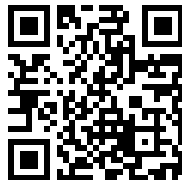


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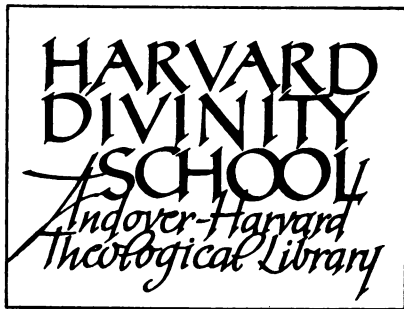
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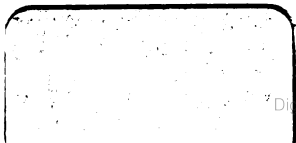
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# PRAISES OF JESUS:

## A NEW COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR

“Times of Refreshing from the Presence of the Lord.”

FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS, SOCIAL RELIGIOUS GATHERINGS,  
AND THE FAMILY.

BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.

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MUSIC REVISED BY WM. B. BRADBURY.

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## P R E F A C E .

MANY, who have made frequent use of the "REVIVAL MELODIST" for the past year, have requested that a book of a somewhat similar character, though more complete, should be prepared.

These requests have induced me to bring together the contents of "PRAISES OF JESUS." It has been carefully revised by Prof. WM. B. BRADBURY, the publisher, who has also composed several new tunes for the work.

Our joint aim has been to write and select such hymns and tunes as were especially adapted to seasons of deep religious interest. It has been our study to learn what hymns and tunes the Holy Spirit has most repeatedly and signally used in leading sinners to the Saviour, and in strengthening the faith of God's dear people, knowing that it is only "*as workers together with him*" that we accomplish any thing for the glory of God.

Jesus has himself said: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." We have therefore especially endeavored to choose hymns which point the anxious inquirer's gaze to him, who was "lifted up, that we might not perish, but have eternal life." No doctrines have been introduced but those with which the various denominations of evangelical churches agree.

Some of the best hymns in this collection are taken, by permission, from a little book published in Edinburgh, by Rev. Wm. IRWIN, the author of the "BLOOD OF JESUS."

Thus Sunday-school teachers everywhere will find this a safe and useful book in assisting them to lead those under their instruction *at once* to the loving Jesus' open arms. Many of the hymns are expressive of gratitude and praise to the Triune God. Those who have been taught by the Holy Spirit, through faith in Christ, to exclaim with humble confidence: "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song,"—require at such times not artistic music, but hymns and tunes expressive of the joyful emotions of their souls; and we have often learned from experience the value of such hymns, when sung by happy young converts, even in solemn meetings, to deepen the work of conviction for sin. Outgushing songs of praise from hearts filled with the love of Jesus have often been used by God's Spirit to show perishing sinners the truth of the Saviour's words: "Thou knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable, and poor and blind, and naked."

It is my most earnest prayer that, as these sweet songs of Zion are sung, multitudes may be led to hear God entreating them: "REPENT YE THEREFORE, AND BE CONVERTED THAT YOUR SINS MAY BE BLOTTED OUT WHEN THE TIME OF REFRESHING SHALL COME FROM THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD." Acts iii. 19. Oh! may all those whose voices shall blend in these "spiritual songs," be found at last among the "ransomed of the Lord; and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy," and for ever dwell there where "sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

VERNON, Ct., June, 1865.

R. P. H.

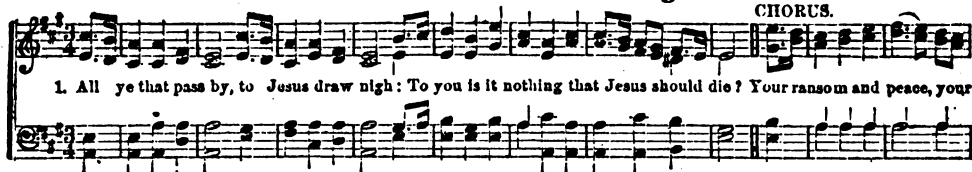
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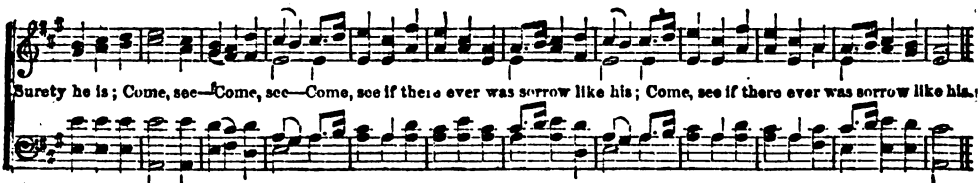
# PRAISES OF JESUS.

## “All Ye that Pass By.”

CHORUS.



1. All ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh: To you is it nothing that Jesus should die? Your ransom and peace, your



Surety he is; Come, see—Come, see—Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his; Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.

2. The Lord in the day of his anger did lay,  
Our sins on the Lamb, who bore them away.—*Cho.*
2. He dies to atone for sins not his own,  
The Father hath punish'd for us his dear Son.—*Cho.*

4. With joy we approve the design of his love,  
'Tis a wonder below and a wonder above.—*Cho.*
5. Oh, may we embrace the ransoming grace  
Of him who hath suffered and died in our place.—*Cho.*



# “Do you love Jesus?”

“IT WAS WITH SHAME I ANSWERED, NO.”

If you, my dear friend, with this Sabbath-school scholar, who wrote these words, have sometimes felt ashamed, that you did not love Jesus, and are anxious to know what you should do to be saved, this letter may help you to find the Saviour:

“The first afternoon of the children’s meetings, I did not stay to the inquiry meeting. As I was passing out, when he asked me if I loved Jesus. *It was with shame I answered, no.* The next day I remained; some one spoke to me, and when he told me to believe, I could not understand it. I did believe that Jesus died to save sinners, that I was one of that number, and he was willing and ready to save me, and I thought that I was, at least, not far from being a Christian. But I was undeceived Monday, when I heard you speak. That illustration of the men in the cave was so clear: I saw that I, like them, had got my feet upon the promise, but that would not save me, it needed something more, and I could only say: ‘Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief.’ I made up my mind that I would ask God for Christ’s sake to pardon me, and leave it with him. Ah! it was then I understood what was meant by *believing*; I felt that he did forgive me. I expected that I should feel some great and sudden change, that the burden which oppressed me would be immediately removed, and as I experienced no such change, I almost despaired, I thought I had not asked as I should, for he has said: ‘Those that seek me shall find me,’ and I believed it; what then was I to do? But, just then, as if you knew my thoughts, you gave me a little tract, ‘Oh! for more feeling,’ and I saw I was wrong. It told me that God has not said we must feel so and so in regard to our sin before we may have Christ and his free grace, but we were only to feel our need of him. It lifted a great cloud from my mind, and I now feel that I have a hope in the dear Saviour. *I love to sing that little hymn, ‘Jesus paid it all,’ but it always brings the tears to my eyes, for I see him whom I have rejected so long, nailed to the cross, and suffering, oh! how much, for me. God help me to love him more and more every day I live.*”

CHORUS.

I. Do you love Jesus, I was asked, “With shame I answered, no;” Oh, what a sinner I have been, To treat my Saviour so.

him I'm not ashamed, Who bore my load of guilt; I love, I love his blessed name, For me his blood was spilt, For me his blood [was spilt.]

# "Do you love Jesus?" Concluded.

2. If earthly friend for me had bled,  
I'd love his very name;  
Though Christ for me his blood has shed,  
Of him I've been ashamed!—*Chorus.*
3. But o'er my guilty sins have mourned,  
And pardon have obtained;

- And now I love my dearest Lord,  
Of him I'm not ashamed.—*Chorus.*
4. I love to sing that little hymn,  
Of "Jesus paid it all;"  
To think that I've rejected him,  
Makes tears begin to fall.—*Chorus.*
- E. P. H.

## Hymn for Revival Seasons.

TUNE.—"Sweet Hour of Prayer," page 24.

1. O HAPPY day, blest day of grace!  
When Jesus shows his smiling face,  
And bids the weary wanderer come  
And find in him sweet rest, a home.  
The cross uplifted draws us near,  
The Spirit whispers words of cheer,  
[ And waits repenting souls to bless  
In this glad day, this day of grace! :|
2. Then hasten all who feel your need,  
From sin's dread burden to be freed—  
To Calvary's victim look and live,  
He only can salvation give.  
Long have you pleasure sought in vain,  
And found but weariness in pain—  
[ Oh come, your sinful steps retrace,  
Improve this blessed day of grace. :|

3. Now listen to the gospel's sound,  
Seek Jesus where he may be found—  
In him the Father, reconciled,  
Will own and bless you as his child.  
Oh, will you longer slight his love,  
And grieve away the Heavenly Dove?—  
[ Refuse the Saviour to embrace,  
And perish in this day of grace? :|
  4. Forbid it, Lord! Thy power display  
And draw these lingering souls to-day;  
Convince of sin, thy grace impart  
To cleanse and sanctify the heart.  
May many hear thy gracious voice,  
And in thy pardoning love rejoice,  
[ Who in eternity shall praise  
Thee for this blessed day of grace. :|
- ETA.

## Christ our King.

TUNE.—"Repenting Soul," page 7.

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise no more.
2. For him shall endless prayer be made,  
And endless praises crown his head;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every sacrifice.

3. People and realms of every tongue,  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their blessings on his name.
4. Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to the King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat, Amen.

## Going straight to Jesus.

A DEAR little boy, only nine years old, in Brooklyn, who had learned to love Jesus, was one day last summer run over by the cars, and so badly hurt that he only lived a few hours. When the policeman took him up, he opened his eyes, and said, "Tell mother I'm going straight to my Saviour." And when his mother found him at the hospital, he said to her, "Mother, I'm going to *Jesus*, and he's *here*, in this room, all around me. Oh! I love him *so* much. Don't let them cut off my leg, but if they do, never mind, it won't hurt me as much as they hurt Jesus." When his father arrived, he looked up, and said, "Papa, I am going to my Saviour, t'll brother Eddy if he feels lonely now, because he has no brother, to learn to love Jesus, and he will be his brother and love him *so* much." These were the last words he said, for, in about two hours, he bled to death; and the hospital nurse said, as she closed his eyes, "He has gone to that Saviour he talked so much about, and I will try to love him too." When his mother returned to her home, her only words were: "The Lord has taken my Charlie, though he slay me, yet will I trust him." That you may the better remember this touching story, I have written it for you in simple verse, that you may sing about this dear angel-boy. Could you, my little friend, say I'm going straight to Jesus, if called to die to-day?

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two systems of music. The first system has two parts: '1st.' and '2d.' (Chorus). The lyrics are: '1. I'm going straight to Jesus' arms, So said the dying one; { I'm not afraid of death's alarms,—My (Omit.) } [now for] work on earth is done. I'm going straight to Jesus' arms, He's waiting me; I'm not afraid of death's alarms, I'm not afraid of death's alarms, For Jesus died for me, Yes, Jesus died for me.' The second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

2. Dear mother, I am going home,  
My Jesus, he is here,  
He'll take me to his shining throne,  
I've not a single fear.—*Chorus.*
3. My sufferings are very great,  
But never can compare,  
With what my Saviour bore for me,  
That I his love might share.—*Chorus.*

4. Papa, when I am gone above,  
And brother feels alone,  
Tell him to learn the Saviour's love,—  
'Twill for my loss atone.—*Chorus.*
4. Could you, too, say, my little friend,  
If called this hour to die,  
"I'm going straight to Jesus' arms,"  
Up to his home on high?—*Chorus.*

# The departing Soul.

7

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The first system is for the first verse, and the second system is for the second verse. The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines.

1. See, the sun is sink-ing fast, Now his daily course is past, But the clouds around him cast, How beautiful their gleam.  
2d *Hy.* Your gold will waste and wear away, Your honors perish in a day; My portion never can decay; Christ for me, &c.

He sets, but not in endless night, In other skies he rises bright To speed along his glorious flight With warm rejoicing beam.

2. So sinks the soul, life's journey o'er;  
Earth all behind, heaven all before;  
No sins, no griefs, to cloud it more;  
It sets, again to rise.  
It will arise again, to shine  
With radiance pure, and all divine;  
Reflected, Lord, from smiles of thine,  
In heaven's eternal skies.

## CHRIST FOR ME.

- 1 Your gold will waste and wear away  
Your honors perish in a day;  
My portion never can decay;  
Christ for me, for me.  
Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King,  
Who did for me salvation bring,  
And while I've breath I mean to sing,  
Christ for me, for me.
- 2 The Father's well-beloved Son,  
Co-partner of his royal throne,  
Who did for human guilt atone;  
Christ for me, for me.

And in that all-important day,  
When I the summons must obey,  
And pass from this dark world away,  
Christ for me, for me.

## AWAKE, MY SOUL.

1. AWAKE, my soul, with joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from thee,  
His loving-kindness free!  
He saw me ruin'd in the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;  
He saved me from my lost estate—  
His loving-kindness great.
- 2 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell its way oppose,  
He safely leads his church along;  
His loving-kindness strong!  
Soon shall we mount, and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day;  
Around thy throne, eternal King,  
Thy loving-kindness sing.

# The Land of Promise.

Words written for this work.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

CHORUS. *cres.*

1. *Girls.* We are bound for the land of promise, Who will join our happy throng? *Boys.* We are bound for the land of promise, And our march will not be long. We shall meet, no more to sever, In that sunny land forever; [sunny land forever;] We shall meet, no more to sever, In that sunny land forever; We are bound for the land of promise, Come and join our happy throng, We are bound for the land of promise, Come and join our happy throng.

