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THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL
HYMN BOOK

CONTAINING

152

SCRIPTURAL AND SUITABLE

Hymns for Children and Teachers.

COMPILED BY

W. H. COULTAS.

LONDON:

J. E. HAWKINS, 70, WELBECK STREET. W.
BRISTOL:

W. H. COULTAS, MELROSE HOUSE, MONTPELIER.

THE *Proportion*
SUNDAY SCHOOL

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PREFACE.

THIS little collection of Hymns is not issued claiming superiority to any other. It contains only one hundred and fifty-two hymns, but all of which are suitable either for Sunday-school use or for Teachers' Prayer Meetings. It can be sold at one penny, which the compiler feels may be an advantage to many schools where the price is an important consideration.

He has endeavoured to ascertain what hymns are copyright, and has asked permission to use them; those marked with an asterisk (*) in the index must not be reprinted without the like permission.

He hopes he has not in any case violated any private right, as the remainder have been selected from various collections where the names of the authors were not specified.

The space on the top of the cover is left in order that the book may be localised by printing in the name of any Sunday-school.

A tune-book, containing the music for all these hymns, will shortly appear in a very cheap form.

W. H. COULTAS.

*Melrose House,
Montpelier, Bristol.*

THE

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN BOOK.

1

P. M.

- 1 I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek ;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard Him speak.
I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer ;
Alone upon the mountain-top,
He met His Father there.
- 2 I want to be like Jesus :
I never, never find
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.
But oh, I'm not like Jesus !
As any one may see ;
Then, gentle Saviour, send Thy grace,
And make me like to Thee.

2

P. M.

- 1 JESUS loves me ! This I know,
For the Bible tells me so ;
Little ones to Him belong ;
They are weak, but He is strong.
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.
- 2 Jesus loves me ! He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide,
He will wash away my sin ;
Let His helpless child come in.—Yes, &c.
- 3 Jesus loves me ! He will stay
Close beside me all the way ;
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.—Yes, &c.
- 4 Jesus, take this heart of mine ;
Make it pure and wholly Thine ;
Thou hast bled and died for me,
May I henceforth live for Thee.—Yes, &c.

3

7.6.7.6.

- 1 I NEED Thee, precious Jesus,
 For I am full of sin ;
 My soul is dark and guilty,
 My heart is dead within ;
 I need the cleansing fountain,
 Where I can always flee—
 The blood of Christ most precious,
 The sinner's perfect plea.
- 2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
 For I am very poor !
 A stranger and a pilgrim,
 I have no earthly store ;
 I need the love of Jesus
 To cheer me on my way,
 To guide my doubting footsteps,
 To be my strength and stay.
- 3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
 I need a friend like Thee ;
 A friend to soothe and sympathize,
 A friend to care for me ;
 I need the heart of Jesus,
 To feel each anxious care,
 To tell my every trial,
 And all my sorrows share.

4

6.5.

- 1 IF I come to Jesus, He will make me glad ;
 He will give me pleasure, when my heart is sad.
 If I come to Jesus, happy I shall be ;
 He is gently calling little ones like me.
- 2 If I come to Jesus, He will hear my prayer ;
 He will love me dearly ; He my sins did bear.
- 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 my Saviour, in that world so bright.

5

TUNE—*Excelsior*.

- 1 OUR blessed Jesus left the sky,
 And to this world He came to die,
 And on the cross was heard to cry,
 Eli, lama, sabacthani ?
 I must believe, I will believe,
 He died for me.

- 2 He hung upon that shameful tree
To save a little one like me,
That I, from Satan's power set free,
With Him in heaven may ever be.
I must believe, I will believe,
He died for me.
- 3 He's now ascended far on high,
Preparing mansions in the sky ;
And when I hear the midnight cry,
As I shall surely, by-and-by,
I must believe, I will believe,
He died for me.
- 4 Then let us in this gospel-hall,
The boys and girls, both great and small,
With our dear teachers, one and all,
Hear His kind voice, obey His call ;
Then He'll receive all who believe,
He died for me. W. H. COULTAS.

6

P. M.

- 1 **H**EAR ye the glad good news from heaven ?
Life to a death-doomed race is given ;
Christ on the cross, for you and me,
Purchased a pardon full and free.
He that believeth, he that believeth,
He that believeth hath everlasting life ;
He that believeth hath everlasting life.
- 2 When we were lost, the Son of God
Made an atonement by His blood ;
When we the glad good news believe,
Then the atonement we receive.
He that believeth, &c.
- 3 Why not believe the glad good news ?
Why still the voice of God refuse ?
Why not believe when God hath said—
All, *all* our guilt "on Him" was laid ?
He that believeth, &c.

7

P. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, when He left the sky,
And for sinners came to die,
In His mercy passed not by
Little ones like me.
Children must in Him believe,
And eternal life receive ;
Then in heaven with Him will live
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.—Children, &c.
- 3 Did the Saviour say them nay?
No, He kindly bid them stay;
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me.—Children, &c.
- 4 'Twas for them His life He gave,
To redeem them from the grave;
Jesus able is to save
Little ones like me.—Children, &c.

MRS. M. RUMSEY.

P. M.

8

- 1 WHO shall sing if not the children?
Did not Jesus die for them?
May they not with other jewels
Sparkle in His diadem?
Why to them were voices given,
Birdlike voices soft and clear?
Why, unless the song of heaven
They begin to practise here?
Hark! their hallelujahs ringing;
Gladness murmurs far and nigh.
Listen! 'tis the children singing,
Glory be to God on high.
- 2 Let us sing of Him who never
Thrust aside their precious claims;
But took children to His bosom,
As a shepherd doth his lambs.
Put His hands on them and blessed them,
"For of such as these," said He,
"Is the heavenly kingdom," therefore
"Suffer them to come to Me."—Hark! &c.
- 3 Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
Loved them with a wondrous love;
And will He, to heaven returning,
Faithless to His blessing prove?
Tell them they can't come too early
To their Friend who reigns above;
For, ere they can lisp His praises,
They are old enough to love.—Hark! &c.

9

P. M.

- 1 SING of that bright and beautiful home
Where mortals in glory are blest;
Sing of that Saviour so loving and true,
Oh, sing of that ne'er ending rest!

But sing me the song, it lulls me to rest,
 I feel, when I hear its soft strain,
 The joys of the earth are nothing to this,
 Oh, sing it, yes, sing it again!
 Sing it again, sing it again,
 Sing it, oh, sing it again! *Repeat.*

- 2 Sing of that love so precious, so dear,
 Oh, sing of the angels so fair!
 Praising Him ever in mansions above;
 Dear Saviour, I too would be there.
 Oh, sing of His mercy, tender and true,
 'Tis flowing so full and so free!
 And though I forget and wander astray,
 He never, no never, does me.
 Sing it again, &c.

10

C. M.

- 1 "OH! can I, may I, hope to be
 Like Jesus up in heaven?"
 "Yes. Ah, that honour, great indeed,
 Can to a child be given!"
 2 "And how, oh! tell me, could I be
 Like Jesus up in heaven?"
 "By trusting to His precious blood,
 Through which all sin's forgiven."
 3 "And oh, you'll be a happy child,
 When sin has been forgiven!
 But happier far when you shall be
 Like Jesus up in heaven."

11

L. M.

- 1 GREAT Saviour, who didst condescend
 Young children in Thine arms to take,
 Still prove Thyself the children's friend,
 And save them for Thy mercy's sake.
 2 As seed that's sown in fruitful ground,
 Let the instruction they receive
 To Thine immortal praise abound,
 And make them to Thy glory live.
 3 Whilst in the slippery paths of youth,
 Be Thou their guardian and their guide,
 That they, directed by the truth,
 May never from Thy precepts slide.
 4 To read Thy word their hearts incline,
 To understand it light impart;
 O Saviour, consecrate them Thine,
 Take full possession of each heart.

12

6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1 ON what has now been sown,
 Thy blessing, Lord, bestow,
 The power is Thine alone
 To make it spring and grow ;
 Do Thou the gracious harvest raise,
 And Thou alone shalt have the praise.
- 2 To Thee our wants are known,
 : From Thee are all our powers ;
 Accept what is Thine own,
 And pardon what is ours.
 Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
 And to Thy word a blessing give.

13

6.5.

- 1 JESUS, tender Saviour,
 Hast Thou died for me?
 Make me very thankful
 In my heart to Thee.
- 2 When the sad, sad story
 Of Thy grief I read,
 Make me very sorry
 For my sins indeed.
- 3 Now I know Thou livest,
 And dost plead for me ;
 Make me very thankful
 In my prayers to Thee.
- 4 Soon I hope in glory
 At Thy side to stand,
 Make me fit to meet Thee
 In that happy land.

14

8.7.4.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and power.
 He is able,
 He is willing : doubt no more.
- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness He requireth,
 Is to feel your need of Him ;
 This He gives you ;
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Lost and ruined by the fall ;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.
 Not the righteous—
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

15

7s.

- 1 LET us with a gladsome mind
 Praise the Lord, for He is kind :
 For His mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 2 Let us sound His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God :—For His, &c.
- 3 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need :
- 4 All our wants He doth supply,
Loves to hear our humble cry :
- 5 His own Sort He sent to die,
Us to raise to joys on high :
- 6 Let us then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind.

16

C. M.

- 1 JESUS can all our sins forgive,
And wash away their stain ;
And fit our souls with Him to live,
And in His kingdom reign.
- 2 To Him let every sinner come,
For He hath said they may ;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears He'll wipe away.
- 3 For all who truly seek His face,
Shall surely taste His love ;
Jesus will guide them by His grace,
To dwell with Him above.

17

L. M.

- 1 L ORD, teach a little child to pray,
Give me the words I ought to say ;
For I am young and very weak,
And know not how I ought to speak.
- 2 The words of prayer I've often said
With eyelids closed and bowed head ;
But oh ! I'm very much afraid
That with my heart I've never prayed.
- 3 But now, O God, be pleased to take
Away this heart, for Jesu's sake :
Oh give me one that loves to pray
And read the Bible every day.
- 4 Show me how, on the cruel tree,
Jesus has bled and died for me ;
Help me to give myself to Him,
That I may hate and flee from sin.
- 5 And now, O Lord, hear this my prayer :
Keep me beneath Thy watchful care ;
And when I die, be pleased to take
My soul to heaven, for Jesu's sake.

18

- 1 CHILDREN 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 hosannās to our King.
- 2 We are taught to love the Lord,
 We are taught to read His Word,
 We are taught the way to heaven,;
 Praise for all to God be given.—Hark ! &c.
- 3 Parents, teachers, old and young,
 All unite to swell the song ;
 Higher and yet higher rise,
 Till hosannas reach the skies.—Hark ! &c.

19

7.6.

- 1 TELL me the old, old story
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and His glory,
 Of Jesus and His love.
- 2 Tell me the story simply,
 As to a little child ;
 For I am weak and weary,
 And helpless and defiled.
- 3 Tell me the story slowly,
 That I may take it in—
 That wonderful redemption,
 God's remedy for sin.
- 4 Tell me the story often,
 For I forget so soon ;
 The "early dew" of morning
 Has passed away at noon.
- 5 Tell me the story softly,
 With earnest tones and grave ;
 Remember, I'm the sinner
 Whom Jesus came to save.
- 6 Tell me that story always,
 If you would really be
 In any time of trouble
 A comforter to me.
- 7 Tell me the same old story,
 When you have cause to fear
 That this world's empty glory
 Is costing me too dear.
- 8 Yes, and when that world's glory
 Shall dawn upon my soul,
 Tell me the old, old story,
 "Christ Jesus makes me
 [whole.]"

