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THE

TEMPLE OF PRAISE

DESIGNED FOR

Sunday Schools, Prayer Meetings, Young People's Praise Meetings, Associations of Christian Endeavor, the Church, and the Home.

BY

W. H. PONTIUS and REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

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PREFACE.

THE songs and hymns in the "*Temple of Praise*" are especially adapted to wide-awake Christian work and workers.

The book is not only intended for use in Sunday-schools, but is also suited to Prayer meetings, Revivals, Social meetings, the Church and the Home.

Thanks are due to the many contributors for the use of their most excellent hymns.

E. A. HOFFMAN,
W. H. PONTIUS.

TEMPLE OF PRAISE.

No. 1. THE TEMPLE OF PRAISE.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. We gather again in this "*Temple of Praise;*" Our glad al - le - lu - ias to
2. We worship again in this temple of song; With joy and with gladness God's
3. We gather once more in this temple of love, While God smiles upon us from

heav-en we raise; Ho - san-nas we sing; Our off-'rings we bring To
praise we pro-long; He is the one friend Who loves without end; For
heav-en a - bove; And un - to our King We joy - ful - ly sing, And

REFRAIN.

lay at the feet of our Sav-ior and King.
this to His throne our thanksgivings as-cend. To heav-en we raise Our
humble ob - la-tions we grate-ful - ly bring.

Rit. - - -

ju - bi - lant lays, And fill with re - joic - ing this "*Tem-ple of Praise.*"

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No. 2. SINGING FOR JESUS.

MISS FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. Sing-ing for Je - sus, our Sav-ior and King, Singing for Je - sus, the
2. Sing-ing for Je - sus, and try-ing to win Ma - ny to love him, and
3. Sing-ing for Je - sus, our Shepherd and Guide, Singing for gladness of

Lord whom we love; All a - dor - a - tion we joy - ous - ly bring,
join in the song; Call - ing the wea - ry and wan-der - ing in,
heart that he gives; Sing - ing for won-der and praise that He died,

REFRAIN.

Long-ing to praise as we'll praise Him a - bove.
Roll - ing the cho - rus of gladness a - long. Sing-ing for Je - sus,
Sing - ing for blessing and joy that He lives.

sing-ing with joy! Thus will we praise Him and tell out His love, Till He shall

call us to brighter employ, Singing for Je - sus for-ev - er a-bove.

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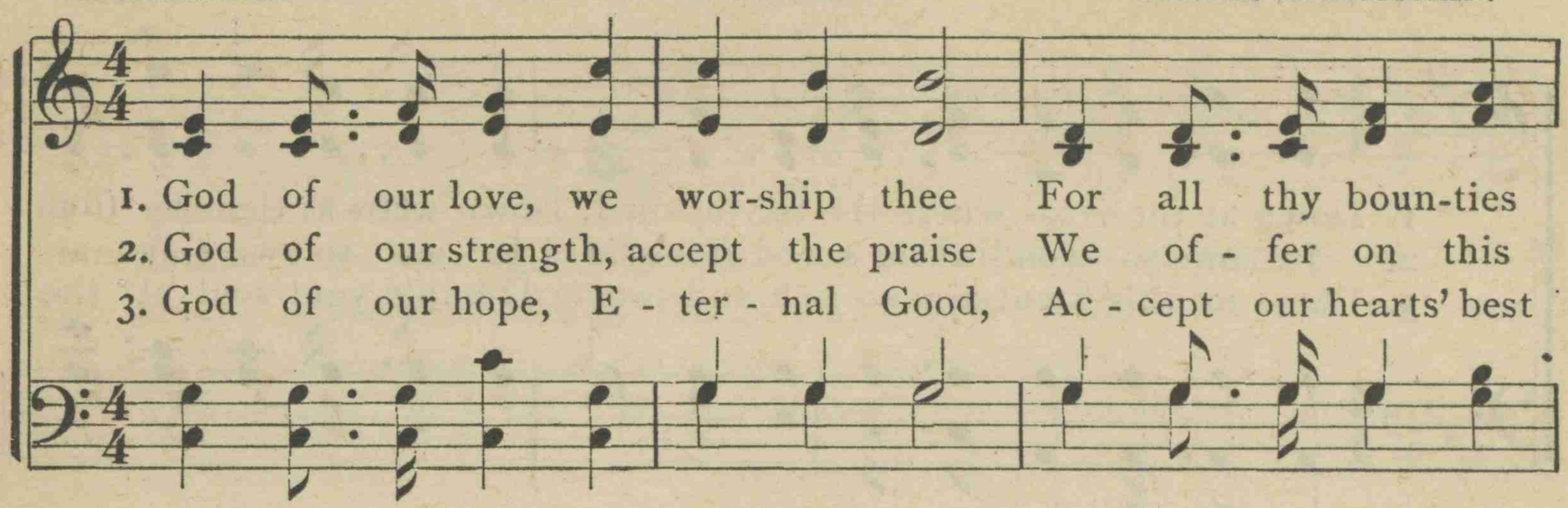
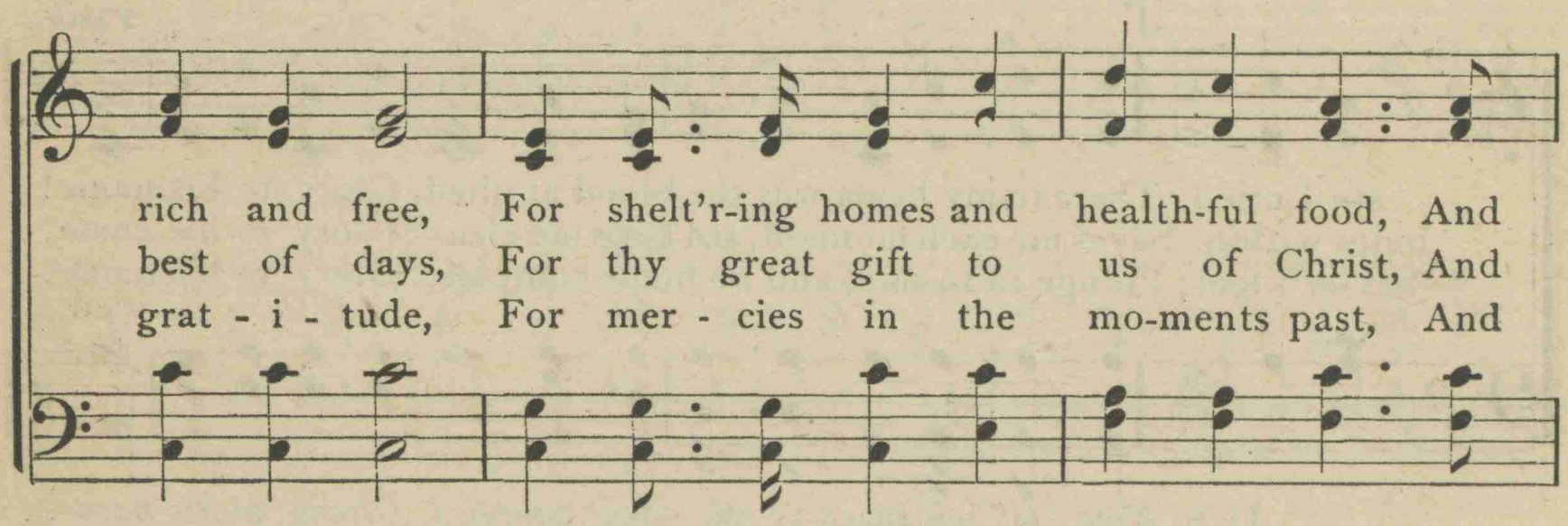
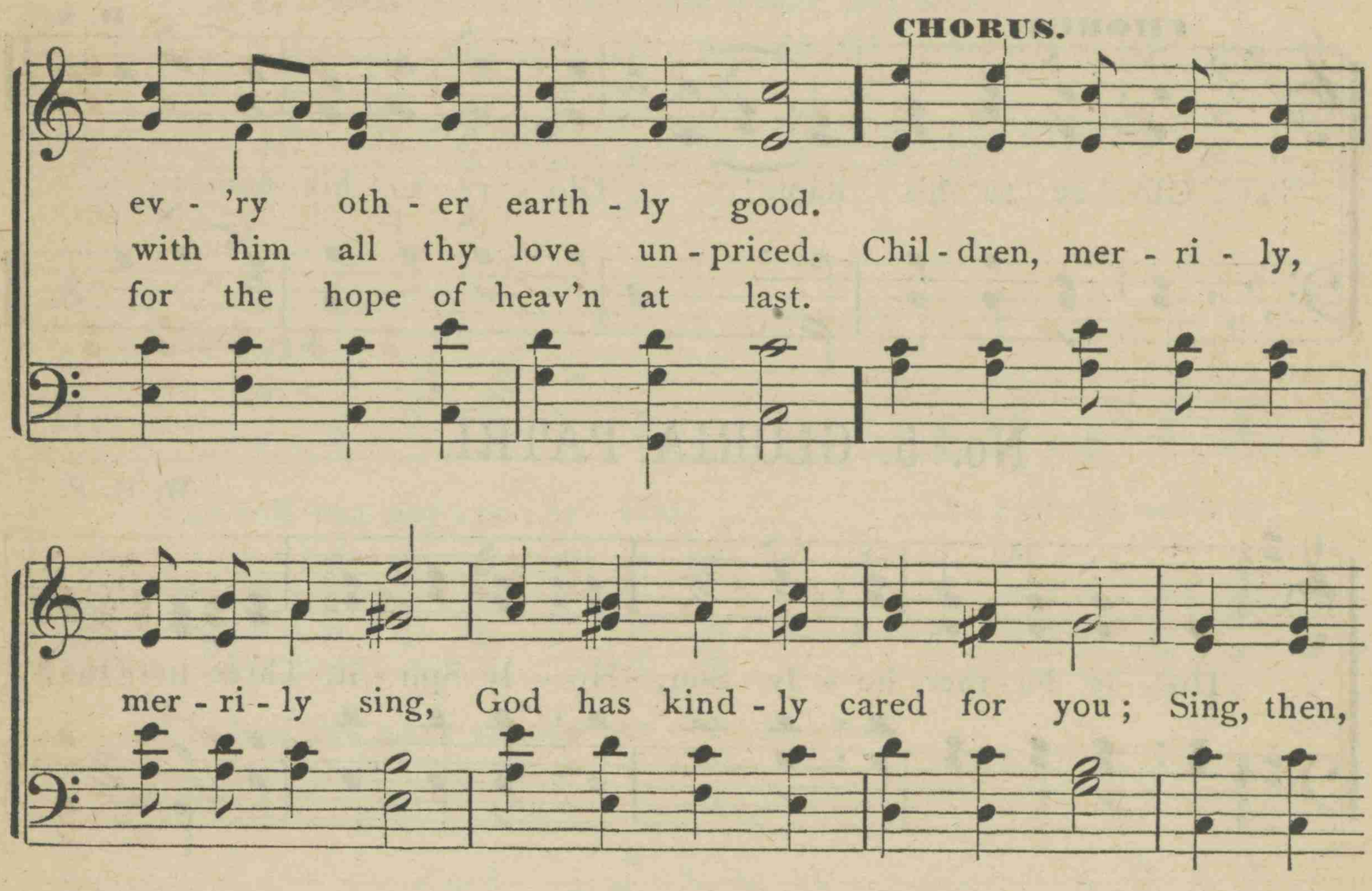
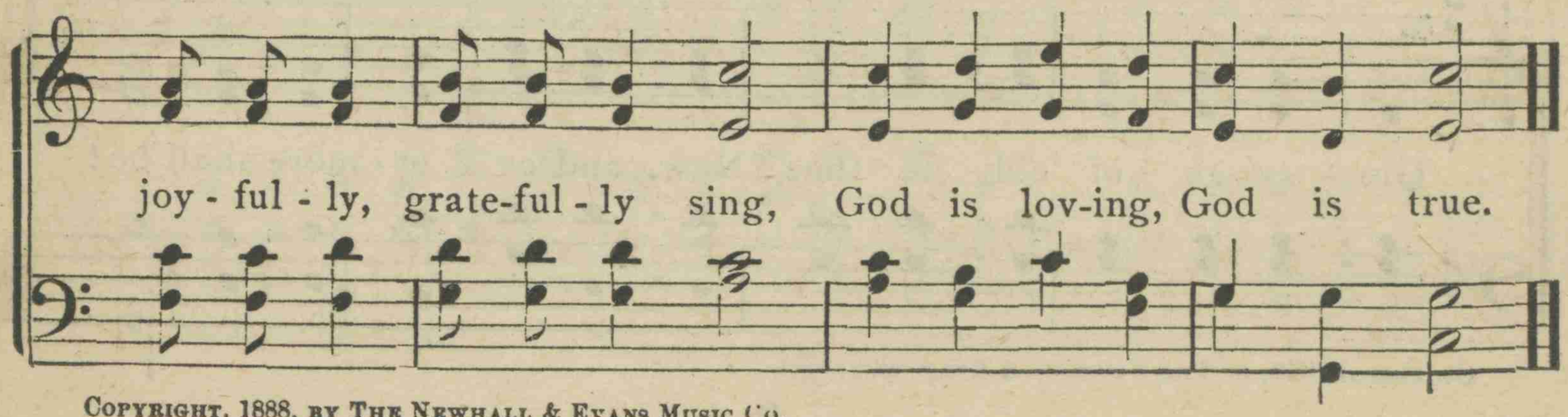
No. 3. GOD OF OUR LOVE.

E. ALBRIGHT. REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.





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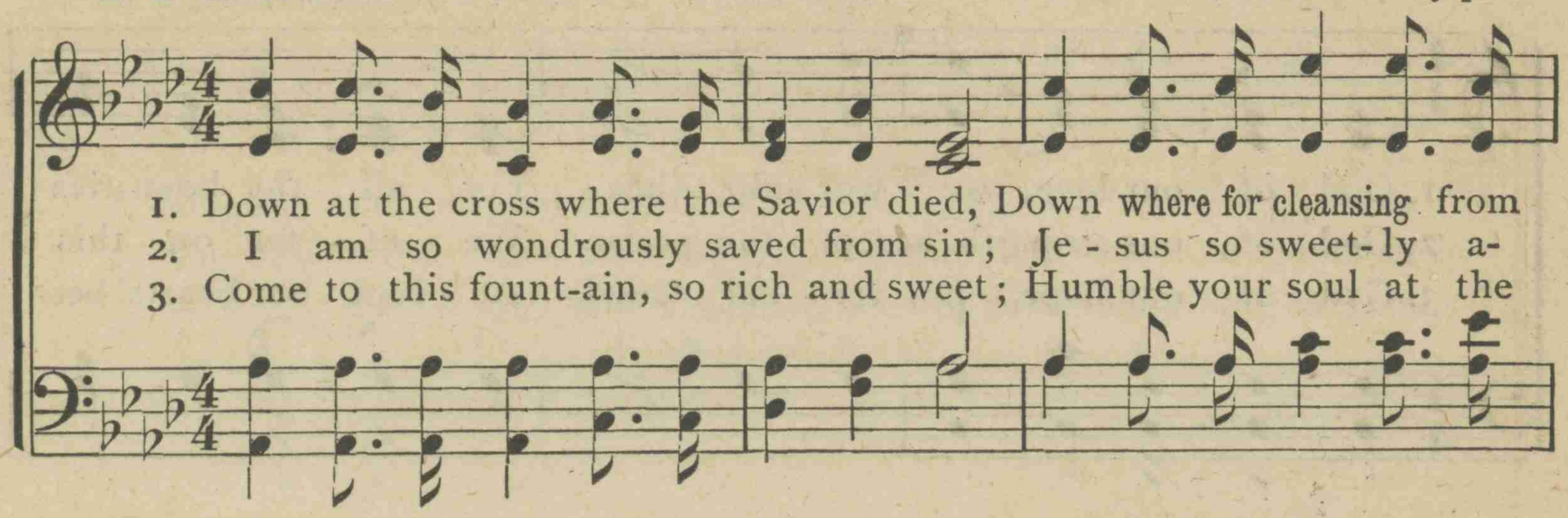
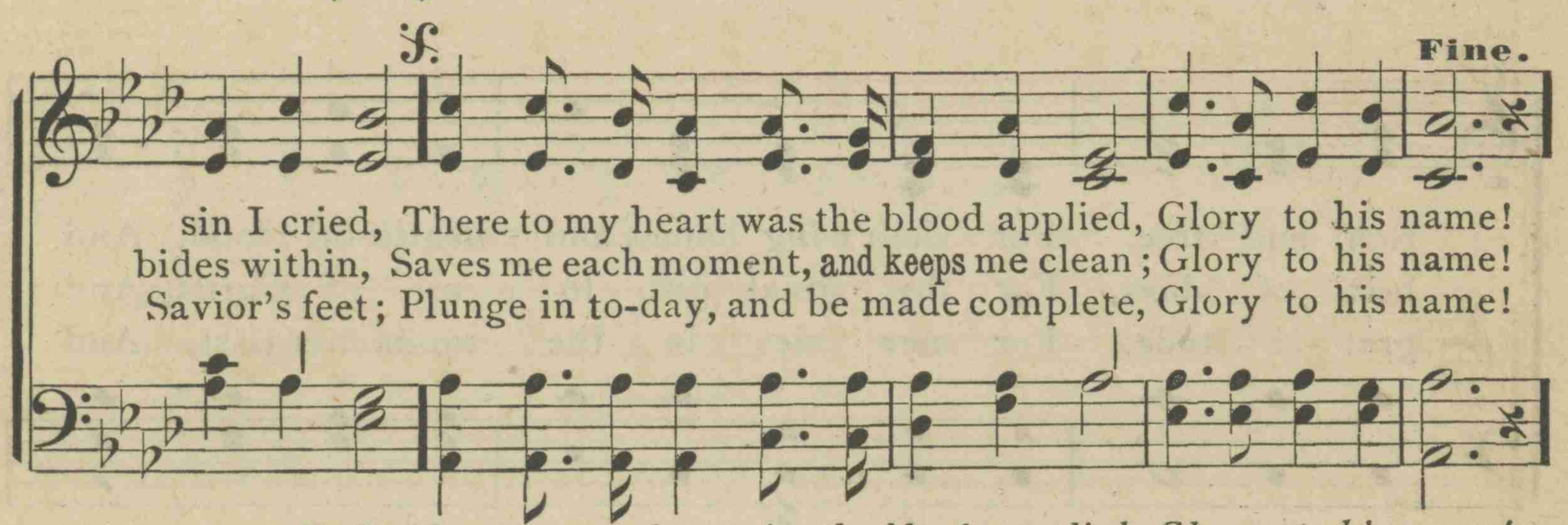
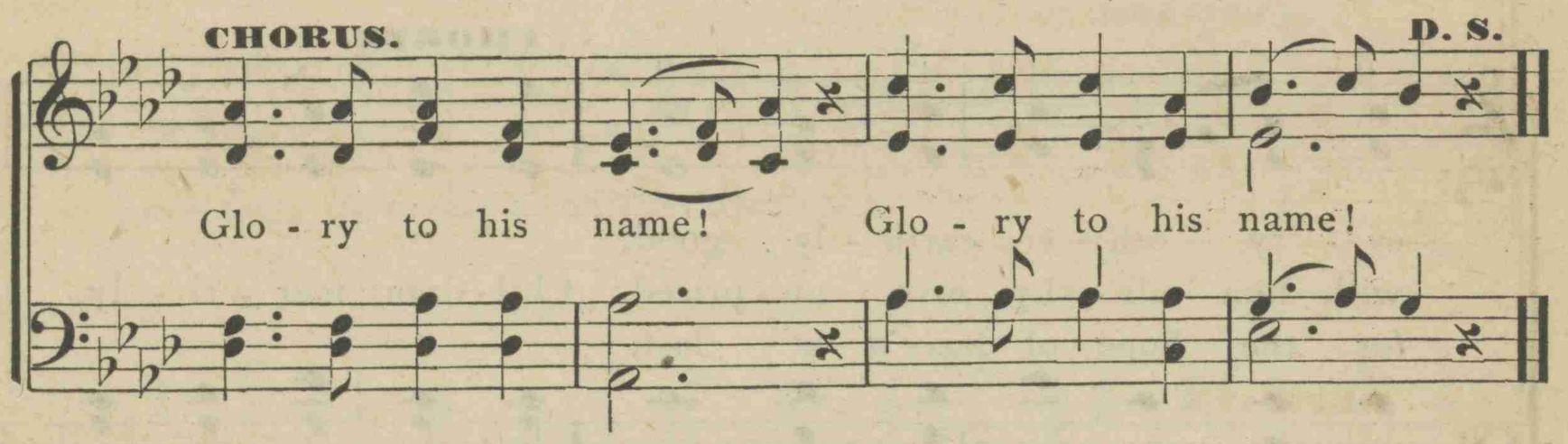
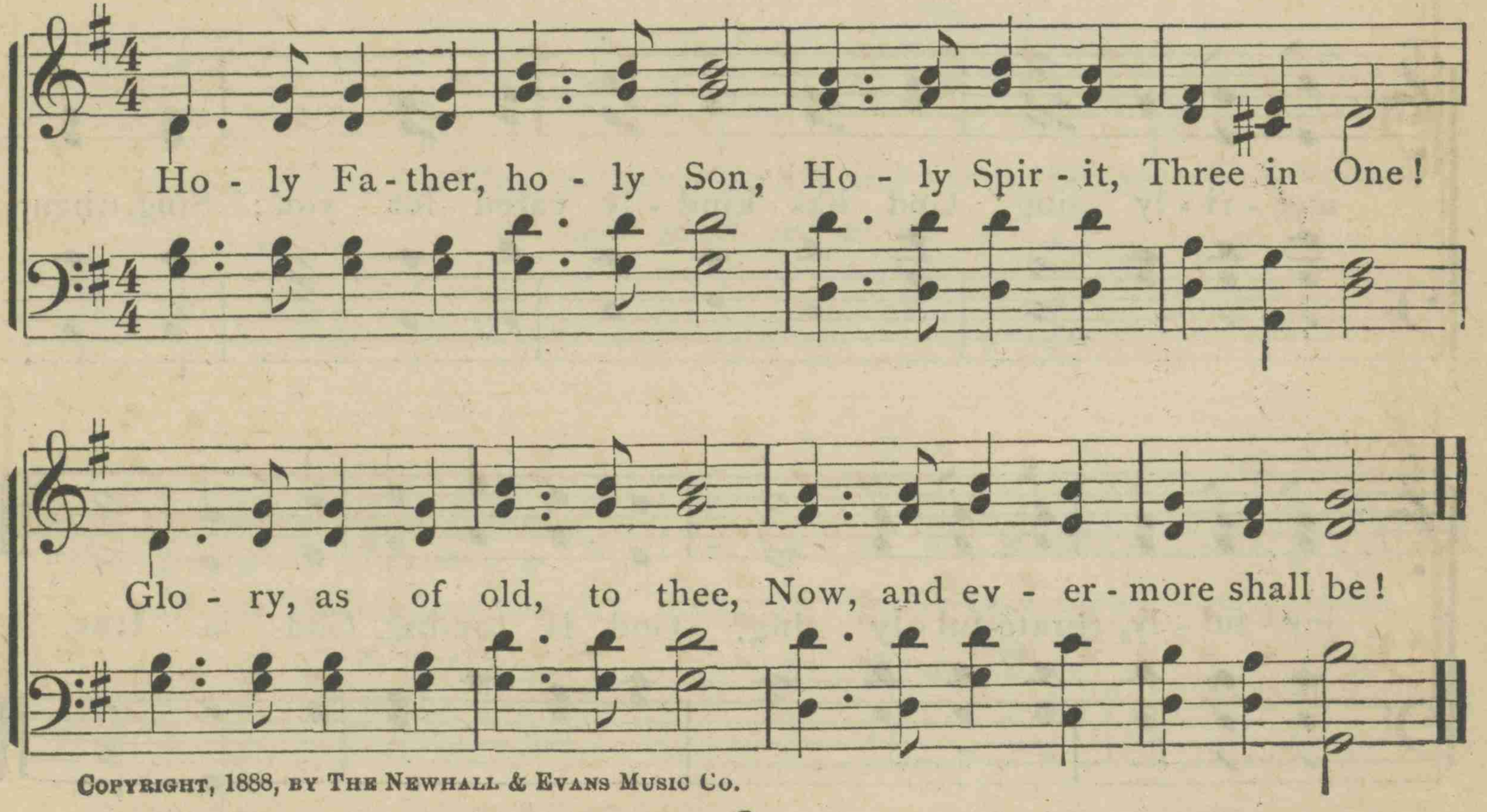
No. 4. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

E. A. HOFFMAN. Psalm 63:4. REV. J. H. STOCKTON. By per.





No. 5. GLORIA PATRI.

W. H. P.

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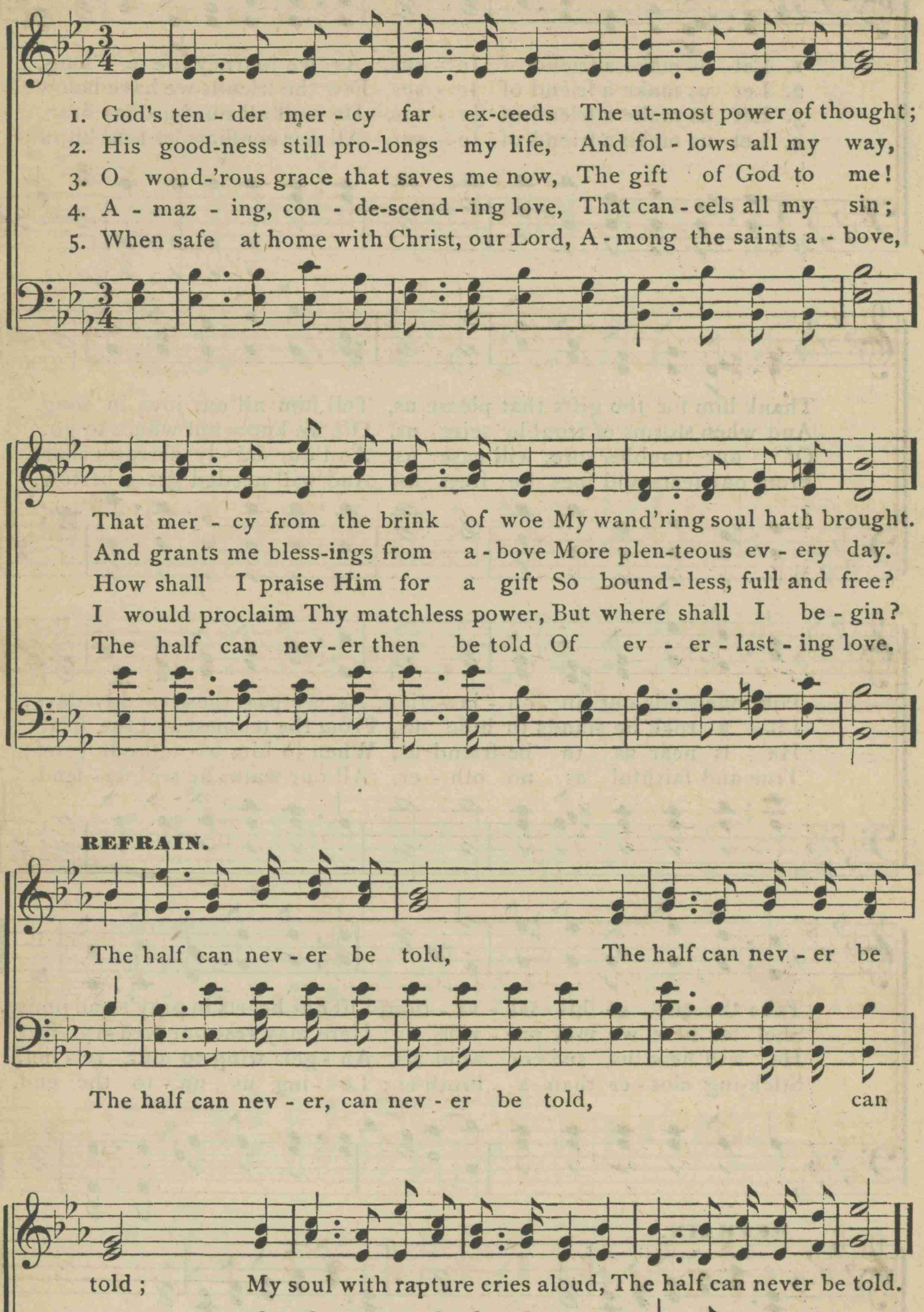
No. 6. THE HALF CAN NEVER BE TOLD.

"The half was never told me."—1 KINGS 10: 7.

W. H. DOANE. By per.



No. 7. LET US MAKE A FRIEND OF JESUS.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. Let us make a friend of Je - sus, As we journey life a - long,
2. Let us make a friend of Je - sus, Few the friends we have below;
3. Let us make a friend of Je - sus, He will all our burdens bear;
4. Let us make a friend of Je - sus, All our conflicts let him know;

Thank him for the gifts that please us, Tell him all our joys in song.
And when storms of trouble seize us, Oft we know not where to go.
Of our troubles sore, will ease us, And our dai - ly sorrows share.
From our fears and foes he frees us, And will needed grace bestow.

Pour our souls out in ob - la - tion, As we pass these earthly days;
Like a rock he stands to hide us, From the tempest and the heat;
He is near us to be-friend us, When to him we tell our grief;
True and faithful as no oth - er, All our walks he will de - fend,

Take the cup of his sal - va - tion, Lift our hearts in pray'r and praise.
Shel - ter here we may pro - vide us; Here may rest our wea - ry feet.
He will hear us, suc-cor send us, An - gels wing to our re - lief.
Stick-ing clos - er than a broth-er; Lov - ing us un - to the end.

REFRAIN.

Let us make a friend of Je - sus, As we journey life along,

Make a friend of Jesus, Journey life along,

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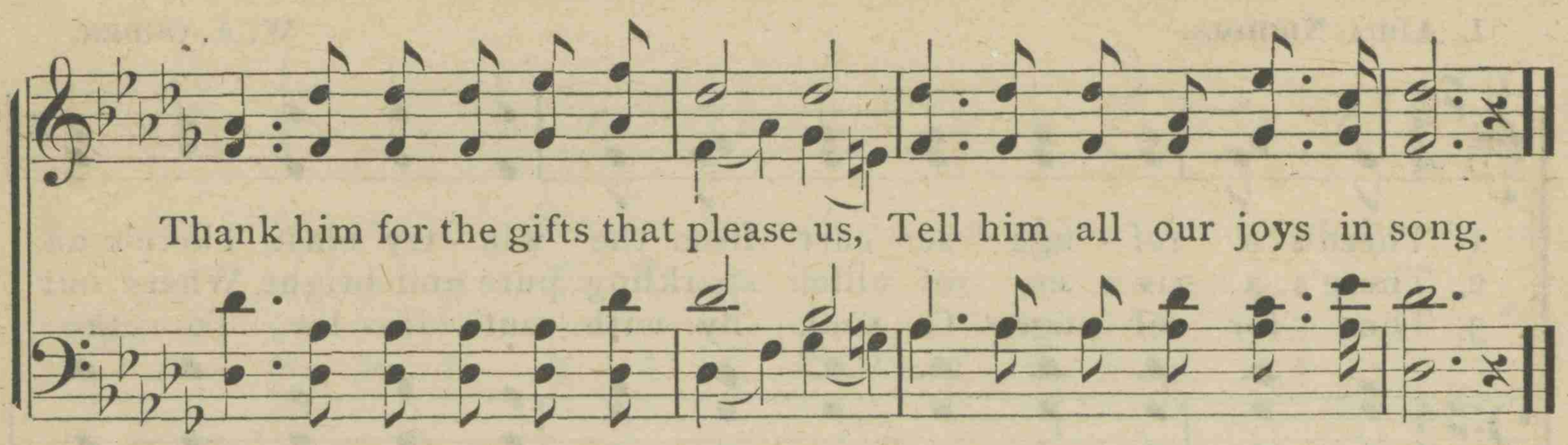
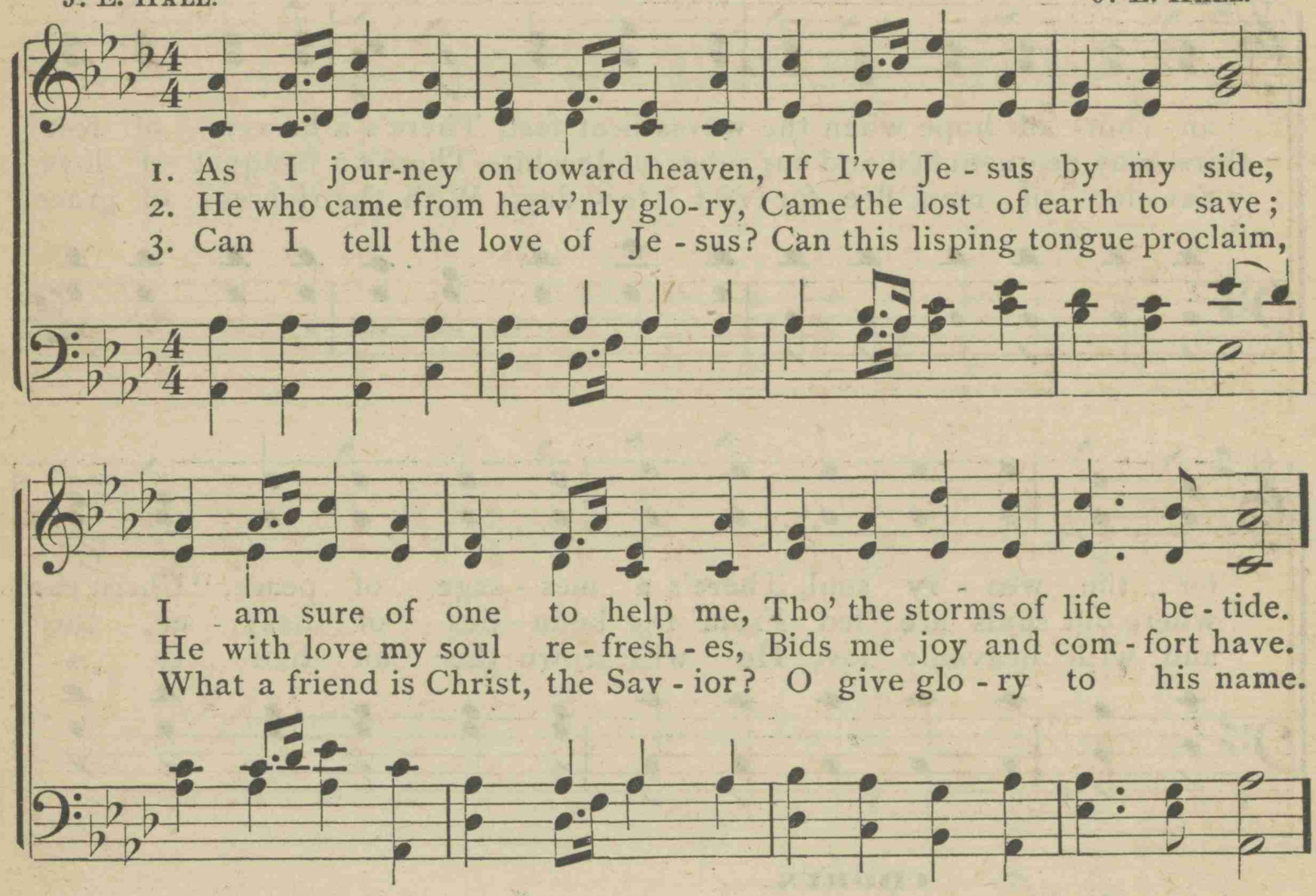
LET US MAKE A FRIEND. Concluded.

No. 8. SINGING ALL THE WAY.

"Then was our mouth filled with singing."—Ps. 126 : 2.

J. E. HALL. J. E. HALL.



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No. 9. ALL FOR YOU.

L. ADDA NICHOLS. W. A. OGDEN.

1. There's a ref - uge se - cure from the win - try blast, There's an an - chor of hope when the waves beat fast, There's a ha-ven of rest
2. There's a riv - er of life, sparkling pure and bright, Where our thirst may be quenched and our robes made white, There's a banquet of love
3. Then for ref - uge, O soul, fly with - out de - lay, To the Sav - ior of men, flee for rest to - day, With the rich-es of grace

for the wea - ry soul, There's a mes - sage of peace, "Christ can make thee whole." 'Tis for you, . . . yes, all for you, God hath
where our souls are fed From the boun - ties of heav - en, the life - giving bread. all for you, 'tis all for you, for you,
and with heavenly love, He will crown thee an heir to a home a - bove.

