Christ in Song

Worships The Lord.

Chas. Arbaugh

June - 21. - 1915.

CHRIST IN SONG

(REVISED AND ENLARGED)

For All Religious Services

NEARLY ONE THOUSAND

BEST GOSPEL HYMNS, NEW AND OLD

With Responsive Scripture Readings

THE LARGEST GOSPEL SONG AND STANDARD TUNE COLLECTION

COMPILED AND PUBLISHED BY F. E. BELDEN

Author of ILLUSTRATED OBJECT LESSONS AND SONGS ON THE LIFE OF CHRIST, for the Bible Kindergarten in the Home and School; THE GOSPEL SONG SHEAF; ECHOES OF LIBERTY; CHRIST IN ART; SONGS OF FREEDOM; SPECIAL GOSPEL SONGS FOR THE HOME AND CHOIR, etc.

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CONTRIBUTORS

The value of this collection is in its list of over 500 of the best writers and their nearly 2,000 hymns and songs of tested merit. No expense has been spared to make "Christ in Song" superior to all other books, even as His name is above all other names.

Good singers should judge not alone for themselves, but for the multitudes less capable of rendering the difficult harmonies in some of the "Special Selections" indexed on pages xi and xii. Easier grades predominate in the book, and thus all classes are supplied with pleasing and enduring songs, and devotional and stirring hymns.

The average Sunday School song book contains about 200 numbers. The average Church Hymnal contains about 500 numbers. "Christ in Song" contains 950 numbers, being a Church Hymnal and a Sabbath School Hymnal with 250 songs added especially for the Young People's Society.

It combines THREE BOOKS IN ONE. This is of special benefit to the youth because of the higher grades of church and special music thus placed before them with the hope of leading away from the musical cheapness more or less common to modern S. S. collections.

The standard tunes and hymns are set in smaller type because only an occasional glance is required in order to sing the most of them. Thus we are enabled to offer the largest and the best collection in the world at about one-half the price of the average church hymnal containing half the number of songs, and at a price not much above that of the ordinary S. S. books having only one-third or one-fourth the number of musical compositions, which collections must be soon displaced because of their limited number of enduring songs.

Frequent changing from one book to another finally entails large expense on the school, the young people's society, or the church, and without the satisfaction to be found only in the use of a standard compilation prepared at large expense. "There is no excellence without great labor," and no satisfaction without excellence.

Authors and publishers are so prone to speak highly of their own works, that no apology is necessary for presenting here the following commendatory words from some of the best gospel music judges, showing that "Christ in Song" is a non-sectarian collection of TESTED SONGS OF ENDURING MERIT.

The late Rev. J. E. Rankin, author of "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," summarized the facts thus: "It is a very superior book. I am sure it will be useful and popular. There is an enormous amount of valuable matter in it, and yet the pages are clear and easily read."

W. G. Fischer, composer of "I Love to Tell the Story," wrote: "I very seldom give my opinion; but your work covers so much, it would be good as the regular church hymnal; and it has such a variety, too. I am very much pleased with it."

W. L. Thompson, composer of "Softly and Tenderly Jesus Is Calling," "Come Where the Lilies Bloom," etc., says: "You ought to receive thanks from the public for this addition to Christian song. It is a great collection."

The late James McGranahan, perhaps the greatest of modern gospel composers, wrote personally to the compiler of "Christ in Song": "I like the swing of your music and the ring of your words."

Fanny Crosby, the most eminent modern hymn writer, says: "I am sure your book will be a success. It contains a great many beautiful things."

The foregoing words referred to the original, first edition of "Christ in Song," which contains 416 pages and 700 numbers; but the commendations are still more true of the present enlarged and revised book of 576 pages and nearly 1,000 numbers.

The exhaustive character of "Christ in Song" is indicated by the fact that it contains over 30 of Fanny Crosby's best hymns, 27 of Dr. Doane's best songs, 19 by the Rev. Robert Lowry, 20 by W. J. Kirkpatrick, 12 by John R. Sweney, 13 by Ira D. and I. Allan Sankey, 11 by Geo. C. Stebbins, 8 by Geo. F. Root, 8 by P. P. Bliss, 7 by James McGranahan, 14 by John B. Dykes, 8 by H. P. Main, 30 by W. B. Bradbury, 40 by Lowell Mason, etc. These are the cream of their writings, and only the best by others have been chosen.

The oblong, flat-opening book has two advantages of importance: two persons use it together more handily than the upright shape, and the oblong page also permits the use of four to eight tunes of the same meter side by side (see numbers 111 to 114, 115 to 118, 319 to 326, 619 to 626, 636 to 643, etc.), so that all classes may choose which tune to sing to any one of the four or more hymns under the eye at the same time.

Another convenience is the possibility of bending leaves backward or forward to bring together tunes and hymns on widely separated pages. For instance, bending leaf No. 640 backward, the easy tune "Autumn" comes next to No. 636, a difficult tune to many people. This feature of importance belongs to this book only. In order to know what hymns may be used interchangeably, observe the meter of tunes shown under their titles.

The directness and completeness of the Indexes will also be found unusually helpful, page iii being a quick guide into the nine pages of Topical Index, and these guiding into the 950 hymns. Without page iii, much time would be spent searching through the nine pages of Topical or Subject Index.

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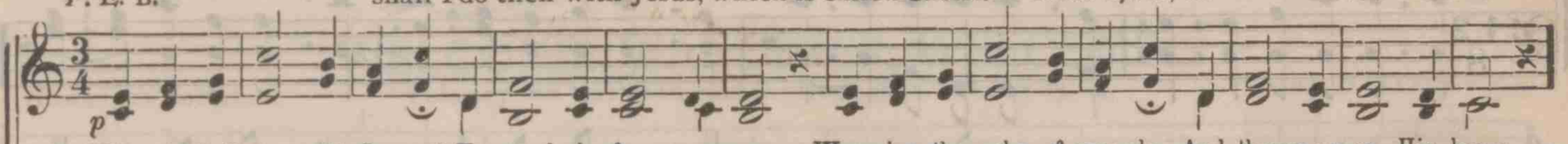
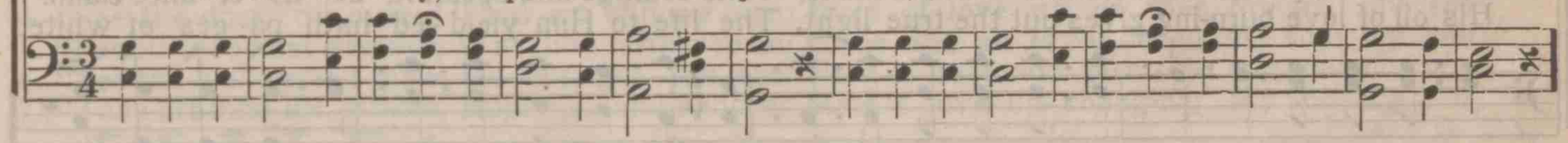
PART I.—Invitation and Repentance.

1 CHRIST OR BARABBAS?

"Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you? They said, Barabbas. Pilate said unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus, which is called Christ?"—Matt. 27: 21, 22.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. What shall I do with Je-sus? He stands be-fore me now, Wear-ing the robe of pur-ple, And thorns up-on His brow.
2. Shall I re-lease the rob-ber, The car - nal man of pride? Sin or a sin-less Sav-iour?—O which shall be de - nied?
3. Sol - emn and aw - ful question! How still the bal-ance stands! Mer - cy a mo-ment lin-gers, It trem - bles in her hands.
4. Self on the seat of judgment, Dare you the world de - ny? Loud - er and loud - er call-ing, "A-way!" and "Cru-ci - fy!"
5. Not to the sin - ner on - ly, The ques-tion comes with pow'r; Hear it, ye halt-ing Christians, In ev - 'ry tri - al hour.

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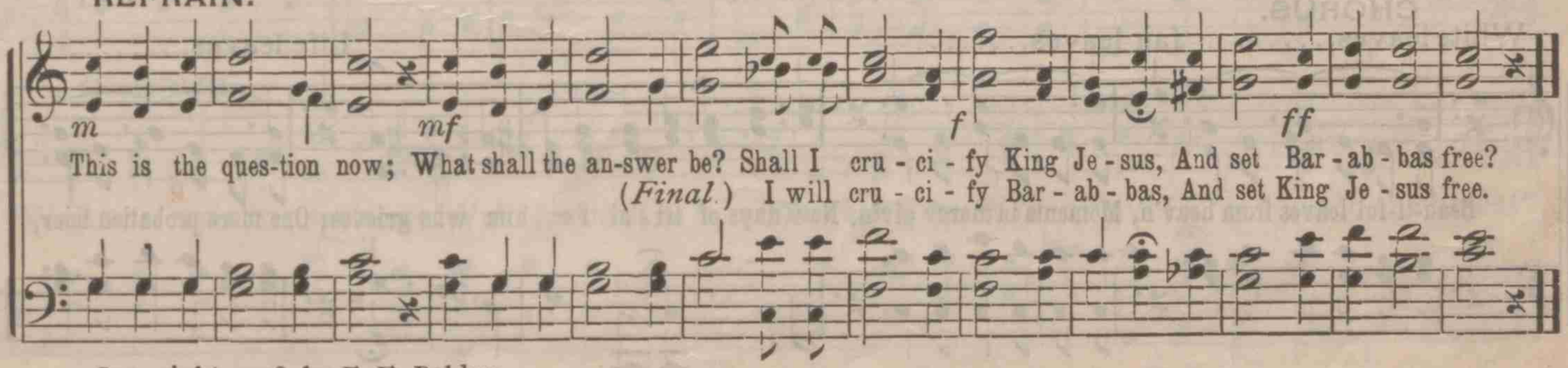

This is the ques-tion now; What shall the an-swer be? Shall I cru - ci - fy King Je - sus, And set Bar - ab - bas free?
(*Final.*) I will cru - ci - fy Bar - ab - bas, And set King Je - sus free.

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WHITE LEAVES.

"A just man falleth seven times and riseth again."—Prov. 24: 16. "Hope thou in God."—Ps. 42: 5.
"He is able to keep you from falling."—Jude 24.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. White pages be-fore us, thank God this is so; Past er-rors for-giv-en, wash'd whiter than snow;
2. For - giv - en, for-got-ten, Christ covers from view, And strength for the future, gives dail-y a - new;
3. De-spond-ent one wounded by treach-er-ous foe, In mo-ment un-guard-ed by sin smit-ten low;
4. Then faith-ful in serv-ice, from hour un - to hour, By full con- se- cra- tion draw ful-ness of pow'r;

O'er sin-blotted rec-ord why sor-row-ing more? Con-fess to the Fa-ther, white leaves are before.
All of- fers He free - ly for thy sin-ful heart: This, this must be yielded, all, all, not a part.
De- feat- ed; yet never surrender Christ's name, Take courage and speak it, de - liv- er- ance claim.
His oil of love burn-ing gives out the true light, The life to Him yield - ed hath pa- ges of white.

CHORUS.

White leaves,..... fair leaves,..... Life leaves,.....

Beau-ti-ful leaves from heav'n, Moments in mercy giv'n, New days of tri - al for him who grieves; One more probation hour,

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WHITE LEAVES.—CONCLUDED.

free leaves,.....

rit.

Promise of ho-ly pow'r. What shall be written on life's new leaves? What shall be written on our white leaves?.....

the snow-white leaves?

3 WELCOME! WANDERER, WELCOME!

HORATIUS BONAR. "This my son was dead, and is alive again."—Luke 15, 24. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. In the land of strangers, Whither thou art gone, Hear a far voice call-ing, "My son! my son!"
2. "From the land of hun-ger, Fainting, famished, lone, Come to love and gladness, My son! my son!
3. "Leave the haunts of ri-ot, Wasted, woe-be-gone, Sick at heart and wea-ry, My son! my son!
4. "See the door still o-pen! Thou art still my own; Eyes of love are on thee, My son! my son!
5. "Far off thou hast wandered; Wilt thou farther roam? Come, and all is par-doned, My son! my son!
6. "See the well-spread table, Un-for-got-ten one! Here is rest and plen-ty, My son! my son!
7. "Thou art friend-less, homeless, Hopeless, and undone; Mine is love un-chang-ing, My son! my son!"

p CHORUS.

"Welcome! wand'rer, welcome! Welcome back to home! Thou hast wandered far away: Come home! come home!"

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DRIFTING AWAY FROM THE SAVIOUR.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely."—Hosea 14: 3. I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. Drift-ing a-way from the Sav-iour, Cast-ing re-proach on the Lord; Drift-ing a - way from His
2. Drift-ing a-way from the Sav-iour, Slighting and grieving His love; Drift-ing a - way from the
3. Drift-ing a-way from the Sav-iour, Lone - ly and helpless thou art; Drift-ing a - way from His
4. Drift-ing a-way from the Sav-iour, He who has showed you the way; Drift-ing a - way from His
5. Drift-ing a-way from the Sav-iour, Still He is mind - ful of thee. Come un-to Him and be-

REFRAIN.

tem - ple, Heed-ing no long-er His word. Drift-ing a - way,..... drift-ing a-
man-sions He is pre - par-ing a - bove. Drifting a - way,
peo - ple, Ev - er so dear to His heart.
teach - ing, Far-ther and far-ther each day.
liev - ing, Pardon'd thro' grace thou shalt be.

Rit. – – – – – –

way, (drifting a - way), Drift-ing a - way from the Sav - iour, Drifting, still drifting a - way.

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SHALL YOU? SHALL I?

"Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many will seek to enter in, but shall not he able."—Luke 13: 24.

G. M. J. (Subject from M. E. I.)

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Some one will en - ter the pearl - y gate By and by, by and by, by and by, Taste of the glo-ries that
2. Some one will glad-ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by, by and by, Faithful, approved, shall re-
3. Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by, by and by, Hear a voice say-ing, "I
4. Some one will sing the triumphant song By and by, by and by, by and by, Join in the praise with the

there await, Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I? Some one will travel the streets of gold, Beauti- ful
ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I? Some one the glo-ri- ous King will see, Ev -er from
know you not," Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I? Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vainly will
blood-bought throng Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I? Some one will greet on the golden shore, Loved ones of

visions will there behold, Feast on the pleas-ures so long foretold: Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
sor-row of earth be free, Happy with Him thro' e-ter - ni - ty: Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
strive when the door is barred, Some one will fail of the saints re-ward: Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
earth, pain and parting o'er, Safe in the glo- ry for ev - ermore: Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

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NAILED TO THE CROSS.

"Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we being dead to sin, should live unto righteousness."—1 Peter 2 : 24.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

DUET. *Ad lib.*

1. There was One who was willing to die in my stead, That a soul, so un-wor-thy, might live,
2. He is ten - der and lov-ing and pa-tient with me, While He cleanses my heart of its dross,
3. I will cling to my Saviour and nev - er de-part—I will joy - ful - ly jour-ney each day,

And the path to the cross He was will - ing to tread, All the sins of my life to for - give.
But "there's no condemnation"— I know I am free, For my sins are all nailed to the cross.
With a song on my lips and a song in my heart, That my sins have been tak - en a - way.

REFRAIN.

pp

They are nailed to the cross, They are nailed to the cross, O how much He was willing to bear!

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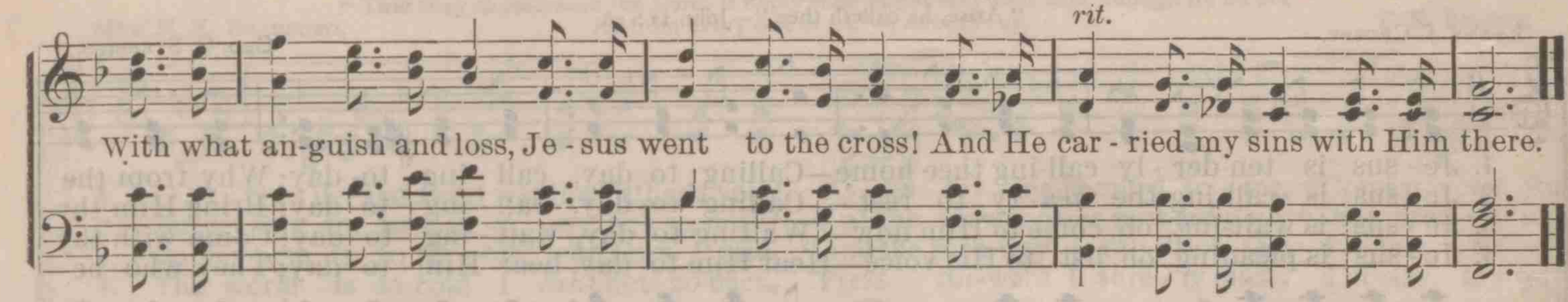
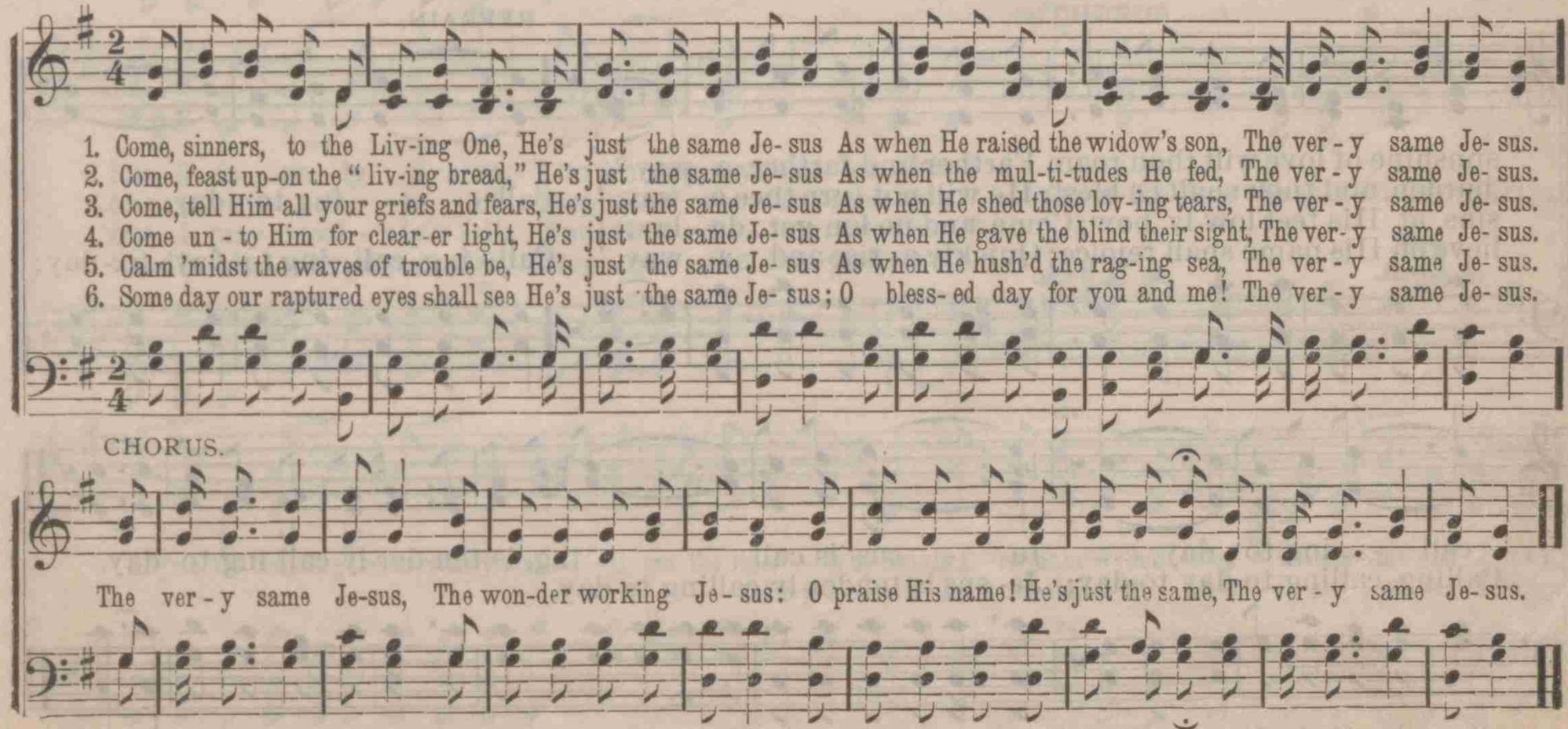
NAILED TO THE CROSS.—CONCLUDED.



7 THE VERY SAME JESUS.

L. H. EDMUNDS. "This same Jesus."—Acts 1 : 2. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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JESUS IS CALLING.

"Arise, he calleth thee"—John 11: 28.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus is ten-der - ly call-ing thee home—Calling to- day, call - ing to- day; Why from the
2. Je - sus is call-ing the wea- ry to rest— Calling to- day, call - ing to- day; Bring Him thy
3. Je - sus is wait-ing, oh, come to Him now— Waiting to- day, wait - ing to- day; Come with thy
4. Je - sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to- day, hear Him to- day; They who be -

REFRAIN.

sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a- way?
burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no lon-ger de - lay.
lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quickly a- rise and a - way.

Call - ing to - day,.....
Call - ing, call - ing to- day, to - day;

call - ing to - day;..... Je - sus is call - ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to- day.
Calling, calling to-day, to-day; Je- sus is tender-ly calling to-day,

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*OVER THE LINE.

"That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, though he be not far from every one of us."— Acts 17 : 27.

MRS. N. K. BRADFORD. F. E. BELDEN.

1. O ten - der and sweet was the Father's voice, As he lov - ing-ly called to me, "Come o - ver the line, it is on - ly a step, I'm waiting, my child, for thee."
2. "But my sins are so man -y, my faith so small,"—Lo! the answer came quick and clear, "Thou need -est not trust in thy - self at all, Step over the line, I 'm here."
3. "But my flesh is so fee - ble," with tears I said, "And the path-way I can - not see; I fear if I try I may sad - ly fail, And thus dis - hon- or thee."
4. The world is so cold I can- not go back, Press for-ward I sure - ly must: I 'll lay my weak hand in his wound -ed palm, Step over the line and *trust*.

mf CHORUS

"O-ver the line," hear the sweet re-frain, Angels are chanting the heaven-ly strain; "O -ver the line,"—Why should I re-main With a step between me and Jesus? (4th) I will not remain, I 'll cross it and go to Jesus.

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* For special use as soprano and alto duet throughout, alto borrow tenor in first five measures of chorus. Very effective for tenor and alto, tenor using soprano notes as far as chorus, then alto taking soprano, tenor singing its part to 6th measure of chorus, then borrowing alto notes for last three measures.

I AM THE WAY.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life."—John. 14: 6.

G. M. J. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Like wand'ring sheep o'er mountains cold, Since all have gone a- stray; To "Life" and peace with- in the fold,
2. Be- wil-dered oft with doubt and care, To God I fain would go; While ma - ny cry "Lo here! lo there!"
3. To Christ the Way, the Truth, the Life, I come, no more to roam; He'll guide me to my "Fa- ther's house,

CHORUS.

How may I find the way?
The Truth how may I know?
To my e- ter-nal home.

"I..... am the way,..... the truth,..... and the life:.....

"I am the way, I am the way, I am the way, the truth and the life;

I..... am the way,..... the

No man com- eth un - to the Fa- ther but by Me. I am the way,.....I am the way,.....

I..... am the way,..... the

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I AM THE WAY.—CONCLUDED.

truth..... and the life;.....

I am the way,... the truth, and the life; No man cometh un - to the Fa - ther but by me."

truth..... and the life;.....

11 ONLY TWO WAYS.

(Duet or quartet for male voices. For ladies' voices, altos sing bass notes an octave higher.)

F. E. B. "Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction."—Matt. 7:13. F. E. B.

1. There are two ways for trav'lers, on - ly two ways: One's a hill pathway of bat - tle and praise; The oth-er leads downward; tho' flow'ry it seem, Its joy is a phantom, its love is a dream, Its love is a dream, 'tis on-ly a dream.
2. There are two guides for trav'lers, on - ly two guides: One's the Good Shepherd, e'en thro' the death tides; The oth-er,—the ser-pent, be - guiling with sin Whose beau-ty ex-ter-nal hides poi - son with-in, Hides poi- son with- in, death poison with-in.
3. There are two homes for trav'lers, on - ly two homes: One's the fair cit - y where e - vil ne'er comes; The oth-er,—sin's wag- es, e - ter-nal and dread, The fate of the lost ones, the doom of the dead, The doom of the dead, the sorrowful dead.
4. Quick- ly en - ter the strait way, lead-ing to life; Shun the wide gate-way of fol - ly and strife. The Spir-it - in- vites you this moment to come; The Sav - iour is wait-ing to welcome you home; To welcome you home, to welcome you home.

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"WHOSOEVER WILL."

"Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."—Rev. 22 : 17.

P. P. B

P. P. Bliss

Joyfully.

1. "Who- so- ev- er heareth," shout, shout the sound! Send the blessed ti- dings all the world a-round;
2. Who- so- ev- er com - eth need not de- lay, Now the door is o - pen, en-ter while you may;
3. "Who- so- ev- er will," the prom- ise se-cure, "Who-so- ev - er will," for ev - er must en-dure;

Spread the joy- ful news wher - ev - er man is found: "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."
Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way: 'Who - so - ev - er will, may come."
"Who - so - ev - er will," Tis life for ev - er- more: "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."

CHORUS.

"Who - so-ev - er will, who - so-ev - er will," Send the proc-la- ma-tion o - ver vale and hill;

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'Tis a lov - ing Fa - ther calls the wand'rer home: "Who- so - ev - er will, may come."

13 YET THERE IS ROOM.

HORATIUS BONAR. "Yet there is room."—Luke 14 : 22. F. E. BELDEN.

1 "Yet there is room!" The Lamb's bright hall of song. With its fair glo - ry, beck-ons thee a - long;
2 Day-light de-clines, The sun is sink-ing low: The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go:
3. The bri - dal hall is fill - ing for the feast: Pass in! pass in! and be the Bride-groom's guest:
4. It fills, it fills, that hall of ju - bi - lee! Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee:
5. Yet there is room! Still o - pen stands the gate, The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
6. Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee; That cup of ev - er - last-ing love is free:
7. All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in; The an - gels beck-on thee the prize to win:
8. Soon night will close that gate and seal thy doom: Then the sad cry, "No room for me, no room!"

REFRAIN.

p *m* *Cres.* *f* *p*

Room, room, yet there is room; Come, come, come while there's room.

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SOUND THE ALARM!

"Sound an alarm! for the day of the Lord cometh; for it is nigh at hand."—Joel 2 : 1.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Sound the a-larm! let the watch-man cry,—"Up! for the day of the Lord is nigh; Who will es-cape from the
2. Sound the a-larm! let the cry go forth, Swift as the wind, o'er the realms of earth; Flee to the Rock where the
3. Sound the a-larm on the mountain's brow! Plead with the lost by the way-side now; Warn them to come and the
4. Sound the a-larm in the youth-ful ear, Sound it a-loud that the old may hear; Blow ye the trump while the

CHORUS.

wrath to come? Who have a place in the soul's bright home?"
soul may hide! Flee to the Rock! in its cleft a-bide.
truth em-brace; Urge them to come and be saved by grace.
day-beams last! Blow ye the trump till the light is past!

} Sound the a-larm, watchman, Sound the a-larm! For the Lord will come with a conqu'ring arm; And the hosts of sin, as their ranks advance, Shall with-er and fall at His glance.

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GET RIGHT WITH GOD.

G. H. S. "Repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ."—Acts 20 : 21. G. H. SANDISON.

1. In dark-ness I lin-gered 'mid doubt and de - spair, Sin's bond-age long held me a cap-tive to care; But Je - sus de-
2. The world and its pleasures did tempt me to stray, I saw not the dan-ger that lurk'd on the way; The toils clos'd a-
3. The path-way to Cal-v'ry is toil-some and hard, Yet tread it, O faint one, and find thy re - ward; Here lay down thy
4. Re-pent while He calls thee, while yet it is day, Take with thee His gift of free par-don a - way; Take Christ for thy

CHORUS.

liv-ered my soul from its chains, His precious blood cleans'd me from sin's guilty stains.
round me, I knew no re-lease, But Je - sus has found me and giv'n me His peace.
burden, and wash in the stream That flows like a foun-tain thy soul to re - deem.
Saviour, Redeemer, and Friend, His love will sus-tain thee se - cure to the end.

Get right with God! His par-don is free,

Get right with God, He's waiting for thee; Our Je-sus is call-ing, "Oh, come un-to me!" Take Him, O sin-ner, and get right with God.

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"COME UNTO ME."

F. E. B. "For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."—Matt. 11:30. F. E. BELDEN.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. O heart bowed down with sorrow! O eyes that long for sight! There's gladness in be-liev-ing; In
2. Earth's fleet-ing gain and pleas-ure Can nev-er sat-is-fy: 'Tis love our joy doth measure, For
3. Di-vin-est con-so-la-tion Doth Christ the Healer give; Art thou in con-dem-na-tion? Re-
4. His peace is like a riv-er, His love is like a song; His yoke's a bur-den nev-er; 'Tis

Four measures for prelude.

REFRAIN.

Je-sus there is light. "Come un-to me, ... all ye . . . . that la-bor
love can nev-er die,
pent, be-lieve and live.
ea-sy all day long. Come, O come, come un-to me, Come, O come, all ye that labor;

and are heavy la-den, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke up-on you, and
Come, O come, heavy laden souls, I . . . . will give you rest. Come, O come, come, take my yoke,

I will give you rest.

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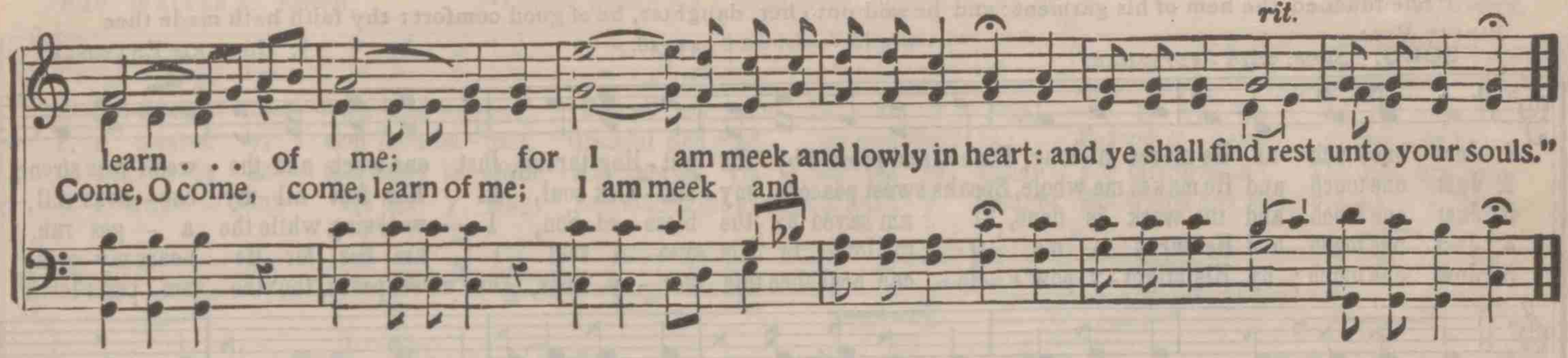
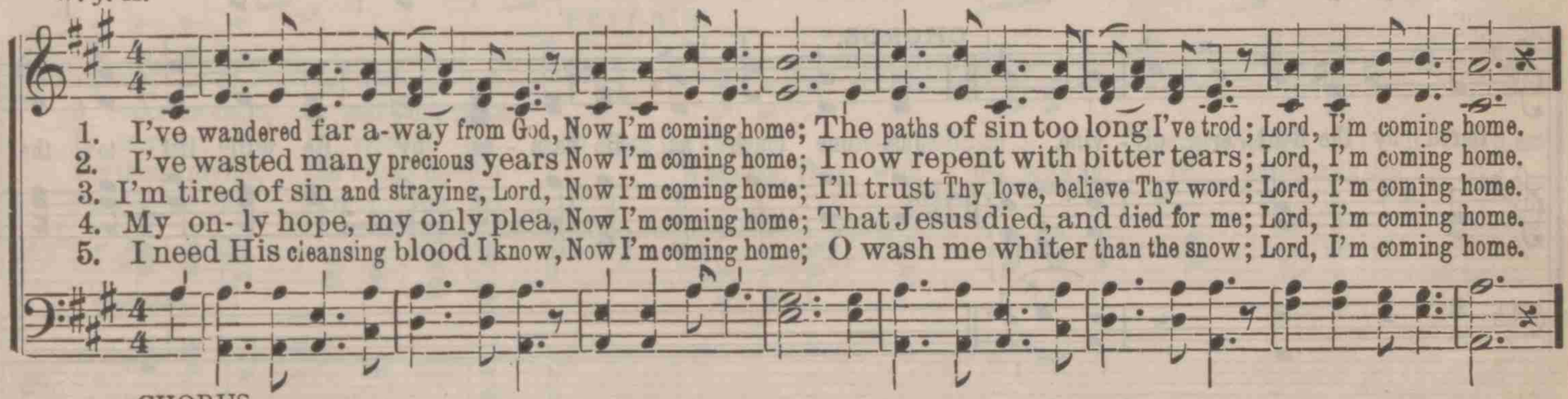
"COME UNTO ME."—CONCLUDED.

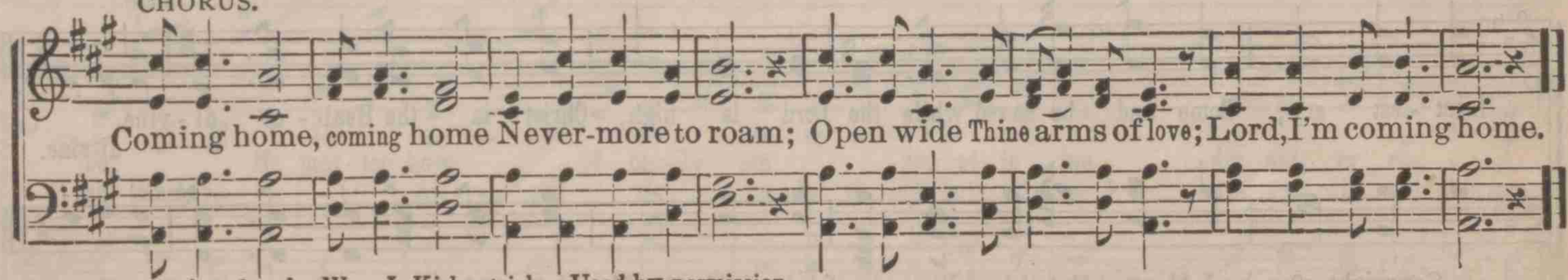


17 LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

"But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."—Luke 15: 20.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



CHORUS.

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JUST ONE TOUCH.

"She touched the hem of his garment: and he said unto her, daughter, be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole."—LUKE 8: 44, 48.

BIRDIE BELL. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*

1. Just one touch as He moves a-long, Pushed and press'd by the jost-ling throng, Just one touch and the weak was strong,
2. Just one touch and He makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul, At His feet all my bur-dens roll,—
3. Just one touch and the work is done, I am saved by the bless-ed Son, I will sing while the a-ges run,
4. Just one touch and He turns to me, O the love in His eyes I see! I am His, for He hears my plea,
5. Just one touch; by His might-y pow'r He can heal thee this ver-y hour, Give sweet peace, tho' the tem-pests low'r,

CHORUS.

Cured by the Heal-er di-vine. Just one touch as He pass-es by, He will list to the faint-est cry; Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Heal-er di-vine.

di-vine.

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A CLEAN HEART.

REV. WALTER C. SMITH. "Create within me a clean heart, O God."—Ps. 51: 10. FRED H. BYSHE.

1. One thing I of the Lord de - sire, For all my paths have mir - y been, Be it by wa - ter or by fire,
2. If clear-er vi - sion Thou im - part, Grateful and glad my soul shall be; But yet to have a pur - er heart,
3. Yea, on - ly as this heart is clean May larg-er vis - ion yet be mine, For mirrored in Thy life are seen
4. I watch to shun the mir - y way, And stanch the springs of guilt - y thought, But watch and strug-gle as I may,

REFRAIN.

rit.

O make me clean, O make me clean.
Is more to me, Is more to me. So wash me Thou, without, with-in, Or purge with fire, If that must
The things divine, The things di-vine. Wash me, Thou, with - out, with-in, Or purge with fire, If
Pure I am not, Pure I am not.

rit.

rit.

be, No mat - ter how, if on - ly sin die out in me, die out in me.
that must be, An - y - how, if on - ly sin die out in me, die out, die out in me.
Die in me,

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SHALL I LET HIM IN?

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. 3: 20.

H. R. P. — H. R. PALMER.

1. Christ is knocking at my sad heart; Shall I let him in? Pa - tient-ly plead-ing with
2. Shall I send him the lov - ing word? Shall I let him in? Meek-ly ac - cept-ing my
3. Yes, I'll o - pen this heart's proud door, Yes, I'll let him in. Glad-ly I'll wel-come him

my sad heart; O shall I let him in? Cold and proud is my heart with sin, Dark and
gracious Lord, O shall I let him in? He can in - fi - nite love im-part, He can
ev - er-more; O, yes, I'll let him in. Bless - ed Sav-iour, a - bide with me, Cares and

cheerless is all with - in; Christ is bid-ding me turn un - to him; O shall I let him in?
par - don this reb - el heart; Shall I bid him for - ev- er de- part, Or shall I let him in?
tri - als will light - er be; I am safe if I'm on - ly with thee, O, bless -ed Lord, come in!

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LET HIM IN.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. "If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him. Rev. 3:20. E. O. EXCELL.

1. There's a Strang-er at the door, Let - - - him in; - - - He has been there oft be-fore, Let - - him in; - - - Let him in, ere he is gone, Let him in, the Ho-ly One, Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son, Let - - - him in. - - -
2. O - pen now to him your heart, Let - - - him in; - - - If you wait he will de-part, Let - - him in; - - - Let him in, he is your friend, And your soul he will de-fend; He will keep you to the end, Let - - - him in. - - -
3. Hear you now his plead-ing voice? Let - - - him in; - - - Now, O now make him your choice, Let - - him in; - - - He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to you he will re-store, And his name you will a-dore, Let - - - him in. - - -
4. Now ad-mit the heav'n-ly guest, Let - - - him in; - - - He will make for you a feast, Let - - him in; - - - He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n, He will take you home to heav'n, Let - - - him in. - - -

Let the Sav-iour in, let the Saviour in; Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in; Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in.

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WOULD YOU BELIEVE?

"Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not."—Matt. 11: 20.

CAROLINE SAWYER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. If you could see Christ standing here to- night, His thorn-crown'd head and pierced hands could view; Could see those
2. If you could see that face so calm and sweet. Those lips that spake words only pure and true; Could see the
3. He whispers to your heart, turn not away, For He's be-side you, in your narrow pew; If you will

CHORUS.

eyes that beam with heavn's own light, And hear Him say, "Beloved, 'twas for you:"
nail-prints in His ten-der feet, And hear Him say, "Beloved, 'twas for you:"
lis - ten, you will hear Him say In loving tones "Beloved, 'twas for you."

Would you believe,.....
Would you believe,
3. Will you believe.....
Will you believe,

and Je- sus re- ceive..... If He were stand - ing here?..... Would you be-
and Jesus receive, If He were standing here, were standing here;
and Je- sus re- ceive?..... Now He is stand - ing here?..... Will you be-
and Jesus receive? Now He is standing here, is standing here;

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WOULD YOU BELIEVE?—CONCLUDED.

lieve,..... and Je-sus re - ceive,..... If He were stand - ing..... here?...
Would you believe, and Jesus receive, If He were standing, if He were standing here?
lieve,..... and Je-sus re - ceive?..... Now He is stand - ing..... here.....
Will you believe, and Jesus receive? Now He is standing, now He is standing here.....

23 REPEATING CALVARY.

F. E. B. "Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid."—Rom. 6: 1, 2. F. E. BELDEN.

1. I can- not drive the nails a - gain, I can- not thrust the spear of pain, I can-not bear to see His
2. 'Twas sin a - lone that nailed Him there, 'Twas love a - lone that made Him bear; Sin's wage of death, our due, Up -
3. His pow- er frees from fet - ters strong, All who con - fess and turn from wrong: He could have shunned the pain, Sin's
4. My soul ab - hors His mur-d'rer sin, No lon- ger shall He dwell with - in; But Christ, the liv- ing law, Vic -

grief and ag - o - ny, Re - peat-ing Cal- va - ry By tho't of sin, Re- peat-ing Cal- va - ry By tho't of sin.
on him-self He drew That we may live a - new, His glo - ry share, That we may live a - new, His glo - ry share.
pow'r would yet re- main: Now law and par- don reign, The an- gels' song, Now law and par- don reign, The an- gels' song.
tor in ho - ly war, Enthroned for- ev - er - more, Gives pow'r to win, Enthroned for-ev - er- more, Gives pow'r to win.

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CHRIST RECEIVETH SINFUL MEN.

Arr. from NEUMASTER. "The Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, this man receiveth sinners."—Luke 15:2. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Sing it o'er and o'er a-gain, Glorious message, clear and plain; 'T is to-day the same as then, Christ re-
2. "Seek and find," and "look and live;" Grace is free! proclaim to all Who the heav'nly pathway leave, All who
3. Years of sin condemn us not, Pure be-fore the law we stand; Je-sus' blood removes each spot, Sat-is-
4. He will take the sin-ful-est, Make the scarlet white and pure; Come, and he will give you rest; Trust his
5. In Thy righteous robe to shine, Lord, I come, and rest forgiv'n; Self is lost in love di-vine, Death in

CHORUS.

ceiv-eth sin-ful men. Wonderful word, - - O sweet re-frain! Christ re-ceives - - sin-ful
lin-ger, all who fall. Wonderful word, 0 sweet and glad refrain! Christ receives
fies its full de-mand.
word, for-ev-er sure.
life, and earth in heav'n.

men (0 praise his name!) Message of mer - - cy, clear and plain, — Christ re-ceiv-eth sin-ful men (praise his name!)
Message of mer-cy, clear and pure and plain,

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LET JESUS COME INTO YOUR HEART.

C. H. M. "If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in."—Rev. 3 : 20. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je- sus come in - to your heart; If you de-
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je- sus come in - to your heart; Fountains for
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je- sus come in - to your heart; If there's a
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je- sus come in - to your heart; Find what a
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je- sus come in - to your heart: If you would

CHORUS

sire a new life to be - gin, Let Je - sus come in-to your heart.
cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je - sus come in-to your heart.
void this world nev-er can fill, Let Je - sus come in-to your heart.
Friend He will be un - to you. Let Je - sus come in-to your heart.
en - ter the mansions of rest, Let Je - sus come in-to your heart.

Just now, your doubtings give o'er;

Last time.

Just now, my doubtings are o'er;

Just now, re- ject Him no more; Just now, throw open the door; Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
Just now, re- ject-ing no more; Just now, I o- pen the door, And Jesus comes into my heart.

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YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—John 3 : 3.

W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the way of sal- vation and light; The
2. Ye children of men, at- tend to the word So sol-emn- ly ut-tered by Je-sus the Lord, And
3. O ye who would en - ter that glorious rest, And sing with the ransom'd the song of the blest, The

CHORUS.

Master made answer in words true and plain, "Ye must be born a-gain."
let not this message to you be in vain "Ye must be born a-gain."
life ev- er- lasting if you would obtain, "Ye must be born a-gain."
"Ye must be born a- gain,
again.
again,

Ye must be born a- gain, I ver - i- ly, ver - i - ly, say un- to thee, Ye must be born a - gain.
again,
a-gain.

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THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.

"As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God."—John 1 : 12.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from your burden of sin? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e- vil a
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleansing to
3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its
4. Would you do service for Jesus your King? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai-ly His

CHORUS.

vic - to-ry win? There's wonderful pow'r in the blood.
Cal- vary's tide, There's wonderful pow'r in the blood.
life-giving flow, There's wonderful pow'r in the blood.
praises to sing? There's wonderful pow'r in the blood.

There is pow'r, pow'r, won-der-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.

There is pow'r,

In the blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r,

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WHITER THAN SNOW.

(BLESSED BE THE FOUNTAIN.)

"For sin and uncleanness."—Zech. 13:1.

E. R. LATTA. H. S. PERKINS.

Moderato.

1. Bless - ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sinners re-vealed; Bless-ed be the dear Son of God;
2. Thorny was the crown that he wore, And the cross his bod-y o'er came; Grievous were the sorrows he bore,
3. Fa - ther, I have wandered from thee, Oft-en has my heart gone astray: Crim-son do my sins seem to me,

Only by his stripes we are healed. Tho' I've wandered far from his fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
But he suffered thus not in vain. May I to the Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below;
Water cannot wash them a - way. Je - sus, to that Fountain of thine, Lean-ing on thy promise I go;

CHORUS.

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow. Whit - - er than the snow, ...
Wash me in the blood that he shed, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Cleanse me by thy washing di - vine, And I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow,

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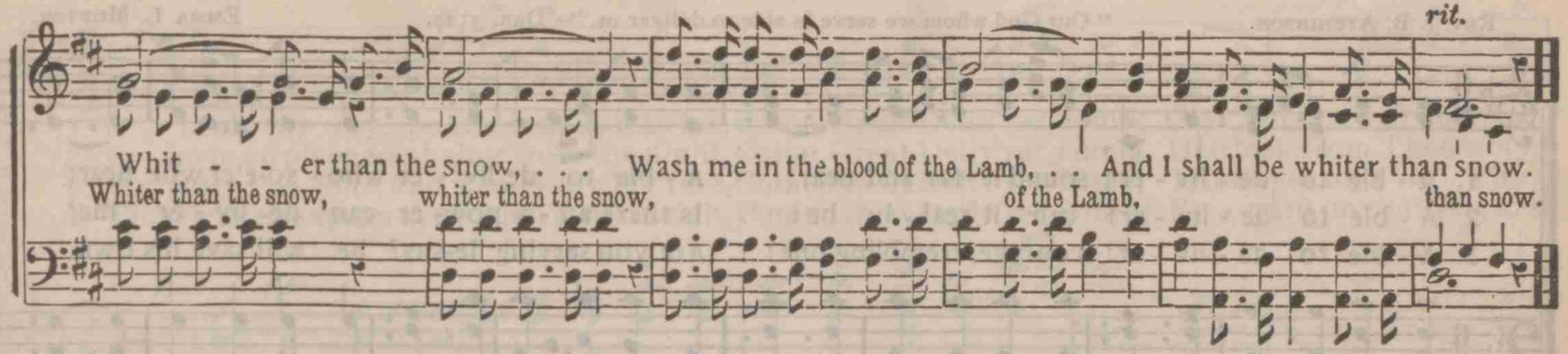

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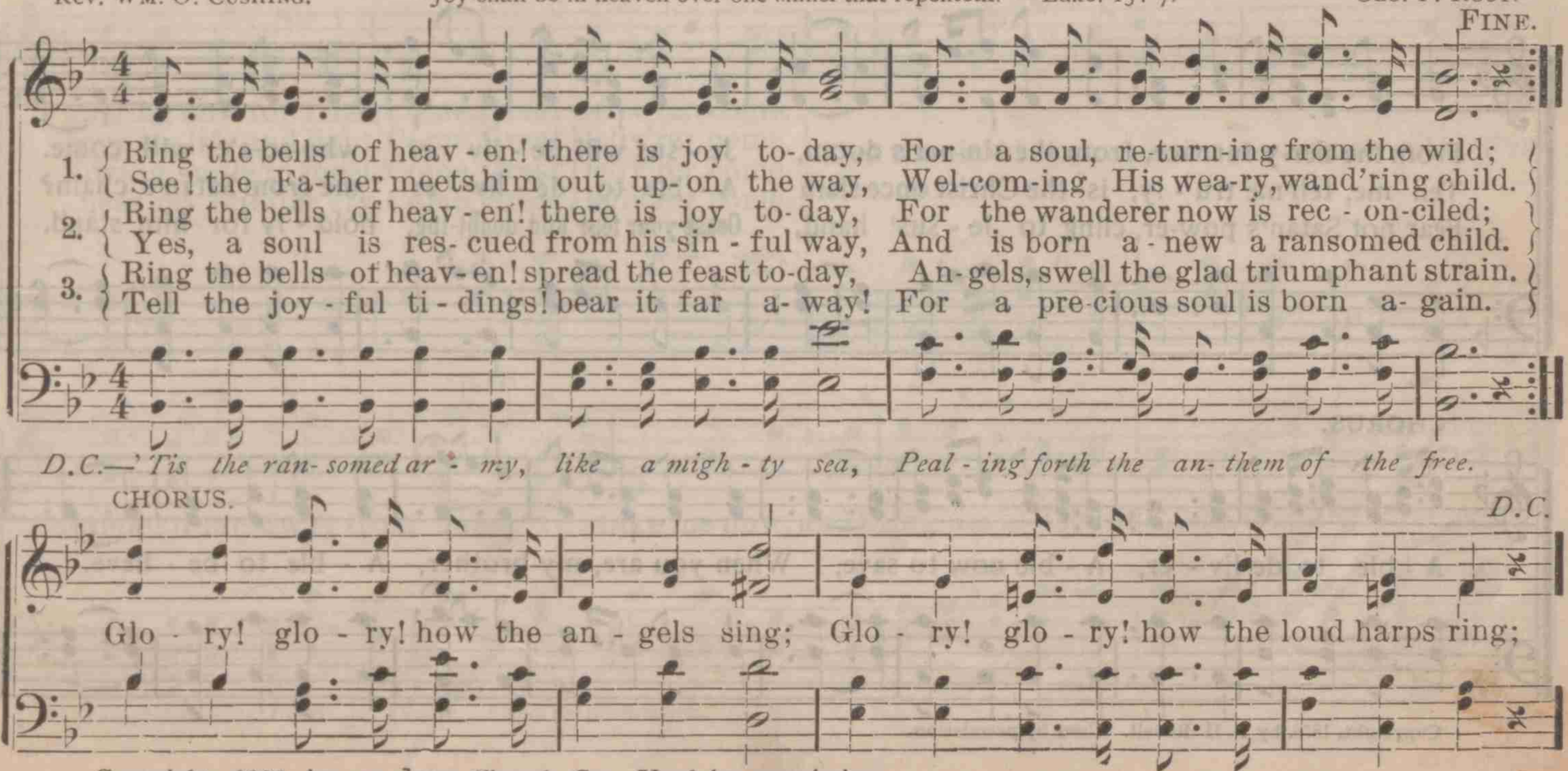
RING THE BELLS OF HEAVEN.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. "Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke. 15: 7. Geo. F. Root.



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ABLE TO DELIVER.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us."— Dan. 3: 17. EMMA L. MORTON.

1. A - ble to de - liv - er! sound it far and near; A - ble to de-liv - er who - so-e'er will hear;
2. A - ble to de - liv - er! can it real - ly be? Is there an - y pow- er can de- liv - er me?
3. A - ble to de - liv - er! courage, trembling one! Are you serving Je-sus? he will save his own.

From the fier-y furnace, from the sin-ner's doom, Je - sus will de - liv - er who-so-e'er will come.
Tell me, tell me tru - ly, is the Christ once slain A - ble to de - liv - er me from Satan's chain?
Fear not Satan's pow-er, cling to Je - sus' hand, Cease your fear and doubt-ing, bold - ly for him stand.

CHORUS.

A - ble to de-liv - er, A - ble now to save, When you are, my brother, A - ble to be - lieve.

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COME, GREAT DELIVERER, COME.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Thou art my help and my deliverer."—Ps. 40: 17. W. H. DOANE.

1. O hear my cry, be gracious now to me, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come; My soul bowed down is
2. I have no place, no shelter from the night, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come; One look from Thee would
3. My path is lone, and wea-ry are my feet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come; Mine eyes look up Thy
4. Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken sigh, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come; Re - gard my prayer, and

REFRAIN.

longing now for Thee, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
give me life and light, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
loving smile to meet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come,
hear my humble cry, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.

I've wander'd far away o'er mountains cold, I've wander'd far away from home; O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.

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BUILD ON THE ROCK.

"Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and *doeth* them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock."—Matt. 27:24, 25.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. We'll build on the Rock, the liv-ing Rock, On Je-sus, the Rock of A-ges; So shall we a-bide the fear-ful shock, When loud the tem-pest ra-ges. We'll build on the Rock, We'll
2. Some build on the sink-ing sands of life, On vis-ions of earth-ly treas-ure; Some build on the waves of sin and strife, Of fame, and world-ly pleas-ure. build on the Rock, on the sol-id Rock, We'll
3. O build on the Rock, for ev-er sure, The firm and the true foun-da-tion; Its hope is the hope which shall en-dure,— The hope of our sal-va-tion. We'll build on the Rock, on the sol-id Rock, We'll

CHORUS.

build on the Rock; We'll build on the Rock, on the sol-id Rock, On Christ, the mighty Rock.
build on the Rock, on the sol-id Rock;

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BUILDING FOR ETERNITY.

N. B. S. "The fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."—1 Cor. 3 : 13. N. B. SARGENT, arr.

1. We are building in sor- row or joy A tem-ple the world may not see, Which time can-not
2. Ev-'ry tho't that we've ev - er had, Its own lit - tle place has fill'd; Ev-'ry deed we have
3. Ev - 'ry word that so light - ly falls, Giving some heart joy or pain, Will shine in our
4. Are you building for God a- lone? Are you building in faith and love, A tem - ple the

CHORUS.

mar nor de-stroy: We build for e - ter - ni - ty.
done, good or bad, Is a stone in the tem-ple we build.
tem - ple wall, Or ev - er its beau - ty stain.
Fa- ther will own, In the cit- y of light a-bove?

We are building, ev - 'ry day.....
We are build - ing, build - ing ev - 'ry day.

A temple the world may not see; Building, building ev - 'ry day, Building for e- ter - ni- ty!

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THE GRAND OLD STORY OF SALVATION.

E. E. HEWITT. "We will rejoice in His salvation."—Isa. 25:9. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We tell it as we journey t'ward the man-sions built a-bove, The grand old sto-ry of sal - va - tion;
2. His hand can lift the fall-en and His blood can make them white, The grand old sto-ry of sal - va - tion;
3. We'll sing it in the bat-tle, for its notes are vic-to - ry, The grand old sto-ry of sal - va - tion;
4. The an-gels look with wonder, yet their harps can nev-er tell, The grand old sto-ry of sal - va - tion;

We sing it out with gladness, in the mel - o-dies of love, The grand old sto-ry of sal - va - tion.
His love can pierce the darkness with a nev - er-fading light, The grand old sto-ry of sal - va - tion.
We'll sing it in our tri - als, till the pass-ing shadows flee, The grand old sto-ry of sal - va - tion.
His ransomed, cloth'd with beauty, shall the praise of Jesus swell, The grand old sto-ry of sal - va - tion.

CHORUS.

Ring it out, ring it out, Ring, to ev-'ry tribe and na - tion,
Ring it out, ring it out,

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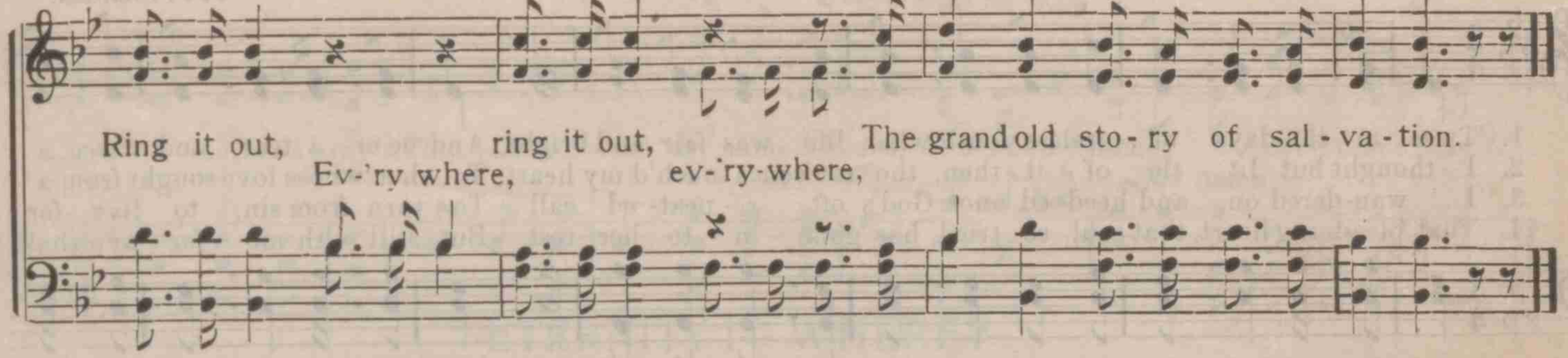

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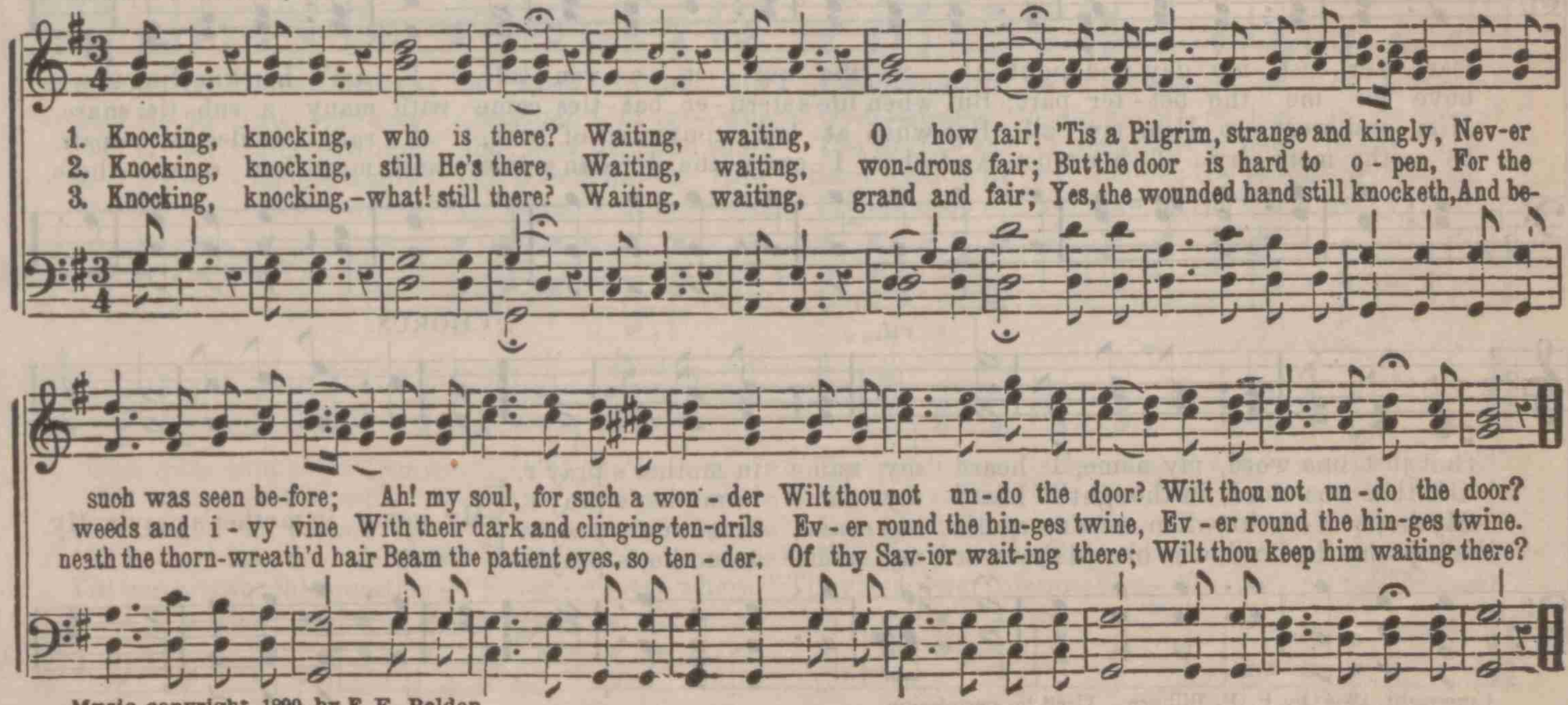
KNOCKING, KNOCKING.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe, arr. (FOR MALE OR MIXED VOICES) F. E. Belden.



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MY NAME IN MOTHER'S PRAYER.

P. P. B. "Ask, and ye shall receive."—John 16: 24. P. P. BILHORN.

1. 'Twas in the days of careless youth, when life was fair and bright, And ne'er a tear, and scarce a
2. I thought but lit - tle of it then, tho' rev'rence touch'd my heart, To her whose love sought from a -
3. I wan-dered on, and heed- ed not God's oft re- peat- ed call To turn from sin, to live for
4. That plead- ing heart, that soul so tried, has gone in - to her rest, But still with me for aye shall

fear o'er - cast my day and night, As, in the qui - et e - ven - tide, I pass'd her kneeling there,
bove for me the bet - ter part; But when life's stern - er bat - tles came with many a sub- tle snare,
Him, and trust to Him my all; But when at last, convinced of sin, I sank in deep de - spair,
be the mem - 'ry of her trust. And when I cross the Jor-dan's tide, and meet her o - ver there,

rit.

CHORUS.

That just one word, my name, I heard my name in mother's pray'r.
Oft that one word, in thought I heard my name in mother's pray'r.
My hope a - woke, when mem'ry spoke my name in mother's pray'r.
We'll praise the Lord, who bless'd that word, my name in mother's pray'r.

My name in mother's pray'r, My

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MY NAME IN MOTHER'S PRAYER.—CONCLUDED.

ad lib. rall.

name in mother's pray'r, That just one word, my name I heard, I heard my name in mother's pray'r.

My name

37 ETERNITY!—WHERE?

"He that believeth in the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life"—John 3 : 36.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. "E - ter - nity!—where?" It floats in the air; A-mid clam-or or si-lence it ev - er is there!
2. "E - ter - nity!—where?" Oh! E-ter - ni-ty!—where? With redeemed ones in glory? or lost in de-spair?
3. "E - ter - nity!—where?" Oh! how can you share The world's gid- dy pleasures, or heed - less-ly dare
4. "E - ter - nity!—where?" Oh! friend, have a care; Soon God will no lon-ger His judgment for - bear;
5. "E - ter - nity!—where?" Oh! E ter - ni-ty!—where? Friend, sleep not, nor take in the world an - y share,

rit. e dim.

The ques- tion so sol emn—"E- ter - ni- ty!—where?" The question so solemn—"E - ter - ni- ty!—where?"
'Tis one or the oth - er—"E- ter - ni- ty!—where?" 'Tis one or the oth - er—"E - ter - ni ty!—where?"
Do aught till you set - tle—"E- ter - ni- ty!—where?" Do aught till you set - tle—"E - ter - ni- ty!—where?"
This day may de- cide your "E- ter - ni- ty!—where?" This day may de cide your "E - ter - ni- ty!—where?"
Till you answer this question—"E- ter - ni- ty! where?" Till you answer this question—E - ter - ni- ty!—where?"

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THE PASSOVER.

"When I see the blood, I will pass over you."— Ex. 12 : 13. "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us."—1 Cor. 5 : 7.

F E. B *Slow, with feeling.* F. E. BELDEN.

1. The day is dead, and Egypt's night re-turn - ing, Is dark and still in death's prophet-ic gloom.
2. The Lamb is slain, the Sac - ri - fice im-mor - tal, Whose life received cre - ates the soul a - new;
3. Not there? not there? no crimson on the lin - tel? De - lay! de - lay! O thou de-stroy-ing One!
4. Art safe, my soul? —rest not in thy sal - va-tion, Else thou art not like Him who came to die;

cres.

The world sleeps on, but Israel's lamp is burn-ing; At mid - night sounds the oppressor's note of doom.
His blood is shed,—but is it on the por - tal? O haste and see! doth it a - vail for you?
Give grace! give grace! it must be more than men-tal: My heart! my heart! let there thy work be done.
In love go forth with mer-cy's in - vi - ta - tion, A - wake the world! death's angel pass - es by.

REFRAIN. *p*

"I will pass o - ver you, when I see the blood:" I will pass o - ver you,—'tis a sav - ing flood.

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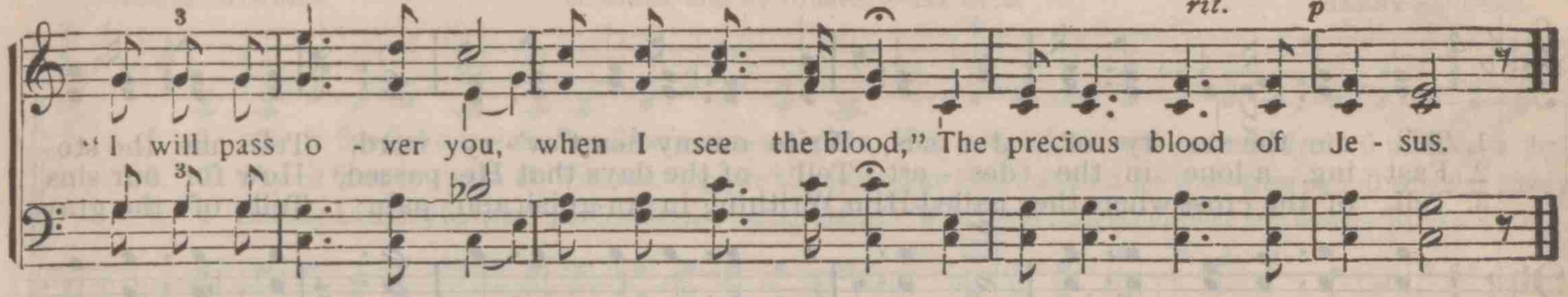
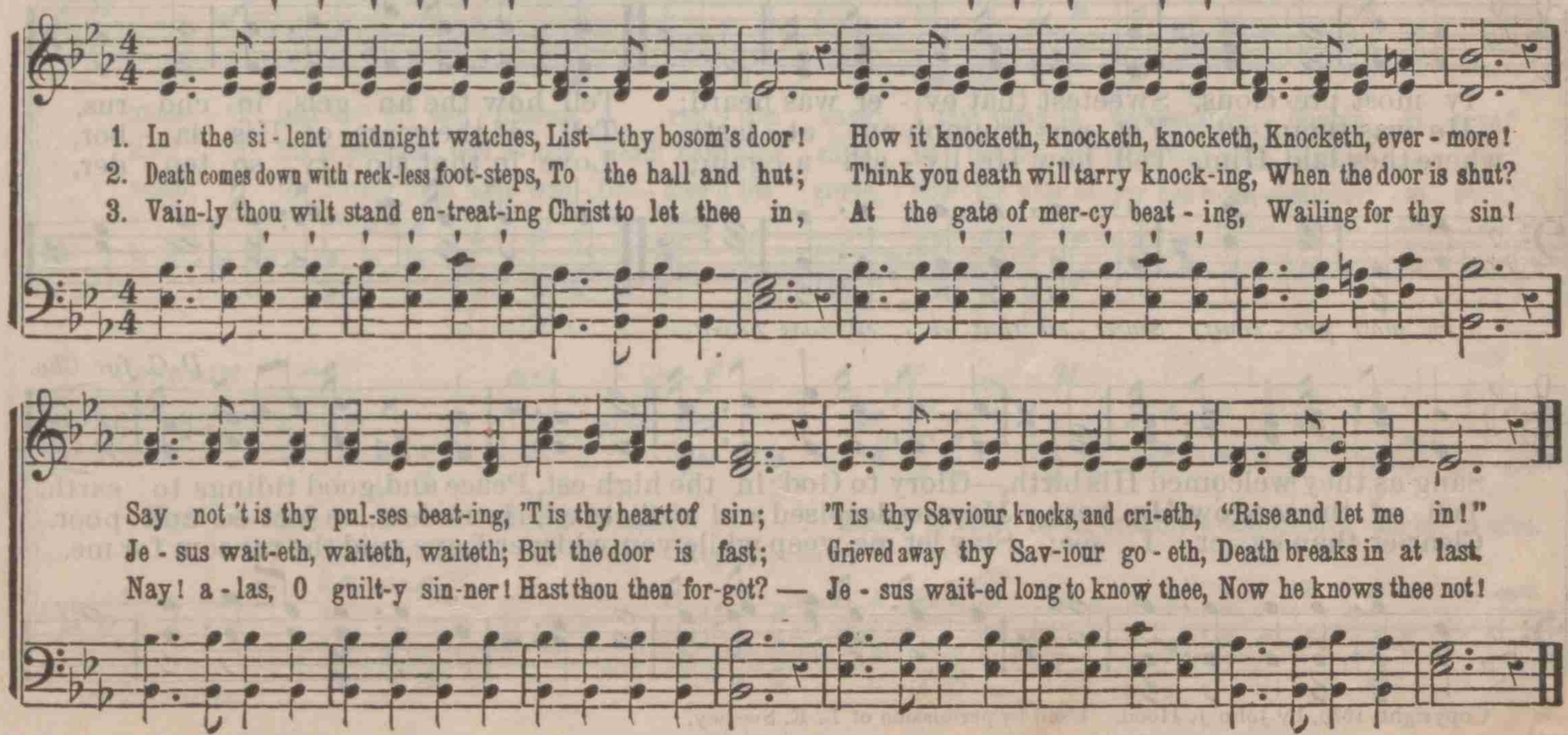
THE PASSOVER.—CONCLUDED.



39 IN THE SILENT MIDNIGHT WATCHES.

REV. A. C. COKE. Arr. "Behold I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3:20. GEO. F. ROOT.



TELL ME THE STORY OF JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "While we were yet sinners Christ died for us"—Acts 1 : 2. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - ry word, Tell me the sto -
2. Fast - ing, a-lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that He passed, How for our sins
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Writhing in an-guish and pain; Tell of the grave

CHO.—*Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word, Tell me the sto -*

FINE.

ry most pre-cious. Sweetest that ev - er was heard; Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus,
He was tempt-ed, Yet was triumph ant at last; Tell of the years of His la - bor,
where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain; Love in that sto - ry so ten - der,

ry most pre - cious, Sweet - est that ev - er was heard.

D.C. for Cho.

Sang as they welcomed His birth,—Glory to God in the high-est, Peace and good tidings to earth.
Tell of the sor-row He bore, He was despised and af-flict - ed, Home-less, re ject-ed and poor.
Clear-er than ev - er I see; Stay, let me weep while you whisper, Love paid the ransom for me.

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MIGHTY TO SAVE.

"Who is this that cometh from Edom, . . . traveling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in right-
Rev. R. W. TODD. eousness, mighty to save."—Isa. 63 : 1. HARRY SANDERS.

1. O who is this that com - eth From Edom's crim-son plain, With wounded side, with garments dyed? O tell me now thy
2. O why is thine ap - par - el With reek-ing gore all dyed, Like them that tread the wine-press red? O why this bloody
3. O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour! How could'st thou bear this shame? "With mercy fraught, mine own arm brought Salvation in my

p *cres.* *f*

name. "I that saw thy soul's distress, A ran - som gave; I that speak in righteousness, Mighty to save."
tide? "I the wine-press trod a-lone, 'Neath dark'ning skies; Of the peo-ple there was none Mighty to save."
name; I the bloody fight have won, Con - quer'd the grave, Now the year of joy has come,—Mighty to save."

REFRAIN.

cres. *f* *ff* *p*

Mighty to save, ... Mighty to save, ... Mighty to save; Lord, I trust thy wondrous love, Mighty to save.
Mighty to save, Mighty to save.

By permission.

HOW SHALL WE STAND IN THE JUDGMENT?

"He will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with unquenchable fire."— Luke 3:17.

HARRIET B. M'KEEVER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When Je - sus shall gath-er the nations, Be- fore him at last to ap-pear, Then how shall we
2. Shall we hear, from the lips of the Saviour, The words "faith-ful serv-ant, well done," Or trembling with
3. He will smile when he looks on his children, And sees on the ransom'd his seal; He will clothe them in
4. Then let us be watching and waiting, With lamps burning steady and bright; When the Bride-groom shall
5. Thus liv - ing with hearts fixed on heav - en, In pa-tience we wait for the time When the days of our

CHORUS.

stand in the Judgment, When summon'd our sentence to hear?
fear and with an-guish, Be banished away from his throne?
heav - en - ly beau - ty, As low at his footstool they kneel.
call to the wedding O may we be read -y for flight!
pil - grim-age end - ed, We'll bask in the presence di - vine.

He will gather the wheat in his gar-ner,

But the chaff will he scat-ter a - way; Then how shall we stand in the Judgment Of the great resurrection day?

By permission of JOHN J. HOOD.

WHEN THE KING COMES IN.

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."— Matt. 25 : 34.

J. E. LANDOR. REV. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Called to the feast by the King are we, Sit - ting, perhaps, where his peo - ple be; How will it
2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri - fied he who once died for men; Splendid the
3. Like lightning's flash will that in-stant show Things hid - den long from both friend and foe; Just what we
4. Joy - ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding garments dress'd; Ah! well for
5. End - less the sad sep - a - ra - tion then, Bit - ter the cry of de - lud - ed men, Aw - ful that
6. Lord, grant us all, we implore thee, grace, So to a-wait thee, each in his place, That we may

REFRAIN.

fare, friend, with thee and me When the King comes in?
vis - ion be - fore us then, When the King comes in.
are will each neighbor know, When the King comes in. When the King comes in, broth-er,
us if we stand the test, When the King comes in.
mo - ment of an guish when Christ the King comes in.
fear not to see thy face When thou com - est in.

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

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THERE'S ROOM FOR YOU TO ANCHOR.

F. E. B. "In my Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14 : 2. F. E. BELDEN.

(Duet, with Quartet Chorus.)

Dolce. *cres.* *dim.*

1. There's room for you to an-chor With - in the port of rest, Where tempests all are o - ver,
2. There's room for you to an-chor; The ship is wait - ing now,—The ship of God's pre-par-ing,
3. The same dear friends shall meet us That we have loved be - low; The same sweet voic-es greet us
4. O heav - ing, swell - ing billows, Bear on-ward to my home! Be - yond these dreary headlands

p

And calms no more mo - lest; How sweet to wea - ry voya-gers This pre - cious promise giv'n:
O ask not why nor how. His boundless love and mer - cy No tongue can ev - er tell,—
As in the long a - go. Then hush! ye murm'ring wa - ters, Ye tem - pests, cease to blow!
I see its shin ing dome. There, there my faint-ing spir - it No more for rest shall sigh;

REFRAIN.

f *dim.* *m*

There's room for you to an - chor Safe in heaven!
If you but trust his promise, All is well. There's room (for you), there's room (for you);
I al - most hear the mu - sic Soft and low.
'T is there I hope to an - chor, By and by.

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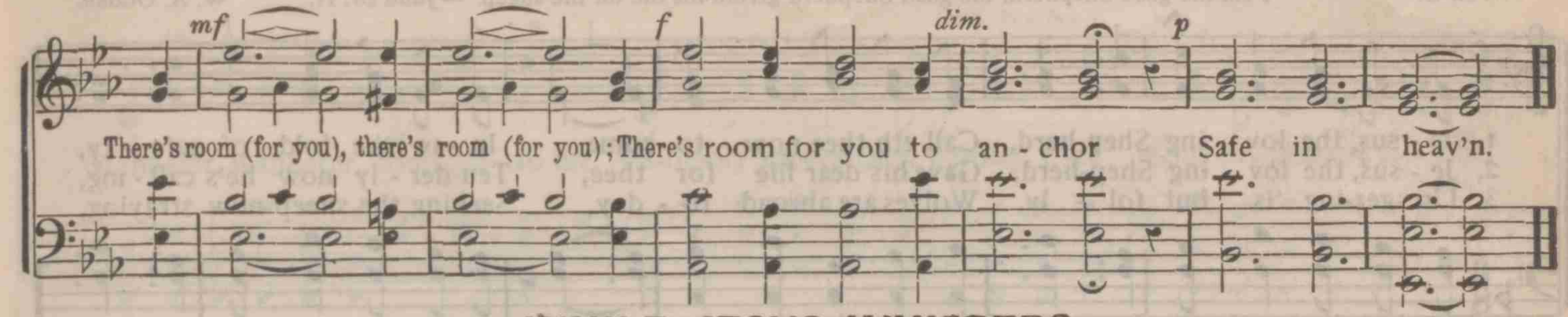
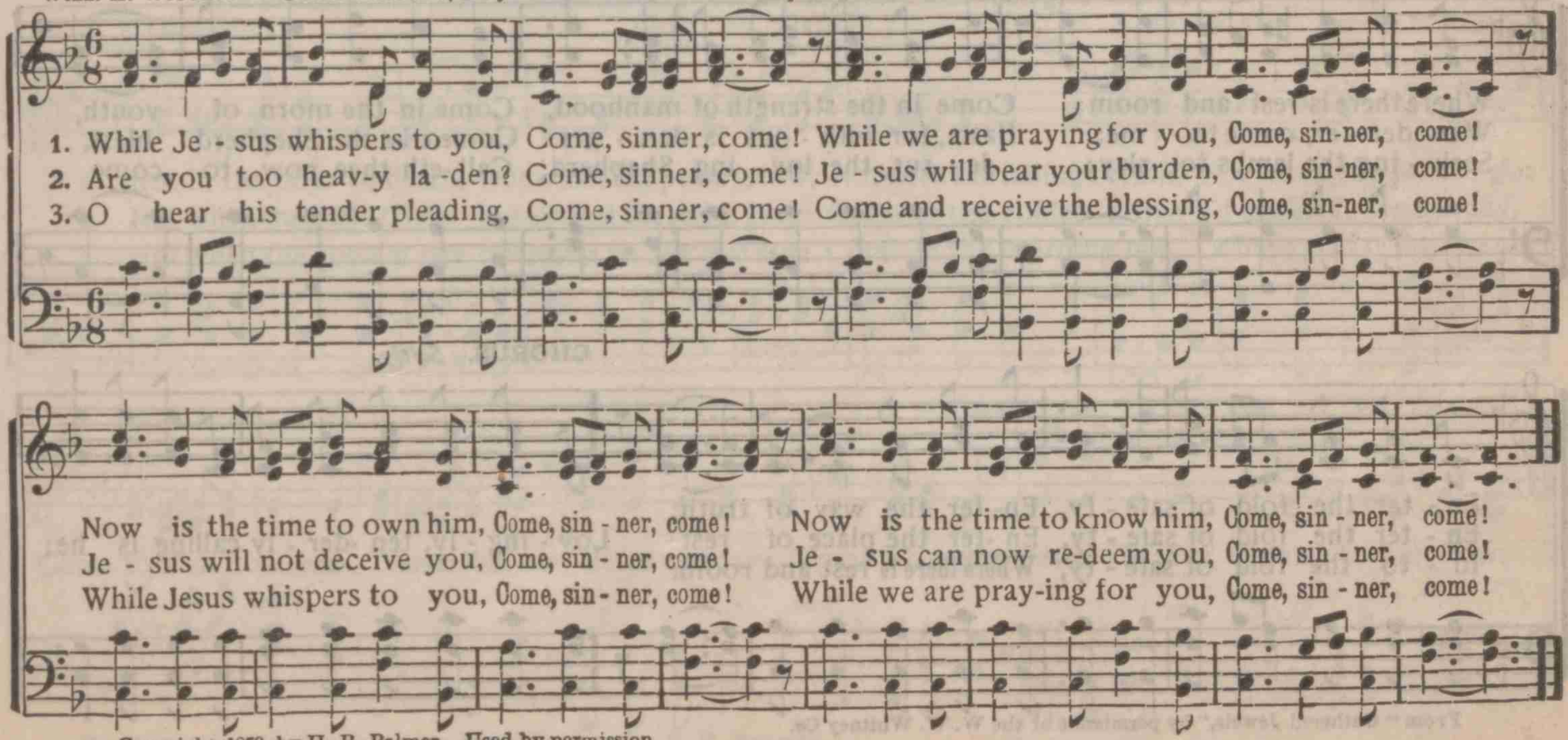
THERE'S ROOM FOR YOU TO ANCHOR.—CONCLUDED.



45 WHILE JESUS WHISPERS.

WILL. E. WITTER. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."— Matt. 11 : 28. H. R. PALMER.



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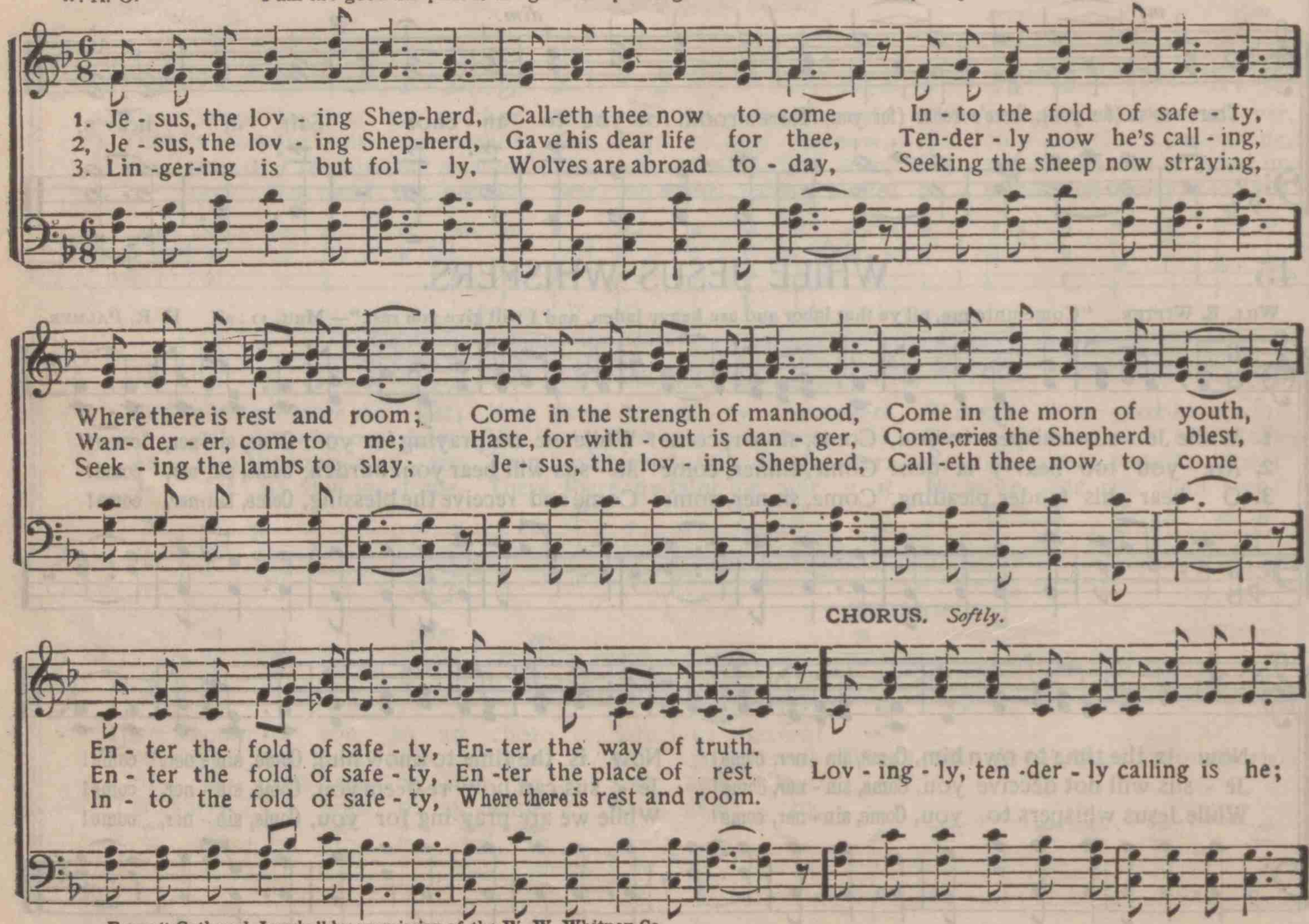
LOVINGLY, TENDERLY CALLING.

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



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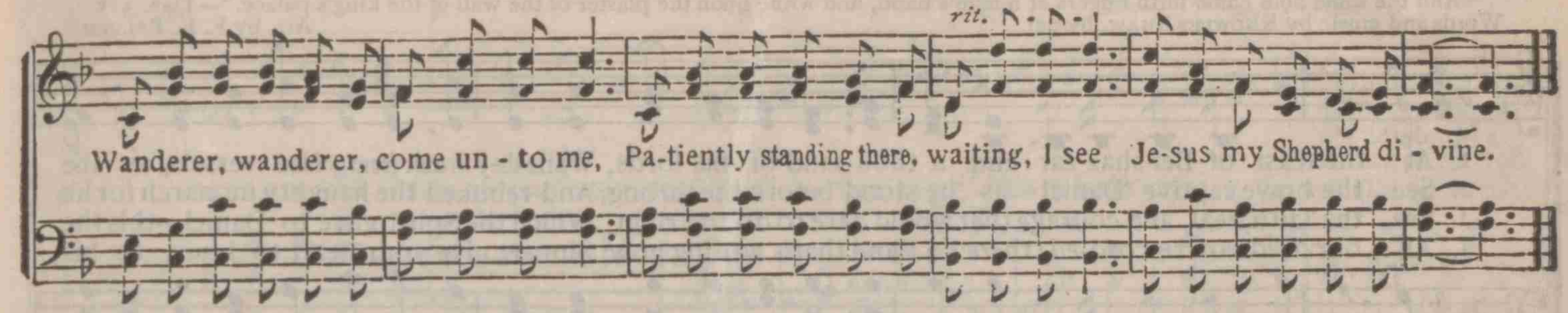
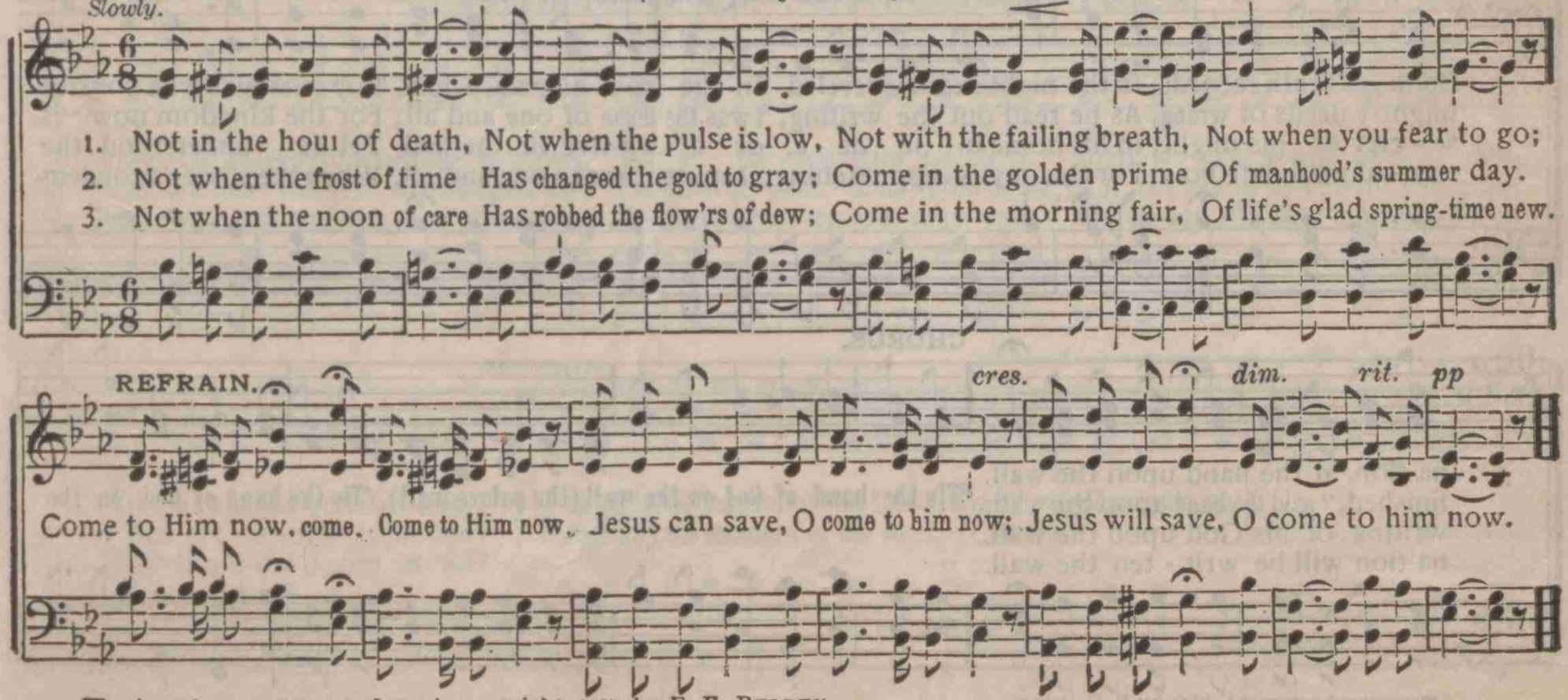


47 NOT IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.

"For in death there is no remembrance of thee; in the grave who shall give thee thanks?"—Ps. 6:5.

F. E. BELDEN. (SOLO OR QUARTET.) FRANZ ABT. Arr. by F. E. B.

Slowly.



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THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

"And the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace."—Dan. 5:5.

Words and music by KNOWLES SHAW, by per. Arr. by F. E. BELDEN.

1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thou-sand of his lords, While they drank from golden vessels, as the
2. See the brave captive Daniel as he stood before the throng, And rebuked the haughty monarch for his
3. See the faith, zeal, and courage that would dare to do the right, Which the Spirit gave to Daniel—this the
4. All our deeds are re-cord-ed; there's a Hand that's writing now; Sinner, give your heart to Jesus, to his

Book of Truth records, In the night as they reveled in the roy-al palace hall, They were seiz'd with conster-
might-y deeds of wrong; As he read out the writing, 'twas the doom of one and all; For the kingdom now "is
se-cret of his might; In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall, Yet he understood the
roy-al man-date bow; For the day is approaching, it must come to one and all, When the sinner's condem-

CHORUS.

na-tion, at the hand upon the wall.
finished," said the hand upon the wall.
writing of his God upon the wall.
na-tion will be writ-ten the wall.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall (the palace wall), 'Tis the hand of God on the

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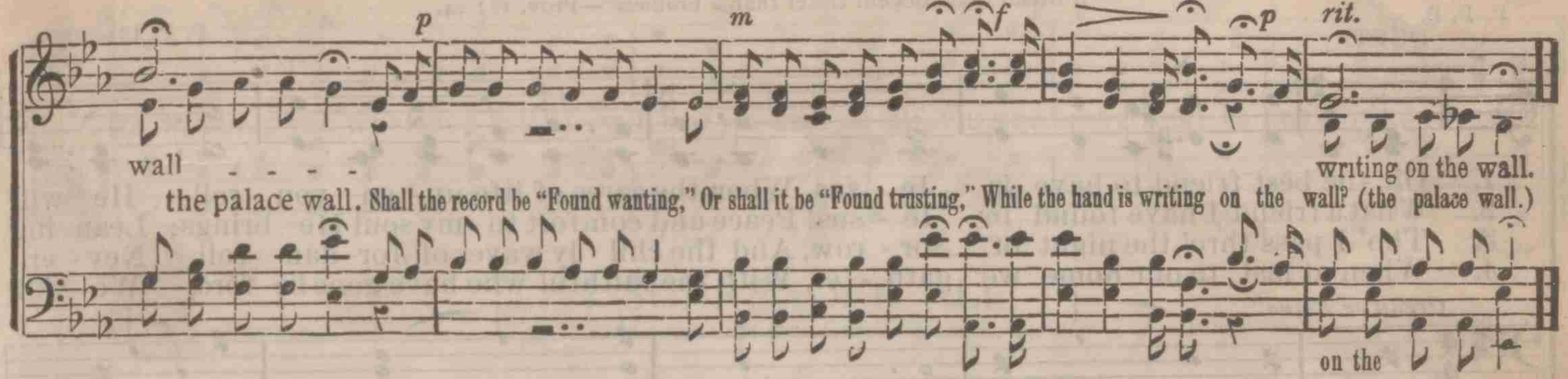
THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.—CONCLUDED.



