EVERY SABBATH

A COLLECTION OF CHOICE SABBATH SCHOOL MUSIC

BY

T. C. O'KANE.

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1874

Published by JOHN CHURCH & CO., Cincinnati, O.

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EVERY SABBATH:

A

NEW COLLECTION

OF

MUSIC ADAPTED TO THE WANTS AND CAPACITIES

OF

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS,

THE HOME CIRCLE AND DEVOTIONAL GATHERINGS.

By T. C. O'KANE,

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF WORSHIP," "DEW DROPS," "FRESH LEAVES," ETC.

CINCINNATI:

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1874
Ever

PREFACE.

"A collection of choice Sabbath-School music," expresses the true character of

"EVERY SABBATH."

In many respects this book differs essentially from nearly all others of the kind. One of its marked peculiarities is that the "words and music" are *not* "all new," and "especially written for this work." The Author has preferred to select gems here and there, not ignoring the appropriate and desirable simply because it was "old," nor taking others because they were "new," but he has rather gathered together treasures *new and old*, so that when

EVERY SABBATH

old and young meet together in the School they can mingle hearts and voices in praising the Lord.

Another peculiar feature is its great variety of matter for the ordinary School exercises, Monthly Concerts, Praise Meetings, Missionary gatherings—indeed, for all the musical wants of the Sabbath-School.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION

is called to its adaptation to the International Series of Sabbath-School Lessons, in furnishing two or more appropriate hymns to each Lesson—hymns, too, set to music more or less familiar; or if new, such as can be sung almost at sight, thus not losing the present *effect* of the song in *learning* the tune.

Concerning the strictly religious character of the hymns in their sentiment and poetic expression, and the musical merit of the tunes, nothing more is necessary in this place, as they will speak for themselves.

And as the thousands of Sabbath-School scholars and laborers meet once a week to study the "Blessed Bible," and "sing the great Jehovah's praise" from the following pages, it is the earnest prayer of the Author that the Holy Spirit may be with them

EVERY SABBATH.

DELAWARE, O., *February*, 1874. T. C. O'KANE.

NOTE.—*The thanks of the Author are hereby extended to the various Composers and Publishers who have so kindly permitted the use of so many musical gems.*

EVERY SABBATH.

JEHOVAH'S PRAISE.

Words by FAWCETT. T. C. O'KANE.

CHORUS.

1. Praise to thee, our great Cre - a - tor, Praise be thine from ev -'ry tongue;
   Join, my soul, with ev - 'ry creature, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song. } Praise him Ev -'ry
2. Fa - ther, source of all com-passion, Free, un - bounded love is thine;
   Hail the God of our sal - vation, Praise him for his love di - vine. } Praise him, etc.
3. Joy - ful - ly on earth a-dore him, Till in heaven our song we raise;
   There en - rap-tured fall be-fore him, Lost in won-der, love, and praise. } Praise him, etc.

Sabbath, Praise him ev -'ry day; For his boundless goodness, Ev - er praise and pray.

"WITH JOY WE HAIL THE SACRED DAY."

T. C. O'KANE.

1 With joy we hail the sa - cred day Which God has called his own, With joy the summons
2. Thy cho - sen tem - ple, Lord, how fair, As here thy servants throng To breathe the hum-ble
3. Spir - it of grace, oh deign to dwell, With - in thy church be - low, Make her in ho - li-
4. Great God, we hail the sa - cred day Which thou hast called thine own, With joy the summons

CHORUS.

we o - bey To worship at his throne. Un-to the Lord glad-ly we raise Anthems of
fervent prayer, And pour the grateful song. Un-to the Lord, etc.
ness ex - cel, With pure de-vo-tion glow. Un-to the Lord, etc.
we o - bey To worship at thy throne. Un-to the Lord, etc.

Unto the Lord glad-ly we raise

love, off'rings of praise. Heavenly Father, hear our grateful lay, This blessed Sabbath day.

Anthems of love, off'rings of praise.

DUET.

1. Come let our hap-py voic - es join In one glad song of praise; To God, the God of
2. Here oft - en we de-light to read The Book of life di - vine, Where our Redeemer's
3. With - in these con-se - cra - ted walls Our wand'ring feet are brought, Where fervent pray'r and
4. For priceless blessings such as these Our grat - i - tude re - ceive; Lord, here accept our

CHORUS.

bound - less love, Our grate-ful hearts we raise. To God a - lone we bring Our
won - drous love, And brightest glo - ries shine. To God, etc.
praise as - cend, And heavenly truths are taught. To God, etc.
youth - ful hearts, 'T is all that we can give. To God, etc.

we bring,

Repeat softly.

of - fer-ing of praise, To thee a-gain we gladly sing, And cheerful anthems raise.

of praise,

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

NO BOOK LIKE THE BIBLE.*

ASA HULL.

DUET. Alto and Tenor.

1. No book is like the Bi-ble, For childhood, youth, and age; Our duty, plain and sim-ple, We
2. It tells of man's cre - a-tion, His sad, prim-e - val fall; It tells of man's redemption, Thro'
3. Oh, let us love the Bi-ble, And praise it more and more; Our life is like a shadow, Our

QUARTET.

find on every page. It came by in-spi - ra-tion, A light to guide our way, A voice from him who
Christ who died for all. In sacred words of wisdom, It bids us watch and pray, And early come to
days will soon be o'er. But if we closely follow The counsel God has given, We then may hope with

CHORUS.

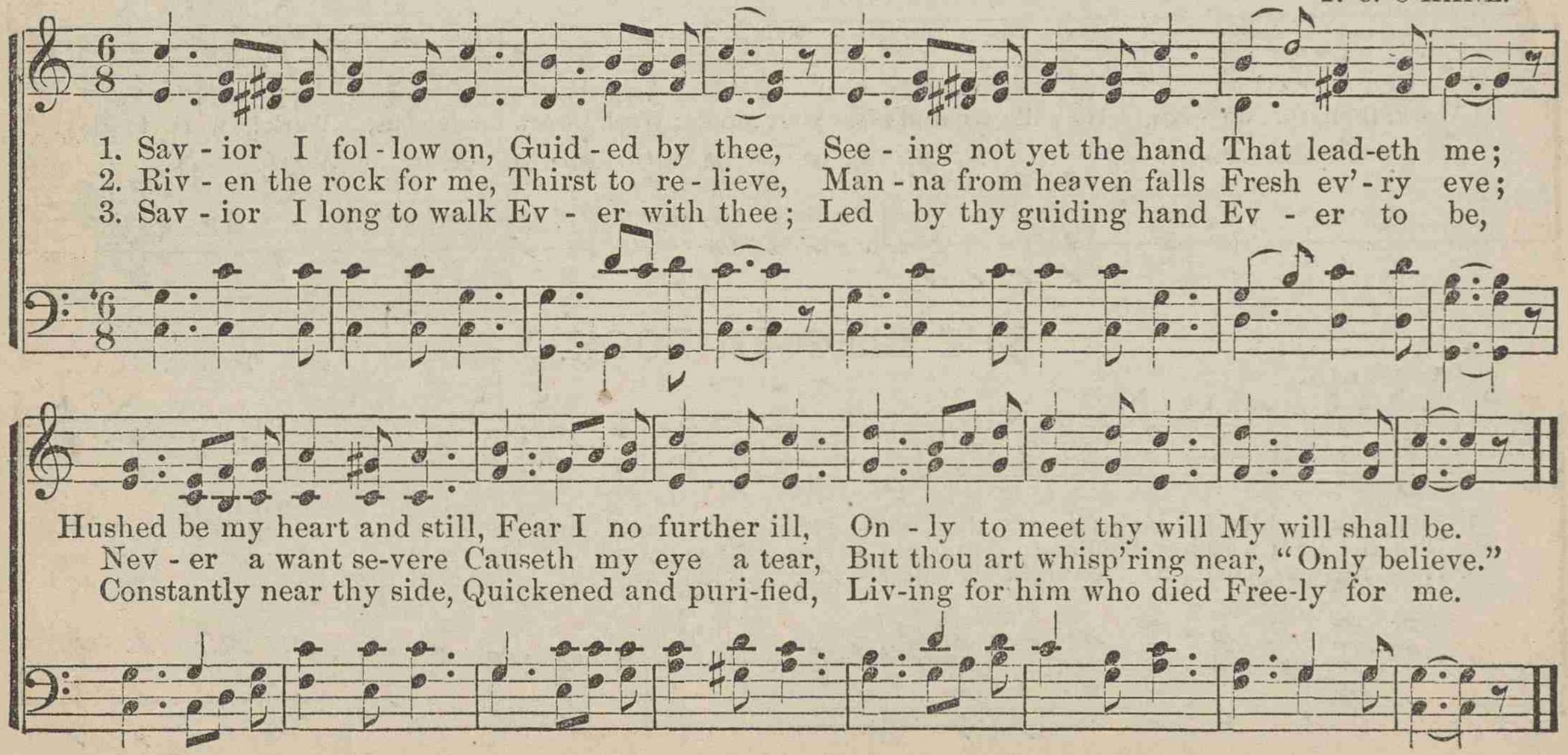
gave it, Re - prov-ing when we stray. No book is like the Bi-ble, The blessed book we love;
Je - sus, The Life, the Truth, the Way. No book, etc.
an - gels To sing his praise in heaven. No book, etc.

*From Casket, No. 2, by permission.

NO BOOK LIKE THE BIBLE.—Concluded.

FOLLOWING THE SAVIOR.

T. C. O'KANE.



From "Dew Drops."

WORK! WORK TO-DAY.

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. In his vineyard, Christ, the Lord, Bids you work without delay, Sure and ample your reward, Work! work to-day.
2. Lo, the grain is rip'ning fast, Now the Master's call o-bey; Now the Gospel Sickle cast, Work! work to-day.
3. Few the lab'rers in the land, Linger not in all the way; Come and join the Reaping Band, Work! work to-day.
4. Not un-aid-ed will you go, While you labor, if you pray, Jesus will his help bestow, Work! work to-day.

REFRAIN.

Work, then, for Je-sus, He will own and bless your labors; Work! work for Je-sus, Work! work to-day.

THE BLESSED BOOK.

TOM C. NEAL.

Animato.

1. There's a book which sur-pass-es the sa-ges, A vol-ume of wis-dom di-vine; And the
2. 'T is the light which will guide us to glo-ry, The sword of the spir-it of might; And to
3. It re-veals where a fountain is flow-ing, Which wash-es the soul from its stain; Age and

CHORUS.

glo - ry that gleams from its pa-ges, No splendor of earth can outshine. 'T is the Bi - - ble! the
dwell on its beau - ti - ful sto - ry, Is of heaven the sweetest de-light. Oh, the Bi - - ble! etc.
sor - row are com-fort-ed, knowing With earth they shall part with all pain. The Bi - - ble! etc.

'T is the blessed, blessed Bi-ble! the

Bi - - - - ble! Our guiding star that leads from earth to heav'n! The Bi - - - - ble! the

bless-ed, bless-ed Bi - ble! Our guiding star that leads from earth to heav'n! The blessed, bless-ed Bi - ble! the

Repeat *p*

Bi - - - - - ble! We love the pre - cious Book of Truth which God has giv'n.

bless - ed, bless - ed Bi - ble! We love the pre - cious Book of Truth which God has giv'n.

SABBATH MORNING.

J. M. CASTLE.

1. Oh, the Sabbath morning, beautiful and bright, Joy-ful - ly we hail its welcome, golden light;
2. All the days of la - bor ended, one by one, Glad are we the six days' work is past and gone;
3. Let us spend the moments of this ho - ly day, So that when at last they all have passed a - way,

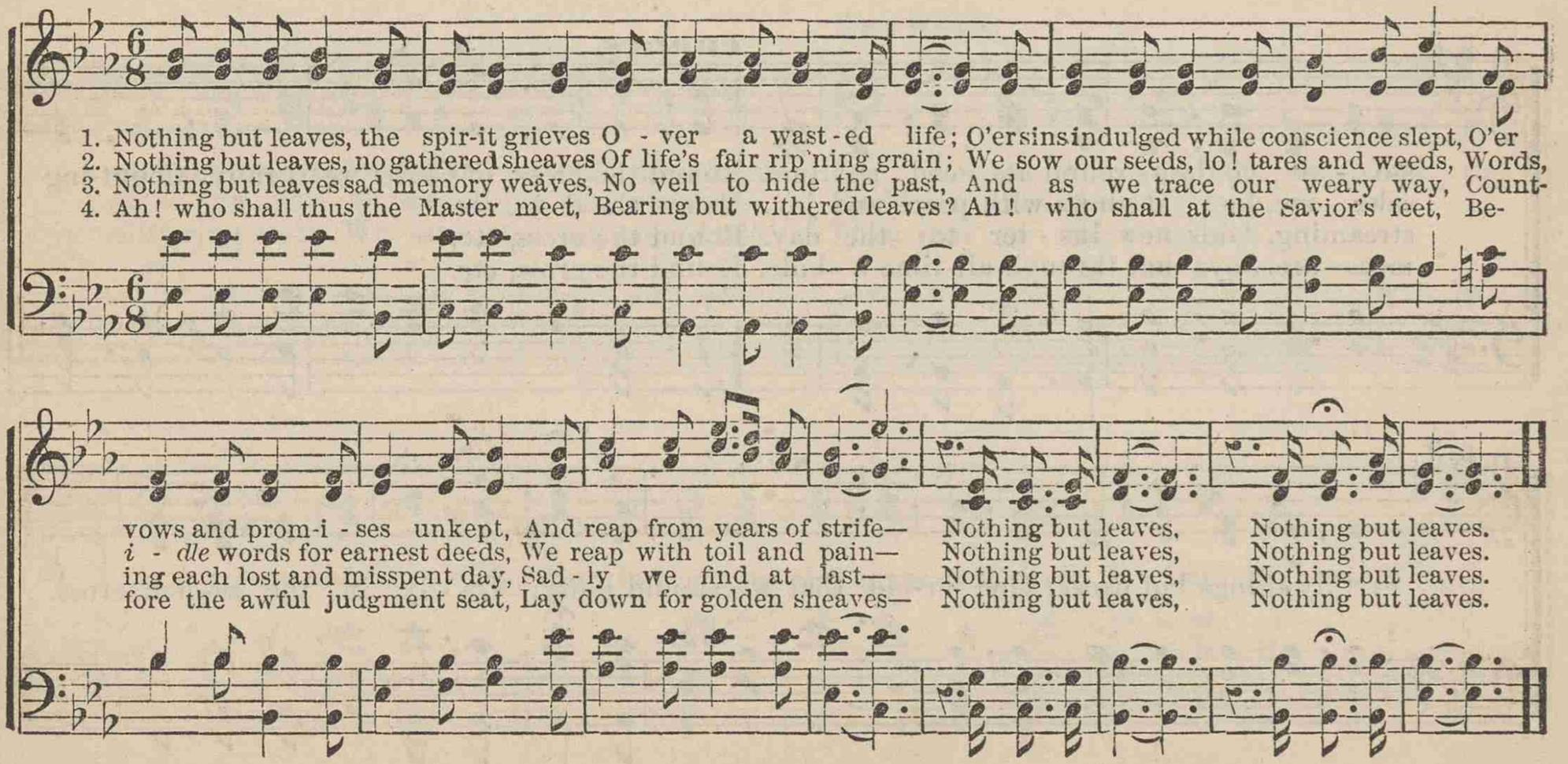
All the gloom-y shad-ows chas - ing far a - way, Bring-ing us the pleas - ant day.
Glad to have a day of sweet and ho - ly rest, 'T is the day that God has blest.
Sweet 't will be to think the qui - et Sab - bath ev'n Brings us one day near - er heaven.

CHORUS. *f*

Day, so calm and ho - ly, day so near to heaven; Blessed day a Father's boundless love has given;

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

S. J. VAIL.



"IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY."

T. C. O'KANE.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sa - cred
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy, Nev-er shall the cross for-
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love upon my way, From the cross, the radiance
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure By the cross are sanc - ti - fied; Peace is there, that knows no

CHORUS.

sto - ry, Gath-ers round its head sublime. Round the cross of Christ we 'll rally, Count-ing
sake me, Lo! it glows with peace and joy. Round the cross, etc.
streaming, Adds new lus - ter to the day. Round the cross, etc.
meas - ure, Joys that through all time a - bide. Round the cross, etc.

earthly things but dross; God for-bid that we should glory, On - ly in the sa-cred cross.

HARVEST TIME.

Mrs. W. H. BENEDICT, in S. S. Times. D. E. BRYER.

1. Teachers! while the har-vest lasts, Shall we gather gold-en grain? Or let it fall to
2. We would rather bring our sheaves, And sing the "harvest home," When the city's shin-ing
3. We would hear the glad "Well done," And take the blood-bought crown, As safe with-in the

REFRAIN.

earth and waste, 'Mid tares that fill the plain? No, join in the song the ran-somed sing,
gates un-bar, As the toil-ing reap-ers come. We'll join in the song, etc.
glittering walls We lay our trophies down. Then join in the song, etc.

Je-sus is our King; Yes, join in the song the ran-somed sing, Je-sus is our King.

JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

Words from the Examiner and Chronicle. (Miss Campbell of N.J.) T. C. O'KANE.

1. What means this eager, anxious throng, Pressing our busy . . . . streets a - long—
2. Who is this Jesus? Why should he The city move so . . . . . might - i - ly?
3. Jesus! 't is he who once below Man's pathway trod, 'mid . . . . . pain and woe;
4. Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come! Here 's pardon, comfort, ... rest, and home.
5. But if you still this call refuse, And do such wondrous . . . . . love a - buse,

This wondrous gathering day by day? What means this strange com - - - mo - tion, say?
A passing stranger, has he skill To move the multi - - - - - - tude at will?
And burdened hearts, where'er he came, Brought out their sick, and . . . deaf and lame.
Lost wanderers from a Father's face, Return, accept his . . . . . prof - fered grace;
Soon will he sadly from you turn, Your bitter prayer for . . . . . par - don spurn,

Voices in accents hushed, reply, ... "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."
Again the stirring tones reply, ... "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."
Blind men rejoiced to hear the cry, ... "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."
Ye tempted, there 's a refuge nigh: . . . "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry, . . "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."

1. Our varied days pass on and on, Our hopes fade unful - - filled a - way; And things which seem the life of life Are taken from us . . . .
2. The house grows sad that once was gay, The dear ones seek their . . . bless - ed home, And we may watch and wait in vain, To hear their well-known . . .
3. And God goes on, and with our woe Weaves golden threads of . . joy and peace, Guarding, with his heart of hearts, Our days of pain, our . . . .
day by day, And yet the children sing and dance, The money-makers . laugh and shout;
foot-steps come, And yet the sunlight checks the floor, And makes the summer shad - ows long,
days of ease: He makes them all—the seed, the sheaves, The danger's smile, the mourn-er's tears,
The stars un-mind - ful still shine bright, Un - conscious that our light is out, And so the world goes on, And so the world goes on.
The rose-buds at the case-ment bloom, The bird pours forth his cheer - ful song, And so the world goes on, And so the world goes on.
And keeps them safe—his chil - dren all— Thro' all the great e - ter - nal years, And so the world goes on—Thank God! the world goes on.

Words by Mrs. S. M. I. HENRY.

LOOK TO THE CROSS.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Look to the Cross, look to the Cross, Oh, fix thine earn - est eyes, With changeless, trust - ing
2. Look to the Cross— not to the woes From which Christ came to save: Re - mem - ber ye the
3. Look to the Cross— not to the one 'Tis giv - en thee to bear; Nor to thy broth - er's,
4. Look to the Cross, look to the Cross, With such a stead - y eye That all who look to

gaze up - on The tree of sac - ri - fice: It stand - eth high, its gra - cious arms Out-
ris - en Lord, And not the emp - ty grave: Look to the cross! thy groans and tears Can
which may seem To thee more sin than care. Be - hold no guilt but thine, and know For
thee shall turn A thought-ful gaze on high. Thus shall thy life be hid in Christ, Thy

stretched to you and me, To ev - 'ry far and lone - ly land, And is - lands of the sea.
not for sin a - tone: Look to the Cross, the blood-stained Cross, Thy hope is there a - lone
this the Sav - ior died, And cast thy sin, thy care, thy woe, Up - on the Cru - ci - fied.
death be life in him, While earth - ly cross - es fall to dust, When earth - ly crowns are dim.

STAND BY THE SCHOOL.

1. Let us work for the school with our hearts and our hands, Let it nev - er, no, nev - er de - cline;
   For its prais-es are sung by the good in all lands, That are blessed with the Gospel divine.
2. Now the sunshine of fa - vor il - lu-mines its path, And the Church spreads above it her wing;
   'T is a source of her weal, 't is a source of her worth, And a gem in the crown of her King.
3. There are thousands now singing and shining a-bove, There are thousands now toiling be-low,
   Who were melted and won by Im-man - u - el's love, As they heard in the school, of his woe.

CHORUS.

Ral - ly, then, ral - ly, then, stand by the school; Why should it lan-guish and die?

Ral - ly, then, ral - ly, then, stand by the school; Why should it lan - guish and die.

THERE 'S NOT A BRIGHT AND BEAMING SMILE.

SCOTCH.

1. There 's not a bright and beaming smile, Which in the world I see, But turns my heart to fu - ture joy, And whispers "heav'n" to me.
2. I nev - er grasp a friend - ly hand In greet-ing or fare - well, But thoughts of an e- ter - nal home With - in my bos - om swell.

Though oft-en here my soul is sad, And A pray'r to meet in heav'n at last, Where

falls the si - lent tear, There is a world where all are glad, And sorrow dwells not there.
all the ransomed come, And where e - ter - nal a - ges still, Shall find us all at home.

OUR HAPPY HOME.

Words and Music by GEO. STOWE.

1. In that world of glo - ry bright, Where the Sav-ior is the light, All is joy and
2. There the Sav-ior we shall see, And our voic - es then will be Tuned to heaven's
3. Oh, how sweet to think of heaven, Hap - py home to chil - dren given, Here, "by sin and
4. Fa-ther, guide our steps a - right, May it be our great de - light To live ho - ly

there's no night, Nor sin, nor sor - row there. In our hap-py home in heav - en,
min - strel - sy, And sing re - deem - ing love. In our hap-py home, etc.
sor - row driven," There, all is per - fect rest. In our hap-py home, etc.
in thy sight, That we may dwell with thee. In our hap-py home, etc.

CHORUS.

Where the golden harps are ring-ing, An-gels beau-ti-ful are sing - ing, And all is love and praise.

Words by MARY COLBY.

RIFTED CLOUDS.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. There is nev-er a day so sun-ny But a lit - tle cloud ap-pears; There is nev-er a life so hap - py
2. There is nev-er a cup so pleasant But has bit - ter with the sweet; There is nev-er a path so rug - ged,
3. There is nev-er a way so nar-row But the entrance is made straight; There is always a guide to point us
4. There is nev-er a heart so haughty But will some day bow and kneel; There is never a heart so wounded

But has had its time of tears: Yet the sun shines out the bright-er When the stormy tem-pest clears.
Bear-ing not the print of feet, But we have a Help - er furnished For the tri - als we may meet.
To the "lit - tle wick - et gate," And the an - gels will be near-est To a soul that's des - o - late.
That the Sav - ior can not heal: There is ma-ny a low - ly forehead Bear-ing now the hid - den seal.

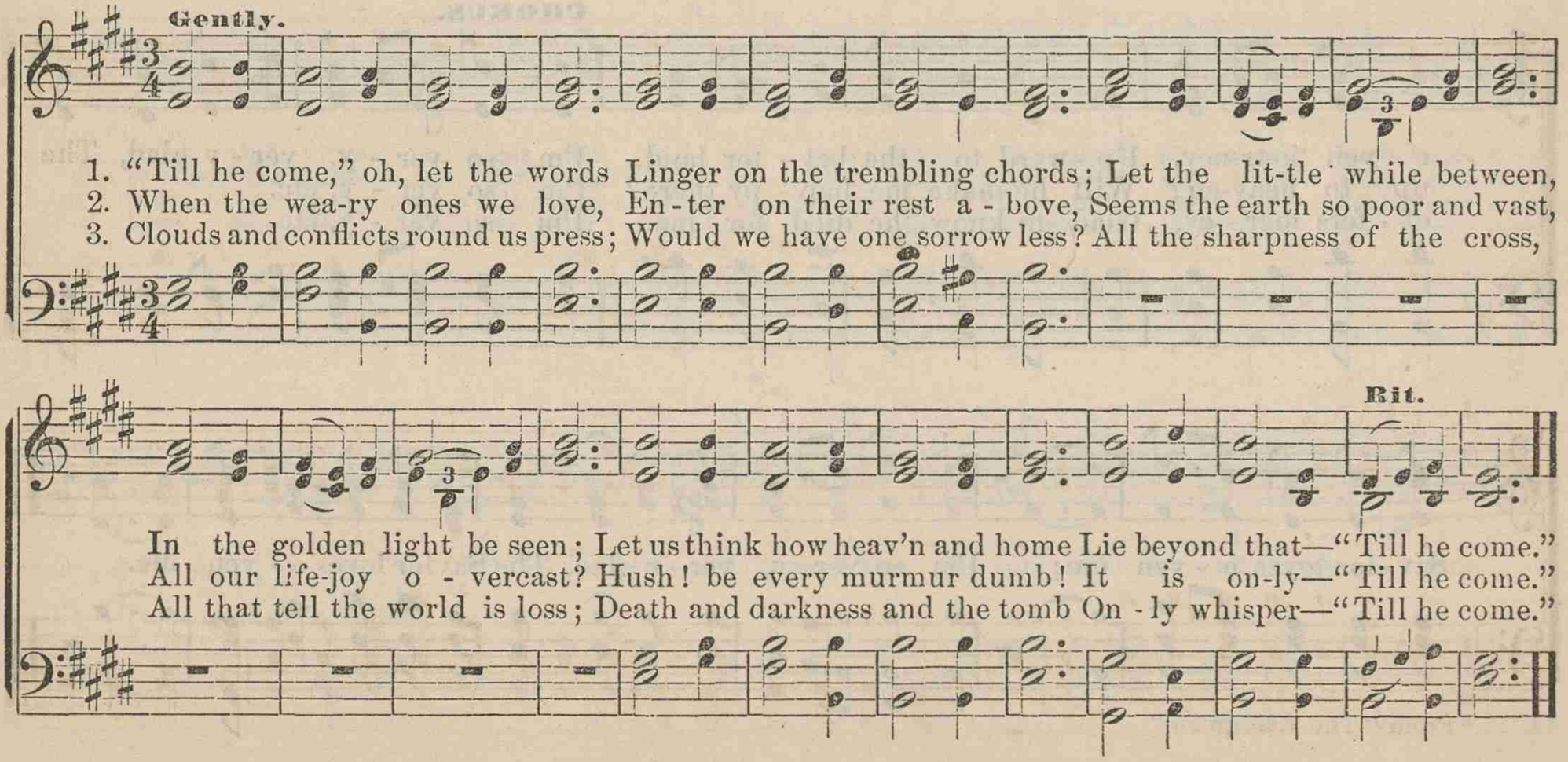
CHORUS.

In the sunshine or the shade, let us ev - er cheerful be, Ev-er trusting in our Savior's boundless grace;

boundless grace;

"TILL HE COME."

Words by E. H. BICKERSTETH. TOM. C. NEAL.



I AM TOLD THAT JESUS LOVES ME.*

Words by A. E. HOFFMAN. T. C. O'KANE.

1. I am told that Je - sus loves me, And will lead me by the hand Thro' my life's un-
2. Is it so? and does he love me? Will he guard me with his care? Will he take me
3. I'm so glad to know he loves me, Glad to know he cares for me, Glad to know he

CHORUS.

e - ven jour-ney, Up - ward to the bet - ter land. I'm so ver - y, ver - y glad, The
up to heav-en? Will he make me hap - py there? I'm so ver - y, etc.
of - fers mer - cy, Glad to know he died for me. I'm so ver - y, etc.

