

301

FILLMORES' MALE CHOIR

NO. 3.

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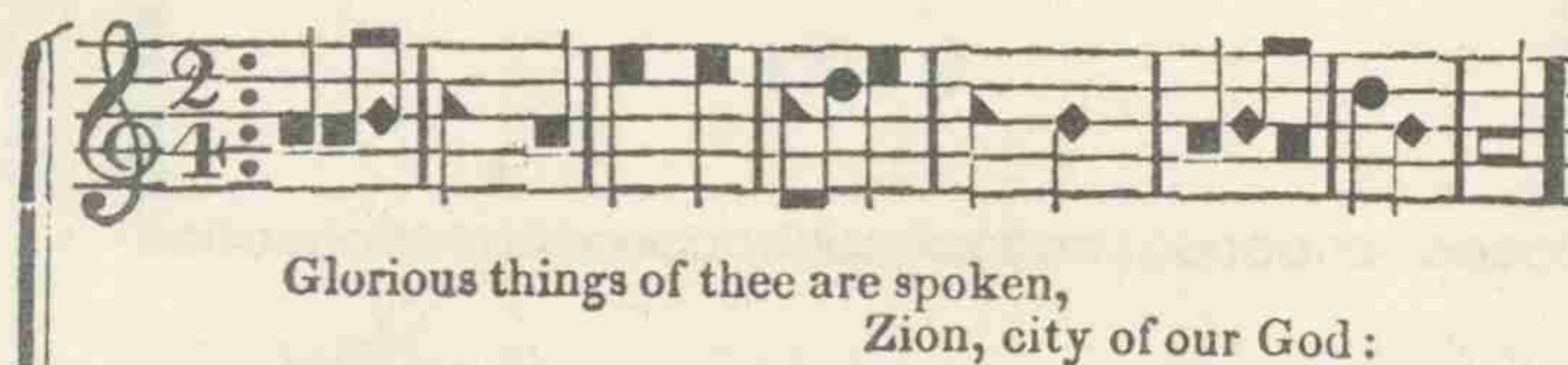
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PRICE, 15 CENTS.

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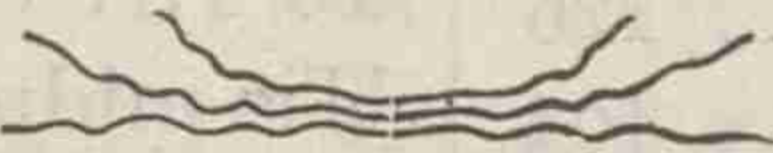
MALE CHOIR

No. 3.

A COLLECTION OF NEW GOSPEL SONGS
FOR MALE QUARTETS AND CHORUSES.

... BY ...

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



PRICE 15 CENTS.



FILLMORE BROTHERS,

119 WEST SIXTH STREET,
CINCINNATI.

No. 40 BIBLE HOUSE,
NEW YORK

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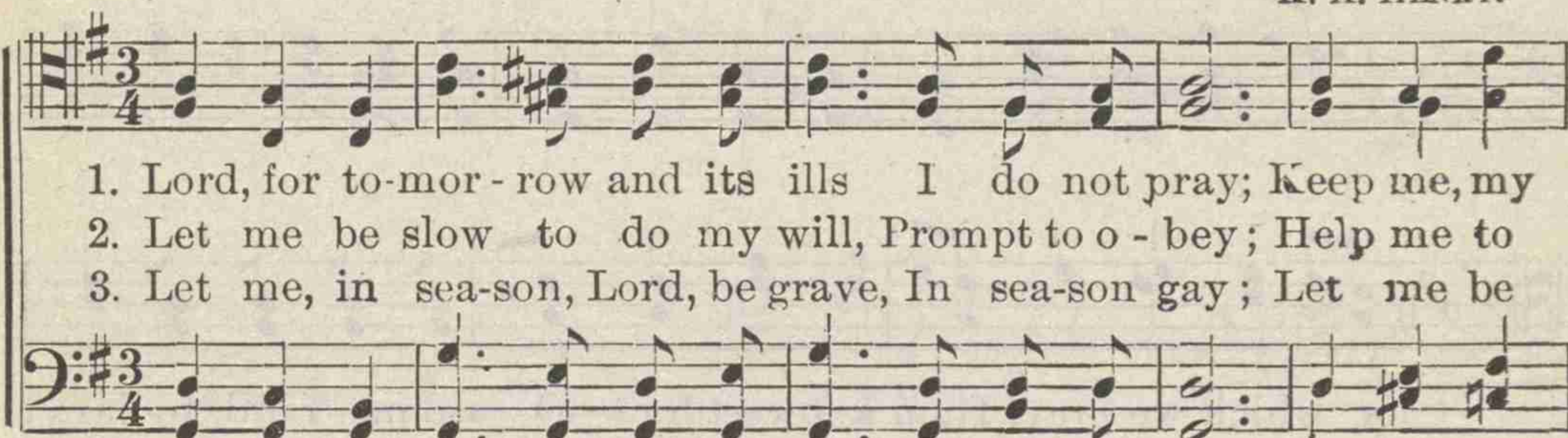
Titles in Caps and Small Caps. First lines in Roman.

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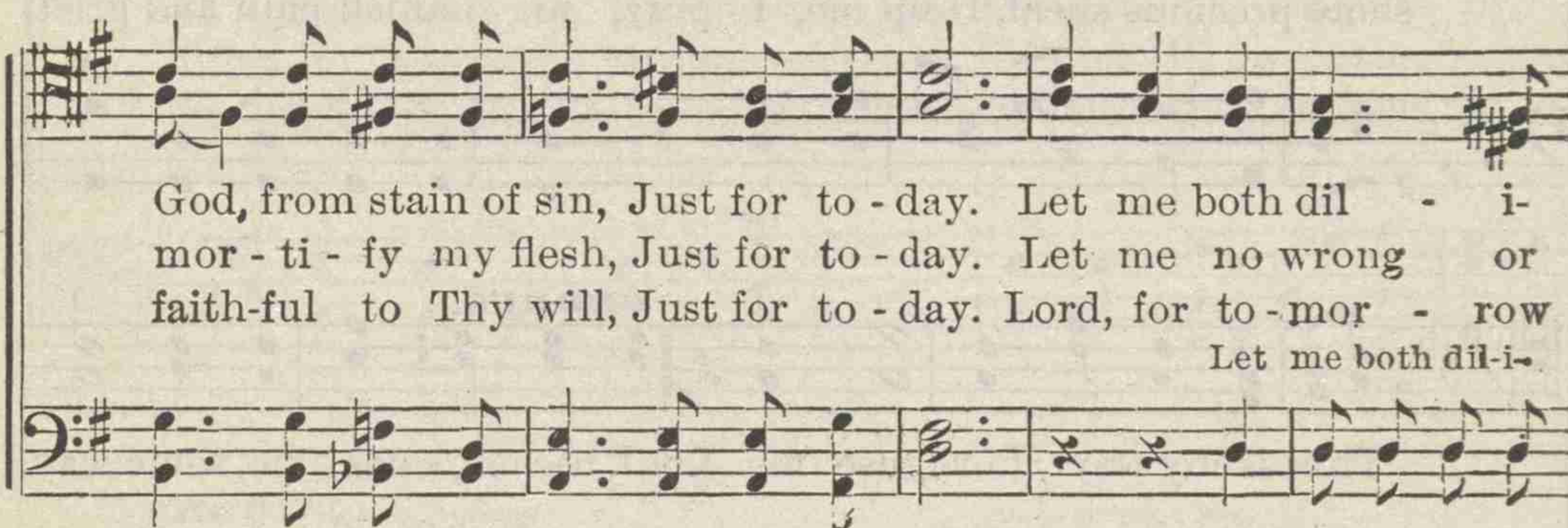
Fillmores' Male Choir No. 3.

No. 85. Just for To-day.

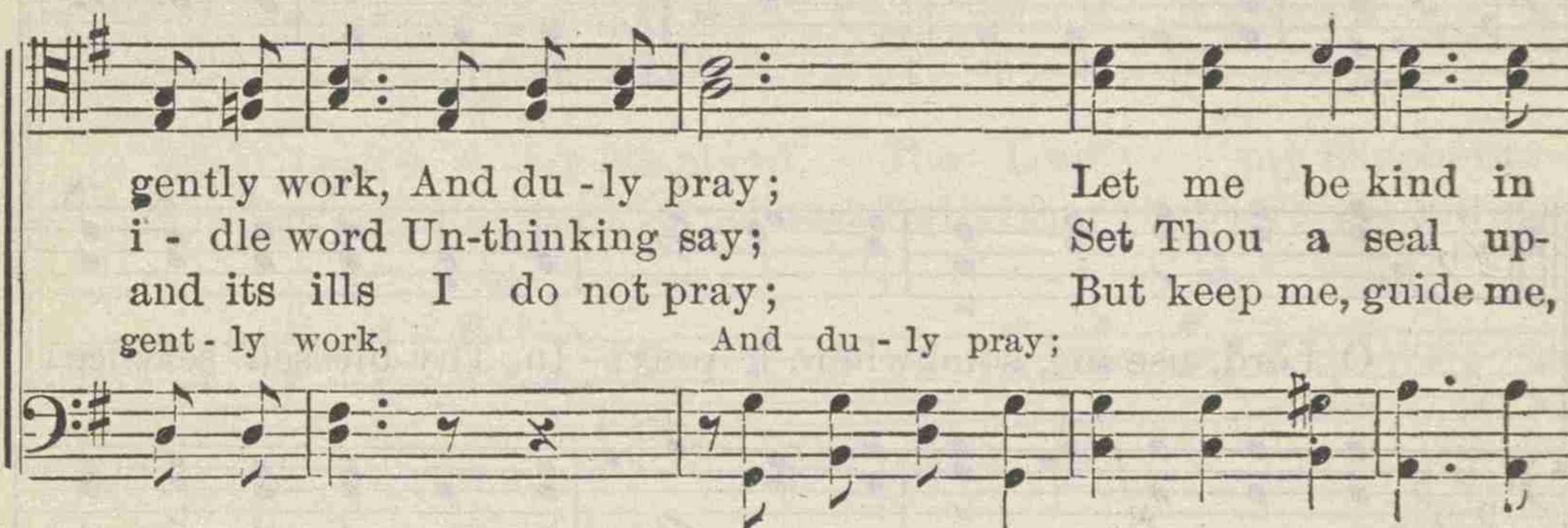
H. A. HENRY.



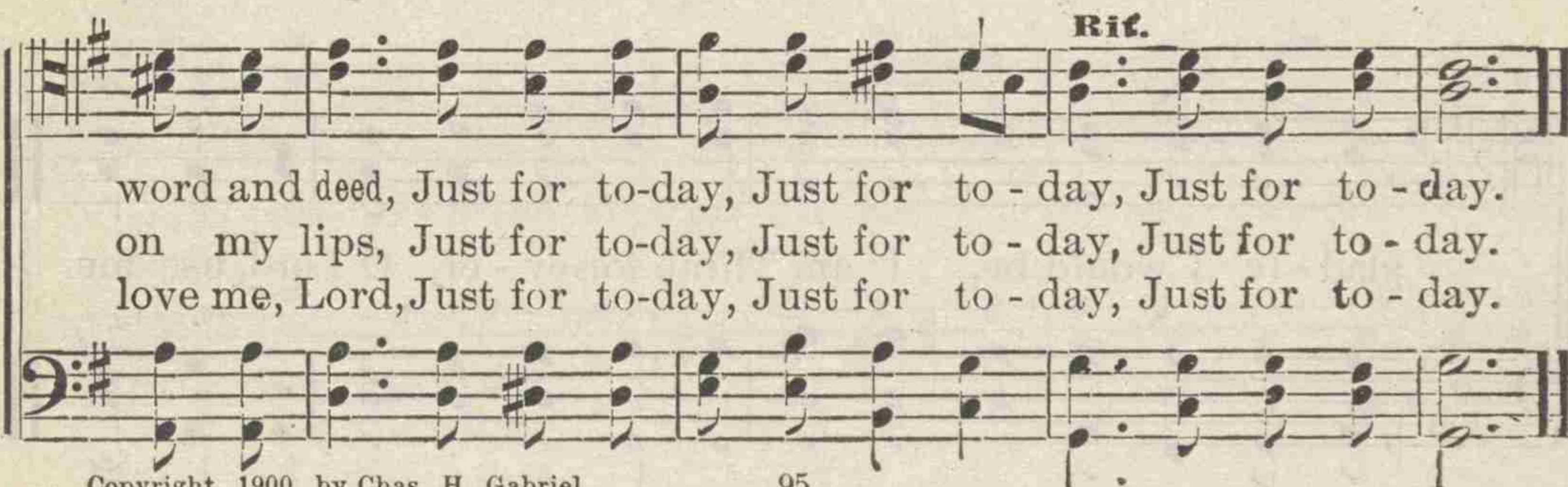
1. Lord, for to-mor-row and its ills I do not pray; Keep me, my
 2. Let me be slow to do my will, Prompt to o-bey; Help me to
 3. Let me, in sea-son, Lord, be grave, In sea-son gay; Let me be



God, from stain of sin, Just for to-day. Let me both dil - i-
 mor - ti - fy my flesh, Just for to-day. Let me no wrong or
 faith-ful to Thy will, Just for to-day. Lord, for to-mor - row
 Let me both dil-i-



gently work, And du-ly pray; Let me be kind in
 i - dle word Un-thinking say; Set Thou a seal up-
 and its ills I do not pray; But keep me, guide me,
 gent - ly work, And du - ly pray;



word and deed, Just for to-day, Just for to-day, Just for to-day.
 on my lips, Just for to-day, Just for to-day, Just for to-day.
 love me, Lord, Just for to-day, Just for to-day, Just for to-day.

No. 86. O Lord, Use Me.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. O Lord, use me in some good way To help advance Thy kingdom
2. O Lord, use me as shall be best, And help me comfort someone
3. O Lord, use me! my time is brief, O help me garner for Thee



for which we pray, Thou knowest how—O use me, Lord, to-day;
with soul oppressed, Pointing to Thee who giv'st the wea-ry rest;
some precious sheaf, Help me, I pray, to banish pain and grief;



This is my pray'r, Lord, use me. Lord, use me, sometime, some way,



O Lord, use me, somewhere I pray, In Thy blessed serv-ice



glad-ly I would be, I am Thine for-ev-er, O Lord, use me.



No. 87. He Leadeth Me.

C. D. EMERSON.



1. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want, He makes me down to lie
2. My soul He doth re-store a-gain, And me to walk doth make
3. Yea, tho' I walk thro' death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill,



In past-ures green, He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.
With-in the paths of right-eousness, E'en for His own name's sake.
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff they comfort still.



CHORUS.



The Lord's my Shepherd, The Lord's my Shepherd,
The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want, The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,



In past-ures green, He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.



No. 88. The Gospel Bells.

ADA ELENKHORN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O hear the chime of gospel bells, sweet gospel bells; O hear the chime of
 2. Loud ring the bells in ev'ry clime, sweet gospel bells; Loud ring the bells in
 3. O gospel bells, ring loud, ring long, sweet gospel bells; O gospel bells, ring

gos - pel bells, sweet gos - pel bells; How sweet their joy - ous cadence swells
 ev - 'ry clime, sweet gos - pel bells; What ho - ly mu - sic in their chime!
 loud, ring long, sweet gos - pel bells; "Haste sinner, from the pass-ing throng!