20

6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1 COME, let us sing the praise
 Of Jesus Christ the Lord,
 And in our youthful days
 Be His dear name ador'd.
 In this our Sunday-school may we
 In Christ believe, and happy be.
- 2 Come, let us all unite
 In simple, earnest prayers
 To Him who day and night
 For little children cares.—In this, &c.

- 3 Come, let us all repeat
The lessons of to-day,
And our dear teachers greet,
Who ever for us pray.—In this, &c.
- 4 Come, let us all be good,
Nor talk, or laugh, or play,
And list with greatest care
To what our teachers say.—In this, &c.
- 5 Come, let us love the Lord,
Our hearts to Jesus give,
And, hearkening to His word,
Believe in Him, and live.—In this, &c.

W. H. COULTAS.

21

P. M.

- 1 O H happy day, when God did lead
His saints this Hall to raise,
For many souls were then in need,
Who now His name can praise.
Happy, happy, happy day,
Happy, happy, happy day.
- 2 Oh happy day, when God did move
Our Teachers to begin
To open this our Sunday-school,
And seek our souls to win.—Happy, &c.
- 3 Oh happy day, when first we came
To hear of Jesu's love ;
He on the cross for us was slain,
That we may live above.—Happy, &c.
- 4 Oh happy day, 'twill be indeed,
When we His grace receive ;
For He will give eternal life
To all that do believe.—Happy, &c.
- 5 Oh happy day, when we shall die,
If we in Jesus trust ;
For He has said we shall not lie
For ever in the dust.—Happy, &c.
- 6 Oh happy day, when He shall come
And bid us all arise,
And take us to His happy home,
For ever in the skies.—Happy, &c.

W. H. COULTAS.

22

11 S.

- 1 THE Bible, the Bible, more precious than gold,
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold ;
It speaks of a Saviour, and tells of His love ;
It shows us the way to the mansions above.

- 2 The Bible, the Bible, blest volume of truth,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth !
It bids us seek early the pearl of great price,
Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.
- 3 The Bible, the Bible, we hail it with joy,
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ ;
We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth,
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.

23

P. M.

- 1 I FEEL like singing all the time,
My tears are wiped away ;
For Jesus is a friend of mine :
I'll serve Him every day.
Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.
- 2 When on the cross my Lord I saw,
Nailed there by sins of mine,
Fast fell the burning tears, but now
I'm singing all the time.
- 3 "When fierce temptations try my heart,
I'll sing, 'Jesus is mine,'
And so, though tears at times may start,
I'm singing all the time."
- 4 "The melting story of the Lamb"
Tell with that voice of thine,
Till others, with the glad new song,
Go singing all the time.

24

TUNE—*National Anthem.*

- 1 GOD bless our Sunday-school,
Increase our Sunday-school,
God bless our school.
Send down Thy grace divine,
May every child be Thine,
And love all hearts entwine,
God bless our school.
- 2 All our dear teachers bless,
And give them great success
In winning souls.
May they encouraged be,
And oft around them see
Their labours crowned by Thee,
God bless our school.
- 3 So may our school increase
In knowledge, love, and peace,
God bless our school.

And when death's arrows fly,
And useful teachers die,
Their places still supply,
God bless our school.

25

By permission of Mr. George Morrish.

7.6.7.6.

- 1 I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me
Because He loved me so.
- 2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be.
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.
- 3 To sing His love and mercy,
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

26

6.5.

- 1 LET me learn of Jesus;
He is kind to me;
Once He died to save me,
Nailed upon the tree.
- 2 If I go to Jesus,
He will hear me pray,
Make me good and holy,
Take my sins away.
- 3 Let me think of Jesus;
He is full of love;
Looking down upon me
From His throne above.
- 4 If I trust in Jesus,
If I do His will,
Then I shall be happy,
Safe from every ill.
- 5 Oh, how good is Jesus!
May He hold my hand,
And at last receive me
To the better land.

27

C. M.

- 1 I 'VE found the precious Christ of God!
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ I have,
A precious Christ have I.

- 2 Christ Jesus is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings ;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in His wings.
- 3 Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,
My med'cine and my health ;
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,
My glory and my wealth.
- 4 Christ is my Saviour and my Friend,
My Brother and my Love,
My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,
My Advocate above.
- 5 Christ Jesus is the heaven of heaven ;
My Christ, what shall I call ?
Christ is the first, Christ is the last,
And Christ is all in all.
- 6 All glory to the God of love,
One God in Persons Three ;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One equal glory be.

28

7s.

- 1 FULL of love was Jesus found
To the little ones around ;
And His tender, loving eye
Would not pass an infant by.
- 2 Once, when such to Him were led,
Oh, what gentle words He said,
While He took them up, and smiled
Kindly on each little child !
- 3 " Let the young ones come to me,
And forbid them not," said He ;
" Many such, in heaven above,
Dwell with me, and share my love."
- 4 Jesus ever loved the young,
And when once His praise they sung,
He was pleased to hear the same ;
So ought we to praise His name.

29

8.7.4.

- 1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tenderest care ;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

- 2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way ;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray !
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be ;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.
- 4 Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will ;
Blessed Lord, and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

30

S.M.

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

31

C.M.

- 1 **I** LOVE to sing of that great power
That made the earth and sea ;
But better still, I love the song,
That " Jesus died for me."
- 2 I love to sing of shrub and flower,
Of field, and plant, and tree ;
But better still it is to sing,
That " Jesus died for me."

- 3 I love to hear the little birds
 Attune their notes with glee ;
 But still, I better love the song,
 That " Jesus died for me."
- 4 I love to think of angels' songs,
 From sin and sorrow free ;
 But angels cannot strike their notes
 To, " Jesus died for me."

32

8.7.4.

- 1 **W**HY did Jesus come from heaven,
 Live a suffering life and die ?
 'Twas that we might be forgiven,
 And hereafter live on high.
 Let us praise Him,
 Now He reigns above the sky.
- 2 Jesus is the only Saviour ;
 All our hope from Jesus springs ;
 Jesus is the world's Redeemer,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings.
 Let us praise Him,
 For His grace salvation brings.
- 3 Jesus kindly will receive us,
 Who to Him for refuge flee ;
 Jesus never can deceive us,
 Our unchanging Friend is He.
 Let us praise Him,
 From our sins He sets us free.
- 4 May we know His full salvation,
 And, when this short life is o'er,
 Reach that heavenly habitation
 Whither He is gone before.
 May we praise Him
 In His kingdom evermore !

33

7.6.

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

- No home on earth is like it,
Or can with it compare ;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.
- 3 There's a *Friend* for little children,
Above the bright blue sky ;
A Friend who never changeth,
Whose love can never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.
- 4 There's a *crown* for little children,
Above the bright blue sky ;
And all who look for Jesus,
Shall wear it by-and-by :
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On all who've found His favour,
And loved His name below.
- 5 There's a *song* for little children,
Above the bright blue sky ;
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually ;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing :
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.
- 6 There's a *robe* for little children,
Above the bright blue sky ;
And a *harp* of sweetest music,
And a *palm* of victory.
All, all above are treasured,
And found in Christ alone ;
Oh, come, dear little children,
That all may be your own !

34

7.6.7.6.

- | | | | |
|---|------------------------------|---|------------------------------|
| 1 | THE watchful eye of Jesus | 2 | The loving heart of Jesus |
| | Is on me every day, | | Is open to receive, |
| | The open ear of Jesus | | Though I'm a little sinner, |
| | Hears everything I say. | | If I in Him believe. |
| | The gracious lips of Jesus | | The precious blood of Jesus |
| | Say "Let the children come;" | | Will wash away my sin, |
| | And in the arms of Jesus | | And make me pure and holy, |
| | For me there's always room. | | As though no stain had been. |

- 3 And then the pow'r of Jesus
 Will keep me to the end ;
 And in the home of Jesus
 Eternity I'll spend.
 Then let me *sing* of Jesus,
 Sing of His dying love,
 And join on earth the chorus
 Sung by the host above W. H. COULTAS.

P.M.

35

- 1 O H, children, have you heard
 How Jesus Christ, the Lord,
 A man became ?
 He left His throne on high,
 Above the starry sky,
 To suffer, and to die
 A death of shame.
 2 Soon He again will come,
 To take His people home
 To heaven above.
 In brightest glory there,
 Eternal joys to share,
 Beyond the reach of care,
 Where all is love.
 3 Come, children, trust in Him,
 He'll pardon all your sin ;
 And you shall be
 Washed in the precious flood
 Of His atoning blood,
 Made fit to worship God
 Eternally.

C.M.]

36

- 1 THE Bible tells us Jesus came
 From glory bright and fair,
 God's perfect, sinless, spotless Lamb,
 His mercy to declare.
 2 The Bible tells us Jesus died
 A sacrifice for sin,
 The gates of heaven to open wide,
 That we may enter in.
 3 The Bible tells us Jesus rose
 And left the silent grave,
 Triumphant over all His foes,
 The mighty One to save.
 4 The Bible tells us Jesus lives
 Again upon the throne ;
 This blessed proof the Father gives,
 That mercy's work is done.

- 5 The Bible tells us He will come
To take His saints away,
To dwell with Him in His sweet home,
Through everlasting day.
- 6 The Bible tells us He will reign
O'er all the earth, ere long ;
When heaven and earth shall wake the strain
Of one eternal song.
- 7 The Bible tells us all may come,
And drink at mercy's stream ;
That Jesus soon will share His home
With all who trust in Him.

37

D. L. M.

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

38

8.7.4.

- 1 LITTLE children, praise the Saviour ;
He regards you from above :
Praise Him for His great salvation,
Praise Him for His precious love.
Sweet hosannas
To the name of Jesus sing.
- 2 When the anxious mothers round Him
With their tender infants prest,
He with open arms received them,
And the little ones He blest.
- 3 Little children, praise the Saviour ;
Praise Him, your undying friend ;
Praise Him, till in heaven you meet Him,
There to praise Him without end.

39

- 1 GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child ;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.
- 2 Fain I would to Thee be brought ;
Gracious God, forbid it not :
In the kingdom of Thy grace,
Give a little child a place.
- 3 Oh, supply my every want !
Feed the young and tender plant ;
Day and night my keeper be ;
Every moment watch round me.

7s.

40

P. M.

- 1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'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 spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !

41

7s.

- 1 JESUS came our souls to save,
For our sins His life He gave ;
Jesus died that we might live,
Glory to His name we give.
- 2 Jesus is the Lord of all ;
Let His foes before Him fall ;
Let all people hear His word,
Sing His praise, and call Him Lord.
- 3 Jesus is the Prince of Peace,
Now let strife and anger cease ;
Earth and heaven unite to sing,
Glory unto Christ our King.

42

7.6.

- 1 CHRIST is merciful and mild ;
 He was once a little child ;
 He whom heavenly hosts adore
 Lived on earth among the poor.
 2 He the sick to health restored,
 To the poor He preached the word ;
 Even children had a share
 Of His love and tender care.
 3 Every bird can build its nest ;
 Foxes have their place of rest ;
 He by whom the world was made
 Had not where to lay His head.
 4 He who is the Lord most high
 Then was poorer far than I,
 That I might hereafter be
 Rich to all eternity.

