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: **Usworth Colliery** :
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(Ex. P.M.)

1885-1935.

**JUBILEE
HANDBOOK**

**SOUVENIR and
History of the Church.**

— — —
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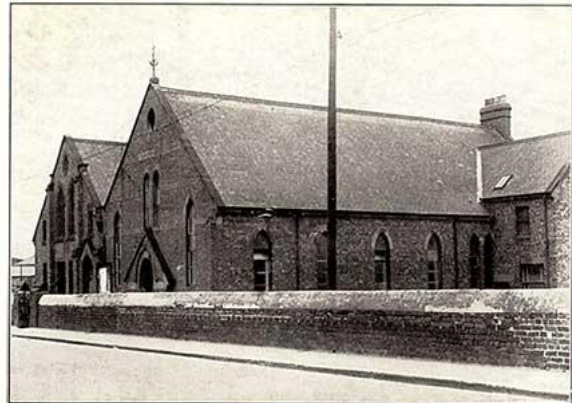
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USWORTH COLLIERY METHODIST CHURCH.

2

History of the Church

by

W. H. WALTON, Jarrow.



As far back as 1823, Thomas Nelson, an ardent Primitive Methodist evangelist, who had his base of religious operations at South Shields, found himself on more than one occasion in that year at Usworth Village. His preaching was convincing enough, as to persuade a few folks who then dwelt in that place, to form a society class of Primitive Methodists; and on the first plan of the South Shields Circuit, issued in 1824, preachers were regularly appointed to conduct services at Usworth Village. For some reason, the society did not last long, and very probably the few members eventually cast in their lot with the stronger Wesleyan Methodist Church which then met there.

Shortly after what is known as the "Long Pitmen's Strike" of 1832, the authorities of the old Sunderland Circuit saw an opportunity of establishing a Primitive Methodist Society at Usworth Colliery. With that in view, preachers were sent to mission the village, which had grown up round the pit, and their efforts were rewarded to the extent, that a small society class was formed, and Usworth Colliery appeared on the plan of that Circuit with preachers appointed to conduct Sunday services. For a number of years the society was small, both in its membership and capacity to raise money. But the members were sincere and earnest folks, and the faithful few laid wide and deep the foundations of the church which exists to-day.

In those days the members and their friends met for fellowship and worship in any cottage in the village that was open to them. One such cottage, now No. 32, Old Row, was for a considerable time the regular meeting place of the society.

3

From the first, the members were handicapped by the fact that the owners of the colliery would not grant them the use of any building, even for the payment of rent. Thus, for year after year, they were compelled to carry on the work of God in the open air, or in the homes of their friends. Never-the-less, the members, even amid their manifold difficulties and struggles succeeded in keeping alive a small but active society which did no small amount of earnest Christian work in the village.

The society remained in the care of the Sunderland Circuit until 1857, when it was transferred to the South Shields Circuit. It was deemed expedient to divide the latter Circuit in 1892, and from that date to the present time, Usworth Colliery is one of a group of churches which has Jarrow as its head.

In the early sixties of the last century, the colliery owners decided to build a day school, and the "Primitives" and the "Wesleyans" made application to hold Sunday services in the building when it was completed. The joint request of both congregations was considered, and the terms upon which the request was eventually granted, were somewhat arbitrary. It was laid down, that the members of both societies must agree to voluntarily assist in the erection of the school before their request would be granted, and furthermore, they had to accept the curious arrangement, that the Wesleyans, or "Old Body" were to have the use of the building for one Sabbath, and the "Primitives" for the next, a system of "turn and turn about," without any favouritism being shown. These conditions, with all their handicaps, gave the society some semblance of a home, and for over twenty years, good work was done under these straightened conditions. A Sunday School was started, and through its agency, a number of young people were eventually brought into the church. The absence, for a time, of a harmonium, or any other musical instrument, did not prevent the formation of a choir which did excellent service, not only on Sundays, but by arranging "Penny Readings" on Saturday nights. Many precious seasons of "refreshing grace" were experienced in the old Colliery School, and with the passing of the years, the work of the church continued to make progress, and good congregations gathered at the services.



REV. G. KING.



REV. JAMES PALMER.

The society, however, was desirous of freeing itself from its limitations, and strongly desired to secure a suitable site, and thereon build a chapel, so much so, that money was raised and set aside for that particular object. All efforts, however, failed. The Colliery proprietors would not on any account consider any of the proposals of the society. They were adamant on the matter. Yet the members never lost heart, and somehow, the religious work at the Colliery School continued to thrive on what appeared to be a forlorn hope.