Up - on the ear; O sin - ner hear: "Stay not a - way, but come to - day,
 Their heav'nly mes-sage they re - peat: "Sal - va-tion's free, for you, for me,
 Heed well to-day, heed what we say: The Sav - iour call - eth you to - day,

O come and pray, come kneel and pray!" O gos - pel bells,
 O sin - ner, free for you, for me!"
 Stay not a - way, so far a - way!" O gos-pel bells,

sweet gospel bells, . . . Chime on, sweet gos - pel bells,
 sweet gospel bells, sweet gospel bells.

No. 89. To Thy Cross I'm Clinging.

MAGGIE GREGORY.

ORAN WILLIAMS.

2d TENOR SOLO. Sing other parts subdued.



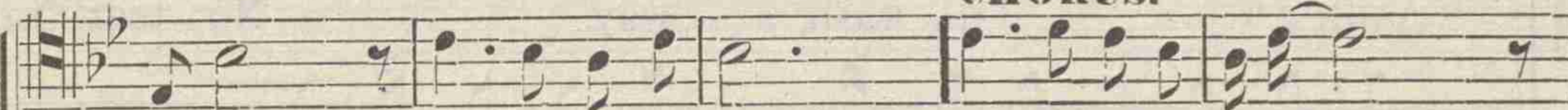
- | | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Je - sus, lov-ing Sav-iour, | Hear, O hear my plea, | Look, in Thy com- |
| 2. Now to Thee I'm com-ing, | Sav-iour of the lost ; | Plead-ing for sal- |
| 3. Trust-ing in Thy mer-cy, | Lord, I seek Thy face ; | Par-don my trans- |



- | | | | |
|-----------------|------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Je - sus, my | lov-ing Saviour, | Hear me, O hear my plea, | Look on me in |
| 2. Now un - to | Thee I'm coming, | Sav-iour of | all the lost, I'm pleading now |
| 3. Trust-ing in | Thy great mercy, | Lord, now I | seek Thy face, O par-don my |



CHORUS.



- | | | |
|------------|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| pas-sion, | Bless-ed Lord, on me. | |
| va - tion, | Kneel-ing at the cross. | To Thy cross I'm cling-ing, |
| gressions, | Save me by Thy grace. | |



- Thy compassion, Bless-ed Lord on me, on me.
 for sal-va-tion, Kneel-ing at the cross, Thy cross. To Thy cross I'm clinging, clinging, clinging,
 great transgressions, Save me by Thy grace, Thy grace.



- Where, by faith, I see The precious blood of Je - sus, Shed to ran-som me.



- Where, by faith, I see now The precious blood of Je - sus, Shed to ran-som me.

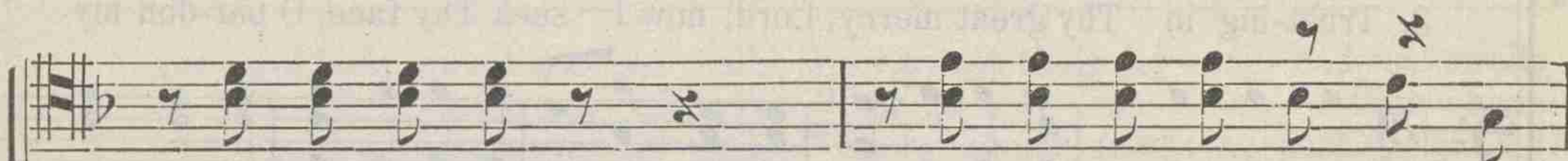


No. 90. Not Ashamed of Jesus.

DR. S. B. JACKSON.



1. Je-sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal
 Je-sus, and shall it ev - er be,
 2. Ashamed of Thee? O just as soon Let midnight
 3. Ashamed of Thee? Yes, then I may, When I've no



man a-shamed of Thee? A-shamed of
 A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee?
 be a-shamed of noon; 'Tis midnight
 guilt to wash a - way, No tear to



Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ry
 A-shamed of Thee, whom an-gels praise,
 with my soul 'till He, Bright morn-ing
 wipe, no good to crave, No fears to



shines thro' end-less days. Ashamed of Thee?
 Whose glory shines thro' end-less days. Ashamed of Thee?
 star, bids darkness flee. Ashamed of Thee,
 quell, no soul to save. Ashamed of Thee?



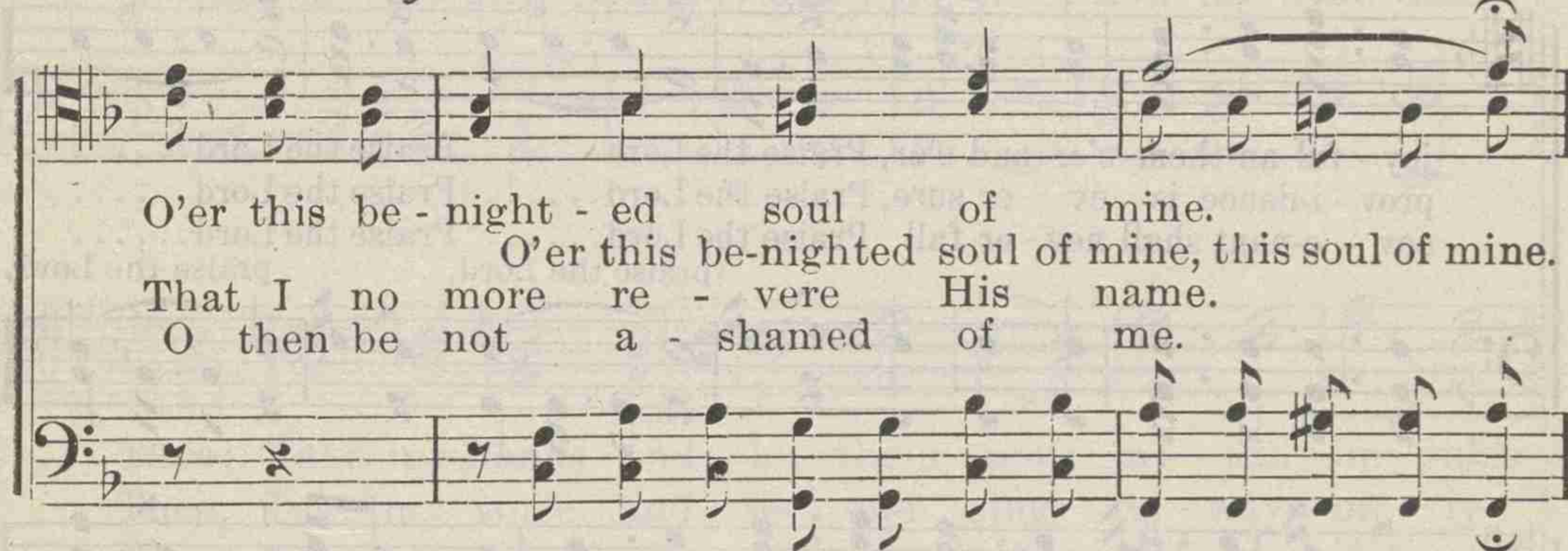
Not Ashamed of Jesus. Concluded.



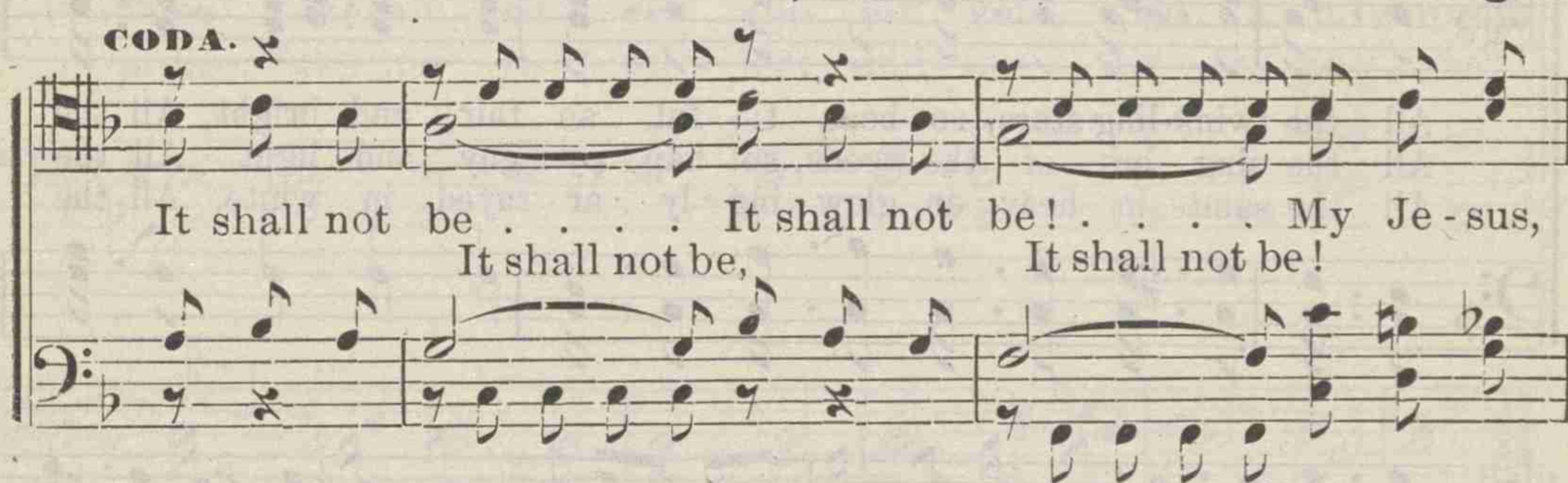
O, soon-er far, Let ev'ning blush to own a
 O, sooner far, Let ev'ning blush
 that dear-est Friend, On whom my hopes of heav'n de-
 'twill nev-er be, My hopes of heav'n are all in



star, He sheds the beams of light di-vine
 to own a star, He sheds the beams of light di-vine
 pend? No! when I blush be this my shame,
 Thee, And when I come Thy face to see,



O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.
 O'er this be-nighted soul of mine, this soul of mine.
 That I no more re - vere His name.
 O then be not a - shamed of me.



CODA. It shall not be It shall not be! My Je - sus,
 It shall not be, It shall not be!



may I not the moment see When I shall be. ashamed of Thee.
 may I not the moment see When I shall be ashamed of Thee.

No. 91. Praise the Lord.

REV. WM. APPEL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



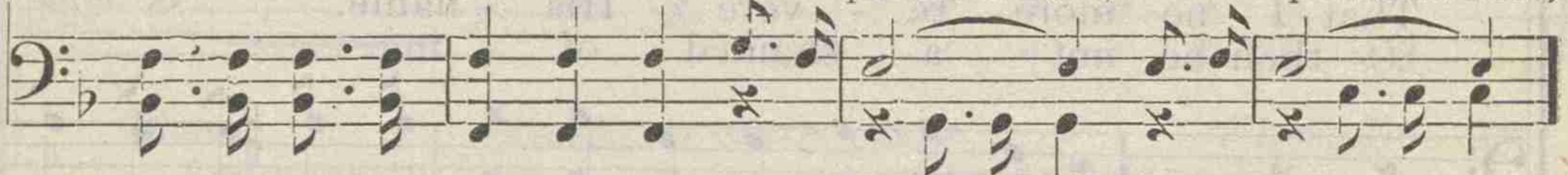
1. Praise the Lord, whose lov - ing kind - ness end - eth nev - er - more, Praise the
2. Praise the Lord, for He is good, His mer - cy doth en - dure, Praise the
3. Praise the Lord, His ev - er - last - ing grace is free to all, Praise the



Lord..... Praise the Lord..... Praise the Lord and sing the
 Lord..... Praise the Lord..... Praise the Lord whose kind - ly
 Lord..... Praise the Lord..... Praise the Lord, His ho - ly
 praise the Lord, praise the Lord,



joy - ful an - them o'er and o'er, Praise the Lord..... Praise the Lord.....
 prov - i - dence is ev - er sure, Praise the Lord..... Praise the Lord.....
 cov - e - nant shall nev - er fall, Praise the Lord..... Praise the Lord.....
 praise the Lord, praise the Lord,



All the twink - ling stars, so beau - ti - ful, so fair, and bright, All the
 All the sing - ers of the woods, so hap - py gay and light, All the
 All the saints in heav - en, glow - ing - ly ar - rayed in white, All the



rays of gold - en sunshine, fill'd with life and light, Join in sing - ing joy - ful
 sweet per - fum - ing flow - ers, and the lil - ies white, Join in sing - ing joy - ful
 saints on earth, thro' Jesus, saved from sin and night, Join in sing - ing joy - ful



Praise the Lord. Concluded.

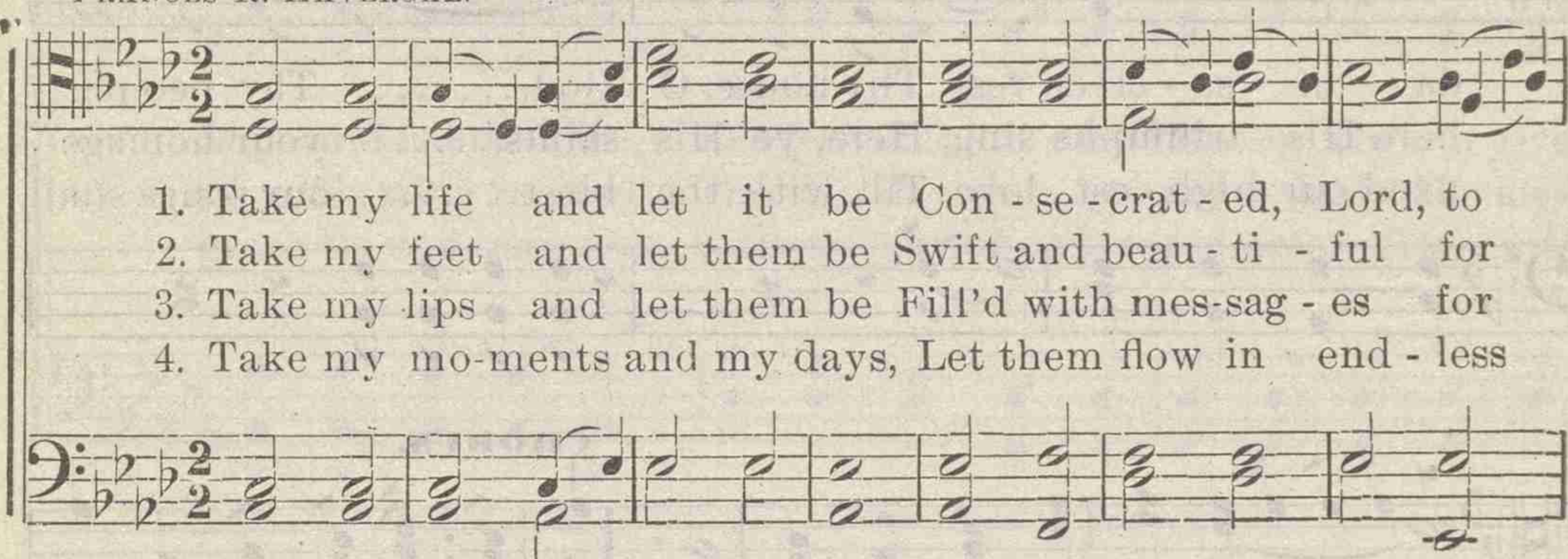


lays to Him with all their might, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord.
praise the Lord, praise the Lord.

