NOTES OF VICTORY

THIS IS THE VICTORY



15

W. A. Ogden

F. S. Torrey

WHICH OVERCOMETH THE WORLD

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NOTES OF VICTORY

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Wherein an endeavor has been made to present

THE WAY TO VICTORY;

THE POWERS OF VICTORY;

THE RESULTS OF VICTORY;

BY W. A. OGDEN AND REV. E. S. LORENZ.

"This is the Victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—I John v. 4. "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony."—Rev. xii. 11.

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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

NOTES OF VICTORY!—We are pleased both with the title and the contents of this work. There is an affinity between them—they are well mated.

When Joshua gave the command, "Shout! for the Lord hath given you the city," the walls of Jericho were still intact; but faith could reach beyond the present. Resting on the Divine Word it laid hold of "the substance of things hoped for," and received "the evidence of things not seen."

Other enemies than those within walled cities are to be overcome. Greater giants than those of Jericho must need be met, "for we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers"—"the god of this world." The battle is still raging, the Crowning Day is coming, but it is by and by. Faith, however, would anticipate that day with NOTES OF VICTORY.

The purpose of this work is to give fresh inspiration to those who, banded together in their work of faith and labor of love, seek to honor the King in singing forth the praises of Him who "giveth us the *Victory* through our Lord Jesus Christ."
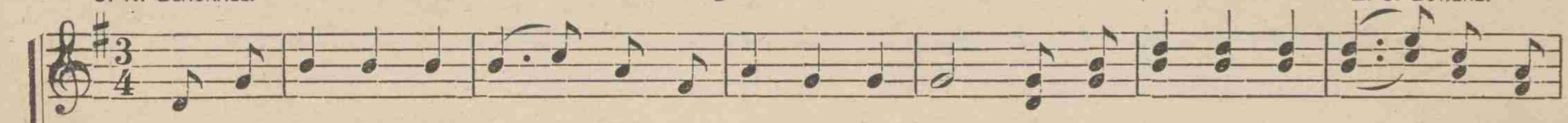
That these NOTES OF VICTORY will be helpful to very many, we confidently expect, and hereby record our note of praise in connection with the esteemed authors and editors, for the privilege of uniting in this joyful service.

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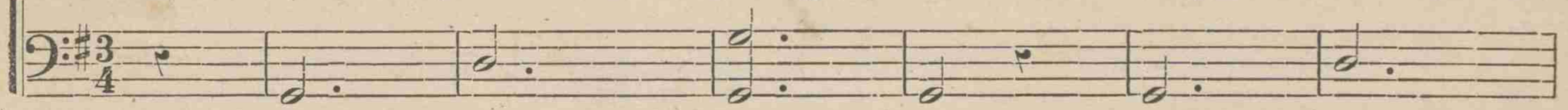
NOTES OF VICTORY.

1 Doing His Will.
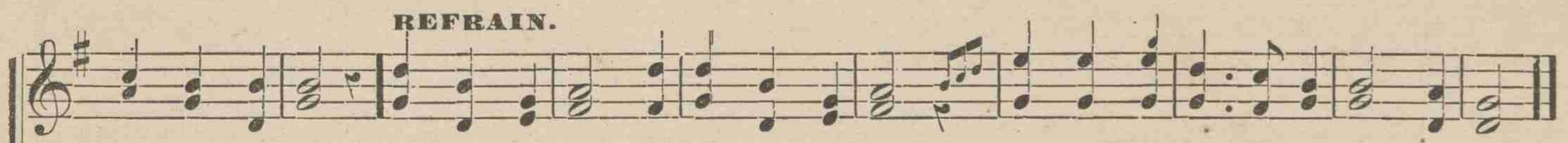
C. R. BLACKALL. "As the servants of Christ doing the will of God from the heart."—Eph. 6 : 6. E. S. LORENZ.
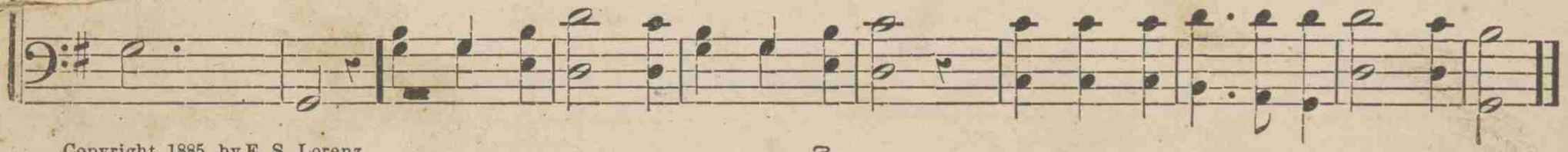


1. If my heart is the Lord's All his work I shall do; In my life I will show That to
2. If I keep in the way Where he bids me a - bide, I shall safe be from harm With my
3. He will guide me in peace, Be my stay and my shield, And no foes shall pre - vail While he
4. Thro' the years of my life His ex - ceed-ing re - ward Shall be mine, till the end Pur - est



REFRAIN.



him I am true.
Lord close al-lied. Do - ing his will I nev - er shall stray Far from the beau-ti-ful path a-way.
owns me his child.
bliss shall af-ford.



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Toiling for Jesus.

W. A. OGDEN. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth."—Prov. 11 ; 24. W. A. OGDEN.

Spirited.

1. Brightly, sweetly, toiling for the Mas-ter, Go we forth with willing hands to do Whatso - e'er to
2. Gladly, sweetly, we will tell the sto - ry Of his love to mortals here below; Christ, the brightness
3. Meekly, meekly toil-ing for the Mas-ter, Walk-ing faith-ful-ly the path he trod; Leading wand'rers

CHORUS.

us he hath appoint-ed, Faith -ful- ly our mission we'll pur - sue. Toil - ing for Je - sus,
of the Fa-ther's glo-ry, Free - ly here his bless-ing will be - stow.
to the dear Re-deem-er, Pointing sin-ners to the Lamb of God. Toiling, toiling for the Master,

Joy-ful-ly we go; yes, joy-ful-ly we go; Toil - ing for Je - sus, In his vineyard here below.
Toiling, toiling for the Master.

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Resting in Peace.

E. D. MUND. "He is our Peace."—Eph. 2 : 14. E. S. LORENZ.

1. We are rest - ing in peace On the rock of sal - va - tion; Here our doubt-ings must cease, On this stead - fast foun - da - tion.
2. While in Je - sus we hide Sin can nev - er as - sail us; Pain and grief may be - tide, But the Lord will not fail us.
3. O, the love of our Lord Yields us ev - er fresh pleas-ures; And our faith in his word O - pens wide all its treas - ures.
4. We have found a deep peace, And it flows like a riv - er; Its de - lights can not cease, God is fount - ain and giv - er.

CHORUS.

We are rest - ing in peace, We have found full re - lease; O this won-drous sal - va - tion! And its joys nev - er cease.

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Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them."—Rev. 7 : 17. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert dark and drear, Calling the lambs who've
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help him the little lambs to find? Who'll bring the lost ones
3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain wild and high, Hark! 'tis the Master

CHORUS.

gone a-stray Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.
to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold? Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them
speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs where'er they be."

in from the fields of sin; Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the little ones to Je-sus.

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5

Are You Christ's Light Bearer?

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is heaven."—Matt. 5 : 16.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. Are you Christ's light bearer? Of his joy a shar - er? Is this dark world fair - er For your
2. Is your heart warm glowing, With his love o'er - flow - ing, And his good - ness showing, More and
3. Keep your al-tars burning, Wait your Lord's re-turn-ing, While your heart's deep yearning Draws him

cheering ray? Is your bea - con light-ed, Guiding souls benight - ed To the land of per-fect day?
more each day? Are you pressing onward, With his faithful vanguard, In the safe and nar-row way?
ev - er near; With his radiance splendid Shall your light be blended When his glory shall ap - pear?

D. S. *Are you ev - er wait-ing for your Lord's re-turn-ing? Are you watch-ing day by day?*

CHORUS.

O brother, is your lamp trimmed and burning? Is the world made brighter by its cheering ray?

From "Holy Voices," by per.

Home Far Away.

"A building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—2 Cor. 5 : 1.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. There's a home, sweet home where the heart bowed down, Shall cease from its toils and tears, And the bells of time
2. In that home, sweet home, there are fields of joy, Where praise to the Lord shall rise; There are streams that flow
3. In that home, sweet home, is the tree of life That waves on its peaceful shore; There the faithful meet
4. To that home, sweet home, let us journey on, Up-held by a Sav-ior's love; Till the robe we wear,

CHORUS.

nevermore will chime The knell of de - part-ing years.
'mid the flow'rs that grow And bloom in eter-nal skies.
at the Savior's feet, They meet and they part no more.
and the palm we bear, Laid up for his own a - bove.

Home far a-way in the realms of day, Home

ever bright and fair, bright and fair, There the dear ones wait at the pearly gate, To greet us when we enter there.

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Crown After Cross.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. "Who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross."—Heb. 12: 2. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Light aft - er dark-ness, Gain aft - er loss, Strength after wea - ri - ness, Crown aft-er cross.
2. Sheaves after sow - ing, Sun aft - er rain, Sight aft - er mys-ter - y, Peace aft - er pain.
3. Near aft - er dist - ant, Gleam aft-er gloom, Love aft - er lone - li - ness, Life aft - er tomb.

Sweet aft - er bit - ter, Song aft - er sigh, Home aft - er wan-der - ing, Praise aft - er cry.
Joy aft - er sor - row, Calm aft - er blast, Rest aft - er wea - ri - ness, Sweet rest at last.
Aft - er long ag - o-ny, Rapt-ure of bliss! Right was the path - way Lead-ing to This.

REFRAIN.

Now comes the weeping, Then the glad reaping, Now comes the la - bor hard, Then the re-ward.

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Home Bells are Ringing.

D. B. PURINTON. "Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Heb. 13: 14. D. B. PURINTON.

1. Far a - way from home we wan-der O'er the bar - ren wastes of an earth - ly strand;
2. Ma - ny friends have gone be - fore us, They have left us wea - ry and lone - ly here;
3. While our Sav - ior bids us tar - ry, We will watch and wait, we will work and pray;
4. Come, poor sin - ner, jour - ney with us, Cast thy load of sin and thy guilt a - way;

f. Fine. CHORUS.

But our wea - ry feet are turn-ing To the shores of the heavenly land.
But they live in realms of glo - ry, We shall meet, we shall greet them there. Far, far a-way, the
Then go home to dwell for - ev - er In the realms of e - ter - nal day.
Thou shalt find a joy - ful entrance At the gates of e - ter - nal day.

D. S. *Safe at last with joy and sing-ing, We shall meet in our Fa-ther's home.*
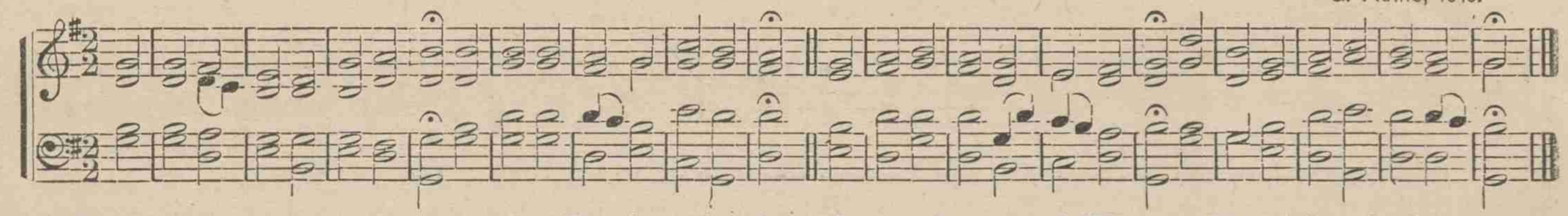
D. S.

home bells are ring - ing, Where the wand'rers of earth no long - er shall roam (for - ev - er);

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Old Hundred. L. M.

G. FRANC, 1545.



9

1 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

10

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

11

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

12

1 Oh, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast—but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

13
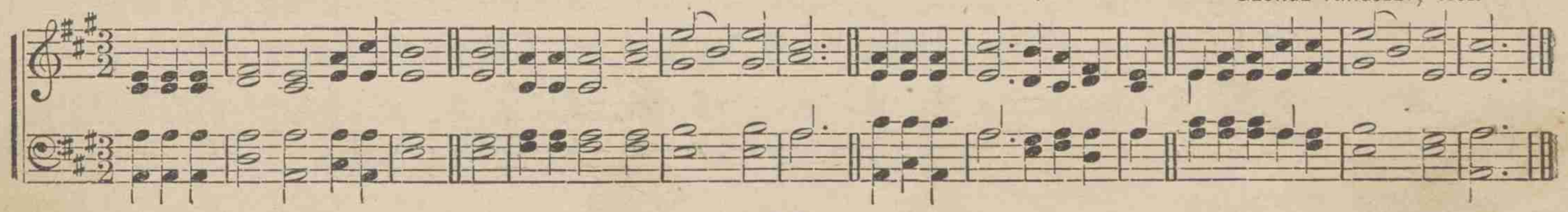
1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee—
Its sure support, its noblest end,
'T is my delight, thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 'Tis to my Savior I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

Ware. L. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.



All My Class for Jesus.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD. "Forsaking all for Christ."—Luke 14: 33. W. A. OGDEN.

1. All my* class for Je - sus; Ev - ery lov-ing heart Bound to the Re - deemer, Nev-er more to part.
2. All my class for Je - sus; Ev - ery joy-ful tongue Vocal with his praises, Said as well as sung;
3. All my class for Je - sus; This shall be my aim, Till each soul immor-tal Glo-ries in his name;

* Or "our."

Faithful in his serv-ice Ev - ery willing hand, Active in the hour of trial, Waiting his command.
Earnest in its mission, Faithful in the strife, Till the Master cometh with a Fadeless crown of life.
Till we read the sto - ry In the light above, And behold the glory of the Savior's boundless love.

CHORUS.

All my class for Je - sus, Ev - ery loving heart, Bound to my Redeem-er, Nev-er more to part.

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15

Hallelujah!

ANON. "Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to sing praises unto our God.—Ps. 147 : 1. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Hal-le - lu - jah! song of glad-ness, Song of ev - er - last-ing joy; Hal - le - lu - jah! song the
2. Hal-le - lu - jah! Church victorious, Thou mayst lift this joyful strain; Hal - le - lu - jah! songs of
3. Hal-le - lu - jah! let our voic - es Rise to heaven with full ac-cord; Hal - le - lu - jah! ev - 'ry
4. But our ear-nest sup - pli - ca-tion, Ho - ly God, we raise to thee; Bring us to thy bliss-ful

sweet - est That can an - gel hosts em - ploy.
tri-umph Well be - fit the ransomed train.
mo-ment Brings us near - er to the Lord.
pres - ence, Let us all thy glo - ry see.

CHORUS.

Praise ye the Lord! sing Hal - le - lu - jah!

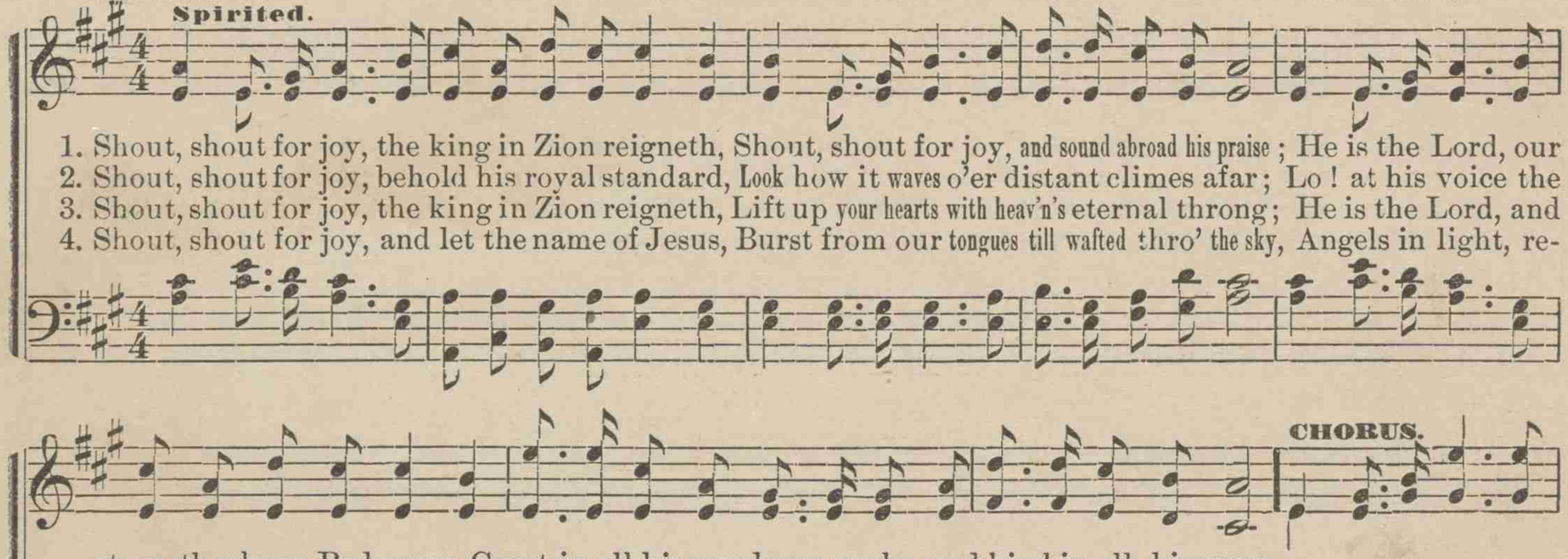
Praise ye the Lord! sing Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord! sing Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord!

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Shout for Joy.

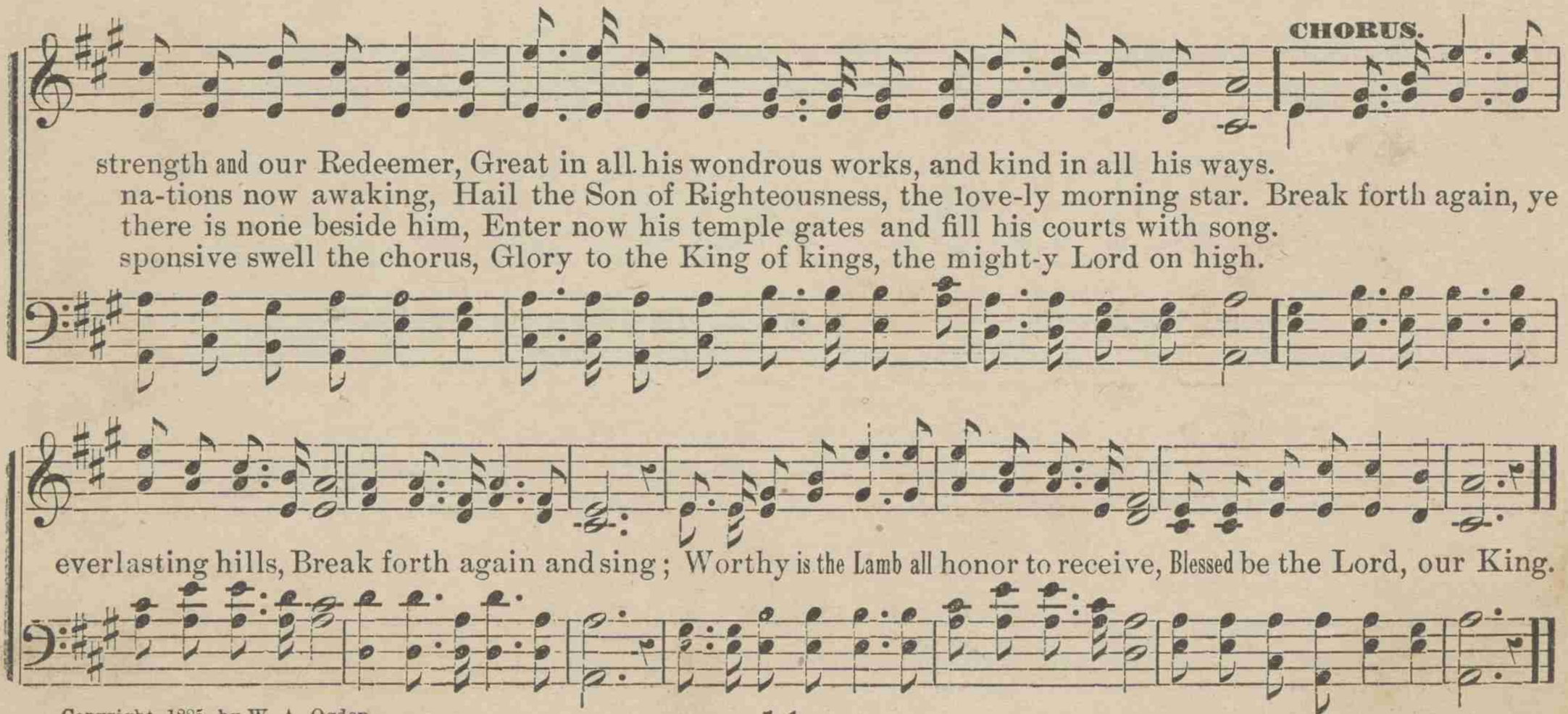
FANNY J. CROSBY. "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice."—Ps. 97 : 1. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

Spirited.



1. Shout, shout for joy, the king in Zion reigneth, Shout, shout for joy, and sound abroad his praise ; He is the Lord, our
2. Shout, shout for joy, behold his royal standard, Look how it waves o'er distant climes afar; Lo ! at his voice the
3. Shout, shout for joy, the king in Zion reigneth, Lift up your hearts with heav'n's eternal throng; He is the Lord, and
4. Shout, shout for joy, and let the name of Jesus, Burst from our tongues till wafted thro' the sky, Angels in light, re-

CHORUS.



strength and our Redeemer, Great in all his wondrous works, and kind in all his ways.
na-tions now awaking, Hail the Son of Righteousness, the love-ly morning star. Break forth again, ye
there is none beside him, Enter now his temple gates and fill his courts with song.
sponsive swell the chorus, Glory to the King of kings, the might-y Lord on high.

everlasting hills, Break forth again and sing ; Worthy is the Lamb all honor to receive, Blessed be the Lord, our King.

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17 Do You Wonder That I Love Him?

E. D. MUND. "We love him because he first loved us."—1 John 4:19. E. S. LORENZ.

D.C. 1. Do you won-der that I love him? That he is so dear to me? That I hold no friend a-
D.C. 2. Do you won-der at the pleasure That in Je - sus' name I find? That I count it dear - er
D.C. 3. Do you won-der that I la - bor 'Mid the hedg-es, on the way? That I seek my friend and
D.C. 4. Do you won-der that I'm yearning In my heavenly home to be? That my heart is ev - er

bove him? That I strive his child to be? He's the dear - est friend to me, That my
treas - ure Than the joys of earth combined? 'T is the dear - est name to me, That in
neigh-bor, Who has gone in sin a - stray? 'T is the dear - est work to me, That in
turn - ing To that cit - y o'er the sea? 'T is a home pre-pared for me, Where from

Fine.

soul shall ev - er see; For he died, I know, to save from woe A wick - ed wretch like me.
earth or heaven can be; When I take my care to God in prayer, That name is am - ple plea.
earth or heaven can be; When from sin they cease, accept God's peace, 'T is joy enough for me.
sin I shall be free; I shall see his face and prize the grace; In his likeness I shall be.

D.C.

By permission.

18 Abiding Rest.
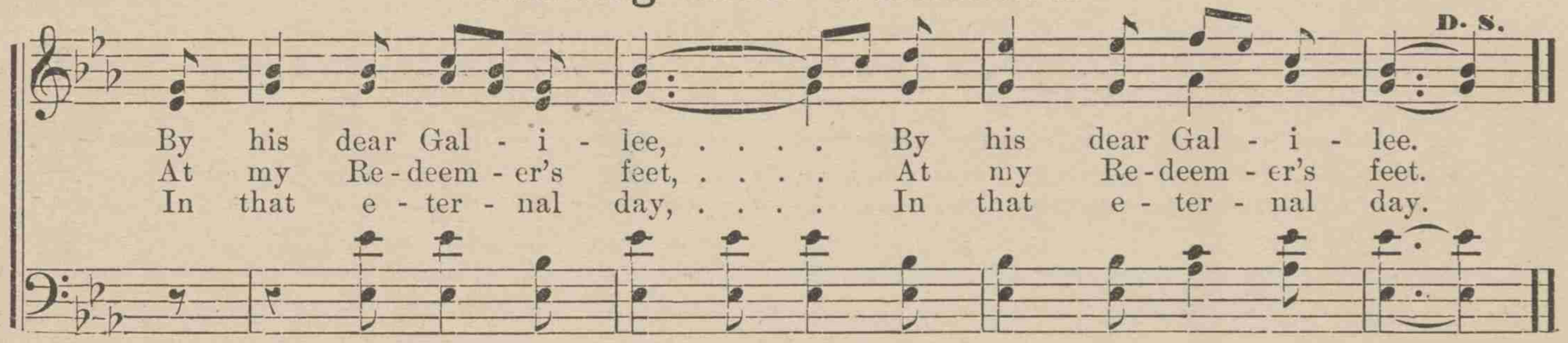
DR. J. J. MAXFIELD. "His rest shall be glorious."—Isaiah 9 : 10. W. A. OGDEN.

1. My soul has found a - bid - ing rest, Where liv-ing fount-ains flow, Where vales are in their verdure dressed, And Sha - ron's ros - es blow. 'Tis but a step to Sy-char's well, Where Je-sus speaks to me; *D.S.* And oft by faith I seem to dwell By his dear Gal - i - lee.
2. All gird - ed for the vic - tor's race, I run to win the prize That Je - sus of - fers by his grace To faith's as - pir - ing eyes. I trust him still when for-tunes frown, His serv - ice is so sweet; *D.S.* I lay my heav - y bur - den down At my Re-deem-er's feet.
3. I see the shin - ing way he went To do his Fa-ther's will; And fol - low on in sweet con-tent, So glad he loves me still. And if I may but serve him here In my own hum-ble way; *D.S.* I know that I shall have no fear In that e - ter - nal day.

Fine.

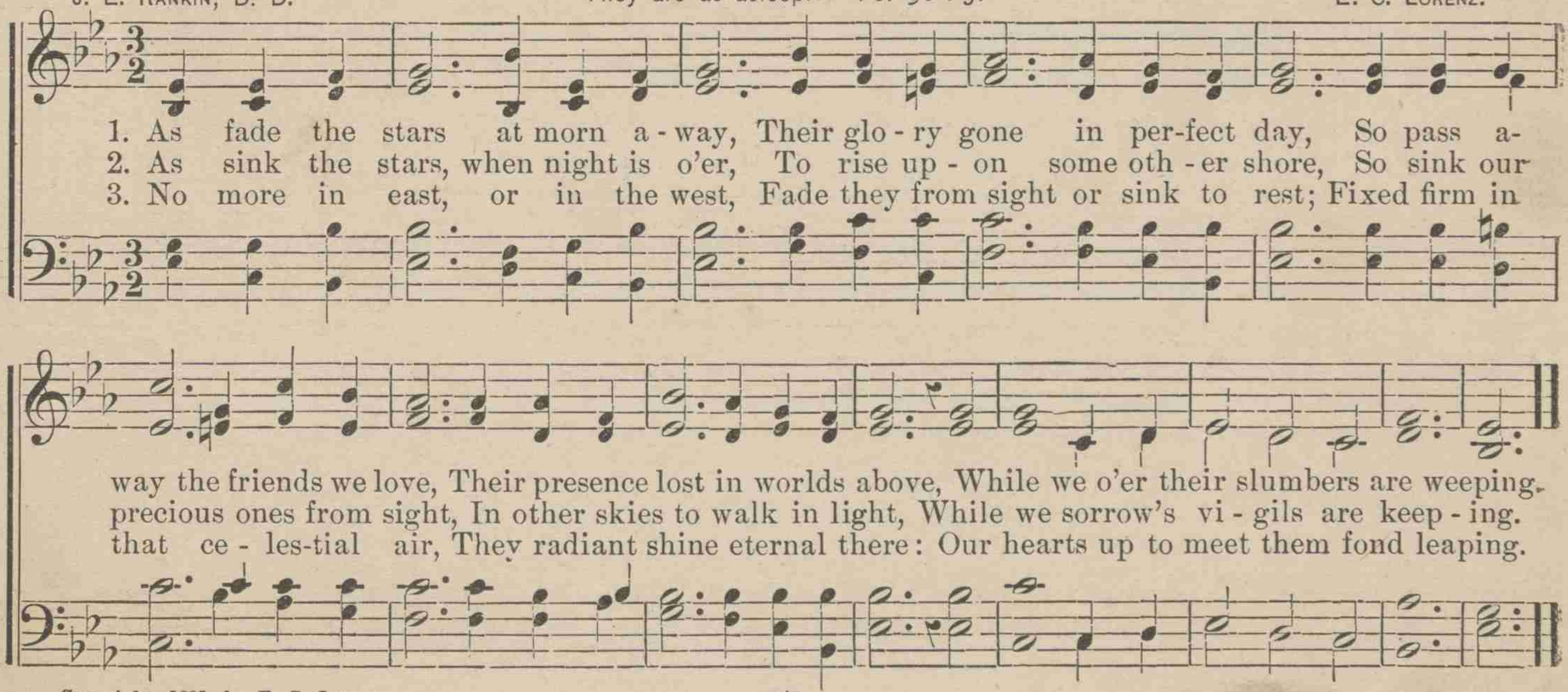
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Abiding Rest. Concluded.



19 As Fade the Stars.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. "They are as asleep."—Ps. 90 : 5. E. S. LORENZ.



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20 Are You Ready?

J. W. SLAUGHENHAUPT. "Art thou ready?"—Matt. 24 : 44. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Soon the evening shadows fall - ing Close the day of mortal life; Soon the hand of death ap-pall-ing
2. Soon the aw - ful trumpet sounding Calls thee to the judgment throne; Now prepare, for love abounding
3. Oh, how fa - tal 'tis to lin - ger! Art thou ready–read-y now? Read-y, should death's i-cy fin - ger
4. Price-less love and free sal - va-tion Free-ly still are of-fered thee; Yield no longer to temp - ta-tion,

CHORUS.
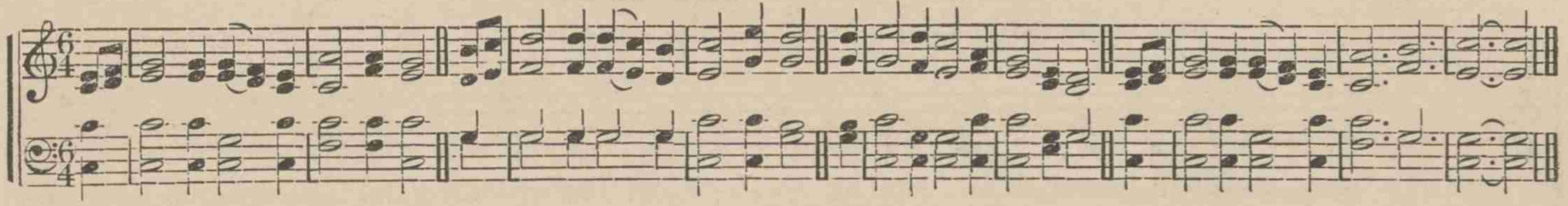
Draws thee from its weary strife. Are you ready? are you ready? 'Tis the Spirit call-ing
Yet has left thee not a-lone.
Lay its chill up - on thy brow? Are you ready? are you ready?
But from sin and sor-row flee.

why de-lay? Are you ready? are you ready? Do not linger longer, come to-day.
Are you ready? are you ready?

By permission.

Retreat. L. M.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS, 1840.



21

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

22

1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

23

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

24
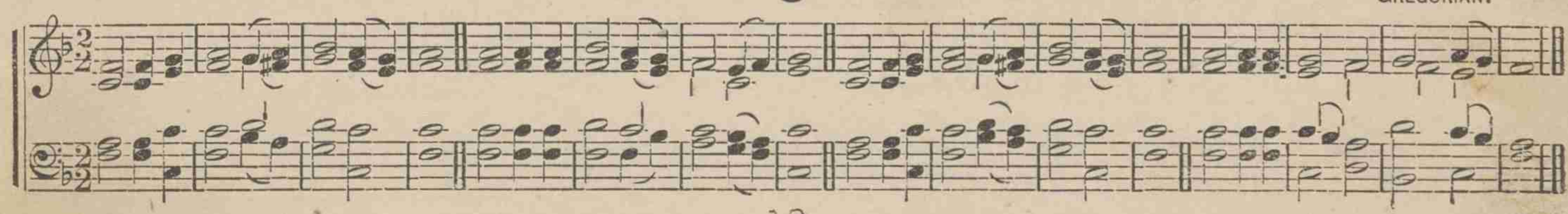
1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Hamburg. L. M.

GREGORIAN.



25

Gathering for the Master.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."—Matt. 9 : 37.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. I dare not i - dle stand, While here on ev - 'ry hand The whitening fields declare the har-vest
2. I dare not i - dle stand, While o - ver all the land Poor wand'ring souls need humble care like
3. I dare not i - dle stand, But at my Lord's command For him I'll la-bor on thro' life's short

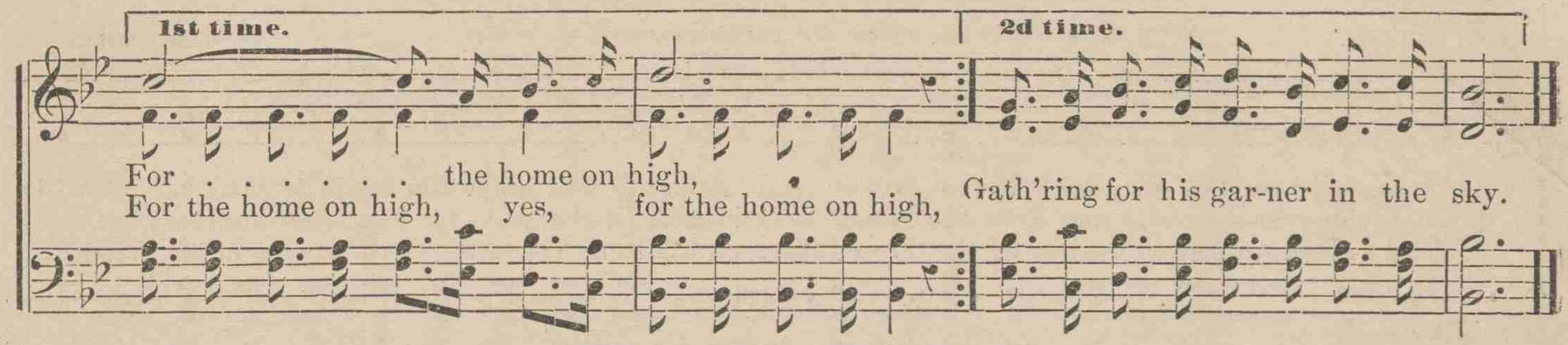
near, harvest near; A glean-er I would be, And gather, Lord, for thee, Lest I with emp-ty
mine, care like mine; Far brighter than the gem In monarch's di - a - dem, Each soul a star in
day, life's short day; The eve will come at last, Day's la - bor soon is passed. E - ter - nal rest will

hands at last ap-pear. Gath - - - 'ring for the Mas - - ter,
Je - sus' crown may shine.
then my toil re - pay. Gath-'ring for the Lord, Gath-'ring for the Lord,

CHORUS.

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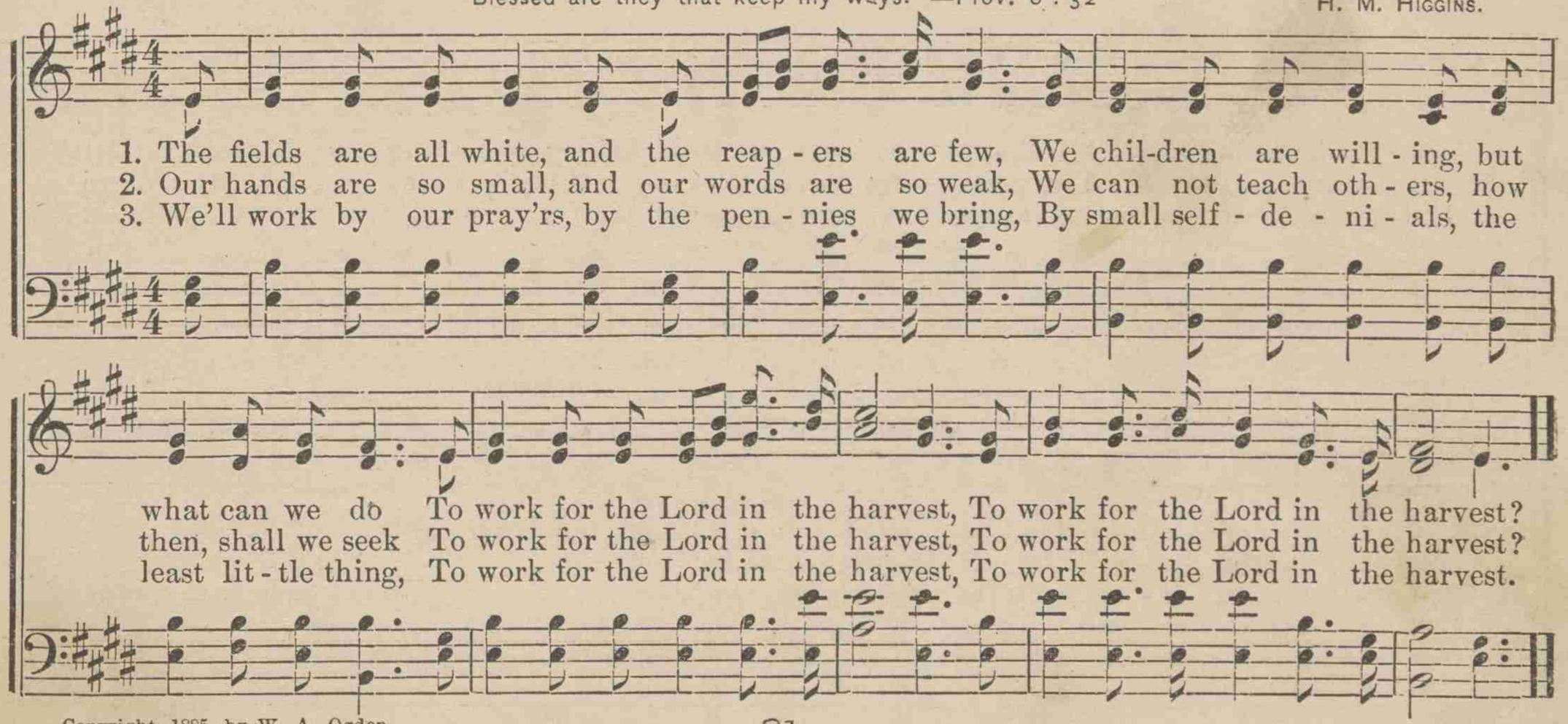
Gathering for the Master. Concluded.



26 What Can We Do?

"Blessed are they that keep my ways."—Prov. 8: 32

H. M. Higgins.



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27 Come and Hear the Story Told.

E. R. LATTA. "Hearken unto me, my people, and give ear unto me."—Is. 51 : 4. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Come and hear the story told Of the Savior from above; It will move thy heart to pit - y, It will move thy heart to love; All the glo - ry that he had With the Fa-ther on his throne, Lo! he
2. O the pov-er-ty and woe That the Savior took instead Of the glo - ry and the rich - es That were all around him spread; Yes, my eyes are moved to tears, And my heart to sym - pa - thy, When I
3. Just as sweet the story sounds Of the blessed Savior's birth, As it did to watching shepherds When it first was borne to earth; Just as sweet the sto - ry seems, Tho' I've heard it o'er and o'er, Of the

CHORUS.

casts a - side for sin-ners, That he might for them a - tone. Come and hear . . . the sto - ry
list - en to the sto - ry Of the Sav-ior's love for me.
Savior's love and pi - ty, Such as ne'er were shown before. Come and hear the sto - ry

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Come and Hear the Story Told. Concluded.

told Of the Sav - - - ior from a - bove; It will
told, the sto - ry told, Of the Sav-ior, of the Sav - ior from a - bove;

move . . . thy heart to pi - ty, It will move . . . thy heart to love.
It will move thy heart to pi - ty, gen - tle pi - ty, It will move thy heart to love.

28 Gethsemane.

"As ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy"—1 Pet. 4 : 13. ARR'D FROM MOZART.

1st time. 2d time.

1. { When my love to Christ grows weak, When for deeper faith I seek,
   { Then in tho't I turn to thee, [*Omit . . . . .] Gar-den of Geth - sem-a - ne.
2. { Then to life re - turn a - gain, Learning all the worth of pain;
   { Learning all the might that lies [*Omit . . . . .] In a full self - sac-ri - fice.

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Morning on the Mountains.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD. "Come, behold the works of the Lord."—Ps. 46 : 8. HENRY C. WORK.

1. Morning on the mountains In its beauty breaking, Morning in the valleys Thousand tongues awaking,
2. Morning on the mountain Changing night and sadness, Morning in the valleys Bringing light and gladness,
3. Morning on the mountain Golden light is streaming, Morning in the valleys Softer radiance beaming,

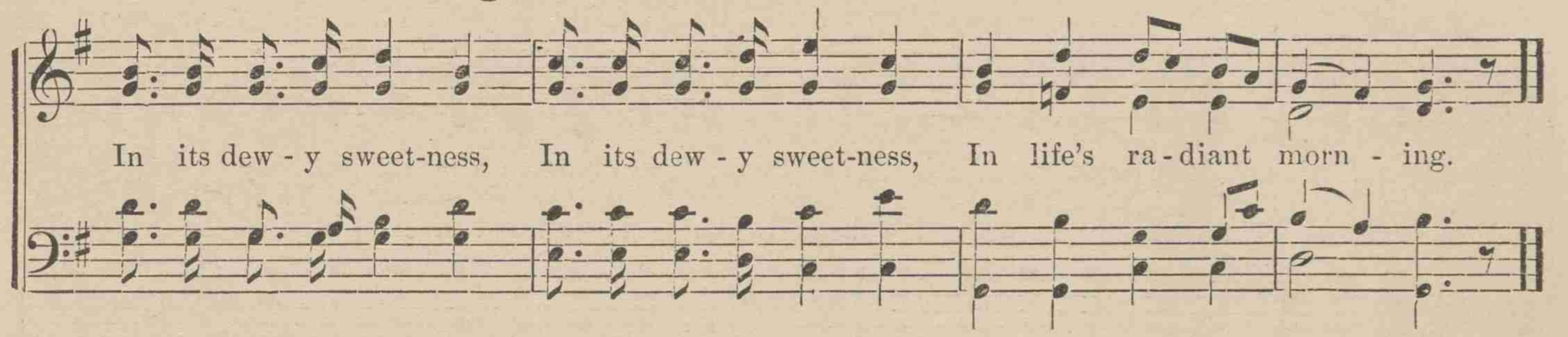
Songs of prais-es bringing To the throne a - bove; Hal - le - lu - jahs singing To the God of love.
Songs of prais-es winging Their triumphant way, Notes of rapt-ure ring-ing O'er the break of day.
Joy - ful - ly as-cend-ing To the throne a - bove, Mingled voic-es blend-ing Fill the air with love.

CHORUS.

Chil - - dren, join the cho - rus, While . . . . your day is dawn - ing,
Children, join the cho - rus, Ere the morn is nigh, While your day is dawn - ing Into clearer sky,
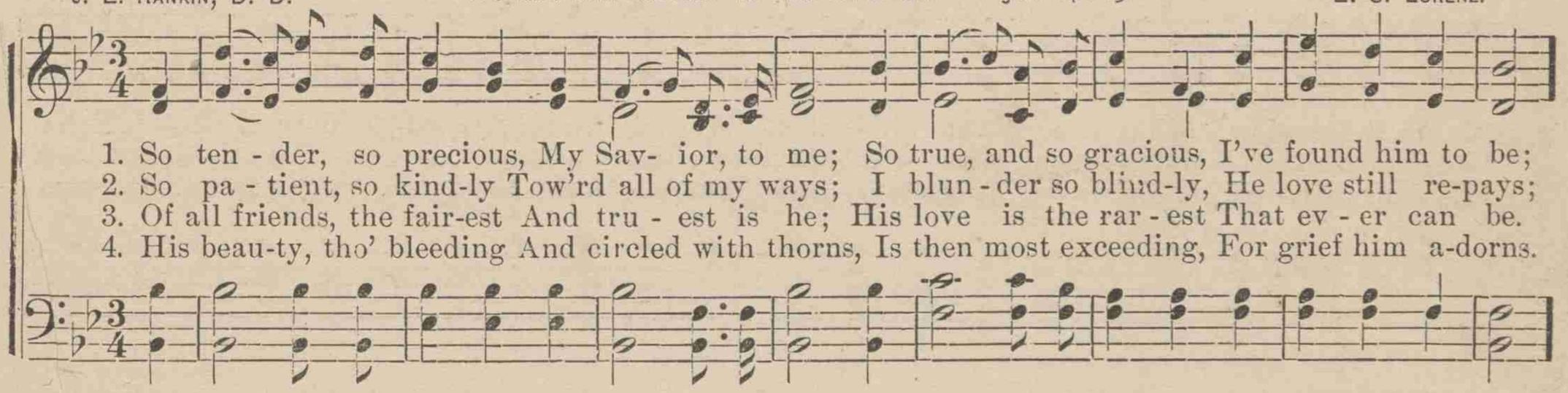
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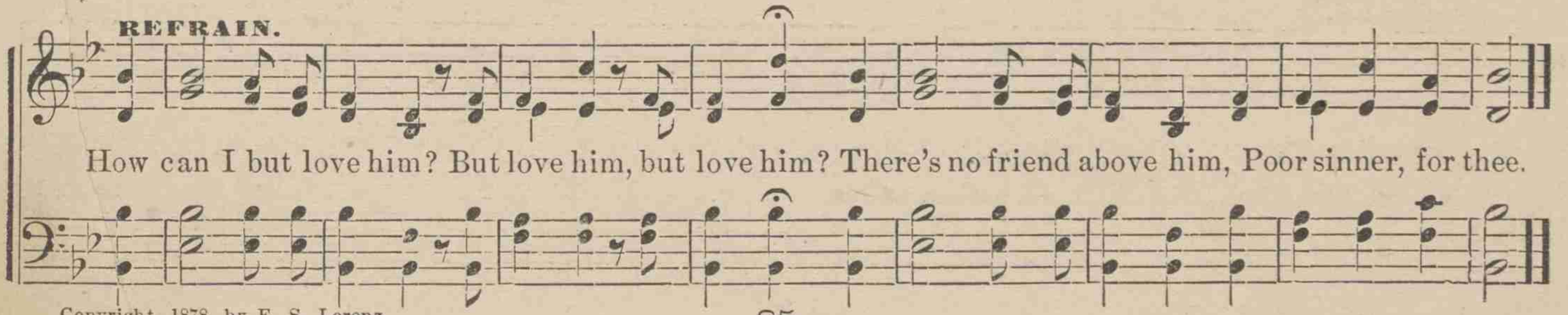
Morning on the Mountains. Concluded.



