HYMNS:

SELECTED AND ORIGINAL,

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS,

AND

APPENDIX.

1830.

PUBLISHED BY KURTZ

Miss Sarah A. Bradbury

Newburyport

1853

400

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HYMNS,

SELECTED AND ORIGINAL,

FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS

OF THE

Evangelical Lutheran Church;

REVISED AND ENLARGED, WITH

AN APPENDIX;

AND

FORMS FOR OPENING AND CLOSING SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, WITH PRAYERS, ETC.

ALSO, A SUPPLEMENT,

CONTAINING HYMNS FOR THE USE OF

INFANT-SCHOOLS.

BALTIMORE:

T. NEWTON KURTZ,

No. 151 WEST PRATT STREET.

1860.

ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by T. NEWTON KURTZ, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the District of Maryland.

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PREFACE TO THE ENLARGED EDITION.

For almost a score of years has the original portion of this book extensively served its sacred purpose. But as, during that period, no department of the ever-advancing literature of Sunday-schools has made more progress than their hymnology, even the warmest friends of the book were convinced that it was falling behind the times. To meet the case, the present *greatly-enlarged* edition has been prepared. An extensive APPENDIX is added to the volume, as also a SUPPLEMENT, containing an unusually large collection of HYMNS for INFANT SCHOOLS. The whole book is now *double its former size*, and is unsurpassed in the variety and adaptation of its contents.

The arrangement of the *Appendix* corresponds with that of the preceding part, except that there have been interspersed several new heads, under which are placed numerous Hymns on *Christian Experience*, the *Reformation*, *Baptism*, *Lord's Supper*, *Catechisation*, *Confirmation*, *Orphans*, *Temperance*, *Revivals of Religion*, and other subjects.

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The Sunday-School Hymn-Book is often used in retired and destitute places, and in school-houses, on regular church occasions; also in the lecture-room, at prayer-meeting, in the catechetical class, and at family worship.

This work is peculiarly adapted to such places and occasions, because of the very *small price* for which it is supplied, as well as its convenient, portable size. Special care has been taken to provide a good variety of hymns for *revival seasons*. These improvements must greatly enhance the value of the work.

To meet a want often felt, there are presented several FORMS, with *Prayers*, for OPENING AND CLOSING SUNDAY-SCHOOLS. The *Lord's Prayer*, the *Ten Commandments*, the *Apostles' Creed*, and other selections are also inserted. A small CATECHISM for little children has also been appended to the Hymns for Infant Schools. To the whole volume there are added copious indexes, to facilitate the finding of hymns, &c., according to subjects.

We now offer the book to our Sabbath-schools, and to all whose wants it may meet, with the prayer that it may be greatly instrumental in forming the religious views and kindling the devotional feelings of thousands and thousands, to the glory of God forever.

M. S.

SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMNS.

CHARACTER, WORKS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

1 C. M.

Luth. S. S. H. No. 174.]

1 O LORD, our God, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thine heav'nly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light.

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
That dwells so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so.

4 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

2 C. M.

God seen in his works.

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 heavenlys kill 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, abov
Wherever space extends,
There, God displays his boundless love
And power with mercy blends.

3 C. M.

[*No.* 168.]

1 I SING the mighty pow'r of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

2 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd thy creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.
There's not a plant or flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

4 L. M.

God made all things.

1 'TWAS God who made the earth and skies;
Great are the wonders of his hand;
He is more powerful, good, and wise,
Than any child can understand.

2 Bright angels bow before his face,
And saints stand waiting round his throne,
And in that holy, happy place,
No sinful thoughts or words are known.

5 C. M.

1 THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,
Thou dost with sinners bear:
That saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A Rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

6 7's.

1 GOD is goodness, wisdom, power,
Love him, praise him evermore;
Let us strive, and never cease,
Him in every thing to please.

2 Born for this intent we are,
Our Creator to declare,
God to love, and serve, and praise,
God to honour all our days.

3 Lift we then our hearts to God,
Like the church above employ'd;
Day and night the angels sing
Praises to their heavenly King.

4 Him that sitteth on the throne,
Him that died for men t' atone,
God and the triumphant Lamb,
They eternally proclaim.

5 Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Live by heaven and earth adored,
Fill'd with thee, let all things cry,
Glory be to God Most High.

7 C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

8 7's

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

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

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

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

9 L. M.

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

2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;

And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

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

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

10 8's.

Our God.

1 THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:

2 'Tis Jesus the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

11 C. M.

The works of God.

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.

12 P. M.

God's works; an infant hymn.

1 THE moon is very fair and bright,
And also very high;
I think it is a pretty sight
To see it in the sky:

It shone upon me as I lay,
And seemed almost as bright as day.

2 The stars are very pretty too,
And scatter'd all about;
At first there seems a very few,
But soon the rest come out:
I'm sure I could not count them all,
They are so very bright and small.

3 God made and keeps them, every one,
By his great power and might:
He is more glorious than the sun
And all the stars of light:
Yet though so great, we by his grace,
If pure in heart, shall see his face.

13 C. M.

[*No.* 5.]

1 AMID the splendors of thy state,
My God, thy love appears
With the soft radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.

2 Nature, thro' all her ample round,
Thy boundless power proclaims,
And, in melodious accents, speaks
The goodness of thy names.

3 Thy justice, holiness, and truth,
Our solemn awe excite;
But the sweet charms of pard'ning grace
O'erwhelm us with delight.

4 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thy dreadful name;
But Sion sings, in melting notes,
The honors of the Lamb.

14 C. M.

[*No.* 6.]

1 GOD is a Spirit, just and wise;
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground:
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord! search my thoughts and try my ways
And make my soul sincere:

Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

15 L. M.

[*No.* 181.]

1 AMONG the deepest shades of night,
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes, God is as a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.

2 When ev'ry eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No, for a constant watch he keeps
On ev'ry thought of ev'ry soul.

3 If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet had never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone,
On ev'ry side there would be God.

4 He smiles in heav'n, he frowns in hell,
He fills the earth, the air, the sea;
I must within his presence dwell,
I cannot from his anger flee.

5 Yet I may flee; he shows me where;
To Jesus Christ he bids me fly;
And while I seek for pardon there,
There's only mercy in his eye

16 L. M.

Omniscience.

1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 How awful is thy searching eye!
Thy knowledge, O how deep! how high!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my evil passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

THE SCRIPTURES.

17 C. M.

[*No.* 3.]

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration giv'n!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heav'n.

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, thro' all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of everlasting day.

18 7's.

[*No.* 4.]

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

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove,
Mine, to show a Saviour's love
Mine art thou to guide my feet,
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

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

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

19 L. M.

[*No.* 163.]

The Bible.

1 THIS is a precious book indeed!
Happy the child that loves to read!
'Tis God's own word, which he has giv'n
To show our souls the way to heav'n!

2 It tells us how the world was made;
And how good men the Lord obey'd;
Here his commands are written too,
To teach us what we ought to do.

3 It bids us all from sin to fly,
Because our souls can never die;

It points to heav'n, where angels dwell,
And warns us to escape from hell.

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

5 Be thankful, children, that you may
Read this good Bible every day;
'Tis God's own word, which he has giv'n
To show your souls the way to heav'n.

20 C. M.

The Guide of the Young.

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

2 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
O may its precepts guide our youth,
And well support our age.

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

4 Lord, send thy word to every heart,
By thine almighty voice:
Early from sin may we depart,
And make thy love our choice.

21 C. M.

The Bible a Treasure.

1 THIS is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
Those children are divinely wise
Who make that pearl their own.

2 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench our thirst of sin,
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

3 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
Our guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

4 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
Our roving feet command;
Nor we forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

22 C. M.

[*No.* 171.]

The Bible.

1 GREAT God, with wonder and with praise,
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 Lord, make me understand thy law:
Show what my faults have been;
And from the gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

3 Here I would learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth besides,
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

4 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

23 7's.

1 O THAT I, like Timothy,
Might the Holy Scriptures know
From mine early infancy,
Till for God mature I grow!

Made unto salvation wise,
Ready for the glorious prize!

2 Jesus, all-redeeming Lord,
Full of truth, and full of grace,
Make me understand thy word;
Teach me in my youthful days
Wonders in thy word to see,
Wise through faith which is in thee.

3 Open thou mine eyes of faith;
Open now the book of God;
Show me here the sacred path
Leading to thy bless'd abode:
Wisdom from above impart,
Speak the meaning to my heart.

24 S. M.

[*No.* 170.]

1 THE praises of my tongue,
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learn'd so young
To read his holy word.

2 That I am brought to know
The danger I am in,
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin

3 Great God, this book of thine,
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

4 O may thy Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive,
Those truths which all thy servants preach
And all thy saints believe.

PRAYER.

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25 C. M.

[*No.* 44.]

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 pray'r
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.

26 C. M.

[*No.* 62.]

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From ev'ry cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful pray'r.

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

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

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

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

27 7's.

[*No.* 30.]

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer pray'r;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a king,
Large petitions with thee bring:
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 Lord I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy sov'reign right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

28 C. M.

[*No.* 22.]

1 LORD, I confess before thy face,
How wicked I have been:
Look down from heav'n, thy dwelling place
And pardon this my sin.

2 Forgive my temper, Lord, I pray—
My passion and my pride;
The wicked words I dared to say
And wicked thoughts beside.

3 For Jesus' sake forgive my crime,
And change this stubborn heart;
And grant me grace another time,
To act a better part.

29 L. M.

[*No.* 21.]

1 PRAY'R was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.

2 Depend on Christ; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not,—his merits must prevail;
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

30 C. M.

[*No.* 136.]

1 PRAY'R is the soul's sincere desire,
Unutter'd or express'd,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

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

3 Pray'r is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Pray'r the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

4 Pray'r is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say—"Behold he prays."

31 8, 7.

The great Teacher.

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

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

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

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

32 S. M.

Prayer for Youth.

1 GREAT God! with heart and tongue,
For all our youth we pray;
O may they learn, while they are young,
To walk in wisdom's way!

2 Now, in their early days,
Teach them thy will to know;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
On every heart bestow!

3 Make their defenceless youth
The object of thy care;
Cause them to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

4 Their hearts, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite them to thyself alone,
And make them wholly thine.

5 Lord, let thy sacred word
Their warmest thoughts employ;
There let them daily find the road
Which leads to endless joy.

33 L. M.

[*No.* 165.]

Prayer.

1 MY Father, when I come to thee,
I would not only bend the knee,
But with my spirit seek thy face,—
With my whole heart desire thy grace.

2 I plead the name of thy dear Son;
All he has said, all he has done;
O may I feel his love for me,
Who died, from sin to set me free!

3 My Saviour, guide me with thine eye;
My sins forgive, my wants supply;
With favor crown my youthful days,
And my whole life shall speak thy praise.

4 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, impart;
Impress thy likeness on my heart;
Let me obey thy truth in love,
Till raised to dwell with thee above.

34 7's.

The Child's Prayer.

1 JESUS, see a little child
Humbly at thy footstool stay;
Thou who art so meek and mild
Stoop, and teach me what to say.

2 Though thou art so great and high,
Thou dost view, with smiling face,
Little children when they cry,
"Saviour! guide us by thy grace."

3 Show me what I ought to be,
Make me every evil shun;
Thee in all things may I see,
In thy holy footsteps run.

4 Jesus! all my sins forgive,
Make me lowly, pure in heart,
For thy glory may I live,
Then be with thee where thou art.

35 7's.

Prayer for a very little Child.

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

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

3 O supply my every want,
Feed the young and tender plant;

Day and night my keeper be,
Every moment watch round me.

36 7's.

Morning and Evening.

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

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

37 C. M.

God's Blessing asked.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still:
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 Conduct my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

4 Make me to walk in thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
Offend against my God.

38 11's.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 OUR Father in heaven, we hallow thy name;
Thy kingdom, all holy, on earth be the same.
O give to us daily our portion of bread:
It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

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

39 C. M.

[*No.* 70.]

A Child's Prayer.

1 LORD, teach a sinful child to pray,
And then accept my pray'r:

Thou hearest all the words I say,
For thou art every where.

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

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

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

5 No wicked thought must be allow'd,
For thou the heart dost see;
And let me not grow vain and proud,
Offending man and thee.

6 But may I seek until I find,
What none are good without,
That humble, meek, and lowly mind,
Which Jesus preach'd about.

40 L. M.

[*No.* 144.]

1 WHAT various hind'rances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there.

2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw
Pray'r climbs the ladder, Jacob saw—
Gives exercise to faith and love—
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

3 Restraining pray'r—we cease to fight;
Pray'r 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 your fellow creature's ear,
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent—
Your cheerful songs would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

41 8, 7, 4.

For Divine Guidance.

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

2 Open thou 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:
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

PRAISE.

42 L. M.

Loving-kindness.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;

He justly claims a song from thee,—
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
He saved me from my lost estate,—
His loving-kindness, O how great!

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

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,—
His loving-kindness, O how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

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

43 C. M.

[*No.* 32.]

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

2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When I a helpless infant lay,
And hung upon the breast.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt,
To form themselves in pray'r.

4 Unnumber'd blessings on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence those blessings flow'd.

44 C. M.

[*No.* 162.]

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

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

3 He gently draws our minds to hear
The kind instructions given;
And by his reverential fear
We seek the way to heaven.

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

5 With grateful praise we will proclaim
The mercies of our God:
And tell of all his wondrous fame,
Who bought us with his blood.

45 C. M.

[*No.* 178.]

1 MY heav'nly Father! all I see
Around me and above,
Sends forth a hymn of praise to thee,
And speaks thy boundless love.

2 The clear blue sky is full of thee,
The woods so dark and lone;

The soft south-wind, the sounding sea,
Worship the holy One.

3 The humming of the insect throng,
The prattling, sparkling rill,
The birds with their melodious song,
Repeat thy praises still.

4 And thou dost hear them every one—
Thou also hearest me;
I know that I am not alone,
When I but think of thee.

46 C. M.

1 OH, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

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

3 JESUS, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

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

5 Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiv'n:
Anticipate our heav'n below,
And own that love is heav'n.

47 7's & 6's.

[*No.* 156.]

Praise to God.

1 OH! how pleasant 'tis to sing,
At every time and place,
Glory to our heav'nly King,
The God of truth and grace.
Let us then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine.

2 All the first born sons of light,
Who dwell in realms of peace,
Praise the Lord of truth and might,
And never, never cease.

Saints and angels, one, and all,
Praise the holy Three in one;
And with adoration fall,
Before the heavenly throne.

3 We would join that heavenly choir,
Who chant thy praise above;
And to purer joys aspire,
On wings of faith and love:
They with heav'nly blessings crown'd,
Sing the glories of the Lamb;
We, with feeble falt'ring sound,
Extol his worthy name.

48 S. M.

[*No.* 7.]

1 MY soul, repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r!
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

49 C. M.

Praise for Mercies.

1 LORD, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by thee.

2 And thou preservest me from death
And dangers, every hour:
I cannot draw another breath,
Unless thou give the power.

3 My health, and friends, and parents dear,
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessings here,
But what are sent from heaven.

4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love thee and obey.

50 C. M.

For a new Heart.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart made clean by thy rich blood,
So freely shed for me!

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

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

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

51 7's.

Praise to God.

1 PRAISE to God!—immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy.
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that lib'ral autumn pours;
From her rich, o'erflowing stores.

3 These to that dear Source me owe,
Whence our sweetest comforts flow;
These, through all my happy days,
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.

4 Lord, to thee my soul would raise
Grateful, never-ending praise;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

52 10's & 11's.

1 LET children proclaim their Saviour and King,
To Jesus' name hosannas we sing:
Our best adoration to Jesus we give,
Who purchased salvation for us to receive.

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

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

53. S. M.

Invitation to Praise.

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

2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heav'nly King
Should 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.

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND PUBLIC WORSHIP.

54 L. M.

A Blessing asked.

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.

55 L. M.

[*No.* 53.]

1 The clock has struck, I cannot stay,
O! let me rise and haste away;

I'll quit my bed, and leave my home,
The hour of school at length is come.

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

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

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

56 7's.

1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Grant that all may seek and find,
Thee a gracious God, and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

57 L. M.

[*No.* 24.]

1 IN God's own house for me to play,
While Christians meet to hear and pray,
Is to profane his holy place,
And tempt th' Almighty to his face.

2 When angels bow before the Lord,
And devils tremble at his word,
Shall I, a feeble mortal dare
To mock, and sport, and trifle there?

3 Great God, compassionate and mild,
Forgive the follies of a child;
Teach me to pray and mind thy word,
That I may learn to serve the Lord.

58 S. M.

[*No.* 23.]

Gospel Tidings.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
How charming is their voice,
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here.

2 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for
And sought, but never found.
How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light!
The saints of old desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

59 L. M.

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all my pleasure nor my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

60 S. M.

[*No.* 150.]

The Lord's Day.

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

2 Jesus himself comes near,
To bless his saints to-day;
Here we may sit his word to hear,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day within the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than a thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

61 9's & 6's.

The Sabbath School.

1 The blessed Bible now engages
Each youthful heart and eye,
To learn of God's own holy pages
The wisdom from on high.

2 And surely He, who feeds the flowers
With heav'n's sweet morning dew,
Will send on our young hearts the showers
Of heav'nly blessing too.

3 Then let us gladly gather round Him,
And love him while we may,
For they who seek have always found Him,
E'en in their early day.

4 And when life's Sabbaths all are ended,
We all may meet above,
Where He for us hath now ascended,
Our Fathers's house of love.

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

62 L. M.

Children's Prayer.

1 O LORD, behold before thy throne
A band of children lowly bend;
Thy face we seek, thy name we own,
And pray that thou wilt be our friend.

2 Thou didst on earth the young receive,
And gently fold them to thy breast,
And say, that such in heaven should live
For ever safe, for ever blest.

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

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

63 C. M.

[*No.* 175.]

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

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

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

4 Glory to God, and praise, and pow'r
Honor and thanks be giv'n!
Children and cherubim adore
The Lord of earth and heav'n.

64 S. M.

Praise for the Sabbath.

1 THE Sabbath of the Lord,
The Sabbath is our day;
For then we read and hear God's word,
We learn to praise and pray.

2 That day with songs we bless,
It hath the light of seven,
When Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,
Shines on our path to heaven.

3 Ours is the Sabbath-school;
Its lessons may we prize,

And grow by every gospel rule
Unto salvation wise.

4 So all our lives below,
In wisdom's pleasant ways,
The fruits of Sabbath-schools will show
The bliss of Sabbath-days.

5 Lord of the Sabbath! send
Prosperity and peace,
Till tasks and teaching here shall end,
Tongues fail, and knowledge cease.

6 Then heaven itself shall be
One Sabbath-school above,
And undisturbed eternity,
One Sabbath-day of love.

65 7's.

Prayer for Direction.

1 TO thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there;
While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.

2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love to mine attend;
Here me, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

3 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe;
May thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

4 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through their voice, by faith may I
Hear thee speaking from on high.

5 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

66 L. M.

Choosing to worship God.

1 WHILE wicked boys and girls do meet,
Breaking the Sabbath in the street,
Mispending all that holy day
In foolish talk or idle play;

2 We to thy sacred house of prayer,
With gratitude would oft repair,
To adore thy name, and seek thy face,
And hear the messages of grace.

3 The truths thy gospel, Lord, impart,s
Apply with power to all our hearts;
Whilst thou art calling, make us hear,
And worship thee with holy fear.

67 L. M.

We are but young.

1 WE are but young—yet we may sing
The praises of our heavenly King;
He made the earth, the sea, the sky,
And all the starry worlds on high.

2 We are but young—yet we have heard
The gospel news, the heavenly word:
If we despise the only way,
Dreadful will be the judgment day.

3 We are but young—yet we must die,
Perhaps our latter end is nigh;
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
And find in Christ a hiding-place.

4 We are but young—we need a guide;
Jesus, in thee we would confide;
O lead us in the path of truth,
Protect and bless our helpless youth.

5 We are but young—yet God has shed
Unnumber'd blessings on our head

Then let our youth and riper days
Be all devoted to his praise.

68 7's.

1 SAFELY through another week
God hath brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek
On this holy Sabbath day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies multiplied each hour,
Gracious Lord, our praise demand;
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Nourish'd by thy bounteous hand;
Now from worldly care set free,
May we spend this day with thee.

3 May our thoughts to thee arise,
May we feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes
While we in thy house appear;
And may all our Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of the joys above.

69 S. M.

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet—at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

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

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

70 L. M.

[*No.* 194.]

Sunday.

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

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

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

71 C. M.

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

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

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

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

72 3 7s & 1 5.

"Where do children love to go?"

1 WHERE do children love to go,
When the wintry tempests blow;

What is it attracts them so?
'Tis the Sunday School.

2 Where do children love to be,
When the summer birds we see,
Warbling praise on every tree?
In the Sunday School.

3 When the Sabbath morning breaks,
Every eye from slumber wakes,
What so happy children makes?
'Tis the Sunday School.

4 Where do pious teachers stay—
From their peaceful homes away,
On the precious Sabbath day?
In the Sunday School.

5 Where are we so kindly taught,
God should rule in every thought
What the blood of Christ has bought?
In the Sunday School.

6 May we ever love this day
More than all our sports and play,
Love to read, and sing, and pray—
In the Sunday School.

73 6 7s.

The Sabbath.

1 CHILDREN, 'tis the Sabbath-day:
We must neither work nor play;
'Tis the day which God has giv'n,
That we may prepare for Heav'n;
Let us then his goodness praise,
For these blessed Sabbath-days!

2 On this holy Sabbath-day,
Here we come to sing and pray;
Here we learn God's holy word,
And we hear of Christ our Lord;
Let us then his goodness praise,
For these precious Sabbath-days!

3 When we've done with things below,
May we all to glory go;
Join the songs of saints above,
Tell of Jesus's dying love;
There forever sing his praise
Through eternal Sabbath-days!

74 C. M.

[*No.* 172.]

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

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

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

4 Teach us thy way, while here we learn
To read thy holy word;
Bless all the kind instructions given,
And make us thine, O Lord.

75 P. M.

Away to Sunday-school.

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

2 In season let us all be there;
Away to Sunday-school;
That we may join the opening prayer;
Away to Sunday-school;

There we can raise our hearts to heaven,
And praise the Lord for blessings given.
Away, away, away, away,
Away to Sunday-school.

3 Let us remember, while at prayer,
When at the Sunday-school,
Our teachers' kindness, and their care,
Towards our Sunday-school.
We'll be submissive, good, and kind,
And every rule and order mind,
When we're at school, at Sunday-school,
When we're at Sunday-school.

Boys.

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

Girls.

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

Boys and Girls.

And when on earth our time has fled,
And we are numbered with the dead,

Teachers and scholars.

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

76 L. M.

[*No.* 56.]

