HAPPY VOICES:

NEW HYMNS AND TUNES,

WITH

MANY POPULAR AND STERLING OLD ONES,

FOR THE

Home Circle and Sabbath-Schools.

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PREFACE.

Children's hosannas are as pleasing to the Saviour now as in the days of his flesh, and to aid them in this noblest use of their happy voices is a work worthy of the highest talents and the best endeavors. The hymns and tunes in this volume, both old and new, have been selected from a far greater number, in view of their real and permanent excellence—to promote not only the happiness, but the salvation of the young. It is confidently committed to Him we love to honor, and to all who delight in his praise.

Marks of musical expression are intentionally omitted, that leaders may exercise their own taste in this essential matter. A refreshing variety, too, ought to be secured by the skilful use of solos, duets, quartets, and semi-choruses.

A large portion of the hymns and tunes are copyrighted; and no one is at liberty to publish any of them without the owner's consent. We acknowledge with pleasure the courtesy of several composers and owners who have given us the use of their tunes. We would also call attention to the charming original contributions of Rev. A. A. Graley, Manlius, N. Y., who is the composer of both words and music of the pieces bearing his initials; and to the fine harmonies of Mr. Howard Kingsbury, who has assisted in selecting and revising all the music.

W. W. R.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by the American Tract Society, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of the State of New York.
The Happy Land.

1. 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. Come to that happy land, Come, come away. Why will ye doubting stand, Why still delay? Oh, we shall happy be, When, from sin and sorrow free, Lord, we shall dwell with thee, Blest, blest for aye.

3. Bright, in that happy land, Beams every eye: Kept by a Father's hand, Love cannot die. Oh then to glory run; Be a crown and kingdom won; And bright, above the sun, We'll reign for aye.
1. Nature's cheerful voices all in harmony chime: Songs from the trees, songs o'er the seas, Murmurs soft on the floating breeze, Songs, best of all, of childhood's merry time. Thus then your powers employ, Happy voices,

full of life and joy, Gladness and love, Learning melodies for the world above.
2. All things praise their Maker, each with a different voice; 4. Cold and dead the world lies, e’en with its myriad songs, 
   Some to the eye praise silently, 
   Till here and there rise on the air 
   Praises pure, and believing prayer, 
   Soaring to God amid the angelic throngs.—Cho.
   Like yon stars in the evening sky; 
   But sons of God with heart and soul rejoice.—Cho.

3. Cold and dull were Eden’s groves and murmuring rills, 5. Not like stars nor birds then, praise we the heavenly 
   Till high in air burst on the ear 
   With song and lyre, anthem and choir, [King; 
   Warbling notes of the lark, full and clear. 
   Hands that, working for Christ, never tire, 
   Life, life alone the living bosom thrills.—Cho. 
   For those whose sins he bore. 
   And hearts of love, whence all good thoughts do spring.

3. Awake, and Sing the Song. S. M.

1. Awake, and sing the song Of Moses and the Lamb; Wake, every heart and every tongue, To praise the Saviour’s name.

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

3. Sing till we feel our heart 
   Ascending with our tongue; 
   Sing till the love of sin depart, 
   And grace inspire our song.

4. Sing on your heavenly way, 
   Ye ransomed sinners, sing; 
   Sing on, rejoicing every day 
   In Christ th’ eternal King.

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

6. Soon shall our raptured tongue 
   His endless praise proclaim, 
   And sweeter voices tune the song 
   “Of Moses and the Lamb.” HAMMOND.
Flowers, Sweet Flowers.

Words and Music by Rev. A. A. Graley.

1. How sweet are the flowers of the garden and field, When earth wears her summer array; How laden the air with the fragrance they yield, How varied the hues they display.

CHORUS.

Flowers of the wild-wood, flowers of the garden, Emblems of childhood, flowers, sweet flowers.

2. But frail is their texture and transient their stay, For brief is the life of a flower; Their fragrance and beauty too soon pass away, They gladden the heart for an hour.—Cho.

3. Some, plucked by the hand of the envious or rude, Their life and their loveliness yield; While some by the pitiless mower are strewed, To wither like grass of the field.—Cho.

4. Thus fair are the children in home's sunny ground, Thus frail as the floweret are they; The scythe of the mower is sweeping around, They're fading and passing away.—Cho.

5. We'll give them our prayers and the heart-cheering Thus nurtured by sunshine and shower, [word; Their virtues may scatter a fragrance around Surviving the fall of the flower.—Cho.
Wont You Volunteer?

1. Come, boys, come, girls, wont you volunteer? If you'd reign in heaven above, you must battle here; Say not, say not, We are weak and few; Only battle for the right, God will strengthen you.

CHOUS.

March on, march on, singing as you go; March on, march on, do not fear the foe;

March on, march on, singing as you go; March on, march on, do not fear the foe.

2. Come, boys, come, girls, wont you volunteer? Youthful soldiers of the cross, to our ranks repair: List not, list not to the world and sin, Turn away from foes without, and from foes within. Cho.—March on, march on, etc.

3. Come, boys, come, girls, wont you volunteer? Jesus bought you with his blood; how can you forbear? Sinful, dying, to your help he flew: Wont you love and live for him who has died for you Cho.—March on, march on, etc.

4. Come, boys, come, girls, wont you volunteer? Soon the vict'ry shall be yours, if you persevere: Singing, shining, on a heavenly throne, You shall strike a harp of gold and wear a golden crown.
Morning Bells.

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

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

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

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

7. Infant Choir.

1. Who shall sing if not the children? Did not Jesus die for them? May they not, with other jewels, Sparkle in his diadem?
HAPPY VOICES.

Why to them were voices given—
Bird-like voices, sweet and clear?
Why, unless the song of heaven
They begin to practise here?

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

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


1. Hark, what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo, th' angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

CHORUS.
Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
"Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high."

2. "Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud their golden harps shall sound."
Chor.—Hear them tell, etc.

3. "Christ is born, the great Anointed,
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
Oh receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King."
Chor.—Hear them tell, etc.

4. "Hasten, mortals, to adore him,
Learn his name and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!"
Chor.—Hear them tell, etc.

9. Praise to God.

1. Praise to God the great Creator;
Praise to God from every tongue:
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is thine;
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise him for his love divine.

2. Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
Then, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise:
Praise to God the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise him, every living creature,
Earth and heaven's united host.
Now is the Time.

1. Believe it, dear children, that now is the time To turn from the pathway of folly and crime; To enter the way which the ransomed have trod, The way which leads upward to glory and God.

CHORUS.

Now is the time, Now is the time; Believe it, dear children, that now is the time.

2. But if you inquire why the future wont do As well as the present that way to pursue, Remember that death hovers over your path, And over you gathers a tempest of wrath.—Cho.

3. But should you be spared e'en to threescore and ten, Each year full of sorrow and shame will have been; And what have you gained by this guilty delay? A heart less inclined to believe and obey.—Cho.

4. Don't say, "When religion possesses the soul, All cheerfulness withers beneath its control." Religion and happiness ever combine; But shame and remorse are the wages of sin.—Cho.

5. Then now is the time to secure the "good part," That sanctifies while it rejoices the heart; The day of acceptance is passing away; Then haste to the Saviour, dear children, to-day.
Around the Throne.

1. Around the throne of God in heaven, Thousands of children stand; Children whose sins are all forgiven, A holy happy band, Sing-ing, Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry be to God on high.

2. In flowing robes of spotless white See every one arrayed; Dwelling in everlasting light, And joys that never fade, Sing-ing, Glo-ry, glory, glory, etc.

3. What brought them to that world above— That heaven so bright and fair, Where all is peace and joy and love? How came those children there? Sing-ing, Glo-ry, glory, glory, etc.

4. Because the Saviour shed his blood To wash away their sin: Bathed in that pure and precious flood, Behold them white and clean, Sing-ing, Glo-ry, glory, glory, etc.

5. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace, On earth they loved his name; So now they see his blessed face, And stand before the Lamb, Sing-ing, Glo-ry, glory, glory, etc.
Universal Praise.

Rev. A. A. Graley.

1. The valleys and the mountains, The woodland and the plain, The rivers and the fountains, The sunshine and the rain, The stars that shine above me, The flowers that deck the sod, Proclaim aloud the glory of my God. Praises, holy adoration, Praises to the God above; Praises through the wide creation, Sound aloud his greatness and his love.
2. And shall the voice of nature
   Thus glorify its King;
   And man, the noble creature,
   No grateful tribute bring?
   Shall mercy strewn his pathway,
   And all the senses please,
   And man withhold the sacrifice of praise?
   Praise him, ye that live for ever;
   Praise him every heart and voice;
   Praise him, he’s the glorious Giver;
   Praise him in your sorrows and your joys.

3. The word of life he gave us
   To guide us to the sky;
   That he might justly save us,
   He sent his Son to die—
   To die in shame and anguish,
   To die a sacrifice;
   To save us from the death that never dies.
   Praise him, praise him for salvation;
   Praise him, praise him for his Son;
   Praise him, every tribe and nation;
   Praise him for the battle he has won.

4. Then train your youthful voices
   To hymn his praise above;
   For he who here rejoices
   In Jesus’ dying love,
   Around his throne in glory
   Shall all his love proclaim,
   And sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.
   Praise him, praise th’eternal Father;
   Praise him, praise th’eternal Son;
   Praise him, praise the Three together,
   Father, Son, and Spirit, three in One.

13. To Thee, my God and Saviour.

1. To thee, my God and Saviour,
   My heart exulting springs,
   Rejoicing in thy favor,
   Almighty King of kings:
   I’ll celebrate thy glory
   With all the saints above,
   And tell the wondrous story
   Of thy love.

   CHORUS.
   Glory! glory, hallelujah!
   Glory to the God of love;
   Glory! glory, hallelujah!
   Glory ever be to God above.

2. Soon as the morn with roses
   Bedecks the dewy east,
   And when the sun reposes
   Upon the ocean’s breast,
   My voice in supplication,
   Jehovah, thou shalt hear;
   Oh grant me thy salvation,
   And draw near.
   Cho.—Glory, glory, etc.

3. By thee, through life supported,
   I pass the dangerous road,
   By heavenly hosts escorted
   Up to their bright abode;
   There cast my crown before thee,
   My toils and conflicts o’er,
   And gratefully adore thee
   Evermore.
   Cho.—Glory, glory, etc.
Hosanna.

1. What are those soul-re-viv-ing strains
   Which echo thus from Sa-lem's plains?

2. Lo, 'tis an infant chorus sings
   "Hosanna to the King of kings!"

3. Messiah's name shall joy impart,
   Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:

4. Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;
   See David's Son and Lord appear:

   He bled for us, he bled for you,
   And we will sing Hosanna too.—Cho.

   All praise on earth to him be given,
   And "Glory!" shout through highest heaven.

FINE. Allegretto.

Lamb of God! "Glory, glory!" let us sing, While heaven and earth with "Glory!" ring:

Lamb of God!
1. Oh, there is a fountain that never is dry, The wounds of Immanuel that
fountain supply: From ages to ages the crimson stream flows, To
cleanse the polluted and lighten their woes, To cleanse the polluted and lighten their woes.

2. 'Tis there in his childhood a sinner may go,
   And manhood may wash till he's whiter than snow;
   And age, by his sins and his sorrows oppressed,
   May find in the wounds of the Saviour a rest.

3. No vileness too vile for that fount to remove,
   No sinner too sinful its virtues to prove;

4. Then come to the fountain so gushing and red;
   A tempest of wrath mutters over your head,
   And the moments of mercy are passing away:
   Then come to the fountain, poor sinner, to-day.

If conscience reproaches, if terrors appall,
'Twas opened for you, for 'twas opened for all.
1. In the far better land of glory and light The ransomed are singing in garments of
white, The harpers are harping, and all the bright train Sing the song of redemption—"The Lamb that was slain."

CHORUS.


2. Like the sound of the sea swells their chorus of praise Yes, yes, we will sing, and thine ear we will gain
Round the star-circled crown of the Ancient of days, With the song of redemption—"The Lamb that was slain."
And thrones and dominions reëcho the strain
Of glory eternal to Him that was slain.
Cho.—Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

3. Dear Saviour, may we, with our voices so faint,
Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint?

4. Now, children and teachers and friends, all unite
In a loud hallelujah with the ransomed in light;
To Jesus we'll sing that melodious strain,
The song of redemption—"The Lamb that was slain."

E. S. PORTER, D. D.
1. This life is a race, And brief is the space In which the great prize must be won: Then do not delay. For happy are they Who early determine to soul; And enter the track, And never look back, Till safely arrived at the

2. At once then begin, Cast off every sin And weight that encumbers the

CHORUS.

run. Run in the race, run in the race, run in the race for glory.

3. When faint and oppressed, Some foe may suggest, "T were better the race to give o'er;" But do not sit down; Just think of the crown, And that will revive you once more.

4. Yes, think of the crown, And let the world frown, 'T is better by far than its smile: It shall not destroy; And as for its joy, It only allures to defile.—Cho.

5. Awake then, arise; Contend for the prize What glories around it are flung: Oh fly from the path That leads down to wrath, [young. And run for the crown while you're
Come and Join the Army.

1. We're marching to the camp above; Oh won't you come and join us? We've shaken off the chains of sin, No longer they confine us. Then come and join the army, Then come and join the army; Oh gird the gospel armor on, And come and join the army.

2. We once as rebels boldly fought, The rebel banner o'er us; But Jesus won us by his cross, And now leads on before us. Then come and join the army, Then come and join the army, etc.

3. And tho' against the shield of faith The fiery darts may rattle, A soldier Jesus never lost, And never lost a battle.—Cho.

4. He'll give us peace and holy joy On this side of the river, flood, And when we've passed the swelling To leave the battle-field for heaven, Eternal life for ever.—Cho.

5. And soon the conflict will be o'er; And will it not be glorious Rejoicing and victorious!—Cho.
Will You Go?

1. We're trav'ling home to heav'n above; Will you go? Will you go?
   To sing the Saviour's dy-ing love; Will you go? Will you go?
   Millions have reach'd that blest abode, Anointed kings and priests to God; And millions more are on the road. Will you go? Will you go?

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

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

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

1. The way to heaven is narrow, And its blessed entrance strait; But how safe the little
2. The sun-beams of the morning Make the narrow path-way fair, And these early little

CHORUS.

pilgrims Who get within the gate! And we may join the pilgrim band That journeys toward the
pilgrims Find dew-y blessings there. And we may join the pilgrim band That journeys toward, etc.

light; For the golden gate of that happy land Stands open day and night.

3. They pass o'er rugged mountains, But they climb them with a song;
For these early little pilgrims Have sandals new and strong.

4. They do not greatly tremble, When the shadows night foretell;
For these early little pilgrims Have tried the path full well.

5. They know it leads to heaven, With its bright and open gates,
Where for happy little pilgrims A Saviour's welcome waits.

20
1. When we are twenty-one, boys, When we are twenty-one, We cast the fetters off, boys, Our pupil-age is done; Before us is the world, boys, We'll try what it can do; It promises so happy, jovial band; And treasure we'll secure, boys, And honor's steep we'll climb, And sober tho'rs we'll leave, boys, We'll prove it false or true; It promises so fair, boys, We'll prove it false or true.

2. There is a ruby cup, boys, 'Tis held in Pleasure's hand; We'll quaff it long and deep, boys, A pu-pil-age is done; Before us is the world, boys, We'll try what it can do; It promises so happy, jovial band; And treasure we'll secure, boys, And honor's steep we'll climb, And sober tho'rs we'll leave, boys, We'll prove it false or true; It promises so fair, boys, We'll prove it false or true.

3. But hark! I hear a voice, boys; It whispers, "Youth, beware! Before you're twenty-one, boys, The dream may disappear—The blooming cheek grow pale, boys, And dim the sparkling eye, And in death's cold embrace, boys, The active form may lie:"

4. "Talk not of twenty-one, boys, Talk not of twenty-one; The present now is all, boys, That you can call your own; Each moment as it glides, boys, Its hidden store reveals; But who can pierce the veil, boys, Which future years conceals?"

5. "Twere madness then to sing, boys, And boast of years to come; Awake from folly's dream, boys, The Saviour calls you home; Now while the harvest waves, boys, The reaper's garb put on, And gather sheaves for heaven, boys, Before you're twenty-one."
I want to be an Angel.

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

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

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

4. Oh there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise him day and night.

23. I want to be like Jesus.

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

2. I want to be like Jesus;
I never, never find
That he, though persecuted,
To any one unkind.
I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

3. I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek,
HAPPY VOICES.

24. The precious Story.

1. How precious is the story
   Of our Redeemer's birth,
   Who left the realms of glory,
   And came to dwell on earth:
   He saw our sad condition,
   Our guilt and sin and shame;
   To save us from perdition
   The blessed Jesus came.

2. He came to earth from heaven,
   To weep and bleed and die,
   That we might be forgiven,
   And raised to God on high.
   His kindness and compassion
   To children then were shown,
   The heirs of his salvation,
   He claimed them for his own.

3. Oh may I love this Saviour,
   So good, so kind, so mild;
   And may I find his favor,
   A young though sinful child;
   And in his blessed heaven
   May I at last appear,
   With all my sins forgiven,
   To know and praise him there.

25. Singing of Jesus.

1. Come, let us sing of Jesus,
   While hearts and accents blend,
   Come, let us sing of Jesus,
   The sinner's only friend;
   His holy soul rejoices
   Amid the choirs above,
   To hear our youthful voices
   Exulting in his love.

2. We love to sing of Jesus,
   Who wept our path along;
   We love to sing of Jesus,
   The tempted and the strong;
   None who besought his healing,
   He passed unheeded by;
   And still retains his feeling
   For us above the sky.

3. We love to sing of Jesus,
   Who died our souls to save;
   We love to sing of Jesus,
   Triumphant o'er the grave;
   And in our hour of danger
   We'll trust his love alone,
   Who once slept in a manger,
   And now sits on the throne.

4. Then let us sing of Jesus,
   While yet on earth we stay,
   And hope to sing of Jesus
   Throughout eternal day;
   For those who here confess him
   He will in heaven confess,
   And faithful hearts that bless him
   He will for ever bless.

26. To the Saviour Crucified.

1. O sacred Head, now wounded,
   With grief and shame weighed
   Now scornfully surrounded [down;
   With thorns, thy only crown;
   O sacred Head, what glory,
   What bliss till now was thine!
   Yet, though despised and gory,
   I joy to call thee mine.