2. Far away in the fields of glory  
Saints and angels sweetly sing,  
Far away in the fields of glory  
Now their hallelujahs ring.—*Cho.*

3. When our hearts are oppressed and weary,  
Jesus bids us watch and pray;

When our hearts are oppressed and weary,  
He will cheer us on our way.—*Cho.*

4. Onward, then, to the land of promise,  
Stay not in the vale below;  
Onward haste to the land of promise,  
Where the streams of pleasure flow.—*Cho.*

## Out on the Ocean Sailing.

1. We are out on the ocean sailing,  
Homeward bound we sweetly glide;  
We are out on the ocean sailing,  
To a home beyond the tide.

*Cho.* All the storms will soon be over,  
Then we'll anchor in the harbor,  
We are out on the ocean sailing,  
To a home beyond the tide.

2. Millions now are safely landed,  
Over on the golden shore;  
Millions more are on their journey,  
Yet there's room for millions more.  
*Cho.* All the storms, &c.

3. Spread your sails, while heavenly  
breezes  
Gently waft our vessel on;

All on board are sweetly singing,  
Free salvation is the song.  
*Cho.* All the storms, &c.

4. When we all are safely anchored,  
We will shout—our trials o'er;  
We will walk about the city,  
And we'll sing for evermore.  
*Cho.* All the storms, &c.

## Sons in Jesus.

11

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1. "Abba, Father," Lord, we call thee,<br/>Hallow'd name! from day to day:<br/>'Tis thy children's right to know thee,<br/>None but children, "Abba," say:<br/>This high glory we inherit,<br/>Thy free gift, through Jesus' blood;<br/>God the Spirit, with our spirit,<br/>Witnesseth we're sons of God.—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>2. Abba's purpose gave us being.<br/>When, in Christ, in that vast plan,<br/>Abba chose the Church in Jesus,<br/>Long before the world began:<br/>Oh what love the father bore us!<br/>Oh how precious in his sight!<br/>When he gave his Church to Jesus,<br/>Jesus, his whole soul's delight!—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>3. Though our nature's fall in Adam,<br/>Seem'd to shut us out from God.<br/>Thus it was his counsel brought us<br/>Nearer still through Jesus' blood:<br/>"Abba, Father!" Lord, we call thee!<br/>Abba sounds through all the host;<br/>All in heaven and earth adore thee.<br/>Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.—<i>Cho.</i></p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

## Glory to Jesus.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                                                                           |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1. <b>GLORY</b>, glory everlasting,<br/>Be to him who bore the cross!<br/>Who redeem'd our souls by tasting<br/>Death, and death deserved by us.<br/><i>Chorus.</i> I love Jesus, &amp;c.</p> | <p>2. His is love! 'tis love unbounded,<br/>Without measure, without end:<br/>Human thought is here confounded:<br/>'Tis too vast to comprehend.<br/><i>Chorus.</i> I love Jesus, &amp;c.</p> | <p>3. While we hear the wondrous story,<br/>Of the Saviour's cross and shame;<br/>Sing we, "Everlasting glory<br/>Be to God and to the Lamb!"<br/><i>Chorus.</i> I love Jesus &amp;c.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

## Nearer my Home.

1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer my home to-day Than I've ever been before.  
2. Nearer my Father's house, Where the many mansions be; Nearer the great white throne, Nearer the jas-per sea.

### CHORUS.

Near-er, near-er, near-er my heavenly home, Near-er, yes, near-er, near-er my heavenly home.

home, Yes! nearer.

- |                                                                                                                                             |                                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                                     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>3. Nearer the bound of life<br/>Where we lay our burdens down,<br/>Nearer leaving my cross,<br/>Nearer wearing my crown.—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>4. But lying darkly between,<br/>Winding down through the night,<br/>Is that dim and unknown stream<br/>Which leads at last to light.—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>5. For even now my feet<br/>May stand upon its brink;<br/>I may be nearer my home,<br/>Nearer now, than I think.—<i>Cho.</i></p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

1. } Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee; } Perish every fond ambition,  
 } Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shalt be. } All I've sought, or hoped, or known.  
 D. C. Yet how rich is my condition! God and heaven are still my own.

2. Let the world despise and leave me,  
 They have left my Saviour, too;  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me,  
 Thou art not, like them untrue;  
 And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, love and might,  
 Foe: may hate and friends may scorn me;  
 Show thy face, and all is bright.

3. Man may trouble and distress me,  
 'Twill but drive me to thy breast;  
 Life with trials hard may press me,  
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
 Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
 While thy love is left to me;  
 Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
 Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

4. Soul, then know thy full salvation,  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
 Joy to find in every station  
 Something still to do or bear.  
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
 Think what Father's smiles are thine;  
 Think that Jesus died to win thee;  
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

5. Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;  
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
 God's own hand shall guide thee thore.  
 Soon shall clo-e thy earthly mission,  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

## Praise for the Redeeming Love of Jesus.

1. Let us love, and sing, and wonder,  
 Let us praise the Saviour's name;  
 He has hush'd the Law's loud thunder,  
 He has quench'd the mount Sinai's flame;  
 He has wash'd us with his blood,  
 He has brought us nigh to God.

2. Let us love the Lord who bought us,  
 Pity'd us when enemies,  
 Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,  
 Gave us ears, and gave us eyes;  
 He has wash'd us with his blood,  
 He presents our souls to God.

3. Let us sing, though fierce temptations;  
 Threaten hard to bear us down!  
 For the Lord, our strong salvation,  
 Holds in view the conqueror's crown;  
 He who wash'd us with his blood,  
 Soon will bring us home to God.

4. Let us wonder, grace and justice  
 Join and point to mercy's store;  
 When thro' grace in Christ our trust is,  
 Justice smiles, and asks no more;  
 He who wash'd us with his blood,  
 Has secured our way to God.

5. Let us praise and join the chorus  
 Of the saints enthroned on high,  
 Here they trusted him before us,  
 Now their praises fill the sky;  
 "Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood"  
 Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!"

6. Hark! the name of Jesus sounded  
 Loud from golden harps above!  
 Lord, we blush, and are confounded,  
 Faint our praises, cold our love!  
 Wash our souls and songs with blood,  
 For by thee we come to God

The following impromptu lines were addressed to our dear mother, a few hours after her joyful and triumphant departure for heaven, Tuesday night, February 7th, 1865.

1. **DEAREST** mother, thou hast left us !  
Left us for a happier clime !  
God our Father hath bereft us,  
We shall meet no more in time.  
But we soon shall meet in heaven,  
Where all tears are wiped away ;  
Meet to part no more forever,  
Through fruition's perfect day.
2. All thy sorrows now are ended,  
Thou again shalt never sigh ;  
Now in praise thy voice is blended,  
With angelic choirs on high.  
Oft our eyes are dim with weeping,  
But we will not weep for thee,  
For we know that thou art reaping  
Joys through all eternity.

3. "Dearest Jesus, oh, come quickly !"  
Was thy plaintive, longing cry :  
When He came to bear thee heavenward,  
Oh, what joy lit up thine eye !  
Volumes, volumes, thou didst speak then  
With those bright expressive eyes ;  
Ere the Saviour gently closed them,  
Bearing thee to yonder skies.
4. Oh, that we may never falter  
In the path which thou hast trod ;  
Oft we'll meet around the altar,  
Where thy prayers went up to God.  
When at last we too are summoned,  
Each to lay our armor down,  
May we each with thee be numbered,  
And receive the promised crown.

## Mother's Response to her Loved Ones.

1. **MOURN** not that I've closed my mission,  
Loved ones, now rejoice with me ;  
Hope I've changed to glad fruition,  
Now my soul from sin is free.  
Blessed Jesus, he received me,  
Opening wide his loving arms ;  
All through life he ne'er deceived me,  
Death to me had no alarms.
2. When the precious Saviour took me  
In his gentle arms above ;  
All my sorrows then forsook me,  
Now I dwell where all is love.  
Yes, my soul is full of gladness,  
Jesus is my "all in all ;"  
Here is nought of sin nor sadness,  
Heaven's pleasures never pall.

3. Jesus leads me to the "river,"  
Where the "crystal" waters flow ; (Rev. 22 : 1.)  
I shall thirst again no, never,  
And fatigue I ne'er shall know.  
Heaven dreads no death nor sorrow,  
Nought of sickness nor of pain ;  
Anxious fears about the morrow,  
I shall never feel again.
4. "Crowds of witnesses" encompass  
Those who run the heavenly race ;  
Oh ! then, "looking unto Jesus," (Heb. 12 : 2.)  
Daily trust in him for grace.  
He will make you "wise" in winning  
Weary wanderers to his fold ;  
He will keep you each from sinning,  
Bring you to the final goal.

E. P. H.



1. { Now I have found a Friend, Jesus is mine; } Tho' human friendships cease,  
 { His love shall never end, Jesus is mine. } Tho' earthly joys decrease, Now I have lasting peace, Jesus is mine

2. Though I grow poor and old,  
 Jesus is mine;  
 He will my faith uphold,  
 Jesus is mine;  
 He shall my wants supply.  
 His precious blood is nigh,  
 Nought can my hope destroy,  
 Jesus is mine!

3. When earth shall pass away,  
 Jesus is mine.  
 In the great Judgment-day,  
 Jesus is mine.  
 Oh! what a glorious thing,  
 Then to behold my King,  
 On tuneful harp to sing,  
 Jesus is mine.

4. Farewell, mortality!  
 Jesus is mine.  
 Welcome, eternity!  
 Jesus is mine.  
 He my Redemption is,  
 Wisdom and Righteousness,  
 Life, Light, and Holiness,  
 Jesus is mine.

## The Sabbath School.

"WHERE TWO OR THREE ARE GATHERED TOGETHER IN MY NAME, THERE I AM IN THE MIDST OF THEM."—*Math. xviii. 20.*

1. JESUS, we love to meet,  
 Where thou art near;  
 We worship round thy seat,  
 With holy fear.  
 Thou tender, heavenly Friend,  
 To thee our prayers ascend;  
 O'er our young spirits bend,  
 To us draw near.

2. We dare not trifle now,  
 For thou art here.  
 In silent awe we bow,  
 For thou art here;  
 Check ev'ry wand'ring thought,  
 And let us all be taught  
 To serve thee as we ought,  
 To us be near.

3. We listen to thy Word,  
 When thou art near;  
 Bless all that we have heard,  
 With holy fear.  
 Go with us when we part,  
 And to each youthful heart,  
 Thy saving grace impart,  
 Jesus be near.

## Is Jesus Thine?

1. SAY, hast thou found a friend?  
 Is Jesus thine?  
 His love shall never end—  
 Is Jesus thine?  
 Earth's pleasures may decrease,  
 All human friendships cease,  
 Would'st thou have lasting peace?  
 Take Jesus thine.

2. Think what he's done for thee,—  
 Is Jesus thine?  
 He has bled upon the tree—  
 Is Jesus thine?  
 See the sun in darkness hide  
 When for you the Saviour died,  
 For you was crucified;  
 Take Jesus thine.

3. He is a friend indeed,—  
 Is Jesus thine?  
 He'll be the friend you need,—  
 Is Jesus thine?  
 He's knocking, let him in!  
 There's no other friend like him  
 He'll cleanse your soul from sin;  
 Take Jesus thine.

4. Say, is thy soul at rest?  
Is Jesus thine?  
Jesus alone can bless,—  
Is Jesus thine?

Would'at thou in glory dwell,  
And with saints in rapture tell  
Ho "hath done all things well?"  
Take Jesus thine.

E. P. H.

## The Land of Canaan.

1. We journey on to the land above, A land of light and a land of love; We're strangers here, and the land we're in, Tho' a  
2. A lit-tle while in the land below, To that above we will shortly go; A few more days on the pilgrim road, Then we'll

### REFRAIN.

pleasant land, is a land of sin. We are journey-ing on to the land of Canaan; Travelling with Abraham, and rest at home with the Lord our God. We are journey-ing on to the land of Canaan; Travelling with Abraham, &c.

*Chorus to last verse.* We are here, safely here, in the land of Canaan; Travelling with Abraham, and

3. And, while we pass through the land below,  
We'll look to that where we soon shall go;  
And fix our eyes on our Saviour's throne,  
We must seek for strength in his grace alone.  
We are journeying, &c.

4. When life is done, and its conflict past,  
The land above we will gain at last,  
And shout for joy, as we enter in,  
Farewell, farewell to the land of sin!  
We are here, safely here, &c.

Isaac and Jacob, There we shall dwell, There we shall dwell, Ever in the land of Canaan.

Isaac and Jacob, Here we shall dwell, Here we shall dwell, Ever in the land of Canaan.

1. How lost was my condition, Till Jesus made me whole! There is but one Phy-si-cian Can cure a sin-sick soul,

Next door to death he found me, And snatch'd me from the grave, To tell to all around me His wondrous power to save.

2. From men, great skill professing,  
I thought a cure to gain;  
But this proved more distressing,  
And added to my pain.  
Some said that nothing ailed me,  
Some gave me up for lost;  
Thus every refuge failed me,  
And all my hopes were crossed.
3. At length, this great Physician—  
How matchless is his grace!  
Accepted my petition,  
And undertook my case;  
First gave me sight to view him—  
For sin my sight had sealed—  
Then bade me look unto him;  
I looked, and I was healed.
4. A dying, risen Jesus,  
Seen by the eye of faith,  
At once from anguish frees us,  
And saves the soul from death.  
Come, then, to this Physician;  
His help he'll freely give;  
He makes no hard condition;  
'Tis only—look and live!

