for the church to do so;
3. Far out on the prairies, and mountains of gold, The nations are gathering, in numbers un - told;

4. For these there is prayer, and we would not say nay, But when they kneel down, with their fa - ces that way,
5. Come then to our concert, nor think us too young To love the dear Saviour, or sing the new song;
6. Oh! that was a vision to qui - et a - larms, When Je - sus appeared, with a child in his arms!

They bow down to i - dols, they ne'er saw the star That hung o - ver Bethlehem when Je-sus was there.
But, we can-not help thinking, when hither they come, That they sometimes forgot the dear children at home.
And they have no gos - pel, and choose to have none, Con - tent if the christians will let them a - lone.

And think of the men who the wil - der - ness roam; May they nev - er forget the dear children at home.
Oh! what will be - come of the world, by and by, If we are not called ere the old peo-ple die?
He keeps those who love him, wher-ev - er they roam; But he nev - er forgets the dear children at home.

I'M GOING HOME. L. M.

CHORUS.

1. My heavenly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en - ter there:
Its glittering towers the sun out-shine; That heavenly man-sion shall be mine.
I'm go - ing home, I'm go-ing home,

2. My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky:
When from this earthly pris-on free, That heavenly mansion mine shall be,
I'm go - ing home, I'm going home,

3. While here, a stran-ger far from home, Affliction's waves may round me foam;
And, though like Lazarus, sick and poor, My heavenly mansion is se - cure.
I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home,

I'm going home, to die no more. To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more.

I'm go-ing home, &c.

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

5. Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.
I'm going home, &c.

1. The flower that in the morning's dawn, Hails the ap - proach - ing day, Fades
2. The like in man, is act - ed o'er, When life and hope are bright, The
3. But there's a word for those that mourn; It comes from Je - sus' tomb: "I
4. And doth he stand, that strick - en one, A - bove, with the for - given? While

long be - fore the noon day sun; Aye, withers while the dew is on; Torn from its bed a - way.
form, too frail for the spirit's pow'r, Struggles and droops in th' morning hour, And shrouds in death its light.
am the life," and from that bourne The spir - it shall a - gain re - turn, And her quenched lamp re-lume.
the bright hope we rest up - on, Let us re-joice that Willie's gone To Sabbath school in Heaven.

CORONATION. C. M.

O HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a-dem, And
2. Crown him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this floating ball; Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And
3. Ye cho-sen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by his grace, And
4. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And
5. Let eve - ry kin-dred, eve - ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To him all maj-es - ty as-cribe, And

crown him—Lord of all. Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him — Lord of all.
crown him—Lord of all. Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown him— Lord of all.
crown him—Lord of all. Hail Him who saves you by his grace, And crown him — Lord of all.
crown him—Lord of all. Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him — Lord of all.
crown him—Lord of all. To him all maj-es - ty as - cribe, And crown him — Lord of all.

DOWNS. C. M.

L. MASON.
By permission.

1. Lord, I have made thy word my choice, My last - ing her - it - age;
2. I'll read the his - tories of thy love, And keep thy laws in sight;
3. 'Tis a broad land, of wealth un-known, Where springs of life a - rise;
4. The best re - lief that mourn - ers have,— It makes our sor - rows blest;

There shall my no - blest powers re - joice, My warm - est thoughts en - gage.
While through the prom - i - ses I rove, With ev - er fresh de - light.
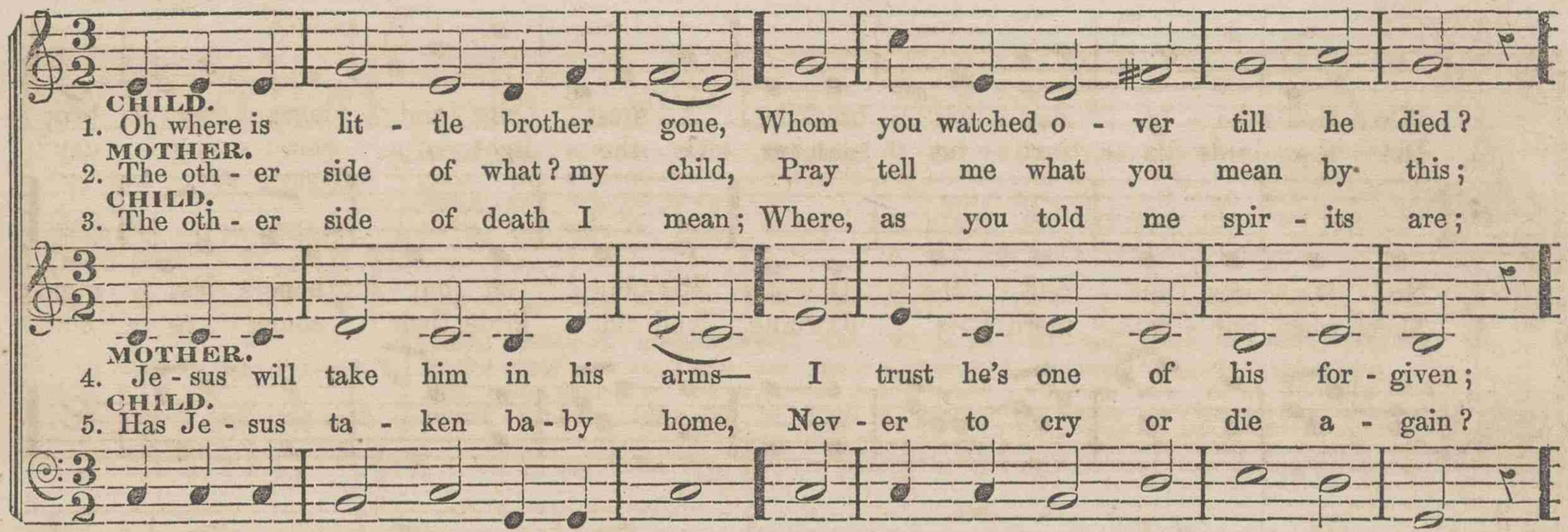
Seeds of im - mor - tal bliss are sown, And hid - den glo - ry lies.
Our fair - est hope be - yond the grave, And our e - ter - nal rest.

WHEN GOD'S HOLY DAY IS BREAKING.

S. B. BALL.

1. When God's ho - ly day is breaking, I must rise and leave my bed,
2. Did the birds dis - turb his slumber, Or the light of com - ing day?
3. No! He was him - self the Day-star, Ris - ing on our hope - less night;
4. Then, when Sab - bath morn is dawning, And the birds their songs re - new,

Je - sus, from his sleep a - wak - ing, Came forth ear - ly from the dead.
Did the her - ald star of morn - ing, Call him from his rest a - way?
And, when death un - barred his pris - on, Birds ce - les - tial hailed the light.
I will think 'tis Je - sus call - ing, And a - rise and praise him too.


CHILD.
1. Oh where is lit - tle brother gone, Whom you watched o - ver till he died?
MOTHER.
2. The oth - er side of what? my child, Pray tell me what you mean by this;
CHILD.
3. The oth - er side of death I mean; Where, as you told me spir - its are;
MOTHER.
4. Je - sus will take him in his arms— I trust he's one of his for - given;
CHILD.
5. Has Je - sus ta - ken ba - by home, Nev - er to cry or die a - gain?
Oh moth - er! can you tell me who Will tend him on the oth er side?
For ba - by's bur - ied in the ground, And the dark grave his cra dle is.
Ba - by was such a ti - ny thing— Oh moth - er! who will tend him there?
And he shall grow to be a man, And learn to talk and sing in heaven.
Then, though I miss him eve - ry day, I will not of the Lord com - plain.

HAPPY DAY, HAPPY DAY.

From Sabbath School Bell.
By permission of Horace Waters.

𝄋 CHORUS.

1. Preserved by thine Al - migh - ty power, O Lord, our Mak - er, Sav - iour, King,
And brought to see this hap-py hour, We come thy prais - es here to sing. } Happy day, hap - py

2. We praise thee for thy constant care, For life pre - served, for mer - cies given,
Oh, may we still those mer-cies share, And taste the joys of sins for - given. } Happy day, hap - py

3. We praise thee for the joy - ful news, Of par - don through a Sav-iour's blood:
O Lord, in - cline our hearts to choose The road to hap - pi - ness and God. } Hap-py day, hap - py

4. And when on earth our days are done, Grant, Lord, that we at length may join,
Teachers and schol - ars round thy throne, The song of Mo - ses and the Lamb. } Hap-py day, hap - py

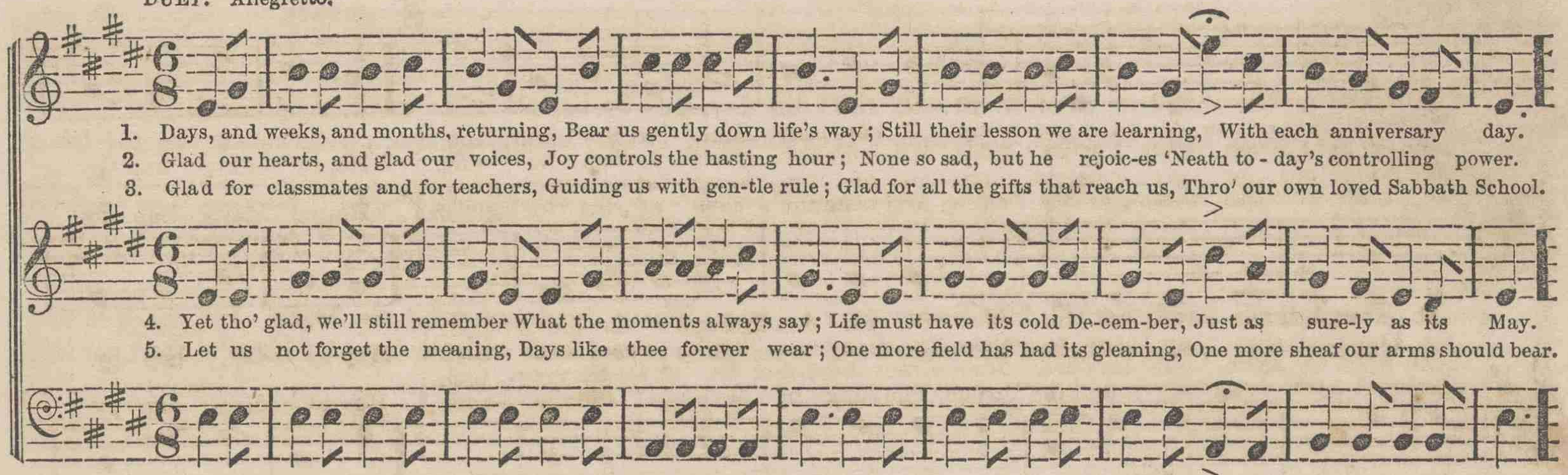
End.

day, Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay,
day, When Christ shall wash our sins away.
And at thy foot-stool humbly pray, That thou wouldst take our sins a - way.
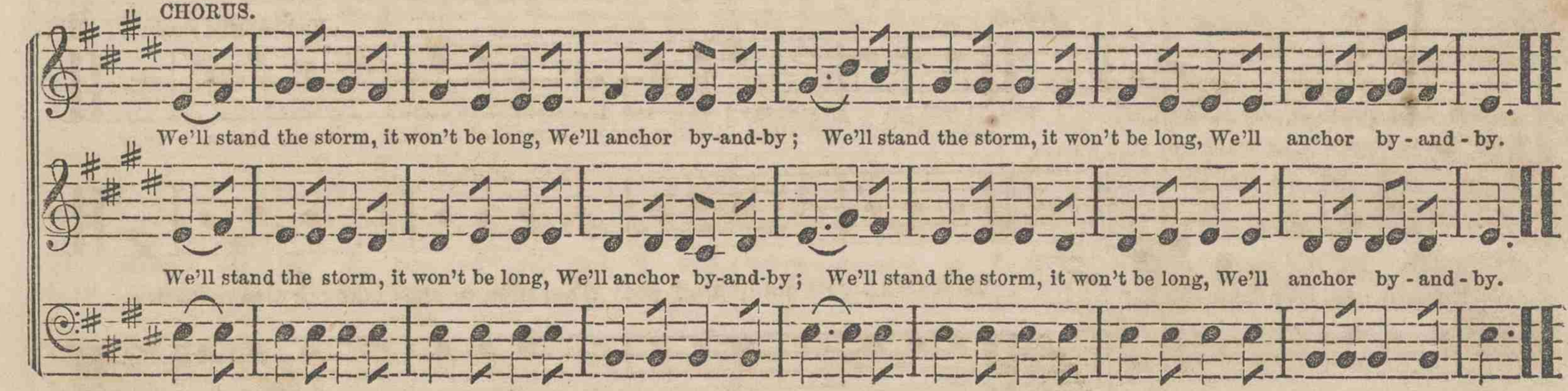
End with 2d strain. 𝄋

day, Here in thy courts we gladly stay,
day, When Christ shall wash our sins away.
And at thy footstool humbly pray, That thou wouldst take our sins a - way.

DUET. Allegretto.



CHORUS.



THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

J. OSGOOD.

1. In - to her chamber, went A lit - tle child one day, And by her chair she knelt, And thus began to pray ;
2. I pray thee, Lord, she said, That thou wilt condescend To stay within my heart, And ev - er be my friend ;
3. They tell me, Lord, that all The liv-ing pass a - way ; The a - ged soon must die, And e - ven children may ;
4. Her little pray'r was said, And from her chamber, now, She passed forth with the light Of Heav'n upon her brow,

Je - sus, my eyes are closed, Thy form I can-not see— If thou art near me, Lord, Wilt thou not speak to me ?
The path of life looks dark— I would not go a - stray ; Oh, let me have thy hand To lead me in the way ;
Oh, let my parents live, Till I a woman grow ; For if they die, what can A lit - tle orphan do ?
" Moth - er, I've seen the Lord ; His hand in mine I felt ; And oh, I heard him say, As by my chair I knelt ;

A still, small voice she heard with - - in her soul, "What is it, child? I hear thee, tell me all."
"Fear not, thou shalt not run the..... race a - lone:" She thought she felt a soft hand press her own.

Fear not, my child; whatever..... ills may come, I'll not forsake thee, till I..... bring thee home."
Fear not, my child; whatever..... ills may come, I'll not forsake thee, till I..... bring thee home."

THE SPARROW'S NEST.

1. When welcome spring returned, In robes of beauty dressed: The sparrow in a sha - dy nook, Prepared her low-ly nest.
2. There, she o'er her young brood, Her faithful vig - ils kept; And gai-ly sung her evening song, While they secure-ly slept.
3. But to that hid - den spot, A spoiler came, one day, And in his ruthless fangs he bore The birdlings all a - way.
4. Then, mourned the mother-bird, She and her lov - ing mate, Their lit-tle sparrows dead and gone, Their nest all des - o - late.
5. May no rude spoil-er come Anear our peaceful nest, But may we share the Saviour's care, And in his Bosom rest.
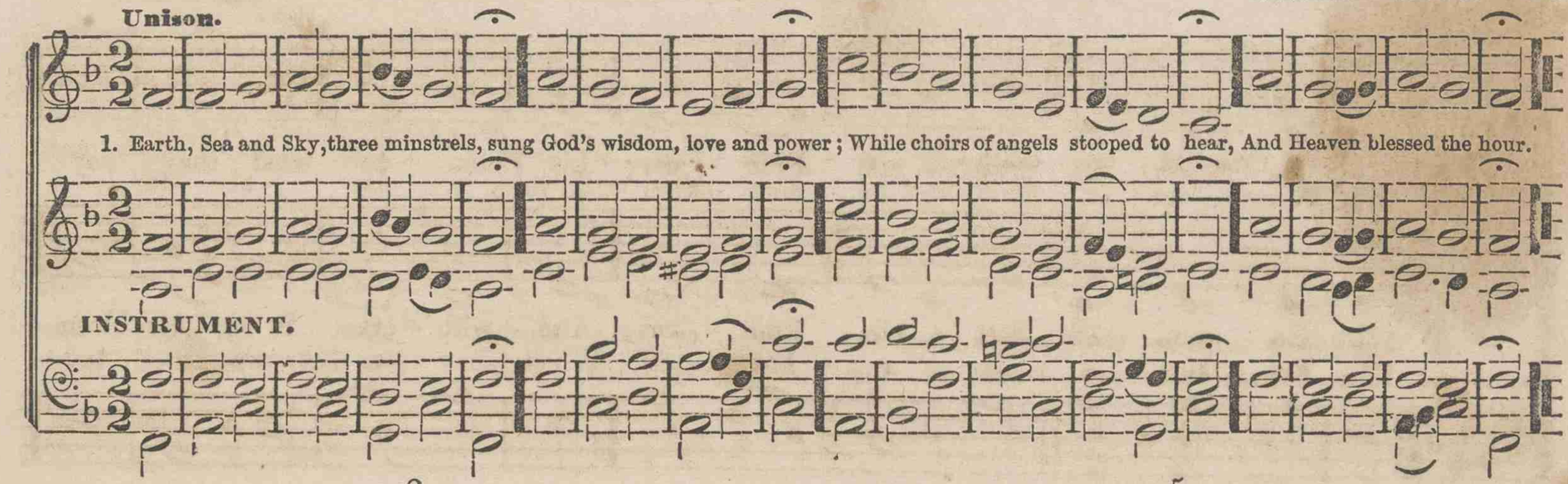
THE FLOWERS ARE PREACHERS.

S. B. BALL.

1. The flowers are preach - ers, Fran - ces; Lis - ten to what they say:
2. So, young life fleet - eth, Fran - ces; And with - ers in its bloom—
3. But there's a life a - bove us, Which nev - er knows an end—

"A few days on the hill - side, And then, we pass a - - way."

A few days of bright sun - shine; And then— the dusk - y tomb.
Would you en - joy it, Fran - ces? Let Je - sus be your friend.



2

Sky, with his bright and starry crown,
Among the first was found:
He sung with most enchanting voice—
A voice, without a sound.

3

Next, *Sea* from his uplifted waves,
Sent forth, in mighty roar,
His willing tribute to God's praise,
Which died along the shore.

4

Earth, too, with all her purling rills,
And groves of breezy pine,
Her feathered tribes, her flocks and herds,
Joined in the song divine.

5

Sweet was the choral symphony;
But yet there wanted one
To strike the chord of God's free grace,
To erring mortals shown.

6

Christ spake the word—man heard the call—
The aged and the young,
The high, the low, Redeeming Love,
With kindling rapture, sung.

7

Sing on! MAN, EARTH, and SEA and SKY—
Sing on! ye minstrels four!
Of *wisdom*, *goodness*, *grace* and *power*,
Till time shall be no more.

1. When th' time of our earth - ly so - journ - ing is o'er, The home that once knew us, will know us no more; But why should we leave it with lin - ger - ing
2. Its doors are of pearl, and its floor paved with gold, Its al - tar a diamond of lus - ter un - told; No sun rules the day, and no moon crowns the
3. With their harps in their hands which are nev - er un - strung, And voi - ces un - - tir - ing, they sing Heav-en's song; Like the sound of great wa - ters their an - thems a - an - gels, have ta - ken their flight— They have gone to the *Heavenly*— the home of the
4. The friends that we loved of this *Earth - ly* the light, On the wings of bright

eyes, Since Je - sus will give us a home in the skies? Home, home,
night, For the eye of the Lamb of that home is the light; Home, home,

- rise To Him who pre - pared them a home in the skies; Home, home,
blest, In the arms of their Sa - viour for - ev - er to rest; Home, home,

sweet, sweet home, Far bet - ter than earth's is this home in the skies.
sweet, sweet home, For the eye of the Lamb of that home is the light.

sweet, sweet home, Oh, there's no home on earth like this home in the skies!
sweet, sweet home, Oh, there's no home on earth like this home of the blest!

MY GARDEN.

1. An an - gel came as once I slept, Beneath the apple tree; And said, "this garden hedged around, I freely give to thee;
2. And then he looked on me and said, "One other thing there needs, And that's a charge I leave to thee; To keep it from the weeds:
3. Oh, then, take care, for oftentimes, 'Tis more than many do, (They all come up so near alike,) To tell which is the true.
4. And if, at any time, you doubt, Which of the plants are true, Call for the ministering angel, who Is ev - er near to you!"

In it I've planted many seeds Of choicest fruits and flow'rs; On it I'll make my sun to shine, And fall the needed showers."
For they will come up of themselves, And grow while you're asleep, And choke the infant plants, unless A faithful watch you keep.

Be ve - ry careful, for you know That it would give me pain, If you the true plants should pluck up, And let the false remain.
He gave me such a knowing look, It almost made me start; For all at once it came to me. The garden was my heart.

Allegro. Fine.

1. Out on an o - cean all boundless, we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Tossed on the waves of a rough rest - less tide, We're, &c.
Prom - ise of which on us each he be - stowed, We're, &c.

2. Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Look! yon - der lie the bright heav-enly shores, We're, &c.
O, how we fly 'neath the loud creak-ing sail, We're, &c.

3. In - to the har - bor of heaven now we glide, We're home at last, home at last.
Soft - ly we drift on its bright sil - ver tide, We're, &c.
Glo - ry to God! we will shout ev - er - more, We're, &c.

D.C.

Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we've rode, Seek-ing our Fa - ther's ce - les - tial a - bode,
Stea - dy, O pi - lot! stand firm at the wheel, Stea - dy! we soon shall out - weath-er the gale,
[3] Glo - ry to God! all our dan - gers are o'er, We stand se - cure on the glo - ri - fied shore,

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

L. MASON.
Boston Academy Call. by permission.

1. What sin - ners val - ue I re - sign; Lord! 'tis e - nough that thou art mine;
2. This life's a dream— an emp - ty show; But that bright world to which I go,
3. O! glo - rious hour! O! blest a - bode! I shall be near, and like my God!
4. My flesh shall slum - ber in the ground Till the last trum - pet's joy - ful Sound:

I shall be - hold thy bliss - ful face, And stand com - plete in righ - teous - ness.
Hath joys sub - stan - tial and sin - cere; When shall I wake, and find me there?
And flesh and sin no more con - trol The sa - cred pleas - ures of the soul.
Then burst the chains, with sweet sur - prise, And in my Sa - viour's im - age rise.
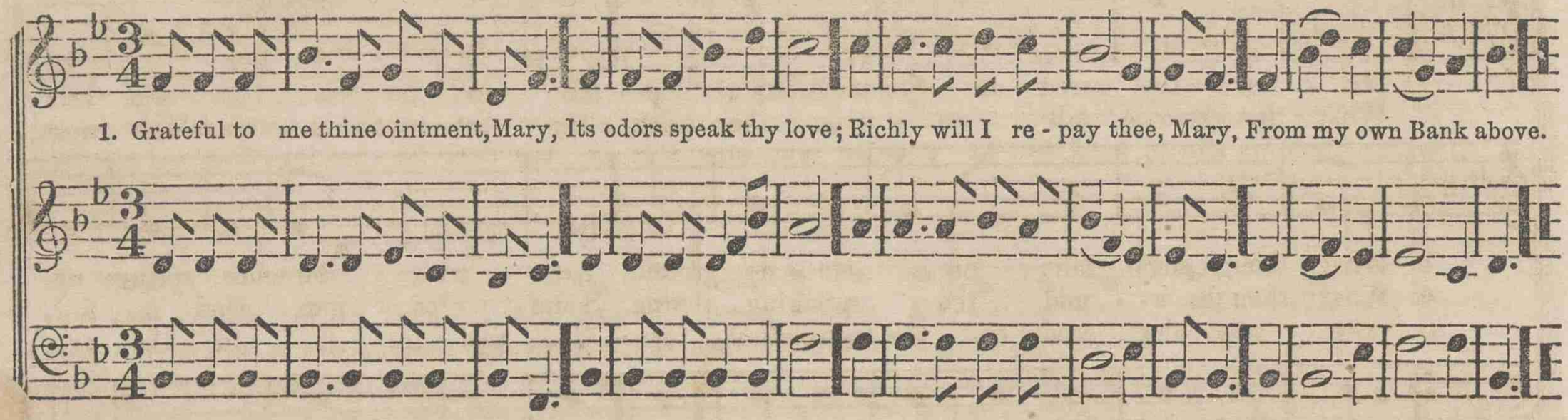
1. Be-fore the great Shepherd as - cend-ed on high, To prepare for his sheep a safe fold in the sky;
2. He knew we should need to be guarded with care, For, in the dark for - est the Wolf had his lair;
3. The hills and the meadows are not always green, The sky that is o'er us, not always se - rene;
4. Oh, then, gen-tle Shepherds, for-get not our claims, Since Jesus has charged you to care for the lambs;

He called his friends round him, a few worthy names, And charged one for all, to take care of his lambs.
And watched all our gambols, and envied our play, And meant us to kill, if we came in his way.

But the cloud and storm and the winter, so cold, All make us so glad, when we're safe in the fold.
We want to be led in the steps of the flock, And rest us, at noon, in the shade of the Rock.

THY LOVE I WILL REMEMBER.

S. B. BALL.



2

True, 'tis a costly offering, Mary:
But, ere long, thou shalt see
An offering more costly, Mary,
Poured out on Calvary.

3

Though mammon thee would hinder, Mary,
He loves the poor so well!
Yet cease not thine anointing, Mary,
'Tis for my burial.

4

This kindness thou hast done me, Mary,
My servants shall make known,
Throughout the world, wherever, Mary,
The gospel trump is blown.

5

Thy love I will remember, Mary,
When earthly ties are riven;
And thou shalt have a mansion, Mary,
Near to my own in heaven.
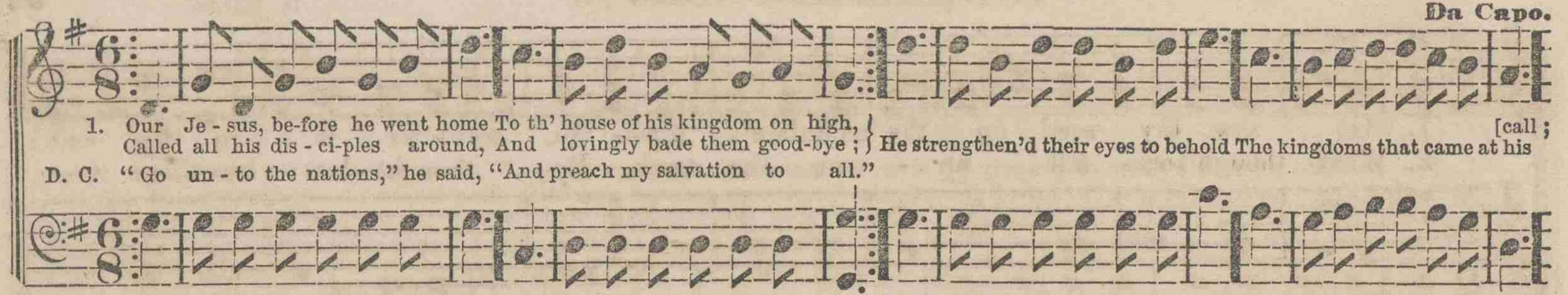
1. Go sow thy seed on the mountain's top— Go, scat - ter it in the vale;
2. What though some fall up - on the track, By thought - less travellers worn,

3. What though some falls on sto - ny ground, And, with the morn, springs up,
4. What though a - mid the pricking thorns, Some prec - ious seed may fall,
5. Go sow thy seed on the mountain's top— Go, scat - ter it in the vale;

In due time, thou shalt reap the crop; For his word can nev - er fail.
And the fowls of heaven sup - ply their lack From the un - bur - ied corn?