2. Oh noblest brow and dearest,
   In other days the world
   All feared when thou appearedst.
   What shame on thee is hurled!
   How art thou pale with anguish
   With sore abuse and scorn;
   How does that visage languish
   Which once was bright as morn!

3. What language shall I borrow
   To thank thee, dearest Friend,
   For this thy dying sorrow,
   Thy pity without end?
   Oh make me thine for ever;
   And should I fainting be,
   Lord, let me never, never
   Outlive my love to thee.

4. Be near when I am dying;
   Oh show thy cross to me,
   And for my succor flying,
   Come, Lord, to set me free.
   These eyes new faith receiving,
   From Jesus shall not move;
   For he who dies believing,
   Dies safely, through thy love.
The Child's Desire.

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

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

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

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

28. Filial Affection.

1. Be kind to thy father, for when thou wast young, Who loved thee so fondly as he? He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue, And joined in thy innocent glee.

2. Be kind to thy mother, for lo, on her brow May traces of sorrow be seen; Oh, well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now, For loving and kind she hath been.

3. Remember thy mother; for thee will she pray As long as God giveth her breath: With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark valley of death.
Forbid Them Not.

1. When many to the Saviour's feet Their little children brought, And from the source of bless-ed-ness A Saviour's blessing sought; To some who with mis-taken zeal The near approach for-bade, "Let lit-tle children come to me," The bless-ed Saviour said.

2. "For-bid them not, nor harsh-ly chide Their wish to see my face, For lit-tle chil-dren fold-ed to his breast, He poured a bless-ing all di-vine On eve-ry lit-tle guest.

3. Dear children, Jesus is the same, And those who early seek his face And to allure the soul away, Though now enthroned above; Though now enthroned above; The world displays its charms; He waits to bless you as of old He waits to bless you as of old But look to Jesus, for his power With his for-giving love, With his for-giving love, Your foes can ne'er withstand; He marks with joy each faint attempt He marks with joy each faint attempt Let him but say, "Forbid them not," His favor to obtain, His favor to obtain, They'll fly at his command.
1. Oh come to the Saviour, dear children, to-day, 'Tis folly to wait till you're older, The heart is now tender, but
2. You hear of the cross where Immanuel bled, And tears down your faces are stealing; But when a few years have rolled

CHORUS.

if you de-lay, 'T will sure-ly grow hard-er and bold-er. The Sav-iour is call-ing to-day; He
over your head, You'll hear of that cross with-out feel-ing. The Sav-iour is call-ing to-day, etc.

waits to receive you and save; Give heed to the warning, Ere life's sunny morning Be closed in the night of the grave.

3. How many short graves in the graveyard you see, How many dear children there slumber; And few may the days of your pilgrimage be; No mortal can tell us their number.—Cho.

4. Then fly to the Saviour, dear children, to-day, While life's feeble taper is burning; The Spirit now strives; should you grieve him away, In vain may you wait his returning.—Cho.
While You're Young.

1. Oh wont you be a Christian While you're young? Oh wont you be a Christian While you're young? Don't think it will be better To delay it until later, But remember your Creator While you're young.

2. ||: Oh wont you love the Saviour While you're young? ||: For you he left his glory And embraced a cross so gory; Wont you heed the melting story While you're young?

2. ||: Remember, death may find you While you're young: ||: For friends are often weeping, And the stars their watch are keeping O'er the grassy graves, where sleeping Lie the young.

4. ||: Oh walk the path to glory While you're young; ||: And Jesus will befriend you, And from danger will defend you, And a peace divine will send you While you're young.

5. ||: Then wont you be a Christian While you're young? ||: Why from the future borrow, When, ere comes another morrow, You may weep in endless sorrow While you're young?
1. This world's a wilderness, and dangers cluster round; There's not a traveller but treads enchanted ground:
2. But walk in wisdom's ways, and you shall happy be: Jesus a refuge is, for ever safe and free.

Oftentimes the scenes of woe the flowing tears invite, And joys depart, and sunny hours go out in gloomy night.
Let the storms of sorrow come, he'll bid the tempest cease, For wisdom's ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

CHORUS.
Haste, haste, haste, haste to the world above; No sin is there, no grief or care, but all is joy and love.

3. How bright the world appears when viewed by youthful
How sweet its cups of bliss, how fair its promises; [eyes;]
But 't is false as well as fair, the world is but a cheat,
For ev'ry pleasure has its snare, a poison ev'ry sweet.

4. Turn, youthful traveller, nor seek your portion here,
Enter the path of life where all is true and fair; [fall;
Here are fruits that never cloy, and streams that never
Oh feed the soul with heav'ly food while in this tearful vale
1. In thy childhood's sunny morning, Ere the evil days draw nigh, Heed the Spirit's tender warning; To the arms of Jesus fly. Sin has lured thee and undone thee,

But in Jesus help is found; He will never, never shun thee, For his mercy knows no bound.

2. Let not earthly joys delight thee, Leave them all, and count them loss; Let not youthful follies fright thee, Jesus bore them on the cross.
See the fountain ever flowing For the guilty and defiled; Thousands to that fount are going, Do thou likewise while a child.

3. There are pleasures never fading In the pathway of the wise; And the weary pilgrim aiding, Jesus every want supplies:
He is ever near and precious, Heals the wounded, cheers the faint; Taste and see how good and gracious Jesus is to every saint.

4. Then in childhood's sunny morning, Ere the heart is cold and hard, From the downward pathway turning, Mercy's tender call regard:
Ere the love of sin grows stronger, Ere the sober thoughts depart, Ere the Spirit strives no longer, Youthful sinner, yield thy heart.
1. How can I be a happy child Where waves of trouble roll, And drink of pleasures

Chorus. 'Tis found in Jesus: yes 'twas he With blood the blessing bought: 'Twas dear to him, 'tis

fine.

un-de-filed That sat-isfy the soul? For all with-in and all a-round Is

free to me; It costs the sin-ner naught.

2. How can I be a holy child, And where shall conquering grace be found, And make the desert drear and wild To blossom as the rose?

And shun the downward road, Where Satan reigns and sin has spoiled The noblest work of God?

Where shall conquering grace be found, And armor for the fight?—Cho. I'll pray and toil and do my part, And ne'er to slumber yield;

And keep my garments white; How shall I tread enchanted ground, And feel for others' woes, But where's the strength to keep my

From fainting on the field? [heart
1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou biddest me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come; Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me.

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—though tossed 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,

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 Has broken every barrier down; Now to be thine, yea, thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

(For every verse.)
1. I heard the voice of Jesus say, “Come unto me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon my breast.” 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.

My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in him.

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 travelling days are done.

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;

3. I heard the voice of Jesus say, “I am this dark world’s light;”

I looked to Jesus, and I found In him my star, my sun; And in that light of life I’ll walk, Till travelling days are done.

Bonar.
HAPPY VOICES.

37. 1. Soon as I heard my Father say,
   "Ye children, seek my grace,"
   My heart replied without delay,
   "I'll seek my Father's face."
   Let not thy face be hid from me,
   Nor frown my soul away;
   God of my life, I fly to thee
   In each distressing day.

2. Should friends and kindred near and dear
   Leave me to want or die,
   My God will make my life his care,
   And all my need supply.
   Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
   And keep your courage up;
   He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
   And far exceed your hope.


1. How happy every child of grace,
   Who knows his sins forgiven!
   This earth, he cries, is not my place,
   I seek my place in heaven:
   A country far from mortal sight,
   Yet Oh, by faith I see
   The land of rest, the saints' delight,
   The heaven prepared for me.

2. Oh what a blessed hope is ours!
   While here on earth we stay,
   We more than taste the heavenly powers,
   And antedate that day:
   We feel the resurrection near—
   Our life in Christ concealed—
   And with his glorious presence here
   Our earthen vessels filled.

3. Oh, would he more of heaven bestow!
   And when the vessels break,
   Let our triumphant spirits go
   To grasp the God we seek;
   In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
   Who bought the sight for me,
   And shout and wonder at his grace
   To all eternity.


1. Am I a soldier of the cross,
   A follower of the Lamb,
   And shall I fear to own his cause,
   Or blush to speak his name?
   Shall I be carried to the skies
   On flowery beds of ease,
   While others fought to win the prize,
   And sailed through bloody seas?

2. Are there no foes for me to face?
   Must I not stem the flood?
   Is this vain world a friend to grace,
   To help me on to God?
   Sure I must fight if I would reign:
   Increase my courage, Lord!
   I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
   Supported by thy word.

3. Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
   Shall conquer, though they die;
   They see the triumph from afar;
   By faith they bring it nigh.
   When that illustrious day shall rise,
   And all thy armies shine
   In robes of victory through the skies,
   The glory shall be thine.
Come to Jesus.

1. Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, Come to Jesus to-day; To-day come to Jesus, Come to Jesus to-day.

2. He will save you, he will save you, He will save you to-day; To-day he will save you, He will save you to-day.

3. Don't reject him, don't reject him, Don't reject him to-day, etc.

4. He is ready, he is ready, He is ready to-day; To-day he is ready, etc.

5. Oh believe him, Oh believe him, Oh believe him to-day, etc.

6. Do not tarry, do not tarry, Do not tarry to-day, etc.

7. Hallelujah, hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen, Amen, hallelujah, etc.

The words just now can be used for to-day.

41. Olivet. 6s & 4s. L. Mason.

1. 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.
1. Come, let us all unite to sing, God is love. Let heav'n and earth their praises bring; God is love. Let every soul from sin awake, Each in his heart sweet music make, And sing with us, for Jesus' sake, God is love.

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

3. How happy is our portion here! God is love. His promises our spirits cheer; God is love. He is our sun and shield by day, My Saviour will be with me there, My head above the waves to bear; God is love!

4. What though my heart and flesh should fail! God is love. Through Christ I shall o'er death prevail: Though Jordan swell I need not fear, My Saviour will be with me there, My head above the waves to bear; God is love!

5. In Zion we shall sing again, God is love. Yes, this shall be our lofty strain, God is love. While endless ages roll along, In concert with the heavenly throng, This shall be still our sweetest song, God is love.
Happy Day. L. M.

1. 
Pre-served by thine al-migh-ty power, O Lord, our Ma-ker, Sav-iour, King,
And bro't to see this hap-py hour, We come thy prais-es here to sing.

2. 
We praise thee for thy constant care,
For life preserved, for mer-cies given;
Oh may we still those mer-cies share,
And taste the joys of sins for-given.—Cho.

3. 
And when on earth our days are done,
Grant, Lord, that we at length may join,
Teach-ers and scholars round thy throne,
The song of Moses and the Lamb.—Cho.

4. The Young Disciple.

1. 
Oh happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God;

2. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

3. High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

4. 
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
Cho.—Happy day, happy day! etc.

36
1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my
Shepherd's voice, I would not be controlled; I was a wayward child, I did not love my
home, I did not love my Father's voice, I loved afar to roam.

2. The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er 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.

4. No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled;
I love my tender Shepherd's voice
I love the peaceful fold.
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice;
I love, I love his home.
1. Dear Jesus, ever at my side, How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in heaven to save A little child like me.

2. Thy beautiful and shining face I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft low voice I am too deaf to hear.

3. But I have felt thee in my thought,
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

4. And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night, to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

5. Yes, when I pray, thou prayest too;
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

47. The Shepherd's Care.

1. See, the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
And calls his sheep by name;
Gathers the feeble in his arms,
And feeds each tender lamb.

2. He'll lead us to the heavenly streams
Where living waters flow;
And guide us to the fruitful fields
Where trees of knowledge grow.

3. When, wand'ring from the fold, we leave
The straight and narrow way,
Our faithful Shepherd still is near
To guide us when we stray.

4. The feeblest lamb amid the flock
Shall be the Shepherd's care;
While folded in our Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.
1. Once was heard the song of children By the Saviour when on earth, Joyful in the sacred temple Shouts of youthful praise had birth, And hosannas, and hosannas Loud to

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

3. Blessed Saviour, now triumphant, Glorified and throned on high! Mortal lays from man or infant Vain to tell thy praise may try; ||: But hosannas:||

4. God o'er all, in heaven reigning, Not with palms thy pathway strew- We this day thy glory sing; [ing- We would loftier tribute bring- ||: Glad hosannas:||

CHORUS.

To our Prophet, Priest, and King.

—from "The Hymnal of Saint Cecilia's Church" by H. K. Song of Children. 8s, 7s, & 4s.
1. 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, Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled, Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled.

2. Fear not, I am with thee; Oh be not dismayed, For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid: I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3. When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow; For I will be with thee thy trials to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4. The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I will not desert to his foes: That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.  KIRKHAM.

50. Christ our Friend.

1. How loving is Jesus who came from the sky, In tenderest pity for sinners to die; His hands and his feet were nailed to the tree, And all this he suffered for you and for me.

2. How precious is Jesus to all who believe, And out of his fulness what grace they receive: When weak he supports them, when erring he guides And every thing needful he kindly provides.

3. Oh give then to Jesus your earliest days; They only are blessed who walk in his ways: In life and in death he will still be your Friend, For whom Jesus loveth, he loves to the end.
The Rose of Sharon.

1. There is a Rose whose beauties grace The garden where it grows; In lowly hearts it finds a place, 'Tis Sharon's lovely Rose.

2. Unchanged by time, it never dies, Its beauties ne'er depart; And not a thorn this Rose supplies, To pierce its home, the heart.

CHORUS.

3. Though in this wilderness forlorn This lovely Rose is found, Before the morning stars were born It bloomed on heavenly ground.

4. Its fragrance filled the heavenly And all the sons of earth [plains, May prove the virtues it contains, And sing its wondrous worth.

5. In regions parched by burning he Or chilled by polar snows, The Rose of Sharon we may meet, For Jesus is that Rose.—Cho.
The Good Ship Zion.

1. We are homeward bound to the land of light and love;  
   With a swelling sail we onward sweep;  

   One who rules above, Who will guard the weary sailor on the deep. In the good ship Zion we are tossing on the tide, But the 
   wild dark tempest soon shall cease; All the danger over, she will safe at anchor ride In the port of everlasting peace.

2. Though the billows rise, they shall never overwhelm,  
   Though the breakers roar upon the lee;  

   Mid the strife we'll sing, for we've Jesus at the helm,  
   And he'll steer the good ship Zion o'er the sea.—Cho.

3. Tho' for ages past she has ploughed the stormy main,  
   She's the stout ship Zion as of yore;  

   Safe 'mid rocks and shoals and the fearful hurricane,  
   She has thousands brought to Canaan's happy shore.
4. Ho, ye youthful souls, there is danger in your path,
By the chart of folly you’re misled:
There are rocks beneath, and above a storm of wrath,
And the breakers of destruction are ahead.—Cho.

5. We are homeward bound; wont you join our happy
Come aboard, poor sinner, while you may: [crew?
To the eye of faith there’s the better land in view;
’T is the land that shines with never-ending day.—Cho.

53. Canaan.

1. Come, children, let us sweetly sing,
All glory give to Christ our King,
We are bound for the land of Canaan;
Oh, Canaan is our happy home,
We are bound for the land of Canaan.

2. Happy are all good children here,
They are bound for the land of Canaan;
And soon they’ll be as angels are,
Oh, Canaan, bright Canaan,
We are bound for the land of Canaan;

3. Come then and join our happy band,
We are bound for the land of Canaan;
To ever dwell at Christ’s right hand,
They are bound for the land, etc.
We are bound for the land, etc.

4. Then louder still our songs shall rise,
We are bound for the land of Canaan—
When we are far beyond the skies,
We are bound for the land, etc.
43
1. Happy angels, still you dwell
In yon worlds of glory,
And in joyous anthems swell
Love's redeeming story.
Shining multitudes, ye came
Our Redeemer to proclaim;
Still your song is just the same:
Glory, glory, glory!

2. Angels, sing again with man,
Swell our strain of glory;
Shout with us the wondrous plan,
Love's redeeming story;
Soon our stay on earth shall fail,
Soon shall drop the mortal veil;
Then in strains like yours we'll hail,
Glory, glory, glory!

3. Christ our Lord the theme, the song,
Then no more the stranger
Welcomed by the shining throng
In lone Bethl'em's manger:
Robed in peerless majesty,

Soon our eyes shall also see;
Then we'll cry, "'Tis he, 'tis he!
Glory, glory, glory!"

55. Millennial Dawn.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2. Watchman, tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, 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.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
HAPPY VOICES.

56. Christ our Refuge.

1. Jesus, lover of my soul,
   Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life 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. 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;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

57. Value of the Bible.

1. Holy Bible, book divine,
   Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Mine to tell me whence I came,
Mine to teach me what I am;
Mine to chide me when I rove,
Mine to show a Saviour's love;
Mine thou art to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;

2. Mine to comfort in distress,
   If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death;
Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom:
Oh thou precious book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

58. Pilgrim's Song.

1. Children of the heavenly King,
   As ye journey, sweetly sing:
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
Ye are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

2. Shout, ye little flock and blest;
   You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

59. Songs of Praise.

1. Songs of praise the angels sang,
   Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.
Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

2. Heaven and earth must pass away;
   Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No, the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

3. Saints below, with heart and voice,
   Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.
1. Once I wandered on the mountain, In the paths by sinners trod, Heed-ed not the
flow-ing fount-ain, Tri-fled with at-on-ing blood; But the Shep-herd kind-ly sought me,
Guilt-y, wretched, and unclean, Pardoned all my sin, and bro’t me To his pastures fresh and green.

2. In this vale of tears and sad-ness, He’s my Shep-herd, ev-er near, Turn-ing all my
grief to glad-ness, When on him I cast my care. Tho’ a fa-ther may for-sake me,
And a moth-er sink to rest, Ten-der Shep-herd, he will take me, Pierced by sor-row, to his breast.
3. Strong temptations may beset me. And the sunshine of his favor
Snares my pathway may bestrew, Cheer my fainting, struggling soul.
But he never will forget me, Faithful Shepherd, do thou lead me
He will guard and guide me too. Safely through the silent vale:
He observes each poor endeavor When I lay aside the mortal,
To escape from sin's control, Immortality to prove,

4. When the shades of death o'er- Bear me through the heavenly portal,
spread me, Place me in thy fold above.
And the streams of life congeal,
Let us with a Joyful Mind. 7s.