### O SACRED HEAD.

1. O SACRED Head, now wounded,  
With grief and shame weigh'd down;  
Now scornfully surrounded  
With thorns, thy only crown;  
O sacred Head, what glory,  
What bliss till now was thine!  
Yet though despised and gory,  
I joy to call thee mine.
2. What language shall I borrow,  
To thank thee, dearest Friend,  
For this thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end!  
Oh, make me thine forever,  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never,  
Outlive my love to thee.
3. If I, a wretch, should leave thee,  
O Jesus, leave not me;  
In faith may I receive thee,  
When death shall set me free.  
When strength and comfort languish,  
And I must hence depart,

Release me then from anguish,  
By thine own wounded heart.

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

### OH, WHEN SHALL I SEE JESUS.

1. O WHEN shall I see Jesus,  
And reign with him above;  
And from that flowing fountain,  
Drink everlasting love?  
When shall I be delivered  
From this vain world of sin,  
And with my blessed Jesus,  
Drink endless pleasures in?
2. But now I am a soldier,  
My Captain's gone before;  
He's given me my orders,  
And bid me not give o'er;

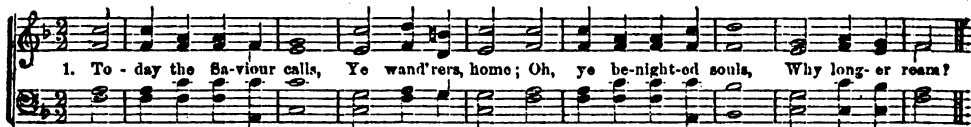
# "Oh, When Shall T." Concluded.

And since he has proved faithful,  
A righteous crown he'll give,  
And all his vallant soldiers  
Eternal life shall have.

3. When'er you meet with troubles  
And trials on your way,  
Oh, cast your care on Jesus,  
And don't forget to pray.

Gird on the heavenly armor  
Of faith, and hope, and love;  
Then, when the combat's ended,  
He'll carry you above.

## To-day the Saviour calls. 6s & 4s. DR. L. MASON.



1. To-day the Sa-voir calls, Ye wand'ers, home; Oh, ye be-night-ed souls, Why long-er roam?

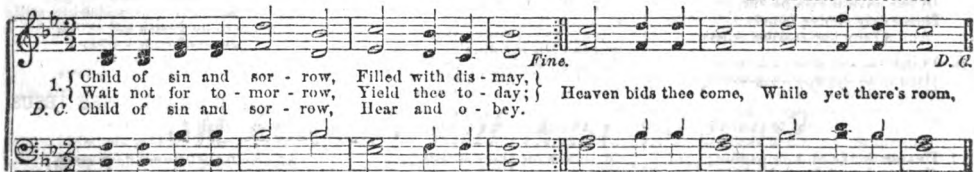
2. To-day the Saviour calls;  
Oh, hear him now;  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow.

3. To-day the Saviour calls;  
For refuge fly;  
The storm of justice falls,  
And death is nigh.

4. The Spirit calls to-day:  
Yield to his power;  
Oh, grieve him not away:  
'Tis mercy's hour.

## Child of Sin and Sorrow. 6s & 4s.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.



1. { Child of sin and sor-row, Filled with dis-may, }  
 { Wait not for to-mor-row, Yield thee to-day; } Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room,  
 D. C. Child of sin and sor-row, Hear and o-bey.

2. Child of sin and sorrow,  
Why wilt thou die?  
Come, while thou canst borrow  
Help from on high:  
Grieve not that love,  
Which from above,  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Would bring thee nigh.

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

4. Child of sin and sorrow,  
Lift up thine eye!  
Heirship thou canst borrow  
In worlds on high!  
In that high home,  
Graven thy name:  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Swift homeward fly!

## Worthy is the Lamb.

CHORUS.

1. Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb That was slain. Glory, hallelujah!

Praise Him, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah, To the Lamb!

2. Sons of Morning, sing his praise,  
In the noblest strains you raise,  
Man's redemption claims your lays,  
I'raise the Lamb.—*Cho.*
3. Christ has come in very deed,  
Born to bruise the serpent's head;

Sinner, he's the friend you need,  
Praise the Lamb.—*Cho.*

4. See, in sad Gethsemane,  
See, on tragic Calvary,  
Sinner, see his love to thee,  
Praise the Lamb.—*Cho.*

5. Strike the stoutest sinner through,  
Force the cry, "what shall I do?"  
Let him weep till born anew,  
Blessed Lamb.—*Cho.*

6. Penitents, dry up your tears,  
God hath heard believing prayers,  
He forgives you when he hears  
His dear Lamb.—*Cho.*

7. Thus may we each moment feel,  
Love him, serve him, praise him still,  
Till we all on Zion's hill  
See the Lamb.—*Cho.*

## Praise the Lord, He's Pardoned Me.

1. PRAISE the Lord, he's pardoned me,  
From my load of sin I'm free,  
Now my Saviour I can see;  
Praise the Lord.

CHORUS.

Glory, hallelujah!  
Praise him, hallelujah!  
Glory, hallelujah!  
To the Lamb.

2. Wondrous is the Father's love,  
Wondrous is the Saviour's love,  
Wondrous is the Spirit's love;  
Praise the Lord.—*Cho.*
3. Oh, what love was that which led  
God, the victim's, blood to shed,  
That we might be free from dread;  
Praise the Lord.—*Cho.*
4. Jesus' love no tongue can tell!  
He has rescued us from hell!

All our fears he now doth quell;  
Praise the Lamb.—*Cho.*

5. With what love the Spirit win  
Stubborn souls from death and sin,  
Helps us to believe in Him  
For us slain.—*Cho.*
6. Help me now to Jesus cling,  
Till thro' heaven's high arches ring  
Loud hosannas to our King;  
Praise the Lord.—*Cho.*

E. P. H.

# Joyful Evermore.

19

"REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAYS, AND AGAIN I SAY REJOICE!"—Paul.

From the GOLDEN CENSER.

SEMI-CHORUS. FULL CHORUS. SEMI-CHORUS. FULL CHORUS. 1st. 2d.

1. Thro' the world we're marching on, Joyful, joyful, joyful! Soon our Heaven will be won, Joyful ev - er - more!  
 2d. Night will soon be turn'd to day, Joyful, joyful, joy - full! God will wipe all tears a - way, Joy - ful ev - er - - more!

REFRAIN.

O, the road is short and straight, Leading up to Zion's gate, There our loved ones for us wait, Joyful, joyful ever - more.

1st *Semi-Chorus*.—Tho' we here must bear the cross,

*Chorus*.—Joyful, joyful, joyful;

1st.—Counting earthly gain as loss,

*Chorus*.—Joyful evermore.

2d.—When we lay life's burden down,

*Chorus*.—Joyful, joyful, joyful;

2d.—We shall take the promised crown,

*Chorus*.—Joyful evermore.

*Refrain*.—O, the road is short, &c.

1st.—Now we look to Christ for aid,

*Chorus*.—Joyful, joyful, joyful;

1st.—None in vain to Him have prayed,

*Chorus*.—Joyful evermore.

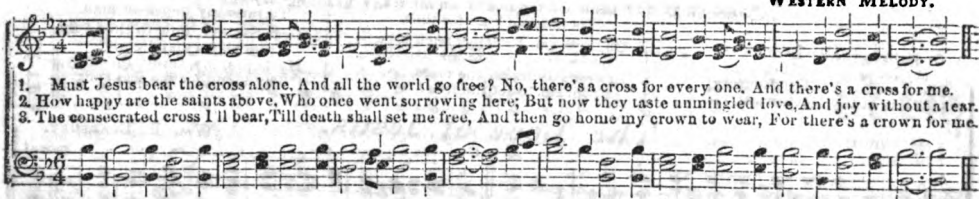
2d.—Let us place our trust in Him,

*Chorus*.—Joyful, joyful, joyful;

2d.—Never let our faith grow dim,

*Chorus*.—Joyful evermore.

*Refrain*.—O, the road is short, &c.



1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me.  
 2. How happy are the saints above, Who once went sorrowing here; But now they taste unmingled love, And joy without a tear.  
 3. The consecrated cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free, And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

### THE PRAISE OF JESUS.

1. **OWN** scarlet crimes are made as wool,  
And we brought nigh to God;  
Thanks to that wrath-appeasing death,  
That heaven-procuring blood,—
2. The blood that makes his glorious Church  
From every blemish free;  
And oh! the riches of his love,  
He poured it out for me.
3. Guilty and worthless as I am,  
It all for me was given;  
And boldness through his blood I have  
To enter into heaven.
4. Thither, in my great Surety's right,  
I surely shall be brought;  
He could not agonise in vain,  
Nor spend his strength for nought.
5. The Father's everlasting love,  
And Jesus' precious blood,  
Shall be our endless themes of praise  
In yonder blest abode.
6. In patience let us then possess  
Our souls till he appear;  
Our Head already is in heaven,  
And we shall soon be there.

### CLEANSING IN THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

1. O PRECIOUS blood, O glorious death,  
By which the sinner lives!  
When stung with sin, this blood we  
view,  
And all our joy revives.
2. The blood that purchased our release,  
And washes out our stains,  
We challenge earth and hell to show  
A sin it cannot cleanse.

### THE CROWN OF JESUS.

1. THE head that once was crowned with thorns,  
Is crowned with glory now;  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.
2. The joy of all who dwell above!  
The joy of all below!  
To whom he manifests his love,  
And grants his name to know!
3. To them the cross, with all its shame,  
With all its grace, is given!  
Their name an everlasting name,  
Their joy the joy of heaven.

4. They suffer with their Lord below,  
They reign with him above;  
Their profit and their joy to know  
The mystery of thy love.
5. The cross he bore is life and health,  
Though shame and death to him,  
His people's hope, his people's wealth,  
Their everlasting theme.

### FAITH IN JESUS.

1. FAITH is not what we feel or see,  
It is a simple trust  
In what the God of Love has said  
Of Jesus, as the "Just."
2. What Jesus is, and that alone,  
Is faith's delightful plea;  
It never deals with sinful self  
Nor righteous self, in me.
3. It tells me I am counted "dead"  
By God, in his own Word;  
It tells me I am "born again"  
In Christ, my risen Lord.
4. If he is free, then I am free  
From all unrighteousness;  
If he is just, then I am just,  
He is my righteousness.

"HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE IF WE NEGLECT  
SO GREAT SALVATION?"  
*Hebrews, ii. 3.*

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 expiring groans  
Of Jesus on the tree;  
This blood for all thy sin atones,—  
" 'Tis finished " all for thee.

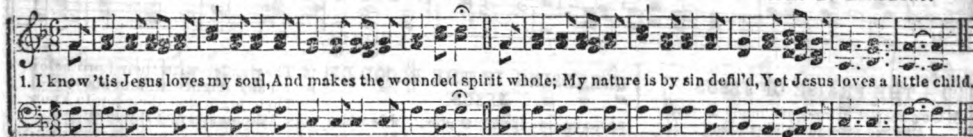
3. Oh, how can I neglect such love,  
So freely shown to me,  
In Jesus dying on the cross,  
From sin to set me free?

4. I know there's no escape for me  
If I should still deny  
My Lord, who bled on Calvary,  
To raise my hopes 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.

## The Love of Jesus.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. I know 'tis Jesus loves my soul, And makes the wounded spirit whole; My nature is by sin defil'd, Yet Jesus loves a little child.

2. How kind is Jesus, oh, how good!  
'Twas for my soul he shed his blood;  
For children's sake he was reviled,  
For Jesus loves a little child.

3. When I offend, by thought or tongue,  
Omit the right, or do the wrong,  
If I repent, he's reconciled,  
For Jesus loves a little child.

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

## Child's Prayer.

I WONDER if my little reader can say, with this dear boy, "I prayed, and now I feel happy in Jesus!" "I think that I have found Jesus now. The first Sunday you were here, I thought I would go to hear some stories. I went to the meeting. I thought very different when you told about little Jemmy, and when I was going home I saw some little children crying for their sins. I felt that I was a sinner, so when I got home I did not feel very happy, so I went and prayed, and felt better; and since then I have given my heart to Jesus, and I think that he has accepted it. Yesterday I was singing out of the 'Revival Melodist,' and I felt so happy that I knelt right down where I was, and prayed, and now I feel happy in Jesus, and want to work for him. Please pray for me that I may feel so all the time. Your little friend, \_\_\_\_\_."

1. Lord, 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. My little prayers 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;  
A way this heart for Jesus' 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 Jesus' sake.

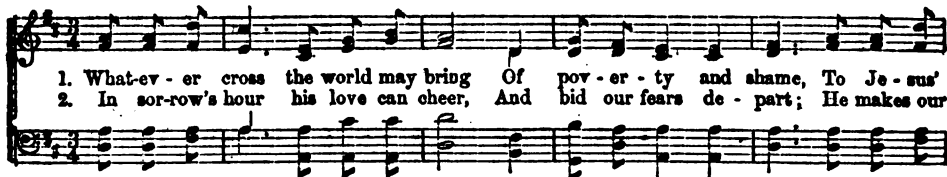
E. P. H.



