

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR

**H Y M N S**

ADAPTED FOR

**SUNDAY SCHOOLS**

AND

**FAMILIES.**

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# I N D E X.

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## HYMNS

- 63 A little ship was on the sea.  
80 Adam, by one transgression lost.  
80 All ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh.  
129 And is it true, as I am told.  
106 And was the Saviour once a child.  
19 Anoint mine eyes.  
97 Around the throne of God in heaven.  
133 As the serpent raised by Moses.  
11 Behold, behold the Lamb of God.  
41 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears.  
53 Behold, the Redeemer is come!  
50 Behold the Saviour of mankind.  
114 Behold the sin-atoning Lamb.  
109 Behold the spotless Lamb of God!  
67 Believing children, *now* who die.  
22 Children, can you tell me why?  
60 Children, think on Jesu's love.  
57 Children! you have gone astray.  
78 Christ dwells on high and will He look.  
112 Christ is merciful and mild.

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### HYMN

- 135 Christ once was found with men.  
69 Come, children, and learn of the infinite  
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110 Come, let us search God's holy word.  
10 Come, sinner, do not tarry.  
28 Dear children, come to me.  
118 Do any ask the heavenly road?  
75 Ere God had built the mountains.  
49 Full of love was Jesus found.  
5 Gentle Jesus, meek and mild.  
46 Glory to God, the angel said.  
105 God has a family on earth.  
79 God is in heaven; can He hear?  
115 God is love! can this be true?  
125 God is so good that He will hear.  
137 "God knows the works of all."  
74 God's people once in Egypt were.  
142 Good Daniel would not cease to pray.  
108 Happy the children who betimes.  
86 Happy the home, when God is there.  
4 Hark, a still, small voice is heard.  
100 Hark! the wind, with boisterous roar.  
17 Hark to the trumpet's lengthened blast.  
104 Here's a message of love.  
128 How carefully the shepherds keep.  
36 How great is the love.  
70 How happily the moments fled.

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### HYMN

- 38 How loving is Jesus.  
92 How many titles of the Lord.  
62 How precious and pure is the truth !  
37 How proud we are ! how fond to show.  
68 How vainly would you seek to hide.  
8 How wondrous are the works of God.  
85 I am not too young to die.  
26 I have heard, I have heard the sweet  
tales that were told.  
81 I have read of the Saviour's love.  
181 I, Jesus, am the Door.  
88 I love to sing of that great power.  
34 I think when I read that sweet story of  
old.  
111 I would a little pilgrim be.  
20 If thou knewest, little child.  
101 In little Samuel of old.  
44 In the Leper here we see.  
99 Is there a little sinner here?  
143 "It is finished !" sinners, hear it.  
47 It is not too late.  
23 Jesus can all my sins forgive.  
141 Jesus inviteth near.  
120 Jesus is the Saviour's name.  
61 Jesus only He can give.  
188 Jesus was once despised and low.  
103 Jesus, who lived above the sky.

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### HYMNS

- 96 Like as the days of Noah were.  
84 Little children, come to Jesus.  
48 Lo, at noon 'tis sudden night !  
82 Lord, look upon a little child.  
59 Lord, teach a little child to pray.  
144 " Lovest thou not me?" the Saviour said.  
18 Man had no sorrow, knew no shame.  
95 Naaman was of noble birth.  
27 No room in the inn for the Saviour was  
found.  
139 Nor eye has seen, nor ear has heard.  
55 O happy land ! O happy land !  
9 O ! how stupendous was the love.  
12 O where shall rest be found ?  
71 Oh, follow the Saviour, so gracious and  
kind.  
64 Oh ! think upon the Saviour kind.  
56 On Calvary's cross the Saviour died.  
117 One there is, above all others.  
2 Pray, little children, pray.  
52 Return, O wanderer, to thy home.  
128 " Search the Scriptures," Jesus said.  
98 See the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands.  
93 See the risen Saviour stand.  
16 See the Saviour, sinners slew Him.  
15 See the Saviour's body broken !  
127 See where the gentle Jesus reigns.
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### HYMNS

- 87 Shepherds, keeping watch by night.  
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1 Sweet the lesson Jesus taught.  
72 That Shepherd who forsook a throne.  
7 Th' atoning work is done.  
121 The fountain's open still.  
73 The gentle Saviour pities you.  
90 The King shall spread a costly feast in  
honour of His Son.  
83 The Lamb of God! O lovely words!  
130 The Lord attends when children pray.  
136 The mighty God that reigns on high.  
107 The Queen of Sheba came from far.  
66 The rain had poured unceasingly.  
25 The Saviour, Jesus, is gone to prepare.  
14 The Saviour's fulness far excels.  
42 The Shepherd, Jesus, kindly gave.  
89 The sycamore tree by Zaccheus was  
climbed.  
40 There is a better world, we know.  
88 There is a happy land.  
116 There is a name, the name of Jesus.  
8 There's a beauty above, in the bright blue  
sky.  
29 This is a precious book indeed.  
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### HYMNS

- 77 Though all the beasts that live and feed.  
102 To Jacob's well a woman came.  
43 To-morrow—is it, do you say?  
54 We sing of the realms of the blest.  
140 Welcome news the gospel brings.  
122 What a strange and wondrous story.  
126 What know I of the coming year.  
6 What lead the Son of God?  
85 What though I'm but a child.  
94 When David roamed through Israel's  
land.  
91 When he who hung by Jesus' side.  
65 When Lazarus, beloved of the Lord.  
39 When poison spreading through the veins.  
132 When the Lord was crucified.  
82 When the Saviour dwelt below.  
124 While humble shepherds watched their  
flocks.  
58 Who are they whose little feet.  
24 Who holds me with his mighty arm.  
119 Why did the Son of God come down?  
81 Why is my darling child afraid?  
76 Wisdom, Jehovah's first delight.  
51 Ye that pass by, behold the man!  
21 Ye who feel your sin and woe.  
134 Young children were to Jesus brought.

# H Y M N S.

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## 1—P.M.

- 1 SWEET the lesson Jesus taught,  
When to him fond parents brought  
Babes for whom His love they sought,  
Little ones, little ones like me.
  
- 2 Jesus did not answer—Nay,  
Bid them come another day !  
Jesus did not turn away  
Little ones, little ones like me !
  
- 3 No ! my Saviour's hand was laid  
Kindly on each infant's head ;  
Jesus blessed them and said,  
“ Let them, let them come to me.”

- 4 Babes may still His blessing share :  
Lambs are His peculiar care ;  
He will in His bosom bear  
Little ones, little ones like me.
- 5 Saviour, on my infant head  
Let thy gracious hand be laid ;  
While I do as thou hast said :  
Coming, coming thus to thee.

**2—S.M.**

- 1 PRAY, little children, pray  
That you may be forgiven ;  
And ask that God will lead the way  
To Jesus Christ in heaven.
- 2 Try, little children, try,  
To love the Saviour well,  
Who left His house above the sky  
To save your souls from hell.
- 3 Come, little children, come,  
The Saviour calls you near ;

He'll tell you of His heavenly home,  
And gently lead you there.

- 4 Haste, little children, haste,  
To be the Saviour's lambs.  
Come, of His loving-kindness taste,  
And nestle in His arms.

**3**—L.M.

- 1 How wondrous are the works of God,  
Display'd through all the world abroad!  
Immensely great! immensely small!  
Yet one strange work exceeds them all.
- 2 He form'd the sun, fair fount of light,  
The moon and stars to rule by night;  
But night, and stars, and moon, and sun,  
Are little works compared with one.
- 3 He roll'd the seas and spread the skies,  
Made valleys sink and mountains rise;  
The meadows clothed with native green,  
And bade the rivers glide between.

- 4 But what are seas, or skies, or hills,  
Or verdant vales or gliding rills,  
To wonders man was born to prove,  
The wonders of redeeming love.
- 5 May we by grace be taught to raise  
The heart in love, the voice in praise:  
All things to those must work for good,  
For whom the Lord hath shed His blood.

## 4—7s.

- 1 HARK, a still, small voice is heard,  
Gently speaking from above;  
'Tis the great Redeemer's word,  
'Tis the message of His love:  
Hear the call to you addressed,  
Ye who would be truly blessed.
- 2 "Those who with an earnest mind  
Seek in early life my face,  
Shall my lasting favour find,  
And enjoy my richest grace:  
Early, then, while yet I wait,  
Seek me, ere it be too late."

- 8 Lord, we come without delay ;  
We would love and seek thee thus :  
Do thou then thy love display,  
Saving, guiding, blessing us !  
May we dwell with thee above,  
Ever happy in thy love.

## 5—7s.

- 1 Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child ;  
Pity my simplicity ;  
Suffer me to come to thee.
- 2 Fain I would to thee be brought :  
Gracious God, forbid it not :  
In the kingdom of thy grace,  
Give a little child a place.
- 3 Oh, supply my every want !  
Feed the young and tender plant ;  
DAY AND NIGHT MY KEEPER BE ;  
EVERY MOMENT WATCH ROUND ME.

**6**—6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1    **WHAT** led the Son of God  
      To leave His throne on high,  
      To shed His precious blood,  
      To suffer and to die?  
His pure, unbounded love to us  
Led Him to die and suffer thus.
- 2    The warmest thanks we owe  
      To thee, O God of grace;  
      Our hearts should ever flow  
      In grateful love and praise:  
Help us, Lord, to praise thee thus,  
For thine unbounded love to us.

**7**—6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1    **TH'** ATONING work is done,  
      The victim's blood is shed;  
      And Jesus now is gone  
      His people's cause to plead:  
He stands in heaven their great high priest,  
And bears their names upon His breast.
-

- 2 See "sprinkled with the blood  
The mercy seat" above;  
For justice had withstood  
The purposes of love;  
But justice now withstands no more,  
And mercy yields her boundless store.
- 3 No temple made with hands  
His place of service is;  
In heaven itself He stands,  
A heavenly priesthood His;  
In Him the shadows of the law  
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

## 8—P.M.

- 1 THERE'S beauty above, in the bright blue  
sky,  
On earth is the reapers' glee,  
'Tis harvest time in Jehovah's land,  
And the corn by the breeze is gently fann'd,  
Like the waves of a golden sea.