1. Let us with a joyful mind Praise the Lord, for he is kind, For his mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

2. Children, come, extol his might, Join with saints and angels bright; For his mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

3. All our wants he doth supply, Loves to hear our humble cry; For his mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

4. He of old our fathers blessed, Led them to the land of rest; For his mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

5. His own Son he sent to die, Us to raise to joys on high; For his mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

6. Let us then with gladsome mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind; For his mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

63. Birth of the Saviour.

1. Hark, the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King! Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled." 

2. Joyful, all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies; With th' angelic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3. Veiled in flesh the Godhead see, Hail th' incarnate Deity; Pleased as man with men t' appear— Jesus our Emmanuel here.

4. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace; Hail the Sun of righteousness! Light and life to all he brings, Risen with healing in his wings.

5. Mild he lay his glory by— Born, that man no more may die; Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them second birth.

64. Jubilee of the World.

1. Hark, the song of jubilee! Loud as mighty thunders roar, Or the fulness of the sea When it breaks upon the shore:

2. Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent shall reign; Hallelujah! let the word Echo round the earth and main.

3. See Jehovah's banner furled, [done; Sheath'd his sword: he speaks: 'tis And the kingdoms of this world Are the kingdoms of his Son.

4. He shall reign from pole to pole With illimitable sway: He shall reign, when, like a scroll, Yonder heavens have passed away.

5. Then the end: beneath his rod Man's last enemy shall fall; Hallelujah! Christ in God, God in Christ, is all in all.
Of Such is the Kingdom.

1. Round the throne in glory Happy children throng, And re-demption's story Wakes the harp and song.

On the verdant mountain, By the shining stream, Or the liv-ing fount-ain, Je-sus is their theme.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry to the Lamb, Praise him and a-dore; Glo-ry to the Lamb For ev-er-more.

2. Robes of snowy whiteness, Beautiful and rare; Crowns of radiant brightness, Such those children wear: Safe from death's bereavement, Sorrow and the grave, Free from sin's enslavement Vict'ry's palm they wave.—Cho.

3. Now the skilful fingers Sweep the golden lyre; Not a harper lingers In that ransomed choir; Voices sweetly blending With the tuneful string, To the throne ascending, Praise the heavenly King.—Cho.

4. Children now sojourning In a world of sin, From your follies turning, Strive to enter in: Let your young affections Round the Saviour twine; And 'mid heaven's attractions You shall sing and shine.—Cho.

49
1. Come, thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
   Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise:
   Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;
   Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—Mount of 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 that grace now, like a fetter, Bind my wandering soul to thee:

67. Friend Ever Near.

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

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

   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.
HAPPY VOICES.

68. Sinners Entreated.

1. Sinners, will you scorn the message
   Sent in mercy from above?
   Every sentence, Oh how tender!
   Every line is full of love:
   Listen to it;
   Every line is full of love.

2. Hear the heralds of the gospel
   News from Zion's King proclaim,
   To each rebel sinner, "Pardon,
   Free forgiveness in his name!"
   How important!
   Free forgiveness in his name!

3. Oh, ye angels hovering round us,
   Waiting spirits, speed your way,
   Hasten to the court of heaven,
   Tidings bear without delay:
   Rebel sinners
   Glad the message will obey. ALLEN.

69. Pilgrim's Guide.

1. Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
   Pilgrim through this barren land;
   I am weak, but thou art mighty,
   Hold me with thy powerful hand;

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

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

70. Children's Voices.

1. Oh, childhood's happy voice, birdlike and sweet,
   What can so cheer us at home when we meet,
   Loving and worshipping at Jesus' feet.

2. Children's hosannas were sweet to his ear,
   Who, now enthroned above, still bends to hear
   Songs and hosannas from little ones here.

3. Lo, where their Sabbath-school melodies ring,
   List'ning and hovering on viewless wing,
   Angels beholding the face of their King.

4. Saviour, blest Saviour, prepare by thy love
   All the dear children to praise thee above,
   Warbling for ever in heaven's happy grove.

5. Let us on earth begin heaven's long employ,
   Soothing the sorrows our souls that annoy,
   Singing each day with an ever new joy.
Love for Jesus.

1. Jesus, how can I but love thee, Jesus, so loving and mild! How can thy cross fail to move me? There didst thou die for a child.

2. There in the day of thy anguish, Mock'd by the guilty around, There didst thou suffer and languish, Bleeding from many a wound.

Chorus.

Jesus my Saviour deserves from the young, Jesus my Saviour deserves from the young.

3. Where are the friends that clung to thee? They would never disown!

4. Help me, my Saviour, to love thee.

5. In that dear cross would I glory

Thee? Though thy dear name is reviled; Though at thy bar I shall prove thee Saviour and Friend of thy child.

Which the proud world may despise, And let the wonderful story Tune my sweet harp in the skies.

Cho.—Love of the heart, etc.

Cho.—Love of the heart, etc.

Cho.—Love of the heart, etc.

52
We Wont Give Up the Bible.

1. We wont give up the Bible, God's ho-ly book of truth, The blessed staff of hoary age, The guide of early youth, The lamp which sheds a glorious light. The voice which speaks a Saviour's love, And leads us home to God.

CHORUS.

We wont give up the Bible, God's holy book of truth, The blessed staff of hoary age, The guide of early youth.

2. We wont give up the Bible, For it alone can tell The way to save our ruined souls From perishing in hell. And it alone can tell us how We can have hopes of heaven.

3. We wont give up the Bible, We'll shout it far and wide,

That through the Saviour's precious blood Our sins may be forgiven.—Cho. Until the echo shall be heard Beyond the rolling tide;

Till all shall know that we, tho' young, Withstand each treach'rous art, And that from God's own sacred word We'll never, never part.—Cho.
The Pearl that Worldlings Covet.

1. The pearl that worldlings cov - et Is not the pearl for me; Its beau - ty fades as quickly As sun - shine on the sea. But there's a pearl sought by the wise, 'Tis called the pearl of

2. The crown that decks the mon - arch Is not the crown for me; It daz - zles but a mo - ment, Its brightness soon will flee. But there's a crown pre - pared a - bove For all who walk in

great - est price, Tho' few its val - ue see: Oh, that's the pearl for me! Oh, that's the pearl for me!
hum - ble love; For ev - er bright 'twill be: Oh, that's the crown for me! Oh, that's the crown for me!
3. The road that many travel
   Is not the road for me;
   It leads to death and sorrow,
   In it I would not be.
But there's a road that leads to
   God,
   "Tis marked by Christ's most precious blood,
   The passage here is free:
   Oh, that's the road for me!

4. The hope that sinners cherish
   Is not the hope for me;
   Most surely will they perish,
   Unless from sin made free;
   But there's a hope which rests in God
   And leads the soul to keep his word
   And sinful pleasures flee:
   Oh, that's the hope for me!

74. Have Courage to do Right.
   A. A. G.

1. If you would find salvation,
   And taste its joys below,
   Don't parley with temptation,
   But promptly answer, No!

2. If lured by sinful pleasure,
   Look upward and resist;
   For sorrow without measure
   Shall rend the guilty breast.

CHORUS.

Have courage to do right, Have courage to do right; The world may sneer, but never fear, Have courage to do right.

3. If sinners should revile you,
   With patience bear the cross;
   Their aim is to defile you,
   And glory in your loss.—Cho.

4. The world will strive to charm you,
   And Satan hurl the dart;
   But who or what can harm you
   While Jesus guards the heart?

5. Stand up then for the truthful,
   Stand up then for the pure;
   Let courage nerve the youthful
   The conflict to endure.—Cho.
The Sunday-School Army.

1. Oh do not be discouraged, For Je-sus is your friend; Oh do not be discouraged, For Je-sus is your friend. He will give you grace to conquer, He will give you grace to conquer, And keep you to the end.

CHORUS.

I am glad I’m in this army, Yes, I’m glad I’m in this army, Yes, I’m glad I’m in this army, And I’ll battle for the school.

2. Fight on, ye little soldiers, The battle you shall win; Fight on, ye little soldiers, The battle you shall win; For the Saviour is your Captain, For the Saviour is your Captain, And he has vanquished sin.

3. And when the conflict’s over, Before him you shall stand; And when the conflict’s over, Before him you shall stand; You shall sing his praise for ever, You shall sing his praise for ever, In Canaan’s happy land.
76. Always Speak the Truth.

1. Be the matter what it may, Always speak the truth; Whether work, or whether play, Always speak the truth.

2. There's a charm in verity—Always speak the truth; But there's meanness in a lie— Always speak the truth.

Never from this rule depart, Grave it deeply on your heart; Written 'tis in Virtue's chart: Always speak the truth.

He is but a coward slave Who, a present pain to waive, Stoops to falsehood: then be brave, Always speak the truth.

3. Falsehood seldom stands alone— Always speak the truth; One begets another one— Always speak the truth.

Falsehood all the soul degrades, 'Tis a sin from which proceed Greater sins and darker deeds; Always speak the truth.

Like the lark upon the wing,
Like the warbling bird of spring,
Like the crystal spheres that ring,
Sing, Oh sing his praise.

4. When you're wrong the folly own; Always speak the truth: Here's a victory to be won; Always speak the truth.

He who speaks with lying tongue Adds to wrong a greater wrong; Then with courage true and strong Always speak the truth.

77. Sing His Praise.

1. Would you be as angels are? Sing, Oh sing his praise; Would you banish every care? Sing, Oh sing his praise;

2. If the world upon you frown, Sing, Oh sing his praise; If you're left to sing alone, Sing, Oh sing his praise; If sad trials come to you, As to every one they do, For that they are blessings too Sing, Oh sing his praise.
Expostulation. 11s.

1. Oh turn ye, Oh turn ye, for why will ye die? Since God in great mercy is coming so nigh, Since Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come, And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2. How vain the delusion that, while you delay, Your hearts may grow better, your chains melt away: Come wretched, come guilty, come just as you are; All helpless and dying, to Jesus repair.

3. The contrite in heart he will freely receive; Oh why will you not the glad message believe? If sin be your burden, Oh, will you not come? 'Tis he makes you welcome; he bids you come home.

79. "To-Day."

1. To-day the Saviour calls: Ye wand'rers, come: Oh, ye be-nighted souls, Why longer roam?

2. To-day the Saviour calls: For refuge fly; The storm of vengeance falls, Ruin is nigh.

3. To-day the Saviour calls. Oh listen now: Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow.

4. The Spirit calls to-day; Yield to his power; Oh grieve him not away, 'Tis mercy's hour.
80. Maitland, or Cross and Crown. C. M.

1. Must Jesus bear his cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me.

2. How happy are the saints above, Who once went sorrowing here; But now they taste unmixed love, And joy without a tear.

3. 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. 

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While his dear cross appears, Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes in tears.

5. But drops of grief can never repay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give myself away, 'Tis all that I can do.

83. Brotherly Love.

1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord In one another's peace delight, And thus fulfill his word.

2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part; When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.

3. When, free from envy, scorn, and pride, Our wishes all above, Each can his brother's failings hide, And show a brother's love.

4. Let love, in one delightful stream, Through every bosom flow; And union sweet and dear esteem In every action glow.

5. Love is the golden chain, that binds The happy souls above; And he's an heir of heaven, who finds His bosom glow with love. 

81. Grateful Love to Christ.

1. Alas, and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die? Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?

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

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

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While his dear cross appears, Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes in tears.

5. But drops of grief can never repay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give myself away, 'Tis all that I can do.

82. Christ our Refuge.

1. The Saviour! Oh what endless charms Dwell in the blissful sound! Its influence every fear disarms, And spread sweet comfort round.

2. Oh the rich depths of love divine! Of bliss a boundless store! Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine; I cannot wish for more.

3. On thee alone my hope relies, Beneath thy cross I fall— My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice, My Saviour and my All.

4. Let love, in one delightful stream, Through every bosom flow; And union sweet and dear esteem In every action glow.

5. Love is the golden chain, that binds The happy souls above; And he's an heir of heaven, who finds His bosom glow with love. 

59
The Pasture. 7s. 6 lines.

1. Faithful Shepherd, meek and mild, To thy pastures lead a child, Where the tender verdure grows, Where the peaceful streamlet flows, Where thy flock, from danger free, Hear thy voice, and follow thee.

2. There, beneath thy watchful eye, They are safe, though danger's nigh; They are justified by grace, They enjoy the Saviour's peace; They are safe, though danger's nigh.

3. When the vale of grief they tread, Thou dost mark the tears they shed; They can smile at rude alarms; They shall stand in God's great day: They can smile at rude alarms.

4. Faithful Shepherd, meek and mild, To thy pastures lead a child; Weak and helpless, Lord, I am, Gather in a wand'ring lamb; They shall stand in God's great day:

5. Pilgrim's Song.

1. Blessed are the sons of God; They are bought with Jesus' blood, They are ransomed from the grave; They shall stand in God's great day:

2. They are lights upon the earth, Children of a heavenly birth; One with God, with Jesus one; With them numbered may we be, Here and in eternity.

3. They are lights upon the earth, Children of a heavenly birth; One with God, with Jesus one; Glory is in them begun: With them numbered may we be, Here and in eternity.

4. They are justified by grace, They enjoy the Saviour's peace; All their sins are washed away; They shall stand in God's great day:

5. They are lights upon the earth, Children of a heavenly birth; One with God, with Jesus one; Glory is in them begun: With them numbered may we be, Here and in eternity.

6. They are lights upon the earth, Children of a heavenly birth; One with God, with Jesus one; With them numbered may we be, Here and in eternity.
The Conflict.

1. Oh why do I find it so hard to do right? The good are the happy, I know; And why should I ever in
2. I never did wrong but a something within Admonish’d and blamed me the while; I never did right but that

sin take delight, When sin is the parent of woe? I vanity love, and I folly pursue, I something again Approved and allured by its smile. I’m not in a region of heathenish night, Then

yield me to passion’s control, My wishes are faint and my struggles are few For that which can solace the soul, why to the sinful belong? I know it is better by far to do right, Then why do I follow the wrong?

3. I dwell in the midst of pollution and crime, And all is disorder within; I’m lured by the glittering baubles of time, A captive to Satan and sin. Thus helpless and hopeless, dear Saviour, I cry For purity, pardon, and peace; Oh let me no more in captivity lie, But grant me a happy release.

4. I question no longer thy power to redeem, My soul on thy merit depends; I see in the cross, with its red flowing stream, The fountain to save and to cleanse: Renewed by thy grace, I will walk in the light, While others to darkness belong; Oh then’t will be easy to follow the right, And easy to turn from the wrong.
There's a Crown for the Young.

1. I know there's a crown for the saints of renown, And for saints whose good deeds are unsung; But Oh

say, is it true, if their days are but few, That a crown is laid up for the young? Yes, yes, yes, I

know there's a crown for the young; If their lives daily prove that the Saviour they love, I know there's a crown, etc.

2. The youthful shall stand in that beautiful land, And the song of salvation shall sing; And the infant of days strike its harp in the praise Of Immanuel, its Saviour and King.—Cho.

3. The noble of birth, and the poor of the earth, Both the man and the youth and the child, If in Jesus they trust, when they rise from the dust Shall be crowned in the land undefiled.—Cho.
4. The soul of a child, though by folly defiled,
    Is more precious than tongue can express;
And redeemed by the blood that on Calvary flowed,
    It shall shine in the region of bliss.—Cho.

5. Then be it your care for that world to prepare;
    Bear the cross, that the crown may be yours;
Never tire in the road that leads upward to God,
    For the crown is for him who endures.—Cho.

88. Youthful Mariners.

1. Down the stream of life they glide,
    Little mariners so frail;
Gently heaves the swelling tide,
    Softly blows the favoring gale.

2. But the angry storm may blow,
    And the smiling heavens grow dark;
And the hidden rocks below
    Rudely tear the trembling bark;
Oft upon the listening ear
    Falls the shriek of wild despair,
From the shipwrecked mariner
    In his shattered bark.

3. Heavenly Pilot, be our guide,
    Youthful mariners defend;
O'er the winds and waves preside,
    In the dangerous hour befriend;
Thou who bad'st the tempest cease,
    And from peril didst release,
Guide them to the port of peace,
    Where their fears shall end.

63
I. Behold a Stranger at the door:

He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
Has waited long, is waiting still; You treat no other friend so ill.

2. Oh lovely attitude—he stands
   With melting heart and loaded hands!
   Oh matchless kindness! and he shows
   This matchless kindness to his foes.

3. But will he prove a Friend indeed?
   He will: the very Friend you need:
   The Friend of sinners; yes, 'tis He,
   With garments dyed on Calvary.

4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
   Turn out his enemy and thine,
   That soul-destroying monster sin,
   And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5. Admit him, ere his anger burn—
   His feet, departed, ne'er return:
   Admit him, or the hour's at hand
   You'll at his door rejected stand.

90. Sinners Entreated.

1. "Come hither, all ye weary souls,
   Ye heavy-laden sinners, come:
   I'll give you rest from all your toils,
   And raise you to my 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."

91. Joy over the Convert.

1. Who can describe the joys that rise
   Through all the courts of Paradise,
   To see a prodigal return,
   To see an heir of glory born?

2. With joy the Father doth approve
   The fruit of his eternal love;
   The Son with joy looks down and sees
   The purchase of his agonies;

3. The Spirit takes delight to view
   The holy soul he formed anew;
   And saints and angels join to sing
   The growing empire of their King.
1. When, marshalled on the nightly plain,
   The glit'ring host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
   Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

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

3. Once on the raging seas I rode—
   The storm was loud, the night was dark,
   The ocean yawned—and rudely blewed
   The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

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

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

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

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1. 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. 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.

5. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Sing Praises.

1. In the ro- sy light of the morn- ing bright, Lift the voice of praise on high, From the

CHORUS.

lips of youth to the God of truth, Let the joy- ful ech- oes fly. Sing prais- es, glad prais- es,

Sing, chil- dren, sing; Let your songs a- rise to the loft- y skies, And ex- ult in God our King.

2. As he looked in love from the world above,
Our distresses filled his eye;
And a world to save, his Son he gave
On the bloody tree to die.—Cho.

3. Let his praise be spread, for the Lamb who bled
To deliver us from woe,
Has endured the cross, the disgrace, the loss;
Let his praise for ever flow.—Cho.

4. Now exalted high o’er the earth and sky,
He delights in mercy still;
Bends his gracious ear our requests to hear,
And our longing souls to fill.—Cho.

5. On the cross he hung for the old and young,
But he loves the children best;
To his arms we’ll fly, on his grace rely,
And secure his promised rest.—Cho.
Gentle Shepherd.

