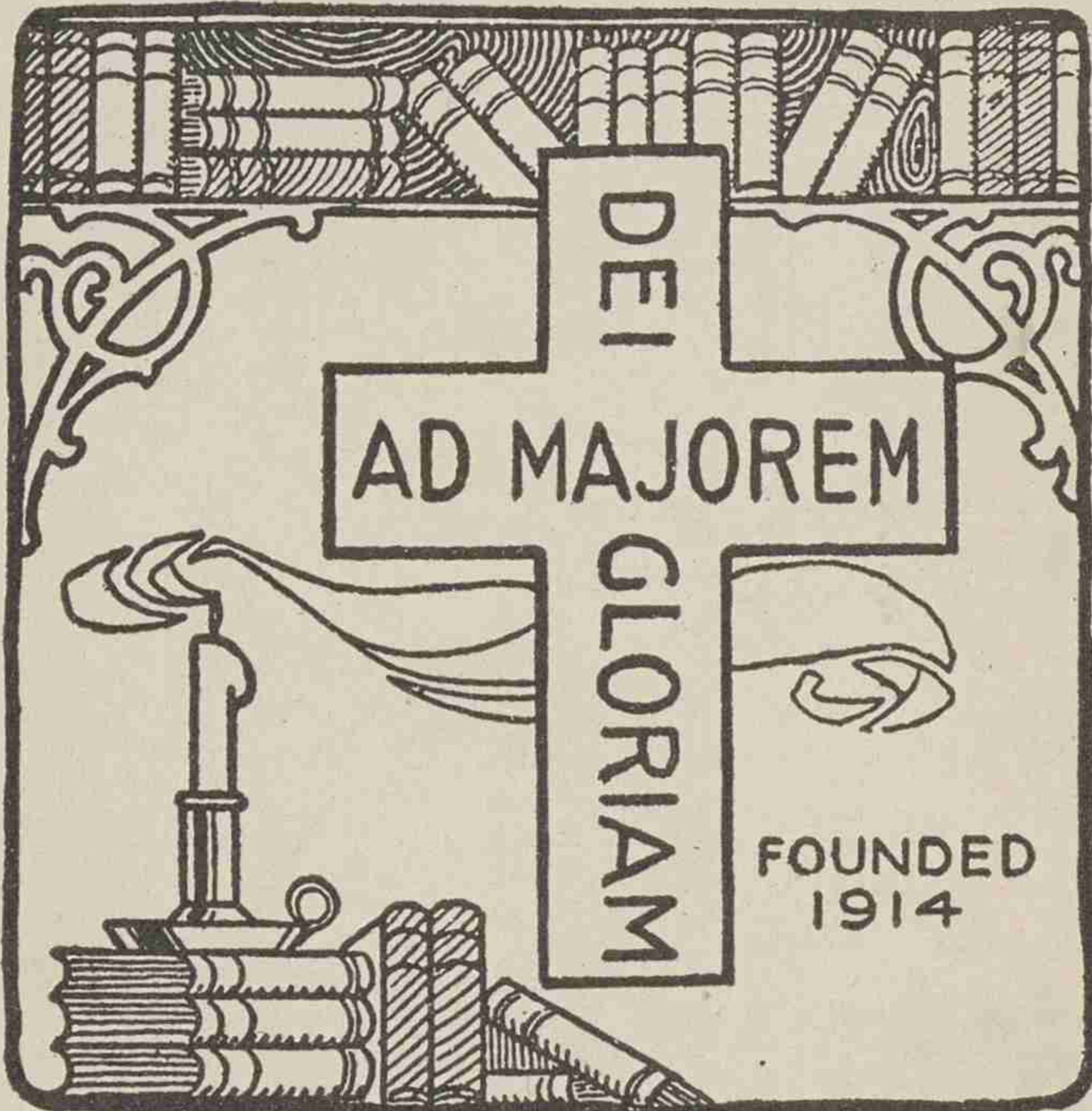


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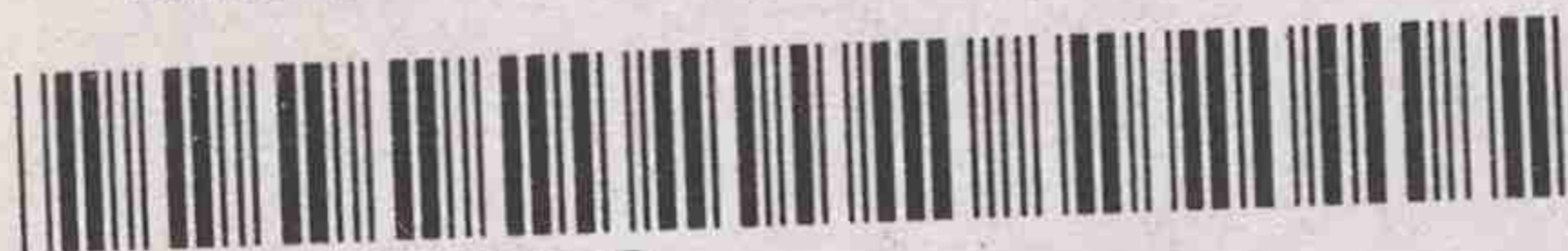


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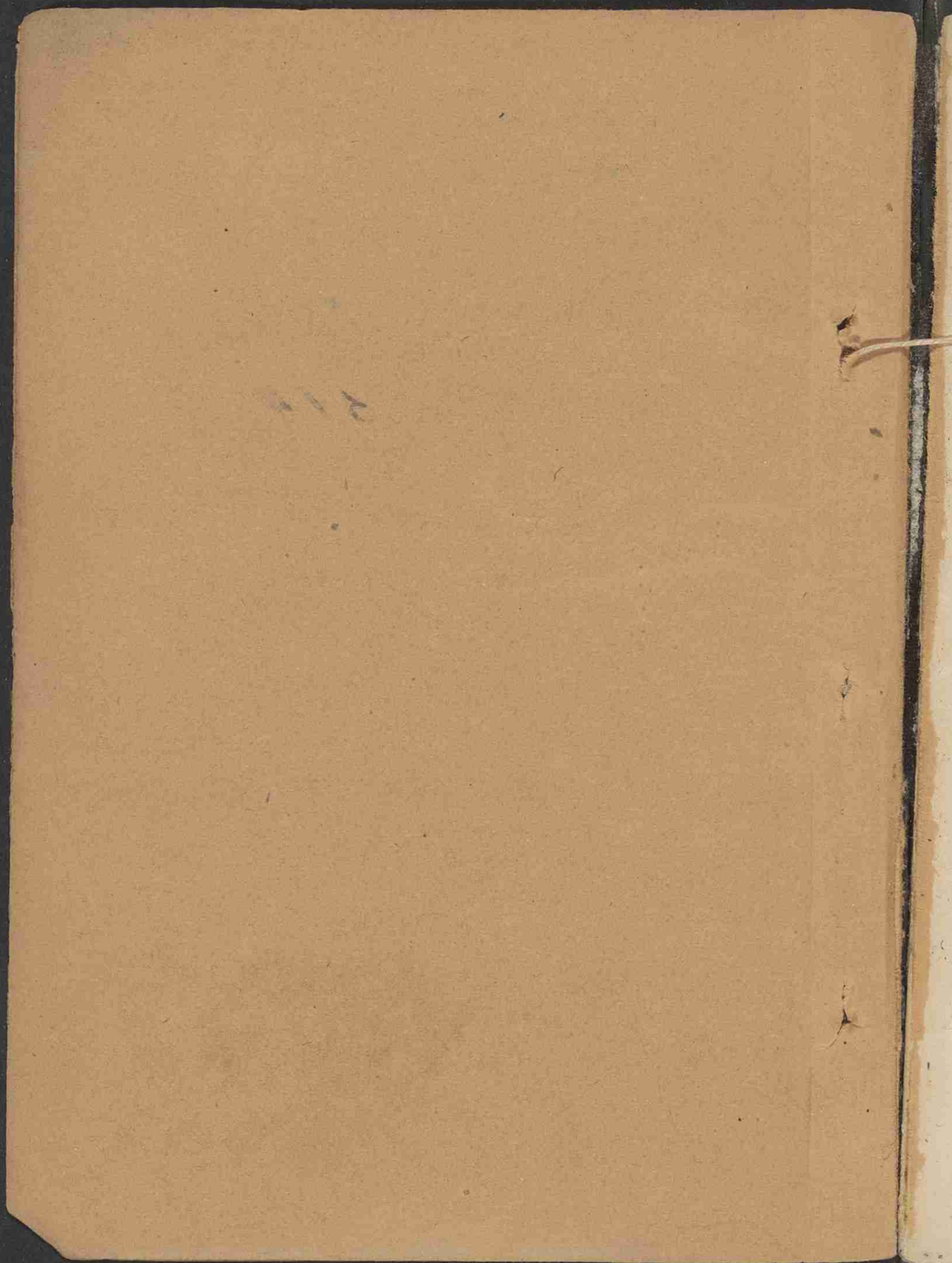
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REVIVING HYMNS

FOR THE NEW LIFE.

— FOR —

REVIVALS, PRAYER MEETINGS, SUNDAY
SCHOOLS, THE FAMILY, AND
CHURCH SERVICES.

SELECTED, ARRANGED, &C.,

— BY —

Rev. Charles M. Howard,
EVANGELIST,

As used by him in Gospel Meetings.

FOURTH EDITION ENLARGED.

LYNCHBURG:

PUBLISHED BY J. P. BELL & Co., 106 MAIN STREET.

(1878.)

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PLEASE READ THIS!

PREFACE TO FOURTH EDITION.

Our former editions rapidly exhausted, and meeting the highest commendations of the best judges, we are encouraged to issue this, with improvements, *adding more than fifty Hymns*. May it meet the felt want of many.

We find in many modern books worthless hymns attached to good tunes. We have sought to set the *best tunes* to the *best hymns*. Having an extensive acquaintance with the hymns and tunes sung in all parts of the Union, we have, with great labor, endeavored to present you, in this little book, the *choicest found in our language*; among which will be found some excellent *English Hymns* not heretofore published in this country we think. The hymns are not *mere fragments*, but of good length.

We could find no one book, even three times the size and price of this, that contains *as much Gospel*, fitly expressed, as this, and were constrained to prepare this for our meetings, that all might have a book and sing our best hymns. So that we trust you will find them worthy of frequent *reading* and *committing to memory*, as well as singing, and thus obtain permanent benefit for your mind and heart while you live. Let us always seek communion with Jesus in singing them.

Our experience, and that of those with whom we have labored, is that this book is a *powerful aid in promoting a*

revival. There are many pious laymen, if they would take it, and go out in destitute regions and hold Prayer Meetings, if they could do little but pray and sing these hymns, who would win souls to Christ. Try it.

We hope these hymns will be used in *Family Worship* and in *Sunday Schools*; as children are very fond of them.

We have made some alterations and additions, and inserted a few of our own. Hymns altered, arranged, &c., are marked with initials of the compiler.

Note Books, with the tunes, furnished to those who desire them. Six sevenths of the tunes are in *Winnowed Hymns* (W. H.) and *Praises of Jesus* (P. J.); a few (14 tunes) mostly well known in *Song Evangel* (S. E.) and *Gospel Hymns* (G. H. & S. S.) If any should want all the four books, or three of them, a satisfactory arrangement as to price will be made.

The copyright will preclude the use of many of these hymns without the consent of publisher.

Price 15 cents—free of postage by mail, or \$12.00 for 100 copies. Can be ordered of Chas. M. Howard, Evangelist, or J. P. Bell & Co.; Lynchburg, Va.

C. M. H.

“Lovest Thou Me”

IF I LOVE THEE

WHAT I DO.—WHAT I SEE.

1. *I see myself a **Great Sinner**, and without strength to become holy. Luke 18: 13.*
2. *I see Thou hast been **Punished for my Sins** and offerest me pardon and a new heart. I John 1: 7, 9. Isaiah 53.*
3. ***Confessing my sins** and asking forgiveness, I gladly **accept Thee** and the *Salvation* offered. Luke 15: 21. John 1: 12; II Tim. 1: 12; Isaiah 26: 3, 4.*
4. *I willingly **Give myself to Thee**, and all that I have, to be Thine forever, and will strive by Thy help to please Thee; to give up every sin and do right, no matter what would prevent me, earnestly seeking Thy guidance and help. I Cor. 6: 19, 20; II Cor. 8: 5.*

WHAT I FEEL.

5. *I hate **Sin**, and sinful thoughts, am sorry and ashamed when I do wrong, and at once seek forgiveness. Jer. 44: 4; Ezekiel 16: 63.*
6. *I long to be **Holy**, humble, loving, forgiving, patient, obedient, truthful, prayerful, like Thee. Titus 2: 14; I Peter 1: 16.*
7. *I love the **Bible** and understand it better than I did. Acts 17: 11; Psalm 1: 2.*
8. *I love to **Pray** to Thee, and “have a time and a place to pray and read my Bible every day.” Mark 1: 35; Daniel 6: 10.*
9. *I love to **Hear, Read, Think, and Speak About Thee**. I Peter 2: 7.*
10. *I love **Those** most that **Love Thee**. John 13: 35.*
11. *I long to see **Sinners Converted**, I love their souls, pray for them, and try to lead them to Thee. Romans 10: 1; I Cor. 15: 58.*

READ THIS OFTEN AND CAREFULLY, asking God to show you yourself. If you don't find all these marks in your heart and life now, do not be discouraged, but pray earnestly and believingly for what you lack. Find and mark these passages referred to in your Bible.

What is my Besetting Sin?—Pride, Love of Praise, Selfishness, Wilfulness, Anger, Idleness, Frivolity, Deceit, or Love of the World?

Bad Habits.—What Thoughts, Reading, Talking, Amusements, Company, or sinful gratification of the appetites and passions do I indulge in?

I must Control my Tongue and my Temper.

The "Golden Chain."—Jesus, Holiness, Usefulness, Happiness, Heaven.

PRAYER.

O blessed Saviour, Thou hast paid *my* debt on the cross. I can never love Thee enough for this. How wicked I have been not to love Thee, and still worse to break Thy holy laws. Show me what a sinner I have been, and make me sorry and ashamed, and **VERY HUMBLE**. O forgive me and help me "just now" to give up every sin.

I take Thee to be my Saviour and my King.

I give myself to Thee to be Thine forever. Help me to do it *with all my heart*. Take me "just as I am," a lost, helpless sinner.

Come and live in me by Thy Spirit, that I may have a new heart and *love* Thee more and more, and *trust* Thee as my keeper, and *please* Thee always. "Show me myself." Teach me how to live by faith. May I never trust in my own strength, but in Thine. Keep me, cleanse me, and give me faith enough to rejoice in Thee always. Amen.

My Dear Friend:—Pray for me, that I may lead many to Jesus, and meet me in Heaven. May God grant it!

Your most loving friend,

C. M. HOWARD,

Children's Preacher and Evangelist.



A NEW HEART

—IS AN—

Humble,

Luke 18: 13.

Truthful,

Colossians 3: 9.

Trusting,

Romans 4: 20-21.

Kind,

Luke 10: 25-37.

Loving,

Matthew 22: 36-40.

Patient,

I Peter 2: 23.

Praying,

Acts 9: 11.

Happy,

Philippians 4: 4.

Working,

II Corinthians 5: 14-15.

Obedient,

John 14: 15.

Forgiving,

Matthew 6: 12, 14, 15.

Obliging,

Genesis 13: 8, 9.

Heart.

DOES JESUS GIVE

YOU SUCH A HEART?



THINGS TO BE VERY
Carefully and Prayerfully Considered

—BY THE—
CHRISTIAN AND YOUNG CONVERT.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

Do not I fill Heaven and Earth? Jeremiah 23: 23.

Thou God seest me. Genesis 16: 13.

I know the things that come unto your mind every one of them. Ezekiel 11: 16.

BY HIS SPIRIT DWELLS IN THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.

I am with you always. Matthew 28: 20.

We will come unto Him and make our abode with Him. John 14: 23.

Know ye not that Jesus Christ is in you except ye be reprobates? II Cor. 13: 5. God is in you. I Cor. 14: 25.

HE IS OUR KEEPER.

The LORD is my keeper;

The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall preserve thy soul. Psalm 121.

He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

So that we may boldly say, The LORD is my helper and I will not fear what man shall do unto me. Heb. 13.

Wherefore, let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit the keeping of their souls to *Him* in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator. I Peter 4: 19.