Sav - ior loves e - ven me; I'm so ver - y, ver - y glad, The Savior loves e - ven me.

*From "The Evergreen."

MY GOAL IS CHRIST.

S. J. VAIL, by permission.

1. Ah, tell me not of gold or treas - ure, Of pomp and beau - ty here on earth! There's not a
2. The world and her pur - suits will per - ish, Her beauty's fad - ing like a flower; The brightest
3. A-gainst this tower there's no pre - vail - ing; His kingdom pass - es not a - way; His throne a-
4. And though a pil - grim I must wan - der, Still ab - sent from the One I love; He soon will

thing that gives me pleas - ure Of all the world dis - plays for worth. Each heart will
schemes the earth can cher - ish Are but the pas - time of an hour. Each heart will
bides, de - spite as - sail - ing, From henceforth un - to end - less day. Each heart will
have me with him yon - der In his own glo - ry - realms a - bove. Tri - umph-ant-

seek and love its own; My goal is Christ, and Christ a-lone, My goal is Christ, and Christ a - lone.
seek and love its own, etc.
ly I therefore own, etc.

Words by FAITH LATIMER.

THE BLESSED CALL.*

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Hark! there is a bless-ed call Sounding loud and free to all, To a roy - al feast to be a guest:
2. Blest are they who hear the call, For, within the jas - per wall, They shall sing a nev - er-end-ing psalm;
3. Ev - 'ry one who en-ters in Shall be washed and cleansed from sin, In the blood the dying Savior shed;

Hark! the Spir-it and the Bride Have in sweetest accents cried, "Come, oh, come and be forev - er blest."
Twining fadeless garlands sweet, Of the tree of life they'll eat, At the marriage supper of the Lamb.
They shall wear the heavenly dress Of his perfect righteousness, And a crown on each immor-tal head.

D.S. For 'twas Je - sus did pre-pare Such a glorious garment there For the ransomed round his throne of light.

CHORUS.

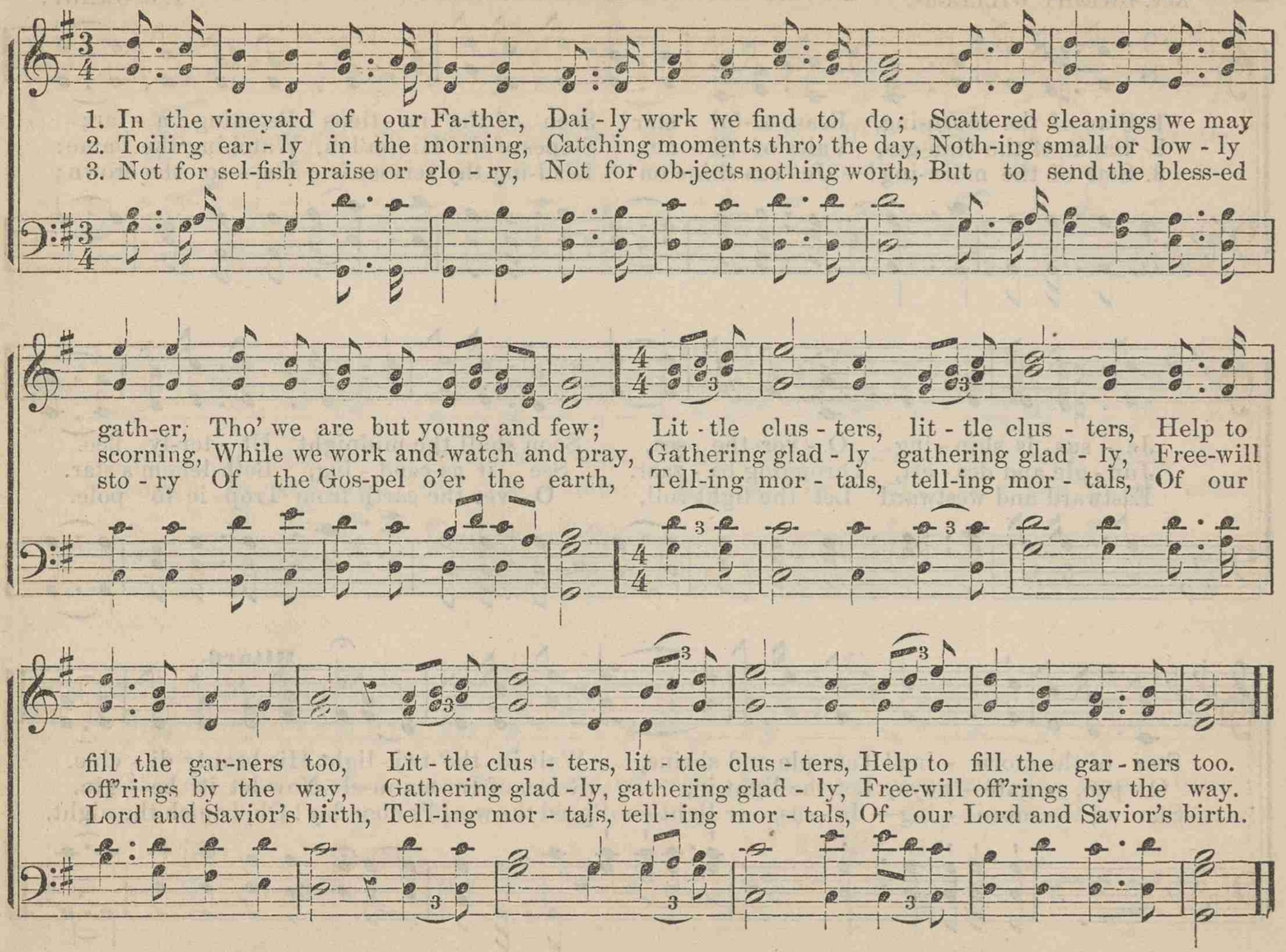
Oh, do not slight the call, There is room enough for all, And for each a shining robe, Yes, a robe of spotless white!

* From "The Welcome."

LITTLE CLUSTERS.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. In the vineyard of our Fa-ther, Dai - ly work we find to do; Scattered gleanings we may gath-er, Tho' we are but young and few; Lit - tle clus - ters, lit - tle clus - ters, Help to fill the gar-ners too,
2. Toiling ear - ly in the morning, Catching moments thro' the day, Noth-ing small or low - ly scorning, While we work and watch and pray, Gathering glad - ly gathering glad - ly, Free-will off'rings by the way,
3. Not for sel-fish praise or glo - ry, Not for ob-jects nothing worth, But to send the bless-ed sto - ry Of the Gos-pel o'er the earth, Tell-ing mor - tals, tell-ing mor - tals, Of our Lord and Savior's birth.



Lit - tle clus - ters, lit - tle clus - ters, Help to fill the gar - ners too.
Gathering glad - ly, gathering glad - ly, Free-will off'rings by the way.
Tell-ing mor - tals, tell - ing mor - tals, Of our Lord and Savior's birth.

STAR OF THE MORNING.

Words by
Rev. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

T. C. OKANE.

1. Star of the morn-ing, Beau-ti-ful star! Seen of the na-tions Beaming a-far;
2. Banks of the Gan-ges, Vales of Si-am, Slopes of the Himm'leh, Watching the flame:
3. Star of the morn-ing!— Je-sus shine on! Lead-ing thy serv-ants Un-to the crown;

Je-sus is shin-ing O-ver the sea, Soon shall the midnight Ut-ter-ly flee.
Jun-gle and des-ert, Thronging ba-zaar, See it as-cend-ing, Beth-lehem's star.
Eastward and westward Let the light roll, O-ver the earth from Trop-ic to pole.

Star of the morn-ing! Tem-ple and shrine, Wait in the twi-light His beauty di-vine.
O-pen, ye gate-ways; Let the light in, Reign of Im-manu-el Now let it be-gin.
Star of the morn-ing— Je-sus, our light— Speed the world's noonday! Oh, banish the night.

Ritard.

WE ALL MIGHT DO GOOD.

1. We all might do good When we oft - en do ill: There is al - ways the way, If we but have the will; Tho' it be but a word kind - ly
2. We all might do good, Wheth-er low - ly or great, For the deed is not gauged By the purse or es - tate; If it be but a cup of cold

DUET.

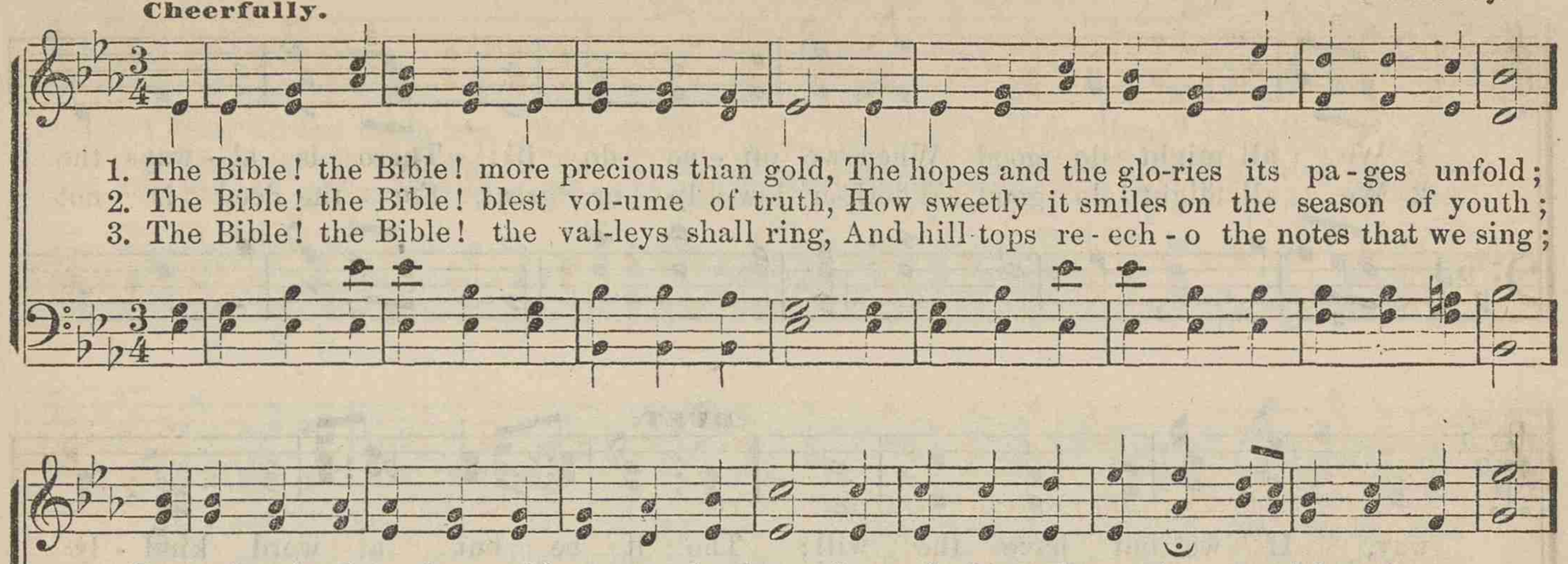
breath'd or sup - press'd, It may guard off some pain, Or give peace to some breast.
wa - ter that's given, Like the wid - ow's two mites, It is some-thing for heaven.

THE BIBLE.

Old Melody.

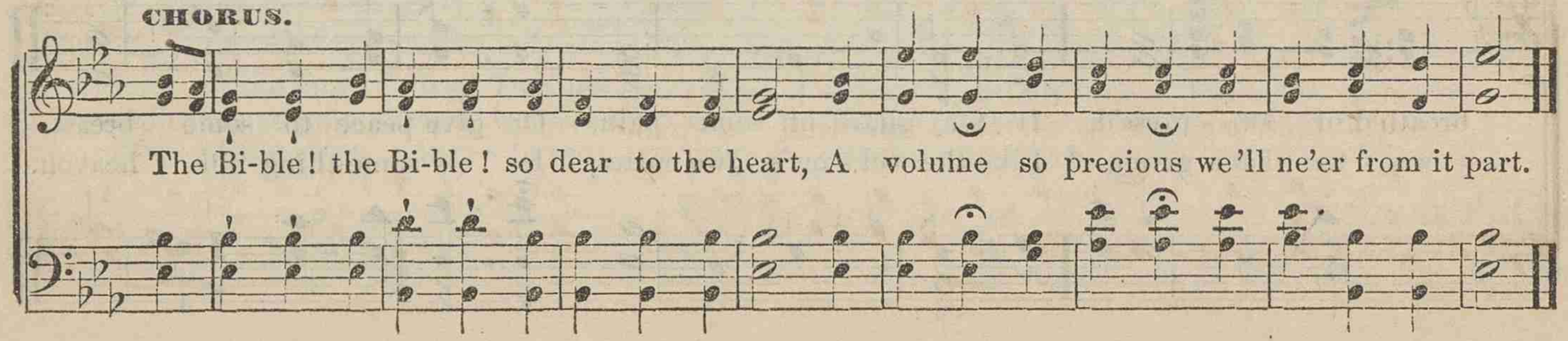
Cheerfully.

1. The Bible! the Bible! more precious than gold, The hopes and the glo-ries its pa-ges unfold;
2. The Bible! the Bible! blest vol-ume of truth, How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth;
3. The Bible! the Bible! the val-leys shall ring, And hill-tops re-ech-o the notes that we sing;



It speaks of redemption—wide o-pens the door—It of-fers sal-va-tion to rich and to poor.
Ere hearts are enslaved in the bondage of vice, It bids us seek early the "pearl of great price."
Our banners inscribed with its precepts and rules, Shall long wave in triumph the joy of our schools.

CHORUS.



The Bi-ble! the Bi-ble! so dear to the heart, A volume so precious we'll ne'er from it part.

ONE IN CHRIST.

*Words by Rev. H. D. GANSE. T. C. O'KANE.

1. We are ma - ny, we are one; For, by one Spir - it led, All our paths to-geth - er run,
2. Merge we then our separate speech, To form a com-mon tongue; Cease, ye discords, while we reach
3. Hark! with shouts the saints on high The King of glo - ry crown; Roll a-part, O sol - id sky,

Tho' o'er the earth they spread. Straight to Christ they lead for light, Straight to Christ for
A u - ni - ver - sal song. "Je - sus" be the name we sing; Help us, Spir - it
And pour the an - them down. "Hal - le - lu - ia!" Say, ye men, Is it heaven or

sins for-given, Straight be-hind him thro' the fight, Then with him straight to heaven.
of the Lord, And the ut - most lands shall ring With that a - dor - ed word.
earth that sings? Shout the cho - rus back a - gain: "Our Christ is King of kings."

*Rendered with thrilling effect at the Evangelical Alliance, October, 1873.

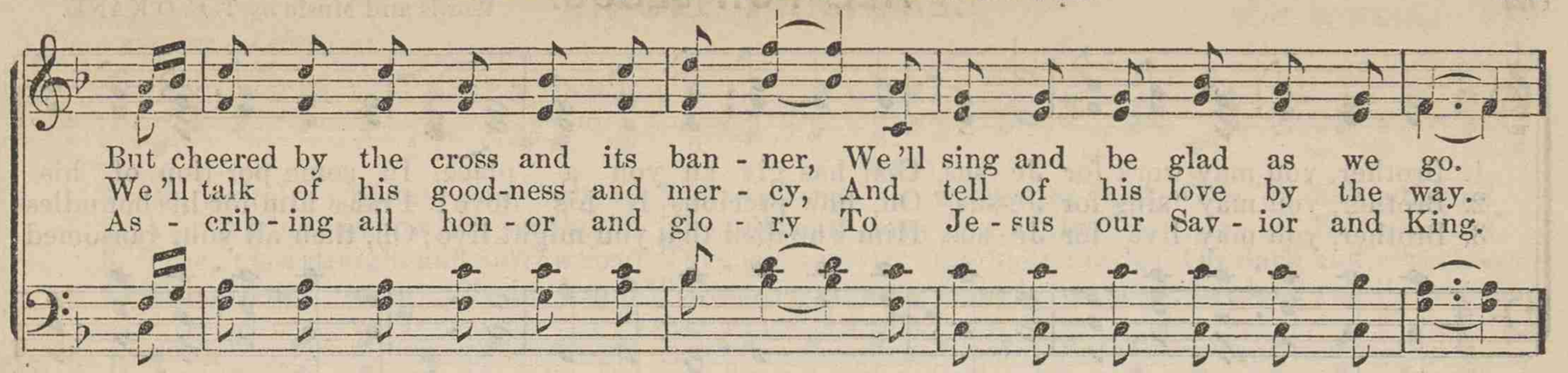
BEAUTIFUL ZION.

J. M. CASTLE.

1. We'll jour-ney to-geth-er to Zi-on, That beau-ti-ful cit-y of light;
2. We'll jour-ney to-geth-er to Zi-on, Where all who are faith-ful may share,
3. We'll jour-ney to-geth-er to Zi-on, With rap-ture we soon shall be-hold,

Whose sky is un-cloud-ed for-ev-er, Nor vailed by a shad-ow of night.
A place in the man-sion of glo-ry, Our Sav-ior has gone to pre-pare.
The saints who have reached it be-fore us, The prophets and mar-tyrs of old.

We'll stay not to drink of the wa-ter, Nor rest in the val-ley be-low;
His flock he will feed like a shep-herd, And guard them by night and by day;
We'll learn the new song of re-demp-tion, Which on-ly the ransomed can sing;


But cheered by the cross and its ban - ner, We'll sing and be glad as we go.
We'll talk of his good-ness and mer - cy, And tell of his love by the way.
As - crib - ing all hon - or and glo - ry To Je - sus our Sav - ior and King.

CHORUS.
Beau - - - - ti - ful Zi - on! Beau - - - - ti - ful Zi - on!
We'll jour-ney to - geth - er to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on!
Beau - - - - ti - ful Zi - on! That beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
We'll jour-ney to - geth - er to Zi - on,

ALL FOR JESUS.

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. Brother, you may work for Je-sus, God has giv-en you a place, In some por-tion of his vine-yard, And will give sus-tain-ing grace. He has bid-den you, "Go, la-bor,"
2. Brother, you may "sing for Je-sus," Oh, how precious is his love! Praise him for his bouudless bless-ings Ev-er com-ing from a-bove. Sing how Je-sus died to save you,
3. Brother, you may live for Je-sus, Him who died that you might live; Oh, then all your ransomed pow-ers Joy-ful to his ser-vice give. Thus for Je-sus you may la-bor,

And has promised a re-ward, Ev-en joy and life e-ter-nal, In the kingdom of our Lord.
How your sin and guilt he bore: How his blood hath sealed your pardon, "Sing for Jesus" ever-more.
And for Je-sus sing and pray; Con-secrate your life to Je-sus—Love and serve him every day.

DUET or CHORUS.

1. Oh, we're a lit - tle pilgrim band, We're go-ing to a bet-ter land; 'T is Je-sus calls and
2. A land where sorrow, sin, and strife, The toils and cares of earthly life, Are all for - got, and
3. True, 't is a straight and narrow road That leads us to this blest abode; Oft dark and cheerless
4. Oh, journey on, my pilgrim band, With faith and hope to the better land; Ere long you'll reach the

CHORUS.

bids us come, And find with him a happy home. Happy home! happy home! Find with him a
known no more By those who dwell on that blest shore. Happy home, etc.
are earth's days, But ever there's a voice that says: Happy home, etc.
man-sions fair, And live with Je-sus ev - er there. Happy home, etc.

hap - py home; 'T is Je - sus calls, and bids us come, And find with him a hap-py home.

From "The Welcome."

HEAVEN.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. What glo-ry is thine, oh, thou Cit - y of God; Oh, Zi-on, bright land ‖: of our dreams, :‖
2. We know thou hast never a beam of our sun, The moon nor the stars ‖: of our night; :‖
3. We dream of thy peace that shall never be strife, The day that shall ‖: never be :‖ o'er;
4. We see the white robes in the streets of pure gold, The flash of white wings ‖: in the air; ‖

What beau - ty hangs o - ver thy flow - er - y sod, Thy walls and thy silver-winged streams!
With grand-eur e - ter - nal thy arch - es are hung, The smile of the Lord is thy light!
The lil - ies so white in the Riv - er of Life, The ros - es so sweet on the shore!
The star of thy morning that nev - er grows old, The smile of the loved that are there!

CHORUS.

To thee we will journey, oh, Cit - y of God, To rest on thy ev - er-green shore, . . .

ev - er-green shore,

When mortal - ity's pathways of du - ty are trod, With Je - sus to live ev - er - more. . . .
ev-er - more.

PRAISE GOD.

T. C. O'KANE.

With vigor.

Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise him, all crea-tures here be - low,
Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here below,

Praise him above, ye heav'nly host, Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,

GROW NOT WEARY.

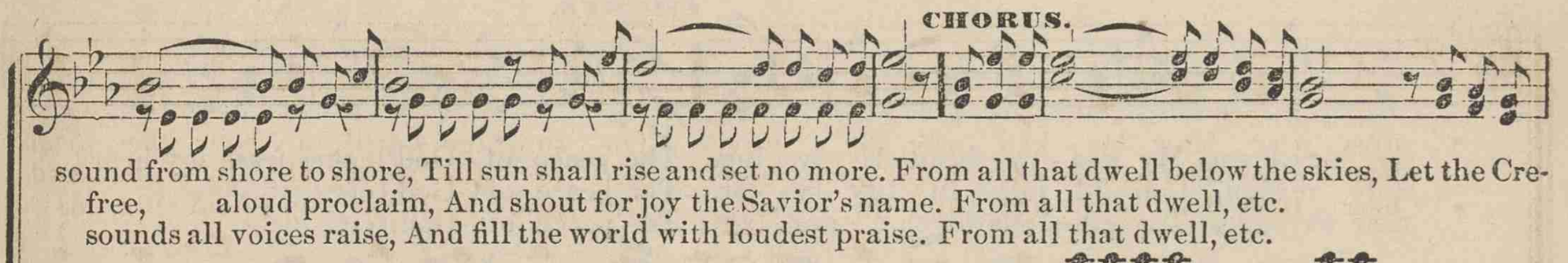
Words by Mrs. ANNIE H. THOMSON. T. C. O'KANE.

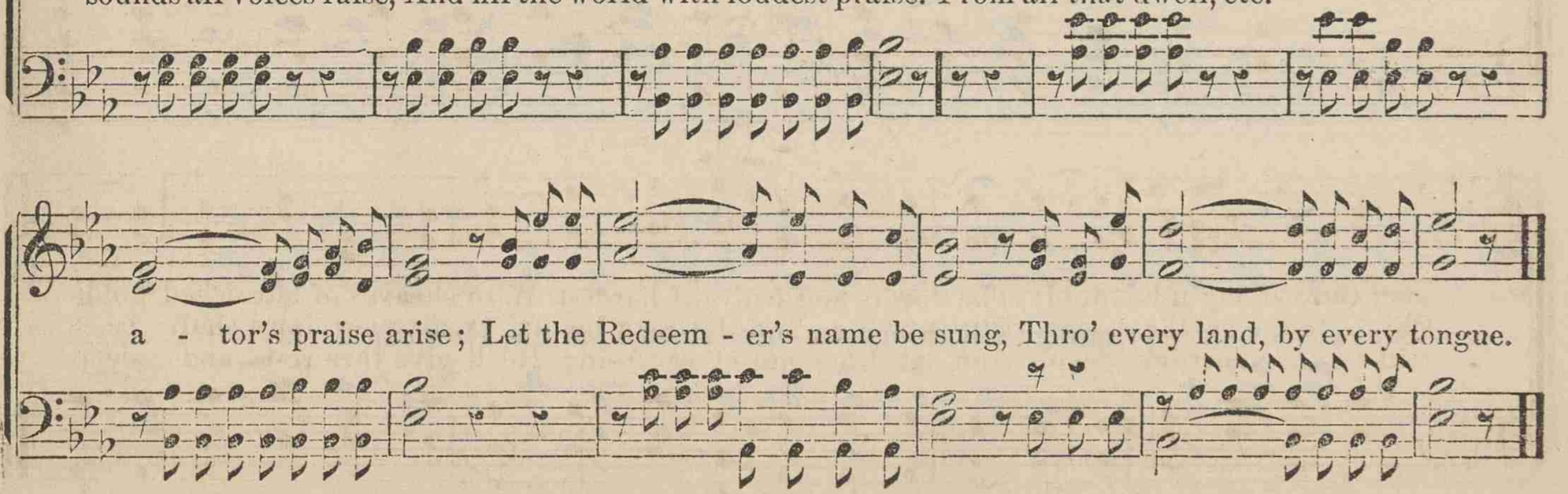
1. O, toil - ers, grow not wea - ry, Wea-ry by the way; Tho' clouds and tempests
2. O, toil - ers, grow not wea - ry, Wea-ry by the way; And Sa - tan's hosts shall
3. O, toil - ers, grow not wea - ry, Wea-ry by the way; The Mas - ter walk-eth

drea - ry May dar - ken o'er thy way. The sunshine's still a - bove thee, And
fear thee The powers of hell o - bey. And on the shores of In - dia, And
near thee, To com - fort and to stay. Thy hands he'll be up - hold - ing, A-

soon thou'lt joy-ful hold The flow'rs and fruits of harvest With sheaves of burnished gold.
Chi - na by the sea, The sow-ing and the reap-ing Of Christ your Lord shall be.
mid the furrows deep, And at life's qui-et even-ing He'll give thee rest and sleep.

Arranged from C. M. VON WEBER.





ABIDING REST.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. I now have found a - bid - ing rest, For which I long was sighing; Now on my lov-ing
2. And now, O Lord, I'm wholly thine, And thou art mine, dear Savior; All fear and doubt I
3. By faith I feel the blood applied, My soul from sin re - stor-ing; Oh, keep me ev - er

CHORUS.

Sav-ior's breast My wea - ry head is ly - ing. The peace of God makes fresh my heart, A
here re-sign, Con - fid - ing in thy fa - vor. The peace of God, etc.
near thy side, Thy gra-cious love a - dor - ing. The peace of God, etc.

fount-ain ev - er springing; All things are mine since I am his, How can I keep from singing?

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low - ship of love His spir - it on - ly
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru - ly His Who dwells in cloudless
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed a - way, Because that Light hath
4. Walk in the light! thy path shall be Peaceful, se-rene, and bright; For God, by grace, shall

CHORUS.

can be - stow, Who reigns in light a - bove. Let us walk in the light,
light enshrined, In whom no dark-ness is. Let us walk, etc.
on thee shone, In which is per - fect day. Let us walk, etc.
dwell in thee, And God him-self is light. Let us walk, etc.

In the way our Sav - ior trod; Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.

 Miss Marieanna Hearn

WAITING FOR ME.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. There are dear ones at home I may bless with my love; There are wretched ones passing the street;
2. There are lit - tle ones glid - ing a - bout on my path, In need of a friend and a guide;
3. I may be brought there by the man - i - fold grace Of the Sav-ior who loves to for-give,

There are friendless and suf - fer - ing strangers around; There are tempted and poor I must meet;
There are dim lit - tle eyes that look up in - to mine, Whose tears could be ea - si - ly dried;
Though I bless not the hun - gry ones near to my side, On - ly pray for my-self while I live;

There are ma-ny unthought of, whom, happy and blest, In the land of the good I shall see;
But Je - sus may beckon the chil-dren a - way, In the midst of their grief or their glee;
But I think I should mourn o'er my selfish ne-glect—If sor-row in heav-en could be;

Ritard.

Will an - y of these at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be wait-ing and watch-ing for me?
Will an - y of these at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be wait-ing and watch-ing for me?
If no one should be at the beau - ti - ful gate, Both waiting and watch-ing for me?

CHORUS.

Be wait- - - - ing and watching for me, Yes, wait- - - - ing and watching for me;

Be wait-ing and watching for me, for me, Yes, waiting and watching for me, for me;

Ritard.

May ma - ny of those at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be wait-ing and watching for me.