But when the sun is hot, is found To mock the til - ler's hope?
And gain at best, a sick - ly growth, And bear no fruit at all?
In due time, thou shalt reap the crop; For his Word can nev - er fail.

THE CHILD'S MISSION.



2 It was not to twelve men alone,
That the heavenly commission was given;
But to all — even children — why not?
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
We feel that we've something to do,
If not o'er the mountains to roam;
And, if we can't RUN through the earth,
Be sure, we CAN run about home.

3 If our hearts have been won by his love,
We can pray — we can preach — we can sing;
And, perhaps, to the feet of our Lord,
Some younger, some older, may bring.
O, yes, about home is our field;
And Jesus must mean such as we,
When he says, "Go ye, preach the good news,
And bring all the people to me."

THE HAPPY NEW YEAR.
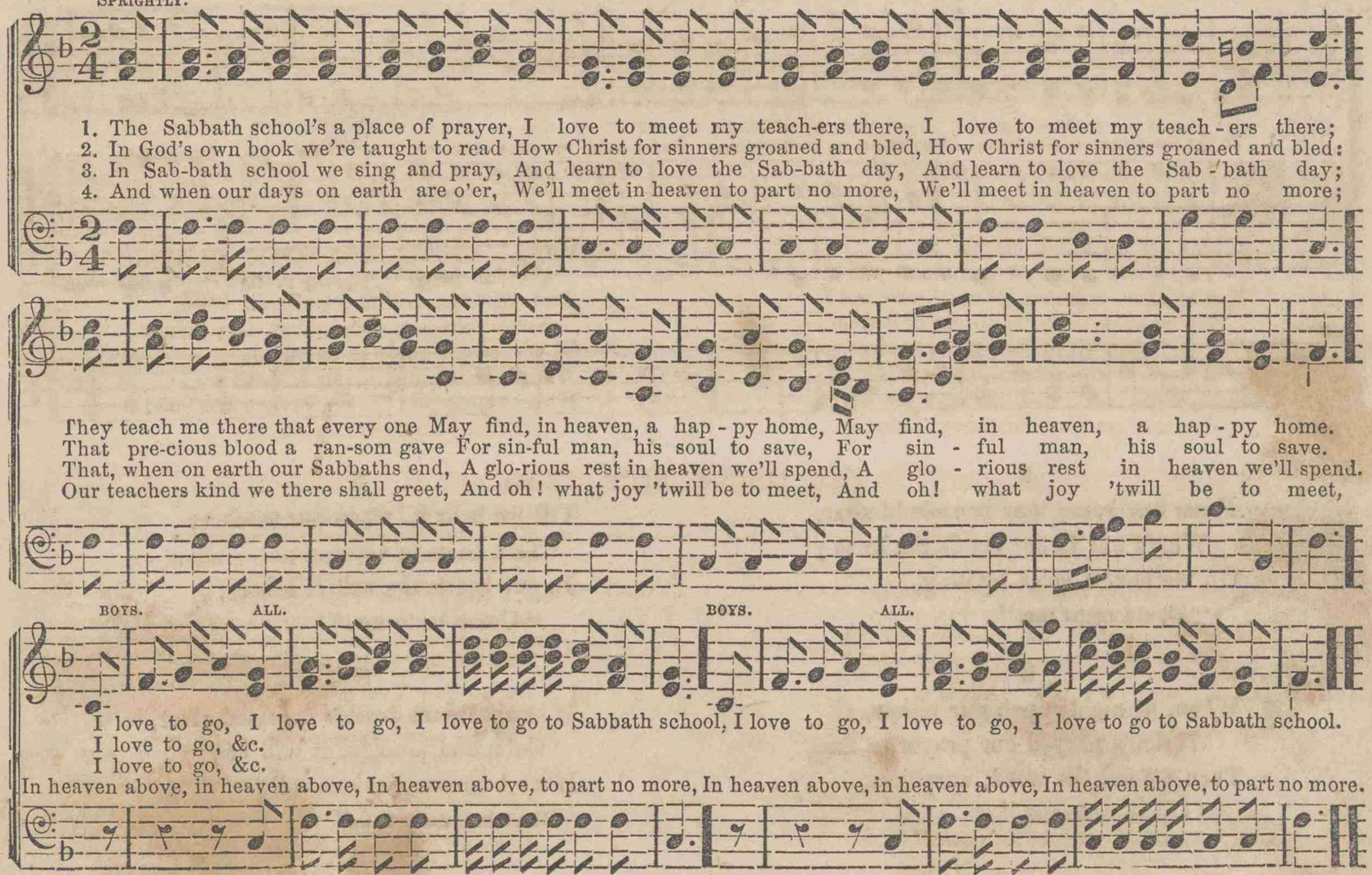
1 Dear Pastor, and Teachers, and friends,
In behalf of our school we appear,
To thank you for all your kind acts,
And to wish you a Happy New Year.
The Sabbath school highly we prize;
And if its first founder were here,
We would say to the good Mr. RAIKES,
"We wish you a Happy New Year."

2 A Happy New Year to all those
Who always are found in their place;
Who never are tardy or dull,
But mind what their kind Teacher says.
And a Happy New Year, if we may,
To those who believe it no crime,
To whisper and play in the school—
But they must do better next time.

3 A Happy New Year to the young,
Who honor their father and mother,
Who speak truthful, kind, loving words,
And never will speak any other—
And a Happy New Year for all such,
As over their tongues keep no guard;
But they must remember, meanwhile,
That the way of transgressors is hard.

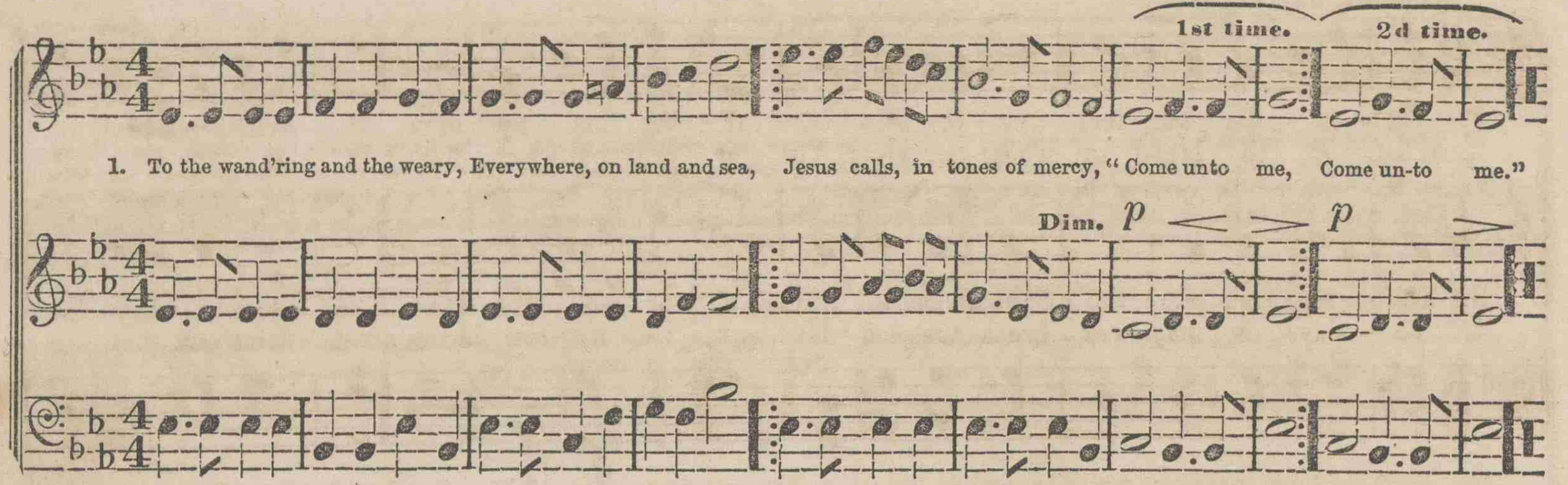
4 A Happy New Year to the good,
Who love the Dear Saviour, indeed;
For he has recorded his pledge,
To give them whatever they need.
Yes, a Happy New Year to the good—
And when they from earth pass away,
They shall enter his rest, and enjoy
A Happy New Year, for aye.

SPRIGHTLY.


1. The Sabbath school's a place of prayer, I love to meet my teach-ers there, I love to meet my teach-ers there;
2. In God's own book we're taught to read How Christ for sinners groaned and bled, How Christ for sinners groaned and bled:
3. In Sab-bath school we sing and pray, And learn to love the Sab-bath day, And learn to love the Sab-bath day;
4. And when our days on earth are o'er, We'll meet in heaven to part no more, We'll meet in heaven to part no more;
They teach me there that every one May find, in heaven, a hap-py home, May find, in heaven, a hap-py home.
That pre-cious blood a ran-som gave For sin-ful man, his soul to save, For sin-ful man, his soul to save.
That, when on earth our Sabbaths end, A glo-rious rest in heaven we'll spend, A glo-rious rest in heaven we'll spend.
Our teachers kind we there shall greet, And oh! what joy 'twill be to meet, And oh! what joy 'twill be to meet,
BOYS.
ALL.
BOYS.
ALL.
I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sabbath school, I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sabbath school.
I love to go, &c.
I love to go, &c.
In heaven above, in heaven above, In heaven above, to part no more, In heaven above, in heaven above, In heaven above, to part no more.

"COME UNTO ME."

Music from NATIONAL PSAL



2

From our home, our household altar,
Where our father bends the knee;
Oft we hear a voice inviting,
"Come unto me."

3

When, at night, upon our pillow,
We have prayed our prayer to thee,
Then we feel the word, unspoken,
"Come unto me."

4

Oft we hear it, when our teachers
Talk to us of Calvary;
In our hearts the call re-echoes,
"Come unto me."

5

When we pass death's troubled river,
Calm and peaceful it will be;
If we hear our Saviour calling,
"Come unto me."

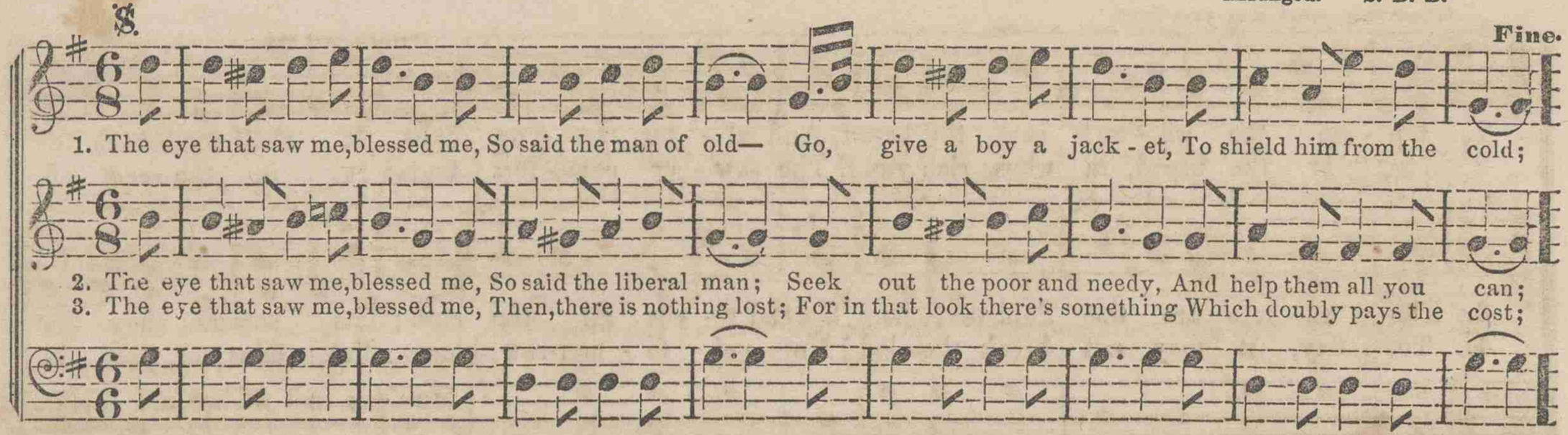
Glowing, and not too fast.

1. Up - on the wa - ters cast thy bread, And af - ter ma - ny days, It shall come back to
2. What is the bread, in whose rich yield, The sow - er com - fort finds? It is the seed of
3. The wa - ters are the Sabbath School, Spread o - ver all the land; The sowers, they the
4. To - day, it may not break the clod; Nor yet, to - mor-row, bloom; Yet faint not, you, in

thee, a - gain; And fill thy mouth with praise, And fill thy mouth with praise.
Gos - pel truth, Scattered in youth - ful minds, Scat - tered in youth - ful minds.
Teach - ers are, Who go forth, seed in hand, Who go forth, seed in hand.
God's own time, Shall shout the har - vest home, Shall shout the har - vest home.

THE BLESSING OF THE EYE.

Arranged. S. B. B.



Duett. ad lib.

1. Come, be - lov - ed Teachers, tell us, Can a ho - ly God for-give?
Did the Saviour die for children, May we look to Him and love? Is his sceptre still ex-tend-ed?

2. Tell us, are our souls immortal? Shall we live beyond the grave?
On e - ter - ni - ty's dark o-cean, Can we find an arm to save? When on earth the Saviour sojourned,
Must we wait till we are older,

Can we touch and be for - given? Will our praying, weeping, knocking, Ev-er ope the gate of Heaven?

Lit - tle children shared his love; Teachers, does he still re-gard us, Now that he is gone a-bove?
Ere we give our hearts a - way? Teachers, tell us are you willing We should come to Christ to-day?

Con Dolore.

1. There, in her cra - dle cof - - fin, Dear lit - tle Net - tie lay;..... And thith - er
2. Up - on her lit - tle cof - - fin, An ope-ning bud was laid,..... The one, just
3. The man of God, then, ut - - tered, In tones, by grief sub - dued,..... Slow - ly, these
4. And then, one took the cof - - fin, And to the grave it bore;..... And now, I

came with sol - emn air, The man of God to pray,..... There sat the mourn - ing
blush - ing in - to life; The oth - er, Net - tie, dead;..... She lay, all pale and
few con - sol - ing words: "God meant it all for good;".... I could not un - - der
know that I shall see Dear Net - tie's face no more;..... Oh, give me sweet sub -

moth - - - - er, In grief her head was bowed;..... And
si - - - - lent, 'Neath many a tear - ful gaze;..... And
- stand.. .. it— Since the dear child was gone;..... But
- mis - - - - sion, To si - - lence eve - ry moan, ... And

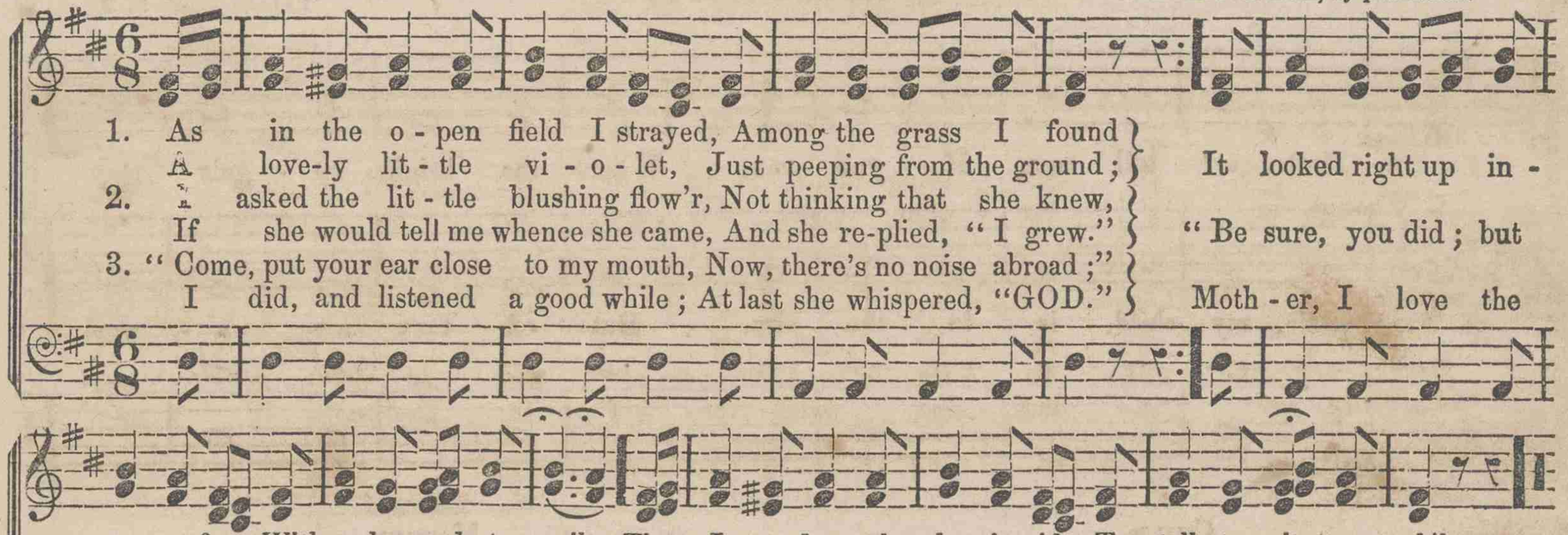
friends to take a fare - well look, Of Net - tie in her shroud.
as we lin - gered there, we thought Of all her pret-ty ways.
soon the moth - er wiped her eyes, And said "Thy will be done."
say, when my af - flic - tions come, "Thy will, O Lord, be done."

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arranged by L. MASON.
By permission.

1. Your harps, ye trem - bling saints, Down from the wil - lows take;
2. Though in a for - eign land, We are not far from home;
3. His grace will, to the end, Strong - er and bright - er shine;
4. When we in dark - ness walk, Nor feel the heaven - ly flame,

Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid eve - ry string a - wake.
And near - er to our homes a - bove We eve - ry mo - ment come.
Nor pres - ent things, nor things to come, Shall quench this spark di - vine.
Then will we trust our gra - cious God, And rest up - on his name.
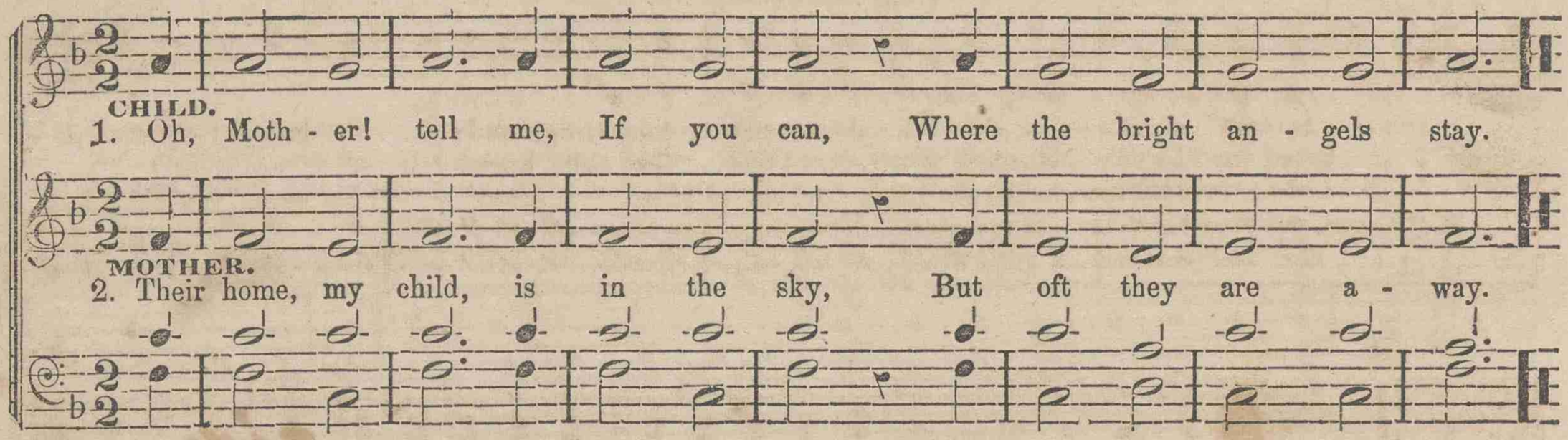


THE CHILD AND THE FLOWER. Part 2d.

1 Mother, I've been to see the flower,
Which in the field, I found,
And, would you think it? there it lay,
All withered, on the ground.
I kneeled, and put my ear close down
Beside its lowly bed,
And asked what ailed my drooping flower,
And something whispered— "dead!"

2 The chill winds stirred its withered leaves,
And thus, they seemed to say.
"Sweet flower, it makes us sad that thou,
So soon, hast passed away
When, o'er my poor dead violet,
My tears fell like the rain;
It whispered to me, "Child, weep not,
For I shall live again."

3 Say, talked the flower, or did the winds
Utter their passing knell?
Or, was it my own soul that spoke?
I'm sure I cannot tell
It was the spirit's voice — and if
The dead flower shall revive;
Our flesh we may yield up in hope,
Some other day to live.



CHILD.

3 Why do they leave their happy homes,
And on what errands go?

MOTHER.

4 At God's command, they come to guard,
And tell us what to do.

CHILD.

5 But on what do the angels live,
In heaven, where they abide?

MOTHER.

6 They live, as I suppose, on *love*—
I know not what, beside.

CHILD.

7 I could not live on love, I'm sure;
Nor should I dare to try.

MOTHER.

8 But angels are not mortal, child,
That they must eat or die.

CHILD.

9 And shall I be a spirit, mother,
Whene'er my body dies?
And shall I dwell, forevermore,
With angels, in the skies?

MOTHER.

10 If here, you give your heart to God,
Your spirit blest, above
Shall ever live on angels' food,
And only live to love.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ARMY.

From Sabbath School Bell.
By permission of Horace Waters.

LIVELY.

1. O, do not be dis - couraged, For Jesus is your friend, O, do not be dis - couraged, For Jesus is your
2. Fight on, ye lit - tle soldiers, The battle you shall win, Fight on, ye lit-tle soldiers, The battle you shall
3. And when the conflict's o - ver, Before him you shall stand, And when the conflict's over, Before him you shall

FINE.

friend. He will give you grace to conquer, He will give you grace to conquer, And keep you to the end.
win. For the Sav-iour is your Captain, For the Sav-iour is your Cap-tain, And he hath vanquished sin.
stand. You shall sing his praise for ever, You shall sing his praise for ev - er, In Canaan's hap - py land.
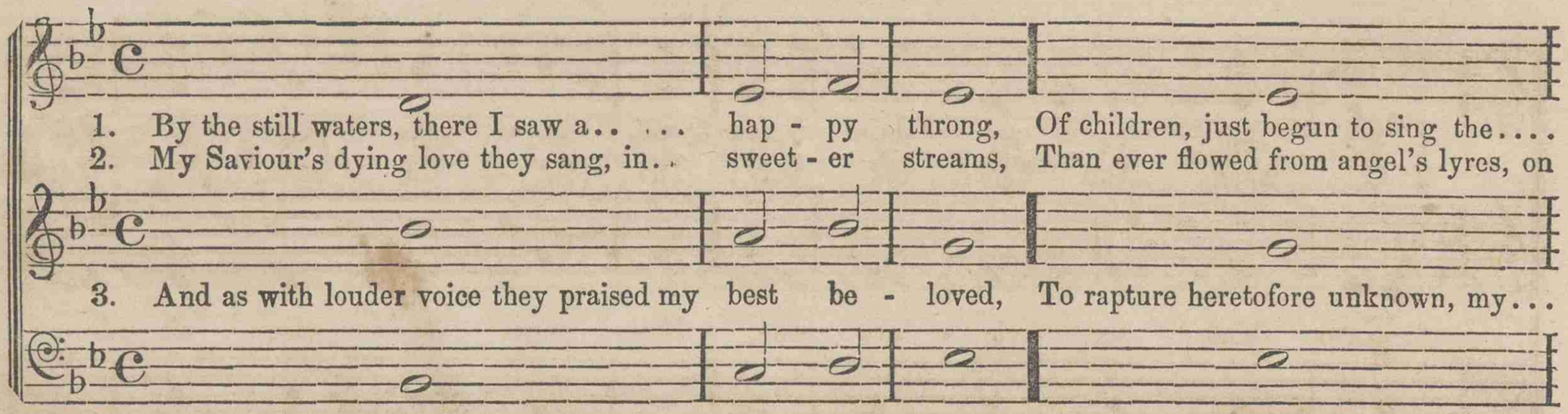
CHORUS.

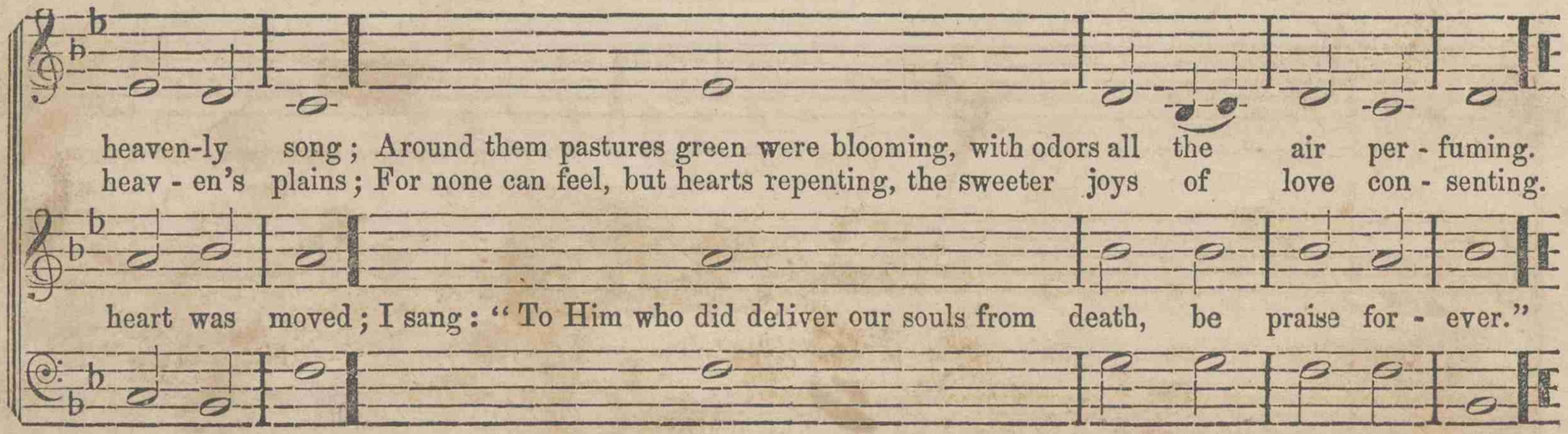
Repeat from 𝄋 to Fine.