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 pleas'd on us to look.

3 And when we bend the knee in pray'r,
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.

77 7's.

The everlasting Sabbath.

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

2 Pleasant is the Sabbath bell,
Seeming much of joy to tell;
Kind our teachers are to-day,
In the school we love to stay.

3 But a music, sweeter far,
Breathes where angel-spirits are;
Higher far than earthly strains,
Where the rest of God remains.

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

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

78 8s, 7s & 4

Closing School.

1 NOW is done the time of teaching,
Ended is the hour we love;
Still the voice of friends beseeching
Us to seek for joys above.
Precious Sabbaths!
Swiftly, oh! they swiftly move.

2 Wake, then, every tender feeling!
Ere from school we go away;
Saviour come, thy grace revealing,
Every troubled thought allay—
Make us holy,
On the sacred Sabbath-day.

3 Soon our Sabbaths will be ended,
All our Sabbath schools be past;
Like the leaf, to earth descended,
Withered in the autumn blast;
Life is passing,
We must see the grave at last.

4 Then may heaven be beaming o'er us,
With its sunny glories bright,
And with millions saved before us,
May we join in worlds of light,
Praising Jesus,
Where the Sabbath knows no night.

79 P. M.

Try Again.

1 'TIS a lesson you should heed,
Try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again;
Then your courage should appear;
For if you persevere,

You will conquer, never fear,
Try, try again.

2 Once or twice though you should fail,
Try, try again;
If at last you would prevail,
Try, try again;
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,
Though we may not win the race;
What should you do in that case?
Try, try again.

3 If you find your task is hard,
Try, try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try again;
All that other children do,
Why, with patience, may not you?
Only keep this rule in view,
Try, try again.

EARLY PIETY.

80 C. M.

[*No.* 7.]

Advantages of Religion in Youth.

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

2 'Tis easier work, if we begin
To serve the Lord betimes;
While sinners who grow old in sin,
Are hardened by their crimes.

3 It saves us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young:
With joy it crowns succeeding years,
And makes our virtue strong.

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

5 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ our daily breath:
Thus we're prepared for future days,
Or fit for early death.

81 L. M.

[*No.* 3, *add.*]

A call to the Young.

1 NOW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God:
Behold, the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say, "my joys are gone.

2 God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults:
The works of darkness men have done
Must all appear before the sun.

3 Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With bitt'rest curses on his head.

4 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul in agonies of pain
Ascends to God, not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

5 God of the young! turn off their eyes,
From earth's alluring vanities;
And let the warnings of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord!

82 L. M.

[*No.* 191.]

A Saviour's Claims.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour at the door!
He gently knocks,—has knock'd 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 heav'nly 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* 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.

83 C. M.

[*No.* 184.]

Importance of Religion.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sov'reign virtue know.

2 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom
'Twill fit us for declining age
And for the silent tomb.

3 O, may my heart, by grace renew'd
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd
His government to own.

4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

84 L. M.

[*No.* 149.]

Christ's invitation to Sinners.

1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heav'nly home.

2 "They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blest is the child whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus we come at thy command,
With faith and hope and humble zeal,

Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

85 C. M.

[*No.* 103.]

The narrow way.

1 THERE is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray;
'Tis narrow, yet a pleasant road,
And Christians love the way.

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

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

86 C. M.

[*No.* 186.]

Now is the accepted time.

1 LET us adore the grace that seeks
To draw our hearts above;
'Tis God, the holy Saviour, speaks,
And ev'ry word is love.

2 Though fill'd with awe before his throne,
Each angel veils his face;
He takes young children for his own,
And saves them by his grace.

3 O may the child that lives in sin,
Enslav'd by Satan's pow'r,
Meekly obey the call divine,
In this appointed hour.

87 S. M.

[*No.* 47.]

1 MY life's a narrow span,
A short uncertain day,
And if I reach the age of man,
It soon will pass away.

2 I may, for aught I know,
This hour the summons hear,
That calls me where the wicked go,
Or where the saints appear.

3 Teach me with all my heart,
Thy mercy to embrace,
And now from ev'ry sin depart,
To seize the time of grace.

4 My soul from ruin save,
And cleanse my ev'ry stain;
Then shall I triumph o'er the grave,
And paradise regain.

88 6's.

The broad and narrow Way.

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

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

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

89 P. M.

The child Samuel.

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

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

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

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

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

90 P. M.

Child of sin and sorrow.

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

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

91 C. M.

Early Instruction.

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

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

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

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

92 7's.

1 Naughty boys and girls are found,
Playing in the devil's ground,
He will find them work to do,
He will pay them wages too.

2 But with them I will not go,
For my Bible tells me no;
To my Jesus I will pray,
To my Saviour I will say.

3 "Jesus give me a new heart,
Help me from my sins to part,
Make me sorry for them all,
Hear me when on thee I call."

93 L. M.

[*No.* 193.]

Dangers of Delay.

1 WHY should I say, 'tis yet too soon
To seek for heav'n or think of death?
A flow'r may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day, may lose my breath.

2 What if the Lord grow wroth, and swear
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day!

3 'Tis dang'rous to provoke our God;
His pow'r and vengeance none can tell;
One stroke of his almighty rod,
Shall send young sinners quick to hell.

94 7's.

1 LO, at noon 'tis sudden night!
Darkness covers all the sky!
Rocks are rending at the sight!
Children, can you tell me why?
What can all these wonders be?
Jesus dies on Calvary!

2 Nail'd upon the cross, behold
How his tender limbs are torn!
For a royal crown of gold
They have made him one of thorn:
Cruel hands that dare to bind
Thorns upon a brow so kind!

3 See! the blood is falling fast
From his forehead and his side:
Hark! he now has breathed his last;
With a mighty groan he died;
Children, shall I tell you why
Jesus condescends to die?

4 He who was a King above,
Left his kingdom for a grave,
Out of pity and of love,
That the guilty he might save;
Down to this sad world he flew,
For such little ones as you.

5 You were wretched, weak, and vile,
You deserved his holy frown;
But he saw you with a smile,
And to save you hasten'd down.
Listen, children! this is why
Jesus condescends to die.

95 C. M.

[*No.* 27.]

Encouragement.

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

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

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

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

96 L. M.

[*No.* 148.]

Call to Sinners.

1 WHY will ye lavish out your years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares?
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot.

2 Th' eternal God calls from above
And Jesus pleads his dying love;
Awaken'd conscience gives you pain:
And shall they join their pleas in vain?

3 Not so your dying eyes will view
Those objects, which we now pursue;
Not so will heav'n and hell appear,
When the decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! thine aid impart,
To fix conviction on the heart:
Thy power can clear the darkest eyes,
And make the haughtiest scorner wise

97 S. M.

[*No.* 161.]

1 HAIL, gracious heav'nly Prince,
To thee let children fly;
And on thy kindest providence,
O may we all rely

2 Jesus will take the young
Beneath his special care;
And he will keep their youthful days
From every woe and snare.

3 He knows their tender frame,
Nor will their youth contemn;
For he a little child became,
To love and pity them.

4 Nor does he now forget
His youthful days on earth;
Nor would we ever cease our praise,
For the Redeemer's birth.

98 P. M.

The Gospel Trumpet.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye who have sold for naught
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

PENITENTIAL.

99 C. M.

[*No.* 190.]

The Penitent.

1 OH, how divine, how sweet the joy,
When one poor sinner turns,
And with an humble broken heart,
His sins with sorrow mourns.

2 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below,
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heav'n is fill'd with joy.

3 Well pleas'd, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost, is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

100 L. M.

[*No.* 39.]

The burden of Sin.

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

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

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

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

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

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay:
Appear in my poor heart, appear,
My God, my Saviour, come away!

101 C. M.

[*No.* 37.]

The successful resolve.

1 COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last resolve.

2 "I'll go to Jesus, tho' my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

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

4 But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought!)
As sinner never died.

102 C. M.

[*No.* 45.]

1 O LORD, forgive a sinful child,
Whose heart is all unclean:
How base am I, and all defil'd
By the vile works of sin.

2 How justly might thine anger rise,
And sink me down to hell,
To feel the worm that never dies,
In endless flames to dwell.

3 O change this stubborn heart of mine,
And make me pure within;
Still manifest thy love divine,
And save me from my sin.

4 Then shall I make redeeming love
My daily, hourly song;
And joys, like their's who sing above,
Shall tune an infant's tongue.

103 L. M.

A broken Heart I bring.

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

104 L. M.

To the Holy Spirit.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
And long in vain thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

3 Yet O the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High-priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
That I shall never see thy rest.

4 My weary soul, O God, release;
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

105 L. M.

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

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

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

106 C. M

Death of Christ.

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

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When Christ, the mighty Saviour, died
For man the creature's sin!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;

Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

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

107 8's & 7's.

Bartimeus.

1 "MERCY, O thou son of David!"—
Thus the blind Bartimeus pray'd,—
"Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid."
Many for his crying chid him;
But he call'd the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
"Come, and ask me what you will."

2 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted
Alms which none but he could give.
"Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

3 Now, methinks, I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around;—
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!
Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely they would hasten to him;
He would cause them all to see."

108 C. M.

[*No.* 179.]

1 WHERE shall a guilty child retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell I meet thy dreadful fire,
In heav'n thy glorious throne.

2 Should I retain my vital breath,
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

3 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law,
Would turn the shades to light.

4 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee;
O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r
From which I cannot flee.

109 S. M.

Past Ingratitude.

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
Hath 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, our hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

110 P. M

My peace I give unto you.

1 LAMB of God for sinners slain,
To thee I humbly pray:
Heal me of my grief and pain,
O take my sins away.
From this bondage, Lord, release;
No longer let me be opprest;
Jesus, master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

2 Wilt thou cast a sinner out,
Who humbly comes to thee?
No, my God, I cannot doubt:
Thy mercy is for me:
Let me then obtain the grace,
And be of paradise possest:
Jesus, master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

3 This delight I fain would prove,
And then resign my breath!
Join the happy few whose love
Was mightier than death!
Let it not, my Lord, displease,
That I would die to be thy guest!
Jesus, master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

111 7's.

Lord, remember me.

1 JESUS! thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee:
Now, in the bowels of thy love,
Oh Lord! remember me.

Chorus.

I own I'm base, I own I'm vile,
But mercy's all my plea;
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
And then remember me!

2 Remember thy sure word of grace,
Remember Calvary:
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Oh Lord! remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all abounding grace,
Oh Lord! remember me.

5 Howe'er, forsaken or distress'd,
Howe'er oppress'd I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, oh my great Redeemer, God,
I pray, remmeber me.

112 C. M.

[*No.* 183.]

Prodigal's Return.

1 HOW far I've wander'd from my home,
And pain'd a Father's breast;

Remote from all the blest I roam,
With toil and want oppress'd.
I've wasted all the wealth I had,
With strangers, and in sin;
And now, there's none to give me bread,
Or kindly take me in.

2 My Father's house is richly stor'd,
There's bread enough to spare;
The servants that attend his board,
His bounty richly share.
Yet I with hunger perish here
In this debas'd employ;
Denied with swine their food to share,
And lost to ev'ry joy.

3 Without delay I will arise.
And to my Father go;
With broken heart, and streaming eyes
I'll tell him all my wo:
"My Father, I'm a child undone,
I've sinn'd against thy grace;
I cannot claim to be thy son,
Give me a servant's place."

REDEMPTION THROUGH JESUS CHRIST.

113 C. M.

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

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

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

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

114 8's & 7's.

[*No.* 154.]

The Friend.

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 all of 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 liv'd 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.

115 C. M.

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

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

116 C. M.

[*No.* 34.]

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus!'
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For he was slain for us.'

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

117 C. M.

Praise for Redemption.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and O, amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

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

118 C. M.

Salvation.

1 SALVATION! O, the joyful sound
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

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

119 L. M.

[*No. 2, add.*]

The Star of Bethlehem.

1 WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring hosts bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The star!—the star of Bethlehem!

120 L. M.

[*No.* 17.]

Christ's dying, rising, and reigning.

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

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

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

4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.

121 7's 6's & 1 8.

Saved by grace.

1 LET the world their virtue boast,
'Their works of righteousness!
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace;
Other title I disclaim;
This, only this, is all my plea:
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound,
Like Jordan's swelling stream;
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
And give the praise to him;
Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

122 P. M.

1 HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!

There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul!
The worst of all diseases
Is light compar'd with sin;
On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within.

2 From men great skill professing
I thought a cure to gain;
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain:—
Some said that nothing ail'd me;
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus ev'ry refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

3 At length this great Physician—
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case.
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

4 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.

Come, then, to this Physician;
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—look and live.

123 C. M.

[*No.* 14.]

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;
'Receive my soul!' he cries;
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

124 L. M.

Following Christ.

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I plac'd my hopes upon;
His track I see—and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy Prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go; for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief, my burthen, long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more:
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, for I'm the way."

5 Lo, glad I come, and thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love do I receive.

6 I'll tell to all poor sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

DEATH, JUDGMENT, HEAVEN, AND HELL.

125 C. M.

Death of a Child.

1 'TIS Jesus speaks! I fold, says he,
These lambs within my breast:
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blessed.

2 Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

3 Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill;
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will.

4 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joy divine,
"O Saviour! all we have and are
Shall be forever thine."

126 S. M.

[*No.* 84.]

Death and judgment.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine,
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 And will the judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

3 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day?
When earth and heav'n, before his face
Astonish'd shrink away.

4 Then let us seek his grace,
Whose wrath we cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

127 C. M.

[*No.* 80.]

1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry:
"Ye living men, come, view the ground
Where you must shortly lie."

2 Great God is this our certain doom,
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more!

3 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly:
Then, when, we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

128 C. M.

[*No.* 79.]

1 DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forced away
To seek her last abode.

2 See, how the pit gaps wide for you,
And flashes in your face!
And thou, my soul, look downwards too,
And sing recov'ring grace.

3 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day,
Come, death, and some celestial band,
And bear my soul away.

129 C. M.

1 O 'TIS a folly and a crime
To put religion by!

For *now* is the accepted time;
To-morrow we may die.

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

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

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

130 8's 7's & 4.

[*No.* 96.]

Day of Judgment.

1 LO! he cometh! countless trumpets
Blow to raise the sleeping dead;
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels
See their great exalted Head:
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

2 At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the pow'rs of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

3 Horrors past imagination,
Will surprise thy trembling heart;
When thou hear'st thy condemnation,
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart;
Thou with Satan
And his angels, have thy part!"

4 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord, below;
He will say, "come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."

131 C. M.

[*No.* 83.]

The death and burial of a Sunday-school scholar

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

3 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd ev'ry bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

4 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

132 L. M.

[*No.* 92.]

1 WHAT sinners value, I resign:
Lord! 'tis enough that thou art mine!
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

3 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound

Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

133 7's & 6's.

[*No.* 101.]

Hope of Heaven.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heav'n, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source:
So the soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn.
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant to the skies.

Yet a season, and, you know,
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven.

134 C. M.

[*No.* 104.]

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

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

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
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 peac ful breast.

135 11's.

Heaven desirable.

1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not the gloom:
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode;
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to
greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
soul!

136 C. M.

1 HOW happy every child of grace
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven:

2 A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

3 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or wo
Provoke my hope or fear.

4 Its evils in a moment end;
Its joys as soon are past;
But, O! the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

137 C. M.

The Young in Heaven.

1 WHAT souls are those that venture near
The throne of God to see?
Ten thousand happy ones, who here
Were children such as we!

2 Their sins the Saviour washed away,
He made them white and clean;
They loved his word, they loved his day;
They loved him though unseen.

3 Now under many a grassy mound
Their youthful bodies rest,
But safe their happy souls are found
Upon their Saviour's breast.

4 O may we travel, as they trod,
The path that leads to heaven,
And seek forgiveness from that God
Who hath their sins forgiven.

5 Dear Saviour! hear our humble cry,
And our young hearts renew;
Then raise our ransomed souls on high,
That we may see thee too.

138 S. M.

[*No.* 106.]

Heaven and Hell.

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.

139 L. M.

[*No.* 107.]

Hell.

1 HELL! 'tis a word of dreadful sound;
It chills the heart and shocks the ear;
It spreads a sickly damp around,
And makes the guilty quake with fear.

2 Conscience the never dying worm,
With constant torture gnaws the heart,
And wo and wrath, in every form,
Inflame the wounds, increase the smart.

3 Sad world indeed; what heart can bear,
Hopeless, in all these pains to lie!
Rack'd with vexation, grief, despair,
And ever dying, never die!

4 "Lord, save a guilty soul from hell,
I seek thy pard'ning, cleansing blood;
O let me in thy kingdom dwell,
To praise my Saviour and my God."

VARIOUS OCCASIONS AND SUBJECTS.

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140 7's.

1 LET us chant the solemn lay,—
Let us celebrate the day,—
Hail, with joy, the auspicious morn
When the Son of man was born.

2 Babe of Beth'lem, lowly laid!
Angels hover round thy bed,
Pausing o'er the tuneful lyre,
As they wonder and admire.

3 Hope of Israel! welcome thou—
Every tribe to thee shall bow;
Every tongue thy right proclaim;
Every land adore thy name.

141 C. M.

[*No.* 108.]

Advent.

1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

2 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray:
And on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

142 10's.

[*No.* 109.]

Christmas.

1 GLORY to God! the holy angels cry;
Glory to God! let ev'ry heart reply:
The Son of Righteousness now shines on earth,
And peace returns at our Redeemer's birth.
Glory to God! the holy angels cry;
Glory to God! let ev'ry heart reply:

2 Good-will to men, the holy angels cry,
Good-will to men, let ev'ry heart reply;
Let hatred, wrath, and strife, be heard no more,
But peace and love be spread from shore to shore.
Good-will to men, the holy angels cry,
Good-will to men, let ev'ry heart reply.

3 Glory to God, who sent his Son from heav'n,
That through his blood, our sins might be forgiven;
He comes, with peace and pardon from above,
And rules his people with the laws of love.

143 11's & 10's.

1 HAIL, the blest morn! see the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descend!
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo! for his guard the blest angels attend.

CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the Sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star in the east! the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid!

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

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

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

144 12's & 11's.

1 FROM the regions of love, lo! an angel descended,
And told the strange news, how the babe was attended;
Go, shepherds, and visit this wonderful stranger,
See yonder bright star—there's your Lord in the manger.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has purchased our pardon,
We will praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 Glad tidings I bring unto you and each nation,
Glad tidings of joy, now behold your salvation!
Then suddenly multitudes raise their glad voices,
And shout the Redeemer, while heaven rejoices.

3 Now glory to God in the highest is given,
Now glory to God is re-echo'd through heaven,
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation, and glory.

4 Enraptur'd I burn, with delight and desire,
Such love, so divine, sets my soul all on fire;
Around the bright throne hosannas are ringing,
O when shall I join them, and ever be singing?

5 Triumphantly ride in thy chariot victorious,
And conquer with love, O Jesus, all glorious,
Thy banners unfurl!—let the nations surrender,
And own thee their Saviour, their God and defender.

145 11's & 12's.

CHORUS.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

1 ZION! the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!

The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.

CHORUS.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

2 Tell how he cometh from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
How his people with joy everlasting are crown'd.

CHORUS

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

3 Mortals! your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let gladsome hosannas arise;
Ye angels! the full hallelujah be singing,
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

CHORUS.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

146 C. M.

[*No.* 111.]

Good Friday.

1 WHEN Jesus hung upon the tree,
In agonies and blood,
He fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

2 O never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
He seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 A second look he gave and said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

4 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My spirit now is fill'd,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

147 7's.

Easter.

1 CHRIST the Lord has risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Let the glorious tidings fly.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ has open'd paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting!
Once he died, our souls to save,
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

148 11's.

How sweet is the Sabbath.

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

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

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

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

149 7's.

[*No.* 114.]

Mary at the sepulchre.

1 MARY to her Saviour's tomb,
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.

2 For awhile she weeping stood,
Struck with sorrow and surprise;
Shedding tears, a plenteous flood,
For her heart supplied her eyes.

3 Jesus, who is always near,
Though too often unperceiv'd,
Came, his drooping child to cheer,
Kindly asking why she griev'd.

4 Though at first she knew him not;
When he call'd her by her name,
Then were all her griefs forgot,
For she found he was the same.

5 Grief and sighing quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice
Just before she thought him dead;
Now he bids her heart rejoice.

6 What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
You who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

150 7's.

[*No.* 18.]

Christ's Resurrection.

1 ANGELS roll'd the rock away,
Death gave up its mighty prey;
Jesus from the tomb arose,
Triumph'd over all his foes.

2 Glorious news! let angels raise
Their triumphant song of praise;
Let the heav'n's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Saints, with joy lift up your eyes;
Now, to glory see him rise!
Mark his progress through the sky
To the heavenly world on high.

4 Heav'n unlocks her crystal gate;
Jesus comes in royal state;
King of Glory, mount thy throne,
'Tis thy Father's, and thy own.

5 Praise him all ye heav'nly choirs;
Strike with awe, your golden lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be loud and long.

151 S. M.

[*No.* 115.]

Ascension.

1 WELL, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

2 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honors sing;

Jesus, the priest, received our songs,
And bears them to the King.

3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves,
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 On earth thy mercy reigns,
And triumphs all above;
But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains
To speak immortal love.

152 L. M.

[*No.* 116.]

Whitsunday.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the belov'd disciples met;
While on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Were by these heav'nly arms subdued:
The heathens saw thy glory, Lord!
And, wond'ring bless'd thy gracious word.

4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When all shall feel thy saving pow'r,
And the whole race of man confess
The beauty of thy holiness.

153 7's.

The New Year.

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

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

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.

Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

154 S. M.

[*No.* 119.]

1 ANOTHER fleeting year
Has fled and pass'd away,
Since we were taught to worship here,
On this most holy day.

2 Years hurry quickly by,
And we are fading too;
And soon the year when we shall die,
Will come upon our view.

3 If we are ready then,
For us it will be well;
Remov'd from this low earth of pain,
With God in heaven to dwell.

155 C. M.

[*No.* 120.]

1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year!
How swift the weeks complete their rounds
How short the months appear!

2 Eternity comes quickly on,
And that important day,
When all, which mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Waken, O God! my languid heart,
Its great concern to see;
Lead me to act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

4 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise,
And they shall bear my weary soul
To joy that never dies.

156 L. M.

[*No.* 121]

1 WHEN all my follies I recount,
I tremble at the great amount!
In judgment, think of mercy, Lord,
And still thy sparing grace afford.

2 Jesus, the great redeeming God,
Prevails by his atoning blood:
And now another year I see,
And mercy still extends to me!

3 To thee, my God, my voice I'll raise,
In humble song record thy praise,
While I survey thy gracious store,
My heart shall love and praise thee more.