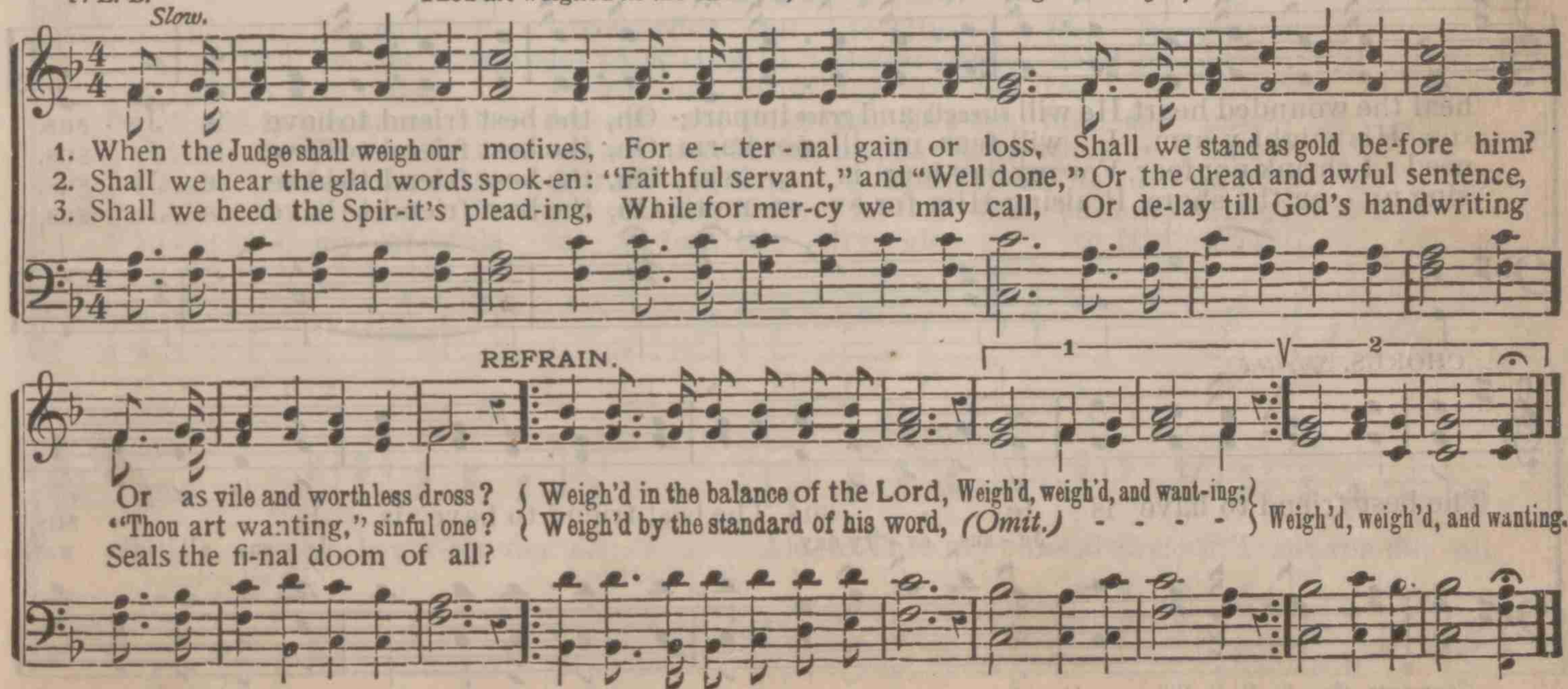
49

WEIGHED AND WANTING.

F. E. B.

"Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.—Dan. 5:27.

F. E. BELDEN.



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THE BEST FRIEND IS JESUS.

"A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. 18: 24.

P. P. B.

P. P. Bilhorn.

DUET.

1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up - on you roll, He will heal the wounded heart, He will strength and grace impart; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my soul He brings; Lean - ing on His might-y arm, I will fear no ill nor harm; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chil - ly waves of Jor - dan roll, Nev - er need I shrink nor fear, For my Sav-iour is so near; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the faithful who have gone be - fore, We will sing up - on the shore, Praising Him for-ev - er- more; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.

Organ or Piano.

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

The best friend to have is Je - sus, The best friend to have is Je - sus,
Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Je - sus all the way,

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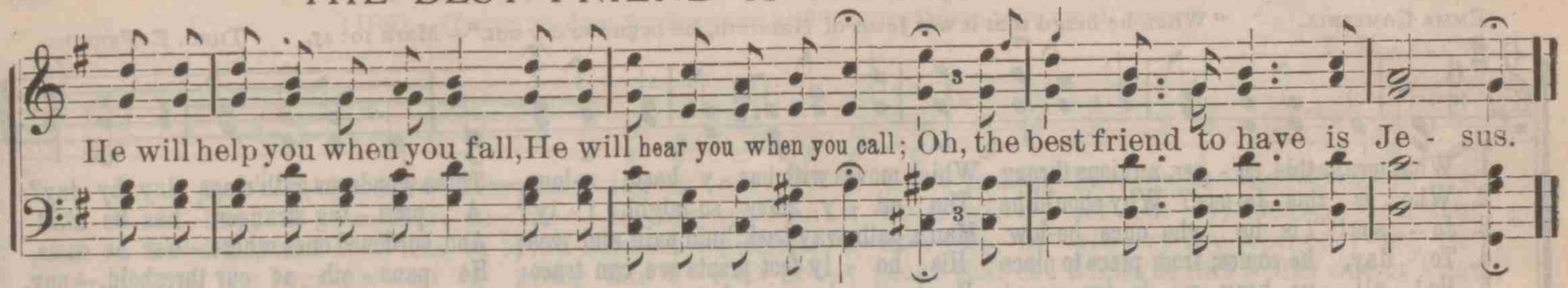
THE BEST FRIEND IS JESUS.—CONCLUDED.



51 I SURRENDER ALL.

"Yield yourselves unto God."—Rom. 6: 13.

J. W. VANDEVENTER. SOLO.

W. S. WEEDEN. CHORUS.

1. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free - ly give; / I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His presence dai - ly live; }
2. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow; / World-ly pleasures all for-sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now; }
3. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Sav-iour, whol - ly Thine; / Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine; }
4. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sa - cred flame. / O the joy of full sal - va-tion! Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name! }

I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all; All to Thee, my blessed Saviour, I sur-ren-der all.

I surrender all, I surrender all,

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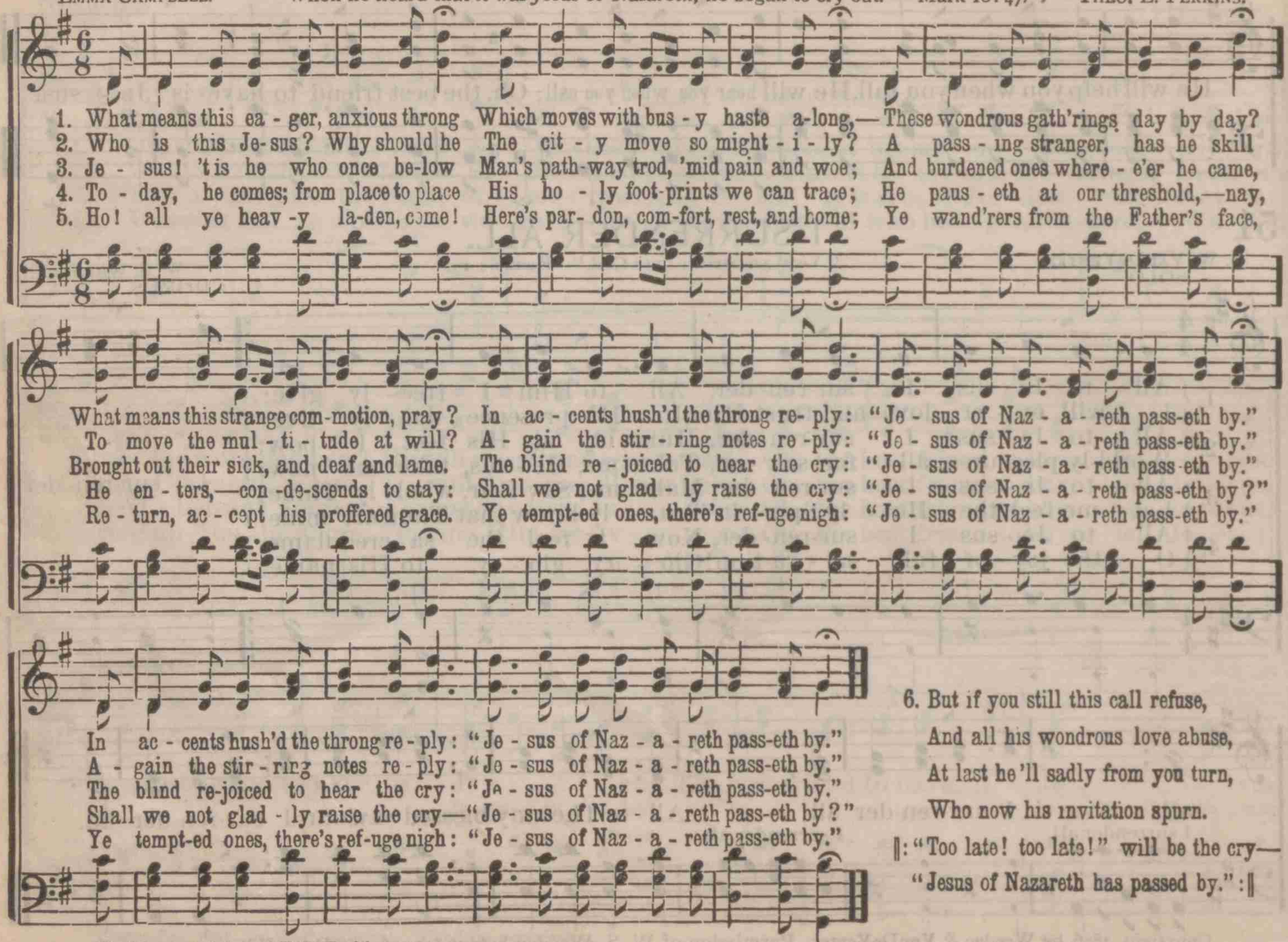
JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

EMMA CAMPBELL. "When he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out."—Mark 10: 47. THEO. E. PERKINS.



6. But if you still this call refuse,
And all his wondrous love abuse,
At last he 'll sadly from you turn,
Who now his invitation spurn.
‖: "Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by." :‖

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YOUR SAVIOUR, TOO.

(TRIO. If sung as duet for Soprano and Tenor, Tenor take small notes.)

S. O'MALLY CLUFF, Chorus added.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. I have a Saviour, he's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov-ing Saviour, tho' earth-friends be few;
2. I have a Fa - ther: to me he has giv - en A hope for e - ter - ni - ty, bless-ed and true;
3. A robe fair and spot-less, re-splen-dent in whiteness, Is wait - ing in glo - ry my won - der - ing view;
4. To me has been giv - en a peace like a riv - er—A peace that the friends of this world nev-er knew;
5. When Je-sus has found you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov-ing Sav-iour is your Saviour too;

And now he is watch-ing in ten - der-ness o'er me, And O that my Sav-iour were your Saviour too!
And soon will he call me to meet him in heav-en, But O that I might hear him welcome you too!
And when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in brightness, Dear friend, I would see you re-ceiv-ing one too!
And Christ is the Au-thor, and Christ is the Giv - er, And O that his peace might be giv - en to you!
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glo - ry, And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

CHORUS.

p

Your Sav-iour, too, Your Sav-iour, too; My Sav-iour bids me tell you, He's your Sav-iour, too.

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KEEP TENTING TOWARD THE HIGHLANDS.

F. E. B. "Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom."—Gen. 19:17. F. E. BELDEN.

Duet or all Soprano and Tenor Voices.

1. Are you tent-ing on the low-lands Of the fa - ted, flow'ry plain? Are you near-ing life's high
2. Does fair Sod-om in her glo - ry Beckon you with ease or gain? Heed her aw - ful judg-ment
3. To the mountains of sal - va - tion! Hear the an - gel, Mer - cy, call; Do not tar-ry! look not

dim. CHORUS.

mountains, As the night comes on a - gain? Keep tent-ing toward the highlands, Each evening nearer
sto - ry; Linger not, her joys are vain.
back-ward! Hasten on ere vengeance fall.

Keep tenting toward the highlands of life,

home; Keep tent-ing toward the high-lands, Keep tent-ing near-er home. . . .
sweet home; Keep tenting toward the highlands of life, heav'nly home.

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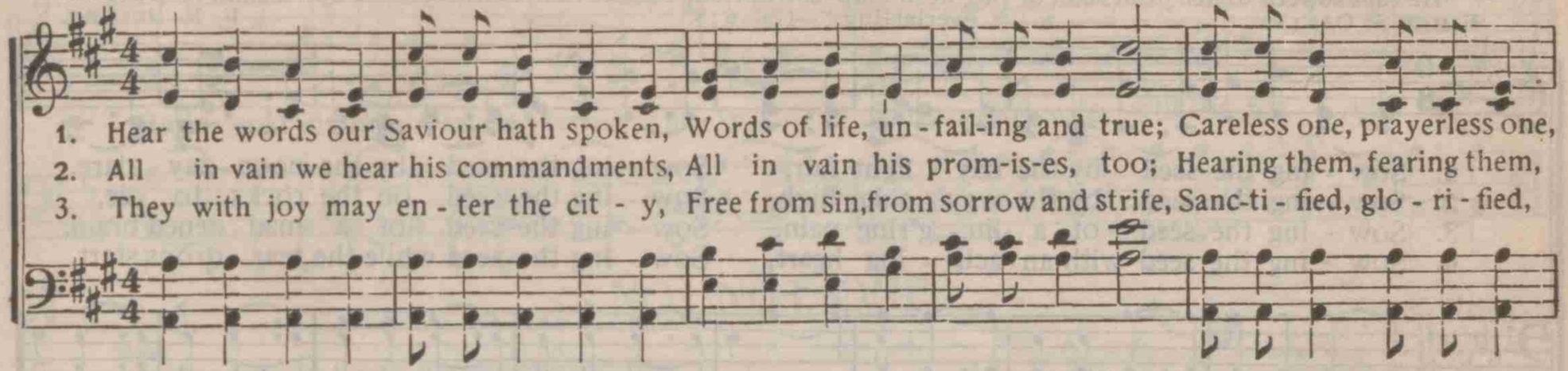
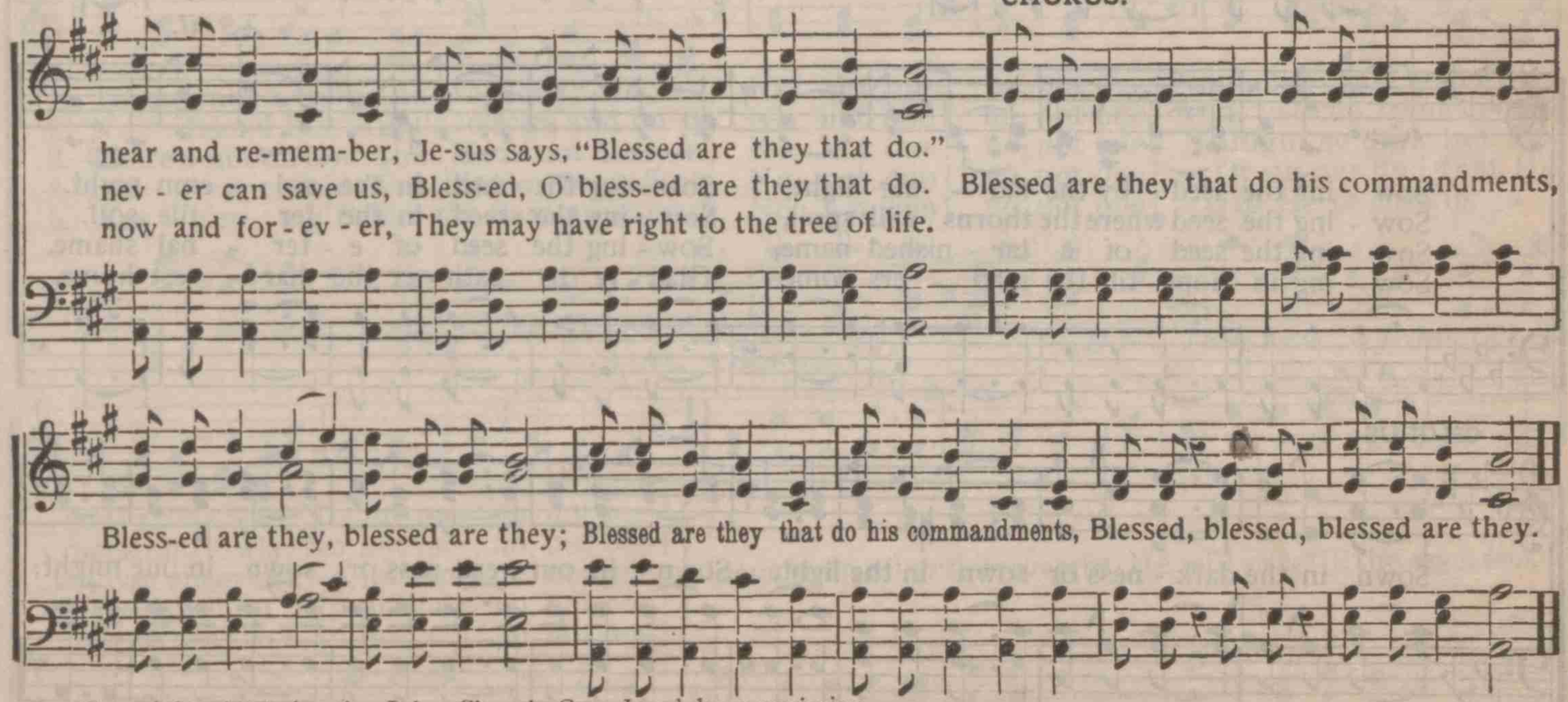
BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO.

"For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified."—Rom. 2 : 13.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.



CHORUS.



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WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

(SOLO, DUET, OR QUARTET, WITH FULL CHORUS.)

"He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall reap life everlasting."—Gal. 6:8.

EMILY S. OAKLEY. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Sow - ing the seed by the day - light fair, Sow - ing the seed by the noon - day glare,
2. Sow - ing the seed by the way - side high, Sow - ing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sow - ing the seed of a lin - g'ring pain, Sow - ing the seed of a mad - dened brain,
4. Sow - ing the seed with an ach - ing heart, Sow - ing the seed while the tear - drops start,

rit.

Sow - ing the seed by the fad - ing light, Sow - ing the seed in the sol - emn night.
Sow - ing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sow - ing the seed in the fer - tile soil.
Sow - ing the seed of a tar - nished name, Sow - ing the seed of e - ter - nal shame.
Sow - ing in hope till the reap - ers come Glad - ly to gath - er the har - vest home.

CHORUS.

Sown in the dark - ness or sown in the light, Sown in our weak - ness or sown in our might;

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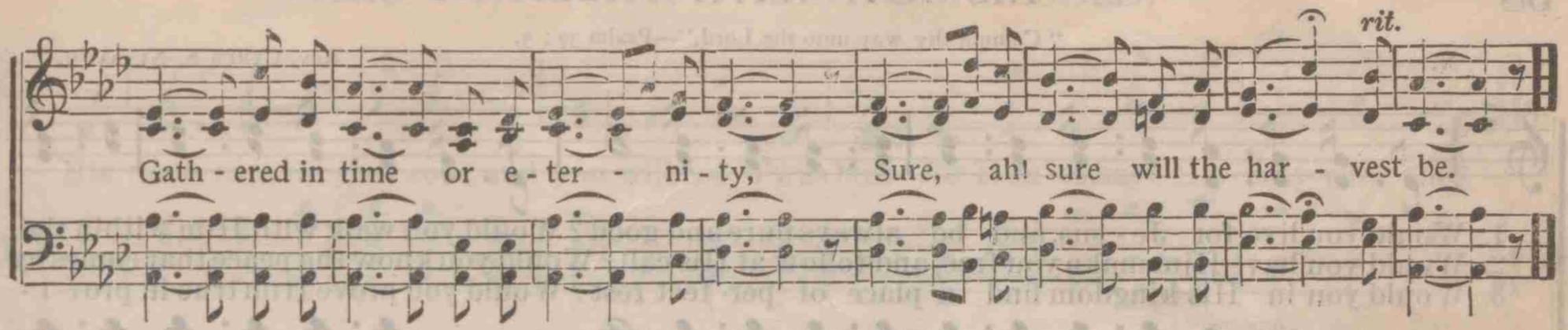
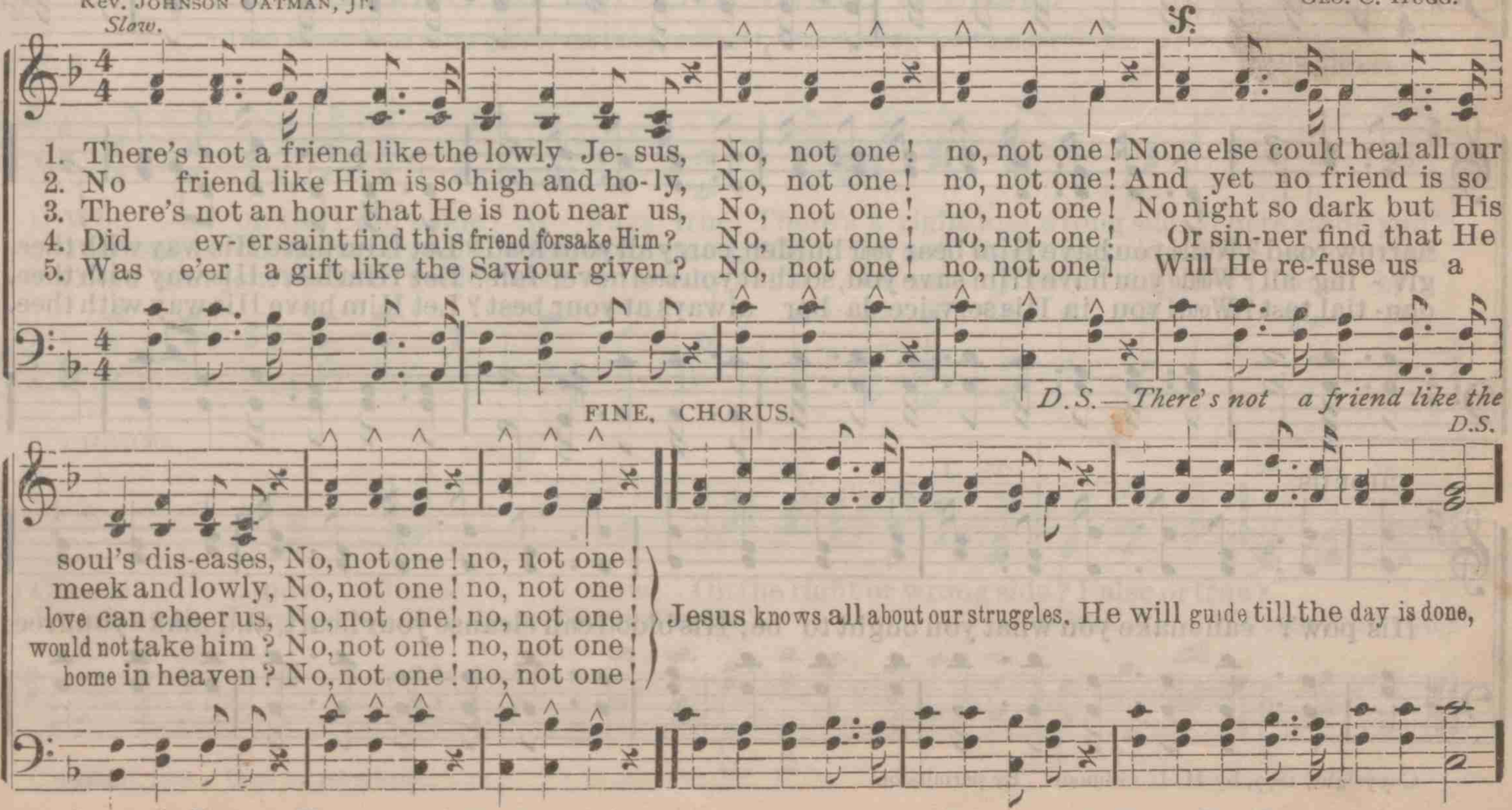
WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?—CONCLUDED.

57 NO, NOT ONE.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow.



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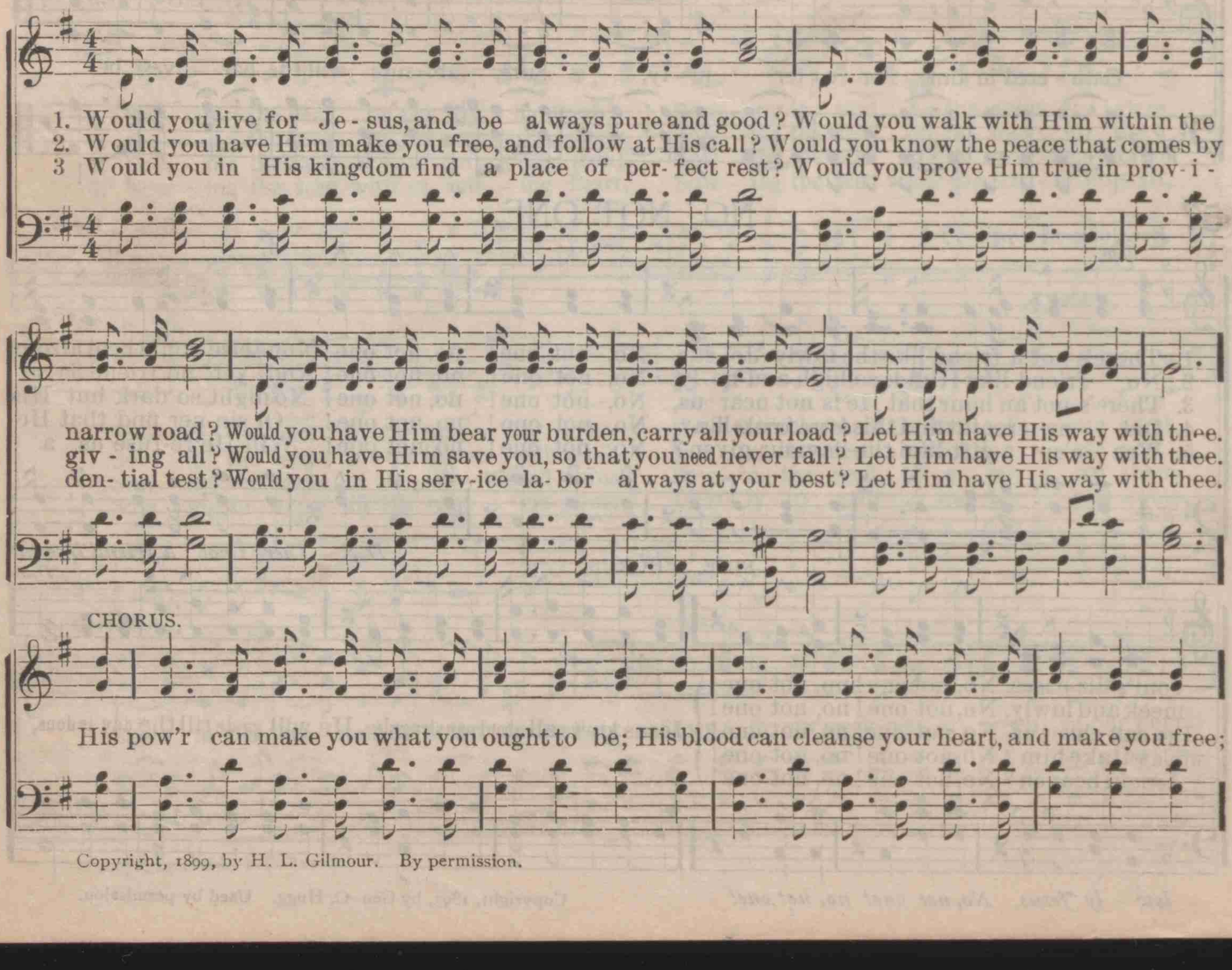
HIS WAY WITH THEE.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord."—Psalm 37 : 5.

C. S. N. Rev. CYRUS S. NUSBAUM.



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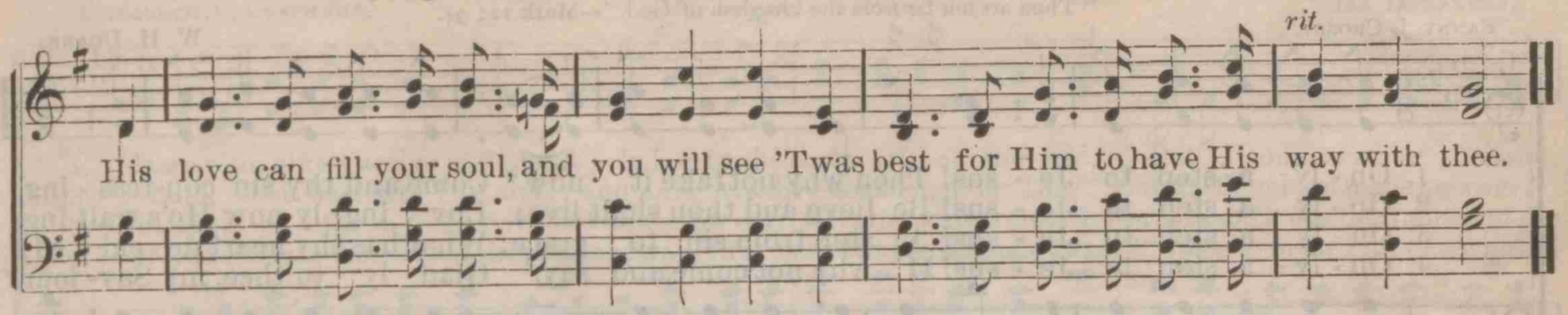
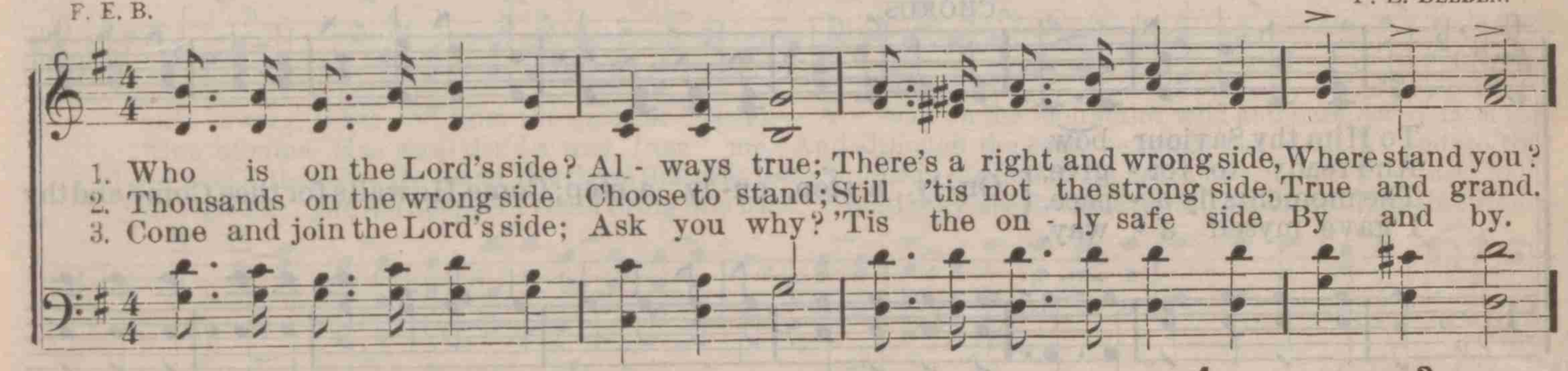
HIS WAY WITH THEE.—CONCLUDED.

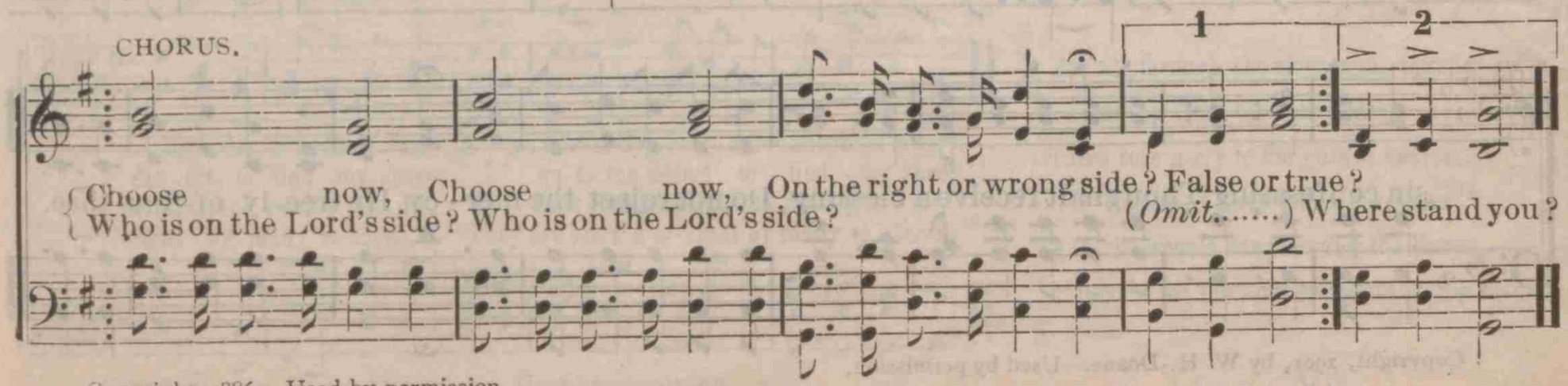


59 WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

"Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side?"—Ex. 32: 26.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.





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ONLY A STEP.

"Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."—Mark 12 : 34.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Then why not take it now? Come, and thy sin con-fess - ing,
2. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Be - lieve and thou shalt live; Lov - ing- ly now He's wait-ing,
3. On - ly a step to Je - sus! A step from sin to grace; What has thy heart de - cid - ed?
4. On - ly a step to Je - sus! O why not come, and say, Glad - ly to thee, my Sav- iour,

CHORUS.

To Him thy Saviour bow.
And ready to for - give.
The moments fly a - pace.
I gave myself a - way.

On- ly a step, on- ly a step; Come, He waits for thee, Come, and thy sin confesssing, Thou shalt receive a blessing; Do not reject the mer - cy He free- ly of-fers thee.

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THE NINETY AND NINE.

(May be sung as a Solo.)

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shelt- er of the fold, But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of gold;— A - way on the mountains wild and bare, Away from the
2. "Lord, thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not enough for Thee?" But the Shepherd made an-swer: "One of mine Has wan- der'd a-way from me, And although the road be rough and steep, I go to the
3. But none of the ransom'd ev - er knew How deep were the waters cross'd; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost, Out in the desert He heard its cry,— Sick and
4. "Lord, whence are these blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?" "They were shed for one who had gone a-stray, Ere the Shepherd could bring him back." "Lord, why are thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierc'd to-

ten - der Shepherd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care.
des- ert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."
helpless, and read-y to die, Sick and helpless, and read-y to die.
night by many a thorn," "They are pierc'd to-night by many a thorn."

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

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62 WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH JESUS?

F. G. BURROUGHS. "What shall I do with Jesus which is called Christ."—Matt. 27 : 22. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. What will you do with the King call- ed Je - sus? Ma - ny are wait- ing to hear you say,—Some have de-
2. What will you do for the King call- ed Je - sus, He who for you left His throne above? Here 'mid the
3. What will you do with the King call- ed Je - sus,—Who will sub - mit to His gen - tle sway? Where are the

spised Him, re- ject - ing His mer - cy, What will you do with your King to-day? What can you wit- ness con-
low - ly and sin - ful to la - bor, Dai - ly un-fold - ing His Father's love. Look on the fields white al-
hearts read - y now to enthrone Him? Who will His kind com - mands o - bey? Come with your ointments most

cern- ing His goodness, Who died to save you from sin's bit- ter thrall? Who will declare Him the fair - est of
read - y to har-vest, Who now is will- ing to toil with the few? What will you do for the dear Saviour,
cost - ly and pre-cious, Pour out your gifts at the dear Saviour's feet; Ren-der to Him all your loy - al de-

CHORUS. *Voices in unison.*

thousands? Who now will crown Him the Lord of all?
Je-sus? Lo, He is wait-ing, He calls for you!
vo-tion; Seek to ex - alt Him by prais- es meet.

What will you do with the King call'd Jesus? What, oh, what will you

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WHAT WILL YOU DO?—CONCLUDED.

Voices in parts.

do with Je - sus? He waits to bless all who hum-bly con-fess Faith in His blood and righteous-ness.

63 HE DID NOT DIE IN VAIN.

"Thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."—Rev. 15 : 9.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

(*Duet for Mezzo Sop. and Tenor, or Unison Chorus throughout.*)

1. My bless-ed Lord was cru - ci- fied; The day was dark and grief was wide; For hope was crushed, and all seemed vain, Un - til the Sav-iour rose a- gain.
2. He brings His great sal- vation nigh, And on His love bids us re - ly; He bought our peace thro' grief and pain; But oh! He did not die in vain!
3. O, wondrous news of life and love! That Je - sus lives and reigns a - bove; He made the path of glo - ry plain; Ah, no! He did not die in vain!

REFRAIN.

cres.

Ring out the blessed news again! Oh! bear aloft the strain; The mighty Lord is risen in pow'r; He died, but not in vain.

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WHITER THAN SNOW.

JAS. NICHOLSON. "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect-ly whole; I want thee for - ev - er, to live in my soul;
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a complete sac - ri - fice;
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most humbly en -treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at thy cru - ci - fied feet,
4. Lord Je - sus, thou seest I pa - tiently wait; Come now, and with- in me a new heart cre - ate;

Break down ev -'ry i - dol, cast out ev -'ry foe;
I give up my - self, and what -ev - er I know;
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow;
To those who have sought thee, thou nev - er said'st No;

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit- er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

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LIFE IN A LOOK.

F. E. B. "Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45 : 22. F. E. BELDEN.

1. There's life in a look at the sacred cross, Je - sus has said, "Look unto me;" Earth with its rich-es is
2. When first to the Saviour I raised my eyes, Sweet was the smile that fell on me; Oft as the clouds of temp-
3. I'll look to the cross ev'ry day and hour, Trusting the promise God has given; None ev - er fall neath the

CHORUS.

on - ly dross, Bright treasures beyond in the cross I see. In a look there's life for thee, In a look at Cal-va - ry; Blessed thought, salvation free, By a look at Cal-va - ry.
ta - tion rise, A look at the cross still my strength shall be. In a look there's life for thee, In a look at Cal - va - ry; Blessed thought, sal - va-tion free, By a look at Cal-va-ry.
tempter's pow'r, Who trust and obey in the strength of Heav'n. In a look there's life for thee,

rit.

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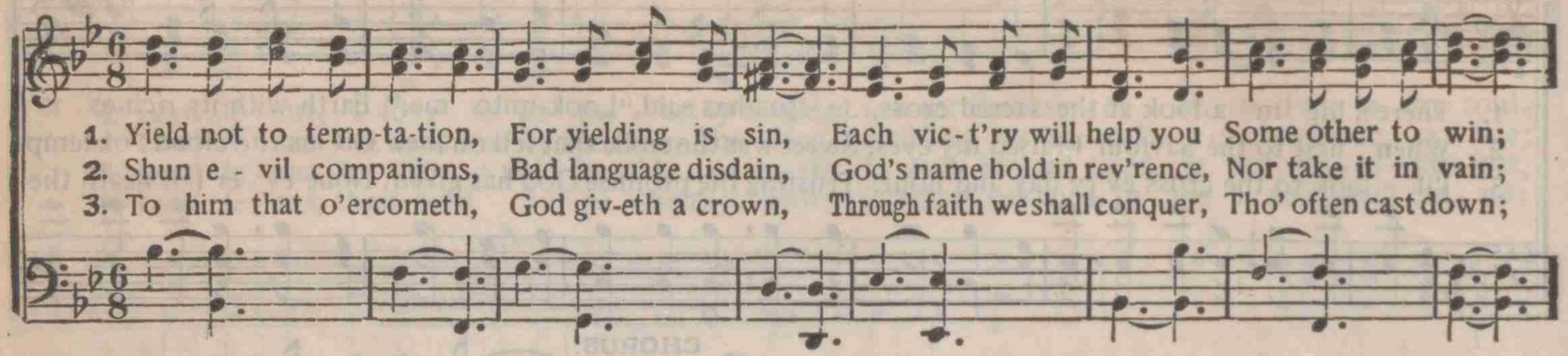
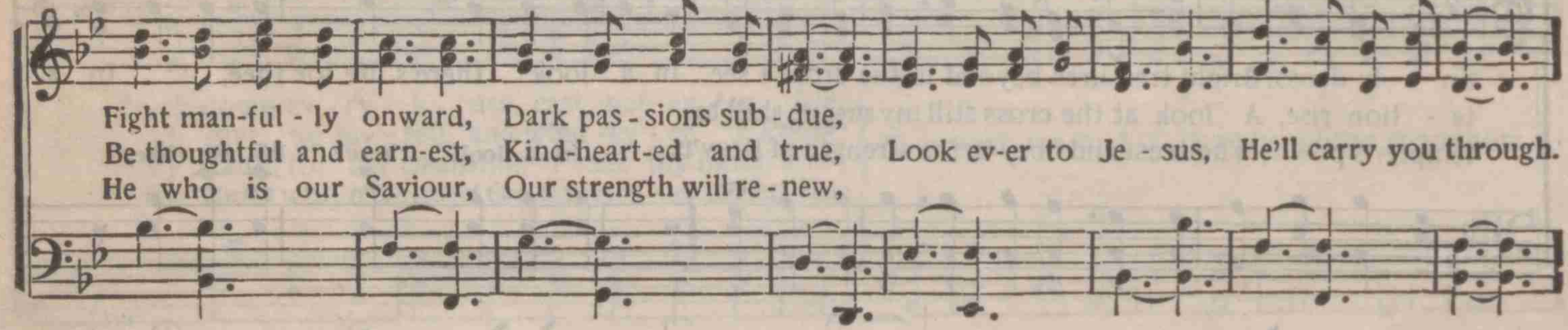
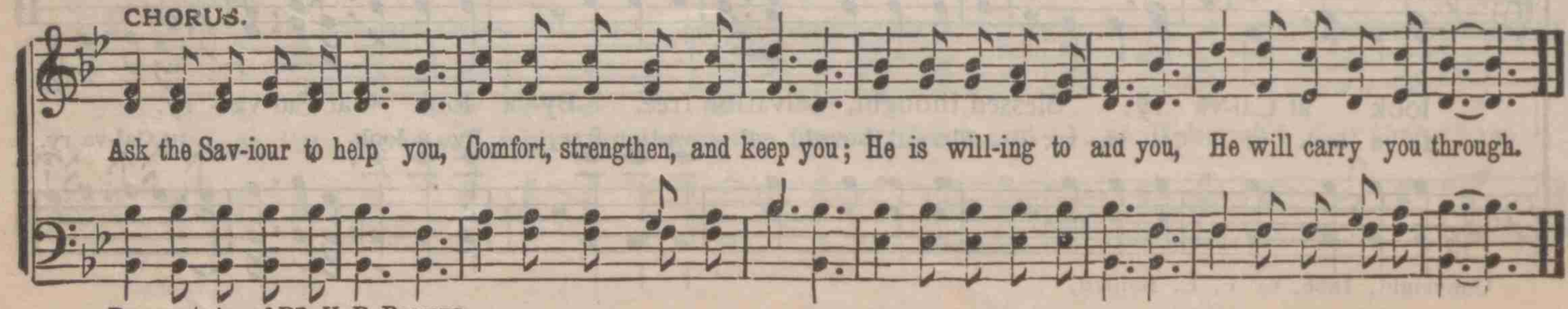
YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. P. "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—1 Cor. 10 : 13. H. R. PALMER.



CHORUS.



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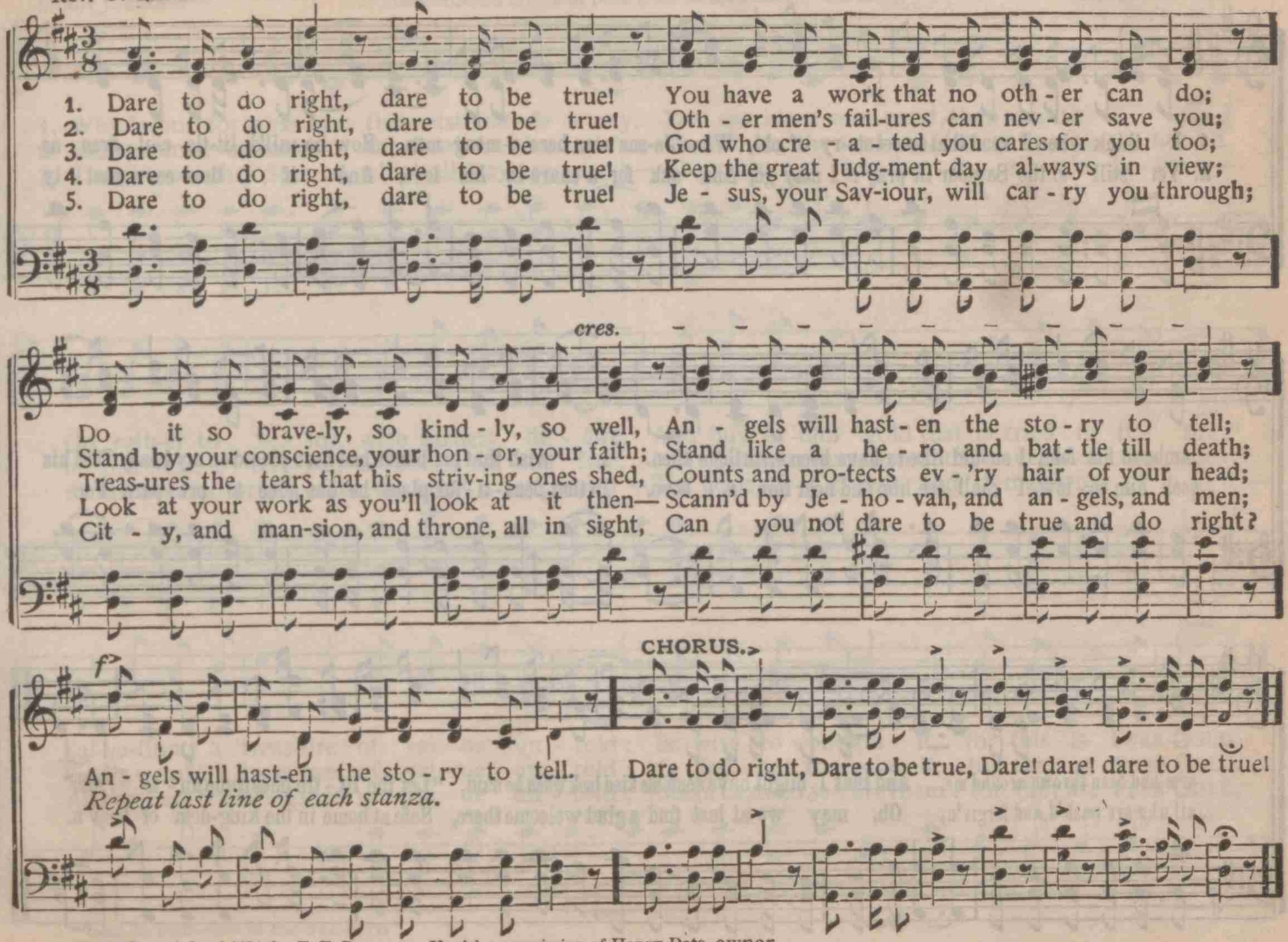
DARE TO DO RIGHT.

Rev. G. LANSING TAYLOR. "Fear not, I am with thee."—Isa. 41 : 10. F. E. BELDEN.



Repeat last line of each stanza.

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LET THE LITTLE ONES COME.

MRS. J. LUKE. "Forbid them not to come unto me."—Matt. 19: 14. ARRANGED by F. E. B.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je-sus was here a-mong men, How he call'd lit-tle chil-dren as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.
2. Yet still to the Saviour in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in his love, And if I thus ear-nest-ly seek him be-low, I shall see him and hear him a-bove.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arm had been thrown around me, And that I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the lit-tle ones come un-to me."
In that beau-ti-ful place he has gone to pre-pare For all who are wash'd and forgiv'n, Oh, may we at last find a glad welcome there, Safe at home in the king-dom of heav'n.

PURE GOLD.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Thou settest a crown of pure gold on his head."—Ps. 21:3. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Why la-bor for treas-ures that rust and de - cay, That sparkle a mo-ment, then van-ish a - way?
2. Each promise contain'd in the Book he has giv'n, Di-rect-ing the soul in its path-way to heav'n,
3. The gift of the Spir-it, which all may re-ceive — The rapture of par-don to all who be-lieve —

Go rath-er to Je - sus, with earnest de - sire, And buy of him "gold that is tried in the fire;"
Is priceless, e - ter - nal, un-bound-ed, and free, More precious than diamonds, or gems of the sea;
An an-swer to pray'r when the heart is oppress'd — The hope of a crown, and a man-sion of rest —

Sal-va-tion's a treas-ure of val - ue un - told; Be wise to ob-tain it, for this is PURE GOLD.
God's word is a treas-ure of val - ue un - told; O fail not to gain it, for this is PURE GOLD.
All these are bright treasures of val - ue un - told; Make haste to se-cure them for they are PURE GOLD.

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70 LEAD THEM TO THEE.

Words arranged. (DOANE. 6s & 4s.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. Lead them, my God, to Thee, Lead them to Thee,
2. When earth looks bright and fair, Fes - tive and gay,
3. E'en for such lit - tle ones, Christ came a child,
4. Yea, tho' my faith be dim, I would be - lieve

These chil-dren dear of mine, Thou gav - est me;
Let no de - lu - sive snare, Lure them a - stray;
And in this world of sin Lived un - de - filed.
That Thou this pre - cious gift Wilt now re - ceive;

O, by Thy love di - vine, Lead them, my God, to Thee;
But from temptation's pow'r, Lead them, my God, to Thee;
O, for His sake, I pray, Lead them, my God, to Thee;
O, take their young hearts now, Lead them, my God, to Thee;

Lead them, my God, to Thee, Lead them to Thee.

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71 I WILL EARLY SEEK THE SAVIOUR.

MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. I will ear - ly seek the Sav-iour, I will learn of
2. I will hast-en where He bids me, I am not too
3. He is stand-ing at the door-way Of es-cape from

Him each day; I will fol - low in His foot-steps,
young to go In the path-way where He lead - eth,
ev - 'ry sin; I will knock, for He has prom-ised,

D. S.—Je - sus loves me, died to save me,

END. CHORUS.

I will walk the nar - row way.
Not too young His will to know. For He loves me,
He will hear and let me in.

This is why I love Him so.

D. S.

yes, He loves me, Je - sus loves me, this I know;

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72 WHO'LL BE THE NEXT?

ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je-sus? Who'll be the
2. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je-sus—Fol - low His
3. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je-sus? Who'll be the

next His cross to bear? Some one is read-y, some one is
wea - ry bleeding feet? Who'll be the next to lay ev-'ry
next to praise His name? Who'll swell the chorus of free re-

REFRAIN.

waiting; Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
burden Down at the Father's mercy-seat? Who'll be the next?
redemption—Sing, hallelujah! praise the Lamb?

Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to fol - low Je-sus?

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Who'll be the next to follow Je-sus now? Follow Je-sus now?

73 JUST A WORD FOR JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Now just a word for Je- sus; Your dearest Friend so true,
2. Now just a word for Je- sus; You feel your sins for-giv'n,
3. Now just a word for Je- sus; A cross it can - not be
4. Now just a word for Je- sus; Let not the time be lost;
5. Now just a word for Je- sus; And if your faith be dim,

Come, cheer our hearts and tell us What He has done for you.
And by His grace are striving To reach a home in heav'n.
To say, "I love my Sav-iour Who gave His life for me."
The heart's neg-lect-ed du - ty Brings sorrow to its cost.
A - rise in all your weakness, And leave the rest to Him.

D.S.-One lit-tle word for Je-sus, O speak, or sing, or pray,

REFRAIN.

Now just a word for Je - sus—'Twill help us on our way;

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74 WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o-ver a-gain to me, Wonderful words of Life;
2. Christ, the blessed One, gives to all, Wonderful words of Life;
3. Sweetly e-cho the gos-pel call, Wonderful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau-ty see, Wonderful words of Life;
Sin-ner, list to the lov-ing call, Wonderful words of Life;
Of-fer par-don and peace to all, Wonderful words of Life;

Words of life and beau-ty, Teach me faith and du-ty,
All so free-ly giv-en, Woo-ing us to heav-en,
Je-sus, on-ly Sav-iour, Sanc-ti-fy for-ev-er,

Refrain.

Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life; Life.

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75 SEEKING FOR ME. E. E. Hasty.

1. Je-sus, my Saviour, to Beth-le-hem came, Born in a man-ger to sor-row and shame; O, it was won-der-ful,
2. Je-sus, my Saviour, on Cal-va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my soul He set free; O, it was won-der-ful,
3. Je-sus, my Saviour, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring a-far from the fold, Gen-tly and long did He
4. Je-sus, my Saviour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the prom-ise as wea-ry years fly; O, I shall see Him de-

Fine.

blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me. Seek-ing for me, seek-ing for me;
how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me. Dy-ing for me, dy-ing for me;
plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me. Call-ing for me, call-ing for me;
scending the sky, Com-ing for me, for me. Com-ing for me, com-ing for me;

D. S.

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76 CALLING.

W. L. T. *Slow and tenderly.* W. L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me;
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Think of the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

At the heart's portal He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mer - cies, Mer-cies for you and for me? Come home, come
Shadows are gath'ring and death's night is com - ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned He has mer - cy and par - don, Par-don for you and for me. Come home,

CHORUS.

home, . . Ye who are weary, come home; Ear-nest-ly come home,

cres. *p*

ten-der-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

rit. *pp*

77 LIKE AS A FATHER.

F. E. BELDEN. (Ps. 103: 13.) D. S. HAKES.

1. Like as a fa-ther pit-ies his child, So the Lord pit-ies the sin - ner de-filed; Wait-eth in kindness, Pit - ies our blindness, Long-eth to wel-come, tho' oft - en re-viled.
2. Like as a fa-ther when we be-lieve, Mer - ci-ful Saviour, He waits to receive; List - ens to hear us, Bless-es to cheer us, Pit - ies when-ev - er His Spir - it we grieve.
3. Like as a fa-ther, ev - er the same, He hath cre-a - ted, and knoweth our frame; Watch - eth the straying, Guardeth the pray-ing, Bids us to trust in His Al-might-y name.
4. Like as a fa-ther, constant is He, God in compassion re - gard - eth our plea; In need He com-eth, Pre-cious His prom - ise: Fa - ther in heav-en for ev - er to be.

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78 JESUS SAVES.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy-ful sound, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll-ing tide, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
3. Sing a-bove the bat-tle's strife, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
4. Give the winds a mighty voice, Je sus saves, Je-sus saves;

Spread the glad-ness all a-round, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
Tell to sin-ners, far and wide, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
By His death and end-less life, Je-sus saves Je-sus saves;
Let the na-tions now re-joice, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;

Bear the news to ev-'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Sing, ye is-lands of the sea Ech-o back, ye o-cean caves,
Sing it soft ly thro' the gloom, when the heart for mer-cy craves,
Shout salvation full and free, Highest hills and deep-est caves,

Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
Earth shall keep her ju-bi-lee, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
Sing in tri-umph o'er the tomb, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
This our song of vic-to-ry, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.

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79 THO' YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, O re-turn ye un-to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more;

QUARTET.

as snow; Tho' they be red ..... like crimson, They shall
to God! He is of great ..... com-pas-sion, And of
no more; "Look un to Me, ... ye peo-ple," Saith the

Tho' they be red,

DUET. *p* QUARTET. *f*

be as wool;" "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as
wondrous love; Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that en-
Lord your God; He'll forgive your transgressions, He'll forgive your trans-

p rit.

scar-let, They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow.
treats you, O re-turn ye un-to God! O re-turn ye un-to God!
gressions, And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

80 COVER WITH HIS LIFE.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Look up-on Je-sus, sin-less is He; Father, im-pute His life un-to me. My life of scar-let, my sin and woe,
2. Deep are the wounds transgression has made; Red are the stains, my soul is a-fraid. O to be cov-ered, Je-sus, with Thee,
3. Longing the joy of par-don to know, Je-sus holds out a robe white as snow: "Lord, I ac-cept it! leav-ing my own,
4. Re-con-ciled by His death for my sin, Jus-ti-fied by His life pure and clean. Sanc-ti-fied by o-bey-ing His word,

D. S.—*My life of scarlet, my sin and woe,*

END. REFRAIN.

Cov-er with His life, whiter than snow.
Safe from the law that now judgeth me! Cover with His life,
Glad-ly I wear Thy pure life a-lone."
Glo-ri-fied when re-turn-eth my Lord.

Cover with His life, whiter than snow.

D. S.

whiter than snow, Ful-ness of His life then shall I know;

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81 WHY NOT NOW?

EL. NATHAN. C. C. CASE.

1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
3. You have wandered far a-way; Do not risk an-oth-er day;
3. In the world you've fail'd to find Aught of peace for troubled mind;
4. Come to Christ, con-fes-sion make; Come to Christ and pardon take;

While our Fa-ther calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to-day ac-cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be-lieve, Peace and joy you shall receive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.

Why not now? Why not now? Why not come to Je sus now?
Why not now? Why not now?

Why not now? Why not now? Why not come to Je-sus now?
Why not now? Why not now?

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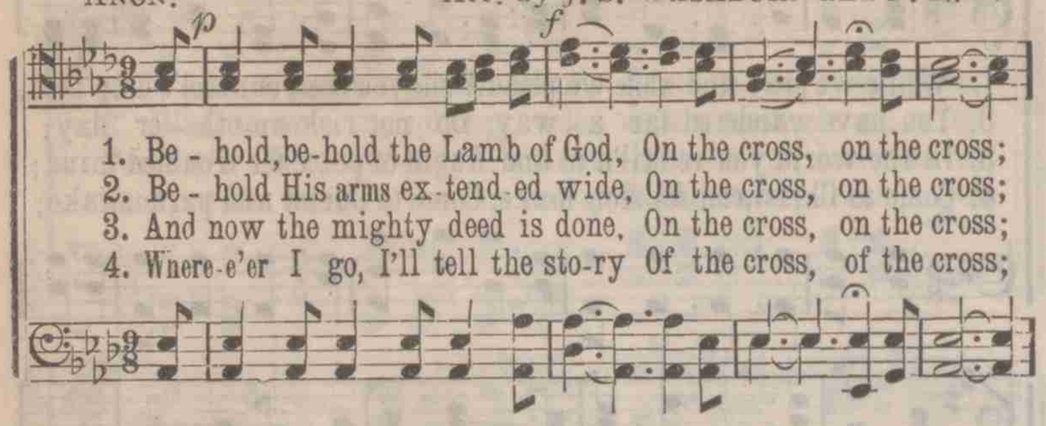
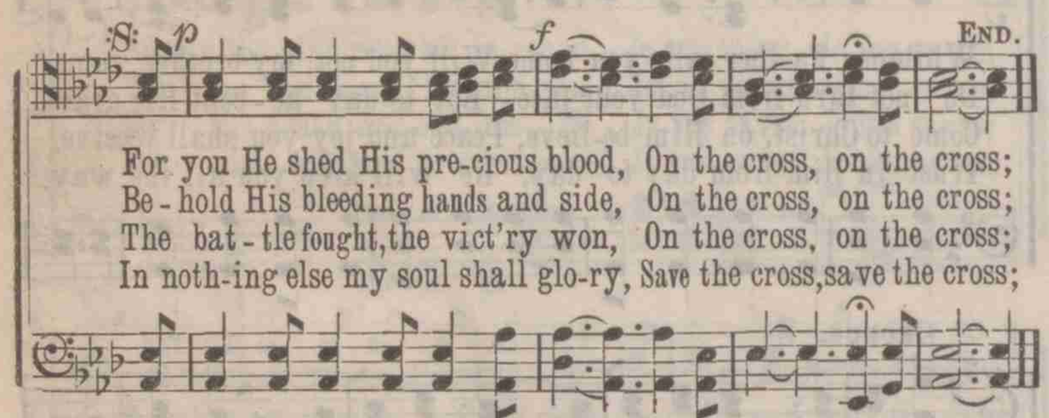
82 ON THE CROSS.

(For male voices.)

ANON. Arr. by J. S. WASHBURN and F. E. B.

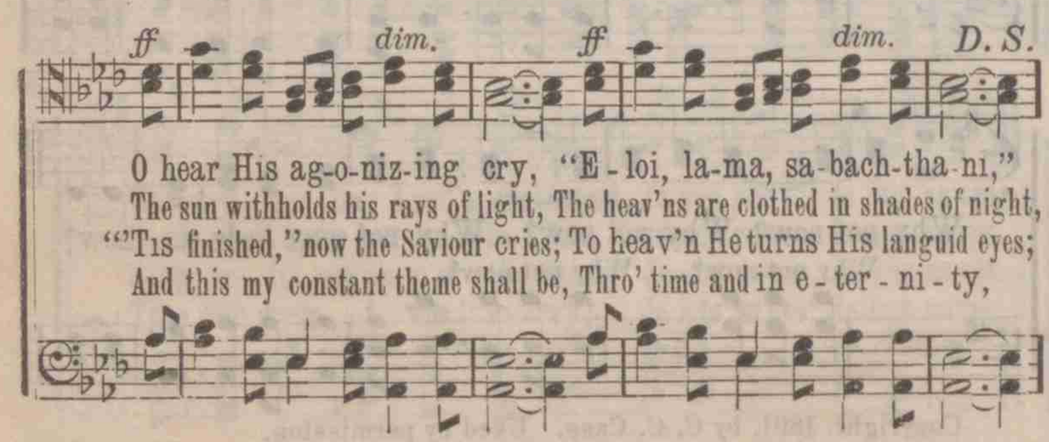


1. Be - hold, be-hold the Lamb of God, On the cross, on the cross;
2. Be - hold His arms ex-tend-ed wide, On the cross, on the cross;
3. And now the mighty deed is done, On the cross, on the cross;
4. Where-e'er I go, I'll tell the sto-ry Of the cross, of the cross;



For you He shed His pre-cious blood, On the cross, on the cross;
Be - hold His bleeding hands and side, On the cross, on the cross;
The bat - tle fought, the vict'ry won, On the cross, on the cross;
In noth-ing else my soul shall glo-ry, Save the cross, save the cross;

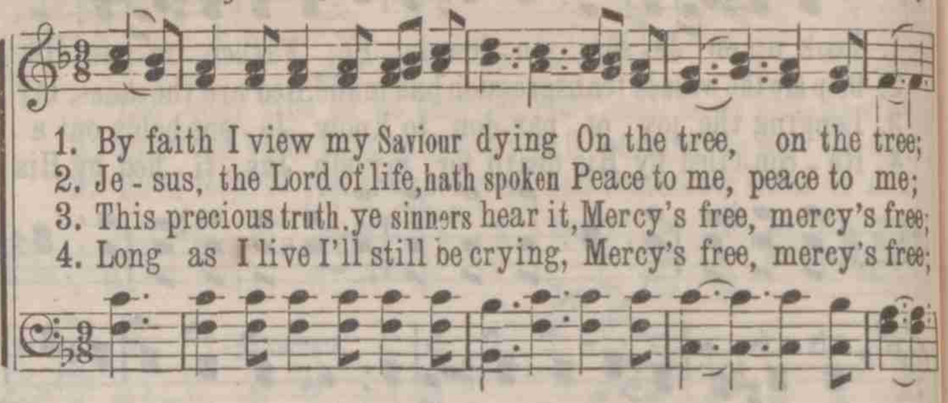
D.S.—Draw near, and see your Saviour die, On the cross, on the cross.
2. While Je - sus doth for sin-ners fight, On the cross, on the cross.
3. Then bows His sacred head, and dies, On the cross, on the cross.
4. That Je - sus shed His blood for me, On the cross, on the cross.

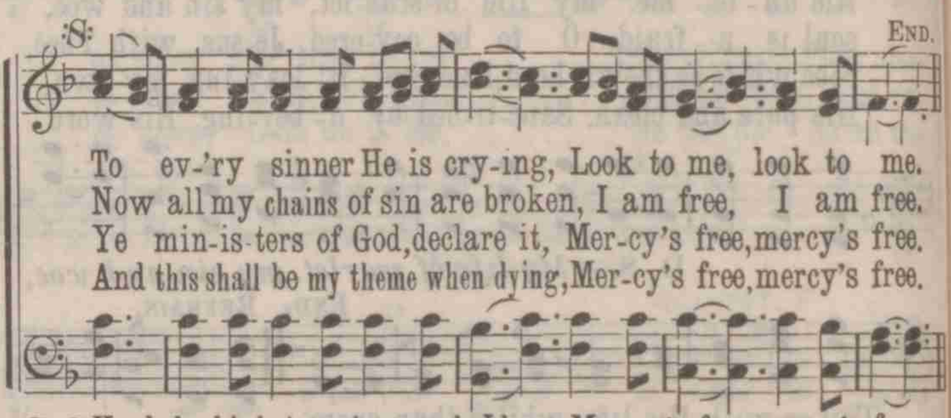


O hear His ag-o-niz-ing cry, "E - loi, la-ma, sa-bach-tha-ni,"
The sun withholds his rays of light, The heav'ns are clothed in shades of night,
"'Tis finished," now the Saviour cries; To heav'n He turns His languid eyes;
And this my constant theme shall be, Thro' time and in e - ter - ni - ty,

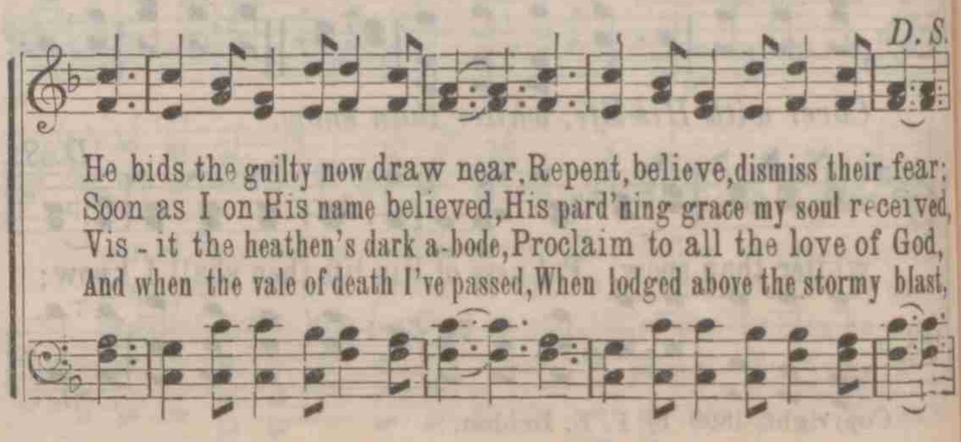
83 MERCY'S FREE.

RICHARD JUKES. D. F. AUBER.



1. By faith I view my Saviour dying On the tree, on the tree;
2. Je - sus, the Lord of life, hath spoken Peace to me, peace to me;
3. This precious truth, ye sinners hear it, Mercy's free, mercy's free;
4. Long as I live I'll still be crying, Mercy's free, mercy's free;

To ev-'ry sinner He is cry-ing, Look to me, look to me.
Now all my chains of sin are broken, I am free, I am free.
Ye min-is-ters of God, declare it, Mer-cy's free, mercy's free.
And this shall be my theme when dying, Mer-cy's free, mercy's free.

D.S. Hark, hark! what precious words I hear: Mer-cy's free, mercy's free.
2. And was from sin and death retrieved: Mer-cy's free, mercy's free.
3. And spread the glorious news a-broad, Mer-cy's free, mercy's free.
4. I'll sing while endless a-ges last, Mer-cy's free, mercy's free.



He bids the guilty now draw near, Repent, believe, dismiss their fear;
Soon as I on His name believed, His pard'ning grace my soul received,
Vis - it the heathen's dark a-bode, Proclaim to all the love of God,
And when the vale of death I've passed, When lodged above the stormy blast,

84 AT THE DOOR.

Mrs. U. L. Bailey. Rev. Robert Lowry.

Tenderly.

1. The mistakes of my life are man - y, The sins of my heart are more, And I scarce can see for weep-ing, But I
2. I am low - est of those who love Him, I am weak-est of those who pray; But I come as He has bid- den, And
3. My mistakes His free grace will cover, My sins He will wash a - way, And the feet that shrink and fal-ter, Shall

CHORUS.

knock at the o - pen door.
He will not say me nay.
walk thro' the gates of day.
} I know I am weak and sin-ful,

It comes to me more and more; But since the dear

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Sav-iour has bid me come in, I'll en- ter the o - pen door.

85 THE LOVE OF JESUS.

W. E. Littlewood. T. E. Perkins.

1. There is no love like the love of Je - sus, Nev- er to fail or fall, Till in- to the fold of the peace of God, He has
2. There is no heart like the heart of Je - sus, Fill'd with a tender love; No throb of woe that our hearts can know, But He
3. Oh, heark-en now to the voice of Je - sus; Why will you longer roam? There's peace and rest on His loving breast, And a

D. S.—Oh, turn to that love, weary, wand'ring soul, Jesus

FINE. CHORUS. *D.S.*

gathered us all.
feels it a-bove.
glad heav'nly home.
} Jesus' love, precious love, Boundless and pure and free!

pleadeth for thee.

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86 THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

W. L. T. WILL. L. THOMPSON.

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

There's a great day coming by and by, When the saints and the
There's a bright day coming by and by, But its brightness shall
There's a sad day coming by and by, When the sinner shall

sin-ners shall be part - ed right and left, Are you read y
on - ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you read-y
hear his doom "De-part, I know ye not," Are you read-y

CHORUS.

for that day to come? Are you ready? Are you ready?

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GREAT DAY.—CONCLUDED.

1 2

Are you ready for the judgment day? for the judgment day?

87 PASS ME NOT.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry,
2. Let me at the throne of mercy Find a sweet re-lief;
3. Trusting on-ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me;

FINE.

While on oth-ers Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.
Kneeling there in deep contrition, Help my un - be-lief.
Heal my wounded, broken spir- it, Save me by Thy grace?
Whom have I on earth be-side thee! Whom in heav'n but Thee?

D.S.—While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

CHORUS. D.S.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum-ble cry;

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88 ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

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

1. Have you been to Je- sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you
2. Are you walk-ing dai- ly by the Saviour's side? Are you
3. When the bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, Pure, and
4. Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin, And be

wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful- ly trust-ing
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read- y
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing

D. S.—Are your garments spotless,
FINE.

in His grace this hour? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
in the Crucified? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
for the mansions bright, And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
for the soul unclean, O be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!

are they white as snow! Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

CHORUS.

Are you wash'd in the blood,
Are you wash'd in the blood,

Used by permission.

D.S.

In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
In the soul-cleansing blood, in the blood of the Lamb?

89 ALMOST PERSUADED.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Almost persuaded now to be- lieve, Almost persuaded
2. Almost persuaded, come, come, to-day: Almost persuaded;
3. Almost persuaded; harvest is past; Almost persuaded;

Christ to re - ceive. Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir-it,
turn not a - way. Je - sus invites you here, An- gels are
doom comes at last! "Al-most" can not a-vail, "Almost" is

go Thy way, Some more convenient day On Thee I'll call."
ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wand'rer come!
but to fail! Sad, sad that bit-ter wail—"Almost,—but lost!"

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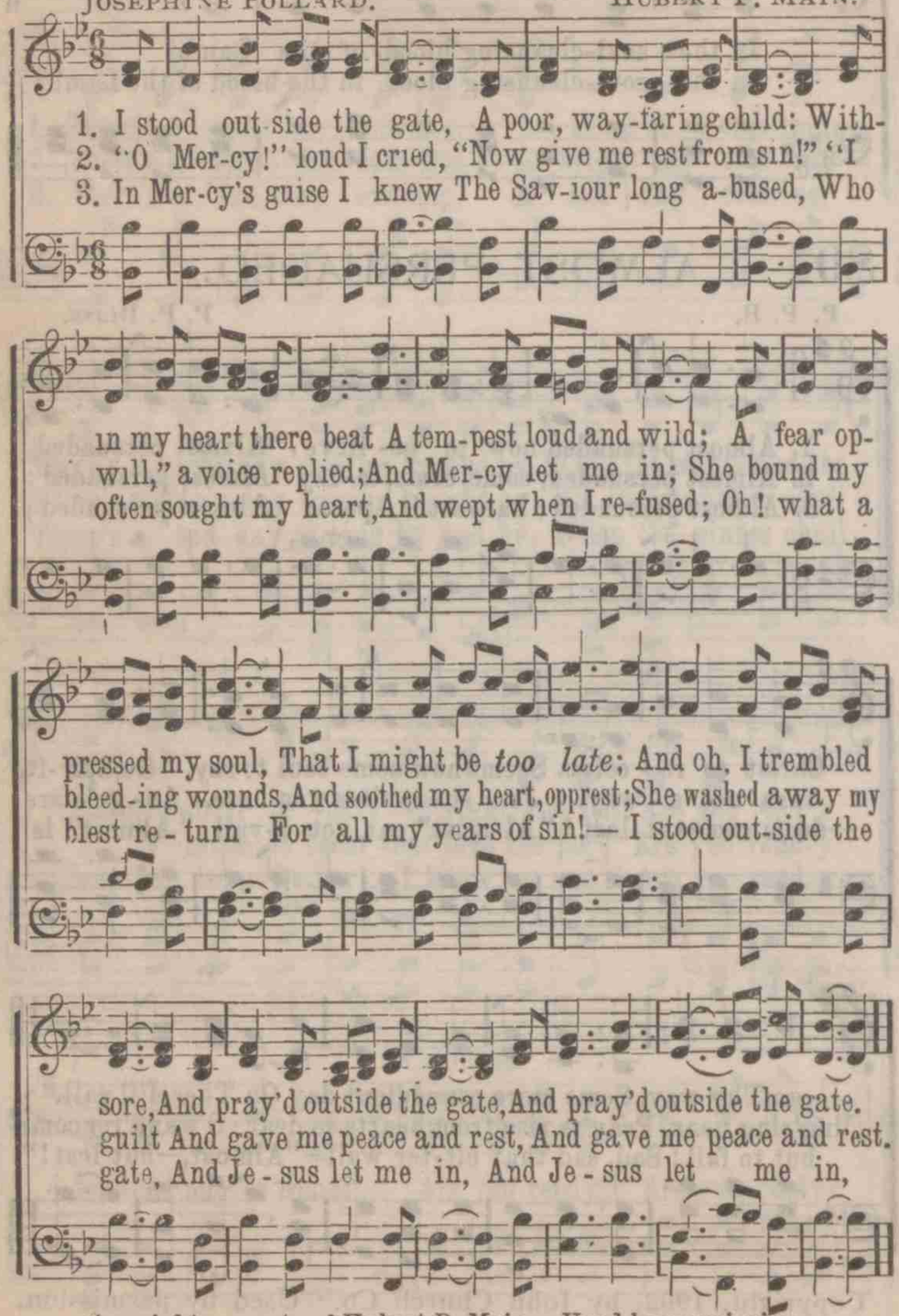
90 I STOOD OUTSIDE THE GATE.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. HUBERT P. MAIN.



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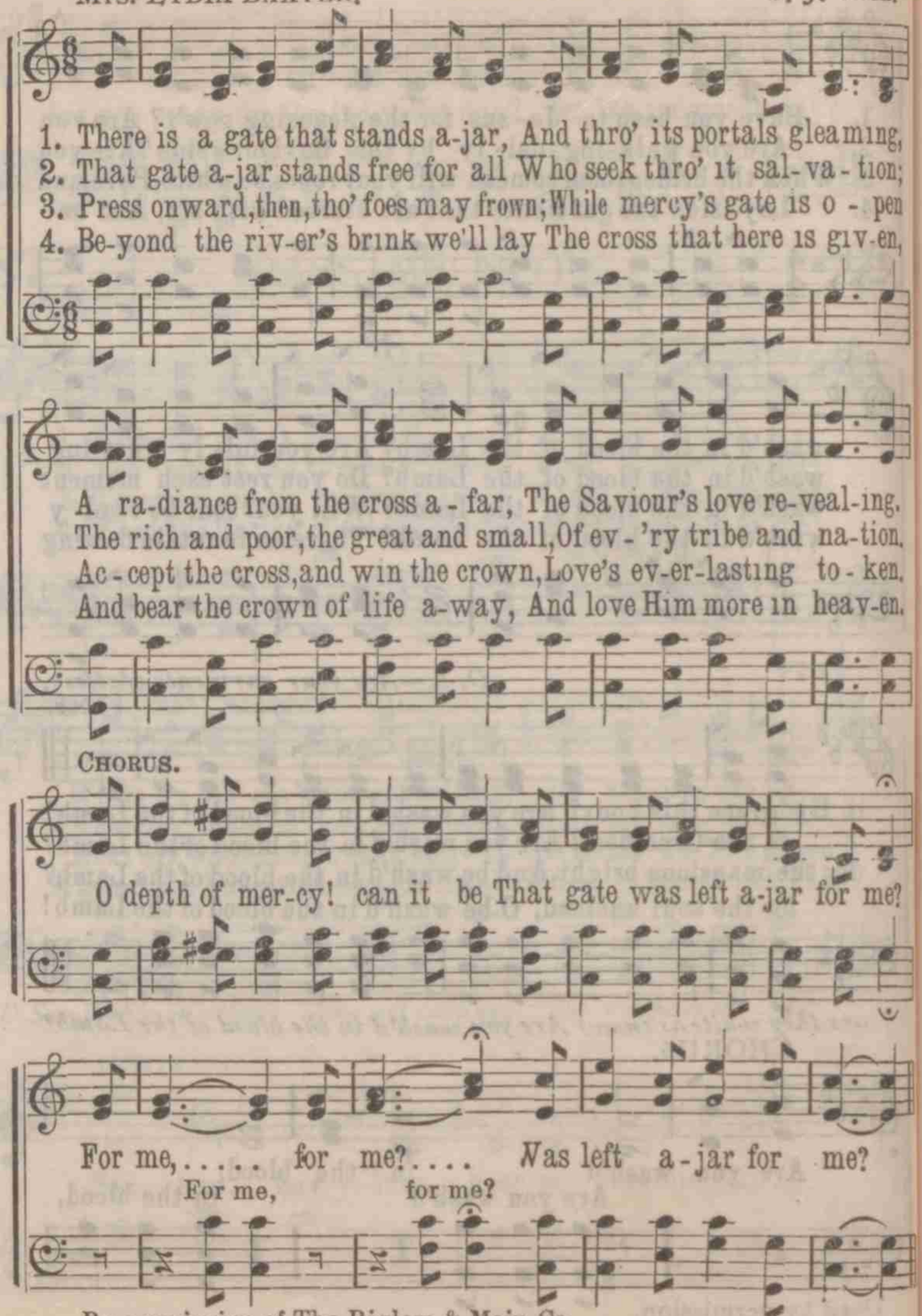
91 THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. S. J. VAIL.



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92 WEEPING WILL NOT SAVE ME.

R. L. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Weep-ing will not save me— Tho' my face were bathed in tears,
2. Working will not save me— Pur-est deeds that I can do,
3. Wait-ing will not save me—Help-less, guilt-y, lost I lie,
4. Faith in Christ will save me— Let me trust thy weep-ing Son,

That could not al-lay my fears, Could not wash the sins of years—
Ho-liest thoughts and feelings, too, Can not form my soul a-new—
In my ear is mer-cy's cry; If I wait I can but die—
Trust the work that he has done; To his arms, Lord, help me run—

Refrain.

Weeping will not save me.
Working will not save me.
Wait-ing will not save me.
Faith in Christ will save me.
} Je-sus wept and died for me; Je-sus suffered

on the tree; Je-sus waits to make me free: He a-lone can save me.

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93 NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD.

R. L. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. What can wash a-way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Je-sus;
2. For my cleansing this I see— Nothing but the blood of Je-sus;
3. Noth-ing can for sin a-tone—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus;
5. Glo-ry! glo-ry! thus I sing—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus;

What can make me pure within? Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.
For my par-don this my plea—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.
Naught of good that I have done—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.
This is all my righteousness—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.
All my praise for this I bring—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.

Refrain.

Oh, pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

No oth-er fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.

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94 THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

WILLIAM HUNTER. ARR. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The great Phys-i-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je - sus;
2. Your man - y sins are all for-giv'n, O hear the voice of Je - sus;
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je - sus;
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear; No oth - er name but Je - sus;
5. And when he comes to bring the crown,—The crown of life and glo - ry;

He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus!
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
I love the bless-ed Sav-iour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
O how my soul de-lights to hear The precious name of Je - sus!
Then by his side we will sit down, And tell re-demp-tion's sto - ry.

Chorus.

Sweetest note in ser-aph song, Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue,
Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung,— Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus!

95 ONLY TRUST HIM.

J. H. STOCKTON. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev -'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord,
2. For Je-sus shed his precious blood Rich blessings to be-stow;
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go,

And he will sure-ly give you rest, By trust-ing in his word.
Plunge now in - to the crimson flood That washes white as snow.
Be-lieve in him with-out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les-tial land, Where joys immortal flow.

Chorus.

On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.

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96 WHAT HAST THOU DONE?

Miss F. R. Havergal. J. E. White.

1. I gave my life for Thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
2. My Father's house of light, My glo - ry-cir-cled throne,
3. I suffered much for Thee, More than Thy tongue can tell,

That Thou might'st ransom'd be, And quicken'd from the dead,
I left for earth-ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;
Of bitt-'rest ag - o - ny. To res- cue Thee from hell;

I gave, I gave my life for Thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?
I left, I left it all for Thee, Hast Thou left aught for me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for Thee, What hast Thou borne for me?

I gave, I gave my life for Thee, What hast Thou giv'n for me?
I left, I left it all for Thee, Hast Thou left aught for me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for Thee, What hast Thou borne for me?

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97 NOT TRY, BUT TRUST.

E. G. Taylor, D. D. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Not saved are we by try-ing, From self can come no aid; 'Tis
2. 'Twas vain for Is-rael bit - ten By ser-pents on their way, To
3. No deeds of ours are need-ed To make Christ's merit more; No

on the blood re - ly-ing, Once for our ransom paid; 'Tis looking
look to their own do-ing, That awful plague to stay; The rem-e-
frames of mind, or feel-ings, Can add to His great store; 'Tis simply

un - to Je-sus, The ho - ly One and just; 'Tis His great work that saves us,
dy and healing, When humbled in the dust, Was of the Lord's revealing.
to re-ceive Him, The ho-ly One and just, 'Tis on-ly to believe Him,

D. S.—'Tis His great work that saves us;

End. Chorus. *D. S.*

It is not Try, but Trust. It is not Try, but Trust, It is not Try, but Trust;

It is not Try, but Trust.

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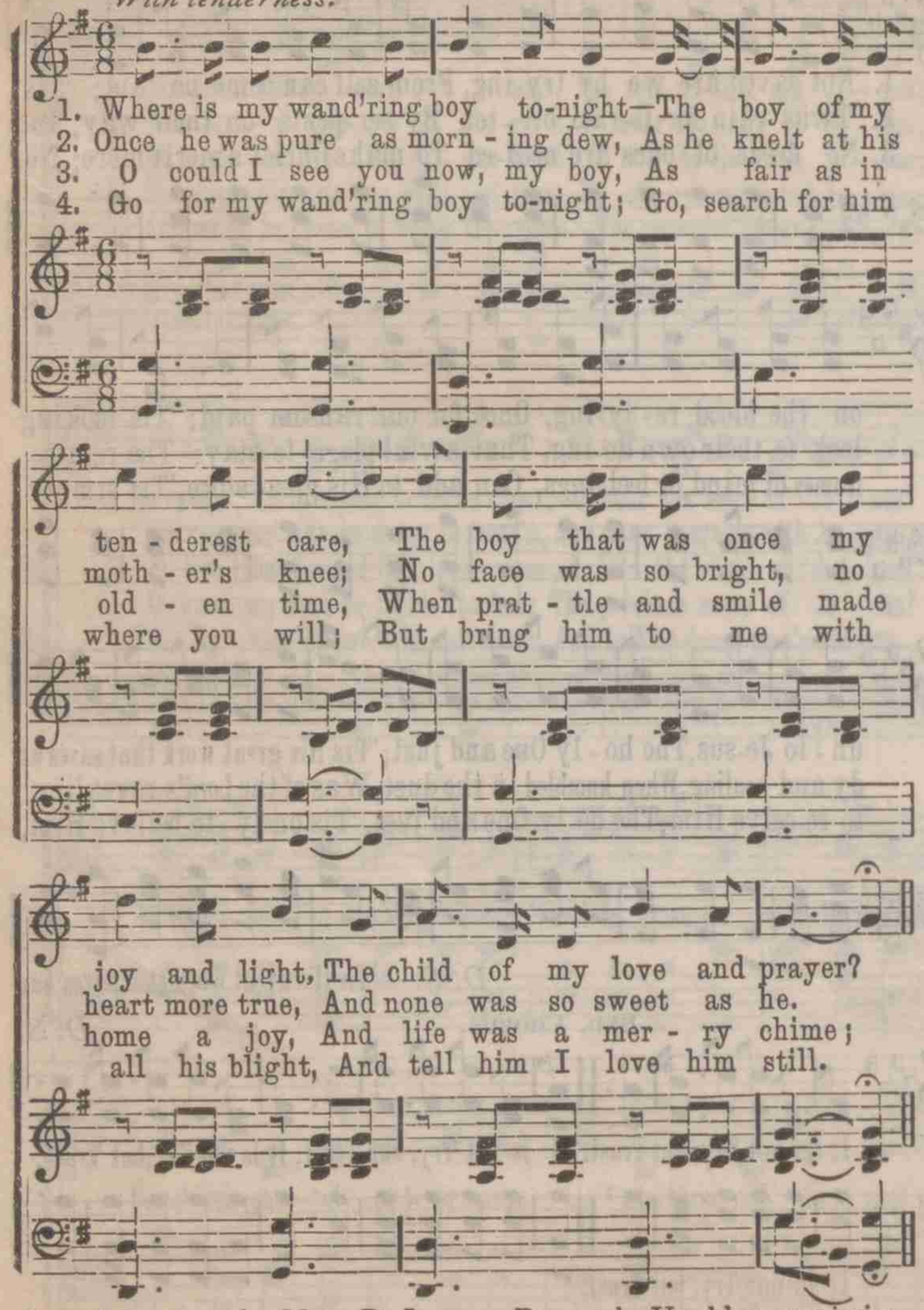
98 WHERE IS MY BOY TO-NIGHT?

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

With tenderness.



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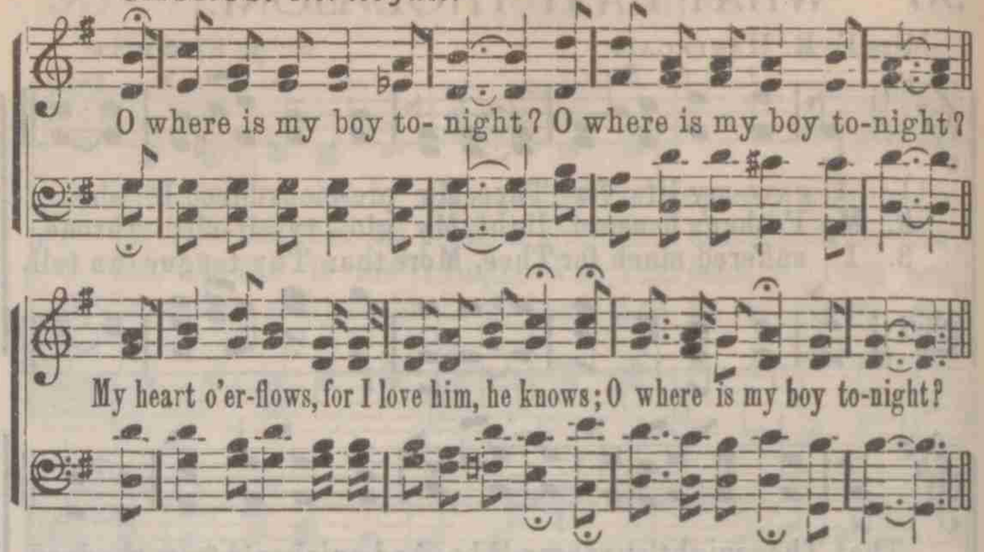
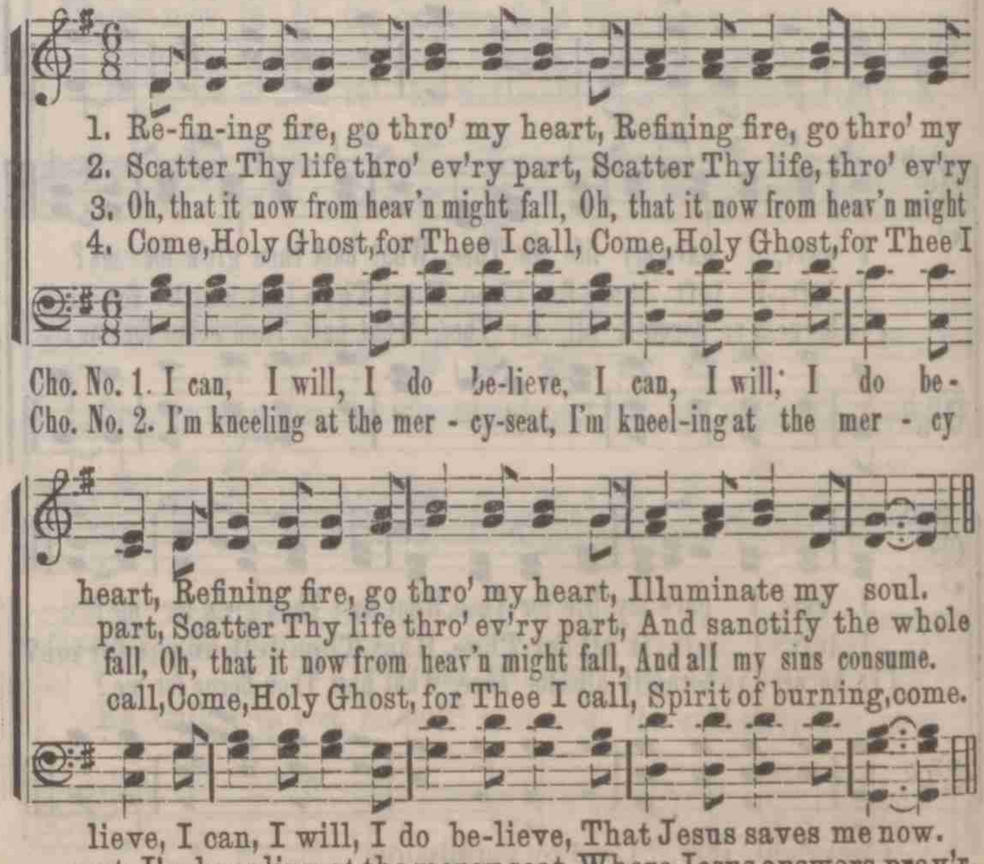
CHORUS. *Not too fast.*



99 I CAN, I WILL.



100 NOTHING FOR JESUS.

MRS. M. D. JAMES. W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Crowded is your heart with cares, Have you no room for Je - sus?
2. Wasting all your precious hours, Have you no work for Je - sus?
3. Seeking earth's possessions fair, Have you no time for Je - sus?
4. Bear-ing on-ly worthless leaves, Have you no fruit for Je - sus?

Capt-ured by earth's gild-ed snares, Have you no room for Je - sus?
Spend-ing those God-given pow'rs, Have you no work for Je - sus?
None for gracious deeds to spare, Have you no time for Je - sus?
In your hands no precious sheaves, Have you no fruit for Je - sus?

Lo! he's standing at your door, Knocking, knocking, o'er and o'er;
Striv-ing not to conquer sin, Seek-ing not a soul to win,
Worldly pleasures, wealth, and ease, Seeking, grasping toys like these,
Not a grain to store away, Naught your la-bor to re - pay,

Hear him pleading ev-er-more; Have you no room for Je- sus?
Bringing not a wand'rer in; Have you no work for Je- sus?
Striv-ing on-ly self to please; Have you no time for Je-sus?
Not a joy for that great day When you shall meet with Je- sus.

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101 I AM COMING, LORD.

L. H. REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee;
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure;
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love,
4. All hail, a - ton-ing blood! All hail, re-deem-ing grace!

For cleansing in thy pre-cious blood, That flow'd on Calva - ry.
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse, Till spot-less all, and pure.
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n above.
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Righteousness.

Chorus.

I am com-ing, Lord! Com - ing now to thee!

Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

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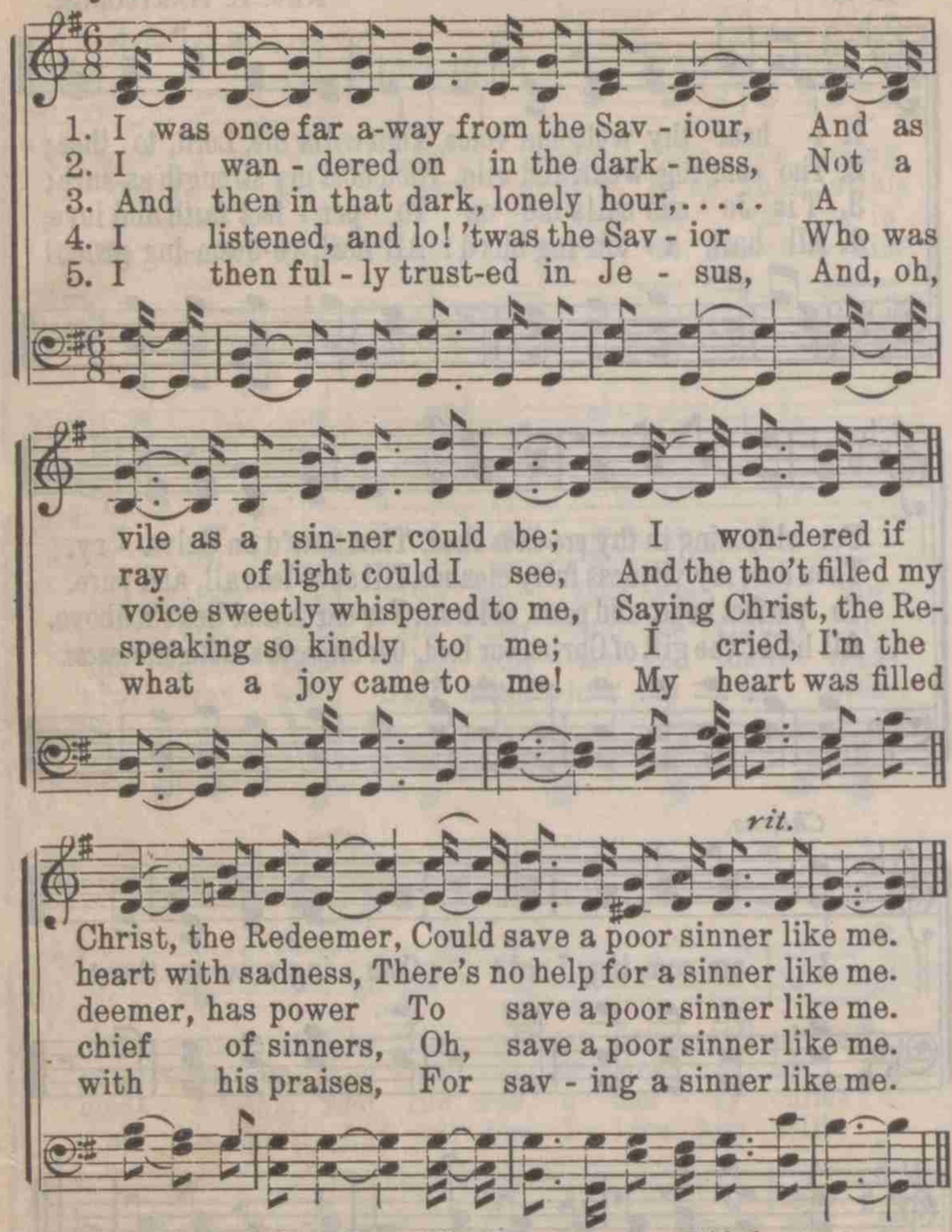
102 A SINNER LIKE ME.

C. J. B. C. J. BUTLER.



6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise him for ever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

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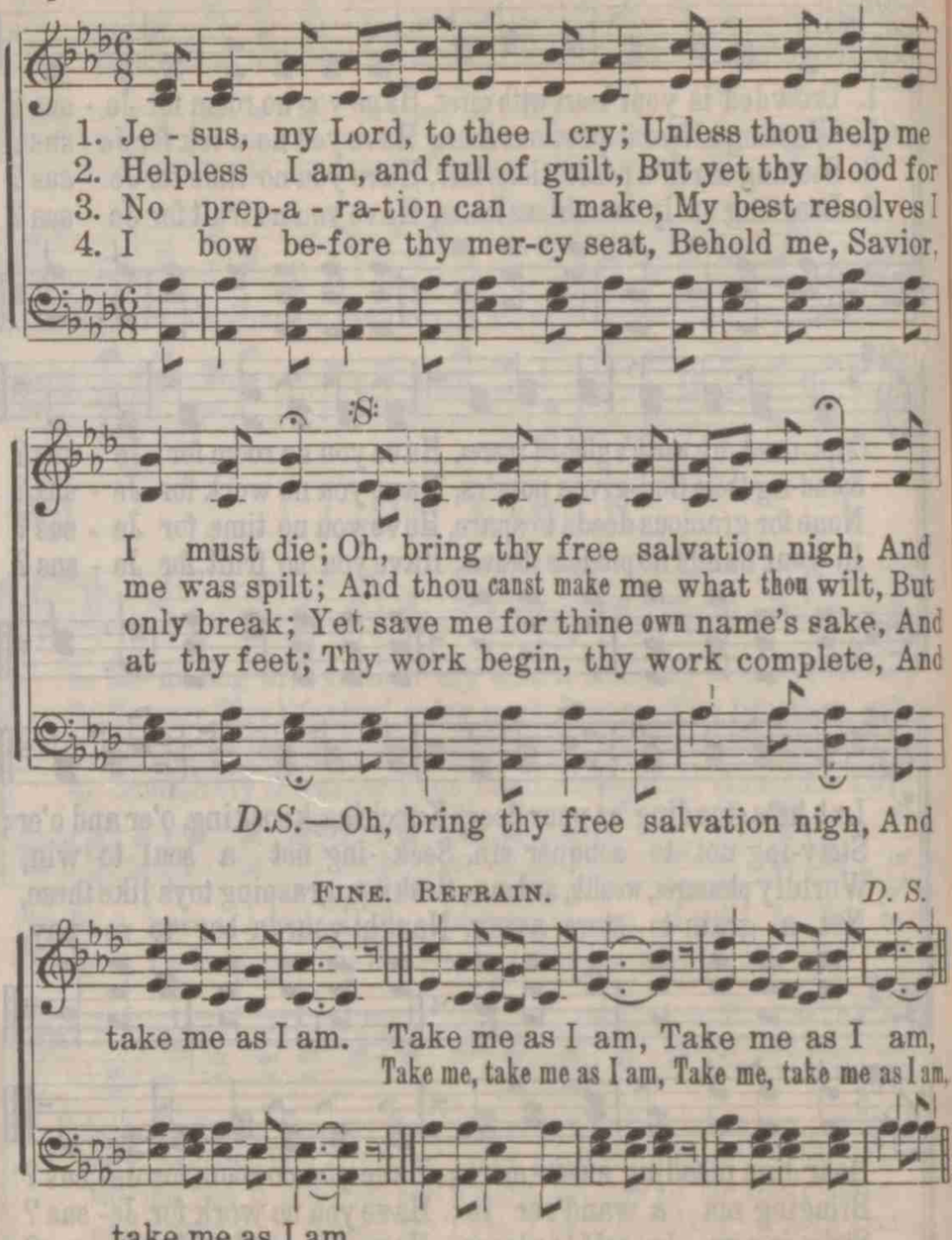
103 TAKE ME AS I AM.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.

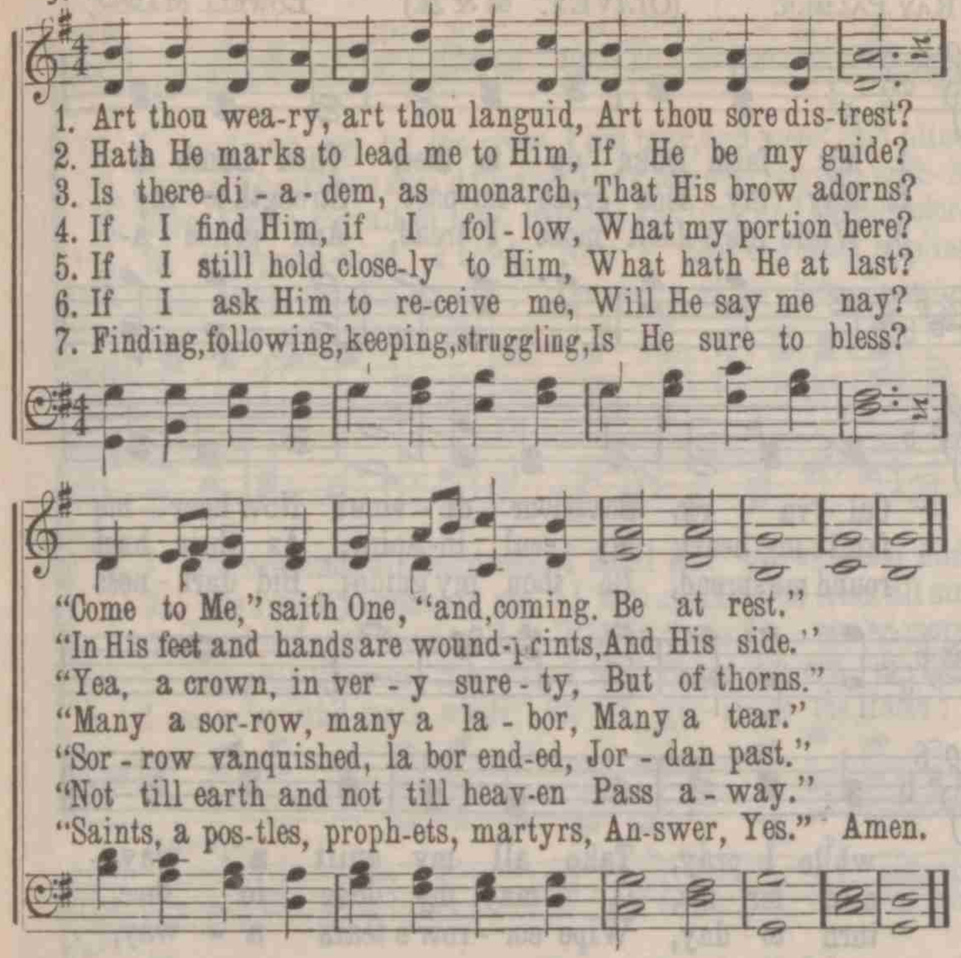


5 If thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew;
And work both in, and by me, too,
And take me as I am.

6 And when at last the work is done,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Lord, take me as I am.

104 ART THOU WEARY?

J. M. NEALE. (STEPHANOS 8, 5, 8, 3.) H. W. BAKER.

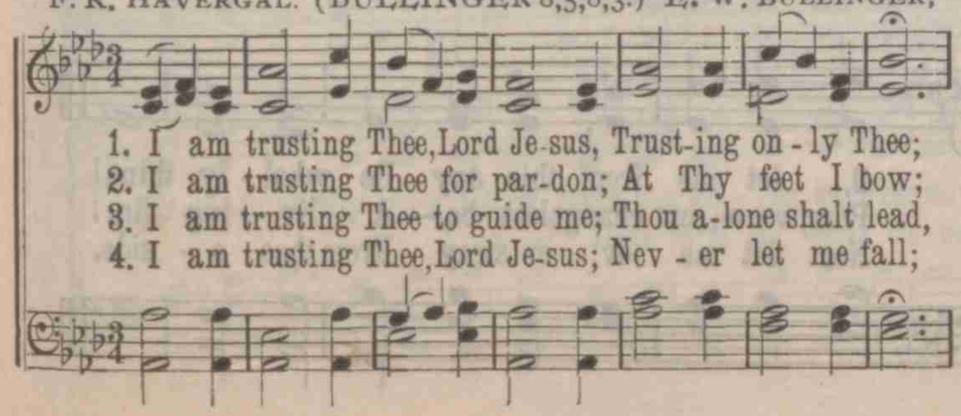


1. Art thou wea-ry, art thou languid, Art thou sore dis-trest?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?
3. Is there di - a - dem, as monarch, That His brow adorns?
4. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What my portion here?
5. If I still hold close-ly to Him, What hath He at last?
6. If I ask Him to re-ceive me, Will He say me nay?
7. Finding, following, keeping, struggling, Is He sure to bless?

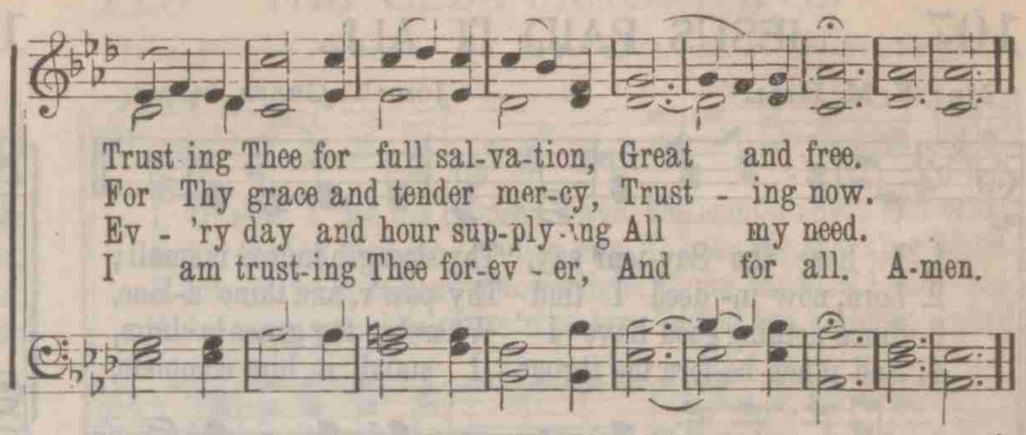
"Come to Me," saith One, "and, coming. Be at rest."
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
"Yea, a crown, in ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns."
"Many a sor-row, many a la - bor, Many a tear."
"Sor - row vanquished, la bor end-ed, Jor - dan past."
"Not till earth and not till heav-en Pass a - way."
"Saints, a pos-tles, proph-ets, martyrs, An-swer, Yes." Amen.

105 TRUSTING THEE, LORD JESUS.

F. R. HAVERGAL. (BULLINGER 8,5,8,3.) E. W. BULLINGER.



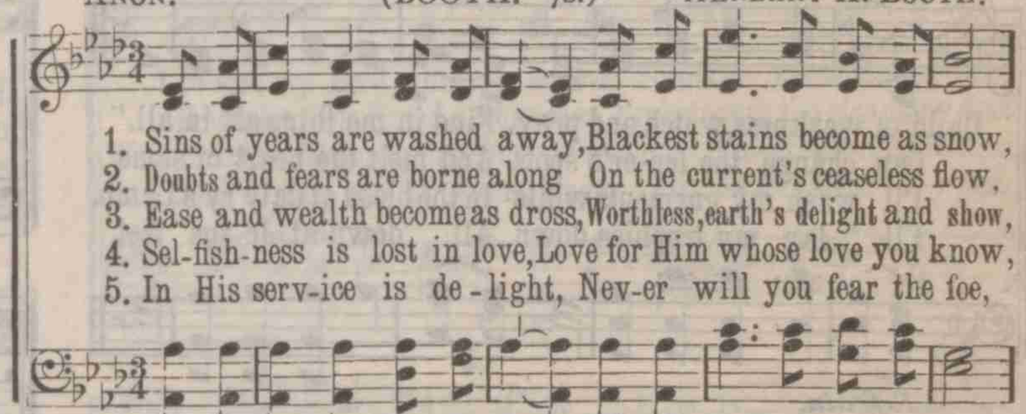
1. I am trusting Thee, Lord Je-sus, Trust-ing on - ly Thee;
2. I am trusting Thee for par-don; At Thy feet I bow;
3. I am trusting Thee to guide me; Thou a-lone shalt lead,
4. I am trusting Thee, Lord Je-sus; Nev - er let me fall;



Trust ing Thee for full sal-va-tion, Great and free.
For Thy grace and tender mer-cy, Trust - ing now.
Ev - 'ry day and hour sup-ply-ing All my need.
I am trust-ing Thee for-ev - er, And for all. A-men.

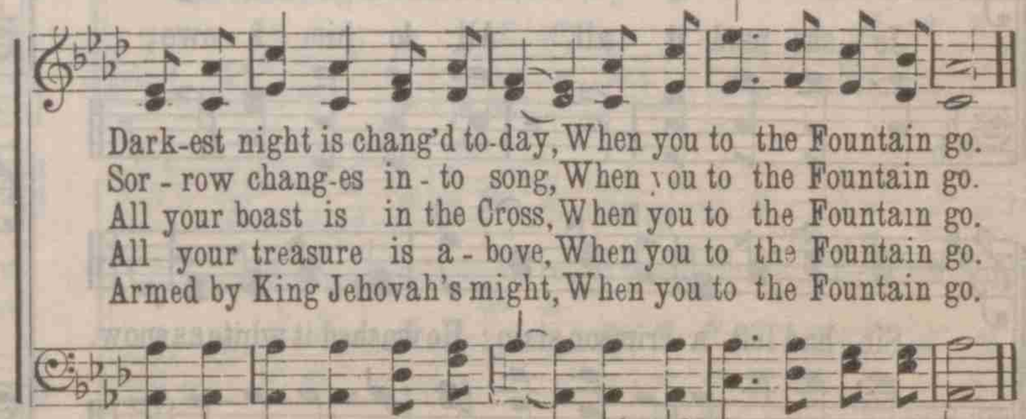
106 BELIEVING AND RECEIVING.

ANON. (BOOTH. 7s.) HERBERT H. BOOTH.



1. Sins of years are washed away, Blackest stains become as snow,
2. Doubts and fears are borne along On the current's ceaseless flow,
3. Ease and wealth become as dross, Worthless, earth's delight and show,
4. Sel-fish-ness is lost in love, Love for Him whose love you know,
5. In His serv-ice is de - light, Nev-er will you fear the foe,

6—I'm be-liev-ing and re-ceiv-ing, While I to the fountain go;



Dark-est night is chang'd to-day, When you to the Fountain go.
Sor - row chang-es in - to song, When you to the Fountain go.
All your boast is in the Cross, When you to the Fountain go.
All your treasure is a - bove, When you to the Fountain go.
Armed by King Jehovah's might, When you to the Fountain go.

And His blood my heart is cleansing, Whiter than the driven snow.
(Repeat softly.)

107 JESUS PAID IT ALL.

MRS. E. M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.

1. I hear the Sav-iour say, "Thy strength indeed is small;
2. Lord, now in- deed I find Thy pow'r, and thine a-lone,
3. Since nothing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim,
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in him complete,

Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
Can change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
I'll lay my trophies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.

Refrain.

Je - sus paid it all, All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain: He washed it white as snow.

108 MY FAITH LOOKS UP.

RAY PALMER. (OLIVET. 6s & 4s.) LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of
2. May thy rich grace im-part Strength to my
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-

Cal - va - ry, Sav- iour di - vine! Now hear me
faint- ing heart, My zeal in- spire; As thou hast
round me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid dark - ness

while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way,
died for me, O, may my love to thee,
turn to day, Wipe sor - row's tears a - way,

O, let me from this day Be whol - ly thine!
Pure, warm, and changeless be,— A liv - ing fire!
Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.

109 COMING TO THE CROSS.

REV WM. MCDONALD. (7s.) WM. G FISCHER, by per.

1. I am com-ing to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sigh'd for thee, Long has evil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends and time and earthly store;
4. In thy prom-is-es I trust, Now I feel the blood applied;
5. Jesus comes! he fills my soul; Per-fect-ed in him I am;

I am counting all but dross, I shall full sal-va-tion find.
Je-sus sweetly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod y thine to be, Wholly thine for-ev-er-more.
I am pros-trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru-ci-fied.
I am ev'ry whit made whole; Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!

Refrain

I am trusting, Lord, in thee, Blessed Lamb of Cal-va-ry!

Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je-sus, save me now.
(*Last*) Jesus saves me, saves me now.

110 THE CLEANSING WAVE.

MRS. PHŒBE PALMER. (C. M.) MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. O now I see the crimson wave, The fountain deep and wide;
2. I see the new cre-a-tion rise, I hear the speaking blood;
3. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, Above the world and sin;
4. Amazing grace! 't is heav'n be-low, To feel the blood ap-plied,

Je-sus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to his wounded side.
It speaks,—polluted nature dies, Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.
With heart made pure and garments white, And Christ enthroned within.
And Je-sus, on-ly Jesus, know, My Je-sus cru-ci-fied.

Refrain.

The cleansing stream I see, I see, I plunge, and now it cleanseth me!

O praise the Lord! it cleanseth me, It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

111 ASHAMED OF JESUS.

JOSEPH GRIGG. (FEDERAL STREET. L. M.) H. K. OLIVER.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom an-
2. A - shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let eve - ning blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of light
3. A - shamed of Je - sus! just as soon Let midnight be ashamed of noon; 'Twas midnight with my soul
4. A - shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend! No; when I blush, be this
5. A - shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may When I've no guilt to wash a - way; No tear to wipe, no good
6. Till then,—nor is my boast - ing vain,—Till then I boast a Sa-iour slain; And O, may this my glo-

gels praise, Whose glo-ries shine through end - less days?
di - vine O'er this be-night - ed soul of mine.
till he, Bright Morning Star, bade dark- ness flee.
my shame, That I no more re - vere his name.
to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
ry be, That Christ is not a - shamed of me!

112 AT THE DOOR.

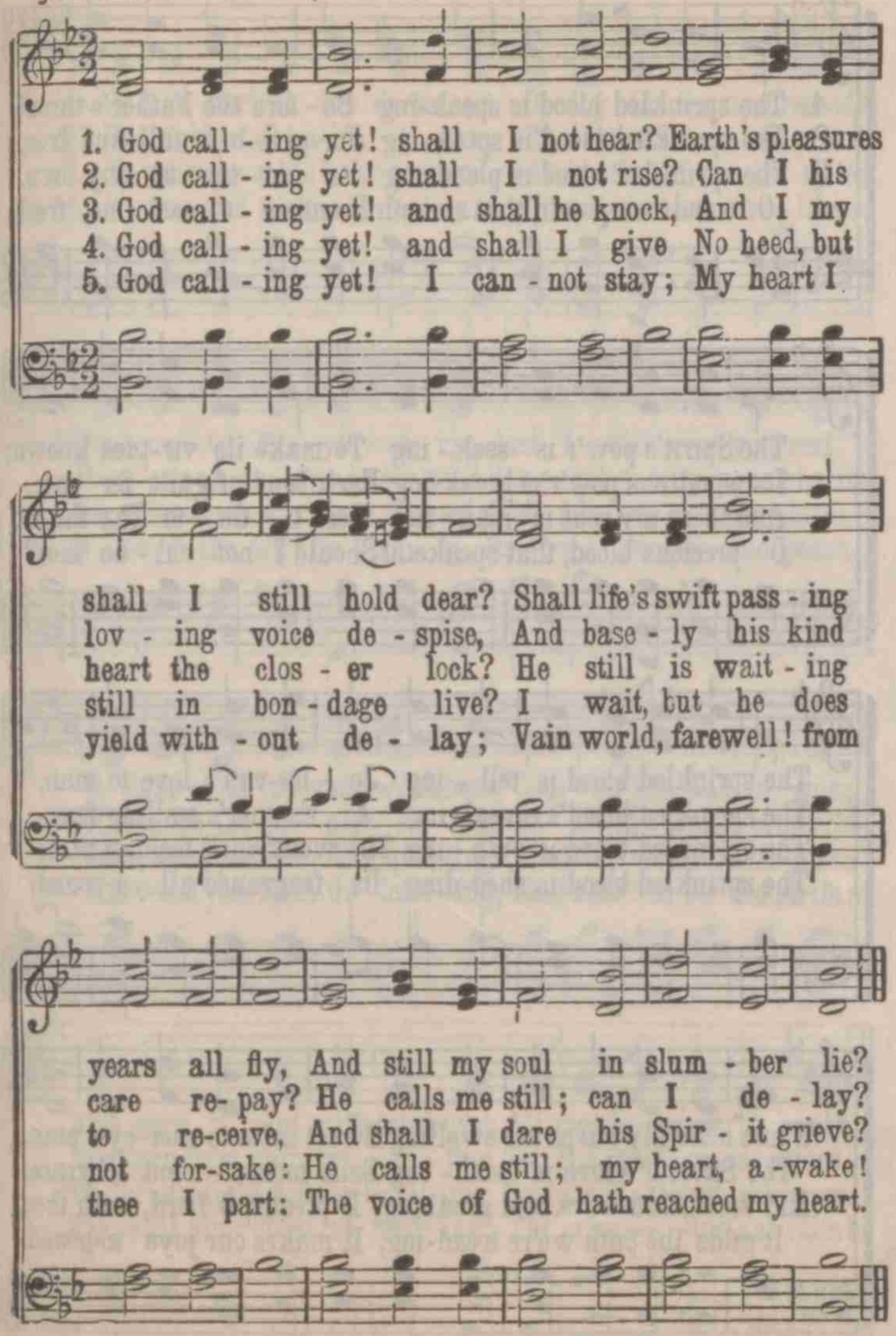
ANON. (HARTEL. L. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. Be - hold the Sav- iour at the door! He gen - tly knocks, has knocked be - fore, Has wait - ed long, is
2. He coun - sels thee to buy of him Gold tried by fire, and rai - ment clean; A - noint thine eyes, that
3. O, hear the faith- ful Witness' voice, He of - fers now a fi - nal choice; Thou art of - fen - sive,
4. His mis - sion now is al - most o'er, Be - fore the throne he'll plead no more; The filth - y must his
5. His locks with dews of night are wet, But at thy heart he lin - g'reth yet. A - wake! and o - pen
6. Yea, bring him in, a welcome guest; So shalt thou in his pres - ence rest, And in com- mun - ion

wait - ing still, You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
thou may'st see, And put a - way thy stains from thee.
O lukewarm! There - fore be zeal - ous and re - form.
filth re - tain, He that is ho - ly, so re - main.
wide the door; Bid thy Be - lov - ed wait no more.
sweet and free, Shalt sup with him and he with thee.

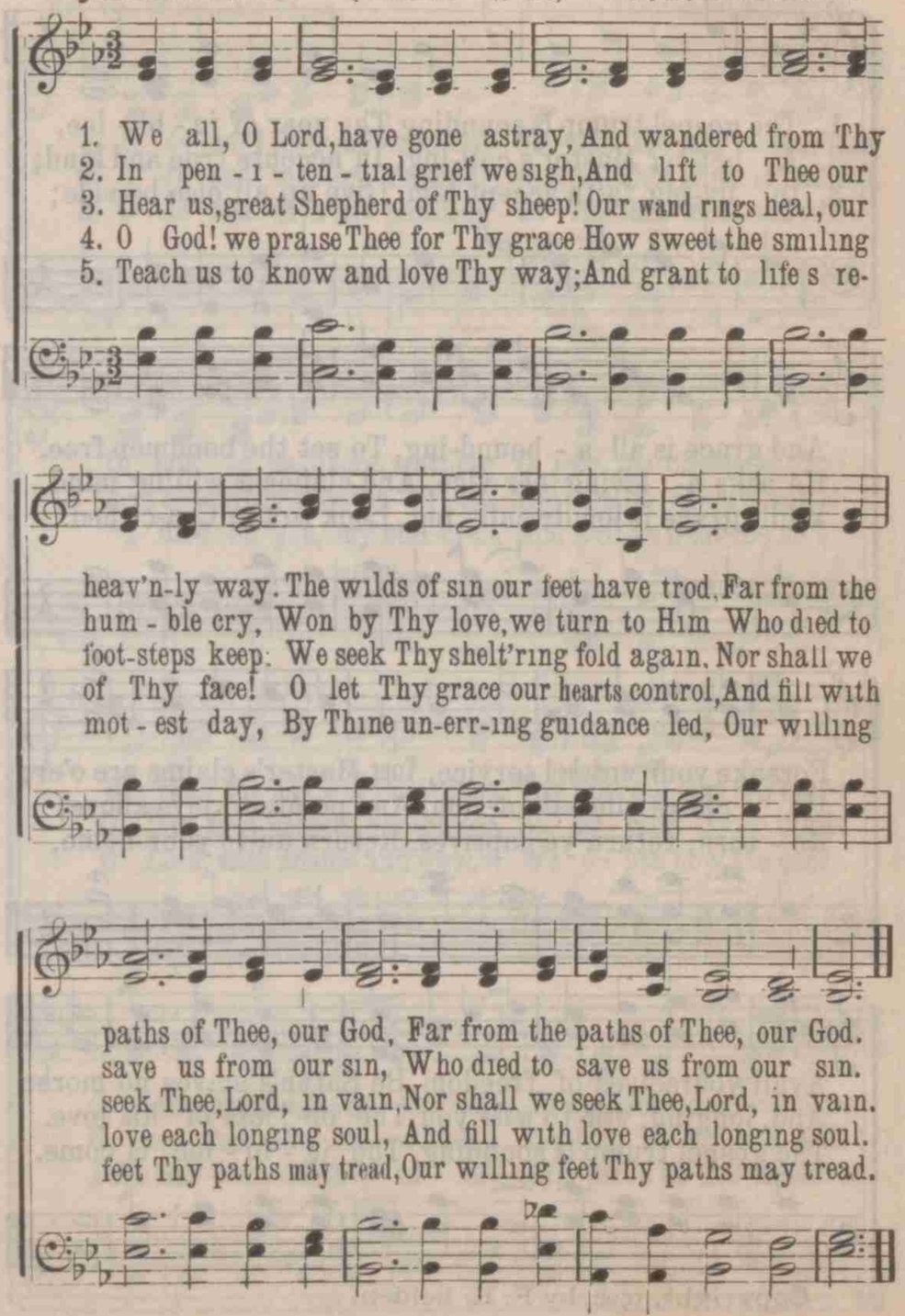
113 GOD CALLING YET.

JANE BORTHWICK. (WELTON. L. M.) C. H. A. MALAN.



114 ALL HAVE GONE ASTRAY.

JOSIAH PRATT. (BACA. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.



115 THE GOSPEL TRUMP IS SOUNDING.

(OSCAR. 7s & 6s. D.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. The gospel trump is sounding The year of ju - bi - lee,
2. A bet-ter Master's call-ing, In accents true and kind;
3. In liv-ing faith accept him, Give up all else be-side;

And grace is all a - bound-ing, To set the bondmen free.
He asks a loving ser-vice, And claims a willing mind.
While grace is loudly call - ing, Look to the Cru-ci-fied.

Forsake your wretched service, Your Master's claims are o'er;
He offers you sal-va-tion, And points to joys above;
Re - turn, return ye captives, Return un-to your home,

Avail yourselves of freedom, Be Satan's slaves no more.
And, longing, waits to make you The ob-jects of his love.
The gospel trump is sounding, The ju - bi - lee is come.

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116 THE SPRINKLED BLOOD.

ANON. (WEBB. 7s & 6s. D.) WEBB.

1. The sprinkled blood is speak-ing Be - fore the Father's throne,
2. The sprinkled blood is speak-ing For-give-ness full and free,
3. The sprinkled blood is plead-ing Its vir - tue as my own,
4. O wondrous pow'r, that seeketh From sin to set me free!

The Spirit's pow'r is seek - ing To make its vir-tues known;
Its wondrous pow'r is break-ing Each bond of guilt for me;
And there my soul is read - ing Her ti - tle to Thy throne.
O precious blood, that speaketh! Should I not val - ue thee?

The sprinkled blood is tell - ing Je - ho-vah's love to man,
The sprinkled blood's reveal - ing A Fa-ther's smiling face,
The sprinkled blood is own - ing The weak one's feeblest plea;
The sprinkled blood is shed-ding Its fragrance all a-round,

While heav'nly harps are swelling Sweet notes to mer-cy's plan.
The Saviour's love is seal - ing Each mon-u - ment of grace.
'Mid sighs, and tears, and groaning, It pleads, O Lord, with thee.
It gilds the path we're tread-ing, It makes our joys a-bound.

117 COMFORT TO THE DREARY.

ANON. (AURELIA. 7s & 6s. D.) SAMUEL S. WESLEY.

1. O, Com - fort to the drear - y! O, Joy to the op-pressed!
2. Enslav'd of Rom-ish er - ror, Worn out with fruit-less pains,
3. Ye who the world have court-ed, And suffer'd from its spite;
4. O come and make the tri - al; Christ's service is re - lease;

"Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."
Why live in doubt and ter-ror? Come, cast a-way your chains!
Ye who with sin have sported, And felt its ser pent-bite;
If hard the self - de - ni - al, Its fruit is joy and peace.

O, come with all your weakness, Come with your load of woe;
Renounce the su - per - sti - tion By all the world preferr'd;
Come, learn, your fol - lies quit-ting, That this world's gain is loss;
His word your faith de - fend - ing, Shall nerve you for the strife;

And learn if him with meekness All righteousness to know.
And turn from vain tra - di - tion To His re-deem-ing word.
To Christ's light yoke sub-mit-ting, Come, and take up the cross.
Peace all your steps at- tend- ing; The prize,— e-ter-nal life!

118 OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

(ST. HILDA. 7s & 6s. D.)

BP. W. WALSHAM HOW. JUSTIN HEINRICH KNECHT.

1. O Je - sus! thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door,
2. O Je - sus! thou art knocking; And lo! that hand is scarred,
3. O Je - sus! thou art pleading In ac-cents meek and low,—

In low - ly pa-tience wait-ing To pass the threshold o'er:
And thorns thy brow en- cir -cle, And tears thy face have marred:
"I died for you, my chil-dren, And will ye treat me so?"

We bear the name of Christians, Thy name and sign we bear:
O, love that passeth knowledge, So pa - tient - ly to wait!
O Lord, with shame and sorrow We o - pen now the door:

O, shame, thrice shame up - on us! To keep thee standing there.
O, sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
Dear Sav-iour, quickly en - ter, And leave us nev-er-more!

119 FORGIVE MY DOUBTS.

W. GLADDEN. (ST. LEONARD. C. M. D.) HENRY HILES.

1. Forgive, O Lord, the doubts that break Thy prom-is-es to me;
2. I tho t that Thou with jealous eyes Wast watching me al-way,
3. Forgive, O Fa-ther, this my sin, This jeal-ous, doubting heart;

For-give me that I fail to take My par-don, full and free.
My deeds to mark, my steps to spy, When-e'er I went a-stray:
For when men seek Thy love to win, And choose the bet - ter part,

I sought to put my sins a-way, I strove to do Thv will,
I hoped that when, by days and years Of serv-ice and of prayer,
I know that, swifter than the light Leaps earthward from the sun,

And yet, whene'er I tried to pray, My heart was doubting still.
I had besought Thy grace with tears, Thy mer - cy I might share.
Thy pard'ning love, Thy rescuing might, Speed down to ev'ry one.

Or sing to No. 120.

120 HE SPEAKS WITHIN.

(PERSEVERANCE. C. M. D.)

REV. F. L. HOSMER. UNKNOWN.

1. Go not, my soul, in search of Him, Thou wilt not find him there,-
2. Tho't an-swer-eth a - lone to tho't, And Soul with soul hath kin:
3. O gift of gifts! O grace of grace! That God should con-de-scend

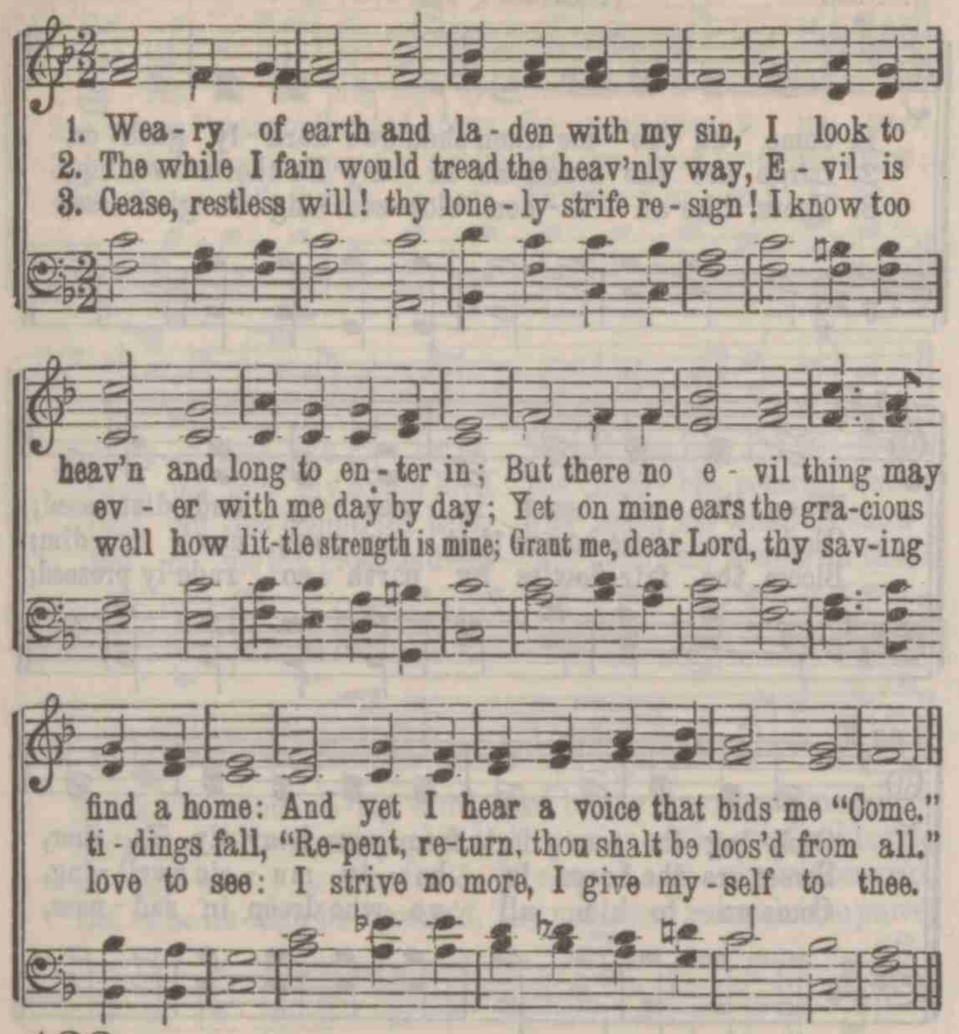
Not in the depths of shadow dim, Nor heights of up - per air.
The outward God he find-eth not Who finds not God within.
To make thy heart his dwelling-place And be thy daily Friend!

For not in far - off realms of space The Spir-it hath its throne;
And if the vis - ion come to thee Reveal'd by in-ward sign,
For not in far - off realms of space The Spir-it hath its throne;

In ev-'ry heart it find-eth place, And waiteth to be known.
Earth will be full of De - i - ty, And with his glo - ry shine.
In ev-'ry heart it find-eth place, And waiteth to be known.

121 WEARY OF EARTH.

REV. SAMUEL J. STONE. (LANGRAN. 10s.) JAMES LANGRAN.



122

(Tune, Perseverance, No. 120.)

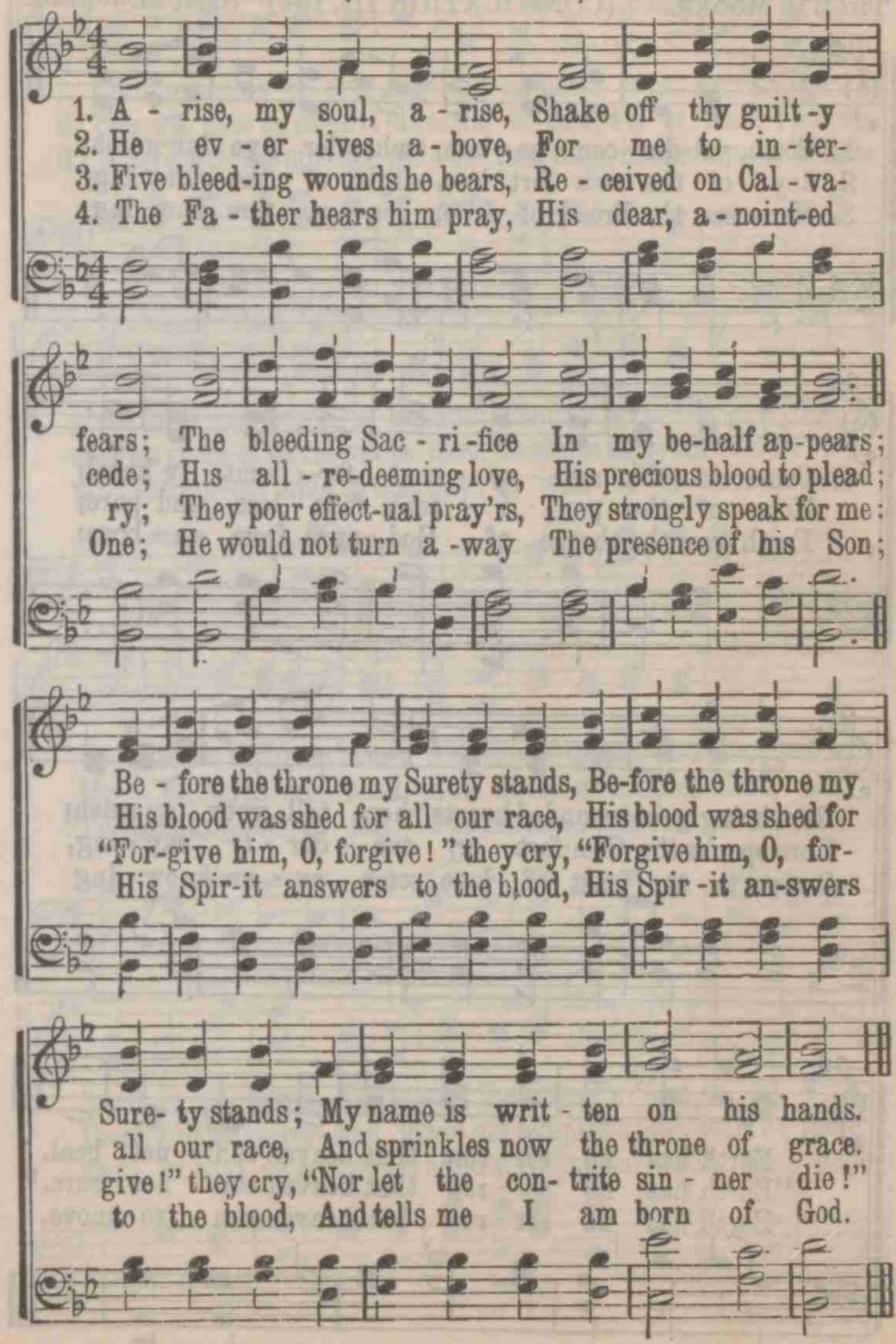
1 The Lord first empties whom he fills,
Casts down whom he would raise;
He quickens when the letter kills,
Exalting thus his praise.
When he applies his healing blood
Unto a sin-sick soul,
This balsam, pow'rful, precious, good,
Ne'er fails to make it whole.

2 On us he spent his life and blood,
Our losses to retrieve;
Mankind's redemption now holds good
For sinners who believe.
Lord, I believe! whate'er befall,
A thankful heart be mine,—
A heart that answers to thy call,—
One that is wholly thine.

ERSKINE.

123 ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE!

CHARLES WESLEY. (LENOX. H. M.) LEWIS EDSON.



124 COME YE DISCONSOLATE.

THOMAS MOORE. (CONSOLATION 11s. 10s.) SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, where'er ye lan-guish;
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray-ing,
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa - ters flow - ing

Come to the mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel;
Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure;
Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Here speaks the Com-fort - er, ten - der - ly say - ing,
Come to the feast of love, come ev - er know - ing

Earth has no sor - row that heaven can - not heal.
"Earth has no sor - row that heaven can - not cure."
Earth has no sor - row but heaven can re - move.

125 COME UNTO ME.

ANON. (HENLEY 11s. 10s.) LOWELL MASON.

1. Come un - to me when shad-ows dark - ly gath - er,
2. Large are the mansions in my Fa-ther's dwelling,
3. There, like an E - den blos - som - ing in glad-ness,

When the sad heart is wea - ry and distressed;
Glad are those homes that sor - rows nev - er dim;
Bloom the fair flow'rs by earth so rude-ly pressed;

Seek - ing for com - fort from your heav'nly Fa - ther,
Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic swell - ing,
Come un - to him all ye who droop in sad - ness,

Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.
Soft are the tones that raise the heav'nly hymn.
"Come un - to me, and I will give you rest."

126 PENITENCE.

CHARLES WESLEY. W. HENRY OAKLEY.

1. Je - sus, let thy pity-ing eye Call back a wand'ring sheep;
2. Saviour, Prince, enthroned above, Re - pent-ance to im - part,
3. For thine own compassion's sake, The gra-cious won-der show;
4. Clothe me with thy ho - li-ness, Thy meek hu - mil - i - ty;

False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe- ter, weep.
Give me, thro' thy dying love, The hum - ble, contrite heart;
Cast my sins behind thy back, And wash me white as snow:
Put on me thy glorious dress—En - due my soul with thee:

Speak the rec-on - cil-ing word, And let thy mercy melt me down;
Give what I have long implor'd, A portion of thy grief unknown;
If thy pit - y now is stirr'd, If now I do my-self bemoan,
Let thine im- age be restor'd, Thy name and nature let me prove;

Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
Fill me with thy fulness, Lord, And per - fect me in love.

127 DECISIVE DAY.

ANON. Arr. by F. E. B.

1. The great de -ci- sive day is at hand, is at hand! The
2. Those who made his crown of thorns will be there, will be there! Those who
3. Where will the sin- ner hide in that day, in that day? Where

great de-ci - sive day is at hand; The day when Christ will come,
made his crown of thorns will be there! Those who smote him with the reed
will the sin-ner hide in that day? It will be in vain to call,

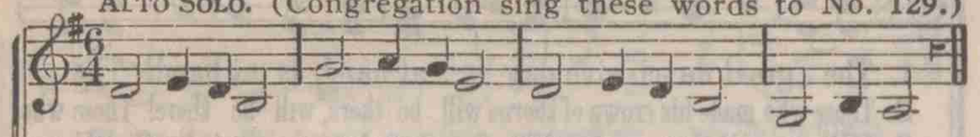
To call his children home, And to seal the sinner's doom,—is at
Up - on his sa-cred head, And made his temples bleed,—will be
"Ye mountains on us fall," For his hand will find out all In that

hand, is at hand;—And to seal the sinner's doom, is at hand.
there, will be there;—And made his temples bleed, will be there.
day, in that day; For his hand will find out all in that day.

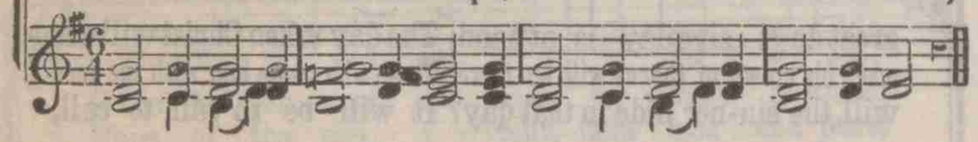
128 HE IS CALLING.

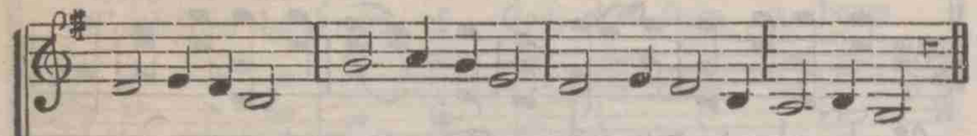
FABER. (LADIES' VOICES.) ARRANGED.

ALTO SOLO. (Congregation sing these words to No. 129.)



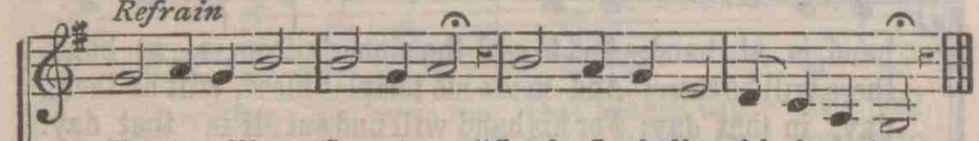
1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea;
2. There is welcome for the sinner, And more graces for the good;
3. There's no place where earthly sorrows Are more felt than up in heav'n;
4. For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind;
5. But we make his love too narrow, By false lim-its of our own;
6. If our love were but more simple, We should take him at his word;

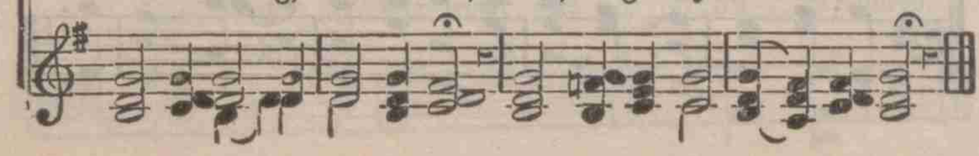


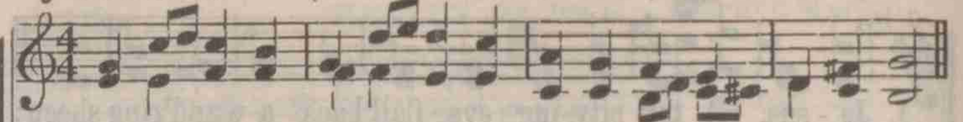


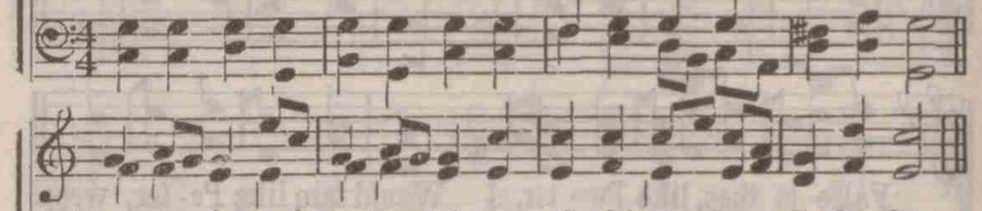
There's a kindness in his justice, Which is more than liberty.
There is mer-cy with the Saviour; There is healing in his blood.
There's no place where earthly failings Have such kindly judgment giv'n.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won-der-fully kind.
And we mag-ni-fy his strict-ness With a zeal he will not own.
And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.

Refrain

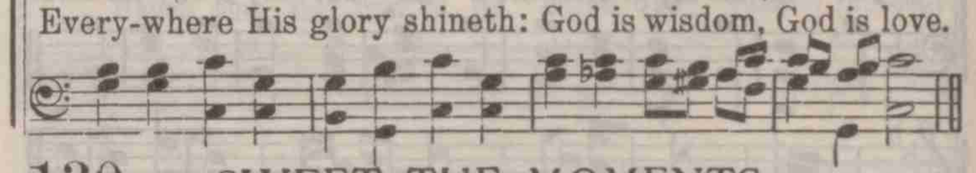


He is calling, "Come to me;" Lord, I gladly fol - low thee!

129 GOD IS LOVE.

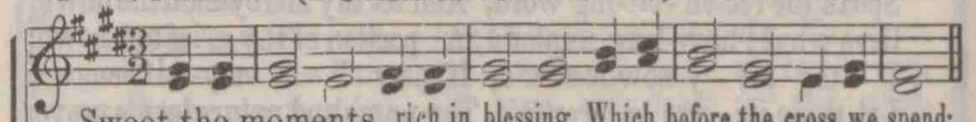
J. BOWRING. (WELLESLEY. 8s & 7s.) L. TOURJEE.

1. God is love; His mercy brightens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are busy ever; Man decays and ages move;
3. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earthly cares entwineth Hope and comfort from above;

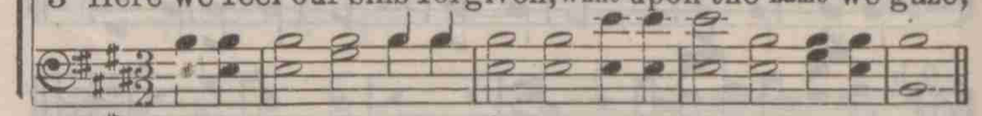
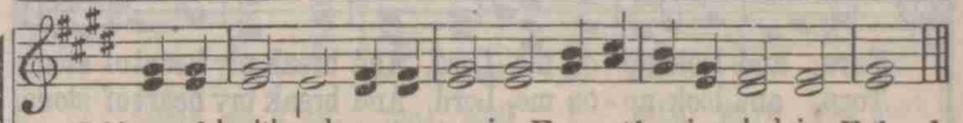


Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens: God is wisdom, God is love.
But His mer-cy waneth nev-er: God is wisdom, God is love.
From the gloom His brightness streameth: God is wisdom, God is love.
Every-where His glory shineth: God is wisdom, God is love.

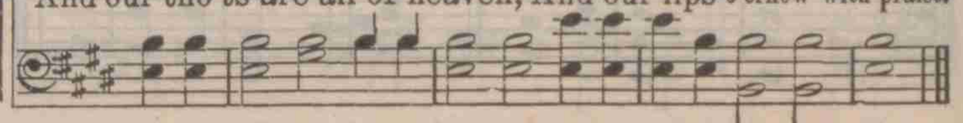


130 SWEET THE MOMENTS.

F. W. FABER. (DORRNANCE. 8s. 7s.) I. WOODBURY.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross we spend;
2. Tru-ly blessed is this station, Low before His cross to lie,
3 Here we feel our sins forgiven, While upon the Lamb we gaze;



Life and health and peace possessing From the sinner's dying Friend.
While we see divine compassion Beaming in His gracious eye.
And our tho'ts are all of heaven, And our lips o'erflow with praise.



131 NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

L. E. A. S. J. VAIL.

1. Noth-ing but leaves! The Spir-it grieves O'er years of wast-ed life;
2. Noth-ing but leaves! No gathered sheaves Of life's fair ripening grain;
3. Noth-ing but leaves! Sad mem'ry weaves No vail to hide the past;
4. Ah, who shall thus The Mas-ter meet, And bring but withered leaves?

O'er sins indulged while conscience slept, O'er vows and promis- es unkept,
We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds,—
And as we trace our wea- ry way, And count each lost and misspent day,
Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet, Be- fore the aw-ful judgment seat

And reap from years of strife—
Then reap, with toil and pain, Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
We sad-ly find at last—
Lay down for golden sheaves,

132 HEAVEN IS NOT FAR AWAY.

C. E. L. C. E. LESLIE, by per.

1. Heav-en is not far a-way, When Je- sus is near;
2. Will you not re- pent, believe, When Je -sus is near?
3. Are you com-ing home to-day, When Je- sus is near?

S.
Give your heart to him to-day, When Je -sus is near.
Peace and par-don now receive, When Je- sus is near.
Do not long- er stay a-way, When Je -sus is near.

D. S.—Heav-en is not far a-way, When Je -sus is near

D. S.

Place your trust in this dear Friend, He will keep you to the end;
He will not your pray'r refuse, Come and now the Saviour choose;
Cast your burdens on the Lord, He has promised in his word

133 THOU ART THE WAY.

ANON. (BLISS. C. M.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. Thou art the Way, to thee alone, From sin and death we flee;
2. Thou art the Truth; thy word alone, True wis-dom can im-part;
3. Thou art the Life; the rending tomb Proclaims thy conq'ring arm;
4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life; Grant us that way to know,

And he who would the Father seek, Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
Thou on-ly canst in-form the mind, And pur - i -fy the heart.
And those who put their trust in thee, Nor death nor hell shall harm.
That truth to keep, that life to win, Whose joys e- ter-nal flow.

134 BAPTIZE US ANEW.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1. Baptize us a - new With pow'r from on high, With love, O re-
2. Un-worthy we cry, Un - ho-ly, unclean, O wash us and
3. O heav-en-ly dove, Descend from on high! We plead thy rich
4. O list the glad voice! From heaven it came: Thou art my be-

Chorus.

fresh us! Dear Sav- iour, draw nigh. We humbly beseech thee, Lord
cleanse us From sin's guilty stain.
bless-ing; In mer-cy draw nigh. *(Last vs.)*
lov - ed, Well pleased I am. We praise thee, we bless thee, dear

Je - sus, we pray, With love and the Spirit baptize us to-day.
Lamb that was slain, We laud and adore thee, Amen and Amen.

135 WRITE THY LAW.

ISAAC WATTS. (LITCHFIELD. C. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. O that the Lord would guide my ways To keep his stat-utes still!
2. O send thy Spir-it down to write Thy law up- on my heart,
3. From van-i- ty turn off my eyes, Let no corrupt de - sign
4. Or - der my footsteps by thy word, And make my heart sincere;

O that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will!
Nor let my tongue indulge de-ceit, Nor act the li-ar's part.
Nor cov-e - tous de -sires a- rise Within this soul of mine.
Let sin have no do-min-ion, Lord, But keep my conscience clear.

136 THE LAST CALL OF MERCY.

ANON (SOLO OR QUARTET.) Irish Air, arr.

1. The last call of mercy now lin-gers for thee;
   O sin-ner, re-ceive it; to Je - sus now flee!
2. O slight not the warning now of-fered at last,
   Till sum-mer is end-ed and har -vest is past;
3. While Je-sus is call-ing, O turn not a -way;
   For swift-ly approaches the dread Judgment day:

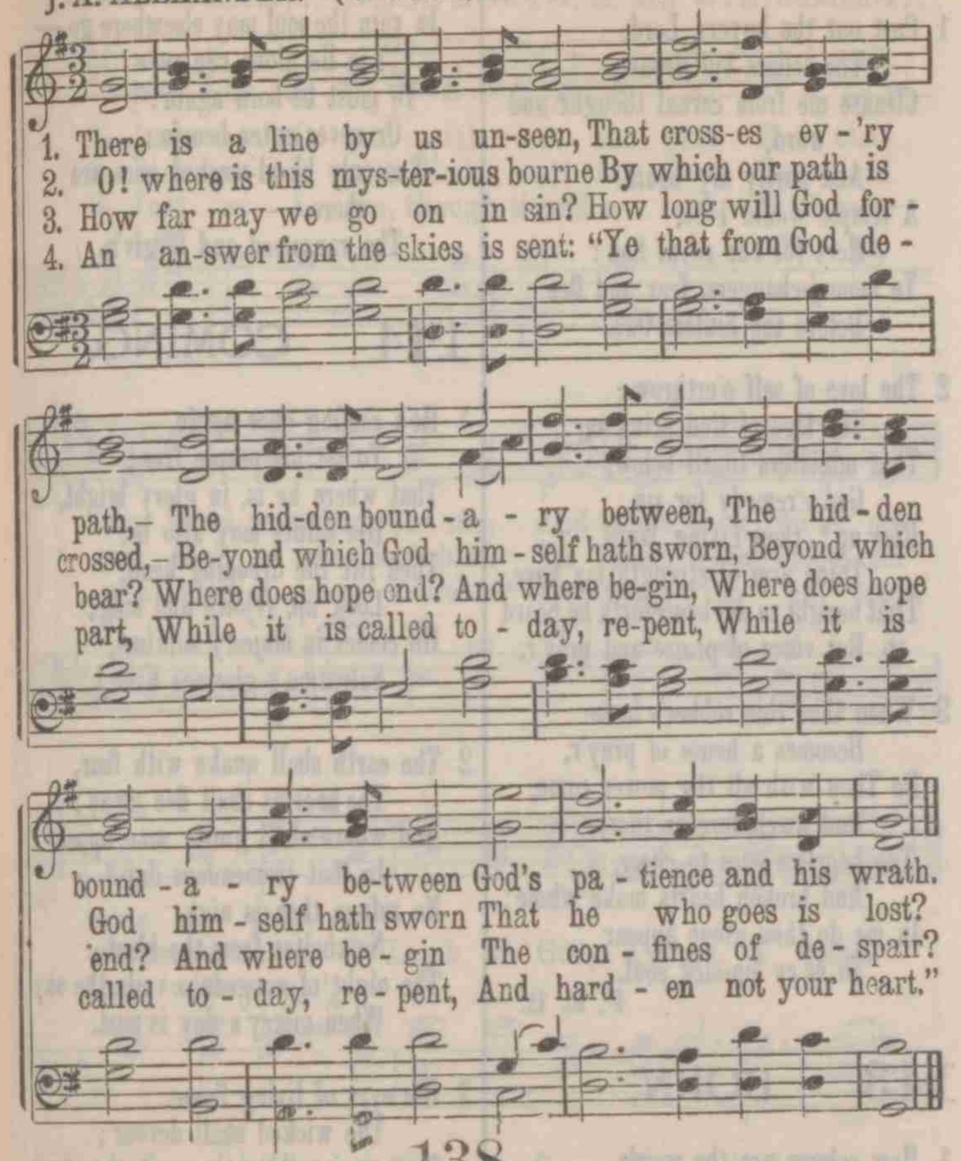
D.C. 1. His offered sal-va-tion and love are a- bused.
2. And pardon, sweet pardon is offered no more.
3. Come now to life's waters, ye thirsty ones, come.

D. C.

He oft-en has called thee, but thou hast re - fused;
Till mercy, long slighted, has left thy heart's door,
The Spir-it in-vites you, O why will you roam?

137 THERE IS A LINE.

J. A. ALEXANDER. (WOODLAND. C. M.) N. D. GOULD.



138

1 The wonders of redeeming love
Our highest thoughts exceed;
The Son of God comes from above,
For sinful man to bleed.

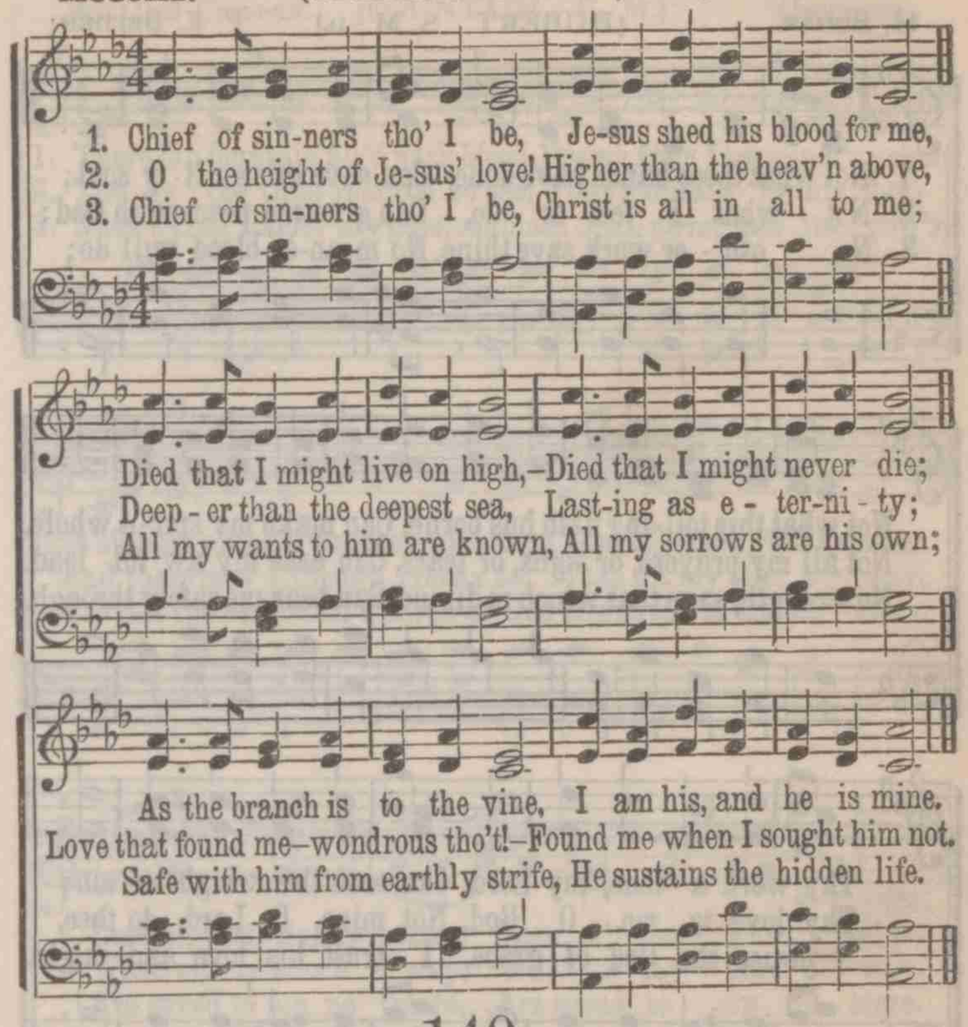
2 He gives himself, his life, his all,
A sinless sacrifice.
For man he drains the cup of gall,
For man the Maker dies.

3 And now before his Father's face
His precious blood he pleads;
For those who seek the throne of grace
His love still intercedes.

R. F. COTTRELL.

139 CHIEF OF SINNERS.

McCOMB. (SPANISH HYMN. 7s. 6L.) SPANISH.



140

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus how to pray.

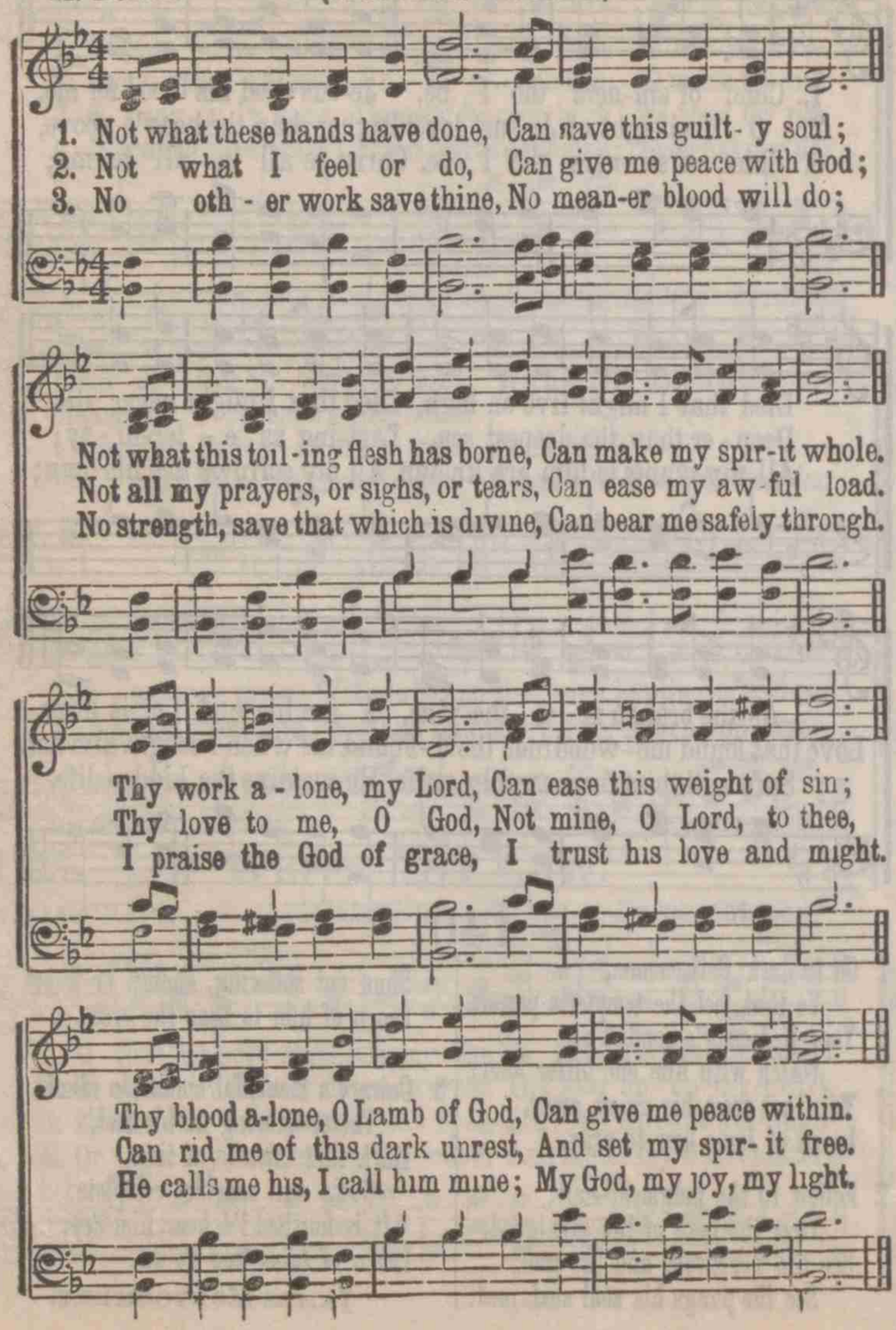
2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned:
See the wormwood and the gall:
See the pangs his soul sustained;
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!" hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus how to die.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

141 THY WORK ALONE.

H. BONAR. (HUBERT. S. M. D.) F. E. BELDEN.



142 CLEANSED.

1 Cast out the buyers, Lord,
The sellers bid depart;
Cleanse me from carnal thought and word,
And purify my heart.
A temple would I be,
Meet for the royal Son:
Ye money-changers, fear and flee
Before the Sinless One.

2 The love of self o'erthrow;
The love of God bring in,
That ministers to all below,
God's remedy for sin.
Rise up! thou Living Word,
Thine arm of strength lay bare.
That naught in me henceforth be heard
But voice of praise and pray'r.

3 When thus this robber's home
Becomes a house of pray'r,
Do Thou with all thy power come,
And dwell forever there, —
The hopeless ones to cheer,
And broken hearts make whole;
In me do thou alone appear
To ev'ry sin-sick soul.

F. E. B.

143 BORN.

1 How solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth —
"Ye must be born again!"
"Ye must be born again!"
For so hath God decreed;
No reformation will suffice —
'T is life poor sinners need.

2 "Ye must be born again!
And life in Christ must have;
In vain the soul may elsewhere go —
'T is He alone can save.
"Ye must be born again!"
Or never enter heav'n;
'T is only blood-washed ones are there —
The ransomed and forgiv'n.

144 COMING.

1 He's coming once again,
To set his people free;
That where he is, in glory bright,
His saints may also be.
Then lift the drooping head,
Look up, rejoice and sing;
He comes in majesty sublime,
Salvation's glorious King!

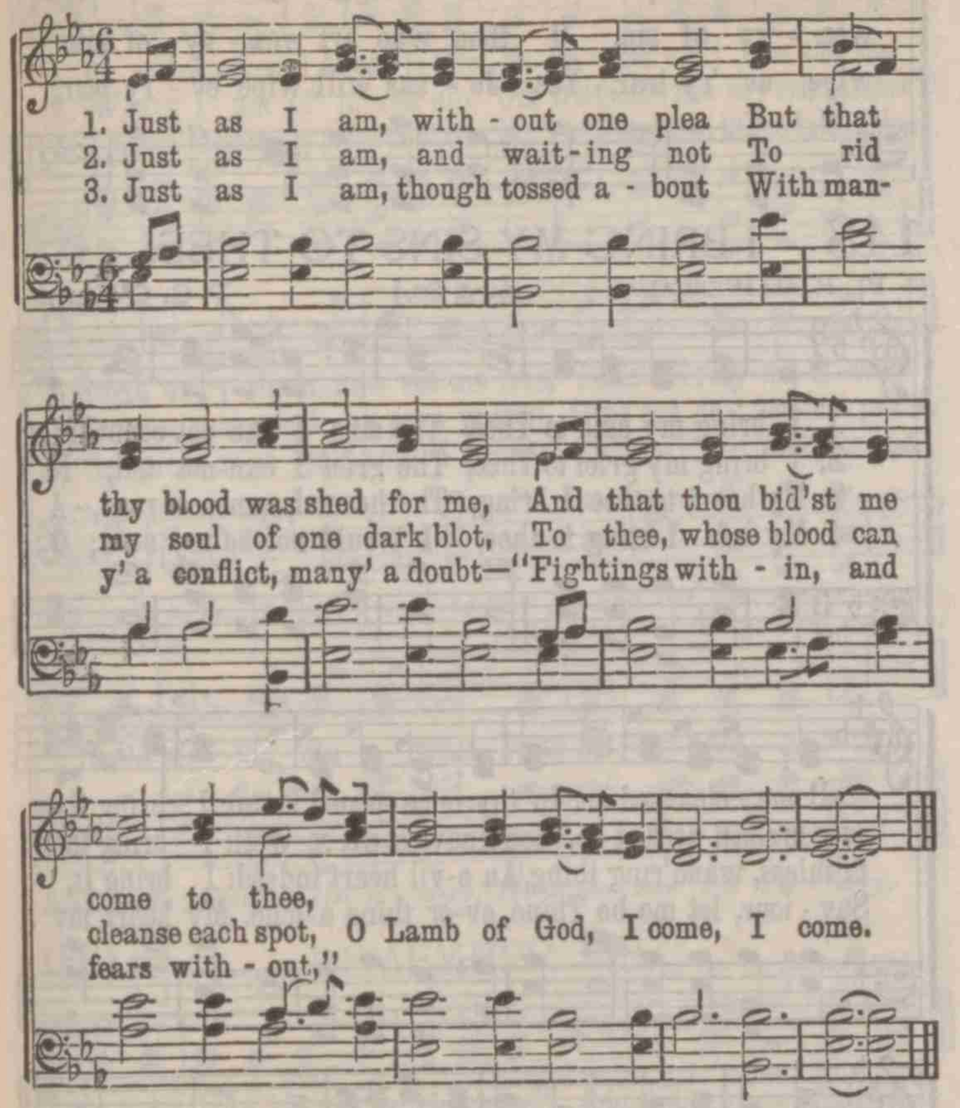
2 The earth shall quake with fear,
The heav'ns shall flee away;
And where shall guilty man appear
In that tremendous day?
No refuge then is nigh,
No shelter from the blast;
The night of vengeance vails the sky
When mercy's day is past.

3 His eyes of living flame,
The wicked shall devour;
No tongue will lightly speak the name
Of Jesus in that hour.
No scorn, no words of hate,
For his meek foll'wers then;
But prayers and tears that come too late,
Will mark earth's mighty men.

F. E. B.

145 JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.



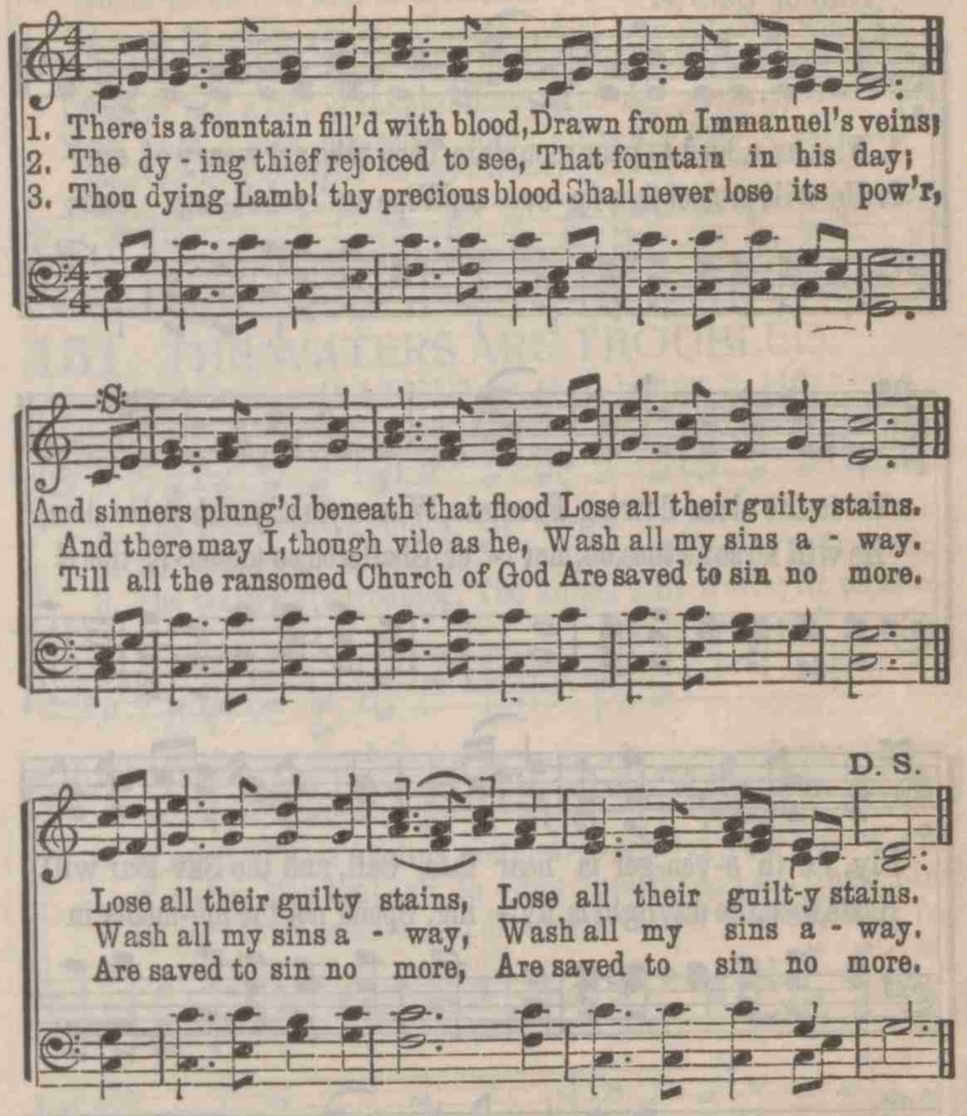
4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

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

6 Just as I am, thy love I own
Has broken ev'ry barrier down;
Now to be thine, and thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

146 THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

WILLIAM COWPER. (FOUNTAIN. C. M.) UNKNOWN.



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

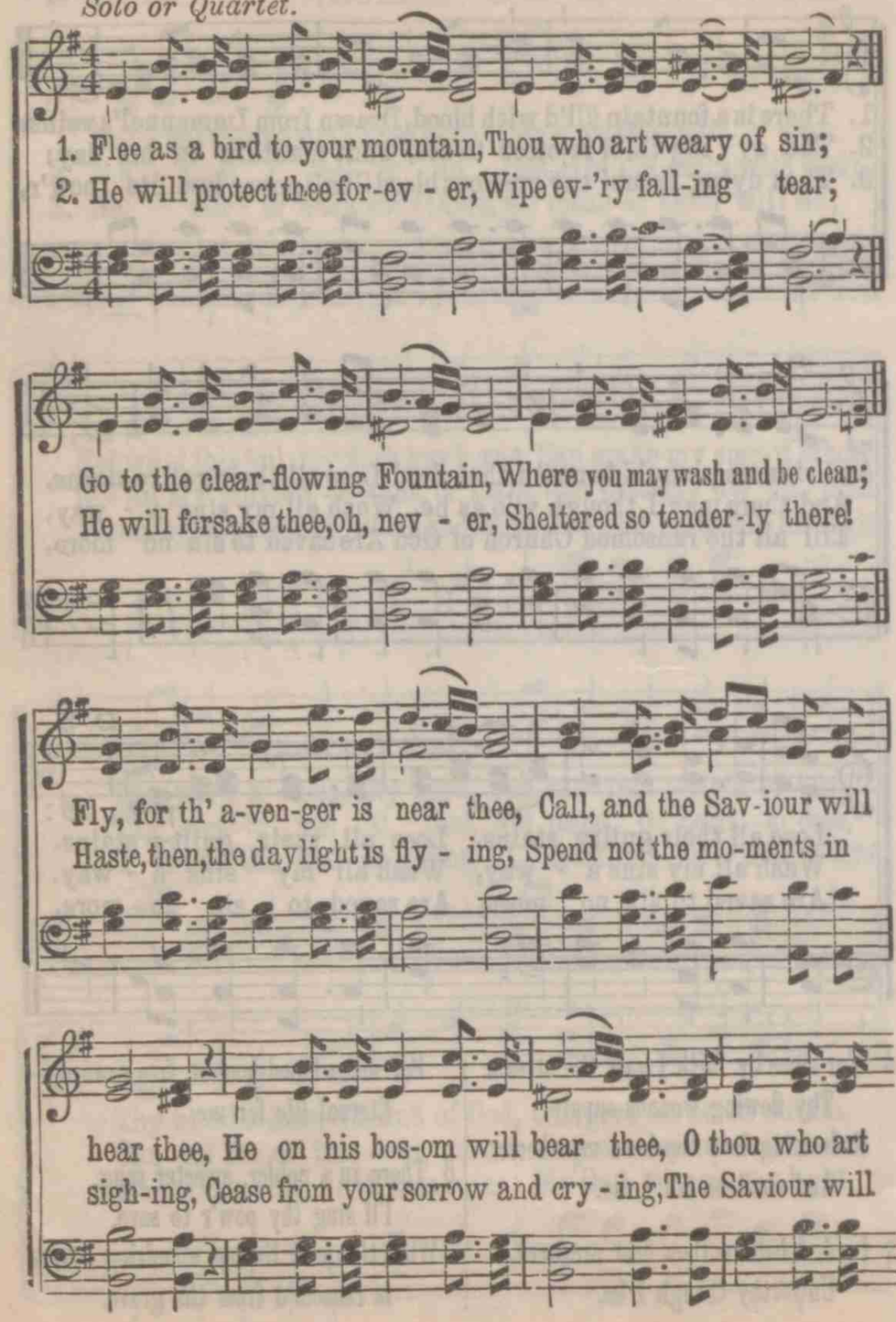
5 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought, free reward—
Eternal life for me.

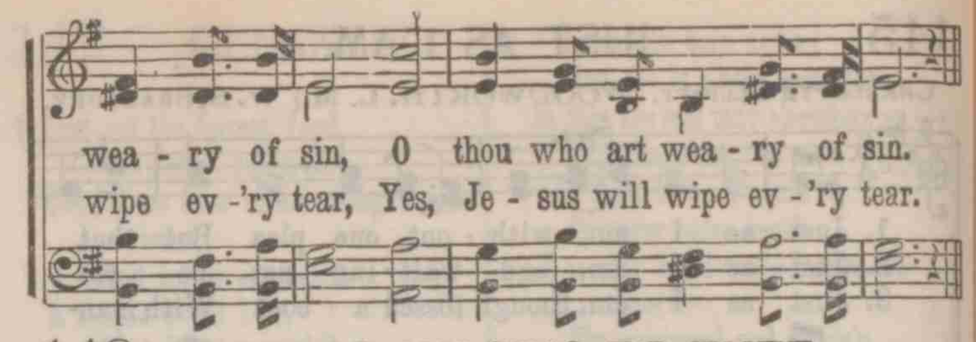
6 There in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save,
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue
Is ransom'd from the grave.

147 FLEE AS A BIRD.

MARY S. B. DANA. SPANISH.

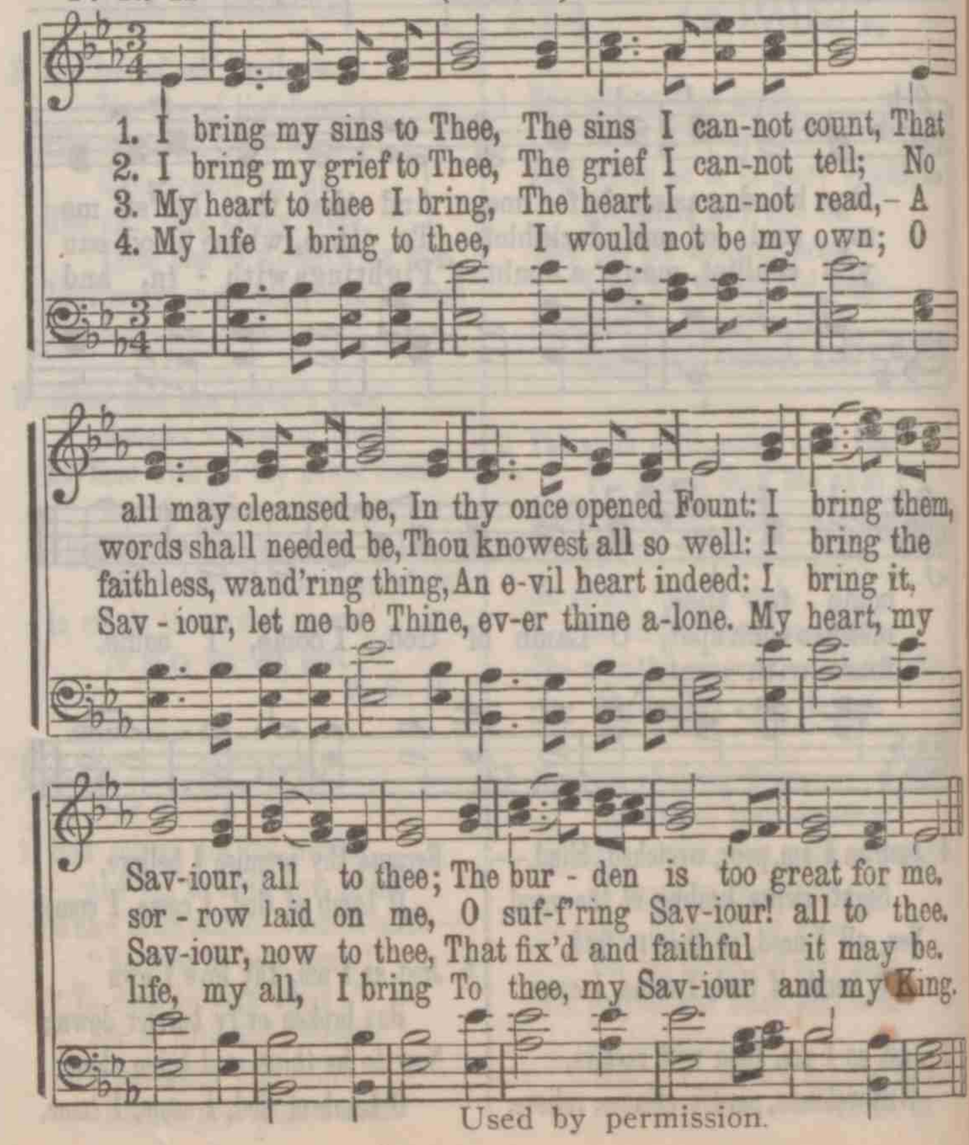
Solo or Quartet.





148 I BRING MY SINS TO THEE.

F. R. HAVERGAL. (6s & 8s.) T. C. O'KANE.



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149 TAKE ALL MY SIN AWAY.

1. O spot-less Lamb! I come to thee, No lon - ger can I from thee stay;
2. Weary I am of inbred sin, Oh, wilt thou not my soul release?
3. I plunge beneath thy precious blood, My hand in faith takes hold of thee;

Break ev'ry chain, now set me free, Take all my sin a-way.
En - ter and speak me pure within, Give me thy per-fect peace.
Thy prom-is-es just now I claim; Thou art e-nough for me.

D.S.—O spotless Lamb, I come to thee: Take all my sin a-way.

Chorus. *(Last) He takes my sin a-way.*

Take all my sin a - way, Take all my sin a - way; D.S.

Last.—He takes my sin a - way, He takes my sin a - way.

150 WATTS. REMEMBER ME. ASA HULL

1. A-las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo-ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face, While his dear cross appears,
5. But drops of grief can ne' er repay The debt of love I owe;

Cho. Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own, And ever faith-ful be:

(Chorus after last stanza only, if preferred.)

Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A-maz-ing pity! grace unknown! And love be-yond degree!
When Christ the mighty Maker died For man, the creature's, sin.
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way; 'T is all that I can do.
And when thou sittest on thy throne, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.

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151 THE WATERS ARE TROUBLED.

J. E. RANKIN. (RANKIN. 6s. 5s. D.) REV. S. MORRISON.

1. The waters are troubled, The an-gel is here; The fountain
2. The waters are troubled, No long-er de - lay; The fountain
3. The waters are troubled, The an-gel still waits; He paus-es

of mercy Flows healing and clear: O come in your sorrow, And
of mercy Has heal-ing to - day; Then why will you linger, Since
in per - il Who halts and debates, Give over your falt'ring, Your

come in your sin; The waters are troubled: Step in, O step in!
life you may win? The waters are troubled: Step in, O step in!
struggles within; The waters are troubled: Step in, O step in!

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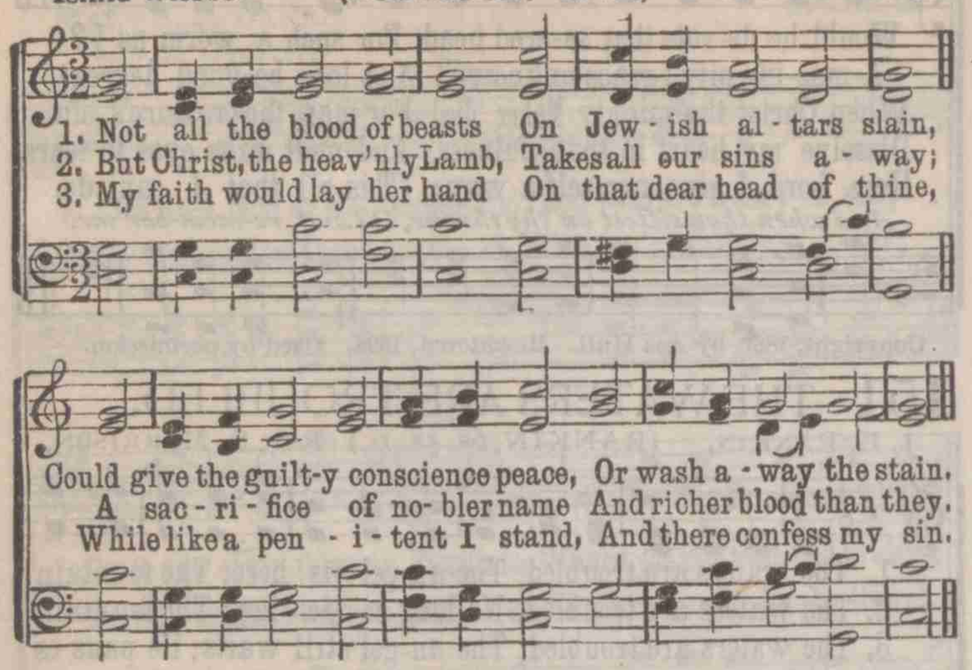
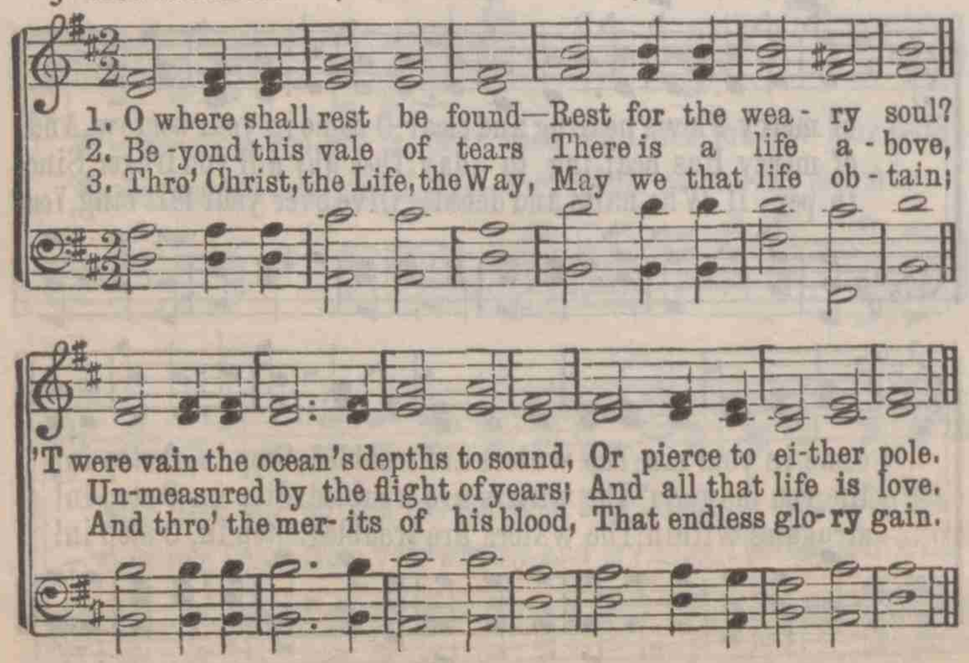
152 NOT BLOOD OF BEASTS.

ISAAC WATTS. (BOYLSTON. S. M.) LOWELL MASON.



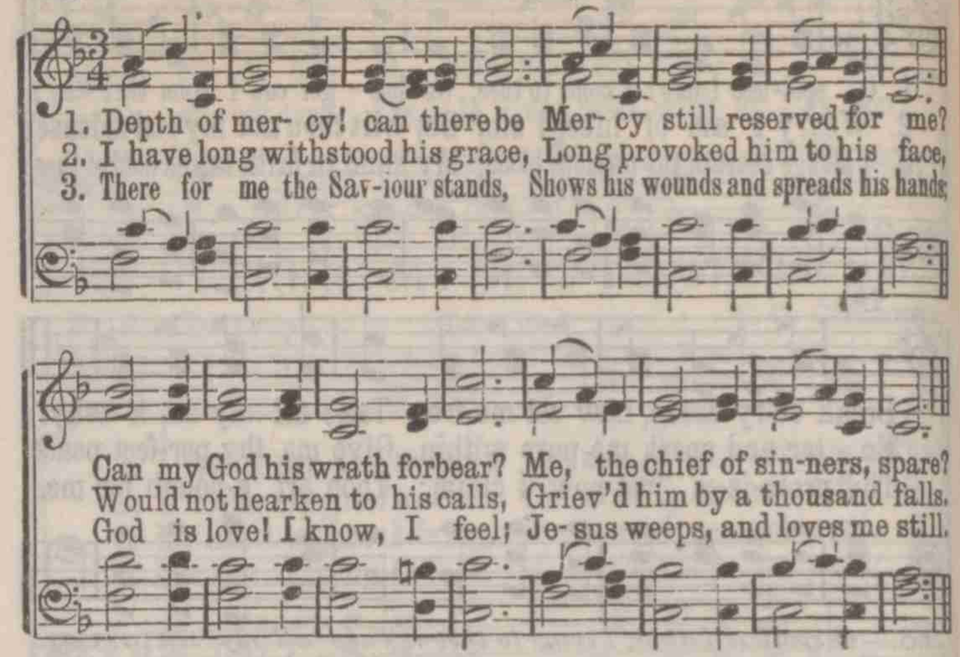
153 REST FOUND.

