For Sunday School, Church

and Home Circle.

LOVING VOICES

By R. G. STAPLES.

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1887

Lovi.

"Loving Voices," as purchased from the author, by the Christian Publishing Co., contained 110 pages. To this collection has been added by the undersigned committee of Compilers, 80 additional pages of choice Sunday-school music, embracing some of the most popular pieces in the whole field of children's sacred song. We believe the compilation as now sent forth to be far above the average Sunday-school song book, in variety, quality of music, and adaptation to the various wants of the Sunday-school, whose needs we have kept steadily in view. As such we heartily commend it to the Sunday-school world.

J. H. Garrison,
Simpson Ely,
Chas. Humphrey,
} Compilers.

LOVING VOICES.

ANNA. L. M.

J. T. GRAPE.





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

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

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

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong.
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

CROWN HIM, LORD OF ALL.

Spirited.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. All hail the power of Je- sus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; . . . Bring forth the royal
2. Ye chosen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, . . . Hail him who saves you
3. Sin- ner whose love can ne'er for - get, The wormwood and the gall, . . Go, spread your trophies
4. Let ev - 'ry kindred, eve - ry tribe, On this terrestrial ball, . . To him all ma-jes-

Chorus.

di - a-dem, And Crown Him Lord of All.
by his grace, And Crown Him Lord of All.
at his feet And Crown Him Lord of All.
-ty ascribe, And Crown Him Lord of All.

And Crown Him, Crown Him,

Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,

Crown Him, Lord of All, Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, Lord of All.

Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,

BONAR. J. H. LESLIE.

1. Be - gin the day with God, He is thy morn - ing light; His glo - ry shin - eth
2. A - wake! cold lips and sing; A - rise, dull knees and pray; Lift up, to Him, thy
3. Go forth, com-mune with God! Let Him go forth with thee; By stream or sea or
4. Cast ev - 'ry weight a - side, Do bat - tle with each sin; Go, fight the faith-less

Chorus.

ev - 'ry - where Throughout the day and night. } For He is good and
heart and voice, Drive fear and sloth a - way.
moun-tainpath, There seek His com - pa - ny.
world with-out, The faith - less heart with - in. } For He is good

full of love, And reigns su - preme in heav'n a - - - bove.
And full, and full of love, and reigns su-preme in heav'n in heav'n a - bove.

PRAISE HIM.

R. G. STAPLES.

Spirited.

1. Come and sing with joy and gladness, El-evate your heart in praise; Come dismiss all gloom and sadness, High your
2. With the an-gel choir u- nit - ing, Sing of Jesus' wond'rous love; 'Tis a sub-ject so de - light - ing, Thrilling
3. Then to heaven high ascend - ing Shall our anthems quickly rise; With angelic voic - es blend -ing Far a -

Chorus.

songs ex - ult - ant raise,
all the harps a - bove.
- bove yon az - ure skies.

Let us praise him, praise him, Praise his ho - ly name; Let us

Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him,

praise him, praise him, Praise his ho - ly name. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him.

Words from "CHILDREN'S FRIEND." J. T. GRAPE.

Bold.

1. Why stand ye here? (the mas - ter said) Go forth at morning light Work in the vineyard
2. Why stand ye here? let i - dle hands Be use - ful while they may, Wide is the field, the
3. Why stand ye here? the mas - ter calls And shall he call in vain? Up, for the reapers
4. Why stand ye here? no time to lose O haste with one accord, Keep in your mind the

of the Lord, And do it with your might.
har - vest great, Go work, and watch and pray.
soon will come, And bear the sheaves of grain.
sol - emn truth, No La - bor, no re - ward.

La - bor for good, la - bor for good, The

day will soon be o'er, The eve - ning shades are drawing nigh when thou can'st work no more.

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OH, WHO WOULD BE WANTING?

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Oh, what of thy past life my brother, If laid in the balance to - day? Oh,
2. Oh, what of thy fu - ture my brother? It sure - ly hath something for thee, If
3. Oh, what of the present my brother? The re - cord is waiting a - bove; Se-

what would it bring to the Master, Thy service, oh, how would it weigh?
thou hast no part in the Sav-iour, Then wanting it surely must be.
- cure to thyself what is wanting, By closing with In - fi - nite love.

Chorus.

Oh, who would be weighed and be

Rit.- - -

wanting? No Je-sus for sin to a-tone! No Saviour with love in the balance! Oh, who would be thus all alone?

JESUS DIED FOR ME.

S. STENNETT. Truly, this was the Son of God.—MATT. 27 : 54. R. G. STAPLES.

1. Yonder, a - maz - ing sight! I see Th'in-car - nate Son of God, Ex - pir - ing on th'ac-
2. The trembling earth, the darkened sky, Proclaim the truth a - loud; And, with th'amazed cen-
3. So great, so vast a sac - ri - fice May well my hope re - vive; If God's own Son thus
4. Oh, that these cords of love di-vine Might draw me, Lord, to thee! Thou hast my heart—it

Chorus.

curs - ed tree, And wel-t'ring in his blood.
- tu - rion cry, This is the Son of God.
bleeds and dies, The sin - ner sure may live.
shall be thine—Thine it shall ev - er be.

} Oh, won - der-ful mer - cy can it be That

Je - sus died for me?..... For me, for me he shed his blood On rugged Cal - va - ry.....
for me,

PUT ON THY BEAUTIFUL GARMENTS.

W. A. O. "Break forth into joy."—Isa. 52. 9. W. A. OGDEN, by per.

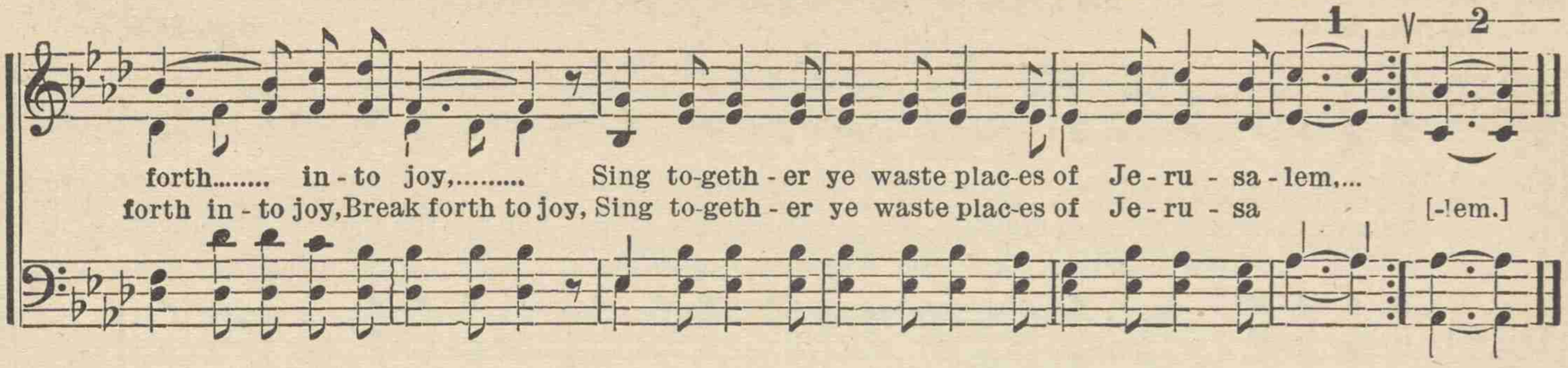
1. Awake! O daughter of Zi - on, Put on thy beau - ti - ful garments, For lo! thy bride-groom
2. Awake! O daughter of Zi - on, Put on thy beau - ti - ful garments, The watch-men shall lift
3. Awake! O daughter of Zi - on, Put on thy beau - ti - ful garments, Je - ru - sa - lem, Je-

cometh, clothed in bright ar - ray, A-wake! O daughter of Zi - on, Put on thy beau - ti - ful
up their voic and they shall sing, A-wake! O daughter of Zi - on, Put on thy beau - ti - ful
- ru - sa-lem, henceforth is free, A-wake! O daughter of Zi - on, Put on thy beau - ti - ful

Chorus.

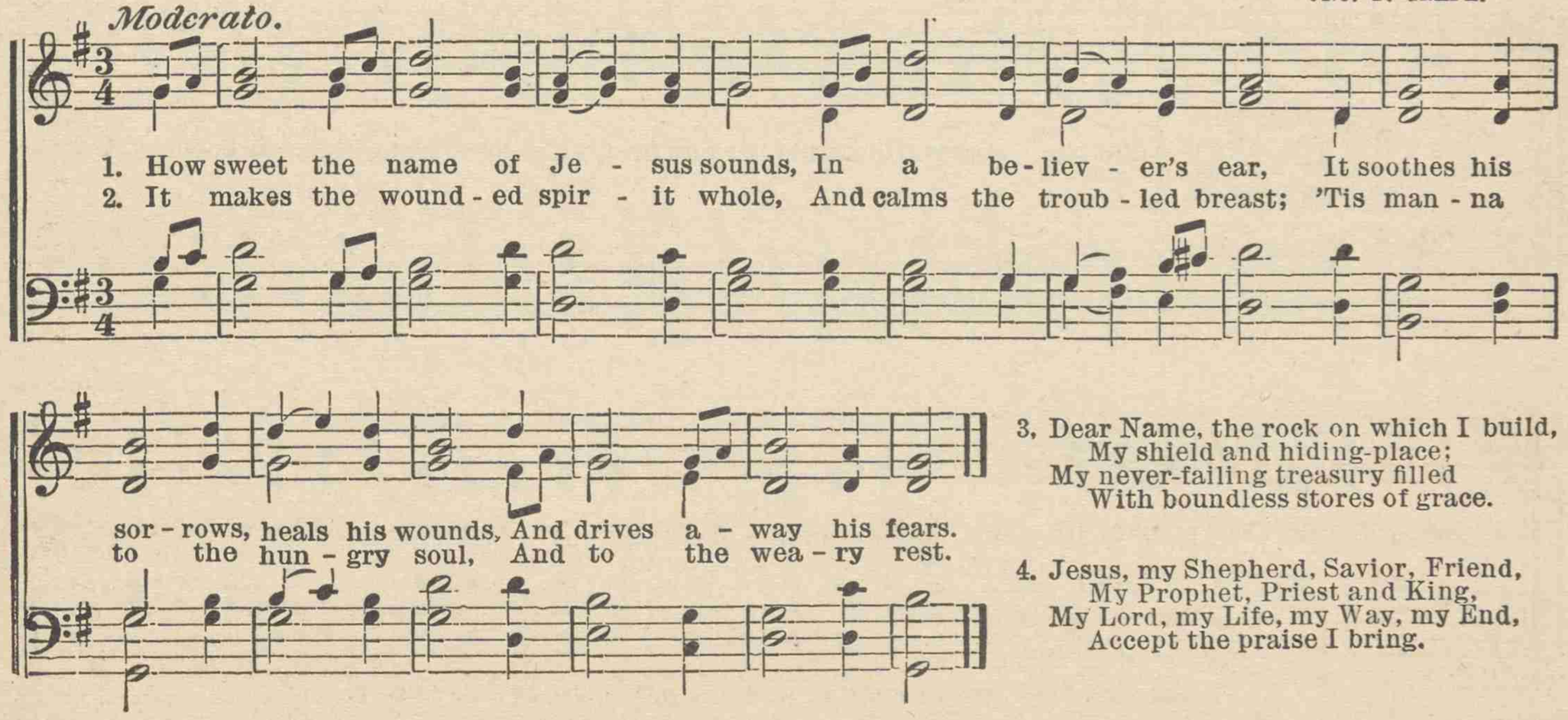
garments, A-rise and clothe in bright apparel for that day.
garments, A-rise and greet the coming of the Lord, our King.
garments, Behold the bridegroom now is come and waits for thee.

Break forth..... in - to joy..... Break
Break forth into joy, Break forth to joy Break



"HOW SWEET THE NAME."

JNO. T. GRAPE.



3. Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace.

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

SATAN THE SEED IS SOWING.

MARY A. BAKER. H. R. PALMER.

1. Sa-tan the seed is sow-ing— So earn-est - ly sowing, sowing— Tares with the wheat are growing, To -
2. God for the wheat is car-ing,— So ten - der - ly car-ing, caring,— Tho' till the harvest spar-ing The
3. Souls are the wheat he's keeping—So lov - ing - ly keeping, keeping— Safe for the time of reaping, And
4. Harvest the tares will sever— E - ter - nal - ly sev - er, sev - er—Then may we be for - ev - er Safe

Refrain.

- geth - er growing here.
tares which now appear.
garners built a-bove.
in the Master's love.

} But the angels will gather, By and by—by and by—The tares for the burning, And the

wheat for the sky! The angels will gather by and by, by and by, The tares for the burning, And the wheat for the sky.

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WE HASTE TO SABBATH SCHOOL.

R. G. S. Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house.—Ps. 84 : 4. R. G. STAPLES.

Allegro.

1. Each morn of God's most ho - ly day, We haste to Sab-bath school; To learn of Christ, the
2. 'Tis not to id - ly pass a - way, The precious mo-ments giv'n; We meet up - on this
3. 'Tis here the word of truth is read, And treasur'd up in store; 'Tis here the bread of

Chorus.

liv - ing way, Who gave the gold - en rule.
sa - cred day, The best of all the seven. Dear Je - sus, precious Sa - viour, Our
life is spread from heaven's o - pen door.

ev - er con - stant friend; In songs of a - do - ra - tion, Our voi - ces we will blend.

THE HOLY SPIRIT ENTREATED.

"When he, the spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth."—JOHN, 16 : 13.

C. W. RAY. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it bless and guide me, Ev - 'ry need - ful help pro - vide me;
2. Oft my way - ward - ness may grieve thee, And may give thee cause to leave me;
3. Sure and ho - ly do thou make me, And though grieved do not for - sake me;

From all sin my soul re - fine: By thy pow'r my heart re - new - ing,
Save me from each hurt - ful snare: Make my heart thy con - stant dwell - ing,
Let my wand' - rings be for - giv'n: To my soul thy - self re - veal - ing,

By thy quick'ning and sub - du - ing Sanc - ti - fy and seal me thine.
Ev' - ry e - vil thought re - pell - ing; Make my soul thy cease - less care.
Grant me pardon, cleans - ing, heal - ing; Fit me for the rest of heav'n.

I'M THINE, FOREVER THINE.

"My beloved is mine, and I am his." Cant. ii, 16.

WARREN W. BENTLEY, by per.

1. No more my own, Lord Je - sus, Bought with thy pre - cious blood; I
2. I give the life thou gav - est, My pres - ent, fut - ure, past, My
3. I give the love, the sweet - est Thy good - ness grants to me; Oh,
4. Out - side the camp to suf - fer, With - in the vale to meet, And

Chorus.

give thee but thine own, Lord, That long thy love withstood,
joys, my fears, my sor - rows, My first hope and my last.
take and make it meet, Lord, For of - fer - ing to thee.
hear the soft - est whis - per, From out the mer- cy - seat.

} Now fash -ion, form and fill me With

light and love di - vine; So, one with thee, Lord Je - sus, I'm thine, for- ev - er thine.

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BEAUTIFUL STAR.

EUSTATIA COLCORD.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. Beau - ti - ful diamond of night, Gem in the sky a - far. Made by the Au - thor of
2. Beau - ti - ful can - o - pied sky: Emblem of heavenly love Watch with thy glit - ter - ing
3. Glo - ri - ous haven of rest, Close by our Father's throne; Soon will the Star in the

light; Ev - er resplendent Star.
eye, Lead to that home a - bove.
East, Beckon his children home.

O beau - ti - ful diamond of night, That is held by om-ni - po-tent

power, Like thee, ev - er bright, may our lives for the right Lead up to the Beth - le - hem star.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Fierce-ly came the tempest sweeping, Down the lake of Gal - i - lee; But the ship where
2. And the white waves rushing past her, Round her keel lay smooth and still; For the wild waves
3. When at night our homes are shaken, And the howling winds we hear, — As in ter - ror

Christ lay sleeping, Might not sink in that wild sea; When he rose, the tempest chid - ing
knew their Mas-ter, And the winds o - beyed his will, Thou who heard'st those seamen pleading
we a - wak - en, Keep us safe from harm and fear, When the waves of pride, or an - ger,

When he bade the waters rest, Calm the lit - tle ship went gliding On the blue lakes qui - et breast.
Wak - ing at their anguish cry, Sleep not now when comfort needing, Saviour un - to thee we fly.
Rise to vex our hearts within, Keep us from a greater danger From the passion storms of sin.

COME AND WELCOME.

R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.

1. Come and welcome, to the Saviour, who in mer-cy bids you come; In his man-sions, bright with glo - ry, He pre -
2. Come to Je - sus in the ear-ly days of youth, dear children come. There is room enough for ev - 'ry one, O why
3. Come and welcome, do not tar-ry, 'tis the Sav-iour call-ing you; List the ten - der voice of pit - y, To your-

-pares for you a home; Do not lin-ger, there is dan-ger if the spirit's call you slight, That you soon may sink in darkness to the
then lon - ger roam; In my Father's house are mansions, and the gates now stand ajar, And the message is to all mankind, in
-self be good and true; Do not let the world entice you, all its pleasures are in vain, They will vanish like the early dew, and

Chorus. wel - - - come, come and wel - - - come, come, O come, the call o-

blackest shades of night.
regions near and far.
leave behind their stain.
} Come and welcome, come and welcome, come and welcome, come and welcome, Come, O come the call obey,

the call o-

- bey, Come, O come, O come and wel - - - come,

- bey, the call o-bey. Come, O come, the call o-bey, O come and welcome, Come and welcome, Come to Je - sus, Come to-day.

MANOAH. C. M.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDEN.

1. These are the crowns that we shall wear When all thy saints are crowned;
2. These are the robes, un - soiled and white, Which we shall then put on,.....
3. Then wel - come toil and care and pain! And wel - come sor - row too!.....

These are the palms that we shall bear On yon - der ho - ly ground.
When, fore - most 'mong the sons of light, We sit on yon - der throne.
All toil is rest, all grief is gain, With such a prize in view.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.*

Inscribed to MRS. PALMER.

Words and Music by R. H. PALMER.

1. There's a Rose that is blooming for you, friend, There's a Rose that is blooming for me; Its perfume is pervading the world friend, Its perfume is for you and for me.
2. Long a-go in the valley so fair, friend, Far away by the beau-ti - ful sea, This pure Rose in its beauty first bloom'd, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.
3. All in vain did they crush this fair flow'r, friend, All in vain did they shatter the tree, For its roots, deeply bedded, sprang forth, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.

Refrain.

There's a Rose..... a love - ly Rose..... And its Rose that blooms for me, A Rose that blooms for you,

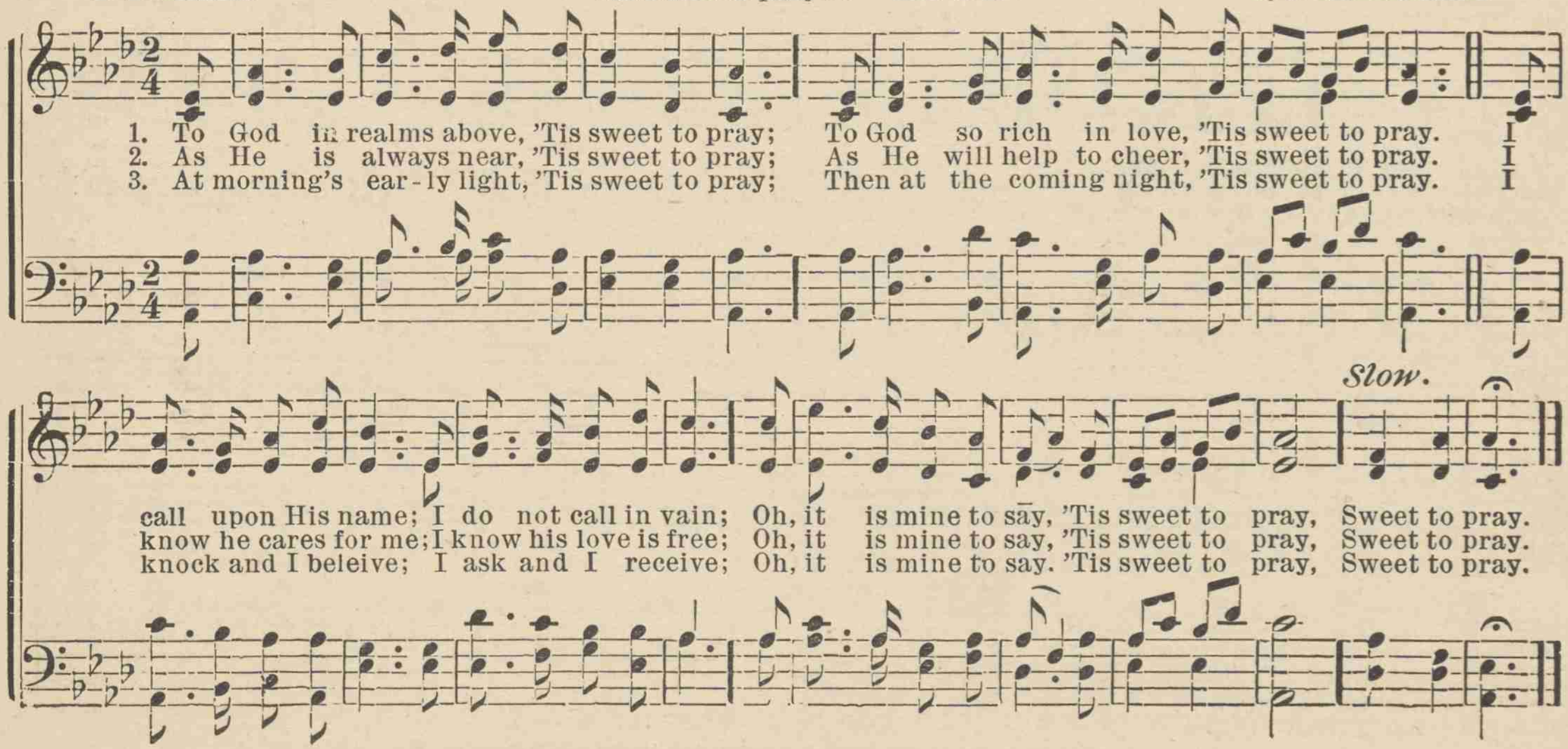
* Of the many names given to our Saviour, "The Rose of Sharon" is the most beautiful. This little hymn was written on the shores of the Mediteranean, amid the fragrance of everblooming roses, and beneath the matchless beauty of Italian skies. Thoughts of the Holy Land on the farther shore, and of the purity and loveliness of the life of our Saviour mingled unconsciously with the surrounding beauty, and took form in this little poem and melody.

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'TIS SWEET TO PRAY.

E. A. BARNES. "Continue in prayer,"—Col: 4: 2. G. J. KURZENKNABE.



BY PERMISSION J. H. KURZENKNABE & SON.

EASTER BELLS.

Miss F. E. PETTINGILL. GEO. C. HUGG.

Joyously.

1. Ring, bells, ring out the sto - ry Of our ris - en Lord and King, He hath despoil'd the spoil - er,
2. Ring, bells, in joy - ous cho - rus, Give the waiting nations cheer, Join all our hearts and voi - ces,
3. Ring, bells, your sweetest mu - sic, Christ our King ascends on high, A - gain in clouds He com - eth,
4. Ring, bells, He ev - er liv - eth, Lives and reigns with God a-bove, Ring loud and clear His triumphs,

Chorus.

Glad - ly now His praises ring.
Christ is ris - en, do not fear.
Je- sus lives and death shall die.
God is mer - cy, God is love.

Ring! ring! East -er bells! Ring! ring! East- er bells!

Ring! ring! Sweet -est prais- es to our Ris - en King; Ring! ring!

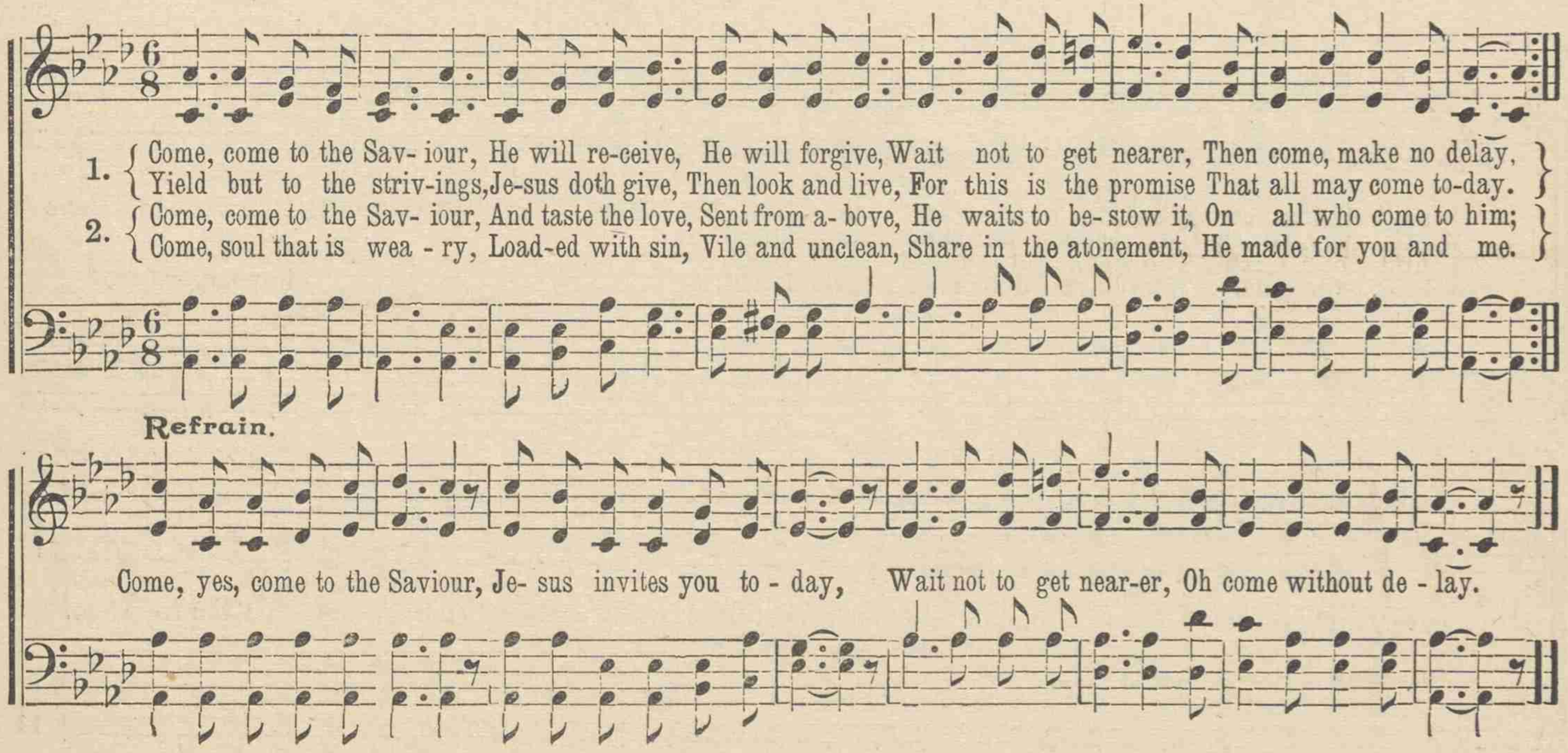
* Small notes for bells.