157 C. M.

Morning.

1 MY God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And, to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

2 When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins;
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines;

3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

158 S. M.

[*No.* 90.]

Evening.

1 THE day is past and gone,
The ev'ning shades appear,
Oh, may I ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.

2 I lay my garments by,
Upon my bed to rest;
So death will soon remove me hence,
And leave my soul undrest.

3 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears:
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when I early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 That when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Lord, may I in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

159 L. M.

[*No.* 131.]

Winter.

1 AT length the wish'd for spring has come,
How alter'd is the scene!
The trees and shrubs are drest in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.

2 I see my Saviour from on high,
Break through the clouds and shine;
No creature now more blest than I,
No song more loud than mine.

3 Thy word does all my hopes revive:
It overcomes my foes!
It makes my languid graces thrive,
And blossom like the rose.

4 Dear Lord, a monument I stand,
Of what thy grace can do;
Uphold me by thy gracious hand,
Each changing season through.

160 C. M.

[*No.* 133.]

Summer.

1 TO praise the ever bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy pow'rs:
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

2 Well pleas'd the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop:
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

3 They teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The rip'ning harvest bless.

4 Then in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop:
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sown in hope.

161 L. M.

[*No.* 134.]

Autumn.

1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year;
As time with rapid pinions flies,
May ev'ry season make us wise,

2 Our harvest months have o'er us roll'd,
And fill'd our fields with waving gold;
Our tables spread, our garners stor'd!
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord.

3 The solemn harvest comes apace,
The closing day of life and grace:
Time of decision, awful hour!
Around it let no tempests low'r!

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

162 C. M.

[*No.* 130.]

Winter.

1 THE hoary frost, the fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

2 When from his dreadful stores on high,
God pours the sounding hail;
The man that does his pow'r defy,
Shall find his courage fail.

3 God sends his word, and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

4 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

163 8's & 7's.

[*No.* 151.]

Grateful Recollection.

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—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my 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 save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

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

164 L. M.

[*No.* 167.]

The example of Christ.

1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word,
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness the fervor of thy pray'r;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

165 L. M.

[*No.* 176.]

1 UP to thy throne I'll lift my eyes,
Thou wilt regard my early cries;
God will not frown my soul away,
He loves to hear his children pray.

2 To him I'll dedicate my days,
Then shall I prosper in my ways;
And whilst my calling I pursue,
His praise shall terminate my view.

3 O! may his condescending love,
Still draw my heart to things above,
That I among his saints may know
The joy of heav'n begun below.

166 C. M.

[*No.* 198.]

A Hymn for a Poor Child.

1 LORD, I am poor, yet hear my call;
Bestow my daily bread:
Give me at least the crumbs that fall
From tables richly spread.

2 Thou canst for all my wants provide,
And bless my holy crust;
The ravens cry, and are supplied,
And ought not I to trust?

3 Behold the lillies, how they grow,
Though they can nothing do!
And will not God, who clothes them so,
Afford me raiment too?

4 And seeing, Lord, thou dost withhold
The riches some possess,
Grant me what's better far than gold,
Thy grace and righteousness.

167 L. M.

[*No.* 199.]

Parting with a hopeful Scholar.

1 WE offer, Lord, an humble pray'r,
And thank thee for thy grace bestow'd,
In leading one beneath our care,
Thus far in wisdom's pleasant road.

2 What trials to *his* lot may fall,
What toilsome duties to fulfill,
We do not know, but in them all,
Be thou *his* strength and comfort still.

3 May Jesus be *his* constant friend,
The Bible *his* support and stay;
And may thy Spirit, Lord, descend,
To bless and guide *him* day by day.

4 We need not supplicate for more;
For if *he* find a friend in thee,
Then bless'd in basket and in store,
In soul and body shall *he* be.

168 C. M.

[*No.* 200.]

When a Scholar is turned away for bad behavior.

1 HOW dreadful to be turn'd away,
In anger, from our place!
May we be careful every day,
For fear of such disgrace.

2 What kind instruction we have had!
And 'tis a poor return,
To be as idle, or as bad,
As those who never learn.

3 We hope that Jesus will forgive
The one that's gone away,
And grant him time, that he may live
To see his fault and pray.

169 L. M.

[*No.* 203.]

Morning Hymn.

1 AWAKE my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me, while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

170 C. M.

[*No.* 205.]

An Evening Song.

1 AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts, ev'ry hour, make known
His providence and grace.

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

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

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

171 L. M.

[*No.* 29.]

1 I ASK not wealth, nor pomp, nor pow'r,
Nor the vain pleasures of an hour;
My soul aspires to nobler things,
Than all the pride and state of kings

2 One thing I ask, and wilt thou hear,
And grant my soul a gift so dear?
Wisdom descending from above,
The choicest token of thy love.

3 Wisdom, betimes to know the Lord,
To fear his name and keep his word,
To lead my feet in paths of truth,
And guide and guard my wand'ring youth.

172

[*No.* 54.]

The Ten Commandments.

1 THOU shalt have no more Gods but me;
2 Before no idol bow thy knee;

3 Take not the name of God in vain;
4 Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane;
5 Give both thy parents honor due;
6 Take heed that thou no murder do;
7 Abstain from words and deeds unclean;
8 Nor steal, tho' thou art poor and mean;
9 Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it;
10 What is thy neighbor's dare not covet.

173 C. M.

[*No.* 55.]

The Golden Rule.

1 LOVE God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind,
And love your neighbor as yourself;
Be faithful, just, and kind.

2 Do unto others as you would
That they should do to you;
Whate'er is honest, just, and good,
With all your might pursue.

174 C. M.

[*No.* 63.]

Confidence in Christ.

1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or 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.

175 L. M.

[*No.* 66.]

The Liar's portion.

1 O 'TIS a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way,
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.

2 The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth; but ev'ry liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone and with fire.

3 Then let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and hell,
Since God a book of reck'ning keeps
For every lie that children tell.

176 L. M.

[*No.* 67.]

Against spite and anger.

1 IN whom does Jesus Christ delight?
And who shall dwell with him above?
The angry child that loves to fight,
Is one that Jesus cannot love.

2 To contradict and overbear
With noisy words and spiteful lies;
To feel revenge, to curse or swear,
Will make us hateful in his eyes.

3 He saw the sudden blow we gave,
He notic'd every angry word;
And every wicked thought we have,
His eye has seen, his ear has heard.

4 O thou who wast so meek and mild,
Thou gentle Saviour, hear our cry,
And help a weak and sinful child
Each rising passion to deny.

177 L. M.

[*No.* 73.]

1 THESE are the things I ought to mind:
To come in time, and ev'ry day,
And never idly wait behind,
For no good reason, or to play.

2 To put my clothes on neat and tight,
And see my hands and face are clean;
And mind to say my lessons right,
And to remember what they mean.

3 My books I must not tear nor lose,
But always keep them smooth and neat;
And wicked words I must not use,
Such as I hear about the street.

4 I must remember what I'm told,
And always do as I am bid;
And not be obstinate or bold,
Or cross, or sulky, when I'm chid.

178 C. M.

[*No.* 75.]

Against evil company.

1 WHY should I join with those in play,
In whom I've no delight:
Who curse and swear, but never pray;
Who call ill names, and fight?

2 I hate to hear a wanton song,
Their words offend my ears:
I would not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.

3 Away from fools I'll turn my eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go;
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I might grow.

4 From one rude boy that's us'd to mock,
They learn the wicked jest;
One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.

5 My God, I hate to walk or dwell
With sinful children here;
Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.

179 L. M.

[*No.* 77.]

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use;
If love be absent I am found
Like tinkling brass, and empty sound.

2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell,
All that is done in heav'n and hell,

Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 If love to God, and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

180 C. M.

[*No.* 43.]

Self-denial.

1 AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right! since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go!—One look from thee,
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear
Compared with thee, Supremely Good!
Divinely bright and fair!

4 Saviour of souls! could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Tho' destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain.

181 P. M.

The Good Shepherd.

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd no want shall I
fear,
Where ever I wander my Shepherd is near,
By the side of the waters of stillness I pass,
And repose in the meadows of fresh-growing
grass.

2 A pilgrim I travel in faith on my way,
With his rod for my help and his staff for my
stay;
Is the road dark and dreary, I fear not it's
gloom, [tomb.
Nor tremble to pass through the vale of the

3 My table is set in the face of my foes—
Thou anointest my head, and my cup over-
flows, [love,
My days, while below, will be follow'd by
And a blessed eternity meet me above.

182 L. M.

On opening a new School.

1 GREAT God, our feeble efforts own,
And crown our labors with success;
Grant that the seed in weakness sown,
May soon be raised in righteousness.

2 To these our pupils mercy show,
And let their souls before thee live;
For we may plant and water too,
But thou alone canst increase give.

3 Seal our instructions on each heart,
And teach them to observe thy ways;
Lead them to choose the better part,
And serve thee in their youthful days;

4 Then we and they when time shall end,
Shall joyful meet thee in the sky;
Before thy gracious footstool bend,
And praise thee to eternity.

183

"Sweet spices they brought, on their star-lighted way."

MARK XVI: 1—14.

1 SWEET spices they brought, on their star-lighted way,
And came to the grave by the dawning of day.

2 'But who will the stone from the sepulchre roll?'
They said, as the tear from their weeping eyes, stole.

3 The stone is removed, and the Saviour is
gone— [morn.
Oh hail, ye disciples, this bright Sabbath-

4 May Christ now appear, as to Mary he came,
And fill every bosom with piety's flame.

5 Then heaven's bright glories we soon shall
obtain; [vain.
Nor Sabbath's, so peaceful, be useless and

184

"In Zion's sacred gates."

1 IN Zion's sacred gates,
Let hymns of praise begin;
There acts of faith and love
In ceaseless beauty shine
In mercy there
Where God is known,
Before his throne
With songs appear.

2 In heavenly courts above,
Ye angels lift your voice;
Let golden harps resound,
Let happy saints rejoice.
The glories sing,
That ever shine
With pomp divine
Around your King.

185 7's & 6's.

"Remember thy Creator."

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

2 Remember thy Creator,
Before the dust returns
To earth—for 'tis its nature—
And life's last ember burns;
Before, with God who gave it,
The spirit shall appear,
HE cries, who died to save it,
Thy great Creator fear.

186 P. M.

"Praise ye the Lord."

1 PRAISE ye the Lord!
Praise him with heart and voice swelling;
Look, how the heavens are telling
Wonderful things of the Lord.

2 Thanks for his love!
See how the heavens are bending,
Angels in mercy descending,
Laden with gifts from above.

3 Praise ye the Lord!
Oh! let your praises go ringing,
Go, where the angels are singing
Glory to heaven's high Lord.

187 P. M.

The Village Church.

1 OH! see how bright and sweetly there,
Our village church is gleaming;
Encircled by the radiant gold,
And crimson dyes of evening;
Serene it looks, and calm and fair
As Eden, ere the curse was there.

2 And when the Organ peals within
At Sabbath-day's returning,
How glows the humble, joyful heart,
With holy fervor burning;
When songs of praise in chorus swell,
Oh! who the Christians joy can tell.

3 There stands the herald of the skies,
Of heaven's glories telling,

Inviting to the offered prize,
And sinful passions quelling;
He shows the path—he points the way
To joys that never fade away.

188 4 5's & 2 11's.

Thou God of the Sky.

1 Thou God of the sky,
Who rulest on high,
Yet grantest thine Only-be-gotten to die!
Our ransom and peace,
Our surety he is,
And never on earth was there sorrow like his.

2 Thou, Lord, in the day
Of vengeance didst lay
Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away:
He died to atone
For sins not his own;
The work of salvation, our Saviour hath done.

3 With joy we approve
The plan of his love;
A wonder below, and a wonder above!
When time is no more,
We still shall adore
That ocean of love, without bottom or shore.

189 P. M.

The world their fancied pearl may crave.

1 The world their fancied pearl may crave,
'Tis not the pearl for me,
'Twill dim its lustre in the grave,
'Twill moulder in the sea.
But there's a pearl of price untold,
Which never can be bought with gold;
The sinking soul 'twill save,
Oh! that's the pearl for me.

2 The miser knocks at mammon's gate—
'Tis not the gate for me;
From early morn 'till evening late
At his bolted door is he:
But there's a gate that leads to bliss,
And he who knocks by faith at this,
Will ne'er be called to wait—
Oh! that's the gate for me.

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

190 P. M.

Ye youthful ones.

1 Ye youthful ones,
Who view life's scenes so lightly,
While morning's sun
Is beaming warm and brightly,
O praise the Lord!

2 To God above,
Oh, bring your grateful praises;
And cheerful join
The music heaven raises,
To praise the Lord.

3 Our days we'll spend,
With love our pathway sowing,
Till life shall end,
In virtue ever growing;
Then praise the Lord.

TEACHER'S MEETINGS AND MONTHLY CONCERT.

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191 S. M.

Teacher's Meeting.

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

2 Preserved by power divine
We meet as brethren here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

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

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

5 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more.

6 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

192 C. M.

[*No.* 141.]

1 COME, teachers, leave the world awhile,
And rove no more abroad;
Come with a cheerful, heav'nly smile,
And spend an hour with God.

2 Come, let us join our notes of praise,
With yon seraphic throng;
Let harmony our voices raise,
And love employ our song.

3 Like Jesus let us strive to be,
In temper and in mind;
Forgiving, humble, meek, and free,
Benevolent and kind.

4 Lord! let no strife our union spoil,
But love and friendship thrive,
Supply our souls with holy oil,
To keep the flame alive.

193 S. M.

[*No.* 142.]

1 HOW serious is the charge
To train the infant mind;
'Tis God alone must give a heart
To such a work inclin'd.

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.

194 C. M.

[*No.* 140.]

1 BRIGHT as the firmament above,
The truly wise shall shine,
Reflecting beams of truth and love,
From God the source divine.

2 O may I, like a polar star,
Held in my Saviour's hand,
Conduct young wand'rers from afar,
Safe to Immanuel's land.

3 Each star, apart, gives feeble light;
But when they all combine,
How grand, harmonious, and how bright,
The constellations shine.

4 Thus we should join our sev'ral rays,
In one united flame,
To spread our great Redeemer's praise,
And glorify his name.

195 S. M.

[*No.* 152.]

Prayer for Sanctification.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eves.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,
And new-create the whole.

4 If thou, celestial Dove,
Thine influence dost withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall
To terror, sin, and law.

196 L. M.

[*No.* 6, *Add.*]

Prayer for the Children of the Church.

1 DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray,
From thy secure enclosure's bound;

And lur'd by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found.

2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear,
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of cov'nant grace they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh, let them ne'er forgotten be:
Remember all the pray'rs and tears,
Which made them consecrate to thee.

4 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 wand'rers to thy fold restore.

197 L. M.

[*No.* 143.]

1 HOW sweet the hour, and soft the scene,
When heav'nly light with glow serene,
Shedding around its holy rays,
Awakes the coldest heart to praise.

2 Escap'd from scenes of earthly care,
We raise the song and pour the pray'r;
And consecrate, O God, to thee,
This hour of faith and unity.

3 We seek by grace divinely taught,
To train the wild luxuriant thought,
And lead the youthful heart to prize
The joys that blossom in the skies;

4 The chains of error to unbind,
T' explore the regions of the mind,
And bring to light each hidden gem,
More rich than regal diadem.

5 From nature's rude unsightly heath,
Where grow the seeds of sin and death,
We seek the rankling weeds to tear,
And plant the "Rose of Sharon" there.

197 L. M.

[*No.* 135.]

1 HERE, gracious God, beneath thy feet,
Friends to the young and thee we meet:
Join'd by the chord of mutual love,
Bound by our common Friend above.

2 Our hearts thy throne of grace address,
Smile on our schools, the children bless;
Whilst we our humble labors bend,
Thy glorious kingdom to extend.

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

4 Grant us thy presence, God of grace,
Now while we meet before thy face;
That we may feel, ere we depart,
Thy love diffus'd through every heart.

199 L. M.

[*No.* 145.]

1 WHERE two or three with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn pray'r and praise.

2 'There I will be,' saith Christ the Lord,
'To strengthen by my holy word;
And by my Spirit, freely pour
The blessings of my heavenly store.'

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word:
Now send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

200 C. M.

Crowning the Saviour.

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 ransom'd 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!

201 L. M.

Union.

1 UNION! it is a hallowed name
To all who feel the Saviour's love;
Whose hope of heavenly joy's the same;
Who by their works their faith would prove.

2 We would adore his wondrous grace,
That teachers here in love agree,
Satan's malignant hosts to face,
And make the alien armies flee.

3 Lord! let our union more increase,
As months and years revolve their round:
In purest holiness and peace
Let us, thy servants, still be found.

4 Bending our zeal with watchful care
From house to house, from door to door
Till all, matured instruction share
With all the children, rich and poor.

202 8's, 7's.

Pleading the Promise.

1 BLESSED Saviour—Thou hast told us,
In the midst of two or three,
Thou art present to behold us,
If we humbly call on thee;
Blessed promise—blessed promise,
May we thy salvation see!

2 O instruct us, gracious Master,
While thy tender lambs we guide;
May we lead them to green pasture,
By the living water's side,
Where the fountain of salvation,
Pours its soul-refreshing tide.

3 Lord, we bring our charge before thee,
Little ones of thine own fold;
Teach them, Saviour, to adore thee,
As those children did of old,
Who sung praises, high hosannas,
When the hearts of men were cold!

4 Haste the time, when all the islands
In the bosom of the sea;
And the lowlands, plains and highlands,
Shall resound with praise to thee;
And the children of all nations
Shall their God and Saviour see.

203 S. M.

What we meet for.

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!

204 P. M.

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 TO thee, our wants are known,
From thee are all our powers;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours;
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
And to thy word a blessing give.

2 O grant that each of us,
Who meet before thee here,
May meet together thus,
When thou and thine appear!
And follow thee to heaven our home;
E'en so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come!

205 C. M.

Teacher's Object.

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

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

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

4 May union, zeal, and wisdom join,
To make our meetings bless't;
And mutual love to God and man,
Be constantly possess't.

206 S. M.

Teacher's Prayer.

1 CONTROL my every thought;
And all my sin remove;
Let every work in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

2 O bless me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee!
And let my faith and zeal be joined
With perfect charity.

3 O may I love like thee;
In all thy footsteps tread;
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

4 O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove!
And hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

207 7's.

Progress of the Cause.

1 WHEN the glorious work begun
Small and feeble was its day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way.

2 More and more it spreads and grows;
Strong and mighty to prevail:
Sin's stronghold it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

208 S. M.

Sowing the Seed.

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 know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown:
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

5 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

6 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

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

209 7's.

The great Teacher.

1 CHRIST was teaching all the day
Where the throng of hearers met;
And at night retired to pray
In the mount of Olivet.

2 He on no soft couch reposed
Through the 'customed hours of sleep;
But when others' eyes were closed,
He awoke to pray and weep.

3 All the labours we have shared,
O how poor and little worth,
When with those, so great, compare
Of our Saviour upon earth!

4 O may gratitude inspire,
Him to follow now above;
Then our hearts will never tire
In these humble deeds of love.

210 S. M

Responsibility.

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 fulfill:
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

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

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

211 S. M.

Death of a Teacher.

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.

212 L. M.

Farewell to a Teacher.

1 DEAR partner of our hopes and fears,
And wilt thou here no longer dwell,
To share our toils, and joys, and tears?
And must we bid a sad farewell?

2 Yes, thou must fill thy future lot,
Far from thy fond and cherished friends;

But not to be by us forgot
While life its beating pulses spends.

3 We'll think of thee amid the scene
Of each returning Sabbath day;
And nowhere else with grief so keen,
Will mourn that thou art far away.

4 We'll think of thee whene'er we meet,
Our weekly lessons to prepare;
Nor deem our social band complete,
Whilst thou, dear friend, art wanting there

5 We'll think of thee around the board
That speaks a dying Saviour's love;
And trust our joy will be restored
In endless fellowship above.

6 Lord, let thy care *his* footsteps guard,
Thy choicest blessings fill *his* heart;
And crown *him* with thy rich reward,
Where Christian friends no more shall part.

413 C. M.

1 JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptized into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And kindly speak the same.

4 To thee inseparably joined,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!

214 C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

215 S. M.

1 O LET us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

2 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end!

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

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

216 S. M.

[*No.* 74.]

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 sympathising tear.

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

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

217 L. M.

Parting Hymn.

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.

MISSIONARY.

218 P. M.

[*No.* 1, *Add.*]

Missionary.

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

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

3 Shall *we* whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high;
Shall *we* to men benighted
The lamp of Life deny?
SALVATION, O SALVATION!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt MESSIAH's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters *roll*,
Till like a sea of Glory
It spreads from pole to pole,
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
Returns in bliss to reign.

219 L. M.

[*No.* 20.]

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless pray'r be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

220 7's & 6's.

1 NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd;
And be the shout HOSANNA
Re-echoed through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

CHORUS.

Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd;
And be the shout Hosanna
Re-echoed through the world.

2 Yes, thou shalt reign for ever
O JESUS, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransom'd captive sings;
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

CHORUS.

New be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd;
And be the shout Hosanna
Re-echoed through the world.

221 7's.

1 GO, ye messengers of God,
Like the beams of morning fly;
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the banner cross on high!

2 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the balmy East,
Wide the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

3 Visit ev'ry heathen soil,
Ev'ry barren, burning strand,
Bid each dreary region shine,
Lovely as the promised land.

4 In yon wilds of stream and shade
Many an Indian wigwam trace;
And with words of love persuade
Savages to sue for grace.

5 Circumnavigate the ball—
Visit ev'ry soil and sea;
Preach the cross of Christ to all;
Jesus' love is full and free.

222 L. M.

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

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

223 7's.

1 HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord,
God omnipotent, shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway:
He shall reign when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have pass'd away!
Then the end;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

224 8's, 7's.

Missionary's Farewell.

1 YES, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely;
Joys no stranger heart can tell;
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee;
Can I, can I say, farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure
Can I say a last farewell!
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased, I leave thee;
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the desert let me labour;
On the mountain let me tell
How He died, the blessed Saviour
To redeem a world from hell.
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell;

Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell! farewell!

225 7's.

The Bible for the Heathen.

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

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

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

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

226 8's, 7's, 4's.

The Day breaking.

1 YES, we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in every land;
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 Let us hail the joyful season,
Let us hail the dawning ray;
When the Lord appears, there's reason
To expect a glorions day;
At his presence
Gloom and darkness flee away.

3 God of Jacob! high and glorious!
Let thy people see thy hand,
Let the gospel be victorious
Through the world, in every land;
And the idols
Perish, Lord! at thy command.

227 L. M.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength—the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne
"I am Jehovah—God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt—
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In ev'ry land, of ev'ry name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour—*Lord of all.*

228 11's.