43

P. M.

- 1 OH, what can little *hands* do
 To please the King of heaven?
 The little hands some work may try
 To help the poor in misery :
 Such grace to mine be given !
 2 Oh, what can little *lips* do
 To please the King of heaven ?
 The little lips can praise and pray,
 And gentle words of kindness say :
 Such grace to mine be given !
 3 Oh, what can little *eyes* do
 To please the King of heaven ?
 The little eyes can upward look,
 Can learn to read God's holy book :
 Such grace to mine be given !
 4 Oh, what can little *hearts* do
 To please the King of heaven ?
 The hearts, if God His Spirit send,
 Can love and trust their Saviour Friend :
 Such grace to mine be given !
 5 When hearts, and hands, and lips unite
 To please the King of heaven,
 And serve the Saviour with delight,
 They are most precious in His sight :
 Such grace to mine be given !

44

P. M.

- 1 JESUS little children blesses,
 Oh, how He loves !
 Fondly He each lamb caresses,
 Oh, how He loves !

Would you wish to go to heaven?
 Come and have your sins forgiven;
 None from Him were ever driven:
 Oh, how He loves!

2 He will listen to your prayer,
 Oh, how He loves!
 Although feeble, if sincere;
 Oh, how He loves!

He became a child, to sever
 Man from sin and Satan ever;
 Those who come He'll cast out never:
 Oh, how He loves!

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

45

By permission of Mr. George Morrish.

C. M.

1 **T**HE Lamb of God! Oh, lovely words!
 How tender and how meek!
 The sweetest title of the Lord's
 A child can learn to speak.

2 What is so gentle and so mild,
 So harmless as a lamb?
 Just such is Jesus to the child
 Who loves His holy name.

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

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

46

TUNE—*Scatter Seeds, &c.*

1 **I**T was very good of Jesus
 To come down from heaven above;
 And that He from death might save us,
 Shed for us His precious blood.
 Even now He bids us trust Him,
 And He says, He will receive

Into His heavenly kingdom
Every child that will believe.

Then hear the words of Jesus,
Believe the words of Jesus,
And life receive through Jesus,
And for ever dwell with Him.

- 2 It was very good of Jesus
To prepare a home on high,
Up among the many mansions,
Far above the bright blue sky.
And He says, when all is ready,
He Himself will surely come,
And will take each young believer
To this happy, happy home.—Then hear, &c.

W. H. COULTAS.

47

C. M.

- 1 GLORY to God the Father give,
Who sent His Son to die,
That children young as I might live,
And reign with Christ on high.
- 2 Glory to God the Son, who came
A man of woes to be ;
And bear His children's sin and shame,
Upon the accursed tree.
- 3 Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
Who melts the frozen heart ;
And doth to sinners, blind and lost,
The light of truth impart.
- 4 Now to the great eternal Three,
The everlasting One ;
All equal honours ever be
By saints and angels done.

48

By permission of Mr. George Morrish.

C. M.

- 1 IS there a little sinner here,
Who mourns because of sin,
And sees with grief and shame, and fear,
How wicked he has been ?
- 2 Is there a little aching heart,
Which does its vileness feel,
And groans beneath that deadly smart,
Which none but Christ can heal ?
- 3 Is there a little soul that pants
To taste redeeming grace,
And longs to pour out all its wants
Before the Saviour's face ?

- 4 Fear not, poor little trembling thing,
With cruel scorn to meet ;
To Christ your sins and sorrows bring,
And lay them at His feet.
- 5 He is a kind and gracious Lord ;
Love fills His gentle breast :
"Come unto Me," is His own word,
"And I will give you rest."
- 6 Think how He answered praying Paul,
And sinking Peter too ;
And so, if you for mercy call,
He'll hear and answer you.

49

7s.

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

50

P. M.

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

51

C. M.

- 1 C OME, children, come ; to Jesus come,
For time is hastening by ;
The day of grace is closing in,
The Lord is drawing nigh.

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

52

P.M.

- 1 I MUST love Jesus, for He has loved me,
Proving that love by His death on the tree ;
Suff'ring and dying, and all for my sin :
I wish, oh, I wish I could only love Him !
"I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me ;
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me."
- 2 If I believe He has promised to save,
Life everlasting to me He will give ;
Debts will be paid, and my soul will be free,
No condemnation, since He died for me.
"I am so glad," &c.
- 3 O Holy Spirit, now help me to say,
Sins which are many are all wash'd away !
Cast like a stone in the depths of the sea,
Reckon'd again? No, they never will be.
"I am so glad," &c.
- 4 Pardon will then be the theme of my song,
Glory and honour to Jesus belong ;
From this blest moment I'll sing to His praise,
Sweetest hosannahs on earth I can raise.
"I am so glad," &c. W. H. COULTAS.

53

6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1 COME, little children, come ;
Why will you stay away,
And listen to the hum
Of folly day by day,
When Jesu's voice is heard to tell
That He would save your souls from hell?
- 2 Come, little children, come,
Because the time is short ;
No matter where or how
You find your idle sport :
In Jesus Christ are pleasures more
Than all you ever found before.

A 3

- 3 Come to the Lamb of God,
 Who once on Calvary bled ;
 Oh, see His precious blood
 For ruined sinners shed !
 And if that price for sin was paid,
 Believe your peace with God is made.
- 4 Come, little children, learn
 The riches of His grace ;
 Lest at the Lord's return
 You weep to see His face,
 Instead of welcoming with songs
 The One to whom all praise belongs.

54

S. M.

- 1 COME, little children, sing
 God's glorious name with us ;
 Oh, 'tis a good and pleasant thing
 To love and praise Him thus !
- 2 His name the angels bless,
 Then how much more should we !
 A Father of the fatherless,
 A Friend in need is He.

55

C. M.

- 1 " IF thou knewest," little child,
 The gift that God has given,
 How fully would thy thirst for joy
 Be satisfied from heaven !
- 2 " If thou knewest," little child,
 That, sinful as thou art,
 Compassion fills His soul for thee,
 And tenderness His heart.
- 3 " If thou knewest," little child,
 The pleasures of His love,
 Thy little heart would love to think
 Of Him who is above.
- 4 Would think of Him who's seated there,
 And hear His go-pel tell,
 How once, to show the way of life,
 He sat beside the well.
- 5 And now His kindness is the same,
 Who was so meek and mild ;
 He has the living waters still,
 And gives them to a child.
- 6 Drink, little sinner, freely drink ;
 These waters are for you :
 The springs of life are ever fresh,
 The wells of mercy new.

56

8.7.

- 1 **T**IME is short, dear children, hear it?
 God in mercy speaks to you;
 Hear His voice of love and power,
 Saying what He'd have you do.
- 2 He declares that you are guilty,
 Lost, and ruined, and undone;
 Yet His grace has been revealed
 Through His well-beloved Son.
- 3 Christ, the Lord of life and glory,
 Came on earth to bleed and die,
 That poor sinners, through His merits,
 Might be saved and reign on high.

57

8.7.

- 1 **L**ITTLE feet may find the pathway
 Leading upward unto God;
 Little hands may learn to scatter
 Seeds of precious truth abroad.
 Youthful hearts may be the temple
 For the Spirit's dwelling-place;
 Childhood's lips declare the riches
 Of God's all-abounding grace.
- 2 Little ones, though frail and earthborn,
 Heirs of blessedness may be;
 For the Saviour whispereth gently,
 "Suffer such to come to Me."
 And in that eternal kingdom,
 'Mid the grand triumphal throng,
 Childish voices sweetly mingle,
 In the glorious choral song.

58

D. C. M.

- 1 **O**H! why, dear children, why refuse
 The offered grace of heaven?
 Think you 'twould cause you grief or pain
 To have your sins forgiven?
 Ah, no! your joy would then begin;
 For, safe on Jesu's breast,
 Storms may arise, and tempests blow;
 They could not mar your rest.
- 2 Then come! A heavenly Father calls;
 Jesus repeats the cry;
 And happy angels waiting stand
 To see the lost one nigh.
 The threatening storm hangs o'er your head;
 Oh, come while yet you may!
 Still open stands the hiding-place;
 Enter within to-day!

59

TUNE—*Sweet Home.*

- 1 SEE yonder kind shepherd, how watchful he stands,
His eye on the sheep, and the crook in his hands;
Not long will he leave them, the flock of his care,
For danger is near them—of this he's aware.
- 2 At night he will make them secure in the fold,
When he is quite certain their number's all told;
Not one must be missing when thus gathered in,
He knows that their safety's entrusted to him.
- 3 Thus Jesus, our Shepherd, by night and by day,
Looks after His sheep, lest they wander away;
And though in this dark world 'tis chilly and cold,
His sheep and His lambs He in safety will fold.
- 4 Then come to this Shepherd, so tender and mild;
He'll take you at once, though a Sunday-school child;
He'll carry the weak, and the strong He will lead,
And in His green pastures will make you to feed.

W. H. COULTAS.

60

L. M.

- 1 OH happy child, whose every sin
Is put away by Jesu's blood;
All spotless, clean, and pure within,
Made fit to meet a holy God.
- 2 Oh happy child, to whom the Lord
Will not impute a guilty stain;
Who sees by faith his sins transferred
To Christ the Lamb, who once was slain.
- 3 He knows himself a wretch undone,
Unworthy of a Saviour's love;
Yet rests on Jesus Christ alone,
And hopes to reign with Him above.

61

L. M.

- 1 LORD, look upon a little child,
By nature sinful, rude, and wild;
Oh, put Thy gracious hands on me,
And make me all I ought to be!
- 2 Make me thy child, a child of God,
Washed in my Saviour's precious blood,
And my whole heart, from sin set free,
A little vessel full of Thee.
- 3 A star of early dawn, and bright,
And shining with Thy sacred light;
A beam of grace to all around,
A little spot of hallowed ground.

62

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

C.M.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus was a little child
He nothing knew of sin ;
So good, so gentle, and so mild,
I wish I was like Him.
- 2 And as He grew to riper years
His parents He obeyed,
And from the paths of holiness
In youth He never strayed.
- 3 His words were always true and kind,
His ways and words agreed ;
With all the poor He sympathized,
And then supplied their need.
- 4 His heavenly Father's will He did,
Who ne'er with Him was grieved ;
The title, " Well-beloved Son,"
This holy One received.
- 5 Yet this beloved One was slain
Upon the shameful tree ;
He died for sins, tho' not His own—
Sins that belonged to me.
- 6 Lord, help a sinful child believe
That 'Thou didst lay on Him,
The pure and holy, just and good,
The burden of my sin.

W. H. COULTAS.

63

P.M.

- 1 **C**OME now awhile, and learn,
The Lord is good ;
From sin and folly turn,
The Lord is good.
Oh, pray for strength within,
To leave the ways of sin !
And cleave alone to Him,
For He is good.
- 2 He has protected you,
The Lord is good ;
His gifts are daily new,
The Lord is good.
Then will you not obey,
And follow in His way,
Nor ever from it stray,
For He is good ?

- 3 He makes the young His care,
 The Lord is good ;
 He loves the infant's prayer,
 The Lord is good.
 He left His heavenly throne,
 For sinners to atone ;
 Then love this gracious One,
 For He is good.

64

6.5.

- 1 **L**ITTLE drops of water,
 Little grains of sand,
 Make the mighty ocean,
 And the pleasant land.
 2 Thus the little minutes,
 Humble though they be,
 Make the mighty ages
 Of eternity.
 3 Thus our little errors
 Lead the soul away
 From the path of virtue,
 Far in sin to stray.
 4 Little deeds of kindness,
 Little words of love.
 Make our earth an Eden,
 Like the heaven above.