1. Far from the fold of Je-sus, I, a wayward child, Like a straying lamb, had wandered Into deserts wild;

But the Gentle Shepherd sought me, Won me by his charms; Safe away from danger Bro't me, In his loving arms.

CHORUS.

Praise Jesus, Gentle Shepherd, Saviour, loving, mild; Je-sus' name is sweetest music To the Christian child.

2. To his bosom close he pressed me, All the night my rest is peaceful, No allurement shall entice me
Pardoned all my sin, Guarded from above, From my Shepherd's side.
Led me by the stillest waters, Cho.—Praise Jesus, etc.
Into pastures green.

3. Evermore I'll trust in Jesus, No allurement shall entice me
He shall be my Guide; From my Shepherd's side.
Make me ever blest.—Cho.
Belief. C. M.

I do believe, I now believe, That Jesus died for me; And thro' his blood, his precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

96. The Name of Jesus.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
   In a believer's ear; It soothes his sorrows, heals his And drives away his fear.

   CHORUS.
   I do believe, I now believe,
   That Jesus died for me; And through his blood, his precious I shall from sin be free.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
   And calms the troubled breast;
   'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
   And to the weary rest.

3. By him my prayers acceptance gain,
   Although with sin defiled;
   Satan accuses me in vain,
   And I am owned a child.

4. Weak is the effort of my heart,
   And cold my warmest thought;
   But when I see thee as thou art,
   I'll praise thee as I ought.

5. Till then I would thy love proclaim
   With every fleeting breath;
   And may the music of thy name
   Refresh my soul in death.

   Cho.—I do believe, etc. NEWTON.

97. The Sunday-school.

1. The Sunday-school, that blessed place,
   Oh, I would rather stay
   Within its walls, a child of grace,
   Than spend my hours in play.

   CHORUS.
   The Sunday-school, the Sunday-
   school,
   Oh, 'tis the place I love;
   For there I learn the golden rule,
   And sing of joys above.

2. 'Tis there I learn that Jesus died
   For sinners such as I;
   Oh what has all this world beside
   That I should prize so high?

   Cho.—The Sunday-school, etc.

3. Then let our grateful tribute rise,
   And songs of praise be given
   To Him who dwells above the skies,
   For such a blessing given.

   Cho.—The Sunday-school, etc.

4. And welcome then the Sunday-
   school;
   We'll read and sing and pray,
   And learn by heart the golden rule,
   And never from it stray.

   Cho.—The Sunday-school, etc.

98. Faith.

1. Faith is a very simple thing,
   Though little understood;
   It frees the soul from death's dread
   sting,
   By resting in Christ's blood.

   Cho.—I do believe, etc.

2. It sees, upon the throne of God,
   A victim that was slain;
   It rests its all on his shed blood,
   And says, "I'm born again."
3. What Jesus is, and that alone, 
   Is faith’s delightful plea; 
It neither rests on sinful self, 
Nor righteous self, in me.

4. The perfect One that died for me, 
   Draws near his Father’s throne, 
Presents our names before our God, 
And pleads himself alone.

   Cho.—I do believe, etc.


1. Oh happy land, Oh happy land, 
   Where saints and angels dwell; 
We long to join that glorious band, 
And all their anthems swell.

   CHORUS.
Oh heaven dear, the happy home 
   Of all the pure and blest; 
I long to share thy mansions fair, 
And be with Christ at rest.

2. But every voice in yonder throng 
   On earth has breathed a prayer; 
No lips untaught may join that song, 
Or learn the music there.

3. Thou heavenly Friend, thou heav-
   enly Friend, 
Oh hear us when we pray:
Now let thy pardoning grace descend, 
And take our sins away.

4. Be all our fresh, our youthful days 
   To thy blest service given; 
Then we shall meet to sing thy praise, 
A ransomed band in heaven.—Cho.

100. The Fountain for Sinners.

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

   CHORUS.
Our sorrows and our sins were laid 
   On thee, alone on thee; 
Thy precious blood our ransom paid; 
Thine all the glory be.

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

3. Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood 
   Shall never lose its power 
Till all the ransomed church of God 
   Be saved, to sin to 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.

   Cho.—Our sorrows, etc. Cowper.

101. Full Salvation.

1. Forever here my rest shall be, 
   Close to thy bleeding side; 
This all my hope and all my plea— 
   For me the Saviour died.

   CHORUS.
I do believe, I now believe, 
   That Jesus died for me; [blood, 
And through his blood, his precious 
I shall from sin be free.

2. My dying Saviour and my God, 
   Fountain for guilt and sin, 
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood, 
   And cleanse and keep me clean.

   Cho.—I do believe, etc.

3. Wash me, and make me thus thine own; 
   Wash me, and mine thou art; 
Wash me, but not my feet alone— 
   My hands, my head, my heart.

   Cho.—I do believe, etc.

4. The atonement of thy blood apply, 
   Till faith to sight improve; 
Till hope in full fruition die, 
   And all my soul be love.

   Cho.—I do believe, etc.

   Chorus.

Our sorrows and our sins were laid 
   On thee, alone on thee; 
Thy precious blood our ransom paid; 
   Thine all the glory be.
1. Come to the Sabbath-school, we really wish you would: Won't you come and join a class? We'll surely do you good.

2. Hark, 'tis the signal bell; so won't you come a-long? Gladly will we welcome you, and greet you with a song.

3. List to the voice within; it gently whispers, "Go;" That which makes you hesitate most surely is your foe; Make now the wise resolve, and firmly say, "I will;" Then you'll overcome the foe, and peace your heart shall fill.—Cho.

4. Come then to Sabbath-school; there's nothing there to fear; There are pleasant works to do, and pleasant words to hear; There do we learn the way how sin may be forgiven; There we train for usefulness, and there we train for heaven.—Cho.
1. Oh the Sabbath morning, beautiful and bright, Joyfully we hail its golden light,

All the gloomy shadows chasing far away, Bringing us the pleasant day.

Oh the Sabbath morning, beautiful and bright, Glad we hail its golden light.

CHORUS.

Day calm and holy, day nearest heaven, Day which a Father's love has given;

2. All the days of labor ended one by one,
Glad are we the six days' work is done;
Glad to have a day of sweet and holy rest;
'Tis the day that God has blest.—Cho.

3. Let us spend the moments of this holy day,
So that when they all have passed away,
Sweet 'twill be to think, the quiet Sabbath even
Brings us one day nearer heaven.—Cho.
1. Oh, remember the Sabbath-school When the summer is past, And the chill winds sigh mournfully, And the snow-flakes fly fast. Do not say, "It looks drearily; 'Tis a cold wintry day;" Come with eyes sparkling merrily; Come, boys and girls, away. Yes, a-way to the Sabbath-school, the Sabbath-school, the Sabbath-school; Yes, a-way to the Sabbath-school, the bless-ed Sabbath-school.
2. When the spring buds are opening,
   To the school you repair;
When the summer flower's blossoming,
   Oh you love to be there:
Like the bright and the beautiful,
   Love to honor God's day;
Come with hearts warm and dutiful,
   Come, boys and girls, away.
Cho.—Yes, away to the Sabbath-school, etc.

3. Oh the same friends will meet you there,
   And around you will cling;
And the same songs will greet you there,
   That you sung in the spring:
And the same truth address you there,
   And if you will obey,
The dear Saviour will bless you there;
   Then, boys and girls, away,
Cho.—Yes, away to the Sabbath-school, etc.

105. Jesus Loves Me. 7s.

1. Jesus loves me, this I know, For the Bible tells me so. Little ones to him belong; They are weak, but he is strong.

2. Jesus loves me, he who died
   Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
   Let his little child come in.

3. Jesus loves me, loves me still,
   Though I'm very weak and ill;
From his shining throne on high
   Comes to watch me where I lie.

4. Jesus loves me; he will stay
   Close beside me all the way:
If I love him, when I die
   He will take me home on high.

106. The Good Shepherd.

1. In the Saviour's pleasant fold,
   Sheltered from the heat and cold,
Sheltered from the heat and cold,
   Guarded from the dangers round,
   We thy little lambs are found.
   May we listen to thy voice,
   And to do thy will rejoice.

2. None can ever hurt us there,
   Safe within our Shepherd's care;
   If any foe alarms,
   He will clasp us in his arms.

3. Saviour, by thy tender grace,
   Grant us in thy fold a place;
   May we wiser, happier grow;
   Thus preparing in thy love
   For the better fold above.
   New Lute.

4. Day by day, while here below,
   May we wiser, happier grow;
   Day by day, while here below,
   For the better fold above.
   New Lute.
1. Come into Christ's army, come, join it to-day; What tho' we are children, we're never too

He calls us himself, so we must not delay.

small To be soldiers for Jesus; so come one and all. Christ gives us our watchword; 'tis written above On the folds of our

banner—that watchword is Love. Christ gives us our watchword; 'tis written above On the folds of our banner, etc.
2. He gives us our armor, so shining and bright,  
   So let us fight bravely for truth and for right;  
   The foes we must conquer are strong ones indeed:  
   We must ask for his help, or we shall not succeed.

   CHORUS.
   Christ gives us our watchword; 'tis written above  
   On the folds of our banner—that watchword is Love.

3. We've plenty of trials and dangers to meet,  
   And Satan our foe oft will threaten defeat;  
   Temptation too often will lead us astray;  
   But our Captain stands ready to show us our way.

4. He'll keep us in safety till life shall be o'er;  
   E'en Death cannot harm us—Christ met him before;  
   We'll follow our Leader till yonder bright heaven  
   Shall ring with our praises for victory given.—Cho.

108. Will You Meet Us?

1. Say, brothers, will you meet us,  
   Say, brothers, will you meet us,  
   Say, brothers, will you meet us,  
   Say, brothers, will you meet us, On Canaan's happy shore?

2. By the grace of God we'll meet you,  
   By the grace of God we'll meet you,  
   By the grace of God we'll meet you,  
   Where parting is no more.

3. Jesus lives and reigns for ever,  
   Jesus lives and reigns for ever,  
   Jesus lives and reigns for ever,  
   On Canaan's happy shore.

4. Glory, glory, halleluiah,  
   Glory, glory, halleluiah,  
   Glory, glory, halleluiah,  
   For ever, evermore.
Let us Work for the School.

1. Let us work for the school with our hearts and our hands; Let it never, no, never decline; For its praises are sung by the good in all lands That are blest with the gospel divine.

2. 'Tis perfumed by the prayers, 'tis bedewed by the tears Of the holy, the active, the true; They rejoiced at its hopes, and they mourned at its fears, When its friends were but feeble and few.

CHORUS.

Rally then, rally then, stand by the school; Why should it languish and die?

3. Now the sunshine of favor illumines its path, And the church spreads above it her wing; 'Tis a source of her weal, 'tis a source of her worth, And a gem in the crown of her King.—Cho.

4. There are thousands now singing and shining above, There are thousands now toiling below, Who were melted and won by Immanuel's love, As they heard in the school of his woe.—Cho.
Over the Sea.

1. The sea is wildly tossing, And often clothed with gloom, On which we’re swiftly crossing To our eternal home.

2. We’ve many a foe to conquer, And many a storm to face, Ere we in heav’n may anchor, And sing redeeming grace.

Chorus.

O-ver the sea, o-ver the sea, Gracious Saviour, pilot me; O-ver the sea, over the sea, Spirit kind, my guardian

3. Though nature in commotion Defy our power and skill, Our Jesus rules the ocean, ‘And bids the winds be still.

4. Sail on then, comrades, boldly, And make God’s word your chart; Do every duty nobly, With joyful, trustful heart.

5. We’ll float the gospel banner, And guard it with our life, And shout at last, “Hosanna,” Victorious in the strife.

77
1. The morning, the bright and the beautiful morning is up, and the sunshine is all on the wing, With its fresh flush of gladness the landscape adorning—A gladness which nothing but morning can breast, And made the soft stillness of evening to gather around us, now calls us again from our bring. The earth is awaking, the sky and the ocean, The river and forest, the mountain and rest. But ere to our studies and duties returning, We hasten to give him the praise that is
plain; The city is stirring its living commotion, And the pulse of the world is reviving again.
meet, And in solemn devotion, the first hours of morning, Our freest and freshest, we lay at his feet.

3. Then away to the school in the sweet summer morning,
   God's blessing upon us, his light on our road;
   And let all the lessons we're happily learning,
   Be only to bring us more surely to God.
Oh now let us haste to our heavenly Father,
   And ere the fair skies of life's dawning be dim,
Let us come with glad hearts, let us come all together,
   And the morn of our youth let us hallow to him.

112. The Eden Above.

1. How sweet to reflect on the joys that await me
   In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
   Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
   And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest;
   Encircled with light, and with glory enshrouded,
   My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
   I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
   And range with delight through the Eden above.
2. Then hail, blessed state; hail, ye songsters of glory;
   Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above,
   And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
   "Salvation from sorrow through Jesus' dear love."
   Then songs to the Lamb shall reëcho through heaven,
   My soul will respond, To Immanuel be given
   All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
   Who brought us through grace to the Eden above.

113. Evening Praise.

1. See, daylight is fading o'er earth and o'er ocean,
   The sun has gone down on the far-distant sea;
   Oh now, in the hush of the fitful commotion,
   We lift our tired spirits, blest Saviour, to thee.
   Full oft wast thou praying alone on the mountain,
   As eventide spread her dark wing o'er the wave;
   Thou Son of the Highest, and life's endless Fountain,
   Be with us, we pray thee, to bless and to save.
2. And oft as the tumult of life's heaving billow
   Shall toss our frail bark, driving wild o'er night's deep,
   Let thy healing wing be stretched over our pillow,
   And guard us from evil, tho' Death watch our sleep.
   To God, our great Father, whose throne is in heaven,
   Who dwells with the lowly and humble in heart,
   To the Son and the Spirit all glory be given;
   One God, ever blessed and praised, thou art.
1. When Jesus the meek and the lowly was here, He spoke in the accents of love: "For

2. Then in thy green pastures I'll lay myself down, And feed on thy life-giving word; I'll

bid not the children to come unto me; Of such is the kingdom above." Great
drink of the waters that peacefully flow, And never by tempest are stirred. But

Shepherd, I'm helpless, and often I rove; My sins and my follies in pity remove, And

guard me and guide me, my Shepherd, I pray, And give me a heart thy commands to obey, To

gather a child in the arms of thy love, And give him a place in thy fold.
turn from temptation and tempters away, And never depart from thy fold.
HAPPY VOICES.

3. Oh why on the mountains so cold and so drear,
   Where darkness and dangers appall,
   Should children be suffered to wander and die,
   When Jesus would welcome them all?
   Ye friends of the children, go gather them in,
   And study to woo them, and labor to win,
   Before they are wedded to folly and sin
   And die far away from the fold.

4. For 'tis not the will of the Shepherd divine,
   That one of these lambs should be lost;
   A precious salvation he purchased for them,
   And tongue cannot tell what it cost:
   He grieves when he sees them by folly beguiled.
   For precious to him is the soul of a child,
   And safely at last, in the land undefiled,
   He gathers them into his fold.

115. Wandering Lambs.

1. Over the mountains, barren and cold, Far from the pasture, far from the fold, Wander the lambs, by folly beguiled;
   Rescue the children, friends of the child. Hasten to seek them, hasten to save, Ere they be lost in the night of the grave.

2. Jesus the Shepherd loves to behold
   Lambs of his flock secure in his fold;
   Grieved is the heart of infinite Love,
   When from the sheepfold little ones Cho.—Hasten to seek, etc.

3. Pleasures allure them, false as they're fair;
   Lies in their pathway many a snare;
   Tempters around them seek to decoy,
   Dangers in ambush wait to destroy. Cho.—Hasten to seek, etc.

4. Gently and kindly guide the young feet,
   Line upon line, with patience entreat;
   Happy the heart whose labor is this—
   Guiding a child to mansions of bliss. Cho.—Hasten to seek, etc.
1. How small are the dewdrops, those gems of the morning, That bathe with effulgence the field and the flower; How
2. So gifts from the youthful, their pray'rs and their labors, Like dew on the flow'rs, may but tri-fles ap-pear; But

transient their stay and how brief their a-dorn-ing, How humble their mission—to shine for an hour; But
blend the bright drop with its glis-ten-ing neighbors, And streams of refreshment the desert shall cheer. Then,

think of them rightly, Don't speak of them lightly, Because you can brush them by thousands a-way; Tho'
children, don't fal-ter, But bring to the al-tar The word kindly spo-ken, the mite, or the tear: For
drops when they're single, They're streams when they mingle And run with the rivers away to the sea.

grams make the mountain, And drops make the fountain, And moments united will compass a year.

3. Then ever be doing and ever devising;
   Do n't say, "I'm a child, I will work when a man;"
The season of small things be never despising,
   But fill up your measure, and do what you can.

   Do n't ever be hoarding, and riches applauding,
   Keep giving, and you shall have plenty to give:
The truest enjoyment is found in employment;
   For God and humanity labor and live.

117. Dennis. S. M.

1. 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 th' accursed tree,
       And hopes her guilt was there.

   5. Believing, we rejoice
       To see the curse remove: [voice,
       We bless the Lamb with cheerful
       And sing his bleeding love. WATTS.
1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let every heart prepare him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.

2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns! Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Repeat the sounding joy.

3. No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground: He comes to make his blessings flow Far as the curse is found.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glories of his righteousness, And wonders of his love. WATTS.

119. Praise to Christ.
1. Oh for a thousand tongues to sing My dear Redeemer's praise; The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.

2. Jesus, the name that calms our fears, That bids our sorrow cease; 'Tis music to our ravished ears; 'Tis life and health and peace.

3. He breaks the power of reigning sin, He sets the pris'ner free; His blood can make the foulest clean—His blood availed for me. WESLEY.
120. Latter-day Glory.

1. Behold, the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2. To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;

3. The beams that shine on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4. No longer hosts encountering hosts
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

5. Come then, Oh come from every land,
To worship at his shrine;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

121. Nothing but Leaves.

1. Nothing but leaves; the Spirit grieves over a wasted life, O'er sin committed while conscience slept,

Promises made but never kept, Folly and shame and strife, Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves.

2. Nothing but leaves; no ripened sheaves
Garner'd of life's fair grain: No veil to hide the past; We sow our seed—lo, tares and weeds, And as we trace our weary way

Words, idle words for earnest deeds; Counting each lost and misspent day, Reaping, we find with pain
Nothing but leaves.

