

PLEASANT HYMNS

FOR

BOYS AND GIRLS.



LONDON :

MORGAN AND SCOTT,

(OFFICE OF "The Christian.")

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PREFACE.

THIS selection of Hymns has been made, with a view to supply a want felt by many Teachers in Sunday Schools, that of a Hymn Book, the contents of which could, for the most part, be sung by *unconverted* children.

All who are in the habit of instructing the young know how fond they are of singing. The words of a favourite hymn have often been used of God for blessing to the souls of children. The young heart, free from the cares and anxieties of life, seems to be peculiarly ready to sing the praises of God, according to his own Word, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise." It is hoped that the present selection may help towards this most desirable object without violating any of the great truths of the Gospel.

The compilers have endeavoured to dis-

cover what hymns were copyright, and have asked permission to use such. They are allowed by Mr. George Morrish, 24, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row, to print the hymns of the late Miss Ann Houlditch, which are marked with an asterisk, and which, being copyright, must not be reprinted without the like permission. No. 146, "I'm a little pilgrim," by Mr. John Curwen, and No. 20, "Lord, a little band and lowly," by Mrs. Shelley, are by permission extracted from the "Child's Own Hymn Book." Mr. Edmeston has also kindly allowed his hymn, No. 23, "Who are they whose little feet?" to be inserted in this collection.

The compilers trust they have not, as to any other hymns, violated any private right, as all the remainder have been taken from general collections, where the names of the authors have not been specified, and where no copyright has been claimed.

H. W. SOLTAU.



PLEASANT HYMNS.

S. M.

- 1 **L**ET youthful voices join
To praise the Saviour's love,
With angels who in glory shine,
And saints who dwell above.
- 2 Praises on Him bestow,
Who once was rich and great,
But came to dwell with men below,
In mean and humble state.
- 3 Who laid his honours down
To save the young, the poor;
Who died that they might wear a crown
Of glory evermore.
- 4 To Him who conquered death,
And bore its sting away,
Let old and young, with joyful breath,
Their lasting worship pay.

C. M.

- 2 'TIS he who hath the Son hath life,
Though dead in sin before;
And nothing of the wrath of God
Can ever reach him more.
- 2 'Tis he who hath the Son hath life,
And fears he need have none;
For into union he is brought
With God's beloved Son.

- 3 'Tis he who hath the Son hath life,
 And light and joy are his,
 For in the Father's house itself,
 His place, his portion is.
- 4 And if his blessedness is great,
 Who simply "hath the Son,"
 Most surely he who hath Him not,
 Is wretched and undone.

7's.

- 3 OH, what joy there was in heaven,
 And what thanks to God were given,
 When this beauteous world to frame,
 He in might and goodness came.
 Songs of praise were heard on high,
 Echoed from the lofty sky.
- 2 Oh, what joy there was in heaven,
 And what thanks to God were given,
 When the angels did proclaim,
 On the plains of Bethlehem,
 "Jesus born! on earth good-will!
 God's high praise let heaven fulfil."
- 3 Oh, what joy there was in heaven,
 And what thanks to God were given,
 When the Saviour in his might,
 Put the hosts of hell to flight,
 Burst the bonds of death, and rose
 Triumphant over all his foes.
- 4 Oh, what joy there is in heaven,
 And what thanks to God are given,
 When the sinner, gone astray,
 Turns to Christ, the only Way,
 Finds his soul by grace subdued,
 And his conscience purged with blood.
- 5 Oh, what joy will be in heaven,
 And what thanks to God be given,

When, redemption's work complete,
All the glorified shall meet,
Raised from death, and near his throne,
Jesu's glories to make known.

8.7.

4 **L**ITTLE children, come to Jesus;
Hark, He calls you! Come away;
Little children, come to Jesus,
Come to Him without delay.

2 Trust upon his sacred promise,
Lean upon his loving breast;
Little children, come to Jesus,
He alone can give you rest.

11's.

5 **H**OW 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 sinners like me.

2 How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart
To all who receive Him by faith in their heart:
No evil befalls them; their home is above,
And Jesus throws round them the arms of his love.

3 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 everything needful He kindly provides.

4 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 their friend,
For those whom He loves, He will love to the end.

7's.

6 **C**HILDREN, can you tell me why
Jesus came to bleed and die?
He was happy, high above,
Dwelling in his Father's love;

Yet He left his joy and bliss,
For a wicked world like this.

- 2 We were all by sin undone,
Yet He loved us, every one :
Down to earth He kindly came,
On the cross to bear our shame ;
And to wash away our guilt,
In the precious blood He spilt.
- 3 He was once for sinners slain,
Lives and reigns above again,
Where He's waiting to receive
All who will his love believe.
This, dear children, this is why
Jesus came to bleed and die.

7's.

7 FULL of love was Jesus found
To the little ones around ;
And his tender loving eye
Would not pass an infant by.

- 2 Once, when such to Him were led,
Oh, what gentle words He said ;
While he took them up, and smiled
Kindly on each little child.
- 3 " Let the young ones come to me,
And forbid them not," said He ;
" Many such in heaven above,
Dwell with me, and share my love."
- 4 Jesus ever loved the young.
And when once his praise they sung,
He was pleased to hear the same :
So ought we to praise his name.

C.M.

8 I LOVE to sing of that great power
That made the earth and sea ;
But better still, I love the song,
That " Jesus died for me."

2 I love to sing of shrub and flower,
Of field, and plant, and tree ;
But better still it is to sing,
That " Jesus died for me."

3 I love to hear the little birds
Attune their notes with glee ;
But still, I better love the song,
That " Jesus died for me."

4 I love to think of angels' songs,
From sin and sorrow free ;
But angels cannot strike their notes
To, " Jesus died for me."

L.M.

9 **H**OW proud we are ! how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new !
When the poor sheep and silk-worms wore
That very clothing long before.

2 The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer clothes than I ;
Let me be dressed fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers excel me still.

3 The only robe that's worth a thought,
Of linen fine and white is wrought :
'Tis God who gives this beauteous dress.
The robe—" The Lord our righteousness."

4 It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould :
It takes no spot, but still refines ;
'The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

5 In this, on earth, God's saints appear,
'Then go to heaven and wear it there ;
'Twill stand the test of heavenly light,
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

8^a.

- 10 WE speak of the mercy of God,
 So boundless, so rich, and so free :
 But what will it profit my soul,
 Unless 'tis relied on by *me* ?
- 2 We speak of salvation and love,
 By the Father in Jesus made known ;
 But if I would live unto God,
 By faith *I* must make it *my own*.
- 3 We speak of the Saviour's dear name,
 By which God can poor sinners receive :
 But still I am lost and undone,
 Unless in that name *I* believe.
- 4 We speak of the blood of the Lamb,
 Which frees from pollution and sin ;
 But its virtues by *me* must be proved,
 Or I shall be for ever unclean.
- 5 We speak of the glory to come,
 Of the heavens so bright and so fair ;
 But unless *I* in Jesus believe,
 I shall not, I cannot, be there.

7.6.

- 11 THERE'S a *rest* for little children,
 Above the bright blue sky,
 Who love the blessed Saviour,
 And "Abba, Father," cry ;
 A rest from every turmoil,
 From sin and danger free ;
 Where every little pilgrim
 Shall dwell eternally.
- 2 There's a *home* for little children,
 Above the bright blue sky,
 Where Jesus reigns in glory ;
 A home of peace and joy.
 No home on earth is like it,
 Or can with it compare ;

- For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.
- 3 There's a *Friend* for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
A Friend who never changeth,
Whose love can never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.
- 4 There's a *crown* for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
And all who look for Jesus,
Shall wear it by and by:
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On all who've found his favour,
And loved his name below.
- 5 There's a *song* for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing:
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.
- 6 There's a *robe* for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
And a *harp* of sweetest music,
And a *palm* of victory.
All, all above are treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
Oh, come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

C.M.

12 COME, see how fast the weather clears;
The sun is shining now,

And on the last dark cloud appears
A beauteous coloured bow.

- 2 'Tis God who makes the storm to cease,
And sun to shine again;
The rainbow is the sign of grace
From God Himself to man.
- 3 This lovely bow He stretches forth,
And bends from shore to shore;
His own fair token to the earth
He'll bring a flood no more.
- 4 Just such a bow shines brightly round
The throne of God in heaven,
Which shows his mercy has no bound,
And speaks of sin forgiven.

P.M.

- 13 AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band;
Singing glory, glory, glory.
- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade;
Singing glory, glory, glory.
- 3 Once they were little things like you,
And lived on earth below,
And could not praise as now they do,
The Lord that loved them so;
Singing glory, glory, glory.
- 4 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there,
Singing glory glory, glory?

- 5 Because the Saviour shed his blood
 To purge away their sin :
 Now washed in that most precious flood,
 Behold them white and clean ;
 Singing glory, glory, glory.
- 6 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
 On earth they loved his name ;
 And now they see his blessed face,
 And stand before the Lamb ;
 Singing glory, glory, glory.

8.8.6.

- 14 **T**HERE'S not a little flower that blows,
 The daisy, lily, or the rose,
 But doth a sermon preach :
 Each blade of grass, each spreading tree,
 Has got a voice for you and me,
 And may some lesson teach.
- 2 See in the morning how they stand,
 So bright and fair upon the land,
 Perfuming all around ;
 See in the evening of the day,
 Those flowers so sweet, and bright, and gay,
 Lie withered on the ground.
- 3 'Tis thus with all things here below ;
 So men and women come and go,
 And youths and children too :
 How many little babies die,
 How many in their graves now lie,
 Not half so old as you.
- 4 Poor dying world ! and what becomes
 Of those within the silent tomb,
 Where we so soon must dwell ?
 The body sleeps among the dead,
 But ah ! the spirit, it is fled
 To heaven or to hell.

L.M.

15 WHY did the Son of God come down,
 From the bright scenes of heavenly bliss
 And lay aside his kingly crown,
 To visit such a world as this ?

2 Why was He scourged and crucified,
 Who was so holy, kind, and good ?
 Why did the soldier pierce his side ?
 Why flowed the water and the blood ?

3 Why did He from the dead arise,
 The very self-same flesh and bone ?
 And then ascend above the skies,
 To sit again upon his throne ?

4 Because his heart was full of love ;
 Because He pitied sinners so ;
 This made Him leave his throne above,
 And come and suffer here below.

5 To save them from eternal pains,
 He lived and died a man of woes ;
 For them in glory now He reigns,
 Triumphant over all his foes.

6 And though above the starry skies
 He sits—the everlasting God,
 He hears the praises, prayers, and cries,
 Of children purchased by his blood.

S.M.

16 “PLEASURES for evermore !”
 Can this their portion be,
 Who merit, if they had their due,
 Eternal misery ?

2 “Pleasures for evermore !”
 With no more sin or pain ;
 And in the presence of the Lord
 For ever to remain.

3 “Pleasures for evermore !”
 While seeing Him they love ;

The full delight of all below,
The praise of all above.

P.M.

17 **H**ERE'S a message of love,
Come down from above,
To invite little children to heaven;
In God's blessed book
Poor sinners may look,
And see how all sin is forgiven.

2 For there they may read
How Jesus did bleed,
And die for his dear little ones;
How clean He first makes them,
And afterwards takes them
To be God's own daughters and sons.

3 And then if they die,
He takes them on high,
To be with Him in heaven above;
For so kind is his heart,
That He never will part
From a child that has tasted his love.

4 And oh, what delight,
In heaven so bright,
To see the kind Saviour's blest face!
On his beauty to gaze,
And sing to his praise,
For ever in that happy place!

L.M.

18 **T**O-MORROW—is it, do you say,
That you intend to seek the Lord?
Oh, think!—'tis dangerous to delay
Accepting Jesus and his word.

2 To-morrow—what can it afford,
Beyond the blessings of to-day?
This is the time to seek the Lord;
Embrace it, children, while you may.

- 19 **WHEN** mothers of Salem
Their children brought to Jesus,
The stern disciples drove them back
And bade them depart;
But Jesus saw them ere they fled,
And sweetly smiled and kindly said,
"Suffer the children
To come unto me.
- 2 "For I will receive them,
And fold them to my bosom;
I'll be a shepherd to those lambs,
Oh, drive them not away;
For if their hearts to me they give
They shall with me in glory live:
Suffer the children
To come unto me."
- 3 How kind was our Saviour,
To bid those children welcome:
But there are many thousands who have
Never heard his name;
The Bible they have never read,
They know not that the Saviour said,
"Suffer the children
To come unto me."
- 4 Oh, soon may the children
Of every tribe and nation,
Fulfil thy blessed word, and cast
Their idols all away.
Oh, shine upon us from above,
And show thyself a God of love;
Teach us, dear Saviour,
To come unto Thee.
- 5 How happy the children
Who rest on Jesu's bosom,
And there, like little folded lambs,
Lie safely and at rest:
-

Thence none can pluck them e'er away,
For He who keeps them loves to say :
"Suffer the children
To come unto me."

8.7.

20 **L**ORD, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to Thee;
Thou art great, and high, and holy :
Oh, how solemn we should be !

2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven where He is gone ;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

3 For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.

4 Let our sins be all forgiven ;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong ;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

L.M.

21 **L**ORD, look upon a little child,
By nature sinful, rude, and wild ;
Oh, put thy gracious hands on me,
And make me all I ought to be.

2 Make me thy child, a child of God,
Washed in my Saviour's precious blood,
And my whole heart, from sin set free,
A little vessel full of Thee ;

3 A star of early dawn, and bright,
And shining with thy sacred light ;
A beam of grace to all around,
A little spot of hallowed ground.

- 4 Dear Jesus, take me to thy breast,
And bless me, that I may be blest;
Both when I wake and when I sleep,
Thy little lamb in safety keep.

C.M.

- 22 O H, why, dear children, why refuse
The offered grace of heaven?
Think you 'twould cause you grief or pain
To have your sins forgiven?
Ah no! your joy would then begin,
For, safe on Jesu's breast,
Storms may arise, and tempests blow;
They could not mar your rest.

- 2 Then come! A heavenly Father calls;
Jesus repeats the cry;
And happy angels waiting stand
To see the lost one nigh.
The threatening storm hangs o'er your head;
Oh, come while yet you may!
Still open stands the hiding place;
Enter within to-day!

7's.

- 23 WHO are they whose little feet,
Pacing 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."

- 2 All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portals of the sky.
Each the welcome "COME" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin:
Lift your heads, ye golden gates;
Let the little travellers in!

P.M.

24 **T**HERE is life for a look at the Crucified One;
 There is life at this moment for thee;
 Then look, sinner, look unto Him, and be saved;
 Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

2 It is not thy tears of repentance, or prayers,
 But the blood, that atones for the soul:
 On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
 Thy weight of iniquities roll.

3 His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou seen?
 His cry of distress hast thou heard?
 Then why, if the terrors of wrath He endured,
 Should pardon to thee be deferred?

4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared,
 There remaineth no more to be done;
 That once in the end of the world He appeared,
 And completed the work He begun.