I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. II Timothy 1: 12.

He giveth power to the faint; and to *them that have* no might He increaseth strength.

They that wait upon the LORD shall renew *their* strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not weary, *and* they shall walk and not faint. Isaiah 40: 29-31.

REVIVING HYMNS.

(9)

Ye are of God, little children, and have overcome them: because greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world. I John 4: 4.

Holy Father, keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given me. John 17.

Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. I Peter 1: 5.

Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present *you* faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, To the only wise God our Saviour, *be* glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen. Jude 24.

WE MUST PRAY FOR IT.

Ask and it shall be given you. Luke 11: 9.

[He will] give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him. Luke 11: 13. Psalm 16: 1.

ASK EXPECTING TO RECEIVE.

Let him ask in faith. James 1: 6.

Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them. Have faith in God. Mark 11: 22, 24. Heb. 11 chapter.

WE CANNOT KEEP OURSELVES.

Without Me ye can do nothing. John 15: 5.

In me (that is in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing. Rom. 7: 18.

WE MUST NOT GRIEVE HIM AWAY.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God. Eph. 4: 30. I Thes. 5: 19. Psalm 51: 11.

QUESTIONS.

My heart, mind, body, soul, tongue, time, strength, influence, talents, money, belong to God. By God's help, have I made an entire surrender of all to Him, and set myself apart to His service forever? I Cor. 6: 19-20. Rom. 12: 1.

Does He dwell in me and keep me from sin? Rom. 6: 1, 14. I John, 5: 18.

Do I ask expecting it? Matt. 1: 21. Titus, 2: 14.

Do I earnestly ask Him to show me my faults and the wants of my soul? Psalm, 139: 23, 24.

When I see what is wrong, leaning on Him, am I kept from the evil? 1 Thess. 5: 24.

Am I making any discoveries in the science of holy living?

Have I any new experience to speak of, or am I dumb on the subject of religion, in Christian society, in the prayer-meeting, or with the impenitent? If so, I am not walking by faith and led by the Spirit. John, 14: 26; 16: 13.

Is Jesus near and precious? Psalm 73: 23.

Do I look to HIM for comfort or to the WORLD?

Do I control my tongue and my temper?

Does my religion sweeten my disposition? Col. 3: 12-14.

Am I growing in humility and meekness?

Who am I praying for? I Tim. 2: 1.

Do I act as if I believed sinners around me were going to hell? Luke 16: 27, 28.

Do I waste time? Ephesians 5: 16.

Do I make, save and GIVE all I can for God's kingdom? Matt. 25: 14-30.

Do I take Jesus with me in all my work, study, or play? Psalm 16: 8.

Do I seek to please Him in all I do? Cor. 10: 31.

Do I do to others as I would have them do to me? Matt. 7: 12.

Is love the prevailing motive in all I do? 1 John, 4: 7.

Do I SEEK opportunities to save souls? James 5: 20.

Am I resolved to be a Bible Christian and live as it tells me? Psalm 119: 9, 10, 11.

Read these often and carefully. Look at these references and mark them in your Bible and with your marginal references, Bible Text-Book, or Concordance find other passages on these and other subjects. Study your Bible in this way.

A PLAN

By which young people may easily read the Bible for the first few times, omitting the difficult portions. Parents, get a Bible with plain print and references and mark it in this way for your children:

NEW TESTAMENT.

Read MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE, JOHN.

- " ACTS.
- " ROMANS, from 12th chap. to end.
- " I CORINTHIANS, chap. 13th.
- " GALATIANS, 5th and 6th chap.
- " EPHESIANS, 3rd chap. to end.
- " PHILIPPIANS, 2nd chap. to end.
- " COLOSSIANS, 3rd chap. to end.
- " I THESSALONIANS, 5th chap.
- " II THESSALONIANS, 3rd chap.
- " I TIMOTHY, 6th chap.
- " TITUS, PHILEMON.
- " HEBREWS, 10th chap. 19 verse to end.
- " JAMES.
- " I and II PETER.
- " I JOHN.
- " JUDE.
- " REVELATIONS, 1st, 2nd and 3rd chap., and from 20th to the end.

OLD TESTAMENT.

Read GENESIS.

- " EXODUS, 1st chap. to 20th, 32nd to 34th.
- " NUMBERS, 10th chap. to 16th, 20 to 25, 27, 31, 32, 35, 36th.
- " DEUTERONOMY, 1st to 14th, 26th chap's to end.
- " JOSHUA, JUDGES, RUTH.
- " I SAMUEL, II SAMUEL.
- " I KINGS, II KINGS.
- " I CHRONICLES, 10th to end, II CHRONICLES.
- " EZRA, NEHEMIAH, ESTHER.
- " PSALMS 19*, 23, 25, 32, 42, 51*, 63, 78, 86, 91, 95, 103*, 104, 105, 107, 116, 119, 121*, 125, 130, 136, 137, 139*, 145.

Read PROVERBS.

- " ECCLESIASTES, 11th and 12th chap's.
- " ISAIAH, 1, 12, 35, 36 to 40, 53, 55, 64th chap's.
- " JEREMIAH, 35 to 45th chap's.
- " DANIEL.
- " JONAH.
- " MALACHI, 3d and 4th chap's.

We hope as long as you live you will read your Bible every day, asking God to help you understand and remember it. Ought we not to spend an hour a day reading our Bible? I hope you will also get a Commentary to explain it. The American Tract Society of New York publishes an excellent one very cheap.

PASSAGES to be *read often* and *prayed over* by those beginning or desiring to begin the New Life:

NEW TESTAMENT.

- MATTHEW, 5*, 6*, 7*, 25*, 26, 27, 28 chap's.
- LUKE, 2, 11** chap., 1 to 13 verse, 15** chap.
- 16** chap. 19 to 31 verse; 18, 22, 23, 24 chap's.
- JOHN, 3**, 14, 15, 16, 17 chap's.
- ACTS, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 chap's.
- ROMANS 12 chap. I CORINTHIANS, 13 chap.
- GALATIANS, 6 chap. COLOSSIANS, 3 chap.
- EPHESIANS, 3 chap., 14 to 21 verse.
- PHILIPPIANS, 3 chap., 4 chap. 4 to 7 verse.
- I THESSALONIANS, 5 chap.
- TITUS, 2 chap. 11 to 14 verse.
- HEBREWS, 10 chap. 19 to 39 verse and 11 chap.
- JAMES, 1*, 3 chap's. I PETER, 2 chap.
- REVELATION, 21, 22 chap's.

OLD TESTAMENT.

- *I KINGS, 3 chap. 5 to 15 verse. PSALMS, *51, *139.
- ISAIAH, 1, 53**, 55 chap's. DANIEL, 9 chap.

*NOTE.—Read those marked with two stars (**) first; with one star (*) next.

REVIVING HYMNS.

1

COME TO JESUS.

P. J. 9.

1 COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now, just now
Come to Jesus, come to Jesus just now.

2 He will save you.
3 O believe Him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 He is waiting.
7 He is calling.
8 He'll receive you.
9 Call upon Him.
10 He is present.
11 He will hear you.
12 Do not doubt Him.
13 He'll forgive you.
14 He will cleanse you.
15 He'll renew you.
16 Flee to Jesus.
17 Jesus loves you.
18 Don't reject Him.
19 Only trust Him.
20 Do not grieve Him.
21 He may leave you.
22 How you need Him.
23 Why not take Him.
24 Cease to hate Him.
25 Some are coming.
26 Who will follow?
27 Do not trifle.
28 I am coming.
29 I'll believe Him.
30 I'll receive Him.

31 I'll confess Him.
32 What prevents you?
33 Satan tempts you.
34 He deceives you.
35 Who'll renounce him?
36 Doubting Jesus.
37 Won't you trust Him?
38 Pride is hindering.
39 O surrender.
40 Give up sinning.
41 Leave your idols.
42 Follow Jesus.
43 Jesus wants you.
44 Some deciding.
45 Do not linger.
46 Time is flying.
47 Life is wasting.
48 Death may seize you.
49 God may judge you.
50 Are you ready?
51 Christians praying.
52 Angels watching.
53 God entreating.
54 How He loves you.
55 How you hate Him.
56 God will help you.
57 He has promised.
58 Can you doubt Him.

Arr. &c. by C. M. H.

JESUS PAID IT ALL.

P. J. 48.
[S. E. 64.]

- 1 NOTHING either great or small,
Nothing sinner, no ;
Jesus died and paid it all,
Long, long ago.

Chorus—Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe,
And nothing either great or small
Remains for me to do.

- 2 When He from His lofty thorne
Stooped to do and die,
Every thing was fully done—
“’Tis finished,” was His cry.

- 3 Weary, working, plodding one,
Wherefore toil you so ?
Cease your doing ; all was done
Long, long ago.

- 4 Till to Jesus’ work you cling,
By a simple faith,
Doing is a deadly thing,
Doing ends in death.

- 5 Cast your deadly doing down,
Down at Jesus’ feet ;
Stand in Him, in Him alone.
Glorious and complete.

- 6 Naught to pay the debt I owe,
Naught to purchase heaven ;
Much I’ll do my love to show,
All the way to heaven.

Chorus—Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe,
By something either great or small
I’ll strive my love to show.

Arr. &c. by C. M. H.

3

"BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD."

P. J. 67.

- 1 BEHOLD, behold the Lamb of God,
On the cross, on the cross;
For you He shed His precious blood,
On the cross, on the cross.
O, hear that strange, expiring cry—
"O why hast thou forsaken Me?"
Draw near and see your Saviour die,
On the cross, on the cross.
- 2 Come, sinners, see Him lifted up,
On the cross, on the cross;
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the cross, on the cross;
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake,
On the cross, on the cross.
- 3 And now the mighty deed is done,
On the cross, on the cross;
The battle's fought, the vict'ry's won,
On the cross, on the cross;
To Heaven He turns His languid eyes:
"'Tis finished now," the conq'ror cries,
Then bows His sacred head and dies,
On the cross, on the cross.
- 4 Where'er I go I'll tell the story
Of the cross, of the cross;
In nothing else my soul shall glory
Save the cross, save the cross;
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and through eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me,
On the cross, on the cross.
- 5 Let every mourner rise and cling
To the cross, to the cross;
Let every Christian come and sing
Round the cross, round the cross;

There let the preacher take his stand,
And, with the Bible in his hand,
Go preach the doctrine through the land,
Of the cross, of the cross.

4

'TIS TRUE.

P. J. 25. W. H. 113.

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

Chorus—O yes, 'tis true, I must believe
The blessed Word of God,
As if mine eyes had seen Him there
Shedding His precious blood.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had 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 Maker, died
For man—the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Arr. by C. M. H.

5

"ALMOST THOU PERSUADEST ME TO BE
A CHRISTIAN."

W. H. 81.

Acts: chap's. 24 and 26.

[S. E. 17.]

- 1 "ALMOST persuaded," God to believe,
"Almost persuaded," Satan to leave;
Dost thou, O sinner, say
"Go, Jesus, go away,

On some convenient day
To Thee I'll come."

- 2 "Almost persuaded," now to do right;
"Almost persuaded," O why not quite?
Will you then Heaven refuse,
God's mercy now abuse,
Hell's torments will you choose,
Rather than yield?
- 3 "Almost persuaded," God you resist;
"Almost persuaded," will you persist?
Will you to Satan cleave,
Will you the Spirit grieve,
What if He now should leave,
Leave you just now?
- 4 "Almost persuaded," duty is plain;
"Almost persuaded," greater your sin;
Prayer rises constantly,
Kind hearts now weep for thee,
Fearing lest they should see
You weep in Hell.
- 5 "Almost" to please God is to oppose;
"Almost" to gain Heaven is but to lose;
"So near to entering in,
"Lost all to taste of sin,
"Poor fool that I have been!"
Sad wail at last.

C. M. H.

6

"WHAT HAVE I DONE."
Tune—"All to Christ I owe."

W. H. 48.
[*S. E. 77.*]

- 1 I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
|| I gave My life for thee; ||
|| What hast thou done for Me? ||
- 2 I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,

That one eternity
 Of joy thou mightest know ;
 || I spent long years for thee, ||
 || Hast thou spent one for Me ? ||

3 My Father's house of light,
 My rainbow-circled throne,
 I left for earthly night,
 For wand'rings sad and lone ;
 || I left it all for thee ; ||
 || Hast thou left aught for Me ? ||

4 I suffered much for thee,—
 More than thy tongue can tell,
 Of bitterest agony,
 To rescue thee from hell ;
 || I suffered much for thee ; ||
 || What dost thou bear for Me ? ||

5 And I have brought to thee,
 Down from My house above,
 Salvation full and free,
 My pardon and My love ;
 || Great gifts I brought to thee ; ||
 || What hast thou brought to Me ; ||

6 Oh, let thy life be given,
 Thy years for Me be spent,
 World fetters all be riven,
 And joy with suffering blent ;
 || Give thou thyself to Me, ||
 || And I will welcome thee ! ||

7

JESUS LOVES EVEN ME.

W. H. 91.

1 How firm a foundation, ye friends of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in His excellent word ;
 What more can He say than to us He hath said,
 Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled.

Chorus—Yes, it is true, that Jesus loves me,
 Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me!
 Yes, it is true, that Jesus loves me,
 Jesus loves even me.

- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
 For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow:
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
 The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
 My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs, they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 6 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake."

8

DO NOT PASS ME BY.

W. H. 5.
[S. E. 73.]

- 1 O that sweet, that melting story,
 Of the Lamb once slain;
 Shall the Lord of life and glory
 Die for me in vain?

Chorus—Saviour, Saviour, hear my feeble cry,
 Others now receive Thy blessing,
 Do not pass me by.

- 2 Now to Him my sins confessing,
 Will He not forgive?

If I seek my Saviour's blessing,
Shall I not receive?

3 Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
To this heart of mine;
Help me make a full surrender,
Make me wholly Thine.

4 Guide me, O Thou blessed Jesus,
To the heavenly land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me by Thy hand.

Arr. by C. M. H.

9

"LORD SAVE ME."

W. H. 46.

1 Jesus, Saviour, || hear my cry,|| (3 times,)
Frown not on me lest I die,
Oh, save my sinful soul;
Worst of rebels ||I have been,||
Vilest of the sons of men,
Oh, save my sinful soul.

Chorus—Dear Saviour, receive me,
No more would I leave Thee,
Thou art my Redeemer,
Oh, save my sinful soul.

2 Oft abused Thee ||to thy face,||
Trampled on Thy offered grace,
Oh, save my sinful soul;
Justly might'st Thou ||cut me down,||
Worthless cumberer of the ground,
Oh, save my sinful soul.

3 Thou hast bid the ||sinner pray,||
Take, oh take my guilt away,
Oh save my sinful soul;
Listen to my ||soul's request,||
Give my guilty conscience rest,
Oh save my sinful soul.

4 I have sought the ||world around,||
 Peace and comfort nowhere found,
 Oh save my sinful soul;
 Weary of this ||war within,||
 Weary of myself and sin,
 Oh save my sinful soul.

5 Thou who didst my ||being give,||
 And didst die that I might live,
 Oh save my sinful soul;
 Whisper now "Come, ||wanderer, come,||
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home,"
 Oh save my sinful soul.

Arr. by C. M. H.

[Rev. R. Lowry, by permission.]

P. J. 86.

[S. E. 16.]

10

NONE BUT JESUS.

1 WEEPING will not save me—
 Tho' my face were bathed in tears,
 That could not allay my fears,
 Could not wash the sins of years,
 Weeping will not save me.

Chorus—Jesus wept and died for me;
 Jesus suffered on the tree;
 Jesus waits to make me free,
 He alone can save me.

2 Working will not save me—
 Purest deeds that I can do,
 Holiest thoughts and feelings too,
 Can not form my soul anew,
 Working will not save me.

3 Waiting will not save me—
 Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie;
 In my ear is mercy's cry;
 If I wait I can but die—
 Waiting will not save me.

4 Faith in Christ will save me—
 Let me trust Thy weeping Son;
 Trust the work that He has done;

To His arms, Lord, help me run ;
Faith in Christ will save me.

11

PARDON FOR ME.

W. H. 11

- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer ;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

Chorus—O depths of mercy, can it be,
That there is pardon now for me ;
For me, for me, there's pardon now for me.

- 2 Thy promise is my only plea ;
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.
- 5 O wondrous love to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
May plead Thy gracious name !
- 6 "Poor, tried, and tempted soul be still,
My promised grace receive ;"
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must—I will—
I can—I do believe.

