

WORD EDITION

LIVING HYMNS

No. 2

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WORD EDITION.

THE
NEW LIVING HYMNS

(LIVING HYMNS No. 2)

FOR USE IN

The Sabbath School

Christian Endeavor Meetings

The Prayer Meetings

The Brotherhood Meetings

The Church and Home

COMPILED BY

JOHN WANAMAKER

IN LARGE PART FROM HYMNS BEQUEATHED TO HIM BY THE LATE
JOHN R. SWENEY, WHOSE LAST WORK WAS THE
PREPARATION FOR THIS BOOK

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THE PUBLISHER.

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Living Hymns, No. 2.

✽ Word Edition ✽

1 (-3)

WAIT on the Lord, wait patiently,
And thou shalt in him be blest;
After the storm, a holy calm,
And after thy labor, rest.

Cho.—Wait on the Lord, for whom hast thou
On earth or in heaven but he?
Over thy soul a watch he keeps,
Wherever thy path may be.

2 Wait on the Lord, wait cheerfully,
And he will thy youth renew;
Wait on the Lord obediently,
Whatever he bids thee do.

3 Wait on the Lord, wait lovingly,
Confide in his care thy all;
Those that abide in perfect peace
No danger can e'er befall.

4 Wait on the Lord, wait joyfully,
For then shall thy heart be strong;
Lo! by his hand he leadeh thee,
And thou shalt be fill'd with song.

4
COME, ye who from your hearts believe
That Jesus answers pray'r,
Come boldly to a throne of grace
And claim his promise there,—
That, if his love in us abide
And we in him are one,
Whatever in his name we ask
It surely will be done.

Cho.—Come lovingly and trustingly,
Take Jesus at his word.
For he has said "the pray'r of faith
Was never yet unheard."

2 If in the "fountain fill'd with blood"
Our sins are washed away,
Come boldly to a throne of grace,
Rejoicing that we may

Come boldly to a throne of grace,
And bless the Lord our King—
Who fills our grateful hearts with
praise,
And tunes our tongues to sing.

3 From ev'ry precious, golden hour
We spend in fervent pray'r,
We gather strength from day to day
For each returning care;
And, while with true, believing hearts
We bow before his throne,
There's not a promise he has made
But we may call our own.

5
A MESSAGE sweet is borne to me
On wings of joy divine;
A wondrous message, glad and free,
That thrills this heart of mine;
I'm sav'd by grace, by grace alone,
Thro' Christ, whose love I claim,
No other could for sin atone,
Hosanna to his name!

Cho.—O glorious song that all day long
With tuneful note is ringing,
I'm sav'd by grace, amazing grace,
And that is why I'm singing!

2 I hear the message that I love
When morning dawns anew,
I read it in the sun above
That shines across the blue;
I hear it in the twilight still,
And at the sunset hour,—
I'm sav'd by grace! what words can
thrill
With such a magic pow'r?

3 Oh, wondrous grace for all mankind,
That spreads from sea to sea!
It heals the sick and leads the blind,
And sets the pris'n'r free;
The soul that seeks it cannot fail
To see the Saviour's face,
And Satan's pow'r cannot prevail
If we are sav'd by grace.

6 (7)

"LOYALTY unto Christ" the trumpet
 now is sounding,
 And the echoes answer from the fields
 of sin;
 Nations are awaking,
 Idol thrones are shaking,
 For the great millennium is coming
 in.
 Like a mighty army,
 The heralds of the cross are spread-
 ing over land and sea,
 Bearing thro' the darkness,
 The light that leadeth to salvation,
 full and free.

Cho.—Long and loud, "Loyalty unto
 Christ" we sing;
 Till ev'ry human tongue, shall
 hear his praises sung!
 Let the hills, valleys and desert
 places ring,
 With "Loyalty unto Christ,
 our Lord and King."
 "Loyalty unto Christ" the trum-
 pet now is sounding,
 And the echoes answer from
 the fields of sin;
 Nations are awaking,
 Idol thrones are shaking,
 For the great millennium is
 coming in.

2 Loyalty, faith and works, in holy
 consecration,
 Shall the scattered nations unto him
 restore;
 Then the world shall own him,
 And with joy enthrone him,
 King of kings and Lord of lords for-
 evermore.
 See the darkness lifting!
 The gospel light of truth is spread-
 ing to the perfect day!
 Clouds are backward drifting!
 Renew endeavor! for the King pre-
 pare the way!

3 "Loyalty unto Christ!" O what a
 mighty power,
 Were the hosts of God united in his
 name!
 Then would angels greet us,
 Christ himself would meet us,
 And baptize us with the Pentecostal
 flame.
 Then would come the triumph,
 And Christ be known and lov'ed,
 his praise be sung from shore to
 shore;
 Earth would then, in glory,
 Become the kingdom of the Lord
 forevermore.

8

JESUS of Nazareth passed my way,
 My heart is filled with singing,
 My darkness he has turned to day,
 New life and gladness bringing;
 My garments, soiled and stained with
 sin,
 I cast aside, unheeding,
 He clad me in his raiment clean,
 In answer to my pleading.

Cho.—Jesus of Nazareth passed my way,
 Redeemed me by his pow'r;
 Oh, hear the cry, "he passeth by,"
 Give him thy heart this hour.

2 Jesus of Nazareth passed my way,
 He gave me sight for blindness,
 Tormenting doubts he did allay
 With words of heav'nly kindness;
 Within my heart he woke a song,
 He taught my lips to praise him,
 Although temptations 'round me
 throng
 My grateful heart obeys him.

3 Jesus of Nazareth passed my way,
 Oh, precious is the story!
 I'll sing it thro' life's little day,
 And chant it up in glory;
 The Great Physician made me whole,
 Redeemed my life from sadness,
 And while eternal years shall roll
 I'll sing this song of gladness.

9

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want
 shall I know;
 I feed in green pastures, safe folded
 I rest;
 He leadeth my soul where the still wa-
 ters flow,
 Restores me when wand'ring, redeems
 when oppresed.

2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death
 tho' I stray,
 Since thou art my guardian, no evil
 I fear;
 Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be
 my stay;
 No harm can befall, with my Com-
 forter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is
 spread;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup
 runneth o'er;
 With perfume and oil thou anointest my
 head;
 O what shall I ask of thy providence
 more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn—thy kingdom of love.

10

I'M pressing on the upward way,
New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
Still praying as I onward bound,
"Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."

Cho.—Lord, lift me up and let me stand.
By faith, on heaven's table-land;
A higher plane than I have found,
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

2 My heart has no desire to stay
Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
Tho' some may dwell where these abound,
My pray'r, my aim is higher ground.

3 I want to live above the world,
Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd;
For faith has caught the joyful sound,
The song of saints on higher ground.

4 I want to scale the utmost height,
And catch a gleam of glory bright;
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found,
"Lord, lead me on to higher ground."

11

SEND out the sunlight, the sunlight of cheer,
Shine on earth's sadness till it disappear—
Souls are in waiting this message to hear.
Send out the sunlight of love.

Cho.—Send out the sunlight of love,
Send out the sunlight of love,
Send out the sunlight,
Send out the sunlight.
Send out the sunlight of love.

2 Send out the sunlight in letter and word;
Speak it and think it till hearts are all stirred—
Hearts that are hungry for prayers still unheard,
Send out the sunlight of love.

3 Send out the sunlight each hour and day,
Crown all the years with its luminous ray,
Nourish the seeds that are sown on the way,
Send out the sunlight of love.

4 Send out the sunlight that speaks in a smile,
Often it shortens the long, weary mile,
Often the burdens seem light for awhile,
Send out the sunlight of love.

5 Send out the sunlight, as free as the air!
Blessings will follow with none to compare,
Blessings of peace, that will rise from despair!
Send out the sunlight of love.

6 Send out the sunlight, you have it in you!
Clouds may obscure it just now from your view;
Pray for its presence! your prayer will come true,
Send out the sunlight of love.

12

DO your best while life's pilgrim way you tread,
Scatt'ring sunshine while you may;
Bear in mind, while the precious seed you spread,
Only once you pass this way.

Cho.—Only once you pass this way,
Only once you pass this way;
Be a blessing while you may,
Only once you pass this way.

2 Ev'ry day poor and needy you will find,
Fill'd with sorrow and dismay;
Do your best some poor, broken hearts to bind,
Only once you pass this way.

3 Tell the world that the Saviour died for all,
Bid them ever watch and pray;
Lift your voice, shout aloud the gospel call,
Only once you pass this way.

4 Be a brave, earnest soldier in the strife,
Then when comes the close of day,
May the world be the better for your life,
Only once you pass this way.

13

WOULD you know earth's highest hap-
piness?
Would you know its greatest blessed-
ness?
Would you know its truest joyfulness?
Make some other heart rejoice.

Cho.—Give a pleasant smile, speak a
kindly word,
Lend a hand to help a brother;
Give a pleasant smile, speak a kindly
word,
Lend a hand to help another.

2 Pleasant smiles will cheer a drooping
heart,
Kindly words relieve a bitter smart,
Helping hands to weakness strength im-
part,
Make some other heart rejoice.

3 Many hearts are crushed with bitter
woe,
Many hearts with grief are bending
low,
Many hearts need help you can bestow,
Make some other heart rejoice.

14

COME, Holy Ghost, and touch my
tongue
As with a living flame;
I want the sanctifying grace
My Saviour bids me claim.

Cho.—Waiting, I am waiting
For the promise of the pentecostal
show'r;
Waiting, I am waiting
For the promise of thy wondrous,
mighty pow'r.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, with sacred fire
Baptize this heart of mine;
Break ev'ry earthly idol down,
And all its dross refine.

3 I want a self-renouncing will,
That owns his sweet control,
And thro' my life I want his love
A ceaseless flood to roll.

4 Come, Holy Ghost, the blood apply
As thou hast ne'er before,
That I may shout my Saviour's praise
Henceforth and evermore.

15

I TRUST thee, blessed Saviour,
I trust my joys to thee;
I take the cup of blessing
Which thou dost give so free;
Fair blossoms will be sweeter,
Bright sunbeams brighter still,
When peace, a flowing river,
My happy heart shall fill.

Cho.—Blessed Saviour, life and favor
Alone can come from thee;
I am trusting thee, ever trusting thee,
Blessed Saviour, keep thou me.

2 I trust thee, blessed Saviour,
I trust my griefs to thee;
The love that died to win me
Will guide and comfort me;
How countless are the dangers
Averted by thine arm!
The ills, by thee permitted,
Shall do thy child no harm.

3 I trust thee, blessed Saviour,
I trust my life to thee;
Use it in thy good service,
From earthly bondage free;
O make my days the channel
Of thy exceeding love,
To bring to those around me
Refreshing from above.

16

NOT with divided heart
Come I, O Lord, to thee,
But thine in ev'ry part
Forevermore to be.

Cho.—Christ shall have all my heart,
For less than this I could not bring;
My gift so small, for thy great all,
And less than this I could not,
dare not bring.

2 To thee for help I cried,
When I was lost in sin;
Jesus hath satisfied,
Now I have peace within.

3 Bought at tremendous cost,
By the dear Saviour's blood,
Saved to the uttermost,
Under the crimson flood.

4 Dead to the world and sin,
Upward my feet shall press;
Alive to Christ my Lord,
And to his righteousness.

5 Yet more of love bestow,
More of thy grace impart,
And cause to overflow,
With gratitude, my heart.

17

FACE to face with Christ my Saviour,
Face to face—what will it be?
When with rapture I behold him,
Jesus Christ who died for me.

Cho.—Face to face shall I behold him,
Far beyond the starry sky;
Face to face in all his glory,
I shall see him by and by!

2 Only faintly now I see him,
With the darkling veil between,
But a blessed day is coming,
When his glory shall be seen.

3 What rejoicing in his presence,
When are banished grief and pain;
When the crooked ways are straight-
ened,
And the dark things shall be plain.

4 Face to face—oh, blissful moment!
Face to face—to see and know;
Face to face with my Redeemer,
Jesus Christ who loves me so.

18

GO forth at Christ's command,
Go forth to ev'ry land,
Thro' loyalty to Christ,
Thro' loyalty to Christ,
Let strong your efforts be
To gain the victory,
Thro' loyalty, yes, loyalty,
Thro' loyalty to Christ,

Cho.—Onward, onward, army of the
Lord!

There's naught to fear while
trusting in his word;
Go forth to fight the wrong,
And shout the victor's song,
Thro' loyalty, yes, loyalty,
Thro' loyalty to Christ.

2 Be brave to help them win
Who strive to conquer sin,
Thro' loyalty to Christ,
Thro' loyalty to Christ;
Point out the path of light,
Be strong to do the right,
Thro, loyalty, yes, loyalty,
Thro' loyalty to Christ.

3 See! Satan's banners wave,
Oh, haste the lost to save
Thro' loyalty to Christ,
Thro' loyalty to Christ;
Beat back the hosts of sin,
Press on the fight to win.
Thro' loyalty, yes, loyalty,
Thro' loyalty to Christ.

4 O children of the free!

Let this your watchword be:
"Thro' loyalty to Christ,
Thro' loyalty to Christ;"
Let hills and valleys ring,
While men and angels sing,
Thro' loyalty, yes, loyalty,
Thro' loyalty to Christ.

19

I'LL trust in God—he knows the best!
And I will follow where he leads,
For well I know his love affords
A rich supply for all my needs.

Cho.—Yes, I will trust my God, my
King,
And all the day his praises sing;
His will my only pray'r shall be,
Content to know he leadeth me.

2 I'll trust in God, whose child I am,
And gladly yield to his control;
He gives me grace for ev'ry day,
And fully satisfies my soul.

3 I'll trust in God, nor question why
My cup of sorrow should o'erflow;
Content to feel his guiding hand
Is leading wheresoe'er I go.

4 I'll trust in God when on the brink
Of Jordan's chilling flood I stand;
For perfect faith and trust discerns
Beyond its tide the better land.

20

THE light of the soul is Jesus!
Tho' dark be my pathway, dreary and
lone,
One light in the darkness ever has shone,
For the light of the soul is Jesus!

Cho.—The light of the soul,
The light of the soul is Jesus!
Tho' dark be the day,
It brightens the way to heaven above,
The light of the soul,
The light of the soul is Jesus!
It shines on the path
That leads to the home of love.

2 The light of the soul is Jesus!
Tho' doubts like a cloud my vision ob-
scure,
I trust in my Saviour, ever secure,
For the light of the soul is Jesus!

3 The light of the soul is Jesus!
Tho' friends may forsake and burdens
oppress,
To Jesus I flee, for still he will bless,
For the light of the soul is Jesus!

21

MY sins are taken all away,
Because Jesus loved me;
My feet are on the glory way,
Because he loved me so.

Cho.—Because Jesus loved me,
Because Jesus lov'd me;
The thorns he wore, the cross he
bore,
Because he lov'd me so.

2 His blood was shed on Cavalry,
Because Jesus loved me;
I have a blessed liberty,
Because he loved me so.

3 A child of heaven's King am I,
Because Jesus loved me;
An heir to mansions in the sky,
Because he loved me so.

22

MANY in darkness are far astray,
Carry the light, carry the light,
Spreading the beams of the gospel day,
Carry the beautiful light;
Tell them the gift of the Father's love,
How the dear Saviour he gave;
Tell them of mercy that smiles above,
Jesus, almighty to save!

Cho.—Light! light! beautiful light!
Streaming from heaven's fair height;
Living for Jesus, our precious Saviour,
Carry the beautiful light.

2 Let us unite in this blest employ,
Carry the light, carry the light;
Tell the good news of salvation's joy,
Carry the beautiful light.
Singing of Jesus, our songs are bright,
Bright with the blessings he brings;
Helping to scatter the shades of night.
Sing of the Lord's healing wings.

3 Living for Jesus, we'll work and pray,
Carry the light, carry the light;
Walking with him in the shining way,
Carry the beautiful light;
O, there's glory that fills the heart,
Sunshine of pardon and peace;
Let us the secret to all impart,
Helping the kingdom's increase.

4 Clearer and clearer the dayspring
glows,
Carry the light, carry the light;
Brighter and brighter the morning
grows,

Carry the beautiful light.
Jesus is coming in wondrous might,
Coming in splendor to reign;
Sorrow and sighing shall take their
flight,
Eden shall blossom again.

23

COME, ev'ry soul by sin oppress'd,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And he will surely give you rest,
By trusting in his word.

Cho.—Only trust him, only trust him,
Only trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed his precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

24

THE voice of the Spirit is wooing,
It comes when the clouds draw near;
It breathes in the heart's soft sighing,
And rests on the falling tear.

Cho.—The sweet, low voice of the Spirit
That Jesus left for us all,
Is leading us on to love him,
Oh, heed his gracious call;
Now calling, calling, tenderly calling,
Tenderly calling to you;
Still calling, calling, tenderly calling,
Calling in love to you.

2 The voice of the Spirit is mighty,
And breaks thro' the chains of sin;
It comes when life's storms are heavy,
When fierce waves are rolling in.

3 The voice of the Spirit is tender,
And lovingly comes to woo;
Then open your heart; he'll enter,
He's calling in love to you,

25

WHEN I shall reach the more excellent
glory,
And all my trials are passed,
I shall behold him, O wonderful story!
I shall be like him at last.

Cho.—I shall be like him, I shall be like
him,
And in his beauty shall shine;
I shall be like him, wondrously like him,
Jesus, my Saviour divine.

2 We shall not wait till the glorious
dawning
Breaks on the vision so fair,
Now we may welcome the heavenly
morning,
Now we his image may bear.

3 More and more like him, repeat the
blest story,
Over and over again,
Changed by his spirit from glory to
glory,
I shall be satisfied then.

26

IT was so little, the kindness you of-
fered,
The hand-clasp so tender, the word,
sweet and low;
But all of the world for one soul was
made brighter,
How much—only Jesus the Master will
know.

Cho.—“It was so little,” yet how can
you measure
The joy that these little deeds often
may bring
Into sad lives, all the gladness, the bless-
ing
That you may bestow in the name of
the King?

2 “It was so little,” you say, and forget-
ting—
Pass on, all unknowing how Jesus has
blest
So richly, the words that for him you
have spoken,
Or, how you have brought, to some
troubled heart, rest.

3 Is it so little a burden to lighten—
To bring to an aching heart healing
and balm?

Ah, is it so little, a pathway to brighten,
Some storm of unrest in a sad soul to
calm?

27

JUST as I am I come to thee,
Myself I cannot better make;
The precious blood my only plea,
Oh, save me for thy mercy's sake.

Cho.—Just as I am,
Just as I am I come to Thee;
Oh, hear me, bless me, save me, Lord,
Just as I am I come to thee.

2 Just as I am, yet this I know,
The blood will all-sufficient be;
I shall be whiter than the snow,
Made fully whole in trusting thee.

3 Just as I am I come to-day,
My hungry soul cries out for thee;
I can no longer stay away,
Thine, wholly thine I long to be.

4 Just as I am, my Life, my Love,
My soul here finds a perfect rest;
While like the weary, wand'ring dove,
Safe folded in thy love I rest.

28

THERE'S a dark and a troubled side
of life;
There's a bright and a sunny side,
too;
Tho' we meet with the darkness and
strife,
The sunny side we also may view.

Cho.—Keep on the sunny side, always
on the sunny side,
Keep on the sunny side of life;
It will help us ev'ry day, it will bright-
en all the way,
If we keep on the sunny side of life.

2 Tho' the storm in its fury break to-
day,
Crushing hopes that we cherished so
dear;
Storm and cloud will in time pass away,
The sun again will shine bright and
clear.

3 Let us greet with a song of hope each
day,
Tho' the moments be cloudy or fair;
Let us trust in our Saviour alway,
Who keepeth ev'ry one in his care.

29

ONCE my eyes saw nothing comely
In the lowly Nazarene,
All his grace was hidden from me
By the clouds of sin between,
I was blind, but now I see,—
Jesus paid the debt for me.

2 Once my ears could find no music
 In his tender, pleading voice;
 Now he speaks, and each low whisper
 Makes my trembling heart rejoice.
 His dear word hath made me free,—
 Oh, what boundless liberty!

3 Once my robes, by sin polluted,
 Were as filthy rags unclean;
 In the great King's royal presence
 I could never thus be seen.
 I am whiter now than snow,—
 Jesus' blood has made me so.

4 Once I roamed in deserts dreary,
 Sought in vain a place of rest;
 Now my soul, no longer weary,
 Leans entranced upon his breast;
 Blessedness beyond degree,
 Jesus is a rest for me!

5 Hallelujah, what a Saviour!
 Half his love was never told;
 I have found his kingly favor
 Richer treasure far than gold.
 Praise him, O my ransomed soul,
 While eternal ages roll.

6 Oh, that all who hear the story
 For themselves would taste and see;
 Come to him; his banner o'er thee
 Everlasting love shall be.
 To thy weary soul be given
 Rest on earth and rest in heaven.

30

VICTORY, victory, glorious victory,
 Onward, soldiers of the Lord;
 Hear the soul inspiring promise,
 We shall conquer thro' his word.

Cho.—We shall overcome the world,
 Hallelujah to his name,
 We shall overcome by faith;
 We shall overcome the world,
 Hallelujah to his name,
 Who has triumphed over death.

2 Victory, victory, glorious victory,
 Faint not, fear not, boldly stand;
 Wave our banner, shout hosanna,
 With the Spirit's sword in hand.

3 Victory, victory, glorious victory
 Still is sounding from the sky,
 While before our great Commander
 Satan's vanquish'd armies fly.

4 Victory, victory, glorious victory,
 Soon we'll lay our armor down;
 Soon give up the cross forever,
 And receive the victor's crown.

31

WHEN my soul is oppress'd,
 When my heart is distress'd,
 With its weight of life's burdens and
 ills,—
 I will lift up mine eyes
 Unto that paradise
 On the beautiful, beautiful hills.

Cho.—On the hills, beautiful hills,
 I will lift up mine eyes to the hills;
 I shall join in the song
 With that glorified throng.
 On the beautiful, beautiful hills.

2 That fair city of God,
 Mortal never hath trod,
 There the cold wind of death never
 chills;
 There no fears can appall,
 There no tears ever fall
 On the beautiful, beautiful hills.

3 There the angels of light
 Praise the Lord day and night,
 Heaven's court with melody thrills,
 While there rolls a new song
 By that great blood-wash'd throng
 On the beautiful, beautiful hills.

4 Where my dear ones await,
 Just inside the pearl gate,
 I shall go when my dear Father wills,
 Then what joy there will be,
 When each other we see
 On the beautiful, beautiful hills.

5 There they never have night,
 For the Lamb is the light,—
 All the land with his glory he fills;
 Soon he'll call me to come,
 And with him rest at home
 On the beautiful, beautiful hills.

32

ONE sweet hour alone with Jesus,
 Where no eye but his can see,
 When my soul to him is lifted,
 What a calm it brings to me!

Cho.—Then on wings of joy ascending,
 Holding fast his hand divine;
 Oh, the joy, the bliss of knowing
 I am his and he is mine.

2 One sweet hour alone with Jesus,
 When he bids my weary heart,
 Come awhile and rest beside him,
 From the cares of earth apart.

3 One sweet hour alone with Jesus,
 When I climb the mountain's
 height,
 And behold, as in a vision,
 Yonder world of pure delight.

4 One sweet hour alone with Jesus,
One sweet hour of fervent pray'r;
Oh, 'tis then my troubled spirit
Learns from him its cross to bear.

33

MY many sins are all forgiv'n,
And ev'ry slavish chain is riv'n;
My burden's gone, my soul is free,
The precious blood avails for me.

Cho.—The blood, the blood, I'm wash'd
in the blood!
I'm sav'd, I'm sav'd, O glory to God!
To save me from sin the Saviour died,
And now I am justified.

2 I ask'd for mercy at the throne,
No merits had I of my own;
I pray'd for help in Jesus' name,
And to my heart the answer came:

3 The blood flows o'er my trusting soul,
It saves and makes me clean and whole;
Beneath the crimson tide I'll stay,
Where all my guilt is wash'd away.

34

HAD we only sunshine all the year
around,
Without the blessing of refreshing
rain,
Would we scatter seed upon the fallow
ground,
And hope to gather flowers, fruit and
grain?

Cho.—Sunshine and rain, refreshing, re-
viving rain,
Light of faith and love,
Showers from above;
Sunshine and rain, to nurture the grow-
ing grain,
Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain.

2 Had we not a sorrow or a cross to
bear,
For him who bore the burden of our
sin,
Would we know the sweetness of his
love and care,
Or even strive eternal joys to win?

3 Can we prize the sunshine and de-
plore the rain.
Repining when the days are dark and
drear?
Can we hope for pleasures yet deny the
pain,
Or share the joys of life without the
the tear?

35

THEY brought their gifts to Jesus,
And laid them at his feet,
And love for this dear Saviour
Made ev'ry offering sweet;
Good deeds and words of kindness,
Help for the poor of earth,
And not a gift among them
Was thought of little worth.

Cho.—Wouldst bring a gift to Jesus
That he will count most sweet?
Say, "Lord, my heart I give thee,"
And lay it at his feet.

2 Apart from other givers,
A poor wayfarer stood;
He saw the gifts they offered,
The poorest counted good.
And he was fill'd with longing,
A gift, tho' poor, to bring;
Alas! all empty handed
He stood before the King.

3 "Dear Lord," he cried in sorrow,
"I know how kind thou art,
Take all I have to give thee,
My sinful, wayward heart."
Then Jesus answered softly,
"Count not the gift as small;
Tho' all of them are precious,
Thine is the best of all."

36

I HEAR a song of jubilee,
Hallelujah! grace is free!
Its notes resound o'er land and sea,
Hallelujah! grace is free!
Its sound is heard in ev'ry land,
It rings along the ocean's strand,
The chorus of a mighty band,
Hallelujah! grace is free!

2 It rings above the battle strife;
Hallelujah! grace is free!
Its peal awakes the dead to life,
Hallelujah! grace is free!
It shouts its note triumphantly,
Proclaiming pardon full and free,
Assuring souls of victory,
Hallelujah! grace is free!

3 It brings good news to sinners lost,
Hallelujah! grace is free!
The price is paid! O wondrous cost!
Hallelujah! grace is free!
Jesus has come to make us free,
Upon the cross on Calvary
His life he gave for you and me,
Hallelujah! grace is free!

4 It brings a message full of love,
Hallelujah! grace is free!
A message from the throne above,
Hallelujah! grace is free!
The Spirit now invites you, "come!"
The Saviour calls, "no longer roam!"
The Father pleads, "my child, come
home!"
Hallelujah! grace is free!

5 The conflict o'er, at God's right hand,
Hallelujah! grace is free!
Redeemed from every race and land,
Hallelujah! grace is free!
We shall behold him face to face,
And sing the wonders of his grace
Who died to save our sinful race,
Hallelujah! grace is free!