J. MONTGOMERY. (SHAWMUT. S. M.) L. MASON, arr.



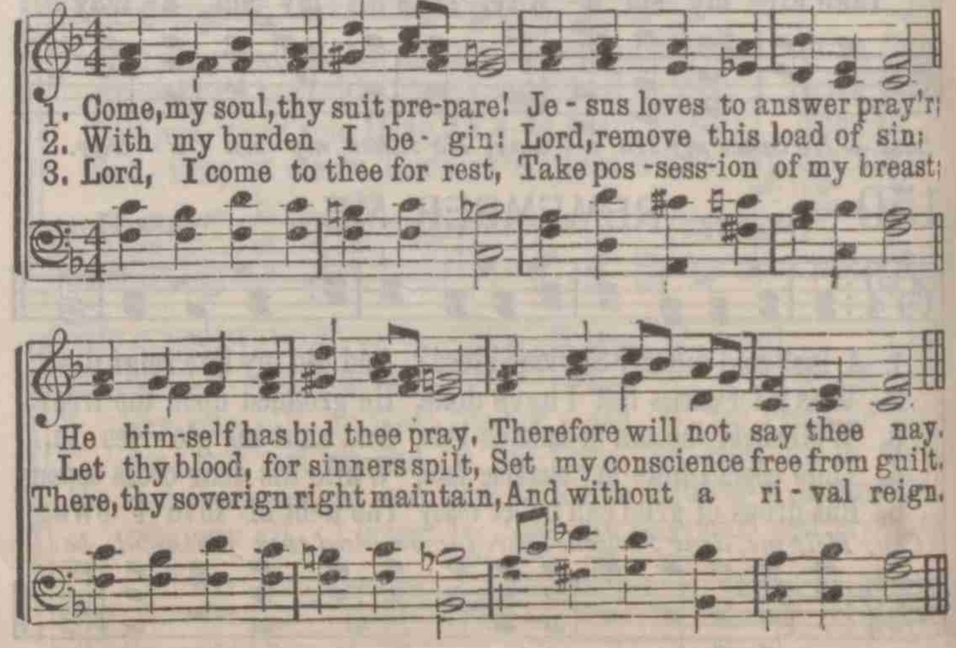
154 DEPTHS OF MERCY.

C. WESLEY. (ALETTA. 7s.) WM. B. BRADBURY.



155 COME, MY SOUL.

JOHN NEWTON. (SEYMOUR. 7s.) C. M. VON WEBER.



156 FOR OTHERS' GUILT.

W. B. TAPPAN. (OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.) BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol-ives' brow The star is dimmed that lately shone:
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains Is borne the song that angels know;

'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now The suff'ring Saviour prays a - lone.
E'en that dis-ci-ple whom he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
Yet he who hath in an-guish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by his God.
Unheard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

157 THAT DREADFUL DAY.

WALTER SCOTT. (OLDEN. L. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. The day of wrath, that dreadful day, When heav'n and earth shall pass away!
2. When shriv'ling like a parch-ed scroll, The flaming heav'ns together roll,
3. On that great day, that wrathful day, When man to Judgment wakes from clay,

What pow'r shall be the sinner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day?—
And louder yet, and yet more dread, Resounds the trump that wakes the dead,—
Be thou, O Christ, thy people's stay, Tho' heav'n and earth shall pass away.

158 SEALS MY PARDON.

ISAAC WATTS. (MANOAH. C. M.) ROSSINI.

1. I saw One hanging on the tree, In ag - o-ny and blood,
2. O, nev - er till my lat-est breath Can I for-get that look;
3. A sec-ond look He gave, which said, "I freely all forgive;
4. Thus while His death my sin displays In all its blackest hue,

Who fixed His languid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
This blood is for thy ran-som paid, I die that thou may'st live."
Such is the mys-ter - y of grace, It seals my par don too.

159 SHALL OUR CHEEKS BE DRY?

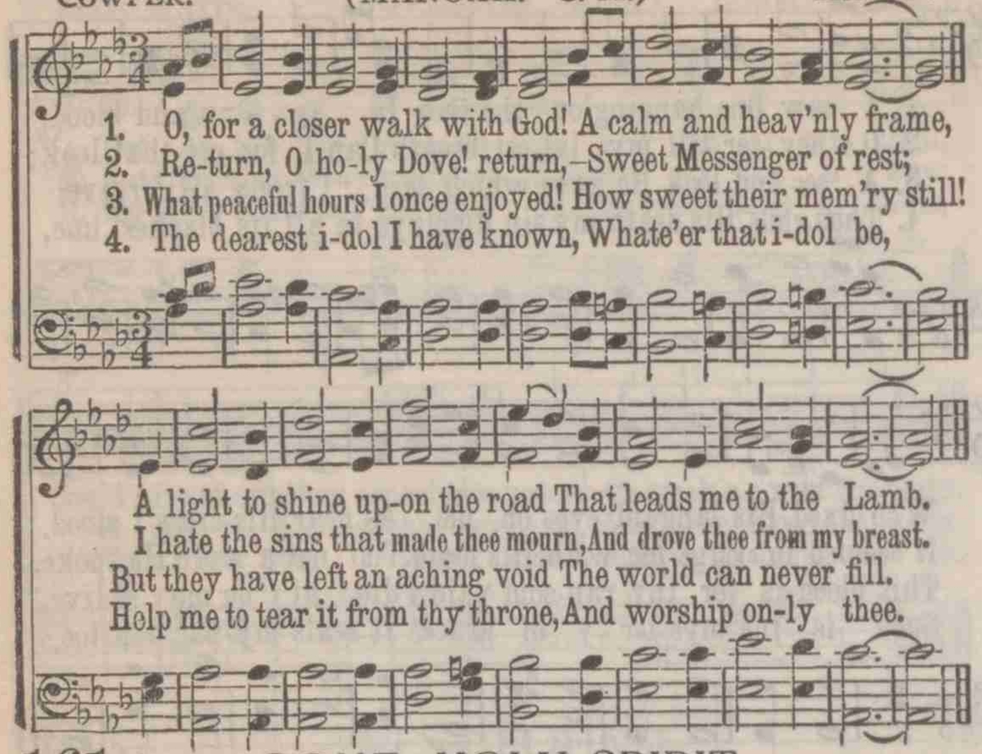
BEDDOME. ARR. (CONTRITION. S. M.) EDWIN BARNES.

1. Did Christ o'er sin-ners weep? And shall our cheeks be dry?
2. The Son of God in tears, The wond'ring an-gels see!
3. He wept; shall we not weep? He died; shall we not die?

Let floods of pen-i-ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev'ry eye.
Be thou astonished, O my soul! He shed those tears for thee.
He rose; shall we not rise from sleep, To reign with him on high?

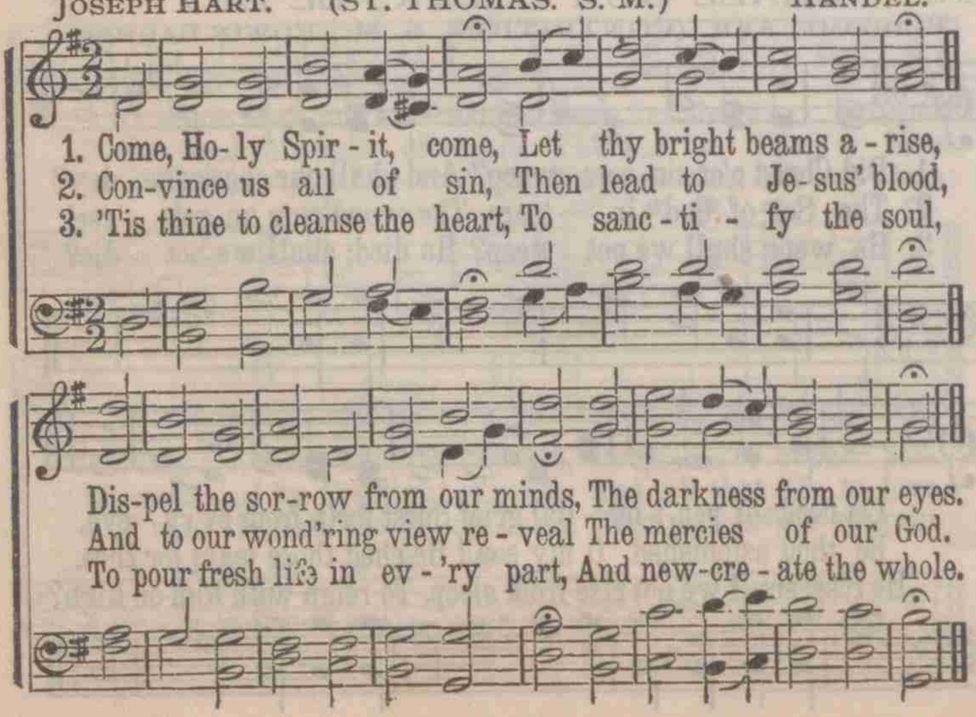
160 A CLOSER WALK.

COWPER. (MANOAH. C. M.) HAYDN.



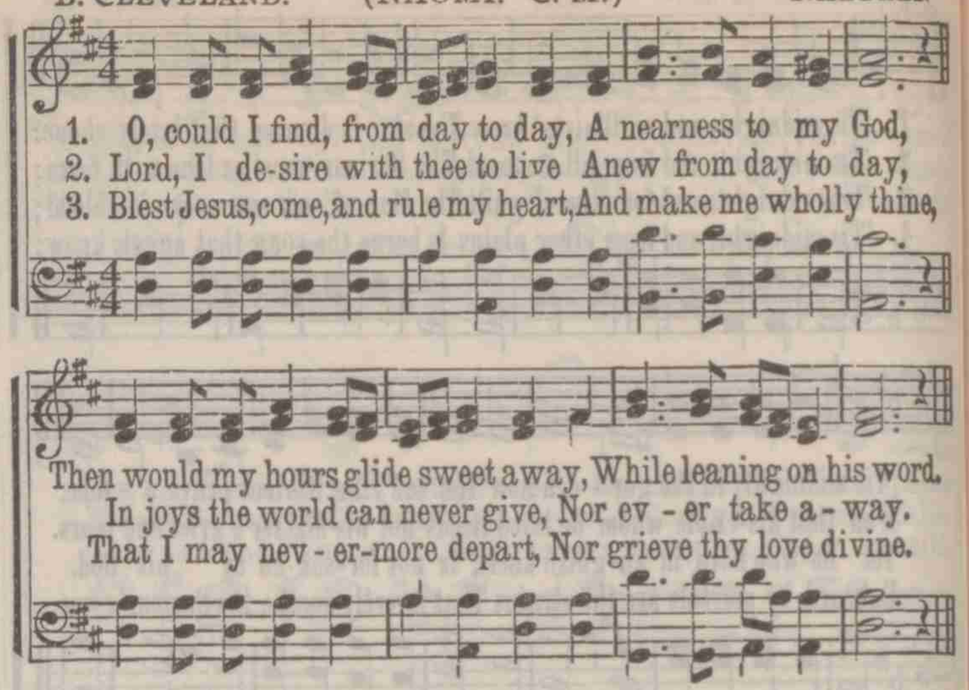
161 COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

JOSEPH HART. (ST. THOMAS. S. M.) HANDEL.



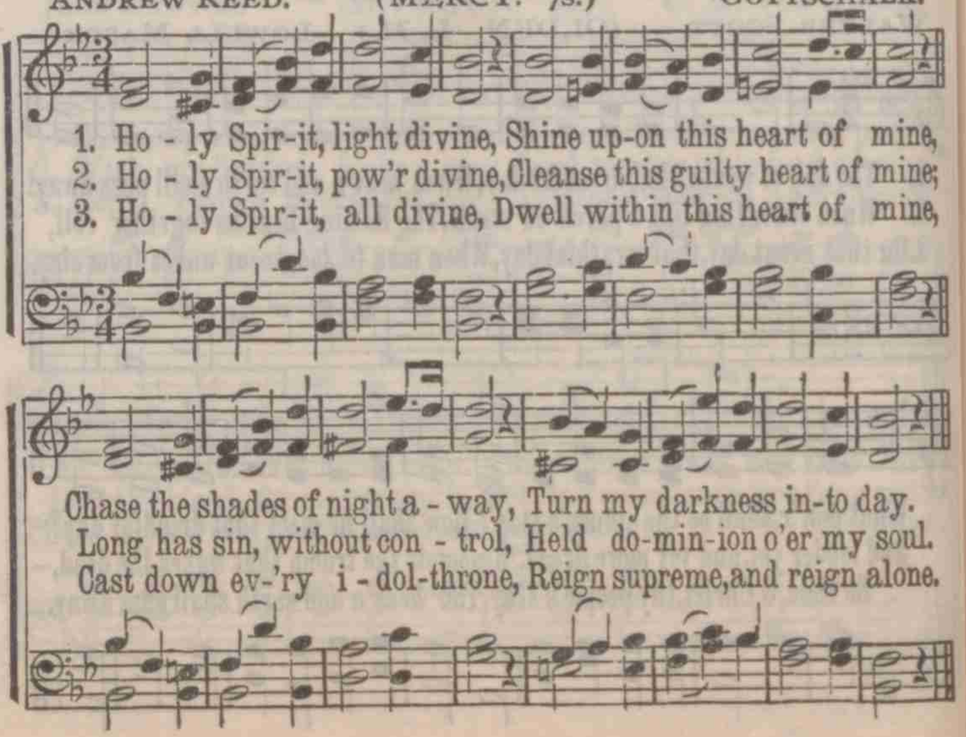
162 FROM DAY TO DAY.

B. CLEVELAND. (NAOMI. C. M.) NAEGELI.



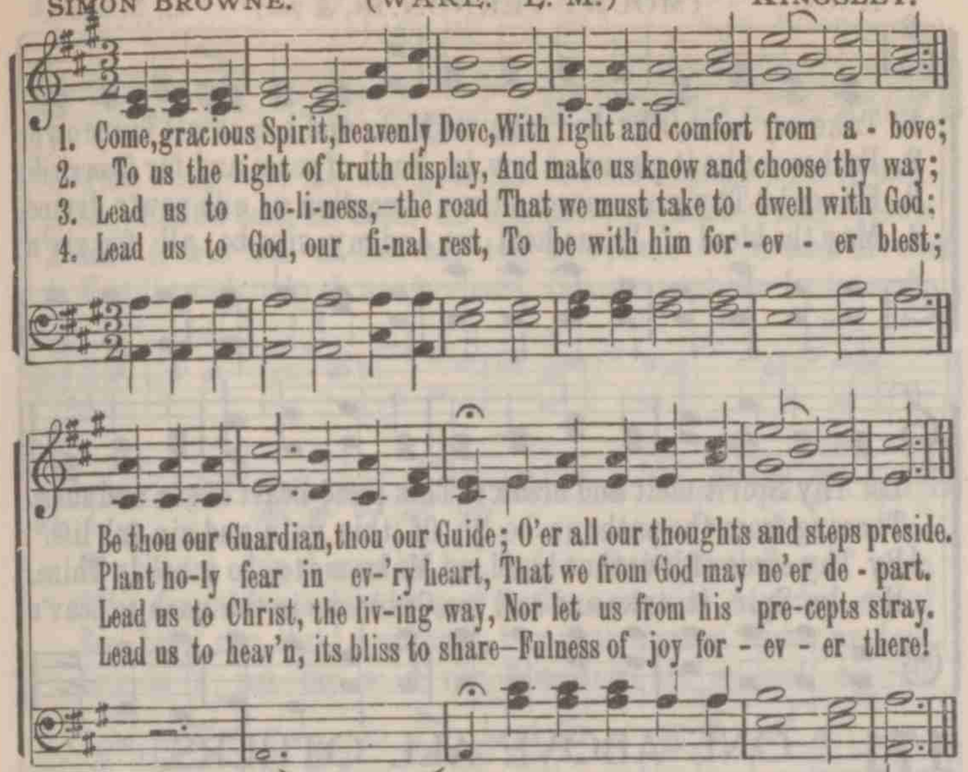
163 LIGHT DIVINE.

ANDREW REED. (MERCY. 7s.) GOTTSCHALK.



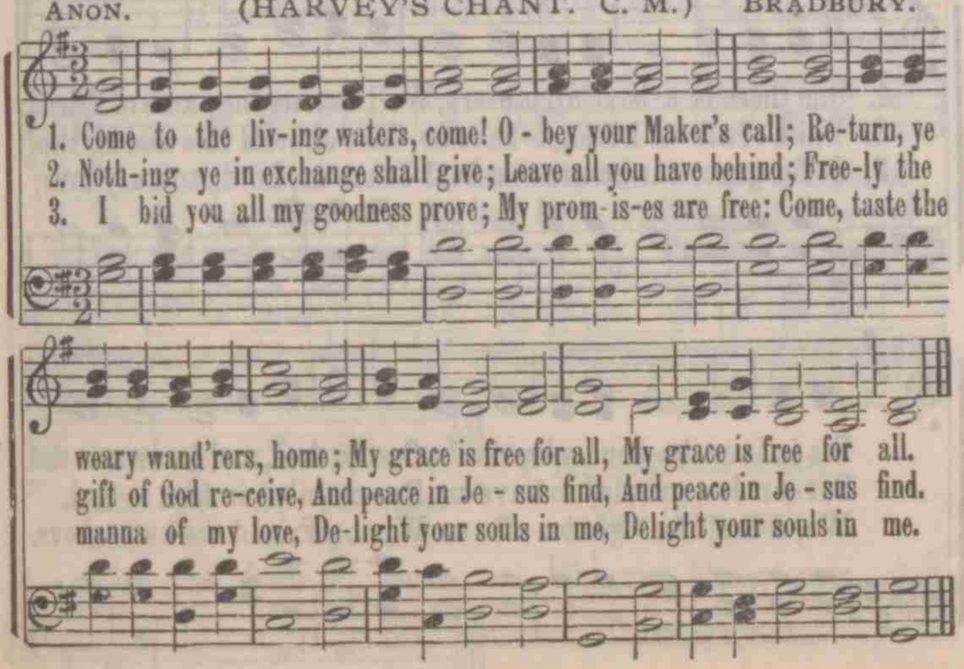
164 COME, GRACIOUS SPIRIT.

SIMON BROWNE. (WARE. L. M.) KINGSLEY.



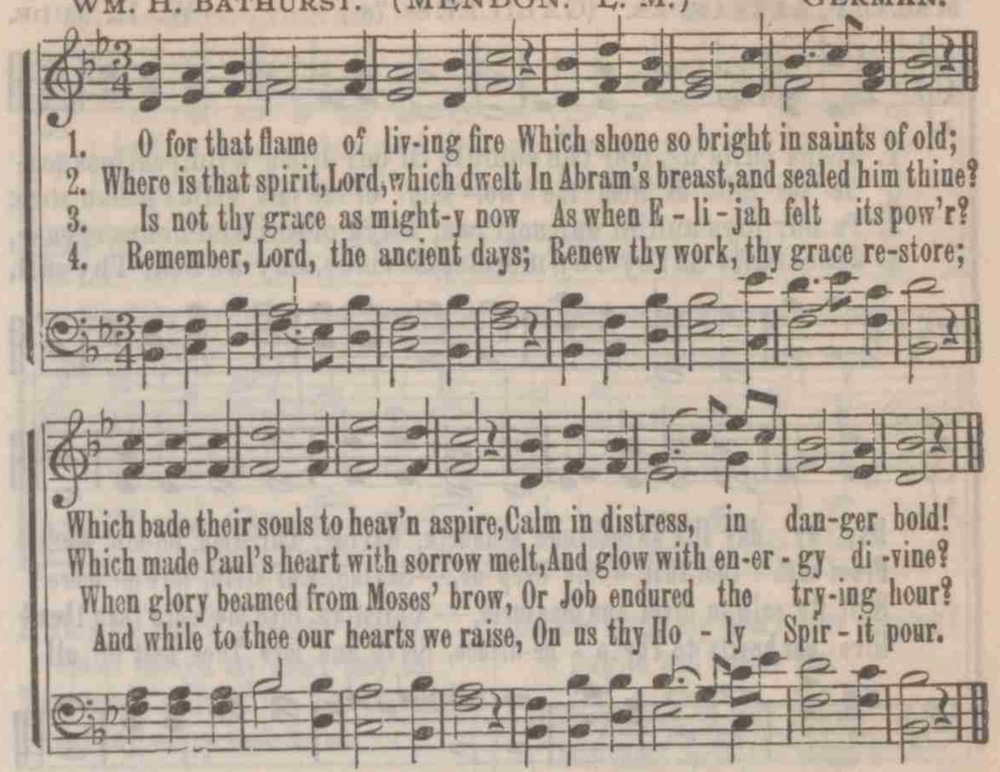
165 COME TO THE LIVING WATERS.

ANON. (HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M.) BRADBURY.



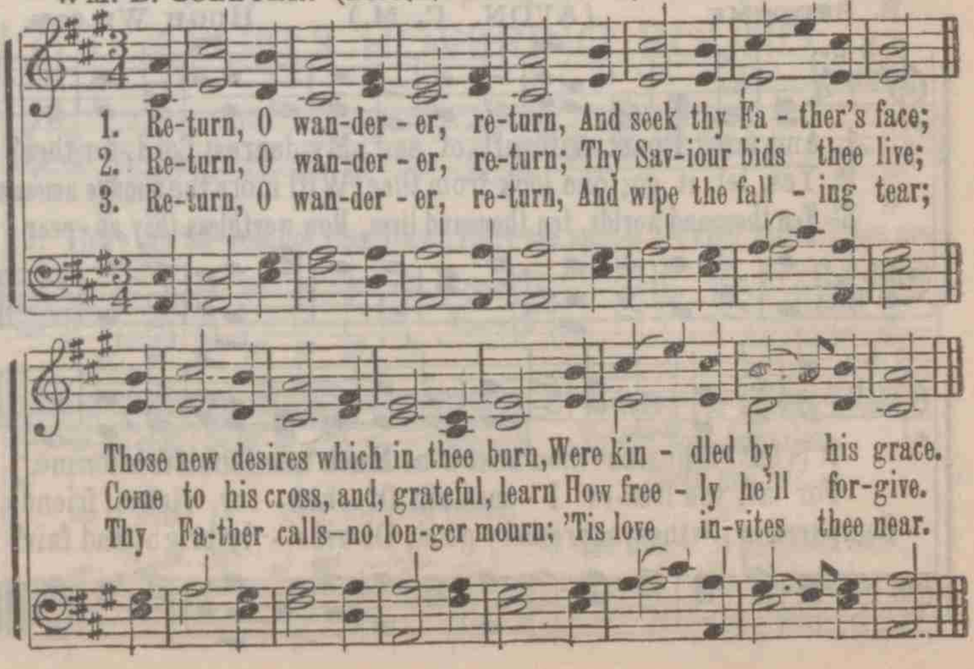
166 O FOR THAT FLAME!

WM. H. BATHURST. (MENDON. L. M.) GERMAN.



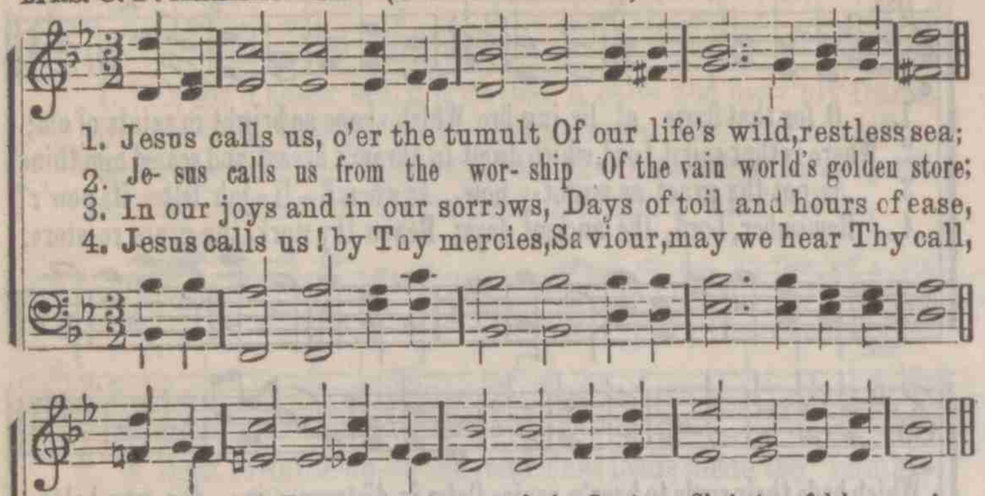
167 RETURN, O WANDERER!

WM. B. COLLYER. (BALERMA. C. M.) ARR. R. SIMPSON.



168 JESUS CALLS US.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER. (GALILEE 8s. 7s.) W. H. JUDE.

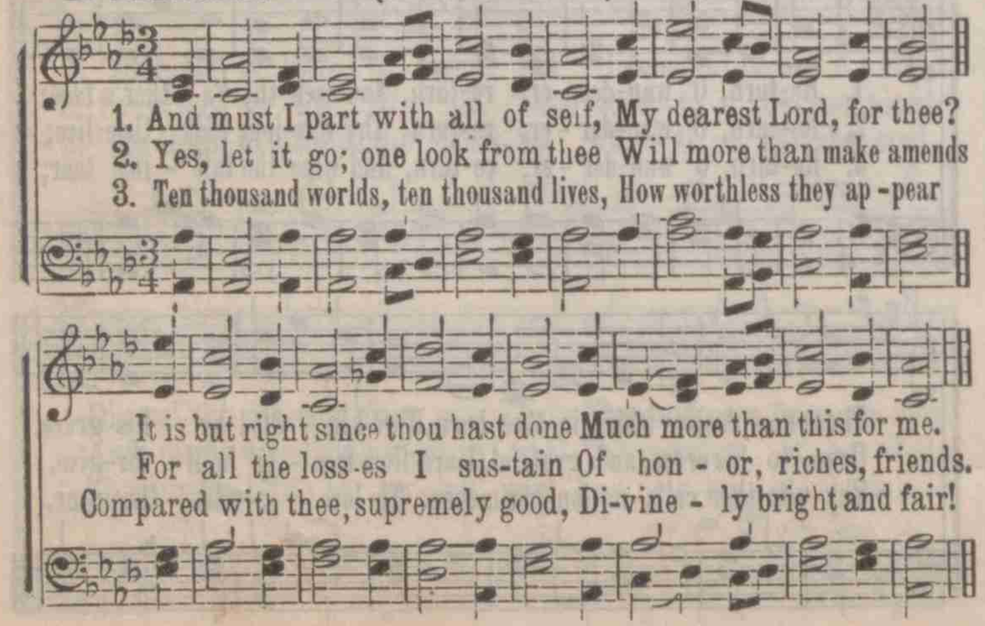


1. Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult Of our life's wild, restless sea;
2. Je- sus calls us from the wor- ship Of the vain world's golden store;
3. In our joys and in our sorrows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Jesus calls us! by Thy mercies, Saviour, may we hear Thy call,

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, Christian, fol-low me!
From each idol that would keep us, —Saying, Christian, love me more!
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, — Christian, love me more than these!
Give our hearts to Thy o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all!

169 PARTING WITH SELF.

B. BEDDOME. (AVON. C. M.) HUGH WILSON.

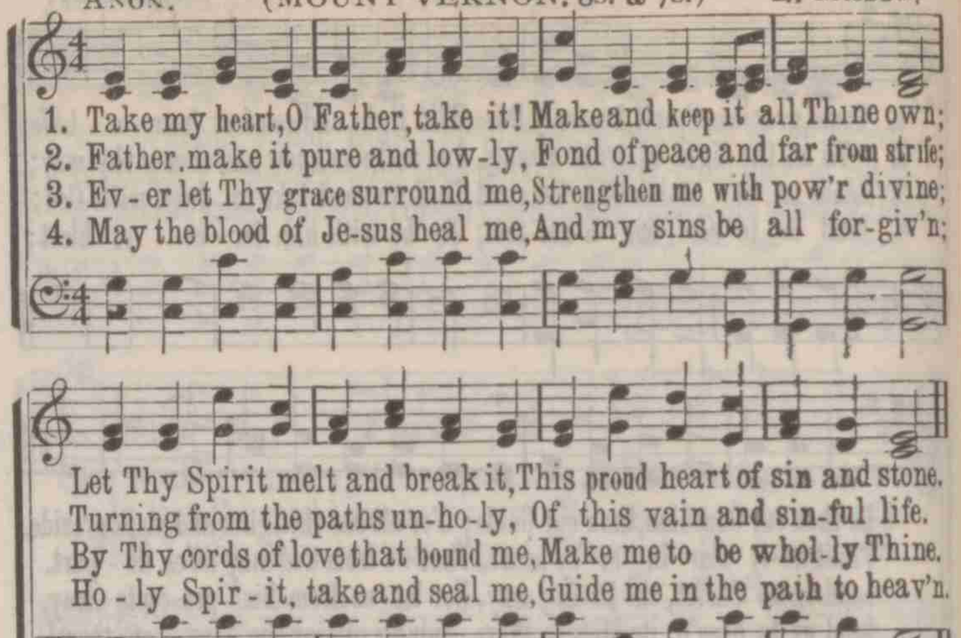


1. And must I part with all of self, My dearest Lord, for thee?
2. Yes, let it go; one look from thee Will more than make amends
3. Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives, How worthless they ap-pear

It is but right since thou hast done Much more than this for me.
For all the loss-es I sus-tain Of hon - or, riches, friends.
Compared with thee, supremely good, Di-vine - ly bright and fair!

170 TAKE MY HEART.

ANON. (MOUNT VERNON. 8s. & 7s.) L. MASON.

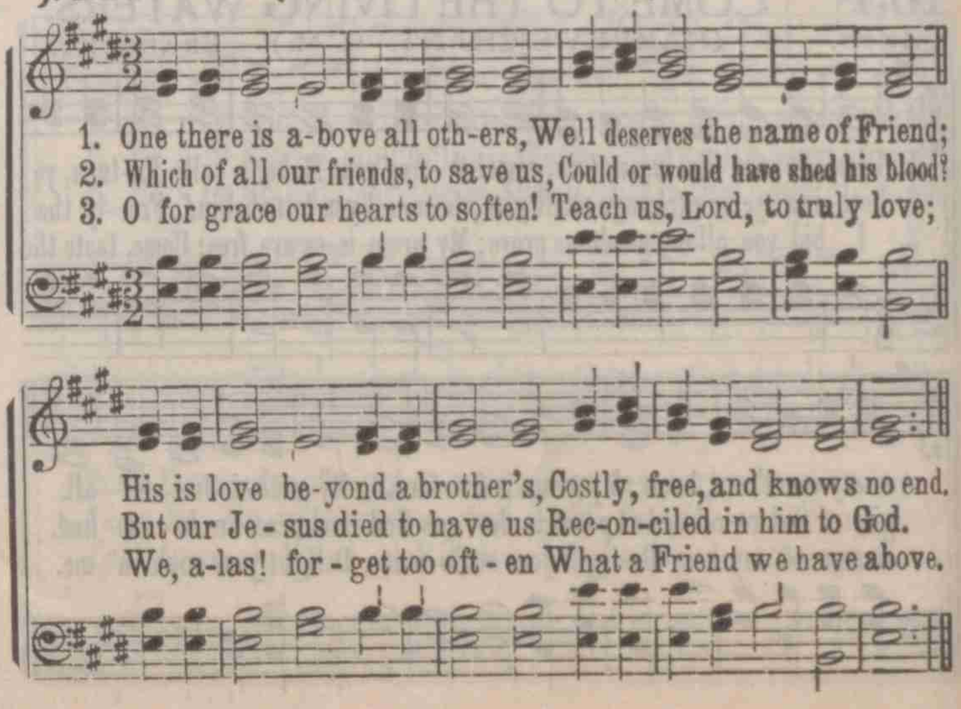


1. Take my heart, O Father, take it! Make and keep it all Thine own;
2. Father, make it pure and low-ly, Fond of peace and far from strife;
3. Ev-er let Thy grace surround me, Strengthen me with pow'r divine;
4. May the blood of Je-sus heal me, And my sins be all for-giv'n;

Let Thy Spirit melt and break it, This proud heart of sin and stone.
Turning from the paths un-ho-ly, Of this vain and sin-ful life.
By Thy cords of love that bound me, Make me to be whol-ly Thine.
Ho - ly Spir - it, take and seal me, Guide me in the path to heav'n.

171 ONE ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

J. NEWTON. (DORRNANCE. 8s & 7s.) I. B. WOODBURY.

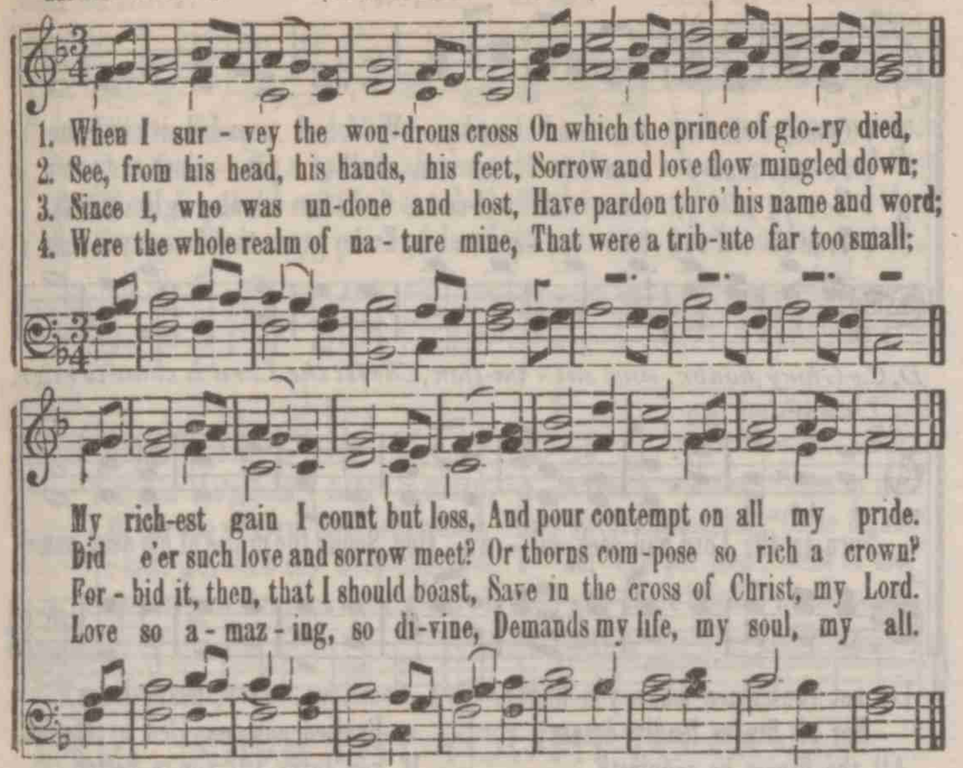


1. One there is a-bove all oth-ers, Well deserves the name of Friend;
2. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood?
3. O for grace our hearts to soften! Teach us, Lord, to truly love;

His is love be-yond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end.
But our Je - sus died to have us Rec-on-ciled in him to God.
We, a-las! for - get too oft - en What a Friend we have above.

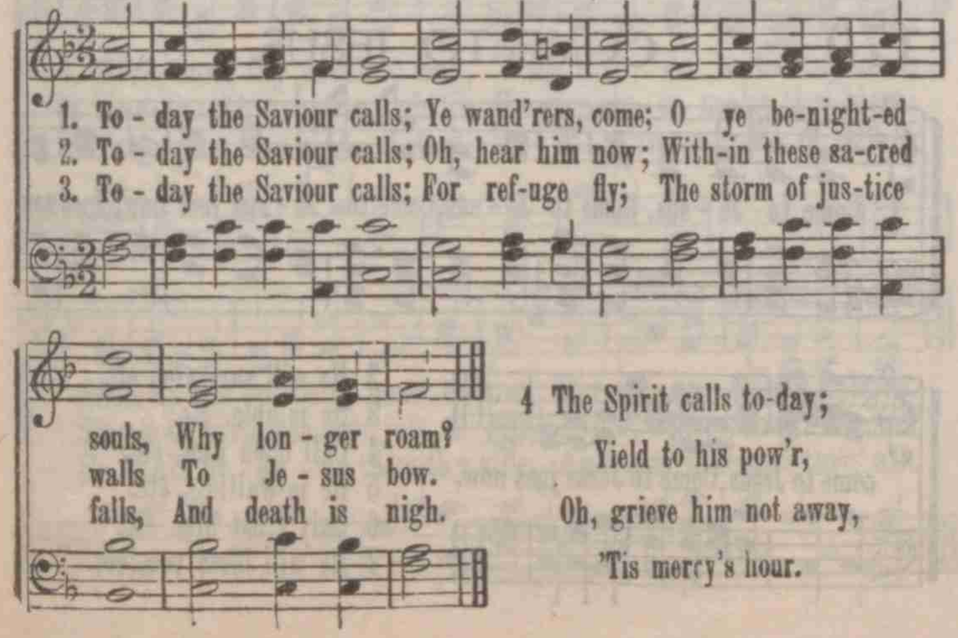
172 THE WONDROUS CROSS.

ISAAC WATTS. (McCABE. L. M.) E. S WIDDEMER.



173 TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

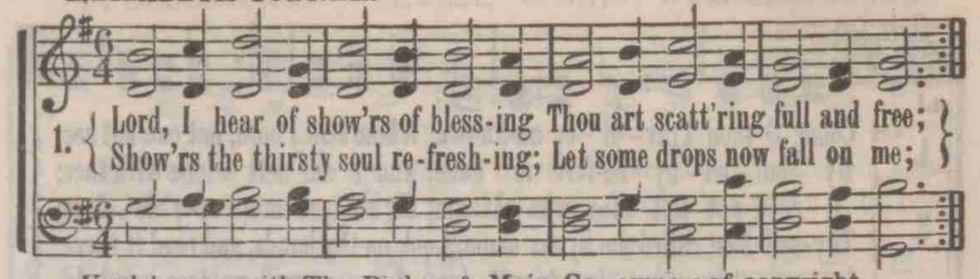
S. SMITH. (TO-DAY. 6s. & 4s.) L. MASON.



4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his pow'r,
Oh, grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

174 EVEN ME.

ELIZABETH CODNER. W. B. BRADBURY.



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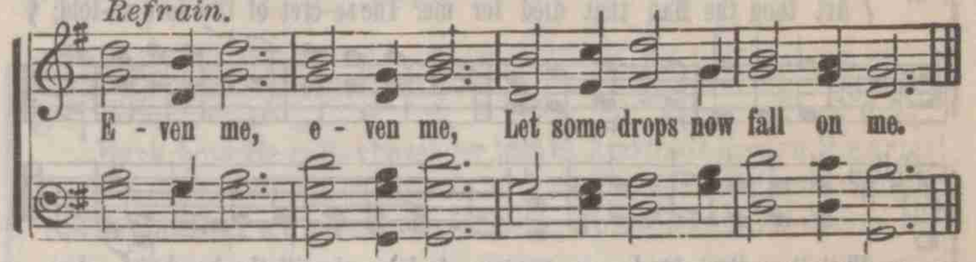
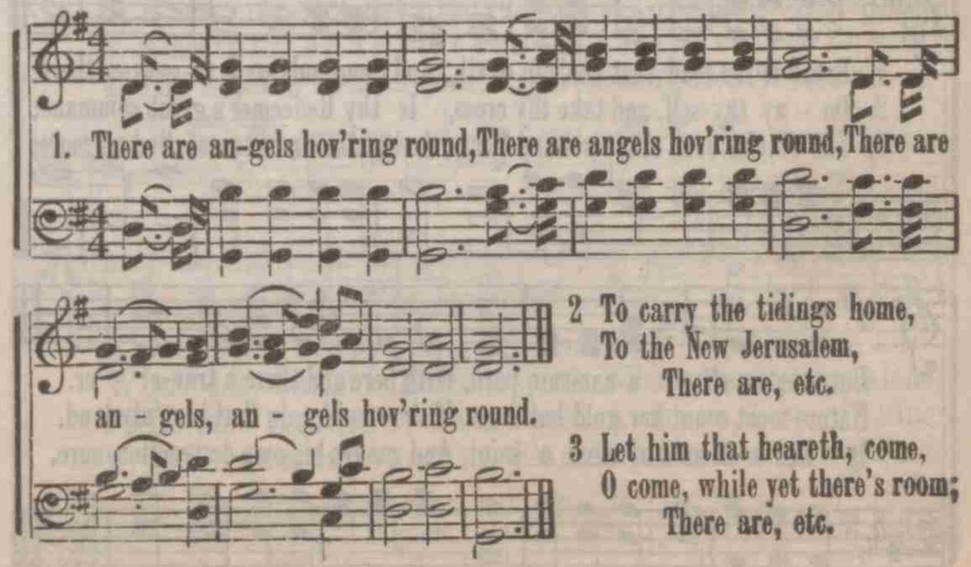
Refrain.

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

3 Have I long in sin been sleeping?
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me!

4 Pass me not, O holy Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of peace to me.

175 ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

ARRANGED.

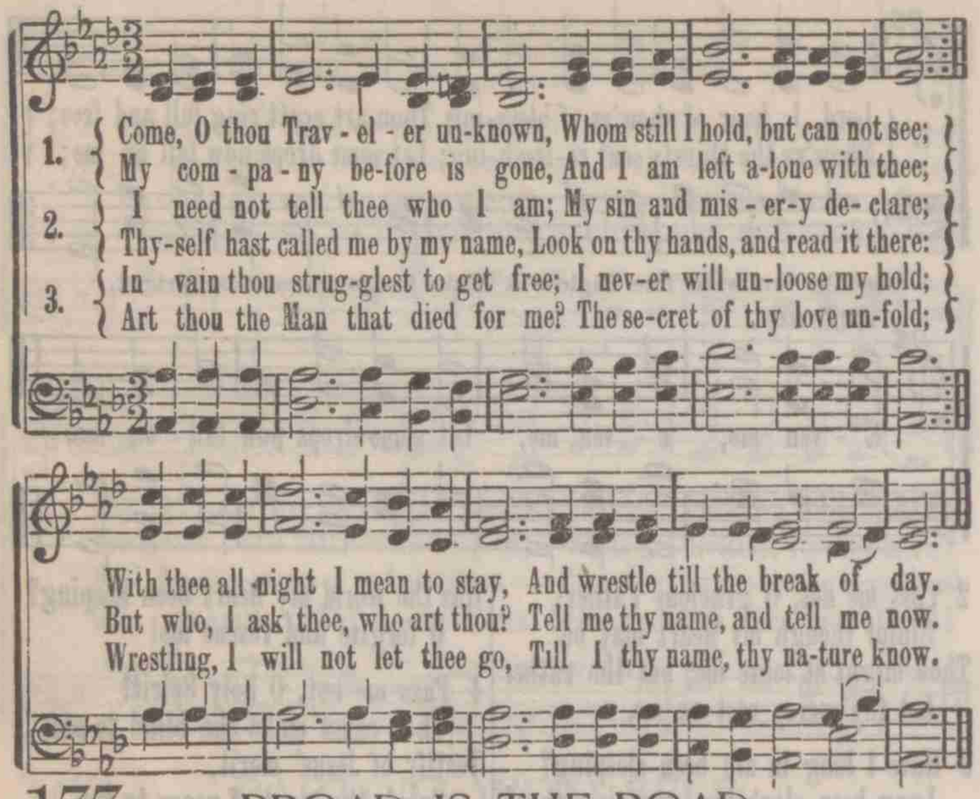


2 To carry the tidings home,
To the New Jerusalem,
There are, etc.

3 Let him that heareth, come,
O come, while yet there's room;
There are, etc.

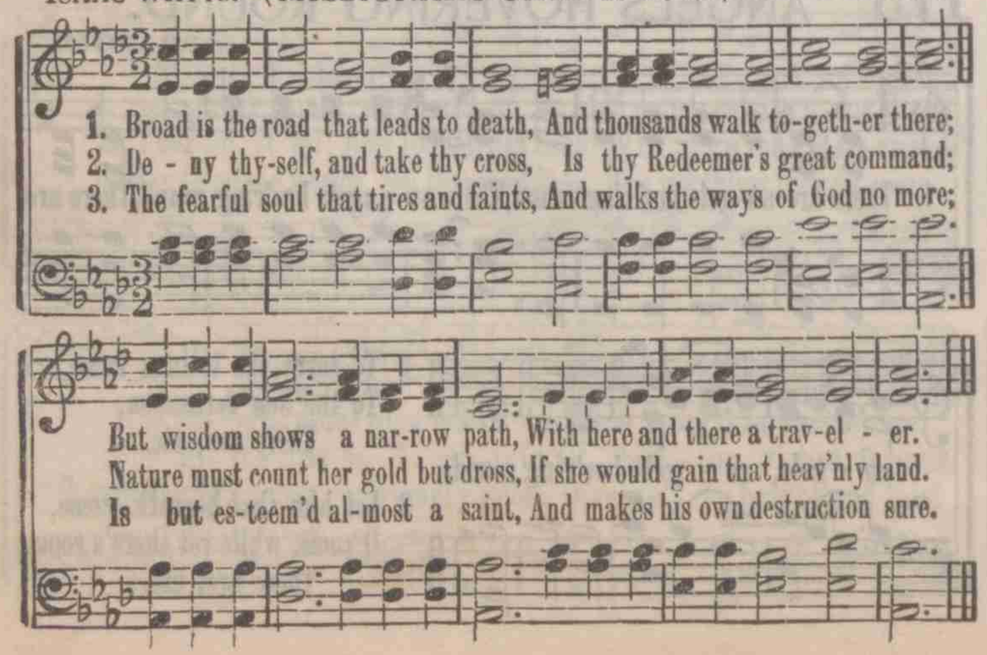
176 I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.

CHARLES WESLEY. (SELENA. L. M. 6L.) I. B. WOODBURY.



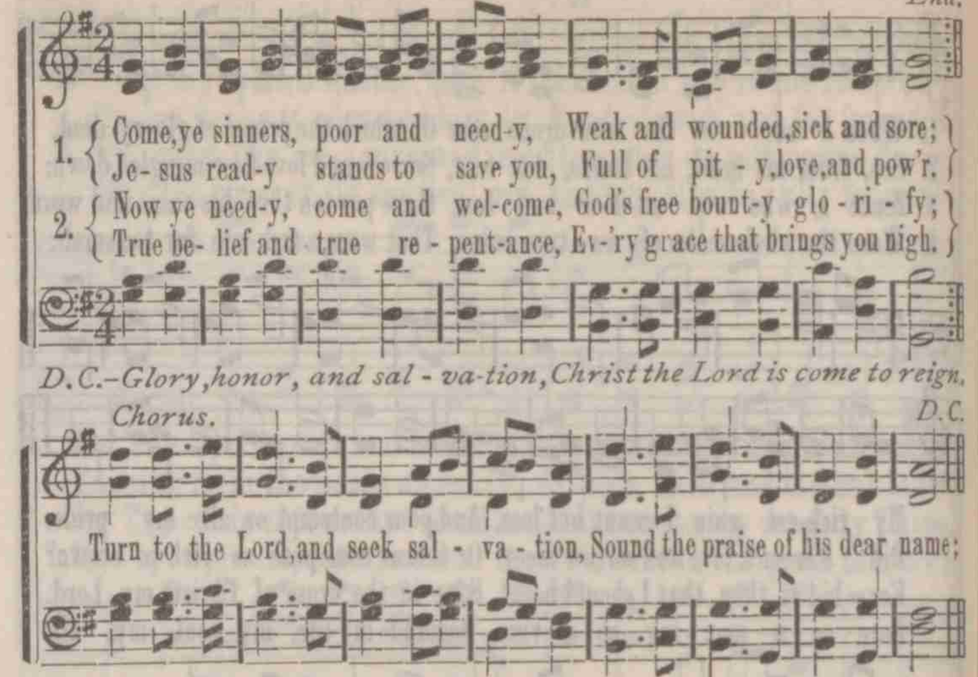
177 BROAD IS THE ROAD.

ISAAC WATTS. (MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.) H. C. ZEUNER.



178 COME, YE SINNERS.

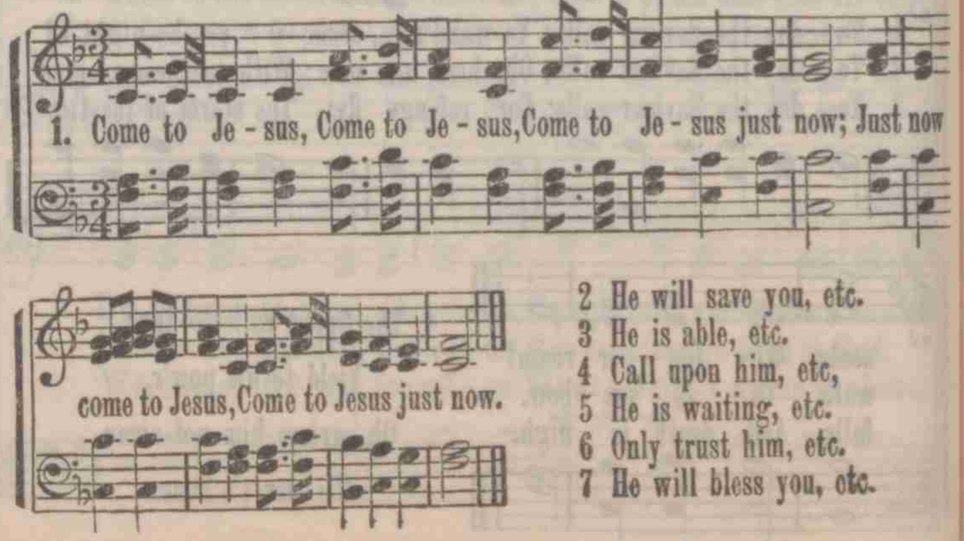
JOSEPH HART. (8s. & 7s. D.) I. INGALLS.



3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel our need of him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

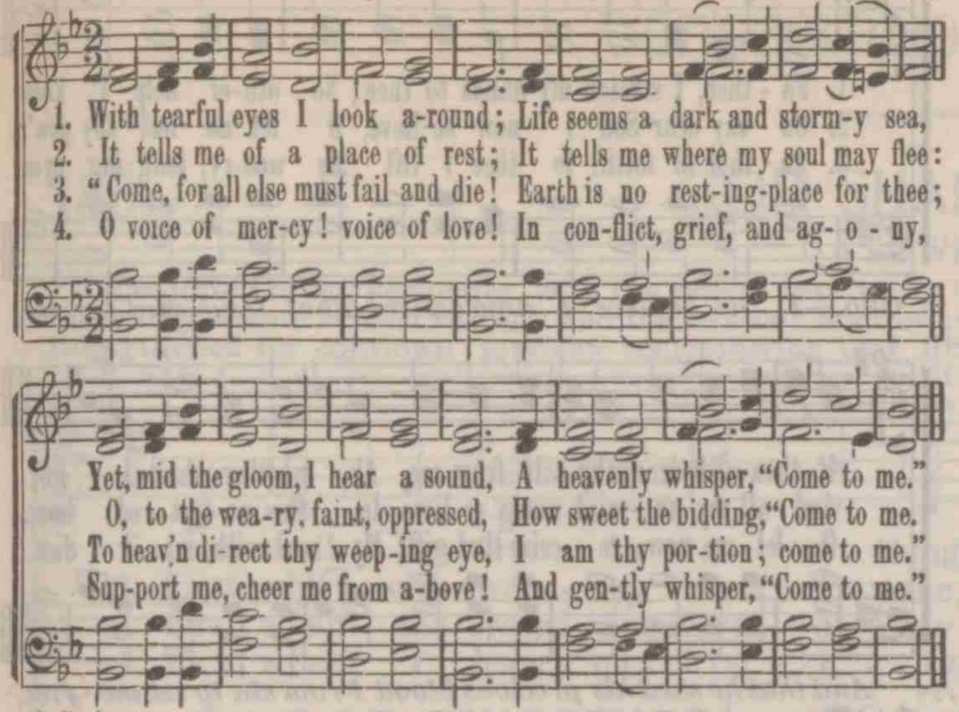
179 COME TO JESUS.



2 He will save you, etc.
3 He is able, etc.
4 Call upon him, etc,
5 He is waiting, etc.
6 Only trust him, etc.
7 He will bless you, etc.

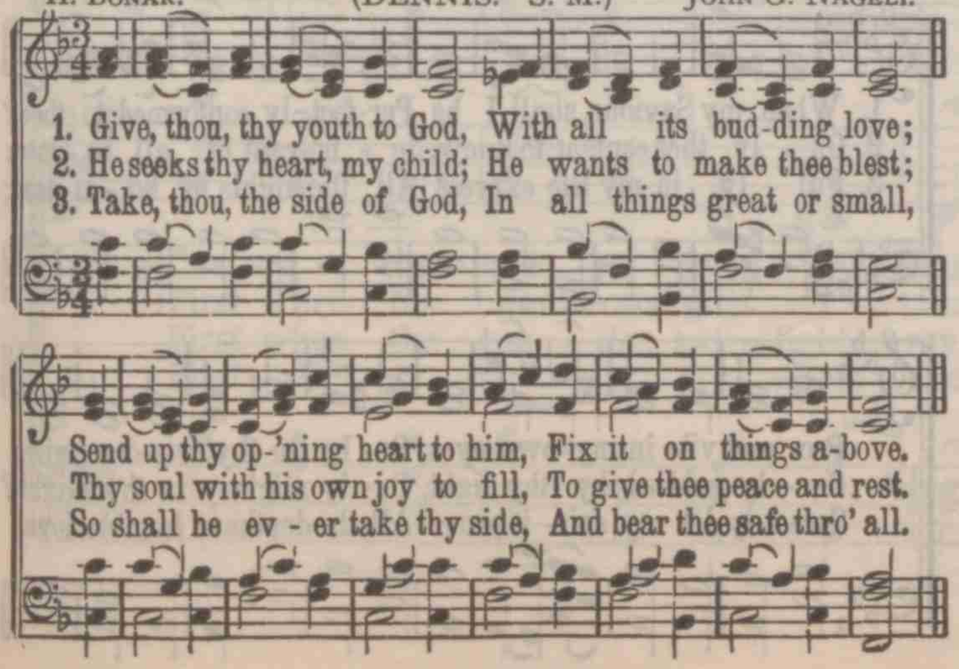
180 COME TO ME.

C. ELLIOTT. (WARD. L. M.) Arr. by L. MASON.



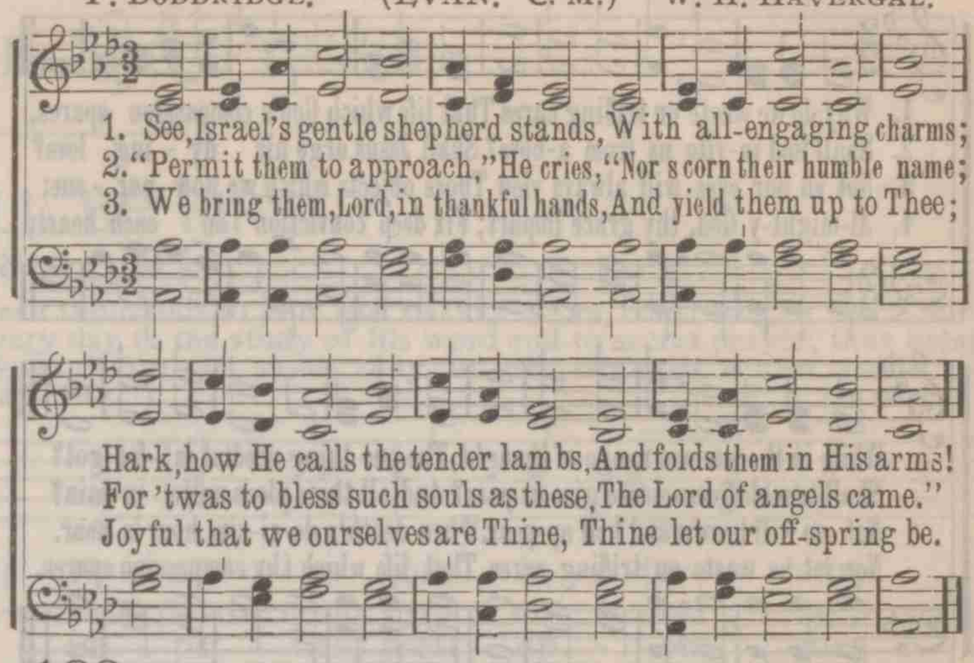
181 GIVE THY YOUTH TO GOD.

H. BONAR. (DENNIS. S. M.) JOHN G. NAGELI.



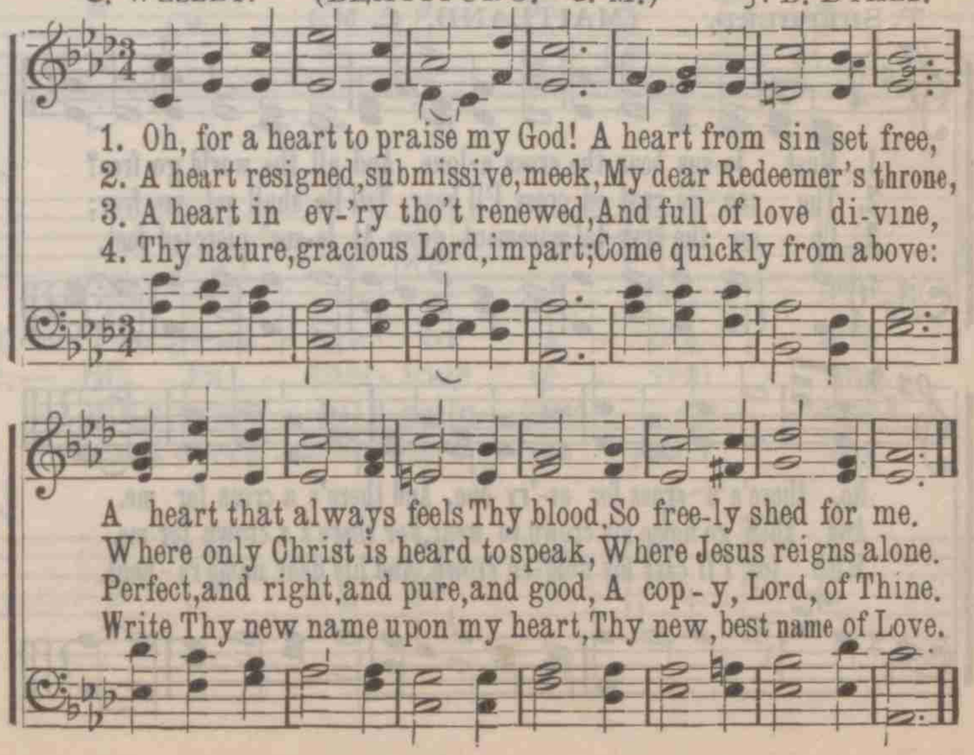
182 HE CALLS THE LAMBS.

P. DODDRIDGE. (EVAN. C. M.) W. H. HAVERGAL.



183 A HEART OF PRAISE.

C. WESLEY. (BEATITUDO. C. M.) J. B. DYKES.



184 ON TRIFLING CARES.

P. DODDRIDGE. (WELTON. L. M.) C. H. A. MALAN.

1. Why do we waste on trifling cares That life which God's compassion spares,
2. Shall God in-vite us from a-bove? Shall Jesus urge his dy - ing love?
3. Not so our eyes will always view Those objects which we now pur - sue;
4. Al-might-y God, thy grace impart; Fix deep conviction on each heart;

While in the various range of thought, The one thing needful is for-got?
Shall troubled conscience give us pain? And all these pleas unite in vain?
Not so will heav'n and hell ap-pear, When death's de-ci-sive hour is near.
Nor let us waste on trifling cares That life which thy compassion spares.

185 CROSS AND CROWN.

T. SHEPHERD. (MAITLAND. C. M.)

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se crat ed cross I'll bear, Till He shall set me free;
3. Up - on the crys-tal pavement, down At Je-sus' pierc-ed feet,

No, there's a cross for ev-'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold-en crown, And his dear name re - peat.

186 I DO BELIEVE.

CHARLES WESLEY. (C. M.) ARRANGED.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to thee; No oth-er help I know;
2. On thy dear Son I now be-lieve, O let me feel thy pow'r;
3. Au - thor of faith! to thee I lift My wea-ry, long-ing eyes:

CHO.—*I do be-lieve, I now believe That Jesus died for me,*

If thou with-draw thy-self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
And all my va - ried wants re-lieve, In this ac-cept - ed hour.
O let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul with-out it dies.

And that he shed his precious blood From sin to set me free.

187 CONFORMED TO THEE.

C. WESLEY. (HOLLEY. 7s.) G. HEWS.

1. When, my Saviour, shall I be Per-fect - ly conformed to thee?
2. On - ly thee content to know, Ig - no-rant of all be - low;
3. Ful - ly in my life express All the hights of ho - li-ness;

Poor and vile in my own eyes, On- ly in thy wis-dom wise;
On - ly guid-ed by thy light, On- ly migbt-y in thy might?
Sweet-ly let my spir- it prove All the depths of humble love.

PART II.

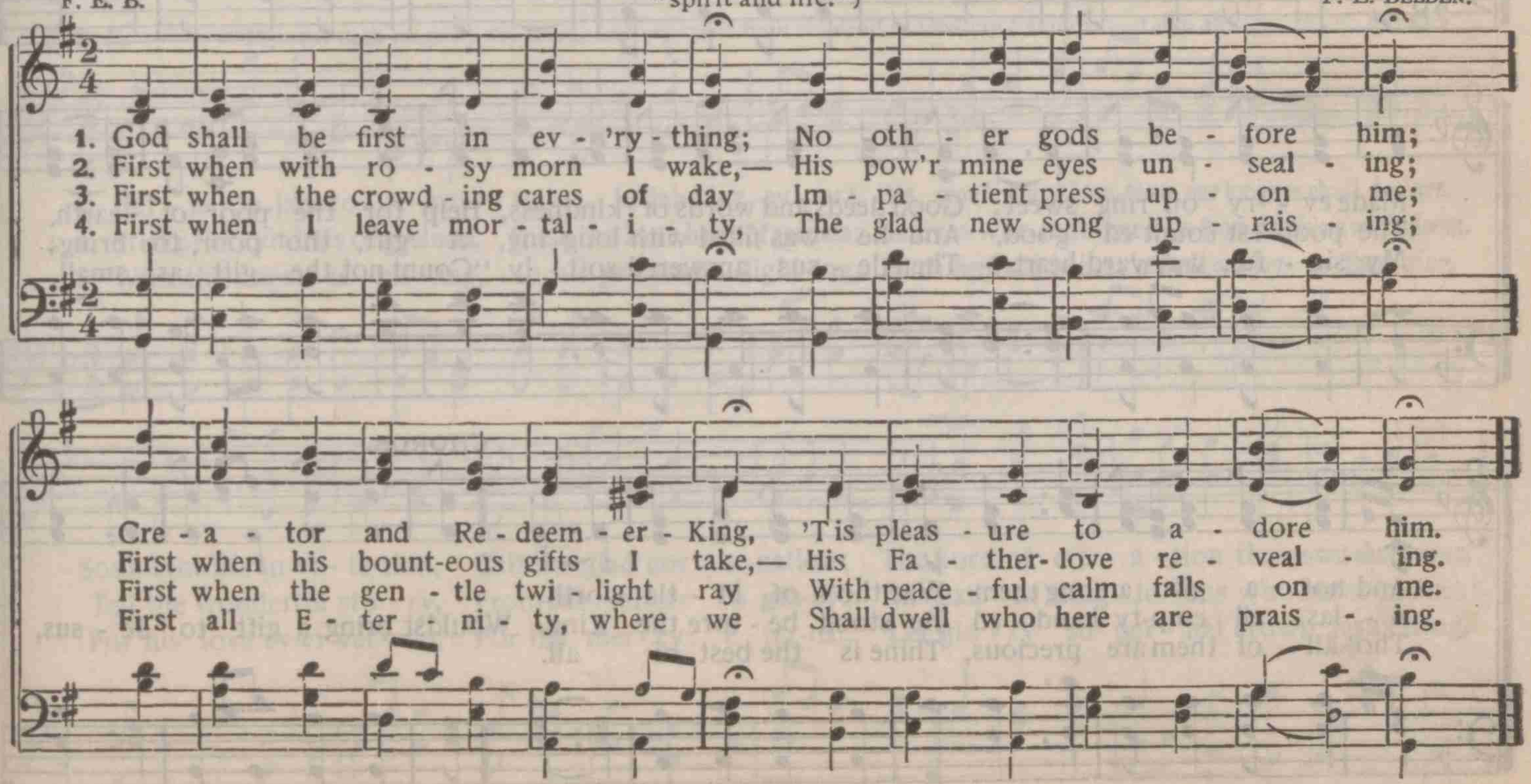
Consecration and Praise.

188 GOD SHALL BE FIRST.

(LOWRY. L. M.)

(Dedicated to my Redeemer, with the prayer that it may lead thousands to join the PRAYER BAND, consisting of those who cheerfully devote at least the first and the last half hour of every day to the study of his word and to secret prayer, thus being strengthened for continual service; remembering that HIS work can be done only in HIS strength whose words are "spirit and life.")

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.



189

SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

EBEN E. REXFORD. "My son, give me thine heart."— Prov. 23 : 26. JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. They bro't their gifts to Je - sus, And laid them at his feet, And love for this dear Sav - iour,
2. A - part from oth - er giv - ers A poor way - far - er stood; He saw the gifts they of - fered,
3. "Dear Lord," he cried in sor - row, "I know how kind thou art, Take all I have to give thee,

Made ev - 'ry off'ring sweet; Good deeds and words of kindness, Help for the poor of earth,
The poor- est count ed good, And he was filled with long - ing, A gift, tho' poor, to bring;
My sin - ful, wayward heart" Then Je - sus answered soft - ly, "Count not the gift as small,

CHORUS.

And not a gift among them Was tho't of lit - tle worth.
A - las! all emp-ty hand - ed He stood be - fore the King. Wouldst bring a gift to Je - sus,
Tho' all of them are precious, Thine is the best of all.

By permission of DAVID C. COOK.

That he will count most sweet? Say, "Lord, my heart I give thee," And lay it at his feet.

190 HALLELUJAHS TO JESUS.

F. E. B. "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."—Luke 46:47. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Hal - le - lu-jahs to Je- sus! Hal-le - lu-jahs for -ev - er! His wondrous sal-va-tion our tongues shall declare.
2. Strike the cymbals of gladness, Hush the lone harps of sadness; He lives who redeemed us from death's awful gloom.
3. With the angels u - nit - ing, In his praises de - light-ing, Both here and in heav'n shall our joy- an- them ring.

cres. *f*

Sound the life in-vi - ta-tion, Call the glad cor - o -nation; The Lord of cre - a - tion the crown shall wear.
Tell the wonderful sto - ry, From the manger to glo-ry; All hail to King Je - sus who burst the tomb!
For his love ev-er ver- nal, For his mer- cy e - ter-nal, Let glo - ry su- per - nal crown Jesus King.

E

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191 TO GOD BE THE GLORY.

"To whom be glory forever."—Rom. 11: 36.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. To God be the glo- ry, great things He hath done, So loved He the world that He gave us His Son,
2. O per- fect redemption, the purchase of blood, To ev - 'ry be-liev- er the prom-ise of God;
3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done, And great our rejoicing thro' Je - sus the Son;

Who yielded His life an a-tonement for sin, And o-pened the Life-gate that all may go in.
The vil - est offend-er who tru - ly be-lieves, That moment from Je-sus a par- don receives.
But pur - er, and higher, and greater will be Our won- der, our transport, when Je- sus we see.

D. S.—come to the Fa-ther, thro' Je-sus the Son, And give Him the glo - ry, great things He hath done.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His voice; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the people re-joice; O

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HE BROUGHT ME OUT.

"He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock."—Ps. 40: 2.

Rev. H. J. Zelley.
Cho. by H. L. G.

H. L. Gilmour.

1. My heart was distress'd 'neath Jehovah's dread frown, And low in the pit where my sins dragg'd me down; I
2. He placed me upon the strong Rock by His side, My steps were established and here I'll a - bide; No
3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise. By day and by night its sweet notes I will raise; My
4. I'll sing of His wonderful mercy to me, I'll praise Him till all men His goodness shall see; I'll

CHORUS.

cried to the Lord from the deep miry clay, Who tenderly brought me out to golden day.
dan- ger of fall-ing while here I re-main. But stand by His grace until the crown I gain.
heart's o- ver-flow-ing, I'm happy and free, I'll praise my Redeemer, who has rescued me.
sing of sal-va- tion at home and abroad, Till many shall hear the truth and trust in God.

He brought me out of the miry clay, He set my feet on the Rock to stay; He puts a song in my soul to-day, A song of praise, halle-lu-jah!

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THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever."—John 15: 16.

Rev. F. Bottome, D. D.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O, spread the ti - dings round, Wher- ev - er man is found, Wherev - er hu -man hearts
2. The long, long night is past, The morn - ing breaks at last; And hush'd the dreadful wail
3. Be - hold, the King of kings, With heal - ing in his wings, To ev - 'ry cap- tive soul
4. O bound - less Love di - vine! How shall this tongue of mine To wond'ring mor-tals tell
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly A - bove the vault - ed sky, And all the saints a - bove

D. S.— The Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n,

And hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Chris-tian tongue Pro - claim the joy - ful sound:
And fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en hills The day ad - van -ces fast:
A full de - liv'rance brings; And thro' the va - cant cells The song of tri-umph rings:
The match- less grace di - vine,— That I, a child of sin, Should in his im - age shine!
To all be - low re - ply, In strains of end - less love, The song that ne'er will die:

The Fa - ther's prom-ise giv'n; O, spread the tidings round, Wher - ev - er man is found,—

D. S.

The Com - fort - er has come! The Com - fort-er has come, The Comfort - er has come!

The Com - fort - er has come!

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I WILL SING OF JESUS' LOVE.

F. E. B. "I will sing of thy power: yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy."— Ps. 59: 16. F. E. BELDEN.

1. I will sing (I will sing) of Je - sus' love, Sing of him (sing of him) who first loved me; For he
2. Ere a tear - - - had dim'd mine eyes, Je - sus' tears - - - for me did flow; Ere my
3. O the depths - - - of love di - vine! Earth or heav'n - - - can nev - er know How that
4. Noth-ing good - - - for him I've done; How could he - - - such love be-stow? Lord, I

REFRAIN.

left (for he left) bright worlds a - bove, And died on Cal - va - ry. I will sing - - - of Jesus' love,
first - - - faint prayer could rise, He had prayed in tones of woe.
sins - - - as dark as mine Can be made as white as snow.
own - - - my heart is won; Help me now *my love* to show.

I will sing

Endless praise (endless praise) my heart shall give; He has died (He has died) that I might live,—I will sing his love to me

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PARDON, PEACE AND POWER.

EL NATHAN. Jer. 33: 8. Ps. 29: 11. Acts 1: 8. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Would we be joy - ful in the Lord? Then count the rich-es o'er, Re-vealed to faith with-
2. For ev - 'ry sin, by grace di-vine A par - don free bestowed; And with the par - don
3. Of grace to break the pow'r of sin, He gives a full sup - ply; The Ho - ly Ghost, the
4. The pow'r to win a soul to God. The Spir - it, too, im - parts; And He, the gift of
5. These blessings we by faith re-ceive, By sim - ple child-like trust: In Christ 'tis God's de-

CHORUS.

in His Word, And note the boundless store. There is par - - don, peace and
peace is mine, The peace in Je - sus' blood.
heart with - in, From sin doth pu - ri - fy.
Christ, our Lord, Dwells now in all our hearts.
light to give; He prom-ised, and He must. Pardon, peace and pow'r,

pow'r, ... And pu - ri - ty, ... and Par - a - dise; ..... With all of
par-don, peace and pow'r, And pu - ri - ty, and Par - a-dise;

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these.... ... in Christ for me,..... Let joy-ful songs of praise to Him a-rise.
With all of these in Christ for me,

196 TREAD SOFTLY.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (SOLO AND QUARTET.) W. H. DOANE.

Gently. *p*

1. Be si-lent, be si-lent, A whis-per is heard, Be si-lent, and list-en, Oh, treasure each word.
2. Be si-lent, be si-lent, For ho-ly this place, This al-tar that echoes The message of grace.
3. Be si-lent, be si-lent, Breathe humbly our pray'r, A fore-taste of E-den This moment we share.
4. Be si-lent, be si-lent, His mer-cy re-cord; Be si-lent, be si-lent, And wait on the Lord.

CHORUS. *p* *p* *rit.*

Tread soft-ly, tread soft-ly, The Mas-ter is here; Tread soft-ly, tread soft-ly, He bids us draw near.
Tread softly here, tread softly here, Tread softly here, tread softly here,

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197 COME OUT IN THE SUNSHINE.

"He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness; but shall have the light of life."—John 8: 12.

FANNIE E. BOLTON. FANNIE E. BOLTON.

1. Come out in the sunshine! O gath-er its wealth! There's joy in the sunshine, And beauty and health. Why stay in the
2. A flow'r in the shad - ow Will lose its bright hue, 'T will weary and with - er, And so 'tis with you. We fade in the
3. Come out in the sunshine! O hear Love's sweet voice! And all ho-ly spir-its With you will rejoice. You'll sing with the
4. Live out in the sunshine, Till Jesus appears, Then share in his glory Thro' love's endless years. O dwell in his

CHORUS.

shadow? Why weep in the gloom? Come out in the sunshine, And let your soul bloom. O beau - ti - ful
shadow Of thought or of room; But out in the sunshine We blossom and bloom.
an-gels. Wher - ev - er you go, You'll glad-ly tell oth-ers The way out of woe.
presence, Where no shad-ow mars; Re - flect-ing his beau-ty, You'll shine as the stars. Beautiful,

healing light, Sent down from the courts a-bove, Thou mak-est the dark-ness bright With the smile of God's tender love.
Beautiful light

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SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

"Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing."—Rom. 15 : 13.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright Than glows in a - ny earth-ly sky,
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King, And, Je - sus list - en-ing, can hear
3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near, The dove of peace sings in my heart,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love, For blessings which he gives me now,

CHORUS.

For Je - sus is my light. O there's sun - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peaceful,
The songs I can - not sing. sunshine in the soul, blessed sunshine in the soul,
The flow'rs of grace appear.
For joys laid up a - bove.

hap - py moments roll; When Je-sus shows his smiling face There is sun-shine in the soul.
hap-py moments roll,

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REDEEMED.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Thou hast pleaded the cause of my soul: thou hast redeemed my life."—Lam. 3:58. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Redeemed! how I love to pro-claim it! Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb; Redeemed thro' his
2. Redeemed! and so hap- py in Je - sus! No language my rapt-ure can tell; I know that the
3. I think of my bless-ed Re - deem- er, I think of him all the day long; I sing; for I
4. I know I shall see in his beau - ty The King in whose law I de - light, Who lov- ing - ly
5. I know there's a crown that is wait -ing In yon-der bright mansion for me; And soon, with the

REFRAIN.

in - fi - nite mer - cy, His child, and for - ev - er, I am. Re - deemed, re - deemed, Re-
light of his presence With me doth con- tin - ual -ly dwell.
can- not be si - lent; His love is the theme of my song.
guardeth my footsteps, And giv - eth me songs in the night.
spir - its made per-fect, At home with the Lord I shall be. Redeemed, redeemed,

deemed by the blood of the Lamb; Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child, and for - ev - er, I am.
Redeemed, redeemed,

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FOLLOW ALL THE WAY.

"I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest."—Mat. 8 : 19.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Arr. by IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

TRIO.

1. I can hear my Saviour call-ing, In the tend'rest ac-cents call-ing; On my ear these words are falling,—
2. Tho' the way be dark and dreary, Tho' my feet be worn and weary, Yet my heart keeps bright and cheery
3. Je - sus, ev - er go be - fore me, Shining heaven's sun-light o'er me, And when weak, by grace restore me
4. Thro' the val-ley safe-ly lead me, Heav'nly man-na dai - ly feed me; Ev - 'ry hour, dear Lord, I need thee
5. In thy heart's af-fec-tion hold me, In thy arms of love en-fold me, And with thine own grace uphold me,

CHORUS.

Come and fol-low, dai - ly fol - low me."
As I fol - low, fol-low all the way.
As I fol - low, fol-low all the way. I will take my cross and fol - low, My dear
As I fol - low, fol-low all the way.
As I fol - low, fol-low all the way.

Sav-iour I will fol-low; Where he leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

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201 MY SINS ARE ALL TAKEN AWAY.

F. E. B. "None of his sins that he hath committed shall be mentioned unto him."—Eze. 33:19. F. E. BELDEN.

1. He will men - tion them no more for - ev - er, My sins are all tak - en a - way;
2. Since I came by faith to Cal -v'ry's mountain, My sins are all tak - en a - way;
3. At the bot - tom of the sea they're ly - ing, My sins are all tak - en a - way;
4. Once the "car - nal mind" was all my pleas- ure, My sins are all tak - en a - way;
5. Doubt can nev - er stay where Faith is sing - ing, "My sins are all tak - en a - way;"

For his roy - al prom- ise chang- es nev - er, My sins are all tak - en a - way.
Thro' the cleans-ing pow'r of that blest Foun-tain, My sins are all tak - en a - way.
Now the pow'rs of sin and self de - ny - ing, My sins are all tak - en a - way.
Now the word of God is my chief treas- ure, My sins are all tak - en a - way.
"Praise the Lord" with- in my heart is ring - ing, My sins are all tak - en a - way.

CHORUS.

They are all tak - en a - way, They are all tak - en a - way; He will mention them no a-way,
They are all tak - en a - way, They are all tak - en a - way; I am rest-ing in the a-way;

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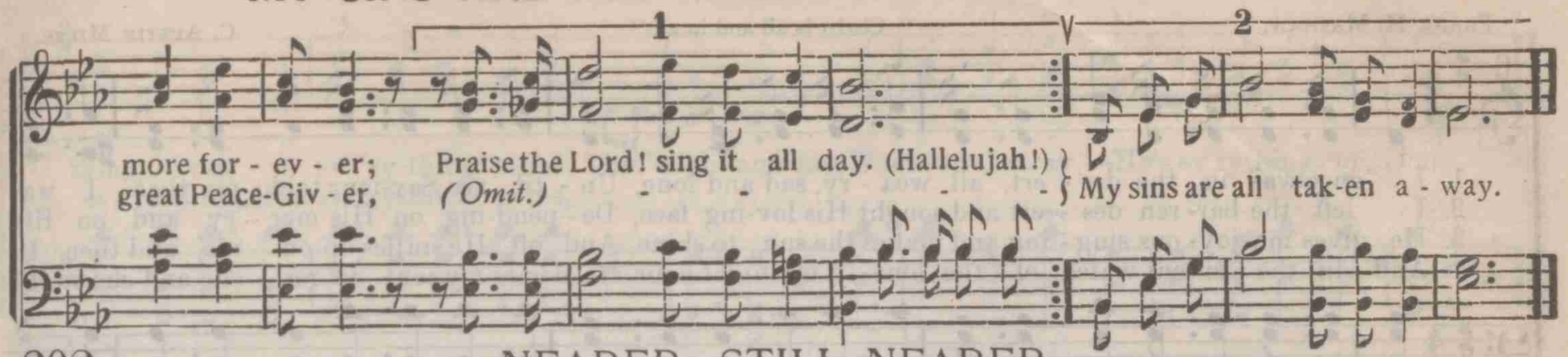
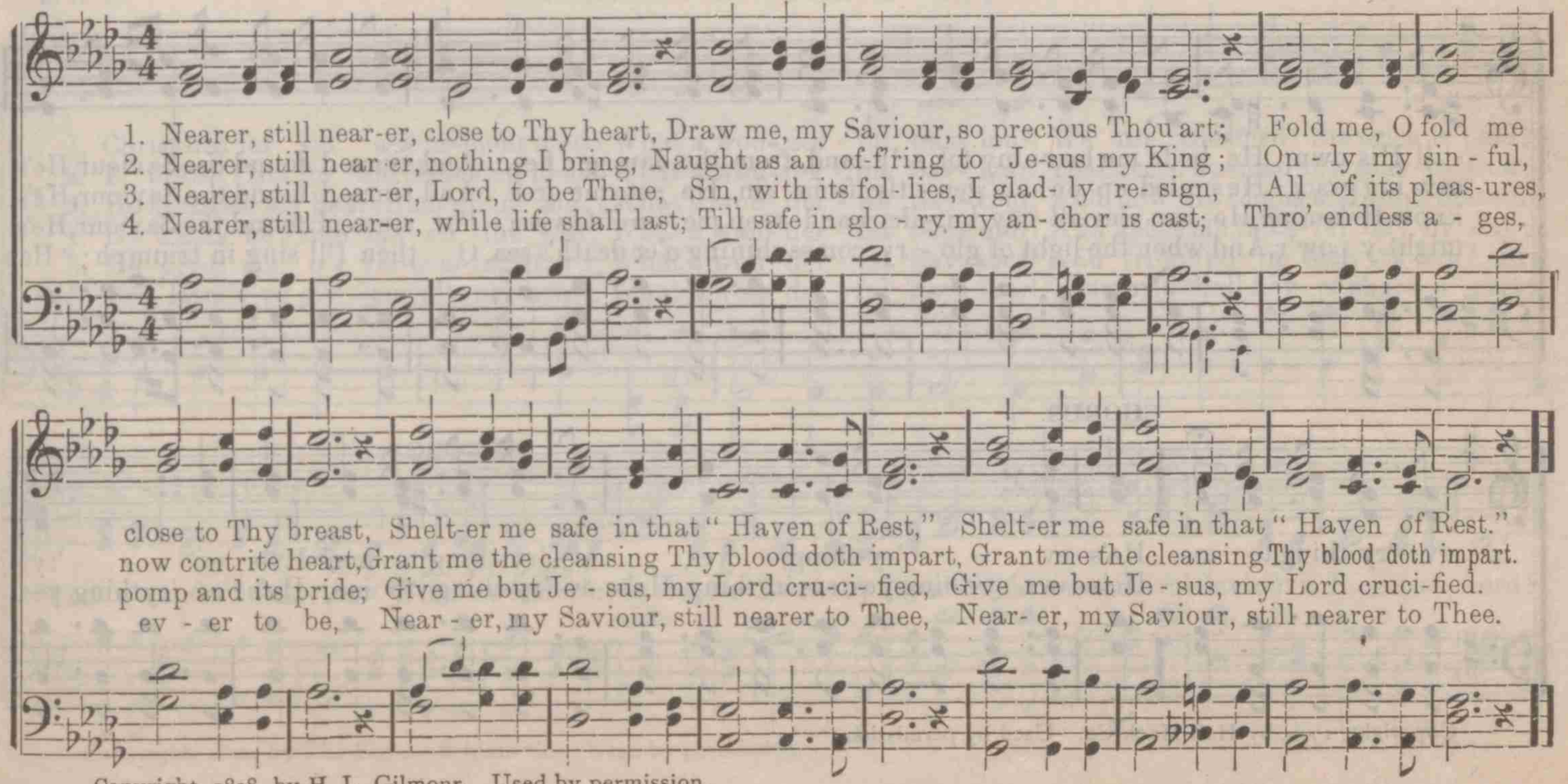
MY SINS ARE ALL TAKEN AWAY.—CONCLUDED.

202 NEARER, STILL NEARER.

C. H. M. "Draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh unto you."—Jas. 4 : 8. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Nearer, still near-er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Saviour, so precious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shelt-er me safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shelt-er me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
2. Nearer, still near-er, nothing I bring, Naught as an of-f'ring to Je-sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
3. Nearer, still near-er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol - lies, I glad- ly re- sign, All of its pleas-ures, pomp and its pride; Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru-ci- fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cruci-fied.
4. Nearer, still near-er, while life shall last; Till safe in glo - ry my an- chor is cast; Thro' endless a - ges, ev - er to be, Near - er, my Saviour, still nearer to Thee, Near- er, my Saviour, still nearer to Thee.

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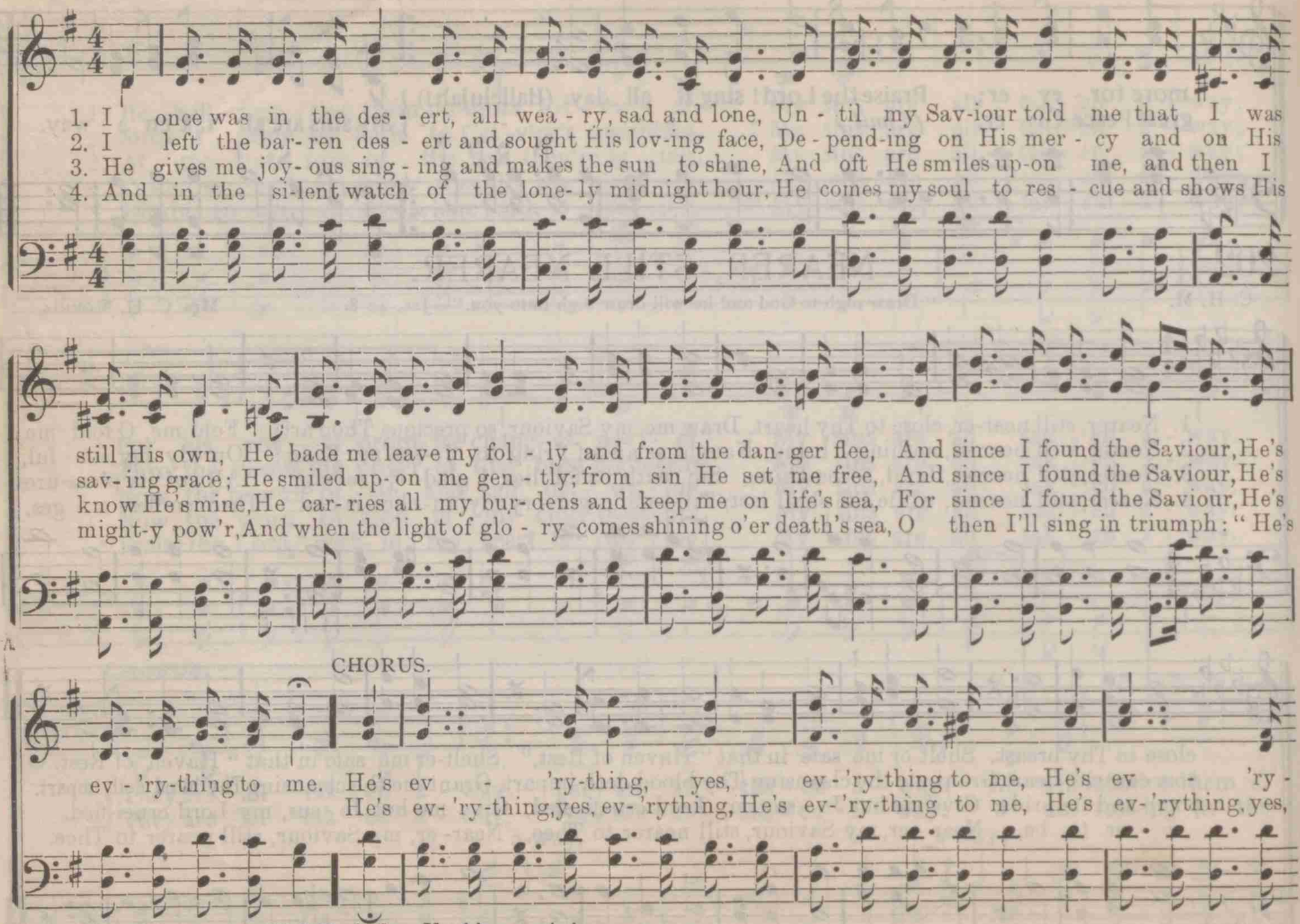
203 HE'S EVERYTHING TO ME.

FRANK H. MASHAW. "Christ is all and in all." C. AUSTIN MILES.

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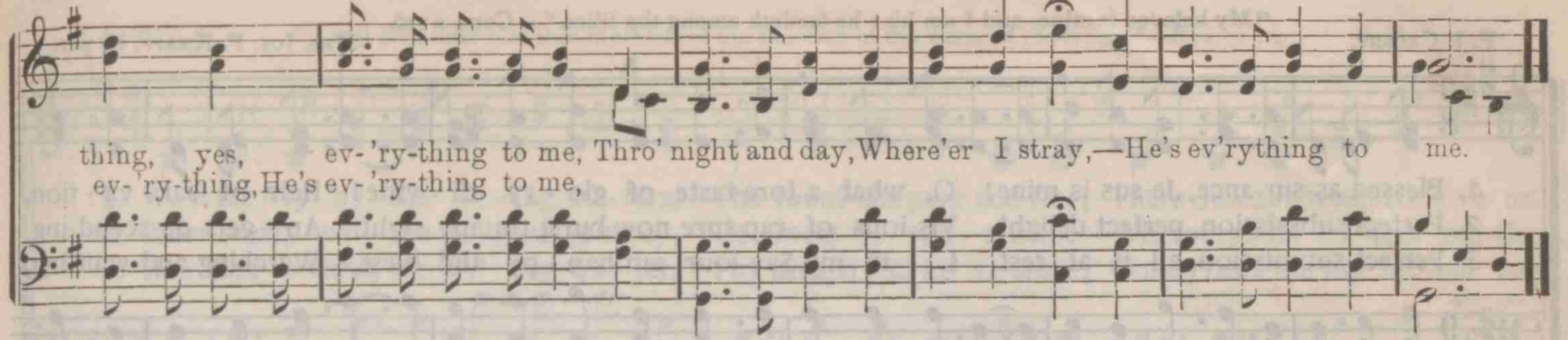
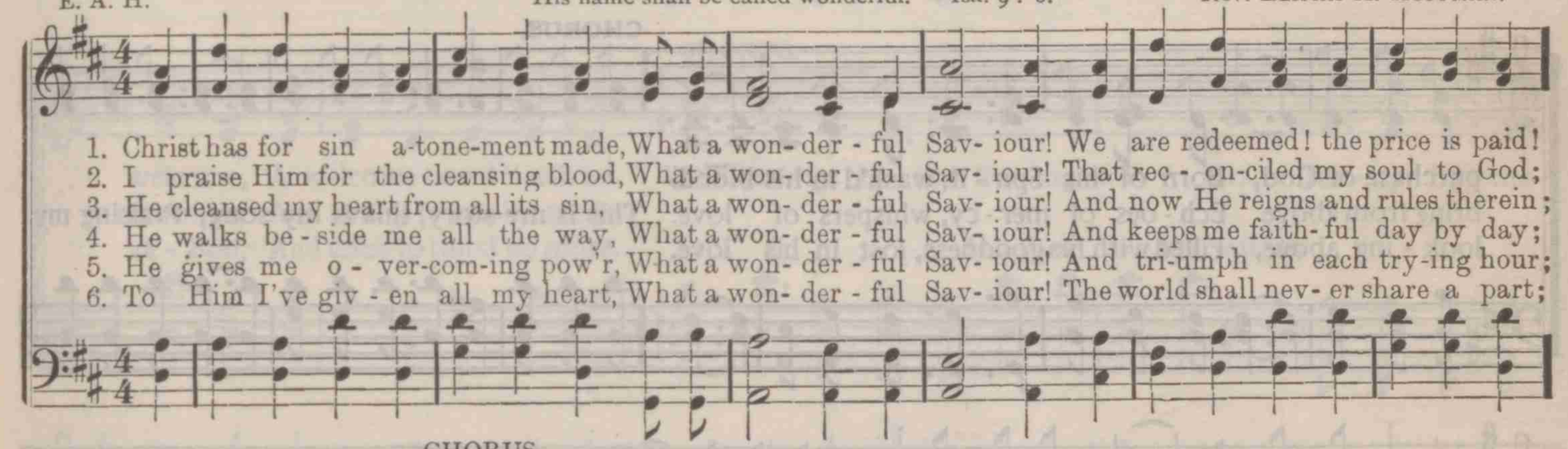
HE'S EVERYTHING TO ME.—CONCLUDED.