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COME, COME TO THE SAVIOUR.

C. A. F. C. A. FYKE.



HAVE MERCY.

L. G. S. ——upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness.—Ps. 51 : 1. R. G. STAPLES.

Earnestly.

1. Have mer - cy on us; Lord, we come In hum-ble prayer to thee; We feel our need of
2. Have mer - cy, Lord! where'er we go, Tempta - tions lurk a - round; Be-neath the shad-ow
3. Have mer - cy, Lord! oh, hear our cry; Extend thy hand and save; Lest we like Pe - ter
4. Have mer - cy, Lord! look on the cross Where thy dear Son a - toned For all our guilt; then

Chorus.

sov'reign grace, From sin to set us free. Mer - cy, O Lord!..... Have
of thy wings A - lone is safe - ty found.
find our faith Too weak to tread the wave.
look on us, Who have our sins be-moaned. have mer - cy,

mercy and set us free; Oh, deign to look on us, Lord, while we come In deepest contrition to thee,

Words arranged from an Old Hymn. CHARLES. B. HOLMES.

1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine; Break, break each tender tie, Je - sus is mine.
2. Tempt not my soul away, Je - sus is mine; Here will I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine.
3. Fare - well mor-tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine; Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine.

Dark is the wilderness, Lonely I flee, Dis - tant the resting place, Far, far from thee.
Per - ish - ing things of clay Pass from my sight, Born but for one brief day, Fly with the light.
Welcome ye scenes of rest, No more to roam, Welcome ye mansion blest, Welcome my home.

Je - sus a - lone can bless, Sa - vior divine, Heav'n is my dwelling place, Je - sus is mine.
Pass from my heart away, Je - sus is mine, Hea - ven shine with clear ray, Je - sus is mine.
There shall I safe - ly rest, Sa - vior divine, Welcome a Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine.

ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. On Jordan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye.....
2. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in living green,.....
3. O'er all those wide extended plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;.....
4. No chiling winds or pois'nous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;...
5 Could we but climb where Moses stood. And view the landscape o'er;.....

To Ca-naan's fair and
So, to the Jews old
There God the Son for-
Sick-ness and sor-row,
Not Jordan's stream, nor

Chorus.

hap py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.....
Canaan stood, While Jor-dan roll'd be-tween...
ev er reigns And scat-ters night a-way.....
pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.....
death's cold flood, Should fight us from the shore.....

Beautiful, Beautiful, Beau-ti-ful land, that
Beau - - ti - ful land..... that

Beautiful, beautiful beau-ti-ful land, That

beautiful, beautiful. beautiful, land.
beau · ti · ful land..... On Jordan's storm-y banks I stand, And view that beauti-ful land.

beautiful, beautiful, beautiful land.

NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM.

English.

Now is the day of Salvation. 2 Cor. 6,—2.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

1. Not far, not far from the kingdom, Yet in the shad-ow of sin, How man - y are com-ing and go - ing, How few are en - ter - ing in.
2. Not far, not far from the gate-way, Where voices whis-per and wait; But fear-ing to en - ter in bold - ly, They ling - er still at the gate.
3. They catch the strains of the music, That floats so sweet-ly a - long; Tho' knowing the song they are sing - ing, Yet join - ing not in the song.
4. They're in the dark and the dang-er, They're in the night and the cold, Tho' He is now long-ing to lead them So kind - ly in - to the fold.

Chorus.

Not far, Not far from the king - dom. Yet ling-er-ing still at the gate-way; O wait not to get near - er, But en - ter while you may.

BY PERMISSION.

IN JESUS WE ABIDE.

JOHN RYLAND. H. S. PERKINS.

1. O Lord, I would de - light in thee, And on thy care de - pend, To thee in ev - 'ry
2. He who has made my heaven se - cure, Will here all good pro - vide; While Christ is rich, can
3. O Lord, I cast my care on thee, I tri - umph and a - dore; Henceforth my great con -

Chorus.

trou - ble flee, My best, my on - ly Friend.
I be poor? What can I want be - side?
- cern shall be, To love and please thee more.

} In Je - sus we'll con - fide, In

Je - sus we'll a - bide; O Lord, thou art a Friend in need, Be thou our Friend and Guide.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WORK SONG.

R. G. S. "Go ye also into the vineyard."—MATT. 20 : 7. R. G. STAPLES.

1. Christians, lo! the fields are whit'ning For the harvest of the Lord; Be not i - dle,
2. Onward, Christians, still press onward, Sing-ing sweet-ly as we go; Strong in faith, we
3. Christians, lo! the dawn is breaking, of a clear-er bright-er day; Yield not to the
4. Gird-ed with the gos - pel ar - mor, Join the war, to bat - tle go; Armed with faith, with

Chorus.

on - ward ev - er, Ye shall reap a rich reward. Toil on, toil on, The time of reaping
soon shall triumph, Tho' opposed by many a foe.
clouds of sor-row, Ev - er onward press your way.
Christ as lead - er, Ye shall conquer ev - 'ry foe, Ev-er onward, Christian, toil on,

soon will come, Work on, work on, Soon the reaping time will come.
brothers, work on, brothers, work on, The reaping time will come.

WHAT A GATH'RING THAT WILL BE.

J. H. K. "Gather my saints together unto me."—Psalm 50. 5. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home, We will greet each other by the crystal sea, crystal sea,
2. When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall gather and the sav'd and ransom'd see, gladly see,
3. At the great and final judgment, when the hidden comes to light, When the Lord in all his glory we shall see, we shall see,
4. When the golden harps are sounding and the angel bands proclaim, In triumphant strains the glorious jubilee, ju-bi-lee,

With the friends and all the lov'd ones, there awaiting us to come, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
Then to meet a-gain to-geth-er, on the bright celestial shore, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
At the bidding of our Savior, "Come, ye blessed, to my right," What a gath'ring" of the faith-ful that will be!
Then to meet and join to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!

Chorus.

What a gath' - - ring, gath' - - ring, At the sounding of the glo-rious ju-bi-lee!

What a gath'ring of the lov'd ones, when we'll meet with one another, At the sounding of the glorious ju-bi- lee, ju-bi-lee!

BY PERMISSION J. H. KURZENKNABE & SONS.

What a gath' - - ring, gath' - - ring What a gath'ring of the faith- ful that will be!

What a gath'ring when the friends and all the dear ones meet each other, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!

CLOSER TO JESUS.

R. G. STAPLES. W. A. OGDEN.

Slowly.

1. Clos-er to my precious Savior, Rest-ing in his loving arms; Safe from danger, won to fa - vor,
2. Clos-er to my precious Savior, Trusting in redeeming grace; Led by precept and ex - am - ple,
3. Clos-er to my precious Savior, Sickness, pov-er - ty, and pain Are but tri-fles—with his fa - vor,

D. S.— In thy mer-cy draw me clos- er,

Fine. Chorus.

Trusting him no fear alarms.
Till I view him face to face.
E - ven death is counted gain.

Clos-er, Je - sus! draw me clos-er, To thy bos-om and thy love,

Fit me for thy courts above.

PRESS ONWARD.

Rev. G. A. PHOEBUS, D. D. H. SANDERS.

1. Oh Christian, press on-ward, the prize is before thee, The race thou art running shall end by and by; Bright angels are near thee, they ev-er watch o'er thee, To guide thee in safe - ty to mansions on high, Press onward, still onward, the darkness of night Shall all flee a - way and the morrow be bright.
2. Oh Christian, press forward, the cross thou art bearing, Shall lift thee to glories prepared for thee where The Cross of the victor a - wait - eth thy wearing, When Jesus shall bid thee 'to come to him there, Then onward, press onward, for Je - sus says come, And lov'd ones are waiting to welcome thee home.
3. Oh Christian, look up-ward, the waves of life's o-cean That rage in their fu - ry, are held by his will; His voice is still heard o'er the stormy commotion And Je . sus still biddeth its ragings "be still," Oh Christian look upward no storm shall prevail Till thou shalt cast anchor within the bright vail.
4. Oh Christian, stand bravely, for Je - sus and nev - er Give up thy high calling till death shall re- lease; And then with the blood wash'd in glo-ry for - ev - er, Thy spir - it shall rest in the haven of peace, Then stand up for Je - sus be earnest and brave, And he will be near thee ALMIGHTY TO SAVE.

LYTE. R. G. STAPLES.

1. Be mer - ci - ful to us, O God; Up - on thy peo - ple shine; And spread thy saving truth a -
2. Give light and comfort to thine own; And let that light ex - tend, Till thy prevail-ing name be
3. Let all the people praise thee, Lord; Let all their homage bring; From sea to sea, be thou a -

- broad, Till all that live be thine.
known, To earth's re - mot-est bound.
- dored, Re - deem-er, Judge and King.

Chorus.

Spread the news far and wide, A - cross the o-cean's tide,

Tell a Saviour's boundless love, The glad tidings noise abroad, Let us praise with one accord, Our God who rules above.

Rit.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

J. H. FILLMORE. The harvest is the end of the world.—Matt. 13: 39. Melody by GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dew-y eves;
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
3. Go, then, ev-er weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our spirit oft-en grieves;

Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
By and by the harvest, and the la-bor ended, We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
When our weeping's o-ver he will bid us welcome, We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.

Chorus

{ Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing etc., We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,
{ Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing etc., We shall come rejoicing, (Omit)..... bringing in the sheaves.

1 Rep. pp 2

FT CORBEN. D. D. R. G. STAPLES.

Cheerful.

1. Beau - ti - ful the lit - tle hands That ful - fil the Lord's commands; Beau - ti - ful the
2. All the lit - tle hands were made Je - sus' precious cause to aid; All the lit - tle
3. All the lit - tle lips should pray To the Sav-iour ev' - ry day; All the lit - tle
4. What your lit - tle hands can do, That the Lord intends for you; Make that thing your

Chorus.

lit - tle eyes, Kindled with light from the skies.
hearts to beat, Warm in His service so sweet.
feet should go, Swift on His errands be - low.
first de - light, Do it to Him with your might.

} Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful lit - tle hands,
Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful lit - tle eyes,

1

That ful - fil the Lord's commands,
(Omit.....)

2

(Omit.....)
Kin - dled with light from the skies.

GOD IS LOVE.

J. BOWRING. GEO. C. HUGG.

1. God is love; His mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove; Bliss, He wakes, and
2. Chance and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de-cays, and a - ges move; But His mer - cy
3. E'en the hour that dark -est seem-eth Will His changeless goodness prove; From the gloom His
4. He with earth - ly cares en- twin-eth Hope and comfort from a - bove; Ev - 'ry - where His

Chorus.

woe He light - ens: God is wis - dom, God is love.
wan - eth nev - er: God is wis - dom, God is love.
brightness streameth: God is wis - dom, God is love.
glo - ry shin - eth: God is wis - dom, God is love.

} Hal - le - lu - jah, God is love!

Hal - le - lu - jah, God is love! Bliss He wakes, and woe He light - ens: God is wisdom, God is love.

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R. G. STAPLES.


1. Come to Jesus, lit-tle one, Come to Jesus now; Humbly at his gracious throne, In submis - sion bow.
2. Seek his face without delay; Give him now your heart; Tarry not, but while you may, Choose the better part.
At his feet confess your sin, Seek forgiveness there; For his blood can make you clean; He will hear your pray'r.
Come to Jesus, lit - tle one, Come to Jesus now; Humb-ly at his gra-cious throne, In sub-mis- sion bow.
Refrain.
Come, O come to Jes-us, Come just now, come just now, Come, O come to Jes - us, Lit - tle one just now.

THERE'S SOMETHING ALL CAN DO.

E. C. ELLSWORTH. CHAS. EDW. PRICE.

"I write unto you, little children.—1st John 2: 12.

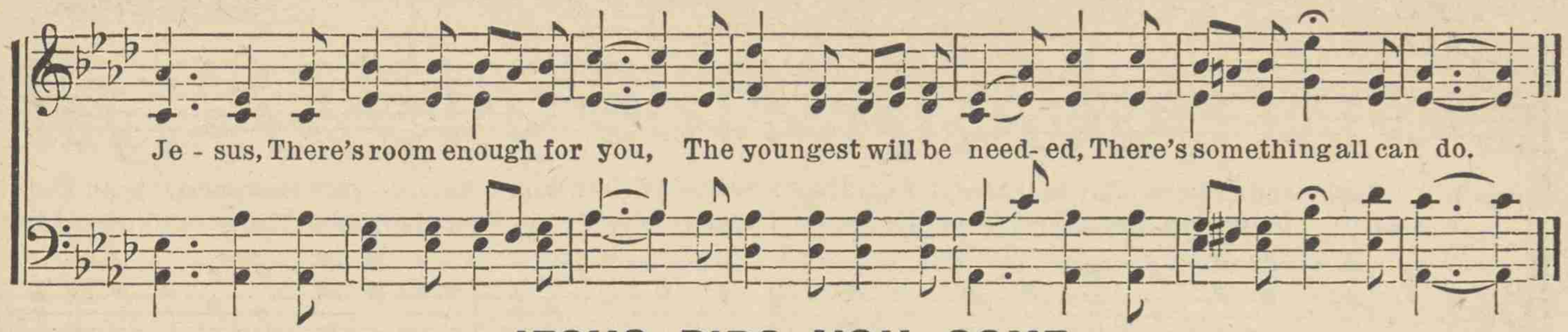
1. Oh chil-dren come to Je - sus, There's room e - nough for you, The youngest will be
2. When lit - tle feet are will - ing The Sav - iour to o - bey, To run on lit - tle
3. When lit - tle voic - es praise him, And all the chil - dren sing, We'll raise a glo-rious

need-ed, There's something all can do; The hands with ba - by fin - gers May scat - ter ti - ny
er-rands, In wis-dom's pleas-ant way, Then ev - 'ry lit - tle work - er Shall dai - ly find em-
an-them, To Christ, our roy - al King; For Je - sus loves to hear us, He calls us by his

seeds, The small-est of the chil - dren, May do the kind-est deeds.
-ploy, In serv - ing gen - tle Je - sus, And know the sweetest joy.
name, To save the lit - tle chil - dren, The Lord of glo - ry came.

Chorus.

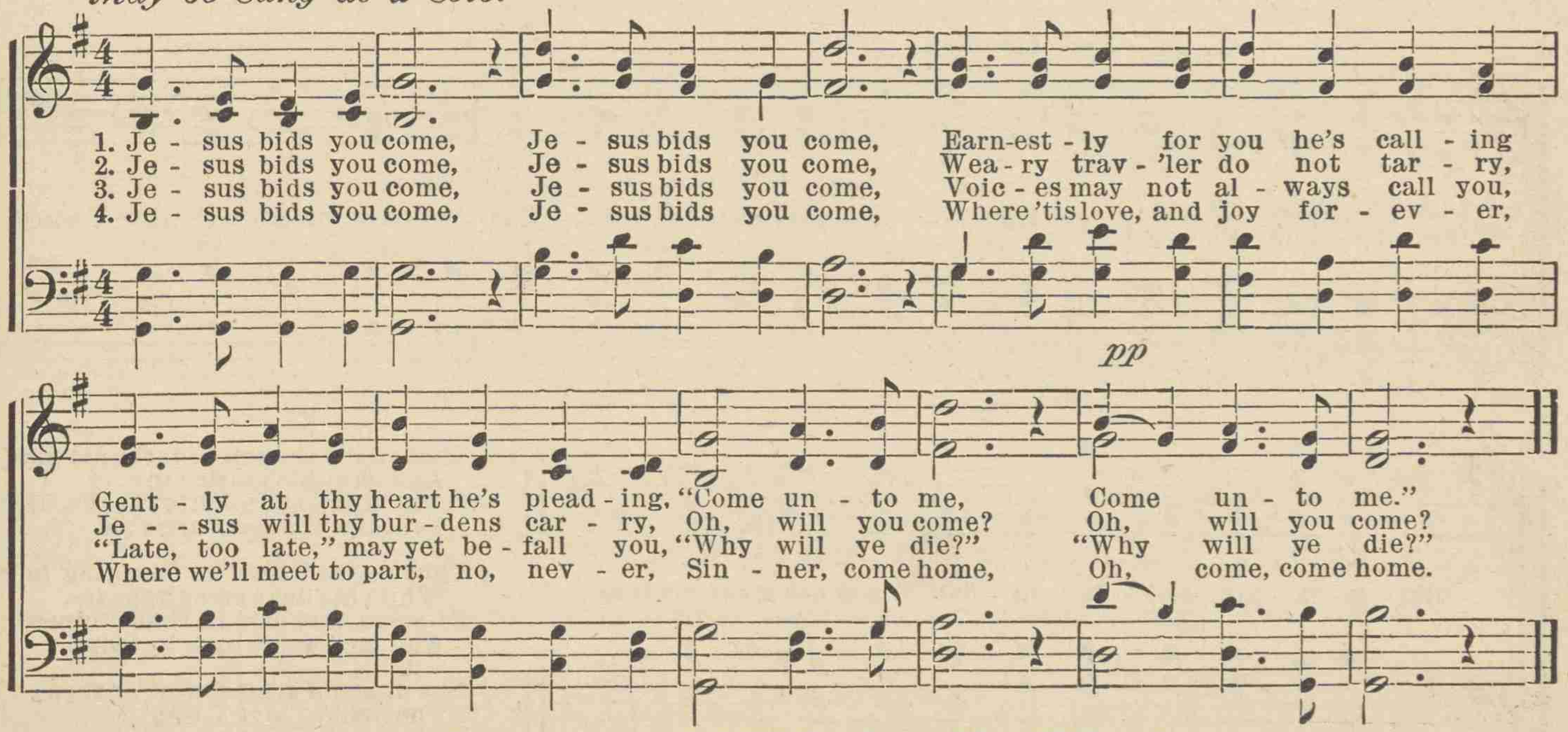
Then chil-dren come to



JESUS BIDS YOU COME.

May be Sung as a Solo.

WILL L. THOMPSON.



BY PERMISSION W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O.

SING HALLELUJAH.

WATTS. R. G. STAPLES.

Not too fast.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would he de-vote that sacred head For
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree? A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And

Chorus.

such a worm as I?
love be - yond de - gree!
} Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus died for me. Sing

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Grace has made me free.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

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

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

THE JOY BELLS OF HEAVEN.

NEVA E. PARKHILL. C. E. LESLIE.

1. The joy bells of heaven are ring - ing, They tell us a Sav - ior is there, Swect
2. "He's risen" the an - gels are sing - ing, The lamb who hath saved us from sin; The
3. And hearts that are wounded and bro - ken, Find rest and a newness of life; They

Chorus.

anthems the an - gels are singing, And joy fills the heavenly air.
lost to his fold he is bringing, And peace reigns where sorrow has been. Glad tidings the angels are singing,
know that his prom-ise, un-broken Hath given a surcease of strife.

He's risen in glory and peace. The joy bells of heaven are ringing, An anthem that never will cease.

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I NEED A FRIEND.

EDWARD HUSBAND. CHAS. B. HOLMES.

1. I need a Friend that reads my heart's deep secrets, Who knows my sins, and how I yearn for good; How oft I
2. I need a Hand to lead me thro' the darkness, For I am weak and help-less as a child; And if a-
3. I need a Home where such as I find wel- come, Where sinners poor as I, can en - ter in; Where stands the

Chorus.

fall, how quick-ly I am tempt -ed, And yet who longs for Thee the more, O God!
-lone I have to make the jour - ney, My feet will stumble on the mount - ain's wild.
Fountain of the Love of Je - sus, To cleanse me from the pow'r and guilt of sin.

} I need a Friend, a
} Both thou shalt find be-

Rit.

1 2

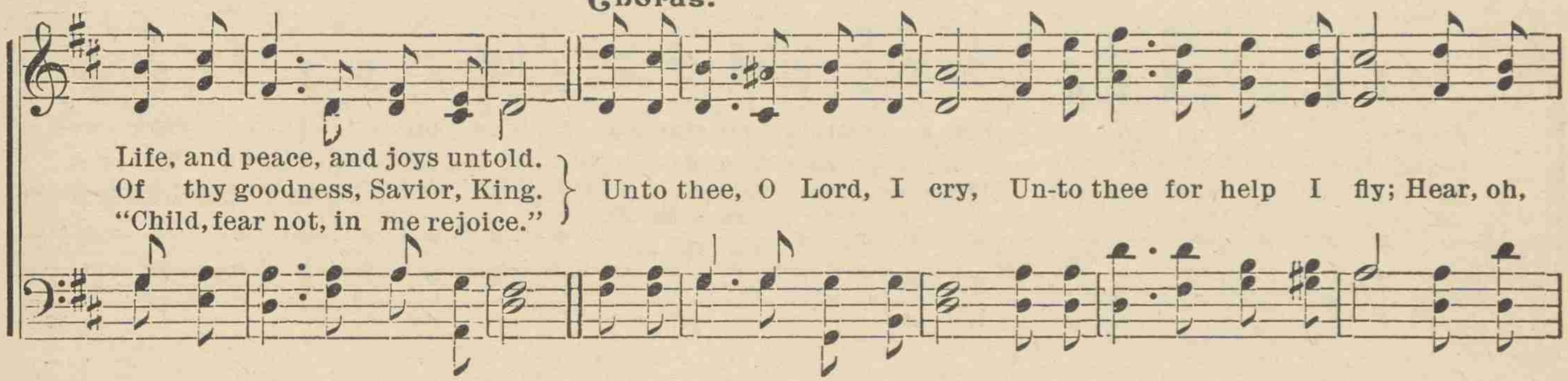
Friend who nev-er chang-es, A perfect home, all free from earthly leav'n; (Omit.....
- yond the stars sweet shin-ing. (Omit..... .....) There is no Friend but God, no Home but Heav'n.

OPEN THOU MINE EYES.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. "O God, hear the prayer of thy servant."—DAN, 9: 17. R. G. STAPLES.



Chorus.





4. Open thou my heart; oh, come,
Make it now thine earthly home;
Sup with me, thou welcome guest,
Give my weary spirit rest.

5. Open thou the door to heaven
When the last earth-tie is riven;
When I rise to dwell with thee,
Open, Lord, the door to me.

THERE'S A FRIEND.

R. M. McKINNEY. "Be of good courage.—Ps. 27 : 14. R. B. MAHAFFEY.

1. There's a friend in ev - 'ry sorrow, There's a balm for ev - 'ry woe, There's a bliss for each to - morrow,
2. Fainting multitudes have blessed him, For he turned their grief to joy, Filthy lepers cleansed in mercy,
3. When we cross the rolling billows, Jordan's ri - ver, swelling high, Who will crown us heirs of glo - ry,

Trust in Je - sus as you go; He who walking on the wa - ter, E'en on Gal - i - lee's dark wave,
Raised to life the widow's boy; Praying on the lonely mountain, More than this he did for me,
In the land be - yond the sky? When we reach the heavenly city, Who will take us by the hand?

Chorus.

At the call of doubting Peter, Stretched his mighty arm to save. Je - sus, Je - sus A
Shed his blood to buy my ransom, Dy - ing on the cursed tree.
Who will give the welcome plaudit, In the blessed glo - ry land? Jesus, our friend, Jesus, our friend, A

friend that is faithful and true, Je - - - sus, Je - . - sus, He suffered for me and for you.
Jesus, our friend, Jesus, our friend,

STONE. 7s D.

Arranged from Elijah by J. T. GRAPE.

Andante Sostenuto. *pp* *Cres.* *f*

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly, While the near-er wa - ters roll,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone,

Safe in - to the hav - en guide,
Cov - er my de - fence - less head,

pp *Fine.* *D. C.*

While the tempest still is high; Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past,
Still support and com-fort me. All my trust in thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;

Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
With the sha-dow of thy wing.

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BY AND BY.