CHURCH OF GOD, AWAKE!

Words by Mrs. EMILY J. BUGBEE. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Church of God, whose conq'ring ban - ners Float a - long the glo - rious years, Gath-'ring har-vest rich and
2. In your cost - ly tem - ples pray - ing, "Let thy kingdom come," we pray, Are but words of i - dle
3. Grace and glo - ry he hath sent you, Cast your line in plac - es fair, Scat - ter bless-ing *now*, he
4. Shake the earth and rend the heav - en, Wake thy sleeping chil-dren, Lord, Till the meas-ure full and

gold - en, Sowed in pov - er - ty and tears: On - ward press, the cross is bend - ing
mean - ing, If with these we turn a - way. Boundless wealth to you is giv - en,
bids you, O'er his green earth ev - ery-where; Till the mil - lions in the twi - light
e - ven Has been ren - dered at thy word. Then from out her chrism of sor - row

Far to-ward the morning skies, Speed-y dawn of light por - tend - ing: Church of God, a-wake! a - rise!
From his hand who owns it all, And his eye beholds in heav-en What ye ren-der back for all
Of the far - off O - rient land, In the gracious morn-ing splen- dor Of the gos - pel light shall stand.
Shall the earth redeemed a - rise. And the fair mil-len - nial mor - row Dawn with o - pal-tint - ed skies.

CHORUS.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. (Chant.)

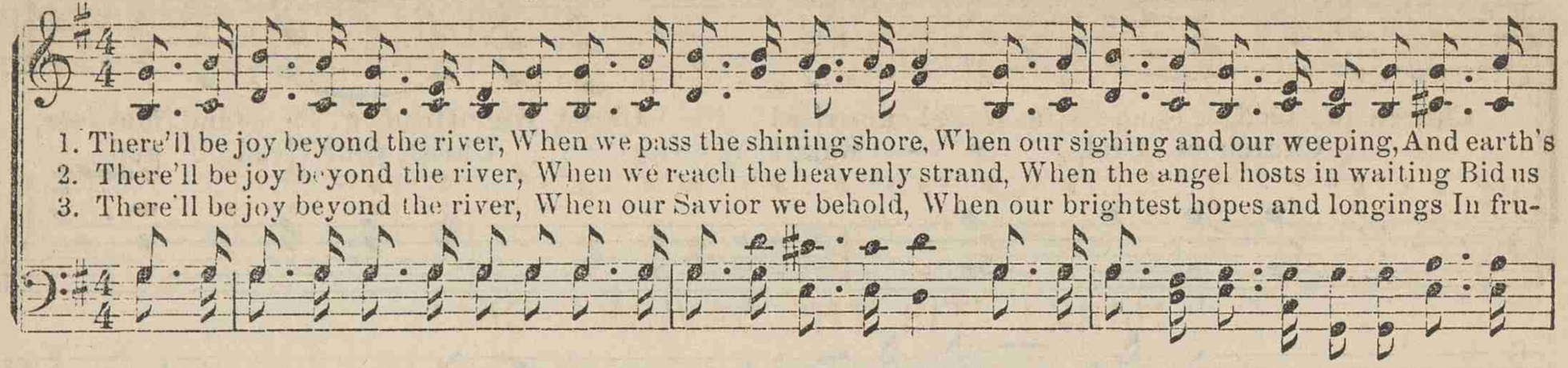
Gregorian.

I. Our Father who art in heaven | hallowed | be thy | name: ‖
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this | day our | daily | bread: ‖ And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de | liver | us from | evil: ‖
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for- | ever. A- | men.

THE NEW SONG.*

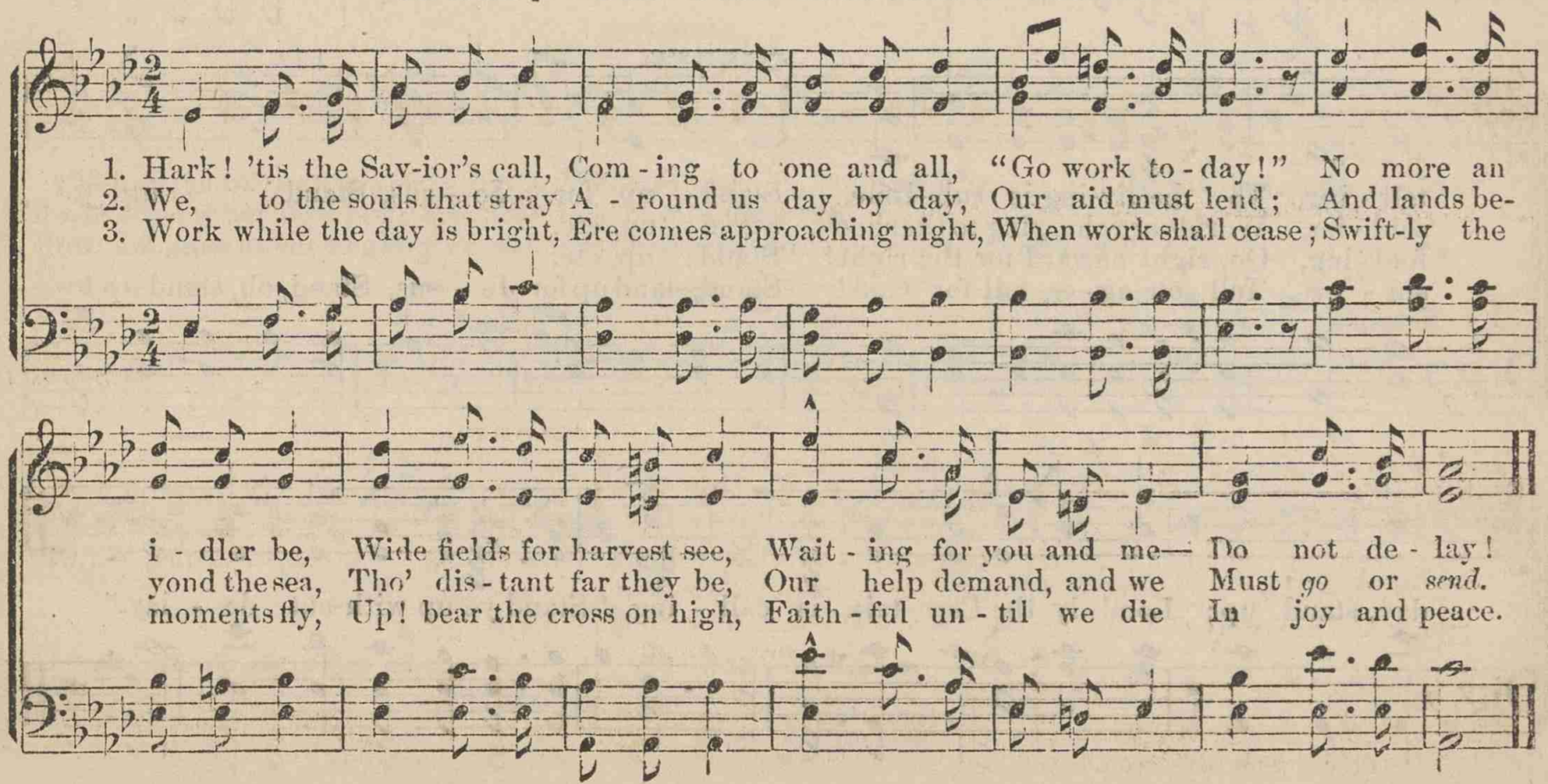
Words by G. W. CAFFREY. S. WESLEY MARTIN.

"And they sang as it were a New Song before the Throne."—REV. xiv, 3.



* From "The Evergreen."

HARK! 'TIS THE SAVIOR'S CALL.



"STRIKE FOR JESUS."

T. C. O'KANE.

1. We are living, we are dwell - ing, In a grand and awful time, In an age on ag - es
2. Hark, the onset! will you fold your Faith-clad arms in lazy lock? Up, oh, up! thou drowsy
3. Worlds are charging, heaven beholding, Thou hast but an hour to fight; On the blazoned cross un-
4. On! let all the soul with-in you For the truth's sake go a-broad; Strike! let every nerve and

CHORUS.

tell - ing, To be liv-ing is sub - lime. Stand up for Je - sus, Stand up to-
sold - ier, Worlds are charging to the shock. Stand up, etc.
fold - ing, On, right onward for the right! Stand up, etc.
sin - ew Tell on ag - es, tell for God! Stand, stand up for Je - sus, Stand, oh, stand up to-

day, stand up; Loud - ly the Cap - tain is call - ing, "Stand ye up with-out de - lay."

1. A-way with our sorrow and fear, We soon shall recover our home, The cit - y of saints shall appear,
2. By faith we alread - y be-hold That love - ly Je-ru - salem here: Her walls are of jasper and gold;
3. Im-mov - ably founded in grace, She stands as she ever hath stood, And brightly her Builder displays,

CHORUS.

The day of e - ter - ni - ty come. We shall rest by and by, In the new Jeru - sa-lem a-
As crystal her buildings are clear. We shall rest
And flames with the glory of God. We shall rest, etc. by and by,

bove, With the saints by and by, All the fulness of its rap-ture prove.
home above, With the saints, by and by,

COME JOIN OUR BAND.

T. C. O'K. in Musical Leaves.

Lively.

1. We're marching to the prom-ised land, A land all fair and bright; Come join our hap-py,
2. The Sav - ior feeds his lit · tle flock, His grace is free - ly given; The liv - ing wa - ter
3. In that bright land no sin is found, But all are hap - py there, And hap - py, youthful
4. Our teach-ers kind point out the way, And guide our feet a - right, To the bright realms of

CHORUS.

youthful band, And seek the plains of light. Oh! come and join our youthful band, Our
from the rock, And dai - ly bread from heaven. Oh! come and join, etc.
voic - es join In the an - gel - ic choir. Oh! come and join, etc.
end - less day, Where Je - sus is the light. Oh! come and join, etc.

songs and triumphs share; We soon shall reach the promised land, And rest for - ev - er there.

Words by Prof. T. C. UPHAM.

HEAVEN WITHIN US.*

T. M. TOWNE.

1. They tell us that o'er the dark riv - er We'll land on the heaven-ly shore; But is it not wi-ser and
2. "The kingdom of God is with - in you," The greatest of teachers hath said; The faithful and loving have
3. "The kingdom of God is with - in you," Let doubtings and sorrow de - part; The kingdom of God is with-

CHORUS.

A heaven . . . is here, . . . A

bet - ter To feel that bright Ca-naan be - fore. A heav-en is here, A heav-en is here; A
found it, En-joyed it, be - fore they were dead. A heav-en is here, etc.
in you, It dwells in the sanc - ti - fied heart. A heav-en is here, etc.

heaven . . . of love; . . . A heaven . . . of peace, . . . Like that . . . a - bove. . .

Repeat *pp*

heav-en of love, a heaven of love; A heaven of peace, a heaven of peace, Like that a-bove, like that a-bove.

* From "The Evergreen."

BEYOND THE RIVER.

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Be - yond the dark riv - er of death— Be - yond where its wa - ters are swell - ing,
2. No tears in that beau - ti - ful home! No sor - row can en - ter its por - tals;
3. No night in that beau - ti - ful home! No sin from our Sav - ior to sev - er;

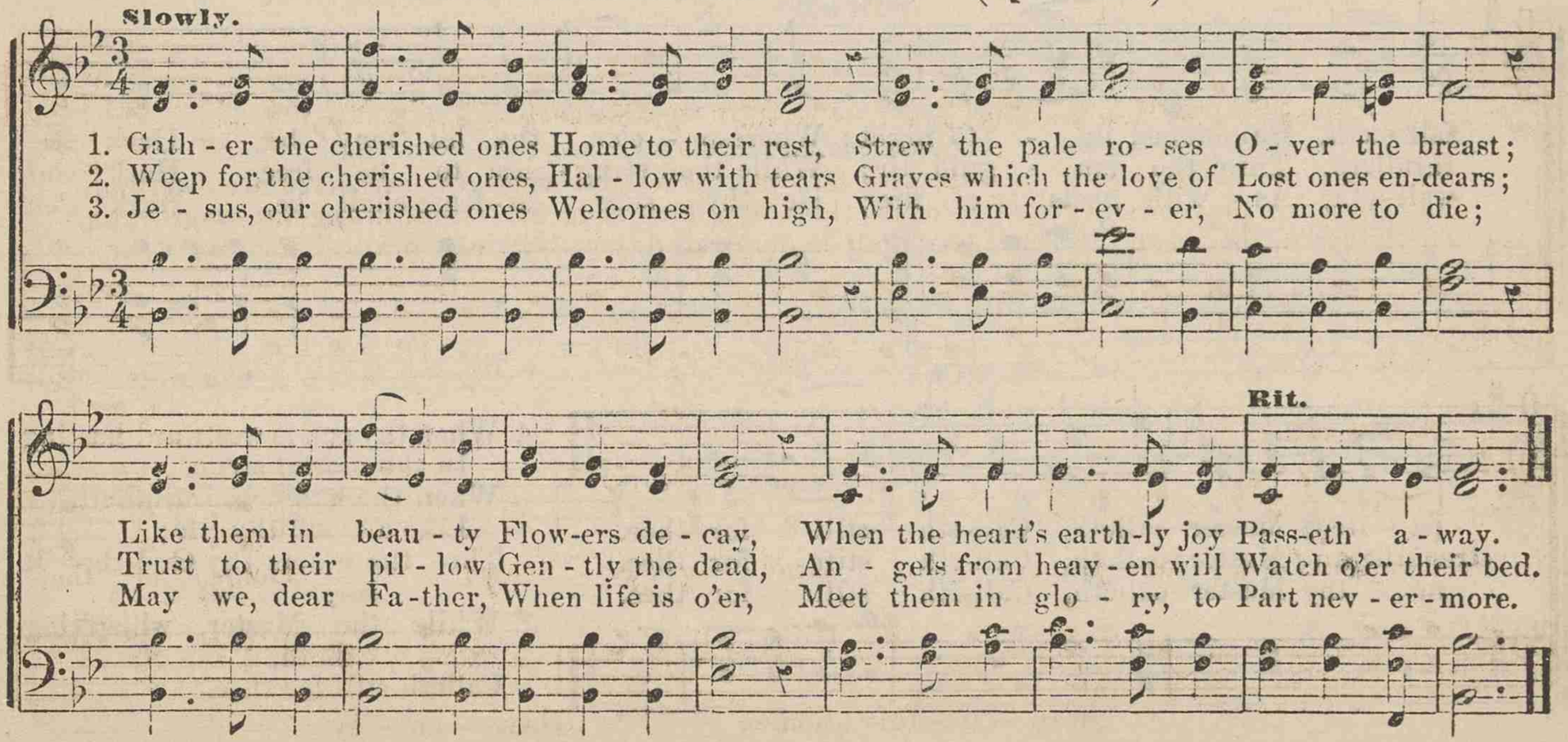
The home of my spir - it is wait-ing for me, The land where the ransomed are dwelling.
But glad are the voic - es that join in the song, The song of the shin-ing im - mor - tals.
The King in his beau - ty our eyes shall be-hold, And join in his praises for - ev - er.

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful home! Heav - en - ly home! Home of the

Beau - ti - ful home! Heav - en - ly

OUR CHERISHED ONES. (Quartet.)



THE MASTER CALLETH STILL FOR THEE.

Words by Rev. W. M. PUNSHON. W. J. DAVIES.

1. When the morn - ing wakes the woodland, When the moon is bright, When the shad - ow slowly fall - eth, Summoned in - to night; Whereso - e'er thy lot may be, Hark! the pa - tient Master calleth, Call-eth still for thee.
2. When some sore assault be - sets thee, More than flesh can bear, Or the si - ren's voice en- thralleth, Thro' the lan - guid air; While thou strug - glest to be free, Hark! the strengthening Master calleth, Call-eth still for thee.
3. Cour-age! though the danger deep-ens, Shout the song the higher! He who all his saints en- wall - eth, As with hosts of fire; He thy sure de - fense shall be, Hark! e'en *now* thy Master calleth, Call-eth still for thee.

4 When thy sun is westward hasting
In the mortal strife,
When the latest woe befalleth
Like a cloud thy life;
Thro' the gloom thy God thou 'lt see,
While the Master, whisp'ring calleth,
Calleth still for thee.

SHOUT THE TIDINGS.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Shout the tid-ings of sal - va - tion To the ag - ed and the young, Till the precious in - vi-
2. Shout the tid-ings of sal - va - tion O'er the prairies of the west, Till each gathering congre-
3. Shout the tid-ings of sal - va - tion, Mingling with the ocean's roar, Till the ships of ev - ery
4. Shout the tid-ings of sal - va - tion O'er the islands of the sea, Till, in hum-ble ad - o-

CHORUS.

ta - tion Wakens ev - ery heart and tongue. Shout the tid - ings, glorious tid - ings, Till the
ga - tion With the Gospel sound is blest.
na - tion Bear the news from shore to shore.
ra - tion, All to Christ shall bow the knee.

Shout the tidings, glorious tidings,

world shall hear the call; Shout the tid - ings, glorious tid - ings, That the Savior died for all.

SWEET SABBATH BELLS.

Words by J. W. BROWN.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. The bells—the bells—the Sabbath bells! How mer - ri - ly they ring! As if they felt the joy they tell To ev - 'ry human thing. Their silv'ry tones o'er vale and hill, Re-ech - o far and near, As wave on wave the tide of sound Comes swelling soft and clear. Ring, ring, ring, While we
2. The bells—the mer - ry Sabbath bells, They 're ringing in the morn! They ring when in the east-ern sky The golden light is born; They ring as sunshine tips the hills, And gilds the glitt'ring spire, When thro' the sky the sov'reign sun Rolls his full orb of fire. Ring, ring, etc.
3. The bells—the sil - v'ry Sabbath bells, O'er many a mile they sound! And household tones are answ'ring them In thousand homes around. Let childhood's voices blithe and shrill, With youth's strong accents blend. Let ev - 'ry thankful human heart In praise to God as - cend. Ring, ring, etc.

CHORUS.

THE ANGELS' SONG.

NAGELLI.

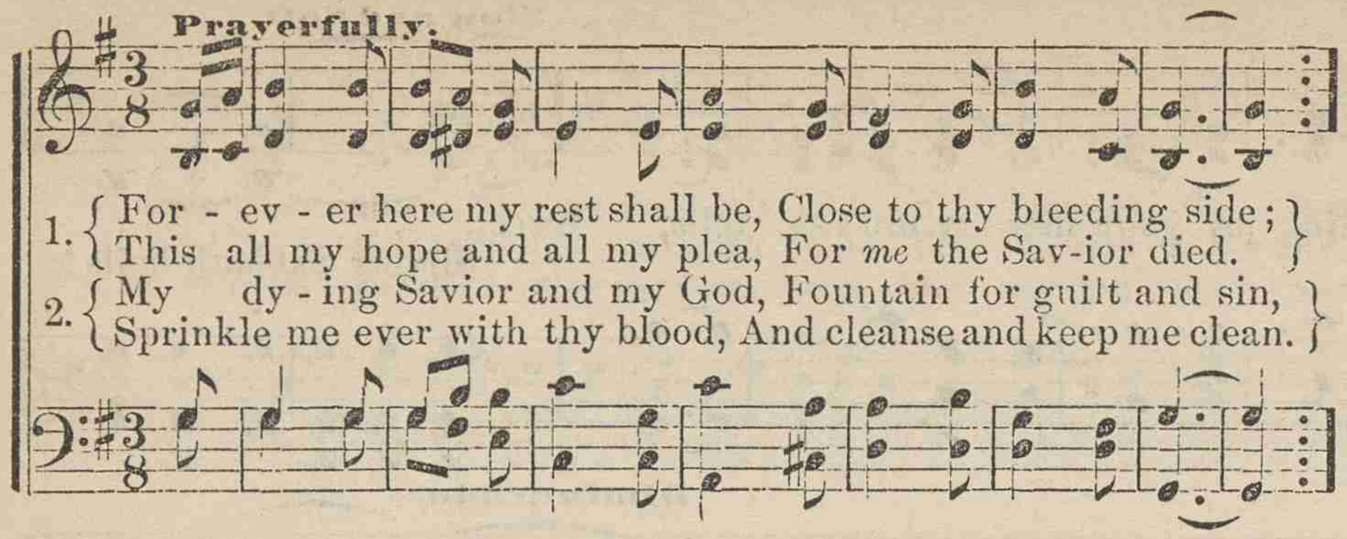
1. { Si - lent-ly the shep-herds / O'er their flocks were watching } On Ju-de - a's plain, { When there came from heaven / God's own shining an - gel } Singing joy - ful strains.
2. { "Great and glorious tid-ings, / Lo, I come to bring you, } All ye sons of men; { For you, in a man - ger, / This day is a Sav - ior, } Born in Beth-le - hem."

3 Then a host of angels
Came and joined in chorus,
"Glory be to God,
Glory in the highest,
Peace on earth forever,
And good will to man."

4 Hail! then blessed Jesus,
Christ, the Great Anointed,
Prophet, Priest, and King.
Send the joyful tidings
Unto every nation—
Men and angels sing.

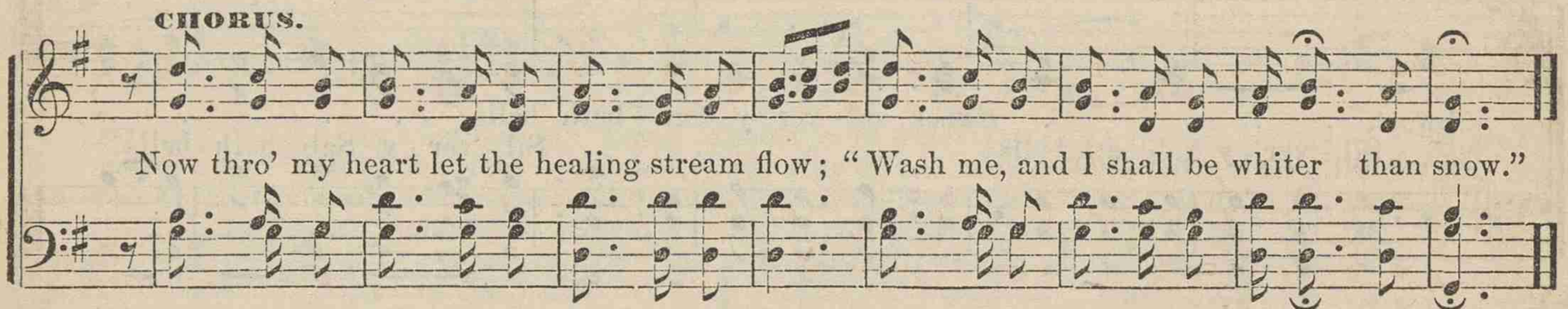
5 On this blessed morning
Worship we our Savior,
And adoring cry,
"Glory in the highest,
Glory, glory, glory
Be to God most high."

THE ALL-CLEANSING TIDE.



3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone—
My hands, my head, my heart.
Now through, etc.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.
Now through, etc.



WONDERFUL CROSS.

T. C. O'KANE.

Cross of the suff - 'ring Son of God, Un - der thy press - ing weight he trod;
Won-der - ful faith that brings thee near, Won-der - ful love that makes thee dear;
Won-der - ful cross and tears and blood, Mak-ing me king and priest to God;

Won - der-ful cross so dear to me, Won - der-ful cross of Cal - va - ry;
Won - der-ful cross, and faith, and love, Send - ing me up to heaven a - bove;
Won - der-ful joy, at last I'll share, Leav - ing the cross, the crown to wear;

Won - der - ful cross so dear to me, Won - der - ful cross of Cal va - ry.

58 Words by FANNY CROSBY. **OUR JOY WILL BE COMPLETE.*** T. C. O'KANE.

*From "Musical Leaves."

OUR JOY WILL BE COMPLETE.—Concluded.

REFRAIN. Joyful.

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED.

S. J. VAIL.

Fine.

CHORUS. D. C. Chorus.

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.

HARK THE NOTES.

Words by KELLEY. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Hark! the notes of angels, singing, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb! All in heav'n their tribute bring - ing,
2. Filled with holy em-u - la - tion, We unite with those above; Sweet the theme—a free sal- va - tion,

Rais - ing high the Savior's name. Ye for whom his life was giv - en,
Fruit of ev - er - last-ing love. Endless life in him pos-ess - ing,

Sacred themes to you belong; Come, assist the choir of heaven, Join the ev - er - lasting song.
Let us praise his precious name; Glory, honor, power, and blessing, Be for-ev - er to the Lamb.

CALLING US AWAY.

SOLO.

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.

DUET.

Many are the friends who are waiting to-day, Happy on the golden strand;

CHORUS.

Many are the voic-es

Repeat pp.

Calling us away, To join their glorious band; Calling us away, Calling to the better land.
Calling us away,

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 vict'ry came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquests to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

Words and Music by

THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

T. C. O'KANE.*

Go to next page.

1. From the throne of God in heav - en Flows a river pure and fair, . .
2. Clear as crystal is that riv - er, "River of the water of life," . .
3. There no shadow ev-er dark - ens That e - ter-nal radiant day, . .
4. Friends beloved those banks are treading, Who have only gone be - fore, . .

Go to next page.

5. Peace - ful river, bliss un-end - ing, Gold - en harp, and starry crown . .

Go to next page.

CHORUS to each stanza.

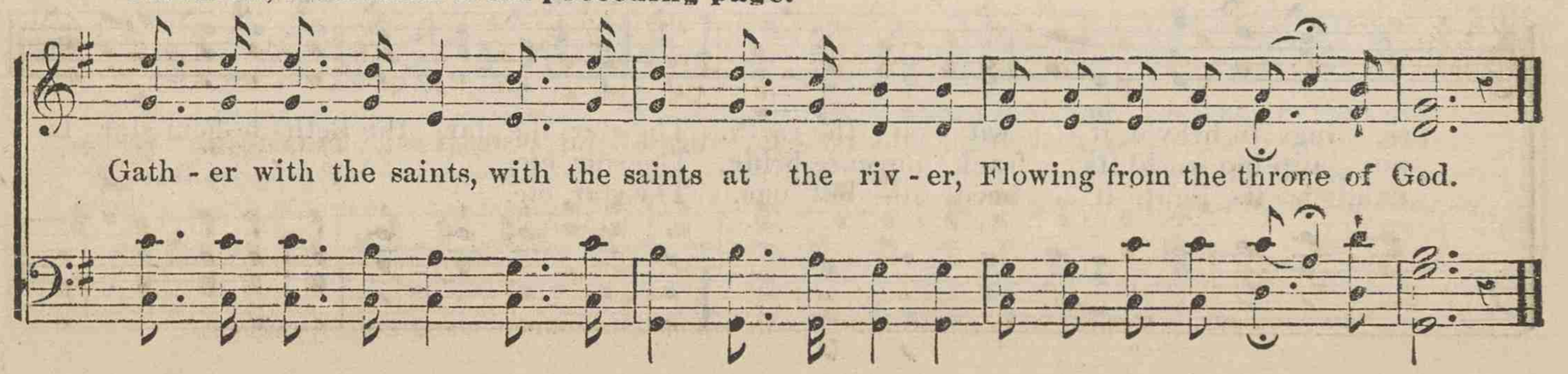
Yes, we will gath - er, gath-er at the riv - er, Beau-ti-ful, beau - ti-ful, beau-ti-ful riv - er,

*In "Brainard's Musical World," April, 1873, with complete Introduction and Accompaniment.

On whose banks the saints are gath'ring, Shall we gather with them there? . . . [*Chorus.*]
On its margin is no dy - ing, Nei - ther sorrow, pain, or strife. . . . [*Chorus.*]
Ere we en-ter its en - joy - ment, Je - sus wipes all tears a - way. . . . . [*Chorus.*]
Wait - ing on-ly for our com - ing, Shall we meet them on that shore? . . [*Chorus.*]

Eld - er Brother,—all a - wait - ing, When we lay these bodies down. . . . [*Chorus.*]

CHORUS, concluded from preceding page.