65

C. M.

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

66

By permission of Mr. George Morrish.

L. M.

- 1 **D**O any ask the heavenly road,
 The shining way that leads to God ?
 Then hear the blessed Jesus say,
 " Believe on me, I am the Way."
 2 Do any wish the truth to learn,
 The good from evil to discern ;
 To shun the tempter in their youth ?
 The Saviour says, " I am the Truth."

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

67

P. M.

- 1 OH, they've reached the sunny shore,
They will never suffer more,
All their pains and griefs are o'er—Over there!
- 2 Oh, the streets are shining gold,
And the glory is untold,
'Tis our Shepherd's peaceful fold—Over there!
- 3 Oh, they've done the weary fight,
Jesus saved them by His might,
And they walk with Him in white—Over there!
- 4 Oh, they feel no chilling blast,
For their winter time is past,
And the summers always last—Over there!
- 5 Oh, they need no lamp at night,
For the day is always bright,
And the Saviour is their light—Over there!
- 6 Oh, they never shed a tear,
For the Lord Himself is near,
And with Him is endless cheer—Over there!
- 7 Oh, we'll join that happy band,
But we wait our Lord's command,
Till we see his beckoning hand—Over there!

68

P. M.

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

69

L. M.

- 1 COME, let us all unite and sing
Of Him who did salvation bring;
Sing how He left His throne above,
And came to earth to prove His love;
- 2 Sing how He suffered on the tree,
That we from suffering may be free;
Sing how He did His own life give,
That we in heaven may ever live;

- 3 Sing how He from the grave arose,
And triumphed over all His foes ;
Sing of His rising through the air,
A place in heaven to prepare.
- 4 And if in faith we sing of Him
Who died to put away our sin,
He'll come again to take us home,
And put us on His Father's throne.
- 5 And there, for ever with the blest,
Our weary souls will ever rest ;
Our sorrows, trials, and conflicts o'er,
There we shall praise Him evermore.

W. H. COULTAS.

70

P. M.

- 1 CHILD of sin and sorrow, 3 Child of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay, Where wilt thou flee,
Wait not for to-morrow, Through that long to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day ; Eternity ?
Heaven bids thee come, Exiled from home,
While yet there's room. Darkly to roam ;
Child of sin and sorrow, Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey. Where wilt thou flee ?
- 2 Child of sin and sorrow, 4 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die ? Lift up thine eye ;
Wait not for to-morrow ; Joy knows no to-morrow
Jesus is nigh. In heaven high.
Grieve not that love Oh, sinner, come,
Which from above, While yet there's room !
Child of sin and sorrow, Child of sin and sorrow,
Life can supply. To Jesus fly.

71

P. M.

- 1 LEAD me to Jesus, lead me to Jesus ;
Help me to love Him, help me to pray.
He is my Saviour ; I would believe Him ;
I would be like Him ; show me the way.
Quickly haste, and come where happy children meet,
Hither come, and sing the Saviour's praises sweet ;
Rest from thy pleasures, rest from thy play ;
Come to our meeting, come away.
- 2 Lead me to Jesus ; He will receive me ;
He is so loving, gentle, and mild ;
Calling the children, bidding them welcome ;
Surely He calls me—I am a child.
- 3 Tell me of Jesus, tell of His mercy ;
Is there a fountain flowing so free ?
All who are willing, drink of its waters—
Say, is that fountain flowing for me ?

- 4 Lord, I am coming ; Jesus, my Saviour,
Pity my weakness ; make me Thy child.
I would receive Thee, trust and believe Thee ;
I would be like Thee—gentle and mild.

72

8.7.

- 1 CHILDHOOD'S years are passing o'er us,
Youthful days will soon be done ;
Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.
2 Oh, may He who, meek and lowly,
Trod Himself this vale of woe,
Make us His, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go !
3 Hark ! it is the Saviour calling,
" Little children, follow me !"
Jesus ! keep our feet from falling ;
Teach us all to follow Thee.
4 Soon we part—it may be never,
Never here to meet again ;
Oh, to meet in heaven for ever !
Oh, the crown of life to gain !

D. E. FORD.

73

Permitted by the Sunday School Union.

6.5.

- 1 SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour, Thou, that we might follow,
Listen whilst we sing, Hast gone up on high.
Hearts and voices raising, 3 Onward, ever onward,
Praises to our King. Journeying o'er the road
All we have to offer, Worn by saints before us,
All we hope to be, Journeying on to God.
Body, soul, and spirit, Leaving all behind us,
All we yield to Thee. May we hasten on ;
Onward, upward, heavenward, Backward never looking,
To our city bright, Till the prize is won.
Singing as we journey 4 Jesus, Lord, and Master,
Forward into light. At Thy sacred feet,
2 Nearer, ever nearer, Here with hearts rejoicing,
Christ, we draw to Thee ; See Thy children meet.
Deep in adoration, Often have we left Thee,
Bending low the knee. Often gone astray ;
Thou, for our redemption, Keep us, mighty Saviour,
Cam'st on earth to die ; In the narrow way.

REV. G. THRING.

74

P.M.

- 1 COME, ye children, sweetly sing
Praises to your Saviour King ;
Hearts and voices gladly bring :
Praise His name !

- 2 Jesus is the children's friend,
Loving, faithful, to the end ;
Richest gifts from Him descend :
Joy and peace.
- 3 Once from heaven to earth He came,
Suffered death, contempt, and blame,
Died upon a cross of shame,
Crowned with thorns.
- 4 'Twas our sinful souls to save
Thus His precious blood He gave !
Ransomed now from sin's dark grave,
We may sing.
- 5 Oh, what boundless grace and love,
Passing all our thoughts above !
Fear and unbelief remove,
At the cross.
- 6 Blessèd Jesus, loving, kind,
We would early seek and find ;
And our souls in covenant bind,
Thine to be.
- 7 For our sins we deeply grieve,
But Thy promise we believe—
" Him that cometh, I receive : "
Lord, we come.
- 8 Help us love Thee more and more,
Serve Thee truly evermore,
Till Thy mercy we adore
In heaven above.

ETA.

75

P.M.

- 1 **L**IGHT in the darkness, sailor ! day is at hand !
See o'er the foaming billows fair haven's land.
Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er ;
Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull for the shore.
Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore ;
Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar ;
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, cling to self no more ;
Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for the shore.
- 2 Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail :
Stronger the surges dash, and fiercer the gale ;
Heed not the stormy winds, though louder they roar ;
Watch the " bright and morning star," and pull for the shore.
- 3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor ; uplift the eye ;
Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh ;
Safe in the life-boat, sailor ; sing evermore,
" Glory, glory, hallelujah ! " Pull for the shore.

76

- 1 **B**E our joyful song to-day,
 Jesus ! only Jesus !
 He who takes our sins away,
 Jesus ! only Jesus !
 Name with every blessing rife,
 Be our joy and hope through life,
 Be our strength in every strife,
 Jesus ! only Jesus !
- 2 Once we wandered far from God,
 Knowing not of Jesus ;
 Treading still the downward road,
 Leading far from Jesus ;
 Till the Spirit taught us how
 'Neath the Saviour's yoke to bow,
 And we fain would follow now,
 Jesus ! only Jesus !
- 3 Be our trust through years to come,
 Jesus ! only Jesus !
 Password to our heavenly home,
 Jesus ! only Jesus !
 When from sin and sorrow free,
 On through all eternity
 This our theme and song shall be,
 Jesus ! only Jesus !

77

6.5.

- 1 **J**ESUS now is calling,
 "Come to Me and live ;"
 Hear His solemn warning,
 "Come to Me and live."
 Jesus now is calling,
 Calling, gently calling ;
 Sweetly now He's calling,
 Calling you to come.
- 2 Children, He will never
 Prove unkind, untrue ;
 Trust in Him, He'll ever
 Guide you safely through.
- 3 Why do you still linger ?
 Jesus bids you come :
 Crowns He'll give in glory,
 When life's race is run.
- 4 We will heed His calling,
 And no longer roam ;
 We will try to serve Him,
 Till He calls us home.

BENTLEY.

78

TUNE—"Art thou weary?"

- 1 **L**O, a loving Friend is waiting,
He is calling thee ;
Listen to His voice so tender,
"Come to Me."
- 2 "On the cross for thee I suffered,
Death I bore for thee ;
Canst thou still refuse My mercy ?
Trust to Me."
- 3 "Long hast thou been Satan's captive,
I will set thee free ;
Then rejoicing in thy freedom,
Follow Me."
- 4 Many times has Jesus spoken,
Now He speaks again ;
Shall thy Saviour's invitation
Be in vain ?
- 5 Soon that voice will cease its calling,
Wilt thou still delay ?
Wait no longer, sin grows stronger,
Yield to-day.
- 6 Saviour, I will wait no longer,
Now to Thee I come ;
And when life's short voyage is over,
Take me home.

JOHN M. WIGNER.

79

6.4.

- 1 **C**OME, heavy-laden one,
Sighing for rest ;
Come as a weary bird
Flies to her nest.
"Now" the accepted time,
"Now" is the day ;
Come to the mercy-seat,
Why wilt thou stay.
Hark ! 'tis thy Saviour's voice
Calling to thee,
"Come, heavy-laden one,
Come unto Me."
- 2 Come like the prodigal ;
He will receive,
He will forgive thee all ;
Only believe.
Joy to the mourning heart
He will restore ;
Turn from the path of sin,
Wander no more.—Hark ! &c.

80

P. M.

- 1 **W**E all are sinners, every one,
And by our sins we are undone ;
But if we trust in God's dear Son,
We'll wear a crown with Jesus.
- 2 Then let us all in Christ believe,
Our little hearts to Jesus give,
And then to heaven He'll us receive,
To wear a crown with Jesus.
- 3 Come let us serve Him day by day,
And work and wait, and watch and pray,
And then to each one He will say,
Come wear a crown with Jesus.
- 4 Our highest song come let us raise
To Him who merits all our praise,
And then throughout eternal days
We'll wear a crown with Jesus.
- 5 Then with our loving teachers dear,
Around the throne we shall appear,
Away from sorrow, sin, and fear,
We'll wear a crown with Jesus.
But should we not this Saviour love,
Who died for us His love to prove,
We shall not go to heaven above,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

W. H. COULTAS.

81

P. M.

- 1 **L**ITTLE thought Samaria's daughter,
On that ne'er forgotten day,
That the tender Shepherd sought her,
As a sheep astray ;
That from sin He longed to win her—
Knowing more than she could tell,
Of the wretchedness within her,
Waiting at the well.
Hear, oh hear the wondrous story !
Let the winds and waters tell,
'Tis the Christ, the King of glory,
Waiting at the well.
- 2 'Neath the sately palm-tree swaying,
Listened she to words of truth ;
While each thought was backward straying
O'er her wasted youth.
Hastening homeward with desire,
All His wondrous speech to tell,
Asked she, " Is not this Messiah
Waiting at the well?"

- 3 Living waters still are flowing,
 Full and free for all mankind,
 Blessings sweet on all bestowing ;
 All a welcome find.
 All the world may come and prove Him ;
 Every doubt will Christ dispel,
 When each heart shall truly love Him,
 Waiting at the well.