No. 92. Take my Life and Let it Be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

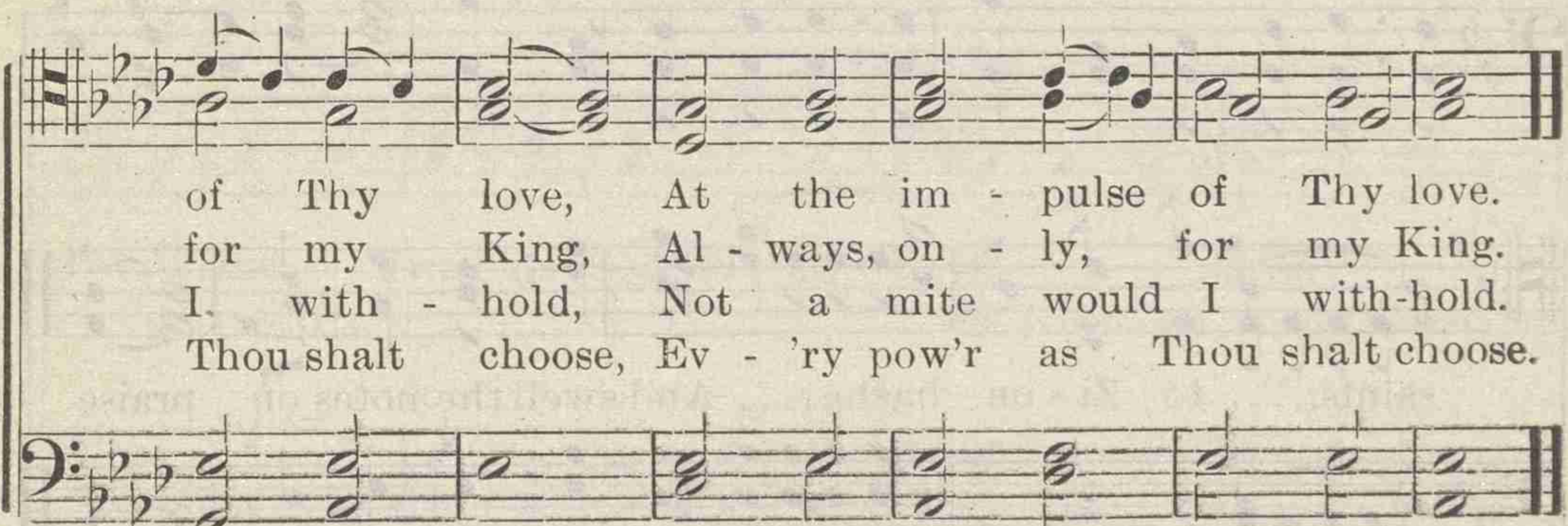
MALAN.



1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for
3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with mes - sag - es for
4. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in end - less



Thee; Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse
Thee; Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways on - ly
Thee; Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would
praise; Take my in - tel - lect and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as



of Thy love, At the im - pulse of Thy love.
for my King, Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
I. with - hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
Thou shalt choose, Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

No. 93. Lord's Day Worship.

P. H.

J. H. F.



1. Oft as re - turns..... the ho - ly day,..... The
 2. Here, bless the Lord;..... here, praise His name,..... And
 3. Lord, in Thy praise..... shall more and more..... Be




day of sa - cred rest, Thy house, O God,..... Thy peo-ple
 here His triumphs sing; Here, ye His saints,..... your homage
 fixed our high - est love, Till with the blest..... our songs shall



CHORUS.



throng..... With hearts di-vine-ly blest.
 pay, And glo - ri - fy your King. How beautiful His courts, How
 fill Thy tem-ple bright a-bove.




ex - cellent His truth, How merci-ful and just His ways; All ye, His




saints,.... to Zi - on haste,.... And swell the notes of praise.



No. 94. Trust in God.

O. W.

ORAN WILLIAMS.



1. Trust in God, un - to Him for ref - uge flee, Let His love Thy
2. Trust in God in your sorrow and your pain, In the shad - ow
3. Trust in God when your foes as-sail you here, He will give you



hope and comfort be, Per-fect life, ev - er-last-ing He will give
of His wing re - main, Tho' He slay thee, yet never doubt His love,
grace to con-quer fear, Walk the path that He trod before His saints,



CHORUS.



Un - to them who trust Him and believe.
Till you meet Him in that home a-bove. Trust Him, trust
Rest is his who walks and nev-er faints. Trust Him, trust Him trust Him,



Him, Trust in God and be - lieve, . . . lieve.
trust Him, on His name, on His name.



No. 95. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

B. M. B.

J. M. BLACK.



1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,



And the morn-ing breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the
And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His
Let us talk of all His won-drous love and care; Then when



saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
chos - en ones shall gath-er to their home beyond the skies, And the
all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the



roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll is
roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
roll is called up yon - der, we'll be there. When the roll is



called up yon - - der, When the roll is called up
called up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is called up



When the Roll is Called. Concluded.

yon - - - der, When the roll..... is called up
 yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

yon - - - der, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
 yonder, I'll be there,

No. 96. The Last Song.*

C. H. G.

1. The winds are hushed, the peaceful moon Looks down on Zi-on's hill ;
2. How soft, how ho - ly is the light! But hark! a sweet low song,
3. 'Tis Je - sus and His faith-ful few, That soul-deep hymn who pour,

The cit - y sleeps, 'tis night's calm noon, And all the streets are still.
 As gen - tle as the dews of night, Floats on the air a - long.
 O Christ, may we the song re - new, And learn to love Thee more.

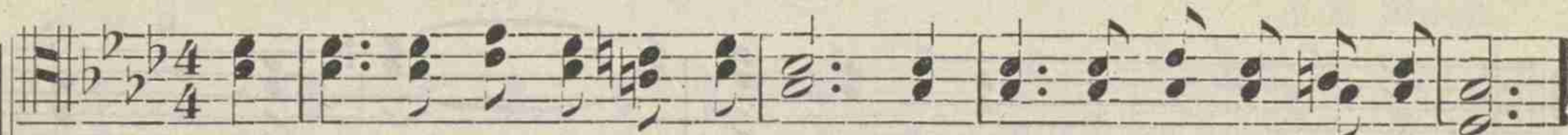
*To be sung without organ accompaniment.

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No. 97. My Soul's Eternal Home.

H. A. H.

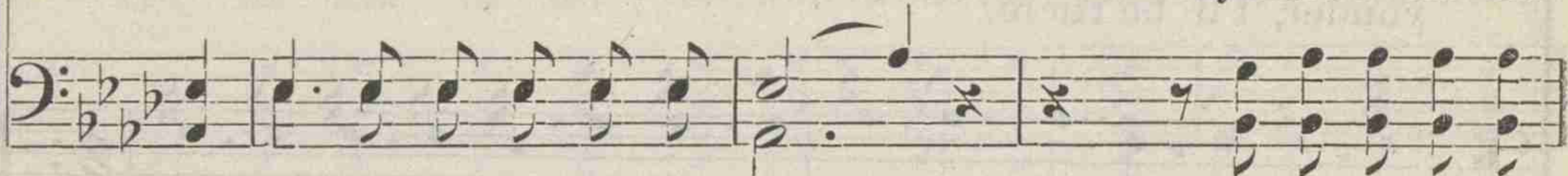
H. A. HENRY.



1. Be - yond the reach of pain and death, Beyond the bounds of toil and care,
2. Where angels sing their rapt'rous strains, Where I shall nev-er feel de-spair,
3. Where golden crowns and spotless robes, Are worn by blood-washed souls, so fair,



Where ev - er-last - ing joys a - bound, My soul's e - ter-nal home is
 Where storms and clouds are seen no more, My soul's e - ter-nal home is
 Where Je - sus reigns up-on the throne, My soul's e - ter-nal home is
 My soul's e - ter - nal



CHORUS.



there. My heav'n - ly home, my glo - - rious home,
 there.
 home is there. heav'nly home, glorious home, glorious heav'nly home, My



home where all is bright and fair, Where bright e-
 Where all is bright and fair, bright-est field,

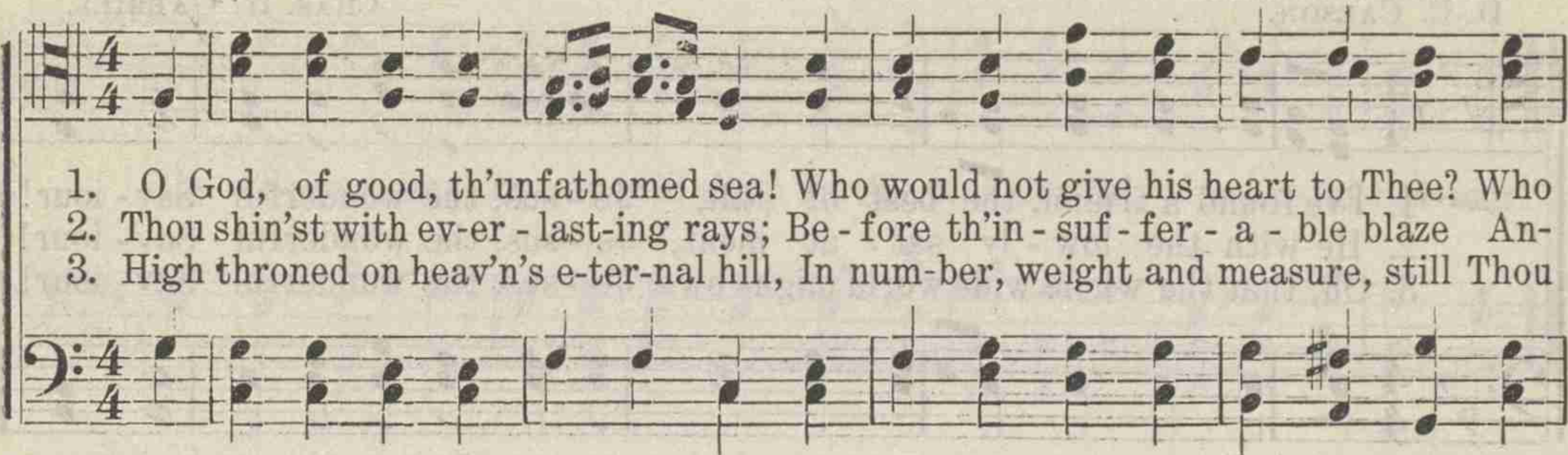


lys - ian fields a-bound, My soul's e-ter-nal home is there.
 brightest field, Where brightest fields abound,



No. 98. O God of Good.

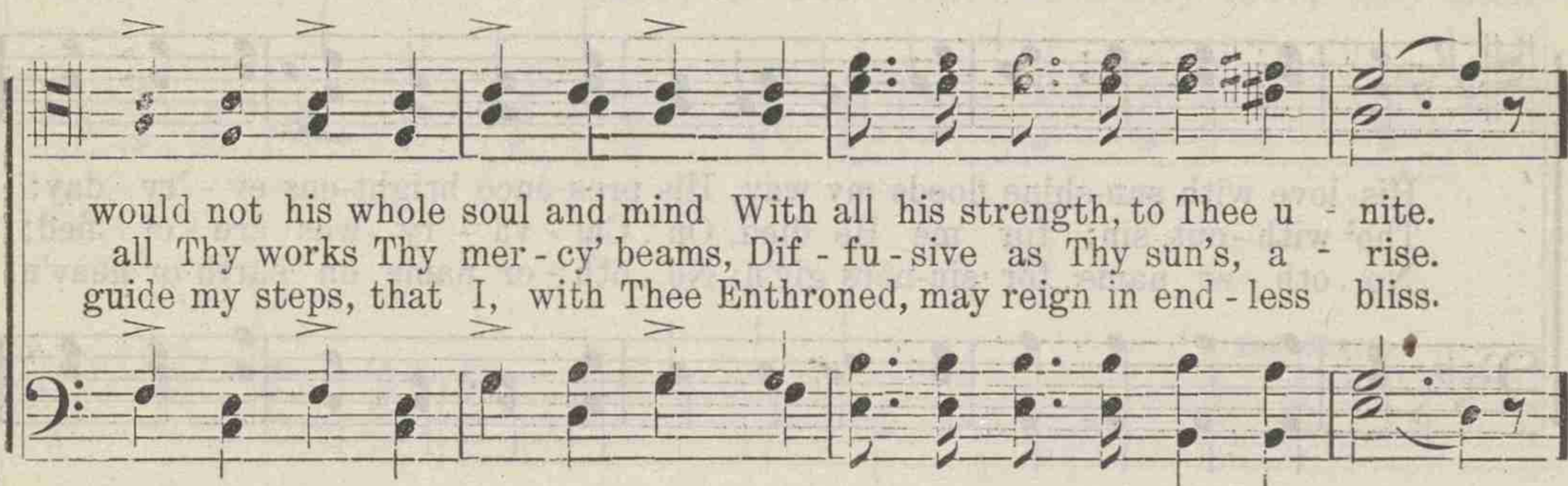
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. O God, of good, th'unfathomed sea! Who would not give his heart to Thee? Who
 2. Thou shin'st with ev-er - last-ing rays; Be - fore th'in - suf - fer - a - ble blaze An-
 3. High throned on heav'n's e-ter-nal hill, In num-ber, weight and measure, still Thou



would not love Thee with his might? O Je - sus, lov - er of mankind, Who
 gels, with pinions, veil their eyes; Yet free as air Thy bounty streams; On
 sweet-ly or-d'rest all that is, And yet Thou deign'st to come to me, And

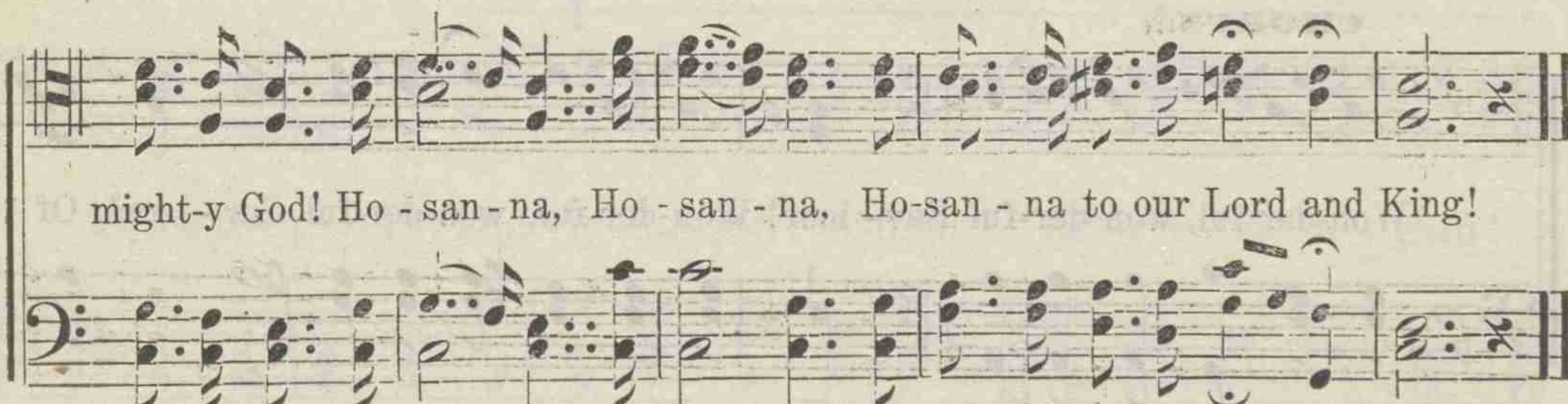


would not his whole soul and mind With all his strength, to Thee u - nite.
 all Thy works Thy mer - cy' beams, Dif - fu - sive as Thy sun's, a - rise.
 guide my steps, that I, with Thee Enthroned, may reign in end - less bliss.