37

BEHOLD, the armies of the King
Are marching forth in line;
Their royal banners lifted high,
In radiant splendor shine.

Cho.—Who will join us, who will join
us,

Who will join us in the fray?
Who will join us, who will join us,
Who will join our ranks to-day?

2 And now, among the foremost ranks,
Where foe meets foe to-day,
They stand erect with sword and shield,
To brave the dread affray.

3 Behold, the King himself is near,
And while his own advance,
The traitor legions backward fall
Beneath their fearless glance.

4 Oh, glorious, glorious victory,
With life's great battle done;
The cross laid down, they wear the
crown
Their faith in Christ hath won.

38

OUR souls cry out, hallelujah!
And our faith enraptured sings,
While we throw to the breeze the
standard
Of the mighty King of kings.

Cho.—On the vict'ry side, on the
vict'ry side,

In the ranks of the Lord are we;
On the vict'ry side we will boldly
stand,
Till the glory land we see.

2 Our souls cry out, hallelujah!
For the Lord himself comes near,
And the shout of a royal army
On the battlefield we hear.

3 Our souls cry out, hallelujah!
For the tempter flies apace,
And the chains he has forged are break-
ing,
Thro' the pow'r of redeeming grace.

4 Our souls cry out, hallelujah!
And our hearts beat high with praise,
Unto him, in whose name we'll conquer,
And our song of triumph raise.

39

GO forth! go forth for Jesus now—
Be working! be watching!
The Lord himself will teach you how
To watch and pray.
'Tis not for thee thy field to choose—
No work he gives must thou refuse—
Be working! be watching! be pray-
ing!

Cho.—Go forth to work, to watch and
pray!
'Tis Jesus who calls thee;
The harvest waits for thee to-day;
Go, bring some sheaves for God.

2 Go forth! go forth to all the world!
Oh, stay not! delay not—
But let love's banner be unfurled,
And grace be told.
Oh, let redeeming love be sung—
A song of joy on ev'ry tongue!
Be working! be watching! be pray-
ing!

3 Go forth! let heart and hand be
strong!
Be working! be watching!
Oh, stay the mighty pow'r of wrong
Where'er you may.
Equipp'd with love and strength divine,
The victory is surely thine—
Be working! be watching! be pray-
ing!

40

O IDLER, why loiter the bright hours
away?

The hours that will ne'er come again;
The fields are all white of the harvest
to-day,
Ungather'd the sheaves on the plain.

Cho.—O why stand ye idle?

O why stand ye idle to-day?

O can you not see that the night's coming on,
And the harvest is passing away?

2 O why stand ye idle? some soul ye may save,

That's drifting away from the right,
O hasten ere it shall sink down to the grave,
Be lost in eternity's night.

3 O why stand ye idle? thy brother's in need;

No help or assistance is nigh,
Oh, then to his suff'ring and cries now give heed,
Lest he for thy carelessness die.

4 O idle no longer the bright hours away,

There's work in the vineyard to do.
The harvest is passing, is passing away,
The Master is calling for you.

41

COMMUNION with my Father,
In calm and quiet hour,
Is sweet and rich in blessings,
And Spirit's gracious pow'r:
He speaks in tones so gentle,
He hears my humblest pray'r,
In secret of his presence
I feel my Father's care.

Cho.—O Father, Spirit, Saviour,
Fill us with thine own pow'r;
Oh, lead thy loving children
To seek the quiet hour.

2 When storms are fierce about me,
And sorrow's billows roll,
I hear the Master gently
Speaking peace unto my soul;
When heart is sore with anguish
And eyes are dim with tears,
A quiet hour with Jesus
Will banish pain and fears.

3 Oh, leave life's noise and turmoil,
And seek the quiet hour,
That he who sees in secret
May give thee spirit pow'r;
There find your strength in weakness,
And gird your armor on,
Then forth to life's great conflict
Till victory is won.

42

THERE is singing up in heaven such as
we have never known,
Where the angels sing the praises of the
Lamb upon the throne;

Their sweet harps are ever tuneful and
their voices always clear,
Oh, that we might be more like them
while we serve the Master here.

Cho.—Holy, holy, is what the angels
sing,

And I expect to help them make the
courts of heaven ring;
But when I sing redemption's story they
will fold their wings,
For angels never felt the joy that our
salvation brings.

2 But I hear another anthem, blending
voices clear and strong,
"Unto him who hath redeemed us and
hath bought us," is the song;
We have come thro' tribulations to this
land so fair and bright,
In the fountain freely flowing he hath
made our garments white.

3 Then the angels stand and listen, for
they cannot join that song,
Like the sound of many waters, by that
happy, blood-wash'd throng;
For they sing about great trials, battles
fought and vict'ries won,
And they praise their great Redeemer
who hath said to them, "well done."

4 So, although I'm not an angel yet I
know that over there
I will join a blessed chorus that the
angels cannot share;
I will sing about my Saviour who upon
dark Calvary
Freely pardoned my transgressions, died
to set a sinner free.

43

THERE'S one command I've learn'd,
With me it shall remain,
'Tis this, "thou shalt not take
The name of God in vain."

Cho.—I will revere my God;
His name I'll not profane;
I'll keep his word, "thou shalt not take
The name of God in vain."

2 I'll have no evil thoughts;
Bad language I'll disdain;
His name, so dear to me,
I'll never take in vain.

3 Bad company I'll shun,
And all approach to sin,
'Tis easy to go wrong
If once you should begin.

44

BEYOND this life of hopes and fears,
 Beyond this world of griefs and tears,
 There is a region, a region fair,
 Oh, tell me, will you, will you be there?
 It knows no change and no decay,
 No night, but one unending day;
 It's glorious gates are closed to sin,
 Naught that defiles can enter in
 To mar its grandeur, its beauty rare;
 Tell me, O sinner, will you be there?
 Say, will you be there?

2 Upon that bright eternal shore
 Earth's bitter curse is known no more,
 No pain, no grief, no sorrow nor care,
 Tell me, oh tell me, will you be there?
 No drooping form, no tearful eye,
 No hoary head, no weary sigh,
 But joys which mortals may not know,
 Like a calm river ever flow;
 Promise me, O sinner, that you'll be
 there.
 Helped by God's Spirit, that you'll be
 there,
 That you will be there.

3 Our Saviour once as mortal child,
 As mortal man, by man reviled—
 There many glorious crowns doth wear;
 Promise the Master that you'll be there!
 While thousand thousands swell the
 strain
 Of glory to the Lamb once slain.
 Helped by the Holy Spirit's power,
 I will this day, this very hour,
 Turn from my sins unto Christ the
 Lord;
 Trust Christ my Saviour, then will be
 there,
 With him reign up there.

45

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling!
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesus, thou are all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation;
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast!
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find that second rest.
 Take away our bent to sinning;
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave;
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation;
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in thee;
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

46

THERE'S a song I love to sing,
 Love to hear its echoes ring,
 Till my soul with overflowing rapture
 thrills;
 'Tis the sweetest ever sung,
 Even by an angel's tongue,
 For my heart with joy and gladness it
 completely fills.

Cho.—Oh, I love it more and more,
 I will sing it o'er and o'er,
 Till in clouds of brightest glory Christ
 my Saviour appears;
 Then upon the golden shore,
 With the saints forever more.
 I will chant the chorus thro' eternal
 years.

2 'Tis the song of sins forgiven,
 Of a darkness backward driv'n,
 Of a wonderful salvation full and free;
 Of a healing without price,
 Of a Father's sacrifice,
 Of a Saviour's invitation, saying, "come
 to me,"

3 'Tis so wonderful and new,
 'Tis so precious, sweet and true,
 Full of joy, of peace, of glory, and of
 love;
 I will sing it here below,
 I will sing it, too, I know,
 When I meet him face to face in yonder
 world above.

47

LEAD us, Saviour, lead us ever,
 With thy gently guiding hand;
 Lead us thro' the joys and sorrows
 Of an unseen future land.

Cho.—Lead us, Saviour, lead us ever,
Safely guide our wand'ring feet;
Lead us on to lands of beauty,
Pastures green and meadows
sweet.

2 Lead us, Saviour, lead us ever,
Without thee a-far we roam;
Lead us thro' the storm and darkness,
To the light and peace of home.

48

HOW oft as you journey, some brother
you meet,
Who in life's great battle has met with
defeat;
Be Christ-like and loving, and when he
draws near,
Reach out to your brother a handful of
cheer.

Cho.—Reach out to your brother a
strong, loving hand,
In life's weary battle 'twill help him to
stand;
A balm for a heart-ache, a smile for a
tear,
Reach out to your brother a handful of
cheer.

2 His day, which at morning look'd
cloudless and bright,
Before reaching noontide was dark as
the night;
Oh, help from his pathway these shad-
ows to clear;
Reach out to your brother a handful of
cheer.

3 A small act of mercy a heart may
console,
A word kindly spoken may save some
poor soul;
The skies soon will brighten, the clouds
disappear;
Reach out to your brother a handful of
cheer.

4 So while you are living for heaven
above,
Strive ever to brighten the world with
your love;
The angels won't need it, but while you
are here,
Reach out to your brother a handful of
cheer.

49

BEAUTIFUL city, the home of the
blest,
Beautiful mansions where weary shall
rest,

Beautiful river of life, never old,
Beautiful streets of the purest of gold.

Cho.—Oh, it is beautiful! "eye hath not
seen,"
Neither 'hath ear heard the heavenly
theme;
Oh, it is beautiful, all I have seen,
Thrilling my soul with the heavenly
theme.

2 Beautiful angels around the white
throne,
Beautiful children forever our own,
Beautiful sainted, enrobed in pure white,
Beautiful Saviour, refulgent with light.

3 Beautiful service of worship in song,
Beautiful family—perfectly one,
Beautiful harmony—living in love,
Beautiful scenes that await us above.

4 Beautiful greeting when friend meet-
eth friend,
Beautiful meeting that never shall end,
Beautiful day, with no shadow of night,
Beautiful vision, eternally bright.

50

HARK! hark, the trumpet sounding,
Rise at the break of day,
On to the front where sin is abounding,
Forward the call obey;
Put on the gospel armor,
Go forth in faith to conquer,
Hear, hear the Captain's words inspiring,
On, soldiers, on to the fray.

Cho.—Forward, then, with banners
waving high,
Forward, as we shout the battle-cry,
Onward in the conflict, hoping, trusting,
On to victory!

2 Marching like valiant soldiers,
Steady our steps and true,
Faith in our Leader, no thought of dan-
ger,
Fear and alarm, adieu;
On, tho' the world oppress thee,
On, tho' the foe distress thee,
Steadfast and firm, keep moving on till
Fair Canaan's land stands in view.

3 Then shall the path be brighter,
No more by care oppressed,
Firm in our purpose, true in our motives,
Hoping for what is best;
Trusting the King of glory,
Telling the old, old story,
Waiting the Master's call to enter
Into the haven of rest.

51

OH, what a Saviour in Jesus I've found,
Christ is my living Redeemer;
Loud let his praises forever resound,
Christ is my living Redeemer.

Cho.—Living, yes, living, exalted on high,

He that believeth shall nevermore die;
Oh, what a meeting will come, by and by,
Christ is my living Redeemer.

2 Life everlasting is his to impart,
Christ is my living Redeemer;
Trusting in him, there is joy in my heart,
Christ is my living Redeemer.

3 Strength for his service, and balm for all ill,
Christ is my living Redeemer;
Jesus my Saviour abides with me still,
Christ is my living Redeemer.

4 Jesus is victor o'er death and the grave,
Christ is my living Redeemer;
Now he is reigning, almighty to save,
Christ is my living Redeemer.

52

BEYOND the sunset gates of gold,
Beyond the ocean's gleaming strand,
There is a land of joy untold—
A heav'nly Summerland!

Cho.—O Summerland of joy and light,
Beyond the shadows of the night!
No storms shall sweep thy golden strand,
O heav'nly Summerland!

2 O fadeless are the flow'rs that bloom
Upon that bright and happy shore;
There is no sorrow, pain nor gloom,
But joy forevermore!

3 Within that happy home on high,
Long sever'd friends clasp hand with hand,
And none shall ever say good-bye,
In heaven's Summerland!

4 We shall behold the Saviour's face,
As 'round the great white throne we stand,
And share the wonders of his grace,
In heaven's Summerland!

53

COME, O come with anthems of rejoicing,
Come with happy songs of love,
Singing, singing of the wondrous favor
Show'ed upon us from above.

Daily, daily, like the morning sunbeams,
Tender mercies smile upon our way,
Gently, gently, like the evening dew-drops,
Sweet refreshings cheer us when we pray.

Cho.—Praise him! praise him! come
with happy singing,
Tell his goodness o'er and o'er;
Joyful anthems thro' his temple ringing,
Bless his name forevermore.

2 Thanks we give for all his kindly leading,
Our glad Ebenezers raise;
Wav'ring footsteps guided surely onward,
Sing, O sing our Father's praise.
O, with hearts of gratitude review them—
Count the golden moments of the past;
E'en the seeds of pain and sorrow blossomed
Into joys that evermore shall last.

3 Come, dear friends, and help to swell the chorus,
Precious hopes and mem'ries blend,
Looking onward to the days before us,
Still our thankful songs ascend.
Brightly is the bow of promise gleaming
O'er the clouds that linger in the sky;
Brightly now the rays of glory streaming,
Light our journey to the home on high.

54

FULL CHORUS.

"TAKE the world for Jesus," sound the great battle-cry,
Let the mighty chorus ring;
"Take the world for Jesus," raise the bright standard high,
As we shout, as we march, as we sing.

FEMALE VOICES.

Let the gospel story roll around the world,
Everywhere let joy prevail,
Since the sacrifice of Christ our Saviour
For the sins of the world doth avail;

ALL VOICES.

Let all the nations now in him rejoice,
Who hath by his precious blood
Redeemed us and prepared a mansion
in the bright glory land above.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Out on the mountains of sin and de-
spair,

Millions are perishing, needing our care;
Shall we not send them the message to-
day?

Shall we not help without further delay?
Tell them of Jesus who rose from the
grave,

Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to Save;
Plenteous salvation in him doth abound,
Cleansing and healing in Jesus are found.

FULL CHORUS.

"Take the world for Jesus," sound the
great battle-cry,

Let the mighty chorus ring;

"Take the world for Jesus," raise the
bright standard high,
As we shout, as we march, as we sing.

55

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.

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 par-
doning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of
grace

Long grieved and resisted, may take
his sad flight,

And leave thee in darkness to finish thy
race,

To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

56

HEAR the words of Jesus,

As you often may,

And their loving message

Do not put away;

Grace that is redeeming

In the words appear,

If you will receive them

Even as you hear.

Cho.—Words of Jesus, sweet and holy,
Never will they pass away.

Never will they pass away;

Precious words of Jesus, giving
life to all,

Never will they pass away.

L. H., 2, Words—B

2 Take the words of Jesus,
Hide them in your heart,
And in joy or sorrow
Let them not depart;
Take the words and keep them
With a spirit true,
That the hope of heaven
May abide with you.

3 Speak the words of Jesus,
And their message give,
That the lost and erring
May return and live;
Speak them to the weary,
As you see the need,
For in time of trouble
They are sweet indeed.

4 Sing the words of Jesus,
Sing them far and near,
That the world around us
May the gospel hear;
There is nothing sweeter,
As we pass along,
Than the words of Jesus
Blended into song.

57

THE fountain of healing is open,
The waters are troubled to-night;
And all who shall plunge 'neath the
billows
May rise in the raiment of white.

Cho.—Then come to this fountain of
healing,
Step into the waters of love;
Be clothed in the garment of beauty,
Be heir to the riches above.

2 There's nothing unholy can enter
The beautiful kingdom of light;
The garments of all must be spotless,
Who sit with our King on the right.

3 Oh, come with your sins and trans-
gressions,
This moment step into the pool,
To rise from its depths with rejoicing,
With not a dark blot on your soul.

58

THERE came to my heart a sweet mes-
sage of love,
When I was forsaken and sad;
It came from above like a heavenly
dove;

It bade me rejoice and be glad;
New courage arose in my soul when I
heard

Of One who deliv'rance could bring:
I bowed in contrition to Jesus my
Lord;

Now the wonderful story I sing.

Cho.—Sweet, sweet old story, oft has
been told;
Wonderful story that never grows old.

2 How sweet was the message that
came to my heart,
And filled me with sunshine and
song!

My hope did abound when the Saviour
I found;

I think of him all the day long,
And following closely my Shepherd and
Guide,

He leads me where cool waters
spring;

My soul is refreshed as in him I abide,
And rejoicing, his praises I sing.

3 And since I am his, and I know he is
mine,

How sweet is the peace He has giv'n!
From morning till night He's my joy
and delight,

A blessed assurance of heav'n;
In perfect submission I follow along,

For He is my Saviour and King;
And when I have joined with the glori-
fied throng,

Then forever this theme I will sing.

59

SAVIOUR, often I am tempted,
Oft from thee my soul is led astray;
Give me strength for ev'ry trial,
Keep me ever in the homeward way.

Cho.—Oh, more of thee my spirit needs,
More love, more strength for noble
deeds;

On thee alone my spirit feeds,
Dear Lord, refresh me now.

2 Oh, I love to serve thee better,
More for thee, dear Lord, I long to
do;

Fill me now with thy sweet Spirit,
Banish weakness and my strength re-
new.

3 Saviour, while I bow before thee,
Fill my soul with peace and love di-
vine,

Comfort me with thy sweet whispers,
Let me feel that I am wholly thine.

60

THERE'S a veil that hangs before me,
And an unknown pathway hides;
There's an eye that's watching o'er me,
An almighty hand that guides.

So I need not fear the morrow;
Peace is in my heart to-day,
For my blessed Saviour tells me,
He'll be with me all the way.

Cho.—All the way, all the way,
He'll be with me all the way;
O my blessed Saviour tells me,
He'll be with me all the way.

2 At the blood-stain'd cross he met me,
Bade me look to him and live;

Tho' temptations shall beset me,
Overcoming pow'r he'll give.

There's a joy that shines about me,
With a pure and heav'nly ray,

For my blessed Saviour tells me,
He'll be with me all the way.

3 In the time of pain and sadness,
His sweet promise I will test;

Welcome, sunny hours of gladness,
By his smile made doubly blest.

Ev'ry step that leads to glory
Shall his wondrous love display,

For my blessed Saviour tells me,
He'll be with me all the way.

61

O JESUS, thou art standing
Outside the fast-clos'd door,

In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er.

We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;

Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us!
To keep him standing there.

2 O Jesus, thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarr'd,

And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marr'd:

Oh, love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!

Oh, sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,

"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"

O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:

Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore!

62

COME, contrite one, and seek his grace,
Jesus is passing by;

See in his reconciled face
The sunshine of the sky.

Cho.—Passing by, passing by,
Hasten to meet him on the way,
Jesus is passing by to-day.
Passing by, passing by.

2 Come, hungry one, and tell your
need,
Jesus is passing by;
The Bread of Life your soul will feed,
And fully satisfy.

3 Come, weary one, and find sweet rest,
Jesus is passing by;
Come where the longing heart is blest,
And on his bosom lie.

4 Come, burdened one, bring all your
care,
Jesus is passing by;
The love that listens to your prayer
Will "no good thing" deny.

63

IT comes to me ever in sorrow and woe,
At rest, or wherever I be,
My Saviour's sweet promise, it comforts
me so,
He careth for even like me.

Cho.—He careth for me, let the billows
roll,
Let wild tempests rage, safe will be my
soul.

Supreme within this tho't shall be,
Whatever betide, he careth for me.

2 It comes to me ever when Satan is
near,
And from his dark pow'r sets me free;
Behind this blest refuge no harm need
I fear,
He careth for even like me.

3 It comes to me even in night's lonely
hour,
And when I am on bended knee,
This blessed assurance, it gives me great
pow'r,
He careth for even like me.

4 Let this be my pleading before the
white throne,
When I for the Judgment shall be;
No merit have I, but Jesus, thy Son—
He careth for even like me.

64

I LOVE the Lord, for he hath heard
My voice of supplication,
And for the promise in his word
Of full and free salvation.

Cho.—I love the Lord, I love the Lord,
With heart and soul I love him;
His name to me is melody,
My Saviour—how I love him!

2 I love him, for he hath inclined
A gracious ear unto me,
And sent his Holy Spirit kind
From sinful paths to woo me.

3 And for the tender, loving care
He evermore hath given;
With Christ, his Son, to be joint heir
Of mansions fair in heaven.

4 And tho' with all my ransom'd pow'rs
I worship and adore him,
How small now seems the all I bring
And humbly lay before him.

65

CHRIST will me his aid afford,
Never to fall, never to fall;
While I find my precious Lord
Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.

Cho.—Jesus now is and ever will be
Sweeter than all the world to me.
Since I heard his loving call,
Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.

2 I can follow all the way,
Hearing him call, hearing him call;
Finding him, from day to day,
Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.

3 Tho' a vessel I would be,
Broken and small, broken and
small;
Yet his manna falls on me,
Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.

4 When I reach the crystal sea,
Voices will call, voices will call;
But my Saviour's voice will be
Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.

66

DO you slumber in your tent, Christian
soldier?

While the foe is spreading woe thro'
the land?

Do you note his rising pow'r
Growing bolder ev'ry hour?
Will he not our land devour while you
stand?

Cho.—Let us arise, all unite!
 Let us arise in our might!
 Let us arise, speak for God and the
 right!
 Tho' our numbers may be few,
 God will lead us grandly thro',
 And our arms with strength endue by
 his might.

2 Can you sleep while homes are rent,
 Christian soldier?
 Are not heavens turn'd to hells by his
 power?
 Mark you not the mother's sigh?
 Hear you not the children's cry?
 See you not their loved ones die ev'ry
 hour?

3 Can you linger in your tent, Chris-
 tian soldier?
 Satan's smiling o'er your idle delay;
 Thousands perish while you wait,
 While you counsel and debate;
 Heed you not their awful fate as they
 stray?

4 Let us rise in holy wrath, Christian
 soldiers,
 Crush the evil 'neath the heel of our
 might!
 Counting cost no longer wait;
 Forward, manhood of the state,
 For in God your strength is great for
 the right!

67

MAKE the moments count for Jesus,
 Happy, then, our ransom'd days.
 Royal jewels in life's setting,
 Sparkling ever to his praise.

Cho.—Precious moments—all for Jesus!
 Mounting heav'nward as they fly;
 Bearing each a golden treasure,
 For the crowning by and by.

2 Sow the seeds of loving kindness,
 Cast them on the floating stream,
 Let us, trusting in the Saviour,
 Do the good of which we dream.

3 Naught too humble for his notice,
 Naught too small for him to use,
 May we not, the moments slighting,
 Rich, immortal blessing lose?

4 Holy Spirit, take possession.
 Guide and sanctify and fill;
 Make our moments count for Jesus,
 Working out his blessed will.

68

LIFT the glorious banner of our Sav-
 iour, Lord and King,
 Crown him with your praises, let the
 happy children sing
 Till the vales and mountains with ho-
 sannas sweetly ring,
 And Jesus reigns supreme.

Cho.—Lift the glorious banner, lift the
 banner, lift the banner,
 Let the royal ensign, royal ensign be
 unfurled;
 Lift the glorious banner, lift the ban-
 ner, lift the banner,
 Let the royal ensign grandly wave
 o'er all the world.

2 Lift the glorious banner, o'er the
 world now let it wave,
 Telling of the Saviour who from sin and
 death will save,
 Sending out its gladness and the hope
 that many crave,
 Now lift this ensign high.

3 Lift the glorious banner, O ye faith-
 ful, saved and free,
 Onward march together on to glorious
 victory;
 Never, never falter, but to Jesus loyal
 be,
 And soon he'll reign supreme.

69

FOR all the saints who from their la-
 bors rest,
 Who thee by faith before the world con-
 fessed,
 Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
 Alleluia!

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress,
 and their Might,
 Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-
 fought fight;
 Thou, in the darkness drear, their one
 true light. Alleluia!

3 Oh, may thy soldiers, faithful, true,
 and bold,
 Fight as the saints who nobly fought of
 old,
 And win with them the victor's crown
 of gold. Alleluia!

4 Oh, blest communion, fellowship di-
 vine!
 We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
 Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.
 Alleluia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!

7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passing on his way. Alleluia!

70
HALLELUJAH! hallelujah! O what joy divine!
Since I heard the voice of Jesus, "Fear not, thou art mine!"
Now a peace that passeth knowledge cheers each passing day,
While his glory freely given shines upon my way.

Cho.—When the conflict of life is over, at his right hand
With the ransom'd from ev'ry nation, redeem'd I'll stand;
There I'll see my Saviour, and I'll tell forever
How he saved when I came pleading before his feet.

2 Oh, it was a happy moment when I heard him say,
"Tho' your sins be red as crimson, they are washed away;"
And he freely, freely gave me pardon full, complete,
As I lay a helpless sinner pleading at his feet.

3 Glory! glory! I keep singing all along my way,
For the peace of full salvation fills my soul to-day;
And my heart, so glad, rejoices—knowing he is mine.
For the Saviour walks beside me—Comforter divine.

4 And in heav'n I'll sing forever praises to his name,
And I'll tell to list'ning angels how to me he came,
In his love so kind and tender, with forgiveness sweet.
When I lay a helpless sinner pleading at his feet.

71
O'ER death's sea, in yon blest city,
There's a home for ev'ry one;
Purchas'd with a price most costly,
'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.

Cho.—In that city—bright city,
Soon with loved ones I shall be;
And with Jesus live forever,
In that city beyond death's sea.

2 Here we've no abiding city,
Mansions here will soon decay;
But that city God's built firmly,
It can never pass away.

3 I have loved ones in that city,
Those who left me years ago;
They with joy are waiting for me,
Where no farewell tears e'er flow.

4 T'ward that pure and holy city
Oft my longing eyes I cast;
Jesus whispers sweetly to me,
Heav'n is yours when earth is past.

72
STANDING like a lighthouse on the shores of time,
Looking o'er the waves of darkness, sin and crime,
Open up your windows, there's a work sublime:
Let the gospel light shine out.

Cho.—Let the gospel light shine out,
Let the gospel light shine out,
Keep your lamp in order, trimm'd and burning bright,
Let the gospel light shine out.

2 There are human shipwrecks lying all around,
Oh, what moral darkness ev'rywhere is found:
Warn some other vessels off from dangerous ground.
Let the gospel light shine out.

3 Do not let the bushel cover up your light,
Keep your lamp in order, trimm'd and burning bright,
Try to be a blessing, brighten up the night.
Let the gospel light shine out.

4 Try to live for Jesus till this life is o'er,
For along this pathway you will pass no more,
Till he bids you welcome on the other shore.
Let the gospel light shine out.