12

JESUS IS HERE—JESUS IS MINE. W. H. 102.

- 1 I'll come to Jesus now, Jesus is here !
Humbly before Him bow, Jesus is here !

Too many still delay,
 Too many go away,
 Tho' Jesus bids them stay, Jesus is here!

2 Now I confess my sin, Jesus is here!
 For He can make me clean, Jesus is here!
 He sees the heartsick one,
 Poor, wretched and undone,
 Seek Him and Him alone, Jesus is here!

3 Father Thy gift I take, Jesus is mine!
 Pardon for Jesus' sake, Jesus is mine!

O what a glorious thing,
 Sin's weary load to bring,
 And lose it while we sing, Jesus is mine!

4 Now I have found a friend, Jesus is mine!
 Whose love shall never end, Jesus is mine!
 Tho' human friendship cease,
 Tho' earthly joys decrease,
 I can have lasting peace, Jesus is mine!

5 Farewell, ye sinful joys, Jesus is mine!
 Farewell, poor trifling toys, Jesus is mine!
 All that my soul has tried,
 Left but a dismal void,
 Jesus has satisfied, Jesus is mine!

6 When earth shall pass away, Jesus is mine!
 At the great judgment day, Jesus is mine!
 He then my soul shall bring,
 Where I shall see the King,
 And never cease to sing, Jesus is mine!

Arr. &c., by C. M. H.

13

PRECIOUS NAME.

W. H. S.

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.

REVIVING HYMNS.

Chorus—Precious name! O how sweet!
How I love that precious name.

- 2 Which of all our friends to save us
Could or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.
- 3 When He lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
- 4 Could we bear from one another,
What He daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat Him thus.
- 5 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.
- 6 "From their sins to save His people,"
Jesus from the Father came;
Thus the angel was instructed,
"Jesus thou shalt call his name."

Arr. by C. M. H.

14

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

W. H. 4.

[S. E. 46.]

- 1 Sweet is the voice of Jesus,
Bidding the wanderer come:
Off'ring him aid and comfort,
Off'ring a heavenly home.
Now to the arms of Jesus,
Now to His loving breast,
Fleeing from sin and sorrow,
Safely my soul shall rest.

REVIVING HYMNS.

(25)

Chorus—Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe is my weary soul,
Tenderly will He guide me,
Keep me and make me whole.

2 Hear ye the words of Jesus :
“Able,” He says, “to keep,”
“Not one shall ever perish,”
“None of His feeble sheep ;
“Able to keep from falling,
“Able to make them stand,”
Yes, “to present them faultless,”
Kept by His loving hand.

3 Art Thou then ever with me ?
Dost Thou then dwell in me ?
Shall I be kept from falling ?
Yes, if I trust in Thee.

Yes, I may walk with Jesus,
Ask and receive Thy grace ;
Sweetly communing with Thee,
Till I behold Thy face.

C. M. H.

15

HEAVEN.

W. H. 39.

1 O think of the home over there ;
Of the blessings and glories we'll share,
In the mansions of beauty so rare,
That Jesus has gone to prepare.

Chorus—Over there, over there,
O think of a home over there,
Over there, over there, over the . . . re,
O think of a home over there.

2 O think of the friends over there,
And how many sweet children have gone,
That as angels, as spotless and fair,
Await us approaching the throne.

- 3 O think what a joy when we meet,
And embrace on that beautiful shore,
So like Jesus, so gentle, so sweet,
And from us to part never more.
- 4 O think of the crown we'll receive;
The sweet praises in which we shall join;
Of the angels with whom we shall live,
Whose beauty the sun doth outshine.
- 5 O think of your Saviour arrayed
With the beauty of holiest love;
And how gently his loved ones doth lead
To fountains of knowledge above.
- 6 O think of His presence while here;
How He leads us, upholds with His hand;
He dwells in our hearts and we share
The joys of that beautiful land. *C. M. H.*

16

BEAUTIFUL HOME.

S. E. 34.

- 1 There is a world of endless day,
Where every tear is wiped away,
And we are freed from grief and care,
My home is there, My home is there.

Chorus—O beautiful home! O beautiful home!
In its gardens of pleasure I ever shall roam,
With saints of light and angels bright,
My home is there, My home is there!

- 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 my soul.
- 3 In Thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
 No cares to break the long repose,
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 Now to the shining realms above,
 I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes:
 O for the pinions of a dove,
 To bear me to the upper skies.
- 6 There from the bosom of my God,
 Oceans of endless pleasure roll:
 There would I fix my last abode,
 And drown the sorrows of my soul.

Arr. &c, by C. M. H.

17

WILL YOU GO.

P. J. 67.

TUNE—"Behold the Lamb."

- 1 We're trav'ling home to heaven above;
 Will you go?
 To sing the Saviour's dying love;
 Will you go?

Millions have reached that blest abode,
 Anointed kings and priests to God;
 And millions more are on the road;
 Will you go?

- 2 We're going to walk the plains of light;
 Will you go?
 Far, far from curse and death and night,
 Will you go?
 The crown of life we then shall wear,
 The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share;
 Will you go?

- 3 The way to heaven is straight and plain,
 Will you go?
 Repent, believe, be born again;
 Will you go?

The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
 "Take up your cross and follow Me,
 And thou shalt My Salvation see."
 Will you go?

4. The way to heaven is free to all;
 Will you go?
 For Jew and Gentile, great and small;
 Will you go?
 Make up your mind, give God your heart,
 From every sin and idol part,
 And now this very moment start.
 Will you go?

5 Oh, could I hear some sinner say,
 "I will go;"
 Oh, could I hear him humbly pray,
 "Make me go."
 And all his old companions tell,
 "I will not go with you to hell,
 I long with Jesus Christ to dwell,
 Let me go."

6 Yes, yes, He will forgive my sin,
 If I go.
 Upon His word just now I lean,
 As I go:
 I'll make His service now my choice,
 I will obey the Shepherd's voice,
 Now in His love I do rejoice.
 Who will go?

Arr. &c. by C. M. H.

18

"BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD."

P. J. 62,

[S. E. 117.]

1 O stop, poor sinner, stop and think,
 Before you further go:
 Why will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting woe?

Chorus—O you must be a lover of the Lord, [3 times.]
 Or you can't go to heaven when you die.

- 2: Now on the verge of ruin stop,
The friendly warning take;
O stay your footsteps, ere you drop
Into the burning lake.
- 3 Tell me, have you an arm like God,
That you His will oppose?
And fear ye not that iron rod
With which He breaks His foes?
- 4 Though your stout heart were made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass;
Your God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass.
- 5 Yes, pale-faced Death will quickly come,
To drag you to His bar;
Oh then to hear your awful doom
Will fill you with despair!
- 6 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 7 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!
- 8 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

Arr. by C. M. H.

19

"JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY." S. E. 70.
W. H. 75.

- 1 What means this eager, anxious throng
Pressing our busy streets along?
These wondrous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, pray?
|| Voices, in accents hushed, reply, ||
|| "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!" ||

- 2 E'en children feel the potent spell,
And haste their new-found joy to tell.
In crowds they to the place repair,
Where Christians daily bow in prayer.
|| Hosannas mingle with the cry, ||
|| "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!" ||
- 3 Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To charm the multitude at will?
|| Again the stirring tones reply, ||
|| "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!" ||
- 4 Jesus! 'tis He who once below,
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened hearts, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame
|| Blind men rejoiced to hear the cry, ||
|| "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!" ||
- 5 Again He comes, from place to place,
His holy foot-prints we can trace.
He pauses at our threshold—nay,
He enters, condescends to stay!
|| Shall we not gladly raise the cry, ||
|| "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?" ||
- 6 Ho, all ye heavy laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, a home.
Lost wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
|| Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh, ||
|| "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!" ||
- 7 But if you still this call refuse,
And dare such wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer in justice spurn;
|| "Too late! too late!" will be the cry, ||
|| "Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by!*" ||

20 "BEHOLD I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK."

TUNE—"Pass Me Not."

W. H. 5
[S. E. 73.]

- 1 In the silent midnight watches,
List! thy bosom's door!
How it knocketh—knocketh—knocketh—
Knocketh evermore.

Chorus—Saviour, Saviour, Thou art knocking now,
Waiting long to be accepted.
O receive Him now!

- 2 Say not 'tis thy pulses beating!
'Tis thy heart of sin?
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth
Rise and let Me in?
- 3 Death comes down, with reckless footsteps,
To the hall and hut;
Think you Death will tarry knocking
When the door is shut?
- 4 Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth—
But the door is fast;
Grieved, away the Saviour goeth:
Death breaks in at last.
- 5 Then 'tis thine to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating—
Wailing for thy sin.
- 6 Nay, alas! thou guilty creature,
Hast thou then forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee;
Now He knows thee not!
- 7 Think, then, while thy pulse is beating,
And thy heart of sin,
How thy Saviour stands and crieth,
Rise and let Me in.

8 How He knocketh—knocketh—knocketh—
Knocketh ever more,
In the silent midnight watches,
At thy bosom door.

Arr. by C. M. H.

21

JUDGMENT DAY.

S. E. 103.

1 The judgment day is coming, coming, coming,
The judgment day is coming,
O that great day!

Chorus—Let us take the wings of the morning,
And hasten now to Jesus;
Then we'll shout with joy at His coming,
And sound the Jubilee.

2 I hear the trumpet sounding, sounding, sounding,
I hear the trumpet sounding
On that great day.

3 I see the Judge descending, descending, descending,
I see the Judge descending
On that great day.

4 I see the dead arising, arising, arising,
I see the dead arising
On that great day.

5 I hear the thunder rolling, rolling, rolling,
I hear the thunder rolling
On that great day.

6 I see the lightning blazing, blazing, blazing,
I see the lightning blazing
On that great day.

7 I hear the wicked wailing, wailing, wailing,
I hear the wicked wailing
On that great day.

8. I hear the righteous shouting, shouting, shouting,
I hear the righteous shouting
On that great day.

Arr. by C. M. H.

REVIVING HYMNS.

(33)

22

THE JUDGMENT SEAT.

P. J. 94,
(Appendix.)

- 1 Christians and sinners soon will part, [3 times.]
Will part to meet no more.
O! there will be mourning, mourning, mourning,
O! there will be mourning at the Judgment Seat
of Christ.
- 2 Those that have loved on earth will part, etc.
- 3 Parents and children soon will part, etc.
- 4 Wives and their husbands soon will part, etc.
- 5 Brothers and sisters soon will part, etc.
- 6 Friends and companions soon will part, etc.
- 7 Pastors and people soon will part, etc.
- 8 Teachers and children soon will part, etc.
- 9 Saints and the Angels soon will meet, etc.,
Will meet to part no more.
O! there will be shouting, etc.

Arr. by C. M. H.

23

JUST AS I AM.

P. J. 94,
(Appendix.)

- 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!
- Chorus*—O there is forgiveness;
Full and free forgiveness,
O there is forgiveness,
At the mercy seat of Christ.
- 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 tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, 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!
- 7 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

24

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

W. H. 80,
[S. E, 44.]

- 1 Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

Chorus—Tell me the old, old story, [3 times.]
Of Jesus and His love.

- 2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.
- 3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any kind of trouble,
A comforter to me.
- 4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

25

LOOK TO JESUS AND REJOICE.

P. J. 50.

- 1 Let the eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Now look off unto Jesus and sorrow no more;
Hear Him calling so tenderly, "Come unto Me,"
"For thy guilt I will pardon, thy soul I will free."
- Chorus*—Jesus died! Jesus saves! O the blessed news!
O the blessed news! Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
O rejoice in Him! Rejoice in Him! Rejoice in Him.
- 2 Altho' countless thy sins, and tho' crimson thy guilt,
Yet for crimes such as thine was My blood freely spilt;
Then come, sinner, and prove Me; come, mourner, and see
All the wounds that I bore when I suffered for thee.

- 3 O thou knowest My power; ah! then, doubt not My will;
But come, needy, come helpless, thy soul I will fill;
For My mercy is boundless, no sinner shall say
That he sued at My feet, and was driven away.
- 4 O how gladly does Jesus free pardon impart
Unto all who receive Him by faith in the heart;
Nor can evil befall them, their home is above,
And the Saviour throws round them the arms of His love.
- 5 O how precious is Jesus to all who believe,
And from out of His fullness what grace they receive!
In their weakness, supports them; when erring He guides,
For them every thing needful He kindly provides.

Arr. &c. by C. M. H.

26

LOOKING TO JESUS.

W. H. 82.

TUNE—"Waiting by the River."

- 1 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

Chorus—All is finished, do not doubt it,
But believe your dying Lord;
Never reason more about it,
Only take Him at His word.

- 2 Jesus, full of all compassion,
Hear Thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know Thy great salvation:
See, I languish, faint and die.

- 3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to Him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to Him who ever lives?

- 4 While I view Thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless, on the cursed tree,
Fain I'd feel my heart believing
That Thou sufferedst thus for me.

5 Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love Thou art :
 Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart. Arr. by C. M. H.

27

"I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD."

W. H. 58.

TUNE—"Home of the Soul."

- 1 In Thy presence, dear Saviour, my soul takes delight;
 On Thee not in vain do I call :
 ||My sweet comfort by day, and my song in the night,||
 My hope, my salvation, my all.
- 2 Like the sunshine Thy countenance sheddeth delight,
 Through all the bright mansions on high !
 Yes, their faces the cherubim veil in Thy sight,
 And tremble with fullness of joy.
- 3 In Thy smiles the bright angels forever rejoice,
 And myriads wait for Thy word :
 When thou speakest, eternity, filled with Thy voice,
 Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.
- 4 O Thy voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
 Is heard through the shadow of death ;
 Yes, the cedars of Lebanon bow at Thy feet,
 The air is perfumed with Thy breath.
- 5 My dear Shepherd ! I hear, and will follow Thy call,
 I know the sweet sound of Thy voice ;
 Thou wilt keep and defend me, for Thou art my all,
 And in Thee I will ever rejoice. Arr. by C. M. H.

28

MY JESUS I LOVE THEE.

P. J. 7.

- 1 My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine :
 For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resign ;
 My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou ;
 ||If ever I loved Thee,|| my Jesus 'tis now.

- 2 I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 3 If ever I loved, sure I love Thee my Lord;
I love Thy dear people, Thy ways and Thy Word;
I love all my brethren, I love sinners too,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 4 I'll love Thee in life, and I'll love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 5 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
When I shall rejoice with the children of light;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now. Arr. by C. M. H.

29

LEANING ON JESUS.

W. H. 54.

TUNE—"Sweet Rest."

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

Chorus—Oh, 'tis here I find rest,
On my dear Saviour's breast;
|| Oh, what sweet peace, ||
Oh, what sweet peace I feel.

- 2 I bring my *guilt* to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.
- 3 I lay my *wants* on Jesus,
All fullness dwells in Him:
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.

REVIVING HYMNS.

(39)

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

5 I rest my *soul* on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.

6 I love the *name* of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

7 I long to be *like* Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild:
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.

8 I long to be *with* Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Arr. by C. M. H.

30

WHAT CAN I GIVE TO JESUS.

W. H. 54.

TUNE—"Sweet Rest."

1 What can I give to Jesus,
Who gave himself for me?
How may I show I love Him
Who died on Calvary?

Chorus—I will give Thee my heart,
Oh, Thy sweet love impart;
For 'tis more love, yes 'tis more love,
Oh, 'tis more love I want.

2 I'll give my *soul* to Jesus,
And calmly, gladly rest;
For heavenly joy and comfort
Upon His loving breast.

3 I'll give my *mind* to Jesus,
And seek in thoughtful hours,
For Him to ever use it
And consecrate its powers.

4 I'll give my *strength* to Jesus,
Of body, mind and will;
Go where He sends desiring,
His pleasure to fulfill.

5 I'll give my *wealth* to Jesus,
'Tis little I possess,
My little, all, O take it
Dear Lord accept, and bless.

9 By Thy Divine assistance
I yield myself to Thee,
My body, soul and spirit
Forever Thine to be.

Arr. by C. M. H.

31

COME UNTO ME.