CHORUS.

sent . . the message true; Wand'ring one, . . . O, come and
God hath sent the message true, so true; Wand'ring one,

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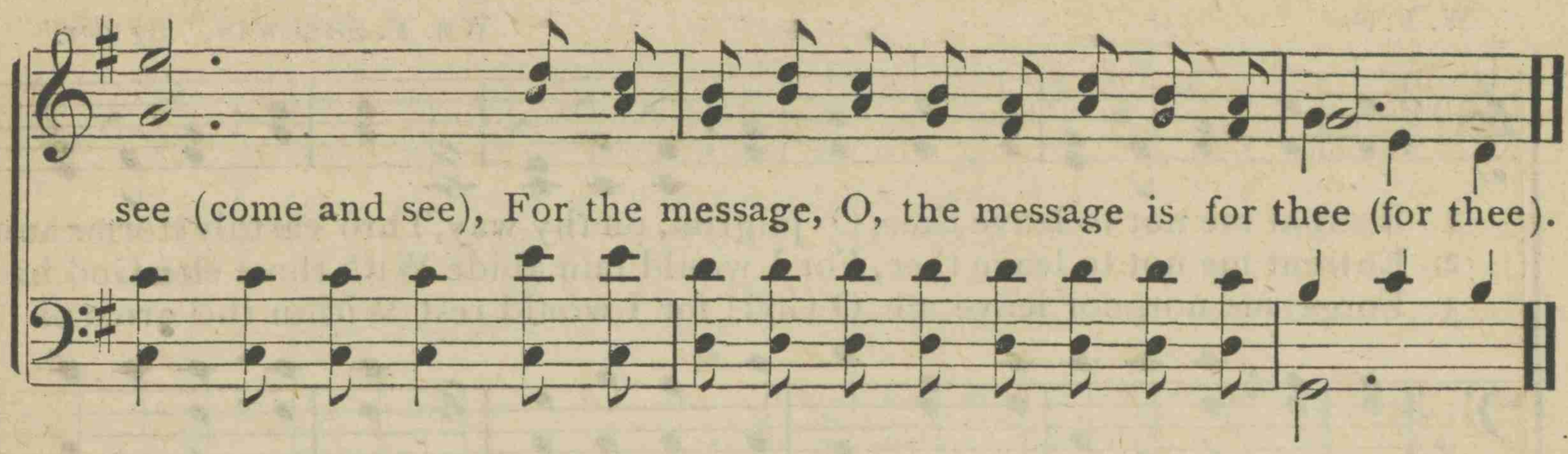
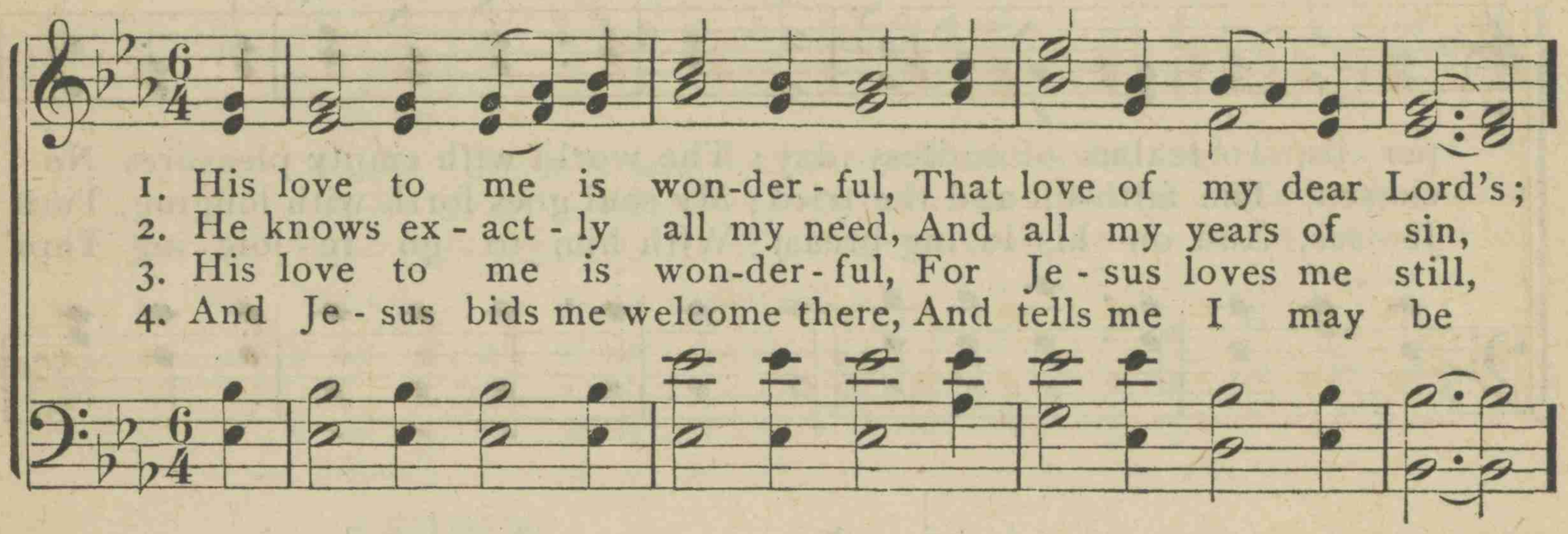
ALL FOR YOU. Concluded.



No. 10. WONDERFUL LOVE.

CHARLOTTE MURRAY. W. H. PONTIUS.



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No. 11. ENTREAT ME NOT TO LEAVE THEE.

W. F. S. WM. F. SHERWIN. By per.

1. Entreat me not to leave thee, O pilgrim, on thy way, Thro' earthly storms and per - ils, To realms of endless day: The world with empty pleasures No more can sat-is - fy; Where'er the Lord may lead thee, With thee I'll live and die.
2. Entreat me not to leave thee, For I would fain abide With those whom God has chosen, The faith-ful and the tried: My soul goes forth with longing, Turn not from me a-way; Thine own shall be my people, Thy God shall be my stay.
3. Forget me not, nor leave me, O God! for I would rest Within the arms of Je - sus, And on his loving breast: With him to go re - joic - ing Thro' conflict, toil and strife; To walk the vale of shadows, And en - ter in - to life.

REFRAIN.

En - treat me not to leave thee, En - treat me not to leave thee, Entreat me not to leave thee, Entreat me not to leave thee, En-treat me not to leave thee, With thee I'll live and die.

leave thee,

No. 12. THE HOME PREPARED FOR ME.

E. E. REXFORD. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. I love to think of the beau-ti-ful land Just o - ver the crys - tal
2. I love to think of the glad - ness there, Just o - ver the crys - tal
3. I love to think of the heaven-ly song Just o - ver the crys - tal
4. I love to think of the wel - come sweet Just o - ver the crys - tal

sea, Where Je-sus is and the ransomed band, And the home prepared for
sea, For ne'er is sorrow, or pain or care, In the home prepared for
sea, And the joy and peace of the glorious throng In the home prepared for
sea, When I go up to the King's white seat And the home prepared for

CHORUS.

Oh, beau - ti - ful home on the hills . . . of
me. Oh, beautiful home on the hills of rest! Oh, beautiful home on the
rest! Just o - ver the crys-tal sea;
hills of rest! Just o - ver the crys-tal, crys-tal sea; I shall reach the
Rall. . . . .
in thee. . .
glo - ry in God's good time, And dwell for-ev-er, for - ev-er in thee.
in thee. . .

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No. 13. JESUS IS MY REDEEMER.

E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.

1. Je - sus is my soul's Re-deem - er, He has saved me from my sin;
2. Com-ing in, he brought redemp-tion; Said "thy sins are all forgiven;"
3. O the fullness of the bless - ing! O the rich - es of his love!
4. Praise the Lord for free sal - va - tion, For this blessed, bless-ed peace;

To my heart he came with par - don, And I bade him en - ter in,
Cleansed me from my soul-de - file - ment, Made me thus an heir of heaven,
Wondrous are the streams of mer - cy Flowing from the Throne a-bove,
Let my soul bow down a - dor - ing, And his prais-es nev - er cease,

To my heart he came with par - don, And I bade him en - ter in.
Cleansed me from my soul-de - file - ment, Made me thus an heir of heaven.
Wondrous are the streams of mer - cy Flowing from the Throne a- bove.
Let my soul bow down a - dor - ing, And his prais-es nev - er cease.

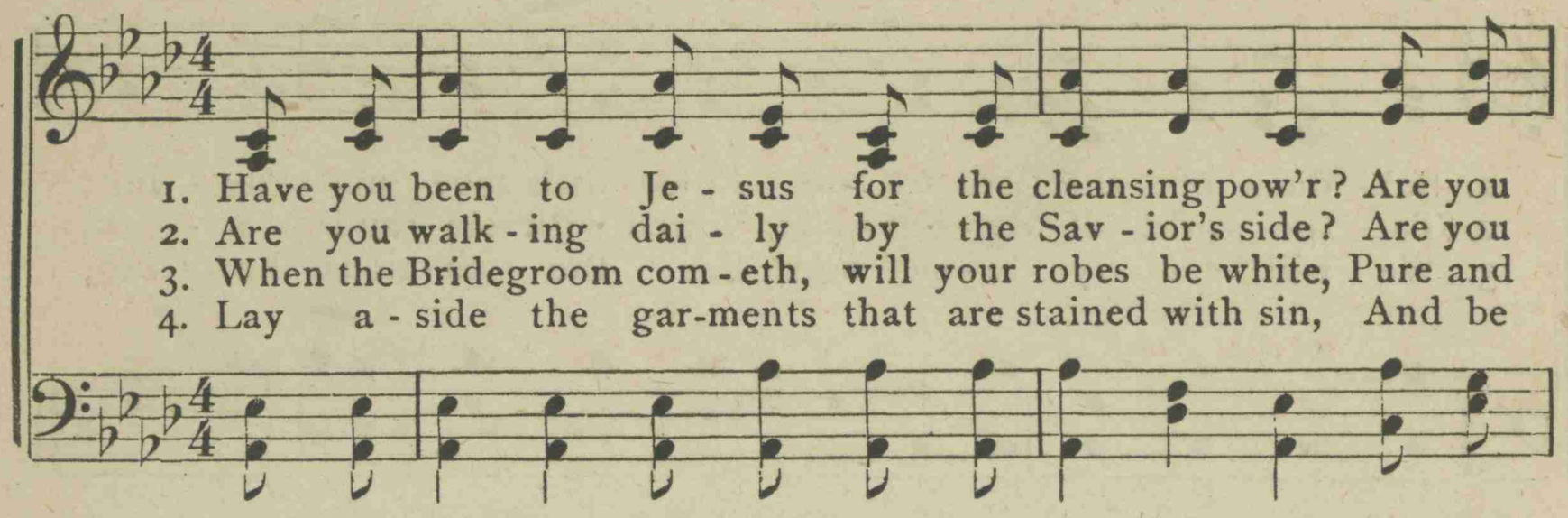
CHORUS.

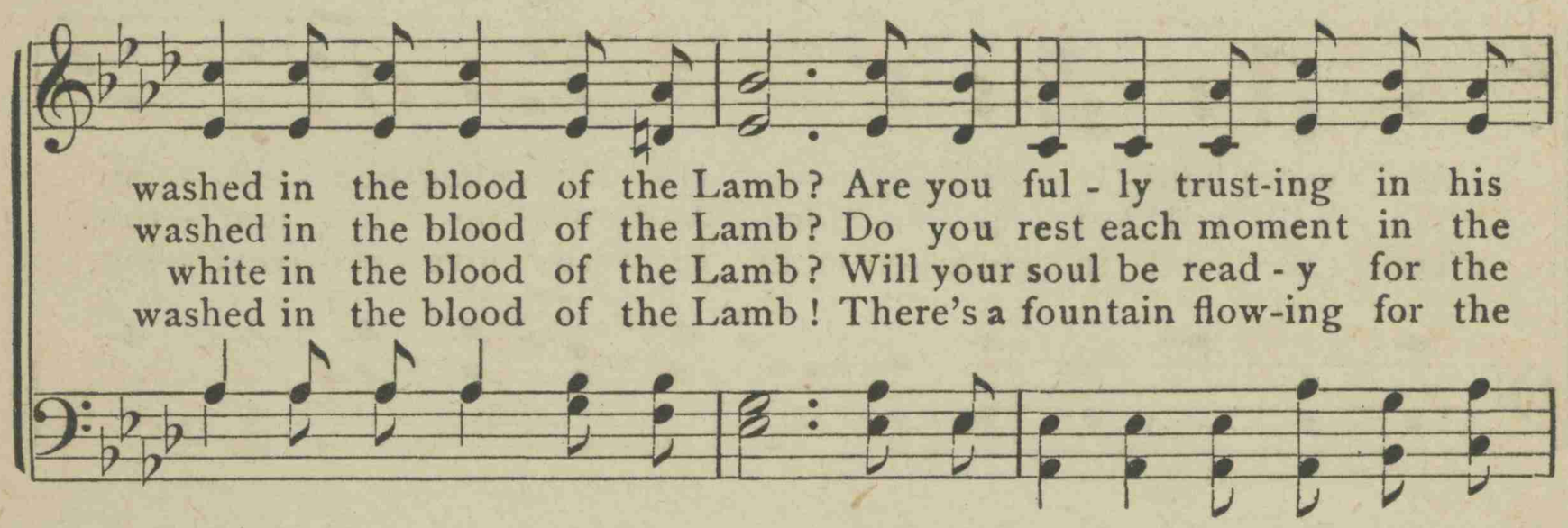
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Let me praise him and a - dore;

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Let me love him more and more.

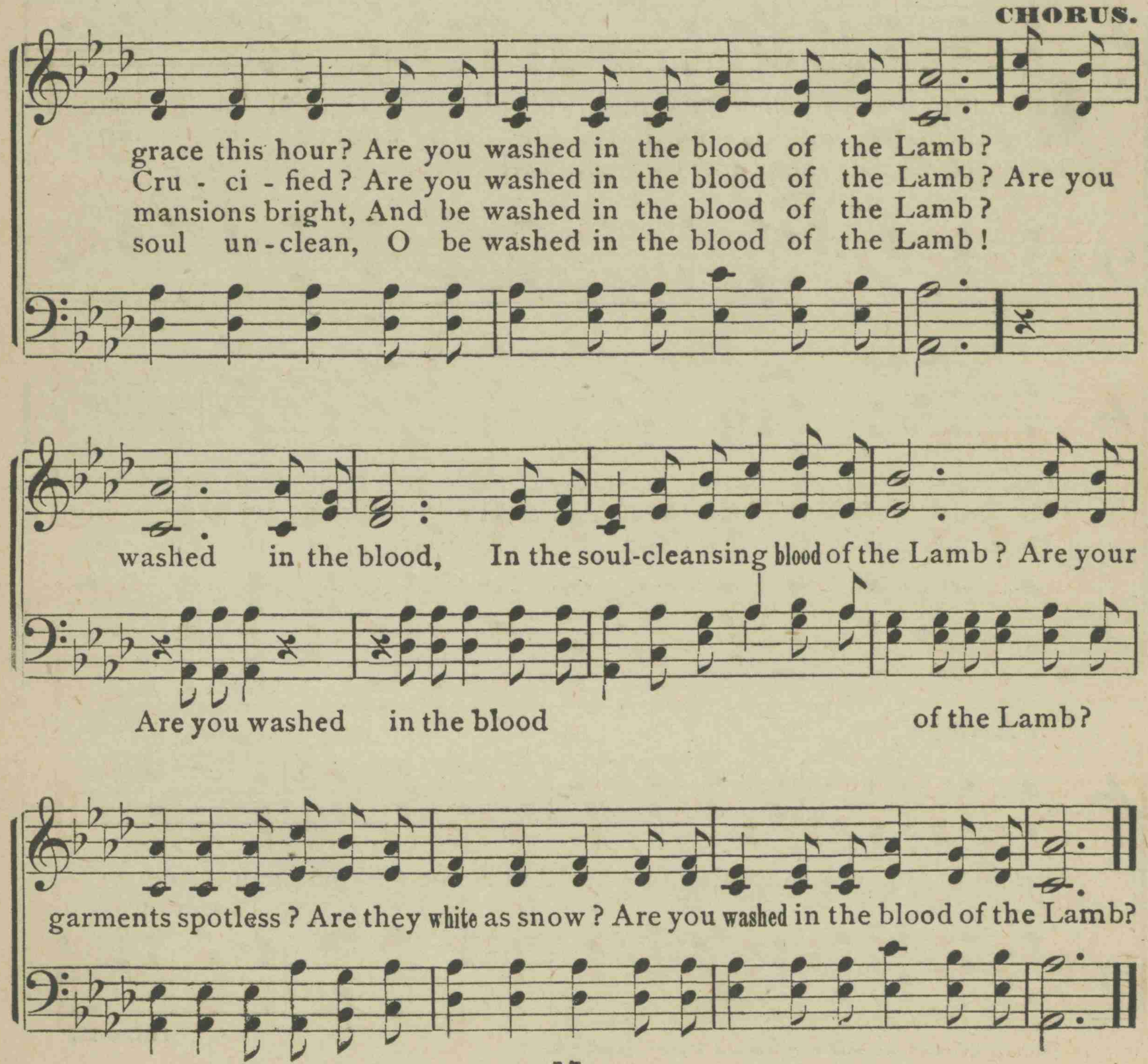
No. 14. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

E. A. H. E. A. H. By per.





CHORUS.



No. 15. THE GOSPEL BANNER.

J. M. JOLLEY. JNO. M. JOLLEY.

1. Sol - diers of the Lord are we, Filled with love un - dy - ing;
2. To the world of dy - ing souls, Bowed with sin and sor - row,
3. We will car - ry Je - sus' word, For the na - tions heal - ing,

And we're bold - ly pressing on, On His strength re - ly - ing.
We will tell of Je - sus' love, And a bright to - mor - row.
To the lost in heathen lands, Je - sus' love re - veal - ing.

Raise the gos - pel ban - ner high, Plead - ing for our Sa - vior,
Bring them to our ris - en Lord, On His word re - ly - ing;
Tell of Christ, the cru - ci - fied, Tell the same old sto - ry,

On its folds we will in-scribe "Love to God and neigh-bor."
He will safe - ly lead them home; His is love un - dy - ing.
How our Sa - vior lived and died, And now lives in glo - ry.

CHORUS.

Marching on, yes, marching on! We'll raise the gos - pel ban - ner,

raise it,

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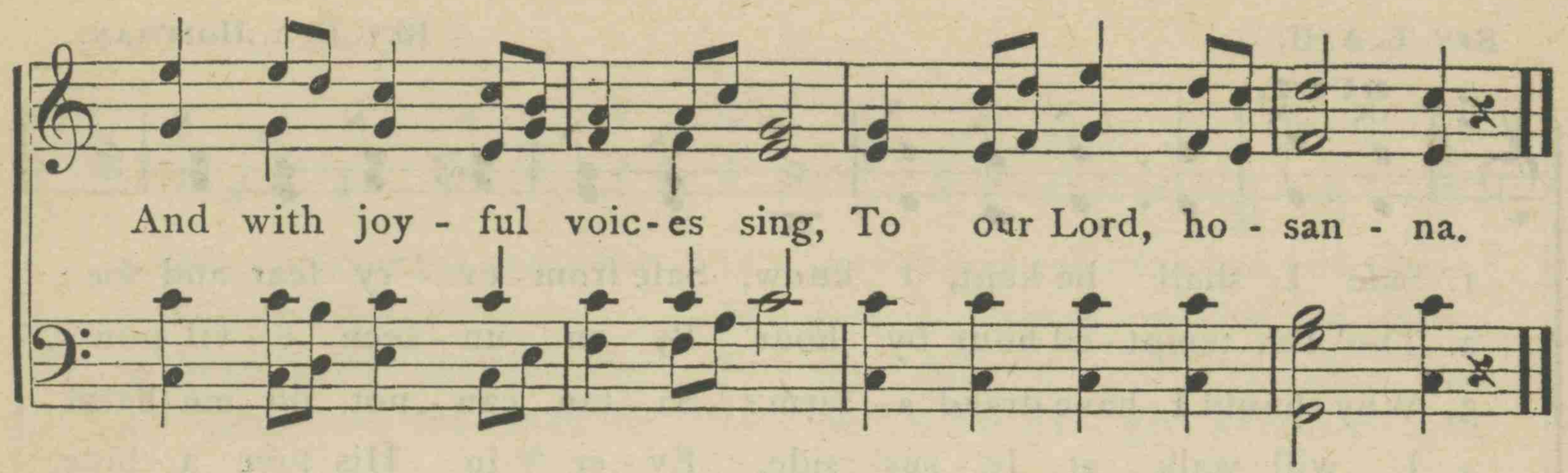
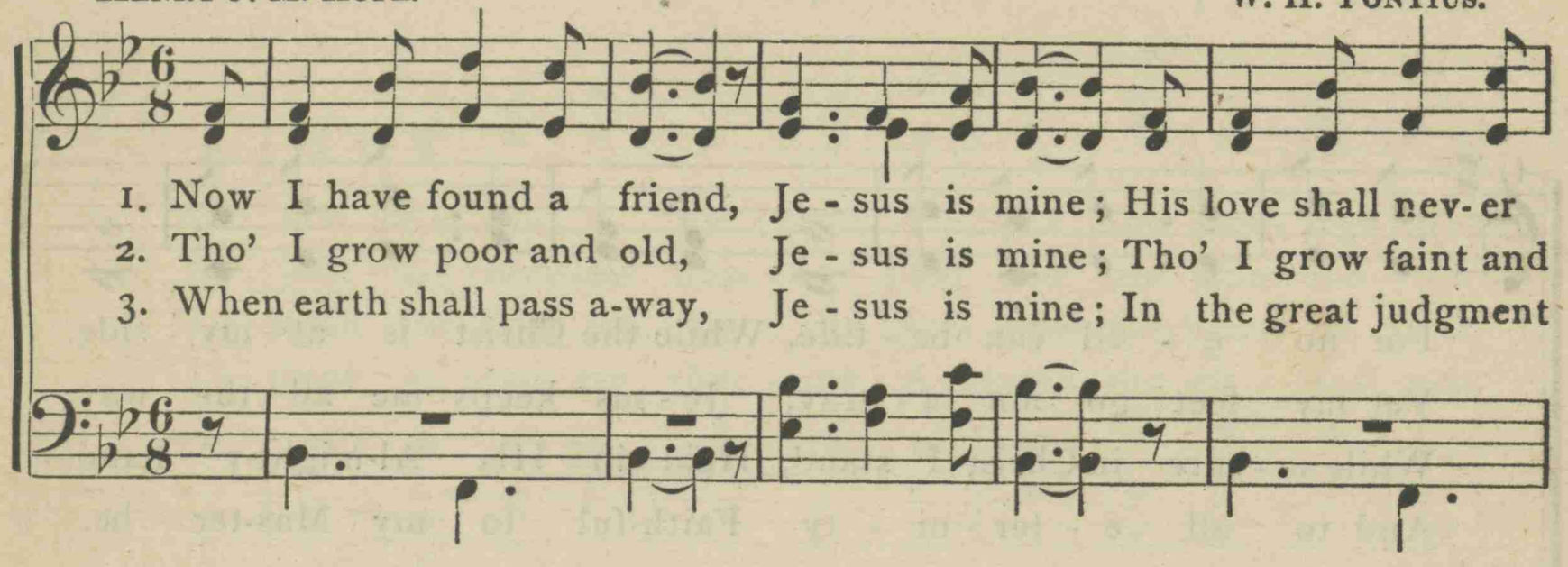
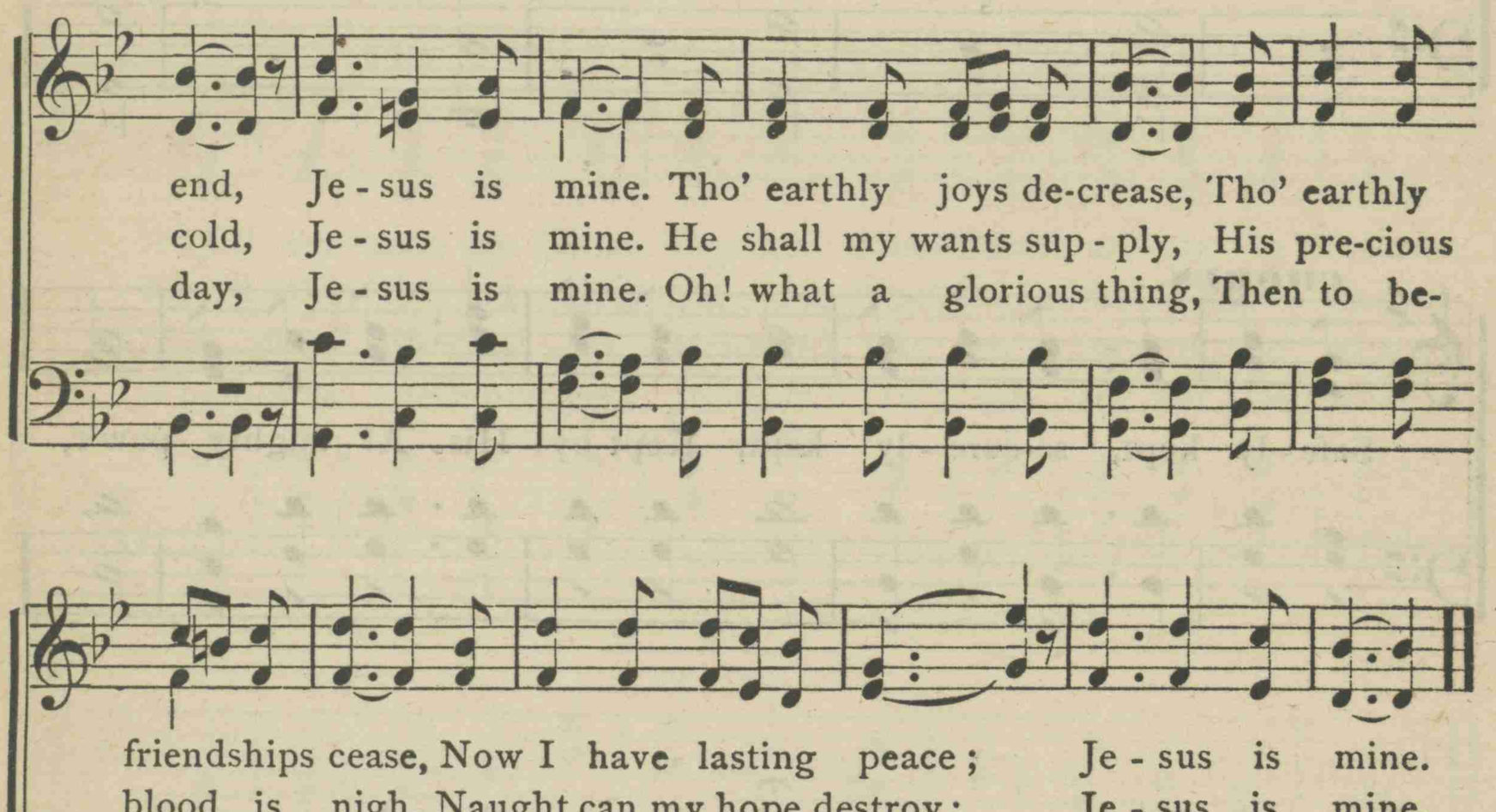
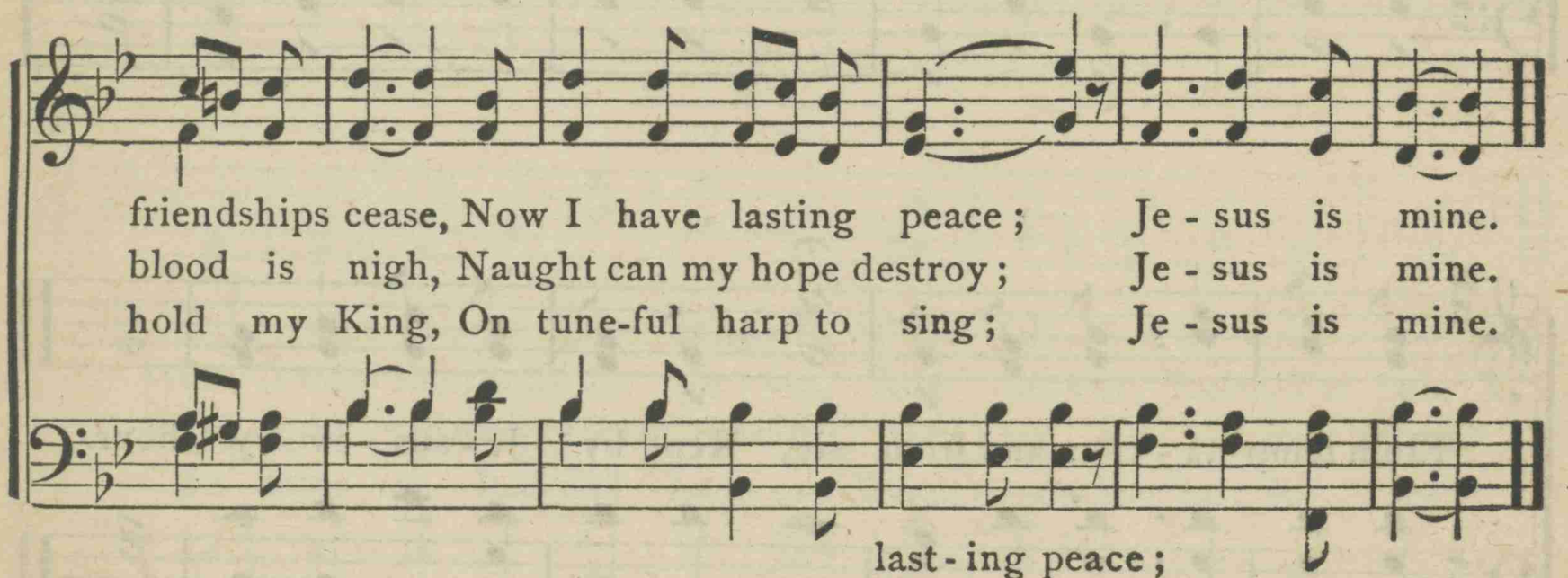

No. 16. JESUS IS MINE.

HENRY J. M. HOPE. W. H. PONTIUS.







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No. 17. SAFE.

REV. E. A. H. REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

DUET.

1. Safe I shall be kept, I know, Safe from ev - 'ry fear and foe;
2. Tho' I'm tempt - ed hour by hour By an un - seen e - vil pow'r,
3. Why should I have dread a - larm? Sa - tan can - not do me harm
4. I will walk at Je - sus' side, Ev - er in His love a - bide,

For no e - vil can be - tide, While the Christ is at my side.
Yet my feet go not a - stray, Je - sus keeps me all the way.
While se - cure in Christ I stand, Held in His Al-might-y hand.
And to all e - ter - ni - ty Faith-ful to my Mas-ter be.

CHORUS.

Safe - ly kept, se-cure - ly kept, Kept by His Al - mighty pow'r,
From temp - ta - tion and from sin, Kept by Je - sus ev -'ry hour.

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No. 18. WHO'LL TAKE THE RANKS FOR JESUS?

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. Who'll take the ranks for Je - sus? Christ calls for vol - un - teers;
2. Who'll take the ranks for Je - sus, To share in his re - nown,
3. Who'll take the ranks for Je - sus, All e - vil to ab - hor,
4. Who'll take the ranks for Je - sus? What ea - ger, knightly soul,

He first will win a wel - come Who first the mes - sage hears.
To join the countless num - ber That win the palm and crown?
To stand for Him the vig - ils, And meet the brunt of war,
To shine as stars are shin - ing A - round the dis - tant pole?

Who'll an - swer the Great Cap-tain, That holds us all in view:
Who'll take the sol - dier's haz - ard, Who'll take the soldier's cheer;
The cross, the cross his watchword, His eye up - on the crown;
Who'll take the ranks for Je - sus, To see the bat - tle through?

"I ral - ly to thy standard, What wilt thou have me do"?
Who'll take the ranks for Je - sus, And answer, "Lord, I'm here"?
To fight as fought the Cap-tain, Nor lay his ar - mor down?
To wear ce - les - tial hon - ors, When comes the last Re - view?

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No. 19. THE OPEN DOOR.

C. L. S. D. B. TOWNER. By per.

1. Far from my Father's house I strayed, Bear-ing my load of sin;
2. Light on my darkened pathway broke, Light from the fount divine;
3. Wearied and faint, He gave me rest, All of my bur-dens bore;
4. Sin-ner, for thee He in-ter-cedes, Low at his footstool fall;

Je-sus my wand'ring footsteps stayed, Seeking the lost to win.
Hope that slumber-ed long, a-woke: Won-der and joy were mine.
And to the home where all are blest, Guid-ed my steps once more.
Now from the mer-cy-seat He pleads, "Come! there is room for all."

CHORUS.

Sweet were the words to me,
Sweet were the words He spoke to me, "I will the lost re-store;
Come! there is hope for thee,
Come! there is hope and joy for thee, I am the o-pen door."

No. 20. THE SAVIOR'S GREAT LOVE.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. I have often been told of the Savior's great love, How He came in com-
2. I have heard how He came to the lost and depraved, And how kindly He
3. I have wounded His love and refused His sweet grace, But I bow at His

pas-sion from heav-en a - bove; But I nev - er conceived that so
spake and how free - ly He saved; But I never once thought that this
feet in con - fu - sion of face, And ac-cept the sal - va-tion He

REFRAIN.

rich and so free Was that wonder - ful love to me.
mer - cy so free Was in - tend - ed to res - cue me. Not half has
of - fers so free Thro' His wonder-ful love to me.

ev-er been told . . . Of the love so rich and so free; . . .
has ever been told

free, yes, so free;

Of the wonderful love of the Sa - vior, His wonderful love to me.

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No. 21. WHY PASS A POOR SINNER LIKE ME?

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. O Sa - vior, thou friend of the fall - en! Why pass a poor sin - ner like me? My sins and transgressions are ma - ny, But
2. My faith is so weak and so fee - ble! My heart—how it trembles with fear! My feet—how they fal - ter and stum-ble! O
3. Then pass me not, Savior, un - heed - ed; Turn not a deaf ear to my cry; I thirst for thy grace and sal - va - tion; With-
4. O Je - sus, thou friend of poor sin - ners! Why pass a lost sin - ner like me? My crimes, they are great and so ma - ny, But

CHORUS.

is there not mer-cy with thee? Sa - vior, Sa - vior, O
Je - sus! in mer-cy draw near. Sa - vior, Sa - vior, In
out thee I per - ish and die. Sa - vior, Sa - vior, In
greater thy mer-cy to me. Sa - vior, Sa - vior, Be-

is there not mer - cy with thee? . . . Sa - vior,
love and com - pas - sion draw near. . . . Sa - vior,
ten - der com - pas - sion draw nigh. . . . Sa - vior,
stow this great mer - cy on me . . . . Sa - vior,

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WHY PASS A POOR SINNER? Concluded.

Sa - vior, O is there not mer - cy with thee?
Sa - vior, In love and com - pas - sion draw near.
Sa - vior, In ten - der com - pas - sion draw nigh.
Sa - vior, Be - stow this great mer - cy on me.

No. 22. THE PRECIOUS LOVE OF JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. O sing the pow'r of love divine, The precious love of Je - sus, That
2. 'Tis love that conquers ev-'ry fear, The precious love of Je - sus, And
3. 'Tis love that fills the joyful heart, And draws it up to Je - sus, Where
4. When faith and hope have ceased to shine, And we are safe with Je - sus, We'll

bids the light in darkness shine And wins the lost to Je - sus.
now by faith has brought us near The bleed-ing side of Je - sus.
nei - ther life nor death can part The sa - cred bonds from Je - sus.
praise the pow'r of love di-vine That brought us home to Je - sus.

CHORUS.

O precious, pure, unchanging love, The boundless love of Je - sus! It

binds our hearts in un - ion sweet, And makes us one in Je - sus.

No. 23. THAT'S THE NEWS.

W. H. PONTIUS.

1. God hath pardoned all my sin, That's the news! . . That's the
2. Now if a - ny one should say: What's the news? . . What's the

news! . . . I feel the wit - ness deep with - in, That's the
news? . . . O, tell him you've be - gun to pray, That's the

news! . . . That's the news! And since He took my sins a - way,
news! . . . That's the news! That you have joined the conqu'ring band,

And taught me how to watch and pray, I'm hap - py now from
And now with joy at God's com-mand, You're marching to the

day to day. That's the news! . . . . That's the news!
bet - ter land. That's the news! . . . . That's the news!