3. Nothing but leaves: and memory
Bearing our withered leaves?
We sowed our seed—lo, tares and weeds, And as we trace our weary way

Words, idle words for earnest deeds; Counting each lost and misspent day, Reaping, we find with pain
Nothing but leaves.

4. And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our withered leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit;
Stand we before him sad and mute,

Waiting the word he breathes,
"Nothing but leaves!"
Harwell. 8s & 7s.

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the notes of praise above; Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices; Jesus reigns, the God of love:

CHORUS.

See, he sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world alone: Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

2. Jesus hail! whose glory brightens All above and gives it worth; Lord of life, thy smile enlightens, Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:

When we think of love like thine, Lord, we own it love divine.
Cho.—Hallelujah, etc.

3. King of glory, reign for ever—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.—Cho.

4. 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.”
Cho.—Hallelujah, etc.

123. Light in Darkness.

1. Light of those whose dreary dwell—Borders on the shades of death, ing

Rise on us, thyself revealing—Rise and chase the clouds beneath.
Thou, of heaven and earth Creator, In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature, Pour the day upon our eyes.

2. Still we wait for thine appearing; Life and joy thy beams impart, Chasing all our fears, and cheering Every meek, benighted heart.

By thine all-sufficient merit, Every burdened soul release; Every weary, wandering spirit Guide into thy perfect peace.

86
Send the Tidings.

1. Send the tidings of salvation To the heathen sunk in sin: All without is darkness pining, Walk the downward road to wrath. Send the tidings, Send the tidings, etc.

2. While the light is round you shining, Pointing out the narrow path, Heathen in their desolation, All is wretchedness within. Send the tidings, Send the tidings, darkness pining, Walk the downward road to wrath. Send the tidings, Send the tidings, etc.

3. When in sorrow's hour you languish, Some sweet promise cheers your heart; You can smile when death draws near; Nothing find to ease the smart. Cho.—Send the tidings, etc.

4. On the Saviour's bosom lying, They, thro' days and nights of anguish, near; But the heathen, when he's dying, Sinks in darkness and despair.

5. Think upon their desolation, Pray and toil their souls to save; Send the gospel of salvation, Ere they moulder in the grave. Cho.—Send the tidings, etc.

87
1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

2. What tho' the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, Tho' every prospect pleas-es, And only man is sand; From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

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. Heber.

126. Morning Light.

1. The morning light is breaking, 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 thy 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 has come.” S. F. Smith.
127. The Lord's Anointed.

1. 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 comes with succor speedy
   To those who suffer wrong,
   To help the poor and needy,
   And bid the weak be strong;
   To give them songs for sighing,
   Their darkness turn to light,
   Whose souls, condemned and dying,
   Were precious in his sight.

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 for ever,
   That name to us is Love.

MONTGOMERY.

128. The Gospel Banner. 7s & 6s.

1. Now be the gospel banner In every land unfurled, And be the shout Hosanna Re-ech-ood thro' the world: Till every isle and nation, Till every tribe and tongue, Receive the great salvation, And join the happy throng.

2. Yes, thou shalt reign for ev'er, 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.
1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God; He whose word cannot be broken, Form'd thee for his own abode: On the Rock of ages founded, What can shake thy sure repose? With salvation's walls surround-ed, Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2. See the streams of living waters, Springing from eternal love, Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove, Who can faint while such a river Ever flows their thirst' assuage? Grace which, like the Lord, the giver, Never fails from age to age.

3. Round each habitation hovering, See the cloud and fire appear, Thus deriving from their banner Light by night and shade by day, Safe they feed upon the manna Which he gives them when they pray.

NEWTON.
**130. Good Tidings.**

1. **Shout the tidings of salvation**
   To the aged and the young,
   Till the precious invitation
   Waken every heart and tongue;
   Shout the tidings of salvation
   O'er the prairies of the west,
   Till each gathering congregation
   With the gospel sound is blest.

2. **Shout the tidings of salvation,**
   Mingling with the ocean's roar,
   Till the ships of every nation
   Bear the news from shore to shore;
   Shout the tidings of salvation
   O'er the islands of the sea,
   Till, in humble adoration,
   All to Christ shall bow the knee.

May be sung also to Harwell, No. 122.

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**131. Little Things.**

1. Little drops of water, Little grains of sand,
   Make the mighty ocean And the beauteous land, the beauteous land.

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

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

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

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

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**132. Praise to Christ.**

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

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

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

4. Then, when Jesus calls us
   To our heavenly home,
   We will answer gladly,
   "Saviour, Lord, we come."
1. There's a voice in the air, a still small voice, And it comes to our ear while we play; In the morning it comes, tho' we heed not the sound, And at noon and at evening it stray; In the field or the town, in the house or the street, Whether welcome or not, the same follows us round: "Go work in my vineyard to-day; Go work in my vineyard to-day."

2. 'Tis the voice of our Father, from heav'n it comes, And it finds us wherever we play; In the morning it comes, tho' we heed not the sound, And at noon and at evening it stray; In the field or the town, in the house or the street, Whether welcome or not, the same accents we meet: "Go work in my vineyard to-day; Go work in my vineyard to-day."

3. 'Tis our Father who calls; he calls us in love; Let us hasten that call to obey: He has given us life and each good we enjoy; Let us then for his love all our efforts employ; We'll work in his vineyard to-day.

4. All blessings come down from his throne in the sky; All he asks is that we should obey: He has saved us from death; when life's journey shall end, He will love us for ever, our Saviour and Friend; We'll work in his vineyard to-day.
I Love a Little Child.

1. I love a little child with his sparkling eye, And his cheek like the blushing rose; I love his merry laugh and his sunny face, When the joy of his heart o'erflows.

2. I love a little child with her step so light, As she glides like a spirit by; I love her gentle mirth and her soft sweet songs, Which with birds of the wild-wood vie.

CHORUS.

Happy little children, with cares light and few, In the loving heart you'll find a warm place for you.

3. I love them better yet when I see them meet In the school on the Sabbath-day, To learn their Father's will, and his praise to sing, And to walk in the heavenly way.—Cho.

4. I love them best of all, when their wayward hearts Are subdued by a Saviour's love; Tho' now the cross they bear, yet the crown they'll wear When they pass to their home above.—Cho.
1. Don’t think there is nothing for children to do, Because they can’t work like a man; The harvest is great and the laborers few: Then, children, do all that you can. Children, do all that you can;

2. You think, if great riches you had at command, Your zeal should no weariness know; You’d scatter your wealth with a liberal hand, And succor the children of woe.—Cho.

3. But what if you’ve naught but a penny to give? Then give it, though scanty your store; For those who give nothing when little they have, When wealthy will do little more.—Cho.
4. It was not the offering of pomp and of power,
   It was not the golden bequest—
   Ah no, ’t was the mite from the hand of the poor
   That Jesus applauded and blessed.—Cho.

5. Then don’t be a sluggard and live at your ease,
   And life with vain pleasures beguile;
   But ever be active and busy as bees,
   And God on your labors will smile.—Cho.

136. Little Servants.

1. Oh what can little hands, little hands do
   To please the King of heaven? The
   little hands some work may try
   To help the poor in misery—Such grace to mine be given.

2. Oh what can little lips, little lips do
   To please the King of heaven? The
   little lips can praise and pray,
   And gentle words of kindness say—Such grace to mine be given.

3. Oh what can little eyes, little eyes
   To please the King of heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
Can learn to read God’s holy book:
   Such grace to mine be given.

4. Oh what can little hearts, little hearts do
   To please the King of heaven?
The hearts, if God his Spirit send,
Can love and trust the children’s Friend:
   Such grace to mine be given.

5. When hearts and hands and lips unite
   To please the King of heaven,
   And serve the Saviour with delight,
   They are most precious in his sight:
   Such grace to mine be given. farin.
1. As the birds in shady woodland Cheer the weary traveler, So the songs of blooming childhood Cheer the heart oppressed with care. Happy voices, happy voices, proved employment Of the ransomed saints in light. Happy voices, happy voices, etc.

2. Welcome, hour of pure enjoyment, When the tuneful band unite In the heaven appointed CHORUS.

Precious gift from God above; Happy voices, Happy voices, Precious gift from God above.

3. Every loving heart rejoices, And the angel flight delays; For 'tis sweet when hearts and voices Blend in songs of sacred praise.—Cho.

4. Precious youth, in life's bright morning Train ye for the heavenly choir; From the ways of folly turning, To a heavenly harp aspire.—Cho.
A Happy Home.

1. I have a home, a happy home, And friends who love me there;
   With daily bread I still am fed, Have still warm clothes to wear:
   I've health and strength in every limb, How grateful should I be;
   How shall I show my love to Him Who shows such love to me?

2. While some are blind, or deaf, or lame,
   I hear the sweet birds sing,
   Can bound along with joyful song,
   Can watch the flowers of spring;
   No wasting pain my eye to dim,
   From want and sickness free:
   How shall I show my love to Him
   Who shows such love to me?

3. And blessings greater still than these
   A gracious God has given—
   The precious word of Christ our Lord
   To guide my feet to heaven.
   Among the shining cherubim
   I trust my home shall be:
   How shall I show my love to Him
   Who shows such love to me?

4. My God, I am a feeble child;
   Oh teach me to obey,
   With humble fear to serve thee here,
   To watch and praise and pray:
   My love is weak, my faith is dim,
   But grace I ask from thee,
   That I may prove my love for Him
   Who loved and died for me.
1. Marching on, marching on, glad as birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of children from near and from far; Happy hearts, full of song, 'neath our banners we bring, Little soldiers of Zion, prepared for the war.

2. Pressing on, pressing on to the din of the fray, With the firm tread of faith to the battle we go; 'Mid the cheering of angels our ranks march away, With our flags pointing ever right on toward the foe.

CHORUS.

Marching on, marching on, sound the battle cry, sound the battle cry, For the Saviour is before us, and for him we draw the sword: Marching on, marching on, Shout the
HAPPY VOICES.

3. Fighting on, fighting on, in the midst of the strife,
   At the call of our Captain we draw every sword:
   We are battling for God, we are struggling for life;
   Let us strike ev'ry rebel that fights against the Lord.  
   Cho.—Marching on, marching on, etc.

4. Singing on, singing on, from the battle we come;
   Every flag bears a wreath, every soldier renown;
   Heavenly angels are waiting to welcome us home,
   And the Saviour will give us a robe and a crown. 
   Cho.—Marching on, marching on, etc.

140. Chant—Gloria in Excelsis.

1. Glory be to . . . .  God on high, and on earth . . . . peace, goodwill towards men.
2. We praise thee, we }  worship thee, { we glorify thee, we } give thanks to . . . . the for thy great glory.

3. For thou . . . . . only art holy, Thou . . . . . . only art the Lord.
4. Thou only, O Christ, with the . . . . Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.
1. There is beauty all around, When there's love at home; There is joy in every sound, When there's love at home. Peace and plenty here abide, Smiling sweet on every side, Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home; Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home.

2. In the cottage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and envy ne'er annoy, When there's love at home. Roses blossom 'neath our feet, All the earth is filled with love, Making life a bliss complete, When there's love at home.

3. Kindly heaven smiles above, When there's love at home; All the earth is filled with love, When there's love at home. Sweeter sings the brooklet by, Brighter beams the azure sky; Oh, there's One who smiles on high, When there's love at home.

4. Jesus, show thy mercy mine, Then there's love at home; Sweetly whisper, I am thine, Then there's love at home. Source of love, thy cheering light Far exceeds the sun so bright— Can dispel the gloom of night; Then there's love at home.

100
1. I'm a little pilgrim And a stranger here; Tho' this world is pleasant, Sin is always near.
2. But a little pilgrim Must have garments clean, If he'd wear the white robes And with Christ be seen.

There's a better country, Where there is no sin, Where the tones of sorrow Never enter in.
Jesus, cleanse and save me, Teach me to obey; Holy Spirit, guide me On my heavenly way.

143. Little Child's Prayer.
1. Jesus, tender Saviour, Hast thou died for me?
Make me very thankful In my heart to thee.
When the sad, sad story Of thy grief I read,
Make me very sorry For my sins indeed.
2. Now I know thou livest, And dost plead for me;
Make me very thankful In my prayers to thee.
Soon I hope in glory At thy side to stand;

Make me meet to see thee In that happy land.

144. The Good Shepherd.
1. Jesus is our Shepherd, Wiping every tear;
Folded in his bosom, What have we to fear?
Only let us follow Whither he doth lead, To the thirsty desert, Or the dewy mead.
2. Jesus is our Shepherd; Well we know his voice;
How its gentlest whisper Makes our heart rejoice!
Even when he chideth, Tender is his tone; None but he shall guide us, We are his alone.
3. Jesus is our Shepherd, For the sheep he bled; Every lamb is sprinkled With the blood he shed. When we tread death's valley, Dark with fearful gloom, We will fear no evil, Victors o'er the tomb.
Now the Sabbath Eve Declining.

1. Now the Sabbath eve declining, Sheds around a hallowed light,
   And the silver stars are shining With a radiance pure and bright.
   Soft and gentle be the numbers
   Which our grateful spirits raise: God above, while nature slumbers, Hear, Oh hear our song of praise.

2. May the words of inspiration
   Which our ears have heard today,
   Wake a holy contemplation,
   Call our souls from earth away.
   While with hearts and voices blending,
   Up to heaven our thoughts we raise,
   Thou to mortal vows attending,
   Hear, Oh hear our song of praise.

146. God is Near Thee.

1. God is near thee, Therefore cheer thee, Sad soul; He'll defend thee When around thee Billows roll, When around, etc.
2. Calm thy sadness,  
Look in gladness  
On high;  
Faint and weary,  
Pilgrim, cheer thee,  
Help is nigh.

3. Mark the sea-bird,  
Wildly wheeling  
Through the skies;  
God defends him,  
God attends him  
When he cries.

4. God is near thee,  
Therefore cheer thee,  
Sad soul;  
He'll defend thee  
When around thee  
Billows roll.

147. Memory.

H. K. From the New SONGS OF ZION.
Our Own Dear Home.

1. Home, dear home, we never can forget; Friends, dear friends, we often there have met; Press'd by care, or pierced by grief, Home has afforded us a sweet relief. Tender memories round thee twine,

Like the ivy green round the pine; Over land and sea we may roam, Still will we cherish thee, our own dear home.

2. Lured by gain we seek a foreign shore,
   Worn and weary heap the golden ore;
   Still our yearning hearts demand
   Rest in the homestead in our native land.—Cho.

3. On the gilded page of earthly fame
   Some may pant to register their name;
   Round our names no wreath may be,
   But you may read them on the old home tree.—Cho.

4. Painted pleasure holds the flowing bowl,
   Mirth and music lure the careless soul;
   But with us at home, you'll find
   Home joys that never leave a sting behind.—Cho.

5. Firmly bound by silver chains of love,
   Here are foretastes of the home above;
   Thou from whom all blessings come,
   Help us to praise thee for a Christian home.—Cho.
1. There's a beautiful home for thee, brother, A home, a home for thee; In that land of bliss where pleasure is, There, brother, 's a home for thee. A beautiful home for thee, brother, A home, a home for thee; In that land of bliss where pleasure is, There, brother, 's a home for thee.

2. There's a beautiful rest for thee, brother, A rest, a rest for thee; In those mansions above where all is love, There, brother, 's a rest for thee. A beautiful rest for thee, brother, A rest, a rest for thee; In those mansions above where all is love, There, brother, 's a rest for thee.

3. There's a beautiful crown for thee, A crown, a crown for thee, [brother, When the battle is done, and the victory won, Our Saviour will give it to thee. A beautiful crown for thee, etc. Cho.—A beautiful crown for thee, etc.

4. There's a beautiful robe for thee, A robe, a robe for thee; A robe of white, so pure and bright, A glorious robe for thee. A beautiful robe for thee, etc. Cho.—A beautiful robe for thee, etc.

5. Wilt seek that beautiful home, brother, That home, that home above; [er, In that land of light, where all is bright, That land where all is love? A beautiful home for thee, etc.
1. We're passing along to our home in the skies; This garb of the pilgrim our Master supplies; No cost-ly attire worn by kings of the earth, Ever rivaled its whiteness or equalled its worth.

CHORUS.

Home in the skies, happy home in the skies; We're passing along to our home in the skies. Then come join our band, take the staff in your hand, And with us pass along to our home in the skies.
2. The world may allure us with promise and smile,
And Satan our garments of white may defile,
And pleasure may knock at the door of our heart;
But we'll look unto Jesus and bid them depart.
Cho.—Home in the skies, happy home, etc.

3. When weary we'll lean on the arm of our Guide;
When thirsty we'll drink of the stream by our side;
When hungry we'll feed on the manna around;
And when struck by the foe there's a balm for the wound.—Cho.

4. And oft in the distance our home we behold,
Its gates made of pearl, and its courts paved with gold;
Its pastures so fresh and its fountains so clear,
While the anthems of praise faintly fall on the ear.—Cho.

151. Happy Home Above.

1. We soon shall leave this foreign land,
And in our Saviour's presence stand,
And cross the flowing river,
And sing his praise for ever.

CHORUS.

Oh happy home above, Oh happy home above, Thro' endless days we'll sing the praise Of Jesus and his love.

2. No sorrow there; from radiant eyes
No tears of grief are starting;
No sad farewell, no laboring sighs,
When friend from friend is parting.

3. No lurking foe, no hidden snare,
Shall evermore beguile us;
No pleasures false, as well as fair,
Shall evermore defile us.

4. Then, children, now repent, believe,
And walk the path of duty;
Then in the home above you'll live,
Where reigns immortal beauty.
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, he makes me repose Where the pastures in beauty are growing, He leads me afar from the world and its woes, Where in peace the still waters are flowing.

2. He strengthens my spirit, he shows me the path Where the arms of his love shall enfold me, And when I walk through the dark valley of death, His rod and his staff will uphold me.

3. Oh why should I stray with the flocks of thy foes, 'Mid the desert where now they are roving, Where hunger and thirst, where affliction and woes, And temptations their ruin are proving?

4. Oh when shall my foes and my wanderings cease, And the follies that fill me with weeping? Thou Shepherd of Israel, restore me that peace Thou dost give to the flock thou art keeping.

5. A voice from the Shepherd now bids thee return By the way where the footprints are lying: No longer to wander, no longer to mourn, Oh fair one, now homeward be flying.