- 2 But sorrow shall wait on the reaper's mirth,  
The lord of those fields shall sigh ;  
One only boy  
Is his father's joy,  
This day that boy must die.
- 3 And the sun has looked forth in his morning  
pride  
On the child with a scorching ray :  
" My head, my head !"  
'Twas all he said,  
'Twas all the child could say.
- 4 And see, they are come, they have borne  
him home,  
And he sits on his mother's knee ;  
But who can tell  
How her countenance fell,  
Her altered boy to see !
- 5 He knows her not with his dull, fix'd eye,  
On her bosom he pillows his head ;

When the sun shines bright  
From his noontide height,  
The boy on her knee is dead.

6 But faith within the mother's breast  
Shall calm her agony :  
    "The God who gave  
    Is the God that shall save,  
And give back my boy to me."

7 Though sad be her heart, the bright lamp  
    of hope  
Shall light up its innermost cell :  
    The son lies dead,  
    On the prophet's bed,  
But the mother can say, "It is well."

8 'Tis well with the mother, 'tis well with the  
    boy,  
His breath and his life are restored ;  
    The child is awake,  
    Let her hasten and take  
To her arms this new gift from the Lord.

- 9 And I know it is well with the servants of  
God,  
Nought them from their stronghold shall  
sever ;  
Whether Christ shall soon come,  
Or they're laid in the tomb,  
'Twill be well with His people for ever.
- 10 They fear not the arrow that fieth by  
day,  
Nor the plague that walks forth in the  
dark ;  
The sun shall not smite,  
Nor the moon by night,  
Those who shelter in Jesus the Ark.
- 11 They fear not to die, for the deep, dark  
grave  
Is a bed where the Saviour has lain :  
They sink not to hell,  
But with Him they shall dwell,  
For Jesus shall raise them again.

- 12 And can I too hope to arise from the  
dead,  
And Christ as my Saviour to see?  
If I look to the Lord  
And believe in His word,  
'Twill be well then for ever with me.

**9—8.8.6.**

- 1 O! how stupendous was the love  
That brought the Saviour from above,  
The sinner to relieve;  
What sweet compassion in His eyes,  
While on the shameful cross He dies,  
And meekly says, "Forgive!"
- 2 'Tis in the gospel we behold  
The God of love and grace unfold  
The secrets of His heart:  
Here truth and mercy sweetly join,  
And righteousness and peace combine,  
And nevermore shall part.

**10—7.6.**

- 1 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 forgiv'n,"  
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 shelter'd 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.

**11—P.M.**

- 1 BEHOLD! behold the Lamb of God,  
On the cross!  
For you He shed His precious blood,  
On the cross!  
O hear his all-important cry,  
"Eli lama sabacthani,"  
Draw near and see the Saviour die,  
On the cross!
- 2 Behold His arms extended wide,  
On the cross!  
Behold His bleeding hands and side,  
On the cross!  
The sun withholds its rays of light,  
The heavens are clothed in shades of night,  
While Christ with powers of death doth fight,  
On the cross!

- 3 Come, sinners, see Him lifted up  
On the cross!  
He drinks for you the bitter cup,  
On the cross!  
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,  
While Jesus doth atonement make,  
While Jesus suffers for your sake,  
On the cross!
- 4 And now the mighty deed is done,  
On the cross!  
The battle's fought, the victory's won,  
On the cross!  
To heaven He turns His languid eyes,  
" 'Tis finished," now the conqueror cries,  
Then bows His sacred head and dies,  
On the cross!

**12**—S.M.

- 1 O WHERE shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul?  
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.

- 2 The world can never give  
The joys which satisfy ;  
'Tis not the *whole* of life to live,  
Nor *all of* death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years,  
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;  
O what eternal horrors hang  
Around "the second death !"

**13—8.7.**

- 1 "STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,"  
See Him dying on the tree !  
'Tis the Christ by man rejected !  
Bearing man's deep misery !  
'Tis the long-expected prophet,  
David's Son, yet David's Lord ;  
Proofs abundant there are of it,  
In the true and faithful word.

2 Tell me, ye who hear Him groaning,  
Was there ever grief like His?  
Friends through fear His cause disowning,  
Foes insulting His distress.  
Many hands were raised to wound Him,  
None would interpose to save;  
But the awful stroke that found Him  
Was the stroke that justice gave.

3 Ye who think of sin but lightly,  
Nor suppose the evil great;  
Here may view its nature rightly,  
Here its guilt may estimate.  
Mark the sacrifice appointed!  
See *who* bears the awful load!  
'Tis the WORD, the LORD'S ANOINTED,  
Son of Man and Son of God.

**14—8s.**

1 THE 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 ought 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 thousands more.
- 5 And since it's open, full, and free,  
Sinner, 'tis just the thing for thee;  
O 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.

**15—8.7.4.**

- 1 SEE the Saviour's body broken!  
 Broken on th' accursed tree;  
 Hear the words the Lord hath spoken—  
 "Sinners live, beholding me;"  
 Helpless sinner,  
 Thus the Saviour speaks to thee.
- 2 Should you slight His great salvation?  
 Can you stand when He appears?  
 When the Judge shall take His station,  
 What will then avail your tears?  
 Seek, O seek Him!  
 While the Lord in mercy hears.

**16—8.7.8.7.7.7.**

- 1 SEE the Saviour, sinners slew Him;  
 Yet for sinners He was slain;  
 Sinners now are welcome to Him,  
 Such compose the Saviour's train;  
 Sinners ransom'd by His blood,  
 Sinners reconciled to God.

- 2 See the holy victim suffering,  
Sinners, here's a sight for you ;  
Here's an all-sufficient offering,  
O believe the record true !  
See the Lamb, for sinners slain,  
Every other hope is vain.
- 3 'Tis a true and faithful saying,  
Jesus came to save the lost ;  
Grace and truth at once displaying,  
God the Saviour, true and just :  
Sinners, hear His gracious voice,  
Trust alone His sacrifice.

**17—P.M.**

- 1 HARK to the trumpet's lengthened blast,  
Round Jericho's proud walls !  
Seven times the conquering blast had pass'd  
And as they raise their shout at last,  
The mighty bulwark falls.
- 2 Oh! who shall now escape the sword,  
When God commands to slay ?  
On young and old is vengeance poured,  
According to His righteous word,  
In that triumphal day.

- 3 Yet mark one lonely dwelling stand  
Where ruin else is seen ;  
There Rahab, with her household band,  
Is safe from the avenger's hand,  
And waits in peace within.
- 4 Behold, upon her window bound,  
The token grace had given !  
And thus she fears not for the sound  
Of death and terror far around—  
Of bulwarks rent and riven.
- 5 Her faith discerned that Israel's race  
Was linked with God above ;  
And now, delivered by His grace,  
She found with them a dwelling place—  
A home of peace and love.

**18—L.M.**

- 1 MAN had no sorrow, knew no shame,  
When first he from his Maker came ;  
Blest, pure, and happy—all was well ;  
But Satan tempted, and he fell.

- 2 Behold His Son the Father gave;  
The Son descends and dies to save;  
The Spirit next to earth comes down,  
The wondrous work of love to crown.
- 3 Thus Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Combine to seek and save the lost:  
How vast the love of God to man!  
How perfect and how wise the plan!

**19—4s.**

- 1 ANOINT mine eyes,  
O Holy Dove!  
That I may prize  
Thy book of love.
- 2 Break my hard heart,  
Jesus my Lord,  
In the inmost part,  
By thy sweet word.
- 3 Unstop mine ear,  
Made deaf by sin,  
That I may hear  
Thy voice within.
-

## 20—P.M.

- 1 "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 to 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 still is meek and mild—

He has the living waters still,  
And gives them to the child.

- 6 Drink, little sinner, freely drink—  
These waters are for you ;  
The springs of life are ever fresh—  
The wells of mercy new.

**21—7a.**

- 1 YE who feel your sin and woe,  
To the Lamb for healing go ;  
Why in sorrow should you stay ?  
Haste and wash your guilt away.
- 2 All is ready, why delay ?  
You *must* perish if you stay ;  
Hasten—hasten while there's room ;  
God invites you now to come.
- 3 Have you run the downward road ?  
Have you spurned His offered grace ?  
Yours'is not a hopeless case,  
Turn—He bids you seek His face.

- 4 Though your crimes, when brought to view,  
May assume the vilest hue;  
If you to the Saviour go,  
He will wash you white as snow.
- 5 Give me, Lord, this grace divine—  
Change this wilful heart of mine;  
Let thy face upon me shine,  
Pardon, save, and seal me thine.

**22**—6-7s.

- 1 CHILDREN, 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 Children, I will tell you why  
Jesus left his home on high.  
He is gracious, full of love,  
Kind and gentle as a dove;  
So He could not live alone,  
Though He sat upon a throne.
-

- 3 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.
- 4 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.

**23—C.M.**

- 1 JESUS 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.
-

8 For all, who early seek his face,  
Shall surely taste His love;  
Jesus will guide you by His grace,  
To dwell with Him above.

**24—8s.**

- 1 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 made the sun that shines so bright,  
And stars that sparkle through the night?  
Who made the grass that clothes the ground,  
And trees and flowers that bloom 'round?  
Who made those shining drops of dew,  
That rainbow bright, those skies so blue?  
'Twas God, the God who dwells above,  
That made them all—for "God is Love."
-

- 8 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 und live,  
And He will all my sins forgive?  
'Tis God, the God who dwells above,  
That speaks it all—for "God is Love."

**25—P.M.**

- 1 THE 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.
- 2 How sweetly their voices shall praise Him  
there,  
For the blessings His hand has bestow'd,  
They shall shine there bright,  
In their robes of white,  
For they all have been wash'd in His blood.

- 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.
- 4 And, happy amid this bright, joyous throng,  
Shall many a little one sing ;  
May I join them and raise  
My voice to the praise  
Of the Giver of ev'ry good thing ?
- 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.

**26—P.M.**

- 1 I HAVE heard, I have heard the sweet tales  
that were told,  
Of the Kings and the Prophets in Israel of  
old,

I have read in the page of the Word of  
God,  
Of Jesus, when here upon earth He trod.

- 2 I've been pleased to hear how He call'd  
and bless'd,  
The little ones then, who around Him  
press'd,  
And I've thought, betimes, I should like to  
go,  
To the heaven where He dwells that bless'd  
them so.

- 3 But I cannot go thither unless I can wear,  
A garment all pure, unspotted, and fair,  
And the robe which I need in the presence  
of God,  
Can be whiten'd alone in the Saviour's blood.