CHORUS.



Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho-san - na to the Lord, Ho-san - na to the



might-y God! Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho-san - na to our Lord and King!

No. 99. The Wonderful Saviour.

D. C. CARSON.

(Melody in 2d Tenor, sing 1st Tenor subdued.)

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I've found a friend, the best of all, Je - sus, the wonderful Sav - iour!
 2. He with the low - ly sat at meat, Je - sus, the wonderful Sav - iour!
 3. Oh, that the whole wide world might own Je - sus, the wonderful Sav - iour!




He leads and guides me lest I fall, Je - sus, the wonderful Sav - iour!
 And wash'd His own dis - cip - les' feet— Je - sus, the wonderful Sav - iour!
 We're sav'd by grace, thro' Him a - lone, Je - sus, the wonderful Sav - iour!




His love with sun-shine floods my way, His pres-ence bright-ens ev - 'ry day;
 Tho' with - out sin; for me He died, On Cal - va - ry was cru - ci - fied;
 No oth - er name for sin - ners giv'n; No oth - er name on earth or heav'n,




'Tis joy to hon - or and o - bey, Such a won - der - ful, wonder - ful Sav - iour!
 Yet up from death all glo - ri - fied, Came this wonderful, wonder - ful Sav - iour!
 But all must come who'd be forgiv'n, To this wonder - ful, wonder - ful Sav - iour!



CHORUS.



Won - der - ful, won - der - ful Sav - iour! Won - der - ful, won - der - ful Sav - iour! Of



The Wonderful Saviour. Concluded.

Him I'll sing, and ev - er will cling To this won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-iour!

No. 100. We Praise Thee, O God.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has
 4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love, May each

CHORUS.

Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove.
 shown us our Sav - iour, and scat-tered our night. Hal - le - lu - jah!
 borne all our sins and has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain.
 soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A-men; Re - vive us a - gain!

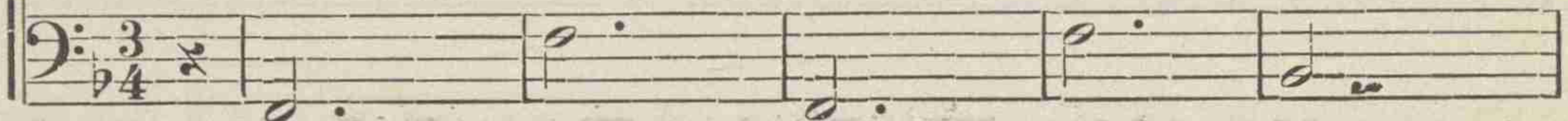
No. 101. Go Tell of His Love.

S. B. J.

DR. S. B. JACKSON.



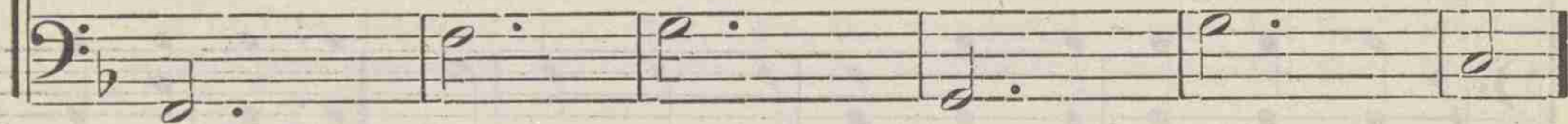
1. Go tell the glad sto - ry of Christ and His love ; Go tell of the
2. To na - tions in darkness a - far o'er the sea, Pro-claim the glad
3. The shackles of vain su - per - sti - tion re-move ; His love and com-



man-sions a - wait - ing a - bove ; Tell how He a - rose from the
tid - ings—"Sal - va - tion is free." Go, car - ry the light of the
pas - sion a - bun - dant - ly prove ; His mer - cy and love to all



pow'r of the grave, Triumph - ant the world to re - deem and to save.
gos - pel di - vine, To per - ish - ing souls who in sor - row re - pine.
creatures pro - claim ; All glo - ry and hon - or be un - to His name.



CHORUS.



Go tell..... of His won - der - ful love, Go tell
tell of His love, tell of His



Go Tell of His Love. Concluded.

it, go tell it, Go tell of the man-sions a-
love, go tell it to-day,

wait-ing a-bove, Go tell..... it to-day.....
tell it to-day, go tell it to-day.

No. 102. The Way of the Cross.

1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

D. C. Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

D. C.
I can hear my Sav-iour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, fol-low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 103. Who Will Stand for the Right?

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. There's a work to be done, There's a foe to be fought; There's a vic-t'ry to
2. See the youth of the land, Shall they drunkards be made? In the name of our
3. Lo! the ru - in is wrought, At the de-mon's com-mand! He, a Sovereign of



win That can nev - er be bought! Who will go, who will go To the
God, Will you go to their aid? See! they sink in the deep, And no
pow'r, Walks a-broad in the land! To de - struc - tion and death, In - to



front in the fight? Who will dare to be true, Who will stand for the right?
life-boat at hand! Go and res - cue them, go! 'Tis thy Mak-er's com-mand.
sor-row and woe, He is lead - ing a host! Go and res - cue them, go!



CHORUS.



Who will go, who will go To the front in the fight? Who will res - cue the slave



From the darkness of night? Who will dare to be true? Who will stand for the right?



No. 104. Knocking at the Door.

(Melody in 1st Base; other parts subdued.)

F. S. SHEPHERD.

J. S. FEARIS.



1. Lo, the bless-ed Sav-iour stands Knocking at thy heart,
2. Hark! He speak-eth soft - ly now, Wond'rous love—how great!
3. Hark! the fas-tened door un - do, Now is mer-cy's day;



See His pier-ced side and hands, Let Him not de - part.
See His bleed-ing, thorn-crowned brow, Will He lon - ger wait?
Lest it be too late for you, Lon - ger not de - lay.



CHORUS.



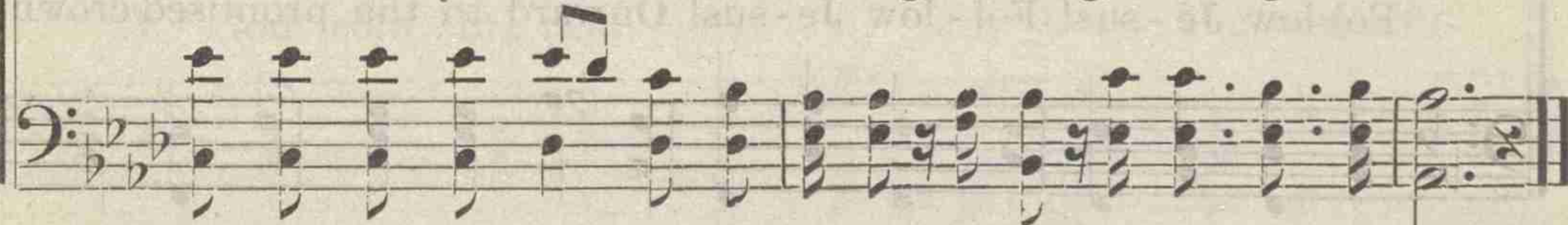
"Be-hold, I stand at the door and knock, Be - hold, I stand



at the door and knock," Quickly then the call at-tend, Oh, ad-



mit the heav'nly Friend who is knocking, knocking, knocking at the door.



105. Follow Jesus.

FRED. WOODROW.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. Fol-low Christ where He may lead you, In the bat-tle or the storm ;
2. Where the banners bright are waving In the war with death and sin,
3. Fol-low Christ where He may lead you, In the work of faith and love ;
4. Seek-ing out the lost and wea-ry, In the depths of sin and shame ;
5. Wit-ness of a ris-en Sav-iour, Partners in His scorn and pain,



O'er the hills of light and darkness, In the mid-night or the morn.
Where the hosts of God are mov-ing, Peace and vic-to-ry to win.
Pour-ing in the wounds of sor-row, Oil of glad-ness from a-bove.
Breathing in-to lives of darkness, Mu-sic of the Sav-iour's name.
All your sor-rows, all your loss-es End in ev-er-last-ing gain.



CHORUS.



Fol-low Je-sus, sol-dier true, Nev-er lay His ban-ner down ;



Fol-low Je-sus! Fol-low Je-sus! Onward to the promised crown.



No. 106. Nearer the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.



1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com - ing near - er,
 2. Near-er the Christian's mer-cy - seat, I am com - ing near - er,
 3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am com - ing near - er,



Near - er the cross from day to day, I am com - ing near - er,
 Feast-ing my soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near - er,
 Deep - er the love my soul de-sires, I am com - ing near - er,



Near - er the cross where Je - sus died, Near-er the fount-ain's
 Strong-er in faith more clear I see Je - sus who gave Him-
 Near - er the end of toil and care, Near-er the joy I



crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - iour's wound - ed side,
 self for me; Near - er to Him I still would be;
 long to share, Near - er the crown I soon shall wear,



I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
 Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
 I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

No. 107. Happy in My Saviour.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. O, theme of blest sal - va - tion! My raptured tongue shall sing, And
 2. My soul with love re - joic - es From morning un - til night; My
 3. His grace is all a - bid - ing, His pit - y pass-ing sweet; My




sound the proc-la - mation, Till dis-tant isles shall ring; My Sav - iour
 tongue His glo - ry voic - es, And thrills with pure de-light. I know that
 heart in Him is hid-ing, A calm and sure re-treat. Blest King of



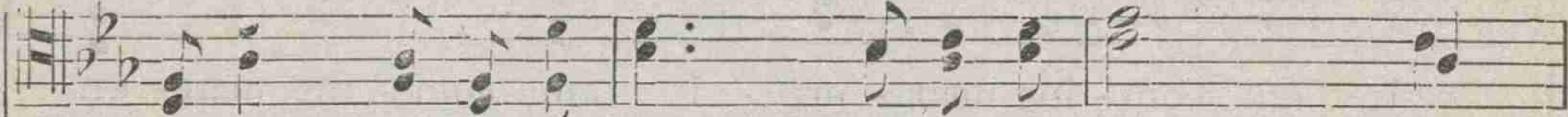

lives and loves me, O pre-cious, precious tho't! I'm hap - py in my
 He is with me, Wherev - er I may be; I'm hap - py in my
 my sal - va-tion, I'll praise Him o'er and o'er! I'm hap - py in my



CHORUS.



Sav-iour, His blood my soul has bought. I'm hap-py, so ver - y
 Sav-iour, He's all in all to me.
 Sav-iour, Yes, hap - py ev - er - more. I'm hap-py, O so

hap-py, I'm happy all a-long the way! I'm
 ver - y hap-py, I'm hap-py in my Saviour all along the way, I'm



Happy in My Saviour. Concluded.

hap-py, so ver-y hap-py, in Je - sus all the day.
 hap-py, O so ver-y hap-py, In Je-sus hap-py all the day.

No. 108. Where Shall I Be?

NATHANIEL NORTON.

C. ZOLLNER. Arr.

Largo. **Vivace.**

- Where shall I be? When the con-flict and doubt and the struggles are o'er,
- Where shall I be? When I cross the dark val-ley my Lord I shall see,
- Where shall I be? My Sav-iour, with Thee, in the home of the blest,

And the world with its pleasures for me are no more, And my soul stands a-
 His rod and His staff my com-fort shall be, Till I come to that
 With no dan-ger to fear, with no troub-le oppressed, In the man-sions of

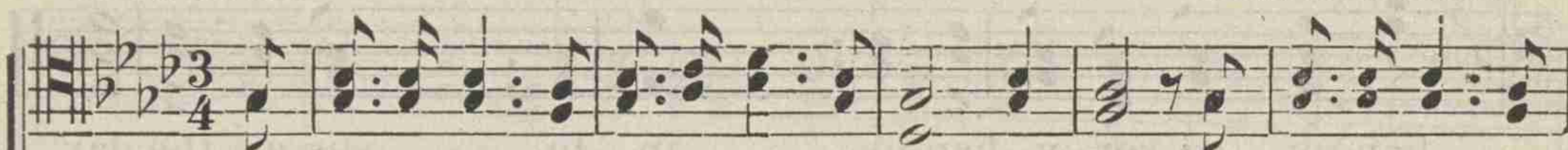
Coda to last verse. *p*
Largo.

lone on e-ter-ni-ty's shore: Where shall I be?
 home He has chos-en for me: There shall I be.
 light, in the ha-ven of rest: There shall I be, Yes! there shall I be.

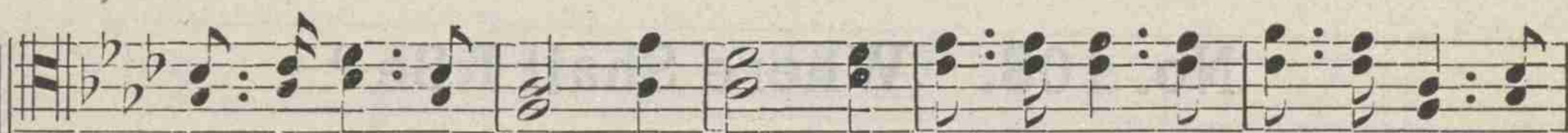
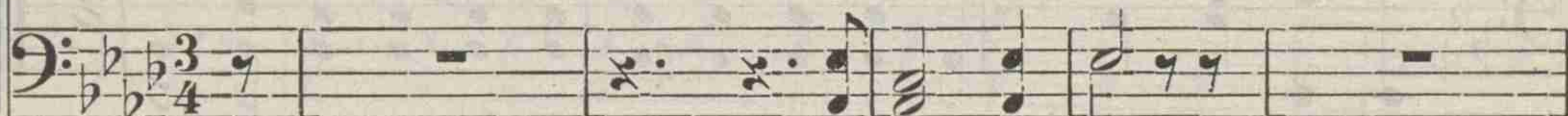
No. 109. Some Day.

JAMES ROWE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. My Saviour's hand my own shall meet, Some day, some day; I'll see His smile of
2. I'll hear my Saviour's tender voice, Some day, some day; O how my spir - it
3. I'll see my Sav-iour face to face, Some day, some day; I'll sweetly rest in



welcome sweet, Some day, some day; Some day, when tears have ceased to flow, And
will re-joice, Some day, some day; Some day, when done the journey drear, And
His embrace, Some day, some day; Some day, when tri - als all are o'er, And



storms of life no long - er blow, I'll clasp His lov - ing hand, I know, Some
freed my soul from doubt and fear, Yes, I my Sav-iour's voice shall hear,
sin can touch my soul no more, I'll see the One whom I a - dore,



CHORUS.



day, some day, O soul of mine, so tempted, tried, Be patient still, what-
some day,



Rit.



e'er betide; Thy longings shall be satisfied, Yes, satisfied, some day, some day.



No. 110. Come, Holy Spirit.

E. E. HEWITT.

Rev. ROBT. LOWRY.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Come, Spir-it of pow'r! O come in Thy
 2. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Come, Spir-it of pray'r, That far great - er
 3. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Come, Spir-it of pow'r! Send down Thy sweet




full - ness this God-giv - en hour; To Thee be sur-ren-dered each
 meas-ures of grace we may share; Our hearts still en-larg - ing, Thy
 gifts in a plen - ti - ful show'r; Re-peat the glad sea - son of




feel-ing and tho't, And now in our souls be Thy will free-ly wrought.
 self to re-ceive, Each wonder - ful prom-ise now may we re-ceive.
 Pen - ti-cost here, And now, as of old, make Thy glo - ry ap-pear.