1 WAKE, Isles of the South! your redemption is near,
No longer repose in the borders of gloom;
The strength of his chosen in love will appear,
And light shall arise on the verge of the [tomb.

2 The billows that girt ye, the wild waves that roar,
The zephyrs that play where the ocean storms cease,
Shall bear the rich freight to your desolate [shore,
Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace.

3 On the islands that sit in the regions of night,
The lands of despair to oblivion a prey,
The morning will open with healing and light;
The young Star of Bethlehem will ripen to-day.

4 The altar and idol in dust overthrown,
The incense forbade that was hallow'd with blood,
The Priest of Melchizedec there shall atone,
And the shrines of Atooi be sacred to God.

5 The heathen will hasten to welcome the time,
The day-spring, the prophet in vision once saw,
When the beams of Messiah will 'lumine each clime,
And the isles of the ocean shall wait for his law.

229 P. M.

Africa.

Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.

1 LAND of the burning clime!
Land of the sultry sky!
Where the lofty palm tree throws
Its shadows from on high;

A cloud of mercy hangs
Above thy parching plains;
Soon in refreshing showers shall fall
The welcome latter rains.

2 Soon through thy palmy groves
Shall the Christian white man stray,
And far in Niger's secret haunts
The bannered cross display.
Soon thine own dark-browed sons,
The welcome heralds be,
And wave, on thine unfranchised plains,
The banner of the free.

3 Soon, round thy guarded coast,
Shall the mission watch-fires burn;
And o'er the waves a ransomed host
To the father land return.
Soon shall thy loneliest wilds
By Christian steps be trod,
And Ethiopia, her hands
Lift to the living God.

230 7's.

1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are!
Trav'ller! o'er yon mountain's height
See the glory-beaming star!

Watchman! does its beauteous ray,
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ller! yes, it brings the day,
Promis'd day of Israel.

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

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

231 11.10.11.10.

Zion triumphant.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness, [more;
Wake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no

Bright o'er the hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
Rise! for the night of thy sorrows is o'er!

2 Strong were thy foes; but the Arm that subdued them
And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff, from the scourge that pursu'd them,
Vain were their steeds, and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the Pow'r that hath sav'd thee,
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that enslav'd thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.

232 L. M.

The World's Conversion.

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour;
Bid the bright Morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies;

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shores, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown;
And make the universe thine own.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice:
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

4 Go, messengers of Christ, proclaim
Salvation through Immanual's name;
To India's clime the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

233 C. M.

For the Spread of the Gospel.

1 OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixt in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.

2 Our hearts have burned while Jesus spake,
And glowed with sacred fire;
He stopped, and talked, and fed, and blest,
And filled th' enlarged desire.

3 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
But pour a mighty flood;
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.

4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own.

5 May we a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face!

234 L. M.

The Heathen perish.

1 THE heathen perish,—day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away;
O Christians, to their rescue fly,
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

2 Wealth, talents, labor, freely give,
Spend and be spent, that they may live;
What hath your Saviour done for you?
And what for Him would you not do?

ANNIVERSARY OCCASIONS.

235 P. M.

1 O FATHER of all,
The great and the small,
The old and the young,
Thanksgiving accept from a stammerer's tongue;
Thy goodness we praise
For providing a place,
For calling us here,
To be mildly brought up in thy nurture and fear.

2 Thy mercy and truth,
In the days of our youth,
We learn to adore,
And gladly acknowledge thy wisdom and power
Thy astonishing plan
To recover lost man,
With the heavenly choir
We are taught in the morning of life to admire.

3 Thy favor we find
In the Friend of mankind,
Sent down from above,
The witness and proof of thy fatherly love:
With joy we embrace
Thy tenders of grace,
Through the blood of the Lamb,
And accept our salvation in Jesus' name.

4 Thy mercy hath brought
Salvation unsought
To us and to all;
And all may be saved if they follow the call:
We follow it here
Till the Saviour appear
His saints to approve,
And carry us up to his kingdom above.

236 6's & 4's.

My country, 'tis of thee.

1 MY country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

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

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

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

237

Duett and Chorus.

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

2 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming;
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
From Zion shall the law go forth,
And all shall hear from south to north.
Rejoice, rejoice, &c.
And truth shall sit on every hill,
And blessings flow in every rill,
And praise shall every heart employ,
And every voice shall shout for joy.
Rejoice, &c.

3 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming, [reign.
Rejoice, rejoice, the "Prince of Peace" shall
And lambs may with the leopard play,
For naught shall harm in Zion's way.
Rejoice, &c.
The sword and spear of needless worth
Shall prune the tree and plough the earth;
For peace shall smile from shore to shore,
And nations shall learn war no more.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming, [reign.
Rejoice, rejoice, the "Prince of Peace" shall

238 L. M.

1 HOSANNA be the children's song
To Christ the children's King;

His praise to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.

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

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

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

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

239 11's.

1 O SAY can you see by the truth's holy light,
What the fathers once hailed, in the world's early being,
When for sin, o'er our race, hung the mantle of night—
What God for our weal was in mercy decreeing?

The banner unfurled which shall conquer the
world,
When sin shall be vanquish'd—to darkness be
hurl'd:
O the cross is that banner—and long may it
wave,
Till Jesus lead captive both death and the
[grave.

2 'Twas but dimly perceived through the dark-
ness that reigned,
And man seemed enchanted in slumbers re-
posing;
But the prophets their message of mercy pro-
claimed,
The banner of peace though obscurely dis-
closing;
Oft it seemed to unfold o'er the clouds as they
roll'd,
And the day brightly dawn'd by the prophets
foretold;
When the blood-stained banner in triumph
shall wave
O'er the earth and o'er sea, over death and the
[grave.

3 Now where is the foe that so vauntingly swore,
By the gods whom he worshipp'd that dark-
ness should rule us;
No home should await us where angels adore,
But death and the grave should together con-
trol us?

He has trembled with fear, and will flee in despair,
Like the lion the archers have chased to his lair;
And our banner in triumph continues to wave,
And triumph it must over death and the grave.

4 Thus will it be ever while Christians shall stand
Near the cross, and remember their high destination;
Bless'd with vict'ry and peace, this invincible band,
Shall shout when the Lord has renewed all creation!
For conquer they must, as their cause is most just,
And this is their motto, "*In God is our trust.*"
O their banner in glory, in triumph shall wave,
When lost is the power of death and the grave.

240 8's & 7's.

Praise for Mercies.

1 CROWNS and praises! crowns and praises!
To the Lord of Hosts belong,
Every soul that on us gazes
Come and join the glorious song;
We are few to count his mercies,
Mean to raise his honors high;
Come and join our humble praises,
Every soul that passes by!

2 If each people, tribe, and nation,
Here could glad hosanna sing;
If the mighty, vast creation
Every tuneful voice could bring;
Yet how poor would be the sounding
Of the songs they all would raise!
Lord, thy mercies, more abounding,
Rise above our highest praise.

241 8's & 7's.

TEACHERS.

1 COME, ye children, and adore him,
Lord of all, he reigns above;
Come and worship now before him,
He hath called you by his love.
He will grant you every blessing
Of his all abounding grace;
Come, with humble hearts expressing
All your gratitude and praise.

CHILDREN.

2 On this holy day of gladness,
We will join in praises meet;
Every bosom free from sadness,
All with happiness replete.
O to feel the love of Jesus!
O to know that, from above,
Still our heavenly Father sees us
With an eye of tender love!

TEACHERS.

3 Dearest children, now adore him;
Swell aloud the joyful strain:
Let the nations bow before him,
Echo back the notes again.
While he will accept the praises,
E'en from every heart and tongue,
Those to him an infant raises,
Still are sweetest of the song.

CHILDREN.

4 Lord of all, our hearts' oblation
Now ascends to thee alone;
We would come, with all the nation,
Now to worship at thy throne.
Teachers! will you join the chorus?
Join in hymning forth his praise,
Who, for our redemption, shows us
All the riches of his grace?

TEACHERS AND CHILDREN.

5 Praise to thee, O Lord, for ever!
Gladly now we all unite;
Praise to thee, O God! the giver,
Blessed Lord, of life and light!
Ransomed nation, spread the story!
Rescued people, ne'er give o'er!
All his grace, and all his glory,
O proclaim for evermore!

242 7's & 6's.

[*No.* 124.]

Anniversary of Independence

1 WE come with joy and gladness,
To breathe our songs of praise,
Nor let one note of sadness
Be mingled in our lays;
For 'tis a hallow'd story,
This theme of freedom's birth;
Our fathers' deeds of glory
Are echo'd round the earth.

2 The sound is waxing stronger,
And thrones and nations hear—
Proud man shall rule no longer,
For God the Lord is near;
And he will crush oppression,
And raise the humble mind,
And give the earth's possession
Among the good and kind.

3 And then shall sink the mountains,
Where pride and power are crown'd,
And peace, like gentle fountains,
Shall shed its pureness round.
O God! we would adore thee,
And in thy shadow rest;
Our *fathers* bow'd before thee,
And trusted and were blest

243 4's & 6's.

Independence Day.

1 WITH joy we meet,
With smiles we greet
Our schoolmates bright and gay:
Be dry each tear
Of sorrow here—
'Tis Independence day.

2 'Tis freedom's sound
That rings around,
And brightens every ray,
Our banner floats,
And trumpet notes;
On Independence day.

3 While thunder breaks,
And music wakes
Its patriotic lay,
At temple gate
Our feet shall wait,
On Independence day.

4 O who from home
Would fail to come
And join the children's lay—
When praise we bring
To God our King,
On Independence day.

5 For liberty,
Great God, to thee
Our grateful thanks we pay;
For thanks, we know,
To thee, we owe,
On Independence day.

244 P. M.

1 HALLELUJAH! we sing, to the Saviour of man,
Whose smile has attended the abstinence plan,
Whose blessing has saved the drunkard from death,
And brought him to walk in the temperance [path.

2 Hallelujah! we sing for the mercies bestow'd
In leading the wretched to peace and to God;
And saving lost drunkards from ruin and woe,
And making them blessings wherever they go

3 Hallelujah! we sing, let God be ador'd
For dwellings of sorrow to comfort restored
Where the drunkard once dwelt, the graces now reign;
And the motto of each and of all is, abstain

4 Hallelujah! we'll sing, as the watchword we give;
Hallelujah! we'll sing as long as we live.
Hallelujah! to Jesus, the Saviour of man;
Hallelujah! be sung by all who abstain.

245

TUNE,—*Bruce's address to his army.*

1 FRIENDS of Freedom! swell the song,
Young and old the strain prolong,
Make the Temperance army strong,
And on to victory.

2 Lift your banners, let them wave,
Onward march a world to save,
Who would fill a drunkard's grave,
And bear his infamy?

3 Shrink not when the foe appears,
Spurn the cowards guilty fears,
Hear the shrieks, behold the tears,
Of ruined families.

4 Raise the cry in every spot
"Touch not, Taste not, Handle not!"
Who would be a drunken sot,
The worst of miseries

5 Give the aching bosom rest,
Carry joy to every breast,
Make the wretched drunkard blest,
By living soberly.

6 Raise the glorious watchword high
"Touch not, Taste not, 'till you die,"
Let the echo reach the sky,
And earth keep jubilee.

7 God of mercy! hear us plead,
For thy help we intercede,
See how many bosoms bleed,
And heal them speedily.

8 Hasten Lord the happy day
When, beneath thy gentle ray,
Temperance all the world shall sway.
And reign triumphantly!

246 P. M.

Here we suffer grief and pain.

1 HERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again; (*Repeat.*)
In heaven we part no more.
O! that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O! that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

2 All who love the Lord, below,
When they die, to heaven will go,
And reign with saints above.
Chorus.

3 Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sunday School.
Chorus.

4 Teachers too shall meet above,
And our Pastors whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.
Chorus.

5 Oh! how happy we shall be,
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on his throne.
Chorus.

6 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ,
In praising Christ the Lord!!!
Chorus.

247 7's & 6's.

Shall we only render Words.

1 WHEN, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name.
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill:

We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne;
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming,
Our great Redeemer's praise;
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosanna raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

248 C. M.

The joyful Meeting.

1 HOW pleasant thus to dwell below,
In fellowship of love;
And though we part, 'tis bliss to know
The good shall meet above.
O! that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O! that will be joyful,
To meet to part no more.
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore,
And sing the everlasting song,
With those who've gone before.

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

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

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

249 P. M.

1 COME let us anew,
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still
Till the Master appear
And never stand still till the Master appear.

2 His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope,
And the labor of love.

3 Our life
Our
Glides
And
Refuses

4 The arr
The
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Rush
And ete

5 Oh that
Of hi
I have f
I have
Thou di

6 Oh that
May
"Well a
Enter
And sit

1 WHEN
Meet
When w
Round

3 Our life is a dream,
Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away!
And the fugitive moment
Refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown;
The moment is gone;
The millenial year
Rushes on to our view,
And eternity's here.

5 Oh that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work
Thou didst give me to do.

6 Oh that each from the Lord
May receive the glad word—
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy,
And sit down on my throne."

250 P. M.

1 WHEN shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us for ever?

Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes,
Never, no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river;
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill,
Never, no, never!

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

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreathe her chain,
Round us forever;
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close,
Never, no, never.

251 7's & 6's.

Millennium.

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign!

2 Then from the craggy mountains,
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling,
In one eternal sound!

APPENDIX.

CHARACTER, WORKS, AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

252 C. M.

Who is God?

1 GOD is a Spirit great in might,
Most holy, just, and true;
He dwells in heaven, above our sight,
And he can all things do.

2 Jehovah is his glorious name;
There is no God beside;
He always was and is the same,
And ever will abide.

3 And he is good as well as great,
Kind, merciful, and wise;
He, who did all at first create,
The wants of all supplies.

4 Him only should we praise and serve,
To him all worship pay;
His just and holy laws observe,
And all his will obey.

5 Great God! thy face we cannot see;
Thou reignest far above;
Yet may we ever think of thee
With reverence and with love.

253 C. M.

God the Creator.

1 THERE'S not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But goodness gave it birth.

2 There's not a cloud whose dews distil
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

3 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found;
For God is everywhere.

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

254 C. M.

The divine omniscience.

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

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

3 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

4 O may I now forever fear
To indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down ev'ry fault.

255 8's & 7's.

God is light and love.

1 GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we move;
Bliss he grants, and woe he lightens:
God is light, and God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Worlds decay, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never:
God is light, and God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
His unchanging goodness proves:
From the mist his brightness streameth:
God is light, and God is love.

4 He our earthly cares entwineth
With his comforts from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth:
God is light, and God is love.

256 6's & 5's.

God is good.

1 MORN amid the mountains,
Lovely solitude,
Gushing streams and fountains,
Murmur—God is good.

2 Now the glad sun, breaking,
Pours a golden flood;
Deepest vales, awaking,
Echo—God is good.

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

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

257 8, 8, & 6's.

God is love.

1 MY God, thy boundless love I praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thine eternal throne;
Through heav'n its joys forever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil;

In ev'ry vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in ev'ry gale that blows,
And glides in ev'ry rill.

3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flow'ry beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale;
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smile on ev'ry vale.

4 But in thy gospel see it shine,
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiv'n;
There faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heav'n.

5 Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

THE SCRIPTURES.

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258 11's.

"The Bible! the Bible!"

1 THE Bible! the Bible! more precious than gold
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold;
It speaks of a Saviour, and tells of his love;
It shows us the way to the mansions above.

2 The Bible! the Bible! blest volume of Truth,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth!
It bids us seek early the pearl of great price,
Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

3 The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy,
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ;

We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth,
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.

4 The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

259 8's & 7's.

God's Word a Treasure.

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

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

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

4 Oh, the blessedness of knowing
Christ our Saviour's precious love,
Freely on a child bestowing
Grace and mercy from above!

260 7's & 6's.

"We'll not give up the Bible."

1 WE'LL not give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth;
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth:
The sun that sheds a glorious light
O'er ev'ry dreary road;
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love
And calls us home to God.
We'll not give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth.

2 We'll not give up the Bible,
For it alone can tell
The way to save our ruin'd souls
From being sent to hell.

And it alone can tell us how
We can have hopes of heaven,—
That through the Saviour's precious blood
Our sins may be forgiven.
We'll not give up the Bible, &c.

3 We'll not give up the Bible,
For pleasure or for pain;
We'll buy the truth, and sell it not
For all that we might gain:
Though man should try to take our prize
By guile or cruel might,
We'll suffer all that man could do,
And God defend the right!
We'll not give up the Bible, &c.

4 We'll not give up the Bible;
But if ye force away
What is as our own life-blood dear,
We still with joy could say:
"The words that we have learn'd while young
Shall follow all our days;
For they're engraven on our hearts,
And still shall guide our ways."
We'll not give up the Bible, &c.

5 We'll not give up the Bible,
But spread it far and wide,
Until its saving voice be heard
Beyond the rolling tide:
Till all shall know its gracious power,
And, with one voice and heart,
Resolve that from God's sacred word
They'll never, never part!
We'll not give up the Bible, &c.

PRAYER.

261 S. M.

Lord, teach us how to pray.

1 LORD, teach us how to pray,
And give us hearts to ask;
Or all we think, or do, or say,
Will be a tiresome task.

2 Thy Holy Spirit send
Our bosoms to inspire;
Then shall our praise to thee ascend
With pure and warm desire.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Present our prayers above,
And spread abroad, o'er all thou seest,
The mantle of thy love.

4 Teach us to find our bliss
In earnest, fervent prayer;
For where we pray our Saviour is,
And bliss is only there.

262 C. M.

Prayer.

1 ADMITTED where thy truths are taught
While pious hearts adore;
Father in heaven! my spirit ought
Thy blessing to implore.

2 Instruct my ignorance, I pray;
My wayward passions tame;
From ev'ry folly guard my way,
From ev'ry sin reclaim.

3 With humble awe thy power I see,
Thy boundless mercy sing;
Few words become a child like me
Before so great a King.

4 Teach me thy precepts to fulfil,
To trust in Him who died,
To yield submission to His will,
For all is vain beside.

263 7's.

Influences of the Spirit.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit—Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me;
Set the burden'd sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Dwell thyself within my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

264 8, 8, 8, 8, 8's.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 OUR Father who in heaven art,
All hallow'd be thy glorious name:
Thy kingdom come in every heart;

Thy will be done
Beneath the sun,
As high in heaven is the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread:
Our trespasses forgive, we pray,
As we on others pardon shed;
And lead us not,
In deed or thought,
Into temptation's dangerous way.

3 Deliver from the evil one;
For thine's the universal reign,
The power, Lord, is all thine own;
The glory, too,
Is all thy due,
For evermore. Amen. Amen.

265 5's.

Prayer for the Spirit.

1 O SPIRIT of love,
Who dwellest on high.
Descend from above,
And answer our cry;
Thou ne'er hast denied us
The blessings we crave;
Unerring to guide us,
And mighty to save.

2 All fallen and weak,
  Polluted and blind,
Thy comfort we seek,
  Thy light in the mind;
Though laden with guilt,
  And cover'd with shame,
Revive us thou wilt
  With the blood of the Lamb.

3 Thou Comforter true
  To the children of grace,
Their love is thy due,
  Their worship and praise;
To thee with the Father,
  To thee with the Son,
Our homage we offer,—
  The Godhead is one.

266 S. M.

Solicitude for the conversion of children.

1 THOU God of sov'reign grace,
  In mercy now appear;
We long to see thy smiling face,
  And feel that thou art near.

2 Receive these lambs to-day,
  O Shepherd of the flock,
And wash the stains of guilt away
  Beside the smitten Rock.

3 Thy saving health impart,
O Comforter divine;
Now make these children pure in heart,
Make them entirely thine.

4 To-day in love descend;
Oh, come this precious hour;
In mercy now their spirits bend
To thine own saving power.

267 C. M.

On Prayer.

1 THE Lord attends when children pray;
A whisper he can hear;
He knows not only what we say,
But what we wish or fear.

2 He sees us when we are alone,
Though no one else can see;
And all our thoughts to him are known,
Wherever we may be.

3 'Tis not enough to bend the knee,
And words of prayer to say;
The heart must with the lips agree,
Or else we do not pray.

4 Teach us, O Lord, to pray aright;
Thy grace to us impart;
That we in prayer may take delight,
And serve thee with the heart.

268 7's.

Learning to love.

1 SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

2 With a childlike heart of love
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ,—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

PRAISE.

269 S. M.

Exhortation to Praise.

1 COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing!
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the sea their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God!

270 L. M.

Wisdom and knowledge of God.

1 AWAKE, my tongue, thy tribute bring
To Him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise Him, who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth, where all our thoughts are drown'd!
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold:
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, oh, what grace!
Its wonders, oh, what thought can trace?
Here wisdom shines forever bright:
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

271 7's & 6's.

Praise to God.

1 PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above
And keeps his courts below;
Praise him for his boundless love,
And all his greatness show.

Praise him for his noble deeds;
  Praise him for his matchless power;
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
  Let earth and heaven adore.

2 Publish, spread to all around,
  The great Immanuel's name;
Let the gospel-trumpet sound,
  Him Prince of peace proclaim.
Praise him, ev'ry tuneful string:
  All the reach of heavenly art,
All the power of music bring,
  The music of the heart.

3 Him, in whom they move and live,
  Let ev'ry creature sing;
Glory to our Saviour give,
  And homage to our King.
Hallow'd be his name beneath,
  As in heaven on earth adored;
Praise the Lord in every breath;
  Let all things praise the Lord.

272 8's & 7's.

Praise to the Lord.

1 PRAISE the Lord! Ye heavens, adore him;
  Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
  Praise him, all ye stars of night.

2 Praise the Lord in glory seated,
Heaven and earth, and sea and land;
At his word ye were created,
By his powerful strength ye stand.

3 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

273 8's & 7's.

1 PRAISE to God, the great Creator;
Praise to God from ev'ry tongue;
Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine.

3 For the thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Heirs of endless bliss in heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
Then enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

5 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise him, ev'ry living creature,
Earth and heaven's united host.

274 7's.

Thanks to our Father in Heaven.

1 FATHER, hear! to thee we raise
Grateful songs and hymns of praise,
Let thy blessing on us rest;
With thy smile may we be blest.
Thanks to thee, our Father kind,
That provision for the mind
Thou hast made, and to us giv'n,
In thy love, as rich as heav'n.

2 Thou hast given us friends most dear,
Parents, teachers, loved ones here,
Who for us both watch and pray,
And would lead in the right way.

Give us grace to hear their voice,
And may wisdom be our choice;
Onward press and upward move,
Blessing all by deeds of love.

3 Lord! be thou our guide through youth;
Lead us in the paths of truth;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Fit us for thy holy place:
Thus we hope to do thy will,—
In the world our part fulfil,
And, when life's brief hour is o'er,
Meet in heaven and love thee more.