73

'TIS a good work, grand work, this of
winning souls;
Oh, the tide of joy like a river rolls,
And the peace of God the trusting heart
controls,
Winning precious souls for Jesus.

Cho.—'Tis a grand work, winning souls!
'Tis a glorious work, winning
souls!
Heaven's bliss is nearer and the
Saviour dearer,
'Tis a grand work, winning souls.

2 Oh, 'tis sweet to live so near the
Master's side,
All the pow'r we need from his grace
supplied,
Leading weary wand'ers to the Cru-
cified,
Winning precious souls for Jesus.

3 We can throw a light across a dark-
ened way,
A bright, sunny gleam from the Land
of Day,
We can show his love in all we do and
say,
Winning precious souls for Jesus.

4 Let us work away until the even
fall,
Till the starry hour when the angels
call;
Then a crown of life beyond the jasper
wall—
Glory evermore to Jesus.

74

I SHALL lay the cross aside,
Some day, some glad day;
Safely pass to Canaan's side,
Some day, some glad day;
If I live a life of pray'r,
And the cross for Jesus bear,
I a glorious crown shall wear,
Some day, some glad day.

2 I the sinners' friend shall see,
Some day, some glad day;
See the wounds once made for me,
Some day, some glad day;
I shall press close to His side,
Who for me was crucified,
And shall then be satisfied,
Some day, some glad day.

3 I shall meet the friends of yore,
Some day, some glad day;
And with them the Lamb adore,
Some day, some glad day;

There at Jesus' sacred feet
Saints of ev'ry clime I'll meet,
Hold with them communion sweet,
Some day, some glad day.

4 I shall lean on Jesus' breast,
Some day, some glad day;
Find a sweet, a perfect rest,
Some day, some glad day;
On that bright eternal shore
All our sorrows will be o'er,
We shall meet to part no more,
Some day, some glad day.

75

WAKE, list'ning skies, and tell the
wondrous story,
Shout, mighty hills, and praise
Messiah's name;
Roll, ocean waves, and greet the King
of Glory,
Jesus is come! let earth her joy pro-
claim.

Cho.—Jesus is come! gladly I'll receive
him;
Jesus is come! gladly I'll believe him;
Message of peace, driving care away,
Jesus is come to my soul to-day!

2 Chime, bells of joy, your tuneful
echoes blending,
While on the air harmonious sounds
arise;
Blow, breezes, blow, the theme of glad-
ness sending,
Wave, cedars tall, and tell it to the
skies.

3 Chant, hosts above, your harps cele-
stial sounding,
Tell out the news, ye choirs around
the throne;
Sing, sons of earth, your hearts with
praises bounding,
Jesus is come! oh, make His glories
known.

76

SOME of these days the skies will be
brighter;
Some of these days the burdens be
lighter;
Hearts will be happier, souls will be
whiter,
Some of these days, some of these days.

Cho.—Some of these days
All sin will be banished,
Some of these days
All evil have vanished.

Earth will be brighter,
Hearts will be lighter,
Souls will be whiter,
Some of these days.

2 Some of these days, in deserts up-
springing,
Fountains will flash, while joy-bells are
ringing,
Earth will be full of joy and of singing,
Some of these days, some of these days.

3 Some of these days we'll bury our
sorrow,
Out of the future, light we may bor-
row;
There will be joy and hope in the mor-
row,
Some of these days, some of these days.

4 Some of these days God's wondrous
salvation
Will, in its love, embrace ev'ry nation;
All then shall hail our King's corona-
tion.
Some of these days, some of these days.

77

IF o'er thy way dark clouds are cast,
Look up with faith till they are past,
The sun will surely shine at last,
In God's own time.

Cho.—Then do not fear, tho' dark the
night,
But rise on wings of faith sublime,
For ev'ry thing will come out right,
In God's own time, in God's own
time.

2 Hast thou pray'd long and fervently,
And yet no answer came to thee?
Thy pray'r will some time answer'd be,
In God's own time.

3 Look up with joy, nor longer weep,
Thy God will ev'ry promise keep,
And thou wilt yet the harvest reap,
In God's own time.

4 Tho' thro' the glass thou cans't not
see,
And wonder why some things must be,
Yet thou wilt know each mystery,
In God's own time.

5 And would'st thou be forever blest?
Just trust in God and do thy best,
Then thou shalt enter into rest,
In God's own time.

78

OH, the world has need of sunshine as
you go,
For we often see the tears of sorrow
flow:

You can haste that coming day,
When they'll all be wiped away,
If you scatter blessed sunshine as you
go.

Cho.—You can scatter blessed sunshine
as you go,
You can scatter blessed sunshine
as you go;
Oh, so many hearts are sad,
You can help to make them glad,
If you scatter blessed sunshine as
as you go.

2 You can labor for the Master as you
go,
Plant the precious seed and he will bid
it grow;
Toiling on, whate'er betide,
With the Saviour by your side,
You can scatter blessed sunshine as you
go.

3 You will meet with many trials as
you go,
There will be some self-denials here be-
low;
But keep looking still above,
And remember God is love,
While you scatter blessed sunshine as
you go.

79

THE earth was fill'd with peace and
light,
When Christ arose;
The heavens trembled at the sight,
When Christ arose;
The sea rejoiced along the sands,
The vernal valleys clapp'd their hands,
The mountains sang, and all the lands,
When Christ arose.

2 The tomb was empty where he lay,
When Christ arose;
And angels roll'd the stone away,
When Christ arose;
A sound of triumph thrill'd the air,
The glorious tidings to declare,
And there was gladness ev'rywhere,
When Christ arose.

3 The soul of man was born anew,
When Christ arose;
The cross divine appear'd in view,
When Christ arose;
A glorious light from heaven stream'd,
And from the cross a radiance beam'd,
For ev'ry spirit was redeemed,
When Christ arose.

80

COME, Holy Spirit, thee I am needing,
That I be filled with the life-giving
bread;

Spirit of blessing, come while I'm plead-
ing,

Come, that my poor hungry soul may
be fed.

Cho.—Coming, believing, sweetly receiv-
ing,

Welcome, most welcome, O
Spirit of love;

Promise of Jesus, Comforter pre-
cious,

Thou art most welcome, O
Spirit of love.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, dwell in me sweet-
ly,

Come to my heart all the dross to
consume;

Come just this moment, fill me complete-
ly,

All my whole being control and il-
lume.

3 Come, Holy Spirit, fill to o'erflowing,
Give me an anthem down deep in my
heart;

If thou shalt ever in me be glowing
I may to others rich blessings impart.

81

I AM safe in the Rock that is higher
than I;

This my refuge thro' storms e'er shall
be;

I ho' my frail bark is tossed on the bil-
lows' mad foam,

Yet I'm sheltered forever in thee.

Cho.—Sheltered in thee,
Sheltered in thee,

O thou blest Rock of Ages
I am sheltered in thee.

2 I am safe in the Cleft that was riven
for me;

From the pow'r of the tempter I'm
free;

Tho' my pathway be dark and the
storms sweep the sky,

Yet securely I'm sheltered in thee.

3 I am safe in the Rock let whatever
betide;

Death and hell have no terror to me;
I can walk without fear thro' the

shadowy vale,
For securely I'm sheltered in thee.

82

OUR Fatherland, thy name so dear
Our souls repeat while strangers here;
And oh, how oft we sigh for thee,
Our Fatherland beyond the sea.

Cho.—Our Fatherland, dear Fatherland,
We long to press thy golden strand,
And hail the bright and shining band,
In thy sweet vales, dear Fatherland.

2 Above the stars, above the skies,
Thy tow'ring hills majestic rise;
Thy sunny fields with verdure glow,
And fadeless flowers in beauty grow.

3 There Jesus reigns, our Saviour-King,
And one by one his own will bring,
Thy songs to join, thy bliss to share,
O Fatherland, our Zion fair.

4 No tears shall dim, no pain destroy
The light of peace, the smile of joy;
No more we'll clasp the parting hand
Within thy gates, our Fatherland.

83

COME to the Saviour,
Seek now his favor,
No longer waver,
Come while you may;
Hear him entreat you,
Now he will meet you,
Now he will greet you,
Come, come to-day.

2 Jesus will hear you,
He will draw near you,
His love will cheer you,
Come while you may;
Sinner, believe him,
No longer grieve him,
Just now receive him,
Come, come to-day.

3 Come, be forgiven,
Long you have striven,
O start for heaven,
Come while you may;
Weep not in sorrow,
Nor try to borrow
Hope from the morrow,
Come, come to-day.

4 Prayers are ascending,
Angels are bending,
Friends are attending,
Come while you may;
Ere you are lying
Low with the dying,
For mercy crying,
Come, come to-day.

84

WEARY child, thy sin forsaking,
Close thy heart no more;
From thy dream of pleasure waking,
Open wide the door.

Cho.—While the lamp of life is burning,
And the heart of God is yearning,
To his loving arms returning,
Give thy wandering o'er.

2 To the Saviour's tender pleading
Close thy heart no more;
Now the call of mercy heeding
Open wide the door.

3 To the gospel invitation
Close thy heart no more;
To receive a full salvation
Open wide the door.

4 To the joy that fadeth never
Close thy heart no more;
To the peace abiding ever
Open wide the door.

85

HOW many sad partings we have on
earth's shore,
Yet there is a country where friends
part no more;
There from those who love us no more
will we roam,
No more sad farewells when we all
meet at home.

Cho.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
In mansions of glory we'll all meet at
home.

2 There death cannot enter to spread
his alarms,
Our dear ones of earth are not torn
from our arms;
No more the pale boatman will sail o'er
the foam
To bear us away, when we all meet at
home.

3 Why should these brief partings
bring tears to our eyes?
We'll soon be united to dwell in the
skies;
With joy we will gather above yonder
dome,
And make heaven ring when we all
meet at home.

4 There Christ is preparing a mansion
so fair,
And soon he will call us to dwell with
him there;
With joy we will go when we hear him
say "come,"
To dwell evermore in that beautiful
home.

86

I KNOW that my Redeemer liveth,
And on the earth again shall stand;
I know eternal life he giveth,
That grace and pow'r are in his hand.

Cho.—I know, I know that Jesus liveth,
And on the earth again shall stand;
I know, I know that life he giveth,
That grace and pow'r are in his hand.

2 I know his promise never faileth,
The word he speaks it cannot die;
Tho' cruel death my flesh assaileth,
Yet I shall see him by and by.

3 I know my mansion he prepareth,
That where he is there I shall be;
Oh, wondrous tho't! for me he careth,
And he at last will come for me.

87

I'M thinking just now of a beautiful
rest,
Where sin has no place and where none
can molest,
Where all dwell in peace and are per-
fectly blest,
Just over beyond in Eden.

Cho.—Just over beyond in Eden,
Beautiful, beautiful Eden,
Close, close by the side of the Christ
crucified,
Just over beyond in Eden.

2 I'm thinking again of the pavements
of gold,
Where none ever tread who are hungry
and cold,
Where all may partake of the sweet of
the fold,
Just over beyond in Eden.

3 I'm thinking of those with the burdens
laid down,
The cross interchang'd for a beautiful
crown,
Who share in the wealth of that land of
renown,
Just over beyond in Eden.

4 I'm thinking again of a rapturous song,
In praise of the Lamb, from a glorified
throng,
That sweetly shall roll thro' the ages
along,
Just over beyond in Eden.

5 I'm longing just now for the heavenly
life,
I fain would be free from vexation and
strife.
And dwell with my King where pure
pleasures are rife,
Just over beyond in Eden.

88

COME in, come in, O blessed One;
My heart is all thine own;
Here make thy constant dwelling place,
Thy temple and thy throne.

Cho.—Hallelujah, hallelujah,
For the grace that makes me free;
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Lord, to thee.

2 Come in, come in, O blessed One;
Thou King of kings divine,
My life, my will, my ev'ry pow'r,
Without reserve are thine.

3 Come in, come in, O blessed One,
Whose name the angels praise,
While mortal tongues in humbler strains
Their grateful tribute raise.

4 Come in, O Sun of Righteousness,
And source of endless day,
Thou Lamb of God, whose cleansing blood
Has washed my sins away.

89

LOOK well to your cables, my brother,
For severed the faith-strands may be,
Take heed lest you slip from your moorings,
And storm-toss'd lie out on life's sea.

Cho.—Drifting away, drifting away,
Far from the home of the blest;
Then anchor your soul on the Christ-rock,
For under its shadow is rest.

2 Concealed by the gathering darkness
Are breakers of sin, just at hand;
O soul, there is many a danger
To keep you from gaining the land.

3 So anchor your bark to the Christ-rock,
And ask the dear Jesus to be
Your pilot, to guide you in safety
To the shores of eternity.

90

O BEAUTIFUL home of the weary,
Where Jesus and cherish'd ones dwell,
Where never's a path lone and dreary,
Where never is heard a farewell!
Sometime we will reach the fair portals,
O blessed and peaceful retreat,
And there 'mid the shining immortals,
Again our beloved we'll greet.

Cho.—We'll meet them, sometime we
will meet them,
The dear ones who lovingly wait;
We'll greet them, sometime we will greet
them,
Up there at the beautiful gate.

2 O beautiful home of the weary,
So far from this valley of tears,
Where we with our lov'd ones may
tarry
Throughout all the rapturous years!
Oh, sweet is the thought of re-union,
Up there in the home of the soul,
A blessed and holy communion,
While ages on ages shall roll.

3 O kingdom of beauty and gladness,
Where God and his Son are the light;
Where never are partings or sadness,
Where never is sickness or blight!
Sometime, in the home of our Father,
Where nothing shall mar or molest,
With songs of rejoicing we'll gather
With those we hold sweetest and best.

91

I NEED thee ev'ry hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.

Cho.—I need thee, oh, I need thee;
Ev'ry hour I need thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to thee.

2 I need thee ev'ry hour;
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their pow'r
When thou art nigh.

3 I need thee ev'ry hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need thee ev'ry hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

5 I need thee ev'ry hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

92

ON for Jesus! steady be your arm and
brave;
Onward, onward, take the shield and
sword;
On for Jesus! standard of your Captain
wave,
Pressing onward, trusting in his word.

Cho.—Marching, marching on,
We're marching onward still for Jesus;
Marching, marching on,
Beneath the banner of the free.
"On for Jesus!" this shall be the battle-
cry,

Ne'er retreating, ever pressing on;
On for Jesus! marching on to victory,
As we shout the glad redemption song.

2 On for Jesus! tiresome tho' the con-
flict be,
Tho' the hosts of sin are pressing
hard;

On for Jesus! striving for the victory,
Endless life will soon be your reward.

3 On for Jesus, till the sound of strife
is o'er!

When the great Commander calls for
thee
Thou shalt wear a crown of life forever-
more,
And with Jesus reign eternally.

93

IF I could only tell Him as I know
Him,
My Redeemer who has brightened all
my way;

If I could tell how precious is his pres-
ence,
I am sure that you would make him
yours to-day.

Cho.—Could I tell it, could I tell it,
How the sunshine of his presence
lights my way,

I would tell it, I would tell it,
And I'm sure that you would make
him yours to-day.

2 If I could only tell you how he loves
you,

And if we could thro' the lonely gar-
den go,
If I could tell his dying pain and par-
don,
You would worship at his wounded
feet, I know.

3 If I could tell how sweet will be his
welcome.

In that home whose wondrous beauty
ne'er was told;
And tell you how he waits and longs to
save you,
You would seek him, and abide with-
in his fold.

4 But I can never tell him as I know
him;
Human tongue can never tell of love
divine;

I only can entreat you to accept him;
Come and know the joy and peace
forever mine.

94

THE mountain-path is rough and steep,
The Lord knoweth the way;
His mighty arm my steps will keep,
The Lord knoweth the way;
And while I in his love abide,
And ev'ry need to him confide,
He says my feet shall never slide,
The Lord knoweth the way.

Cho.—He'll walk beside me, He'll gently
guide me,
My Saviour knoweth, he knoweth the
way;

Oh, let me to his hand cling fast
Till earthly ills are overpast,
And I shall reach his home at last,
The Lord knoweth the way.

2 Thro' sunshine bright or shadow dim,
The Lord knoweth the way;

I'll leave the planning all to him,
The Lord knoweth the way;
Amid the windings of the road
He'll choose the course, he'll lift the
load,
And lead me to his blessed side,
The Lord knoweth the way.

3 I'll follow still the blood-stain'd track,
The Lord knoweth the way;
And "no good thing" my soul shall lack,
The Lord knoweth the way;

Then up and on, from vale to hill,
Surrendered to my Saviour's will,
His blessed purpose he'll fulfill,
The Lord knoweth the way.

95

JESUS, Saviour, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boist'rous waves obey thy will.
When thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

96

WHAT seed are you sowing in life's
harvest-field,
While swiftly the bright moments
fly?
Each seed that you sow will spring up
and grow,
And the harvest will come by and by.

Cho.—The harvest will come by and by,
by and by,
The harvest will come by and by, by
and by,
Each seed that you sow will spring up
and grow,
And the harvest will come by and by.

2 Sow good seed at morning, at noon-
tide and eve,
And let thy seed wisely be cast;
Then joy will be thine—thou needst not
repine,
When cometh the reaping at last!

3 Be watchful and earnest and pray'r-
fully sow,
Trust God for the sunshine and rain;
Oh, sweet it will be at harvest to know,
Thy labor has not been in vain!

97

KEEP thy heart with earnest effort,
To thy God thine ear incline;
Put away all foolish longings,
Waiting for his will divine.

Cho.—Keep thy heart—with fervent
watching;
Cleanse its courts with loving care—
Face to face, in sweet communion,
Thou shalt meet thy Saviour there.

2 Keep thy heart—thou shalt not stum-
ble
In the path of truth and light
If with firm and earnest purpose
Thou shalt keep thy heart aright.

3 Keep thy heart—dare not to enter
In the broad but downward way,
Thine the narrow path that shineth
Brighter to the perfect day.

4 Keep thy heart—thy Father seeth
All that is to men unknown;
Surely in the day of sentence
He shall claim thee for his own.

98

WHEN the pendulum of time shall for-
ever cease to swing,
And Jehovah's trump o'er all the
earth shall sound;
When the nations all shall rise, march-
ing forth in solemn tread,
Tell, oh, tell me, on which side will
you be found?

Cho.—On the Lord's side, on the Lord's
side,
I will answer when Jehovah's trump
shall sound;
On the Lord's side, on the Lord's side,
Safely gather'd with the faithful I'll
be found.

2 When the Book is opened there in the
presence of the King,
And the millions crowd the judgment
bar around;
When the hosts of great and small, over
there before him stand,
With the just upon the right will you
be found?

3 There the secrets of the heart, good
or evil tho' they be,
He the Righteous Judge will herald
far and near;
When the nations he divides, as the
shepherd doth his sheep,
Tell, oh, tell me, on which side will
you appear?

99

IF our Lord should come to-night,
With the bright angelic host,
Would he find us in his vineyard,
Ev'ry servant at his post?
Thro' the precious, cleansing blood
Are our garments clean and white?
Are we dwelling in the light,
Should our Lord appear to-night?

Cho.—Are we watching, are we waiting
In the raiment pure and white?
Should we joy at his appearing
If our Lord should come to-
night?

2 If our Lord should come to-night,
Come as King and Judge of all,
Are there any here assembled
Who would tremble at his call?
Is there one, oh, is there one
Far from Jesus and the light,
Unrepentant, lost, undone,
If the Judge should come to-night?

3 Christ as King and Judge will come,
 'Tis recorded in his book;
 He will bid us stand before him,
 Not a soul will he o'erlook!
 Are we ready, ev'ry one?
 Are we in the raiment white.
 If the Judge of all mankind
 Should appear this very night?

3 He's mine because he's in my heart,
 And never, never will depart;
 Just as the branch is in the vine
 I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.

4 Some day upon the streets of gold
 Mine eyes his glory shall behold.
 Then, while his arms around me twine,
 I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."

100

TAKE your place in the ranks of God,
 Stand in line where your duty lies,
 Press the path that the Master trod,
 Fix on the Lord your eyes.
 Be your watchword Christ for all,
 All for Christ, your motto be;
 Let men hear your earnest call,
 Now is salvation free.

102

AS a Christian band,
 Forward hand in hand,
 To the Master's work we go;
 To a ruined race
 We declare his grace,
 And endeavor his love to show.

Cho.—Take your place! take your place!
 Stand in line where your duty lies;
 God will give strength and grace;
 Fix on the Lord your eyes.

Cho.—To the work, hand in hand,
 To the Master's work we go;
 To a ruined race
 We declare his grace,
 And endeavor his love to show.

2 Ev'ry one has a work to do,
 Ev'ry one has a place to fill,
 Ev'ry one may be good and true,
 All may be saved who will.
 As the Father gave his Son,
 Will you give to him your heart?
 Think what great things he hath done,
 Will you perform your part?

2 In our task agreed,
 Taking for our creed,
 All the blessed word of God,
 We together meet,
 And in union sweet,
 Seek to walk where the Master trod.

3 Oh, say not that your work is small,
 Do not murmur if you must plod,
 Do your duty whate'er befall,
 Leave all the rest with God.
 Use your talent, hide it not,
 For a purpose it was given;
 For some soul it may be fraught
 With all the joys of heaven.

3 Far as sin hath wrought,
 Hath our Saviour taught
 That the word of life should go;
 And we strive as one
 That his will be done,
 And the whole world his great love
 know.

101

THERE'S One above all earthly friends
 Whose love all earthly love transcends,
 It is my Lord and Christ divine,
 My Lord, because I know he's mine.

4 Bless the work begun,
 And until 'tis done,
 May we faithful, Lord, be found;
 May our ranks increase,
 And in grace and peace
 More and more make us to abound.

Cho.—I know he's mine, this friend so
 dear,
 He lives with me, he's ever near;
 Ten thousand charms around him shine,
 And, best of all, I know he's mine.

103

2 He's mine because he died for me,
 He saved my soul, he set me free;
 With joy I worship at his shrine,
 And cry, "Praise God, I know he's
 mine."

SOMETHING more of Jesus,
 I must learn to-day,
 Something more of Jesus,
 Walking in his way;
 Something more of his life below,
 More of his journeys to and fro,
 Wonderful blessings to bestow,
 Something more to-day.

Cho.—Something more than I've learn'd
before,

More of thyself, I pray;
More of thy love, blessed Friend above,
Something more to-day.

2 Something more of Jesus,

When his word I read,
Something more of Jesus,
For my present need;
Something more of his care for me,
More of his risen life I'd see,
Love so eternal, warm and free,
Something more to-day.

3 Something more of Jesus,

As his work I do,
Something more of Jesus,
Of his help so true;
Something more of his mighty power,
Cleansing and keeping ev'ry hour,
More of his joy thro' sun and show'r,
Something more to-day.

104

O CHURCH of God, arise!
Reach out thy helping hand,
And like a trumpet let thy voice
Go forth to ev'ry land;
Lay not thine armor down,
Nor cease by day or night,
To lift the sword of gospel truth,
And wield it for the right.

Cho.—Then arise in thy glory, O Church
of God, arise!

'Tis the dawn of the morrow that greets
thy waiting eyes.

But cloud and mist and shadow must
all be rolled away,

But cloud and mist and shadow must
all be rolled away,

Before the world will usher in the long
expected day.

2 O Church of God, arise!

Thy borders wide extend,
And o'er the earth's remotest bounds
Thy heralds quickly send;
Thine armies now are great,
But greater they must be,
For ev'ry nation, ev'ry clime
Shall yet rejoice in thee.

3 O Church of God, arise!

The grand old choral strain
Of peace on earth, good will to man
That rang on Judah's plain,
O'er all the world shall ring,
And echo far and wide,
And then the King, thy Lord shall
come,
And claim his faithful bride.

105

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye lan-
quish;

Come to the mercy seat, fervently
kneel,

Here bring your wounded hearts, here
tell your anguish;

Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-
not heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the stray-
ing,

Hope of the penitent, fadeless and
pure,

Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly
saying,

"Earth has no sorrow that heaven
cannot cure."

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters
flowing

Forth from the throne of God, pure
from above;

Come to the feast of love; come, ever
knowing

Earth has no sorrow but heaven can
remove.

106

OUR Redeemer died to save us

On the cross of Calvary,
Suffered there that he might purchase

Endless life for you and me;

Tell to all the world the story

Of his wondrous sacrifice,

Tell them of his risen glory,

King of earth and Paradise.

Cho.—Tell the blessed story

To the sons of men;

Tell the blessed story

O'er and o'er again.

2 Tell of Jesus on the mountain,

Speaking to the multitude,

Preaching there the blessed gospel,

While he gave them earthly food;

Tell how winds and waves obeyed
him,

Owning thus his majesty

When he still'd the angry tempest,

On the Sea of Galilee.

3 Tell them all the words of comfort

Spoken by his loving voice,

Of his tender consolation,

Bidding troubled hearts rejoice;

Tell them of the living waters,

Flowing to refresh the soul,

And the golden crown that waits us

When at last we reach the goal.

107

SCATTERING precious seed by the
wayside,
Scattering precious seed by the hill-
side;
Scattering precious seed o'er the field,
wide,
Scattering precious seed by the way.

Cho.—Sowing in the morning,
Sowing at the noontide,
Sowing in the evening,
Sowing the precious seed by the way.

2 Scattering precious seed for the grow-
ing,
Scattering precious seed, freely sowing;
Scattering precious seed, trusting,
knowing,
Surely the Lord will send it the rain.

3 Scattering precious seed, doubting
never,
Scattering precious seed, trusting ever;
Sowing the word with pray'r and en-
deavor,
Trusting the Lord for growth and for
yield.

108 (109)

WE have heard of a land on whose
blue, ether skies
Not a cloud for a moment can stay,
And it needs not the sun in his splendor
to rise,
For the Lord is the light of its day;
We have heard of that land, and its
glory we seek,
Where the faithful with Jesus shall
dwell,
Where the roses of youth never fade
from the cheek,
And the lips never murmur, farewell.

Cho.—Beautiful land, beautiful land,
Over the rolling sea,
Beautiful land, beautiful land,
When shall we come to thee?

2 We have talked of that land when
our journey was long.
And our hearts overburdened with
care,
We have talked of the blest at the river
of song,
And how oft we have sighed to be
there;
And our faith has grown up, like a bird
on the wing,
To that land on eternity's shore,

Where the joys of Eden forever shall
ring,
And the soul shall be weary no more.

3 We are nearing that land, we are
nearing the gate
To the city of jasper and gold,
Where the Saviour to welcome his chil-
dren doth wait,
And will gather them into the fold;
To the fold of his love, in the mansions
above,
Where forever with him they shall
dwell,
And the eyes that were sad in his smile
shall be glad,
And the lips never murmur, farewell.