30 How Can I but Love Him?

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. "We love him because he first loved us."—1 John 4 : 19. E. S. LORENZ.





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Our Children.

WM. BRYANT. "His children shall have a place of refuge."—Prov. 14 : 26. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Standing forth on life's rough way, Father, guide them; O, we know not what ere long May be-tide them!
2. When in prayer they cry to thee, Thou wilt hear them; From the stains of sin and shame Thou wilt clear them;
3. Unto thee we give them up; Lord, receive them; In the world we know must be Much to grieve them;

'Neath the shadow of thy wing, Father, hide them; Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray, Go beside them.
'Mid the quicksands and the rocks, Thou wilt steer them; In temptation, tri-al, grief, Be thou near them.
Ma-ny striv-ing oft and strong To deceive them; Trustful, in thy hands of love We must leave them.
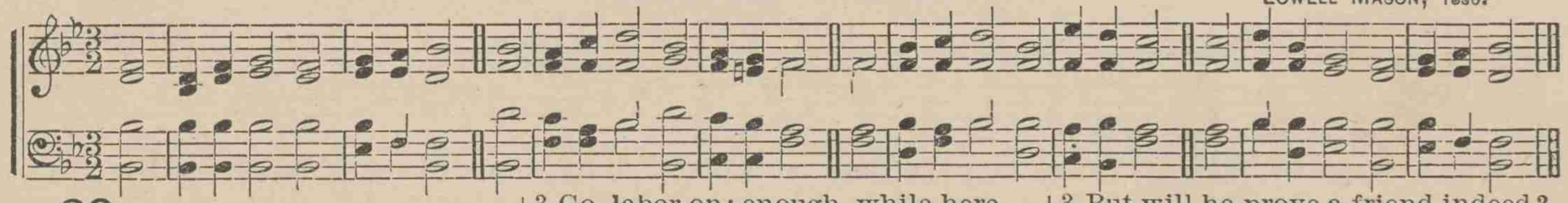
CHORUS.

Bless them now! Bless them now! Bless the children whom we love; Bless them now! Bless them now! Lead them to thyself above.

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Hebron. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.



32

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

3 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground.
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

33

1 Go, labor on; spend, and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on: 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not,
The Master praises—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal,—"Behold! I come!"

34

1 Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

CHORUS.

O, let the dear Savior come in,
He'll cleanse thy heart from sin;
O, keep him no more out at the door,
But let the dear Savior come in.

2 O, lovely attitude,—he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands;
O, matchless kindness—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very Friend you need;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine—
That soul-destroying monster, sin—
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

35

1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
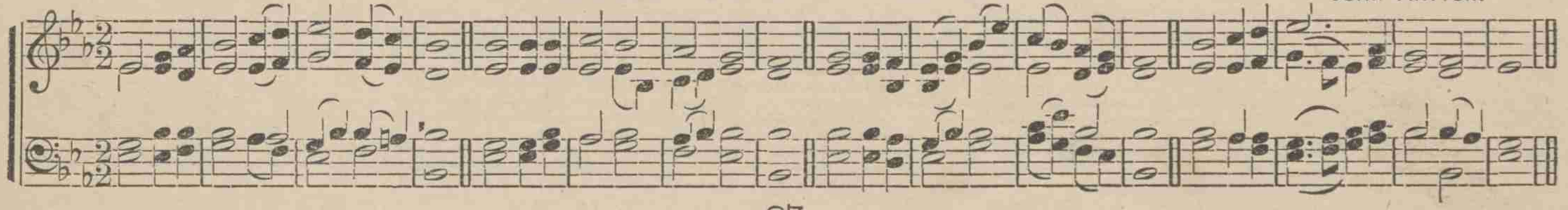
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet;
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were all the realms of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Duke Street. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.



Step by Step.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths."—Prov. 3 : 6. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Step by step, O Sav - ior, lead us In the path of peace di - vine! Teach us how to plead thy promise, Hold and keep our hands in thine.
2. Step by step, O Sav - ior, lead us, If thro' clouds our journey lies; May our faith be- hold thee smiling From thy tem-ple in the skies. What-so-e'er in life be-fall us, Whatso- ever its toils may be, With a calm and cheer-ful spir - it May we still acknowledge thee.
3. Where thou wilt, thy voice we fol - low, When thou wilt, our feet shall rest; We are safe by thee di - rect - ed, In thy love su-preme-ly blest.
4. Step by step, O Sav - ior, lead us Till we reach the ver - nal shore; Then our souls to thee shall ren-der Songs of praise for ev - er-more.

CHORUS.

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37 The Highway of the Lord.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord."—Isa. 40 : 3. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. The highway of the Lord prepare, The high-way of the King; Let mountains sink, let
2. Let des - ert isles lift up their heads, Let des - ert lands re - joice; Let all the earth in
3. The glo - ry of the Prince of Peace Shall cover all the earth; And shin-ing wings the
4. The world be - fore him shall ap-pear, Re-spon - sive to his call; And na - tions bend - ing

REFRAIN.

val-leys rise, And shouts of rapt-ure ring. Pre-pare ye the way of the Lord, Pre-
songs of praise, U - nite the heart and voice.
ti - dings bear Of our Re-deem-er's birth.
at his feet Shall crown him Lord of all.

of the Lord,

pare ye the way of the Lord; Make straight in the desert, make straight in the desert, a highway for our God.

of the Lord,

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38

Loving Each Other.

D. E. L.

"Let us love one another."—1 John 4: 1.

D. E. LORENZ.

1. This is the mot - to we all would o - bey, We will all love one an - oth - er; Hap-py we
2. Thus will we la - bor and thus will we play, Try-ing to help one an - oth - er; Driving the
3. Let us, like Je - sus, be thoughtful and kind, Striving to please one an - oth - er; Here, as in

CHORUS.

sing and are glad all the day, When we can serve one an - oth - er. Lov - ing each other, How
sor-rows of oth - ers a - way, Bringing sweet peace to each oth-er.
heav'n we will be of one mind, Ev - 'ry one lov - ing the oth - er. Loving and serving each other, How

pleasant to cher-ish a brother; Serv - ing each oth-er, The Savior looks on us with joy.

Serving and loving each other,

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39

Go up Higher.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. "Friend, go up higher."—Luke 14 : 10. I. BALTZELL.

1. Go up high - er, Christian soul, Scale the sum - mits of sal-va-tion; Spurn the bonds of pride's con-
trol, Walk in deep - est con - se - cra - tion. Let thy ar - dent hopes a - rise To the
joy be-yond the skies; On - ly Christ and heaven desire: Christian work-er, go up higher.

2 Go up high - er; far a - bove All the world's am-bi-tious dreaming Smile the cloudless skies of
love With the sun of glo - ry beaming. There, while storms may round thee roll, Christ makes
sun - shine in the soul; Upward, then, let faith as - pire: Christian work-er, go up higher.

3. Go up high - er, soul, as-cend, Where the air of faith breathes purer; Where the heavens near-er
bend, There thy feet shall walk se - cur - er. There dis - cord - ant sounds shall cease In the
hymns of love and peace; There thy self-will shall ex - pire: Christian work-er, go up higher.

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40 Grow in Grace.

E. D. MUND. "But grow in grace."—2 Peter 3 ; 18. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Tho' our life be full of tri - al and tempt-a-tion, Full of dan - gers we must face,
2. Tho' our steps may fal - ter in some hour of weakness, Tho' we fall in deep dis - grace,
3. Ev - 'ry day our faith should be a lit - tle strong-er, And our love more pure and broad;
4. Yes, the work that seems be - yond our best en-deav-or Soon we shall not fear to face;

Yet no cry shall rise in woe and la-ment - a - tion If we do but grow in grace.
Yet our com - fort is that strength shall rise in meekness, If we do but grow in grace.
Ev - 'ry day more pa - tient and for-bear-ing long-er, Let us near - er draw to God.
For our strength with du - ty still in-creas-ing ev - er, We de - light to grow in grace.

D.S. *While we bat - tle here with man - i - fold tempt - a - tion, Let us ev - er grow in grace.*

CHORUS.

Grow in grace for-ev-er, grow in strong endeavor, Grow in grace while the years roll on apace,
roll on a-pace.

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41 Sweet Sabbath-Day of Peace.

ANNA SHARE. "Call the Sabbath a delight."—Isa. 58 : 13. REV. W. M. WEEKLEY.

1. Sweet Sabbath-day of peace, Sweet day of rest and prayer; In it we read a Father's love, A
2. Thro' all the bus - y week, To toil our days are given; But now we put these cares a-side, And
3. Here in this ho-ly house, This place where God doth meet His friends, we lay with joyful song Our
4. Dear Lord, may Sabbath peace Pervade each troubled heart; May tho'ts of worldly toil and gain, And
5. Oh, fill our hearts with love For thee, thou First and Best; And may this day a foretaste be Of

CHORUS.

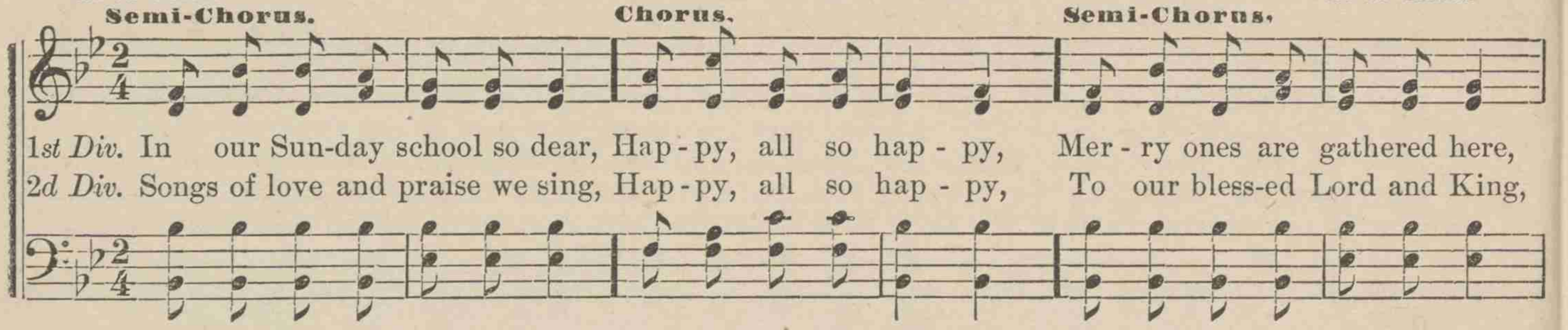
Fa-ther's ten - der care.
look from earth to heaven. We hail the Sabbath of rest, Its hours are holy and b'est
off-'rings at his feet.
wrong desires de - part.
the e - ter - nal rest. of rest, and blest;

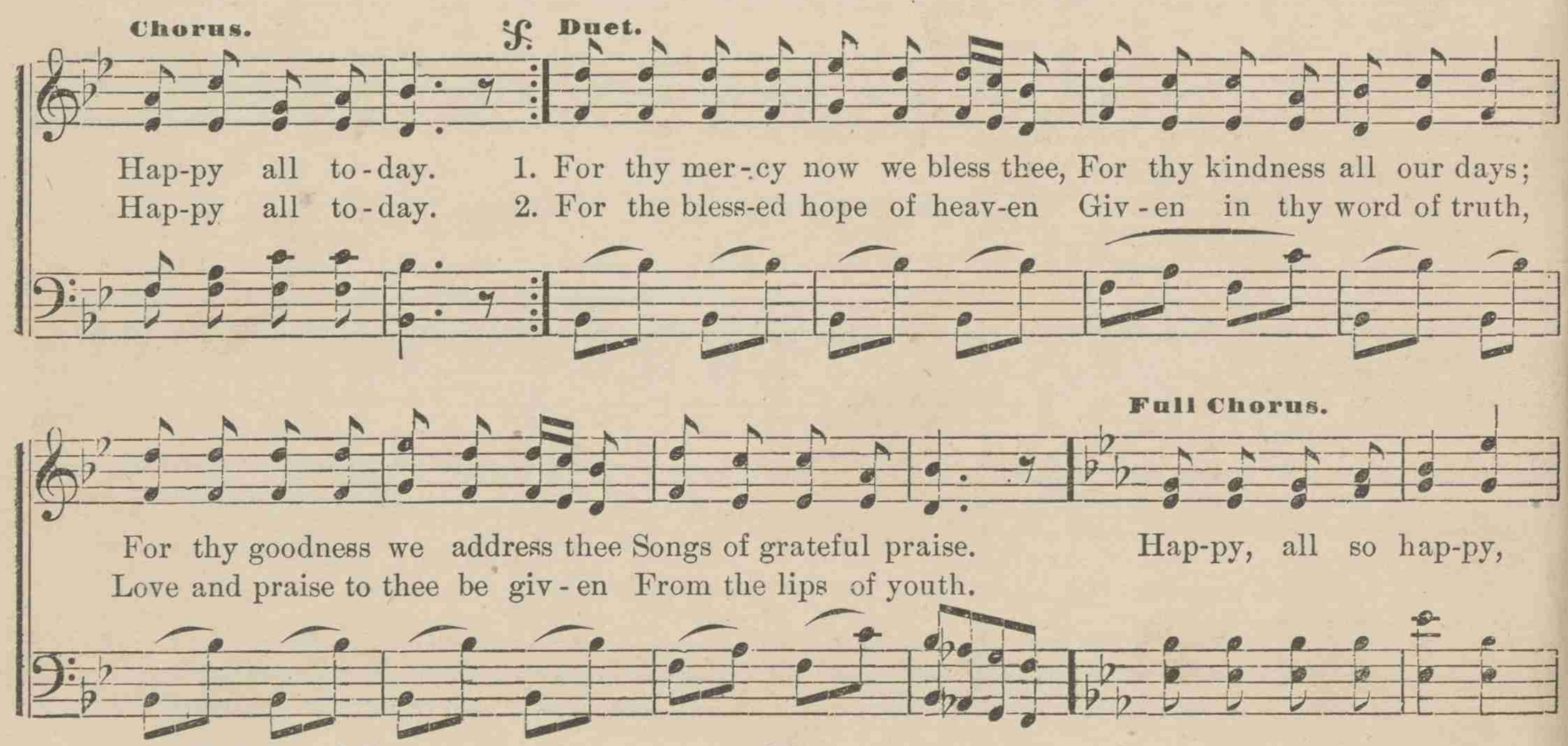
Its mo-ments pass sweet - ly, It fills us com-plete - ly With joy and peace and love.

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42 Happy, All So Happy!

W. A. OGDEN. "It is meet that we should make merry, and be glad."—Luke 15 : 32 W. A. OGDEN.





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Happy, All So Happy. Concluded.

On this Sabbath morning, We will sing thy prais-es, We will sing thy prais-es; For thy love and

Tutti.

mercy Here our lives adorning, Youth and manhood raises Songs of grateful praise. { In our Sunday Songs of love and

D. S. al Fine.

school so dear, Hap-py, all so hap-py, Mer-ry ones are gathered here, Hap-py all to-day,
praise we sing, Hap-py, all so hap-py, To our blessed Lord and King, Hap-py all to-day.

43 Work and Pray.

D. E. L. "Go work to-day."—Matt. 21 : 28. "Pray without ceasing."—1 Thess. 5: 17. D. E. LORENZ.

1. In this world of sin and woe Fee-ble ones are we; Yet we strive to do our best, Weary ne'er to be.
2. I - dle we must nev - er be, Tho' our hands be frail; If we ask for strength divine, We can never fail.
3. Savior, then in mercy look On our little throng; Let our prayers unceasing be, And our efforts strong.

For we know that Jesus smiles, When we him obey; Heeding his divine command, E'er to work and pray.
Jesus' cause we should advance, None should say him nay; Every one must do his share, All can work and pray.
Help each one, that up in heaven, When in white arrayed, Full of joy his soul may be, That he worked and prayed.

CHORUS.

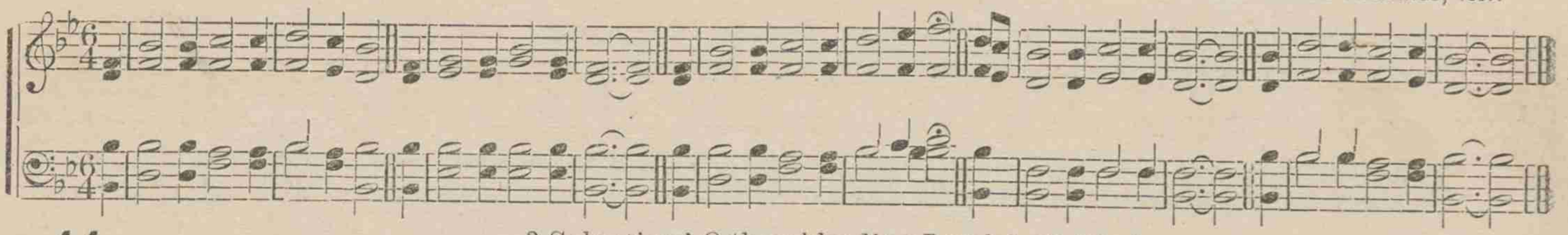
Repeat softly.

Work and pray! work and pray! Till the toils of life are over; And we rest with the blest, Safe on Jesus' breast.

From "Holy Voices," by per.

Ortonville. C. M.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.



44

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

3 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

45

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious world around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

46

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

47

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side:
'Tis all my hope and all my plea,
"For me the Savior died."

2 Wash me and make me thus thine own,
Wash me and mine thou art!
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart!

3 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

48
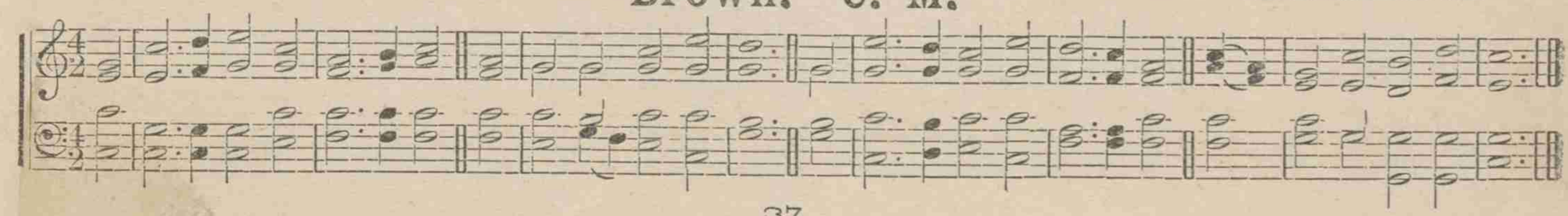
1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free:—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me:—

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

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

Brown. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1840.



49

"Fear Not, it is I."

"It is I, be not afraid."—John 6: 20.

MISS CARRIE CHEYNEY. W. A. OGDEN.

1. When on life's sea my bark is tempest-tossed, And 'midst the storm it seems that all is lost, To
2. When pain and bit-ter grief my heart shall fill, I'll humbly bow un - to the Father's will; But
3. When o'er my sky a gloom is thickly spread, When I approach the val - ley of the dead, To

REFRAIN.

him, who walked the wave, I lift my cry, And to my soul comes back the sweet reply:
in my woe to Jesus I will cry, And then again will come the sweet reply: "Fear not, it is
Je - sus Christ I then will lift my cry, And sweetly to my soul he will reply:

I, it is I," "Fear not, it is I," . . . "Fear not, it is I," O soul, be not a-fraid.

"I, it is I,"

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50 Joy Cometh in the Morning.

MRS. M. M. WEINLAND. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30 : 5. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Oh, wea - ry pil-grim, lift your head, For joy com-eth in the morn-ing! For God in his own
2. Ye fee-ble saints, dismiss your fears, For joy com-eth in the morn-ing! And weeping mourners
3. Let ev - 'ry tear - ful eye look up, For joy com-eth in the morn-ing! And ev - 'ry trembling
4. Our God will wipe our tears a - way, For joy com-eth in the morn-ing! Sor-row and sigh-ing

CHORUS.

word has said That joy cometh in the morning!
dry your tears, For joy cometh in the morning!
sin - ner hope, For joy cometh in the morning!
flee a - way, For joy cometh in the morning!

Joy cometh in the morn-ing! Joy cometh in the morn-ing! Weeping may endure, may en-dure for a night, But joy com-eth in the morn-ing.

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51

The Water of Life.

W. A. OGDEN. "And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."—Rev. 22 : 17. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Oh, come to the fount - ain of love to - day! Take the wa - ter of life, I pray;
2. O sin - ner, that fount - ain is flow - ing free From the throne of e - ter - ni - ty!
3. Oh, give me to drink of the sa - cred tide! From the fount of the cru - ci - fied!

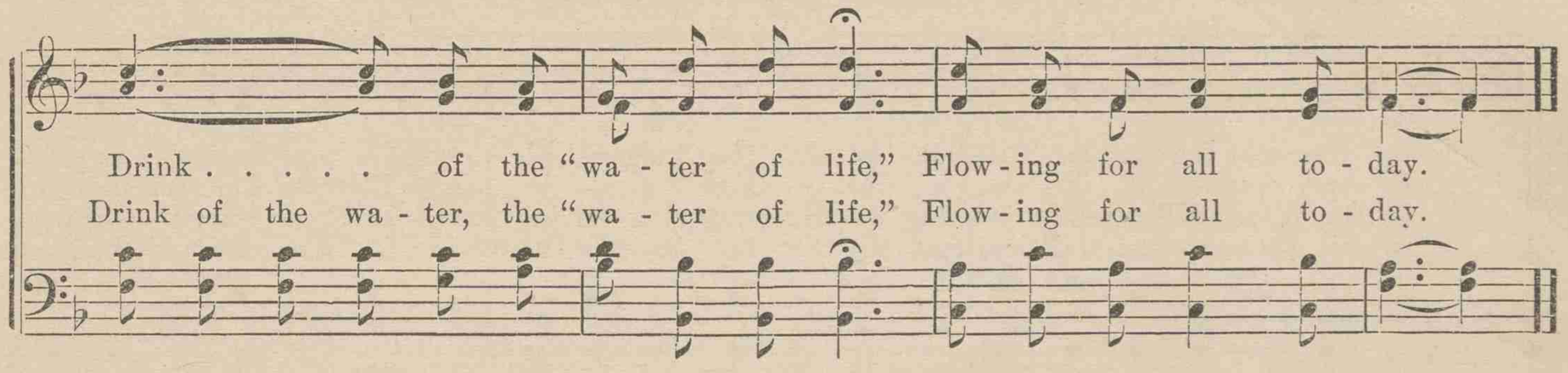
Christ of - fers it free To you and to me; By faith I can hear him say:
Sal - va - tion re - ceive— Oh, take it and live! Thy par - don is of - fered thee.
Oh, give me to - day "Life's wa - ter," I pray, Till I shall be sat - is - fied!

CHORUS.

Oh, drink . . . . of the "wa-ter of life," Drink . . . of the "wa-ter of life,"
Oh, drink of the wa - ter, the "wa-ter of life," Drink of the wa - ter, the "wa-ter of life,"

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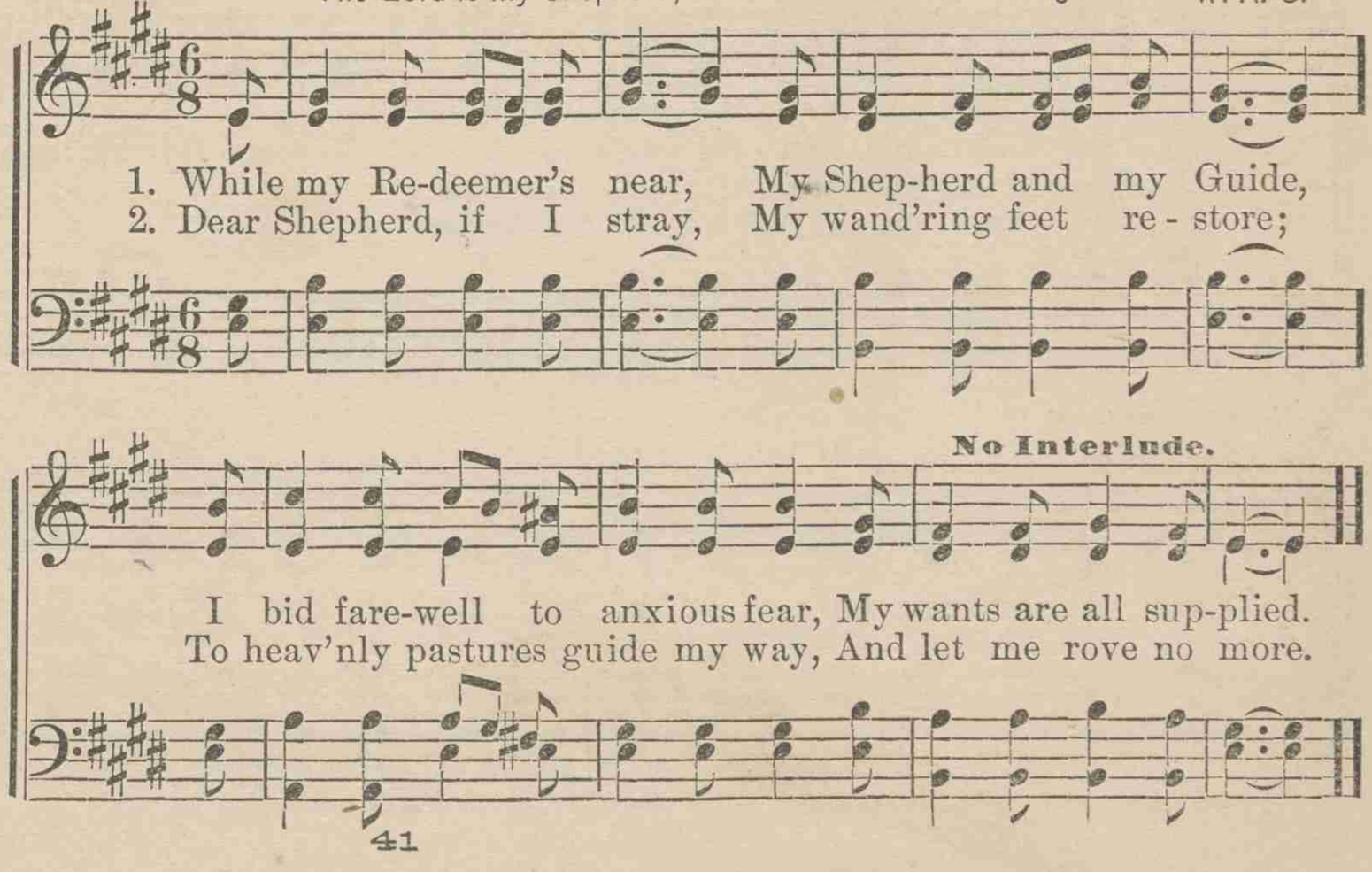
The Water of Life. Concluded.



52

Dear Shepherd.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."—Ps. 23 : 1. W. A. O.



SUPERINTENDENT.
"They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion which can not be removed."

RESPONSE.
"O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together."

SUPERINTENDENT.
"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters."

RESPONSE.
"He restoreth my soul, he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake."

Sing "Dear Shepherd."

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53 I am Listening.

W. S. MARSHALL. "It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me."—Cant. 5 : 2. W. S. MARSHALL.

1. Do you hear the Sav-ior call-ing, By the woo - ings of his voice? Do you hear the ac-cents
2. By his Spir-it he is woo-ing, Soft-ly draw-ing us to him, Thro' the day and night pur-
3. By the Word of Truth he's speaking To the wand'ring, err-ing ones; List! the voice the stillness
4. In his Prov - i - den - tial dealings, E - ven in his stern de - crees, In the loud-est thun-ders

REFRAIN.

fall - ing? Will you make the precious choice?
su - ing, With his gen - tle voice to win. I am list'ning, O, I'm list'ning, Just to
breaking! Hear the sweet and sol-emn tones!
peal-ing, Or the murm'ring of the breeze.

Repeat softly.

hear the ac-cents fall; I am list'ning, O I'm list'ning To the Sav - ior's gen-tle call.

By permission. From "Songs of the Cross."

54 Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. MUND. "The Lord Thinketh upon Me'''—Ps. 40; 17. E. S. LORENZ.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, Amid the thorns that pierce my feet; One thought remains su-
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shadow cast; Their gloom reminds my
3. Let shadows come, let shad-ows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe, I am con - tent, for

CHORUS.

preme-ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me! Thou think-est, Lord, of me, (of me,) Thou
this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,) What need I fear since thou art near, And thinkest Lord, of me:

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55

My Precious Bible.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—Psa. 119: 105. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Like a star of the morning in its beau-ty, Like a Sun is the Bi-ble to my soul;
2. 'Tis the voice of a Friend for-ev-er near me, In the toil and the bat-tle here be-low,
3. It shall stand in its beau-ty and its glo-ry, When the earth and the heavens pass a-way;

Shining clear on the way of love and du-ty, As I has-ten on my journey to the goal.
In the gloom of the val-ley it will cheer me, Till the glo-ry of his kingdom I shall know.
Ev-er tell-ing the bless-ed, wondrous sto-ry Of the lov-ing Lamb, the on-ly liv-ing Way.

CHORUS.
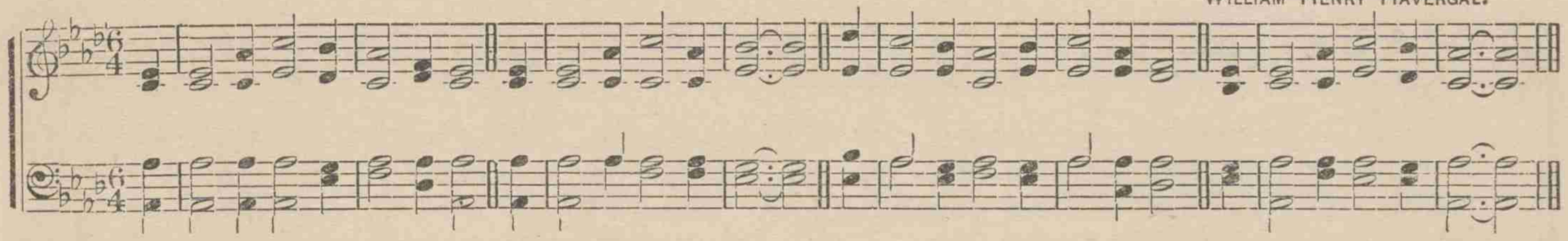
Holy Bi-ble! my precious Bi-ble! Gift of God, and Lamp of life, my beautiful Bi-ble!
Holy Bible! Holy Bible! precious Bible! book divine! Bible! thou art mine!

I will cling to the dear, old, Ho-ly Bi-ble, As I has-ten to the Cit-y of the King.

Copyright, by E. S. LORENZ.

Evan. C. M.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.



56

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:—

3 When free from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love;—

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows!
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

57

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

58

1 The Savior bids us watch and pray
Through life's brief, fleeting hour,
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Savior bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;
Obedience is our life.

3 The Savior bids us watch and pray,
For soon the hour will come
That calls us from the earth away
To our eternal home.

4 O Savior, we would watch and pray,
And hear thy sacred voice,
And walk, as thou hast marked the way,
To heaven's eternal joys.

59

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of heavenly love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

60

1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done."

61

Come to the Cross.

REV. J. H. MARTIN. "The death of the cross."—Phil. 2 : 7. E. S. LORENZ.

Fine.

1. Come to the cross where the Sav - ior died, Look to the Lamb that was cru - ci - fied;
2. Fall at the feet of the dy - ing one, Trust in the name of the Fa - ther's Son;
3. Fly to the arms of his pard'ning love, Cher - ish the hope of a crown a - bove;

D. C. *Come to the cross where the Sav - ior died, Look to the Lamb that was cru - ci - fied.*

Turn to the mournful and tra - gic scene, Gaze on the suf - fer - ing Naz - a - rene.
Wash in the fountain of Je - sus' blood, Seek for thy cure in the heal - ing flood.
Taste of the sweetness of sins for - giv'n, Lean on the prom-ise of rest in heav'n.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Look at the Cru - ci - fied, look and live! Look, for e - ter - nal life He will give;

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62 Lovingly, Tenderly Calling.

W. A. OGDEN. "I am the good Shepherd, the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."—John 10: 11. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Je - sus, the lov - ing Shepherd, Calleth thee now to come In - to the fold of safe - ty,
2. Je - sus, the lov - ing Shepherd Gave his dear life for thee, Ten-der - ly now he's call - ing,
3. Ling-er - ing is but fol - ly, Wolves are a-broad to - day, Seeking the sheep who're straying,

Where there is rest and room, Come in the strength of manhood, Come in the morn of youth,
Wan - der-er, come to me, Haste, for with - out is dan - ger, Come, cries the Shepherd blest,
Seek-ing the lambs to slay; Je - sus, the lov - ing Shepherd, Call- eth thee now to come

CHORUS arranged.

En - ter the fold of safe - ty, En - ter the way of truth.
En - ter the fold of safe - ty, En - ter the place of rest. Lovingly, ten-der-ly call-ing is he;
In - to the fold of safe - ty, Where there is rest and room.

Rit.

Wanderer, wanderer come un-to me, Patiently waiting, there standing I see Jesus my Shepherd di-vine.

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63

Battle Shout of Faith.

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL. "Lord increase our faith."—Luke 17 : 5. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Looking un - to Je - sus! Battle shout of faith. Shield o'er all the armor, 'Gainst the foe and death.
2. Looking un - to Je - sus! Look away from all; Then we need not stumble, Then we need not fall.
3. Looking un - to Jesus! And we then shall trace, Heights of power and glory, Depth of love and grace.
4. Looking un - to Jesus! On his royal throne! Faith shall pierce the heaven, Where our Lord hath gone.

Standard of sal - va-tion In our hearts unfurled, Let its el - e - va - tion O - ver-come the world.
From the snare that lureth For our phantom grim; Safely this endureth, Look a - way to him.
Vis-ta's far un-fold - ing Ev - er stretch before, As the gaze be - holding Ev - er, more and more.
Lord, on thee depending, We must ev - er be. Heart and mind ascending, Let us dwell with thee.

CHORUS.

Looking un - to Je - sus! Looking un-to Je - sus! Looking un - to Je - sus! Bat-tle shout of faith.

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Singing as we Journey.

LUCY J. RIDER. "Making melody in your heart to the Lord."—Eph. 5 : 19. LUCY J. RIDER.

1. We are children of a King, Heavenly King, Heavenly King, We are children of a King,
2. We are traveling to our home, Bless-ed home, Bless-ed home, We are traveling to our home,
3. Full of joy we on-ward go, Homeward go, Homeward go, Full of joy we on-ward go,

Sing-ing as we jour-ney, Je-sus Christ, our Guard and Guide, Bids us, noth-ing
Sing-ing as we jour-ney, Toward a cit-y out of sight, Where will fall no
Sing-ing as we jour-ney, Sing-ing all the jour-ney thro'—Sing-ing hearts are

ter-ri-fied, Fol-low close-ly at his side, Sing-ing as we jour-ney.
shade of night, For our Sav-ior is its light, Sing-ing as we jour-ney.
brave and true— Sing-ing till our home we view, Sing-ing as we jour-ney.

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65

A Land of Rest.

W. A. OGDEN. "A better country that is an heavenly."—Heb. 11: 6. W. A. OGDEN.

1. There's a land of rest, for the heart op - prest, We have read in sa - cred sto - ry; There the
2. Just across the stream, we may catch the gleam, Of its brightness shin - ing o'er us; And by
3. Tho' as pilgrims now in the land we go, Meeting toil, and care, and sor - row, Life is
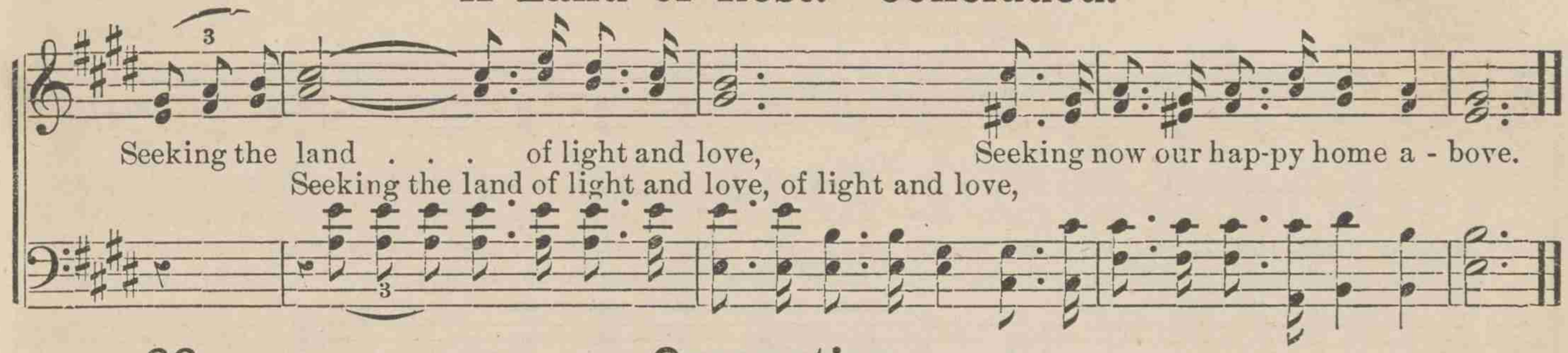
CHORUS.

Sav - ior's gone, we will fol - low on 'Till we reach the gates of glo - ry.
faith the song of the ransomed throng, We can hear in heaven - ly cho - rus. Gath-er - ing
one short day, soon we'll haste a - way, To the land of the "to - mor-row."

home - ward we will go, From our pil - grimage be-low;
Gathering homeward we will go, we will go, From our pilgrimage below, from our pilgrimage below,

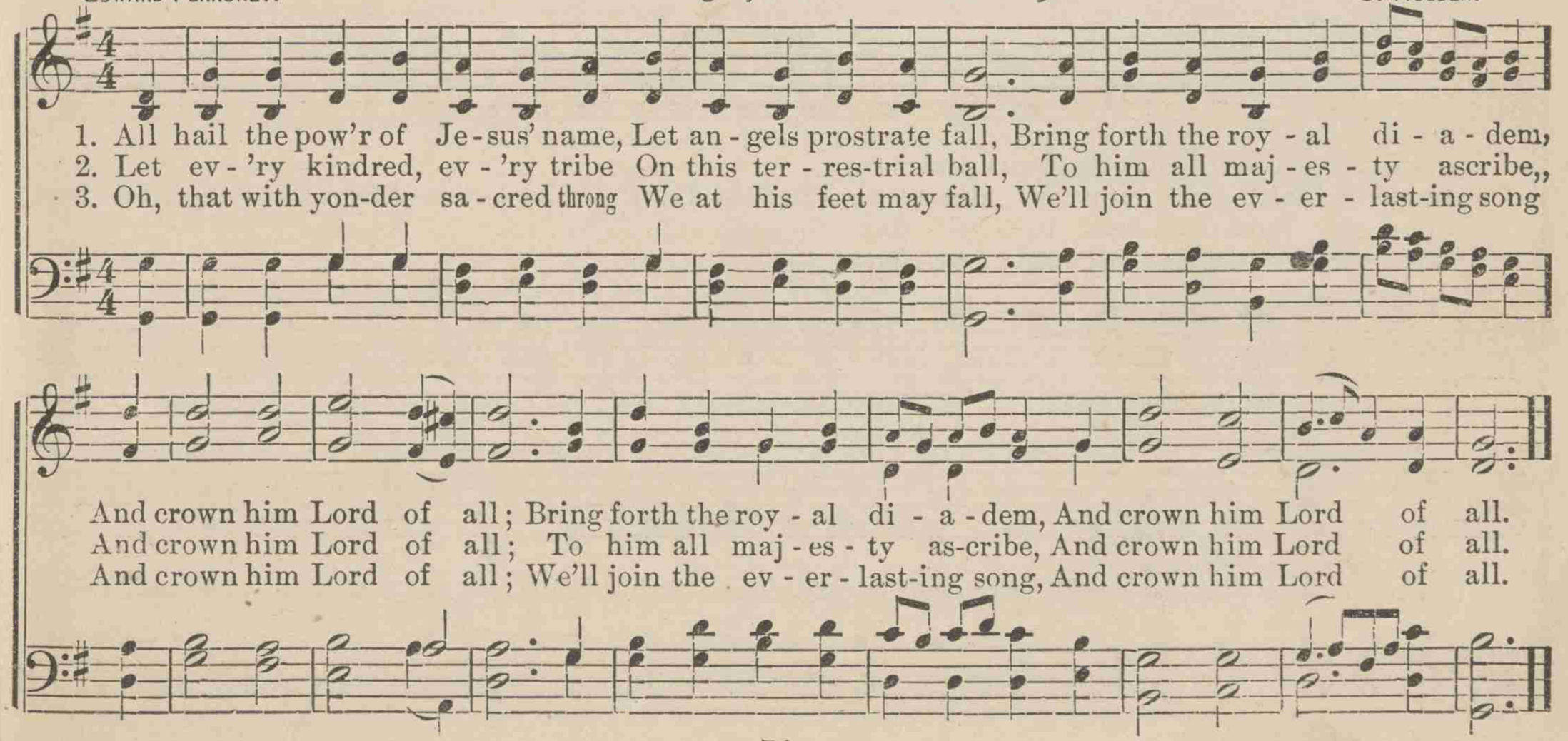
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A Land of Rest. Concluded.



66 Coronation.

EDWARD PERRONET. "Crowned with glory and honor."—Heb. 2: 9. O. HOLDEN.



67

He Leadeth Thee.

E. D. MUND. "He leadeth me beside the still waters."—Ps. 23 : 2. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Tho' hearts are oft - en wea - ry, And yield to wild de-spair: Tho' life seems dark and
2. Af - flic - tions sore and griev - ous Thy mind and soul op-press: Vain seems the prayer "Re-
3. Then trust the Lord for - ev - er, Let life bring what it may; Thy faith and trust will
4. The Lord thy path - way choos - es, Thro' darkness leads to light; No joy will he re-

CHORUS.
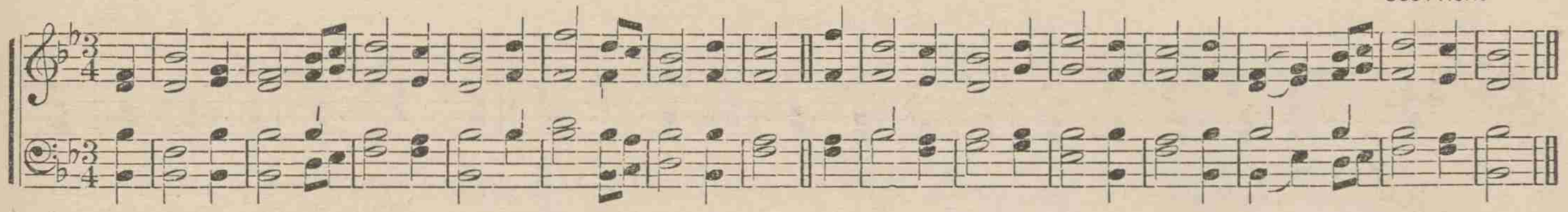
drea - ry, And filled with gloom and care:
lieve us," Still lin - gers the dis - tress: Trust the Lord! he lead - eth thee! Trust the Lord! he
ev - er Turn dark-ness in - to day.
fuse us, Our faith shall end in sight.

lead-eth thee! Yes, he lead - eth still, Seem it good or ill; Trust the Lord! he lead-eth thee!

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Avon. C. M.

SCOTTISH.



68

1 Jesus, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear—
The Name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 O, that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

69

1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners here below
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now.
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

70

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

71

1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Savior bids thee live;
Come to his cross, and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

72

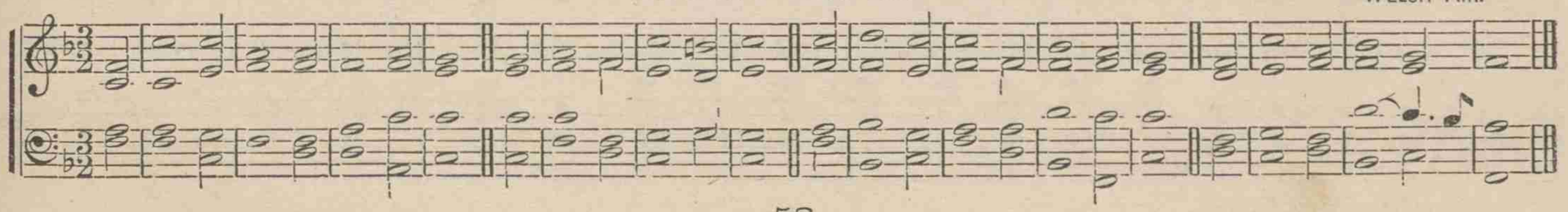
1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Savior of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek.