I am glad I'm in this army, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army, And I'll bat-tle for the school.

BY THE STILL WATERS.

B. F. BAKER.





1. My soul, be on thy guard,— Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
2. O, watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - tory won, Nor once at ease sit down;

And hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly, eve - ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
The ar - duous work will not be done, Till thou hast got thy crown.

SABBATH MORN. C. M.

By permission.

1. We bid thee welcome, Sabbath morn! Help us, O God, to raise
2. The birds in ear - ly cho - rus join, And an - gels stoop to hear:
3. While children in far dis - tant lands, No sab - bath morn - ings greet,
4. Thou, Lord, hast given us here to dwell, Where shines the gos - pel's light;

Our grate - ful hearts, in ho - ly song, And sing the *Day* of *Days.*
O, Lord of an - gels, while we sing, Lend thou a list - 'ning ear.

Nor Teach - ers take them by the hand To seek the mer cy seat;
And eve - ry Sab - bath morn, we'll praise Thy name, with new de - light.

HAPPY GREETING TO ALL.

From Sabbath School Bell.
By permission of Horace Waters.

ALLEGRETTO.

1. Come, children, and join in our fes - ti - val song, And hail the sweet joys which this day brings along;
2. Our Fa - ther in Heav-en, we lift up to thee, Our voice of thanks-giv - ing, our glad ju - bi - lee;
3. And if, ere this glad year has drawn to a close, Some loved one a - mong us in death shall re-pose,
4. Kind teachers, we chil-dren would thank you this day, That faith-ful - ly, kind - ly, you've taught us the way

We'll join our glad voi-ces in one hymn of praise To God, who has kept us, and lengthened our days.
Oh, bless us, and guide us, dear Saviour, we pray, That from thy blest pre-cepts we nev - er may stray.
Grant, Lord, that the spir-it in heav-en may dwell, In the bo-som of Je - sus, where all shall be well.
How we may es-cape from the world's sin-ful charms, And find a safe ref - uge in the Saviour's loved arms.
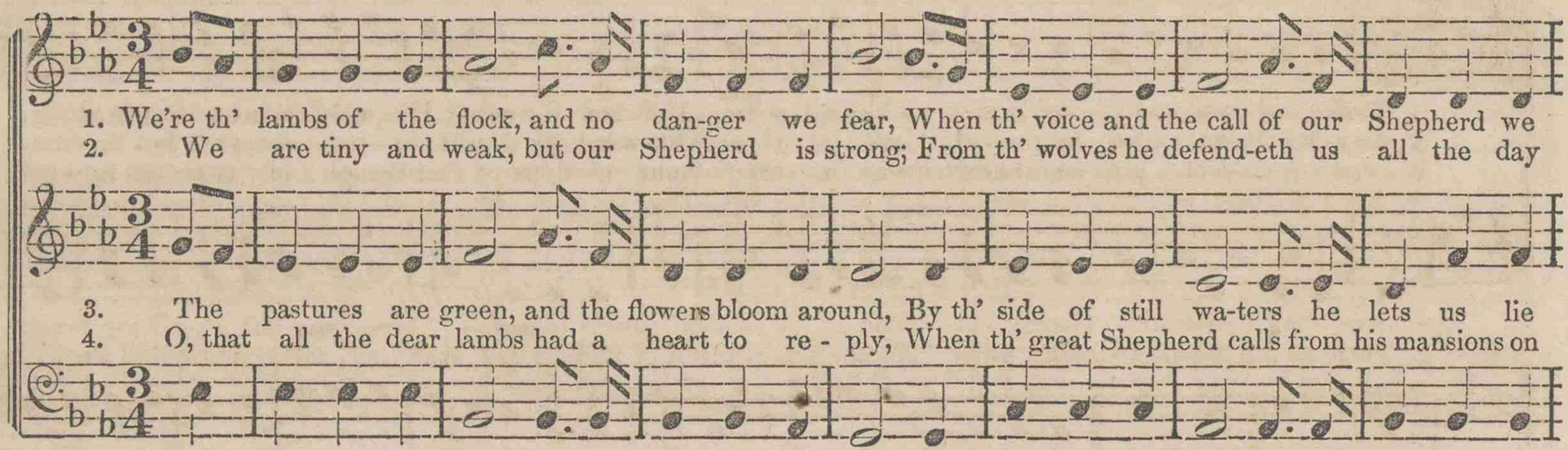
CHORUS.

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

Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting, &c.&c.

THE LAMBS OF THE FLOCK.

By permission of GEORGE P. REED, Esq.
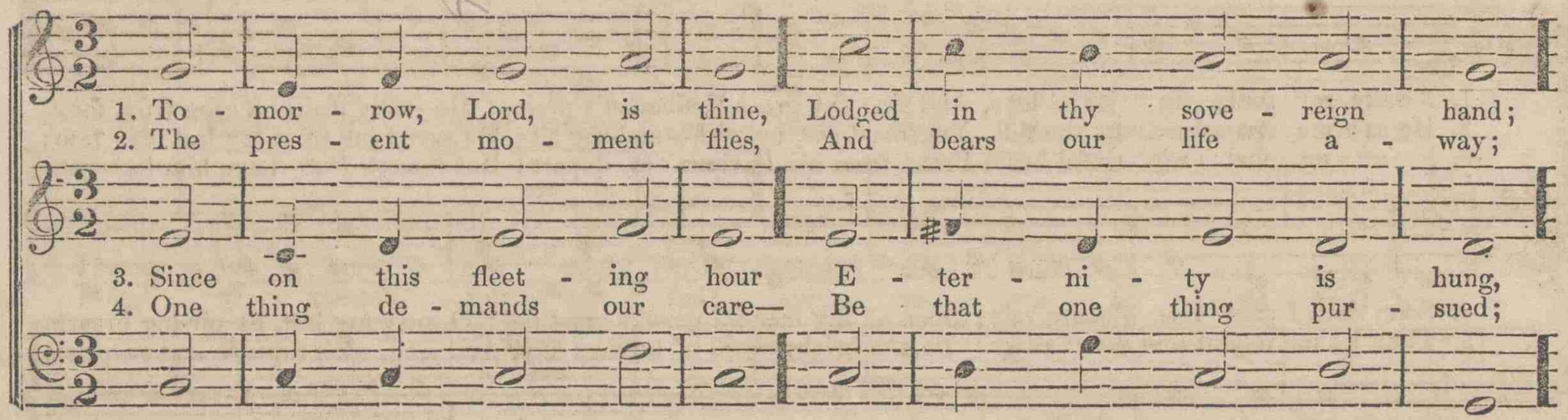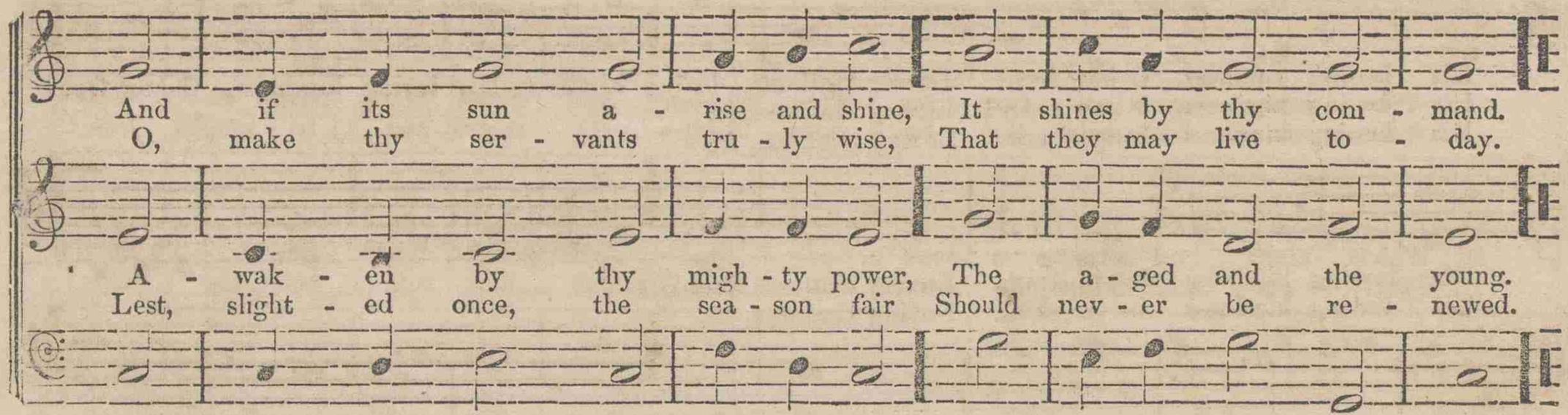


1. Awake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me,
2. He saw me ru - ined by the fall, Yet loved me, notwith-stand-ing all; He saved me from my lost es - tate:
3. I oft - en feel my sinful heart Prone from my Saviour to depart; But though I oft have him for - got,
4. Soon shall I pass this gloomy vale; Soon all my mor-tal powers must fail; O, may my last, ex-pir-ing breath,
5. Then let me mount and soar away To the bright world of endless day, And sing, with rapture and surprise,

His lov-ing kindness, O how free! Loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, O how free!
His lov-ing kindness, O how great! Loving kindness, &c.
His lov-ing kindness changes not. Loving kindness, &c.
His lov-ing kindness sing in death. Loving kindness, &c.
His lov-ing kindness in the skies. Loving kindness, &c.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.
By permission.





OLNEY. S. M.
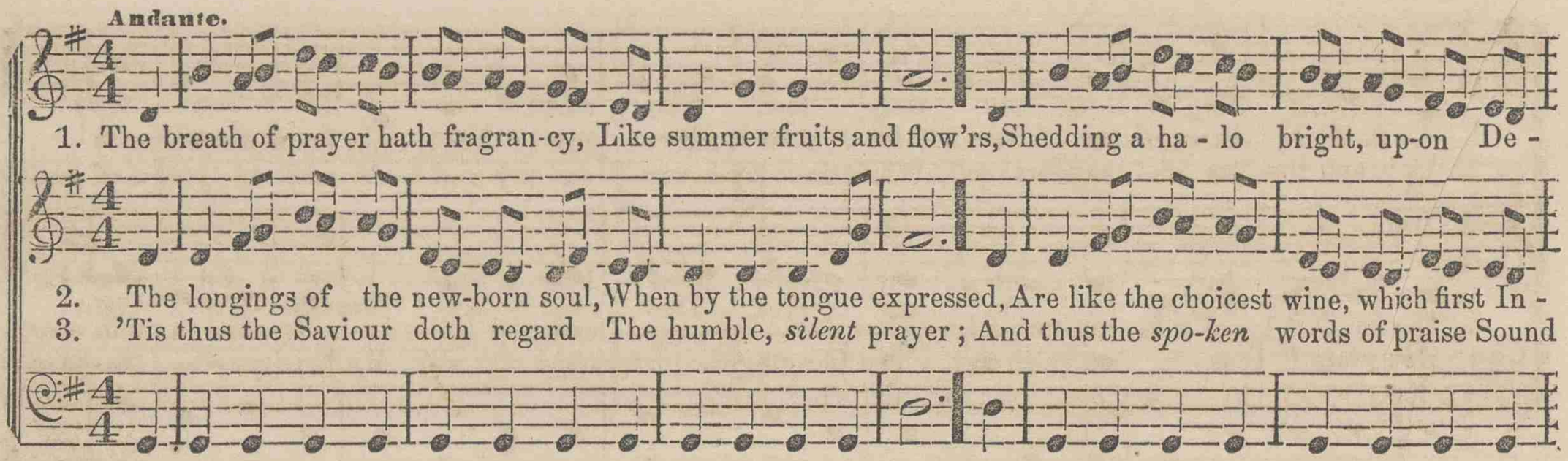
L. MASON
By permission.
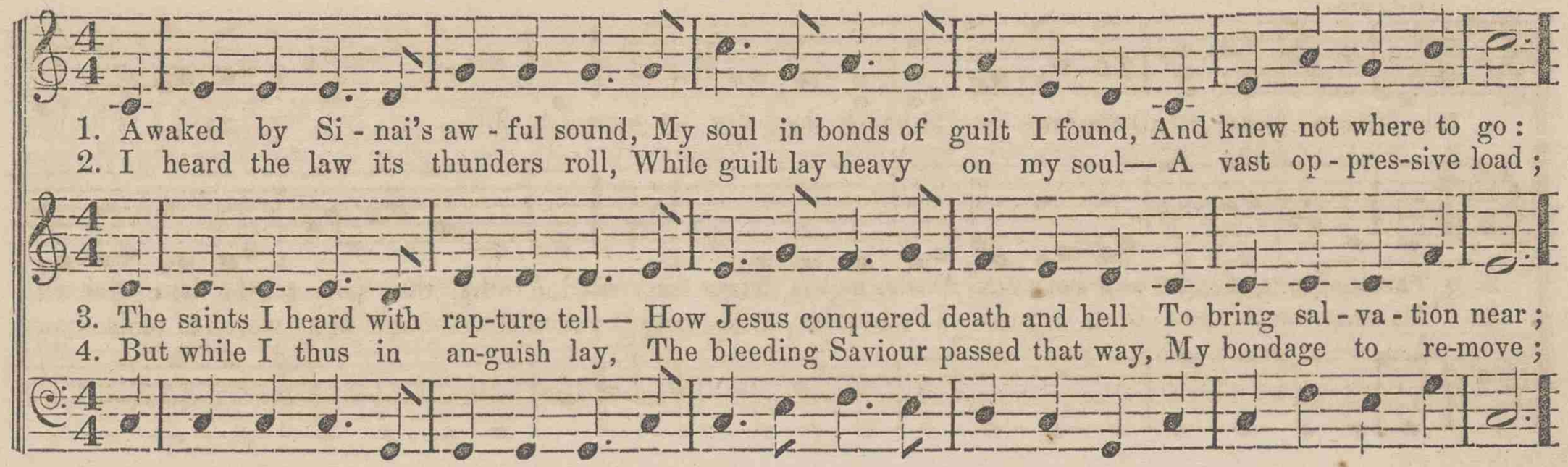
1. How beau - teous are their feet, Who stand on Zi - on's hill!
2. How charm - ing is their voice! How sweet their ti - dings are!

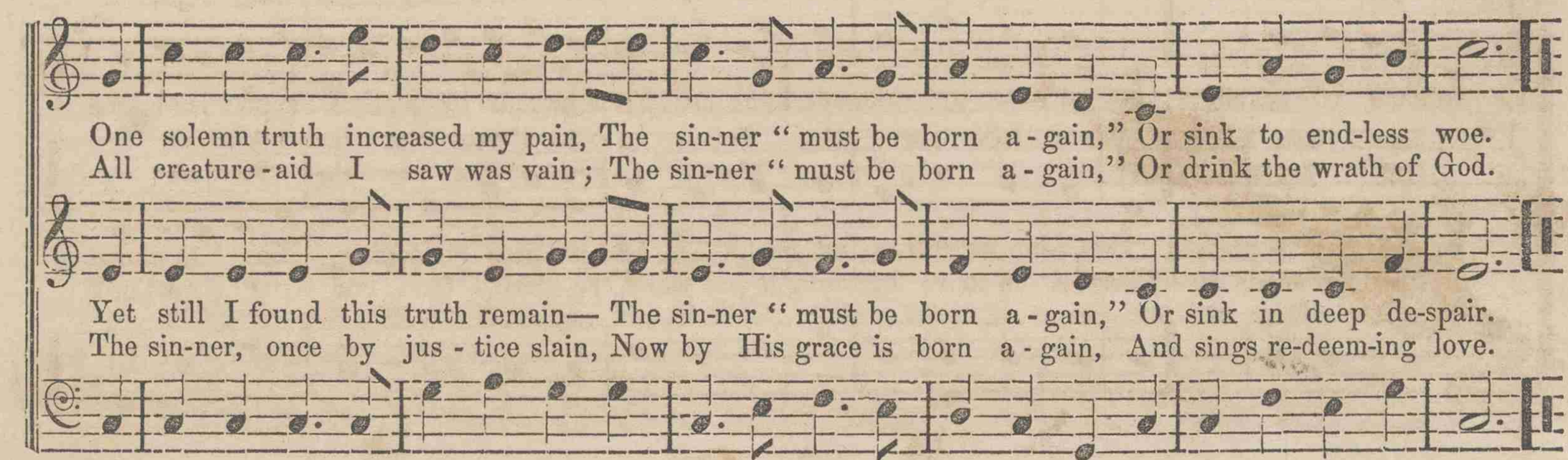
3. How hap - py are our ears, That hear this joy - ful sound!
4. How bless - ed are our eyes, That see this heaven - ly light!

Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal!
"Zi - on, be - hold thy Sa - viour— King— He reigns and tri - umphs here!

Which kings and proph - ets wait - ed for, And sought, but nev - er found!
Proph - ets and kings de - sired it long, But died with - out the sight!


Andante.
1. The breath of prayer hath fragran-cy, Like summer fruits and flow'rs, Shedding a ha - lo bright, up-on De -
2. The longings of the new-born soul, When by the tongue expressed, Are like the choicest wine, which first In -
3. 'Tis thus the Saviour doth regard The humble, *silent* prayer; And thus the *spo-ken* words of praise Sound
Ritard.
- votion's ho-ly hours; It go - eth up like sparkling mist From streams by gentlest zeph - yrs kissed.
to the cup is pressed; That wine which heaviest grief allays, And o - pens sleeping lips to praise.
in his gracious ear; Then let us strive by *thought* and *word*, To glori - fy our ris - en Lord.


1. Awaked by Si - nai's aw - ful sound, My soul in bonds of guilt I found, And knew not where to go:
2. I heard the law its thunders roll, While guilt lay heavy on my soul— A vast op - pres-sive load;
3. The saints I heard with rap-ture tell— How Jesus conquered death and hell To bring sal - va - tion near;
4. But while I thus in an-guish lay, The bleeding Saviour passed that way, My bondage to re-move;


One solemn truth increased my pain, The sin-ner "must be born a - gain," Or sink to end-less woe.
All creature - aid I saw was vain; The sin-ner "must be born a - gain," Or drink the wrath of God.
Yet still I found this truth remain— The sin-ner "must be born a - gain," Or sink in deep de-spair.
The sin-ner, once by jus - tice slain, Now by His grace is born a - gain, And sings re-deem-ing love.

"I'LL AWAKE AT DAWN." 10s.

1. I'll a - wake at dawn on the Sabbath day, For 'tis wrong to doze ho - ly time away; With my
2. Birds a - wake betimes, eve - ry morn they sing, None are tar - dy there, when the woods do ring; So when
3. When the summer's sun wakes the flow'rs a-gain, They the call o - bey, none are tar-dy then; Nor will

les - son learn'd this shall be my rule, Nev-er to be late at the Sabbath School.
Sun - day comes, this shall be my rule, Nev-er to be late at the Sabbath School.
I for - get that it is my rule, Nev-er to be late at the Sabbath School.

THE LONE ROSE.

TO THE TUNE OF CHILD'S PRAYER. Page 26.

1 Deep in the wood, where none
But cruel huntsmen roam,
A rose most beautiful
Bloomed in its humble home.
I pitied the lone flower,
With none its sweets to share,
And ne'er a passer by
To say "thou'rt wondrous fair!"
And then I said: tell me, oh flowery queen,
Why God has set thee here, to bloom unseen?

2 Here, as I silent sat,
The forest birds drew nigh,
The squirrel ventured forth,
And frisking, passed me by;
And e'en the rabbit leaped
Forth from his hidden bower;
Yet none of them would stay
To gaze on that sweet flower.
Again I asked her if she'd tell me why
God placed her there, unseen to bud and die?

3 At length, she turned to me
With such a Heavenly look,
And from her honied cells
A thousand odors shook—
"I will"—and then in tones
As sweet as childhood's said,
"I bloom alone, because
Me for *himself* God made;
And 'tis enough (say, is it so with thee?)
To know that God is pleased to look on me."

❋ A LITTLE WHILE.

TO THE TUNE, "HE KEEPETH ME." Page 69.

1 A little while, saith yonder sun,
And my career of light is run;
The moon sends back the sad reply,
And all the stars that deck the sky—
"A little while."

2 The cedars of Mount Lebanon,
The mighty rivers flowing on,
The teeming earth, the circling years,
Upon them all this word appears—
"A little while."

3 Oh thou, vain man! who look'st abroad
Upon these mighty works of God,
Canst thou from death exemption claim?
Ah, no! the word is still the same—
"A little while."

4 Child, in the Sabbath School, though now
The flush of life is on thy brow,
Yet, gaily, as thou passest by,
Plainly the warning I descry—
"A little while."

CHRIST.

1. Lov-est thou me, thou err - ing one? With a strong - er love than James and John, With a
2. Lov-est thou me? ah, can it be, Thou still wilt say that thou lovest me? Thou

CHRIST.

3. And art thou sure thy love will stand The taunt - ing word, and the burning brand? The
4. Lov-est thou me with all thine heart? Canst keep thy faith wher - ev - er thou art? Canst

strong - er love than James and John? PETER. Truly, e'er since that hour of ill, Thou
still wilt say that thou lov - est me! PETER. Here I will pledge my faith a - new, Thou

taunt - ing word, and the burn - ing brand? PETER. Tru-ly, I love thee, Lord, and will, What-
keep thy faith, wher - ev - er thou art? PETER. Oh! doubt me not, Thou art my all; Up -

know - est, O Lord, that I love thee still. CHRIST. Oh, then a faith - ful Shep - herd be, And
know - est, O Lord, that my love is true. CHRIST. Go then, a faith - ful Shep - herd be, And
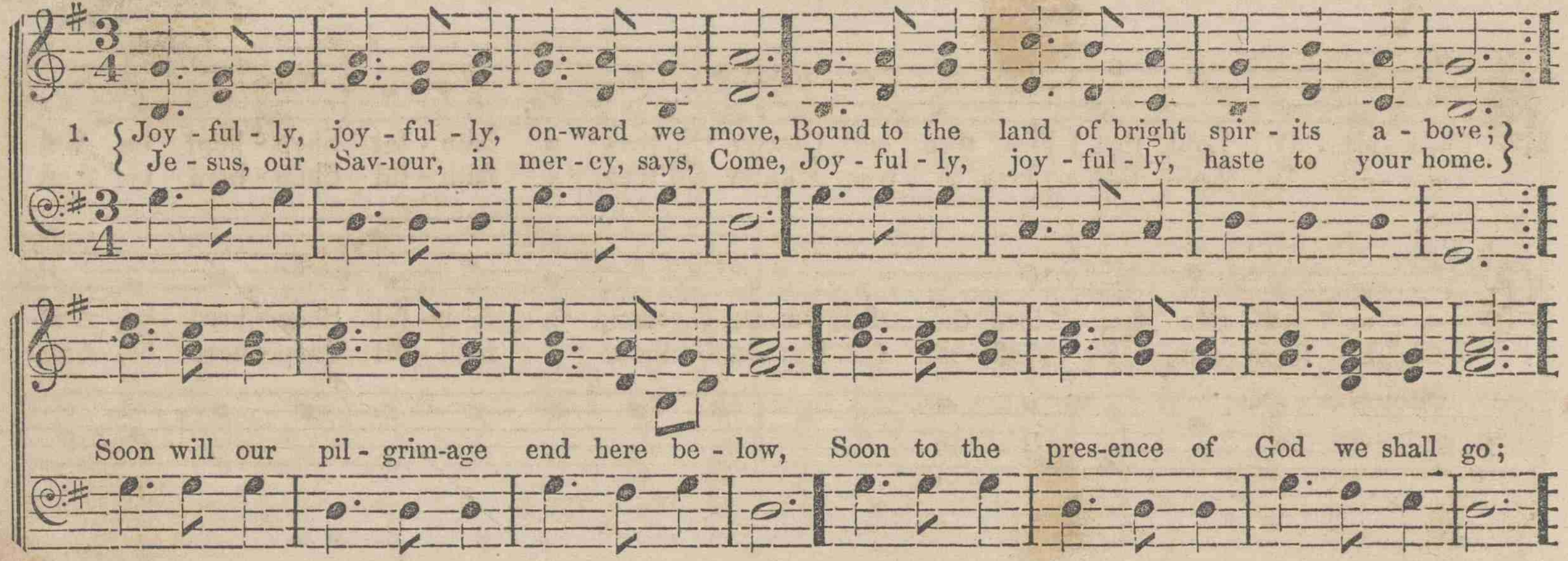
- ev - er be - tide me, love thee still. CHRIST. Go then, a faith - ful Shep - herd be, And
- held by thine arm, I shall not fall. CHRIST. Go then, a faith - ful Shep - herd be, And

feed my lambs on land and sea, And feed my lambs on land and sea.
feed my sheep on land and sea, And feed my sheep on land and sea.

feed my lambs on land and sea, And feed my lambs on land and sea.
feed my sheep on land and sea, And feed my sheep on land and sea.

JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.