Gath - er with the saints, with the saints at the riv - er, Flowing from the throne of God.

Words by Rev. L. C. WEBSTER.

THE WONDERFUL STAR.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. To a dark, sin - ful world, a bright mes - sen-ger came, 'Twas the "Li - on of Ju - dah," and
2. Then joy to the world, for the won - der-ful sight—Both wise men and shepherds kept
3. Bright "Day Star" a - rise and il - lu - mine our way, To the "Cit - y of Da - vid" in

Je - sus his name, The bright "Morning Star," and of heav - en - ly birth, Though
watch in the night— Here's a wis - er than all— 'tis the chief Shepherd King; Let a
un - cloud-ed day, To the cit - y a - bove, need ing nev - er the sun, For the

ris - ing in heav'n, it sat on the earth. The star, the star, the Beth - le-hem star Is
wor - ship-ing world its frank - in-cense bring. The star, etc.
Lamb is its light, it need - eth but one. The star, etc.

CHORUS.

shin - ing in splendor, is seen from a - far, It throws out its light to the na-tions around, And

guides to the place where the Sav-ior is found.

LORD AND SAVIOR, HEAR US.

1. When to thee who hast thy dwell - ing,
2. When at birth of ro - sy morn - ing,
3. Or when day's bright hours are end - ing,
4. For a life thy praise ex - press - ing,

In the heaven of light ex-cell - ing, We our youthful griefs are tell - ing, Lord and Savior, hear us.
Our glad songs shall greet the dawning, When the sun the noon's a- dorn-ing, Lord and Savior, hear us.
When the shades of night descending, We are at thy footstool bend-ing, Lord and Savior, hear us.
For a death thy name con - fess-ing, For a heaven of end-less bless-ing, Lord and Savior, hear us.

"I WILL TRUST IN MY SAVIOR."

ROSSINI.

1. I will trust in my Sav-ior, Who al-ways is near, For his hand will uphold me, I nev-er need fear.
2. How he chastens in mercy To draw me away From the earth and its pleasures, To heaven's bright day.
3. Oh! for this, my dear Savior, I 'll bear every loss, And will run where he bids me, And carry my cross.

When storms are around me, And waves breaking high, I may hear in the tempest, His voice, "It is I."
To fit me for praising With an-gels on high, He afflicts, then he comforts, And says, "It is I."
For sure is that promise Which comes from the sky, "I will lead you, and save you, Fear not—It is I."

CHORUS.

A few stormy days, And my tri - als are past, No more shall disturb me The world's chilling blast;

But soar-ing to re-gions Of rap-ture on high, My Savior will greet me, And say, "It is I."

THE OLD SHIP.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. We are on the deep, we are sail-ing to our home, In the land be-yond the shores of time,
2. We are on the deep, see our sails how full they swell, And our standard floating proudly high,
3. Are you on the deep? in the sinner's bark so frail? You will perish—leave without de-lay—

Where the wea-ry rest, and no sor-rows ev-er come, In that brighter, bet-ter, hap-pier clime.
'T is the blood-stained ban-ner of King Imman-u-el, We will sail beneath it—"live or die."
Come on board with us, and at once for glo-ry sail, And be saved while you are called to-day.

CHORUS.

In the old ship Zi-on we are sail-ing on the tide, Tho' the waves may dash, and bil-lows roar;

"We will stand the storm," we will safe at an-chor ride, In the port on Canaan's peace-ful shore.

"RING THE BELL SOFTLY."

T. C. O'KANE.

Gently.

1. Some one has gone from this strange world of ours, No more to gath-er its thorns with its flow'rs;
No more to lin-ger where sunbeams must fade, Where, on all beauty, death's fingers are laid.
2. Some one is rest - ing from sor-row and sin, Hap-py where earthly strife en - ters not in;
Joy - ous as birds, when the morning is bright, When the bright sunbeams have bro't us their light.

Wea - ry with mingling life's bit - ter and sweet, Wea - ry with part-ing, and nev - er to meet;
Wea - ry with sow - ing, and nev - er to reap, Wea - ry with la - bor, and wel - com - ing sleep;

Some one has gone to the bright gold-en shore— Ring the bell soft - ly, there's crape on the door,
Some one's de-part - ed to heaven's bright shore— Ring the bell soft - ly, there's crape on the door,

pp **Dim. Rit.**

Ring the bell *soft - ly*, there's crape on the door.

3 Angels were anxiously longing to meet
One who walks with them on yon golden street;
Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest,
Free from all trials, and taking sweet rest.
Yes, there is another in angelic bliss,
One less to cherish, and one less to kiss;
One more departed to heaven's bright shore,
Ring the bell softly, there 's crape on the door, etc.

"AT THE EASTERN GATE."

1. In the "Eden of love," where the glorified are, Where the angels with Jesus abide, Where the ransom'd in robes that are spotless and fair, Ever press to the dear Savior's side; There amid that bright throng, praising God evermore. Many
2. They were faithful and true, thro' this valley below, In their duties to man and to God, And they heeded not care, but [were read - y to go, Whereso'er the Redeemer once trod. Now they rest from their toil in the mansions on high, Ent'ring

friends now our coming await, Who will hail us with joy, when we land on that shore, And will meet us "at the Eastern [gate."
on their eternal es-tate; On - ly waiting till we shall ascend in the sky, And to meet us "at the Eastern gate."

HAIL, BRIGHTEST MORNING!*

Words from "The Little Sower." J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Hail, brightest morning! hail, blessed day! From earthly cares let us now turn away; Prompt in our plac - es,
2. Sing, little children! come, raise your voice; Jesus has bless'd you, now you may rejoice; Sing, youths and maidens,

CHORUS.

raise every voice, Sweetly we sing and re-joice. Come let us join the soul-inspiring song, Wake sweetest strains with
join in the lay, This is the Lord's Holy Day! Come let us join, etc.

hearts and voices strong! Sing to the Sav - ior whom we a-dore, Hon - or and praise, ev - er - more.

3 Sing, loving parents, join with us too,
In our devotions we can not spare you;
Teach us the Way, the Truth, and the Life;
Banish all envy and strife.
Come let us join, etc.

4 Now, with devotion, pure and sincere,
Up to the Savior our spirits draw near;
Thank him for mercies, graciously given,
Pardon us, Father in heaven.
Come let us join, etc.

* From "The Welcome."

1. Hark! hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
2. On-ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come, weary souls, for Je-sus bids you come,"
3. An-gels, sing on! your faithful watches keep-ing; Sing us sweet fragments of the songs a - bove;

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling,
And thro' the dark its ech - oes sweet-ly ring - ing,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep-ing,

Of that new life where sin shall be no more.
The mu - sic of the Gos-pel leads us home.
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

CHORUS.

An - gels of Je - sus, An-gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come The pil-grims of the night.

Words from the
American S. S. Hymn Book.

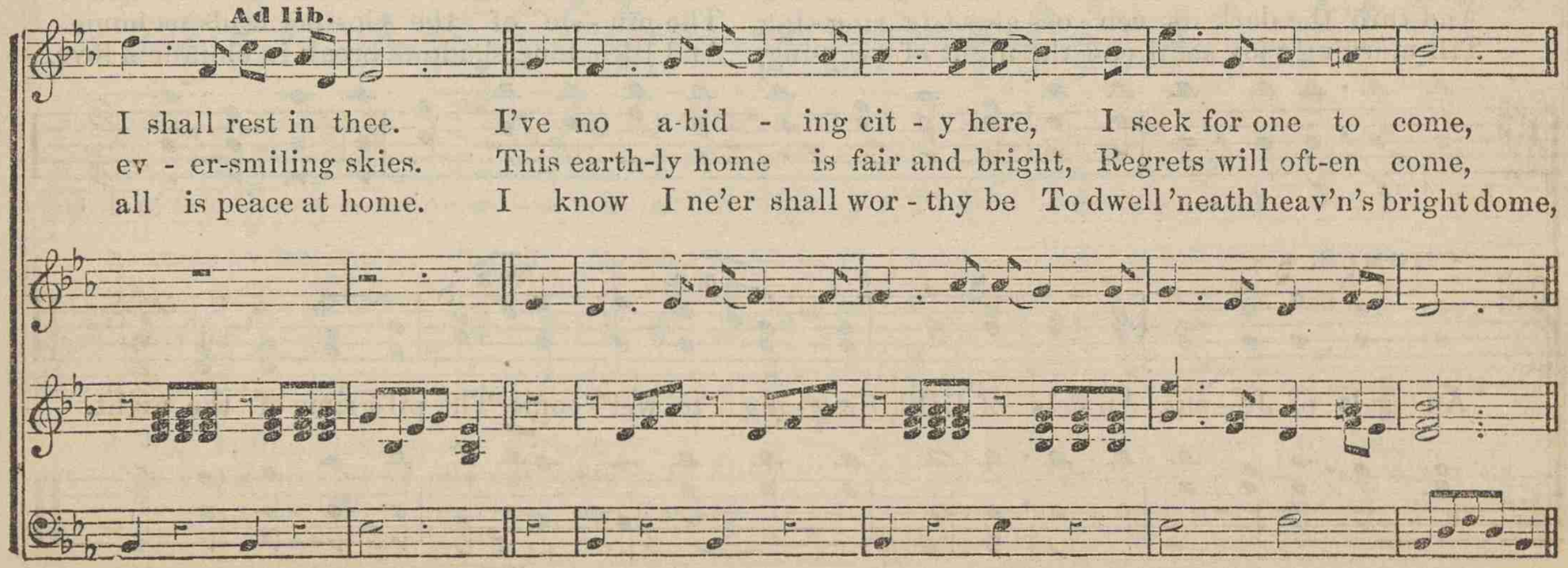
HEAVENLY HOME.

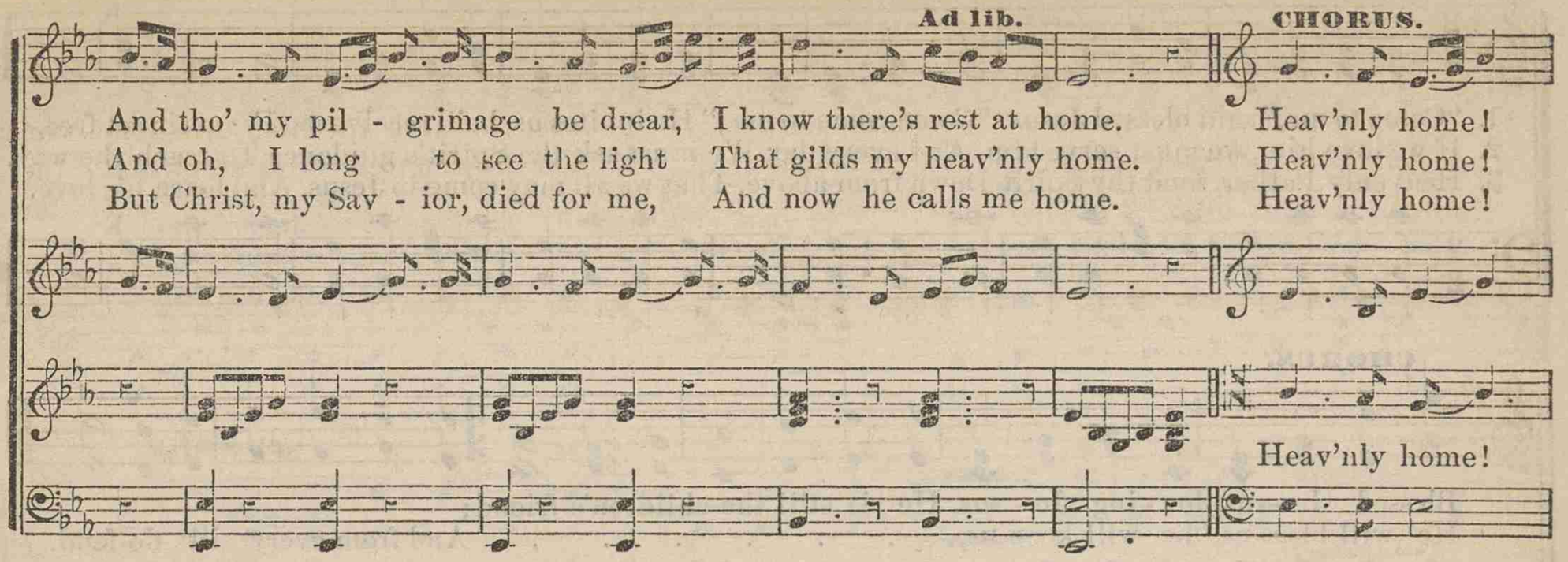
D. E. BRYER.

1. Heav'nly home! heav'nly home! precious name to me! I love to think the time will come when
2. Heav'nly home! heav'nly home! there no clouds arise, No tear-drops fall, no dark night dim the
3. Heav'nly home! heav'nly home! ne'er shall sorrow's gloom, Nor doubts nor fears disturb me there, for

Ad lib.

I shall rest in thee. I've no a-bid - ing cit - y here, I seek for one to come,
ev - er-smiling skies. This earth-ly home is fair and bright, Regrets will oft-en come,
all is peace at home. I know I ne'er shall wor - thy be To dwell 'neath heav'n's bright dome,

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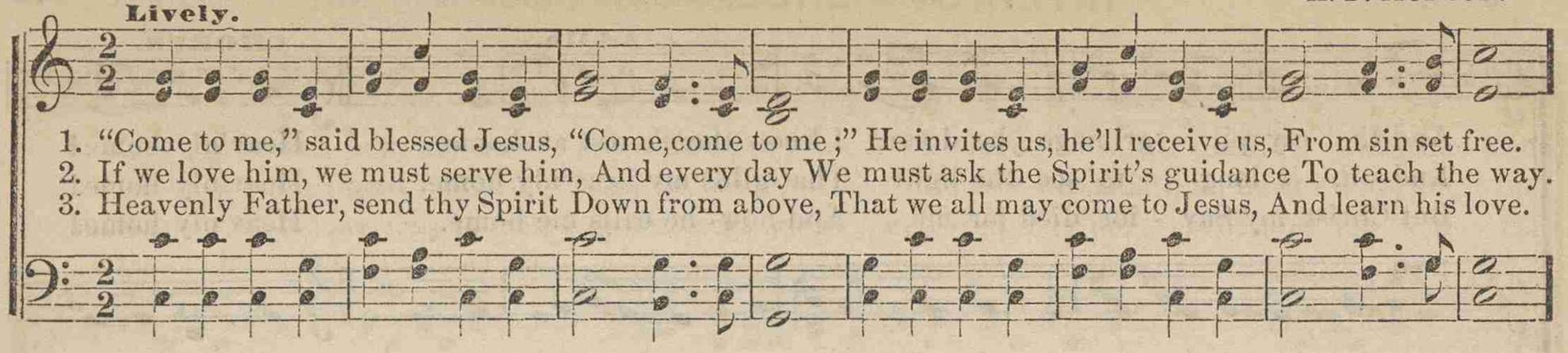
CHORUS.
And tho' my pil - grimage be drear, I know there's rest at home. Heav'nly home!
And oh, I long to see the light That gilds my heav'nly home. Heav'nly home!
But Christ, my Sav - ior, died for me, And now he calls me home. Heav'nly home!
Heav'nly home!

heav'nly home! precious news to me! I love to think the time will come when I shall rest at home.
Ad lib.
heav'nly home! precious news to me! I love to think the time will come when I shall rest at home.

COME TO ME.

H. D. MUNSON.

Lively.



1. "Come to me," said blessed Jesus, "Come, come to me;" He invites us, he'll receive us, From sin set free.
2. If we love him, we must serve him, And every day We must ask the Spirit's guidance To teach the way.
3. Heavenly Father, send thy Spirit Down from above, That we all may come to Jesus, And learn his love.

CHORUS.

Blessed Je - sus, lov - ing Je - sus, He is still the children's friend;
He will bless us, he will keep us, ... And from every ill de-fend.

RIVER OF PEACE.

Words by Miss L. V. N.

T. C. O'KANE.

Gently.

1. I look on a riv - er whose beauti - ful stream Un - ceas-ing - ly rolls to the sea:
2. I see the long swell of its on - go - ing waves, I hear their soft wash on the shore;
3. Thy bright billows catch the last gleam of the day, The first trembling starlight at even,
4. O Thou, from whom peace as its fountain now flows, Oh, give me this rest of the heart,

Deep blue in the sunshine its calm wa - ters flow, Its course is triumph-ant and free.
And it seems, as I lis - ten, as though un - to me Sweet teachings of heaven they bore.
For tho' shadows of earth on thy bor-ders may play, Thy bo-som still im - ag - es heaven.
Full, might-y, un - shak en by tri - al or pain, A peace that will nev-er de - part.
CHORUS.
Riv - - - er of Peace! . . . Gen - - tle thy flow, ...
Riv - er of Peace! Riv - er of Peace! Gen - tle thy flow, gen - tle thy flow,
Glad - - den our hearts . . . wher - ev - - er we go.
Glad-den our hearts, glad-den, oh, glad-den our hearts wher - ev - er we go.

Words by Miss C. M. A.

THE BLOOD-BOUGHT SHORE.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Out upon the stormy main, O'er the raging waves we ride; Shrink we not from toil or pain, Since for
2. Friends we have on yonder strand, Just beyond the billows dark; On the golden cliffs they stand, Watching
3. Land of glory, land of bloom, Bought for us with Jesus' blood! Hallelujah! almost home! Lo! the

us Immanuel died. Heed we not the tempest's roar, Bound we are for Canaan's shore; 'Mid the raging
for our coming bark. Hard they strove to gain the shore, Toil and tribulation bore; Now the conqueror's
shining hills of God! Storms and dangers now are o'er, We have gained the blood-bought shore; Hallelujah

storm we'll sing Hal-le-lu-jah to our King! Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lujah to our King!
palms they bear, Star-ry di-adems they wear. Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! Starry diadems they wear.
to the Lamb! Glo-ry, glo-ry to his name! Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! Glory, glory to the Lamb!

THE CHRISTIAN'S FATHERLAND.

From the German. 77

1. Oh, have you heard of yon bright clime, Undimmed by care, un - hurt by time, Where age comes
2. Eye hath not seen that glo - ry - land, Its fruits and flowers,—an - gel - ic band; Ear hath not
3. It is the Fa - ther-land on high, Far, far be-yond the star - ry sky—Where Je - sus

REFRAIN.

not on fade-less frames, Where eyes are fire, and hearts are flames? Oh yes, that clime we
heard the swell-ing song A - ris-ing from the blood-washed throng, But yes, that clime, etc.
reigns and bids us come, To dwell with him, for aye, at home. Oh yes, that clime, etc.

know full well, 'T is of our heavenly home ye tell, 'T is of our heavenly home ye tell.

SOWING AND REAPING.

J. M. CASTLE.

1. Are we sowing seeds of kindness? They shall blossom bright ere long; Are we sowing seeds of
2. We can nev-er be too care - ful, What the seed our hand shall sow; Love for love is sure to

dis - cord? They shall ri - pen in - to wrong. Are we sow - ing seeds of hon - or?
rip - en, Hate for hate is sure to grow. Seeds of good or ill we scat - ter,

They shall bring forth golden grain; Are we sowing seeds of falsehood? We shall yet reap bitter pain.
Heed-less-ly a-long our way; But a glad or grievous fruitage, Waits us at the harvest day.

1. On Jordan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye To Ca-naan's fair and
2. O'er all those wide-ex - tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day; There God the Son for-
3. Fill'd with de-light, my raptured soul Would here no long-er stay; Tho' Jordan's waves a-

CHORUS.

hap - py land, Where my pos - sess - ions lie. We shall rest be-yond that riv - er,
ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way. We shall rest, etc.
round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a - way. We shall rest, etc.

By and by, by and by; Dwell with God and saints for-ev - er, By and by, by and by

"I KNOW THOU ART GONE."

T. C. O'KANE.

SOLO.

1. I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest, Then why should my soul be so sad? I know thou art gone where the wea - ry are blest, And the mourner looks up and is glad.
2. In thy far - away home, by the bright "Jasper sea," I know thou hast visions of mine: And my heart has re - veal-ings of thine and of thee, In ma - ny a tok - en and sign.
3. In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea, Or alone with the breeze on the hill, I have ev - er a presence that whispers of thee, And my spir - it lies down and is still.

Rit.

CHORUS.

I nev - er look up with a wish to the sky, But a light like thy beau - ty is there,

pp

And I hear a low murmur, like thine, in re-ply, When I pour out my spir - it in prayer.

HEAR THE ANGELS.

"Are they not all ministering spirits?"

1. Ho - ly an - gels in their flight, Trav-el o - ver earth and sky, Acts of kindness their de-
2. Tho' their forms we can not see, They at-tend and guard our way, Till we join their com-pa-
3. Had we but an an-gel's wing, And an an-gel's heart of flame, Oh, how sweet-ly would we

Interlude—to be played very softly on the organ, or sung by a quartet in an adjoining room.

light, Winged with mercy as they fly. Ju-bi - la - te, ju-bi - la - te, ju-bi - la - te, A - men.
ny, In the fields of heavenly day. Ju-bi - la - te, etc.
sing, Thro' the world the Savior's name. Ju-bi - la - te, etc.

CHORUS.

Coming, Coming,
Do n't you hear the angels, Over hill and plain, Hear the angels coming With sweet music in their train?

Coming, Coming,
Yes, we hear the angels From their heavenly home, Hear the angels singing as they come.

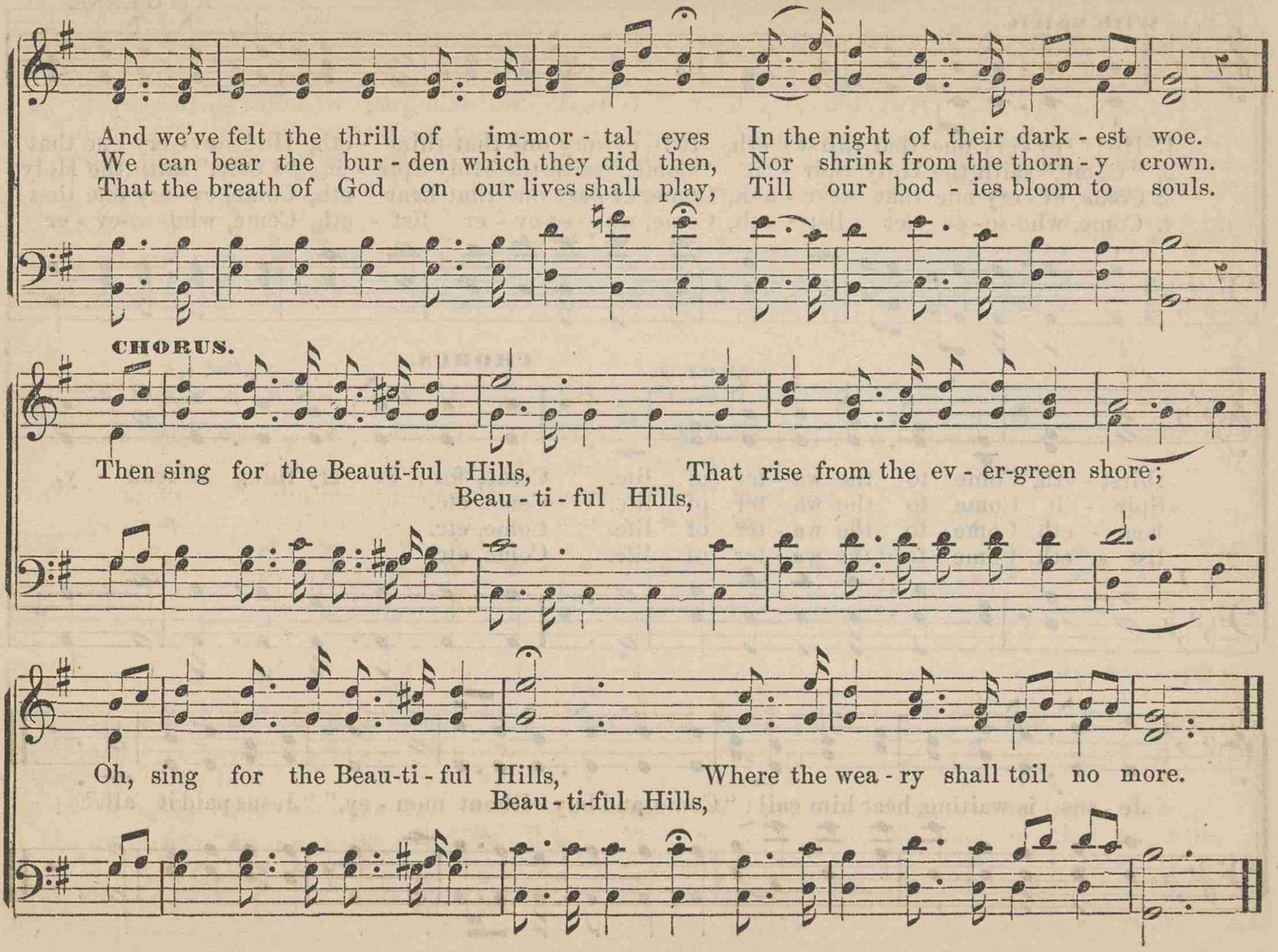
BEAUTIFUL HILLS.

Words by JAMES G. CLARK. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Oh, the Beauti-ful Hills where the blest have trod, Since the years when the earth was new,
2. We dream of the rest on the Beauti-ful Hills, Where the trav'ler shall thirst no more;
3. Our arms are so weak, yet we would not fling To our feet this load of ours;

When our fa - thers gazed from the fields of God, On the vale we are trav-'ling through!
And we hear the hum of a thou - sand rills That wan - der the green glens o'er.;
The winds of Spring to the val - leys sing, And the turf re-plies with the flowers.

We have seen those hills in their bright-ness rise When the world was black be - low;
And we feel the souls of the mar - tyred men Who have braved a cold world's frown
And thus we learn on our win - try way, How a might - ier arm con - trols;


And we've felt the thrill of im-mor - tal eyes In the night of their dark - est woe.
We can bear the bur - den which they did then, Nor shrink from the thorn - y crown.
That the breath of God on our lives shall play, Till our bod - ies bloom to souls.
CHORUS.
Then sing for the Beauti-ful Hills, That rise from the ev - er-green shore;
Beau - ti - ful Hills,
Oh, sing for the Beau-ti - ful Hills, Where the wea - ry shall toil no more.
Beau - ti-ful Hills,

"HO! EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH."

T. C. O'KANE.

With Spirit.

1. Ho! ev-ery one that thirst-eth, Ho! ev-ery one that thirst-eth, Ho! ev-ery one that
2. "Come," saith the Holy Spir-it, "Come," saith the Holy Spir-it, "Come," saith the Holy
3. Come, ev-ery one that hear-eth, Come, ev-ery one that hear-eth, Come, ev-ery one that
4. Come, who-so-ev-er list-eth, Come, who-so-ev-er list-eth, Come, who-so-ev-er

CHORUS.

thirst-eth, Come to the wa-ter of life. Come, for ev-ery thing is read-y,
Spir-it, Come to the wa-ter of life. Come, etc.
hear-eth, Come to the wa-ter of life. Come, etc.
list-eth, Come to the wa-ter of life. Come, etc.

Je-sus is waiting, hear him call: "Come, and buy without mon-ey," "Jesus paid it all."

Moderato.

1. "We'll meet a-gain"—how sweet the word! How soothing is its sound! Like strains of far-off music
2. "We'll meet a-gain," the true heart speaks, When dearest ones depart; And in the pleasing prospect
3. In heaven's serene and end-less rest, Secure from care and pain: There, in the mansions of the

CHORUS.

heard On some en-chant-ed ground. We'll meet a-gain, We'll
seeks Balm for the bleed-ing heart. We'll meet, etc.
blest We'll sure-ly meet a-gain. We'll meet a-gain, We'll meet a-gain, We'll

Repeat softly.

meet on "the evergreen shore," We'll meet a-gain, Yes, meet to part no more.
meet on "the evergreen shore," We'll meet, We'll meet again, Yes, meet to part no more.