W. H. 51.

P. J. 35.

- 1 Come, come to Jesus! He waits to pardon thee,
O yes, so willingly; Come, come to Jesus!
- 2 Come, come to Jesus! He paid thy debt for thee,
He waits to set thee free; Come, come to Jesus!
- 3 Come, come to Jesus! He offers life to thee,
Come, come then trustingly; Come, come to Jesus!
- 4 Come, come to Jesus! Hear now, He speaks to thee,
"Come, sinner, come to Me;" Come, come to Jesus!
- 5 Come, come to Jesus! Think of His agony,
Think how He died for thee; Come, come to Jesus!
- 6 Come, come to Jesus! He will abide in thee,
From sin will set you free; Come, come to Jesus!
- 7 Come, come to Jesus! O what a friend He'll be
Through all eternity; Come, come to Jesus!

- 8 Come, come to Jesus! While now we pray for thee,
His spirit strives with thee; Come, come to Jesus!
- 9 Come, come to Jesus! Angels now wait to see
Who now to Him will flee; Come, come to Jesus!
- 10 Come, come to Jesus! Come, come or you will be
Punished eternally; Come, come to Jesus! *C. M. H.*

32

BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.

P. J. 17.

Matt. 3; Acts 1.

W. H. 57.

- 1 We praise, Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

Chorus—

Oh, baptize us with the spirit, Oh, baptize us with fire,
We are waiting for the promise of power from on high.

- 2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love,
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.
- 6 Revive us again; rouse the dead from their tomb;
May they now come to Jesus while yet there is room.
Arr. by C. M. H.

33

HEAVEN.

C. M. 132.

TUNE—"Lilly Dale."

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

*Chorus—*O Heaven! sweet Heaven!
Home of the blest!

How I long to be there, in its glories to share,
And to lean on my Saviour's breast.

- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 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 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore:
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 6 There we shall see His blessed face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in. Arr. by C. M. H.

34

HEAVEN.

W. H. 16.

- 1 Ye angels who stand round the throne
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make Him known,
Tune, tune your soft harps to His praise.

Chorus—In the sweet bye and bye,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

- 2 He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
While others sunk down in despair,
Confirmed by His power, ye stood.

- 3 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at His feet,
His grace, and His glory display,
And all His rich mercy repeat.
- 4 He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair;
For you He was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.
- 5 I want to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to His name.
- 6 I want—O I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.

35

HEAVEN.

S. E. 21.

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

Chorus—We will stand the storm,
(We will stand, stand the storm. It will not be very long!)
We will an..chor by and by and by,
(We will anchor by and by, we will anchor by and by.)
We will stand the storm,
(We will stand, stand the storm. It will not be very long!)
We'll an chor by and by,
(We'll an chor by and by.)

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful peace.
- 5 When we've been there ten thousand years,
 Bright shining as the sun,
 We've no less days to sing God's praise
 Than when we first begun.

36

I AM TRUSTING.

W. H. 53.

[S. E. 31.]

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high.

Chorus—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
 Dear Lamb of Calvary.
 Humbly at Thy feet I bow,
 Jesus, save me, save me now.

- 2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 O receive my soul at last.
- 3 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, oh! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me;
- 4 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head,
 With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 5 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 All in all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind:

- 6 Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 7 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
- 8 Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

37

"COMPLETE IN HIM."

W. H. 48.

Tune—"All to Christ I owe."

[S. E. 77.]

- 1 Thy works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart,
They tell me all is done,
They bid my fear depart.

Chorus—All in Thee I need,
All in all to me;
Nothing good wilt Thou withhold
To all eternity.

- 2 Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,
Have wept my guilt away,
And turned this night of mine
Into a blessed day.
- 3 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins that none in heaven
Or earth could bear but God.
- 4 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few.

5 Thy righteousness, O Christ,
 Alone can cover me;
 No righteousness avails,
 Save that which is of Thee.

6 Thy righteousness alone
 Can clothe and beautify:
 I wrap it round my soul;
 In this I'll live and die.

Arr. by C. M. H.

38

WONDERFUL LOVE.

S. E. 34.

Tune—"My Home is There."

1 When I survey the wond'rous cross,
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Chorus—O wonderful love! O wonderful love!
 That has purchased my home in the mansions
 above;
 A crown of light, and garments white
 With groans, with tears, with bloody sweat.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God,
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
 Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
 Then am I dead to all the globe,
 And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Arr. by C. M. H.

REVIVING HYMNS.

(47)

39

FORGIVE ME NOW.

P. J. 75.

Psalm 51.

- 1 Show pity Lord, O Lord forgive,
Oh, forgive me now:
Let a repenting rebel live,
Jesus died for me.
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
Oh forgive me now;
May not a sinner trust in Thee?
Jesus died for me.

Chorus—I'll trust Thy blessed word, [three times]
That Thou dost pardon now.

- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass,
The power and glory of Thy grace,
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning grace be found,
Oh, &c.,
Jesus, &c.,
Oh, &c.,
Jesus, &c.
- 3 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.
Oh, &c.,
Jesus, &c.,
Oh, &c.,
Jesus, &c.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
Oh, &c.,
Jesus, &c.,
Oh, &c.,
Jesus, &c.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce Thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
Oh, &c.,
Jesus, &c.,
Oh, &c.,
Jesus, &c.
- 6 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.
Oh, &c.,
Jesus, &c.,
Oh, &c.,
Jesus, &c.

Arr. by C. M. H.

40

THE LORD IS THY KEEPER.

W. H. 77.

Tune—"He Leadeth Me."

[S. E. 9.]

1 Let me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

Chorus—He keepeth me! He keepeth me!
'Tis Christ's own power that keepeth me;
O blessed tho't, where'er I be,
Whate'er I do, He keepeth me.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak then am I strong,
He leads, He keeps my soul from wrong.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While His own hand my head sustains.

4 Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By Faith and Love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

5 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

6 Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ His Son.

Arr. by C. M. H.

41

(8's 7's)

WORLD RENOUNCED.

P. J. 57, 10.

W. H. 76, 82.

- 1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my All shalt be.
- Chorus*—I love Jesus, Hallelujah,
I love Jesus, yes I do,
I love Jesus, He's my Saviour,
Jesus smiles and loves me too.
- 2 Let the world neglect and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hopes have oft deceived me,
Thou art faithful, Thou art true.
- 3 Perish, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn and pain:
In Thy service pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
- 4 O 'tis not in grief to harm me
While Thy bleeding love I see,
O 'tis not in joy to charm me,
When that love is hid from me.
- 5 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
- 6 Take, my soul, Thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy, to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
- 7 I have called Thee Abba Father,
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

- 8 Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
 What a Father's smile is thine,
 What a Saviour died to win thee;
 Child of Heaven shouldst thou repine?
- 9 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
 Armed by Faith, and winged by Prayer;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.

42

JESUS LOVES ME.

P. J. 38.

- 1 Jesus loves, me, this I know,
 For the Bible tells me so;
 Little ones to Him belong,
 They are weak but He is strong.
- Chorus*—Yes, Jesus loves me, (3 times.)
 The Bible tells me so.

- 2 Jesus loves me; He who died
 Heaven's gate to open wide;
 He will wash away my sin,
 Let His little child come in.
- 3 Jesus loves me, loves me still,
 Though I'm very weak and ill;
 From His shining throne on high
 Comes to watch me where I lie.
- 4 Jesus loves me, He will stay
 Close beside me all the way,
 If I love Him, when I die
 He will take me home on high.

43

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

P. J. 28.

- 1 Around the throne of God in heaven,
 Thousands of children stand,
 Children whose sins are all forgiven,
 A holy, happy band.

REVIVING HYMNS.

(51)

Chorus—Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

- 2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there?
- 3 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sins;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!
- 4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace;
On earth they loved His name;
And now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

44

LOVEST THOU ME.

S. E. 82.

- 1 Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

Chorus—O how I love Jesus, (3 times.)
Because He first loved me.

- 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My joy, my hope, my trust;
Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee most richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

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- 5 I'll speak the honors of Thy name,
 With my last, laboring breath;
 Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
 The antidote of death.

45

NEARER JESUS.
 TUNE—"Land of Beulah."

P. J. 87.
 W. H. 52.

- 1 My precious Saviour, bind me fast,
 In chords of heavenly love:
 Then sweetly draw me to Thy breast,
 Nor let me thence remove.

Chorus—Come, come dwell with me
 Teach me Thy love to me;
 || Enable me ever to walk with Thee,
 Until Thy face I see. ||

- 2 Draw me from all created good,
 From self, the world and sin;
 To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
 And make me pure within.

- 3 O lead me to Thy mercy seat,
 Attract me nearer still;
 Draw me, like Mary, to Thy feet,
 To sit and learn Thy will.

- 4 O draw me by Thy providence,
 Thy Spirit and Thy Word,
 From all the things of time and sense,
 To Thee, my gracious Lord.

Arr. by C. M. H.

46

MEET ME IN HEAVEN.

S. E. 26.

- 1 Friends of Jesus will you meet us, (3 times.)
 On Canaan's happy shore?
 2 By the grace of God we'll meet you,
 Where parting is no more.
 3 Dear young converts will you meet us,
 Upon that blissful shore?

- 4 Trusting Jesus we will meet you,
For He will give us power.
- 5 Say, dear children, will you meet us,
On Canaan's happy shore?
- 6 Jesus helping, we will meet you,
To praise Him ever more.
- 7 Sinner, can you hope to meet us,
On Canaan's happy shore?
- 8 Will you turn to God and meet us,
Rejoicing ever more?
- 9 O, the blissful, happy meeting,
With all who've gone before.
- 10 There we'll sing the Saviour's praises,
For ever, ever more.

C. M. H.

P. J. 22.

47

TRUSTING.

- 1 Here Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids me come ;
Guilt holds me back, and fear alarms ;
But see there yet is room.

Chorus—He who is the sinner's friend,
Doth to me His arms extend ;
Bids me to Him now draw near
And banish every doubt and fear.

- 2 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief ;
I would believe Thy promise, Lord ;
O help my unbelief !
- 3 A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall :
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my All.

4 On Thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath Thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

5 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.

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

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

Arr. by C. M. H.
W. H. 42.

48

THE VOICE OF JESUS.
TUNE—"Wondrous Love."

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say:
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."

Chorus—Oh there's peace, there's sweet, sweet peace,
In being near the Lord;
There is no peace so sweet as that
Of trusting in His word.

2 I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water: thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live."

- 4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.
- 5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light,
Look unto Me thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
- 6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that light of life I'll walk
'Till traveling days are done.
- 7 I heard the voice of Jesus say :
"My Father's house above
Has many mansions: I've a place
Prepared for you in love."
- 8 I trust in Jesus:—in that house,
According to His word ;
Redeemed by grace, my soul shall live
Forever with the Lord.

Arr. by C. M. H.
W. H. 82.

49

PRAYER FOR REVIVAL.

- 1 Saviour, visit Thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain :
All will come to desolation,
Unless Thou return again.
- Chorus*—Lord revive us ! Lord revive us ! (repeat.)
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.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers ;
Let each one esteemed Thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.

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

50

COME TO JESUS.

W. H. 82.

P. J. 10-54. [S. E. 50.]

- 1 Come ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power;
 ||He is able, (He is able,)||
 ||He is willing; doubt no more.||
- 2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
 ||Without money, (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, (This He gives you,)||
 ||'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.||
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry, till you're better,
You will never come at all.
 ||Not the righteous, (Not the righteous,)||
 ||Sinners, Jesus came to call.||
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him;
Hear him cry, before He dies;
 ||"It is finished! ("It is finished!")||
 ||Sinners, will not this suffice?||

51

- 6 Lo ! the incarnate God ascended
 Pleads the merits of His blood ;
 Venture on Him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude ;
 ||None but Jesus, (None but Jesus,)||
 ||Can do helpless sinners good.||

S. E. 53.

W. H. 113.

P. J. 25, 76.

I'LL GO TO JESUS.

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

Chorus—Save ! Save ! O Jesus save !
 Save a poor sinner while crying !
 Save ! Save ! O Jesus save !
 Save a poor sinner from dying !

- 2 "I'll go to Jesus though my sin
 High as a mountain rose ;
 I know His courts, I'll enter in
 Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
 And there my guilt confess ;
 I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone
 Without His sovereign grace.
- 4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
 Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
 He will extend it for my touch,
 And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 He will, He will admit my plea,
 Oh yes, will hear my prayer ;
 The chief of sinners, even me,
 Shall never perish there.
- 6 I shall not perish if I go,
 I am resolved to try ;
 For if I stay away, I know
 I must forever die."

- 1 YE who know your sins forgiven,
And are happy in the Lord,
Trust Thy Saviour's power to cleanse you,
It is promised in His word.

Chorus—|| Precious Lord, I will trust,
Thou canst keep my soul from sin. ||

- 2 I will sprinkle you with water,
I will cleanse you from all sin,
Sanctify and make you holy,
I will dwell and reign within.
- 3 Though you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find—
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind.
- 4 To procure you perfect freedom,
Jesus suffered, groaned, and died:
"If the Son Himself shall free you
Then you shall be free indeed."
- 5 Oh, ye tender babes in Jesus,
Hear your Heavenly Father's will,
Claim your portion, plead His promise,
And He quickly will fulfill.
- 6 Plead in earnest, ask expecting
To be filled with holy love;
He who gave to you the promise,
He to you will faithful prove.
- 7 If you have obtained this treasure,
Search and you shall surely find
All the Christian marks and graces
Planted, growing in your mind.

8 Faith increasing, patience growing,
 Lowliness of mind, and then
 Sweet assurance of God's presence,
 Growing love to God and men. Arr. by C. M. H.

53

TELL JESUS ALL.

W. H. 21.

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

*Chorus—Tell it all—in Jesus' ear,
 Listening now—He will hear;
 Tell it all—look up, believe
 Every good thing will He give.*

*Base repeats
 words in Ital-
 ics.*

2 Doubt not nor fear, for He is here;
 We shall not ask in vain:
 Believe Him near, your prayer to hear,
 And pray, and pray again.

3 Faint not when Satan may suggest,
 'Tis vain to pray and wait;
 He bids us never give Him rest,
 But be importunate.

4 Has He not promised us to hear
 And answer when we pray;
 And tho' He may a while forbear,
 He will not long delay.

5 His gracious promise and His love
 Engage Him on our side;
 When we are grieved His mercies move,
 We shall not be denied.

6 Oh let us then in earnest be,
 And never faint in prayer;
 He loves our importunity,
 And makes each want His care.

- 7 Long as our cares and troubles last,—
 Long as the cross we bear,—
 O let our souls on Thee be cast
 In never-ceasing prayer.

Arr. by C. M. H.

54

BLOOD OF JESUS.

W. H. 20.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, though vile as he,
 Washed all my sins away.
- 3 Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by Faith I saw the stream,
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save;
 When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue,
 Lies silent in the grave.

55

THE SPIRIT'S INFLUENCES.

[C. M. 143.]

TUNE—"Sing to me of Heaven."

W. H. 67.

[S. E. 111, 20.]

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
 Let Thy bright beams arise;
 Dispel the darkness from our minds,
 And open Thou our eyes.

Chorus—O Lord, impart to us,
This gift, as Jesus said,
More freely than the parent gives
His hungry children bread.

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

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The gracious love of God.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

5 Dwell, therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee. Arr. by C. M. H.

56

[S. M.]

THE PRODIGAL.

TUNE—"Sing to me of Heaven." [S. E. 111, 20.]

C. M. 143.

W. H. 67.

1 I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er desert waste and wild;
They found me nigh to death,

REVIVING HYMNS.

Famished, and faint, and lone ;
 They bound me with the bands of love,
 They saved the wandering one.

- 3 Jesus my Shepherd is ;
 'Twas He that loved my soul,
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
 'Twas He that made me whole ;
 'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep ;
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold ;
 'Tis He that still doth keep.

- 4 No more a wandering sheep,
 I love to be controlled ;
 I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
 I love the peaceful fold.
 No more a wayward child,
 I seek no more to roam,
 I love my heavenly Father's voice,
 I love, I love His home.

57

CHRIST'S DYING LOVE.

W. H. 42

- 1 How condescending and how kind
 Was God's eternal Son !
 Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
 And pity brought Him down.

Chorus—O 'twas love, what wondrous love,
 The love of God to me,
 That brought my Saviour from above,
 To bleed and die for me.

- 2 When justice by our sins provoked,
 Drew forth its dreadful sword,
 He gave His soul up to the stroke,
 Without a murmuring word.

- 3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
 To raise us to His throne :
 There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows
 But cost His heart a groan.

4 This was compassion like a God,
That though the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Tongue never spake, ear never heard,
Never from heart o'erflow'd,
A dearer name, a sweeter word,
Than Jesus, Son of God.