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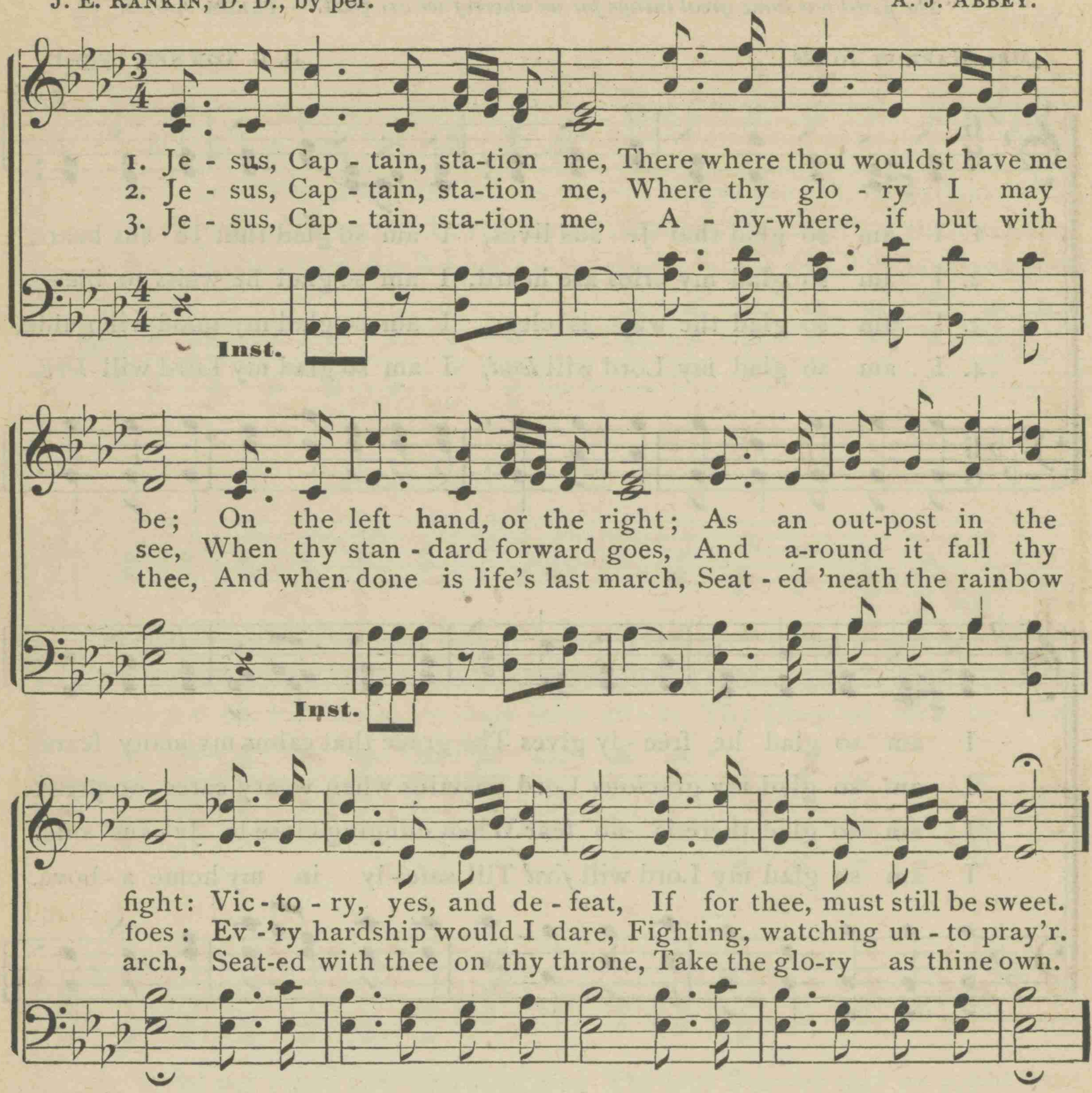
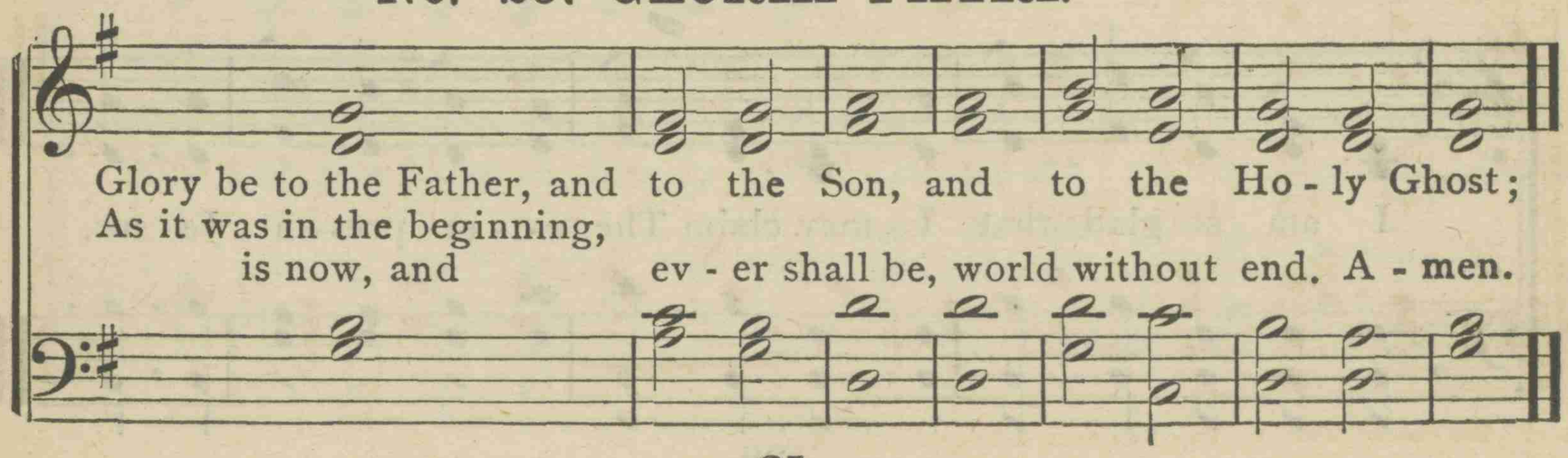
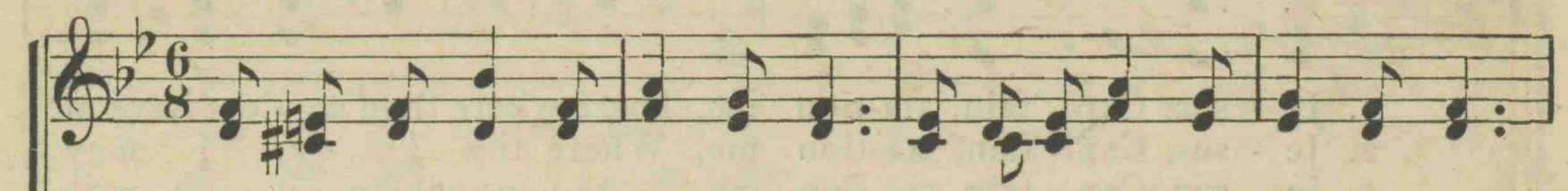
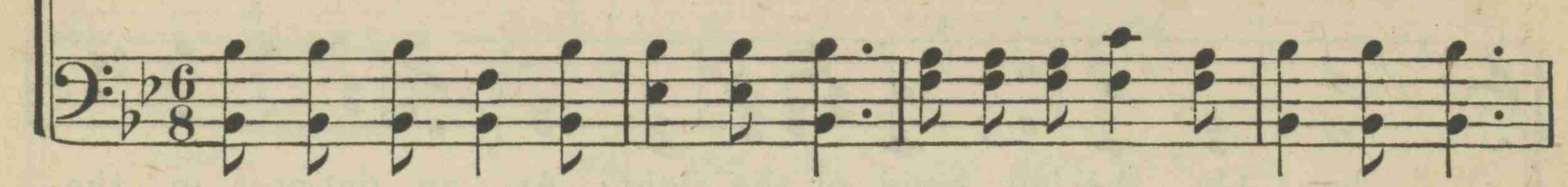
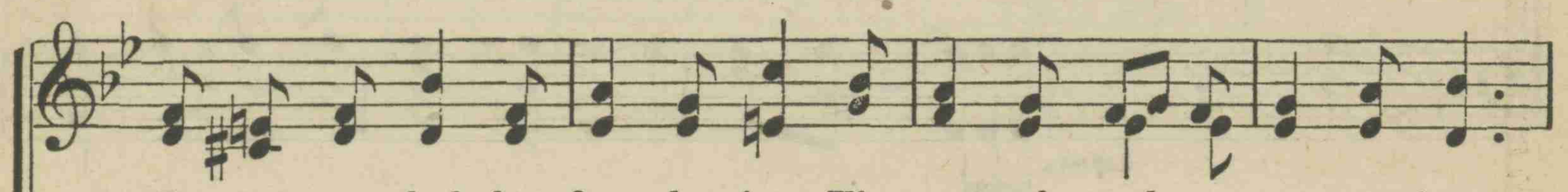
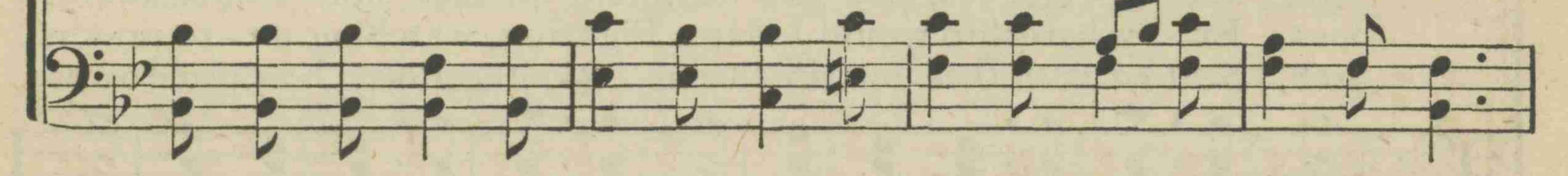
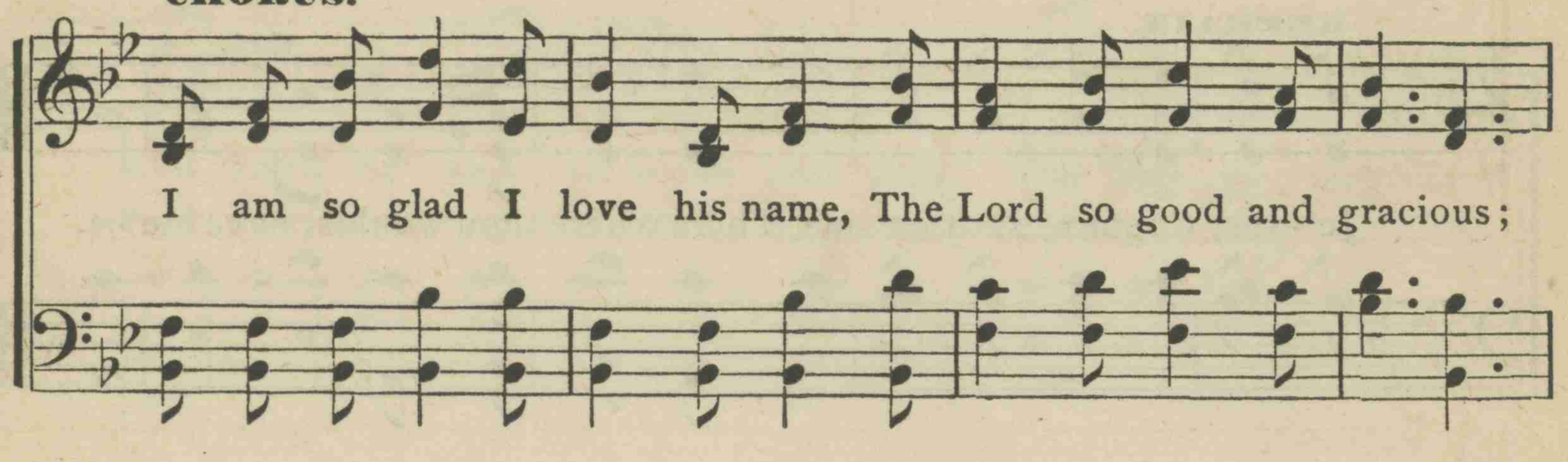
No. 24. JESUS, CAPTAIN, STATION ME.

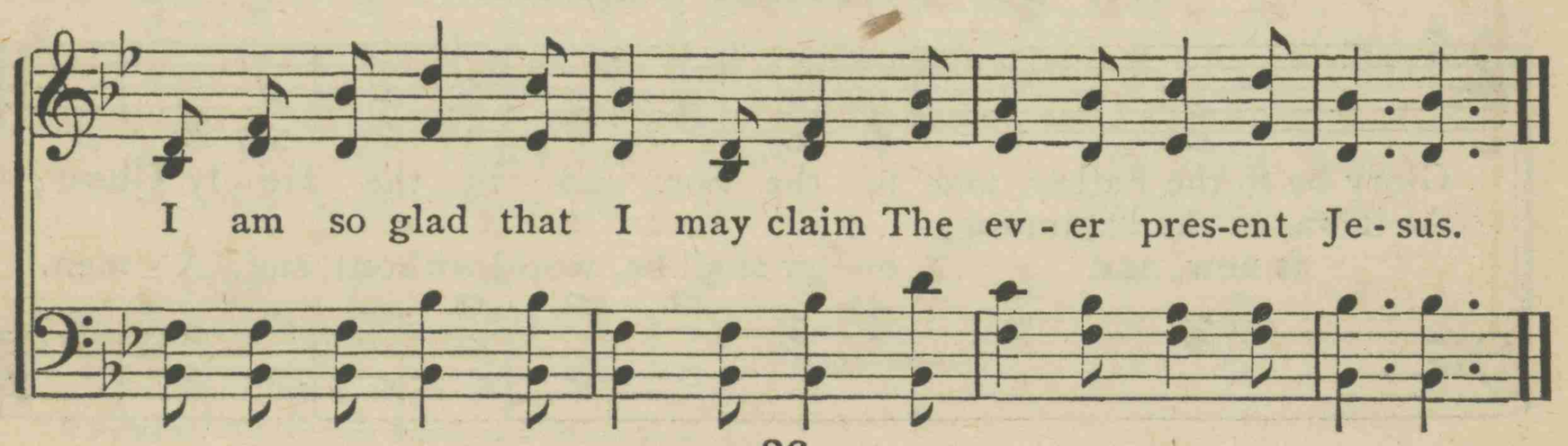
J. E. RANKIN, D. D., by per. A. J. ABBEY.

No. 25. GLORIA PATRI.



No. 26. I AM SO GLAD.

"The Lord has done great things for us whereof we are glad."—PSALM 9, 6: 3.

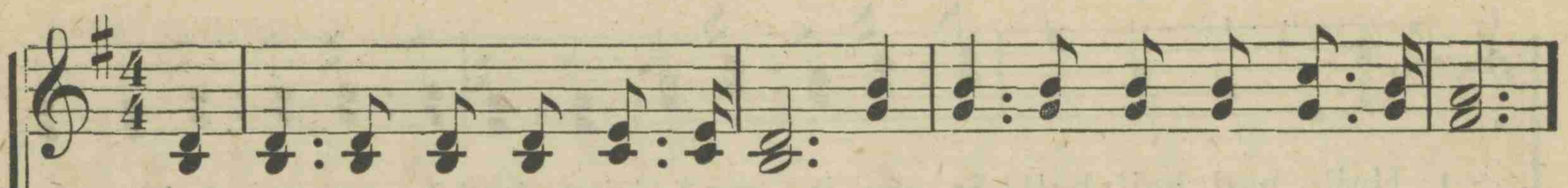
MRS. HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER, by per.

1. I am so glad that Je - sus lives, I am so glad that Je - sus hears,
2. I am so glad my cries are heard, I am so glad he waits to bless,
3. I am so glad the way is clear, I am so glad my good will guide,
4. I am so glad my Lord will *lead*, I am so glad my Lord will *love*,

I am so glad he free - ly gives The grace that calms my many fears.
I am so glad my gracious Lord Sustains when weary cares op-press.
I am so glad there is no fear When clinging close to Je - sus' side.
I am so glad my Lord will *feed* Till safe - ly in my home a - bove.

CHORUS.

I am so glad I love his name, The Lord so good and gracious;

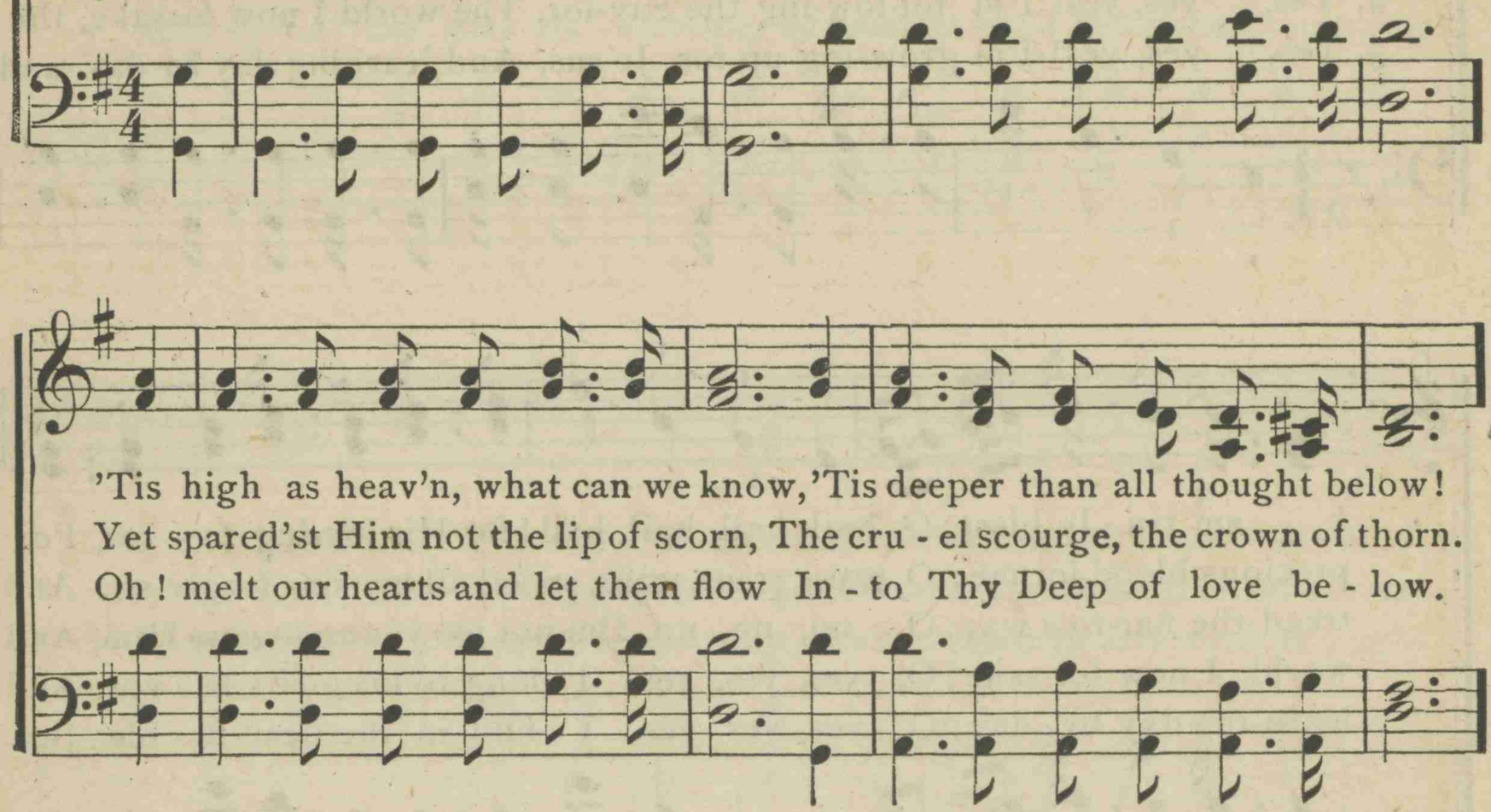


I am so glad that I may claim The ev - er pres-ent Je - sus.

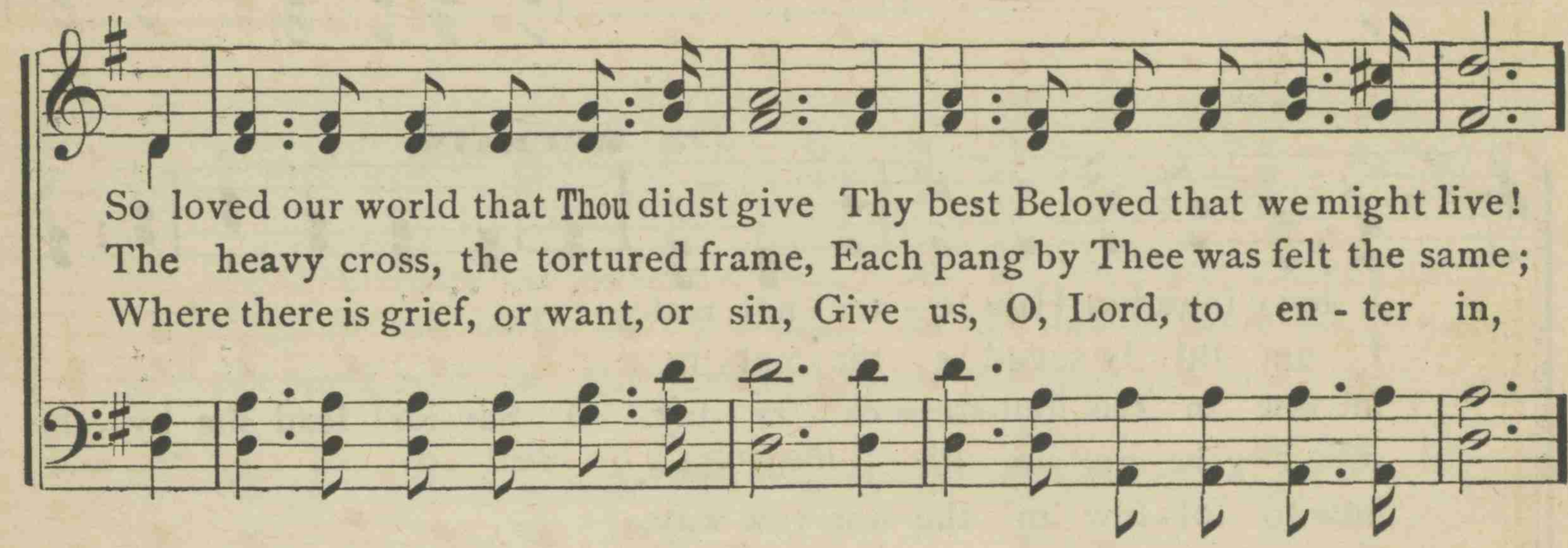
No. 27. GOD SO LOVED!

"*God so loved.*"—JOHN 3: 16.

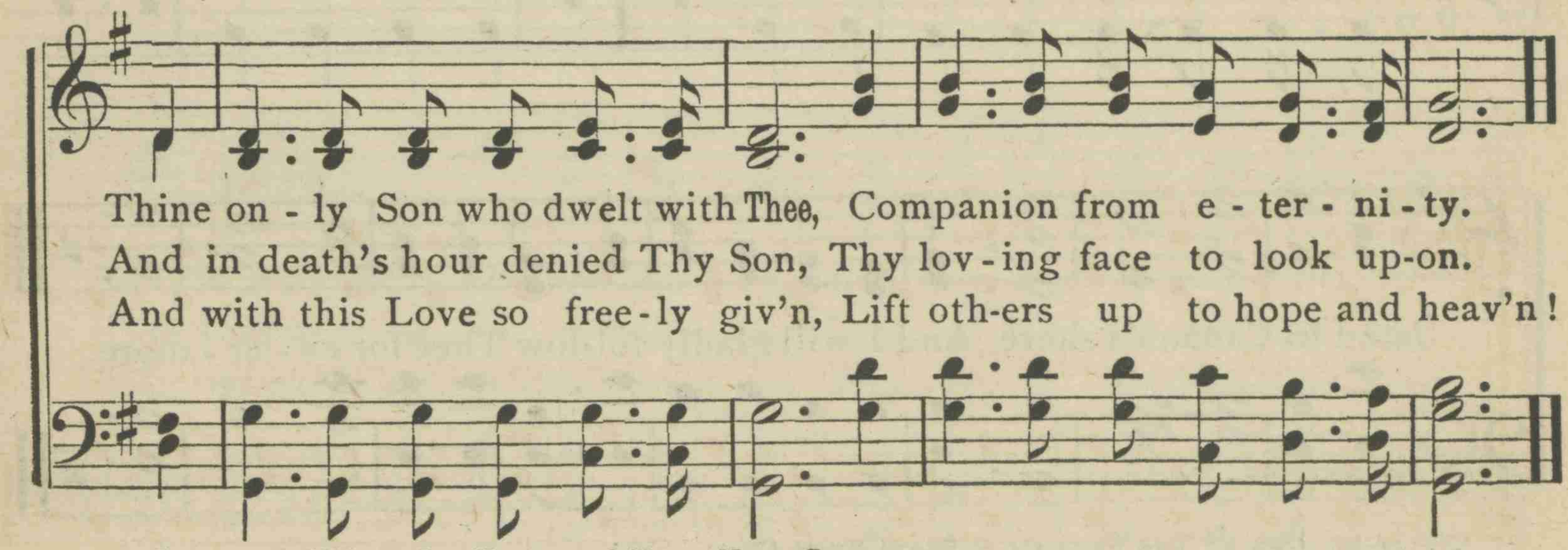
MRS. L. J. TRACY. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. Such Love Thou hast, Oh God, for us, Not tongue can tell, 'tis fath-om-less!
2. Thy Father Heart, Oh, Love Divine! First felt the smart for such as mine,
3. Our Father! God! Such Love for us! And can we still Thy law transgress?



'Tis high as heav'n, what can we know, 'Tis deeper than all thought below!
Yet spared'st Him not the lip of scorn, The cru - el scourge, the crown of thorn.
Oh! melt our hearts and let them flow In - to Thy Deep of love be - low.



So loved our world that Thou didst give Thy best Beloved that we might live!
The heavy cross, the tortured frame, Each pang by Thee was felt the same;
Where there is grief, or want, or sin, Give us, O, Lord, to en - ter in,



Thine on - ly Son who dwelt with Thee, Companion from e - ter - ni - ty.
And in death's hour denied Thy Son, Thy lov - ing face to look up-on.
And with this Love so free - ly giv'n, Lift oth-ers up to hope and heav'n!

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No. 28. HAIL! JESUS IS MY SAVIOR.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Hail, hail, hail, hail! Je-sus is my Sav-ior, And I am tru-ly blest, and
2. Praise, praise, praise, praise! Praise the Lord of heaven, Who shed His blood for me, His
3. No, no, no! I'm not too young to love Him, And tread the narrow way, and
4. Yes, yes, yes! I'm fol-low-ing the Sav-ior, The world I now forsake, the
5. Yes, yes, yes! I'm grow-ing up for Je-sus, And learning day by day, and

I am tru-ly blest; O, hail, hail, hail, hail! for His lov-ing fa-vor, For
precious blood for me; O, praise, praise, praise, praise! all my sins forgiv-en, And
tread the nar-row way; O, no, no, no, I'm not too young to serve Him, And
world I now for-sake; O, yes, yes, yes, I long to keep His fa-vor, And
learn-ing day by day; O, yes, yes, yes, I find in the dear Bi-ble, Just

REFRAIN.

I have found in Him e-ter-nal rest.
I am ful-ly saved e-ter-nal-ly.
fol-low in His foot-steps ev-'ry day. O Sav-ior! lead me by the
so I give up sin for Je-sus' sake.
how to fol-low in the nar-row way.

hand to Canaan's shore, And I will gladly fol-low Thee for ev-er-more.

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No. 29. SAVIOR, SPRINKLE MANY NATIONS.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Savior! sprinkle ma - ny na-tions, Fruit-ful let thy sor-rows be;
2. Far and wide, tho' all unknow-ing, Pants for thee each mor-tal breast;
3. Savior, lo! the isles are wait-ing, Stretched the hand and strained the sight,

By thy pains and con - so - la - tions, Draw the Gentiles un - to thee:
Human tears for thee are flow - ing, Human hearts in thee would rest,
For thy Spir - it, new cre - a - ting, Love's pure flame and wisdom's light:

Of thy cross the wond'rous sto - ry, Be it to the nations told;
Thirsting, as for dews of e - ven, As the new-mown grass for rain;
Give the word, and of the preacher Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,

Let them see thee in thy glo - ry, And thy mer - cy man - i - fold.
Thee they seek, as God of heav - en, Thee, as Man for sin-ners slain.
Till on earth, by ev - 'ry creat-ure, Glo - ry to the Lamb be sung.

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No. 30. SOUL, BE READY—WATCH AND PRAY.

W. H. PONTIUS.

1. Soul of mine, thou canst not know When the Son of Man draws near;
2. "Be ye read - y," He has said; "I am com - ing soon or late:"
3. There is dan - ger in de - lay; He may come and call for thee,
4. Soul, a - rise this hour and set All thy house in or - der! lest,

If thou art in read - i - ness, There is naught for thee to fear.
Soul, a - rise! prepare for Him; When He comes, He will not wait.
Find thee not in read - i - ness, Then how great thy grief will be.
At a time thou thinkest not, He shall make Himself thy guest.

REFRAIN.

He is com - ing, coming soon, At the close or dawn of day,
He is coming, coming soon, At the close or dawn of day,
At the mid - night or the noon, Soul, be read - y—watch and pray!
At the midnight or the noon, Soul, be ready—watch and pray!

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No. 31. THE HEALING TOUCH.

"When she heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched his garment."—
Mark 5: 27.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. An ea - ger, rest-less crowd drew near, And round the Savior pressed;
2. The mul - ti - tude, with cu - rious eyes, Just gazed up-on His face;
3. Oh, near to Christ the man - y came In that most favored hour!
4. Of all who throng His courts to-day, Who shall receive His word?

But *one*, with warm and lov - ing faith, His healing power con-fessed.
But she glanced up with hope and love, To feel His sav - ing grace.
But one stretched out the hand of faith, And touched His healing power.
Who shall reach forth with faith sincere, To touch the heal-ing Lord?

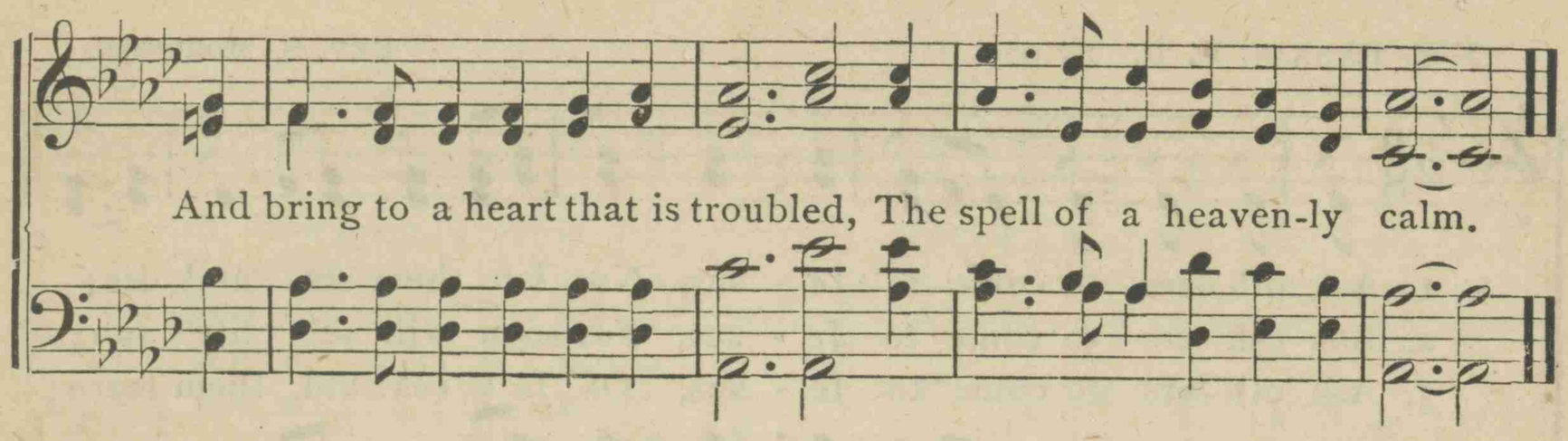
CHORUS.

She had touched the hem of His garment, Trusting with all her soul;

Last v. Come and touch the hem of His garment, Trusting with all your soul;

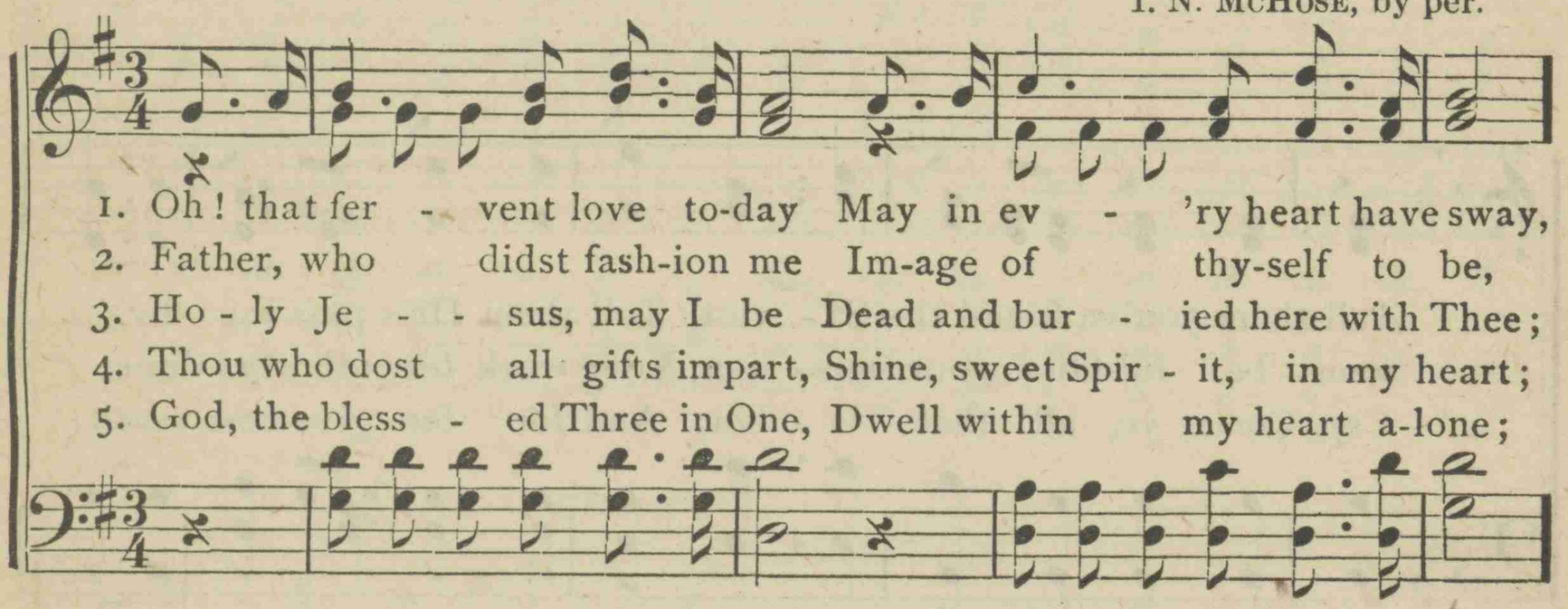
For ev - 'ry touch of the lov - ing Jesus, Can make the wounded whole.

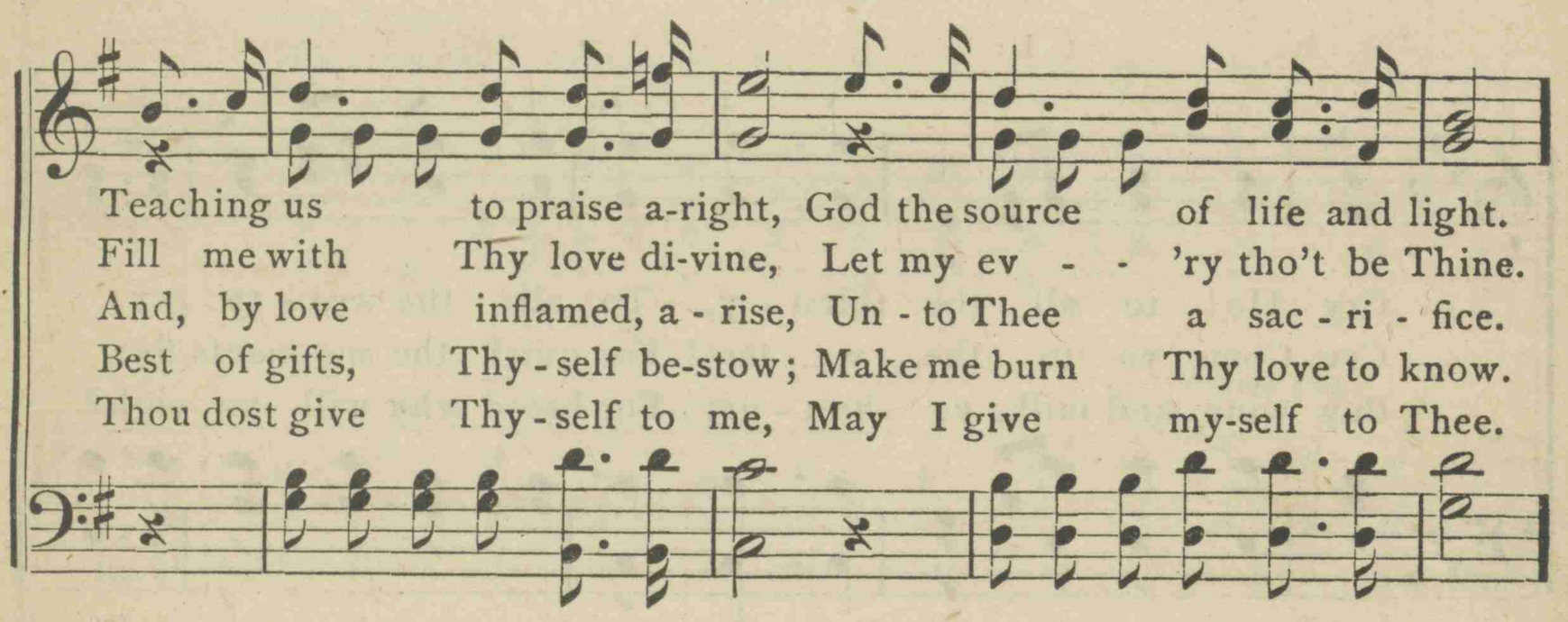
SING ME A SONG OF THE MASTER. Concluded.