Rev. JOHN ATKINSON. D. D. Isaiah, 30: 10. R. G. STAPLES

1. We shall meet beyond the river, By and by, by and by; And the darkness shall be
2. We shall strike the harp of glory, By and by, by and by; We shall sing redemption's
3. Wearing robes of snowy whiteness, By and by, By and by; And with crowns of dazzling

o - ver, By and by,..... by and by; With the toilsome journey done, And the
sto - ry, By and by,..... by and by; And the strains for ev - er - more, Shall re-
brightness By and by,..... by and by; Then, our storms and perils passed, And with

glo-rious battle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by,..... by and by.
sound in sweetness o'er, Yonder ev - er - last - ing shore, By and by,..... by and by.
glo-ry ours at last, We'll possess the kingdom vast, By and by. .... by and by.

THE MORNING LIGHT.

J. T. GRAPE.

1. Tne morn - ing light is breaking. The dark - ness dis - ap - pears; The sons of men are
2. See hea-then na - tions bending, Be - fore the God we love, And thousand hearts as -
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thine on - ward way; Flow thou to ev - 'ry

waking, To pen - i - ten-tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tidings from a -
- cending In grat - i - tude a - bove; While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel call o -
na-tion, Nor in thy richness stay, Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - umph-ant reach their

- far Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
- bey, And seek the Sav - ior's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day,
home Stay not till all the ho - ly Pro - claim, "The Lord is come."

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O, GRACIOUS SAVIOR, HEAVENLY KING!

Allegro moderato.

LEONARD MARSHALL.

1. O, gra-cious Sav-ior, Heav'nly King! Up-on our ear-ly childhood shine; Be thou our joy in
2. And when to cloud life's summer day, Stern cares and wasting toils combine, Be thou our manhood's
3. As Autumn's rays, with rip'ning glow, Tinge the rich clusters of the vine, With years in-creas-ing
4. When winter's snows are on our head, And all our earth-ly pow'rs decline, The beams of love a-
5. And when life's changing year, is o'er, Let us thy per-fect glo-ry see, And find O Lord, for-

Refrain. *Lively.*

life's young spring; O Lord, there is no Joy like Thine,
strength and stay; O Lord, there is no Strength like Thine!
grace be-stow; For Lord, there is no Grace like Thine! The changing seasons fall and rise, And Life is like a
round us shed; O Lord, there is no Love like Thine!
- ev-er-more, Our Joy, Strength, Grace, Love, Life in Thee!

changing year, But still one Sun doth glad our eyes, One faith to brighten and to cheer.

OVER THAT JASPER SEA.

NEVA E. PARKHILL. C. E. LESLIE, by per.

Duet.

1. O - ver the tide of that jasper sea, Soft - ly a sweet voice is calling to me; Lov - ing and tender be-
2. O - ver the tide of that jasper sea, Soft-ly the accents are pleading with me; Pleading so gent-ly in
3. O - ver the tide of that jasper sea, Cometh a vision of beauty to me; An - gels are floating a-

Full Chorus.

seeching its tone, Dearly beloved, O why longer roam?
mu - sic - al tones, Dearly beloved, O why longer roam?
down from the dome, Dearly beloved, O why longer roam?

Calling, calling, yes, calling for me, O - ver the

m *ff*

tide of that jas - per sea, Calling, calling, yes, calling for me, O - ver the tide of that jasper sea.

THE CHILD OF A KING.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the wealth of the world in his
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - iour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth like the poor- est of
3. I once was an out - cast strang-er on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an al - ien by
4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're building a pal - ace for me o - ver

hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold His cof-fers are full,—he has riches un-told.
men, But now he is reign-ing for-ev - er on high, And will give me a home in hea-ven by and by.
birth! But I've been a-dopt-ed, my name's written down,—An heir to a man-sion, a robe and a crown.
there! Tho' exiled from home, yet, still I may sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

Chorus. *ad lib.*

I'm the child of a King, The child of a King; With Je-sus my Saviour I'm the child of a King.

BY PERMISSION.

SEND THE GOSPEL.

R. G. STAPLES. R. S. HARRINGTON.

1. In the east, the sun a - ris - ing, Sheds o'er all the earth its ray; Thus the preaching of the
2. From the hilltops-in the val - ley; Far beyond the ocean's crest, Preach sal-va-tion, let the
3. Give them light! Dispell the dark - ness, Work from morn till dew-y eve; Till the earth for a pos-

Chorus.

Gos - pel, Her-alds forth the com - ing day.
tid - ings Spread abroad till all are blest.
- ses - sion, God un - to His Son shall give.

} Send the Gos - pel to the hea-then Poor be -

- night-ed, without sight, Bow-ing down un - to their i - dols, Send the Gos-pel, give them light.

I AM SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES. *

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day."—Rev. 21 : 25.

Rev. JOHN PARKER. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. I am now a child of God, For I'm wash'd in Jesus blood; I am watching and I'm longing while I wait. Soon on
2. Oh! the blessed lord of light, He upholds me by His might: And His arms enfold, and comfort while I wait. I am
3. I am sweeping thro' the gate Where the blessed for me wait: Where the weary workers rest for-ev-er-more. Where the
4. Burst are all my prison bars, And I soar beyond the stars; To my Fathers house, the bright and blest estate. Lo! the

Refrain.

wings of love I'll fly, To my home beyond the sky, To my welcome, as I'm sweeping thro' the gates.
leaning on his breast, Oh! the sweetness of His rest, Hal-le - lu - jah, I am sweeping thro' the gates.
strife of earth is done, And the crown of life is won, Oh, the glo - ry of that cit - y just be - fore.
morn e-ter-nal breaks, And the song immortal wakes, Rob'd in whiteness I am sweeping thro' the gates.

In the

Repeat pp.

blood of yonder Lamb, Wash'd from every stain I am; Rob'd in whiteness, clad in brightness, I am sweeping thro' the gates.

* *Dying words of* Rev. Alfred Cookman.

COL. 3: 2. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Teacher. Class. Teacher.

1. Who is the king of glo - - ry? Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus; Who's gone to heav'n be -
2. Who died on Cal - va - ry's mountain? Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus; Who o - pen'd heav-en's
3. Who in - ter-cedes in heav - en? Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus; Pleads that our crowns be

Class. Chorus All.

-fore thee? Je - sus, our great King. Je - sus is the King of glor - y,
fount - ain? Je - sus, our great King. Je - sus died on Cal - v'ry's mountain,
giv - - en? Je - sus, our great King, Je - sus pleads for us in heav - en,

Well we love him ev - 'ry day; Well he loves the lit - tle children, He will hear us pray.
Bled and died to make *us* free, Hung in ag - on - y so bit - ter, Died to ran - som *me*.
Tho' for us he died in pain; He would love to have us bless- ed, Love our souls to gain.

KEEP THE BANNER FLYING.

Dedicated to The Society of Christian Endeavor.

Rev. RICHARD OSBORNE. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Keep the banner fly - ing, This your cry should be, Ma - ny souls are dy - ing, Je - sus must they see;
2. Keep the banner fly - ing, When the faithful fall, Give not up to sighing, Christ is All in all;
3. Keep the banner fly - ing, Christians should agree, With each other vy - ing, Yet in har - mo-ny;
4. Keep the banner fly - ing, O - ver land and sea; By yourself de - ny - ing, Comes the vic-to - ry;

Un - der con-dem-na-tion, Life will soon be gone; On - ly is sal - va-tion In the Sinless One.
Ral - ly all your forces, See the Captain's near; Trust to his resources, There is naught to fear.
Working still for Jesus, Righting human wrong, Till the angels greet us With their welcome song.
Brighten toil with singing, Bet - ter days will come; To the Saviour clinging, You shall rest at home.

Chorus.

Shout, shout the battle cry, Girt with en deav - or; Lift, lift the banner high. Now and for - ev er;

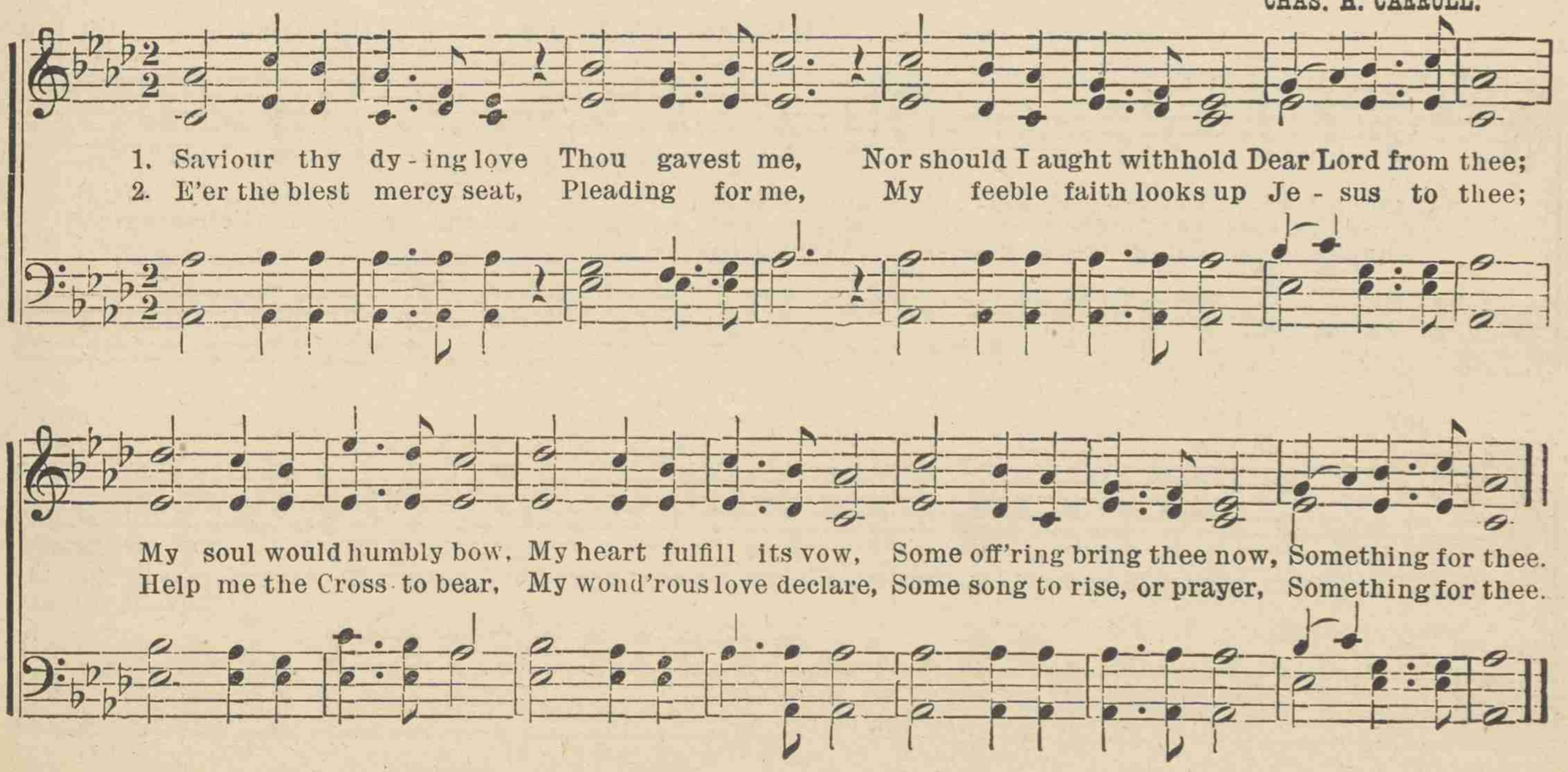
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SOMETHING FOR THEE.

Lord, what will thou have me to do ?

CHAS. H. CARROLL.



JOY IN HEAVEN.

"Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."—LUKE 15: 7.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Who can describe the joys that rise, Thro' all the courts of par-a-dise, To see a prod-i-
2. With joy the Fa-ther doth approve, The fruit of His e-ter-nal love, The son with joy looks
3. The Spirit takes delight to view, The ho-ly soul He formed anew, And saints and angels

Chorus. Oh, the joy in heaven, Oh, the

-gal return, To see an heir of glo-ry born.
down and sees, The purchase of His ag-o-nies.
join to sing, The growing empire of their King,

Oh the joy in heaven,

joy in heaven,

Oh, the joy, the joy in heaven, Oh, the joy in heaven, o'er the prodical's return, His return from danger to [the fold of God.]

STORM THE FORT.

Rev. J. VINTON. R. G. STAPLES.

1. Ho, my comrades! see the sig - nal Je - sus waves on high, Sa - tan's bat - tle
2. See! the lof - ty walls are frowning, Held by Sa - tan's pow'r, Sin enshrouds the
3. See! the prophets now are showing How the fort must fall, There is no such
4. Fierce and long the siege has last - ed, But the end is near, On - ward leads our

ments are reel - ing, Hear the Captain cry.
world in darkness, Now's the storming hour.
thing as fail - ing, Shout, my comrades all.
great com - man - der, Cheer, my comrades cheer.

Chorus. *With Vigor.*

"Storm the fort," for I am leading,

I have shown you how; Shout the answer back to heaven, We are rea - dy now.

LEAD US, SHEPHERD.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters."—Psa. 23: 2

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lead us, tender Shepherd, safely in the way, To thy past-ures so fair and sweet;
2. Lead us, Shepherd, where life's sparkling waters flow, Lead us where we shall thirst no more;
3. Let us, lov-ing Shepherd, nev-er go a-stray, May we nev-er of sor-row know;

Lead us through the valleys of the morning-land, Guide, dear Shepherd, our wea-ry feet.
By the fadeless flowers in the fields of heav'n, Lead us, Lord, when life's journey's o'er.
Though we're passing through the shadowy vale of death, Lead us where ver-nal pastures grow.

Refrain.

Lead us, Shep-herd in the way, To thy past-ures, fair and sweet;
Lead us, tender Shepherd, safely in the way, To thy pastures, fair and sweet, fair and sweet.



ABIDE WITH ME!

REV. HENRY F. LYTE. W. H. MONK.



CITY OF OUR GOD.

DR. BETHUNE. R. G. STAPLES

1. O Cit - y of the Jas - per wall, And of the pearl - y gate;
2. O Cit - y where they need no light Of sun, or moon, or star!
3. O Cit - y where the shin - ing gates Shut out all grief and sin!

For thee, a - mid the storms of life, Our wea - ry spir - its wait;
Could we with eyes of faith but see How bright thy man - sions are;
Well may we long a - mid earth's strife, The ho - ly peace to win;

Duet.

Oh, may we walk the streets of gold,
How soon our doubts would flee a - way!
Yet we must meek - ly bear the cross,

Chorus.

No mor - tal feet have trod!
How strong our trust would grow!
Nor seek to lay it down,

Duet. Chorus.

Oh, may we wor - ship at the shrine, The tem - ple of our God!
Un - til our hearts would lean no more On tri - fles here be - low.
Un - til our Fa - ther brings us home, And brings the prom - ised crown.

Chorus.

O land..... of bliss,..... O land..... of light,.....

O land, O land of bliss O land, O land of light,

O Cit - y of the Jas - per wall, O land for - ev - er bright.

THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

Words and Music by W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com - ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day com - ing by and by,
2. There's a bright day com - ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day com - ing by and by,
3. There's a sad day com - ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day com - ing by and by,

When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part - ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
But its brightness shall on - ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "Depart I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

Chorus.

Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are you read - y for the Judg-ment day?

BY PERMISSION W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O.



WATKINSON. 8s & 7s.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."—Eccl. 11: 1.

Earnestly, and in exact time.

R. G. STAPLES.



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

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

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

WHAT WILL YOUR RECORD BE?

LAURA E. NEWELL. C. E. LESLIE, by per.

1. What will your record be, by and by, When you are called to the mansions on high,
2. What will your record be? well we know Short is the time un - til all..... must go,
3. What will your record be? strive to live, That you a righteous ac - count may give,

When 'tis reveal'd to your won - d'ring eyes, There by the Master of par - a - dise?
Each one is jour - ney - ing on to the tomb, Je - sus has robb'd it of all its gloom.
When you are called to the judg - ment day, What will your re - cord be, can you say?

Chorus.

What will your record be, O! can you say, When an - gel summons shall call you a way;

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY C. E. LESLIE, 150 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

Will you be read - y and will - ing to go, When death shall call you a - way?

VARINA. C. M. Double.

From RINK.

1. { There is a glorious world of light, A - bove the star - ry sky,
   { Where saints departed, cloth'd in white, Adore the Lord most high. } And hark! Amid the sacred songs Those

heavenly voi - ces raise, Ten thousand, thousand in - fant tongues U-nite in per - fect praise.

2 Those are the hymns that we shall know
If Jesus we obey:
That is the place where we shall go
If found in wisdom's way;
This is the joy we ought to seek
And make our chief concern;
For this we come, from week to week,
To read and hear and learn.

3 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay,
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must pass from earth away.
Great God, impress this serious thought
This day on every breast,
That both the teachers and the taught,
May enter to thy rest.

STAND UP! STAND UP FOR JESUS!

Cheerful.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. Stand up! Stand up for Je - sus! Ye soldiers of the Cross, Lift high his roy - al ban - ner,
   From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry his arm - y shall be led, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished,
2. Stand up! Stand up for Je - sus! Stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will fail you—
   Put on the gos-pel ar - mor, And watching un - to prayer, Where du - ty calls or dan - ger,

1

It must not suf - fer loss,
(Omit.....)
Ye dare not trust your own.
(Omit.....)

2

(Omit.....)
And Christ is Lord in - deed.
(Omit.....)
Be nev - er want-ing there.

Chorus.

Gird on your arms for

Je - sus, Ye Christians, young and old; Take up the Sword of the Spir-it, And fight like he - roes bold.

MY ANCHOR IS HOLDING.

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul." Heb. 6, 19.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Sweet Hope, the an - chor of my soul, En - ters with - in the vail..... Rest in the Sa - viour's
2. My life's frail bark is of - ten tossed, High on the mountain waves Stead fast and sure my
3. Fair Heaven's dome is just in view, Beau - ti - ful, gold - en land! Soon I shall reach its

dy - ing love; Fears not the wild - est gale.....
an - chor holds, Firm on the Rock that saves.....
gate of pearl, Walk on his shin - ing strand...

Chorus.

My an - chor is hold-ing, is hold - ing, With-

- in the vail; . . My an - chor is hold-ing, is hold - ing; It will not fail. . .

BY PER. OF REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

JESUS, MY SAVIOR.

C. E. L.

Arr. by C. E. LESLIE.

Slowly, with expression.

1. Je - sus, my Savior, Let me hear thy gentle voice, Teach me to love thee, Let my heart rejoice,
2. Sweet-ly the Savior, Whispers to the Christian heart Words of sweet comfort, That will ne'er depart,

Rit. - - - -

I have stray'd far from thee, Yet my soul would near thee be, Nearer to my Savior, Nearer, Lord, to thee.
Faith will bring the blessing, Faith will strengthen ev'ry pray'r, Come to him confessing, Come to him in pray'r.

p Chorus.

p

Rit. dim. - - -

Je-sus my Sav-ior, Let me hear thy gentle voice; Teach me to love thee, Let my heart re-joice.

FROM "GOLDEN ANTHEMS," BY PERMISSION.

OUT IN THE WORLD.

R. G. STAPLES. J. WM. SUFFERN.

1. Out in the world may we go, dearest Lord, Trust- ing a - lone on the truth of thy Word, Liv - ing the lives thou hast
2. Out in the world in close contact with sin, With soar tempta- tions with-out and with- in, Yet ful- ly trust -ing thy
3. Out in the world, yet we're not of the world, High on the ramparts with ban-ners un-furled, Truth for our breast-plate, our
4. Out in the world, but to conquest we go, Fight- ing 'gainst Satan, the soul's direst foe; Salt of the earth, and our

taught us to live, 'Till we go hence our re-ward to re- ceive.
prom-ise, may we Lead our compan-ions, dear Je- sus, to thee.
shield, Calv'ry's cross, Sol-diers for Je - sus we suf - fer no loss.
savor shall be U - til- ized when we bring sinners to thee.

Chorus.

Out in the world waging war a-gainst sin,
Out in the world having Je-sus within, Tho' oft-en tempt-ed, tho' dangers be-tide, We need not fear with our Saviour as guide.

BY PERMISSION OF S. B. ELLENBERGER.

ONLY BELIEVE.

C. B. H.

CHARLES B. HOLMES, Los Angeles, Cal.

1. On - ly be - lieve and you shall re - ceive, Bless - ing, and grace, and pow - er.
2. On - ly be - lieve and you shall re - ceive, If all thy sins con- fess - ing
3. On - ly be - lieve and you shall re - ceive, Treas - ures of wis - dom and pow'r,

Poor home - less one, a - lone and un - done. Oh! what a glo - ri - ous dow'r.
Bless - ings in - deed, the bless-ings you need. Seek then this glo - rious bless - ing.
Bet - ter than gold, or rich - es un - told, Cheer - ing thy dark - est hour.....

Poor wand-'ring child, why lon - ger stray Out in the cold and dark - some way?
"Come un - to me" your Sav - ior said, Give up your way of doubt and dread,
Far o'er the wild and toss - ing foam, World-wea - ry one, why lon - ger roam?

Ac - cept these treas - ures while yet it is day. Oh! what a glo - ri - ous dow'r.
Bright shines the glo - ry of heav - en o'er - head. Oh! what a glo - ri - ous dow'r.
Far from thy Fa - ther, and far from thy home. Oh! what a glo - ri - ous dow'r.

Chorus.

On - ly be - lieve and you shall re - ceive, Bless - ing, wis - dom, hon - or, pow - er,

Poor home - less one, a - lone and un - done, Oh! what a glo - ri - ous dow'r.

GOD BE WITH YOU.

REV. J. E. RANKIN. * "The grace of our Lord, Jesus Christ, be with you," Rom. 16 : 20. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, Neath His wings securely hide you; Dai-ly manna still provide you;
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you, Put His arms unfailing round you;
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner flosting o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you;

Chorus.

God be with you till we meet again. Till we meet..... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus'
God be with you till we meet again,
God be with you till we meet again.
God be with you till we meet again. Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

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

* BY PERMISSION.

E. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.

1. Some sweet day our Lord will call us, To his home, a - bove the skies, Where we'll
2. When he comes will you be read - y? Clothed in gar - ments pure and white, To re-
3. With your lamps all trimmed and burn-ing, Be ye read - y when the cry Shall be

Chorus.

drink from flow - ing foun-tains, In the land of Par - a - dise.
- ceive the Lord of glo - ry— At the noon-day or at night?
heard the bridegroom com-eth; Heed the summons from the sky.

Some day, some day,

Rit.

We shall dwell with him on high; Some day, some day, In his home be - yond the sky.

GOING HOME.

E. E. REXFORD. Let us labor therefore to enter into that rest.—HEB. 4 : 2. D. N. HOWE.

1. Go - ing home, go - ing home, to the E - den hills, And the cit - y fair to see;
2. Go - ing home, when the work of our life is done, To the man - sion built a - bove;
3. Go - ing home! blessed thought for the wea - ry one; Go - ing home to be at rest;

There to dwell, for - ev - er - more, Safe on heaven's hap-py shore, And reign, oh, my Lord, with thee.
Go - ing home to wear the crown, When our cross we lay down, And sing of a Sav - ior's love.
And no tears shall dim our eyes In that fair Par - a - dise, Nor sin touch the wea - ry breast.

Chorus.

Go - ing home,..... go - ing home,..... Whence my feet nev - er-more shall roam.
Go - ing home to the hills of the blest.

FROM "SONGS OF THE CROSS." BY PER.

There to dwell with Christ, my King, While the anthems ring, "Praise to God, we are all at home."

GRACIOUS SAVIOUR, GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Lively but not too fast.

LEONARD MARSHALL.

1. Gra - cious Sav - iour, gen - tle Shep-herd, Lit - tle ones are dear to thee,
   Gath - ered with thine arms, and car - ried In thy bos - om may they be,
2. Ten - der Shep-herd, nev - er leave them From thy fold to go a - stray,
   By thy look of love di - rect - ed, May they walk the nar - row way;
3. Let thy ho - ly word in - struct them, Fill their minds with heav'n - ly light,
   Let thy grace and truth con-strain them, To ap - prove what - e'er is right;

Sweet - ly, fond - ly, safe - ly tend - ed, From all want and dan - ger free.
Thus di - rect them, thus de - fend them, Lest they fall to sin a prey.
Let them feel thy yoke is eas - y, Let them prove thy bur - den light.

SAVE, O SAVE ME.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1. Take my heart, O Fa - ther! take it, Make and keep it all thine own; Let thy spir - it
2. Fa - ther, make me pure and ho - ly, Fond of peace and far from strife; Turn-ing from the
3. Ev - er let thy grace surround me, Strengthen me with pow'r di- vine, Till thy cords of
4. May the blood of Je - sus heal me, And my sins be all forgiv'n; Ho - ly Spir - it,

Refrain.

melt and break it— This proud heart of sin and stone.
paths un- ho - ly Of this vain and sin - ful life.
love have bound me, Make me to be whol - ly thine.
take and seal me, Guide me in the path to heav'n.

Save, O save me!
Save me, O my Fa-ther, save me!

Save me, O my Fa- ther, save me! Save, O save me! Take me, save me thro' thy Son!
Save me, O my Fa-ther save me!

NOTHING BUT THY GRACE.

EMMA PITT. R. S. HARRINGTON.

With ardor.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, hear my cry, Save me! save me! or I per - ish; Mer-
2. Je - sus, my all, in thee I trust, Save me! save me! or I per - ish; Wait-
3. O Friend and Help - er, be my stay, Save me! save me! or I per - ish; O
4. Pleading, hop - ing, I come to thee, Save me! save me! or I per - ish; In thy

-cy, dear Lord, I hope for now; Save me! save me! or I per - ish.
-ing, dear Sav - ior, in the dust, Save me! save me! or I per - ish.
cleanse and wash my sins a - way; Save me! save me! or I per - ish.
mer- cy is there room for me? Save me! save me! or I per - ish.