- 4 I might weave for myself a cloak of works,  
To conceal from *man* what within me lurks,  
But my soul to the eye of God lies bare,  
And He sees ev'ry spot of defilement there.

## 27—P.M.

- 1 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 ;  
Though for them He was smitten and  
wounded of God,  
And sinners had 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.

**28—S.M.**

"For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."—Luke ii. 11.

- 1 DEAR children, come to me,  
And listen while I tell  
Of Him who died upon the tree,  
To save our souls from hell.
  - 2 He saw our wretched state,  
And felt His pity move;  
Poor He became, though once so great,  
To show His matchless love.
  - 3 In Bethlehem He was born,  
A feeble infant child;  
Then lived a life exposed to scorn,  
Though gentle, meek, and mild.
  - 4 His days on earth were pass'd  
In acts of grace and love;  
Wishing to bring our souls at last  
To dwell with Him above.
-

5 On Calvary He died,  
A sacrifice for sin :  
There Jesus Christ was crucified,  
That we might glory gain.

6 Then love this gracious Friend,  
And seek His saving grace ;  
He'll guide you safely to the end,  
And you shall see His face.

**29—8a.**

1 THIS is a precious book indeed,  
Happy the child that loves to read !  
'Tis God's own word, which He has given,  
To teach our souls the way to heaven.

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

3 It tells us from all sin to fly,  
Because our souls can never die :

It points to heaven where angels dwell,  
And warns us to escape from hell.

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

**30**—10.11.

- 1 ALL ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh;  
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?  
Our ransom, our peace, and our surety He is!  
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.
- 2 He dies to atone for sins not his own,  
Jehovah has punish'd for us his dear Son,  
Our ransom, &c.
- 8 Then let us embrace the ransoming grace  
Of Him who has suffered and died in our  
place :  
Our ransom, &c.

**31—P.M.**

- 1 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 languish'd and died on the tree.  
But then, is it anywhere said  
That He languish'd and suffer'd *for me.*
- 3 I've been told of a heaven on high,  
Which the *children of God* will soon see:  
Oh yes, there's a place in the sky,  
Made ready and offered to *me.*

**32—L.M.**

- 1 LORD, 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,  
Wash'd in the Saviour's precious blood;

And my whole soul from sin set free,  
A little vessel full of thee.

3 A star of early dawn, and bright,  
Shining within thy sacred light ;  
A beam of grace to all around,  
A little spot of hallow'd ground.

4 Oh! 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.

### 33—C.M.

1 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.

## 34—P.M.

- 1 I THINK, when I read that sweet story of  
old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How He call'd little children as lambs to  
His fold,  
I should like to have been with them then:  
I wish that His hands had been placed on  
my head,  
That His arms had been thrown around  
me,  
And that I might have seen His kind look  
when he said,  
"Let the little ones come unto me."

2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share of His love;  
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,  
I shall see Him and hear Him above,  
In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare,  
For all who are wash'd and forgiven;  
And many dear children are gathering there,  
For "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

3 But many dear children who wander and  
fall,  
Never heard of that heavenly home;  
I should like them to know there is room  
for them all,  
And that Jesus invites them to come:  
I long for the joy of that glorious time,  
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,  
When the dear little children of every clime,  
Shall crowd to his arms to be blest.

**35—7s.**

1 I AM not too young to die;  
Some have died as young as I,

Some who were as well and strong,  
Some who had not lived so long.

- 2 When I die where shall I go?  
To a world of joy or woe?  
Rise to heaven with God to dwell,  
Or for ever sink to hell?
- 3 God invites me from above,  
Jesus draws me by His love;  
For my sins his life he gave,  
Now he ever lives to save.
- 4 Jesus, save me by thy grace,  
Fit me for that holy place,  
Where with thee, when time is o'er,  
I may live, to die no more.

**36—P.M.**

- 1 How 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.

**37—8s.**

- 1 How 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 coats than I,  
Let me be dress'd 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 wove this beauteous dress,  
The robe of Jesus' 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.

**38**—11s.

- 1 How loving is Jesus,  
Who came from the sky,  
In tenderest pity,  
For sinners to die!  
His hands and his feet were nail'd to the  
tree,  
And all this He suffer'd for you and for 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.



The wounded look'd, the living praised,  
The dying found a cure.

3 Sinners who feel the deadly sting,  
And mourn their follies past,  
May now their sins and sorrows bring,  
And free salvation taste.

4 See Jesus crucified and slain,  
Behold Him raised on high;  
One look will save from endless pain,—  
O look, and never die.

#### 40—P.M.

1 THERE is a better world, we know,  
O so bright, O so bright !  
Where never enter sin or woe,  
O so bright, O so bright !  
And music fills the balmy air,  
And angels with bright wings are there,  
And harps of gold, and mansions fair,  
O so bright, O so bright !

2 And though we 're sinners every one,  
Jesus died, Jesus died ;

And though forlorn, condemn'd, undone,  
 Jesus died, Jesus died ;  
 We may be cleans'd from every stain,  
 We may be crown'd with peace again,  
 And in that land of pleasure reign,  
 Jesus died, Jesus died.

- 8 Then parents, sisters, brothers, come,  
 Come away, come away ;  
 'Tis time to seek that happy home,  
 Come away, come away ;  
 O come, the time is fleeting fast,  
 And men and things are gliding past ;  
 Our turn will surely come at last,  
 Come away, come away.

**41**—6.8s.

- 1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bears  
 The sin of all the world away ;  
 A servant's form he meekly wears,  
 He sojourns in a house of clay !  
 His thoughts, and words, and actions prove,  
 His life and death,—that God is love !

- 2 See where the God incarnate stands,  
And calls His wand'ring creatures home,  
He all day long spreads out His hands :  
" Come, weary souls, to Jesus come !  
Ye all may hide you in my breast ;  
Believe, and I will give you rest.
- 3 " Ah ! do not of my goodness doubt ;  
My saving grace for all is free ;  
I will in no wise cast him out  
That comes a sinner unto me ;  
I can to none myself deny ;  
Why, sinners, will ye perish, why ?"

## 42—L.M.

- 1 THE Shepherd, Jesus, kindly gave  
His precious life, the flock to save :  
Oh, may we hear and know His voice !  
And in His love alone rejoice.
- 2 When faint and trembling with alarms,  
Oh gather us within thine arms !  
Kind Shepherd, on thy gracious breast  
The weakest lamb may safely rest.

- 8 Lead us to pastures rich and green,  
Where thy free bounties e'er are seen ;  
There do thy gentle waters roll,  
To raise and cheer the thirsting soul.

**43**—L.M.

- 1 TO-MORROW—is it, do you say,  
That you intend to seek the Lord ?  
O, 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.

**44**—7s.

- 1 In the Leper here we see,  
Sinner, just a type of thee,  
Foul and filthy, full of sin,  
Vile without, and worse within.

- 2 Can a sinner, so impure,  
Ever hope to find a cure ?  
Yes, though so unclean, he may,  
By the one and only way.
- 3 Not by any human art  
Can a sinner cleanse his heart,  
Nor by any work or word,  
But by coming to the Lord.
- 4 He who made the leper whole,  
Is physician of the soul ;  
He has wisdom, grace, and skill,  
He *can* heal thee, and He *will*.
- 5 His almighty power is such,  
He to cure has but to touch ;  
He will cleanse thy soul from guilt,  
Through the precious blood He spilt.
- 6 Come to Him without a fee,  
For His grace and love are free ;  
He will all thy sins forgive,  
And will say, " Be clean and live."

- 7 Cleansing comes as quick as thought,  
When by Jesus it is wrought;  
'Tis a present perfect cure,  
And for ever will endure.
- 8 Let not Satan thee beguile,  
Come to Christ, however vile;  
He for sinners once was slain,  
And to save them lives again.

**45—C.M.**

- 1 SINNERS, who wander far from God,  
For you Christ suffered pain;  
For you He spilt His precious blood;  
And shall He bleed in vain?
- 2 Sinners, for you His life He paid;  
Your basest crimes He bore:  
Your sins on Him were fully laid,  
Oh, then, His name adore.
- 3 So full of love to earth He came,  
That you might come to heaven;  
Believe, believe on Jesus' name,  
And all your sin 's forgiven.

## 46—C.M.

- 1 GLORY to God, the angel said,  
    Good tidings, lo ! I bring ;  
In David's city lies a babe,  
    And Jesus is the king.
- 2 Glory to God, and peace on earth,  
    Good will to man is shown ;  
Let heavenly joy at Jesus' birth  
    Be through the nations known.
- 3 Glory to God, let man reply,  
    For Christ, the Lord, is come :  
Behold Him in a manger lie,  
    A stable is His home.
- 4 Glory to God, for love so mild,  
    How wonderful the plan !  
For Jesus once became a child,  
    To save rebellious man.
- 5 Glory to God,—let all the earth  
    Join in the heavenly song ;  
And praise Him for the Saviour's birth,  
    In every land and tongue.

**47—P.M.**

- 1 It is not too late  
 To Jesus to flee;  
 His mercy is great,  
 His pardon is free!  
 His blood has such virtue  
 For all who believe,  
 That nothing can hurt you,  
 If Him you receive.

**48—7s.**

- 1 Lo, at noon 'tis sudden night!  
 Darkness covers all the sky;  
 Rocks are rending at the sight;  
 Children, can you tell me why?  
 What can all these wonders be?  
 Jesus dies on Calvary.
- 2 Nail'd upon the cross, behold  
 How His tender limbs are torn;  
 For a royal crown of gold,  
 They have made Him one of thorn!  
 Cruel hands, that dare to bind  
 Thorns upon a brow so kind!

- 3 See! the blood is falling fast,  
From His forehead and His side!  
Hark! He now has breath'd His last!  
With a piercing cry he died!  
Children, can you tell me why  
Jesus condescends to die?
- 4 You are wretched, weak, and vile,—  
You deserve His holy frown;  
But He saw you with a smile,  
And to save you hasten'd down:  
Listen, children, this is why  
Jesus suffer'd agony.

## 49—7s.

- 1 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."

**50—C.M.**

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind  
Nail'd to the shameful tree!  
How vast the love that Him inclined  
To bleed and die for thee!
- 2 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;  
"Receive my soul," He cries:  
See where He bows His sacred head,  
He bows His head and dies.
- 3 But soon He broke death's cruel chains,  
With triumph He arose,  
And now, with glory crown'd, He reigns,  
Victorious o'er His foes.

