

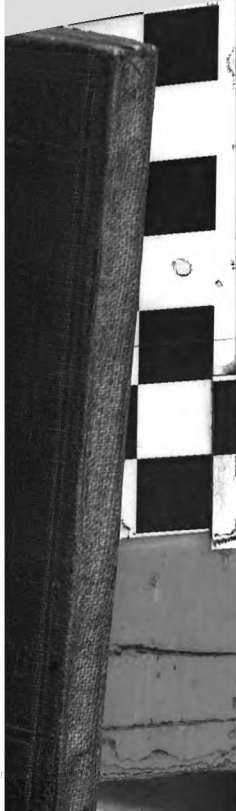
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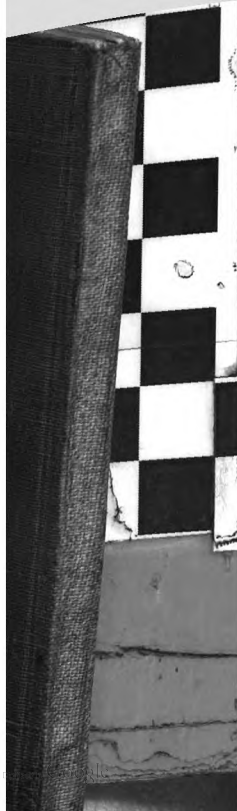
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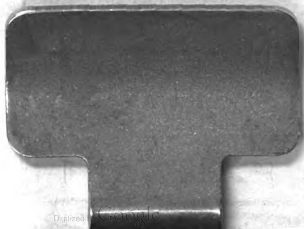




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THE

*Practical*

HYMN BOOK FOR  
YOUTH.

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NEW EDITION.

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LONDON:

J. MORRISH, 24, WARWICK LANE.

FOR A SCHOOL GATHERING.

CHILDREN raise your cheerful voices.  
Teachers swell the cheerful strain!  
Now our Sunday School rejoices,  
As once more we meet again.  
Months have passed, and mercies many  
Have been granted by the Lord,  
Yet we have deserved not any,  
"He is faithful,"—blessed word.

2 In our school we learn of heaven,  
Learn how we may enter there—  
Born anew—all sin forgiven—  
Perfect happiness to share.  
Then while sweet to see each other,  
With one voice the song to raise;  
Let us ask each sister, brother,  
Shall our lips in glory praise?

3 Children, shall we meet in glory?  
Teachers, shall we rest above?  
Shall *all* tell the gracious story,  
Where God reigns in perfect love?  
May *all* meet and sing for ever,  
With the ransom'd keep the feast,  
Ne'er to part, no, never, never,  
From the greatest to the least.



# HYMNS.

1

P.M.

JESUS, when He left the sky,  
And for sinners came to die,  
In His mercy pass'd not by  
Little ones like me.

2 Mothers then the Saviour sought  
In the places where He taught,  
And to Him their children brought,  
Little ones like me.

3 Did the Saviour say them nay?  
No, He kindly bid them stay,  
Suffer'd none to turn away—  
Little ones like me.

4 'Twas for them His Life He gave,  
To redeem them from the grave—  
Jesus died, from hell to save  
Little ones like me.

2

8,7,4.

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

McLaur's Hymns

2 Soon again He'll come from heaven,  
And the morning draweth nigh,  
When He'll take His saints to glory,  
And amongst them you and I,  
If to Jesus [nigh  
We, through grace, have been brought

3 Yes, believing on the Saviour,  
We shall meet Him in the sky;  
Sinners saved shall crowd around Him,  
Sinners such as you and I.  
Come, ye children,  
To the Cross for refuge fly.

3 JESUS from the glory came,  
Ever blessed be His name!  
Came to die for sinful men,  
Then went back to heaven again. 7s.

2 What a mercy 'tis to know,  
Jesus loveth sinners so;  
What a mercy 'tis to prove  
Young in years the Saviour's love.

4 8, 7s.

JESUS calls to you, dear children,  
And His words are words of love:

"Come to Me, receive My blessing,—  
Come to Me, and live above."

"But," you say, "He lives in heaven.  
How can I approach Him there?"

Listen then to what He utters—  
Thus His gracious words declare ;—

3 “For my love to ruined sinners  
To this wretched world I came,  
Here I died to make atonement,  
Justice now no more to claim.

4 “Children now in me believing  
Everlasting life receive ;  
Come, in faith, to Me for pardon—  
I have died that thou may'st live.”

5 P.M.

ONE there is above all others,  
Oh, how He loves !  
His is love beyond a mother's,  
Oh, how He loves !  
Earthly friends may fail or leave thee,  
One day soothe, the next day grieve thee,  
But this Friend will ne'er deceive thee,  
Oh, how He loves !

2 Come, dear child, 'tis Jesus calls thee,  
Oh, how He loves !  
Happy then whate'er befalls thee,  
Oh, how He loves !  
E'er so sweet thy fondest pleasure,  
Jesu's love will that out-measure,  
'Tis a boundless, untold treasure,  
Oh, how He loves !



3 All thy sins shall be forgiven,  
Oh, how he loves !  
Backward all thy foes be driven,  
Oh, how he loves !  
Every blessing He'll provide thee,  
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,  
Safe to glory He will guide thee.  
Oh, how He loves !

6

P.M.

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 His blood makes them,  
And how that God takes them,  
To be His own daughters and sons.

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

**A**ND 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 And I, a little straying lamb,  
May come to Jesus as I am,  
Though goodness I have none;  
May now be folded to His breast,  
And there for ever gently rest,  
And be His little one.

3 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."

**J**ESUS, Saviour, bow Thine ear,  
Deign a little child to hear:  
I am poor and frail, and weak;  
Make me humble, lowly, meek.

2 Purify my sinful heart,  
Make me holy as Thou art,  
That, from evil passions free,  
I may live to honour Thee.

9 [DURING WORSHIP.] C.M.

**W**HAT can be said of that dear child  
Who loves to talk and play,  
When those who love the Lord are met  
To worship or to pray?

2 O 'tis a very solemn thing,  
So unconcerned to be,  
When other hearts are bowed in awe  
And true solemnity.

3 The promised presence of the Lord  
Is where His people meet; [praise  
'Tis this which makes their prayer and  
So blessed and so sweet.

4 Then, child, with deep attention sit,  
Nor idly talk or play;  
For Jesus sees you all the while,  
And hears whate'er you say.

5 And O, He waits with loving heart—  
The faithful and the true,  
That you may give your heart to Him,  
And sweetly worship too!

10 C.M.

**H**OW carefully the shepherds keep  
Their flocks within their sight;  
So Jesus watches o'er His sheep,  
And guards them day and night.

2 The shepherd numbers twice a day  
The flocks 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.

11

C.M

**T**HOUGH I am young, I have a soul,  
The world can never buy ;  
And while eternal ages roll,  
It will not, cannot die.

2 For it must soar to worlds on high,  
Where happy spirits dwell ;  
Or buried with the wicked, lie  
Deep in the grave of hell.

12

C.M.

**H**OW long sometimes a day appears,  
And weeks how long are they ;  
Months move as slow as if the years  
Would never pass away.

2 Both months and years are passing by,  
And soon must all be gone.  
For day by day, as minutes fly,  
Eternity comes on.

3 Days, months, and years must have an end,  
Eternity has none;  
'Twill always have as long to spend,  
As when it first begun.

4 Great God! an infant cannot tell  
How such a thing can be;  
I only pray that I may dwell  
That long, long time with Thee.

13

11s.

CHRIST "could not be hid," for the  
sinner would haste  
Behind Him to weep at the Pharisee's  
feast,  
To wipe with her hair, when she'd washed  
with her tears,  
His feet, who had loved her and silenced  
her fears.

2 Christ "could not be hid," for the blind  
and the lame  
His love and His power would together  
proclaim:  
The dumb would speak out, and the deaf  
would recall [all.  
The name of that Jesus who healed them

- 3 Christ "could not be hid," for around  
 Him would press  
 The children of sorrow, of pain, and dis-  
 tress:  
 And faith, by the hem of His garment,  
 would prove  
 What virtue there issued from Him who  
 is Love.
- 4 Christ "could not be hid," for the widow  
 of Nain [again;  
 Would point to the son, now restored her  
 Would say 'twas His love, His compassion  
 and grace, [embrace.  
 Gave back that lost son to a mother's
- 5 Christ "could not be hid," for the multi-  
 tude fed  
 Would tell 'twas His bounty procured for  
 them bread;  
 No hand could have multiplied thus  
 thousandfold,  
 But His who provided the manna of old.
- 6 Christ "could not be hid," for hark, hark  
 to that shout, [out;  
 "Hosanna! hosanna!" the children cry  
 For us, O! how blessed, though some  
 would have hid,  
 That Jesus the Saviour can never be hid.

14

C.M.

**H**OW many children say their prayers  
 Who never, never pray,  
 Because they know not Him who is  
 The Life, the Truth, the Way.

- 2 'Tis only they who know the Lord,  
 And trust in Jesu's blood,  
 Can with acceptance offer prayer,  
 Or can approach to God.

15

C.M.

**I**S 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 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."

16

C.M.

**W**HAT found I in the year that's past,  
 To make my heart forget  
 That this, perhaps, may be my last,  
 Although in childhood yet?

2 For little ones, still less than I,  
 Their short-lived course have run,  
 Who never, never thought to die,  
 When first the year begun.

3 Their faces rosy, just like mine,  
 Their voices glad and gay;  
 They did not show a single sign  
 Of fading thus away.

4 But I am left while they are gone;  
 Oh! shall we meet again,  
 And on the resurrection morn  
 Eternal joys obtain?

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

17

P.M.

**T**HERE is a glorious kingdom,  
 A kingdom bright and fair;  
 And many little children  
 Shall see the great King there.



Yes, children, children, are in that glorious  
kingdom,  
That kingdom, that kingdom, that kingdom  
bright and fair.

2 Oh, in that glorious kingdom,  
And on that radiant throne,  
Shall reign the blessed Saviour—  
‘With all who are His own.  
Yes, children, children, are in that glorious  
kingdom,  
That kingdom, that kingdom, that kingdom  
bright and fair.

3 There shall they lift their voices,  
In praises loud and sweet,  
And cast their crowns of victory  
Down at their Saviour’s feet.  
Of victory, of victory, their crowns, their  
crowns of victory,  
Of victory, of victory, their crowns at Jesus’  
feet.

4 Come all who love that kingdom—  
That kingdom bright and fair;  
Repent and flee to Jesus,  
And dwell for ever there.  
And praise Him, praise Him, for ever in  
that kingdom,  
That kingdom, that kingdom, that kingdom  
bright and fair.

18

C.M.

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

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

19

P.M.

**Y**ES, dear child, a voice from heaven,  
 Speaks a pardon full and free;  
 Come, and thou shalt be forgiven;  
 Boundless mercy flows for thee—  
 Even thee.

2 See the healing fountain springing  
 From the Saviour on the Tree,  
 Pardon, peace, and cleansing bringing,  
 Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee—  
 Even thee.

15

- 3 Hear His love and mercy speaking,  
 "Come and lay thy soul on Me;  
 Though thy heart for sin be breaking,  
 I have rest and peace for Thee—  
 Even thee."
- 4 Come then now—to Jesus flying,  
 From thy sin and woe be free;  
 Burdened, guilty, wounded, dying,  
 Gladly will he welcome thee—  
 Even thee.

20

8,7s.

- H**ARK! the Saviour's voice is speaking  
 Words of kindness and of love;  
 "Come to Me, ye little children,  
 I will give you rest above."
- 2 Come ye tempest toss'd and weary,  
 Sinking in the stormy wave;  
 Fill'd with tender love and mercy,  
 He is willing all to save.
- 3 Why delay! the time is fleeting,  
 Life is passing with the day  
 Every stroke the pulse is beating  
 Bears us farther on our way.
- 4 Hark! the Saviour still is speaking,  
 "Suffer them to come to Me,"  
 Come to Jesus, come dear children,  
 You will ever happy be.

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

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

3 Hasten, children, to be bless'd ;  
 Stay not till to-morrow's sun ;  
 Lest perdition you arrest,  
 Ere to-morrow is begun.