Arr. by C. M. H.

58

[C. M.]

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

W. H. 113.

P. J. 25.

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

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

3 To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.

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

5 But on that forehead God has set
Indelibly a mark,
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind and in the dark.

6 And yet the doomed man's path below
May bloom as Eden bloomed;
He did not, does not, will not know,
Or feel that he is doomed.

7 He knows he feels that all is well,
And every fear is calmed;

He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell !
Not only doomed, but damned !

- 8 Oh, where is this mysterious bourn,
By which our path is crossed,
Beyond which, God himself hath sworn,
That he who goes is lost ?
- 9 How far may we go on in sin ?
How long will God forbear ?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair ?
10. An answer from the skies is sent :
" Ye that from God depart,
While it is called 'to-day' repent,
And harden not your heart."

59

EVEN ME.

W. H. 8, 102.

- 1 Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing,
Thou art scatt'ring full and free—
Show'rs, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let Thy blessing rest on me.

Chorus—Even me, even me,
Let Thy blessing rest on me. (repeat.)

2. Pass me not, O God, our Father !
Sinful though my heart may be ;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
||Grant Thy saving power to me.||
- 3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee ;
For I'm longing for Thy favor ;
||Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me—||
- 4 Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving Thee ?
Has the world my heart been keeping ?
||Oh! forgive, and rescue me.||

- 5 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
 Thou canst make the blind to see
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 ||Come, oh come, and dwell in me.||

60

MERCY'S FREE.

P. J. 67.

TUNE—"Behold the Lamb."

- 1 By faith I view my Saviour dying,
 On the tree, on the tree;
 To every sinner He is crying,
 Look to Me, look to Me;
 He bids the guilty now draw near,
 Repent, believe, dismiss your fear:
 Hark! hark! what precious words I hear,
 Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
- 2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
 Pity me, Pity me,
 And did He snatch my soul from ruin?
 Can it be? Can it be?
 Oh, yes! He did salvation bring;
 He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
 And now my happy soul can sing,
 Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
- 3 Jesus, the mighty God hath spoken
 Peace to me, peace to me;
 Now all my chains of sin are broken,
 I am free, I am free.
 Soon as I in His name believed,
 The Holy Spirit I received;
 And Christ from death my soul reprieved;
 Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
- 4 Jesus my weary soul refreshes;
 Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
 And every moment Christ is precious
 Unto me, Unto me;

None can describe the bliss I have,
While thro' this wilderness I rove,
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

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

6 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodg'd above the stormy blast,
I'll sing, while endless ages last,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

61

TELL JESUS.

W. H. 21.

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

*Chorus—Tell it all...in Jesus' ear
Listening now.....He will hear;
Tell it all.....look up, believe,
Every good thing will He give.*

*Base re-
peats words
in Italics.*

2 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

3 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see,

REVIVING HYMNS.

(67)

My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on Thee.

4 Dear refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

5 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For every pain I feel.

6 O Thou, who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, pierced by sins and sorrows here,
We could not fly to Thee!

Arr. by C. M. H.

62

(L. M.)

STRIVING OF THE SPIRIT.

P. J. 31.

TUNE—"Solid Rock."

W. H. 75.

1 Say, sinner, hath a voice within,
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
|| Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control? ||

2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warned thee from that wrath to flee?

3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

4 Spurn not the call to life and light:
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

5 God's spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;

(68)

REVIVING HYMNS.

Ye who persist His love to grieve,
May never hear His voice again.

- 6 Sinner, perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be;
O shouldst thou grieve Him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

63

(L. M.)

THOU GOD SEEST ME.

P. J. 31.

W. H. 75.

- 1 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. ||
- 2 Within Thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find Thy hand:
|| Awake, asleep, at home, abroad, ||
|| I am surrounded still with God. ||
- 3 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high,
Where could a sinful creature hide?
|| Within Thy circling arms I lie, ||
|| Enclosed by Thee on every side. ||
- 4 O! may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
|| Nor let my weaker passions dare ||
|| Consent to sin, for God is there. || Arr. by C. M. H.

64

TRUSTING.

W. H. 102.

TUNE—"Jesus is Here."

- 1 My faith || looks up to Thee, ||
Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour Divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy || rich grace impart, ||
Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,

O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm and changeless be—A living fire.

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

4 When ends ||life's transient dream,||
When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove,
O bear me safe above A ransomed soul!

Arr. by C. M. H.

65

NEARER TO GOD.

W. H. 102.

TUNE—"Jesus is Here."

P. J. 78.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,

Chorus—||Nearer, my God, to Thee,||
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer, The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me, My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, &c.

3 Here let my way appear Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me, In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, &c.

4 Then with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be,
Nearer, &c.

5 Or, if on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Upward I fly,
Still, all my song shall be,
Nearer, &c.

66

CHRIST THE WAY.

S. E. 43.

- 1 Jesus, my all to heaven is gone,
He whom I fixed my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

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

- 2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not.
My grief and burden long have been,
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 3 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 4 Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shall take me to Thee as I am:
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 5 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found,
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say—"Behold the way to God!"

67

(C. M.)

VICTORIOUS FAITH.

P. J. 25, W. H. 42.

- 1 The grace that saves the soul from hell,
Can save from present sin;
The blood of Jesus shall prevail,
And sanctify the unclean.

Chorus—I must believe, I will believe,
As if from heaven I heard,
Thy voice distinctly speak to me,
Each promise in Thy word.

2 Be it according to Thy word,
Redeem my soul from sin;
My heart would now receive Thee, Lord,
Come in, my Lord, come in.

3 I long Thy keeping power to feel;
I pant for liberty;
I loathe myself, deny my will,
And give up all to Thee.

4 If Thou impart Thyself to me,
No other good I need;
"If Thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed."

5 In hope against all human hope,
Self-desperate, I believe;
Distrusting self, and trusting Thee,
Thy strength I do receive.

6 The thing surpasses all my thought;
But faithful is my Lord;
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.

7 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries,—“It shall be done!”

8 How can I sink with such a prop,
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

Arr. by C. M. H.

(72)

REVIVING HYMNS.

68

"THO' HE SLAY ME YET WILL I
TRUST HIM."

(7's)
W. H. 53, 92.

- 1 'Tis my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

Chorus—Trusting Jesus, I will pray,
Trusting Him, He knows the way;
Trusting, though my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

- 2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.
- 3 God, in Israel, sows the seeds,
Of affliction, pain and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
- 4 Trials make the promise sweet
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet.
Lay me low and keep me there.
- 5 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way;
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a cast away?
- 6 Aliens may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God,
Must not, would not if he might.

Arr. by
C. M. H.

69

HIS LOVING KINDNESS.

S. E. 18.

- 1 Return, O wand'rer! now return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

REVIVING HYMNS.

(73)

Chorus—His loving kindness, loving kindness,
His loving kindness, O how free!

2 Our sins and griefs on Him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price He fully paid,
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

3 To save a guilty world, He dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb;
To Him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in His name.

4 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving kindness, oh how great!

5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to Thee;
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and woe.

70

THE SOLID ROCK.

P. J. 31.
[S. E. 86.]

1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

Chorus—On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the vale.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

- 4 When gath'ring clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean who knows my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

71

JESUS.

- 1 O! could I speak the matchless worth,
O! could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly 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, heavenly 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 Soon the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will call me home,
And I shall see His face:
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

72

OUR SUBSTITUTE.

P. J. 73.
W. H. 124.

- 1 Weeping soul no longer mourn;
Jesus all thy griefs has borne;
View Him bleeding on the tree,

Pouring out His life for thee;
There thy every sin He bore,
Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 All thy crimes on Him were laid;
See, upon His blameless head
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offence and yours;
Wounded in our stead He is
Bruised for our iniquities.

3 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice;
There the incarnate Deity
Numbered with transgressors see;
There, His Father's absence mourns,
Nailed, and bruised, and crowned with thorns.

4 See thy God, His head bowed down,
Hear the Man of Sorrows groan!
For thy ransom there condemned,
Stripped, derided, and blasphemed;
Bleed the guiltless for the unclean,
Made an offering for thy sin.

5 Cast thy guilty soul on Him,
Find Him mighty to redeem;
At His feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and cares away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead His promise, trust His grace.

73

ART THOU WEARY.
TUNE—"Pass me Not."

W. H. 5.
[S. E. 73.]

1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to Me"—saith One—"and coming"
"I will give you rest."

Chorus—O then Bless'd One! show Thyself to me,
How I need Thee, ever need Thee,
Come and dwell with me.

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my Guide?
 "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
 And His bleeding side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
 That His brow adorns?
 "Yes a crown in very surety,
 But a crown of thorns!"

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
 What's my portion here?
 "Many a sorrow—many a labor,
 Many, many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
 What have I at last?
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
 Jordan safely passed!"

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?
 "Not till earth and not till heaven
 Shall have passed away!"

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is He sure to bless?
 "Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
 Answer, Yes! Oh Yes!"

Arr. by C. M. H.

74

TELL JESUS.

W. H. 82.

TUNE—"Waiting by the River."

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear!
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer!
 Oh! what peace we often forfeit,
 Oh! what needless pain we bear,
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer.

REVIVING HYMNS.

(77)

- 2 Have we trials and temptations !
Is there trouble anywhere ?
We should never be discouraged ;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share ?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
'Cumbered with a load of care ?
Precious Saviour, still our Refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?
Take it to the Lord in prayer ;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee ;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

75

SELF-DEDICATION TO GOD.

P. J. 72.

- 1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine.

Chorus—Now by faith I will live,
And Thy grace Thou shalt give,
And afterward receive me to glory.

With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place,
Among the children of Thy grace ;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity ;
The vow is past beyond repeal ;
Now will I set the solemn seal.
- 4 Here at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God ;

Thee my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee^{me} my all.

- 5 Do Thou assist a feeble worm,
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

Arr. by C. M. H.

76

"THE LORD WILL PROVIDE." W. H. 59. [S. E. 91.]

- 1 "The Lord is *our Shepherd*" the Lord will provide;
The ravens He feedeth,
Our crying He heedeth,
We'll go where He leadeth—
"The Lord will provide."

Chorus—|| We will trust Thee O Lord ||
|| For Thou wilt provide. ||

- 2 "The Lord is *our Helper*," the Lord will provide;
For souls we'll be caring,
Be brave and be daring,
Rejoice in cross-bearing—
"The Lord will provide."

- 3 "The Lord is *our Keeper*," the Lord will provide;
He ever supplied us,
And now is beside us
Whatever betide us—
"The Lord will provide."

- 4 "The Lord is *our Refuge*," the Lord will provide;
Tho' troubles assail us,
Tho' friends may all fail us,
His help will avail us—
"The Lord will provide."

- 5 "The Lord is *our Portion*," the Lord will provide;
Be this our endeavor,
To walk with Him ever,
He'll leave us—no never—
"The Lord will provide."

By C. M. H.

REVIVING HYMNS.

(79)

77

GOD'S GOODNESS.

W. H. 9.

TUNE—"Safe within the Vail."

- 1 There's wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

Chorus—God is love, I will not fear,
He is mine and ever near,
Like the sunbeams from above
Shines for me His constant love.

- 2 There's no place where earthly sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There's no place where earthly failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

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

- 4 But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

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

- 6 If our love were but more simple
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord. Arr. by C. M. H.

78

GOD IS LOVE.

W. H. 9.

- 1 God is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He gives, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chorus—God is love, I will not fear,
 He is mine and ever near,
 Like the sunbeams from above
 Shines for me His constant love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
 Man decays, and ages move;
 But His mercy waneth never;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
 Will His changeless goodness prove;
 From the gloom His brightness streameth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above:
 Everywhere His glory shineth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

Arr. by C. M. H.

79

RESTING IN GOD.

P. J. 76.

TUNE—"Behold the Lamb."

Since 'tis thy Father's arm sustains thee,
 Peaceful be;
 Whene'er a chastening hand restrains thee,
 It is He.
 His love but worketh for thy good
 To feed thy soul with angels' food;
 And if He wound thy spirit sore,
 Trust Him more.

Without a murmur, uncomplaining,
 In His hand
 Leave there whatever things thou canst not
 Understand.
 Though the blind world thy folly spurn,
 Or from thy faith in pity turn,
 Yet peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
 Lying still.

If like an infant, e'er thou thinkest
 Thou canst stand ;
 And childlike, proudly pushing back
 The offered hand,
 Courage is soon exchanged for fear,
 Strength doth but feebleness appear,
 But in His love if thou abide,
 He will guide.

Thou fearest sometimes that thy Father
 Hath forgot ?
 But when the clouds around thee gather,
 Doubt Him not.
 Then always soon the daylight breaks,
 And always too He comfort speaks—
 Far better hath He been for years,
 Than thy fears.

Then therefore, whatso'er betideth,
 Night or day,—
 Know that His love for thee provideth
 Good alway.
 The crown of sorrow gladly take,
 Gratefully wear it for His sake,
 Sweetly submitting to His will,
 Lying still.

Unto His own thy Saviour giveth
 Daily strength ;
 Unto each troubled soul that liveth,
 Peace at length.
 The weakest lambs have largest share
 Of this the tender Shepherd's care ;
 O ask Him not, then, 'When?' or 'How?'
 Only bow.

Arr. by C.M. H.

80

GOD IS LOVE.
 TUNE—"Behold the Lamb."

P. J. 67.

1 Come, let us all unite to sing,
 God is love.
 Let heaven and earth their praises bring:
 God is love.

Let every soul from sin awake,
Each in his heart sweet music make,
And sing with us, for Jesus' sake,
God is love.

2 Oh! tell to earth's remotest bound,
God is love.
In Christ we have redemption found:
God is love.
His blood has washed our sins away,
His Spirit turned our night to day;
And now we can rejoice to say,
God is love.

3 God over all the earth presiding,
God is love.
In Him I would not cease confiding,
God is love.
Yes, while adoring hearts proclaim,
Love is His nature, love His name,
My soul in rapture cries the same,
God is love.

4 How happy is our portion here!
God is love.
His promises our spirits cheer;
God is love.
He is our sun and shield by day,
Our help, our hope, our strength and stay;
He will be with us all the way:
God is love.

5 In glory we shall sing again,
God is love.
Yes, this shall be our lofty strain,
God is love.
Whilst endless ages roll along,
In concert with the heavenly throng,
This shall be still our sweetest song,
God is love.

Arr. by C. M. H.

SOMETHING FOR THEE.

W. H. 102.

TUNE—"Jesus is Here."

[G. H. 27.]

- 1 Saviour! Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord from Thee;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.
- 2 At the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus to Thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee!
- 3 Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to Thee—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wand'rer sought and won,
Something for Thee.
- 4 All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

- 1 There's a Friend above all others :
Oh, how He loves !
Yes, His love exceeds a mother's :
Oh, how He loves !
Earthly friends may fail and leave us ;
One day kind, the next day grieve us ;
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us :
Oh, how He loves !
- 2 'Tis eternal life to know Him :
Oh, how He loves !
Think, oh, think how much we owe Him :
Oh, how He loves !
With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us :
Oh, how He loves !
- 3 Blessed Jesus ! wouldst thou know Him ?
Oh, how He loves !
Every day draws near unto Him :
Oh, how He loves !
Though all earthly comforts leave thee,
Though thy sins may pain and grieve thee,
Jesus can and will relieve thee :
Oh, how He loves !
- 4 All thy sins shall be forgiven :
Oh, how He loves !
Backward all thy foes be driven :
Oh, how He loves !
Best of blessings He'll provide thee,
Naught but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory He will guide thee :
Oh, how He loves !
- 5 Let us still this love be viewing :
Oh, how He loves !
And, though faint, keep on pursuing :

Oh, how He loves !
 He will strengthen each endeavor ;
 And, when pass'd o'er Jordan's river,
 This shall be our song forever :

Oh, how He loves !

Arr. by C. M. H.

83

O BLESSED FEET OF JESUS.

W. H. 4.

TUNE—"Safe in the Arms of Jesus."

[S. E. 12.]