## 51—L.M.

- 1 YE that pass by behold the man !  
The man of griefs condemned for you !  
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,  
Weeping to Calvary pursue.
- 2 See how His back the scourges tear,  
While to the bloody pillar bound,  
His holy body tortured there, [wound.  
See! how the blood streams from each
- 3 See there His temples crown'd with thorn,  
His bleeding hands extended wide,  
His streaming feet pierced through and torn,  
The fountain flowing from His side.
- 4 Where is the King of Glory now !  
The everlasting Son of God !  
For us He hangs His languid brow,  
And faints beneath sin's heavy load.
- 5 Beneath our load of guilt He dies,  
This fill'd His soul with pains unknown :  
This caused those awful groans and cries,  
This kill'd the Father's only Son !

**52—P.M.**

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,  
 'Tis Wisdom calls to thee ;  
 No longer now an exile roam,  
 In sin and misery.  
 Return, return.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,  
 'Tis Jesus speaks to thee ;  
 The Spirit and the Bride say, Come ;  
 O then, for refuge flee.  
 Return, return.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,  
 'Tis madness to delay ;  
 There are no pardons in the tomb,  
 And brief is mercy's day.  
 Return, return.

**53—8s.**

- 1 BEHOLD, the Redeemer is come !  
 He came with unspeakable love ;  
 Performing the wonderful plan  
 Devis'd in God's wisdom above.

- 2 Compassion and pity are join'd  
    In Jesus, the sinner's best friend ;  
The cripple, the deaf, and the blind,  
    The helpless, He deigns to attend.
- 3 The widow is made to rejoice ;  
    He speaks, and all creatures obey ;  
The dead hear His powerful voice,  
    And Satan's bereft of his prey.
- 4 The cities and villages hear  
    The Gospel He came to proclaim,  
The fruits of His labour appear,  
    And thousands rejoice in His name.
- 5 Then why do not sinners now flee  
    To Jesus for pardon and grace :  
There is mercy for you and for me,  
    For all who in truth seek His face.

**54**—8a.

- 1 WE sing of the realms of the blest,  
    That country so bright and so fair ;  
And oft are its glories confest,  
    But what will it be to be there ?

- 2 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 ?
- 3 We speak of its service of love,  
The robes which the glorified wear,  
The church of the first-born above,  
But what must it be to be there ?
- 4 Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,  
Our souls for thy presence prepare,  
And grant that we also may know,  
And taste of the joy that is there.

**55—C.M.**

- 1 O HAPPY land ! O happy land !  
Where saints and angels dwell ;  
We long to join that glorious band,  
And all their anthems swell :  
But every voice in yonder throng,  
On earth has breath'd a prayer :  
No lips untaught can learn the song,  
Or sing the music there.
-

- 2 The saints in light ! the saints in light !  
What joys to them are given ;  
Their robes are pure, their crowns are bright  
Their peaceful home is heaven :  
Their robes are cleans'd from every stain,  
By bleeding, dying love ;  
On earth they serv'd, and now they reign  
As kings and priests above.

**56—C.M.**

- 1 ON Calvary's cross the Saviour died,  
Then in the grave was laid ;  
But long He did not there abide,  
His power was soon displayed.
- 2 The massy stone—the watchful guard,  
Could not Him there confine ;  
He, like a mighty conquering Lord,  
Arose by power divine.
- 3 Thus to the human race He proved,  
He was the mighty God :  
And that the souls He freely loved,  
Were purchased by his blood.

## 57—78.

- 1 CHILDREN ! 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 !

**58—7s.**

- 1 WHO are they whose little feet,  
Pacing life's dark journey through,  
Now have reach'd the heavenly seat,  
They had learn'd to keep in view ?  
"I from Greenland's frozen land ;"  
"I from India's sultry plain ;"  
"I from Afric's burning 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 portal of the sky ;  
Each the welcome "come" awaits ;  
Conquerors over death and sin ;  
Lift your heads, ye golden gates !  
Let the little travellers in !

**59—C.M.**

- 1 LORD, teach a little child to pray,  
Thy early grace impart ;  
And grant thy Holy Spirit may  
Renew my infant heart.

- 2 A sinful creature I was born,  
And from my birth I strayed ;  
I must be wretched and forlorn,  
Without thy mercy's aid.
- 3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,  
And wash away their stain,  
And fit my soul with Him to live,  
And in His kingdom reign.
- 4 To Him let little children come,  
For He hath said they may ;  
His bosom, then, shall be their home,  
Their tears He'll wipe away.
- 5 For all who early seek His face  
Shall surely taste His love ;  
Jesus shall fit them by His grace,  
To dwell with Him above.

**60—7s.**

- 1 CHILDREN, think on Jesu's love,  
Who He was and what He bore ;  
He was one with God above,  
Blest o'er all for evermore.

- 2 Was His love not very great,  
When He left His throne on high,  
When He stooped to our low state,  
And on Calvary's cross did die?
- 3 See, He hangs bedewed in tears,  
Rack'd with torture—bathed in blood,  
Children, this for you He bears,  
'Tis to bring your souls to God.
- 4 May, then, all your future breath  
Rise to Him in praise and love;  
May you, through His pains and death,  
Reach His glorious throne above.

**61**—7s.

- 1 JESUS only He can give  
Peace and comfort while we live,  
Jesus only can supply  
Boldness if we're call'd to die;  
If in Him you now believe,  
He will then your soul receive,  
And He will your treasure be  
Here and through eternity.

## 62—8s.

- 1 How precious and pure is the truth !  
How simple and homely its words !  
'Tis suited for age and for youth,  
As shown in the type of the birds.
- 2 A bird of the air was to die,  
Instead of the leper unclean ;  
And Jesus, whose home was on high,  
Descended to suffer for sin.
- 3 The bird must be clean of its kind,  
Or else 'twere unfit to be slain ;  
And none could in Jesus e'er find  
A blemish, a spot, or a stain.
- 4 The bird in a vessel of earth  
Must yield up its blood and its breath ;  
And Jesus, of heavenly birth,  
In form as a man suffered death.
- 5 The blood of the bird that was slain,  
The living one bore to the sky,  
So Jesus, in rising again,  
The worth of His blood took on high.

- 6 The leper, with blood seven times,  
Was sprinkled to render him clean;  
So sinners are cleansed from their crimes,  
In blood which atoned for their sin.
- 7 We see then, how Jesus, the Just,  
Descended for sinners to die,  
And having accomplish'd His trust,  
Now lives to receive them on high.

**63—C.M.**

- 1 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 O! 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 still'd 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 O! well we know, it was the Lord ;  
Jesus, the sinner's friend,  
Whose care of those who trust His word  
Will never, never end.

## 64—C.M.

- 1 Oh! think upon the Saviour kind,  
As on the cross he hung ;  
And ask, what means that bitter cry  
From His most holy tongue?
- 2 'Twas not because the piercing nails  
His hands and feet had torn ;  
'Twas not because His blessed brow  
Had felt the wreathed thorn.
- 3 One false disciple had betrayed,  
And one his Lord denied ;  
And round Him stood the mocking crowd,  
His anguish to deride.
- 4 But deeper sorrows far, than these,  
The blessed Jesus knew ;  
For, ah! His soul was tasting then  
The death to sinners due.

- 5 'Twas then, that He, who knew no sin,  
    Stood in the sinners' place,  
Drank the fierce wrath of God, and felt  
    The hiding of His face.
- 6 He, the Divine Eternal Son,  
    The Holy One of God,  
Was treated as a cursed one,  
    Beneath the sinner's load.
- 7 He who, as man, had walked on earth  
    In God's unchanging smile,  
From this, the source of all His joy,  
    Was banished for awhile.
- 8 What caused the holy Son of God  
    To stoop so very low?  
What brought Him from His glory bright  
    To bear this weight of woe?
- 9 'Twas love, 'twas love to ruined man,  
    Whose sin He deigned to bear,  
That sinners, through His death of shame,  
    Eternal life might share.

- 10 For this did God most freely give  
His well-beloved Son;  
And naught could keep the Saviour back  
Until His work was done.
- 11 In risen glory now He dwells,  
The conqueror of the grave,  
His heart still yearning over those  
He came to seek and save.
- 12 Oh! can you doubt this Saviour's love,  
And hear Him plead in vain?  
Or seek, in earth's polluted streams,  
Your happiness to gain?
- 13 His word of grace is very nigh,  
This day it speaks to you;  
Believe, and you with joy shall find  
Its endless blessing true.

**65—8s.**

- 1 WHEN Lazarus, beloved of the Lord,  
Was sick, and seemed ready to die,  
His sisters to Jesus sent word,  
Who pitied, but never went nigh.

- 2 They waited in hope He would come,  
To save their dear brother from death ;  
But Jesus kept far from their home,  
Till Lazarus had yielded his breath.
- 3 How strange, that the Lord they so loved,  
On whom they had learnt to repose,  
Should seem at their sorrow unmoved,  
And leave them to death and its woes.
- 4 But, oh ! the Lord's love had not slept,  
Nor was He unable to save ;  
His love they beheld, when He wept ;  
His power was proved at the grave.
- 5 And though He let Lazarus die,  
It was only to raise him again,  
And brighten the sorrowful eye  
With joy, as the sun after rain.
- 6 How happy the feast must have been,  
They afterwards gave to the Lord ;  
The joy and the bliss of the scene  
Was the presence of Him they adored.

## 66—C.M.

- 1 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,  
Above that death-strewn sea,  
The God of grace had safely kept  
A little company.
- 3 And Noah as he looked abroad,  
Upon the 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 and 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 will be,  
When wrath is poured from heaven.

**67**—8.6.8.6.8.8.

- 1 BELIEVING children, *now* who die,  
Are laid beneath the ground,  
Though there they will not always lie,  
But till the trumpet sound ;  
Then they, through Jesus' 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.

**68**—C.M.

- 1 How vainly would you seek to hide  
From God's all-piercing view ;  
His eyes are as a flame of fire,  
To search you through and through.
- 2 Well may you tremble then to die,  
While sin is unforgiven ;  
For no uncleansed, unpardoned soul,  
Can dwell with God in heaven.
- 3 But listen to the gracious plan  
The gospel brings to view ;  
How God, the holy and the just,  
Became a Saviour too.
- 4 A new and living way to Him  
Was opened on the cross,
-

When Jesus suffered willingly  
The wrath deserved by us.