It was not until the Colliery had passed into the hands of Messrs. John Bowes and Partners, that the prospects of ever building a Primitive Methodist Chapel in the village, began to brighten. This change of ownership meant much for the church, for when the members approached the firm to sell or lease a site, their case was met with courtesy and sympathy. It was largely due to the instrumentality of one of the partners, the late Sir Charles Mark Palmer, who for so long was Member of Parliament for the Jarrow Division, that a site for a chapel was eventually secured on generous terms. Thus the patience, faith and hope of the members were joyfully brought to fruition. As one old member used to quaintly say with regard to this matter, "Time and faith in the Lord can wear down anything." And something of this sort happened at Usworth when the chapel site was secured.

Upon securing the plot of land, next to the School, the members lost no time in maturing their plans. They immediately prepared to "rise up and build." A board of trustees was soon constituted, and Ralph Elliott and Thomas Trotter were appointed Treasurer and Secretary respectively. Both of these brethren gave loyal and devoted service to the church for a long number of years, and at the time of his death, in 1912, Ralph Elliott's connection with Primitive Methodism at Usworth Colliery, had covered over half a century. Various schemes were set on foot to raise money to carry out the project. Sewing meetings were commenced by the women and door to door collections were taken by the men, and the people gave liberally, whether they were "chapel folks" or not. C. S. Lindsay and T. E. Davidson of South Shields (the latter, an architect, who afterwards superin-



REV. E. W. CHALLENGER.

tended the erection of a number of well designed Primitive Methodist Churches in the North of England) offered their assistance as clerks of work. Their services were gladly accepted by the trustees. The contract for building the chapel was let to a builder named Richardson, and on 18th July, 1885, the foundation stones were "well and truly laid" in the presence of a large gathering of friends from various parts of the Circuit. The stones were laid by Miss Mary Robinson, Miss Brack and Master D. J. Brack of South Shields (whose parents were well known and esteemed Circuit Officials), C. S. Lindsay, the Under-Manager of Usworth Colliery, and Ralph Elliott. A public tea and meeting followed, which was presided over by John Robinson, the Circuit Steward, and although financial records are not available, it is evident that the results were very satisfactory. The erection of the chapel proceeded apace, and the opening ceremony took place on Saturday, 5th December, 1885. This was conducted by Rev. William Johnson, the Superintendent of the Circuit, and Rev. James Taylor, a well known Primitive Methodist Minister preached what may be called the official opening sermons, the next day.

For several Sundays, the special opening services were continued. They were well attended, and the collections were generous.

The practice of renting seats as a means of raising money, was in vogue in most churches in those days, and from 1st January, 1886, the charge for a seat in Usworth Chapel was sixpence per quarter for every person who desired to reserve one. This system continued until 1907, when the Trustees decided to make all the sittings free.

The Chapel was built before either gas or electric light had reached Usworth Colliery. It was illuminated (and sometimes not too brilliantly) until 1907 by oil lamps, when gas was substituted, and in recent years by the more efficient means of electric light.

In 1890, the accommodation had become so cramped, that additions and alterations had to be made to the property to meet the needs of Sunday School Work. The extensions were opened



REV. G. H. HALL.



REV. J. J. ALDERSON.

on 4th October, 1890, by the well known Rev. Arthur J. Guttery, who preached the opening sermon. In a very short space of time, these alterations proved inadequate, and in 1898, a further reconstruction of the school and vestries was undertaken. During this period, the Church, although somewhat numerically low in membership, did well in raising money for its work and upkeep; and if the adult attendance at morning and evening worship on Sundays was not large, it is a striking fact, that the work of the Sunday School continued to grow in numbers and usefulness. At that particular time, a gracious spiritual work began amongst the young people, the effects of which abide to this day. The present healthy state of the Society is very largely due to the good work done in the Sunday School about thirty years ago by a faithful and enthusiastic band of workers.

In 1906, the Trustees purchased the freehold of the land upon which the Chapel is built, together with the adjacent site; whereon a year later, the present School was erected.

For some years, the officials and members felt that the future of the Church depended upon its young people, and they dreamed of up-to-date Sunday School premises on the site adjoining the Church. To that end, they toiled hard to raise money. Their efforts were, by the grace of God, eminently successful, and their dream came true, when on Saturday, 30th November, 1907, the fine block of School premises, which had been built at a cost of close upon £1,000, were opened by Mrs. Reavley, of Jarrow, on which occasion, the Rev. Matthew T. Pickering preached to a large congregation. The Usworth friends may feel justly proud of their material possessions, for the Church and well designed School is one of the finest and most adequate blocks of church property to be found in any village, nay, in many towns in the North of England. When these excellent premises were in course of construction, the centenary of the birth of Primitive Methodism was being celebrated, and it was a happy suggestion that they should bear the name of the "Centenary Schools."

For many, many years the musical part of the services in the Church on Sundays was assisted by a harmonium. In the course of time, like lots of other things, it had served its day and generation, and eventually became an instrument that had the



REV. J. B. BAYLIFFE.