275 7's & 6's.

Songs of Praise.

1 THE morning stars were singing
With joy when time began,
And heavenly peals were ringing
When God created man;
The universe was swelling
With jubilant delight,
While all to all were telling
Jehovah's power and might.

2 A higher song of glory
Was sung in after-time;

And shepherds heard the story—
  Rehearsed in sounds sublime—
Of Jesus in a manger,
  God's well-beloved Son,
Who came to save from danger
  A race by sin undone.

3 A multitude of voices
  Have learn'd this holy song,
And earth with heaven rejoices
  To roll the sound along.
With saints and angels o'er us,
  Who sing by us unheard,
We join the gladsome chorus,
  And echo every word.

276 6's & 4's.

Worthy the Lamb.

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
  "Praise ye his name!"
Angels, his love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Saints, sing for evermore,
  "Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Join all the ransom'd race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name.
In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!'

3 Soon must we change our place;
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name:
Still will we tribute bring;
Hail him our gracious King;
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

277 8's & 7's.

The Saviour's Praise.

1 HERE we throng to praise the Saviour,
Cheerfully our voices raise;
He who died for our behavior
Says he will accept our praise.
Hinder not the youth from coming,
For of such, the Saviour said,
Is composed my heavenly kingdom:—
'Tis a rapturous thought indeed.

2 Let us love him and adore him
In our days of feeble youth;
May we ever walk before him,
In the glorious paths of truth.
Let us never grieve the Saviour,
Who has died our souls to win;
Let us ever seek his favor,
Shunning all the paths of sin.

3 If our sins are all forgiven,
We may read our titles clear
To eternal joy in heaven,
Far beyond this earthly sphere;
In that blest abode of glory
We may join the angel throng;
Jesus' love shall be the story
Of our never-ending song.

278 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6's.

Excellency of Christ.

1 OH, could I speak the matchless worth
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heav'nly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend
Triumphant in his grace.

279 C. M.

Christ adored by the Heavenly Host.

1 OH, the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Archangels sound his lofty praise.
Through ev'ry heav'nly street,
And lay their highest honors down
Submissive at his feet.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains:
Let all the earth his honors sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head!

5 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

280 8, 7, 8, 7, 4's.

The Song of Children.

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

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

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

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

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

SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND PUBLIC WORSHIP.

281 8, 6, 8, 8, 6's.

Sabbath-School.

1 THERE is a spot surpassing sweet,
In love and mercy given,
Where old and young together meet,
And sit them down at Jesus' feet,
And learn the way to heaven.

2 The little prattler stops his play
On Saturday at even,
And on the peaceful Sabbath-day
He comes with joy to learn the way
That leads to bliss and heaven.

3 The taller youth, his toils forgot
One peaceful day in seven,
Retires to this delightful spot,
To banish earth, and spend a thought
Upon the things of heaven.

4 The man of toil, with cares oppress'd,
Who all the week hath striven,
Comes, with a calm and peaceful breast,
To think of joys and dream of rest
The weary find in heaven.

5 Come all, and learn the gospel rule,
Which tells how sin's forgiven;
Come ye, till every seat is full,
And grace shall make the Sabbath-school
The very gate of heaven.

282 8, 7, 8, 7, 4's.

Love for the Sabbath-School.

1 YES, dear Sabbath-school, I love thee
Here I meet with friends most dear,—
None to scorn or feel above me,
None to dread with slavish fear;
And the teachers
Kindly all my lessons hear.

2 Here I learn of richer treasures
Than the mines of earth afford;
Earthly friends and earthly pleasures
Shall not keep me from the Lord:
Precious lessons
Here are spoken from his word.

3 Yet my heart is fill'd with wonder:
Parents, teachers, can you tell
Why neglected many wander,
When so near the school they dwell?
Oh, invite them:
They will love the school so well.

4 I will go and tell those children
There is room for them and me,
And to school will straightway bring them,
If persuaded they will be:
I am thankful
That my friends invited me.

283 11's & 8's.

The Good Scholar.

(TUNE.—*The Swiss Boy.*)

1 WHEN I go, I will go to the Sabbath-school,
With a heart so cheerful and free,
When I pray, I will pray at the Sabbath-school
That a very good child I may be.
Whate'er I do, endeavor still
To do it with a right good will;
Then away, then away to the Sabbath-school,
With a bosom so cheerful and free.

2 When I read, I will read in the Holy Book
What the blessed Redeemer hath done;
And that God, our God, will pardon our sins,
For his only immaculate Son.

Oh, let me then endeavor still
To do my best with right good will.
Then away, then away to the Sabbath-
school,
To hear what my Saviour hath done.

3 When I sing, I will sing a sweet sacred
hymn,
That my heart may be melted in love;
That in faith, and by faith, my spirit may
seem
To be wafted to mansions above.
Oh, let me then endeavor still
To do my best with right good will.
Then away, then away to the Sabbath-
school,
That my heart may be melted in love.

284 C. M.

Love for the Sunday-School.

1 I LOVE the Sabbath-school,—the place
My youthful feet have trod,—
Where I have heard of wisdom's ways,
That lead to peace and God.

2 I love the Sabbath-school: 'tis there
The praise of God we sing;
'Tis there we bow the knee in prayer
To God, our heavenly King.

3 I love the Sabbath-school, where we
The Holy Bible read,
Which tells of Christ, who came to be
A Saviour in our need.

4 Oh that, when life's few cares are past,
Our teachers we may meet
Upon the blissful plains, and cast
Our crowns at Jesus' feet!

285 L. M.

Privileges of Sunday-School.

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

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

3 'Tis here I sing a Saviour's love
That brought him from his throne above;
'Tis here I seek my Father's face,
And here begin the Christian race.

286 L. M.

Lifting Heart and Voice.

1 O LORD, to whom our life we owe,
From whom our daily blessings flow,
To thee we come again to raise
Our voices and our hearts in praise.

2 Again upon thy day we here
Within the Sabbath-school appear,
And, that thy mercies we may share,
Our hearts and voices raise in prayer.

3 As ever here thy will we trace,
And learn the news of gospel grace,
Help us with thanks to lift above
Our voices and our hearts in love.

4 May Jesus guide us by his eye,
Through purity, to bliss on high,
To blend, with all the blessed throng,
Our hearts and voices in their song.

287 C. M.

Prayer for a Blessing on Teachers.

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

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

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

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

288 L. M.

1 AGAIN has come the Sabbath-day;
Another week has pass'd away;
Again we meet to serve the Lord,
To sing his love and read his word.

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

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

289 C. M.

Prayer for the Spirit's Influence.

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

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

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

4 Here let thy power and grace be felt;
Thy love and mercy known;
Our icy hearts, dear Jesus, melt,
And break this flinty stone.

290 7's.

Suffer us to come.

1 LORD, before thy throne we stand,
Once again thy children see;
Smile upon this youthful band,
Suffer us to come to thee.

2 Whither else should children go
Weak and impotent as we?
Thou hast all things to bestow:
Suffer us to come to thee.

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

291 8's & 7's.

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 HEAVENLY Father, grant thy blessing
On the teachings of this day;
That our hearts, thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turn'd away.

2 We are told thy power can reach us
Whatsoever place we're in;
And the Holy Scriptures teach us
Thou wilt surely punish sin.

3 We have wander'd: oh, forgive us!
We have wish'd from truth to rove;
Turn, oh, turn us, and receive us,
And incline our hearts to love.

4 We have learn'd that Christ the Saviour
Lived to teach us what is good;
Died to gain for us thy favor,
And redeem us by his blood.

5 For his sake, O God, forgive us!
Guide us to that happy home,
Where the Saviour will receive us
And where sin can never come.

292 8's & 7's.

Closing Hymn of Praise.

1 TO-DAY the bells, with voices loud,
Their Sabbath-chimes are ringing
The Lord is in his temple now:
We praise him with our singing!

Without, within, the voices chord!
One praise we all are giving—
To thee, the ever-loving Lord,
To thee, the Ever-Living!

2 O God of every human heart,
And every heart's pure feeling,
We love and praise thee as thou art
In Nature's own revealing!
Wherever summer's grass is green
Or winter's snows are hoary,
We see thee, though thou art unseen,
We know thee by thy glory!

3 We linger in our cheerful song;
We praise thee as we sever;
The summer days will not be long
Ere we shall praise forever!
All hail, then, for the Summer Land
Whose blossoms never wither!
Though here we part each others' hand,
We keep our journey thither.

293 C. M.

Sunday-School concluding Worship.

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

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

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

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

294 C. M.

From School to Church.

1 NOW, children, to God's house repair,
And with the holy throng,
Oh, give your hearts to humble prayer,
And raise the cheerful song.

2 Praise God, whose mercies brought you here,
Whose goodness keeps you still,
Whose grace with joy your souls can cheer,
Whose power subdues your will.

3 Improve the strength you here have
gain'd
To do his holy will:
Improve the knowledge here attain'd
To love and serve him still.

4 Let not the world have cause to say
You served your God for naught;
But grow in grace from day to day,
As you have here been taught.

295 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8's.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return:
Lord, make these moments blest:
From this low sphere of mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While we address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoy'd in vain.

296 C. M.

Love for God's Day and House.

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

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

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

297 C. M.

Commemorative of the Resurrection.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own:
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day arose our glorious Head,
And death's dread empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all its wonders tell.

3 Hosannah! the anointed King
Ascends his destined throne:
To God our grateful homage bring,
And his Messiah own.

4 Blest be the Lord, who came to men
With messages of grace;
Who came in God the Father's name
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosannah in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

EARLY PIETY.

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298 C. M.

Early Consecration.

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

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

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

299 S. M.

1 LORD, in the days of youth
May we in grace improve,
And learn the word of sacred truth,
The Saviour's dying love.

2 Our moments haste away
With ev'ry heaving breath,
And swiftly hastens on the day
When we must sink in death.

3 While some are never taught
The way of God with care,
We bless the Lord that we are brought
To this thy house of prayer.

4 Lord, give us ears to hear,
And hearts to understand;
In trouble may we find thee near,—
A Saviour close at hand.

5 Through life's dark rugged road
Thus far we're kept by thee:
May heaven at last be our abode,
Thy glory there to see.

300 C. M.

The Ways of Wisdom.

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

301 7's.

Value of Religion.

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

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

302 C. M.

The Soul.

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

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

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

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

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

303 S. M.

Now the Day of Grace.

1 NOW is the day of grace;
Now to the Saviour come;
The Lord is calling, "Seek my face,
And I will guide you home."

2 A Father bids you speed;
Oh, wherefore then delay?
He calls in love, he sees your need,
He bids you come to-day.

3 To-day the prize is won;
The promise is to save;
Then, oh, be wise: to-morrow's sun
May shine upon your grave.

304 C. M.

Youth the Season for Piety.

1 NOW, in the season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrives, and trembling waits
Its summons to the tomb,—

Remember thy Creator now;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence and joy.

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

305 8, 7, 8, 7, 4's.

Early seeking the Saviour.

1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tenderest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way:
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus!
Hear young children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus!
Let us early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will!
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With thy grace our bosom fill:
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast loved us: love us still.

306 8's.

Consecration Hymn.

1 O JESUS! delight of my soul,
My Saviour, my Shepherd divine!
I yield to thy blessed control,
My body and spirit are thine.

2 Thy love I can never deserve,
That bids me be happy in thee:
My God and my King I will serve,
Whose favor is heaven to me.

3 How can I thy goodness repay,
By nature so weak and defiled?
Myself I have given away;
Oh, call me thine own willing child.

4 And art thou my Father above?
Will Jesus abide in my heart?
Oh, bind me so fast with thy love
That I never from thee shall depart.

PENITENTIAL.

307 S. M.

Repentance.

1 IF Jesus Christ was sent
To save us from our sin,
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.

2 He says he loves to see
A broken-hearted one;
He loves that sinners such as we
Should mourn for what we've done.

3 'Tis not enough to say
We're sorry and repent,
Yet still go on from day to day
Just as we always went.

4 Repentance is to leave
The sins we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more.

5 Lord, make us thus sincere,
To watch as well as pray:
However small, however dear,
Take all our sins away.

6 And since the Saviour came
To make us turn from sin,
With holy grief and humble shame
We would at once begin.

308 8's.

Return.

1 RETURN to the Guide of thy youth,—
Thy Maker, thy Father, thy Friend!
Behold him prepared to receive
The child who has dared to offend.
Return! the Redeemer invites;
Full oft he hath sought thee before;
But, lo! with unspeakable grace,
He deigns to entreat thee once more.

2 Return, and enjoyments are thine,
Too vast for the heart to conceive;
Enjoyments which only belong
To those who repent and believe:
A love which forever expands;
Unceasing composure of heart;
A crown of unfading delight;
A kingdom which cannot depart.

309 L. M.

Pleading for Mercy.

1 WHEN at thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying Friend,
And for his sake receive my prayer!

2 Oh, think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye:
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

3 Oh, think upon thy holy word,
And every precious promise there,
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how thy glory 'tis to spare.

4 Remember not my doubts and fears,
My strivings with thy grace divine:
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let his merits stand for mine.

310 L. M.

Children encouraged to seek the Lord.

1 BLEST Jesus, hear our humble claim,
The favor to address thy name;
Thou wast so meek that babes might be
Encouraged to draw near to thee.

2 O Saviour, help us to believe
That thou wilt children yet receive;
Thy tender mercies, Lord, are free,
And we are welcome unto thee.

3 To every child, O Lord, impart
A broken and a contrite heart;
Oh, cleanse us by thy precious blood,
And fill us with the fear of God.

4 Though oft we err, restore us still,
And make us better do thy will;
Till, fitted by thy power and grace,
We reach thy throne and see thy face.

311 C. M.

Uncertainty of Life.

1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril, every hour.

3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
On youth's soft cheek decay;
The sun descend, in sudden night,
Of manhood's middle day.

4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dream of days to come?

5 Turn, mortal, turn; thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

6 Turn, mortal, turn; thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The forms which underneath thee lie
Shall live—for hell or heaven.

312 7's.

*A Litany.**

1 SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;

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* Litany is a supplicatory prayer.

Oh, by all thy pains and woe
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lowly wilderness,
By the victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,
Jesus, look with pitying eye:
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
By thy cross, thy pangs and cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice,
Jesus, look with pitying eye:
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save,

Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,—
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry:
Hear our solemn litany.

REDEMPTION THROUGH JESUS CHRIST.

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313 C. M.

Christ comes to destroy Sin.

1 JOY to the world! the Lord has come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

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

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

314 8's & 7s.

The Love of Christ constraineth us.

1 WHAT a strange and wondrous story
From the book of God is read!—
How the Lord of life and glory
Had not where to lay his head.

2 How he left his throne in heaven
Here to suffer, bleed and die,
That my soul might be forgiven,
And ascend to God on high.

3 Jesus Christ, my Lord and Savior,
Let me not ungrateful be;
Let my words and my behavior
Prove I love and honor thee.

4 Father, let thy Holy Spirit
Still reveal a Saviour's love,
And prepare me to inherit
Glory, where he reigns above.

315 7's.

Rock smitten; or, Rock of Ages.

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee:
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side that flow'd
Be of sin the perfect cure;
Save me, Lord! and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever 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.

316 8, 7, 8, 7, 4's.

Praise to Christ.

1 WHY did Jesus come from heaven,
Live a suffering life and die?
'Twas that we might be forgiven,
And hereafter live on high.
Let us praise him,
Now he reigns above the sky.

2 Jesus is the only Saviour:
All our hope from Jesus springs;
Jesus is the world's Redeemer,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Let us praise him,
For his grace salvation brings.

3 Jesus kindly will receive us
Who to him for refuge flee:
Jesus never can deceive us;
Our unchanging friend is he.
Let us praise him;
From our sins he sets us free.

4 May we know his full salvation,
And, when this short life is o'er,
Reach that heavenly habitation
Whither he is gone before.
May we praise him
In his kingdom evermore!

317 L. M. 6 lines.

Praise to Jesus.

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

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

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

318 8's & 7's.

Jesus our Strength.

1 JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Friend of children, hear our lays:

Humbly would our souls adore thee,
Sing thy name in hymns of praise.

2 Oh, what debtors to thy kindness
Are we, God of boundless love!
Thousands wander on in blindness,
Strangers to the light above.

3 Jesus, on thine arm relying,
We would tread this earthly vale;
Be our life when we are dying;
Be our strength when strength shall fail.

4 Let us mount the hills of glory,
Far from sins and woes and pains,
There in perfect songs adore thee,
And in everlasting strains.

319 7's.

Christ our Refuge.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.

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

2 Other refuge have I none,
Lo! I helpless hang on thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Lest I basely shrink and flee.
Thou art all my trust and aid,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
Boundless love in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Reign, O Lord, within my heart;
Reign to all eternity.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

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320 C. M.

Watchfulness and Prayer.

1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, oh, let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

3 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail,
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

4 Oh, keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

321 S. M.

Watchfulness and Prayer inculcated.

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

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

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

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

322 7's & 6's.

Rejoicing in Religion.

1 IT is not earthly pleasure,
That withers in a day,
It is not mortal treasure,
That flieth soon away,

It is not friends that leave us,
  It is not sense nor sin,
That smile but to deceive us,
  Can give us peace within.

2 But 'tis religion bringeth
  Joy beyond earth's control;
Rich from the throne it springeth
  A fountain to the soul.
He that is meek and lowly
  The Saviour's face shall see;
To none but to the holy
  Heaven's gates shall open'd be.

3 Lord, be thy Spirit near us
  While we thy words are taught;
And may these days that cheer us
  With future good be fraught;
May we, to heaven invited,
  When youth and life are flown,
Teachers and taught united,
  Assemble round the throne.

323 11, 10, 11, 10's.

The Mercy-Seat.

1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
  Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
your anguish;
Earth has no sorrows that heaven can-
not heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy
saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-
not cure.

3 Here see the bread of life, see waters
flowing
Forth from the throne of God, bound-
less in love;
Come to the feast prepared, come, ever
knowing
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can
remove.

324 S. M.

Divine Goodness a Ground of Trust.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
And shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time: so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well

4 Thine everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

5 Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

DEATH, JUDGMENT, HEAVEN AND HELL.

325 10, 6, 8's.

The Dying Child.

1 WHAT'S this that steals, that steals upon my frame,—
Is it death, is it death?

That soon will quench, will quench this
vital flame?—
Is it death, is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free;
I shall the King of glory see:—
All is well, all is well!

2 Weep not, my friends, my friends, weep
not for me,—
All is well, all is well;
My sins are pardon'd, pardon'd, I am
free,—
All is well, all is well;
There's not a cloud that doth arise
To hide my Jesus from mine eyes;
I soon shall mount the upper skies,—
All is well, all is well!

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye
saints in glory,—
All is well, all is well;
I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing
story,—
All is well, all is well.
Bright angels are from glory come,—
They're round my bed, they're in my
room;

They wait to waft my spirit home,—
All is well, all is well!

4 Hark, hark! my Lord, my Lord and
Master calls me,—
All is well, all is well!
I soon shall see, shall see his face in
glory,—
All is well, all is well.
Farewell, my friends,—adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you;
My glittering crown appears in view,—
All is well, all is well!

5 Hail, hail, all hail, all hail, ye blood-
wash'd throng,—
Saved by grace, saved by grace:
I come to join, to join your rapturous
song,—
Saved by grace, saved by grace.
All, all is peace and joy divine,
And heaven and glory now are mine;
All! hallelujah to the Lamb,—
All is well, all is well!

326 C. M.

Eternity.

1 THE sun that lights the world shall fade,
The stars shall pass away,
And I, a child immortal made,
Shall witness their decay.

2 Yes, I shall live when they are dead,
Though now so bright they shine;
When earth and all it holds have fled,
Eternity is mine.

3 For I can never, never die,
While God himself remains;
But I must live in heaven on high,
Or where deep darkness reigns.

4 If heaven and hell ne'er pass away,
To Christ, oh, let me flee;
If pain be hard for one short day,
What must FOREVER be?

327 S. M.

Time misspent.

1 A DREAD and solemn hour
To us is drawing near,
When we before the throne of God
All present shall appear.

2 What answer shall we give
When God himself demands
The uses of such times as these
In judgment at our hands?

3 And must we then confess
That all was spent in vain,—
The seasons that were once our own,
But cannot be again?

4 This would be woe indeed:
To regions of despair
Our own neglect would sink us down,
To mourn forever there.

328 L. M.

Christ coming to Judgment.

1 THE Lord will come! the earth will quake!
The mountains to their centre shake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come, but not the same
As once in lowliness he came,
A silent lamb before his foes,
A weary man and full of woes.

3 The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With rainbow wreath and robes of storm,
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.

4 Can this be He, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppress'd by power and mock'd by pride,
The *Nazarene*, the crucified?

5 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us, mountains, on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

329 C. M.

Longing for a View of Heaven.

1 OH, let our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

2 There joys unseen by mortal eyes
Or reason's feeble ray
In ever-blooming prospect rise
Exposed to no decay.

3 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving look of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Oh, then, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent souls shall rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

330 S. M.

No Sorrow there.

1 COME, sing to me of heaven,
When I'm about to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.
There'll be no more sorrow there,
There'll be no more sorrow there;
In heaven above,
Where all is love,
There'll be no more sorrow there.

2 When the last moments come,
Oh, watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic glow
Which in each feature plays.
There'll be, &c.

3 Then to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be given ;
Let music charm me last on earth
And greet me first in heaven.
There'll be, &c.

4 When round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
Then sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.
There'll be, &c.

331 8, 6, 8, 8, 6's.

The Heavenly Rest.

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

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

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

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

332 C. M.

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

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

2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:

Blest seats! through rude and stormy
scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

333 7's & 6's.

The Child's Wish.

1 I WANT to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand.

There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise him day and night.

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

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

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

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

334 8 lines, 10's.

Triumph.

1 JOYFULLY, joyfully onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing, as I come,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."
Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to that land of delight will I go:
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

2 Friends fondly cherish'd have pass'd on before;
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing, to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home,"
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!

Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."

3 Death, with thy weapons of war, lay me low;
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not thy blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb:
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn;
Death shall be banish'd, his sceptre be gone:
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

335 8's.

The Realms of the Blest.

1 WE speak of the realms of the blest,—
Of that country so bright and so fair,—
And oft are its glories confess'd:
But what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls deck'd with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold:
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From all sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within:
But what must it be to be there?

4 We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the church of the first-born above:
But what must it be to be there?

5 Do thou, Lord, midst gladness or woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

6 Then anthems of praise we will sing,
When all safe in that heavenly rest,
To Jesus our Saviour and King,
Who reigns in those realms of the blest.

336 8's & 6's.