# The Sinner's Friend.

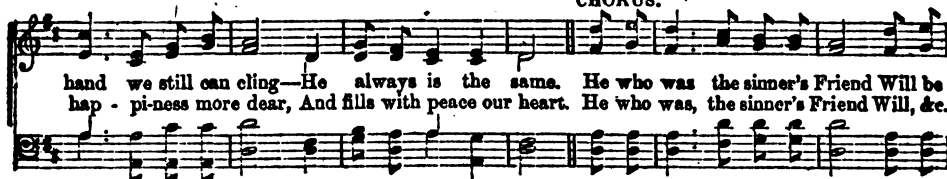
"JESUS CHRIST—THE SAME YESTERDAY TO-DAY, AND FOREVER"

Music by Wm. B. BRADBURY.

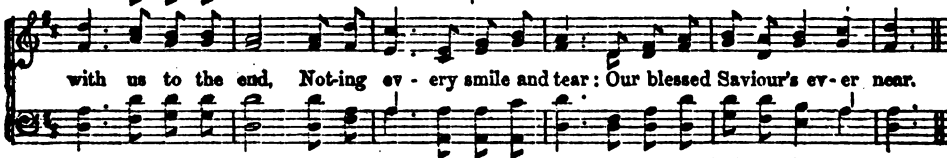


1. What-ev - er cross the world may bring Of pov - er - ty and shame, To Je - sus'  
2. In sor-row's hour his love can cheer, And bid our fears de - part; He makes our

## CHORUS.



hand we still can cling—He always is the same. He who was the sinner's Friend Will be  
hap - pi-ness more dear, And fills with peace our heart. He who was, the sinner's Friend Will, &c.



with us to the end, Not-ing ev - ery smile and tear: Our blessed Saviour's ev - er near.

2. Dear Saviour, make us truly thine,  
And all our sins forgive;  
Conform us to thy will divine,  
And bless us while we live.  
He who was, &c.

4. And in the world beyond the sky,  
With thee we'll gladly dwell;  
No more to weep, no more to die,  
No more to say farewell.  
He who was, &c.

*Slow and grand:*

1 We speak of the realms of the blest, Of that coun-try so bright and so  
2 We speak of the pathways of gold, Of its walls deck'd with jew-els so

fair, And oft are its glo-ries con-fessed: But what must it be to be  
rare. Of its won-ders and pleasures un-told: But what must it be to be

there, To be there, To be there, But what must it be to be there.

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation and care,—  
From trials without and within:  
But what must it be to be there?

4 We speak of its service of love,  
Of the robes which the glorified wear,  
Of the church of the first-born above:  
But what must it be to be there?

5 O Lord, midst our gladness or woe,  
Still for heaven our spirits prepare,  
And shortly we also shall know  
And feel, what it is to be there.

6 Then anthems of praise we will sing,  
When safe in that heavenly rest,  
To Jesus, our Saviour and King,  
Who reigns in those realms of the blest.

## Sweet Hour of Prayer.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Slow.

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  
D. C. And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer, And oft escaped the tempter's snare By

*Fine.*  
all my wants and wishes known: In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief,  
thy return, sweet hour of prayer. *D. C.*

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! :

## "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By."

1. What means this eager, anxious throng  
Pressing our busy streets along?  
These wondrous gatherings day by day?  
What means this strange commotion, pray?  
Voices, in accents hushed, reply,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"
2. E'en children feel the potent spell,  
And haste their new-found joy to tell.  
In crowds they to the place repair,

- Where Christians daily bow in prayer.  
Hosannas mingle with the cry,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"
3. Who is this Jesus? Why should he  
The city move so mightily?  
A passing stranger, has he skill  
To charm the multitude at will?  
Again the stirring tones reply,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

4. Jesus! 'tis he who once below,  
 Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;  
 And burdened hearts, where'er he came,  
 Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame;  
 E'nd men rejoiced to hear the cry,  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"
5. Again he comes, from place to place  
 His holy foot-prints we can trace.  
 He pauses at our threshold—nay,  
 He enters, condescends to stay!  
 Shall we not gladly raise the cry,  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

6. Ho, all ye heavy laden, come!  
 Here's pardon, comfort, rest, a home.  
 Lost wanderers from a Father's face,  
 Return, accept his proffered grace.  
 Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh,  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"
7. But if you still this call refuse,  
 And dare such wondrous love abuse,  
 Soon will he sadly from you turn,  
 Your bitter prayer in justice spurn,  
 "Too late! too late!" will be the cry,  
 "Jesus of Nazareth has passed by!"
- E.T.A.

## Martyn. 7s.

MARSH.

Mary to the Saviour's tomb hastened at the early dawn,  
 Spice she bro't, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she lov'd had gone;  
 D. C. Trembling, while crystal flood issued from her weeping eyes.

For a while  
 D. C. she ling'ring stood, fill'd with sorrow and surprise,

2. But her sorrows quickly fled  
 When she heard his welcome voice;  
 Christ had risen from the dead,  
 Now he bids her heart rejoice;  
 What a change his word can make,  
 Turning darkness into day!

Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,  
 He will wipe your tears away.

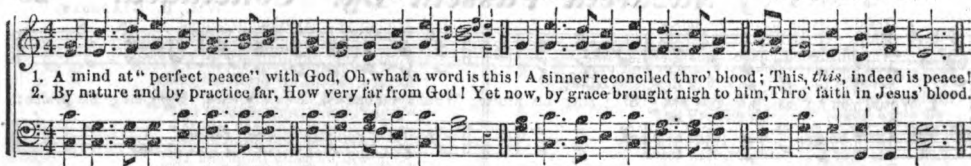
3. He who came to comfort her,  
 When she thought her all was  
 lost,

Will for your relief appear,  
 Tho' you now are tempest tossed.  
 On his word your burden cast,  
 On his love your thoughts employ,  
 Weeping for a while may last,  
 But the morning brings the joy.

## People of the Living God.

1. People of the living God,  
 I have sought the world around,  
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
 Peace and comfort nowhere found.  
 Now to you my spirit turns—  
 Turns, a fugitive unlost;  
 Brethren, where your altar burns,  
 Oh, receive me into rest!

2. Lonely I no longer roam,  
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave:  
 Where you dwell shall be my home,  
 Where you die shall be my grave;  
 Mine the God whom you adore,  
 Your Redeemer shall be mine;  
 Earth can fill my soul no more,  
 Every idol I resign.



1. A mind at "perfect peace" with God, Oh, what a word is this! A sinner reconciled thro' blood; This, *this*, indeed is peace!  
 2. By nature and by practice far, How very far from God! Yet now, by grace brought nigh to him, Thro' faith in Jesus' blood.

3. So nigh, so very nigh to God,  
 I cannot nearer be;  
 For in the person of his Son,  
 I am as near as he.

4. So dear, so very dear to God,  
 More dear I cannot be;  
 The love wherewith he loves the Son,  
 Such is his love to me.

5. Why should I ever careful be,  
 Since such a God is mine?  
 He watches o'er me night and day,  
 And tells me *mine is thine*.

## The Loved Name of Jesus.

1. **THERE** is a name I love to hear,  
 I love to speak its worth;  
 It sounds like music in mine ears,  
 The sweetest name on earth.
2. It tells me of a Saviour's love,  
 Who died to set me free;  
 It tells me of his precious blood,  
 The sinner's perfect plea.
3. It tells of One whose loving heart  
 Can feel my deepest woe,

Who in my sorrow bears a part  
 That none can bear below.

4. It bids my trembling heart rejoice,  
 It dries each rising tear;  
 It tells me, in a "still small voice,"  
 To trust and never fear.
5. **JESUS!** the name I love so well,  
 The name I love to hear!  
 No saint on earth its worth can tell,  
 No heart conceive how dear!

## One with Jesus.

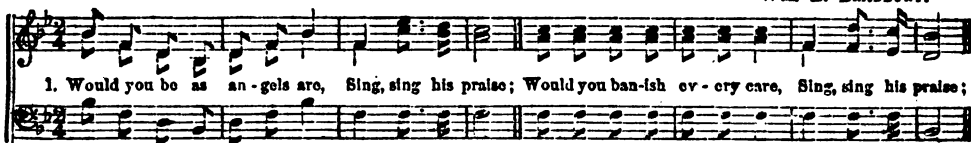
1. **LORD** Jesus! we are one with thee,  
 O height, O depth of love!  
 With thee we died upon the tree,  
 In thee we live above.
2. Such was thy grace, that for our sake  
 Thou didst from heaven come down,  
 Our human flesh and blood partake,  
 In all our misery one.
3. Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,  
 Confess'd and borne by thee;  
 The gall, the curse, the wrath were thine,  
 To set thy members free.

4. Ascended now in glory bright,  
 Still one with us thou art;  
 Nor death, nor life, nor depth, nor height,  
 Thy saints and thee can part.
5. O teach us, Lord, to know and own  
 This wondrous mystery,  
 That thou with us art truly one,  
 And we are one with thee!
6. Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,  
 When, seated on thy throne,  
 Thou shalt to wondering worlds display  
 That thou wisest us art one!

# "Would You be as Angels are.?"

27

WM. B. BRADBURY.



2. If the world upon you frown. Sing, &c.  
If you're left to sing alone, Sing, &c.  
If sad trials come to you,  
As to every one they do,  
For that they are blessings too, Sing, &c.

3. For his wondrous dying love, Sing, &c.  
That he intercedes above, Sing, &c.  
Thus, when'd'er you come to die,  
You shall soar beyond the sky,  
And with angel choirs on high, &c.

## Try, Try Again.

1. HAVE you not succeeded yet!—Try, try again;  
Mercy's door is open yet—Try, try again;  
Yours is not a single case,  
Others have had the same to face,  
All your trust in Jesus place—Try, try again.

2. Something surely lurks within—Try, try again;  
Some beloved besetting sin—Try, try again;  
Give up every plea beside;  
I am lost, but Christ hath died,  
Then the blood will be applied—Try, try again.

3. Do you say "I've been before"—Try, try again;  
Never give the conflict o'er—Try, try again;  
Others have been as bad as you,  
But the Lord has brought them through,  
It will be the same with you—Try, try again.

4. Do you say "I've tried in vain"—Try, try again;  
"As I was I still remain"—Try, try again;  
Know the darkest hour of night  
Is before the dawn of light,  
Press along, you're going right—Try, try again.

# I Feel like Singing All the Time.

These are the words of a little girl, a part of whose letter I think you will like to read. You will then the better enjoy singing some little verses which I have written for you, dear children, as expressive of her feelings:—"I think that I have found the dear Jesus. I find him so precious to my soul, I do not see how I could have rejected him so long. I think I can sing, with the rest of those who have found Jesus, 'Jesus is mine.' The first time that I came to those meetings I cried; but now I feel like singing all the time. The devil did not like it when I found the dear Jesus. This morning I am afraid he was a-trying to tempt me, but I went into my room and prayed that Jesus would help me to resist him, and I think he did. I told the devil that he could go away to somebody else and tempt them: that I did not want him to tempt me, and that he should not. Will you please pray for two very dear friends who are yet without Jesus? May they shed tears when they hear the melting story of the Lamb! And pray for me, your little friend, just thirteen years old."

Music by H. E. MATTHEWS.

1. I feel like singing all the time, My tears are wiped away, For Jesus is a friend of mine; I'll

## CHORUS.

serve him ev-ery day. Singing, glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2. When on the cross my Lord I saw,<br/>Nailed there by sins of mine,<br/>Fast fell the burning tears; but now<br/>I'm singing all the time.</p> <p>3. When fierce temptations try my heart,<br/>I'll sing "Jesus is mine;"<br/>And so, though tears at times may start,<br/>I'm singing all the time.</p> | <p>4. Oh, happy little singing one,<br/>What music is like thine?<br/>With Jesus as thy Life and Sun,<br/>Go singing all the time!</p> <p>5. "The melting story of the Lamb"<br/>Tell with that voice of thine,<br/>Till others with the glad new song,<br/>Go singing all the time.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

# The Sweetest Name.

"HE HATH GIVEN HIM A NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME," &c.

From the "GOLDEN CHAIN," by permission.

1st. 2d. End. REFRAIN.

D. C.



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



2. His human name they did proclaim,  
When Abram's son they seal'd him;  
The name that still by God's good will,  
Deliverer revealed him.—*Cho.*  
3. And when he hung upon the tree,  
They wrote his name above him,

That all might see the reason we  
For evermore must love him.—*Cho.*

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

## "Sweet Land of Rest." C. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh, When will the moment come? When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell with Christ at  
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful sheltering home—This world's a wilderness of woe, This world is not my



REFRAIN.

1st.

2d.



home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home. And dwell with Christ at home.  
home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, This world is not my home.



3. To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,  
He bade me cease to roam,  
But fly for succor to his breast,  
And he'd conduct me home.  
Home, home, &c.

4. Weary of wandering round and round  
This vale of sin and gloom,  
I long to leave the unhallowed ground,  
And dwell with Christ at home.  
Home, home, &c.



# “Come to Jesus, Little One.”

1. { Come to Je - sus, lit - tle one, Come to Je - sus now; }  
 Humbly at his gra - cious throne In sub - mis - sion bow. } At his feet con - fess your sin Seek for - give - ness there;  
*D. C.* For his blood can make you clean: He will hear your prayer.

2. { Seek his face without ce - lay; Give him now your heart; }  
 Tar - ry not, but, while you may, Choose the better part. } Come to Je - sus, lit - tle one, Come to Je - sus now;  
*D. C.* Humbly at his gra - cious throne In sub - mis - sion bow.