152. Shepherd of Israel.

1. Oh tell me, Thou life and delight of my soul, Where the flock of thy pasture are feeding; I seek thy protection, I need thy control, I would go where my Shepherd is leading.

2. Oh tell me the place where thy flock are at rest, Where the noontide will find them reposing? The tempest now rages, my soul is distressed, And the pathway of peace I am losing.

108
154. Stephens. C. M.

1. Once more, my soul, the rising day
   Salutes my waking eyes;
   Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
   To Him who rules the skies.

2. Night unto night his name repeats,
   The day renews the sound,
   Wide as the heavens on which he sits
   To turn the seasons round.

3. 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
   My tongue shall speak his praise;
   My sins would rouse his wrath to
   And yet his wrath delays. [flame,

4. Great God, let all my hours be thine,
   While I enjoy the light;
   Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
   And bring a pleasant night. watts.

155. The Hope of Heaven.

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

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

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

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

156. A Daily Petition.

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

2. "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
   From every murmur free;
   The blessings of thy grace impart,
   And let me live to thee.

3. "Let the sweet hope that I am thine
   My life and death attend; [shine,
   Thy presence through my journey
   And crown my journey's end."


1. Jerusalem, my happy home,
   Name ever dear to me,
   When shall my labors have an end
   In joy and peace and thee?

2. When shall these eyes thy heaven-
   And pearly gates behold?
   Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
   And streets of shining gold?

3. Oh when, thou city of my God,
   Shall I thy courts ascend,
   Where congregations ne'er break up,
   And Sabbaths have no end?

4. There happier bowers than Eden
   Nor sin, nor sorrow know: [bloom,
   Blest seats, through rude and stormy
   I onward press to you. [scenes

5. Jerusalem, my happy home,
   My soul still pants for thee;
   Then shall my labors have an end
   When I thy joys shall see. C. Wesley.
Christmas Hymn.

Duet.

1. Christ is born, and heaven rejoices, Judah’s plain is bathed in light;
2. Christ is born, the Lord's Anointed Leaves the heavenly world a while,

Thousands, thousand harps and voices Break the silence of the night.
En-ters on the work appointed, God and man to recon-cile.

CHORUS.

Glory in the highest, glory, Peace on earth, good-will to men;

Glory in the highest, glory, Peace on earth, good-will to men.

3. To the lost he brings salvation,
   Freedom to the captive slave;
   Peace amid death’s desolation,
   Vict’ry o’er the boasting grave.

4. Christ is born, Oh wondrous story!
   Lord of life, yet born to die;
   Sorrow’s child, yet King of glory;
   Born to rule and reign on high.

5. Royal babe, tho’ few enthrone him,
   Few their grateful offerings bring,
   All the tribes of earth shall own him
   Prince of peace, creation’s King.

110
1. Saw you never in the twilight, When the sun has left the skies, Up in heav'n the clear stars shining Thro' the gloom like silver eyes? So of old, the wise men watching, Saw a little stranger star, And they knew the King was given, And they followed it from far.

2. Heard you never of the story How they crossed the desert wild, Journeyed on by plain and mountain, Till they found the holy Child— How they opened all their treasure, Kneeling to that infant King,

Gave the gold and fragrant incense, Gave the myrrh in offering? And the darkened isles afar? And we too may seek his cradle, There our hearts' best treasure bring—

3. Know you not that lowly infant Was the bright and Morning Star, He who came to light the Gentiles

For our Saviour, God, and King.
Christmas Song.

Words by S. H. Thayer, Esq.

1. The city's hum was hush'd and still, And silence reign'd o'er vale and hill; The birds had sought the sheltering tree. The flocks were fold-ed ten-der-ly; No sound of life was on the breeze That murmured thro' the from on high With daz-zling glo-ry filled the sky: The mu-sic of the an-gel band Went floating o'er the olive-trees, And 'mid the stars heaven's brightest gem Shone o-ver sleep-ing Beth-le-hem:

2. In rapturous tones that strain a-rose, And burst up-on the night's re-pose; A white-winged le-gion Ho-ly Land, While on the list-ning shep-herds' ear Still rang that cho-rus loud and clear-
HAPPY VOICES.

CHORUS.

Good tidings, good tidings, Good tidings of great joy! On this blest morn A Prince is born!

Good tidings of great joy! The Prince of peace, the Incarnate Word, A Saviour, Christ the Lord!

Glo-ry to God in the highest then, Glo-ry to God in the high-est, And on earth peace, good-will to men.

3. The vision faded from the sight, 
Hushed were those voices of the night, 
And brightly dawned upon the earth 
The morning of our Saviour's birth:

Oh morn of gladness, day of joy, 
Well may thy praise our tongues employ! 
Well may we join that song of love 
First sung by minstrels from above: Cho.

113
Christmas Carol.

1. We three kings of Orient are; Bearing gifts we traverse afar Field and fountain, Moor and mountain, Following yonder star.

Oh star of wonder, star of night, Star with royal beauty bright, Westward leading, Still proceeding, Guide us to the perfect Light.

2. Born a King on Bethlehem’s plain, Gold I bring to crown him again— King for ever, Ceasing never Over us all to reign.—Cho.

3. Frankincense to offer have I: Incense owns a deity nigh; Prayer and praising All men raising, Worship him God on high.—Cho.


5. Glorious now behold him arise, King and God and Sacrifice; Heaven singing Hallelujah; Joyous the earth replies.—Cho.

162. Seeking Christ’s Care.

1. Saviour, listen to our prayer, Poor and sinful though we are; Guilt-confessing, Give thy blessing, Grant us thy loving care.

CHORUS.

O God our Father, Christ our King, Now to thee our hearts we bring;

2. Strength is thine; we often stray From thy pure and holy way; Wilt thou guide us, Walk beside us, Nearer every day? Cho.—O God our Father, etc.

3. Then may we, when life is o’er, Stand with thee on yonder shore: Freed from sinning, Heaven winning, Praising evermore. Cho.—O God our Father, etc.
1. My home is in heaven, my rest is not here, Then why should I murmur when trials appear? Be hush'd my dark spirit, the worst that can come But shortens my journey and hastens me home.

CHORUS.

Then the angels will come, with their music will come, With music, sweet music to welcome me home; In the bright gates of crystal the shining ones will stand, And sing me a welcome to their own native land.

2. It is not for me to be seeking my bliss, And building my hopes in a region like this; I look for a city which hands have not piled, I pant for a country by sin undefiled. — Cho.

3. The thorn and the thistle around me may grow; I would not recline upon roses below; I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest Till I find them for ever on Jesus' own breast. — Cho.
1. "He is risen, he is not here; Seek him not among the dead. He is living, do not fear," So the white-robed angel said. He hath conquer'd ev'ry foe, He hath shown his power to save, When he took the sting from death And the vict'ry from the grave.

CHORUS.

Then with one heart and voice Let all the earth re-joice; Let all the living join the strain, And angels shout it back a-gain: The Lord is risen, The Lord is risen! Re-joice, re-joice, re-joice, re-joice!
2. He is risen, he is not here; He whom sinners put to death But we all who die with him, On the earth he walks no more; Sitteth on the great white throne. Shall again with him arise; All his trials, all his toils, Cho.—Then with one heart, etc. 'Tis in him alone we live; All his grief and shame are o'er— And because he lives again— All his purpose is fulfilled. Blessed promise, glorious hope!— All his work on earth is done: We shall with him live and reign.

3. He is risen, he is not here— Not indeed to mortal eyes; But we all who die with him, Shall again with him arise, 'Tis in him alone we live; Not indeed to mortal eyes; Shall again with him arise, 'Tis in him alone we live; We shall with him live and reign.

166. Sabbath Morning.
May also be sung to No. 164, with chorus.
1. Christ the Lord is risen to-day, Once he died our souls to save; Sons of men and angels say: "Where's thy victory, boasting grave?" Raise your joys and triumphs high, Cudworth. Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

2. Love's redeeming work is done, 1. Softly now the light of day Fought the fight, the victory won: Fades upon my sight away; Jesus' agony is o'er, Free from care, from labor free, Darkness veils the earth no more. Lord, I would commune with thee.

3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; When our work of life is past, Christ has burst the gates of hell; Oh receive us all at last; Death in vain forbids him rise, Sin's dark night shall be no more When we reach the heavenly shore.

4. Lives again our glorious King! "Where, O death, is now thy sting?" Once he died our souls to save; "Where's thy victory, boasting grave?" Cudworth. Shall for ever pass away; Then, from sin and sorrow free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.
Pilgrim Song. (For the Close of the Year.)

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall be with those that rest, Asleep within the tomb.

Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that great day; Oh wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins away.

2. A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time; And we shall be where suns are not, A far serener clime.

Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that calm day; Oh wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins away.

3. A few more storms shall beat On this wild rocky shore; And we shall be where tempests cease, And surges swell no more.

Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that blest day; Oh wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins away.

4. A few more struggles here, A few more partings o'er, A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more.

Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that blest day; Oh wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins away.

5. A few more Sabbaths here Shall cheer us on our way;

And we shall reach the endless rest, The eternal Sabbath-day.

Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that sweet day; Oh wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins away.

6. 'Tis but a little while And He shall come again, Who died that we might live, who lives That we with Him may reign.

Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that glad day; Oh wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins away.
My Heavenly Home.

1. This world is not my home, I know, For sin and sorrow wound me; But mercy tempers
2. The tear may fall, the heart may bleed, And all look dark and dreary; But love divine sup-

CHORUS.

every blow, And goodness smiles a-round me. Then let my lot be what it may, Come
plies my need, And cheers the spirit weary. Then let my lot be what it may, etc.

3. As falls the leaf when touched by frost, So loved ones fall around me; But 'tis by mercy's hand are loosed The ties that fondly bound me.
4. With heart resigned, I bid adieu To those who love, but leave me; My home, my heavenly home's in view, Where death shall ne'er bereave me.
5. My heavenly home, where Jesus reigns! When I behold thy glory, I'll walk thy ever-verdant plains, And sing redemption's story.

119
A Happy New-Year to Thee.

1. A happy New-year to thee, father, a happy New-year to thee! Oh, could I thy portion appropriate

2. A happy New-year to thee, mother, a happy New-year to thee! I think of thy toils and thy point, father, How blessed that portion should be. Thy pathway I'd strew with bright flow'rs, father, And tears, mother, And moved by love's eloquent plea, My study shall daily be this, mother, To wing every moment with joy; No sorrow should ruffle thy brow, father, No cankerling care should annoy. lessen the tears that may start; To lighten the toils that oppress, mother, And kindle the joy of thy heart.

3. A happy New-year to thee, brother, If walking the valley of grief, brother, A happy New-year to thee; The future is closed to the eye, brother, Then tear shall be mingled with tear. And we will not wish for the key; But joy shall be blended with joy, brother If smoothly we glide through the year; 120 Through sunshine and showers of the past, sister, Our hearts and our homes have been one; And love burning bright to the last, sister, Shall garnish the hours as they run.
171. Thanksgiving. 7s & 6s.

1. Praise the Lord who reigns above, And keeps his courts below; Praise him for his boundless love, And all his greatness I show:

Praise him for his noble deeds; Praise him for his matchless pow'r; Him from whom all good proceeds, Let earth and heav'n adore.

2. Publish, spread to all around The great Immanuel's name; Let the gospel trumpet sound; Him the Prince of peace proclaim.

Praise him, every tuneful string; All the reach of heavenly art, All the power of music bring, The music of the heart.

3. Him in whom they move and live, Let every creature sing; Glory to our Saviour give, And homage to our King.

Hallowed be his name beneath, As in heaven, on earth adored;

Praise the Lord in every breath— Let all things praise the Lord.

172. Thanks and Praise.

1. Meet and right it is to sing, In every time and place, Glory to our heavenly King, The God of truth and grace.

Join we then with sweet accord, All in one thanksgiving join; Holy, holy, holy Lord, Eternal praise be thine.

2. Thee the first-born sons of light, In choral symphonies,

Praise by day, day without night, And never, never cease:

Angels and archangels, all Praise the sacred Three in One; Sing and stop, and gaze and fall, O'erwhelmed before thy throne.

3. Father, God, thy love we praise Which gave thy Son to die; Jesus, full of truth and grace, Alike we glorify;

Spirit, Comforter divine, Praise by all to thee be given, Till we in full chorus join, And earth is turned to heaven.
Gone, Gone.

1. Gone, gone, loved one, Gone from our home; God hath recalled thee In thy youthful bloom:
   Death’s icy fingers Rest upon thee now; Still beauty lingers On thy pallid brow.

2. Gone, gone, loved one, While we are weeping Gone to thy tomb; O’er the hallowed ground, But ’tis not cheerless, Thou art but sleeping Hope dispels its gloom: Till the trump shall sound.

3. Gone, gone, loved one, Sin and temptation Gone to the blest; Were thy sorrow here, Earth had its pleasures, Then full salvation But ’twas not thy rest: Is thy portion there.

174. O’er the Flowing River.

1. O’er the flowing river, Little children stand, Free from sin for ever, Happy in that land.
HAPPY VOICES.

175

Faire than the summer flower is every ho-ly one, Singing, shining evermore, With glory but be-gun.

2. Once their eyes were streaming With the tears of woe; Now with rapture beaming, Not a tear they know: Crowns of glory now they wear, And ever as they rove, O'er the tuneful harps they bear Their skilful fingers move.

3. 'Twas Immanuel sought them, Straying from the fold; With a price he bought them, Dearer far than gold; Not the treasures of the mine, Not bleating flocks he gave; Blood he shed—'twas blood divine, To sanctify and save.

4. Little saints in glory, Guilty though I be, I have learned the story, "Jesus died for me." Ransomed by his blood divine, My Saviour I will love; Bear his cross, then rise and join Your shining band above.

175. The Lord's Prayer. Chant.

1. Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven:

2. Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespass-es, as we forgive.

3. And lead us not into temptation, but de-liv-er us from evil; For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ev-er. A-men.
The Little Graves.

1. Oh the green grass waves o'er the silent graves, Where the loved and the lost we lay; And you shed a tear as you linger here, At the close of a summer day.

2. In your youthful prime, in your sweet spring time, You may sink in the silent tomb; Tho' your cheek now glows like the blushing rose, Death may steal all its radiant bloom;

As you look around o'er the hallowed ground, Little graves here and there you see; And the bell may toll for a youthful soul Fled away to the God who gave;

And they seem to say, as you thither stray, "There's a grave in this ground for thee." While the mould'ring clay from the light of day Shall be hid in the cold, cold grave.

3. Oh, be wise to-day, nor presume to say To the voice that would woo and win, "Go thy way this time, 't is my youthful prime; When I'm old I will turn from sin." Shun the downward path, for it leads to wrath; While a child to the Saviour fly; And the tears they shed o'er your earthy bed Shall be turned into joy on high.
1. Come, children, kindly gather Round this form belov'd, Whence so soon our heav'nly Father Hath the soul remov'd. 
Soul, leave the bod-y mor-tal Safe with us at rest, Pass beyond the golden portal To thy Saviour's breast.

CHORUS.
Bright angels, happy spirits, Watch with star-like eyes O'er the spot whence at Christ's summons His beloved shall rise.

2. Eyes full of love and gladness, Quiet now in sleep, Closed on all our sin and sadness, Never more to weep— Unclose now with bliss amazing In the realms of peace; Burst to sight, with rapture gazing On the Saviour's face. —Cho.

3. Hark, 'mid the radiant dawning, Where night comes no more, Sweet-toned bells of Sabbath morning Sound from that far shore. Lo, cherub forms that hover, Bearing thee away; So farewell, thy night is over, Lost in endless day. —Cho.

May be sung responsively.

1. Glory to the Father give— Praise him and adore, 
   Praise him evermore. 
   Children's prayers he deigns to hear— Praise him evermore. 
   Children's songs delight his ear— Praise him evermore.

CHORUS.
Praise, glory, honor, blessing To the King of heaven— Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, Be for ever given.

2. Glory to the Son we bring— Praise him and adore, 
   Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King— Praise him evermore. 
   Children, raise your sweetest strain— Praise him and adore; 
   To the Lamb, for he was slain— Praise him evermore. —Cho.

3. Glory to the Holy Ghost— Praise him and adore; 
   He reclaimed the sinner lost— Praise him evermore. 
   Children's minds doth he inspire— Praise him and adore; 
   Touch their tongues with holy fire— Praise him evermore. —Cho.
Stand Up for Jesus!

1. This life is a battle 'gainst Satan and sin, And we are the soldiers the vict'ry to win, And Christ is the Captain of our little band; Whatev-er op-pos-es, for him we will stand. Then stand up for Jesus, whatev-er be-fall; On Calvary's mountain he stood for us all; Then stand up for Jesus, Stand up for Jesus, Stand up for Jesus, for Jesus.

2. To God for our armor we'll fail not to go, He'll clothe us with truth and with righteousness too; The "gospel of peace" shall our footsteps attend, And the good "shield of faith" from all harm shall defend.—Cho.

3. Salvation our helmet, the Bible our sword, Though wily our foes, we are "strong in the Lord;"

4. Though little temptations—the worst ones of all— Will often beset us to make us to fall, We'll stand up for Jesus, and when life is o'er, For us he'll be standing on Jordan's bright shore. Cho.—Then stand up for Jesus, etc.

While watching and praying our armor keeps bright, Our Jesus will help us to stand for the right.—Cho.
1. We are on our journey home, Where Christ our Lord is gone; We shall meet around his throne When he makes his people one In the new Jerusalem, In the new Jerusalem; When he makes his people one In the new Jerusalem.

2. We can see that distant home, Tho' clouds roll dark between; Faith views the radiant dome, And a lustre flashes keen From the new Jerusalem.

3. Oh glory shining far From the never-setting sun; Oh trembling morning star, Our journey's almost done To the new Jerusalem.

4. Our hearts are breaking now Those mansions fair to see; O Lord, thy heavens bow, And raise us up with thee To the new Jerusalem.
1. Oft as I rove, in thoughtless mood, Along life's now-ery, sunny road, Unconscious how the path may end, Unheeding where my footsteps tend, I hear a voice which seems to say, In a gentle whisper, Come away, Softly it whispers, Come away, Come away, Come away, Come away!