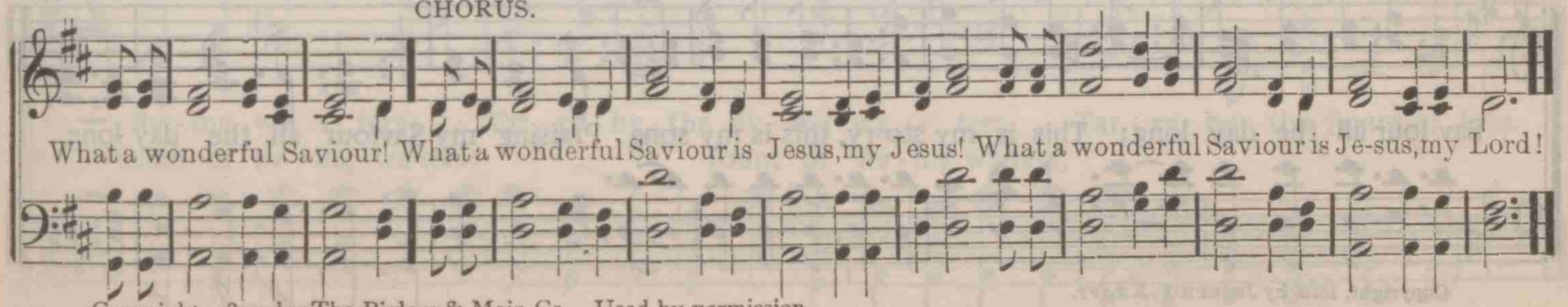


204 WHAT A WONDERFUL SAVIOUR!

E. A. H. "His name shall be called wonderful."—Isa. 9 : 6. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



CHORUS.



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BLESSED ASSURANCE.

"My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies."—Cant. 2:16.

F. J. CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Blessed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion,
2. Perfect submission, perfect delight, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight. An - gels de-scend-ing
3. Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap - py and blest, Watching and wait-ing,

CHORUS.

purchase of God, Born of his Spir - it, wash'd in his blood.
bring from above Ech - oes of mer - cy, whispers of love. This is my story, this is my song, Praising my
look - ing above, Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

Sav-iour all the day long; This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

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206 TARRY BY THE LIVING WATERS.

F. E. B. "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."—Rev. 21:6. F. E. BELDEN.

1. We'll tar - ry by the liv - ing wa - ters, The fount-ain pure and free; There Je - sus waits to give us welcome, A welcome sweet 't will be.
2. When weary with the toilsome journey, 'Tis sweet to rest a-while Where crys-tal wa - ters gen-tly murmur, And sunny fountains smile.
3. Then come to Christ, the liv - ing wa - ter, Thy strength will he re-store; Come, taste the joy of his sal- va - tion, And drink to thirst no more.

CHORUS.

We'll tar - ry by the liv - ing wa - ters, Tar - ry by the liv - ing wa - ters; Tar - ry by the liv - ing wa - ters, Tar - ry by the Fount of Life.
Tar - ry by the fount of liv - ing waters, fount of liv - ing wa-ters, fount of liv - ing wa-ters,

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207 THERE SHALL BE SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

"And I will make them and the places round about my hill a blessing, and I will cause the shower to come down in his season; there shall be showers of blessing."—Ezek. 34: 26.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "There shall be showers of bless - ing:" This is the prom-ise of love; There shall be sea- sons re -
2. "There shall be showers of bless - ing"—Precious re- viv - ing a- gain; O- ver the hills and the
3. "There shall be showers of bless - ing:" Send them up- on us, O Lord; Grant to us now a re -
4. "There shall be showers of bless - ing:" Oh, that to-day they might fall, Now as to God we're con -

CHORUS.

Show - ers of bless - ing,

fresh - ing, Sent from the Saviour a - bove.
val - leys, Sound of a-bun-dance of rain.
fresh - ing, Come, and now honor Thy Word.
fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!

} Showers, showers of bless - ing, Show- ers of

bless-ing we need; Mer- cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

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SWEET PEACE, THE GIFT OF GOD'S LOVE.

P. P. B. "Let the peace of God rule in your hearts."—Col. 3 : 15. P. P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain), A glad and a joy- ous re- frain, (refrain),
2 Thro' Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made), My debt by His death was all paid, (all paid),
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned), My heart with this peace did a - bound (a-bound),
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And as I keep close to His side, (His side),

CHORUS.

I sing it a- gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
No oth- er founda-tion is laid, For peace, the gift of God's love.
In Him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God s love.
There's nothing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

} Peace, peace, sweet peace,

rit.

Won- derful gift from a-bove (above) Oh, wonderful, wonderful peace, Sweet peace the gift of God's love.

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209 THE DOVE OF PEACE.

S. H. Bolton. "He shall be kept in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."—Isa. 26: 3. Fannie E. Bolton.

1. The dove of peace sings in my heart, "In strife and war thou hast no part; Thy place among the hosts of wrong
2. The dove of peace hath radiant wings, And light and mel- o - dy he brings; He tells of my soon-coming King,
3. O gen - tle voice of Je - sus' love! It links the life to heav'n a-bove, And thro' all sorrow and all wrong
4. The dove of peace shall ne'er de-part, But keep his home within my heart. E'en when I rise to worlds a - bove,
5. O wouldst thou hear the dove with - in? Let Jesus cleanse thy heart from sin: Then in sweet measures from a - bove

REFRAIN.

Is but to ech-o love's sweet song."
Of prais-es that the an - gels sing. The dove of peace sings in my soul, "Thy Saviour's blood
O'erflows the soul with tender song.
I'll hear the sing-ing of the dove.
Thou'lt hear the music of his love.

The dove of peace sings in my soul. "Thy Saviour's blood

doth make thee whole;" The Spirit's voice, like wooing dove, Sings of my Sa-viour's deathless love.
doth make thee whole;"

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WONDERFUL PEACE.

Rev. W. D. CORNELL. Alt. "My peace I give unto you."—John 14:27. Rev. W. G. COOPER.

1. Far a-way in the depths of my spir-it to-night, Rolls a mel - o - dy sweet-er than psalm; In ce-
2. What a treas-ure I have in this wonderful peace, Buried deep in my in - ner - most soul; So se-
3. I am rest - ing to-night in this wonderful peace, Resting sweet-ly in Je - sus' con - trol; I am
4. I be-lieve when I rise to that cit - y of peace, Where the Author of peace I shall see, That one
5. Wea-ry soul, without glad-ness or com-fort or rest, Passing down the rough pathway of time! Make the

CHORUS.

les-tial like strains it un - ceas-ing-ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
cure that no pow - er can mine it a - way, While the years of e-ter-ni - ty roll!
kept from all dan-ger by night and by day, And his glo - ry is flood-ing my soul. Peace! peace! wonderful peace,
strain of the song which the ransomed will sing, In that heav-en-ly kingdom will be,—
Sav-iour your friend ere the shadows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub-lime.

Com-ing down from the Fa-ther a - bove; Sweep o-ver my spirit for-ev-er, I pray, In fathomless billows of love.

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211 THE HAVEN OF REST.

H. L. GILMOUR. "The Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrows."— Isa. 14 : 3. GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin, and dis - tressed,
2. I yield - ed my-self to his ten - der em-brace, And faith tak-ing hold of his Word,
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the OLD STO-RY so blest,
4. How precious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like John the be - lov - ed and blest,
5. O come to the Sav - iour! he pa - tient - ly waits To save by his pow-er di - - vine;

Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice;" And I entered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
My fet - ters fell off, and I anchored my soul: The Ha - ven of Rest is my Lord.
Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so - ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
On Je - sus' strong arm, where no tem-pest can harm,—Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
Come, an - chor your soul in the "Ha - ven of Rest," And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."

D. S.— The tem-pest may sweep o'er the wild, storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev-er - more.

CHORUS. D. S.

I've anchored my soul in the "Hav - en of Rest," I sail the wide seas no more;

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AT THE CROSS.

ISAAC WATTS. "Look unto me, and be ye saved." Isa. 45:22. R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sa-viour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die? Would he devote that sacred head
2. Was it for deeds that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree? A - maz-ing pit - y, grace unknown,
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give my- self a-way,

CHORUS.

For such a worm as I?
And love be-yond de-gree!
'T is all that I can do!

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled away (rolled away), It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

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HALLELUJAH FOR THE CROSS!

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6 : 14.

HORATIUS BONAR, arr. *With vigor.* (May be sung in Key of F for Congregational use.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. The cross! it stand-eth fast, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! De - fy - ing ev ' ry blast,
2. It is the old cross still, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Its tri- umph let us tell,
3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Our sin on Je - sus laid,

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! The winds of hell have blown, The world its hate hath shown,
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! The grace of God here shone Thro' Christ the blessed Son,
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! So round the cross we sing Of Christ our Of- fer - ing,

Yet 'tis not o-ver-thrown, Halle- lu- jah for the cross! Yet 'tis not o- ver-thrown, Halle-
Who did for sin a - tone, Halle- lu- jah for the cross! Who did for sin a - tone, Halle-
Of Christ our liv- ing King, Halle- lu- jah for the cross! Of Christ our liv - ing King, Halle-

CHORUS.

lu - jah for the cross! Hal - le - lu - jah for - ev - er! It nev - er shall
Hal - le - lu - jah! stand for ev - er! Nev - er fail or

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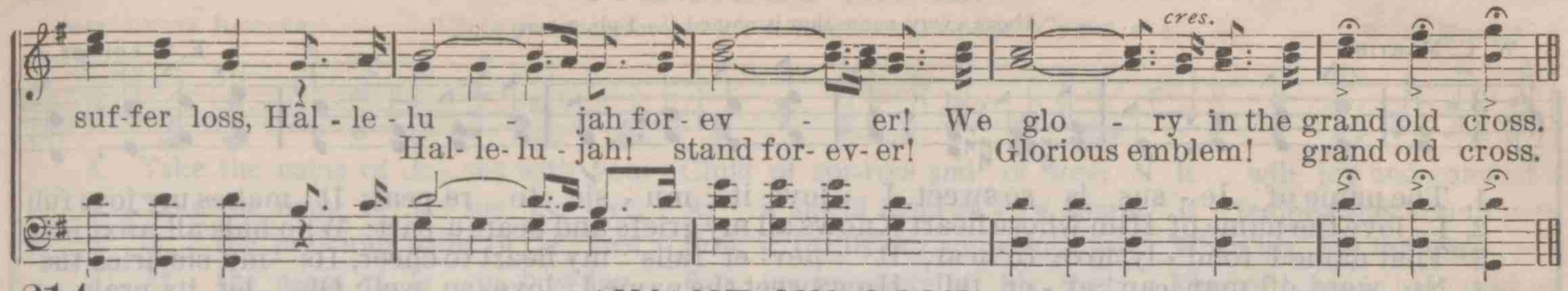
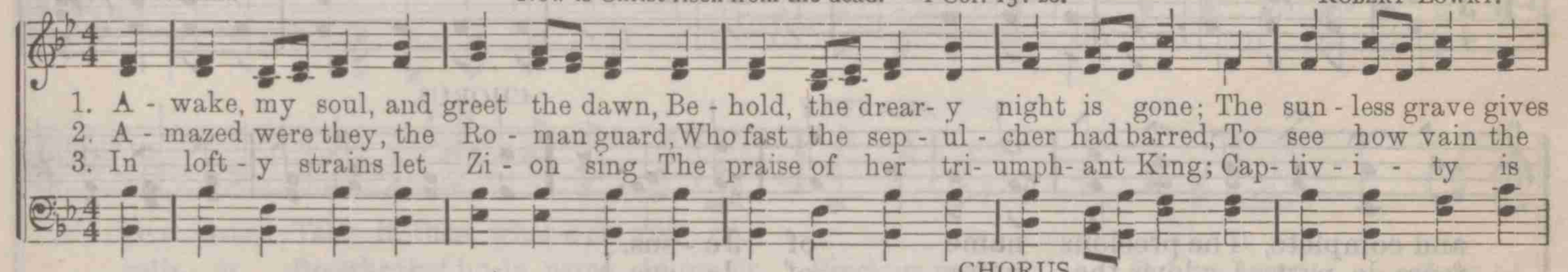
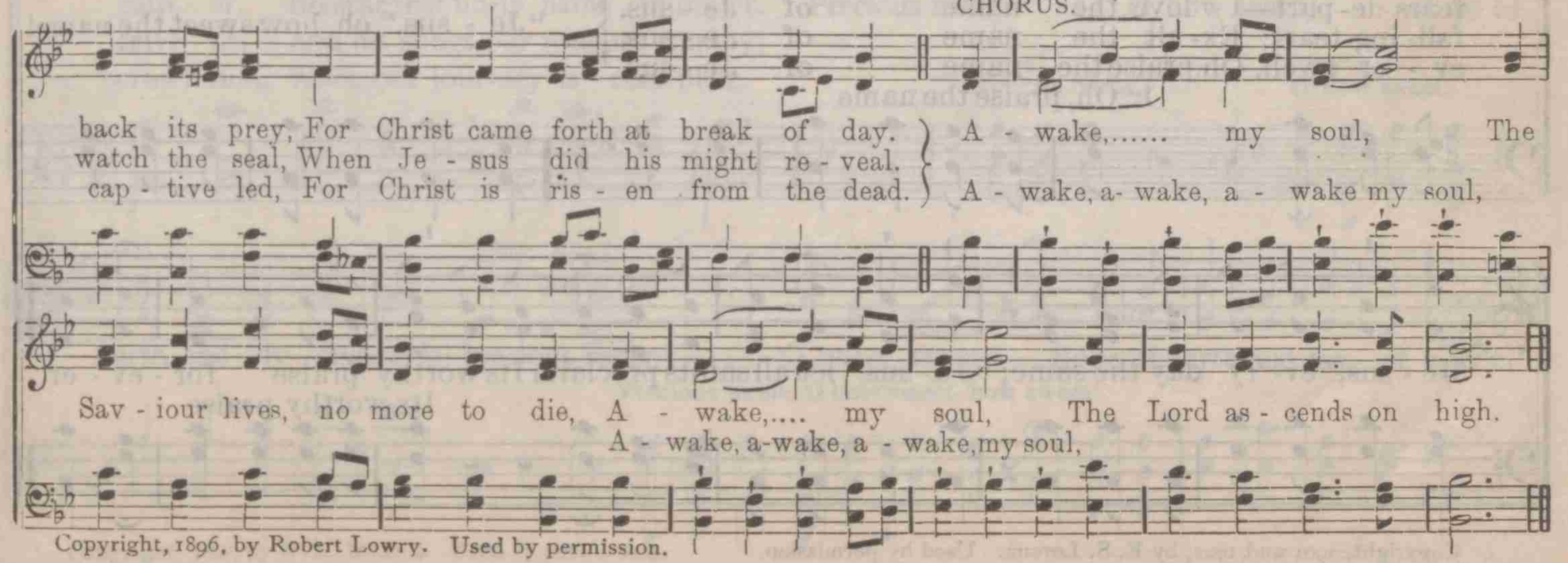

214 AWAKE MY SOUL.

R. L. FLETCHER. "Now is Christ risen from the dead."—1 Cor. 15: 20. ROBERT LOWRY.



CHORUS.



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215 THE NAME OF JESUS.

"Above every name that is named."—Eph. 1 : 21.

W. C. MARTIN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re-peat; It makes my joys full
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs and bears a part; Who bids all anx- ious
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev- er fails my heart to cheer, Its mu-sic dries the
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well; Oh, let its prais- es

CHORUS.

and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.
fears de- part—I love the name of Je - sus.
fall- ing tears; Ex- alt the name of Je - sus.
ev - er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.

"Je - sus," oh, how sweet the name!

1. Oh, praise the name

"Je - sus," ev- 'ry day the same; "Je - sus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise for - ev - er.

Its worthy praise

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PRECIOUS NAME.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. "Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 Pet. 2:7. W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe; It will joy and comfort
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - 'ry snare; If temptations 'round you
3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy, When his lov-ing arms re-
4. At the name of Je - sus bow-ing, Fall - ing prostrate at his feet, King of kings in heav'n we'll

REFRAIN.

give you, Take it, then, wher-e'er you go.
gath - er, Breathe that ho-ly name in pray'r. Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of
ceive us, And his songs our tongues employ!
crown him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

Precious name, O how sweet!

earth and joy of heav'n; Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

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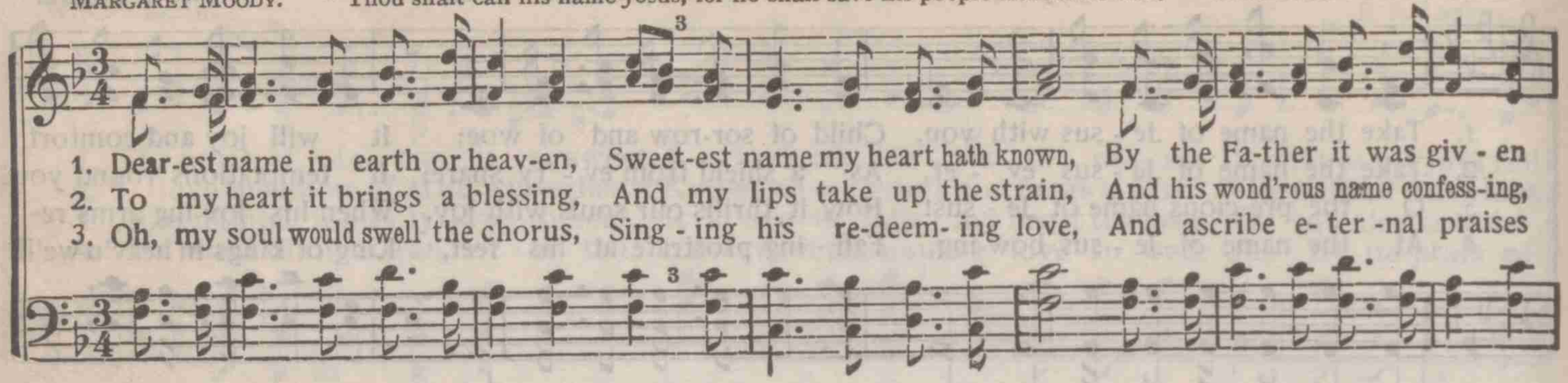
THE HOLIEST NAME.

MARGARET MOODY. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."— Matt. 1:21. W. A. OGDEN.



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"NONE OF SELF AND ALL OF THEE."

Rev. Theo. Monod. "But Christ is all and in all."—Col. 3 : 11. James McGranahan.

1. O, the bit - ter pain and sor - row, That a time could ev - er be, When I proud - ly said to
2. Yet He found me; I be-held Him Bleeding on th' accursed tree; And my wist - ful heart said
3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy, Heal-ing, help-ing, full and free, Brought me low - er, while I
4. High-er than the high-est heav - ens, Deep-er than the deepest sea, Lord, Thy love at last has

Je - sus, "All of self and none of Thee!" All of self and none of Thee, All of
faint - ly, "Some of self and some of Thee," Some of self and some of Thee, Some of
whispered, "Less of self and more of Thee," Less of self and more of Thee, Less of
conquered, "*None* of self and *all* of Thee, *None* of self and *all* of Thee, *None* of

self and none of Thee, When I proud - ly said to Je - sus, "All of self and none of Thee!"
self and some of Thee, And my wist - ful heart said faint-ly, "Some of self and some of Thee!"
self and more of Thee, Brought me low - er while I whispered, "Less of self and more of Thee!"
self and *all* of Thee, Lord, Thy love at last has conquered, "*None* of self and *all* of Thee!"

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STANDING ON THE PROMISES.

"For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him amen, unto the glory of God by us."—2 Cor. 1:20.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges let his prais-es ring;
2. Standing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howling storms of doubt and fear as-sail,
3. Standing on the prom-is-es I now can see Per-fect, pres-ent cleans-ing in the blood for me;
4. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e-ter-nal-ly by love's strong cord,
5. Standing on the prom-is-es I can-not fall, List-'ning ev-'ry mo-ment to the Spir-it's call,

Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
By the liv-ing Word of God I shall pre-vail,
Stand-ing in the lib-er-ty where Christ makes free, Standing on the prom-is-es of God.
O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,
Rest-ing in my Sav-iour, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Stand-ing, Stand-ing, Standing on the prom-is-es of God (my Saviour;)
Standing on the promise, Standing on the promise,

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STANDING ON THE PROMISES.—CONCLUDED.

Stand - ing, Stand - ing, I'm stand - ing on the prom-is - es of God.
Stand-ing on the promise, Standing on the promise,

220 IN THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

ANON. "O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."—Ps. 96 : 9. EDWIN BARNES.

1. O worship the Lord in the beau-ty of ho - li-ness, Bow down be-fore him, his glo-ry proclaim;
2. Low at his feet lay thy burden of care-ful-ness, High on his heart he will bear it for thee,
3. Fear not to en - ter his courts in the slender-ness Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine:
4. These, tho' we bring them in trembling and fear-ful-ness, He will ac - cept for the Name that is dear;

With gold of o - be-dience, and in-cense of low - li-ness, Kneel and a - dore him, the Lord is his name.
Com-fort thy sor-rows, and answer thy prayerfulness, Guid-ing thy steps as may best for thee be.
Truth in its beau - ty, and love in its ten-der-ness, These are the off-'rings to lay on his shrine.
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tear-ful-ness, Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

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SAVED TO THE UTTERMOST

W. J. K. "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."—Heb. 7:25. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's Je - sus, my Sa-viour, sal - va- tion af-fords;
2. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus is near; Keep-ing me safe - ly, he cast -eth out fear;
3. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was dark- ness, but now it is day;
4. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: cheerful - ly sing Loud hal - le - lu - ias to Je - sus, my King!

Gives me his Spir - it, a wit - ness with - in, Whisp'ring of par - don, and sav-ing from sin.
Trust- ing his prom - is - es, now I am blest; Lean - ing up - on him, how sweet is my rest.
Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of glo - ry I see, Je - sus in bright-ness reveal'd un - to me.
Ransomed and par-doned, redeemed by his blood, Cleans'd from un - righteousness; glo - ry to God!

REFRAIN.

{ Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - termost, Sav'd, sav'd by power di-vine; }
{ Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - termost: " - - - - } Je-sus, the Saviour, is mine!

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SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33 : 27. W. H DOANE, by per.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gentle breast,—Here by his love o'ershaded, Sweetly my soul doth rest.
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from corroding care; Safe from the world's temptations, Sin cannot harm me there.
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear refuge, Je-sus, has died for me; Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev-er my trust shall be.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an-gels, Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jasper sea.
Free from the blight of sorrow, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
Here let me wait with pa-tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn-ing Break on the golden shore.

REFRAIN.

Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gentle breast,—Here by his love o'er-shaded, Sweetly my soul doth rest.

F

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223 NOR SILVER NOR GOLD.

"Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold; but with the precious blood of Christ."—1 Peter 1 : 18, 19.

JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath obtained my redemption, No rich- es of earth Could have saved my poor soul;
2. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath obtained my redemption, The guilt on my conscience too heavy had grown;
3. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath obtained my redemption, The ho - ly com-mand-ment forbade me draw near,
4. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath obtained my redemption, The way in-to heav-en could not thus be bought;

The blood of the cross is my on - ly founda- tion, The death of my Saviour now mak-eth me whole.
The blood of the cross is my on - ly founda- tion, The death of my Saviour could on - ly a- tone.
The blood of the cross is my on - ly founda- tion, The death of my Saviour re-mov- eth my fear.
The blood of the cross is my on - ly founda- tion, The death of my Saviour re-demp-tion hath wrought.

CHORUS.

I am re - deemed,..... but not with sil - ver, I am bought..... but not with
I am re-deemed, I am re- deemed, but not with silver, I am bought, I am

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NOR SILVER NOR GOLD.—CONCLUDED.

gold; Bought with a price—..... the blood of Je - sus, Precious price of love un-told!
bought, but not with gold; Bought with a price— the pre-cious blood of Jesus.

224 WHERE JESUS IS, 'TIS HEAVEN.

C. F. BUTLER. "The earnest of our inheritance until the redemption."—Eph. 1 : 14. JAS. M. BLACK.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me; And 'mid earth's sorrow and its woe,
2. Once heaven seemed a far-off place, Till Jesus showed His smiling face; Now 'tis begun with-in my soul,
3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell, In cottage, or a mansion fair,

D. S.—On land or sea, what matters where?

FINE. CHORUS. *D.S.*

'Tis heav'n my Je-sus here to know.
To last while endless a-ges roll.
Where Jesus is, 'tis heav-en there.

O hal- le-lu - jah! yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for- giv'n;

Where Je sus is, 'tis heaven there.

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WASHED WHITE AS SNOW.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—Isa. 1 : 18.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tho' my sins were once like crim-son red, To the heal - ing stream my feet were led; In the
2. At the door of faith I entered in, And to him con-fessed my guilt and sin; With his
3. Tho' my heart was all I had to give, Yet he smiled and bade me look and live; What a
4. I will sing his pow'r from death to save, I will sing his tri - umph o'er the grave, I will

CHORUS.

pre - cious blood my Sav - iour shed He washed me white as snow.
own dear hand he washed me clean, He washed me white as snow. O my joy- ful song hence-
calm, sweet peace did I re - ceive!—He washed me white as snow.
sing be - yond death's chill-ing wave, "He washed me white as snow."

forth shall be, "'T is the blood of Je - sus cleanseth me, Cleanseth, cleanseth, O, yes, it cleanseth me."

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PRAISE HIM! PRAISE HIM!

FANNY J. CROSBY. "I will sing praises unto my God."—Ps. 146: 2. CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our blessed Redeem- er! Sing, O earth—His won-der- ful love pro- claim!
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our blessed Redeem- er! For our sins He suffered, and bled and died;
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our blessed Redeem- er! Heav'nly por - tals, loud with ho- san - nas ring!

FINE.

Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an- gels in glo - ry; Strength and hon-or give to His ho - ly name!
He—our Rock, our hope of e - ter- nal sal - va- tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied.
Je - sus, Sav-iour, reigneth for - ev - er and ev - er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King!

D.S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex - cel- lent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him ev-er in joy- ful song!

D.S.

Like a shepherd, Je - sus will guard His children, In His arms He car- ries them all day long;
Sound His prais-es!—Je - sus who bore our sor-rows, Love un- bound- ed, won-der-ful, deep and strong;
Christ is com- ing o - ver the world vic- to-rious, Pow'r and glo - ry un - to the Lord be - long;

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227 WAKE THE SONG OF JOY AND GLADNESS.

ANNIVERSARY SONG.

W. F. S. "I will praise the name of God with a song."—Ps. 69 : 30. W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Wake the song of joy and glad-ness, Hither bring your noblest lays; Ban-ish ev - 'ry tho't of sad-ness,
2. Joy - ful-ly with songs and ban-ners, We will greet the fes-tal day; Shout aloud our glad ho - san-nas,
3. Thanks to thee, O ho - ly Fa - ther, For the mercies of the year; May each heart, as here we gath-er.

Pour-ing forth your highest praise, Sing to him whose care has brought us Once a-gain with friends to meet,
And our grate-ful hom-age pay. We will chant our Saviour's glo-ry While our tho'ts we raise a-bove,
Swell with grat - i - tude sin-cere, Thanks to thee, O lov - ing Sav-iour, For redemption thro' thy blood:

And whose loving voice has taught us Of the way to Je - sus' feet. Wake the song, wake the
Tell - ing still "the old, old sto - ry," Precious theme—*Redeeming love!*
Breathe up-on us, Ho - ly Spir - it, Sweet-ly draw us near to God.

REFRAIN.

Wake the song.

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WAKE THE SONG—CONCLUDED.

Song, the song of joy and gladness, Wake the song, wake the song, The song of ju-bi - lee.
Wake the song, Wake the song, wake the song,

228

O COME, LET US SING!

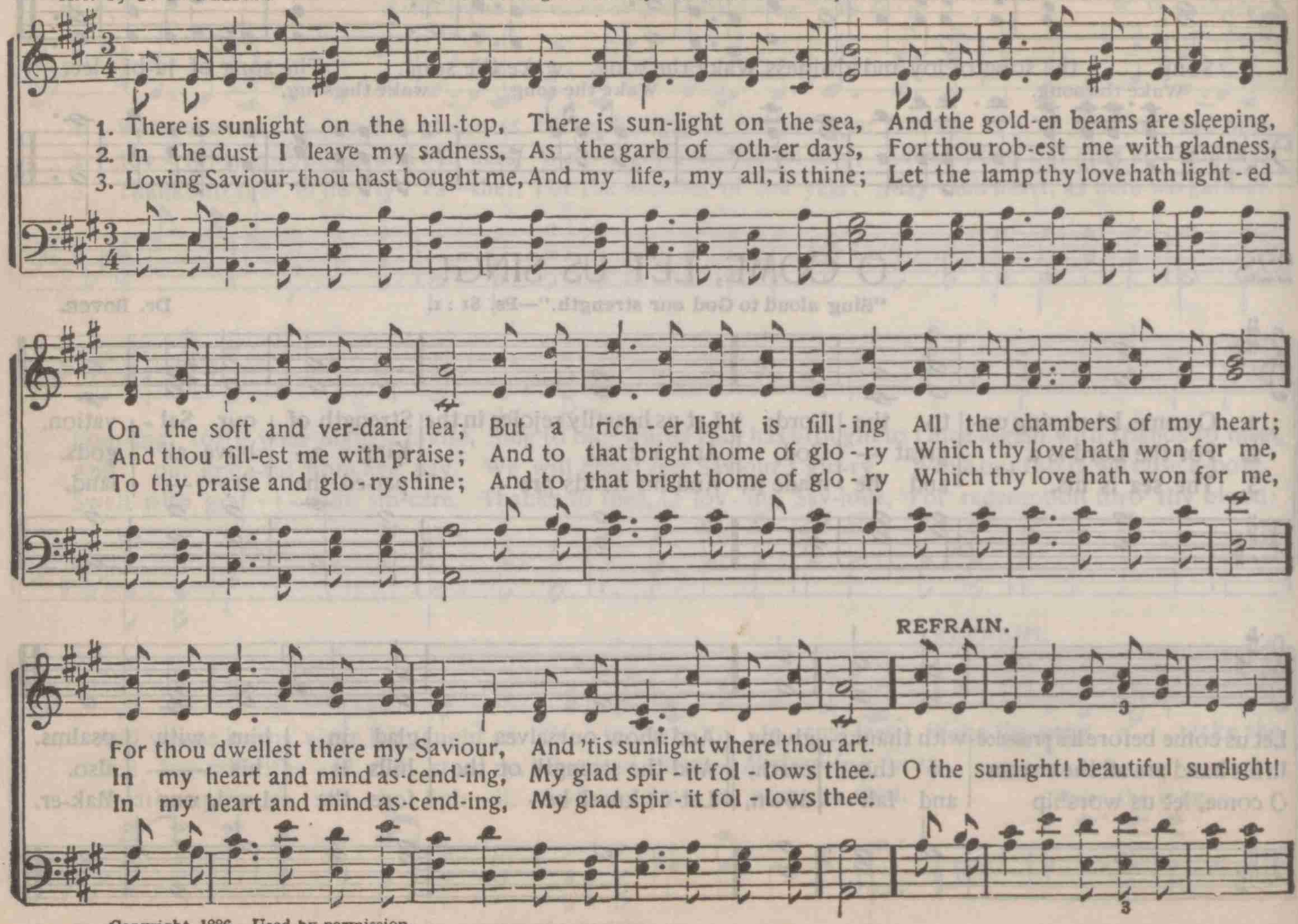
"Sing aloud to God our strength."—Ps. 81 : 1. Dr. BOYCE.

1. O come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord; || Let us heartily rejoice in the | Strength of | our Sal - | vation.
2. For the Lord is a | great — | God, | And a great | King a - | bove all | gods.
3. The sea is his, | and he | made it; | And his hands pre - | par-ed the | dry — | land.

Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving, || And show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.
In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth, | And the strength of the | hills is | his — | also.
O come, let us worship | and fall | down, | Let us kneel be - | fore the | Lord, our | Mak-er.

SUNLIGHT IN THE HEART.

Arr. by F. E. BELDEN. "I will be glad and rejoice in thee."—Ps. 9:1 Melody by M. T. HAUGHEY. Arr.



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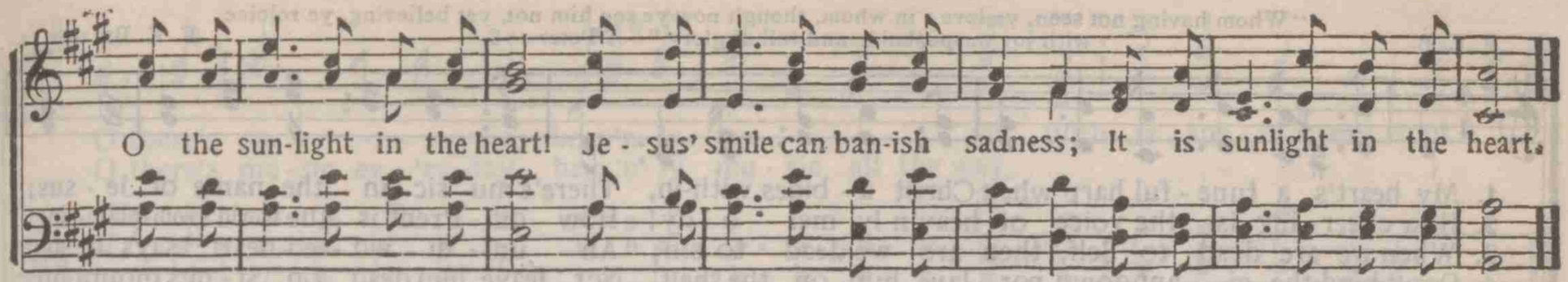
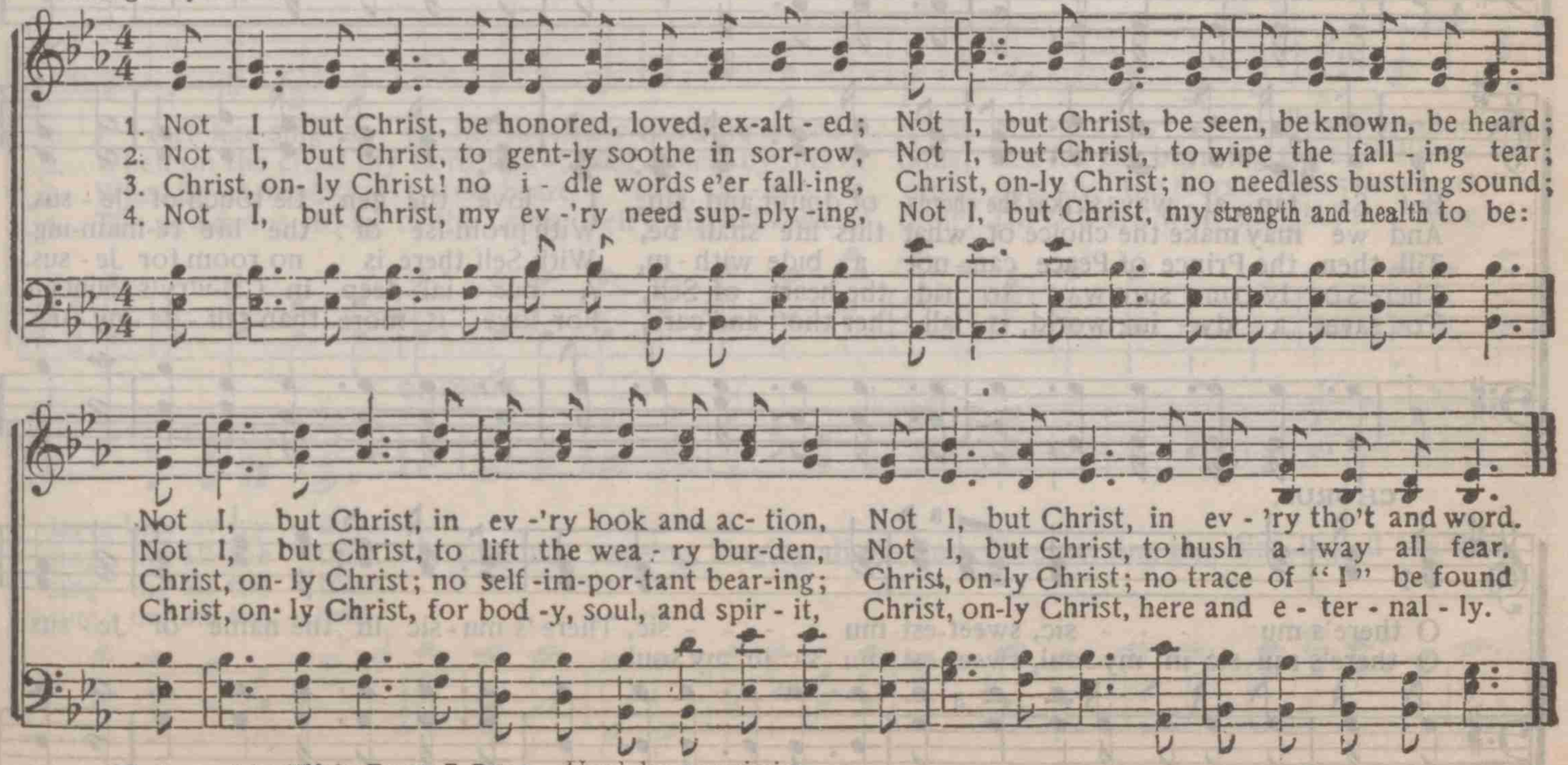

230 NOT I, BUT CHRIST.

Arranged by F. E. B. "Not I: but Christ liveth in me."— Gal. 2: 20. FANNIE E. BOLTON.



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MUSIC IN MY SOUL.

"Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."— 1 Peter 1 : 8.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. My heart's a tune - ful harp when Christ a - bides with-in, There's mu - sic in the name of Je - sus;
2. How cheer - ing is the voice of heav'n-ly mel - o - dy! How dif - f'rent is the world's com-plain- ing!
3. When we are dead to Self, then are we dead to sin; "An un - di - vid - ed heart," says Je-sus;
4. Don't bind the gi - ant down, nor lay him on the shelf, Nor leave him dead on Si - ni's mountain;
5. Then Love be - gins her life of work, and song, and prayer, With not a mo- ment lost in sigh-ing;

But Sa - tan al - ways strikes the chords of doubt and sin; I love the gen - tle touch of Je - sus.
And we may make the choice of what this life shall be, With prom-ise of the life re-main-ing.
Till then the Prince of Peace can - not a - bide with - in, With Self there is no room for Je - sus.
There's on- ly one sure way to rid the heart of Self,— A bur - ial deep in Cal-v'ry's fountain.
To save a dy - ing world, is all her tho't and care, For love is more than self - de - ny - ing.

CHORUS.

O there's mu - - - - sic, sweet-est mu - - - - - sic, There's mu - sic in the name of Je - sus;
O there's mu- sic in my soul, sweet-est mu - sic in my soul,

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O there's mu - - - - sic, heav'n-ly mu - - - - sic, With Je - sus in my soul.
O there's mu-sic ev - 'ry day, heav'n-ly mu - sic all the way,

232 SINGING ALL THE TIME.

From "Heart Hymns." "Every day will I bless thee."—Ps. 145 :2. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. I feel like sing-ing all the time, My tears are wiped a - way; For Je - sus is a friend of mine, I'll
2. When on the cross my Lord I saw, Nail'd there by sins of mine; Fast fell the burn-ing tears; but now I'm
3. When fierce temptations try my heart, I sing, Je - sus is mine; And tho' the tears at times may start, I'm
4. The wondrous sto-ry of the Lamb, Tell with that voice of thine; Till oth-ers with the glad new song, Go

CHORUS.

serve him ev-'ry day.
sing - ing all the time. I'm sing-ing, sing-ing, Singing all the time; Singing, sing-ing, sing-ing all the time.
sing - ing all the time.
sing - ing all the time.

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233 WHEN LOVE SHINES IN.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. "Every one that loveth is born of God."—1 John 4: 7. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev-'ry life that woe can sadden, When love shines in;
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in! And the heart rejoice in du-ty, When love shines in;
3. Dark-est sorrows will grow brighter When love shines in, And the heaviest burden, lighter, When love shines in.
4. We may have unfad- ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship true and tender, When love shines in;

Love will teach us how to pray, Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.
Tri - als may be sanc-ti- fied, And the soul in peace a-bide; Life will all be glo- ri-fied, When love shines in.
'Tis the glory that will throw Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in!
When earth-vict'ries shall be won, And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.

CHORUS.

When loves shines in.....When love shines in, How the heart is tuned to singing, When love shines in!.....
When love shines in. When love shines in.
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

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WHEN LOVE SHINES IN.—CONCLUDED.

When love shines in..... When love shines in, Joy and peace to oth- ers bringing, When love shines in
When love shines in,... When love shines in.

When love shines in, When love shines in. When love shines in.

234 MY SONG.

F. E. BELDEN. "The Lord is my strength and song."—Ps. 118: 14. D. S. HAKES.

1. O Je - sus my Re-deem-er, Thou art my joy and song, My Saviour and my sol-ace When griefs around me throng.
2. Thou art my hope and comfort, Thro' all the weary years, When shadows dark surround me, When fall the bitter tears.
3. I trust in Thee, my Saviour, My faithful friend and guide, For Thou to me art dear-er Than all on earth be - side.
4. Thou art my soul's rejoicing While in this world of sin, Thou shalt be my re- joic- ing The heav'nly gates within.

CHORUS.

O Je - sus my Re-deem-er, My song shall be of Thee; No oth-er friend so con-stant, No friend so dear to me.

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"A NEW SONG."

PSALM 98. *(Words in italics for emphatic dwelling tones.)* J. BARNBY.

O sing unto the *Lord* a new song; for *he* hath done marv-'lous things;
The Lord hath made *known* his sal-va-tion: [his righteousness hath he openly *showed* in the] sight of the heathen.
Make a joyful noise unto the *Lord*, all the earth; make a loud *noise* and re-joice and sing . . . . praise.
With *trump*-ets and sound of cornet make a joyful *noise* be-fore the Lord, the King.
[Let the floods clap their *hands*; let the hills be joyful to-*geth*-er be-] fore the Lord: for *he* cometh to judge the earth:

his right *hand*, and his ho-ly arm hath got-ten him the victory.
[He hath remembered his mercy and his *truth* toward the] house of Israel. [All the ends of the earth have *seen* the sal-] va-tion of our God.
Sing unto the *Lord* with the harp; with the *harp* and the voice of a psalm.
Let the sea *roar*, and the fulness there-of; the *world* and they that dwell there-in.
with right-eous-ness *shall* he judge the world, *and* the peo-ple with . . . . . equity.

SINCE I HAVE BEEN REDEEMED.

E. O. E. "With him is plenteous redemption."—Ps. 130: 7. E. O. Excell.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re - deem'd; Of my Re- deem-er, Sav-iour, King,
2. I have a Christ that sat-is - fies, Since I have been re - deem'd; To do His will my high- est prize,
3. I have a witness bright and clear, Since I have been re - deem'd; Dis-pell- ing ev- 'ry doubt and fear,
4. I have a home prepared for me, Since I have been re - deem'd; Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly,

CHORUS.

Since I have been re-deem'd. Since I.....have been redeem'd, Since I have been redeem'd,
Since I have been redeem'd, Since I have been redeem'd,

I will glory in His name; Since I..... have been redeem'd, I will glo-ry in my Saviour's name.
Since I have been redeem'd, Since I have been redeem'd,

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BEAUTY FOR ASHES.

J. G. C. "Give unto them that mourn in Zion, beauty for ashes. . . . the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness" Isa. 61: 3. J. G. CRABBE.

1. I sing the love of God, my Fa - ther, Whose Spir-it a- bides with - in, Who chang-es all my grief to glad-ness,
2. I sing the love of Christ, my Sav- iour, Who suf-fer'd up - on the tree, That in the se - cret of His pres - ence,
3. I sing the beau- ty of the Gos - pel That scatters not thorns, but flow'rs, That bids me scat-ter smiles and sunbeams

And par - dons me all my sin. Tho' clouds may low- er, dark and drear - y, Yet He has promised to be near;
My bond-age might freedom be. He comes "to bind the bro-ken heart- ed;" He comes the faint- ing soul to cheer;
Wher-ev - er are lone - ly hours. The "gar - ment of His praise" it of - fers For "heav- i - ness of spir - it," drear;

He gives me sun - shine for my shad - ow, And "beauty for ash - es," here. He gives me joy.....
He gives me "oil of joy" for mourn-ing, And "beauty for ash - es," here.
It gives me sun - shine for my shad - ow, And "beauty for ash - es," here. He gives me joy

END.

D. S.—*gives me sunshine for my shadow, And "beauty for ash - es," here.*

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BEAUTY FOR ASHES.—CONCLUDED.

D. S.

in place of sor - row; He gives me love..... that casts out fear;..... He
in place of care; He gives me love that casts out fear;

238

O HOW HE LOVES.

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Jer. 31: 3. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, O how He loves! His is love be- yond a brother's, O how He loves!
2. 'Tis e - ter - nal life to know Him, O how He loves! Think, O think how much we owe Him, O how He loves!
3. Bless-ed Je-sus! would you know Him, O how He loves! Give your-selves en-tire - ly to Him, O how He loves!
4. Thro' His name we are for - giv - en, O how He loves! Back-ward shall our foes be driv - en, O how He loves!

Earthly friends may fail or leave us, One day soothe, the next day grieve us; But this Friend will ne'er deceive us, O how He loves!
With His precious blood He bought us, In the wil- der- ness He sought us, To His fold He safe- ly brought us, O how He loves!
Leave the past for bright to-morrow, From His word new courage borrow, Je - sus car - ries all your sor-row, O how He loves!
Best of bless - ings He'll provide us, Naught but good shall e'er betide us, Safe to glo - ry He will guide us, O how He loves!

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"BRING YE ALL THE TITHES."

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse."—Mal. 3: 10.

HELEN E. RASMUSSEN. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Hear the words of Scripture from the a - ges past, "Bring ye all the tithes in - to the
2. Do you seek to know the Ho - ly Spir - it's pow'r? "Bring ye all the tithes in - to the
3. Is there aught that stands between you and your Lord? "Bring ye all the tithes in - to the
4. Lift your heart this moment, claim Him Lord and King, As ye bring the tithes in - to the
5. Let the an-thems roll in grand-eur thro' the skies, Hav - ing bro't the tithes in - to the

store-house." Make a con- se- cra tion that will ev - er last, Trust-ing for the promised bless- ing.
store-house." Live in sweet communion with Him hour by hour, While He gives the promised bless- ing.
store-house." Bring them on conditions promised in His word. And He'll pour you out a bless- ing.
store-house; Trust the blessed promise, and your praise shall ring. From the heart He is pos- sess - ing.
store-house; Joy-ous hal - le - lu- jahs from our hearts a- rise. For we have the promised bless- ing.

CHORUS.

"Bring ye all the tithes in - to the store-house, And prove me now," saith the Lord of hosts;

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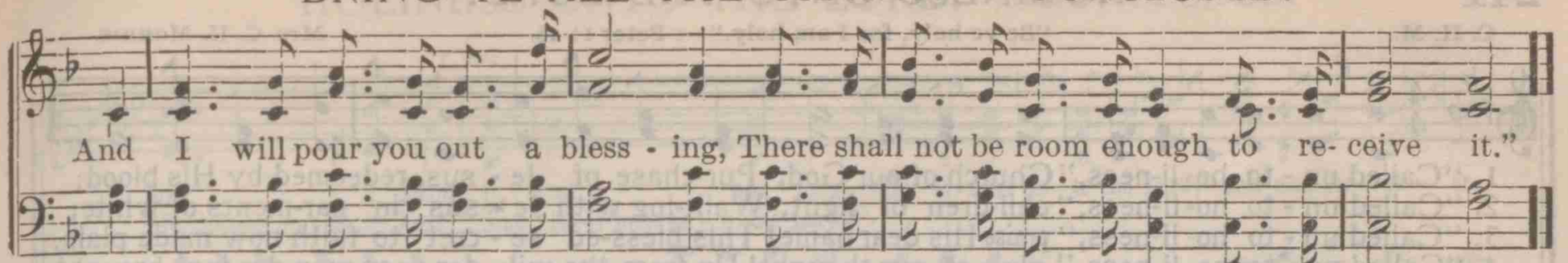
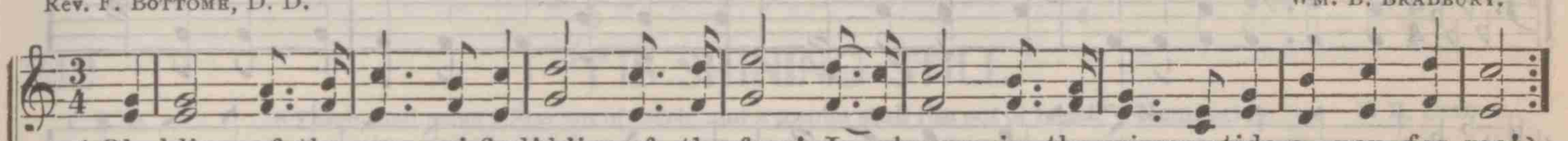
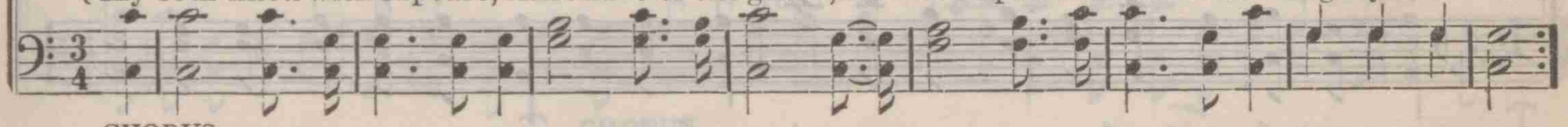
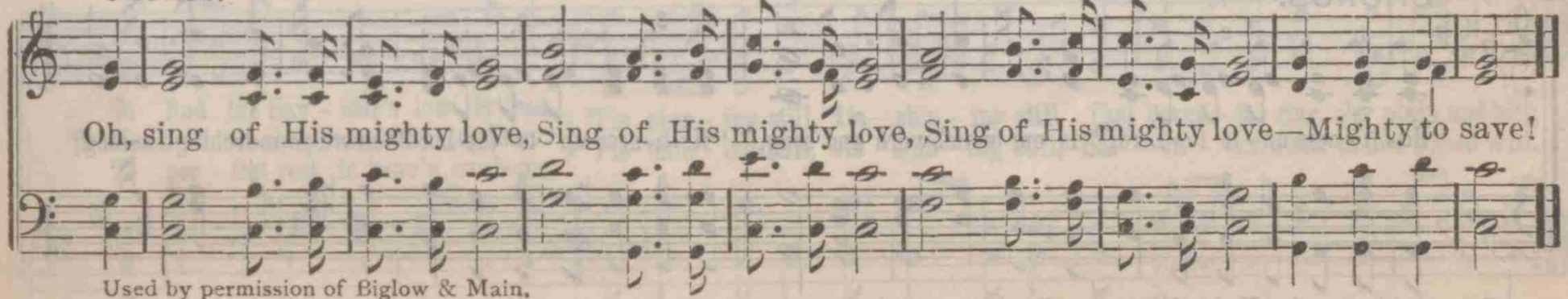


240 SING OF HIS MIGHTY LOVE.

"I will sing of thy righteousness."—Ps. 145 : 7.

Rev. F. Bottome, D. D. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri-fied! bliss of the free! I plunge in the crimson tide o - pen for me!
   O'er sin and uncleanness ex-ult - ing I stand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand.
2. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri-fied! Je - sus is mine, In dread con-dem-na- tion, no lon-ger I pine;
   In conscious salva - tion I sing of His grace, Who lift - ed up- on me the smiles of His face!
3. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri-fied! bliss of the pure! No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
   No head sor-row-bowed but may sweetly find rest,—No tears but may van - ish on His loving breast,
4. Oh, Je - sus, the Cru- ci- fied! Thee will I sing! My bless - ed Redeemer! my God and my King!
   My soul filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave, And triumph at death in the "Mighty to Save!"

CHORUS.

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241 "HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD."

C. H. M. "Be ye holy, for I am holy."—1 Peter 1: 16. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. "Called un - to ho- li-ness," Church of our God, Pur-chase of Je - sus, redeemed by His blood;
2. "Called un - to ho-li-ness," chil-dren of light, Walk-ing with Je - sus in gar-ments of white;
3. "Called un - to ho- li-ness," praise His dear name! This bless-ed se - cret to faith now made plain,
4. "Called un - to ho- li-ness," glo - ri - ous thought! Up from the wil - der-ness wan-der-ings brought,
5. "Called un - to ho- li-ness," Bride of the Lamb, Wait-ing the Bridegroom's re-turn-ing a - gain;

Called from the world and its i - dols to flee, Called from the bond-age of sin to be free.
Rai- ment un - sul - lied, untarnished with sin, God's Ho - ly Spir - it a - bid - ing with - in.
Not our own righteousness, but Christ within, Liv - ing and reign-ing and sav - ing from sin.
Out from the shad-ows and darkness of night, In - to the Ca - naan of per - fect de-light.
Lift up your heads, for the day draw-eth near When in His beau - ty the King shall ap-pear.

CHORUS.

"Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord," is our watchword and song," "Ho-li-ness un - to the Lord" as we're marching a-long;

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"HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD."—CONCLUDED.

Cres.

Sing it, shout it, loud and long, "Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord," now and for - ev - er.
"Ho-li-ness un - to the Lord," Sing "Ho-li-ness un - to the Lord,"

242 'TIS SHINING STILL.

F. E. B. **"There shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a scepter shall rise out of Israel."—Num. 24: 17.** F. E. BELDEN.

Children's Duet if preferred.

1. A beau-ti - ful star a - rose one night, Di - vine-ly it shone with pur - est light; Its won-der-ful rays the wise men led
2. They knew by the word of truth di - vine, 'Twas time that the guiding star should shine; They follow'd its light which shone a - far,—
3. We'll follow its light, like those of old, The "Light of the World," by seers fore-told; We'll fol-low his light till we shall come

CHORUS.

To find the Sav - iour's low- ly bed.
'T was Christ, "the bright and Morning Star."
To per - fect rest in heav'n, our home.

'Tis shin - ing still, 'tis shin - ing still, That beauti - ful star, o'er plain and hill;
'Tis shin - ing still, 'tis shin - ing still, Sal - va - tion's star of God's good will.

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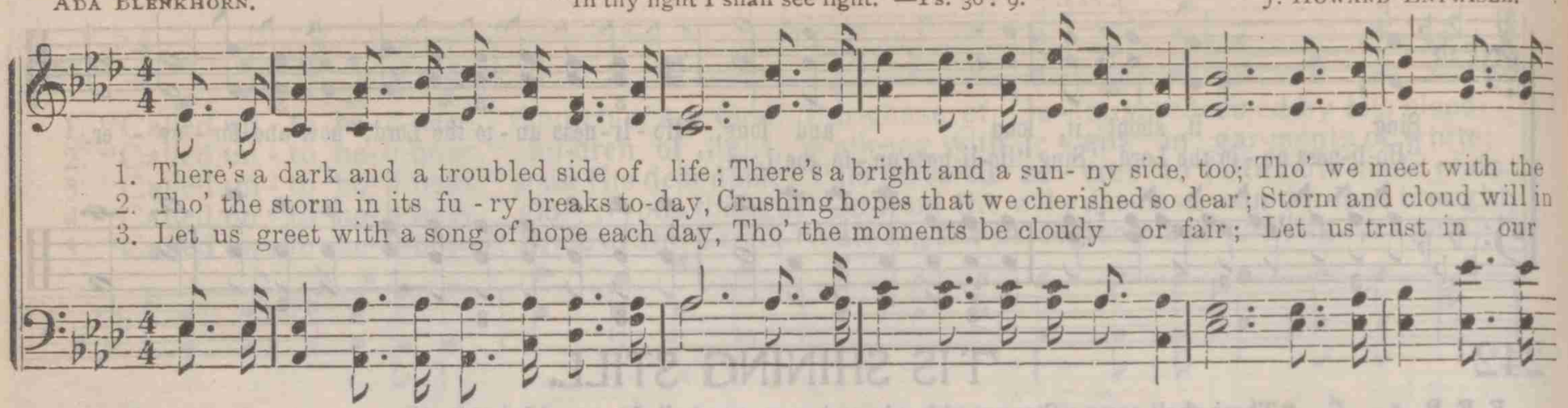
243 KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

ADA BLENKHORN. "In thy light I shall see light."—Ps. 36 : 9. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



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PEACE ON EARTH.

JULIA A. MATHEWS. Luke 2 : 14. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. "Peace up-on earth!" the an-gels sang, "Good-will un-to men!" the cho- rus rang, "Glo-ry to God!" the
2. "Peace up-on earth!" 'tis sounding still, "Glo-ry un - to God, to men good-will!" Bethlehem's song, 'tis
3. "Je - sus has come!" it ech - oes wide, Thro' valley and plain, on mountain side; But not a-lone the
4. Yes! let them sing, for Christ has laid His hand with a bless- ing on their head; Sweeter to Him than

REFRAIN.

Christ has come, His bright star shines in the clear blue dome. Joyously sing, Joyously sing,
caught from far, And lift - ed up to that glow-ing star.
an - gels sing, For e - ven children the an - them ring.
an - gels' tones Are songs that come from His lit - tle ones. Joyously, Joyously,

Joy-ous - ly sing, Joy-ous - ly sing! Shout hal - le - lu - jah to Christ, our King!
Joy-ous - ly

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245 WONDERFUL LOVE OF JESUS.

E. D. MUND. "He loved them unto the end."—John 13 : 1. E. S. LORENZ.

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

REFRAIN.

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

Won-der-ful love of Je - sus! Won-der-ful love! won-der-ful love! Won-der-ful love of Je - sus!

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THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

C. W. FRY. Cant. 2 : 1. Arr. from English Melody.

1. I've found a friend in Jesus, He's ev-'ry thing to me, He's the fair-est of ten-thousand to my soul; The
2. He all my grief has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temptation he's my strong and mighty tow'r; I've
3. He'll nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and do his blessed will; A

f.

Lil-y of the Val-ley, in him a-lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful-ly whole.
all for him for-sak-en, and all my i-dols torn From my heart, and now he keeps me by his pow'r.
wall of fire a-bout me, I've noth-ing now to fear; With his man-na he my hun-gry soul doth fill.

D. S.—*Lil-y of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star; He's the fair-est of ten-thous-and to my soul!*

D. S.

In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my stay, He tells me ev'ry care on him to roll. He's the
Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me sore, Thro' Je-sus I shall safely reach the goal. He's the
Then sweeping up to glo-ry, I'll see his blessed face, Where rivers of delight shall ev-er roll. He's the

MEMORIES OF GALILEE.

"And he went forth again by the sea side, and all the multitude resorted unto him."—Mark 2 : 13.

ROBERT MORRIS, L. L. D. (FOR MALE VOICES,) Dr. H. R. PALMER.

1. Each cooing dove (each cooing dove) and sighing bough (and sighing bough), That makes the eve (that makes the eve)
2. Each flow'ry glen (each flow'ry glen) and moss - y dell (and moss - y dell), Where happy birds (where happy birds)
3. And when I read (and when I read) the thrill-ing lore (the thrill-ing lore), Of him who walk'd (of him who walk'd)

so blest to me (so blest to me), Has something far (has something far) di - vin - er now (di - vin - er now),
in song a - gree (in song a-gree), Thro' sunny morn (thro' sunny morn) the prais-es tell (the prais-es tell),
up - on the sea (up - on the sea), I long, oh, how (I long, oh, how) I long once more (I long once more),

CHORUS.

It bears me back (it bears me back) to Gal-i - lee (to Gal - i - lee).
Of sights and sounds (of sights and sounds) in Gal-i - lee (in Gal - i - lee). O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee, Where
To fol - low him (to fol - low him) in Gal-i - lee (in Gal - i - lee).

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MEMORIES OF GALILEE.—CONCLUDED.

Je-sus loved so much to be, O Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i-lee, Come, sing thy song a-gain to me.
sing thy song a - gain to me.

248 HAPPY SONGS.

"And the multitude that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest."—Matt. 21:9.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Long a-go the children sang a song Of praise to Je-sus as he rode along:
2. As of old he loves to hear us sing Our songs of praise to him, our heav'nly King: "Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Ho-
3. By and by we'll sing a sweeter song With all the saved, a glad and glorious throng:

CHORUS.

san - na in the highest!" { Happy songs, happy songs, Let the children sing their happy, happy songs; / Happy songs, happy songs, Je - sus *(Omit.)* - - - - - } loves to hear our songs.

Copyright, 1892, by F. E. Belden, in "Bible Object Lessons and Songs for Little Ones."

OUR GOD IS A GOD OF LOVE.

M. H. H.

"He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love."—1 John 4 : 8.

M. H. HOWLISTON.

1. Do you know what the dew-drops say, As they sparkle at break of day? It is "Love, love,
2. Do you know what the sun-beams bright, Are singing from morning till night? It is "Love, love,
3. Do you know what the soft rain tells, As it tinkles like fair - y bells? It is "Love, love,
4. Do you know what the winds pro - claim, As they rustle the gold - en grain? It is "Love, love,

love, Our God is a God of love;" It is "Love, love, love, Our God is a God of love."

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DON'T FORGET THE SABBATH.

FANNY CROSBY. "Remember the Sabbath-day."— Ex. 20:8. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Don't forget the Sab-bath, The Lord our God hath blest, Of all the week the brightest, Of all the week the
2. Keep the Sabbath ho - ly, And worship him to - day, Who said to his dis - ci - ples "I am the Liv - ing
3. Day of sacred pleas-ure! Its gold-en hours we'll spend In thankful hymns to Je-sus, The children's dear-est

best; It brings repose from la- bor, It tells of joy di - vine, Its beams of light de-scend-ing, With
Way;" And if we meekly fol - low Our Saviour here be - low, He'll give us of the Fountain Whose
friend; O gen - tle, lov-ing Sav-iour, How good and kind thou art, How precious is thy prom-ise To

CHORUS.

heav'n-ly beau-ty shine.
streams e - ter-nal flow.
dwell in ev - 'ry heart!

Wel-come, wel-come, ev - er wel-come, Blessed Sab - bath-day.
Wel-come, wel-come, ev - er wel-come, *(Omit.)*
Blessed Sabbath - day.

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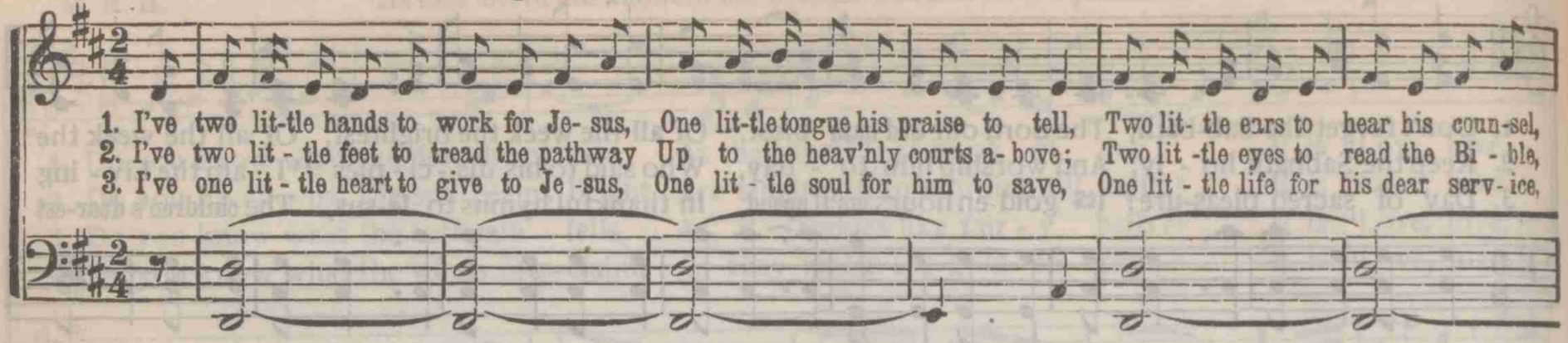
251 TWO LITTLE HANDS.

W. A. O. *Moderato.* "As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord."— 1 Sam. 1: 28. W. A. OGDEN.



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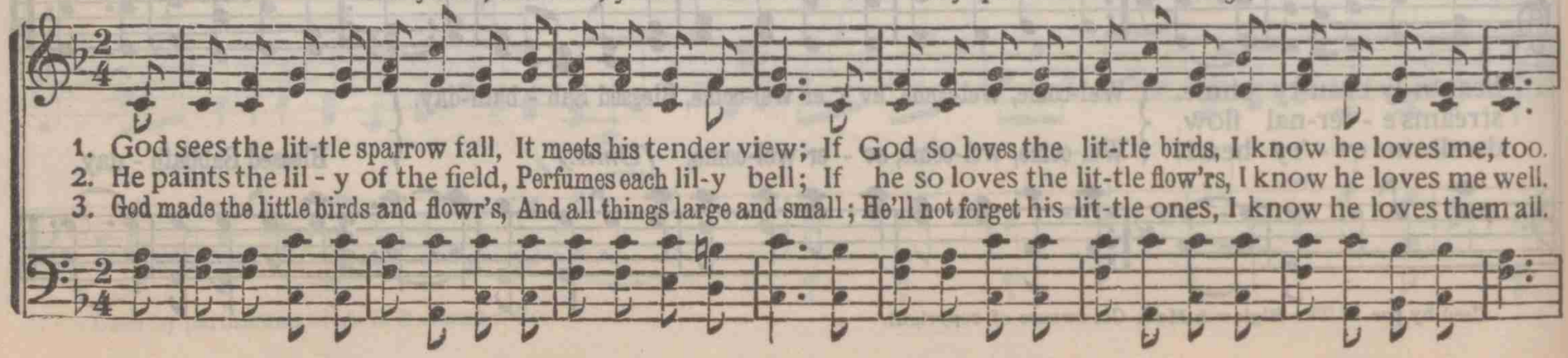
252 HE LOVES ME, TOO.

MARIA STRAUB. "Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."— Matt. 10: 31. S. W. STRAUB.

HE LOVES ME, TOO.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS:

He loves me, too, he loves me, too, I know he loves me, too; Be-cause he loves the lit-tle things, I know he loves me, too.

By permission of S. W. Straub.

253 HOW I WISH I KNEW.

GRACE GLENN. "We have seen his star in the East."—Matt. 2:2. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Lit-tle stars that twin-kle in the heav-en's blue, I have oft-en wondered if you ev-er knew,
2. Did you see the cost-ly presents they had bro't? Did you see the sta-ble they in won-der sought?
3. Did you hear the mothers pleading thro' their tears For the babes that Her-od slew the com-ing years?
4. Did you watch the Sav-iour all those years of strife? Did you know, for sin-ners, how he gave his life?

How there 'rose one like you, leading wise old men From the East, thro' Judah, down to Beth-le-hem.
Did you see the wor-ship ten-der-ly they paid To that strang-er ba-by in the man-ger laid?
Did you see how Joseph, warn'd of God in dreams, Hur-ried in-to E-gypt guid-ed by your beams?
Lit-tle stars that twin-kle in the heav-en's blue, All you saw of Je-sus how I wish I knew.

By permission of Fillmore Bros.

254 I WILL FOLLOW THEE.

GRACE GLENN. "Follow not that which is evil."—3 John 11. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - sus, I will fol - low thee, For I hear thee call - ing me; Lov - ing, trust - ing,
2. Lit - tle eyes might lose the way; Lit - tle feet might go a - stray; I might weak and
3. Grief and want may be my foes, Fool-ish sins my way op-pose; Full of cour - age

D. S.

End. CHORUS.

glad I come, To let thee lead me home.
wea - ry be, But thou art strong for me. I will fol-low thee, I will fol - low thee, I will
I will be, Whene'er I fol - low thee.

D. S.—fol - low thee Where - ev - er thou dost lead.

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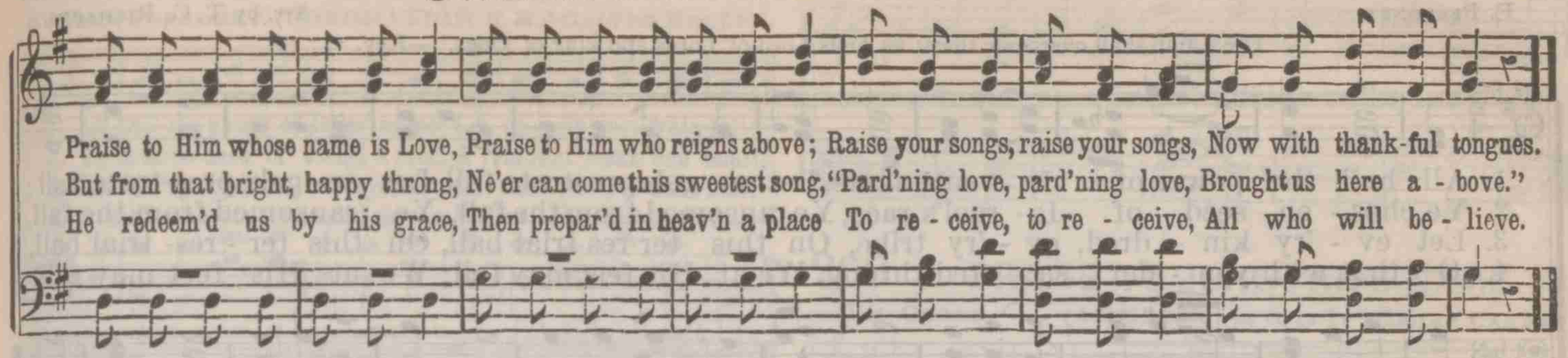
255 SWEETLY SING.

MISS J. W. SAMPSON. "Sing unto the Lord, praise ye the Lord."—Jer. 20: 13.

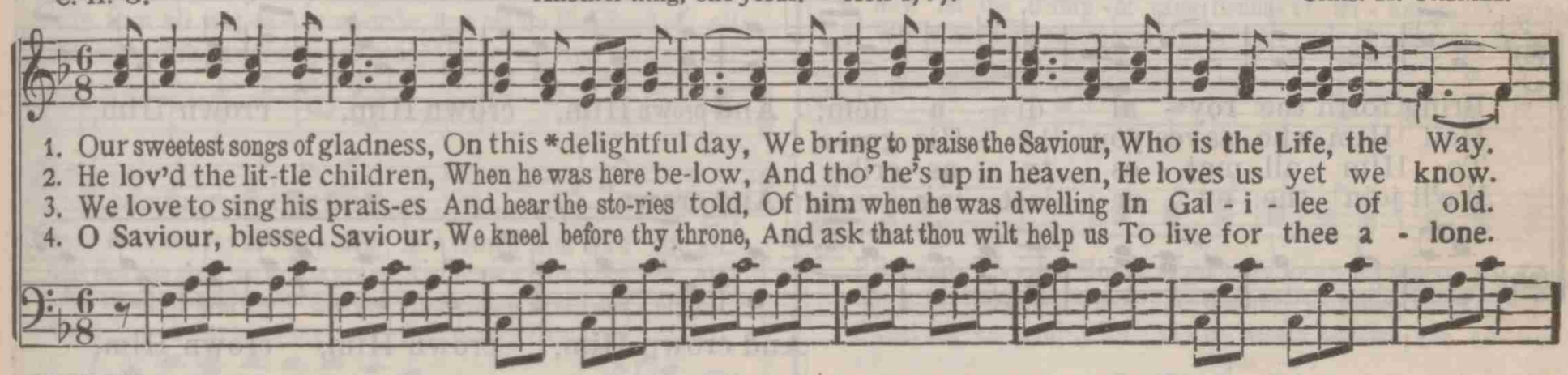
1. Sweetly sing, sweetly sing, Praises to our heav'nly King; Let us raise, let us raise High our notes of praise;
2. Angels bright, angels bright, Rob'd in garments pure and white, Chant his praise, chant his praise, In me - lo - dious lays;
3. Far a - way, far a - way, We in sin's dark val - ley lay, Jesus came, Je-sus came, Bless-ed be his name;

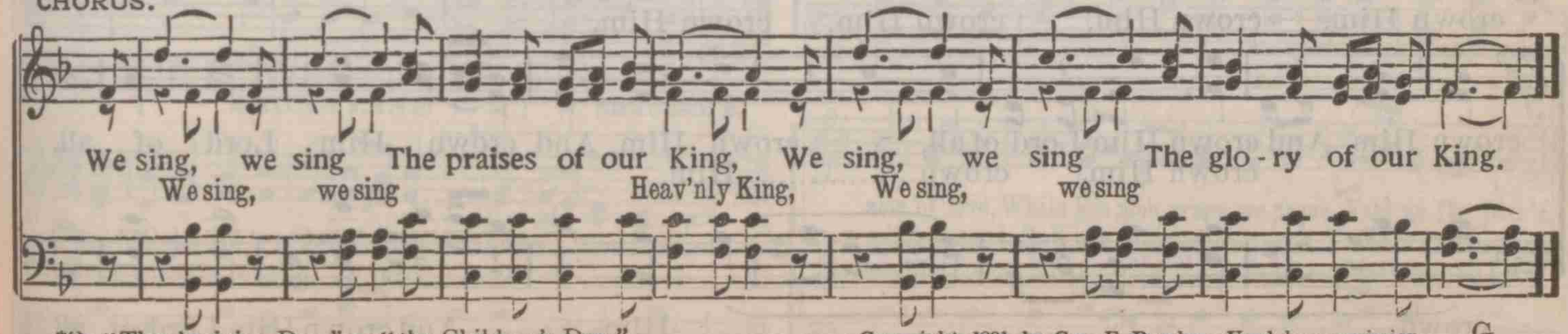
SWEETLY SING.—CONCLUDED.



256 OUR KING.

C. H. G. "Another king, one Jesus."—Acts 17:7. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



CHORUS.

*Or "Thanksgiving Day," or "the Children's Day."

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257 CROWN HIM.

E. PERRONET. Arr. by T. G. RICHARDS.

"The Lamb shall overcome them; for he is Lord of Lords and king of kings."—Rev. 17: 14.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name, Let an- gels prostrate fall, Let an- gels pros-trate fall;
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, On this ter - res- trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall; We at His feet may fall,

And crown.....

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown.....

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,

crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,

crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

crown Him, crown.....Him,

crown..... Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

258 CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

EDWARD PERRONET. (CORONATION. C.M.) OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
2. Ye chos-en seed of Israel's race, A remnant weak and small,
3. Let ev-'ry kindred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
4. O that with yonder sacred throng, We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the everlas'ting song, And crown Him Lord of all.

259 THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

(MILES LANE. C. M.) W. SHRUBSOLE.

1. { All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall;
   { Bring forth the royal di-a-dem. (*Omit.* . . . . .)

2

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

260 PRAISE YE JEHOVAH'S NAME.

WM. GOODE. (AMERICA. 6s & 4s.) HENRY CAREY.

1. Praise ye Je-ho-vah's name, Praise thro' His courts proclaim,
2. Now let the trump-et raise Sounds of tri-um-phant praise,
3. While His high praise you sing, Shake ev-'ry sound-ing string;

Rise and a-dore. High o'er the heav'ns above, Sounds His great
Wide as His fame. There let the harp be found; Or-gans of
Sweet the ac-cord! He vi-tal breath bestows; Let ev-'ry

acts of love, While His rich grace we prove, Vast as His pow'r.
solemn sound, Roll your deep notes around, Filled with His name.
breath that flows, His no-ble fame dis-close; Praise ye the Lord.

261 CROWN HIM.

M. BRIDGES. (DIADEMATA. S. M. D.) G. J. ELVEY.

1. Crown him with many crowns, The Lamb upon his throne; Hark! how the heav'nly anthem drowns All mu-sic but its own!
2. Crown him the Lord of love! Be-hold his hands and side, Those wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau-ty glo - ri - fied:
3. Crown him the Lord of peace! Whose hand a scepter sways From pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be pray'r and praise:
4. Crown him the Lord of years, The Po-ten-tate of time, Cre - a - tor of the roll-ing spheres, In-ef - fa - bly sub-lime!

A-wake, my soul, and sing Of him who died for thee;
No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight,
His reign shall know no end, And round his pierc-ed feet
All hail! Re-deem-er, hail! For thou hast died for me;

And hail him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
But downward bends his wond'ring eye At mys-ter-ies so great.
Fair flow'rs of par-a-dise ex-tend Their fragrance ev-er sweet.
Thy praise shall never, nev-er fail Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.

262 THE MATCHLESS WORTH.

S. MEDLEY. (ARIEL. C. P. M.) L. MASON.

1. O could I speak the match- less worth, O could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood he spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of sin and wrath di-vine! I'd sing his glo - rious righteousness, In which all-per - fect heav'nly dress
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ter he bears, And all the forms of love he wears, Ex - alt-ed on his throne; In songs of sweetest praise, I would to ev - er - last-ing days
4. Well, the de - light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord will take me home, And I shall see his face; Then, with my Sav - iour, Brother, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend,

In notes al-most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
Make all his glo-ries known, Make all his glo - ries known.
Tri - um-phant in his grace, Tri-um-phant in his grace.

263 CROWN HIM.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Come, children, hail the Prince of Peace, O - bey the Saviour's call;
2. Ye lambs of Christ, your trib-ute bring, Ye children, great and small;
3. This Je - sus will your sins for-give, O haste! be-fore Him fall;

Come, seek His face and taste His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
Ho - san-na sing to Christ your King, And crown Him Lord of all.
For you He died, that you might live To crown Him Lord of all.

CHORUS.

In the dew - y time of youth, let us come,
let us come,

Be - fore the brown leaves fall; He will guide us with His
truth, let us come (let us come), And crown Him Lord of all.

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264 SINGING AS WE JOURNEY.

L. J. R. LUCY J. RIDER.

1. We are chil-dren of a King, Heav'nly King, Heav'nly King,
2. We are trav-'ling to our home, Bless-ed home, Bless-ed home,
3. Full of joy we on-ward go, Heav'n-ward go, Heav'n-ward go,

We are chil-dren of a King, Sing - ing as we jour-ney;
We are trav'ling to our home, Sing - ing as we jour-ney;
Full of joy we on-ward go, Sing - ing as we jour-ney;

D.S.—Fol-low close-ly at His side, Sing - ing as we jour-ney.
D.S.—For our Sav-iour is its light, Sing - ing as we jour-ney.
D.S.—Sing-ing till our home we view, Sing - ing as we jour-ney.

Je- sus Christ, our guard and guide. Bids us, noth-ing ter - ri - fied,
Tow'rd a cit - y out of sight, Where will fall no shade of night,
Sing-ing all the journey thro'—Sing-ing hearts are brave and true,—

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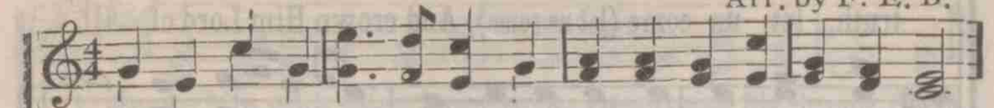
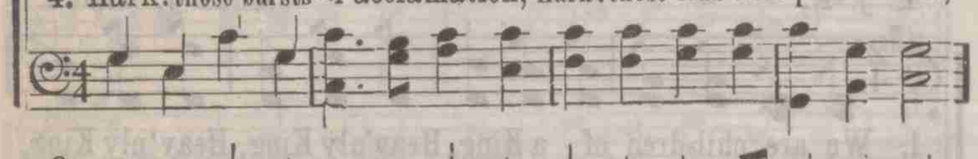
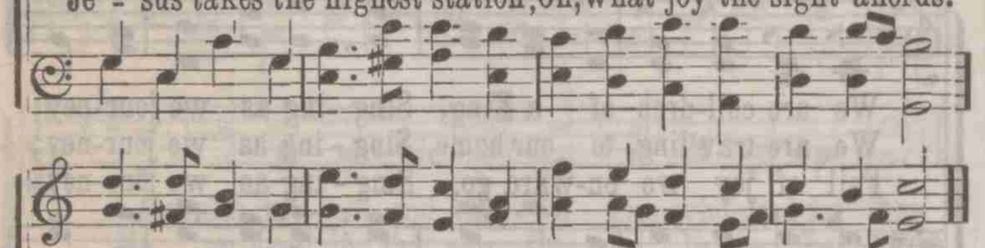
(See 268 for its original harmony.)

265 CROWN HIM, CROWN HIM.

T. KELLY. (REGENT SQUARE. 8s.7s.6L.) HENRY SMART, Arr. by F. E. B.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the Man of Sorrows now;
2. Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him, Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
3. Sin-ners in derision crowned Him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
4. Hark! those bursts of acclamation; Hark! those loud triumphant chords;

From the fight returned victorious, Ev'ry knee to Him shall bow;
On the seat of pow'r enthrone Him, While the vault of heaven rings;
Saints and angels crowd a-round Him, Own His title, praise His name;
Je - sus takes the highest station; Oh, what joy the sight affords!

Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crowns become the victor's brow.
Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown the Saviour King of kings.
Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Spread a-broad the victor's fame.
Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, King of kings, and Lord of lords.

266 COME AND WORSHIP.

(8s. 7s. 6 lines.)

1. Angels, from the realms of glory, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
   Ye who sang creation's story, Now proclaim Messiah's birth.

   Cho.—Come and worship, come and worship,
   Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2. Shepherds in the field abiding, Watching o'er your flocks by night,
   God with man is now residing, Yonder shines the infant light.

   Chorus.

3. Sages, leave your contemplations, Brighter visions beam afar,
   Seek the great Desire of nations; Ye have seen his natal star.

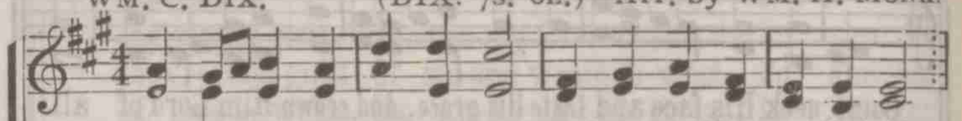
   Chorus.

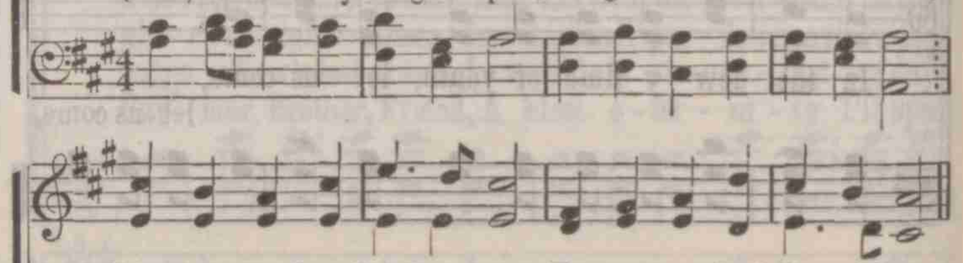
4. Saints, before the altar bending, Watching long in hope and fear,
   Suddenly the Lord descending, In His temple shall appear.

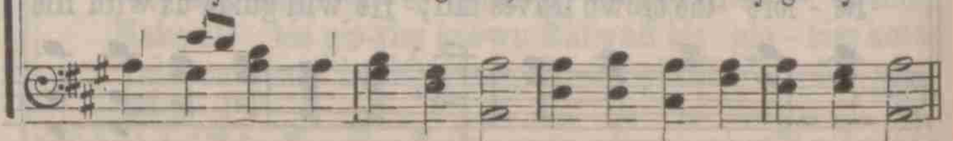
   Cho.—Come and worship, come and worship,
   Worship Christ, the com-ing King.

267 SO MAY WE.

WM. C. DIX. (DIX. 7s. 6L.) Arr. by WM. H. MONK.



1. As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star behold;
   As with joy they hailed its light, Leading onward, beaming bright;
2. As with joyful steps they sped To that low-ly manger- bed,
   There to bend the knee before Him whom heav'n and earth a-dore;
3. As they offered gifts most rare At that manger rude and bare;
   So may we with ho-ly joy, Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
4. Ho - ly Je-sus, ev-'ry day Keep us in the narrow way;
   And, when earth-ly things are past, Bring our ransomed souls at last

So, most gracious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee.
So may we with will-ing feet Ev-er seek the mer-cy-seat.
All our costliest treasures bring, Christ, to Thee, our heav'nly King.
Where they need no star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glo-ry hide.



268 PRAISE THE KING OF HEAVEN.

H. F. Lyte. (REGENT SQUARE. 8s, 7s. 6 lines.) H. Smart.

1 Praise, my soul, the King of Heav - en, To His feet thy trib-ute bring; Ransomed, healed, restored, for-giv-en,
2. Praise, Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers in dis - tress; Praise Him, still the same for-ev - er,
3. Frail as sum - mer's flow'r we flour - ish, Blows the wind, and it is gone; But, while mor-tals rise and per-ish,
4. An - gels, help us to a - dore Him: Ye be- hold Him face to face; Sun and moon, bow down before Him,

Who like thee His praise should sing? Praise Him! praise Him!
Slow to chide, and swift to bless: Praise Him! praise Him!
God en - dures un-chang-ing on. Praise Him! praise Him!
Dwell - ers all in time and space, Praise Him! praise Him!

Praise Him! praise Him! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King!
Praise Him! praise Him! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.
Praise Him! praise Him! Praise the high e - ter - nal One!
Praise Him! praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace!

(See 265 for easy harmony.)

269 ANGEL VOICES, EVER SINGING.

F. Pott. (ANGEL VOICES. 8, 5, 8, 5, 4, 3.) Sullivan.

1. An - gel voic - es, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light, An - gel harps, for-ev - er ring - ing,
2. Thou who art be - yond the far - thest Mor - tal eye can scan, Can it be that Thou re-gard - est
3. Yea, we know Thy love re - joic - es O'er each work of Thine; Thou didst ears and hands and voic-es
4. Here, great God, to - day we of - fer Of Thine own to Thee; And for Thine ac-cept - ance prof-fer,

Rest not day nor night, Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con-fess Thee Lord of might.
Songs of sin - ful man? Can we feel that Thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
For Thy praise com-bine; Crafts-man's art and mu - sic's meas-ure For Thy pleas - ure Didst de - sign.
All un - wor - thi - ly, Hearts and minds, and hands and voic - es, In our choic - est Mel - o - dy. A - men.

270 BLESSED HOUR OF PRAYER.

FANNY J CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we gath-er to Je- sus, our Sav- iour and
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Sav-iour draws near, With a ten-der com - pas-sion His chil- dren to
3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the Sav-iour who loves them their sor- rows con-
4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trusting Him we be- lieve That the blessings we're needing we'll sure - ly re -

Friend; If we come to Him in faith, His protection to share,
hear; When He tells us we may cast at His feet ev-'ry care,
fide; With a sym-pa-thizing heart He removes ev-'ry care;
ceive, In the fulness of this trust we shall lose ev-'ry care;

S. FINE.

What a balm for the wea-ry! O how sweet to be there!

D. S.—What a balm for the wea- ry! O how sweet to be there!

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BLESSED HOUR OF PRAYER.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS. D. S.

Bless-ed hour of prayer, Bless- ed hour of prayer,

271 PEACE: PERFECT PEACE!

(PAX TECUM. 10s.)

Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH. G. T. CALDBECK.

1. Peace! per - fect peace! in this dark world of sin;
2. Peace! per - fect peace! by thronging du - ties pressed;
3. Peace! per - fect peace! with sor - rows sur- ging round;
4. Peace! per - fect peace! with loved ones far a - way;

The blood of Je - sus whis-pers peace with - in.
To do the will of Je - sus, this is rest.
On Je - sus' bos - om naught but calm is found.
In Je - sus' keep- ing we are safe, and they.

5 Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown;
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours;
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggle soon shall cease,
And Jesus call to heaven's perfect peace.

272 ON TIME.

F. E. B. F. E. Belden.

1. List to the chime, 'tis meet-ing time, The joy-ous bells are
2. Join with the throng and swell the song, The Saviour's love con-
3. Learn of the way, and then o - bey The truth so kind-ly

ring-ing; This is the day, they seem to say, To meet for
fess-ing; Of-fer a pray'r that you may share The ful-ness
giv - en; Thus, may you say, each clos-ing day; I'm near-er

CHORUS.

pray'r and sing-ing. Ring, ring, ring, ring, Ring, ye joy-ous
of His bless-ing.
home and heav-en. (*Last*) On time, on time, An-swer to the

bells; Ring, ring, ring, ring, Ring, ye joy-ous bells.
chime; On time, on time, Al-ways here on time.

rit.

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273 WELCOME HERE.

F. J. E. & F. E. B. F. J. E. arr. by F. E. B.

1. Children sing-ing, sweet bells ringing! Welcome, welcome,
2. 'Tis an hour of hap-py meeting, We have met for
3. We'll not keep our teachers waiting, While we tar-ry

hap-py day! Pray'rs of thou-sands now are wing-ing
praise and pray'r; But the hour is short and fleet-ing;
by the way, Nor dis-turb the school re-cit-ing,—

CHORUS.

Up to heav'n their si - lent way.
This is why we're ear - ly here. } Wel-come, welcome,
'Tis the ho - ly Sab - bath day.

joy - ous welcome; Teachers, scholars, wel - come here!

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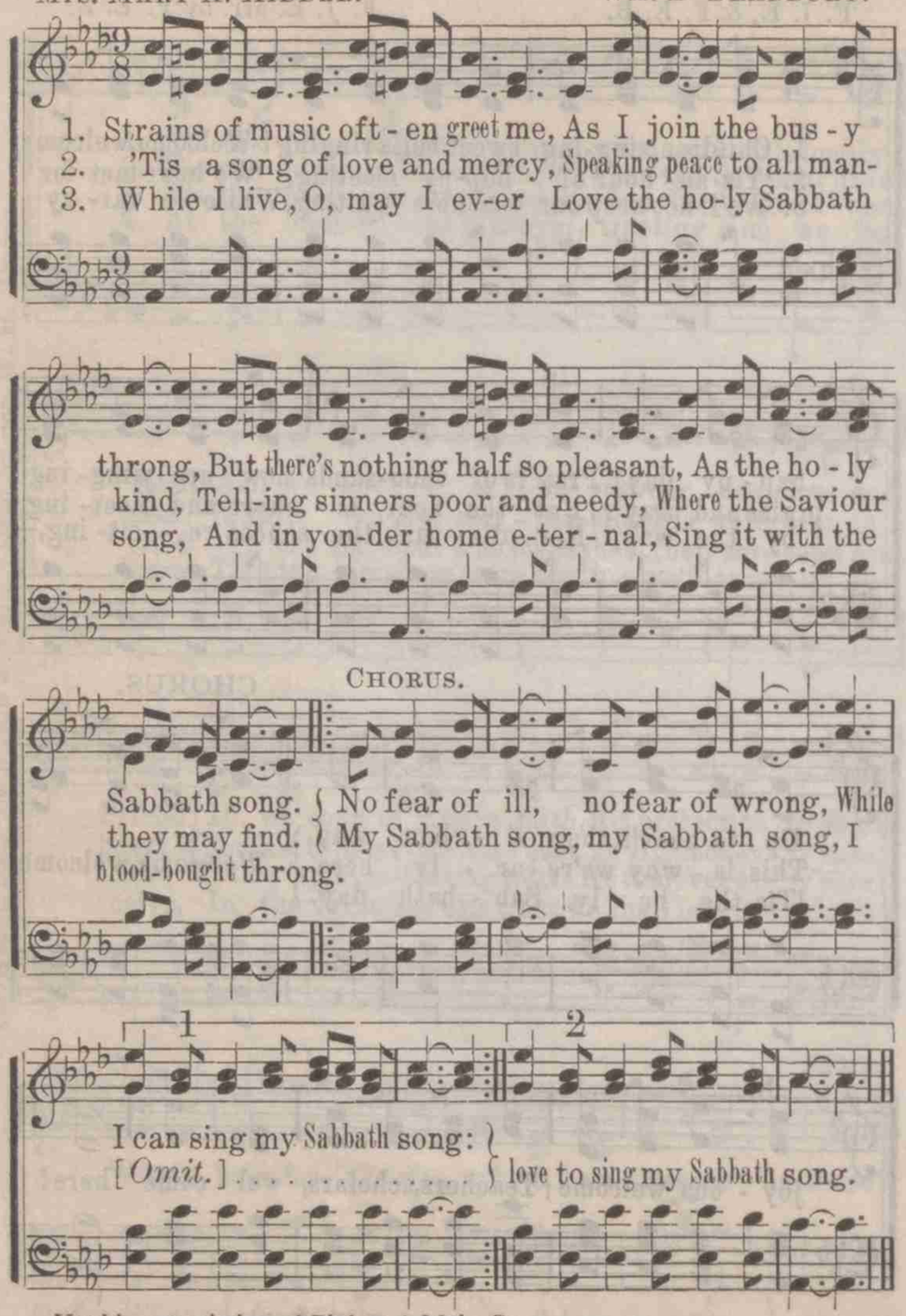
274 MY SABBATH SONG.

Mrs. Mary A. Kidder. Wm. B Bradbury.