110

O WHAT everlasting mercy
Saved me, pardoned, and restored;
Fill me now to overflowing,
With thy Holy Spirit, Lord.
Give me of the living water,
Till my soul is satisfied;
From the wells of thy salvation,
Be my ev'ry need supplied.

Cho.—Fill me now, fill me now,
To overflowing, to overflowing,
Fill me now, fill me now,
With thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 Make my life henceforth a channel,
Where thy love shall have its way,
Bless'd, that I may be a blessing,
Use me, Saviour, ev'ry day.
Closer, closer to the fountain,
Hold my heart, my soul, my will;
Let the blessed heav'nly currents,
Richly all my being fill.

3 Free, exhaustless is the fountain,
Help me freely to believe,
Rivers of thy grace are promised,
More and more may I receive.
Happy thirst that keeps me coming,
Pleading still thy gracious word;
Fill me now to overflowing,
With thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

111

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry:
While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

Cho.—Saviour, Saviour,
Hear my humble cry,
While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heaven but thee?

112

NO scenes of mirth upon the earth
Such pleasures can impart,
As those which come to ev'ry one
When Christ is in the heart.

Cho.—O royal Guest, fill every breast,
And never more depart,
For this we know, 'tis heav'n below,
When Christ is in the heart.

2 Tho' sorrows roll upon the soul,
And tears unbidden start,—
Yet still we find sweet peace of mind
When Christ is in the heart.

3 Tho' we may find the world unkind,—
Its words may sting and smart,
Yet all the year the skies are clear
When Christ is in the heart.

4 So we will sing of Christ our King
Till soul and body part,
Then we'll go home no more to roam,
If Christ is in the heart.

113

WHEN from the scenes of earth we rise,
To find our home beyond the skies,
What visions then shall greet our eyes,
When we shall be with Jesus!

Cho.—To be with Jesus, O how sweet!
With saints and angels at his feet,
With songs we shall each other greet,
And ever be with Jesus.

2 The storms of life will all be o'er,
Our souls be tempest-toss'd no more,
When we have reach'd the golden shore,
For we shall be with Jesus.

3 Redeemed from sin and saved by
grace,
We shall behold his blessed face,
The wonders of his love to trace,
As we shall be with Jesus.

4 With him in glory e'er to stay,
Where founts of living waters play,
And sorrow's tears are wiped away,
Forevermore with Jesus.

114

O LOVE unmeasured, vast and deep,
Thy first glad chorus rang
When o'er the new creation's birth
The stars of the morn in beauty sang.

Cho.—The love of God made manifest
to us,
In the gift of Christ, his Son, whom he
spared not,
But for sin he delivered him up,
But for sin he delivered him up;
He has redeemed us, he has redeemed
us,
He has redeemed us thro' his atonement
once for all,

2 'Twas love that from our lost estate
Came down to set us free,
And gave its life that we henceforth
Redeem'd unto grace thro' faith might
be.

3 'Twas love inspired the angel host
At midnight hour to sing,
Good will to man and peace on earth,
Thro' him who is born to reign our
King.

4 'Twas love that bore the cross for us,
That we a crown might wear;
'Twas love unbarred the gates above,
And all who believe may enter there.

115

WHILE Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to own him,
Come, sinner, come!
Now is the the time to know him,
Come, sinner, come!

2 Are you too heavy laden?
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will not deceive you,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus can now redeem you,
Come, sinner, come!

3 O, hear his tender pleading,
Come, sinner, come!
Come and receive the blessing,
Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispered to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!

116

SING unto God with gladness,
Shout forth his praise to-day;
Sing unto God with gladness,
In sacred melody;

He is the great Jehovah,
He is the great Jehovah,

Let all the earth sing loud his praises
now and evermore.

Sing unto God,
Praise his name evermore;
He is God over all,
O, praise his holy name.

SEMI-CHORUS.

He is the great and mighty Jehovah,
He hath dominion over ev'ry creature;
For by his hand ev'rything was created,
And by his pow'r can all creation be de-
stroyed.

CHORUS.

Sing unto God with gladness,
Shout forth his praise to-day;
Sing unto God with gladness,
In sacred melody.

117

GLORY; Glory be to the Father, and
to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now and
ever shall be, world without end.
Amen, amen.

118

CLOSER, still closer, my Saviour, to
thee,
Closer to Jesus now fain would I be;
Round me his arm, on his bosom my
head,
Near the dear side which on Calvary
bled.

Cho.—Closer to thee, still closer to thee,
Dear Saviour, I want to be closer to
thee.

2 Closer by day, tho' my sky be all
bright;
Closer, still closer when falleth the
night;

L. H., 2, Words—C

Earth hath no brightness away from his
face;
Time has no moment I need not his
grace.

3 When to the Jordan of death I de-
scend,
Danger I'll fear not if Christ be my
friend;
Breasting the billows, my death-song
shall be,
Closer, still closer, my Saviour, to thee.

4 Closer to Jesus, I'm nearer to God;
Nearer the home of the Christian's
abode;
Nearer the great and the glorious Three,
Nearer to heaven when closer to thee.

119

GLORY, glory, God is our heavenly
Father;
Thro' his love he gave us his only Son,
To redeem us, heirs of his glory forever.
Heav'n and earth adore him, the holy
One.

Cho.—Sing, O sing! sing of the gracious
Redeemer;

Sing, O sing! his marvelous pow'r
make known.

Praise him, praise him, he is our Shep-
herd eternal,
High in pow'r, he reigneth upon the
throne.

2 Pardon, pardon, Jesus has purchased
our pardon;
Thro' his death he gave to us hope
and love.
Shepherd, lead us close by the waters
eternal,
Coming down from fountains of grace
above.

3 Praises, praises, sing to the Saviour
our praises!
Hallelujah, grace reaches even me;
Worthy, ever, he who hath brought us
salvation,
Throned above, our King and our
Lord to be.

120

WE shall cross the mystic river, one by
one,

When beyond the hills we see life's set-
ting sun;

With the boatman grim and pale,
Ev'ry soul must shortly sail.—

We shall cross the mystic river, one by
one.

Cho.—One by one, one by one,
We shall cross the mystic river one by
one,
To that land beyond the tide,
There forever to abide,—
We shall cross the mystic river, one by
one.

2 We have seen our friends cross over,
one by one,
When at eventide their earthly race was
run;
We have heard them say “good-bye,”
As we stood with tear-dimm'd eye,—
We have seen them cross the river, one
by one.

3 Days and weeks are passing swiftly,
one by one,
Soon our toiling and our journey will be
done,
Then with joy we'll sail away
For that land of perfect day,—
Soon we'll go where friends are waiting,
one by one.

4 We shall cross the mystic river, one
by one,
When the soul's eternal morning is be-
gun;
When the boat for us shall come,
We will sail away for home,—
We shall cross to be with Jesus, one by
one.

121

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

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

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

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

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

122

BLESSED Bible, Book of Gold,
Precious truths thy pages hold,
Truths to lead me day by day
All along my pilgrim way.

Cho.—Blessed Bible, pure and true,
Guide me all my journey through;
Heav'nly light within me shine,
Help me make thy precepts mine!

2 Lamp of faith, my feet to lead,
Bread of heav'n, my soul to feed,
Living waters, pure and free,
Book of books art thou to me.

3 Word of God, thy love impart,
Fire my zeal, and cleanse my heart;
Keep me earnest, keep me true,
Ev'ry day my strength renew.

123

JESUS is my joy and sunshine,
All along life's dreary way;
His blest presence makes my pathway
Bright as heaven's golden day.

Cho.—Joy, joy, blessed joy and sunshine,
Fills my happy soul to-day;
Peace, blessed peace is ever mine,
Shining all along my way.

2 And the glory of his presence
Fills my weary soul with peace;
And my heart is full of gladness—
Full of songs that never cease.

3 Day by day the way grows brighter;
O'er my path heav'n's golden ray
Sheds its beams of glorious sunlight,
Like unto the “perfect day.”

4 Beauty never seen by mortals,
To the eye of faith appears;
As we near the heav'nly portals,
Far beyond this vale of tears.

124

MANY souls are sinking in the wreck
to-day,

Lend a hand! lend a hand!
To the rescue, quickly man the boat,
away!

Lend a hand! lend a hand!
Waves are dashing high, soon 'twill be
too late,

Grasp the oar at once, do not longer
wait;

You may save a soul from an awful fate—
Lend a hand! lend a hand!

Cho.—Lend a hand! lend a hand!
To the rescue quick! man the boat,
away!

Lend a hand! lend a hand!

2 You may rescue many, if the storm
you brave,

Lend a hand! lend a hand!
Just your earnest effort is requir'd to
save—

Lend a hand! lend a hand!
Falls the dark'ning shade, fiercer grows
the gale;

Tho' the storm king's might maketh
stout hearts quail,
Yet without your aid, naught can e'er
avail—

Lend a hand! lend a hand!

3 Some there be, thro' toiling, who have
weary grown,

Lend a hand! lend a hand!
On the wreck are many who are far from
home,

Lend a hand! lend a hand!
Push away, away! God will surely bless,
Strength will give to aid those in sore
distress,

As your efforts be, so will be success.

Lend a hand! lend a hand!

125

MY JESUS, I love thee, I know thou
art mine;

For thee all the follies 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 I'll love thee in life, I will 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.

4 In mansions of glory and endless de-
light,

I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on
my brow,

If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

126

LAMP of my feet, thy guidance lend,
Walk by my side, my path attend;

Led by thy hand I cannot stray,
Lamp of my feet, my Life, my Way!

Cho.—Lamp of my feet, Light of my
path!

Lead, oh, lead thou me!

Star of my soul, guide and control,
Lead me nearer thee!

2 Light of my path, illumine my soul,
Help me thy glories to extol;

Fill me with peace like that above,
Light of my soul, Celestial Dove!

3 Star of my soul, within me shine,
Fill me with beams of joy divine;

Let me thy faithful servant be,
Star of my soul, oh, lead thou me!

127

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;

Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heav'nly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;

For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;

He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;

Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

128

BY and by I know there'll be, by the
shining crystal sea,
Such a glad home-gath'ring by and by;
When we walk the golden strand in that
bright and blessed land,
At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.

Cho.—There will be a glad home-gath'-
ring by and by;

There will be a glad home-gath'ring by
and by;

When the Lord shall bid us come to his
bright, celestial home,
To the glad home-gath'ring by and by.

2 Friend with friend again will meet,
O the welcome will be sweet,

At the glad home-gath'ring by and by;
We shall meet to part no more on that
fair and blissful shore,

At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.

3 Christ the Lamb shall be our light, we
shall walk with him in white,

At the glad home-gath'ring by and by;
He will wipe away our tears, he will
banish all our fears,

At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.

4 There's an invitation free, and it
comes to you and me,

To the glad home-gath'ring by and by;
Whosoever will may share in the joyful
meeting there,

At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.

5 Praise the Lord! I'm going too, now
by faith the scene I view,

At the glad home-gath'ring by and by;
By his grace and mercy free, with the
ransomed I will be,

At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.

129

GO, look away to Calvary,
All ye by sin oppressed,
And there the dying Saviour see,
And in his love be blest.

Cho.—Behold, behold, behold the Lamb
of God,

Which taketh away the sin of the
world,

Which taketh away the sin of the
world;

Behold, behold the Lamb of God,
Which taketh away the sin of the
world.

2 Of broken vows and failures oft
Thy heart has weary grown;
Then lift thy longing eyes aloft
To Christ the sinless one.

3 Go, trusting in the blood alone,
Bow humbly at his feet;
'Twill for the whole wide world
atone,
A sacrifice complete.

4 One look of penitential love,
And simple trusting faith,
Will all the guilt of sin remove,
And save from endless death.

130

WE will sing and make a joyful noise to
God,

We will tell his mighty wonders all
abroad;

Of his majesty and wisdom we will sing,
And adore him as our universal King.

Cho.—Joy and praise we will raise
To the honor of his great and mighty
name;

Oh, rejoice, heart and voice,
Sing hosanna, and his wondrous love
proclaim!

2 We will sing his boundless mercy,
ever new,

And his grace in showers abundant as
the dew;

We will spread his gospel truths from
pole to pole,

And his matchless love in songs of
triumph roll.

3 We will sing of Christ the Saviour
and his love,

We will worship our Redeemer-King
above;

For his kingdom stretches wide from
sea to sea,

And his glorious reign forevermore shall
be.

131

O PRAISE the Lord, when all the sky
Is rosy in the morn,

When dew-drops like the diamonds
bright,

The blushing flow'rs adorn;
When youth and joy go hand in hand

Thro' life's delightful way,
O lift the heart to God on high,

And for his blessing pray.

Cho.—O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord!

His saving pow'r proclaim;
O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord!
And magnify his name.

2 O praise the Lord, when noontide glow

Succeeds the early ray,
Amid the rush and stir of life,
Let him direct thy way;
To him who ruleth over all,
Thy grateful thanks are due;
Go, work for him who died to save,
And lift thy voice anew.

3 O praise the Lord, when sunset hues
Shall light the western sky,

When sweetly sounds the vesper bell,
And evening draweth nigh;
Then look beyond the shades of night,
To that fair morning shore,
Where angel hallelujahs roll,
And joy dwells evermore.

132

IT may not be on the mountain's height,

Or over the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle's front
My Lord will have need of me;
But, if by a still, small voice he calls
To paths that I do not know,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine,
I'll go where you want me to go.

Cho.—I'll go where you want me to go,
dear Lord,

Over mountain, or plain, or sea;
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
I'll be what you want me to be.

2 Perhaps to-day there are loving words

Which Jesus would have me speak—
There may be now in the paths of sin
Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
O Saviour, if thou wilt be my guide,
Tho' dark and rugged the way,
My voice shall echo thy message sweet,
I'll say what you want me to say.

3 There's surely somewhere a lowly place.

In earth's harvest fields so wide—
Where I may labor thro' life's short day
For Jesus the crucified—

So trusting my all to thy tender care,
And knowing thou lovest me,
I'll do thy will with a heart sincere,
I'll be what you want me to be.

133

THERE'S not a friend like the lowly Jesus,

No, not one! no, not one!
None else could heal all our soul's diseases,
No, not one! no, not one!

Cho.—Jesus knows all about our struggles,

He will guide till the day is done,
There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,
No, not one! no, not one!

2 No friend like him is so high and holy,

No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly,
No, not one! no, not one!

3 There's not an hour that he is not near us,

No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but his love can cheer us,
No, not one! no, not one!

4 Did ever saint find this friend forsake him?

No, not one! no, not one!
Or sinner find that he would not take him?
No, not one! no, not one!

5 Was e'er a gift like the Saviour given?

No, not one! no, not one!
Will he refuse us a home in heaven?
No, not one! no, not one!

134

JUST over the ocean is our home on high.

Where we all will gather and rest by and by;

We've a mansion far above the vaulted dome.

We shall soon be over, we are almost home.

Cho.—We are almost home, we are almost home,
 Just a few more trials, just a few more tears,
 Just a few more troubles, just a few more fears,
 Then we'll cast the anchor, never more to roam;
 We will soon be over, we are almost home, we are almost home.

2 Our house is all ready in the promised land,
 It was built and modeled by the Lord's own hand;
 He will lead us over when this life is o'er,
 Where beneath its portals we will rest evermore.

3 The road has been weary, and the way been long,
 But our hearts are cheery with the Lord's own song;
 See, the lights are gleaming o'er the ocean foam,
 And our joy is beaming, we are almost home.

4 Our dear ones are watching as we near the shore,
 How we long to join them, to part never more;
 Thro' the golden city with them we will roam,
 Don't you hear the singing? we are almost home.

135

A FEAST of love together,
 A glorious feast is ours,
 Where dews of grace are falling,
 Like summer's balmy show'rs.

Cho.—A feast of love to-day,
 To help us on our way;
 With Christ our elder brother,
 A precious feast to-day.

2 A feast of love together,
 When heart and soul may rise
 Above these earthly longings,
 Beyond those changing skies.

3 A feast of love together,
 Where God himself presides;
 A feast of love and blessing
 His gracious hand provides.

4 A feast of love together,
 And while our voices blend,
 We look with holy rapture
 To one that ne'er shall end.

136

IN that glorious morning bright,
 We shall be arrayed in white,
 Fill'd with gladness and delight,
 In the blissful somewhere.

Cho.—Somewhere, somewhere,
 Bowing low before the King,
 Strains of melody we'll sing,
 While the arch above shall ring,
 Somewhere, somewhere.

2 We shall join the angel band,
 And with harp and crown shall stand
 Near the throne, at God's right hand,
 In the golden somewhere.

3 We shall gather on the shore,
 When the cares of life are o'er,
 And the tears shall fall no more;
 We shall gather somewhere.

4 With the saints of other days,
 We shall sing the Saviour's praise,
 And the sweetest anthems raise;
 We shall worship somewhere.

137

I MUST tell Jesus all of my trial;
 I cannot bear these burdens alone;
 In my distress he kindly will help me;
 He ever loves and cares for his own.

Cho.—I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus,
 I cannot bear my burdens alone;
 I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus;
 Jesus can help me, Jesus alone.

2 I must tell Jesus all of my troubles;
 He is a kind, compassionate Friend;
 If I but ask him, he will deliver,
 Make of my troubles quickly an end.

3 Tempted and tried, I need a great Saviour,
 One who can help my burdens to bear;
 I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus;
 He all my cares and sorrows will share.

4 O how the world to evil allures me!
 Oh how my heart is tempted to sin!
 I must tell Jesus and he will help me
 Over the world the vict'ry to win.

138

SAVIOUR, hear me, while before thy feet

I the record of my sins repeat,
Stain'd with guilt, myself abhorring,
Fill'd with grief, my soul outpouring;
Canst thou still in mercy think of me,
Stoop to set my shackled spirit free?
Raise my sinking heart, and bid me be
Thy child once more!

Cho.—Grace there is my ev'ry debt to pay,
Blood to wash my ev'ry sin away,
Pow'r to keep me sinless day by day,
For me, for me!

2 Yet, why should I fear, hast thou not died

That no seeking soul should be denied?
To that heart its sin confessing,
Canst thou fail to give a blessing?
By the love and pity thou hast shown,
By the blood that did for me atone,
Boldly will I kneel before thy throne,
A pleading soul.

3 All the rivers of thy grace I claim,
Over ev'ry promise write my name;
As I am I come, believing,
As thou art thou dost, receiving,
Bid me rise a free and pardon'd slave,
Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave;
Charging me to preach thy pow'r to save,
To sin-bound souls.

139

I'M a little daisy,
Singing as I grow,
For the gentle Saviour
Loves me, this I know.

Cho.—Happy, happy little daisy,
Let us be like you,
Smiling in the sunshine,
Loving, pure and true.

2 Pretty little blossoms,
Yellow, white and red;
Over hill and valley,
Ev'rywhere they spread.

3 God who made the daisies
Loves and keeps them, too,
Sends them rain and sunshine,
Pearly drops of dew.

4 So our heav'nly Father,
In his tender love,
Sends the little children
Blessings from above.

140

OUR waiting eyes are unto thee, O Lord,
Help us to worship thee in spirit and in truth;
Help us to praise and hear thy word,
To praise and hear thy holy word.
Look down, O Lord, upon us now,
As we before thy footstool bow;
O hear our pray'r, forgive our sins,
Accept and bless for Jesus' sake.

141

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

2 Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.
For, tho' from out our bourne of time
and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have cross'd the bar.

142

PRAISE, joyful praise, Holy Father, to thee!
Anthems are swelling, like waves of the sea,
Songs of redemption, of gladness and love
Blend with the chorus resounding above;
Hosts of the ransomed, in garments of white,
Singing "salvation and glory and might;"
Pilgrims below sing as they go,
"Father, from thee all our mercies flow."

Cho.—Joyful praises, joyful praises,
 Angel bands are singing;
 Joyful praises, joyful praises,
 We thy children bringing;
 Joyful praises, joyful praises,
 Hearts and voices ringing;
 Joyful praises, joyful praises,
 Lord, we give to thee.

2 Each day is telling thy goodness anew;
 Each star that sparkles on midnight's
 dark blue
 Echoes the story of guidance and care,
 Calls us to thankfulness, moves us to
 pray'r;
 Thy wondrous bounty provides for our
 need,
 Thy hand, so gentle, thy people will
 lead;
 Pilgrims below sing as they go,
 "Father, from thee all our blessings
 flow."

143

THE Lord is my Shepherd; I shall
 not want. He maketh me to lie
 down in green pastures: He leadeth
 me beside the still waters.

2 He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me
 in the paths of righteousness for his
 name's sake. Yea, though I walk
 through the valley of the shadow of
 death, I will fear no evil: for thou
 art with me; thy rod and thy staff
 they comfort me.

3 Thou preparest a table before me in
 the presence of mine enemies: Thou
 anointest my head with oil; my cup
 runneth over. Surely goodness and
 mercy shall follow me all the days of
 my life: And I will dwell in the house
 of the Lord forever. Amen.

144

IF clouds blot out the sunshine
 Along the path you tread,
 Don't grieve in hopeless fashion,
 And sigh for brightness fled;
 Beyond the cloud the sunlight
 Shines in God's changeless plan,
 Trust that the way will brighten,
 And do the best you can.

Cho.—Then do your best,
 Yes, do the best you can;
 Let not your courage falter,
 Keep faith in God and man,
 And all along life's pathway
 Do just the best you can.

2 Away with vain repining!
 Sing songs of hope and cheer,
 Till many a weary comrade
 Grows strong of heart to hear;
 He who sings over trouble,
 With faith in God above,
 Sees thro' earth's clouds the sunshine
 Of God's eternal love.

3 So in the time of trouble
 Let not your courage fail,
 The clouds must sometime vanish,
 The sun at last prevail;
 Trust we th' eternal goodness,
 The all-wise Father's plan,
 And, brave with hope and courage,
 Do just the best you can.

145

HELPED by helping others;
 'Tis a golden rule,
 Learned by happy lessons
 In the Master's school;
 In the daily conflict
 We shall stronger grow,
 If we help another
 Overcome the foe.

Cho.—Helping others, 'tis a blessed
 way,
 Helping others, practice it to-day;
 Help'd by helping others, 'tis the way
 that wins,
 Help'd by helping others, heav'nly joy
 begins.

2 If we lift a neighbor
 To a nobler plane,
 On the mount of blessing,
 Higher ground we gain;
 Taking from his shoulder
 Heavy loads of care,
 Lighter seems the burden
 We ourselves must bear.

3 If we love the Master,
 Not for self we live;
 Strength and sunny gladness
 We must freely give;
 Cheering up a comrade,
 As we pass along,
 Love's sweet notes re-echo,
 Fill our hearts with song.

146

DARE to be true if the tempter assail,
 Firmness of purpose o'er sin shall pre-
 vail
 Trust in the Lord and thy strength
 shall not fail,
 Dare to be firm and true.

Cho.—Dare, oh, dare to be true, mighty
tho' Satan's art,
Trust in the Lord, He will strengthen
thy heart,

Dare to be firm and true; dare to be
firm and true.

Dare to be true if the tempter assail,
Firmness of purpose o'er sin shall pre-
vail;

Trust in the Lord and thy strength
shall not fail,

Dare to be firm and true.

2 Dare to be true tho' thou standest
alone,

Dare to be true till the vict'ry is won;
Till from thy side the dark tempter
has flown,

Dare to be firm and true.

3 Dare to be true, for the Saviour has
said,

"I will be with thee—O be not afraid;"
Trusting in him thou canst not be dis-
mayed,

Dare to be firm and true.

147

WEARY souls in darkness drifting,
Hear, oh, hear this message blest;
Tell your sorrows to the Saviour,
And ye shall find perfect rest.

Cho.—No more sorrow, on the morrow,
Joy will henceforth fill thy breast;

No more sadness! endless gladness,
When you find his perfect rest.

2 Come to him, in all your weakness,
You will be a welcome guest;

Tenderly his hand will guide you
To the realms of perfect rest.

3 Come, tho' ye may seem but worth-
less,

Lowly hearts he loves the best;
After all your weary wand'ring
Ye shall find his perfect rest.

148

WALKING and talking with Jesus,
Safe on my journey I go;

Why should I stray from his keeping,
When he such mercy doth show?

Cho.—Walking and talking,

In sweet communion are we;
For the Saviour each moment

Is walking and talking with me.

2 Walking and talking with Jesus,
Trusting his power divine;
He is my Saviour and brother,
All of his riches are mine.

3 Walking and talking with Jesus,
Free from my burden and fear;
Fill'd is my heart with rejoicing,
Knowing his presence is near.

4 Walking and talking with Jesus,
Kept by his wonderful love;
Guided from moment to moment
Nearer to mansions above.

149

BEAR the cross for Jesus, .
Bear it every day;

Tho' the path be rugged,
Bear it all the way;

Bear the cross for Jesus,
Whatsoever it be;

Bear it, and remember
All his love for thee.

Cho.—Bear the cross, bear the cross,
Bear it ev'ry day;

Bear the cross for Jesus,
Bear it all the way.

2 Bear the cross for Jesus,
Bear it thro' the strife,

Or in pain and silence—
Whatsoever thy life?

Bear the cross with patience
Tho' you sigh for rest;

Just the one he gives you
Is for you the best.

3 Bear the cross for Jesus;

Would you know the pow'r
Of his grace to save you

Save you hour by hour;
Bear the cross for Jesus,

Never mind its weight;
We shall leave our burden

At the golden gate.

150

I WAS poorer than all, I was hungry
and cold,

I was far, far away from the dear Shep-
herd's fold,

But Jesus now gives me of his riches un-
told,

Oh, the peace of my soul is Jesus!

Cho.—I was poorer than all, now I've
riches to spare,

And a home he is building for me so
bright and fair,

And some day I'm going to my home
over there.

Oh, the peace of my soul is Jesus!

2 I was poorer than all, I was friendless, alone,
I was still in my sins and my heart was a stone,
But Jesus smil'd on me and said, thou art my own,
Oh, the peace of my soul is Jesus!

3 I was poorer than all, I was ready to die,
But the Saviour came down from his throne in the sky,
On Calv'ry he ransomed such a sinner as I,
Oh, the peace of my soul is Jesus!

4 I was poorer than all till the Lord said to me,
Go in peace, sin no more, now I'm happy and free,
And ever I'll praise him, and his child I will be,
Oh, the peace of my soul is Jesus!

151

IS thy heart with sorrow smitten,
Has thy gladness taken wing,
Has the blight of death been written
Over ev'ry cherished thing?
Fear no storm, no chilling weather,
Nothing evil can befall,
All for good shall work together,
Trust the Lord and tell him all.

Cho.—Let thy peace flow as a river,
God will hear thy faintest call,
He is mighty to deliver,
Ever trust and tell him all.

2 Have ills come in quick succession,
Is thy inmost spirit grieved,
Hast thou lost some dear possession,
Of some friend art thou bereaved?
Jesus understands thy losses,
He regards a sparrow's fall,
He can lift thy heavy crosses,
He will bear them, tell him all.