## Christ for Me.

1. { My heart is fix'd, eternal God, Fix'd on thee, Fix'd on thee; } He is my Prophet, Who did for me salvation bring;  
 And my immortal choice is made, Christ for me, Christ for me. } Priest, and King,  
*D. C.* And while I've breath I mean to sing, Christ for me! Christ for me!

2. In him I see the Godhead shine  
 Christ for me;  
 He is the Majesty Divine,  
 Christ for me;  
 The Father's well-beloved Son,  
 Co-partner of his royal throne,  
 Who did for human guilt atone,  
 Christ for me.

3. To-day as yesterday the same,  
 Christ for me;  
 How precious is his balmy name,  
 Christ for me;  
 Christ, a mere man, may answer you,  
 Who error's winding path pursue;  
 But I with part can never do,  
 Christ for me.

4. Let others boast of heaps of gold,  
 Christ for me ;  
 His riches never can be told,  
 Christ for me ;  
 Your gold will waste and wear away  
 Your honors perish in a day ;  
 My portion never can decay,  
 Christ for me-

5. In pining sickness or in health,  
 Christ for me ;  
 In deepest poverty, or wealth,  
 Christ for me ;  
 And in that all important day,  
 When I the summons must obey,  
 And pass from this dark world away,  
 Christ for me.

## The Solid Rock. L. M. 6 lines.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on

Jesus' name : On Christ, the so-lid rock, I stand ; All other ground is sinking sand, All other ground is sinking sand.

2. When darkness seems to veil his face,  
 I rest on his unchanging grace ;  
 In every high and stormy gale,  
 My anchor holds within the vale :  
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;  
 All other ground is sinking sand.

3. His oath, his covenant, and blood,  
 Support me in the whelming flood :  
 When all around my soul gives way,  
 He then is all my hope and stay :  
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;  
 All other ground is sinking sand.

## Bright Mansions.

"A MEET HEART DOETH GOOD LIKE A MEDICINE."—*Prov. 17, 22.*

The following extract is from a letter written by one of the "little ones," and read at the children's meeting at Rochester. A new heart is a singing heart. Have you, dear reader, a heart that leads you to love to sing the praises of Jesus?

"Mr. Ellinswood came and asked me if I had found the dear Jesus, and I told him I was trying to find him. When he prayed for me, I resolved that I would love the dear Jesus, and when he got through praying, I thought I had found the dear Jesus; and when I went home that night I got down on my knees, and gave myself right up to Jesus, and I know he took me, and I prayed for him to give me a new heart, and he gave it to me. Oh! Mr. Hammond, I feel so happy since I found the dear Jesus: I feel like singing all the time."

1st. 2d. REFRAIN.\*

1. { "I feel like singing all the time," My heart with joy is ringing;  
Since Jesus hath my sins forgiven, I'm happiest when I'm singing. } O happy they who reach that place Where

sorrow cometh nev - er; Who rest within his loving arms For - ev - er and for - ev - er. ev - er.

1st. 2d.

2. Since I have found a Saviour's love,  
To him my hopes are clinging;  
I feel so happy all the time,  
My heart is always singing.—*Chorus.*

3. A light I never knew before,  
Around my path is breaking,  
And cheerful songs of grateful praise,  
My raptured soul is waking.—*Chorus.*

\* The Refrain may be sung after every second stanza.—*Words written for this work.*

4. "I feel like singing all the time,"  
I have no thought of sadness;  
When Jesus washed my sins away,  
He tuned my heart to gladness.—*Cho.*

5. Each moment, as it glides away,  
Some new delight is bringing;  
Redeeming love, O blessed theme,  
My heart is always singing.—*Cho.*

Youthful Consecration.

1st. 2d. CHORUS.

1. { Saviour, while my heart is ten - der, I would yield that heart to thee;  
All my powers to thee surrender, Thine, and on - ly..... thine to be. } Take me now, Lord

Jesus! take me, Let my youthful heart be thine: Thy devoted servant make me, Fill my soul with love divine

2. Send me, Lord, where thou wilt send me,  
Only do thou guide the way;  
May thy grace through life attend me,  
Gladly then shall I obey.  
Let me do thy will, or bear it,  
I would know no will but thine,  
Shouldst thou take my life, or spare it,  
I that life to thee resign.

3. May this solemn dedication  
Never once forgotten lie;  
Let it know no revocation,  
Published and confirmed on high.  
Thine I am, O Lord, forever,  
To thy service set apart;  
Suffer me to leave thee never;  
Seal thine image on my heart.

## Shall We Sing in Heaven?

WM. B. BRADBURY,

Fin.

1. Shall we sing in heaven for ever—Shall we sing? Shall we sing? Shall we sing in heaven for ever In that happy land?  
D. & Meet to sing, and love for ev-er In that hap-py land.

## REFRAIN.

D. &amp;

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land, They that meet shall sing for ever, Far beyond the rolling river,

2. Shall we know each other ever  
In that land?  
Shall we know each other ever  
In that happy land?  
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,  
They that meet shall know each other,  
Far beyond, &c.
3. Shall we sing with holy angels  
In that land?  
Shall we sing with holy angels  
In that happy land?  
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,  
Saints and angels sing for ever,  
Far beyond, &c.

4. Shall we rest from care and sorrow  
In that land?  
Shall we rest from care and sorrow  
In that happy land?  
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,  
They that meet shall rest for ever,  
Far beyond, &c.
5. Shall we meet our dear, lost children  
In that land?  
Shall we meet our dear, lost children  
In that happy land?  
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,  
Children meet and sing for ever,  
Far beyond, &c.

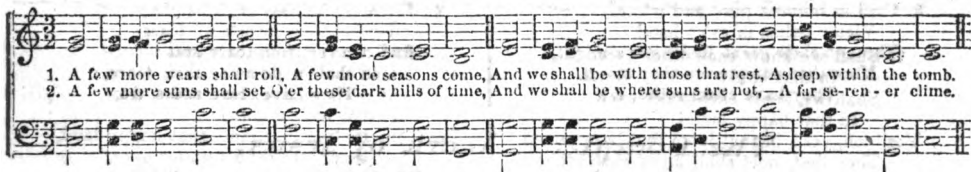
# Shall We Sing in Heaven? Concluded.

35

6. Shall we meet our Christian parents  
In that land?  
Shall we meet our Christian parents  
In that happy land?  
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,  
Parents and children meet together,  
Far beyond, &c.
7. Shall we meet our faithful teachers  
In that land?  
Shall we meet our faithful teachers  
In that happy land?

- Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,  
Teachers and scholars meet together,  
Far beyond, &c.
8. Shall we know our blessed Saviour  
In that land?  
Shall we know our blessed Saviour  
In that happy land?  
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,  
Far beyond the rolling river,  
Love and serve him there for ever,  
In that happy land!

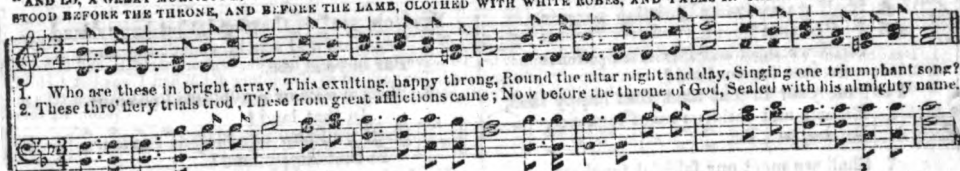
## A Few More Years. S. M.



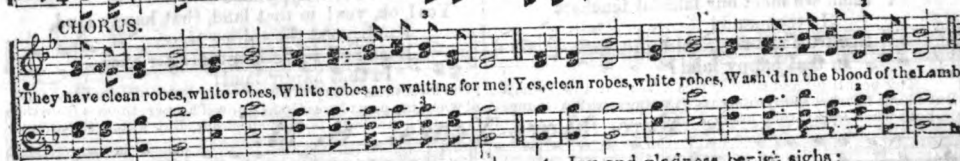
1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall be with those that rest, Asleep within the tomb.  
2. A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time, And we shall be where suns are not, — A far se-ren - er clime.

3. A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild, rocky shore,  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more.
4. A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more.
5. A few more Sabbaths here  
Shall cheer us on our way;  
And we shall reach the endless rest,  
Th'eternal Sabbath-day.
6. Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that great day;  
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

"AND LO, A GREAT MULTITUDE, WHICH NO MAN COULD NUMBER, OF ALL NATIONS, AND KINDREDS, AND PEOPLE, AND TONGUES, STOOD BEFORE THE THRONE, AND BEFORE THE LAMB, CLOTHED WITH WHITE ROBES, AND PALMS IN THEIR HANDS."—*Rev. vii. 9.*



## CHORUS.



3. Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor palms in ev'ry hand,  
Through their great Redeemer's might,  
More than conquerors they stand.  
They have clean robes, &c.

4. Joy and gladness banish sighs;  
Perfect love dispels all fears;  
And forever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away their tears.  
They have clean robes, &c.

## Jesus "Lifted Up." — *John xii. 32.*

1. **JESUS** from his throne on high  
Came into this world to die—  
That I might from sin be free  
Bled and died upon the tree.—*Chorus.*

2 I can see him even now,  
With his pierced, thorn-clad brow,  
Agonizing on the tree;  
Oh! what love, and all for me!—*Chorus.*

3. Now I feel this heart of stone  
Drawn to love God's holy Son,  
"Lifted up" on Calvary,  
Suffering shame and death for me.—*Chorus.*

4. Jesus, take this heart of mine,  
Make it pure and wholly thine,  
Thou hast bled and died for me,  
I will henceforth live for thee.—*Chorus.*

It is not strange that the little child of seven years, who wrote these words, should love to sing about Jesus. There was once a little girl who, the great President Edwards believes, was led to Jesus when she was only four years old; and, before she was six years old, this good man wrote an account of her conversion, which was republished in England. For sixty years she lived to honor her Saviour. *This little one talks as if she were one of the lambs of Jesus. She says:*

“ I am happy. I have been sorry that I was such a sinner. I have loved Jesus ever since the meetings commenced, and I hope I shall love him till I die. I have been singing ever since the meetings began. I love ‘ Just now ’ the best of all.”

“ Your little friend, \* \* \*, seven years old.”

I hope that you too, my dear friend, may be able with the heart to sing the words which I have put into the mouth of this little girl.

1. “ Precious Jesus, he is mine ! ”  
 Since I heard his loving call  
 I’ve been singing all the time,  
 One sweet hymn is best of all  
*Chorus.* |: Yes, Jesus loves me, :|  
 The Bible tells me so.

2. Yes, I love to sing, “ Just now,”  
 Jesus is in every line ;

Since I saw his thorn-clad brow,  
 I’ve been happy all the time.—*Chorus.*

3. Oh ! that all my little friends  
 Would to Jesus come “ just now ! ”  
 He would wash away their sins,  
 Lighting up with joy each brow

*Chorus.* |: Yes, come to Jesus, :|  
 Oh ! come to him “ just now ! ”

“ I can Sing with all my Heart.”

These are the words of a little girl of eleven summers, who says in her letter: “ I wish to tell you the way I gave my heart to the Saviour. When I went to your meetings, and heard you tell of the love of Jesus, I could not stand it any longer, so I gave myself up to Jesus. I prayed this evening that he would take me just as I was. I can now sing with all my heart, ‘ I love Jesus, yea, I do.’ I feel a great deal happier now. My age is eleven years. Pray for your little friend.” When this little child wrote those words in her little letter, I don’t suppose that she knew she spoke in “ numbers ” as poets

I at us see if we can put some more words to hers  
 Would he devote that sacred head  
 For such a worm as I ?  
 Remember me, remember me,  
 Dear Lord, remember me ;  
 Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,  
 And then remember me.

2. Was it for crimes that I have done  
 He hung upon the tree ?  
 Amazing pity ! grace unknown !  
 And love beyond degree ! Remember, &c.

When Christ, the mighty Maker, died  
 For man, the creature’s, sin. Remember, &c.

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

5. But drops of grief can ne’er repay  
 The debt of love I owe ;  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
 ‘Tis all that I can do. Remember, &c.



1. A-wak'd by Si-nai's awful sound, My soul in bonds of guilt I found, And knew not where to go: One solemn truth in-  
2. I heard th: law its thunders roll, While guilt lay heavy on my soul—A vast oppressive load; All creature-aid I

- creased my pain. The sinner "must be born again," Or sink to endless woe.  
saw in vain; The sinner "must be born again," Or drink the wrath of God.

3. The saints I heard with rapture tell  
How Jesus conquered death and hell  
To bring salvation near;  
Yet still I found this truth remain—  
The sinner "must be born again,"  
Or sink in deep despair.
4. But while I thus in anguish lay,  
The bleeding Saviour passed that way,  
My bondage to remove:  
The sinner, once by justice slain,  
Now by his grace is born again,  
And sings redeeming love.

## "O Thou that Hear'st the Prayer of Faith."

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1. O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,<br/>Wilt thou not save a soul from death<br/>That casts itself on thee:<br/>I have no refuge of my own,<br/>But fly to what my God hath done,<br/>And suffered once for all.</p> <p>2. Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,<br/>His spotless righteousness I plead,<br/>And his availing blood;<br/>That righteousness my robe shall be,<br/>That merit shall atone for me,<br/>And bring me near to God.</p> | <p>3. They save me from eternal death,<br/>The spirit of adoption breathe,<br/>His consolations send;<br/>By him some word of life impart,<br/>And sweetly whisper to my heart,<br/>"Thy Maker is thy friend."</p> <p>4. The king of terrors then would be<br/>A welcome messenger to me,<br/>To bid me come away:<br/>Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,<br/>I'd mount, I'd fly with eager wings,<br/>To everlasting day.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

“WHEN I SAW THE LOVING JESUS ON THE CROSS, I COULD ALMOST HEAR HIM SAY THAT MY SINS WERE ALL FORGIVEN.”