Mear. C. M.

WELSH AIR.



73 What a Welcome!

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. "The ransomed shall return unto Zion."—Isa. 30 : 10. W. A. OGDEN.

1. To the Mas-ter we are go-ing With our sheaves of golden grain; Where are peaceful waters flow - ing, There to rest from toil and pain.
2. We are trust-ing in the Sav-ior, All a - long the pil - grim way, We will live with him for- ev - er In the bright e - ter - nal day.
3. We will sing as on we jour-ney To the land of light and love, To the home of man - y mansions, Where the Sav - ior reigns a - bove.

CHORUS.

What a wel - come there will be! When from sor - row we are free; O my Sav - ior, we will meet thee In the bless-ed Harvest Home.

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74 When the King Comes In.

J. E. LANDOR. "The King came in to see the guests."—Matt. 22: 11. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Called to the feast by the King are we, Sit - ting, per-haps, where his peo - ple be;
2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri - fied he who once died for men,
3. Like lightning's flash will that in - stant show Things hid-den long from both friend and foe;
4. Joy - ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wed-ding gar-ments dressed;

REFRAIN.

How will it fare, friend, with thee and me, When the King comes in? When the King comes in,
Splen-did the vis - ion be - fore us then, When the King comes in. When the King comes in,
Just what we are will each neighbor know, When the King comes in. When the King comes in,
Ah well for us if we stand the test, When the King comes in. When the King comes in,

brother, When the King comes in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

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75 Christ, my Light.

MAY CLIFTON. "I am the light of the world."—John 8: 12. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Trust - ing all to Christ, my Lead-er, As I jour-ney day by day, He will help me,
2. Christ, my light, my life, my glo - ry, All my hope I rest on thee, Fear - ing not the
3. Trust - ing all to Christ, my Lead-er, Who is ev - er true and kind, Cast - ing all my

he will guide me Thro' life's dark be - cloud-ed way.
world's allurements, Thou my strength shalt ev - er be. Day by day my joy grows deep - er,
cares and sor-rows, Where I shall pure com-fort find.

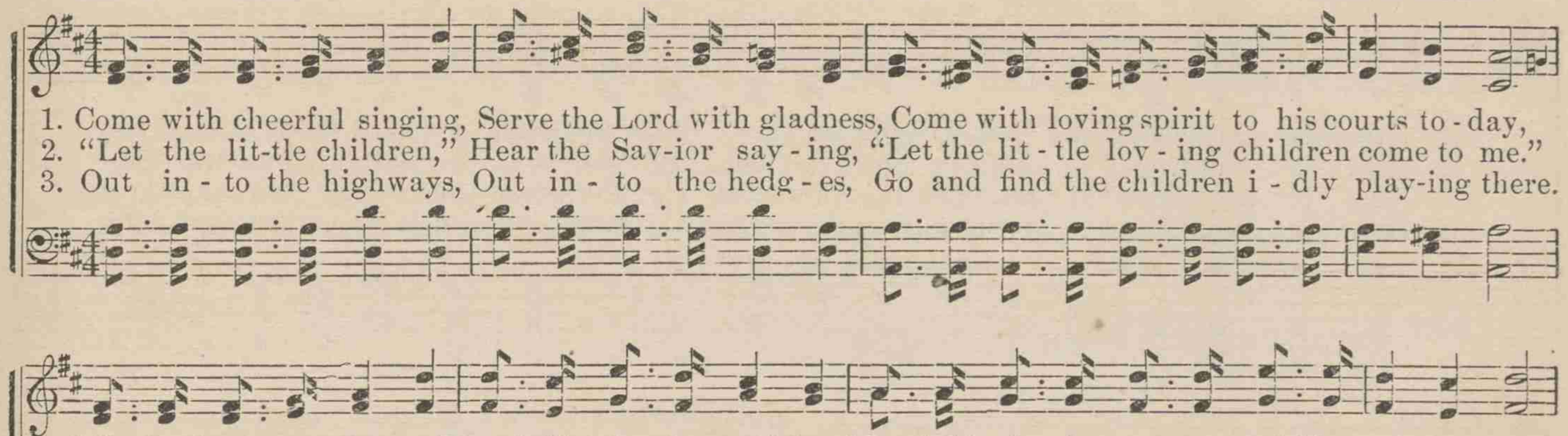
CHORUS.

And my pathway seems more bright, Not a shadow,—not a shadow Ever comes where he's the light.

By permission.

76 Come with Cheerful Singing.

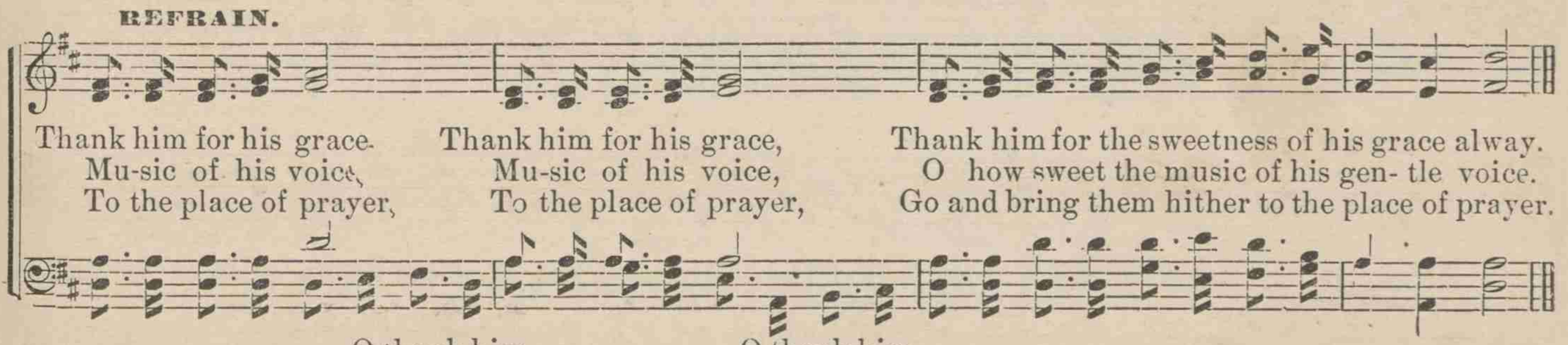
MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER. "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving."—Ps. 100 : 4. W. A. OGDEN.



1. Come with cheerful singing, Serve the Lord with gladness, Come with loving spirit to his courts to-day,
2. "Let the lit-tle children," Hear the Sav-ior say-ing, "Let the lit-tle lov-ing children come to me."
3. Out in-to the highways, Out in-to the hedg-es, Go and find the children i-dly play-ing there.

Lift the heart to Je-sus, Thank him for the sunshine, Thank him for the sweetness of his grace al-way.
He, the gen-tle shepherd, Takes them on his bosom, O how sweet the mu-sic of his voice must be.
Ma-ny lambs are straying Far a-way from Je-sus, Go and bring them hither to the house of prayer.

REFRAIN.



Thank him for his grace. Thank him for his grace, Thank him for the sweetness of his grace alway.
Mu-sic of his voice, Mu-sic of his voice, O how sweet the music of his gen-tle voice.
To the place of prayer, To the place of prayer, Go and bring them hither to the place of prayer.

O thank him, O thank him,
the music, the mu-sic,
go bring them, go bring them,

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77

Here is my Heart.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"Turn ye ever to me with all your heart."—Joel 2 : 12.

I. BALTZELL.

1. Here is my heart! my God, I give it thee, I heard thee, I heard thee call and say:
2. Here is my heart! O Ho - ly Spir - it, come, Its nat - ure, its nat - ure to re - new;
3. Here is my heart! it trembles to draw near The glo - ry, the glo - ry of thy throne.
4. Here is my heart! O Friend of friends, be near, To make each, to make each tempter fly;

"Not to the world, my child, but un - to me," I heard thee, and glad - ly I'll o - bey.
And con - se - crate it whol-ly as thy home, A tem - ple bright, aud fair, and true.
Give it the shin - ing robes thy servants wear, Of pure, per - fect right-eous - ness thine own.
And when my lat - est foe I wait with fear, Then give me a glo - rious vic - to - ry.

REFRAIN.

Here is my heart! here is my heart! Here is my heart, my God, I give it now to thee.

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78

Only in the Name of Jesus.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it."—John 14: 14. E. S. LORENZ.

1. There is peace on - ly in his name, Only in the name of Je-sus; And that peace, wretched souls may claim,
2. There is strength only in his name, On - ly in the name of Je - sus; Love can rise to a ho-ly flame.
3. Tell to God, what your sins have been, Only in the name of Jesus; He can make you all pure within,
4. Tell to God what your weakness is, Only in the name of Je - sus; He is strong, and to help is His,

CHORUS.

On-ly in the name of Je - sus.
On-ly in the name of Je - sus. Name of Je - sus, Name of Je-sus! When you pray, O pray in his
On-ly in the name of Je - sus.
On-ly in the name of Je - sus,

name, Go to God with ev -'ry care; Tell it to him in your pray'r, Only in the name of Je - sus.

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79 A Sweet Voice Calleth Thee.

W. A. OGDEN. "Be followers of * * * Christ."—1 Cor. 11 : 1. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Ah, wea - ry child, a mo - ment stay, A sweet voice call - eth thee; In ac - cents clear
2. For-sake the tempt-ing paths of sin, And fol - low all the way,—Thy Sav - ior trod
3. A fount-ain flows thy path a - long, It springs from Cal - va - ry, O drink and cheer

CHORUS.

oh, hear him say, A - rise and fol - low me. Up a - rise! . . . and fol - low
the path be - fore, Which leads to end - less day.
thee with a song, For, pil-grim, 'tis for thee Up, a - rise!
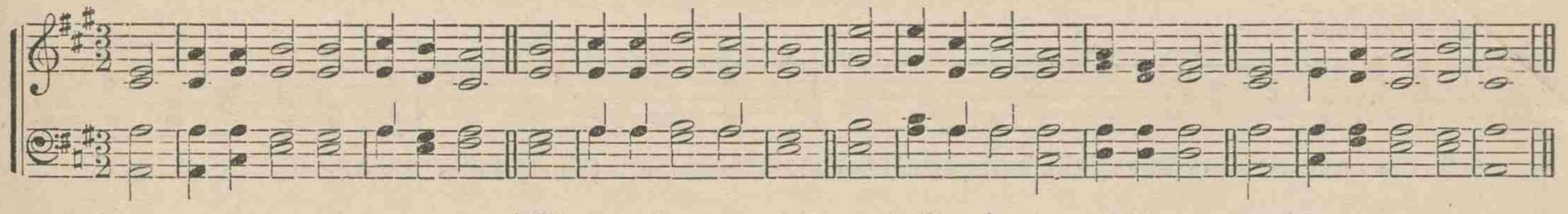
on, Turn-ing from . . . . your sins a - way In the
and fol - low on, Turn-ing from your sins a - way, Your sins away.

path . . . the Lord hath gone, O nev - er from his foot-steps stray.
In the path the Lord hath gone,

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Azmon. C. M.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.



80

1 Awake, my soul—stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
A bright, immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 Blest Savior, introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

81

1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

3 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

82

1 There is a fountain, filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

83

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

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

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

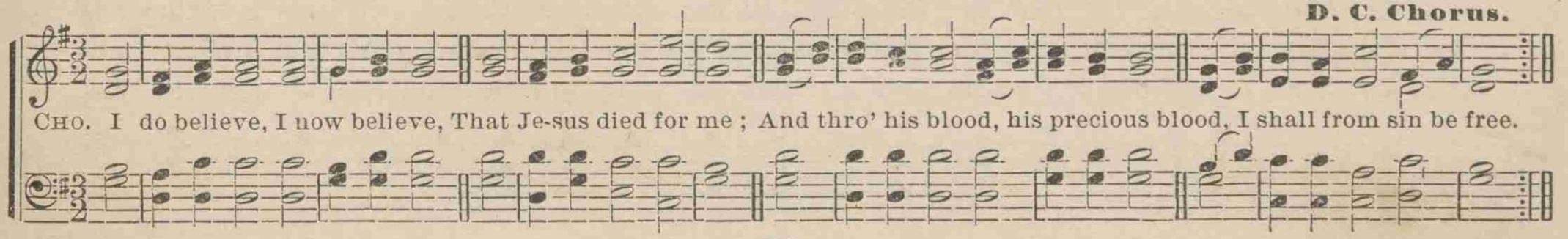
84

1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

2 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O, may I now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies.

I Do Believe. C. M.

D. C. Chorus.



85

Listen to the Bells.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it."—Ps. 128 : 24.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.

1–3. Lis - ten to the chime of the bells, sweet bells! Sabbath bells! ho-ly bells! Lis-ten to the chime of the bells, glad bells! Of God's love it ev - er tells!

Fine.

1. Hear them chim-ing forth his glo - ry,
2. How I love this joy - ous meas - ure,
3. Hark! they call my heart to praise him,

Sweet-ly chim-ing all his glo - ry; Ring-ing out the wondrous sto - ry Of his love they tell.
Thrills the heart with sweetest pleasure, Tells of heaven and fadeless treasure, All his love it tells.
All my heart to love and praise him, Call me now one song to raise him, Of his love to tell.

D.C.

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86 Jesus will Save you Now.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."—Gen. 7 : 1. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come, O come to the ark of rest,—Je - sus will save you now; Come with the weight of your
2. Come, O come to the ark of grace,—Je - sus will save you now; Haste to his arms and his
3. Come, O come to the ark of love,—Je - sus will save you now; Come, like the worn, like the
4. Who'll be first to a-rise for prayer?—Je - sus will save you now; Who'll be the first now the

CHORUS.

guilt oppressed, Je - sus will save you now.
dear em-brace, Je - sus will save you now. Come, while your cheeks with tears are wet, Come, ere the
wea - ry dove, Je - sus will save you now.
cross to bear? Je - sus will save you now.

star of life shall set, Come, and the step you will ne'er re - gret, Je - sus will save you now.

87

Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. "The Sower went forth to sow."—Mark 4 : 14. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Sow-ing in the morning, Sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide, And the dew - y eves;
2. Sow-ing in the sunshine, Sowing in the shadow, Fearing not the clouds, nor Winter's chilling breeze;
3. Go then, ev-er weeping, Sowing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained, thy Spirit sorely grieves;

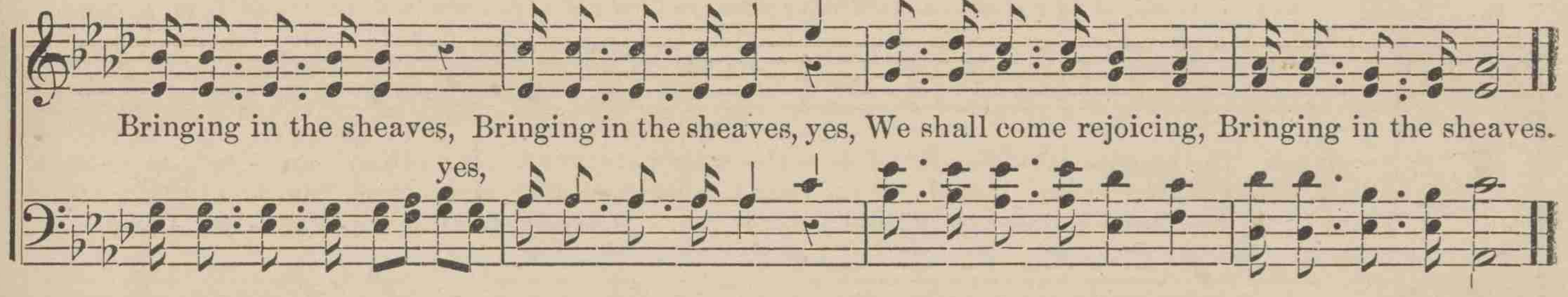
Waiting for the har-vest, And the time of reaping, We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves.
By and by the har-vest, And the la - bor end-ed, We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves.
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome, We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, yes, We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves.
yes,

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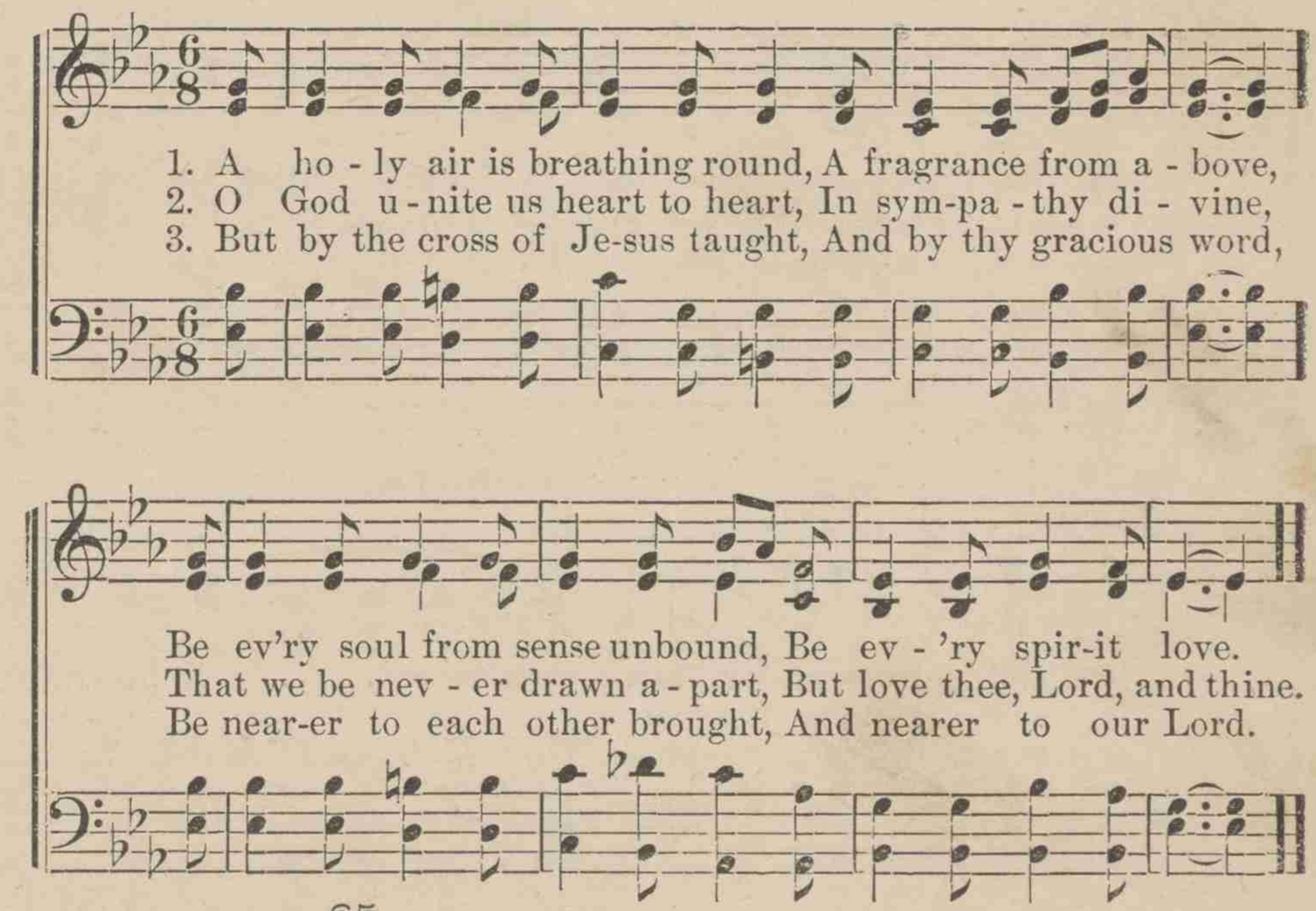
Bringing in the Sheaves. Concluded.



88

Christian Love.

WHISPER SONG. "We are partakers of the high calling."—Heb. 3: 1. W. A. O.



SUPT.—Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God.

SCHOOL.—He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love.

SUPT.—Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that God loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.

SCHOOL.—If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfect in us.

SUPT.—Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.

SCHOOL.—And let us not weary in well doing: for in due time we shall reap if we faint not.

SUPT.—And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you. (Sing "Christian Love.")

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89

Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. OGDEN. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Sweet are the prom - is - es, Kind is the word; Dear-er far than an - y mes-sage
2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus hath shown; Sweeter far than an - y love that
3. List! to his lov - ing words, "Come un - to me," Wea - ry, heav - y - lad - en, there is
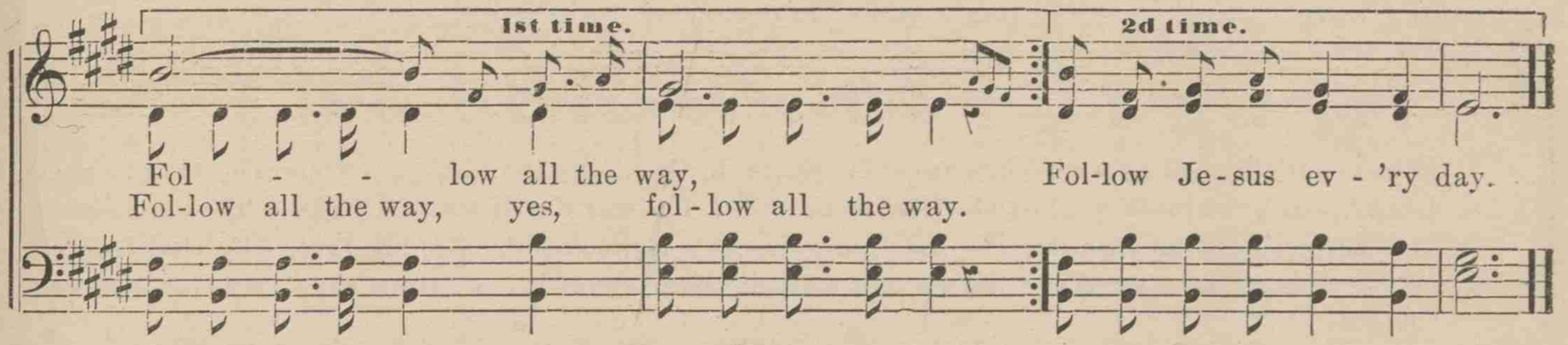
man ev - er heard, Pure was the mind of Christ, Sin-less I see; He the great ex - am-ple
mor - tals have known, Kind to the err - ing one, Faithful is he; He the great ex - am - ple
sweet rest for thee, Trust in his prom-is - es, Faithful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav-ior,

CHORUS.

is, and pat - tern for me. Where . . . he leads I'll fol - - low,
is, and pat - tern for me.
and thy soul is se - cure. Where he leads I'll fol-low, Where he leads I'll fol - low.

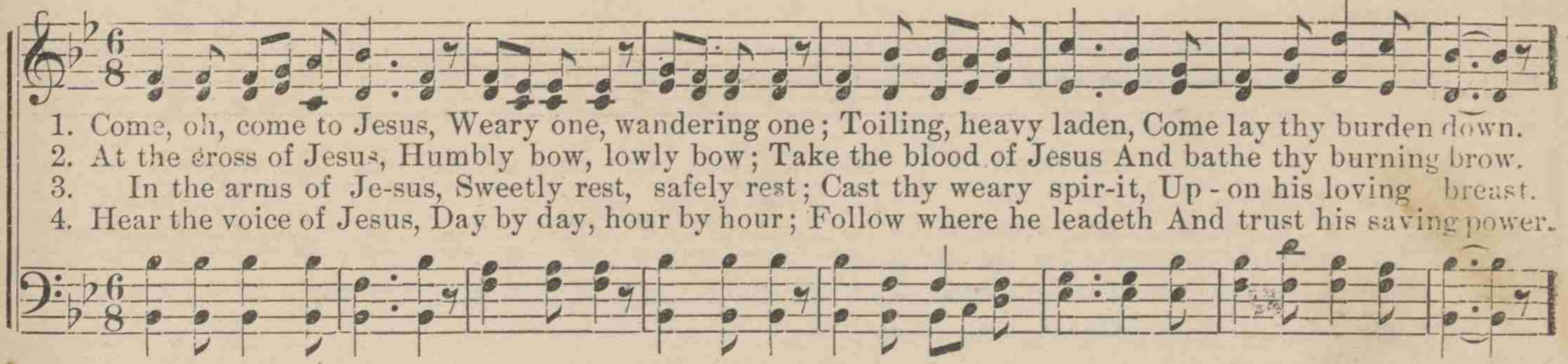
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Where He Leads I'll Follow. Concluded.

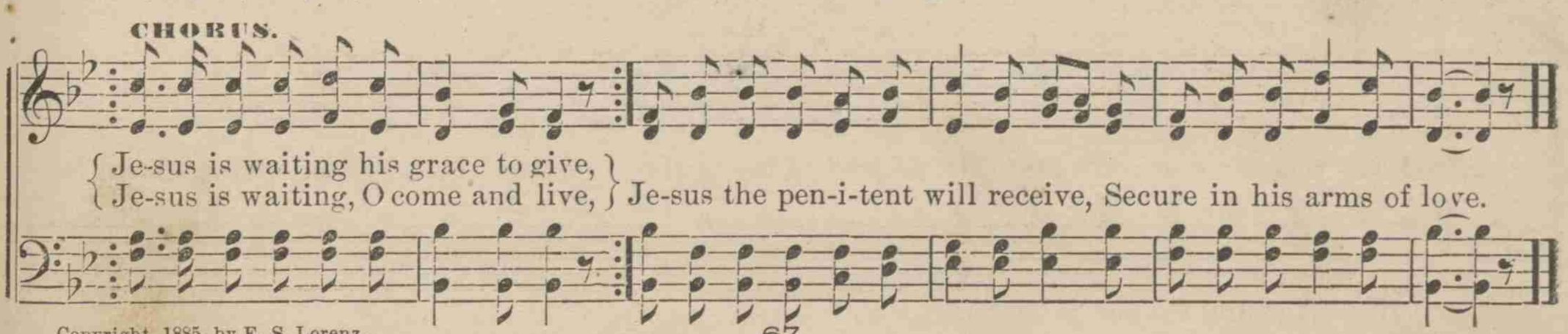


90 Jesus is Waiting.

D. B. PURINTON. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11 : 28. D. B. PURINTON.



1. Come, oh, come to Jesus, Weary one, wandering one; Toiling, heavy laden, Come lay thy burden down.
2. At the cross of Jesus, Humbly bow, lowly bow; Take the blood of Jesus And bathe thy burning brow.
3. In the arms of Je-sus, Sweetly rest, safely rest; Cast thy weary spir-it, Up-on his loving breast.
4. Hear the voice of Jesus, Day by day, hour by hour; Follow where he leadeth And trust his saving power.



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91 Thy God Reigneth.

WATSON J. YOUNG. "That saith unto Zion. Thy God reigneth."—Ps. 52: 7. E. S. LORENZ.

1. When overwhelmed by woe, When anguish pain-eth, One hope thou hast, for know Thy God reigneth!
2. Undimmed by win - t'ry blast One star remaineth; The storm will soon be past—Thy God reigneth!
3. He keeps thee from despair, The foe re-strain-eth; He makes thy life his care, Thy God reigneth!
4. O in that solemn day When life's spark waneth, How sweet if thou canst say, "My God reigneth."

CHORUS.

He reign - - eth! He reign - - eth! Ho-san-na be to Je-sus, He reigneth as our

He reigneth as our King! He reigneth as our King!
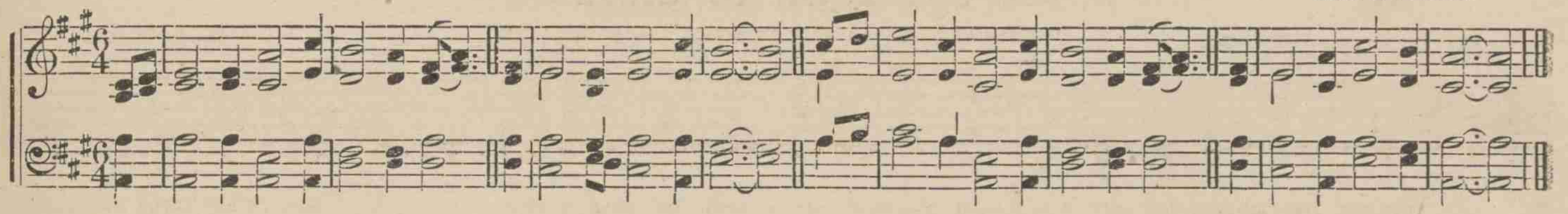
King! He reign - - eth! He reigneth King of Glo-ry, Let the world its homage bring!

He reigneth as our King!

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Maitland. C. M.

GEO. W. ALLEN.



92

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 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.

3 O, precious cross, O, glorious crown!
O, resurrection day!
Ye angels from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

93

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumph of his grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

3 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.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

94

1 Am I a soldier of the cross?
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Sure I must fight, if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

95

1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I!

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
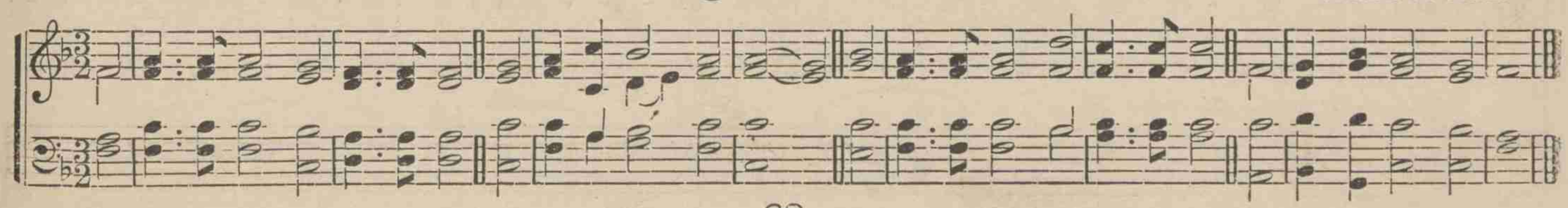
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

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.

Arlington. C. M.

THOMAS A. ARNE.



96

Marching on to Canaan.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD. "They shall march with an army."—Jer. 46 : 22. W. A. OGDEN.

1. We are marching on to Ca-naan, And Je-ho - vah is our guide, We are marching thro' the
2. We are marching thro' the des - ert, And the man-na all a - round, With the dew of night is
3. We are marching thro' the des - ert, To the promised land di - vine, To the land of milk and

DUET.

des - ert, He is ev - er at our side. In the darkness, or the dan - ger,
fall - ing, And is cov'r-ing all the ground. From the smit-ten rock the wa - ters,
hon - ey, To the land of corn and wine. We are marching thro' the des - ert,

We can nev - er go a - stray, With Je - ho - vah for our lead - er, And our
In their sparkling full - ness flow, Thus de - light - ing and re - fresh - ing Us, the
We ap-proach the shin - ing shore, From our home be-yond the Jor - dan, We shall

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Marching on to Canaan. Concluded.

Full Chorus. *f*

guide up - on the way. On! stead-i - ly on! Stead-i - ly marching to the hap-py
wea - ry jour-ney through.
wan - der nev - er - more. Marching on! marching on! Marching to the hap-py

1st time.

land of Ca - naan; On! stead-i - ly on! Ver-i - ly guided by Je-ho-vah's
land, we're marching on; Marching on, marching on, Guided by Je-ho-vah's

2d time. **Last stanza Repeat** *pp*

hand are we. Stead-i - ly marching to the hap-py land we go,
hand are we, guided are we. Marching to the hap-py land we go, marching home.

97

Wonderful Grace.

REV. W. H. BURRELL. "By grace ye are saved."—Eph. 2 : 5. REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won - der - ful grace! This great sal - va - tion brings; The
2. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won - der - ful grace! Which saves the soul from sin; The
3. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won - der - ful grace! Its streams are full and free; Are
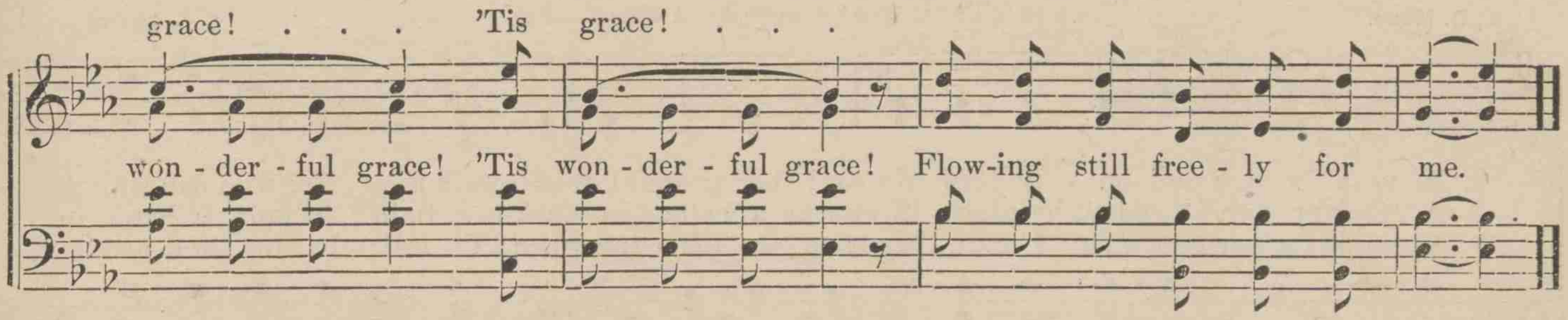
soul, de - liv - ered of its load, In sweet-est rap - ture sings.
power of ris - ing e - vil slays, And reigns supreme with - in.
flow - ing now for all the race, They e - ven flow to me.

CHORUS.

'Tis grace! 'Tis grace! . . . 'Tis grace! . . . 'Tis

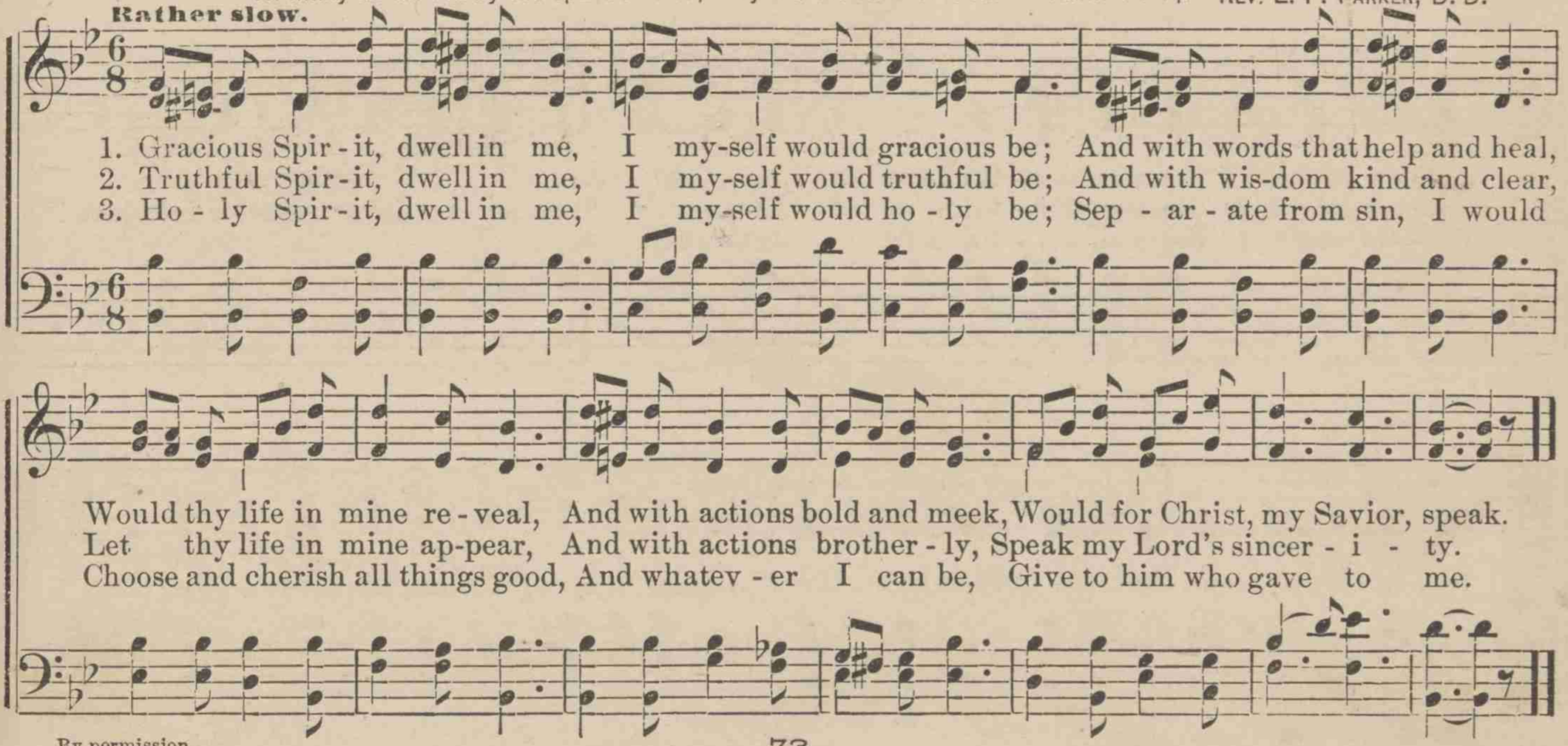
won - der - ful grace! Won - der - ful, won - der - ful, won - der - ful grace! 'Tis

Wonderful Grace. Concluded.



98 Gracious Spirit.

"As many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God."—Rom. 8 : 14. REV. E. P. PARKER, D. D.



By permission.

99

Wonderful Love of Jesus.

E. D. MUND.

"The love of Christ which passeth knowledge."—Eph. 3 : 19.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. In vain in high and ho - ly lays My soul her grateful voice would raise; For who can sing the
2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in dark-ness light; In pain a balm, in
3. My hope for par-don when I call, My trust for lift - ing when I fall; In life, in death, my

CHORUS.

worth - y praise Of the won-der - ful love of Je - sus?
weakness might, Is the won-der - ful love of Je - sus. Wonder - ful love! won-der-ful love!
all in all, Is the won-der - ful love of Je - sus.

Wonderful love of Je - sus! Wonderful love! Wonderful love! Wonderful love of Je - sus!

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100 Let me Sing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "I will sing to the Lord."—Ps. 13 : 6. W. H. DOANE.

1. Let me sing the Lord has blessed me, Let me spread the tidings round; He from death to life has
2. At his feet I cried for mer - cy, At his feet my guilt confessed; There I took my yoke up-
3. Wake, my soul, and all within me! Je - sus in thy song a - dore; His the kingdom, power, and

REFRAIN.

bought me, I was lost, but now am found.
on me, Learned of him, and found my rest. Let me sing, . . . my heart is bounding With the
glo - ry, Now, henceforth, and evermore.

Let me sing, let me sing, my heart is bounding now.

full-ness of de - light; Je - sus' blood from sin has cleansed me, He has washed my garments white.

Jesus' blood, Jesus' blood from sin has cleansed me,

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101 Pleasant Pastures.

REV. E. A. RAND. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."—Ps. 23 : 2. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Pleasant are the pastures where Jesus feeds his flock, Underneath the shadow of a mighty rock;
2. Pleasant are the pastures, all ech-o-ing with song, Where the living waters sweet-ly glide a-long;
3. Faithful is the Shepherd, who car-eth for the sheep, Nev-er do his eye-lids wea-ry close to sleep;
4. Bless-ed are the weak ones, who on his arm repose, Fearing not the fierceness of their many foes;

See the Shepherd standing—how gracious is his mien! Pa-tient-ly he's waiting to ad-mit us in.
There in peace re-pos-ing up-on the flow'ry banks, Staying with the Shepherd, we will sing his thanks.
All his flock he know-eth, and calleth them by name; And his mighty love is ev-ermore the same.
They shall grow and flourish who in their Lord abide, Like the trees that grow by river's fruitful side.

D. S. *To his pleas-ant pas-tures, O lost ones, now re-pair: E-vil can not harm you, can not harm you here.*

CHORUS.
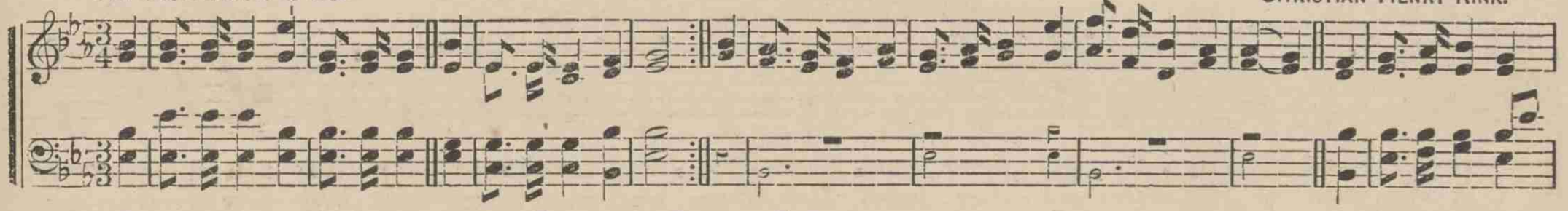
Sheep of his pas-ture, wait-ing at his side, 'Neath his pro-tec-tion ev-er safe a-bide

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Varina. C. M. Double.

CHRISTIAN HENRY RINK.



102

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

103

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting place,
And he has made me glad.
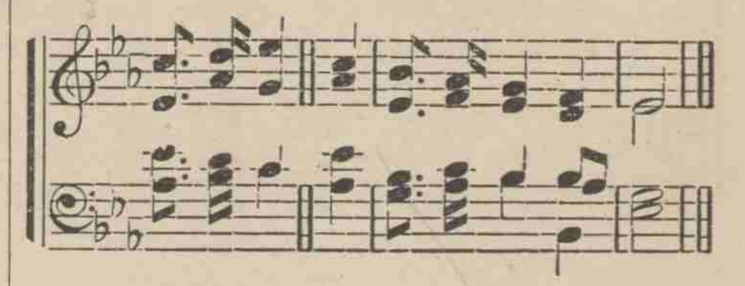
2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright,"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life, I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

104

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Will lean upon its God.

3 Lord, give us such faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.



105
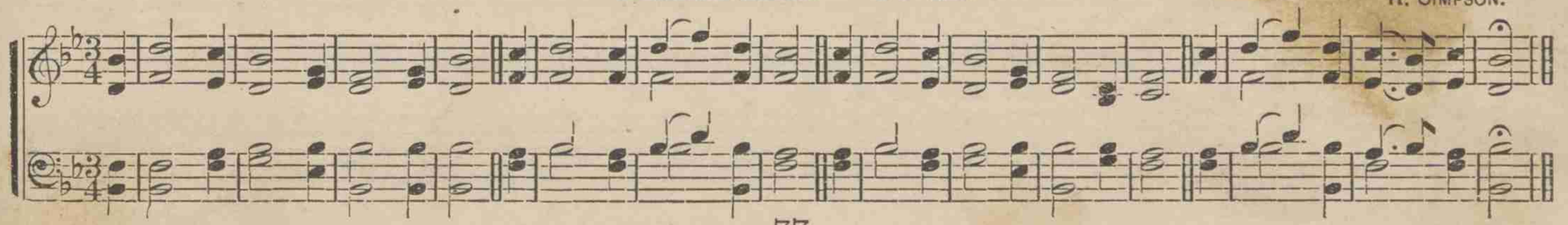
1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

Balerma. C. M.

R. SIMPSON.



106 Happy Beulah Land.

D. B. P. "Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Heb. 13 : 14. D. B. PURINTON.

1. We are a lit - tle pil - grim band, Trav'ling on, trav'ling on; We are a hap - py
2. We are a lit - tle sol - dier band, Marching on, marching on; We are a fear-less
3. We are a lit - tle work - ing band, Toil - ing on, toil - ing on; We are a bus - y
4. We are a lit - tle Christian band, Hop - ing on, pray - ing on; We are an earn-est

CHORUS.

pil - grim band, Gay - ly trav'ling on.
sol - dier band, Brave-ly marching on.
work-ing band, Glad - ly toil - ing on.
Christian band, Hop - ing, pray - ing on.

On to the shores of the Beu - lah land, The

hap-py land, the heavenly land, On to the shores of the Beulah land, The hap-py Beu-lah land.

From "Holy Voices," by per.

107 One by One.

W. A. OGDEN. "So shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 Thess. 4: 17. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. One by one the lov-ing Mas-ter Bids his tir-ed reap-ers come, To the glad feast
2. One by one they drop their sick-les, Tho' the har-vest fields are white; They have heard the
3. One by one they join the cho-rus Of the bless-ed ones a-bove, Tuning heart and

CHORUS.

of re-joic-ing, In the pal-ace-halls of home.
Master's sum-mons Wafted from the halls of light. One by one, yes, one by one, Earthly
voice to-geth-er, In the might-y song of love.

life and vis-ion fail, Then up-on our raptured sight Bursts the pal-ace in the vale.

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108 Star of the Morning.

REV. W. F. COSNER. "I am the root of David, the bright and morning star."—Rev. 22 : 16. R. A. GLENN.