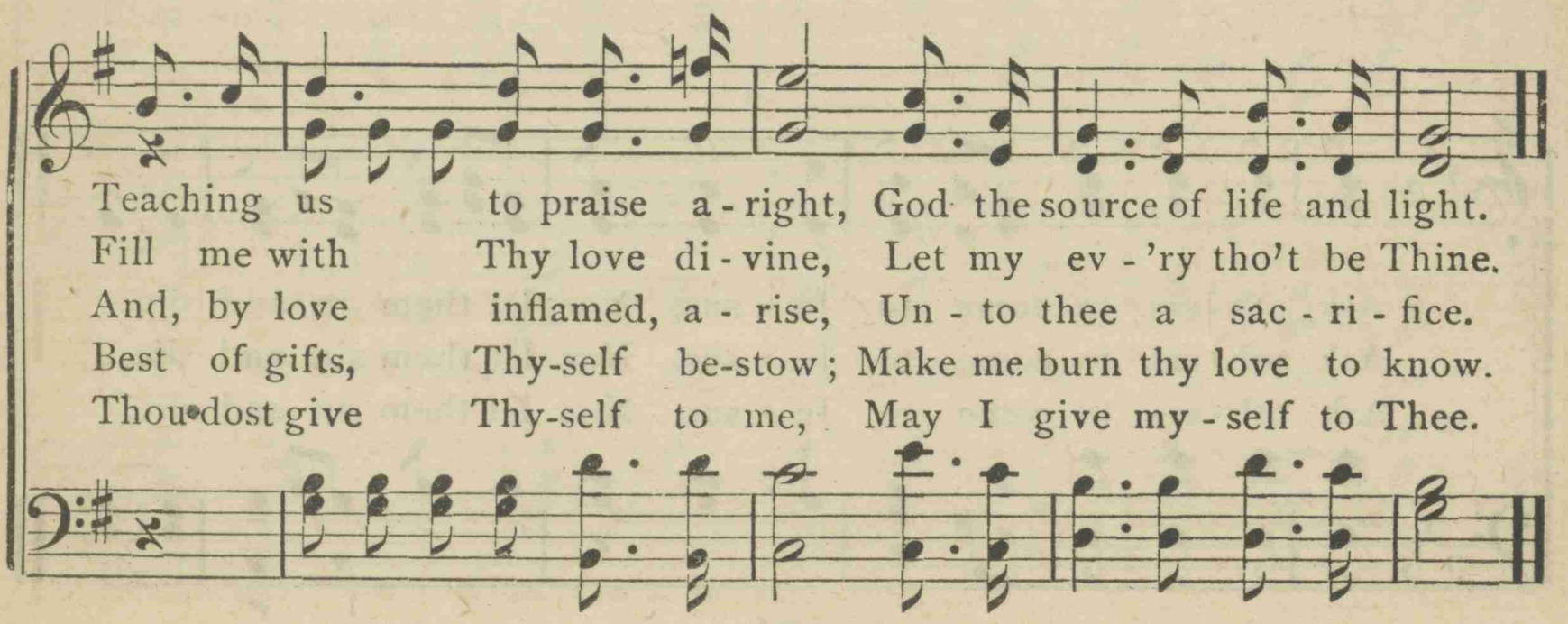


No. 33. THY FERVENT LOVE.

I. N. McHose, by per.







No. 34. ASK OTHERS TO COME TO JESUS.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. By per. REV. S. MORRISON.

1. Ask oth - ers to come to Je - sus, Nor let them sin and die;
2. Ask oth - ers to come to Je - sus, For soon will set life's sun:
3. Ask oth - ers to come to Je - sus, Of Je - sus bid them learn:

Tell them you've found the Sa - vior, Tell them He's pass-ing by.
Soon be ful-filled your mis - sion, Your work for oth - ers done:
Cry, Come ye, all that la - bor, And for for - give-ness yearn:

Cry Ho! to all the thirst - y, To all the wea - ry cry:
Cry, Come ye to the wa - ters! For quick the mo-ments fly:
Buy wine and milk, ye hun - gry; For bread why will ye sigh?

Ask oth - ers to come to Je - sus, Nor let them sin and die.
Ask oth - ers to come to Je - sus, Nor let them sin and die.
Ask oth - ers to come to Je - sus, Nor let them sin and die.

No. 35. THE WONDROUS STORY.

E. P. ANDREWS.

1. Oh, how won-drous is the sto - ry, How the matchless Son of God
2. Oh, what love is here a - bid - ing! How it hu-man love tran-scends!
3. Who will slight His ten-der pleading? Who re - sist such melt - ing love?

Left His home of heav'nly glo - ry, And for us now in - ter-cedes His
Je - sus died to save His peo - ple, And to rec - on - cile and make us
Come, ac-cept His free sal - va - tion, That we all may rest at last with

CHORUS.

pre - cious blood.
all His friends. Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, glo - ry To the
Him a - bove.

Poco rit.

Lamb once slain up - on the tree; And now He pleads be-fore His

Ad lib.

Fa - ther's throne, To in - ter - cede for you and me.

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No. 36. O, REFUGE SAFE.

E. E. REXFORD. F. R. WEBB.

1. When tri - als come, as come they will, To ev - 'ry pilgrim here,—
2. This ref - uge is for all mankind; No one is turned a - way;
3. O, ref - uge sweet! to thee I come, I dare not pass thee by;

When storms a-rise, and skies grow dark, And dan - ger draw-eth near,
The poor - est soul of all may find A wel-come there to - day:
I lean up - on my Sa - vior's love, And in His arms I lie,

There is a ref - uge close at hand, For - ev - er wait - ing there;
"Come in," the lov - ing Sa - vior cries, And shows the o - pen door;
And com - ing rest and peace I find, And par - don for my sin,

The ref - uge of a Sa - vior's love That ev - 'ry soul may share.
"Come one, come all, and dwell with me In safe - ty ev - er-more."
And I am safe for ev - er - more Since Je - sus takes me in.

CHORUS.

O ref - uge safe—to thee I come When wild the tem-pest grows,

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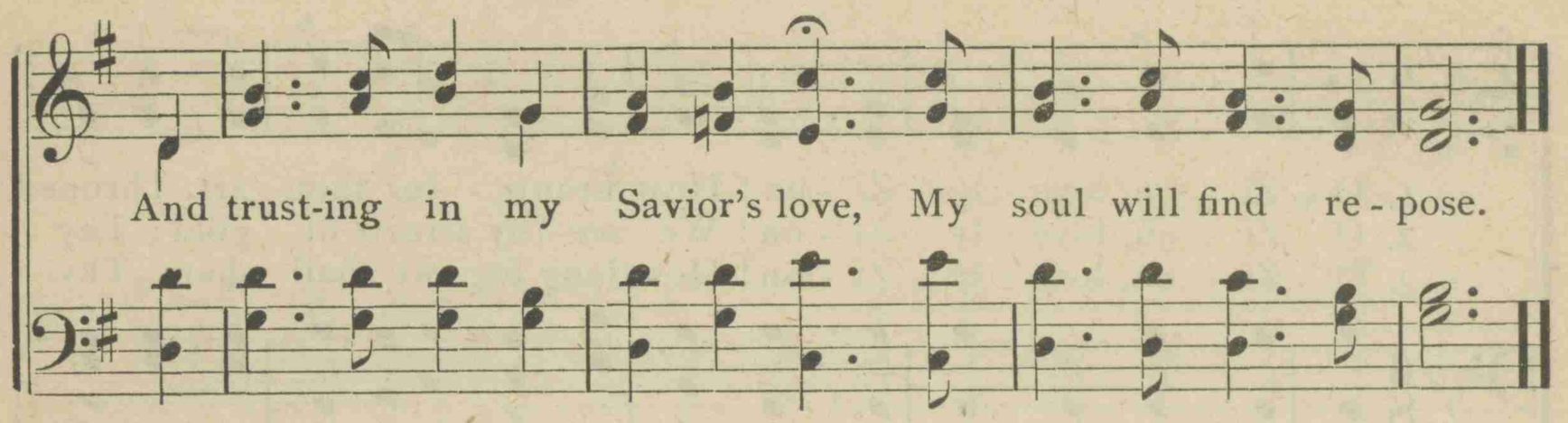
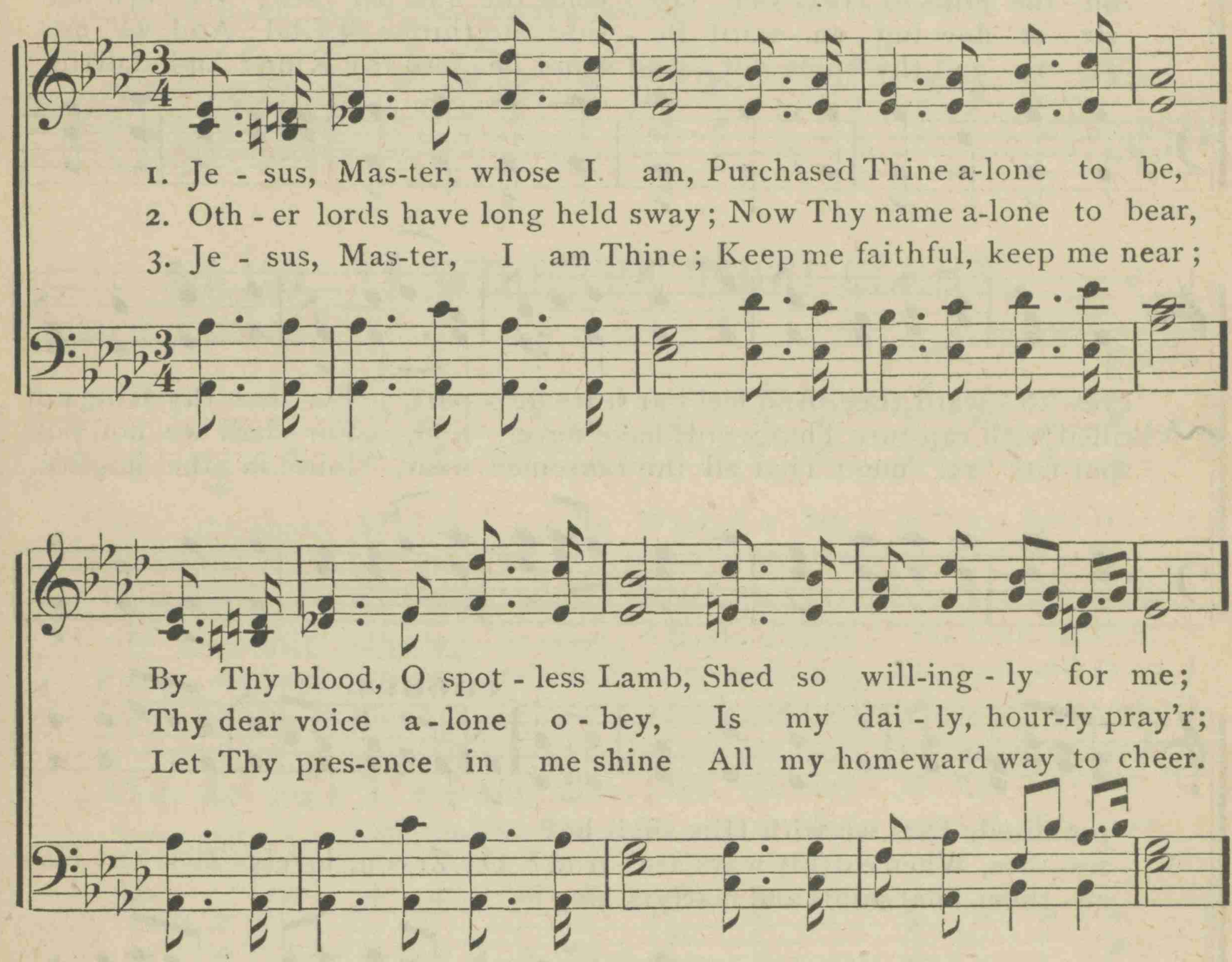
O, REFUGE SAFE. Concluded.

No. 37. THINE.

F. R. HAVERGAL. W. H. PONTIUS.



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No. 38. LOVELY ZION.

R

W. H. P. Arr.

1. O Zi - on, love - ly Zi - on! How beauti - ful thou art, Throned on the Hills of Heav - en Be - yond the Jas-per sea; We turn our
2. O Zi - on, love - ly Zi - on! We see thy streets of gold; Thy riv - er flow-ing on - ward Be - side the throne of God; And we are
3. O Zi - on, love - ly Zi - on! How long ere we shall share Thy glo - ry and thy splen-dor, And stand be - fore thy King? And clad in

eyes to - ward thee, And feel our fears de - part, For has thy King not
thrilled with rap-ture That words have never told, For shall we not pos-
spot-less rai - ment That all the ransomed wear, Join in the mighty

CHORUS.

promised, That we with Him shall be?
sess thee, When earthly ways are trod? O Zi - on, lovely Zi - on! How
an - them That saints and martyrs sing?

beau-ti - ful, how grand, Thou art in all thy glo - ry Up-
grand, how grand,

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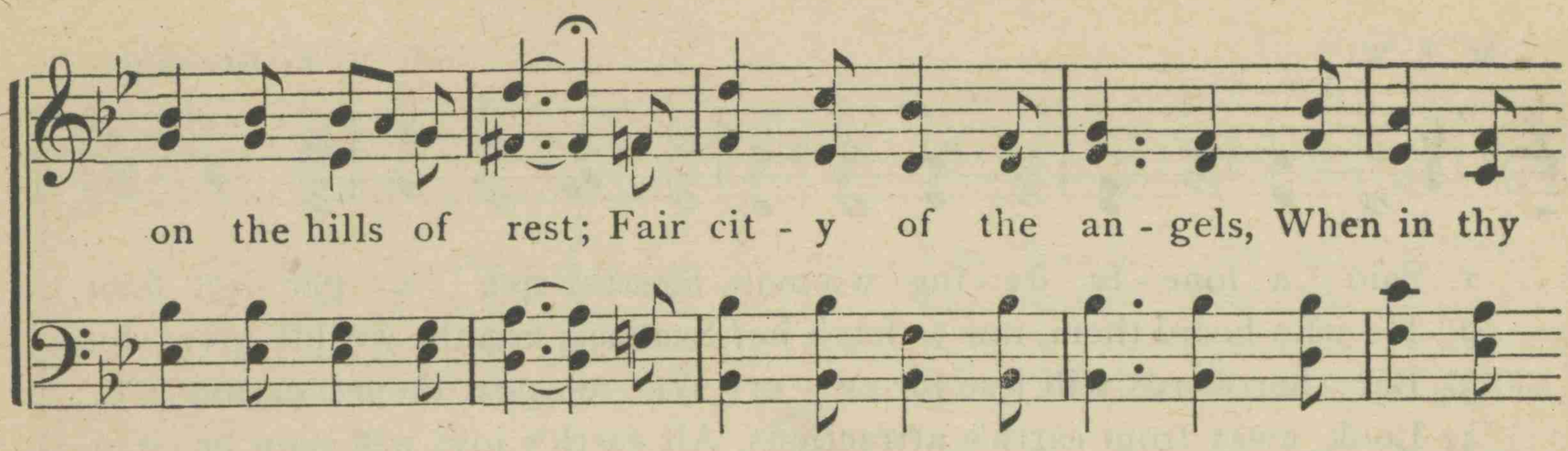
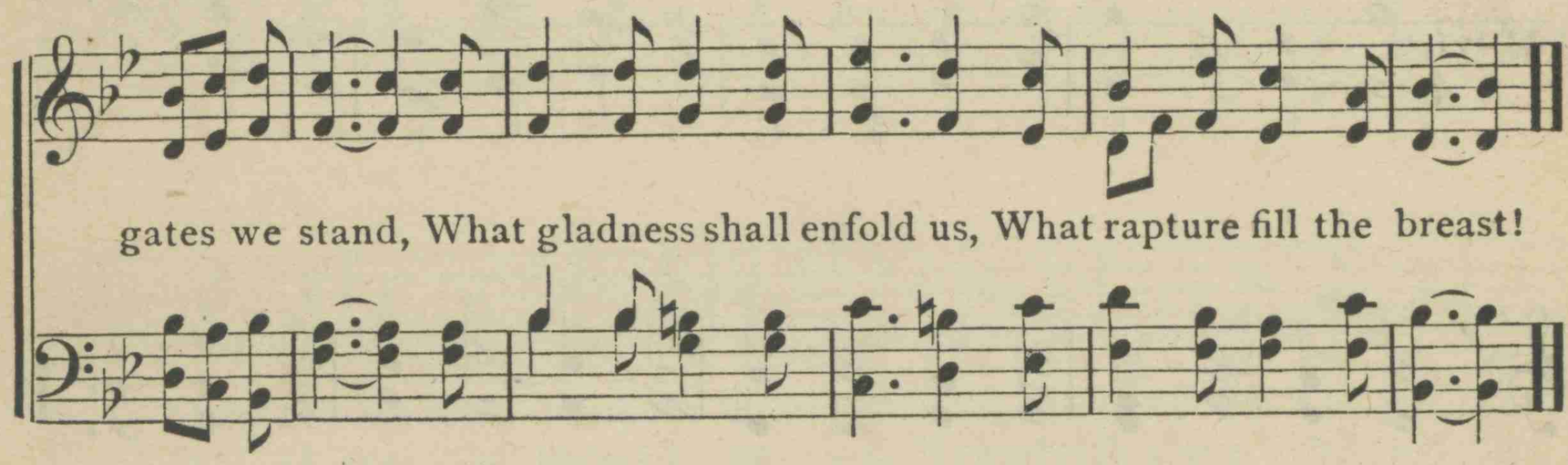
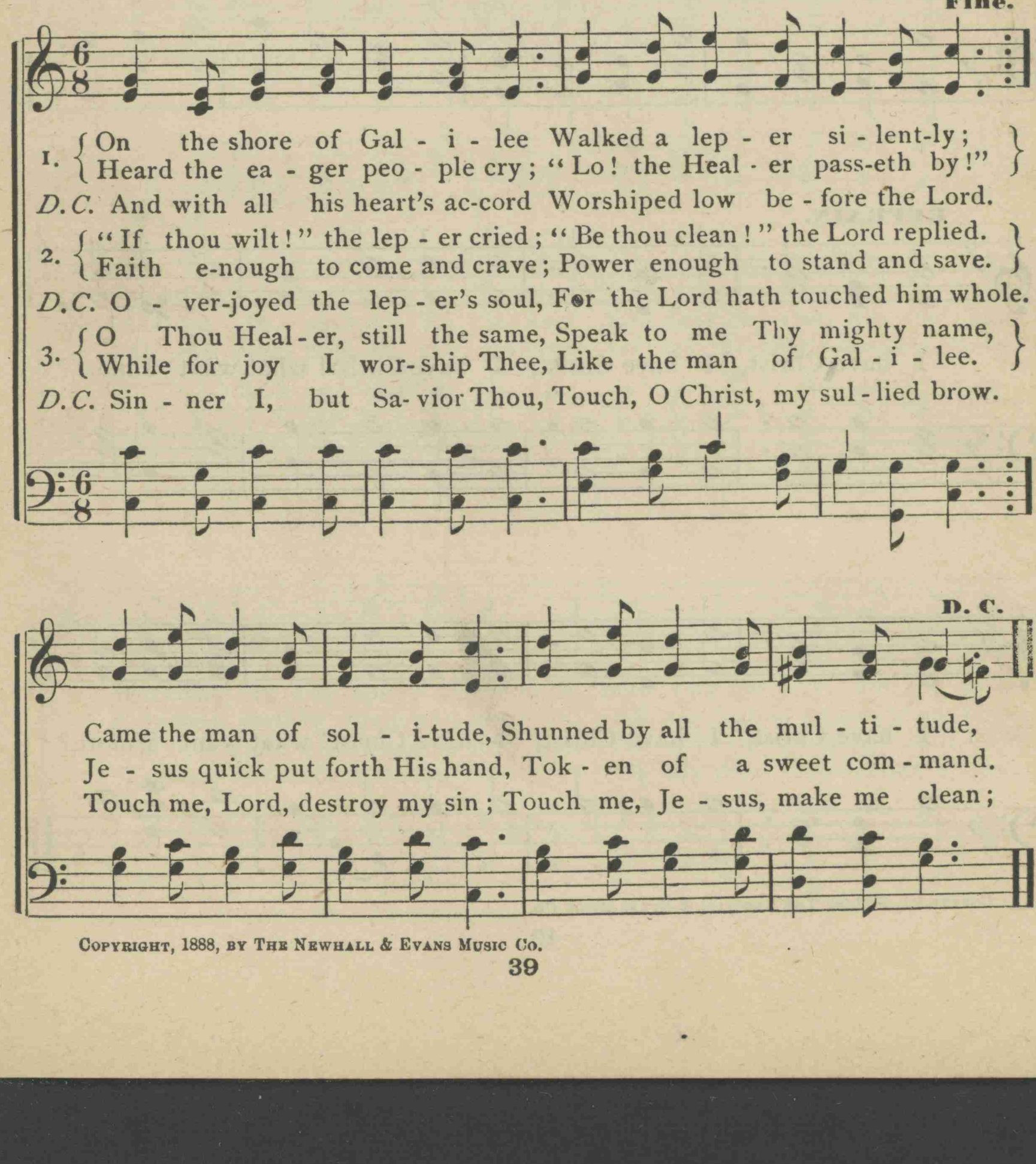
LOVELY ZION. Concluded.





No. 39. "I WILL; BE THOU CLEAN."

REV. F. G. MORRIS. E. A. HOFFMAN.



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No. 40. I HAVE CHRIST! WHAT WANT I MORE?

M. J. W. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Said a lone-ly dy-ing wo-man, Stretched upon a gar-ret floor,
2. He who heard them, ran to fetch her Something from the world's great store;
3. But her words will live for-ev-er; We re-peat them o'er and o'er;
4. Look away from earth's attractions, All earth's joys will soon be o'er,

Hav-ing not one earthly comfort,—"I have Christ! what want I more?"
It was needless—died she, say-ing, "I have Christ! what want I more?"
God de-lights to hear us say-ing, "I have Christ! what want I more?"
Rest not till each heart exclaimeth, "I have Christ! what want I more?"

REFRAIN.

I have Christ, I have Christ, I have Christ! what want I more?

I have Christ, I have Christ, I have Christ! what want I more?

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No. 41. ALL FOR JESUS.

MRS. S. J. STODDARD. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. All for Je - sus! All for Je - sus! Yes, dear Sa - vior, all for Thee!
2. All for Je - sus! All for Je - sus! Yes, dear Sa - vior, all for Thee!
3. All for Je - sus! All for Je - sus! All I think, or do, or know—
4. Then, beyond the swelling riv - er, Safe with - in the pearl - y gates,

From this mo-ment bind me clos - er To the cross of Cal - va - ry.
Seal, O seal the bless-ed un - ion, Henceforth and e - ter - nal - ly!
All my pow - ers, all the fleet hours, While I tread this vale be - low.
Crown and mansion Thou wilt give me, Each one now for me a - waits!

May I ev - er do Thy bid-ding—Ev - er look to Thee a - lone,
O what wondrous ex - al - ta - tion, Thine so pre-cious - ly to be!
All for Je - sus! All for Je - sus! Yes, dear Sa - vior, all for Thee!
O the rapt - ure! O the glo - ry! Of my Fa-ther's house a - bove!

Watching for Thy Spir-it's guid-ance, Seek Thy glo - ry, not my own.
Farewell, earthly fame and hon - or! All my hon-or comes from Thee.
O how blest with Thee be-side me, All my pil - grim-age shall be!
Let me ev - er tell the sto - ry Of my dear Re-deemer's love.

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No. 42. FOR EVERMORE WITH JESUS.

EBEN E. REXFORD. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. Watched by the eye that nev-er sleeps, Fed by the hand that will provide,
2. No sor-row comes He does not share, No grief He will not light-er make;
3. O, Friend above all oth-er friends, O, love that is sur-pass-ing sweet,
4. O, Hand that leads us from the vale Of sorrows to the heights a-bove,

O, what should trouble him who keeps For - ev - er close to Je - sus' side?
Be this the bur-den of our pray'r, For - ev - er this, for Je - sus' sake!
Be this our lot when earth-life ends, To sit and learn at Je - sus' feet!
We know Thy promise will not fail, And rest se-cure in Je - sus' love.

CHORUS.

To Je - sus' side, . . to Je - sus' side, For
For Je - sus' sake, . . for Je - sus' sake, For
At Je - sus' feet, . . at Je - sus' feet, For
In Je - sus' love, . . in Je - sus' love, For

ev - er close to Je - sus' side, . . To Je - sus' side, . . . to
ev - er-more for Je - sus' sake, . . For Je - sus' sake, . . . for
ev - er-more at Je - sus' feet, . . At Je - sus' feet, . . . at
ev - er-more in Je - sus' love, . . In Je - sus' love, . . . in

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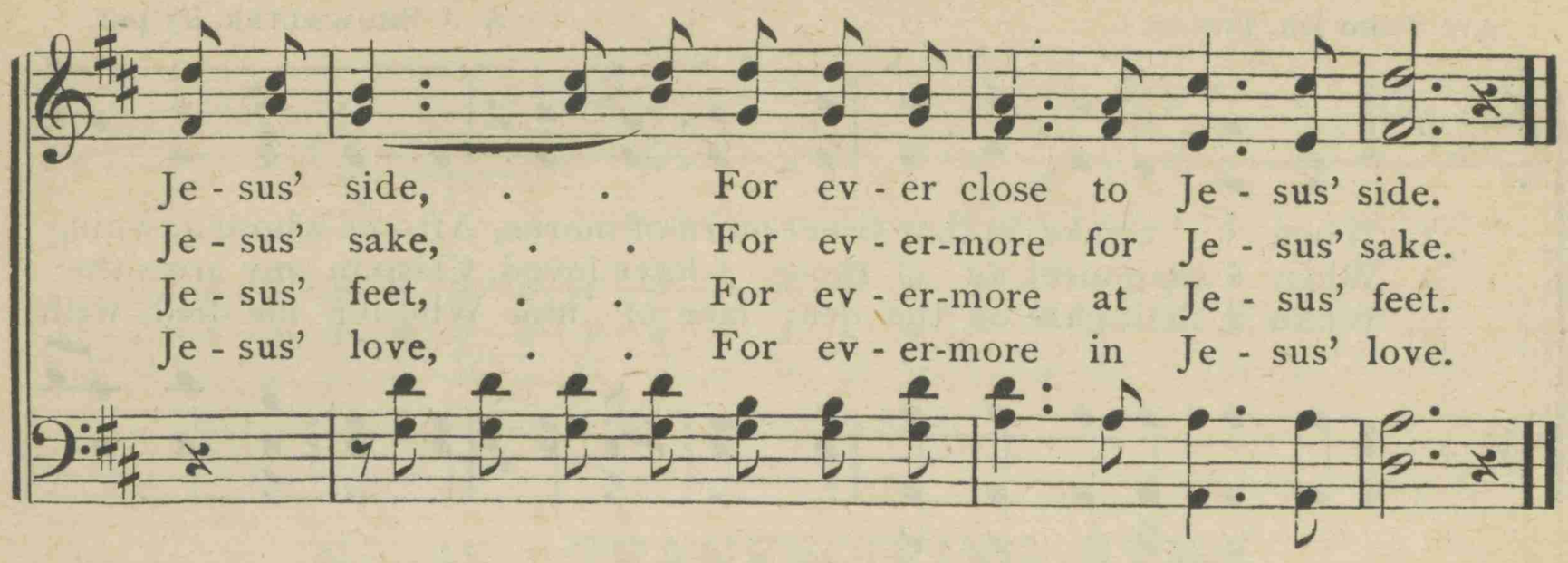
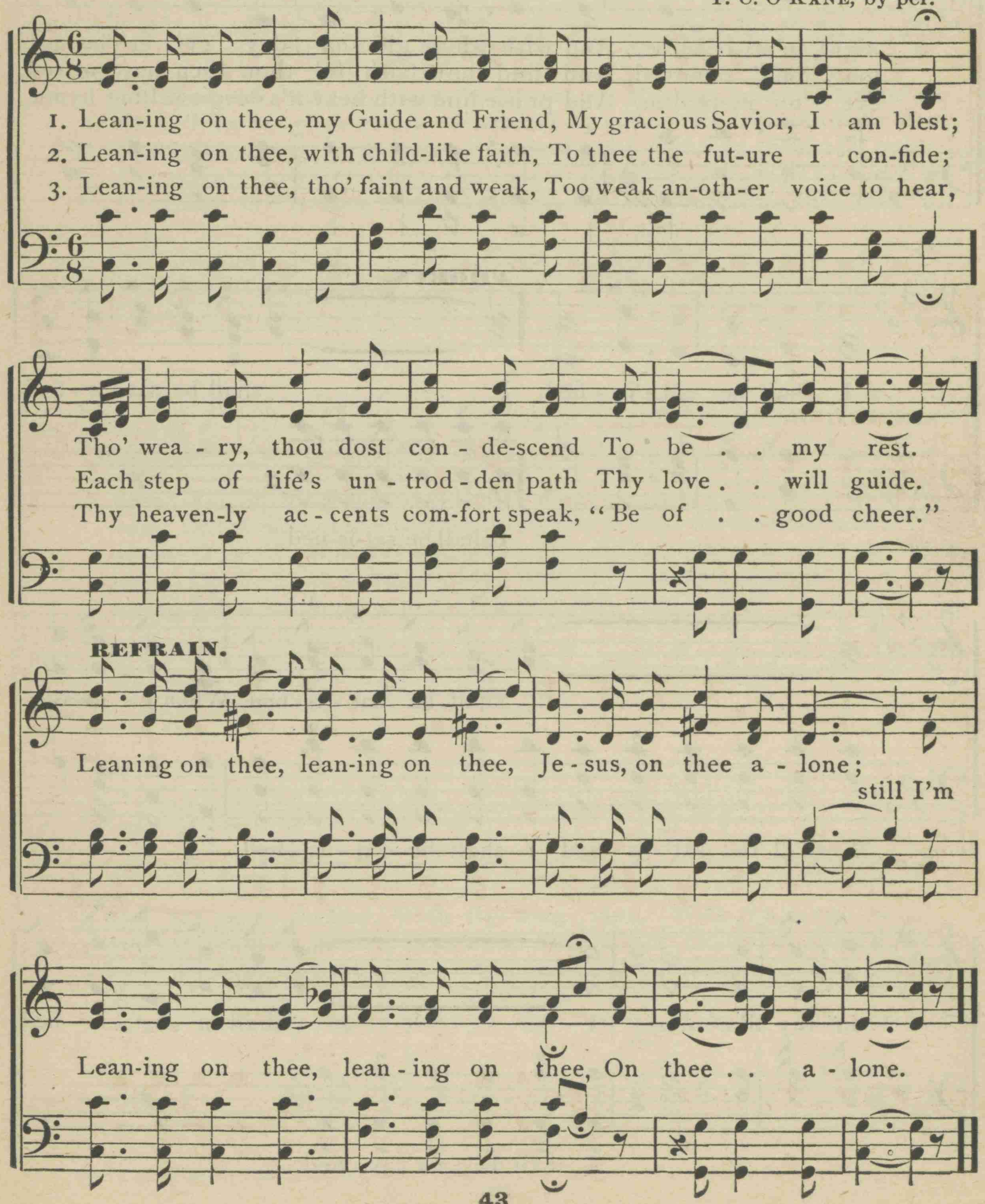
FOR EVERMORE WITH JESUS. Concluded.



No. 43. LEANING ON THEE.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.



No. 44. I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

Arr. from DR. BONAR. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. When I awake in that sweet morn of morns, Aft - er whose dawning
2. When I shall meet all of those I have loved, Clasp in my arms the
3. When I shall gaze on the dear face of him Who for me died, with

night ne'er re-turns, And with whose glo - ry day ev - er burns,
long, long removed, And find how faith - ful thou then hast proved,
eye no more dim, And praise him with heav'n's deep-swelling hymn,

CHORUS.

I shall be sat - is - fied. I . . . shall be sat - is - fied,

I shall be sat-is-fied,

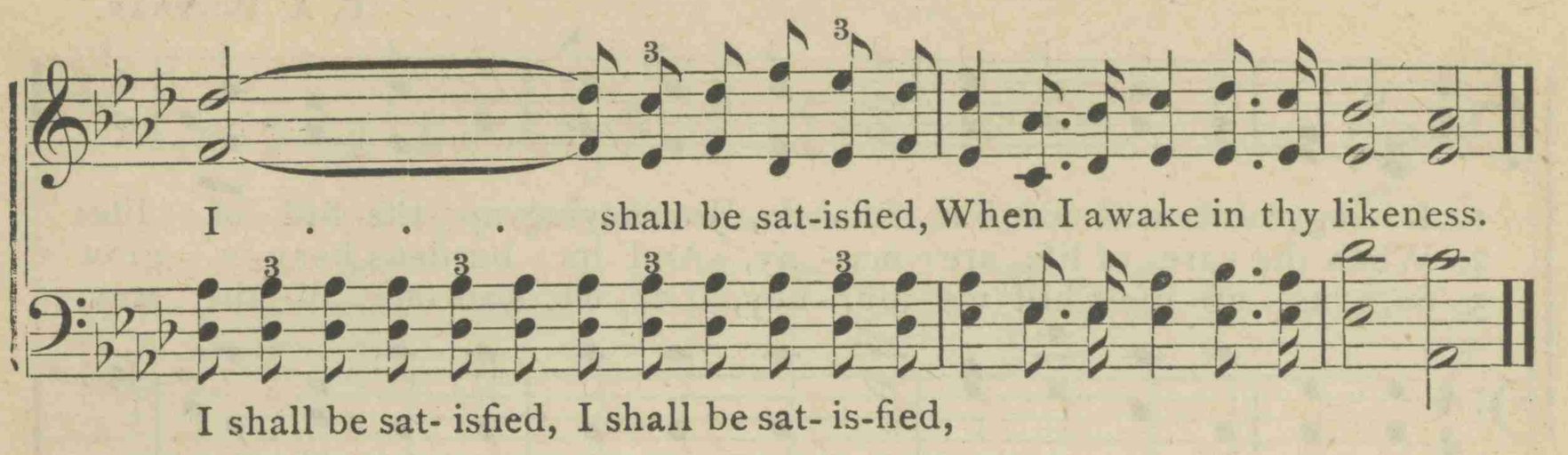
I . . . . . shall be sat - is - fied, When I awake

I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied,

in thy like - ness; I . . . . shall be sat - is - fied,

I shall be sat - is - fied,

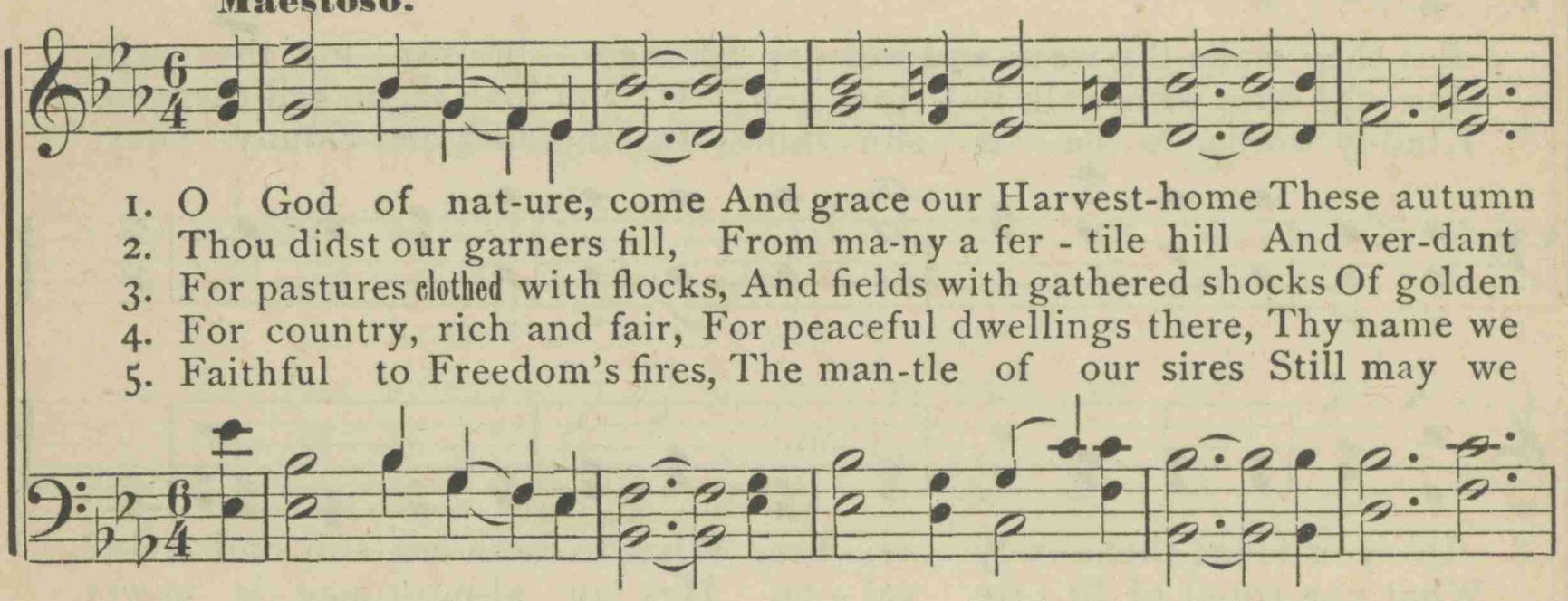
I SHALL BE SATISFIED. Concluded.