REV. J. W. MORROW.

knack of failing to keep in either tune or repair for any reasonable length of time. Steps were therefore taken to dispose of this erring "kist of whistles," and money was raised to procure a more worthy and useful instrument. Those efforts culminated on 23rd October, 1920, when the present two-manual pipe organ, which was built by Nelsons of Durham, at a cost of £225, was opened. On that occasion, the Rev. James Palmer preached the dedicatory sermon. The installation of the organ necessitated some alterations to the pulpit and seating for the choir, which have considerably improved the interior appearance of the Church.

* * * * *

Such are the bald and somewhat imperfect matter of fact records of Primitive Methodism at Usworth Colliery. But behind them is the story of the faith, loyalty and service of a vast number of godly men and women, the most of whom never had a superabundance of this world's goods, who in a variety of ways, have lived and laboured for the glory of God and the spiritual well-being of the community. Their lives are not forgotten, neither are their labours under-estimated.

The history of the Society contains few, if any, sensational events, rather its operations have always been conducted on quiet but very effective lines. In the past, attention has been thoughtfully and prayerfully paid to the intellectual and spiritual improvement of young people. Such attention continues to bear fruit, with the result that the younger generation is very much in evidence in the work of the Church. Thus the prospects for the future are full of hope. Every department of church activity indicates that the work of the coming days will be efficient and effective in extending the kingdom of God.

The services, in connection with the Jubilee of the building of the Church, should be occasions of much gratitude and thanksgiving. May they also be times of consecration for the future.

In recent years, the old familiar title of "Primitive" has been dropped for the more comprehensive name of "Methodist." Whatever the future may have in store for the

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Church at Usworth Colliery, its success will be assured if it continues to live up to its best traditions, and to it, men and women and even boys and girls will be attracted, to find within its fellowship, that comfort, inspiration and saving grace which makes life fragrant and beautiful in service for Jesus Christ.

Ministers.

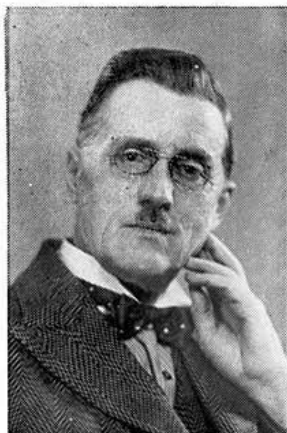
1882-5	Rev. J. Taylor	1908-11	Rev. W. A. French
1884-8	Rev. H. Pratt	1908-11	Rev. A. Ryder
1884-5	Rev. W. A. French	1912-17	Rev. G. W. King
1885-8	Rev. W. Johnson	1912-13	Rev. C. Crabtree
1886-9	Rev. J. Reavley	1914-20	Rev. J. Palmer
1889-91	Rev. A. Ward	1914-16	Rev. J. C. Robinson
1892-5	Rev. E. Phillipson	1921-27	Rev. E. W. Challenger
1892-5	Rev. G. J. Lane	1921-26	Rev. A. Watson
1896-8	Rev. G. Ayre	1926-28	Rev. G. K. Fawell
1896-1900	Rev. G. Seaman	1928-33	Rev. J. J. Alderson
1899-02	Rev. J. Moffatt	1928-33	Rev. G. H. Hall
1901-4	Rev. M. T. Pickering	1931	Rev. B. Haddon
1903-4	Rev. W. Duffield	1933	Rev. J. W. Morrow
1905-7	Rev. E. Campbell	1933	Rev. J. B. Bayliffe.
1905-7	Rev. W. Pickering		

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REMINISCENCES

BY

Ald. W. N. SMITH,

M.A., J.P.

Of the above list of Twenty-one Trustees in the year 1907 no fewer than 16 have died during the last 28 years. Some of these names are outstanding in the history of our Church. The Elliots, and Richardsons, W. Raffle, J. Lightburn, T. Trotter

may be mentioned as belonging to the founders of the Church. They gave years of sacrifice and service and thus they may claim to have helped to build the Church on the only real foundation upon which a church can stand; **sacrifice and service.**

They are no longer with us in person, but their names will continue to live and abide as long as our Church exists. Much could be written about the loyalty of each one of them, had space permitted, but all we can do here is to record our appreciation of their services in these brief and general terms.

Some of them played an important part in the social and civic affairs of the community and had they been still with us they would gladly have admitted that their inspiration for service to their fellows in the spheres in which they worked was got from the Church to which they belonged. This same source of inspiration is open to us who remain, let us use it to the full and thus honour the names of those who lived and worked in the past by doing our duty to our Church and humanity in the present.



The late MR. TOM RICHARDSON,
M.P.