1. Rise in thy splendor, O star of the morning, Let the bright beams of thy glo - ry ap - pear;
2. Rise in thy splendor, O star of the morning, Shine in our heart, bring us com-fort and peace;
3. Rise in thy splendor, O star of the morning, Beauti - ful morn-star by prophets fore - told;
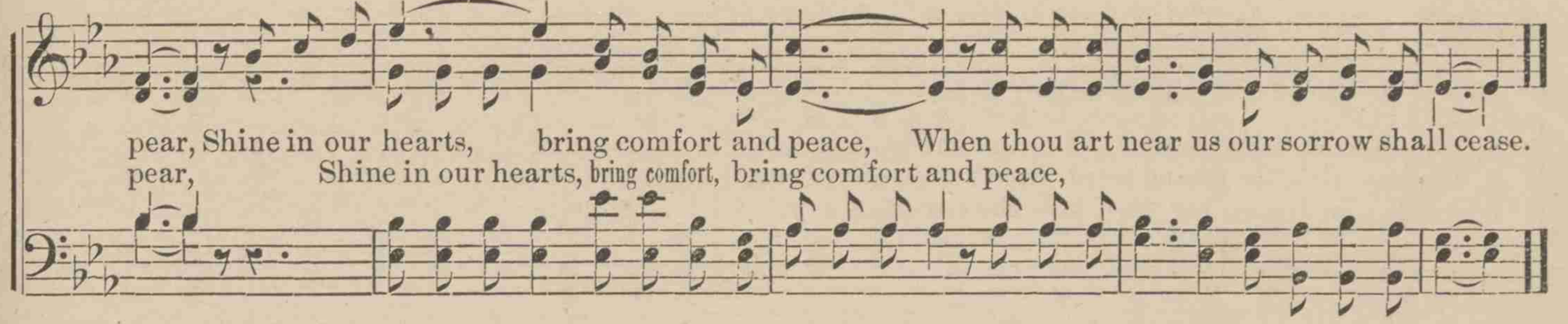
Light of the world, bring us out of the darkness, Gracious-ly keep us when dan-ger is near.
Je - sus, Re-deem - er, our hope and sal - va-tion, When thou art near us our sor-row shall cease.
"Light of the world," fill the earth with thy glo - ry, May we the "King in his beau - ty be - hold."

CHORUS.

Rise in thy splen - dor, O beauti-ful star, Let the bright rays of thy glo-ry ap-
Rise in thy splendor, O beautiful, beauti-ful star, Let the bright rays of thy glory ap-

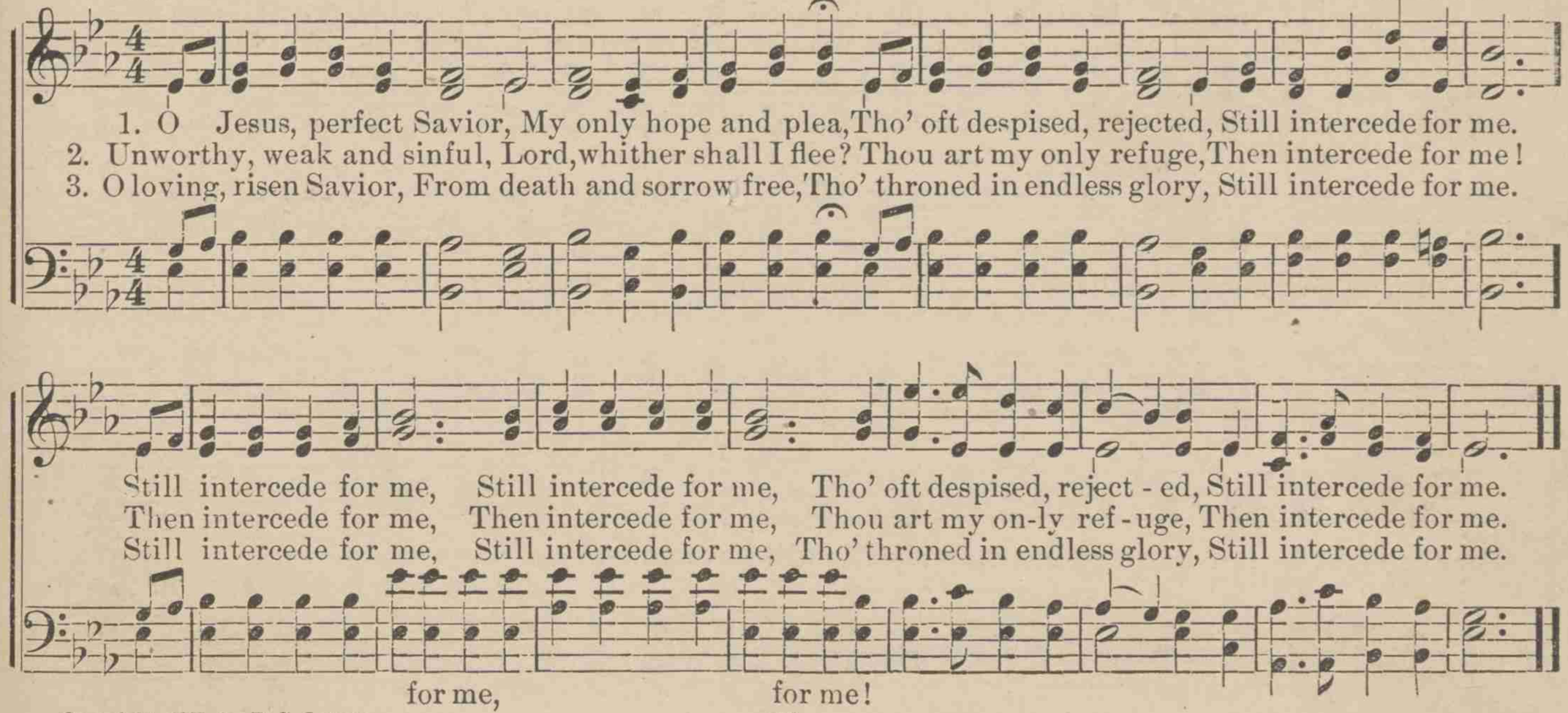
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Star of the Morning. Concluded.



109 Intercede for Me.

E. D. MUND. "He ever liveth to make intercession for them."—Heb. 7 : 25. E. S. LORENZ.



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110 Ere the Sun Goes Down.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. "Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you."—John 12: 35. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I have work enough to do, Ere the sun goes down; For myself and kindred too, Ere the sun goes down.
2. I must speak the loving word, Ere the sun goes down; I must let my voice be heard, Ere the sun goes down.
3. As I journey on my way, Ere the sun goes down; God's command I must obey, Ere the sun goes down.

Ev - ery i - dle whis-per still-ing With a purpose firm and will-ing, All my dai - ly task fulfill-ing,
Ev - ery cry of pit - y heeding, For the in-jured in - ter - ced-ing, To the light the lost ones leading,
There are sins that need confessing, There are wrongs that need redressing, If I would obtain the blessing,

CHORUS.

Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down,
Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down;

For the night is fast de-scend-ing, And my life will have an ending, When the sun goes down.
When the sun, when the sun goes down.

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111 The Rest will be the Sweeter.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. "A far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—2 Cor. 4: 17. REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. Let us nev-er sigh nor fal-ter; But with brave hearts strong and true, Let us face the frown of bat-tle,
2. Let us hide with-in the sha-dow, In the fold-ings of his love, Pressing on to toil and du-ty,
3. There is glorious rest in heav-en, Where the Savior reigns on high, Tho' on earth 'tis toil and sor-row,

REFRAIN.

With the vic-t'ry still in view.
Striv-ing still for heights a-bove. O the rest will the be sweet-er, For each sorrow-burdened sigh;
Yet there's vic-t'ry by and by.

We are marching home to Jesus, There'll be resting by and by; Rest - ing by and by,
There'll be resting by and by, by and by

Rest - ing by and by, We are marching home to Jesus, There'll be resting by and by.
There'll be resting by and by, by and by,

By permission.

112 I Will Open.

E. D. MUND. "Behold I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev. 3: 20. E. S. LORENZ.

1. The Lord has long been waiting For me to heed his call; No more my sin to cher - ish, But
2. The years are fly - ing swift-ly, Yet has my soul no peace; The call is growing faint - er, Soon
3. O years of scorn and scoff-ing, O years of pride, dis-dain! Ye hush the voice so ten - der, That
4. He waits for me to ban - ish, The world's deceit-ful voice; To scorn its vice and fol - ly, And

CHORUS.

at his feet to fall. I will o - pen . . . . . I will o - pen . . . . .
ut - ter - ly will cease. I will o - pen, I will o - pen, I will o - pen I will
of - fers peace for pain.
make his truth my choice.
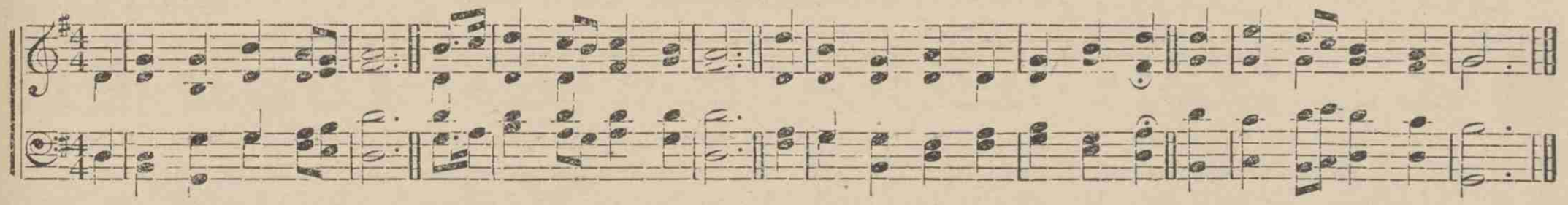
o - pen, I will o - pen to the knocking of my Sav - ior at the door, He will

en - ter, He will en - ter, He will en - ter, He will en - ter There to dwell for - ev - er - more.

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St. Thomas.

WILLIAMS.



113

1 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Oh, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

114

1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Savior's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

115

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,—
The house of thine abode,—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

116

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh! may it all my powers engage—
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And, oh! thy servant, Lord! prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

117

1 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears the way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, "God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well."

4 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering, own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand!

118 Heart Flowers.

A. A. G. "The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come."—Cant. 2 : 12. REV. A. A. GRALEY.

1. Flowers of the gar-den, Flowers of the grove, Bless - ings sent down by the Fa - ther in love:
2. But there are sweet flowers Found in the heart, Ne'er shall their freshness and fragrance de - part;
3. Faith, ev - er twin-ing Round the dear cross, Hope, nev - er droop-ing, but smil - ing at loss,
4. Now, in my childhood, Sav - ior, di - vine Plant in my heart these sweet flowerets of thine;
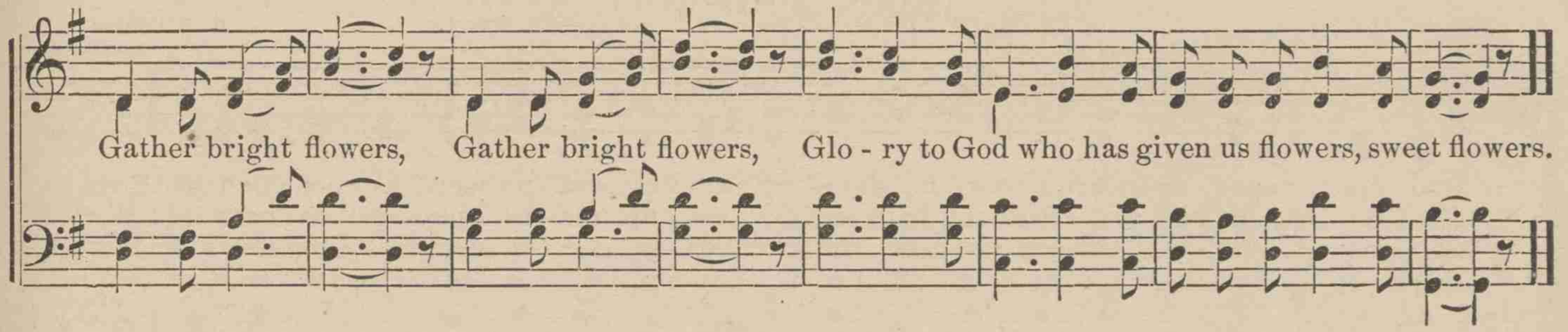
Oft have your beauties Sor - row be - guiled, For ye are fair in the eyes of a child.
Plant-ed by Je - sus, Nurtured by grace, Changes shall nev - er their beau - ty ef - face.
Love, e'er the same, come Sunshine or showers, Brightest and fair - est, the queen of the flowers.
Earth ne'er afford - ed Faith, hope and love, Their native home is the gar - den a - bove.

CHORUS.

Gather bright flowers, Gather bright flowers, Glo - ry to God who has given us flowers, sweet flowers.
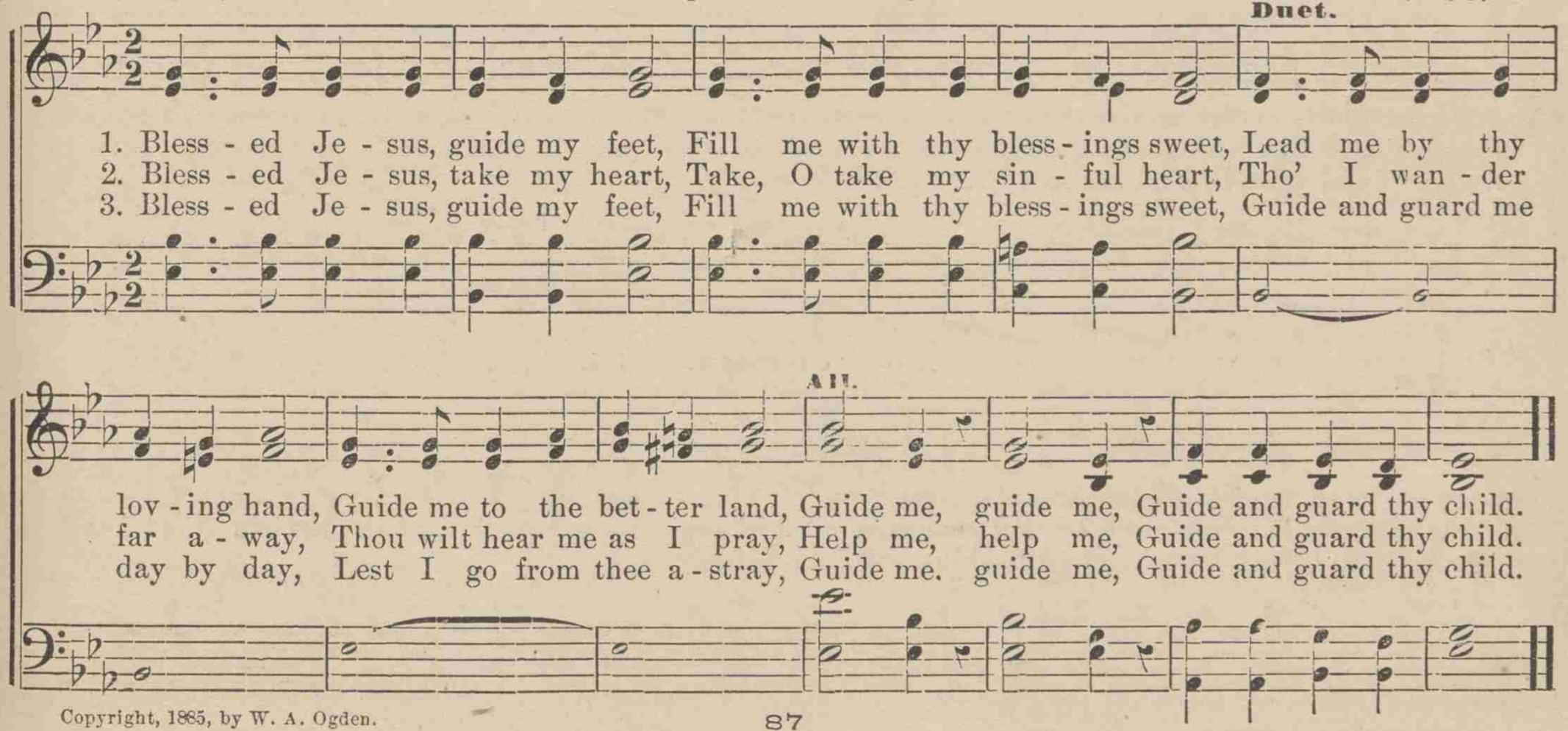
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Heart Flowers. Concluded.



119 Guide and Guard.

WHISPER SONG. "I will guide thee."—Ps. 32 : 8. W. A. O.



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120 Many, Many Mercies.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. "I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever."—Ps. 89: 1. E. S. LORENZ.

SOLO.

1. So ma - ny, ma - ny mercies crown my days! So ma - ny, ma - ny mercies crown my days! Like the
2. So ma - ny, ma - ny times his hand hath led! So ma - ny, ma - ny times his hand hath led! With a
3. So ver - y, ver - y dear his prom-ise is! So ver - y, ver - y dear his prom-ise is! With his

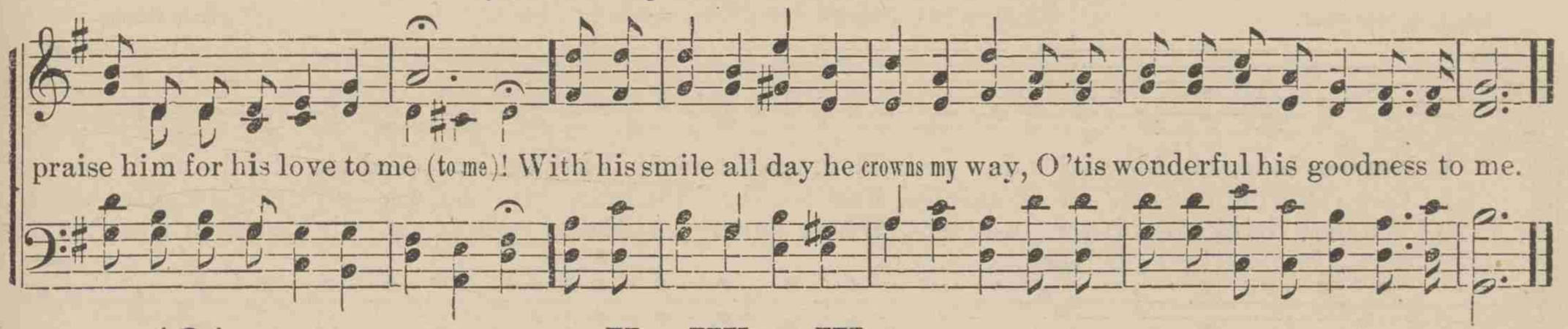
dews that fall on the tender grass; Like the streams that murmur as I pass: With His smile all day He
lov - ing care like a Shepherd guide, Thro' the world's dark mazes wild and wide, Thro' the si-lent way, by
ten-der hand he will lead me still; He will help me do his ho - ly will; All the way a - long he

CHORUS.

cheers my way, And His mer-cies meet me still.
night, by day, He has kind - ly led me still. I will praise him for his love to me, to me! I will
is my song, And his love shall lead me still.

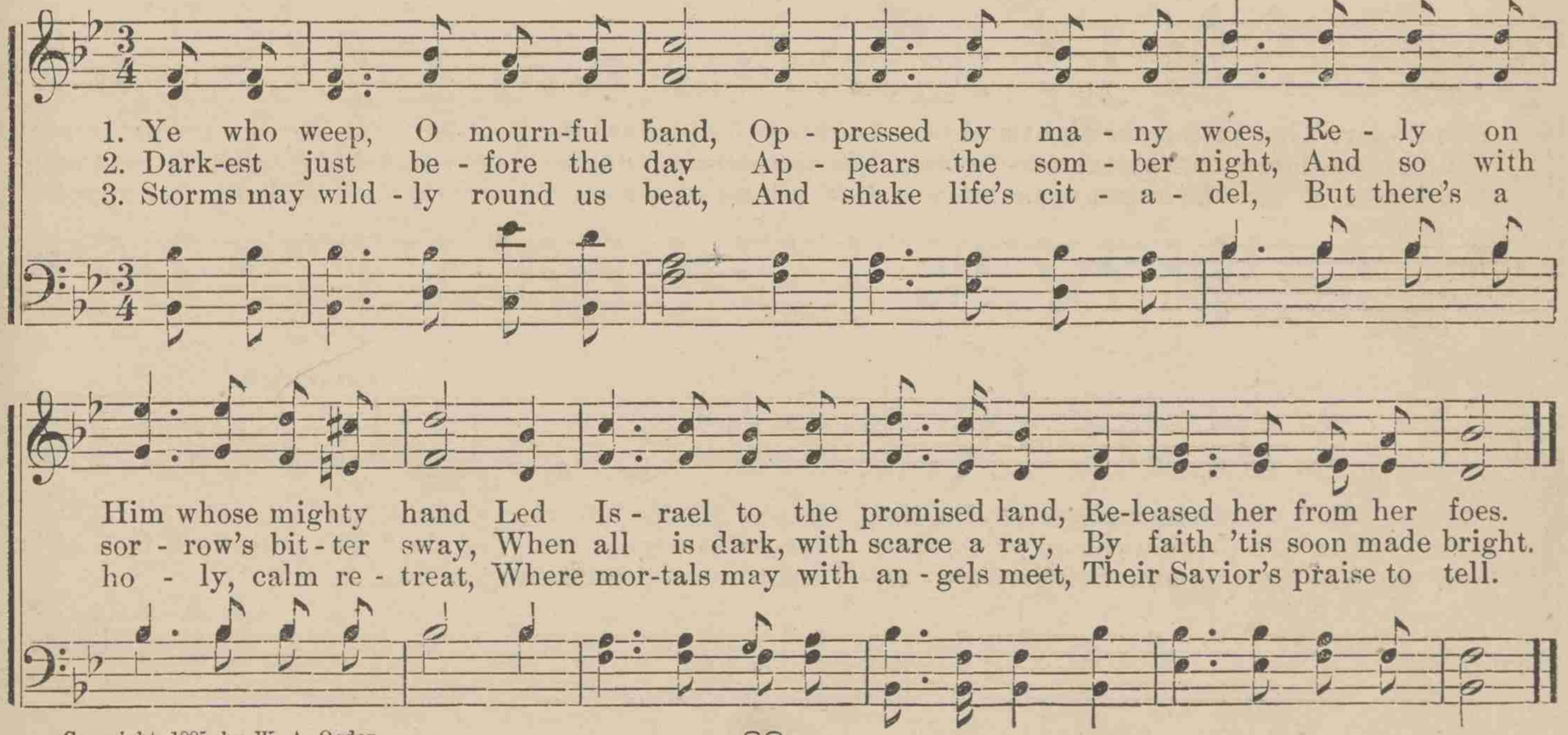
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Many, Many Mercies. Concluded.



121 Ye Who Weep.

W. R. FRAZIER. "A very present help in trouble."—Ps. 46 : 1. W. A. O.



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122 God is With Us.

DR. J. J. MAXFIELD. "My presence shall go with thee."—Ex. 33 : 14. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Not a-lone, O bless-ed Je - sus : Thou hast shown our feet the way, And the cloud and fi - ery
2. Flee-ing from our cru - el bond-age, Pass we thro' the part - ed sea, Be our lead-er thro' the
3. We may drink the bit-ter wa - ters, Where our desert Marahs flow, Or lie down to sleep at

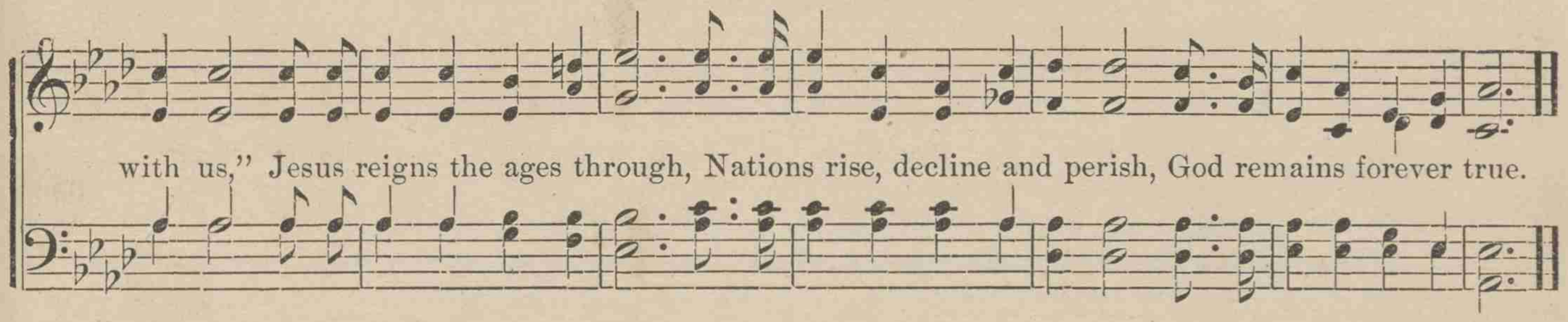
pil - lar, Go be-fore us night and day. Darkness flies before the promise, All our des-ert paths are
des - ert—Draw us, Savior, un - to thee. Let the car-nal nature per - ish, Give the per-fect rest with-
Beth-el, Where the angels come and go; But a-long the weary marches, God will rain his man-na

light, Tho' we oft may pause at E - lim, Canaan ris - es to our sight.
in; Let the precious blood of Je - sus Cleanse us wholly from our sin. "The best of all is, God is
down; We may eat and live for - ev - er,—First the cross, and then the crown.

CHORUS.

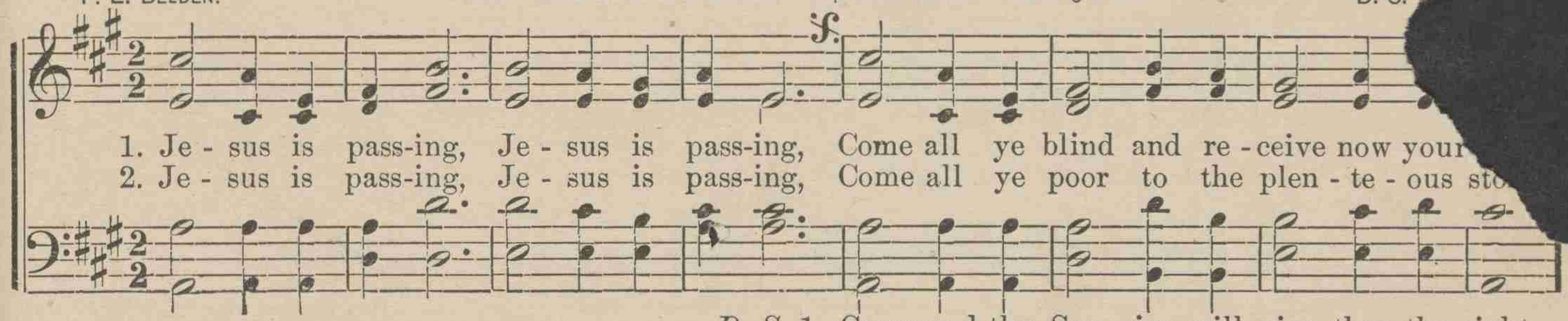
Copyright, 1885, by W. A. Ogden. * Dying words of Wesley.

God is With Us. Concluded.
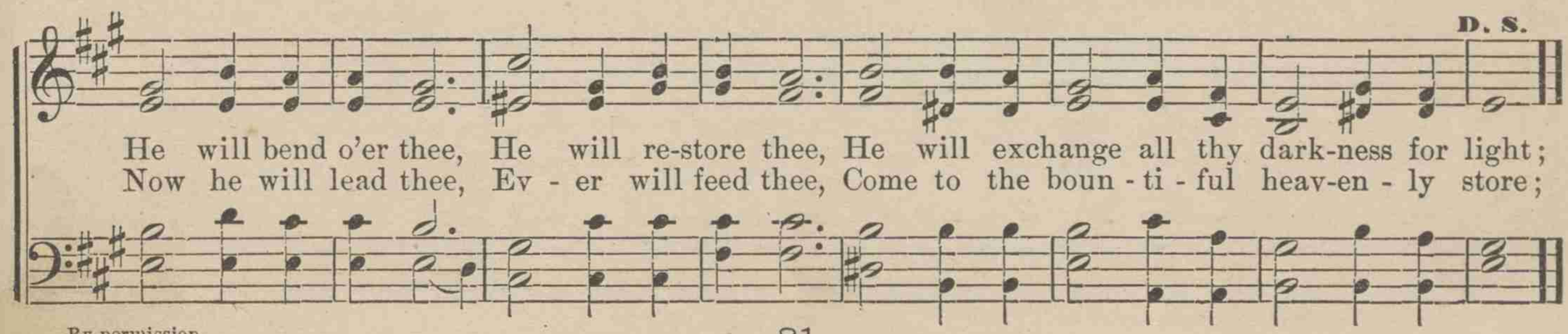


123 Jesus is Passing.

F. E. BELDEN. "I will come in to him and will sup with him."—Rev. 3 : 20. D. S. H



D. S. 1. Come and thy Sav - ior will give thee thy sight.
D. S. 2. Je - sus will feed thee, thou'lt hunger no more.



By permission.

124 Help a Little.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. "By love serve one another."—Gal. 5 : 13. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In this world of bur - den - bearing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle; For thy wea - ry
2. In the work a - round us pressing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle; Let thy la - bor
3. In the seed-time's ear - ly sowing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle; On the soil some
4. When the reap-ers sheaves are binding, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle; O some hand-fuls

CHORUS.
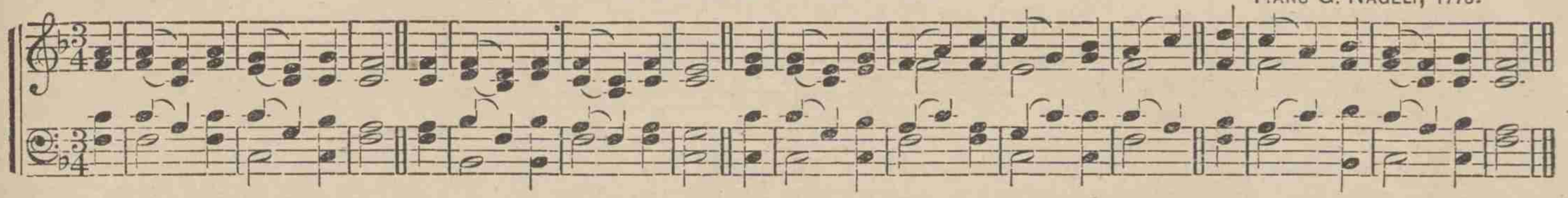
brother car-ing, Help just a lit tle.
prove a blessing, Help just a lit-tle.
care be - stowing, Help just a lit-tle.
then be find-ing, Help just a lit-tle.

O the shoulders we might lighten! O the paths that we might brighten! O the wrongs that we might righten! Helping just a lit - tle.

From "Wells of Salvation," by per. of J. J. Hood.

Dennis. S. M.

HANS G. NAGELI, 1773.



125

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

126

1 How helpless nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught but power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

3 O change these hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

127

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

128

1 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Savior they adore,
And reign with him above.

129
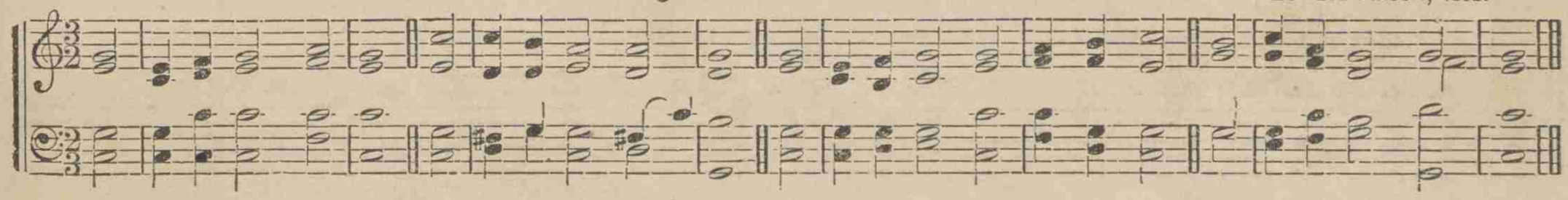
1 O where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1832.



130 Feed my Lambs.

MRS. JULIA C. ALDRICH. "I will teach you the good and right way."—1 Sam. 12: 23. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Je - sus said with ten-der plead-ing, If ye love me, feed my lambs; In his word his in - ter-
2. From the hed - ges and the highways, Bring the lambs all safe - ly in; Seek the wand'rers in the
3. Seek each lit - tle son and daughter, Bring them in with ten-der care; Lead them to the cool-ing

REFRAIN.

ced - ing, Feed my lambs, my precious lambs. Feed my lambs, my precious lambs, If ye
by - ways, Save them from the blight of sin.
wa - ter, In - to pas-tures green and fair. Feed my lambs, my precious, precious lambs,

Rit.

love me feed my lambs, Feed my lambs, my precious lambs, If ye love me, feed my lambs.
If ye love me feed my lambs, Feed my lambs, my precious, precious lambs,

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131 O Savior, Precious Savior.

F. R. HAVERGAL. "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."—Ps. 29: 2. E. S. LORENZ.

1. O Sav - ior, pre-cious Sav - ior, Whom yet un-seen we love, O name of might and
2. O bringer of sal - va - tion, Who wond - rous-ly hast wrought, Thy - self the re - ve-
3. In thee all full - ness dwell-eth, All grace and pow'r di-vine, The glo - ry that ex-
4. O grant the con - sum-ma - tion, Of this our song a - bove, In end - less a - dor-

fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove. We wor - ship thee, we bless thee, To
la - tion, Of love be - yond our thought. We wor - ship thee, we bless thee, To
cel - leth, O Son of God is thine. We wor - ship thee, we bless thee, To
a - tion, And ev - er - last - ing love. Then shall we praise and bless thee, Where

thee a - lone we sing; We praise thee and con-fess thee, Our ho - ly Lord and King.
thee a - lone we sing; We praise thee and con-fess thee, Our ho - ly Lord and King.
thee a - lone we sing; We praise thee and con-fess thee, Our ho - ly Lord and King.
per - fect prais-es ring; And ev - er - more con-fess thee, Our Sav - ior and our King.

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132 I Love to Be.

E. D. MUND. "In the midst of the church will I sing praise unto thee."—Heb. 2:12. GERMAN. ARR. BY E. S. L.

1. I love to be where sa - cred song a - ris - ing, Fills ev - ry heart with peace and joy;
2. I love to be where song all care dis - pel - ling, Brings heav-en with its joys more near;
3. I love to be where friends are true and ten - der, Where hearts and hands are joined in love;
4. Then sing when youth has joy and hope un-bound - ed; Sing on when manhood's bur - dens come;

Where grate-ful hearts in mel - o - dy up - ris - ing, Take up the an - gels' sweet em - ploy.
Where cour-age bold all sor - row is ex - pel - ling, And finds no room for doubt or fear.
Where voic - es join in har - mo - ny to ren - der A song of praise to God a - bove.
Still sing when age with care is all sur-round - ed, And sing-ing en - ter heav'n your home.

CHORUS.

O what de-light in joy and glad-ness e'er to sing; When hearts u-nite a joy-ous song of
O what de - light in joy to sing; When hearts u - nite glad praise

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I Love to Be. Concluded.

praise to bring; Then lift your voices, sing a ho - ly an - them To God, our Sav-ior and our King.
to bring;

133 A Little Pilgrim.

MINNIE B. LOWRY. "They that be wise shall shine as the stars."—Dan. 12 : 3. W. A. O.

1. I'm a lit - tle pil - grim On the way to heav'n, I've be - gun the mis - sion God to
2. I will be a sun-beam, Or a star so bright, Shin - ing by the way - side, Giv - ing
3. I will keep God's sunshine Ev - er in my heart, And his love to sin - ners Shall my

CHORUS.

me has giv'n.
oth - ers light. Rest a - waits me When life's day is o'er; Sav-ior guide me To the shining shore.
lips im - part.

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134 O, Swift to the Ark!

"But the dove found no rest, . . . and she returned unto him, into the ark."—Gen. 8 : 9.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.

1. O, swift to the "Ark of my faith" I will fly! Like Noah's pale dove, when the wa - ters are high;
2. O, swift to the "Ark of my faith" I will go! The waves gather round me, the winds fiercely blow;
3. O, swift to the "Ark of my faith" I will fly! The bow of his prom - ise is set in the sky;

I'll flee for a refuge when storm-clouds I see; Dear "Ark of my faith," I will shel-ter in thee.
The storm rises high, and there's danger a - way; I'll fly to the "Ark of sal-va - tion" to - day.
The arms of my Sav - ior wide o - pen I see; O, "Ark of my faith!" I am com-ing to thee.

CHORUS.
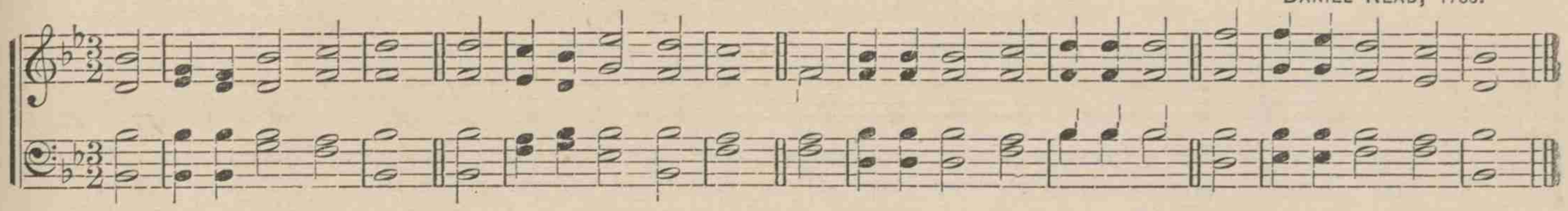
Shel - ter in thee, I will shel - ter in thee, The bless - ed Re-deem-er my ref - uge shall be;

Shel-ter in thee, I will shel - ter in thee; Dear "Ark of my faith," I will shel - ter in thee.

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Lisbon. S. M.

DANIEL READ, 1785.



135

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

136

1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O, give the pure and lowly heart
A temple meet for thee.

137

1 O, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

138

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown,

139
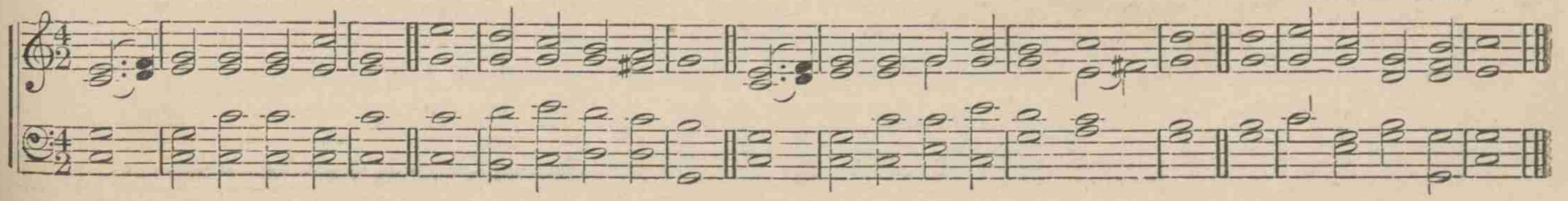
1 Once more, before we part,
O, bless the Savior's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
Help us to feed and grow,
Still to go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

Laban. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



140 Funeral Hymn.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. "That mortality might be swallowed up in life."—2 Cor. 5 : 4. ARR. FROM CHAS. GOUNOD.

1. There is no flock, however watched and tend-ed, But one dead lamb is there. There is no fireside,
2. Let us be patient, these se-vere af-flic-tions Not from the ground arise, But oftentimes ce-
3. She* is not dead, the child of our af - fec-tion, But gone un-to that school Where she no longer
4. And tho' at times, impetuous with e - motion, And anguish long suppressed, The swelling heart heaves

* He.

how-so - e'er de-fend - ed, But has one vacant chair. The air is full of farewells to the dy - ing,
lest-ial ben - e - dictions Assume this dark disguise. We see but dimly thro' the mists and va-pors,
needs our poor protection, And Christ himself doth rule. In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
like the moaning ocean, That can not be at rest: We will be patient—and assuage the feel-ing

And mournings for the dead; The heart of Rachel for her children crying, Will not be com-fort-ed.
A - mid these earthly damps, What seem to us but dim fu-ne-ral tapers, May be heaven's distant lamps.
By guardian angels led, Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollu-tion, She lives, whom we call dead.
We can not whol-ly stay; By silence sanc-ti - fy - ing, not concealing The grief that must have sway.

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141 I will tell Jesus.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. "Went and told it to Jesus."—Matt. 14: 12. LUCY J. RIDER.

1. I've a dear Sav-ior, read-y to lis - ten, Bend-ing to hear me from on high, E - ven the humblest,
2. When I am joyous in the glad sunshine, I will tell him who loves me so, Sure-ly my Sav - ior
3. When I'm in danger, when I'm in darkness, Tempted to think no Helper near, Still I'll run to him,
4. Trouble and sorrow drive me to Je-sus, Whom beside him, on earth, have I? Oth-ers may love me,
5. If I am tempted, if I dis-trust him, If I for-get and go a - stray, Still I'll re - turn and

CHORUS.

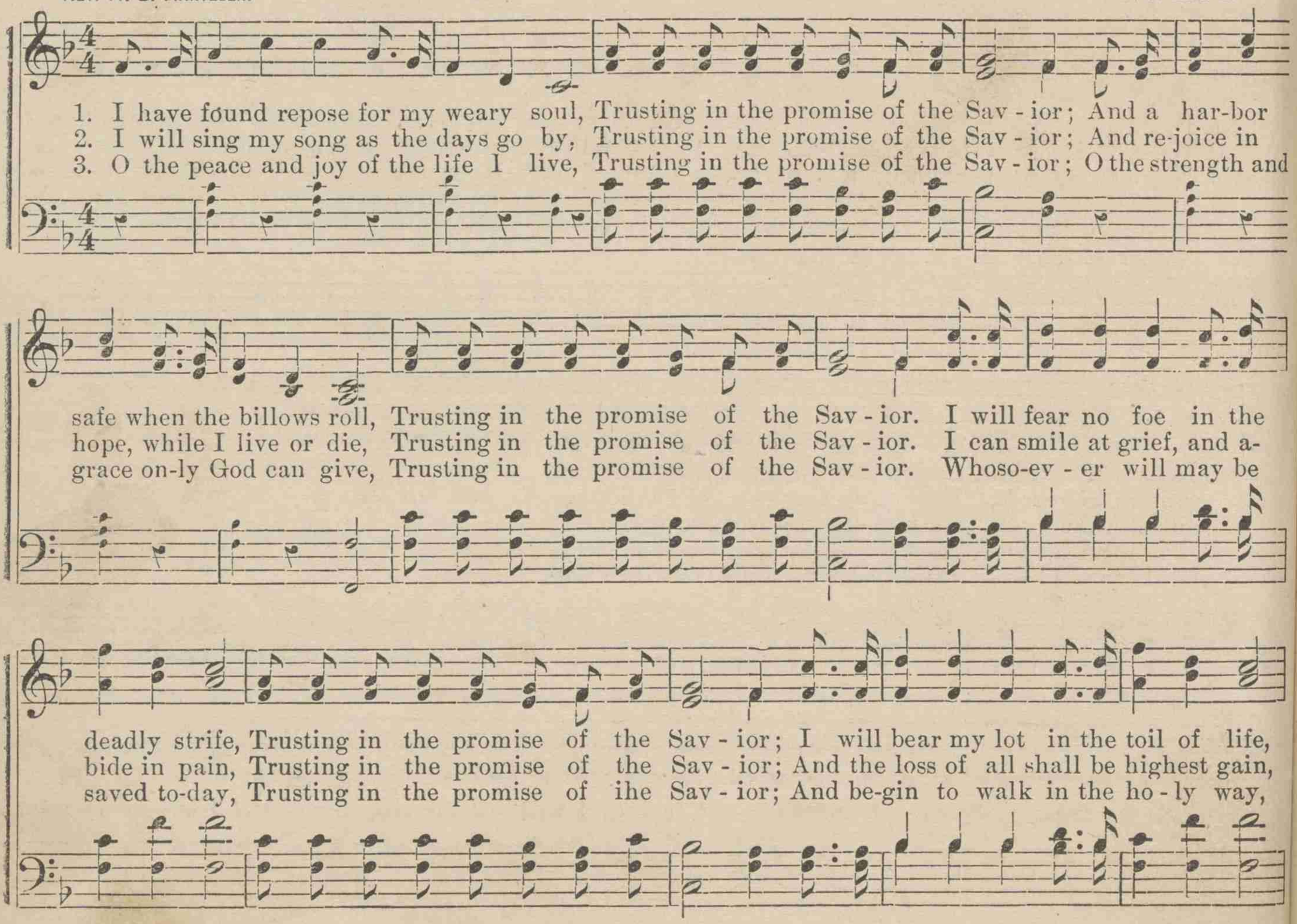
Jesus will welcome, Ev-'ry low whisper finds him nigh.
waiteth to hear it, Ev-'ry sweet se - cret he shall know. I will tell Je - sus, I will tell Je - sus,
tell him the sto-ry, Ask him to keep from harm and fear.
Je-sus can save me, Je - sus will hear me when I cry.
tell it to Je - sus, Ask him to keep me ev -' ry day.

He is my friend, my Savior, King, I will tell Je-sus, I will tell Je - sus, I will tell Jesus every thing!

From "Children's Meetings," by per.