- 1 O blessed feet of Jesus,
 Weary with seeking me!
 Stand at God's bar of judgment,
 And intercede for me.
- 2 ||Oh knees which bent in anguish,||
 ||In dark Gethsemane,||
 ||Kneel at the throne of glory,||
 ||And intercede for me.||
- 3 O hands that were extended
 Upon that awful tree!
 Hold up those precious nail-prints
 Which intercede for me.
- 4 ||O side from whence the spear-point ||
 ||Brought blood and water free! ||
 ||For healing and for cleansing! ||
 ||Still intercede for me.||
- 5 O head so deeply pierced
 With thorns which sharpest be,
 Bend low before Thy Father,
 And intercede for me.
- 6 ||O sacred heart! such sorrows||
 ||The world may never see||
 ||As that which gave Thee warrant||
 ||To intercede for me.||
- 7 O body scarred and wounded,
 My sacrifice to be!
 Present Thy perfect offering,
 And intercede for me.

8 ||O loving, risen Saviour,||
	From death and sorrow free;	
	Though throned in endless glory,	
	Still intercede for me.	

Chorus—Intercede for me, my Saviour,
 O intercede for me,
 [With last two lines of each verse.]

The tune in S. E. 12 sung with this chorus.

84

IN THEE I TRUST.

W. H. 102.

TUNE—"Jesus is Here."

- 1 JESUS my Shepherd is, In Thee I trust!
 Keep me in perfect peace; In Thee I trust.
 When to the mercy-seat I go my Lord to meet,
 My heart shall still repeat, In Thee I trust.
- 2 Jesus my soul will keep; In Thee I trust.
 He watcheth o'er His sheep; In Thee I trust.
 And when my faith is tried, In Him I will confide,
 And all the storm outride; In Thee I trust.
- 3 Away all anxious fear; In Thee I trust.
 Jesus is always near; In Thee I trust.
 Though strength and friends should fail, And foes my
 soul assail,
 Through Him I shall prevail; In Thee I trust.
- 4 Therefore, murmur not In Thee I trust.
 Whate'er my earthly lot; In Thee I trust.
 While wandering to and fro, In this wide world of
 woe,
 Where streams of sorrow flow; In Thee I'll trust.
- 5 Come trembling, timid heart; In Thee I trust.
 Come sinful as thou art; In Thee I trust.
 When tears o'erflow mine eye, When pressed by grief
 I sigh,
 Still this shall be my cry: In Thee I'll trust.

- 6 Hence guilty fears and doubt; In Thee I trust.
 Thou wilt not cast me out; In Thee I trust.
 And when my toils are o'er, When nearing Jordan's
 shore,
 I'll shout as up I soar; In Thee I trust.

Arr. &c., by C. M. H.

85

I NEED THEE.

W. H. 4.

TUNE—"Safe in the Arms of Jesus."

- 1 I need Thee, precious Jesus!
 For I am full of sin;
 My soul is dark and guilty,
 My heart is dead within;
 I need the cleansing fountain,
 Where I can always flee—
 The blood of Christ most precious,
 The sinner's perfect plea.

Chorus—I need Thee, precious Jesus,
 I need Thee every hour.
 Tho' often I forget Thee,
 Dwell with me eyermore.

- 2 I need Thee, blessed Jesus!
 For I am very poor;
 A stranger and a pilgrim,
 I have no earthly store:
 I need the love of Jesus,
 To cheer me on my way,
 To guide my doubting footsteps,
 To be my strength and stay.
- 3 I need Thee, blessed Jesus!
 I need a friend like Thee;
 A friend to soothe and sympathize,
 A friend to care for me:
 I need the heart of Jesus
 To feel each anxious care,
 To tell my every want,
 And all my sorrows share.

4 I need Thee, blessed Jesus!
 And hope to see Thee soon,
 Encircled with the rainbow,
 And seated on Thy throne;
 There, with Thy blood-bought children,
 My joy shall ever be,
 To sing Thy praises, Jesus—
 To gaze, my LORD, on Thee. Arr. by *C. M. H.*

86 (8, 7.)

WORK AND PRAY.

P. J. 54.

G. H. & S. S. 65.

- 1 Brethren, we have met to worship
 And adore our God the Lord:
 Will you pray with all your power,
 While we try to preach the word?
 All is vain unless the Spirit
 Of the Holy One come down:
 Brethren, pray, and heavenly blessings
 Will be shower'd all around.
- 2 Brethren, see poor sinners round you
 Slumbering on the brink of woe:
 Death is coming, hell is moving,
 Can you bear to let them go?
 See our fathers, and our mothers,
 And our children sinking down:
 Brethren, pray, and heavenly blessing
 Will be shower'd all around.
- 3 Brethren, here are poor backsliders,
 Who were once near heaven's door;
 But they have betray'd their Saviour,
 And are worse than e'er before;
 Yet the Saviour offers pardon,
 If they will lament their wound:
 Brethren, pray, and heavenly blessings
 Will be shower'd all around.
- 4 Sisters, will you join and help us?
 Paul had women helping him:

While you see these poor lost sinners,
 Have you no concern for them?
 Tell them all about the Saviour,
 Tell them how he may be found:
 Pray on, sisters, and a blessing
 Will be shower'd all around.

- 5 Let us love our God supremely,
 Let us love each other, too:
 Let us love and pray for sinners,
 Till our God makes all things new:
 Then He'll call us home to heaven,
 At His table we'll sit down:
 Christ will gird himself, and serve us
 With sweet manna all around. Arr. by C. M. H.

87

REJOICING IN CHRIST.

W. H. 57.

P. J. 17. [S. E. 90.]

TUNE—"Revive us Again."

- 1 O tell me no more of this poor world's vain store;
 The time for such trifles with me is now o'er.

Chorus—O then hasten to the Saviour, we are praying for
 you,
 O yes hasten to the Saviour, He will carry you through.

- 2 A country I've found, where the true joys abound,
 To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

- 3 My God I am Thine; what a comfort divine—
 What a blessing to know that Jesus is mine.

- 4 And when I'm to die, receive me I'll cry;
 For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

- 5 But this I do find, that we two are so joined,
 He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.

- 6 Now while we must wait until Jesus shall come
 We invite you to join us and share in our home.

Arr. &c., by C. M. H.

PEACE BE STILL.

W. H. 37.

TUNE—"Oh how He loves."

- 1 Are your souls the Saviour seeking?
Peace, peace—be still.
'Tis the Lord Himself is speaking,
Peace, peace—be still.
For before the world's foundation,
God secured a full salvation,
Happy people—chosen nation!
Peace, peace—be still.
- 2 'Tis the blood of Christ hath spoken
Peace, peace—be still;
The destroyer sees the token:
Peace, peace—be still.
On God's Word we boldly venture,
All our hopes in Jesus centre,
Into rest our souls can enter,
Peace, peace—be still,
- 3 Great the calm the Saviour spreadeth,
Peace, peace—be still:
Whatsoever your spirit dreadeth,
Peace, peace—be still.
Though with mighty foes engaging,
War with sin and Satan waging,
Storms of trial fiercely raging,
Peace, peace—be still.
- 4 Jesus walks upon the ocean,
Peace, peace—be still;
He shall hush its loud commotion,
Peace, peace—be still.
Soon shall end our days of sighing,
Pain and sorrow, death and crying,
Till that hour on God relying,
Peace, peace—be still.

89

ALL IS WELL.

W. H. 37.

- 1 Through the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well.
Free and changeless is His favor;
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that heal'd us—
Perfect is the grace that seal'd us—
Strong the hand stretch'd forth to shield us,
All must be well.
- 2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well.
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.
- 3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well.
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
"All, all is well."
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well.

90

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

W. H. 37.

TUNE—"Oh, How He Loves."

- 1 Through Thy precious body broken:
Inside the Veil.
Oh! what words to sinners spoken:
Inside the Veil.
Precious, as the blood that bought us!
Perfect, as the love that sought us;
Holy, as the Lamb that brought us
Inside the Veil.

- 2 When we see Thy love unshaken,
 Outside the Camp.
 Scorn'd by man, by God forsaken,
 Outside the Camp.
 Thy loved cross alone can charm us;
 Shame doth now no more alarm us;
 Glad we follow, nought can harm us,
 Outside the Camp.
- 3 Lamb of God, through Thee we enter
 Inside the Veil.
 Cleansed by Thee, we boldly venture
 Inside the Veil.
 Not a stain; a new creation;
 Ours is such a full salvation;
 Low we bow in adoration,
 Inside the Veil.
- 4 Unto Thee, the homeless stranger,
 Outside the Camp.
 Forth we hasten, fear no danger,
 Outside the Camp.
 Thy reproach, far richer treasure
 Than all Egypt's boasted pleasure;
 Drawn by love that knows no measure,
 Outside the Camp.
- 5 Soon Thy saints shall all be gather'd
 Inside the Veil.
 All at home—no more be scatter'd:
 Inside the Veil.
 Nought from Thee our hearts shall sever;
 We shall see Thee, grieve Thee never;
 "Praise the Lamb!" shall sound forever,
 Inside the Veil.

- 1 Oh! for the robes of whiteness;
 Oh! for the tearless eyes;
 Oh! for the glorious brightness
 Of the unclouded skies.

	Oh ! for the "no more weeping"	
	Within the land of love :	
	The endless joy of keeping	
	The bridal feast above.	

2 Oh ! for the bliss of rising,
 My coming Lord to meet ;
 Oh ! for the rest of lying
 For ever at His feet.

	Oh ! for the hour of seeing	
	My Saviour face to face ;	
	The hope of ever being	
	In that sweet meeting-place.	

3 Jesus ! Thou King of glory,
 I soon shall dwell with Thee !
 I soon shall sing the story
 Of Thy great love to me !

	Meanwhile my soul would enter,	
	E'en now before Thy throne,	
	That all my love might centre	
	On Thee, and Thee alone !	

92

COME, HEAVY-LADENED ONE.

P. J. 53.

1 Come, heavy-ladened one, sighing for rest ;
 Come, as a weary bird flies to her nest.
 Now is the accepted time, now is the day ;
 Come to the Mercy-seat, why wilt thou stay ?

Chorus—Hark ! 'tis thy Father's voice, calling to thee ;
 Come, heavy-ladened one, come unto Me.

2 Come like the prodigal, He will receive ;
 He will forgive thee all, only believe.
 Joy to the mourning heart, He will restore ;
 Turn from the path of sin, wander no more.

3 Linger not, linger not, work while 'tis day ;
 Come, ere the shades of night close on thy way.

Life is a fleeting dream, soon 'twill be o'er;
Turn from its fading joys, wander no more.

- 4 Now let thy wand'rings cease, now come for rest,
Foretaste of heavenly peace, happy and blest;
There from his dear embrace, severed no more,
Soon thou shalt see His face, praise and adore.

Arr. &c., by C. M. H.

93 (11s.)

DELAY NOT.

W. H 74.

TUNE—"Sweet Home."

- 1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner—draw near;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee:
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, Salvation is free.

Chorus—|| Come, come, dear, dear friend :||
|| For you I am praying, I'm praying for you. ||

- 2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb,
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

- 4 Delay not, delay not—the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

- 5 Delay not, delay not—the hour is at hand—
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

Arr. by C. M. H.

94 (12s & 8s) THE HARVEST IS PAST. W. H. 58, 109.
TUNE—"Home of the Soul."

- 1 When the harvest is past, and the summer is gone,
And sermons and prayers shall be o'er:
||When the beams cease to break of the sweet Sabbath
morn,||
||And Jesus invites thee no more;||
- 2 When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,
The gospel no message declare:
||Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailings of woe?||
||How suffer the night of despair?||
- 3 When the holy have gone to the regions of peace,
To dwell in the mansions above;
||When their harmony wakes in the fullness of bliss,||
||Their song to the Saviour they love:||
- 4 Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
||Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,||
||Or bear the impenitent's doom?||

95

IN DARKNESS YET.

P. J. 27.

- 1 Are you still in darkness yet?—Doubt, doubt no more!
Jesus Christ has paid your debt—Doubt, doubt no more!
Why is it you don't believe?
Do you to some idol cleave?
Every thing for Jesus leave—Doubt, doubt no more!
- 2 Something surely lurks within—Ask, ask for light!
Some beloved, besetting sin—Ask, ask for light!
Give up every plea beside;
I am lost, but Christ hath died,
In His finished work confide—Ask, ask for light!
- 3 Do you say "I've tried before"—Ask, ask for light!
Never give the conflict o'er—Ask, ask for light!
Others were as bad as you,

But the Lord has brought them through,
It will be the same with you—Ask, ask for light!

- 4 Do you say "I've tried in vain"—Trust, trust the Lord!
"As I was I still remain"—Trust, trust the Lord!
Know the darkest hour of night
Is before the dawn of light:
Follow, trust Him, that is right—Trust, trust the Lord!

Alt. by C. M. H.

96

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

W. H. 84.

TUNE—45.

[S. E. 45.]

- 1 Nothing but leaves! the Spirit grieves
O'er years of wasted life;
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
And reap from years of strife—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!
- 2 Nothing but leaves! no gathered sheaves,
Of life's fair ripening grain;
We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—
Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds—
Then reap with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!
- 3 Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!
No veil to hide the past;
And as we trace our weary way,
And count each lost and misspent day
We sadly find at last—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!
4. Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered leaves?
Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat
Lay down for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

TELL THE STORY.

W. H. 6

- 1 I love to tell the story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love:
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else can do.

Chorus—I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and His love.

- 2 I love to tell the story,
More wonderfil it seems
Than all the golden fancies,
Of all our golden dreams;
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.
- 3 I love to tell the story,
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet:
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation,
From God's own holy word.
- 4 I love to tell the story,
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long.

- 1 Pray without ceasing, brethren pray;
For in God's holy word,
He oft assures us that we may;
And that we shall be heard.
- 2 To God your every smallest want
In constant prayer display;
Pray always; pray, and never faint
Pray, without ceasing, pray.
- 3 In every place; in crowds, alone,
To God with faith draw near:
Approach His courts, beseige His throne
With all the power of prayer;
- 4 From strength to strength let us go on:
Wrestle and fight and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

*Chorus—Tell it all—in Jesus' ear,
Listening now—He will hear;
Tell it all—Look up, believe.
Every good thing will he give.*

*Base repeats
words in Ital-
ics.*

Arr. by C. M. H.

- 1 O how happy are they who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue can never express the sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.
- 2 That sweet comfort was mine, when the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed, what a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus' name!
- 3 O the rapturous height of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed, I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

- 4 'Twas a heaven below, my Redeemer to know:
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at His feet, and the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 5 Jesus all the day long, was my joy and my song:
O that all His salvation might see;
He hath loved me I cried, He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

100

HERE AT THE CROSS.

P. J. 57.

- 1 Nothing on earth is to me half so dear,
 ||Dear as the cross.||
No time so sweet nor so joyous as here,
 Here at the cross, at the cross.
Here we are safest, and happiest, and best,
Here is salvation, forgiveness, and rest!
Here all are beckoned to hasten to rest!
 Here at the cross, at the cross.
- 2 Man was redeemed, and life was procured,
 ||Here at the cross;||
Grace was imparted, and heaven secured,
 Here at the cross, at the cross.
Here the Redeemer in agony died!
Here "It is finished"—exultingly cried!
Here the Offended approvingly smiled!
 Here at the cross, at the cross.
- 3 Here I discovered my sins were forgiven,
 ||Here at the cross;||
Here I obtained a sweet title to heaven,
 Here at the cross, at the cross.
Here I'm refreshed, as right onward I go!
Here every blessing experienced I owe!
Here I can smile both in sorrow and woe,
 Here at the cross, at the cross.
- 4 Self-righteous men in their works vainly trust,
 ||Give me the cross: ||
Structures like these soon will crumble to dust—
 Not so the cross, so the cross.

Merit disclaiming—this anchor's my stay!
 Here I'll remain, and beneath it I'll pray!
 Of it I'll sing forever and aye,
 Sing of the cross, of the cross.

- 5 Here to the world I'll incessantly cry,
 ||Cry from the cross;||
 Here at its base I will lay me and die,
 Die 'neath the cross, 'neath the cross.
 This shall illumine the dark lonely grave!
 Bear me while crossing the deep chilly wave!
 Land me safe o'er with the free and the brave,
 Safe through the cross, through the cross.

101

THERE IS REST.