CELESTIAL LOVE.

D. E. BRYER.

SOLO.

1. The ransomed spir - it to her home, The clime of cloud - less beauty flies; . . .

Soprano.

Alto.

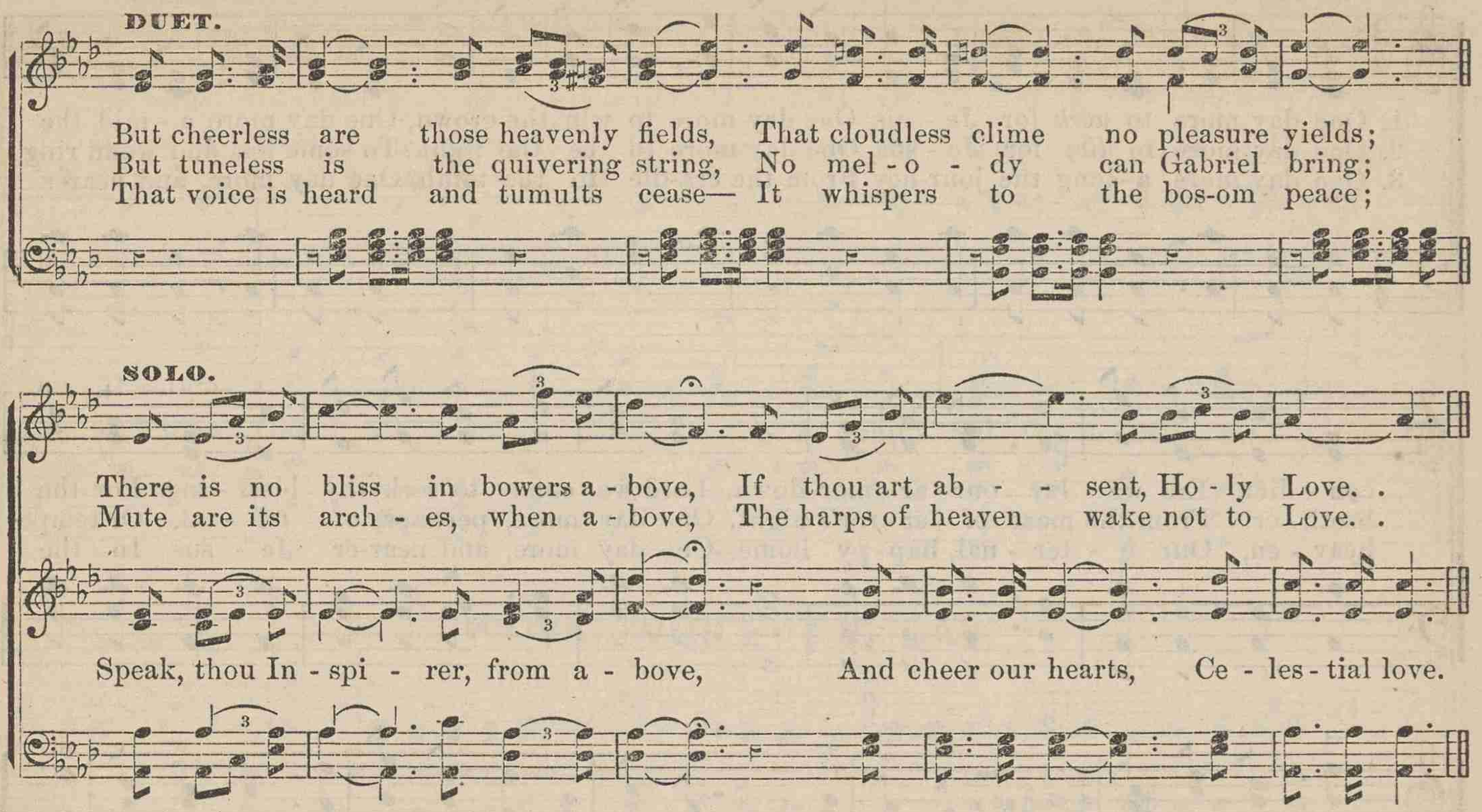
2. The cherub near the viewless throne Hath smote the harp with trembling hand,

3. Earth, sea, and sky one language speak, In har-mo - ny that soothes the soul;

No more on storm - y seas to roam, She hails her ha - - ven in the skies. . .

And one with in - cense fire has flown, To touch with flame the an - gel band.

'T is heard when scarce the zephyrs break, And when on thun - ders, thunders roll.



SECOND HYMN.

1 WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, the Savior speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my life, my all;
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever, and forever more,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

Words and Music by

ONE DAY MORE.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. One day more to *work* for Je - sus, One day more to win the crown, One day more a - mid the
2. One day more to *live* for Je - sus, One day more to be the light To some lost and wand'ring
3. One day more a - long the jour-ney From the cra-dle to the tomb, One day more, and nearer

con - flict, Ere we lay our ar - mor down. Lord we come to seek thy bless - ing, For the
broth - er. From the maze of er - ror's night. One day more, perhaps, of tri - al, Or tempt-
heav - en, Our e - ter - nal, hap - py home. One day more, and near-er Je - sus, In the

spir - it hum-bly pray, Be our strength, for we are weakness, Lead us in the nar-row way.
a - tion by the foe, But in Je - sus calm-ly trust-ing, Ev - er on-ward will we go.
realms of end-less bliss, Where we ev-er "shall be like him, For we 'll see him as he is."

CHORUS.

WORK, WHILE 'T IS DAY.

1 WORK, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flow'rs.
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 dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

WATCHMAN, AWAKE.*

H. S. PERKINS.

1. O - ver the selfish dreams of men, O - ver a world un-rea-dy then, Soon shall a deepen-ing shadow fall,
2. O - ver the O - rient hills a - glow Creeps from the twilight rifts below, O - men of joy for the stricken earth,
3. Soon shall the smiling valleys sing Un-der the feet of Christ the King! Ech - o shall hur-ry the song a - far,

Ush - er-ing in to the trumpet's call, Christ the Immanuel, Christ the King, Roy-al-ly borne on the tempest wing.
Soon to re-joice in the second birth, Bathing in light from the upper sky, Brightening still as the a-ges fly.
Rolling the pe-an from star to star, Till on the rich golden harps on high Angels will carry the tidings by.

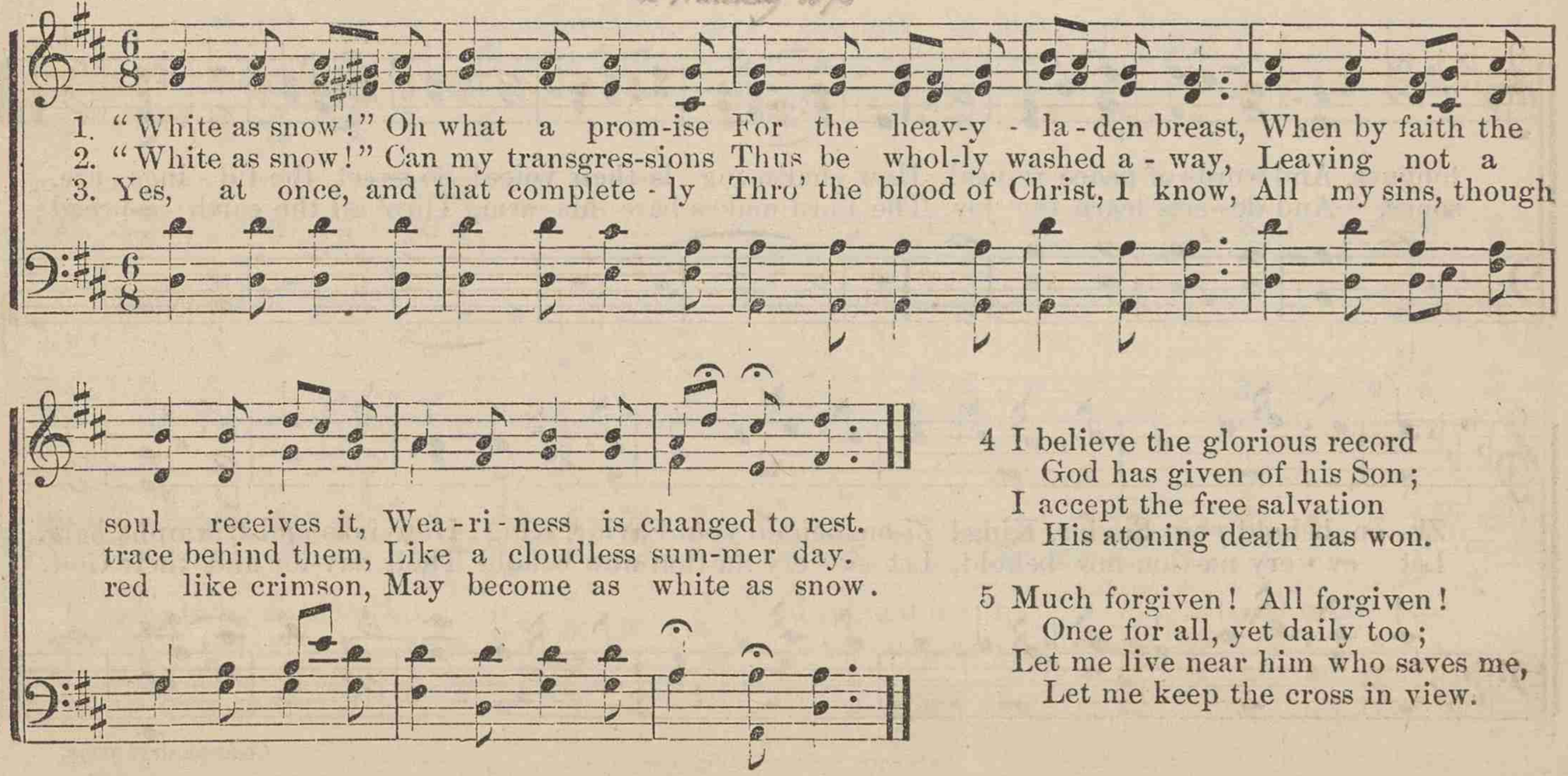
CHORUS.

Watchman, awake! for the ram-parts are shaking! Rise from thy slumber, the morning now is breaking!

* From "The Evergreen."

"WHITE AS SNOW."

Words from "Sunday at Home." Miss Kate Hankey 1870 T. C. O'KANE.



4 I believe the glorious record
God has given of his Son;
I accept the free salvation
His atoning death has won.

5 Much forgiven! All forgiven!
Once for all, yet daily too;
Let me live near him who saves me,
Let me keep the cross in view.

HOW BEAUTEOUS ARE THEIR FEET.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zi - on's hill, Who bring sal - va - tion on their
2. The watchmen join their voice, And tune - ful notes employ; Je - ru - sa - lem breaks forth in

tongues, And words of peace re-veal. How charm-ing is their voice! So sweet the tid - ings are,
songs, And des-erts learn the joy. The Lord makes bare his arm, Thro' all the earth a-broad;

Zi - on, behold your Savior, King! Zi-on, behold your Savior, King! He reigns and triumphs here.
Let ev - ery na-tion now behold, Let ev - ery na-tion now behold Their Sav-ior and their God.

Coda on next page.

CODA.

How beau - ti - ful! How beau - ti - ful! How

How beau - ti - ful! How beau - ti - ful! How

beau - ti - ful up - on the mountains, Are the feet of him that bring-eth tid - ings, good

tid - ings of good; . . . . That pub-lish-eth sal - va-tion, that pub-lish-eth sal-

good tid - ings of good;

Ritard.

va - tion; that saith un - to Zi - on, thy God reign-eth, thy . . . God reign - eth!

Words and Music by

THE TRUMPET CALL.*

Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

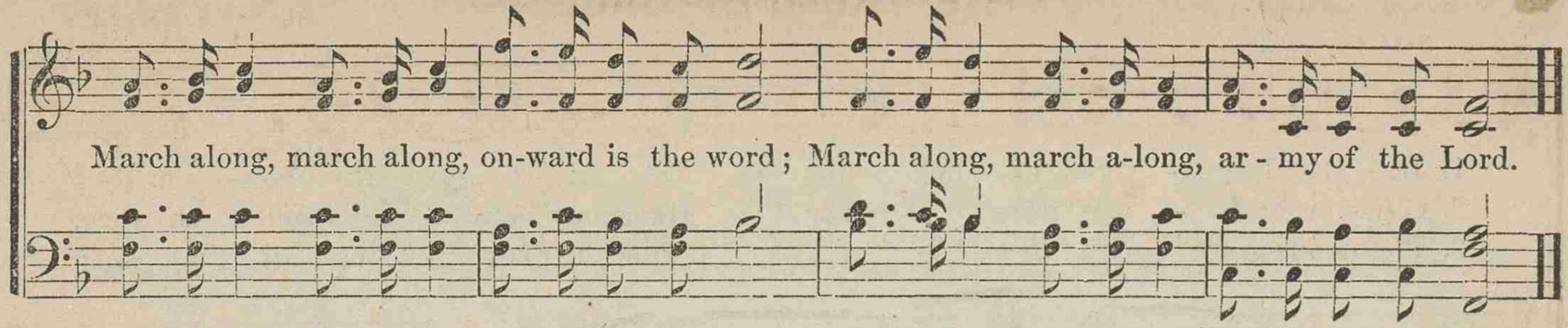
1. Arm, sol-diers, arm! take the shield and sword; Haste to the ar - my of Christ the Lord;
2. Fight for the cause of the King of kings, Fight for the cause that true glo - ry brings,
3. Yes, when the toil and the strife are o'er, Rest shall be yours on the peace-ful shore,

See how the foe, in his might and pride, Rolls o'er the field like the surg - ing tide.
Fight till you fall on the field of strife— Fall but to rise to an end - less life.
Yours be the bliss of the ran-somed throng, Yours be the crown and the vic - tor's song.

CHORUS.

March along, march along, hear the trumpet call; March along, march a-long, on the foe-man fall;

*From the S. S. Visitor.



AMERICA. NATIONAL HYMN.

Words by S. F. SMITH.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

Words by WESLEY.

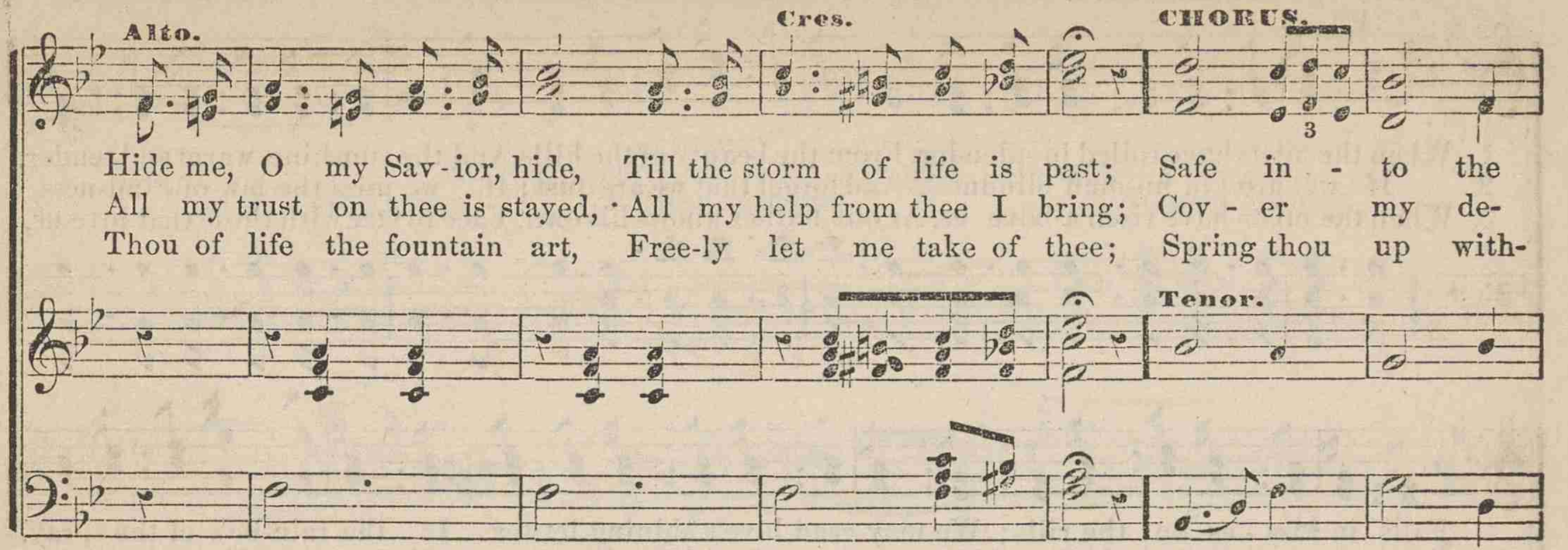
THE CHRISTIAN'S REFUGE.

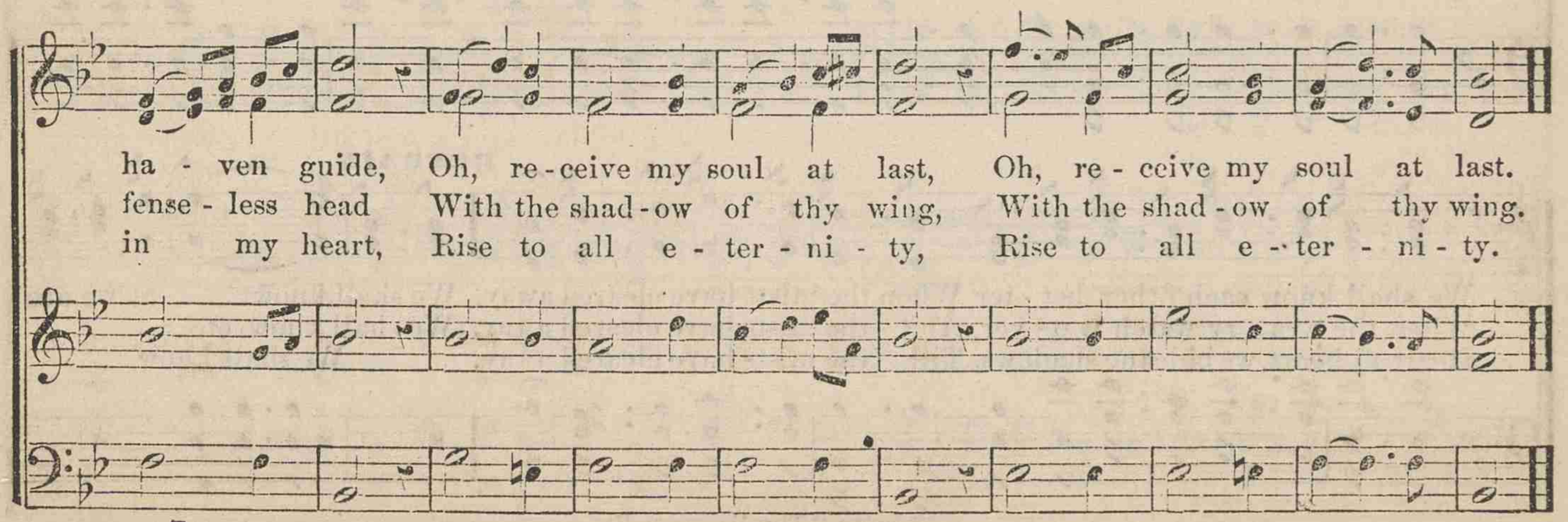
Music from ABT.

SOLO.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on thee,
3. Plen-teous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me;
Let the heal - ing stream a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in:


Alto.
Cres.
CHORUS.
Hide me, O my Sav-ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in-to the
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring; Cov-er my de-
Thou of life the fountain art, Free-ly let me take of thee; Spring thou up with-
Tenor.


ha-ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
fense-less head With the shad-ow of thy wing, With the shad-ow of thy wing.
in my heart, Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty, Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty.

Words by ANNIE HERBERT.

WE SHALL KNOW.*

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. When the mists have rolled in splendor, From the beauty of the hills, And the sunshine, warm and tender,
2. If we are in hu-man blindness, And forget that we are dust; If we miss the law of kind-ness,
3. When the mists have risen a-bove us, As our Father knows his own, Face to face with those that love us,

Falls in kiss - es on the rills; We may read love's shining let-ter In the rain-bow of the spray,
When we struggle to be just; Snow-y wings of peace shall cov-er All the plain that hides away,
We shall know as we are known; Love, beyond the o - rient meadows, Floats the golden fringe of day;

REFRAIN.

We shall know each other bet - ter When the mists have cleared away. We shall know as we are
When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared away. We shall know, etc.
Heart to heart, we bide the shadows, Till the mists have cleared away. We shall know

* From "The Welcome."

known, . . . Nev - er - more . . . to walk a - lone, In the
as we are known, Nev - ermore to walk a-lone,

dawn - ing of the morn-ing, When the mists . . have cleared away; In the
In the dawning When the mists have cleared away;

dawn - ing of the morn - ing, When the mists . . . have cleared away.
In the dawning When the mists have cleared away.

"TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS."*

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my path - way roar, Do ye not know some spot where
2. Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play, Knowest thou some favored spot, some
3. And thou, serenest moon, that with such ho - ly face, Doth look upon the earth, a- - -
4. Tell me, my secret soul, oh, tell me, Hope and Faith, Is there no resting-place from

mor - tals weep no more? Some lone and pleas - ant dell, some val - ley in the west,
is - land far a - way? Where wea - ry man may find the bliss for which he sighs,
sleep in night's em - brace, Tell me, in all thy round, hast thou not seen some spot,
sor - row, sin, and death? Is there no hap - py spot, where mor - tals may be blest,

Where free from toil and pain, the wea - ry soul may rest? The loud winds dwindled to a
Where sor - row nev - er lives, and friend-ship nev - er dies? The loud waves, roll - ing in per-
Where mis - e - ra - ble man might find a hap - pier lot? Be - hind a cloud the
Where grief may find a balm, and wea - ri - ness a rest? [*See next page.*]

*From "Songs for Worship No, 1."

whis - per low, And sighed for pity, as they answered, No! . . . . No!
pet - ual flow, Just stopped awhile and sighed to answer, No! . . . . . No!
moon withdrew in woe, And a voice, sweet but sad, re - sponded, No! . . . . . No! No!

4. Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mor - tals given, Waved their bright

wings, and whis-pered, Yes, Yes, Yes, in heaven. . . . .
Yes, in heaven.

WATCHWORDS.

From "The Glory." GEO. F. ROOT.

These Solos may be sung by single voices.

1. *Hope* while there 's a hand to strike! *Dare* while there 's a young heart brave; *Toil* while there's a
2. *See* that there 's a work for each; *Learn* that there is strength in God; *Know* that there 's a
3. *Love* when there's a foe that wrongs; *Help* when there 's a broth-er 's need; *Watch* when there 's a

task unwrought; *Trust* while there 's a God to save. Yes, HOPE! DARE! TOIL! TRUST! These are watchwords
crown reserved; *Wait,* tho' 'neath the cloud and rod. Yes, SEE! LEARN! KNOW! WAIT! These are watchwords
tempter near; *Pray,* both in thy word and deed. Yes, LOVE! HELP! WATCH! PRAY! Let us all these

Ritard.

true and just, These are watchwords true and just, These are watchwords true and just.
true and great, These are watchwords true and great, These are watchwords true and great.
words o - bey, Let us all these words o - bey, Let us all these words o - bey.

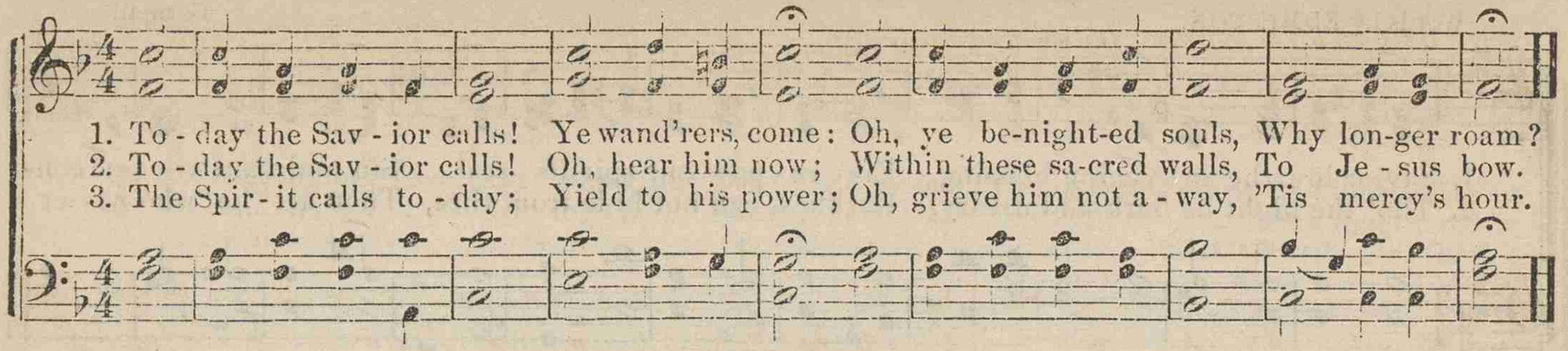
Words by EDMESTON. German.

1. Savior breathe an evening blessing, Ere re - pose our spir-its seal, Sin and want we come con-
2. Tho' the night be dark and dreary, Darkness can not hide from thee, Thou art he who nev-er

fessing, Thou canst save and thou canst heal. Tho' de-struc - tion walk around us, Tho' the
wea-ry, Watchest where thy peo - ple be. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our

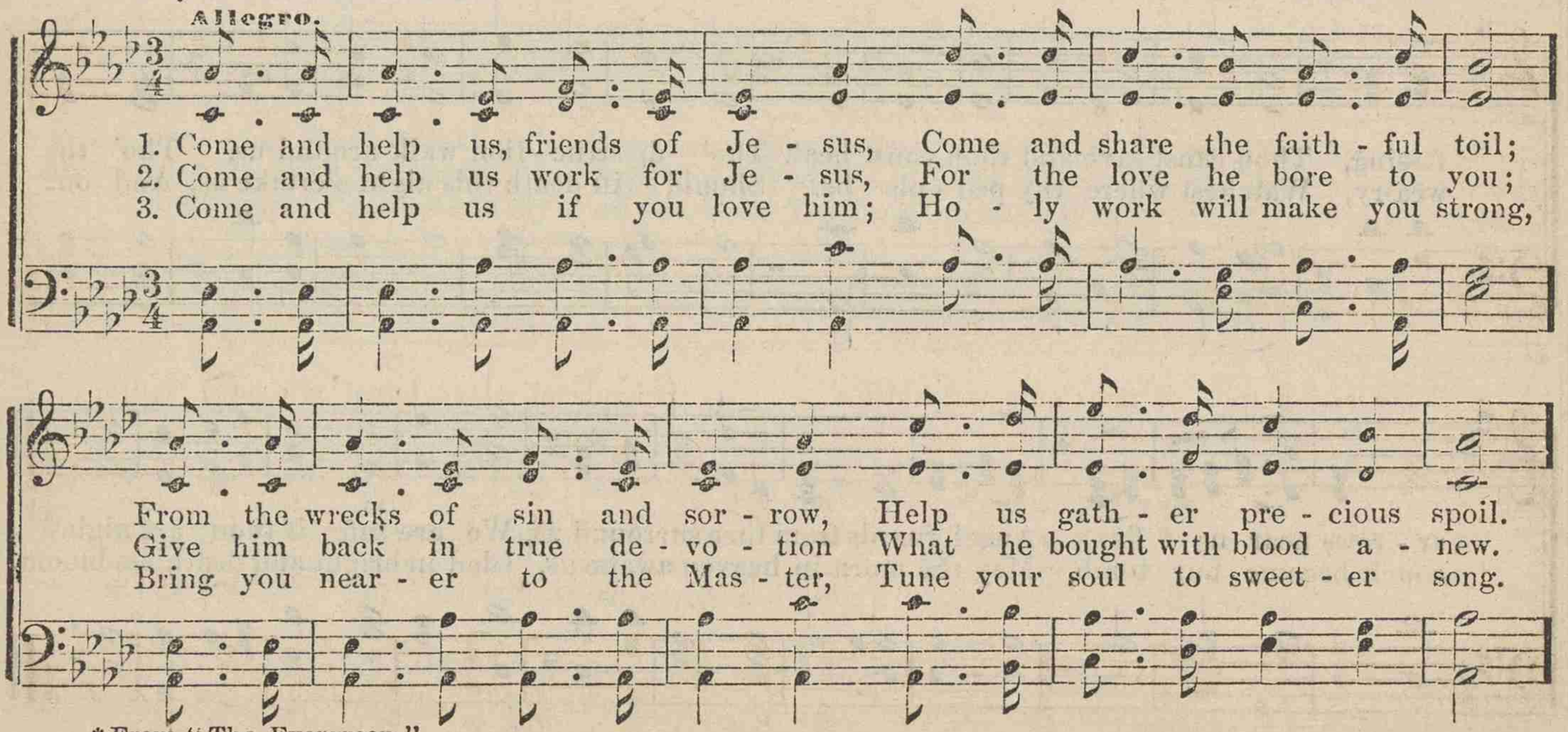
ar - rows near us fly, Angel guards from thee surround us, We are safe if thou art nigh.
couch become our tomb, May the morn in heaven awake us, Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

TO-DAY THE SAVIOR CALLS.