5 But take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once
 The life everlasting He gives:
 And know, with assurance, thou never canst die,
 Since Jesus thy righteousness lives.

There is life for a look at the Crucified One;
 There is life at this moment for thee;
 Then look, sinner, look unto Him, and be saved
 And know thyself spotless as He.

C.M.

25 **T**O us a Child of Hope is born,
 To us a Son is given;
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
 Him all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
 For evermore adored,
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The great and mighty Lord.

- 3 His power increasing still shall spread,
 His reign no end shall know,
 Justice shall guard his throne above,
 And peace abound below.

P.M.

26 **H**OW great is the love
 Which Jesus hath shown!
 He came from above,
 From heaven's bright throne,
 That He might deliver
 Poor sinners from hell,
 And take them for ever
 In glory to dwell.

P.M.

- 27 **T**HE blast of the trumpet, so loud and so shrill,
 Will shortly re-echo o'er ocean and hill.
 When the mighty, mighty, mighty trump sounds,
 "Come, come away,"
 Oh, may we be ready to hail that glad day!
- 2 The earth and the waters will yield up the dead,
 The righteous with joy will awake from their bed.
- 3 The chorus of angels will burst from the skies,
 And blend with the shouts of the saints as they rise.
- 4 The cry "'Tis the Bridegroom" will echo around
 And the bride in her beauty go forth at the sound.
- 5 Acknowledged by Jesus, confessed as his own,
 Transported to glory, we'll sit on his throne.
- 6 Oh, home of the holy, the happy, the free,
 In Jesus thy portals are open to me.

S's.

- 28 **I** HAVE read of the Saviour's love,
 And a wonderful love it must be;
 But did He come down from above,
 Out of love and compassion for me?
- 2 I have heard how He suffered and bled,
 How He languished and died on the tree,

But then, is it anywhere said
That He languished and suffered *for me*?

3 I've been told of a heaven on high,
Which the children of God will soon see;
But is there a place in the sky,
Made ready and furnished *for me*?

4 Oh, yes! for his love is as wide,
And as deep as the fathomless sea;
And love such as this will provide
Even blessings eternal *for me*?

C.M.

29 'T'WAS when the sea, with awful roar,
A little bark assailed,
And pallid fear's distracting power
O'er each on board prevailed;
Save one, the captain's darling child,
Who steadfast viewed the storm,
And cheerful, with composure smiled
At danger's threatening form.

2 "Why sporting thus," a seaman cried,
"While terrors overwhelm?"
"Why yield to fear?" the child replied,
"My father's at the helm!"
The child of God may here be taught
To check his groundless fear,
And think on all that God has wrought:
His Father's ever near.

8.8.6.

30 "IN Him was life." Oh, precious word,
Which has the hearts of many stirred
His garment's hem to touch;
And which, when they were led to feel
That Jesus Christ at once could heal,
Has made them love Him much.

2 "In Him was life," and out it flowed
To those who felt of sin the load,
And were with sorrow prest;

And such a welcome they received,
 Their hearts were soon of woe relieved,
 And felt the sweets of rest.

8 And now to Him whoever goes
 Can say, that sweet and softly flows
 The fount of blessing still;
 That though all other streams be dry,
 They find in Christ a full supply
 Their vessels all to fill.

4 Oh, where then, Jesus, but to Thee,
 For living waters should I flee,
 Or look for life divine?
 Where, but in love which has been tried
 By other lost ones, shall I hide
 This needy soul of mine?

8.7.4.

31 **L**ITTLE children, praise the Saviour;
 He regards you from above:
 Praise Him for his great salvation,
 Praise Him for his precious love.
 Sweet hosannas To the name of Jesus sing.

2 When the anxious mothers round Him
 With their tender infants prest,
 He with open arms received them,
 And the little ones He blest.

3 Little children, praise the Saviour;
 Praise Him, your undying Friend;
 Praise Him, till in heaven you meet Him,
 There to praise Him without end.

8.8.6.

32 **B**EYOND this life of hopes and fears,
 Beyond this world of grief and tears,
 There is a region fair:
 It knows no change and no decay,
 No night, but one un-ending day.
 Oh say, will you be there?

- 2 Its glorious gates are closed to sin;
Nought that defiles can enter in
To mar its beauty rare:
Upon that bright, eternal shore,
Earth's bitter curse is known no more.
Oh say, will you be there?
- 3 No drooping form, no tearful eye,
No hoary head, no weary sigh,
No pain, no grief, no care;
But joys which here we cannot know,
Like a calm river, ever flow.
Oh say, will you be there?
- 4 Will you be there? You shall, you must,
If, hating sin, in Christ you trust,
Who did that place prepare;
Still doth his voice sound sweetly, "Come!
I am the Way, I'll lead you home:
With Me you will be there!"

D.L.M.

- 33 WHO holds me with his mighty arm,
And keeps me day by day from harm?
Who guards me while I sleep at night,
And bids me wake with heart so light?
Who gives me health, and clothes, and food,
And lets me want for nothing good?
'Tis God, the God who dwells above,
That does it all, for "God is Love."
- 2 Who gave the blessed Book to me,
To tell me what I ought to be?
Who calls a little sinful child
In words so sweet, and voice so mild?
Who bids me come to Christ and live,
And He will all my sins forgive?
'Tis God, the God who dwells above,
That speaks it all, for "God is Love."

P.M.

- 34 COME to the Saviour, who loudly is calling,
Come to the Saviour for pardon and peace;
Come, for around you rich blessings are falling;
Come, little children, to Christ for release.
- 2 Come, wait no longer; why will you be staying?
Hasten, oh, hasten, for heaven's the prize!
All is uncertain while you are delaying;
Hearken, O children, to-day and be wise.
- 3 Haste, for the Spirit around you now hovers,
And while the Saviour says, Seek ye my face,
Enter, while Jesus the peace-branch discovers,
And offers salvation by sovereign grace.
- 4 Your moments, perhaps, may be few for enjoying
The pleasures of earth which are fading away;
Death all these pleasures may soon be destroying;
Come then, dear children, no longer delay.
- 5 Soon, soon you will find the bright harvest is
ended,
And soon the bright summer has come to a close;
You will then not be seen with his friends. Un-
befriended,
You will find you are lost at the last with his foes.

8.7.

- 35 SEE, my child, that mighty ocean
Spreads its waters far and wide,
All its waves in ceaseless motion,
Bearing all the rolling tide;
When that mighty deep you view,
Think of God's great love for you.
- 2 Love, through Christ for ever flowing,
Pouring mercies all around;
Neither change nor limit knowing,
Broad and deep without a bound.
When that swelling sea you view,
Think of God's great love for you.

P.M.

36 JESUS little children blesses,
Oh, how He loves!
Fondly He each lamb caresses,
Oh, how He loves!
Would you wish to go to heaven?
Come and have your sins forgiven;
None from Him were ever driven:
Oh, how He loves!

2 He will listen to your prayer,
Oh, how He loves!
Although feeble, if sincere:
Oh, how He loves!
He became a Child, to sever
Man from sin and Satan ever;
Those who come He'll cast out never:
Oh, how He loves!

3 Trust Him: He will ne'er forget you,
Oh, how He loves!
His almighty arm protects you,
Oh, how He loves!
Truly He will ne'er forsake you;
But to endless glory take you,
Ever, ever happy make you,
Oh, how He loves!

L.M.

37 THE Queen of Sheba came from far,
Like those who saw the leading star;
Wishing to learn from David's son,
What things the God of grace had done.

2 News of this king had reached her ear,
But she would see as well as hear;
And when she saw his glory such,
She never wondered half so much.

3 And if, like her, we prove his love,
The King of kings, the Lord above,

We'll surely say, as she of old,
He's greater far than we were told.

4 More lovely far than we had thought,
Is He by whom our souls are taught :
More grace and goodness from Him flow
Than any at a distance know.

5 He loves his little ones to teach,
And put his truth within their reach ;
And not the weakest e'er can say,
I came, but I was sent away.

C.M.

38 **T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me ;
That on the cross He shed his blood,
From sin to set me free.

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

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

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

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

6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared
 (Unworthy though I be)
 For me a blood-bought, free reward,
 A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
 And formed by power divine,
 To sound in God the Father's ears
 No other name but thine.

P.M.

39 I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
 Do not detain me, for I'm going
 Where the rivers are ever flowing.
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
 I am longing, I am longing for the sight;
 Within a country unknown and dreary
 I have been wandering forlorn and weary.

3 Of that country to which I'm going,
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the Light;
 There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
 There is no sin there, nor any dying.

P.M.

40 NO room in the inn for the Saviour was found,
 Who from childhood was treated with scorn;
 No place but the manger, where cattle were
 brought,
 When the infant of Mary was born.

2 No home but the mountain of Olives was his,
 Though the bird of the air had its nest;
 No love but the Father's, whose bosom He left,
 Could give Him refreshment and rest.

- 3 No comforters came, when for comfort He looked,
No pity, when pity He sought;
Tho' for sin He was wounded and smitten of God,
The sinner would set Him at nought.
- 4 Yet heaven was opened to give Him the praise,
Denied Him by man on the earth;
And heavenly choirs broke forth in their songs
Of wonder and joy at his birth.
- 5 And angels, who ministered oft to his need,
Were sent to his help from the throne,
When, weary and weak, in the bitterest hour,
His people had left Him alone.
- 6 But neither the manger, the cross, nor the shame,
Are now by this Blessed One known;
Gethsemane's sorrows for ever are past,
And the fruit of them all is his own.
- 7 And now that He dwells in the mansions of bliss,
And has room for his precious ones there,
The manger's remembered to heighten the joy
Which each will eternally share.

P.M.

- 41 THE sycamore tree by Zaccheus was climbed,
When fearful of losing a day
In seeing the Teacher they spoke of so much,
As he heard He was passing that way.
- 2 And though little of stature, he was not too small
For the Friend of the sinner to see,
Who knew what he wished, as the Searcher of
hearts,
And bade him come down from the tree.
- 3 And seeking to teach him yet more of his mind,
He became the rich publican's guest,
To tell him of treasures he knew not before,
And lead him to blessing and rest.

- 4 That day did salvation come into his house,
 That day this poor sinner was saved;
 Though in ways of extortion he acted before,
 And as an oppressor behaved.
- 5 How quick was this passage from darkness to
 light,
 How happy the publican's haste
 To welcome the Friend of the lost to his house,
 The sweets of his mercy to taste.
- 6 And I, like Zaccheus, though lost and undone,
 Though little of stature and small,
 May now welcome Jesus with joy to my heart,
 And answer his earliest call.

C.M.

42 **THE** Lamb of God! oh, lovely words,
 How tender and how meek!

The sweetest title of the Lord's,
 A child can learn to speak.

2 What is so gentle and so mild,
 So harmless as a lamb?

Just such is Jesus to the child
 Who loves his holy name.

3 A lamb is white and spotless too,
 Its wool is soft and clean;
 The Lamb of God is pure as snow,
 And undefiled by sin.

4 His blood can wash, and save from hell,
 Poor little girls and boys;
 And make them fit in heaven to dwell,
 In everlasting joys.

10's.

43 **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.
 Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,
 Bound to the land of bright spirits above.

- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 Death with its arrows may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Saviour we fear not the blow ;
Jesus has broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully, we will go home.
- 5 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, its sceptre be gone ;
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

S.M.

- 44 COME, children, come to God,
Cast all your sins away ;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood ;
Repent, believe, obey.
- 2 Say not, ye cannot come ;
For Jesus bled and died,
That none who ask in humble faith
Should ever be denied.
 - 3 Say not, ye will not come,
When God vouchsafes to call ;
For fearful will their end be found,
On whom his wrath will fall.
 - 4 Come then, whoever will ;
Come, while 'tis called to-day ;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood ;
Repent, believe, obey.

P.M.

- 45 **J**UST as I am, without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within, and fears without;
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because thy promise I believe;
 O Lamb of God, I come!

P.M.

- 46 **I** THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus was here 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
 "Let the little ones come unto Me." [He said,
- 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."

- 5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never heard of that heavenly home; [all,
I should like them to know there is room for them
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

P.M.

- 47 O H, follow the Saviour, so gracious and kind;
His yoke will be easy and light:
No master so gentle as Jesus you'll find;
Then follow the Saviour aright.
Learn of Him, for He giveth his chosen ones rest,
And none are so happy as they,
Who, leaning on Jesus, find pleasure and peace,
And seek his commands to obey.

- 2 Come, poor little sinner; He waiteth to bless,
And make you his own happy child;
He taught little babes once his name to confess,
To praise Him when others reviled.
Learn of Him, for He giveth his chosen ones rest,
And none are so happy as they,
Who, leaning on Jesus, find pleasure and peace,
And seek his commands to obey.

- 3 'Tis pleasant to walk in the steps He has trod,
When He was a stranger below:
No friend is like Jesus; his staff and his rod
Will strengthen and guide as you go.
Oh, learn of Him now! for a glorious rest,
And joys that will never decay,
Are preparing for those who his name have confessed,
And learnt his commands to obey.

P.M.

- 48 WHILE in the morn of opening youth,
Before the world deceitful prove,
Come, children, learn this heavenly truth,
That God is love.

2 Learn, ere your earthly joys are fled,
Or death your dearest friends remove,
Or hopes, like withered flowers, be dead,
That God is love.

3 Delay no more to go to Him,
Imploring mercy from above;
'Tis his delight to pardon sin,
For He is love.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

49 HOW blessed is the man
Who shuns the sinner's way,
Who hates the scorner's plan,
Nor near his seat will stay;
Who loves the holy law of God,
And meditates upon his Word.

2 Just like a tree, whose roots
Near living streams are placed,
With fair unfailing fruits,
And freshest verdure graced;
So thus, with blessings richly crowned,
The meek obedient child is found.

3 What though the wicked laugh,
And boast how they have sinned;
God makes them like the chaff
Before the wrathful wind:
They're banished from Jehovah's sight,
To realms of everlasting night.

4 See! Jesus shows the way
In which his saints should go,
Delighting to obey
His Father's will below.
Dear children, hear his gentle voice,
And make his easy yoke your choice.

- 5 But if you slight the call,
Which Jesus speaks in grace;
You'll wish for rocks to fall,
And hide you from his face,
When He will all his power display,
And heaven and earth shall pass away.

C.M.

50 ALAS! and can you any more
The Saviour's love refuse?
And still despise his heavenly call,
His offered grace abuse?

- 2 Too late may you for mercy call,
When mercy is no more;
The Lord of life the door will shut,
The day of grace be o'er.
- 3 Then Jesus, whom you now despise,
Will laugh at all your tears;
He'll sit as judge upon his throne,
And mock your guilty fears.
- 4 Then come to Him, for now He stands
More ready to receive,
And wash you in his precious blood,
Than you are to believe.
- 5 He loves to welcome little ones,
And make them lambs of his;
To fit their souls with Him to dwell
In everlasting bliss.

P.M.

51 THERE is a blessed land above,
A city pure and bright,
Where all who know the Saviour's love
Shall walk with Him in white:
And they shall walk with Him in white,
For He says that they are worthy.