82

P. M.

- 1 I HAVE heard of the Saviour's love,
 And a wonderful love it must be ;
 But did He come down from above,
 Out of love and compassion for me ?
 Yes, yes, yes, for me ! for me !
 Yes, yes, yes, for me !
 Our Lord from above, in His infinite love,
 On the cross died to save you and me.
- 2 I have heard how He suffered and bled,
 How He languished and died on the tree ;
 But then is it anywhere said
 That He languished and suffered for me ?
- 3 I've been told of a heaven on high,
 Which the children of Jesus shall see ;
 But is there a place in the sky
 Made ready and furnished for me ?—Yes, &c.
- 4 Lord, answer these questions of mine.
 To whom shall I go but to Thee ;
 And say by Thy Spirit divine,
 There's a Saviour and heaven for me ?—Yes, &c.

83

8.7.

- 1 LITTLE ones in Christ believing,
 Lose the burden of their sin ;
 Pardon at His hands receiving,
 Cannot do too much for Him.
- 2 Little ones should love the Saviour,
 For His dying love to them ;
 Ever let their whole behaviour
 Show the love they have for Him.
- 3 Little tongues should sing His praises,
 In this wilderness so drear ;
 He who to the Saviour raises
 Songs of triumph, need not fear.
- 4 Little hands should do what's bidden,
 Always shunning what is wrong ;
 Nothing can from Him be hidden,
 All will be revealed ere long.

- 5 Little feet should run for Jesus,
 Everywhere He'd have them go;
 And to others bear the tidings
 Of the One that loves them so.

W. H. COULTAS.

84

S. M.

- 1 I'M thinking of my sins,
 What wicked things I've done,
 How very sinful I have been,
 Although I am so young.
- 2 How wicked is my heart!
 How can I be forgiven?
 Should I with earth be called to part,
 How could I sing in heaven?
- 3 But Jesus He has died
 For little ones like me;
 He on the cross was crucified,
 From sin to set me free.
- 4 With all my load of sin
 I'll go to Jesus' feet;
 I'll tell Him all, how bad I've been,
 His mercy I'll entreat.
- 5 I know my prayer He'll hear,
 He'll fill my heart with love,
 He'll drive away my guilty fear,
 And take me home above.

REV. E. P. HAMMOND.

85

6. 5.

- 1 JESUS, I *will* trust Thee,
 Trust Thee with my soul;
 Guilty, lost, and helpless,
 Thou canst make me whole.
 There is none in heaven
 Or on earth like Thee;
 Thou hast died for sinners,
 Therefore, Lord, for me.
- 2 Jesus, I *must* trust Thee,
 Pondering Thy ways;
 Full of love and mercy,
 All Thine earthly days.
 Sinners gathered round Thee,
 Lepers sought Thy face;
 None too vile or loathsome
 For a Saviour's grace
- 3 Jesus, I *can* trust Thee,
 Trust Thy written Word,
 Though Thy voice of pity
 I have never heard.
 When Thy Spirit teacheth,
 To my taste how sweet!
 Only may I hearken,
 Sitting at Thy feet.
- 4 Jesus, I *do* trust Thee,
 Trust without a doubt;
 "Whosoever cometh,
 Thou wilt not cast out."
 Faithful is Thy promise,
 Precious is Thy blood;
 These my soul's salvation,
 Thou, my Saviour God.

MARY J. WALKER.

86

P. M.

- 1 I F washed in Jesu's blood,
Then bear His likeness too ;
And as you onward press,
Ask, "*What would Jesus do ?*"
- 2 With willing heart and hand,
Your daily task pursue ;
Work ! for the day wears on,
Ask, "*What would Jesus do ?*"
- 3 Be gentle, e'en when wronged ;
Revenge and pride subdue ;
When to forgive seems hard,
Ask, "*What would Jesus do ?*"
- 4 Be brave to do the right,
And scorn to be untrue ;
When fear would whisper "Yield !"
Ask, "*What would Jesus do ?*"
- 5 Give, with a full free hand,
God freely gives to you ;
And check each selfish thought
With, "*What would Jesus do ?*"
- 6 Then let the golden thread,
Woven your life-work through,
Reflecting heaven's own light,
Be, "*What would Jesus do ?*"

87

TUNE—*National Anthem.*

- 1 O NCE more together here,
Children and teachers dear,
To read Thy word.
Oh, help us now to raise
To Thee a song of praise !
And in our youthful days
Love Thee, the Lord.
- 2 Make us each one like Thee,
And let us ever be
In Jesus blest.
Then, when this life is o'er,
And time shall be no more,
On Canaan's happy shore
We all shall rest.

W. H. COULTAS.
P. M.

88

- 1 I HAVE found a precious Saviour,
He has washed my sins away ;
Now rejoicing in His favour,
I am happy all the day.
- I love Jesus, hallelujah, I love Jesus, yes, I do ;
I love Jesus, He's my Saviour, Jesus smiles, and loves me too.

- 2 Sweetest joy my heart is swelling,
Joy the world could never give ;
While in sweetest strains I'm telling
How He made my spirit live.
- 3 Lost in sin, I wandered weary,
Far from Jesus, far from home ;
Till He came, in love, to cheer me,
Sweetly calling, "Wanderer, come !"
- 4 Pardon full and free He offered,
Showed His bleeding hands and side ;
Told me how for *me* He suffered,
For *my* sins was crucified.
- 5 Then my heart, with thanks o'erflowing,
Yielded to His gracious call ;
At His feet in sorrow bowing,
Gave to Him my life, my all.
- 6 Now I'm His, yes, His for ever,
Safe within His happy fold ;
Jesus' lambs can perish never,
Love like His can ne'er grow cold.

MISS
CAMPBELL.
C. M.

89

- 1 OPEN my eyes, O Lord, to see
My lost and wretched state ;
Show me my guilt and misery,
While at Thy feet I wait.
- 2 Help me to hear the dying groans
Of Jesus on the tree :
"This blood for all thy sin atones—
"Tis finished"—all for thee."
- 3 Oh, how can I neglect such love,
So freely shown to me,
In Jesus dying on the cross,
From sin to set me free ?
- 4 I know there's no escape for me,
If I should still deny
My Lord, who bled on Calvary,
To raise my soul on high.
- 5 Dear Saviour, now to Thee I fly
From slavery and guilt ;
My hopes, my all, on Thee rely—
Thy blood for me was spilt.

REV. E. P.
HAMMOND.
P. M.

90

- 1 "WHAT shall I do with Jesus,"
The Christ who may be mine ?
Accept Him as my Saviour,
Or spurn the gift divine ?

His only Son God gave me—
 I must, I do decide ;
 And Christ I take to save me,
 Or Christ is now denied.

“What shall I do with Jesus?”
 I'll give my heart to Jesus !
 Upon the tree on Calvary
 He gave His life for me.

2 “What shall I do with Jesus,”
 The precious Lamb of God ?
 I cast my soul upon Him,
 He bathes it in His blood ;
 I'll gratefully confess Him
 Before the vile and just ;
 My ransomed powers shall bless Him,
 My sure and only trust.

3 “What shall I do with Jesus?”
 For Him the cross I'll take ;
 All earthly losses suffer
 Ere I the Lord forsake.
 In scenes of joy and sighing
 His love shall be the same ;
 While living and in dying
 I'll glory in His name.

91

P. M.

1 JESUS, Lord, I come to Thee,
 Thou hast said I may ;
 Tell me what my life should be,
 Take my sins away.
 Jesus, Lord, I learn of Thee
 In Thy word divine ;
 Every promise there I see,
 May I call it mine.

Jesus, hear my humble song :
 I am weak, but Thou art strong
 Gently lead my soul along,
 Help me come to Thee.

2 Jesus, Lord, I long for Thee,
 Long Thy peace to know ;
 Grant those purer joys to me
 Earth can ne'er bestow.
 Jesus, Lord, I cling to Thee :
 When my heart is sad
 Thou wilt kindly speak to me,
 Thou wilt make me glad.

- 3 Jesus, Lord, I trust in Thee,
 Trust Thy tender love ;
 There's a happy home for me
 With Thy saints above.
 Jesus, I would come to Thee,
 Thou hast said I may ;
 Tell me what my life should be,
 Take my sins away.

92

P. M.

- 1 ONLY Thee, my soul's Redeemer !
 Whom have I in heaven beside ?
 Who on earth, with love so tender,
 All my wandering steps will guide ?
 Only Thee, only Thee,
 Loving Saviour, only Thee !

- 2 Only Thee ! No joy I covet
 But the joy to call Thee mine—
 Joy that gives the best assurance
 Thou hast owned and sealed me Thine.

- 3 Only Thee ! I ask no other ;
 Thou art more than all to me ;
 Life, or health, or creature comfort,
 I would give them all for Thee.

- 4 Only Thee, whose blood has cleansed me,
 Would my raptured vision see,
 While my faith is reaching upward,
 Ever upward, Lord, to Thee.

FANNY CROSBY.

93

P. M.

- 1 I STOOD outside the gate, 2 "Mercy!" I loudly cried ;
 A poor wayfaring child ; "Oh, give me rest from sin!"
 Within my heart there beat "I will," a voice replied ;
 A tempest loud and wild. And Mercy let me in.
 A fear oppressed my soul, She bound my bleeding wounds
 That I might be *too late*, And carried all my sin ;
 And, oh, I trembled sore, She eased my burdened soul,
 And prayed outside the gate! And gave me peace within.

- 3 In Mercy's guise I knew
 The Saviour long abused,
 Who often sought my heart,
 And wept when I refused.
 Oh, what a blest return
 For ignorance and sin !
 I stood outside the gate,
 And Jesus let me in.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

94

P. M.

- 1 COME to the Saviour, make no delay,
Here in His word He's shown us the way ;
Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, "Come."
Joyful, joyful, will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free ;
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,
In our eternal home.
- 2 "Suffer the children !" Oh, hear His voice !
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make Him our choice.
Do not delay, but come.
- 3 Think once again ; He's with us to-day.
Heed now His blest commands, and obey ;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children, come?"

95

8.8.6.

- 1 AND is it true, what 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 Yes, I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
Though goodness I have none :
May now be folded on His breast,
As birds within the parent nest,
And be His "little one."
- 3 And He can do all this for me,
Because in sorrow on the tree
He once for sinners hung.
And having put their sins away,
He now rejoices, day by day,
To cleanse the "little one."
- 4 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.'"
- 5 Then by this gracious Shepherd fed,
And by His mercy gently led
Where living waters run,

My greatest pleasure will be this,
That I'm a little lamb of His,
Who loves the "little one." MISS A. M. HULL.

96

8.7.8.7.

- 1 JESUS was the first to love us :
Our dear Lord came from the sky,
Lived a weary life of sorrow,
Then a shameful death did die.
We must all have died for ever,
Had not Jesus died instead ;
Now our sins may all be covered
By the precious blood He shed.
- 2 Oh, how dearly He has loved us,
Long before we loved at all !
Now with us He standeth pleading,
And His loving voice doth call,
"Do you love Me? do you love Me?"
Now I think I hear Him say ;
And He waiteth for the answer,
Which my heart will give to-day.
- 3 Jesus, Lord, I think I love Thee,
But I want to love Thee more ;
Now, I pray Thee, send Thy Spirit
In my heart Thy love to pour.
"If ye love Me, if ye love Me,"
Hark ! again I hear Him say,
"Do the things you know will please Me,
All my loving words obey."

97

C.M.

From *Songs by the Way*. By permission of the Sunday School Union.

- 1 FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin.
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own ;
Wash me, and mine Thou art ;
Wash me, but not my feet alone :
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

98

Permitted by the Sunday School Union.

6.5.D.