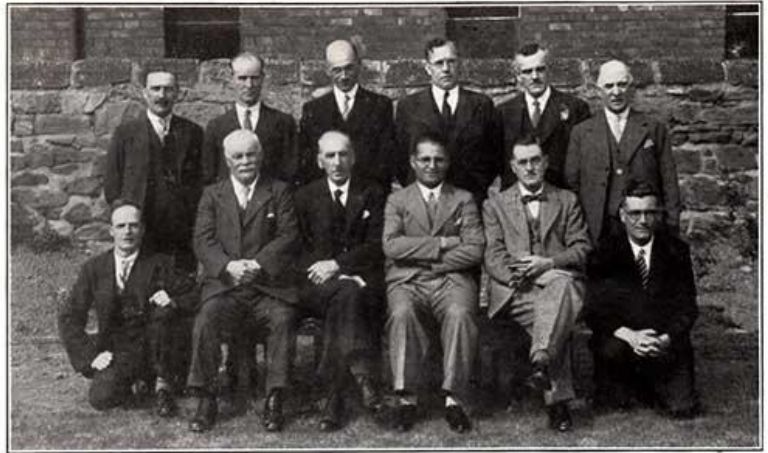
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Ald. W. N. Smith, M.A., J.P., Mr. A. Morris.



WOMEN'S OWN, 1922.



WOMEN'S OWN, 1935.



THE CHOIR, 1911.



THE CHOIR, 1935.

Ald. W. N. SMITH, M.A., J.P.

Usworth Church is blest in having as one of its Trustees, Ald. W. N. Smith, who has during the past thirty years taken a keen interest in all the activities of the Church.

For twenty-five years he laboured with the Adult Class of the Sunday School, which was under his guidance, a splendid institution of the Church. The inspiring lessons given by him each Sunday, the insight into the Christian Religion with its necessary social application has been the means of having fully equipped many young men for life's activities.

The Young People's Class under his leadership was an inspiration, a means of grace, and a great help to the young life of the Church.

Ald. Smith holds many important public positions, yet amidst all the public duties which he has to perform, his love for the Church never waned.

Some of the public positions held by him:—

Chairman of Durham County Council ;
Chairman of the Education Committee ;
County Magistrate ;
Member of the Central (National) Valuation Committee ;
Chairman of the Northern Counties of the Institute for the Deaf ;

Member of the Senate of Durham University which appointment is made, by the Crown. (It can be said that no other working-man has ever risen to the standard of being honoured with such an important and high position).

To carry out the duties imposed on these offices is a great achievement, but to carry them out and still find time and interest to work for the Church so as to inspire the young lives to higher and nobler things is magnificent.

Many young men who came under his leadership, have in different places and in varied occupations, been able to sweeten, purify and be the means of uplifting the Church, and other organisations in which they have been engaged, upholding the standard of Jesus and extending his Kingdom among men.

Truly a servant of the Lord.

J.A.S.



MR. J. A. STAFFORD,
Secretary of the Trust.



MR. W. FOSTER,
Society Steward and Treasurer of the Trust.

Calendar of Jubilee Events.

SEPTEMBER.

- Sat. Sept. 14—Concert by Sunshine Corner. 7 p.m.
Admission 6d.
- Sun. Sept. 15—Harvest Festival. 10-45 a.m. and 6 p.m.
Preacher: Rev. G. Sutcliffe.
- Mon. Sept. 16—Sale of Fruit, etc.
- Sat. Sept. 21—Great "Village Fayre" to be opened at 2-30.
- Sun. Sept. 22—Preacher at 10-45 a.m. & 6 p.m., Coun. A. E. Taylor, So. Shields. *Special Music by the Choir.*
- Sat. Sept. 28—Preaching Service at 3 p.m. Preacher: Rev. A. Watson, Coxhoe. Tea 4 p.m. Price 6d.
Great Public Meeting at 7. Speaker: Rev. A. Watson.
- Sun. Sept. 29—10-45 a.m. and 6 p.m. Preacher: Rev. J. B. Bayliffe.

OCTOBER.

- Sat. Oct. 5—Grand Evening by Women's Own.
- Sun. Oct. 6—Preacher: Rev. G. H. Hall, B.A., Leicester.
10-45 a.m. and 6 p.m. *Special Anthems.*

Sat. Oct. 12—2-30 p.m. Preaching Service: Rev. P. S. CARDEN, Stanley. Tea 4 p.m. Price 6d.
7 p.m., GREAT PUBLIC MEETING
—Speaker: Rev. P. S. Carden. SILVER COLLECTION.

Sun. Oct. 13—10-45 a.m. & 6 p.m. Preacher: Rev. E. W. CHALLENGER, Crewe. SPECIAL MUSIC BY THE CHOIR.
2-30 p.m. Sacred Concert by the Choir.

Sat. Oct. 19—7 p.m. Special Concert by the "DAZZLERS" Party. *Admission 6d.*

Sun. Oct. 20—Preacher at 10-45 a.m. & 6 p.m. Rev. J. W. Morrow, Jarrow.