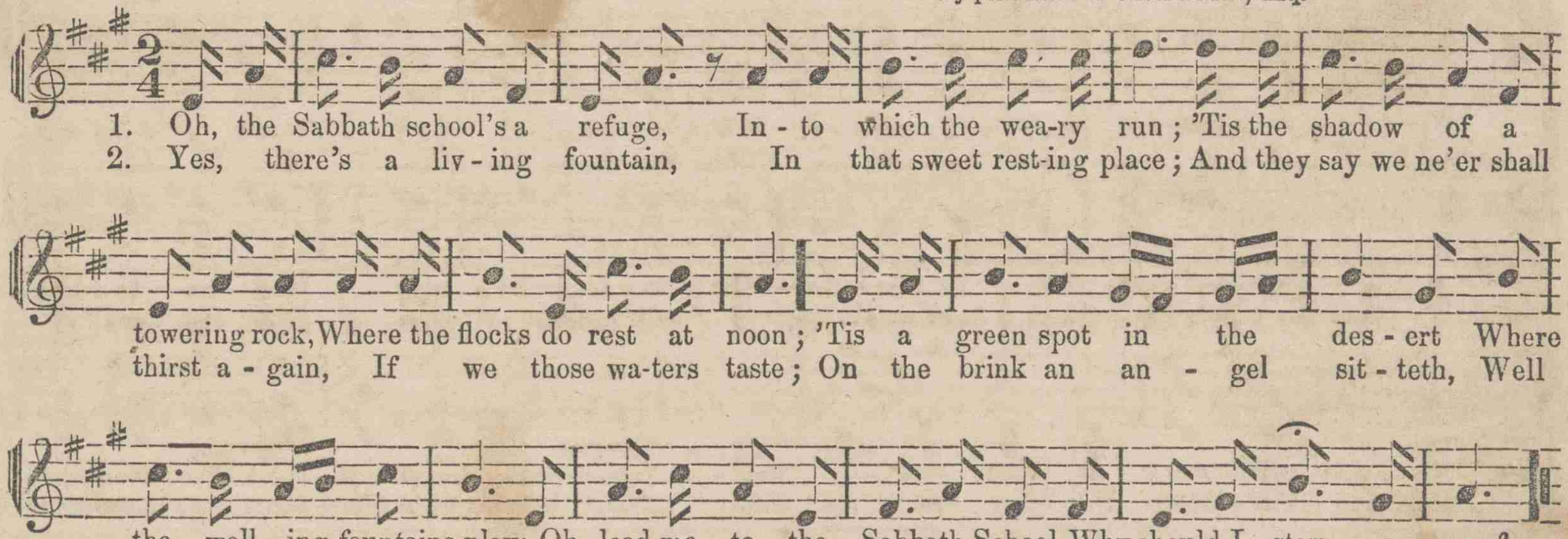
From Sabbath School Bell.
By permission of Horace Waters.



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 his 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, we will go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone,
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

By permission of Oliver Ditson, Esq.



3

And here are the trees of Elim,
  Which bear all kinds of fruit,
The orange and the pomegranate,
  Each varying taste to suit—
And the grapes of Eshcol, hanging
  In clusters from the vine,
Which make the lips of those that sleep,
  To speak in words divine.

4

Here, Love, and Faith, and Patience,
  And all the graces stand,
To guide our erring feet, and point
  Us to that better land;
Oh, come then, all ye children,
  And all ye elders too!
Come, see where the flocks do rest at noon;
  There's room enough for you.

BUT 'TIS NOT SO WITH ME.

ONE VOICE.

1. I am wretch - ed, poor, and need - y, Whith - er shall I fly; There's a voice with-
2. Oft he calls me, as he pass - es, Bids me come to him— O, I can - not

3. On my hard - ness oft I pon - der— Oft to God I cry; But no to - ken
4. Hope for - sook me, and des - pair - ing, I had ceased to strive, Till the Lord of

in that tells me, I must sure - ly die.
find the Sav - iour, For my eyes are dim.

Chorus.

Some have sought him— some have found him:
Some have sought him— some have found him:
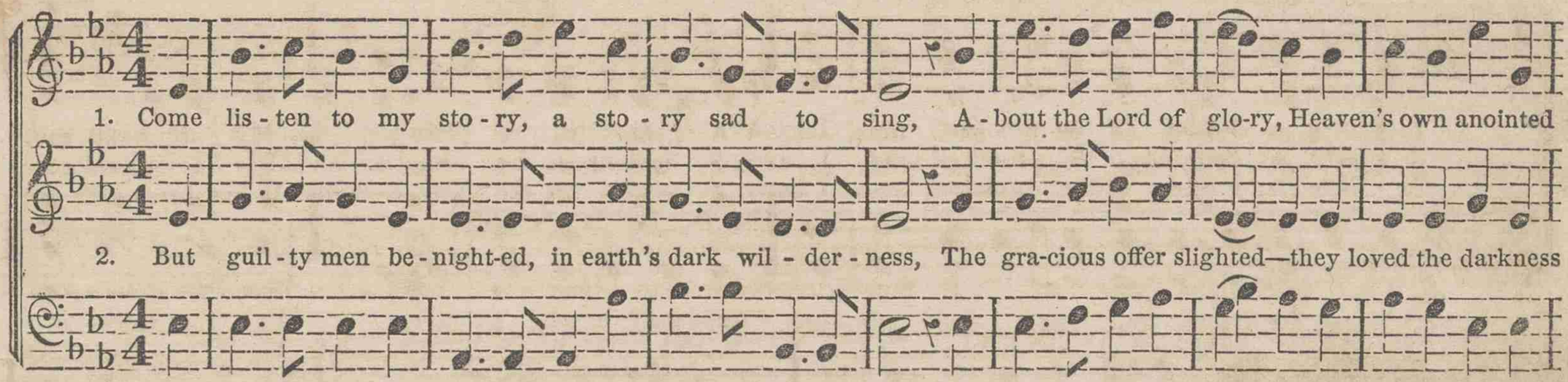
of for - give - ness Greets my tear - ful eye.
glo - ry pass - ing, Bade me look and live.

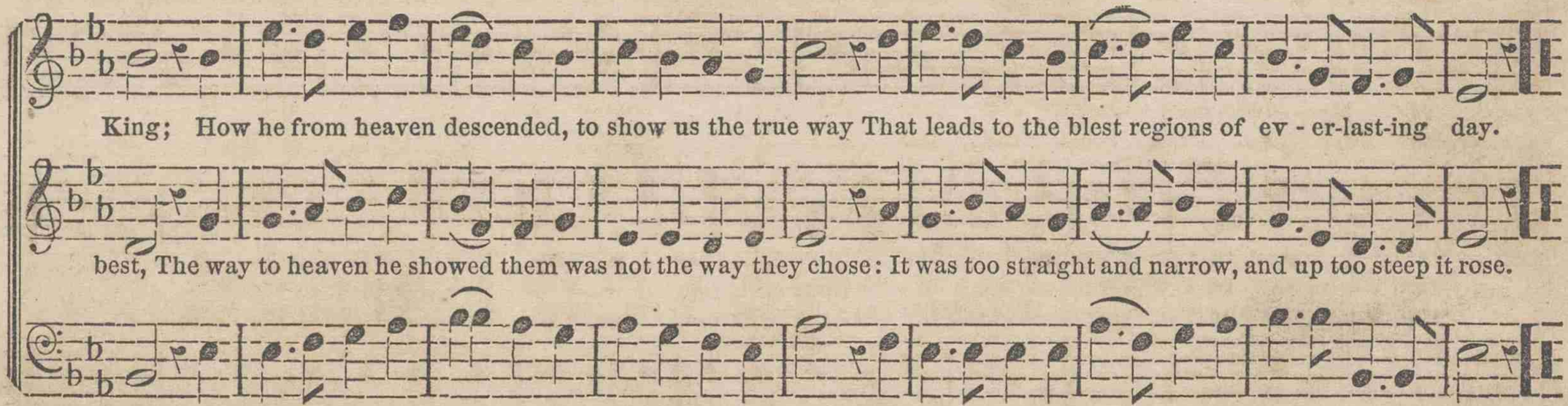
Some are sing - ing Hal - le - lu - jah!
Then, I sought him, then I found him—

Chorus. **One Voice.**

From their fears set free, They sing his prais - es all the day; But 'tis not so with me.
From their blind-ness free, They fol - low Je - sus in the way; But 'tis not so with me.

From their sins set free, A wel-come waits for them a - bove— No wel-come waits for me.
From my blindness free. And now I praise him eve - ry day, For all his love to me.


1. Come lis - ten to my sto - ry, a sto - ry sad to sing, A - bout the Lord of glo-ry, Heaven's own anointed
2. But guil - ty men be - night-ed, in earth's dark wil - der - ness, The gra-cious offer slighted—they loved the darkness
3. They took him from the garden, with thorns they crowned his head, Him, like a lamb for slaughter, pure, patient, dumb they


King; How he from heaven descended, to show us the true way That leads to the blest regions of ev - er-last-ing day.
best, The way to heaven he showed them was not the way they chose: It was too straight and narrow, and up too steep it rose.
led. To Cal-va - ry they bore him, and hung him on a tree— Oh, pity, love, a - dore him; he died for you and me.

I HAVE A FATHER IN THE PROMISED LAND.

1. I have a Father in the promised land, I have a Father in the promised land, My Father calls me,
2. I have a Saviour in the promised land, I have a Saviour in the promised land, My Saviour calls me,
3. I have a crown in the promised land, I have a crown in the promised land, When Jesus calls me,
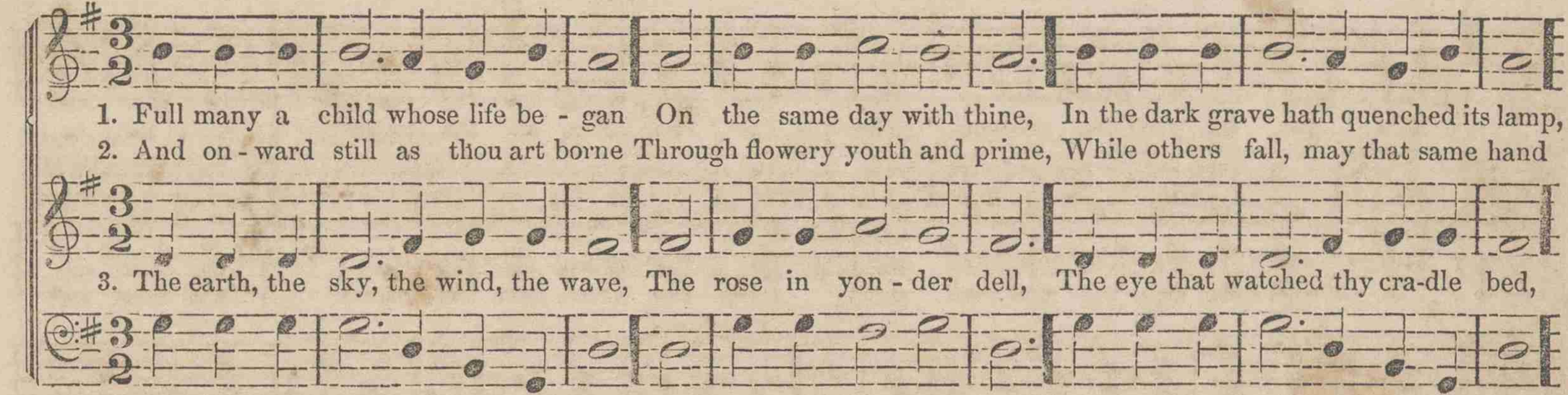
Chorus.

I must go To meet Him in the promised land. I'll a - way, I'll a-way to the promised land, I'll a -
I must go To meet Him in the promised land. I'll a - way, I'll a-way to the promised land, I"ll a -
I must go To wear it in the promised land. I'll a - way, I'll a-way to the promised land, I'll a -

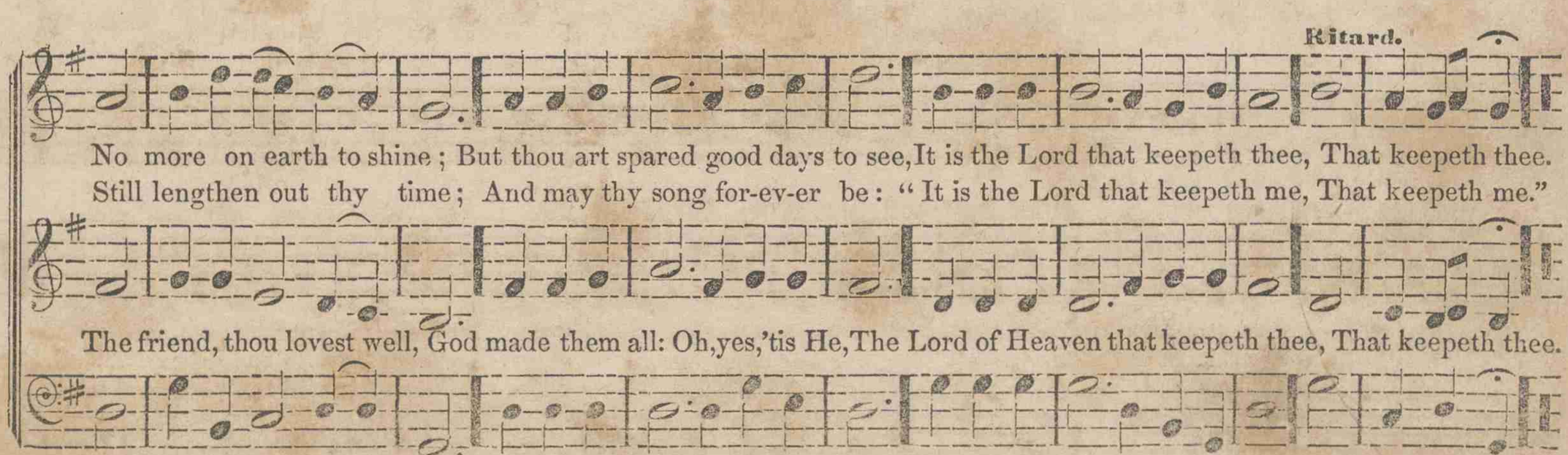
way, I'll a-way to the promised land, My Father calls me, I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
way, I'll a-way to the promised land, My Saviour calls me, I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
way, I'll a-way to the promised land, My Je - sus calls me, I must go To meet Him in the promised land.

4. I hope to meet you in the promised land, I hope, &c. At Jesus' feet, a joyous band; We'll praise Him in the promised land. We'll away, we'll away, &c.

[By Permission of G. S. Scoffield.]



1. Full many a child whose life be - gan On the same day with thine, In the dark grave hath quenched its lamp,
2. And on - ward still as thou art borne Through flowery youth and prime, While others fall, may that same hand
3. The earth, the sky, the wind, the wave, The rose in yon - der dell, The eye that watched thy cra-dle bed,
4. Life's fleet-ing, shin-ing hours to thee, Thy heaven-ly friend hath lent, Not in the dark and dangerous ways



No more on earth to shine; But thou art spared good days to see, It is the Lord that keepeth thee, That keepeth thee.
Still lengthen out thy time; And may thy song for-ev-er be: "It is the Lord that keepeth me, That keepeth me."
The friend, thou lovest well, God made them all: Oh, yes, 'tis He, The Lord of Heaven that keepeth thee, That keepeth thee.
Of fol - ly to be spent. Then live for him, where'er you be; For 'tis the Lord that keepeth thee, That keepeth thee.

"ON THE CROSS." 7s, 6s & 8s.

Arranged by Rev. J. W. DADMUN.

Andante. **Andantino.**

1. Be - hold! be - hold! the Lamb of God, On the cross, on the cross.
   For you he shed his precious blood, On the cross, on the cross.

   Now hear his
   "E - loi la -

2. Where - e'er I go, I'll tell the story, Of the cross, of the cross.
   In noth - ing else my soul shall glory, Save the cross, save the cross.

   Yes, this my
   Thro' time, and

3. Let eve - ry mourn-er come and cling, To the cross, to the cross.
   Let eve - ry Christian come and sing, Round the cross, round the cross.

   Here let the
   And with the

A Tempo.

all - im - port - ant cry,
ma sa - bac - tha - ni;" Draw near and see your Sav-iour die, On the cross, on the cross.

con-stant theme shall be,
in e - ter - ni - ty, That Je - sus suffered death for me, On the cross, on the cross.

preacher take his stand,
Bi - ble in his hand, Pro - claim the triumphs of the Lamb, On the cross, on the cross.

1. I saw a child kneel down, And fold his lit - tle hands to pray, His moth - er wait - ed by his

2. Oh hap - py, hap - py child! Trusting and guileless as the day, He sometimes of his own ac -

side, And taught him what to say, Lit - tle he knew of all he saw, His mother's word to him was law.

cord, Fold-ed his hands to pray, Would you be blessed? Be guileless mild, And trusting as this lit - tle child.

THE CHILD'S DREAM.

By permission. S. B. B.

1. I dreamed I had a lit - tle vine, My Father gave to me, Which ran up by my win - dow, So
2. There came a lit - tle humming bird, With such a cu-rious bill, And stole the hon - ey on the wing

3. But all the blossoms soon fell off, The bird came there no more, The Bees had gone some oth - er where
4. I looked again, and thought 'twas strange, That af-ter such a show Of fair and flow-'ry prom - is - es,

5. And then an an - gel came as if My fruitless vine to see, Long time he looked at it, and then,
6. He did not speak, but in my heart, A voice said "it *is* *true.*" The vis - ion of the fruit - less vine,

ea - sy and so free, And just as full of blos - soms, As ev - er it could be.
That nev - er could keep still, And also, ma - ny a busy Bee, And free - ly took her fill.

To get their honey'd store; And when I looked for clustered fruit, Not *a sin - gle grape it bore.*
No fruit should ev - er grow, Then I sat down and cried, to think My vine should serve me so.

He turned and *looked at me,* He did not speak, but oh, my face Was red as it could be.
The an - gel meant for you, Then, for my - self, I cried, and said; Lord, tell me what to do.

Duet or Trio.

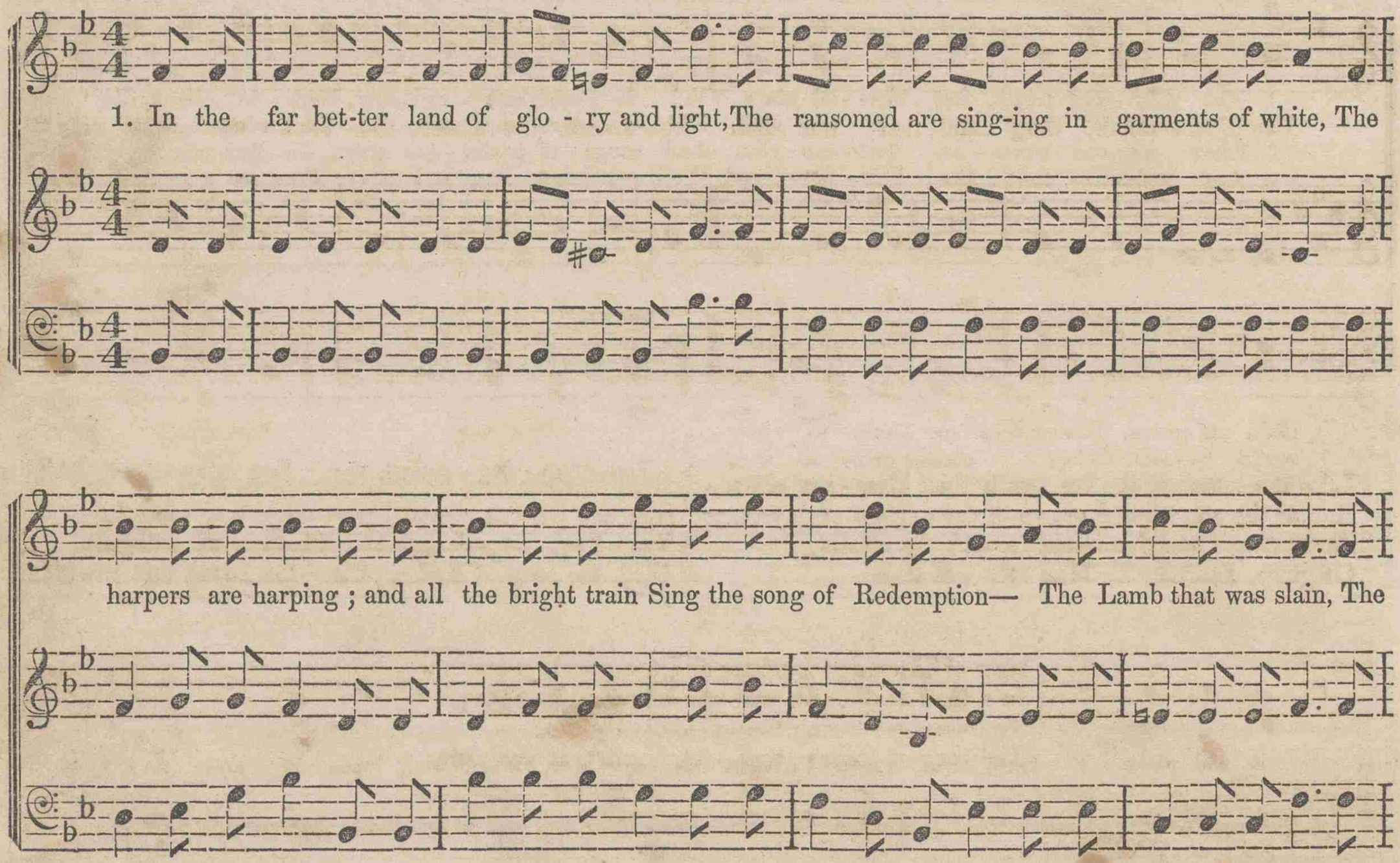
1. The Sun - day school, that bless - ed place, Oh! I would rath - er stay With - in its walls, a
2. 'Tis there I learn that Je - sus died, For sin - ners such as I; Oh! what has all the
3. Then let our grate - ful trib - ute rise, And songs of praise be given, To Him who dwells a -
4. And wel-come then the Sun - day-school, We'll read, and sing, and pray, That we may keep the

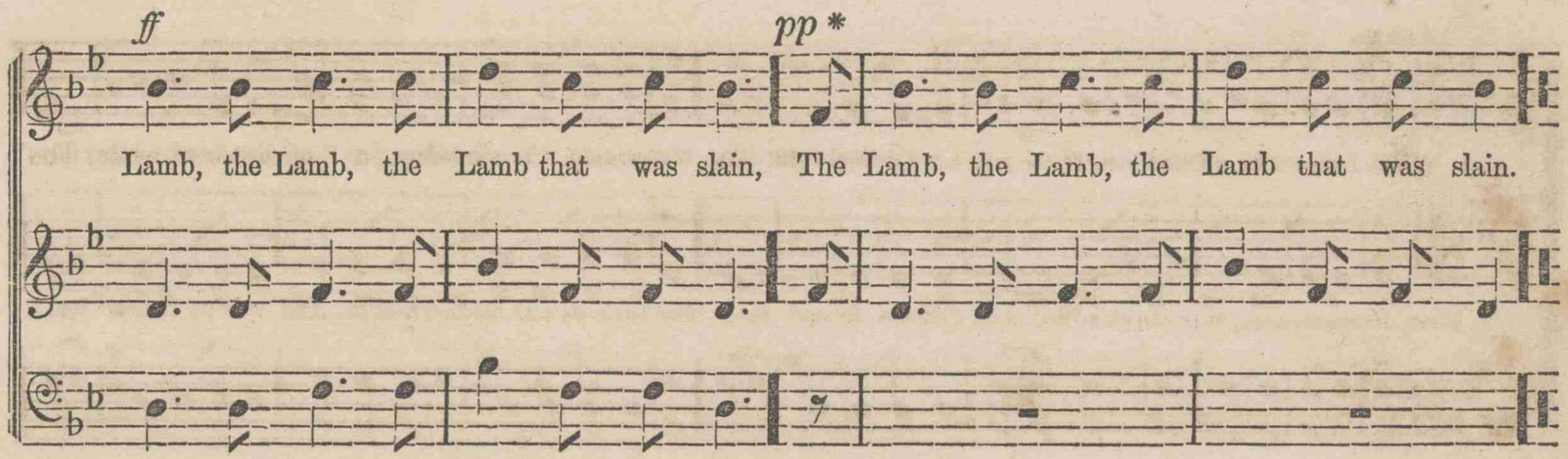
Chorus.

child of grace, Than spend my hours in play—
world be - side, That I should prize so high—
bove the skies, For such a bless - ing given—
gold - en rule, And nev - er from it stray—

The Sun - day - school, the Sun - day-school, Oh!

'tis the place I love, For there I learn the gold - en rule, Which leads to joys a - bove.


1. In the far bet-ter land of glo - ry and light, The ransomed are sing-ing in garments of white, The
harpers are harping ; and all the bright train Sing the song of Redemption— The Lamb that was slain, The



2

Like the sound of the sea swells their Chorus of praise,
Round the star circled crown of the ancient of days,
And thrones and dominions re-echo the strain
Of glory, Eternal, To Him that was slain.

3

Dear Saviour may we with our voices faint
Sing the Chorus celestial with angel and saint ?
Yes ! Yes ! we will sing and thine ear we will gain,
With the song of Redemption—the Lamb that was slain.

4

Now children and teachers and friends all unite
In a loud Hallelujah with the ransom'd in light;
To Jesus, we'll sing that melodious strain,
The song of Redemption—the Lamb that was slain.

* This may be sung by solo voices. If it is sung in Chorus it should be very soft, as an echo of the preceding strain.

HINDER ME NOT.

L. MARSHALL.

Legato.

1. When I would be a Christian, There was something in the way, Which said, "You'd better put it off Until some other day;"

2. First, *Passion* came, with cheek so red, And told me to get mad; For such an one said so and so, And was'nt it too bad?

Ritard.

And I had almost yielded Till I roused me up to say: Hinder me not, Hinder me not!

And I could find no peace un-til I to the tempter said: Hinder me not, Hinder me not!

HINDER ME NOT, Concluded.

3

Then, *Envy* came, with evil eye,
And told me I was poor;
And that the daughters of the rich
Had dresses — what a store!
And then, I said I would not care
If they had thousands more.
Hinder me not, hinder me not!

4

Next, came one with a lofty look,
I knew his name was *Pride;*
I will not tell you what he said,
But I am sure he lied.
O, I never could get rid of him,
Until aloud I cried:
Hinder me not, hinder me not!

5

And next, there danced before my eye
Pleasure, with all her train;
She said, if I would go with her,
She'd ease me of my pain.
There's *something better*, I replied,
Which I intend to gain;
Hinder me not, hinder me not!