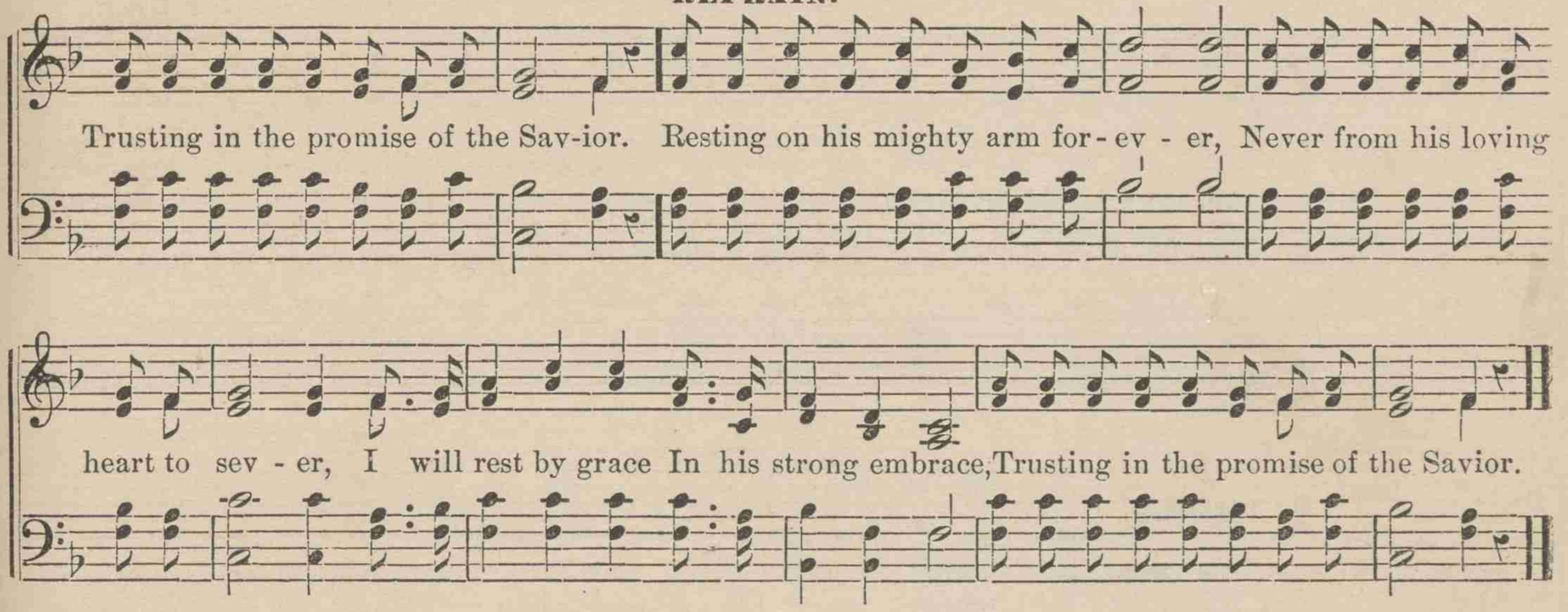
142 Trusting in the Promise.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER. "He is faithful that promised."—Heb. 10: 22. E. S. LORENZ.



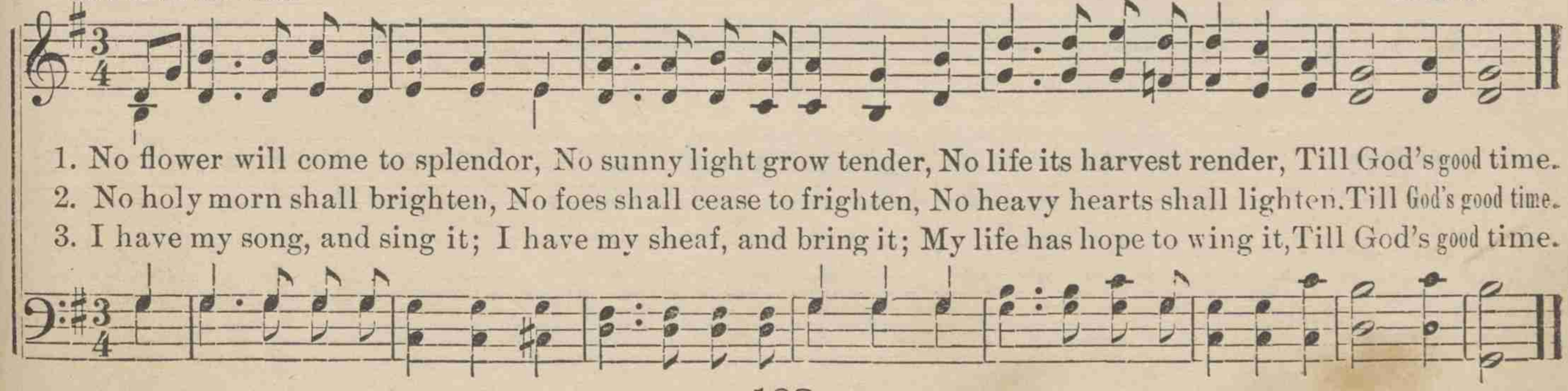
Trusting in the Promise. Concluded.

REFRAIN.



143 Till God's Good Time.

REV. S. W. DUFFIELD. E. D. M.



144 We May be Happy Here.

E. D. MUND. "Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."—Prov. 16: 20. E. S. LORENZ.

1. This world is not all wil - der - ness, All des - ert dark and drear, But hours of joy suc-
2. Some gleams of light, some hours of peace, Some tides of love ap - pear; From ev - 'ry care comes
3. We here may eat the bread of life, And drink its wa - ters clear; May here find hours of
4. Then drink the draughts of peace and love, Tho' small the cup ap - pear; And hap - pier make your

CHORUS.
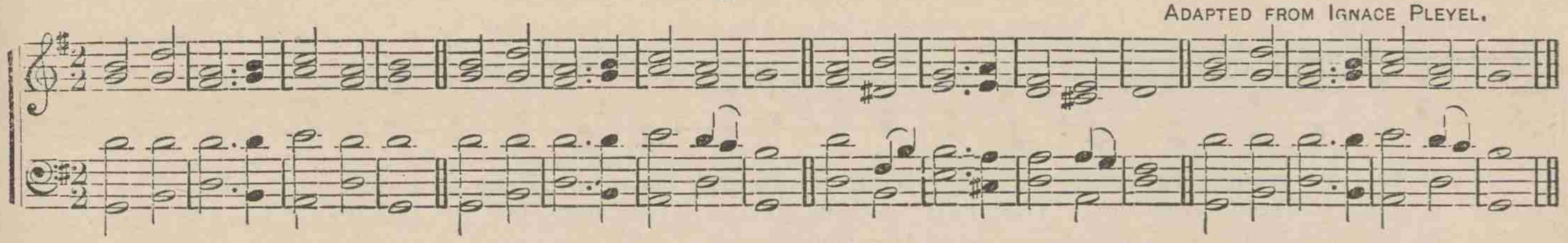
ceed dis - tress, We may be hap-py here!
some re - lease, We may be hap-py here! We may be hap - py here, We
rest from strife, We may be hap-py here!
life a - bove, By be - ing hap-py here! hap - py here,

may be hap-py here (happy here)! For hours of joy suc - ceed dis-tress, We may be hap-py here.

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Pleyel. 7s.

ADAPTED FROM IGNACE PLEYEL.



145

1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

146

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Merey still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

CHO.—God is love, I know, I feel,
Jesus weeps. and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

147

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message to us, Lord,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

148

1 Earth has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.

2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Savior's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

3 When I see in spring-tide gay,
Fields their varied tints display,
Wakes the thrilling thought in me,—
What must their Creator be?

4 Lord of all that's fair to see,
Come, reveal thyself to me;
Let me, 'mid thy radiant light,
See thine unveiled glories bright.

149

1 Savior, teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson can not be,
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

150 The Gracious Call.

H. R. TRICKETT. "Come ye children, hearken unto me."—Ps. 34 : 11. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. O ye wand'rers come, and hear the gracious cry, Hear the Friend of sin-ners call; Thy de-
2. Up, a - rise and go, the call is love divine, Give the glo - ry to the Lord; Come and
3. Blessed Lord and King, we hear thy loving call, Swift the summons we o - bey; Come and

liv-'rer comes, and lo! he draweth nigh, With a blessing free for all.
feast with him, a welcome shall be thine, Sure and steadfast is his word.
meet us, Lord, lo! at thy feet we fall, Save a sin-ner, Lord, to - day.

CHORUS.
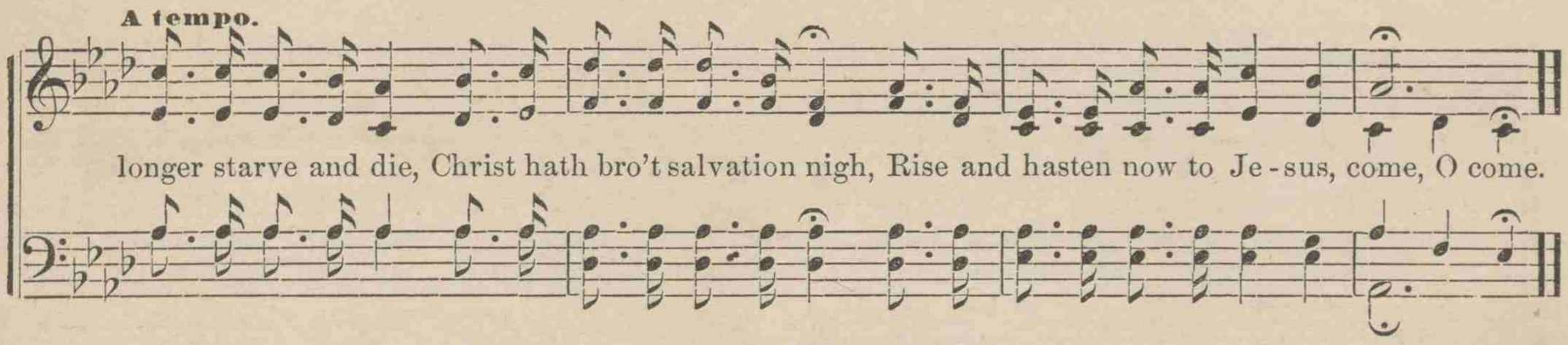
Weary wand'rer, come away

From the path in which you stray, Hear the voice of Je - sus call-ing you to come, O come! No

Rit.

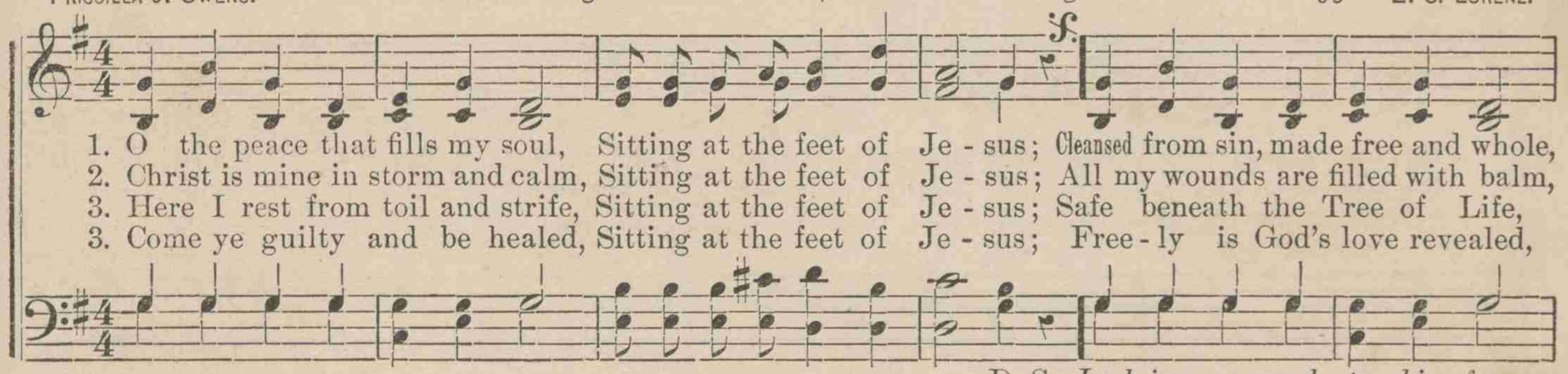
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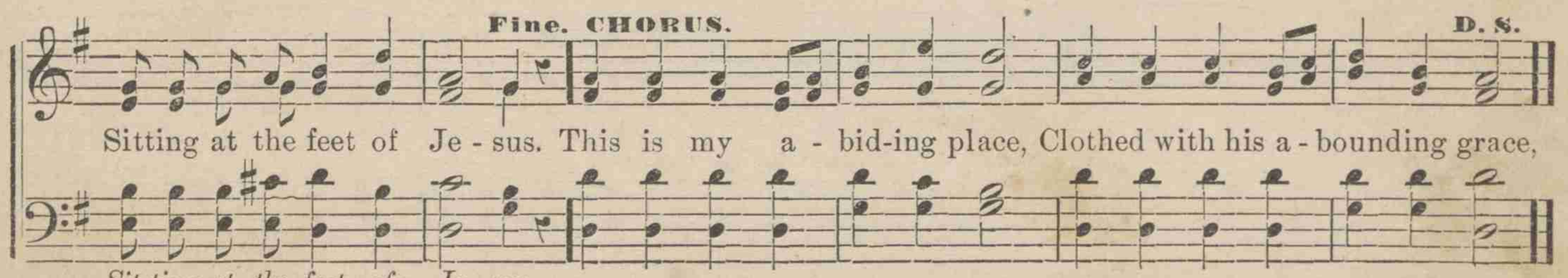
The Gracious Call. Concluded.



151 Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. "Found the man . . sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind."—Luke 8: 35. E. S. LORENZ.





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152 I will Praise the Name of Jesus.

"For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."—Acts 4 : 12.

E. A. BARNES. E. S. LORENZ.

1. O the wondrous name in the Gos - pel word, That is oft - en read, that is oft - en heard;
2. O the pre - cious name that I oft re - peat, As I come to kneel at the mer - cy - seat;
3. O the bless - ed name that is sweet in - deed, And in which I trust in the time of need;

'Tis the name that gives in its grace and love Us a fore - taste here of the life a - bove.
'Tis the on - ly name which as bright ap - pears, That my lips con - fess and my soul re - veres.
And the name re - plete with re-deem - ing love Is my song be - low and my song a - bove.
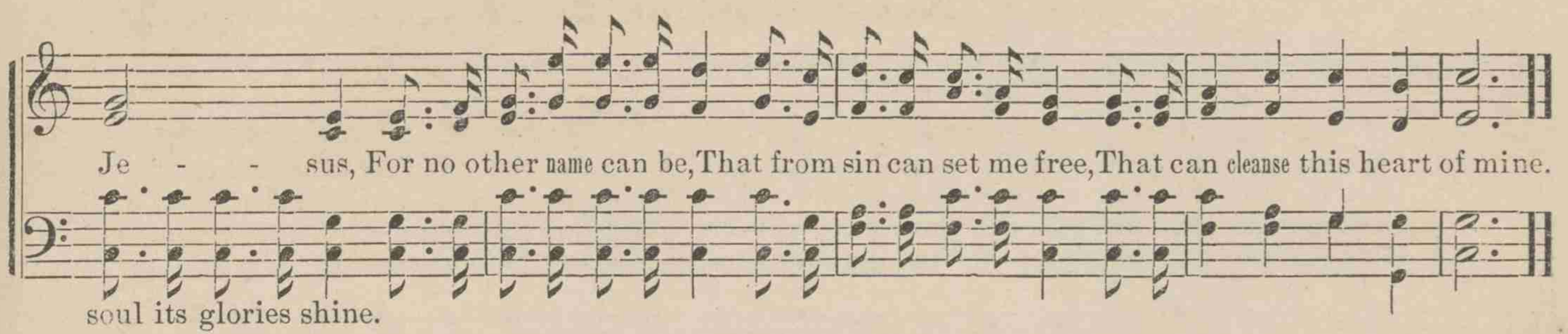
CHORUS.

I will praise . . . . the name of Je - - sus, I will praise . . . . the name of

I will praise the name of Jesus, And ex-alt his power divine, I will praise the name of Jesus, For my

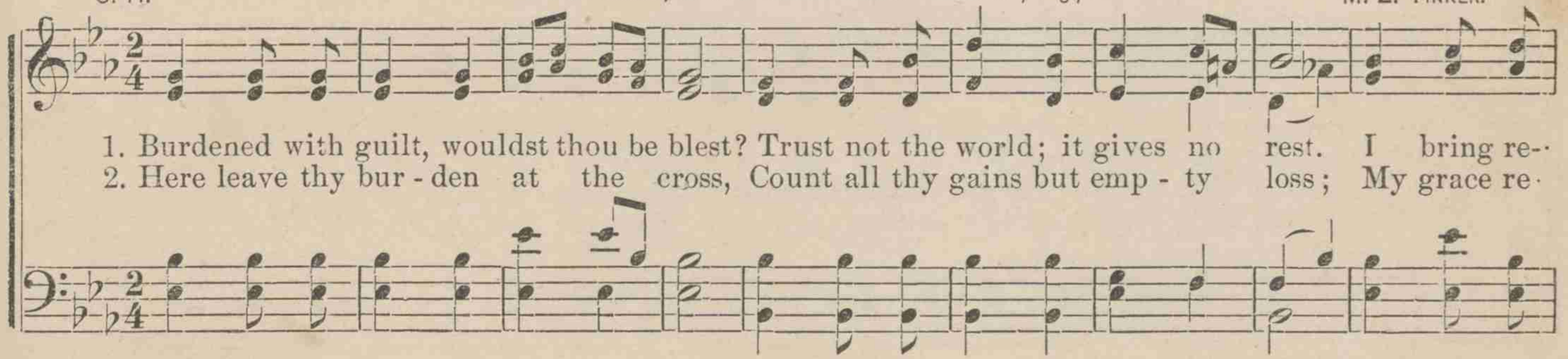
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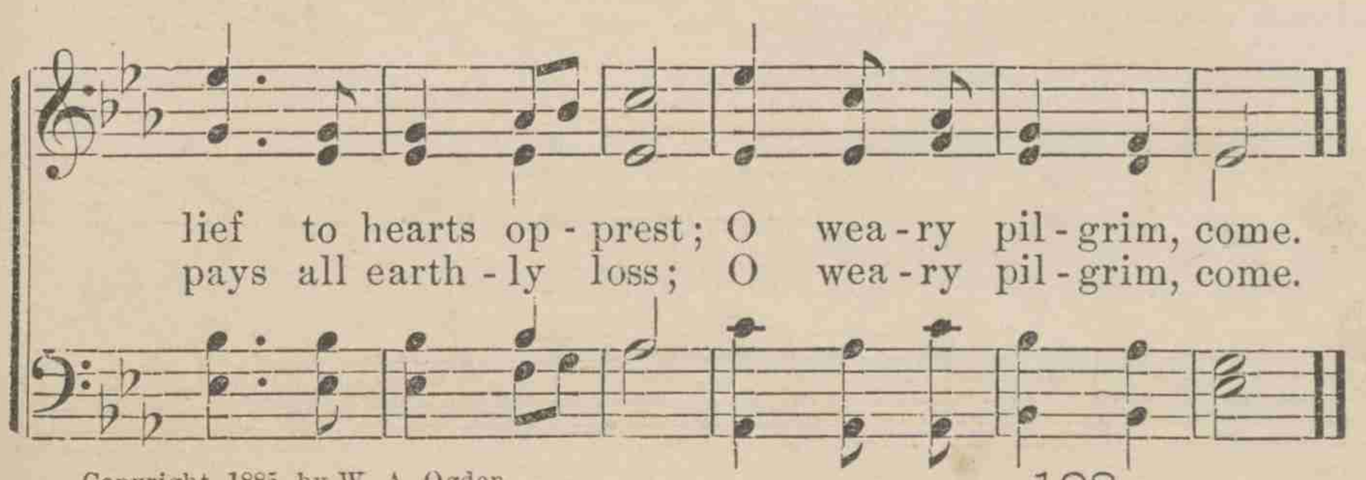
I will Praise the Name of Jesus. Concluded.



153 O Weary Pilgrim.

C. H. "If a man thirst, let him come to me."—John 7 : 37. M. Z. TINKER.





3 Hither O bring thy boding fears,
Thine aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
O weary pilgrim, come.

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154 Give me the Bible.

P. J. O. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119: 105. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Give me the Bi - ble, star of gladness gleaming, To cheer the wand'rer lone and tempest-tossed;
2. Give me the Bi - ble, when my heart is bro - ken, When sin and grief have filled my soul with fear;
3. Give me the Bi - ble, all my steps en - light - en, Teach me the dan-ger of these realms be-low;
4. Give me the Bi - ble, lamp of life im-mor - tal, Hold up that splendor by the o - pen grave;

f. **Fine.**

No storm can hide that radiance peaceful beaming, Since Je - sus came to seek and save the lost.
Give me the pre-cious words by Je - sus spo - ken, Hold up faith's lamp to show my Sav-ior near.
That lamp of safe - ty, o'er the gloom shall brighten, That light a-lone, the path of peace can show.
Show me the light from heaven's shining por - tal, Show me the glo - ry gild-ing Jordan's wave.

D. S. *Pre - cept and prom - ise, law and love com - bin - ing, Till night shall van - ish in e - ter - nal day.*
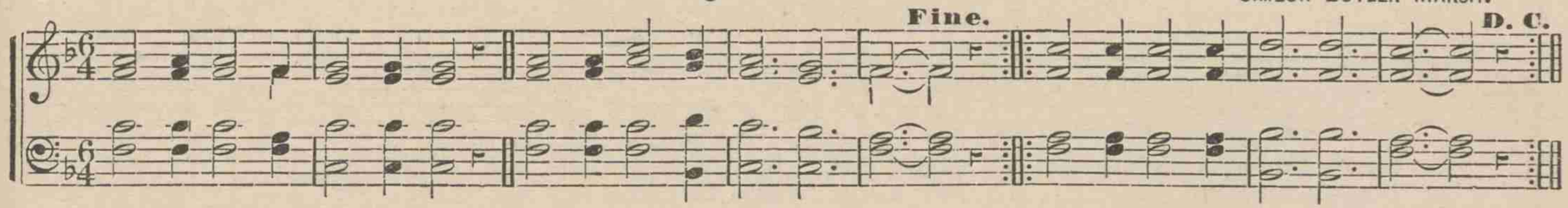
CHORUS. **D. S.**

Give me the Bi - ble! ho - ly message shin-ing, Thy light shall guide me in the nar row way;

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Martyn. 7s. D.

SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.



155

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O, my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O, leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found.
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

156

1 Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Savior's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

157

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know;
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone,
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling,

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

158

1 I am coming to the cross,
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHORUS.
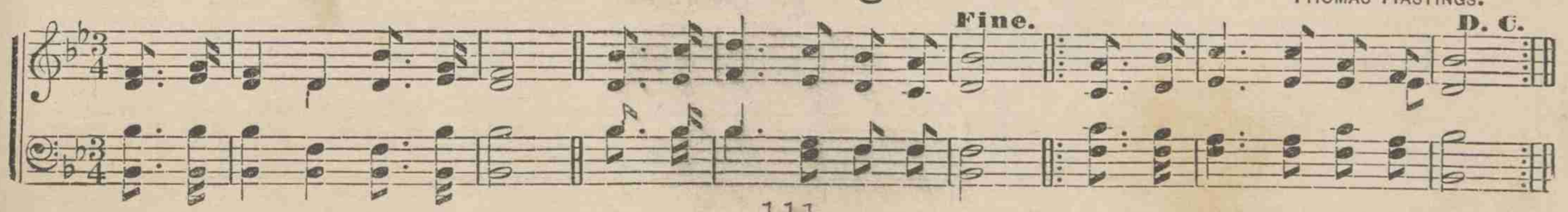
I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary:
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body thine to be,—
Wholly thine for evermore.

Rock of Ages.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



159 While the Days are Going by.

GEORGE COOPER. "Ponder the path of thy feet."—Prov. 4 : 26. HENRY C. WORK.

1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go - ing by. There are wea - ry
2. There's no time for i - dle scorn-ing, While the days are go - lng by. Let your face be
3. All the lov - ing links that bind us While the days are go - ing by, One by one we

souls that per - ish, While the days are go - ing by. If a smile we can re - new,
like the morn - ing, While the days are go - ing by. O! the world is full of sighs,
leave be - hind us, While the days are go - ing by, But the seeds of good we sow,

As our jour - ney we pur-sue, O the good that we may do While the days are go - ing by.
Full of sad and weeping eyes, Help the fall-en ones to rise, While the days are go - ing by.
In the sun and shade will grow, And will keep our hearts aglow While the days are go - ing by.

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160

Let us Arise.

E. D. MUND. Dedicated to the Christian Citizens of our Land. E. S. LORENZ

1. Do you slumber in your tent, Christian Soldier, While the foe is spreading woe thro' the land? Do you note his rising power, Growing bold-er ev-erv hour? Will he not our land de-vour, while you stand?
2. Can you linger in your tent, Christian Soldier? Sa-tan's smil-ing o'er your i - dle de - lay; Thousands perish while you wait, While you counsel and debate; Heed you not their awful fate, as they stray?
3. Let us rise in holy wrath, Christian Soldiers, Crush the evil 'neath the heel of our might! Counting cost, no long-er wait, Forward, manhood of the State! For in God your strength is great for the right.

D. S. *Though our num-bers may be few, God will lead us grandly through, And our arms with strength endue by his might.*

CHORUS.

Let us a - rise! all u-nite! Let us a-rise! in our might! Let us a-rise! speak for God and the right.

Fine. **D.S.**

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161 I am Coming, Lord, to Thee.

W. A. OGDEN. "In returning ye shall be saved."—Isa. 30 : 15. W. A. OGDEN.

Earnestly.

1. I am coming, Lord, to thee, with a trembling heart, I am coming with my soul dis - trest.
2. I am coming, Lord, to thee, with my load of sin, I am coming, wea-ry, faint, and sore.
3. I am coming, Lord, to thee, but my faith is weak, I am coming, wilt thou hear my cry?

To thy promise now I fly, Leave, O leave me not to die, I am coming, Lord, to thee for rest.
Tho' I've slighted oft thy grace, And have turned from thee my face, I am coming, Lord, to roam no more.
I have heard thy gracious call, At thy lov-ing feet I fall, I am coming, tho' I faint and die.

CHORUS.

I am

Com-ing, Lord, to thee, Com-ing, Lord, to thee, Com-ing with my soul dis - trest;

By per...l sion.

I am Coming, Lord, to Thee. Concluded

com - ing, I am com - ing,

Com-ing, Lord, to thee, Com-ing, Lord, to thee, I am coming, Lord, to thee for rest.

162 The Lord will Provide.

MRS. M. A. W. COOK. "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 Pet. 5 : 7. E. S. LORENZ.

1. In some way or oth - er The Lord will pro-vide; It may not be my way, It may not be
2. At some time or oth - er The Lord will pro-vide; It may not be my time, It may not be
3. Despond then no long-er, The Lord will pro-vide; And this be the token— No word he hath

thy way, And yet in his own way, The Lord will pro-vide.
thy time, And yet in his own time, The Lord will pro-vide.
spo - ken, Was ev - er yet bro-ken, The Lord will pro-vide.

4 March on, then, right boldly,
The sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
The Lord will provide.

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163 Go and Gather.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse."—Mal. 3 : 10. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Go and gath-er, go and gath-er, Was the or - der from the King; Gath-er money
2. Go and gath-er, go and gath-er, Is the or - der from our King; Gath-er from the
3. Go and gath-er, go and gath-er, Teachers, scholars, all o - bey; Hear the voice of

Chorus. *Go and gath - er, go and gath - er, Gath-er tro-phies for our King; Hasten, hasten,*

Fine.

for the tem - ple, Tell the peo-ple all to bring; Hast-en, hast - en for the treasure, For God's
streets and alleys, Souls immortal homeward bring; Tar - ry not, for they are dy - ing, Go ye
Je - sus say - ing, I am with you all the way; Hast-en to the vineyard, hasten! Tell the
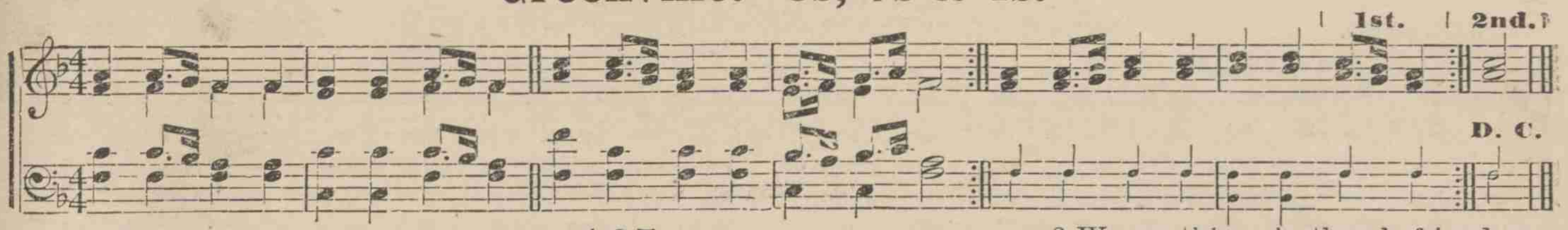
for the treausures Lie around you per - ish - ing.

CHORUS. D.C.

work must not de-lay; And the peo - ple joy - ful answered, Bringing off'rings day by day.
forth without de - lay; Gath-er in the precious fragments Hour by hour, and day by day.
sto - ry of his love; Gath-er treas-ures for the tem - ple Je - sus hath prepared a - bove.

From "Gospel in Song," by per.

Greenville. 8s, 7s & 4s.



164

1 Come thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love,
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

165

1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvests waiting
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here I am, send me, send me!"

2 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do."
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you:
Take the task he gives you gladly;
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly, when he calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me."

166

1 Savior, 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, Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are:‖

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
‖: Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus.
Hear, O hear us, when we pray:‖
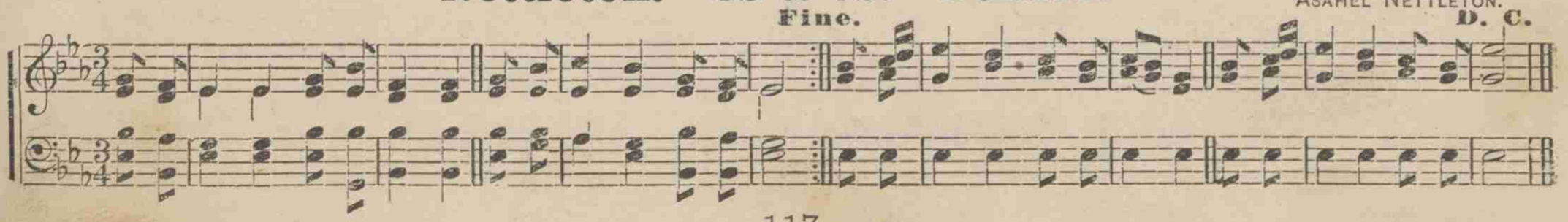
167

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped and known;
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 Savior too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

Nettleton. 8s & 7s. Double.

ASAHEL NETTLETON.



168 Shall We Meet By and By?

W. A. OGDEN. "They shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. 23: 17. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Shall we meet in the land of the blest? Shall we dwell with the Fa-ther on high?
2. Shall we join in the song of the Lamb, When we meet on that beau-ti-ful shore?
3. Shall we meet with the friends gone be-fore, Who have fol-lowed their Sav-ior be-low?

Shall we meet with the ransomed of earth now at rest, Now at rest in the sweet by and by?
Shall our hearts touch the chord, and our hands wave the palm, To the praise of the Lord ev-er-more?
In the man-sions of rest shall we dwell ev-er-more, When from earth and its cares we shall go?

REFRAIN.

Shall we meet by and by? Shall we meet by and by? Shall we
Shall we meet by and by? Shall we meet by and by, by and by?

dwell with the Fa-ther on high? Shall we meet by and by?
by and by, Shall we meet by and by, by and by?

By permission.

169 Vale of Beulah.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. "The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace."—Gal. 5 : 22. JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. I am passing down the val-ley that they say is so lone, But I find that all the pathway is with
2. Not a shadow, not a sha-dow ev - er darkens the way, For a radiance bright as glory shines up-
3. So I journey with rejoicing toward the Ci - ty of Light, While each day my joy is deeper, and the

flow'rs overgrown. 'Tis to me the vale of Beulah, 'tis a beau-ti - ful way, For the Savior walks be-
on it all day. And the mu-sic sweetly chanted by the heavenly throng, Floats in cadence down the
pathway more bright. And I near the o - pen por-tals of the kingdom a-bove, For this high way leads to

side me, my com-pan-ion each day.
val - ley, and it cheers me a - long. Vale of Beu-lah! Vale of Beu-lah! Thou art precious to me;
Ca - naan, to the king-dom of love.

D. S. *For the love - ly land of*

Fine. CHORUS. D.S.

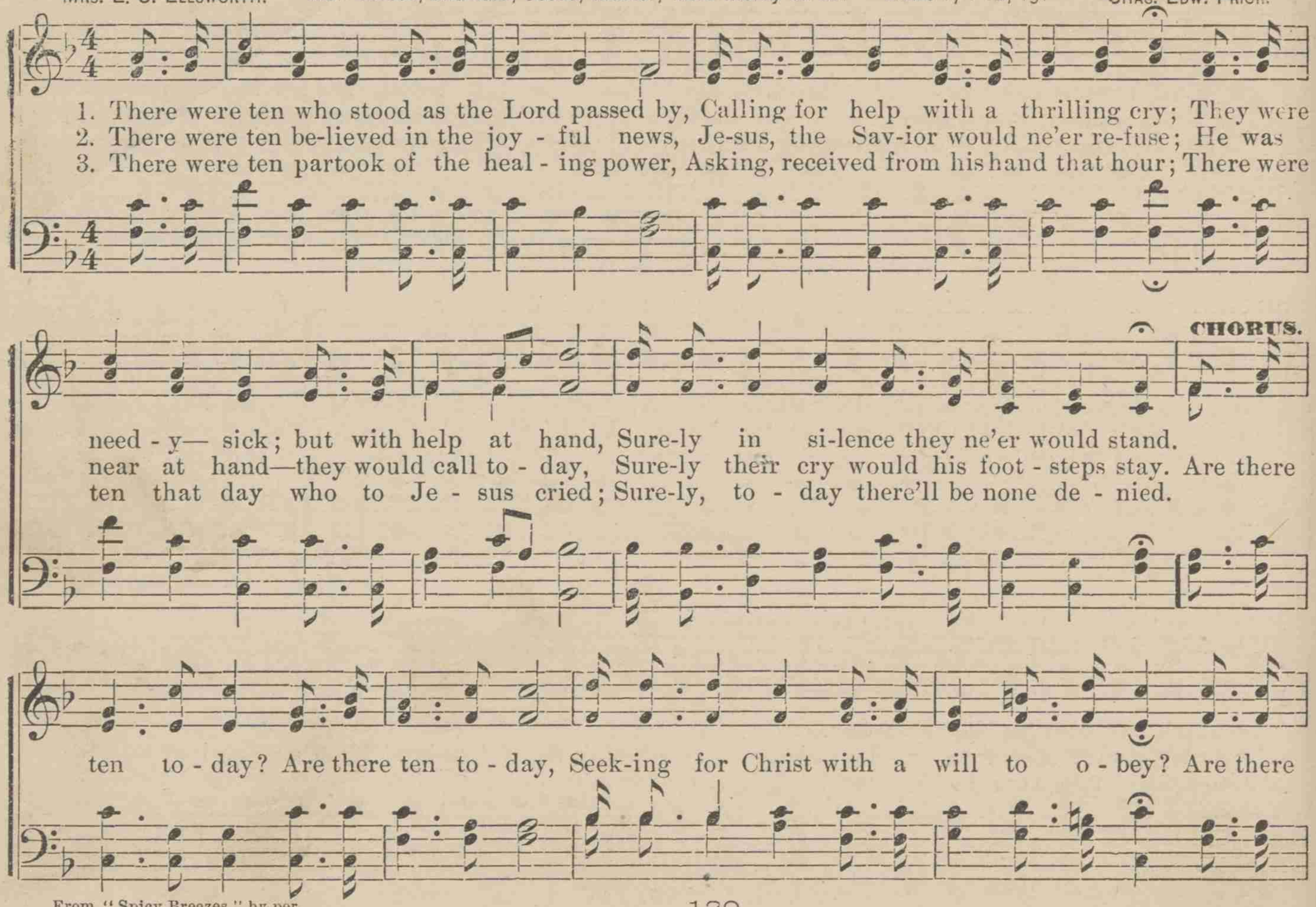
Ca-naan in the dis-tance I see.

By permission.

170 Are There Ten To-day?

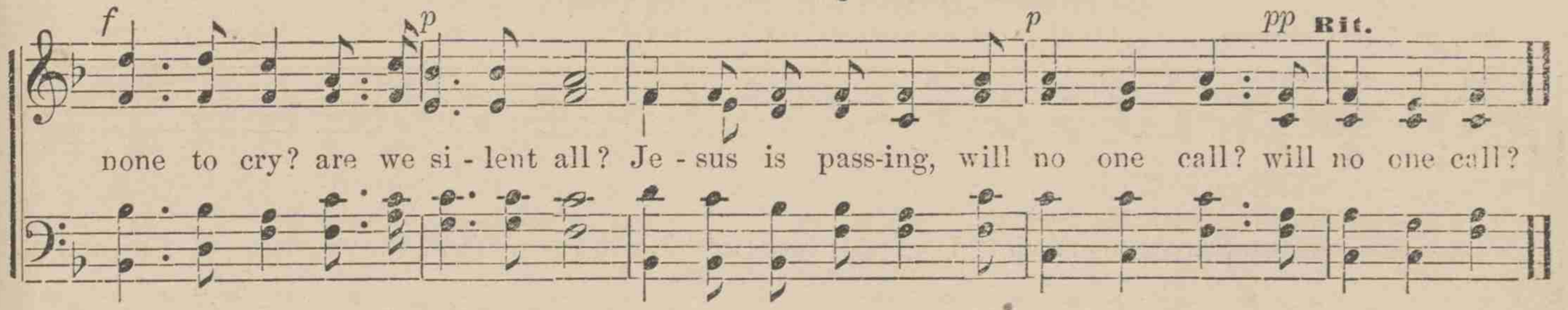
"And as he entered into a certain village, there met him ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off; And they lifted up their voices, and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us."—Luke 17 : 12, 13.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.
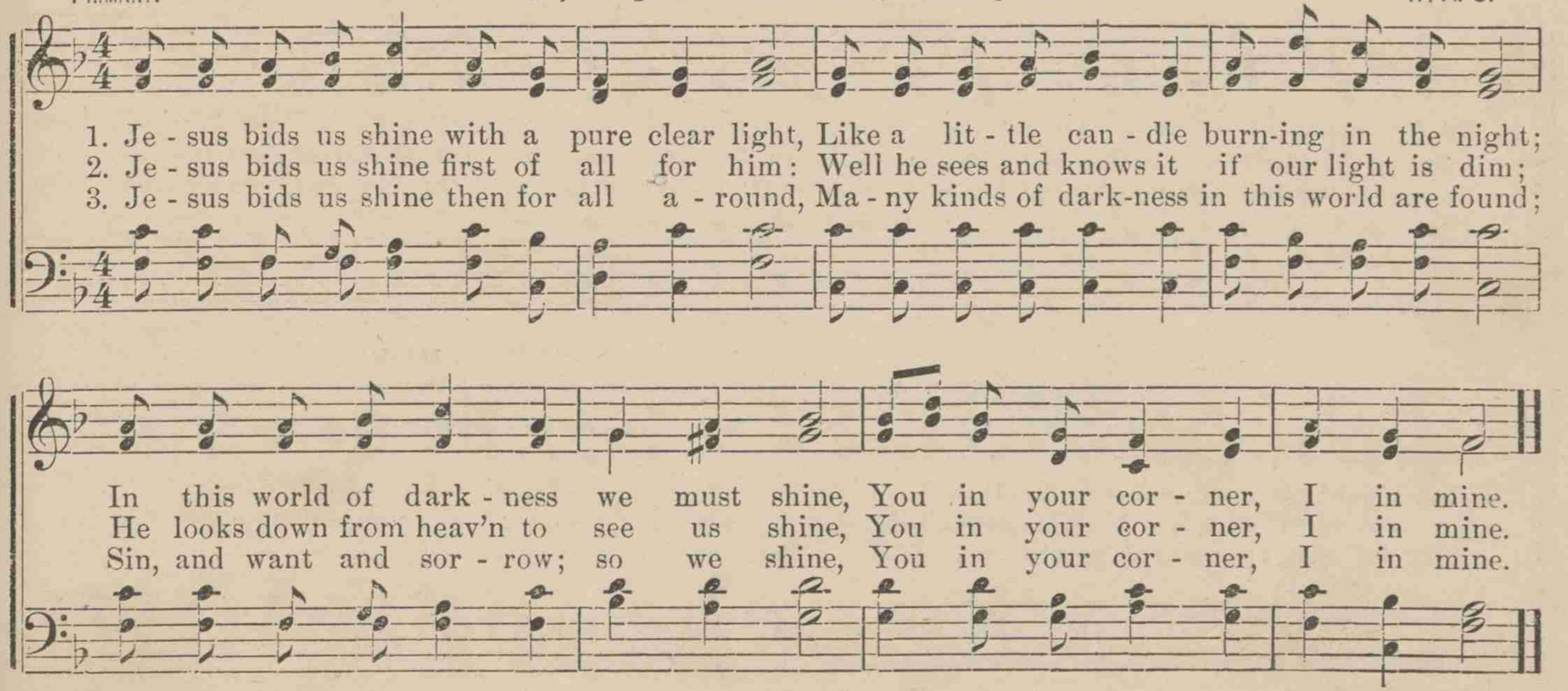


From "Spicy Breezes," by per.

Are There Ten To-day? Concluded.



171 Shining Lights.

PRIMARY. "Let your light shine before men."—Matt. 5 : 16. W. A. O.



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172 Walking with the Savior.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD. "Ye ought so to walk, even as he walked."—1 John 2:6. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Are you walking with the Savior, In the true and liv - ing way? Is the meek and low-ly Je - sus
2. Are you walking with the Savior, Are you dai - ly do - ing good? Is your light around you burning
3. Are you walking with the Savior, Does your heart within you burn, While the sweetness of compassion
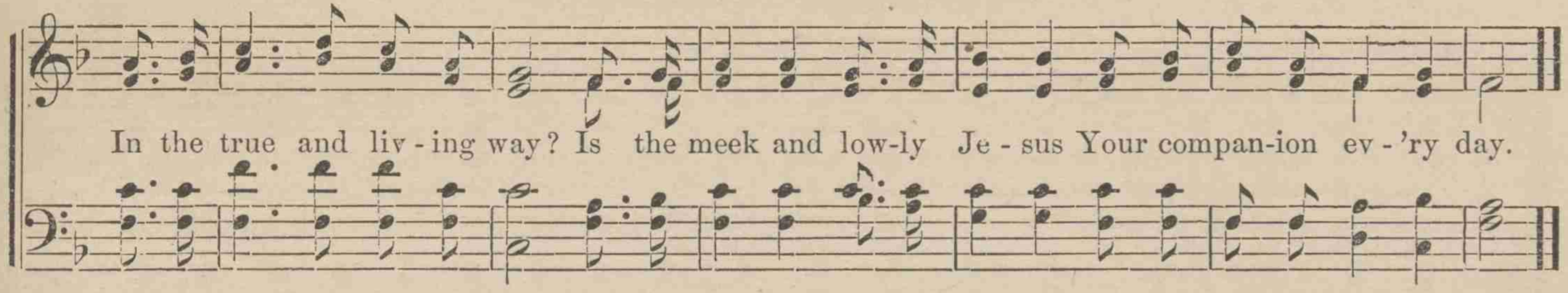
Your companion ev - ry day? Is your life that con - se - cra-tion To the cause of him you love,
Just as brightly as it should? Are the poor in cot-tage low-ly, And the stranger by the way,
From his lov-ing lips you learn? Do you wish that at the evening, When the twilight shadows fall,

Which would give you con-so - la - tion Looking at it from a - bove?
Ev - er blest with words of kindness Which in love they've heard you say? Are you walking with the Savior,
That the Sav - ior would be with you, And o - be-dient at your call?

CHORUS.
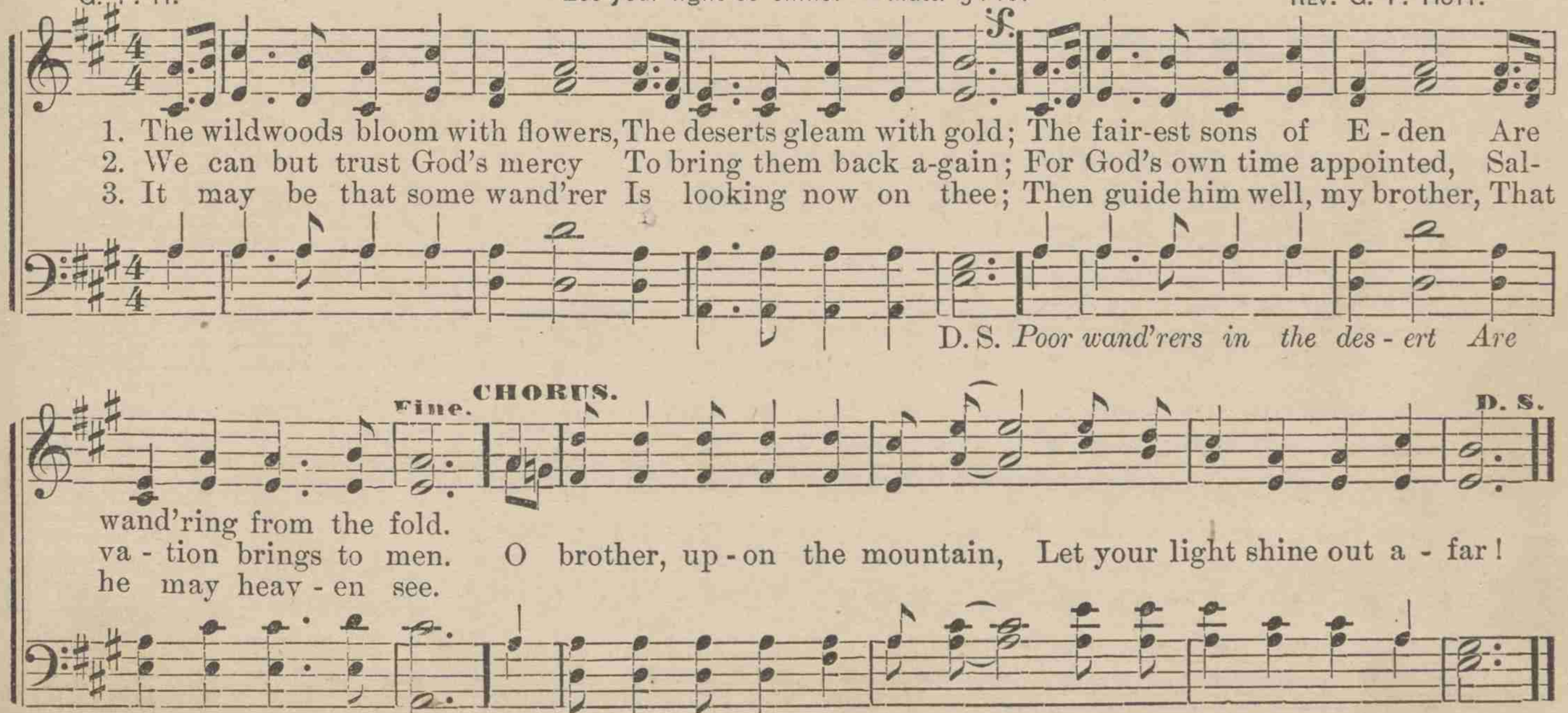
By permission.