Mon. Oct. 21—The "Dazzlers" Party at 7 p.m. *Admission 6d.*

WOMEN'S OWN ANNIVERSARY.

Sat. Oct. 26—An "At Home."

Sun. Oct. 27—10-45 a.m. and 6 p.m. Preacher: Mrs. Lane, Darlington.

Mon. Oct. 28—Great Rally at 7 p.m. Speaker: Mrs. Lane.

NOVEMBER.

Sat. Nov. 2—Grand Miscellaneous Concert at 7 p.m.
Admission 6d.

Sun. Nov. 3—10-45 a.m. & 6 p.m. Preacher—Mr. T. Davison, Hebburn.

Sat. Nov. 9—At 3 p.m. Preaching Service—Rev. J. Clennell, Hetton. Tea at 4 p.m. *Price 6d.* At 7 p.m., Great Public Meeting—Speaker: Rev. J. Clennell.

Sun. Nov. 10—At 10-45 a.m. & 6 p.m. Special Sermons by Rev. J. S. Nightingale, Sunderland.

Sat. Oct. 16—Concert at 7 p.m. *Admission 6d.*

Sun. Oct. 17—At 10-45 a.m. and 6 p.m. Preacher: Rev. G. K. Fawell, Wingate. *Special Anthems.*

Sat. Oct. 23—Concert by Choir.

Sun. Oct. 24—6 p.m., Cantata by Choir, "King of Glory."
Silver Collection.

Sat. Oct. 30—Married Men's Effort.

DECEMBER.

Sun. Dec. 1—At 10-45 a.m. & 6 p.m. Special Sermons by Rev. J. J. Alderson, Heaton.

Sun. Dec. 8—10-45 a.m. and 6 p.m. Preacher: Ald. W. N. Smith, M.A., J.P., Usworth.

Sat. Dec. 14—"At Home" at 7 p.m. *Admission 6d.* Host & Hostess: Mr. & Mrs. R. H. Mather, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Sun. Dec. 15—10-45 a.m. and 6 p.m. Preacher: Ex. Supt. Dale, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Sat. Dec. 21—Concert at 7 p.m. by Young Ladies of the Church. *Admission 6d.*

Sun. Dec. 22—10-45 a.m. and 6 p.m. Preacher: Rev. J. B. Bayliff, Hebburn.

Sun. Dec. 29—10-45 a.m. and 6 p.m. Preacher: Rev. B. Haddon.

JANUARY

1936.

Sun. Jan. 5—10-45 a.m. and 6 p.m. Preacher—Mr. H. Spears, Fence Houses. *Special Music.*

Sun. Jan. 12—10-45 a.m. and 6 p.m. Preacher—Mr. C. Humphrey, Sunderland. 2-30 p.m.—Organ Recital by Mr. Clem Humphrey, Sunderland.
Special Solos. Silver Collection.



The Trustees wish to thank the Advertisers for support and help in making this Book possible. Mr. W. H. Walton for compiling the History of the Church, those who are taking part in the Jubilee Celebrations, and to all who have helped in the production of this Book, and in the success of the services.



JUBILEE HYMNS.

H—Hymnal

(H 3) 1. L M

PRAISE ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise;
His nature and His works invite
To make this duty our delight.

The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to His name;
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

He formed the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

Great is our Lord, and great His might,
And all His glories infinite;
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
But treads the wicked to the dust.

Sing to the Lord, exalt Him high,
Who spreads His clouds all round the sky;
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for Him.

But saints are precious in His sight:
He views His children with delight;
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
And looks, and loves His image there.

(H 13) 2. 55.55.65.65.
O WORSHIP the King,
All glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

S—Supplement

O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy, space;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy power
Hath founded of old;
Hath 'stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast
Like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

O measureless Might!
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lift to Thy praise.

(H 67) 3. 87.87.47.
PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should sing?

Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise the everlasting King!
Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless:
Praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness!

Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy flows!

Frail as summer's flower we flourish;
Blows the wind, and it is gone;
But, while mortals rise and perish,
God endures unchanging on:
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise the high eternal One!

Angels, help us to adore Him—
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace!

(H 87) 4. C M

WE may not climb the heavenly steep
To bring the Lord Christ down,
In vain we search the lowest deep
For Him who fills heaven's throne.

But to the contrite spirit yet
A present help is He;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers
Are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are tender with His name.

O Lord and Saviour of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign;
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
And form our lives by Thine.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee,
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

(H 143) 5. C M

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
To crown Him Lord of all.

Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it fall
Before His face who tunes their choir,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's
might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's Rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call.
The God Incarnate, Man Divine,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget,
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue
On this terrestrial ball
Now shout in universal song,
The crowned Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

(H 146) 6. C M

HOW sweet the name of Jesus
sounds
In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his
wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield, and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

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Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

(H 155) 7. 66.66.88.

LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

Jesus, transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given
By which we can salvation have:
But Jesus came the world to save.

Jesus, harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at His love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face:

His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in His ears,
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart with joy.

Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole;
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel, He died for me.

O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst Thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known
What Thou for all mankind hast done?

O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call!
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all;
For all, my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all, my Saviour died!

(H 237) 8. 88.88.888.

WOULD Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs He then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
(Sinners, He prays for you and me.)
'Forgive them, Father, O forgive,
They know not that by Me they live!'

Adam descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve:
Great God of universal love,
If all the world in Thee may live,
In us a quickening spirit be,
And witness Thou hast died for me!

Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee—by Thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,

Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away!

O let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears!

The story of Thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears,
That all may hear the quickening sound,
Since I, even I, have mercy found.

O let Thy love my heart constrain!
Thy love for every sinner free,
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the grace that found out me;
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign everlasting love.

(H 331) 9. 66.66.88.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

He ever lives above
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
'Forgive him, O forgive,' they cry,
'Nor let that ransomed sinner die!'

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The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
My God is reconciled,
His pardoning I hear;
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, 'Father, Abba, Father,' cry!

(H 338) 10. L.M.

HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows 'The Saviour died for me!'
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

Wisdom Divine! Who tells the price
Of Wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross, compared to her.

Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches and immortal praise;
Riches of Christ on all bestowed,
And honour, that descends from God.

To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

Happy the man who Wisdom gains;
Thrice happy, who his Guest retains!
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

(H 387) 11. 886.886.

O LOVE Divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming Love,
The love of Christ to me!

Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light

Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!

O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this—
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

O that I could with favoured John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
My everlasting rest.

(H 467) 12. 87.87.47.

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal Fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the Fire and cloudy Pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

(H 494) 13. C.M.

I WOULD commune with Thee my God;
E'en to Thy seat I come;
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in Thee my home.

I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul;
I hear the storms in vales beneath,
I hear the thunders roll.

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But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies;
And to the height on which I stand,
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.

O this is life! O this is joy!
My God, to find Thee so!
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
And all Thy love to know.

(H 507) 14. 55.12.55.12.

MY God, I am Thine,
What a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my
Jesus is mine!
In the heavenly Lamb
Thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the
sound of His name.

True pleasures abound
In the rapturous sound;
And whoever hath found it, hath
Paradise found.
My Jesus to know,
And feel His blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

Yet onward I haste
To the heavenly feast!
That, that is the fulness; but this is
the taste.
And this I shall prove,
Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's
love.

(H 715) 15. 66.66.66.

CITY not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem!

Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God, thou art!

Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down;
Where self itself yields up;
Where martyrs win their crown;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go;
Where in His steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe;
Where He is in the heart,
City of God, thou art!

Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In His name gathered are,
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem!

(H 754) 16. LM

AT even, ere the sun had set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee
lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw
near:
What if Thy form we cannot see,
We know and feel that 'Thou art
here.

O Saviour Christ! our woes dispel;
For some are sick and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they
had;

And some have found the world is
vain,
Yet from the world they break not
free;

And some have friends who give them
pain,
Yet have not sought a Friend in
Thee.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they, who fain would serve Thee
best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ! Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted,
tried;

Thy kind but searching glance can
scan
The very wounds that shame would
hide.

Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless
fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all!

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(H 763) 17. 76.76.76.76.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright,
On Thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing, 'Holy, holy, holy,'
To the great God Triune!

On Thee, at the Creation,
The light first had its birth;
On Thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On Thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on Thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise,
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From Thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our Promised Land.

To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

May we, new graces gaining
From this our day of rest,
Attain the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest,
And there our voice upraising,
To Father and to Son
And Holy Ghost, be praising
Ever the Three in One.

(H 365) 18. CM

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood
So freely spilt for me!

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak
Where Jesus reigns alone;

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

My heart, Thou know'st can never rest
Till Thou create my peace;
Till, of my Eden re-possessed,
From every sin I cease.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart!
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

(S 5) 19. LM

THE Lord is King: lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens
rejoice:
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

The Lord is King: who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

The Lord is King: child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just:
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.

Oh, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie:
This world of ours and worlds unseen,
And the thin boundary between.

One Lord, one empire, all secures:
He reigns—and life and death are
yours,
Through earth and heaven one song
shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

(S 78) 20. LM

THESE things shall be! a loftier
race
Than e'er the world has known shall
rise
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm,
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

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Nation with nation, land with land,
Inarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed
throng,
Who chant their heavenly psalms before
God's face with undiscordant song.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

(S 80) 21. SM

BREATHE on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glow with Thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

(S 83) 22. LM

OH for that flame of living fire,
Which brightly shone in saints
of old,
Whereby they did to heaven aspire,—
Were calm in grief, in danger bold.

Where is that Spirit, Lord, which
dwelt
In Abrah'm's breast, and seal'd him
Thine?