Chorus.

O the hope, precious hope,

Nothing but thy grace can save me; O the hope, pre-cious hope, Nothing but thy grace can save me.

THE SWEET NOW AND NOW.

ROBT. MORRIS. LL. D. H. S. PERKINS.

1. As we glide down the soft flowing wave, And the stars in the sky are a-glow, Let us prize ev - 'ry joy that we
2. Oh, ye hearts, that despair can forget; Oh, ye souls, that can drown ev'ry woe: There's a bright shining hope for us
3. When the dear ones around us are gone, And the cypres above them we strow, 'Twill be time for the dir-ges for -

Chorus.

In the sweet now and now,

have, And be glad in the sweet now and now.
yet, And a bliss in the sweet now and now.
- lorn, Let us sing for the sweet now and now.

In the sweet now and now, Oh, to

In the sweet now and now, *Repeat Cho. pp ad lib.*

drive ev'ry care far a - way! In the sweet now and now, Let's rejoice, let's rejoice while we may.

BY PERMISSION.

JESUS IS RISEN.

E. G. STAPLES.

Moderato.

1. The hap - py morn is come, Christ quits the grave; Tri - umph-ant leaves the tomb, With
2. Who now ac-cus-eth them For whom Christ died; Who now shall those con-demn, God
3. Christ hath the ran-som paid—Our vict - 'ry won; On Him our help is laid; The

cheerful.

Chorus.

pow'r to save.
jus - - ti - fied.
work is done.

} Je - sus is ris - en! Je - sus is ris - en! Swiftly the glad mes-sage

spread; Je - sus is ris - en; Je - sus is ris - en, Je - sus is ris - en in - deed.

THE MORNING OF GLADNESS.

A. B. B. FOR CHRISTMAS. A. B. BRAGDON.

1. Bright o'er the hills the morning is beam-ing, Flush'd in the east with ru - by and gray, Down from the
2. From the far east the wise men are coming, Bringing their gifts to lay at his feet, See how they
3. Hail, then all hail, the morning of gladness; Sweet shall our strains of mel - o - dy be, Singing his

day star, radiance streaming Brings to the earth the Saviour's glad day. Day of for-give-ness, Day of re-
bow in humble de - vo - tion See with what joy his coming they greet! Hail blessed Saviour! Hail thou Mes-
birth, who, cradl'd in sad-ness, Suffered and died that we might be free, Hail him with singing, Welcome him

Chorus.

-demption, Tho' with a beast in a manger he lay.
-si-ah! Hark to the strains where the Seraphim meet.
glad-ly, Bringing sal-va-tion to you and to me.

Joy-ful-ly hail the blessed Redeem-er, Joyful -ly

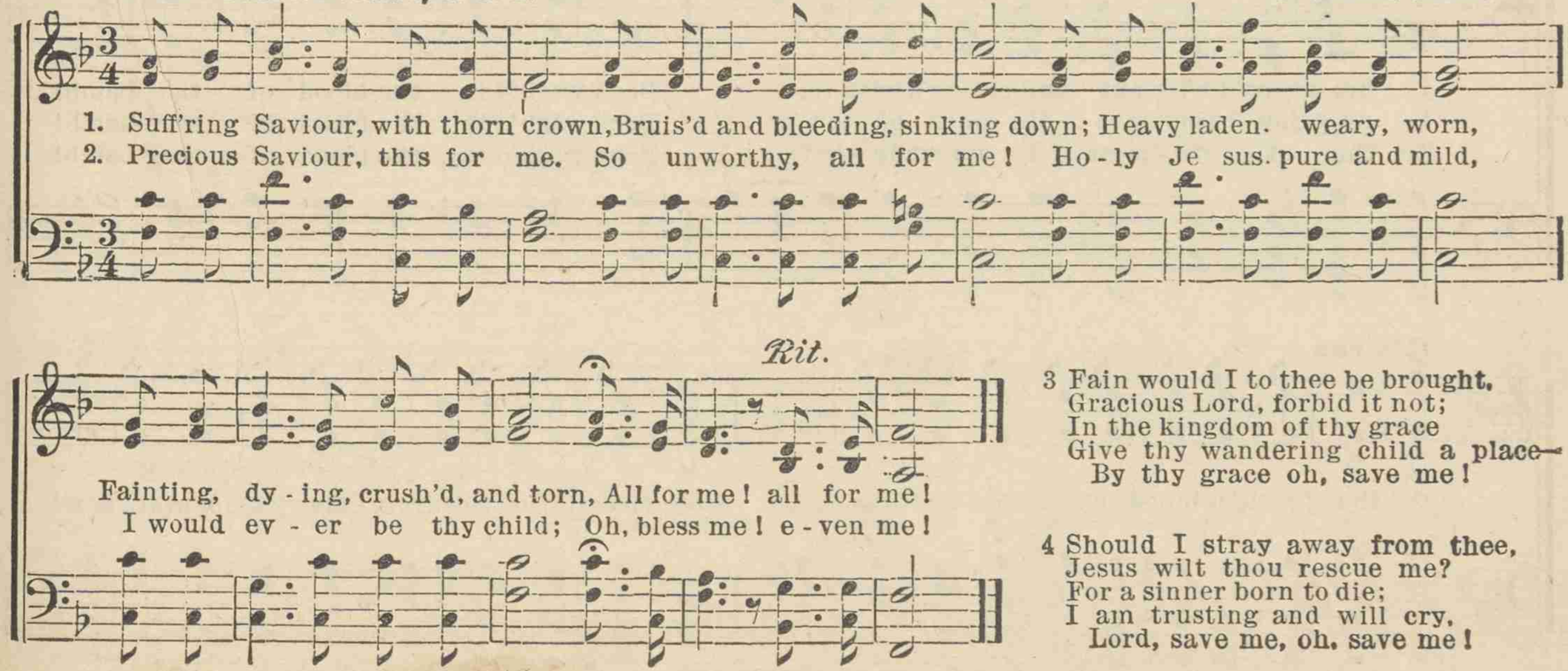


SUFFERING SAVIOUR, SAVE ME NOW.

"And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head. and a reed in his right hand: and bowed the knee before him, saying: Hail! King of the Jews!"—MATT 27: 29

Words of 3rd and 4th verses by D. H. L.

D HAYDEN LLOYD.



3 Fain would I to thee be brought,
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of thy grace
Give thy wandering child a place—
By thy grace oh, save me!

4 Should I stray away from thee,
Jesus wilt thou rescue me?
For a sinner born to die;
I am trusting and will cry,
Lord, save me, oh, save me!

THE HEALING FLOOD.

F. M. DAVIS. A. S. KIEFFER.

1. To the Fount of Cleans - ing I have been, Been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;
2. I have found the peace the ransom'd know, Been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;
3. I have found the balm for my sick soul, Been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;

I am cleans'd with-out and cleans'd with-in, Been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!
I en - joy the love He doth be-stow, Been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!
To the ut - ter - most I am made whole, Been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!

Chorus.

O, the precious blood that washes white as snow! See the crimson tide from Calv'ry's mountain flow!

BY PERMISSION.

'Tis a heal - ing flood of pre - cious blood, It wash -es, yes, it wash-es white as snow.

HOUR OF PARTING.

"Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."—Psa. 73 : 24.

Dr. T. G. CHATTLE. W. W. BENTLEY.

1. Gen - tle Sav - ior, be thou near us, As we from each oth - er part,
2. As the clos - ing hour draws near us, And the night steals gent - ly on,
3. When the night of death comes o'er us, And our earth - ly prayers are o'er,

May thy word, its truth im - press-ing, Shed its light on ev - 'ry heart.
Let thy gra - cious pres-ence cheer us, Guard us till the com - ing morn.
Oh, re - ceive us home to glo - ry, There to praise thee ev - er - more.

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WE'LL GREET THEM, BYE AND BYE.

R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.

Flowing.

1. In the land so bright and gold-en, Far a-way be-yond the sky; Souls re-deemed from
2. On the mountain heights of Pisgah, By our faith we al-most see That fair land, dear
3. We shall meet our dear de-part-ed, Gath-ered there hard by the throne, And with voic-es

Chorus.

earthly thraldom, Shall we greet them bye and bye? } Greet them! Greet them when we meet on yon-der
land of promise, Where our souls shall be made free. } we shall greet them,
joined in concert, We shall know as we are known. }

bliss-ful shore, Sweet! how sweet will be the greeting When we meet to part no more.

PRAY FOR YOUR BOY TO-NIGHT.

Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN.

GEO. ROBT. CAIRNS.

Solo.

1. Once I was pure as dews that fall From the morn-ing clouds a - bove,
2 Weary the world, and dark and wild, And with many a fa - tal snare,
3 Mother, my heart is hard and cold, And is blighted with grief and care,
4. Tho' in the toils of sin, your boy Yet is wan-d'ring far from home,

Now I am held in the world's dark thrall, A - - way from the Fa - ther's love.
As on-ward sweeps the surg - ing tide, Far a - way from God and pray'r.
Pray for your boy as oft of old, When a child be - side your chair.
Oft - en he yearns for the old - en joy Be - fore he be - gan to roam.

Accomp.

Chorus.

Then pray for your boy to - night, To-night, oh! pray for me! Pray God to give your boy the light To lead him to heaven and thee.

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WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

Solo and chorus.

1. What must I do to be saved? Man - y are ask-ing to - day..... There is no peace for my
2. What must I do to be saved? Wounded and stricken with sin..... Darkness surrounds my lone
3. What must I do to be saved? Saved from this un - ho - ly strife.... Helpless, de - fense-less I

Chorus.

soul,..... Go - ing this un - cer - tain way.....
way,..... Will the light nev - er shine in?.....
am, ... With no as - sur - ance of life.....

There is a balm, wea - ry one, ...

Find it on Jesus' dear breast; Hear, him now bid-ding you come; Come, and I'll give you sweet rest.

NO ROOM IN HEAVEN.

W. O. CUSHING

"The door was shut."—MATT. 25: 10.

I. BALTZELL.

1. How sad it would be, if when thou didst call, All hopeless and un - for - giv- en, The an-gel that stands at the
2. How sad it would be, the harvest all past, The bright summer days all o - ver; To know that the reapers had
3. Oh, haste thee, and fly, while mercy is near, Re-member the love that he gave you; The love that hath sought thee is

Refrain.

beau-ti - ful gate, Should answer, No room in heav-en.
gather'd the grain, And left thee a-lone for- ev - er. Sad, sad, sad would it be! No room in heav-en for thee!
seek-ing thee still, And Je-sus now waits to save you.

Slow and soft.

No room, no room, No room in heav- en for thee! No room, no room, No room in heav-en for thee!

FROM "GATES OF PRAISE," BY PERMISSION, REV. I. BALTZELL.

I TRUST IN THEE.

R. G. STAPLES. "I trust in thee." PSALMS—25: 2. R. S. HARRINGTON.

1. Simply trust - ing Christ to - day, As my guide, my staff and stay; Thro' the shad-ows dark and
2. Simply trust - ing as the years Bring me joy or cause me tears; Trust-ing Him tho' oft be -
3. Simply trust - ing to the end, Trusting in the sin-ner's friend; And when I shall come to
4. Trusting Je - sus I shall stand With that host—the ransom'd band; Trusting Him who died for

Chorus.

dim, Trusting - ly I lean on Him.
-reav'd—Trusting since I first be-lieved.
die, I shall feel His pres - ence nigh.
me, Then His glo - ry I shall see.

Trust- ing Je - sus, trust - ing Je - sus, Nev - er

doubting Him at all; Thro' the shad - ows dark and gray, Ev - 'ry step a - long the way.

Rit.

J. H. LESLIE.

Cheerfully.

1. Wher thou hast sown the pre - cious seed Of truth and love by word and deed, In
2. When thou hast view'd the whit- ened field, O'er- bur - dened with its heav - y yield, Pre-
3. When thou hast pray'd and wait - ed long, For truth has suf - fered shame and wrong, Take
4. The reap - er wa - ges full re - ceives, And gar - ners up im - mor - tal sheaves! Let

pa - tience then the Mas - ter heed. Go forth and reap!
-pare the har - vest blade to wield—Go forth and reap!
up the hope-ful reap - er's song—Go forth and reap!
him this prom-ise who be-lieves, Go forth and reap!

Refrain.

Go forth and reap! The
Go forth, and reap,

Mas - ter's call o - bey; Go forth and reap, Go forth and reap to - day.
Go forth, and reap,

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BEYOND THE THINGS THAT PERISH.

Words Adapted. R. G. STAPLES.

1. Be - yond the things that per - ish, That with - er in a day; Are pleasures far more last - ing, Which
2. Though darkness gath - er 'round me, Though sor-row dim my eye, Though hosts of foes surround me, De-
3. Oh God! I'll ev - er praise Thee, For all Thy goodness past; And ev - er - more I'll trust thee, While

Chorus.

Beyond this

nev - er fade away. They're found alone in heav'n above, Where Jesus dwells, and all is love.
- liv - er-ance is nigh. In yonder world there is no pain; To live is life, to die is gain.
life it -self shall last. I'll cast my ev-'ry burden down, Put off the cross, take up the crown.

Beyond this world, Be-

world, Be-yond its ev- er changing sky..... Beyond,

- yond this world, Be-yond, beyond its ev - er changing sky, Beyond, beyond, Beyond this world, Are joys which never die.

HAPPY HOME.

C. A. F. C. A. FYKE.

1. There is a home, a hap - py home, Be-yond the earth and skies; Filled with the glo - ry
2. A beaute-ous home, a glori- ous home, Ne'er seen by mor - tal eyes, But in our tho'ts we
3. We're marching to this hap - py home, Where pleasure nev-er dies, And soon we'll rest be-

Chorus.

of the Lord, It is in Par- a-dise. } Hap- py home, hap - py home, Hap-py
seem to see, The wealth of Par- a-dise. }
-yond the tide, With-in that Par- a-dise. } Hap- py home, hap-py home,

home,..... Oh, hap- py home, There all is joy and love, My own bright home above.
Happy home, happy home,

REDEEMED.

T. C. O'K. "Behold the Lamb of God." T. C. O'KANE.

1. Oh, sing of Je - sus "Lamb of God," Who died on Calva-ry, And for a ransom shed His blood For
2. Oh, wondrous power of love di-vine! So pure, so full, so free! It reaches out to all mankind, Em-
3. All glo - ry now to Christ the Lord, And evermore shall be; He hath redeemed a world from sin, And

Refrain.

you and e - ven me.
bra - ces e - ven me.
ransomed e - ven me.

I'm re - deemed,..... I'm re - deemed.... Thro' the blood of the Lamb that was

I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed Thro' the blood of the Lamb, of the

slain;..... I'm redeemed,..... I'm redeemed,..... ..... Hal - le - lu - jah un - to His name.

Lamb that was slain; I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed,

BY PERMISSION.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Thro' the val - ley he will lead me, When life's journey shall be done; Ev - er -last-ing arms will
2. Thro' the val - ley he will lead me, Lead me with the tend-'rest care; With the living wa-ters
3. Thro' the val - ley he will lead me, While the shadows flee a - way; Nothing from the shore af-

Chorus.

hold me, Till the vic - tor's crown is won.
lave me, In the fields di - vine - ly fair.
- frights me, For he is my strength and stay.

With his rod and staff to guide me, What, O

what, have I to fear? Tho' I enter death's dark valley, Yet my Savior's there to cheer.

ERE THE SUN GOES DOWN.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. A. J. ABBEY.

"Be ye therefore ready also; for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not."—LUKE 12 : 40.

Moderato.

1. I have work enough to do, Ere the sun goes down; For myself and kindred too, Ere the sun goes down;
2. I must overcome my wrath, Ere the sun goes down; I must walk the heav'nly path Ere the sun goes down;
3. I must speak the loving word, Ere the sun goes down; I must let my voice be heard Ere the sun goes down;
4. As I jour - ney on my way, Ere the sun goes down; God's command I must obey Ere the sun goes down;

Ev - 'ry i - dle whisper stilling With a purpose firm and will-ing, All my dai - ly task ful-fill - ing, Ere the
For it may be death is wending Hither, with the night descending, And my life will have an end-ing, Ere the
Ev - 'ry cry of pit - y heeding, For the injured in - ter - ced-ing, To the light the lost ones leading, Ere the
There are sins that need confessing, There are wrongs that need redressing, If I would obtain the blessing Ere the

Chorus. *Not too fast.*

sun goes down. I must la-bor For my neighbor, Ev - 'ry du - ty now ful-fill - ing, And the
sun goes down.
sun goes down.
sun goes down. I must la-bor For my neighbor, Ev - 'ry du - ty now ful-fill - ing, And the

FROM "WHITE ROBES," BY PERMISSION, O. DITSON & CO.



OLIVET. 6, 4.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



MARCHING HOME.

WM. B. BLAKE. A. S. KIEFFER.

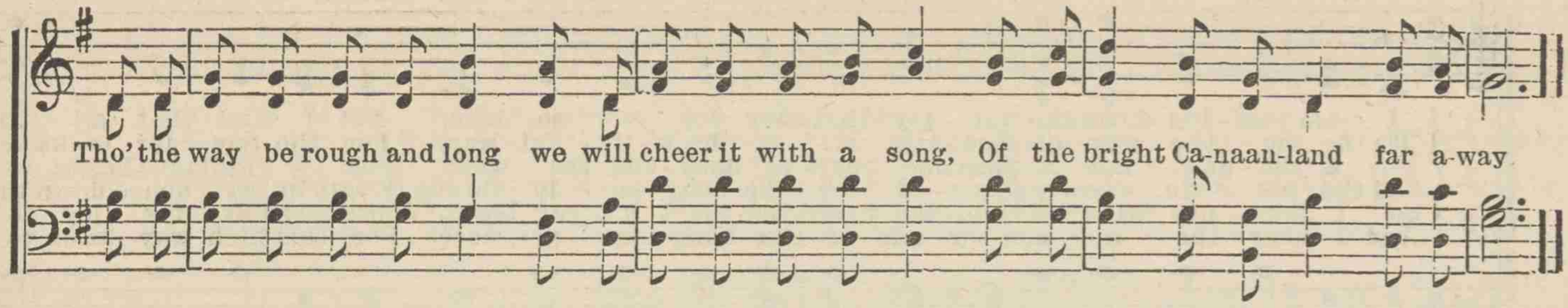
1. With our banners waving high, with our fa-ces to the sky, We are marching to Zi - on to-day;
2. Je - sus is our Lead-er true, ev - er keep-ing us in view, Lest a-way from the path we may rove;
3. Come and join our happy band, marching to the promised land, Un - der Je - sus, our Captain and Guide:

And although the way be long we will cheer it with a song, Of the bright Ca-naan-land far a-way.
We must steadi - ly press on till the fi - nal rest is won In the man-sions of glo - ry and love.
We shall have a cho - sen place in the Kingdom of his grace, When the ar- my has cross'd Jordan's tide.

Chorus.

Marching home, marching home, marching home, ev - 'ry day;
Marching home, marching home, Marching home, march-ing home;

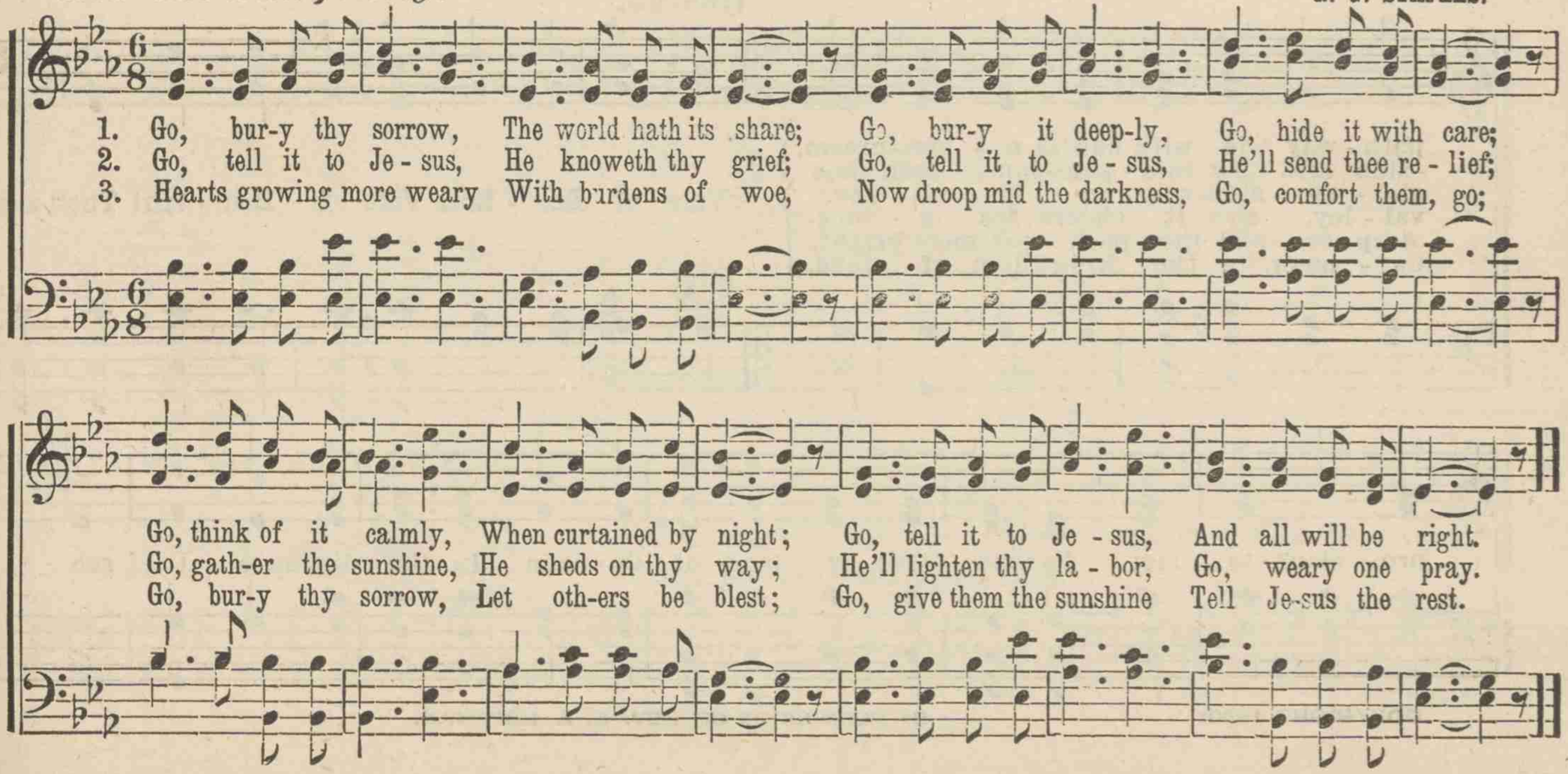
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GO, BURY THY SORROW.

Slow and with feeling.

R. G. STAPLES.



VALE OF BEULAH.

REV E. A HOFFMAN. Thou shalt be called Beulah. ISAAH 62 : 4. JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. I am pass-ing down the val-ley that they say is so lone, But I find that all the
'Tis to me the vale of Beu-lah, 'tis a beau-ti-ful way, For the Sav-ior walks be-
2. Not a sha-dow, not a sha-dow ev-er dark-ens the way, For a radiance bright as
And the mu-sic, sweetly chant-ed by the heav-en-ly throng, Floats in ca-dence down the
3. So I jour-ney with re-joic-ing to'ard the Cit-y of Light, While each day my joy is
And I near the o-pen por-tals of the King-dom a-bove, For this high way leads to

Chorus.

path-way is with flow'rs o-ver-grown,
-side me. my com-pan-ion each day.
glo-ry shines up-on it all day.
val-ley, and it cheers me a-long.
deep-er, and the path-way more bright.
Ca-naan, to the King-dom of love.

Vale of Beu-lah! Vale of Beu-lah! Thou art pre-cious to me; For the love-ly land of Ca-naan In the dis-tance I see

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JESUS IS CALLING FOR THEE.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. When, as of old, in her sadness, Ma - ry sat weeping a - lone,
   Soft - ly the voice of her sister, Whisper'd, "The Mas - ter has come."
2. Oh, when thy pleasures are flow-ing, Fad - ing thy hope and thy trust,
   When of the dear-est earth-treasures Dust shall return un - to dust.
3. Down by the shore of death's river, Some time thy footsteps shall stray,
   Where waits an an - gel to bear thee O - ver to in - fi - nite day.

So, in the depth's of thy sor - row, Gall tho' its fountain may be,
Then, tho' the world may in - vite thee, Vain will its of - fer - ing be,
What then tho' dark be His shad - ow, If when His coming thou see.

List, for there com - eth a whis - per, Je-sus is calling for thee.
List, for there com - eth a whis - per, Je-sus is calling for thee.
Com - eth there soft - ly a whis - per, Je-sus is calling for thee.

f Chorus.

Call - - ing, call - - - ing, Jesus is calling for thee.
Calling for thee, calling for thee,

BY PERMISSION FILLMORE BROS.

GREAT IS THE LORD.

R. G. STAPLES.

Great is the Lord, Great is the Lord, Great is the Lord and greatly to be prais-ed. Great is the

Great is the

Lord, Great is the Lord, Great is the Lord and great- ly to be prais- ed, In the cit - y of our

Lord, Great is the Lord, Great is the Lord

God in the cit - y of our God, In the mountain of His ho - li-ness, In the mountain of His

f

ho - li - ness. Great is the Lord, and great - ly to be prais - ed, In the cit - y of our God, In the

p

mountain of His ho - li-ness. Great is the Lord, and great - ly to be prais - ed, In the

Rit.

cit - y of our God, In the mountain of His ho - li-ness, A - - men! A - - - - men!