- 2 His blood has washed them from their sin,
And made them clean and fair ;
And his own hands shall bring them in,
To dwell for ever there :
And they shall walk with Him in white,
For the Lamb has made them worthy.
- 3 There they God's face of love will see ;
And on each shining brow,
A new and glorious name will be,
That is not heard of now :
And they shall walk with Him in white,
For the Lamb has made them worthy.
- 4 How blessed is the song they sing,
Heaven's sweet eternal theme,
Salvation to the glorious King,
Who did their souls redeem :
The Lamb shall reign for evermore,
For 'tis He alone is worthy.
- 5 'Tis He redeems them from the earth,
From sin, and woe, and shame ;
He makes them his by heavenly birth,
And there they praise his name :
The Lamb shall reign for evermore,
For 'tis He alone is worthy.
- 6 Then come, dear children, now, and wear
The Saviour's yoke so light,
That you may soon his glory share,
And walk with Him in white :
He came poor sinners to redeem,
And his blood will make you worthy.

S.M.

52 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest !
The brightest of the seven ;
May we on thee a blessing have,
And seek the way to heaven.

- 2 'Tis Jesus is the Way,
A widely opened door:
He will reject not one who comes,
However vile or poor.
- 3 To-day He left the grave,
And vanquished death and hell;
And all who in his love confide,
Shall in his glory dwell.
- 4 Then let us see his face,
And use no more delay;
For He has said to dying men,
Hear ye my voice to-day.

S.M.

53 COME, little children, sing
God's glorious name with us;
Oh, 'tis a good and pleasant thing
To love and praise Him thus.

- 2 His name the angels bless,
Then how much more should we!
A Father of the fatherless,
A Friend in need is He.
- 3 He found us on the road
That leads to endless woe;
The gate was wide, the way was broad,
'Twas there we loved to go.
- 4 We chose the paths of death,
We did not love his will;
We hated Him who gave us breath,
And yet He loved us still.
- 5 He sent his Son from heaven,
To bring the wanderers home;
He said that sin should be forgiven,
And bade poor sinners come.

- 6 He sent his Spirit down,
To witness to his love,
To tell of life's immortal crown,
Prepared for saints above.
- 7 He made us hear his voice,
He gave us eyes to see,
He bids us in our God rejoice :
A Friend indeed is He.
- 8 Then let us love and fear,
And joyful praises bring ;
The God of love, well pleased, will hear
His happy children sing.

L.M.

- 54 GOD'S piercing eyes are fixed on you,
To know whate'er you say or do ;
To see whene'er you disobey,
And from his holy precepts stray.
- 2 Those glorious eyes discern within,
The smallest wish to turn from sin,
From them who tread the downward road,
Despising heaven, and foes of God.
- 3 The Father's joy his angels see,
When mourning children bow the knee,
Confessing all their sin and shame,
And pardon seek through Jesu's name.
- 4 Then shall they all his kindness prove,
And learn his everlasting love ;
And He shall wash from sin so clean
That not a spot shall e'er be seen.
- 5 In Jesu's beauty, they will stand
Before his throne, a happy band ;
And dread those glorious eyes no more,
That made them tremble so before.

L.M.

- 55 O HAPPY child, whose every sin
Is put away by Jesu's blood;
All spotless, clean, and pure within,
Made fit to meet a holy God.
- 2 O happy child, to whom the Lord
Will not impute a guilty stain:
Who sees by faith his sins transferred
To Christ, the Lamb who once was slain.
- 3 He knows himself a wretch undone,
Unworthy of a Saviour's love;
Yet rests on Jesus Christ alone,
And hopes to reign with Him above.
- 4 Though tempests may around him rise,
He sees, with calm untroubled face,
The wildest storm, the darkest skies,
For Jesus is his hiding-place.
- 5 His Guide, his Guard, his All in all,
His joy in health and sickness too;
Who raised him from the lowest fall,
And will in safety bring him through.
- 6 When sorrows o'er the wicked roll,
He, he shall triumph and rejoice;
Shall feel a peaceful rest of soul,
And praise his God with cheerful voice.

11's.

- 56 O H, boast not of time that may never be
yours;
Nor think that to-morrow will be as to-day;
The happiest moments, how short is their course;
And the brightest enjoyments are passing away.
- 2 The spring of your life may be lovely and fair,
The future appear very glad in your eyes;

Yet you soon may be called to taste sorrow and
care,

And give up the dear ones you tenderly prize.

- 3 Then seek for a treasure that never will fade,
But last when the pleasures of earth are no
more;

When joys that now charm you are withered and
dead,

And the hopes of the present for ever are o'er.

8's.

- 57 THERE'S a beautiful river above,
That flows from the midst of the throne,
Whose surface no tempests disturb;
Unruffled it sweetly glides on.

- 2 There's a beautiful city above,
With walls decked with jewels so rare;
With streets of pure bright-shining gold,
With which nothing on earth may compare.

- 3 There are beautiful mansions above,
Prepared by the Saviour, for those
Who look for salvation to Him,
And on Himself only repose.

- 4 There's a beautiful anthem above,
Which the glorified ever shall sing;
Whose notes as they swell through the heavens,
Sweet praise to the Saviour shall bring.

- 5 There are beautiful angels above,
Surrounding the throne of the Lamb;
Whose service, blest service it is,
To worship unceasing his name.

- 6 And all these bright beautiful things,
And more than the heart can conceive,
Are offered by God in his love,
To all who on Jesus believe.

L.M.

58 **L**EPROUS with sin, by guilt opprest,
Jesus alone can give you rest;
Then come to Him without delay,
To wash your many sins away.

2 To each who his transgression mourns,
Yet now to Jesus Christ returns,
"I will," He says, and "Be thou clean"
From every spot, from every sin.

3 'Tis but a word, and all is done,
A word from God's beloved Son,
Whose precious blood was freely spilt,
To cleanse from all-polluting guilt.

4 Then listen to his gracious voice,
And this will make your hearts rejoice;
Forsake the dreadful paths of sin,
And gladly cleave alone to Him.

7.6.

59 **I** LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accurséd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him:
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine;
 His right hand me embraces,
 I on his breast recline:
 I love the name of Jesus,
 Immanuel! Christ! the Lord!
 Like fragrance on the breezes,
 His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy Child.
 I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng;
 To sing with saints his praises,
 To learn the angels' song.

P.M.

60 JESUS is a gracious Saviour,
 Oh, how He loves!
 Seek his everlasting favour,
 Oh, how He loves!
 Hear his gracious invitation
 Of a full and free salvation,
 Full and free to every nation,
 Oh, how He loves!

2 Those who seek his mercy early,
 Oh, how He loves!
 They shall know and find Him surely,
 Oh, how He loves!
 Leave each fleeting earthly treasure;
 He will give you lasting pleasure,
 Joy divine, that knows no measure,
 Oh, how He loves!

3 Children, come, whate'er your station,
 Oh, how He loves!

Rest upon this sure salvation,
 Oh, how He loves !
 Human friends may sometimes grieve you ;
 Jesus never can deceive you,
 He has said He will not leave you,
 Oh, how He loves !

- 4 Will you any more despise Him ?
 Oh, how He loves !
 Rather seek at once to prize him,
 Oh, how He loves !
 Then in endless glory dwelling,
 Loud the heavenly chorus swelling,
 You for ever will be telling,
 Oh, how He loves !

7.6.

- 61 **W**HEN his salvation bringing,
 To Zion Jesus came ;
 The children all stood singing,
 Hosanna to his name.
 Nor did their zeal offend Him,
 But as He rode along,
 He bade them still attend Him,
 And smiled to hear their song.
- 2 Then since the Lord retaineth
 His love for children still ;
 Though now as King He reigneth,
 On Zion's heavenly hill ;
 We'll flock around his banner,
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And sing aloud, Hosanna
 To David's royal Son !
- 3 For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Would their hosannas raise.

But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No! while our hearts are tender,
 They, too, should be the Lord's.

P.M.

62 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 it chideth, tender is its 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;
 Then on each He setteth his own secret sign,
 "They that have my spirit, these," saith He, "are
 mine."

4 Jesus is our Shepherd. Guarded by his arm,
 Though the wolves may raven, none can do us
 harm;
 When we tread death's valley, dark with fearful
 gloom,
 We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomb!

S.M.

63 I OFTEN say my prayers;
 But do I ever pray?
 Or do the wishes of my heart
 Go with the words I say?

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

3 For words without the heart,
The Lord will never hear;
Nor will He to that child attend,
Whose prayers are not sincere.

4 Lord, show me what I want,
And teach me how to pray;
And help me, when I seek thy grace,
To feel the words I say.

L.M.

64 **H**APPY the children who are gone
To live with Jesus Christ in peace;
Who stand around his glorious throne,
Redeemed by blood, and saved by grace.

2 The Saviour, whom they loved below,
Hath kindly wiped their tears away:
No sin, no sorrow, there they know,
But dwell in one eternal day.

3 There to their golden harps they sing,
While tens of thousands join their songs,
Hosannas to the Immortal King,
To whom immortal praise belongs.

7's.

65 **C**HRISt is merciful and mild,
He was once a little child;
He, whom heavenly hosts adore,
Lived on earth among the poor.

2 Every bird can build its nest;
Foxes have their place of rest;
He, by whom the world was made,
Had not where to lay his head.

3 He, who is the Lord most high,
Then was poorer far than I;
If I love Him, I shall be
Rich to all eternity.

P.M.

66 **S**HALL we all meet at last,
 Meet in the glory?
 Sin and woe overpast,
 Safe in the glory?
 Yes, if to Christ all fly,
 Yes, if to God brought nigh,
 Then all may sweetly cry,
 "Abba, our Father!"

2 Then shall all meet again,
 Meet in the glory;
 Far from sin, toil, and pain,
 Safe in the glory:
 Oh then, to Christ repair;
 All, all are welcome there,
 And heaven's bright glory share,
 Ever and ever.

7's.

67 **G**ENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
 Look upon a little child;
 Pity my simplicity,
 Suffer me to come to Thee.

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

3 Oh, supply my every want;
 Feed the young and tender plant;
 Day and night my keeper be;
 Every moment watch round me.

P.M.

68 **G**OD is love! Can this be true?
 Yes, the Bible says it is:
 Children, let me ask of you,
 Have you ever thought of this,
 That God is love?

2 God it was who sent his Son,
His only Son, to bleed and die,
For sinners ruined and undone :
Aloud the wounds of Jesus cry,
That God is love.

3 God delights to pardon sin,
Grace and mercy to bestow.
Little children, though unclean,
Come to Him, and you shall know
That God is love.

4 Every poor repenting child,
His arms are open to receive ;
To such He says, with accents mild,
“ Little sinner, now believe
That God is love.”

L.M.

69 NOW, if the Lord should say to you,
“ What gift shall I on thee bestow ?”
Would you like Solomon reply,
“ Oh, give me wisdom from on high ” ?

2 Yet wisdom is the only thing
That peace and happiness can bring ;
And restless must your heart remain,
Until this wisdom you obtain.

3 It would not make you truly wise
To know the stars that fill the skies,
Or all the fishes in the seas,
Or beasts and birds, or flowers and trees.

4 True wisdom is to fear the Lord,
To trust his love, believe his Word,
To love the thing He says is right ;
And this will give your heart delight.

C.M.

70 **IS** there a little sinner here,
Who mourns because of sin;
And sees with grief, and shame, and fear,
How wicked he has been?

2 Is there a little aching heart,
Which does its vileness feel,
And groans beneath that deadly smart,
Which none but Christ can heal?

3 Is there a little soul that pants
To taste redeeming grace;
And longs to pour out all its wants
Before the Saviour's face?

4 Fear not, poor little trembling thing,
With cruel scorn to meet;
To Christ your sins and sorrows bring,
And lay them at his feet.

5 He is a kind and gracious Lord;
Love fills his gentle breast:
"Come unto Me," is his own word,
"And I will give you rest."

6 Think how He answered praying Paul,
And sinking Peter too;
And so, if you for mercy call,
He'll hear and answer you.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

71 **WOULD** you be happy here?
Then walk in wisdom's way;
Happy the child whose ear,
Will hear her voice to-day.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness;
Come, learn how God delights to bless.

- 2 They lead to worlds above,
Where weary souls repose,
Sweet scenes of peace and love,
Where life's bright river flows.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness;
Oh, walk in them, and God will bless.
- 3 The Lord will be your Guide
Through all that happy way;
For ever at your side
His loving voice will say:
"Her ways are ways of pleasantness;
Come, children, learn how God can bless."
- 4 Then on that day so fair,
When Jesus bids you come,
And joyful angels bear
Your happy spirit home;
You'll know how God delights to bless,
When sin and every sorrow cease.

C.M.

- 72 WHO can redeem the guilty soul,
And set the prisoner free?
'Tis Christ, thy God and Saviour too,
'Tis He, my child, 'tis He.
- 2 How frail is man, how short his days
Of pleasure or of pain;
He only lives a little while,
And spends his strength in vain.
- 3 Soon, soon he withers like the grass,
And moulders in the grave;
Not all his kind and loving friends
Have power his life to save.
- 4 But whither is his spirit flown?
Is it with Christ to dwell,
In blissful seats of endless day;
Or with the lost in hell?

- 5 Will he be raised to perfect joy,
When Jesus shall return?
Or left to taste the second death,
And evermore to mourn?
- 6 Oh, children, in your early youth,
Accept his offered grace;
That when He comes, you may with joy
Behold his glorious face.
- 7 Made like Himself, oh, may you rise
To meet Him in the air!
And dwell with Him in yonder skies,
And see his glory there.

P.M.

73 O H, children have you heard
How Jesus Christ, the Lord,
A man became?
He left his throne on high,
Above the starry sky,
To suffer, and to die
A death of shame.

- 2 Soon He again will come,
To take his people home
To heaven above;
In brightest glory there
Eternal joys to share,
Beyond the reach of care,
Where all is love.
- 3 Come, children, trust in Him,
He'll pardon all your sin:
And you shall be
Washed in the precious flood
Of his atoning blood,
Made fit to worship God
Eternally.

P.M.

74 **Y**ES, there are little ones in heaven,
Babes such as we around the throne,
To whom the King of kings hath given,
A glory like his own.
Jesus, thy mercy rich and free,
Hath led those little ones to Thee.

2 Oh, let us think of them to-day,
Their sweet and everlasting song,
And hope to sing as loud as they,
In the same heaven ere long.
Jesus, may this our portion be;
Our chiefest joy to sing of Thee.

3 Those happy children in the sky,
Once lived upon this sinful earth;
How were their spirits raised so high
Above their mortal birth?
The Saviour, in his tender love,
Led them to his bright home above.

4 The Bible says that Jesu's blood
Can wash our sins' dark stain away;
And if in faith we seek the Lord,
We too shall sing as loud as they;
Shall strike our harps before the throne,
And sing what Jesu's love hath done.

C.M.