5 He loves to wash poor sinners clean  
In His most precious blood,  
And make them fit to stand in peace  
Before a holy God.

6 And these shall spend eternity  
Beneath their Saviour's smile;  
A brighter home than Eden theirs,  
Where nothing can defile.

69—P.M.

1 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 suffer'd 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?  
When He comes back to reign in glory so  
bright,  
The wicked He'll fill with despair ;  
But they who have loved Him will rise  
with delight  
To meet their dear Lord in the air.
-

## 70—C.M.

- 1 How happily the moments fled  
In Eden's garden fair ;  
For sin, the source of death and shame,  
Had never entered there.
  - 2 And man, the lord of that bright place,  
Could most of all rejoice  
To see his glorious Maker's face,  
To hear his Maker's voice.
  - 3 For nought that garden could afford  
Might be compared with this ;  
The holy presence of the Lord  
Was Adam's highest bliss.
  - 4 But when with Eve he disobeyed,  
The tempting fruit to eat,  
He hid himself and was afraid  
The Holy God to meet.
  - 5 And children, let me ask you why  
Your hearts are full of fear,  
To think you must, whene'er you die,  
Before God's face appear ?
-

6 'Tis *sin* that makes you thus afraid,  
Your conscience tells within ;  
For surely hath the Scripture said,  
"The sting of death is sin."

## 71—P.M.

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

- 4 '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.
- 5 Oh learn of Him now, for a glorious rest,  
And joys that will never decay,  
Are preparing for those who His name  
have confess'd,  
And learnt His commands to obey.

**72—C.M.**

- 1 THAT Shepherd who forsook a throne,  
Whom tenderest pity drew  
To seek such straying sheep as I,  
Such wandering lambs as you.
- 2 Who, for vile wretched man became  
The victim of the grave,  
Was stretched upon the bitter cross,  
And bow'd his head to save.
-

- 3 But, from the darkness of the grave,  
Ascending soon, He rose,  
And, high in heaven, now sits enthroned  
Triumphant o'er His foes.
- 4 There, rich in majesty divine,  
He pleads His sufferings past;  
And all who rest upon His blood,  
Shall dwell with Him at last.
- 5 To them a new and contrite heart  
Is by the Spirit given:  
They join the ransomed flock on earth,  
And joy with them in heaven.
- 6 Then haste and make the Lord your friend,  
And take Him for your guide;  
And never, never may your steps  
Stray from that Shepherd's side.

**73—C.M.**

- 1 The 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.
- 8 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 Jesus' 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.

#### 74—C.M.

1 GOD'S people once in Egypt were,  
A strange and foreign land ;  
By Pharaoh kept in bondage there,  
And ruled with iron hand.

2 He ordered that their little ones,  
Wherever they were found,  
Their new-born babes—their infant sons,  
Should every one be drowned.

3 The wife of Amram sought a way,  
Her little child to save ;  
For oh! what mother could obey  
The order Pharaoh gave?

- 4 Three months she hid her darling boy,  
Those months were quickly past;  
And well she knew her treasured joy  
She must give up at last.
- 5 She also knew that God was near,  
And He could give Her aid;  
And so, with mingled hope and fear,  
A little ark she made.
- 6 An ark of bulrushes, in which  
The babe might softly lie;  
And pitched it in and out with pitch,  
To keep it safe and dry.
- 7 Then, where the flags and rushes grew,  
Did she in faith repair;  
And in its bed so strange and new,  
She laid her infant there.
- 8 But who should, on that very day,  
Come to the river side,  
And with her maidens bend her way  
Just where the ark she spied?

- 9 King Pharaoh's daughter left her home,  
To seek the cooling wave ;  
She little thought that she had come  
A child from death to save.
- 10 She saw the ark, and wished to know  
What could therein be kept ;  
Her maidens opened it, and lo !  
An infant ! and it wept.
- 11 " It is a Hebrew child," she said ;  
And pity touched her heart ;  
She wished a nurse could there be led,  
To take the mother's part.
- 12 A girl, who had kept out of sight,  
Now ventured near to speak :  
She asked the princess if she might  
A Hebrew woman seek.
- 13 The princess gave her glad consent :  
The girl, half wild with joy,  
Then for her own dear mother went,  
To nurse her baby boy.

- 14 The princess called the child her own,  
And Moses he was named;  
But God to him His ways made known,  
And God his service claimed.
- 15 He gave up all to serve the Lord,  
And wise and learned grew;  
He lived, God's wonders to record,  
And work His wonders too.

**75**—7.6s.

- 1 ERE God had built the mountains,  
Or raised the fruitful hills;  
Before He fill'd the fountains  
That feed the running rills;  
In Me, from everlasting,  
The wonderful I AM,  
Found pleasures never wasting,  
And Wisdom is my name.
- 2 When like a tent to dwell in,  
He spread the skies abroad,  
And swathed about the swelling  
Of ocean's mighty flood;

He wrought by weight and measure,  
And I was with Him then ;  
Myself the Father's pleasure,  
And mine the sons of men.

3 Thus wisdom's words discover  
Thy glory and thy grace,  
Thou everlasting Lover  
Of our unworthy race !  
Thy gracious eye survey'd us  
Ere stars were seen above ;  
In wisdom thou hast made us,  
And died for us in love.

4 And couldst thou be delighted  
With creatures such as we,  
Who when we saw thee slighted,  
And nail'd thee to a tree ?  
Unfathomable wonder,  
And mystery divine !  
The voice that speaks in thunder  
Says, "Sinner, I am thine !"

## 76—C.M.

- 1 WISDOM! Jehovah's first delight,  
Thou everlasting Son!  
Before the great and mighty work,  
Creation, was begun,
- 2 Before the skies and watery clouds,  
Before the solid land,  
Before the fields, before the floods,  
Thou wast at His right hand!
- 3 When He adorn'd the arch of heaven  
And built it, thou wast there,  
To order where the sun should rise  
And marshal every star.
- 4 When ocean's bed was measured out,  
And spread the hoary deep,  
Thou gav'st the flood a firm decree  
In its own bounds to keep.
- 5 When, hung amid the empty space,  
The earth was balanced well,  
With joy thou saw'st the mansion where  
The sons of men should dwell.

6 Jesus! from everlasting days,  
Thy thoughts upon us ran;  
Ere sin was known, ere Adam's dust  
Was fashion'd into man.

**77—8.8.6.**

- 1 **THOUGH** all the beasts that live and feed  
Upon a thousand hills, should bleed—  
Though all their blood should flow,  
The sacrifice would be in vain,  
The stain of sin would still remain :  
Sin is not cancell'd so.
- 2 "A better sacrifice" than these  
It needs, the conscience to appease  
Or satisfy the Lord.  
No blood hath virtue to atone  
For man's offence, but His alone  
Whose title is "the Word."
- 3 His who could say, Himself the Son,  
'My Father and myself are one,'  
Who made the world around;

His who Jehovah's fellow stood,  
And claimed equality with God,  
Whose glory knows no bound.

- 4 Jesus the Christ, on earth His name,  
He came—in love to sinners came—  
And bow'd His head and died;  
A full atonement now is made,  
The ransom, by His death, is paid,  
And justice satisfied.

### 78—C.M.

- 1 CHRIST dwells on high and will He look  
Upon a little child?  
O yes, the Bible—precious book—  
Tells thee, He's meek and mild.
- 2 Christ sits enthron'd, and will He hear  
An infant voice like mine?  
Believe it, child, He's ever near,  
And listens now to thine.

- 3 Christ is in heaven, and can he see  
This hard and sinful heart?  
O yes, He promises to thee  
His Spirit to impart.
- 4 Christ died for men, but can I hope  
He'll sanctify my soul?  
He died for thee, He lives to bless—  
He'll make the broken whole.
- 5 This glorious Saviour will He grant  
A blessing while I wait?  
O yes, He will supply each want  
Now at His mercy-seat.
- 6 Lord, thou didst little children love,  
O wilt thou listen now?  
Yes, though thou dwell'st in heaven above,  
Thy heart is still below.

**79—C.M.**

- 1 God is in heaven; can He hear  
A little child like me?  
Yes, little child, thou need'st not fear,  
He'll listen e'en to thee.

- 2 God is in heaven; can He see  
When I am doing wrong?  
O yes, He can! He looks at thee  
All day and all night long.
- 3 God is in heaven; would He know  
If I should tell a lie?  
Yes, if thou said'st it soft and low,  
He'd hear it in the sky.
- 4 God is in heaven; does He care  
To help a child like me?  
Yes, all thou hast to eat and wear  
Thy God has given to thee.

**80**—C.M.

- 1 ADAM, by one transgression lost  
God's gifts and favours too;  
By him came death, with all its woes,  
Entailed on me and you.
- 2 But O! how gracious and how kind  
Was our Creator, God,  
To give His dear, His only Son,  
To bear our heavy load.

- 3 True pity and compassion dwelt  
In the Redeemer's breast,  
Who undertook the sinner's cause,  
To make us truly blest.
- 4 To Adam was God's grace foretold,  
The woman's promised seed ;  
And all, who in Immanuel trust,  
Are from destruction freed.

**81—L.M.**

- 1 WHY is my darling child afraid,  
At the loud noise the thunder made ?  
Why do you shrink and tremble so ?  
It is the voice of God, you know.
- 2 Why do you turn your head away,  
Rather than see the lightning play ?  
And put your hands before your eyes  
At every flash that lights the skies ?
- 3 *These are the arrows of the Lord,*  
Obedient to His will and word ;  
He holds them in His mighty hand,  
And swift they fly at His command.

- 4 'Tis sin that makes my child afraid,  
And fills your little soul with dread ;  
You do not feel your sins forgiven,  
And therefore fear the God of Heaven.
- 5 O could you lift your eyes above,  
And see that God indeed is love,  
And know Him as your Father too,  
You would not fear as now you do.
- 6 That blessed Jesus who was slain,  
Is Lord of thunder, wind, and rain ;  
Did you this loving Saviour know,  
You would not shrink and tremble so.

**82—7s.**

- 1 WHEN the Saviour dwelt below,  
Pity in His bosom reigned ;  
Sympathy He loved to show,  
Nor the meanest suit disdained.
- 2 Round Him throng'd the blind, the lame,  
Deaf and dumb, diseased, possessed,  
None in vain for healing came,  
All the Saviour freely blest.