CHORUS.



Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, in mer - cy draw nigh;



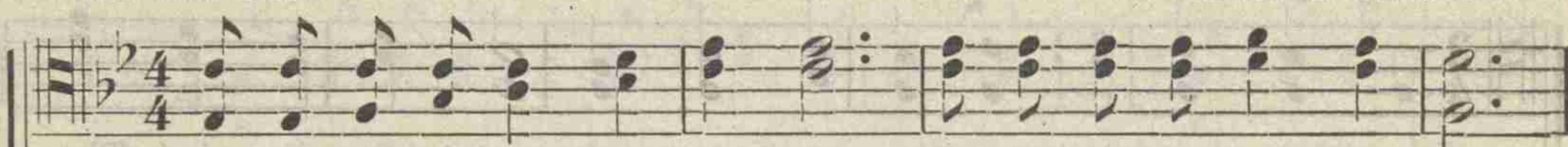

Come, and en - due us with pow'r from on high.



111. On the Great Highway.*

JENNIE REE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Onward up the King's great highway, Upward to the prom-ised land,
2. Tho' the day be dark and drear-y, Tho' the stormy winds rush by,



We are marching with a shout of tri-umph, For the Lord of hosts is
Yet we know the sun is bright-ly shin-ing Just beyond the clouds that



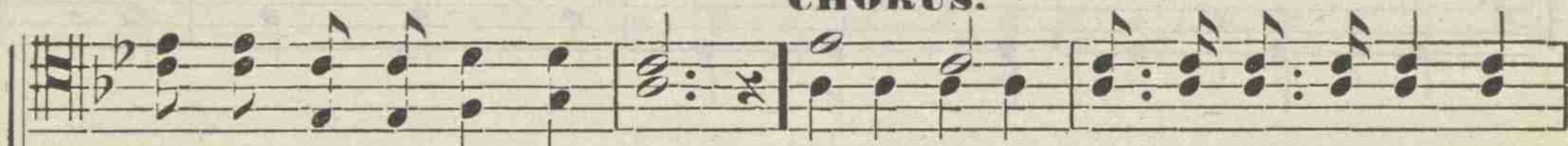
in com-mand; Stead-i-ly our force in-creas-ing, On we go with
veil the sky; Onward, then, and upward ev-er, Sing-ing, praising



songs of joy, For no en-e-my shall hold the way before us, Neither
more and more; Till we reach at last the promised land of beauty, And our



CHORUS.

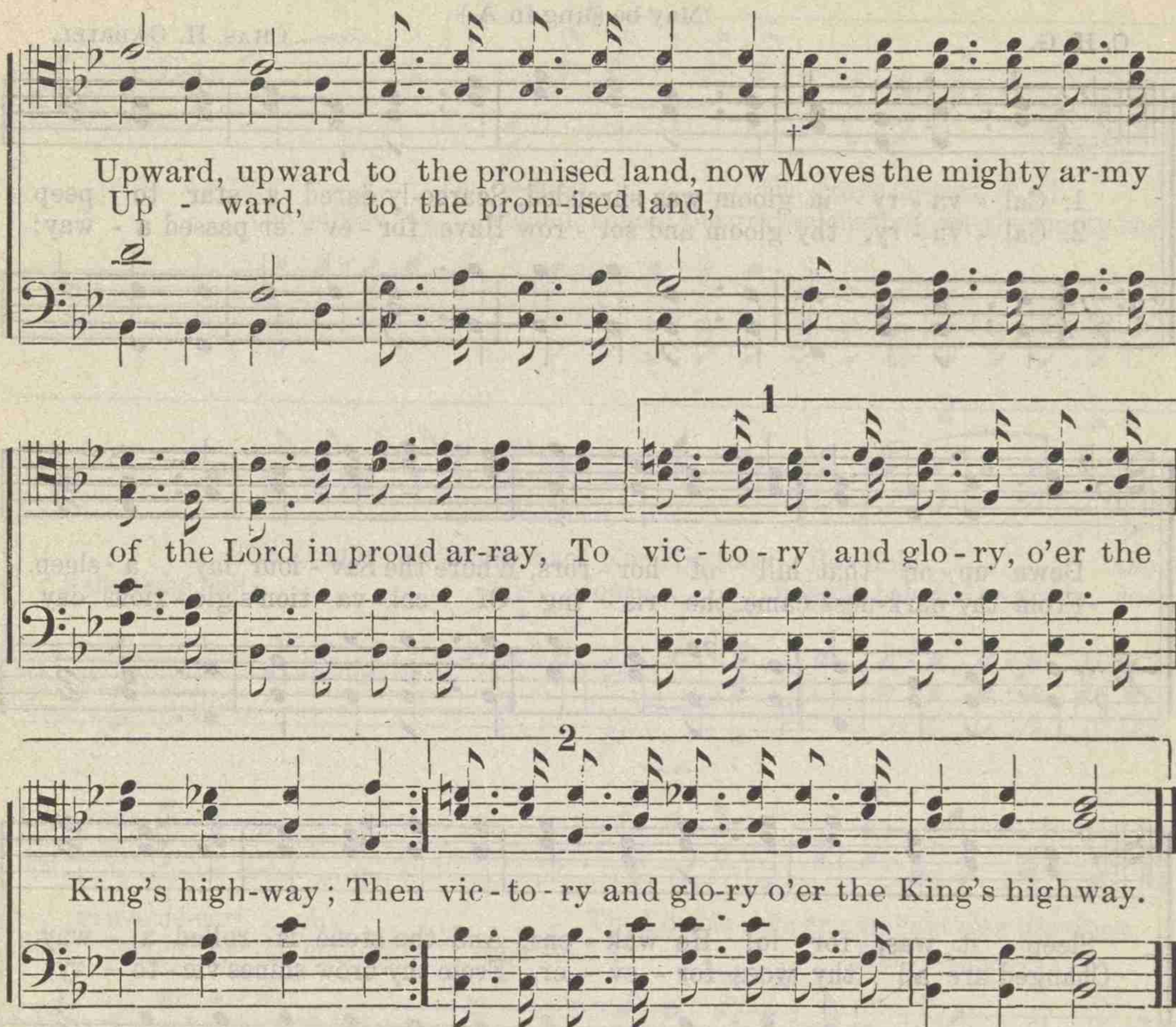


shall they frighten or destroy. Onward, onward at the King's command, and
days of marching all are o'er. On-ward at the King's command,



*The 2d Tenor and Bases should sing the melody (lower notes) of the Duet, 1st Tenor only singing the upper notes. In Chorus, † is melody; should be prominent.

On the Great Highway. Concluded.

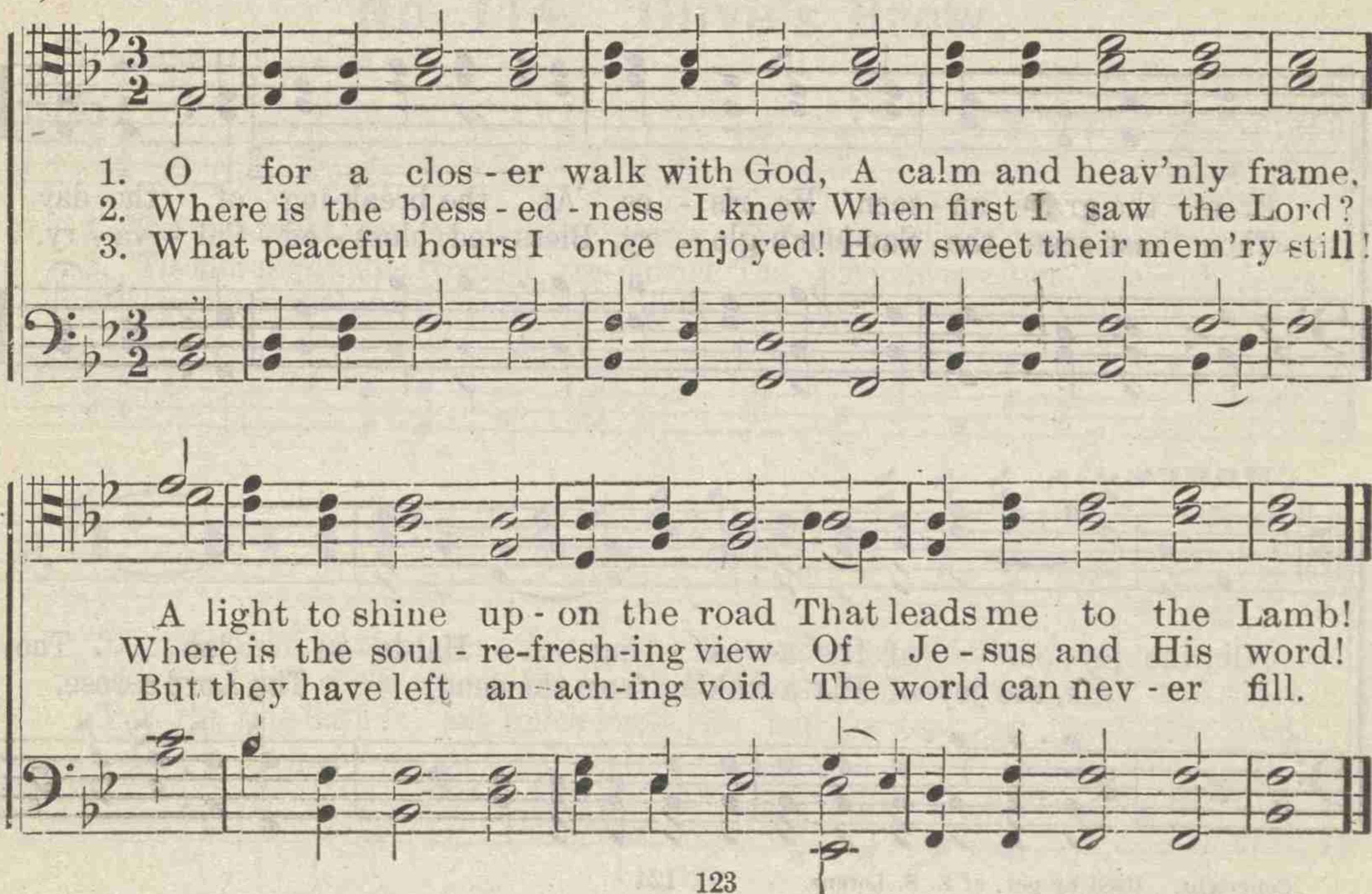


Upward, upward to the promised land, now Moves the mighty ar-my
Up - ward, to the prom-ised land,

of the Lord in proud ar-ray, To vic - to - ry and glo - ry, o'er the

King's high-way; Then vic - to - ry and glo-ry o'er the King's highway.

112. Azmon. C. M.



1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame.
2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their mem'ry still!

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the soul - re-fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and His word!
But they have left an - ach-ing void The world can nev - er fill.

No. 113. The Joy of His Awakening.

(May be sung in A.)

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Cal - va - ry in gloom was shrouded, Scarce-ly dared a star to peep
2. Cal - va - ry, thy gloom and sor - row Have for - ev - er passed a - way;



Down up - on that hill of hor - rors, Where the Sav - iour lay a - sleep.
From thy dark-ness came the ris - ing Of sal - va - tion's glo - rious day.



Sleep it was, for lo! He wak - ens, And the stone is rolled a - way,
Changed are all thy woes for - ev - er, From thy brow shines vic - to - ry,



From the grave un - seen He ris - es At the break-ing of tho day.
Thou hast seen the Sav-iour's glo - ry, Bless - ed, bless - ed Cal - va - ry.



CHORUS.



Oh, the joy..... of His a-wak - ing..... Hal-le - lu - jah..... The
Oh, the joy of His a-waking from the dead, The Lord a-rose,



The Joy of His Awakening. Concluded.

Lord a - rose..... for Be-hold..... the grave de-sert - ed.....
 The Lord arose, Behold, behold the grave deserted, see the empty bed

The Lord is ris'r triumphant o'er His foes. Be - hold..... the
 Vanquished all His foes Behold, behold the grave, de-

grave de-sert - ed, The Lord is ris'n triumphant o'er His foes.
 sserted! see the emp-ty bed Vanquished all His foes

No. 114. Olive's Brow.

REV. WM. B. TAPPAN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis mid-night! and on O - live's brow The star is dimm'd that late-ly shone;
 2. 'Tis mid-night! and from all re-moved The Saviour wrestles 'lone with fears;
 3. 'Tis mid-night! and for oth - ers' guilt The man of sorrows weeps in blood;

'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now The suff'ring Sa-viour prays a - lone.
 E'en that dis - ci-ple whom He loved Heeds not his Mar-tir's grief and tears.
 Yet He, who hath in an - guish knelt, Is not for - sak - en by His God.

No. 115. Why I Sing.

IDA CLARKSON LEWIS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I sing be-cause I love Him, Be-cause to earth He came,
 2. I sing be-cause I love Him, From sin He set me free;
 3. I sing be-cause I love Him, For keep-ing me in peace;



To save all those who trust Him From end-less death and shame.
 He taught my soul to praise Him, Fill'd it with mel - o - dy.
 Un - til my eyes be - hold Him, My song shall nev - er cease.

CHORUS.



I sing..... be-cause I love Him, Be-
 I sing be-cause I love Him, be-cause He died for me, I



cause He died for me, For
 love Him be-cause He died for me, for me,



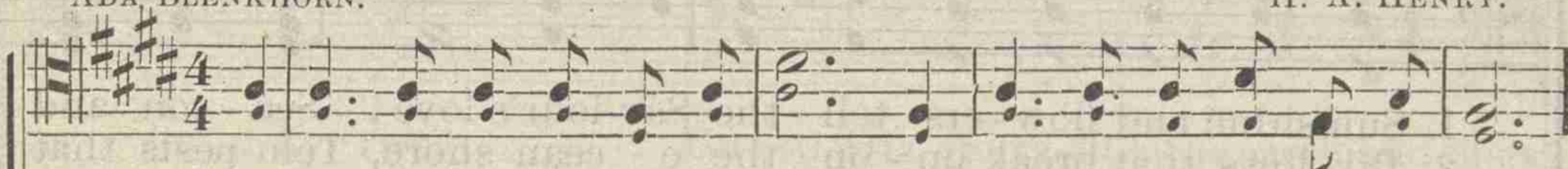
this I shall a - dore Him, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 116. There's Room on Board.

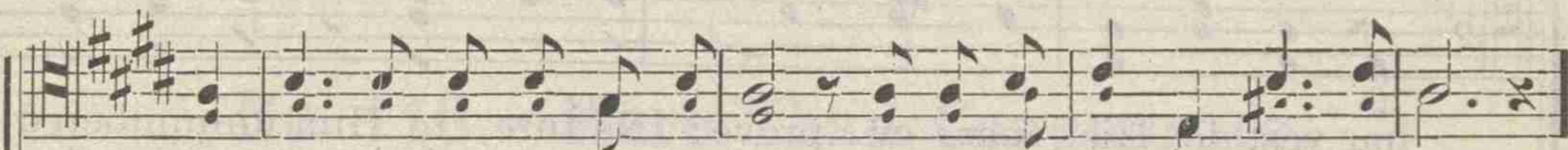
The stanzas should be sung by two separate quartetts, singing alternately the questions and answers. All unite on the chorus.

ADA BLENKHORN.