75 **C**HILDREN, there is one blessed Name,
Which God Himself has given,
To save poor sinners from their shame,
And lead them up to heaven.

2 The name of Jesus is the one
By which the sinner lives:
God is well pleased in his Son,
And for his sake forgives.

- 3 Let little children trust his love,
And Christ will condescend
To feed his little lambs, and prove
Their ever-faithful Friend.

C.M.

76 THE Bible tells us Jesus came
From glory bright and fair,
God's perfect, sinless, spotless Lamb,
His mercy to declare.

- 2 The Bible tells us Jesus died,
A Sacrifice for sin,
The gates of heaven to open wide
That we may enter in.

- 3 The Bible tells us Jesus rose
And left the silent grave,
Triumphant over all his foes,
The mighty One to save.

- 4 The Bible tells us Jesus lives
Again upon the throne;
This blessed proof the Father gives
That mercy's work is done.

- 5 The Bible tells us He will come
To take his saints away,
To dwell with Him in his sweet home,
Through everlasting day.

- 6 The Bible tells us He will reign
O'er all the earth, ere long;
When heaven and earth shall wake the strain
Of one eternal song.

- 7 The Bible tells us all may come,
And drink at mercy's stream;
That Jesus soon will share his home
With all who trust in Him.

P.M.

- 77 **Y**ES, dear child, a voice from heaven
 Speaks a pardon full and free :
 Come, and thou shalt be forgiven ;
 Boundless mercy flows for thee—Even thee.
- 2 See the healing fountain springing
 From the Saviour on the tree,
 Pardon, peace, and cleansing bringing :
 Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee—Even thee.
- 3 Hear his love and mercy speaking,
 "Come and lay thy soul on Me ;
 Though thy heart for sin be breaking,
 I have rest and peace for thee—Even thee."
- 4 Come then now ! to Jesus flying,
 From thy sin and woe be free ;
 Burdened, guilty, wounded, dying,
 Gladly will He welcome thee—Even thee.

P.M.

- 78 **T**HE Saviour Jesus is gone to prepare
 Such a beautiful home in the sky ;
 And He says He will come,
 And lead to that home,
 Every sinner that's born from on high.
 Home of the blest ! Home of the blest
 Happy are they who in Jesus find rest !
- 2 How sweetly their voices shall praise Him there
 For the blessings his hand has bestowed ;
 They shall shine there bright
 In their robes of white,
 For they all have been washed in his blood.
 Home of the blest ! etc.
- 3 And crowns they shall wear of the purest gold.
 And a wonderful song they shall sing ;
 And each shall cast down
 His glittering crown,
 At the feet of the heavenly King.
 Home of the blest ! etc.

4 And happy amid this bright joyous throng,
 Shall many a little one sing.
 How happy for me
 Among them to be,
 With the Giver of every good thing!
 Home of the blest! etc.

5 I'd like to go to that heaven so bright,
 For joy beams in that world on each face;
 But if there I would go,
 On earth I must know,
 As my Saviour, the Lord of that place.
 Home of the blest! etc.

C.M.

79 I COULD not wrap my guilty soul
 In any robes of mine,
 Since nought can make me fit for God
 But righteousness divine.

2 No other covering will do
 For that most fearful day,
 Which all our wretched filthy rags
 Will sweep like chaff away.

3 But if I learn by precious faith
 What Christ to me is made,
 To stand before the throne of God
 I shall not be afraid.

4 For pure and white, without a spot,
 The washed one there is seen,
 As much as if he never had
 In filthy garments been.

P.M.

80 SOME shepherds were carefully keeping their
 flocks
 From bears and from wolves in the night;
 When a vision of glory around them appeared,
 And filled them with fear at the sight.

- 2 What news was there coming from heaven to earth;
What tidings of gladness for us;
That God from his presence an angel should send
To visit these humble ones thus?
- 3 'Twas a Child had been born, 'twas a Son had been given,
And the Lord of all lords it became;
To unfold in his gift the design of his grace,
And a secret of love in his name.
- 4 The city of David, the place of his birth,
And the manger, the place where He lay,
Are the signs that he gave them to find out the Babe,
Ere to seek Him they went on their way.
- 5 But hark! while he's speaking, the heavenly hosts
Are suddenly seen with them there,
And out breaks the anthem of glory and praise,
Of choruses rending the air.
- 6 They have looked at the place in which Jesus was laid,
His form in the flesh they have seen,
And, while singing his praises, they're longing to learn
Yet more what these wonders can mean.
- 7 His humbling Himself is the cause of their joy,
His stooping so low the surprise;
While glory to God in the highest they sing,
As upwards their melodies rise.
- 8 Then go, little children, and learn from their song
The wonders that angels report;
Haste, haste, like the shepherds, to prove for yourselves
The truth of the tidings they brought.

L.M.

81 THE stream of time how fast it flows,
 As quick as thought it comes and goes;
 And though its course we wish to stay,
 From young and old it runs away.

2 And there's a day (perhaps at hand),
 When one from heaven on earth shall stand,
 And with a mighty sounding roar
 Declare that time shall be no more.

3 That, days of slighted mercy past,
 The one of judgment's come at last,
 When God his work of wrath must do,
 And prove the threats of justice true.

4 Then, if this time is drawing near,
 Oh, let me in this coming year,
 Be sure the Ark has shut me in,
 That Jesu's blood has cleansed from sin.

5 If years are passing, let me take
 Their warning word, "awake! awake!"
 As one in mercy sent to me
 A wakening voice from death to be:

6 That, sheltered from the wrath to come
 Which will so surely fall on some,
 With present things I may be wise,
 While pressing forward to the prize.

P.M.

82 "THOU God seest me!" and thine eye
 Has searched me through and through,
 Ever beholding from on high
 All that I think and do;
 So that a piercing glance of thine
 Makes bare each secret thing of mine.

2 "Thou God seest me!" What a thought!
 When I am doing wrong,

Or taking from my neighbour aught
Which does to him belong,
Oh, let my heart the warning heed,
And check me in each wicked deed.

- 3 "Thou God seest me!" when a lie
My sinful lips have told;
As when Gehazi did deny
His guilty act of old,
And thus, a spectacle of woe,
Became "a leper, white as snow."
- 4 "Thou God seest me" as I am;
Either defiled by sin,
Or cleansed by coming to the Lamb,
His life, his peace to win;
So that I meet thine eye with joy,
And find thy service sweet employ.

P.M.

- 83 THERE was a lonely ark
That sailed o'er waters dark;
And wide around,
Not one tall tree was seen,
No flower nor leaf of green:
All, all were drowned.
- 2 Then a soft wing was spread,
And o'er the billows dread,
A meek dove flew;
But on that shoreless tide
No living thing she spied
To cheer her view.
- 3 There was no chirping sound
O'er that wide watery bound
To soothe her woe;
But the cold surges spread
Their covering o'er the dead,
Now sunk below.

- 4 So to the ark she fled
 With weary, drooping head,
 To seek for rest.
 Christ is thy Ark, my love,
 Be thou the timid dove;
 Fly to his breast.

C.M.

84 **WHAT** are we in the Scriptures told
 Is sweeter far than honey?
 Better than silver or than gold,
 Than houses, lands, or money?

- 2 Why, wisdom far surpasseth wealth,
 And all the precious stones;
 For to the soul she's life and health,
 And marrow to the bones.
- 3 True wisdom shows the peaceful road,
 The sweet, the pleasant path,
 Which leads to life, and joy, and God,
 And saves from guilt and wrath.
- 4 True wisdom is to fear the Lord,
 And trust his pardoning grace;
 To do his will, and love his word,
 And long to see his face.

L.M.

85 **CHRIST** is the heavenly living Bread,
 On which God's family are fed;
 Faith is the mouth which eats this food,
 And feasts upon his flesh and blood.

- 2 This bread such nourishment supplies,
 The soul that eats it never dies;
 For whoso on the Lord believes,
 Eternal life at once receives.
- 3 Let little children taste and try
 This Bread which cometh from the sky;
 A sweet repast it will afford
 The new-born babes of Christ the Lord.

C.M.

86 COME, children, hail the Prince of Peace,
Obey the Saviour's call;
Come, sing aloud his glorious grace,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

2 This Jesus will your sins forgive,
He now invites us all;
For us He died that we might live,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

3 Oh, may all hearts receive the King,
No more refuse his call;
That so in heaven we still may sing,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

C.M.

87 A WIDOWED mother lost her son—
She had no son beside;
He was her loved, her only one,
And he fell sick and died.

2 And many a friend shed many a tear,
But none had power to save;
They placed the body on the bier,
To bear it to the grave.

3 When lo! a company appears,
A band by Jesus led:
Jesus can dry the mourner's tears;
Jesus can raise the dead!

4 His heart, with tender pity moved,
Felt for the widow's grief;
"Weep not," He said; and soon He proved
His hand could give relief.

5 He touched the bier; the mourner's eyes
Are fixed upon the Lord:
"Young man, I say to thee, arise,"
Is his almighty word.

- 6 He rises up, he speaks, he lives !
 No tear need now be shed ;
 Christ to the widowed mother gives
 The child she mourned as dead.

S.M.

- 88 CLOSE by a village school
 A shaded fountain stood,
 And boys and girls had cooling draughts,
 As often as they would.

- 2 The fountain ever flowed,
 Its streams were free to all,
 And many children loved to come
 And see the water fall.
- 3 Some drank it on the spot ;
 And many twice a day,
 Would bring their empty pitchers there,
 And bear them filled away.
- 4 But though the thirsty longed
 These waters to obtain,
 And with them fully quenched their thirst,
 They thirsted soon again.
- 5 Not so when thirsty souls
 The living waters try,
 For these, outflowing from the Rock,
 The heart can satisfy.
- 6 They never thirst again,
 The Lord of glory said,
 Whose poor and needy souls to Christ,
 The Fount of life, are led.
- 7 'Tis there a child gets life,
 Though dead in sins before ;
 'Tis thence a little child may drink,
 And go and thirst no more.

P.M.

89 "WASH and be clean!" I hear it cried,
 And some with joy obey;
 While others, filled with sinful pride,
 Are seen to turn away:
 But open, Lord, *mine* eyes to see
 Those precious streams of life in Thee,
 In which there's cleansing e'en for me,
 The little leper.

2 "Wash and be clean!" The words are sweet,
 And suited to a child;
 And each the offer may repeat
 To such as are defiled;
 For all who wash, for God are fit:
 The blood, it cleanses every whit
 E'en *me*, if *I* am washed in it,
 The little leper.

3 "Wash and be clean!" The stream is nigh,
 I have not far to go;
 For though the Lamb of God's on high,
 I have his Word below:
 And oft it bids me not refuse
 To hear and love the happy news,
 That Jesus cleanses and subdues
 The little leper.

4 "Wash and be clean!" 'Tis quickly done,
 So simple is the way.
 One look of faith at God's dear Son
 Would cleanse this very day;
 And I, without a spot of sin,
 To Paradise might enter in,
 And sing his praise who came to win
 The little leper.

S.M.

90 THERE is, beyond the sky,
 A heaven of joy and love;

And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.

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

3 Can such an one as I,
Escape this fearful end ?
And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I shall to heaven ascend ?

4 Yes, Jesus died for me,
And suffered in my stead,
That I may from the curse be free,
And by his Spirit led.

8.7.

91 **T**IME is short, dear children, hear it !
God in mercy speaks to you ;
Hear his voice of love and power,
Saying what He'd have you do.

2 He declares that you are guilty,
Lost, and ruined, and undone ;
Yet his grace has been revealed
Through his well-beloved Son.

3 Christ, the Lord of life and glory,
Came on earth to bleed and die,
That poor sinners, through his merits,
Might be saved and reign on high.

4 Jesus from the dead was raised,
By the Father's mighty power :
At his own right hand He placed Him,
Till the all-important hour ;

5 When again the earth shall see Him,
Not as once, despised and poor,
But as Lord of all creation,
Him whom all in heaven adore.

- 6 He will come to take his people
 With Him to his throne on high,
 There to reign with Him for ever :
 This his coming draweth nigh.

P.M.

92 THERE is a Name which fills with praise
 The countless hosts of heaven,
 And there are some to whom the joy
 Of naming it is given ;
 Who, even in their childhood, learn
 Towards the cross their eyes to turn,
 And love the name of Jesus.

- 2 There is a Name which sweetly tells
 Of some great wonder done,
 And makes the heart which knows it glad
 Though other joys he's none ;
 For then his life, his hope begins,
 And then he finds that all his sins
 Were put away by Jesus.

- 3 There is a Name which children's lips
 Most happily can use,
 As soon as truly in their hearts
 Is hid the Gospel news ;
 For all that's present, all that's past,
 And every good from first to last,
 They then receive from Jesus.

- 4 There is a Name which often used,
 Yet never, never tires ;
 And in the blessed sound of which
 The dying saint expires,
 Who thinks of Calvary and longs,
 With sweeter note and ceaseless songs,
 To praise the name of Jesus.

C.M.

93 O^H, why were bullocks, lambs, and goats,
 Of old so often slain ?

- Why did the altar stream with blood
Day after day again?
- 2 Why was remembrance made of sin,
As each returning year
Obliged the scapegoat to be brought
The people's sin to bear?
- 3 Because the sinner's soul was left
All spotted and unclean,
And showed how very little use
These offerings had been.
- 4 Not so when Christ, the Lamb of God,
Was to the slaughter led;
Not so, when Jesu's precious blood
On Calvary was shed.
- 5 There then remained no further need
Of shedding blood again;
For God remembered sin no more,
When once the Lamb was slain.
- 6 And each believing soul is now
As spotless quite as He;
God's eye may search him through and through,
And not a blemish see.
- 7 His conscience clean, his heart made glad,
His soul to God brought nigh,
He may with child-like faith look up,
And "Abba, Father," cry.
- P. M.
- 94 COME now awhile, and learn,
The Lord is good;
From sin and folly turn,
The Lord is good.
Oh, pray for strength within,
To leave the ways of sin,
And cleave alone to Him,
For He is good.

- 2 He has protected you,
The Lord is good:
His gifts are daily new,
The Lord is good.
Then will you not obey,
And follow in his way,
Nor ever from it stray,
For He is good?
- 3 He makes the young his care,
The Lord is good:
He loves the infant's prayer,
The Lord is good.
He left his heavenly throne,
For sinners to atone:
Then love this gracious One,
For He is good.

7.6.

95 COME, sinner, do not tarry,
Come to the Saviour's feet:
Many are there already;
Oh, seek this safe retreat!

- 2 Did you but know the joy
Of hearing Jesus say,
"Thy sins are all forgiven!"
You could not stay away.
- 3 The heart of Christ is grieved,
When children madly spurn
His freely offered love,
And still refuse to turn.
- 4 Oh, do not then refuse
The voice of Christ to hear:
Once sheltered in his arms,
What has the soul to fear?

5 Within the smitten Rock
The helpless soul may lie.
'The fiercest storm can't shake
Its sweet security.

6 And now, will you not come
To Jesus Christ to-day?
And to his own bright home
He'll guide you all the way.

P.M.