- 3 He could make the leper whole ;  
Thousands at a meal He fed ;  
Winds and waves could He control ;  
By a word He raised the dead.
- 4 Listening sinners round Him pressed,  
While He taught the way to bliss ;  
Even enemies confessed,  
“ No man ever taught like this.”
- 5 Children once to Him were brought,  
His benignant power to prove ;  
Some disciples harshly thought  
Their intrusion to reprove:—
- 6 “ Suffer them to come,” said He,  
“ Hinder not their free access ;  
Children shall my kingdom see—  
Children I delight to bless.”

**83**—C.M.

- 1 THE Lamb of God ! O 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 little lamb is spotless too,  
Its wool is soft and clean;  
The Lamb of God is pure as snow,  
And undefiled from 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.

**84—8.7.**

- 1 LITTLE 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.

**85—S.M.**

- 1 **WHAT** though I'm but a child,  
And little can discern,  
Christ is a teacher meek and mild,  
And bids me come and learn.
- 2 **When** Jesus dwelt below,  
The infants He carress'd :  
He pray'd for them, and bless'd them too,  
And surely they were blest.
- 3 **Then** let me not delay  
To learn the road to heaven ;  
For Jesus tells me He's the way,  
And grace is freely given.

**86—C.M.**

- 1 **HAPPY** the home, when God is there,  
And love fills every breast ;  
Where one their wish, and one their prayer,  
And one their heavenly rest.
- 2 **Happy** the home where Jesus' name  
Is sweet to every ear ;

Where children early lisp His fame,  
And parents hold Him dear.

- 3 Happy the home, where prayer is heard,  
And praise is wont to rise ;  
Where parents love the sacred Word,  
And live but for the skies.

**87**—7s.

- 1 SHEPHERDS, keeping watch by night,  
Saw around a glorious light,  
Heard an angel then proclaim,  
“Christ is born in Bethlehem !”
- 2 Soon by many a heavenly tongue,  
“Glory be to God” was sung,  
“Peace on earth, good will to men,”  
Christ is born in Bethlehem !
- 3 Joyful tidings to mankind !  
Richest grace they now may find ;  
Children, too, this grace may claim,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem !

- 4 O! how great His grace and love,  
Thus to leave His throne above;  
Thus to bear our shame and sin,  
That He might our pardon win.

**88**—P.M.

- 1 THERE is a happy land,  
Far, far away,  
Where saints in glory stand.  
Bright, bright as day;  
Oh, how they sweetly sing,  
Worthy is our Saviour King!  
Loud let His praises ring;  
Praise, praise for aye.
- 2 Come to that happy land,  
Come, come away;  
Why will ye doubting stand?  
Why still delay?  
Oh, we shall happy be,  
When from sin and sorrow free—  
Lord, we shall 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.  
Oh, then, to glory run,  
Be a crown and kingdom won ;  
And bright above the sun,  
We reign for aye.

89—P.M.

- 1 THE sycamore tree by Zaccheus was  
climb'd,  
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 wish'd, 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,  
Tho' 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.

## 90—P. M.

- 1 THE King shall spread a costly feast in honour  
of His Son,  
And guests of any state or kind are welcomed  
every one;  
To each a wedding-garment is presented at the  
door,  
That all may enter fitly robed, however clad  
before.
- 2 Nor fear they that the King Himself their garb  
will disapprove,  
Since that which meets His royal eye is fur-  
nished by His love;  
And thus in perfect peace they sit when He  
comes in to see,  
And share the plenty of His board without  
anxiety.
- 3 But, lo! the King's quick glance descries one  
seated with the rest,  
Not in a wedding-robe like all his glad com-  
panions dressed;  
He, wretched one, had scorned to be enriched  
by grace alone,  
And ventured to the royal feast in garments of  
his own.
- 4 No word of vain excuse that trembler's guilty  
lips can bring,  
And forth to outer darkness he is sentenced by  
the King.

There naught can stay his flowing tears and  
 soothe his endless pain,  
 Or bring the day of slighted grace within his  
 reach again.

- 5 Come then, ye needy ones, and learn how perfect  
 is the grace,  
 Which meets unsought with free delight the  
 helpless sinner's case,  
 While those who still refuse to cast their filthy  
 rags aside,  
 Though gazing on the gospel feast must perish  
 in their pride.

**91**—8.6.8 6 8.8.

- 1 **WHEN** he, who hung by Jesus' side,  
 A cursed death to die,  
 Beheld in Him, though crucified,  
 The Son of God most high,  
 In hope of glory yet to be,  
 His prayer was, "Lord, remember me!"
- 2 That day of glory draweth nigh,  
 We cannot tell how near,  
 When Jesus, seen by every eye,  
 In judgment will appear.  
 Should you rejoice the Lord to see?  
 And could you cry, "Remember me?"

- 3 Ah! many a sinner fain would fly  
The terrors of His throne,  
Or, crushed by falling mountains, lie,  
Forgotten and unknown.  
Poor sinner, vain the wish to flee,  
His eye would still be fixed on thee.
- 4 But now the Saviour waiteth on,  
That sinners may be blest ;  
Hear how He speaks in gentlest tone  
To all by guilt opprest ;  
He says, " Thy sins I've covered o'er,  
I will remember them no more."
- 5 If you some heavy stone should drop  
Deep in the distant main ;  
You would not ever think or hope  
To see that stone again :  
'Tis thus the Lord explains to thee,  
Thy sins shall all forgotten be.
- 6 It is not that His holy eye  
Counts any sin as small,  
The least He never passes by,  
He knows and reckons all.

But Jesus' blood a pardon free  
Hath bought, poor trembling one, for thee.

- 7 Then in that day of coming doom,  
When all to Him shall bow,  
Thou shalt *with Him* to judgment come,  
One with the conqueror, thou,  
The sharer of His reign to be—  
He will, He will remember thee.

**92**—8s.

John i. 14.

- 1 How many titles of the Lord  
The pages of His book record !  
And thus in various points of view  
Present His love and glory too.
- 2 The thoughts of God, from all concealed,  
Are in His only Son revealed ;  
How justly then, as you have heard,  
That blessed One is named "the Word."
- 3 Himself, th' eternal living God,  
This earth in human form He trod,  
Unveiling thus to human eye  
The attributes of Deity.

- 4 In all His ways of patient grace  
The character of God we trace;  
In all His words and actions shine  
The light of holiness divine.
- 5 He read the thoughts of every heart,  
With sin He could not have a part,  
While every need that met His eye  
Drew forth His ready sympathy.
- 6 The power that raised the dead to life,  
The voice that calmed the tempest's strife,  
The heart that stooped our griefs to share,  
Alike proclaim that *God* was there.
- 7 But chiefly in the cross we trace  
His perfect holiness and grace,  
For there did Jesus fully prove  
That "God is light"—that "God is love."
- 8 And still He lives, th' incarnate Word,  
The risen man—th' exalted Lord!  
Expressing all the wondrous plan  
Of God's free grace to ruined man.

## 93—7s.

- 1 **SEE** the risen Saviour stand,  
Compass'd by His chosen band!  
Sad their loving hearts that day,  
Since their Lord must go away;  
Deeper yet their joy to know,  
Finished all His toil and woe,  
All His work for sinners done,  
Bright His crown of victory won.
- 2 Parting words He spake to cheer,  
Promising His presence near;  
Telling them of One to come,  
Caring for them in His room;  
Then in earnest, heavenly love,  
Blessing them, He went above,  
Still to guard their interests there,  
And for them a place prepare.
- 3 Few believed His glory then,  
But the Lord will come again,  
And His pierced feet shall yet  
Stand upon Mount Olivet.

Israel then shall own her King,  
Gentiles shall their tribute bring,  
And the name of Jesus be  
Magnified eternally.

**94**—C.M.

1 Samuel xxv.

- 1 WHEN David roamed through Israel's land,  
His rights by few discerned,  
Proud Nabal mocked the outcast's name,  
And his petition spurned.
- 2 But one there was whose loyal heart  
Rejoiced his claims to meet ;  
And with a plenteous, costly store  
She hastened to his feet.
- 3 Companion of his exile then  
She went his wrongs to share ;  
And when King David reached the throne,  
Partook his honours there.
- 4 But ah ! there is one blessed Name  
Still slighted and abhorred,

The name of earth's rejected King,  
Of David's Son and Lord.

5 Happy the few that own Him now,  
The living Lord who died;  
And choose their portion here below  
With Jesus crucified.

6 They wait to see Him face to face,  
Nor do they wait in vain;  
And they shall in His glory shine  
When Jesus comes again.

**95—C.M.**

1 NAAMAN was of noble birth,  
And served his master well;  
As sinners oft are famed for worth,  
And in the world excel.

2 Naaman was a leper foul,  
As leper well could be;  
And, sinner, as to state of soul,  
He's just a type of thee.

- 3 Naaman left his native land,  
Commended by his lord,  
And carrying in his lep'rous hand,  
A present and reward.
- 4 Naaman show'd a foolish thought  
In offering gifts and gold ;  
For favour ne'er of God was bought,  
Nor is salvation sold.
- 5 Naaman counted Jordan's flood  
A poor and paltry stream,  
And many think the Saviour's blood  
A vain and idle theme.
- 6 Naaman yielded—spite of pride ;  
He wash'd and he was clean :  
And they who Jesu's blood have tried,  
Have washed away their sin.
- 7 Naaman then went on his way,  
With joy and holy glee :  
And sinners saved, as well they may,  
Sing praises, Lord, to thee.

8 Poor lep'rous soul, no longer try,  
Nor trust to human skill,  
But come to Christ, to Him apply,  
He thee *can* heal and *will*.

## 96—C.M.

1 LIKE as the days of Noah were,  
So shall they also be,  
When Christ, the Son of man, shall come,  
Whom every eye shall see.

2 Before the flood, they ate, they drank,  
And married day by day ;  
And knew not, till the flood was come,  
And took them all away.

3 So now men live, and buy and sell,  
And peace and safety cry ;  
Not knowing, in their unbelief,  
The Son of man is nigh.

## 97—P.M.

- 1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven,  
Thousands of children stand :  
Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band,  
Singing glory, glory, glory.
- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white,  
See every one array'd :  
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 who 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 wash away their sin;  
Bathed in that precious purple 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;  
So now they see His blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb,  
Singing glory, glory, glory.