P. J. 57.

- 1 Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
 ||Here is no rest.||
 Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
 Yet I am blest—I am blest!
 For I look forward to that glorious day
 When sin and sorrow shall vanish away;
 My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,
 There, there is rest—there is rest!
- 2 Here fierce temptations beset me around,
 ||Here is no rest.||
 Here I am grieved, while my foes me surround,
 Yet I am blest—I am blest!
 Let them revile me, and scoff at my name,
 Laugh at my weeping, endeavor to shame,
 I will go forward, for Christ is my theme—
 There, there is rest—there is rest!
- 3 Here are afflictions and trials severe:
 ||Here is no rest.||
 Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
 Yet I am blest—I am blest!
 Blessed are they who have died in the Lord:
 They have been called to receive their reward:

Dwelling with Him whom on earth they adored,
 There, there is rest—there is rest!
 4 This world of care is a wilderness state,
 || Here is no rest. ||
 But I must bear from the world all its hate,
 Yet I am blest—I am blest!
 Soon shall I be from the wicked released;
 Soon shall the weary for ever be blest;
 Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' breast:
 There, there is rest—there is rest!

102

WORK.

S. E. 76

- 1 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work thro' the morning hours;
 Work while the dew is sparkling,
 Work 'mid springing flowers
 Work when the day grows brighter,
 Work in the glowing sun:
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work in the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store:
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for the daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

"CHRIST FOR ME."

P. J. 67.

TUNE—"Behold the Lamb."

- 1 My heart is fixed, Eternal God,
Fixed on Thee; Fixed on Thee!
And my immortal choice is made,
Christ for me; Christ for me!
He is my Prophet, Priest and King;
Who did for me salvation bring;
And while I breathe I mean to sing,
Christ for me; Christ for me!
- 2 Let others boast of heaps of gold,
Christ for me; Christ for me!
His riches never can be told,
Christ for me; Christ for me!
Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honor perish in a day—
My portion never can decay:
Christ for me; Christ for me.
- 3 In pining sickness or in health,
Christ for me; Christ for me!
In deepest poverty or wealth,
Christ for me; Christ for me!
And in that all important day,
When I the summons must obey,
And pass from this dark world away,
Christ for me; Christ for me!
- 4 At home, abroad, by night and day,
Christ for me; Christ for me!
Whether I preach, or sing, or pray,
Christ for me; Christ for me!
Him first and last Him all day long,
My hope, my solace, and my song,
Convince me if you think I'm wrong—
Christ for me; Christ for me!
- 5 Now who can sing my song and say
Christ for me; Christ for me!
My light and truth, my life and way;
Christ for me; Christ for me!

Can you, O man and woman say,
With furrowed cheeks and silvery hair,
Now from your inmost souls declare,
Christ for me; Christ for me!

- 6 Can you, young men and maidens, say
Christ for me; Christ for me!
Him will I love and Him obey,
Christ for me; Christ for me!
Then here's my heart and here's my hand,
We'll form a happy singing band,
And shout aloud through all the land,
Christ for me; Christ for me!

104

REST FOR THE WEARY.

W. H. 95.

- 1 In the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest,
Where the Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.

Chorus—There is rest for the weary, (3 times)
There is rest for you,
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay will not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
- 3 Pain nor sickness ne'er can enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre
I a crown of life shall wear.
- 4 Death itself has now been vanquish'd,
And its sting has been withdrawn;
Shout with gladness, O ye ransom'd!
Hail with joy the happy morn.

- 5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
 Shout your triumphs as you go!
 Zion's gate will open to you,
 You shall find an entrance through.

105

ACCEPTING JESUS.

S. E. 8.

- 1 What shall I do with Jesus,
 The Christ who may be mine
 Accept Him as my Saviour,
 Or spurn the gift divine?
 His only Son God gave me—
 I must, I do decide;
 And Christ I take to save me,
 Or Christ is now denied.
- Chorus*—"What shall I do with Jesus?"
 I'll give my heart to Jesus!
 Upon the tree of Calvary
 He gave his life for me.
- 2 What shall I do with Jesus,
 The precious Lamb of God?
 I cast my soul upon Him,
 He saves it with His blood:
 I'll gratefully confess Him
 Before the vile and just;
 My ransom'd pow'rs shall bless Him,
 My sure and only trust.
- 3 What shall I do with Jesus,
 For Him the cross I'll take;
 All earthly losses suffer,
 Ere I the Lord forsake.
 In scenes of joy and sighing
 His love shall be the same;
 While living and in dying,
 I'll glory in His name.
- 4 What now I do with Jesus,
 When this brief life is past,
 With me will be remembered
 Before His bar at last.

He will not then disown me
 With those who hate and scoff;
 At His right hand He'll crown me—
 He will not cast me off.

106

WHAT MUST IT BE!

W. H. 16.

- 1 We talk of the land of the bless'd,
 A country so bright and so fair;
 And oft are its glories confess'd—
 But what must it be to be there!

Chorus—In the sweet bye and bye
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

- 2 We talk of its pathways of gold,
 Its walls deck'd with jewels so rare;
 Its wonders and pleasures untold—
 But what must it be to be there!
- 3 We talk of its peace and its love,
 The robes which the glorified wear;
 The songs of the blessed above—
 But what must it be to be there!
- 4 We talk of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation, and care;
 From trials without and within—
 But what must it be to be there!
- 5 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
 For heaven our spirits prepare;
 Then shortly we also shall *know*,
 And *feel* what it is to be there!

Arr. by C. M. H.

107

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

P. J. 31.

TUNE—"Solid Rock."

- 1 Oh! do not let the Word depart,
 And close thine eyes against the light;
 ||Poor sinner, harden not thy heart;
 Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?||

- 2 To-morrow's sun may never rise,
To bless thy long deluded sight;
|| This is the time! Oh, then be wise!
Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night? ||
- 3 The world has nothing left to give—
It has no new, no pure delight;
|| Oh, try the life which Christians live!
Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night? ||
- 4 Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus His love requite?
|| Renounce at length thy stubborn will.
Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night? ||
- 5 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
|| Then be the work of grace begun!
Thou would'st be saved—*Why not to-night?* ||

108

GIVE ME JESUS.

P. J. 93. [Appendix.]

1 And I heard the mourner say, (3 times)
Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus.
And you may have all the world—Give me Jesus.

2 Oh, the judgment day is coming,
Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus,
And you may have all the world—Give me Jesus.

3 Thus I heard a convert sing,
I have Jesus, I have Jesus, I have Jesus,
And you may have all the world—I have Jesus.

4 Oh now hear the voice that calls,
Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus,
For Him give up all the world—Come to Jesus.

5 When the waves of trouble rise,
Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus,
And you may have all the world—Give me Jesus.

6 When I languish, worn with pain,
Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus,
And you may have all the world—Give me Jesus.

REVIVING HYMNS.

(107)

7 When I tread death's valley dark,
Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus,
What then will be all the world?—Give me Jesus.

8 When I reach the spirit land,
Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus,
For dark would be all that world—Without Jesus.

109

ANGELS HOVERING AROUND.

P. J. 92. [Appendix.]

- 1 There are angels hov'ring round,
There are angels hov'ring round,
There are angels hov'ring round.
- 2 To carry the tidings home,
- 3 Poor sinners are coming home,
- 4 And souls are born again,
- 5 Saints in glory sing aloud,
- 6 Joy to see an heir of God,
- 7 Coming to the Father's house,
- 8 Making up the number more,
- 9 The heavens resound with joy,
- 10 There's glory all around,
- 11 The saints on earth rejoice,
- 12 All glory be to God,
- 13 'Tis Jesus bids them come,
- 14 Let him that heareth come,
- 15 We are on our journey home. Arr. by C. M. H.

110

HEAVEN.

P. J. 36.

Rev. vii. 13-17.

- 1 Who are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song?—

Chorus—Oh, that blest home, sweet song,
 Jesus I'm waiting for Thee;
 He'll soon come, not long,
 Soon all its glories I'll see.

2 "Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
 Blessing, honour, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
 New dominion every hour."

3 Cast their crowns before His throne,
 Cry, in reverential tone,
 Glory be to Him alone,
 Holy! holy! holy One!

4 Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
 Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung—
 Jesus—Jesus, Holy One!

5 These through fiery trials trod,
 These from great affliction came:
 Now, before the throne of God,
 Seal'd with His eternal name,

6 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their great Redeemer's might
 More than conquerors they stand.

7 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed:
 Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead:

8 Joy and gladness banish sighs,
 Perfect love dispels their fears;
 And for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away their tears.

111

I AM TRUSTING.

P. J. 94. [Appendix.]

1 Now I "behold the Lamb of God" (3 times.)
 Who takes away my sin.—John 1: 29.*

Chorus—Oh, I am now trusting, trusting, trusting,
trusting;

Oh, I am now trusting in the precious blood
of Christ!

2 Jesus was punished for all my sins,
And God will set me free.—Isaiah 53.

3 All of my "sins were laid on Him,"
"He bore them on the tree."—Isaiah 53.

4 O "precious blood of Jesus Christ!"
It "cleanses from all sin."—1 John 1: 7.

5 Jesus hath said "come unto Me
And I will give you rest."—Matthew 11: 28.

6 Jesus hath said, "I'll not cast out
The soul that comes to Me."—John 6: 37.

7 Yes, "Whosoever will may come
And take of the water of life."—Rev. 22: 17.

8 Grieving, He said, "Ye will not come
That I might give you life."—John 5: 40.

9 As if I heard Him speak from heaven,
I will believe His word.—Isaiah 26: 3, 4.
Psalm 62: 8.

10 I now "commit my soul to Him."
I'm "safe within His arms."—1 Peter 4: 19.

11 "I am persuaded He will keep
My soul until that day."—2 Timothy 1: 12.

12 I do accept of Jesus now
And I will follow Him.—John 1: 12.

13 "Jesus is mine," I now can say:
I am forever His.—2 Corinthians 8: 5.

14 Now I confess He does forgive;
For He has promised this.—1 John 1: 9.

15 Dwell Thou within me evermore,
Reveal Thyself to me.—John 14: 23; Matt. 11: 25.

C. M. H.

* Look up these passages, mark them in your Bible, and commit to memory.

112

"THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS."

P. J. 7.

The Watchword of the Reformers.

- 1 I once was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
"JEHOVAH TSIDKENU" was nothing to me.
- 2 Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over His soul;
Yet thought not that MY sins had nail'd to the tree
"JEHOVAH TSIDKENU" 'twas nothing to me.
- 3 When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,
Then legal fears shock me, I trembled to die;
No refuge nor safety in self could I see—
"JEHOVAH TSIDKENU" my Saviour must be.
- 4 My terrors all vanish'd before the sweet name,
My guilty fears banish'd, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free;
"JEHOVAH TSIDKENU" is all things to me.
- 5 E'en treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This "watchword" shall rally my faltering breath;
And when from life's fever my God sets me free,
"JEHOVAH TSIDKENU" my death-song shall be.

113

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

S. E. 26.

- 1 Peace and joy are found believing,
And found no other way.
- 2 Jesus loves me, I'll believe it,
And I will love Him too.
- 3 Jesus' word, it stands forever,
On this I rest secure.
- 4 No, I will not trust my feelings,
I'll trust in Jesus' word.
- 5 What if Satan comes to tempt me?
I'll hold the promise fast.

- 6 What if countless things annoy me?
I'll calmly trust in Him.
- 7 Every thing I'll tell to Jesus,
And peace will fill my soul.
- 8 Jesus lives and reigns forever,
And "doeth all things well."
- 9 "Though He slay me I will trust Him ;"
His love will never fail.
- 10 I'll go out and work for Jesus,
And trust His promised help.
- 11 Faith by constant use is strengthened:
"Attempt great things for Him."
- 12 He will "give His Holy Spirit,"
He says, "to them that ask." C. M. H.

114

GREAT PHYSICIAN.

G. H. & S. S. 56.

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

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

- 2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.
- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.
- 4 The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

- 5 Come, brethren, help me sing His praise,
 Oh, praise the name of Jesus;
 Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
 Oh, bless the name of Jesus.
- 6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus;
 Oh, how my soul delights to hear
 The precious name of Jesus.
- 7 And when to that bright world above,
 We rise to see our Jesus,
 We'll sing around the throne of love
 His name, the name of Jesus.

115

LEAVE ALL WITH JESUS. G. H. & S. S. 88.

- 1 I left it all with Jesus Long ago;
 All my sins I brought Him, And my woe.
 When by faith I saw Him On the tree,
 Heard His small, still whisper, "Tis for thee,"
 ||: From my heart the burden Rolled away—
 Happy day!:||
- 2 I leave it all with Jesus, For He knows
 How to steal the bitter From life's woes;
 How to gild the tear-drop With His smile,
 Make the desert garden Bloom awhile;
 ||: When my weakness leaneth On His might,
 All seems light.:||
- 3 I leave it all with Jesus Day by day;
 Faith can firmly trust Him, Come what may.
 Hope has dropped her anchor, Found her rest
 In the calm, sure haven Of His breast;
 ||: Love esteems it heaven To abide
 At His side.:||
- 4 Oh, leave it *all* with Jesus, Drooping soul!
 Tell not *half* thy story, But the whole.
 Worlds on worlds are hanging On His hand,
 Life and death are waiting His command;
 ||: Yet His tender bosom Makes *thee* room—
 Oh, come home.:||

116

OH, TO BE NOTHING. G. H. & S. S. 71.

- 1 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.
Emptied that He might fill me
As forth to His service I go;
Broken, that so unhindered,
His life through me might flow.

Chorus—Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.

- 2 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only as led by His hand;
A messenger at His gateway,
Only waiting for His command.
Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at His will,
Willing, should He not require me,
In silence to wait on Him still.
- 3 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Painful the humbling may be,
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
That the world my Saviour might see.
Rather be nothing, nothing,—
To Him let their voices be raised,
He is the Fountain of blessing,
He only is meet to be praised.

117

I'M PRAYING FOR YOU. G. H. & S. S. 13.

- 1 I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Saviour, tho' earth's friends be few;
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And oh, that my Saviour were your Saviour too!

Chorus—For you I am praying, (3 times.
I'm praying for you.

- 2 I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven,
But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
- 3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!
- 4 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you!
- 5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

118

THAT DEAR LOVE OF THINE.

G. H. & S. S. 70,

- 1 It passeth *knowledge*; that dear love of Thine!
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet this soul of mine
Would of that love, in all its depth and length,
Its height, and breadth, and everlasting strength,
Know more and more.
- 2 It passeth *telling*! that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners far and near
A love which can remove all guilty fear,
And love beget.
- 3 It passeth *praises*! that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet this heart of mine
Would sing a love so rich, so full, so free,
Which brought an undone sinner, such as me,
Right home to God.

- 4 But ah! I cannot tell, or sing, or know,
The fullness of that love, whilst here below
Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring;—
O Thou who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.
- 5 I *am* an empty vessel! scarce one thought
Or look of love to Thee I've ever brought;
Yet I *may* come, and come again to Thee
With this—the contrite sinner's truthful plea—
“*Thou lovest me!*”
- 6 Oh! *fill* me, Jesus! Saviour! with Thy love!
May woes but drive me to the fount above;
Thither may I in childlike faith draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly
But unto Thee.
- 7 And when, my Jesus! Thy dear face I see,
When at Thy lofty throne I bend the knee,
Then of Thy love—in all its breadth and length,
Its height, and depth, and everlasting strength—
My soul shall sing.

119

NOT NOW, MY CHILD.

G. H. & S. S. 48.

- 1 Not now, my child,—a little more rough tossing,
A little longer on the billows' foam;
A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,
And then the sunshine of thy Father's Home!
- 2 Not now; for I have wanderers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love;
Not now; for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.
- 3 Not now; for I have loved ones sad and weary;
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?
Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow;
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?
- 4 Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing;

Not now ; for orphan's tears are quickly falling,
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power ;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary ?
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour ?

6 One little hour ! and then the glorious crowning,
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm ;
One little hour ! and then the hallelujah !
Eternity's long, deep thanksgiving psalm !

120

THE NINETY AND NINE.

[S. E. 48.]

G. H. & S. S. 8.

- 1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
|| Away from the tender Shepherd's care. ||
- 2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine ;
Are they not enough for Thee ?"
But the Shepherd made answer : "Tis of Mine
Has wandered away from Me ;
And although the road be rough and steep,
|| I go to the desert to find My sheep." ||
- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed ;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro',
Ere He found His sheep that was lost ;
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
|| 'Twas helpless and sick, and ready to die. ||
- 4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track ?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn ?"
|| "They are pierced to-night by many a thorn." ||

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

121

SOWING SEED.

G. H. & S. S. 76.

- 1 Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
 Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
 Sowing the seed by the fading light,
 Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Chorus—||Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,||
 ||Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,||
 Gathered in time or eternity,
 Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.

- 2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
 Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
 Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
 Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
- 3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
 Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
 Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
 Sowing the seed of eternal shame;
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
- 4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
 Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
 Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
 Gladly to gather the harvest home;
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?