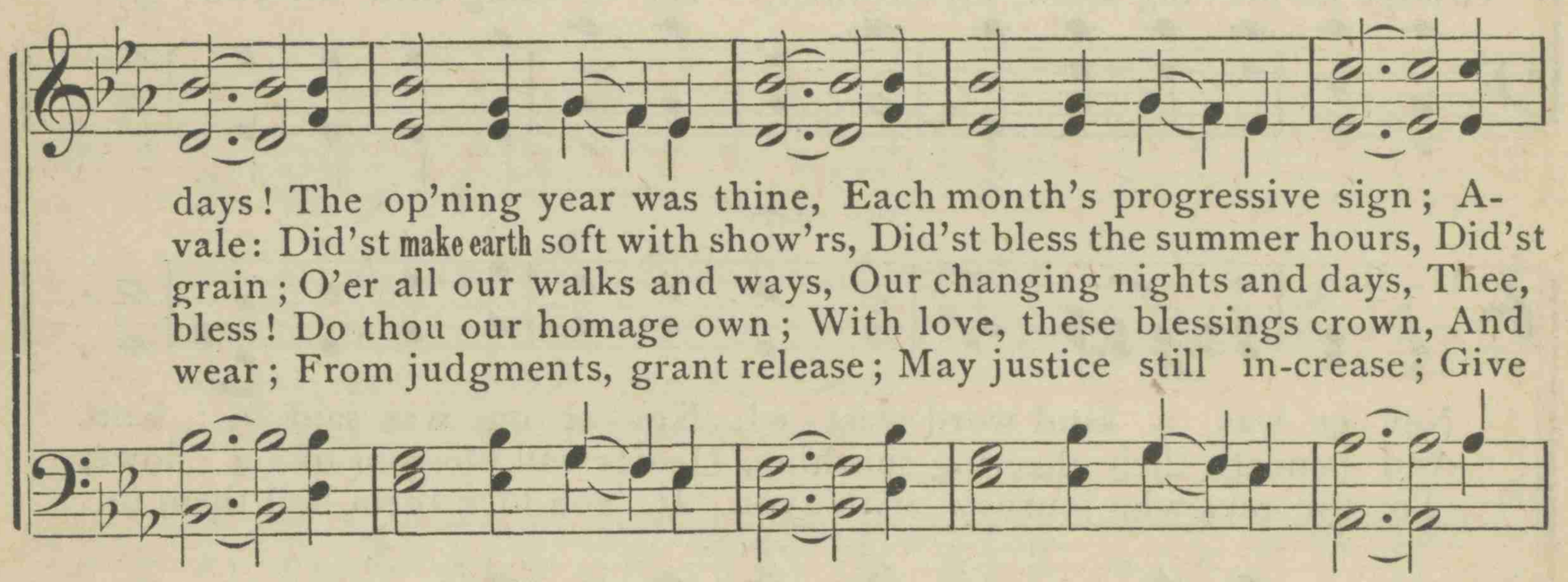
No. 45. THANKSGIVING HYMN.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. H. PONTIUS.

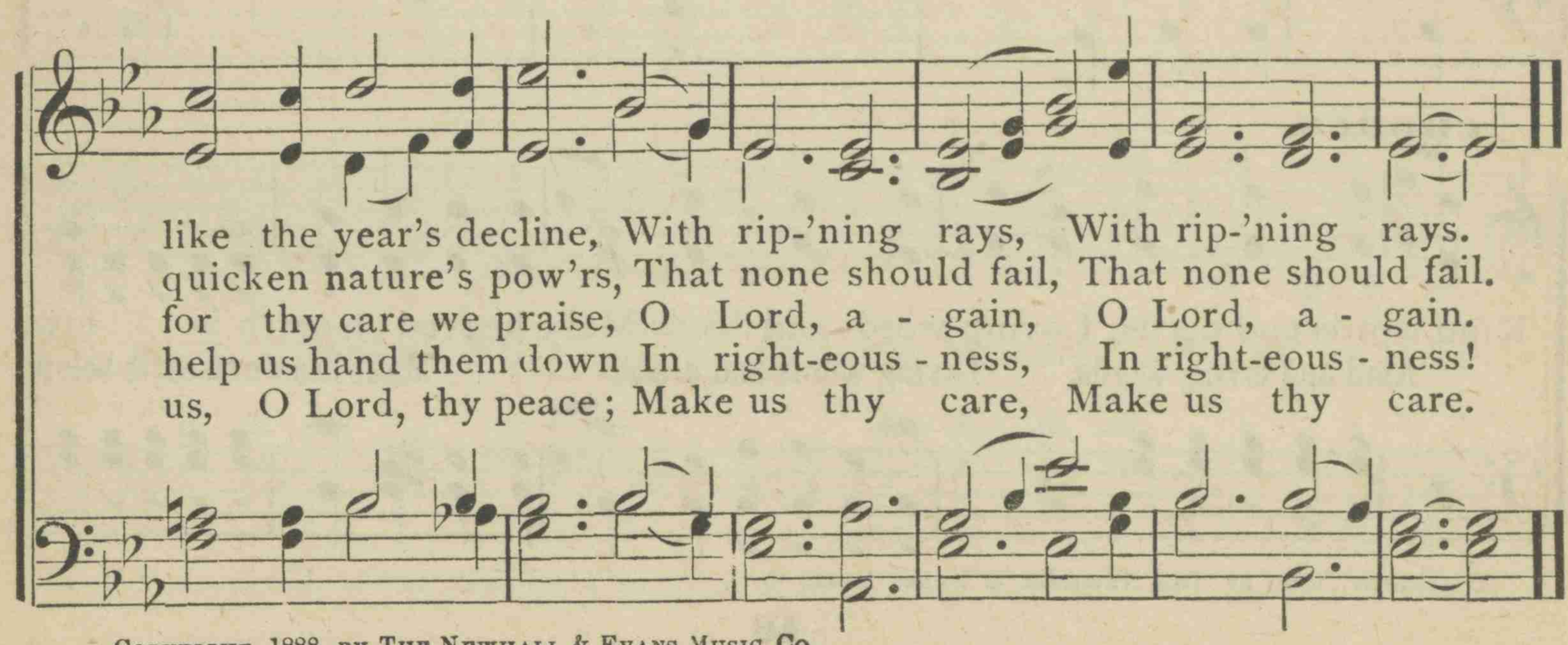
Maestoso.



1. O God of nat-ure, come And grace our Harvest-home These autumn
2. Thou didst our garners fill, From ma-ny a fer - tile hill And ver-dant
3. For pastures clothed with flocks, And fields with gathered shocks Of golden
4. For country, rich and fair, For peaceful dwellings there, Thy name we
5. Faithful to Freedom's fires, The man-tle of our sires Still may we



days! The op'ning year was thine, Each month's progressive sign; A-
vale: Did'st make earth soft with show'rs, Did'st bless the summer hours, Did'st
grain; O'er all our walks and ways, Our changing nights and days, Thee,
bless! Do thou our homage own; With love, these blessings crown, And
wear; From judgments, grant release; May justice still in-crease; Give



like the year's decline, With rip-'ning rays, With rip-'ning rays.
quicken nature's pow'rs, That none should fail, That none should fail.
for thy care we praise, O Lord, a - gain, O Lord, a - gain.
help us hand them down In right-eous - ness, In right-eous - ness!
us, O Lord, thy peace; Make us thy care, Make us thy care.

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No. 46. LOVING WORDS.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Loving words will cost but lit - tle, Journeying up the hill of life;
2. When the cares of life are ma - ny, And its burdens heav - y grow
3. So, as up life's hill we jour - ney, Let us scat - ter, all the way,

But they make the weak and wea - ry Stronger, bra-ver for the strife.
For the ones who walk be - side you, If you love them, tell them so.
Kind-ly words, to be as sun - shine In the dark and cloudy day.

Do you count them on-ly tri - fles? What to earth are sun and rain?
What you count of lit - tle val - ue Has an al-most mag - ic power,
Grudge no lov - ing word, my broth-er, As a - long thro' life you go;

Nev - er was a kind word wast - ed, Nev - er one was said in vain.
And beneath their cheering sunshine, Hearts will blossom like a flower.
To the ones who journey with you, If you love them, tell them so.

CHORUS.

Kind words and deeds, Loving words and deeds Make heaven on earth be - low.
Kind and loving words, Loving words and deeds, Make heav'n on earth below.

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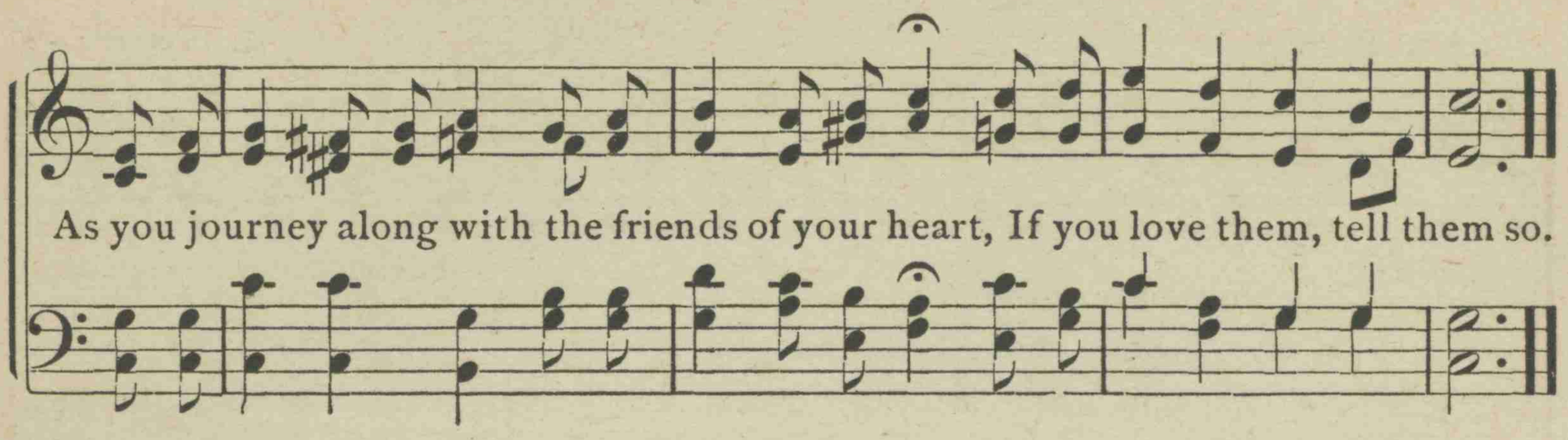
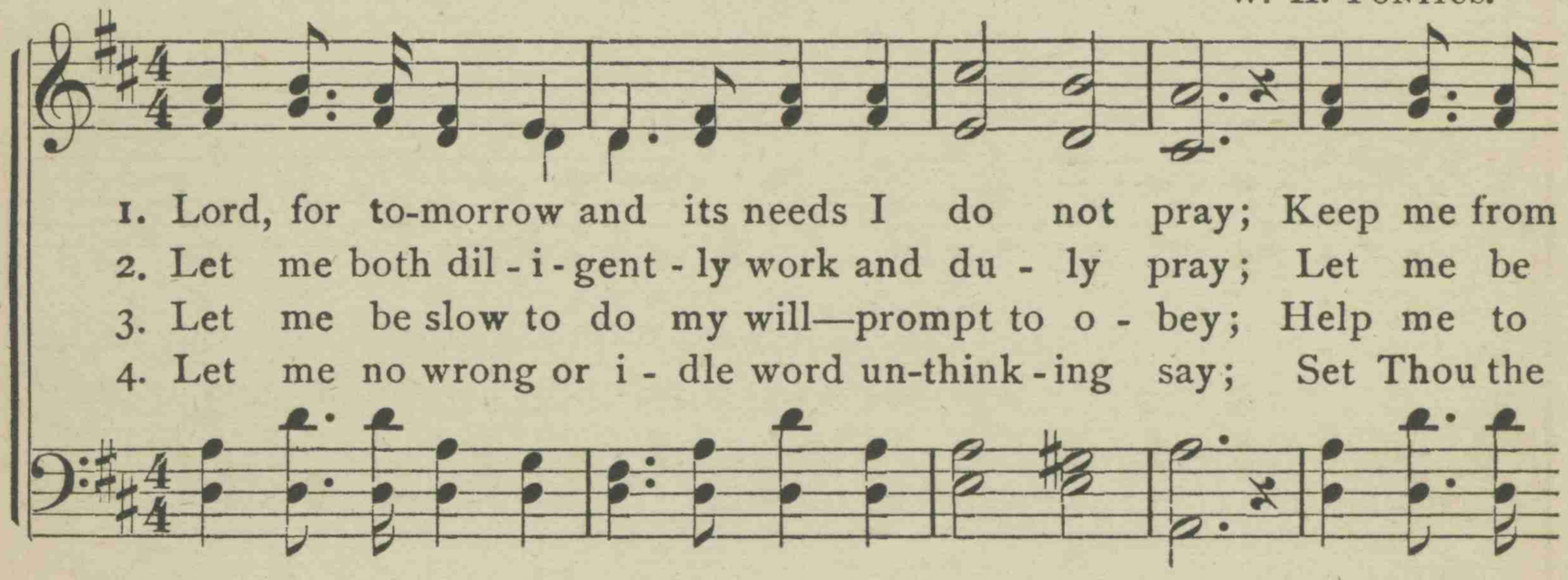
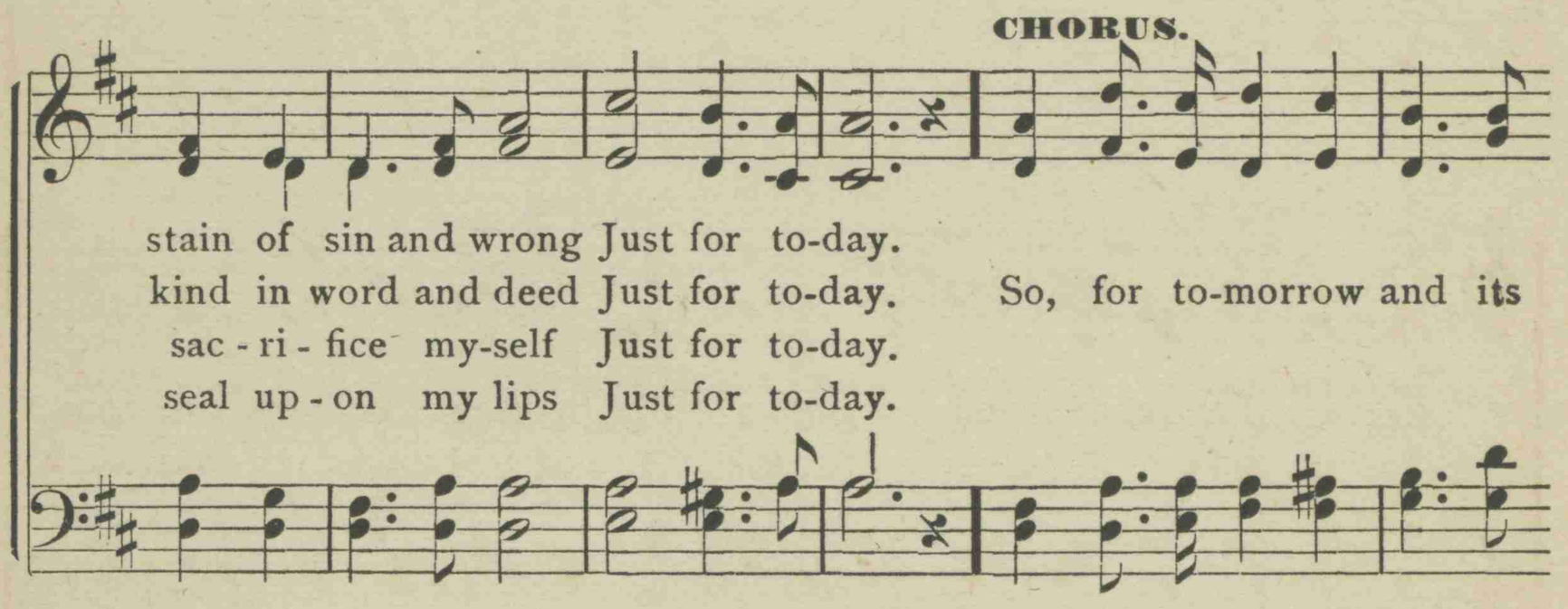

No. 47. JUST FOR TO-DAY.

W. H. PONTIUS.





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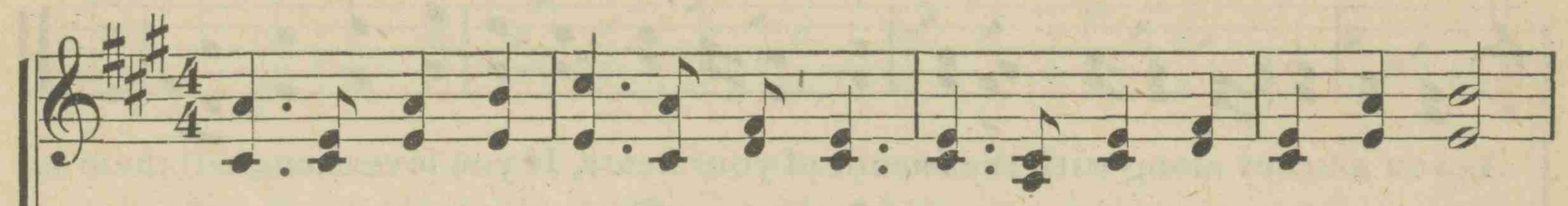
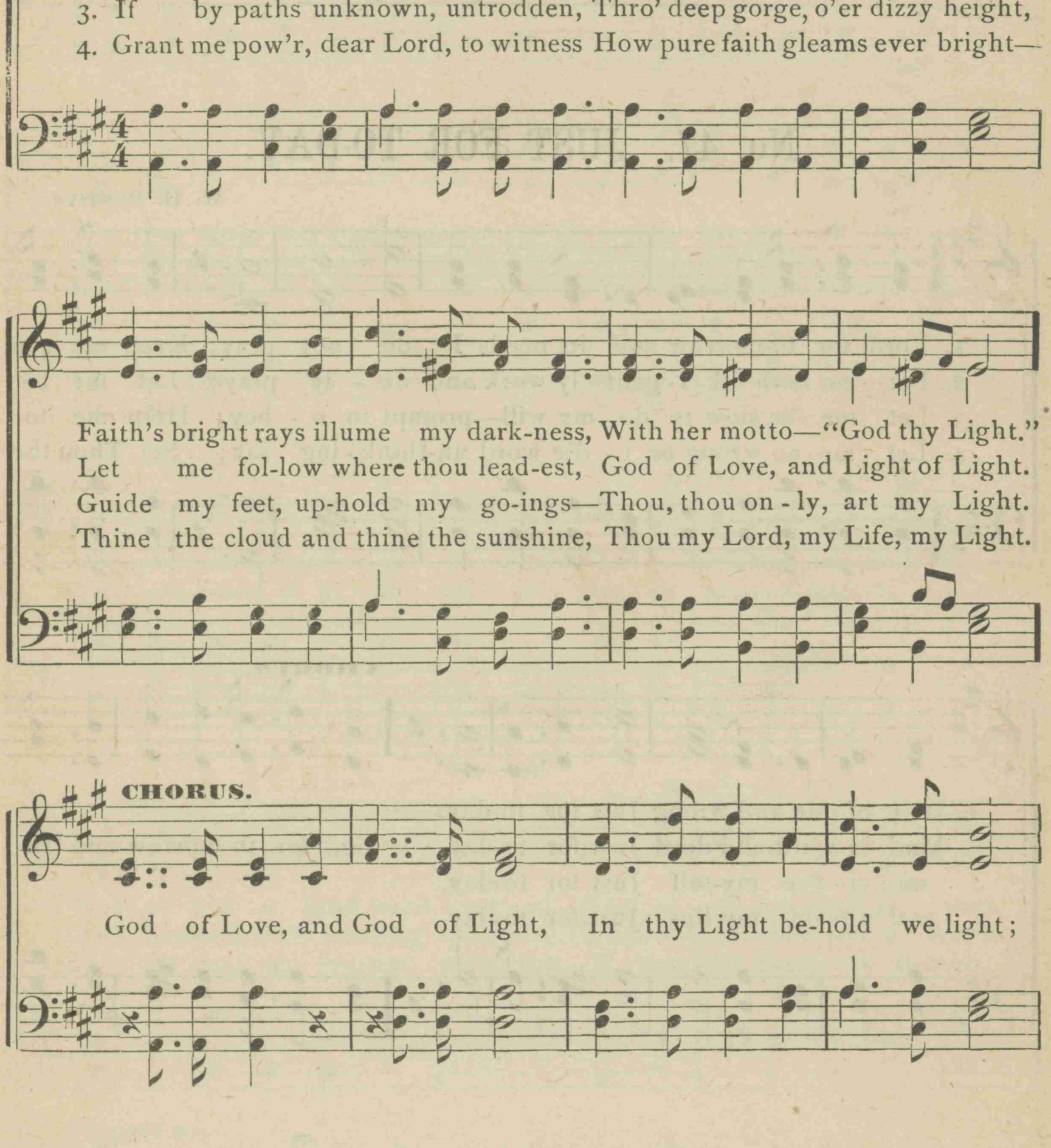
No. 48. GOD OF LIGHT.

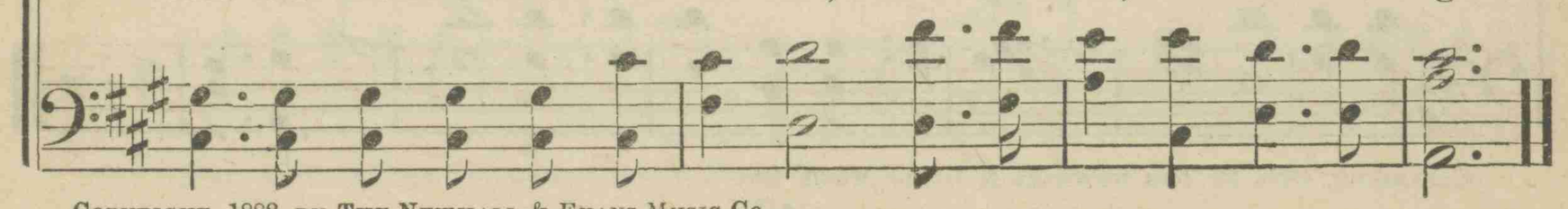
CECIL MOORE. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. When the shades of com-ing sor-row Deepen in - to star-less night,
2. Yea, my Light—tho' all around me, Groping, seek to walk by sight,
3. If by paths unknown, untrodden, Thro' deep gorge, o'er dizzy height,
4. Grant me pow'r, dear Lord, to witness How pure faith gleams ever bright—



Faith's bright rays illume my dark-ness, With her motto—"God thy Light."
Let me fol-low where thou lead-est, God of Love, and Light of Light.
Guide my feet, up-hold my go-ings—Thou, thou on - ly, art my Light.
Thine the cloud and thine the sunshine, Thou my Lord, my Life, my Light.

CHORUS.

God of Love, and God of Light, In thy Light be-hold we light;

Let me fol-low where thou leadest, God of Love, and God of Light.

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No. 49. PEACE.

MARIAN A. MURPHY. FRANK L. EYER.

1. "Peace." It is the in - ward rest - ing, Qui - et trust - ing
2. "Peace of God." This calm, still wait - ing In our hearts, tho'
3. "Peace of God past un - der - stand - ing." This glad thrill-ing
4. "Peace of Christ." This walk-ing on - ward With His dear hand

of the soul, Cling-ing to the Master's prom - ise, For 'tis
rough winds blow, Tho' the storms beat all a - round us, Naught dis-
of the heart; Peace from which, we thank thee, Fath - er, Neither
clasp-ing mine, Car - ing for me in my weak - ness, For, dear

CHORUS.

Christ who makes us whole.
turbs its qui - et flow. Peace, Peace, Peace! That God alone makes known;
life nor death can part.
Mas - ter, I am Thine.

Clinging to the Master's prom-ise, For 'tis Christ who makes us whole.

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No. 50. CHRIST A SAFEGUARD.

"With Me thou shalt be in safeguard."—1 *Sam.* xxii, 23.

CHARLOTTE MURRAY. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Trav - el - ler to Zi - on's cit - y, Bright at times may be the way; Blue may look the distant mountains, Crowned with glo - ry day by
2. Pos - si - bly a storm may gath - er; Sa - tan may ap-proach thy side, Breathing low bewilder-ing whispers: Yet if thou with Me a-
3. Trav - el - ler, thy rest is yon - der; For - ward press from year to year; Let thine eyes look on, right on-ward, Till the Cit - y gates ap-

day; In the light keep close to Me, Then in safeguard thou shalt
bide, Nought of harm shall come to thee, For in safeguard thou shalt
pear. Through them thou shalt pass with Me, Safe, for ev - er - more, to

be! In the light keep close to Me, Then in safeguard thou shalt be.
be! Nought of harm shall come to thee, For in safeguard thou shalt be.
be! Through them thou shalt pass with Me, Safe for ev - er - more, to be.

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No. 51. HAVE YOU HEARD THE GOOD NEWS?

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you heard the good news a - bout Je - sus? He came from the heavens a - bove To die on the cross as a ran-som for us, And
2. Have you heard the glad news a - bout Je - sus? He stood in the poor sin-ner's place, And took on him-self all the sins of the world, And
3. Have you heard all the news a - bout Je - sus? He stands in the presence of God, And pleads with his five bleeding wounds for the souls He
4. Have you heard the best news a - bout Je - sus? He's com - ing a- gain by and by To take from the earth all the ransomed and saved To

CHORUS.

proved thus His in - fi - nite love.
proved thus His in - fi - nite grace.
bought on the cross with His blood.
live in His pal - ace on high.

Have you heard the good news, have you heard the good news, Have you heard the good news a - bout Je - sus? He died on the tree to save you and me, This wonderful, wonderful Je - sus.

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No. 52. THE LOST IS FOUND.

E. E. REXFORD. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. Be-hold! the prod - i - gal comes home, That wandered far a - way;
2. Go, spread the feast and welcome in Each pass-er - by to - day,
3. O wand'rers in the ways of sin, Why will ye tar - ry there?

Bring forth the roy - al garments now, For him to wear to - day.
And tell them of the prod - i - gal, Who goes no more a - stray.
Thy Fa-ther longs to welcome thee, With thee His home would share.

Go, tell to all the world the news; With joy the day is crowned,
Let sol - emn gladness fill each soul That hears each fes-tal sound,
Come back, come back! let earth and heav'n Be glad to hear the sound;—

For lo! the dead a - live a - gain, The lost, the lost is found!
For lo! the dead a - live a - gain, The lost, the lost is found!
For lo! the dead a - live a - gain, The lost, the lost is found!

CHORUS.

The lost is found, re - joice! Heav'n echoes with the sound, . . .

re - joice, rejoice! sound, with the sound,

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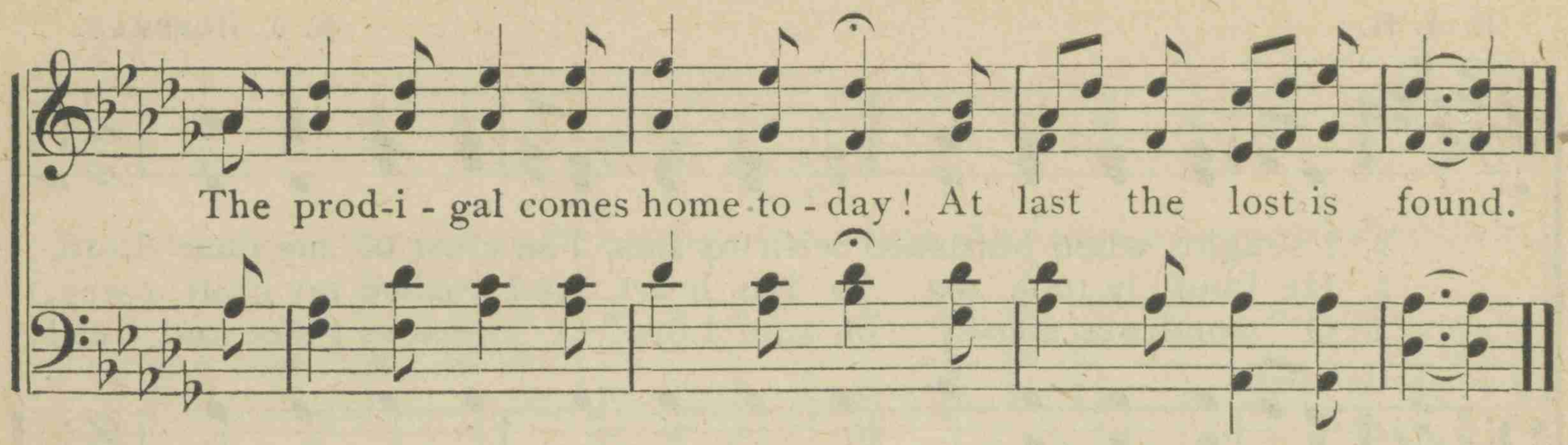
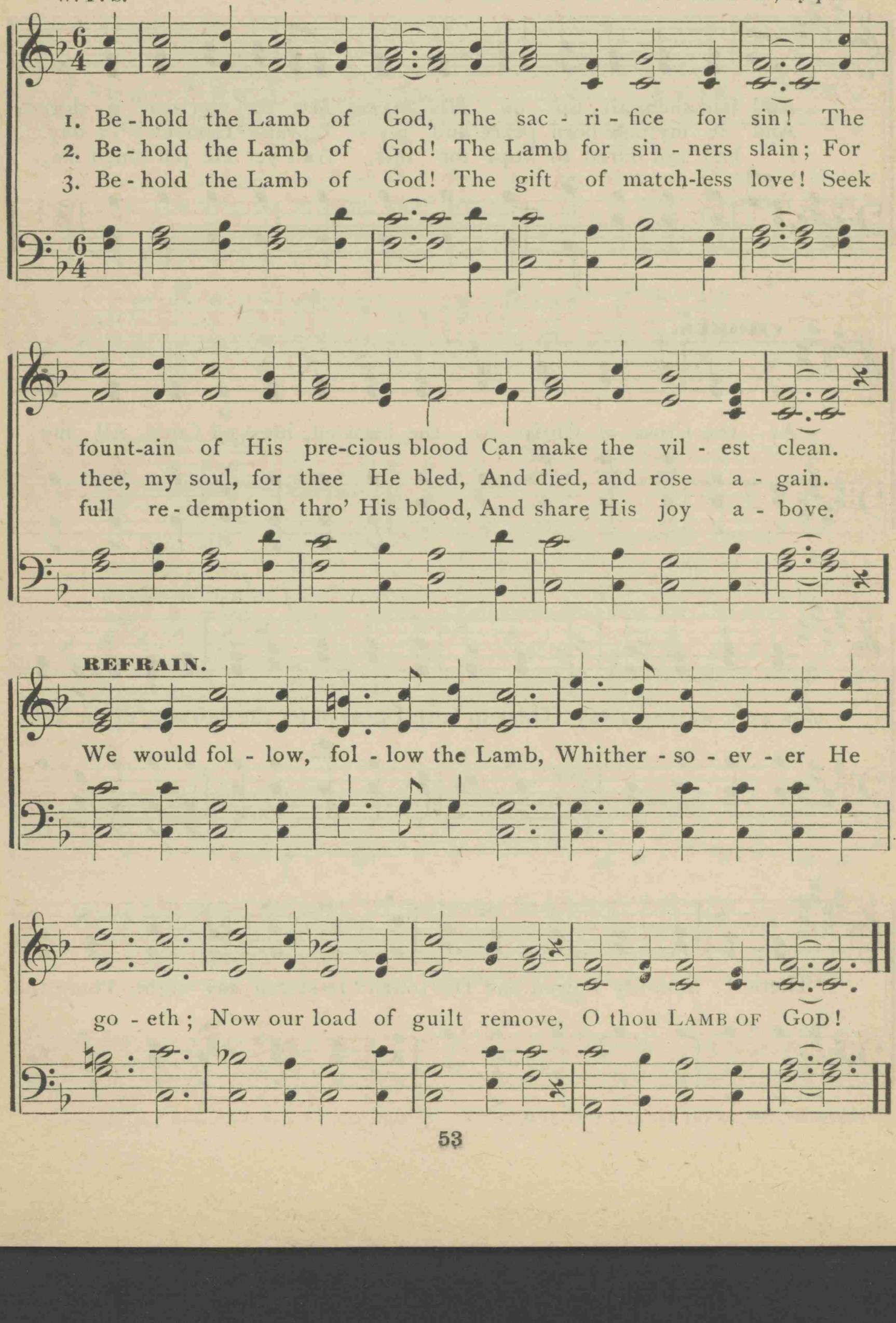
THE LOST IS FOUND. Concluded.



No. 53. BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD.

W. F. S. Wm. F. Sherwin, by per.



No. 54. AT THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. I sought, when burdened with my sins, The cross of my dear Lord,
2. He kind-ly took me to His heart, And washed my guilt a-way,
3. O wondrous mer-cy of the Lord! O precious grace and free!

And laid them all up-on His breast, My Sa-vior so a-dored.
And in my new-born peace and joy I praise Him ev-'ry day.
I had not dared to hope for this, And yet He pardoned me.

CHORUS.

At the Cross of Christ, At the bless-ed, bless-ed Cross, All my sins were washed away! There in faith I prayed for the dawning of the light, There I hum-bly bowed and His touch re-stored my sight, There the

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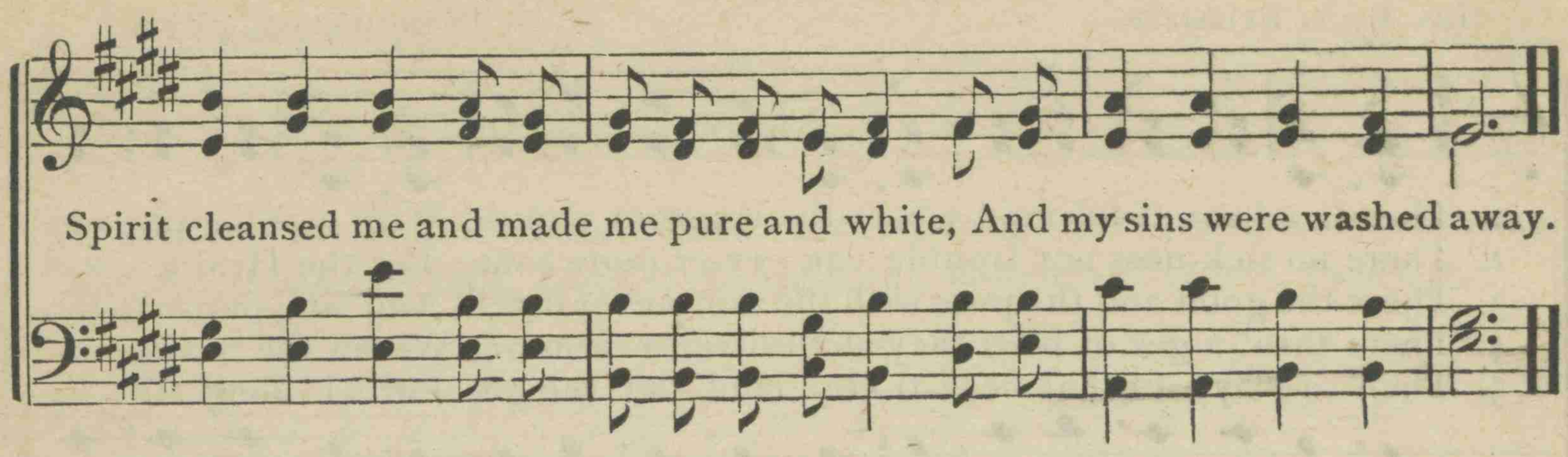
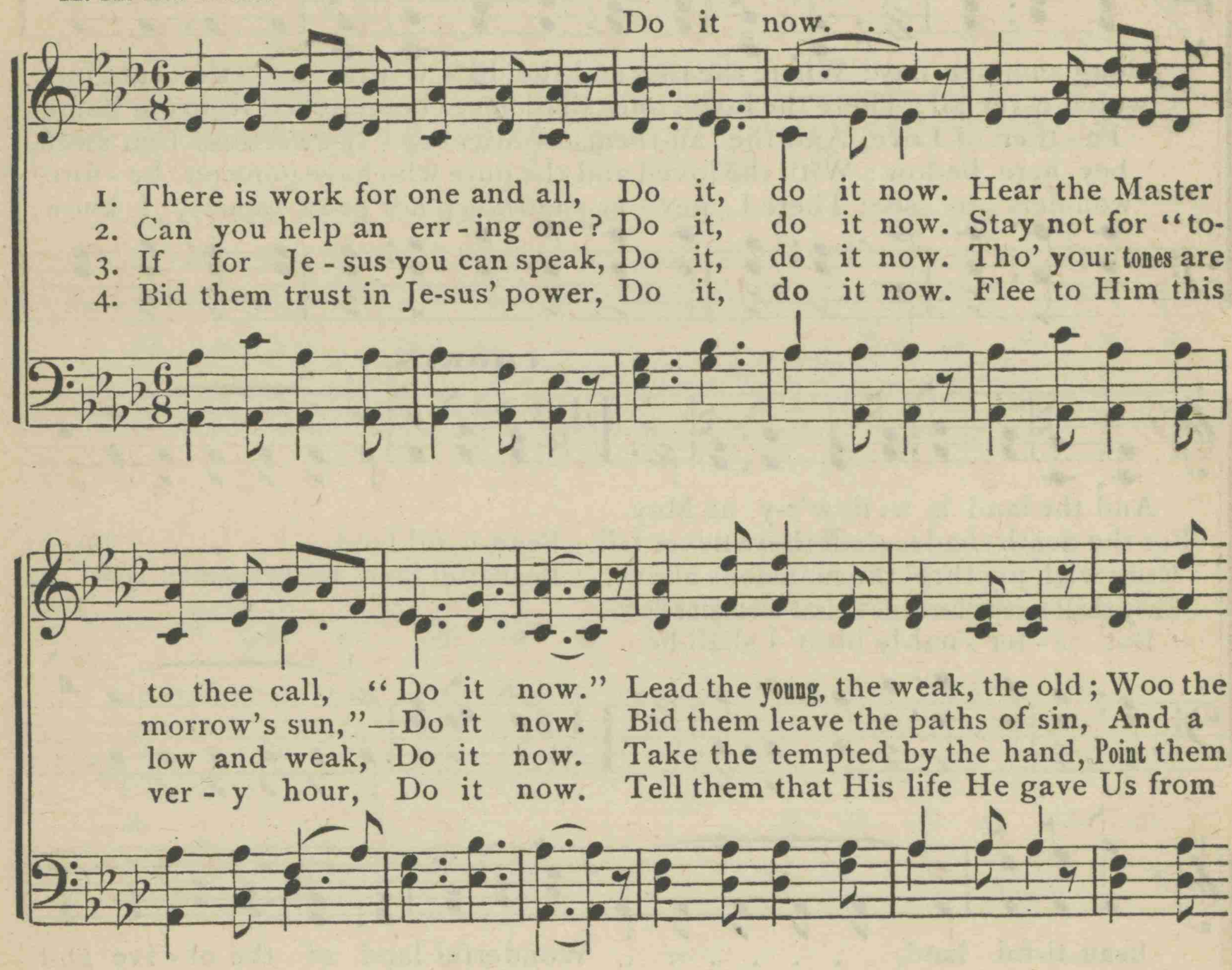
AT THE CROSS OF CHRIST. Concluded.