## 98—C.M.

- 1 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.

## 99—C.M.

- 1 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,  
The Saviour's eye 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.”

**100**—7s.

- 1 HARK! the wind, with boisterous roar,  
Makes the sea to foam and rave;  
Billows dash against the shore,  
Threatening death in every wave.
- 2 See the rain in torrents come,  
Darkness overspreads the sky;  
Wretched they who have no home,  
Where for shelter can they fly?
- 3 This is sad; but who can paint  
Half the terrors of that day,  
When the stoutest heart shall faint,  
And in vain for shelter pray?

- 4 Then will be a storm indeed,  
Dreadful far beyond compare ;  
Oh, then, now to Christ, with speed,  
Fly, and find a refuge there.
- 5 Precious Ark ! in Thee the soul  
Is secure from every harm ;  
Storms may threaten, billows roll,  
'They shall not produce alarm.
- 6 Oh! what mercy, love, and grace,  
Dwell in Christ, the sinner's friend ;  
All who seek that hiding-place  
Are kept in safety to the end.

**101—L.M.**

- 1 In little Samuel of old  
You see a lamb within that fold,  
To which there was an open door  
For him, and you, and thousands more.
- 2 In little Samuel you 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 all around him saw a child  
Gentle to others, meek and mild;  
Because the Spirit from above  
Had early taught him, God was love.

### 102—L.M.

1 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,  
"Give me salvation full and free,"  
Had been her own most 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 to you;  
Come unto Him, believe His word,  
And you shall love and praise Him too.

**103—L.M.**

- 1 JESUS, who lived above the sky,  
Came down to be a man and die;  
And in the Bible we may see  
How very good he used to be.

- 2 He went about, He was so kind,  
To cure poor people who were blind;  
And many who were sick and lame,  
He pitied them, and did the same.
- 3 And more than that, He told them too,  
The things that God would have them do;  
And was so gentle and so mild,  
He would have listened to a child.
- 4 But such a cruel death He died!  
He was hung up and crucified;  
And those kind hands that did such good,  
They nailed them to a cross of wood.
- 5 And so He died! and this is why  
He came to be a man and die:  
The Bible says He came from heaven,  
That we might have our sins forgiven.
- 6 He knew how wicked men had been,  
And knew that God must punish sin;  
So out of pity Jesus said,  
He'd bear the punishment instead.

## 104—P.M.

- 1    HERE'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 His own daughters and sons.
- 3    And then when 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 O! what delight,  
In heaven so bright,  
To see the dear Saviour's face:  
On His beauty to gaze,  
And sing to His praise,  
For ever in that happy place.

## 105—C.M.

- 1 God has a family on earth  
Of daughters and of sons,  
His Holy Spirit gave them birth,  
They are His little ones.
- 2 He watches over them for good,  
And hears their feeblest cries;  
He gives them house, and clothes, and food,  
Yea, all their wants supplies.
- 3 He knows their weak and tender frame,  
Pities their griefs and fears,  
And calls them every one by name,  
And wipes away their tears.

- 4 To what the Lamb of God has done,  
They all their blessings owe ;  
'Tis for the sake of His dear Son  
The Father loves them so.

**106—C.M.**

- 1 AND was the Saviour once a child,  
A little child like me ?  
And was he humble, meek, and mild,  
As little ones should be ?
- 2 O why did not the Son of God  
Come as an angel bright ?  
And why not leave His fair abode,  
To come with power and might ?
- 3 Because He came not then to reign,  
As sovereign here below ;  
He came to save our souls from sin  
Whence all our sorrows flow.
- 4 And did the Son of God most high,  
Consent a man to be ?  
And did that blessed Saviour die  
For sinners such as we ?

- 5 And did my Saviour freely give  
His life for sinful men ?  
What! did He die that we might live?  
O, how He loved us then!

**107—L.M.**

- 1 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.

6 Greater than Solomon is He  
Who died for sinners on the tree ;  
Oh ! children, then, to Jesus go,  
He is the One 'tis life to know.

### 108—C. M.

1 HAPPY the children who betimes  
Have learn'd to know the Lord !  
Who through His grace escape the crimes  
Forbidden in His word :

2 Who early, by a living faith,  
Have deep foundation laid  
In Jesu's sin-atoning death :  
Such need not be afraid.

3 Should they be early hence removed,  
He will their souls receive ;  
For they who Jesus here have loved,  
With Him shall ever live.

**109—C.M.**

- 1 **BEHOLD** the spotless Lamb of God !  
Behold Him on the tree ;  
Beneath Jehovah's wrath and rod,  
O, sinner, come and see.
- 2 See Him consumed with holy fire,  
A sacrifice for sin ;  
The victim of Jehovah's ire,  
Though clean and pure within.
- 3 Behold Him buried in the cave,  
And see Him rise again ;  
For never could the yawning grave  
The Lord of life retain.
- 4 Now view Him on the throne of grace,  
The glorious great I AM ;  
While every feature of His face  
Proclaims Him still the Lamb.
- 5 The sword of wrath is sheathed now,  
And mercy reigns above ;  
The crown which now surrounds His brow  
Is one of grace and love.

- 6 He has eternal life to give,  
To sinners young and old;  
Then look upon the Lord and live,  
The Lamb of God behold!

**110—C.M.**

- 1 COME, let us search God's holy word,  
And see what we can find  
About that loving, gracious Lord,  
The Saviour of mankind.
- 2 See there how humble was His birth,  
No bed but straw or hay,  
Though He was Lord of all the earth,  
He in a manger lay.
- 3 So lowly was He at the first;  
And as He older grew,  
Cold, hunger, weariness, and thirst,  
The Lord of glory knew.
- 4 But poor and outcast as He seem'd,  
His mighty actions showed,  
Though little by the world esteem'd,  
He was the Son of God.

- 5 He healed the sick, and raised the dead;  
The deaf and blind He cured;  
At His command the devils fled,  
The sea obeyed His word.
- 6 And when He was by sinners' hands  
Scourged, crucified, and slain,  
He brake asunder all their bands,  
And rose to life again.

**111—L.M.**

- 1 I WOULD a little pilgrim be,  
Resolved alone to follow Thee,  
Thou Lamb of God, who now art gone  
Up to the everlasting throne.
- 2 I would my heart to Thee resign,  
Thine only be, O be Thou mine!  
The world I'd leave, and foolish play,  
Run up to Thee—the shining way.
- 3 My lips would be employed to bless;  
The Lord shall be my righteousness;  
My joy to serve, and praise, and love,  
And then to reign with Him above.

**112—7s.**

- 1 CHRIST 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;  
Oh! to love Him, is to be  
Rich to all eternity.

**113—L.M.**

- 1 THIS is the day of glorious news,  
As well for Gentiles as for Jews;  
The happy day on which 't was 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 appear'd  
As many children may have heard.

8 Let all who love the Lord rejoice,  
And bless His name with cheerful voice.  
This day is ours His praise to speak,  
The first and best of all the week.

**114—L.M.**

- 1 BEHOLD the sin-atonng Lamb,  
With wonder, gratitude, and love:  
To do His Father's will on earth,  
See him descending from above.
- 2 When grief and sin on Him were laid,  
Hé meekly bore the heavy load;  
The ransom price He fully paid  
Of all who ever trust His blood.
- 3 To save poor, guilty souls He dies,  
For such He sheds His precious blood;  
To Him, in faith, lift up your eyes—  
Children, behold the Lamb of God.
- 4 Pardon and peace through Him abound,  
He can the richest blessings give;  
Salvation in His name is found,  
He bids the dying sinner live.

## 115—P.M.

- 1 GOD 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 ruin'd 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.”

**116—8.7s.**

- 1 THERE is a name, the name of Jesus,  
Far above all other names ;  
All in heaven delight to hear it,  
All delight to own its claims.
- 2 Ruin'd sinners, learn its meaning,  
And rejoice with those above,  
Find it more than all things precious,  
Taught of God that name to love.
- 3 Many name the name of Jesus,  
Strangers to its power still :  
Who are they that love Him truly ?  
He who reads the heart can tell.

**117—P.M.**

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,  
Well deserves the name of friend ;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end :  
They who once His kindness prove,  
Find it everlasting love.

- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,  
    Could or would have shed His blood,  
But the Saviour died to have us  
    Reconciled in Him to God :  
This was boundless love indeed ;  
Jesus is a friend in need.

**118—L.M.**

1. 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.*”

**119—L.M.**

- 1 **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 in a stable was He born,  
Who was the Lord of earth and sky ?  
The object of reproach and scorn,  
Why did He suffer, weep, and sigh ?
- 3 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 ?
- 4 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 ?
- 5 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.

**120**—7s.

- 1 **JESUS** is the Saviour's name  
Down from heaven in love He came;  
He redeemed our sinful race,  
Suffering in the sinner's place.
- 2 What a costly sacrifice!  
See upon the cross he dies!  
There he bore our sins away  
On the great atoning day!

**121**—6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1 **THE** fountain's open still,  
It cries, Who ever will,  
The weakest and the worst,  
O 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 shed His precious 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 those waters by,  
Or else you'll surely die ;  
But freely drink, as those who know  
Jesus the fount from whence they flow.

**122**—8.7s.

1 **WHAT** a strange and wondrous story  
From the Book of God is read,  
How the Lord of life and glory  
Had not where to lay his head.

- 2 How He left His throne in heaven,  
Here to suffer, bleed, and die;  
That our souls might be forgiven,  
And ascend to God on high!

**123—C.M.**

- 1 How carefully the shepherds keep  
The 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 Jesus' fold  
Are purchased with His blood.
-

**124—C.M.**

- 1 While humble shepherds watch'd their flocks  
In Bethlehem's fields, by night,  
An angel sent from heaven appear'd,  
And fill'd the plains with light.
- 2 "Fear not," he said, (for sudden dread  
Had seized their troubled mind;)  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind:—
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day  
Is born of David's line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord:  
And this shall be the sign:—
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed;  
All meanly wrapt in swaddling bands,  
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God; and thus  
They sang their joyful song:—

- 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
And on the earth be peace!  
Goodwill to men is shown by Heaven,  
And never more shall cease."