- 1 Go bury thy sorrow,
The world hath its share :
Go bury it deeply,
Go hide it with care;
Go think of it calmly,
When curtained by night,
Go tell it to Jesus,
And all will be right.
- 2 Go tell it to Jesus,
He knoweth thy grief;
Go tell it to Jesus,
He'll send thee relief,
Go gather the sunshine
He sheds on the way ;
He'll lighten thy burden,
Go, weary one, pray.
- 3 Hearts growing a-weary
With heavier woe
Now droop 'mid the darkness—
Go comfort them, go,
Go bury thy sorrows,
Let others be blest ;
Go give them the sunshine,—
Tell Jesus the rest.

- 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 forever die.

124

FEAR NOT.

Gerar W. H.

- 1 Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismay'd ;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God 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 Still heavy is thy heart !
Still sink thy spirit down !
Cast off the weight—let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
- 4 What though thou rulest not ;
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim : God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

125

ACCEPTING CHRIST.

TUNE—Boylston.

- 1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give ?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive ?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield ;
I can hold out no more :
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own Thee conqueror.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake ;
My friends, my all, resign :

REVIVING HYMNS.

Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever Thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove ;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all Thy weight of love.

126

SAVIOUR HELP ME.

P. J. 73

- 1 By Thy birth, and by Thy tears ;
By Thy human griefs and fears ;
By Thy conflict in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power—
Saviour, look with pitying eye ;
Saviour help me, or I die.
- 2 By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Laz'rus slept ;
By the bitter tears that flow'd
Over Salem's lost abode—
Saviour, look with pitying eye ;
Saviour, help me, or I die.
- 3 By Thy lonely hour of prayer ;
By the fearful conflict there ;
By Thy cross and dying cries ;
By the one great sacrifice—
Saviour, look with pitying eye ;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

127

WALK WITH GOD.

C. M.

- 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 ?

REVIVING HYMNS.

(121)

- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

128

(7s & 6s.)

MISSIONARY HYMN.

W. H. 4.

- 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 every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
|| In vain, with lavish kindness, ||
|| The gifts of God are strown: ||
|| The heathen in his blindness, ||
|| Bows down to wood and stone. ||
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
|| Salvation! oh, salvation! ||

REVIVING HYMNS.

	The joyful sound proclaim,	
	Till earth's remotest nation	
	Has learn'd Messiah's name.	

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

129

ROCK OF AGES.

P. J. 73.

- 1 Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee!
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labor of my hands
 Can fulfill Thy law's demands:
 Could my zeal no respite know—
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone:
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress;
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
 Vile, I to the fountain fly—
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath;
 When my eyes shall close in death;
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
 Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee!

130

THE MERCY SEAT.

L. M.
S. E. 75.

- 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 sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

131

SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

C. M.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

132

THE CONFLICT.

[S. E. 111, 20.]

- 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 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er:
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got the crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away—
No tear to wipe—no good to crave—
No fears to quell—no soul to save.
- 5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

NO. OF HYMN.

4	Alas, and did my Saviour bleed.....
5	Almost persuaded, God to believe.....
11	Approach, my soul, the mercy seat.....
43	Around the throne of God in heaven.....
73	Art thou weary, art thou languid.....
88	Are your souls the Saviour seeking.....
95	Are you still in darkness yet.....
108	And I heard the mourner say.....
123	A charge to keep I have.....
125	And can I yet delay.....
131	Am I a Soldier of the Cross.....
3	Behold, behold the Lamb of God.....
60	By faith I view my Saviour dying.....
86	Brethren, we have met to worship.....
126	By Thy birth and by Thy tears.....
1	Come to Jesus, come to Jesus.....
22	Christians and sinners soon will part.....
31	Come, come to Jesus! He waits to pardon thee.....
50	Come ye sinners, poor and wretched.....
51	Come trembling sinner, in whose breast.....
55	Come, Holy Spirit, come.....
80	Come, let us all unite to sing.....
92	Come heavy-laden one sighing for rest.....
93	Delay not, delay not, O sinner—draw near.....
46	Friends of Jesus will you meet us.....
128	From Greenland's icy mountains.....
130	From every stormy wind that blows.....

- 61 God moves in a mysterious way.....
 78 God is love; His mercy brightens.....
 122 Go bury thy sorrow.....
 124 Give to the winds thy fears.....

 7 How firm a foundation, ye friends of the Lord.....
 47 Here Jesus stands with open arms.....
 57 How condescending and how kind.....
 101 Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam.....

 6 I gave My life for thee.....
 12 I'll come to Jesus now, Jesus is here.....
 20 In the silent midnight watches.....
 27 In Thy presence, dear Saviour, my soul takes delight.....
 29 I lay my sins on Jesus.....
 48 I heard the voice of Jesus say.....
 56 I was a wandering sheep.....
 85 I need Thee, precious Jesus.....
 97 I love to tell the story.....
 104 In the Christian's home in glory.....
 112 I once was a stranger to grace and to God.....
 115 I left it all with Jesus long ago.....
 117 I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory.....
 118 It passeth knowledge; that dear love of Thine.....

 9 Jesus, Saviour, hear my cry.....
 23 Just as I am, without one plea.....
 26 Jesus sought me when a stranger.....
 36 Jesus, lover of my soul.....
 41 Jesus, I my cross have taken.....
 42 Jesus loves me, this I know.....
 44 Jesus, I love Thy charming name.....
 53 Jesus, our Lord, who knows full well.....
 66 Jesus, my all to heaven is gone.....
 84 Jesus my Shepherd is, In Thee I trust.....
 133 Jesus! and shall it ever be.....

 25 Let the eyes that are weary.....
 40 Let me but hear my Saviour say.....
 59 Lord I hear of show'rs of blessing.....
 75 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine.....

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

(127)

- 28 My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine.....
- 45 My precious Saviour, bind me fast.....
- 63 My thoughts, before they are my own.....
- 64 My faith looks up to Thee.....
- 70 My hope is built on nothing less.....
- 103 My heart is fixed, Eternal God.....
- 132 My soul, be on thy guard.....

- 2 Nothing either great or small.....
- 65 Nearer, my God, to Thee.....
- 96 Nothing but leaves! the Spirit grieves.. ..
- 100 Nothing on earth is to me half so dear,.....
- 111 Now "I behold the Lamb of God".....
- 119 Not now, my child,—a little more rough tossing....

- 8 O that sweet, that melting story.....
- 13 One there is above all others.....
- 15 O think of the home over there.....
- 18 O stop, poor sinner, stop and think.....
- 71 O could I speak the matchless worth.....
- 83 O blessed feet of Jesus.....
- 87 O tell me no more of this poor world's vain store....
- 91 Oh! for the robes of whiteness.....
- 99 O how happy are they who their Saviour obey.....
- 107 Oh! do not let the Word depart.....
- 116 Oh, to be nothing, nothing.....
- 127 Oh, for a closer walk with God.....

- 98 Pray without ceasing, brethren pray.....
- 113 Peace and joy are found believing.....

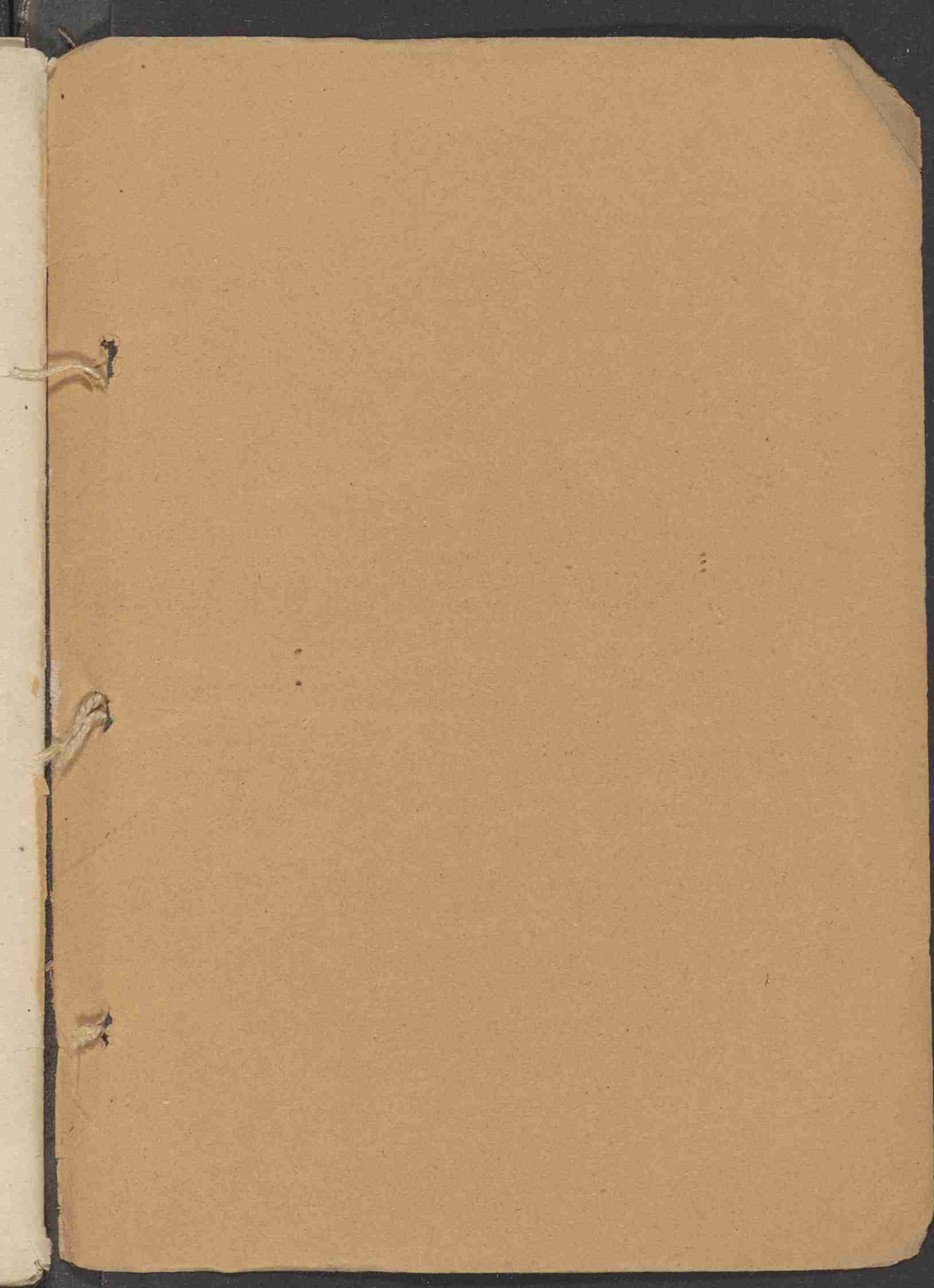
- 69 Return, O wanderer, return.....
- 129 Rock of Ages! cleft for me.....

- 14 Sweet is the voice of Jesus.....
- 39 Show pity Lord, O Lord forgive.....
- 49 Saviour, visit Thy salvation.....
- 62 Say, sinner, hath a voice within.....
- 79 Since 'tis thy Father's arm sustains thee.....
- 81 Saviour! Thy dying love.....
- 121 Sowing the seed by the daylight fair.....

- 16 There is a world of endless day.....
 21 The judgment day is coming.....
 24 Tell me the old, old story.....
 33 There is a land of pure delight.....
 37 Thy works, not mine, O Christ.....
 54 There is a fountain filled with blood.....
 58 There is a time, we know not when.....
 67 The grace that saves the soul from hell.....
 68 'Tis my happiness below.....
 76 "The Lord is our Shepherd," the Lord will provide.
 77 There's wideness in God's mercy.....
 82 There's a Friend above all others.....
 89 Through the love of God our Saviour.....
 90 Through Thy precious body broken.....
 109 There are angels hov'ring round.....
 114 The Great Physician now is near.....
 120 There were ninety and nine that safely lay.....

 10 Weeping will not save me.....
 17 We're trav'ling home to heaven above.....
 19 What means this eager, anxious throng.....
 30 What can I give to Jesus.....
 32 We praise Thee, O God.....
 35 When I can read my title clear.....
 38 When I survey the wondrous cross.....
 72 Weeping soul no longer mourn.....
 74 What a friend we have in Jesus.....
 94 When the harvest is past, and the summer is gone...
 102 Work, for the night is coming.....
 105 What shall I do with Jesus.....
 106 We talk of the land of the bless'd.....
 110 Who are these in bright array.....

 34 Ye angels who stand round the throne.....
 52 Ye who know your sins forgiven.....



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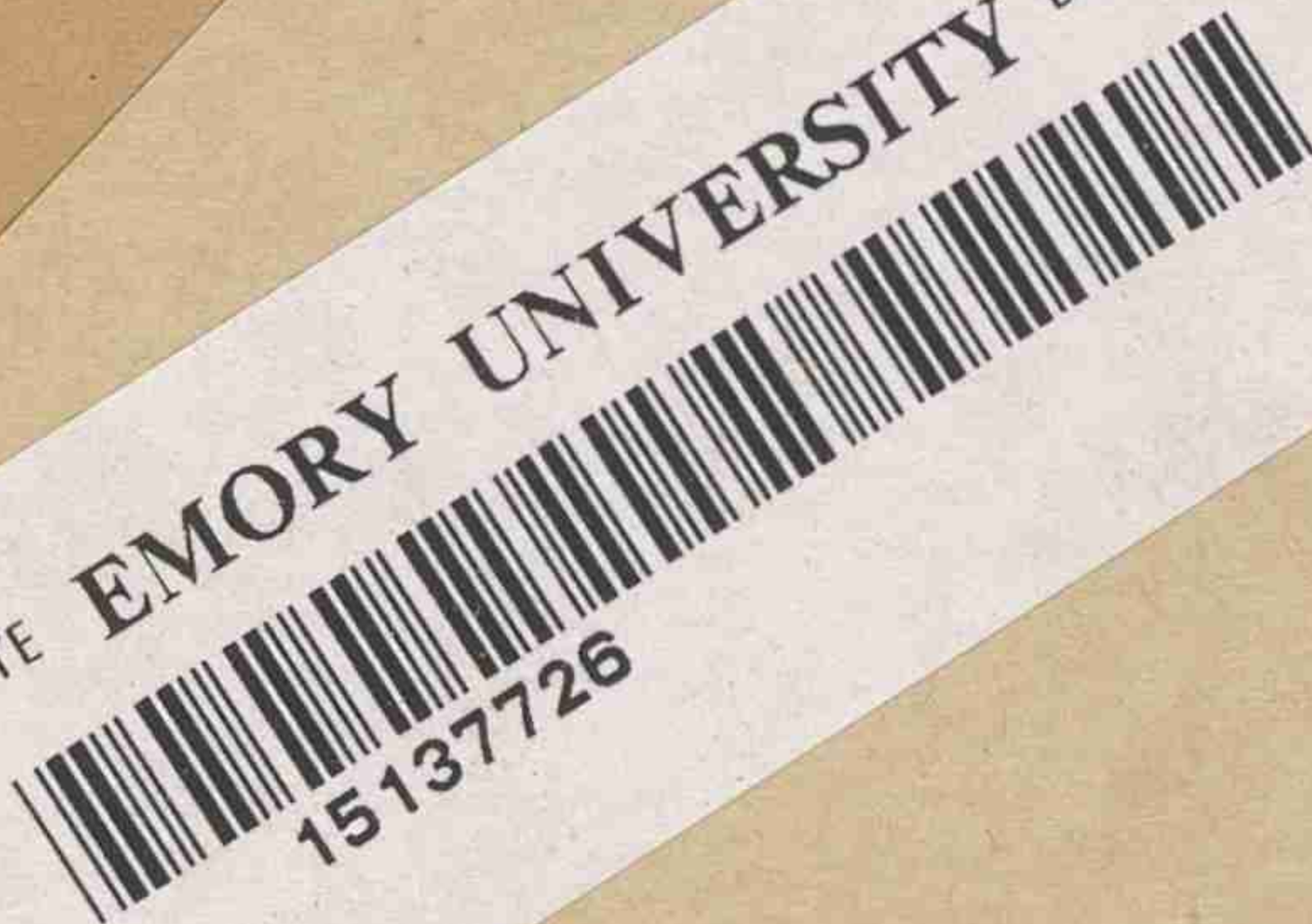
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