WAITING AT THE POOL.

J. HOUGH. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Thousands stand to-day in sor-row, Waiting at the pool; Say - ing they will wash to- mor - row,
2. Souls, your filth-y garments wearing, Waiting at the pool; Hearts, your heav-y bur - den bear -ing,
3. Step in boldly, death may smite you, Waiting at the pool; Je - sus may no more in - vite you,

Waiting at the pool; Others step in left and right, Wash their stain-ed garments white, Leaving you in
Waiting at the pool; Can it be you nev - er heard, Je - sus long a- go hath stirr'd Fountains with his
Waiting at the pool; Faith is near you, take her hand, Seek with her the better land, And no lon - ger

sor - row's night Waiting at the pool, Waiting, wait - ing, Wait - ing at the pool.
might - y word? Waiting at the pool, Waiting, wait - ing, Wait - ing at the pool.
doubt-ing stand, Waiting at the pool, Waiting, wait - ing, Wait - ing at the pool.

BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER.

BEHOLD WHAT MANNER OF LOVE.

(May be sung as Chorus by using the grace notes.)

DR. C. R. BLACKALL. W. H. DOANE.

Tenderly.

1. Be - hold what manner of love The Fa - ther doth be - stow, That we who fol - low His word May in His fa - vor grow.
2. As sons He call-eth us now, And seals us with His love; His grace shall ev - er sus- -tain, And guide us home a - bove.
3. We know not what we shall be, In heavenly garments drest, But when His glo - ry ap- -pears, In Him we'll sweet -ly rest.
4. His face with glo - ry doth shine, We get but glimps-es here; But this we cer - tain - ly know To us He shall ap - pear.

ritard.

Chorus.

Then we shall be like Him, Then we shall be like Him, Then we shall be like Him, Then we shall see Him as He is.

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MEMORIES OF GALILEE.

ROBERT MORRIS. LL. D.

H. R PALMER. by per.

1. Each cooing dove and sighing bough, That makes the eve so blest to
2. Each flow'ry glen and moss-y dell, Where happy birds in song a-
3. And when I read the thrilling lore, Of Him who walk'd up-on the

Each cooing dove and sighing bough, That makes the eve
Each flow'ry glen and moss-y dell, Where hap-py birds
And when I read the thrilling lore, Of Him who walk'd

me, Has something far di-vin-er now, It bears me back to Gal -i-
-gree, Thro'sunny morn the praises tell Of sights and sounds in Gal -i-
sea, I long, oh, how I long once more, To fol-low Him in Gal -i-

so blest to me, Has something far di- vin - er now It bears me back
in song agree, Thro sunny morn the praises tell Of sights and sounds
upon the sea, I long, oh, how I long once more To fol - ow Him

Chorus.

-lee.
-lee.
-lee.

O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee, Where Je - sus lov'd so

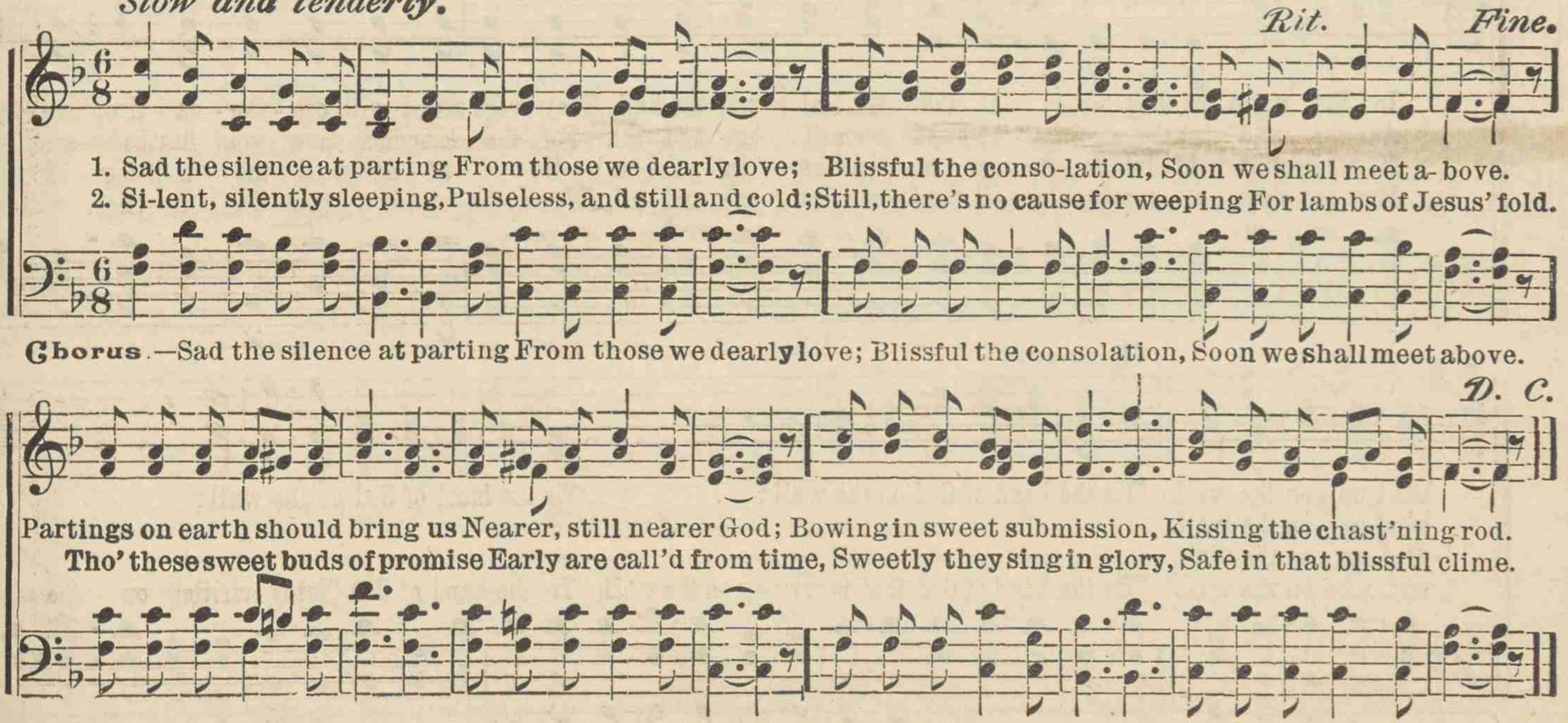
to Gal - i - lee.
in Gal - i - lee.
in Gal - i - lee.

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SAD THE SILENCE.

R. G. STAPLES.



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THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

K. S. "And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."—DAN 5: 5. KNOWLES SHAW.

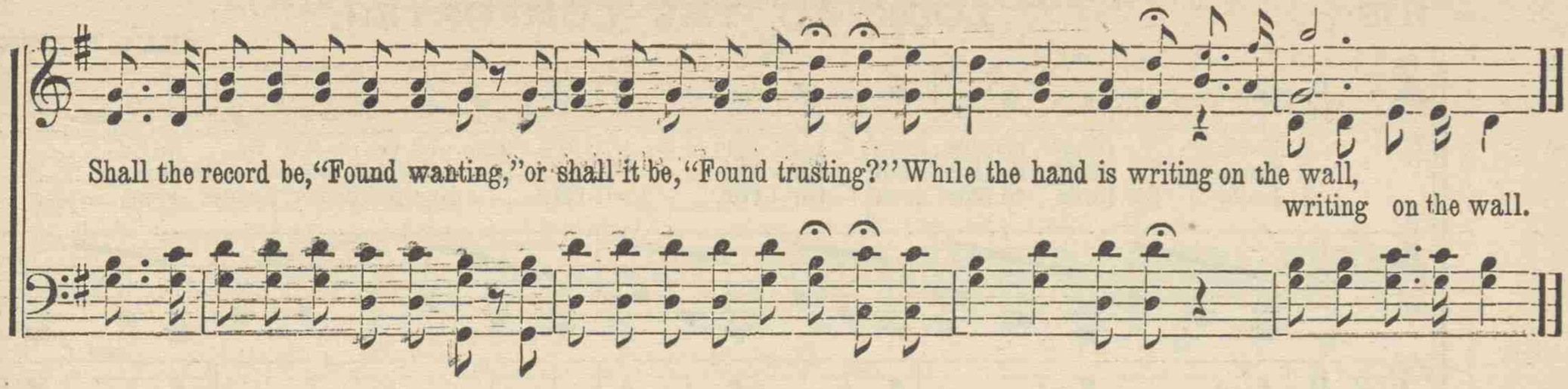
1. At the feast of Belshazzar and a thousand of his lords, While they drank from golden vessels, as the book of truth records;
2. See the brave captive Daniel as he stood before the throng, And rebuked the haughty monarch for his mighty deeds of wrong;
3. See the faith, zeal and courage, that would dare to do the right, Which the spirit gave to Daniel—this the secret of his might;
4. So our deeds are recorded —there's a Hand that's writing now, Sinner, give your heart to Jesus, to His royal mandate bow;

In the night as they rev-el in the roy - al pal-ace hall, They were seized with con - ster - na - tion, 'twas the
As he read out the writing—'twas the doom of one and all, For the kingdom now was finished—said the
In his home in Ju - de - a, or a cap-tive in the hall—He un - der-stood the writ-ing of his
For the day is approaching—it must come to one and all, When the sinner's con - dem - na - tion, will be

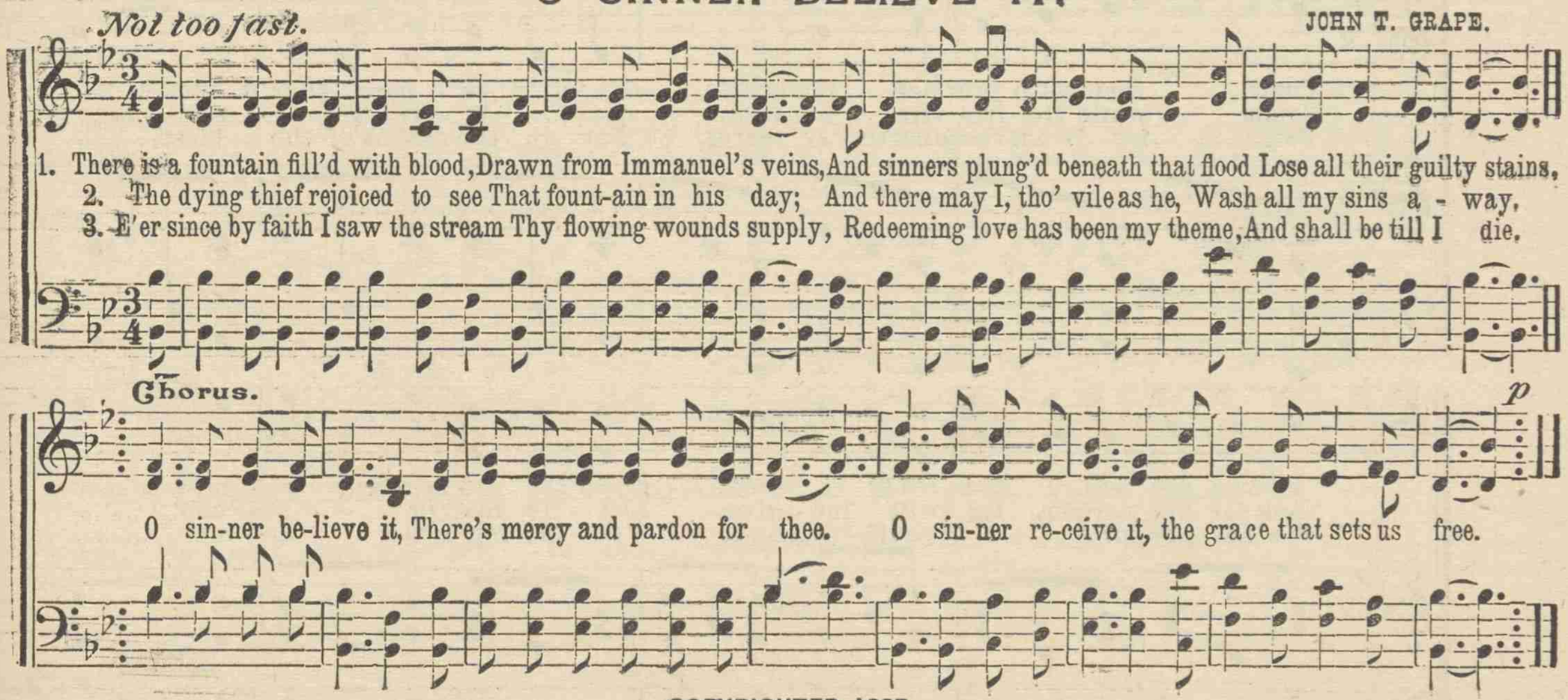
Chorus.

hand up - on the wall. 'Tis the hand of God on the wall; 'Tis the hand of God on the wall;
hand up - on the wall.
God up - on the wall.
writ - ten on the wall. 'Tis the hand of God that is writing on the wall; 'Tis the hand of God that is writing on the wall,

BY PERMISSION OF MRS. KNOWLES SHAW.



O SINNER BELIEVE IT.



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LOOK TO THE COMFORTER.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Look, look to the com - for - ter, Ye who are troub-led in mind,.....
2. Look, look to the com - for - ter, On the dear Sa - vior be - lieve,.....
3. Look, look to the com - for - ter, He..... has promised sweet rest,.....

Come, come with your ach - ing hearts, Sweetest re - pose thou'lt find,.....
Come, while He in - vites you now, He..... is ready to save,.....
Far, far from these earth - ly cares, Far in the realms of the blest, ...

Ye who are wea-ry and ready to weep, Cheer thy sad hearts a - gain,.....
Ask for his pardon, He will for - give, List to his er - - - nest call,.....
He has pre-par'd us a beauti- ful home, Wait - ing for you and me, ...

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Rit. pp

Cast thy cares at the Sav - ior's feet, He will thy burdens sus - tain.....
Oh! be - lieve and thou shalt live, Par- don is free to all. .....
Oh! ac - cept of his prom - ise now, Mer - cy is bounteous and free.....

Rit. pp

Chorus.

m a tempo. *dim.* *m* *dim.*

Come, ye who are read - y to weep, O Come, Kneel at the Sav - ior's feet, O
Ye who are wear - y and read - y to weep, Cast all thy cares at the Sav - ior's feet,

m *cres.* *p* *dim.*

Come, ye who are wear - y in mind, Sweetest re - pose thou'lt find,.....
Come, ye who are wea - ry in mind, Sweetest re - pose thou'lt find, Re - pose thou'lt

LOOK TO THE COMFORTER.—Concluded.



Nearer, My God, To Thee.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be 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!

My Faith Looks Up To Thee.

1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my sins 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,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

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

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

Work, for the Night is Coming.

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.

PEACE, IT IS I.

ST. ANATOLIUS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Allegro.

1. Fierce was the billow wild, Dark was the night; Oars labored heavily, Foam glittered white; Trembled the
2. Ridge of the mountain wave, Lower thy crest! Wail of the tempest wind, Be thou at rest! Sorrow can
3. Je - sus, Deliv - er-er, Come thou to me; Soothe thou my voyaging Over life's sea! Then when the

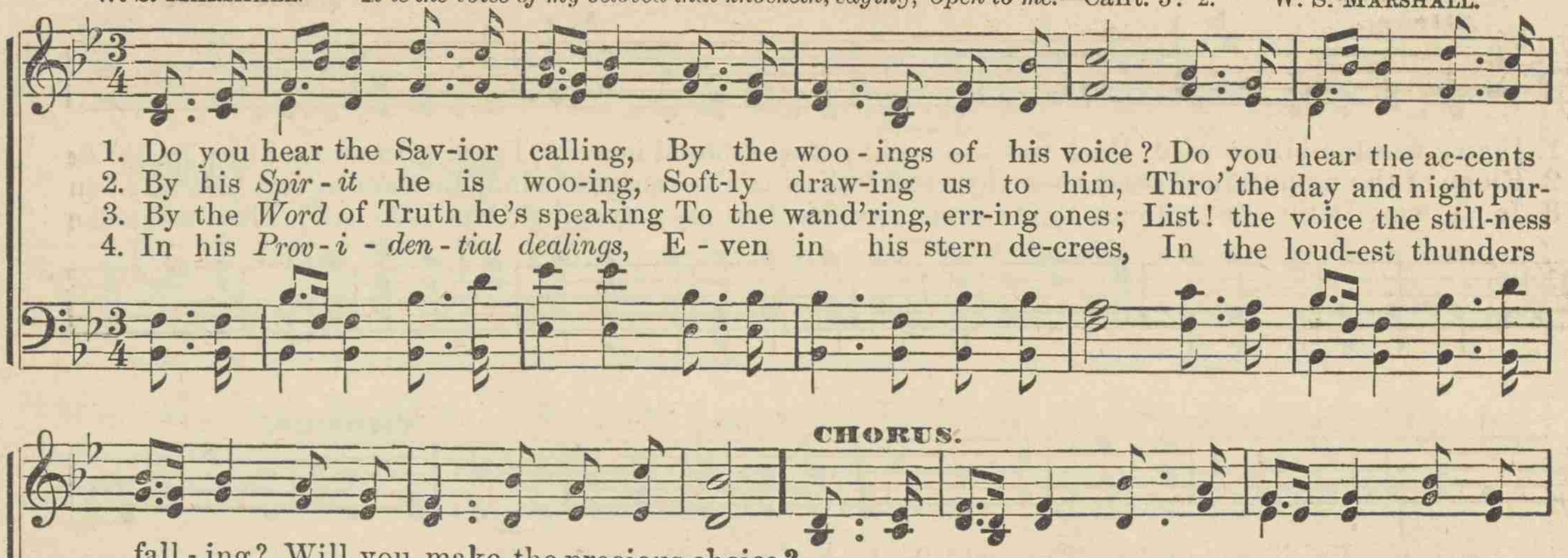
CHORUS.

mariners, Per-il was nigh; Then said the God of gods, Peace, it is I.
never be—Darkness must fly—When saith the Light of light, Peace, it is I. Peace, peace, peace, it it I,
storm of death Roars sweeping by, Whisper, O Truth of truth, Peace, it is I.

Peace, peace, peace, it is I; Je - sus still says to the heart, weary mariner, Peace, peace, it is I.

I AM LISTENING.

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



From "Songs of the Cross," by per.

COME HOME, MY CHILD, TO-DAY.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN. "My sheep wandered through all the mountains."—EZEKIEL 34: 6. R. G. STAPLES.

1. Long I've wander'd from the Master, O'er the mountains far a - way, But I hear his sweet voice
2. Fa - ther, I am com-ing, com-ing, Thy dear face I al-most see; Bless-ed tho't that tho' I
3. Fa - ther, tho' I am un-wor - thy E'en to speak a name so sweet, Bow-ing down in hum-ble
4. Fa - ther, take my hand and guide me Safe - ly thro' the world's alarms; Harm can nev-er more be-

Refrain.

call - ing, Wea-ry child, come home to-day.
wan-dered, Thou didst still re-mem-ber me.
rev - 'rence, I would worship at thy feet.
tide me Rest - ing in thy precious arms.

Like a strain of heav'n-ly mu - sic,

From the land of endless day, Comes that low, sweet voice entreating, Come, my child, come home to-day.

AN INVOCATION.

R. G. STAPLES. Ephesians 3: 16-21. J. R. MURRAY.

1. To him who dwells and reigns on high, Let an-thems now a - rise—On Christ, the rock, our
2. Draw nigh, thou God of Hosts, draw nigh, And make thy face to shine; Own now the read - ing
3. Whene'er from Zi - on's walls, thy own An - oint - ed shall pro-claim The price-less val - ue

faith we build For man-sions in the skies; With hum-ble, con - trite hearts we raise—(Ac-
of thy word, By grace and power di - vine; While here our hum - ble prayers a - rise, Oh,
of thy Son,—Oh, glo - ri - fy thy name; And when on earth our work is done, May

cept our off'ring, Lord;) Our sweet-est notes of prayer and praise, And mag-ni - fy the WORD.
bend thou from thy throne—Oh, light our path-way to the skies, And crown us there thine own.
we to life di - vine A - rise—for aye, in heaven to dwell, With thee, O God, and thine.

GATHERING HOME.

MISS MARIANA B. SLADE. *"Gathering together unto him."*—2 Thess. 2: 1. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. Up to the Bountiful Giver of Life, Gathering home! Gathering home! Up to the dwelling where cometh no
2. Up to the city where falleth no night, Gathering home! Gathering home! Up where the Savior's own face is the
3. Up to the beautiful mansions above, Gathering home! Gathering home! Safe in the arms of his infinite

CHORUS.

strife, The dear ones are Gathering Home. Gathering Home, . . . Gathering Home, . . . Never to
light, The dear ones are Gathering Home.
Love, The dear ones are Gathering Home. Gathering Home, Gathering Home,

sorrow more, never to roam. Gathering Home, Gathering Home, God's children are gathering home.
Gathering home, Gathering home,

From "Good News," O. Ditson & Co., by per.

"I'VE NOTHING TO BRING TO THEE, JESUS."

FLORA L. BEST. J. T. GRAPE.

1. I've nothing to bring to thee, Je - sus, Save a heart that is sin - ful and sore,
2. My Sav - ior, I come at thy bid - ding; I plead by the thorns on thy brow;

And a life that is wea - ry and wast - ed, Yet trembling, I knock at the door.
By the cross with its bur - den of sor - row, Oh, o - pen the door to me now.

DUET.

I hear the sweet song of the reap - ers A - way on the great har - vest plain,
Per - chance then, when reap-ers are bear - ing Their sheaves to the har - vest a - bove,

Words used by per. of JOHN R. SWEENEY.

I have nothing to bring to thee, Je - sus, Not e - ven a sheaf of the grain.
I may bring, 'mid the least of the toil - ers, Some blossoms of faith or of love.

CHORUS.

I have nothing to bring to thee, Save a heart that is sin - ful and sore,
And a life that is wea - ry and wast - ed, Yet trembling, I knock at the door.

BEAUTIFUL STARS.

ALICE PENDLETON. E. COOK.

1. Oh, beau-ti-ful gems of the night, Bedeck-ing the cloudless blue, From whence is thy glittering
2. Oh, beau-ti-ful gems of the night, Illum-ing the heavenly way, Oh, say, dost thou make the way
3. Oh, beau-ti-ful gems of the night, Shine on in thy blue-arched dome, Till Christ, in his glorious

REFRAIN.

light, And what is thy mis - sion true? Oh beau - - ti - ful stars, That
bright That leads to e - tern - al day?
light Shall gather us safe - ly home. Oh, beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful beautiful stars, That

gem the brow of night; We gaze up - on thee from a - far As lamps that angels light.

VICTORY ONLY THRO' THE CROSS.

E. M. C. "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross."—Gal. 6: 14. E. Mauford Clark.

Prayerfully—not too fast.

1. On - ly the cross, in it will I glo - ry, When I am tempt - ed, tried by sin;
2. On - ly the cross, in it will I glo - ry, On - ly my Sav - ior's cross would know;
3. On - ly the cross, in it will I glo - ry, When at the brink of death's cold tide;
4. On - ly the cross, in it will I glo - ry, When I am seat - ed near my Lord;

f. FINE.

On - ly the cross, oh, won-der - ful sto - ry! On - ly the cross can vic - to - ry win.
On - ly his cross be ev - er be - fore me, On - ly his cross can comfort be - stow.
On - ly the cross can pi - lot me o - ver, On - ly the cross can then be my guide.
Oh, bless-ed Sav - ior, how much I owe thee For the glad news re - vealed in thy word.

D. S. *On - ly the cross, in it will I glo - ry, Only the cross, in it ev - er - more.*

CHORUS. D. S.

On - ly the cross, oh, won - der - ful sto - ry; Hal-low - ed cross, my Sav - ior once bore;

Small notes to be used in chorus.

BEYOND THE DARK SEA.

And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land.—Acts 27 : 44. KNOWLES SHAW.

With expression.

1. I am weary, I'm fainting, my day's work is done; I am watching, I'm waiting for life's sinking sun;
2. The cold surg - ing billows, that dash at my feet, Have lost all their terror, their music is sweet;
3. Come, lov - ing Redeemer, and take to Thy breast The heart that is panting and sighing for rest;
4. I'll lay my life's burdens, dear Lord, at Thy feet, For loved ones are watching my spirit to greet;

The shadows are stretching a - far o'er the lea; Then, oh, let me anchor beyond the dark sea!
My Sav - ior is still-ing the tem-pest for me; Then, oh, let me anchor beyond the dark sea!
Blest Savior, I'm watching and waiting for Thee; Then, oh, let me anchor beyond the dark sea!
The por - tals of glo - ry are opening for me; Then, oh, let me anchor beyond the dark sea!

f **CHORUS.**

Be-yond the sea, Be - yond the sea; Then, oh, let me an-chor be-yond the dark sea!
Be-yond the dark sea, Beyond the dark sea;

From "The Morning Star," by permission.

WATTS. *Rejoice in the Lord always.*—Phil. 4: 4. O. W. PILLSBURY.

1. Come we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with
2. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the
3. There we shall see his face, And nev - er, nev - er sin; There from the riv - ers
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im-

CHORUS.

sweet ac - cord, And thus surround the throne.
heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets. O Zi - on, hap - py Zi - on, Thou
of his grace, Drink end - less pleas-ures in.
manuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

cit - y bright and fair; Oh, when shall we thy glo - ries see, And all thy pleasures share?

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life, was cast into the lake of fire.—Rev. 20: 15.