Which made Paul's heart with sorrow
melt,
And glow with energy divine?—

That Spirit, which from age to age,
Proclaim'd Thy love, and taught
Thy ways?
Brighten'd Isaiah's vivid page,
And breath'd in David's hallow'd
lays?

Is not Thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power:
Or glory beam'd from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?

Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew Thy work, Thy grace restore,
And while to Thee our hearts we raise
On us Thy Holy Spirit pour.

(S 84) 23. 10.4.10.7.4.10.

COME, let us sing of a wonderful
love,
Tender and true;

Out of the heart of the Father above,
Streaming to me and to you:
Wonderful love.

Dwells in the heart of the Father above.

Jesus, the Saviour, this Gospel to tell,
Joyfully came:

Came with the helpless and hopeless
to dwell,

Sharing their sorrow and shame;
Seeking the lost,

Saving, redeeming at measureless cost.

Jesus is seeking the wanderers yet;
Why do they roam?

Love only waits to forgive and forget;
Home! weary wanderers, home!

Wonderful love

Dwells in the heart of the Father above.

Come to my heart, O Thou wonderful

Love,

Come and abide,

Lifting my life till it rises above

Envy and falsehood and pride;

Seeking to be

Lowly and humble, a learner of Thee.

(S 87) 24. 7.6.7.6.D.

TELL me the old, old story

Of unseen things above,

Of Jesus and His glory,

Of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the story simply,

As to a little child.

For I am weak and weary,

And helpless and defiled.

Chorus:

Tell me the old, old story,

Of Jesus and His love:

Tell me the story slowly,

That I may take it in—

That wonderful redemption,

God's remedy for sin.

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Tell me the story often,
For I forgot so soon;
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be
In any time of trouble
A comforter to me.

Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Shall dawn upon my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
Christ Jesus makes thee whole.

(S 93) 25. 73.73.77.73.

WE have heard a joyful sound,
'Jesus saves!'
Spread the gladness all around:
'Jesus saves!'

Bear the news to every land,
Climb the steep and cross the waves;
Onward! 'tis our Lord's command:
'Jesus saves!'

Waft it on the rolling tide:
'Jesus saves!'

Tell to sinners far and wide,
'Jesus saves!'

Sing, ye islands of the sea,
Echo back, ye ocean caves;

Earth shall keep her jubilee:
'Jesus saves!'

Sing above the battle's strife,
'Jesus saves!'

By His death and endless life,
'Jesus saves!'

Sing it softly through the gloom,
When the heart for mercy craves;

Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,
'Jesus saves!'

Give the winds a mighty voice,
'Jesus saves!'

Let the nations now rejoice:
'Jesus saves!'

Shout salvation full and free
To every strand that ocean laves—

This our song of victory,
'Jesus saves!'

(S 111) 26. 8.7.8.7.

I WILL sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me;
How He left His home in glory,
For the cross on Calvary.

Chorus:
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me;
Sing it with the saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.

I was lost; but Jesus found me—
Found the sheep that went astray;
Threw His loving arms around me,
Drew me back into His way.

I was bruised—but Jesus healed me:
Faint was I from many a fall;
Sight was gone, and fears possessed
me:
But He freed me from them all.

Days of darkness still come o'er me;
Sorrow's paths I often tread;
But the Saviour still is with me,
By His hand I'm safely led.

He will keep me till the river
Rolls its waters at my feet;
Then He'll bear me safely over,
Where the loved ones I shall meet.

(S 112) 27. LM

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives—
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head.

He lives, to bless me with His love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to lead me safely there.

He lives, all glory to His Name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

(S 113) 28. 11.11.11.11.

MY Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou
art mine,
For Thee all the pleasures of sin I
resign;

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My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour
art Thou.
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis
now.

I love Thee because Thou hast first
loved me
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's
tree;

I love Thee for wearing the thorns on
Thy brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis
now.

I will love Thee in life, I will love
Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou
lendest me breath;
And say, when the death-dew lies cold
on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis
now.

In mansions of glory and endless
delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in the heaven of
light;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on
my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis
now.

(S 114) 29. 83,83,888.3.

MY heart is fixed, eternal God,
Fixed on Thee;
And my immortal choice is made:
Christ for me.
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
Who did for me salvation bring;
And while I've breath I mean to sing,
Christ for me.

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.

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 honours perish in a day;
My portion never can decay:
Christ for me.

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.

(S 131) 30. Irregular

OH, safe to the Rock that is higher
than I,
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows
would fly,
So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine
would I be,
Thou blest Rock of Ages, I'm hiding
in Thee!

Refrain:
Hiding in Thee! hiding in Thee!
Thou blest Rock of Ages, I'm hiding
in Thee!