**M**Y child look upward to the sky,  
 The sun and moon are there,  
 And host of stars that shine on high,  
 And sparkle everywhere.

2 Then view the wide, deep, rolling sea,  
 So wondrous and so grand ;  
 Then ev'ry plant, and ev'ry tree  
 That grows upon the land.

3 Who made the earth, and sea, and sun ?  
 Who made both you and me ?  
 If God such wondrous works have done  
 How wondrous must He be !

**W**HEN you at night lay down you  
 Upon your pillow for repose [hea  
 While angels watch around your bed,  
 And slumbers light your eyelids close.

2 Could you from that sweet sleep awake,  
 And then lift up your eyes on high,  
 Before the day begins to break,  
 And see the rich and sparkling sky ?

3 Then I would tell you of His Name  
 Who shining on us from afar,  
 Thus says, " I soon shall come again—  
 I am the Bright and Morning Star."

4 May you through all your nights and day  
 Live in obedience to His word,  
 And know, and love, and bless, and praise  
 The name of Jesus Christ the Lord.

**T**O do to others as I would  
 That they should do to me,  
 Will make me honest, kind, and good,  
 As children ought to be.

2 Whether I am at home or school,  
 Or walking out abroad,  
 I never should forget this rule  
 Of Jesus Christ our Lord.

you  
hesi-  
ed,

**C**HILD, art thou an heir of glory?  
 Art thou sheltered by the blood?  
 Hast thou heavenly bliss before thee?  
 Hast thou present peace with God?  
 Thro' the Saviour's pain and sorrow,  
 Thro' His soul's bitter anguish,  
 Thro' the blood He shed for sinners,  
 There is rest for you,  
 There is rest for the weary,  
 There is rest for the weary,  
 There is rest for the weary,  
 There is rest for you.

2 Or, does Satan still deceive thee  
 With his subtleties and lies--  
 Hoping that he might receive thee  
 Where the torment never dies?

3 O awake! nor longer slumber,  
 Do not trifle with thy soul;  
 Its exceeding worth remember--  
 Worth unknown, unspeakable!

4 O be wise, ye unforgiven!  
 Flee to Christ, and flee to-day;  
 Jesus beckons you to heaven--  
 Jesus bids you not delay.

5 O receive Him--O believe Him--  
 Faith in Him will make thee whole,  
 Then thou shalt, for ever near Him,  
 Live, where endless pleasures roll!

**I** COULD not wrap my guilty soul  
 In any robe of mine;  
 Since nought can make me fit for God  
 But righteousness divine.

- 2 No other covering will do  
 For that most fearful day,  
 Which all our wretched filthy rags  
 Will sweep like chaff away.
- 3 But if I learn by precious faith  
 What Christ to me is made,  
 To stand before the throne of God  
 I shall not be afraid.
- 4 For pure and white, without a spot,  
 The wash'd one *there* is seen,  
 As much as if he never had  
 In filthy garments been.

**J**ESUS so rich in heaven above,  
 From all eternity;  
 Yet left His greatness, out of love,  
 To sinners such as we.

- 2 The poorest child is scarce so poor,  
 As Jesus Christ became;  
 That on the Cross He might procure,  
 For us, eternal gain.

**T**HE Saviour has invited  
 The youngest to His love,  
 And deigns to smile delighted  
 Upon them from above.  
 All things are His in heaven  
 And all on earth beside,  
 And shall be freely given  
 To those for whom He died.

- 2 The Holy Spirit calls us  
 To make this God our Friend,  
 And then, though ill befall us,  
 We need not fear the end.  
 Why should we be complaining,  
 Whatever we endure,  
 If when all else is waning,  
 Our Father's love is sure?

**R**EMEMBER thy Creator God ;  
 For Him thy hours employ ;  
 Make Him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,  
 Thy confidence, thy joy.

- 2 He will defend, and guide thy course,  
 Through life's uncertain sea ;  
 Till thou art landed on the shore,  
 Of bless'd eternity.



30

S.M

**H**OW happy is the child:  
Who loves the Saviour's name:  
In whose young heart the fruits of grace  
Love, joy, and meekness reign.

2 Whose young affections all  
Are set on God's dear Son ;  
Who loves the Lord for what *He* is,  
As well as what *He's done*.

3 Thus early brought to Christ—  
To know and love His ways ;  
The object of his life shall be  
To sound abroad His praise.

31

P.M

**H**OW loving is Jesus,  
Who came from the sky,  
In tenderest pity  
For sinners to die ;  
His hands & his feet were nail'd to the tree  
And all this He suffered for sinners like me

2 How precious is Jesus  
To all who believe,  
And out of His fulness  
What grace they receive !  
When weak He supports them, when erring  
He guides.  
And everything needful He kindly provides

How gladly does Jesus  
Free pardon impart  
To all who receive Him  
By faith in their heart.  
His Glory is for them, their home is above,  
And Jesus will fetch them to dwell in His  
love.

32

C.M.

- H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear !  
It soothes his sorrows; heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
It calms the troubled breast :  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Blest Name ! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding place ;  
My never-failing treasury, fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus ! my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,  
Thou Prophet, Priest, and King ;  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

- 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim,  
With every fleeting breath ;  
And triumph in Thy blessed name  
Which quells the power of Death.

33

C.M.

**H**APPY the home, when God is there,  
And love fills every breast ;  
Where one their wish, and one the prayer,  
And one their heavenly rest.

- 2 Happy the home, where Jesu's 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,  
Where hearts are filled with praise ;  
Where parents love the Sacred Word,  
And grace rules all their ways.

34

8,8,6.

**W**HEN our lov'd parents are away,  
Do we not count each passing day,  
And watch for their return ?  
And when their well-known voice we hear,  
Does it then fill our hearts with fear ?  
O no ! with love they burn.

- 2 Jesus the Lord is dearer far  
Than the most tender parents are,  
To those that love His name ;

And while they mourn His long delay,  
It is their joy to watch and pray,  
For His return again.

- 3 But, children, could you all rejoice,  
To hear the Saviour's warning voice—  
“Behold, I quickly come,”  
Say, can you join the loud “Amen,”  
And welcome Him with joy again,  
Or must your lips be dumb?

35

C.M.

**T**WAS goodness from the Lord & grace  
Which on my birth have smil'd ;  
That in this land I pass my days,  
A happy English child.

- 2 I was not born as thousands are,  
Where God was never known ;  
And taught to pray a useless prayer  
To blocks of wood and stone.
- 3 I was not born a little slave,  
To labour in the sun ;  
Wishing I were but in the grave  
And all my labour done.
- 4 I was not born without a home,  
Or in some broken shed,  
Like some poor children taught to roam  
And beg their daily bread.

- H**OW much better I'm attended  
 Than the Son of God could be,  
 When from glory He descended,  
 And became a child like me.
- 2 Soft and easy was my cradle ;  
 Coarse and hard the Saviour lay ;  
 When His birthplace was a stable,  
 And His softest bed was hay.
- 3 May I live to know and fear Him,  
 Trust and love Him all my days ;  
 Then go dwell for ever near Him,  
 See His face and sing His praise !

- W**HY should I join with those in play  
 In whom I've no delight ;  
 Who use bad words but never pray ;  
 Who call ill names and fight ?
- 2 Away from such I'll turn mine eyes,  
 Nor with the scoffer go ;  
 I would be walking with the wise,  
 That I may wiser grow.

- H**OW many children now are  
 Upon the bed of pain, [stretched  
 Where many weary, restless hours,  
 In sorrow they have lain.

- 2 How many children hungry are—  
 With scarcely food to eat ;  
 Who beg their humble, scanty store,  
 From those they chance to meet.
- 3 Yet here we are, in health and strength,  
 All satisfied with food ;  
 How kind indeed is God to us—  
 How very, very good !
- 4 O surely this, His goodness great  
 Should make us think of Him ;  
 For we deserve not at His hands  
 The very least of them.
- 5 But more He gives us ; greater love  
 The Lord to us has shown ;  
 The greatest gift that He has given,  
 Is His beloved Son.
- 6 And never can true thanks ascend  
 For aught that we receive,—  
 For health or daily food, unless  
 We in His name believe.

39

7s.

**A** H! beyond the dark blue sea,  
 Many little children dwell,  
 In a land of misery,  
 Where no gentle voices tell,  
 Those glad tidings which impart  
 Joy and comfort to the heart.

2 But they bend from day to day  
To their gods of wood and stone;  
For the Gospel's cheering ray  
Has not made the Saviour known;  
Not one beam of heavenly light  
Shines upon their dreadful night.

3 Little child, if thou hast found  
Pardon through the Saviour's blood,  
Seek to spread the joyful sound,  
Seek to bring their souls to God;  
Share those blessings rich and free  
Which He kindly gives to thee.

40 C.M.

**B**ELIEVE on Him—the Sacred Word  
Declares 'tis they alone  
Who now confess the Saviour's name,  
He will hereafter own.

CHORUS—O believe in the Lamb  
That was slain on Mount Calvary;  
O believe Him, O believe Him,  
O believe Him, just now.

2 'Tis faith alone in that blest Name,  
Takes sin and guilt away;  
Then earnestly implore His grace,  
He'll teach you how to pray.

3 So may you happy children be,  
And know your sins forgiven;  
And walking in the Saviour's strength,  
Pursue the path to heaven.

**C**HILDREN, go and tell of Jesus,  
 How He died to save our souls;  
 How that He from sin might free us,  
 Suffered agonies untold.

CHORUS—Yes, we'll go and tell of Jesus,  
 The pure and holy, meek and lowly Jesus.  
 Yes, we'll go and tell of Jesus,  
 Who died our souls to save.

2 Tell the guilty of their dangers,  
 While they wander far from God;  
 While they live to Jesus strangers,  
 And reject His precious Word.

3 Tell them of the joys of heaven,  
 Purchased by the Saviour's blood;  
 How, that they might be forgiven,  
 Jesus left His home above.

4 Tell them how He hath ascended,  
 To prepare a home on high;  
 Where all sorrows shall be ended,  
 Where the saints shall never die.

**T**HE pearly gates are open,  
 And you may enter in,  
 Wash'd, spotless, and forgiven,  
 Without a stain of sin.



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

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

4 The streets of gold are gleaming,  
And soon we shall be there,  
Jesus shall bid us welcome  
His loving heart to share.

43

8, 6s.

**T**HERE'S a *rest* for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky;  
Who love the blessed Saviour,  
And "Abba, Father," cry;  
A rest from every turmoil,  
From sin and danger free;  
Where every little pilgrim  
Shall rest eternally.

2 There's a *home* for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky;  
Where Jesus reigns in glory,  
A home of peace and joy.

No home on earth is like it,  
Or can with it compare ;  
For every one is happy,  
Nor could be happier, there.

3 There's a *Friend* for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky ;  
A Friend who never changeth,  
Whose love can never die.  
Unlike our friends by nature,  
Who change with changing years,  
This Friend is always worthy  
The precious name He bears.

4 There's a *crown* for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky ;  
And all who look for Jesus,  
Shall wear it by and by.  
A crown of brightest glory,  
Which He will then bestow  
On all who've found His favour  
And loved His name below.

5 There's a *song* for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky—  
A song that will not weary,  
Though sung continually ;  
A song which even angels  
Can never, never sing ;  
They know not Christ as *Saviour*,  
But worship Him as *King*.

- 6 There's a *robe* for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky ;  
And a *harp* of sweetest music,  
And a *palm* of victory.  
All, all above is treasured,  
And found in Christ alone ;  
O come, dear little children,  
That all may be your own.

44

P.M

HOW many children say—  
“I'd like to go to heaven ;”  
Yet never think that they  
Must have their sins forgiven,  
Before they can in glory be,  
Or Jesus Christ in glory see.

- 2 None can to glory go,  
Or dwell with God above,  
Save they who Jesus know,  
And taste a Saviour's love ;  
The holy words of truth declare  
No other ground of entrance there.