No. 55. DO IT NOW.

M. M. LIGHTCAP. W. H. PONTIUS.



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No. 56. MY BEAUTIFUL HOME.

MRS. R. A. EVILSIZER. A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful land where the sun ever shines, With a clime like one long summer day; Where the rose and the lil - y with myr - tle entwine,
2. There no sick-ness nor trouble can ev-er-more come, For the Heal-er will watch o-ver all; There the loved ones shall never be snatched from our home,
3. There the good and the pure with the saints ever dwell, And sing praise to the Fa - ther of Love, And the an-thems of heav - en - ly sweetness that swell,
4. There thro' a-ges of bliss they shall dwell evermore, Whom the Savior o- bey here be-low; With the loved and the pure who have gone on be - fore,
5. Then a-way to that beau-ti - ful land let me go, For I long all its won-ders to see; There I nev - er shall weep nor grow wea-ry, I know,

CHORUS.

And the land is as flow'r-y as May.
For the death shades shall there never fall. Beau-ti-ful land, ... bright
Ring with joy thro' the mansions above. Beautiful land, bright beautiful land,
They shall meet where life's clear fountains flow.
But e - ter - nal-ly blest I shall be.

beau-ti-ful land, ... Wonderful land of the ol - ive and
Beautiful land, bright beautiful land, Wonderful land of the ol - ive, the
rose, ... Beau-ti-ful land, ... oh, wonderful
ol - ive and rose, Beau-ti-ful land, oh, won-der - ful land! Beau-ti-ful

MY BEAUTIFUL HOME. Concluded.

land, ... Land of contentment, delight and repose. . . .
land, oh, wonderful land, Land of contentment, delight and repose, sweet repose.

No. 57. SLEEP THY LAST SLEEP.

W. H. PONTIUS.

1. Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sorrow ; Rest, where none weep, Till the e-
2. Life's dream is past, All its sin, its sadness; Bright-ly at last Dawns a
3. Tho' we may mourn Those in life the dearest, They shall return, Christ, when

ter - nal mor - row ; Tho' dark waves roll O'er the si - lent riv - er,
day of glad-ness. Un - der thy sod, Earth, receive our treas - ure,
Thou ap - pear - est! Soon shall Thy voice Comfort those now weep-ing,

(After last stanza.)

Sleep . . .

Thy fainting soul Je-sus can de - liv - er.
To rest in God, Waiting all His pleasure. Sleep thy last sleep. Sleep, sleep, sleep.
Bidding re - joice All in Je-sus sleeping.

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No. 58. JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

MRS. M. M. WEINLAND. REV. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Oh, wea - ry pil - grim, lift your head, For joy com - eth in the
2. Ye fee - ble saints, dis-miss your fears, For joy com - eth in the
3. Let ev - 'ry tear - ful eye look up, For joy com - eth in the
4. Our God will wipe our tears a - way, For joy com - eth in the

morn - ing! For God in His own word has said That
morn - ing! And weep - ing mourn - ers dry your tears, For
morn - ing! And ev - 'ry trem - bling sin - ner hope, For
morn - ing! Sor - row and sigh - ing flee a - way, For

CHORUS.

joy com - eth in the morn-ing! Joy com - eth in the morn-ing!

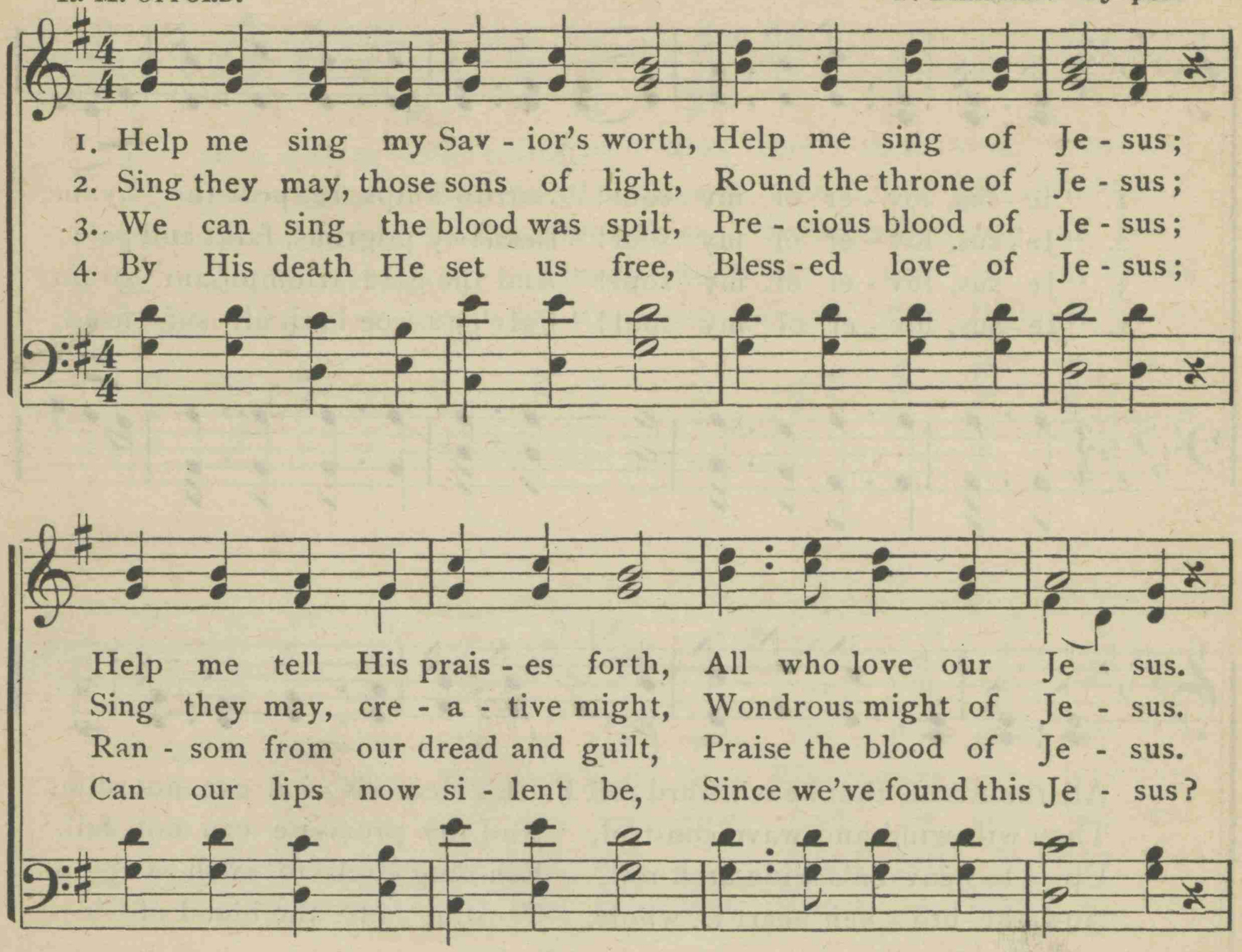
Joy com-eth in the morn - ing! Weeping may en - dure, may en-

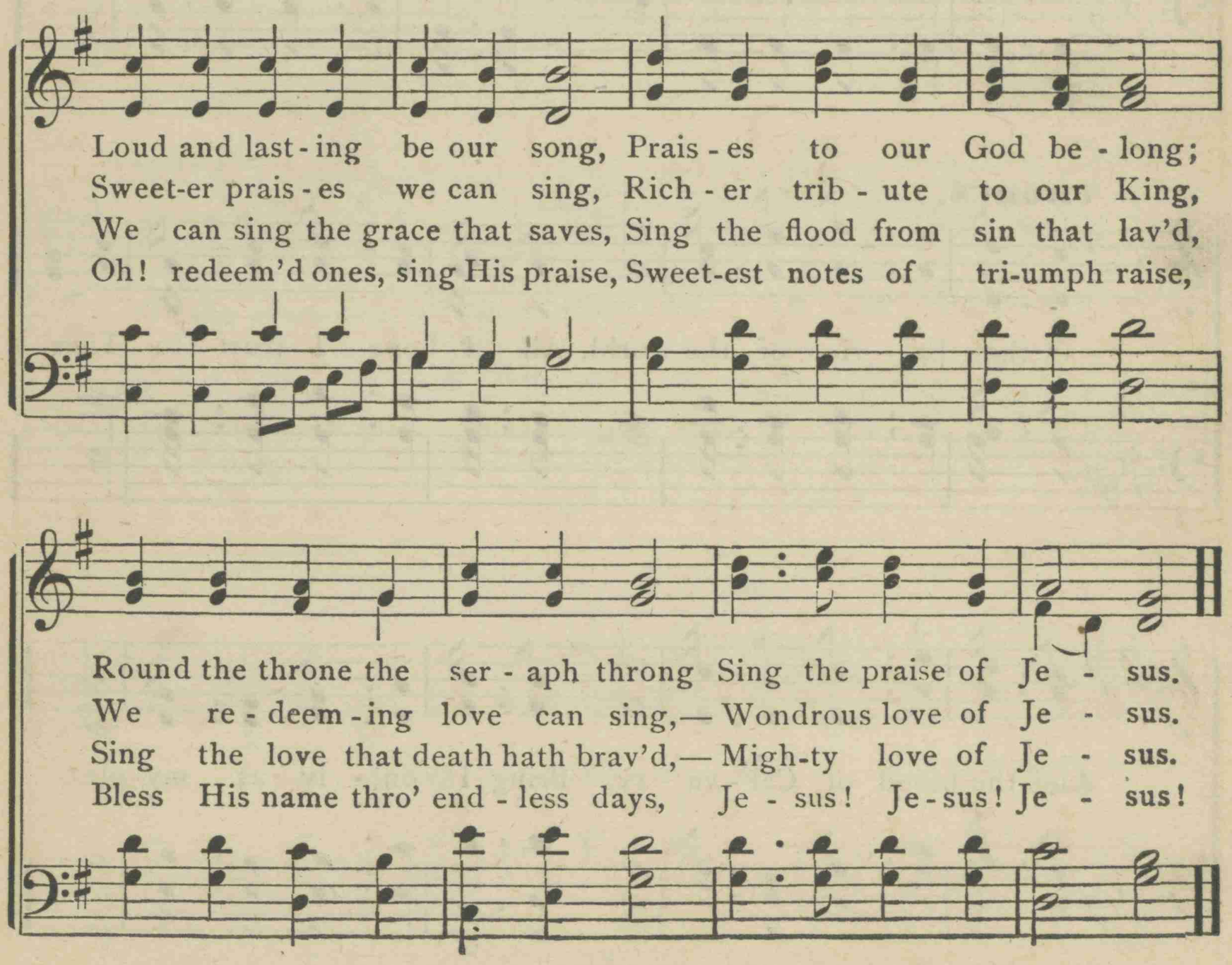
dure for a night, But joy com - eth in the morn - ing.

From "Holy Voices," by per.

No. 59. SINGING OF JESUS.

R. M. OFFORD. P. BILHORN. By per.





No. 60. SAVIOR OF THE WORLD.

EBEN E. REXFORD. WM. H. PONTIUS.

1. "Je - sus, lov - er of my soul!" Sorrow's lips re - peat the hymn;
2. "Je - sus, lov - er of my soul!" Breathed by pilgrims, faint and pale;
3. "Je - sus, lov - er of my soul!" And the glad triumph-ant strain,
4. "Je - sus, lov - er of my soul!" Calv'ry's woe hath all suf - ficed,

All the storms that heav'nward roll Faith's clear vis - ion can not dim.
Thou wilt wind and wave con-trol, And thy prom - ise can not fail.
Up to heav- en's wide arch roll, Ech-oing back to earth a - gain.
And the bro - ken heart is whole, Trusting in the blood of Christ.

CHORUS.

O thou Sa - vior of the world, All I hope I trust to Thee,
And the blood of Cal - va - ry, Bring I on - ly as my plea.

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No. 61. COME AND REST.

W. H. PONTIUS.

1. Art thou wea-ry with transgres - sion, Art thou sore oppressed?
2. Hast thou wandered from the path - way Where thy feet should go?
3. Do thy hopes like flow - ers with - er, Have earth's joys all fled?
4. Do the friends thou lov - est leave thee? Je - sus is a Friend
5. Come to Him, O wea - ry sin - ner; On thy Sa-vior's breast,

Bring thy troub-les all to Je - sus, He will give thee rest.
Come to Je - sus, He will lead thee Where sweet wa - ters flow.
Come to Je - sus in thy sor - row, And be com - fort - ed.
Who will love thee as no oth - er, Stead - fast to the end.
In the love that will not fail thee, There a - lone is rest.

CHORUS.

O the prom - ise, sweet as Heav - en, To the sin - ner's breast,—

Come, O wea - ry, heav - y - lad - en, And I will give thee rest.

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No. 62. WHY DO YOU WAIT?

"Come unto me."—Isa. 53 : 3.

C. J. F. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Why do you wait? when all things are read - y, Read - y in
2. Why do you wait? the Spir - it is striv - ing, Can you re-
3. Why do you wait? now mer - cy im - plor - ing, Tells of the
4. Why do you wait? sal - va - tion is earn - est, Life hur - ries

Christ, pro - vid - ed for you? Je - sus in - vites, O
sist, or dare you re - fuse? E - vil and good He
cross where Je - sus has died; Bids you look up, and
on, then do not de - lay; What if this night your

ten-der com-pas-sion, Urg - es, entreats, what more can He do?
plac-es be - fore you, Darkness and Light, O which will you choose?
by faith be-hold Him, Points to the blood that flowed from His side.
term of pro - ba - tion Close and your soul be hur - ried a - way.

CHORUS.

Come, come, trust in His Word, Come, come, trust in the Lord; Why do you

Rit. - - - - - - - -

wait? O now is the time! Then brother, why not come now?

No. 63. FOLLOW ME.

MRS. TINA SHERMAN. J. H. KISSINGER.

1. Hark! the Savior's welcome summons, As He stood by Gal - i - lee;
2. Now to us these words are giv - en, Reb-el sin-ners tho' we be;
3. Thus the Savior's call-ing ev - er, Call-ing af - ter you and me;

Call-ing to those ma - ny toil-ers, "Leave your nets and fol-low me."
Ev - er this command they bring us, Leave your sins and fol-low me.
Will you heed the welcome summons? Leave your sins and follow me.

CHORUS.

Fol - low me, fol - low me, Leave your nets and fol - low
2. & 3. Leave your sins and fol - low

Follow, follow me, yes, follow, follow me, Leave your nets and follow, follow
2. & 3. Leave your sins and follow, follow

me; Fol - low me, Fol - low me, Leave your nets and fol-low me.
2. & 3. Leave your sins and fol-low me.

me, follow me; Follow, follow me, yes, Follow, follow me,

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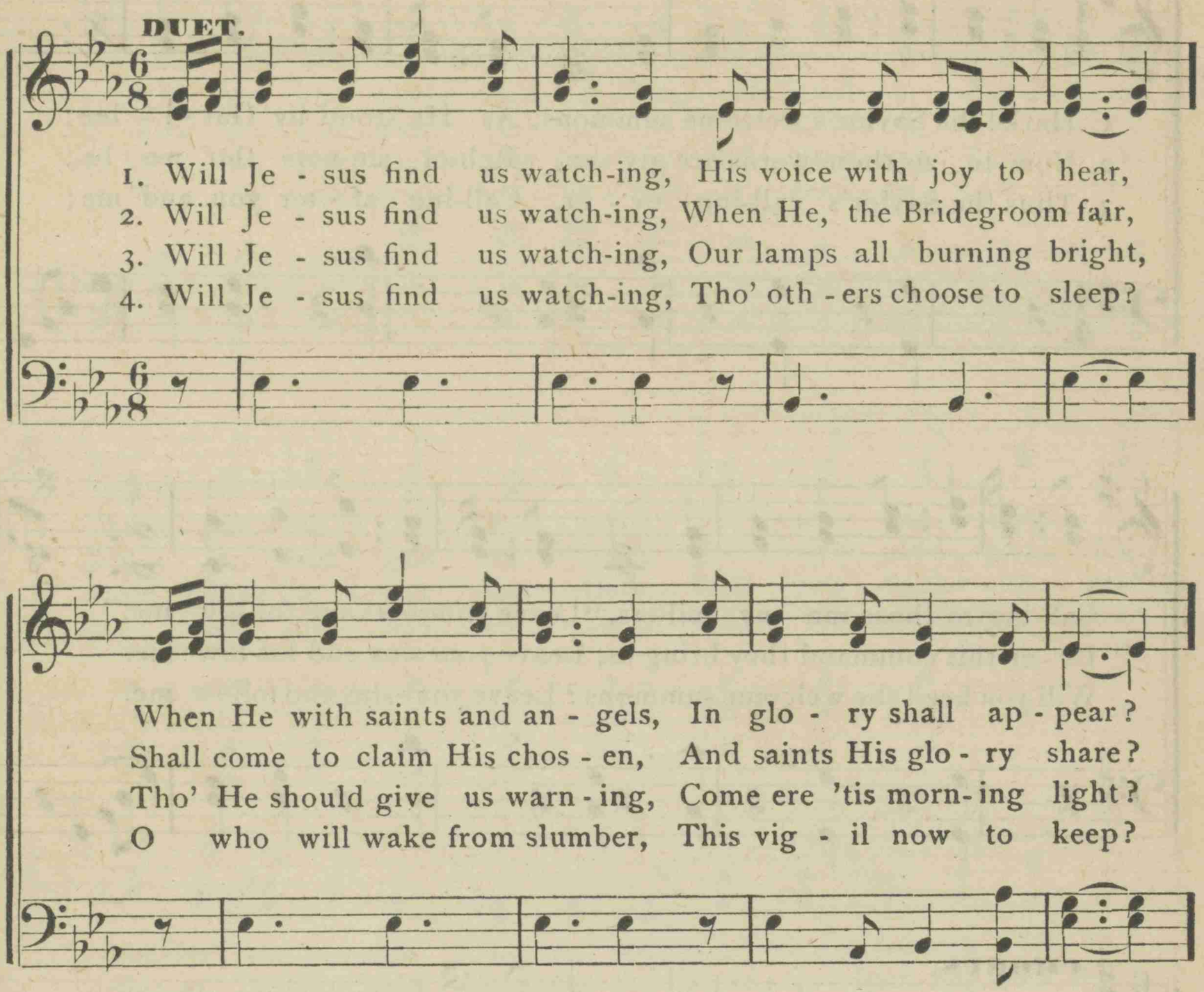
No. 64. WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING?

"Watch therefore."—Matt. 24 : 42

Mrs. E. E. Ellsworth. Warren W. Bentley, by per.



No. 65. PASSING AWAY.

REV. J. W. P. FACKLER. G. W. LYON.

1. We are passing, swift - ly pass-ing, To the dis - tant spir - it - land;
2. Oft, methinks, I hear the boatman, Hear the splashing of his oar,
3. But a few more days of sor-row, And a few more sighs and tears,

Old and young a - like are go - ing To the Jor - dan's beat - en strand.
Com - ing on to bear me homeward To the bright and gold - en shore.
Then will come the bright "to-morrow," Then will end my hopes and fears,

One by one the dear ones van - ish, Pass - ing to the oth - er side;
Oft, by faith, I hear the cho-rus, Catch the saint's tri - umph- al song,
When the an - gel throng will meet me In the realms of end - less day,

Ma - ny hearts and forms we cher-ish O'er its surg - ing bil-lows glide.
And my spir - it's earn - est longings Would the glorious strains pro-long.
And the Sa - vior, too, will greet me, Wip - ing all my tears a - way.

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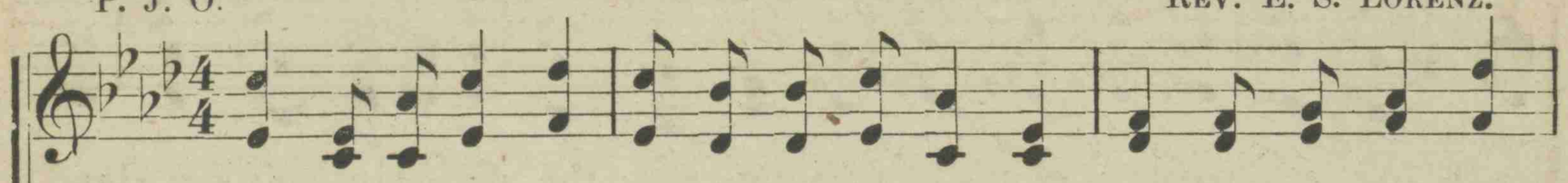
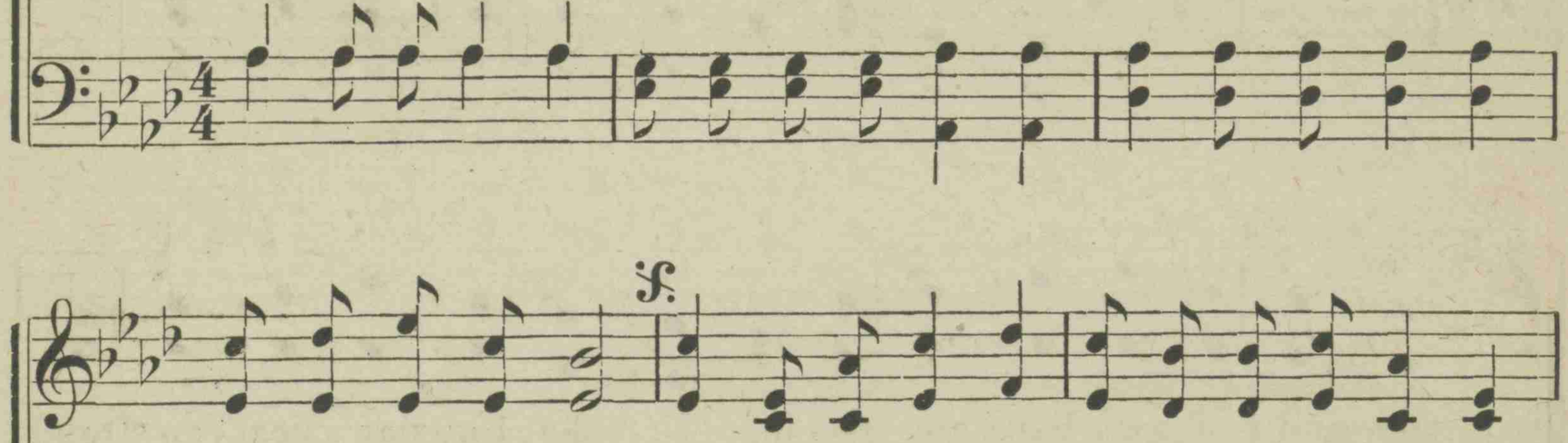
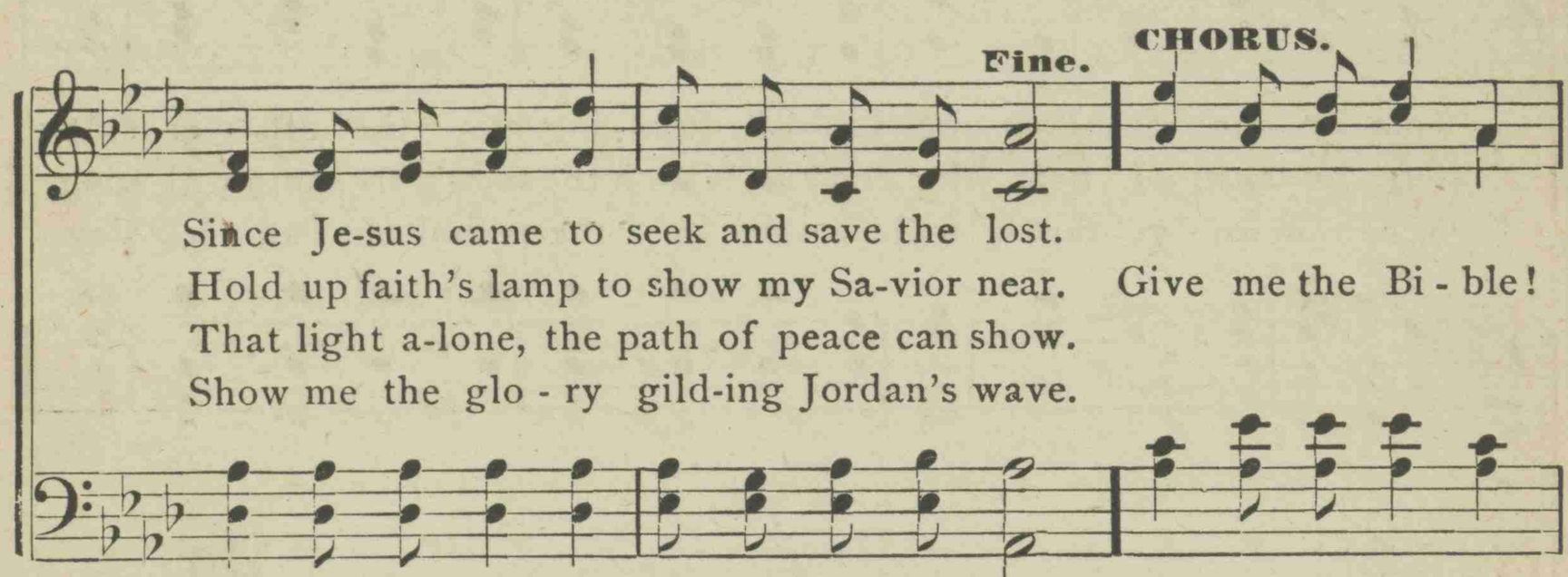
No. 66. GIVE ME THE BIBLE.

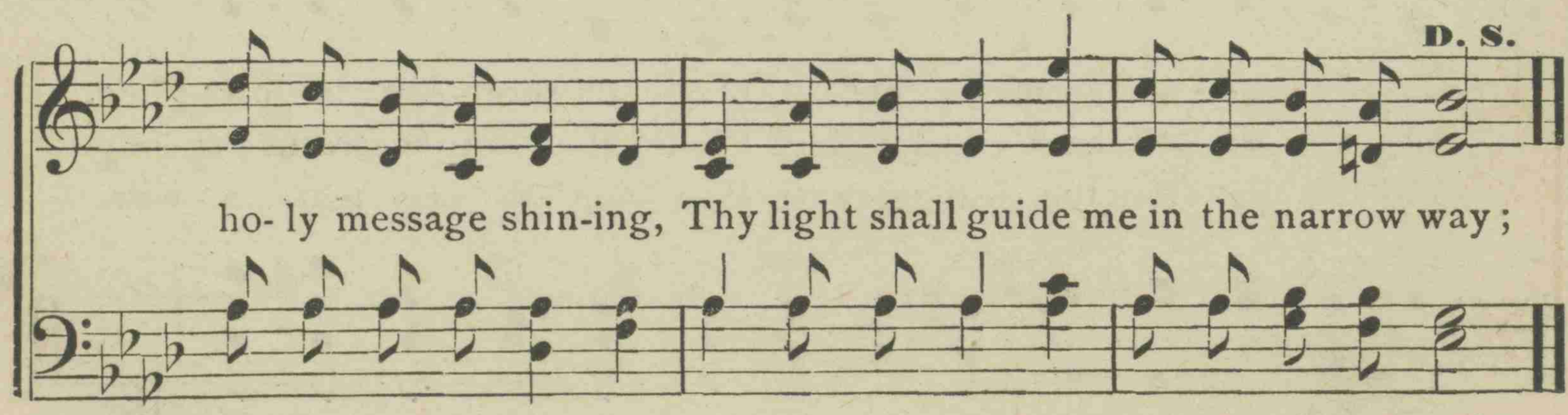
"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119: 105.

P. J. O. REV. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Give me the Bi - ble, star of gladness gleaming, To cheer the wand'rer lone and tempest-tossed; No storm can hide that radiance peaceful beaming,
2. Give me the Bi - ble, when my heart is broken, When sin and grief have filled my soul with fear; Give me the precious words by Jesus spok-en,
3. Give me the Bi - ble, all my steps en-light-en, Teach me the dan - ger of these realms below; That lamp of safety, o'er the gloom shall brighten,
4. Give me the Bi - ble, lamp of life im-mor - tal, Hold up that splen-dor by the o-pen grave; Show me the light from heaven's shining portal,

D. S. *Pre-cept and prom-ise, law and love com-bin-ing,*



Since Je-sus came to seek and save the lost.
Hold up faith's lamp to show my Sa-vior near. Give me the Bi - ble!
That light a-lone, the path of peace can show.
Show me the glo - ry gild-ing Jordan's wave.

Till night shall vanish in e - ter - nal day.



ho- ly message shin-ing, Thy light shall guide me in the narrow way;

From "Holy Voices." By per.

No. 67. LITTLE THINGS.

EVA TRAVERS POOLE. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. Lit - tle dai - ly wor-ries Press up - on my heart, O-ver-charge my
2. Lit - tle gold-en mer-cies Flit a - cross each day, Gild-ing ev - 'ry
3. Lit - tle wea - ry mo-ments, Full of faith-less care, Cost me ma - ny a
4. Thus I find a ref - uge In a lov - ing Lord; Gladness in His

spir - it Till the tear-drops start. I can on - ly bring them,
shad - ow Ly - ing in my way. Then I bring my glad-ness,
heart-pang, Keep me back from prayer. But I kneel in sor - row,
prom - ise, Com - fort in His word; Hid - den thus in Je - sus,

Mighty Lord, to Thee, Asking Thee to give me Lov-ing sym - pa-thy.
Loving Lord, to Thee, Thankful for the sunbeams That Thou sendest me.
Grieving o'er my sin, That my Lord's sweet promise Failed my trust to win.
All my life shines bright, All my heart is sun - lit, Full of joy and light!

CHORUS.

I am sweet - ly trust - ing, Pre - cious Lord, in Thee;

For Thy blood may cleanse me Ful - ly, per - fect - ly.

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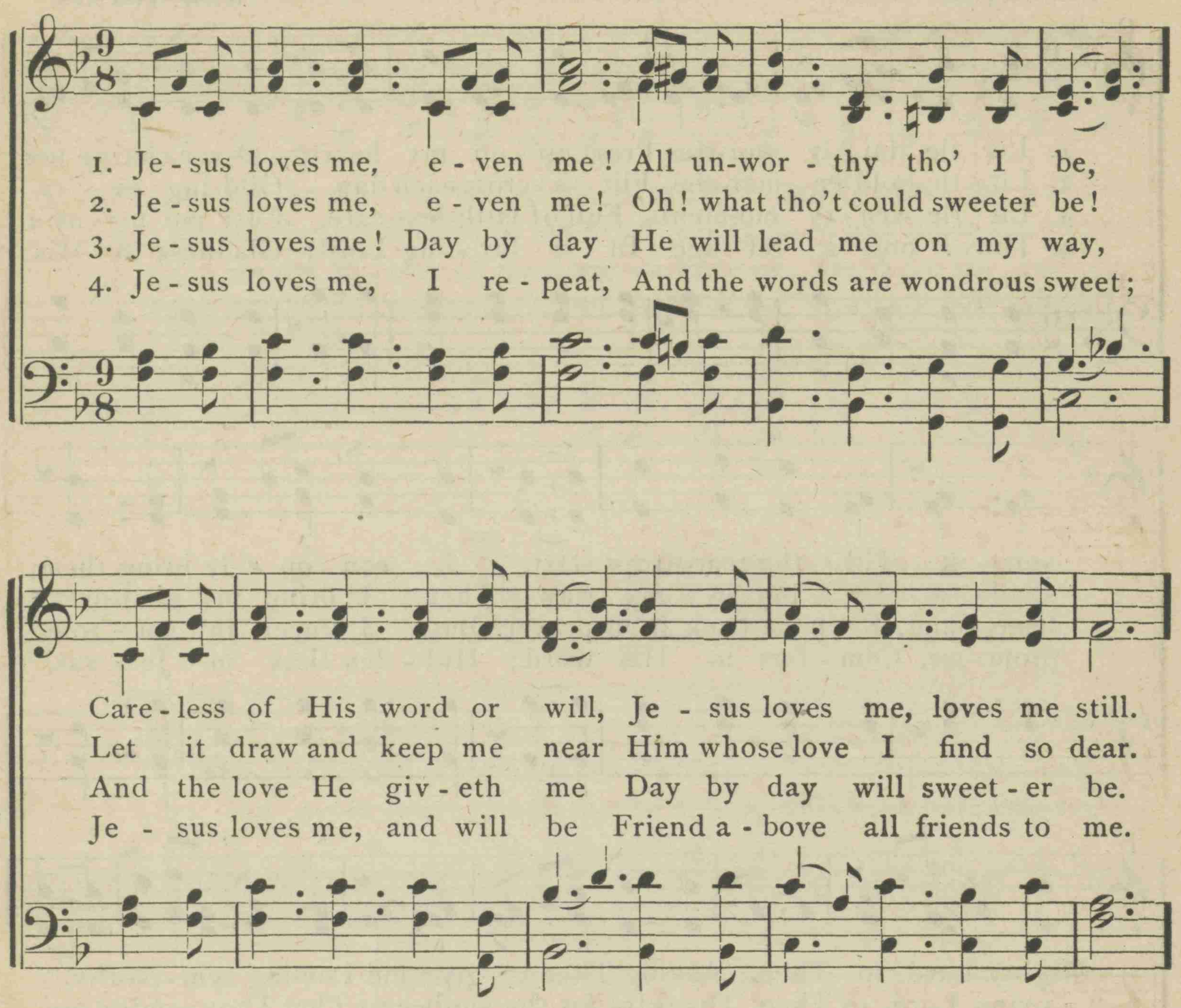
No. 68. JESUS LOVES ME.

E. E. REXFORD. W. H. PONTIUS.



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No. 69. HARVEST TIME.

Ps. 126: 6. A. W. WILLIAMS. By per.

1. He that go - eth forth with weeping, Bearing pre - cious seed in love,
2. Sow thy seed, be nev-er wea - ry, Let no fears thy soul an-noy;

Nev - er tir - ing, never sleeping, Findeth mer - cy from a - bove.
Be the pros - pect e'er so dreary, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

Soft de-scend the dews of heav-en, Bright the rays ce-les-tial shine;
Lo! the scene of verdure bright'ning, See the rip-'ning grain ap-pear;

Inst.

Precious fruits will thus be giv-en, Thro' an in - fluence all divine.
Look a-gain, the fields are whit'ning, For the har - vest time is near.

Precious, precious fruits
Look again, again

No. 70. BLESSED WORDS.

Ps. 119: 105. Prov. 6: 21—23 inclusive.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. E. S. Lorenz, by per.