- 1 JESUS, blessed Jesus,
I would follow Thee ;
Meek and pure and holy,
Thy disciple be.
Free from sin and folly,
Free from worldly strife,
Trusting in Thy merit
For eternal life.
Jesus, blessed Jesus, I would follow Thee ;
Meek and pure and holy, Thy disciple be.
- 2 Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Keep me near Thy side,
Lest the world's allurements
Cause my feet to slide.
On the Rock of ages,
Firmly let me stand,
Yielding strict obedience
To my Lord's command.
- 3 Purer yet and purer
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find ;
Hoping still, and trusting
God without a fear ;
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.
- 4 Quicker yet and quicker
Ever onward press,
Firmly yet, and firmer
Step as I progress.
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast ;
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

99

8.7.4.

- 1 PRAISE to Jesus ! blend your voices !
Christ the great Redeemer praise !
Ransomed earth with heaven rejoices ;
Bring your loudest, sweetest lays.
Children's voices,
Infants' voices,
May their glad hosannas raise.
- 2 Let us sing the wondrous story
Of the child's Almighty Friend,
How He left the realms of glory,
And to die did condescend.
Children's voices,
Infants' voices,
Sing the love that ne'er shall end.
- 3 Worthy is the Friend who sought us,
Wandering, weary, helpless, lost ;
Worthy is the Lamb who bought us—
His own blood the countless cost.
Children's voices,
Infants' voices,
Blend with the angelic host.
- 4 Praise to Jesus ! swell your voices !
Old and young, the Saviour praise !
Ransomed earth with heaven rejoices,
Bring your loudest, sweetest lays.
Children's voices,
Infants' voices,
All combined, hosannas raise.

100

6.5. D.

From Songs by the Way. By permission of the Sunday School Union.

- 1 CHRIST, the Teacher, cometh
 To our class to-day ;
 And the Lord has many
 Blessed things to say.
 Who will gladly listen,
 Looking in His face ;
 Losing not a sentence
 While He fills the place ?
 Christ, the Teacher, cometh
 To our class to-day ;
 And the Lord has many
 Blessed things to say.
- 2 Christ, the Teacher, cometh
 In sweet gentleness ;
 Touching all the children
 With a friend's caress.
 Who will come the nearest
 To the Saviour King ?
 Who will be most earnest ?
 Who most love will bring ?—Christ, &c.
- 3 Christ, the Teacher, cometh,
 Listen to His call ;
 We have little knowledge,
 He will teach us all.
 Tell us of our Father,
 And our home in heaven,
 Where the sweet harp-music,
 And the crowns are given.—Christ, &c.
- 4 Christ, the Teacher, cometh,
 Do not turn away
 From the Friend who lingers
 In our class to-day.
 Listen to Him gladly,
 Love and trust Him well ;
 He will be your guardian
 Till with Him you dwell.—Christ, &c.

101

7s.

- 1 WHAT *has* Jesus done for me ?
 Died upon mount Calvary ;
 There He bore my sin and shame,
 Blest for ever be His name.
- 2 What *is* Jesus doing now ?
 Saints above around Him bow ;
 Seated on His Father's throne,
 Interceding for His own.

- 3 What *will* Jesus do for me?
Take me with Himself to be;
Children there, will ever sing
Praises to their Saviour King.
- 4 Since He is so good to me,
And with Him I soon shall be,
I should daily for Him live;
He has promised grace to give. W. H. COULTAS.

102

8. 7. D.

- 1 WHAT a strange and wondrous story
From the Book of God is read,
How the Lord of life and glory
Had not where to lay His head;
How He left His throne in heaven,
Here to suffer, bleed, and die,
That my soul might be forgiven,
And ascend to God on high.
- 2 Father, let Thy Holy Spirit
Show to me a Saviour's love,
And prepare me to inherit
Glory, where He reigns above.
There, with saints and angels dwelling,
May I that great love proclaim,
And with them be ever telling
All the wonders of His name. MISS D. A. THURPE.

103

P. M.

- 1 COME to Jesus, come away!
Forsake thy sins—oh! why delay?
His arms are open night and day:
He waits to welcome thee.
- 2 Come to Jesus! sin no more;
But on Thy bended knees implore,
And knock in faith at mercy's door;
He's sure to welcome thee.
- 3 Come to Jesus! all is free.
Hark! how He calls, "Come unto Me!
I cast out none, I'll pardon thee."
Oh, thou shalt welcome be!
- 4 Come to Jesus! cling to Him;
He'll keep thee far from paths of sin;
Thou shalt at last the victory win,
And He will welcome thee.
- 5 Come to Jesus! Lord, I come;
Weary of sin, no more I'd roam,
But with my Saviour be at home—
I know He'll welcome me.

104

P. M.

- 1 **T**HERE 's a Book I love to read,
 Full of Jesus' love ;
 There I find that He indeed
 Shed for me His blood.
 Jesus died, and paid it all, all the debt I owe ;
 Something either great or small, from love to Him I'll do.
- 2 'Twas for me that Jesus died
 On the cruel tree ;
 There He bowed His thorn-clad head—
 Oh, what agony !
- 3 'Twas my sins that nailed Him there,
 Mine that shed His blood,
 Mine that pierced the bleeding side
 Of the Son of God.
- 4 Now my life shall all be given
 To my risen Lord,
 Doing all the way to heaven
 Something in His word.

REV. E. P. HAMMOND.

105

I I S.

- 1 **B**RIGHT home of our Saviour, what glories await
 The spirits that pass through Thy bright pearly gate !
 What anthems of rapture, unceasing and high,
 Compose the loud chorus that gladdens the sky !
 Home, home, sweet home,
 Prepare me, dear Saviour, for yonder blest home.
- 2 The home of the ransomed, the land of the blest,
 Where pilgrims shall enter a glorious rest ;
 Shall wander in gladness the pastures of green,
 And drink the still waters of pleasure serene.
- 3 The home that our Saviour has gone to prepare,
 No hearts can conceive of the blessedness there,
 Of raptures unending awaiting the just,
 When, pure in His likeness, they rise from the dust.
- 4 We bless Thee, dear Saviour, who call'st us to share
 The beautiful home Thou hast gone to prepare ;
 We trust to Thy mercy, that, washed from our sin,
 Through yonder bright gates we may all enter in.

106

P. M.

- 1 **S**TANDING by a purpose true,
 Heeding God's command,
 Honour them, the faithful few !
 All hail to Daniel's Band !
 Dare to be a Daniel ! Dare to stand alone !
 Dare to have a purpose firm ! Dare to make it known !

- 2 Many mighty men are lost,
Daring not to stand,
Who for God had been a host
By joining Daniel's Band.
- 3 Many giants, great and tall,
Stalking through the land,
Headlong to the earth would fall,
If met by Daniel's Band.
- 4 Hold the gospel banner high !
On to victory grand !
Satan and his host defy,
And shout for Daniel's Band ! P. P. BLISS.

107

P. M.

- 1 I OUGHT to love my Saviour !
No earthly friend can be
One half so kind and faithful
As He has been to me.
Before my lips could utter
His sweet and precious name,
Until the present moment,
His love has been the same.
I ought to love my Saviour,
My precious, precious Saviour ;
I ought to love my Saviour,
Because He loves me so.
- 2 He left His home in glory
To save my soul from death ;
And now, in all life's dangers,
He still sustains my breath.
I lay me down and slumber,
All through the hours of night,
And wake again in safety
To hail the morning light.
- 3 It is but very little
For Him that I can do ;
Then let me seek to serve Him,
My earthly journey through ;
And without sigh or murmur
To do His holy will ;
And in my daily duties
His wise commands fulfil.
- 4 And when I reach the mansion
He has prepared for me,
'Twill be my grateful pleasure
My Saviour's face to see ;

And 'mid the angels' music
Which then will greet my ear,
How eagerly I'll listen
My Saviour's voice to hear!

108

8.7.

From *Songs by the Way*. By permission of the Sunday School Union.

- 1 **A**M I weak? Thine arm will lead me
Safe through every danger, Lord;
Am I hungry? Thou wilt feed me
With the manna of Thy word.
- 2 Am I thirsty? Thou wilt guide me
Where refreshing waters flow;
Faint or feeble, Thou 'lt provide me
Grace for every want I know.
- 3 Am I fearful? Thou wilt take me
Underneath Thy wings, my God:
Am I faithless? Thou wilt make me
Bow beneath Thy chast'ning rod.
- 4 Then, my soul, since God doth love thee,
Faint not, droop not, do not fear;
For, though heaven is high above thee,
He Himself is ever near.
- 5 Near to watch thy wayward spirit,
Sometimes cold and careless grown;
He is near with grace and merit,
All thy Saviour's, hence thine own.

109

P. M.

- 1 **H**ARK! a voice is heard from heaven,
Speaking pardon full and free;
Come, and thou shalt be forgiven,
Boundless mercy flows for thee—
Even thee, even thee,
Boundless mercy flows for 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—
- 3 Hear His love and mercy speaking—
Come and trust thy soul with Me;
Though thy heart for sin be breaking,
I have rest and peace for thee—
- 4 Every sin shall be forgiven,
Thou through grace a child shalt be,
Child of God, and heir of heaven,
Yes, a mansion waits for thee—

- 5 There in love for ever dwelling,
 Jesus all thy joy shall be,
 And thy song shall still be telling
 All His mercy did for thee.

110

C.M.

- 1 TELL all to Jesus, little one,
 First tell Him of your sin ;
 The vilest sinner now may come,
 Yes, come at once to Him.
- 2 Tell all to Jesus, little one,
 He has a loving heart ;
 He'll listen to your simple cry,
 And bid your fears depart.
- 3 Your sins He bore upon the cross,
 Your sorrows now He'll share ;
 In everything confide in Him,
 "Your wants will be His care."
- 4 Tell all to Jesus, little one,
 And as you older grow,
 He'll guide you every step you take
 In this dark world below.
- 5 Tell all to Jesus, little one,
 Then, when you come to die,
 With Him you will for ever be,
 In His bright home on high.

W. H. COULTAS.

111

P.M.

- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
 Within the vail, and see
 The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be.
 Many are the friends who are waiting to-day,
 Happy on the golden strand ;
 Many are the voices calling us away
 To join their glorious band.
 Calling us away, calling us away,
 Calling to the better land.
- 2 Once they were mourners here below,
 And poured out cries and tears ;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.—Many are, &c.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came ;
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to His death.—Many are, &c.

WATTS.

112

P. M.

- 1 **S**IMPLY trusting every day ;
 Trusting, through a stormy way ;
 Even when my faith is small,
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.
 Trusting Him while life shall last,
 Trusting Him till earth is past ;
 Till within the jasper wall,
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine
 Into this poor heart of mine.
 While He leads I cannot fall ;
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 3 Singing, if my way be clear ;
 Praying, if the path be drear ;
 If in danger, for Him call ;
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 4 Trusting as the moments fly,
 Trusting as the days go by,
 Trusting Him whate'er befall,
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

113

I I S.

- 1 **H**OW kind is the Saviour, how great is His love !
 To bless little children He came from above ;
 He left holy angels and their bright abode,
 To live here with children, and teach them the road.
- 2 He wept in the garden, and died on the tree,
 To open a fountain for sinners like me ;
 His blood is that fountain, which pardon bestows,
 And cleanses the foulest wherever it flows.
- 3 He went back to glory, but left us His word,
 Which oft from our teachers and pastors we've heard ;
 He sends forth His Spirit our hearts to inflame
 With joy in His service and love to His name.
- 4 Oh, help us, blest Jesus, more sweetly to praise,
 And walk in Thy footsteps the rest of our days !
 Then raise us, dear Saviour, to taste of Thy love,
 And praise Thee for ever with children above.