Children in Heaven.

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

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one array'd,
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade.
Singing, &c.

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?—
How came those children there?
Singing, &c.

Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!
Singing, &c.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face
And stand before the Lamb.
Singing, Glory, glory, glory be to
God on high.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS AND SUBJECTS.

CHRISTMAS.

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337 8's & 7's.

Angels tell the Birth of Christ.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the sky?
Loud the angel-host rejoices,
"Glory be to God on high."

2 Christ is born our Prince and Saviour,
He has left his glorious home;
Now an infant in a manger
To redeem our souls has come.

3 Shepherds hear the wondrous story
From the lips of angels bright,
And around them shines such glory,
Rays, it seems, of heaven's own light.

4 We would join to praise the Saviour,
'Twas for us he show'd such love:
May we now obtain his favor,
And rejoice with him above.

338 7's & 6's.

Christmas Morning.

1 THE glorious light is dawning,
And gilds the mountain's brow;
To Bethlehem this morning,
Rejoicing, let us go.
We'll sing the blissful story
The angels sang this morn,--
How Christ, the King of glory,
Was in a stable born.

2 His diadem forsaking,
He laid his glory by,
Our nature on him taking,
That he might bleed and die.
From sin and death to free us,
On wings of love, he came;
For this the blessed Jesus
A little child became.

3 While shepherds, low adoring,
To him give homage meet,
And Eastern Magi pouring
Earth's treasures at his feet
We, now life's day is dawning,
Would our best offerings bring,
And on this happy morning
Worship the new-born King.

339 7's & 6's.

Our Redeemer's Birth.

1 TO-DAY repeat the story
Of our Redeemer's birth,
Which angel-bands from glory
Proclaim'd in joy to earth.
Come, raise your voice to heaven,
The tidings hymn again,
That peace on earth is given,
And God's good will to men.

2 Dismiss your thoughts of sadness;
Swell forth your joyful voice;
Let angel-songs of gladness
Make every heart rejoice.
Prolong the gracious story,
Repeat it still again,
That God from highest glory
Came down to dwell with men.

3 Let every land and nation
The isles and ocean meet
In bringing an oblation
To our Emmanuel's feet.
Oh, haste the day all-glorious,
Which poet-prophets sing,
When o'er the world victorious,
The Saviour reigns the King.

4 From temple and from dwelling
Raise ye the anthem high,
That, hill to valley swelling,
Make shore to shore reply.
All Adam's sons and daughters
Roll forth your songs of praise,
With voice like many waters
Your alleluias raise.

340 L. M.

Luther's Christmas Hymn for a Child.

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all people."—LUKE ii. 10.

1 WELCOME to earth, thou noble Guest,
Through whom this wicked world is blest!
Thou com'st to share our misery:
What can we render, Lord, to thee?

2 Ah, Lord, who hast created all,
How hast thou made thee weak and small?
That thou must choose thy infant bed
Where cattle have but lately fed!

3 Were earth a thousand times more fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
It still were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for thee.

4 Thus hath it pleased thee to make plain
The truth to us, so weak and vain,
That this world's honor, wealth and might
Are naught and worthless in thy sight.

5 O dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make thee a place all undefiled
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for thee.

6 My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I too must sing, with joyful tongue,
That sweetest ancient cradle-song:—

7 Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man his Son hath given!
While angels sing the Saviour's birth,
Most joyful news to all the earth!

341 7's & 6's.

Christ the Song of Angels.

1 HAPPY angels! still ye dwell
In yon worlds of glory;
And in joyous anthem swell
Love's redeeming story.

Shining multitudes! ye came
Our Redeemer to proclaim;
Still your song is just the same,—
Glory, glory, glory!

2 Angels, sing again with man,—
Swell our strain of glory;
Shout with us the wondrous plan,
Love's redeeming story.
Soon our stay on earth shall fail,
Soon shall drop the mortal vail,
Then in song and voice we'll hail,
Glory, glory, glory!

3 Christ, our Lord, the *theme*, the *song*,—
Then no more the stranger,
Welcomed by the shining throng,
In lone Bethlehem's manger.
Robed in peerless majesty,
Soon our eyes shall also see;
Then we'll sing, "'Tis He, 'tis He!
Glory, glory, glory!"

GOOD FRIDAY.

342 8's & 3's.

Jesus Crucified.

1 BEHOLD! behold the Lamb of God
On the cross.

For us he shed his precious blood
On the cross.
Oh, hear his all-important cry,
Eli, lama sabachthani,—
Draw near and see your Saviour die
On the cross.

2 Behold his arms extended wide
On the cross.
Behold his bleeding hands and side
On the cross.
The sun withholds its rays of light,
The heavens are clothed in shades of night,
While Jesus puts the foe to flight
On the cross.

3 Come, sinners, see him lifted up
On the cross.
For you he drinks the bitter cup
On the cross.
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake
On the cross.

4 And now the mighty deed is done
On the cross.

The battle's fought, the victory's won,
On the cross.
To heaven he turns his closing eyes:
"'Tis finish'd!" now the Conqueror cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies
On the cross.

EASTER.

343 L. M.

Resurrection of Christ.

1 HAIL! morning known among the blest,—
Morning of hope and joy and love,
Of heavenly peace and holy rest,
Pledge of the endless rest above.

2 Blest be the Father of our Lord,
Who from the dead hath brought his Son:
Hope to the lost was then restored,
And everlasting glory won.

3 Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away,
When Christ arose,—unsetting Sun,—
The dawn of joy's eternal day.

4 Mercy look'd down with smiling eye
When our Immanuel left the dead;
Faith mark'd his bright ascent on high,
And Hope with gladness raised her head.

5 Descend, O Spirit of the Lord!
Thy fire to every bosom bring:
Then shall our ardent hearts accord,
And teach our lips God's praise to sing.

ASCENSION.

344 7's.

Ascension of Christ to Heaven.

1 HAIL the day that sees him rise
Glorious to his native skies!
Christ, a while to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.

2 There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Christ hath vanquish'd death and sin;
Take the King of glory in.

3 See, the heaven its Lord receives!
Yet he loves the earth he leaves:
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

4 Still for us he intercedes,
His prevailing death he pleads,
Near himself prepares our place,
Great Forerunner of our race.

5 What though parted from our sight,
Far above yon starry height;
Thither our affections rise,
Following him beyond the skies.

WHITSUNDAY.

345 C. M.

For Whitsunday.

1 SPIRIT of truth, on this thy day,
To thee for help we cry
To guide us through the weary way
Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone,
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervor in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more:
Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

4 When tongues shall cease, and power
decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith and hope and love.

NEW YEAR.

346 C. M.

Close of the Year.

1 NOW, with this closing year, to thee,
O Lord, our thanks we raise
For all thy mercies, full and free,
Shed o'er its nights and days.

2 Of every gift and every power
Thou wast the gracious source;
From thee came every happy hour
Which smiled along its course.

3 And if sometimes across our path
Sorrows their shadows threw,
Thou didst not send them there in wrath,
But loving-kindness true.

4 For trial, then, as well as joy,
Our gratitude should rise,
For each of these thou dost employ
To draw us to the skies.

5 O Lord, bestow what seemeth best
Throughout our journey here,
And bring us to the glorious rest
Of thine eternal year.

347 C. M.

New Year's Day.

1 ETERNAL God! before thy throne
We now with joy appear,
And praise thee for thy goodness shown
Throughout another year.

2 Parents and friends thy love has given;
While many Sabbath-days
Have pointed out the way to heaven
And fill'd our tongues with praise.

3 Oh, may thy goodness long endure,
And may we grateful prove,
Till we shall need these aids no more,
But glory in thy love.

348 C. M.

For a New Year or Birthday.

1 LORD of my life! whose word of power
Did first inspire my breath,
'Tis thou hast kept me to this hour
From danger and from death.

2 Spared to commence another year,
The past I now review:
How numerous do my sins appear!
How great thy mercies too!

3 I thank thee for thy tender care
Through all my infant days,
And for each privilege I share
That still thy love displays.

4 For Jesus' sake my sins forgive,
And strengthen me in grace,
That to thy glory I may live,
And run the Christian race.

5 How long or short my course may be
'Tis not for me to know;
But may I yield my heart to thee,
And in thy favor grow.

FOURTH OF JULY.

349 7's & 6's.

Fourth of July and the Sunday-School.

1 ALL hail the joyful morning!
'Tis Freedom's natal day!
What glories blend, adorning,
With Heaven's benignant ray,
Our free and prosperous nation,
The land the pilgrims trod,
Abounding with salvation
And every gift of God!

2 Religion's gracious blessing
Is Freedom's gift for youth,
And we, that boon possessing,
Are taught this precious truth,
That Christ, a Saviour given,
Took children to his arms,
And calls them now to heaven,
To bless them with his charms.

3 Then let the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along,
While hill and valley ringing
Shall echo to the song.

We thank the blessed Saviour,
By whom to us is given
This blessed institution,
To lead our souls to heaven.

4 Let children sing hosanna,
And raise their voices high;
While, under Freedom's banner,
The nation shall reply;
And high and lowly dwellings
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujahs swelling
In one eternal sound.

HARVEST OR THANKSGIVING.

350 C. M.

God's Providence.

1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power!
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad;
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth and air, are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine!

4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still;
Thy goodness crowns the year.

REFORMATION.

351 L. M.

Anniversary of the Reformation—Oct. 31.

1 A GLOOMY night of sin again
Oppress'd the minds and hearts of men,
While those who sat in seats of might
But ill for good and wrong for right.

2 False priest and king, with rising crown,
The people press'd still lower down;
And though deep groans were heard, in deed,
Yet few, it seem'd, had heart to heed.

3 But He who had in ancient days,
In Egypt, mark'd the oppressor's ways,
Was still the same each sigh to hear,
The same to watch the secret tear.

4 His ear heard every closet-prayer,
Each breath in cell or mountain-air:
These in due time his help secured,
When all his purpose was matured.

5 Long as this day shall shine abroad,
Raise tongues of joy and thanks to God;
And tell our goodly heritage
From land to land, from age to age.

352 S. M.

Safety of the Church.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great:
He makes the church his own abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

3 When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll call to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

353 L. M.

Prayer for the Church.

1 O LORD, uphold us by thy word,
And break our foes' descending sword;
Fain would they banish from his throne
Thy Son, whom thou dost call thine own.

2 Lord Jesus Christ, thy power display;
Establish o'er the world thy sway;
Defend thy church, who to thy praise
Shall high the song of triumph raise.

3 O Holy Ghost, descend, we pray,
Thy sanctifying power display,
Thy church console, our hearts unite,
And guide us to the realms of light.

4 Thus shall the world admiring see
That thou art God eternally;
That faithful thou dost still defend
Thy people who on thee depend.

MORNING.

354 L. M.

A Morning Hymn.

1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way.

4 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear
And leave me in this world's wild maze
To follow every wandering star.

5 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

355 C. M.

Morning Hymn.

1 THROUGH all the dangers of the night
Preserved, O Lord, by thee,
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee.

2 Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,
And guide us by thy arm;
For they are safe, and only they,
Whom thou dost keep from harm.

3 Let all our words and all our ways
Declare that we are thine,
That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.

4 Let us ne'er turn away from thee;
Dear Saviour, hold us fast,
Till with immortal eyes we see
Thy glorious face at last.

EVENING.

356 7's.

Evening Hymn.

1 THOU from whom we never part,
Thou whose love is everywhere,
Thou who seest every heart,
Listen to our evening prayer.

2 Father, fill our souls with love,
Love unfailing, full and free,
Love no injuries can remove,
Love that ever rests on thee.

3 Heavenly Father! through the night
Keep us safe from every ill;
Cheerful as the morning light
May we wake to do thy will.

357 L. M.

Evening Hymn.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;

Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment-day.

4 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face and sing thy love.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

SPRING.

358 C. M.

Spring.

1 WHILE verdant hill and blooming vale
Put on their fresh array,

And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

2 Oh, let my wondering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field and grove.

3 The bounteous hand my thoughts adore,
Beyond expression kind,
Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store,
To bless the craving mind.

4 That hand in this hard heart of mine
Can make each virtue live;
And kindly showers of grace divine
Life, beauty, fragrance give.

SUMMER.

359 C. M.

Summer.

1 ONCE more the Lord's indulgent hand
Hath roll'd the seasons round,
And, lo, again our fruitful land
We see with plenty crown'd.

2 He gives us rain in copious showers,
And makes his sun to shine,

And forth a flood of blessings pours,
Of blessings all divine.

3 In vain the husbandman might sow
And harrow in the seed,
Did God the blessing not bestow
And make his toil succeed.

4 Then let us join our grateful songs
The God of heaven to bless,
To whom alone all praise belongs
For all that we possess.

AUTUMN.

360 8's & 7's.

Autumn.

1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd, to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:—

2 "Ye on length of days presuming,
Think how soon your course has fled;
We were lately fresh and blooming,
Now are wither'd, dry and dead.

3 "Cease presumptuous hopes to cherish;
Prize the seasons as they fly;
Like the leaves you rise and flourish,
Like the leaves must droop and die.

4 "But to those in Jesus planted,
By a true and living faith,
Shall unfading spring be granted
And a triumph over death."

WINTER.

361 C. M.

Winter.

1 STERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crown'd!

2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 My heart, where mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confined in cold, inactive chains,—
How desolate and sad!

4 Return, O blissful Sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

5 Oh, happy state, divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns,
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains!

BAPTISM.

362 L. M.

Infant Baptism.

1 O LORD, encouraged by thy grace,
We bring our infant to thy throne;
Give it within thy heart a place,
Let it be thine, and thine alone.

2 Remove from it each stain of guilt,
And let this child be sanctified;
Lord, thou canst cleanse it, if thou wilt,
And all its native evils hide.

3 We ask not for it earthly bliss,
Or earthly honors, wealth or fame;
The sum of our request is this:—
That it may love and fear thy name.

4 This infant we by faith commit
To thy kind love and guardian care;
We lay it at the Saviour's feet,
And trust it shall not perish there.

363 7's.

Holy Dedication to God.

1 PARDON'D through redeeming grace
In thy blessed Son reveal'd,
Worshiping before thy face,
Lord, to thee ourselves we yield.

2 Thou the sacrifice receive,
Humbly offer'd through thy Son;
Quicken us in him to live;
Lord, in us thy will be done.

3 By the hallow'd outward sign,
By the cleansing grace within,
Seal and make us wholly thine;
Wash and keep us pure from sin.

4 Called to bear the Christian name,
May our vows and life accord,
And our every deed proclaim
"Holiness unto the Lord!"

364 L. M.

Baptism of the Holy Ghost.

1 COME, Holy Ghost! come from on high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

2 Exert thy gracious power divine,
And sprinkle thou th' atoning blood:
May Father, Son and Spirit join
To seal this child a child of God.

CATECHISATION.

365 C. M.

Lord, help my Unbelief.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep its stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred Word:—
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come
And trust upon the Lord.

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
Oh, help my unbelief!

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
Into thine arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

366 C. M.

Youthful Piety.

1 REMEMBER thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thine earliest vow
And listen to thy praise.

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

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

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

367 C. M.

Youthful Dedication.

1 COME, let us join our souls to God
In everlasting bands,
And seize the blessings he bestows
With eager hearts and hands.

2 Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there,
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour out fervent prayer.

3 Come, let us seal, without delay,
The covenant of his grace;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Its memory e'er efface.

4 Thus, in our youthful days we'll haste
To seek our fathers' God;
And may we ne'er forsake the path
Their blessed feet have trod.

368 8's & 7's

The Heart given to God.

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

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

369 L. M.

Christian Stability.

1 O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be
That all my hopes are fix'd on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

CONFIRMATION.

370 7's, 6 l.

Consecration to God.

1 FATHER, Son and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,

As by the celestial host,
  Let thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

2 If so poor a worm as I
  May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
  All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me, for thy service claim,
All I have and all I am.

3 Take my soul and body's powers!
  Take my memory, mind and will,
All my goods and all my hours,
  All I know and all I feel,
All I think, or speak, or do:
Take my heart—but make it new!

4 Now, O God, thine own I am;
  Now I give thee back thine own:
Freedom, friends, and health and fame,
  Consecrate to thee alone;
Thine I live, thrice happy I,
Happier still if thine I die.

371 L. M.

Joy in admission to Christian Privileges.

1 OH, happy day, that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God:
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
I'll praise him in his sacred house,
And gladly to his altar move.

3 Now with his saints I choose my part;
With them I come, a welcome guest;
Here rest, my once divided heart;
In him, thy blissful portion, rest.

4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear;
Till, call'd at last from all below,
I bless in death a bond so dear.

372 8's & 7's.

Taking up the Cross.

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

Perish every fond ambition,—
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,—
Yet how rich is my condition:
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too:
Human hearts and looks deceive me,—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith and wing'd by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

373 C. M.

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

2 A crowd 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 uplifted eye;—

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

LORD'S SUPPER.

374 C. M.

Love to Christ and one another.

1 YE followers of the Prince of peace,
Who round his table draw,
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

2 The love which all his bosom fill'd
Did all his actions guide:
Inspired by love, he lived and taught
Inspired by love, he died.

3 And do you love him? do you feel
Your warm affections move?
This is the proof which he demands,
That you each other love.

4 Let each the sacred law fulfil;
Like his be every mind;
Be every temper form'd by love,
And every action kind.

5 Let none who call themselves his friends
Disgrace the honor'd name,
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

375 C. M.

1 MY Saviour, who for me didst bear
Deep anguish, shame and death,
With favor hear my earnest prayer,
And breathe on me thy breath.

2 Thy body, Lord, was bruised for me,
For me thy blood was shed:
That I might rise to life with thee,
In death was bow'd thy head.

3 The emblems of thy flesh and blood
Speak of thy agony,
Which, like a fearful, raging flood,
O'erwhelm'd thy soul for me.

4 Do thou thyself attend the feast
Which thou in love hast spread,
And make my soul a worthy guest
With thee, my glorious Head.

5 Thy presence all my thoughts control
And heavenward incline,
And cause each power of my soul
To grow in grace divine.

6 Make living bread to me abound,
Until I hence remove,
And with the white-robed throng surround
The marriage-feast above.

376 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6's.

Live to do Good.

1 LIVE to do good: this world should be
But one united family,—
One holy brotherhood,—
Where each should for his neighbor feel,
Helping along the general weal
And universal good.

2 Live to do good: an idle wail
Is useless,—action must prevail,
A living pattern teach;
Invoke example's potent aid,
And that to which you would persuade,
Practise as well as preach.

3 Live to do good: if festering sores
Humanity with tears deplores,
Strive all you can to heal;
Direct the young and comfort age,
Boldly for right and truth engage,
And for the suffering feel.

4 Live to do good, and kindness show
To neighbor, stranger, friend and foe,
Nor think the task is hard;
Heaven will bestow the righteous meed,
And every earth-forgotten deed
Shall bring a rich reward.

BENEVOLENCE.

377 H. M.

"Am I my Brother's Keeper?"

1 MUST I my brother keep,
And share his pain and toil,
And weep with those that weep,
And smile with those that smile,
And act to each a brother's part,
And feel his sorrows in my heart?

2 Must I his burden bear,
As though it were my own,
And do as I would care
Should to myself be done?
If naked, clothe? if hungry, feed?
And love him, not in word, but deed?

3 Then, Jesus, at thy feet
A learner let me be,
And there, as it is meet,
My duty learn of thee;

For thou didst come on Mercy's plan,
And all thy life was love to man.

4 Oh, make me as thou art;
Thy Spirit, Lord, bestow,—
The kind and gentle heart
That feels another's woe;
And thus I may be like my Head
And in my Saviour's footsteps tread.

378 7's & 8's.

Gospel Charity.

1 "BE ye warm'd and be ye fill'd,"—
Words of comfort often spoken
To the heart that want hath chill'd
And the world's rough blast hath broken.

2 But to speak the hopeful word
While the hand withholds the blessing,
To the heart with grieving stirr'd,
Only proves the more distressing.

3 Let the gospel rule appear:—
Give as God to thee hath given;
Act thy part within thy sphere
As an almoner of Heaven.

4 What the heart dictates to give,
Let the hand fulfil in giving:
Thus may Christians, while they live,
Feel and tell the worth of living.

379 C. M.

Visiting the Sick.

1 GO to the pillow of disease,
Where night gives no repose,
And on the cheek where sickness preys
Bid health to plant the rose.

2 Go where the friendless stranger lies:
To perish is his doom;
Save from the grave his closing eyes,
And bring his blessing home.

3 Thus, what our heavenly Father gave
Shall we as freely give;
Thus copy Him who lived to save,
And died that we might live.

ORPHANS.

380 C. M.

The Fatherless and Motherless.

1 YE fatherless and motherless,
Left in the world alone,

How few of those who know your lot
To you have kindness shown!

2 But, though the many pass you by
Without a kindly word,
Your sighs and prayers, in secret told,
By One shall still be heard.

3 Yes, He who by his Spirit sways
The minds and hearts of men,
Will friends dispose to do you good
And make you glad again.

4 He looks upon the poor and lone
To pity and to bless:
A Father he indeed will be
Unto the fatherless.

5 Oh, let his goodness lead to love,
While pilgrims here you roam,
And in his presence you shall find
An everlasting home.

381 C. M.

In Behalf of Orphans.

1 O GRACIOUS Lord, whose mercies rise
Above our utmost need,
Incline thine ear unto our cry,
And hear the orphan plead.

2 Bereft of all a mother's love
And all a father's care,
Lord, whither shall we flee for help?
To whom direct our prayer?

3 To thee we flee, to thee we pray,
Thou shalt our Father be:
More than the fondest parent's care
We find, O Lord, in thee!

4 Already thou hast heard our cry
And wiped away our tears:
Thy mercy has a refuge found
To guard our helpless years.

382 L. M.

God's Parental Care and Kindness acknowledged.

1 O THOU who dost young children love,
And feel for us a father's care,
From thy high throne in heaven above
Vouchsafe to listen to our prayer.

2 The lowliest flower that decks the vale,
Or gems the rugged mountain's side,
Enjoys the sunlight, shower and gale
As freely as the garden's pride.

3 E'en so we children poor and low
Are not too mean thy love to share:
Alike for all thy mercies flow,
Alike for all thy guardian care.

4 Then, gracious Lord, in mercy now
Thy blessing unto us be given;
Thy Spirit pour, thy grace bestow,
To save from sin and guide to heaven.

383 C. M.

Appeal for Orphans.

1 YE children whom a father's care
And friends and home have bless'd,
'Tis yours to hear the orphan's prayer
And give the orphan rest.

2 'Tis yours to soothe the throbbing breast,
To bid his sorrows cease,
And on the heart by grief oppress'd
To pour the balm of peace.

3 'Tis sweet, by gentle pity stirr'd,
The wretched to relieve;
"More bless'd," as saith the sacred word,
"To give than to receive."