2. From day to day that voice I hear, And oftenest when no friend is near—When on some secret purpose bent, Or on some pleasure too intent—A still small voice, which seems to say, In a gentle whisper, Come away, Softly it whispers, Come away, Come away, Come away, Come away!
3. At times perchance too near I tread
Some cruel quicksands' treach'rous bed,
Some yawning gulf, some fatal snare,
Some spot where death is in the air;
Then comes that warning voice to say,
In a gentle whisper, Come away,
Softly it whispers, Come away,
Come away!

4. Some foe with radiant beauty drapes
Temptation in a thousand shapes,
And many a glittering prize is given
To lure me far from home and heaven;
But never fails that voice to say,
With its gentle whisper, Come away,
Softly it whispers, Come away,
Come away!

5. Ah, gentle Spirit, faithful Friend,
Be with me always to life's end,
Till He who keeps my heav'nly crown
Shall send his loving angel down,
Upon my brow his hand to lay,
And kindly bid me, Come away,
And softly whisper, Come away,
Come away!
1. I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home: Earth is a desert drear, Heaven is my home:

Danger and sorrow stand Round me on every hand; Heaven is my fatherland, Heaven is my home.

2. What though the tempest rage,
   Heaven is my home;
   Short is my pilgrimage;
   Heaven is my home;
   Time's cold and wintry blast
   Soon will be overpast,
   I shall reach home at last;
   Heaven is my home.

3. There, at my Saviour's side,
   Heaven is my home;
   I shall be glorified,
   Heaven is my home;
   There are the good and blest,
   Those I love most and best;
   There too I soon shall rest,
   Heaven is my home.

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, etc.

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, etc.
Press On, Little Pilgrims.

1. Press on, little pilgrims, and never give up, Tho' often the desert is dreary; Press on, little pilgrims, replenish your cup From wells of salvation when weary.

2. Press on, little pilgrims, and lean on the Friend Whose heart is the empire of pity; Whose wisdom shall guide you, whose arm shall defend, Till safe in the beautiful city.

3. Press on, little pilgrims, and never retreat When Satan comes forth to annoy you; The darts which he hurls with a merciless hate, May wound, but shall never destroy you.—Cho.

4. Press on, little pilgrims, your home is in view; Its doors are thrown wide to receive you; A bright crown of glory is laid up for you, And sorrow and sin shall soon leave you.—Cho.
The Shining Way. C. M. Double.

1. The pearly gates are open wide, I see the bright array; On either side the angels glide, To keep the shining way.

Cho. The pearly gates are open wide, I see the bright array; On either side the angels glide, To keep the shining way.

2. When storms arise, and darkness
   The faithful pilgrims' way, [clouds
   On either side the angels glide,
   To keep the shining way; [light
   And brighter gleams the morning
   Behind the gentle rod,
   For Christ's redeemed more clearly
   see
   The shining way of God.—Cho.

3. And soon they walk the golden
   Not slighted and alone; [streets,
   On either side the angels glide,
   To lead them to the throne:
   And there they'll wear a starry crown
   Who once did tire and plod,
1. Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll, Where, in all the bright fore-

2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor When our stormy voyage is o'er; Shall we meet and cast the

3. Where the music of the ransomed
4. Shall we meet with many a loved one, Torn on earth from our embrace?
5. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour

Rolls in harmony around, When he comes to claim his own?
And creation swells the chorus And sit down upon his throne?
With its sweet melodious sound? Shall we listen to their voices,
Autumn.

1. There's a land of peer-less beauty, And of glory all untold, Where no shadow ever falleth, Where no sunny face grows old; Where the crystal river floweth, With the tree upon its banks, gloweth In the bright celestial ranks.

2. Oh to reach that clime of gladness, Be it all my soul's desire; Whether joy be mine, or sadness, Upward still would I aspire. Brief the pang my heart that rendeth, Brief the joy that swells it here; But the rapture never endeth Of that pure and blessed sphere.

3. There is Jesus, my Redeemer, With the many crowns he wears, And the scars of earthly wounding, Precious tokens which he bears; There the angels, all so glorious, In the outer circle stand, While the souls by faith victorious Are a nearer, dearer band.

4. Then, while months and years are taking Like a dream their flight away, If they bring me but the breaking Of the one eternal day, I will not regret their fleetness, Nor hold fast to things below, I will only ask a meetness For the bliss to which I go. A. D. Smith, D. D.
Shall We Meet in Heaven?

1. Shall we meet in heaven above, Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet in heaven above, Meet in heaven above?

2. Shall we wear the snowy robe, Shall we wear, shall we wear, Shall we wear the snowy robe Worn by saints in heaven? Yes, if we will onward press In the way of holiness, We shall wear the snowy dress Worn by saints in heaven.

3. Shall we strike the golden harp, Shall we strike, shall we strike, Shall we strike the golden harp, With the choir in heaven? Yes, if from the heart we sing Praises to our Saviour King, We shall strike the tuneful string With the choir in heaven.

4. Shall we wear a glorious crown, Shall we wear, shall we wear, Shall we wear a glorious crown On a throne in heaven? Yes, if we the conflict share, Every cross with patience bear, We that glorious crown shall wear On a throne in heaven.

Yes, if we are justified By the sacred crimson tide Flowing from the Saviour's side, We shall meet in heaven.

We shall strike the tuneful string With the choir in heaven.
Floats a world, whose radiant light Never fades away.

Who shall find admittance there? Who its boundless joy shall share? Who within its mansions fair Pass that endless day?

2. You and I may enter there If we will, if we will; Christ for us will homes prepare Free from every ill: If we all our sins confess, He'll convey us by his grace, Robed in his own righteousness, There with him to dwell.

The World Above.

1. High above yon stars of night, Far away, far away,
Beautiful Land.

Words and Music by Rev. E. LOWRY.

1. Je-ru-sa-lem, for ev-er bright, Beau-ti-ful land of rest, No win-ter there, nor chill of night-

Beau-ti-ful land of rest.

Beau-ti-ful land of rest! The dripping cloud is chased away, The sun breaks forth in end-less day: Je-


DUET.

Beau-ti-ful land, Beau-ti-ful land! We wait im-pa-tient to behold The gates of pearl, the
HAPPY VOICES.

194. Asleep in Jesus. L. M.

1. Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
   A calm and undisturbed repose,
   From which none ever wake to weep,
   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 has lost its venom’d sting.

3. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
   Whose waking is supremely blest;
   No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
   That manifests the Saviour’s power.

4. Asleep in Jesus! Oh for me
   May such a blissful refuge be:
   Securely shall my ashes lie,
   And wait the summons from on high.

streets of gold, And nestle safe in Jesus’ fold, In the beautiful land, The beautiful land of rest.

2. Jerusalem, for ever free,
   Beautiful land of rest,
The soul’s sweet home of liberty,
   Beautiful land of rest!
The gyves of sin, the chains of woe,
The ransomed there will never know.

3. Jerusalem, for ever dear,
   Beautiful land of rest,
   Thy pearly gates almost appear,
   Beautiful land of rest!
And when we tread thy lovely shore,
   We’ll sing the song we’ve sung before,
   Jerusalem;
   The beautiful land of rest!—Cho.

194. Asleep in Jesus. L. M.

1. Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
   A calm and undisturbed repose,
   From which none ever wake to weep,
   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 has lost its venom’d sting.

3. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
   Whose waking is supremely blest;
   No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
   That manifests the Saviour’s power.

4. Asleep in Jesus! Oh for me
   May such a blissful refuge be:
   Securely shall my ashes lie,
   And wait the summons from on high.
Home of the Blest.

1. Oh when shall I dwell in a mansion all bright, And Jesus my Saviour be-hold; Or walk by his side like a

2. No pearl from the ocean, no gold from the mine, Can pardon and purity buy; I'll trust in the blood of a

An-ge-l of light, In a cit-y all garnished with gold? Sav-iour di-vine, And I'll cling to his cross till I die.

Chorus.

Home of the blest, Home of the blest,

Sav-iour di-vine, And I'll cling to his cross till I die.

Home of the blest, Home of the blest, etc.

When wilt thou ev-er be mine! Home of the blest, Home of the blest, Soon shalt thou ever be mine.

3. Though light are the sorrows that burden a child, And fleeting the tempest of woe,

4. But while I'm a stranger away from my home,

I long for the land that was never defiled;

To the home of the blest would I go.—Cho.

I'll toil in the vineyard and pray;

And I'll watch for the break of the day.—Cho.
196. Rest for the Weary.

DUET.

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

   CHORUS.

   There is rest for the weary, 
   There is rest for the weary, 
   There is rest for the weary, 
   There is rest for you.

   On the other side of Jordan, 
   In the sweet fields of Eden, 
   Where the tree of life is blooming, 
   There is rest for you.

2. He is fitting up my mansion, 
   Which eternally shall stand, 
   For my stay shall not be transient 
   In that holy, happy land.—Cho.

3. Death itself shall then be vanquished, 
   And its sting shall be withdrawn; 
   Shout for gladness, Oh ye ransomed, 
   Hail with joy the rising morn. 
   Cho.—There is rest, etc.

197. The Eternal Home.

This is not my place of resting, 
Mine's a city yet to come; 
Onward to it I am hastening, 
On to my eternal home.—Cho.

2. In it all is light and glory, 
   O'er it shines a nightless day; 
   Every trace of sin's sad story, 
   All the curse hath passed away.

3. There the Lamb our Shepherd leads 
   By the streams of life along, 
   On the freshest pastures feeds us, 
   Turns our sighing into song.

4. Soon we pass this desert dreary, 
   Soon we bid farewell to pain; 
   Never more are sad or weary, 
   Never, never sin again.

   Cho.—There is rest, etc. bonab.

198. Rest in Christ.

1. Come, saith Jesus' sacred voice, 
   Come and make my paths your choice; 
   I will guide you to your home; 
   Weary pilgrim, hither come. 
   Cho.—There is rest, etc.

2. Hither come, for here is found 
   Balm for every bleeding wound, 
   Peace which ever shall endure, 
   Rest eternal, sacred, sure.—Cho.

199. Christ our Peace.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, 
   Weak and wounded, sick and sore, 
   Jesus ready stands to save you, 
   Full of pity, love, and power. Cho.

2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome, 
   God's free bounty glorify; 
   Faith he gives and true repentance, 
   Every grace that brings you nigh.

3. Come, ye weary, heavy-laden, 
   Bruised and mangled by the fall; 
   If you tarry till you're better, 
   You will never come at all.—Cho.
The Shining Shore.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them as they fly, Those just before, the shining shore We

FINE. CHORUS.

hours of toil and danger: For Oh, we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing over, And may almost discover.

2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our distant home discerning; Our absent Lord has left our word, Let every lamp be burning. Cho.—For Oh, we stand, etc.

3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our singing; That perfect rest naught can molest, Where golden harps are ringing.

4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow, Each chord on earth to sever, Our King says, "Come," and there's our home For ever, Oh, for ever.

201. The Sweetest Name.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heaven, The name, before his wondrous birth, To Christ the Saviour given. Cho.—We love to sing around our King, And hail him "blessed Jesus;" For there's no word ever heard, So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

2. His human name they did proclaim, When Abram's son they sealed him; The name that still, by God's good will, Deliverer revealed him.
3. And when he hung upon the tree,
   They wrote this name above him,
   That all might see the reason we
   For evermore must love him.

4. So now upon his Father's throne,
   Almighty to release us
   From sin and pains, he gladly reigns
   The Prince and Saviour Jesus.

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202. The Strayed Lamb.

1. A giddy lamb, one afternoon,
   Had from the fold departed;
   The tender shepherd missed it soon,
   And sought it broken-hearted.
   Not all the flock that shared his love
   Could from the search delay him,
   Nor clouds of midnight darkness move,
   Nor fear of suffering stay him.

2. But night and day he went his way
   In sorrow till he found it;
   He saw it where it fainting lay,
   He clasped his arms around it;
   And closely sheltered in his breast,
   From every ill to save it,
   He took it to his home of rest,
   And pitied and forgave it.

3. And thus the Saviour will receive
   The little ones who fear him;
   Their pains remove, their sins forgive,
   And draw them gently near him—

Blest while they live; and when they die,
   When soul and body sever,
   Conduct them to his home on high,
   To dwell with him for ever. Young Reaper

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203. Heavenly Mansions.

1. I see in heaven those mansions bright,
   The noonday sun outshining,
   For those who feel the Saviour's love
   Around their hearts entwining.

   CHORUS.
   Oh, happy they who reach that place
   Where sorrow cometh never—
   Who rest within his loving arms
   For ever and for ever.

2. If I could hear my Saviour say,
   "Thy sins are all forgiven."
   Then I could see a shining house
   Awaiting me in heaven.
   Cho.—Oh, happy they, etc.

3. Look how the children at his feet
   Their tiny crowns are flinging,
   While angels on their downy wings
   The latest born are bringing.
   Cho.—Oh, happy they, etc.

4. Yes, I will love my Saviour now,
   And serve him in life's morning;
   For I can see the house on high
   Of his own hand's adorning.
   Cho.—Oh, happy they, etc.
We're Going Home.

1. Youthful pilgrims, whither bound Thro' this vale so fearful? Passing o'er enchanted ground, Why are you so cheerful?
2. Tell us why, when pleasure woos, You will not believe her? Tell us why the heart you close On the gay deceiver?

CHORUS.

Oh we're going, go-ing home to our hap-py, hap-py home, To the cit-y of our Saviour King, Where the

golden crown they wear, and the palm of vic-t'ry bear, And they strike the golden harp as they sing.

3. When from ambush Satan's dart Wounds the pilgrim weary, Where's the balm to ease the smart In the desert dreary?—Cho.
4. But the deep cold river see, Pilgrims, just before you; What will then your solace be When its waves roll o'er you?—Cho.
5. Pilgrims of the Saviour King, Earth's temptations scorning, We will join your band and sing In life's sunny morning:—Cho.
1. I have a Father in the promised land, I have a Father in the promised land; My Father calls me,

I must go to meet him in the promised land. I'll away, I'll away to the promised land, I'll a

way, I'll a-way to the promised land. My Fa-ther calls me, I must go To meet him in the promised land.

2. I have a Saviour in the promised land, 3. I have a crown in the promised land, 4. I hope to meet you in the promised land,||:

My Saviour calls me, I must go When Jesus calls me, I must go At Jesus' feet, a joyous band,

To meet him in the promised land. To wear it in the promised land. We'll praise him in the promised land.

Cho.—I'll away, I'll away, etc. Cho.—I'll away, I'll away, etc. Cho.—We'll away, we'll away, etc.
1. Ye'angels who stand round the throne, And view my Im-man-u-el's face, In rap-turous songs make him known; Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise: He form'd you the spirits you are, So hap-py, so no-ble, so good;

when oth-ers sunk down in de-

spair, Confirmed by his power ye stood.

2. Ye saints who stand nearer than they, And cast your bright crowns at his feet,

His grace and his glory display, And all his rich mercy repeat;

He snatched you from hell and the grave, [spair:]

He ransomed from death and de-

For you he was mighty to save,

Almighty to bring you safe there.

3. I want to put on my attire, [Lamb; Washed white in the blood of the 144
208. Realms of the Blest.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest,
   Of that country so bright and so fair,
   And oft are its glories confessed;
   But what must it be to be there!

2. We speak of its freedom from sin,
   From sorrow, temptation, and care,
   And oft are its glories confessed;
   But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its pathway of gold, [rare,
   Of its walls decked with jewels so fair,
   And oft are its glories confessed;
   But what must it be to be there!

From trials without and within;
   But what must it be to be there!

Do thou, Lord, 'midst gladness or woe,
   And shortly we also shall know,
   And feel what it is to be there.

209. I'm a Pilgrim.

1. I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
   I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
   I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
   I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

   Do not detain me, for I am going
   To where the fountains are ever flowing:

2. There the glory is ever shining!
   Oh my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
   Here in this country, so dark and dreary,
   I long have wandered, forlorn and weary.
   I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, etc.

3. There's the city to which I journey;
   My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!
   There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
   Nor any sin there, nor any dying!
   I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, etc.
Homeward Bound.

1. Out on an ocean all boundless we ride—We’re homeward bound, home-ward bound;
   Tossed on the waves of a rough restless tide—We’re homeward bound, home-ward bound.

Promise of which on us each he bestowed—We’re homeward bound, home-ward bound.

Far from the safe quiet harbor we’ve rode, Seeking our Father’s celestial abode,

2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars—
   We’re homeward bound;
   Look, yonder lie the bright heavenly shores—
   We’re homeward bound.
   Steady, O pilot, stand firm at the wheel;
   Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale:
   Oh how we fly ’neath the loud creaking sail—
   We’re homeward bound.

3. We’ll tell the world as we journey along,
   We’re homeward bound;
   Try to persuade them to enter our throng—
   We’re homeward bound.

4. Into the harbor of heaven we glide—
   We’re home at last;
   Softly we drift on its bright silver tide—
   We’re home at last.
   Glory to God, all our dangers are o’er,
   We stand secure on the glorified shore;
   “Glory to God!” we will shout evermore;
   We’re home at last!
Joyfully, Joyfully, Joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above,
Jesus our Saviour in mercy says,
Come, Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.

Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;

Then if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
Joyfully, joyfully rest we in heaven.

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

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

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

2. There everlasting spring abides, And never withering flowers: Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.

CHORUS.
Oh the land, the lovely land, The land over Jordan's sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.
Oh the land, the lovely land, The land over Jordan, etc.

foam; On the golden strand wait the happy, happy band, To welcome the ransomed home.

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

4. Oh, could we make our doubts recede, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And view the Canaan that we love, With unclouded eyes;

5. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, [flood Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold Should fright us from the shore.

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From "THE UNION," by leave of T. J. COOK.

Beautiful Zion.

1. Beautiful Zion, built above, Beautiful city that I love; Beautiful gates of pearly white, Beautiful temple, God its light.

{ He who was slain on Calvary, } { Opens those pearly gates to me. }

Zion, Zion, lovely Zion, Beautiful Zion, city of our God.

2. Beautiful heaven, where all is light; Beautiful angels, clothed in white; Beautiful strains that never tire; Beautiful harps thro' all the choir.

There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.

Zion, Zion, lovely Zion, etc.

3. Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conq'rors show:
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there.

Thither I press with eager feet;
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

Zion, Zion, lovely Zion, etc.

4. Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease;
Beautiful home of perfect peace.

There shall my eyes the Saviour see;
Haste to his heavenly home with me.

Zion, Zion, lovely Zion, etc.

149
Words from "DEVOTIONAL MELODIES.

Sorrow is O'er.