E. F. HUGHES.

114

P. M.

- 1 **T**HE world looks very beautiful,
 And full of joy to me ;
 The sun shines out in glory
 On everything I see.
 I know I shall be happy
 While in the world I stay ;
 For I will follow Jesus
 All the way.

2 I'm but a youthful pilgrim,
 My journey's just begun ;
 They say I'll meet with sorrow
 Before my journey's done.
 The world is full of trouble,
 And trials too, they say ;
 But I will follow Jesus
 All the way.

3 Then, like a little pilgrim,
 Whatever I may meet
 I'll take it—joy or sorrow—
 And lay at Jesus' feet.
 He'll comfort me in trouble,
 He'll wipe my tears away ;
 With joy I'll follow Jesus
 All the way.

4 Then trials cannot vex me,
 And pain I need not fear ;
 For when I'm close by Jesus,
 Grief cannot come too near.
 Not even death can harm me,
 When death I meet one day ;
 To heaven I'll follow Jesus
 All the way.

REV. L. BACON.

7.6.

116

1 **A**SHAMED to be a Christian !
 Afraid the world should know
 I'm on my way to Zion,
 Where joys eternal flow !
 Forbid it, O my Saviour,
 That I should ever be
 Afraid to wear Thy colours,
 Or blush to follow Thee.

2 Ashamed to be a Christian !
 To love my God and King !
 The fire of zeal is burning,
 My soul is on the wing :
 I want a faith made perfect,
 That all the world may see
 I stand a living witness
 Of mercy rich and free.

3 Ashamed to be a Christian !
 My guilty fear, depart.
 I will not heed the tempter
 That whispers to my heart.

Dear Saviour, though unworthy,
 Yet this my only plea,
 Thy all-atoning merit ;
 For Thou hast died for me.

116

6.5.D.

From *Songs by the Way*. By permission of the Sunday School Union.

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|--|
| 1 | JESUS is our Pilot ;
No one else can guide
Our frail bark in safety
O'er life's stormy tide.
When the waves of trouble
Baffle human skill,
He can always calm them
With His "Peace, be still!"
Jesus is our Pilot ;
Guided by His hand, | 2 | Jesus is our Pilot ;
Leaning on His arm
Safe from fear and harm.
We are safe from danger,
In His strong protection
Let us ever rest ;
Refuge from all sorrow
On His faithful breast.
We shall reach the haven
By the golden strand. |
|---|--|---|--|

- 3 Jesus is our Pilot ;
 Well He knows the way
 From these earthly shadows
 To the realms of day.
 He can find that harbour
 Others seek in vain,
 Where, as Lord of glory,
 Evermore He'll reign.—Jesus is, &c.

117

6.5. 12 lines.

- 1 FORWARD! be our watchword,
 Steps and voices joined ;
 Seek the things before us,
 Not a look behind :
 Burns the fiery pillar
 At our army's head ;
 Who shall dream of shrinking,
 By our Captain led ?
 Forward through the desert,
 Through the toil and fight ;
 Canaan lies before us,
 Sion beams with light.
- 2 Forward, when in childhood
 Buds the infant mind ;
 All through youth and manhood,
 Not a thought behind :
 Speed through realms of nature,
 Climb the steps of grace ;
 Faint not, till in glory
 Gleams our Father's face.

Forward, all the lifetime
 Climb from height to height,
 Till the head be hoary,
 Till the eve be light.

- 3 Glories upon glories
 Hath our God prepared,
 By the souls that love Him
 One day to be shared :
 Eye hath not beheld them,
 Ear hath never heard,
 Nor of these hath uttered
 Thought, or speech, or word.
 Thither, onward thither,
 In the Spirit's might ;
 Pilgrim, to your country,
 Forward ! into light.

118

P. M.

- 1 "LET little children come to Me,"
 So says our blessed Lord :
 And I, a little child, would be
 Obedient to His word :
 In early days would sing His praise,
 And hasten to Him ; for He says,
 "Let little children come to Me,
 Let little children come."
 2 "Let little children come to Me,"
 It is my Saviour's call :
 He spake it not to two or three,
 But to the children all.
 And so, when they His word obey,
 It is as if they heard Him say,
 "Let little children come to Me,
 Let little children come."
 3 "Let little children come to Me,"
 O Saviour, Lord, I come ;
 Through life and death I'll go with Thee,
 Thine arms shall be my home.
 I cannot fear when Thou art near,
 And Thy sweet words I seem to hear :
 "Let little children come to Me,
 Let little children come."

119

7S.

- 1 BLESSED Jesus, ere we part,
 Speak Thy blessing to each heart ;
 Blessed Jesus, Saviour blest !
 Breathe Thy peace through every breast.

- 2 When this night our eyelids close,
Let us in Thine arms repose :
Blessed Jesus, Son of God,
Wash us in Thy precious blood.
- 3 By our bed Thy station keep,
Guard from evil while we sleep ;
Blessed Jesus, Saviour bright,
Guide us safe to realms of light.

120

7.5.

- 1 COME to Jesus, little one,
Come to Jesus now ;
Humbly at His gracious throne
In submission bow.
- 2 At His feet confess your sin ;
Seek forgiveness there ;
For His blood can make you clean,
He will hear your prayer.
- 3 Seek His face without delay ;
Give Him now your heart ;
Tarry not, but while you may,
Choose the better part.

121

6.5.

- 1 I BELONG to Jesus—
'Twas a happy day
When His blood most precious
Washed my sins away ;
When His Holy Spirit
Changed my heart of stone,
Set His mark upon me,
Sealed me for His own.
- 2 I belong to Jesus—
So I'll try to spend
All my life in pleasing
My Almighty friend.
Since He is so holy,
I must watch and pray,
That I may grow like Him
More and more each day.
- 3 I belong to Jesus—
Therefore I can sing,
For I'm safe and happy
Underneath His wing ;
But so many round me
Are all dark and cold,
I must try to bring them
Into Jesus' fold.
- 4 I belong to Jesus—
Soon He will be here ;
If I love and trust Him,
What have I to fear ?
Round about Him gathered
Will His people be ;
And I'm sure that Jesus
Will remember me.

MISS EILEEN H. WILLIS.

122

P. M.

- 1 SWEETLY sing, sweetly sing,
Praises to our heavenly King ;
Let us raise, let us raise,
High our notes of praise.

Praise to Him whose name is Love,
Praise to Him who reigns above ;
Raise your songs, raise your songs,
Now with thankful tongues.

- 2 Angels bright, angels bright,
Robed in garments pure and white,
Chant His praise, chant His praise,
In melodious lays.
But from that bright, happy throng,
Ne'er can come this sweetest song ;
" Redeeming love, redeeming love.
Brought us here above."

- 3 Far away, far away,
We in sin's dark valley lay ;
Jesus came, Jesus came,
Blessed be His name !
He redeemed us by His grace,
Then prepared in heaven a place
To receive, to receive,
All who will believe.

- 4 Now we know, now we know,
We from earth must shortly go ;
Soon the call, soon the call,
Comes to one and all.
Saviour, when our time shall come,
Take us to our heavenly home ;
There we'll raise notes of praise
Through unending days. MISS J. W. SAMPSON.

123

8.5.

- 1 PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry ;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.
Saviour ! Saviour ! hear my humble cry,
And while others Thou art calling, do not pass me by.

- 2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief ;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.—Saviour ! &c.
3 Trusting only in Thy merit
Would I seek Thy face ;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.—Saviour ! &c.
4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee ?
Whom in heaven but Thee ?—Saviour ! &c.

124

S. M.

- 1 ALL things are ready—Come !
Come to the supper spread ;
Come, rich and poor ; come, old and young ;
Come, and be richly fed.
- 2 All things are ready—Come !
The invitation's given,
Through Him who now in glory sits
At God's right hand in heaven.
- 3 All things are ready—Come !
The door is open wide.
Oh, feast upon the love of God !
For Christ, His Son, has died !
- 4 All things are ready—Come !
All hindrance is removed ;
And God, in Christ, His precious love
To fallen man has proved.
- 5 All things are ready—Come !
To-morrow may not be.
Oh, sinner, come ! the Saviour waits
This hour to welcome thee.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

125

P. M.

- 1 COME to the Saviour now,
He gently calleth thee ;
In true repentance bow,
Before Him bend the knee.
He waiteth to bestow
Salvation, peace, and love,
True joy on earth below,
A home in heaven above.
Come ! come ! come !
- 2 Come to the Saviour now,
Gaze on that crimson tide—
Water and blood—that flow
Forth from His wounded side.
Hark to that Suffering One—
" 'Tis finished !" now He cries,
Redemption's work is done ;
Then bows His head, and dies.
Come ! come ! come !
- 3 Come to the Saviour now,
He suffered all for thee,
And in His merits thou
Hast an unfailing plea.

No vain excuses frame,
 For feelings do not stay ;
 None who to Jesus came
 Were ever sent away.
 Come ! come ! come !

126

P. M.

- 1 **A**LTHOUGH I am a sinful child,
 Jesus is my Saviour ;
 With guilt my heart is all defiled,
 Jesus died for me.
 I sing the love of Jesus,
 He died for me, He died for me ;
 His precious blood can cleanse us,
 Once shed on Calvary.
- 2 Though but a child, I'll do His will,
 Jesus is my Saviour ;
 I'll hear His voice, and follow still,
 Jesus died for me.
- 3 Around my path is many a snare,
 I'll seek Him every day in prayer.
- 4 And since His service I've begun,
 I'll tell His love to every one.
- 5 When all my duties here are done,
 He'll take me nearer to His throne.
 There I shall be with Jesus,
 Who died for me, who died for me ;
 And sing the love of Jesus
 Through all eternity.

MRS. H. N. BEERS.

127

TUNE—"Oh, so Bright!"

- 1 **I** OFTEN think of heathen lands—
 Far away !
 Where many a Pagan temple stands—
 Far away !
 And there each hapless child is led
 To bow to idol gods its head,
 Whilst many a muttering charm is said—
 Far away !
- 2 Oh, how I pity children there—
 Far away !
 Although the clime be passing fair—
 Far away !
 I would not leave my humble home
 In fields of richest fruit to roam,
 If there no gospel sound should come—
 Far away !

- 3 But I will pray that God would send,
 Far away!
 Glad tidings of my Saviour Friend—
 Far away!
 And every little I can spare,
 Shall help to send the Bible there,
 And men of God the truth to bear—
 Far away!
- 4 And when the silver trumpet swells—
 Far away!
 And all the love of Jesus tells—
 Far away!
 Then idols shall, like Dagon, fall,
 And many a child on God shall call,
 And own my Jesus Lord of all—
 Far away!

128

D. C. M.

- 1 MY Saviour dear, my Saviour dear,
 I love to think of Thee;
 Fain would I sound through all earth's bound
 Thy matchless love to me.
 Thy life and death, while I have breath,
 My constant theme shall be;
 And all my ways, throughout my days,
 Shall speak Thy love to me.
- 2 My Saviour dear, my Saviour dear,
 I long, I faint to see
 Thy lovely face, in yon blest place
 Thou hast prepared for me.
 There, clothed in light, with angels bright,
 I'll worship and adore;
 And love and praise, through endless days,
 A trophy of Thy power.

REV. C. H. BATEMAN.