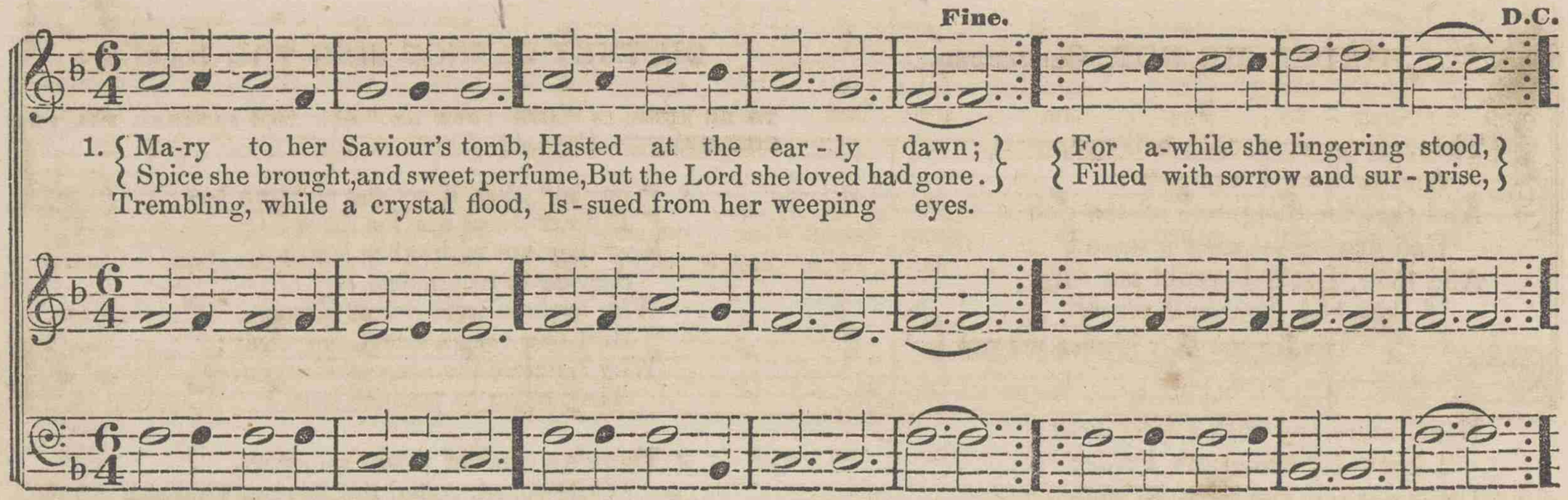
OH, THEY CANNOT SING TOO EARLY!

TO BE SUNG IN SAME TUNE AS "DID THE SAVIOUR DIE FOR CHILDREN." Page 43.

1 Who shall sing, if not the children?—
Did not Jesus die for them?
May they not with other jewels
Sparkle in his diadem?
Why to them were voices given,
Bird-like voices, sweet and clear;
Why? unless the song of Heaven
They begin to practice here?

2 There's a choir of infant songsters,
White-robed, round the Saviour's throne,
Angels cease, and waiting, listen—
Oh, 'tis sweeter than their own!
Faith can hear the rapt'rous choral,
When her ear is upward turned;
Is it not the same perfected,
Which upon the earth they learned?

3 Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
Loved them with a wondrous love;
And will he, to Heaven returning,
Faithless to his promise prove?
Oh, they cannot sing too early!
Fathers, stand not in their way.
Birds sing while the day is breaking—
Tell me then, why should not they?



1. { Ma-ry to her Saviour's tomb, Hasted at the ear - ly dawn; } { For a-while she lingering stood, }
{ Spice she brought,and sweet perfume,But the Lord she loved had gone. } { Filled with sorrow and sur - prise, }
Trembling, while a crystal flood, Is - sued from her weeping eyes.

2

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

3

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

1. One thing is need - ful in this world, A - bove all oth - er things—
2. Need - ful, up - - on the bed of pain, When sick - ness lays thee there,
3. Need - ful, when the great tempt - er comes To turn thee from the way,
4. Need - ful, to shed its ra - diance o'er Ad - ver - si - ty's dark hour,
5. One thing is need - ful— one a - lone, In this our mor - tal state—

Need - ful for chil - dren as for men, For sub - - jects as for kings.
To teach thee God's af - flict - ing rod Sub - mis - sive - ly to bear
To give thee wea - pons, heart and hand, That thou may'st win the day.
And kin - dle up its bea - con light On Jor - dan's far - ther shore.
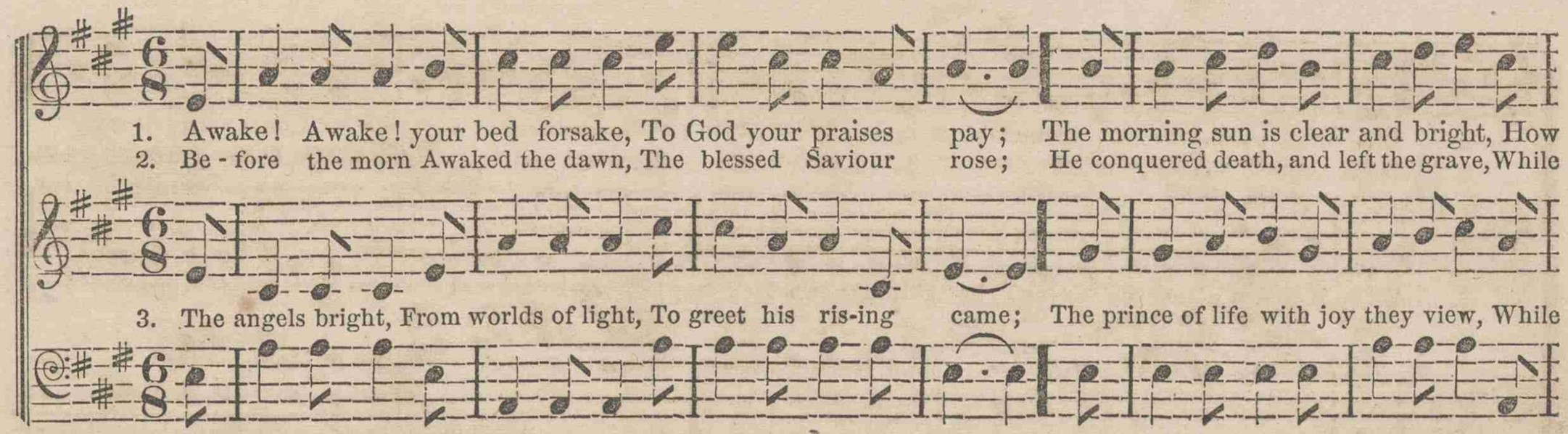
Oh! seek it, thought - less child, even now, Be - fore it is too late.
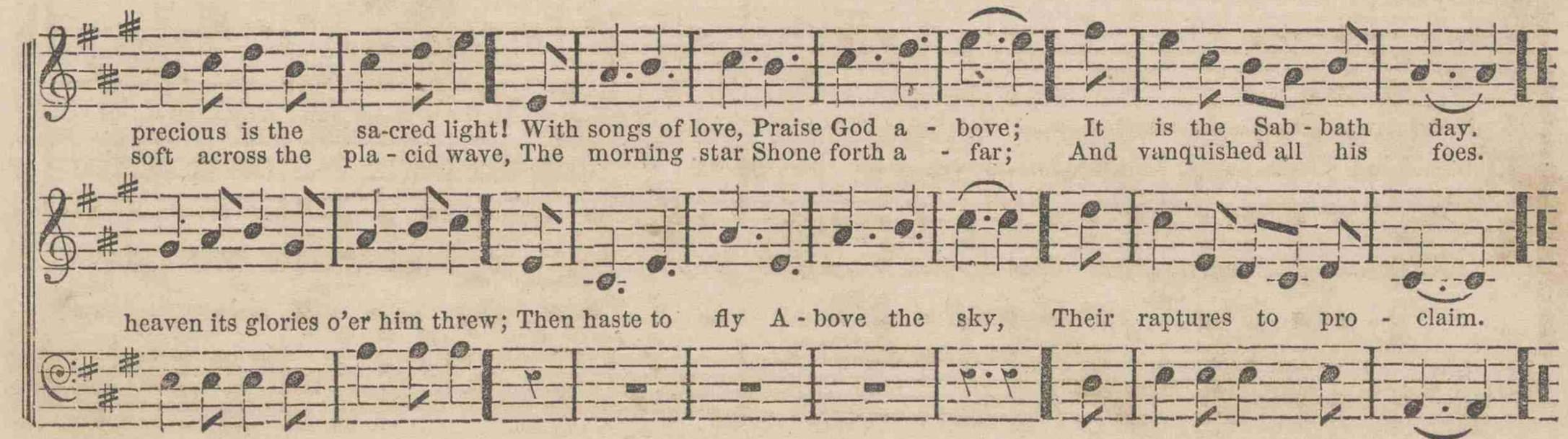
WHY SHOULD I BE AFRAID? C. M. Double.

From MEHUL.

1. The winter winds may meet and moan, At midnight's fearful hour, Or roar around my lowly cot, Impatient to devour.
2. Far in the west, the summer cloud Spreads out its awful folds; And onward 'gainst opposing winds, And upward still, it rolls,
3. On, on, it comes! across the heavens, The lightnings cuts their way! The rocks are rent, the trees are riven. Is it the final day?
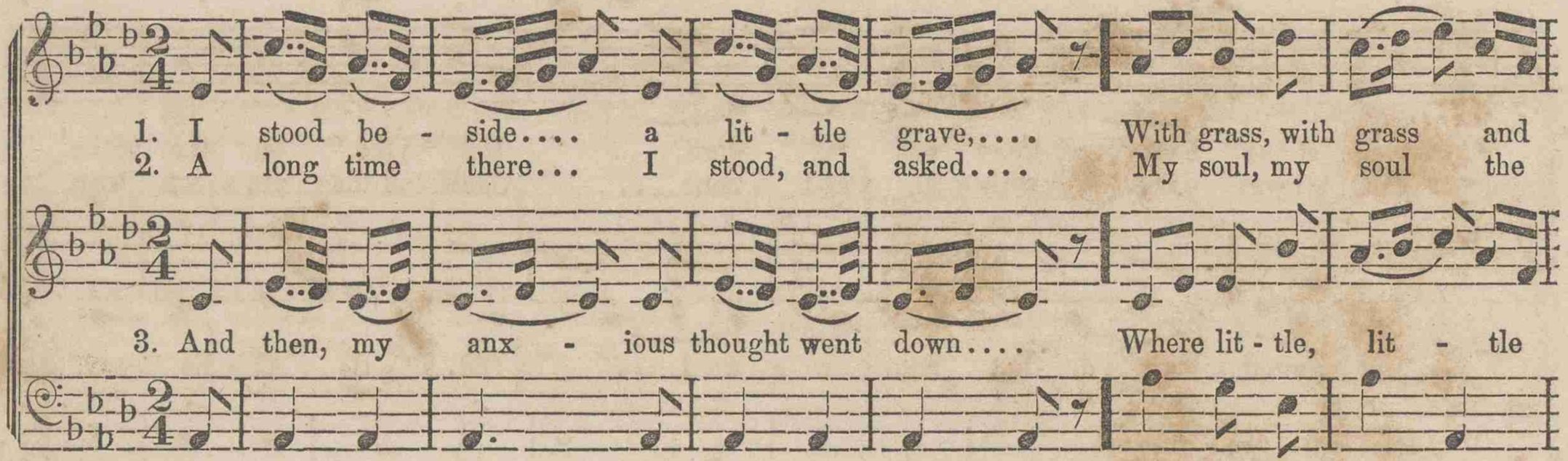
The ratling sleet, with furious beat My lowly cot invade; My Fa - ther rides upon the storm; Why should I be afraid?
Hark! now the thunders shake the hills. That crash! The atheist prayed; My father guides the thunder-bolt; Why should I be afraid?
Ah! saw ye not that lurid light, Upon the steel that played? My father doth the lightnings guide; Why should I be afraid?
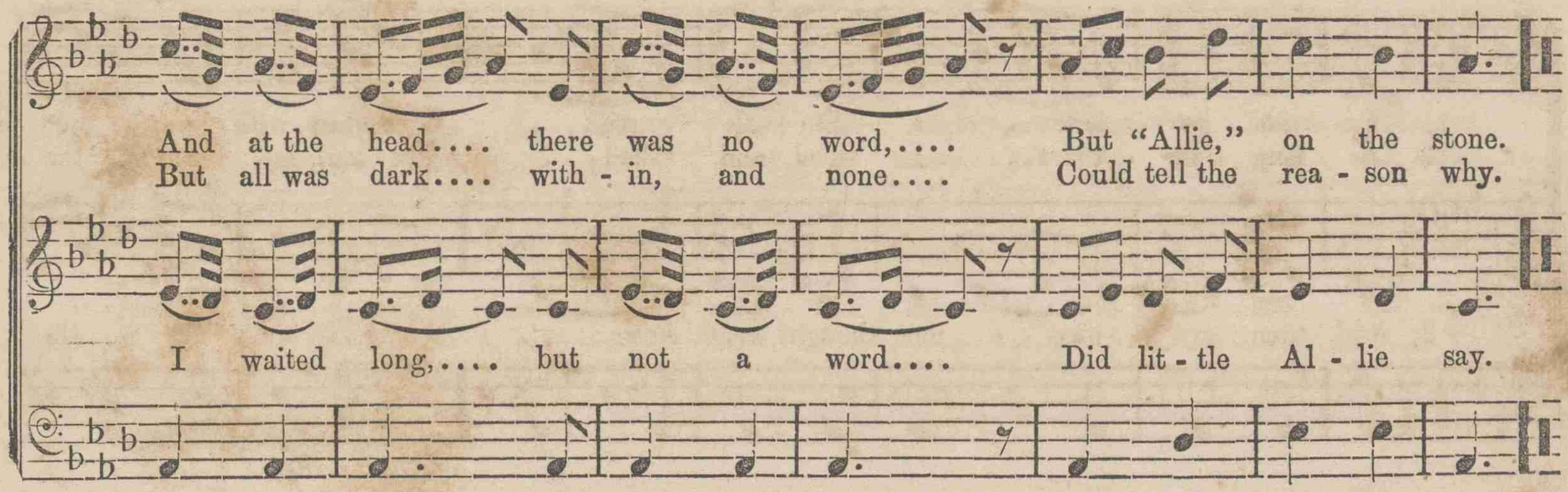

1. Awake! Awake! your bed forsake, To God your praises pay; The morning sun is clear and bright, How
2. Be - fore the morn Awaked the dawn, The blessed Saviour rose; He conquered death, and left the grave, While
3. The angels bright, From worlds of light, To greet his ris-ing came; The prince of life with joy they view, While


precious is the sa-cred light! With songs of love, Praise God a - bove; It is the Sab - bath day.
soft across the pla - cid wave, The morning star Shone forth a - far; And vanquished all his foes.
heaven its glories o'er him threw; Then haste to fly A - bove the sky, Their raptures to pro - claim.

LITTLE ALLIE'S GRAVE.

ROSSINI. S. B. B.





4

At length, there came a man; I think
He dropped down from the sky.
"My child," said he, "you want to know
Why God made Allie die?
Come, let me take you in my arms,
And I will tell you why.

5
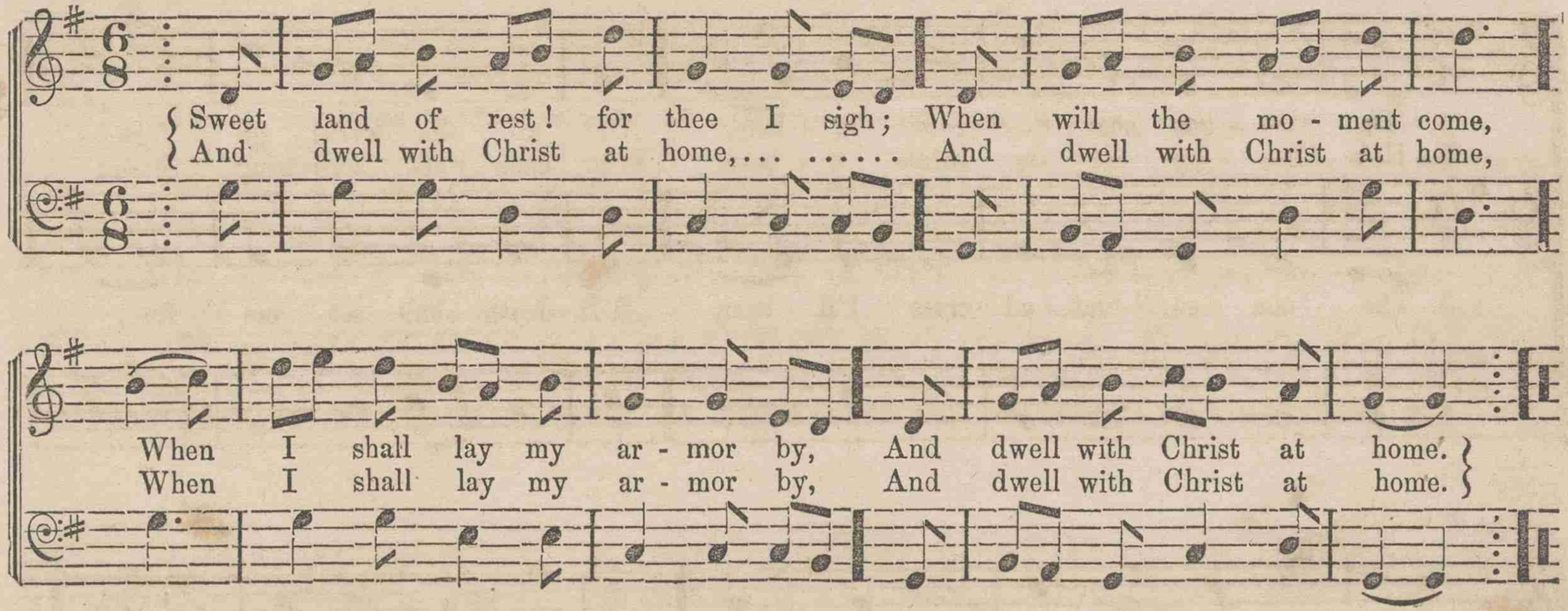
"The Lord perceived that she was loved
By doting ones too well:
And knew what troubles she would have,
If here allowed to dwell;
And then he wanted her with him;
But more I may not tell."

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sor-rowing here;
3. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,

No, there's a cross for eve - ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un - ming - led love, And joy with - out a tear.

And then go home my crown to wear,— For there's a crown for me.



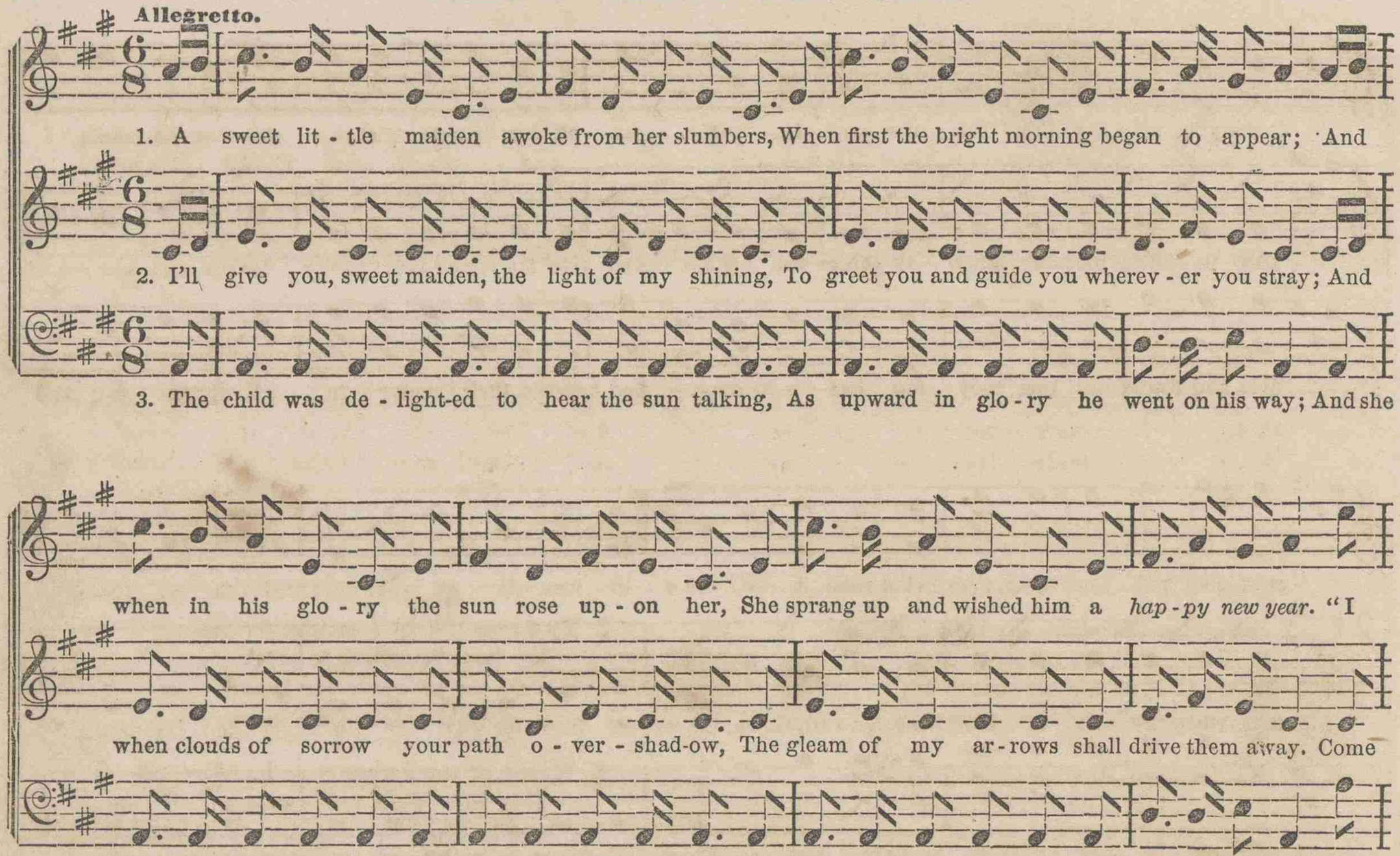
1 Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh:
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know—
No peaceful sheltering dome:
This world's a wilderness of woe—
This world is not my home.

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

4 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

CHILD'S "HAPPY NEW YEAR."



thank you, my dar - ling," the sun gay - ly said, As on her bright ringlets his blushes he shed; "I

now in life's morning, when all things are thine, And give *thy* young heart to thy Maker and *mine;* And

did; and found out that they too had a tongue, And hymned their Creator in triumphant song; And

must give you something, pray, what shall it be? As a to - ken for all your kind wish - es to me.

then when thy sun in the west go - eth down, He will set thee for - ev - er a gem in his crown."

not on - ly they, but there broke on her ear, From all things a - round her *a hap - py new year.*
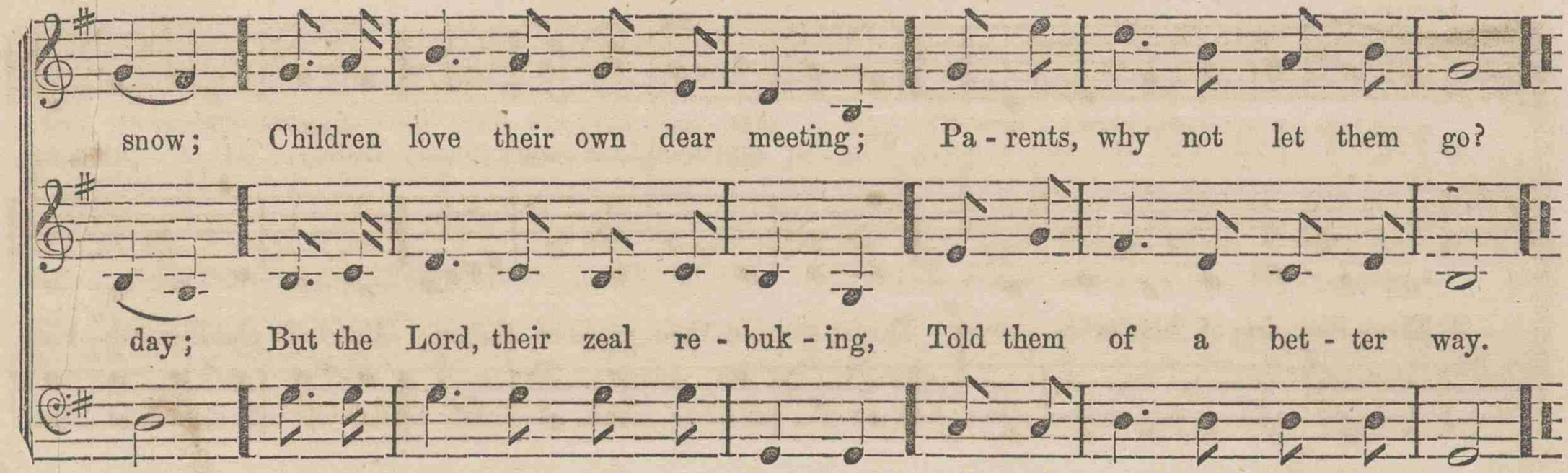
Andante.

1. Sabbath schools must have their concert, When th' appointed time comes round; Surely, 'tis a precious

2. There, they sing of him who never Thrust a - side their precious claims; But took children to his

meeting, For the children there are found. 'Tis not safe to pass it o - ver, For the rain or for the

bosom, As a shepherd doth his lambs. Some there were who tried to keep them Waiting, till some other



3

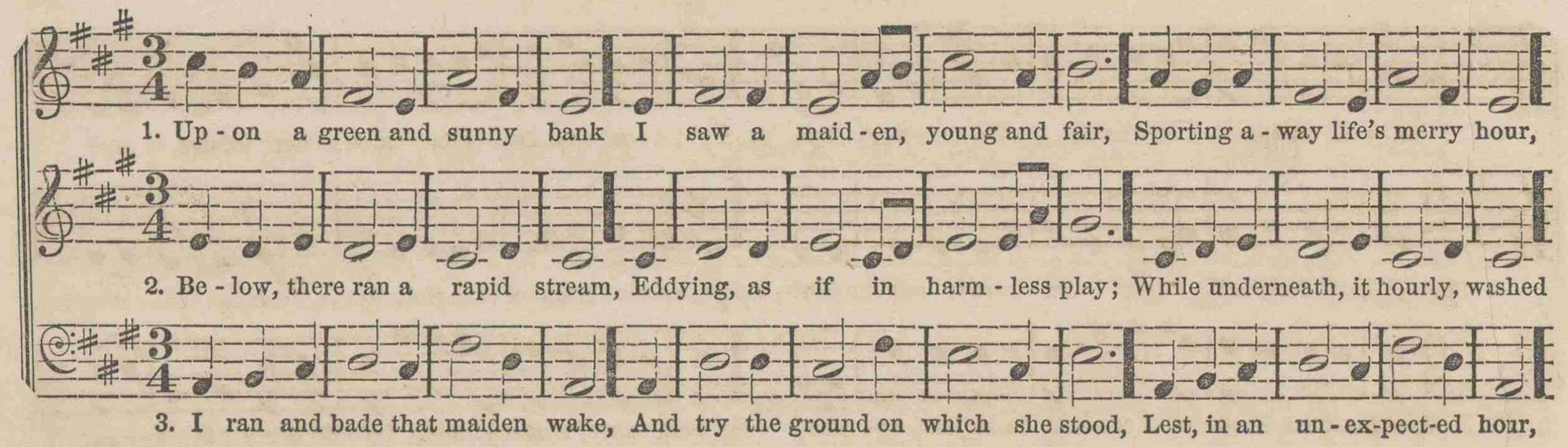
There, their hearts go up to heaven,
On the fragrant breath of prayer;
Who shall say it is too early
For the children to be there?
Jesus says: why should they linger,
(Speaking from his throne above,)
Till they are a little older,
Since they're old enough to love?