COME AND HELP US.*

Words by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER. ALBERT HOOK.



*From "The Evergreen."

OBLIGATO DUET. 1st and 2d Soprano.

Come and help us, Come and help us, Come and help us, Friends of Je - sus;

CHORUS.

Come, come, come, Come and help us, Come, come, come, Friends of Je - sus;

Come and help us, Come and help, Friends of Je - sus, Come and help.

Come, come, come, Come and help us, Friends of Je - sus, Come and help.

MARCHING ON.

Words and arrangement by T. C. O'KANE. Melody by J. FRYBARGER.

1. There's a nar - row road that leads to end - less day, Where the blood-washed throng for
2. Though the way be nar - row, 't is the path of peace, Where no ill can harm the
3. From the ev - er - last - ing hills there comes a light, All a - long the path to

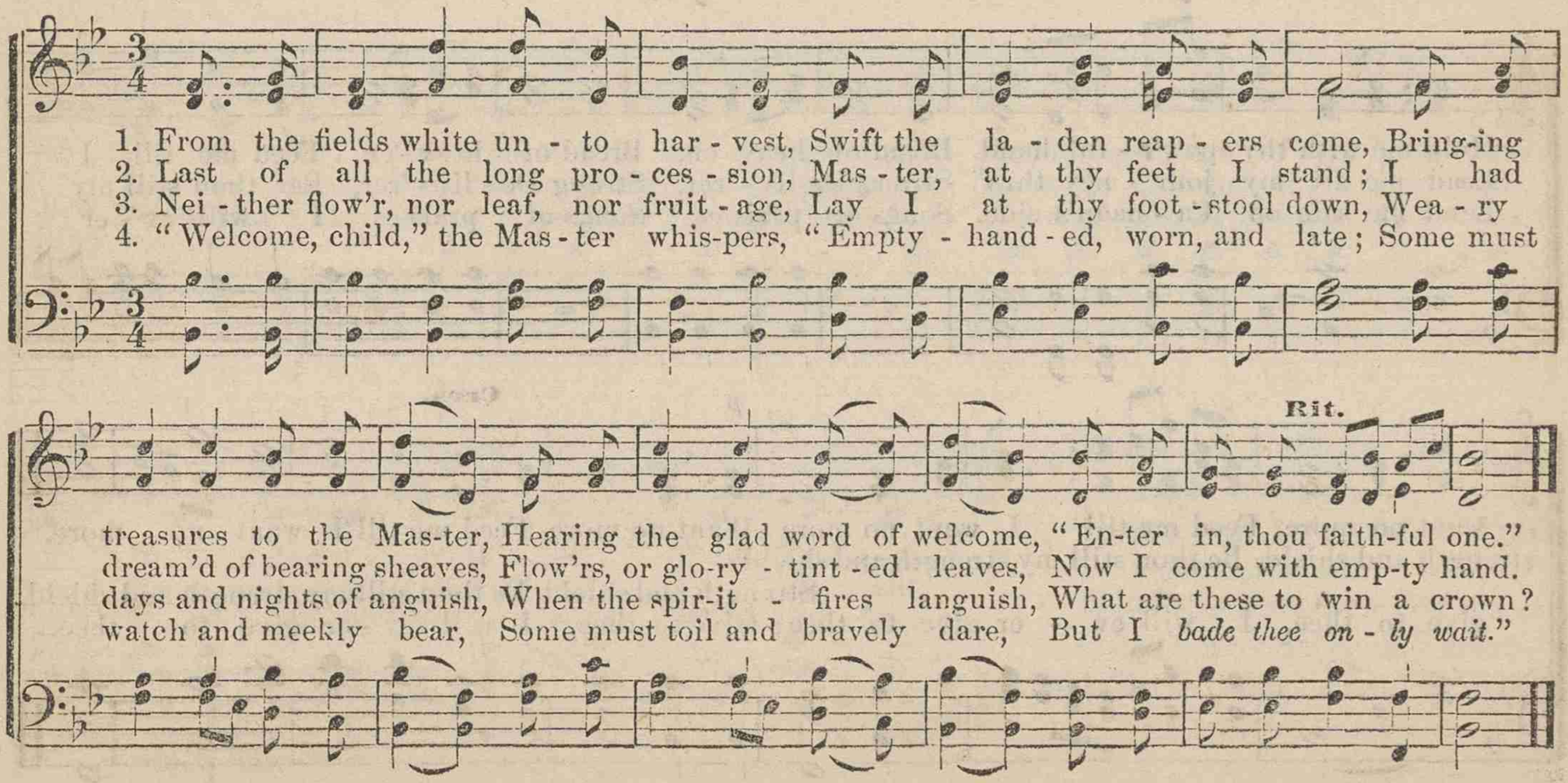
a - ges past have trod; We will turn our feet in - to this nar - row way, And will
trav - el - ers there-in; 'T is the King's high-way—the way of ho - li - ness, So we'll
be the pilgrim's guide; As they near the per - fect day it grows more bright, So we'll

CHORUS.

still keep marching on. Ev-er firm, . . . ev-er true, . . . Marching on, ... Marching

AFTER THE TOIL.

Words by CORA. T. C. O'KANE.



GUIDE ME, OH THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Guide me, oh thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land ; I am weak, but thou art mighty,
2. Open now the healing fount-ain, Whence the crystal waters flow ; Let the fiery, cloudy pil - lar,
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears subside ; Bear me thro' the swelling current,

Hold me with thy pow'r - ful hand. Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I
Lead me all my jour - ney thro'. Strong De-liv - 'rer, Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be thou still my
Land me safe on Ca - naan's side. Songs of prais-es, Songs of prais-es I will ev - er

p **Cres.**

want no more, Feed me till I want no more : Want no more, Feed me till I want no more.
strength and shield, Be thou still my strength and shield ;
Strength and shield, Be thou still my strength and shield.
give to thee, I will ev - er give to thee ; Give to thee, I will ev - er give to thee.

SUBMISSION.*

1. Since thy Father's arm sustains thee, Peace - ful be, When a chastening hand restrains thee,
2. Without murmur, uncomplaining, In his hand Leave whatever things thou canst not
3. Fearest sometimes that thy Father Hath for - got? Though the clouds around thee gather,

It is he! Know his love in full com-plete-ness, Feel the meas-ure of thy weak - ness,
Un - der - stand. Tho' the world thy fol - ly spurn - eth, From thy faith in pit - y turn - eth,
Doubt him not. *Al - ways* hath the day-light bro - ken, *Al - ways* hath he com-fort spo - ken,

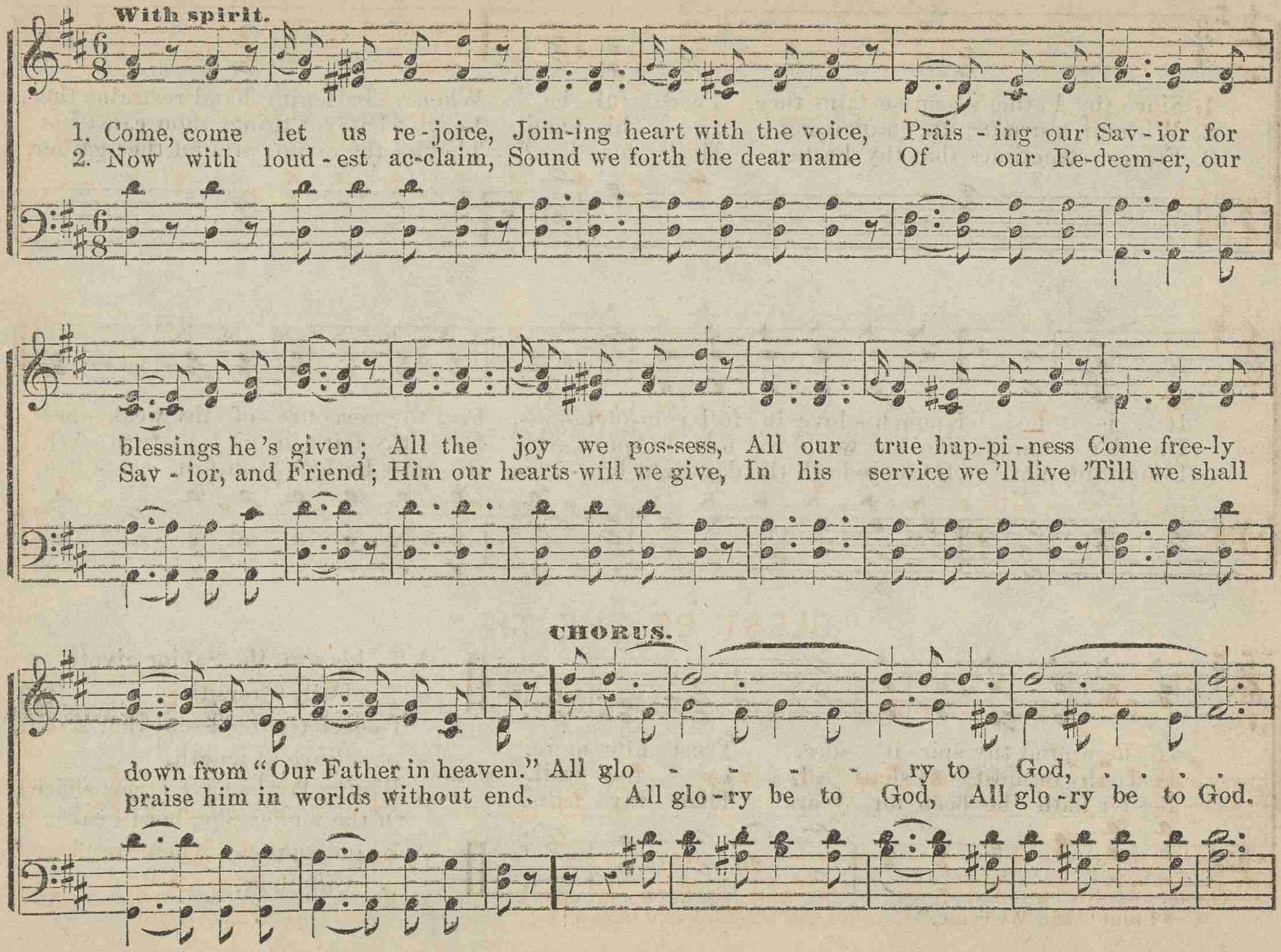
If he wound thy spir - it sore, Trust him more.
Peace thy in-most soul shall fill, Ly - ing still.
Bet-ter hath he been for years Than thy fears.

4 To his own the Savior giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth,
Peace at length.
Weakest lambs have *largest* share
Of the tender Shepherd's care;
Ask him not then, "when," or "how,"
Only bow.

* From "The Welcome."

COME LET US REJOICE.

From BENEDICT.



"BLEST BE THE TIE."

From NAGELI.

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 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

Words by KELLEY.

VICTORIOUS SAVIOR.

From HANDEL.

TRIO. 1st and 2d Trebles.

1. Crowns of glo - ry ev - er bright, Rest . . up - on the Conq - 'ror's head.
2. His the bat - tle, his . . the toil, His . . the hon - ors of the day;

Alto.

CHORUS.

Crowns of glo - ry are . . his right, His . . "who liv - eth and was dead."
His the glo - ry, his . . the spoil— Je - sus bears them all a - way!

DUET.

He . . sub-dued the powers of hell, In . . the fight he stood a - lone;
Now . . pro-claim his deeds a - far; Fill . . the world with his re - nown;

All his foes be - fore . . him fell, By . . . his sin - gle arm o'er-thrown.
His a - lone the vic - tor's car; His . . . the ev - er - last - ing crown.

THE LAND FAR AWAY.

Words by G. W. JOHNSON. TOM. C. NEAL.

1st. 2d.

1. { There's a land far a - way, 'Tis a re - gion sub-lime, }
   { And our joy ne'er will cease [OMIT. . . . .] } In that beau - ti - ful clime. Glorious
2. { There's a land far a - way, Ev - er glo-rious and fair, }
   { And the ransomed of earth, [OMIT. . . . .] } Crowned with glory, are there; And its

spring time and youth There ever doth bloom, Soon we'll enter this land, Tho' we pass thro' the tomb.
ev - ergreen plains And valleys are trod By the feet of the blest—'Tis the Kingdom of God.

"COME, YE SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS."

From "The Welcome." J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Come, ye soldiers of the Cross; Come, ye pilgrims of the earth; Fight ye bravely in the cause; Act ye
2. Je - sus holds to you a crown; See it glittering in the sky—On his face there is no frown—We will

wor - thy of your birth; Look ye to your Leader, Christ; Be ye faithful un - to him; Mark you
meet him by and by. By and by we'll meet in heaven, By and by we'll all be there; Rich-est

CHORUS.

well the pearl of price; Nev - er let your path grow dim. Marching on, marching on, we're nearing
bless-ings there are given, And a crown of life we'll wear. Marching on, etc.

heav'n, we'll soon be there, Marching on, marching on, we'll soon be there, we'll soon be there; Richest

bless - - - - - ings there are giv'n, ...
bless-ings there are giv - en, And a crown of life we'll wear, And a crown of life we'll wear.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

T. C. O'KANE, In the "Singing Pilgrim."

1. I'm a lit - tle pil - grim, And a stranger here; Tho' this world is pleas-ant, Sin is al - ways near.
2. Mine's a bet - ter country, Where there is no sin, Where the tones of sor - row Nev - er en - ter in.
3. But a lit - tle pil - grim Must have garments clean, Ere he'd wear the white robe, And with Christ be seen.
4. Je - sus, hear and save me, Teach me to o - bey; Ho - ly Spir - it, guide me In the heavenly way.

REFRAIN.

Jesus loves our pilgrim band, He will lead us by the hand, Lead us to the bet-ter land, Happy home on high.

"SOFTLY FADES THE TWILIGHT RAY."

From MERCADANTE.

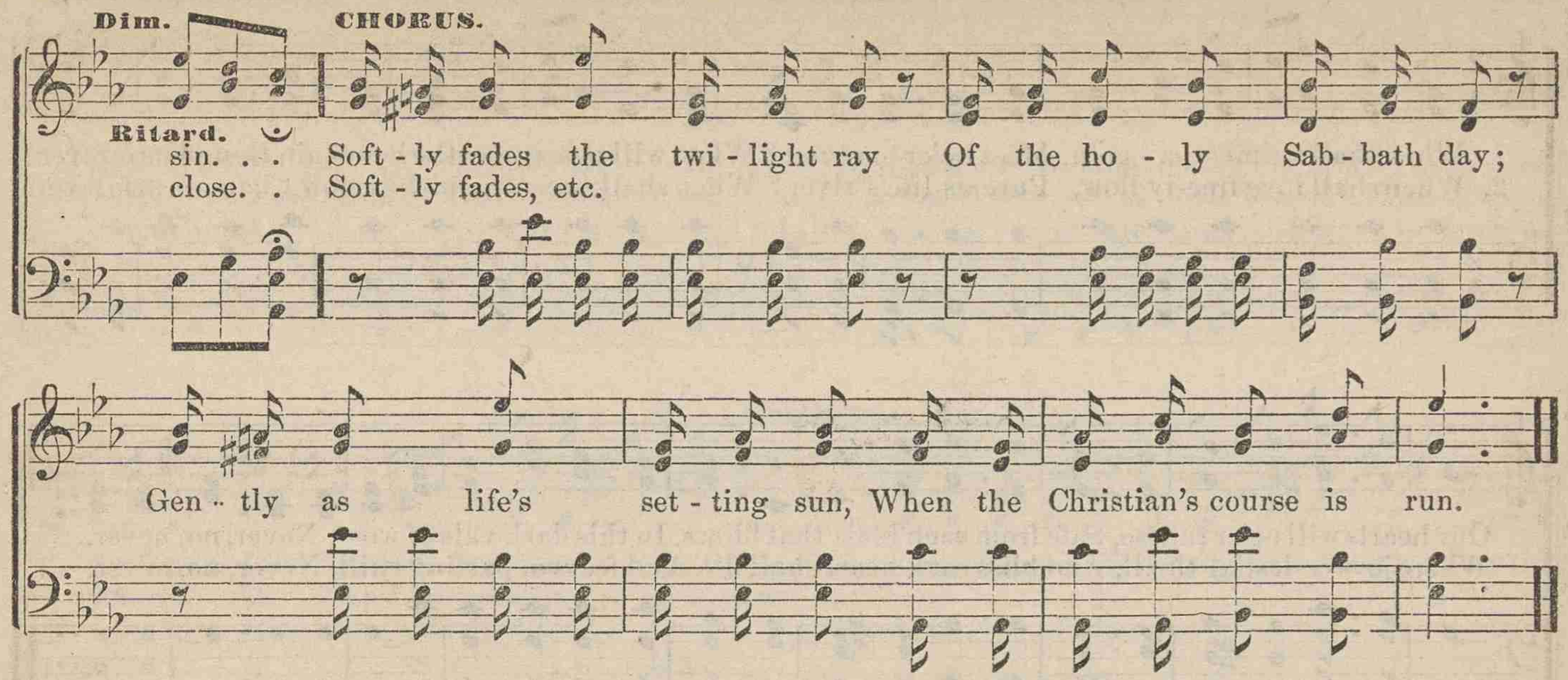
Gently.

1. Night her sol - emn mantle spreads, O'er the earth as daylight fades; All things tell of
2. Still the Spir - it lin-gers near, Where the evening wor-ship-per Seeks com-mun - ion

calm re - pose At the ho - ly Sabbath's close. Peace is on the world a - broad,
with the skies, Press-ing on - ward to the prize. Sav - ior may our Sab-baths be

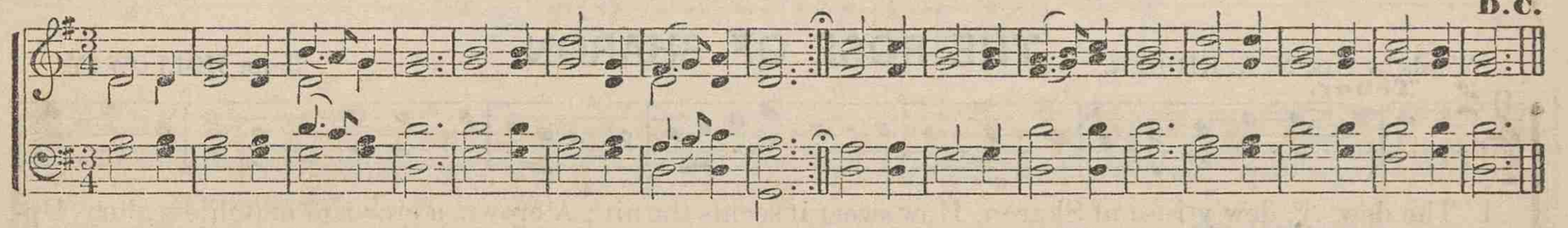
'Tis the ho - ly peace of God— Symbol of the peace with-in, When the spirit rests from
Days of joy and peace in thee, 'Till in heaven our souls repose Where the Sabbaths ne'er shall

Cres.



GUIDE. 7s.

M. M. WELLS.



1 HOLY SPIRIT, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land.
Weary souls, fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present, truest friend,
Ever near, thine aid to lend;
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

J. M. STALLARD.

1. When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev-er? When will peace wreathe her chain Round us forever?
2. When shall love free-ly flow, Pure as life's river? When shall sweet friendship glow, Changeless forever?

Our hearts will ne'er repose, Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Never, no, never.
Where joys ce-lestial thrill, And bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill, Never, no, never.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

From HOLLOWAY.

Tenor.

1. The dew - y, dew-y rose of Sharon, How sweet it scents the air; A crown. a crown of matchless glory, Up-
2. How many, many souls have wandered, Without a helping hand, Their light, their light & beauty faded, Their
3 Oh, may we, may we erring creatures, Tho' few our talents be, A band, a band of young disciples, Our

Alto.

Soprano.

on the forehead fair. So we, in deeds of goodness, Until our life shall close, May scatter bloom and
bark up-on the strand. When one small act of kindness, One little look of love, Might add an-oth-er
Savior's footprints see. And may we humbly fol-low Till life's uncertain close, And leave in death a

CHORUS.

fragrance, Like Sharon's dewy rose. The dewy, dewy rose of Sharon, How sweet, how sweet it scents the
jew-el, To Jesus' crown above. The dewy, etc.
fragrance, Like Sharon's dewy rose. The dewy rose of Sharon, How

air, . . . A crown, a crown of matchless glo-ry Up-on the fore-head fair.
sweet it scents the air, A crown of match-less glo-ry Up-on the fore-head fair.

120 Words by NEWTON. **SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK.** T. C. O'KANE.

1. Safely through . . an-oth-er week, God has brought . . us on our way; . . .
Safely through an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way, on our way;

2. As we meet, . . . thy name to praise, Let us feel . . . thy presence near; . . .
As we meet thy name to praise, Let us feel thy presence near, presence near;

Let us now . . . a blessing seek, Waiting in . . . his courts to-day.
Let us now a blessing seek, blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to-day.

May thy glo - - - ry meet our eyes, While we in . . . thy house ap-pear.
May thy glo-ry meet our eyes, While we in thy house ap-pear.

Rit.
Day of all . . . . the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest; . .
Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest; . .
Rit.
There, O Lord, . . . give us a taste Of our ev - er - last-ing feast;
There, O Lord, give us a taste Of our ev - er - last-ing feast;
Rit.

Day of all . . . . the week the best, . . . Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.
Day of all the week the best, the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.
There, O Lord, . . . give us a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
There, O Lord, give us a taste, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.

Words by
Rev. E. DWIGHT.

QUIET AS A PEACEFUL RIVER.

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY,
by permission.

With feeling.

1. Qui-et as a peaceful riv - er, Qui-et as the wind-hushed sea; In Je - ho-vah trusting ev - er, We are kept in per-fect peace. We'll not ask thee what thou do - eth, What-so- e'er it be 'tis right; Thou, the friend of friends the truest, Will sustain 'midst storm and night.
2. Deep beneath the waving o-cean, Deep beneath the howling flood, All unmoved by the com- mo - tion, Lie the prom - is - es of God. We are anchored firm - ly to them, Though in tatters hang our shroud; Calmly we look up and thro' them, View the thunder - riv - en cloud.
3. This our constant hearts consoleth, And we will not be a - fraid, 'T is our Heavenly Father ru - leth, And on him our trust is stayed. Qui - et as a peace-ful riv - er, Qui - et as the wind-hushed sea; In Je - ho-vah trust-ing ev - er, We are kept in per-fect peace.

SWEEPING THRO' THE GATES.

Words and Music by
T. C. O'KANE.

1. Who, who are these be - side the chill-y wave, Just on the bor-ders of the si - lent grave,
2. These, these are they who in af - fliction's woes, Ev - er have found in Je - sus calm re - pose,
3. These, these are they who in the con-flict dire, Bold-ly have stood a - mid the hot - test fire,

CHORUS.

Shouting Je-sus' pow'r to save, Washed in the blood of the Lamb. "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the
Such as from a pure heart flows, Washed in the blood of the Lamb. "Sweeping thro' the gates," etc.
Jesus now says, "Come up high'r, Washed in the blood of the Lamb. "Sweeping thro' the gates," etc.

New Je - ru - salem, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb." . . . "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the
in the blood of the Lamb.

New Jerusalem, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

4 Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore,
Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow are all o'er,
Happy now and evermore, "Washed," etc.
CHO.—*Sweeping thro' the streets of the New Jerusalem,*
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb," etc.

5 May we, O Lord, be now entirely thine,
Daily, from sin, be kept by power divine,
Then in heav'n the saints we'll join, "Washed," etc.
CHO.—*Sweeping thro' the streets of the New Jerusalem,*
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb," etc.

From "The Welcome.

WORK AND WIN.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

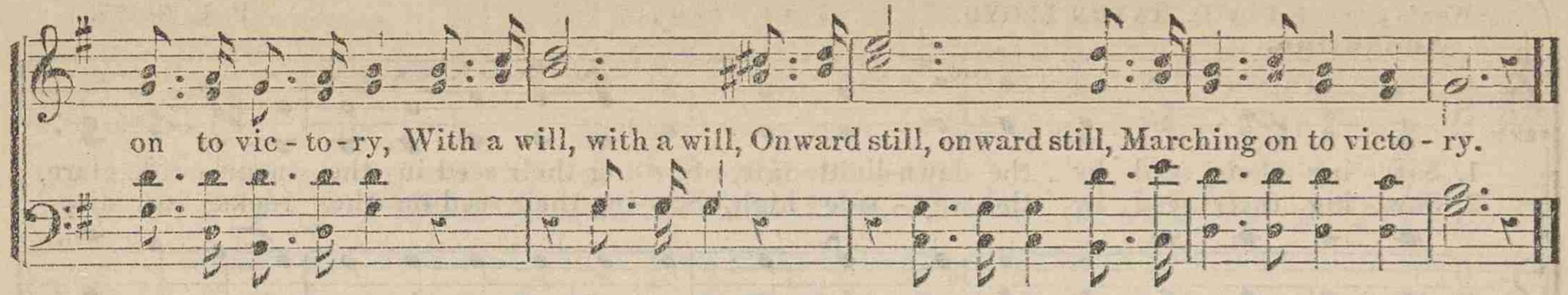
Spirited.

1. Firm and u - ni - ted we ev - er march along, Onward, ev - er on-ward, to bat - tle for the right;
2. Foes may surround us, and strive to bar the way, But our fears are vanished, for Jesus leads us on;
3. Up with the standard, and bear it far and wide, Onward, ev - er on-ward, o'er all the bat-tle-field;

All now at work with a heart and courage strong, Sure that we shall conquer, for right is might.
Firm is our pur-pose, we work from day to day, Battling till the great vic - to - ry is won.
Christ is our help - er, and so whate'er be-tide, In the mighty conflict we 'll nev - er yield.