By permission of FIRTH, SON, & CO.

1. What to me are earth's pleasures, and what its flowing tears? What are all the sorrows I de-

2. I seek not earth-ly glo-ry, nor min-gle with the gay; I de-sire not this world's gild-ed

plore? There's a song ev-er swelling, still lin-gers on my ears, "Oh, sorrow shall come a-gain no more.

store: There are voices now calling from those bright realms of day, "Oh, sorrow shall come a-gain no more.

CHORUS.

'Tis a song from the home of the wea-ry: "Sor-row, sor-row is for ev-er o'er: Happy

now, ev-er hap-py on Canaan's peaceful shore. Oh, sor-row shall come a-gain no more."

3. 'Tis a note that is wafted across the troubled wave; 4. 'Tis the loud-pealing anthem, the victor's holy song,

'Tis a song I've heard upon the shore; [grave: Where the conflict and the strife are o'er;

'Tis a sweet-thrilling murmur around the Christian's When the saved ones for ever in joyous notes prolong,

"Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."—Cho. "Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."—Cho.

150
HAPPY VOICES.

215. Welcome.

1. Happy shepherds in Judah, that heard the angel host
   Pouring out on earth the joy of heaven;
   But the chorals of angels in silence all are lost,
   When Jesus one word of love has given.

Cho. 'Tis a voice from the brightness of glory:
   "Welcome, welcome to my home of joy:
   Come to me, all ye weary, ye heavy-laden, come;
   I'll give you a rest without alloy."

2. He is Lord of earth and heaven, and his almighty power
   Can redeem from Satan and from hell;
   He can hush Sinai's thunder, and in the final hour
   Can take us with him in bliss to dwell.—Cho.

3. Let us hear then our Saviour, whatever be his word,
   And his lightest whisper well obey;
   That in peril and sorrow we still may hear our Lord
   Bid our sorrows and perils flee away.

Cho. 'Tis a voice from the brightness, etc.

216. No Sorrow There. S. M.

1. Oh sing to me of heav'n When I am called to die; Sing songs of holy
   constancy To waft my soul on high.

Chorus.
   There'll be no sorrow there, There'll be no sorrow there; In heav'n above, where all is love, There'll be no sorrow there.

2. When cold and sluggish drops
   Roll off my marble brow,
   Break forth in songs of joyfulness;
   Let heaven begin below.

3. Then to my raptured ear
   Let one sweet song be given;
   Let music charm me last on earth,
   And greet me first in heaven.

4. When round my senseless clay
   Assemble those I love.

217. Evening Hymn.

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

2. Lord, keep us safe this night,
   Secure from all our fears;

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

4. And when our days are past,
   And we from time remove,
   Oh may we in thy bosom rest,
   The bosom of thy love.
A Crown of Glory Bright.

CHORUS.

1. A crown of glory bright By faith I see, In yonder realms of light, Prepared for me. I'm nearer my home,

1. Little travellers Zionward, Each one entering into rest, In the kingdom of your Lord, In the mansions of the blest; There to welcome Jesus waits, Gives the crown his followers win; Lift your heads, ye golden gates, Let the little travellers in.

2. Who are they whose little feet, Facing life's dark journey through, Now have reached that heavenly seat They had ever kept in view? "I, from Greenland's frozen land;" "I, from India's sultry plain;" "I, from Afric's barren sand;" "I, from islands of the main."

3. "All our earthly journey passed, Every tear and pain gone by, Here together met at last At the portal of the sky, Each the welcome 'Come' awaits, Conquerors over death and sin." Lift your heads, ye golden gates, Let the little travellers in.

2. Oh may I faithful prove, The crown in view, And through the storms of life My way pursue.—Cho.

3. Jesus, be thou my guide, My steps attend; Oh keep me near thy side; Be thou my friend.—Cho.

4. Be thou my shield and sun, My guide and guard; And when my work is done, My great reward. Cho.—I'm nearer my home, etc. 152
Beautiful River.

1. Shall we gather at the river Where bright angel feet have trod; With its crystal tide for-

2. On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray, We will walk and worship

CHORUS.

ever Flowing by the throne of God? Yes, we'll gather at the river, The ev er, All the happy, golden day. Yes, we'll gather at the river, etc.

beautiful, the beautiful river—Gather with the saints at the river That flows by the throne of God.

3. Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we every burden down; Grace our spirits will deliver, And provide a robe and crown. Cho.—Yes, we'll gather, etc.

4. At the smiling of the river, Mirror of the Saviour's face, Saints whom death will never sever, Lift their songs of saving grace. Cho.—Yes, we'll gather, etc.

5. Soon we'll reach the silver river, Soon our pilgrimage will cease; Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of peace. Cho.—Yes, we'll gather, etc.
Roll, Jordan, Roll.

Melody popular among the Freedmen.

1. Roll, Jordan, roll, Thy foaming waters roll along; No ill I fear, for Christ is near, His rod and staff are strong: My

2. Roll, Jordan, roll, Thy foaming waters roll along; Beyond thee lies fair Paradise, Where Christ’s redeemed belong. Tho'
HAPPY VOICES.

3. Roll, Jordan, roll,  
   Thy foaming waters roll along;  
   The hosts of God thy bed have trod  
   With trumpet and with song:  
   Right through thy waves with pomp  
   The fiery pillar passed, [divine

   In days of yore, and brought them o'er  
   To Canaan's land at last.—Cho.

   Both young and old thy billows cold  
   Await—an endless throng.

   Thro' fear of death tho' tremblers lie  
   In bondage all their life,

   My soul aspires with warm desires  
   In thee to end its strife.—Cho.

222. The Heaven Above.

1. There's a bright, unfading crown In the heaven above, Sparkling like the dews of morn, In the heaven above.

Thousands of children there That crown of glory wear, Now safe from sin and care, In the heaven above.

2. There's a robe of righteousness  
   In the heaven above,  
   Worn by every heir of grace,  
   In the heaven above.

   Happy and undefiled,  
   Many a ransomed child,  
   Shines like the starlight mild,  
   In the heaven above.

3. There's a tuneful harp of gold  
   In the heaven above;  
   Every hand a harp shall hold  
   In the heaven above.

   Thousands of children sing  
   Praise to their Saviour King;  
   Loud sweep the tuneful string  
   In the heaven above.

4. Would you strike that golden wire  
   In the heaven above—  
   Wear that crown and that attire  
   In the heaven above?

   Come then to Jesus, come;  
   Come in your youthful bloom;  
   Come, for there now is room  
   In the heaven above.
[223] Orford. L. M.

1. How sweet the light of Sabbath eve,
   How soft the sunbeams ling'ring there:
   For these blest hours the world I leave,
   Wafted on wings of praise and prayer.

2. The time how lovely and how still!
   Peace shines and smiles on all below;
   The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
   All fair with evening's setting glow.

3. Season of rest! the tranquil soul
   Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love;
   And while these sacred moments roll,
   Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

4. Nor will our days of toil be long,
   Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
   And we shall join the ceaseless song,
   The endless Sabbath of our God.

[224] Abide with Me.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
   It is not night if thou be near:
   Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
   To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2. When soft the dews of kindly sleep
   My wearied eyelids gently steep,
   No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
   But sacred, high, eternal noon.

333

[225] Sabbath Eve.

1. 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. No more fatigue, no more distress,
   Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
   No groans shall mingle with the songs
   Which warble from immortal tongues.

3. No rude alarms of raging foes;
   No cares to break the long repose;
   Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
   Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
   And quickens all my drowsy powers.

4. Be near to bless me when I wake,
   Ere thro' the world my way I take;
   Abide with me till in thy love
   I lose myself in heaven above.


1. My God, how endless is thy love;
   Thy gifts are every evening new;
   And morning mercies from above
   Gently distil like early dew.

2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
   Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
   Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
   And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3. I yield my powers to thy command,
   To thee I consecrate my days;
   Perpetual blessings from thy hand
   Demand perpetual songs of praise.
227. Duke Street. L. M.

1. My heavenly home is bright and fair,
   Its glittering towers the sun outshine;
   Nor pain nor death can enter there;
   That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

2. My Father's house is built on high,
   Far, far above the starry sky:
   When from this earthly prison free,
   That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3. Teach me to live, that I may dread
   The grave as little as my bed;
   Teach me to die, that so I may
   Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4. Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
   And sun and moon refuse to shine,
   All nature sink and cease to be;
   That heavenly mansion stands for me.

228. Evening Hymn.

1. Glory to thee, my God, this night,
   For all the blessings of the light:
   Keep me, Oh keep me, King of kings,
   Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2. Forgive me, Lord, thro' thy dear Son,
   The ills which I this day have done;
   That with the world, myself, and thee,
   I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3. But I shall rove and lose the race,
   If God, my sun, should disappear,
   To follow every wandering star.

229. Going to Christ.

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

2. So glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
   Shall take me to thee as I am:
   Nothing but sin I thee can give,
   Nothing but love shall I receive.

3. Then will I tell to sinners round
   What a dear Saviour I have found;
   And say, Behold the way to God!

230. Morning Hymn.

1. God of the morning, at whose voice
   The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
   And like a giant doth rejoice
   To run his journey thro' the skies:

2. Oh, like the sun, may I fulfill
   The appointed duties of the day;
   With ready mind and active will
   March on and keep my heavenly way.

3. Give me thy counsel for my guide,
   And then receive me to thy bliss;
   All my desires and hopes beside
   Are faint and cold compared with this.
The Beautiful World.

1. There's beauty in the sunshine, There's beauty in the showers; There's beauty in the wildwood, There's beauty in the flowers: The valley and the mountain, The ocean and the plain, In beauty robed, entrance the heart, And every sense enchant.

CHORUS.

Beautiful world, beautiful world; Beautiful world, beautiful world, beautiful, beautiful world.
HAPPY VOICES.

2. But there's a world above us
   More beautiful and pure,
   Where all that's bright and lovely
   For ever shall endure:
   No angry storms assail it,
   No blast nor sickly blight,
   No chilling winds, no burning heats,
   No dark and dreary night.—Cho.

3. We weep, for here we languish,
   But there's no sorrow there;
   The eye that fondly gazes
   Shall never shed the tear:
   No pangs of sad bereavement
   Shall pierce the mourner's heart,
   No grassy grave shall mar the ground,
   No death shall hurl the dart.

4. One season bland and vernal
   Shall bless that hallowed ground,
   And changeless and eternal
   Shall beauty smile around:
   From hunger, thirst, and weakness
   The ransomed souls are free;
   They drink the stream, they pluck the
   Of immortality.—Cho.

232. Sunlight.

CHORUS.

1. The sun shines bright, And it pours its light O'er the valley, the field, and flood;
   The night-bird flies From the sun-lit skies, To his home in the leaf-y wood.

Then sleep no more, for the day is come. The night with its gloom has fled; With a cheerful heart fulfil your part, And the path of duty tread.

2. God's word is light,
   Like the sun so bright,
   And it shines in this Christian clime; Not a star lends its feeble ray;
   And sin retires
   From its searching fires,
   To its home in the dens of crime. Cho.

3. Poor pagans sleep
   In their gloom so deep,
   But rays divine
   On your pathway shine,
   And you bask in the bright broad day. For the night of the grave draws nigh.

4. Then pray and toil
   For a little while,
   And the wants of the world supply;
   Do all you can,
   Whether child or man,
Away to the Woods.

1. Away to the woods, away, Away to the woods, away; All nature is smiling, Our young hearts beguiling, Oh we will be happy today. Away, away, away, away, Away to the woods, away to the woods, Away to the woods, away, Away, away, away, away; Away to the woods, away to the woods, Away to the woods, away.

2. Our flag to the breezes fling;|| And as it waves o'er us, We'll join in the chorus, Till woodland and valley shall ring.

Cho.—Away, away, away, away, Away to the woods, away; Away, away, away, away; Away to the woods, away.

3. ||: Oh this is our festal day,|| Sweet flowerets are springing, Sweet songsters are singing, And we will be happy and gay.

160
4. | As free as the air are we; ||
   Then rally, then rally,
   From hill-top and valley,
   And join in our innocent glee.
   Cho.—Away, away, away, etc.

5. | We all of us love the school, ||
   And 'tis in well-doing
   We're pleasure pursuing,
   For truth is our guide and our rule.
   Cho.—Away, away, away, etc.

6. | Success to the school we love, ||
   It sweetens employment
   With harmless enjoyment,
   And trains for the kingdom above.
   Cho.—Away, away, away, etc.

234. Come where the Wild Flowers Grow.

1. Come where the wild flow'rs grow, By the gushing fountain; Come where the zephyrs blow Over plain and mountain;

2. Come where the violets blue
   Rich perfumes are breathing,
   Come where the sunny brow
   Roses red are wreathing:
   Sweet sing the feathered choir,
   Not a note of sadness

   Falls on the ravished ear;
   All is glee and gladness.

3. Come when the placid wave
   Glows in sunset glory;

   Come when the dewy eve
   Veils the mountain hoary;
   Come when the rustic hearth
   Gathers youth and beauty;
   Come, and with gentle mirth
   Sweeten toil and duty.
Land of the Free.

1. My country, my country, I cherish thee still, Tho' many the ills that defile thee: I'll weep o'er thy woe, and I'll pray for thy weal, And never, no, never revile thee.

CHORUS.

Land of the free, land of the free, Bright burns the flame of devotion to thee!

Land of the free, land of the free, Bright burns the flame of devotion to thee!
2. I've drunk of the cup which thy bounty supplied,
   When peace with her olive-wreath crowned thee;
   And when thou art tossing on war's stormy tide,
   My heart shall cling closer around thee.—Cho.

3. The traitor at home, and the foeman abroad,
   May league to divide and enslave thee;
   But He who of old was thy guide and thy guard,
   Will watch o'er, the greatness he gave thee.—Cho.

4. Here justice shall reign, and the bondsman shall sing
   Farewell to his tears and his anguish;
   For under the eagle of liberty's wing
   No child of oppression shall languish.—Cho.

5. 'Tis Liberty's prayer, 'tis Humanity's plea,
   "Be pacified the hand that would sever
   The land of the brave and the land of the free;
   The Union, the Union for ever!"—Cho.

236. America. 6s & 4s.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
   fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From every mountain side Let "Freedom" ring.

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

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

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

1. Oh, bright is the wine, the ruby wine, That sparkles in the cup; But dim are the eyes, the blood-shot eyes Of him who quaffs it up. Then shun the cup, the death-fraught cup That dooms the soul to hell, And drink the draught, the cooling draught That comes from the crystal well.

2. Oh, bright is the glow, the rosy glow, As on the eye it gleams; But pure is the light, the diamond light Of nature’s crystal streams.—Cho.

3. Oh, sad is the end, the dreadful end, Of him who heedeth not To shun the cup, the treacherous cup, So full of danger fraught.—Cho.
Invocation.

In thine own house, on thine own day, We meet once more to praise and pray: Father in heaven, accept our praise, And hear the prayer we humbly raise; And when our work on earth is done, Oh save us all, thro' Christ thy Son! Amen, Amen, Thro' Christ thy Son. Amen, Amen.
Sing Jesus' Name.

1. Come and join our happy song, Evermore sing Jesus' name: Heart and voice to him belong, Evermore sing Jesus' name.

CHORUS.

Oh, love Jesus; Oh, bless Jesus; Oh, praise Jesus; Evermore sing Jesus' name.

2. Sing of him from heaven who came, Evermore sing Jesus' name—

3. Jesus' name can save us all, etc. Evermore sing Jesus' name—

The song of Moses and the Lamb; Evermore sing Jesus' name.—Cho.

4. Those that love him he will bless— Clothe them with his righteousness.

5. Oh, that all would love our Lord, Trust his grace, and keep his word.

6. And in heaven at length may we Praise him thro' eternity.—Cho.

240. Morning Prayer.

1. Our Father in heaven, we hallow thy name; May thy kingdom holy on earth be the

2. Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know That humble compassion that pardons each
HAPPY VOICES.

same; Oh, give to us dai - ly our por - tion of bread, For 'tis from thy bounty that all must be fed.
foe; Keep us from tempta - tion, from weakness, and sin, And thine be the glo - ry for - ev - er. A - men.

1. How cheering the thought that the spirits in bliss
   Should bow their bright wings to a world such as this,
   And leave the sweet songs of the mansions above,
   To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love.

2. They come! on the wings of the morning they come,
   The pilgrim to waft from this stormy abode—
   To convoy the stranger in peace to his home,
   And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.


1. Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear us;
   Thro' the darkness be thou near us;
   Bless thy little lambs to-night:
   Keep us safe till morning light.

2. All this day thy hand has led us,
   And we thank thee for thy care;
   Thou hast clothed us, warmed us, fed us,
   Listen to our evening prayer.

3. May our sins be all forgiven;
   Bless the friends we love so well;
   Take us, when we die, to heaven,
   Happy there with thee to dwell. DUNCAN.

167
Parting Hymn.

1. Happily we have met around our King, Words of life to hear, his praise to sing.

Friendly hands to grasp, while eye to eye Flash-es out the spark of love and joy.

Happy, happy moments, all too soon you're gone, And the time of parting comes swiftly flying on:

2. Cheerily we have met as voyagers meet, Sailing on their way to friends and home; Or as at a fount of waters sweet Travellers who o'er the desert roam:

Hours of sweet refreshment, girding up the soul, Eagerly to hasten towards the heavenly goal: Cho.

3. Joyfully we have met in Jesus' name, Hopefully we part beneath his care, Seeking how we may his love proclaim, Bringing all we can that love to share;

Brighter thus each day shall rise our pilgrim sun, Larger still our numbers the joyful race to run: Cho.
HAPPY VOICES.

CHORUS.

Lift we then yet once a-gain a hap-py song of praise, Once a-gain a lov-ing eye to

our Re-deem-er raise, Beg of him up-on each head his hand of love to lay, Giv-ing each a

work, a smile, a bless-ing on our way. So shall he guide us till part-ings are o’er, And wel-come us

all on e-ter-ni-ty’s shore, And wel-come us all on e-ter-ni-ty’s shore.
Chant. O Come, let us Sing.

1. O come, let us sing unto the Lord; Let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving; And show ourselves glad in him with psalms.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving; And show ourselves glad in him with psalms.

2. For the Lord is a great God; And a great King above all gods. In his hand are all the corners of the earth; And the strength of the hills is his also.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; Let the whole earth stand in awe of him.

5. For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth; And with righteousness to judge the world, and the people with his truth.

6. 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.
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