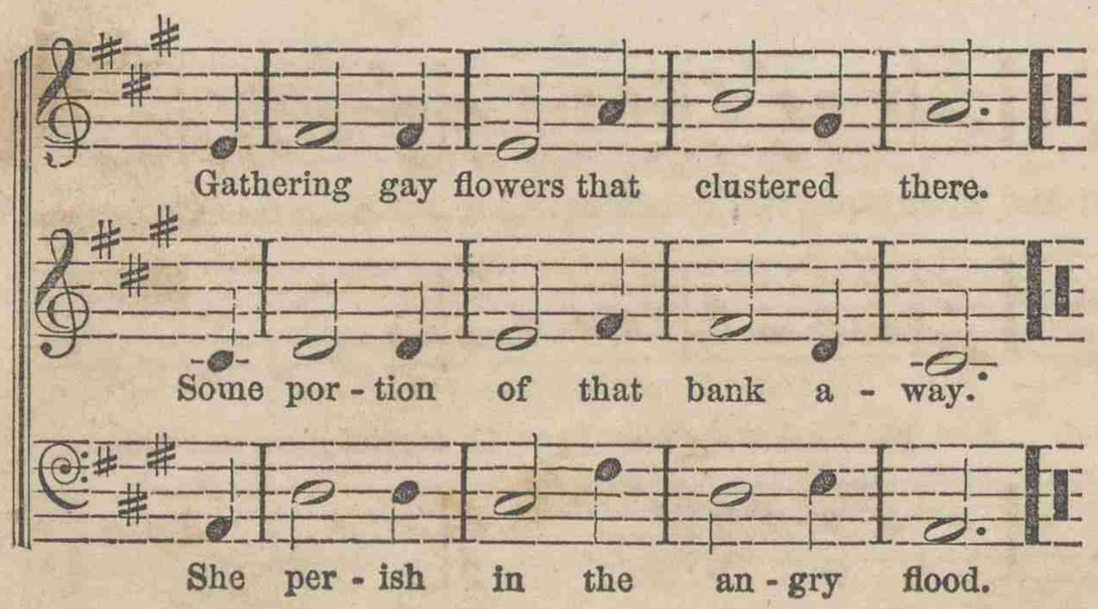
4

O, then, let them have their concert,
Be the weather foul or fair;
So that when the Savior calls them,
They may answer, "Here we are."
Tell them they can't come too early,
To their friend who reigns above;
For, ere they can lisp his praises,
They are old enough to love.

THE WORLD DECEITFUL.

B. F. BAKER.





4

At first, she thought I only dreamed;
Gayly, she struck the solid ground,
When, from the hidden vault beneath,
Came up a fearful, hollow sound.

5

At once, the flowers dropped from her hands,
The rosy hue forsook her cheek;
"If such a bank be false," she cried,
"Tell me, where shall I safety seek?"

1. They tell us there's a city bright, Above the starry sky; And not a soul that dwells therein, Was ever known to cry;

2. There, "Holy, holy is the Lord," Bursts from th' angelic choir, And ransomed harpers tune their harps, To songs that never tire.

3. Dear teachers, if so rich a prize Is to be lost or won, By such as we, whose shining days So lately have be-gun;

And there, they say, the river of life Flows ever, free and clear; And on its banks that wondrous tree, Which bears fruit all the year.

Upon his throne the Savior sits, A rainbow round his head, And at his feet a placid sea Of crystal glass outspread.

O! leave us not, till we have found A hope in Jesus' love; Un - til we have begun to learn The song they sing above.
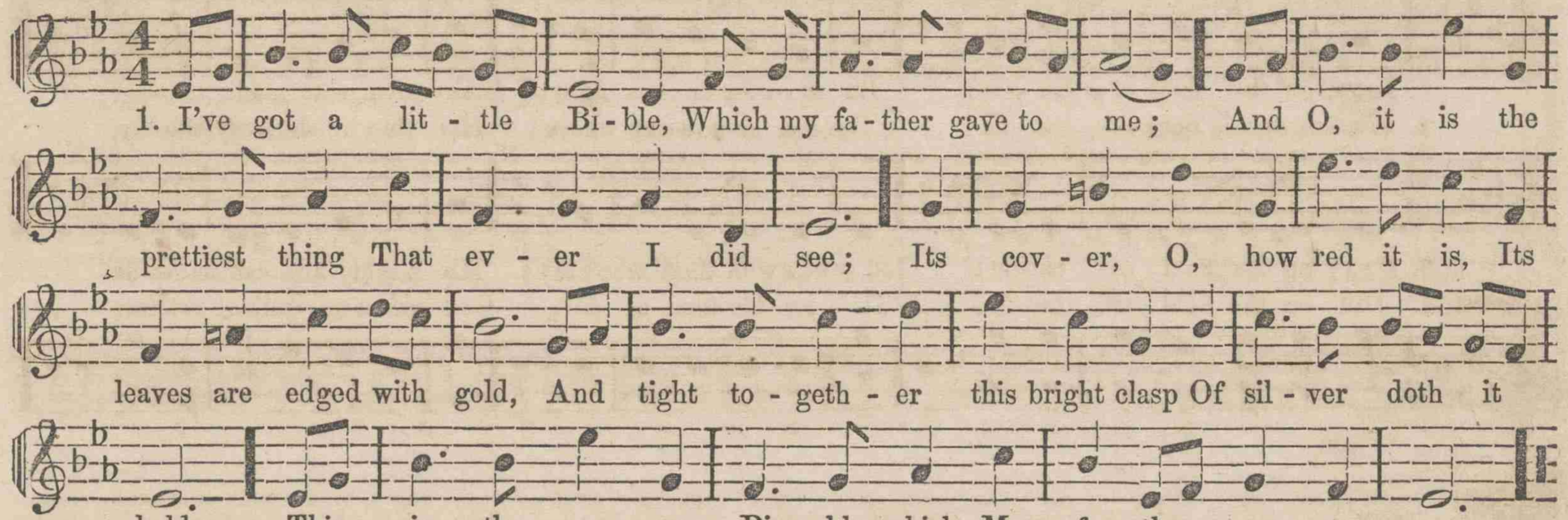
THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

Words and Music by Rev. EDWIN H. NEVIN,
From "Un. Hymns and Music," by permission of Rev. H. B. GOWER.

1. LIVE on the field of bat - tle! Be ear-nest in the fight; Stand forth with manly courage,
2. WATCH on the field of bat - tle! The foe is eve - ry where; His fie - ry darts fly thickly,
3. PRAY on the field of bat-tle! God works with those who pray; His mighty arm can nerve us,
4. DIE on the field of bat-tle! 'Tis no - ble thus to die; God smiles on valiant soldiers—

Chorus.

And struggle for the right! 1. Live! live! live! live! on the field of bat - tle.
Like lightning through the air. 2. Watch! watch! watch! watch! on the field of bat - tle.
And make us win the day. 3. Pray! pray! pray! pray! on the field of bat - tle.
Their rec-ord is on high, 4. Die! die! die! die! on the field of bat - tle.



2

Here is the outside; but within
The richest pearls do lie;
Which may be found by even such
A little girl as I.
And I will learn a verse each day,
And when to school I go
I'll say them to my teacher, and
My pretty present show.
This is tne very Bible, which
My father gave to me.

3

I wish that every little girl
And little boy I see,
Had just such a nice Bible as
My father gave to me;
And every one would get a verse
And say it every day;
'Twould be a string of pearls, to keep
The wicked one away.
This is the very Bible, which
My father gave to me.

DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN.

L. O. EMERSON.

With feeling.

1. How sad a sight to see A young man borne a - way To his long rest in the
2. The hope of lov - ing friends, Pride of his fam - i - ly, His pur - po - ses all
3. A young man in his shroud, In all his beau - ty gone, Cut off, a - las! in

nar - row house, In the opening of his day! A young man pass - ing on his bier, Who
bro ken off, Gone to the grave is he. Earth prof - fered him what good she had, But
ear ly prime, Ere half his work is done. How sad the sight! fond heart, be still; Com-

dreamed not that the night was near, A young man passing on his bier, Who dreamed not that the night was near.
the en - joy - ment God for - bade, Earth proffered him what good she had, But the en - joy-ment God forbade.
plain not; 'tis thy Father's will, How sad the sight! fond heart, be still; Complain not; 'tis thy Father's will.

THE BREAKING DAY.

Words and Music by Rev. EDWIN H. NEVIN.
By permission of H. B. Gower.

1. I was once a thoughtless wanderer, Far a - way from God;
Earthly cares absorbed and charmed me, Sinful paths I trod. Some a-round me found their Saviour,

2. I was troubled with my bur-den, Hard it was to bear;
Rest I sought, but could not find it, Peace I could not share. I had sinned,and sinned so oft - en,

3. Now de - liv - ered from my bur - den, Peace and joy are mine;
On my heart are ev - er fall - ing, Beams of light di-vine; I have sought and found my Saviour;

4. Sin - ner worn with grief and sor - row, Come to Je - sus now;
Let your heart with true re - pentance Low be - fore him bow; He in-vites you, He en - treats you,

And from guilt were free; Joy - ous were their hopes of heav-en, 'Twas not so with me.

Lost I seemed to be; Ma - ny were in Je - sus hap - py, 'Twas not so with me.

Dear he seems to be; And as oth - ers loved and praised him, Now, tis so with me.
" Sin - ner, come to me!" And while oth - ers are re - joic - ing, 'Twill be so with thee.

LEBANON. S. M.

J. ZUNDEL.

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold: I did not love my
2. The Shep-herd sought His sheep, The Fa-ther sought His child; They fol-lowed me o'er
3. They spoke in ten-der love, They raised my droop-ing head; They gent-ly closed my
4. Je-sus my Shep-herd is, 'Twas He that loved my soul, 'Twas He that wash'd me

Shep-herd's voice, I would not be con-trolled; I was a way-ward child, I
vale and hill, O'er des-erts waste and wide: They found me nigh to death, Fam-
bleed-ing wounds, My faint-ing soul they fed: They washed my filth a-way, They
in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole: 'Twas He that sought the lost, That

did not love my home, I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a-far to roam.
ish'd, and faint, and lone; They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wandering one.
made me clean and fair; They brought me to my home in peace, The long-sought wan-der-er.
found the wander-ing sheep, 'Twas He that brought me to the fold—'Tis He that still doth keep.

RETREAT. L. M.

T. HASTINGS.
By permission.

1. From eve - ry storm - y wind that blows, From eve - ry swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat, 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads, A place of all on earth more sweet; It is the blood - bought mer - cy - seat.
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fel - low - ship with friend, Though sundered far by faith we meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.
4. There, there, on ea - gle wings we soar, And sense and sin be - cloud no more; And heaven comes down our souls to great, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.
6. Oh! let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be si - lent, cold, and still, This hrob - bing heart for - get to beat, If I for - get the mer - cy - seat.

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.

1. "Mer - cy, O thou Son of Da - vid!" Thus blind Bar - ti - me - us prayed
2. Ma - ny for his cry - ing chid him, But he called the loud - er still;

3. Mon - ey was not what he want - ed, Though by beg - ging used to live;
4. "Lord, re - move this griev - ous blind - ness, Let my eyes be - hold the day!"

5. Oh! me - thinks I hear him prais - ing, Pub - lish - ing to all a - round:
6. "Oh! that all the blind but knew Him, And would be ad - vised by me!

"Oth - ers by thy word are sav - ed, Now to me af - ford thine aid."
Till the gra - cious Sav - iour bid him— "Come, and ask me what you will."

But he asked, and Je - sus grant - ed Alms which none but He could give.
Straight he saw, and, won by kind - ness, Fol - lowed Je - sus in the way.

"Friends, is not my case a - maz - ing? What a Sav - iour I have found!
Sure - ly they would has - ten to him, He would cause them all to see."

By permission of T. Hastings.
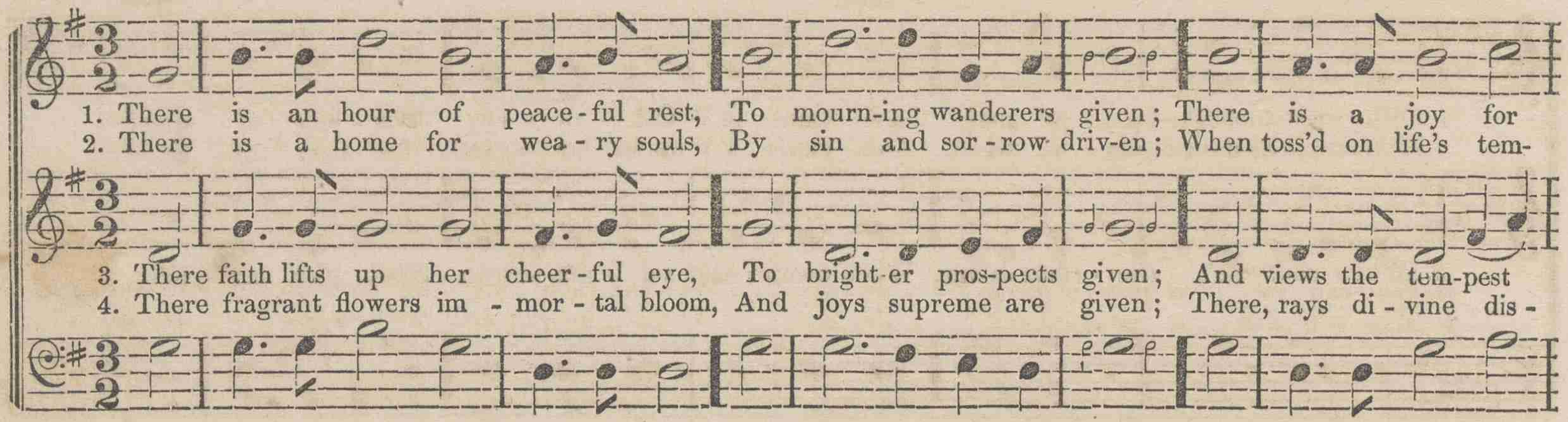
1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Sav - iour di - vine!
2. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be thou my guide;
3. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold sul - len stream Shall o'er me roll;

Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt a - way; Oh! let me from this day, Be whol - ly thine.
Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.

Blest Sav - iour, then in love, Fear and dis - trust re-move: Oh! bear me safe a - bove— A ransomed soul.
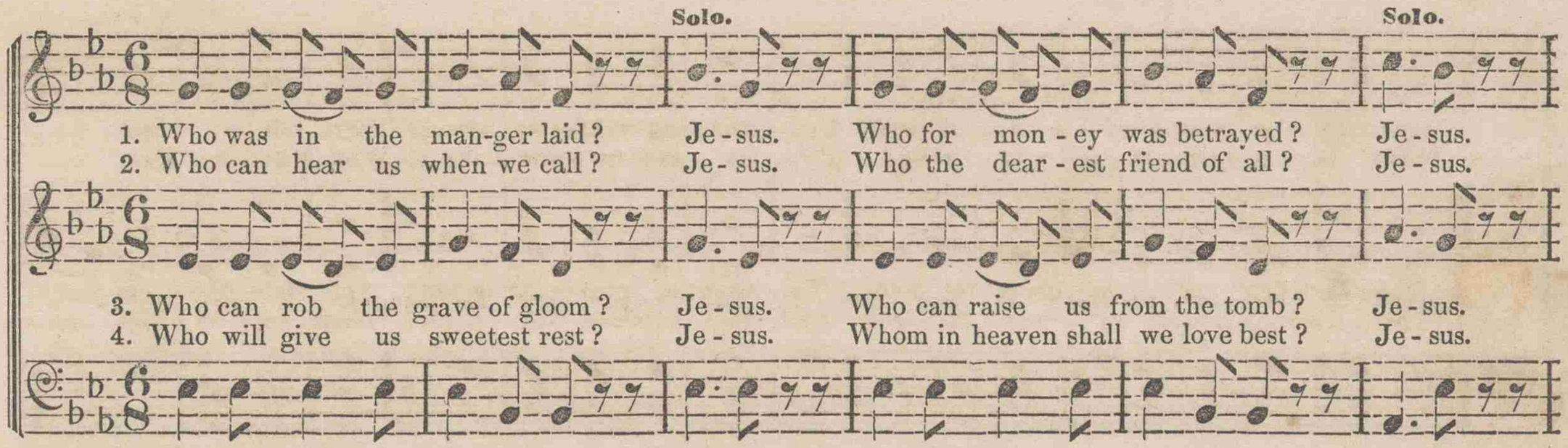
WOODLAND. 8s & 6s, or C. M.
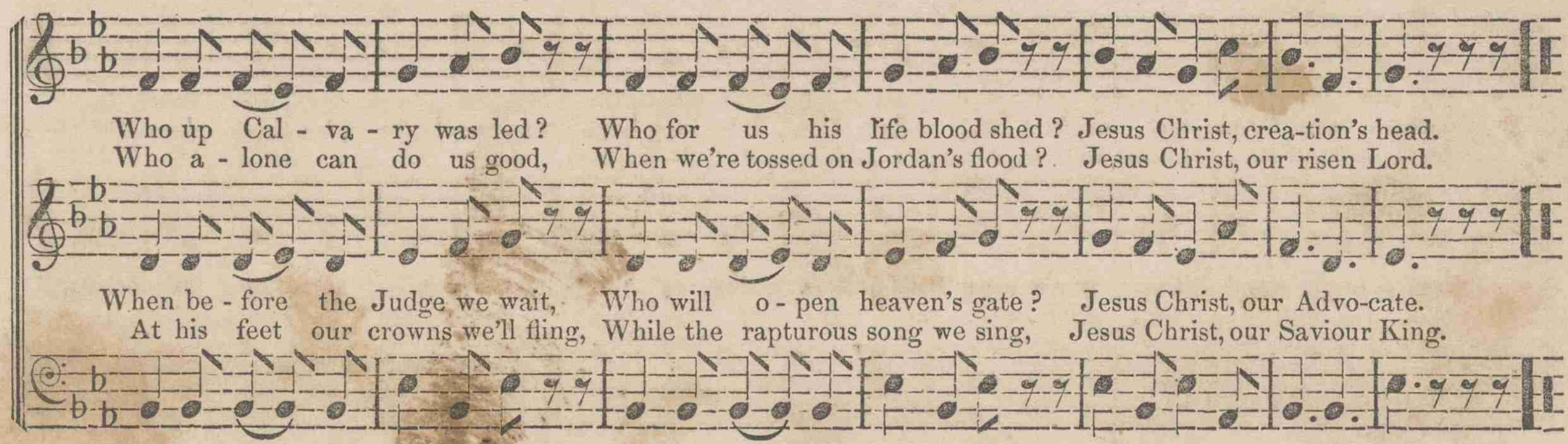
N. D. GOULD.
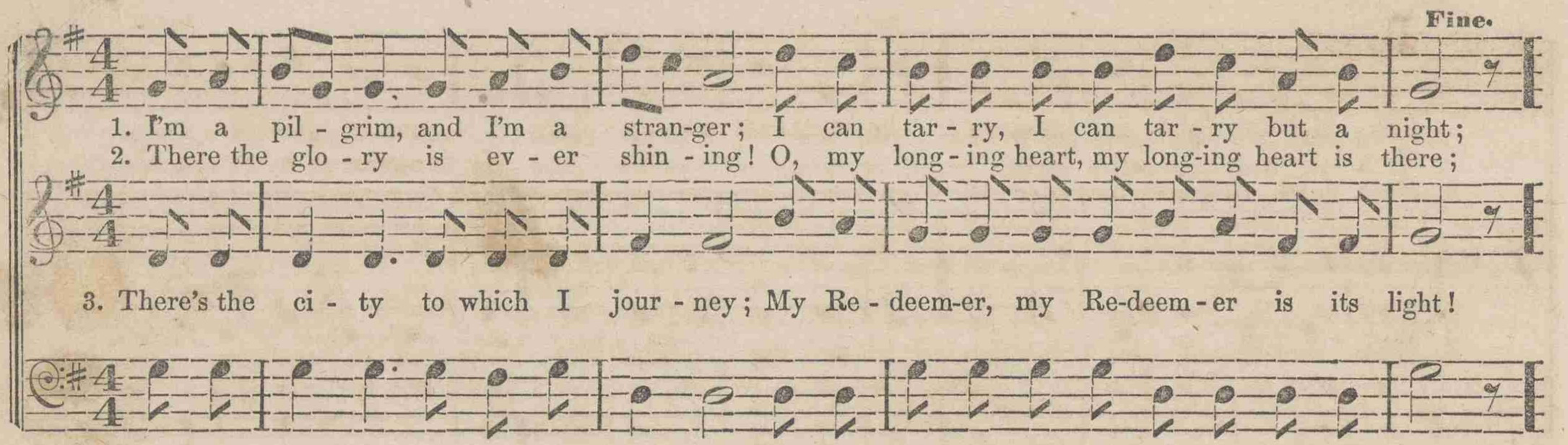


JESUS. *
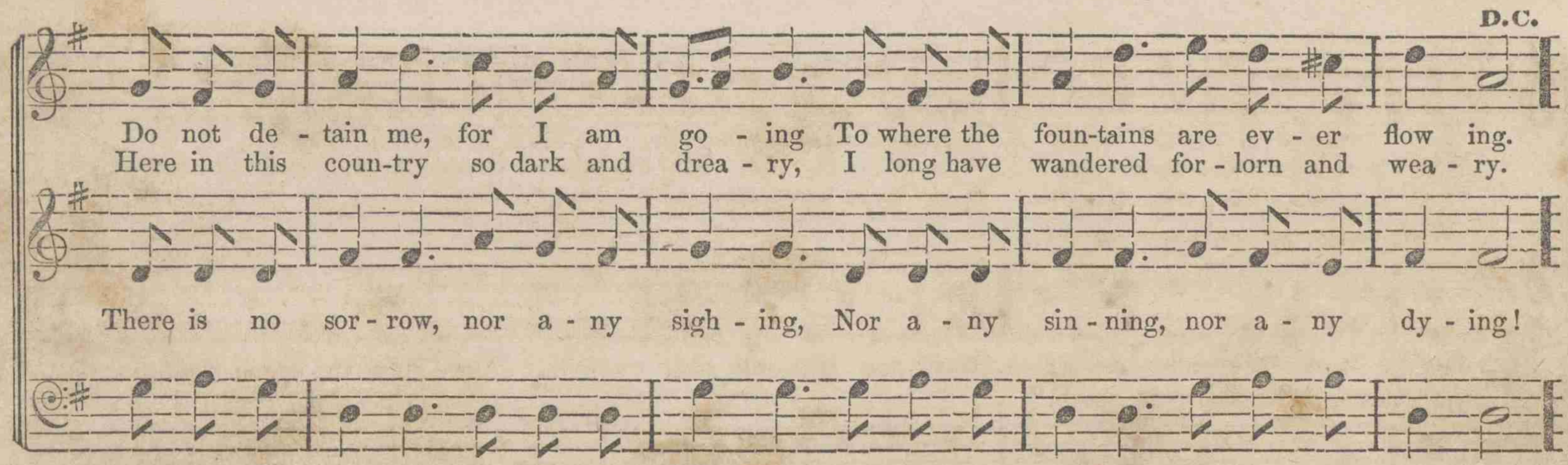
Music by B. W. WILLIAMS





"I'M A PILGRIM." P. M.





1. The morning light is breaking; The darkness dis - ap - pears; The sons of earth are wak - ing,
Of na-tions in com - mo - tion,

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gen - tle shower, And brighter scenes be - fore us,
And heavenly gales are blow-ing,

3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thy on-ward way; Flow thou to eve - ry na - tion,
Stay not till all the ho - ly,

FINE.

End with second strain.

To pen - i - ten - tial tears: Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean, Brings tid-ings from a - far,
Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
Are ope-ning eve - ry hour: Each cry to heav - en go - ing, A - bundant an-swer brings,
With peace up - on their wings.

Nor in thy rich-ness stay: Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - umphant reach their home,
Pro-claim, "The Lord is come."

THE GLORIOUS BAND.

F. A. BENSON.

1. O hap - py land! O hap - py land! Where saints and an - gels dwell;
2. But ev' - ry voice in yon - der throng On earth has breathed a prayer:
3. Thou heavenly Friend! thou heav - enly Friend! Oh, hear us when we pray!
4. Be all our fresh, our youth - ful days To thy blest ser - vice given:

We long to join that glo - rious band! And all their an - thems swell.
No lips un - taught may join that song, Or learn the mu - sic there.
Now let thy par - doning grace de - scend, And take our sins a - way.
Then we shall meet to sing thy praise, A ran - somed band in heaven.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day.
2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way, Why will ye doubting stand, Why still de - lay?
3. Bright, in that hap - py land, Beams eve - ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand, Love cannot die.
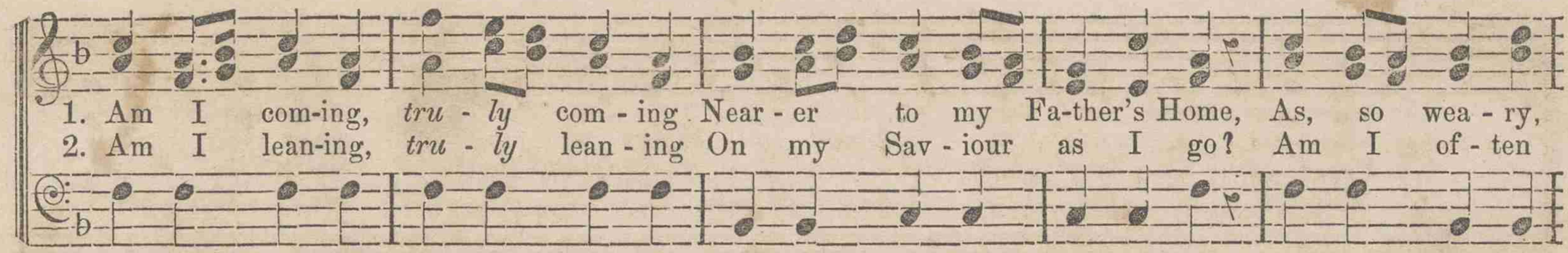
Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, Wor-thy is our Saviour King, Loud let his prai-ses ring, Praise, praise for aye!
Oh, we shall hap - py be, When, from sin and sor-row free, Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest, blest for aye!