96 **B**ELIEVING children now, who die,
Are laid beneath the ground;
Though there they will not always lie,
But till the trumpet sound:
Then they, through Jesu's blood forgiven,
Will live again with Him in heaven.

2 But those who die in unbelief,
Their end indeed is sad:
For nothing will they know but grief,
And never will be glad;
But will of endless pain partake
With Satan in the burning lake.

3 Yet is there grace and mercy still
For all who do believe,
For every sinful soul who will
His word of truth receive;
For none were ever yet denied,
Who came to God through Him who died.

C.M.

97 **A** LITTLE ship was on the sea,
It was a pretty sight;
It sailed along so pleasantly,
And all was calm and bright.

2 The sun was sinking in the west,
The shore was near at hand;
And those on board, with hearts at rest
Thought soon to reach the land.

- 3 When lo! a storm began to rise,
The wind grew loud and strong;
It blew the clouds across the skies,
It blew the waves along.
- 4 Oh, how that little ship was tossed!
It filled with water fast;
It seemed as though it must be lost,
And would go down at last.
- 5 And all but One were sore afraid
Of sinking in the deep:
His head was on a pillow laid,
And He was fast asleep.
- 6 "Master, we perish! Master, save!"
They cried. Their Master heard;
He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,
And stilled them with a word.
- 7 He to the storm says, "Peace, be still!"
The raging billows cease,
The mighty winds obey his will,
And all are hushed to peace.
- 8 They greatly wondered: so may we,
And ask as well as they,
Who could this glorious Person be,
Whom winds and seas obey?
- 9 Oh, well we know it was the Lord,
Jesus, the sinner's Friend;
Whose care of those who trust his word
Will never, never end.

L.M.

98 TO Jacob's well a woman came,
For water, from a neighbouring town;
A Stranger there, unknown his name,
Had, faint and weary, sat Him down.

- 2 He meekly said, " Give me to drink,"
As water from the well she drew ;
Ah, little did that woman think
The tribute that to Him was due.
- 3 He asked for water ; but had she
Known that the Lord of life was there,
For his salvation, full and free,
Had been her own, her earnest prayer.
- 4 From his own lips the truth she learned,
From his own love the gift received ;
And in the Stranger's form discerned
The Lord, in whom she now believed.
- 5 Children, that kind and gracious Lord
Is just as full of love for you ;
Come unto Him, believe his word,
And you shall love and praise Him too.
- 6 He will the living stream impart,
He will the Holy Spirit give ;
Oh, come, and He will fill your heart,
Oh, come, and drink of Him, and live.

P.M.

99 **R**OUND the throne in glory
Happy children throng ;
And redemption's story
Wakes the heart and song.
On the verdant mountain,
By the silent stream,
Or the living fountain,
Jesus is their theme.

- 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,
Victory's palm they wave.

- 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.

- 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.

C.M.

100 COME to the Ark! come to the Ark!
To Jesus come away!
The pestilence walks forth by night,
The arrows fly by day.

- 2 Come to the Ark! The waters rise,
The seas their billows rear;
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near!
- 3 Come to the Ark! all, all that weep
Beneath the sense of sin:
Without, deep calleth unto deep,
But all is peace within.
- 4 Come to the Ark! ere yet the flood
Your lingering steps oppose;
Come, for the door which open stood
Is now about to close.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

101 COME, little children, come;
 Why will you stay away,
 And listen to the hum
 Of folly day by day,
 When Jesu's voice is heard to tell
 That He would save your souls from hell?

2 Come, little children, come,
 Because the time is short;
 No matter where or how
 You find your idle sport:
 In Jesus Christ are pleasures more
 Than all you ever found before.

3 Come to the Lamb of God,
 Who once on Calvary bled;
 Oh, see his precious blood
 For ruined sinners shed:
 And if that price for sin was paid,
 Believe your peace with God is made.

4 Come, little children, learn
 The riches of his grace;
 Lest at the Lord's return
 You weep to see his face,
 Instead of welcoming with songs
 The One to whom all praise belongs.

L.M.

102 IN little Samuel of old
 I see a lamb within that fold,
 To which there was an open door
 For him, and me, and thousands more.

2 In little Samuel, I find
 A child renewed in heart and mind;
 Who in the ways of wisdom grew,
 Because the Shepherd's voice he knew.

- 3 That voice which spake to him by name,
When Eli taught him whence it came,
Was loved and listened to with joy
So gladly by this happy boy.
- 4 "Speak, Lord!" he early learnt to say,
"Thy servant hears thee day by day;
And make me still more swift to hear
Thy voice so sweet, thy words so dear."
- 5 Thus on his little heart they fell,
Like streams of water from a well;
Watered the plant, and made it shoot
With buds that burst in early fruit.
- 6 Thus all around him saw a child,
Gentle to others, meek and mild;
Because the Spirit from above
Had sweetly taught him God was love.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

103 THE Fountain's open still:
It cries, "Whosoever will,
The weakest and the worst,
Oh, come and quench your thirst;
Your large or little vessel bring,
And fill it from this living spring."

- 2 The Fountain flows to-day,
And bids, without delay,
The thirsty soul to get
What's freely offered yet;
Lest, if from day to day you wait,
You find at last you're come too late.
- 3 Jesus, the Lamb of God,
Has marked the way with blood:
He hushed the lion's roar
Which shut you out before,
And tells you none in truth can say,
There is not now an open way.

- 4 Oh, little children, haste
 These living streams to taste;
 Pass not these waters by,
 Or else you'll surely die:
 But freely drink, as those who know
 Jesus the Fount from whence they flow.

L.M.

104 DO any ask the heavenly road,
 The shining way that leads to God?
 Then hear the blessed Jesus say,
 "Believe on me, I am the Way."

- 2 Do any wish the truth to learn,
 The good from evil to discern;
 To shun the tempter in their youth?
 The Saviour says, "I am the Truth."

- 3 Do any feel the plague of sin,
 Satan and death at work within?
 Jesus can quell the mortal strife,
 For Jesus says, "I am the Life."

LORD'S DAY.

L.M.

105 THIS is a day of glorious news,
 As well for Gentiles as for Jews;
 The happy day on which 'twas said,
 "The Lord is risen from the dead."

- 2 That blessed Jesus who was slain,
 This day arose to life again;
 And on the earth once more appeared,
 As many children may have heard.
- 3 Let all who love the Lord rejoice,
 And bless his name with cheerful voice;
 This day was made his praise to speak,
 The first and best of all the week.

C.M.

106 **HOW** carefully the shepherds keep
Their flocks within their sight !
So Jesus watches o'er his sheep,
And guards them day and night.

2 The shepherd numbers twice a-day
The flock beneath his care ;
He knows if any go astray,
Or sick or dying are.

3 So Jesus reckons one by one,
And numbers all his sheep ;
He knows if but a lamb is gone,
For He doth never sleep.

4 The flocks of men are bought with gold,
And grass is all their food ;
The sheep and lambs of Jesu's fold
Are purchased with his blood.

5 Their food is living and divine,
Of heavenly things they eat ;
The blood of Christ supplies them wine,
His flesh affords them meat.

6 O Lord, who would not wish to be
One of that happy band,
Who know thy voice, and follow Thee,
Led by thy gentle hand ?

8.7.4.

107 **GIVE** to God your heart's affections,
Give to Him your youngest days ;
Hearken to his wise directions,
Guiding through this thorny maze :
Seek his mercy,
And begin your life with praise.

- 2 Love the ever-blessed Saviour ;
 He can wash your sins away :
 Let it be your first endeavour,
 Him to follow and obey ;
 And, with gladness,
 Press along the heavenly way.
- 3 Let not earth's vain sports deceive you ;
 They can never satisfy :
 Christ is waiting to receive you,
 See ! He points to joys on high ;
 True enjoyments,
 That can never fade or die.
- 4 He possesses boundless treasures ;
 'Tis a deep exhaustless store :
 Sweet, unmixed, and lasting pleasures,
 That endure for evermore ;
 When earth's glory,
 And its fancied charms are o'er.

P.M.

- 108 **T**HE courts of heaven ring,
 While saints and angels sing,
 " Worthy the Lamb !"
 The Lamb who died for them,
 From misery to redeem,
 And cancel every sin :
 Worthy the Lamb.
- 2 Oh, sweet melodious songs,
 Chanted by heavenly tongues,
 " Worthy the Lamb !"
 Learn now to sing his praise,
 And then to endless days,
 You will your voices raise,
 " Worthy the Lamb !"
 - 3 To seek his mercy join,
 To know his power divine,
 Worthy the Lamb !

With all the ransomed train,
 Oh, may you swell the strain,
 And sing aloud, "Amen!
 Worthy the Lamb!"

- 4 For, who so worthy is
 Of everlasting bliss,
 As Christ the Lamb?
 All praise to Him be paid,
 All crowns before Him laid:
 Praise ye our glorious Head,
 Worthy the Lamb!

P.M.

109 O H, why will ye die,
 And sink in despair?
 From misery fly,
 While mercy is near!
 Remember, your moments
 Are hastening away:
 Return then to Jesus,
 No longer delay.

- 2 A Refuge He is
 From Satan and sin;
 You'll brave every storm,
 If sheltered by Him:
 He, He is a Saviour
 To life's latest breath,
 His people preserving,
 In sickness and death.

- 3 He came to atone;
 Presenting to God,
 For sins not his own,
 His peace-speaking blood:
 In sorrow and anguish,
 For sinners 'twas spilt;
 From hell to deliver,
 And free them from guilt.

- 4 How great was the grace
That Jesus displayed,
When God hid his face,
And sin on Him laid !
Then love this kind Saviour,
Believe in his Word ;
With glory in prospect,
Rejoice in the Lord.

C.M.

110 COME to the Lamb ! come to the Lamb !
And He will give you rest ;
Then haste to Him without delay,
And be for ever blest.

- 2 Come to the Lamb ! ye weary souls,
Laden with sin and guilt,
To wash you in his precious blood,
That was on Calvary spilt.

- 3 Come to the Lamb ! ye children, come !
In days of youthful mirth ;
Forsake the sins you love so well,
The foolish joys of earth.

- 4 Come to the Lamb ! for higher joys
Than earth can e'er bestow ;
He will afford you true delight,
A heaven begun below.

- 5 Come to the Lamb ! come to the Lamb !
And tread the narrow road ;
Follow his precepts and be blest,
And taste the peace of God.

P.M.

111 COME, children, and learn of the infinite
grace,
Of Jesus in coming to die ;
How He left his bright throne, that all glorious
place,
His beautiful home in the sky.

Oh, think of the Lamb, who on Calvary died,
And died for such sinners as we ;
Of the thorns on his brow, and the spear in his
side,
When He suffered and bled on the tree.

- 2 Ah, never was sorrow so bitter as this,
The anguish He suffered below,
For the dear Son of God had done nothing amiss ;
'Twas for others He tasted such woe.
Oh, think of his love, when He gave up his life,
For sinners so guilty as we ;
'Twas for them that He finished the conflict and
strife,
'Twas for them that He bled on the tree.

- 3 Dear little ones, think, is it nothing to you,
The tale of his wonderful grace ?
When He comes in the clouds, will you joyfully
view,
Or tremble to look in his face ?
Oh, think of the Lamb who on Calvary died,
And died for such sinners as we ;
Of the thorns on his brow, and the spear in his
side,
When He suffered and bled on the tree.

- 4 When He comes back to reign in glory so bright,
The wicked He'll fill with despair ;
But children who love Him will rise with delight,
To meet their dear Lord in the air.
Oh, think of his love, when He gave up his life
For sinners so guilty as we ;
'Twas for them that He finished the conflict and
strife,
'Twas for them that He bled on the tree.

8.7.

112 JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night ;

- Through the darkness be Thou near me,
 Keep me safe till morning light.
- 2 Through this day thy hand has led me,
 And I thank Thee for thy care;
 Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
 Listen to my evening prayer.
- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
 Bless the friends I love so well;
 Take me when I die to heaven,
 Happy there with Thee to dwell.

C.M.

113 **H**OW precious is the Book divine,
 By inspiration given!
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.

- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 In this dark vale of tears;
 Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

C.M.

114 **J**ESUS can all your sins forgive,
 And wash away their stain,
 And fit your souls with Him to live,
 And in his kingdom reign.

- 2 To Him let little children come,
 For He hath said you may;
 His bosom then shall be your home,
 Your tears He'll wipe away.
- 3 For all who early seek his face,
 Shall surely taste his love;
 Jesus will guide you by his grace,
 To dwell with Him above.

7th.

115 **H**ASTEN, children, to be wise,
 Stay not for the morrow's sun;
 Longer wisdom you despise,
 Harder is she to be won.

2 Hasten, children, to return;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest your lamp should cease to burn
 Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, children, to be blessed;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest perdition you arrest
 Ere to-morrow is begun.

C.M.

116 "O^H, can I, may I, hope to be
 Like Jesus up in heaven?"
 "Yes! ah, that honour, great indeed,
 Can to a child be given."

2 "And how, oh, tell me, could I be
 Like Jesus up in heaven?"
 "By trusting to his precious blood,
 Through which all sin's forgiven."

3 "And oh, you'll be a happy child,
 When sin has been forgiven;
 But happier far when you shall be
 Like Jesus up in heaven."

P.M.

117 **T**HERE 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 this 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 live with Thee;
Blest, blest for aye!

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then, to glory on;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
We'll reign for aye!

P.M.

- 118 **H**ERE we suffer grief and pain;
Here we meet to part again;
In heaven we part no more.
Oh, that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh, that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more!
- 2 All who love the Lord below
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above. Oh, etc.
- 3 Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sunday School. Oh, etc.
- 4 Oh, how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on his throne. Oh, etc.
- 5 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord. Oh, etc.

P.M.

119 **THE** Sunday School I can't forget,
 Sing glory, glory, glory ;
 Where first my teachers kind I met,
 Sing glory, glory, glory ;
 And learnt to read, and sing and pray,
 Sing glory, glory, glory ;
 And how to keep God's holy day,
 Sing glory, glory, glory.

2 My Saviour there I learn to know,
 Sing glory, glory, glory ;
 Who did for me his throne forego,
 Sing glory, glory, glory ;
 My duty to my parents dear,
 Sing glory, glory, glory ;
 And, better still, my God to fear,
 Sing glory, glory, glory.

3 'Tis there I learn the way of truth,
 Sing glory, glory, glory ;
 To know my Saviour in my youth,
 Sing glory, glory, glory ;
 To find salvation through his blood,
 Sing glory, glory, glory ;
 And thus become the child of God,
 Sing glory, glory, glory.

8.7.

120 **LITTLE** feet may find the pathway
 Leading upwards unto God ;
 Little hands may learn to scatter
 Seeds of precious truth abroad.
 Youthful hearts may be the temple
 For the Spirit's dwelling-place ;
 Childhood's lips declare the riches
 Of God's all-abounding grace.