In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's
lone hour,
In times when temptation casts o'er
me its power;
In the tempests of life, on its wide
heaving sea,
Thou blest Rock of Ages, I'm hiding
in Thee!

How oft in the conflict, when pressed
by the foe,
I have fled to my Refuge, and breathed
out my woe!
How often when trials, like sea-billows
roll,
Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock
of my soul.

(S 147) 31. LM

OH grant us light, that we may know
The wisdom Thou alone canst
give:
That truth may guide where'er we go
And virtue bless where'er we live.

Oh grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to Thee.
And love Thy simple Word the more.

Oh grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart;
How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.

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Oh grant us light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened hearts above,
And count the very Cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

Oh grant us light, when soon or late
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

(S 100) 32. LM

HE liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Be what Thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made,
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth if thou the true wouldst
reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds
refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest
bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

(S 173) 33. 77.77.

PLAY thy part, and play it well,
Joy in thine appointed task;
And if pride or flesh rebel,
Courage of thy Father ask.

Shrink not from thy daily cross,
Murmur not at toil or pain;
'Tis to purge thy spirit's dross;
All must fight, and none complain.

Take the task thy Father gives,
Bind it to thy cheerful breast;
He who suffers doubly lives,
He who suffers well lives best.

Serve not God because thou must,
'Twere the service of a slave!
Love alone is service just,
Love is worship pure and brave.

Courage, then! and nobly meek,
Let thy love thy sorrows quell;
Honour in obedience seek;
Play thy part, and play it well.

(S 193) 34. CMD

FILL, Thou my life, O Lord my God,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways,
Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part.

Praise in the common words I speak,
Life's common looks and tones;
In intercourse at hearth or board
With my beloved ones.
Not in the temple crowd alone,
Where holy voices chime;
But in the silent paths of earth,
The quiet rooms of time.

Fill every part of me with praise;
Let all my being speak
Of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord!
Poor though I be and weak,
So shalt Thou, Lord, from me, e'en
me,
Receive the glory due,
And so shall I begin on earth
The song for ever new.

So shall each fear, each fret, each care,
Be turned into a song,
And every winding of the way
The echo shall prolong.
So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free:
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.

34A. C.M.

FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.

James Anderson,

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Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.
See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain,
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

(S 209) 35. 85.83.

JESUS, Friend of little children,
Be a Friend to me;
Take my hand and ever keep me
Close to Thee.

Show me what my love should cherish,
What, too, it should shun;
Lest my feet for poison flowers
Swift should run.

Teach me how to grow in goodness
Daily as I grow;
Thou hast been a child, and surely
Thou dost know.

Fill me with Thy gentle meekness,
Make my heart like Thine;
Like an altar-lamp then let me
Burn and shine.

Step by step, Oh! lead me onward,
Upward into youth;
Wiser, stronger, still becoming
In Thy truth.

Never leave me nor forsake me,
Ever be my Friend,
For I need Thee from life's dawning
To its end.

(S 212) 36. 87.87.47.

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

We are Thine, do Thou befriend us;
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear us when we praise and pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and make us free:
Blessed Jesus,
Let us early turn to Thee.
Early let us seek Thy favour;
Early let us do Thy will;
Gracious Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us—love us still.

(S 210) 37. Irregular

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

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

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

(S 218) 38. 8.8.8.6.

JUST as I am, Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest
me,
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore to Thee I come.

Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee
Lord of my life, I come.

With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold;
But dearer still my faith to hold;
For my whole life, I come.

And for Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at Thy feet to cast it down;
O Master, Lord, I come.

(S 225) 39. 90.95.

CHRIST shall lead us in the time of
youth,
Christ shall lead us in the way of
truth,
Christ shall lead us in the love of
right,
Homeward to the light.

Refrain:
Though the way be long and dreary,
Though in darkest night we roam,
By His side we never weary,
Christ shall lead us home.

Christ shall lead us in the hour of
gloom,
He hath known it, Victor o'er the
tomb;
When from grief we vainly seek
release,
He can give us peace.

Christ shall lead us in the hour of
strife,
Fill our hearts with everlasting life,
Give us, even with our latest breath,
Victory over death.

Christ shall lead us, when the fight
shall cease,
To the realms of everlasting peace,
Where the soul that all the way hath
trod,
Resteth calm with God.

(S 227) 40. 7.6.7.6.

LOOKING upward every day,
Sunshine on our faces;
Pressing onward every day
Towards the heavenly places.

Growing every day in awe,
For Thy Name is holy;
Learning every day to love
With a love more lowly.

Walking every day more close
To our Elder Brother;
Growing every day more true
Unto one another.

Every day more gratefully
Kindnesses receiving,
Every day more readily
Injuries forgiving.

Leaving every day behind
Something which might hinder;
Running swifter every day,
Growing purer, kinder.

Lord, so pray we every day,
Hear us in Thy pity,
That we enter in at last,
To the Holy City.

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