- 3 But now this “living way”  
To all is open free ;  
And ruined sinners may  
Go in, and happy be—  
May have their sins through Christ for  
The only way to enter heaven. [give]

**W**E sing of the realms of the blest,  
That country so bright, and so fair,  
And oft are its glories confess'd,  
But what must 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 home of the Father above,  
But what must it be to be there!

4 We speak of its pathways of gold,  
Of its walls decked with jewels so rare;  
Its wonders and pleasures untold—  
But what must it be to be there!

**N**EAR to Jesus, far from pain,  
No more sin, nor grief again;  
For ever in His home,  
Sweetly, sweetly, singing,    Q  
Glory, glory, singing,  
Sweetly, sweetly, singing,  
Near to Jesus, safe at home.

- 2 If in Jesus we believe,  
By the Spirit Him receive,  
We'll see Him face to face,  
Sweetly, &c.
- 3 Thousand thousands will be there,  
Each a robe of white shall wear,  
And have a harp of gold,  
Sweetly, &c.

47

P.M.

**A**ROUND 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 What brought them to that world above,  
That heaven so bright and fair,  
Where all is peace, and joy, and love;  
How came those children there?
- 3 Because the Saviour shed his blood  
To purge away their sin!  
Now wash'd in that most precious flood,  
Behold them white and clean.
- 4 On earth they sought the Saviour's face,  
On earth they lov'd His name;  
But now they see His blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb.

**T**HE Saviour Jesus is gone to prepare  
 Such a beautiful home in the sky,  
 And He says He will come,  
 And lead to that home,  
 Every sinner that's born from on high.

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,

How happy for me  
 Among them to be,  
 With the Giver of every good thing!

**T**HERE is a happy land,  
 Far, far away;  
 Dear children there shall stand,  
 Bright, bright as day.

With voices sweet they'll sing,  
Worthy is the Saviour King!  
To Him their crowns they'll bring,  
And praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,  
Come, come, away—  
Why will ye doubting stand?  
Why still delay?  
O! now to Jesus flee,  
He says in love to thee,  
“Come, trust thyself to Me,  
Be blest for aye.”

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

50

C.M.

**J**ESUS is gone within the veil,  
And happy children, now,  
Saved by His precious cleansing blood,  
Within the veil may go.

2 Of old the blood of beasts sufficed  
To make a way to God,  
But now the only path is found  
Through Jesus' precious blood.

8 Since Jesus died, that way alone  
Believers all have trod:  
The blessed, new, and living way  
Up to the throne of God.

51

C.M.

"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 draws the living waters still,  
And gives them to the child.



**W**HEN shall we meet again,  
Meet ne'er to sever?

When will peace wreathe her chain  
Round us for ever?

Our hearts will ne'er repose,  
Safe from each blast that blows,  
In this dark vale of woes—  
Never, no never.

2 When shall love purely flow,  
Pure as life's river?

When shall sweet friendship glow  
Changeless for ever?

Where joys celestial thrill,  
There bliss each heart shall fill  
And fears of parting chill,  
Never; no never.

3 Soon may we meet again,  
Meet ne'er to sever;

Soon may peace wreathe her chain  
Round us for ever;

Then will our hearts repose,  
Secure from worldly woes;  
Our songs of praise shall close,  
Never; no never.

**L**OOK to Jesus, look, and live,  
Mercy at His hands receive,

He has died upon the tree,  
And His words are "Look to Me."

2 Come to Jesus, come and live;  
He has endless life to give;  
He from sin will set you free,  
For His words are "Come to Me."

3 Trust in Jesus, trust and live;  
Now upon His name believe;  
He has blessing e'en for thee,  
For His words are "Trust in Me."

4 Rest in Jesus; there repose,  
Shelter find from all thy foes;  
Let His name be all thy plea,  
For His words are "Rest in Me."

54

8,8,6.

**B**EYOND this life of hopes and fears,  
Beyond this world of griefs and tears  
There is a region fair.

It knows no change and no decay,  
No night, but one unending day.

O say, will you be there?

2 Its glorious gates are closed to sin;  
Nought that defiles can enter in  
To mar its beauty rare.

Upon that bright, eternal shore,  
Earth's bitter curse is known no more.

O say, will you be there?

- 3 No drooping form, no tearful eye,  
 No hoary head, no weary sigh,  
 No pain, no grief, no care ;  
 But joys which here we cannot know  
 Like a calm river ever flow,  
 O say, will you be there ?
- 4 Will you be there ? You shall, you must,  
 If, hating sin, in Christ you trust,  
 Who did that place prepare.  
 Still doth His voice sound sweetly, "Come!  
 I am the way—I'll lead you home—  
 With Me you will be there!"

55

P.M.

- H**ERE we suffer grief and pain,  
 Here we meet to part again,  
 In heaven we part no more.  
 Oh, that will be joyful,  
 Joyful, joyful, joyful ;  
 Oh, that will be joyful,  
 When we meet to part no more.
- 2 Little children will be there,  
 Who have found the Lord in pray'r,  
 From every Sunday School.  
 Oh, that will be joyful, &c.
- Teachers, too, will meet above,  
 All who rest in Jesu's love,  
 Will meet to part no more.  
 Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

Oh! how happy it will be,  
The Saviour Jesus then to see,  
Exalted on His throne.

Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

- 5 Every one shall sing with joy,  
And eternity employ  
In praising Christ the Lord.  
Oh, that will be joyful, &c

56

C.M.

"O CAN I, *may* I, hope to be  
Like Jesus up in heaven?"

"Yes—ah! that honour, great indeed  
Can to a child be given."

- 2 "And *how*, O tell me, could I be  
Like Jesus, up in heaven?"

"By trusting to His precious blood,  
Through which all sin 's forgiven."

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

57

P.M.

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 arm had been folded round  
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 has gone to pre-  
pare

For all who are wash'd and forgiv'n;  
And many dear children are gathering  
there,

“For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

58.

11s.

**T**HE Saviour is loving,  
The Saviour is kind,  
He came down from heaven,  
The lost ones to find.

He never refuseth,  
Or turneth aside,

The soul which looks to Him,  
And He for us died.

- 2 How many dear children  
Have leaned on His breast;  
How many dear children  
His name have confessed;  
Believing are happy,  
His goodness they prove;  
And now in the glory,  
Rejoice in His love.

59

7s.

**S**PARED by God to meet again,  
O how thankful we should be!  
He has privileged us once more  
Faces that we love to see.

- 2 'Tis a day we prize the most,  
This "the first day of the week,"  
When we thus together come,  
Of the Saviour's love to speak.
- 3 Jesus left the silent tomb,  
When the first day's dawning came;  
Now His people, taught by Him,  
Meet together in His name.
- 4 O, if each of us now here,  
Knew His love, so rich and free,  
What a joyful song were ours!  
O how happy we should be!

5 May this day a blessing prove—  
May we all be truly blest,  
Thankful to the God of love,  
For this precious day of rest!

60

P.M.

**T**HIS is the happy place  
Where favour'd children meet,  
To sing of Jesus' grace,  
And sing at Jesus' feet;  
To learn of Him a life of love  
And seek a brighter world above.

2 This is the happy day,  
"The best of all the seven,"  
When children read and pray,  
And learn the road to heaven,  
May Jesus guide us, lest we stray!  
Jesus "*the life, the truth, the way.*"

61

P.M.

**W**e speak of the love which we bear  
to each other—  
The love of our father, or sister, or  
brother;  
But what is such love when we think of  
the *Cross*,  
Where Jesus for us bore unspeakable  
loss.

2 No words can the love of the Saviour  
express ;

He laid down His life that His foes He  
might bless ;

He was borne from the Cross to the se-  
pulchre's gloom,

And arose the third day from the strong  
guarded tomb.

3 And His love, precious love ! has not  
spent itself yet,

His own in this desert He cannot forget ;

And soon in the love of His heart He  
will come

To bear them away to His glorious, bright  
home.

62

P.M

SUFFER little children  
So kindly Jesus said,  
And gently then He placed His hands  
Upon each little head ;  
Full of tenderness and grace,  
Love was beaming in His face.

2 Come then, little children,  
And listen to His love,  
For He is still the same to-day,  
Though now He dwells above ;

Though your hearts are full of sin  
Jesu's blood can make you clean.



3. Happy are the children  
Who trust in Jesu's name ;  
Although they cannot see His face,  
He watches over them.  
Safely on their Shepherd's breast  
All His little lambs may rest.

63

[THE BIBLE.]

7s.

- H**OLY bible, book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine,  
Mine, to tell me whence I came,  
Mine, to teach me what I am.
- 2 Mine, to warn me when I rove ;  
Mine, to show a Saviour's love ;  
Mine, to guide my wand'ring feet,  
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.
- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless ;  
Mine, to show by living faith  
How to triumph over death.
- 4 Mine to tell of joys to come,  
Of the rebel sinner's doom ;  
O ! thou precious book divine,  
Priceless treasure thou art mine.

His mercy to declare.

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

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

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

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

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

[strain

55 [SOLOMON'S CHOICE.]

S.M.

**K**ING Solomon of old  
A happy choice had made ;  
'Twas not for life, 'twas not for gold,  
Nor honours that he prayed.

2 He chose that better part,  
That leads to heavenly joys,—  
A wise and understanding heart;  
And God approved the choice.

3 Far better than his crown,  
And all his grand array,  
That wisdom which the Lord sent down,  
To guide him in his way.

4 If this is what we seek,  
We cannot ask amiss ;  
The youngest, poorest child may speak,  
And ask the Lord for this.

66 [MARY'S CHOICE.]

C.M.

**A**S Mary sat at Jesus' feet,  
To learn His sacred will,  
We in the Saviour's presence meet,  
To hear His doctrines still.

2 Oh for that meek attentive mind,  
Which happy Mary showed;  
May we that "one thing needful" find,  
That was on her bestowed.

3 'Tis here we learn the glorious Name,  
Of God who reigns above;  
And while we read the sinner's shame,  
Are taught the Saviour's love!

4 Lord! while we thank Thee for the grace—  
That sends this happy news,  
We still would sit in Mary's place,  
That "better part" to choose.

67

[EDEN.]

C.M

**E**ARTH was a lovely garden once,  
Where God Himself could walk,  
While Adam full of happiness,  
Might with His Maker talk.

2 The rose then bloom'd without a thorn—  
No storm was in the sky—  
The dove sought not for refuge then  
Her rock where she might fly.

3 The happiness so quickly lost,  
Came from the God of love;  
But still unchanged by all the sin,  
Love flows down from above.

- 4 Christ came 'mid all our sin and woe,  
To bear it all away,  
And lead us to a better land,  
Where smiles eternal day.

68

[THE ARK.]

A.M.

- COME to the Ark—come to the Ark,  
To Jesus come away ;  
The pestilence walks forth by night,  
The arrow flies by day.
- 2 Come to the Ark—the waters rise,  
The seas their billows rear ;  
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,  
Behold a refuge near !
- 3 Come to the Ark—Wake ye that Sleep !  
Wake from the Death of Sin !  
“ Arise !” for danger is *without*,  
But all is safe *within*.
- 4 Come to the Ark—ere yet the flood  
Your ling'ring steps oppose ;  
Come ! for the door *now* open stands,  
But soon—*soon* it will close.

69

[Matt. i. 21.]

P.M.

'T WAS God who gave the precious  
Of “ Jesus ” to His Son, [name  
Because He knew His gracious work  
By Him would well be done.

2 The name of "Jesus" *Saviour* means,  
And such He is indeed,  
To all who feel the weight of sin,  
And peace and pardon need.

3 His name was Jesus when on earth,  
His name is Jesus now ;  
And God declares that to that Name  
All heaven and earth shall bow.

4 And truly happy is the child  
Who loves that precious Name ;  
We soon shall Him in glory see,  
Who once in mercy came.

70

P.M.

**M**Y God, I have found  
The thrice-blessed ground,  
Where life, and where joy, and true comfort  
abound.

Hallelujah ! Thine the glory !

Hallelujah ! Amen !

Hallelujah ! Thine the glory !

Amen and Amen !

2 'Tis found in the blood  
Of Him who once stood  
My refuge and safety, my surety with God.