2 Little ones, though frail and earthborn,
 Heirs of blessedness may be ;

For the Saviour whispereth gently,
 "Suffer such to come to Me:"
 And in that eternal kingdom,
 'Mid the grand triumphal throng,
 Childish voices sweetly mingle,
 In the glorious choral song.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

121 **W**HERE from that flaming eye
 Can any sinner hide?
 If he ascend on high,
 Or on the earth abide,
 That eye is like a living fire,
 To mark the soul's unseen desire.

2 If with the rapid wind,
 He cross the pathless sea;
 Then God's right hand will find,
 And there his presence be,
 On all our ways of sin to look,
 And write them in his holy Book.

3 Fear, children, to offend
 This holy, holy God:
 To his commands attend,
 And seek a Saviour's blood;
 That God's own eye may look within,
 Nor find a single spot of sin.

8.7.

122 **W**HEN the Lord of life and glory,
 In this sinful earth was born;
 Angels told the wondrous story,
 On that bright and joyful morn:
 Multitudes of heavenly spirits
 Sang a sweet melodious strain,
 First to spread the Saviour's merits,
 First to praise his worthy name.

- 2 Shepherds, to their flocks attending,
 Heard with joy celestial tongues,
 Angel-hosts with haste descending :
 Oh, the music of their songs !
 Peace to earth's remotest nation,
 Blessings, too, for sinful man,
 Full and free and sure salvation :
 Thus the joyful tidings ran.
- 3 Swift they run to bow before Him,
 Haste to worship at his feet ;
 Loving, praising, and adoring,
 They the heavenly Stranger greet.
 This is He, the promised Saviour ;
 He shall bruise the serpent's head :
 Poor, despised, He finds no favour
 In the world his hands have made.
- 4 Little children, come and view Him,
 Made a little child for you,
 Thus to save from sin and ruin :
 Oh, what thanks to Him are due !
 See, how to his loving bosom,
 Once the helpless babes He pressed :
 Thus each little one that knows Him
 Shall for evermore be blest.
- 5 Now to glory He's ascended,
 Free from every grief and pain :
 By angelic hosts attended,
 Children, He will come again.
 Come then ; now believe on Jesus,
 That, around his glorious throne,
 You may meet and sing his praises,
 " Worthy is the Lamb alone."

7's.

123 JESUS, only He can give
 Peace and comfort while we live
 Jesus only can supply
 Boldness if we're called to die.

- 2 If in Him you now believe,
He will then your soul receive ;
And He will your treasure be
Here and through eternity.

C.M.

124 **T**HERE is a way that's very broad,
'Tis called the way of sin ;
We all by nature choose this road,
And thousands walk therein.

- 2 Sinners, both men and women, tread
This way, and love it well ;
Nor will they stop, although it lead
To misery, death, and hell.
- 3 How many children are there too,
Who choose this dreadful road ;
Boldly their wicked course pursue,
Nor fear the wrath of God !
- 4 There is a little narrow way,
Which is so very strait,
That few, the Bible says, are they
Who enter at the gate.
- 5 This is the blessed way that leads
Direct to heaven above :
Here the dear flock of Jesus feeds,
And walks in peace and love.
- 6 His little lambs here safely rest,
Secure from fears and harms,
Leaning upon their Saviour's breast,
Or carried in his arms.
- 7 Come, all ye children, then, who long
To taste such love as this ;
Forsake the wretched sinful throng,
And choose the way of peace.

C.M.

125 **WE** read that now beyond the seas,
 In very distant lands,
 The people worship idols still,
 The work of human hands.

2 The children there were never told
 About the mighty God,
 Who made mankind and all the earth,
 And spread the skies abroad.

3 They never heard of Jesus Christ,
 And all his dying love ;
 They fear not hell below, nor care
 For joys of heaven above.

4 Oh, what a wretched state is theirs,
 How sad no tongue can say :
 But are you wiser, let me ask,
 Or better off than they ?

5 What is the use of all you know
 Of God's most holy Word ;
 Unless your heart is changed, and brought
 To know and love the Lord ?

6 If you delight in earthly things,
 Instead of God alone,
 You worship idols, just as they
 Who bow to wood and stone.

EVENING HYMN.

P.M.

126 **O** **LITTLE** child, lie still and sleep ;
 Jesus is near,
 Thou need st not fear :
 No one need fear whom God doth keep
 By day and night ;
 Then lay thee down in slumber deep,
 Till morning light.

- 2 O little child, lie still and rest ;
 (He sweetly sleeps,
 Whom Jesus keeps ;)
 And in the morning wake. How blest
 His child to be !
 Love every one, but love Him best ;
 He first loved thee.
- 3 O little child, when thou must die,
 Fear nothing then ;
 But say, " Amen "
 To God's command, and quiet lie
 In his kind hand ;
 Till He shall say, " Dear child, come fly
 To heaven's bright land.
- 4 Then joyfully unto the throne
 Thou shalt ascend,
 To meet thy Friend :
 Jesus the little child will own,
 Safe at his side ;
 And thou shalt live before the throne,
 Because He died.

C.M.

127 COME, children, come ; to Jesus come,
 For time is hastening by ;
 The day of grace is closing in,
 The Lord is drawing nigh.

- 2 The weakest soul that flees to Him,
 He will not turn away,
 But from his sins will set him free,
 In this bright gospel day.
- 3 All who believe in Jesu's blood
 Have everlasting life,
 A home with God in heaven above,
 And robes of purest white.

- 128 "ALL things are ready!"
Then come, little child;
Believe that the Saviour
On sinners has smiled:
That He, in preparing
This wonderful feast,
Has thought of the weak one,
And cared for the least.
- 2 "All things are ready!"
The Lamb has been killed;
The table is furnished,
That all may be filled:
For you, as a sinner,
The banquet is meant,
And full invitations
From Jesus are sent.
- 3 "All things are ready!"
There needs no delay;
You only reap sorrow
By staying away:
There can be no season
So suited as this,
And while yet you linger
Much joy you may miss.
- 4 If all then is ready,
Oh why, like the Jews,
Are you a refuser
Of glorious news;
To find out in sorrow,
Most bitter at last,
That the offer of coming
To Jesus is past:
- 5 That others are happy,
While you are shut out,
Because of God's mercy
Your heart stood in doubt:

That they in the fulness
Of joy will remain,
While you from your anguish
No rescue obtain ?

L.M.

129 **T**HE Saviour's fulness far excels
All Jordan's streams and Salem's wells ;
Come then, poor sinner, come and see,
If there is in it aught for thee.

2 Ye needy sinners, come and try,
For Christ will not his grace deny ;
Then draw with joy, your vessels fill,
Come, draw and drink, whoever will !

3 The blessed Spirit now invites,
And Jesus with his saints unites
To welcome all. Be not afraid !
For such as you the well was made.

4 Yes ! Justice made it in the Lamb,
And Mercy grants it in his name ;
In it there is a boundless store,
For us, and for ten thousand more.

5 And since it's open, full, and free,
Sinner, 'tis just the thing for thee ;
Oh, take then now a rich supply,
And drink that you may never die.

6 But, careless sinner, mark it well !
There's not a single drop in hell ;
No, not a drop to cool your tongue,
Though through whole ages you may long.

C.M.

130 **G**LORY to God the Father give,
Who sent his Son to die,
That children young as I might live,
And reign with Christ on high.

- 2 Glory to God the Son, who came
A Man of woes to be ;
And bare his children's sin and shame,
Upon the accursed tree.
- 3 Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
Who melts the frozen heart ;
And doth to sinners, blind and lost,
The light of truth impart.
- 4 Now to the great eternal Three,
The everlasting One ;
All equal honours ever be
By saints and angels done.

L.M.

131 "FORBID them not," the Saviour cried,
"Let children in my blessing share ;
My love can never be denied,
To such as need my special care."

- 2 Then in his kind enfolding arms,
Children enjoyed his tender love ;
Heard his mild voice, that voice which charms
The saints below, and blest above.
- 3 Rejoice, ye children, rich and poor,
For lo ! his smiles to you extend ;
Receive his words ; then love, adore,
Him who will be your kindest Friend.

C.M.

132 O H, who can give the blind their sight,
And make the simple wise ;
And pour a flood of holy light
On nature's darkened eyes ?

- 2 Oh, who can give the heart relief,
The sinking spirits raise ;
And change the heavy sigh of grief
To songs of joy and praise ?

- 3 'Tis Jesus gives the blind their sight,
And makes the simple wise ;
And pours a flood of holy light
On nature's darkened eyes.
- 4 And He will give the heart relief,
The sinking spirits raise ;
And change the heavy sigh of grief
To songs of joy and praise.

C.M.

133 THE rain had poured unceasingly
For many a night and day,
And all that lived upon the earth
The flood had swept away.

- 2 While calmly in the ark upborne
Along that death-strewn sea,
The God of grace had safely kept
A little company.
- 3 And Noah, although around him spread
One dismal watery waste,
Knew that his God would keep them still,
Till danger all was past.
- 4 Another flood is coming soon,
Of fiery wrath and woe,
On all whose hearts have here refused
The God of Grace to know.
- 5 But Jesus is the living Ark,
Where all who will may come,
And find in Him a hiding-place,
A safe, a happy home.
- 6 This Ark, by God's own love prepared,
Stands open every day ;
And He has promised, him that comes
He'll never cast away.

- 7 Oh, happy they who enter there !
 Their sins are all forgiven,
 And safe with Jesus they shall be
 When wrath is poured from heaven.

P.M.

134 **H**OW could little flowers bloom,
 If the sun were gone ?
 All their tints and sweet perfume
 Would be quickly gone.

- 2 How can little children's hearts
 Bring forth flowers of love,
 Unless Christ the Lord imparts
 Sunshine from above ?
- 3 Love, and gentleness, and peace,
 Are the Saviour's flowers ;
 He Himself brought forth all these,
 In this world of ours.
- 4 Oh, how patient and how kind
 Jesus used to be !
 He will put his gentle mind,
 If I ask, in me.
- 5 So, though I am weak and small,
 Like the little flowers,
 Christ the Lord has strength for all,
 And his strength is ours.

P.M.

135 **C**HILDREN once hosannas sung ;
 Praises filled the infant tongue,
 And reached the Saviour's ear :
 Little voices loved to raise
 Sweetest notes to Jesu's praise,
 Which He was pleased to hear.

- 2 Some, who thought these praises wrong,
 Tried to hush the infant song,
 And wished to hear no more ;

Such to Jesu's grace were blind,
 Such no loveliness could find;
 But babes his beauty saw.

- 3 Often He was heard to tell,
 How his dying saved from hell
 The sinner who believed;
 Often, both to young and old,
 Was the news of mercy told,
 Which even babes received.

- 4 Children, Jesus loves you yet,
 Would you then his blessings get,
 And know your sins forgiven?
 Oh, behold Him now above,
 Still rejoicing, in his love,
 That babes will be in heaven.

MARK vii. 24.

11's.

136 CHRIST could not be hid, for the sinner
 would haste

Behind Him to weep at the Pharisee's feast,
 To wipe with her hair, when she'd washed with
 her tears,
 His feet, who had loved her and silenced her fears.

- 2 Christ could not be hid, for the blind and the lame
 His love and his power would together proclaim:
 The dumb would speak out, and the deaf would
 recal
 The name of that Jesus who healed them all.
- 3 Christ could not be hid, for around Him would press
 The children of sorrow, of pain, and distress;
 And faith, by the hem of his garment, would prove
 What virtue there issued from Him who is Love.
- 4 Christ could not be hid, for the widow of Nain
 Would point to the son, now restored her again;
 Would say 'twas his love, his compassion and grace,
 Gave back that lost son to a mother's embrace.

- 5 Christ could not be hid, for the multitude fed
 Would tell 'twas his bounty procured for them
 bread;
 No hand could have multiplied thus sevenfold,
 But his who provided the manna of old.
- 6 Christ could not be hid, for hark, hark to that
 shout,
 "Hosanna! hosanna!" the children cry out;
 And oh, blessed for us, though some would have
 chid,
 That Jesus the Saviour can never be hid.

THE NEW YEAR.

C.M.

- 137 **W**HAT know I of the coming year,
 Or what 'twill bring to me :
 Whether its close will find me here,
 Or in eternity ?
- 2 What found I in the year that's past,
 To make my heart forget
 That this perhaps may be my last,
 Although in childhood yet ?
- 3 For little ones, still less than I,
 Their short-lived course have run,
 Who never, never thought to die,
 When first the year begun.
- 4 Their faces rosy, just like mine,
 Their voices glad and gay ;
 They did not show a single sign
 Of fading thus away.
- 5 But I am left, while they are gone ;
 Oh, shall we meet again,
 And, on the resurrection morn,
 Eternal joys obtain ?

- 6 We shall, if in the Lamb of God,
 In Jesus, we are seen ;
 We shall, if washed in Jesu's blood,
 Which makes the vilest clean.

P.M.

- 138 **L**IKE mist on the mountain,
 Like ships on the sea,
 So swiftly the years
 Of our pilgrimage flee :
 In the grave of our fathers
 How soon we shall lie !
 Dear children, to-day
 To a Saviour fly.
- 2 How sweet are the flowerets
 In April and May ;
 But often the frost makes
 Them wither away.
 Like flowers you may fade :
 Are you ready to die ?
 While "yet there is room,"
 To a Saviour fly.
- 3 When Samuel was young,
 He first knew the Lord ;
 He slept in his smile,
 And rejoiced in his word ;
 So, most of God's children
 Are early brought nigh :
 Oh, seek Him in youth ;
 To a Saviour fly.
- 4 Do you ask me for pleasure ?
 Then lean on his breast,
 For there the sin-laden
 And weary find rest ;
 In the valley of death
 You will triumphing cry,
 "If this be called dying,
 'Tis pleasant to die !"

L.M.

139 I KNOW 'tis Jesus loves my soul,
 And makes the wounded spirit whole!
 My nature is by sin defiled,
 Yet Jesus loves a little child.

2 I know my temper is not right,
 I'm often fretful, scold and fight;
 I would, like Him, be meek and mild,
 For Jesus loves a little child.

3 How kind is Jesus, oh, how good!
 For my poor soul He shed his blood;
 For children's sakes He was reviled,
 Yet Jesus loves a little child.

4 He teaches me to shed a tear,
 Whene'er I grieve my friends so dear;
 But though I am so thoughtless, wild,
 Yet Jesus loves the little child.

5 To me may Jesus now impart,
 Although so young, a gracious heart;
 Alas! I'm oft by sin defiled,
 Yet Jesus loves the little child.

6 And I love Him, for He loves me,
 And hope his faithful child to be;
 The Sinner's Friend He's justly styled,
 And Jesus loves the little child.

P.M.

140 THERE is a better world they say,
 Oh, so bright!

Where sin and woe are done away,

Oh, so bright!

Sweet music fills the balmy air,

And angels bright and saints are there,

And harps of gold and mansions fair,

Oh, so bright!