1. O, the bless - ed Word of God! as I roam the earth a-broad,
2. Bless-ed words of life and light! shin-ing clear - ly in the night
3. O, the bless - ed Word of Truth! I will love it in my youth,

It will lead me, safe - ly lead me;
Of temp - ta - - tion and of sor - - row,
Keep it near me, ev - er near me;

If its pre-cepts I o - bey, and with Je - sus walk each day,
Tho' the sky be o - ver-cast, bring-ing hope to dawn at last,
It will nerve me for the right, it will bring me peace and light,

D. S. *be my guide by day, and by night will lead the way*

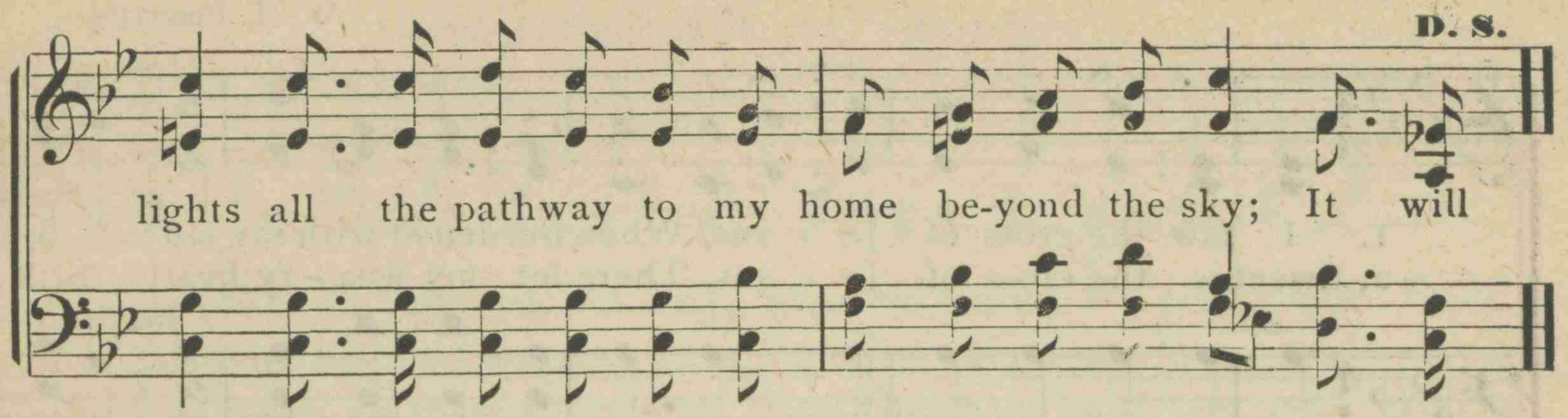
Fine. CHORUS.

In the pastures of His love He will feed me.
Mak-ing beau - ti - ful and rad - iant the mor - row. 'Tis a
And a - mid my dai - ly toils it will cheer me.

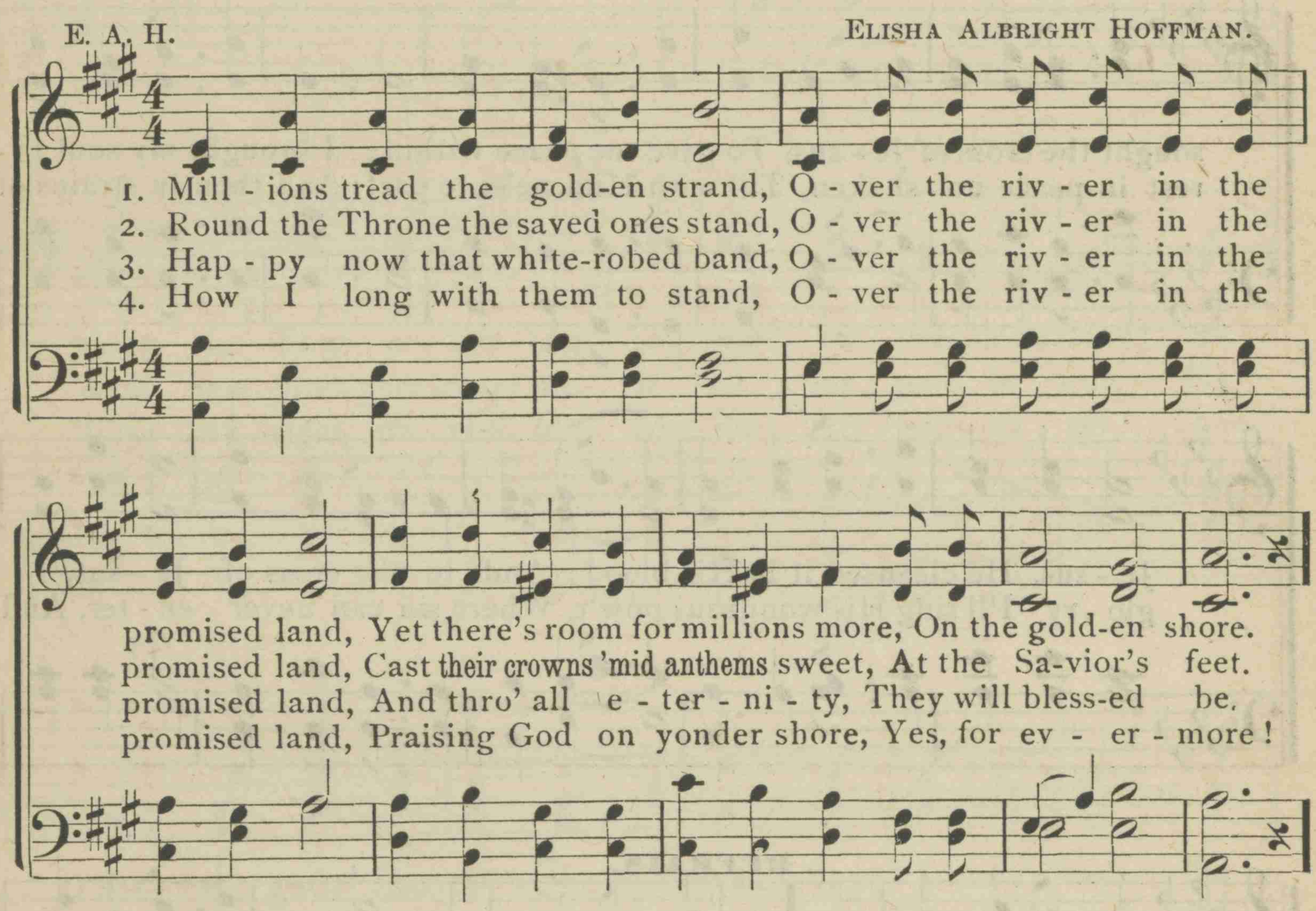
Till I reach my home on high. Hal - le - lu - jah!

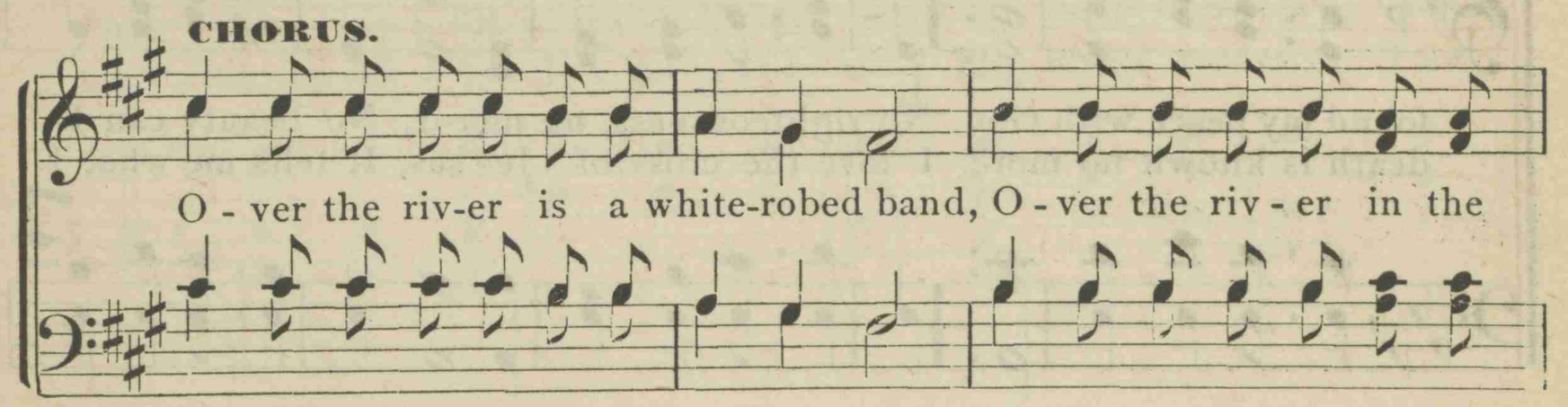
Lamp . . and a Light, . . And it

Lamp un - to my feet and 'tis a Light un - to my path,

BLESSED WORDS. Concluded.

No. 71. OVER IN THE PROMISED LAND.

E. A. H. ELISHA ALBRIGHT HOFFMAN.





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No. 72. I SAW THE CROSS OF JESUS.

W. H. PONTIUS.

1. I saw the cross of Je - sus, When burdened with my sin; I
2. Sweet is the cross of Je - sus, There let my wea - ry heart Still

sought the cross of Je - sus, To give me peace within; I brought my soul to
rest in peace un - shaken, Till with Him, ne'er to part; And then in strains of

Je - sus, He cleansed it in His blood; And in the cross of Je - sus, I
glo - ry I'll sing His wondrous pow'r, Where sin can never en - ter, And

REFRAIN.

found my peace with God. No righteousness, no mer-it, No beauty can I
death is known no more. I love the cross of Je - sus, It tells me what I

plead; Yet, in the cross I glo - ry, My ti - tle there I read.
am; A vile and guilt - y creature, Saved on - ly thro' the Lamb.

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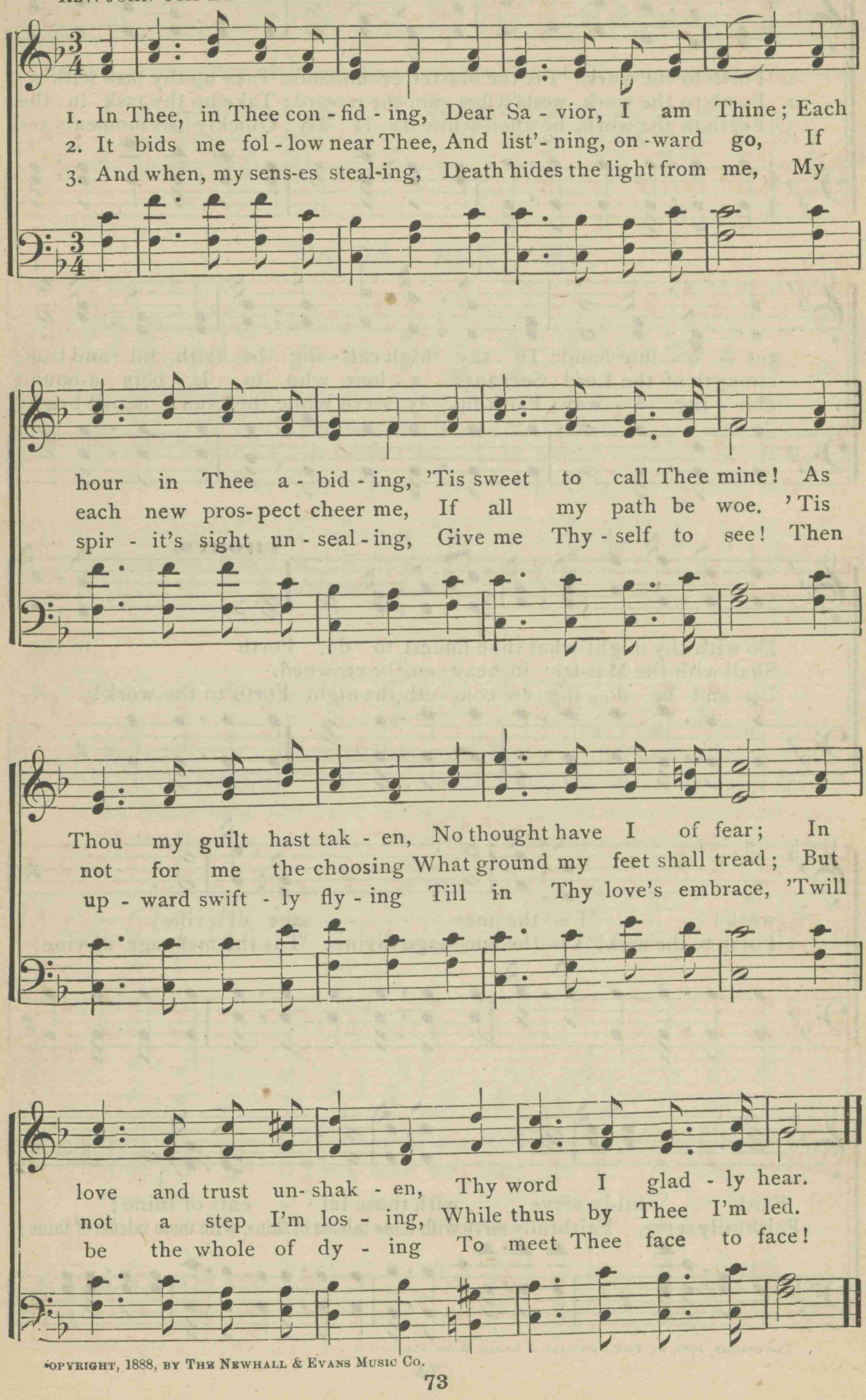
No. 73. TRUST.

"Abide in me, and I in you."—John 15: 4.

REV. JOHN OTIS BARROWS. W. H. PONTIUS.

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No. 74. FORTH TO THE WORK.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. Forth to the work! 'T is the Master's command; Take up thy task with a
2. Forth to the work, would'st thou gain the reward; Take up thy task in the
3. Forth to the work, brother, while it is day; Quickly life's moments are

res - o - lute hand; To thy high call - ing be faith - ful and true;
strength of the Lord; Servants a - lone who in la - bors a-bound
ebb - ing a - way; Faith-ful - ly serve while the sun is still bright;

CHORUS.

Do with thy might what thou findest to do. Forth to the
Shall with the Mas-ter in heav - en be crowned.
Up and be do - ing ere com - eth the night. Forth to the work!

work! 'T is the mes - - sage di - vine;
Forth to the work! 'T is the mes-sage divine, 'T is the mes-sage di-vine;

Faith - ful-ly serve with those tal - ents of thine;
Faithfully serve, Faithfully serve with those talents of thine, with those talents of thine;

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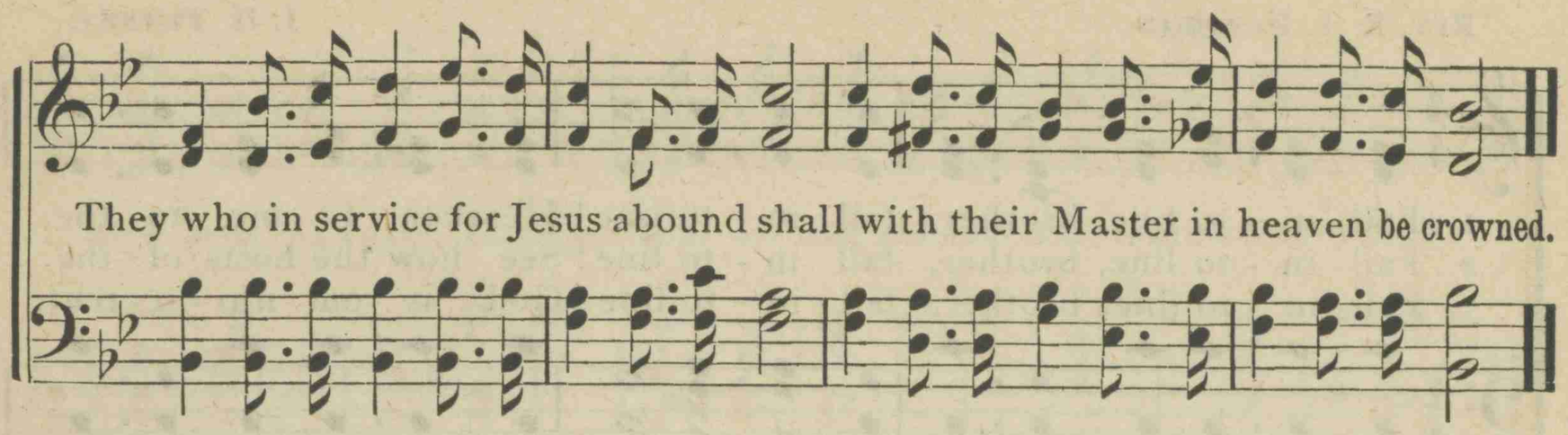
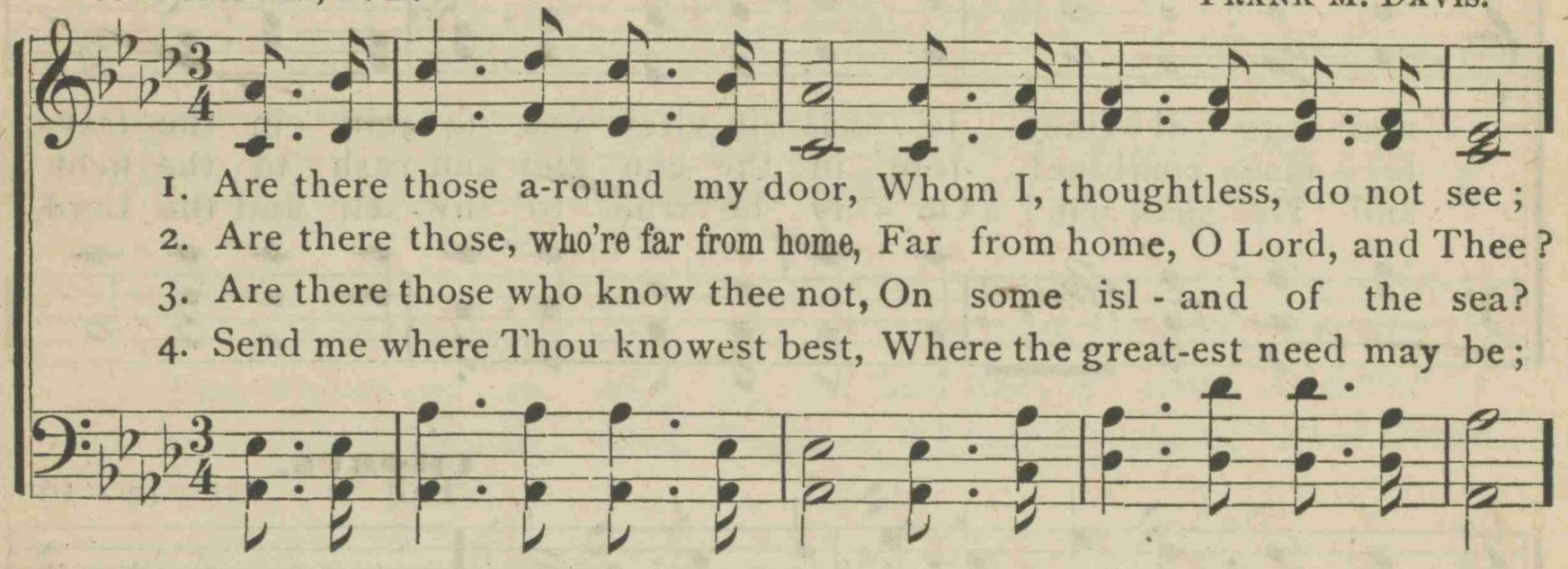
FORTH TO THE WORK. Concluded.



No. 75. SEND ME.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.



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No. 76. FALL INTO LINE.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Fall in - to line, brother, fall in - to line! Hearken to me, to the
2. Fall in - to line, brother, fall in - to line! See how the hosts of the
3. Fall in - to line, brother, fall in - to line! God is om - nip - o - tent

mes - sage di - vine! Je - sus in-vites you to join in the fray,
foe - man combine! Join in the con - flict and rush to the field,
and He shall win! On - ly be true to thy - self and the Lord,

CHORUS.

Fall in - to

Gives you as - sur - ance of vic - t'ry to-day.
Till we shall crush and com-pel them to yield. Fall in - to line,
And you shall share the e - ter - nal re-ward.

line, soldiers, fall in - to line,

fall in - to line, Fall in - to line, soldiers, fall in - to line!

On to the bat - tle, for Je - sus shall win!

On to the battle, fall in - to line! Je - sus shall win! Fierce is the war-

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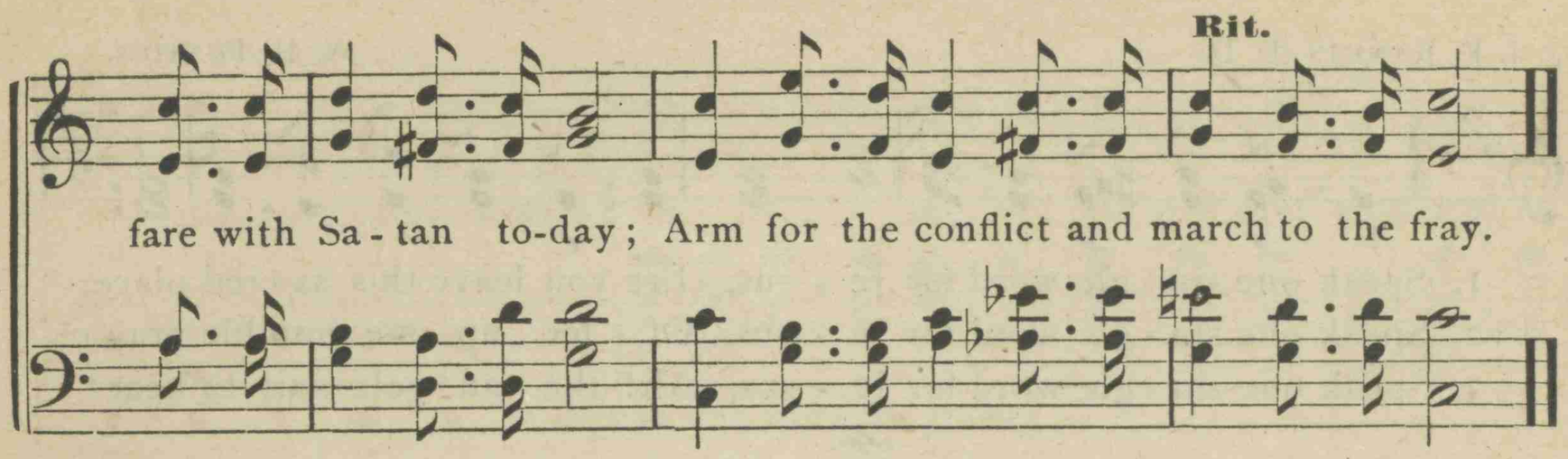
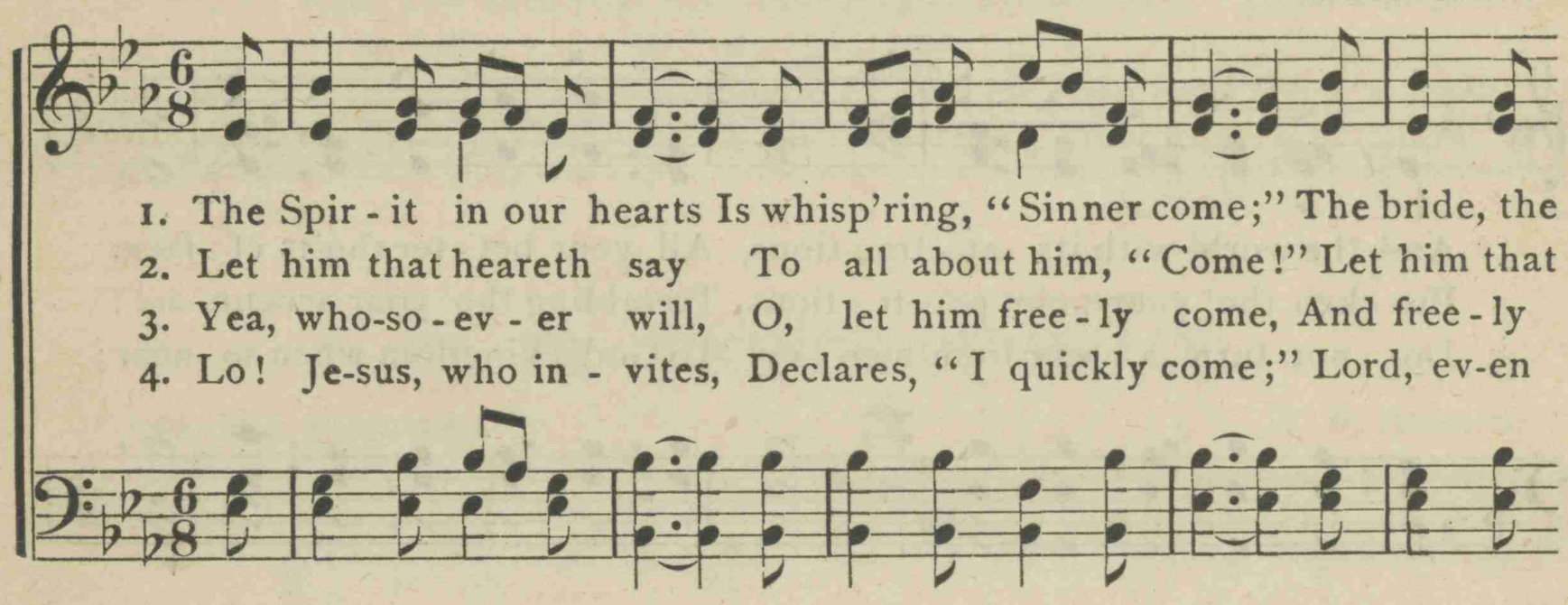
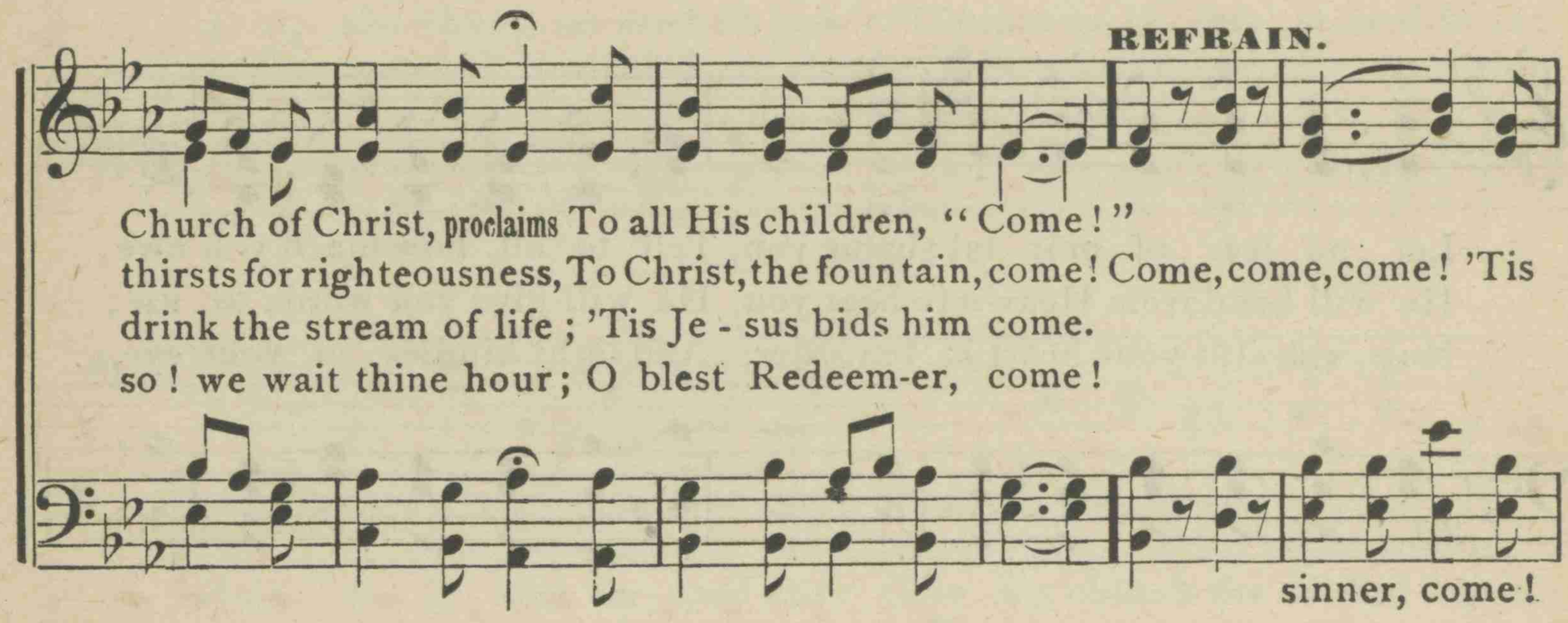
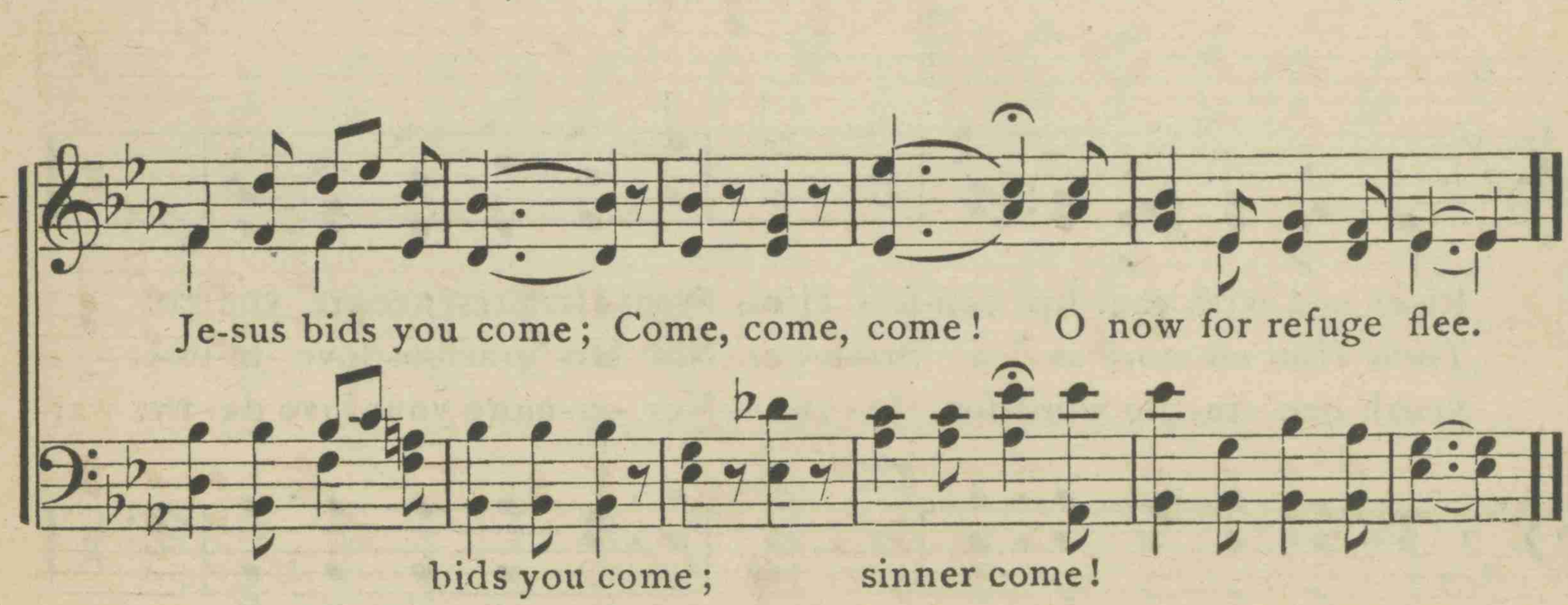
FALL INTO LINE. Concluded.

No. 77. SINNER, COME.

W. H. PONTIUS.





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No. 78. SPEAK ONE SINGLE WORD.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. Speak one sin - gle word for Je - sus, Ere you leave this sa-cred place,
2. Speak one sin - gle word for Je - sus, Of - fer up one humble pray'r;
3. Speak one sin - gle word for Je - sus, Ah! the an - gels wait to hear!

And the world with its at - trac tions, All your bet - ter tho'ts ef - face.
Bro - ken tho' your poor pe - ti - tions, Trembling tho' your accents are;
Do not turn a - way from mer - cy, To God's kingdom when so near;

Let no fear of mor - tal shame you, Tell to all, how much you owe;
He will bend from Heav'n to hear you, He will give you words to use;
Now, while still your heart is ten - der, And light kindles in your eye,

Rise, and with your lips con-fess Him, From His presence ere you go.
Treat Him no more as a Stran-ger, Nor His gracious love re-fuse.
Speak one sin-gle word for Je - sus,—Nev - er-more your love de - ny.

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SPEAK ONE SINGLE WORD. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Speak one single word for Je - - sus, It will give your soul re-

Speak one word for Je-sus,

lease; Rise, and with your lips confess Him, He will say, "Depart in peace."

No. 79. PRINCE OF PEACE.

REV. GEO. MATTHEWS. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. Ho - ly Je-sus, Prince of peace! Thou whose reign shall never cease;
2. O, the blood! we need its pow'r! Cleanse us in this sa-cred hour!
3. Sin - ners all a-round us stand; E - vil curs-es ev-'ry land.

Thou whose power must pre-vail, Thou whose love will nev-er fail.
Dis - si-pate the mists of sin; Make us pure and right with-in.
Hear us in this sa-cred hour, Give thy church the needed pow'r.

Ho - ly Je-sus, glorious Thou! Bless Thy peo-ple, bless us now.

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No. 80. LET THE SAVIOR IN.

RACHEL E. MOORE. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. Think of Him in man-ger born, Cru - ci - fied and crowned with thorn;
2. Long you've crowded out the Lord, From your home and from your board;
3. How much longer must He wait? Your own time may be too late;

O let the Savior in. . . .

Think of Him—God's only Son, O let the Savior, let the Savior in.
Naught but worldliness your hoard, O let the Savior, let the Savior in.
Closed may be the pearly gate, O let the Savior, let the Savior in.

Crowded out of home was He, E - ven mocked His dy-ing plea;
Still how long, ungrate - ful thou, Till be - fore His throne you bow;
"Now is the ac-cept - ed time," Now while Sabbath bells still chime

O let the Savior in. . . . .

Yet He suffered all for thee, O let the Savior, let the Sa-vior in.
Why not Him acknowledge now? O let the Savior, let the Sa-vior in.
Out the story sweet, sublime, O let the Savior, let the Sa-vior in.

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No. 81. SAFELY HIDE ME.

"Hide me under the shadow of Thy wing."—Ps. 17: 8.

J. H. KURZENKNABE. J. H. K. By per.

1. Precious love that gives me proof, Whatev - er may betide me, Je-sus
2. Precious hope that bears me up, Though all the world deride me; I have
3. Precious trust that cheers me most When sin and Satan chide me! I shall
4. Precious peace in my dis - tress, When death's form stands beside me! From the

CHORUS.

gave His life to save, And He will safely hide me.
heard the pard'ning word, And He will safely hide me.
know the way to go, And He will safely hide me.
strand He'll reach His hand To shield and safely hide me.

Safely hide me,

Safely hide me,

safe-ly hide me, When the storms and bil - lows rage;
Safe-ly hide me, When the storms, the storms and billows rage:

He will guide me, safely guide me, Thro' this earthly pil-grim - age.

No. 82. FAR, FAR IN HEATHEN LANDS.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. Far, far in heathen lands, Dark, dark as night, Outstretched are children's hands
2. We have our pastors here, Or teachers kind; We have our parents dear,
3. To this sad call we'll lend A list'ning ear, And quick some message send
4. Tell how for them He died, His life He gave, Was scourged and crucified,

For the true light, Grop-ing in darkness there, Down to the grave;
Our wants to mind. We have our Bi - bles, too, To warn of sin;
Their hearts to cheer. Tell them of Je - sus' name, To us so sweet;
Lay in the grave. Tell how a-gain He rose, That they might rise,

REFRAIN.

Have we no gift, no prayer, Their souls to save?
To tell us what to do, How heav'n to win. Far, far in heathen lands,
Tell how to earth He came On willing feet.
And triumph o'er all foes, With-in the skies.

Dark, dark as night, Outstretched are children's hands For the true light.

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No. 83. HALLELUJAH, CHRIST IS MINE.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is mine! He who died to save me, And with-in, the seal di - vine Of His love, who gave me. Of all good, the
2. Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is mine! First-born of cre - a - tion; Chos-en He, of Da-vid's line, For sin's one ob - la - tion. In the full-ness
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is mine! Let earth's ev'ry na - tion Bow be-fore His conq'ring sign, Take of His sal - va - tion. Ev'ry-where His

source and sum, He to heav'n will guide me: Things nor present, nor to come,
of God's time, Mer-cy's message bear-ing, He appears a-lone, sub-lime,
stand - ard go, With His blood a-ton - ing, Till all climes, the tidings know,

CHORUS.

From Him can di - vide me.
Our lost nature wear-ing. Hal - le-lu-jah! Christ is mine! Sinners, with me
Him as Sa-vior own-ing.

own Him; Give to Him, His right di - vine, In your hearts enthrone Him.

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No. 84. GOD CALLING YET.

