

**"SINGING
HEAVENWARD."**

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"Singing heavenward." by E. Gough

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*Should any profit accrue from the sale of this book,
it will be given to the Fund for building a New Con-
gregational Chapel at Barrowford, Burnley.*

"SINGING HEAVENWARD."

"The ransomed shall come to Zion with songs."—
ISAIAH XXXV. 10.

STEP by step we travel on
To our home on high,
Mourning days will soon be done,
Paradise is nigh.
New-born gladness fills the breast,
Sighing Sorrow sinks to rest,
Living springs are making blest
All the desert dry.

Christ His pilgrims doth convoy
Up to Zion's seat;
There, in everlasting joy,
All the ransomed meet.
Land of freedom for the slave!
Land of glory for the brave!
Soon our branching palms shall wave
In thy golden street.

Tune your harps, ye downcast saints,
For the coming song!
Let no voice of harsh complaints
Reach the blood-washed throng.
Once we wept by Babel's stream,
Now we walk like them that dream,
And salvation is our theme,
As we march along.



EARLY PIETY.

"Pray ye that your flight be not in the winter."—
MATTHEW xxiv. 20.

WHILE the spring of life is here,
While the days are long and clear,
While the dews of youth still fall,
Hearken to your Saviour's call:
Do not until winter stay,
Fly to Jesus Christ to-day.

Age will quench the vital spark,
Winter days are short and dark,
When your flesh and heart shall fail,
When in death you weep and wail,
Mercy may be far away,
Fly to Jesus Christ to-day.

Paths which in the spring are fair,
Wintry storms leave rough and bare,

Where 'twixt flowery banks you go,
Age will toil through sleet and snow:
O! while wintry storms delay,
Fly to Jesus Christ to-day.

You will need a cheering light
In the dark and wintry night;
Do not leave your lamp untrimmed
Till the night has all things dimmed.
Be ye ready, watch and pray,—
Fly to Jesus Christ to-day.



A GOOD OLD AGE.

How sweet it will be when the harvest is past,
And the beautiful summer is gone,
If the Master shall say to us all at the last,
Your duty is faithfully done.
If judging in mercy the work we have wrought,
His eye should look graciously down,
And we who oft think we have laboured for nought
Should gain through His goodness a crown.

How sweet it will be in the time of old age
To look on the life we have led,
And to see that our history's earliest page
Had "Glory to God!" at its head.
To know that our days in their vigour and prime
Were never to vanity given,
For we had been always redeeming the time,
And laying up treasure in heaven.

How sweet it will be when the end draweth nigh,
If something for Jesus is done ;