Walking with the Savior. Concluded.



173 The Wanderer.

G. P. H. "Let your light so shine."—Matt. 5 : 16. Rev. G. P. Hott.



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174 Steer for the Star.

EBEN. E. REXFORD. "I am the light of the world."—John 8 : 12. E. S. LORENZ.

1. See the light, sail-ors, the port is not far; Stand by the helm now and steer for the star.
2. Fierce grows the tempest, the storm shakes the world; Swift thro' the black clouds the lightnings are hurled.
3. Near-ing the shore, sail-ors, dan - ger is past! Safe in the har - bor we'll an-chor at last.

Watching the bea - con a - blaze on the shore, Breast ev - ery bil - low and bend ev - ery oar.
Trem-ble not sail - ors, the bea - con's in sight, Hold the helm stead-y and all will be right.
God be praised, comrades, the cit - y's in sight! The star that we steered by has led us a - right.

CHORUS.

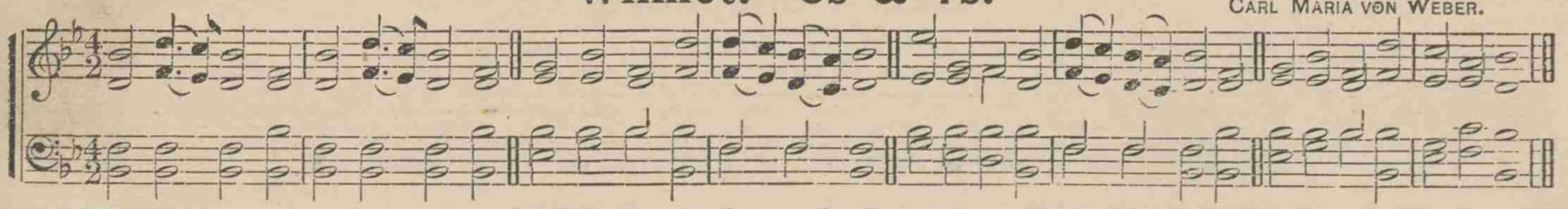
Christ keeps the bea - con a - blaze on the shore, Guide to the storm-tossed of earth ev - er-more.

Lo! thro' the dark-ness the light shines a - far, Hold the helm stead- y and steer for the star.

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Wilmot. 8s & 7s.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.



175

1 Praise the Lord; ye heavens! adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height!
Sun and moon! rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation!
Laud and magnify his name.

176

1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

2 There's a welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Savior;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

177

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll rest forever viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on thee,
Till I taste thy full salvation,
And thine unveil'd glory see.

178

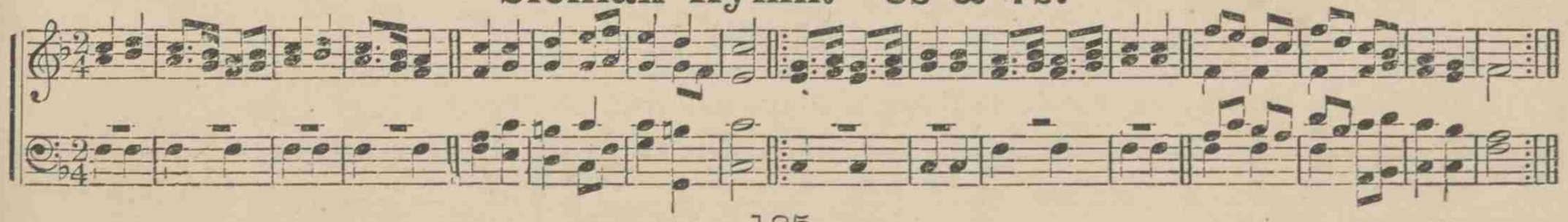
In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

Sicilian Hymn. 8s & 7s.



179 Like a Shepherd.

HATTIE S RUSSELL. "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."—Psa. 23 : 1. H. M. HIGGINS.

1. Like a Shepherd good and kind, the Lord is ev - 'ry day; From the tempest fierce and wild, he
2. Close be-side the wa-ters still, or in the pas - tures fair, There his sheep he leads at will, with
3. Oh, his good-ness fol-lows us thro' all our pil - grim days, Yea, his lov - ing care has guard-ed

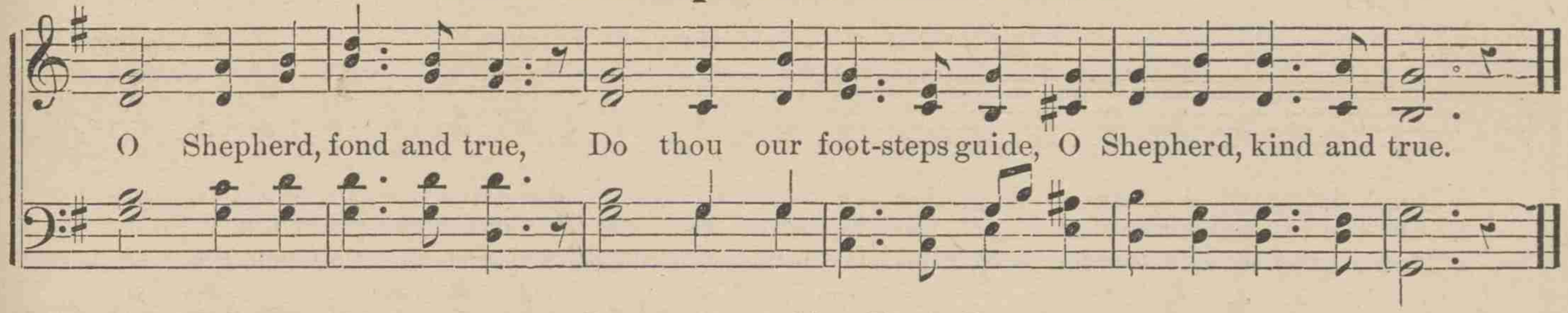
guards the ho - liest way. Pressed a - gainst his bo - som warm, the ten - der lambs may lie;
ten - der lov - ing care. E - ven thro' death's qui - et vale, his flock may fear - less go;
us thro' de-vious ways. When at last in heav - en high, we reign with him a - bove,

CHORUS.

There they hear no gath'ring storm, they see no an - gry sky.
For his love will nev - er fail his chil-dren here be - low. O Shepherd, kind and good,
Hal - le - lu - jahs to the Lamb, we'll sing in strains of love.

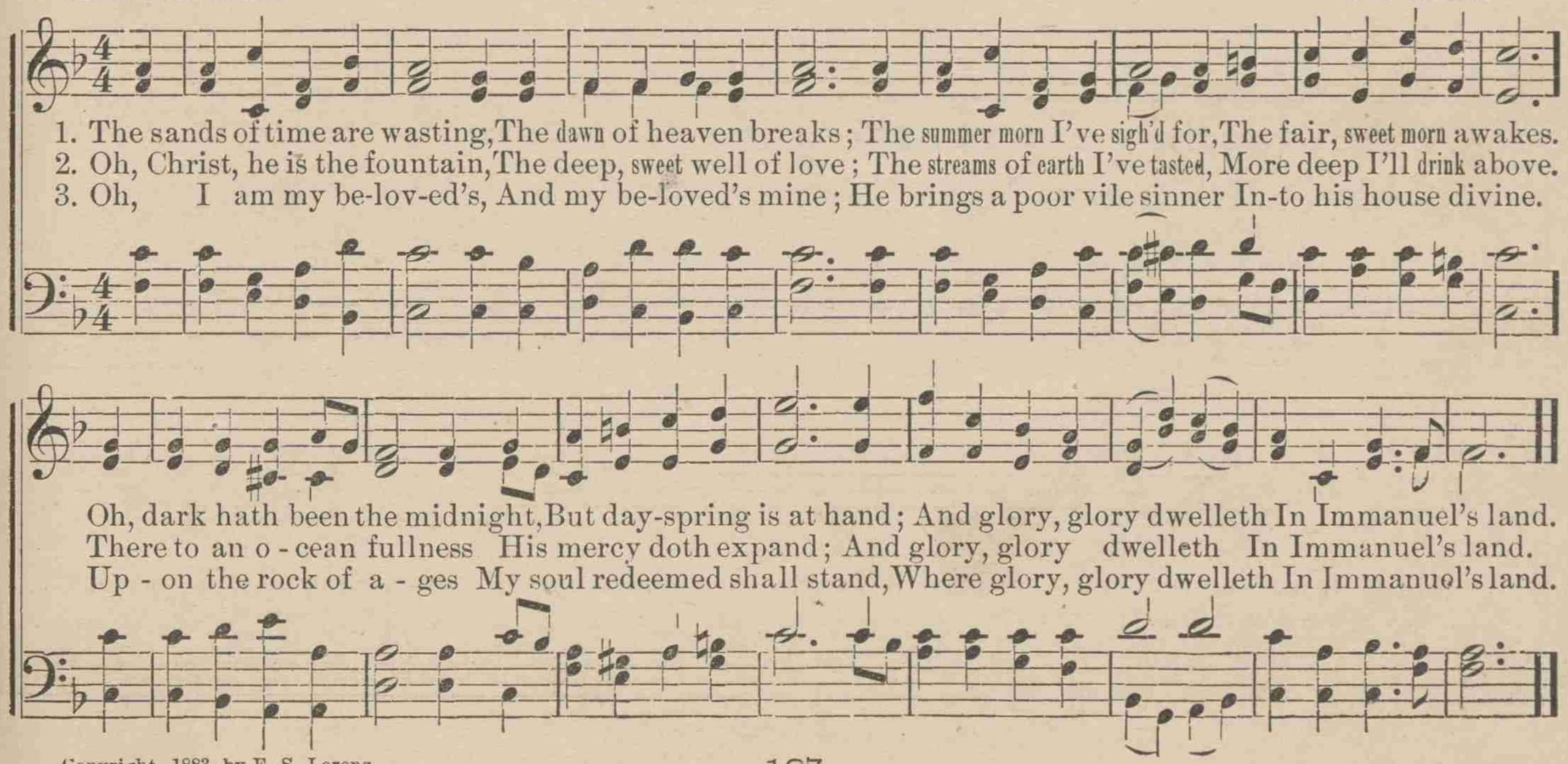
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Like a Shepherd. Concluded.



180 Immanuel's Land.
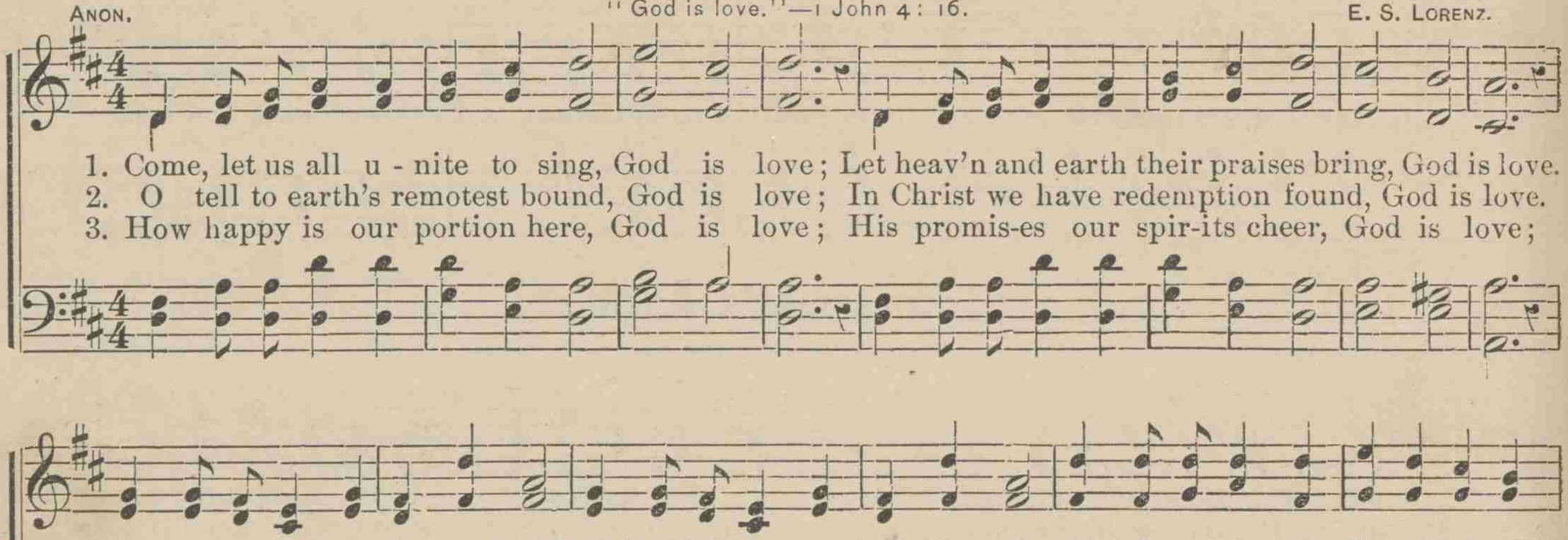
ANNIE ROSS COUSIN. "The breadth of thy land, O Immanuel."—Is. 8 : 8. E. S. LORENZ.



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181 God is Love.

ANON. "God is love."—1 John 4: 16. E. S. LORENZ.



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182 He Comes in Glory.

ELIZABETH E. STARKEY. "But now is Christ risen from the dead."—1 Cor. 15 : 20. GEO. M. EIDT.

1. Je - sus comes, he comes in glo - ry; All ye saints a - dore his name, Sound his praises, all ye
2. He is ris - en, he is ris - en! Sound it o'er the earth a - broad, Lo! the chief a-mong ten
3. See his face with glo - ry beaming, Shining as the noon-day sun; King of kings ye na-tions

CHORUS.

na - tions, Him the King of kings pro-claim.
thousand, See him stand, our Sav - ior, God. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! He was
crown him, Sav - ior, Lord, E - ter - nal One.

dead, but lives a - gain; Hon-or, power and high-est glo - ry Be for - ev - er His. A - men.

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183 Glory in the Highest.

D. E. LORENZ. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—Luke 2 : 14. D. E. LORENZ.

1. Let the an - gel hosts on high and the sons of men In a hap - py song of praise combine; God's sal-
2. O how glorious is the news! it can ne'er grow old; Let us tell it o'er and o'er a - gain; Let us
3. What a gift to us is Christ! what a treasure vast! He is more than all the world be - side; We may

va - tion now ap-pears, It shall crown the coming years With the comfort of a hope all di - vine.
trumpet notes employ, Wake the earth to peace and joy, Christ the Lord has come to dwell among men.
see his glo - ry here, But 'twill more and more appear, While eternal years in him we a - bide.

Fine.

D. S. *be to God on high, Let the earth to heaven re - ply, As the Sav - ior comes with light and with love.*

CHORUS.
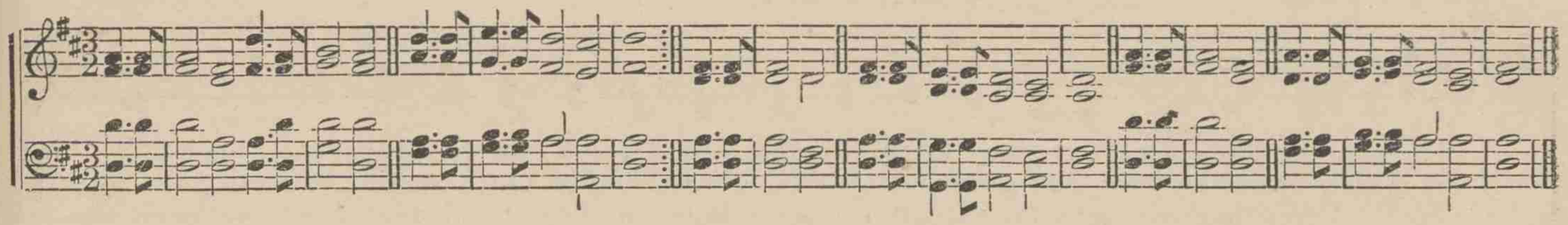
Then glo - - - ry in the highest let us sing! Shout aloud the heav'nly cho - - - rus, Glory
Then glory in the highest, in the highest let us sing! Shout aloud the heav'nly chorus, let his praises ever ring! Glory

D.S.

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Zion. 8s, 7s & 4s.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.



184

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight;
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

185

1 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.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan.
Bid the swelling stream divide;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

186

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify,
True belief and true repentance.—
Every grace that brings you nigh:
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry 'till your better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

187

1 In thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear;
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

188

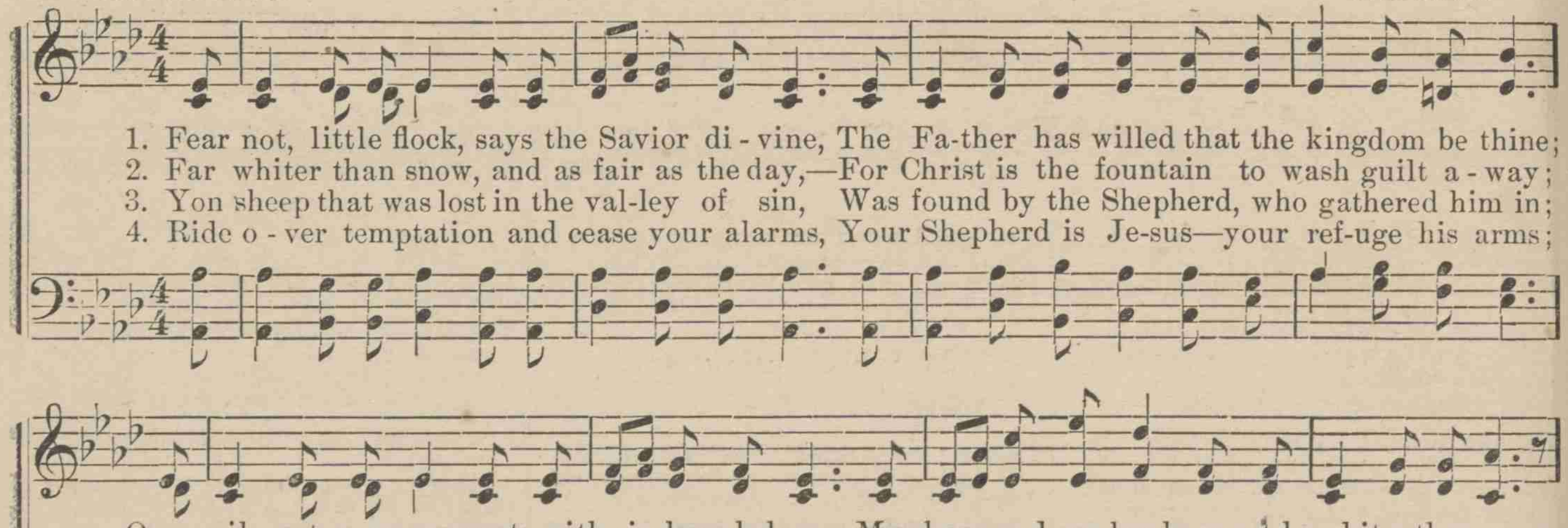
1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O, refresh us!
Traveling through the wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts aud lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

189 Whiter than the Snow.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER. "I have redeemed thee."—Isa. 43 : 1. J. A. DAILEY.



From "Echoes of Eden," by per.

Whiter than the Snow. Concluded.

Repeat Chorus *pp*

Whit - - - er than snow, Whit - - - er than snow.
Whiter than the snow, I long to be, dear Savior, Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow.

190 Looking Upward.

FROM S. S. H. "I press towards the mark."—Phil. 3 : 14. W. A. OGDEN.

1. { Look-ing up - ward ev - 'ry day, Sun-shine in our fac - es,
   { Press-ing on - ward in the way, Towards the heav'nly . . . . plac-es; Walking ev - 'ry
2. { Leav-ing ev - 'ry day be - hind Something which might hinder,
   { Running swift - er ev - 'ry day, Grow-ing pur - er, ... kind-er; Lord, we pray thee

day more close To our Elder Brother, Growing ev-'ry day more true Un - to one an - oth-er.
ev - 'ry day, Hear us in thy pit - y, That we en - ter in at last To the Holy Cit-y.

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191 Greeting Song.

JULIA A. JOHNSTON. For Convention Anniversaries.* LUCY J. RIDER.

1. Welcome! day of glad re - un - ion! Let its hours be filled with praise! God him - self has
2. In thy name, O Lord, as - sem - bled, We would praise and tribute bring, We would join our
3. While up - on this mount we tar - ry, Tho' we may not build and stay, May we find in

D. S. *In this fel - low-*

watch'd be-tween us, He has led us "all the days." Now be-neath his roy - al ban-ner,
hal - le - lu - jah's, In the hon - or of the King! Thanks to him who gave the mes-sage,
sweet com - mun - ion, Strength to cheer the fu - ture way. When all oth - er fac - es van-ish,

ship and ser - vice, Greet-ing in Im - man-uel's name.

On this van - tage ground we stand, Greetings joy - ful - ly ex-chang-ing, Heart to heart and
For his bless - ing on the word, "Great the com-pa - ny who publish," Great the num - ber
And these gold - en hours are told, 'Twill suf-fice, if "Je - sus on - ly," We may ev - er

* This song was composed for and sung at the International Sunday School Convention, at Louisville, Ky., 1884.

Greeting Song. Concluded.

REFRAIN. D. S.

hand to hand!
who have heard. Hand to hand! O loy - al workers; Heart to heart! With sin - gle aim;
more be - hold.

192 A Little Band.

"Then were there brought to him little children."—Matt. 19 : 13.

ANON. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Lord, a lit - tle band and lowly, We are come to worship thee, Thou art great and high and ho - ly,
2. Fill our hearts with tho'ts of Jesus, And of heaven where he is gone, And let nothing ev - er please us
3. For we know the Lord of glo-ry Always sees what children do, Ev - en now he knows the sto - ry,

O how humble we should be; Bless us, Sav-ior, here to - day, Ere we go from hence a - way.
He would grieve to look up-on; Bless us, Sav-ior, here to - day, Ere we go from hence a - way.
Of our tho'ts and ac-tions too; Bless us, Sav-ior, here to - day, Ere we go from hence a - way.

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193 Art Thou Coming Home?

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D.D. "I will arise and go to my father."—Luke 15 : 18. E. S. LORENZ.

1. O pro - di-gal brother, why still de - lay, Why wander far off in thy sin? Thy Fa-ther is
2. Rise up from thy sorrow, thy sin and shame, Rise up, there is mercy for thee; Thy Father's long
3. O prodigal brother, come home, come home; Far off there is naught but despair; Why then in thy
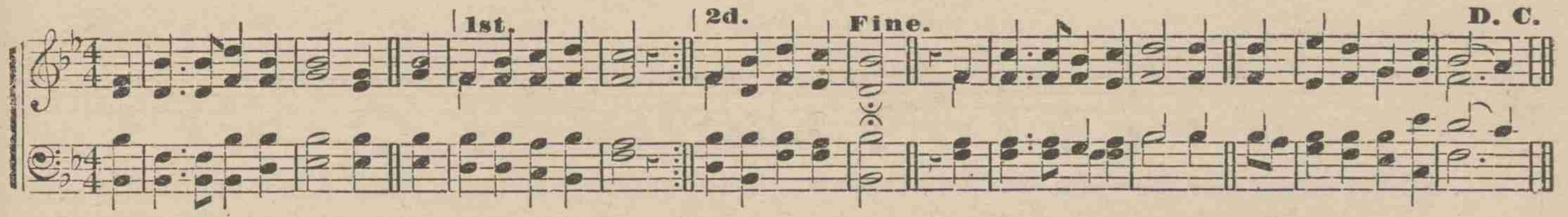
CHORUS.

waiting to greet thee to-day, Thy home has warm welcome within.
uffering love is the same; He longs thy re - pent-ance to see. Art thou coming home, prodigal,
grief and thy wretchedness roam, Come home, there is room and to spare.

Art thou coming home? No longer delay, Come, wand'rer, to-day, O prodigal brother, come home.

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Webb. 7s & 6s.



194

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

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day;
Ye that are men, now serve him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally.

195

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answers brings;
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay.
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

196

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

197

1 Pray when the dawn is beaming
Upon the sunny hills,
When half the world is dreaming
On scenes which fancy fills;
Pray at the silent hour,
As pensively you stray
By mead or fragrant bower,
To while the time away.

2 Pray when the evening closes—
All nature sinks to rest—
Beast in the lair reposes,
Bird in the downy nest;
Pray at the midnight season,
Enveloped in its gloom;
O, then, indeed, there's reason—
'Tis kindred to the tomb.

198 The Temperance Army.

T. CORBEN, D. D. "For they shall march with an army."—Jer. 46 : 22. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Don't you see our ban-ners waving? Don't you hear our tramp and song? 'Tis a col-umn strong and
2. All our hearts are free from mal-ice, This our mot - to: Do no ill! But we hate the tempter's
3. In the name of Christ our Captain, We've the ho - ly work be - gun; If we'll fol - low still our

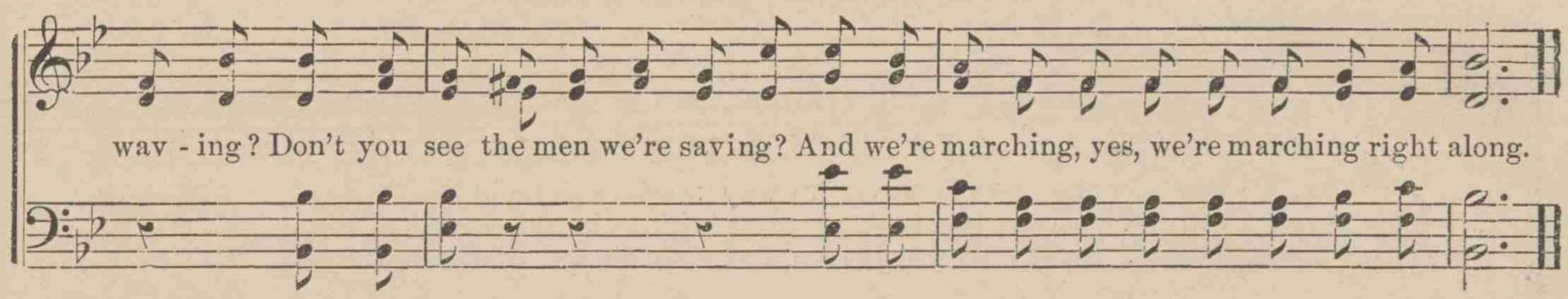
CHORUS.

might-y, And we're marching right a-long. Don't you see Don't you see
chal - ice, And we're working with a will.
Lead - er, We shall see the vic-t'ry won. our banners waving? the foes we're braving?

Don't you see our might-y ar - my, 'tis a column grand and strong; Don't you see our ban - ners

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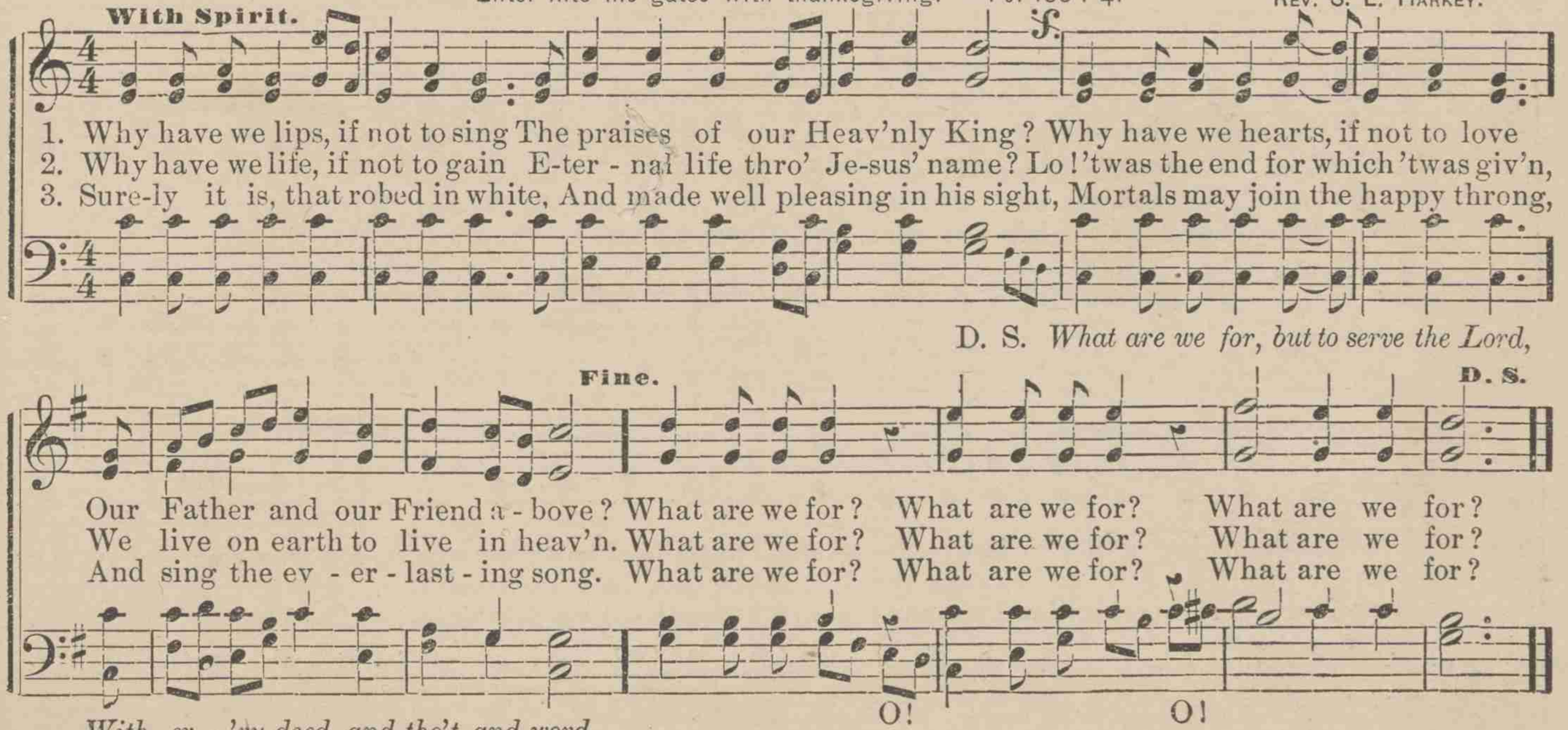
The Temperance Army. Concluded.



199 What Are We For?

"Enter into his gates with thanksgiving."—Ps. 100 : 4.

REV. S. L. HARKEY.



By permission.

200 The Word of Life.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD. "Go ye therefore and teach all nations."—Matt. 28 : 19. W. A. OGDEN.

1. A-way, a - way o'er the o-cean wave, A - way to the woodland deep, A-way, a - way where the
2. A-way, a - way with a bounding heart, A - way with a burn-ing tongue, A-way, a - way where the
3. A-way, a - way to the Master's work, A - way with the morning bright, A-way, a - way with a

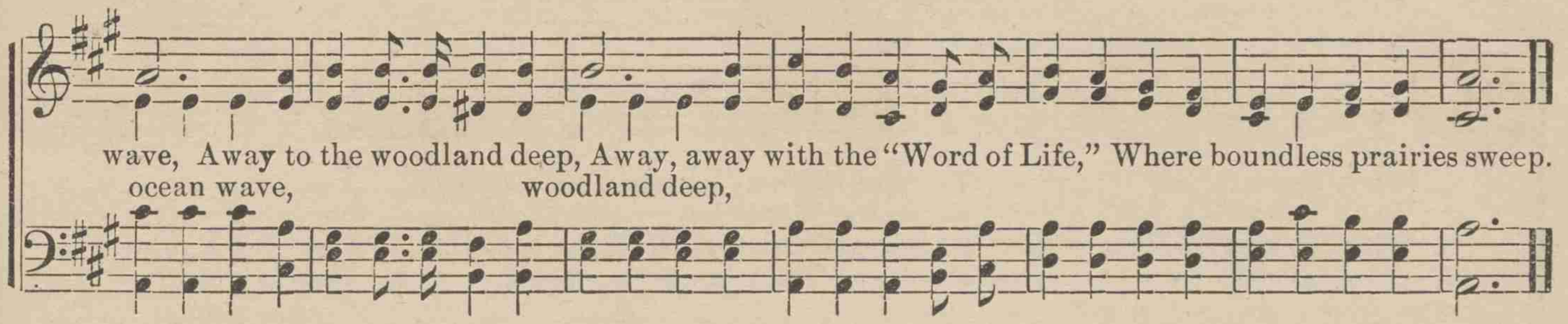
western winds, O'er boundless prairies sweep. At the Master's earn-est call, To the Master's work we
tid-ings sweet, Of grace was nev - er sung. With the "Word of Life," a-way, With the precious prom-ise
zeal that makes The cross a bur-den light. In the home and by the way, There the seed of truth to

go; From morning light 'till the evening shade, The seeds of truth to sow. A - way o'er the o - cean
giv'n; A-way, a - way to awake the lost, And point the way to heaven.
sow; The desert there shall rejoice and bloom, The earth sal-va-tion know.

CHORUS.
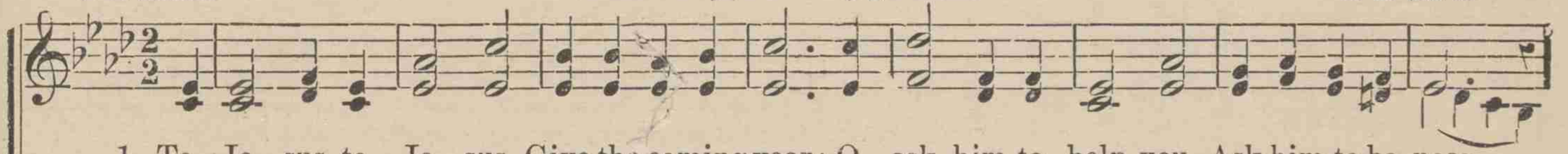
Copyright, 1885, by W. A. Ogden.
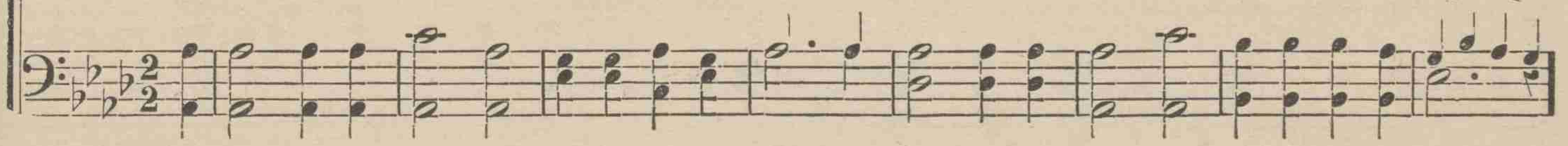
The Word of Life. Concluded.



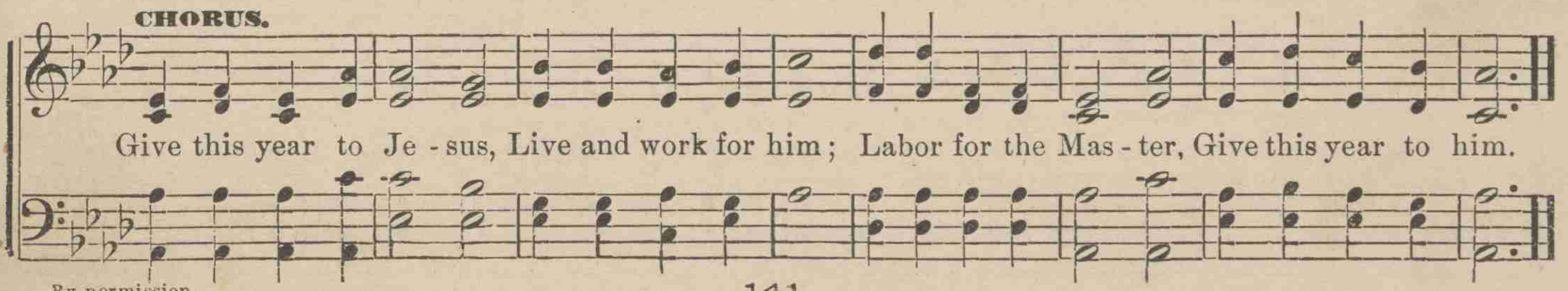
201 Give this Year to Jesus.

F. E. BELDEN. "Crown the year with thy goodness." J. E. WHITE.





CHORUS.



By permission.

202 Wondrous Whosoever.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. "Whosoever will, let him take the waters of life freely."—Rev. 22 : 17. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Who - so - ev - er, O word di - vine! Who - so, who - so - ev - er! Yes, sal - va - tion, it
2. Who - so - ev - er, 'Tis Je - sus' word! Word that changeth nev - er: Sin - ner lost, hast thou
3. Who - so - ev - er on Christ be-lieves! With his blood, he seals it; Free for-give-ness he
4. Who - so - ev - er! O wondrous tho't! Tho't so high a - bove us:— That in spite of sin's

REFRAIN.
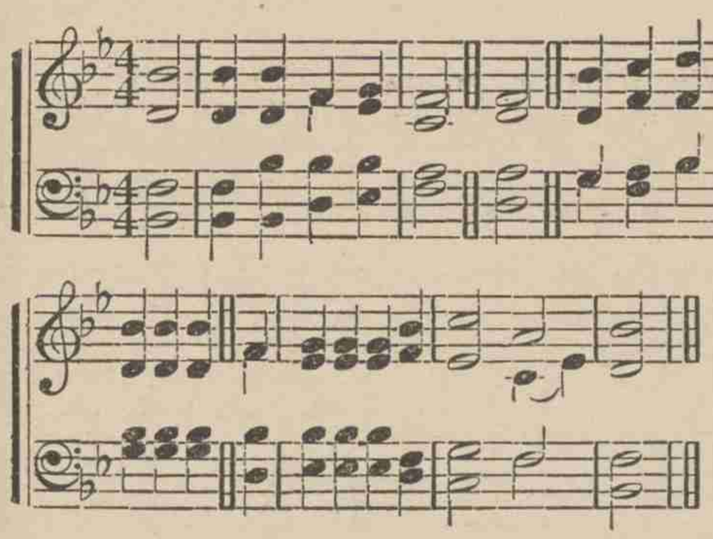
may be thine, May be thine for - ev - er.
ev - er heard, Who - so, who - so - ev - er. Who - so - ev - er! O wilt thou hear it?
there re - ceives, 'Tis God's Word re - veals it.
crim-son spot, He, the Lord, can love us.

Free salvation! and thou art near it! Who-so-ev-er! O word divine! Wondrous whoso - ev - er!

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Lenox. H. M.

EDSON.



203

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
  The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
  To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
  Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
  Ye mourning souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Exalt the Lamb of God,
  The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
  Through all the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

204

1 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.

2 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.

3 My God is reconciled;
  His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
  I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

205

1 Welcome, delightful morn,
  Thou day of sacred rest,
We hail thy kind return,
  Lord! make these moments blessed;
From the low train of mortal toys
We soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend
  And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
  While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

206

1 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.

CHO. Tell me the Old, Old Story,
  Tell me the Old, Old Story,
  Tell me the Old, Old Story,
    Of Jesus and his love.

2 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
  Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story;
  "Christ Jesus makes thee whole.

207

1 I love to tell the Story
  Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
  Of Jesus and his love;
I love to tell the Story,
  Because I know it 's true;
It satisfies my longing
  As nothing else would do.

CHO. I love to tell the story,
  'Twill be my theme in glory.
  To tell the Old, Old Story,
    Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the Story!
  For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
  To hear it like the rest;
And when in scenes of glory
  I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story
  That I have loved so long.

208 Drifting Away.

MATTIE E. OWENS. "Gathering together unto him."—2 Thess. 2 : 1. W. A. OGDEN.

1. We are drift-ing a-way o'er the dark rolling tide, O'er the o - cean of life so deep and so wide;
2. We are drift-ing a-way o'er the swift rolling tide, To the hav - en of rest we safe - ly will ride,
3. We are drift-ing a-way from the shores of the world, With the banner of Je - sus o'er us un-furled,

We are hastening a-way to the bright shining shore, Where the cares and the trials of earth are o'er.
Tho' the storm sweeps around us 'tis ev - er in vain, With the Lord for our pilot the port we'll gain.
We will join those we love where we'll part never more, In the life yet to come on the bright, bright shore.
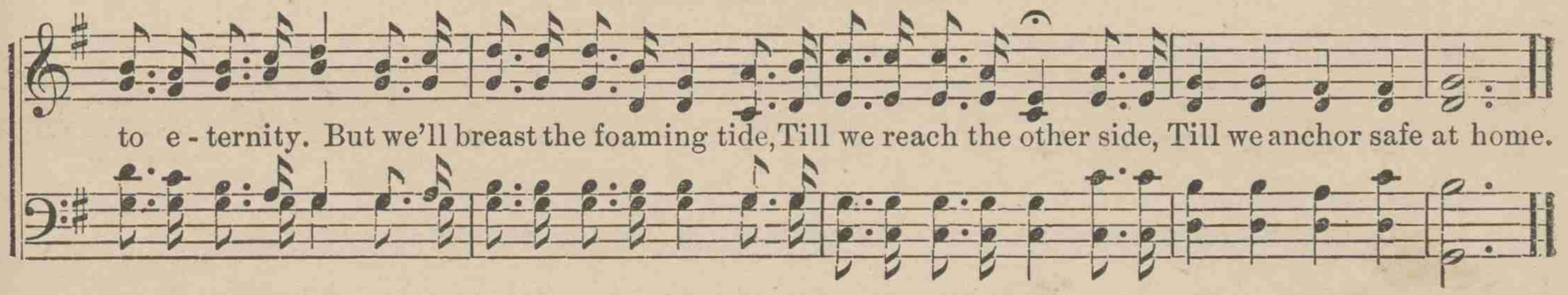
CHORUS.

Drifting on - - ward o'er the ev - er-roll - ing sea, Drifting on - - ward ev - er

Drifting onward ev - er on the roll - ing sea, Drift-ing onward ev - er

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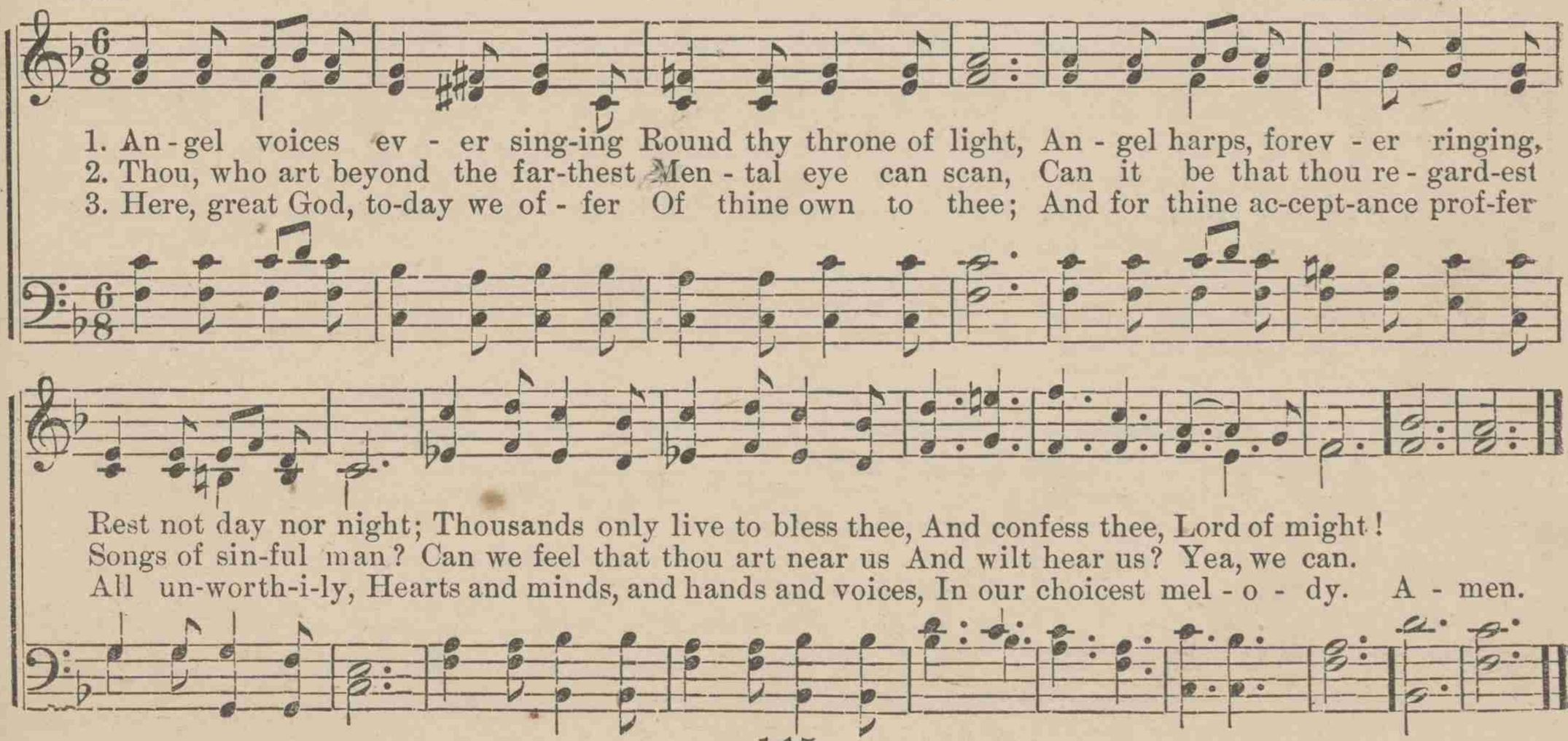
Drifting Away. Concluded.