- 2 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
 Happy land!
 No tear-drop glistens in the eye,
 Happy land!
 They drink the gushing streams of grace,
 And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
 Whose brightness fills the holy place:
 Happy land!
- 3 And wicked things, be what they may,
 Come not there;
 And ruthless death and pale decay
 Come not there.
 There all are holy, all are good;
 And hearts unwashed in Jesu's blood,
 And guilty sinners unrenewed,
 Come not there.
- 4 And though we're sinners every one,
 Jesus died:
 And though forlorn, condemned, undone,
 Jesus died:
 We may be cleansed from every stain,
 We may be crowned with peace again,
 And in that land of pleasure reign.
 Jesus died!
- 5 Then parents, sisters, brothers, come,
 Come away!
 For Jesus all the work has done,
 Come away!
 Oh, come, for time is fleeting fast,
 The day of grace is hasting past,
 And Jesus He will come at last,
 Come away!

C.M.

141 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto Me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast."

- I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad ;
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 " Behold, I freely give
 The living water ; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream ;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 " I am this dark world's Light ;
 Look unto Me ! thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my sun ;
 And in that Light of life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done.

- 142 **C**HILDREN of Jerusalem
 Sang the praise of Jesu's name ;
 Children, too, of modern days,
 Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
 Hark ! while infant voices sing
 Loud hosannas to our King.
- 2 We are taught to love the Lord,
 We are taught to read his Word,
 We are taught the way to heaven ;
 Praise for all to God be given.
 Hark ! etc.
- 3 Parents, teachers, old and young,
 All unite to swell the song ;
 Higher and yet higher rise,
 Till hosannas reach the skies.
 Hark ! etc.

P.M.

143 SHALL we ever all meet again ?
 Shall we ever all meet again ?
 Shall we ever all meet again ?
 Shall we ever, ever, ever, ever all meet again ?
 Yes, we may all meet again ;
 Yes, we may all meet again ;
 Yes, we may all meet again :
 If not on earth, in heaven, we may all meet again.

2 Shall we ever all wear a crown ?
 Shall we ever all wear a crown ?
 Shall we ever all wear a crown ?
 Shall we ever, ever, ever, ever all wear a crown ?
 Yes, we may all wear a crown, etc.

3 Shall we ever all bear a palm ?
 Shall we ever all bear a palm ?
 Shall we ever all bear a palm ?
 Shall we ever, ever, ever, ever all bear a palm ?
 Yes, we may all bear a palm, etc.

4 Tears shall there be all wiped away ;
 Tears shall there be all wiped away ;
 Tears shall there be all wiped away ;
 Though not on earth, yet there shall tears be all
 wiped away.

8.8.6.

144 AND is it true, as I am told,
 That there are lambs within the fold
 Of God's beloved Son ?
 That Jesus Christ, with tender care,
 Will in his arms most gently bear
 The helpless little one ?

2 Oh yes, I've heard my mother say,
 He never sent a child away,
 That scarce could walk or run ;

But when the Saviour was besought
To touch the babe the parent brought,
He blessed the little one.

3 And I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
Though goodness I have none ;
May now be folded in his breast,
As birds within the parent nest,
And be his little one.

4 And He can do all this for me,
Because in sorrow on the tree
He once for sinners hung ;
And having put their sins away,
He now rejoices, day by day,
To cleanse the little one.

5 Others there are who love me too ;
But who, with all their love, could do
What Jesus Christ has done ?
Then, if He teaches me to pray,
I'll surely go to Him and say,
" Lord, keep thy little one."

6 Then, by this gracious Shepherd fed,
And by his mercy gently led,
Where living waters run ;
My greatest pleasure will be this,
That I'm a little lamb of his,
Who loves the little one.

THE NEW YEAR.

L.M.

145 THE moments fly, a minute's gone ;
The minutes fly, an hour is run ;
The day is fled, the night is here :
Thus flies a week, a month, a year.

2 A year! alas, how soon 'tis past!
Who knows but this may be our last?
A few short years, how soon they've fled,
And we are numbered with the dead!

3 Yes! moments, minutes, days, and years,
Pass quickly in this vale of tears;
But from this vale God's saints ascend,
And live in joys that never end.

P.M.

146 I'M a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here;
Though this world is pleasant,
Sin is always near.

2 Mine's a better country,
Where there is no sin;
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.

3 But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robes,
And with Christ be seen.

4 Jesus, cleanse and save me,
Teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit, guide me
On my heavenly way.

5 I'm a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here;
But my home in heaven
Cometh ever near.

8's.

147 WE speak of the realms of the blest,
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 pathway of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold :
But what must it be to be there !
- 3 We speak of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The songs of the blessed above :
But what must it be to be there !
- 4 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within :
But what must it be to be there !
- 5 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare,
That shortly we also may know,
And feel what it is to be there.

P.M.

148 NOTHING, either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no ;
Jesus did it, did it all,
Long, long ago.

- 2 Jesus paid it all,
That from me was due ;
And nothing, either great or small,
Remains for me to do.
- 3 When He, from his lofty throne,
Stooped to do and die ;
Everything was fully done,
Harken to his cry :
- 4 " It is finished ! " Yes, indeed,
Finished every jot :
Sinner, this is all you need ;
Tell me, is it not ?

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

6 Till to Jesu's work you cling,
By a simple faith,
Doing is a deadly thing,
"Doing ends in death."

7 Cast your deadly "doing" down,
Down at Jesu's feet:
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
Gloriously complete.

8.8.6.

149 THE door of mercy's open still,
And Jesus cries, "Whoever will,
By Me may enter in:
I am the Door, and I have died,
Salvation's door to open wide,
For sinners dead in sin."

2 Then if the door is opened wide,
And none were ever yet denied,
Who sought to enter in,
Oh, could the very weakest say,
"I'm trying hard to find the way,
But cannot get within?"

3 Oh no! for through this open door,
Are countless numbers seen to pour,
Of sinners great and small;
And what Christ opens none can close,
Or send away the one that goes,
Obedient to the call.

4 Come, saying, "Lord, I'm very weak.
And could not now thy blessing seek,
Unless Thou soughtest me;

But drawn by that inviting Word,
Which I have often read and heard,
I cast myself on Thee."

L.M.

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

2 We are but young, yet we have heard
The Gospel news, the heavenly Word;
If we despise the only way,
Dreadful will be the judgment-day.

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

7's.

151 **C**HILDREN, you have gone astray,
Far from God, and peace, and heaven;
Would you leave that dangerous way?
Would you have your sins forgiven?
Christ can all your sins forgive;
Look to Jesus, look and live!

2 Children, you have sinful hearts:
Jesus Christ can make you whole;
He can cleanse your inward parts,
Sanctify, and save your soul:
Jesus a new heart can give;
Look to Jesus, look and live!

3 Children, you may shortly die:
Jesus died your souls to save;
If you to the Saviour fly,
You shall live beyond the grave.
Life eternal He will give;
Look to Jesus, look and live!

C.M.

152 **D**EAR children, have you ever heard
 That Christ again will come,
 With angel hosts in bright array,
 To call his people home?

2 Then they who live shall changéd be,
 And they who sleep shall wake;
 The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
 And earth's foundations shake.

3 The saints of God from death set free,
 With joy shall mount on high;
 The heavenly hosts, with praises loud,
 Shall meet them in the sky.

4 Together, to their Father's house
 With joyful hearts they go;
 And dwell for ever with the Lord,
 Beyond the reach of woe.

5 Oh, children, seek the Saviour now,
 That Saviour full of love;
 And when He comes, He'll take you up
 To his bright home above.

7.6.

153 **A** LITTLE lamb went straying
 Among the hills one day,
 Leaving its faithful shepherd,
 Because it loved to stray;
 And while the sun shone brightly,
 It knew no thought of fear,
 For flowers around were blooming,
 And balmy was the air.

2 But night came over quickly,
 The hollow breezes blew,
 The sun soon ceased its shining,
 All dark and dismal grew:

The little lamb stood bleating,
 As well indeed it might,
 So far from home and shepherd,
 And on so dark a night.

- 3 But ah ! the faithful shepherd
 Soon missed the little thing,
 And onward went to seek it,
 And home again to bring ;
 He sought on hill, in valley,
 And called it by its name ;
 He sought, nor ceased his seeking
 Until he found his lamb.

- 4 Then, to his gentle bosom,
 The little lamb he pressed ;
 And as He bore it homeward
 He fondly it caressed ;
 The little lamb was happy
 To find itself secure ;
 The shepherd, too, was joyful,
 Because his lamb he bore.

- 5 And now, dear little children,
 There's a Shepherd up on high,
 Who came to seek the straying,
 Who all deserved to die ;
 For sin each lamb had ruined
 And far from God had led ;
 But oh, what love unbounded !
 He suffered in their stead.

P.M.

- 154 THE Shepherd who died,
 For his flock will provide.
 The Shepherd who feeds,
 Is the Shepherd that leads.
 He calls them his own,
 And He now, on God's throne,
 Doth carefully keep
 Both his lambs and his sheep.

- 2 Ere long He will come,
And will take them all home,
To glory above,
There to sing of his love.
Then God will behold,
In the heavenly fold,
The Shepherd who bled,
And the flock He hath led.

8.7.4.

155 JESUS has to earth descended,
Here to suffer, bleed, and die;
Jesus sinners has befriended,
Sinners, such as you and I;
Love amazing!
Let the joyful tidings fly.

- 2 Soon again He'll come from heaven,
And the morning draweth nigh,
When He'll take his saints to glory,
And amongst them you and I;
If to Jesus
We, through grace, have been brought
nigh.
- 3 Yes! believing on the Saviour,
We shall meet Him in the sky;
Sinners saved shall crowd around Him,
Sinners such as you and I.
Come, ye children,
To the Cross for refuge fly!

C.M.

156 "IF thou knewest," little child,
The gift that God has given,
How fully would thy thirst for joy
Be satisfied from heaven!

- 2 "If thou knewest," little child,
That, sinful as thou art,
Compassion fills his soul for thee,
And tenderness his heart.

- 3 "If thou knewest," little child,
The pleasures of his love,
Thy little heart would love to think
Of Him who is above.
- 4 Would think of Him who's seated there,
And hear his gospel tell,
How once, to show the way of life,
He sat beside the well.
- 5 And now his kindness is the same,
Who was so meek and mild;
He has the living waters still,
And gives them to a child.
- 6 Drink, little sinner, freely drink;
These waters are for you:
The springs of life are ever fresh,
The wells of mercy new.

P.M.

157 SEE, the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

- 2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of glory came."
- 3 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall have its Shepherd's care;
While folded in the Saviour's arms,
'Tis safe from every snare.

L.M.

158 WHEN children sing Jehovah's praise,
Solemn should be the notes they raise;
Each thought, each look, and every word,
Be "Holiness unto the Lord."

- 2 When children bow the knee in prayer,
The great, the holy God is there;
Then should not every thought and word
Be "Holiness unto the Lord"?
- 3 Above, where happy angels dwell,
Children the heavenly chorus swell;
And there the feeblest note that's heard
Is "Holiness unto the Lord."
- 4 Then how must angels grieve to hear
The thoughtless song, the heartless prayer!
Think, children, think; let every word
Be "Holiness unto the Lord."

7.7.7.6.

159 CHILDREN, hear, 'tis Jesus speaks,
He beseeches you to hear;
Come, He says, come, every one,
Come now and never fear.
Oh, believe He'll save you now,
Oh, believe He'll save you now,
Oh, believe He'll save you now,
And pardon all your sins.

- 2 Without money, without price,
All is paid and all is free:
Hear his voice! The Saviour says,
Come, and be saved by Me.
- 3 Jesu's blood atones for sin,
Now He opens wide the door;
Why delay, and why refuse?
Come now, nor linger more.
- 4 All is ready; children, come,
See the feast is spread for all,
Jesus now invites you there;
Obey the Saviour's call.

7's.

160 JESUS came our souls to save,
 For our sins his life He gave :
 Jesus died that we might live ;
 Glory to his name we give.

2 Jesus is the Lord of all ;
 Let his foes before Him fall ;
 Let all people hear his Word,
 Sing his praise and call Him Lord.

3 Jesus is the Prince of Peace,
 Now let strife and anger cease ;
 Earth and heaven unite to sing,
 Glory unto Christ our King.

7's.

161 OUT of Nazareth has come
 One that's very dear to some ;
 Sweet and gentle as a dove,
 Full of mercy, truth, and love,
 Suited both to small and great
 In their low and lost estate :
 Is He not, then, fit for thee ?
 Little sinner, " come and see."

2 See Him as a little child,
 Holy, harmless, undefiled ;
 Faithful, diligent, and true,
 While He yet in stature grew ;
 Doing good when meeting ill,
 Loving all the Father's will :
 Is He not, then, fit for thee ?
 Little sinner, " come and see."

3 Often at that garden look,
 Where He went o'er Cedron's brook ;
 Overwhelmed with grief and shame,
 Calling on the Father's name,
 Praying yet more earnestly
 In the depths of agony :

Is He not, then, fit for thee ?
Little sinner, " come and see."

- 4 Simply now in faith behold
Him of whom the prophets told ;
See, in all He did and bore,
What they wrote of Him before ;
Bearing sorrow, shame, and loss,
From the manger to the cross :
Is He not, then, fit for thee ?
Little sinner, " come and see."

P.M.

162 A LITTLE company appears ;
The eyes of many fill with tears ;
To her small grave a father bears
His darling child.

- 2 The sun is shining high above,
The leaflets in the breeze all move ;
God hath in heaven, his home of love,
The father's child.
- 3 Around the grave dear children stand,
They are a weeping little band ;
Her spirit's in the happy land,
She's God's own child.
- 4 Jesus has washed her sins away,
For her He bowed 'neath death's sad sway,
And now in heaven she lives alway :
O happy child !

8.8.6.

163 THAT love is pleasant all must feel ;
That love an aching heart can heal,
How many, Lord, have found !
But has the blessed news of thine,
Been music to this heart of mine,
And lovelier in sound ?

- 2 When'er I've felt an ache or pain,
And on a lap of comfort-lain,
The little grief passed by;
For oh, a mother's love would cheer,
A mother's hand would wipe the tear,
Which trickled from mine eye.
- 3 But have I e'er to Jesus been,
His pity proved, his kindness seen?
His wish to give me rest,
To pour his heavenly comfort in,
If e'er the deepest ache of sin,
My little heart confest?
- 4 Although as yet, in his embrace
I have not sought my heart to place,
Or hung upon his breast;
To all the pleasures of his love,
He still invites me from above,
To be his little guest.
- 5 And as a mother loves her son,
And comforteth her little one,
With kindness ever new;
To every lamb that Jesus bears,
His voice most tenderly declares,
"So will I comfort you."

S.M.

- 164 IF David tuned his harp,
Of Christ the Lord to sing;
Delighting much to praise in psalms
His promised Priest and King,
- 2 Much more, believers now,
In this more favoured day,
Should sing his praise, who since has come,
And put their sins away.
- 3 The freshness of his youth
Was given to the Lord,

In whose own strength he slung the stone,
And used Goliath's sword.