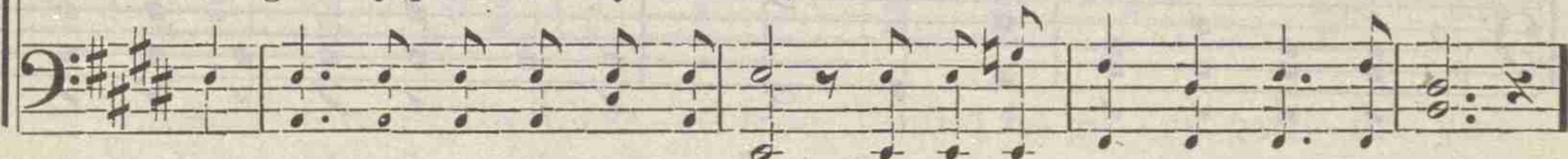
H. A. HENRY.



1. Ho, sail-ors on the Christian's sea, Is there a place on board for me?
2. Ho, sail-ors! whom have you on board, Your guide and safety to af-ford?
3. Ho, sail-or! whither bound are ye Up - on this calm, un-trou-bled sea?



By an - gry waves my boat is toss'd, I fear, I fear I shall be lost!
Christ is our Pi - lot true, and He Will bring us safe - ly o'er the sea.
To glo - ry port our way we take, The har-bor with our Lord we'll make.



CHORUS.



Yes, broth - er, yes! there's room, there's room on board, The in - vi - ta - tion's



from our Lord; Your fare is paid!..... the way is
your fare is paid,



free;..... Come, sail with us the Chris-tian's sea.
the way is free.



No. 117. A Song of Praise.

JENNIE REE.

ADOLPH JESREAL.



1. Sun-shine and flow-ers tell the Sav-iour's love; Sea-son and
2. Bil-lows that break up-on the o-cean shore, Tem-pests that
3. Dai-ly up-on us do His bless-ings fall; Sure-ly His



har-vest do His mer-cy prove; Na-ture to Him unnumbered
thro' the for-est shriek and roar, Breez-es that whisper o'er the
eye of love is o-ver all! Un-der the shad-ow of His



voic-es raise, While each mountain and valley carols forth His praise!
sum-mer-land Are but ech-oes of love we can-not un-der-stand.
wing we'll hide, And in safe-ty for-ev-er in His love a-bide.



CHORUS.



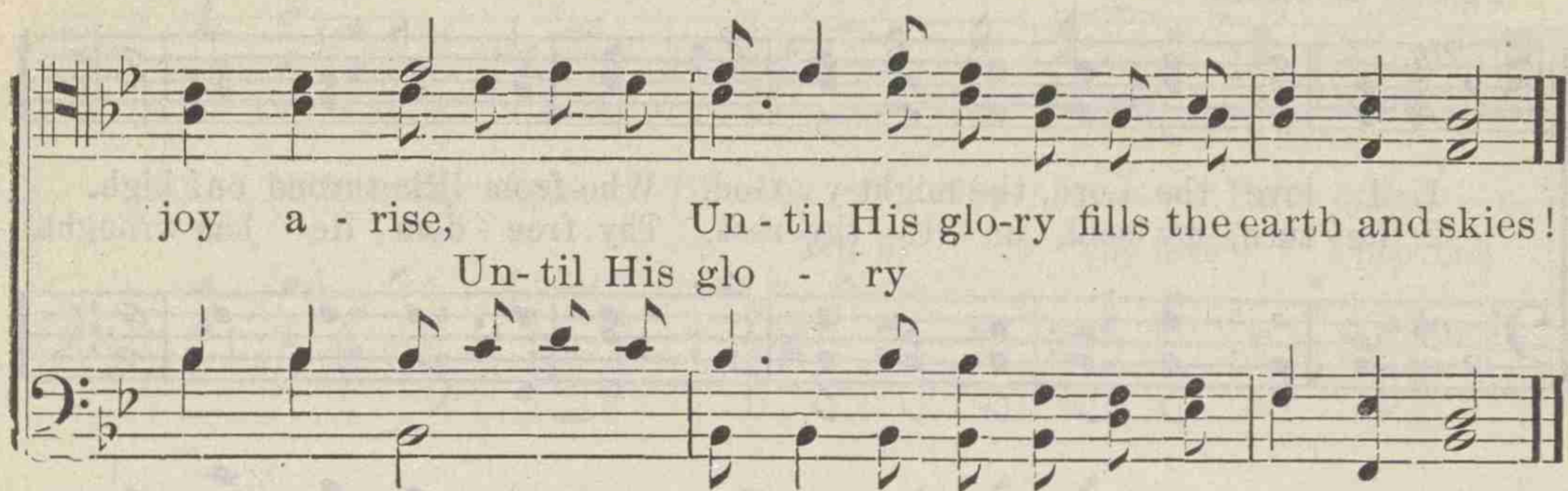
Praise Him for-ev-er, our Re-deem-er, King, Praise Him for-
Praise Him for-ev-er,



ev-er, men and an-gels sing! Un-to His name let songs of
men and an-gels sing,



A Song of Praise. Concluded.

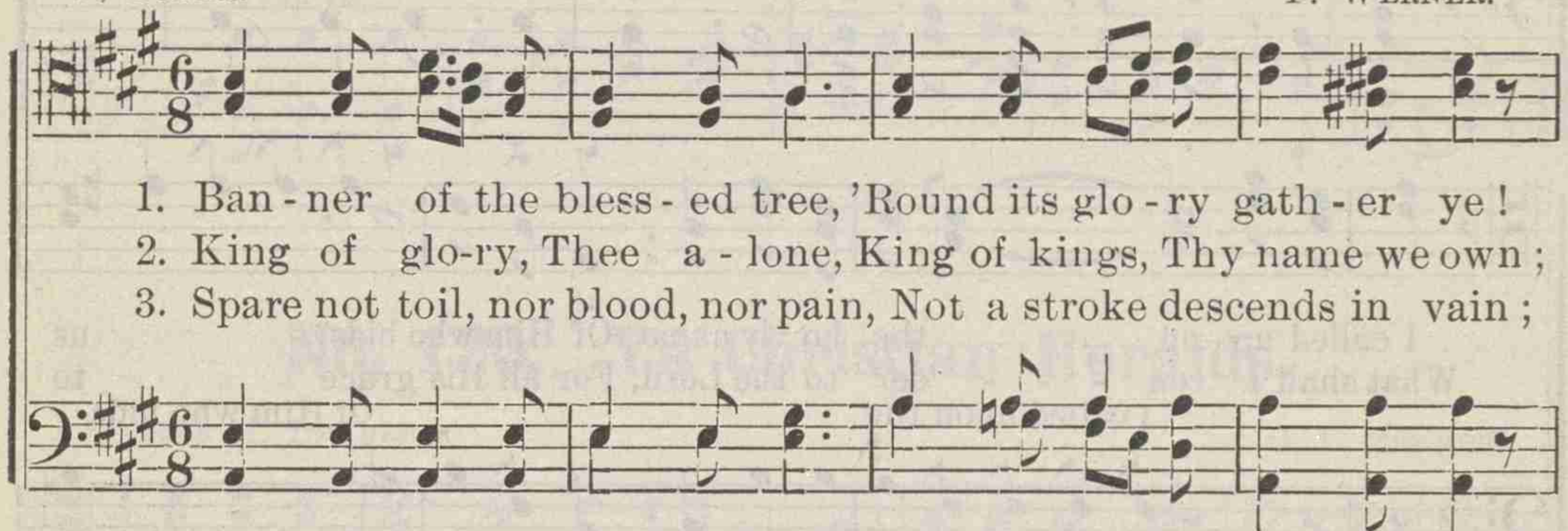


joy a - rise, Un - til His glo - ry fills the earth and skies!
Un - til His glo - ry

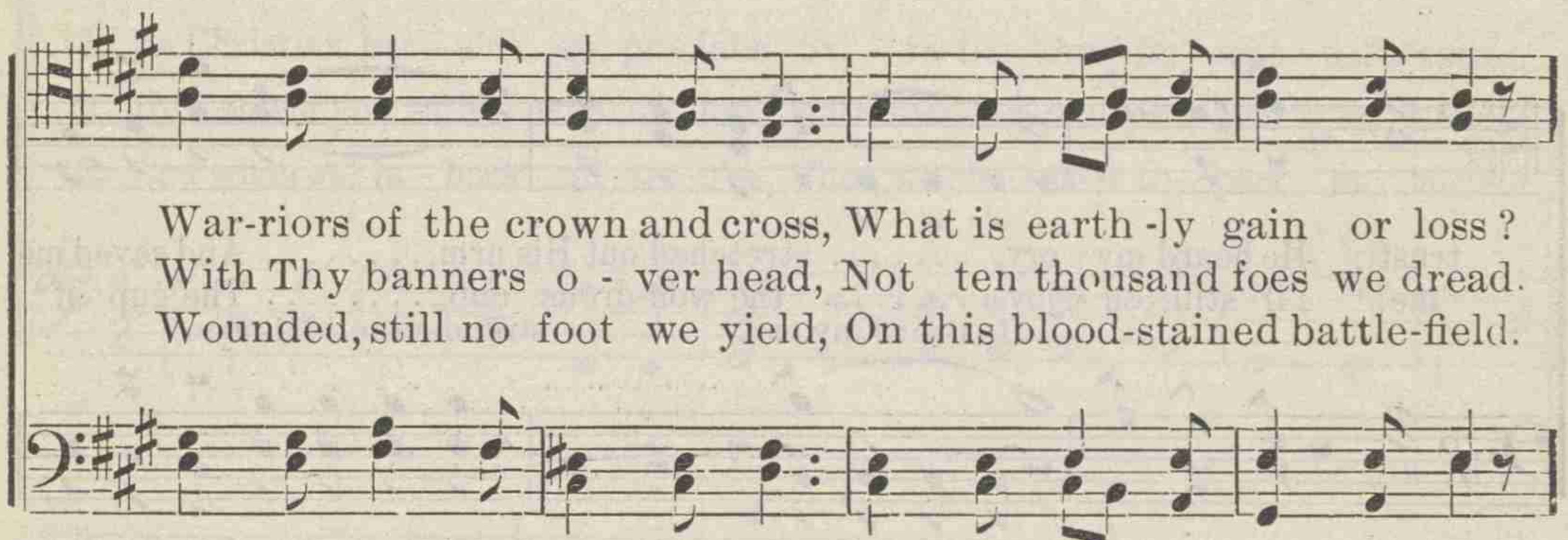
No. 118. More Than Conquerors.

F. BONAR.

F. WERNER.

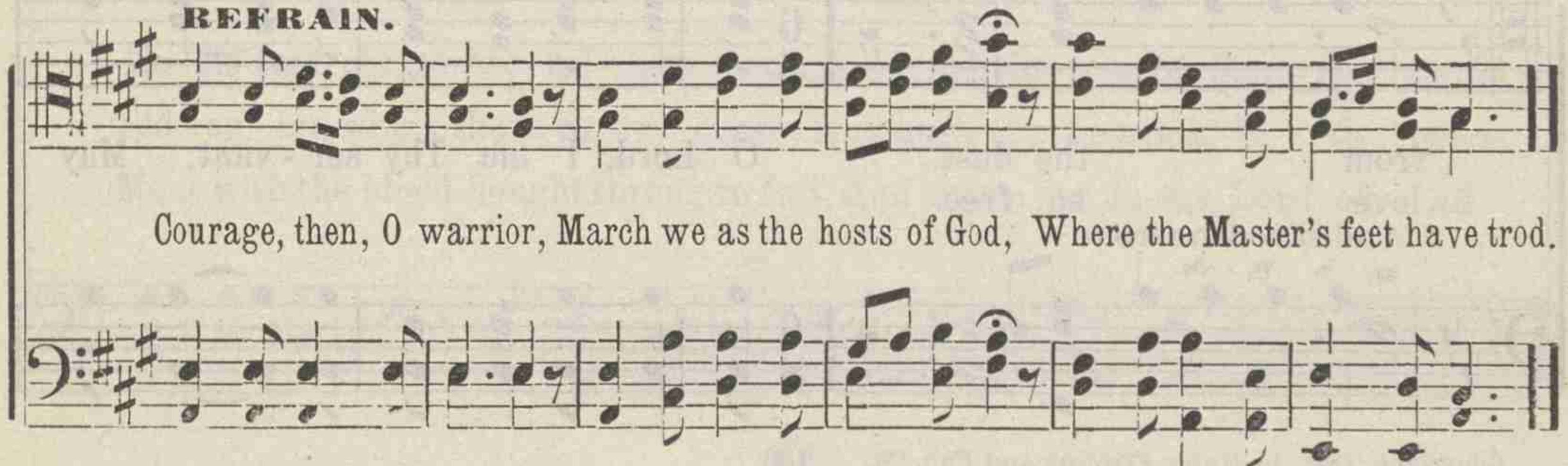


1. Ban - ner of the bless - ed tree, 'Round its glo - ry gath - er ye!
2. King of glo - ry, Thee a - lone, King of kings, Thy name we own;
3. Spare not toil, nor blood, nor pain, Not a stroke descends in vain;



War - riors of the crown and cross, What is earth - ly gain or loss?
With Thy banners o - ver head, Not ten thousand foes we dread.
Wounded, still no foot we yield, On this blood - stained battle - field.

REFRAIN.



Courage, then, O warrior, March we as the hosts of God, Where the Master's feet have trod.

No. 119. Thanksgiving.

DENNIS M. JAMES.

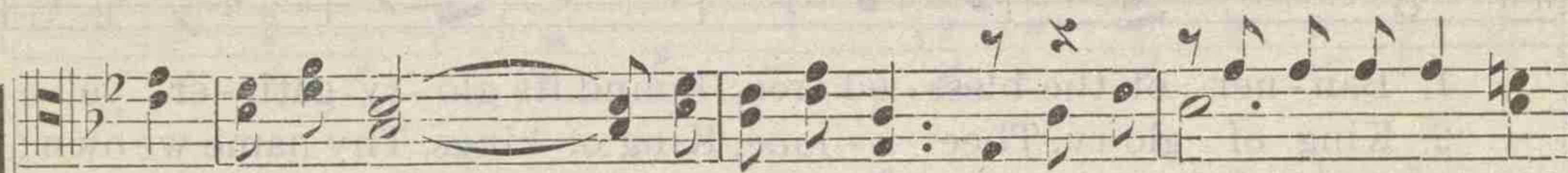
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I love the Lord, the might-y God, Who from His throne on high,
2. Re-turn, my soul, un-to thy rest. Thy free-dom He has wrought,



When trou-ble well-nigh o-verwhelmed, Vouchsafed a pity-ing eye.
And for thy tears and pray'rs of woe, A full de-liv'-rance brought.



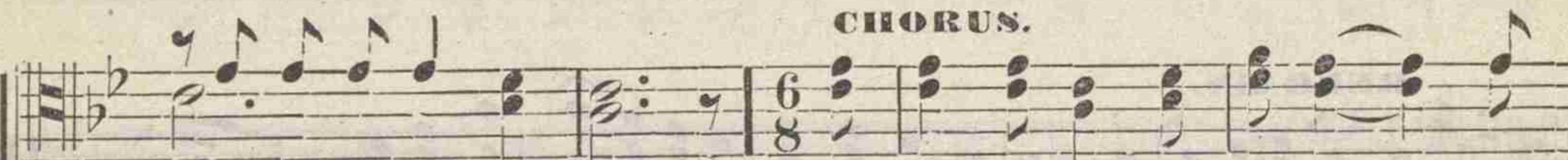
I called up-on..... the ho-ly name Of Him who bids us
What shall I ren-der to the Lord, For all His grace to
I called upon the Of Him who bids



trust; He heard my cry,..... stretched out His arm,..... And saved me
me? I'll still en-joy..... the won-drous cup,..... The cup of
He heard my cry, stretched out His arm,



CHORUS.



from the dust. O Lord, I am Thy ser-vant, May
love so free.
And saved me from



Thanksgiving. Concluded.