3 He bore on the tree  
The sentence for me,  
And now both the Surety and debtor are free.

- 4 Accepted I am  
 In the once-offered Lamb ;  
 'Twas God who Himself had devised the plan
- 5 And this I shall find,  
 For such is His mind,  
 He'll not be in glory and leave me behind.
- 6 For soon He will come  
 And take me safe home,  
 And make me to sit with Himself on His  
 throne.

71

8.7s.

- A**NGELS throng the starry heaven,  
 Praising God with chorus high,  
 For the gift that He has given,  
 Unto rebels doom'd to die !
- 2 Shepherds in the field abiding,  
 Hear that Christ, a babe, is born ;  
 Angels tell the wondrous tiding,  
 Bidding them no longer mourn.
- 3 Come and look within the manger,  
 See the Saviour meekly lie,  
 Come to earth a homeless stranger,  
 That He might for sinners die.
- 4 Happy they who now adore Him !  
 While He's still despised of men ;  
 For when all shall bow before Him,  
 Such He'll crown with glory then.

**J**ESUS, 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 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.

**L**O ! 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 ?  
Jésus dies at 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 He who was so rich above,  
Left His riches for a grave ;  
Out of pity and of love,  
That the guilty He might save !  
Down to this sad world He came,  
Bore the cross, despis'd the shame.

4 We were wretched, weak, and vile,  
We deserved His holy frown ;  
But He saw us with a smile,  
And to save, He hastened down ;  
Listen, children,—this is why,  
Jesus condescends to die.

74

P.M.

**B**ETWEEN two thieves the Saviour  
died

While hanging on Mount Calvary,  
And cruel soldiers pierced His side,  
And spilt His blood on Calvary ;

The chief priests mock'd the Saviour, too,  
And gave Him gall on Calvary;  
All this He bore to save them, who  
Thus treated Him on Calvary.  
Calvary! Mount Calvary!  
The Saviour died on Calvary!  
Died to save me from my sins,  
Nailed to the Cross on Calvary!

2 What though He suffered, groan'd & died  
And was entomb'd near Calvary—  
Though God from Him His face did hide  
While on the Cross on Calvary;  
He soon arose in glorious might,  
And soared above Mount Calvary,  
And there appears in glory bright  
The Conqueror from Calvary!  
Calvary! Mount Calvary

3 And there, though seated on the throne,  
He still remembers Calvary,—  
The Cross, the nails, the spear, the groan,  
The dying, on Mount Calvary:  
Dear children, look with eye of faith,  
Unto the Cross of Calvary;  
For 'twas for sin Christ bore God's wrath,  
And died upon Mount Calvary.  
Calvary! Mount Calvary!

**W**HEN for some little insult given,  
 My angry passions rise,  
 I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,  
 And bore His injuries.

2 He was insulted every day,  
 Though all His words were kind;  
 But nothing men could do or say  
 Disturb'd His heavenly mind.

3 Not all the wicked scoffs He heard  
 Against the truths He taught,  
 Excited one reviling word,  
 Or one revengeful thought.

4 And when upon the cross He bled,  
 With all His foes in view,  
 "Father forgive them," Jesus said,  
 "They know not what they do!"

**W**E speak of the mercy of God,  
 So boundless, so rich, and so free!  
 But what will it profit my soul,  
 Unless 'tis relied on by *me*.

2 We speak of salvation and love,  
 By the Father, in Jesus, made known;  
 But if I would live unto God,  
 By faith, I must make it *my* own.

C.M.  
en,  
en,  
3 We speak of the Saviour's dear name,  
By which God can poor sinners receive;  
But still I am lost and undone,  
Unless in that name *I* believe,

4 We speak of the blood of the Lamb,  
Which frees from pollution and sin;  
But its virtues by *me* must be proved,  
Or I shall be for ever unclean.

5 We speak of the glory to come,  
Of the heavens so bright and so fair.  
But unless *I* in Jesus believe,  
I shall not, I cannot, be there!

77

7,7,7,7,4

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

2 God it was who sent His Son,  
His only Son, to bleed and die,  
For sinners, 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.”

78

C.M.

**I**F little children knew the love,  
Which dwells in Jesus' breast ;  
How would they crowd unto His arms  
All anxious to be blest !

- 2 “ Come unto Me,” He sweetly cries ;  
“ Come, little children, come ;  
Come to my open arms and heart ;  
Come to my happy home.”
- 3 Thus Jesus speaks ; who makes reply,  
“ Dear Lord I come to Thee ;  
Thy precious love hath won my heart ;  
Thine henceforth I will be.”
- 4 O precious choice, if such be thine,  
Then thou indeed art blest ;  
Peace thy companion here shall be,  
Then, everlasting rest.

79

P.M.

**C**OME, let us all unite and sing,  
God is love !  
Let heaven and earth their praises bring,  
God is love !

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

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

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

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

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

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

3 Oh ! supply my every want ;  
 Feed the young and tender plant :  
 Day and night my keeper be,  
 Ever watchful over me.

**G**REAT God, with wonder, and with  
 On all Thy works I look ! [praise,  
 But still Thy wisdom, power and grace,  
 Shine brightest in Thy Book.

2 The fields provide me food, and show  
 The goodness of the Lord ;  
 But fruits of life and glory grow  
 In Thy most Holy Word.


'Tis here I learn how Christ hath died,  
 To save my soul from hell ;  
 Not all the books on earth beside,  
 Such heavenly wonders tell.

- 4 Then let me love my Bible more,  
And take a fresh delight,  
By day to read its wonders o'er,  
And meditate by night.

82

7s.

**E**RE we read Thy holy Word,  
Lord, a blessing we implore;  
Shine upon the sacred page—  
O unlock its precious store.




- 2 Make Thy Word a present good  
On our hearts its precepts lay;  
By Thy Spirit and Thy Word,  
Bless us each and all, we pray.

83

8,7,4.

**N**OW, O Lord, we ask Thy blessing,  
On the words which we have read;  
Precious words! on which Thy children  
Have, by Thee, been often fed—  
Feed us likewise—  
We, who have to Jesus fled.



- 2 Should a heart before Thee, Father,  
Know not Thee, or Thy sweet love,  
O attract that heart to Jesus,  
Never more from Him to rove—  
Gracious Father,  
Let us all thy goodness prove.



**G**OD will not leave me all alone,  
 He never will forsake His own;  
 When not another friend I see,  
 The Lord is looking down on me.

2 Asleep, awake, by night and day,  
 When at my lessons or my play,  
 Although His face I cannot see,  
 The Lord is looking down on me.

3 O may I try to please Him still,  
 And know, and love, and do His will;  
 Then will my joy and gladness be,  
 The Lord is looking down on me.

**P**OOOR and needy though I be,  
 God, my Father, cares for me;  
 Gives me clothing, shelter, food,  
 Gives me all I have of good.

2 He will hear me when I pray,  
 He is with me night and day,  
 When I sleep and when I wake,  
 For the Lord, my Saviour's sake.

3 Though I labour here awhile,  
 Father, bless me with Thy smile;  
 And when this short life is past,  
 May I rest with Thee at last.

**M**IGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,  
 May an infant lisp Thy name?  
 Lord of men as well as angels,  
 Thou art every creature's theme.

- 2 Lord of every land and nation,  
 Ancient of eternal days;  
 Sounded through the wide creation,  
 Be Thy just and lawful praise.
- 3 For Thy providence which governs,  
 Through Thine empire's wide domain,  
 Wings an angel—guides a sparrow—  
 Fills the fountain—bounds the main.
- 4 But Thy grace, Thy free redemption,  
 Far beyond all praise is found:  
 Thought is poor, and poor expression,  
 When we try Thy love to sound.

**S**EE 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.

88

P.M.

**J**OYFULLY, joyfully, onward we  
move,

Bound to the land of bright spirits above;  
Jesus our Saviour in mercy says "Come,"  
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.

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

- 2 Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,  
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall  
hear,

Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,  
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

Joyfully, joyfully, &c.

- 3 Death with its arrows may soon lay us low;  
Safe in our Saviour we fear not the blow;  
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb—  
Joyfully, joyfully, we will go home.

Joyfully, joyfully, &c.

- 4 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,  
Death shall be conquered, its sceptre be  
gone; [roam,  
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll  
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

Joyfully, joyfully, &c.

**H**IS heart is full of kindness,  
 Sweet words He hath to tell;  
 Come, listen to Him, children,  
 For He loves children well;  
 And many to Him gather,  
 From every clime and land;  
 Come, welcome, happy children,  
 And join the holy band.

**CHORUS**—Oh, Jesus, He is kindness;  
 Jesus the Lord is love;  
 How sweet to hear Him speaking  
 To us from heaven above.

2 He on the cross once suffered;  
 Nails pierced His hands and feet;  
 But all His pain and sorrow  
 Make us for heaven meet.  
 His blood our sin-stain cleanses,  
 And takes our guilt away;  
 Come, welcome, happy children,  
 For Jesus says you may.

3 He, He Himself will keep you,  
 He'll hold you in His hand,  
 He'll never let you perish,  
 But you shall reach His land—  
 The lovely, lovely country,  
 All bright, and sweet, and fair;  
 Come, welcome, happy children,  
 And all His glory share.

- J**ESUS only can impart  
 Peace of conscience, joy of heart ;  
 Jesus only can proclaim  
 Pardon through His blessed name.
- 2 Jesus only can supply  
 Constant pleasure, lasting joy ;  
 Jesus only can remove  
 Every thought that makes us rove.
- 3 Jesus only—sweetest plea,  
 When the soul its state can see ;  
 When its misery it can feel,  
 Jesus only then can heal.
- 4 Jesus only ; every claim  
 We can make is in that Name ;  
 Full salvation meets us there,  
 Elsewhere nothing but despair.

- C**HILDREN of Jerusalem  
 Sang the praise of Jesu's name .  
 Children, too, of modern days  
 Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
- Hark ! while infant voices sing,  
 Loud hosannas to the King.
- 2 We are taught to love the Lord,  
 We are taught to read His word,  
 We are taught the way to heaven .  
 Praise for all to God be given.

78. 3 Parents, teachers, old and young,  
All unite to swell the song :  
Higher and yet higher rise,  
Till hosannas reach the skies.

92 8,7,7.

**T**HROUGH the day Thy love hast spared  
Wearied we lie down to rest ; [us,  
Through the silent watches guard us,  
Let no foe our peace molest,  
Saviour ! Thou our guardian be,  
Sweet it is to trust to Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers  
Dwelling in the midst of foes ;  
Us and ours preserve from dangers,  
In Thine arms may we repose ;  
And when life's short day is past  
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

93 8,7s.

**J**ESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,  
Bless Thy little lamb to-night ;  
Through the darkness be Thou near me ;  
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 Through this day Thy hand has led me,  
And I thank Thee for Thy care ;  
Thou hast, warm'd me, cloth'd and fed me,  
Listen to my evening prayer.

94 L.M.

**T**O-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.

95 8,7,4.

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

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

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

96 8,8,8,6.

**L**ORD Jesus, hear an infant's prayer,  
Thou who dost e'en for children care,  
And let me in Thy blessing share,  
For Thou wast once a child.

- 2 When fears arise within my breast,  
Grant that the thought may give me rest,  
That Thou who art so great and blest,  
Didst once become a child.
- 3 And may I learn to love Thee too,  
Since Thou didst love poor children so,  
To save their souls from sin and woe,  
As to become a child.
- 4 Lord, when I'm tempted to be vain,  
And do those things which give Thee pain,  
Oh may I think on this again,  
That Thou wast once a child.

97

7s.

- J**ESUS bless thy little lamb,  
Weak and foolish as I am,  
Bear me in Thy mighty arm,  
Safe from every fear and harm.
- 2 Thou didst call me to Thy side,  
Trembling in the desert wide,  
Bid me all my bleatings cease,  
Hushed my fears and gave me peace.
- 3 Lord thou art my Shepherd kind,  
All I need in Thee I find ;  
But I fear my foolish heart,  
Lest it should from Thee depart.



4 Call me nearer, when I cry,  
Let me in Thy bosom lie,  
Turn these wand'ring eyes, I pray,  
From each vanity away.

5 And when e'er in folly's way,  
Thy poor lamb begins to stray,  
By Thy dying love and pain,  
Turn me Lord to Thee again.