209 Angel Voices.

"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—Rev. 4: 8.

ANON. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



210 Lost but Found.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "He was lost and is found."—Luke 15: 24. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O the joy that fills my heart! O the grate-ful tears that start, When I think . . . .
When I think

2. Lost but found, O wondrous tho't; To his fold in mer-cy brought; Saved by grace, ...
Saved by grace,

of Je - sus' love! . . . . How he came that he might bear All my weight of sin and care,
of Je - sus' love!
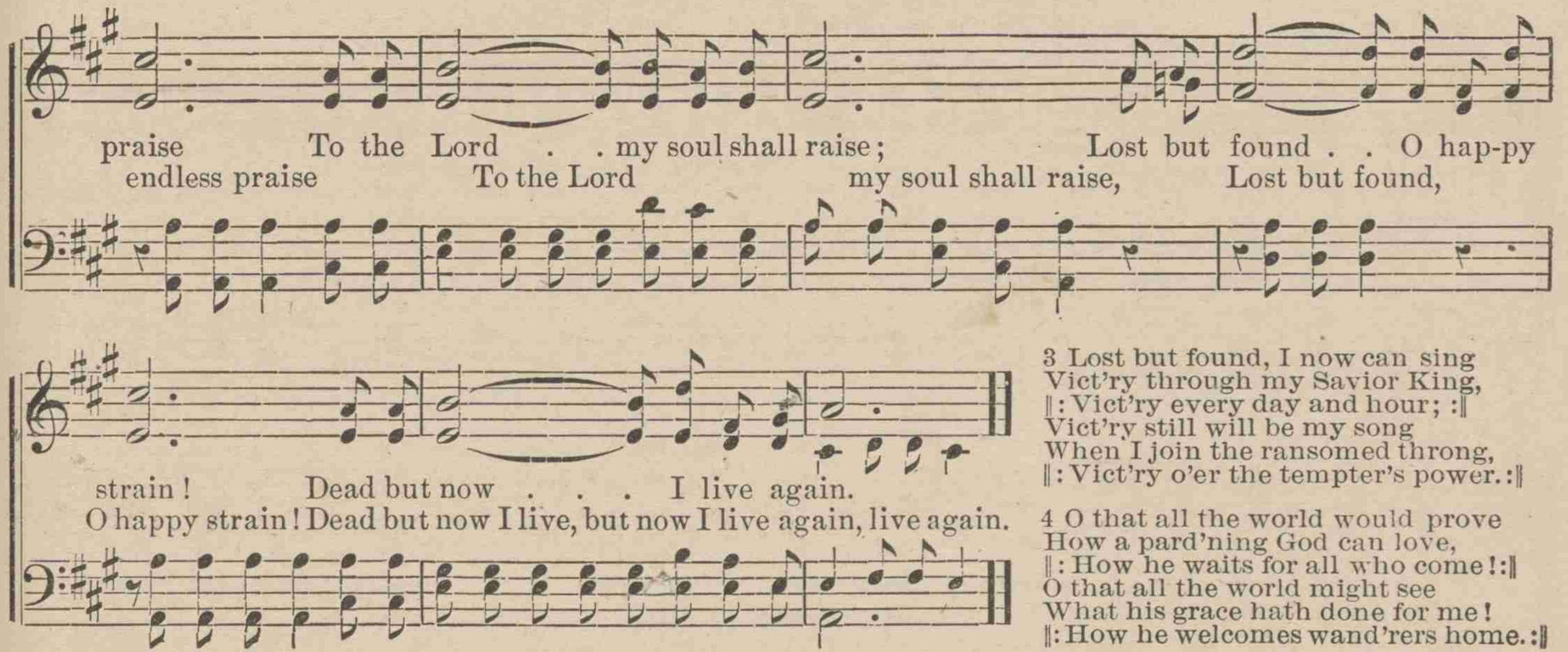
his grace di - vine; . . . . Heir with him of bliss un - told, Soon his glo - ry I'll be - hold,
his grace di - vine;

CHORUS.

How he came . . . . . from heav'n a-bove.
How he came from heav'n above, How he came from heav'n a-bove. End-less praise, end-less
What a bless - - - - ed hope is mine.
What a blessed hope is mine, What a bless-ed hope is mine. Endless praise,

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Lost but Found. Concluded.

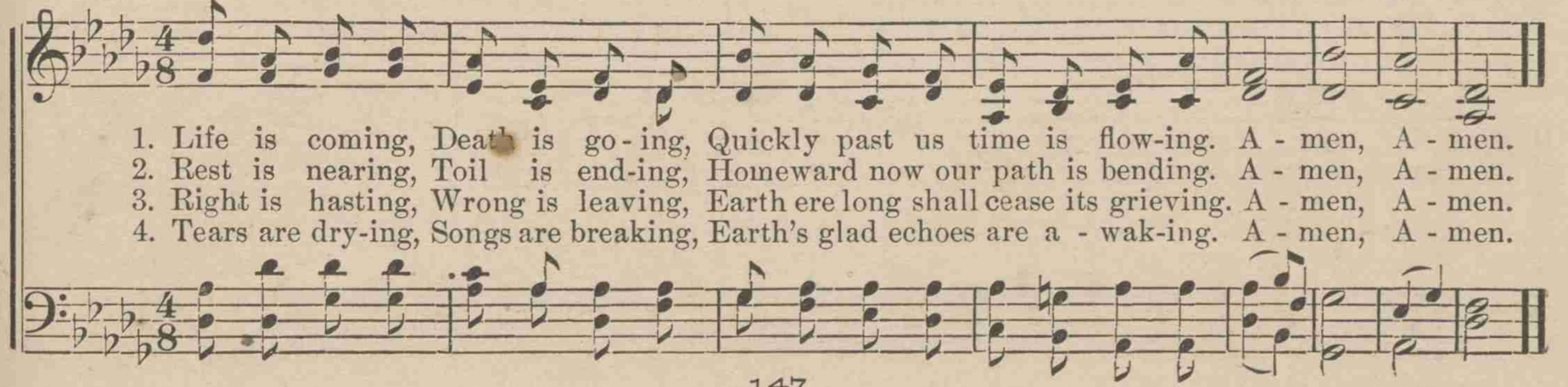


3 Lost but found, I now can sing
Vict'ry through my Savior King,
‖: Vict'ry every day and hour; :‖
Vict'ry still will be my song
When I join the ransomed throng,
‖: Vict'ry o'er the tempter's power. :‖

4 O that all the world would prove
How a pard'ning God can love,
‖: How he waits for all who come! :‖
O that all the world might see
What his grace hath done for me!
‖: How he welcomes wand'rers home. :‖

211 Even So. Amen.

BONAR. "Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus."—Rev. 22 : 20. E. S. L.



212 Gates of Praise.

M. E. SERVOSS. "Thou shalt call thy walls Salvation and thy gates Praise."—Is. 60: 18. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Lift up the Gates of Praise, That we may en - ter in, And o'er Sal - va - tion's
2. God's works re - veal his might, His maj - es - ty and grace; But not the ten - der
3. Then let the voice of praise To heaven-ly courts as - cend, Till with the songs the
4. To him that hath re - deemed Our soul's from sin's dark maze; The Hope and Sav - ior

CHORUS.
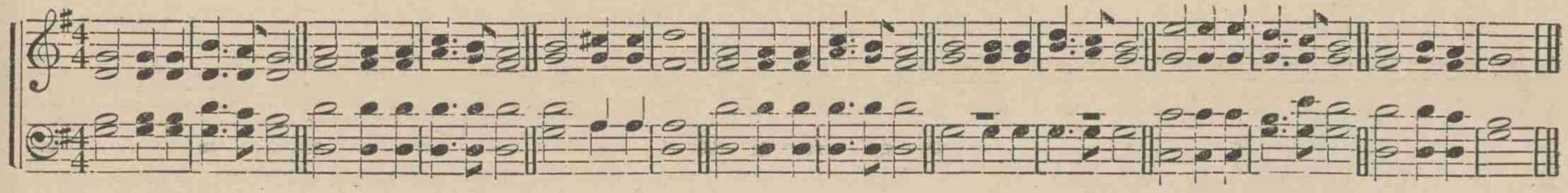
walls pro-claim That Christ redeems from sin. The stars may praise the Hand That
Fa - ther's love That saves a dy - ing race.
an - gels sing, Our hal - le - lu - jahs blend. The stars may praise the Hand That
of man-kind, Be ev - er - last - ing praise.

decks the sky a - bove, (a-bove,) But man a - lone can tell the power Of Christ's re-deeming love.

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New Haven, 6s & 4s.

DR. HASTINGS.



213

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

214

1 Come, thou Almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Come, thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword:
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

215

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave!
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou, who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye
To thee aloud we cry,—
God save the State!

216

1 God bless our Sunday school,
Increase our Sunday school,
God bless our school;
Send down thy grace divine,
May every child be thine,
And all our hearts entwine,
God bless our school.

2 All our dear teachers bless,
And give them large success
In winning souls.
May they encouraged be,
And oft around them see,
Their labors crowned by thee.
God bless our school.

3 So may our school increase,
In knowledge, love and peace,
God bless our school;
And when death's arrows fly,
And our dear teachers die,
Their places still supply.
God bless our school.

JOHN BELL.

217

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

218 Beautiful City of Gold.

REV. I. N. McHOSE. "The city was pure gold."—Rev. 21 : 18. REV. I. N. McHOSE.

1. O how oft - en we sing of a cit - y so fair, Just beyond the dark val-ley we're told,
2. In that cit - y of light where the sun nev - er sets, The in-hab - it-ants nev - er grow old;
3. O, the rap - tur-ous scenes on that ev - er-green shore, To my vis - ion their beauties un - fold;
4. On that bright shining shore, all our loved ones we'll meet, And the King in his beauty be - hold;

Where the Sav-ior has gone to pre-pare us a home, In that beau-ti - ful cit - y of gold.
There no sor - row, no sick - ness, no death ev - er comes, In that beau-ti - ful cit - y of gold.
There the riv - er of pleas - ure for - ev - er rolls on, In that beau-ti - ful cit - y of gold.
There our robes, and our crowns, and our palms we'll receive, In that beau-ti - ful cit - y of gold.

CHORUS.

O - ver there, ... o - ver there, . . . In that home . . . . so bright and
O - ver there in that beauti-ful cit - y of gold, o - ver there, In our beauti-ful home so

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Beautiful City of Gold. Concluded.

fair, . . . There our Sav - ior we'll be - hold, . . . In the beautiful cit - y of gold.
fair, bright and fair, There our Sav - ior we'll behold, we'll behold,

219 We Praise Thee, O God.

"O Lord, revive thy work."—Hab. 8 : 2.

ENGLISH. ENGLISH.

1. We praise thee, O God! For the Son of thy love, For Je - sus, who died, and is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise thee, O God! For thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our Savior, and scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins and has cleans'd ev'ry stain.
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with thy love, May each soul be rekindled with fire from a-bove.

CHORUS.

{ Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. }
{ Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry, [*Omit.* . . . . . } Re-vive us a - gain.

220 I Would Cling to Thee.

LENA C. WATERS. "Whom have I in heaven but thee."—Ps. 73 : 25. GEORGE W. COE.

1. I would cling to thee, my Sav - ior, In my joy or deep-est woe; In thy presence I would
2. I would cling to thee, my Sav - ior, While I walk the pilgrim way; Leading up to joys e-
3. I would cling to thee, my Sav - ior, I would lean up - on thy breast; I would dwell a-mong thy

tar - ry, In thy foot-steps I would go.
ter - nal, And the light of per - fect day.
peo - ple, And en - joy the prom-ised rest.

CHORUS.

Marching on, and still re - joic - ing, To the fields I glad - ly go, There to glean a-mong the reap-ers, Or the precious seed to sow.

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221 Heaven at Last.

BONAR. "An entrance shall be administered unto you abundantly."—2 Pet. 1 : 11. E. S. LORENZ.

1. An - gel voic-es sweet-ly sing-ing, Ech - oes thro' the blue dome ringing, News of wondrous glad-ness
2. On the jas - per threshold standing, Like a pil-grim safe-ly landing, See the strange bright scene ex-
3. Soft - est voic-es sil - ver peal-ing, Freshest fragrance, spir-it healing. Hap-py hymns a-round us
4. Not a tear-drop ev - er fall-eth, Not a pleas-ure ev - er pall-eth, Song to song for - ev - er
5. Christ himself the liv - ing splendor, Christ the sunlight mild and ten-der, Prais-es to the Lamb we

CHORUS.

bringing; Ah, 'tis heaven at last!
panding; Ah, 'tis heaven at last! Heaven at last! 'tis heaven at last! O the joy - ful sto - ry, it is
steal-ing; Ah, 'tis heaven at last!
call-eth; Ah, 'tis heaven at last!
ren - der; Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

heaven at last! Heaven at last! 'tis heaven at last! Wondrous is the glo - ry, it is heaven at last.

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222 We Are the Lambs.

E. D. MUND. "He shall gather the lambs, * * * and carry them on his bosom."—Isa. 40 : 11. W. A. OGDEN.

1. We are the lambs, how bless-ed is the prom-ise, Safe on the Sav - ior's bo-som we shall rest;
2. We are the lambs, we know the bless-ed Shep-herd, O! how he loves us, O! what ten-der care;
3. We are the lambs, O! help us, bless-ed Sav - ior, Ev - er to fol - low near thy shelt'ring side;
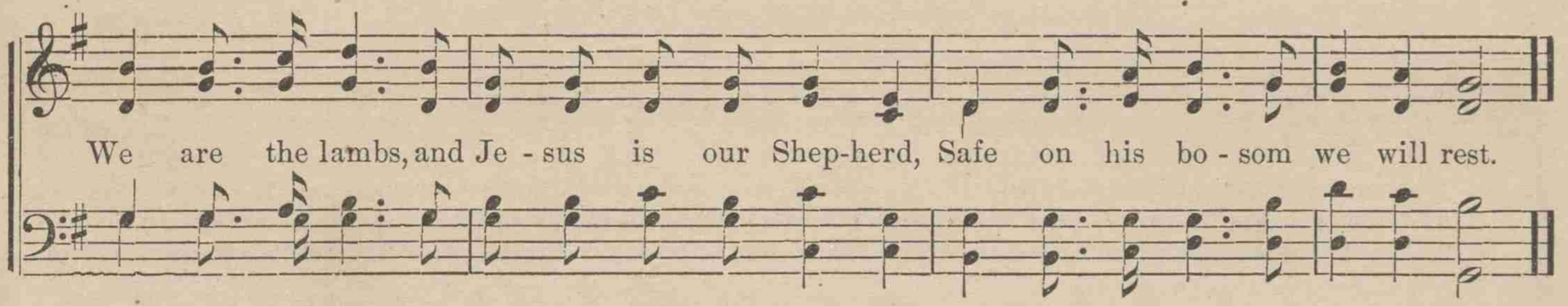
Rough is the path, so rock - y, wild, and thorn-y, Yet we are safe while leaning on his breast.
Wild is the storm, but nestling in his bo - som, Naught can we fear while safe-ly shelter'd there.
Bound by thy love, O! let us nev - er wan - der, Safe on thy bo - som we would e'er a - bide.

CHORUS. Ad lib.

We are the lambs, we nes - tle on his bo - som, Naught can a - larm us, Nothing can harm us,

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We Are the Lambs. Concluded.



223

LEADER.—"The wicked borroweth and payeth not again, but the righteous showeth mercy and giveth."

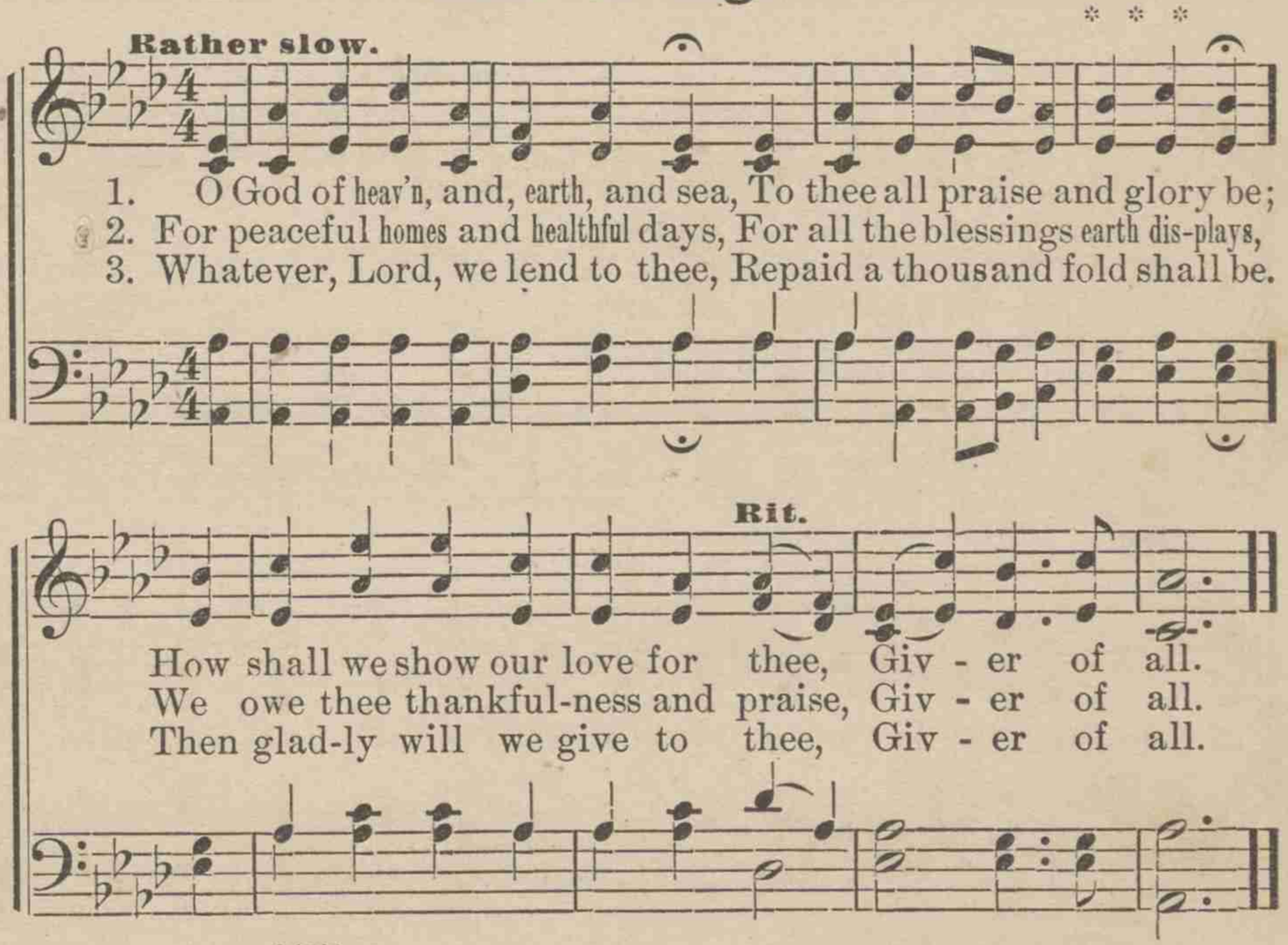
RESPONSE.—"He that giveth to the poor shall not lack, for God loveth a cheerful giver."

LEADER.—"Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy."

RESPONSE.—"That they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate, laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold of eternal life."

LEADER.—"If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." (Sing.)

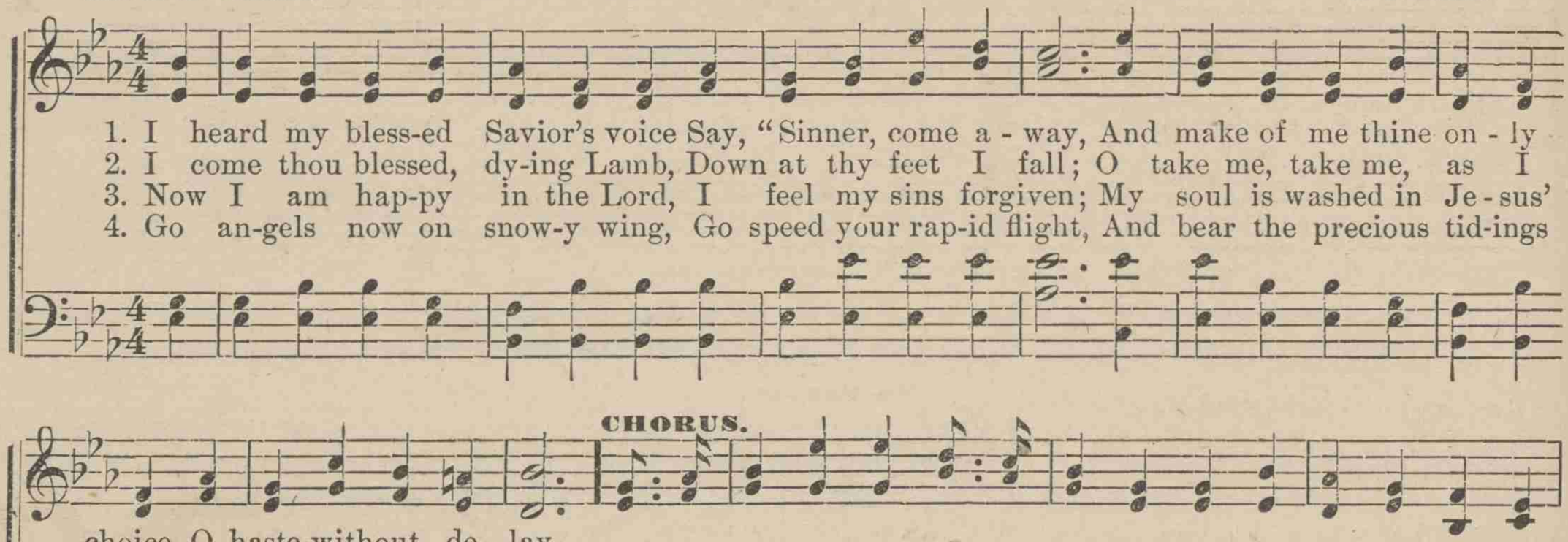
Alms-Giving.



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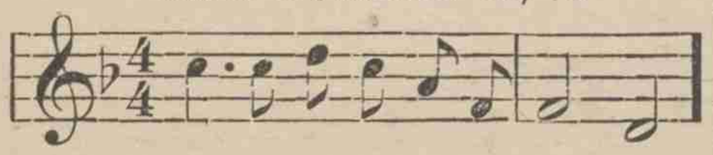
224 Joy in Heaven.

MRS. M. M. WEINLAND. "Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke 15: 7. E. S. LORENZ.



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225 WHAT A FRIEND. 8s, 7s.



1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and grief to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
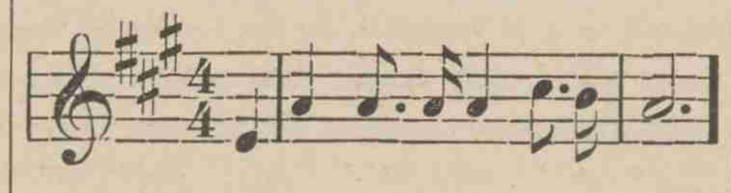
226 WORK, FOR THE NIGHT. Key of F.

1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

227 HOME OVER THERE. 8s.



1 O think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.
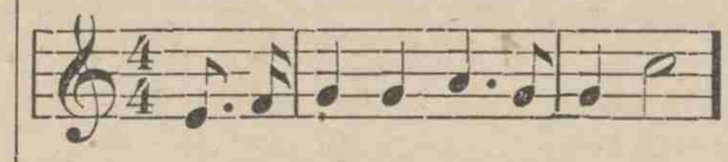
REFRAIN.

Over there, over there,
O think of the home over there.

2 O think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

3 My Savior is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest,
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

228 REST FOR THE WEARY.



1 In the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest;
There my Savior's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.
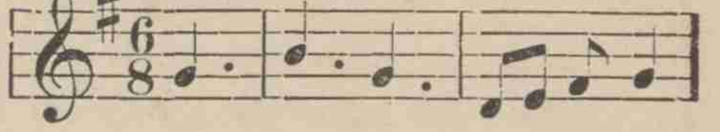
CHORUS.

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you,
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

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

3 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.

229 MARCHING TO ZION. S. M.



1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

CHORUS.

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion!
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

230

Jesus Loves Me.

"We love him, because he first loved us."—John 4: 19.

E. O. Excell.

1. Je - sus loves me, and I know I love him, Love brought him down my poor soul to re - deem;
2. If one should ask of me how I can tell, Glo - ry to Je - sus! I know ver - y well;
3. In this as - sur-ance I find sweet-est rest, Trusting in Je - sus, I know I am blest;

Yes, it was love made him die on the tree, O, I am cer-tain that Je - sus loves me.
God's Ho - ly Spir - it with mine doth a - gree, Con-stant-ly wit-ness - ing— Je - sus loves me.
Sa - tan dismayed, from my soul now doth flee, When I just tell him that Je - sus loves me.

CHORUS.

1st. 2d.

{ Je-sus loves me, yes, Je-sus loves me, O I am cer-tain that Je-sus loves me;
{ Je-sus loves me, yes, Je-sus loves me, O I am cer-tain that (*Omit.*) . . . Je-sus loves me.

From "Gospel in Song," by permission.

231 Easter Hymn.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. "The Lord is risen indeed."—Luke 24 : 34. E. S. LORENZ.

1. O Christ, our Lord, 'twas a night of tears, When we wrapped the grave clothes round thee; Thro' the dawn we came
2. O Christ, our Lord, thou hast borne on high From thy grave our hopes ascending; And the Christian now
3. O Christ, our Lord, thou hast conquered death, Thou hast rent his gloom appalling; There were thorns and blood
4. O Christ, our Lord, thou hast opened wide, Heaven's doors a-wak-ing glo-rious; Scattered are thy foes

CHORUS.

with our many fears, But the grave no longer bound thee.
has no fear to die, Thou hast brought us life unending. Glad hallelujahs let us sing! Glad
on thy victor's wreath, When that spoiler dread despoiling.
now on ev - 'ry side, Thou hast ris-en all vic - to-rious. let us sing!

hal-le-lujahs let us sing! Hal-le-lu - - jah, Hal-le-lu - jah, To Christ our King.
let us sing! Hallelujah, let us sing! Hallelujah, let us sing!

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232

The Babe of Bethlehem.

"They saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshipped him."—Matt. 2: 11.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

E. S. LORENZ.

SOLO.

1. Would I had been at Beth - le - hem, That hap - py morn of old, To bend a - dor - ing
2. Would I had dwelt in Beth - le - hem, When all the inns were filled; My low - ly roof had
3. How blest to of - fer rest and food To his sweet moth - er mild; To kneel be - side the

SOLO OR QUARTET.

there with them Who of - fered gifts and gold. If such a joy had then been thine, With
shel - tered them, My heart with glad - ness thrilled. Then do you hear when Je - sus calls, "O-
man - ger rude And watch the ho - ly child. Still there are friendless chil - dren left, To

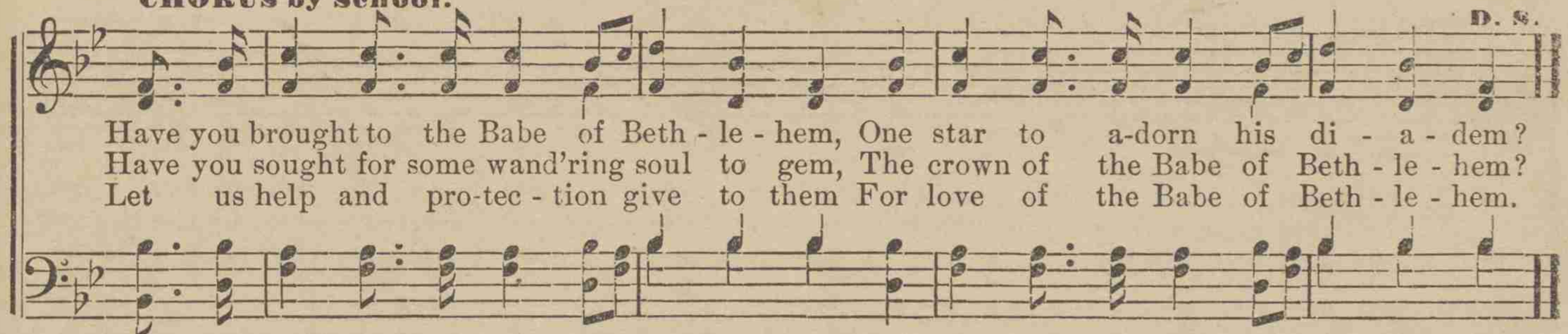
cost - ly gems to part; Have you of - fered up - on his shrine, That roy - al gift, your heart?
pen to me your door?" Have you shel-tered with-in your walls, His hun - gry, home - less poor?
cher - ish for his sake; There are moth-ers for-lorn, be - reft, Our com - fort to par - take;

Fine.

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The Babe of Bethlehem. Concluded.
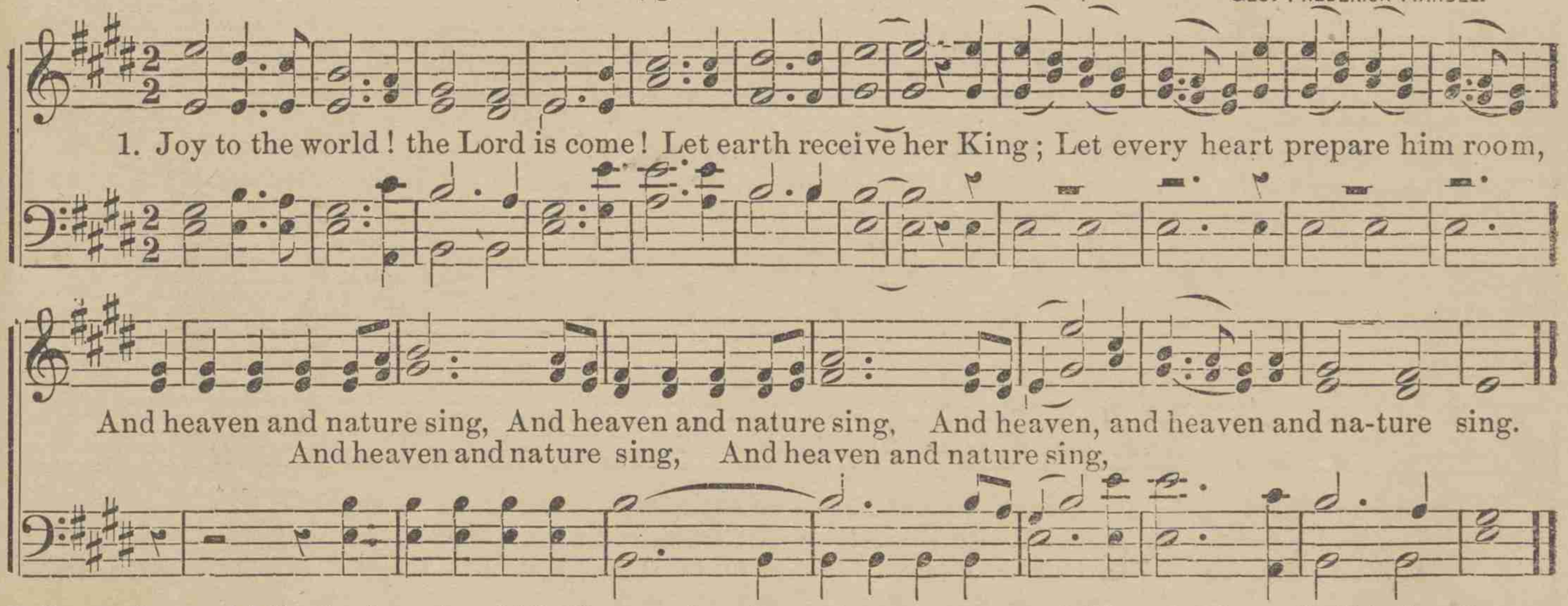
CHORUS by School.



233 Joy to the World.

"On earth peace, good will toward men."—Luke 2 : 14.

GEO. FREDERICK HANDEL.



2 Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground,
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

234 Christmas Bells.

D. B. PURINTON. "I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."—Luke 2 : 10. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Christmas bells are chiming merri - ly, Christmas voices ring-ing cheeri - ly, Welcome the notes of
2. Christmas chimes are pealing joyfully, Christmas echoes answering merri-ly, Out on the list'ning
3. Christmas friends with garlands meeting us, Christmas carols gladly greeting us, Ech-o the notes of

sa - cred mirth, Welcome the notes of sa - cred mirth; Ev -'ry bo-som thrills with hap-pi-ness,
Christmas air, Out on the list'ning Christmas air. Peace on earth the notes are car-ol - ing,
joy a - gain, Ech-o the notes of joy a - gain. Tell of love, di-vine - ly glo - ri - ous,

Ev -'ry heart for-gets its heav-i - ness, Tells of the Savior's wondrous birth, Tells of the Sav-ior's
Joy and gladness to the suf - fer-ing, Ring out the ti-dings every-where, Ring out the ti - dings
Tell of life, o'er death victor - i - ous, "Peace on earth, good will to men," "Peace on earth, good

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Christmas Bells. Concluded.

CHORUS.

wondrous birth. Ring, ring the mer - ry, mer - ry bells, The mer - ry, mer - ry bells, the
ev - 'ry - where.
will to men." Ring, O ring

Christmas bells! Ring out the joy their mu-sic tells, The mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas bells.

Ring out the joy,

235

Now a New Year.

"Take fast hold of instruction."—Prov. 4 : 13.

ARR. BY W. A. OGDEN.

1. Now a new year op - ens, Now we new - ly turn To the ho - ly Sav - ior, Les-sons new to learn.
2. This the ho - ly les - son On the year's first day, Je - sus by o - be-dience Teach us to o - bey.
3. Not to suf - fer on - ly, Savior, didst thou come, But to leave us way-marks Pointing to our home.
4. In thy bless-ed footsteps Ev - er may we tread, Safe when keeping near thee, By thy Spi - rit led.

236 Good By.

W. O. CUSHING. "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."—Phil. 4 : 23. E. S. LORENZ.

Rather slow.

1. Good by, good by, We hope a-gain to meet you; Good by, good by, We
2. Good by, good by, The glad bright day is o-ver; Good by, good by, The
3. Good by, good by, Good cheer and love be with you; Good by, good by, Good

D. C. CHO. *Good by, good by, We hope a-gain to meet you; Good by, good by, We*

Fine.

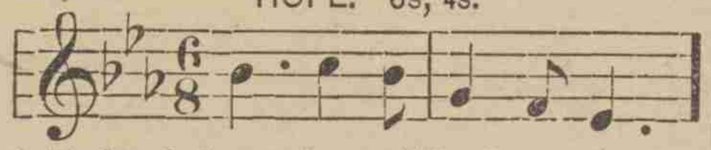
hope a-gain to meet you. When sum-mer blooms are rar-est, When sum-mer skies are fair-est, When laugh-ing rills gleam down the hills, And friends and hopes are dear-est.
glad bright day is o-ver. Our songs of praise as-cend-ing, With love's sweet in-cense blend-ing; In joy-ful lays we'll chant his praise, Till life's last day is end-ing.
cheer and love be with you. May Christ, our Sav-ior, lead us, In heavenly pastures feed us; And bring us home no more to roam, For ev-er-more to lead us.

hope a-gain to meet you.

D. C. Chorus.

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237 HOPE. 6s, 4s.



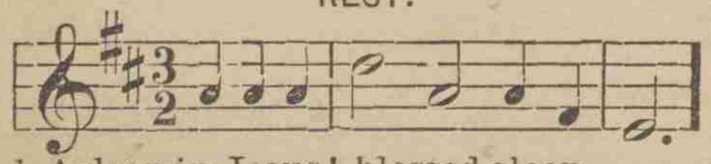
1 Fade, fade each earthly joy;
Jesus is mine:
Break every tender tie;
Jesus is mine:
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine:
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine:
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night;
Jesus is mine:
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine:
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality;
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, eternity;
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Savior's breast;
Jesus is mine.

238 REST.
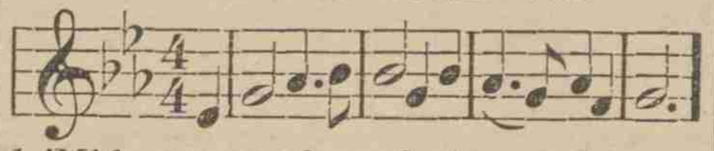


1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the dread of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woes, shall dim the hour,
Which manifests the Savior's power.

3 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.
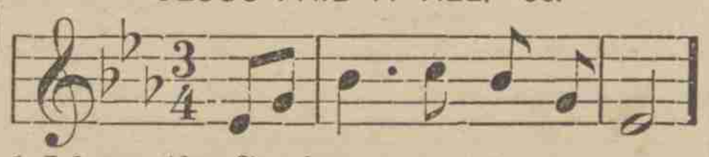
239 THE SAINTS' HOME. 11s.



1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to the soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home;
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love can not cease,
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.

240 JESUS PAID IT ALL. 6s.



1 I hear the Savior say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me thine all in all.
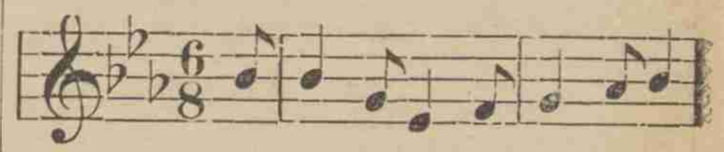
CHORUS.

Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He washed it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

3 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all,"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

241 GREAT PHYSICIAN. 8s, 7s.



1 The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
O hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS.

Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
O hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

242 O Glad New Year.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."

W. A. OGDEN.

Lively.

1. O glad New Year, O glad New Year, Dawn brightly on us all, And bring us hope our hearts to cheer, Whatev-er may be-fall. On thee, old year, O past old year, Our ling'ring looks we cast; Ere thou dost all our ac-tions bear In - to the shad'wy past.
2. Our life is pass - ing like a dream, And yet, in look - ing back, We see full ma-ny a gold - en beam Up-on the old year's track. And looking forward, can we doubt that there shall yet be gleams Of sunshine o'er us and a - bout, In ra-diant gold-en beams. O! welcome, welcome, glad
3. O welcome, wel-come, glad New Year, Dawn brightly on us all, And bring us hope our hearts to cheer, Whatev-er may be-fall. Bring patience, comfort, rest, and peace, Bring joy from courts a- bove; O Lord, thy blessings still in-crease, To us and those we love.

CHORUS.

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O Glad New Year. Concluded.

Repeat Chorus softly.

New Year! Welcome, welcome, glad New Year! Welcome, welcome, glad New Year! With blessings for us all.

243 Happy Day.

"In the day when I cried thou answeredst me."—Ps. 138: 3.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

CHORUS.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav - ior and my God! / Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a - broad. }
2. { 'Tis done; the great transaction's done, I am my lord's and he is mine; / He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di - vine. } Happy day, happy
3. { Now rest, my long di - vid - ed heart! Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - ter, rest; / Nor ev - er from thy Lord de-part, With him of ev - 'ry good pos-sessed. }

Fine.

D. S.

day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away. He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoicing ev'ry day.

244 I'll Wait for Thee Above.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD. SOLO AND CHORUS. W. A. OGDEN.

With expression.

Solo.

1. I'll wait for thee, a - bove, brother, Be-
2. I'll wait for thee, a - bove, brother, And
3. I'll wait for thee, a - bove, brother, May

Rit.

side the gold-en gate, A - mong the ransomed throng, brother, I'll watch for thee and wait,
see each hap-py face, That en - ters thro' the gate, brother, Redeemed by sovereign grace,
I not wait in vain, I long to see thy face, brother, A - mid the hap-py train,

Rit.

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I'll Wait for Thee Above. Concluded.

Rit.

I know that hap-py home, broth-er, Has need of noth-ing more, To make my hap- pi-
And when I meet thee there, broth-er, A - mid that shin- ing throng, I'll strike a high - er
That pass-es thro' the gate, broth-er, The pearl-y gate a - bove, To sing the ev - er-

Rit.

Chorus may be sung by congregation.
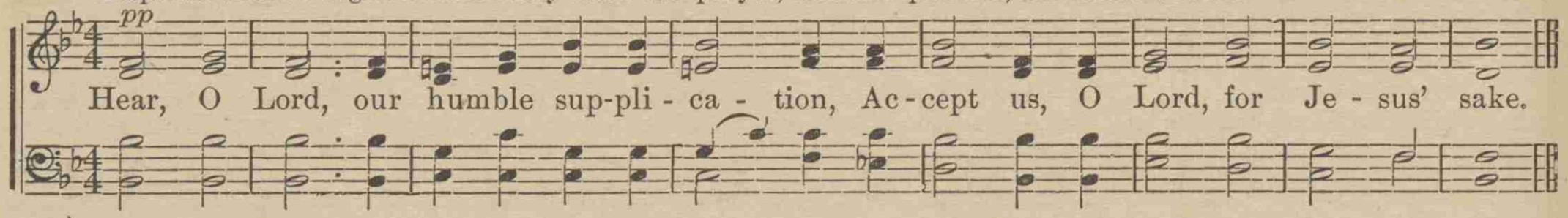
ness complete, On yon ce - les - tial shore. But, O I want thee there, brother, In
note of praise In my tri - um-phant song.
last - ing song Of Je - sus and his love. 3. For, O I want thee there, brother, In

that sweet home a - bove, To join the glorious, glo - rious song of Je - sus and his love.

245 First Response.

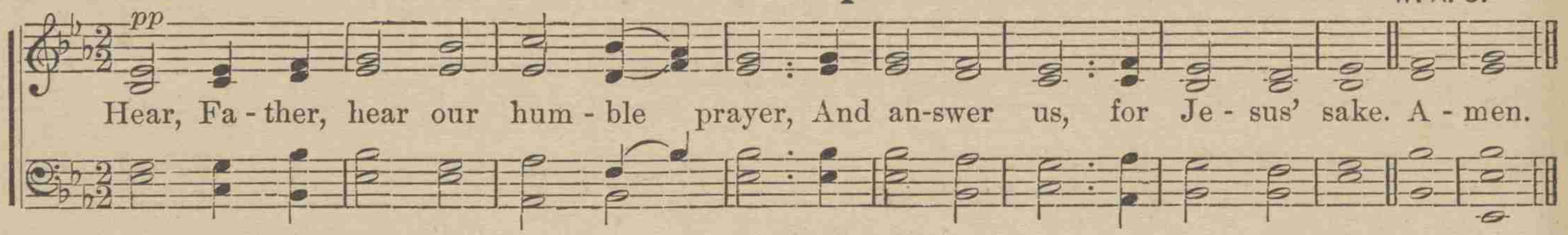
(To be sung after prayer at opening or closing of school.) ARR'D, W. A. O.

Response should begin immediately after the prayer, without prelude, all heads bowed.



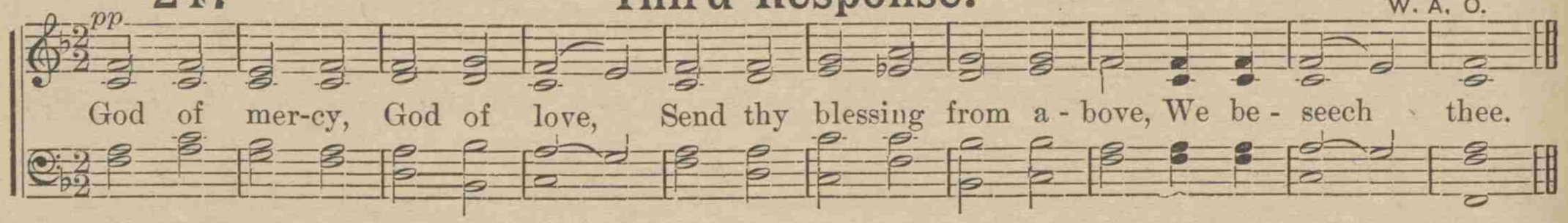
246 Second Response.