Listen to what a young convert says, who lingered long ere she gave herself to Christ. She went to church again and again, and came away even more wretched than when she entered. “One evening,” she says, “I went to church almost in despair, and tried to listen, when suddenly I saw the loving Jesus on the cross looking at me, and I could almost hear him say that my sins were forgiven. It was almost too good to believe. The next evening I could not help singing those sweet hymns with the rest of the congregation.” If you, dear reader, have seen with faith the Saviour on the cross bleeding for you, then you, too, can sing with joyful heart the hymn below.

TUNE.—“*Jesus loves me*,” page 83.

1. Jesus on the cross I saw,  
Bleeding, dying, all for me,  
I could almost hear him say,  
All thy sins are pardoned thee,

*Chorus.* I have seen Jesus,  
I have seen Jesus,  
I have seen Jesus,  
My Saviour, on the cross.

2. First my heart could scarce believe,  
That my sins were all forgiven,  
But assurance I've received,  
And I hope to sing in heaven.—*Chorus.*

3. Now my soul is full of joy,  
“I love Jesus, yes, I do;”  
Singing is my chief employ,  
“Jesus smiles, and loves me too.”—*Chorus.*

## Child's Prayer.

TUNE.—“*Jesus loves me*,” page 83.

1. JESUS, Saviour, pity me,  
Hear me when I cry to thee,  
I've a very wicked heart;  
Full of sin in every part.

*Chorus.* Dear Jesus, hear me,  
Dear Jesus, hear me,  
Dear Jesus, hear me,  
Oh, listen to my prayer.

2. I can never make it good,  
Wilt thou wash me in thy blood?

Jesus, Saviour, pity me,  
Hear me when I pray to thee.—*Chorus.*

3. When I try to do thy will,  
Sin is in my bosom still,  
And I soon do something bad;  
Then my heart is dark and sad.—*Chorus*

4. Now I come to thee for aid,  
All my hope on thee is stayed,  
Thou hast bled and died for me.  
I will give myself to thee.—*Chorus.*

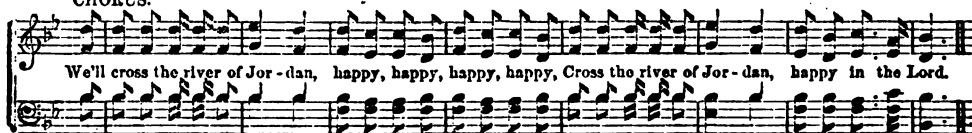
## Happy in the Lord.

From "GOLDEN SHOWER."



1. A pilgrim and a stranger here, happy, happy, happy, I seek the home to pilgrims dear, happy in the Lord.

## CHORUS.



We'll cross the river of Jor-dan, happy, happy, happy, happy, Cross the river of Jor-dan, happy in the Lord.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2. I leave this world of sin behind, happy, &amp;c.<br/>That better home in heav'n to find, happy in, &amp;c.<br/>Fair lands are here, and houses fair, happy, &amp;c.<br/>Dut fairer is my home up there, happy in, &amp;c.<br/><i>Chorus.</i>—We'll cross the river, &amp;c.</p> <p>3. In that fair clime of endless day, happy, &amp;c.<br/>The Lord shall wipe all tears away, happy in, &amp;c.<br/>To living founts, thro' verdant meads, happy, &amp;c.<br/>The Lamb his ransom'd followers leads, happy, &amp;c.<br/><i>Chorus.</i>—We'll cross the river, &amp;c.</p> | <p>4. The fruits and flowers of Paradise, happy, &amp;c.<br/>In plenteous showers round them rise, happy in, &amp;c.<br/>No death shall visit them again, happy, &amp;c.<br/>No sickness there, no touch of pain, happy in, &amp;c.<br/><i>Chorus.</i>—We'll cross the river, &amp;c.</p> <p>5. Farewell, vain world, I'm going home, happy, &amp;c.<br/>My Saviour smiles and bids me come, happy in, &amp;c.<br/>No mourning there, no funeral gloom, happy, &amp;c.<br/>But health and youth for ever bloom, happy in, &amp;c.<br/><i>Chorus.</i>—We'll cross the river, &amp;c.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

## Happy in Jesus.

To be sung to the Tune above, using the Chorus, "HAPPY," &amp;c.

- |                                                                                                                                                                        |                                                                                                                                                                 |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1. O happy day! when first we felt<br/>Our souls with deep contrition melt,<br/>And saw our sins, of crimson guilt,<br/>All cleansed by blood on Calvary spilt.</p> | <p>2. O happy day! when first thy love<br/>Began our grateful hearts to move;<br/>And gazing on thy wondrous cross,<br/>We saw all else as worthless dross.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

**NOTE.**—The first and third lines may be sung as solos with good effect, the chorus commencing at the words "Happy," &c.

3. O happy day! when we no more  
Shall grieve thee whom our souls adore;  
When sorrows, conflicts, fears shall cease,  
And all our trials end in peace.
4. O happy day! when we shall see,  
And fix our longing eyes on thee,  
On thee, our Light, our Life, our Love,  
Our All below, our Heaven above.

5. O happy day of cloudless light!  
Eternal day without a night;  
Lord, when shall we its dawning see,  
And spend it all in praising thee?
6. Come, Saviour, come, oh, quickly come,  
Take us, thy waiting people, home;  
We long to stand around thy throne,  
And know thee as ourselves are known.

## Robes of Whiteness.

1 Oh, for the robes of whiteness! Oh, for the tearless eyes! Oh, for the glorious brightness Of the unclouded skies!

2. Oh, for the no more weeping, Within the land of love! The endless joy of 'keeping The bri-dal feast a - bove!

3. Oh, for the bliss of flying,  
My risen Lord to meet! \*  
Oh, for the rest of lying  
For ever at his feet!
4. Oh, for the hour of seeing  
My Saviour, face to face!  
The hope of ever being  
In that sweet meeting-place.

5. Jesus! thou King of Glory,  
I soon shall dwell with thee;  
I soon shall sing the story  
Of thy great love to me.
6. Meanwhile my thoughts shall enter  
E'en now before thy throne,  
That all my love may centre  
In thee, and thee alone.

\* 1 Thess. iv. 17.

## Rest for the Weary.

REV. J. W. DADMUN. *Arranged.*

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

CHORUS.

- quest. There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you—

On the oth-er side of Jor-dan, In the sweet fields of E-dan, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

2. He is fitting up a mansion,  
Which eternally shall stand,  
For my stay shall not be transient,  
In that holy, happy land.  
There is rest, &c.
3. Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,  
Grief nor woe my lot shall share ;  
But in that celestial centre  
I a crown of life shall wear.  
There is rest, &c.

4. Death itself shall then be vanquished,  
And his sting shall be withdrawn ;  
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,  
Hail with joy the rising morn.  
• There is rest, &c.
5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory ;  
Shout your triumphs as you go ;  
Zion's gates will open for you,  
You shall find an entrance through.  
There is rest, &c.

1. **Yea, for me, for me he careth,**  
 With a brother's tender care,  
**Yea, with me, with me he shareth**  
 Every burden, every tear.

*Cho.* He's our faithful Elder Brother,  
 He's our kind, loving Shepherd,  
 He will guide, and feed, and keep us  
 Till he come again.

Till he come in his glory,  
 Till he come in his glory,  
 Till he come in his glory,  
 Till he come again.

2. **Yea, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,**  
 Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;  
**Yea, even me, even me he snatcheth**  
 From the perils of the way.—*Cho.*

3. **Yea, for me he standeth pleading**  
 At the mercy-seat above;  
**Ever for me interceding,**  
 Constant in untiring love.—*Cho.*

4. **Yea, in me abroad he sheddeth**  
 Joys unearthly—love and light;  
**And to cover me he spreadeth**  
 His paternal wing of might.—*Cho.*

## Rest with Jesus.

1. **Thus is not my place of resting,**  
 Mine's a city yet to come;  
**Onwards to it I am hastening,**  
 On to my eternal home.

*Cho.* In the city of the holy—  
 In the land of the blessed,  
 Where my Saviour reigns in glory,  
 There my home shall be.

There my home shall be ever,  
 There my home shall be ever,  
 There my home shall be ever,  
 There my home shall be.

2. **In it all is light and glory,**  
 O'er it shines a nightless day;  
**Every trace of sin's sad story,**  
 All the curse has pass'd away.—*Cho.*

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

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

## Considering Jesus.

TUNE.—"Brown," page 26.

1. **'Tis past—the dark and dreary night,**  
 And, Lord, we hail thee now,  
**Our "Morning Star," without a cloud**  
 Of sadness on thy brow.

2. **Thy path on earth, the cross, the grave,**  
 Thy sorrows all are o'er,  
**And, O sweet thought! thine eye shall weep,**  
 Thy heart shall break no more.

3. **Deep were those sorrows—deeper still**  
 The love that brought thee low,  
**That bade the streams of life from thee,**  
 A lifeless victim, flow.

4. **The soldier, as he pierced thee, proved**  
 Man's hatred, Lord, to thee;

While in the blood that stain'd the spear,  
 Love, only Love, we see.

5. **Drawn from thy pierced and bleeding side,**  
 That pure and cleansing flood  
**Speaks peace to every heart that knows**  
 The virtues of thy blood.

6. **Yet 'tis not that we know the joys**  
 Of cancell'd sin alone,  
**But, happier far, thy saints are call'd**  
 To share thy glorious throne.

7. **So closely are we link'd in love,**  
 So wholly one with thee,  
**That all thy bliss and glory then**  
 Our bright reward shall be.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol - low thee; Na-ked, poor, de-spis-ed, for-sak-en,  
D. S. Yet how rich is my con-di-tion,—

Thou from hence my all shalt be; *Fine.* Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion—All I've sought, or hoped, or know'd, *D. S.*  
God and heaven are still my own! *Fine.*

2. Let the world despise and leave me,  
They have left my Saviour, too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me;  
Thou art not, like them, untrue;  
Oh! whilst thou dost smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might!  
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;  
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3. Perish, earthly fame and treasure;  
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;  
In thy service pain is pleasure,  
With thy favor life is gain;  
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While thy love is left to me;  
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me—  
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

### WHAT A STRANGE AND WON- DEROUS STORY.

1. What a strange and wondrous story,  
From the Book of God is read—  
How the Lord of life and glory  
Had not where to lay his head.
2. How he left his throne in heaven,  
Here to suffer, bleed, and die,  
That my soul might be forgiven,  
And ascend to God on high.
3. Father! let thy Holy Spirit  
Still reveal a Saviour's love,

And prepare me to inherit  
Glory where he reigns above;

4. There, with saints and angels dwelling,  
May I that great love proclaim,  
And with them be ever telling,  
All the wonders of his name.

### ONE THERE IS.

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

2. Which of all our friends, to save us,  
Could or would have shed his blood?  
But our Jesus died to have us  
Reconciled in him to God.
3. When he lived on earth abashed  
Friend of sinners was his name;  
Now above all glory raised,  
He rejoices in the same.
4. Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
We, alas! forget too often,  
What a Friend we have above.

# Joyful Hope.

1 Know, my soul! thy full salvation;  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear and care,  
 Joy to find in every station,  
 Something still to do or bear;  
 Think, what spirit dwells within thee;  
 Think, what Father's smiles are thine;  
 Think, what Jesus did to win thee;—  
 Child of heaven! canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
 Arm'd with faith, and wing'd with prayer,  
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,—  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

## The Union Band.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st time. 2d time. CHORUS.

1. { Oh, we're a band of brethren dear, Who will join this happy band? }  
 { Who live as pilgrim strangers here,..... } Who will join this happy band? Hal- le- lu- jah,

hal - le - lu - jah, We will join this happy band, Singing hal-le-lu- jah, hal - le - lu - jah, We will join this happy band.

2. The prophets and apostles too,  
 Once belonged to this happy band,  
 And all God's children here below,  
 All have joined this happy band.—Chorus.

3. Let no contention e'er divide  
 Members of this happy band;

But firm, united, side by side,  
 Through this life together stand.—Chorus.

4. And when death comes, as come it must,  
 To divide this happy band,  
 The links will not return to dust,  
 They will shine at God's right hand.—Chorus.



# Jesus Paid it All.

The following lyric has been greatly blessed by God in leading the anxious to rest solely in the finished work of Christ. The author, the late Rev. Mr. Proctor of Scotland, says: "Since I first discovered Jesus to be the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth, I have more than once met with a poor sinner seeking peace at the foot of Sinai instead of Calvary; and I have heard him, now and again, in bitter disappointment and fear, groaning out: 'What must I do?' I have said to him: 'Do! do! what can you do? what do you need to do?'"

1. Nothing, either great or small, Nothing, sinner, no; } Jesus paid it all, And nothing either great or small  
 Jesus died and paid it all, Long, long ago. } All the debt I owe, Remains for me to do.

CHORUS.