98

[SICKNESS.]

C.M.

**L**ORD Jesus, make Thy face to shine,  
Upon my dying bed ;  
And bless a little lamb of Thine,  
For whom thy blood was shed.

2 I soon must die : I am so ill ;  
Scarce can I speak or move :  
Make me resign'd to all thy will,  
For all thy will is love.

3 There's nothing now for me  
Although I helpless am,  
For, Jesus, Thou art ever near  
To guard Thy little lamb.

4 My Jesus ! 'tis Thy gentle hand  
Supports my sinking head ;  
While blessed angels round me stand,  
To smoothe my dying bed.

**I**N the Christian's home in glory,  
 There remains a blessed rest,  
 Where my Saviour's gone before me  
 Where I shall be fully blest.

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

3 Pain and sickness cannot enter :  
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share :  
 Christ shall be the blessed centre,  
 When the crown of life I wear.

4 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,  
 Shout your triumphs as you go ;  
 Jesus soon will come to take you,  
 All His love you then shall know.

## 100

**I** LOVE my precious Saviour  
 Because He died for me ;  
 And if I did not serve Him,  
 How sinful I should be.  
 I know He makes me happy,  
 And hears me when I pray ;  
 By faith I'll cling to Jesus,  
 The Bible says I may.

2 Though I can do but little,  
Yet I will always try  
To tell some little children  
How Jesus came to die.  
God help me to be useful,  
In all I do or say ;  
I mean to work for Jesus,  
The Bible says I may.

3 And while I'm loving Jesus  
I feel so glad to know,  
That making others happy  
Will make me happy too.  
When others hear me singing,  
I'll not forget to say,  
You, too, can be as happy,  
The Bible says you may.

4 And since I've found the Saviour,  
The first link in the chain,  
I'll trust in Him for ever,  
Till heaven at last I gain.  
I love that blessed country,  
Where tears are wiped away ;  
I want to live with Jesus,  
The Bible says I may.

**T**HERE is a better land they say,  
Oh so bright !  
Where sin and woe are done away,  
Oh so bright !  
Sweet music fills the balmy air,  
And angels bright, and saints are there,  
And harps of gold and mansions fair,  
Oh so bright !

- 2 And wicked things, be what they may,  
Come not there ;  
And ruthless death and pale decay,  
Come not there.  
There, *all* are holy, all are good,  
And hearts unwashed in Jesu's blood,  
And guilty sinners unrenewed,  
Come not there.
- 3 But though we're sinners every one,  
Jesus died !  
And though in us there's goodness none,  
Jesus died !  
We *now* are cleansed from every stain,  
And righteousness through him we gain,  
We shall with Him in Glory reign,  
Jesus died !

- 4 Then parents, sisters, brothers, come,  
Come away !

For Jesus all the work has done,  
Come away !

Oh come, for time is fleeting fast,  
The day of grace is hasting past,  
And Jesus He *will* come at last,  
Come away !

5 This world is all so dark and drear,  
Take us there !

We cannot see our Jesus here,  
Take us there !

Oh listen to that music sweet,  
That comes so rich from yonder seat,  
Where all the saints in glory meet,  
Take us there !

102

7,6s.

**W**HEN His salvation bringing,  
To Sion Jesus came ;  
The children all stood singing,  
Hosanna to His name.  
Nor did their zeal offend Him,  
But as He rode along,  
He bade them still attend Him;  
And listened to their song.

2 O should we fail proclaiming  
Our great Redeemer's praise;  
The stones, our silence shaming,  
Would their hosannas raise.

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

103

P.M.

**S**HALL we meet beyond the river,  
Where the surges cease to roll;  
Where in all the bright forever,  
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?  
Shall we meet? Shall we meet?  
Shall we meet? Shall we meet?  
Shall we meet beyond the river,  
Where the surges cease to roll?

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbour,  
When our stormy voyage is o'er?  
Shall we meet, and cast the anchor  
By the fair celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,  
Where the towers of crystal shine;  
Where the walls are all of jasper,  
Built by workmanship Divine?

4 Where the music of the ransomed  
Rolls its harmony around,  
And creation swells the chorus  
With its sweet melodious sound?

5 Shall we meet with many a loved one,  
That was torn from our embrace?  
Shall we listen to their voices,  
And behold them face to face?

- 6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,  
When He comes to claim His own?  
Shall we know his blessed favour,  
And sit with Him on His throne?

104

C.M.

- I** WANT to be in "Paradise,"  
And hear the happy song;  
To learn the note of sweetest praise,  
As sung by every tongue.
- 2 I want to be in "Paradise,"  
For I have found on earth,  
How much the Saviour's love to prize  
Beyond all human worth.
- 3 I want to be in "Paradise,"  
And walk the "golden street,"  
And wear the dazzling crown of light,  
To cast at Jesu's feet.
- 4 I want to be in "Paradise,"  
The "Paradise" above,  
I trust in Jesu's sacrifice,  
And I have "peace with God."
- 5 But are there none on earth I love,  
Who know not how to pray?  
I'll tell them how His precious blood,  
Wash'd all my sins away.
- 6 And then, if yonder starry sky  
Should part, and I ascend,

I'll join the anthems of the blest,  
Whose song shall never end.

105

7, 6s.

**O**H, for the robes of whiteness!  
Oh, for the tearless eyes!  
Oh, for the glorious brightness  
Of the unclouded skies!  
Oh! for the no more weeping  
Within the land of love,  
The endless joy of keeping  
The bridal feast above.

2 Oh, for the hour of seeing  
My Saviour face to face!  
The joy of ever-being  
In that sweet meeting-place,  
Jesus, Thou King of Glory,  
I soon shall dwell with Thee;  
I soon shall sing the story  
Of Thy great love to me.

106

7s.

**Y**E 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.



**N**OT yet the Lord's, not yet forgiven !  
 Alas ! and is it so ?

Is offered mercy still refused ?

Art thou still Jesus' foe ?

2 Not yet the Lord's—not yet inclined  
 To yield thyself to Him ;

Refusing still to taste His grace,

Or drink at mercy's stream.

3 Not yet—not yet—unhappy child,  
 O think thee of thy guilt ;

To spurn His love whose precious blood  
 For thy poor soul was spilt.

4 Yet oh, repent ! come, even now,  
 Nor longer stay away ;

The warning voice will soon be hushed,  
 And closed be mercy's day.

**L**ITTLE ones the God above  
 Cares for in His gracious love,  
 And that they might be forgiven,  
 He has sent His Son from heaven.

CHORUS—Come, then, to Jesus, the good,  
 tender Shepherd,

Come now to Jesus, He welcomes all that  
 come.

2 Little ones have gone astray,  
 And may perish any day ;

C.M.  
given! Jesus, as the Shepherd kind,  
Came the little ones to find.

Little ones the Saviour's grace  
Early calls to seek His face,  
Puts His love within their hearts;  
Then the love of sin departs.

Little ones unnumbered rest  
On their loving Shepherd's breast;  
Jesus, in their dying hour,  
Watched them in His love and power.

Little ones, when He shall reign,  
Joyously shall swell His train;  
They shall shine in garments white,  
In that happy day, so bright.

ed, 109

7s.

2.M.  
O H how sweet that day will be,  
When I shall my Saviour see,  
With bright crowns upon that head  
Which with cruel thorns once bled.

2 This sad world which used Him so,  
Shall be brought His name to know,  
Earth shall own Him as her King,  
And her tribes their riches bring.

hat 3 Then the dove will safely fly—  
No more fear in her soft eye;  
Then the lamb will safely stray,  
And shall find no beast of prey.

- 4 Oh how sweet the flowers will blow!  
Oh how fair the earth will grow!  
But the sweetest joy to me—  
Harping on my harp to Thee!

110

P.M.

**T**HERE'S a Father above in that  
happy land,  
A Father who smiles on me;  
And I join my song,  
With the ransom'd throng—  
To the Father who smiles on me.

- 2 There's a Saviour above in that happy  
land,

A Saviour who died for me;  
And I love to extol  
My deliverer from thrall—  
My Saviour who died for me.

- 3 There's a harp above in that happy land,  
A harp that is tuned for me;  
And with it I'll laud  
My Saviour and God—  
With the harp that is tuned for me.

- 4 There's a song above in that happy land,  
A song that is set for me;  
And I soon shall join,  
In the strains divine,  
Of the song that is set for me.

**O**H what has Jesus done for me?  
He left the land of Canaan;  
He bled and groaned upon the tree,  
That I might go to Canaan :  
A glorious crown appears in view  
In that bright land of Canaan  
A palm of royal victory too,  
For all in the land of Canaan.  
Canaan, bright Canaan,  
Will you go to the land of Canaan?  
Canaan is a happy place!  
Oh how sweet to meet in Canaan.

2 How glad will be the happy throng,  
In yon blest land of Canaan,  
We'll sing the great Redeemer's song,  
With all the saints in Canaan ;  
How we escap'd the flames of hell,  
And landed in fair Canaan,  
The joys above no tongue can tell,  
Come haste to the land of Canaan,  
Canaan, bright Canaan, &c,

3 Let not the world with all its toys,  
Obstruct our way to Canaan ;  
Satan would rob us of the joys  
That God has made in Canaan.

Gird on the sword and march along,  
We soon shall meet in Canaan;  
Redeeming love will be our song,  
When we arrive in Canaan,  
Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

112

P.M. •

**W**EEPING will not save me—  
Though my face were bathed in tears,  
That could not allay my fears—  
Could not wash the sins of years;  
Weeping will not save me.

**CHORUS**—Jesus died for such as me;  
Jesus suffered on the tree;  
Jesus waits to make me free;  
He alone can save me!

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

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

4 **F**aith in Christ will save me—  
Let me trust Thy gracious Son,

Trust the work that He has done—  
To His arms, Lord, help me run ;  
Faith in Christ will save me.

113

P.M.

**I** HAVE a Father in the Promised Land,  
I have a Father in the Promised Land ;  
My Father calls me ; I must go  
To meet Him in the Promised Land !  
I'll away ! I'll away to the Promised Land !  
I'll away ! I'll away to the Promised Land !  
My Father calls me ; I must go  
To meet Him in the Promised Land.

2 I have a Saviour in the Promised Land ;  
My Saviour calls me ; I must go  
To meet Him in the Promised Land.  
I'll away ! I'll away to the Promised Land !  
My Saviour calls me ; I must go  
To meet Him in the Promised Land.

3 I have a crown in the Promised Land ;  
When Jesus calls me I shall go  
To wear it in the Promised Land.  
I'll away ! I'll away to the Promised Land !  
When Jesus calls me I must go  
To wear it in the Promised Land.

4 I hope to meet you in the Promised Land ;  
At Jesu's feet a joyous band  
We'll praise Him in the Promised Land.

We'll away! we'll away to the Promised  
At Jesu's feet a joyous band, [Land!  
We'll praise Him in the Promised Land!

114

8s.

THERE'S a beautiful river above,  
That flows from the midst of the  
throne :

Whose surface no tempest disturb,  
Unruffled it sweetly glides on.

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

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

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

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

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

115

P.M.

A BEAUTIFUL land by faith I see,  
A land of rest, from sorrow free,  
The home of the ransomed, bright and fair,  
And beautiful angels too are there.

Will you go? Will you go?

Go to that beautiful land with me.

Will you go? Will you go?

Go to that beautiful land?

- 2 That beautiful land, the city of light,  
It ne'er has known the shades of night;  
The glory of God, the light of day,  
Hath driven the darkness far away.
- 3 In vision I see its streets of gold,  
Its beautiful gates I too behold;  
The river of life, the crystal sea,  
The fruit and leaves of life's fair tree.
- 4 The heavenly throng, arrayed in white,  
In rapture range the plains of light;  
In one harmonious choir they praise  
Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.

116

C.M.

THE flowers which deck my pathway  
And skirt the shady wood, [round  
Proclaim, as with a thousand tongues,  
That God is very *good*.



2 The ripened fields of waving grain,  
For man and beast assigned ;  
Tell that the great Creator is,  
Not only good, but *kind*.