M. A. KIDDER. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neith - er sil - ver nor gold, I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are man - y, Like the sands of the sea, Bnt thy blood, O my
3. Oh, that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light, With its glo - ri - fied

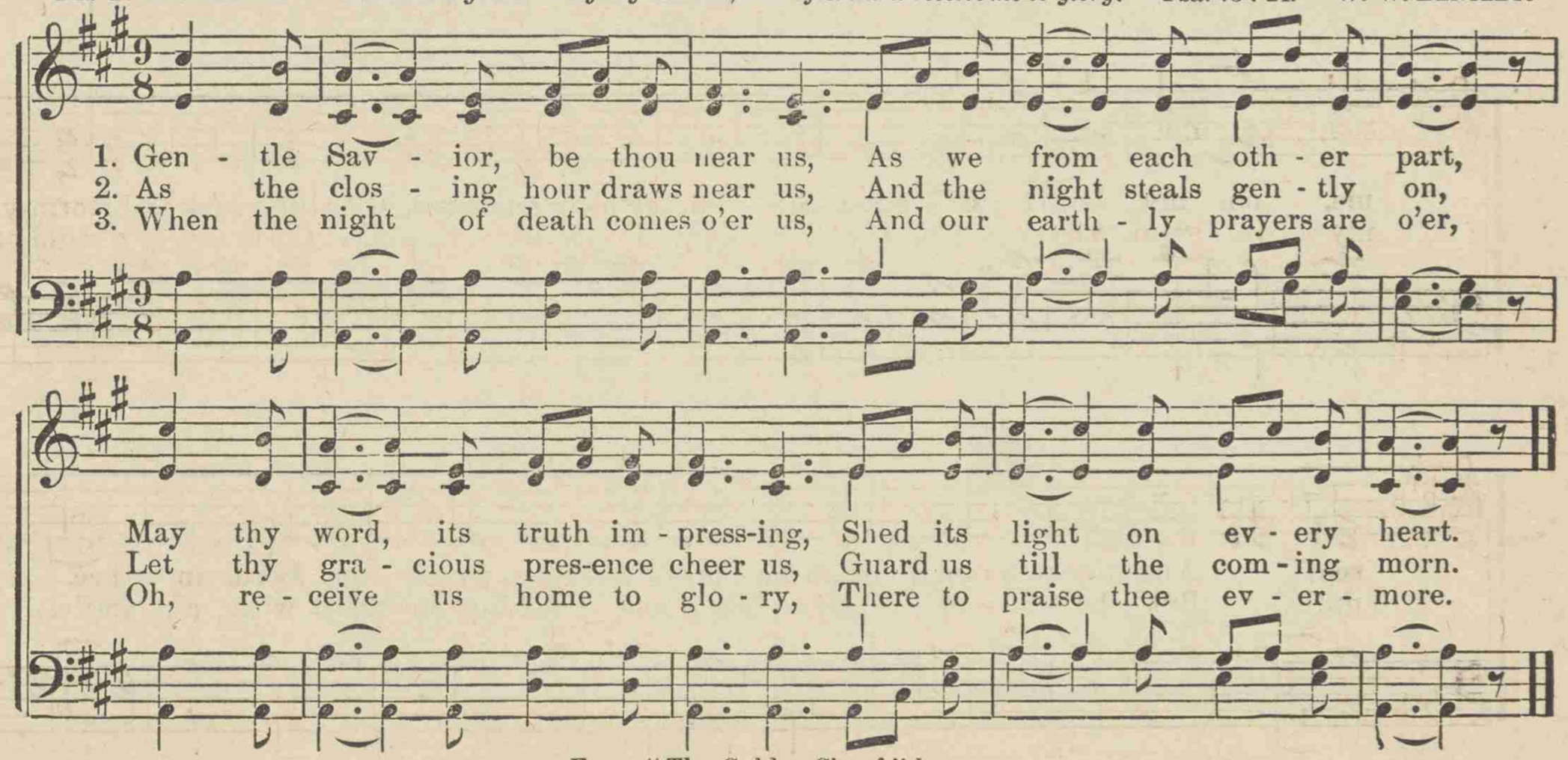
heav - en, I would en - ter the fold; In the book of thy king-dom, With its
Sav - ior, Is suf - fi - cient for me; For thy prom - ise is writ - ten In bright
be - ings, In pure gar-ments of white; Where no e - vil thing com - eth To de-

pa - ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Is my name writ - ten there?
let - ters that glow, "Though your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow."
spoil what is fair, Where the an - gels are watch-ing, Is my name writ - ten there?

By permission.

HOUR OF PARTING.

DR. T. G. CHATTLE. *"Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."*—Psa. 73 : 24. W. W. BENTLEY.



From "The Golden Sheaf," by per.

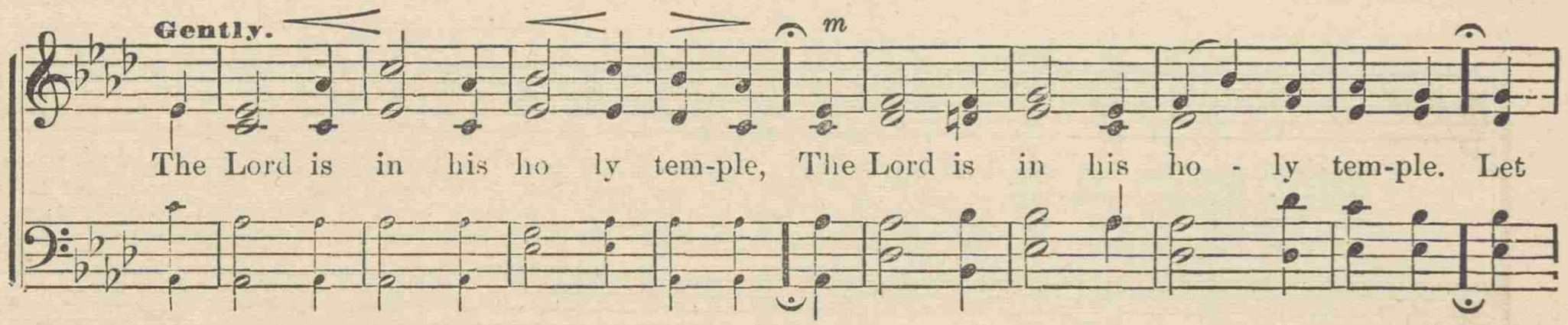
me, oh, my Lord! Guide me, Sav - ior, safe - ly guide me, O'er life's dark and storm-y
my pil - grim way. Oh, my Sav - ior, do not leave me, Lest the tempt-er should be-

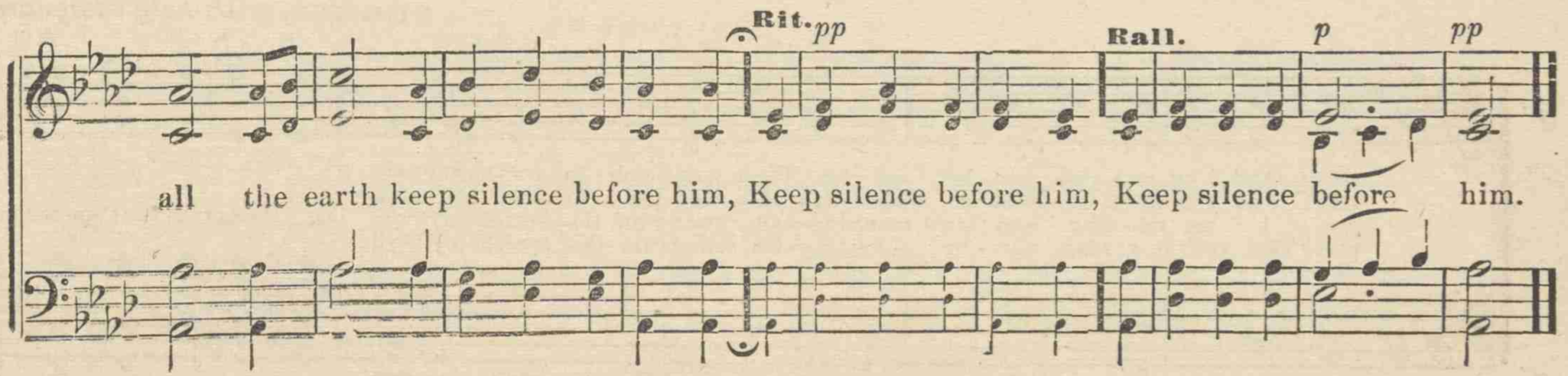
sea; And thy ways shall make me hap - py, Hap - py ev - er, Lord, in thee.
guile, But be ev - er near to save me, Lead-ing on - ward with a smile.

THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE.

J. T. GRAPE.







'TWAS RUM THAT SPOILED MY BOY.

Rev. L. F. Cole. "A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."—Prov. 10: 1. T. Martin Towne.

SOLO. *With pathos.*

1. I have seen a moth - er weep - ing O'er a lit - tle pal - lid face; I have seen her kiss the fore-head, Seen the last, sad, fond em - brace; I have seen her heav - y, heart-sore, Turn - ing tow'rd her home a-
2. I have known a moth - er wait - ing, Wait - ing while the years roll'd by, Start-ing from her dreams at mid-night, Wait-ing, watch - ing ea - ger - ly For her boy, long - lost, and wan-d'ring In some strange and dis-tant
3. I have seen a moth - er pac - ing On the shore where breaks the sea, Plead-ing with the storm - y wa - ters: "Give, oh, give my dead to me!" But by waves by far more cru - el, Waves that drowned my sweetest
4. Gaze in - to the eyes cher - u - bic; Rain your kiss - es on his cheek; Clasp him fond - ly to your bo - som; Feel the thrill you can not speak; Link your-self to God and heav - en, All your moth - er love em-

Rit.

gain; And I've en - vied her her sad - ness, There was much to soothe her pain.
land, And I've tho't, Oh, blest the watch - er! Hop - ing yet to clasp his hand.
joy, I am sit - ting and la - ment-ing— Oh, 'twas rum that spoiled my boy!
ploy, That your lips may nev - er fal - ter— Oh, 'twas rum that spoiled my boy!

CHORUS. *with holy indignation.*

Oh, 'twas rum that spoiled my

By permission.

dar-ling; Rum enthroned but to de-stroy; Drive the mon-ster from the na-tion, Then you'll shout, We've *saved* the boy!

OVER THERE.

REV. 15: 2, 3. J. H. TENNEY.

1. There's a band of an-gel watch-ers Just a-cross the foam-ing tide— O-ver by the dark, cold wa-ters,
2. Wait-ing there with smiling fa-ces, In their robes of spot-less white, While far out up-on the riv-er
3. O'er our earth-ly homes are gath-ered Many a shad-ow, many a gloom, For the loved ones who are sleep-ing
4. But these scenes will soon be o-ver; Soon we'll join the ransomed band; Soon we'll clasp the forms that bind us

D. S. An-gel voic-es ring-ing, ring-ing,

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

Wait-ing on the oth-er side.
Comes to us a gleam of light. Hark! there's mu-sic on the wa-ters, Borne a-long the balm-y air,
In the si-lence of the tomb.
To the un-seen spir-it-land.

O-ver there, just o-ver there.

From "Golden Sunbeams," by permission.

FARTHER ON.

PHEBE HANAFORD. "In due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—GALATIANS 6: 9. D. F. HODGES.

Andantino.

1. Now the ills of earth surround us, Oft the storm-clouds hide the sun; But tho' dark the night around us,
2. We will leave our Leader nev-er, But we'll calmly onward press, Till we dwell with him for-ev-er

Day is break - ing farther on: Farther on-ward, farther onward All the mists and clouds are gone.
'Mid su-per - nal bless-ed-ness: Farther on-ward, farther onward, With the saints his name to bless.

DUET.

Farther on, the voice whose sweetness Cheer'd us ere it si - lent grew, Tun'd to more than seraph
Yet till we, on high ap-pear-ing, With the sin-freed hosts a - bide, Welcome is each promise

CHORUS.

meetness, Sings those songs the angels know: Farther onward, farther onward, We shall join the chorus too.
cheering, Telling us how deep and wide, Farther onward, farther onward, Flows salvation's blissful tide.

TARRY WITH ME.

Andante.

"And he went in to tarry with them."—LUKE 24: 29.

A. HULL.

1. Tar-ry with me, O my Sav-ior, For the day is pass-ing by; See! the shades of evening gath - er,

D.S. *Tar-ry with me, O my Sav - ior,*

FINE.

D.S.

And the night is draw-ing nigh: Tar - ry with me, O my Sav-ior, Pass me not un-heed-ed by;

Pass me not un-heed - ed by.

2 Faithful mem'ry paints before me
Every deed and thought of sin;
Open thou the blood-filled fountain;
Cleanse my guilty soul within:
||: Tarry, thou forgiving Savior,
Wash me wholly from my sin. :||

3 Many friends were gathered round me
In the bright days of the past,
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here the last:
||: I am lonely; tarry with me
Till the dreary night is past :||

By permission.

4 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows;
Paler, now, the glowing west;
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?
||: Tarry with me, O my Savior;
Lay my head upon thy breast. :||

OVER THE RIVER.

"I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. 2: 10.

C. A. Fyke.

1. There's a beautiful land where the bright angels dwell, And our loved ones are garnered forever, Where songs of deliv'rance in
2. There's a heav-en-ly mansion, a home of delight, Where sin and where death may come never; The Ho - ly of ho-lies, where
3. There's a robe and a crown in that beau-ti-ful land Which Je - sus, the glo - ri ous giv - er, Shall be-stow upon those who are
4. Then we'll fear not the darkness that hides the bright shore, For Christ shall be there to deliver, And guide us in safe-ty, tho'

CHORUS. *Gently.*

full anthems swell, Where sor-row ne'er comes their joys to dispel. 'Tis on - - ly a - cross the dark
saints clothed in white Re - joice in the love of God day and night.
wor-thy to stand, When pro-ba-tion is past, at God's right hand.
bil-lows may roar, By the light of his love, the dark wa-ters o'er. 'Tis on - ly a-cross the dark riv - er so cold,

riv - er so cold, And the an - gels are wait - ing to wel - - come us home,
Angels are waiting to welcome us home; On-ly a-cross the dark riv-er so cold, An-gels will welcome us home.

THEY ARE GOING HOME.

"Gathering together unto him."—2 THESS. 2: 1.

W. E. BURNETT.

Gently.

1. They are go - ing, on - ly go - ing, Je-sus call'd them long a - go; All the win-try time they're pass-ing, Soft - ly as the fall - ing snow. When the vi - 'lets in the spring-time
2. They are go - ing, on - ly go - ing, When with summer earth is dress'd, In their cold hand holding ro - ses, Fold - ed to each si - lent breast. When the au - tumn hangs red ban - ners
3. They are go - ing, on - ly go - ing, Out of pain and in - to bliss; Out of sad and sin - ful weak-ness In - to per fect ho - li - ness. Snow - y brows, no cares shall shade them;

Catch the az - ure of the sky, They are car-ried out to slum - ber Sweetly where the vi'lets lie.
Out a-bove the harvest sheaves, They are go - ing, ev - er go - ing, Thick and fast like falling leaves.
Bright eyes, tears shall nev-er dim; Ro - sy lips, no care shall fade them; Je-sus call'd them unto him.

Rit.

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

MRS. ALBERT SMITH. "And be ye kind one to another."—EPH. 4: 32. S. J. VAIL.

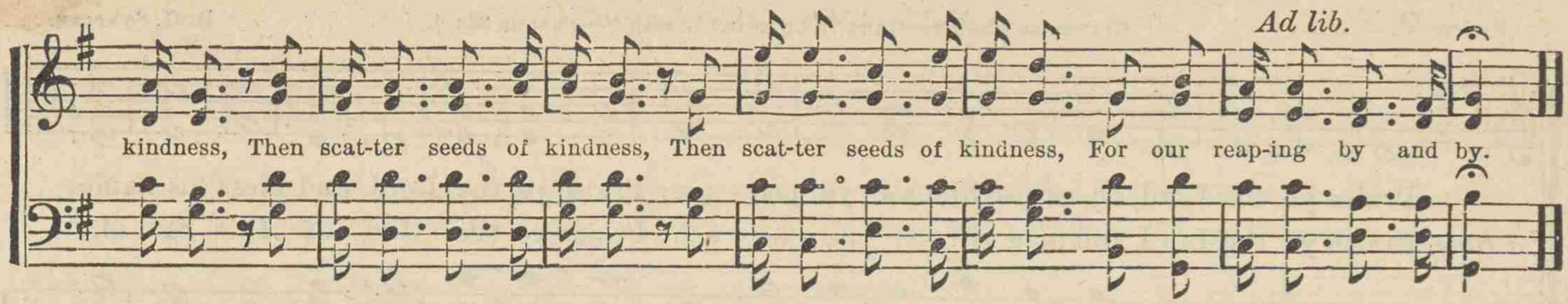
1. Let us gath - er up the sun-beams Ly - ing all a - round our path; Let us keep the wheat and
2. Strange we nev - er prize the mu - sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange that we should slight the
3. If we knew the ba - by fin - gers, Pressed a - gainst the win - dow - pane, Would be cold and stiff to-
4. Ah! those lit - tle ice - cold fin - gers, How they point the mem-'ries back To the hast - y words and

ro - ses, Cast - ing out the thorns and chaff. Let us find our sweet - est com - fort In the bless - ings of to-
vi 'lets Till the love - ly flow'rs are gone! Strange that sum-mer skies and sun - shine Nev - er seem one - half so
mor-row—Nev - er trou - ble us a - gain—Would the bright eyes of our dar - ling Catch the frown up - on our
ac - tions Strewn a - round our back-ward track! How these lit - tle hands re - mind us, As in snow - y grace they

CHORUS.

day, With a pa - tient hand re - mov - ing All the bri - ars from the way.
fair As when win - ter's snow - y pin - ions Shake the white down in the air. Then scat-ter seeds of
brow? Would the prints of ro - sy fin - gers Vex us then as they do now?
lie, Not to scat - ter thorns, but ro - ses, For our reap - ing by and by.

By permission of Philip Phillips.

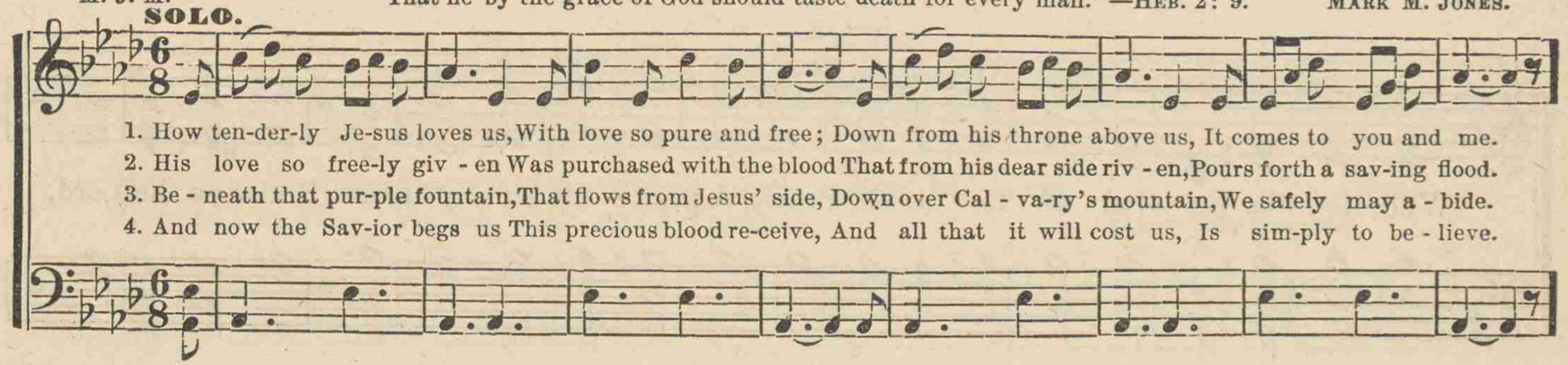


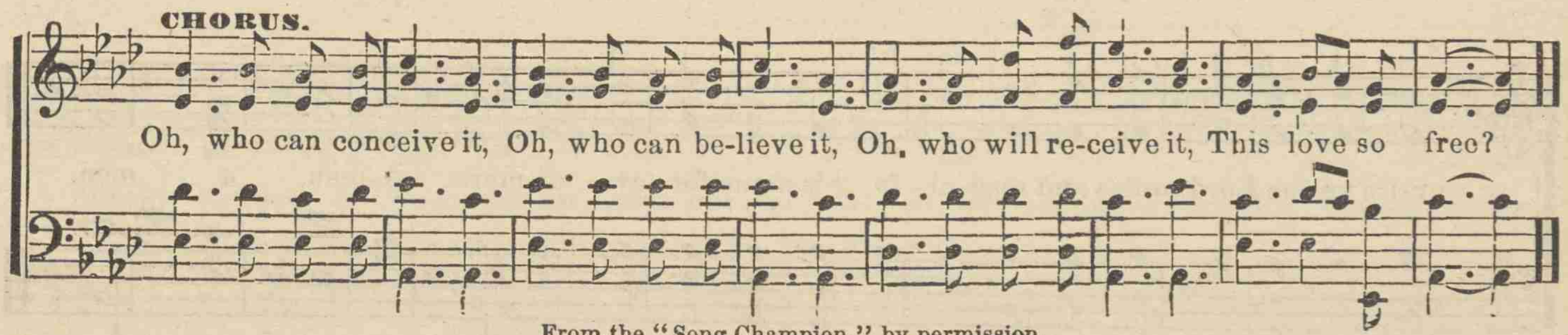
THIS LOVE SO FREE.

M. J. M.

"That he by the grace of God should taste death for every man."—HEB. 2: 9.

MARK M. JONES.





From the "Song Champion," by permission.

PRAISE YE THE LORD. (Anthem.)

"His praise shall continually be in my mouth."—PSALMS 34: 1. R. G. STAPLES.

Praise ye the Lord, oh, praise him, all ye peo - ple; Praise ye the Lord, and bless his name;
2d *time.* Praise ye the Lord, and mag - ni - fy Je - ho - vah; Praise ye the God of Is - ra - el.

Who is like the God of Is - ra - el? Praise, oh, praise his ho - ly name. Praise ye the Lord,

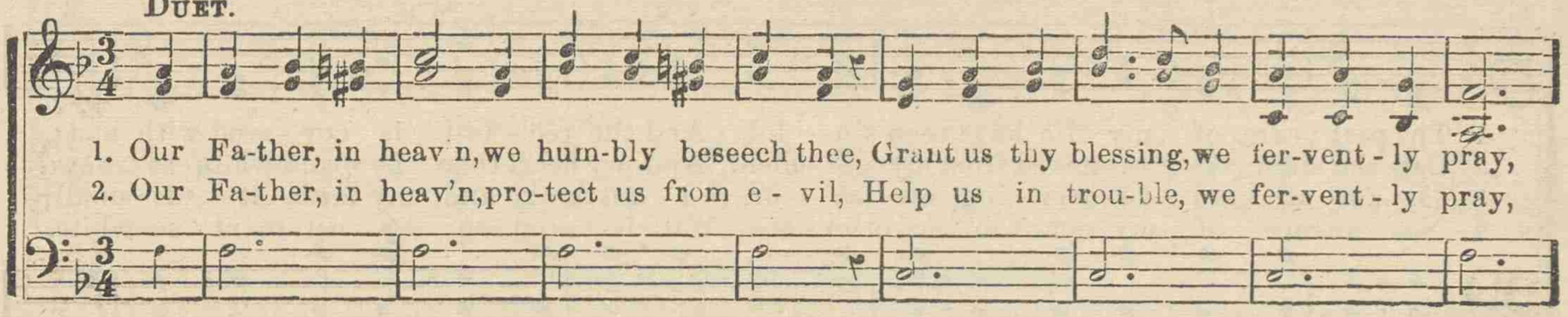
praise ye the Lord, praise and mag-ni - fy his name for - ev - er-more. A-men, a - men.

HEAR OUR PRAYER.

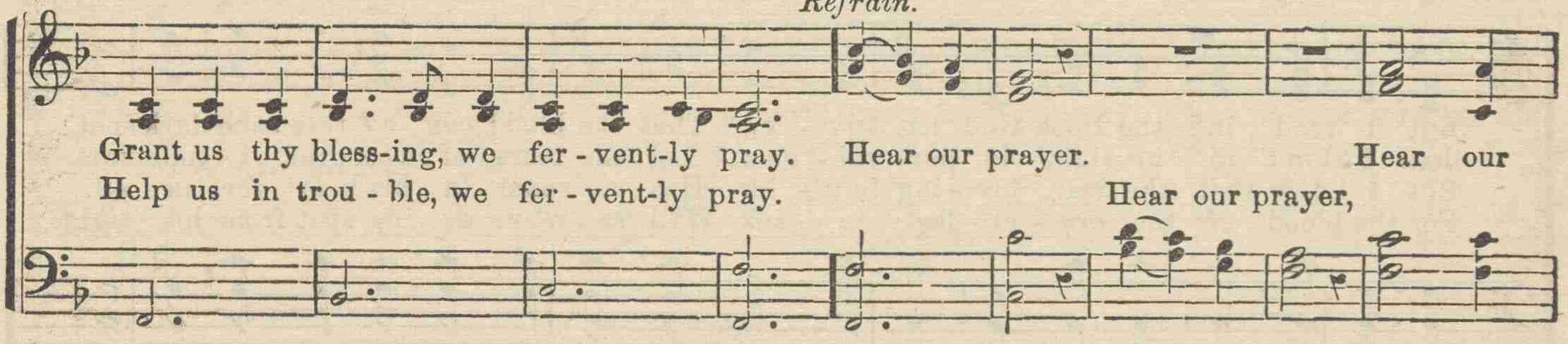
"Help thou me."—PSALMS 119: 86.