I be faith-ful here, Till by Thy love I'm called a-
Till by Thy love I'm called

bove, To hol-ier du-ties there, To hol-ier du-ties there.
a - bove,

No. 120. Ye Christian Heralds.

BOURNE H. DRAPER.

H. C. ZEUNER.

1. Ye Christian her - alds, go, proclaim Sal - va-tion thro' Im - man - uel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flam-ing zeal your hearts in - spire,
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then we shall meet to part no more—

To dis-tant climes the tid - ings bear, And plant the rose of Sha - ron there.
Bid rag - ing winds there fu - ry cease, And hush the tem-pest in - to peace.
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown our Je-sus, Lord of all.

No. 121. Soldiers in the Army.

P. H.

J. H. F.



1. We are sol-diers in the ar-my, We are un-der marching or-ders,
2. Tho' the way be rough and thorny, Tho' the foe be strong and wi-ly,
3. Joy to us is pain and hun-ger, Sweet to us is sound of bat-tle,



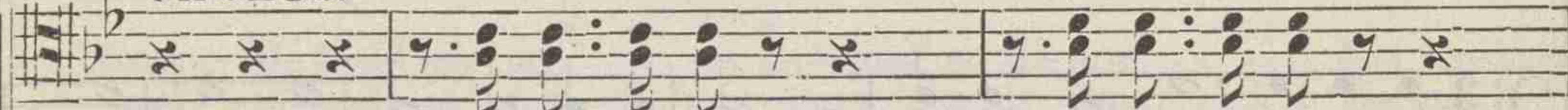
We are now to move against a might-y foe; We have buck-led on the
Forward sounds the call, and bold we march a-long, And tho' le-gions camp a-
For we see a crown and kingdom to be won, To our Lead-er we'll be



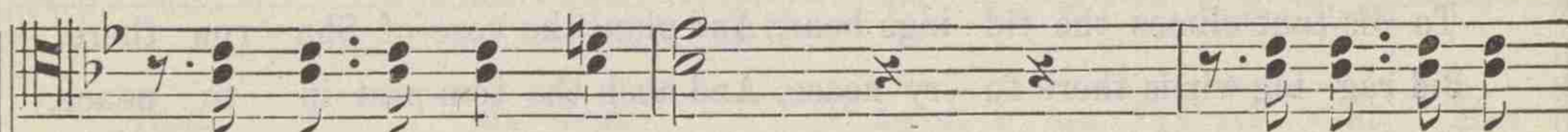
ar-mor, We have raised aloft our banners, And we sing for joy as on we go.
round us, All their might cannot confound us, For Je-ho-vah is our shield and song.
loy-al, And with Him we'll share the triumph, When at last the glorious war is done.



CHORUS.



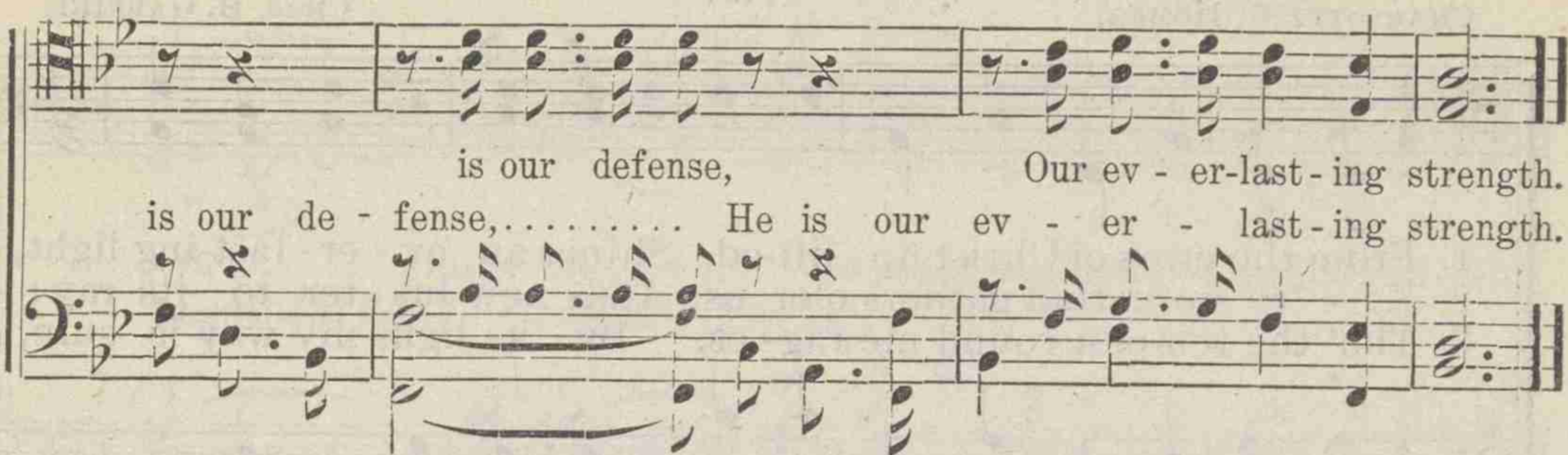
The Lord of hosts is our defense,
The Lord of hosts..... is our de-fense,..... He is our



Our ref-uge and our strength, The Lord of hosts
ref-uge and strength, and strength, The Lord of hosts



Soldiers in the Army. Concluded.



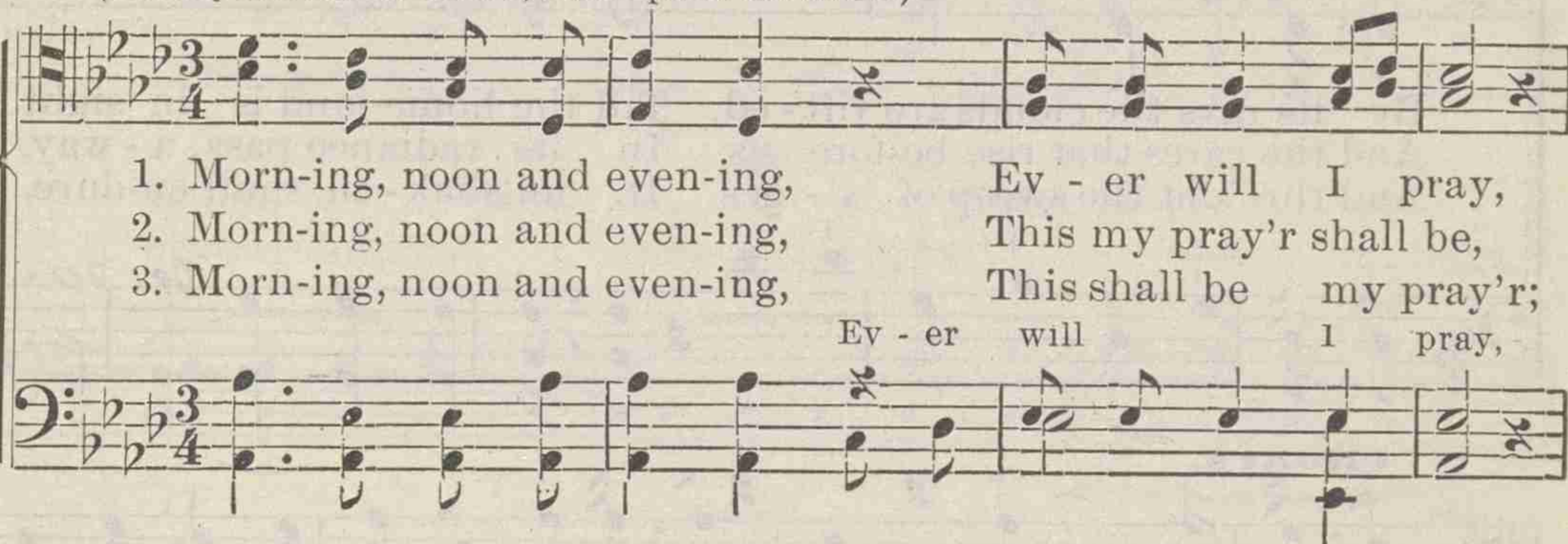
is our defense, Our ev - er-last-ing strength.
is our de - fense,..... He is our ev - er - last-ing strength.

No. 122. Morning, Noon and Evening.

Rev. F. L. SNYDER.

C. D. EMERSON.

(Melody in Second Tenor, other parts subdued.)

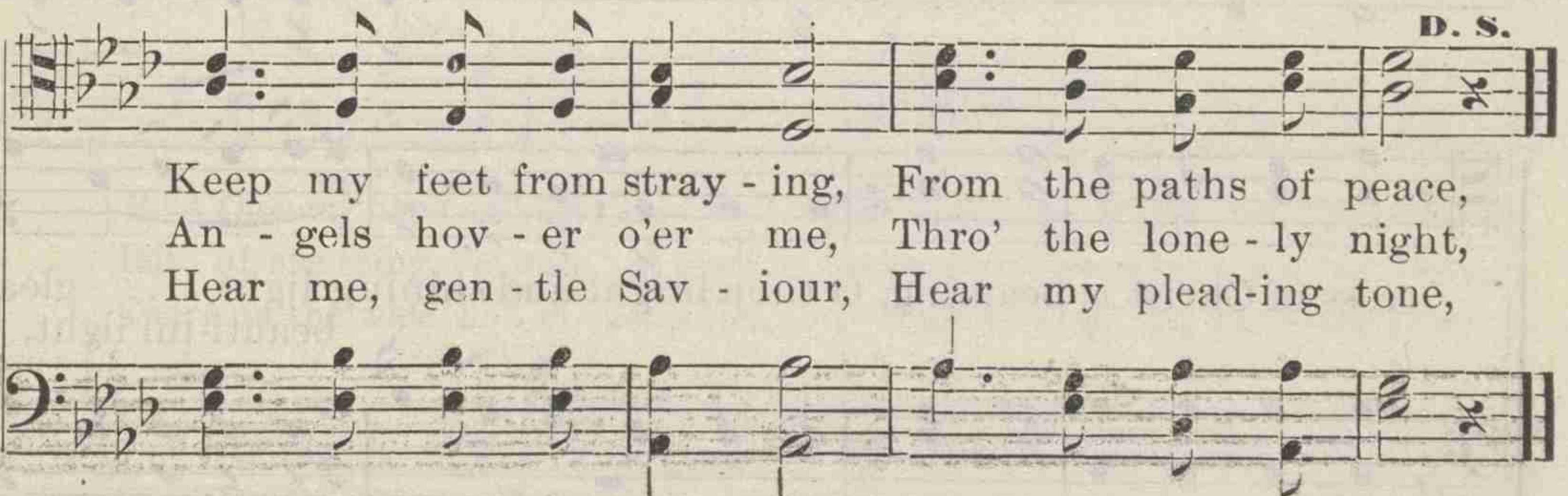


1. Morn-ing, noon and even-ing, Ev - er will I pray,
2. Morn-ing, noon and even-ing, This my pray'r shall be,
3. Morn-ing, noon and even-ing, This shall be my pray'r;
Ev - er will I pray,



Guide us, great Je - ho - vah, In the heav'nly way;
Keep me, bless-ed Je - sus, Keep me close to Thee;
Help me, dear-est Sav - iour, Roll on Thee my care;
In the heav'n - ly way;

D. S.—And from fear and doubt-ing, Give me sweet re - lease.
D. S.—And when dawns the morn-ing, Fill me with Thy light.
D. S.—Now, O Lord, ac - cept me, Kneeling at Thy throne.



Keep my feet from stray - ing, From the paths of peace,
An - gels hov - er o'er me, Thro' the lone - ly night,
Hear me, gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my plead-ing tone,

No. 123. The Light of the Cross.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. From the cross of Christ up - lift-ed, Shines an ev - er - last-ing light,
2. Ev - 'ry storm that gathers o'er us, Adds new lus - ter to its ray;
3. Tho' the tempest round me rag - es, By its light my way is sure,



By its rays the clouds are rift - ed, Till the home-land is in sight.
And the cares that rise be-fore us In its radiance pass a - way.
And thro'out the sweep of a - ges It, un-shak - en, shall en-dure.



CHORUS.



Bless-ed light,.... light di - vine,.... To the world thy rays are
Bless-ed light, light divine,



streaming; Hallowed light,..... light of love,..... From the
Hallowed light, light of love,



cross of Christ is beaming, O thou bright and shining light,..... gleam
beauti-ful light,



The Light of the Cross. Concluded.

on,..... gleam on,..... To guide the weary wand'rer in the
 beauti-ful light, beauti-ful light,

night,..... Gleam on,..... gleam on.....
 beau-ti-ful light, beau-ti-ful light, beau-ti-ful light.

No. 124. Unerring Guide.

T. BERRY SMITH.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Un - err-ing Guide, un-failing Friend, The world is wide, my way at-tend;
 2. I know not where the day will spring Around this life's en - circling ring;
 3. Where soonest breaks the morning tide, Lead Thou me there, unerr-ing Guide;

Hold Thou my hand and lead me on, Till breaks the bright eter - nal dawn.
 But of one thing I'm sure, at least: Around me somewhere lies the East.
 There on the wide ho - ri - zon's rim, I want-to sing my morn-ing hymn.

No. 125. Down the Valley Alone.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Down the val - ley of the shad - ow a - lone I must go,
2. Down the val - ley of the shad - ow a - lone I must go,




When my feet, tired of trav - el, reach the grave; But the
All my friends left be - hind, or gone be - fore! Yet I




dark - ness and dan - ger I dread not, for O! My Re-
dread not the si - lence that dwell - eth, for lo! Thro' my




deem - er is waiting there to save, He will send forth His angels to
faith, light is shining more and more; I shall en - ter the riv - er with



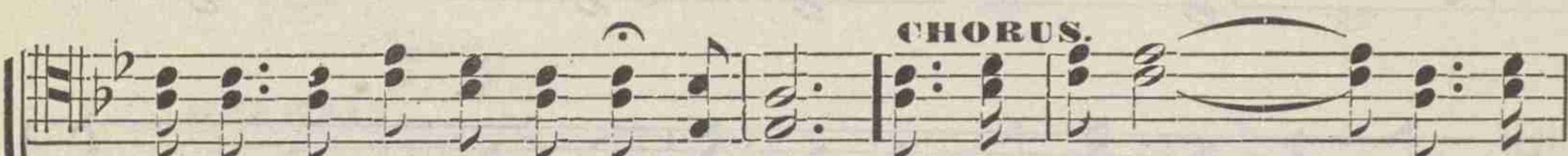

bear me a - way, His voice I shall hear in ten - der - est tones;
praise on my lips, The way tho' to me is whol - ly unknown,



Down the Valley Alone. Concluded.