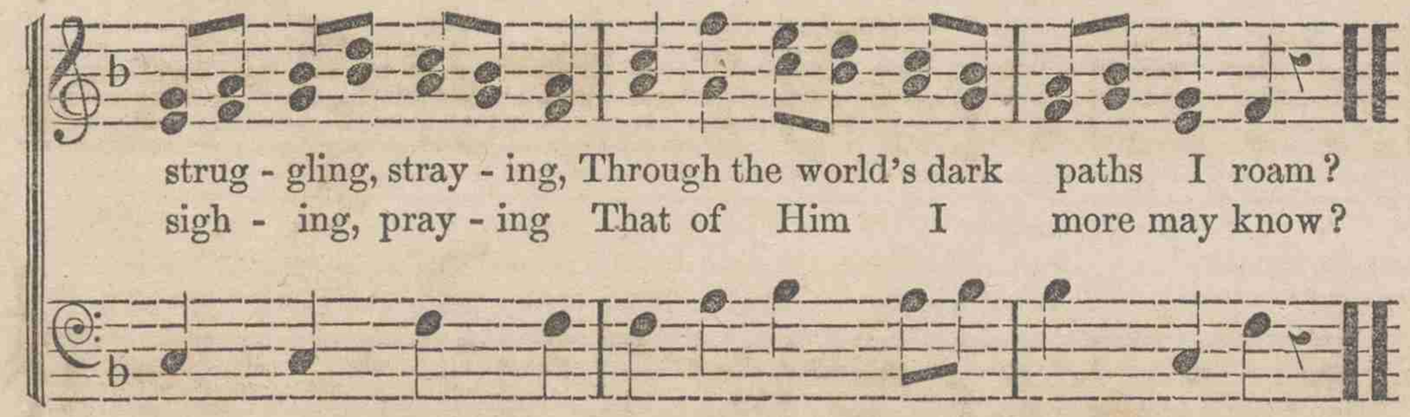
Oh, then to glo - ry run, Be a crown and kingdom won; And bright, above the sun, We reign for aye.

1. Lit - tle travellers Zi - onward, Each one enter-ing in - to rest, In the king - dom
2. Who are they whose lit-tle feet, Pac - ing life's dark journey through, Now have reached that
3. All their earthly journey past, Eve - ry tear and pain gone by, Here to - geth - er

of our Lord, In the man - sions of the blest, There to welcome Je - sus waits,
heavenly seat They have ev - er kept in view? "I, from Greenland's fro - zen land;"
met at last, At the por - tal of the sky! Each the welcome "COME" awaits,

Gives the crown his followers win, Lift your heads, ye golden gates, Let the lit - tle traveller in.
"I, from India's sul-try plain;" "I, from Af-ric's barren sand:" "I, from isl-ands of the main."
Conquerors over death and sin; Lift your heads, ye golden gates, Let the lit - tle travellers in.
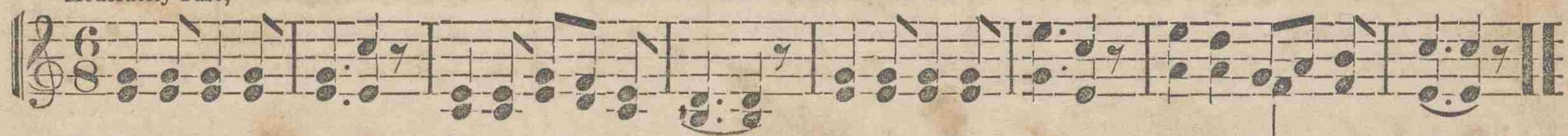




3. Am I willing—*truly* willing,
   Having Him, all else to leave?
   In this heart, while He's abiding,
   Do I love, obey, believe?
4. Am I growing—*truly* growing
   In that grace He freely gives,
   To His child, who *all* forsaking
   In Him breathes, and in Him lives?
5. Thou art *mine*, my Saviour, take me;
   Drive all unbelief away;
   Save me from all sin, and make me
   Do thy will, and in thee stay.

LITTLE THINGS.

Moderately Fast,



SONG OF CHILDREN. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Once was heard the song of chil - dren, By the Sav - iour when on earth;
   Joy - ful in the sa - cred tem - ple, Shouts of youth - ful praise had birth,
2. Palms of vic - tory strewn a - round him, Gar - ments spread be - neath his feet,
   Proph-et of the Lord they crowned him, In fair Sa - lem's crowd - ed street.

3. God o'er all in Heav - en reign - ing, We this day thy glo - ry sing—
   Not with palms thy path - way strew - ing, We would lof - tier trib - ute bring—
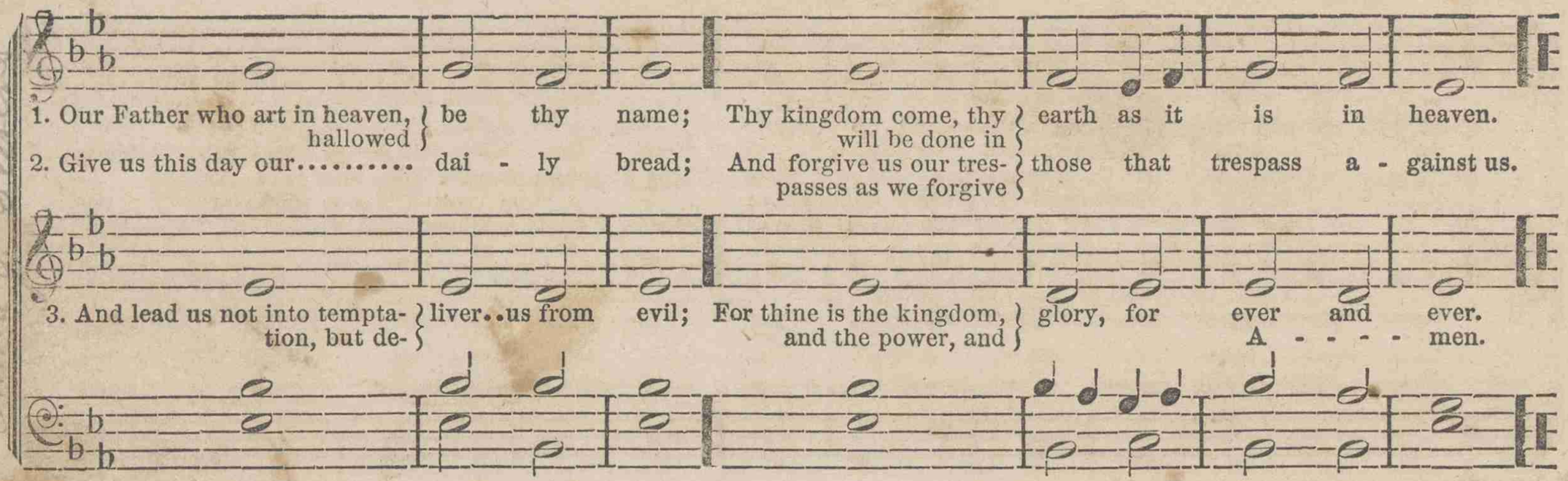
And Ho - san - nas, And Ho - san - nas, Loud to Da - vid's Son broke forth.
While Ho - san - nas, While Ho - san - nas, From the lips of chil - dren greet.

Glad Ho - san - nas, Glad Ho - san - nas, To our Proph - et, Priest and King.
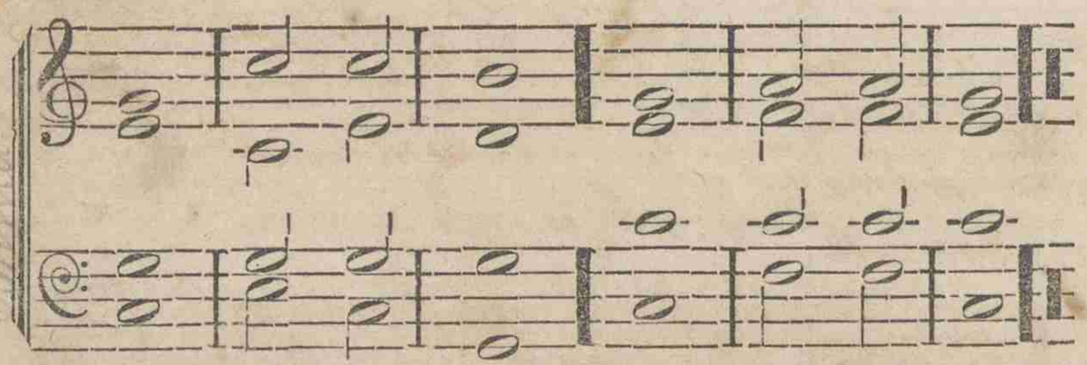
1. The Sabbath sun was setting slow, Amidst the clouds of even: "Our Father," breathed a voice below, "Father, who art in heaven!"
2. "Thy kingdom come," still from the ground, That child-like voice did pray: "Thy kingdom come," God's host re-sound, Far to the star-ry way.
3. "Forever," still those lips repeat, Their closing eve-ning prayer; "Forever," floats in music sweet, High midst the an-gels there!

Beyond the earth, beyond the cloud, Those infant words were given, "Our Father," angels sang aloud, "Fa-ther, who art in heaven."
"Thy will be done," with little tongue, That lisping love im-plores: "Thy will be done," the angelic throng, Sing from se-raph-ic shores.
"Thine be the glory ever more," From Thee may man ne'er sever, Bid every Christian land adore, Je-ho-vah, God, for-ever. A-men.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.



THERE IS A REAPER.



1 There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his | sickle | keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that | grow be- | tween.

2 Shall I have nought that is fair? saith he;
Have nought but the | bearded | grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me
I will give them all | back a- | gain.

3 He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their | drooping | leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them | in his | sheaves.

4 My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,
The Reaper | said, and | smiled;
Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was | once a | child.

5 They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted | by my | care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred | blossoms | wear.

6 And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she | most did | love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of | light a- | bove.

7 O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper | came that | day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the | flowers a- | way.

1. Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace pos - sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend:
While I see di - vine com - pas - sion Beam - ing in his gra - cious eye.

3. Love and grief my heart di - vid - ing, With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Con - stant still, in faith a - bid - ing, Life de - riv - ing from his death.
Prove his words each day more heal - ing, And him - self more tru - ly know.

D. C.

Tru - ly bless - ed is this sta - tion, Low be - fore his cross to lie;

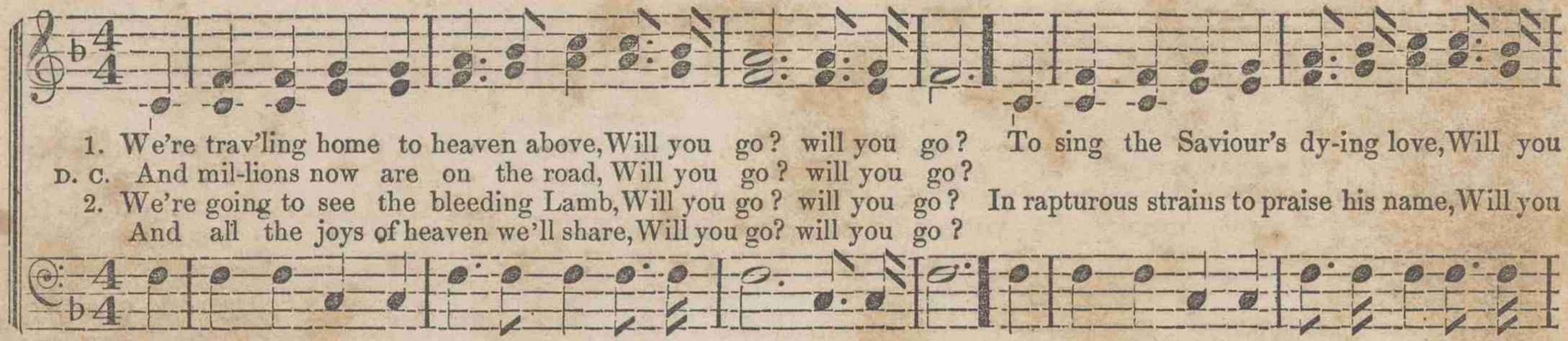
D. C.
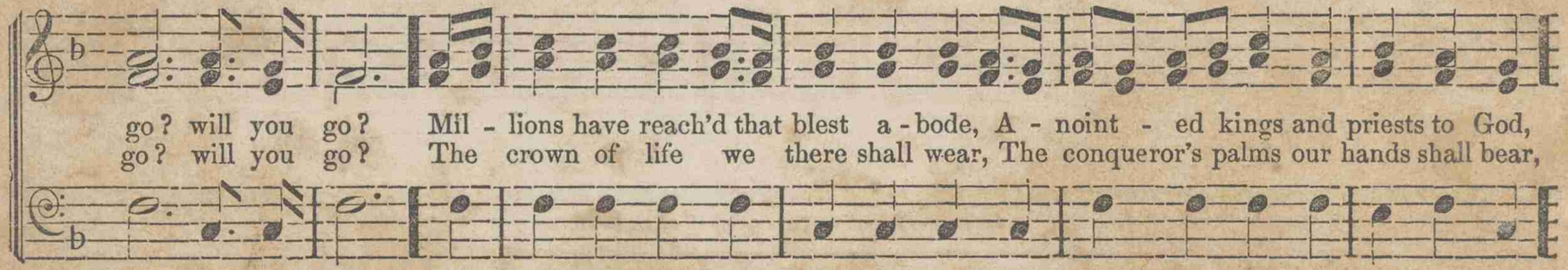
May I still en - joy this feel - ing, Still to my Re - deem - er go;

D. C.

WILL YOU GO? 8s & 3s.

Music by B. A. CARTER.





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

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

SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s.

Music By G. F. ROOT,
From Sabbath Bell, by Permission.

1. I see in heaven those mansions bright, The noon-day sun out - shin - ing, For those who feel the
2. If I could hear my Sa - viour say, "Thy sins are all for - giv - en," Then I could see a
3. Look! how the chil - dren at his feet Their ti - ny crowns are fling - ing; While an - gels on their
4. Yes! I will love my Sa - viour now, And serve him in life's morn - ing; For I *can see the*

CHORUS.

Saviour's love, A - round their hearts en - twin - ing. Oh! hap - py they who reach that place, Where
shin - ing house, Wait-ing for me in heav - en. Oh! hap - py they, &c.
down-y wings, The lat - est born are bring-ing. Oh! hap - py they, &c.
house on high, Of his own hand's a - dorn - ing. Oh! hap - py they, &c.

sor - row com-eth nev - er, Who rest with - in his love - ing arms, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.

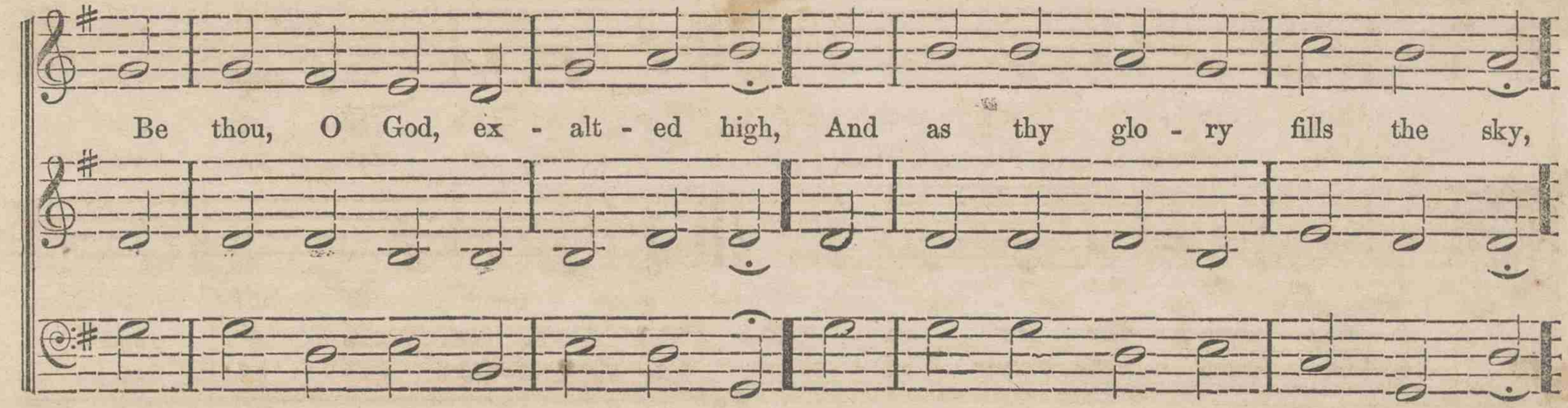
DENNIS. S. M.
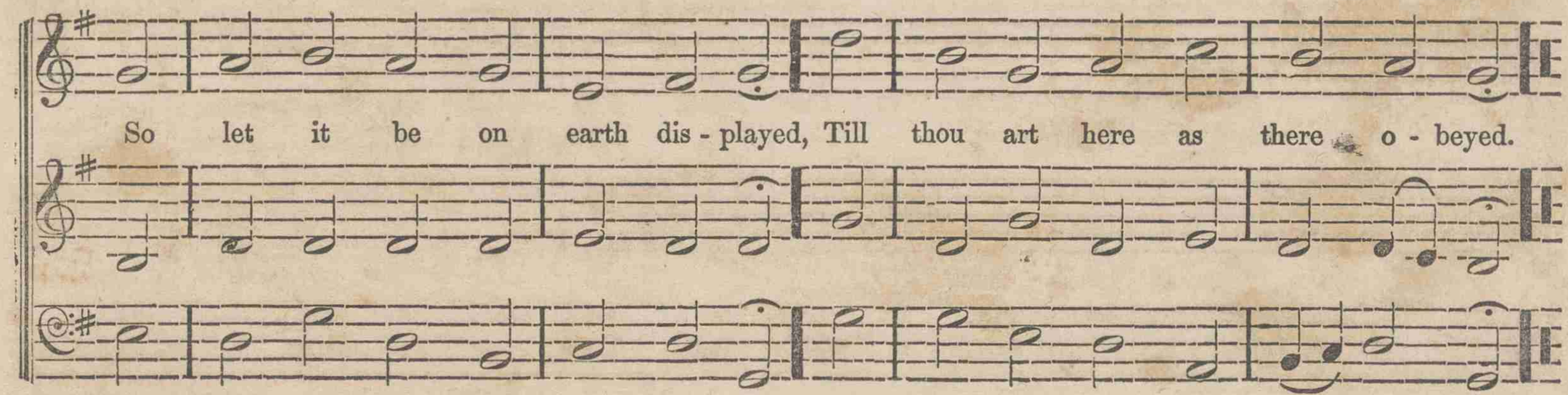
NAGELI.

Gently.

1. Now is th' ac - cept - ed time; Now is the day of grace; Now,
2. Now is th' ac - cept - ed time; The gos - pel bids you come, And
3. Lord, draw re - luc - tant souls, And feast them with thy love; Then

sin - ners, come, with - out de - lay, And seek the Sa - viour's face.
eve - ry prom - ise in his word De - clares there yet is room.
will the an - gels swift - ly fly To bear the news a - bove.


Be thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high, And as thy glo - ry fills the sky,


So let it be on earth dis - played, Till thou art here as there o - beyed.

HAVERHILL. S. M.

L. MASON.
By permission.

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind his pre - cepts are!
2. His boun - ty will pro - vide, His saints se - cure - ly dwell;
3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind?
4. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Un - changed from day to day;
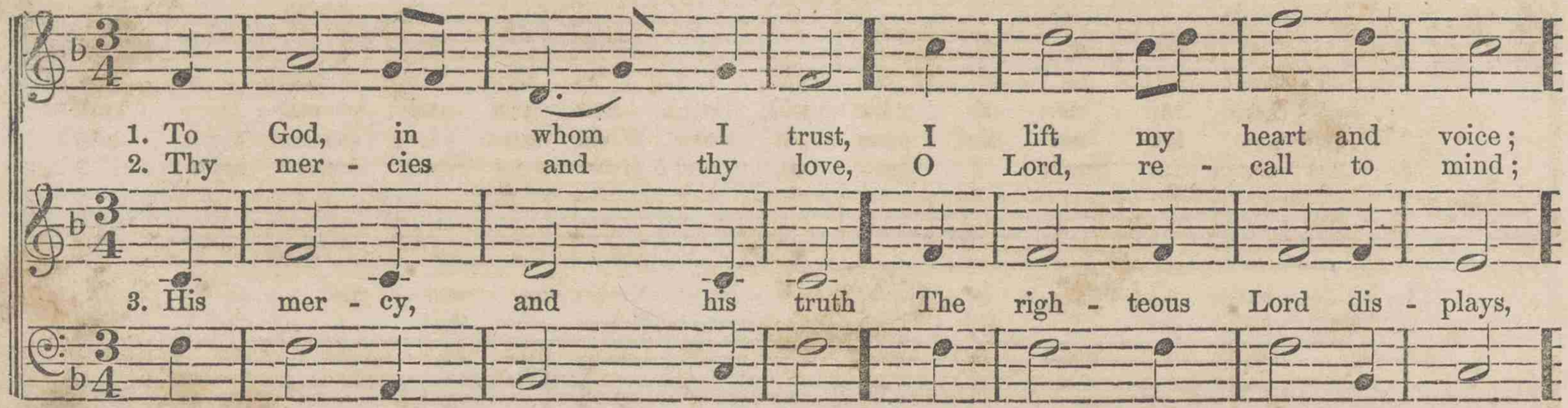
Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.
That hand which bears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard his chil - dren well.
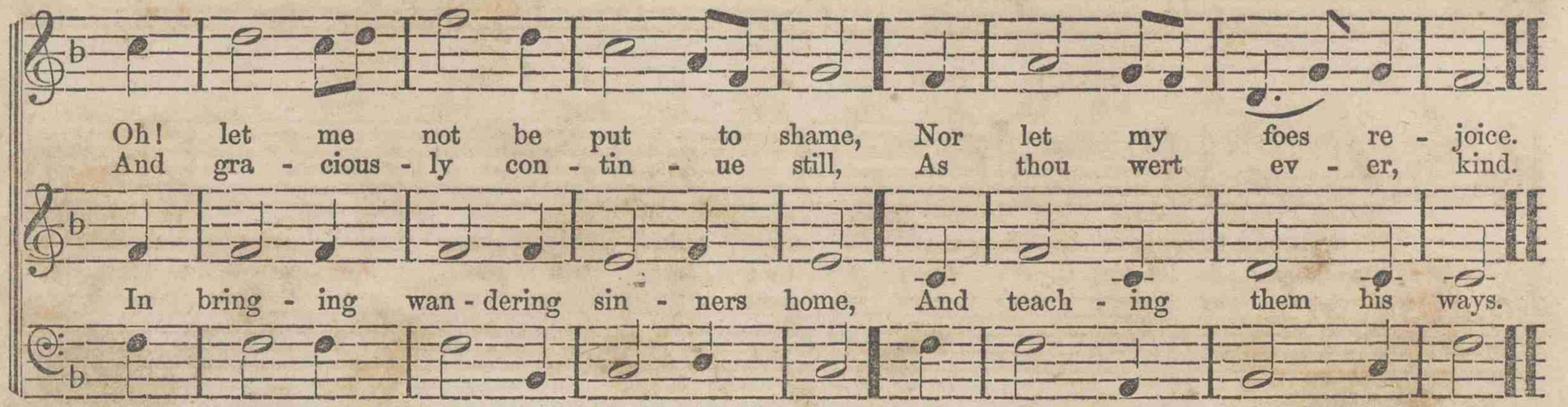
Oh! seek your heaven - ly Fa - ther's throne, And peace and com - fort find.
I'll drop my bur - den at his feet, And bear a song a - way.