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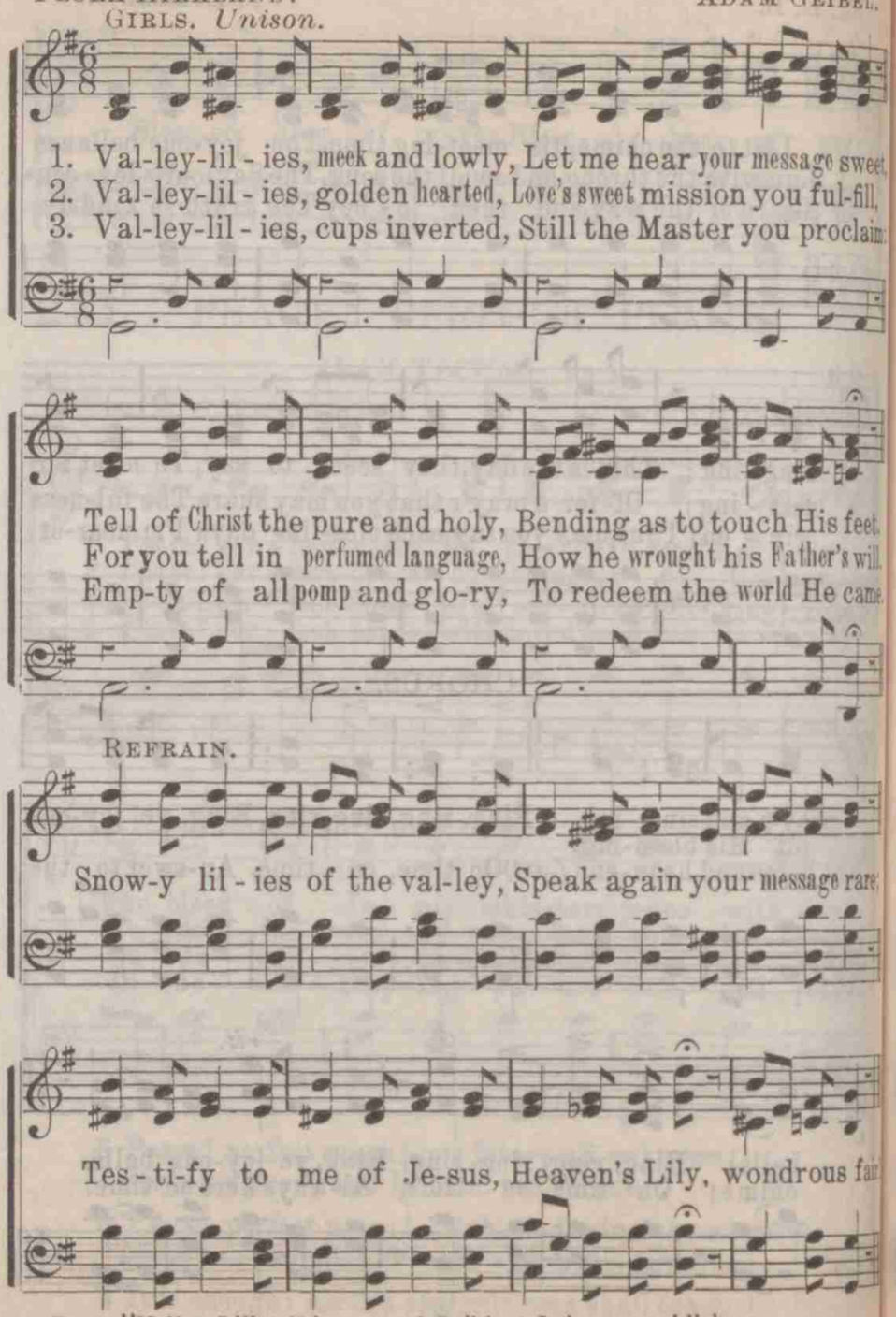
275 VALLEY LILIES.

Flora Kirkland. Adam Geibel.



From "Valley-Lilies," by per. of Geible & Lehman, publishers.

276 SUNLIGHT.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. I wandered in the shades of night, Till Je-sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gather in the sky, And billows 'round me roll,
3. While walking in the light of God, I sweet communion find;
4. I cross the wide-extended fields, I jour-ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me;

And with the sun-light of His love Bid all my darkness flee.
How-ev-er dark the world may be, I've sun-light in my soul.
I press with ho-ly vig-or on, And leave the world behind.
And in the sun-light of His love I reap the gold-en grain.
Be-hold the brightness of His face Thro'-out e-ter-ni-ty.

CHORUS.

Sun-light, sun-light, in my soul to-day, Sunlight, sunlight, to-day, yes,
all a-long the way; Since the Saviour found me, took a-narrow way;

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way my sin, I have had the sunlight of His love within.
load of sin,

277 BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

REGINALD HEBER. (LELA. 11s & 10s.) F. E. BELDEN.

Duet.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our
2. Cold on His cra-dle the dew-drops are shining; Low lies His
3. Tho' we should yield Him, in costly de-vo-tion, O-dors of
4. Vain-ly we of-fer each am-ple ob-la-tion, Vain-ly with

dark-ness, and lend us Thine aid; Star of the East, the ho-
head with the beasts of the stall; An-gels a-dore Him, in
E-dom and of-f'rings di-vine, Gems of the moun-tain, and
gifts would His fa-vor se-cure; Rich-er by far is the

ri-zon adorning, Guide where our infant Re-deem-er is laid.
slumber reclining,—Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
pearls of the ocean, Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine,—
heart's ad-o-ra-tion, Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

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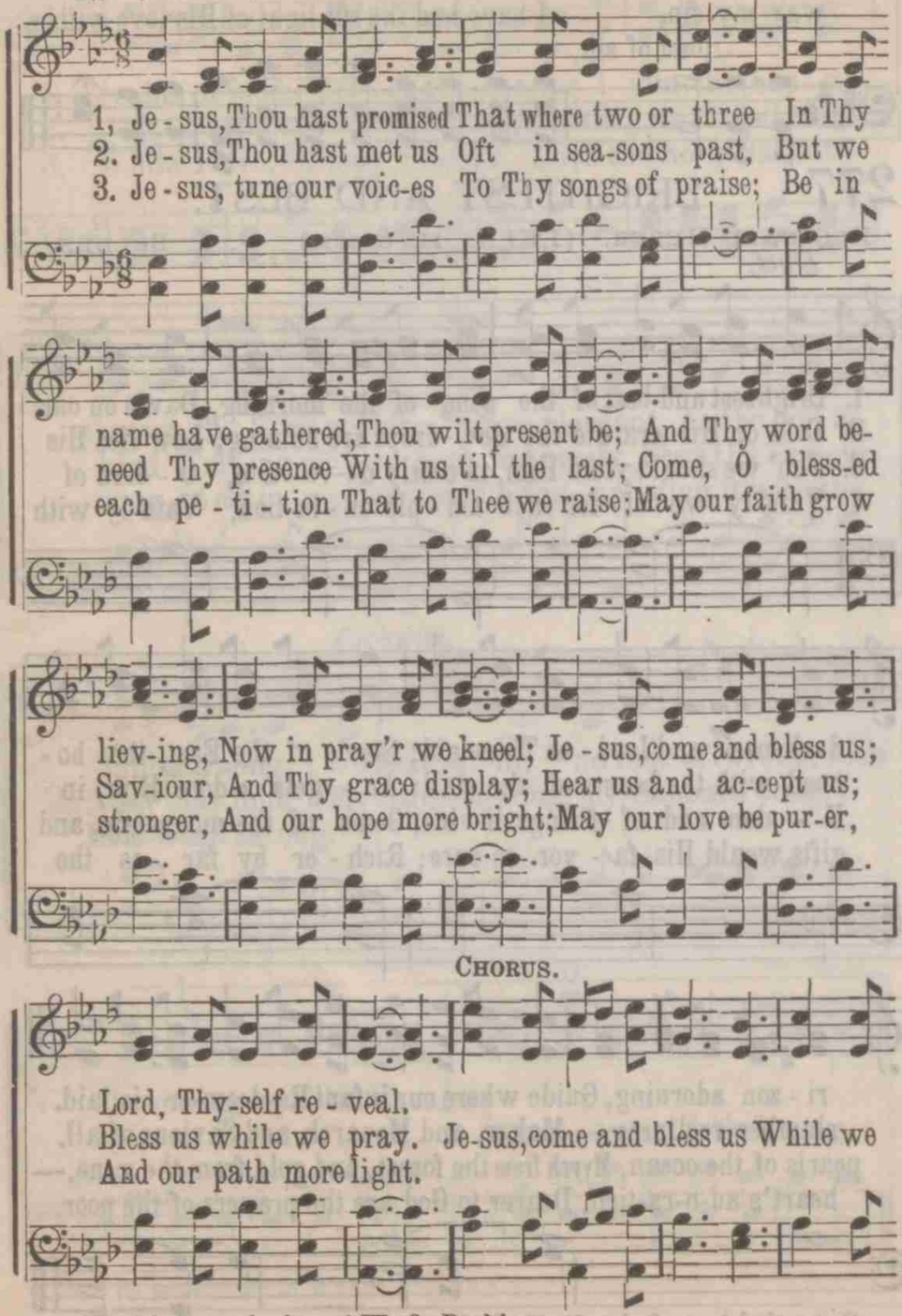
278 JESUS, COME AND BLESS US.

E. R. LATTA. DR. W. O. PERKINS.



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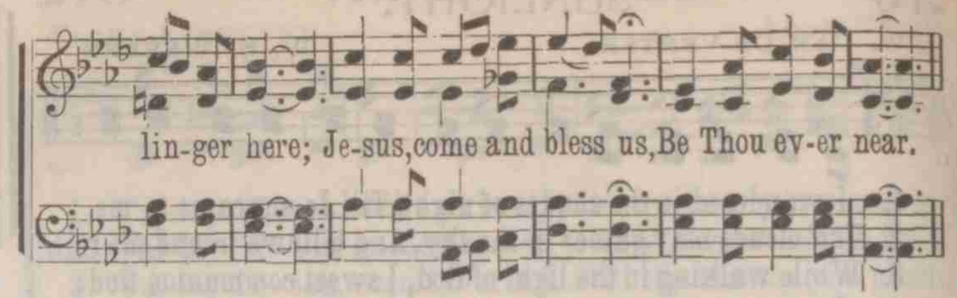
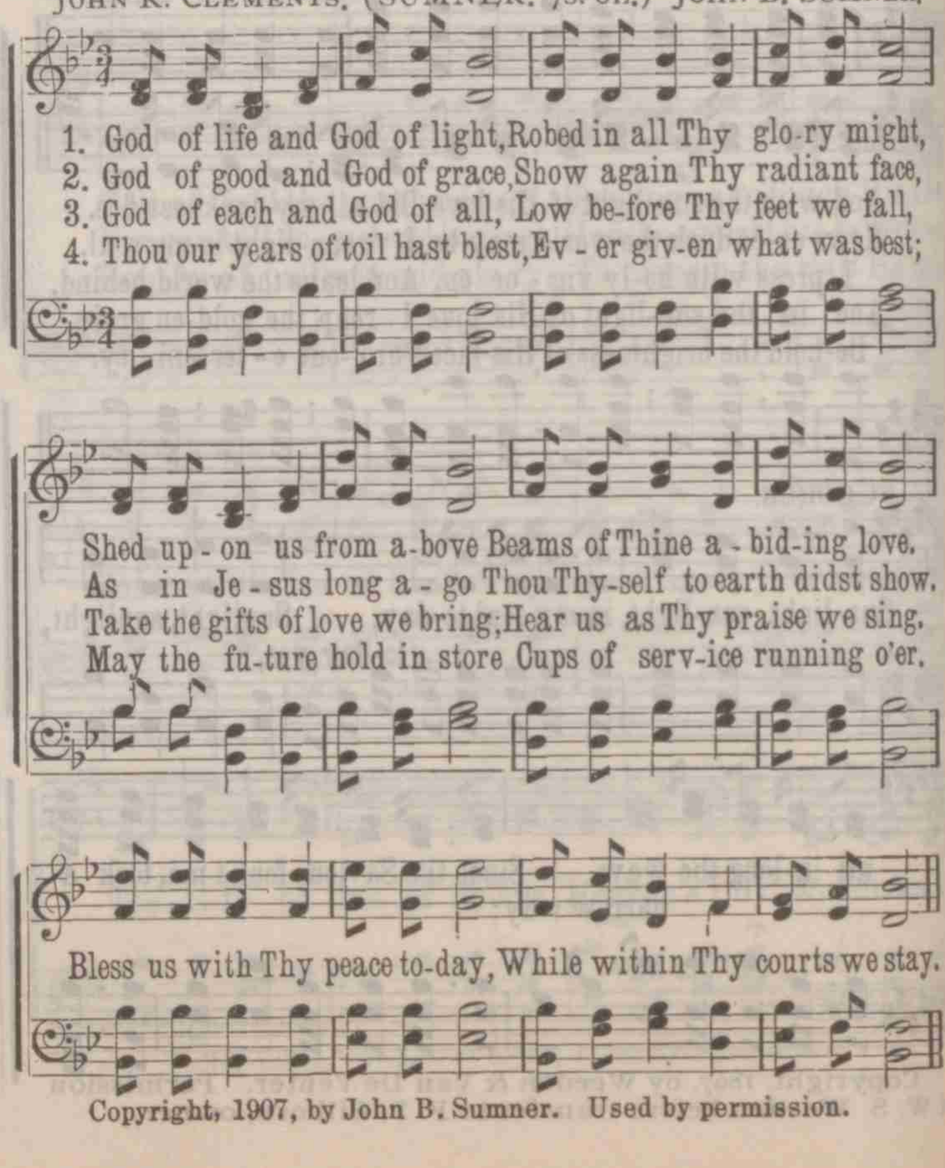


279 GOD OF LIFE AND LIGHT.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. (SUMNER. 7s. 6L.) JOHN B. SUMNER.



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280 WELCOME HYMN.

(*For Conventions.*)

W. W. B. W. W. BARKER. Harmony by F. E. BELDEN.

1. Wel-come! thrice welcome! Ye loy-al host of God, Welcome! thrice
2. Wel-come! thrice welcome! Be-liev-ers in the Lord; Welcome! thrice
3. Wel-come! thrice welcome! Be steadfast in the right, Welcome! thrice

wel-come! From near and from a-broad; Tho' changing years pass
wel-come! Up-hold-ers of His word; We meet our Saviour's
wel-come! Till faith is lost in sight; And when our battles

swift-ly by, Our cause is still the same, And thus we gladly
name to praise, To learn what He requires, And by His Spirit's
all are won We'll join the blessed throng, Then God will welcome

CHORUS.

greet you in Our Master's conq'ring Name.
help resolve To fol-low His de-sires. Welcome! thrice welcome to
us and we Will hear heav'ns welcome song.

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homes and hearts and love; Welcome! thrice welcome! And blessings from above.

281 MAY JESUS CHRIST BE PRAISED.

TT. E. CASWELL. (LAUDES DOMINI. 6s. 6L.) J. BARNBY

1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries,
2. Does sad-ness fill my mind, A sol-ace here I find,
3. Do e-vil tho'ts mo-lest? With this I shield my breast,
4. Be this, while life is mine, My can-ti-cle di-vine,

May Je-sus Christ be praised! A-like at work and pray'r,
May Je-sus Christ be praised! Or fades my earthly bliss,
May Je-sus Christ be praised! The pow'rs of darkness fear,
May Je-sus Christ be praised! Be this the e-ter-nal song

To Je-sus I re-pair: May Je-sus Christ be praised!
My com-fort still is this, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
When this sweet chant they hear May Je-sus Christ be praised!
Thro' all the a-ges long, May Je-sus Christ be praised!

282 DRAW ME NEARER.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con- secrate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de-light of a single hour That be-fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the

love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
grace di - vine; May my soul look up with a steadfast hope
throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God,
nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach

REFRAIN.

And be clos- er drawn to Thee.
And my will be lost in Thine.
I commune as friend with friend!
Till I rest in peace with Thee.
} Draw me near - er,

near-er near-er,

nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me

near-er, near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

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283 JESUS LOVES ME.

ANNA WARNRR. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Je-sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi-ble tells me so;
2. Je-sus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to open wide;
3. Je-sus loves me! loves me still, When I'm sad or weak and ill;
4. Je-sus loves me; He will stay, Close beside me all the way,

Little ones to Him be-long, They are weak, but He is strong.
He will wash away my sin. Let His lit - tle child come in.
From His shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
If I love Him, by and by He will take me home on high.

CHORUS. 1 2

{ Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me;
{ Yes, Jesus loves me, (*Omit.*) ..... } The Bible tells me so.

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284 ALWAYS CHEERFUL.

FANNY CROSBY. (Childrens' Song.) ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Let our hearts be al-ways cheerful; Why should murm'ring
2. With His gentle hand to lead us, Should the pow'rs of
3. When we turn a-side from du-ty, Comes the pain of
4. Oh! the good are al - ways happy, And their path is

en- ter there, When our kind and lov - ing Fa- ther
sin as - sail, He has promised grace to help us;
do- ing wrong; And a shad-ow, creep- ing o'er us,
ev - er bright; Let us heed the bless - ed coun-sel,

REFRAIN.

Makes us children of His care?
Nev - er can His prom- ise fail.
Checks the rapture of our song,
Shun the wrong and love the right.
} Al-ways cheer-ful

always cheerful, Sunshine all a - round we see; Full of

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beau-ty is the path of du-ty, Cheerful we may always be.

285 ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

Bp. W. W. How. (SARUM. 10, 10, 10, 8.) J. BARNBY.

1. For all the saints who from their labors rest, Who Thee by
2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might; Thou, Lord, their
3. O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold, Fight as the
4. And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long, Steals on the

faith be-fore the world con-fessed, Thy Name, O Je - sus,
Captain, in the well-fought fight; Thou, in the dark-ness
saints who no-bly fought of old, And win with them the
ears the dis- tant tri-umph-song, And hearts are brave a -

f *f*

be for ev- er blest,
their true guiding Light,
vic-tor's crown of gold,
gain, and arms are strong.
} Al - le - lu - ia! Al- le - lu - ia!

286 MORE LIKE JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (7s. D.) W. H. DOANE.

1. More like Je - sus would I be; Let my Saviour dwell with me,
2. If he hears the rav-en's cry; If his ev - er watch-ful eye
3. More like Je - sus when I pray, More like Je-sus day by day;

Fill my soul with peace and love, Make me gentle as a dove;
Marks the sparrows when they fall, Sure-ly he will hear my call,
May I rest me by his side, Where the tranquil waters glide;

More like Je-sus while I go, Pil-grim in this world below;
He will teach me how to live, All my sim-ple tho'ts for-give;
Born of him, thro' grace renew'd, By his love my will sub-dued,

Poor in Spir-it would I be — Let my Saviour dwell in me.
Pure in heart I still would be — Let my Saviour dwell in me.
Rich in faith I still would be — Let my Saviour dwell in me.

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287 PURE IN HEART.

F. E. B. (HATTIE. 7s & 6s. P.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. Saviour, keep me pure in heart, By thy pow'r re - new - ing;
2. In thy sin-less life I see Matchless grace and beau - ty:
3. One with thee! thus would I live, Till the morn im - mor - tal;

Seal my life of thine a part, All my tho'ts be - dew - ing.
Per-fect Pat-tern, guide for me, Teaching love for du - ty.
Thus my-self for oth-ers give,—With them pass the por-tal.

Refrain.

Pure in heart, pure in heart,—Je - sus, on - ly giv - er;

Seal my life of thine a part, Here and then for - ev - er.

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288 BLESSED BE THE NAME.

CHAS. WESLEY (alt.) R. E. HUDSON.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing: Blessed be the name of the Lord!
2. Jesus, the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
3. He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

The glories of my God and King, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Chorus.

Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Bless-ed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

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289 NEAR THE CROSS

FANNY J CROSBY. W. H. DOANE

1. Je-sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious foun-tain
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer-cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be-fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop-ing, trust-ing ev-er;

Free to all, a heal-ing stream, Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.
There the bright and Morn-ing Star Sheds its beams around me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad-ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold-en strand, Just be-yond the riv-er.

Chorus.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo-ry ev-er;

Till my raptur'd soul shall find Rest beyond the riv-er.

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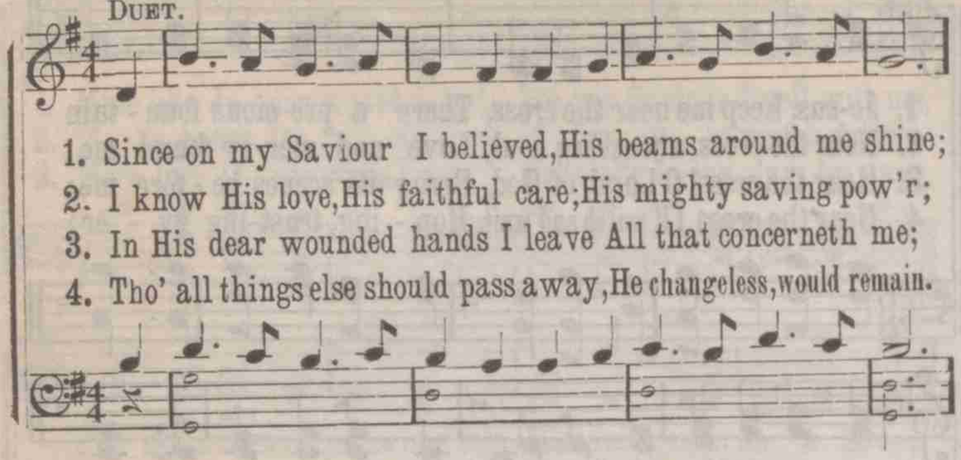
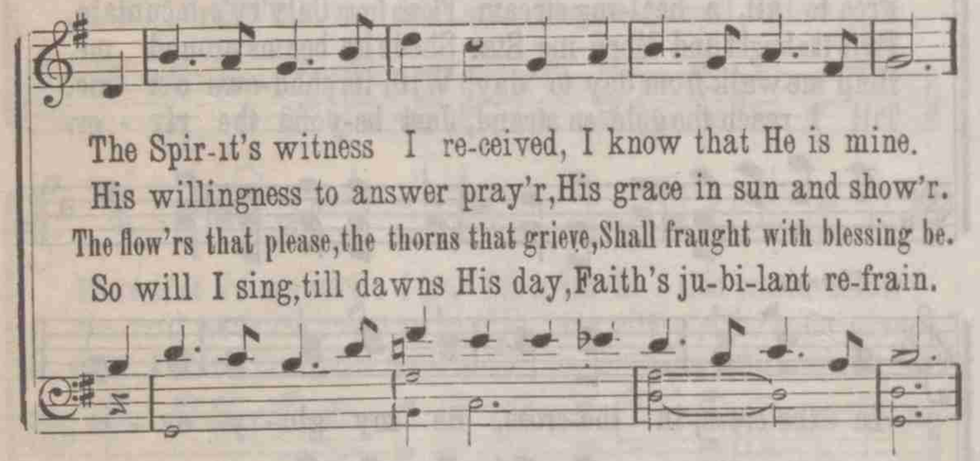
290 I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED.

E. E. HEWITT. 2 Tim. 1: 12. F. E BELDEN.

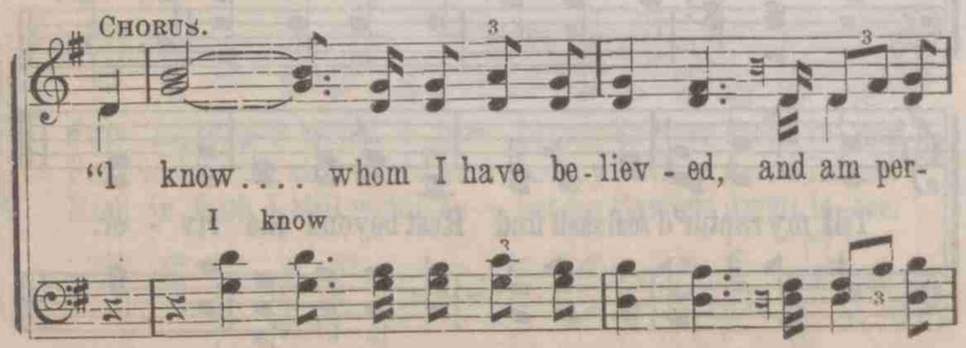
DUET.



1. Since on my Saviour I believed, His beams around me shine;
2. I know His love, His faithful care; His mighty saving pow'r;
3. In His dear wounded hands I leave All that concerneth me;
4. Tho' all things else should pass away, He changeless, would remain.



The Spir-it's witness I re-ceived, I know that He is mine.
His willingness to answer pray'r, His grace in sun and show'r.
The flow'rs that please, the thorns that grieve, Shall fraught with blessing be.
So will I sing, till dawns His day, Faith's ju-bi-lant re-frain.



CHORUS.

"I know.... whom I have be-liev - ed, and am per-
I know

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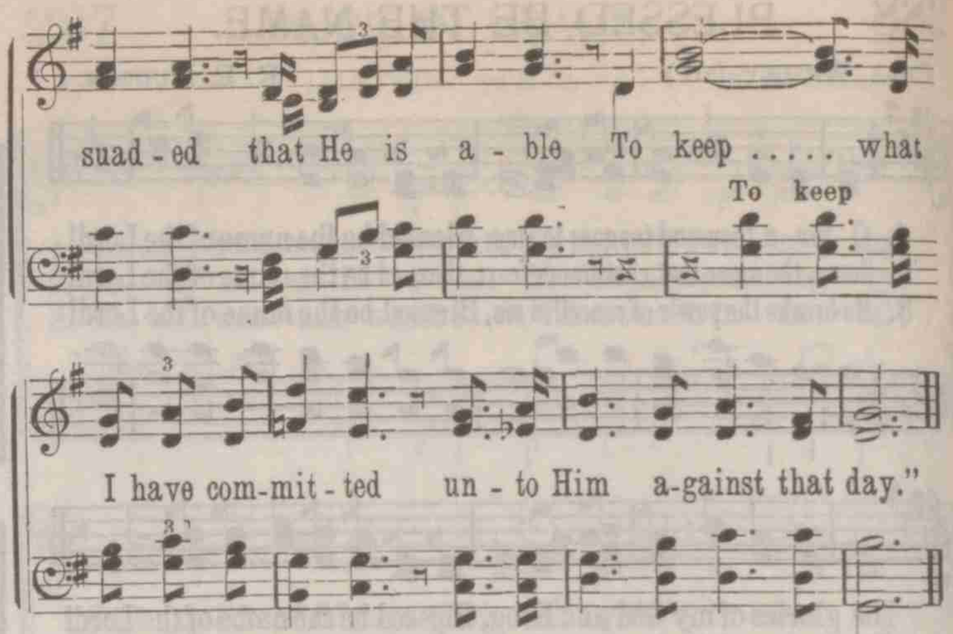


suad - ed that He is a - ble To keep ..... what
To keep

I have com-mit - ted un - to Him a-gainst that day."

291 I KNOW MY REDEEMER LIVES.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1st stanza: others
arr. from SAMUEL MEDLEY.
(Sing to 267, using its Chorus.)

1. "I know that my Redeemer lives,"
And ever prays for me;
A token of His love He gives,
A pledge of liberty.

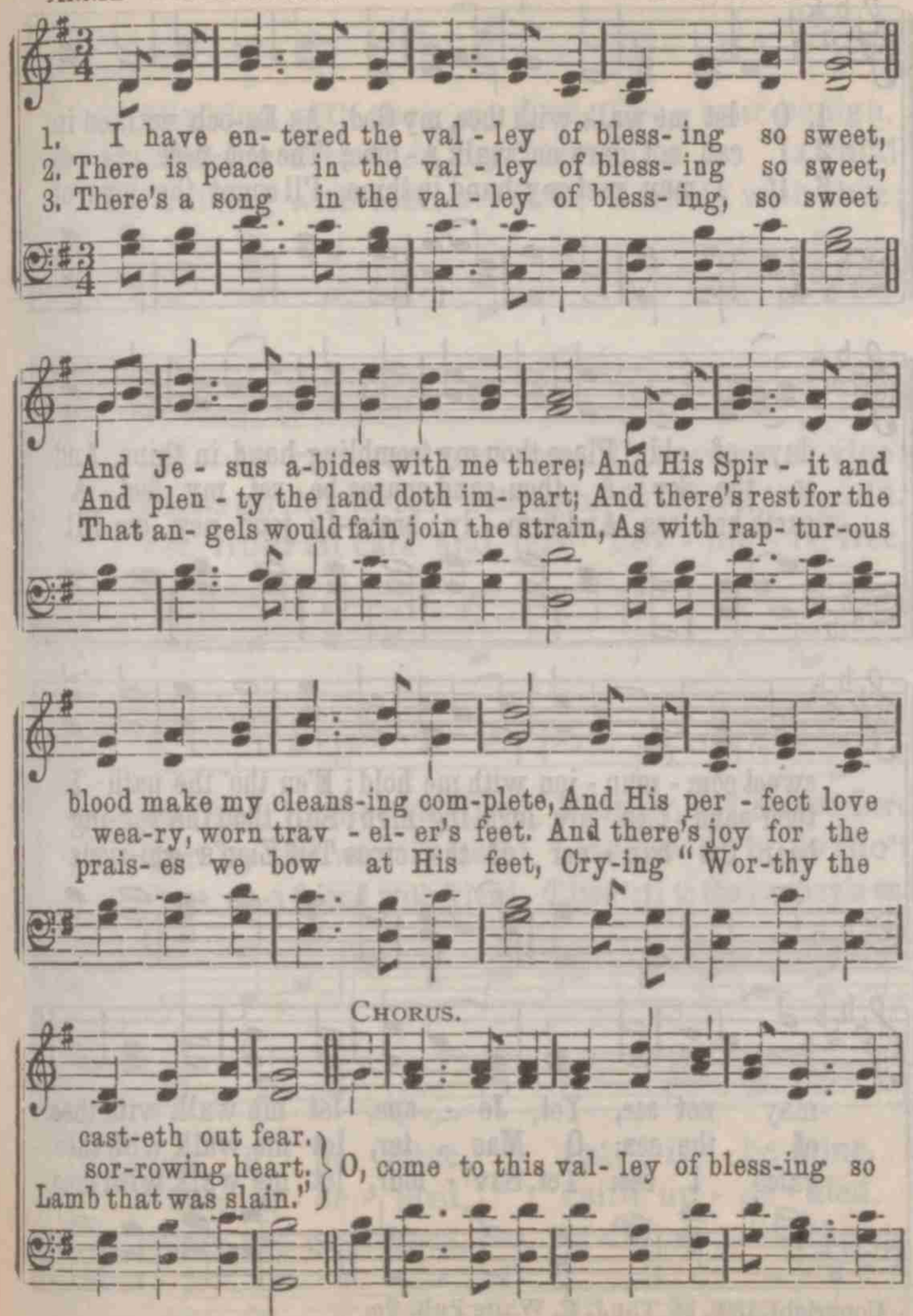
2. He lives all glorious in the sky,
He lives who once was dead;
He lives exalted there on high,
My everlasting Head.

3. He lives, triumphant o'er the grave,
And while He lives I'll sing;
He lives eternally to save,
My Prophet, Priest and King.

4. He lives, my mansion to prepare,
My Jesus, still the same;
He lives to bring me safely there,
All glory to His name.

292 THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.

ANNIE WITTENMEYER. WM. G. FISCHER.



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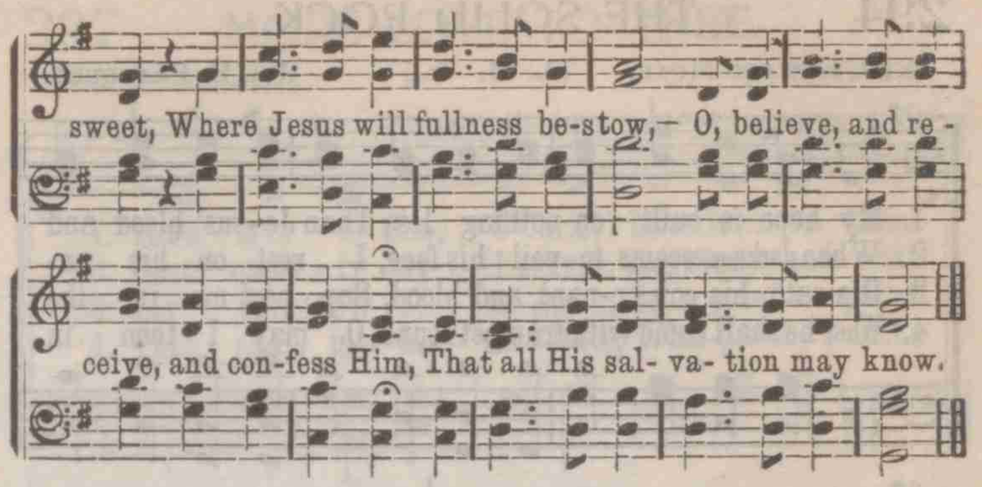
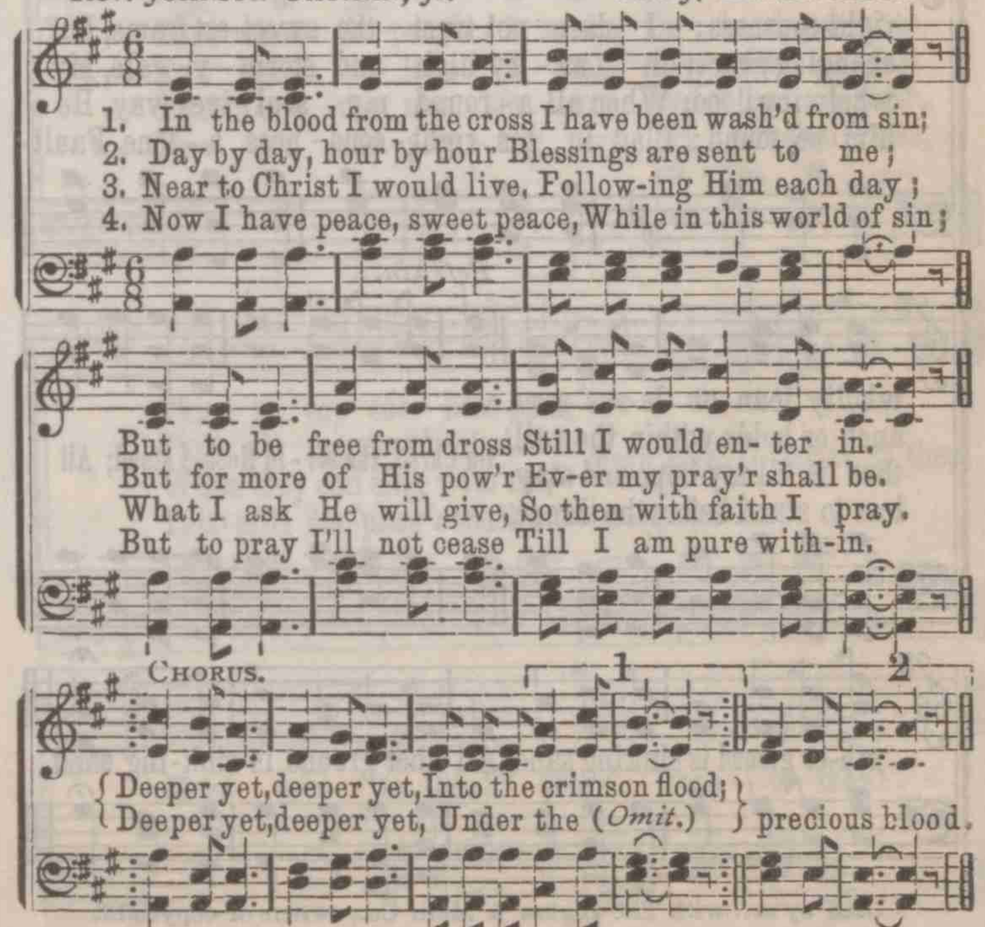


293 DEEPER YET.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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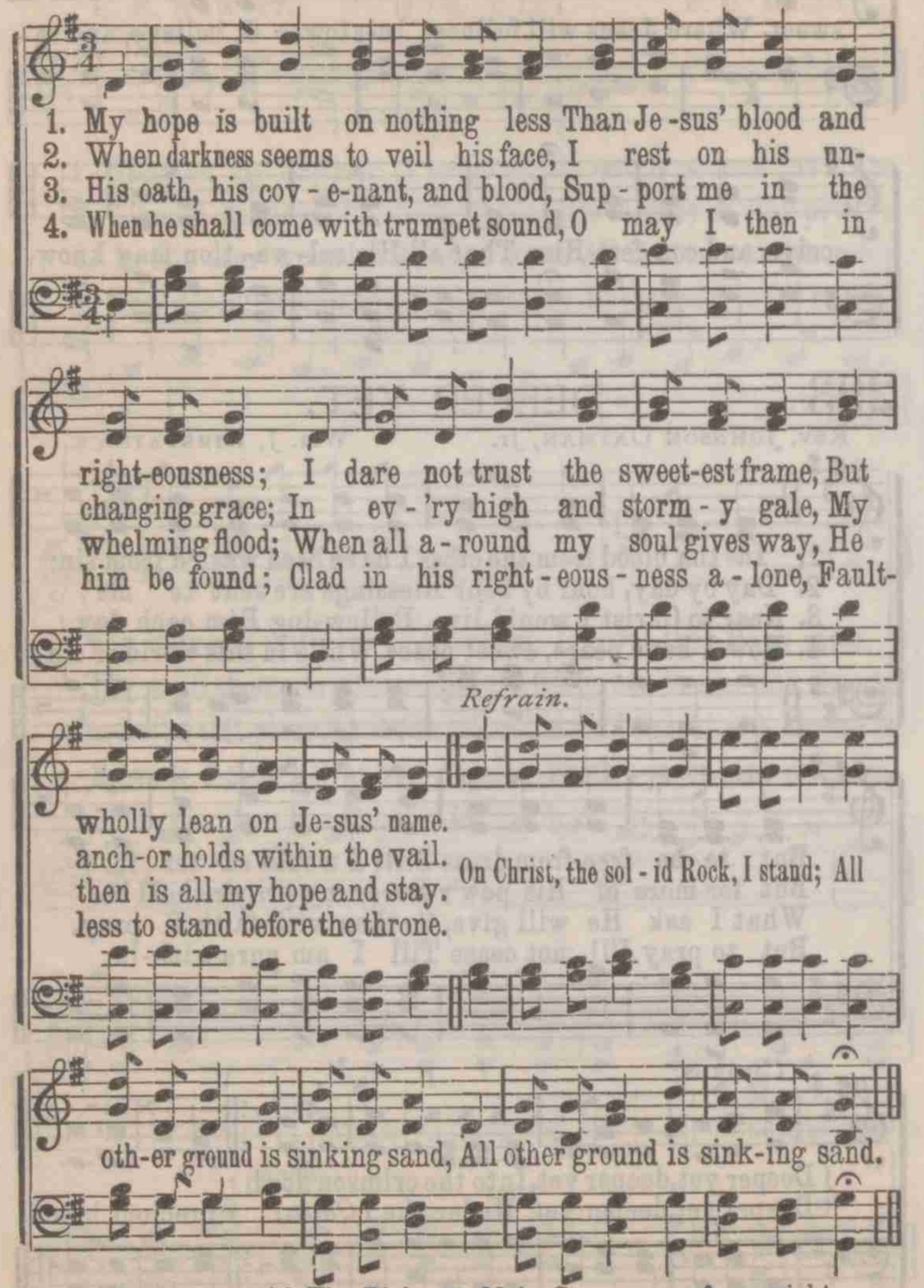
294 THE SOLID ROCK.

REV. EDWARD MOTE. (L. M. 6L.) WM. B. BRADBURY.



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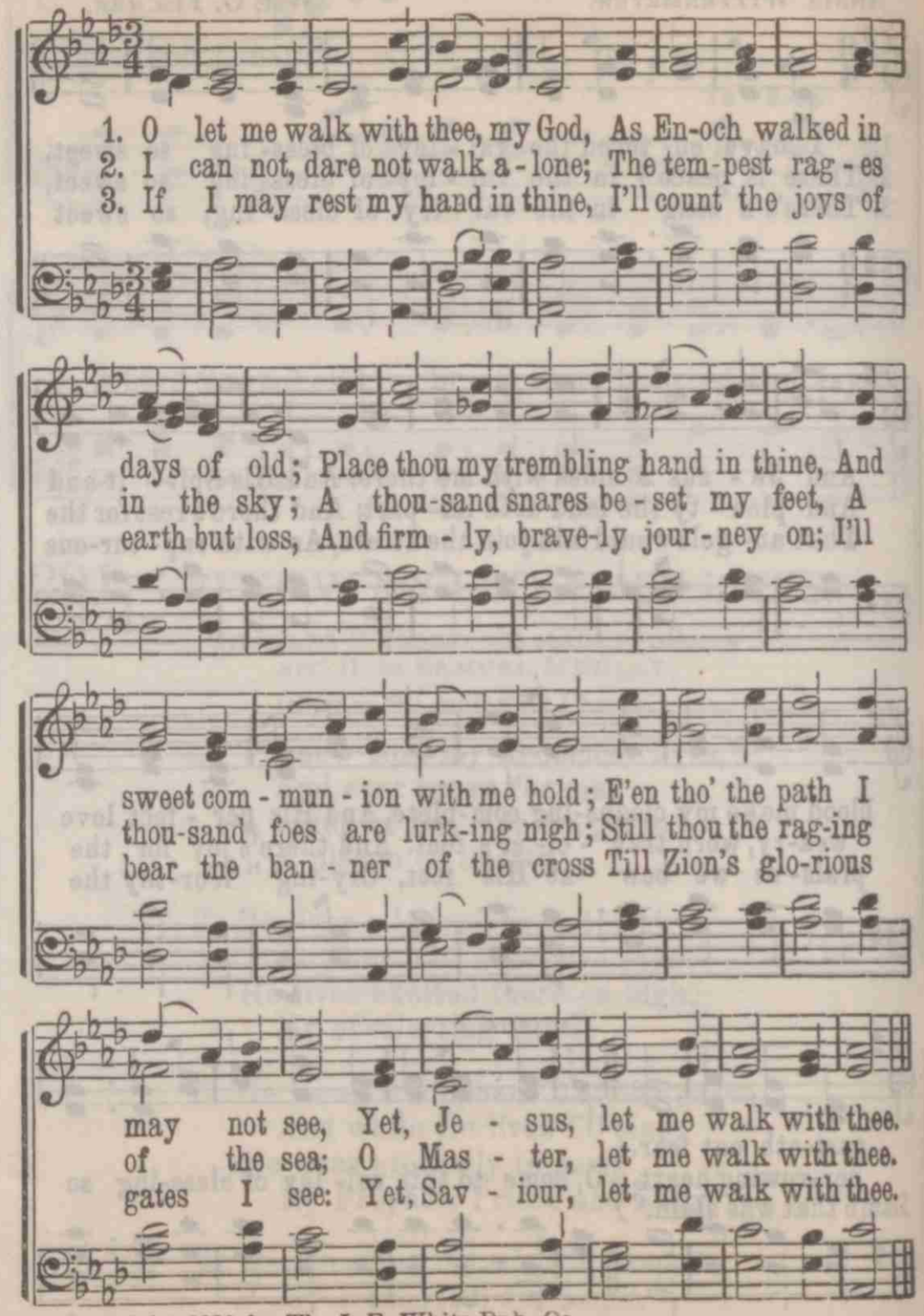
295 WALKING WITH GOD.

MRS. L. D. A. STUTTLE. (MORTON. L. M. 6L.) EDWIN BARNES.



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296 WALKING WITH THEE.

GEO. RAWSON. (MALE VOICES.) W. H. PONTIUS, by per.

1. Walking with thee, my God, Sav - iour benign,
2. Walking with thee, my God, Like as a child
3. Walking with thee, my God, Humbly with thee;

Dai - ly con- fer on me Con-verse di-vine;
Leans on his fa-ther's strength, Crossing the wild,
Yet from all care and fear Lov - ing - ly free,

Je - sus, in thee restored, Brother, and blessed Lord,
And by the way is taught Lessons of ho-ly tho't,
E'en as a friend with friend, Chee'rd to the journey's end,

Let it be mine, Let it be mine.
Faith un - de - filed, Faith un - de - filed.
Walk-ing with thee, Walk-ing with thee.

297 MORE LOVE TO THEE.

MRS. E. PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee;
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest;
3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief or pain;
4. Then shall my lat - est breath, Whis-per thy praise;

Hear thou the pray'r I make On bend - ed knee.
Now thee a - lone I seek, Give what is best.
Sweet are thy mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re- frain,
This be the part - ing cry My heart shall raise,

This is my ear - nest plea,
This all my pray'r shall be,
When they can sing with me,—
This still its pray'r shall be:
More love, O Christ, to thee,

More love to thee! More love to thee!

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298 BLISS OF THE PURE.

F. BOTTOME. Arr. (MALE VOICES.) KOSCHAT. Arr.

1. O bliss of the pure ones! O bliss of the free! I've plung'd in the fountain once open'd for me! O'er sin and uncleanness ex-
2. O bliss of the sav'd ones! Christ Jesus is mine! No more condem- na - tion; no long-er I pine. In conscious sal - va - tion I
3. O bliss of the glad ones! O bliss of the pure! No wound hath the spir - it that he can not cure; No head bow'd with sorrow but
4. O Cru- ci-fied Je - sus! of thee will I sing, My bless-ed Re- deem-er, my God and my King; My soul fill'd with rapture, shall

Solo.

ult - ing I stand, And point to the nail-prints in his ho-ly hands, And point to the nail-prints in his ho - ly hands.
sing of his grace Who lift-ed up - on me the smiles of his face, Who lift - ed up - on me the smiles of his face.
sweet-ly may rest, No tears but may van-ish on his lov-ing breast, No tears but may van-ish on his lov - ing breast.
shout o'er the grave; In him will I tri-umph, the "Might-y to Save!" In him will I tri - umph, the "Might-y to Save!"

299 MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

ANON. (IIS.) A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me,
3. I'll love thee in life, and I'll love thee in death;
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,

For thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And purchased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
I'll praise thee as long as thou lend - est me breath,
I'll ev - er a - dore thee in heav - en so bright,

My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art thou;
I love thee for wear - ing the thorns on thy brow;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
And sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,

If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

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300

REV. E.

1. D
2.
3. O
4. Co

By perm

300 GLORY TO HIS NAME.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleans-
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-
3. O pre-cious Fountain that saves from sin! I am so glad
4. Come to this Fountain so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul

ing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied,
ly a-bides with-in, There at the cross where he took me in,
I have en-tered in, There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean.
at the Saviour's feet, Plunge in to-day and be made complete,

Chorus.

Glo-ry to his name. Glo-ry to his name, Glo-ry to his

name. There to my heart was the blood applied, Glo-ry to his name.

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301 I LOVE THEE BETTER, LORD.

F. R. HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON.

1. I know I love thee better, Lord, Than a - ny earth-ly joy;
2. I know that thou art nearer still Than a - ny earth-ly throng;
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then may I well be glad;
4. O Saviour, precious Saviour, mine! What will thy presence be,

For thou hast given me the peace Which nothing can de - stroy.
And sweeter is the tho't of thee Than a - ny love - ly song.
With-out the se-cret of thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with thee?

Chorus.

The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free;
nev-er told,

The half has never yet been told, The blood it cleanseth me.
never told, cleanseth me.

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302 NO OTHER NAME.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. There's no oth- er name like Je - sus, 'Tis the dear- est name we know,
2. There's no oth- er name like Je - sus When the heart with grief is sad,
3. 'Tis the hope that I shall see Him, When in glo - ry He ap- pears,
4. If He wills that I shonld la - bor In His vine-yard day by day,
5. If He wills that death's cold fin- ger Touch my fee- ble, mor- tal clay,

'Tis the an - gels' joy in heav - en, 'Tis the Christian's joy be - low.
There's no oth - er name like Je - sus, When the heart is free and glad.
'Tis the hope to hear His wel - come, That my fainting spir- it cheers.
Then 'tis well if on - ly Je - sus Bless-es all I do or say.
Then 'tis well if on - ly Je - sus Is my dy - ing trust and stay.

Refrain.

Sweet name, dear name, There's no oth - er name like Je - sus;
Sweet name, dear name,
Sweet name, dear name, There's no oth- er name like Je - sus.
Sweet name, dear name,

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303 ONLY THEE.

CORIE F. DAVIS. Dr. W. O. PERKINS.

1. Have I need of aught, O Saviour! Aught on earth but thee?
2. Tho' I have of friends so ma- ny, Love, and gold, and health;
3. Is there heart so kind and patient With my fail-ings all?
4. Not for worlds would I exchange it,—This sweet faith in thee!

Have I a - ny in the heavens, A- ny one but thee?
If I have not thee, my Saviour, Hold I a - ny wealth?
Or a voice so true and read-y, Answer - ing my call?
Earth-ly treasures cannot e- qual All thou art to me.

Chorus.

On - ly thee, on-ly thee, O the wondrous love shown me!
On-ly thee, on-ly thee,
On - ly thee, on- ly thee, None on earth but thee.
On-ly thee, on - ly thee,

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304 WONDROUS LOVE

Mrs. M. Stockton. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. God loved the world of sinners lost And ruined by the fall;
2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The risen Son of God;
3. Love brings the glo-rious ful - ness in, And to His saints makes known,
4. Believ-ing souls, re-joic- ing go; There shall to you be giv'n
5. Of vict'ry now o'er Sa-tan's pow'r Let all the ransom'd sing,

Sal-va-tion full, at high- est cost, He of- fers free to all.
Redemption by His death I find, And cleansing thro'the blood.
The blessed rest from in-bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ alone.
A glorious foretaste, here below, Of end-less life in heav'n.
And triumph in the dying hour Thro' Christ the Lord, our King.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me;
It bro't my Saviour from above, To die on Cal - va-ry.

By per. W. G. Fischer, owner of copyright.

305 I REMEMBER CALVARY.

Rev. W. C. Martin. J. M. Black.

1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learned to
2. O I de-light in His command, Love to be led by
3. Onward I go, nor doubt, nor fear, Happy with Christ, my

trust Him so, And I re-member 'twas for me, That He was
His dear hand, His divine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by
Saviour near, Trusting that I some day shall see Je-sus my

D. S.—For I re-

FINE. CHORUS.

slain on Cal- va - ry.
blood-stained Calvary.
Friend, of Cal- va -ry.
} Jesus shall lead me night and day,

mem-ber Cal - va- ry.

D.S.

Jesus shall lead me all the way, He is the truest Friend to me,

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306 JESUS IS MINE.

MRS. CATHERINE J. BONAR. (6s & 4s.) T. E. PERKINS.

1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je-sus is mine! Break ev-'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a-way, Je-sus is mine! Here would I
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je-sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Farewell, mor-tal - i - ty, Je-sus is mine! Welcome e-

ten-der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil-der-ness,
ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per-ish - ing things of clay,
dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried,
ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Welcome, O lov'd and blest,

Earth has no resting place, Je-sus a-lone can bless, Je-sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je-sus is mine!
Left but a dis-mal void, Jesus has sat - is-fied, Je-sus is mine!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome my Saviour's breast, Je-sus is mine!

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307 OUR SUREST STAY.

F. E. B. (BRADBURY. L. M.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. When soft - ly falls the twi - light hour, O'er moor and
2. In sol - emn mid - night's si - lence deep, When Nature's
3. And when with red - 'ning blush of morn The new - born
4. When mid-day's burn - ing heat we feel, When dai - ly

moun - tain, field and flow'r, How sweet to leave a
voice is hush'd in sleep, Then heav - y hearts with
day be - gins to dawn, Then up - ward to the
cares our hearts would steal, O, then to heav'n we

world of care, And lift to heav'n the voice of pray'r!
grief op-press'd May find in pray'r the sweet-est rest.
mer - cy - seat Let pray'r as - cend like in - cense sweet.
look a - way, And find in pray'r our sur - est stay.

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308 FILL ME NOW.

STOKES. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hov-er o' er me, Ho-ly Spir-it, Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit, Tho' I can-not tell thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At thy sa-cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, O, bathe my heart and brow;

Fill me with thy hallow'd presence, Come, O come and fill me now.
But I need thee, greatly need thee; Come, O come and fill me now.
Blest, divine, e-ter-nal Spir-it, Fill with love, and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort-ing and sav-ing, Thou art sweetly fill-ing now.

D. S. Fill me with thy hallow'd presence, Come, O come and fill me now.

D. S.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je-sus, come and fill me now.

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309 GOOD AND GREAT.

S. A. BOOKE. (POSEN, 7s.) G. C. STRATTNER.

1. Let the whole Cre-a-tion cry Glo-ry to the Lord on high!
2. Praise Him, all ye hosts a-bove, Praise Him, Lord of life and love!
3. Riv-ers roll His praise along, O-cean chant His anthem song!
4. Kings of knowledge and of law, To the glorious cir-cle draw;

Heav'n and earth, awake and sing "God is good, and therefore King."
Sun and moon, uplift your voice, Night and stars, in God rejoice.
Sunshine, darkness, cloud and storm, Rain and snow His praise perform.
All who work and all who wait, Sing, "The Lord is good and great."

310 ALL FOR JESUS.

MARY D. JAMES. (8s & 7s) ARRANGED.

1 { All for Jesus, all for Je-sus! All my being's ransomed pow'rs:
{ All my tho'ts, and words, and doings, All my days and all my . . . . . hours.

2. { Let my hands perform his bidding, Let my feet run in his ways—
{ Let my eyes see Je-sus on-ly, Let my lips speak forth his . . . . . praise.

3. { Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus, I've lost sight of all be-side;
{ So enchained my spirit's vi-sion, Looking at the Cruci-. . . . . fied.

4. { Oh, what wonder! how a-maz-ing! Je-sus, glorious King of kings,
{ Deigns to call me his be-lov-ed, Lets me rest beneath his . . . . . wings.

All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.
All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! Let my lips speak forth his praise; praise.
All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! Looking at the Cru-ci-fied; fied.
All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! Resting now beneath his wings; wings

311 TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Miss KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. Tell me the sto-ry slow - ly, That I may take it in,—That
3. Tell me the same old sto - ry When you have cause to fear That

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je-sus and His love. Tell me the
won-der-ful re-demp-tion, God's rem-e-dy for sin. Tell me the
this world's empty glo - ry Is cost-ing me too dear. Yes, and when

sto-ry sim-ply, As to a lit- tle child, For I am weak and
sto-ry oft - en, For I for-get so soon; The "early dew" of
that world's glo-ry Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old

CHORUS.

wear-y, And helpless and defiled.
morn-ing Has passed a-way at noon.
sto-ry: Christ Jesus makes thee whole.
} Tell me the old, old sto-ry, Tell me the old, old sto-ry, Tell me the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and His love.

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312 FAIREST LORD JESUS.

German, 1677. (CRUSADER, 5, 5, 6, 8, D.) German.

1. Fair-est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture, O Thou of
2. Fair are the meadows, Fair-er still the wood-lands, Robed in the
3. Fair is the sunshine, Fair-er still the moon-light, And all the

God and man the Son! Thee will I cher-ish, Thee will I
bloom-ing garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is
twinkling, star - ry host; Je - sus shines brighter, Je - sus shines

hon - or, Thou art my glo - ry, joy, and crown.
pur - er, Who makes the woe-ful heart to sing.
pur - er Than all the an-gels heav'n can boast. *A-men.*

313 JESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Arranged by G. D. E. GEO. D. ELDERKIN, arr.

1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, Je-sus, the Light of the world;
2. Joy - ful, all ye na-tions rise, Je-sus, the Light of the world;
3. Christ by highest heav'n adored, Je-sus, the Light of the world;
4. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace, Je-sus, the Light of the world;

Glo - ry to the new-born King, Je-sus, the Light of the world.
Join the tri-umphs of the skies, Je-sus, the Light of the world.
Christ, the ev-er - last-ing Lord, Je-sus, the Light of the world.
Hail the sun of right-eous-ness, Je-sus, the Light of the world.

CHORUS.

We'll { walk in the light, / beau-ti-ful light, } Come where the dewdrops of mercy are bright,

Shine all around us by day and by night, Jesus, the Light of the world.

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314 ROOM IN MY HEART.

EMILY ELLIOTT. (MARGARET, 10. 8. D.) T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown, When Thou
2. Heav-en's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, Pro-
3. Thou cam - est, O Lord, with the liv-ing word, That should
4. When heav'n's arches shall ring, and her choirs shall sing, At Thy

cam-est to earth for me; But in Beth-le-hem's home
claiming Thy roy - al de - gree; But in low - ly birth
set Thy peo - ple free; But with mock-ing scorn,
com-ing to vic - to - ry; May Thy voice call me home,

there was found no room For Thy ho - ly na-tiv - i - ty.
didst Thou come to earth, And in great hu - mil - i - ty.
and with crown of thorn, They bore Thee to Cal-va - ry.
say-ing, "Yet there is room, There is room at My side for thee."

REFRAIN.

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus, There is room in my heart for Thee!
4th.-My heart shall re-joice, Lord Jesus, When Thou comest and callest me.

315 GIVE ME JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, All its
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweet- est
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In His

joys are but a name; But His love a - bid - eth
com - fort of my soul; With my Sav- iour watch - ing
view His con- stant smile; Then thro'-out my pil - grim
cross my trust shall be; Till, with clear - er, bright - er

D. S.—Oh, the full - ness of re-

FINE. CHORUS.

ev - er, Thro' e - ter- nal years the same.
o'er me, I can sing, tho' bil-lows roll,
journey Light will cheer me all the while.
vis-ion, Face to face my Lord I see.

Oh, the height and

demption, Pledge of end- less life a- bove!

D.S.

depth of mer - cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love!

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316 ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

F. R. HAVERGAL, Cho by W. J. K. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-cra-ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beautiful for Thee;
3. Take my lips and let them be Filled with messages for Thee;
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise;
5. Take my will, and make it Thine: It shall be no longer mine!
6. Take my love, my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treasure-store;

Take my hands and let them move At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my voice and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly, for my King.
Take my sil-ver and my gold,— Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my in-tellect, and use, Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
Take my heart,—it is Thine own,—It shall be Thy royal throne.
Take my- self, and I will be Ev -er, on - ly, all for Thee.

CHORUS.

{Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood the (precious blood,)
{Cleanse me in its pu - ri. - fy - ing flood (the healing flood.)

Lord, I give to Thee, my life and all, to be, Thine, henceforth eternal - ly.

(Or omit chorus, and sing to "Hendon," No. 937.)

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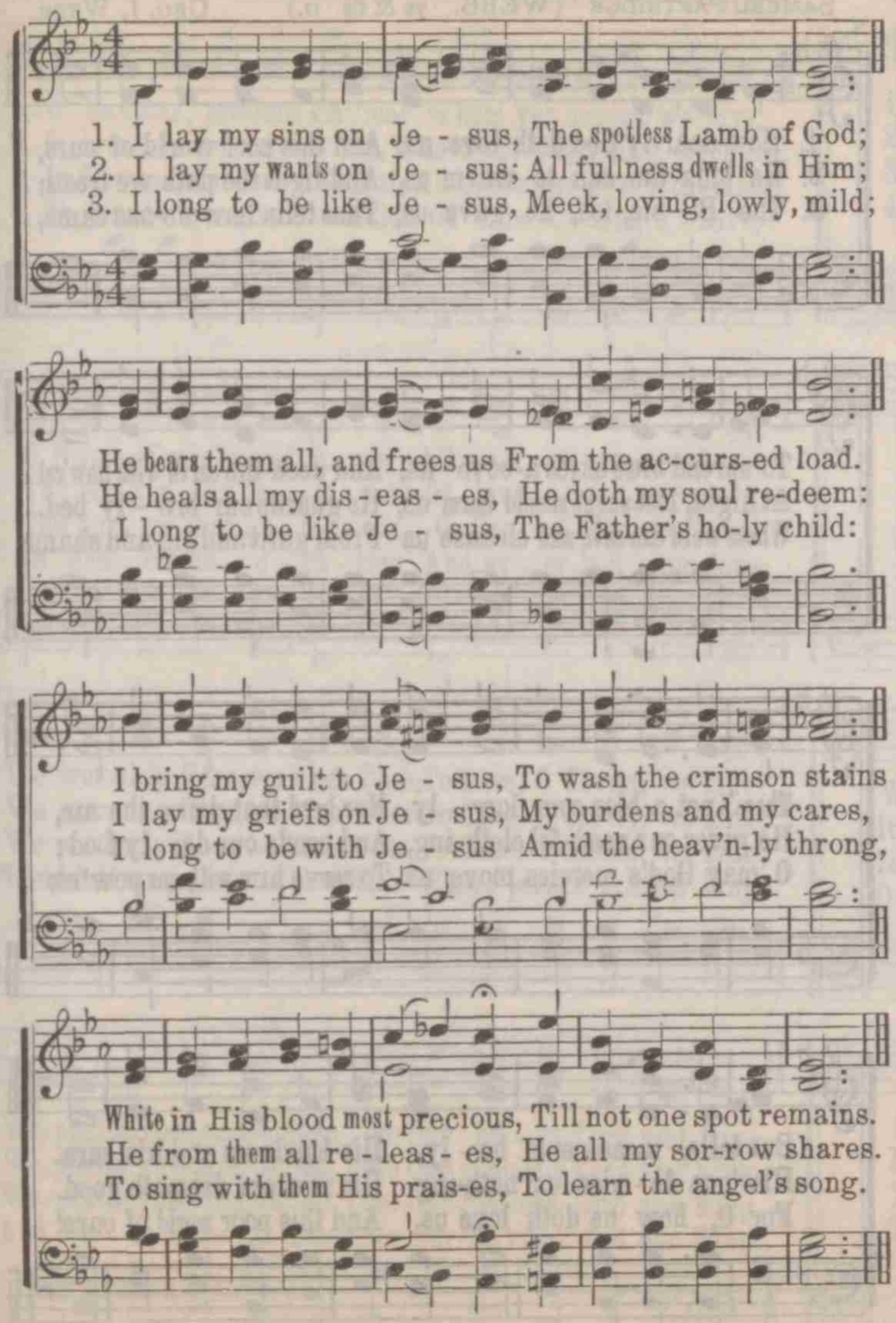
317 I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS.

HORATIUS BONAR. (NORVAL. 7s, 6s. D.) F. E. BELDEN.



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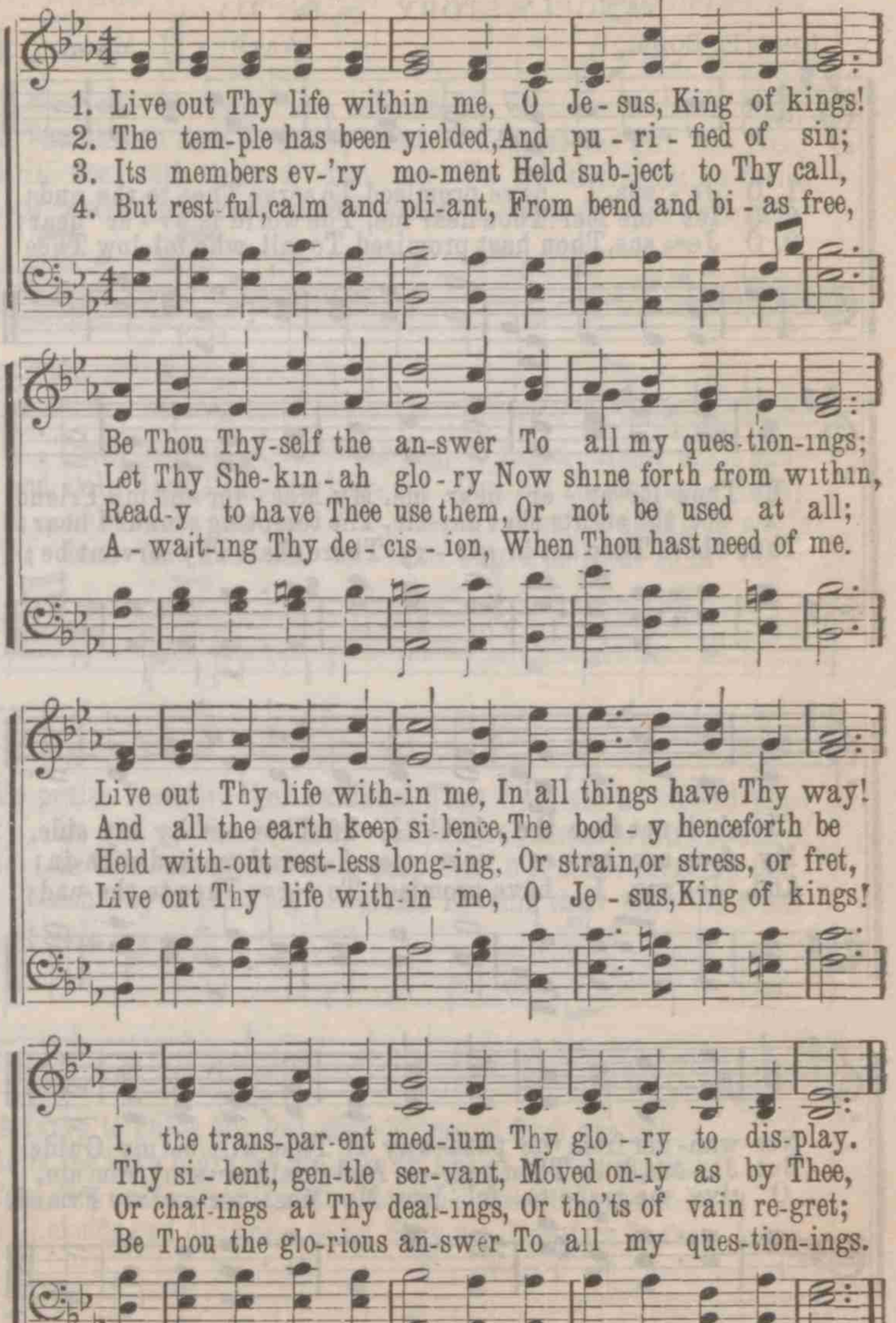
318 THY LIFE WITHIN ME.

F. R. HAVERGAL. (Aurelia, 7, 6 D.) SAMUEL WESLEY.



319 I HAVE PROMISED.

(ANGEL'S STORY. 7s. 6s. D.)

JOHN E. BODE. ARTHUR H. MANN.

1. O Je - sus, I have promised To serve Thee to the end;
2. O let me feel Thou near me, The world is ev - er near;
3. O Je - sus, Thou hast promised To all who fol-low Thee

Be Thou for-ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend;
I see the sights that daz-zle, The tempting sounds I hear;
That where Thou art in glo - ry There shall Thy servant be;

I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
My foes are ev - er near me, A-round me and with-in;
And, Je- sus, I have promised To serve Thee to the end;

Nor wan- der from the path-way If Thou wilt be my Guide.
But, Je - sus, draw Thou near-er, And shield my soul from sin.
O give me grace to fol - low My Mas - ter and my Friend.

320 GOD LOVES US.

SAMUEL PARTRIDGE (WEBB. 7s & 6s. D.) GEO. J. WEBB.

1. How dear-ly God doth love us, And this poor world of ours,
2. He bids the sun to warm us, And light the path we tread;
3. The Bi - ble, too, he gave us, That tells how Je-sus came,

To spread blue skies a-bove us, And deck the earth with flow'rs!
At night, lest aught should harm us, He guards our low - ly bed.
Whose word can save and cleanse us From guilt and sin and shame.

There's not a blos-som low - ly, Nor bird that cleaves the air,
He gives our need-ful cloth-ing, And sends our dai - ly food;
O may God's mercies move us To serve him with our pow'rs;

But tells, in ac-cents ho - ly, His kindness and his care.
His love de - nies us noth-ing His wisdom deemeth good.
For O, how he doth love us, And this poor world of ours!

321 WE WORSHIP THEE.

F. LAVERGAL. (GREENLAND 7s,6s, D.) Lausanne Psalter.

1. O Saviour, precious Saviour, Whom yet unseen we love,
2. O bring-er of sal-va-tion, Who wondrously hast wrought,
3. In Thee all ful-ness dwelleth, All grace and pow'r di-vine;
4. Oh, grant the con-sum-ma-tion Of this our song a - bove,

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

We wor-ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We wor-ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We wor-ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
Then shall we praise and bless Thee Where perfect praises ring,

We praise Thee, and confess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King.
We praise Thee, and confess Thee Our gracious Lord and King.
We praise Thee, and confess Thee Our glorious Lord and King.
And ev - er-more con-fess Thee Our Saviour and our King.

322 WORD OF GOD INCARNATE.

W. W. How. (MUNICH. 7s. 6s. D.) MENDELSSOHN.

1. O Word of God in - car-nate, O Wis-dom from on high,
2. The Church from her dear Master Received the gift di - vine,
3. It float - eth like a ban - ner Be- fore God's host un-furled:
4. O make Thy Church, dear Saviour, A lamp of pur - est gold,

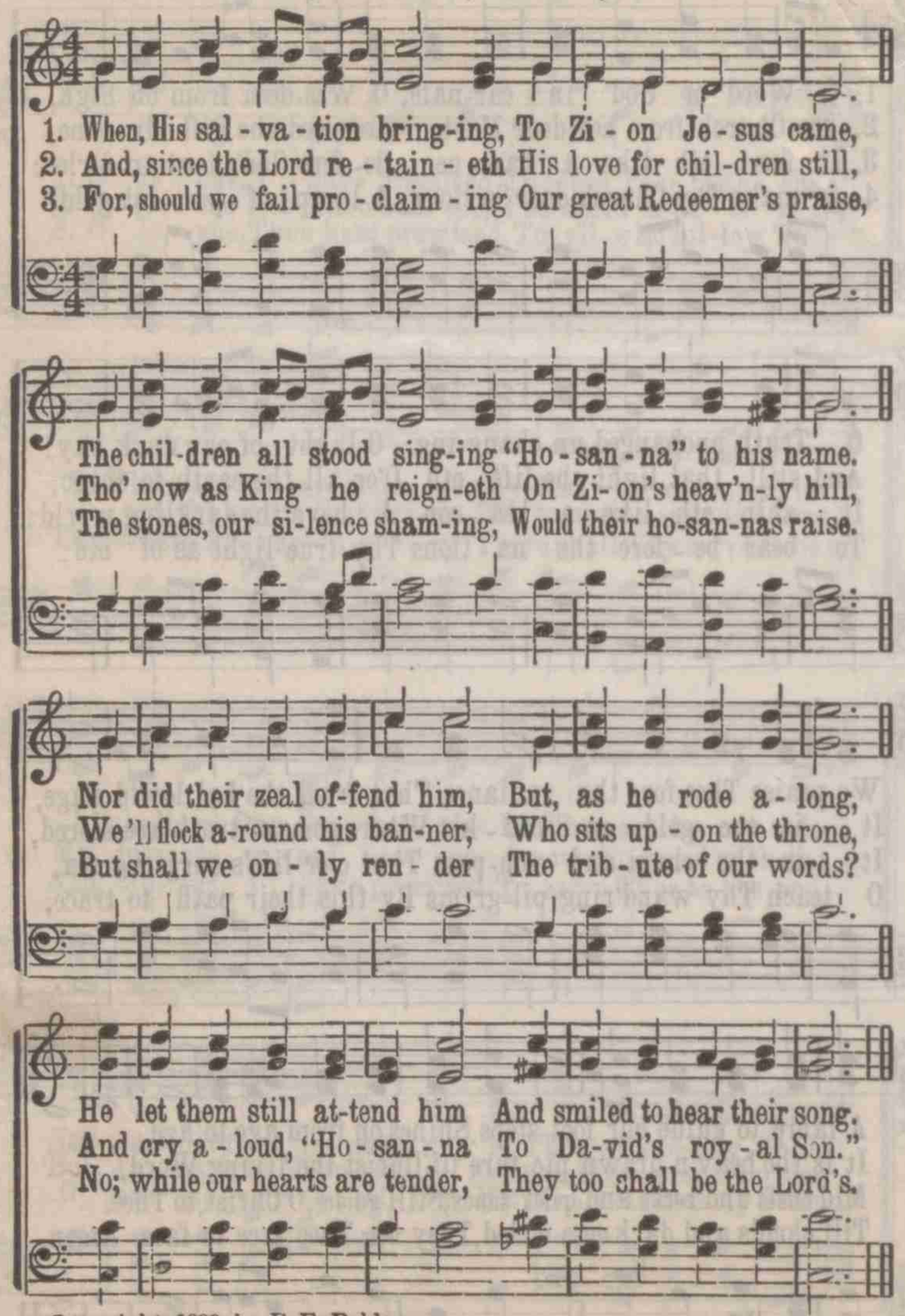
O Truth unchanged, un-chang-ing, O Light of our dark sky!
And still that light she lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine;
It shin - eth like a bea - con A - bove the darkling world;
To bear be - fore the na - tions Thy true light as of old;

We praise Thee for the radiance That from the hal-low'd page,
It is the gold - en cas - ket Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the chart and com-pass That o'er life's surg-ing sea,
O teach Thy wand'ring pil-grims By this their path to trace,

A lamp to guide our foot-steps, Shines on from age to age.
It is the heav'n-drawn pic-ture Of Christ, the living Word.
Mid mists and rocks and quick-sands, Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.
Till, clouds and darkness ended, They see Thee face to face. Amen.

323 CHILDREN'S PRAISES.

REV. JOHN KING. (LINNIE. 7s & 6s. D.) F. E. BELDEN.



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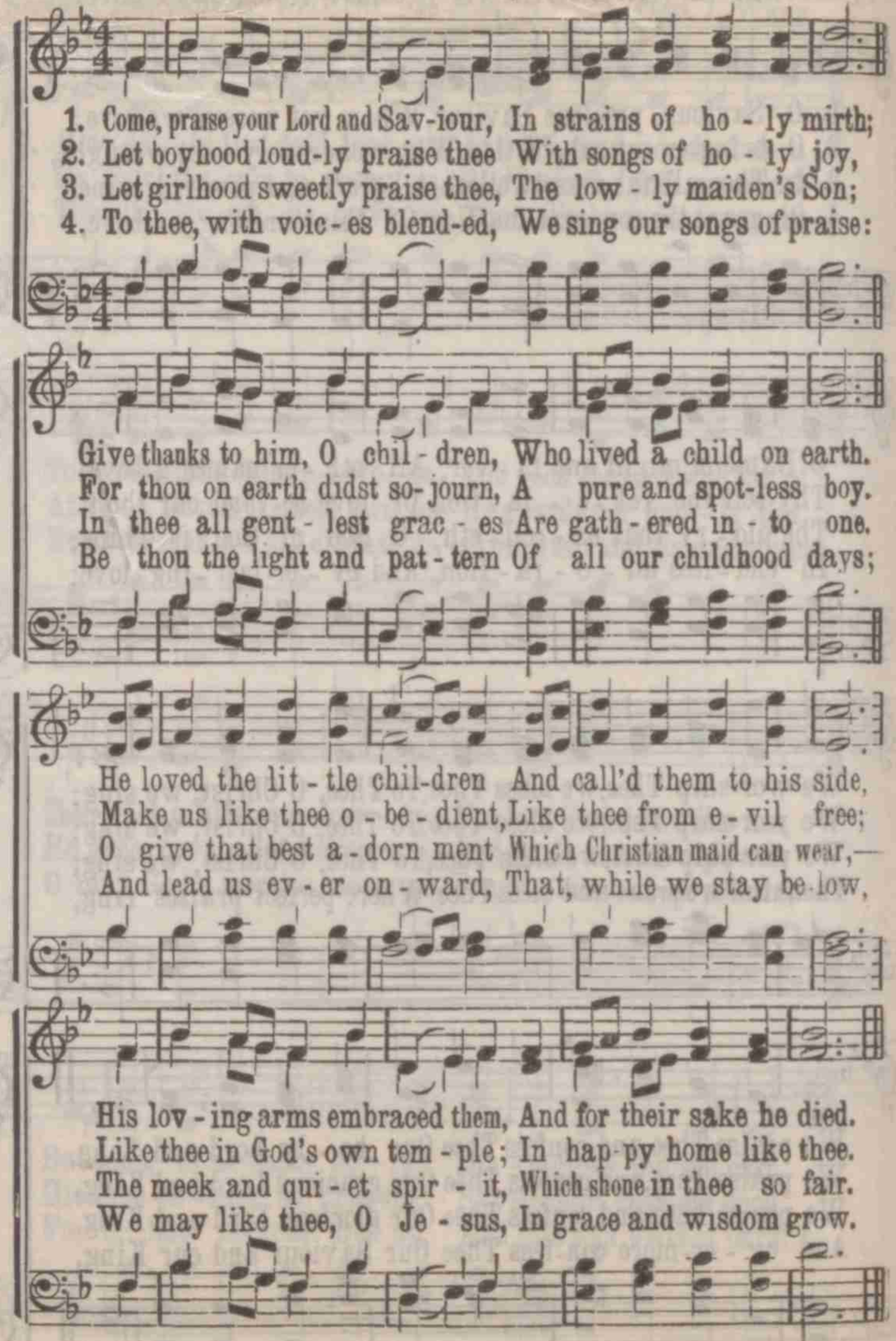
324 PRAISE TO JESUS.

BP. WM. HOW. (ELLACOMBE. 7s & 6s. D.) GERMAN.



(For easy harmony, see 649.)

325 THE VOICE WITHIN.

G. MASSEY. (BERTHOLD, 7s, 6s, D.) BERTHOLD TOURS.

1. There lives a voice with-in me, Guest an - gel of my heart,
2. The leaf-tongues of the for - est, The flower-lips of the sod,
3. O voice of God most ten - der, O voice of God di - vine,

Whose whisp'rings strive to win me To act a no - ble part.
The birds that hymn their raptures Up to the throne of God;
Still be my heart's de-fend - er Till ev - 'ry thot is Thine;

Up ev - er - more it spring-eth Like some sweet mel-o-dy,
The sum-mer wind that bring-eth Joy o - ver land and sea,
My soul in glad-ness bring-eth Its songs of praise to Thee,

D. S.–*This world is full of beau-ty, That points the soul above,*

D. S. for Chorus.

And ev - er - more it sing - eth This song of songs to me:
Have each a voice that sing - eth This song of songs to me:
While all a - round me sing - eth This song of songs to me:

And if we did our du - ty, It might be full of love.

326 SAVIOUR MINE.

J. S. B. MONSELL. (SAVOY CHAPEL, 7s, 6s, D.) J. B. CALKIN.

1. To Thee, O dear, dear Sav-iour! My spir - it turns for rest,
2. In Thee my trust a - bid - eth, On Thee my hope re - lies,
3. My grief is in the dull-ness With which this sluggish heart

My peace is in Thy fa - vor, My pil - low on Thy breast;
O Thou whose love pro-vid-eth For all be-neath the skies;
Doth o - pen to the full-ness Of all Thou wouldst impart;

Tho' all the world deceive me, I know that I am Thine, And
It was Thy mercy found me, From bondage set me free, And
My hope is in Thy beau-ty Of ho - li - ness di - vine, My

Thou wilt nev - er leave me, O bless-ed Saviour mine.
then for ev - er bound me With threefold cords to Thee.
joy is in the du - ty That binds my life in Thine. Amen.

(Or sing to No. 324.)

327 HOLY, HOLY.

REGINALD HEBER. (NICÆA. 11s & 12s.) JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y!
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! an - gels a - dore thee,
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! though dark-ness hide thee,

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to thee;
Casting down their bright crowns around the glass-y sea;
Though the eye of man thy great glo - ry may not see;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y!
Thousands and ten thousands wor-ship low be - fore thee,
On - ly thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side thee,

God o - ver all, who rules e - ter - ni - ty.
Which wert and art and ev - er - more shalt be.
Per - fect in power, in love and pu - ri - ty.

328 WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

ANON. (WORTHY. P. M.) ARRANGED.

1. Worthy, worthy, is the Lamb, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb;
2. Sa-viour, let thy kingdom come! Now the pow'r of sin con-sume;
3. Thus may we each mo-ment feel, Love him, serve him, praise him still,

Worthy, worthy is the Lamb That was slain.
Bring thy blest mil-len - ni - um, Ho - ly Lamb.
Till we all on Zi - on's hill See the Lamb.

Chorus.

Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Praise him, hal-le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah To the Lamb!

329 THE HAND THAT MADE US.

ADDISON. (CREATION. L. M. D.) HAYDN.

1. The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue, e - the - real sky,
2. Soon as the evening shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
3. What tho' in solemn si-lence, all Move round the dark ter-res - trial ball?

And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame, Their great O-rig-i - nal pro-claim:
And nightly, to the list'ning earth Re-peats the sto-ry of her birth;
What tho' no real voice nor sound A - mid their radiant orbs be found?

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis-play,
While all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan - ets in their turn,
In reason's ear they all rejoice, And ut - ter forth a glo-rious voice,

And pub-lish - es to ev - 'ry land The work of an al-might-y hand.
Con-firm the ti-dings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
For - ev - er sing-ing as they shine, "The hand that made us is di-vine."

330 I SING THE POWER OF GOD.

ISAAC WATTS. (VARINA. C. M. D.) Arr. by F. ROOT.

1. I sing the mighty pow'r of God, That made the mountains rise,
2. I sing the good-ness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food;
3. There's not a plant or flow'r below But makes thy glories known;

That spread the flowing seas abroad, And built the loft-y skies;
He formed the creatures with his word, And then pronounced them good.
And clouds a-rise, and tempests blow, By or-der from thy throne.

I sing the wisdom that ordained The sun to rule the day;
Lord, how thy wonders are displayed Where'er I turn my eye!
Creatures that borrow life from thee Are subject to thy care;

The moon shines full at his command, And all the stars o - bey.
If I sur-vey the ground I tread, Or gaze up-on the sky!
There's not a place where we can flee But God is pres-ent there.

331 HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING?

ANON. (MATERNA. 8s & 7s. D.) S. A. WARD.

1. My life flows on in end-less song; Amid earth's lam-en - ta - tion,
2. What tho' my joys and com-forts die, The Lord my Help-er liv - eth!
3. I lift mine eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a - bove it;

I hear the sweet, tho' far-off hymn That hails a new cre-a - tion;
What tho' the darkness gather round: Songs in the night he giveth!
And day by day this pathway smooths Since first I learned to love it.

Thro' all the tumult and the strife I hear the mu-sic ring-ing;
No storm can shake my inmost calm While to that refuge cling-ing;
The peace of God makes fresh my heart, A fountain ev-er spring-ing;

It finds an ech-o in my soul, How can I keep from sing-ing?
Since God is Lord of heav'n and earth, How can I keep from sing-ing?
All things are mine, since I am His — How can I keep from sing-ing?

332 I'VE FOUND A FRIEND.

J. G. SMALL. (FRIEND. 8s, 7s. D.) GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him:
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All pow'r to Him is giv-en;
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and tender,

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a-lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my up-ward course, And bring me safe to heaven.
So wise a Coun-sel-or and Guide, So might-y a De-fend-er.

And 'round my heart still closely twine Those ties which naught can sever,
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv-er;
Th' e-ter-nal glories gleam a-far, To nerve my faint en-deav-or;
From Him, who lov-eth me so well, What pow'r my soul can sev-er?

For I am His, and He is mine, For-ev-er and for-ev-er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for-ev-er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev-er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for-ev-er.

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333 LORD OF ALL BEING.

O. W. HOLMES. (PARK STREET. L. M.) F. M. A. VENNA.

1. Lord of all be-ing, throned afar, Thy glory flames from sun and star, Center and soul of ev'ry sphere, Yet to each
2. Sun of our life, Thy quick'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day; Star of our hope, Thy softened light Cheers the long
3. Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn, Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn, Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign, All, save the
4. Lord of all life, be-low, a-bove, Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love, Before Thy ever-blazing throne We ask no
5. Grant us Thy truth to make us free, And kindling hearts that burn for Thee, Till all Thy living al-tars claim One ho-ly

lov-ing heart how near! Yet to each loving heart how near!
watches of the night. Cheers the long watches of the night.
clouds of sin, are Thine. All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.
lus-ter of our own. We ask no lus-ter of our own.
light, one heav'nly flame! One ho-ly light, one heav'nly flame.

334 FOR US.

Anon. (RUSSIA. L. M.) RUSSIAN.

1. O Love! how deep, how broad, how high! It fills the heart with ec-sta-cy, That God, the Son of God, should take Our mor-tal form for mor-tals' sake.
2. For us He was baptized, and bore His ho-ly fast, and hungered sore; For us temptations sharp He knew; For us the temp-ter ov-er-threw.
3. For us He prayed, for us He taught, For us His dai-ly works He wrought, By words, and signs, and actions thus Still seek-ing not Him-self but us.
4. For us to wick-ed men betrayed, Scourged, mocked, in pur-ple robe arrayed, He bore the shameful cross and death; For us at length gave up His breath.
5. For us He rose from death a-gain, For us He went on high to reign, For us He sent His Spir-it here To guide, to strength-en, and to cheer.
6. To Him whose boundless love has won Sal-va-tion for us through His Son, To God the Fath-er, glo-ry be, Both now and through e-ter-ni-ty.

335 O WORSHIP THE KING!

ROBERT GRANT. (LYONS. 10s & 11s.) F. J. HAYDN.

1. O worship the King, all glorious above, And grate-ful-ly sing his won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fen-der, the Ancient of Days, Pa-vilion'd in splendor, and girded with praise.
2. O tell of his might and sing of his grace, Whose robe is the light; whose can-o-py, space; His char-iots of wrath the deep thunder clouds form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
3. Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the plain, And sweetly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
4. Frail children of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail; Thy mercies, how ten-der! how firm to the end! Our Maker, De-fend-er, Redeemer, and Friend.

336 MY SALVATION, MY ALL.

JOSEPH SWAIN. (BELOVED. 11s & 8s.) F. LEWIS.

1. O Thou in whose presence my soul takes de-light, On whom in af-flict-ion I call, My comfort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all!
2. His voice, as the sound of the dul-ci-mer sweet, Is heard thro' the shadows of death; The ce-dars of Leb-a-non bow at his feet, The air is per-fum'd with his breath.
3. His lips, as a fount-ain of right-eous-ness flow, To wa-ter the gardens of grace; From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know, And bask in the smiles of his face.
4. He looks, and ten thous-ands of an-gels re-joice, And myr-i-ads wait for his word; He speaks, and e-ter-ni-ty, fill'd with his voice, Re-ech-oes the praise of the Lord.

337 PSALM OF PRAISE.

WM. W. HOW. (RUTH. 6s. 5s. D.) SAMUEL SMITH.

1. God's free mer - cy stream-eth O - ver all the world,
2. Sum - mer suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea;
3. Lord, up - on our blind-ness, Thy pure radiance pour;
4. We will nev - er doubt Thee, Tho' Thou vail Thy light;

And His ban - ner gleam-eth, By His church unfurled;
Hap - py light is flow - ing, Boun - ti - ful and free;
For Thy lov - ing kind - ness We would love Thee more;
Life is dark with - out Thee, Death with Thee is bright;

Broad and deep and glo - rious, As the heav'n a - bove,
Ev - ry - thing re - joic - es In the mel - low rays;
And when clouds are drift - ing Dark a - cross the sky,
Light of light, shine o'er us On our pil - grim way,

Shines in might vic - to - rious His e - ter - nal love.
Earth's ten thousand voic - es Swell the psalm of praise.
Then, the vail up - lift - ing, Fa - ther, be Thou nigh.
Go Thou still be - fore us To the end - less day.

338 PURER YET AND PURER.

GOETHE. (MARY MAGDALENE 6s. 5s. D.) J. B. DYKES.

1. Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind,
2. Calm-er yet and calm - er In the hours of pain,
3. High-er yet and high - er Out of clouds and night,
4. Swift-er yet and swift - er Ev - er on - ward run,

Dear - er yet and dear - er Ev - 'ry du - ty find;
Sur - er yet and sur - er Peace at last to gain;
Near - er yet and near - er Ris - ing to the light—
Firm - er yet and firm - er Step as I go on;

Hop - ing still and trust - ing God with-out a fear,
Suf-f'ring still and do - ing, To His will re-signed,
Light se - rene and ho - ly, Where my soul may rest,
Oft these ear - nest long - ings Swell with - in my breast,

Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear.
And to God sub - du - ing Heart and will and mind.
Pu - ri - fied and low - ly, Sanc - ti - fied and blest.
Yet their in - ner mean-ing Ne'er can be ex-press'd. Amen.

339 TWILIGHT.

MARY LATHBURY. (CHAUTAUQUA. 7,7,7,7,4.) W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Day is dy-ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest:
2. Lord of Life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, thy home,
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, enfold us all;
4. When for ev-er from our sight, Pass the stars, the day, the night,

Wait and worship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro'
Gath - er us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For
Thro' the glo ry and the grace Of the stars that veil thy face, Our
Lord of an-gels, on our eyes Let e - ter-nal morning rise, And

CHORUS.

p

all the sky.
Thou art nigh. Holy, ho-ly, holy, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and
hearts ascend.
shadows end.

earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are paising Thee, O Lord most high.

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340 SAVIOUR AND FRIEND.

J. S. B. MONSELL. (MONSELL 5s.4s.D.) EDOUARD BATISTE.

1. Rest of the weary, Joy of the sad, Hope of the drear-y,
2. Pillow where lying Love rests her head; Peace of the dy - ing,
3. When my feet stumble, To Thee I cry; Crown of the humble,
4. Ev - er con-fess-ing Thee, I will raise Un-to Thee blessing,

Light of the glad; Home of the stranger, Strength to the end,
Life of the dead; Path of the low - ly, Prize at the end,
Cross of the high; When my steps wander, O - ver me bend,
Glo - ry, and praise; All my en-deav-or, World without end,

Ref-uge from dan-ger, Saviour and Friend; Refuge from danger,
Breath of the ho - ly, Saviour and Friend; Breath of the holy,
Tru - er and fond-er, Saviour and Friend; Tru-er and fond-er,
Thine to be ev - er, Saviour and Friend; Thine to be ev - er,

dim. e rit. *pp*

Sav-iour and Friend, Sav - iour and Friend.

341 THY GLORY FILLS THE HEAVENS.

R. MANT. (FABEN. 8s & 7s. D.) J. H. WILCOX.

1. Lord, thy glo-ry fills the hea-ven; Earth is with its fulness stored;
2. Ev - er thus in God's high praises, Brethren, let our tongues u-nite;
3. Lord, thy glo-ry fills the hea-ven, Earth is with its fulness stored;

Un - to thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!
While our tho't his greatness raises, And our love his gifts ex- cite:
Un - to thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!

Heav'n is still with anthems ringing; Earth takes up the angel's cry,
With his seraph train before him, With his ho - ly church be- low,
Thus thy glorious name con-fess-ing, We a - dopt the angel's cry,

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho-ly, sing-ing, Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.
Thus u - nite we to a- dore him, Bid we thus our anthem flow.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho-ly, bless-ing Thee, the Lord our God most high!

342 TEN THOUSAND HARPS.

THOMAS KELLY. (HARWELL. 8s & 7s. D.) LOWELL MASON.

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise a- bove;
2. King of glo - ry, reign forever, Thine an ev-er-last-ing crown;
3. Sa - viour, hasten thine appearing; Bring, O bring, the glorious day

Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re-joic-es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love;
Noth-ing from thy love shall sev - er Those whom thou dost seal thine own;
When the aw-ful summons hearing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way!

See, he sits . . . on yonder throne; Je-sus rules . . . the world a-
Happy ob - . . . jects of thy grace, Destined to . . . behold thy
Then, with gold- . en harps, we'll sing, "Glory, glo- . . . ry to our

lone.
face. Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! a - men.
King.

343 I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

HENRY F. LYTE. (ELLESIDE. 8s & 7s. D.) W. A. MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee;
2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too;
3. Hast'ning on from grace to glory, Arm'd by faith and wing'd by pray'r;

All things else I have forsak-en, Thou henceforth my all shalt be:
Human hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art faith-ful, thou art true;
Heav'n's e-ternal day's before me, God's own hand is guiding there.

Per - ish ev-'ry fond am - bition, All I've sought or hoped or known;
And, while thou dost smile upon me, God of wisdom, love and might,
Soon shall close my earthly mission, Swift shall pass these pilgrim days,

Yet how rich is my condition, God and heav'n are still my own.
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show thy face, and all is bright.
Hope shall change to glad fru-i-tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

344 HAPPY IN HIM.

JOHN NEWTON. (CONTRAST. 8s. D.) LEWIS EDSON.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see!
2. His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music his voice;
3. My Lord, if indeed I am thine, If thou art my Sun and my Song,

Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me;
His presence disperses my gloom, And makes all within me rejoice:
Say, why do I languish and pine? And why are my winters so long?

The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were he always thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear;
O drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy soul-cheering presence restore;

But when I am happy in him, December's as pleasant as May.
No mortal so happy as I, My summer would last all the year.
Or take me to thee up on high, Where winter and clouds are no more.