- When he from his lofty throne  
 Stooped to do and die,  
 Every thing was fully done—  
 "Tis finished," was his cry.—*Chorus.*
- Weary, working, plodding one,  
 Wherefore toil you so?  
 Cease your doing; all was done  
 Long, long ago.—*Chorus.*

- Till to Jesus' work you cling,  
 By a simple faith,  
 "Doing is a deadly thing,  
 Doing ends in death"—*Chorus.*
- Cast your deadly doing down,  
 Down at Jesus' feet;  
 Stand in him, in him alone,  
 Glorious and complete.—*Chorus.*

## Response to "Jesus Paid it All."

The following hymn was first sung at a large union meeting of children and youth in Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 4th, 1863. We copy it with the accompanying note from the "S. S. TIMES:—"

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—You all remember that when many of you, last spring, were anxious to know what you should do to be saved, we used to love to sing that sweet hymn, 'Jesus paid it all.'

"I rejoice to learn that so many of you still give pleasing evidence to your dear teachers and pastors, that you did by the help of the Holy Spirit, 'cast your deadly doing at Jesus' feet.' Such of you will, I am sure, understand and join heartily in singing the following verses, which I have recently composed for you. May the Lord assist each of you to have your sins forgiven for Jesus' sake to be 'doing something for him all the way to heaven.'

"With much love and many prayers, your affectionate friend,  
 "Vernon, Ct., Sept., 1863."

- I've cast my deadly doing down,  
 Down at Jesus' feet;  
 I stand in him, in him alone,  
 Glorious and complete.  
*Chorus.* Jesus paid it all,  
 All to him I owe,  
 And something either great or small,  
 From love to him I'll do.

- Now to Jesus' work I'll cling,  
 By a simple faith,  
 Doing was a "deadly"  
 It would have  
 3. Legal work  
 Jesus  
 Sins

- |                                                                                                                                        |                                                                                                                                                         |                                                                                                                                        |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>4. 'Twas for me that Jesus bled,<br/>On the cruel tree;<br/>There he bowed his thorn-clad head,<br/>Oh! what agony.—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>5. 'Twas my sins that nailed him there,<br/>Mine that shed his blood,<br/>Mine that pierced the bleeding side<br/>Of the Son of God.—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>6. Now my life shall all be given<br/>To my risen Lord,<br/>Doing all the way to heaven,<br/>Something in his Word.—<i>Cho.</i></p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

## I Love to Read the Bible.

If you, my little friends, could see this boy's letter, with its wrong spelling, part of which he has printed, you would think it must have been a very little fellow who spelled out these words. You will see that this boy has been struck by another boy because he talked to him about Jesus. But the Lord has helped him to light upon a sweet verse to comfort him. He came to a great church in New Jersey one day, where were, I suppose, fifteen hundred children and many grown people. The day before, the children were asked to bring in some verses from the Bible, which they loved most. Many of them, when they took their pens in hand, were not satisfied with simply writing a passage of Scripture, for their little hearts were so full of joy that they found that verse in Matt. xii. 34 true: "For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." But you will be more interested to read this dear boy's letter than with any words of mine. So here it is: "The first day I went I did not have an interest in the meetings but the next I went I did not feel good until I asked you to pray for me. And as soon as you got through I went right straight home and I went up stairs and asked God to take away my stony heart and give me a heart of flesh. And the next morning when I got up I Prayed and then I felt real happy I felt as though I should sing Jesus is mine. This is the verse I love 'ye have heard that it hath been said Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemies But I say unto you love your enemies Bless them that curse you and pray for them that despitefully use you and do good to them that hate you' I love to read the bible which I did not yourse to the more I read the bible the more I love to read it I love my enemies now—the other day I was talking to a boy about Jesus and he smaked me in the face for it but I said to myself that he would be sorry for it in the Judgement when god would ask him what he done that for how can he answer and then would say get the away thou cursed I never new you BLESSED. **ARE THEY WHICH ARE PERSECUTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNES SACKE FORE THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.**" So you see how this boy learned to love the Bible. He was once blind to all its beauties, but after he had prayed and asked God for a "new heart," then with the new heart came a new light upon the "Guide-book," which God has given us to point the way to heaven. And if you, my little reader, wish really to love the Bible and the Sabbath School, you must get this new heart too. When I was in Scotland and Italy, I used to get long letters from my dear mother. But what if I had scarcely read them—had left them in my trunk for a long time—would that mother have believed me, if I had written home that my heart was full of love to her? No, no—the would have known better. And if you say that you love God, and yet don't love to read the precious letter which he has so kindly written to you, will He or your friends believe you? Oh, no! If you do not love the Bible, you must ask God for a new heart, and then you will love not only the Bible, but you will find it as a little girl in Bath, in Maine, did, who had just become a Christian, once said to me, "ALL FULL ABOUT JESUS." Will you not, then, "just now" offer this little prayer? "O Lord, show me what a sinner I have been not to love the precious Bible. Please to give me a new heart, so that I shall love to read in the Bible all about how Jesus suffered on the cross for me—how the cruel nails were driven through his hands and feet for my sake. May I see what my wicked sins have done, and I hate them. Oh, help me as I read in God's Book about the loving Jesus, to believe in him and be saved. Hear this, my prayer, for Christ's sake. Amen."

1. Now the book I love to read  
That speaks of Jesus' love,  
There I find that he indeed  
For me has shed his blood.

*Chorus.*—The Bible tells me  
All I need to know,  
Of Jesus' sufferings on the tree  
For me so long ago.

2. "Full of Jesus" every page,  
Blessed, blessed book!  
Joy it brings to youth and age,  
Who for its treasures look.

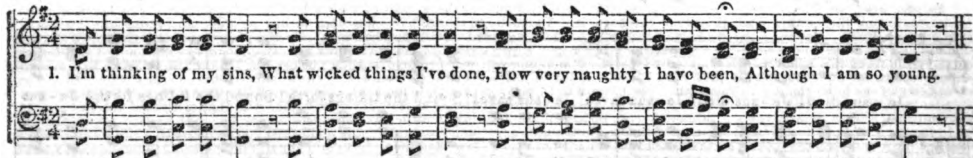
3. In this blessed, precious mine  
Is the pearl of greatest worth;  
Seek for it, and you will find  
The richest prize on earth.—*Chorus.* E. P. H.

# "I'm Thinking of my Sins."

Thus writes a little girl, only ten years of age. Though so young, she felt herself to be a sinner. Have you, my little friend, been led to see that you too are a sinner? Have you ever thought how it was that your sins nailed the dear Saviour to the cross? I pray that you, like this little child, may be able to say, "Jesus forgave me my sins," and then you will love to sing the words which I supposed her to utter.

"DEAR FRIEND:—When I first came to those meetings, I merely came to hear some stories, but I began to feel very differently, before I came out, when one of the kind ministers asked me if I loved Jesus. I told him I did, but I am afraid I told him a lie, but when I went out, I began to think about my sins, and I prayed to Jesus to forgive me my sins, and he did so, and now I feel happier than I did before. Will you pray for me that I may never go back?"

"Your little friend, ten years of age."



2. How wicked is my heart,  
How can I be forgiven,  
Should I with earth be called to part,  
I could not 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.

## Looking only to Jesus.

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS THE AUTHOR AND PROMOTER OF OUR FAITH."—Heb. xii. 2.

Music by Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1. Look-ing on - ly to Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied One, Who invites all that mourn, will you come, will you come?

# Looking only to Jesus. Concluded.

51

*End.*

I have left all my sins at the foot of the cross, Sin-ful pleasures are now to my taste but as dross.

*End.*

Je - sus died! Je - sus died! Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Sound the tidings forth! Sound the tidings forth! Je - sus

*D. C.*

saves! Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Shout the vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry!

*D. C.*

2.

Oh, how oft have I heard of the Saviour who died,  
That my fears might be quelled, and my tears all be dried;  
But, alas! my proud heart was too stubborn to yield,  
To his kind invitation to come and be healed.

*Cho.—Jesus lives! &c.*

3.

But at length God in mercy has led me to see,  
That if I would find safety to Christ I must flee;

The avenger of blood I have seen on my track,  
But with Jesus my refuge I'll never turn back.

*Cho.—Jesus lives! &c.*

4.

Still to Jesus I'll look though life's journey be long;  
When approaching the river let this be my song:  
All my sins washed away in the *peace-speaking blood*,  
Come, dear Jesus, come quickly and take me to God.

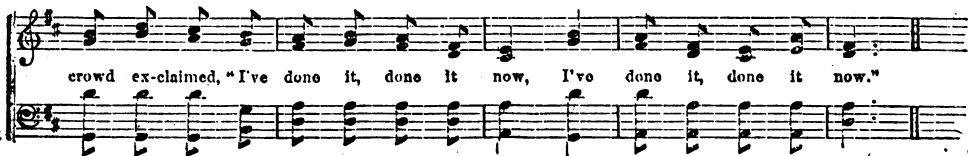
*Cho.—Jesus lives! &c.*

*E. P. H.*

In a children's meeting, in New Jersey, where many were seeking the forgiveness of their sins, was a little girl, weeping as though her heart would break. We tried to soothe her by telling her how Jesus had died to save sinners like her, and that if she would give herself to him, he would receive her, and wash away her sins—but her only answer was, "I can't, I can't. It is so hard." Her little heart seemed very stubborn. She went home with a heart full of sorrow. Next day she pressed her way through a crowd of children, and, seizing me by the hand, with a face beaming with joy, said, "I've done it, I've done it." "What is it you've done?" I asked. "Why," said she, "I just gave myself right up to Jesus, and he took away my stubborn heart, and now I love him." You will, perhaps, like to sing these simple lines, which I have written about the way this little one came to the Saviour.



1. A joy - ous lit - tle girl, With sun - shine on her brow, While pass - ing through a



crowd ex - claimed, "I've done it, done it now, I've done it, done it now."

2.

"What is't you've done?" I asked  
When quick was her reply,  
"I gave myself right up to Christ,  
Who on the cross did die."

3.

"My wicked, stubborn heart  
He's taken all away;  
And now I love my dearest Lord,  
My hopes on Him I stay."

4.

Dear, happy little one,  
The angels will rejoice  
To see thee trusting God's dear Son,  
And list'ning to his voice.

5.

Will you, my little friend,  
Go do the same to-day?  
Oh! flee at once to Jesus' arms,  
There's danger in delay.

# Star of Eternal Day.

♩ 53

1. Star of eter-nal day, Cloudless and bright, Guide of the pil-grims' way, Ban-ish my night;  
*D. C.* On, how I long for thee, Spir-it dl-vine; What is the world to me, Je-sus is mine.

Come, thou ce-les-tial Dove, Dwell in my heart! Source of im-mor-tal love Nev-er de-part.  
*D. C.*

2. Over the rolling wave,  
 Cheerless and dark,  
 Thou who hast power to save,  
 Steer thou my bark:  
 What though the storm be heard  
 Far o'er the deep;  
 Lord, 'tis thy gentle word  
 Lulls it to sleep.

Help me to trust in thee,  
 Spirit divine;  
 Earth has no joy for me,  
 Jesus is mine.

3. When shall my wanderings cease,  
 When shall I rest  
 Safe in the port of peace,  
 Happy and blest.

There from thy dear embrace  
 Severed no more  
 Lord, I shall see thy face,  
 Praise and adore.  
 Oh! I would fly to thee,  
 Spirit divine;  
 Earth has no tie for me,  
 Jesus is mine.

*C.*

## Come, heavy-ladened One.

1. **Come,** heavy-ladened 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?  
*Cho.*—Hark! 'tis thy Father's voice,  
 Calling to thee;  
 Come, heavy-ladened one,  
 Come unto me.

2. Come like the prodgal,  
 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.  
*Cho.*—Hark! 'tis thy Father's voice,  
 Calling to thee;  
 Come, heavy-ladened one,  
 Come unto me.

3. Linger not, linger not,  
 Work while 'tis day;  
 Come, ere the shades of night  
 Close on thy way.  
 Life is a fleeting dream,  
 Soon 'twill be o'er;  
 Turn from its fading joys,  
 Wander no more.  
*Cho.*—Hark! 'tis thy Father's voice,  
 Calling to thee;  
 Come, heavy-ladened one,  
 Come unto me.

1. { I'm a pil - grim bound for glo - ry, I'm a pil - grim go - ing home; }  
 { Come, and hear me tell my sto - ry, All who love the Sav - iour come. } I love Je - sus, hal - le -

- lu - jah! I love Je - sus, yes, I do; I love Je - sus, he's my Sav - iour, Jesus smiles and loves me too.

2. First his Holy Spirit sought me,  
 In the dark and cloudy day;  
 Soon his grace and mercy taught me,  
 In his Word to seek the way.  
*Chorus.*—I love Jesus, &c.

3. Faint and weary then he brought me  
 To the fountain of his love.  
 Showed me how his blood had bought  
 Sealed my pardon from above. [me,  
*Chorus.*—I love Jesus, &c.

4. Sight he gave me in my blindness,  
 For the better land to start,  
 And his tender loving-kindness  
 Overcame and won my heart.  
*Chorus.*—I love Jesus, &c.

5. Through the wilderness he led me,  
 Strength in weakness he bestowed,  
 With the bread of life he fed me,  
 Streams of living water flowed.  
*Chorus.*—I love Jesus, &c.

6. Is the journey still before me,  
 Desert lands where drought abides?  
 Heavenly streams shall still restore me,  
 Fresh from God's unfailing tides.  
*Chorus.*—I love Jesus, &c.

7. Soon to Jordan's swelling river,  
 Like a pilgrim, I shall go,  
 Then to be with Christ for ever,  
 I'll go, singing, Glory, home.  
*Chorus.*—I love Jesus, &c.