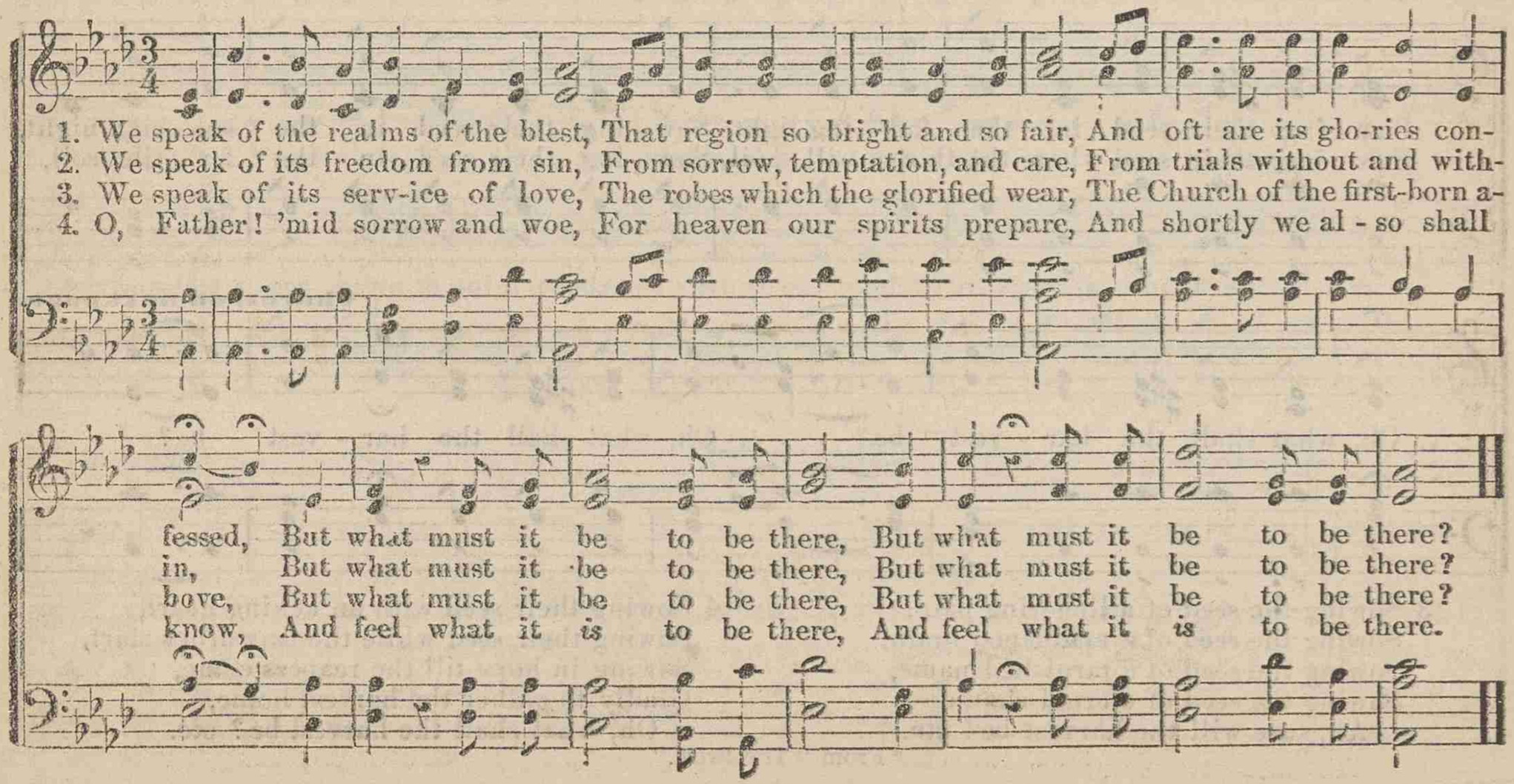
CHORUS.

Work and win, work and win, Shall our glorious motto be, Firm and strong, firm and strong, Marching



REALMS OF THE BLEST.

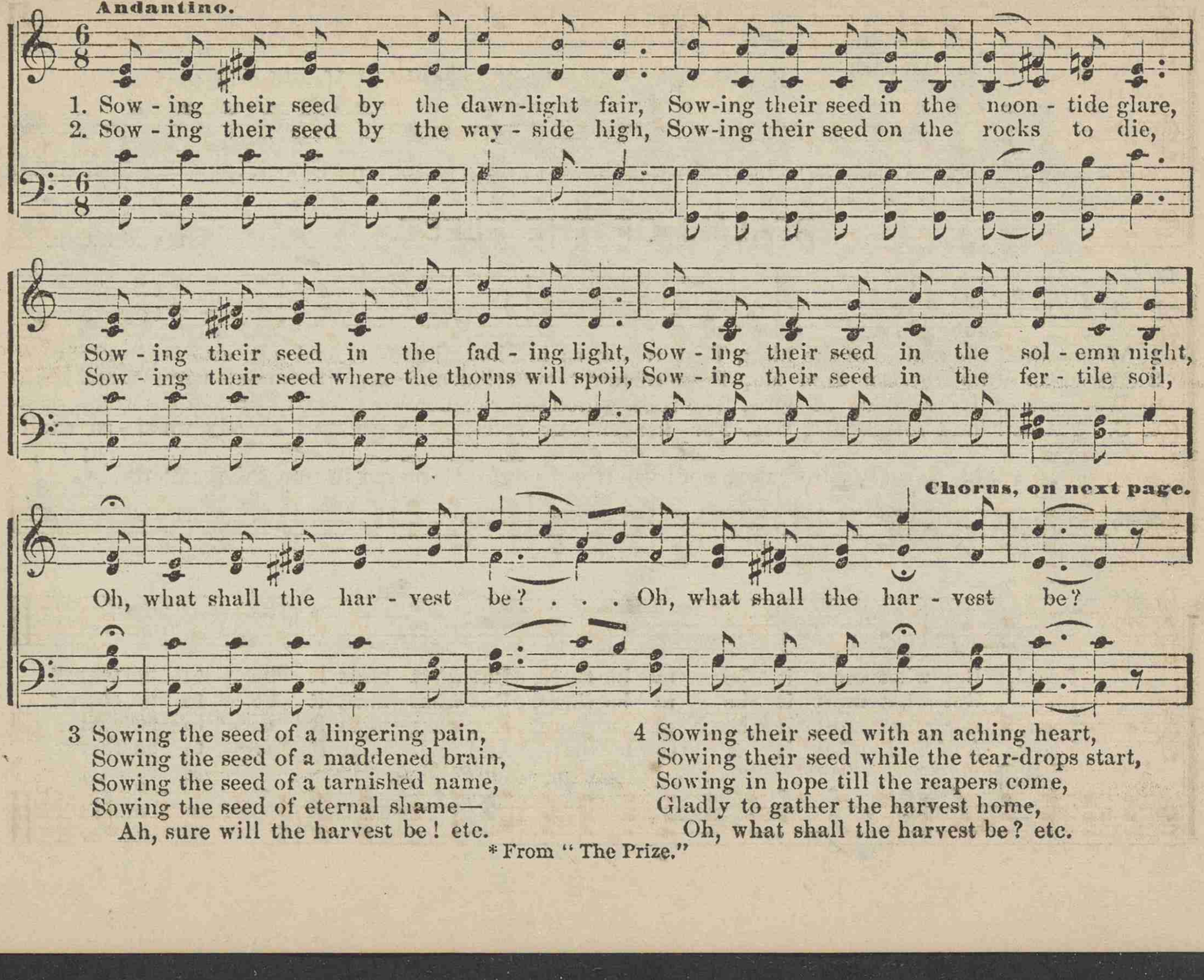
T. C. O'KANE.



WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?*

Words suggested by D. HAYDN LLOYD. P. P. BLISS.

Andantino.



3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame—
Ah, sure will the harvest be! etc.

4 Sowing their seed with an aching heart,
Sowing their seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home,
Oh, what shall the harvest be? etc.

* From "The Prize."

CHORUS. Soprano.

Sown . . . in the dark - - ness or sown . . . in the light, . . . Sown . . . in our

Alto.

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in our weakness or

weak - - ness or sown . . . in our might, . . Gath - - ered in time . . or e-

sown in our might, Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Gathered in time or eter-ni - ty,

ter - - - - - ni - ty, . . Sure, ... ah sure, . . will the har - - - vest be.

Gathered in time or e-ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah yes, sure will the harvest be, will the harvest, the harvest be.

"BRIGHT SILVER SEA."

Words by ALICE H. D. E. BRYER.

1. Lit - tle chil - dren to Je - sus be-long, And he calls them the lambs of his fold:
2. He will car - ry the lambs in his breast, He will shield them from sin's chill-ing blast,
3. Je - sus once was a child young as we, And to us the sweet prom - ise is given:
4. Will you come and u - nite in our song, Prais ing him who hath loved us so well?

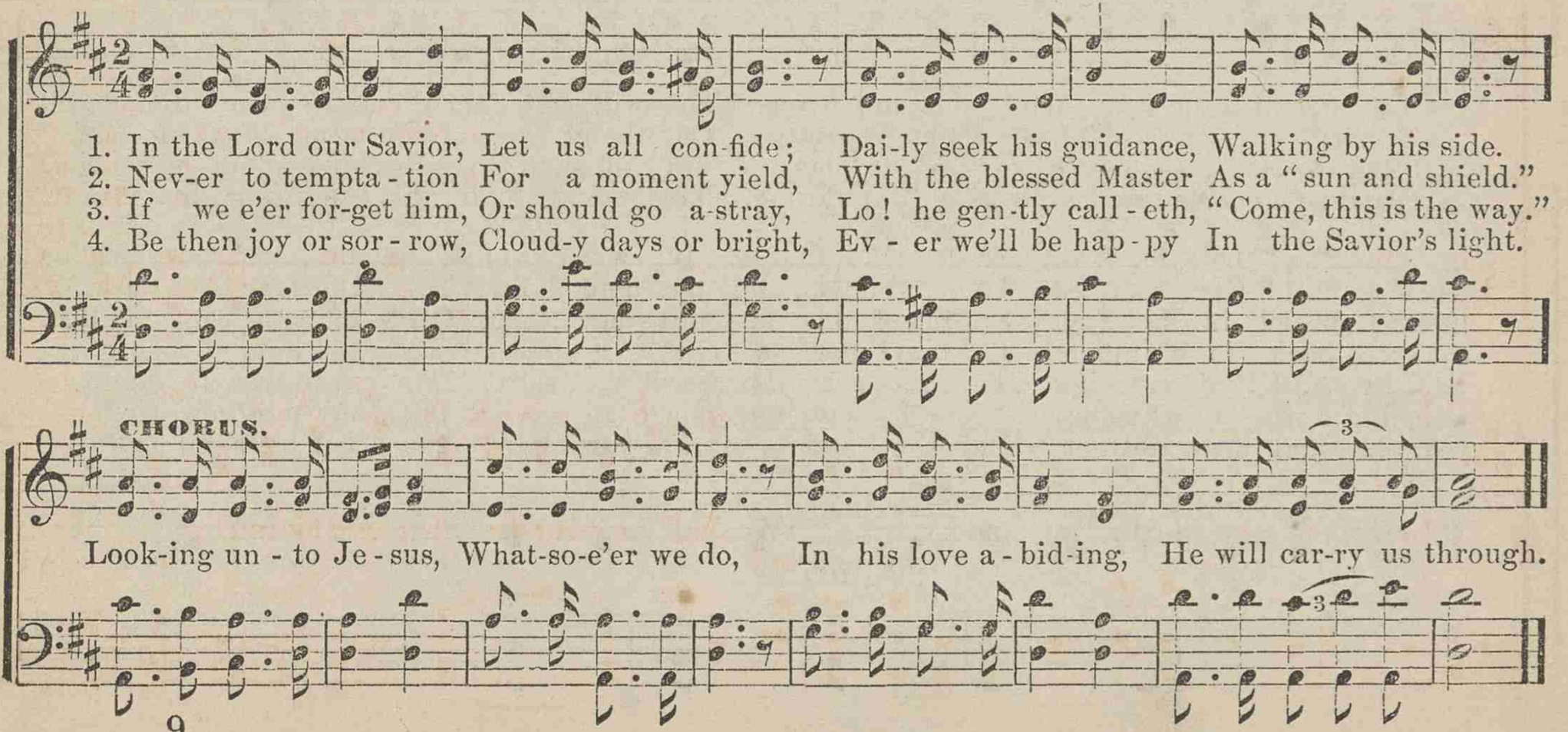
The dear Shep-herd is ten - der and strong, He will shel - ter them safe from the cold.
By still wa - ters will lead them to rest, On the green slop-ing mead - ows at last.
"Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me, For of such is the king - dom of heaven."
Oh, then come and make one of our throng, That we all in his king - dom may dwell.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by and by, by and by, We shall meet our dear Shepherd by and by;
by and by, by and by;

CARRY US THROUGH.

Words and Music by T. C. O'K.



From "Dew Drops."

TRUNDLE-BED SONG.

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.

Very Slow.

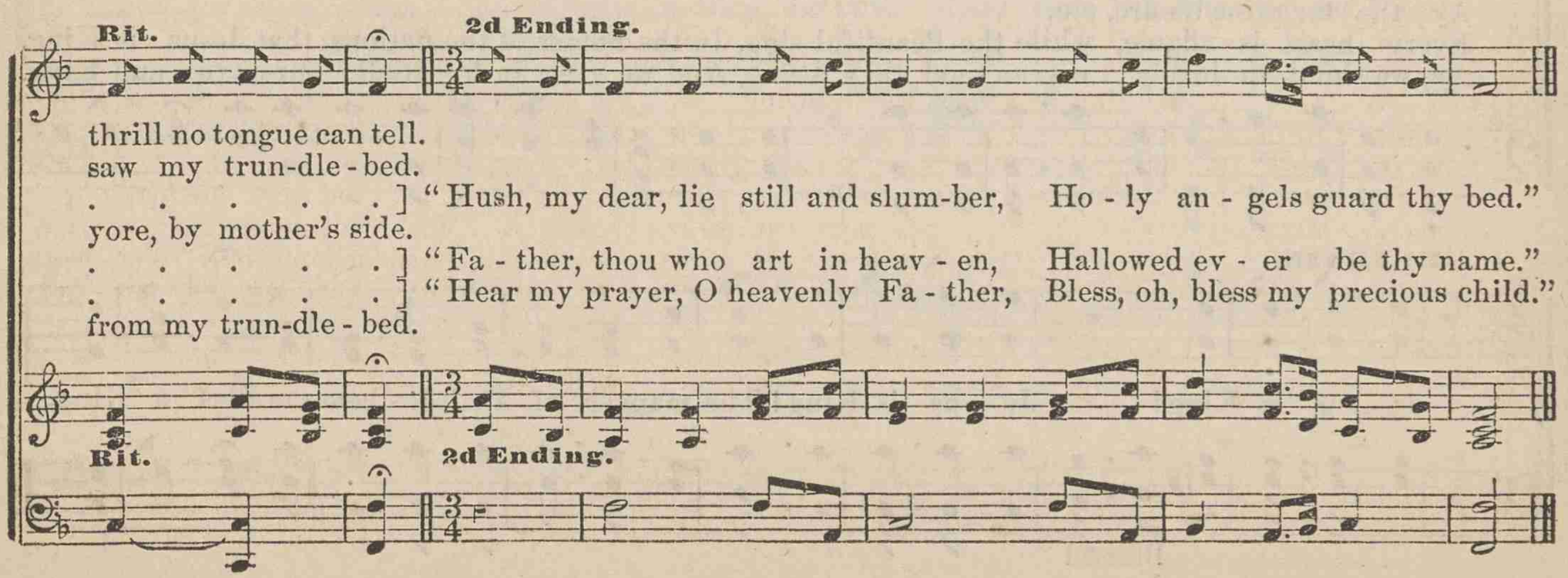
1. As I wandered 'round the homestead, Many a dear fa - mil - iar spot Bro't with-
2. Tho' the house was held by strangers, All re-mained the same with - in, Just as
3. Quick I drew it from the rubbish, Cov - ered o'er with dust so long: When, be-
4. While I lis - ten to the mu - sic Steal-ing on in gen - tle strain, I am
5. Hands are on my head so lov - ing, As they were in childhood's days; I, with
6. Prayer is o - ver— to my pil - low, With a good-night kiss, I creep, Scarce-ly
7. Yet I am but on - ly dreaming, Ne'er I'll be a child a - gain, Ma - ny

Rit.

in my re - col - lec-tion, Scenes I'd seem-ing - ly for - got; There, the orchard—meadow
when a child I rambled Up and down, and out and in. To the gar - ret dark as-
hold, I heard in fan - cy, Strains of one fa - mil - iar song, Oft - en sung by my dear
car - ried back to childhood—I am now a child a - gain; 'Tis the hour for my re-
wea - ry tones, am try - ing To re - peat the words she says. 'Tis a prayer in language
wak - ing while I whis-per, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Then my moth-er, o'er me
years has that dear moth-er In the qui - et grave-yard lain; But her bless - ed, an - gel

Rit.

yonder— Here the deep, old - fash-ioned well, With its old moss - cov-ered buck - et, Sent a
cending (Once a source of child-ish dread), Peering through the mist - y cob-webs, Lo! I
mother, To me in that trun - dle - bed, [Omit . . . . . .
tir - ing, At the dusk - y e - ven - tide; Near my trun - dle - bed I'm kneel-ing, As in
sim-ple As a moth-er's lips can frame: [Omit . . . . . .
bending, Prays in earn - est words, but mild: [Omit . . . . . .
spir - it Dai - ly hov - ers o'er my head, Call - ing me from earth to heav - en, E - ven

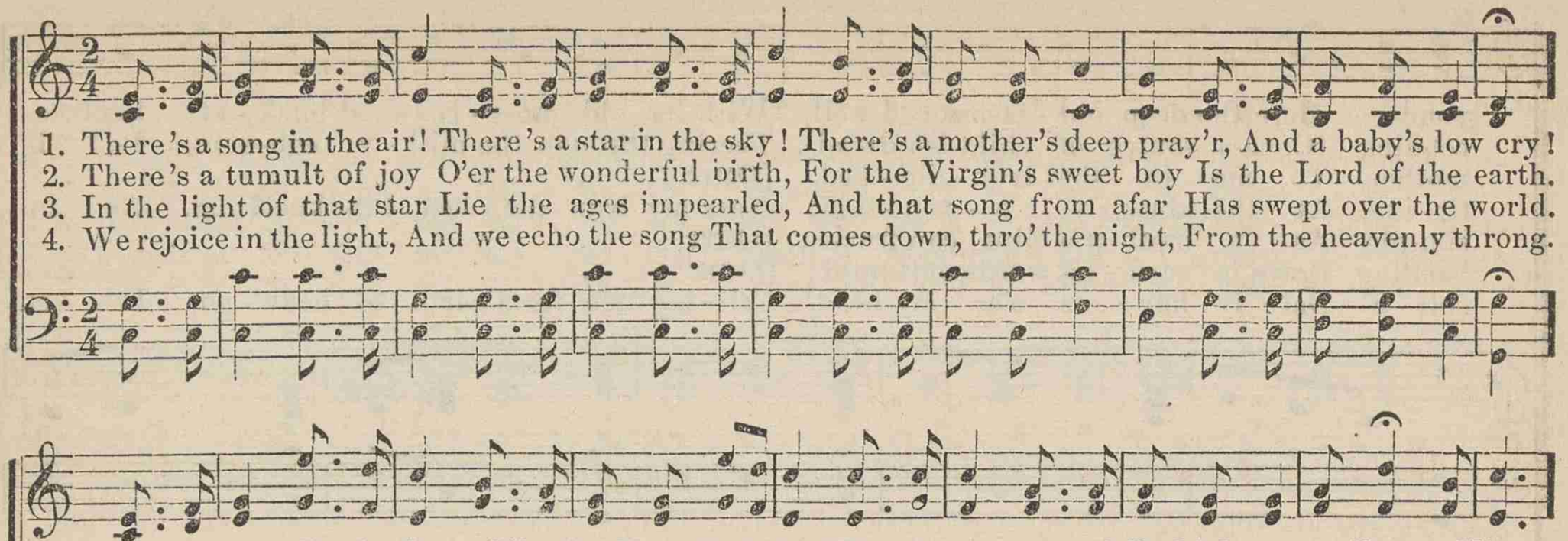

Rit.
2d Ending.
thrill no tongue can tell.
saw my trun-dle - bed.
. . . . .] "Hush, my dear, lie still and slum-ber, Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed."
yore, by mother's side.
. . . . .] "Fa - ther, thou who art in heav - en, Hallowed ev - er be thy name."
. . . . .] "Hear my prayer, O heavenly Fa - ther, Bless, oh, bless my precious child."
from my trun-dle - bed.
Rit.
2d Ending.

Words by
J. G. HOLLAND.

THE KING IN THE MANGER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. There's a song in the air! There's a star in the sky! There's a mother's deep pray'r, And a baby's low cry!
2. There's a tumult of joy O'er the wonderful birth, For the Virgin's sweet boy Is the Lord of the earth.
3. In the light of that star Lie the ages impearled, And that song from afar Has swept over the world.
4. We rejoice in the light, And we echo the song That comes down, thro' the night, From the heavenly throng.



And the star rains its fire, while the Beautiful sing, For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.
Ay the star rains its fire, etc.
Every heart is aflame, while the Beautiful sing, In the homes of the nations, that Jesus is King.
Ay, we shout to lovely e - van - gel they bring, And we greet in his cradle our Savior and King.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus is King! Je - sus is King! The manger of Beth-lè - hem cra-dles a King.

Blessed

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

Christ-mas is com-ing, Christ-mas is com-ing, Christ-mas is com-ing, Children's praise we bring.

1. An-gels are sing-ing Sweet songs of heaven, Glad tidings bringing, Good will to man be given.
2. Babe in the manger, Kings bow before him, Welcome the stranger, Our in-fant Sav-ior, King.
3. Joy, joy and gladness, Loud anthems swelling, No notes of sad-ness On this glad day we sing.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Glo-ry, A - men.

CRADLE MELODY.*

Words by EDGAR FAWCETT. T. C. O'KANE.

Andante.

1. Glassy and waveless the wide o - cean reach - es Out in - to evening's blue mist-y do-main;
2. Deep in the east, like a great scar-let jew - el, Ris - es the ru - by morn, glimmering clear;

Shrill round the surf-rim the sparrowhawk screech-es, Hark! how the tides com - plain.
Slum - berous waves, ye are calm now, but cru - el Are the cold heights ye can rear.

Oh, the long sea-sounds are sad in the gloaming, Whilst my lost sailor's grave gleams on the hill,
Pit - i - less broke ye that bleak winter morning, Af - ter the clam - or and ter - ror of storm;

*From "The Little Corporal."

Ritard.

All with pale dai - sies its grass-es are foaming, Bowed at the wild wind's will.
Pit - i-less heard ye with laughter and scorning, Moans by a si - lent form.

REFRAIN. Soprano.

p *pp*

Lul - la-by sweet - ly, Lul - la-by soft - ly, Lul - la-by low, let it be; . . .

Alto.

Lul-la-by sweetly, Lul-la-by soft-ly, Lul - la-by low, let it be.

Crescendo. Lentando.

Lul - la-by, ten - der-ly, ten - der-ly, ten - der-ly, Lit - tle fair babe at my knee.

Lul - la-by, ten - der-ly, ten - der-ly, ten - der-ly, Lit - tle fair babe at my knee.

HEBRON. L. M.

Memorials of his Grace.

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 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home:
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 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.

Trusting in his Death.

1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting sinner live.
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 Guilty I stand before thy face;
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place;
'Tis just,—but oh, thy Son hath died!

Nothing but Jesus.

1 Wherewith, O Lord, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 What gifts delight the Lord most high?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favor buy,
Or slaughtered hecatombs appease?

3 What have I then wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast;
My glory swallowed up in shame.

The Word.

1 Before the heavens were spread abroad,
From everlasting was thy Word;
With God he was, the Word was God!
And must divinely be adored.

2 By his own power were all things made;
By him supported, all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms;
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may converse hold with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

Grateful Praise.

1 Now, in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
With all his saints I'll join to tell
That Jesus hath done all things well.

2 Wisdom, and power, and love divine,
In all his works, unrivaled shine,
And force the wondering world to tell
That he alone did all things well.

3 And when I stand before his throne,
And all his ways are fully known,
This note in sweetest strains shall swell,
That Jesus hath done all things well.

The Lord giveth Success.

1 Except the Lord our labor bless,
In vain shall we desire success;
Except his guardian power restrain,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

2 'Tis useless toil our stores to keep—
Early to rise and late to sleep—
Unless the Lord, who reigns on high,
His providential care supply.

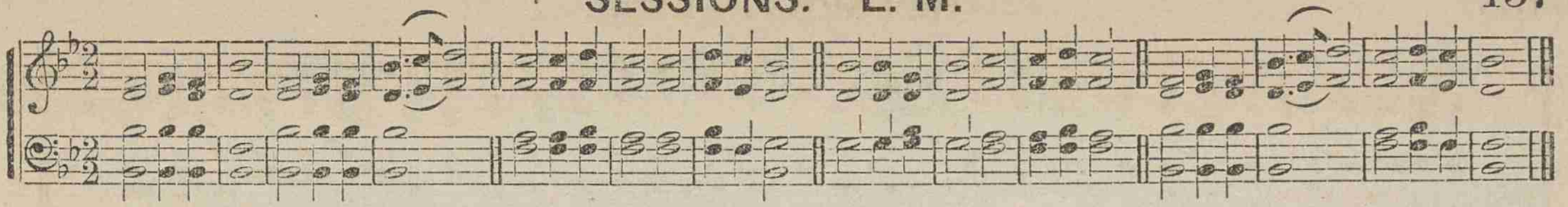
3 Grant, Lord, that we may ever flee
For guidance and for help to thee;
Thy blessing ask whate'er we do,
And in thy strength our work pursue.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

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.

SESSIONS. L. M.



1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,— [days.
Whose glories shine through endless

2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No! when I blush be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

1 We have no outward righteousness,
No merits, or good works, to plead;
We only can be saved by grace;
Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed.

2 Save us by grace, thro' faith alone—
A faith thou must thyself impart;
A faith that would by works be shown,
A faith that purifies the heart:

3 This is the faith we humbly seek,
The faith of thy all-cleansing blood;
That faith which doth for sinners speak,
Oh, let it speak us up to God!

1 Go, preach my Gospel, saith the Lord— [ceive;
Bid the whole world my grace re-
He shall be saved who trusts my word, [lieve.
And he condemned who won't be-

2 I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my Gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 Teach all the nations my commands— [end;
I'm with you till the world shall
All power is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy, and I defend.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

1 Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh:
'Tis God invites the fallen race:
Mercy and free salvation buy—
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wand'rers, home,
And find his grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.

1 To us a child of royal birth,
End of the promises, is given;
Th' Invisible appears on earth—
The Son of man, the God of heaven.

2 A Savior born, in love supreme,
He comes, our fallen souls to raise;
He comes, his people to redeem,
With all his plenitude of grace.

3 The Lord of Hosts, the God most high,
Who quits his throne, on earth to live,
With joy we welcome from the sky,
With faith into our hearts receive.

1 Our Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led—
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

3 Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord of glorious power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, forever blest!

RETREAT. L. M.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 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.

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

1 Thine earthly Sabbath, Lord, we love,
But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay—
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say—
How blest the righteous when he dies!

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

1 O love, thy sov'reign aid impart,
And guard the gift thyself hast given;
My portion, thou, my treasure art,
My life and happiness and heaven.

2 Would aught on earth my wishes share?
Though dear as life the idol be;
The idol from my breast I 'll tear,
Resolved to seek my all in thee.

3 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here restore;
Gladly I all to thee resign;
Give me thyself, I ask no more.

1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Come all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest,
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

3 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice;
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our work 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 spirit up,
While we expect that blessed hope—
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

1 Far from these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 No cloud those regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

3 Oh, may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
The wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

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.

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

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

1 Grace! 't is a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

3 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days,
And every ransomed power shall join
In wonder, love, and praise.

HALLOWING FLAME.

T. C. O'KANE.

1 Behold the throne of grace;
The promise calls us near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

1 O Lord, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 Thine image, Lord, bestow—
Thy presence and thy love—
That we may serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

2 Oh, let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Teach us to live by faith—
Conform our wills to thine,
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

3 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry;
Oh, come, and bring salvation near;
Our souls on thee rely.

CORONATION. C. M.

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

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim—
To spread thro' 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.