3 The glorious sun and peerless moon,  
And stars which round them wait,  
Prove God to be not only good  
And kind, but very *great*.

4 But O ! the Cross where Jesus hung,  
Doth yet more strongly prove,  
That, though so *good*, and *kind*, & *great*,  
The mighty God is LOVE.

117

P.M.

**S**HALL we all meet at last—  
Meet in the glory ?

Sin and woe overpast,  
Safe in the glory ?

Yes, if to Christ all fly,  
Yes, if to God brought nigh,  
Then all may sweetly cry—  
Abba, our Father !

2 Then shall all meet again—  
Meet in the glory ;

Far from sin, toil, and pain,  
Safe in the glory ;

O then to Christ repair,  
All, all are welcomed there,  
And heaven's bright glory share,  
Ever, and ever.

**T**HE blood of Abel cried,  
 For vengeance from the ground  
 The precious blood of Jesus gives,  
 A nobler, sweeter sound.—

2 "Father forgive," it cries,  
 "They know not what they do."  
 Children, this gracious dying prayer,  
 Was offered up for you.

3 "Forgive them, though their sins  
 Against them loudly cry ;  
 For them I offer up Myself,  
 In love for them I die.

4 "I bear their curse and shame,  
 I bear it on the tree ;  
 Forgive them, Father, in Thy love,  
 I die to set them free."

**W**E'RE bound for the land of the pure  
 and the holy, [love.  
 The home of the happy, the kingdom of  
 Ye wanderers from God in the broad road  
 of folly,

Oh! say, will you go to the Eden above?  
 Will you go? will you go? will you go?  
 will you go?

Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?

2 In that blessed land neither sighing nor  
anguish

Can breathe in the fields where the  
glorified rove, [languish,  
Ye heart-burdened ones who in misery  
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?

3 No poverty there; no, the saints are all  
wealthy,

The heirs of His glory, whose being is love;  
No sickness can reach them, this country  
is healthy,

Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?

4 Each saint has a mansion, prepared and  
all furnished, [to move;

Ere from this clay house he is summoned  
Its gates and its towers with glory are  
burnished,

Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?

5 March on happy pilgrims, the land is  
before you, [shall prove;

And soon its ten thousand delights we  
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of  
bright glory; [above.

And drink the pure joys of the Eden

Let us go, let us go, let us go,

Oh yes, let us go to the Eden above.

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

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,  
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

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

I'm a pilgrim, &c.

- 3 There my loved ones have gone before me,  
 I am longing, I am longing for the sight;  
 Within a country forlorn and dreary,  
 I have wandered alone and weary.

I'm a pilgrim, &c.

CHILDREN dear have precious souls,  
 Souls for which the Saviour died—  
 Souls for which the Prince of Life  
 Was on Calvary crucified.

- 2 How it tells the matchless love  
 Of the blessed Son of God,  
 Thus to come from Heaven to bear  
 Sin's tremendous heavy load.

- 3 Had He not upon the cross  
 Bore the wrath that sin deserved,

Never had our happy ears  
That sweet word Salvation heard.

- 4 Now we hear the joyful sound  
Of salvation full and free ;  
Faith in Jesus makes it ours,  
Now and through eternity !

122

P.M.

**O**H, I am happy, full of praise,  
For I have found a Friend ;  
His heart is love, His precious ways  
Of kindness never end.

CHORUS—Glory, glory,  
To this Friend who died for me.

- 2 I love Him, for He first loved me ;  
He told me, thou art Mine ;  
And I through all eternity  
Shall in His likeness shine.
- 3 Should trouble be my portion here,  
This Friend is near at hand,  
To soothe my heart and bid me cheer,  
Thro' all this weary land.
- 4 Oh, would you know His lovely Name,  
'Tis written in God's word ;  
To-day and evermore the same,  
'Tis Jesus Christ the Lord.
- 5 Receive Him in your grateful heart,  
And He will ever stay ;  
If once your Friend, He'll ne'er depart,  
Nor let you go away.

**L**ORD JESUS, hear!  
 For Thou hast made us Thine;  
 Each passing day, on life's brief way,  
 May Thine own love within us shine—

Lord Jesus, hear.

2 Lord Jesus, hear!

Like Thee, oh! may we grow;  
 Teach us Thy grace, show us Thy face,  
 Thus make us holy here below—

Lord Jesus, hear.

3 Lord Jesus, hear!

Oh! make us good and kind;  
 We fain would be, blest Lord, like Thee,  
 Like Thee in soul, and heart, and mind—

Lord Jesus, hear.

**W**HAT 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 caress'd,  
 He prayed 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.

**J**ESUS only, He can give  
 Peace and comfort while we live,  
 Jesus only can supply  
 Boldness if we're called to die.  
 2 All who now in Him believe,  
 He will then their souls receive ;  
 And He will their treasure be  
 Here, and through eternity.

**T**HERE'S a beautiful land on high,  
 To its glories I fain would fly,  
 When by sorrow pressed down,  
 I long for my crown,  
 In that beautiful land on high.  
     In that beautiful land I'll be,  
     From sin and from care set free,  
     My Jesus is there,  
     He's gone to prepare  
     A place in that land for me.  
 2 There's a beautiful land on high,  
 And tho' here I oft weep and sigh,  
     Yet my Saviour has said  
     That no tear shall be shed  
 In that beautiful land on high.  
 3 There's a beautiful land on high,  
 And the saints shall its bliss enjoy ;  
     With Christ on His throne  
     I soon shall sit down,  
 In that beautiful land on high

**G**OD is in heaven ; can He hear  
A little child like me ?

Yes, little child, thou needst not fear,  
He'll listen e'en to thee.

2 God is in heaven ; can He see  
If 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 saidst it soft and low,  
He'd hear it in the sky.

4 God is in Heaven ; does He care,  
Thence to send good to me ?

Yes, all thou hast to eat or wear,  
That God has given to thee.

**L**ITTLE lambs, why all the day  
*Do you near your mother play ?*

When she calls, why skip for glee ?

And yet, from all others flee ?

" Why," the little lambs reply,

" *She's our mother, that is why.*"

Little child, why all the day

*Does your mother near you stay ?*



When you call how quick to see,  
What your little want may be?  
“Why?” the dear one doth reply,  
“*I’m her child, and that is why.*”

- 2 True, dear child, now hark to me,  
And another answer see—  
God has made her love you so,  
That you might His own love know.  
*God so loved you little one  
That He gave His only Son  
Once to die, on Calv’ry’s tree,  
That you might quite happy be,  
That your sins might be forgiven,  
And that you might dwell in heav’n.  
“Why?” you ask, “did Jesus die?  
Because He loved you, that is why.*

129

[GRACES.]

L.M.

**B**E present at our table, Lord,  
Be here and everywhere adored;  
These creatures bless and grant that we  
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

130

L.M.

**W**E thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,  
But more for Christ’s atoning blood,  
May manna to our souls be given,  
The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.

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

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

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Behold I freely give  
 The living water—thirsty one,  
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."  
 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
 Of that life-giving stream;  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
 And now I live in Him,

3. I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "I am this dark world's light,  
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright."  
 I look'd to Jesus and I found  
 In Him, my Star, my Sun;  
 And in that light of life I'll walk  
 Till trav'ling days are done.

**T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood,  
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;

And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That Saviour in his day;  
And thro' His blood, though vile as he,  
My sins are washed away.
- 3 Blest Lamb of God, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy wounds supplied for me,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall for ever be.
- 5 Soon in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing Thy power to save;  
No more with lisping stammering tongue  
But conqueror o'er the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared  
(Unworthy though I be)  
For me a blood-bought free reward,  
A golden harp for me.
- 7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,  
And formed by power divine,  
To sound in God the Father's ears  
No other name but Thine.

**O**H, come to Jesus now,—Jesus is here ;  
 All low before Him bow,—Jesus is here ;  
     Too many go away,  
     Too many still delay,  
 Though Jesus bids them stay,—  
     Jesus is here.

2 Oh, come this place within,—Jesus is here ;  
 He sees you full of sin,—Jesus is here ;  
     He knows you when you come  
     Poor wretched and undone,  
 Seeking Him and Him alone,—  
     Jesus is here.

3 Come then to Jesus now,—Jesus is here ;  
 All near Him lowly bow,—Jesus is here ;  
     Oh, ye that feel your sin,  
     And coming long have been,  
 Now find your rest in Him,—Jesus is here  
 4 Oh, come to Jesus now,—Jesus is here ;  
 Old and young together bow,—  
     Jesus is here !

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

**J**UST as I am—without one plea  
 But that Thy Blood was shed for me,

- And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee;  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot—  
To Thee whose Blood can cleanse each  
O Lamb of God, I come. [spot,
- 3 Just as I am—tho' toss'd about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fighting and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need in Thee to find—  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down!  
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 7 Just as I am—of that free love  
The breadth, length, depth, and height  
Here for a season, then above, [to prove,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

**J**ESUS! lover of my soul,  
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
 While the raging billows roll,  
 While the tempest still is high;  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide  
 Till the storm of life is past:  
 Safe into the haven guide:  
 Then receive my soul at last!

- 2 Other refuge have I none;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,  
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me.  
 All my trust on Thee is staid;  
 All my help from Thee I bring,  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
 More than all in Thee I find:  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind:  
 Just and holy is Thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness;  
 Vile, and full of sin, I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

**Y**ES, Jesus Christ, th' eternal Son,  
 Came down to take the sinner's  
 place,

Jesus, all glorious names in one,  
Died to redeem His chosen race.

- 2 He died to rescue fallen man,  
And bled for sinners here below;  
Dear children, tell me if you can,  
Do you this precious Saviour know?
- 3 For Jesus' sheep delight to hear  
Their loving Shepherd's gentle voice;  
His lambs have an attentive ear,  
And in His sweet commands rejoice.
- 4 They follow where He leads the way,  
And in His footsteps seek to tread,  
They fear from Him to go astray,  
Nor will by other hands be fed.
- 5 Now then, dear children, tell me true,  
Are you to this good Shepherd known?  
Is Jesus really feeding you,  
And are you following Him alone?

137

L.M.

**O** HAPPY day! when first we felt  
Our souls with deep contrition melt,  
And saw our sins, of crimson guilt,  
All cleansed by blood on Calvary spilt.

- 2 O happy day, when first Thy love,  
Began our grateful hearts to move;  
And gazing on Thy wondrous cross,  
We saw all else as worthless dross.

- 3 O happy day ! when we no more  
Shall grieve Thee whom our souls adore ;  
When sorrows, conflicts, fears, shall cease,  
And all our trials end in peace.
- 4 O happy day ! when we shall see  
And fix our longing eyes on Thee,  
On Thee, our Light, our Life, our Love,  
Our *all* below, our *heaven* above.
- 5 O happy day of cloudless light !  
Eternal day without a night ;  
Lord, when shall we its dawning see  
And spend it all in praising Thee ?
- 6 Come, Saviour, come, oh, quickly come,  
Take us, Thy waiting people, home ;  
We long to stand around Thy throne,  
And know Thee as ourselves are known.

138

S.M.

**O**UR times are in Thy hand,  
Father, we wish them there ;  
Our life, our soul, our all, we leave  
Entirely to Thy care.

- 2 Our times are in Thy hand,  
Whatever they may be,  
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
As best may seem to Thee.
- 3 Our times are in Thy hand,  
Why should we doubt or fear ?



A Father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear.

4 Our times are in Thy hand,  
Jesus the crucified!

The hand our many sins had pierced  
Is now our Guard and Guide.

5 Our times are in Thy hand;  
We'd always trust in Thee,  
Till we have left this weary land,  
And all Thy glory see.

139

8,7s.

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace:  
Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me, Lord, the rapturous measures,  
Songs for heavenly courts above;  
While I sing the countless treasures  
Of my God's unchanging love.

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

4 Oh, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
Prone to leave the God I love;

Yet Thou, Lord, hath deign'd to seal it  
With Thy Spirit from above.

- 6 Rescued thus from sin and danger,  
Purchased by the Saviour's blood,  
May I walk on earth a stranger,  
As a son and heir of God.