345 LOVE DIVINE.

C. Wesley. (BEECHER. 8s & 7s. D.) John Zundel.

1. Love di-vine, all love excelling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit In - to ev-'ry troubled breast!
3. Fin - ish then thy new creation; Pure and spotless let us be;

Fix in us thy humble dwelling; All thy faithful mer-cies crown.
Let us all thy grace in- her- it, Let us find thy promised rest.
Let us see thy great salvation Perfect-ly re-stored in thee:

Je-sus, thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Take away our bent to sinning; Alpha and O - me - ga be;
Changed from glory in - to glo-ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

Vis - it us with thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart.
End of faith, as its be-gin-ning Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Till we cast our crowns before thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

346 PRAYER FOR THE CHILDREN.

C. Wordsworth. (LOVE DIVINE. 8s. 7s. D.) G. F. LeJeune.

1. Heav'nly Father, send Thy blessing On the children gathered here,
2. Ho - ly Saviour, who in meekness Came to earth a child to be,
3. Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them, Holy Spir - it from a - bove;

May they all, Thy name confessing, Hold Thy truth for-ev-er dear;
Guide their steps and help their weakness, Bless and make them like to Thee;
Guide them, lead them, go before them, Give them peace, and joy, and love;

May they be like Jos-eph, lov-ing, Du - ti - ful, and kind, and pure,
Bear Thy lambs when they are weary, Safe up - on Thy lov-ing breast,
Tem-ples of Thy glorious God-head, May they with Thy presence shine,

And their faith, like Samuel proving, Steadfast in the right en-dure.
Thro' life's desert, dry and dreary, Bring them to Thy heav'nly rest.
And im-mor - tal bliss in-her - it, And for-ev - er-more be Thine.

347 HOLY RIVER.

HORATIUS BONAR, 4th stanza added. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Fresh from the throne of glo - ry, Bright in its crys-tal gleam,
2. Stream full of life and glad-ness, Spring of all health and peace,
3. Riv - er of God, I greet thee, Now not a - far, but near;
4. Je - sus, the heal-ing Fountain, Fresh from the throne a - bove,

Bursts out the liv - ing Foun - tain, Swells on the liv-ing Stream.
No harps by thee hang si - lent, Nor hap-py voi-ces cease.
My soul to thy still wa - ters Hastes in its thirstings here.
Thou art the liv - ing wa - ter, Thou art the stream of love.

p REFRAIN.

Ho - ly Riv-er, I would ever Draw my life from thee (from thee);
Might-y Riv - er, I will nev-er Cease to sing of thee.

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348 LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM.

BROOKS. (St. Louis. 8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6.) L. H. REDNER.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie!
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gathered all a - bove,
3. How si-lent - ly, how si-lent-ly The wondrous gift is giv'n!
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth-le-hem, De-scend to us, we pray;

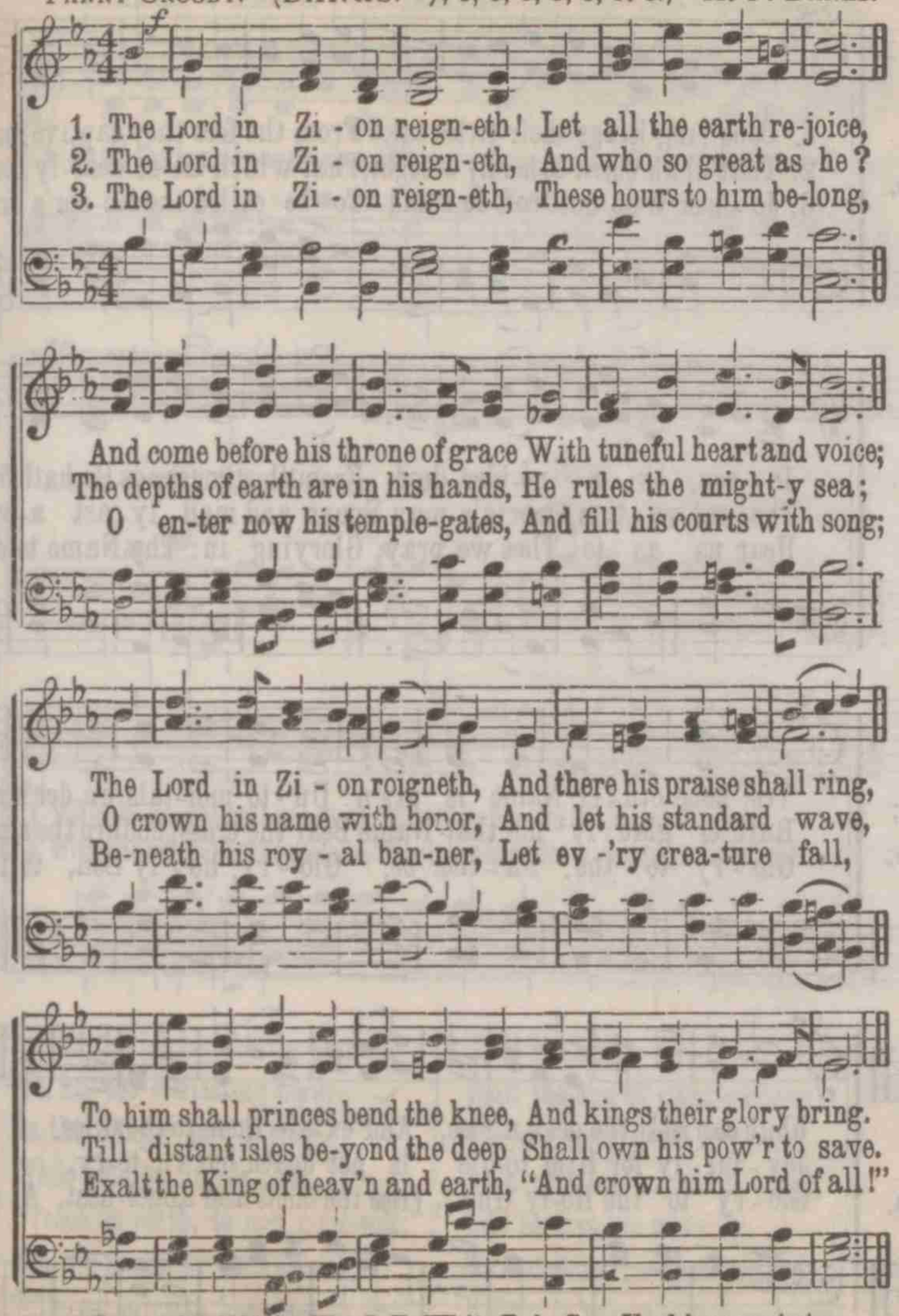
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by;
While mortals sleep, the angels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.
So God im - parts to hu-man hearts The blessings of His heav'n.
Cast out our sin and en - ter in,—Be born in us to - day.

Yet in thy dark streets shineth The Ev - er-last-ing Light; The
O morn-ing stars, to - geth - er Proclaim the ho - ly birth! And
No ear may hear His com - ing; But in this world of sin, Where
We hear the Christmas an - gels The great glad tidings tell,—Oh,

hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.
prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.
come to us, a-bide with us, Our Lord Em-man-u-el! *A-men.*

349 THE LORD IN ZION REIGNETH.

FANNY CROSBY. (DANKS. 7, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.) H. P. DANKS.



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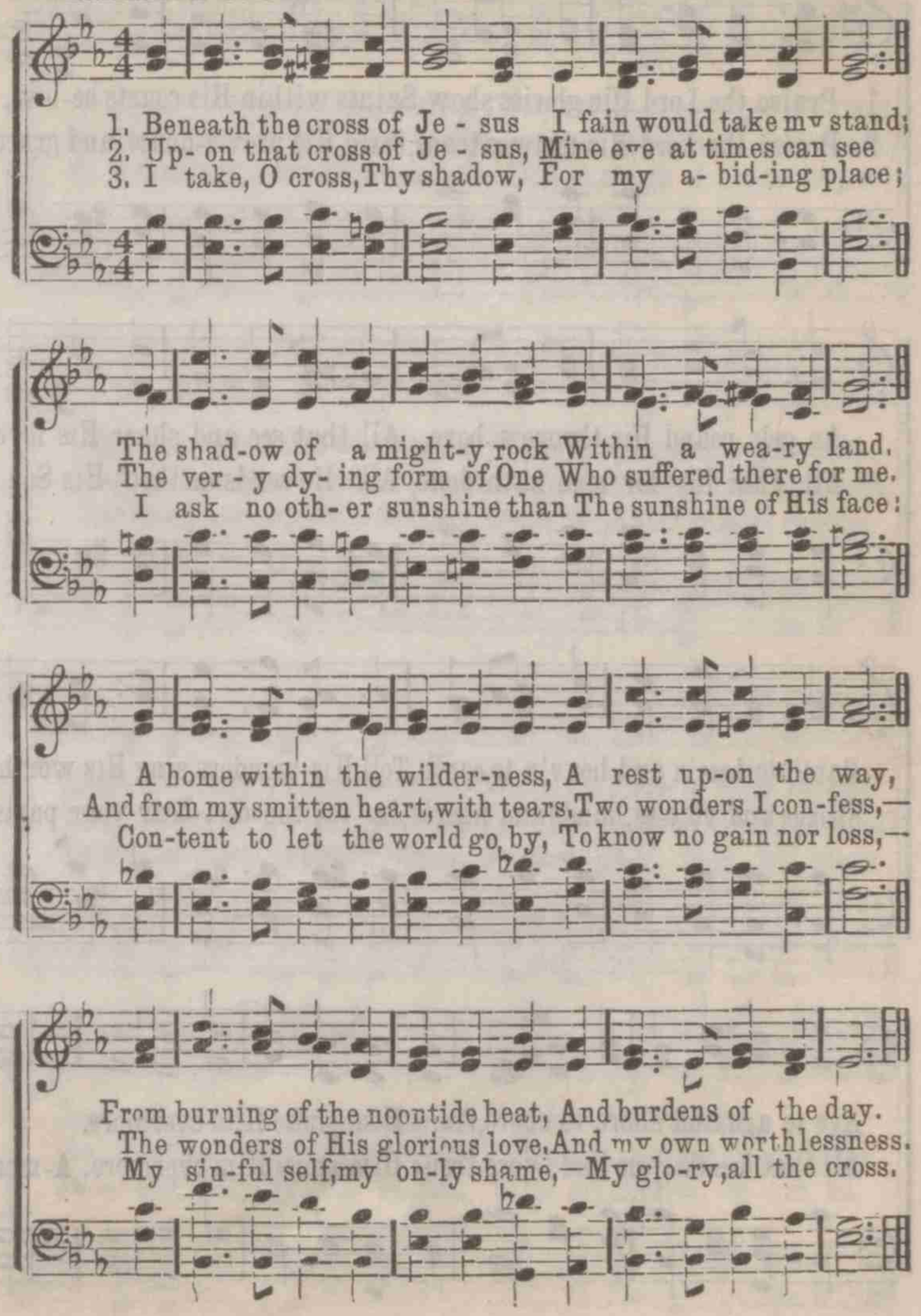
350 BENEATH THE CROSS.

(ST. CRISTOPHER. 7, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.)

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE. FREDERICK C. MAKER.



351 PRAISE THE LORD.

H. F. LYTE. (THANKSGIVING. 7S. D.) W. B. GILBERT.

1. Praise the Lord, His glories show, Saints within His courts be-low,
2. Praise the Lord, His mercies trace; Praise His prov-i-dence and grace,

An-gels round His throne a-bove, All that see and share His love,
All that He for men hath done, All He sends us thro' His Son.

Earth to heav'n and heav'n to earth, Tell His wonders, sing His worth;
Strings and voic-es, hands and hearts, In the con-cert bear your parts;

Age to age, and shore to shore, Praise Him, praise Him evermore.
All that breathe, your Lord adore, Praise Him, praise Him evermore. A-men.

352 FREEDOM IN CHRIST.

ANON. (MAIDSTONE. 7S. D.) W. B. GILBERT.

1. Conq'ring kings their titles take From the foes they captive make;
2. That which Christ so hardly wrought, That which He so dear-ly bought,
3. Je - sus, Who dost con-de-scend To be called the sin-ner's Friend,

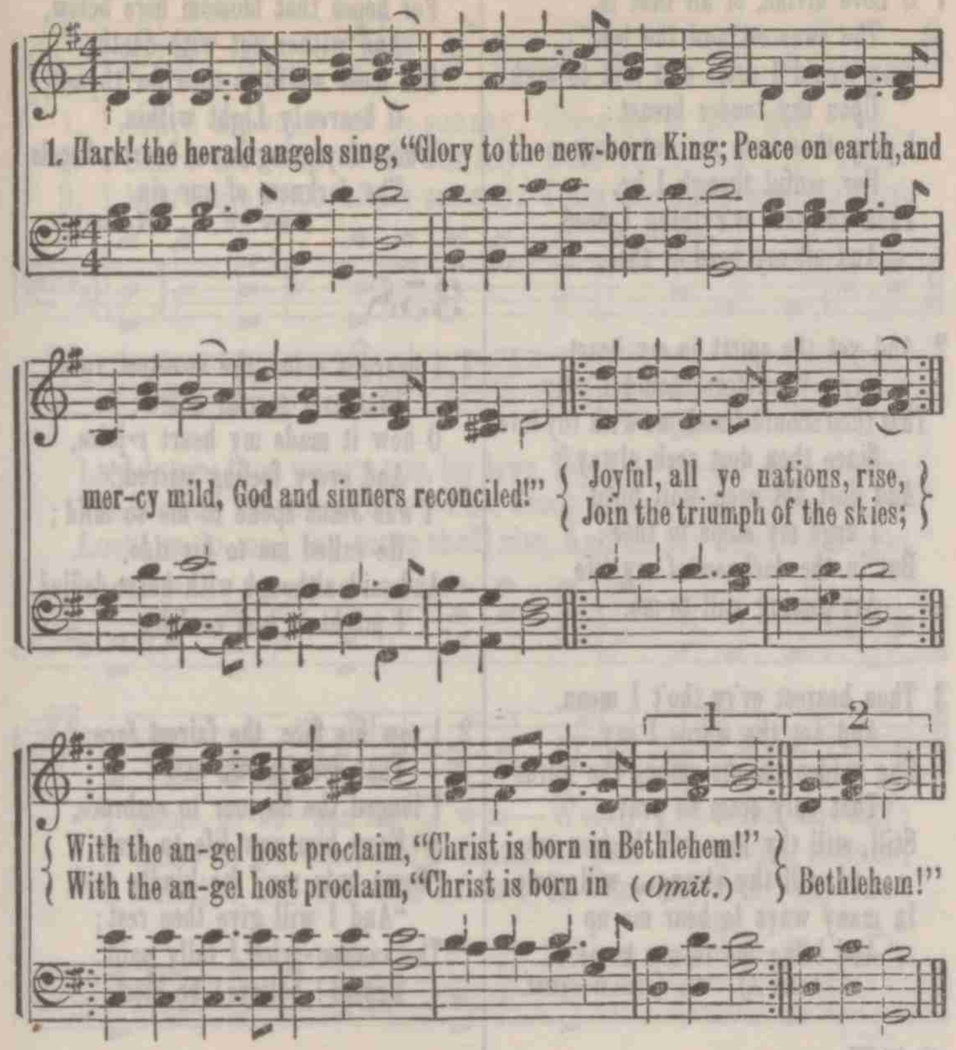
Je - sus, by a no-bler deed, From the thousands He hath freed.
That sal-va - tion, mortals may Spurn and mad - ly cast a-way;
Hear us as to Thee we pray, Glorying in Thy Name to day.

Yes; none oth - er Name is giv'n Un - to mor-tals un-der heav'n,
Rath-er glad - ly for that Name Bear the cross, endure the shame;
Glo - ry to the Fa - ther be, Glo - ry, ho - ly Son, to Thee,

Which can make the dead a-rise, And ex-alt them to the skies.
Joy - ful - ly for Him to die Is not death, but vic-to-ry.
Glo - ry to the Ho-ly Ghost, From the saints and angel-host. A - men.

353 THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

CHARLES WESLEY. (HERALD. 7S. D.) MENDELSSOHN.

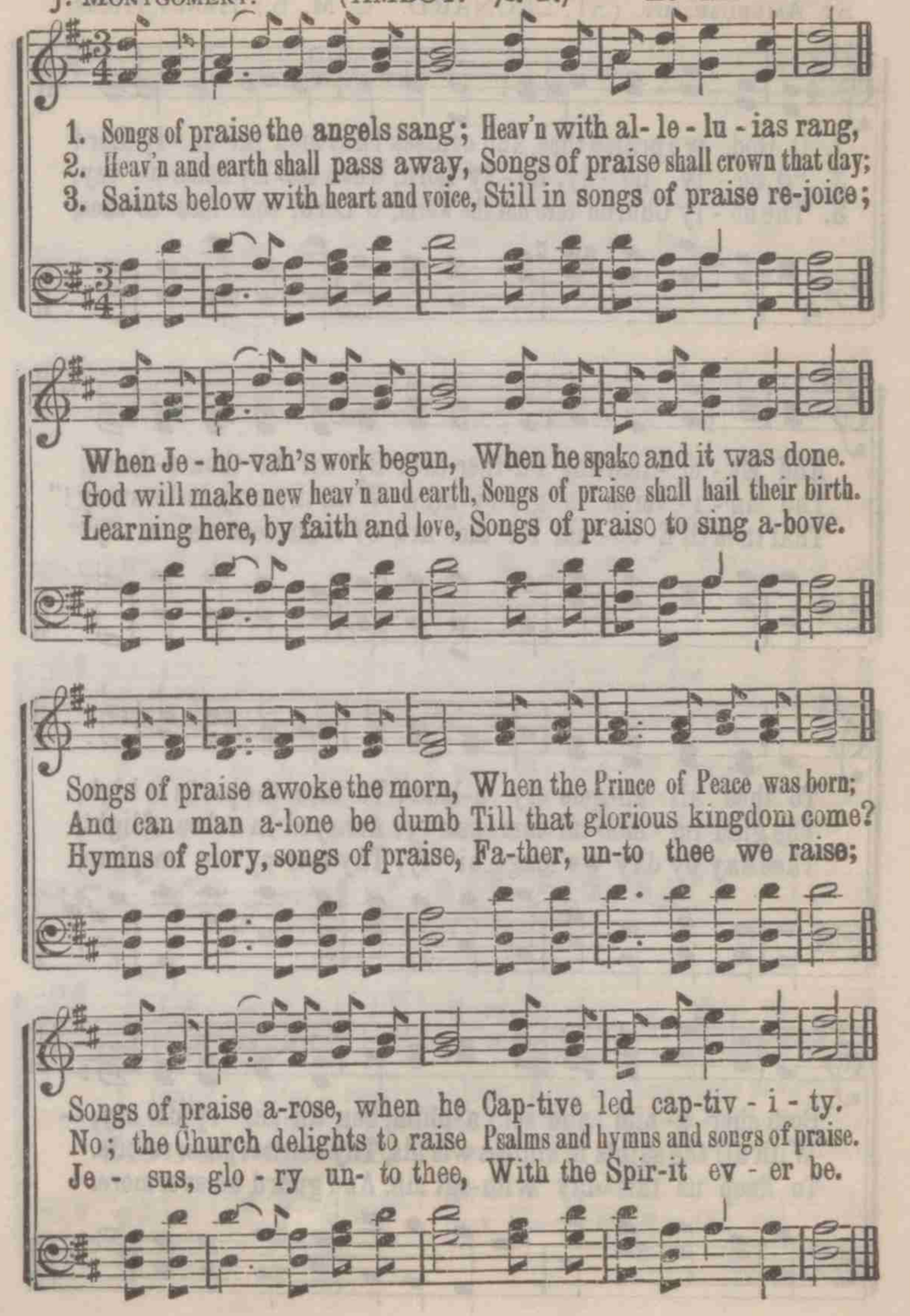


2 Christ, by highest heav'n adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
In the manger born a king,
While adoring angels sing,
"Peace on earth, to men good-will;"
Bid the trembling soul be still,
‖:Christ on earth has come to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!:‖

3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail! the Sun of righteousness!
Life and light to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
‖:Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.:‖

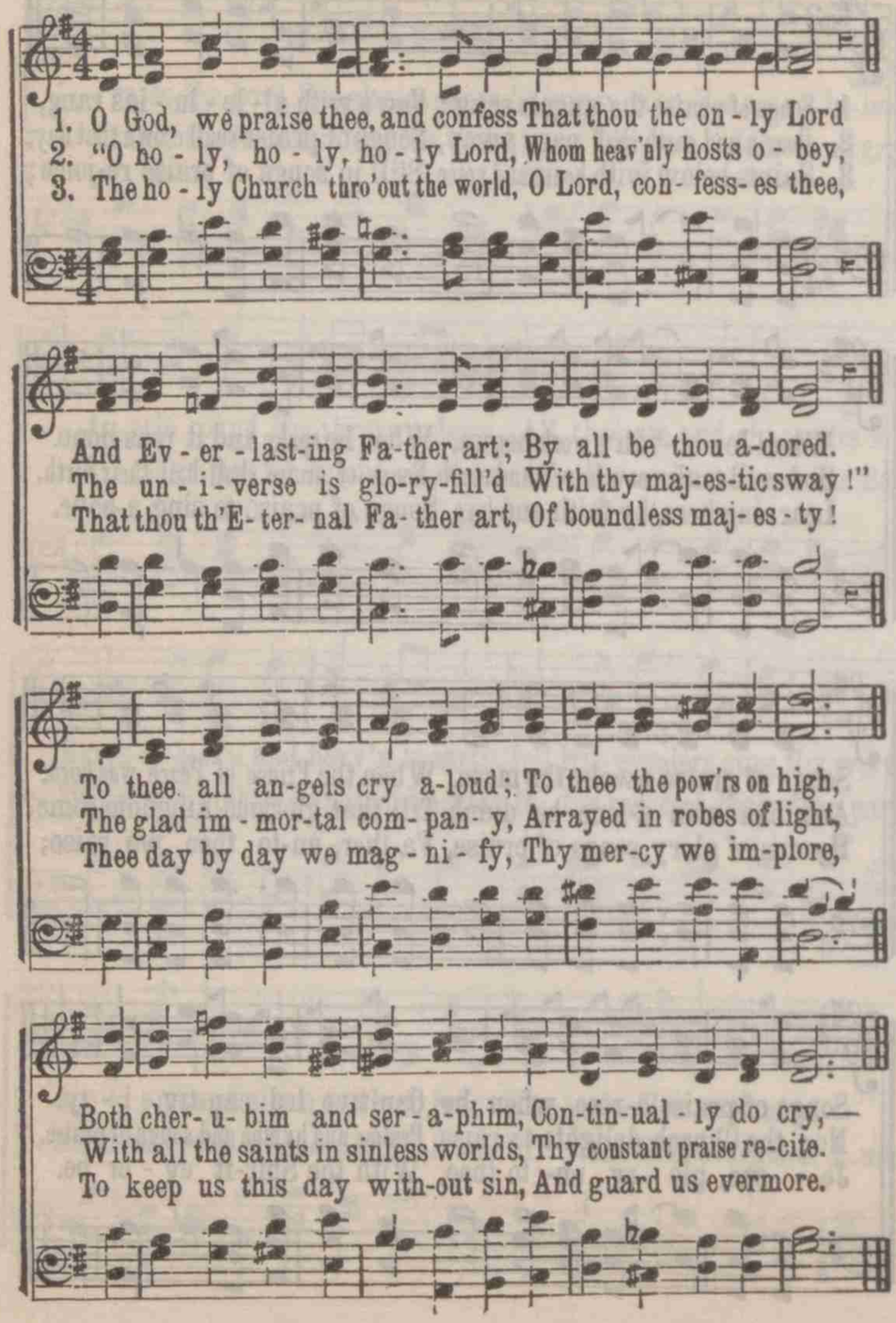
354 SONGS OF PRAISE.

J. MONTGOMERY. (AMBOY. 7S. D.) LOWELL MASON.



355 THE ONLY LORD.

St. Ambrose, arr. (ST. LEONARD. C. M. D.) Henry Hiles.



356

Easier music, No. 359.

1 O Love divine, of all that is,
The sweetest and the best,
Fain would I come and rest to-night
Upon thy tender breast:
I pray thee turn me not away;
For, sinful though I be,
Thou knowest ev'rything I need,
And all my need of thee.

2 And yet the spirit in my heart
Says, Wherefore should I pray
That thou shouldst seek me with thy love,
Since thou dost seek alway?
And dost not even wait until
I urge my steps to thee;
But in the darkness of my life
Art coming still to me.

3 Thou hearest ev'ry tho't I mean,
And not the words I say,—
The hidden thanks among the words
That only seem to pray.
Still, still thy love will beckon me,
And still thy strength will come
In many ways to bear me up
And bring me to my home.

Rev. J. W. Chadwick.

357

1 O Thou who art of all that is
Beginning and the end,
We follow thee thro' unknown paths,
Since all to thee must tend:
Thy judgments are a mighty deep,
Beyond all fathom line;
Our wisdom is the child-like heart;
Our strength, to trust in thine.

2 We bless thee for the skies above,
And for the earth beneath;
For hopes that blossom here below,
And wither not with death;
But most we bless thee for thyself,
O heavenly Light within,
Whose dayspring in our hearts, dispels
The darkness of our sin.

Rev. F. L. Hosmer.

358

1 I heard a voice, the sweetest voice
That ever mortal heard;
O how it made my heart rejoice,
And every feeling stirred!
'T was Jesus spoke to me so mild;
He called me to his side,
And said, although with heart defiled,
I might in him confide.

2 I saw his face, the fairest face
That ever mortal saw;
I longed the Saviour to embrace,
From him new life to draw.
"Come unto me," he kindly said,
"And I will give thee rest;
The ransom-price I fully paid;
Repent! believe! be blest!"

3 I felt his love, the strongest love
That mortal ever felt;
O, how it drew my soul above,
And made my hard heart melt!
My burden at his feet I laid,
And knew the joy of heaven,
As in my willing ear he said
The blessed word, "Forgiven!"

Peter Stryker.

359 THE VOICE OF JESUS.

HORATIUS BONAR. (JERUSALEM. C. M. D.) LOUIS SPOHR.

1. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Come un-to me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Be-hold, I free-ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "I am this dark world's light.

Lay down; thou weary one, lay down Thy head up-on my breast."
The liv-ing wa-ter; thirst-y one, Stoop down and drink and live."
Look un-to me; thy morn shall rise, And all thy days be bright."

I came to Je-sus as I was—Weary, and worn, and sad;
I came to Je-sus, and I drank Of that life-giving stream;
I look'd to Je-sus, and I found In him my star, my sun;

I found in him a rest-ing-place, And he has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in him.
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my journey's done.

360 I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS.

H. BONAR. (VOX DILECTI. C. M. D.) J. B. DYKES

p

1. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come un-to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Be-hold, I free-ly give
3. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "I am this dark world's light;

Org.

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon My breast;
The living water; thirsty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise, And all Thy day be bright!"

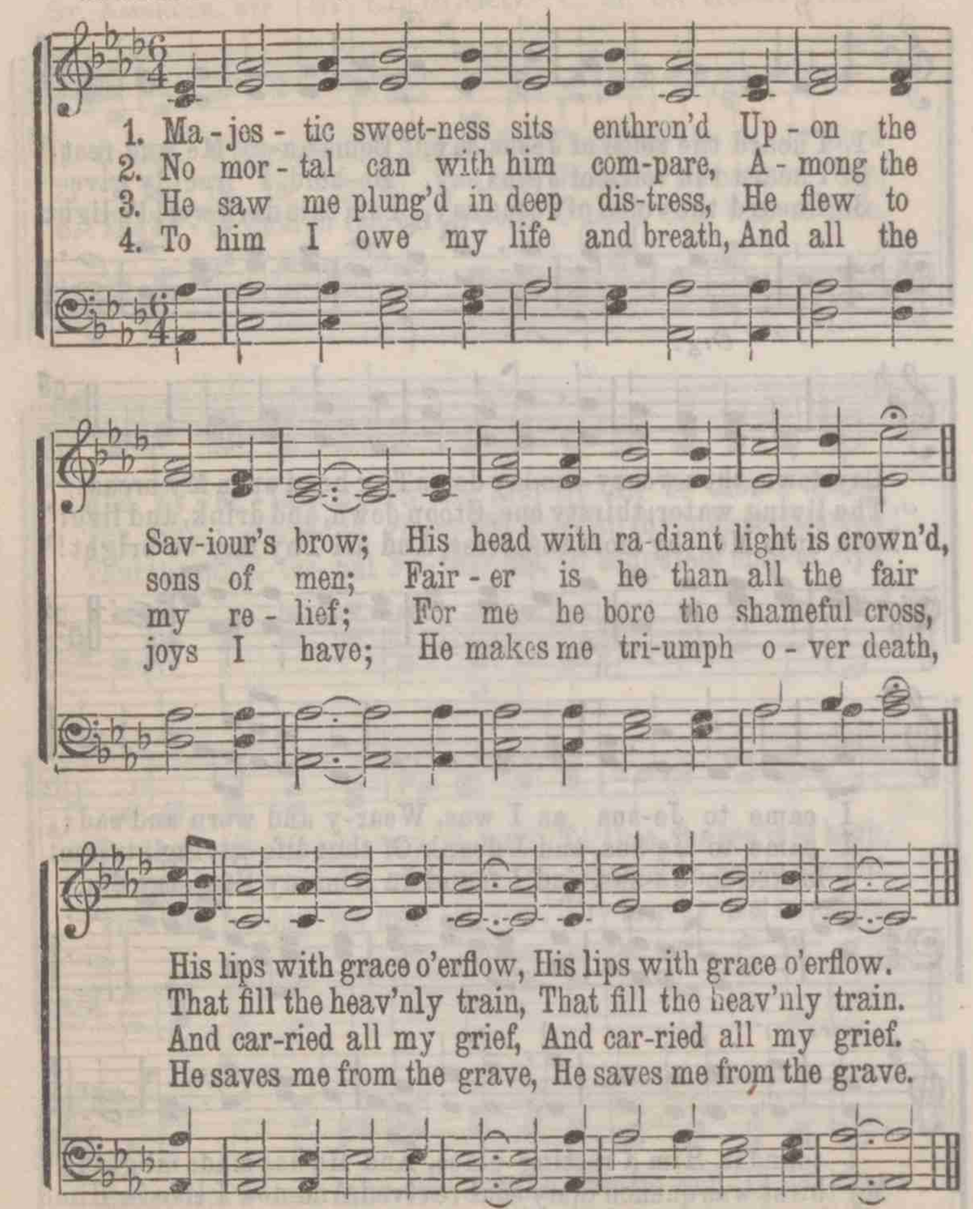
I came to Je-sus as I was, Wear-y and worn and sad;
I came to Je-sus, and I drank Of that life-giving stream;
I looked to Je-sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

cres.

I found in Him a resting-place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my journey's done.

361 MAJESTIC SWEETNESS.

S. STENNETT. (ORTONVILLE. C. M.) T. HASTINGS.



5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

362 THE WORD.

1 A glory in the word we find
When grace restores our sight;
But sin has darkened all the mind,
‖: And vail'd the heav'nly light. :‖

2 When God's own Spirit clears our view,
How bright the doctrines shine!
Their holy fruits and sweetness show
‖: The author is divine. :‖

3 How blest are we, with open face
To view thy glory, Lord,
And all thy image here to trace,
‖: Reflected in thy word! :‖

4 O teach us, as we look, to grow
In holiness and love,
That we may long to see and know
‖: Thy glorious face above. :‖

CAMPBELL'S COLLECTION.

363 GLORIOUS.

1 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
‖: It gives, but borrows none. :‖

2 The Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
‖: A sanctifying light. :‖

3 The hand that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
‖: They rise, but never set. :‖

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display;
It makes a world of darkness shine
‖: With beams of heav'nly day. :‖

WM. COWPER.

364 SECURE.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
‖: To keep the conscience clean. :‖

2 'T is like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides me all the day;
And thro' the dangers of the night,
‖: A lamp to lead my way. :‖

3 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
‖: But love thy law, my God. :‖

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide my youth,
‖: And well support my age. :‖

ISAAC WATTS.

365 PERFECT.

1 Let all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compared with thine,
‖: How mean their writings look! :‖

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiv'n,
Nor lead one step beyond the grave;
‖: But thine conducts to heaven. :‖

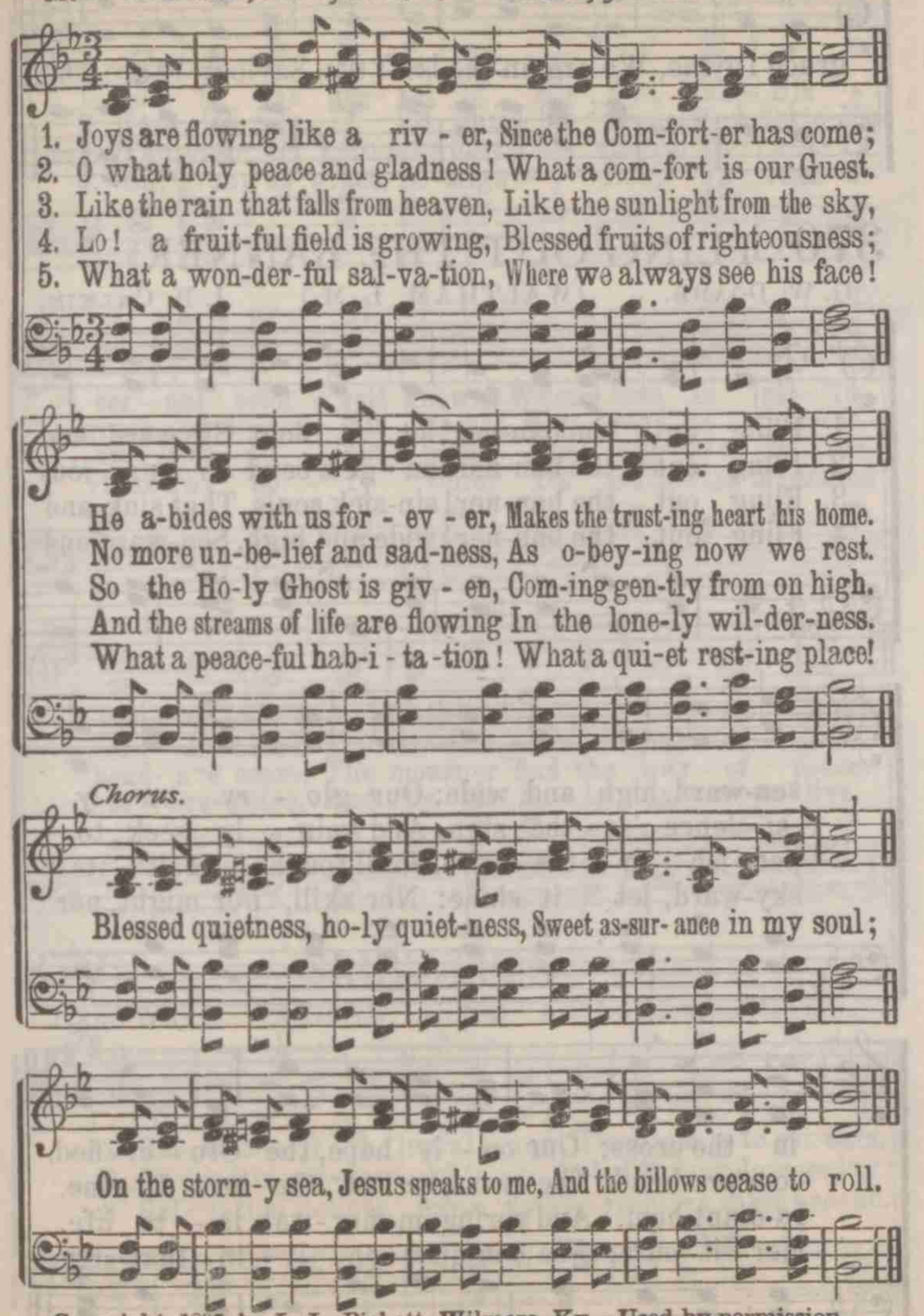
3 Yet men would fain be just with God
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
‖: Extend to every thought. :‖

4 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
‖: Dwell only in the Lord. :‖

ANON.

366 BLESSED QUIETNESS.

M. P. Ferguson, arr. by F. E. B. Arr. by J. H. F. and F. E. B.



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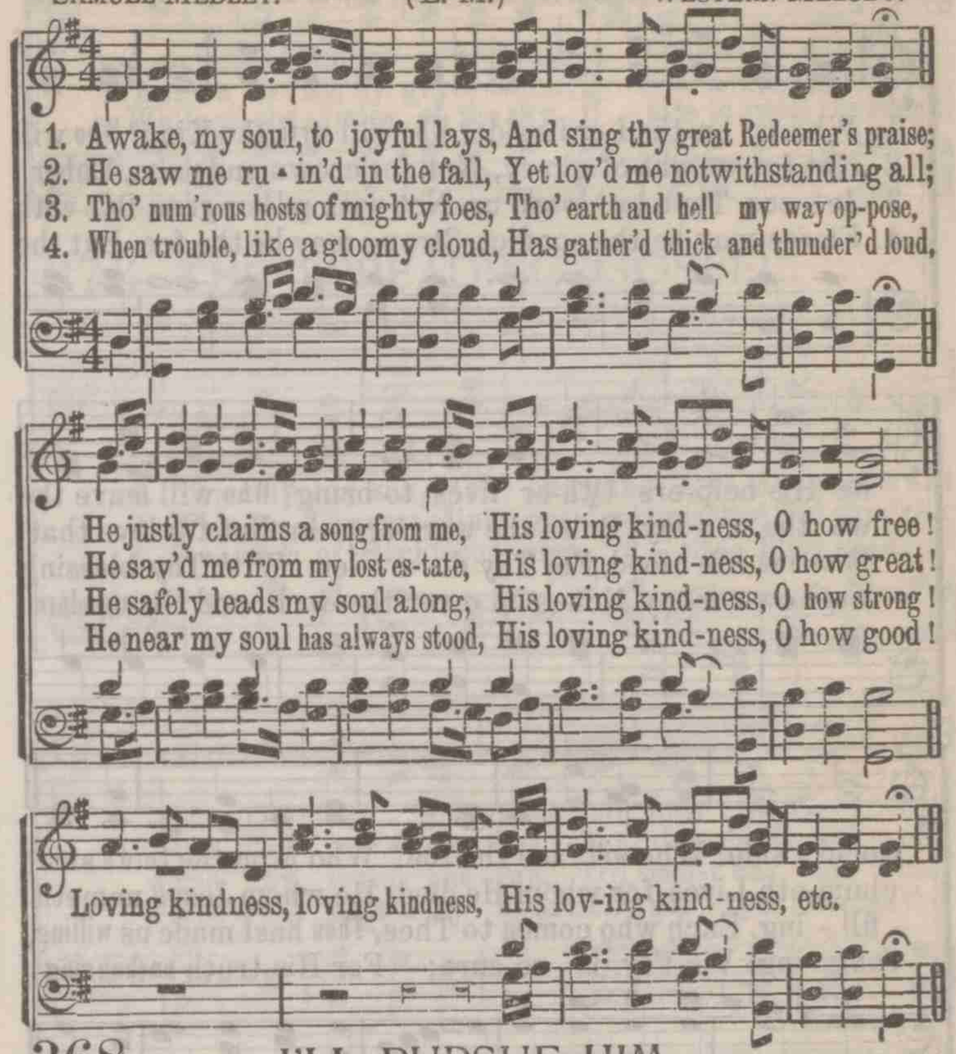
367 HIS LOVING KINDNESS.

Samuel Medley. (L. M.) Western Melody.



368 I'LL PURSUE HIM.

1 Jesus, my all, to heav'n has gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

Refrain.

I'll pursue him, I'll pursue him,
Yes, I'll pursue my Lord and King.

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

3 Now will I tell to all around,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

369 WE ARE ON THE LORD'S SIDE.

F. R. HAVERGAL. (ARMAGEDDON. 6s,5s. D.) Arr. by J. GOSS.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will
2. Not for weight of glo-ry, Not for crown and palm, Enter
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with
4. Fierce may be the conflict, Strong may be the foe, But the

be His help-ers Oth-er lives to bring? Who will leave the
we the ar - my, Raise the warrior psalm; But for love that
Thine own life blood, For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy blessing
King's own ar-my None can o-ver-throw: Round His standard

world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side?
claim-eth Lives for whom He died: He whom Jesus nameth
fill - ing, Each who comes to Thee, Thou hast made us willing,
rang - ing, Vic-t'ry is se-cure; For His truth unchanging

Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy
Must be on His side. By Thy love constraining, By Thy
Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand redemption, By Thy
Makes the triumph sure; Joy-ful - ly en - list - ing By Thy

grace Divine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine.

370 FLING OUT THE BANNER!

G. W. DOANE. (WALTHAM. L. M.) J. B. CALKIN.

1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Skyward and
2. Fling out the ban-ner! an - gels bend In anx - ious
3. Fling out the ban-ner! sin-sick souls, That sink and
4. Fling out the ban-ner! wide and high, Sea-ward and

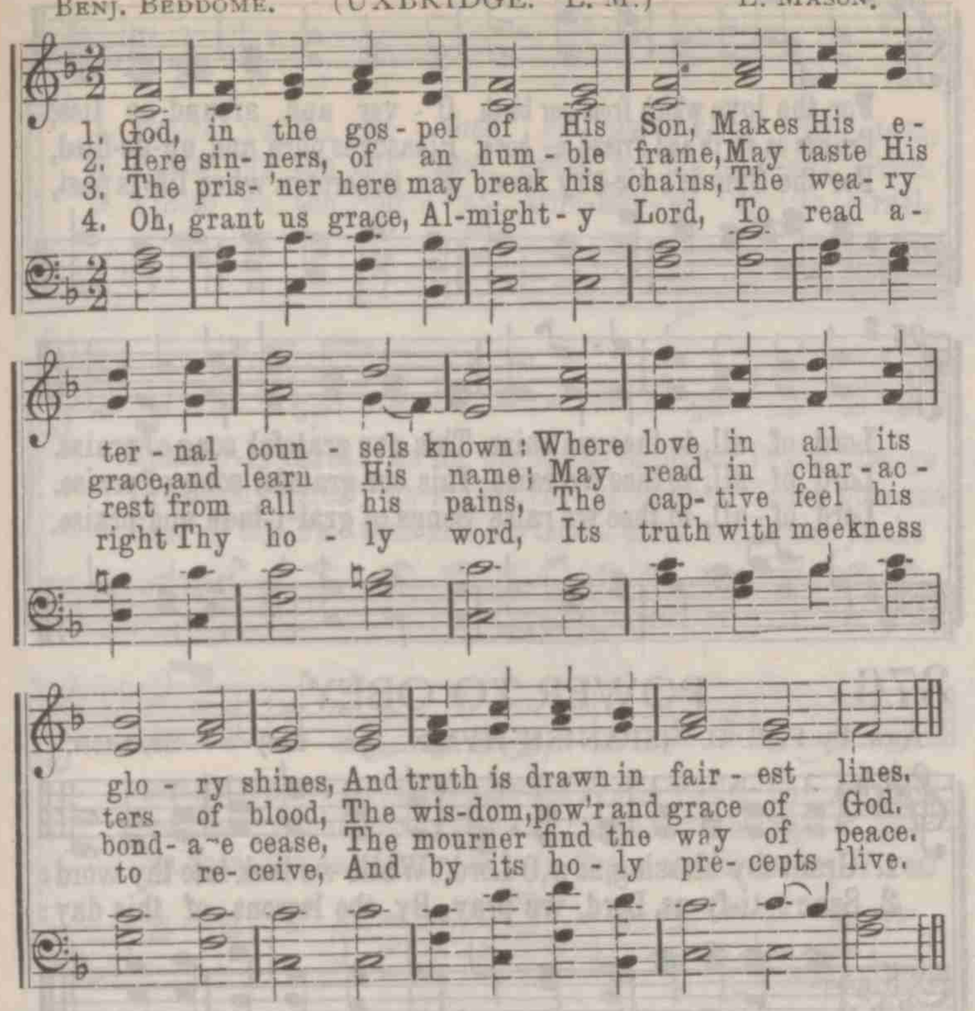
sea-ward, high and wide; Our glo - ry on - ly
si - lence o'er the sign, And vain - ly seek to
per - ish in the strife, Shall touch in faith its
sky-ward, let it shine: Nor skill, nor might, nor

in the cross; Our on - ly hope, the Cru - ci - fied.
com-pre-hend The won-der of the love Di-vine.
ra-diant hem, And spring im-mor - tal in - to life.
mer - it ours; We con-quer on - ly in that sign.

(Or sing to 371 or 373.)

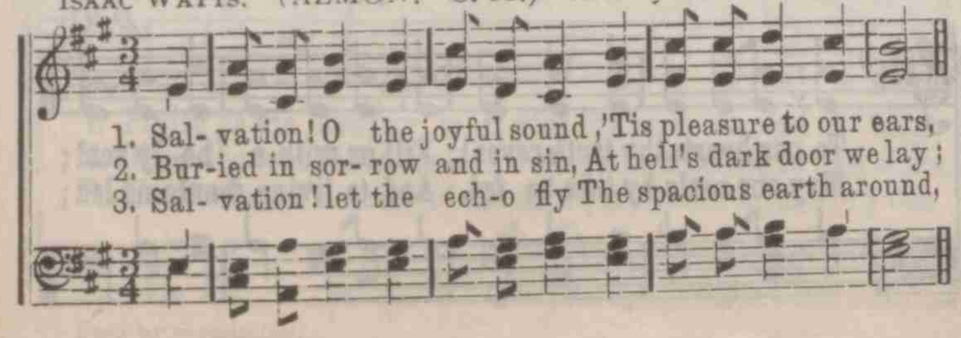
371 GOD, IN THE GOSPEL.

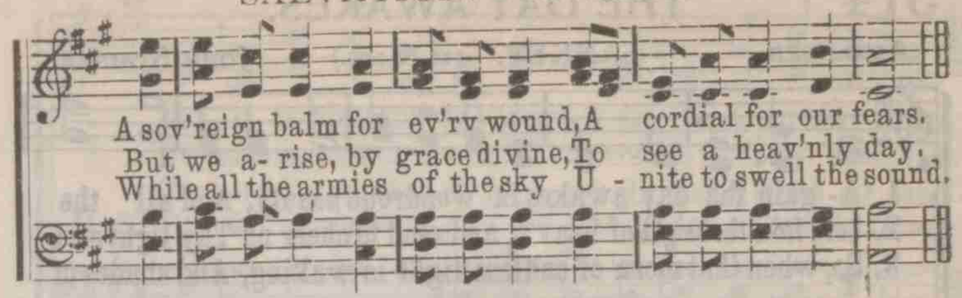
BENJ. BEDDOME. (UXBRIDGE. L. M.) L. MASON.



372 SALVATION!

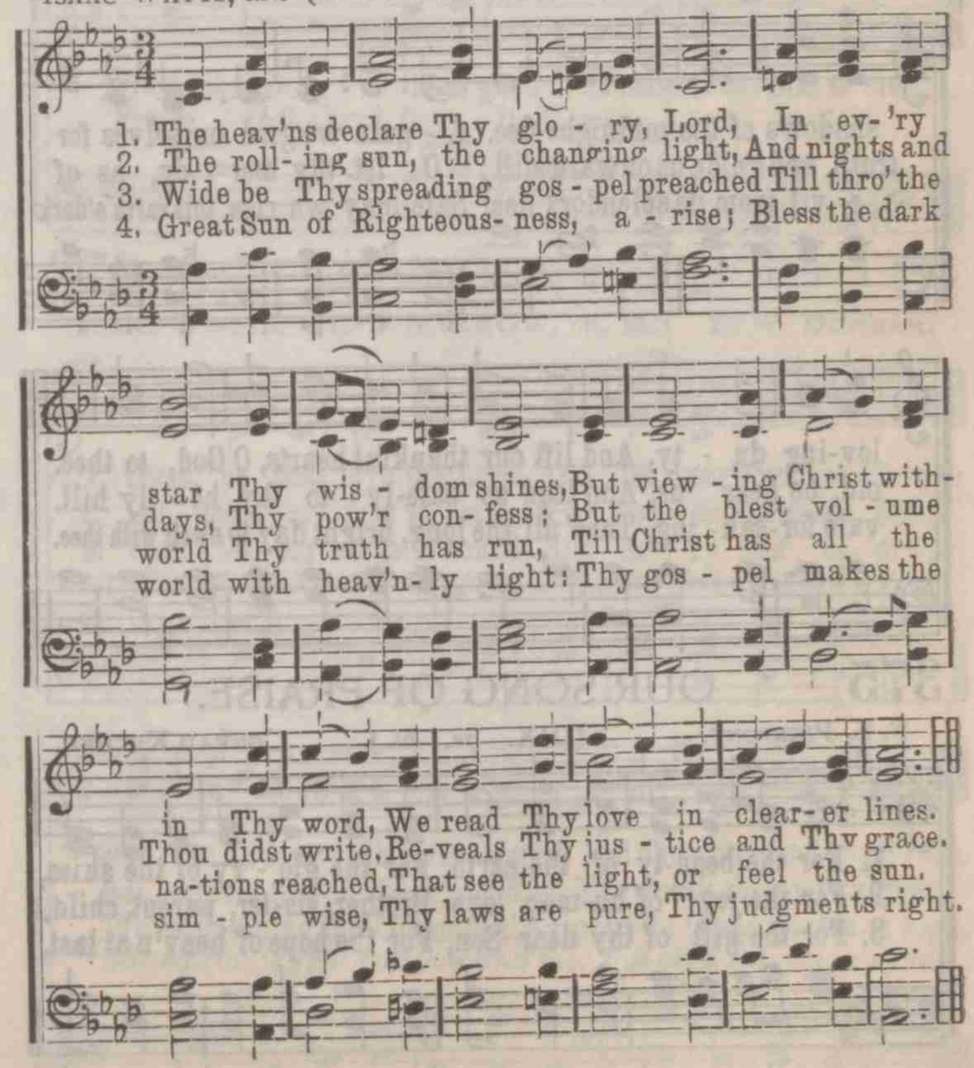
ISAAC WATTS. (AZMON. C. M.) Arr. by LOWELL MASON.





373 THE SPREADING GOSPEL.

ISAAC WATTS, alt. (GERMANY. L. M.) L. VAN BEETHOVEN.



374 THE DAY AWAKES.

ARRANGED. (SANKEY. 11s & 10s.) JOHN STAINER.

1. A- gain the day awakes in wondrous beauty, And all the
2. Look from the height of heav'n, and send to cheer us Thy light and
3. So, when that morn of endless light is waking, And shades of

shadows of the midnight flee. A - gain we gird ourselves for
truth, and guide us onward still; O let thy mer - cy, as of
e- vil from its splendors flee, Safe may we rise, this earth's dark

lov-ing du - ty, And lift our thankful hearts, O God, to thee.
old, be near us, And lead us safe-ly to thy ho - ly hill.
vale for-sak- ing, Thro' all the long, bright day to dwell with thee.

375 OUR SONG OF PRAISE.

F. S. PIERPONT. (DIX. 7s. 6L.) CONRAD KOCHER.

1. For the beau-ty of the earth, For the glo - ry of the skies,
2. For the joy of hu-man love, Brother, sis-ter, parent, child,
3. For the gift of thy dear Son, For the hope of heav'n at last,

OUR SONG OF PRAISE.—CONCLUDED.

For the love which from our birth O - ver and around us lies,
Friends on earth and Friend a- bove, Pleasures pure and un-de-filed,
For the Spir-it's vic-t'ry won, For the crown when life is past,

Lord of all, to thee we raise This our grateful song of praise.
Lord of all, to thee we raise This our grateful song of praise.
Lord of all, to thee we raise Songs of grat-i-tude and praise.

376 POWER TO OBEY.

ARR. by F. E. B. (SPANISH HYMN. 7s. 6L.) SPANISH.

1. Grant thy blessing, now, O Lord, While we look into thy word:
2. Sanc - ti-fy us, Lord, we pray, By the lessons of this day:

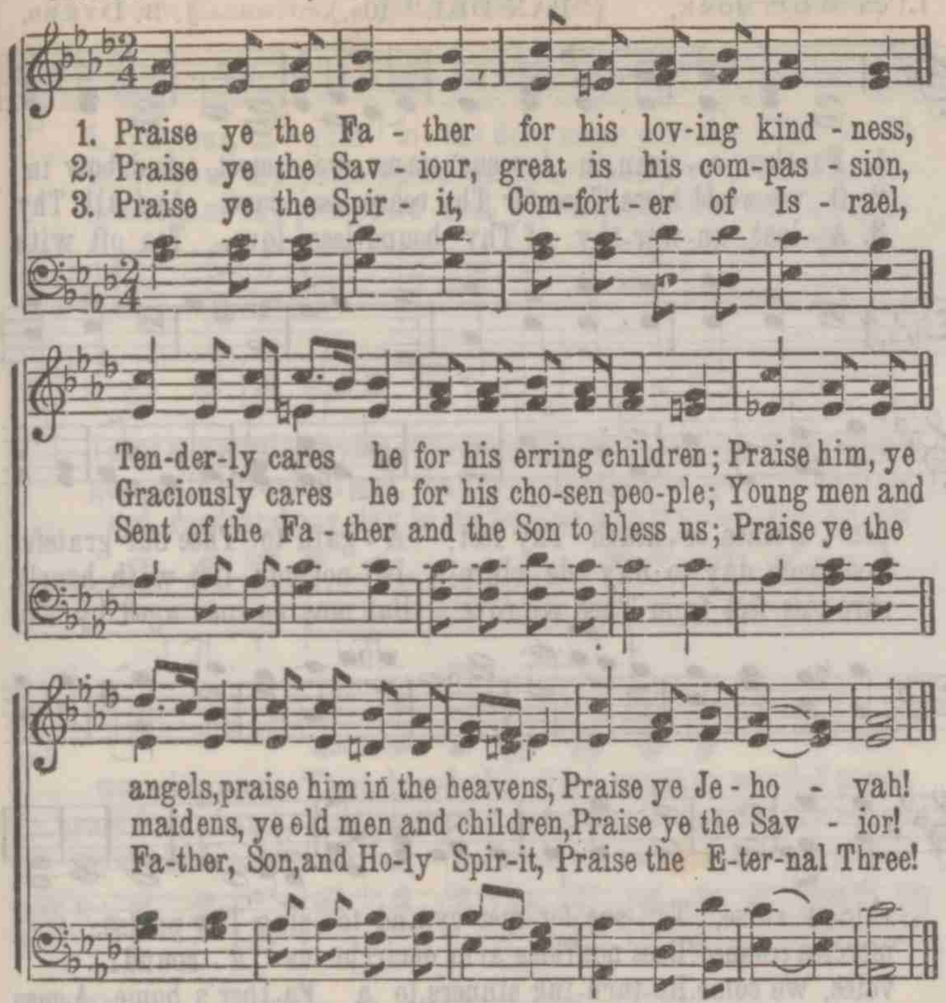
D. C. 1. As we learn thy righteous way, Give us pow-er to o- bey.
D. C. 2. In a world of care and sin, Keep us ev-er pure with-in.

D. C.

To our hearts thy truth reveal; Fill us with a ho- ly zeal;
May our souls by thee be fed, And to living fountains led;

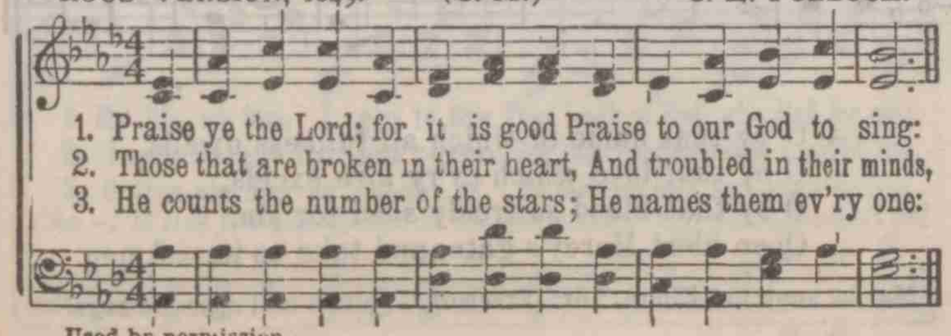
377 PRAISE YE THE FATHER.

ANON. (FLEMMING. 8s & 6s.) F. FLEMMING.



378 PRAISE THE LORD.

ROUS' VERSION, 1649. (C. M.) C. E. POLLOCK.



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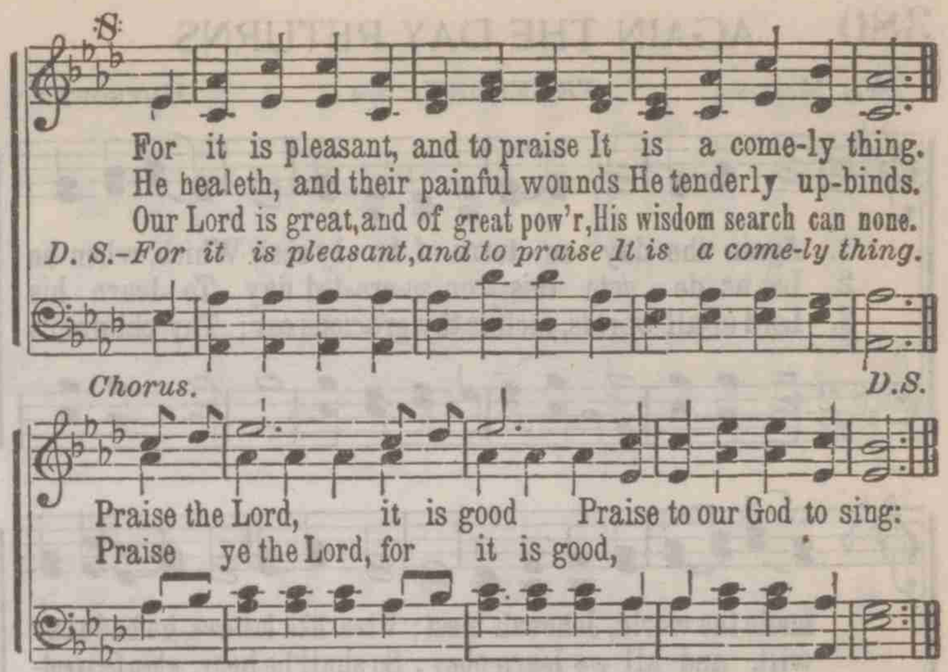
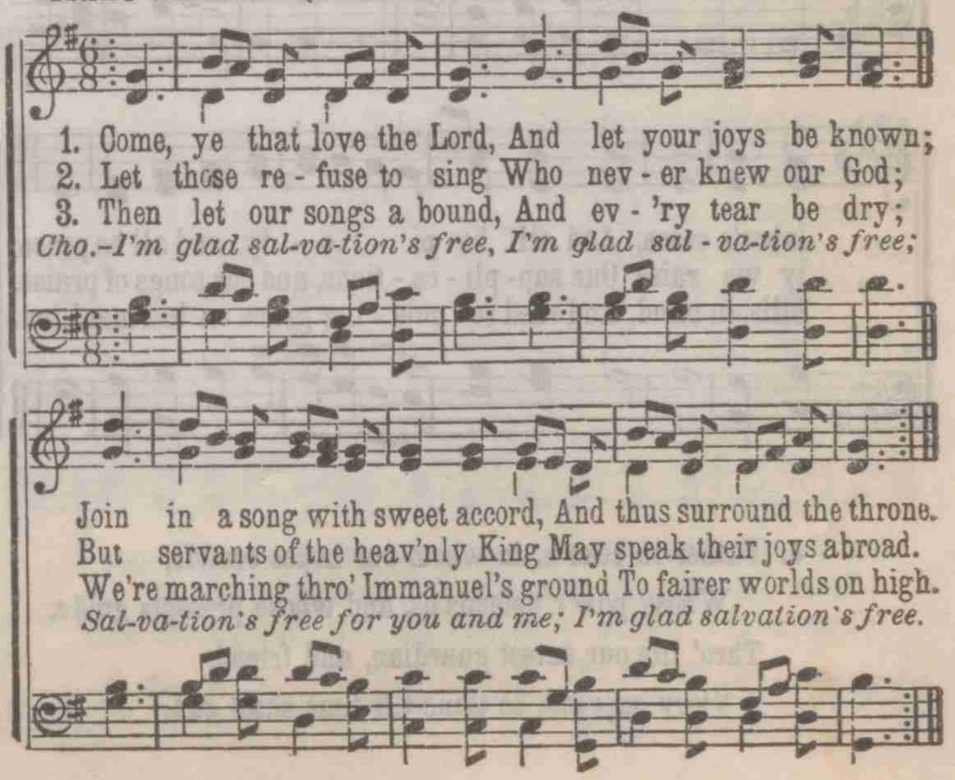
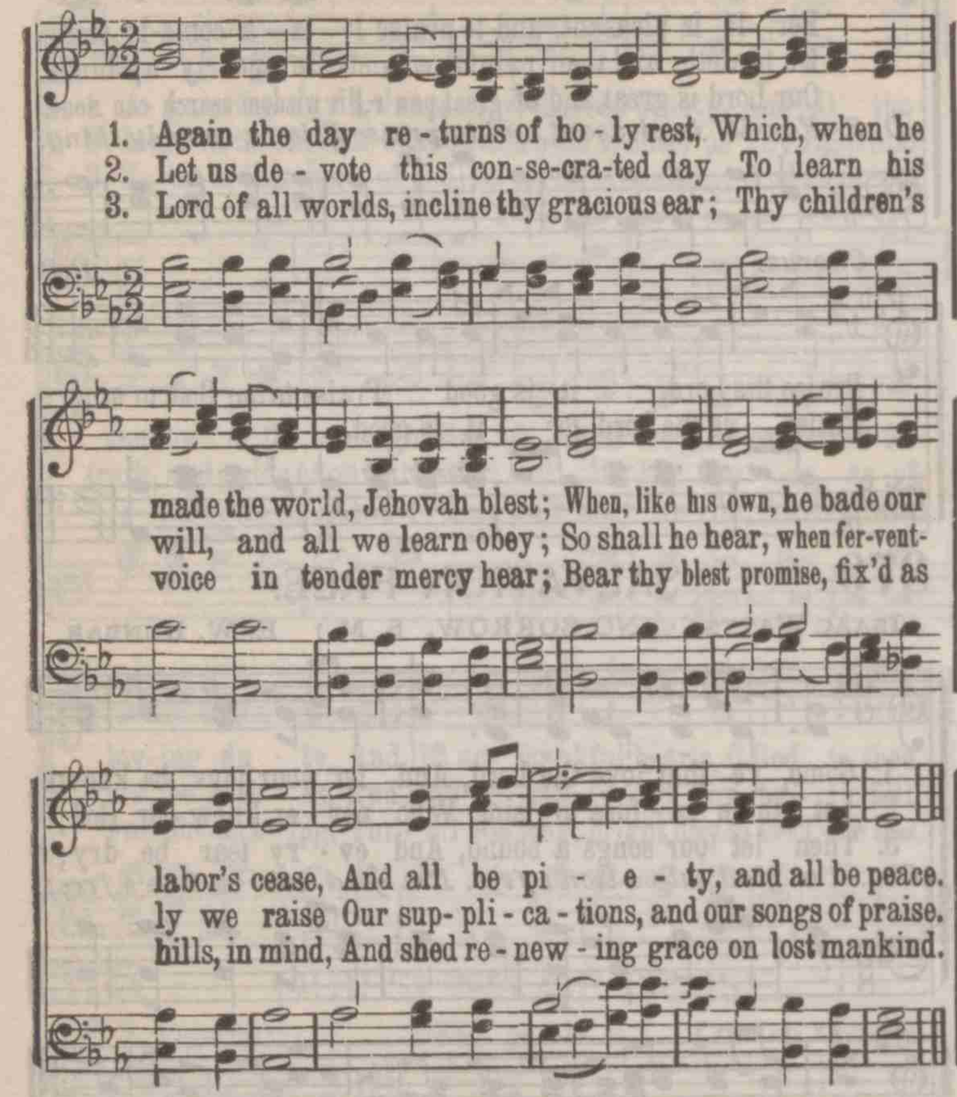

379 SALVATION FREE.

ISAAC WATTS. (NO SORROW. S. M.) E. W. DUNBAR.



380 AGAIN THE DAY RETURNS

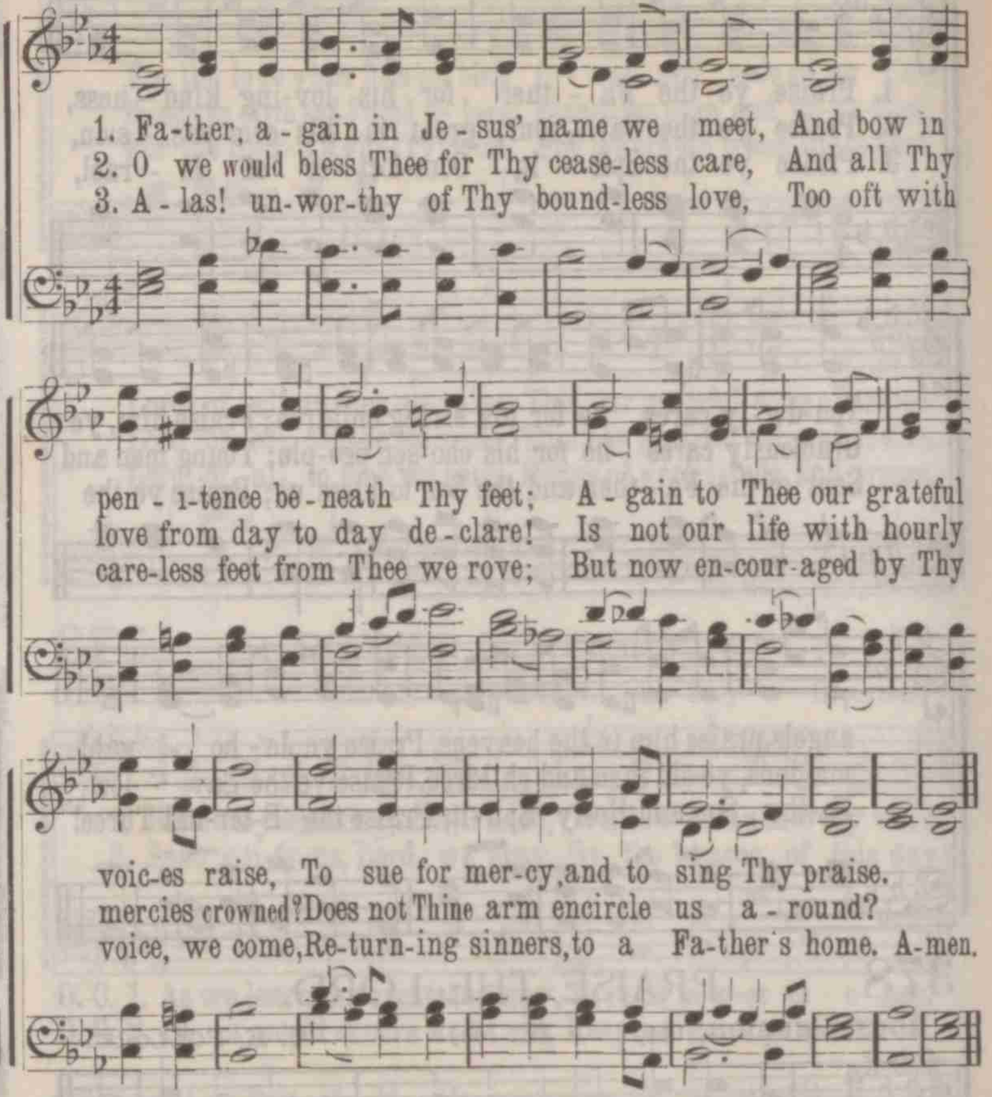
WM. MASON. (FREEPORT. 10s.) UNKNOWN.



4. Father in heav'n, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose pow'r defends us, and whose precepts guide,
Thro' life our surest guardian, and friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

381 AGAIN WE MEET.

LUCY WHITMORE. ("PAX DEI." 10s.) J. B. DYKES.



4 O by that name in which all fullness dwells,
O by that love which ev'ry love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest Mercy's gate, and take us in. Amen.

May be sung to "Ellers," or "Freeport," on this and opposite page.

382 OUR PARTING HYMN.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON. (ELLERS. 10s.) E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Saviour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac-
2. Grant us thy peace up-on our homeward way; With thee be-
3. Grant us thy peace thro'- out our earthly life, Our balm in

cord our parting hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee ere our
gan, with thee shall end, the day; Guard thou the lips from sin, the
sor- row, and our stay in strife; Then when thy voice shall bid our

wor-ship cease, Then, low-ly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.
heart from shame, That in this house have called up-on thy name.
con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to thine e-ter-nal peace!

383 I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love, I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve thou dost re-ceive, For thou hast died that I might live,
3. O thou who died on Cal-va - ry, To save my soul and make me free.

Cho.–I'll live for him who died for me; How *happy then my life shall be!*

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O, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
I con - se-crate my life to thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
I'll live for him who died for me, My Saviour and my God!

384 BREAK THOU THE BREAD OF LIFE.

MARY A. LATHBUY. (LATHBURY. 10s.) W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be side the sea; Be-yond the sa-cred page
2. Bless Thou the truth, revealed This day to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bondage cease,
3. Spir - it and Life are they, Words Thou dost speak; I hast en to o - bey, But I am weak; Thou art my on - ly help,

I seek Thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for Thee, O liv-ing Word!
All fet-ters fall; And I shall find in Thee My All-in-All!
Thou art my life; Heeding Thy ho-ly word I win the strife.

385 SABBATH DAWN.

A. CROSS. (ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON. 7s.6s.D.) J. WALCH.

1. The dawn of God's dear Sabbath Breaks o'er the earth a-gain,
2. Lord, we would bring for of-f'ring, Tho' marr'd with earthly soil,
3. And we would bring our bur-den Of sin-ful tho't and deed,
4. And with that sorrow mingling, A steadfast faith, and sure,

As some sweet summer morning Af-ter a night of pain;
A week of ear-nest la-bor, Of stead-y, faith-ful toil,—
In Thy pure pres ence kneeling, From bondage to be freed,
And love so deep and fer-vent, For Thee to make it pure,

It comes as cool-ing showers To some exhausted land, As
Fair fruits of self-de-ni-al, Of strong, deep love to Thee, Fos-
Our heart's most bitter sorrow For all Thy work undone—So
In Thy dear presence finding The par-don that we need, And

shade of cluster'd palm-trees 'Mid weary wastes of sand.
ter'd by Thine own Spirit, In true hu-mil-i-ty.
ma-ny tal-ents wast-ed! So few bright laurels won!
then the peace so last-ing—Ce-les-tial peace indeed. A-men.

386 DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS!

WORDSWORTH. (MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s. D.) GERMAN.

1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
2. Thou art a port pro-tect-ed From storms that round us rise,
3. A day of sweet re-flec-tion Thou art, a day of love;

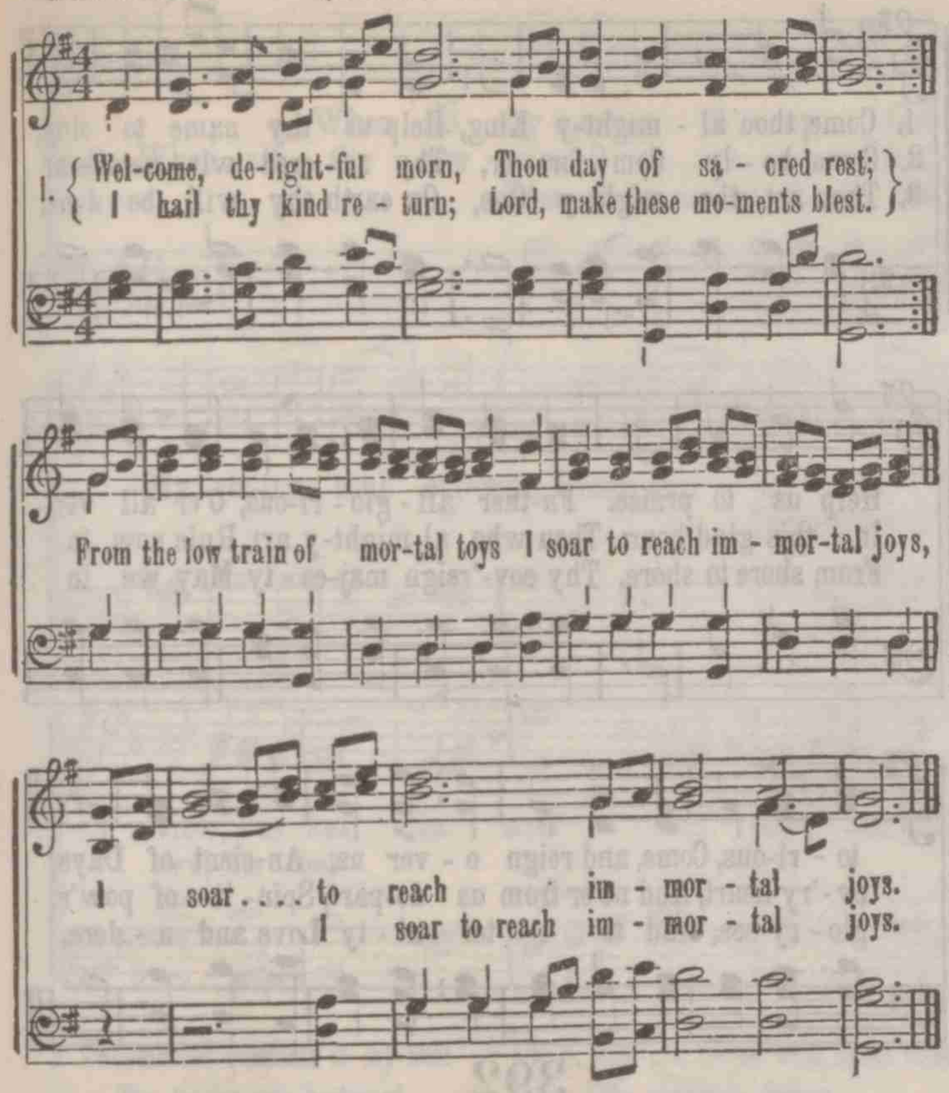
O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright;
A gar-den in-ter-sect-ed With streams of par-a-dise;
A day to raise af-fec-tion From earth to things a-bove.

On thee, the high and low-ly, Who bend be-fore the throne,
Thou art a cool-ing fountain In life's dry, drear-y sand;
New grac-es ev-er gain-ing From this our day of rest,

Sing, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, To the E-ter-nal One.
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain, We view our promised land.
We seek the rest re-main-ing In man-sions of the blest.

387 DELIGHTFUL MORN.

HAYWARD. (LISCHER. H. M.) F. SCHNEIDER.

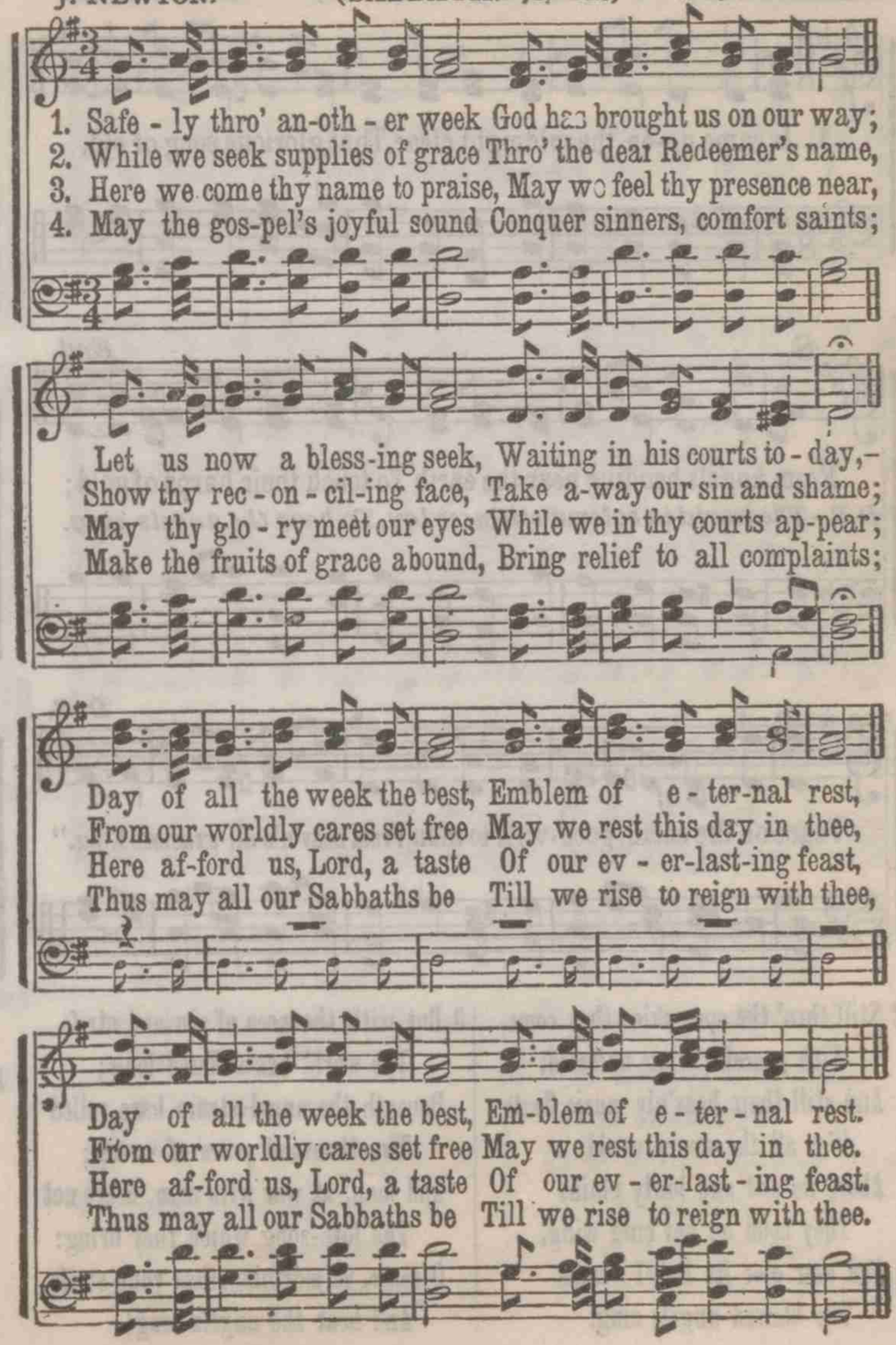


2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbath-days be passed in vain.

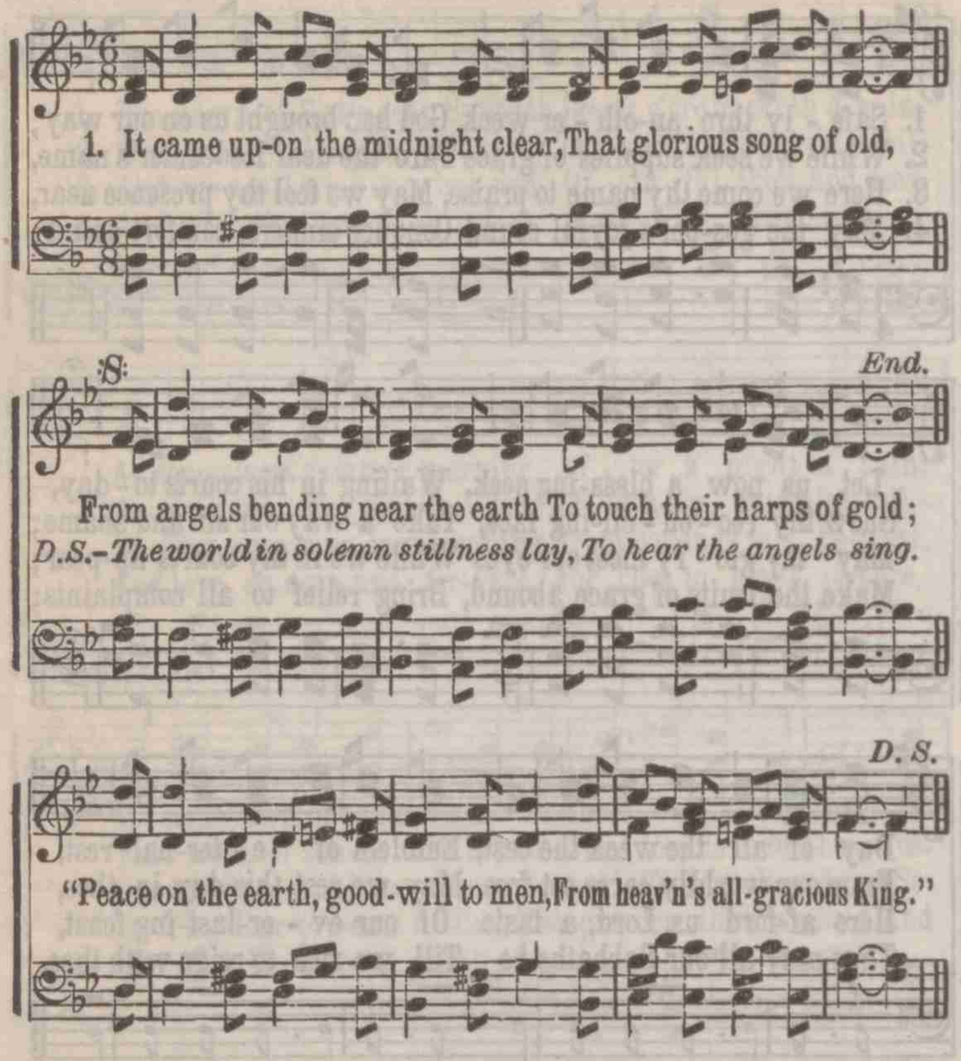
388 SAFELY THRO' ANOTHER WEEK.

J. NEWTON. (SABBATH. 7s, 6L.) L. MASON.



390 THAT SONG OF OLD.

E. H. SEARS. (CAROL. C. M. D.) R. S. WILLIS.

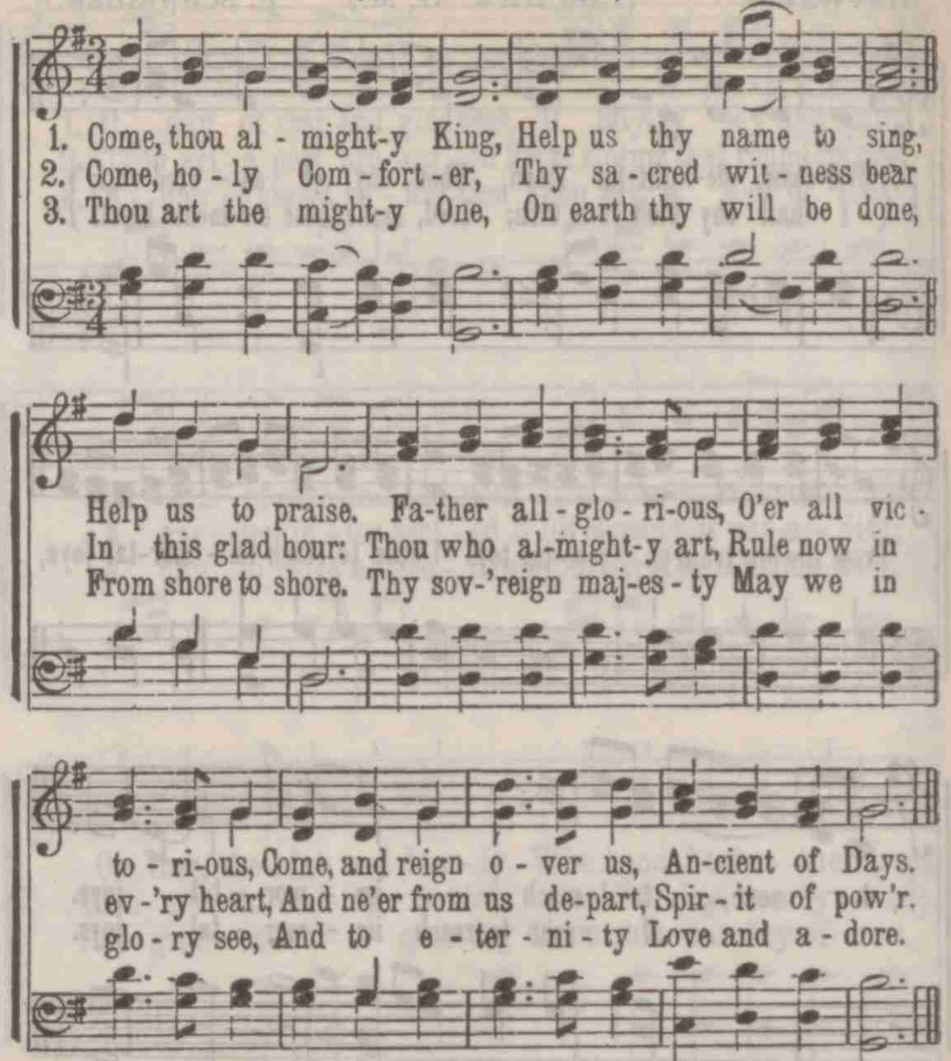


2 Still thro' the open skies they come,
With peaceful wing unfurled;
And still their heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hov'ring wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O cease, ye mortals, cease your strife,
And hear the angels sing!

391 ALMIGHTY KING.

C. WESLEY. (ITALY. 6s & 4s.) GIARDINI.



392

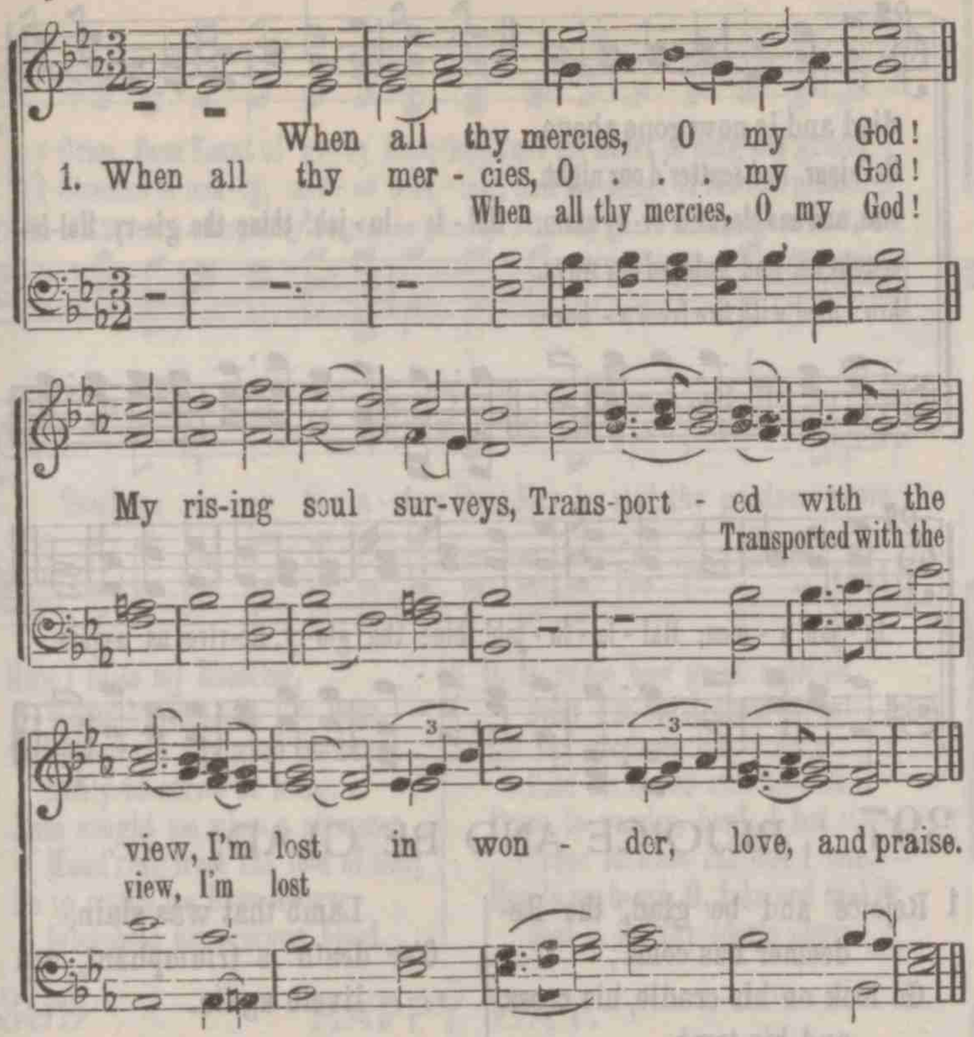
1 Sound, sound the truth abroad!
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Ye who, forsaking all
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign;
Soon will your work be done,
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

THOMAS KELLY.

393 THY MERCIES.

JOSEPH ADDISON. (GENEVA. C. M.) JOHN COLE.



2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart discerned
From whom those blessings flowed.

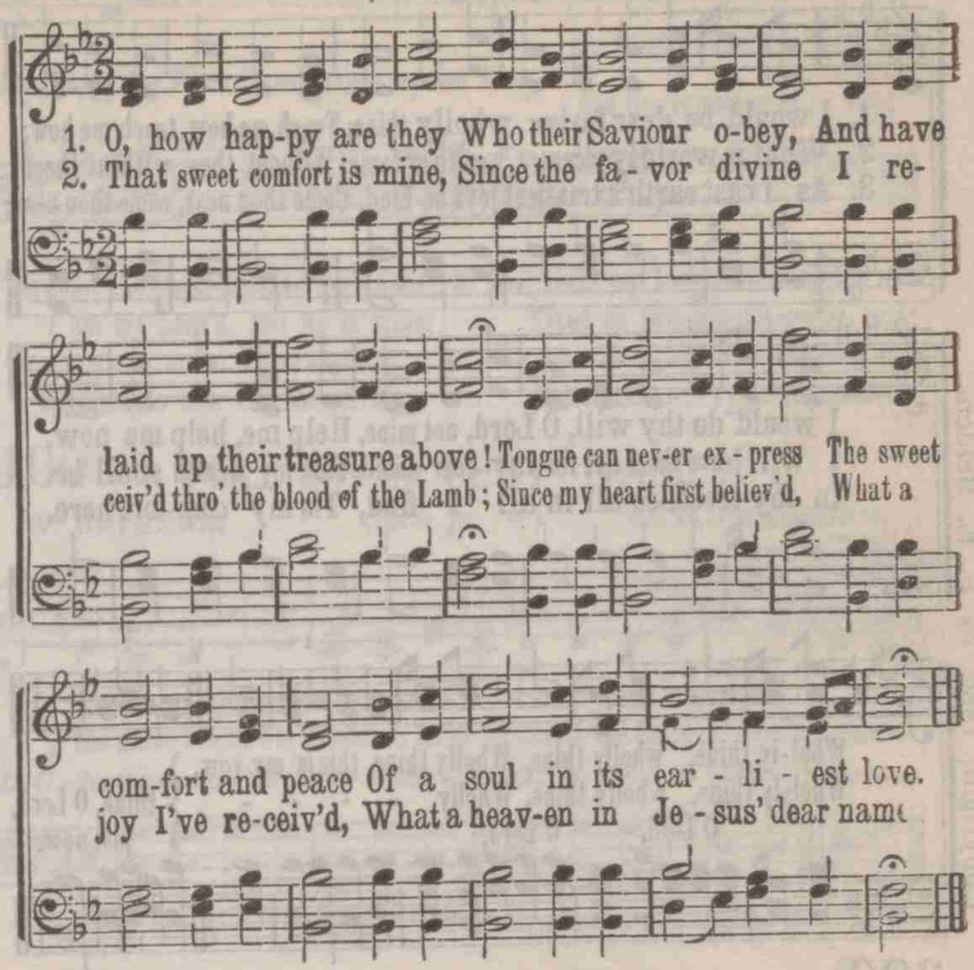
3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 O, how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my raptured heart?—
But thou canst read it there.

5 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

394 HOW HAPPY ARE THEY!

CHARLES WESLEY. (CONVERT. P. M.) ARRANGED.



3 'T is a heaven below
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Is my joy and my song;
O that all to this Refuge might fly!
He hath loved me, indeed,
He did suffer and bleed,
To redeem such a rebel as I.

5 On the wings of his love,
I am carried above
All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
O, that all would believe,
And by sin never grieve,
And thus cause him to suffer again.

395 WHOLLY THINE.

F. E. B. F. E. Belden.

1. I would be, dear Saviour, wholly thine; Teach me how, teach me how;
2. What is worldly pleasure, wealth or fame, Without thee, without thee?
3. As I cast earth's transient joys be-hind, Come thou near, come thou near;

I would do thy will, O Lord, not mine, Help me, help me now.
I will leave them all for thy dear name, This my wealth shall be.
In thy presence all in all I find, 'Tis my com-fort here.

Whol-ly thine, wholly thine, Wholly thine, this is my vow.
Whol-ly thine, wholly thine, Wholly - - - - } thine, O Lord,
O Lord, O Lord, just now.

Copyright, 1886, by F. E. Belden.

396 REVIVE US AGAIN.

Wm. Paton Mackay. J. J. Husband.

1. We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love,— For Je-sus who
2. We praise thee, O God, for thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glory and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re-vive us a-gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be re-

REVIVE US AGAIN.—Concluded.

Chorus.

died and is now gone above.
Sav-iour, and scatter'd our night.
sins, and has cleans'd ev-'ry stain. Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-
sought us, and guid-ed our ways.
kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

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

397 REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

1 Rejoice and be glad, the Redeemer has come;
Go look on his cradle, his cross, and his tomb.

Cho: Sound his praises, tell the story
Of Him who was slain;
Sound his praises, tell with gladness,
He liveth again.
Final: He cometh again.