3 Must some grief remain unspoken,
Is thy soul with burdens weighed,
Hast thou had some evil token
Of a confidence betrayed?
Farest thou some sad to-morrow,
Does some threatened woe appall?
Tell him who has borne our sorrow,
He will comfort, tell him all.

152

LORD Jesus, make me whole in the
fount of life,
That's made for sin-cleansing here below;

O wash me in the blood of the Crucified,
And I shall be whiter than the snow.

Cho.—Whiter than the snow,
Whiter than the snow;
O wash me in the blood of the Crucified,
And I shall be whiter than the snow.

2 I come, dear Lord, to thee with a child-like faith,
My burden of sin is great, I know;
But thou canst wash me clean in thy precious blood,
And I shall be whiter than the snow.

3 I need thy pard'ning blood to my heart applied,
O thou who hast paid the debt I owe;
Then plunge me in the tide of the crimson flood,
And I shall be whiter than the snow.

153

LET us walk in the light that Jesus gives us,
Let us watch and duly pray,
That his love and care may be thrown around us
Till we reach the perfect day.

Cho.—Walking in the light, so beautiful and bright,
Shed upon us from above;
Leading upward and away to everlasting day,
Blessed light of Jesus' love!

2 Let us walk in the light that Jesus gives us,
And the way shall be made clear;
Over ev'ry step of our homeward journey,
We shall find his presence near.

3 Let us walk in the light that Jesus gives us,
In his holy word of love,
Till we see the face of our blessed Master
In the perfect light above.

154

WHEN my life-work is ended, and I cross the swelling tide,
When the bright and glorious morning I shall see;
I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the other side,
And his smile will be the first to welcome me.

Cho.—I shall know him, I shall know
him,
As redeem'd by his side I shall stand,
I shall know him, I shall know him
By the print of the nails in his hand.

2 Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I
view his blessed face,
And the lustre of his kindly beaming
eye;
How my full heart will praise him for
the mercy, love and grace,
That prepares for me a mansion in the
sky.

3 Oh, the dear ones in glory, how they
beckon me to come,
And our parting at the river I recall;
To the sweet vales of Eden they will
sing my welcome home;
But I long to meet my Saviour first
of all.

4 Thro' the gates to the city in a robe
of spotless white,
He will lead me where no tears will
ever fall;
In the glad song of ages I shall mingle
with delight;
But I long to meet my Saviour first
of all.

155

NOT a cloud to hide our sky
When we reach our home;
Never tempest sweeping by
When we reach our home;
Not a wave our bark to toss,
Not a thought of pain or loss,
Crowns of glory after cross
When we reach our home.

Cho.—When we reach our home,
Restful, happy home,
Over there where the many mansions be,
Bright, eternal home.

2 Never wrong against the right
When we reach our home;
Never sinful hosts to fight
When we reach our home;
With our shining shield and sword
Let us battle for our Lord,
Thinking of the blest reward
When we reach our home.

3 Nevermore a grave appears
When we reach our home;
Wip'd away are sorrow's tears
When we reach our home;

Not a moan above our dead,
Not a lonely path to tread,
Not a bitter tear to shed
When we reach our home.

4 We will labor, watch and pray
Till we reach our home;
Cling to Christ our hope and stay
Till we reach our home;
All our sorrows meekly bear,
Each with each life's burdens share,
Thinking of the glory there
When we reach our home.

156

WHEN I'm grieving o'er the blunders
In the work I've tried to do,
How I fail'd the threads to follow
Of the pattern fair and true;
In the tapestry I'm weaving,
Ah, so many a blemish wrought,
Yet, there's comfort in my Saviour,
There is blessing in the thought:—

Cho.—“He shall fail not, nor be discour-
aged,”
He will help me, he will help nie o'er
and o'er;
He will save me, save me fully,
Let me trust him, let me trust him
more and more.

2 When I'm kneeling, heavy-hearted,
With confession on my lips,
Sin, its gloomy shadow casting,
All the sunshine to eclipse;
When I see my best intentions
With mistakes and weakness fraught,
Then there's comfort in my Saviour,
There is blessing in the thought:—

3 Happy watchword! still 'tis “for-
ward!”
Gird the armor on anew,
For the victory is certain,
Tho' we faint, we'll still pursue;
Sweetest hope and consolation,
By the gospel message brought,
There is comfort in my Saviour,
There is blessing in the thought:—

157

USE me, O my gracious Saviour,
Use me, Lord, as pleaseth thee;
Nothing done for thee so lowly
But is great enough for me.

Cho.—Use me, use me,
Use me as it pleaseth thee;

2 Be it noon or be it midnight,
Weary watch or blaze of day,
Shouting with the happy reapers,
Toiling in the hidden way.

3 Pride of will and lust of station,
Lord, I would from all be free,
And the only honor seeking,
Lord, to be of use to thee.

158

BLESSED Lily of the Valley, oh, how
fair is he!

He is mine, I am his;
Sweeter than the angel's music is his
voice to me,

He is mine, I am his.
Where the lilies fair are blooming by
the waters calm,
There he leads me, and upholds me by
his strong right arm;

All the air is love around me, I can feel
no harm,

He is mine, I am his.

Cho.—Lily of the valley, He is mine!

Lily of the valley, I am his!
Sweeter than the angel's music is his
voice to me,
He is mine, I am his.

2 Let me sing of all his mercies, of his
kindness true,

He is mine, I am his;
Fresh at morn, and in the evening, comes
a blessing new,

He is mine, I am his!
With the deep'ning shadows comes a
whisper, "safely rest!"

Sleep in peace, for I am near thee,
naught shall thee molest;

I will linger till the morning, keeper,
friend and guest,"

He is mine, I am his.

3 Tho' he lead me thro' the valley of the
shade of death,

He is mine, I am his;
Should I fear when oh, so tenderly he
whispereth,

He is mine, I am his!
For the sunshine of his presence doth
illuminate the night,

And he leads me thro' the valley to the
mountain height;
Out of bondage into freedom, into cloud-
less light;

He is mine, I am his.

159

WORK, for the night is coming;
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flow'rs;
Work while the day grows brighter,
Under the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming:
Work thro' the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give ev'ry 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 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.

160

THE beautiful sunshine is streaming
O'er meadows and mountains and
plains;
The rays of the gospel are beaming,
While nature sings joyful refrains.

Cho.—So we would be Jesus' bright sun-
beams,
To scatter the clouds of despair,
To fill weary spirits with hope-gleams
Which soon drive away ev'ry care.

2 The beautiful sunshine is streaming
Thro' homes of the rich and the poor;
The "Lamp" of Jehovah is gleaming
O'er lives of all climes more and more.

3 The beautiful sunshine is streaming,
Begetting rich beauty o'er earth;
The light of the cross is redeeming
The world thro' a spiritual birth.

161

PRAISE the Lord, who made the sky,
Sun and moon to rule on high;
Let our grateful songs reply:
Praise, oh, praise the Lord.

Cho.—Glad hallelujahs sing,
Sing in joyful measures,
Loud praises to our King,
For life's many pleasures.
He guides and guards our way;
Sing salvation's story,
Sun and shield for ev'ry day;
To his name be glory.

2 Praise the Lord, who wakes the
flow'rs,
Makes the earth like Eden bow'rs;
Sends these blooming summer hours;
Praise, oh, praise the Lord.

3 Praise the Lord, whose gentle care
Breathes around us ev'rywhere;
Trust him like the lilies fair;
Praise, oh, praise the Lord.

4 Praise the Lord—not lips alone—
Let our lives his goodness own,
Till we stand before the throne;
Praise, oh, praise the Lord.

162 (163)

STANDING in the market places all
the season through,
Idly saying, "Lord, is there no work
that I can do?"
Oh, how many loiter, while the Master
calls anew—
"Reapers! reapers! who will work to-
day?"

Cho.—Lift thine eyes and look upon the
fields that stand
Ripe and ready for the willing glean-
er's hand,
Rouse ye, O sleepers!
Ye are needed as reapers!
Who will be the first to answer, "Mas-
ter, here am I?"
Far and wide the ripened grain is bend-
ing low,
In the breezes gently waving to and fro,
Rouse ye, O sleepers!
Ye are needed as reapers,
And the golden harvest days are swiftly
passing by.

2 Ev'ry sheaf you gather will become a
jewel bright
In the crown you hope to wear in yon-
der world of light.
Seek the gems immortal that are pre-
cious in his sight!
"Reapers! reapers! who will work to-
day?"

3 Morning hours are passing, and the
evening follows fast;
Soon the time of reaping will forever-
more be past.
Empty handed to the Master will you
go at last?
"Reapers! reapers! who will work to-
day?"

164

JUST one touch as he moves along,
Push'd and press'd by the jostling
throng,
Just one touch and the weak was
strong,
Cured by the Healer divine.

Cho.—Just one touch as he passes by,
He will list to the faintest cry,
Come and be saved while the Lord is
nigh,
Christ is the Healer divine.

2 Just one touch and he makes me
whole,
Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul,
At his feet all my burdens roll,—
Cured by the Healer divine.

3 Just one touch! and the work is
done,
I am saved by the blessed Son,
I will sing while the ages run,
Cured by the Healer divine.

4 Just one touch! and he turns to me,
O the love in his eyes I see!
I am his for he hears my plea,
Cured by the Healer divine.

5 Just one touch! by his mighty pow'r,
He can heal thee this very hour,
Thou canst hear tho' the tempests
low'r,
Cured by the Healer divine.

165

SPEAK to my soul, dear Jesus
Speak now in tend'rest tone;
Whisper in loving kindness:
"Thou art not left alone."
Open my heart to hear thee,
Quickly to hear thy voice,
Fill thou my soul with praises,
Let me in thee rejoice.

Cho.—Speak thou in softest whispers,
Whispers of love to me;
“Thou shalt be always conq’ror,
Thou shalt be always free.”
Speak thou to me each day, Lord,
Always in tend’rest tone;
Let me now hear thy whisper,
“Thou art not left alone.”

2 Speak to thy children ever,
Lead in the holy way;
Fill them with joy and gladness,
Teach them to watch and pray.
May they in consecration
Yield their whole lives to thee,
Hasten thy coming kingdom,
Till our dear Lord we see.

3 Speak now as in the old time
Thou didst reveal thy will;
Let me know all my duty,
Let me thy law fulfill.
Lead me to glorify thee,
Help me to show thy praise,
Gladly to do thy bidding,
Honor thee all my days.

166

(Male Voices in Unison Sing the Verse.)

REJOICE, rejoice, awake from the
dead!

An angel fair hath said:

“In the gloomy tomb he lieth no more,
But hath ris’n and gone your steps be-
fore.”

Cho.—Rejoice, rejoice, ye children of
the light,
Awake, ye sleepers all,
The risen Lord will bless your sight,
If on his name you call.

2 Awake, awake from slumber so deep,
Ye men who death-watch keep,
For the bursted bonds revealeth that he
Over death hath won the victory!

167

“ARISE and shine! thy light is come!”
The Lord hath made thee free!
The chains of darkness bind no more,
Go forth in liberty!

Cho.—“Arise and shine! thy light is
come!”
Arise, arise and shine!
With love’s bright adorning,
Shine forth as the morning,
Arise, arise and shine!

2 “Arise and shine! thy light is come!”
Let sin and sorrow hide;
Go forth and show to all the world
That Light and Life abide.

3 “Arise and shine! thy light is come!”
Thy God thy glory is;
Show forth the wonders of his love,
And let all praise be his.

4 “Arise and shine! thy light is come!”
And night shall be no more;
Shine till the glory of the Lord
Is known from shore to shore.

168

PRAISE the name of Christ in heaven,
Children sing with glad acclaim,
Praise him duly, serve him truly,
Spread abroad his glorious fame;
‘He so kingly, we so lowly,
We so sinful, he so holy,
Yet he, self forgetting, hears us
When we call upon his name.

Cho.—Glad hallelujahs,
Joyful we bring to Jesus our King;
Glad hallelujahs
Be thine for evermore.

2 Praise him in the early morning,
When by rest refreshed anew,
Nature waking, praise is making,
Let us humbly worship too;
We so feeble, he so glorious,
He o’er sin and death victorious,
By the hand he kindly leads us
All our earthly journey through.

3 Praise him when the day is ending,
When the weary need repose,
Seek his blessing, sin confessing,
Ere in sleep the eyelids close;
While in safety we are sleeping
He is loving vigil keeping,
Oh, adore him, kneel before him
As his children, not his foes.

169

O, BLESS the Lord, what joy is mine!
What perfect peace thro’ grace divine!
And now to realms of endless day,
O, bless the Lord, I’m on the way.

Cho.—I’m on the way, I’m on the way,
In vain the world would bid me stay:
A crown to wear in endless day,
O, bless the Lord, I’m on the way.

2 O, bless the Lord, he dwells with me,
The voice I hear, the hand I see
Renew my strength from day to day
While home to him I’m on the way.

3 O, bless the Lord for what I know
Of heavenly bliss while here below!
My trusting heart thro' faith can say,
To mansions bright I'm on the way.

4 O, bless the Lord 'twill not be long
Till I shall join the holy throng,
And shout and sing thro' endless day,
Where every tear is wiped away.

170

WE are marching, marching, marching,
Jesus' little soldiers true;
We are trying, trying, trying each com-
mand he gives to do;
We are going, going, going, guided by
his loving hand,
And by and by we'll reach that bright
and happy land.

Cho.—We're marching on, we're march-
ing on,
We're boldly marching, marching on;
We are Jesus' soldiers true,
Trying his commands to do,
We are marching on.

2 We are fighting, fighting, fighting
with the mighty hosts of sin;
We are striving, striving, striving daily
victories to win;
We are trusting, trusting, trusting in
the help of Christ the Lord,
For he will help us if we trust,—so says
his Word.

3 When he cometh, cometh, cometh, all
his loved ones home to bring,
And we're standing, standing, standing
in the presence of the King;
What rejoicing, glad rejoicing in our
happy ranks will be,
When we receive a glorious crown of
victory!

171

HAPPY children we, to sing
Of our Saviour and our King;
He, our Christ, our King is near,
And he will our voices hear.

Cho.—Ev'ry day, ev'ry day,
We will sing and we will pray;
Heav'n is never far away
When we children sing and pray.

2 Happy children we, to be
Close to Christ, and feel that he
Loves to answer when we call,
Loves to keep and bless us all.

3 Happy children of a King,
We would work, as well as sing,
Making others joyful, too,
By the kindly deeds we do.

172

FORTH in the dawn-light, cool, and
sweet, and tender,
While yet the dewdrops tremble on
the flowers,
Seeking for lab'ers, One doth meekly
wander,
Calling, still calling thro' the quiet
hours;—

FEMALE VOICES.

“Go, work to-day, the flush of early
morning
Brightens the east, and day is coming
on;
Go in the freshness of the day's adorn-
ing,
Sure shall your hire be at the set of
sun!”

2 Forth while the sun rides higher still
in heaven,
Forth while the noontide's fervid
radiance glows,
Forth while the shadows lengthen
t'ward the even,
Calling for lab'ers, still the Master
goes;

FEMALE VOICES.

“Go, work to-day!—oh, wherefore yet
delaying,
Stand ye still idle as the hours glide
on?
Go, for the morning waits not for your
staying,
Sure shall your hire be at the set of
sun!”

3 Lord, we have heard thee in our
youth's glad morning;
Lord, we still hear thee in our noon-
day prime,—
Hear thee, and gladly, ease and pleasure
scorning,
Gird us for service lowly yet su-
blime;—
Take us, ourselves to thee we now sur-
render,
Take us, and use us till the day is
done,
Gather us then in thy embraces tender,
Such let our hire be at the set of
sun!”

173

THE royal banner of the cross,
 We must plant it on the walls of sin;
 Rally now to the fray, with a will
 march away,
 In our Leader's mighty name to win.

Cho.—Marching on, marching on,
 With a leader who has never suffered
 loss;
 Marching on, marching on,
 Fighting 'neath the royal banner of the
 cross.

2 The noble banner of the cross,
 We must wave it when the fight is
 strong;
 Bravely onward we'll go, with our faces
 to the foe,
 And our Leader's name shall be our
 song.

3 The blood-stained banner of the
 cross,
 What a sight in the battle's din and
 heat;
 Wounded sore though we be, it revives
 us to see
 That dear banner, never furled in de-
 feat.

174

BEAUTIFUL carols of joy we hear,
 Nature's glad voices are singing;
 Murmuring brooklets the tidings bear,
 Nature's glad voices are singing;
 Woodlands re-echo the glad refrain,
 Nature's glad voices are singing;
 Message of cheer to hearts so dear,
 For spring has come again.

Cho.—Jesus is King! set the Easter
 joy-bells ringing,
 Peace is in my soul to-day, my heart is
 full of singing;
 Jesus lives! peal out the song—new
 gladness bringing,
 Let it echo o'er land and sea, for Jesus
 is risen indeed!

2 Winter is over, the song repeat,
 Nature's glad voices are singing;
 Flowers are blooming in fragrance
 sweet,
 Nature's glad voices are singing;
 Birds of the forest so sweetly sing,
 Nature's glad voices are singing;
 Mountain and field their sweetness
 yield
 To deck the lap of spring.

3 Herald the tidings from shore to
 shore,
 Nature's glad voices are singing;
 Jesus is risen to die no more,
 Nature's glad voices are singing;
 Echoes of praise o'er the earth resound,
 Nature's glad voices are singing;
 Anthems of song the praise prolong,
 Let peace and joy abound.

175

BE kind to those around us,
 Who bear their toils alone,
 We cannot know the trials
 Their aching hearts have known.

Cho.—Then scatter love and sunshine,
 We have not long to stay;
 Oh, scatter love and sunshine,
 And take the thorns away.

2 Be kind to those around us,
 Nor coldly pass them by,
 A look, a smile of gladness
 May light the downcast eye.

3 Be kind to those around us
 Whose feet perchance have stray'd,
 Whose sad and bitter feelings
 For wrong have dearly paid.

4 Be kind to those around us,
 Be kind and good to all,
 That we may be his children
 Who marks the sparrow's fall.

176 (177)

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue, ethereal sky,
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim;
 Th' unwearied sun from day to day
 Does his Creator's pow'r display,
 And publishes to ev'ry land
 The work of an almighty hand.

Cho.—Then sing aloud unto the Lord,
 We'll cheerfully sing, yes, joyously
 sing;
 We'll always trust his holy word,
 And love and praise our mighty King.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 Whilst all the stars that 'round her
 burn,
 And all the planets in their turn
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Out on the mountains of sin and despair,
Millions are perishing, needing our care;
Shall we not send them the message to-day?
Shall we not help without further delay?
Tell them of Jesus who rose from the grave,
Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to Save;
Plenteous salvation in him doth abound,
Cleansing and healing in Jesus are found.

FULL CHORUS.

"Take the world for Jesus," sound the great battle-cry,
Let the mighty chorus ring;
"Take the world for Jesus," raise the bright standard high,
As we shout, as we march, as we sing.

55

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.

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; the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

56

HEAR the words of Jesus,
As you often may,
And their loving message
Do not put away;
Grace that is redeeming.
In the words appear,
If you will receive them
Even as you hear.

Cho.—Words of Jesus, sweet and holy,
Never will they pass away,
Never will they pass away;
Precious words of Jesus, giving
life to all,
Never will they pass away.

L. H., 2, Words—B

2 Take the words of Jesus,
Hide them in your heart,
And in joy or sorrow
Let them not depart;
Take the words and keep them
With a spirit true,
That the hope of heaven
May abide with you.

3 Speak the words of Jesus,
And their message give,
That the lost and erring
May return and live;
Speak them to the weary,
As you see the need,
For in time of trouble
They are sweet indeed.

4 Sing the words of Jesus,
Sing them far and near,
That the world around us
May the gospel hear;
There is nothing sweeter,
As we pass along,
Than the words of Jesus
Blended ino song.

57

THE fountain of healing is open,
The waters are troubled to-night;
And all who shall plunge 'neath the billows
May rise in the raiment of white.

Cho.—Then come to this fountain of healing,
Step into the waters of love;
Be clothed in the garment of beauty,
Be heir to the riches above.

2 There's nothing unholy can enter
The beautiful kingdom of light;
The garments of all must be spotless,
Who sit with our King on the right.

3 Oh, come with your sins and transgressions,
This moment step into the pool,
To rise from its depths with rejoicing,
With not a dark blot on your soul.

58

THERE came to my heart a sweet message of love,
When I was forsaken and sad;
It came from above like a heavenly dove;
It bade me rejoice and be glad;
New courage arose in my soul when I heard
Of One who deliv'rance could bring;
I bowed in contrition to Jesus my Lord;
Now the wonderful story I sing.

Cho.—Sweet, sweet old story, oft has
been told;
Wonderful story that never grows old.

2 How sweet was the message that
came to my heart,
And filled me with sunshine and
song!

My hope did abound when the Saviour
I found;

I think of him all the day long,
And following closely my Shepherd and
Guide,

He leads me where cool waters
spring;

My soul is refreshed as in him I abide,
And rejoicing, his praises I sing.

3 And since I am his, and I know he is
mine,

How sweet is the peace He has giv'n!
From morning till night He's my joy
and delight,

A blessed assurance of heav'n;
In perfect submission I follow along,
For He is my Saviour and King;
And when I have joined with the glori-
fied throng,

Then forever this theme I will sing.

59

SAVIOUR, often I am tempted,
Oft from thee my soul is led astray;
Give me strength for ev'ry trial,
Keep me ever in the homeward way.

Cho.—Oh, more of thee my spirit needs,
More love, more strength for noble
deeds;

On thee alone my spirit feeds,
Dear Lord, refresh me now.

2 Oh, I love to serve thee better,
More for thee, dear Lord, I long to
do;

Fill me now with thy sweet Spirit,
Banish weakness and my strength re-
new.

3 Saviour, while I bow before thee,
Fill my soul with peace and love di-
vine,

Comfort me with thy sweet whispers,
Let me feel that I am wholly thine.

60

THERE'S a veil that hangs before me,
And an unknown pathway hides;
There's an eye that's watching o'er me,
An almighty hand that guides.

So I need not fear the morrow;
Peace is in my heart to-day,
For my blessed Saviour tells me,
He'll be with me all the way.

Cho.—All the way, all the way,
He'll be with me all the way;
O my blessed Saviour tells me,
He'll be with me all the way.

2 At the blood-stain'd cross he met me,
Bade me look to him and live;
Tho' temptations shall beset me,
Overcoming pow'r he'll give.
There's a joy that shines about me,
With a pure and heav'nly ray,
For my blessed Saviour tells me,
He'll be with me all the way.

3 In the time of pain and sadness,
His sweet promise I will test;
Welcome, sunny hours of gladness,
By his smile made doubly blest.
Ev'ry step that leads to glory
Shall his wondrous love display,
For my blessed Saviour tells me,
He'll be with me all the way.

61

O JESUS, thou art standing
Outside the fast-clos'd door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er.
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us!
To keep him standing there.

2 O Jesus, thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarr'd,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marr'd:
Oh, love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
Oh, sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore!

62

COME, contrite one, and seek his grace,
Jesus is passing by;
See in his reconciled face
The sunshine of the sky.

Cho.—Passing by, passing by,
Hasten to meet him on the way,
Jesus is passing by to-day.
Passing by, passing by.

2 Come, hungry one, and tell your
need,
Jesus is passing by;
The Bread of Life your soul will feed,
And fully satisfy.

3 Come, weary one, and find sweet rest,
Jesus is passing by;
Come where the longing heart is blest,
And on his bosom lie.

4 Come, burdened one, bring all your
care,
Jesus is passing by;
The love that listens to your prayer
Will "no good thing" deny.

63

IT comes to me ever in sorrow and woe,
At rest, or wherever I be,
My Saviour's sweet promise, it comforts
me so,
He careth for even like me.

Cho.—He careth for me, let the billows
roll,
Let wild tempests rage, safe will be my
soul.

Supreme within this tho't shall be,
Whatever betide, he careth for me.

2 It comes to me ever when Satan is
near,
And from his dark pow'r sets me free;
Behind this blest refuge no harm need
I fear,
He careth for even like me.

3 It comes to me even in night's lonely
hour,
And when I am on bended knee,
This blessed assurance, it gives me great
pow'r,
He careth for even like me.

4 Let this be my pleading before the
white throne,
When I for the Judgment shall be;
No merit have I, but Jesus, thy Son—
He careth for even like me.

64

I LOVE the Lord, for he hath heard
My voice of supplication,
And for the promise in his word
Of full and free salvation.

Cho.—I love the Lord, I love the Lord,
With heart and soul I love him;
His name to me is melody,
My Saviour—how I love him!

2 I love him, for he hath inclined
A gracious ear unto me,
And sent his Holy Spirit kind
From sinful paths to woo me.

3 And for the tender, loving care
He evermore hath given;
With Christ, his Son, to be joint heir
Of mansions fair in heaven.

4 And tho' with all my ransom'd pow'rs
I worship and adore him,
How small now seems the all I bring
And humbly lay before him.

65

CHRIST will me his aid afford,
Never to fall, never to fall;
While I find my precious Lord
Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.

Cho.—Jesus now is and ever will be
Sweeter than all the world to me.
Since I heard his loving call,
Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.

2 I can follow all the way,
Hearing him call, hearing him call;
Finding him, from day to day,
Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.

3 Tho' a vessel I would be,
Broken and small, broken and
small;
Yet his manna falls on me,
Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.

4 When I reach the crystal sea,
Voices will call, voices will call;
But my Saviour's voice will be
Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.

66

DO you slumber in your tent, Christian
soldier?

While the foe is spreading woe thro'
the land?

Do you note his rising pow'r
Growing bolder ev'ry hour?
Will he not our land devour while you
stand?

Cho.—Let us arise, all unite!
 Let us arise in our might!
 Let us arise, speak for God and the
 right!
 Tho' our numbers may be few,
 God will lead us grandly thro',
 And our arms with strength endue by
 his might.

2 Can you sleep while homes are rent,
 Christian soldier?
 Are not heavens turn'd to hells by his
 power?

Mark you not the mother's sigh?
 Hear you not the children's cry?
 See you not their loved ones die ev'ry
 hour?

3 Can you linger in your tent, Chris-
 tian soldier?
 Satan's smiling o'er your idle delay;
 Thousands perish while you wait,
 While you counsel and debate;
 Heed you not their awful fate as they
 stray?

4 Let us rise in holy wrath, Christian
 soldiers,
 Crush the evil 'neath the heel of our
 might!
 Counting cost no longer wait;
 Forward, manhood of the state,
 For in God your strength is great for
 the right!

67

MAKE the moments count for Jesus,
 Happy, then, our ransom'd days.
 Royal jewels in life's setting,
 Sparkling ever to his praise.