129

P. M.

- 1 GOLDEN harps are sounding,
 Angel voices sing,
 Pearly gates are opened,
 Opened for the King;
 Jesus, King of glory,
 Jesus, King of love,
 Is gone up in triumph
 To His throne above.
 All His work is ended;
 Joyfully we sing—
 Jesus hath ascended!
 Glory to our King!

2 He who came to save us,
 He who bled and died,
 Now is crowned with glory
 At His Father's side.
 Never more to suffer,
 Never more to die ;
 Jesus, King of glory,
 Has gone up on high !

3 Praying for His children,
 In that blessed place ;
 Calling them to glory,
 Sending them His grace ;
 His bright home preparing,
 Faithful ones for you ;
 Jesus ever liveth,
 Ever loveth too.

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.

130

P. M.

- 1 I KNOW there's a bright and a glorious land
 Away in yon heaven so high,
 Where all the redeemed shall with Jesus stand :
 Will you be there, and I ?
 Will you be there, and I ?
 Will you be there, and I ?
 Where all the redeemed shall with Jesus stand,
 Will you be there, and I ?
- 2 With harps of gold, and in robes of white,
 With loud and ceaseless cry,
 They shall sing His praises day and night ;
 Will you be there, and I ?
- 3 From every kingdom on earth they'll come,
 All by Christ's blood brought nigh ;
 Thousands of old, and thousands of young ;
 Will you be there, and I ?
- 4 If you trust the loving Saviour now,
 Who for sinners came to die,
 When He gathers His own in that bright home,
 Then you'll be there, and I.
- 5 Oh, children, haste to the glorious land,
 To Jesus, the Lord on high !
 For blest are they who shall near Him stand ;
 Will you be there, and I ?

FOR TEACHERS' MEETINGS.

131

P. M.

- 1 **L**ET our hearts and voices 2 Let us not grow weary,
 Now unite in praise, Make our service light ;
 Unto Christ the Saviour Darkness now it may be,
 Songs of triumph raise. Soon it will be light.
 Gospel labourers are we, Courage then, my brothers,
 Telling in this place Courage, sisters, too ;
 To the little children Helping one another,
 Of his matchless grace. May we onward go.
 Sowing seed for Jesus, Next the ear and ripe corn,
 Soon the blade will come, Then the harvest-home.

- 3 Working will be over
 In a little while,
 Then the hearty welcome,
 And the Saviour's smile—
 Enter in, thou blessed,
 Enter into rest,
 And with Christ for ever,
 Ever be at rest.

W. H. COULTAS.

132

8.6.8.4.

- 1 **O**UR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
 His tender last farewell,
 A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
 With us to dwell.
 2 He came, sweet influence to impart,
 A gracious, willing Guest,
 While He can find one humble heart
 Wherein to rest.
 3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
 Soft as the breath of even,
 That checks each doubt, that calms each fear,
 And speaks of heaven.
 4 And every virtue we possess,
 And every conquest won,
 And every thought of holiness
 Are His alone.
 5 Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness pitying see ;
 Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
 And worthy Thee !

133

7.6.D.

- 1 **S**TAND up! stand up for Jesus! From victory unto victory
 Ye soldiers of the cross ; His army shall He lead,
 Lift high His royal banner, Till every foe is vanquished,
 It must not suffer loss. And Christ is Lord indeed.

- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armour,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.
- 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

134

8.7.D.

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

135

- 1 WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers.
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing
Work, for the daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

S. DYER.
S. M.

136

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ! arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.

- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power :
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued :
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The armour of your God.
- 4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day :
- 5 That, having all things done,
And all our conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

C. WESLEY.

7s.

137

- 1 **F**OR a season called to part :
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer ;
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

J. NEWTON.
P.M.

138

- 1 **O**H, come and work for Jesus,
With cheerful hearts and true,
And tell the love of Jesus,
Who bled and died for you !
Oh, come and work for Jesus,
In sunshine, or in rain ;
The seed you sow in weakness,
Shall not be sown in vain !
Then work, gladly work for Jesus,
There's a glorious work for all ;
Work away with the day,
Till the shadows fall :
Then go home and wear a crown.
- 2 Come, let us work for Jesus !
We've many jewels rare
To gather yet for Jesus,
To crown our labours there :
Then let us work for Jesus
Before the sun goes down :
We've hearts to win for Jesus,
Ere we can wear a crown.

139 *To be sung at the grave of a Teacher.*

- 1 **H**E (she) is gone to his (her) rest with our Jesus above,
 He (she) is gone on to enter the fulness of love ;
 He (she) is gone on before to the land of the free,
 He (she) is gone on before us for ever to be.
 Home, home, home, sweet home,
 And soon we shall meet him (her) with Jesus at home.
- 2 There is one labourer less in the vineyard below,
 There is one more in glory, and soon we shall go ;
 There is one more with Jesus, to sit on His throne,
 There is one less in service, to make His love known.
- 3 When our Jesus shall come, then again we shall meet
 In the regions of glory, each other to greet ; [say,
 If our brother (sister) could speak to us now, he (she) would
 Go work on for Jesus while yet it is day.—Home, &c.
- 4 As we leave the remains of one loved in the tomb,
 And our hearts all enshrouded with sorrow and gloom,
 Let us cease from our sadness, wipe tears from our eyes,
 And we'll look for his (her) coming with Christ in the skies.

W. H. COULTAS.

140

S. M.

- 1 **C**ONVERT our children, Lord ;
 As teachers this we seek ;
 For this we look, and hope, and long,
 And labour week by week.
- 2 Convert our children, Lord ;
 Their evil hearts subdue ;
 And by Thy grace and Spirit's power
 Create them all anew.
- 3 Convert our children, Lord ;
 Oh, save their souls from death !
 Give them to know Thee and Thy ways,
 And walk with Thee by faith.
- 4 Convert our children, Lord ;
 Do not the work delay ;
 Hallow the spring-time of their life,
 The morning of their day.
- 5 Convert our children, Lord,
 Our souls in earnest cry ;
 Get glory to Thy holy name,
 And bring salvation nigh.

J. K. STARLING.

141

7S.

- 1 **T**AKE my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee ;
 Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

- 2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love ;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.
- 3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King ;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
- 4 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold ;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.
- 5 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine ;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.
- 6 Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all, for Thee. MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.

142

P. M.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 I GAVE my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransom'd
be, [dead.
And quickened from the
I gave my life for thee ;
What hast thou given for Me?</p> <p>2 I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
That an eternity
Of joy thou mightest know.
I spent long years for thee ;
Hast thou spent <i>one</i> for Me?</p> | <p>3 My Father's home of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and
lone.
I left it all for thee ;
Hast thou left aught for Me?</p> <p>4 I suffered much for thee—
More than thy tongue can
Of bitter agony— [tell
To rescue thee from hell.
I suffered much for thee ;
What canst thou bear for me ?</p> <p>5 Lord, let my life be given,
And every moment spent,
For God, for souls, for heaven,
And all earth's ties be rent.
Thou gav'st Thyself for Me,
Now I give all for Thee. MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.</p> |
|--|--|

143

P. M.

- 1 RESCUE the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave ;
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying ;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

- 2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive ;
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently ;
He will forgive, if they only believe.
- 3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore ;
Touched by a loving heart, awakened by kindness.
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
- 4 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it ;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide :
Back to the narrow way patiently win them ;
Tell the poor wand'ers a Saviour has died.

FANNY CROSBY.

8.7.

144

- 1 **W**HAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear !
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer !
Oh, what peace we often forfeit !
Oh, what needless pain we bear !
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer !
- 2 Have we trials and temptations ?
Is there trouble anywhere ?
We should never be discouraged ;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share ?
Jesus knows our every weakness ;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care ?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?
Take it to the Lord in prayer ;
In His arms He 'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Dr. BONAR.

145

TUNE—*Sweet Home*.

- 1 **W**HY stand ye here idle ? go work while 'tis day,
This is not the season for labourers to play ;
Tho' vines be not planted, just break up the ground,
And gather them in from the districts around.
- 2 The highways and hedges, the lane or the street,
Wherever you wander, poor children you 'll meet ;
Then speak to them kindly, and make it a rule.
To ask them to come to your class in the school.

- 3 When thus they are gathered, then cease not to pray,
And mention their names to the Lord every day ;
Ask Jesus to bless them, and make them believe,
Then life everlasting they'll surely receive.

W. H. COULTAS.

146

P. M.

- 1 SWEET hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer !
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless :
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His Word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer !
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
May I thy consolation share ;
Till from mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home, and take my flight.
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
To seize the everlasting prize ;
And shout, while passing through the air,
" Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer ! "

WALFORD.

147

7S.

- 1 LORD, we bring our work to Thee,
Bless it in Thine own good way,
Cleanse it from impurity,
Clothe it with Thy power, we pray.
- 2 Give us each fresh love to Thee,
Make Thy service our delight ;
May our conscious feeling be,
Working in the Master's sight.
- 3 Strengthen all begun for Thee,
Carry on Thy work of grace,
Let us all Thy presence see,
Let Thy Spirit fill this place.
- 4 Help us in our work for Thee,
All our efforts kindly own ;
Ours the happiness shall be,
Thine the glory, Lord, alone.

EDWIN HODDER.

148

8.7.4.

- 1 **O**NWARD, fellow-teachers, onward !
 Sow the seed with faith and prayer ;
 None can wrest these weapons from us,
 Let us never, then, despair ;
 Sow, and faint not, till the seed a harvest bear.
- 2 Courage, fellow-teachers, courage !
 Though we now see no success ;
 Wait His time with faith and patience,
 God will yet our labours bless :
 Look to Jesus when discouragements distress.
- 3 Wrestle, fellow-teachers, wrestle !
 With the God of Jacob plead ;
 Pray until you get the blessing
 Which your fainting spirits need :
 Plead with Jesus ; for these little children plead.
- 4 Hear us, O our Saviour, hear us,
 While we supplicate Thy throne !
 Let us be successful pleaders :
 Saviour, make our cause Thine own :
 Let these children all be saved and gathered home.

149

S. M.

- 1 **S**OW in the morn thy seed,
 At eve hold not thy hand ;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
 Broad-cast it round the land.
- 2 Beside all waters sow,
 The highway furrows stock,
 Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
 Scatter it on the rock.
- 3 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
 The late or early sown ;
 Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
 When and wherever strown.
- 4 And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.
- 5 And when the glorious end,
 The day of God, is come,
 The angel reapers shall descend,
 And shout the "harvest-home!"

150

7s.

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before Thee now,
 At Thy feet we humbly bow ;
 Oh, do not our suit disdain !
 Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain ?

- 2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
- 3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay ;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

HAMMOND.

L.M.

151

- 1 COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart ;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final final song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more ;
But there is yet a happier shore ;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Brethren, we all shall meet again.
- 3 Now to our God, the Three in One,
Be everlasting glory done ;
Rehearse, ye saints, the sound again ;
Let every voice repeat, Amen.

152

- 1 OPEN the door for the children,
Tenderly gather them in,
In from the highways and hedges,
In from the places of sin.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold ;
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.
- 2 Open the door for the children ;
See ! they are coming in throngs ;
Bid them sit down to the banquet,
Teach them your beautiful songs.
Pray you the Father to bless them,
Pray you that grace may be given ;
Open the door for the children,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
- 3 Open the door for the children,
Take the dear lambs by the hand ;
Point them to truth and to Jesus,
Point them to heaven's bright land.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold ;
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.



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