140

7,6s.

**H**OW many young lie sleeping  
Beneath the earth and sea!  
Some safe in Jesu's keeping—  
Some past recovery.

Oh! could they stand before us,  
What—think we—would they say?

Ah! earnestly implore us

Seek heaven while you may.

- 2 " 'Tis sweet to be with Jesus; "

Hush! thus the holy speak:

" 'Tis sweet to be with Jesus,

Then quickly heaven seek.

Come, come, and taste our gladness,

Among the happy stand,

Nor tear, nor sigh, nor sadness

Can grieve our loving band."

- 3 Hark! now a voice of mourning,

Like slow funereal bell,

With tears and solemn warning

We hear around us swell—

" Oh! seek to be forgiven,

Let not one hour pass by

Till you are sure of heaven,

The home above the sky."

- 4 Soon we too may be sleeping  
Beneath the earth or sea ;  
Will gladness or will weeping  
Our endless portion be ?  
'Tis God's own invitation—  
Come, come, this very day,  
His " Now " is our salvation,  
And shall we more delay ?

141

8,8,8,4 or L.M.

**M**Y God ! my Father ! while I stray  
Far from my home in life's rough way,  
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,  
" Thy will be done !"

- 2 If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize ; it ne'er was mine :  
I only yield Thee what is Thine,  
" Thy will be done !"
- 3 Should pining sickness waste away  
My life in premature decay,  
" My Father," still I'll strive to say,  
" Thy will be done !"
- 4 Subject my will, I humbly pray,  
Blend it with Thine ; Oh ! take away  
Whatever makes it hard to say,  
" Thy will be done !"
- 5 Then when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer oft mix'd with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
" Thy will be done !"

**T**HERE is life in a look at the Crucified  
One,

There is life at this moment for thee ;  
Then look, sinner, look unto Him, and be  
saved,

Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.  
CHORUS—Look unto Him, look unto Him,  
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

2 Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of sin,  
If on Jesus man's sin was not laid ?

Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-  
cleansing blood

If His dying sin's debt has not paid ?

3 It is not thy tears of repentance, nor  
prayers,

But His blood that atones for the soul ;  
On Him, then, who shed it thou mayest at  
Thy weight of iniquities roll. [once

4 We are healed by His stripes—would'st  
thou add to the Word ?

And He is our righteousness made ;  
The best robe of heaven He bids thee  
put on,

Oh, could'st thou be better arrayed ?

5 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God  
has declared,

There remaineth no more to be done ;

That once in the end of the world He  
appear'd,

And completed the work He began.

6 There is life in a look at the Crucified  
One,

There is life at this moment for thee;  
Then look, sinner, look unto Him, and  
be saved,

And know thyself spotless as He.

7 Then take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at  
once,

The life everlasting He gives;  
And know, with assurance, thou never  
canst die,

Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.

143

C.M

**W**HEN languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,  
And long to fly away;

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend  
The whispers of His love;  
Sweet to look upward to the place  
Where Jesus lives above;

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name  
In life's fair book set down;  
Sweet to look forward, and behold  
Eternal joys my own;

- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine  
My sins on Jesus laid ;  
Sweet to remember that His blood  
My debt of sins has paid ;
- 5 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,  
Whose love can never end ;  
Sweet on His covenant of grace  
For all things to depend ;
- 6 Sweet in the confidence of faith  
To trust His firm decrees ;  
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,  
And know no will but His ;
- 7 Sweet, blessed hope ! and I at last  
Shall see Him and adore ;  
Be with His likeness satisfied,  
And grieve and sin no more.

144

P.M.

**J**ESUS bids you, children, hear !  
Bless Him heart and tongue !  
Come at once—by faith draw near,  
While you yet are young.  
Countless numbers heed His call !  
Bless His tender love !  
Jesus welcomes each and all  
To His home above.

**CHORUS**—Then I will to Jesus flee,  
Though a sinful child I be ;  
Jesus died for such as me,  
Lord, to Thee I come.

2 Children, now to Jesus haste,  
And by Him be blest;  
Not a moment dare you waste,  
Make Him now your rest.  
All your sins He'll wash away,  
Make you clean and white;  
Not a spot shall on you stay  
In God's holy sight.

3 Bright and cheerful children they  
Who the Saviour heed,  
Who His loving words obey,  
Happy they indeed.  
All may join the joyful throng,  
All may Jesus know,  
All may to the Lord belong,  
All may like Him grow.

145

P.M.

**O**H, won't you be a Christian, while  
you're young?

Oh, won't you be a Christian, while you're  
young?

Don't think it will be better

To delay it until later,

But remember your Creator, while you're  
young.

2 Oh, won't you love the Saviour, while  
you're young?

For you He left His glory,

And embraced a cross so gory,

Won't you heed the wondrous story while  
you're young?

3 Remember, death may find you, while  
you're young ;

For friends are often weeping,

And the stars their watch are keeping  
O'er the grassy graves, where sleeping,  
lie the young.

4 Oh, walk the path to glory, while you're  
young ;

And Jesus will befriend you,

And from danger will defend you,

And a peace divine will send you, while  
you're young.

5 Then won't you be a Christian, while  
you're young ?

Why from the future borrow,

When ere comes another morrow,

You may weep in endless sorrow, while  
you're young ?

146

L.M.

**O**H, come, Thou stricken Lamb of God,  
Whoshed'st for us Thine own life-blood  
And teach us all Thy love,—then pain  
Were sweet, and life or death were gain.

2 Take Thou our hearts, and let them be  
For ever closed to all but Thee ;  
Thy willing servants, let us wear  
The seal of love for ever there.



- 3 How blest are they who still abide  
 Closé shelter'd by Thy watchful side,  
 Who life and strength from Thee receive,  
 And with Thee move, and in Thee live.
- 4 Ah, Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought,  
 To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;  
 Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell  
 Thy love, immense, unsearchable.
- 5 FIRST-BORN of many brethren Thou !  
 To whom both heaven and earth shall bow;  
 Heirs of Thy shame and of Thy throne,  
 We bear Thy cross, and seek Thy crown.

147

P.M.

O H, have you not heard of that won-  
 derful love,  
 That flows from God's heart so free,  
 Which led Him to give for a perishing  
 world  
 His Son to be nailed to the tree ?

CHORUS—Believe that wonderful love,  
 Believe that wonderful love,  
 The Gospel is free, God sends it to thee,  
 Believe God's wonderful love.

- 2 Poor sinners undone, and sinful, and lost,  
 This love of our God now receive ;  
 No heart is too sad this love to make glad,  
 When once on God's word we believe.

- 3 Oh, sweet is its rest to the weary and worn,  
 Who feel the burden of sin ;  
 It seeks for no merit its bliss to inherit,  
 No goodness without or within.
- 4 This wonderful love has no measure nor end,  
 It ever remaineth the same ;  
 The heart that has known this love as its own  
 Shall never be put to shame.
- 5 Then will you not prove this wonderful love,  
 That flows from God's heart so free,  
 Which led Him to give, that sinners might live,  
 His Son to be nailed to the tree ?

148

7s.

- W**HEN 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 abhorred.
- 3 " Lord," he cries, " remember me  
 When Thy kingdom here shall be !"

"To-day with Me," the Lord replies,  
"Thou shalt be in paradise."

- 4 This was wondrous grace indeed,  
Grace vouchsafed in time of need;  
Blest are they who Jesus prove,  
For His heart is full of love.

149

C.M.

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 And all but One were sore afraid  
Of sinking in the deep;  
His head was on a pillow laid,  
And He was fast asleep.
- 5 "Master, we perish! Master, save!"  
They cried; their Master heard:  
He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,  
And stilled them with a word.

- 6 He to the storm said, "Peace, be still!"  
 The raging billows cease;  
 The mighty winds obey His will,  
 And all are hushed to peace.
- 7 They greatly wondered! so may we,  
 And ask, as well as they,  
 Who could this glorious Person be,  
 Whom winds and seas obey?
- 8 Oh, well we know it was the Lord,  
 The Saviour and the Friend,  
 Whose care of those who trust His word  
 Will never, never end.

150

C.M.

- J**ESUS! the very thought of Thee  
 With sweetness fills the breast;  
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
 And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
 Nor can the mind conceive  
 A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,  
 To sinners, who believe.
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart,  
 O Joy of all the meek,  
 To those who fall how kind Thou art,  
 How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this  
 Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
 The love of Jesus, what it is,  
 None but His loved ones know.

- 5 When once Thou visitest the heart  
Then truth begins to shine,  
Then earthly vanities depart,  
Then kindles love divine.
- 6 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,  
As Thou our Prize wilt be:  
In Thee be all our glory now,  
And through eternity.

151

S.M.

- "FOR ever with the Lord!"  
Amen! so let it be;  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.
  - 3 Jerusalem on high,  
Home of my soul, how near,  
At times, to faith's transpiercing eye,  
Thy golden gates appear.
  - 4 'Tis then my spirit faints  
To reach the home I love;  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.
  - 5 And though there intervene  
Rough roads and stormy skies,  
Faith will not suffer ought to screen  
Thy glory from mine eyes.

- 6 There shall all clouds depart;  
The wilderness shall cease;  
And sweetly shall each gladden'd heart,  
Enjoy eternal peace.

152

S.M.

- I** HAVE a home above;  
From sin and sorrow free;  
A mansion which eternal love  
Design'd and form'd for me.
- 2 The Father's gracious hand  
Has built this blest abode;  
From everlasting it was plann'd  
The dwellingplace of God.
- 3 The Saviour's precious blood  
Has made my title sure;  
He pass'd through death's dark raging  
To make my rest secure. [flood,
- 4 The Comforter is come,  
The Earnest has been given;  
He leads me onward to the home  
Reserved for me in heaven.
- 5 Bright angels guard my way;  
His ministers of power,  
Encamping round me night and day  
Preserve in danger's hour.
- 6 Loved ones are gone before,  
Whose pilgrim days are done;

- soon shall greet them on that shore,  
Where partings are unknown.
- 7 But more than all, I long  
His glories to behold,  
Whose smile shall fill the radiant throng  
With ecstasy untold.
- 8 That bright, yet tender smile,  
(My sweetest welcome there,)  
Shall cheer me through the "little while"  
I tarry for Him here.
- 9 Thy love, most gracious Lord,  
My joy and strength shall be ;  
Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening word  
That bids me rise to Thee.
- 10 And then through endless days,  
Where all Thy glories shine,  
In happier, holier strains I'll praise  
The grace that made me Thine.

153

6,8s.

**W**HAT will it be to dwell above,  
And with the Lord of glory reign,  
Since the blest knowledge of His love,  
So brightens all this dreary plain :  
No heart can think, no tongue can tell,  
What joy 'twill be with Christ to dwell

- 2 When sin no more obstructs the sight,  
And flesh and sense deceive no more,

When we shall see the Prince of Light,  
And all His works of grace explore:  
What heights and depths of love divine,  
Will there through endless ages shine

- 3 And God has fix'd the happy day,  
When the last tear shall dim our eyes,  
When He will wipe these tears away,  
And fill our hearts with glad surprise  
To hear His voice and see His face,  
And know the fulness of His grace.

154

S.M.

**O** PATIENT, spotless One!  
Our hearts in meekness train,  
To bear Thy yoke, and learn of Thee,  
That we may rest obtain.

- 2 Jesus! Thou art enough  
The mind and heart to fill;  
Thy life—to calm the anxious soul;  
Thy love—its fear dispel.

- 3 O fix our earnest gaze,  
So wholly, Lord, on Thee,  
That with Thy beauty occupied  
We elsewhere none may see.

155

C.M.

**O** LORD! when we the path retrace  
Which Thou on earth hast trod,  
To man Thy wondrous love and grace,  
Thy faithfulness to God;



- 2 Thy love, by man so sorely tried,  
     Proved stronger than the grave;  
     The very spear that pierced Thy side  
     Drew forth the blood to save.
- 3 Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,  
     'Mid darkness only light,  
     Thou did'st Thy Father's name confess,  
     And in His will delight;
- 4 Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles  
     Or suffering, shame, and loss,  
     Thy path uncheer'd by earthly smiles,  
     Led only to the Cross:—
- 5 We wonder at Thy lowly mind,  
     And fain would like Thee be,  
     And all our rest and pleasure find  
     In learning, Lord, of Thee.