Cho.—Precious moments—all for Jesus!
 Mounting heav'nward as they fly;
 Bearing each a golden treasure,
 For the crowning by and by.

2 Sow the seeds of loving kindness,
 Cast them on the floating stream,
 Let us, trusting in the Saviour,
 Do the good of which we dream.

3 Naught too humble for his notice,
 Naught too small for him to use.
 May we not, the moments slighting,
 Rich, immortal blessing lose?

4 Holy Spirit, take possession,
 Guide and sanctify and fill;
 Make our moments count for Jesus,
 Working out his blessed will.

68

LIFT the glorious banner of our Sav-
 iour, Lord and King,
 Crown him with your praises, let the
 happy children sing
 Till the vales and mountains with ho-
 sannas sweetly ring,
 And Jesus reigns supreme.

Cho.—Lift the glorious banner, lift the
 banner, lift the banner,
 Let the royal ensign, royal ensign be
 unfurled;

Lift the glorious banner, lift the ban-
 ner, lift the banner,
 Let the royal ensign grandly wave
 o'er all the world.

2 Lift the glorious banner, o'er the
 world now let it wave,
 Telling of the Saviour who from sin and
 death will save,
 Sending out its gladness and the hope
 that many crave,
 Now lift this ensign high.

3 Lift the glorious banner, O ye faith-
 ful, saved and free,
 Onward march together on to glorious
 victory;
 Never, never falter, but to Jesus loyal
 be,
 And soon he'll reign supreme.

69

FOR all the saints who from their la-
 bors rest,
 Who thee by faith before the world con-
 fessed,
 Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
 Alleluia!

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress,
 and their Might,
 Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-
 fought fight;
 Thou, in the darkness drear, their one
 true light. Alleluia!

3 Oh, may thy soldiers, faithful, true,
 and bold,
 Fight as the saints who nobly fought of
 old,
 And win with them the victor's crown
 of gold. Alleluia!

4 Oh, blest communion, fellowship di-
 vine!
 We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
 Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.
 Alleluia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!

7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passing on his way. Alleluia!

70
HALLELUJAH! hallelujah! O what joy divine!
Since I heard the voice of Jesus, "Fear not, thou art mine!"
Now a peace that passeth knowledge cheers each passing day,
While his glory freely given shines upon my way.

Cho.—When the conflict of life is over,
at his right hand
With the ransom'd from ev'ry nation,
redeem'd I'll stand;
There I'll see my Saviour, and I'll tell forever
How he saved when I came pleading before his feet.

2 Oh, it was a happy moment when I heard him say,
"Tho' your sins be red as crimson, they are washed away;"
And he freely, freely gave me pardon full, complete,
As I lay a helpless sinner pleading at his feet.

3 Glory! glory! I keep singing all along my way,
For the peace of full salvation fills my soul to-day;
And my heart, so glad, rejoices—knowing he is mine.
For the Saviour walks beside me—Comforter divine.

4 And in heav'n I'll sing forever praises to his name,
And I'll tell to list'ning angels how to me he came.
In his love so kind and tender, with forgiveness sweet,
When I lay a helpless sinner pleading at his feet.

71

O'ER death's sea, in yon blest city,
There's a home for ev'ry one;
Purchas'd with a price most costly,
'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.

Cho.—In that city—bright city,
Soon with loved ones I shall be;
And with Jesus live forever,
In that city beyond death's sea.

2 Here we've no abiding city,
Mansions here will soon decay;
But that city God's built firmly,
It can never pass away.

3 I have loved ones in that city,
Those who left me years ago;
They with joy are waiting for me,
Where no farewell tears e'er flow.

4 T'ward that pure and holy city
Oft my longing eyes I cast;
Jesus whispers sweetly to me,
Heav'n is yours when earth is past.

72

STANDING like a lighthouse on the shores of time,
Looking o'er the waves of darkness, sin and crime,
Open up your windows, there's a work sublime:
Let the gospel light shine out.

Cho.—Let the gospel light shine out,
Let the gospel light shine out,
Keep your lamp in order, trimm'd and burning bright,
Let the gospel light shine out.

2 There are human shipwrecks lying all around,
Oh, what moral darkness ev'rywhere is found;
Warn some other vessels off from dangerous ground.
Let the gospel light shine out.

3 Do not let the bushel cover up your light,
Keep your lamp in order, trimm'd and burning bright,
Try to be a blessing, brighten up the night.
Let the gospel light shine out.

4 Try to live for Jesus till this life is o'er,
For along this pathway you will pass no more.
Till he bids you welcome on the other shore.
Let the gospel light shine out.

73

'TIS a good work, grand work, this of
winning souls;
Oh, the tide of joy like a river rolls,
And the peace of God the trusting heart
controls,
Winning precious souls for Jesus.

Cho.—'Tis a grand work, winning souls!
'Tis a glorious work, winning
souls!
Heaven's bliss is nearer and the
Saviour dearer,
'Tis a grand work, winning souls.

2 Oh, 'tis sweet to live so near the
Master's side,
All the pow'r we need from his grace
supplied,
Leading weary wand'ers to the Cru-
cified,
Winning precious souls for Jesus.

3 We can throw a light across a dark-
ened way,
A bright, sunny gleam from the Land
of Day,
We can show his love in all we do and
say,
Winning precious souls for Jesus.

4 Let us work away until the even
fall,
Till the starry hour when the angels
call;
Then a crown of life beyond the jasper
wall—
Glory evermore to Jesus.

74

I SHALL lay the cross aside,
Some day, some glad day;
Safely pass to Canaan's side,
Some day, some glad day;
If I live a life of pray'r,
And the cross for Jesus bear,
I a glorious crown shall wear,
Some day, some glad day.

2 I the sinners' friend shall see,
Some day, some glad day;
See the wounds once made for me,
Some day, some glad day;
I shall press close to His side,
Who for me was crucified,
And shall then be satisfied,
Some day, some glad day.

3 I shall meet the friends of yore,
Some day, some glad day;
And with them the Lamb adore,
Some day, some glad day;

There at Jesus' sacred feet
Saints of ev'ry clime I'll meet,
Hold with them communion sweet,
Some day, some glad day.

4 I shall lean on Jesus' breast,
Some day, some glad day;
Find a sweet, a perfect rest,
Some day, some glad day;
On that bright eternal shore
All our sorrows will be o'er,
We shall meet to part no more,
Some day, some glad day.

75

WAKE, list'ning skies, and tell the
wondrous story,
Shout, mighty hills, and praise
Messiah's name;
Roll, ocean waves, and greet the King
of Glory,
Jesus is come! let earth her joy pro-
claim.

Cho.—Jesus is come! gladly I'll receive
him;
Jesus is come! gladly I'll believe him;
Message of peace, driving care away,
Jesus is come to my soul to-day!

2 Chime, bells of joy, your tuneful
echoes blending,
While on the air harmonious sounds
arise;
Blow, breezes, blow, the theme of glad-
ness sending,
Wave, cedars tall, and tell it to the
skies.

3 Chant, hosts above, your harps cele-
stial sounding,
Tell out the news, ye choirs around
the throne;
Sing, sons of earth, your hearts with
praises bounding,
Jesus is come! oh, make His glories
known.

76

SOME of these days the skies will be
brighter;
Some of these days the burdens be
lighter;
Hearts will be happier, souls will be
whiter,
Some of these days, some of these days

Cho.—Some of these days
All sin will be banished,
Some of these days
All evil have vanished.

Earth will be brighter,
Hearts will be lighter,
Souls will be whiter,
Some of these days.

2 Some of these days, in deserts up-
springing,

Fountains will flash, while joy-bells are
ringing,

Earth will be full of joy and of singing,
Some of these days, some of these days.

3 Some of these days we'll bury our
sorrow,

Out of the future, light we may bor-
row;

There will be joy and hope in the mor-
row,

Some of these days, some of these days.

4 Some of these days God's wondrous
salvation

Will, in its love, embrace ev'ry nation;
All then shall hail our King's corona-
tion.

Some of these days, some of these days.

77

IF o'er thy way dark clouds are cast,
Look up with faith till they are past,
The sun will surely shine at last,
In God's own time.

Cho.—Then do not fear, tho' dark the
night,

But rise on wings of faith sublime,
For ev'ry thing will come out right,
In God's own time, in God's own
time.

2 Hast thou pray'd long and fervently,
And yet no answer came to thee?
Thy pray'r will some time answer'd be,
In God's own time.

3 Look up with joy, nor longer weep,
Thy God will ev'ry promise keep,
And thou wilt yet the harvest reap,
In God's own time.

4 Tho' thro' the glass thou cans't not
see,
And wonder why some things must be,
Yet thou wilt know each mystery,
In God's own time.

5 And would'st thou be forever blest?
Just trust in God and do thy best,
Then thou shalt enter into rest,
In God's own time.

78

OH, the world has need of sunshine as
you go,

For we often see the tears of sorrow
flow;

You can haste that coming day,
When they'll all be wiped away,
If you scatter blessed sunshine as you
go.

Cho.—You can scatter blessed sunshine
as you go,

You can scatter blessed sunshine
as you go;

Oh, so many hearts are sad,
You can help to make them glad,
If you scatter blessed sunshine as
you go.

2 You can labor for the Master as you
go,

Plant the precious seed and he will bid
it grow;

Toiling on, whate'er betide,
With the Saviour by your side,
You can scatter blessed sunshine as you
go.

3 You will meet with many trials as
you go,

There will be some self-denials here be-
low;

But keep looking still above,
And remember God is love,
While you scatter blessed sunshine as
you go.

79

THE earth was fill'd with peace and
light,

When Christ arose;
The heavens trembled at the sight,
When Christ arose;
The sea rejoiced along the sands,
The vernal valleys clapp'd their hands,
The mountains sang, and all the lands,
When Christ arose.

2 The tomb was empty where he lay,
When Christ arose;

And angels roll'd the stone away,
When Christ arose;
A sound of triumph thrill'd the air,
The glorious tidings to declare,
And there was gladness ev'rywhere,
When Christ arose.

3 The soul of man was born anew,
When Christ arose;

The cross divine appear'd in view,
When Christ arose;
A glorious light from heaven stream'd,
And from the cross a radiance beam'd,
For ev'ry spirit was redeemed,
When Christ arose.

80

COME, Holy Spirit, thee I am needing,
That I be filled with the life-giving
bread;

Spirit of blessing, come while I'm plead-
ing,

Come, that my poor hungry soul may
be fed.

Cho.—Coming, believing, sweetly receiv-
ing,

Welcome, most welcome, O
Spirit of love;

Promise of Jesus, Comforter pre-
cious,

Thou art most welcome, O
Spirit of love.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, dwell in me sweet-
ly,

Come to my heart all the dross to
consume;

Come just this moment, fill me complete-
ly,

All my whole being control and il-
lume.

3 Come, Holy Spirit, fill to o'erflowing,
Give me an anthem down deep in my
heart;

If thou shalt ever in me be glowing
I may to others rich blessings impart.

81

I AM safe in the Rock that is higher
than I;

This my refuge thro' storms e'er shall
be;

Tho' my frail bark is tossed on the bil-
lows' mad foam,

Yet I'm sheltered forever in thee.

Cho.—Sheltered in thee,

Sheltered in thee,

O thou blest Rock of Ages

I am sheltered in thee.

2 I am safe in the Cleft that was riven
for me;

From the pow'r of the tempter I'm
free;

Tho' my pathway be dark and the
storms sweep the sky,

Yet securely I'm sheltered in thee.

3 I am safe in the Rock let whatever
betide;

Death and hell have no terror to me;

I can walk without fear thro' the
shadowy vale,

For securely I'm sheltered in thee.

82

OUR Fatherland, thy name so dear
Our souls repeat while strangers here;
And oh, how oft we sigh for thee,
Our Fatherland beyond the sea.

Cho.—Our Fatherland, dear Fatherland,
We long to press thy golden strand,
And hail the bright and shining band,
In thy sweet vales, dear Fatherland.

2 Above the stars, above the skies,
Thy tow'ring hills majestic rise;
Thy sunny fields with verdure glow,
And fadeless flowers in beauty grow.

3 There Jesus reigns, our Saviour-King,
And one by one his own will bring,
Thy songs to join, thy bliss to share,
O Fatherland, our Zion fair.

4 No tears shall dim, no pain destroy
The light of peace, the smile of joy;
No more we'll clasp the parting hand
Within thy gates, our Fatherland.

83

COME to the Saviour,
Seek now his favor,

No longer waver,

Come while you may;

Hear him entreat you,

Now he will meet you,

Now he will greet you,

Come, come to-day.

2 Jesus will hear you,
He will draw near you,
His love will cheer you,

Come while you may;

Sinner, believe him,

No longer grieve him,

Just now receive him,

Come, come to-day.

3 Come, be forgiven,
Long you have striven,
O start for heaven,

Come while you may;

Weep not in sorrow,

Nor try to borrow

Hope from the morrow,

Come, come to-day.

4 Prayers are ascending,
Angels are bending,
Friends are attending,

Come while you may;

Ere you are lying

Low with the dying,

For mercy crying,

Come, come to-day.

84
WEARY child, thy sin forsaking,
Close thy heart no more;
From thy dream of pleasure waking,
Open wide the door.

Cho.—While the lamp of life is burning,
And the heart of God is yearning,
To his loving arms returning,
Give thy wandering o'er.

2 To the Saviour's tender pleading
Close thy heart no more;
Now the call of mercy heeding
Open wide the door.

3 To the gospel invitation
Close thy heart no more;
To receive a full salvation
Open wide the door.

4 To the joy that fadeth never
Close thy heart no more;
To the peace abiding ever
Open wide the door.

85
HOW many sad partings we have on
earth's shore,
Yet there is a country where friends
part no more;
There from those who love us no more
will we roam,
No more sad farewells when we all
meet at home.

Cho.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
In mansions of glory we'll all meet at
home.

2 There death cannot enter to spread
his alarms,
Our dear ones of earth are not torn
from our arms;
No more the pale boatman will sail o'er
the foam
To bear us away, when we all meet at
home.

3 Why should these brief partings
bring tears to our eyes?
We'll soon be united to dwell in the
skies;
With joy we will gather above yonder
dome,
And make heaven ring when we all
meet at home.

4 There Christ is preparing a mansion
so fair,
And soon he will call us to dwell with
him there;
With joy we will go when we hear him
say "come,"
To dwell evermore in that beautiful
home.

86
I KNOW that my Redeemer liveth,
And on the earth again shall stand;
I know eternal life he giveth,
That grace and pow'r are in his hand.

Cho.—I know, I know that Jesus liveth,
And on the earth again shall stand;
I know, I know that life he giveth,
That grace and pow'r are in his hand.

2 I know his promise never faileth,
The word he speaks it cannot die;
Tho' cruel death my flesh assaileth,
Yet I shall see him by and by.

3 I know my mansion he prepareth,
That where he is there I shall be;
Oh, wondrous tho't! for me he careth,
And he at last will come for me.

87
I'M thinking just now of a beautiful
rest,
Where sin has no place and where none
can molest,
Where all dwell in peace and are per-
fectly blest,
Just over beyond in Eden.

Cho.—Just over beyond in Eder,
Beautiful, beautiful Eden,
Close, close by the side of the Christ
crucified,
Just over beyond in Eden.

2 I'm thinking again of the pavements
of gold,
Where none ever tread who are hungry
and cold,
Where all may partake of the sweet of
the fold,
Just over beyond in Eden.

3 I'm thinking of those with the burdens
laid down,
The cross interchang'd for a beautiful
crown,
Who share in the wealth of that land of
renown,
Just over beyond in Eden.

4 I'm thinking again of a rapturous song,
In praise of the Lamb, from a glorified
throng,
That sweetly shall roll thro' the ages
along,
Just over beyond in Eden.

5 I'm longing just now for the heavenly
life,
I fain would be free from vexation and
strife,
And dwell with my King where pure
pleasures are rife,
Just over beyond in Eden.

88

COME in, come in, O blessed One;
My heart is all thine own;
Here make thy constant dwelling place,
Thy temple and thy throne.

Cho.—Hallelujah, hallelujah,
For the grace that makes me free;
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Lord, to thee.

2 Come in, come in, O blessed One;
Thou King of kings divine,
My life, my will, my ev'ry pow'r,
Without reserve are thine.

3 Come in, come in, O blessed One,
Whose name the angels praise,
While mortal tongues in humbler strains
Their grateful tribute raise.

4 Come in, O Sun of Righteousness,
And source of endless day,
Thou Lamb of God, whose cleansing
blood
Has washed my sins away.

89

LOOK well to your cables, my brother,
For severed the faith-strands may be,
Take heed lest you slip from your moorings,
And storm-toss'd lie out on life's sea.

Cho.—Drifting away, drifting away,
Far from the home of the blest;
Then anchor your soul on the Christ-rock,
For under its shadow is rest.

2 Concealed by the gathering darkness
Are breakers of sin, just at hand;
O soul, there is many a danger
To keep you from gaining the land.

3 So anchor your bark to the Christ-rock,
And ask the dear Jesus to be
Your pilot, to guide you in safety
To the shores of eternity.

90

O BEAUTIFUL home of the weary,
Where Jesus and cherish'd ones dwell,
Where never's a path lone and dreary,
Where never is heard a farewell!
Sometime we will reach the fair portals,
O blessed and peaceful retreat,
And there 'mid the shining immortals,
Again our beloved we'll greet.

Cho.—We'll meet them, sometime we
will meet them,
The dear ones who lovingly wait;
We'll greet them, sometime we will greet
them,
Up there at the beautiful gate.

2 O beautiful home of the weary,
So far from this valley of tears,
Where we with our lov'd ones may
tarry
Throughout all the rapturous years!
Oh, sweet is the thought of re-union,
Up there in the home of the soul,
A blessed and holy communion,
While ages on ages shall roll.

3 O kingdom of beauty and gladness,
Where God and his Son are the light;
Where never are partings or sadness,
Where never is sickness or blight!
Sometime, in the home of our Father,
Where nothing shall mar or molest,
With songs of rejoicing we'll gather
With those we hold sweetest and best.

91

I NEED thee ev'ry hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.

Cho.—I need thee, oh, I need thee;
Ev'ry hour I need thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to thee.

2 I need thee ev'ry hour;
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their pow'r
When thou art nigh.

3 I need thee ev'ry hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need thee ev'ry hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

5 I need thee ev'ry hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

92

ON for Jesus! steady be your arm and
brave;
Onward, onward, take the shield and
sword;
On for Jesus! standard of your Captain
wave,
Pressing onward, trusting in his word.

Cho.—Marching, marching on,
We're marching onward still for Jesus;
Marching, marching on,
Beneath the banner of the free.
"On for Jesus!" this shall be the battle-
cry,

Ne'er retreating, ever pressing on;
On for Jesus! marching on to victory,
As we shout the glad redemption song.

2 On for Jesus! tiresome tho' the con-
flict be,
Tho' the hosts of sin are pressing
hard;

On for Jesus! striving for the victory,
Endless life will soon be your reward.

3 On for Jesus, till the sound of strife
is o'er!

When the great Commander calls for
thee
Thou shalt wear a crown of life forever-
more,
And with Jesus reign eternally.

93

IF I could only tell Him as I know
Him,

My Redeemer who has brightened all
my way;

If I could tell how precious is his pres-
ence,

I am sure that you would make him
yours to-day.

Cho.—Could I tell it, could I tell it,
How the sunshine of his presence
lights my way,

I would tell it, I would tell it,
And I'm sure that you would make
him yours to-day.

2 If I could only tell you how he loves
you,

And if we could thro' the lonely gar-
den go,

If I could tell his dying pain and par-
don,

You would worship at his wounded
feet, I know.

3 If I could tell how sweet will be his
welcome,

In that home whose wondrous beauty
ne'er was told;

And tell you how he waits and longs to
save you.

You would seek him, and abide with-
in his fold.

4 But I can never tell him as I know
him;

Human tongue can never tell of love
divine;

I only can entreat you to accept him;
Come and know the joy and peace
forever mine.

94

THE mountain-path is rough and steep,

The Lord knoweth the way;
His mighty arm my steps will keep,

The Lord knoweth the way;
And while I in his love abide,

And ev'ry need to him confide,
He says my feet shall never slide,

The Lord knoweth the way.

Cho.—He'll walk beside me, He'll gently
guide me,

My Saviour knoweth, he knoweth the
way;

Oh, let me to his hand cling fast
Till earthly ills are overpast,

And I shall reach his home at last,
The Lord knoweth the way.

2 Thro' sunshine bright or shadow dim,
The Lord knoweth the way;

I'll leave the planning all to him,
The Lord knoweth the way;

Amid the windings of the road
He'll choose the course, he'll lift the
load,

And lead me to his blessed side,
The Lord knoweth the way.

3 I'll follow still the blood-stain'd track,
The Lord knoweth the way;

And "no good thing" my soul shall lack,
The Lord knoweth the way;

Then up and on, from vale to hill,
Surrendered to my Saviour's will,

His blessed purpose he'll fulfill,
The Lord knoweth the way.

95

JESUS, Saviour, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea;

Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal;

Chart and compass come from thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,

Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boist'rous waves obey thy will.

When thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea,

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,

And the fearful breakers roar
"Twixt me and the peaceful rest,

Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,

"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

96

WHAT seed are you sowing in life's
harvest-field,
While swiftly the bright moments
fly?
Each seed that you sow will spring up
and grow,
And the harvest will come by and by.

Cho.—The harvest will come by and by,
by and by,
The harvest will come by and by, by
and by,
Each seed that you sow will spring up
and grow,
And the harvest will come by and by.

2 Sow good seed at morning, at noon-
tide and eve,
And let thy seed wisely be cast;
Then joy will be thine—thou needst not
repine,
When cometh the reaping at last!

3 Be watchful and earnest and pray'r-
fully sow,
Trust God for the sunshine and rain;
Oh, sweet it will be at harvest to know,
Thy labor has not been in vain!

97

KEEP thy heart with earnest effort,
To thy God thine ear incline;
Put away all foolish longings,
Waiting for his will divine.

Cho.—Keep thy heart—with fervent
watching;
Cleanse its courts with loving care—
Face to face, in sweet communion,
Thou shalt meet thy Saviour there.

2 Keep thy heart—thou shalt not stum-
ble
In the path of truth and light
If with firm and earnest purpose
Thou shalt keep thy heart aright.

3 Keep thy heart—dare not to enter
In the broad but downward way,
Thine the narrow path that shineth
Brighter to the perfect day.

4 Keep thy heart—thy Father seeth
All that is to men unknown;
Surely in the day of sentence
He shall claim thee for his own.

98

WHEN the pendulum of time shall for-
ever cease to swing,
And Jehovah's trump o'er all the
earth shall sound;
When the nations all shall rise, march-
ing forth in solemn tread,
Tell, oh, tell me, on which side will
you be found?

Cho.—On the Lord's side, on the Lord's
side,
I will answer when Jehovah's trump
shall sound;
On the Lord's side, on the Lord's side,
Safely gather'd with the faithful I'll
be found.

2 When the Book is opened there in the
presence of the King,
And the millions crowd the judgment
bar around;
When the hosts of great and small, over
there before him stand,
With the just upon the right will you
be found?

3 There the secrets of the heart, good
or evil tho' they be,
He the Righteous Judge will herald
far and near;
When the nations he divides, as the
shepherd doth his sheep,
Tell, oh, tell me, on which side will
you appear?

99

IF our Lord should come to-night,
With the bright angelic host,
Would he find us in his vineyard,
Ev'ry servant at his post?
Thro' the precious, cleansing blood
Are our garments clean and white?
Are we dwelling in the light,
Should our Lord appear to-night?

Cho.—Are we watching, are we waiting
In the raiment pure and white?
Should we joy at his appearing
If our Lord should come to-
night?

2 If our Lord should come to-night,
Come as King and Judge of all,
Are there any here assembled
Who would tremble at his call?
Is there one, oh, is there one
Far from Jesus and the light,
Unrepentant, lost, undone,
If the Judge should come to-night?

3 Christ as King and Judge will come,
 'Tis recorded in his book;
 He will bid us stand before him,
 Not a soul will he o'erlook!
 Are we ready, ev'ry one?
 Are we in the raiment white.
 If the Judge of all mankind
 Should appear this very night?

100

TAKE your place in the ranks of God,
 Stand in line where your duty lies,
 Press the path that the Master trod,
 Fix on the Lord your eyes.
 Be your watchword Christ for all,
 All for Christ, your motto be;
 Let men hear your earnest call,
 Now is salvation free.

Cho.—Take your place! take your place!
 Stand in line where your duty lies;
 God will give strength and grace;
 Fix on the Lord your eyes.

2 Ev'ry one has a work to do,
 Ev'ry one has a place to fill,
 Ev'ry one may be good and true,
 All may be saved who will.
 As the Father gave his Son,
 Will you give to him your heart?
 Think what great things he hath done,
 Will you perform your part?

3 Oh, say not that your work is small,
 Do not murmur if you must plod,
 Do your duty whate'er befall,
 Leave all the rest with God.
 Use your talent, hide it not,
 For a purpose it was given;
 For some soul it may be fraught
 With all the joys of heaven.

101

THERE'S One above all earthly friends
 Whose love all earthly love transcends,
 It is my Lord and Christ divine,
 My Lord, because I know he's mine.

Cho.—I know he's mine, this friend so
 dear,
 He lives with me, he's ever near;
 Ten thousand charms around him shine,
 And, best of all, I know he's mine.

2 He's mine because he died for me,
 He saved my soul, he set me free;
 With joy I worship at his shrine,
 And cry, "Praise God, I know he's
 mine."

3 He's mine because he's in my heart,
 And never, never will depart;
 Just as the branch is in the vine
 I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.

4 Some day upon the streets of gold
 Mine eyes his glory shall behold.
 Then, while his arms around me twine,
 I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."

102

AS a Christian band,
 Forward hand in hand,
 To the Master's work we go;
 To a ruined race
 We declare his grace,
 And endeavor his love to show.

Cho.—To the work, hand in hand,
 To the Master's work we go;
 To a ruined race
 We declare his grace,
 And endeavor his love to show.

2 In our task agreed,
 Taking for our creed,
 All the blessed word of God,
 We together meet,
 And in union sweet,
 Seek to walk where the Master trod.

3 Far as sin hath wrought,
 Hath our Saviour taught
 That the word of life should go;
 And we strive as one
 That his will be done,
 And the whole world his great love
 know.

4 Bless the work begun,
 And until 'tis done,
 May we faithful, Lord, be found;
 May our ranks increase,
 And in grace and peace
 More and more make us to abound.

103

SOMETHING more of Jesus,
 I must learn to-day,
 Something more of Jesus,
 Walking in his way;
 Something more of his life below,
 More of his journeys to and fro,
 Wonderful blessings to bestow,
 Something more to-day.