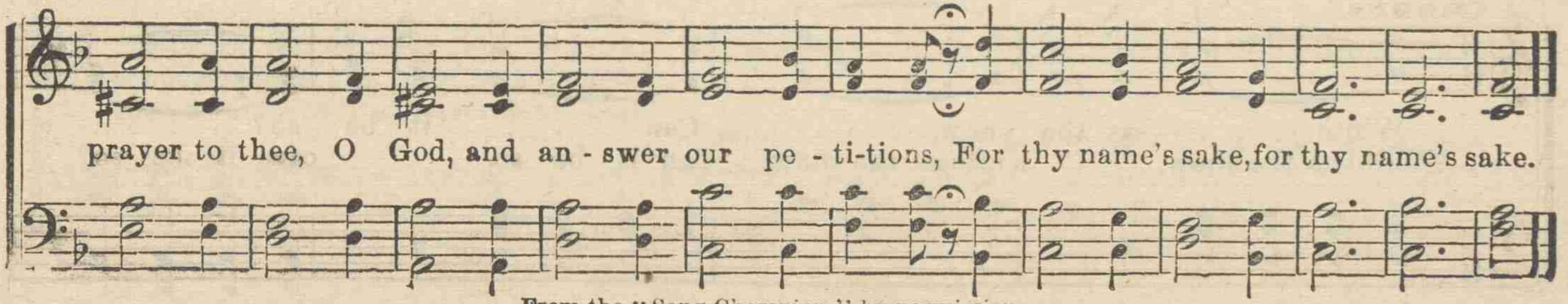
C. E. LESLIE.

DUET.



Refrain.





From the "Song Champion," by permission.

CAN IT BE SO?

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow."—ISAIAH 1: 18. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. The past years of my life have been sin - ful, And the rec - ord is cov - ered with blot;
2. Can the stain be re-moved from my gar - ment, And my heart then be made white as snow?
3. I am all un - de - serv - ing his fav - or, I am weak, and my faith, it is small;
4. Not a trace of my sin, tho' so crim - son, Will be found on my rai - ment so white,

But I read in the Book God has giv - en That the blood can e - rase each dark spot.
Shall I stand in his sight in pure rai - ment? Let the tears of sweet grat - i - tude flow.
But I know that the dear, lov - ing Sav - ior Has a room in his heart for us all.
For the blood of the cru - ci - fied Je - sus Will re - move ev - 'ry spot from his sight.

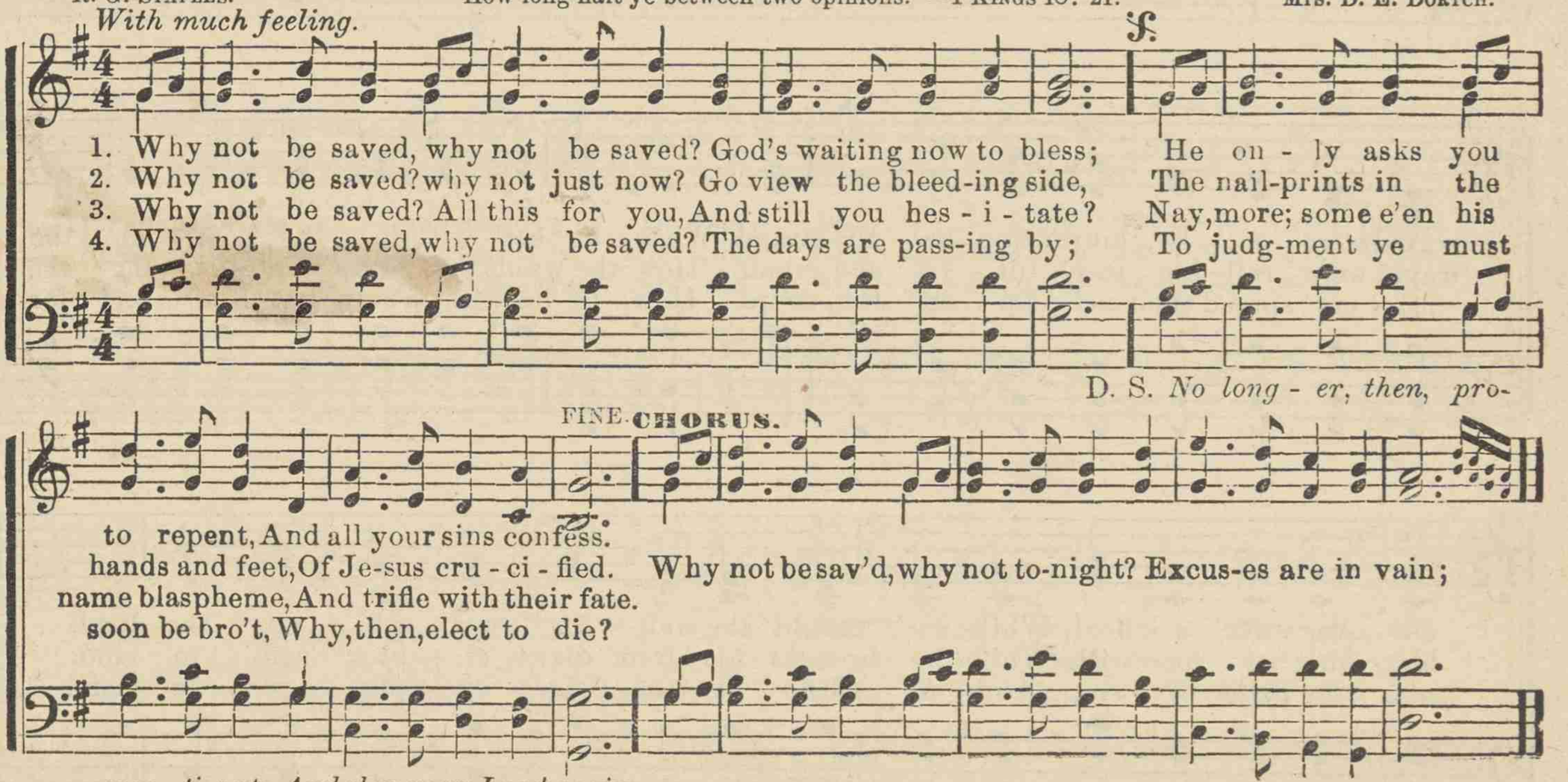
CHORUS.

White . . . as the snow, . . . Can . . . it be so? . . . .
White as the snow, white as the snow, Can it be so, can it be so?



WHY NOT BE SAVED?

R. G. STAPLES. "How long halt ye between two opinions."—1 KINGS 18: 21. MRS. D. E. DORTCH.



JESUS BY THE SEA.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Reverentially.

1. O, I love to think of Je - sus as he sat be - side the sea, Where the
2. O, I love to think of Je - sus as he walked up - on the sea, When the
3. O, I love to think of Je - sus as he walked be - side the sea, Where the

waves were on - ly murm'ring on the strand, When he sat with-in the boat, on the
waves were roll - ing fear - ful - ly and grand, How the winds and waves were still, at the
fish - ers spread their nets up - on the shore, How he bade them fol - low him, and for-

sil - ver wave a - float, While he taught the wait - ing peo - ple on the land.
bid - ding of his will, While he brought his loved dis - ci - ples safe to land.
sake the paths of sin, And to be his true dis - ci - ples ev - er - more.

BY PERMISSION.

CHORUS.

O, I love to think of Je - sus by the sea; O, I
O, I love to think of Je - sus by the sea; O, I
O, I love to think of Je - sus by the sea; O, I

love to think of Je - sus by the sea, And I love the pre-cious Word, Which he
love to think of Je - sus by the sea, How he walked up - on the wave, His be-
love to think of Je - sus by the sea, And I long to leave my all, At the

spake to them that heard, While he taught the wait - ing peo - ple by the sea.
lov - ed ones to save, While he brought them safe - ly o'er the storm - y sea.
dear Re-deem-er's call, And his frue dis - ci - ple ev - er - more to be.

THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

"Many other things Jesus did, if they should be written, I suppose the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."—John 21: 25.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. Man was lost—but won-der - ful sto - ry, Tho' he'd wandered away from the fold; There was love from the
2. Je - sus came—oh, won-der - ful Sav-ior, He suffered that love to un - fold; We have heard, and we
3. Je - sus died on Cal - va-ry's mountain, His name with trangressors enrolled; To o - pen for
4. He a-rose—he as-cend-ed—blest Sav-ior, He is coming again, we are told; We "shall see Him"—"be
5. O sin - ner, come trust our Re-deem-er, He'll gath-er you in-to His fold: He will pardon you,

CHORUS.

Father in glo - ry, But the half has nev - er been told
speak of His fa - vor, But the half has nev - er been told.
sinners a fountain, But the half has nev - er been told. But the half has never been told, . .
like Him" for-ev-er, But the half has nev - er been told.
bless you, and save you, But the half has nev - er been told. never been told,

The half has never been told; . . Till we meet our Savior in glo - ry, The half *can* nev-er *be* told.

never been told;

RESCUE THE PERISHING.

"Lord save us, we perish."—Matt. 8: 25.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Res - cue the per - ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pi - ty from sin and the grave;
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still he is waiting, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent child to re-ceive;
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel - ings lie bur - ied, that grace can re-store;
4. Res - cue the per - ish-ing, Du - ty demands it, Strength for thy la - bor the Lord will provide;

Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus, the might-y to save.
Plead with them earn-est-ly, Plead with them gently, He will for-give if they on - ly be - lieve.
Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kindness, Chords that were broken will vi-brate once more.
Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient - ly win them; Tell the poor wand'rer, a Sav - ior has died.

CHORUS.

Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

WHEN WE GET HOME.

E. R. LATTA. "They shall reign for ever and ever." W. O. PERKINS.

1. When we get home to that beau - ti - ful land, With its beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold;
2. When we get home from our wan-der-ings here, To that clime where they wander no more;
3. When we get home, and our troubles are o'er, And our jour-ney is end - ed be - low;

When we've passed o - ver the riv - er of death, And are safe in the heav-en - ly fold;
When, with the loved ones who've passed into rest, We shall stand with our harps on the shore;
When we are free from each cum-ber-ing weight, And the sins that doth hin - der us so;

Wea - ri-some toil, trib - u - la - tion and care, That bur - den our spir - its to - day,
Sor-row and strife, and our proneness to err, The pain and the sick - ness we bear,
Tears that we shed in our sor - row-ful hours, The fears and the doubts that mo - lest,

Like as a dream or a shad-ow shall pass, Shall pass, un - re - turn - ing a - way.
Like as a dream or a shad-ow shall pass, And ne'er shall they troub - le us more.
Like as a dream or a shad-ow shall pass, And reach not the home of the blest.

CHORUS.

When we . . . . get home, . . . How sweet . . . . 'twill be!
When we get home, get home, How sweet, how sweet 'twill be!

When we . . . . get home, . . . How sweet . . . . 'twill be!
When we get home, get home, How sweet, how sweet 'twill be!

VALLEY OF BLESSING.

"We who have believed do enter into rest."—Heb. 4: 3.

ANNIE WITTEMEYER. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I have en - tered the val - ley of blessing so sweet, And Je - sus a - bides with me there;
2. There is peace in the val - ley of blessing so sweet, And plen - ty the land doth im - part;
3. There is love in the val - ley of blessing so sweet, Such as none but the blood-washed may feel;
4. There's a song in the val - ley of blessing so sweet, That an - gels would fain join the strain;

And His Spir - it and blood make my cleansing complete, And His per - fect love cast-eth out fear.
There is rest for the wea - ry-worn trav - el - er's feet, And joy for the sor-row - ing heart.
When heav - en comes down redeemed spirits to greet, And Christ sets His cov - e - nant seal.
As, with rapt - ur - ous prais-es, we bow at His feet, Cry-ing, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."

CHORUS.

Oh, come to this val - ley of bless-ing so sweet, Where Je - sus will full - ness be - stow;

bless-ing . . .


Oh, be - lieve, and re - ceive, and con - fess him, That all His sal - va - tion may know.

JESUS LOVES EVEN ME.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.



MY MISSION FIELD.

"The Lord alone did lead him."

W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ, by per.

1. I would toil in the field where He call - eth me to go, Tho' hum - ble my work may be;

D. C. I would ask no more: I on - ly care to know, 'Tis the way my Lord lead - eth me.

Fine.

CHORUS.

'Tis the way . . my Lord lead - eth me, 'Tis the way . . my Lord lead - eth me;
'Tis the way my Lord leadeth me, 'Tis the way my Lord leadeth me;

D. S.

2 I would walk in the path where it leadeth unto day,
Though lonely the path might be;
I would take my staff and follow all the way,
'Tis the way my Lord leadeth me.

3 I would toil in the field where He calleth me to go,
Though barren the soil might be;
Though the way be hard, 'tis sweet enough to know,
'Tis the way my Lord leadeth me.

WHEN THE MISTS HAVE CLEARED AWAY.

ANNIE HERBERT. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.

1. When the mists have rolled in splen-dor From the sum - mit of the hills, And the
2. If we err in hu - man blindness, And for - get that we are dust; If we
3. When the mists shall rise a - bove us, As our Fa - ther knows his own, Face to

sun-shine, warm and ten - der, Falls in beau - ty on the rills, We may read love's shining
miss the law of kind-ness, When we strug - gle to be just, Snow - y wings of love shall
face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known; Lo! be-yond the o-ri-ent

let - ter in the rain - bow of the spray; We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the
cov - er all the faults that cloud our day, When the wea - ry watch is o - ver And the
mead - ows Floats the gold - en fringe of day; Heart to heart, we bide the shad - ows Till the

CHORUS.

mists have cleared a-way. We shall know . . . as we are known, . . Nev-er
mists have cleared a-way.
mists have cleared a-way. We shall know as we are known,

more . . . . to walk a-lone, ... In the dawn - - ing of the
Nev - er more to walk a - lone, In the dawn-ing

morn - ing, When the mists . . . . . have cleared a - way; In the
have cleared a - way,

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

THEY SHALL REAP AGAIN IN JOY.

CHAS. B. HOLMES. CHAS. B. HOLMES.

1. They shall reap a-gain in joy That sow in tears and pain, For the toilsome sow-ing
2. They shall reap a-gain in joy Who count their loss but gain, And brave-ly strug-gle
3. They shall reap a-gain in joy When the gleaning time is past, When the King of glo - ry

time must pass Ere we gar - ner in the grain. Then, work with will - ing hands Thro'
t'ward the prize Thro' blind - ing tears and pain. Be - yond this vale of tears, Be-
comes in might, Bringing joy and peace at last. Then, work with will - ing hands Thro'

T. C. O'KANE.

Moderato.

1. "We'll meet a-gain"—how sweet the word! How soothing is its souud! Like strains of far - off
2. "We'll meet a-gain," the true heart speaks, When dearest ones de - part; And in the pleas - ing
3. In heav'n's serene and end-less rest, Se-cure from care and pain, There, in the man-sions

CHORUS.

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

Repeat softly.

meet on "the ev-ergreen shore," We'll meet a - gain, Yes, meet to part no more.
We'll meet, we'll meet a - gain,

J. WM. SUFFERN.

1. Garlands we bring, fresh garlands of song, To wel-come our Sav-ior and King;
2. Garlands we bring, fresh garlands of song, To Je-sus the praise all be given;

Let's join our glad voic-es with the throng Of an-gels as they sing.
For He it was said, "Oh, let them come, Of such is the kingdom of heav'n."

They sing of the Sav-ior's ten-der love, And mer-cies so gra-cious-ly given;
We'll join with the lov-ing an-gel band, And with them our voic-es we'll blend;


By Him who now reigns o'er all a - bove, O'er earth and o'er sea and heav'n.
And with them we'll shout all glo - ry be To Je - sus, the sin - ner's friend.


CHORUS.
Wafting a - long sweet garlands of song, ... O - ver the land and
Wafting sweet garlands of song,


o-ver the sea; - . . . Sing-ing for Je - sus, Yes, singing for Jesus, our theme shall be.
Over the land and sea;

PEACE, BE STILL.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1. Rocked up - on the rag - ing bil - low, While the temp - est tossed the deep, Calm - ly
2. Fright-ened, faith-less, tremb-ling tear - ful, Je - sus kind - ly to them saith: Why, oh,
3. When with sor - rows o'er us break-ing, Or with sin's wild temp - est tossed, If we

on the sea - man's pil - low, Je - sus lay in qui - et sleep. Wild - er grew the storm and
why are ye so fear - ful? How is it ye have no faith? Lord, we per - ish, they are
cry, the Mas - ter seek - ing, Save us, Lord, or we are lost! Nei - ther wind nor sea shall

fast - er; Soon the waves the ves - sel fill; Wake, they cry, we per - ish, Mas - ter!
cry - ing; Save us, Lord, they pray, un - til, Calm as soft - est zeph - yrs sigh - ing,
harm us; All o - bey the heav'n-ly will; If we trust Him He will calm us;

CHORUS.

He can save us if He will.
Wind and sea o - bey His will. Sweet - ly hear the Sav - ior say - ing—Storm - y
Peace di - vine our souls shall fill.

sea and tempest stay-ing, Wind and wa - ters all o - bey - ing, Hear Him saying, "Peace, be still!"

WE'LL CROWN THEM.

"Bring them up" W. A. OGDEN.

1. We'll take up our stand for the youth of our land, And weave them a gar - land to wear;
2. We'll tempt not the youth from the foun-tain of truth, Whose wa - ters are pure and di - vine,
3. Our sweet household joys, the girls and the boys, We'll shield from the temp-ter so bold;

BY PERMISSION OF W. W. WHITNEY.

Tho' no leaves of the vine in our wreath shall entwine, For we'll crown them with roses so fair.
But we'll ban-ish for-e'er from our homes that are dear, The chalice that sparkles with wine.
And we'll bind their white brows that with in-no-cence glow, With a crown that is rich-er than gold.

CHORUS.

We'll crown them, we'll crown them,
We'll crown them with ros-es, we'll crown them with ro-es, We'll crown them with ros-es so fair,
We'll crown them, we'll crown them,
We'll crown them with ro-es, we'll crown them with ro-es, We'll crown them with ro-es to wear.

BRING IN BRIGHT GOLDEN SHEAVES.

"Work for I am with you."—Hagg. 2: 4.

R. G. STAPLES.

C. D. AMSTUTZ.

With Spirit.

1. Bring in the sheaves! the har - vest field Now is ripe with wav-ing grain; On ev - 'ry side there's
2. Bring in the sheaves! re - joic - ing come; Soon the har-vest will be o'er; Then will the grain be
3. Bring in the sheaves! bright golden sheaves; Teach the precious sto - ry old; Tell of His love and
4. Scat - ter the seed and lo! the blade In fru - i - tion soon will yield An hundred-fold for

CHORUS.

work for all to do; Sow the seed! 'twill not be vain.
winnowed from the chaff, Garnered home for - ev - er more. Bring in the sheaves! Bring in the sheaves! Bring in the gol-den
wond'rous pow'r to save Those who come within His fold.
ev - 'ry grain Sown "in tears" throughout the field.

sheaves of grain; On ev - 'ry side there's work to do, Sow the seed! 'twill not be vain.

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AT THE THRESHOLD.

"A door was open in heaven."

W. A. OGDEN.

Slow and with emotion.

1. I am kneeling at the threshold, so wea-ry, faint and sore, Waiting for the dawning, for the
2. Oh, a wea - ry path I've traveled, 'mid darkness, storm and night, Bearing many a bur - den and
3. Oh, methinks I hear the voic - es of loved ones as they stand, Sing-ing in the gloaming of the

open - ing of the door; I am wait - ing till the Mas - ter shall bid me rise and come To
struggling for the right; Now the morn of heav'n is break-ing, my toil will soon be o'er; I'm
bright and bet - ter land; Soon I'll join the blood-washed le - gion and stand a - mid the throng; I'll

CHORUS.

his all - glo - rious pres-ence, to the glad - ness of his home. I'm kneel - - - ing
kneel-ing at the threshold, and my hand is on the door.
min - gle in their wor - ship and I'll join their hap - py song. I'm kneel-ing at the thresh-

at the thresh - - - old, so wea - - ry, faint and
old, I'm kneel - ing at the thresh - old, I'm kneel - ing at the thresh - old, so

BY PERMISSION OF W. W. WHITNEY.

Rall.

sore, I'm kneel - - - ing at the thresh - - old,
wea - ry, faint and sore, I'm kneel-ing at the thresh - old, I'm kneel-ing at the thresh-

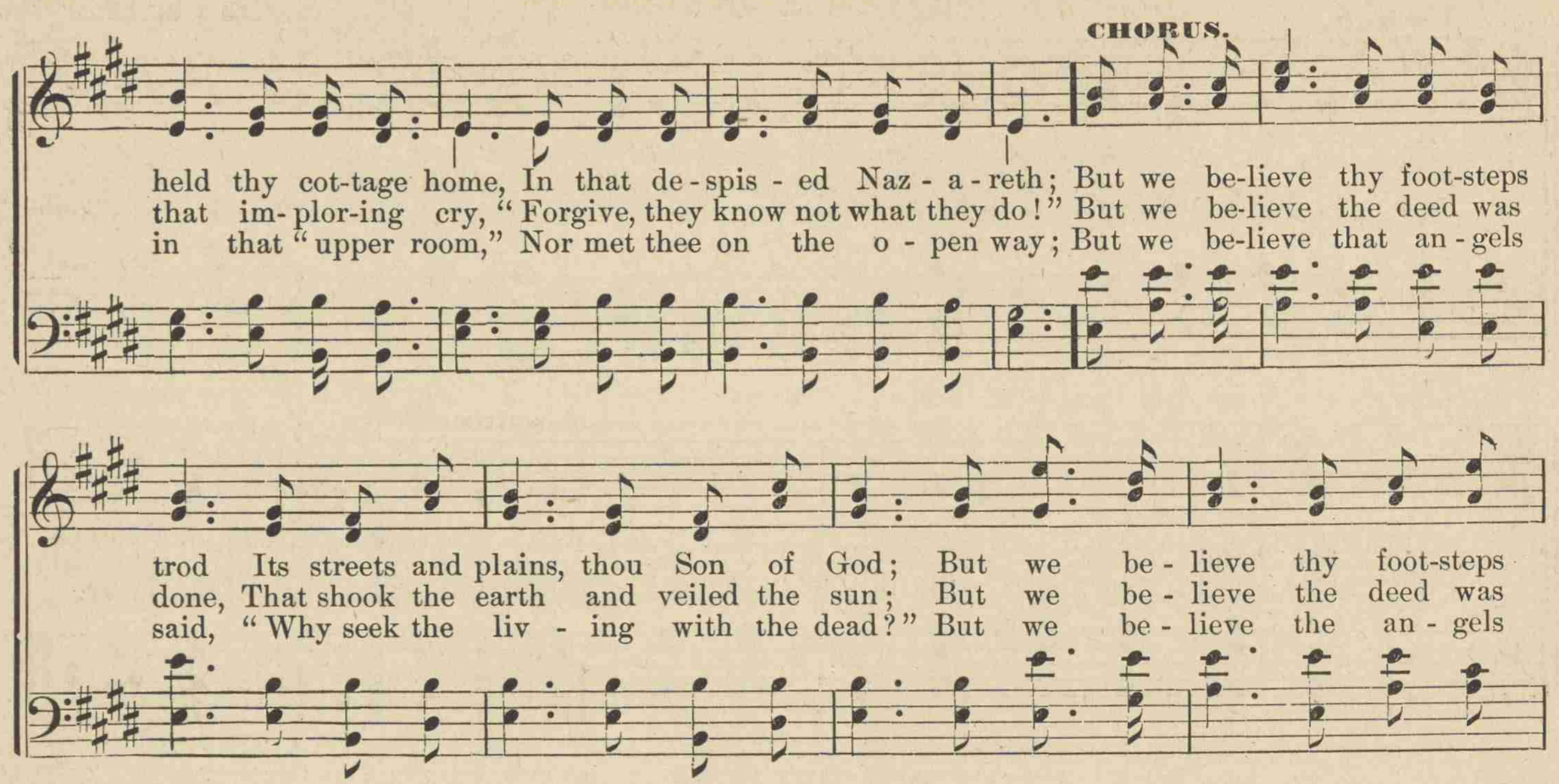
Rall.

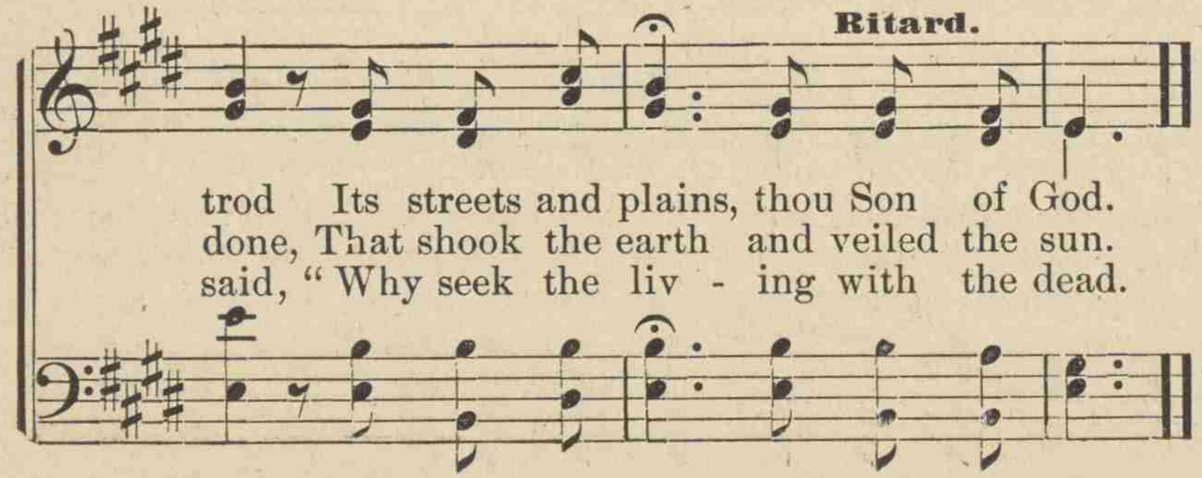
and my hand is on the door.
old, I'm kneel - ing at the thresh - old, and my hand is on the door.