4 And oh, how sweet it is,
When children's hearts are led,
The pleasant paths of faith and love
In early life to tread.

5 When learning much of Christ,
And more and more of truth,
They seek, as David did of old,
To serve Him in their youth.

P.M.

165 **H**ASTE, traveller, haste! The night comes
on,

And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest:
Haste, traveller, haste!

2 Oh, far from home thy footsteps stray;
Christ is the Life, and Christ the Way,
And Christ the Light. Yon setting sun
Sinks ere the morn is scarce begun:
Haste, traveller, haste!

3 The rising tempest sweeps the sky,
The rains descend, the winds are high,
The waters swell; and death and fear,
Beset thy path; no refuge near:
Haste, traveller, haste!

4 Oh yes, a shelter you may gain
A covert from the wind and rain,
A hiding-place, a rest, a home,
A refuge from the wrath to come:
Haste, traveller, haste!

5 Then linger not in all the plain,
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;
Look not behind, make no delay,
Oh, speed thee, speed thee on thy way:
Haste, traveller, haste!

- 6 Poor lost, benighted soul, art thou,
 Willing to find salvation now?
 There yet is hope! • Hear mercy's call;
 Truth, life, light, way, in Christ is all:
 Haste to Him, haste!

7.6.

166 **A**ND shall we dwell together,
 As children dwell at home;
 And every one be happy,
 And not a sorrow come:
 Dark people from the islands,
 Far scattered o'er the sea:
 Pale men from icy deserts,
 Too cold for flower or tree?

- 2 Yes, all shall dwell together,
 That once were far apart;
 All who have served the Saviour
 With hand, and tongue, and heart;
 Yes, all shall dwell together,
 As children dwell at home;
 And then we shall be happy:
 God's kingdom will be come.

C.M.

167 **T**HE gentle Saviour pities you,
 Poor thoughtless little child;
 He bends on you a look of love,
 So tender and so mild.

- 2 He knows this is an evil world,
 In which awhile you dwell,
 Where many, dying day by day,
 Are sinking into hell.
- 3 He knows your little foolish heart
 Prefers a worthless toy
 To all his love, which, once believed,
 Would give you lasting joy.

- 4 He knows you have a cruel foe,
Who tries to hold you fast,
That you may be his servant here,
And dwell with him at last.
- 5 And therefore does the Saviour send,
The message of his grace,
That children, drawn to Him by love,
May early seek his face.
- 6 He tells you in his holy Word,
How joyfully He gave
Himself, the spotless Lamb of God,
The wandering sheep to save.
- 7 The child that knows its sins forgiven
Through his most precious blood,
Is made a lamb of Jesu's fold,
A happy child of God.
- 8 Oh, come to Him this very day,
And you shall find it true,
That Jesus is the children's Friend,
And loves to smile on you.

- P.M.
- 168 O H, they've reached the sunny shore,
They will never suffer more,
All their pains and griefs are o'er,
Over there!
- 2 Oh, the streets are shining gold,
And the glory is untold,
'Tis our Shepherd's peaceful fold,
Over there!
- 3 Oh, they've done the weary fight,
Jesus saved them by his might,
And they walk with Him in white,
Over there!
- 4 Oh, they feel no chilling blast,
For their winter time is past,
And the summers always last,
Over there!

- 5 Oh, they need no lamp at night,
For the day is always bright,
And the Saviour is their light,
Over there!
- 6 Oh, they never shed a tear,
For the Lord Himself is near,
And with Him is endless cheer,
Over there!
- 7 Oh, we'll join that happy band,
But we wait our Lord's command,
Till we see his beckoning hand,
Over there!

P.M.

- 169 JESUS, when he left the sky,
And for sinners came to die,
In his mercy passed not by
Little ones like me.
- 2 Mothers then the Saviour sought,
In the places where He taught,
And to Him their children brought,
Little ones like me.
- 3 Did the Saviour say them nay?
No! He kindly bid them stay,
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me.
- 4 'Twas for them his life He gave,
To redeem them from the grave;
Jesus died, from hell to save
Little ones like me.

C.M.

- 170 'T'WAS God who gave the precious name
Of "Jesus" to his Son,
Because He knew his gracious work
By Him would well be done.

The Son of God, the Lord of life;
How wondrous are his ways!
Oh, for a harp of thousand strings,
To sound abroad his praise.

2 The name of "Jesus" SAVIOUR means;
And such He is indeed,
To all who feel the weight of sin,
And peace and pardon need.
The Son of God, etc.

8 His name was Jesus when on earth,
His name is Jesus now;
And God declares that to that Name
All heaven and earth shall bow.
The Son of God, etc.

4 And truly happy is the child
Who loves that precious name;
He soon shall Him in glory see
Who once in mercy came.
The Son of God, etc.

7.6.

171 THE pearly gates are open,
And you may enter in,
Washed, spotless, and forgiven,
Without a stain of sin.

2 The blood-bought hosts are singing;
Before the throne they stand.
Eternal praises swelling;
And you may join the band.

3 Hark! louder hallelujahs,
Like surges of the sea,
Roll o'er the jasper city,
With heavenly melody.

4 The street of gold is gleaming,
And soon we shall be there;

Jesus shall bid us welcome,
His loving heart to share.

- 5 Oh, will you turn to Jesus?
'Tis now He speaks to thee;
His blood-stained arms are open,
Oh, now for mercy flee.

P.M.

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

- 2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Wait not for to-morrow;
Jesus is nigh.
Grieve not that love
Which, from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Life can supply.

- 3 Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee;
Through that long to-morrow,
Eternity?
Exiled from home,
Darkly to roam;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee?

- 4 Child of sin and sorrow,
Lift up thine eye;
Joy knows no to-morrow
In heaven high.

Oh, sinner, come,
While yet there's room.
Child of sin and sorrow,
To Jesus fly.

P.M.

173 **H**ASTE, little children, haste
To see a Saviour's love ;
For you of death to taste,
He left his throne above :
Then come, dear children, come to-day,
Nor linger on the downward way.

2 Dangers on every hand
Do still beset you round ;
On slippery ground you stand,
Till Jesus you have found,
To guide you all the dangerous way,
And keep and bless you night and day.

3 On Jesus come and rest,
And in his love abide ;
Oh, they are richly blest
Who can in Him confide :
In life or death, in joy or pain,
The arm of Jesus can sustain.

4 Then will you keep away,
From love so free as this ?
Jesus invites to-day
To paths of endless bliss ;
In yonder world so bright and fair,
You may eternal glory share.

5 But if you still refuse
A Saviour's offered love,
And paths of folly choose
Rather than joys above,
And still reject his wondrous grace,
You cannot see that glorious place.

- 6 How sad must be your doom,
 When Christ returns again!
 For He is coming soon
 With all his saints to reign:
 Then come, dear children, come to-day;
 When Jesus calls, no more delay.

C.M.D.

174 "I WANT to learn another song,
 Please will you teach me one.
 Not all about the birds and flowers,
 And moon, and stars, and sun;
 But one that I have never heard,
 Of something very high,
 Something a long long way beyond
 The earth, and sea, and sky."

- 2 "Dear little child! and would you like
 To learn that sweet new song,
 Which babes in heaven delight to sing
 All day and all night long?
 'Tis not about the sun and moon,
 Or anything we see;
 And angel children never tire
 Of that one melody.
- 3 "And though you're not, like them, in heaven,
 Your song may be the same;
 For 'tis a hymn of love and praise
 To our Redeemer's name;
 'Tis of that Jesus, meek and mild,
 Who died for them and you,
 Who listens to the seraph's song,
 And infants' praises too.
- 4 "Dear child, this is the glorious hymn
 Those ransomed spirits sing,
 While loud through all the golden streets
 Glad notes of music ring:

'Worthy art Thou, the Lamb once slain
Who washed us in thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to Thee,
Our Saviour and our God.'

- 5 "' Worthy the Lamb !' from tongue to tongue
Echoes the joyful cry ;
' Worthy the Lamb !' from court to court
How fast the accents fly ;
' Worthy the Lamb !' they sing who fought
The long stern fight of faith ;
' Worthy the Lamb !' cry babes who seemed
Born in the arms of death.

- 6 "' Worthy the Lamb !' oh, dearest child,
Wilt thou not learn that song ?
Shall not the praise of Jesus be,
Familiar to thy tongue ?
Ask Him to put within thy heart
That new and lovely hymn,
And thou shalt sing it evermore
When suns and stars grow dim :
Then with one soul and mind and voice,
We'll sing that song of love,
When Christ has brought us safely home,
One family above."

10's.

- 175 "LOOK unto Me, and be ye saved," Christ
said ;
"Trust in thy God," and He shall lift thy head ;
"Come unto Me," when burdened and dismayed ;
"Believe on Jesus," and thou shalt be saved ;
"Hear, and your soul shall live," He says again :
"Wait on the Lord," and you shall strength
obtain.

- 2 'Tis not thy *look* that saves ; 'tis not thy *trust* ;
'Tis not thy *coming*, and yet come you must.

'Tis not *believing* which can save the soul;
 It is not *hearing* which can make thee whole.
 It is the OBJECT upon which you rest,
 That brings contentment to your longing breast.

"Look unto Me," "Believe in CHRIST THE
 LORD:"

"Come unto JESUS:" hear his gracious word.

C.M.

176 A ROUND God's glorious throne on high,
 I see the angel bands;
 And there they wait, both day and night,
 To do his great commands.

- 2 Within the circling clouds that veil
 That burning throne around,
 At God's right hand, the Saviour sits,
 With wondrous glory crowned.
- 3 Sweet incense, with the prayers of saints
 The lofty temple fills;
 And "Holy, holy, holy, Lord,"
 Sounds round the heavenly hills.
- 4 But hark! the songs of heaven are hushed,
 And rushing wings declare,
 Bright messengers from distant worlds,
 With speed returning there.
- 5 Through many a dazzling angel host,
 Through many a realm of light,
 Right onward to the throne they come,
 With swift and joyful flight.
- 6 And harps again with haste are strung,
 And shouts of joy proclaim
 Some triumph of God's blessed Son,
 Some honour to his name.

- 7 See, 'bright unfolding radiance now
With richer joy hath smiled ;
For, up from earth, his angels bring
A little ransomed child.
- 8 And fears he not, that little one,
To reach the awful throne ?
No, for he finds his Saviour there,
Who claims him for his own.
- 9 On earth he heard that Jesus died,
Poor sinners to redeem ;
And much at first he often feared
It could not be for him.
- 10 Then oft, when none but God could see,
That little child would pray,
" Lord, wash me in the Saviour's blood,
And take my sins away."
- 11 And Jesus looked on him and smiled,
From that high throne in heaven ;
And softly whispered to his heart,
" Thy sins are all forgiven."
- 12 'Twas God's own Spirit taught him here,
His wondrous grace to know ;
He could not fear in heaven to see
The Lord, who loved him so.
- 13 A robe, more bright than angels' wings,
That child is wearing now ;
And soon a crown of glorious light
Will deck his radiant brow.
- 14 When Jesus comes, with all his saints,
To this poor earth again,
That ransomed lamb will come with Him,
In risen life to reign.

- 15 Oh, children, will you seek to tread
The path this dear one trod,
That when you die, the angels thus
May take you up to God?

P.M.

- 177 OH, what can 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* 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* do
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* do
To please the King of Heaven?
The hearts, if God his Spirit send,
Can love and trust their Saviour 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!

128.

- 178 **A** is for Antioch, where Christians had their name,
B is for Bethlehem, from whence the Saviour came,
C is for Calvary, where for our sins He died,
D is for Damascus, where Saul first to Him cried.
- 2 **E** is for Eden, where Eve's obedience failed,
F is Fair Havens, where Paul's ship once sailed,
G is Gethsemane, where Jesus was betrayed,
H is for Hebron, where David king was made.
- 3 **I** is for Iconium, where Paul preached the Word,
J is for Jerusalem, the city of the Lord,
K is the brook Kedron, which waters it around,
L is for Lebanon, with lofty cedars crowned.
- 4 **M** is for Mamre, where Abram pitched his tent,
N is for Nazareth, where Christ's youth was spent,
O is for Ophir, whence Solomon fetched gold,
P is for Philippi, where Lydia purple sold.
- 5 For **Q** if you seek a place, not one can be found;
R is for the Red Sea, where Pharaoh's host was drowned,
S is for Samaria, where Christ taught them all,
T is for Tarsus, the city of Saint Paul.
- 6 **U** is for the land of Uz, where dwelt the patient Job,
V perhaps had then no place on all the earthly globe:
W no city was, but Wilderness begins,
 Where Israel wandered forty years, and perished for their sins.
- 7 For **X** and for **Y** you find no city, place, or town,
 But **X** may remind us, no Cross will have no Crown;
Z is for Zion, that glorious holy land,
 Where all the redeemed finally shall stand.

- 8 Now all that is written in God's most holy Book
Is written for our learning, when into it we look,
To teach us to love the good, and hate the evil way,
As all those who loved the Lord and did his will
obey.

P.M.

179 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, etc.
Short is my pilgrimage, Heaven, etc.
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be over-past ;
I shall reach home at last, Heaven, etc.

- 3 Therefore I murmur not, Heaven, etc.
Whate'er my earthly lot, Heaven, etc.
For I shall surely stand
Then at my Lord's right hand ;
Heaven is my fatherland, Heaven, etc.

P.M.

180 NOW I have found a Friend,
Jesus is mine ;
His love shall never end,
Jesus is mine.
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though human friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace ;
Jesus is mine.

- 2 Though I grow poor and old, Jesus, etc.
 He will my faith uphold, Jesus, etc.
 He shall my wants supply,
 His precious blood is nigh,
 Nought can my hope destroy, Jesus, etc.
- 3 When earth shall pass away, Jesus, etc.
 In the great judgment-day, Jesus, etc.
 Oh, what a glorious thing,
 Then to behold my King,
 On tuneful harp to sing, Jesus, etc.

P.M.

- 181 O H, come, let us sing
 To the God of salvation,
 To Jesus our King,
 Who hath brought consolation ;
 Who in his own body
 Hath opened a fountain,
 To cleanse all our sins,
 Though as high as a mountain.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb,
 Who hath brought us a pardon ;
 We will praise Him again,
 When we've passed over Jordan.
- 2 Though our hearts are depraved,
 Though with sin we are burdened,
 Our souls may be saved,
 And our sins may be pardoned ;
 And Jesus, our Saviour,
 Hath promised to bless us.
 And free us for ever
 From those ~~that~~ oppress us. Hal., etc.
- 3 The hour may be nigh,
 When our bosoms, faint heaving,
 Shall breathe their last sigh
 In the peace of believing ;

And Thou, from our pillow
 All darkness dispelling,
 Will calm the rude billow
 Of Jordan's proud swelling. Hal., etc.

P.M.

182 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!
 My Father calls me; I must go
 To meet Him in the promised land.

2 I have a Saviour in the promised land;
 My Saviour calls me; I must go
 To meet Him in the promised land.

3 I have a crown in the promised land;
 When Jesus calls me I must go
 To wear it in the promised land.

4 I hope to meet you in the promised land;
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