Cho.—Something more than I've learn'd
before,

More of thyself, I pray;
More of thy love, blessed Friend above,
Something more to-day.

2 Something more of Jesus,
When his word I read,
Something more of Jesus,
For my present need;
Something more of his care for me,
More of his risen life I'd see,
Love so eternal, warm and free,
Something more to-day.

3 Something more of Jesus,
As his work I do,
Something more of Jesus,
Of his help so true;
Something more of his mighty power,
Cleansing and keeping ev'ry hour,
More of his joy thro' sun and show'r,
Something more to-day.

104

O CHURCH of God, arise!
Reach out thy helping hand,
And like a trumpet let thy voice
Go forth to ev'ry land;
Lay not thine armor down,
Nor cease by day or night,
To lift the sword of gospel truth,
And wield it for the right.

Cho.—Then arise in thy glory, O Church
of God, arise!
'Tis the dawn of the morrow that greets
thy waiting eyes.
But cloud and mist and shadow must
all be rolled away,
But cloud and mist and shadow must
all be rolled away,
Before the world will usher in the long
expected day.

2 O Church of God, arise!
Thy borders wide extend,
And o'er the earth's remotest bounds
Thy heralds quickly send;
Thine armies now are great,
But greater they must be,
For ev'ry nation, ev'ry clime
Shall yet rejoice in thee.

3 O Church of God, arise!
The grand old choral strain
Of peace on earth, good will to man
That rang on Judah's plain,
O'er all the world shall ring,
And echo far and wide,
And then the King, thy Lord shall
come,
And claim his faithful bride.

105

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye lan-
quish;
Come to the mercy seat, fervently
kneel,
Here bring your wounded hearts, here
tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-
not heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the stray-
ing,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and
pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly
saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven
cannot cure."

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters
flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure
from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever
knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can
remove.

106

OUR Redeemer died to save us
On the cross of Calvary,
Suffered there that he might purchase
Endless life for you and me;
Tell to all the world the story
Of his wondrous sacrifice,
Tell them of his risen glory,
King of earth and Paradise.

Cho.—Tell the blessed story
To the sons of men;
Tell the blessed story
O'er and o'er again.

2 Tell of Jesus on the mountain,
Speaking to the multitude,
Preaching there the blessed gospel,
While he gave them earthly food;
Tell how winds and waves obeyed
him,
Owning thus his majesty
When he still'd the angry tempest,
On the Sea of Galilee.

3 Tell them all the words of comfort
Spoken by his loving voice,
Of his tender consolation,
Bidding troubled hearts rejoice;
Tell them of the living waters,
Flowing to refresh the soul,
And the golden crown that waits us
When at last we reach the goal.

107

SCATTERING precious seed by the
wayside,

Scattering precious seed by the hill-
side;

Scattering precious seed o'er the field,
wide,

Scattering precious seed by the way.

Cho.—Sowing in the morning,
Sowing at the noontide,
Sowing in the evening,
Sowing the precious seed by the way.

2 Scattering precious seed for the grow-
ing,

Scattering precious seed, freely sowing;
Scattering precious seed, trusting,
knowing,

Surely the Lord will send it the rain.

3 Scattering precious seed, doubting
never,

Scattering precious seed, trusting ever;
Sowing the word with pray'r and en-
deavor,

Trusting the Lord for growth and for
yield.

108 (109)

WE have heard of a land on whose
blue, ether skies

Not a cloud for a moment can stay,
And it needs not the sun in his splendor
to rise,

For the Lord is the light of its day;
We have heard of that land, and its
glory we seek,

Where the faithful with Jesus shall
dwell,

Where the roses of youth never fade
from the cheek,

And the lips never murmur, farewell.

Cho.—Beautiful land, beautiful land,
Over the rolling sea,
Beautiful land, beautiful land,
When shall we come to thee?

2 We have talked of that land when
our journey was long.

And our hearts overburdened with
care,

We have talked of the blest at the river
of song.

And how oft we have sighed to be
there;

And our faith has grown up, like a bird
on the wing,

To that land on eternity's shore.

Where the joys of Eden forever shall
ring,
And the soul shall be weary no more.

3 We are nearing that land, we are
nearing the gate

To the city of jasper and gold,
Where the Saviour to welcome his chil-
dren doth wait,

And will gather them into the fold;
To the fold of his love, in the mansions
above,

Where forever with him they shall
dwell,

And the eyes that were sad in his smile
shall be glad,

And the lips never murmur, farewell.

110

O WHAT everlasting mercy
Saved me, pardoned, and restored;

Fill me now to overflowing,
With thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

Give me of the living water,
Till my soul is satisfied;

From the wells of thy salvation,
Be my ev'ry need supplied.

Cho.—Fill me now, fill me now,
To overflowing, to overflowing,
Fill me now, fill me now,
With thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 Make my life henceforth a channel,
Where thy love shall have its way,

Bless'd, that I may be a blessing,
Use me, Saviour, ev'ry day.

Closer, closer to the fountain,
Hold my heart, my soul, my will;

Let the blessed heav'nly currents,
Richly all my being fill.

3 Free, exhaustless is the fountain,
Help me freely to believe,

Rivers of thy grace are promised,
More and more may I receive.

Happy thirst that keeps me coming,
Pleading still thy gracious word;

Fill me now to overflowing,
With thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

111

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry:

While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

Cho.—Saviour, Saviour,
Hear my humble cry,
While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heaven but thee?

112

NO scenes of mirth upon the earth
Such pleasures can impart,
As those which come to ev'ry one
When Christ is in the heart.

Cho.—O royal Guest, fill every breast,
And never more depart,
For this we know, 'tis heav'n below,
When Christ is in the heart.

2 Tho' sorrows roll upon the soul,
And tears unbidden start,—
Yet still we find sweet peace of mind
When Christ is in the heart.

3 Tho' we may find the world unkind,—
Its words may sting and smart,
Yet all the year the skies are clear
When Christ is in the heart.

4 So we will sing of Christ our King
Till soul and body part,
Then we'll go home no more to roam,
If Christ is in the heart.

113

WHEN from the scenes of earth we rise,
To find our home beyond the skies,
What visions then shall greet our eyes,
When we shall be with Jesus!

Cho.—To be with Jesus, O how sweet!
With saints and angels at his feet,
With songs we shall each other greet,
And ever be with Jesus.

2 The storms of life will all be o'er,
Our souls be tempest-toss'd no more,
When we have reach'd the golden shore,
For we shall be with Jesus.

3 Redeemed from sin and saved by
grace,
We shall behold his blessed face,
The wonders of his love to trace,
As we shall be with Jesus.

4 With him in glory e'er to stay,
Where founts of living waters play,
And sorrow's tears are wiped away,
Forevermore with Jesus.

114

O LOVE unmeasured, vast and deep,
Thy first glad chorus rang
When o'er the new creation's birth
The stars of the morn in beauty sang.

Cho.—The love of God made manifest
to us,
In the gift of Christ, his Son, whom he
spared not,
But for sin he delivered him up,
But for sin he delivered him up;
He has redeemed us, he has redeemed
us,
He has redeemed us thro' his atonement
once for all,

2 'Twas love that from our lost estate
Came down to set us free,
And gave its life that we henceforth
Redeem'd unto grace thro' faith might
be.

3 'Twas love inspired the angel host
At midnight hour to sing,
Good will to man and peace on earth,
Thro' him who is born to reign our
King.

4 'Twas love that bore the cross for us,
That we a crown might wear;
'Twas love unbarred the gates above,
And all who believe may enter there.

115

WHILE Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to own him,
Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to know him,
Come, sinner, come!

2 Are you too heavy laden?
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will not deceive you,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus can now redeem you,
Come, sinner, come!

Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,
Standing on the promises of God.

5 Standing on the promises I cannot fall,
Listening every moment to the Spirit's call,
Resting in my Saviour, as my all in all,
Standing on the promises of God.

251

MY soul in sad exile was out on life's sea,
So burdened with sin, and distress,
Till I heard a sweet voice saying, make me your choice;
And I entered the "Haven of Rest!"

Cho.—I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest,
I'll sail the wide seas no more;
The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep,
In Jesus I'm safe evermore.

2 I yielded myself to his tender embrace,
And faith taking hold of the word,
My fetters fell off, and I anchored my soul;
The haven of rest is my Lord.

3 The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole,
Has been the old story so blest
Of Jesus, who'll save whosoever will have
A home in the "Haven of Rest!"

4 How precious the thought that we all may recline,
Like John the beloved and blest,
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,—
Secure in the "Haven of Rest!"

5 Oh, come to the Saviour, he patiently waits
To save by his power divine;
Come, anchor your soul in the haven of rest,
And say, "my Beloved is mine."

252

WHEN you start for the land of heavenly rest,
Keep close to Jesus all the way;
For he is the Guide, and he knows the way best,
Keep close to Jesus all the way.

L. H., 2, Words—E

Cho.—Keep close to Jesus, keep close to Jesus,
Keep close to Jesus all the way;
By day or by night never turn from the right,
Keep close to Jesus all the way.

2 Never mind the storms or trials as you go,
Keep close to Jesus all the way;
'Tis a comfort and joy his favor to know,
Keep close to Jesus all the way.

3 To be safe from the darts of the evil one,
Keep close to Jesus all the way;
Take the shield of faith till the victory is won,
Keep close to Jesus all the way.

4 We shall reach our home in heaven by and bye,
Keep close to Jesus all the way;
Where to those we love we'll never say good-bye,
Keep close to Jesus all the way.

253

WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Ev'rything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Ev'rything to God in prayer!

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.

254

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

There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

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

255

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

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

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

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

256

GOD bless our native land;
Firm may she ever stand,
Thro' storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

2 For her our pray'rs shall rise
To God above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the state.

3 To God—the Father, Son,
And Spirit—three in one,
All praise be giv'n!
Crown him in ev'ry song;
To him your hearts belong;
Let all his praise prolong,—
On earth, in heav'n.

257

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

Cho.—We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gather'd home.

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

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

4 I sought at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With him I'll brave death's chilling
tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

258

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

2 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright, above the sun,
Reign evermore.

3 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will you doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall dwell with thee,
Blest evermore.

259
 JESUS calls us: o'er the tumult
 Of our life's wild, restless sea,
 Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
 Saying, "Christian, follow me."

2 Jesus calls us from the worship
 Of the vain world's golden store;
 From each idol that would keep us,
 Saying, "Christian, love me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
 Days of toil and hours of ease,
 Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
 "That we love him more than these."

4 Jesus calls us: by thy mercies,
 Saviour make us hear thy call,
 Give our hearts to thine obedience.
 Serve and love thee best of all.

260
 SWEET hour of pray'r! sweet hour of
 pray'r!

That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throne
 Make all my wants and wishes known;
 In seasons of distress and grief
 My soul has often found relief;
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
 pray'r!

Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To him whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless:
 And since he bids me seek his face,
 Believe his word, and trust his grace,
 I'll cast on him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

261

I AM thine, O Lord, I have heard thy
 voice,
 And it told thy love to me;
 But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
 And be closer drawn to thee.

Cho.—Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed
 Lord,
 To the cross where thou hast died;
 Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer blessed
 Lord,
 To thy precious bleeding side.

2 Consecrate me now to thy service,
 Lord,
 By the pow'r of grace divine;

Let my soul look up with a steadfast
 hope,
 And my will be lost in thine.

3 Oh, the pure delight of a single hour
 That before thy throne I spend,
 When I kneel in pray'r, and with thee,
 my God,
 I commune as friend with friend!

4 There are depths of love that I cannot
 know
 Till I cross the narrow sea,
 There are heights of joy that I may not
 reach
 Till I rest in peace with thee.

262

FADE, fade, each earthly joy,
 Jesus is mine!
 Break, ev'ry tender tie,
 Jesus is mine!
 Dark is the wilderness,
 Earth has no resting place,
 Jesus alone can bless,
 Jesus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away,
 Jesus is mine!
 Here would I ever stay,
 Jesus is mine!
 Perishing things of clay,
 Born but for one brief day,
 Pass from my heart away,
 Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
 Jesus is mine!
 Lost in this dawning light,
 Jesus is mine!
 All that my soul has tried
 Left but a dismal void,
 Jesus has satisfied,
 Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,
 Jesus is mine!
 Welcome, eternity,
 Jesus is mine!
 Welcome, O loved and blest,
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
 Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
 Jesus is mine!

263

MY life, my love I give to thee,
 Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
 Oh, may I ever faithful be,
 My Saviour and my God!

Cho.—I'll live for him who died for me,
How happy then my life shall be!
I'll live for him who died for me,
My Saviour and my God.

2 I now believe thou dost receive,
For thou hast died that I might live;
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee,
My Saviour and my God!

3 Oh, thou who died on Calvary,
To save my soul and make me free,
I consecrate my life to thee,
My Saviour and my God!

264

AMID the trials which I meet,
Amid the thorns that pierce my feet,
One thought remains supremely sweet,
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

Cho.—Thou thinkest, Lord, of me,
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
What need I fear since thou art near,
And thinkest, Lord, of me!

2 The cares of life come thronging fast,
Upon my soul their shadows cast;
Their gloom reminds my heart at last,
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

3 Let shadows come, let shadows go,
Let life be bright or dark with woe,
I am content, for this I know,
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

265

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

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

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

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

266

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us
Much we need thy tend'rest care
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou has bought us, thine we are

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear thy children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free
Blessed Jesus,
Let us ever turn to thee.

267

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought and hop'd, and know'd
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heav'n are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
 Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
 thy service, pain is pleasure;
 With thy favor, loss is gain.
 have called thee, "Abba, Father;"
 I have stayed my heart on thee;
 orms may howl, and clouds may
 gather,
 All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twilt but drive me to thy breast;
 fe with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While thy love is left to me;
 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with thee.

Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 oy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear,
 hink 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?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by
 prayer;
 eaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 on shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 ope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

68

ENTLY, Lord, oh gently lead us
 Through this lonely vale of tears,
 rough the changes thou'st decreed us,
 Till our last great change appears;
 hen temptation's darts assail us,
 When in devious paths we stray,
 et thy goodness never fail us,
 Lead us in thy perfect way.

In the hour of pain and anguish,
 In the hour when death draws near,
 offer not our hearts to languish,
 Suffer not our souls to fear;
 nd when mortal life is ended,
 Bid us in thine arms to rest,
 ill by angel bands attended
 We awake among the blest.

69

UST as I am, without one plea.
 ut that thy blood was shed for me,
 and that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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

3 Just as I am, tho' toss'd about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within, and fears without,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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

5 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
 Hath broken every barrier down;
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

270

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

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

2 Your many sins are all forgiv'n,
 Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
 Go on your way in peace to heav'n,
 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 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus;
 Oh! how my soul delights to hear,
 The charming name of Jesus.

271

OH, for the peace that floweth as a
 river,
 Making life's desert places bloom and
 smile;

Oh, for the faith to grasp "heav'n's
 bright forever,"
 Amid the shadows of earth's "little
 while."

- 2 "A little while" for patient vigil
 keeping
 To face the storm and wrestle with
 the strong;
 "A little while" to sow the seed with
 weeping,
 Then bind the sheaves and sing the
 harvest song.
- 3 "A little while" the earthen pitcher
 taking,
 To wayside brooks, from far-off foun-
 tains fed;
 Then the parch'd lip its thirst forever
 slaking
 Beside the fulness of the Fountain-
 head.
- 4 "A little while" to keep the oil from
 failing,
 "A little while" faith's flick'ring lamp
 to trim;
 And then the Bridegroom's coming foot-
 steps hailing,
 We'll haste to meet him with the
 bridal hymn.

272

- WE would see Jesus—for the shadows
 lengthen
 Across this little landscape of our life;
 We would see Jesus our weak faith to
 strengthen,
 For the last weariness—the final strife.
- 2 We would see Jesus—the great Rock
 Foundation,
 Whereon our feet are set with sov-
 ereign grace;
 Not life nor death, with all their agita-
 tion,
 Can thence remove us, if we see his
 face.
- 3 We would see Jesus—other lights are
 paling,
 Which for long years we have rejoiced
 to see:
 The blessings of our pilgrimage are fail-
 ing.
 We would not mourn them, for we go
 to thee.
- 4 We would see Jesus—this is all we're
 needing,
 Strength, joy, and willingness come
 with the sight;
 We would see Jesus, dying, risen, plead-
 ing.
 Then welcome day, and farewell mor-
 tal night!

273

MY Jesus, as thou wilt:
 O may thy will be mine;
 Into thy hand of love
 I would my all resign.
 Thro' sorrow or thro' joy,
 Conduct me as thine own,
 And help me still to say,
 "My Lord, thy will be done."

- 2 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
 Tho' seen thro' many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear.
 Since thou on earth hast wept
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with thee,
 My Lord, thy will be done.
- 3 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
 All shall be well for me;
 Each changing future scene
 I gladly trust with thee.
 Straight to my home above,
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing in life or death,
 "My Lord, thy will be done."

274

- HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty;
 Early in the morning our song shall
 rise to thee;
 Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity.
- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore
 thee,
 Casting down their golden crowns
 around the glassy sea;
 Cherubim and seraphim falling down be-
 fore thee,
 Which wert, and art, and evermore
 shall be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! tho' the darkness
 hide thee,
 Tho' the eye of sinful man thy glory
 may not see;
 Only thou art holy! there is none beside
 thee,
 Perfect in power, in love, and puri-
 ty.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty;
 All thy works shall praise thy name
 in earth, and sky, and sea;
 Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity;

75

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

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

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

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break 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.

276

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
O may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Hath spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

277

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they
shine,
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

278

JESUS, engrave it on my heart,
That thou the one thing needful art;
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from thee.

2 Needful art thou to make me live,
Needful art thou all grace to give;
Needful to guide me, lest I stray;
Needful to help me every day.

3 Needful is thy most precious blood;
Needful is thy correcting rod;
Needful is thine indulgent care,
Needful thine all-prevailing prayer.

4 Needful art thou to be my stay
Through all life's dark and thorny way,
Nor less in death thou'lt needful be,
When I yield up my soul to thee.

279

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

2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we
strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are thy people, we thy care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!

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

280

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for
thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way:
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

281

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

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

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

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

282

COME, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside,
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What he endured, oh, who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.

3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansions of the dead,
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the conqueror rode
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve;
Our hearts, our all to thee we give,—
The gift, though small, thou wilt re-
ceive.

283

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
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.

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

I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
vived,
And now I live in him.

3 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."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

284

COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But oh, what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

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

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines;
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

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

285

AS pants the hart for water brooks,
So pants my soul, O God, for thee;
For thee it thirsts, to thee it looks,
And longs the living God to see.

2 Oh! why art thou cast down, my soul?
And what should so disquiet thee?
Still hope in God, and him extol,
Whose face brings saving health to
thee.

286

HOW blest the righteous when they die,
When holy souls retire to rest!
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves the expiring
breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are
o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate
dwell:
How bright the unchanging morn ap-
pears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

4 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he
dies!"

287

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

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

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

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

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

288

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, thine would I die;
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

3 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 my all.

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

289

I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O wondrous love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

290

WHILE life prolongs its precious light
Mercy is found, and peace is given,
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day,
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound;
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave:
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

291

JESUS, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and oppressed;
I come to cast myself on thee:
Thou art my Rest.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek;
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestous the night;
O send thou forth some cheering ray,
Thou art my Light.

4 I hear the storms around me rise,
But when I dread th' impending shock,
My spirit to the refuge flies;
Thou art my Rock.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink;
Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, what'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

292

COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blessed abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame,
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

293

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

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.

294

GO, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee
not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast
down:
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

4 Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and
pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

295

AWAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

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

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

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

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

296

LIGHT of light, enlighten me!
Now anew the day is dawning;
Sun of grace, the shadows flee;
Brighten thou my Sabbath morning!
With the joyous sunshine blest,
Happy is my day of rest.

2 Fount of all our joy and peace,
To thy living waters lead me;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me;
Bless thy word that it may prove
Rich in fruits that thou dost love.

3 Kindle thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
That, from ev'ry error flying,
No strange fire may in me glow
That thine altar doth not know.

4 Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy;
Come, thou glorious majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Naught to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in thy love.

297

FLING out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun that lights its shining folds,
The cross on which the Saviour died.

2 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

3 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

4 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

298

THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes:
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

- 2 The King there in his beauty
Without a veil is seen:
It were a well-spent journey,
Tho' seven deaths lay between:
The Lamb with his fair army
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.
- 3 O Christ, he is the Fountain,
The deep sweet Well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.
- 4 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time he wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were luster'd by his love;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that plann'd,
When thron'd where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

299

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

Cho.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly King,
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our song abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's
ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

300

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 strewn,
The heathen, in their blindness,
Bow 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!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

301

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son!
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,—
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

- 2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
- 3 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,
That name to us is—Love.

302

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

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost its venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me.
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

303

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

2 This life's a dream—an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 Oh, glorious hour!—oh, blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound:
Then burst the chains with sweet sur-
prise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

304

GOD calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

4 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my
heart.

305

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does its successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

306

LO! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand;
Of ev'ry tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
But now from all their labors rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see the Saviour face to face;
They sing the triumph of his grace;
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise.

4 O may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life!

307

NOW to the Lord a noble song:
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

5 Oh! may I reach that happy place,
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

308

SOON may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies;
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and king-
doms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the scepter of thy reign.

3 O let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
Till not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

309

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.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heav'n comes down our souls to
greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

310

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet.
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

4 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious
crown!
Oh, resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

311

HOW do thy mercies close me round!
Forever be thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord.

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me
sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone;
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy:
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

312

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, 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.

3 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.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
I'll then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

313

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

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

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

4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble
zeal
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

314

MY gracious Lord! I own thy right
To every service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end,
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend?

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, his saving power.

315

HOW favored, ye people, who trust in
the Lord!
Who lean on his promise and cling to
his word;
What hope can be brighter, what joy
more divine,
Than this blest assurance, "My child,
thou art mine.

My light shall illumine, tho' dark clouds
may roll,
And vainly endeavor to cover thy soul;
I'll banish thy darkness, I'll scatter thy
gloom,
And with my bright glory thy skies all
illumine.

2 "Sometimes thro' sore trials I'll call
thee to go,
But, like favored Daniel, no harm shalt
thou know;
My angels shall keep thee and round
thee abide,
To guard thee from danger, whatever
betide.
Thy soul shall not perish when dark
waters roll,
For I will sustain thee and shelter thy
soul;
I'll ever uphold thee and guide thee
aright
To that blessed city where cometh no
night.

3 "When weary and hungry along life's
rough road,
When cares and temptations would add
to thy load;
Remember the promise revealed in my
Word—
O soul, cast thy burden and care on the
Lord.
The water of life will I give unto thee,
Behold it now flowing so full and so
free;
I'll feed thee with manna sent down
from above,
And thou shalt be feasted with clusters
of love."

4 Some day I shall give o'er this swift
fleeting breath,
And down in the tomb lay this body in
death;
But comforting grace then shall carry
me through,
Till glories immortal shall break on my
view;
And when he shall bid me in glory
arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the
skies,
I'll shout when the heavens shall all be
afflame,
Hosanna! hosanna to his blessed name!

316

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

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

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are 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.

317

COME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing;
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

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

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

318

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.
Hallelujah. Amen.

2 King of glory! reign forever!
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine

own:
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.
Hallelujah. Amen.

3 Saviour! hasten thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"
Hallelujah. Amen.

319

LO! the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
May the Sun which ever shineth
Fill our souls with heavenly light.

2 While, thine ear of love addressing,
This our parting hymn we sing,
Father, grant thine evening blessing,
Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

320

ANOTHER year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be
In working or in waiting,
Another year with thee.

2 Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of thy face.

3 Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

4 Another year of service,
Of witness for thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

321

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

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation

In our hearts and lives abound;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

May thy Kingdom here, Lord Jesus,
 Soon be like to heav'n above.

4 Prayers ascend, like incense rising,
 For new pardon, grace, and peace:
 May thy Spirit's influence brighten
 All our lives,—our faith increase.

5 May the wisdom of thy gospel
 Comfort for all times afford;
 And may we be waiting, ready
 At thy coming, dearest Lord.

22
 SAVIOUR! visit thy plantation:
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again.

325

O DAY of rest and gladness,
 O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright;
 On thee, the high and lowly,
 Through ages joined in tune,
 Sing "Holy, holy, holy,"
 To the great God Triune.

ho.—Lord revive us, Lord revive us,
 All our help must come from thee.

2 On thee, at the creation,
 The light first had its birth;
 On thee, for our salvation,
 Christ rose from depths of earth;
 On thee our Lord, victorious,
 The Spirit sent from heaven;
 And thus on thee, most glorious,
 A triple light was given.

Keep no longer at a distance;
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest, for want of thy assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die.

3 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers;
 Let each one esteemed thy servant
 Shun the world's enticing snares.

4 New graces ever gaining,
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest;
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To thee, blest Three in One.

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

23
 IAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above!

Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

24
 WE have come to worship Jesus,
 And in adoration bow
 Low before our gracious Saviour,
 Who vouchsafes to hear us now.

326

NOW be the gospel banner
 In every land unfurled,
 And be the shout, Hosanna!
 Re-echoed through the world;
 Till every isle and nation,
 Till every tribe and tongue,
 Receive the great salvation,
 And join the happy throng.

Jesus, Friend of earth-bound sinners,
 Wash away our every stain;
 Lay our hearts to thee be opened,
 So that thou may'st in them reign.

May we find thy great salvation,
 And our souls be filled with love;

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- 2 What though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine,
His arm throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine;
Ride on, O Lord, victorious.
Immanuel, Prince of Peace,
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
Thy empire still increase.
- 3 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings;
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise;
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.
- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer:
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.
- 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

327

THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

- 2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love;
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

328

STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:

329

WHEN, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosannas to his name.
Nor did their zeal offend him,
For as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

- 2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne;
And cry aloud "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!"
- 3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise:
The stones, our silence shaming
Might well hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

330

LORD, God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

- 2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of
fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

Spirit of light! explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With luster shining more and more,
Unto the perfect day.

31
COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

From the celestial hills
Light, life, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly, feel
Thy quickening influence.

O melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

The profit will be mine,
But thine shall be the praise;
Cheerful to thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

32
THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear!
Oh! may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possessed.

Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

33
LORD, teach us how to pray,
And give us hearts to ask;
Or all we think, or do, or say,
Will be a tiresome task.

2 Thy Holy Spirit send,
Our bosoms to inspire;
Then shall our praise to thee ascend
With pure and warm desire.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Present our prayers above;
And spread abroad o'er all thou seest
The mantle of thy love.