W. H. PONTIUS.

1. God call-ing yet—and will you nev - er heark-en? But still earth's sins and
2. God call-ing yet! and yet you're not a - ris - ing; So long His loving
3. God call-ing yet! loud at your door He's knock-ing; And yet your heart, your

doubts your spirits darken; This passing life, these passing joys, all flying,
faith-ful voice de - spis-ing; So false-ly His unwearied care re-pay-ing,
eye still firm - er lock-ing; He still is ready, willing to re-ceive you,

REFRAIN.

And still your soul in dream-y slumbers ly - ing.
He calls you still, and still you are de - lay - ing.
Is waiting now, but ah! he soon may leave you.

God calling yet!

yet! . . . God's calling you. . . . . .

God calling yet! God is calling, calling, calling, God is calling you. He still is

you. . . . .

willing to receive you; God is calling, calling, God is call-ing you.

you. . . . .

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No. 85. DEAR FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. Dear Fa - ther, take my hand, Nor let me lone - ly roam;
2. Dear Fa - ther, take my hand, I trem - ble oft and fall,
3. Dear Fa - ther, take my hand, And lead me as a child;

Earth is a des - ert land, And I am far from home;
And oft a - fraid I stand;— For help in vain I call:
May I the wrong with-stand, With sin be un - de - filed.

Perplexed with doubts and fears, I wan - der oft a - stray,
Can I but walk with Thee, I fear no more my foes:
I love the pleas - ant ways, Which lead to realms di - vine,

Mine eyes so full of tears, I can not trace the way.
No harm can come to me, No want my be - ing knows.
My soul no more de - lays; Thy will shall hence be mine.

REFRAIN.

Dear Fa--ther, take my hand, Lead to the bet - ter land.

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No. 86. BEAUTIFUL CITY OF GOLD.

G. D. B. GEO. D. BUCHANAN. By per.

1. Have you heard of that beau - ti - ful home of the blest, Where no sor - row can ev - er be told? Where the sad shall re-joice, and the wea - ry find rest? 'Tis a beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold. O that beau - ti - ful place is the home of the soul, Where the righteous their Sa - vior be - hold; There the wa - ter of life shall e-

2. Have you heard of the crowns that the righteous shall wear, Of their white robes with beauties untold? And that Je - sus for - ev - er shall reign with them there, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold? Will you come, sin-ner, come to that beau - ti-ful home? Will you all of its beau - ties be - hold? It is Je - sus, our Sav - ior, in-

Rit.

BEAUTIFUL CITY OF GOLD. Concluded.

ter - nal - ly roll; 'Tis a beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.
vites you to come, And to dwell in that cit - y of gold.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold, . . . Beau - ti - ful

Beau - ti - ful cit - y, cit - y of gold, Beau - ti - ful

cit - y of gold . . .

There the wa - ter of life shall e-

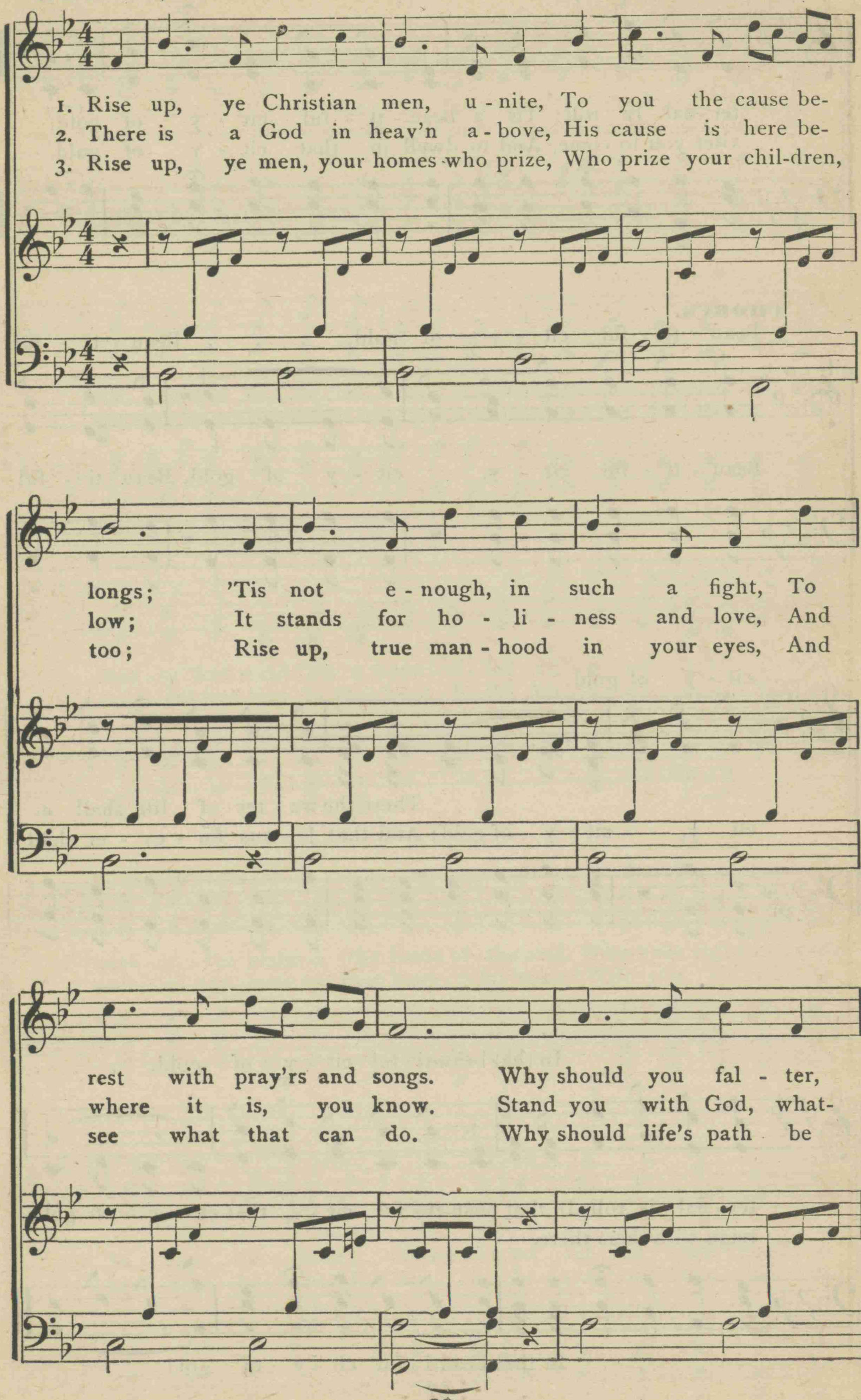
cit - y, cit - y of gold; And that Je - sus for - ev - er shall

In that beau-ti - ful cit - y of gold. . . .

ter - nal - ly roll, In that beau-ti - ful cit - y, that cit - y of gold.
reign with them there,

In that beauti - ful cit - y of gold.

No. 87. RISE UP, YE CHRISTIAN MEN, UNITE.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. H. PONTIUS, by per.

RISE UP, YE CHRISTIAN MEN. Concluded.

shirk and shrink, A - fraid of threat - and frown? Just
ev - er come, Here where His col - ors float; When
thick with snares, Cor - rupt - ed be our youth? Act

hon - est vote the way you think, And put the traf - fic down.
He is speak-ing, be not dumb:—Your voice put in your vote.
but con-sist - ent with your pray'rs, And vote for God and truth.

Rit.

CHORUS.

Rise up, ye Christian men, u - nite; To you the cause be - longs:

'Tis not enough, in such a fight, To rest with pray'rs and songs.

No. 88. WATCH AND PRAY.

"Think on these things."—PHIL. 4: 8. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. When the shadows, gen-tly fall-ing, Whisper that the day is done;
2. If our hearts were ev-er prayerful, Would we then so oft complain?
3. God will ev-er, in His wis-dom, Lend to us what is re-quired
4. Clouds which have a sil-ver lin-ing Oft are dark to mor-tal eye,

And the love-ly lights have fa-ded With the set-ting of the sun:
We shall learn that all was needful, Both the sunshine and the rain.
For our good, and we may trust Him, Rest is sweet-est to the tired.
Till the gracious hand which formed them Turns them gently in the sky.

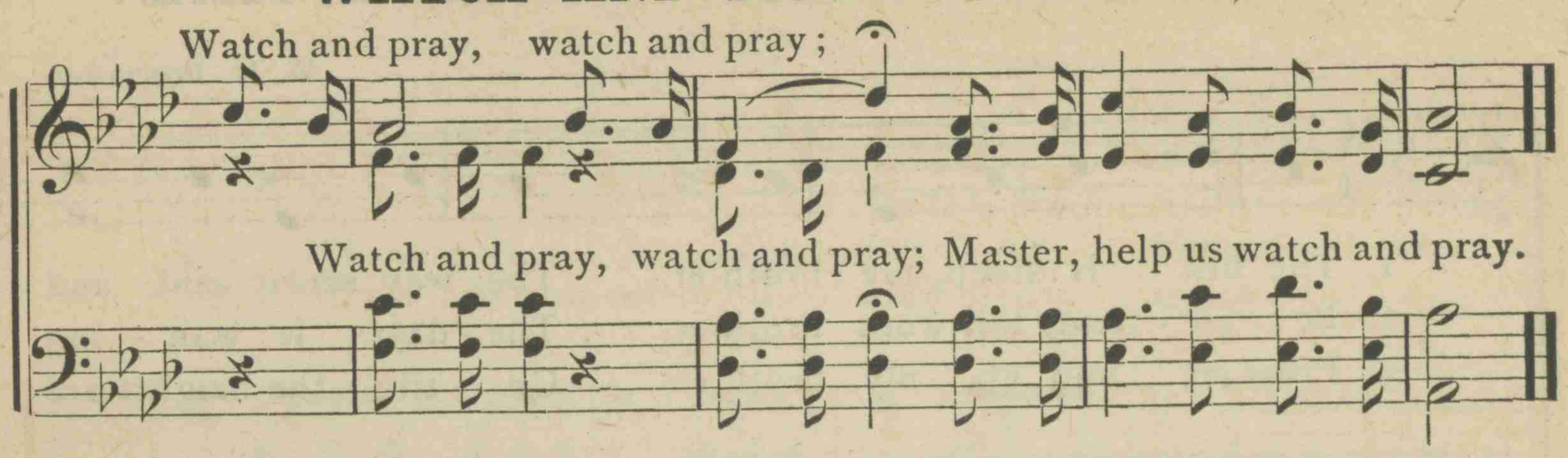
Do we think to thank the Giv-er For the bless-ings of the day?
If our lives were ev-er joy-ful, Ev-er careless, bright and gay,
Nev-er will He lay up-on us Loads too heav-y to be borne;
Then look up! Be-hold our Mas-ter! If un-mind-ful for one day,

If our hearts were more like Jesus, Would we e'er for-get to pray?
Would we ev-er learn to love Him? Would our lips e'er learn to pray?
Tho' the night be dark and dreary, Light re-turn-eth with the morn.
Some tempta-tion may as-sail us, "Lest we en-ter, watch and pray."

Watch and pray, watch and pray,

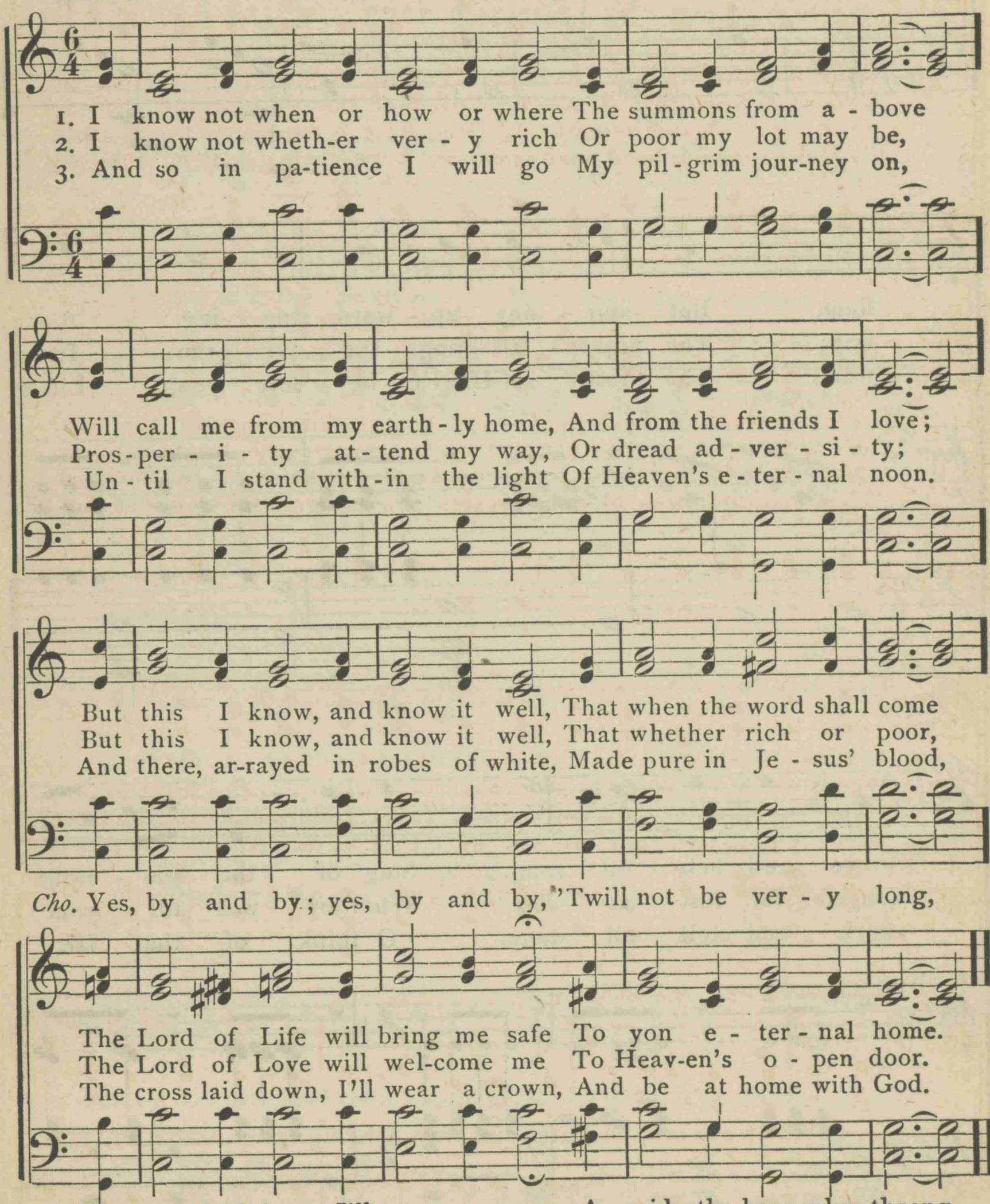
Watch and pray, watch and pray, Lest sin en-ter, watch and pray.

WATCH AND PRAY. Concluded.



No. 89. THE LORD WILL BRING ME HOME.

E. A. H. Chorus after last stanza only. E. A. HOFFMAN.



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No. 90. IN GOD'S GOOD WAY AND TIME.

W. H. PONTIUS.

1. The hill is steep, my broth-er, The way seems wild and
2. Be pa - tient, toil-worn broth-er, The day is wan - ing
3. Press on and up, my broth-er, Un - til the heights are

long, But jour - ney up - ward, sing - ing A
fast; The night - fall brings the pil - grim Its
won; The rest of Heav'n be - fore you, Life's

brave and help - ful song. Sing of the glo - rious
longed for rest at last. What joy will fill your
work and toil all done. O think of that fair

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IN GOD'S GOOD WAY. Concluded.

vis - ion To glad the trav - 'ler's eyes, When
bo - som, If, at the sun - set time, You
Cit - y, Where-in we long to stand, And

from the hills a - bove us, We look on Par - a - dise.
stand up - on the hill - top With no more hills to climb!
climb the hill, my broth-er, To view the Promised Land.

REFRAIN.

Be brave of heart, my broth - er, With stead-fast pur - pose

Be brave of heart, my brother, brave of heart,

climb, And we shall reach the hill-tops, In God's good way and time.

No. 91. IS IT FOR ME.

"O thou whom my soul loveth."—CANT. 1: 7.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Is it for me, dear Sa - vior, Thy glo - ry and Thy rest?
2. Is it for me to list - en To Thy be - lov - ed voice,
3. A thrill of sol - emn glad-ness Hush - es my ver - y heart,

REF. *O Sa - vior, pre - cious Sa - vior, My heart is at Thy feet;*

For me, so weak and sin - ful, O! shall I thus be blest?
And hear its sweet - est mu - sic Bid e - ven me re - joice?
To think that I shall real - ly Be - hold Thee as Thou art,

Fine.

I bless Thee and I love Thee, And Thee I long to meet.

Is it for me to see Thee In all Thy glo - rious grace,
Is it for me, Thy wel - come, Thy gracious "En - ter in?"
And be with Thee for - ev - er, And nev - er grieve Thee more;

D. C.

And gaze in end - less rapt - ure On Thy be - lov - ed face?
For me, Thy "Come, ye bless-ed," For me, so full of sin?
Dear Sa - vior, I must praise Thee, And lov - ing - ly a - dore.

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No. 92. TRUSTING ONLY THEE.

F. R. HAVERGAL. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus, Trust-ing on - ly Thee! Trust-ing
2. I am trusting Thee for par-don, At Thy feet I bow; For Thy
3. I am trusting Thee for cleansing In the crim-son flood; Trust-ing
4. I am trusting Thee to guide me; Thou a - lone shalt lead, Ev - 'ry
5. I am trusting Thee for pow-er, Thine can nev-er fail; Words which
6. I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus; Nev - er let me fall; I am

REFRAIN.

I am trusting Thee, Lord

Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
grace and ten-der mer - cy, Trust - ing now. I am trusting Thee, I am
Thee to make me ho - ly By Thy blood.
day and hour sup-ply - ing All my need.
Thou Thyself shalt give me Must pre - vail.
trusting Thee for - ev - er, And for all.

Trusting Thee, I am

Je - - sus, Trusting, trust-ing Thee! . . . . I am

trust-ing on - ly Thee! Trusting, trust-ing, Trusting on - ly Thee! I am

trust-ing on - ly Thee!

trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - - sus,

trust-ing Thee, I am trust-ing on - ly Thee! Trusting on - ly Thee!

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No. 93. THE WRITTEN WORD.

Mrs. L. J. Tracey. W. H. Pontius.

1. Oh! lov-ing Spir-it! Light Divine! Up-on the written Word now shine!
2. A-noint our eyes, that we may see The wondrous grace that dwells in Thee!
3. Of-fers of par-don to a world So low in sin, in hate so bold
4. As one of old was smitten down By Thy pure light that 'round him shone
5. So melt our hearts in sor-row true, Our stubbornness of will sub-due,

Show us The Way, The Truth, The Life Undimmed by sin or doubtful strife.
The Love of Loves, beyond compare, That would a throne with rebels share.
It smites the hand stretched forth to save And crucified the life it gave.
Was heard to cry "Lord, who art Thou?" And "What would'st Thou have me to do?"
And ere we leave this sacred place, Let each accept Thine offered grace.

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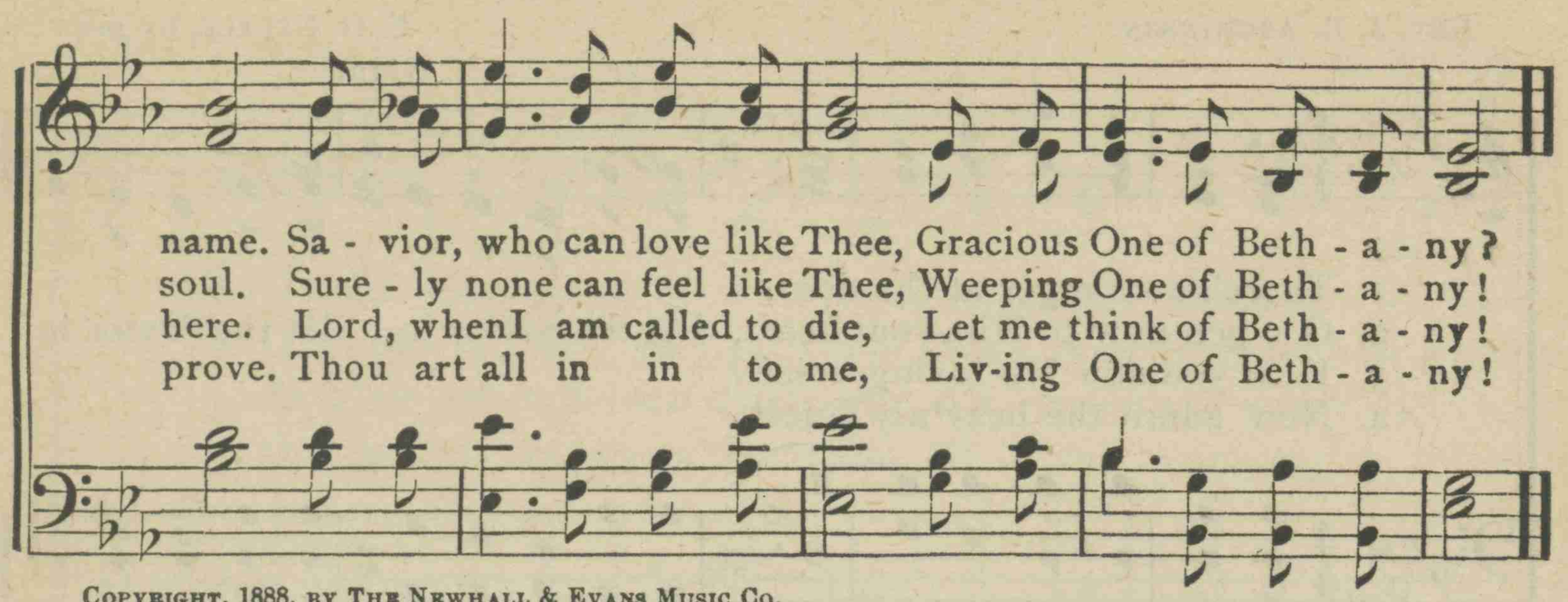
No. 94. "JESUS WEPT."

Rev. John Ross Macduff, D. D. W. H. Pontius.

1. Je-sus wept! those tears are o-ver, But His heart is still the same;
2. When the pangs of tri-al seize us, When the waves of sor-row roll,
3. Je-sus wept! and still in glo-ry, He can mark each mourn-er's tear;
4. Je-sus wept! that tear of sor-row Is a leg-a-cy of love;

Kinsman, Friend and Elder Broth-er, Is His ev-er-last-ing
I will lay my head on Je-sus, Pillow of the troub-led
Liv-ing to re-trace the sto-ry Of the hearts He sol-aced
Yes-ter-day, to-day, to-mor-row, He the same doth ev-er

"JESUS WEPT." Concluded.



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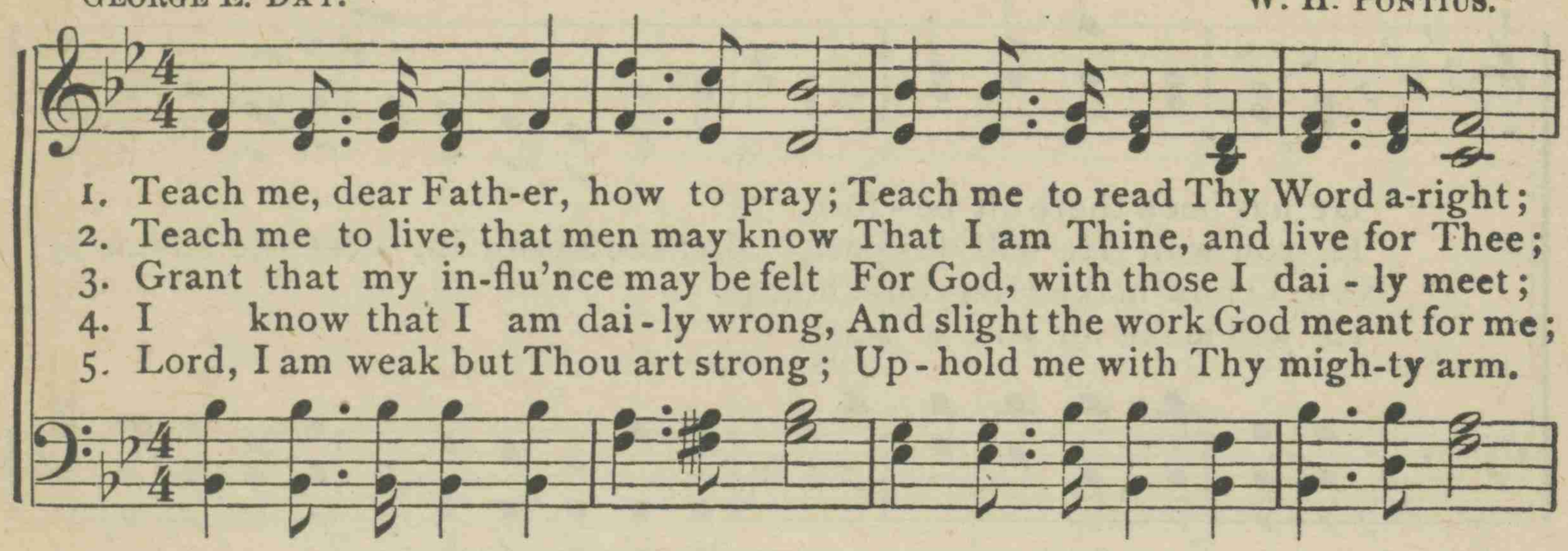
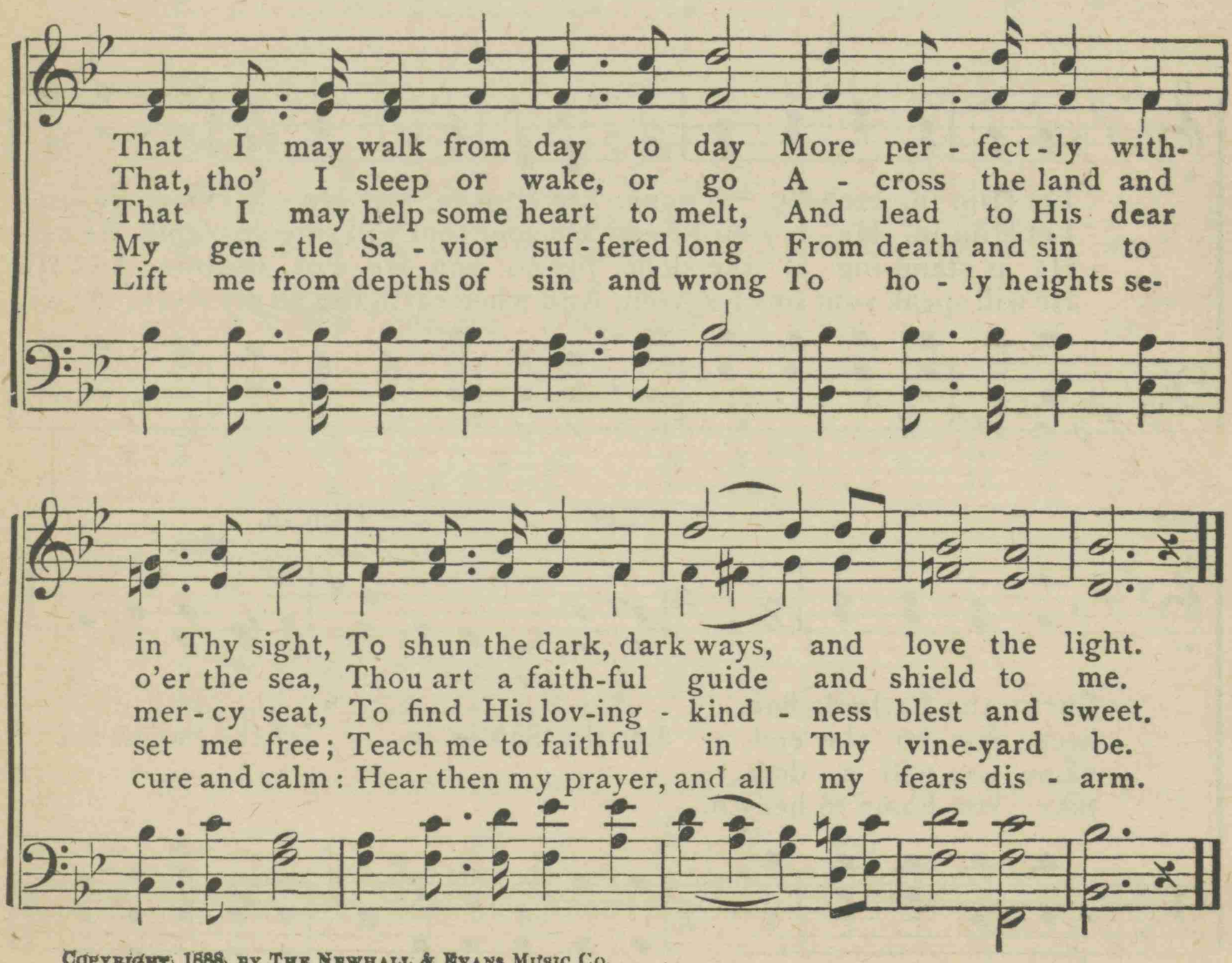
No. 95. TEACH ME HOW TO PRAY.

GEORGE E. DAY. W. H. PONTIUS.





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No. 96. LET HIM IN.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. E. O. EXCELL, by per.

Let Him in,

1. There's a stranger at the door,
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let the Savior in, let the Savior in,
3. Hear you now His loving voice?
4. Now admit the heav'nly Guest,

Let Him in;

He has been there oft be - fore,
If you wait He will de - part, Let the Savior in, let the Savior in;
Now, O now make Him your choice,
He will make for you a feast,

Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus
Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend, He will
He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to you He will re-store, And His
He will speak your sins forgiven, And when earth ties all are riven, He will

Let Him in.

Rit.

Christ, the Father's Son,
keep you to the end. Let the Savior in, let the Savior in.
name you will a - dore,
take you home to heav'n.

No. 97. O SAVIOR, PRECIOUS SAVIOR.

F. R. HAVERGAL. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. O Sa - vior, pre-cious Sa - vior, Whom yet un-seen we love,
2. O Bring - er of sal - va - tion, Who won-drous-ly hast wrought,
3. In Thee all full - ness dwell - eth, All grace and pow'r di - vine;
4. O, grant the con - sum - ma - tion Of this our song a - bove,

O name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove.
Thy - self the rev - e - la - tion Of love be-yond our tho't;—
The glo - ry that ex - cel - leth, O Son of God, is Thine;—
In end - less ad - o - ra - tion And ev - er - last - ing love.

REFRAIN.

We wor-ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing;

We praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our Ho - ly Lord and King.

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No. 98. WE WILL GO.

G. W. LYON.

1. We will go in the strength of the Mas - ter, In the
2. We will work in the strength of the Mas - ter, In the
3. We will trust in the strength of the Mas - ter, We will

path He hath marked for our feet; We will fol - low the light of His
la - bor He gives us to do; And His work shall af - ford joy and
trust His om - nip - o - tent arm; And His pow - er shall prove all suf-

CHORUS.

coun-sel, Nor shrink from the danger we meet. We will go, we will
com-fort, Our souls shall their vigor re-new.
fi - cient To shield us from danger and harm. As the Master com-

go, And His pres - ence our steps shall at - tend; He will
mands we will go,

guard, He will guide, And support till our journey shall end.
He will guard, He will guide, He will guide,

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99. THERE IS JOY AMONG THE ANGELS.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—LUKE 15: 10.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. There is joy among the an-gels, When comes a wan-d'ring soul
2. There is joy among the an-gels, And Heaven's walls re - sound
3. There is joy among the an-gels, And sweet is their re - frain

To the Lord in true re-pent-ance, And Je - sus makes him whole.
With the an - thems of re-demption, Be-cause the lost is found.
As it fills the courts of glo - ry, When souls are born a - gain.

REFRAIN.

There is joy . . . . a-mong the an - - - - gels,
There is joy a-mong the an - gels, pur - est joy,
And the streets . . . with song re - sound, ...
And the gold - en streets of Heav'n with song re-sound,
When a soul . . . returns to Je-sus, And the lost a-gain is found.
When a soul returns to Je-sus,

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No. 100. O, HOW HE LOVES.

MARIANNE NUNN. W. H. PONTIUS.

SOLO. CHORUS.

1. One is kind a - bove all oth - ers; O, how He loves!
2. 'Tis e - ter - nal life to know Him; O, how He loves!
3. We have found a Friend in Je - sus; O, how He loves!
4. All our sins shall be for - giv - en; O, how He loves!

SOLO. CHORUS.

His is love be - yond a broth-er's; O, how He loves!
Think, O, think how much we owe him; O, how He loves!
'Tis His great de - light to bless us; O, how He loves!
Back - ward shall our foes be driv - en; O, how He loves!

Earth - ly friends may fail and leave us, This day soothe, the next day grieve us, But this Friend will ne'er de-ceive us; O, how He loves!
With His pre-cious blood He bought us, In the wil - der - ness He sought us, To His fold He safe - ly brought us; O, how He loves!
How our hearts de - light to hear Him, Bid us dwell in safe - ty near Him, Why should we dis-trust or fear Him? O, how He loves!
Bless-ings rich He will pro-vide us, Naught but good shall e'er be- tide us, Safe to glo - ry He will guide us; O, how He loves!

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No. 101. THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

MRS. CECIL F. ALEXANDER. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit - y wall; Where
2. We may not know, we can not tell What pains He had to bear; But
3. He died that we might be forgiv'n, He died to make us good, That
4. There was no oth - er good enough, To pay the price of sin; He

the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His pre - cious blood.
on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

CHORUS.

O! dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too;

Rit.

And trust in His re - deeming blood, And try His works to do.

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No. 102. SAFELY THOU HAST KEPT US.

"The Lord hath kept thee."—NUM. 24: 11.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.

1. Glad - ly, glad - ly mer - ry bells are tell - ing, Bright and love-ly sum-mer now is here; Glad-ly, glad - ly in our Sabbath dwell-ing,
2. Nat - ure smil - ing, flor - al trib-ute bring-ing, Scat - ters ros - es blushing on our way, While our cho-rus cheer - i - ly is ring - ing,
3. God has kept us, O the joy - ful sto - ry! In His watch care sheltered by His love; God has kept us, un - to Him the glo - ry,
4. When we gath - er by the crys - tal riv - er, In the morning bright with endless day; Then re - joic-ing may we dwell to - geth - er,

REFRAIN.

Hap - py voi - ces hail an - oth - er year. Sa - vior, dear
Wel-come, wel - come hap-py friends to-day.
He has watched us gent - ly from a - bove.
Dwell where sum-mer fad - eth not a - way. Sa - vior, bless - ed

Slower.

Sa - vior, Deign our praise to hear, Deign our praise to hear, Safe Safe-ly

Thou hast kept us Thro' an - oth - er hap - py year.

No. 103. HOMEWARD COME.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. H. PONTIUS.

1. They shall homeward come with songs of joy, Gone for - ev - er all their sigh - ing, Fear of sin, and fear of dy - ing:
2. They shall come, the ransomed of the Lord! Be con - fest, His sons and daugh-ters: Like the sound of ma - ny wa - ters,
3. For a high - way, God has char-tered there, With a con - duct safe to Zi - on: There no more shall prowl the li - on;
4. Yet a lit - tle while, and it shall be, Pa - tient wait for His ap - pear - ing: For, the Day is sure - ly near - ing:

REFRAIN.

Naught can hurt them or their peace destroy.
Love Re-deem-ing, sing with one ac-cord. They shall come, . . they shall
Rav'nous beast no more the pil-grim scare.
Time exchanged for God's E-ter - ni - ty.

They shall come, come, . . Homeward come with songs of joy (songs of joy); They shall they shall come, come, . . they shall come, Homeward come with songs of joy. they shall come,

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No. 104. GOD BE WITH YOU.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. By per. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un-failing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, till me meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet, Till we meet,

Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

105

"Having done all, stand."

G. DUFFIELD.

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

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

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

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

106

Zech. 13: 1. W. COWPER.

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

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

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be 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, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

107

1 WE praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus, who died, and is now gone above.

CHORUS:

Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! amen, etc.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

108

7s, D.

Christ, our All.

1 JESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the billows near me 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, ah! 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 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to pardon 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.

109 *"Christian Love."* J. FAWCETT.

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

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

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

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

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

110 *"Lord of all."* E. PERRONET.

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

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

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

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

111 8, 7, D.

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

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

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

112 8, 7, 3. E. CODNER.

1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me!
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me.
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Savior,
Let me live and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou 'rt calling, O call me,
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich, so free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

113 L. M. D. J. H. GILMORE.

1 He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought,
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REFRAIN.

He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Lord! I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine:
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

3 And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

114 7, 6 lines.

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

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

115 6, 4.

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

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

3 There let the 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 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 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!

116 *"Look unto Me."* RAY PALMER.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour 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.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

117

L. M.
Lamb of God.

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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

3 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am, thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

118

"Come over, and help us."
R. HEBER.

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 strown;
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, oh, 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!

119

"The night cometh." S. DYER.

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

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

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

120

"To save the lost."
E. C. CLEPHANE.

1 THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine:
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
Has wandered away from me:
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost;
Out in the desert he heard its cry—
'Twas helpless and sick, and ready to die.

4 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

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