4 Then, children, bring your little store,
'Twill thus be nobly spent;
It will be given to the poor,
While to the Lord 'tis lent.

TEMPERANCE.

384 8, 7, 4's.

Temperance Appeal.

1 COME, ye true and human-hearted,
Let us join our hands as one,
And, with might from heaven imparted,
Press with zealous vigor on,
Breasting evil
Till its power be overthrown.

2 See our fellow-creatures falling,
Smitten by a fiery flame!
Loud to us their blood is calling
To arise in mercy's name,
Quick to rescue
Others from a death of shame.

3 We are in a cause enlisted
That demands a soul of fire;
Gray-grown sin must be resisted
Till we see the foe expire:
Onward! onward!
Never let our spirits tire.

4 Temperance, in living letters,
On our banners we will bear,
While we move to break the fetters
Thousands in deep sorrow wear,
As they ever
Travel downward to despair.

5 Though opponents league together,
Mightily for ill allied,
Never let us falter,—never!
Truth and Right are on our side:
God is with us,
His right hand shall be our guide.

6 Join our warfare peaceful, glorious;
On our roll your names record;
Righteousness shall be victorious,
Is the promise of the Lord:
Heaven's favor
Will the faithful ones reward.

385 C. M.

Against Intemperance.

1 OH, do not touch the maddening bowl!
'Twill lead thee far astray;
'Twill quench the gladness of thy soul
And steal thy hopes away.

2 What numbers in the graveyard lie
Who might be living still,
Had they been timely warn'd to fly
This fiery fount of ill!

3 Now, while their wretched offspring weep,
Their souls in darkness dwell,
For justice must in anger sweep
The drunkard down to hell.

4 Oh, do not touch the maddening bowl!
'Twill lead thee far astray;
'Twill quench the gladness of thy soul
And steal thy hopes away!

386 S. M.

Mourning for the Lost.

1 MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fatal reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the tarnish'd gem,—
For reason's light divine,
Quench'd from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God hath bid it shine.

3 Mourn for the ruin'd soul,—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turn'd to hopeless night.

4 Mourn for the lost, but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall
And to the refuge flee.

5 Mourn for the lost, but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

RULES AND DUTIES.

387 8's & 7's.

Jesus our Example.

1 JESUS CHRIST, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me:
Oh that in my whole behavior
He my pattern still may be!

2 All my nature is unholy;
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.

3 I am often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess:
He was always self-denying,
Patient in his worst distress.

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

388 L. M.

Imitation of Christ in doing Good.

1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day
But miracles of power and grace,
Which spread salvation through our race?

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue:
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.

3 That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,—
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

4 But he who marks from day to day
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path the Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

389 C. M.

Obedience to Parents.

1 LET children that would fear the Lord
Hear what their teachers say,
With reverence meet their parents' word,
And with delight obey.

2 Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord
To him that breaks his father's law
Or mocks his mother's word?

3 But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honor due,
Here on this earth they long may live,
And live in glory too.

390 C. M.

The Use of the Lips.

1 O GOD, with meekness we confess
Our lips are not our own,

And in thy service should be used,
As they are thine alone:
For thou, O Lord, our lips hast made,
And in the judgment-day
How strict the reckoning thou wilt take
Of every thing we say!

2 Yes, words of bitter, angry strife,
And foolish words and vain,
And false, and envious, and unclean,
And words that are profane,—
All, all are heard, O Lord, by thee,
And if not now forgiven,
However idly utter'd here,
Will keep us out of heaven.

3 Lord, set a watch unto our lips,
And guard our tongues from sin;
And, lest we ever should offend,
Create us pure within.
All our past words of sin forgive,
Which we to thee confess,
And help us that henceforward, Lord,
Our mouths may not transgress.

391 7's.

On Evil-Speaking.

1 WORDS are things of little cost,
Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
We forget them, but they stand
Witnesses at God's right hand,
And their testimony bear
For us, or against us, there.

2 Oh, how often ours have been
Idle words and words of sin!
Words of anger, scorn or pride,
Or deceit, our faults to hide;
Envious tales, or strife unkind,
Leaving bitter thoughts behind.

3 Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
Strength to watch and grace to pray;
May our lips, from sin kept free,
Love to speak and sing of thee,
Till in heaven we learn to raise
Hymns of everlasting praise.

TEACHERS' MEETINGS AND MONTHLY CONCERTS.

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392 7's.

Feed my Lambs.

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

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

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

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

393 L. M.

Sunday-School Teachers' Prayer.

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

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

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

394 S. M.

The Teacher's Prayer.

1 SAVE all my children, Lord!
For less I dare not ask:
I know thou wilt fulfil thy word;
May I fulfil my task.

2 Thy word is, "Work and pray,
Toil on, 'mid hopes and fears

The sowing brings the reaping day,
The harvest follows tears."

3 Oh, let me strive to be
The laborer thou wilt bless,
And hourly offer unto thee
The works of righteousness.

4 Yet, when my best is done,
'Tis sin and folly still:
My only plea is that thy Son
Wrought out thy perfect will.

5 Then hear me while I ask,
"Save all my children, Lord!"
While I in faith fulfil my task,
Do thou fulfil thy word.

MISSIONARY.

395 11's.

Oh, send forth the Bible.

1 OH, send forth the Bible, more precious than gold!
Let no one presume the best gift to withhold;

It speaks to all nations in language so
plain
That he who will read it true wisdom may
gain.

2 It points us to heaven, where the righteous
will go;
It warns us to shun the dark regions of
woe;
It shows us the evil and dangers of sin,
And opens a fountain for cleansing within.

3 It tells us of One who is mighty to save,
Who died on the cross and arose from the
grave;
Who dwelleth on high, in that holy abode,
Interceding for man with a pardoning
God.

4 It tells us that all will awake from the
tomb;
Bids sinners reflect on a judgment to
come;
It tells us that mansions of bliss are pre-
pared,
The hope of believers,—their glorious
reward.

5 Oh, who would neglect such a volume as
this,
That warns us from danger, invites us to
bliss?
Send forth the blest Bible earth's regions
around,
Wherever the footsteps of man shall be
found.

396 L. M.

Missionary Meeting.

1 JESUS! in Christian love we meet
To bring an offering to thy feet;
All in their hand some talent bear,
And lay it humbly, freely, there.

2 Yes, for thy gospel's cause, with joy
Our hands, our hearts, we would employ:
Oh, smile upon us from above,
That bless'd may be our work of love.

3 Then let us feel thy presence near,
While met in holy union here:
Our zeal, our love, do thou increase,
And let us reap the fruits of peace.

397 L. M.

Liberality.

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

2 The blessings which I now enjoy
I must for Christ and souls employ;
For if I use them as mine own,
My Lord will soon call in his loan.

3 When I to him in want apply,
He never will my suit deny;
And shall I then refuse to give,
Since I so much from him receive?

4 Shall Jesus leave the realms of day
And clothe himself in humble clay,
Shall he become despised and poor,
To make me rich for evermore?

5 And shall I wickedly withhold
To give my silver or my gold,
To aid a cause my soul approves,
And save the sinners Jesus loves?

398 L. M.

The Love of God in the Soul.

1 ETERNAL love devised the plan
To rescue fallen, ruin'd man
And raise him to the heights above,
To stand before the throne of love.

2 Love bids the soul from sin depart,
Love speaks forgiveness to the heart,
The righteous points to joys unknown;
Love breathes in every gospel-tone.

3 The holy feelings which control
The doings of the Christian soul,
Move but as they are moved by love,—
The joy, the light, the life above.

4 If, then, from those we turn the head
Who die for lack of living bread,
Shall we be recognised above
As children of the God of love?

ANNIVERSARY OCCASIONS.

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399 7's & 6's.

Celebration.

1 COME, join our celebration
With hallow'd songs of joy,

And on this bright occasion
Your sweetest notes employ;
Parents and friends invited,
And teachers, now are here,
In purpose all united
Our youthful hearts to cheer.
Chorus.—Come, join our celebration
With hallow'd songs of joy,
And on this bright occasion
Your sweetest notes employ.

2 Thanks to the God of heaven,
Kind guardian of our race,
For all the favors given
Beneath his smiling face;
For health, and strength, and reason,
And friendship unalloy'd,
And every pleasant season
In Sunday-schools enjoy'd.
Chorus.—Come, join, &c.

3 Thanks for the kind protection
God's arm has thrown around,
And for that sweet affection
He causes to abound
In those who're watching o'er us
With many an anxious sigh,
And seeking to restore us
To peace and heavenly joy.
Chorus.—Come, join, &c.

4 May God with many a blessing
Reward their toil and care,
And hear them while addressing
His throne in fervent prayer;
And may his love constraining
Our youthful spirits bow,
And grace forever reigning
Our inmost souls endow.
Chorus.—Come, join, &c.

400 11's.

Happy Greeting to all.

1 COME, children, and join in our festival song,
And hail the sweet joys which this day brings along;
We'll join our glad voices in one hymn of praise
To God, who has kept us and lengthen'd our days.
* Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting to all!
Happy greeting, happy greeting, happy greeting to all!

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* "Happy greeting" may be changed to "Happy New Year" at the proper season.

2 *Our Father in Heaven*, we lift up to thee
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee;
Oh, bless us and guide us, dear Saviour, we pray,
That from thy blest precepts we never may stray.
Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting, &c.

3 And if, ere this glad year has drawn to a close,
Some loved one among us in death shall repose,
Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may dwell,
In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall be well.
Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting, &c.

4 *Kind teachers*, we children would thank you this day
That faithfully, kindly, you've taught us the way
How we may escape from the world's sinful charms,
And find a safe refuge in the Saviour's loved arms.
Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting, &c.

5 *Dear Pastor*, we ask thee, as lambs of thy fold,
To teach us that wisdom more precious than gold,
Our footsteps to guide in the pathway of truth,
To "love our Creator in the days of our youth."
Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting, &c.

6 And now, as we part, let us bid you good cheer:
We pray for a blessing on your labors here;
May many "bright jewels" be your blest reward,
And "crowns of rejoicing," in the day of the Lord.
Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting, &c.

In general anniversaries, omit the last two verses.

401 L. M.

Anniversary Hymn for a School.

1 GREAT God! to thee our thanks we bring
For all the blessings we enjoy;
May we with grateful feelings sing,
While words of praise our lips employ.

2 From day to day, from year to year,
Our kind Preserver thou hast been;
And by thy grace we now are here
Kept from the dangerous paths of sin.

3 Oh, keep us still, Almighty Lord!
Guide and defend our giddy youth;
And grant to those a rich reward
Who seek to lead us in thy truth.

4 Glory to thee, O Lord, we give,
Thy providence and grace adore;
Oh, may we praise thee while we live,
And after death for evermore.

402 L. M.

Sunday-School Celebration.

CONGREGATION.

1 GREAT God, accept our songs of praise
Which we would to thy honor raise!
Bless our attempts to spread abroad
The knowledge of our Saviour God.

CHILDREN.

2 Next to our God, our thanks are due
To those who love and pity show,
In kindly pointing out the road
That leads to Christ, the way to God.

CONGREGATION.

3 We claim no merit of our own:
Great God, the work is thine alone!
Thou didst at first our hearts incline
To carry on this great design.

CHILDREN.

4 Now we are taught to read and pray,
To hear God's word, to keep his day:
Lord, here accept the thanks we bring,—
Our infant tongues thy praise would sing.

CONGREGATION.

5 With those dear children we'll unite;
Their songs inspire us with delight:
Lord, while on earth we sing thy love,
May angels join the notes above.

CHILDREN.

6 Great God, our benefactors bless,

CONGREGATION.

And crown thy work with great success:

BOTH.

Oh, may we meet around thy throne,
To sing thy praise in strains unknown.

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

403 C. M.

Seeking the Holy Spirit.

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

2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys!
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys!

3 Dear Lord! and shall we always live
At this poor, dying rate?
Our love so cold, so faint, to thee,
And thine to us so great?

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

404 C. M.

Walking with God.

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

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

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their 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.

405 8, 7, 4's.

Prayer for a Revival.

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

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die:
Lord, revive us, &c.

3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Every part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,—
Happy seasons we have seen!
Lord, revive us, &c.

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see:
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,—
Help can only come from thee.
Lord, revive us, &c.

5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal and love and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth!
Lord, revive us, &c.

6 Some in whom we once delighted
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.
Lord, revive us, &c.

7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!—
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;
But they cause us grief at present;
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud.
Lord, revive us, &c.

8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again!
Oh, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.
Lord, revive us, &c.

9 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteem'd thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us, &c.

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

406 C. M.

We must be Born again.

1 SINNERS, this solemn truth regard!
Hear, all ye sons of men!
For Christ, the Saviour, hath declared,
"Ye must be born again."

2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain:
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."

3 Our nature's totally depraved,—
The heart a sink of sin:
Without a change ye can't be saved;
"Ye must be born again."

4 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain:
Bear witness, Lord, in every heart,
That we are born again.

5 Dear Saviour, let us now begin
To trust and love thy word,
And, by forsaking every sin,
Prove we are born of God.

407 8, 7, 4's.

Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore!
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with power;
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome!
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings us nigh,—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

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

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 View him prostrate in the garden;
On the ground your Maker lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finish'd!"
Sinner, will not *this* suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture to him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

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

408 L. M.

Just as Thou Art.

"All that the Father giveth me shall come to me."
JOHN vi. 37.

1 JUST as thou art,—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,—
O guilty sinner, come!

2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes thy due were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free:
O wretched sinner, come!

3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross:
My grace repays all earthly loss:
O needy sinner, come!

4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears:
O trembling sinner, come!

5 "The Spirit and the bride say, Come;"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "Come;"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come:
Thy Saviour bids thee come.

409 L. M.

The Wanderer Invited to Return.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thy inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear:
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

410 8, 7, 4's.

Finished Redemption.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
"It is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finish'd!—Oh, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord.
It is finish'd!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd all that God had promised:
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finish'd!
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

411 L. M.

The Mercy-Seat.

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

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

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

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd,

Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy-seat?

5 There, *there* on eagle wing we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy-seat.

6 Oh, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the Mercy-seat.

412 7's.

Expostulation.

1 SINNERS, turn: why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why,—
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live:
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye slight his love and die?

2 Sinners, turn: why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why,—

He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that you might live!
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn: why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why,—
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God and die?

4 Dead already, dead within,
Spiritually dead in sin,
Dead to God, while here you breathe,
Pant ye after *second* death?
Will you still in sin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

413 C. M.

The Conversion of Sinners.

1 CONVINCED of sin, men now begin
To call upon the Lord;
Trembling, they pray, and mourn the day
In which they scorn'd his word.

2 Young converts sing, and praise their King,
And bless God's holy name;
While older saints leave their complaints
And joy to join the theme.

3 God's chariot rolls, and frights the souls
Of those who hate the truth:
And saints in prayer cry, "Lord, draw near,
Have mercy on the youth:

4 "From this glad hour exert thy power,
And melt each stubborn heart:
In those that bleed let love succeed,
And holy joys impart."

5 Come, sinners, all, hear now God's call,
And pray with one accord:
Saints, raise your songs, with joyful tongues,
To hail the approaching Lord.

414 L. M.

Just as I am.

"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

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

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

3 Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

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

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe:
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, *thine alone*,—
O Lamb of God, I come.

415 7's & 6's.

Seeking Refuge in Christ.

1 GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Now to thee do I draw near,
Thy blessing to receive.
Full of sin, alas! I am,
But to thee for refuge flee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 No good word, or work, or thought,
I bring to buy thy grace;
Pardon I accept, unbought,
Thy proffer I embrace.
Needy, guilty, vile I am,
Yet I know thy love is free;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Saviour, from thy wounded side
I never will depart;
At thy cross will I abide,
With humble, trusting heart;
When my place above I claim,
Still the cross shall be my plea;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb
Thy blood was shed for me.

416 7's & 6's.

Jesus, All in all.

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White, in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;

He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is pour'd.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

417 L. M.

Penitence.

1 O JESUS, full of truth and grace,—
More full of grace than I of sin,—
I now would flee to thine embrace;
Open thine arms and take me in!

2 The stone to flesh do thou convert,
And all my guilt and sin remove;
Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,
And melt it by thy dying love.

3 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now;
Fill all my soul with filial fears;
To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow.

4 Oh, give me, Lord, the tender heart
That trembles at the approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart;
Implant and root it deep within!

418 7's & 6's.

Seeking Pardon.

1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find.
Think on us who think on thee;
Every burden'd soul release:
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2 Through thy blood, by faith applied,
Let sinners pardon feel;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal.
By thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease:
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

419 S. M.

The True Repentance.

1 OH, let me now repent,
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart!

2 A heart with grief opprest
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart, that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood!

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire.

4 With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!

420 C. M.

Imploring Mercy.

1 LORD, at thy feet in dust I lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With humble heart and weeping eye
Thy favor I implore.

2 On me, O Lord, do thou display
Thy rich, forgiving love;
Oh, take my heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.

3 Without thy grace I sink opprest
Down to the gates of hell;
Oh, give my troubled spirit rest,
And all my fears dispel.

4 'Tis mercy, mercy I implore;
Oh, may thy goodness move:
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.

5 Should I at last in heaven appear,
To join the saints above,
I'll tell that mercy brought me there,
And sing thy bleeding love.

421 C. M.

The Way, the Truth and the Life.

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

2 Thou art the truth; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind
And purify the heart.

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

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

422 8's & 7's.

Christ the Believer's All.

1 LAMB of God, we fall before thee,
Humbly trusting in thy cross;
That alone be all our glory,
All things else are only dross.
Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
Only source of all that's good;
Every grace and every favor
Comes to us through Jesus' blood.

2 Jesus gives us true repentance,
By his Spirit sent from heaven;
Whispers this transporting sentence,
"Son, thy sins are all forgiven."
Faith he grants us to believe it,
Grateful hearts his love to prize;
Want we wisdom? he must give it;
Hearing ears and seeing eyes.

3 Jesus gives us pure affections,
Wills to do what he requires,
Makes us follow his directions,
And what he commands—inspires,
All our prayers and all our praises,
Rightly offer'd in his name,
He that dictates them is Jesus;
He that answers is the same.

423 6's.

Thy Will be Done.

1 MY Jesus, as thou wilt!
Oh, may thy will be mine!
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done!

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
If needy here and poor,
Give me thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of thy word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
When death itself draws nigh,
To thy dear wounded side
I would for refuge fly.
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done!

DISMISSIONS AND DOXOLOGIES.

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424 8, 7, 4's.

Dismission.

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 cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

425 7's.

Parting.

1 FOR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 What we each have now been taught
Let our memories retain:
May we, if we live, be brought
Here to meet in peace again.

4 Then, if thou instruction bless,
Songs of praises shall be given;
We'll our thankfulness express
Here on earth and when in heaven.

426 6's.

Parting Hymn.

1 COME, children, ere we part,
Bless the Redeemer's name;

Join every tongue and heart
To celebrate his fame.
Jesus, the children's Friend,
Him whom our souls adore,
His praises have no end;
Praise him for evermore.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,—
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' name,—
In Jesus' name we part.
Jesus, &c.

3 If here we meet no more,
May we in realms above,
With all the saints, adore
Redeeming grace and love.
Jesus, &c.

427 L. M.

Blessing Hymn.

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 fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

428 S. M.

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

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

429 S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

430 C. M.

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

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

431 L. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord, who kindly rules
And blesses all our Sunday-schools:
Let children, with the cherub host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

432 L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise and glory given
By all on earth and all in heaven.

433 8's & 7's.

1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

434 7's.

1 GLORY to the Father give,
God, in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ, our prophet, priest and king;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost!
Be this day a pentecost!
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

435 L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICES.

The following preparations are presented for the use of such as may choose to employ a written form of words.

A FORM, WITH PRAYERS, ETC., FOR OPENING A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

At the appointed time, the Superintendent (or some other suitable person) having taken his place, the Scholars and Teachers shall rise in their places, when the Superintendent shall begin by saying:—

"Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth."

"Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever."

The Scholars shall respond: Amen.

Then a suitable Hymn may be sung, after which the Superintendent shall cause the Scholars to repeat the TEN COMMANDMENTS (*see page* 130) *and* THE CREED, (*see page* 131.)

After these have been recited, the Superintendent may offer one of the following prayers.

I.

LET US PRAY.

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, we thank thee for thy mercy which thou hast manifested unto us, in watching over and preserving us during another week, in providing for all our wants, and in bringing us together again in this place of instruction. We beseech thee to fill our hearts with sincere love to thy holy word, that we may learn to know thee more perfectly as thou art, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent into the world to redeem us from all our sins and iniquities. We pray thee to grant that we and all mankind may believe in him, and love, serve and obey him unto everlasting life.

We thank thee for the precious promises of thy word and for the hopes of the gospel. We thank thee that we enjoy so many privileges of learning thy will, and that thy truth is so plain that very little children may understand the things which are pleasing to thee and good for us. Oh, help every one

of us—both pupils and teachers—to learn thy will with more delight. Give us thy Spirit, to fill us with love to thee and thy commandments.

Gracious Redeemer, grant wisdom to the teachers of this school, to enable them to teach thy truth with plainness. Make their hearts deeply anxious for the spiritual welfare of their respective classes. Give the children understanding and obedient hearts. Cause this school, which is dear to us, and which we believe is dear to thee, to be a means of everlasting good to all who belong to it. Do thou draw the hearts of the children to thy church, and may they all become active in thy kingdom. Oh, may they grow up to be unto thee a peculiar people, zealous of good works.

Give us true repentance for our sins, and blot them out of thy book. Ever keep us in thy fear as long as we remain on the earth, and then raise us to the glory of heaven: and we will give all the praise of our salvation to the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

Here the teachers and scholars shall respond.

Amen.

[*Or the following:*]

II.

LET US PRAY.

Our Father, who art in heaven, look in tender compassion on us, thy dependent children, as we are assembled before thee. We thank thee for preserving our life and health during the past week, and bringing us hither on this thy holy day to be instructed in the truths of thy word. Our blessed Saviour has told us that thou art more willing to grant us thy Holy Spirit than earthly parents are to give good gifts to their children. Pour out his sacred influences, therefore, upon us at this time, that these children may be attentive to the instructions of their teachers, and that we all, both teachers and pupils, may take to heart the truths of thy holy word. Fill us with love to thee, and to Jesus Christ thy Son our Saviour. May we all be punctual in our attendance at school, and endeavor to discharge our duties in a reverent and devout manner. Teach these children to love the Sabbath and its privileges. Bless our dear pastor and teachers, who labor for the good of souls from Sabbath to Sabbath.