W. A. O.



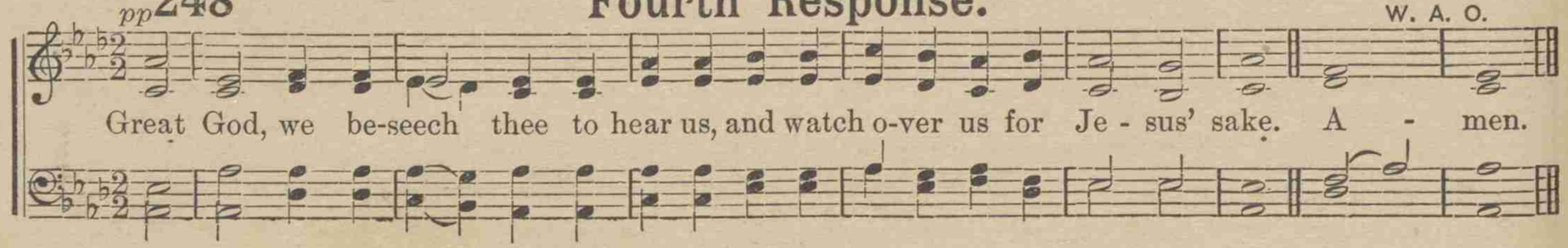
247 Third Response.

W. A. O.



248 Fourth Response.

W. A. O.



249 Praise the Lord.

FRANK M. DAVIS. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Glad ex - ult - ing strains with the an - gels sing,
2. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Bless his ho - ly name all that live and move,

Till the courts of heav'n with his praise shall ring, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,
Swell the chor - al song of his praise a - bove, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

Fine.

O sing prais-es to our God and King. The hills and valleys, lakes and plains Re-
Sing Ho- san- na to the God of love. His prom-is - es are faith - ful, sure, Praise the Lord, His

D.C.

peat his praise in joyous strains, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, The King of heav'n and earth adore.
countless mercies shall endure, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Let all the sons of earth re-joice.
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

250 Praise Him.

MISS M. A. BAKER. "I will praise thee with my whole heart."—Ps. 138 : 1. H. R. PALMER.

1. Praise the Sav-ior, O, ye people! Praise and bless his ho-ly name; Praise and worship him; children,
2. Praise him for his mighty actions; Praise him for his ten-der - ness, When he lov - ing - ly held the

worship him, For a child from heav'n he came; Praise him from the hills and mountains, From the
lit-tle ones In his arms to save and bless; Praise him, all ye wise and no - ble, Men and

CHO.—Praise him in the sanc - tu - a - ry; Let the

vales and cit-ies all; Hail him King of earth and heav - en, Who was once a child so
maid - ens, old and young; Let redeem - - ing love and mer - cy Be the theme of ev - 'ry

chil - dren swell the strain, And at morn and noon and e - ven, Ech-o still the sweet re-

small; Hail him King of earth and heav - en, Who was once a child so small.
tongue; Let re - deem - - ing love and mer - cy Be the theme of ev - 'ry tongue.

frain; And at noon, and morn and ev - en, Ech - o still the sweet re - frain.

By permission.

251 Sunday School Te Deum.

Allegro. W. A. O.

We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord; All the earth doth worship thee, the

Fa-ther ev-er-last-ing, To thee all an-gels cry a-loud, The heav'ns and all the pow'rs therein:
cry a-loud,

Slower, 2d time pp.

To thee Cher-u-bim and Ser-aphim con-tin-ual-ly do cry. Ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God of

Sa-baoth, Heaven and earth are full of the maj-es-ty, of thy great glo-ry. A-men.

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252

According to Thy Word.

Ps. 119 : 9.

E. S. LORENZ.

Duet or Quartet.

Wherewithal, wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? Wherewithal, wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?

CHORUS. **Fine.**

By taking heed thereto, By taking heed thereto, By taking heed thereto, according to thy word.
By taking heed thereto, By taking heed thereto, By taking heed

D.C.

According to thy word, According to thy word, By taking heed thereto, According to thy word.
By taking heed

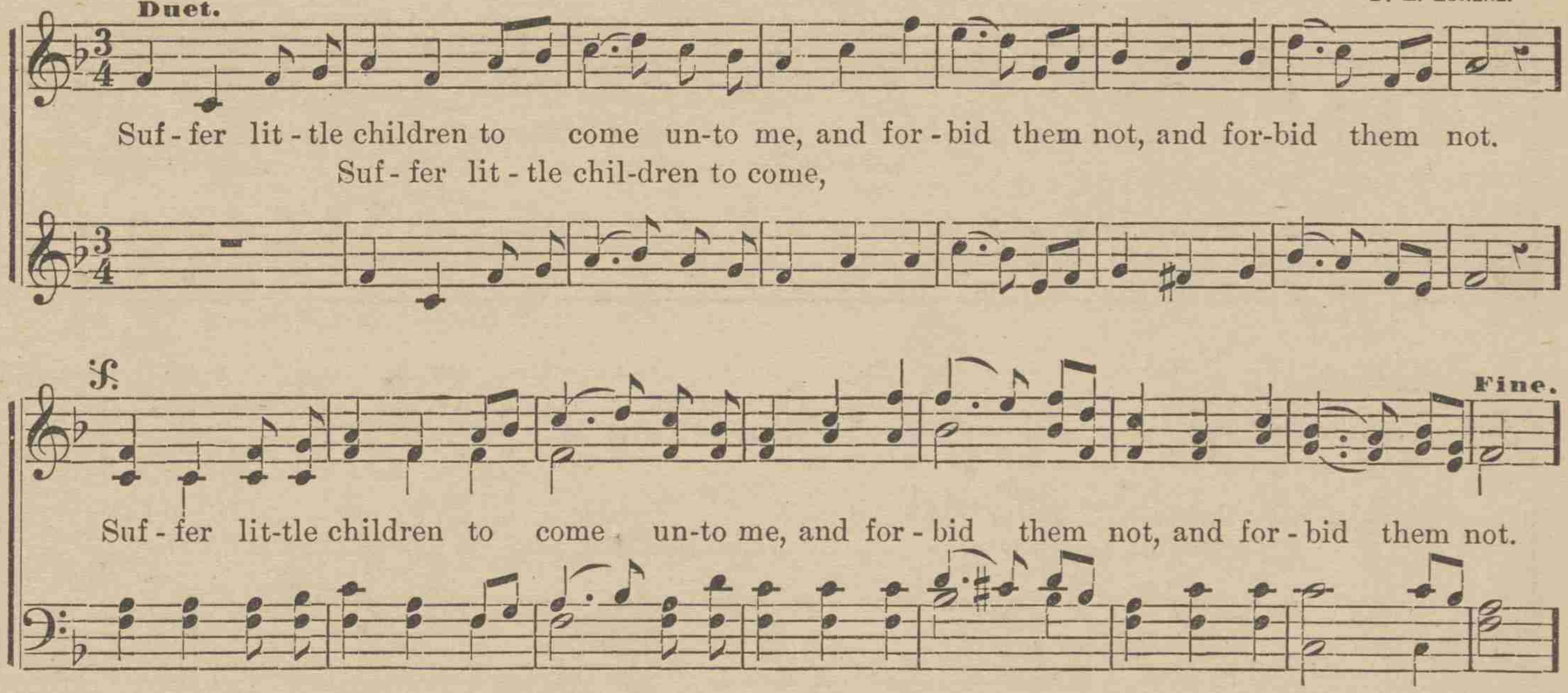
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253 Forbid them Not.

Luke 18 : 16.

D. E. Lorenz.
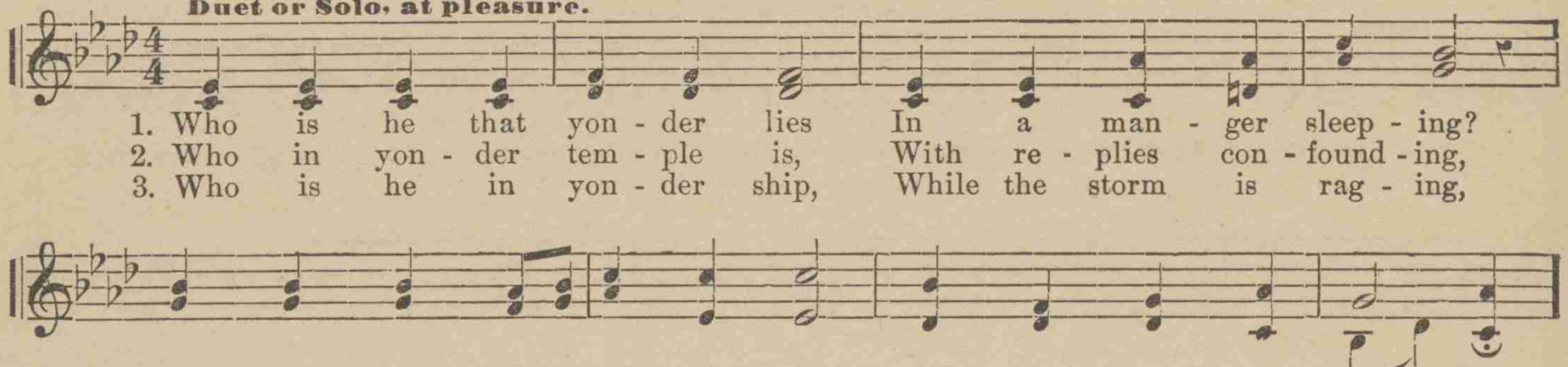
Duet.
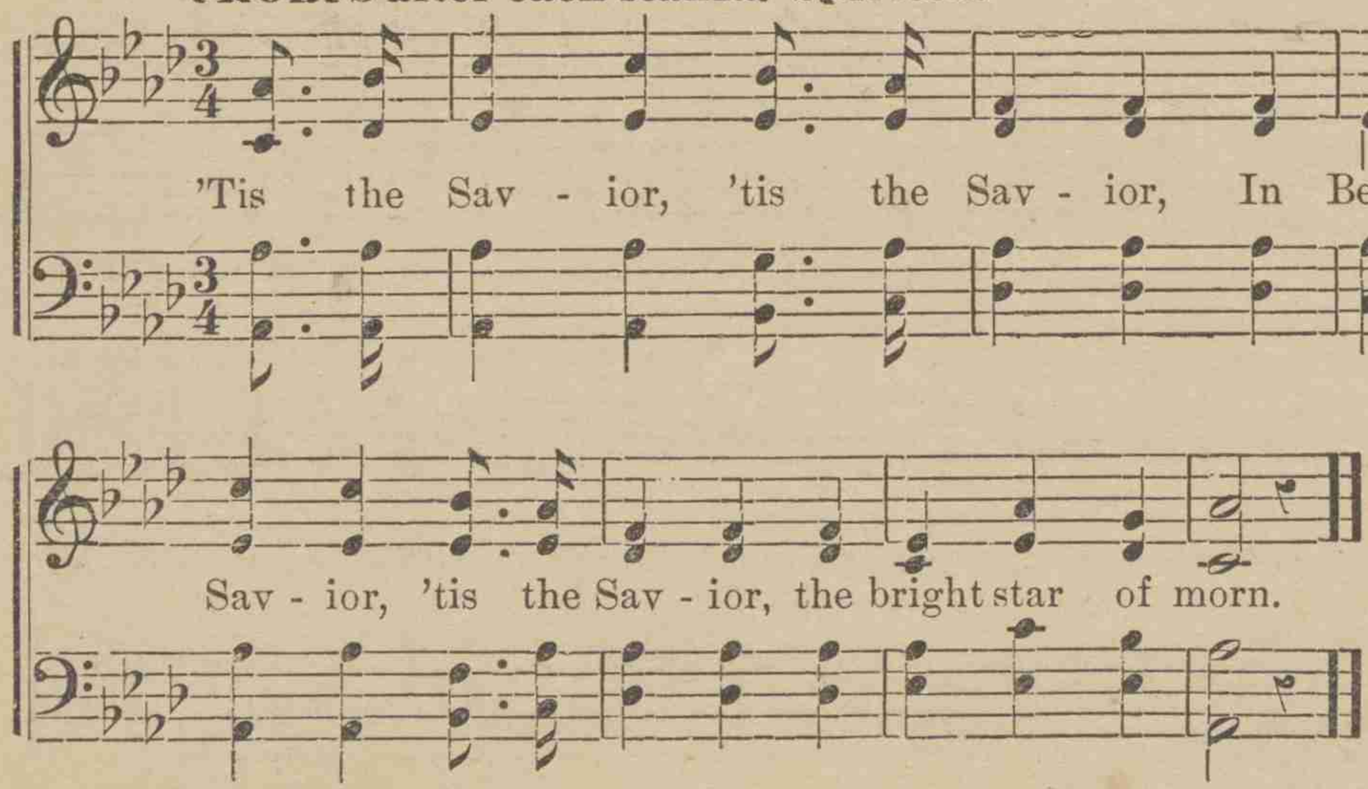


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254 Who is He.

W. A. OGDEN. **Duet or Solo, at pleasure.** W. A. OGDEN.



CHORUS after each stanza. Spirited.



4 Who is he, that, touched with grief,
By the sisters weeping,
Calleth Lazarus back to life,
Who in death was sleeping?

5 Who is he from yonder tomb,
With his garments glorious,
Rises at the dawn of day,
Over death victorious?

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255 Opening Exercise.

ARRANGED BY W. A. OGDEN.

SUPT. O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

SCHOOL. (*Rising.*) O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.

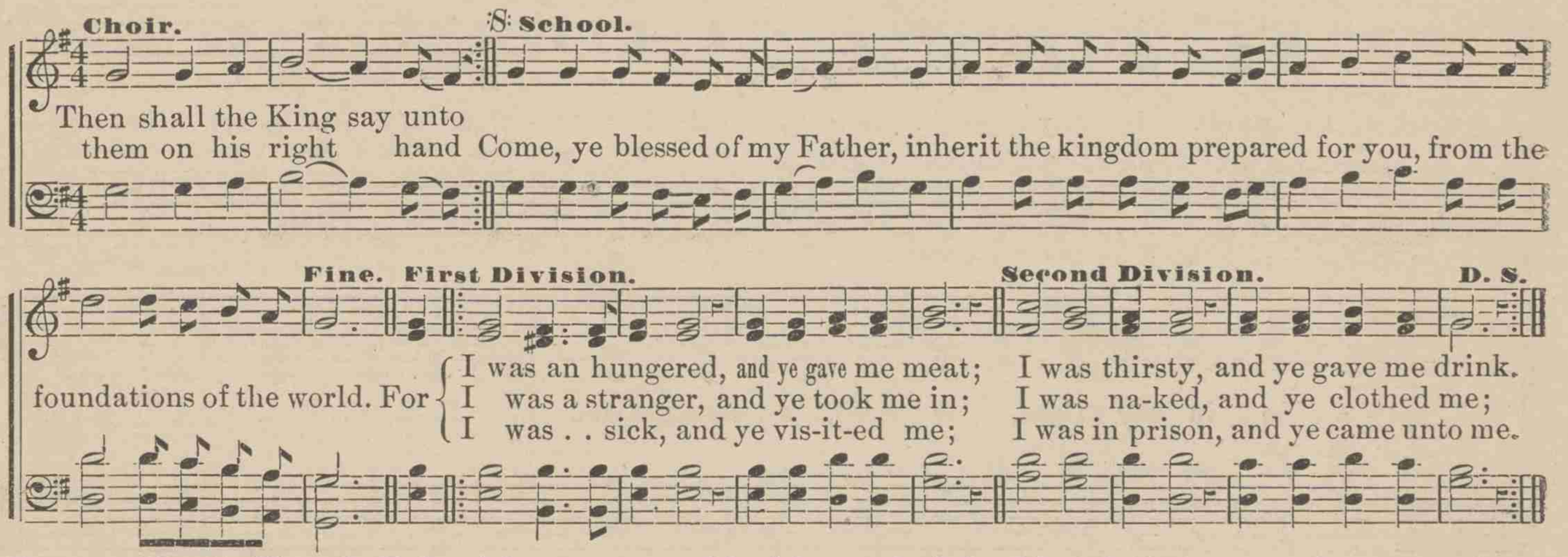
All sing.

Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee;
His loving kindness, O how free!—*Refrain.*

PASTOR. When the son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory.

SCHOOL. And before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep.

PASTOR. And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on his left.



PASTOR. (*Read.*) Then shall the righteous answer him saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered and fed thee? Or thirsty and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger and took thee in? Or naked and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

SUPT. And the King shall answer and say unto them: Verily I say unto you:

ALL. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

INVOCATION.

256

Opening Exercise.

WORDS ARR. BY M. LAWRENCE. W. A. O.

CHORISTER. S. S. CHOIR.

ORGAN. The Lord is in his ho-ly temple. Let all the earth keep silence be - fore him.

SCHOOL.

Let the words of my mouth, and the med - i - ta - tion of my heart be ac-

cept - a - ble in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Re-deem - er. A - men.

SUPT.—How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts.

ASST. SUPT. (*Rising.*)—My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

TEACHERS. (*Rising.*)—For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

ALL. (*Rising.*)—O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

(INVOCATION.)

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Sing. (Tune NETTLETON, page 117.

1 Heavenly Father, wilt thou bless us
In our Sunday school to-day?
Bless us, while we sing thy praises,
Bless us, while we read and pray.
‖: Father, bless us, Father, bless us,
In our Sunday school to-day. :‖

2 May our hands perform thy bidding,
May our feet run in thy ways,
May our eyes see Jesus only,
May our lips speak forth thy praise.
‖: Savior, hear us, Savior, hear us.
Is our earnest cry to-day. :‖

PASTOR.—I will extol thee, my God, O King, and I will bless thy name forever and ever.

FIRST DIV.—The Lord is gracious and full of compassion; slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.

SECOND DIV.—The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.

FIRST DIV.—The Lord preserveth all them that love him, but all the wicked will he destroy.

SECOND DIV.—The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all them that call upon him in truth.

ALL.—O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good. For his mercy endureth forever.

(At the tap of the bell place right hand over the heart, and recite.)
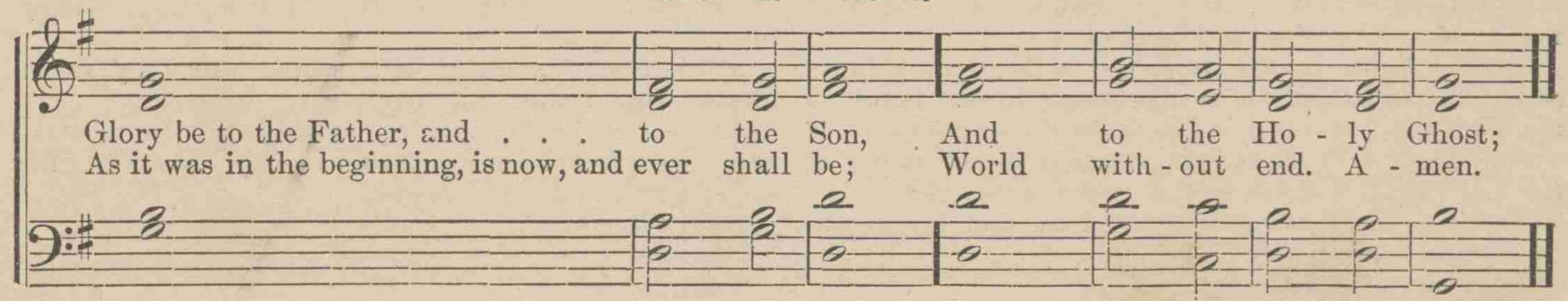
APOSTLES CREED.*

I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth: And in Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead and buried; He descended into hell; The third day he rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty, from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church; The communion of saints, The forgiveness of sins; The resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting.

* May be omitted, if preferred.

Gloria Patri.



Opening Exercise.

ARRANGED BY PROF. E. L. SHUEY.

THE SABBATH AND ITS WORSHIP.

SONG No. 41. First two stanzas.

SUPT.—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

TEACHER.—Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work:

SCHOLARS.—But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.

SUPT.—Verily my Sabbaths ye shall keep; that ye may know that I am the Lord.

TEACHERS.—Keep the Sabbath therefore; for it is holy unto you.

SCHOLARS.—Keep the Sabbath day to sanctify it.

SUPT.—The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath:

TEACHERS.—Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath.

SCHOLARS.—Thus saith the Lord; Hallow ye the Sabbath.

ALL.—Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil.

SONG No. 41. Fourth and fifth stanzas.

SUPT.—The people of the land shall worship before the Lord in the Sabbath.

SCHOLARS.—This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

SUPT.—A day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

SCHOLARS.—Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.

ALL.—O Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

SONG No. 41. Last stanza.

SUPT.—Thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore for thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.

FIRST HALF OF SCHOOL.—The Lord is my strength and my shield; therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise him.

SECOND HALF OF SCHOOL.—Because he hath inclined his ear unto me; therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

SUPT.—I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.

FIRST HALF OF SCHOOL.—I will speak of thy testimonies also before kings, and will not be ashamed.

SECOND HALF OF SCHOOL.—My hands also will I lift up unto thy commandments, which I have loved; and I will meditate in thy statutes.

SUPT.—My mouth shall show forth thy righteousness and thy salvation all the day; I will go in the strength of the Lord God: I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only.

FIRST HALF OF SCHOOL.—I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart.

SECOND HALF OF SCHOOL.—I have inclined mine heart to perform thy statutes alway, even unto the end.

SUPT.—I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

SCHOLARS.—So will I sing praise unto thy name forever, that I may daily perform my vows.

ALL.—Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.

SONG No. 54.

PRAYER.

SONG No. 18.

Opening Exercise.

ARRANGED BY MARION LAWRANCE.

SUPT.—*Stand up* and bless the Lord your God. . . . Sing forth the honor of his name.

(*All stand.*)

ITALIAN HYMN. (*Key given by organ.*)

Come, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all-glorious!
O'er all victorious
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

PASTOR.—Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,

TEACHERS.—Nor standeth in the way of sinners,

SCHOOL.—Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

PASTOR.—But his delight is in the law of the Lord;

SCHOOL.—And in his law doth he meditate day and night.

PASTOR.—And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water,

SCHOOL.—That bringeth forth fruit in his season,

PASTOR.—His leaf also shall not wither;

SCHOOL.—And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

PASTOR.—The ungodly are not so:

SCHOOL.—But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away;

PASTOR.—Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

SCHOOL.—For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PASTOR.—Behold how good and how pleasant it is to dwell together in unity.

DENNIS. (*p.* 93. *Whisper Song.*)

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

ASST. SUPT.—Blessed be the people that know the joyful sound.

SCHOOL.—They shall walk, O Lord! in the light of thy countenance.

ASST. SUPT.—In thy name shall they rejoice all the day;

SCHOOL.—And in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

SUPT.—For the Lord is our defense, and the Holy One in Israel is our King.

ALL.—Blessed be the Lord for evermore! Amen and Amen.

CORONATION. (*p.* 51.)

All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

PASTOR.—Let us worship and bow down. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving.

INVOCATION.

260 Opening Exercise.

ARRANGED BY PROF. E. L. SHUEY.

CONSECRATION.

SONG No. 142.

SUPT.—Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust: whose strength is in thee; that trusteth in thee, O Lord of hosts.

FIRST HALF OF SCHOOL.—Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

SECOND HALF OF SCHOOL.—Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in his way.

SUPT.—Shew me thy ways, O Lord, teach me thy paths. Lead me in thy truth, and teach me: for thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.

FIRST HALF OF SCHOOL.—Make me to go in the path of thy commandments; incline my heart unto thy testimonies and not to covetousness. Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for I wait on thee.

SECOND HALF OF SCHOOL.—Let my cry come near before thee, O Lord: give me understanding according to thy word. My tongue shall speak of thy word: for all thy commandments are righteousness.

SUPT.—Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will walk in thy truth; unite my heart to fear thy name.

FIRST HALF OF SCHOOL.—Uphold me with thy free spirit; then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

SECOND HALF OF SCHOOL.—Make me to understand the way of thy precepts; so shall I talk of thy wondrous works.

SUPT.—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.
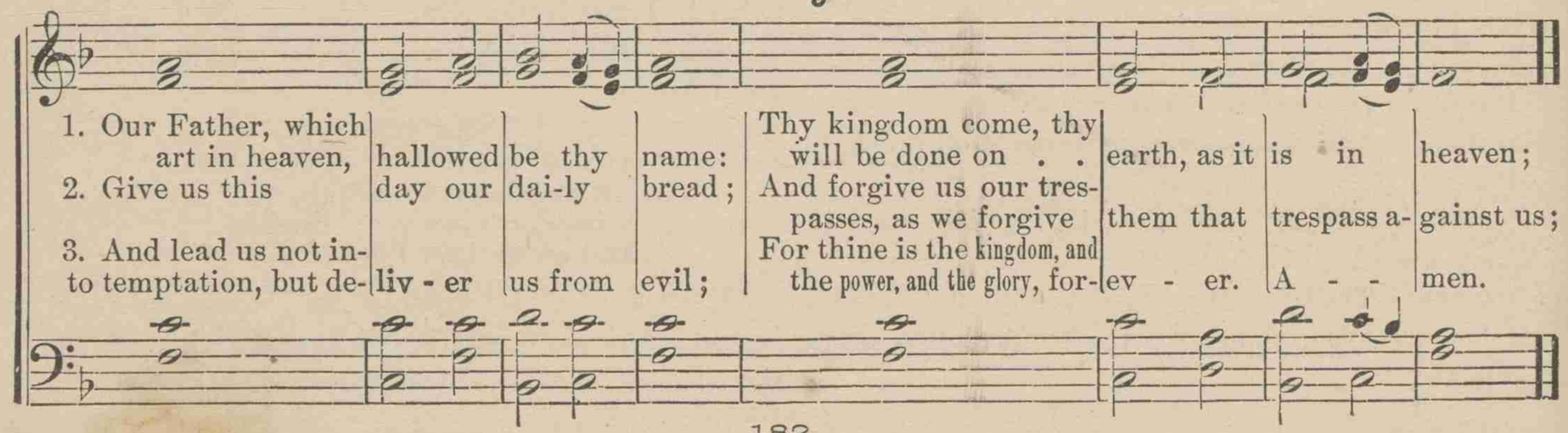
TEACHERS.—Ye that stand in the house of the Lord in the courts of the house of our God, praise the Lord, for the Lord is good.

SCHOLARS.—Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will be still praising thee.

ALL.—Call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable.

CHANT. The Lord's Prayer.

261 The Lord's Prayer. Chant.



262 Closing Exercise.

ARRANGED BY E. D. MUND.

SUPT.—O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

SCHOOL.—Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

SUPT.—Glory ye in his holy name. Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.

SCHOOL.—For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

SUPT.—Shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light.

SCHOOL.—Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

ALL.—Unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen.

All sing.

Tune.—CORONATION, No. 66.

All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

263 Closing Exercise.

ARRANGED BY E. D. MUND.

SUPT.—Fear God and give glory to him; worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountain of waters.

SCHOOL.—Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for thou only art holy.

SUPT.—Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.

SCHOOL.—Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great.

SUPT.—The Lord bless thee and keep thee.

SCHOOL.—The Lord make his face shine upon thee' and be gracious unto thee.

SUPT.—The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

All sing.

Tune.—OLD HUNDRED, No. 9.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Funeral Service.

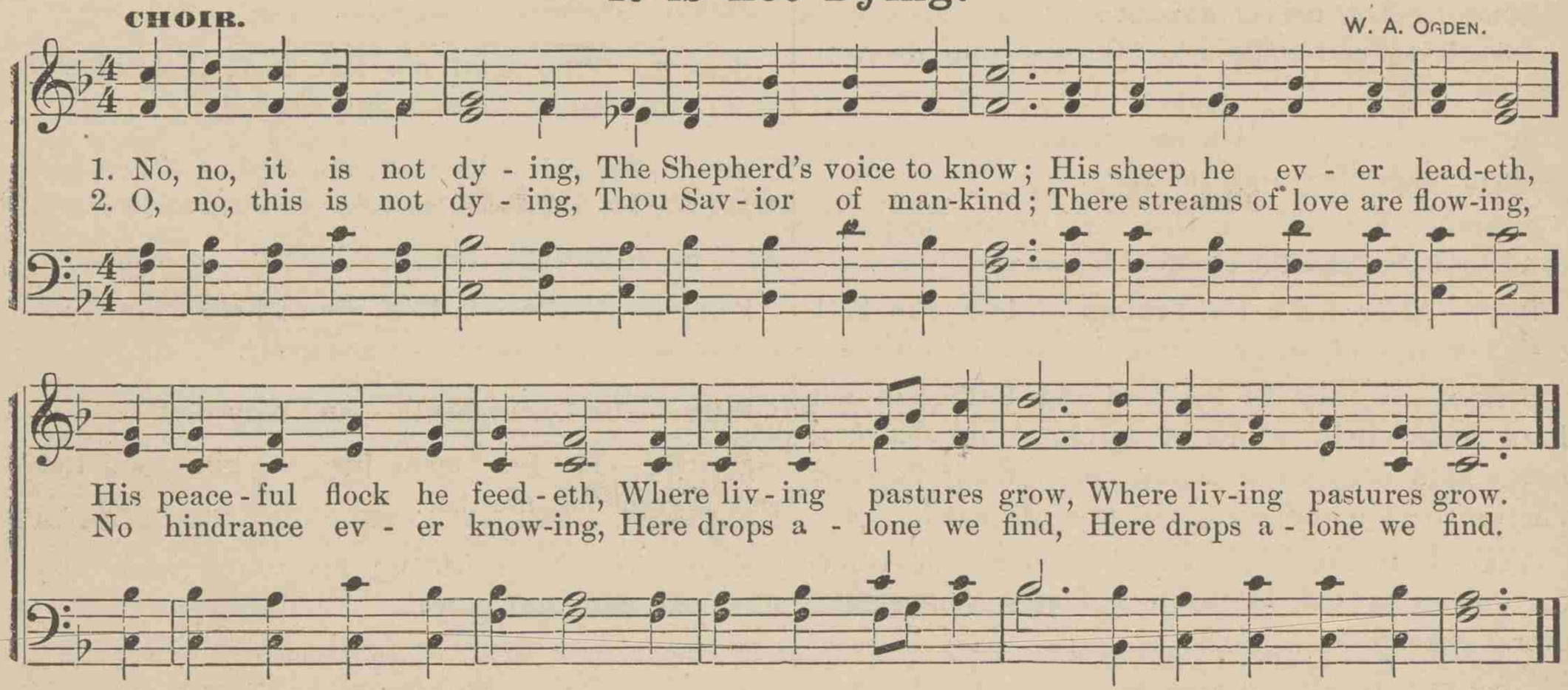
(*At private funerals the Choir can be substituted for the Congregation.*)

PASTOR.—"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live again."

It is not Dying.

CHOIR.

W. A. OGDEN.



PASTOR.—"Touching the hope of the resurrection from the dead, I am called in question."

CONGREGATION.—"If a man die shall he live again?"

PASTOR.—"Why should it be thought an incredible thing that God should raise the dead? I am the resurrection and the life, He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

CONG.—"How are the dead raised, and with what manner of body do they come?"

PASTOR.—"Thou foolish one, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die; and thou sowest not the body that shall be, but God giveth it a body: even as it pleased him. There are bodies celestial, and bodies terrestrial, but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another, so also is the resurrection of the dead."
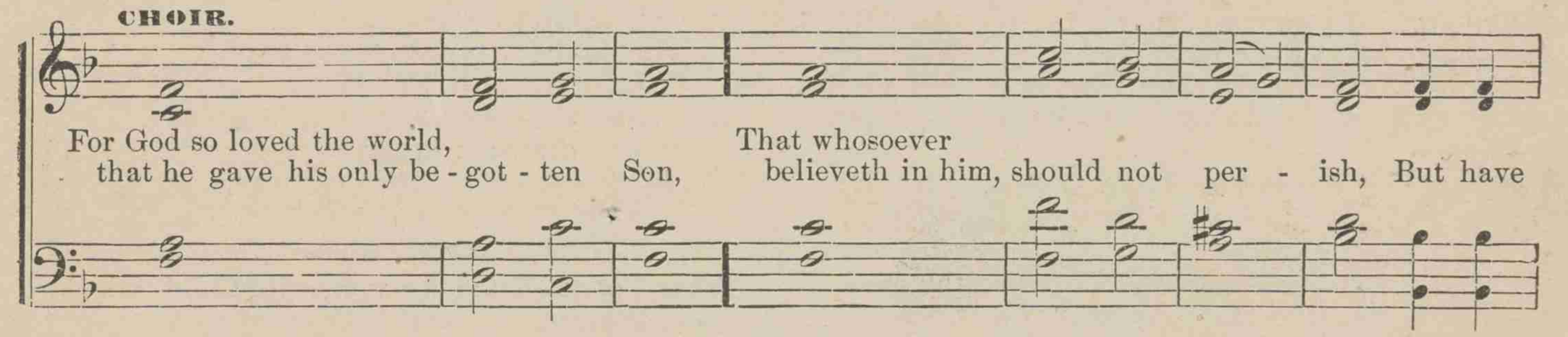
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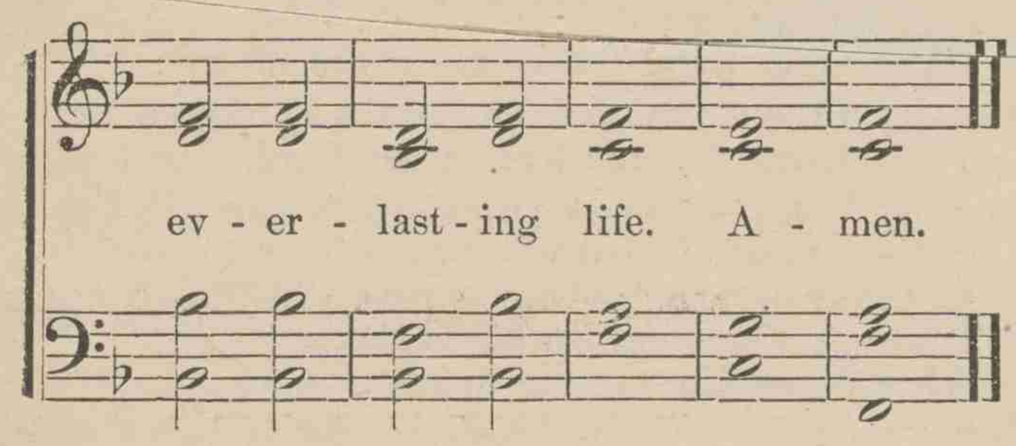
Funeral Service. Concluded.

CONG.—"It is sown in corruption."
PASTOR.—"It is raised in incorruption."
CONG.—"It is sown in dishonor."
PASTOR.—"It is raised in glory."
CONG.—"It is sown in weakness."
PASTOR.—"It is raised in power."
CONG.—"It is sown a natural body."
PASTOR.—"It is raised a spiritual body."

CONG.—"We have borne the image of the earthy."
PASTOR.—"We shall also bear the image of the heavenly.
CONG.—"For as in Adam all die,"
PASTOR.—"So in Christ shall all be made alive."
CONG.—For since by man came death,"
PASTOR.—"By man also came the resurrection."

For God so Loved the World.





PASTOR.—"Behold I show you a mystery. We shall not all sleep; but we shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye. For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible."
CONG.—"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"
PASTOR.—"The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law."
PASTOR AND CONG.—"But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

(*Remarks. Prayer.*) *Sing:* "Shall we meet by and by," No. 168, or the "Sweet by and by."

Funeral Service.

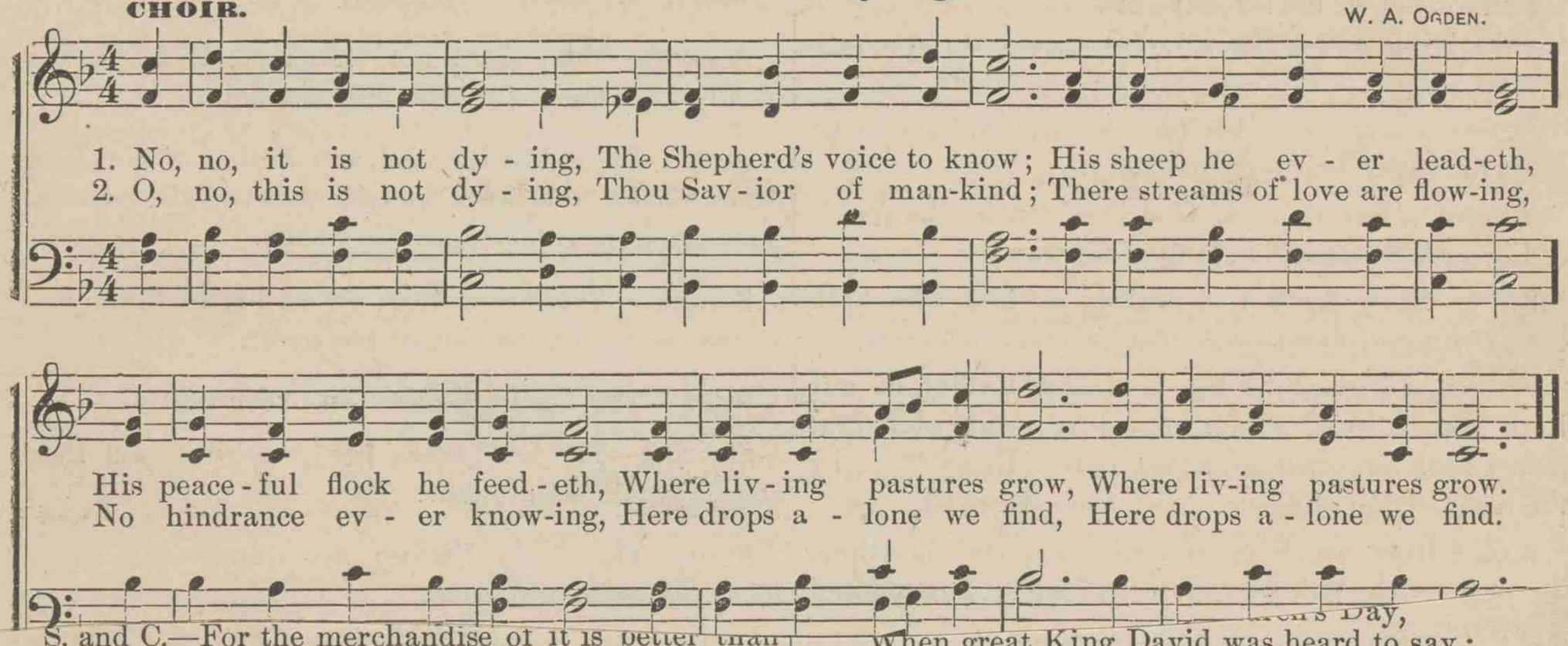
(*At private funerals the Choir can be substituted for the Congregation.*)

PASTOR.—"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live again."

It is not Dying.

CHOIR.

W. A. OGDEN.



S. and C.—For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

SUPT.—She is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire, are not to be compared unto her.

S. and C.—Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left, riches and honor.

SUPT.—Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

S. and C.—She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her, and happy is every one that retaineth her.

[illegible] Day,
When great King David was heard to say:

INFANT CLASS.—"Come, ye children, harken unto me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord."

SECOND VOICE.—I know a wonderful Children's Day!
In the temple of God when Jesus came,
As the children's hosannas praised his name,
That was a wonderful Children's day,
When Jesus himself was heard to say:
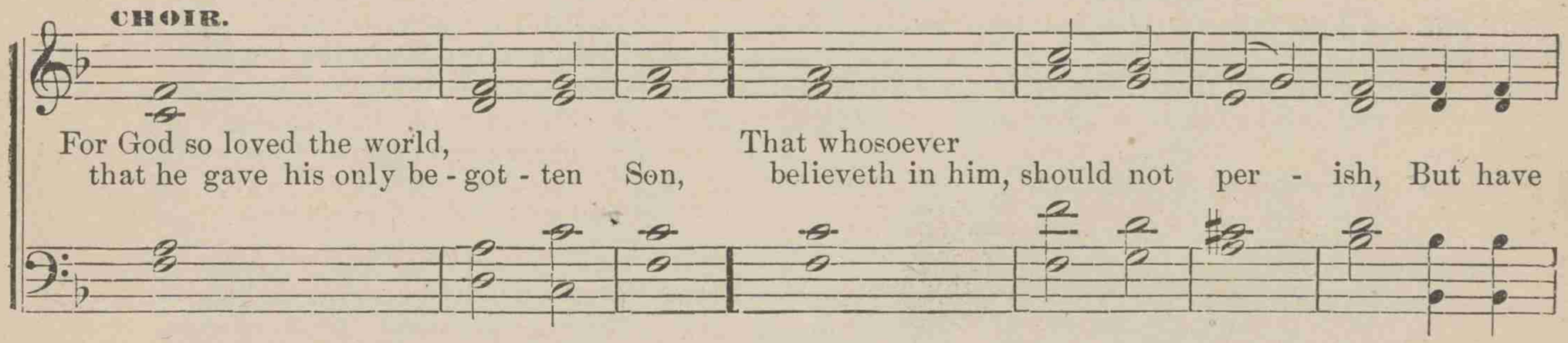
INFANT CLASS.—"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, thou hast perfected praise."

Funeral Service. Concluded.

CONG.—"It is sown in corruption."
PASTOR.—"It is raised in incorruption."
CONG.—"It is sown in dishonor."
PASTOR.—"It is raised in glory."
CONG.—"It is sown in weakness."
PASTOR.—"It is raised in power."
CONG.—"It is sown a natural body."
PASTOR.—"It is raised a spiritual body."

CONG.—"We have borne the image of the earthy."
PASTOR.—"We shall also bear the image of the heavenly.
CONG.—"For as in Adam all die,"
PASTOR.—"So in Christ shall all be made alive."
CONG.—For since by man came death,"
PASTOR.—"By man also came the resurrection."

For God so Loved the World.



THIRD VOICE.—
For mother love and father care,
For brothers strong and sisters fair,
For love at home and school each day,
For guidance lest we go astray:
ALL.—*Our Father in heaven, we thank thee!*
FOURTH VOICE.—
For thy dear everlasting arms,
That bear us o'er all ills and harms,
For blessed words of long ago,
That help us now thy will to know:
ALL.—*Our Father in heaven, we thank thee!*

PASTOR.—"Behold I show you a mystery. We shall
And of the life eternal sing,
In Sunday School.
ALL.—But the Children's Day is best of days,
In Sunday School, our Sunday School;
Then flowers their sweetest incense raise,
And children sing their gladdest praise,
In Sunday School.

SINGING. (*Select from book.*)

ADDRESS.

DOXOLOGY AND BENEDICTION.

265

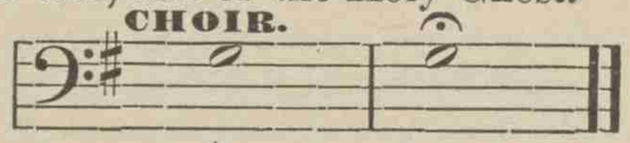
Responsive Service.

PREPARED BY A. J. SAMPSON.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

PASTOR. (*All rise.*)—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Response.



SUPERINTENDENT.—O come let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

SCHOOL and CONGREGATION.—Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

SUPT.—Praise ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises unto our Lord; for it is pleasant; and praise is comely.

SINGING. "WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD." No. 219.

SUPT.—O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

S. and C.—One generation shall praise thy name to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

SUPT.—Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that gathereth understanding.

SUPT.—Give me understanding and I will keep thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.

SINGING. (*Select from book.*) PRAYER.

ANTHEM BY CHOIR.

SINGING. "CHILDREN'S DAY." *Tune*, ARLINGTON, *p.* 69.

1 With joy we hail the Children's Day,
With gratitude we meet,
The glad heart's tribute now to pay,
Before the mercy-seat.

2 In concert sweet with one accord,
The birds our chorus swell,
And join our praises to the Lord,
In valley, hill, and dale.

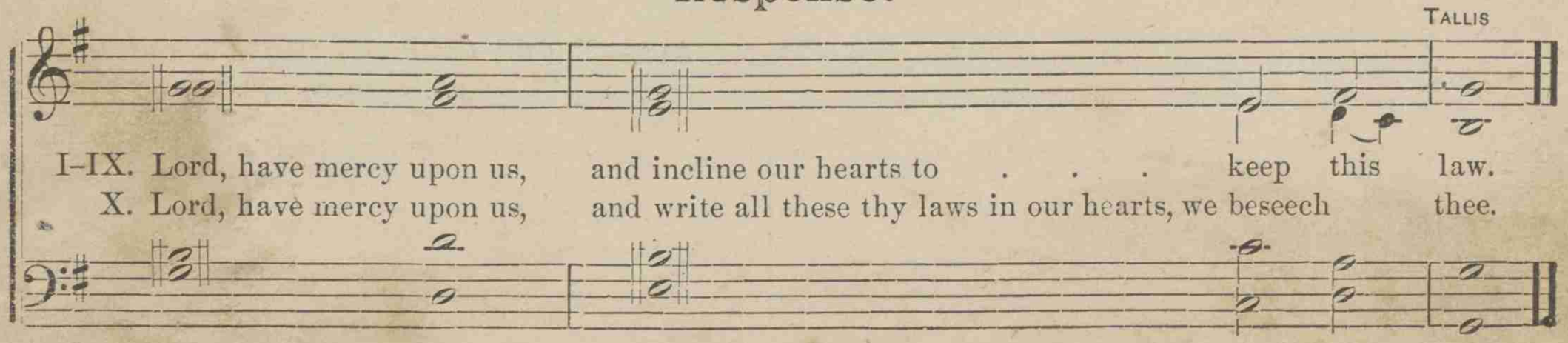
3 Smile, Father, on the "Children's day."
And draw our hearts to thee;
Let Gospel light direct our way,
And Christ our watchword be.

RECITATIONS.

FIRST VOICE.—I know a wonderful Children's Day!
In his palace fair on the throne of gold,
As he touched his harp in the days of old,
That was a wonderful Children's D[illegible]

Response.

TALLIS



	NO.
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HAMBURG	22
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In	

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JESUS IS PASSING	123
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JESUS LOVES ME	230
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Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	10
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JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING	50
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