**125—L.M.**

- 1 God is so good, that he will hear  
Whenever children humbly pray;  
He always lends a gracious ear  
To what the youngest child can say.
- 2 His own most holy book declares,  
He loves poor little children still;  
And that He'll hear their feeble prayers,  
Just as a tender father will.
- 3 He will not scorn an infant tongue,  
That thanks Him for His mercies given;  
And when by babes His praise is sung,  
Their cheerful songs ascend to heaven.
- 4 When little children trust His word,  
And seek Him for their friend and guide;  
Their little voices will be heard,  
And they will never be denied.

**126—C.M.**

- 1 **WHAT** 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 Jesus' blood,  
Which makes the vilest clean.

**127—C.M.**

- 1 SEE where the gentle Jesus reigns  
In little children's souls;  
There the sweet law of *love* constrains,  
And *grace* alone controls.
- 2 The blessed light of truth divine  
He doth to each impart,  
And pours the gospel oil and wine  
On every wounded heart.
- 8 Jesus, the Lord is full of love,  
How mild are all His ways;  
He hears His children's prayers above,  
And loves their notes of praise.
- 4 Through life He guides them by His word,  
And if they come to die,  
Loosens the little silver cord,  
And lets the spirit fly.

- 5 Thus from the gloomy world they rise,  
To Jesus borne along,  
And then above the starry skies,  
They join the heavenly throng.
- 6 There they behold the Saviour's face,  
The Lamb who died for them,  
And sing the wonders of His grace  
Who did their souls redeem.
- 7 And there they dwell for evermore,  
Before Immanuel's throne,  
And love, and worship, and adore,  
The holy Three in One.

**128—7s.**

- 1 "SEARCH the Scriptures," Jesus said,  
"Where eternal life ye see;  
These your study should be made,  
For they testify of Me."
- 2 Search the Scriptures, day or night,  
Mines of knowledge they contain,  
All who search therein aright,  
Stores of heavenly wisdom gain.

- 3 Search the Scriptures evermore,  
With a docile, humble mind;  
Light and aid from heaven implore,  
All their hidden wealth to find.
- 4 Search the Scriptures: here alone  
Truth is found, from error free,  
They will make salvation known,  
They your guide to heaven will be.
- 5 Search the Scriptures, young and old,  
Hide their precepts in your heart:  
Half their worth can ne'er be told;  
*Endless* blessings they impart.

**129—8.8.6.**

- 1 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 bless 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.

### 130—C.M.

- 1 THE Lord attends when children pray;  
A whisper He can hear;  
He knows not only what we say,  
But what we wish or fear.
- 2 'Tis not enough to bend the knee,  
And words of prayer to say;  
The *heart* must with the lips agree,  
Or else we do not pray.

- 8 He sees us when we are alone,  
Though no one else can see,  
And all our thoughts to Him are known,  
Whatever they may be.

**131—S.M.**

- 1 I, JESUS, am the Door,  
The sole escape from sin;  
Stand not without, ye sick and poor,  
But boldly enter in.
- 2 Seek shelter from the storm,  
From sin and Satan flee;  
My Father's heart with love is warm,  
His house to sinners free.
- 3 Here's clothing for the poor,  
And food for those who faint,  
With oil, and wine, and balm in store,  
For every sad complaint.
- 4 Affection is the tie  
Which binds the souls above;  
In heaven all is harmony,  
And all its life is love.

- 5 Poor sinner, cease to roam,  
Come, rest for evermore;  
Take heaven for your happy home,  
O! enter *now* the Door.

**132**—7s.

- 1 WHEN the Lord was crucified  
Two transgressors with Him died!  
One with vile blaspheming tongue  
Scoffed at Jesus as he hung.
- 2 But the other, touched by grace,  
Saw the danger of his case;  
Faith received to own the Lord,  
Whom the scribes and priests abhorr'd.
- 3 "Lord," he prayed, "remember me,  
When in glory thou shalt be!"  
Soon with me, the Lord replies,  
Thou shalt rest in paradise.
- 4 This was wondrous grace indeed,  
Grace vouchsafed in time of need;  
When they trust in Jesus' name,  
Children find Him still the same.

**133—8.7.**

- 1 As the serpent raised by Moses  
    Healed the fiery serpent's bite,  
Jesus thus Himself discloses  
    To the wounded sinner's sight.
- 2 Hear His gracious invitation—  
    “I have life and peace to give—  
I have wrought out full salvation:  
    Sinner, look to me and live.
- 3 Dwell upon your sins no longer,  
    Well I know their mighty guilt;  
But my love than death was stronger,  
    I my blood have freely spilt.
- 4 Though your heart has long been hardened,  
    Look to me—it soft shall grow;  
All your sins shall then be pardoned  
    I will wash you white as snow.”

**134—C.M.**

- 1 YOUNG children were to Jesus brought,  
    His blessing to obtain;

And never was His blessing sought  
By old or young in vain.

2 "Let little children come to me,  
Nor from my arms be driven;  
For these, and such as these, shall be  
The heirs of God in heaven.

3 Forbid them not to ask my grace,  
Though with a feeble tongue;  
Forbid them not to seek my face,  
They cannot be too young."

4 Then in His arms the babes He took,  
And blessed, and prayed for each;  
O, what compassion in His look!  
What mercy in his speech!

**135—S.M.**

1 CHRIST once was found with men,  
A man of sorrows He;  
He bore His people's sentence then,  
He bore it on the tree.

2 He suffered in their stead,  
He saved His people thus ;  
The curse that fell upon His head,  
Was due, by right, to us.

3 'Twas love that brought Him down,  
The purest, strongest love ;  
He bore the cross, He won the crown,  
And now He reigns above.

**136—8s.**

- 1 THE mighty God that reigns on high,  
Inhabiting eternity,  
Who makes the heav'n of heav'ns His throne,  
The holy, high, and lofty One.
- 2 Before the splendour of whose rays  
The brightest angel veils his face,  
While all the host with one accord  
Cry, Holy, holy, holy Lord !
- 3 This God (so wondrous is His love)  
Stoops to behold the things above :  
But lower still that love can go,  
And stoops to visit man below.

- 4 His royal state aside He laid,  
Came down to earth, a man was made,  
To make lost men the sons of God,  
And pay the debt the sinner owed.

**137**—6.6.8.6.

- 1 "God knows the works of all,"  
In secret though they be ;  
And every sin, however small,  
His holy eye can see.
- 2 This is a fearful thought,  
To all who look within,  
And know how much their hearts are fraught  
With every kind of sin.
- 3 Yet is there mercy too,  
"Ask, and it shall be given,"  
God offers grace to all—to you,  
Pardon, and peace, and heaven.

**138**—C.M.

- 1 JESUS was once despised and low,  
A stranger and distressed ;

Without a home to which to go,  
Or pillow where to rest.

2 Now on a bright exalted seat,  
He reigns above the sky;  
And angels worship at His feet,  
Or at His bidding fly.

3 Once He was bound with prickly thorns,  
And scoffed at in His pain;  
Now a bright crown His head adorns,  
And soon He 'll reign again.

### 139—C.M.

1 NOR eye has seen, nor ear has heard,  
Nor sense, nor reason known,  
What joys the Father has prepared  
For those that love the Son.

2 Pure are the joys above the sky,  
And all the region peace;  
No lying lips, nor envious eye,  
Can see or taste the bliss.

3 Those holy gates for ever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame ;  
None shall obtain admittance there,  
But followers of the Lamb.

4 He keeps the Father's book of life,  
There all their names are found ;  
The hypocrite in vain shall strive  
To tread the heavenly ground.

**140**—7s.

John viii. 82.

1 WELCOME news the gospel brings,  
Welcome news from heaven above,  
Tidings from the King of kings,  
Tidings full of grace and love.

2 Let the sons of men give ear !  
Listening to the "joyful sound :"  
Better news no man can hear ;  
In the gospel, Truth is found.

3 *Truth to make the simple wise ;*  
*Truth the hungry ones to feed ;*

Truth, the minister of joys,  
 Truth to make man free indeed.

**141**—6.6.8.6.

- 1 JESUS inviteth near  
 The vilest of our race;  
 And bids the greatest sinner hear  
 The word of life and grace.
- 2 Where sin and sickness dwelt,  
 The Great Physician came,  
 And all around His pity felt,  
 The deaf, the blind, the lame.
- 3 Now to life's utmost end  
 He sends to let man know  
 That He is still the sinner's friend,  
 But sin's eternal foe.

**142**—8.6.8.6.8.8.

Daniel iii. and vi.

- 1 GOOD Daniel would not cease to pray  
 With all his foes in view ;

He called on God three times a day,  
As he was used to do :  
Nor feared the powers of wicked men,  
Who put him in the lions' den.

2 Nor was he of those beasts afraid,  
Though ready to devour ;  
The Lord his God, to whom he prayed,  
Preserved him from their power :  
The hungry lions did not dare  
To touch the holy prophet there.

3 And thus the Lord did once preserve  
The faithful Jews of old ;  
Who did not dare bow down and serve  
The image made of gold :  
For, as they feared His holy name,  
He saved them from the burning flame.

### 143—8.7.

1 "It is finished," sinners, hear it,  
'Tis the dying victor's cry ;  
"It is finished !" angels, bear it,  
Bear the joyful truth on high :

“ It is finished ! ”

Tell it through the earth and sky !

- 2 Justice, from her awful station,  
Bars the sinner's peace no more ;  
Justice views with approbation  
What the Saviour did and bore.  
Grace and mercy  
Now display their boundless store.
- 3 Hear the Lord Himself declaring  
All performed He came to do,  
Sinners, in yourselves despairing,  
This is joyful news to you ;  
Jesus speaks it,  
His are faithful words and true.
- 4 “ It is finished ! ” all is over,  
Yes, the cup of wrath is drained,  
Such the truth these words discover,  
Thus the victory was obtained—  
’Tis a victory  
None but Jesus could have gained.

**144—C.M.**

*By a little Boy just ten years of age.*

- 1 "Lov'st thou not me?" the Saviour said,  
"I died for thee, for thee;  
Captivity, I captive led,  
And yet lov'st thou not me?"
- 2 "I am thy Lord!—in heaven I reign,  
I came from heaven for thee;  
Returned, a glorious crown to gain,  
And yet lov'st thou not me?"
- 3 "I hung upon the accursed cross,  
And there I bled for thee,  
To purge away thy sinful dross,  
And yet lov'st thou not me?"
- 4 "Lov'st thou not me?" the Saviour said,  
I agonized for thee,  
Captivity, I captive led,  
Oh sure thou must love me!"