WE BELIEVE.

A Favorite in England. "We also believe, and therefore speak."—2 Cor. 4: 13. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. We saw thee not when thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death; Nor yet be-
2. We saw thee not when lift - ed high, A - mid that wild and sav - age crew; Nor heard we
3. We gazed not in the o - pen tomb, Where once thy mangled bod - y lay; Nor saw thee





4 We walked not with the chosen few,
Who saw thee from the earth ascend;
Who raised to heaven their wond'ring view,
Then low to earth all prostrate bend;
But we believe that human eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies;
But we believe that human eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

CHARLES B. HOLMES.

Tenor and Alto Duet.

1. Guide me, O thou Great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land, I am weak but
2. O - pen now the crys - tal fount-ain Whence the heal-ing streams do flow; Let the fie - ry,
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side; Bear me thro' the

CHORUS.

thou art might - y, Save me with thy powerful hand. Bread of Heav-en, Bread of Heav-en,
cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me all thy jour - ney thro': Strong Deliver - er, Strong Deliver - er,
swell-ing cur:rent; Land me safe on Ca-naan's side: Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais-es,

Feed me till I want no more, Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
Be thou still my strength and shield, Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer, Be thou still my strength and shield.
I will ev - er give to thee, Songs of praises, Songs of prais-es, I will ev - er give to thee.

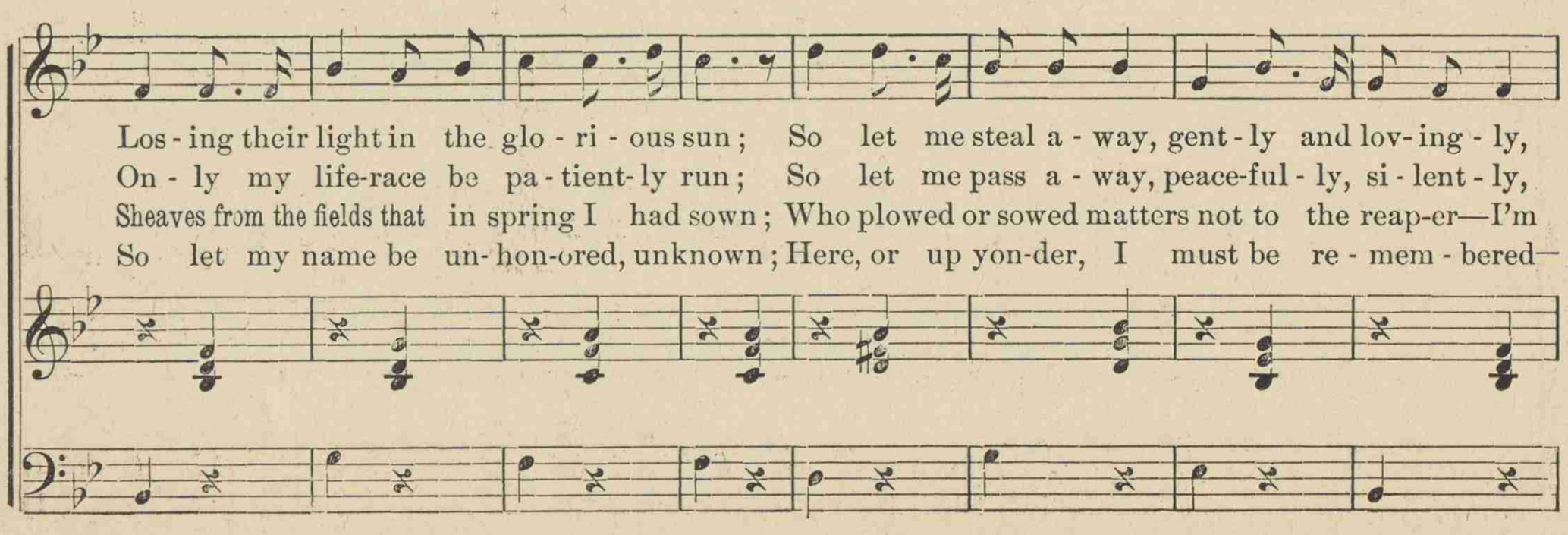
REMEMBERED.

Subject from BONAR.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

Con espressione.





Slow.

On - ly re-mem-bered by what I have done, On - ly re-mem-bered by what I have done.
On - ly re-mem-bered by what I have done, On - ly re-mem-bered by what I have done.
On - ly re-mem-bered by what I have done, On - ly re-mem-bered by what I have done.
On - ly re-mem-bered by what I have done, On - ly re-mem-bered by what I have done.

Slow.

CHORUS.

Ev - er re-mem-bered, for - ev - er re-mem-bered, Ev - er re -

Ev - er - more re - mem-bered, ev - er - more re - mem-bered, Ev - er re -

membered, while the years are roll - ing on; Ev - er re-mem-bered, for -

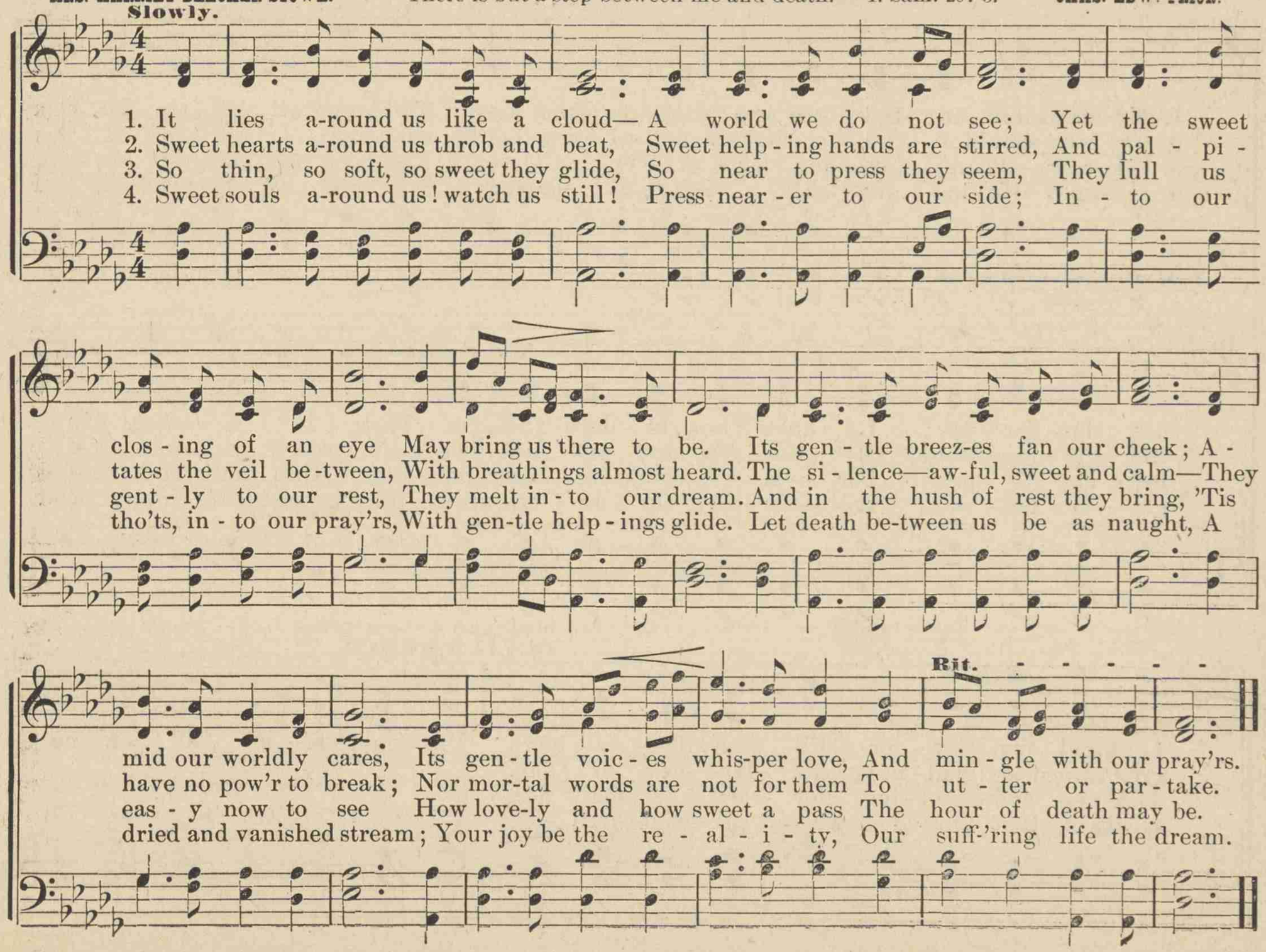
membered, while the years are roll - ing on; Ev - er - more re - mem-bered,

ev - er re-mem-bered, On - ly re - mem-bered by what I have done.

Ritard.

Ev - er - more re-mem-bered, On - ly re - mem-bered by what I have done.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. "There is but a step between me and death."—I. Sam. 20: 3. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



DOUBT NO MORE.

K. SHAW. "Be not faithless, but believing."—John 20: 27. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. My dear, lov - ing Sav - ior, who died on the tree, To prove all his ten - der com -
2. Oh, why should I ev - er have doubt - ed my Lord? Oh, had I but trust - ed his
3. I'll cast all my doubt - ing for - ev - er a - way, And heed my blest Sav - ior, oh,
4. His word He has giv - en a lamp to our way, To lead us to heav - en, and

pas - sion for me; I know Thee, be - lieve Thee, yes, Thee I a - dore, My
life - giv - ing word; My sor - row and sad ness had all passed a - way, My
help me, I pray; For soon we shall see Him, and like Him shall be, Where
glo - ri - ous day; It tells us our du - ty, while pil - grims be - low, And

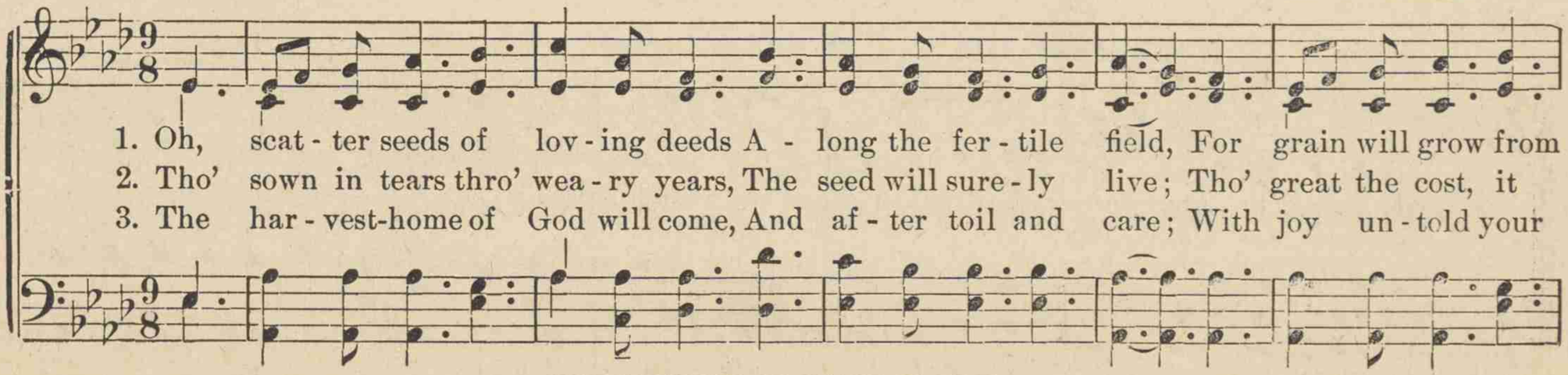
ff CHORUS.

Lord and my Sav - ior, I'll doubt Thee no more. I'll doubt Thee, my Sav - ior, no
grief turned to glad - ness, my dark - ness to day.
dark - ness and doubt - ing for - ev - er shall flee.
speaks of that king - dom where pil - grims shall go. I'll doubt Thee, my Sav - ior, I'll



SEEDS OF PROMISE.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



BY PERMISSION OF FILLMORE BROS.

Then day by day . . . . . a-long your

CHORUS.

what you sow, And fruit - ful har - vest yield.
is not lost, For God will fruit - age give.
sheaves of gold Will all be garn-ered there.

Then day by day,

way, ... The seeds of prom - - - - ise cast, ... That ripened

a-long your way, The seeds of promise cast, the seeds of promise cast,

grain, ... from hill and plain, . . . Be gathered home . . . . . at last. . . . . .

That ripened grain, from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.

Be gathered home at last. . . . . .

S. E. SIMPSON ELY.

1. The win - ter is com-ing, is com-ing, The snowflakes beginning to fall; White messengers sent from the
2. The last rose of sum-mer is fad - ed, Pe - tun - ias and dahlias are gone; The green-tufted garments of
3. The win - ter of life, too, is com-ing, Is com-ing to you and to me; When the vig-or and action of

north winds, Bring sorrow or gladness to all. The snow birds in dooryards are chirping, Sweet angels of
sum - mer, Give place to the snowy white gown. The trees have cast off their green dresses, Old earth is now
child - hood, Our portion will nev-er-more be. Then work, for life's winter is com - ing, Oh, lay up your

win - ter they come; And bluebirds and redbreasted rob - ins To far - a - way Southlands have flown.
shiv'ring and bare; And ev - 'rywhere read we the les - son, For Winter's fierce blast now prepare.
treas-ure in store, In Je - sus' own heaven-ly gar - ner, Where winters are feared nevermore.

MARCHNG ON.

J. H. F.

Marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on to vic-to-ry, marching on,

Marching on,

Fine.

Marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on to vic - to - ry.

1. With the heav'nly armor shining bright, Marching on, marching on, marching on,
2. We will cheer our hearts with happy song, marching on, marching on,

FROM "SONGS OF GRATITUDE."

We are waging war for Truth and Right, Marching on, marching on, marching on,
In the Lord of Hosts our faith is strong, marching on . . . . to vic-to-ry,

With the pow'r and might of Christ, our Lord, Marching on, marching on, marching on,
Soon we'll reach the land of end-less day, marching on, marching on,

Guid-ed by His ev-er bless-ed Word, Marching on, marching on to vic-to-ry.
We must conquer Sa-tan all the way, marching on,

D. C.

ON THE FAR-OFF SHORE.

C. ERNST FAHNESTOCK. W. T. PORTER.

1. On the far-off shore they'll greet us, Forms that we have loved be-fore;
2. There, perchance a saint - ed moth-er Sings the songs we loved of old,

Rit.

In their spotless robes they'll meet us, Sing - ing welcome ev - er-more!
As she leads an an - gel broth-er, Sweet - est lamb of all the fold;

Rit.

There, a ser-aph band, they wan-der, Where the pastures green un-fold;
Or a sis - ter long de - part-ed, With a glo - ry on her face,

FROM "JOY AND GLADNESS."



3 Where the waters brightly sparkle,
In the golden city's light,
Will no shadow ever darkle,
And no changing seasons blight.
Trees of fadeless beauty quiver
Where the blossoms kiss the tide,
As along the shining river
Songs of welcome sweetly glide.

4 There, beside that balmy river,
Sorrow, toil and pain shall cease,
And our hearts shall rest forever,
'Neath the canopy of peace.
Glad, indeed, will be the meeting,
On that far-off blissful shore,
When the Savior's tender greeting
Bids us welcome evermore.

FLITTING AWAY. C. M.

W. C. BRYANT. "Jesus abides ever." C. C. CLINE.

1. As shadows, cast by cloud and sun, Flit o'er the summer grass, So, in Thy sight, Almight-y One, Earth's
2. And while the years, an endless host, Come pressing swiftly on, The brightest names that earth can boast, Just

Rit. CHORUS.

gen - e - ra-tions pass. 1-2. Flitting, flitting, . . Flitting like shadows a - way; Flitting, . .
glist-en and are gone. 3-4. Brighter, brighter, . . Brighter the ho - ly star shines; Brighter, . .

1-2. Flitting away, flitting a-way, Flitting a-way,
3-4. Brighter it shines, brighter it shines, Brighter it shines,

Rit.

flit-ting a - way, Flit-ting like shadows a - way.
bright-er it shines, Brighter the ho - ly star shines.

3 Yet doth the star of Bethl'em shed
A luster pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.—CHO.

4 O Father! may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar,
To fill the world with light.—CHO.

SHUT IN.

SIMPSON ELY. Dedicated to all Invalids. CHAS. H. HUMPHREY.

1. Shut in from all the out - er world, From all its strife and din; My ears ne'er greet its
2. Shut in, but Christ is ev - er near, Oh, bless - ed be His name! His pres - ence ban-ish-

jarring sound, Nor eyes be - hold its sin. Shut in with self and with my God, Oh, let this
es my fear And helps me bear my pain. Oh, sweet com-pan-ion-ship with Him, My Life, my

tho't, this tho't con-sole; Tho' ma - ny out - er joys I miss, I've heav'n within my soul! Tho'
Light, my Joy, my Love! He fills my cup up to the brim, With blessings from a-bove, He

ma - ny out - er joys I miss, I've heav'n within my soul.
fills my cup up to the brim, With blessings from a - bove.

3 Shut in; but God alone can tell
How long this woe may last;
No matter, for I know full well
That when 'tis over-past,
Then on the hills of Beulah-land,
Free from all care, all care and sin,
And, free from sorrow, pain and death,
I'll no more be shut in.

CHURCH RALLYING SONG.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

A-wake! a-wake! the Mas-ter now is call-ing us, A - rise! a - rise! and trusting in His word, Go

forth, go forth! proclaim the year of ju - bi-lee, And take the cross, the bless-ed cross of Christ our Lord.

CHORUS.

On, on, swell the cho - rus; On, on, the morn-ing-star is shin - ing o'er us;
On, on, on, swell the cho - rus, On, on, on,

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On, on, while be - fore us Our might-y, might-y Sav - ior leads the way,
On, on, on, while be - fore, leads the way,

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hear the ev - er - last-ing throng, Shout ho-san-na, while we bold - ly march a - long;

Faithful soldiers here below, On - ly Je - sus will we know, Shout-ing "free salvation" o'er the world, we go.

HE HAS COME.

"Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; * * * behold, thy King cometh unto thee."—Zech. 9: 9.

Mrs. J. H. KNOWLES. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP, by per.

1. He has come! He has come! my Re - deem - er has come, He has tak - en my heart as his own chos - en home; At last I have giv - en the wel - come He sought, He has come and His com - ing all glad - ness has brought.
2. He has come! He has come! my love and my Lord, Ev - 'ry thought of my be - ing is swayed by his word; He has come! and He rules in the realm of my soul, And His scep - ter is *love*, O bless - ed con - trol!
3. He has come! He has come! O hap - pi - est heart, He has giv - en his word that He will not de - part; No trou - ble can en - ter, no e - vil can come, To the heart where the *God* of peace has His home.
4. He has come to a - bide, and ho - ly must be The place where my Lord deigns to ban - quet with me; And this is my pray - er, Lord, since Thou art come, Make meet for Thy pres-ence my heart as Thy home.

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CHORUS.

Joy! joy is mine, My Sav - ior di - vine, Comes to a - bide with me, with me, with me,

Rit.

Comes to a - bide, ev - er to a - bide, My own lov - ing Sav - ior a - bid - eth with me.

THE CALL FOR REAPERS.

J. O. THOMPSON.

J. B. O. CLEMM.

Spirited.

1. Far and near the fields are teem - ing, With the waves of rip - ened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beam - ing, Send them in the noon - tide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send - ing, Gath - er now the sheaves of gold;

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Far and near their gold is gleam-ing, O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, Bid them gath - er ev - 'ry - where.
Heav'nward then at eve - ning wend - ing, Tnou shalt come with joy un - told.

CHORUS.

Lord of har - vest, send forth reap - ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;

Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.

R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.

1. Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth this way, Pass-eth this way, Pass-eth this way, Haste, guilt - y
2. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je-sus says, come; Why stay a - way? Why still de - lay? All things are
3. Blinded by sin and de - crep - it with age, Come as you are, Come as you are; Je - sus has

CHORUS.

sin-ner, and make no de - lay, Je - sus is pass - ing this way. Pass - ing this way,
read - y, Then fly from your doom While He is passing this way.
promised your griefs to assuage, Cast, then, on Him ev - 'ry care. Passing, passing this way to-day,

Pass - ing to - day, . . Je - sus is pass - ing, is passing this way to-day.
Passing, passing this way to-day, Je - sus is passing, is passing, is passing, Passing this way to-day.

COME TO HIM IN PRAYER.

R. G. STAPLES. *"Let us therefore come boldly to a throne of grace.*—Heb. 4: 16. R. S. HARRINGTON.

1. Children, come to the cross of the Savior in prayer; Come with faith and his mercy implore;
2. Children, come to the Savior who bore all the scorn Of his foes while he hung on the tree;
3. Children, come to the Savior, yes, come in your youth, Ere the dew of the morning is gone;

View the suff'ring and shame of your best Friend nailed there—Come, and enter the wide open door.
Whose fair brow sadly bled from the prick of the thorns In the crown he was wear-ing for thee.
In thy strength come to Jesus, em - bracing the truth—He a-lone for your sins can a - tone.

CHORUS.

Children, come, glad- ly come, 'Tis the Sav - ior in-vites you to come,
Children, come, glad -ly come,

From "Songs of the Cross," by per.

Children, come, glad-ly come, Come to Christ in the days of your bloom.
Children, come, glad - ly come, .

THE STRAYED LAMB.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arms."—ISAIAH 40: 11. T. FRANK ALLEN.

1. A gid - dy lamb, one af - ter-noon, Had from the fold de-part - ed; The ten - der shep-herd missed it soon, And
2. But night and day he went his way In sor - row, till he found it; And when he saw it faint - ing lay, He
3. And so the Sav - ior will re - ceive The lit - tle ones that fear him; Their pains re-move, their sins for-give, And

D. S. mid - night darkness move, Nor
D. S. to his home of rest, And
D. S. to his home on high, To

FINE. D.S.

sought it bro - ken-hearted. Not all the flock, which shared his love, Could from the search de-lay him; Nor clouds of
clasped his arms a-round it. And close - ly shelt - ered in his breast, From ev - 'ry ill to save it, He bro't it
draw them gent - ly near him. Bless while they live, and when they die—When soul and bod - y sev - er—Con-duct them

fear of suff-'ring stay him.
pit - ied and for - gave it.
dwell with him for - ev - er.

IN THAT HOME OVER THERE.*

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.—Heb. 4 : 9.

From "Melodies of Praise," by per. Words and Music by R. A. GLENN.

1. In that beau - ti - ful home o - ver there, Where the flow - ers shall fade nev-er more;
2. We will sing in that beau - ti - ful home, When the robe and the crown we shall wear;
3. To our boun - ti - ful giv - er a-bove, All ar-rayed in his splen-dor so fair;

There the sun ev - er shines bright and fair, On the banks of the pear - ly white shore.
And the King in his beau - ty be-hold, On his throne with the an - gels so fair.
We will sing ev - er-more of his love, When we meet in that home o-ver there.

CHORUS.

In that home o - ver there, In that beau-ti - ful home o - ver
In that beau - ti - ful home o - ver there, by-and-by,

* *Shall the dead arise and praise thee.*—Psalms 88 : 10.

there, We will shine as the stars evermore, In that beautiful home over there.
by-and-by, by-and-by,

STILL THEY GO AND LEAVE US.

DEATH OF A SCHOLAR.

J. B. F. "He shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom."—ISAIAH 40: 11. J. B. FERGUSON.

1. Still they go and leave us Struggling on the road; Still the an - gels bear them Safe - ly home to God.
2. When a cherish'd blos - som, Bloom-ing in - to life, Call'd by death's stern bid - ding, Quits this world of strife,
3. When we part from schoolmates Whom we've learn'd to love, Tho' our hearts are strick - en, Soon we'll meet a - bove,

DUET.

We weep, but not de-spair-ing, As thus we see them go, For we know their spir - its, Are as white as snow.
Tho' sor-row-ful the part - ing From one who's lov'd so dear, Yet we feel the pres - ence Of our Sav - ior near.
Where bright and ransom'd spirits Stand near the great white throne, Flashing in their ra - diance, Greet us wel - come home.

In memory of Miss M. C. McClure.

IN REGIONS TO THE WESTWARD. (Home Missions.)

ROBERT F. SAMPLE. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."—MARK 16: 15. T. FRANK ALLEN.

1. In re-gions to the westward, On mountains, hills, and plains, Oppress'd with sins and sorrows, And
2. Re-mem-ber Christ's commission, Unchange-a-bly the same; In Sa-lem's homes be-gin-ning, Go
3. From Leb-a - non to He-bron, From Jordan to the sea, He preach'd to his own peo-ple The

worn with mor-tal pains, Be - hold our sons and daughters To us outstretch their hands, Their
spread a-broad my fame; To those whose claim is ur - gent All oth - er claims a - bove, Go,
year of Ju - bi - lee. Shall we not heed the teach-ing Of his own life and word, That

need al-ways ap - peal - ing With that of oth - er lands.
tell the old, old sto - ry Of my re-deem-ing love.
this our own loved na - tion May own him Christ and Lord?

4 Then shall the blest evangel
Haste o'er each stormy main,
Our grateful hallelujahs
Return to us again
Then shall the deserts blossom,
The darkness flee away,
And Jesus reign victorious
Through an eternal day.

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