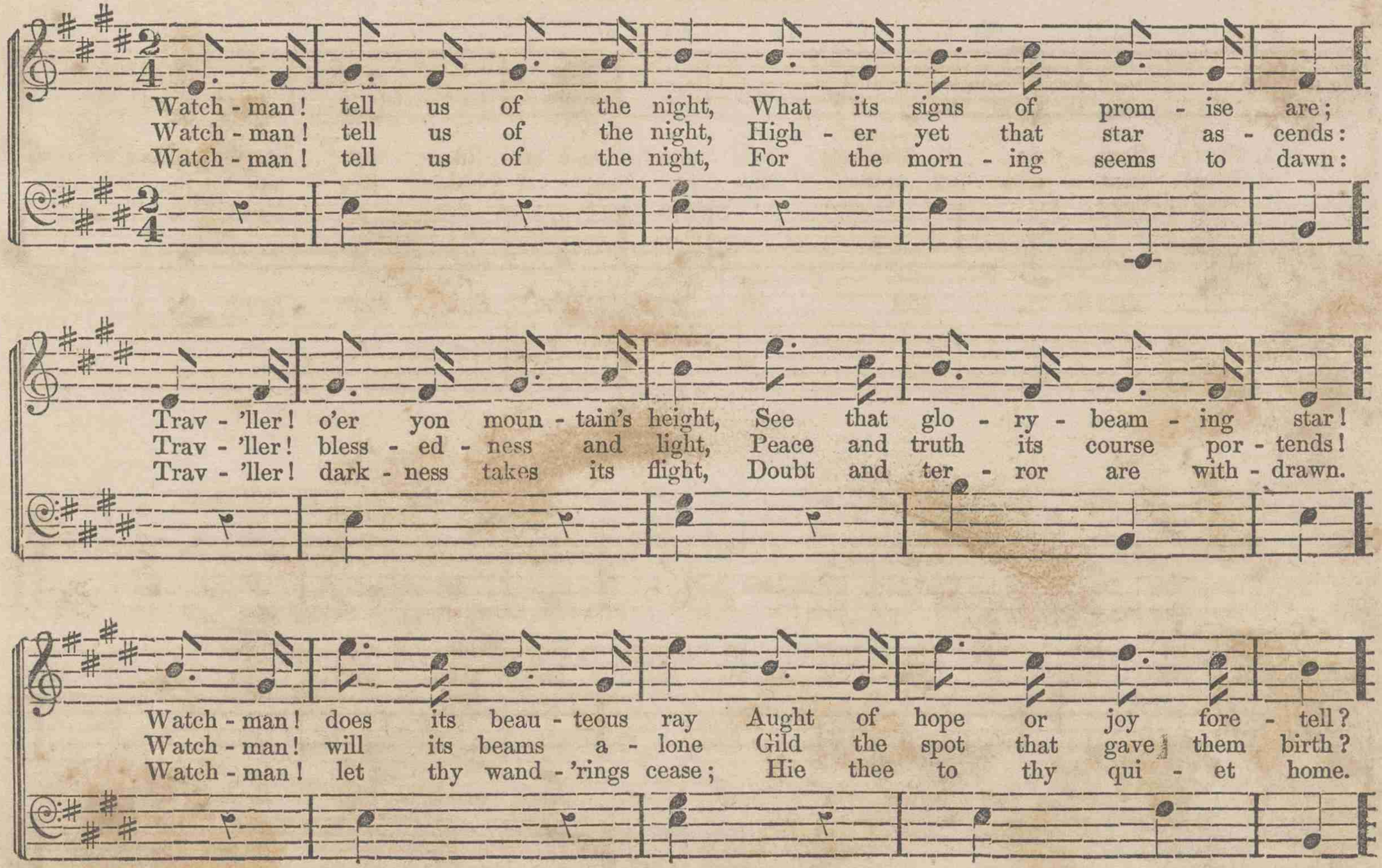
1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heaven - ly frame,
2. Where is the bles - sed - ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord?
3. What peace - ful hours I then en - joyed! How sweet their mem - ory still!
4. Re - turn, O Ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes - sen - ger of rest:
5. The dear - est i - dol I have known, What - e'er that i - dol be,
6. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame;

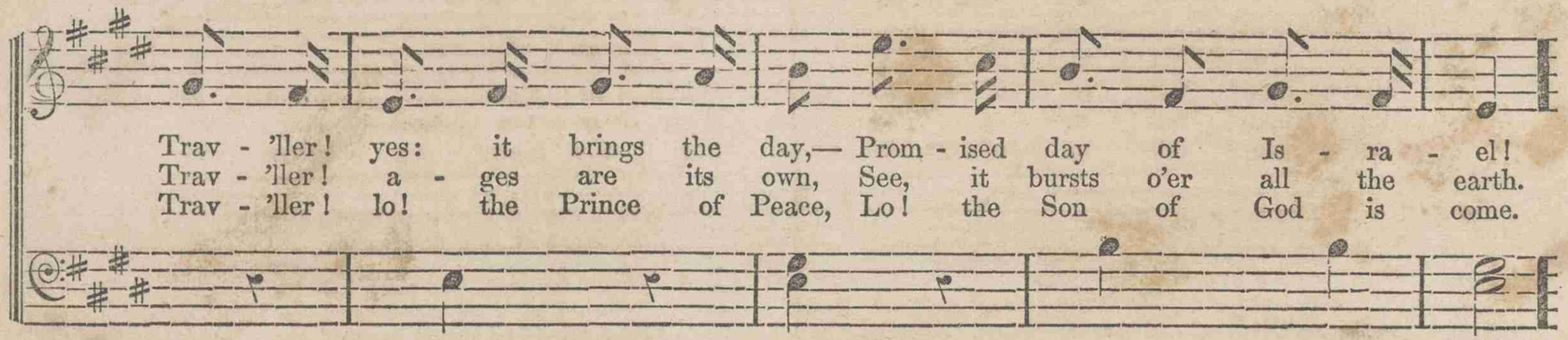
A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and his word?
But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
I hate the sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast.
Help me to tear it from thy throne, And wor - ship on - ly thee.
So pur - er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.
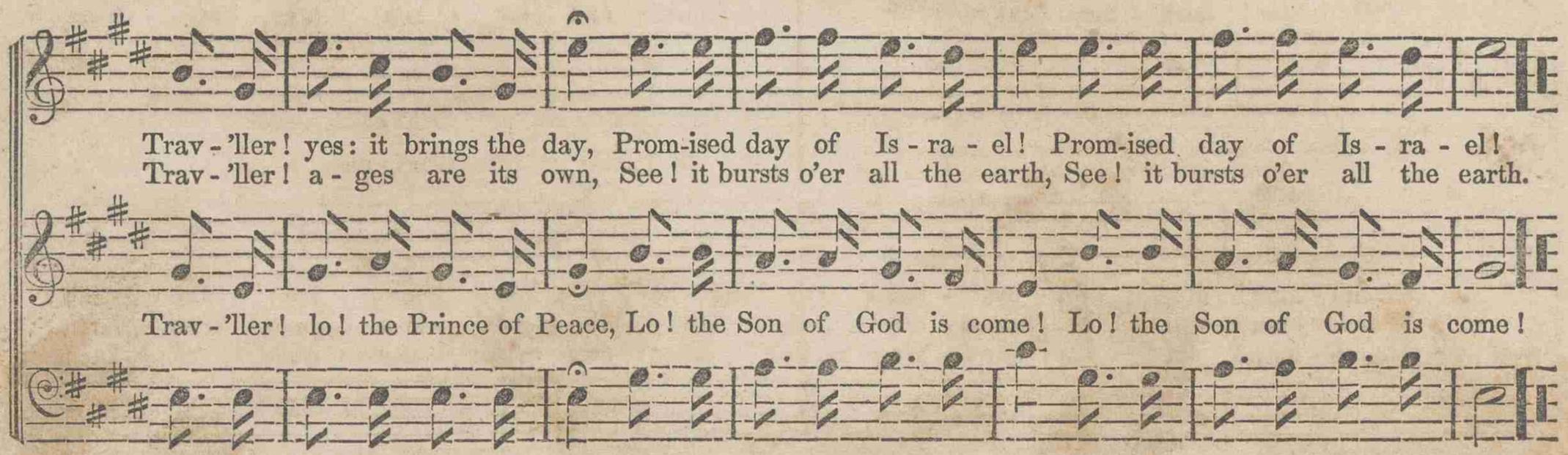
GOLDEN HILL. S. M.






Watch - man! tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are;
Watch - man! tell us of the night, High - er yet that star as - cends:
Watch - man! tell us of the night, For the morn - ing seems to dawn:
Trav - 'ller! o'er yon moun - tain's height, See that glo - ry - beam - ing star!
Trav - 'ller! bless - ed - ness and light, Peace and truth its course por - tends!
Trav - 'ller! dark - ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter - ror are with - drawn.
Watch - man! does its beau - teous ray Aught of hope or joy fore - tell?
Watch - man! will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Watch - man! let thy wand - 'rings cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home.


Trav - 'ller! yes: it brings the day,— Prom - ised day of Is - ra - el!
Trav - 'ller! a - ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
Trav - 'ller! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.


Trav - 'ller! yes: it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el! Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el!
Trav - 'ller! a - ges are its own, See! it bursts o'er all the earth, See! it bursts o'er all the earth.
Trav - 'ller! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come!

SUPPLEMENT.

1 C. M. [Auld Lang Syne.

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

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

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

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

2 L. M. [Uxbridge.

1 I love to join the joyful play,
To sport beside the shady pool,
To watch my kite soar far away,
But more I love the Sunday-school.

2 For there I meet my teacher's smile,
And read and learn the holy book;
And oh! my heart doth feel the while
That God is pleased on us to look.

3 And when we bend the knee in prayer,
And hymns to our Redeemer raise,
It seems to me that God is there,
To hear us pray and sing his praise.

4 While others slight this holy day,
And shun the gospel's joyful sound,
Oh! may I cleave to Wisdom's way
And ever in my class be found.

3 S. M. [Boylston.

1 There is, beyond the sky,
A heaven of joy and love:
And all God's children, when they die,
Go to that world above.

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

3 Then I for grace will pray,
While I have life and breath,
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And suffer endless death.

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

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

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

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

5 L. M. [HAMBURG.

1 ASSEMBLED in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray,
Be with us, then, through this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends,
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar;
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

6 S. M. [THE SPARROW'S NEST. p. 27.

1 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 astonished, oh my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

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

7 C. M. [WOODSTOCK.

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

4 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.

8 S. M. [OLMUTZ.

1 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 knowest not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

5 Then when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing "Harvest home!"

9 L. M. [HAMBURG.

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

2 'Tis there I'm always taught to pray
That God would bless me day by day,
And safely guard, and guide me still,
And help me to obey his will.

3 'Tis there I sing a Saviour's love,
That brought him from his throne above,
And made him suffer, bleed, and die,
For sinful creatures, such as I.

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

10 8s. & 7s. [GREENVILLE.

1 ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

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

4 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften,
Teach us, Lord, at length to love:
We, alas! forget too often,
What a friend we have above.

11 S. M. [SPARROW'S NEST.

1 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 fulfil;
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 for ever die.

12 L. M. [HAMBURG.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour at the door!
He gently knocks,—has knocked before;
Has waited long,—is waiting still,—
You use no other friend so ill.

2 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
Turn out that hateful monster, Sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

3 Admit him, ere his anger burn,
Lest he depart and ne'er return;
Admit him or the hour's at hand;
When at *his* door denied *you'll* stand.

4 Yet know, nor of the terms complain;
When Jesus comes, he comes to reign;
To reign, and with no partial sway;
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

13 L. M. [Duke Street.

1 We've past another Sabbath-day,
And heard of Jesus and of heaven;
We thank Thee for thy word, and pray
That this day's sins may be forgiven.

2 Forgive our inattention, Lord,
Our looks and thoughts that went astray
Forgive our carelessness abroad,
At home, our idleness and play.

3 May all we heard and understood
Be well remembered through the week;
And help to make us wise and good,
More humble, diligent, and meek.

4 O bless our minister, we pray,
Who loves to see a child attend:
And let us honour and obey
The words of such a holy friend.

5 So, when our lives are finished here,
And days and Sabbaths be no more,
May we along with him appear,
To serve and love Thee evermore.

14 L. M. [Ward.

1 Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by earthly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found.

2 In all their erring, sinful years,
O let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which have devoted them to thee.

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

15 8, 7. [Sicily.

1 Saviour, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

2 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's enticing snare.
Break the temper's fatal power:
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

16 C. M. [St. Martins.

1 When Jesus to the temple came,
The voice of praise was heard;
The little children owned his claim,
And in his train appeared.

2 Hosannas made the temple ring,
For many tongues agreed;
Hosanna to the heavenly king!
To David's promised seed.

3 O let those scenes be now renewed
Where children lisp thy praise!
Thou art as gracious and as good
As in the former days.

4 Dwell by thy Spirit in our hearts,
And this will loose our tongues;
The love that heavenly truth imparts
Will animate our songs.

17 C. M. [Dedham.

1 Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

3 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

18 C. M. [Woodstock.

1 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.

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.

19 C. M. [Peterboro'.

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

4 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.

20 8, 7. [Nuremburg.

1 Why should cold or stormy weather
Keep me from the house of prayer?
Oh! where Christians meet together,
Let me still be with them there.

2 If I loved my God sincerely,
If my heart approved his ways,
It would grieve my heart severely
To be kept from prayer and praise.

3 When on earth the Saviour wandered,
Oft for me his cheek was wet:
Oft in silent prayer he pondered,
Through chill night, on Olivet.

4 Then shall cold or stormy weather
Keep me from the house of prayer?
No! where Christians meet together,
Let me still be with them there!

21 8, 7. [Zion.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim though this barren land,
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven!
Feed me now and evermore.

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

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

22 C. M. [Dedham.

1 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!
Oh, 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.

23 S. M. [St Thomas.

1 Awake, 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.

24 7s. [Watchman, tell us &c.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is nigh!

2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

3 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!

4 All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

5 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sins;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.

6 Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

25 C. M. [Coronation.

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

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

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

26 S. M. [Olney

1 I often say my prayers,
But do I ever pray?
Or do the wishes of my heart
Suggest the words I say?

2 "Tis useless to implore,
Useless I feel my need:
Unless 'tis from a sense of want
That all my prayers proceed.

3 I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone,
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.

4 For words without the heart
The Lord will never hear;
Nor will he ever those regard
Whose prayers are insincere.

5 Lord! teach me what I want,
And teach me how to pray;
Nor let me e'er implore thy grace,
Not feeling what I say.

27 S. M. [SHIRLAND.

1 WHAT cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time and in eternity,
'Tis with the righteous well.

2 In every state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye;
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when called to die.

3 'Tis well when joys arise;
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

4 'Tis well when at his throne,
They wrestle, weep, and pray,
'Tis well when at his feet they groan,
Though grived at his delay.

5 'Tis well when Jesus calls,
From earth and sin arise,
Join with the hosts of ransomed souls,
Made to salvation wise.

28 L. M. [ROCKINGHAM.

1 THE hour is come I will not stay,
But haste to school without delay,
Nor loiter here, for 'tis a crime
To trifle thus with precious time.

2 Say, shall my teachers wait in vain,
And of my sad neglect complain?
No! rather let me strive to be
The first of all the family.

3 I should be there with humble mind,
To seek the instruction I may find;
And while I read the sacred page,
O may its truths my heart engage.

4 These golden hours will soon be o'er
When I can go to school no more;
How shall I then endure the thought
Of having spent my time for nought?

29 C. M, [CORONATION

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

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race
A remnant weak and small!
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Teachers, who surely know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 May we with heaven's rejoicing throng
Before his presence fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

"BOYS AND GIRLS

PLAYING IN THE STREETS THEREOF." Zech. 8,5.

30 BY H. REED. (CHILD'S PRAYER. p. 26.

1 I saw in heaven above,
A troop of boys and girls;
Some, weaving coronets,
And others, gathering pearls.
A gentle guide they had,
Who called them to his knee,
And taught them how to sing
The song of Calvary.
Is it, I said, the loving John I see?
"Oh no!" they quick replied, "it is not he."

2 Now, on a verdant bank,
Where bright flowers bloom for aye,
They deck the brow of him
Who blessed them in their play.
The words of heavenly truth
Dropped with such wonderous power,
That their young spirits grew
A life time in an hour.
Who can the guide of those dear children be?
Is it the ardent Peter? "No, not he."

3 Then, to a living stream
They gathered with their guide,
And sought the precious gems
That burned beneath the tide.
Encouraged by his smiles,
They ventured more and more,
And shouted as they brought
Their treasures to the shore.
That faithful guide, his name, pray tell it me.
Say, is it Paul? "Oh no, it is not he."

4 This happy band on earth
Once tarried for a day,
Then, borne on angels' wings,
Up, hither took their way.
While here, they little knew,
Except a mother's love;
But now have surely found
A better friend above.
Oh, tell me who that better friend may be?
Is it the Lord? "Oh yes! O yes! 'tis He!"

31 8, 7, 4. [GREENVILLE.

1 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 labours,
That would bring them up for thee.

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

3 Love to thee, and pure affection
For the lambs that need a fold,
These should give our zeal direction
And prevent its growing cold;
O! support us
E'en if blessing thou withhold.

4 Yet, with humble fervor bending,
We that blessing would entreat;
In the infant heart descending,
Make the toils of learning sweet;
Straight to Zion,
Turn the young inquirers's feet.

32 C. M. [MARLOW.

1 REMEMBER thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thine earnest vow;
He loves thine earliest praise.

2 Remember thy Creator now,
Seek him while he is near;
For evil days will come when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.

3 Remember thy Creator now,
His willing servant be;
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.

4 Almighty God! our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be thine,
Devoted to thy fear.

33 S. M. [BOYLSTON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

WHO CAN TELL?

34 WORDS BY H. REED. L. M. [HAMBURG.

1 THE flowery field of youth she trod,
On which her eye delighted fell,
The Savior called: "Forsake thy toys!"
She would not listen to his voice—
And, who can tell?

2 The spring-time quickly passed away
From off the hill-side and the dell;
And then, we saw her pressed with cares,
Unmindful of her soul's affairs—
And, who can tell?

3 When on her dying bed she lay,
She dreamed she heard the funeral knell,
"A little longer!" then she cried,
"A year! a day!" and so she died—
Ah!—who can tell?

4 Fain would we hope when o'er the grave
Her spirit hovered, all was well,
That, at the last, the Saviour smiled,
And owned the sufferer as his child,
But, who can tell?

5 Then, seek the Saviour in thy youth,
Early, thy sinful passions quell;
Now, for the better world prepare,
For death may come ere you're aware,
And—who can tell?

IS IT TRUE?

WORDS BY HODGES REED.

35 7s. [WATCHMAN TELL US &c.

(Repeat the last line of the tune.)

1 Is it true that I must lie
In the grave yard, by and by,
And, with others, gone before,
Sleep till time shall be no more?
Is it true—Oh, is it true?

2 Is it true, as many say,
Life is but a passing day,
And that heaven is lost or won,
Ere this fleeting day has flown?
Is it true— Oh, is it true?

3 Is it true that on the cross,
Jesus bled and died for us,
And, while hanging on the tree,
Upward sent a prayer for me?
Is it true—Oh, is it true?

4 Is it true that all death's slain
Will arise and live again,
And to final judgment go,
Some for bliss and some for woe?
Is it true—Oh, is it true?

BUT NO ONE TALKS TO ME.

WORDS BY HODGES REED.

36 C. M. [AULD LANG SYNE. p. 32

1 They come and to my sister talk
Of Jesus and his love;
They tell her how he left his seat,
His shining seat above,
And suffered here to set her soul
From sin forever free—
'Tis thus they come and talk to her;
But no one talks to me.

2 They take her kindly by the hand,
And gently lead the way
Unto her chamber, where they kneel
And teach her how to pray.
Together they look up to him
Who died on Calvary—
He hears their prayers and they are glad;
But no one prays with me.

3 Is it because I am so young,
That they so pass me by?
Am I not one of those for whom
The Saviour came to die?
I know I have a soul to save—
From sin I would be free—
Why is it then, they do not come
To talk and pray with me?

37 7s. [WATCHMAN TELL US &C.

1 Teachers, who with longing eye,
Watched the day-spring from afar,
Rising on the Sabbath school,—
Tell us, have you seen his star?
Yes, that beam of gospel light
Shines upon the youthful mind—
Praise the Lord, that, in its march,
Children are not left behind.

2 Can it be that Christ will set
Little children in his crown,
While, ungathered, are past by
Men of wisdom and renown?
Yes, the poor, the weak, the small,
Will be honored in that day,
While the great, the rich, the proud,
Will be spurned from heaven away.

3 Are there mansions in the skies
For the helpless poor alone—
Are there none but humble ones
Bowing round the Saviour's throne?
None but poor in spirit—none;
None but the humble there appear—
Seek him now with contrite hearts—
Seek him, for the day is near.

38 L. M. [HAMBURG.

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

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

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

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

39 C. M. [MARLOW.

1 WHY should we spend our youthful days
In folly and in sin?
When wisdom shows her pleasant ways,
And bids us walk therein.

2 Folly and sin our peace destroy,
They glitter and are past;
They yield us but a moment's joy,
And end in death at last.

3 But, if true wisdom we possess,
Our joys shall never cease;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

4 O may we, in our youthful days,
Attend to wisdom's voice;
And make these holy, happy ways,
Our own delightful choice!

40 12s. [THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN. P. 74.

IN my closet of prayer, at the close of the day,
I thought of the little ones, far, far away;
And I asked my dear Savior, who lingered close by,
If he'd show me the Lambs of his fold in the sky.
The Lambs, the Lambs' ect.

"Oh, yes!" he replied, "come up hither with me;"
And I thought I went up, o'er the land and the sea,
Till he said, as a palace of light we drew nigh,
"Come look at the Lambs of my fold in the sky."
The Lambs, the Lambs, ect.

There, thousand times thousands, released from earth's pain,
All washed in the blood of the Lamb that was slain,
Their tiny hands clapped, with a rapturous cry,
Saying, We are the Lambs of his fold in the sky.
The Lambs, the Lambs, ect.

So happy they seemed, in their song and their play,
That I asked my dear Lord, to permit me to stay;
"Oh, no!" he replied, "you must go back and try
To gather more Lambs, to my fold in the sky,"
More Lambs, more Lambs, ect.

41 C. M.

1 GOD'S angels come from heaven on high,
To keep me safe from harm;
To guard my head from danger nigh,
My bosom from alarm.

2 They keep a careful watch all night,
Around my peaceful bed;
They will not let an evil light
Upon my slumbering head.

3 They love to hear an infant pray
And praise the name divine;
I cannot hear their songs, but they
Can hear and join in mine.

4 They guard my path to heaven, and they
At last my soul will bear
Upon their shining wings away,
Their happiness to share.

42 8, 7. [SICILY.

1 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 wandering 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' charms.

4 Hear us, Saviour! now imploring
For the children of our care:
May their hearts, by love adoring,
Find access to thee in prayer.

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

43 7, 6. [THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.

1 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.

44 S. M. [BOYLSTON.

1 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.

45 C. M. [PETERBOROUGH.

1 FATHER! with one accord we stand,
To bring thee of thine own;
And train a bright immortal band
To worship round thy throne.

2 Accept, Almighty Parent! these,
The children thou hast given;
And in thy sovereign favour make
These loved ones heirs of heaven.

3 There, ranked among the shining host,
May all before thee meet:
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our labors there complete.

46 P. M. [Italian Hymn.

1 Come, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father, all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies;
Now make them fall!
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, thou incarnate Word
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy people bless,
Come, give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness
On us descend!

47 7 s. [Pleyel's Hymn.

1 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

3 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild,
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

4 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

5 Let me love thee more and more
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before
Help me to begin to-day.

48 C. M. [Peterboro.'

1 Those children, who are all the day
Allowed to wander out,
And only waste their time in play,
Or running wild about:

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

3 There's nothing worse than idleness
To lead them into sin:
'Tis sure to end in wretchedness,
In poverty and pain.

4 Sometimes they learn to lie and cheat,
Sometimes to steal and swear:
These are the lessons in the street,
For idle children there.

49 S. M. [Olmutz.

1 O Jesus, not for pride
Or selfishness we meet;
For prayer and praise we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

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

3 Present we know thou art;
But, O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every waiting heart
Thy gracious presence feel!

4 O may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love!

50 S. M. [Boylston.

1 How serious is the charge
To train the infant mind;
'Tis God alone can give a heart
To such a work inclined.

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

3 While wicked men unite,
Our youth to lead aside:
'Tis ours to show them wisdom's path,
In wisdom's path to guide.

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

51 8, 7. [Nuremburg

1 Hark! the morning bells are ringing!
Children, haste without delay;
Prayers of thousands now are winging
Up to heaven their silent way.

2 'Tis an hour of happy meeting,
Children meet for praise and prayer;
But the hour is short and fleeting,
Let us, then, be early there.

3 Do not keep our teachers waiting,
While you tarry by the way
Nor disturb the school reciting;
'Tis the holy Sabbath day.

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

52 C. M. [Balerma.

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

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

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

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

53 11's. FEED MY LAMBS. P. 35.

1 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.

54 8, 7. NUREMBURG.

1 LITTLE children love each other
Is the blessed Saviour's rule;
Every little one is brother
To his mates at Sabbath-school.

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

55 7 s. [PLEYEL'S HYMN.

1 ROCK of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone!
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

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

56 L. M. [OLD HUNDRED.

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

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

57 L. M. [OLD HUNDRED.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

58 S. M. [HAVERHILL. P. 116.

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

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

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

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

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.

59 C. M. [ARLINGTON.

1 THERE is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath.

2 To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Nor pale the glow of health.

3 The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirit light and gay;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

4 O, where is this mysterious bourne
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost?

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

60 C. M. [ORTONVILLE. P. 15.

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

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

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove; return,
Sweet Messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

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

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

61 S. M. [Golden Hill. P. 118.

1 Is this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind.

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, Sovereign Grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

62 8s & 7s. [Otto. P. 111.

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

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

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

63 C. M. [Marlow. P. 9.

1 Unshaken as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be;
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on Thee.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

64 L. M. [Rockingham. P. 34.

1 My spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is His throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on His salvation waits.

2 Trust Him, ye saints, in all your ways;
Pour out your hearts before His face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient Aid.

65 L. M. [Rockingham. P. 34.

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

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

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

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

66 C. M. [Woodland. P. 100.

1 When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away:

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above:

3 Sweet on His righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.

4 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee?

67 L. M. [Rockingham. P. 34.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be —
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

3 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.

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

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

68 C. M. [Naomi. P. 146,

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

69 C. M. ORTONVILLE. P. 15.

1 O THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before His face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell Him how my sins arise;
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to His throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

70 L. M. [WELLS.

1 WHAT various hinderances we meet
In coming to a mercy seat?
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? Ah, think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

71 C. M. [DOWNS. P. 21.

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend His cause,
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.

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

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

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

72 C. M. [PETERBORO'.

1 GOD, my Supporter and my Hope,
My Help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness,
Thine hand conduct me near Thy seat,
To dwell before Thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but Thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint;
God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The Strength of every saint.

73 L. M. [Rockingham. P. 34.

1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee;
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

74 C. M. [Downs. P. 21.

1 How vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let Thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food,
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

75 C. M. [Marlow. P. 9.

1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye;

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

76 S. M. [Golden Hill. P. 118.

1 Come, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But favorites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

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

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

77 C. M. [NAOMI.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek My grace,"
My heart replied without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not Thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away:
God of my life, I fly to Thee
In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life His care,
And all my need supply.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

78 S. M. [LABAN. P. 51.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;

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

79 C. M. [DOWNS. P. 21.

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

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

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

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

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

80 S. M. [Boylston. P. 56.

1 Mine eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead His promises,
And rest upon His word.

1 Turn, turn Thee to my soul;
Bring Thy salvation near;
When will Thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

4 O, keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

Doxology.

The triune God shall be
Our song while life is given,
And the unceasing praise shall run
Through all the days of heaven.

81 S. M. [Olney. P. 57.

1 The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all His children, Come.

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come!
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ the Fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; I wait Thy hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

82 C. M. Fountain.

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

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That Fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

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

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

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