4 Teach us to find our bliss
In earnest, fervent prayer,
For where we pray our Saviour is,
And bliss is only there.

334

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,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

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

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

335

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend:
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

336

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

337

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, forevermore.

338

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for thee.

339

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

340

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

2 While we pray for pardoning grace
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

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

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

341

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Ev'ry nation, ev'ry clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.
Mightiest kings his power shall own
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

342

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wing
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward's heaven, thy native place.

sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

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

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

43
TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb;
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon will be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb;
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above;
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

44
FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
My gracious Master, and my God.
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

Jesus! the name that charms our
fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

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

345
HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour
comes,
The Saviour, promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the pris'ner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

346
JOY to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

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

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

TO Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

347
ALL hail the pow'r of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

348

- JESUS! the name high over all,
In hell, or earth or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.
- 4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.
- 5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"
- 6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name,
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

349

- LOST, lost on the mountains of sin and
despair,
Till Jesus in love, sought and rescued
me there,
He saved me from wand'ring, he gave
me release,
And led me to pathways of blessing and
peace.

Cho.—And shall I turn back into t
world?
Oh, no! not I! not I!
And shall I turn back into the worl
No, no, not I!

2 My days, swiftly passing, ha
brought from above
So many bright tokens of mercy an
love;
"More grace" he has given, and burde
removed,
Yes, over and over, his goodness I
proved.

3 How well I remember, in sorrow
dark night,
The lamp of his word shed its beautif
light,
And sweet was the voice of the Cor
forter then,
Awaking new praises again and agai

4 Before me the tow'rs of Jerusale
rise,
Each day I am nearing my home in th
skies;
My Saviour a mansion of joy will pr
pare,
And loved ones are waiting to welcom
me there.

350

- I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dea
He lives, my everlasting Head!
- 2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives, and grants me daily breath
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.
- 4 He lives, all glory to his name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

351

AMAZING grace, how sweet the soun
That sav'd a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

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

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

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

52

ONWARD, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go!

ho.—Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

353

YES, for me, for me he careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes, for me he standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above,
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

3 Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

4 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth,
I in him, and he in me;
And my empty soul he filleth
Here and through eternity.

5 Thus I wait for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

354

TARRY with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer.

4 Let me hear thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord! I cast myself on thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep still watch by me.

6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest.

355

HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again; the fields are whitening;
For the harvest-time is near.

356

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne.

357

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

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not
dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee
aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent
hand.

3 "When thro' the deep waters I call
thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy trials to
bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest dis-
tress.

4 "When thro' fiery trials thy path
shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be
supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I o
design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold
refine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my peo
shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangea
love;
And when hoary hairs shall their te
ples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bos
be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath lean
for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his fo
That soul, though all hell should
deavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake

358

MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness
I dare not trust the sweetest fan
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand
All other ground is sinking sand,

2 When darkness seems to veil his fa
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.

359

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtain of th
night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hour:
Thy sov'reign word restores the light.
And quickens all my drowsy pow'r

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

60
COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;
 He himself invites thee near,
 And bids thee ask him, waits to hear.
 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
 Give possession of my breast;
 Here thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.

While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let thy love my spirit cheer;
 As my guide, my guard, my friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.

Show me what I have to do;
 Every hour my strength renew;
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die thy people's death.

61
CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As we journey we will sing,—
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.

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

O ye mourning souls, be glad,
 Christ our advocate is made;
 Us to save our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our souls becomes.

Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
 Soon we'll enter into rest;
 There our seat is now prepared,
 There our Kingdom and reward.

Lord, submissive make us go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.

362
HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
 "Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
 And, when wounded, healed thy wound;
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
 Turned thy darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care
 Cease toward the child she bare?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above,
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done;
 Partner of my throne shalt be;
 Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint;
 Yet I love thee and adore,
 Oh, for grace to love thee more!

363

CHRISTIAN! dost thou see them
 On the holy ground,
 How the pow'rs of darkness
 Rage thy steps around?
 Christian, up and smite them,
 Counting gain but loss;
 In the strength that cometh
 By the holy cross.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
 How they work within,
 Striving, tempting, luring,
 Goading into sin?
 Christian, never tremble;
 Never be downcast;
 Gird thee for the battle,
 Watch and pray and fast.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
 How they speak thee fair?
 "Always fast and vigil?
 Always watch and prayer?"
 Christian, answer boldly:
 "While I breathe I pray!"
 Peace shall follow battle,
 Night shall end in day.

4 "Well, I know thy trouble,
 O my servant true;
 Thou art very weary,
 I was weary, too;
 But that toil shall make thee
 Some day all mine own,
 And the end of sorrow
 Shall be near my throne."

364

LO! the stone is rolled away,
 Death yields up his mighty prey;
 Jesus, rising from the tomb,
 Scatters all its fearful gloom.

2 Praise him in the noblest songs,
 From ten thousand thousand tongues
 Every note with rapture swell,
 And the Saviour's triumph tell.

3 Let Immanuel be adored—
Ransom, Mediator, Lord!
To creation's utmost bound,
Let eternal praise resound.

365

WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace.—
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see;
This is still thy sweet relief.—
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

366

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, and sin, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

367

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 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me
home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

368

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee.—

5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

369

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.

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,

Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there,
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

70

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

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

Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

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.

71

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

"I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
High as a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

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

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

372

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my path your choice,
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's
scorn,

Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

373

AS the twilight shadows fall,
Let us, in the closing day,
Mark the solemn hour when all
Earthly things shall fade away.

2 In the grave to which we haste,
No repentance can be found;
Shall we then our moments waste
While we stand on trial-ground?

3 Ere the coming of that night,
(When its coming who can say?)
Let us do with all our might,
Strive and labor, watch and pray.

4 Lord, do thou thy grace impart;
Penitence and faith bestow!
Come and sanctify each heart,
Let us thy salvation know.

5 That when waning years have fled,
And these scenes have passed away,
Rising with the summoned dead,
We may wake to endless day.

374

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

2 Fain I would to thee be brought;
Gracious God, forbid it not;
Give me, O my God, a place
In the kingdom of thy grace!

3 Put thy hands upon my head,
Let me in thine arms be stayed;
Let me lean upon thy breast,
Lull me there, O Lord, to rest.

4 Fain I would be as thou art;
Give me thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have thy loving mind.

375

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

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

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, 'how can I give thee up?'
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

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

376

GRACIOUS Spirit, love divine,
Let thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

377

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's course be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

378

HOLY GHOST, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

379

ERE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord! our song ascends to thee;
At thy feet we bow the knee.

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

3 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead,
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last.

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

380

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

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

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Lead me through the swelling current;
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever sing to thee.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
 All thy warfare now is past,
 God, thy Saviour, shall defend thee,
 Peace and joy are come at last;
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

1
 O! Ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh,
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

383

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above!

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

2 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Lost and ruined by the fall;
 You tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

384

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.

Saints and angels joined in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name;
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners here may sing the same.

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

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

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

82
 On the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing—
 Zion long in hostile lands;
 Mourning captive!
 God himself will loose thy bands.

385

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend,—
 Life and health, and peace possessing,
 From the sinners' dying Friend.

Has thy night been long and mourn-
 ful,
 All thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning;
 Zion still is well beloved.

2 Here I'll sit forever viewing
 Mercy stream in streams of blood;
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

God, thy God, will now restore thee,
 He himself appears thy friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee,
 Here their boasts and triumphs end;
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King will quickly send.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his cross to lie,—
 While I see divine compassion
 Floating in his languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the cross I gaze;
 Love I much! I'm much forgiven,—
 I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I bathe;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.

386

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

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

3 Wilt thou not regard my call?
 Wilt thou not accept my prayer?
 Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall!
 Lo, on thee I cast my care;
 Reach me out thy gracious hand!
 While I of thy strength receive,
 Hoping against hope I stand,
 Dying, and behold I live!

4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

5 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart
 Rise to all eternity.

387

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are;
 Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height
 See that glory beaming star!
 Watchman, does its beautiful ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?
 Traveler, yes; it brings the day,
 Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Traveler, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portend
 Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Traveler, ages are its own,
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home!
 Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come!

388

PEOPLE of the living God,
 I have sought the world around,
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort nowhere found.
 Now to you my spirit turns—
 Turns, a fugitive unblest;
 Brethren, where your altar burns,
 Oh, receive me into rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave.
 Mine the God whom you adore,
 Your Redeemer shall be mine;
 Earth can fill my heart no more,
 Every idol I resign,

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
 Ease, enjoyment, pomp and power;
 Welcome poverty and cross,
 Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.
 "Follow me!" I know thy voice!
 Jesus, Lord! thy steps I see:
 Now I take thy yoke by choice;
 Light thy burden now on me.

389

COME, ye that love the Saviour's name
 And joy to make it known,
 The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim
 And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your Lord, your Master
 crowned
 With glories all divine;
 And tell the wondering nations round
 How bright those glories shine.

3 When, in his earthly courts, we view
 The glories of our King,
 We long to love as angels do,
 And wish like them to sing.

And shall we long and wish in vain?
 Lord, teach our songs to rise:
 Thy love can animate the strain,
 And bid it reach the skies.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
 To thee the praise belongs:
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

0

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
 Majestic, like the sun,
 It gives a light to every age;
 It gives, but borrows none.

393

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

The power that gave it still supplies
 The gracious light and heat;
 Its truths upon the nations rise;
 They rise, but never set.

394

THROUGH all the changing scenes of
 life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

Lord, everlasting thanks be thine
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of him I love,
 Till glory breaks upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.

2 My soul shall make her boast in him,
 And celebrate his fame;
 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt his name.

01

To us a Child of hope is born,
 To us a Son is given;
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
 Him, all the hosts of heaven.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just;
 Deliverance he affords to all
 Who on his succor trust.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
 Forevermore adored;
 He Wonderful, the Counselor,
 The great and mighty Lord.

4 Oh! make but trial of his love;
 Experience will decide
 How blest they are, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.

His power, increasing, still shall
 spread;
 His reign no end shall know;
 Justice shall guard his throne above,
 And peace abound below.

395

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own—
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround his throne.

To us a Child of hope is born,
 To us a Son is given;
 He Wonderful, the Counselor,
 The mighty Lord of heaven.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
 And Satan's empire fell;
 To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
 And all his wonders tell.

02

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

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
 To David's holy Son!
 Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.

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

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men,
 With messages of grace,
 Who comes, in God his Father's name,
 To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise;
 The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

396

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 fight to win the prize,
And sail 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.

397

BENEATH Moriah's rocky side
A gentle fountain springs:
Silent and soft its waters glide,
Like the peace the Spirit brings.

2 The thirsty Arab stoops to drink
Of the cool and quiet wave—
And the thirsty spirit stops to think
Of Him who came to save.

3 Siloam is the fountain's name:
It means One sent of God;
And thus the holy Saviour's name
It gently spreads abroad.

4 Oh, grant that I, like this sweet well,
May Jesus' image bear,
And spend my life, my all, to tell
How full his mercies are.

398

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

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

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

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

399

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

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

3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within;

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

400

OUR Father who art in heaven, ha-
lowed be thy name, Thy kingdom
come, thy will be done in earth, as
it is in heaven.

2 Give us this day our daily bread
And forgive us our trespasses, as we
forgive them that trespass against us

3 And lead us not into temptation, but
deliver us from evil; For thine is the
kingdom, and the power and the glory
forever and ever. Amen.

401

HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors;
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

2 While all our hearts, and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched
choice,
And rather starve than come.

4 "'Twas the same love that spread the
feast,
That sweetly forced me in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin."

2

HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord;
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.

Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn,
Oh, take the wanderer home.

Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious, how divine,
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
Oh, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

3

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

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising dawn.

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

4

THE Lord Jehovah unto all
His goodness doth declare,
And over all his mighty works
His tender mercies are.

Thy kingdom shall for ever stand,
Thy reign through ages all;
God raiseth all that are bowed down,
Upholdeth all that fall.

The eyes of all things wait on thee,
Thou Giver of all good!
And thou in season due dost give
To every one his food.

My mouth the praises of the Lord
To publish shall not cease;
Let all flesh join his holy name
Forevermore to bless.

L. H., 2, Words—G

405

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time:
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

406

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark
world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace with-
in.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging
duties press'd?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows
surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is
found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones
far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all
unknown?
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing
us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its
powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon
shall cease.
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect
peace.

407

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

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest hardened 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,
Might plead thy gracious name.

408

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

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

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

4 O Thou who givest life and breath,
We ask thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

409

WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first the soul-reviving morn
Beams its new rays of light!

3 Sweet day, thine hours too soon w
cease,
Yet while they gently roll,
Breathe, Holy Spirit, source of peace
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun
That day which fades no more?

410

OF thy love some gracious token
Grant us, Lord, before we go;
Bless thy word which has been spoke
Life and peace on all bestow!
When we join the world again,
Let our hearts with thee remain;
Oh, direct us
And protect us,
Till we gain the heavenly shore.

411

I WAITED for the Lord, my God,
And patiently did bear,
At length to me he did incline,
My voice and cry to hear.

2 He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock he set my feet,
Establishing my way.

3 He put a new song in my mouth,
Our God to magnify;
Many shall see it, and shall fear,
And on the Lord rely.

412

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wander'rs giv'n,
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above, in heav'n.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driv'n,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous seas
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heav'n.

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

There fragrant flow'rs immortal
bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
Here rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

13

JESUS, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good, to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

14

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm:
Let thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and
rude
The sounds my ear that greet—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street,—

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in the hour of pain:
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain,—

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like him who bore my shame;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting
throng,
Who hate thy holy name.

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

415

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

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

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

416

HOW blest the man whose sins the Lord
Has pardoned in his grace,
All whose transgressions are removed,
And covered from his face.

2 How blest the man to whom the Lord
Imputeth not his sin;
And in whose spirit is no guile,
Nor fraud is found therein.

3 Surely, when floods and waters great
Do swell up to the brim,
They shall not overwhelm his soul,
Nor once come near to him.

417

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 deserts waste and wild;
They found me nigh to death,
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.

418

- JESUS, my strength, my hope!
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer;
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee,—almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
- 2 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.
- 3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.
- 4 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

419

- 'TIS midnight; and on Olives' brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plain
Is borne the song that angels know
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

420

- AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from his pierced side;
Praise we him whose love divine
Gives his sacred blood for wine,
Gives his body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest
- 2 Where the paschal blood is poured
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe
Praise we Christ, whose blood we share
Paschal Victim, paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.
- 3 Mighty Victim from the sky!
Hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light;
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord! to thee we raise;
Holy Father! praise to thee
With the Spirit ever be.

421

- FATHER, a weary heart
Hath come to thee for peace;
The world hath not the healing art
To bid its troubles cease;

It brings before thy throne
Its weight of woe and care;
Do thou accept its pleading tone—
The contrite sinner's prayer.

Father—it hath rebelled,
Hath wandered from thy path,
Nor heeded when the thunder swelled
The tempest of thy wrath;
But now, a bruised thing,
Neglected, pale, and bare,
Lo, at thy footstool it doth bring
The contrite sinner's prayer.

Father, it bends before
Thy throne among the blest;
Peace to the wretched heart restore,
Give to the weary rest:
Through Christ's atonement given,
It trusteth yet to share
The glorious heritage of heaven,
By lowly, contrite prayer.

22

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

High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

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

123

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

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

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

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

424

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

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

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

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

425

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open thou our eyes.

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

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

4 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and
love
The Father, Son and Thee.

426

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

427

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

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

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

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

428

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

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

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine 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.

429

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest,—
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast:
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.

2 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:
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.

430

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
Oh, when, thou city of my God!
Shall I thy courts ascend?
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.

2 There happier bowers than Eden
bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy
scenes
I onward press to you.
Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

431

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

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

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
To the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
T' timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh, could we make our doubts re-
move,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes:
Would we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
That Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

2

WHILST thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled,
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
O'er love the power of thought be-
stowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar:
O'er mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.
Every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
Thy heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

33

WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd!
Alike at work and pray'r,
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be prais'd!

2 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd!
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd!

3 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd!
The pow'rs of darkness fear
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd!

4 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd!
Let earth and sea, and sky,
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd!

434 (435)

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his
And he is mine forever.

2 Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And oh, what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house forever!

436

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

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

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

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect does my strength renew
While here by tempests driven.

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

437

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms!
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name,
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful
hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine—
Thine let our offspring be.

438

FATHER! I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see;
I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

4 And if some things I do not ask
Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee;
More careful not to serve thee mu
But please thee perfectly.

439

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

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

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

440

"MY times are in thy hand;"
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to thy care.

2 "My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright
As best may seem to thee.

3 "My times are in thy hand;"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand,"
Jesus, the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierce
Is now my guard and guide.

My times are in thy hand;"
I'll always trust in thee;
And, after death, at thy right hand
I shall forever be.

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

444

O LORD, thy perfect word
Directs our steps aright,
Nor can all other books afford
Such profit and delight.

HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

Celestial beams it sheds,
To cheer this vale below:
To distant lands its glory spreads,
And streams of mercy flow.

2 His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

True wisdom it imparts,
Commands our hope and fear;
Oh, may we hide it in our hearts,
And feel its influence there.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find!

2
T what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
All my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
Can bear my awful load.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

445

Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin,
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

SOW in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

'Tis Christ who saveth me;
And freely pardon gives;
I love because he loveth me,
I live because he lives.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

3
BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.

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

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

446

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

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

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

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

447

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

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

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

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

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

448

O THAT the Lord would guide my way
To keep his statutes still!
Oh that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

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

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

4 My soul hath gone too far astray
My feet too often slip;
Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

5 Make me to walk in thy command
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hand
Offend against my God.

449

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

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

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

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

450

THE Saviour calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fears,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,—
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss that love imparts
And drink, and never die.

453

for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 my being's ransomed powers:
 y thoughts, and words, and doings,
 my days, and all my hours.
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 my days, and all my hours.

my hands perform his bidding,
 my feet run in his ways—
 my eyes see Jesus only,
 my lips speak forth his praise.
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 my lips speak forth his praise.

ce my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
 e lost sight of all besides;
 chained my spirit's vision,
 oking at the Crucified.
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 oking at the Crucified.

, what wonder! how amazing!
 us, glorious King of kings—
 is to call me his beloved,
 ts me rest beneath his wings.
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 sting now beneath his wings!

WHILE in different paths dividing,
 We our pilgrimage pursue,
 May our Shepherd, safely guiding,
 Keep his scattered flock in view!
 May the bond of blest communion
 Every distant soul embrace,
 Till in everlasting union,
 We attain our resting place.

2 Oh, 'tis sweet, each other aiding,
 In companionship to move,
 One pure flame each heart pervading,
 One, our Lord, our faith, our love;
 Sweet when each can bend, imploring
 Solace for our brother's pain,
 And, the stumbling foot restoring,
 Cheer him to the race again.

3 We may part in tearful sadness,
 Bearing forth the precious grain,
 But we shall return with gladness,
 Bringing harvest sheaves again.
 Thus, though fond affection weepeth,
 Faith exalts her cheering voice;
 He that soweth, he that reapeth,
 Soon together shall rejoice.

454

TTING at the feet of Jesus,
 Oh, what words I hear him say!
 oppy place! so near, so precious!
 May it find me there each day!
 tting at the feet of Jesus,
 I would look upon the past;
 r his love has been so gracious,
 It has won my heart at last.

OF him who did salvation bring,
 I could forever think and sing;
 Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;
 Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.

ting at the feet of Jesus.
 Where can mortal be more blest?
 here I lay my sins and sorrows,
 And, when weary, find sweet rest.
 tting at the feet of Jesus,
 There I love to weep and pray,
 hile I from his fulness gather
 Grace and comfort every day.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
 Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

ess me, O my Saviour! bless me,
 As I sit low at thy feet;
 n, look down in love upon me;
 Let me see thy face so sweet.
 ve me, Lord, the mind of Jesus;
 Make me holy as he is:
 ay I prove I've been with Jesus,
 Who is all my righteousness!

3 To shame our sins he blushed in
 blood;
 He closed his eyes to show us God:
 Let all the world fall down and know
 That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
 I shed my tears and make my moan;
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
 I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
 I drink, and yet am ever dry:
 Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
 Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

455

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

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

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

456

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2 Oh, that our thoughts and thanks
may rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet re-
pose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

457

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we
love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With ardent love and strong desire.

2 In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 Oh, long expected day, begin,
Dawn on this world of woe and sin;

Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, and rest in God.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

458

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in him;
He beaeth my diseases;
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
And learn the angels' song.

459

I COULD not do without thee,
O Saviour of the Lost!
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost.
My righteousness, my pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

2 I could not do without thee,
I cannot stand alone;
I have no strength or goodness
No wisdom of my own;
But thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me;
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on thee.

3 I could not do without thee,
For oh! the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song.
How could I do without thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest and thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

460

IN the hour of trial,
Jesus, plead for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee,
When Thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favor
Suffer me to fall.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below:
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life. Amen.

461

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays.
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

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

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty
foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

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

462

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

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

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

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;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

463

LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling
gloom,

Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from
home,

Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that
thou

Shouldst lead me on;
I lov'd to choose and see my path; but
now

Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of
fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past
years.

3 So long thy pow'r hath bless'd me,
sure it still

Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
till

The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces
smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile.

464

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on him to save:
Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the
wrong:
Who follows in his train.

3 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climb'd the steep ascent of
heav'n
Thro' peril, toil and pain:
O God, to us may grace be giv'n
To follow in their train!

465

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

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

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

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

4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfect in him I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

466

COME unto me when shadows darkly
gather,
When the sad heart is weary and dis-
tressed.
Seeking for comfort from your heav'nly
Father;
Come unto me, and I will give you
rest.

2 Large are the mansions in thy Fath-
er's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never
dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swell-
ing,
Soft are the tones which raise the
heavenly hymn.

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in
gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too
rudely pressed:
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sad-
ness,
Come unto me, and I will give you
rest.

467

O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest;

Ref.—Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture, thro' and thro',
In God's most holy sight?

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold;

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;

4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above,

468

ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Oh, may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids
close;
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.

4 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly tho'ts supply;

Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

5 Oh, when shall I in endless day
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire!

469

GOD bless the hearts before him here,
And bless this hour so sweet;
God bless and hold us each most dear
Until again we meet.

Cho.—As now we part God bless each
heart,
His grace your ev'ry need supply;
In all we do, God keep us strong and
true,
Dear friends, good-bye, good-bye.

2 While seasons swiftly come and go,
And tears and smiles abound,
God help us all in grace to grow,
With love encompass'd round.

3 God bless to us his precious Word,
And make its meaning clear,
And let each heart anew be stirr'd
To worship in his fear.

4 Now voice with voice, and soul with
soul
We pray to meet again,
While loud and long the echoes roll,
And sound the great amen.

SELECTIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

NO 1.

PSALM XXIII.

The Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul : he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies : thou anointest my head with oil ; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life ; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

NO 2.

THE BEATITUDES.

Matt. v : 3-12.

Blessed are the poor in spirit :

For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn :

For they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek :

For they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness :

For they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful :

For they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart.

For they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers :

For they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake :

For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad : for great is your reward in heaven. for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

NO 3.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Exodus xx.

And God spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

FIRST.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

SECOND.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate me; And shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

THIRD.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

FOURTH.

Remember the sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

FIFTH.

Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

SIXTH.

Thou shalt not kill.

SEVENTH.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

EIGHTH.

Thou shalt not steal.

NINTH.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

TENTH.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

NO 4.

PSALM I.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

No 5.**PSALM C**

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves: we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good, his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

No 6.**PRAISE**

Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great.

Both young men and maidens; old men and children:

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

While I live will I praise the Lord:

I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.

O come let us make a joyful noise unto the God of our salvation.

O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

No 7.**PRAYER.**

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.

Then shall ye call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you.

Evening and morning and at noon will I pray.

Watch, and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.

Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks.

Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee.

Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.

After this manner therefore pray ye.

No 8.**GOD'S WORD.**

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.

And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children.

The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.

How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!

Show me thy way, O Lord; teach me thy path.

The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life.

Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

Thy word is very pure; therefore thy servant loveth it.

For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword.

And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

No 9.**GIVING.**

Freely ye have received, freely give.

For God loveth a cheerful giver.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord.

The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.

If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.

Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom.

Of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart ye shall take my offering.

Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

No 10.**SALVATION.**

All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God:

The soul that sinneth, it shall die.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.

Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.

Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.

Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life.

That whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved

NO 11.

PROMISES.

I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.

Honor thy father and thy mother ; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Lo, I'am with you always, even unto the end of the world.

In my Father's house are many mansions : if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself ; that where I am, there ye may be also.

My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me : And I give unto them eternal life ; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.

To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne.

Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.

Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall ; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.

A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you ; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh.

NO 12.

MISSIONS.

And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.

And how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard ? and how shall they hear without a preacher ? and how shall they preach, except they be sent ?

Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you : and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.

And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations : and then shall the end come.

Therefore said he unto them, The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few.

The field is the world : the good seed are the children of the kingdom .

Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

No 13.

TEMPTATION.

Your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.

Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil ;

Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.

Resist the devil and he will flee from you.

The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations.

I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil.

God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able ; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape.

For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation ; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life.

No 14.

TEMPERANCE.

Wine is a mocker.

Strong drink is raging ;

And whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man ;

He that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich.

Be not among wine-bibbers ;

Among riotous eaters of flesh.

For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty ;

Who hath woe ?

Who hath sorrow ?

Who hath contentions ?

Who hath babblings ?

Who hath wounds without cause ?

Who hath redness of eyes ?

They that tarry long at the wine ;

They that go to seek mixed wine.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

Touch not ; taste not ; handle not ;

Now therefore beware, I pray thee, and drink not wine nor strong drink, and eat not any unclean thing.

But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank.

Ps. lxxii.

LEADER.—Give the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son.

SCHOOL.—He shall judge thy people with righteousness and thy poor with judgment.

L.—The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, by righteousness.

S.—He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

L.—They shall fear thee as long as the sun and moon endure, throughout all generations.

S.—He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass : as showers that water the earth.

L.—In his days shall the righteous flourish ; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.

S.—He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.

L.—They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him ; and his enemies shall lick the dust.

S.—The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents : the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.

L.—Yea, all kings shall fall down before him : all nations shall serve him.

S.—For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth ; the poor also, and him that hath no helper.

L.—He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy.

S.—He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence : and precious shall their blood be in his sight.

L.—And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba : prayer also shall be made for him continually ; and daily shall he be praised.

S.—There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains ; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon : and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

L.—His name shall endure forever : his name shall be continued as long as the sun : and men shall be blessed in him : all nations shall call him blessed.

S.—Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things.

ALL.—And blessed be his glorious name for ever : and let the whole earth be filled with his glory ; Amen, and Amen.

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