Crown him Lord of All.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

WOODLAND. C. M.

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 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

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

1 Jesus, if still thou art to-day,
As yesterday, the same—
Present to heal—in me display
The virtue of thy Name.

2 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

3 Loathsome and vile, and self-abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives;
He lives who once was dead:
To me in grief he comfort gives;
With peace he crowns my head.

2 He lives, triumphant o'er the grave,
At God's right hand on high,
My ransom'd soul to keep and save,
To bless and glorify.

3 He lives that I may also live,
And now his grace proclaim;
He lives that I may honor give
To his most holy Name.

BALERMA. C. M.

1 Spirit Divine! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame:
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

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

3 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

1 How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin—how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord."

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord:
Oh, help my unbelief!

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

1 Great Ruler of all nature's frame!
We own thy power divine;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.

2 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To those who seek thy face;
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.

3 Those gentle whispers let me hear
Till all the tumults cease;
And gales of paradise shall soothe
My weary soul to peace.

1 When all thy mercies, oh, my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue:
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

3 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

1 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

2 His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies,
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

3 O, might I hear thy heav'nly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine,"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

VARINA. C. M., Double.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
And now I live in him. [vived.

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 all my journey's done.

Joy to the World.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

The Race for Glory.

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

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

1 How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defense!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.
In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes they pass un-
And breathe in tainted air. [hurt,

2 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore.
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot.
Shall join our souls to thee.

1 Jesus, immortal King, arise!
Assert thy mortal sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.
Send forth thy word, and let it fly
The spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

2 Oh, may the great Redeemer's Name
Through every clime be known,
And heathen gods, forsaken, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Be thou, O Christ, adored,
And earth, with all her millions shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

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

1 With love the Savior's heart o'er-
Love spoke in every breath; [flowed,
Supreme it reigned throughout his
And triumphed in his death. [life.

2 Behold, this new command he gives
To those who bear his name,—
That they shall one another love,
As he hath loved them.

3 Let all who bear the name of Christ,
While they his sufferings view,
Think of his words, "Each other love,
As I have lovéd you."

1 Jesus, and didst thou condescend,
When vailed in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear—
Have mercy, too, on me!

3 And didst thou pity mortal woe,
And sight and health restore?
Then pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more.

1 Lord, I believe; thy power I own;
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Yes! I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief;
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help thou mine unbelief!"

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

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 This consecrated cross I 'll bear
Till death shall make 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.

1 O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who, thro' this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our prayers we now pre-
Before thy throne of grace; [sent
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 O, spread thy cov'ring wings around
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

1 Thy law is perfect, Lord of light;
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandment pure.

2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my ears,
The day-spring to my eyes.

3 So may the words my lips express,—
The tho'ts that throng my mind,—
O Lord, my strength and righteous-
With thee acceptance find. [ness,

LUTHER.

1 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul;
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind:
Forget not all his benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 Then bless his holy Name, [whole;
Whose grace hath made thee
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! [days.

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode— [saved
The Church our blest Redeemer
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 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given [yield,
The brightest glories earth can
And brighter bliss of heaven.

LABAN. S..M.

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 Oh, 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;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unvails the beauty of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit
And smile on all around.

3 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

1 That blessed law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
Oh, write it on my heart!

2 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove—
The law of liberty from sin,
The law of perfect love.

3 Thy nature be my law—
Thy spotless sanctity;
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1 Behold what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Savior here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 If in my Father's love,
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

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 fulfil—
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

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

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

2 Through waves, and clouds, and
He gently clears thy way; [storms,
Wait thou this time; so shall this
Soon end in joyous day. [night

3 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear, [wrought,
When fully he the work hath
That caused thy needless fear.

BOYLSTON. S, M,

1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Thou knowest not which shall
The late or early sown; [thrive,
Grace keeps the perfect germ alive,
When and wherever strewn.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain, [peace,
Could give the guilty conscience
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

1 Ye wretched, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast! [store
Where mercy spreads her bounteous
For every humble guest.

2 See, Christ, with open arms,
Invites, and bids you come;
Oh, stay not back, tho' fear alarms,
For yet there still is room.

3 Oh, come, and with us taste
The blessings of his love:
While hope expects the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

MARTYN. 7s.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters 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,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh, 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.

HENDON. 7s.

The Father's Call.

1 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part:
But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your father calls—come home!"

2 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your father calls—come home!"

The Pilgrim's Song.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our Fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son.
Bids us undismayed go on.

4 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

The Lamb's High Feast.

1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing,
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide,
Flowing from his wounded side.

2 Where the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Thro' the wave that drowns the foe.

3 Christ, our Paschal Lamb, is slain,
Holy victim, without stain;
Death and hell defeated lie,
Heaven unfolds its gates on high.

4 Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto thee we raise;
Risen Lord, all praise to thee,
With the Spirit ever be.

HORTON. 7s.

Heavenly Food.

1 Bread of heaven! on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread!

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord, thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died;
Lord of life! oh, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

Love's Lesson.

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.

His Mercy Endureth Forever.

1 All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He his chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

TOPLADY.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
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 the 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.

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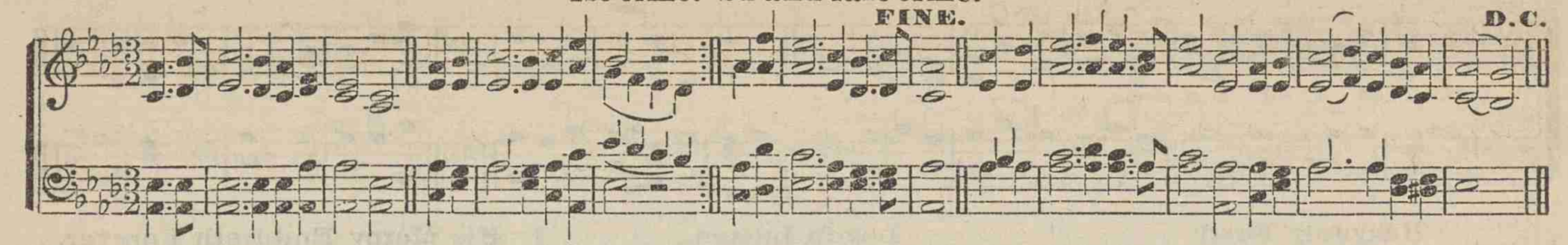
1 Ever patient, gentle, meek,
Holy Savior! was thy mind,
Vainly in myself I seek,
Likeness to my Lord to find;
Yet, that mind which was in thee,
May be, must be, formed in me.

2 Days of toil, 'mid throngs of men,
Vexed not, ruffled not thy soul;
Still collected, calm, serene,
Thou each feeling couldst control;
Lord, that mind which was in thee,
May be, must be, formed in me.

3 When my pain is most intense,
Let thy cross my lesson prove;
Let me hear thee, e'en from thence,
Breathing words of peace and love:
Savior! let thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in thee.

AUTUMN.

1st time. 2d and last time.



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, or hoped, or 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 them, untrue.
Oh, while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

1 Heavenly Father, grant thy blessing.
While once more thy praise we sing;
Sinful hearts and lives confessing,
Nothing worthy can we bring;
Yet thy book of love hath taught us,
Thou wilt kindly bow thine ear;
For the sake of him who bought us,
We may call, and thou wilt hear.

2 What a boon to us is given,
Thus to lift our voice on high!
Well assured the ear of heaven
Hears our wants, and will supply.
Weak and sinful—oh, how often
Must we look to God alone,
For his grace our hearts to soften,
And sustain us as his own.

1 Toil on, teachers, toil on boldly,
Labor on, and watch and pray;
Men may scoff and treat you coldly,
Heed them not, go on your way.
Jesus is a loving master;
Cease not then this work to do;
Cleave to him still closer, faster,
He will own and honor you.

2 Toil on, teachers! earnest, steady,
Sowing well the seeds of truth;
Always willing, cheerful, ready,
Watching, praying, for your youth.
Patient, firm, and persevering,
Leaning on the promise sure;
Prayer will surely gain a hearing,
Faithful to the end endure.

TALMAR. 8s & 7s.

1 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Thinking not 't is thrown away;
God himself saith thou shalt gather
It again some future day.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Wildly though the billows roll;
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

4 Give then freely of thy substance—
O'er this cause the Lord doth reign;
Cast thy bread, and toil with patience,
Thou shalt labor not in vain.

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 Love and grief, my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I 'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

4 Here I 'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4.

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Tho' 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.

1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and vails the sky.
It is finished!—
Hear the dying Savior cry.

2 It is finished! Oh, what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heav'nly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
It is finished!—
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
It is finished!—
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

1 Oh, thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win;
I will praise thee:
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pard'ning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wond'ring at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song;
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. Double.

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'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

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

WEBB. 7s & 6s.

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 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy 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!"

1 To thee, O blessed Savior,
Our grateful songs we raise;
Oh, tune our hearts and voices,
Thy holy name to praise.
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
We're here allowed to meet,
To join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to entreat.

2 Lord, guide and bless our teachers,
Who labor for our good:
And may the Holy Scriptures
By us be understood;
Oh, may our hearts be given
To thee, our glorious King,
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing.

1 Ashamed to be a Christian,
Afraid the world should know
I'm on my way to Zion,
Where joys eternal flow!
Forbid it, O my Savior,
That I should ever be
Afraid to wear thy color,
Or blush to follow thee.

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

Tune—WEBB.

Like Jesus.

1 I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard him speak.
I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain-top,
He met his Father there.

2 I want to be like Jesus;
I never, never find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.
I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

Tune—AMSTERDAM.

Security and Safety.

1 See the Gospel Church secure,
And founded on a Rock;
All her promises are sure,
Her bulwarks who can shock?
Count her every precious shrine;
Tell, to after-ages tell—
Fortified by power divine,
The Church can never fail.

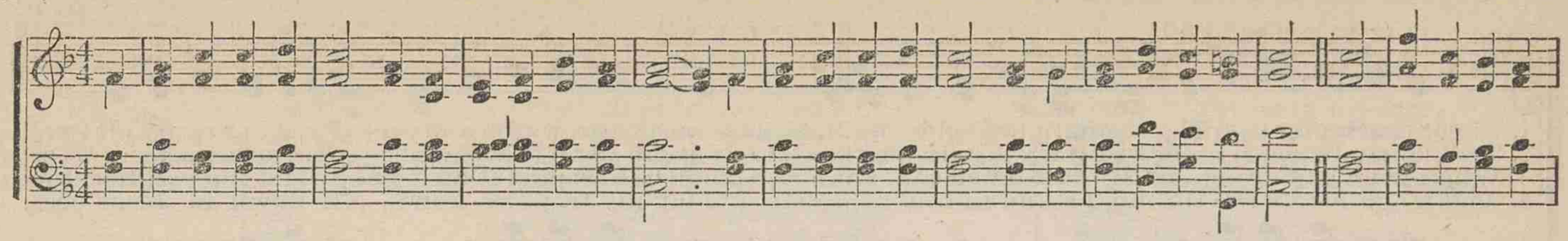
2 Zion's God is all our own,
Who on his love rely;
We his pard'ning love have known,
And live to Christ, and die:
To the New Jerusalem
He our faithful Guide shall be;
Him we claim, and rest in him,
Through all eternity.

Tune—AMSTERDAM.

The Blood Shed for Me.

1 God of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive.
Full of guilt, alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee.
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye;
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh.
Now as yesterday, the same
Thou art, and wilt forever be:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.



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 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 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.

4 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 ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

AMSTERDAM.

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rd heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

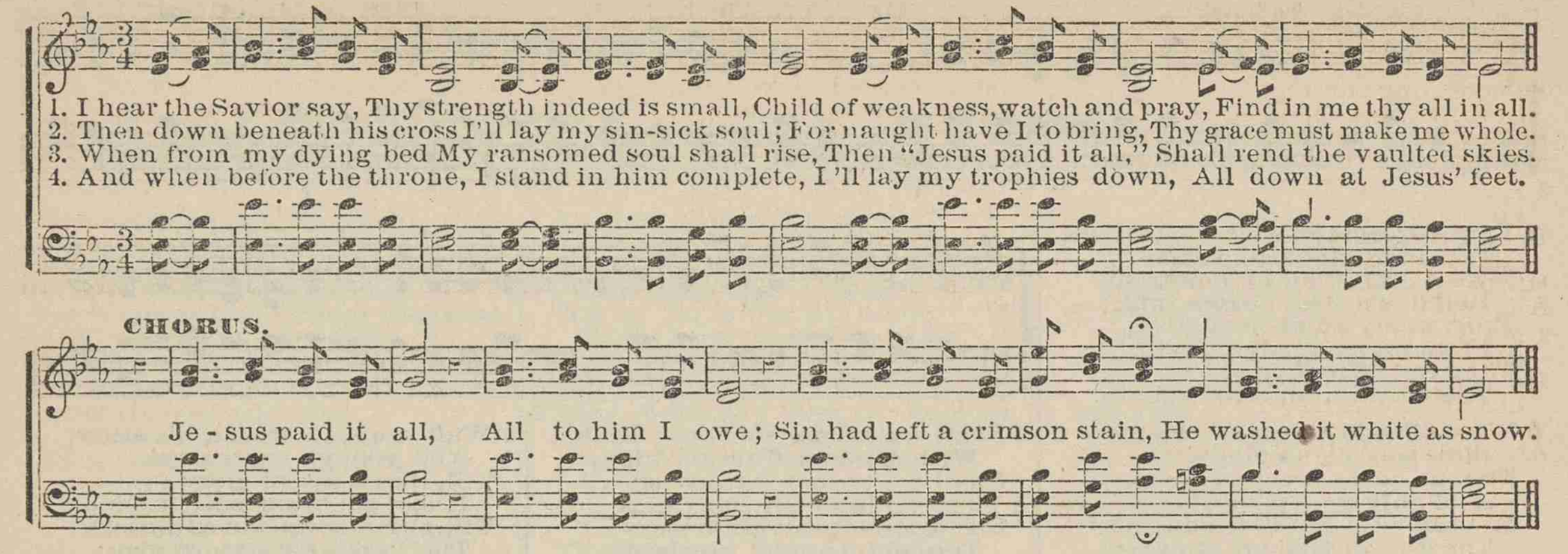
2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face:
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Savior will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
There we'll join the heavenly train,
Welcomed to partake the bliss;
Fly from sorrow, care, and pain,
To realms of endless peace.

152 From "Casket, No. 2," by per.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

ASA HULL.



TRUSTING LORD, IN THEE.*

Words by Rev. WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER.

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

4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

* From "Joyful Songs, No. 2," by permission.

"Abba, Father."

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 pard'ning 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.

My All to Thee.

1 I bring my sins to thee,
The sins I can not count,
That all may cleansed be,
In thy once opened fount.
I bring them, Savior, all to thee,
The burden is too great for me.

2 My heart to thee I bring,
The heart I can not read,
A faithless, wand'ring thing,
A living heart indeed.
I bring it, Savior, now to thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

3 My *life* I bring to thee,
I would not be my own;
O, Savior let me be
Thine, ever thine alone.
My *heart*, my *life*, my *all* I bring
To thee, my Savior and my King.

The Image of God.

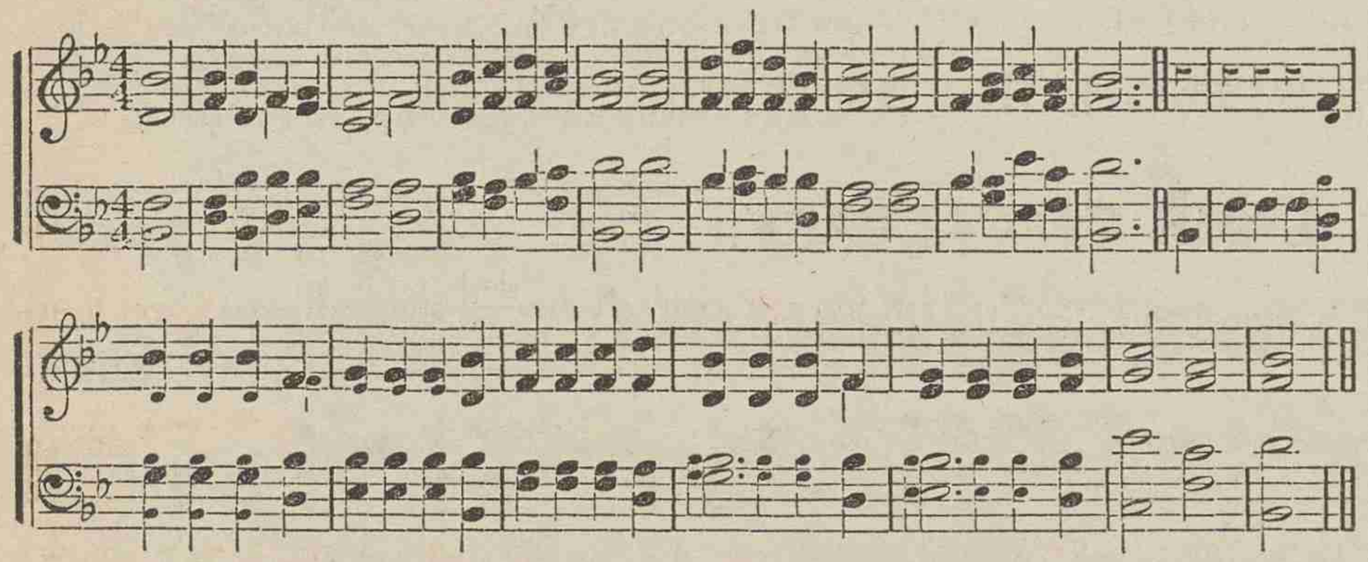
1 Father of eternal grace,
Glorify thyself in me;
Sweetly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.

2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown;
Fix my thoughts on things above;
Stay my heart on thee alone.

3 To thy gracious will resigned—
All thy will by me be done;
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod;
Die with Jesus on the cross—
Rise with him to live with God.

LENOX.



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,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

The Lord is King.

1 Rejoice, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Savior, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom can not fail—
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

---

3 Extol the Lamb of God—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

PORTUGUESE HYMN.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
‖: You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled? :‖

2 "Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and I will give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
‖ Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand. :‖

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy trials to bless,
‖: And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress. :‖

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
‖: Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine." ‖

LAMB OF CALVARY.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, 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,
Oh, 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.

Shall we Gather at the River?

1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod?
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirit will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

3 Soon we'll reach the silent river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of peace.
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

Sweet By and By.

1 There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we may see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a resting-place there.
Cho.—In the sweet by and by
We shall rest on that beautiful shore.

2 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.
Cho.—In the sweet by and by
We shall sing on that beautiful shore.

3 We will sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits will sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.
Cho.—In the sweet by and by
We shall praise on that beautiful shore.

Shining Shore.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
These hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly homes discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For now we stand, etc.

3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever,
Our King says come, and there's our home,
Forever, oh, forever!
For now we stand, etc.

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

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 a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes 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!

4 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defense be made;
Our souls on thee be stay'd;
Lord, hear our call.

3 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.

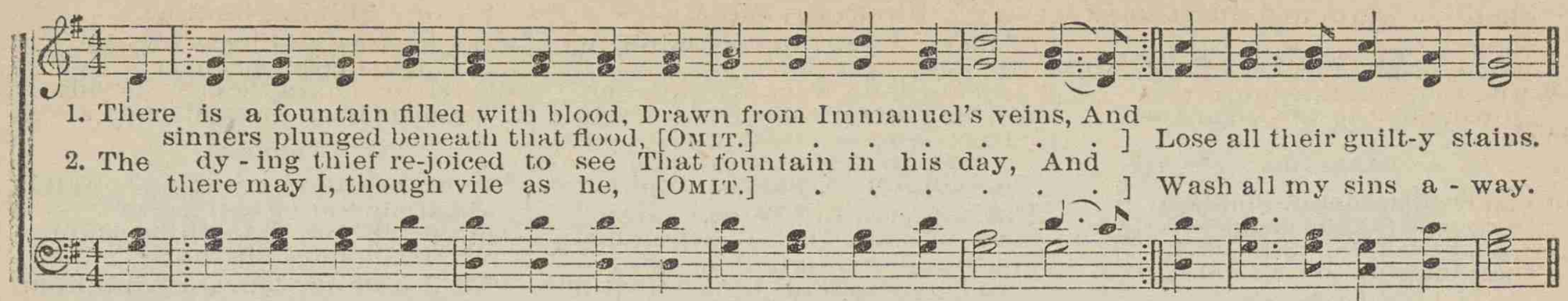
4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

Worthy the Lamb.

1 "Glory be to God on high!"
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye his name."
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing now and evermore—
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name:
On him we fix our choice,
In him we will rejoice,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb."

THE FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD.



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

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I 'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue,

I Love to Tell the Story.

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 longings,
As nothing else would do.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the story,
'T will be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story:
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.
I love to tell, etc.

3 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,
'T will be—the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long!
I love to tell, etc.

Jesus Loves Even Me.

1 I am so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of his love in the book he has given;
Wonderful things in the Bible I see,
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

CHORUS.

I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

2 Though I forget him, and wander away,
Kindly he follows wherever I stray;
Back to his dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

3 Oh, if there 's only one song I can sing,
When in his beauty I see the great King;
This shall my song in eternity be,
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me.

INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF S. S. LESSONS, 1ST & 2D QUARTERS, 1874.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR "EVERY SABBATH," BY T. C. O'KANE.

The figures under the head of "Hymns" refer to the pages, in this book, for appropriate hymns.

DATE.	SUBJECT.	LESSON.	TOPIC.	GOLDEN TEXT.	HYMNS.
Jan. 4	The House of Bondage.	Ex. i. 7-14.	The Bondage of Sin.....	John viii. 34.	141.
11	The Birth of Moses	Ex. ii. 1-10.	A Deliverer Raised Up.....	Luke ii. 40.	142.
18	The Call of Moses	Ex. iii. 1-10.	The Deliverer Sent Forth....	1 Sam. iii. 9.	141.
25	Doubts Removed	Ex. iv. 1-9, 27-31.	The Deliverer Accepted.....	John iii. 2.	145.
Feb. 1	Jehovah's Promise.....	Ex. vi. 1-8.	The Deliverer's Message....	Lev. xxvi. 12.	141.
8	The First Plague	Ex. vii. 14-22.	The Message Rejected	Heb. iii. 15.	104.
15	Jehovah's Passover.....	Ex. xii. 21-30, 51.	Deliverance Through Blood	1 Cor. v. vii.	56, 91, 146.
22	The Exodus.	Ex. xiii. 17-22.	God, the Pilgrim's Guide...	Psa. xxxii. 8.	108, 117, 143.
Mar. 1	The Red Sea.....	Ex. xiv. 19-31.	The Great Deliverance.....	Heb. xi. 29.	20, 66, 154.
8	Bitter Waters Sweetened	Ex. xv. 22-27.	Water for the Thirsty.....	Rev. xxii. 2.	7, 84.
15	Bread from Heaven.....	Ex. xvi. 1-5, 31-35.	Food for the Hungry.....	John vi. 35.	43, 108, 147.
22	Defeat of Amalek.....	Ex. xvii. 8-16.	The Victory of Faith.....	Psa. lvi. 9.	46, 128, 144.
29	Review of First Quarter.	Ex. xv. 1-11.	Lord of Lords our Leader..	Ex. xv. 11.	7, 48, 108.
Apr. 5	The Ten Commandments	Ex. xx. 1-17.	Our Duty to God and Man.	John xiv. 15.	143, 147.
12	The Golden Calf	Ex. xxxii. 1-6, 19-20	Duty to God Forgotten.....	1 John v. 21.	138, 141.
19	The People Forgiven.....	Ex. xxxiii. 12-20.	The God of All Grace.....	Psa. cxxx. 4.	153, 136.
26	The Tabernacle Set Up.	Ex. xl. 17-30.	God Dwelling with Men....	Psa. lxxxiv. 1.	149, 144.
May 3	The Five Offerings....	Lev. vii. 37, 38. / Heb. ix. 22-28.	One All-sufficient Offering..	Heb. ix. 28.	152, 145.
10	Three Great Feasts....	Lev. xxiii. 4-6, 15-21, 33-36.	Jesus and the Jewish Feasts	John vii. 14.	138, 145.
17	The Lord's Ministers....	Num. iii. 5-13.	Priests of God and of Christ	1 Peter ii. 9.	92, 145.
24	Israel's Unbelief.....	Num. xiv. 1-10.	The Sad Results of Unbelief	Heb. iii. 19.	141, 143.
31	The Smitten Rock.....	Num. xx. 7-13.	With God All Things are Possible	1 Cor. x. 4.	7, 84, 137.
June 7	The Serpent of Brass.....	Num. xxi. 4-9.	The One Way of Salvation.	John iii. 14, 15.	12, 16, 129.
14	The True Prophet	Deut. xviii. 9-16.	Never Man Spake like this Man	John i. 45.	137, 140.
21	The Death of Moses.....	Deut. xxxiv. 1-12.	Entering into Rest.....	Psa. cxvi. 15.	68, 138.
28	Rev. of Second Quarter.	Deut. viii.	He Loadeth us with Benefits	Psa. ciii. 2.	141, 144.

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July 5	The Beginning of the Gospel.	Mark i. 1-11.	Beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God	John i. 34.	142, 136.
12	The Authority of Jesus..	Mark i. 16-27.	Universal Authority of Jesus.	Matt. xxviii. 18.	140, 142.
19	The Leper Healed.....	Mark i. 38-45.	Jesus Willing and Able to Save	Matt. viii. 2.	38, 140.
26	The Publican Called.....	Mark ii. 13-17.	"Follow Me."	Num. xxxii. 12.	52, 117, 148.
Aug. 2	Jesus and the Sabbath..	Mark ii. 23-28, iii. 1-5.	"The Sabbath was Made for Man."	Ezek. xx. 12.	4, 10, 138.
9	Power over Nature	Mark iv. 35-41.	The Wind and Sea Obey Him	Psa. cvii. 29.	66, 67, 141.
16	Power over Demons	Mark v. 1-15.	From the Power of Satan, etc.	1 John iii. 8.	144, 146.
23	Power over Disease	Mark v. 24-34.	Healing Power of Christ.....	Mark vi. 56.	81, 152.
30	Power over Death	Mark v. 22,23; 35-43.	The Life-giving Voice	John v. 25.	61, 140.
Sept. 6	Martyr'm of the Baptist	Mark vi. 20-29.	John's Witness unto the Truth	Rev. ii. 10.	140, 143.
13	The Five Thousand Fed	Mark vi. 34-44.	The All-supplying God.....	Psa. cxlv. 16.	141, 147.
20	Syrophœnician Mother.	Mark vii. 24-30.	Asking in Faith	Matt. xv. 28.	137, 154.
27	Review of Third Quarter	Selections.	He Doeth All Things Well ...	Mark vii. 37.	132, 67, 12.
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18	The Mind of Christ.....	Mark ix. 33-42.	We shall be Like Him	Phil. ii. 5.	145, 147.
25	Blind Bartimeus.....	Mark x. 46-52.	The Blind See.....	Psa. cxix. 18.	14, 143.
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8	The Ten Commandments	Mark xii. 28-34.	Not Far from the Kingdom...	Rom. xiii. 10.	143, 144.
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22	Anointing at Bethany....	Mark xiv. 3-9.	She hath done what She Could	Mark xiv. 9.	150, 153.
29	The Betrayal.....	Mark xiv. 42-50.	Jesus, the Master, Betrayed...	Matt. xxvi. 24.	137, 150.
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13	The Crucifixion	Mark xv. 22-39.	Jesus Saves Us by His Death.	Isa. liii. 5.	56, 59, 148.
20	The Risen Lord.....	Mark xvi. 9-20.	Our Ever-Living Savior	Rev. i. 18.	112, 137.
27	Rev. of Fourth Quarter.	Selections.	"On the Right Hand of God."	Mark xvi. 19-20.	137, etc.

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