156

P.M.

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

“It is finished!” Yes, indeed,  
     Finished every jot:  
     Children, this is all you need;  
     Tell me, is it not?

- 2 When He from His lofty throne  
     Stooped to do and die,

Everything was fully done :  
Hearken to His cry—

- 3 Weary, working, plodding one,  
Wherefore toil you so ?  
Cease your doing ; all was done  
Long, long ago.
- 4 Till to Jesu's work you cling,  
By a simple faith,  
"Doing " is a deadly thing,  
Doing ends in death.
- 5 Cast your deadly "doing " down,  
Down at Jesu's feet ;  
Stand in Him, in Him alone,  
Gloriously complete !

157

P.M.

**S**HALL we gather at His coming,  
When the dead in Christ arise ?  
Shall we hear the Saviour's summons  
To God's home, beyond the skies ?

**CHORUS**—Yes ; we'll gather at His coming,  
His glorious, His glorious coming—  
Gather with His saints at His coming,  
If washed in the Saviour's blood.

- 2 Daily nearer draws His coming,  
This makes all His own rejoice ;  
Who are they that fear to meet Him ?  
Such as now love not His voice.

- 3 When the Saviour at His coming,  
 Shall His own in glory bring,  
 Midst the throng of holy children,  
 Shall we too His praises sing?
- 4 Ere the day of Jesu's coming,  
 Seek His pardon free to know;  
 Be your stains of sin as scarlet,  
 He will wash you white as snow.

158

P.M.

**O**H! what has Jesus done for me?  
 He pitied me,—my Saviour.  
 My sins were great: His love was free,  
 He died for me,—my Saviour.  
 Exalted to His Father's side,  
 He prays for me,—my Saviour.  
 A heavenly mansion He'll provide  
 For all who love my Saviour.  
 Jesus, blest Jesus,  
 Thy Name is sweet,—my Saviour;  
 When shall I see Thee face to face,  
 My loving, blessed Saviour?

2 To my weak steps He doth give heed,  
 He watcheth me,—my Saviour.  
 He helpeth me in every need,  
 He loveth me,—my Saviour.  
 He heareth, and doth answer send  
 To my poor prayer,—my Saviour;  
 And He will keep unto the end  
 The child that trusts his Saviour.

**H**ARK! hark! hear the glad tidings,  
Soon, soon, Jesus will come,  
Robed, robed, in honour and glory to  
gather His ransomed ones home:

Yes, yes, O yes, to gather His ransomed ones home.

2 Joy, joy, sound it more loudly, Sing, sing,  
glory to God;

Soon, soon, Jesus is coming, publish the  
tidings abroad. [abroad.

Yes, yes, O yes, publish the tidings

3 Bright, bright, seraphs attending, Shouts,  
shouts, filling the air:

Down, down, swiftly from heaven, Jesus  
our Lord will appear;

Yes, yes, O yes,  
Jesus our Lord will appear.

4 Long, long, have we been waiting, Who,  
who, love His blest name;

Now, now, we are delighting, Jesus is  
near to proclaim. [claim.

Yes, yes, O yes, Jesus is near to pro-

b Still, still, rest on the promise, Cling, cling,  
fast to His word;

Wait, wait, if He should tarry, we'll  
patiently wait for the Lord.

Yes, yes, O yes,  
We'll patiently wait for the Lord.

**J**ESUS is our Shepherd ; wiping every  
tear :

Folded to His bosom, what have we to fear?  
Only let us follow whither He doth lead,  
Through the thirsty desert, or the dewy  
mead.

2 Jesus is our Shepherd : well we know His  
voice,

How its gentlest whisper makes our hearts  
rejoice ;

Even when it chideth, tender is its tone,  
None but He shall guide us : we are His  
alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd ; for the sheep He  
bled ;

Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood  
He shed ;

Then on each He setteth His own secret  
sign,

“ They that have my Spirit, these,” saith  
He, “ are Mine.”

4 Jesus is our Shepherd ; with His goodness  
now,

And His tender mercy, He doth us endow ;  
Let us sing His praises, with a gladsome  
heart,

Till in heaven we meet Him, never more  
to part.

**W**HEN mothers of Salem their  
 children brought to Jesus,  
 The stern disciples drove them back, and  
 bade them all depart ;

But Jesus called them ere they fled,  
 And took them in His arms and said,  
 " Suffer the children to come unto Me."

2 For I will receive them, and fold them to  
 My bosom ;

I'll be a shepherd to these lambs—O !  
 drive them not away ;

For if their hearts to Me they give,  
 They shall with Me in glory live.

" Suffer the children to come unto Me."

3 How happy the children who rest on  
 Jesu's bosom,

And there, like little folded lambs, lie  
 safely and at rest ;

Thence none can pluck them e'er away,  
 For He who keeps them loves to say,

" Suffer the children to come unto Me."

4 And still the kind Saviour bids little  
 children welcome,

For Jesu's loving tender heart to children  
 is the same ;

Though here His voice is no more heard,  
 From heaven itself He speaks this word,

" Suffer the children to come unto Me."

**J**ESUS is coming with joy to the sky,  
 Oh, happy day! oh, happy day!  
 And then all who love Him shall heaven-  
 ward fly,

Oh, happy day! happy day!  
 Upward shall fly to the Lord in the air,  
 And all be together with Jesus there,  
 Far from the earth and from sorrow & care,  
 Oh, happy day! happy day!

2 Parents and children again then shall meet,  
 Oh, happy day! oh, happy day!  
 Sisters and brothers—oh, it will be sweet!  
 Oh, happy day! happy day!  
 We missed them on earth, to Jesus they  
 went; [lament;  
 But them we still love, their absence  
 When all meet again we shall be content,  
 Oh, happy day! happy day!

3 Are we all ready, should Jesus now call?  
 Oh, happy day! oh, happy day!  
 Would each one answer, the great and  
 the small?  
 “Oh, happy day! happy day!  
 We long to rise up and with Thee to be,  
 We long our dear Saviour, Jesus, to see.”  
 Children, would you, then, sing sweetly  
 with me?

Oh, happy day! happy day!

'TIS sweet to think of those at rest,  
Who sleep in Christ the Lord ;  
Whose spirits now with Him are blest,  
According to His Word.

They once were pilgrims here with us ;  
In Jesus now they sleep ;  
And we for them, while resting thus,  
As hopeless cannot weep.

How bright the resurrection morn  
On all the saints will break !  
The Lord Himself will then return,  
His ransom'd Church to take.

Or raised, or changed, His saints will meet.  
All grief, all care removed :  
What joy 'twill be to us to greet  
Each saint whom here we loved !

Our Lord Himself we then shall see,  
Whose blood for us was shed ;  
With Him for ever we shall be,  
Made like our glorious Head.

We cannot linger o'er the tomb :  
The resurrection day  
To faith shines bright beyond its gloom,  
Christ's glory to display.

I F I come to Jesus,  
He will make me glad,



He will give me pleasure  
When my heart is sad.

CHORUS—If I come to Jesus,  
Happy shall I be.  
He is gently calling  
Little ones like me.

2 If I come to Jesus,  
He will bid me live ;  
He will love me dearly—  
And my sins forgive.

3 If I come to Jesus,  
He will take my hand,  
He will kindly lead me  
To a better land.

4 There with happy children,  
Robed in snowy white,  
I shall see the Saviour,  
In that world so bright.



# INDEX.

	HYMN		HYMN
A beautiful land by faith	115	I could not wrap	28
A little ship was on the sea	140	I have a Father	113
Ah! beyond the dark	39	I have a home above	159
And is it true	7	I heard the voice of	181
Angels throng	71	I think when I read	57
Around the throne	47	I want to be in	104
As Mary sat	66	I love my precious Saviour	100
Be present at our table	129	If I come to Jesus	164
Believe on Him, the Sacred	40	If little children knew	70
Between two thieves	74	If thou knewest	51
Beyond this life	54	I'm a pilgrim	120
Child art thou	25	In the Christian's home	99
Children dear how precious	124	Is there a little sinner	15
Children go and tell of Jesus	41	Jesus! the very thought	150
Children of Jerusalem	91	Jesus bids you children	144
Christ could not be hid	13	Jesus bless Thy little	97
Come, let us all unite	79	Jesus calls to you	4
Come, Thou Fount	139	Jesus from the glory	3
Come to the ark	68	Jesus has to earth	2
Earth was a lovely	67	Jesus is coming with joy	162
Here we read	82	Jesus is gone within the veil	50
Forever with	151	Jesus is our Shepherd	100
Gentle Jesus, meek and	80	Jesus! lover of my	135
God is in heaven	127	Jesus only can impart	90
God is love	77	Jesus only He can give	125
God will not leave	84	Jesus, Saviour, bow Thine	8
Great God with wonder	81	Jesus so rich	27
Happy the home	33	Jesus, tender Shepherd	93
Hark, hark, hear the glad	159	Jesus when He left	1
Hark! the Saviour's	20	Jesus who lived	72
Hasten, children	21	Joyfully, joyfully	83
Here's a message	6	Just as I am	134
Here we suffer grief	55	King Solomon of old	65
His heart is full of kindness	89	Little children praise	95
Holy Bible, book divine	63	Little lambs	128
How carefully	10	Little ones, the God above	108
How happy	30	Lo! at noon	73
How long sometimes	12	Look to Jesus	53
How loving	31	Lord Jesus hear an	96
How many children	38	Lord Jesus hear	123
How many children say	14	Lord Jesus make	98
How many children say	44	Mighty God while	86
How many young lie	140	My child look upward	22
How much better	36	My God, I have found	70
How sweet the name	32	My God! my Father!	141

# INDEX.

	HYMN		HYMN
Near to Jesus . . . .	46	There's life in a look . .	142
Nothing either great or .	156	There's a rest . . . .	43
Not yet the Lord's, not yet	107	There is a better land .	101
Now, O Lord . . . .	83	There is a fountain . .	132
O can I, may I, hope . .	56	There is a glorious kingdom	17
O happy day ! . . . .	137	There is a happy land .	49
O Lord ! when we . . .	153	This is the happy . . .	60
O patient, spotless . .	154	Though I am young . .	11
O why, dear children . .	18	Through the day . . .	92
Oh, come Thou . . . .	146	'Tis meet to think . . .	163
Oh, come to Jesus now .	133	To do to others . . . .	24
Oh, for the robes . . .	106	To-morrow, is it, do you say	94
Oh, how sweet that day .	109	'Twas God who gave . .	69
Oh ! have you not heard .	147	'Twas goodness . . . .	35
Oh ! I am happy, full of .	122	We sing of the realms .	45
Oh ! what has Jesus . .	158	We speak of the love .	61
Oh ! what has Jesus . .	111	We speak of the mercy .	76
Oh ! won't you be a Chr.	145	We thank Thee, Lord .	130
One there is . . . . .	5	Weeping will not save me.	112
Our times are in Thy . .	138	What can be said . . .	9
Poor and needy . . . .	85	What found I in . . .	16
Remember Thy Creator .	29	What though I'm but a child	124
See the kind Shepherd . .	87	What will it be to dwell .	153
Shall we gather at His .	157	When for some little . .	75
Shall we all meet . . .	117	When His salvation . .	102
Shall we meet beyond . .	103	When languor and . . .	143
Spared by God to meet .	59	When mothers of Salem .	161
Suffer little children . .	62	When our loved parents .	34
The Bible tells us . . .	64	When shall we meet . .	52
The blood of Abel . . .	118	When the Lord was . .	143
The flowers which . . .	116	When you at night . .	23
The pearly gates . . . .	42	We're bound for . . . .	119
The Saviour has . . . .	23	Why should I join . . .	37
The Saviour is loving . .	53	Ye who feel your sin and	
The Saviour Jesus is . .	43	woe . . . . .	106
There's a beautiful . . .	114	Yes, dear child . . . .	19
There's a Father above .	110	Yes, Jesus Christ . . .	136
There's a beautiful land on	126		







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