I shall tremble not, nor fal - ter, but sing as I go Down the
Still I'm trust-ing in my Saviour, and fear not to go Down the



val-ley of the shadow all a-lone. Down the val-ley..... of the
val-ley of the shadow all a-lone. Down the valley,



shad - ow..... Down the val - ley a - lone I must
of the shad - ow



go, I shall tremble not, nor falter, but sing as I
down the val-ley

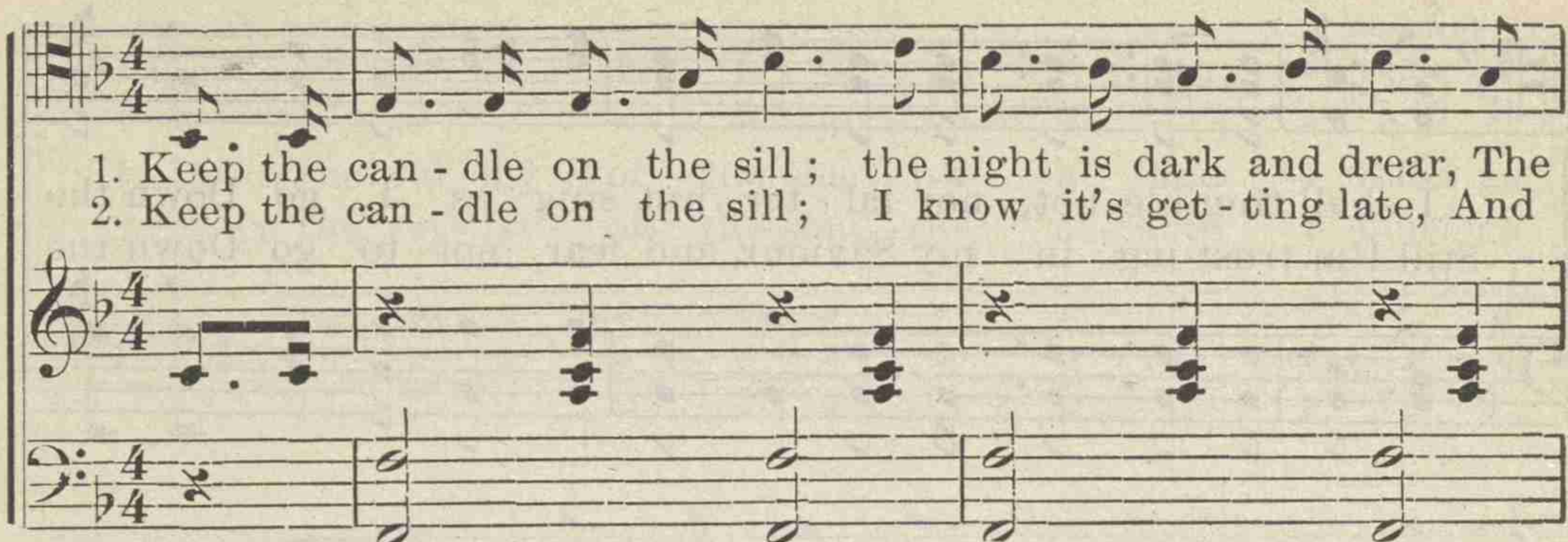


go Down the val - ley of the shad - ow all a - lone.

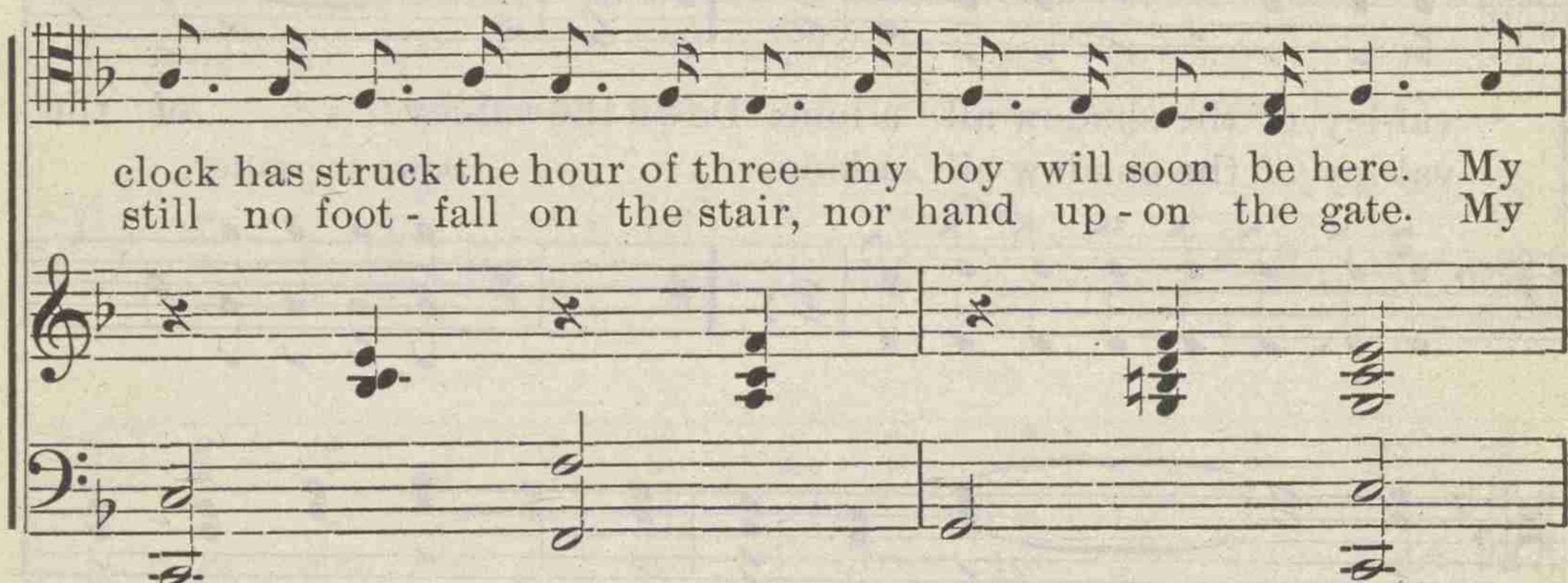
No. 126. Keep the Candle on the Sill.

FRED. WOODROW.

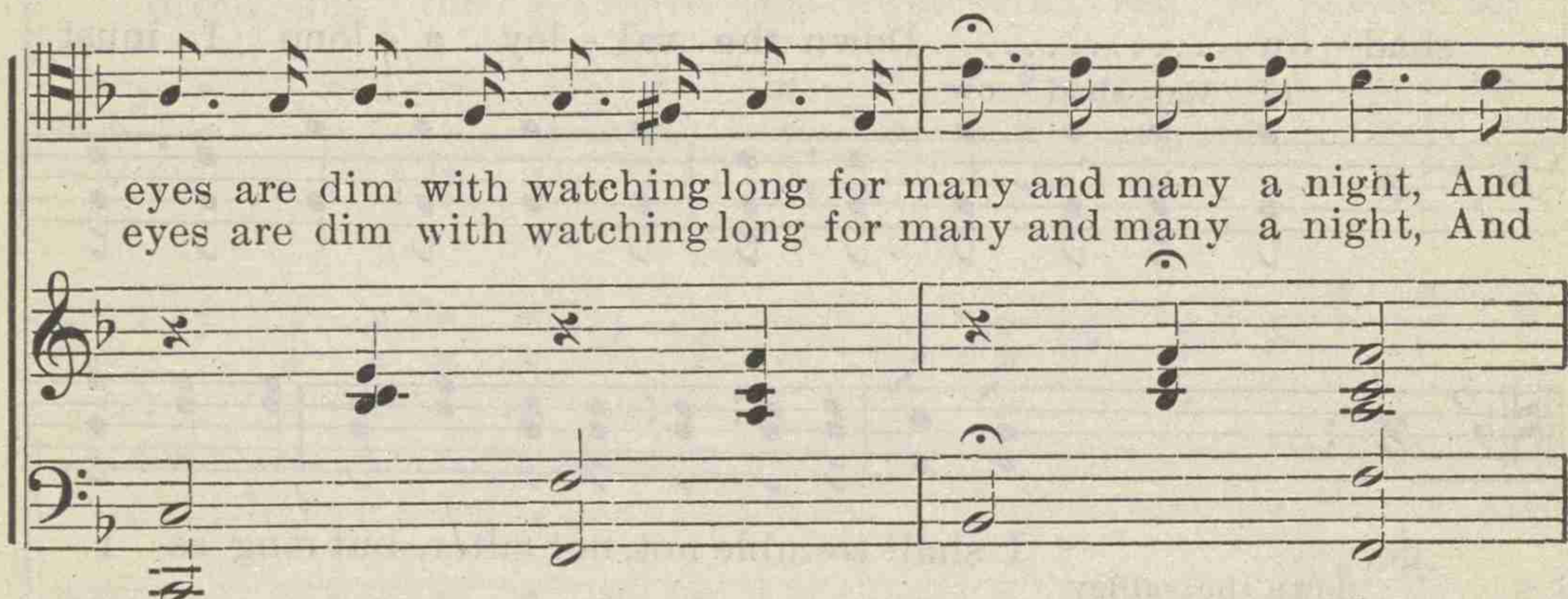
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Keep the can - dle on the sill; the night is dark and drear, The
2. Keep the can - dle on the sill; I know it's get - ting late, And



clock has struck the hour of three—my boy will soon be here. My
still no foot - fall on the stair, nor hand up - on the gate. My



eyes are dim with watching long for many and many a night, And
eyes are dim with watching long for many and many a night, And



cares have wrinkled up my face, and made my poor head white.
clos - ing now my poor, old eyes to all but heav-en's light.

Keep the Candle on the Sill. Concluded.

Ad lib.



He may be bad as bad can be, but Ned is all the world to me ;
 He may be bad as bad can be, but Ned is all the world to me ;

Ad lib.

REFRAIN.



Keep the can-dle on the sill, Set it near the window pane, And the



Keep the can-dle on the sill, Set it near the window pane, And the



boy may find his way Back to home and me a - gain ; And the



boy may find his way Back to home and me a - gain ; And the



boy may find his way Back to home and me a - gain.



boy may find his way Back to home and me a - gain.

No. 127. In the By and By.

MRS. IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



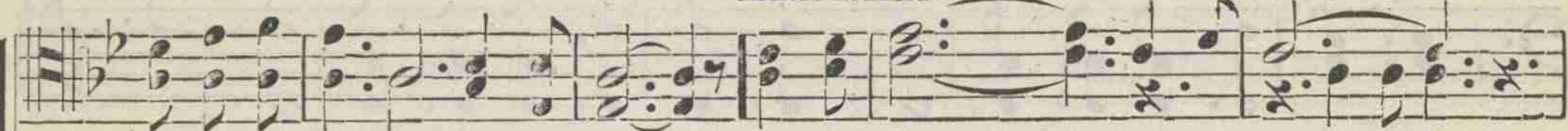
1. There will be sing - ing and great re - joic - ing, Yon - der in glo - ry,
2. There will be wail - ing, sad lam - en - ta - tion, Bit - ter - est weep - ing,
3. In heav - en's mor - row shall we be shout - ing, Praise and thanksgiving,
4. Grant us, O Fa - ther, that not with sad - ness, Our souls shall meet Thee,



by and by; Sweet anthems ring - ing, in glad - ness voic - ing, Sal -
 by and by; Grief un - a - vail - ing, vain sup - pli - ca - tion, And
 by and by; Or, in our sor - row be there la - ment - ing, Our
 by and by; But let us, rath - er, with joy and glad - ness, Haste



REFRAIN.



vation's sweet story, by and by. By and by,..... by and by,.....
 sorrowful weeping, by and by.
 prod-i-gal liv - ing, by and by.
 onward to greet Thee, by and by. By and by, By and by,

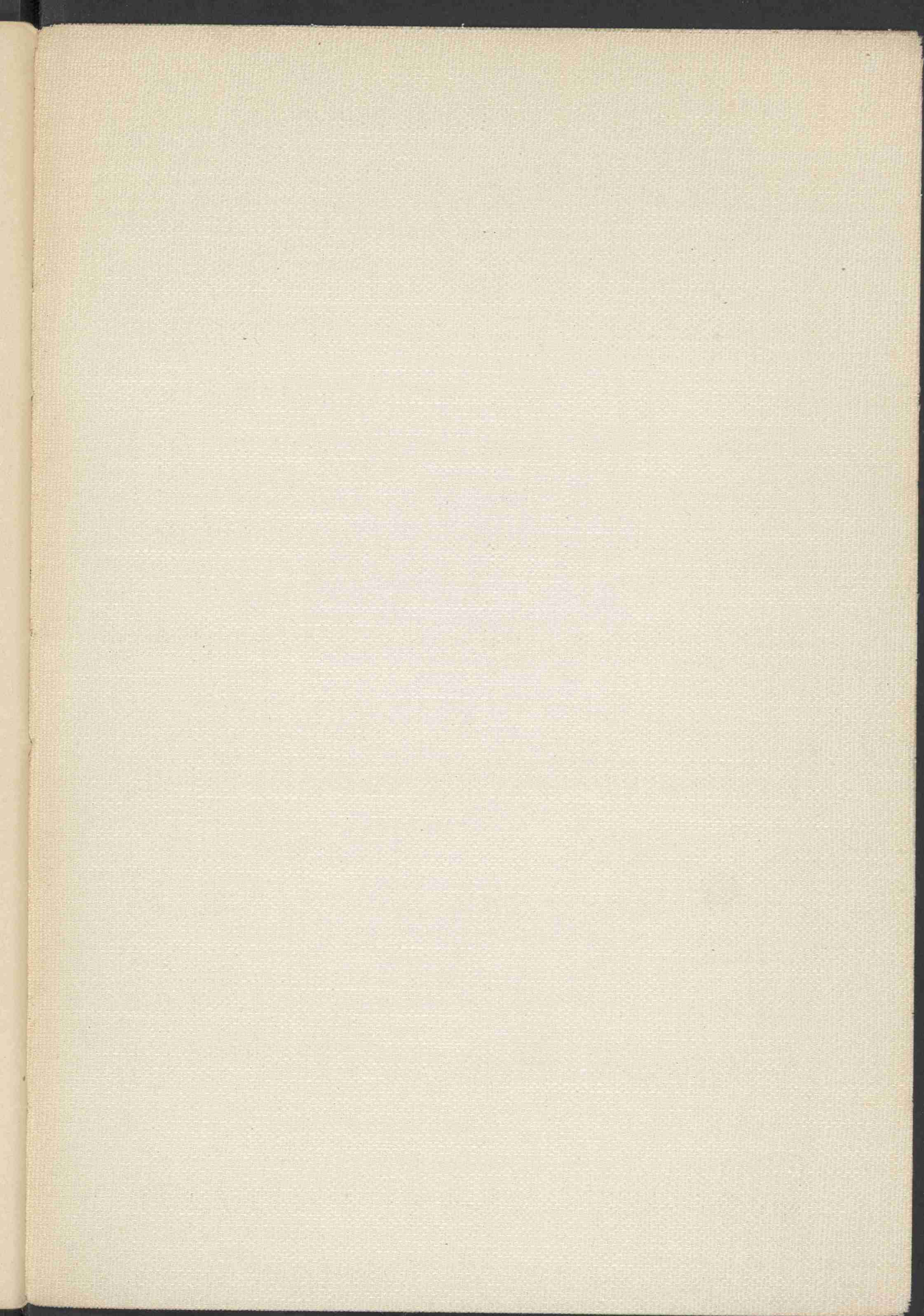


1. Sing - ing and praising, by and by,..... By and by,.....
2. Weeping and wail - ing, by and by,.....
3. Gladness or sor - row, by and by,.....
4. Our souls shall meet Thee, by and by, (by and by,) by and by,



By and by,..... Sing - ing and praising, by and by.....
 Weep - ing and wail - ing, by and by.....
 Glad - ness or sor - row, by and by.....
 by and by, Our souls to greet Thee, by and by, by and by.





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