Enable us to be faithful in training these children to be useful members of thy church on earth, and preparing them for entrance into thy heavenly kingdom, there to dwell forever with the blessed Saviour and his holy angels, and with all who love the Lord Jesus: and we will ascribe all the praise and glory to God the Father, the Son and Holy Spirit.

Teachers and scholars: Amen.

[*Or the following:*]

III.

LET US PRAY.

Our Father, who art in heaven, we desire to come before thee in deep humility of soul. We adore thee for thy greatness and glory. We worship thee as the Maker and Governor of all things. We praise thee as the giver and preserver of our lives. Help us with sincere hearts to thank thee for all thy goodness towards us, in providing for all our wants, in continuing to us health, and friends, and home, and all the comforts of life we enjoy. Make us all deeply thankful to thee for all thy mercy towards us in granting us the gift of a Saviour and all the

instructions of thy word. We thank thee for thy church, which thou hast planted in the world, for the holy Sabbath-day, and all the other blessings and privileges which thou hast graciously given us. We also thank thee for the Sabbath-school, in which so many of the children and youths of this day are taught to know and fear thee.

O Lord, thou unspeakably great and adorable One, draw nigh to us all at this time. Let thy Holy Spirit more deeply impress our hearts with a sense of our sinfulness. We confess that we have greatly offended thee by breaking thy holy commandments. We have often sinned by thought and word and deed. Help us truly to sorrow over our forgetfulness of thy will, and to hate all sin with perfect hatred. Help all of us, even to the least among us, to trust in our blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ. Do thou, most merciful God, for his sake forgive all our sins. Fill our hearts with love to thee and with reverence for thy holy laws. Take away from us all evil tempers and desires, and help us every day to become more like our blessed Saviour, who never did any sin, but was always gentle and harmless. Help all these chil-

dren to love and keep holy the Sabbath-day, and to delight in the Sabbath-school and the church. May their hearts find great pleasure in thy holy Bible, which is the best of all books. May they love to sing thy praises and to pray to thee for thy favor every day.

O Lord, we pray for thy blessing to descend on all the families to which we belong. Make all the parents of these children pious and kind. Oh, may all the scholars in this school have good instructions and examples given them at home, and may their homes be very happy. Bless the teachers of this Sabbath-school. May they love the work of teaching the young more than ever. Help them to consider the greatness of the work given them to do; and may they do it with zeal. Assist the pupils all to delight in the instructions of their teachers, and to profit by the same. Oh, may they love thee, their parents and friends, their brothers and sisters, their schoolmates, and all mankind. May much good be done here in thy name this day. May we all love and follow the Saviour as long as we live in the world, and when we die, be raised to the joys and glories of heaven. Grant these, and all

other blessings we need, for the sake of our blessed and only Saviour.

Teachers and scholars: Amen.

ANOTHER FORM, WITH PRAYERS, ETC., FOR OPENING A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Before Prayer, a portion selected from the Bible may be read, and a suitable Hymn sung by the teachers and children. The Superintendent may then read this exhortation:—

My dear children, before you enter upon your Sunday-school exercises, it is your duty to implore the blessing of Almighty God, your Maker and your Judge. Remember that his all-seeing eye beholds all your thoughts as well as your actions, and abhors the outward worship of the lips in which the heart is not engaged. Let this consideration cause you to look up for the influence of the Holy Spirit, that your hearts may be filled with reverence and godly fear, and that you may be enabled, through the mediation of Jesus Christ our Saviour, to worship the great God, who is a Spirit, in spirit and in truth.

After which the Superintendent may repeat —Lift up your hearts.

And the children respond—We lift them up unto the Lord.

S. Oh, come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker. Ps. xcv. 6.

C. For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee. Ps. lxxxvi. 5.

S. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Ps. xc. 12.

C. Oh, satisfy us early with thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Ps. xc. 14.

S. The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God. Ps. ix. 17.

C. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Ps. li. 10.

S. This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it. Ps. cxviii. 24.

C. We will go into his tabernacle; we will worship at his footstool. Ps. cxxxii. 7.

S. How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! Ps. lxxxiv. 1.

C. For a day in thy courts is better than

a thousand: I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. Ps. lxxxiv. 10.

S. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

C. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. *Amen.*

I.

LET US PRAY.

O Lord, our most merciful Redeemer, who didst take up little children in thine arms, and didst bless them, look down graciously on us and bless us also. We confess that we are miserable sinners; from the youngest to the eldest of us, we have erred and strayed from thee like lost sheep. But, O Lord, have mercy on us; turn us, and so shall we be turned; and wash away all our guilt in the blood of Jesus Christ, our only Mediator and Advocate. O thou, who out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast ordained praise, fill our hearts, we beseech thee, with love, and our lips with thanksgiving. To thy goodness we owe every blessing we enjoy. While other children

are suffering hunger and disease and cold, thou art doing us good by day and by night, and giving us food, and health, and raiment. We bless thee for these thy mercies towards us; but, above all, we bless thee for the redeeming love of Christ, for all the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. O God, the Creator and Preserver of all mankind, we beseech thee for all sorts and conditions of men. Bless the country and all the officers of government; bless thy church, and give her speedy victory over all her enemies; bless all Sunday-schools, with their officers and teachers, and make them more and more useful. Let thy blessing descend also upon the ministers of thy gospel; and may thy kingdom be established in the hearts of all people. Look down in mercy on our relations and friends, and teach them to value thy favor above life itself. Finally, we beseech thee to bless us, even us also; help us to improve the hours we spend within these walls; as scholars, make us obedient to our teachers and affectionate to our companions.

Especially bless us on this holy day. May thy presence dwell with us in thy house of prayer, enable us to worship thee in spirit

and in truth, and prevent us from being drowsy or forgetful hearers of thy word.

Open our understandings to understand the Holy Scriptures. Endue our souls with every holy disposition, and preserve us from the corruptions and evils which are in the world. We ask every blessing for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Saviour.

Teachers and scholars: Amen.

[*Or the following*:]

II.

LET US PRAY.

Almighty and most merciful God, who hast graciously promised in thy holy word to hear the united prayers of thy children, we humbly beseech thee to accept the offering of our thanks for the preservation of our lives, our powers and faculties, and all our outward comforts and advantages. Help us now to read thy word and to receive instruction in the doctrines of salvation with attention and meekness, that our souls may be nourished with bread from heaven, and that we may be made meet to live with thee and Jesus Christ our Saviour for ever and ever.

Help all of us to feel more deeply how sinful and helpless we are. Lead us all to be truly humble before thee because of our unworthiness. Give grace to both teachers and pupils to be sincerely sorry for all the sins we have ever committed against thee; and do thou in much mercy forgive us all the evil we have ever done. Grant us thy grace, that we may hereafter watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation.

Bless this Sabbath-school in all its members and relations. Make it a means of great good to all this neighborhood. May the children and youths who here learn thy will, grow up in thy fear and be found walking in the ways of piety. May they be obedient to their parents, attentive to their teachers, and kind to each other. Bless also the families which are here represented.

Let thy blessing, merciful Father, be given to Sabbath-schools everywhere. Make them more and more useful to the church of our blessed Redeemer. Let thy kingdom of grace and peace extend throughout the world, that the name of our God—Father, Son and Holy Spirit—may be glorified throughout the world and forever.

Teachers and scholars: Amen.

[*Or the following:*]

III.

LET US PRAY.

Holy and merciful God, we praise and adore thee as the giver of life and all our blessings. We do thank thee that though thou art so great that the angels cannot tell thy greatness, yet thou dost think of us and all our wants. We thank thee that though thou hast never had a beginning, and wilt forever continue to exist, thou dost remember us weak and dying creatures.

We are again before thee as a Sabbath-school, because thou didst in mercy watch over us through another week. We confess that we have not deserved thy goodness towards us, because we have been forgetful of thee and have broken thy holy commandments. Help us all, both teachers and scholars, to unite in worshiping thee in spirit and in truth. While we appear before thee with our lips, may our hearts be not far from thee. O Lord, help us always sincerely to desire what we ask of thee with our words. May all our singing, all our praying, and all our teaching and learning, be acceptable before thee.

O Lord, give us thy Holy Spirit to fill us with love to thee and all that is good. May he help us to understand thy holy will, and to take great delight in obeying thee. Assist us to engage in the lessons of the school this day with attentive and solemn minds. May all things be done decently and in order. May all the teachers remember that it is a great work to teach even a little child the way to the Saviour and to heaven. Do thou in mercy incline all the pupils of this school to lay up in their minds all the good things they here learn from the Bible. While the children are taught the meaning and the holiness of thy commandments, and the wickedness of sin, lead them to see and feel how greatly they have sinned against thee, the greatest and best of all beings. May they all sorrow over their sins and lament that they are sinners, so that they may believe in Jesus Christ, the Saviour of men. Oh, fill their souls with love to the Saviour, that they may ever follow him. Help them to be Christian children, so that if they should soon be taken away by death, they may be prepared for heaven; or, that if they should live to become men and women, they

may be very faithful members of thy church, and be greatly useful in thy service.

We thank thee that in thy providence thou hast raised up the institution of the Sabbath-school. Grant thy blessing upon Sabbath-schools wherever they are held. May they become more useful than they have ever been; and do thou cause them to spread throughout the whole world.

And now, O our Father and God, we pray thee to pardon all our sins. May our hearts and our lives become more and more pure. Help us to overcome all temptations and to avoid all sinful company. Give us grace to love and praise thee as long as we live. And whatever else thou seest we need to make us blessed in this world and the next, be thou pleased in mercy to give us, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Teachers and Scholars: Amen.

A FORM, WITH PRAYERS, ETC., FOR CLOSING A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

After all have risen, the Superintendent may say:—

"Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

I.

LET US PRAY.

O God, our heavenly Father, before we close these exercises, we would give thanks unto thee for all things which we have received from thy bountiful Providence. Grant, we pray thee, that all that we have heard at this time may be blessed to the enlightening of our understanding and to the sanctification of our hearts, that the power of thy word may appear in our whole life. Preserve us, O Lord of mercy, from all folly and temptation by which our hearts may be corrupted, the seed of thy word destroyed, and our souls polluted. Let thy good Spirit always dwell within us, and create in us a pure heart, and lead us in the way everlasting. Guard us from all dangers, and protect us from all evil, during

the week which we have now commenced; and, if it be thy will, bring us together again, to praise thee with purer hearts for thy mercy and goodness.

Most merciful Father, may it please thee to bless these thy servants, who labor to impart unto these dear children a true knowledge of thee and of the way of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ. Enlighten them by thy word and Spirit; encourage and strengthen them in all their endeavors to serve thee, and make them instrumental in leading many of these precious young souls into thy kingdom of grace and happiness; and help them at all times so to attend to the instructions and admonitions of their teachers, that they may have joy in them. And as they can never recompense them for their labors of love in their behalf, we beseech thee to follow them all the days of their lives with thy goodness, and to bring us and them to the enjoyment of eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with thee and the Holy Ghost, be honor and glory for ever and ever.

Then the Superintendent, Teachers and Scholars may repeat the LORD'S PRAYER, *thus:*—

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

[*Or the following:*]

II.

LET US PRAY.

Almighty and ever-blessed God, at the close of this hour's instruction, we again present ourselves before thee to offer our humble prayer at thy throne. We come in the name of that Saviour who graciously said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. We thank thee that we have been permitted, as teachers and pupils, to spend a happy hour together in singing thy praise and attending to the precious truths of thy word. Teach us all to feel that by nature and practice we are sinners in a state of condemnation; that we

must be converted and become new creatures in Christ Jesus, if we would enter into the kingdom of heaven. Enable us to examine our hearts and life, to learn whether we have experienced this great change. Assist us to inquire whether we are thy children indeed; whether we love thee, our God and Saviour, supremely, and our fellow-men as ourselves, and whether we make thy service the business of our life. Preserve us from the follies of youth and from the temptations of the world, and bring us together again to spend many happy Sabbath hours in thy service. Watch over us with thy kind providence in the house and by the way, and wheresoever we may be; teach us to remember that thou art with us, beholding all we do. Bless our dear parents and brothers and sisters; bless our pastor, and teachers, and schoolmates; bless all mankind, and especially thy dear church, embracing all in every land who love the Lord Jesus Christ, in whose precious words we address thee.

Superintendent, Teachers and Scholars:—
Our Father, who art in heaven, &c.

Then a suitable HYMN *may be sung, and the Superintendent will close by saying,*—

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with us all. Amen.

[*Or the following:*]

III.

LET US PRAY.

O Lord, whose tender mercies are over us at all times, we praise and adore thee. We desire ever to remember that thou hast made us and that we are in thy hands. As thou hast again granted us the privileges of the Sabbath-school, we would express our thankfulness to thee. We thank thee for the holy truths of thy word, on which our minds have been led to think. We rejoice in the declaration that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." We thank thee that thy truth, which is made known to the world, is so plain that even little children may understand much of thy holy will. We thank thee, O our Saviour, that when thou wast on earth as a man, thou didst show thy love to the young, and didst say, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Do thou kindly

draw the precious young hearts of this school to know and fear thee.

Holy and merciful God, follow with thy blessing the truth which has this day been presented to the minds of the classes in this school. May the labors and prayers of the teachers be acceptable to thee. Let the minds of all the pupils, even those of little children, retain the good lessons they have this day learned. May the blessed truths of thy holy religion ever interest and delight their hearts. May they never be among those persons who know thy will but do it not.

We pray that these children may all be converted to thee. May the angels in heaven rejoice over each soul when coming in penitence to its God. Turn thou the hearts of all from sin to thyself. May those hearts not be hardened with evil. Oh, may they be thine now in their tender years, and thine all their days upon the earth. May the highest hopes of their teachers concerning them be realized.

We unite in sincere prayer for thy Spirit to lead us into all truth. Whatever is necessary for us to know, may he still teach us. Whatever of thy will we have already

learned, may he help every one to love and obey. Keep, O Lord, every member of this school from the paths of sin during the coming week. Do thou mercifully guard them from the power of the tempter, who would destroy them. Preserve them from the evils of sinful company and from the example of the wicked around them. Bless all the families to which we belong. May much good be carried home to every house. We pray for thy blessing upon all our friends and the whole world. Oh, let the time soon come when all the poor heathen shall be blessed with the gospel.

Guide and keep us through the week that is before us; and, if it be thy will, may we meet again in this happy place when the Sabbath-day returns. Help us to live a holy life here in this world, and make us fully prepared for the happiness and glory of heaven. Hear us in mercy, for the sake of Christ our Redeemer.

Superintendent, Teachers and Scholars:

Our Father, who art in heaven, &c.

Then, after a HYMN *has been sung, the Superintendent closes with the benediction:—*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with us all. Amen.

ANOTHER FORM, WITH PRAYERS, ETC., FOR CLOSING A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Superintendent. Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised. Ps. cxlv. 3.

Children. And his greatness is unsearchable. Ps. cxlv. 3.

S. He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things. Acts xvii. 25.

C. In him we live, and move, and have our being. Acts xvii. 28.

S. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Ps. ciii. 1.

C. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Ps. ciii. 2.

S. Thou art good, and doest good.

C. Teach me thy statutes. Ps. cxix. 68.

S. Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat. Matt. vii. 13.

C. Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it. Matt. vii. 14.

S. Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. John i. 29.

C. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin. 1 John i. 7.

S. God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John iii. 16.

C. Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. Acts iv. 12.

S. Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. John iii. 3.

C. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Ps. li. 10.

S. I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me. Prov. viii. 17.

C. O God, thou art my God: early will I seek thee. Ps. lxiii. 1.

S. Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Matt. vii. 7.

C. For every one that asketh receiveth;

and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. Matt. vii. 8.

S. Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake. Ps. cxv. 1.

C. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

I.

LET US PRAY.

Almighty God, our heavenly Father! Thou hast again blessed us and made us partakers of thy holy word. Accept, we beseech thee, our hearty thanks for the great benefits and the inestimable blessings which we enjoy in knowing the Holy Scriptures from our youth, which are able to make us wise unto salvation. Sanctify our souls and enlighten our understanding, O thou Spirit of the Lord, that the instruction which we have this day received may improve our souls and make us wise and happy. Preserve us, we pray thee, from all light-mindedness, and keep our hearts in thy fear, that the allurements of sin and

of vice may not mislead nor harm us. Help us to spend the rest of this day in thy fear and love, that we may be strengthened and prepared to serve thee during the week on which we have entered. Enable us to live in the hope of a glorious day of rest hereafter, of a Sabbath in heaven which shall never end, where we shall know thee more perfectly, worship thee in a more spiritual manner, and praise thee with purer affections. Grant that every holy day which we spend on earth may prepare us more and more to enter into that kingdom of immortality and glory which thou hast promised unto us in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Heavenly Father, enable us, we beseech thee, to render unto our parents due honor and obedience, affection and gratitude. Assist us to submit with pleasure to their friendly guidance, to be patient under reproof, to abhor falsehood, to discharge all our obligations with a dutiful heart, and never to cause them tears and grief by any perverseness. Be pleased, O God, to prolong their health and life, to uphold them by thy gracious providence, to make them happy in us and in all who belong to their family. Let thy goodness follow them con-

tinually here, and reward them with eternal happiness beyond the grave, through Jesus Christ thy dear Son our Lord, who hath taught us to pray thus:—

Superintendent, Teachers and Scholars:

Our Father, who art in heaven, &c.

Then a HYMN *may be sung, and the Superintendent close by pronouncing the words:*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with us all. Amen.

[*Or the following:*]

II.

LET US PRAY.

Thou, Lord, who art unspeakably great and merciful, we praise thee for thy goodness and glory. Help us to say from our hearts, Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever. We again worship thy holy name, after a season spent in learning thy will. May we receive grace to cast ourselves very humbly before thy footstool of mercy; and do thou notice our wants.

Do thou graciously help all the children of this school to remember the truth they have this day read and heard. Let the Holy Spirit make deep impressions upon every mind. Lead all to think of their sins against thee, and to look to the only hope which the Saviour has made known. Awaken in each young heart love to the blessed Redeemer of perishing souls. Oh, may that Saviour who gave his life for us all, receive the affections and the service of every one present.

Keep these pupils from the wickedness of sin during the week. Help them to be wise with a heavenly wisdom, to shun evil and to follow good. Preserve them from bad company, and help them to delight in virtue and piety. Prepare their hearts for much happiness and usefulness in the divine service. While they enjoy the light of thy holy religion, may they strive to do good to the poor, to the sick, the wicked, the ignorant and the benighted.

May Sabbath-schools extend everywhere throughout our land and all lands. Cause their happy influence to be felt among all nations, and make them far more useful than they have ever been in bringing on the

day when the whole world shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord.

Grant us, O Lord, the forgiveness of all our sins; and when we separate to-day, dismiss us with thy blessing. Lead us in thy holy fear until our days on earth shall close, and then admit us to the perfect joys of heaven, through Jesus Christ our Saviour. And to the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit we will ascribe all the praise and the glory forever.

Teachers and scholars: Amen.

Then a HYMN *may be sung, and the Superintendent close by pronouncing the words:*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with us all. Amen.

[*Or the following:*]

III.

LET US PRAY.

Ever-gracious and adorable God, we again call upon thy name. Another sacred hour of giving and receiving holy instruction is past; and now we look to thee for thy blessing to follow. We thank thee for the privi-

lege of praying unto thee, and that thy Holy Bible contains so many exceedingly great and precious promises to all who seek thee aright.

Mercifully grant thy Spirit to every heart before thee, that the truth we have learned may do us great good. Take away the stony heart, and give a heart that can feel. Subdue the stubborn will, and bestow a will to agree with thine. Remove the love of sin from every soul, and awaken instead sincere love to thee and thy commandments. Bestow thy blessing richly upon this Sabbath-school. Bless it in all its scholars and teachers and in all its interests. May thy people ever love it and sustain it, and thy favor ever prosper it. Make it a means of much religious instruction and a nursery of piety. May all the officers and teachers of this school have much grace in their hearts, and do thou help them to show a Christian example to their respective classes. Draw the minds and hearts of all the pupils to thyself. Help them to obey the command, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." May none of the children of this school be unmindful of the lessons here received. May they

never forget that we must all die, and that if we love not our Saviour we cannot go to heaven.

Kind and gracious God and Saviour draw the hearts of the children in love to their teachers and their minister. Incline them more than ever to obey their parents and to be kind to one another. May they love all their friends and all mankind. Do thou touch their hearts with pity for the many poor heathen people and children who have not the Bible, and who know nothing of the Saviour or of heaven. Incline them to pray, to labor and to give of their money for the missionary cause. May all our hearts feel for the sick, the poor, the orphan, and those in every condition of misery and wretchedness, and to do all we can for their good.

We confess before thee, O our heavenly Father, that we are sinful and unworthy. We have all sinned against thee more than we can tell. We feel that our hearts have been wicked in thy sight. We have had sinful tempers and passions; we have spoken sinful words; we have committed sinful deeds. But we know that if we are sorry for our sins and trust in the Savicur,

thou wilt forgive. We beseech thee in much mercy to take away our guilt. Help us to overcome every sin, and do thou make our hearts pure. May we no longer do the things we should not do, or leave undone the things we should do.

Dismiss us now, gracious God, with thy blessing. Grant us every mercy we need during the week. Prepare us for all the trials of life. Should it please thee to continue unto us life and health, bring us again safely together, that we may reunite in the precious exercises of the Sabbath-school. And when these earthly meetings must at last cease, raise our souls to our heavenly home, where we shall be forever with the Lord, and where we shall be like him, because we shall see him as he is. We implore these and all needed blessings, not that we are worthy, but alone for the sake of Christ.

Superintendent, Teachers and Scholars:

Our Father, who art in heaven, &c.

Then a HYMN *may be sung, and the Superintendent close by pronouncing the words:*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and

the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all, evermore. Amen.

NOTE.—As a substitute for the above forms, the Superintendent may select suitable portions of Holy Scripture, as, for example, Psalm i. or xxiii., or a portion of Matthew v. or 1 Corinthians xiii., which may be repeated in alternate verses. It is understood that the teachers unite with the pupils in responding. The whole service should be pronounced in a deliberate and distinct voice.

PRAYERS, COMMANDMENTS, CREED, CATECHISM, ETC.

I.

FOR THE MEMORY AND HEART.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

EXODUS XX.

God spake all these words, saying,

I am the Lord thy God, who have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation, of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do

all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I. I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.

II. I believe in Jesus Christ, his only Son,

our Lord, who was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried. He descended into the place of departed spirits; the third day he arose from the dead; he ascended into heaven and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

III. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy Christian Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

THE SAVIOUR'S COMMISSION TO PREACH AND BAPTIZE.

And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.—Matthew xxviii. 18, 19, 20.

And he said unto them, Go ye into all the

world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.—Mark xvi. 15, 16.

THE INSTITUTING OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat: this is my body. And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.—Matthew xxvi. 26–28.

The Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread; and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come.—1 Corinthians xi. 23–26.

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