## Christians, I am on my Journey.

1.  
**CHRISTIANS,** I am on my journey;  
 Ere I reach the narrow sea  
 I would tell the wondrous story,  
 What the Lord has done for me.  
*Cho.*—Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
 Tho' a stranger, here I roam;  
 I am on my way to Zion,  
 I'm a pilgrim going home.

2.  
 I was lost, but Jesus found me,  
 Taught my heart to seek his face;  
 From a wild and lonely desert  
 Brought me to his fold of grace.  
*Chorus.*—Glory, glory, &c.

3.  
 Now my soul with rapture glowing,  
 Sings aloud his pardoning love,

Looks beyond a world of sorrow,  
 To the pilgrim's home above  
*Chorus.*—Glory, glory, &c.

4.  
 I shall yet behold my Saviour  
 When the day of life is o'er,  
 I shall cast my crown before him,  
 I shall praise him evermore.  
*Chorus.*—Glory, glory, &c.

# Life for a Look.

53

'LOOK UNTO HIM AND BE SAVED'



1. There is LIFE for a LOOK at the Cru - ci - fied One; There is life at this mo - ment for thee;  
Then look, sin - ner—look un - to him, and be saved—Un - to him who was nailed to the tree

Look un to him, look un - to him, Un - to him who was nailed to the tree

2

Oh! why was he there as the bearer of sin,  
If on Jesus thy sins were not laid?  
Oh! why from his side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,  
If his dying thy debt has not paid?

3

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

4

We are healed by his stripes;—would'st thou add to the  
word?  
And he is our righteousness made:  
The best robe of heaven he bids thee put on:  
Oh! could'st thou be better arrayed?

5

Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared,  
These remaineth no more to be done;  
That once in the end of the world he appeared,  
And completed the whole he began.

6

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

7

There is LIFE for a LOOK at the Crucified One;  
There is life at this moment for thee;  
Then look, sinner—look unto him, and be saved,  
And know thyself spotless as he.





1. Oh! Christ, he is the fount-ain, The deep sweet well of love; The streams of earth I've tast-ed, More

deep I'll drink a-bove There to an o-cean full-ness His mer-cy doth ex-pand, And

glo-ry, glo-ry dwelleth In Im-mann-el's land; And glo-ry, glo-ry dwelleth In Immanuel's land.

2 With mercy and with judgment,  
My web of time he wove,  
And aye the dews of sorrow  
We lusted with his love.  
I'll bless the hand that guided,  
I'll bless the heart that planned,  
When thron'd where glory dwelleth,  
In Immanuel's land.

3. Oh! I am my Beloved's,  
And my Beloved's mine,  
He wins a poor vile sinner,  
By his love divine.  
I stand upon his merit;  
I know no other stand,  
Not e'en where glory dwelleth,  
In Immanuel's land.

4 The bride eyes not her garment,  
But her dear bridegroom's face.  
I will not gaze on glory,  
But on my King of Grace.  
Not on the crown he giveth,  
But on his pierced hand;  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Immanuel's land.

# At the Cross.

57

1. { No - thing on earth is to me half so dear, Dear as the cross, Dear as the cross; }  
 { No time so sweet nor so joy - ous as here, (Omit.) - - - Dear - - - cross; }

*D. C.* Here we are saf - est, and hap - piest, and best, (Omit.) - - -

*End.* Here at the cross, at the cross. } Here is sal - va - tion, for - give - ness, and rest!  
 } Here all are beck - oned to hast - en to rest! }

*End* Here at the cross, at the cross. *D. C.*

2. Man was redeemed, and life was procured,  
 Here at the cross;

Grace was imparted, and heaven secured,  
 Here at the cross;

Here the Redeemer in agony died!  
 Here "It is finished"—exultingly cried!  
 Here the Offended approvingly smiled!  
 Here at the cross.

3. Here I discovered my sins were forgiven,  
 Here at the cross;

Here I obtained a sweet title to heaven,  
 Here at the cross.

Here I'm refreshed, as right onward I go!  
 Here every blessing experienced I owe!  
 Here I can smile both in sorrow and woe,  
 Here at the cross.

4. Self-righteous men in their works vainly trust,  
 Give me the cross;

Structures like these soon will crumble to dust—  
 Not so the cross.

Merit disclaiming—this anchor's my stay!  
 Here I'll remain, and beneath it I'll pray!  
 Of it I'll sing for ever and aye,  
 Sing of the cross.

5. Here to the world I'll incessantly cry.  
 Cry from the cross;

Here at its base I will lay me and die,  
 Die 'neath the cross.

This shall illumine the dark lonely grave!  
 Bear me while crossing the deep chilly wave!  
 Land me safe o'er with the free and the brave,  
 Safe through the cross.

"OPEN WIDE THE GATES, AND LET THE TREMBLING CHILD COME IN."

J. MATTON.

1. Dear Saviour, o - pen wide the gate, And let thy trembling child come in; I long to leave this  
2. With eye of faith e'en now I see The joy-ful cher-ubs clap their wings; With songs of ho - ly

earth-ly state, And soar a - way from care and sin.  
ec - sta - sy, They're sounding grace on all their strings.

2. But One I see amid the throng,  
His head with radiant glory crowned;  
He is the object of their song,  
His praises through high heaven resound.

4. Soon shall I join the heavenly choir,  
Where sits my Saviour on the throne;  
With saints and angels strike my lyre,  
In praising him whose blood atoned.

R. P. H.

Vernon, Ct., Feb. 1863.

## Within the Vail with Jesus.

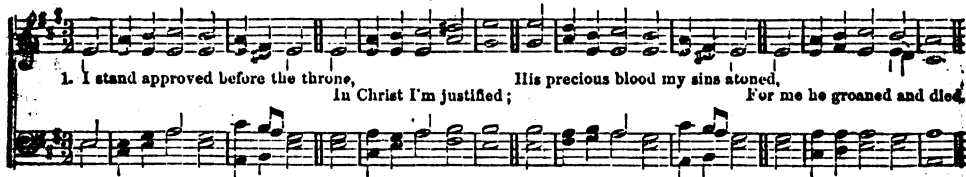
1. BEFORE the throne of God above  
I have a strong, a perfect plea;  
A great High Priest, whose name is Love,  
Who ever stands and pleads for me.
2. My name is graven on his hands,\*  
My name is written on his heart;  
I know that, while in heaven he stands,  
No tongue can bid me thence depart.
3. When Satan tempts me to despair,  
And tells me of the guilt within,  
Upward I look, and see Him there,  
Who made an end of all my sin.

4. Because the sinless Saviour died,  
My sinful soul is counted free;  
For God, the Just, is satisfied  
To look on him, and pardon me.
5. Behold him there! the bleeding Lamb!  
My perfect, spotless Righteousness,  
The great unchangeable "I AM,"  
The King of glory and of grace.
6. One with himself, I cannot die,  
My soul is purchased by his blood;  
My life is hid with Christ on high,  
With Christ, my Saviour and my God.

# Longing for Heaven.

59

"I STAND APPROVED IN CHRIST."—*Mother's last words.*



2. No fears of death alarm me now,  
Christ is my Righteousness;  
His name is written on my brow,  
His is my glorious dress.

3. He'll give me wings to fly away  
To mansions bright above;

There I shall sing, through endless day,  
The glories of his love.

4. Bright pleasures now for evermore  
Shall fill my soul with joy;  
"Approved in Christ!" what ask I more?  
Let praise be my employ.

Vernon, Ct., Feb. 6, 1845.

E. P. H.

## Cleansing in the Blood of Jesus.

1. O PRECIOUS blood! O glorious death!  
By which the sinner lives;  
When stung with sin, this blood we view,  
And all our joy revives.

2. The blood that purchased our release,  
And washes out our stains,  
We challenge earth and hell to show  
A sin it cannot cleanse.

3. Our scarlet crimes are made as wool,  
And we brought nigh to God—  
Thanks to that wrath-appeasing death,  
That heaven-procuring blood,—

4. The blood that makes his glorious church  
From every blemish free;  
And oh, the riches of his love!  
He poured it out for me.

5. Guilty and worthless as I am,  
It all for me was given;  
And boldness through his blood I have,  
To enter into heaven.

6. Thither, in my great Surety's right,  
I surely shall be brought;  
He could not agonize in vain,  
Nor spend his strength for nought.

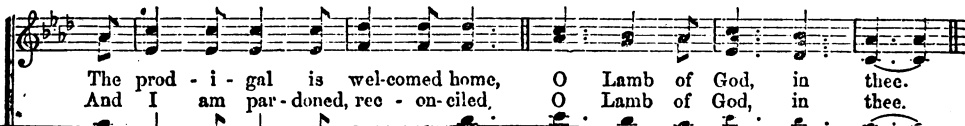
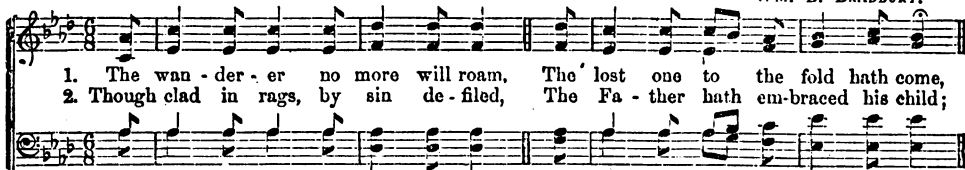
7. The Father's everlasting love,  
And Jesus' precious blood,  
Shall be our endless themes of praise,  
In yonder blest abode.

8. In patience let us then possess  
Our souls till he appear;  
Our Head already is in heaven,  
And we shall soon be there.

## "Just as I Am."

"BEHOLD, WHAT MANNER OF LOVE THE FATHER HATH BESTOWED UPON US, THAT WE SHOULD BE CALLED THE SONS OF GOD. BELOVED, NOW ARE WE THE SONS OF GOD."—1 John 3: 1, 2.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



## Yet There is Room.

1. YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
Behold a royal feast,  
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,  
For every humble guest.  
*Cho.*—For you must, &c.
2. There Jesus stands with open arms;  
He calls—he bids you come:  
Though guilt restrains, and fear alarms,  
Behold, there yet is room.  
*Cho.*—For you must, &c.
3. Oh, come, and with his children taste  
The blessings of his love;

- While hope expects the sweet repast  
Of sweeter joys above.  
*Cho.*—For you must, &c.
4. There, with united heart and voice,  
Before th' eternal throne,  
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,  
In songs on earth unknown.  
*Cho.*—For you must, &c.
  5. And yet ten thousand thousand more  
Are welcome still to come!  
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,  
And enter while there's room.  
*Cho.*—For you must, &c.

# Rejoicing in Christ.

63

TUNE—"Come thou Fount," page 12.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1. I HAVE found a precious Saviour,<br/>He has washed my sins away;<br/>Now rejoicing in his favor,<br/>I am happy all the day.<br/><i>Chorus.</i>—I love Jesus, &amp;c.</p> <p>2. Sweetest joy my heart is swelling—<br/>Joy the world could never give;<br/>While in sweetest strains I'm telling<br/>How he made my spirit live.<br/><i>Chorus.</i>—I love Jesus, &amp;c.</p> <p>3. Lost in sin, I wandered, weary,<br/>Far from Jesus, far from home;<br/>Till he came, in love, to cheer me;<br/>Sweetly calling, "Wanderer, come!"<br/><i>Chorus.</i>—I love Jesus, &amp;c.</p> | <p>4. Pardon full and free he offered,<br/>Showed his bleeding hands and side,<br/>Told me how for me he suffered,<br/>For my sins was crucified.<br/><i>Chorus.</i>—I love Jesus, &amp;c.</p> <p>5. Then my heart, with thanks o'erflowing,<br/>Yielded to his gracious call;<br/>At his feet in sorrow bowing,<br/>Gave to him my life, my all.<br/><i>Chorus.</i>—I love Jesus, &amp;c.</p> <p>6. Now I'm his, yes, his forever!<br/>Safe within his happy fold,<br/>Jesus' lambs can perish never,<br/>Love like his can ne'er grow cold.<br/><i>Chorus.</i>—I love Jesus, &amp;c. <i>ETA.</i></p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

# Praise and Consecration.

TUNE—"Worthy, worthy is the Lamb," page 19.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1. COME, ye children, sweetly sing<br/>Praises to your Saviour-King;<br/>Hearts and voices gladly bring;<br/>Praise his name!</p> <p>2. Jesus is the children's Friend,<br/>Loving, faithful to the end;<br/>Richest gifts from him descend,—<br/>Joy and peace.</p> <p>3. Once from heaven to earth he came,<br/>Suffered death, contempt, and blame,<br/>Died upon a cross of shame,<br/>Crowned with thorns.</p> <p>4. 'Twas our sinful souls to save<br/>Thus his precious blood he gave;<br/>Ransomed now from sin's dark grave,<br/>We may sing.</p> | <p>5. Oh, what boundless grace and love!<br/>Passing all our thoughts above;<br/>Fear and unbelief remove,<br/>At the cross.</p> <p>6. Blessed Jesus, loving, kind,<br/>We would early seek and find,<br/>And our souls in covenant bind,<br/>Thine to be.</p> <p>7. Far our sins we deeply grieve;<br/>But thy promise we believe,<br/>"Him that cometh, I receive;"<br/>Lord, we come.</p> <p>8. Help us love thee more and more,<br/>Serve thee truly evermore,<br/>Till thy mercy we adore<br/>In heaven above. <i>ETA.</i></p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

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