2 Rejoice and be glad, for the Lamb that was slain,
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.

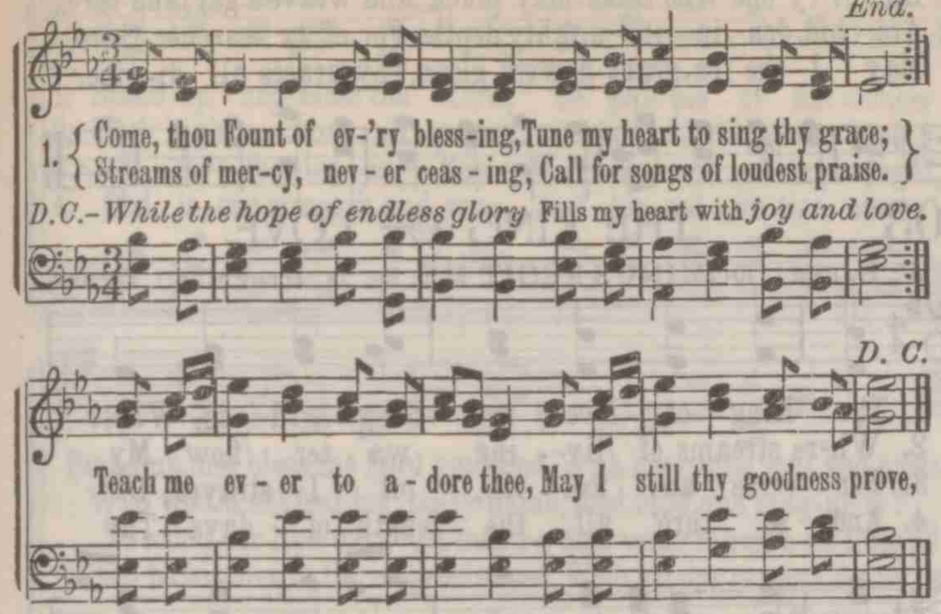
3 Rejoice and be glad, for our King is on high,
He pleadeth for us on his throne in the sky.

4 Rejoice and be glad, for he cometh again,
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.

Horatius Bonar.

398 FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.

R. ROBINSON. (NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.) NETTLETON.

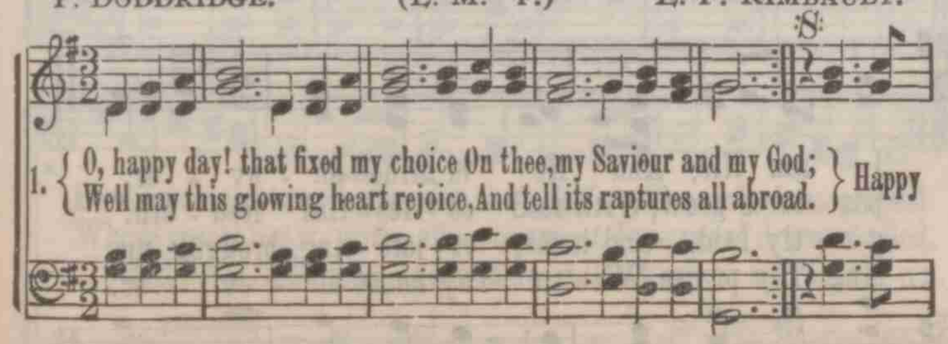


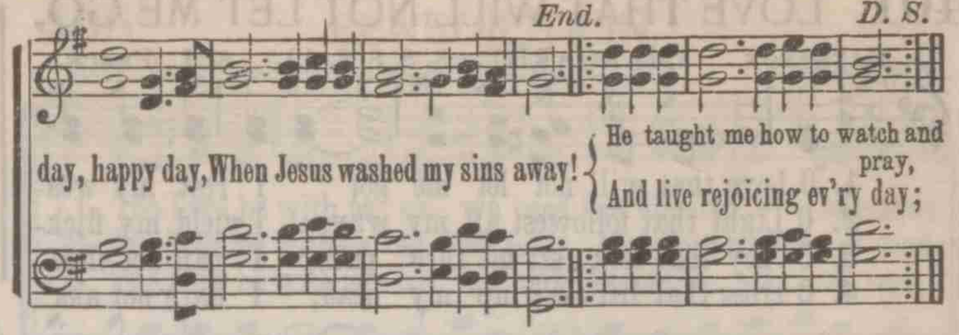
2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I've come,
And I hope by thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger
Interposed his precious blood.

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

399 HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE. (L. M. P.) E. F. RIMBAULT.



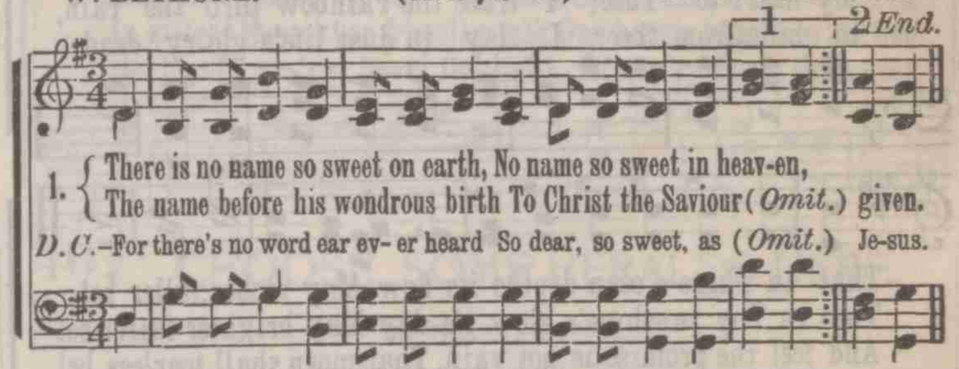


2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of ev'ry good possessed.

400 THE SWEETEST NAME.

W. BETHUNE. (8s & 7s. P.) W. B. BRADBURY.



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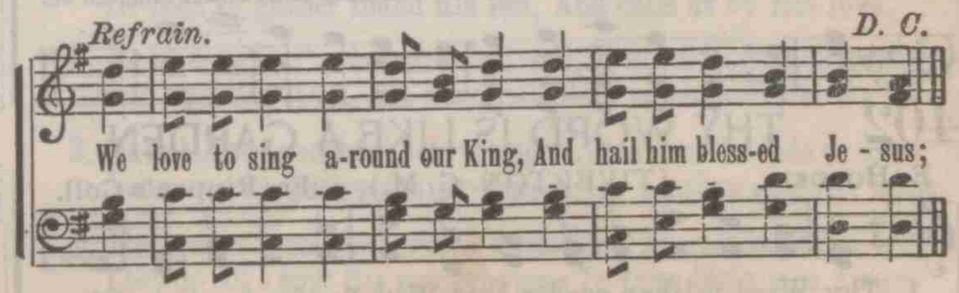

2 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.

3 So now, upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

401 LOVE THAT WILL NOT LET ME GO.

G. MATHESON. (MARGARET. 8, 8, 8, 8, 6.) A. L. PEACE.

1. O Love that will not let me go, I rest my wea-
2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flick-
3. O Joy that seek - est me thro' pain, I can-not close
4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask

ry soul in Thee: I give Thee back the life I owe,
'ring torch to Thee; My heart restores its borrowed ray,
my heart to Thee; I trace the rainbow thro' the rain,
to hide from thee: I lay in dust life's glo-ry dead,

That in Thine ocean depths its flow May richer, fuller be!
That in Thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter fairer be!
And feel the promise is not vain, That morn shall tearless be!
And from the ground there blossoms red, Life that shall endless be!

402 THY WORD IS LIKE A GARDEN.

E. HODDER. (TIVERTON. C. M.) Fr. Rippon's Coll.

1. Thy Word is like a garden, Lord, With flowers bright and fair;
2. Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine: And jewels rich and rare
3. O may I love Thy precious Word, May I explore the mine,

And ev'ry one who seeks may pluck And weave a garland rare.
Are hid-den in its mighty depths For ev'ry searcher there.
May I the fra-grant flowers glean, Thy graces all di-vine.

403 THE KING OF LOVE.

H. W. BAKER. (DOMINUS REGIT ME, 8s, 7s, Irregular.) DYKES.

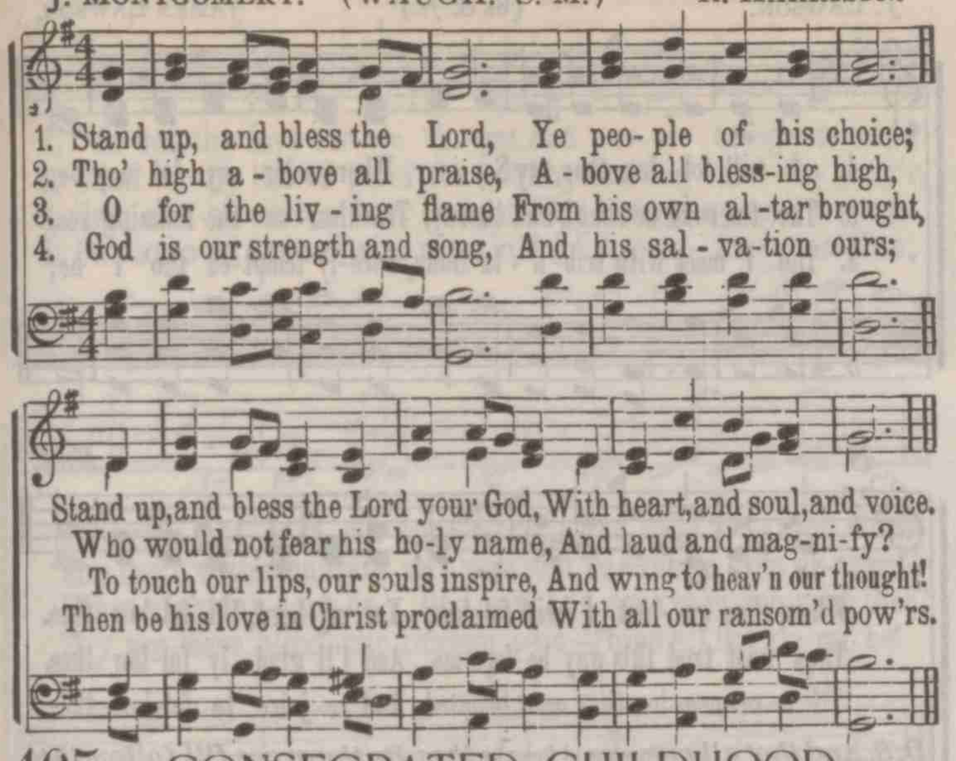
1. The King of love my Shep - herd is, Whose
2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow My
3. Per - verse and fool - ish, oft I strayed, But
4. And so thro' all the length of days Thy

good - ness fail - eth nev - er; I noth - ing lack if
ran-som d soul He lead - eth, And, where the ver-dant
y-t in love He sought me, And on His shoulder
good - ness fail-eth nev - er, Good Shep-herd! I would

I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
pas - tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
g n - tly laid, and home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
sing Thy praise With-in Thy house for - ev - er.

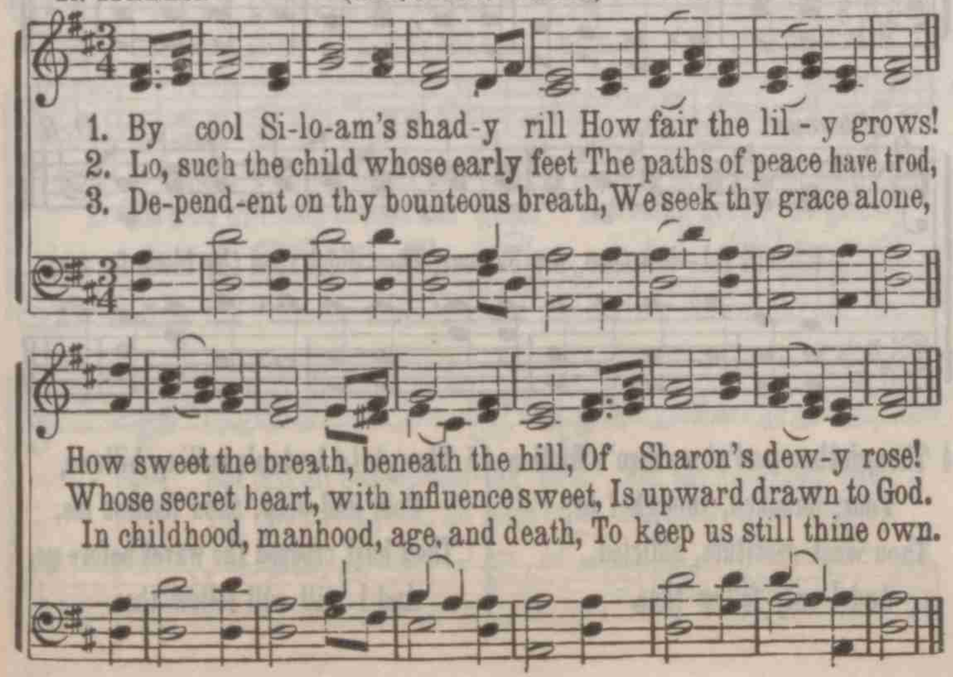
404 BLESS THE LORD.

J. MONTGOMERY. (WAUGH. S. M.) R. HARRISON.



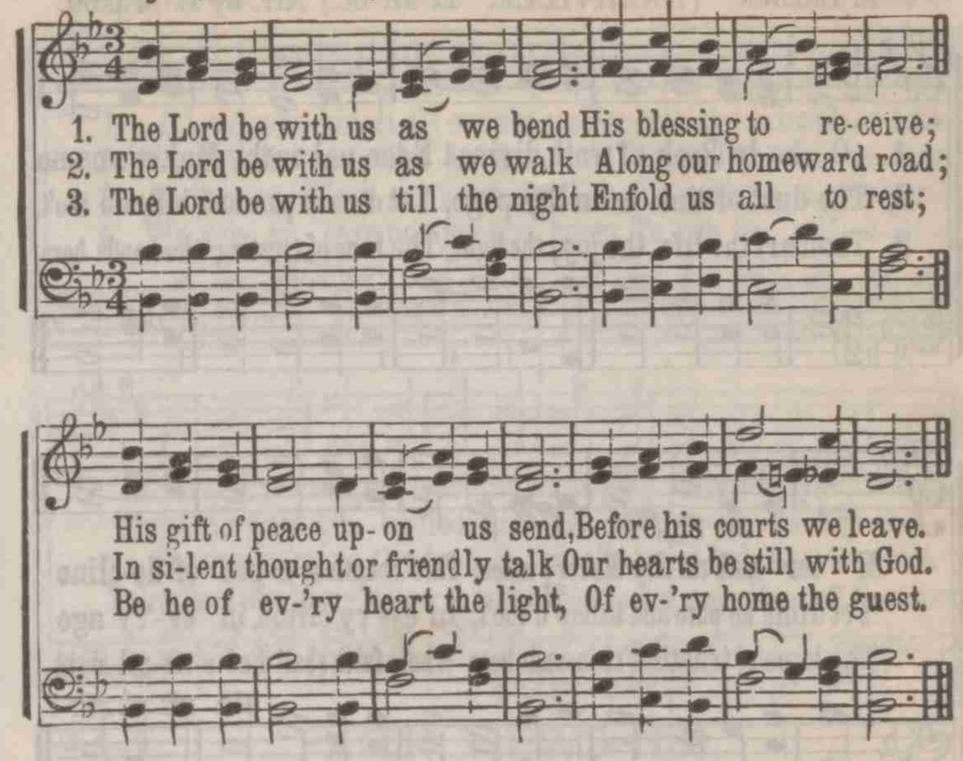
405 CONSECRATED CHILDHOOD.

R. HEBER. (SILOAM. C. M.) I. B. WOODBURY.



406 BENEDICTION.

REV. J. ELLERTON. (COATHAM. C. M.) WALCH.



407 CHOOSE SOME HERALDS HERE.

(Sing to 405 or 406.)

1. Our Saviour's voice is soft and sweet, When, bending from above,
   He bids us gather round His feet, And calls us by His love.

2. He leads to heav'n where angels dwell, He saves from endless woe;
   Our lips, our lives, can never tell How much to Christ we owe.

3. But while our youthful hearts rejoice, That thus He bids us come,
   Jesus, we cry with pleading voice, Bring heathen wand'rers home.

4. They never heard the Saviour's name, They have not learnt His way,
   They do not know His grace who came To take their sins away.

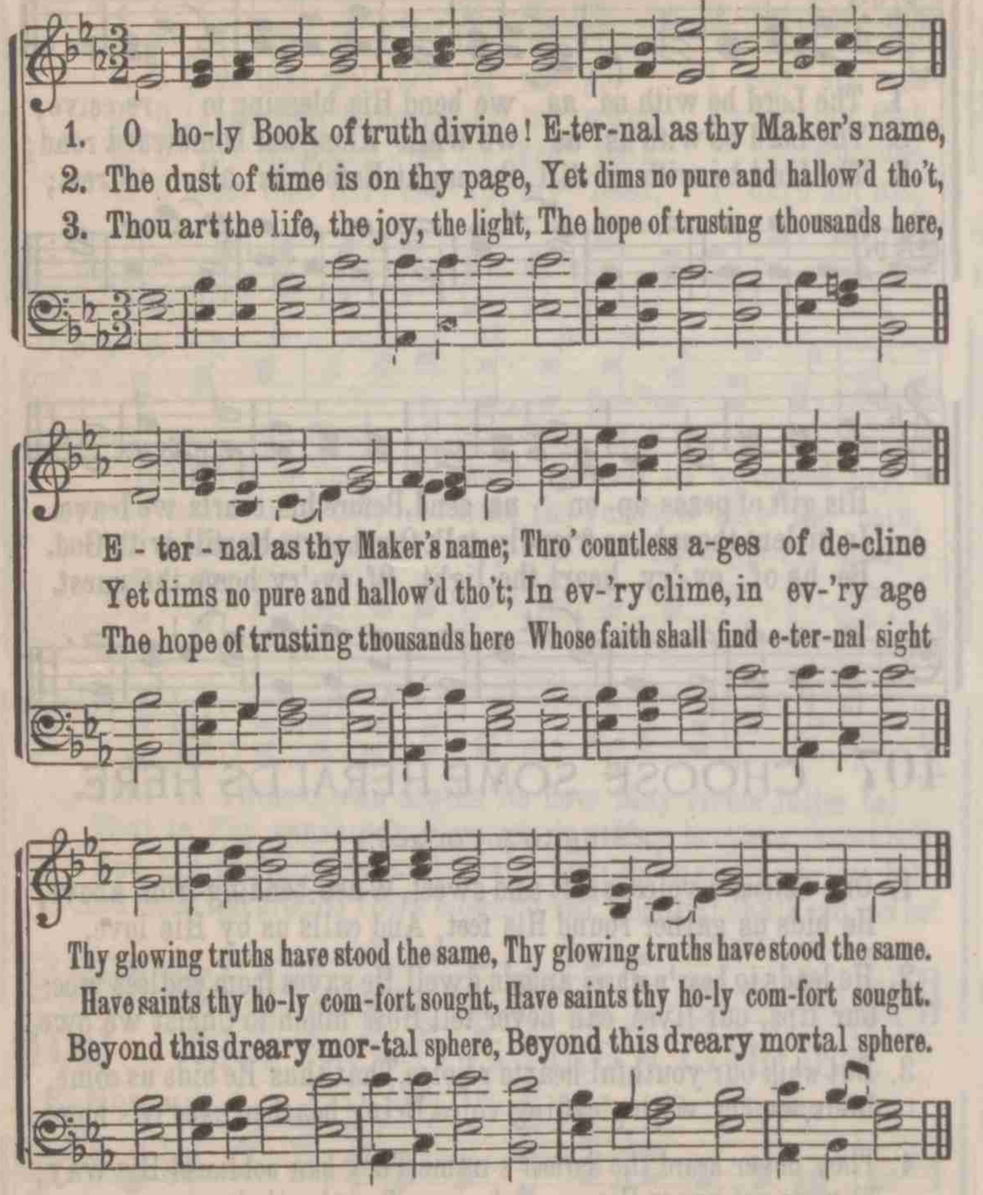
5. Dear Saviour, let the joyful sound In distant lands be heard;
   And oh, wherever sin is found, Send forth Thy pard'ning word.

6. And if our lips may breathe the pray'r, Tho' raised in trembling fear,
   Oh, let Thy pow'r our hearts prepare, And choose some heralds here.

ELIZABETH PARSON.

408 O HOLY BOOK!

F. E. Belden. (NASHVILLE. L. M. 6L.) Arr. by L. Mason.

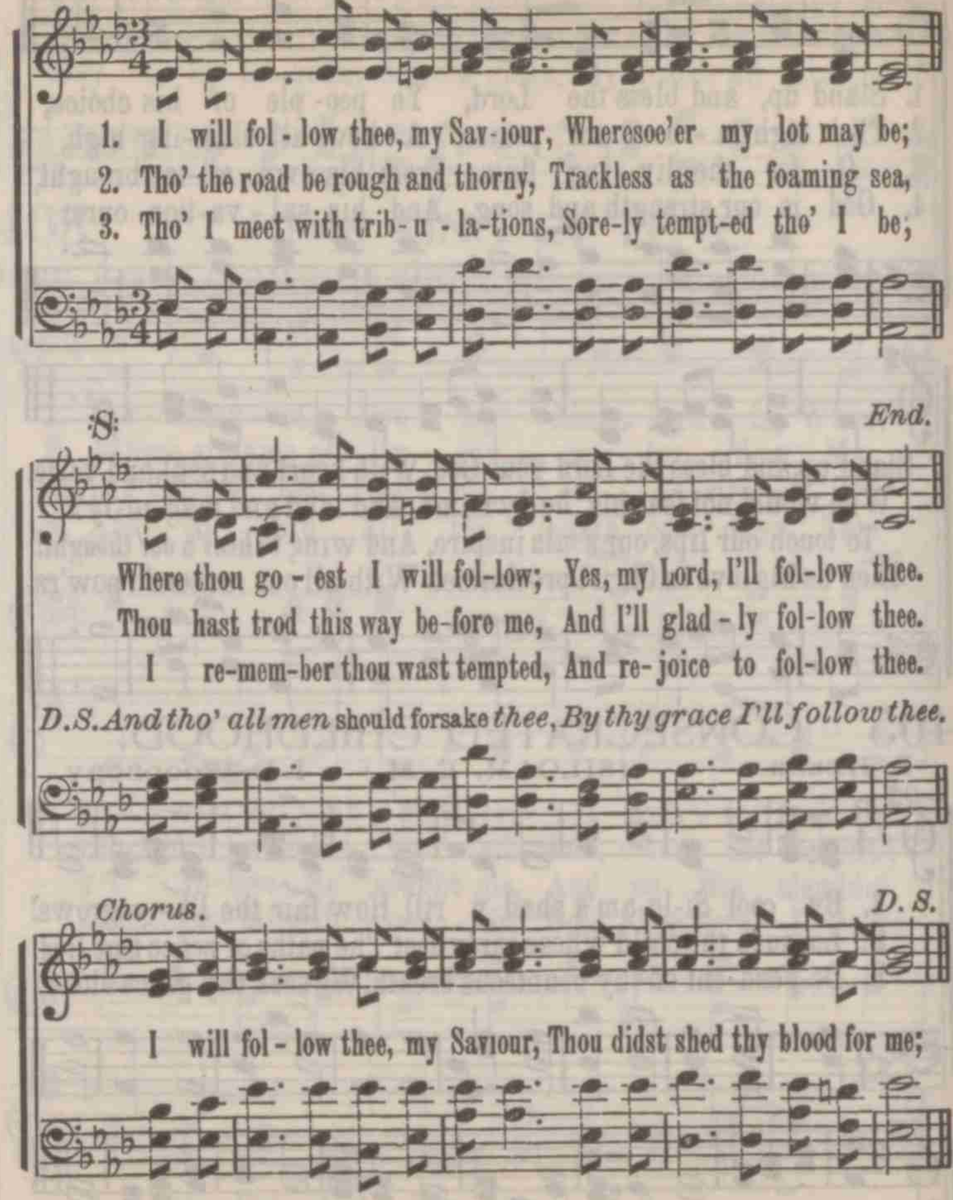


4 No other rule by which to live,
‖: No other faith like thine to save; :‖
No other hope such peace can give
‖: When near the cold and silent grave. :‖

5 O wondrous lamp of promise sweet!
‖: Thy light illumes the trusting soul: ‖
With glory that shall be complete
‖: When days and years have ceased to roll. :‖

409 I WILL FOLLOW THEE.

J. Lawson. (8s & 7s.) James Lawson.

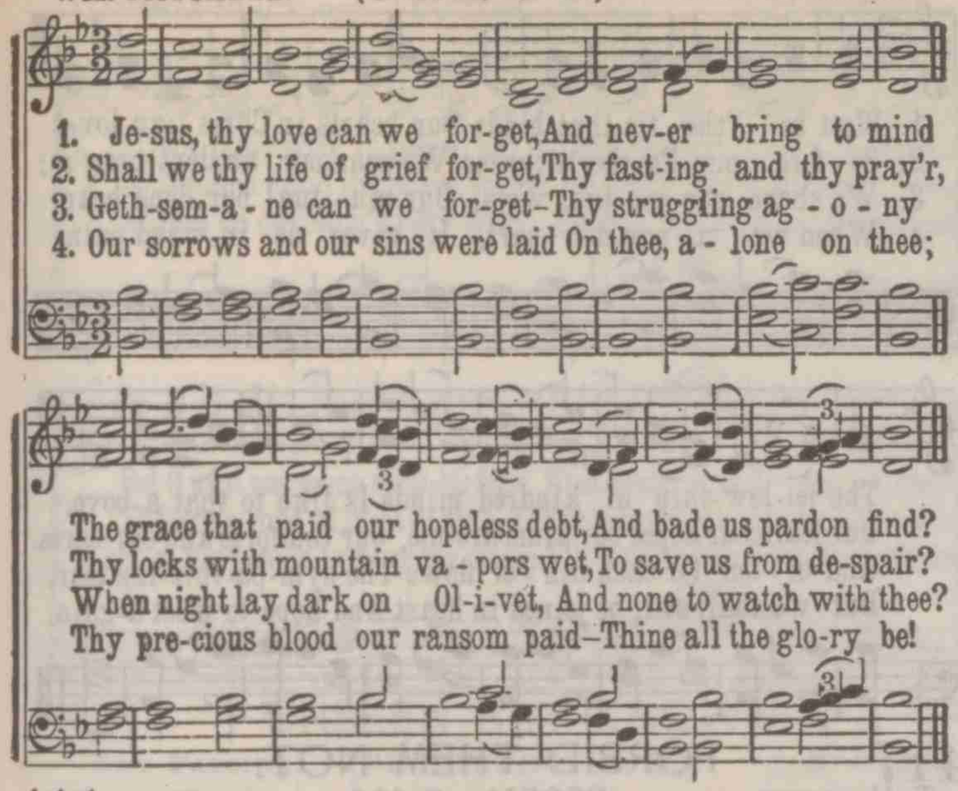


4 Though thou lead'st me thro' affliction,
Poor, forsaken, though I be;
Thou wast destitute, afflicted,
And I only follow thee.

5 Though to Jordan's rolling billows,
Cold and deep, thou leadest me,
Thou hast crossed the waves before me,
And I still will follow thee.

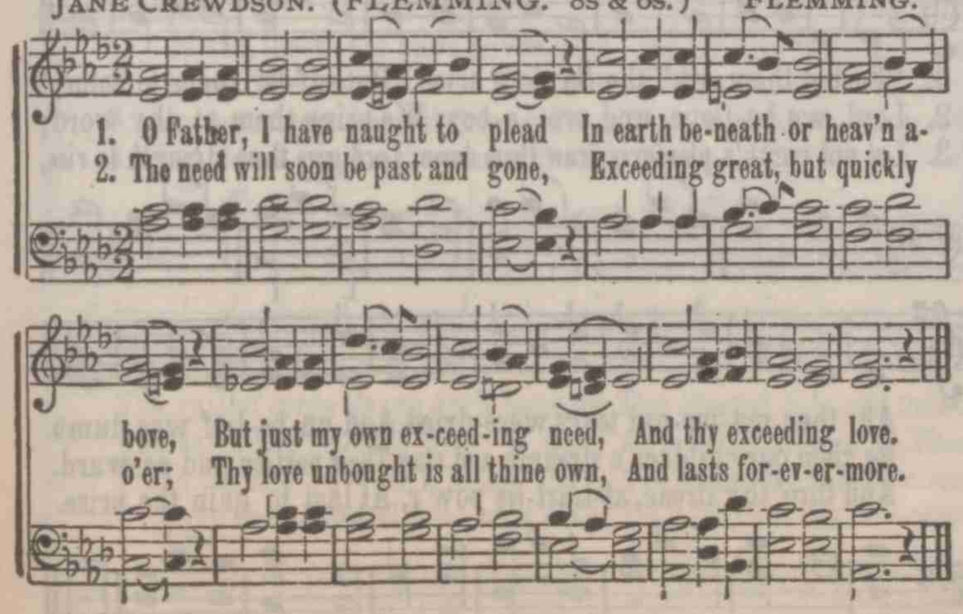
410 CAN WE FORGET?

WM. MITCHELL. (CHINA. C. M.) TIMOTHY SWAN.



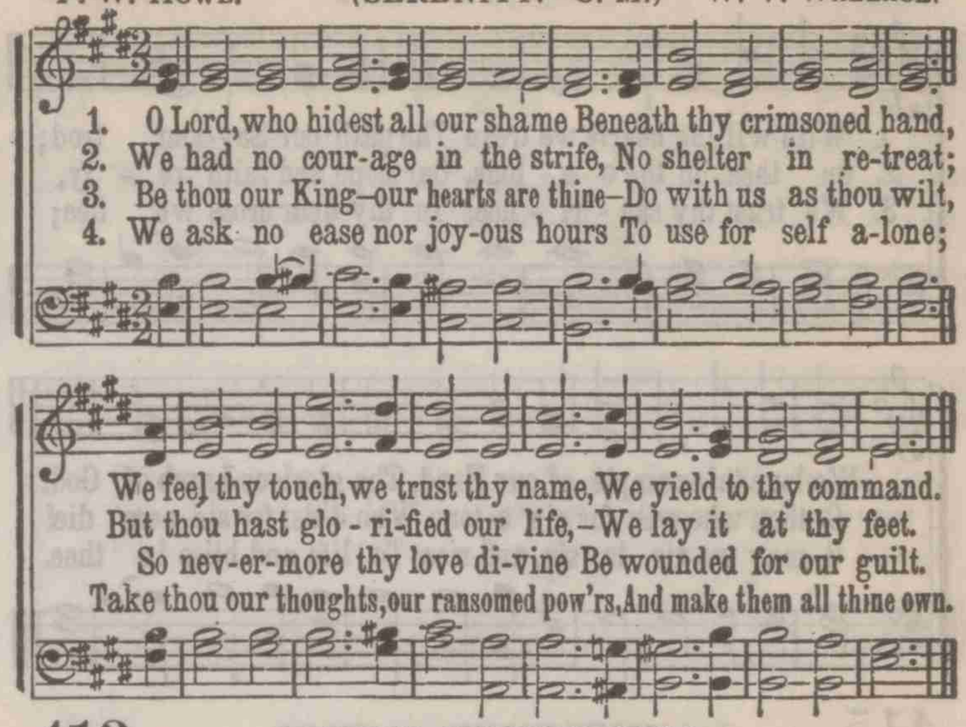
411 MY NEED, AND THY LOVE.

JANE CREWDSON. (FLEMMING. 8s & 6s.) FLEMMING.



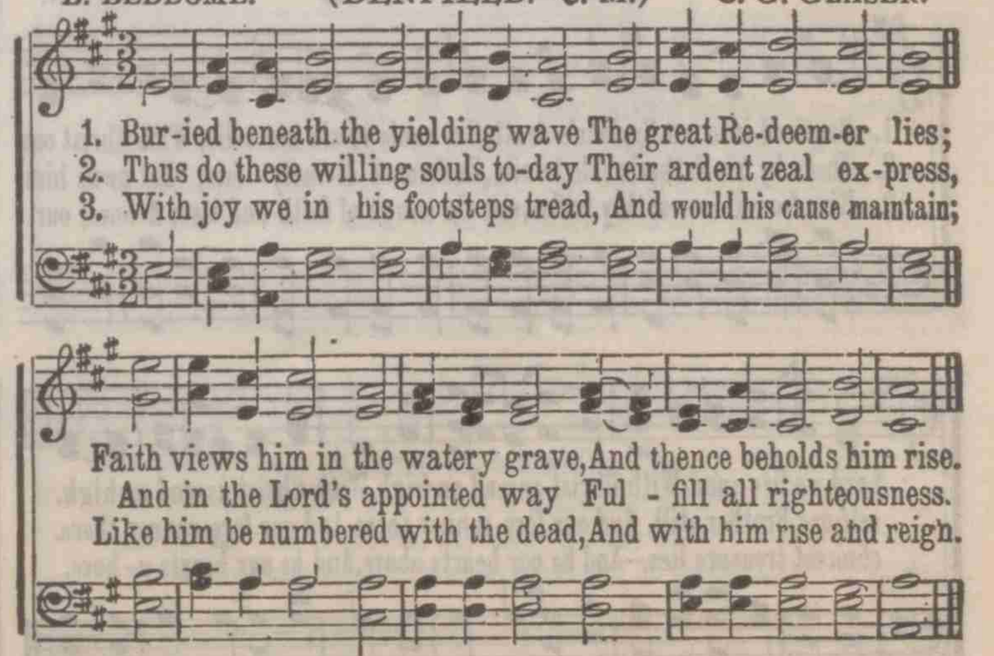
412 AT THY FEET.

F. W. HOWE. (SERENITY. C. M.) W. V. WALLACE.



413 FAITH VIEWS HIM.

B. BEDDOME. (DENFIELD. C. M.) C. G. GLASER.



414 WITH WILLING HEARTS.

ANON. (BADEA S. M.) GERMAN.

1. With willing hearts we tread The path our Sav-iour trod;
2. On thee, on thee a - lone, Our hope and faith re - ly,
3. We trust thy sac - ri - fice, To thy dear cross we flee;

We love th' example of our Head, The glorious Lamb of God.
O thou who wilt for sin a-tone, Who didst for sin-ners die!
O may we die to sin, and rise To life and bliss in thee.

415 WE LIVE ANEW.

ANON. (NEWELL. C. M.) UNKNOWN.

1. Baptized into our Saviour's death, Our souls to sin must die; With Christ our
2. There by his Father's side he sits, Enthroned divinely fair; Yet owns him-
3. Rise from these earthly trifles, rise On wings of faith and love; A-bove, our

Lord we live anew, With Christ ascend on high, With Christ ascend on high.
self our Brother still, And our fore-runner there, And our fore-runner there.
choicest treasure lies,—And be our hearts above, And be our hearts a- bove.

416 BLEST BE THE TIE.

J. FAWCETT. (DENNIS. S. M.) J. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris tian love!
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar-dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu tual woes, Our mu - tual bur-dens bear;
4. When we a - sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;

The fel-low-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
And of - ten for each oth - er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart And hope to meet a-gain.

417 FORBID THEM NOT.

T. HASTINGS. (PEORIA. C. M.) UNKNOWN.

1. "Forbid them not," the Saviour cried, "But suf-fer them to come;"
2. Lord, we be-lieve, and we o-bey; We bring them at thy word;
3. Let not earth's pleasures draw them down; Lord, give them strength to rise,

Ah, then ma-ter-nal tears were dried, And un-be-lief was dumb.
Be thou our children's strength and stay, Their portion and re-ward.
And thro' thy strong, at-tract-ive pow'r, At last to gain the prize.

418 ATTEMPT HIS PRAISE.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK. (LUTON. L. M.) GEORGE BURDER.

1. Come, O my soul, in sacred lays Attempt thy great Cre - a-tor's praise;
2. Enthroned amid the radiant spheres, He glory like a garment wears;
3. Raised on devotion's lofty wing, Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;

But O what tongue can speak his fame! What mortal verse de-clare his name!
To form a robe of light divine, Ten thousand suns around him shine.
And let his praise employ thy tongue Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

419 UNSEEN BUT KNOWN.

RAY PALMER. (BEATITUDO. C. M.) J. B. DYKES.

1. Je-sus, these eyes have never seen That radiant form of Thine;
2. I see Thee not, I hear Thee not, Yet art Thou oft with me;
3. Like some bright dream that comes unsought, When slumbers o'er me roll,
4. Yet tho' I have not seen, and still Must rest in faith a - lone,

The vail of sense hangs dark between Thy blessed face and mine.
And earth has ne'er so dear a spot, As where I meet with Thee.
Thine im age ev - er fills my tho't, And charms my ravished soul.
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will, Un-seen, but not unknown.

420 ENDLESS LOVE.

(GRATITUDE. L. M.) BOST.

1. My God! how end-less is thy love! Thy gifts are ev - 'ry evening new;
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
3. I yield my pow'rs to thy command; To thee I con-se-crate my days;

And morning mer-cies from a-bove, Gen-tly dis-til, like ear - ly dew.
Thy sov'reign word restores the light, And quickens all my drow-sy pow'rs.
Per-pet-ual bless-ings, from thy hand, Demand per-pet-ual songs of praise.

421 THE BEST OF DAYS.

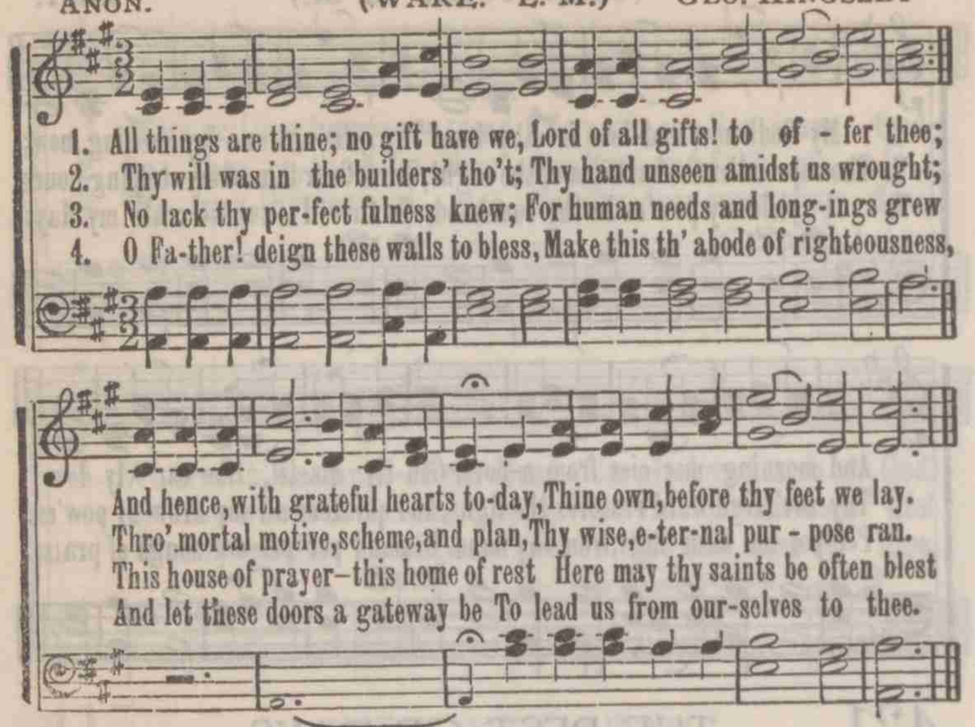
REV. J. ELLERTON. (SCHUMANN. S. M.) SCHUMANN.

1. This is the day of rest: Our failing strength re-new;
2. This is the day of peace: Thy peace our spir-its fill;
3. This is the day of pray'r: Let earth to heav'n draw near;
4. This is the best of days: Send forth thy quick'ning breath,

On weary brain and troubled breast Shed thou thy fresh'ning dew.
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease, The waves of strife be still.
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there; Come down to meet us here.
And wake dead souls to love and praise, O Vanquisher of death!

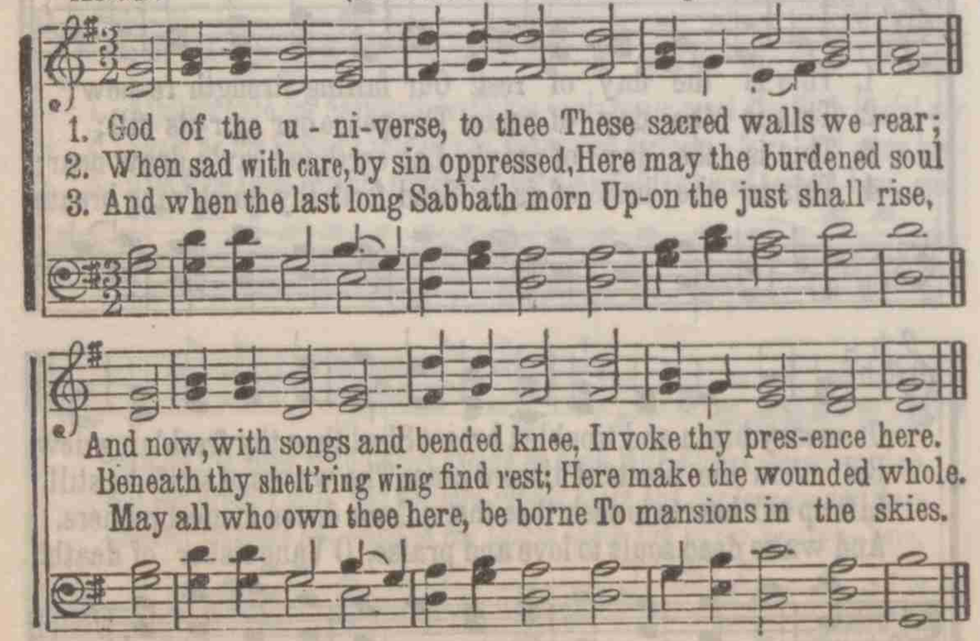
422 ALL THINGS ARE THINE.

ANON. (WARE. L. M.) GEO. KINGSLEY



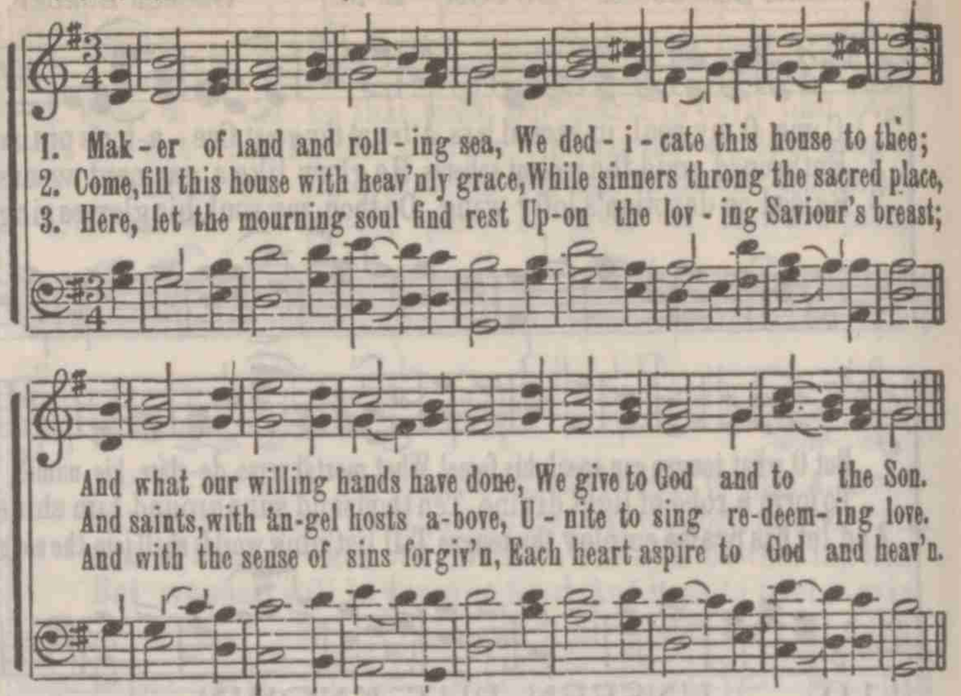
423 THY PRESENCE HERE.

ANON. (MARLOW C. M.) JOHN CHETHAM.



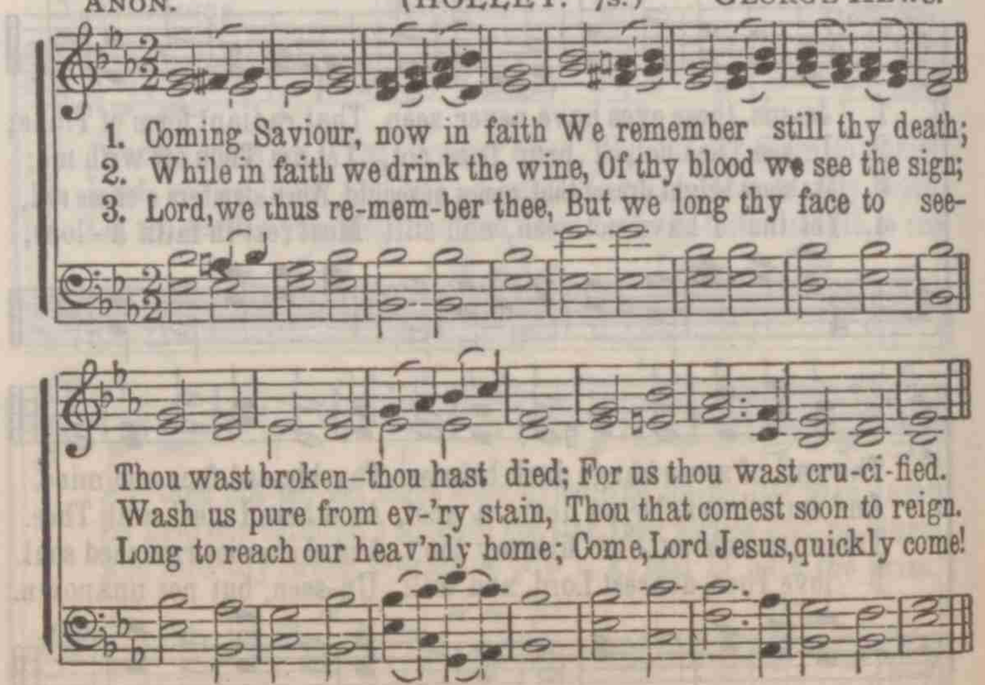
424 WE DEDICATE TO THEE.

D. C. EDDY. (ANGELS. L. M.) O. GIBBONS.



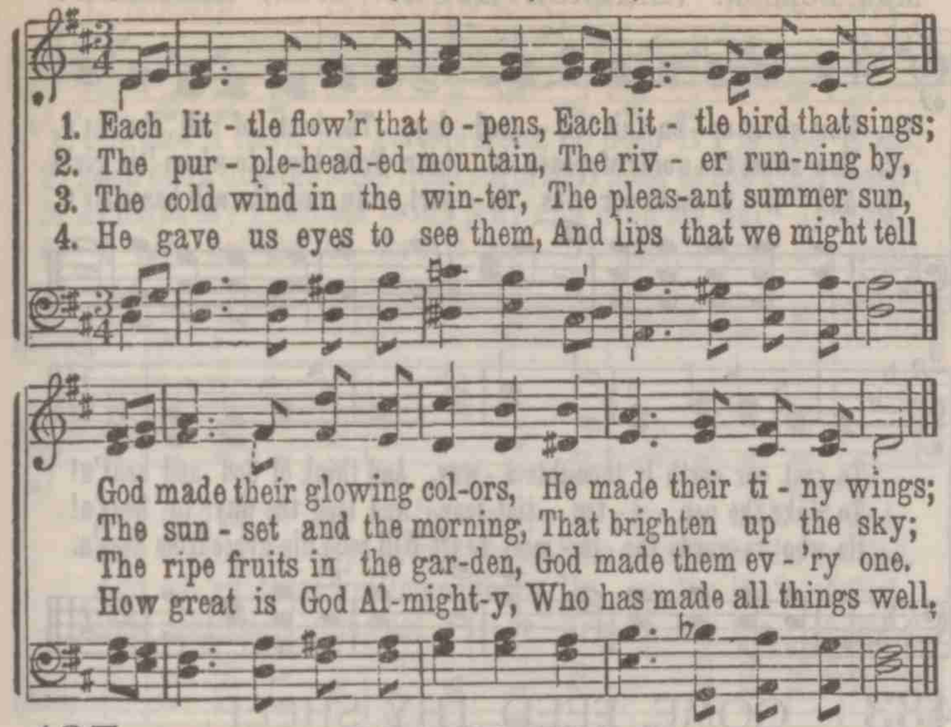
425 COMING SAVIOUR.

ANON. (HOLLEY. 7S.) GEORGE HEWS.



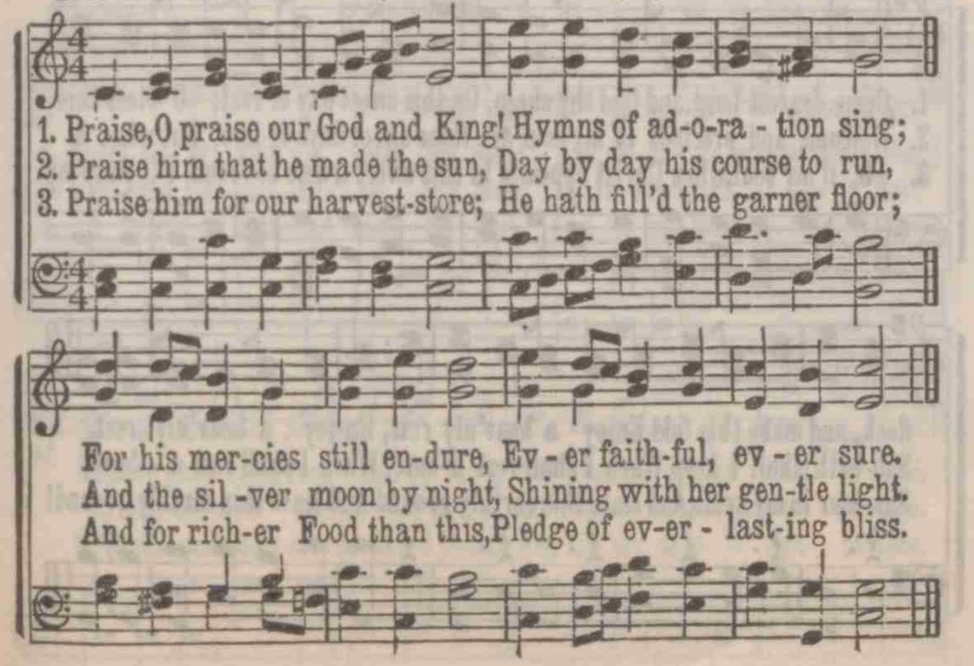
426 GOD MADE THEM.

CECIL ALEXANDER. (EDEN. 7s & 6s.) ST. ALBAN'S.



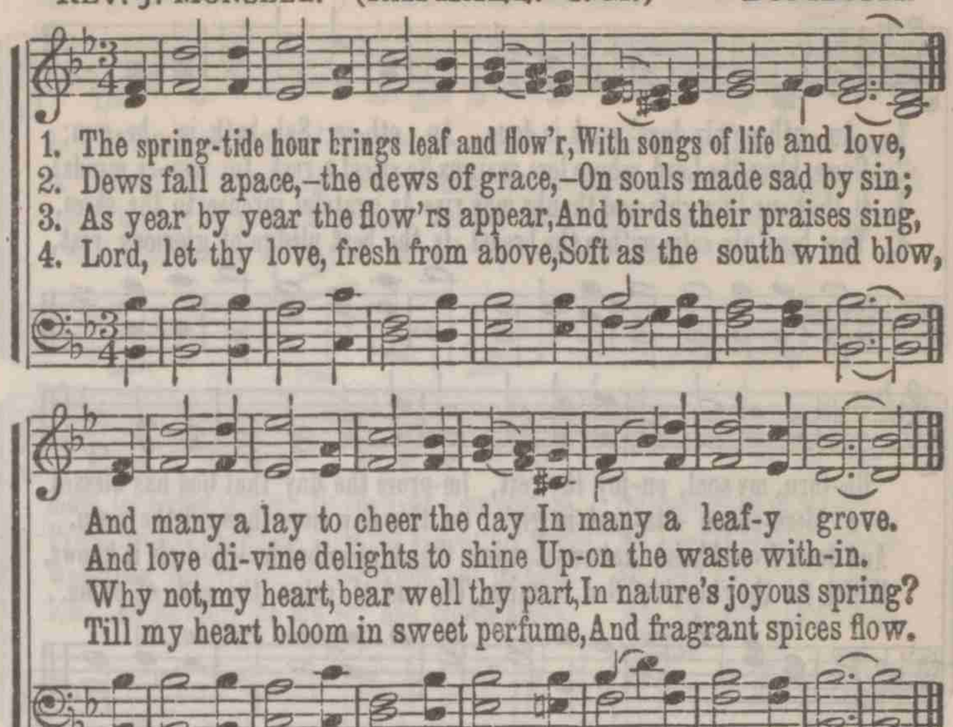
427 PRAISE HIM.

SIR HENRY BAKER. (MONKLAND. 7s.) ARRANGED.



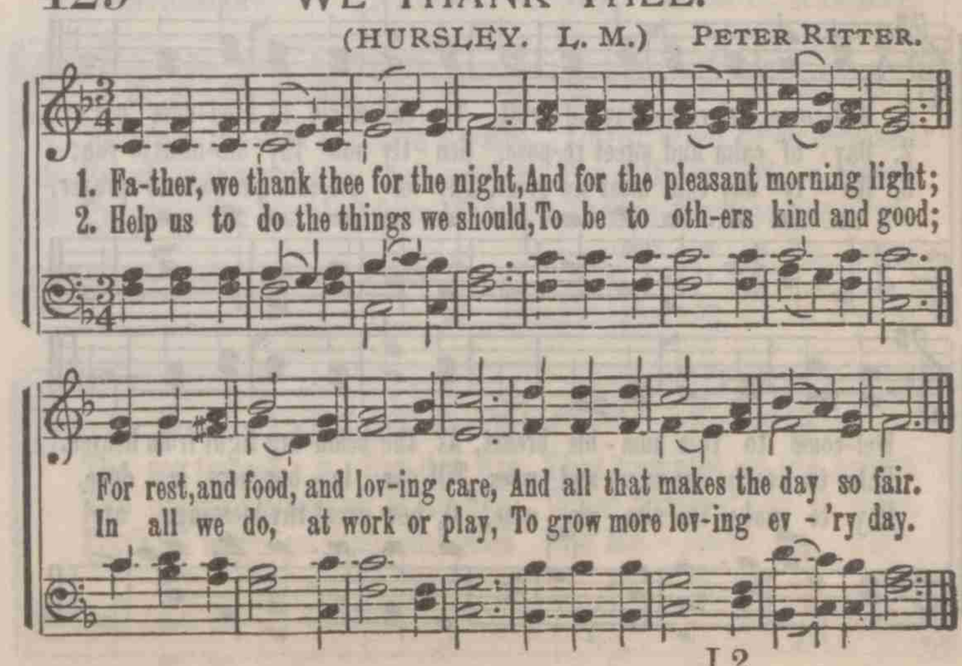
428 THE SPRING-TIDE.

REV. J. MONSELL. (RAPHAEL. C. M.) DONIZETTI.



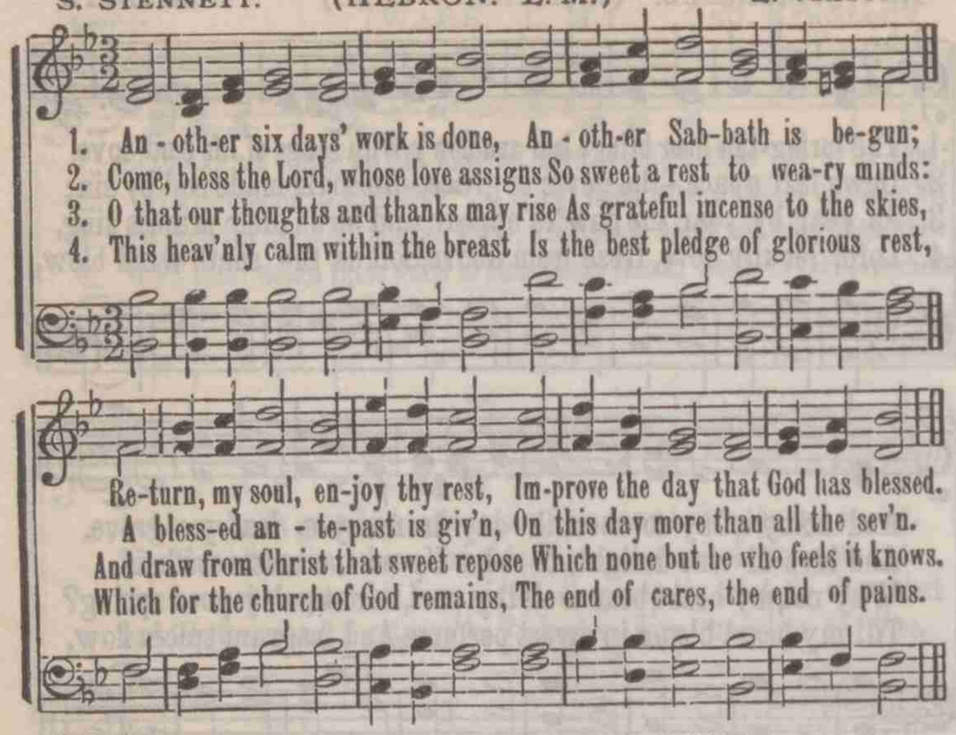
429 WE THANK THEE.

(HURSLEY. L. M.) PETER RITTER.



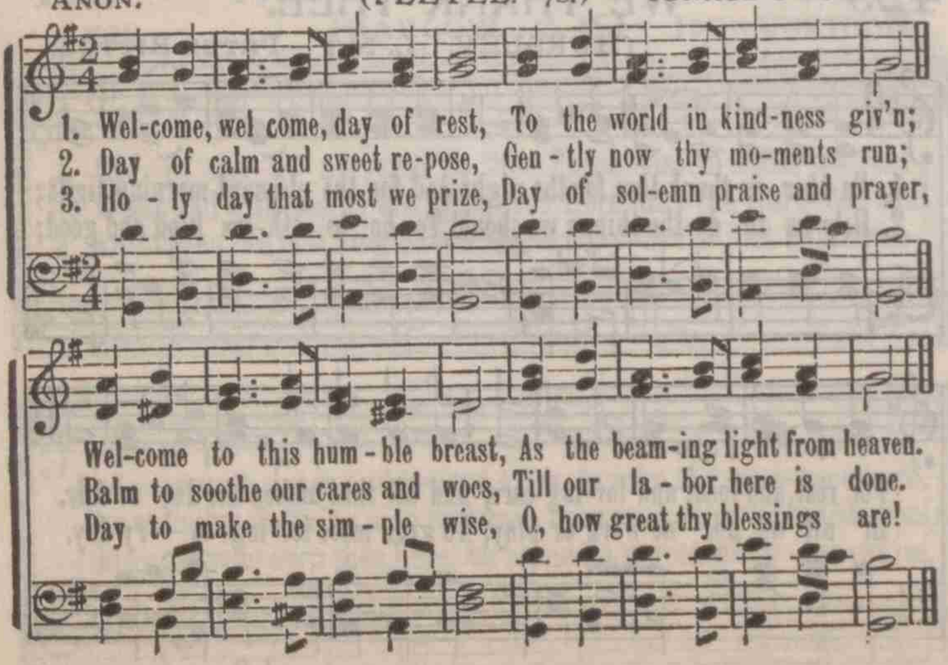
430 ANOTHER SIX DAYS' WORK.

S. STENNETT. (HEBRON. L. M.) L. MASON.



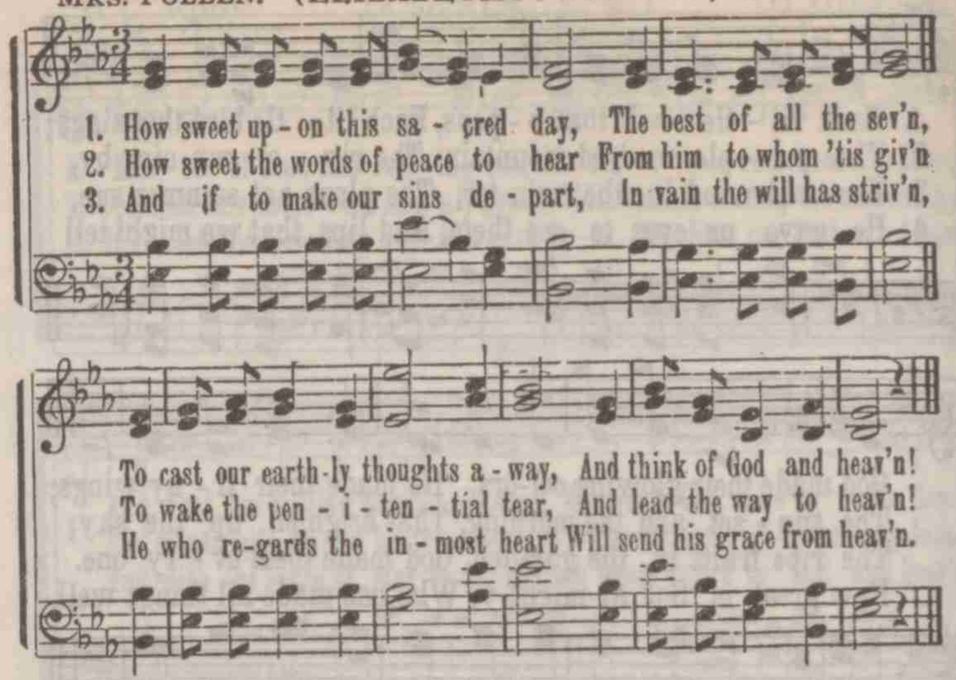
431 WELCOME, WELCOME.

ANON. (PLEYEL. 7S.) IGNACE PLEYEL.



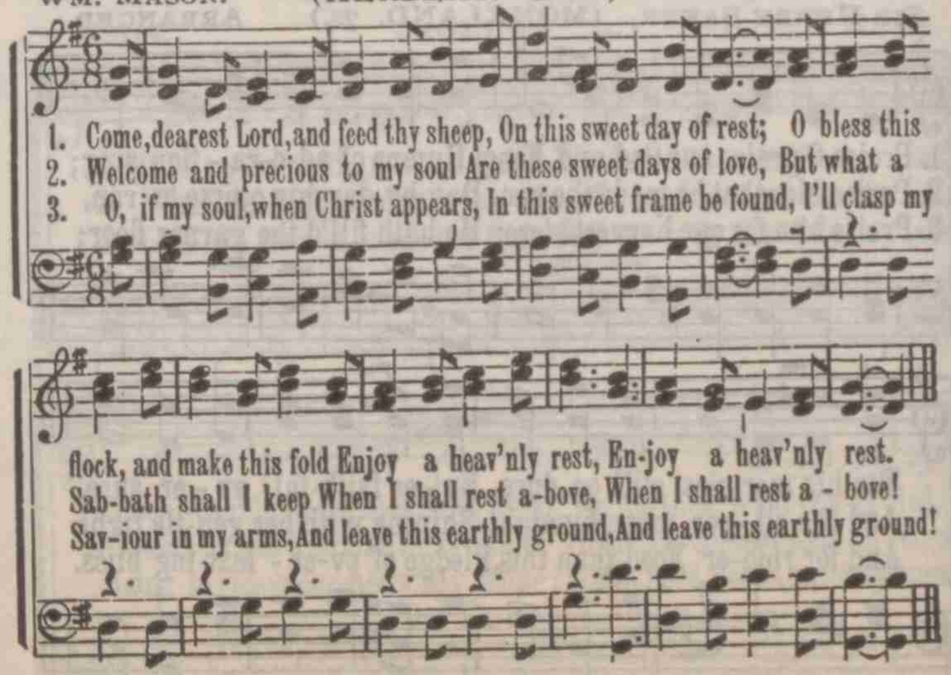
432 HOW SWEET!

MRS. FOLLEN. (ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.) KINGSLEY.



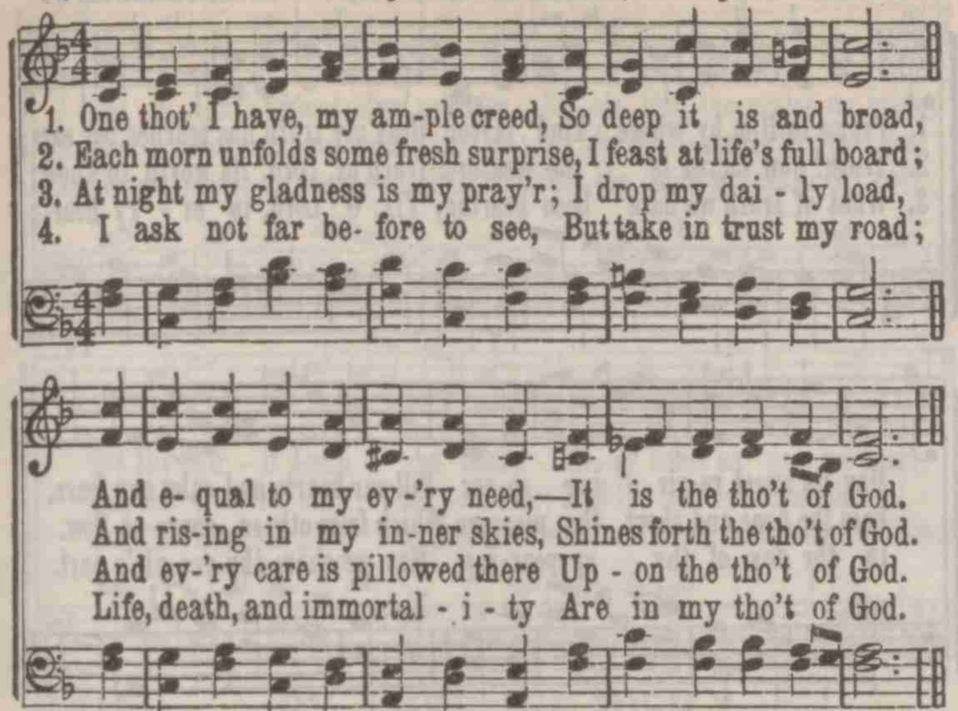
433 COME, FEED THY SHEEP.

WM. MASON. (HERBERT. C. M.) L. MASON.



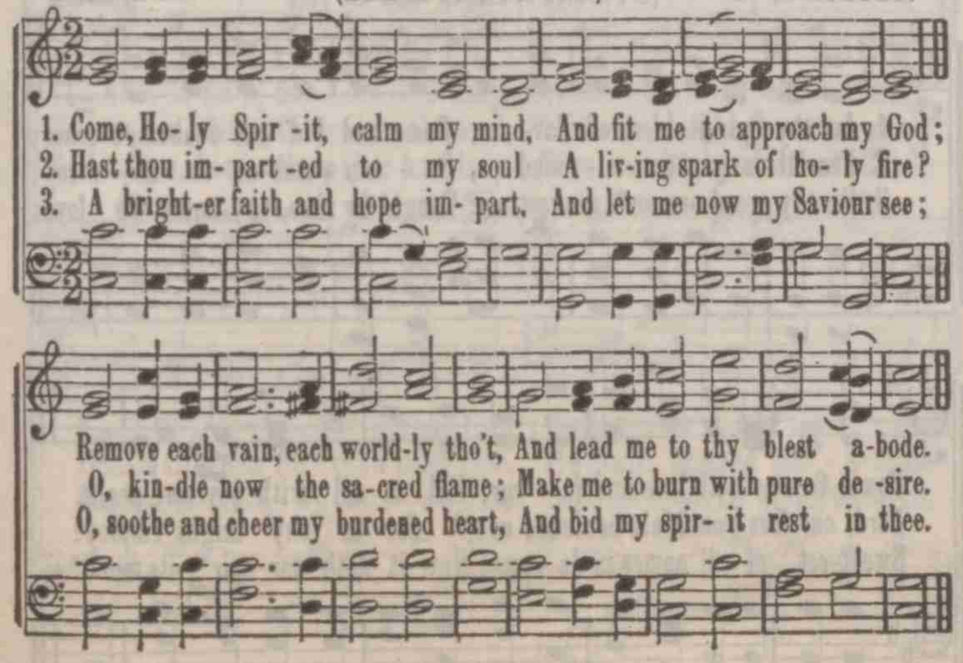
434 THE THOUGHT OF GOD

F. L. HOSMER. (ST. JOHN'S. C. M.) JAMES TURLE.



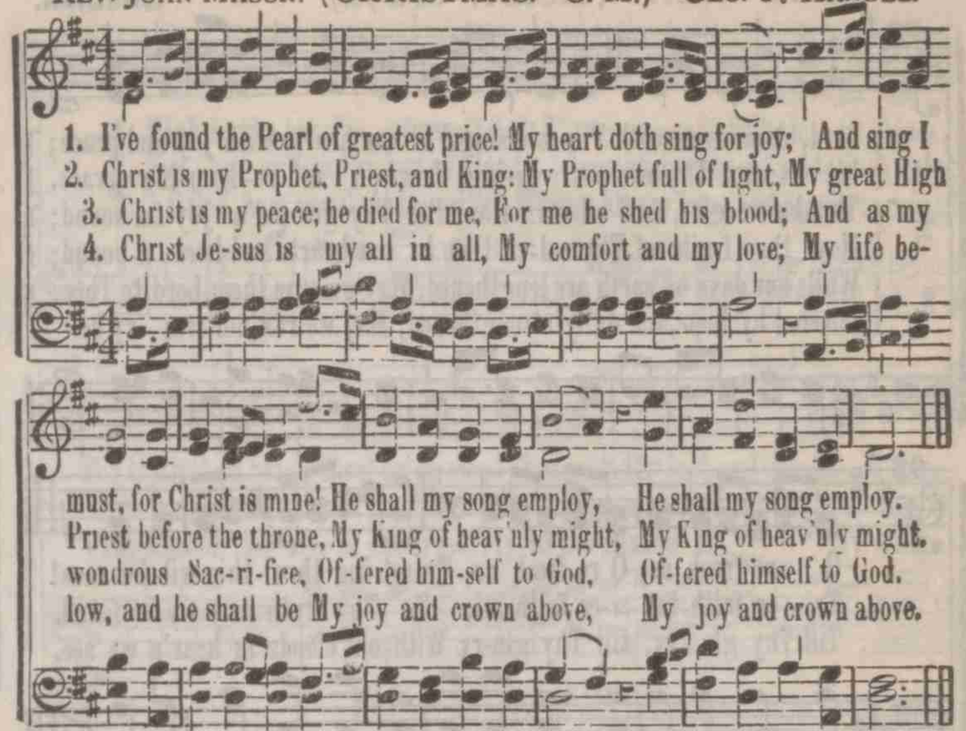
435 CALM MY MIND.

STEWART. (ZEPHYR. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.



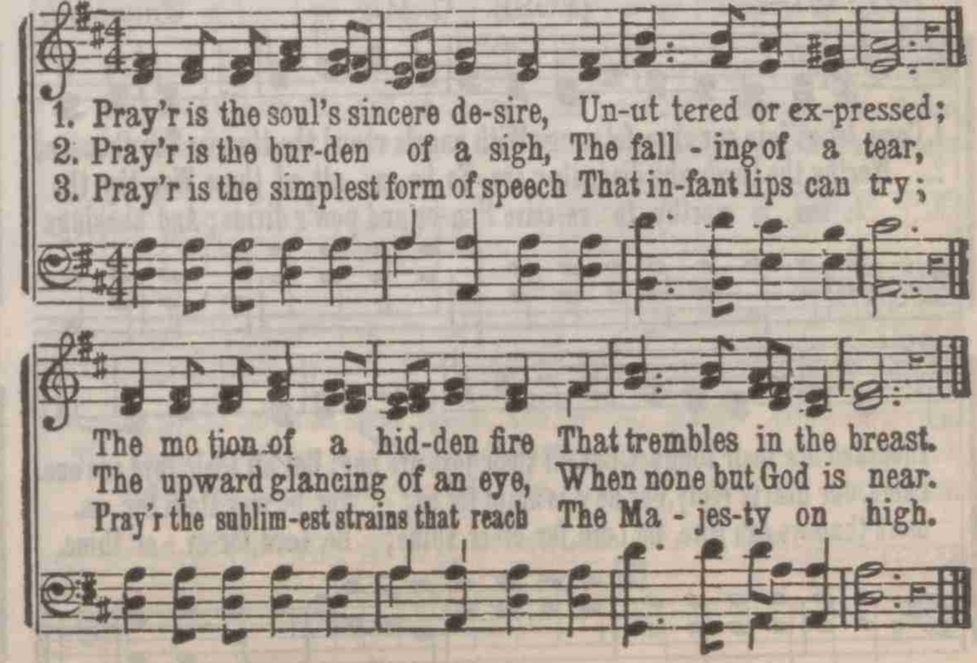
436 I'VE FOUND THE PEARL.

REV. JOHN MASON. (CHRISTMAS. C. M.) GEO. F. HANDEL.



437 PRAYER.

J. MONTGOMERY. (NAOMI. C. M.) HANS G. NAEGELI.



438 LORD, DISMISS US.

FAWCETT & KELLY. (SICILY. 8s & 7s.) SICILIAN.

1. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
   Let us each Thy love pos-sess-ing, Triumph in re-deem-ing grace.
2. Thanks we give, and ad-o-ra-tion, For Thy gos pel's joy-ful sound;
   May the fruits of Thy sal-va-tion In our hearts and lives a-bound;
3. While our days on earth are lengthened, May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
   Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened, May we run, nor wea - ry be.

O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Travel-ing thro' this wil-der-ness!
Ev - er faith-ful, ev-er faith-ful, To Thy truth may we be found.
Till Thy glo - ry, till Thy glo-ry With-out clouds in heav'n we see.

439[355] JOIN OUR SONGS.

ISAAC WATTS. (ROSE. C. M.) UNKNOWN.

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne; Ten thousand
2. Worthy the Lamb who died, they cry, To be ex - alt-ed thus; Wor-thy the
3. Je-sus is worthy to re-ceive Hon-or and pow'r divine; And blessings

thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one; But all their joys are one.
Lamb, our hearts reply, For he was slain for us; For he was slain for us.
more than we can give, Be, Lord, for-ev-er thine; Be, Lord, for-ev - er thine.

440[356] PRAISE FOR TRUTH.

ANON. (HOPE. 8s & 7s.) MENDELSSOHN.

1. Praise to Him by whose kind fa-vor Heav'nly truth has reached our ears;
2. Truth! how sacred is the treasure! Teach us, Lord, its worth to know;
3. What of truth we have been hearing, Fix, O Lord, in ev - 'ry heart;

May its sweet re-viv - ing sa-vor Fill our hearts and calm our fears.
Vain the hope, and short the pleasure Which from oth-er sourc-es flow.
In the day of thy ap-pear-ing May we share thy peo-ple's part.

441[577] BID OUR DOUBTINGS CEASE.

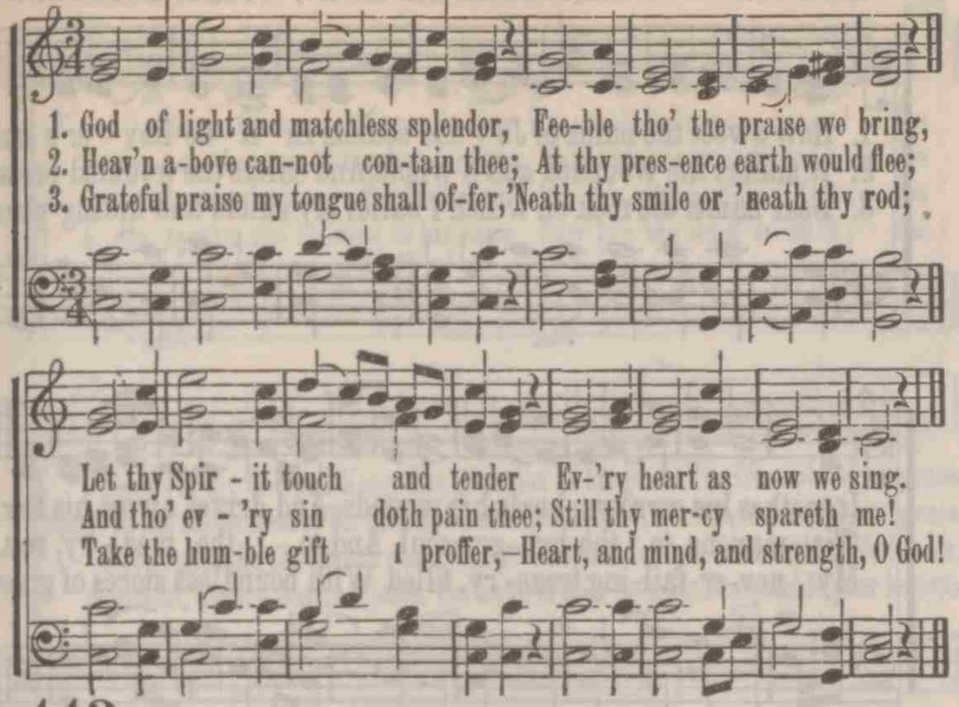
ANON. (STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.) JONES.

1. Let thy Spir-it, bless-ed Sav-iour, Come and bid our doubtings cease;
2. Fearful dangers are a - round us, Sa - tan watch-es to de - stroy;
3. On thy word our souls are resting; Taught by thee, thy name we love;

Come, O come with love and fa - vor, Fill us all with joy and peace.
Lord, our foes would fain confound us; O for us thy might employ!
Sweet-est of all names is Je - sus; How it doth our spir - its move!

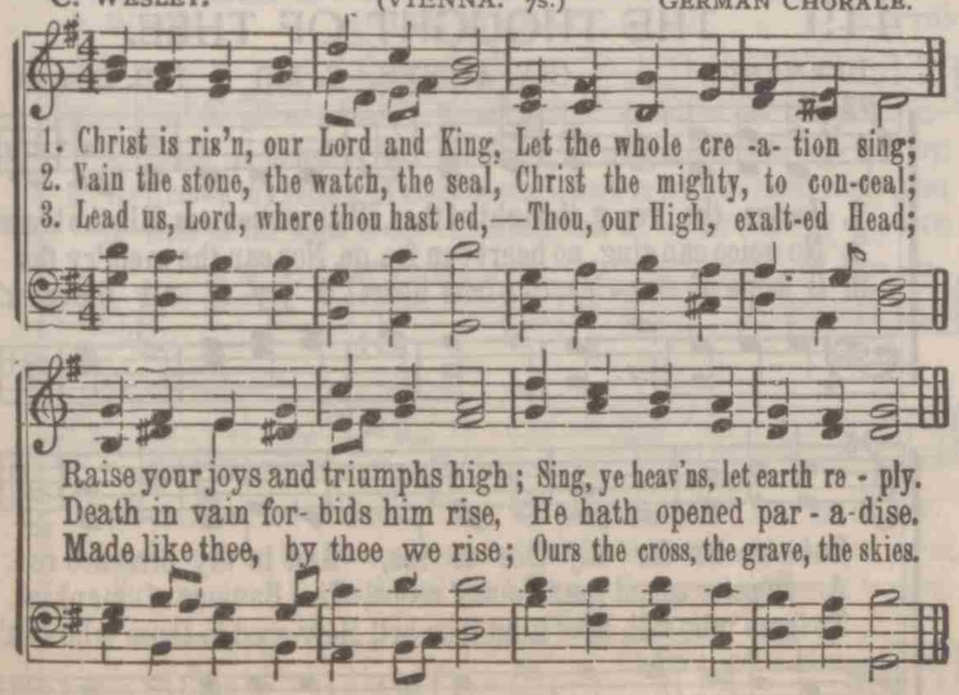
442 GOD OF LIGHT.

F. E. BELDEN. (RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.) I. CONKEY.



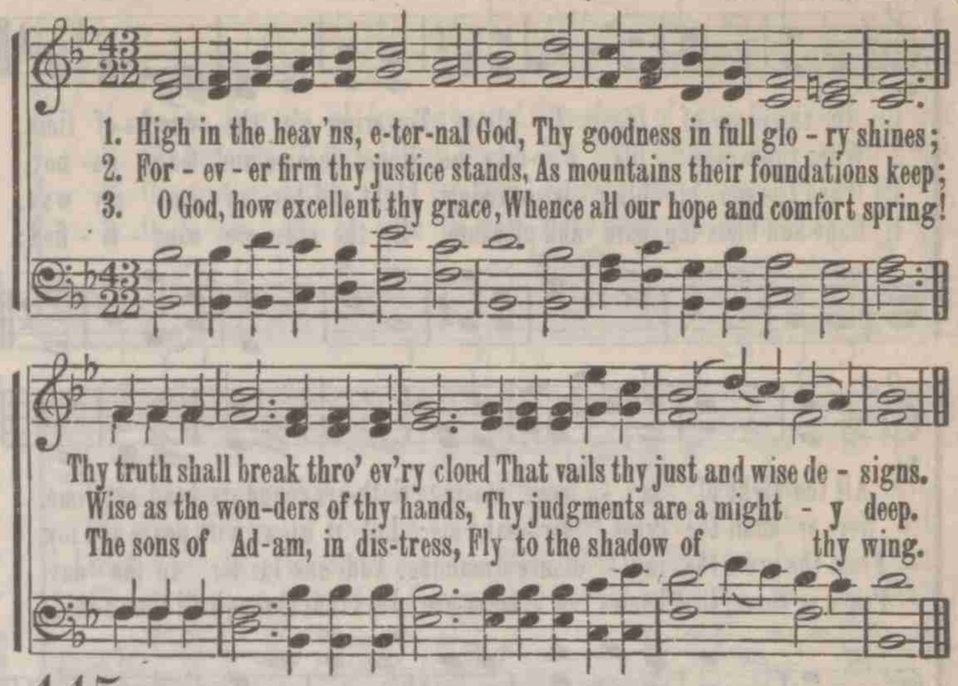
443 BY THEE WE RISE.

C. WESLEY. (VIENNA. 7s.) GERMAN CHORALE.



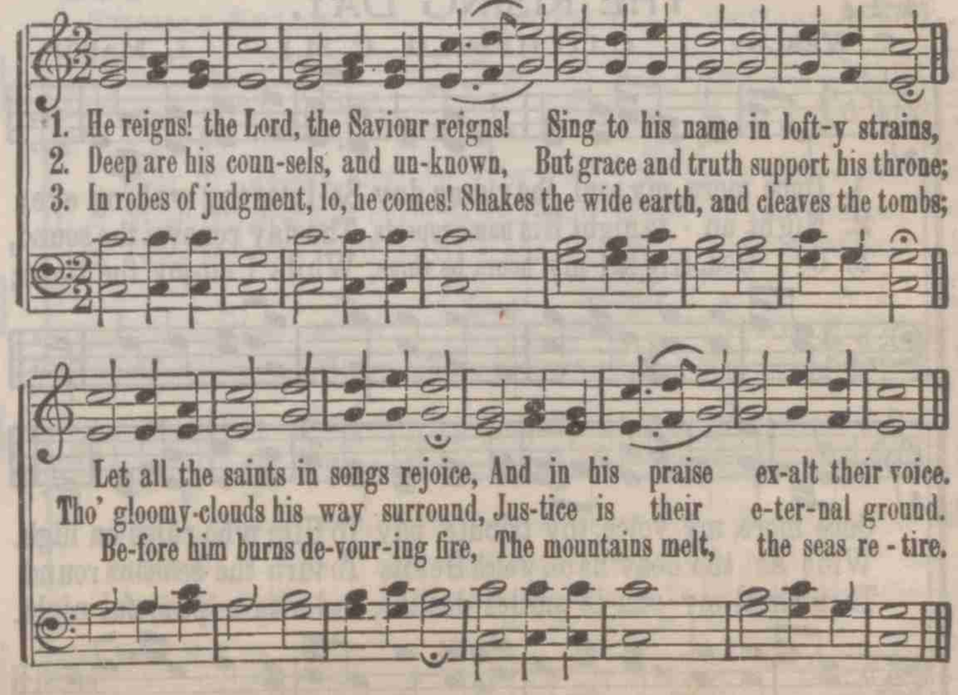
444 HIGH IN THE HEAVENS.

ISAAC WATTS. (AMES. L. M.) S. NEUKOMN.



445 HE REIGNS!

ISAAC WATTS. (SESSIONS. L. M.) L. O. EMERSON.



446 IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

Sir JOHN BOWRING. (RATHBUN. 8s. 7s.) ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive and fears an- noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto-ry, Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev- er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming, Adds new lus-ter to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure, Joys that through all time a- bide.

447 THE RISING DAY.

C. WESLEY. (LITCHFIELD. C. M.) L. MASON.

1. Once more, my soul, the rising day Sa-lutes thy waking eye;
2. Night un - to night His name repeats, The day renews the sound,
3. O God, may all my hours be thine, While I en-joy the light;

Once more, my voice, thy tribute, pay To Him who rules on high.
Wide as the heav'ns on which He sits To turn the seasons round.
Then shall my sun in smiles decline, And bring a peaceful night.

448 HOW SWEET THE NAME!

NEWTON. (HOWARD. C. M.) MRS. CUTHBERT.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be-liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast;
3. Dear name! the rock on which I build! My shield and hiding-place!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.
'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.
My nev-er-fail-ing treas-'ry, filled With boundless stores of grace!

449 THE THOUGHT OF THEE.

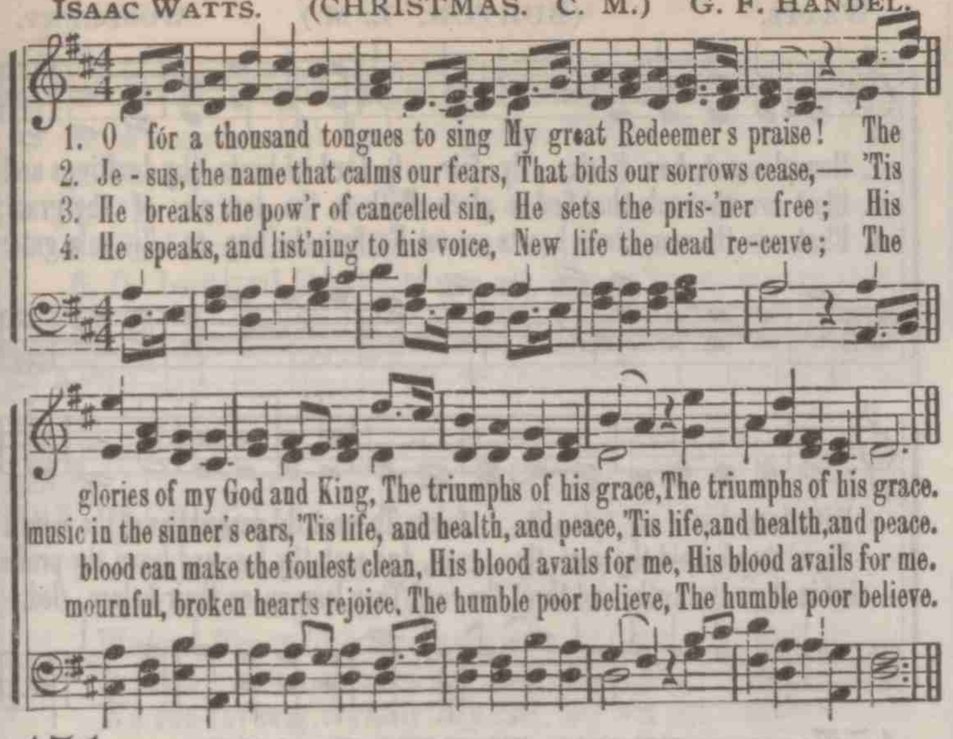
BERNARD. (ST. AGNES. C. M.) J. B. DYKES.

1. Je-sus, the ver-y thought of thee, With sweetness fills the breast;
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem'ry find
3. O hope of ev - 'ry con-trite heart! O joy of all the meek!

But sweeter far thy face to see, And in thy presence rest.
A sweeter sound than Je-sus' name, The Saviour of mankind.
To those who fall, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek!

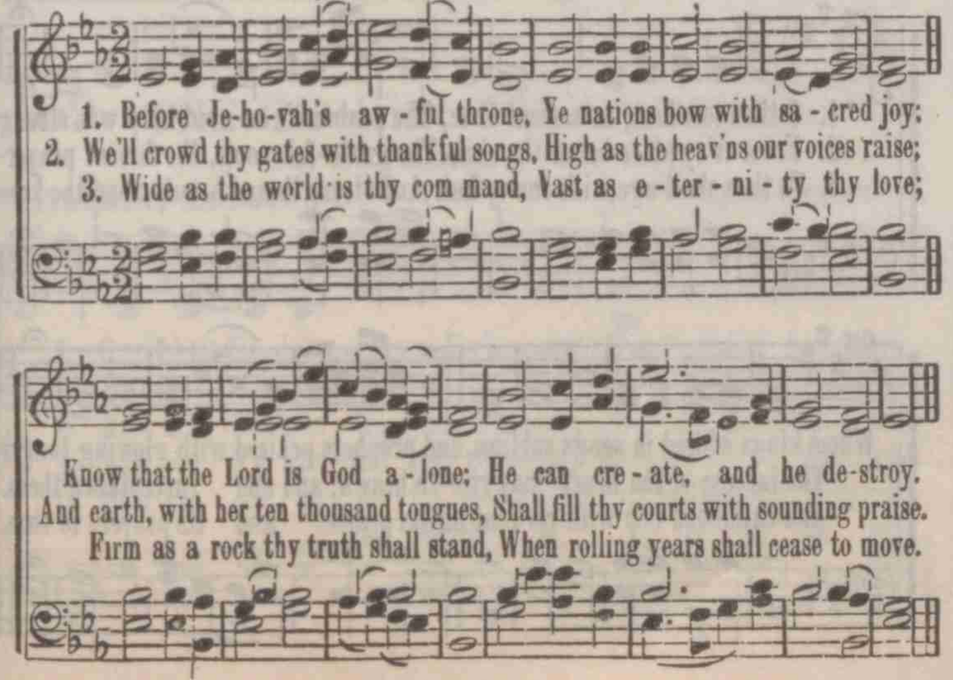
450 A THOUSAND TONGUES.

ISAAC WATTS. (CHRISTMAS. C. M.) G. F. HANDEL.



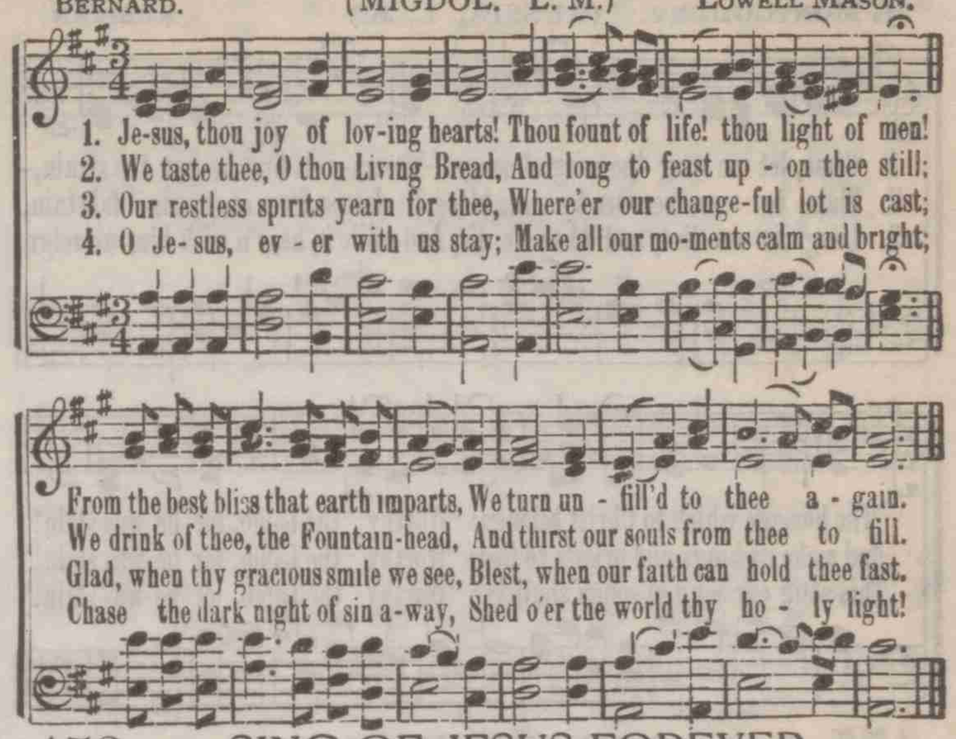
451 BEFORE JEHOVAH'S THRONE.

I. WATTS. (DUKE STREET. L. M.) HATTON.

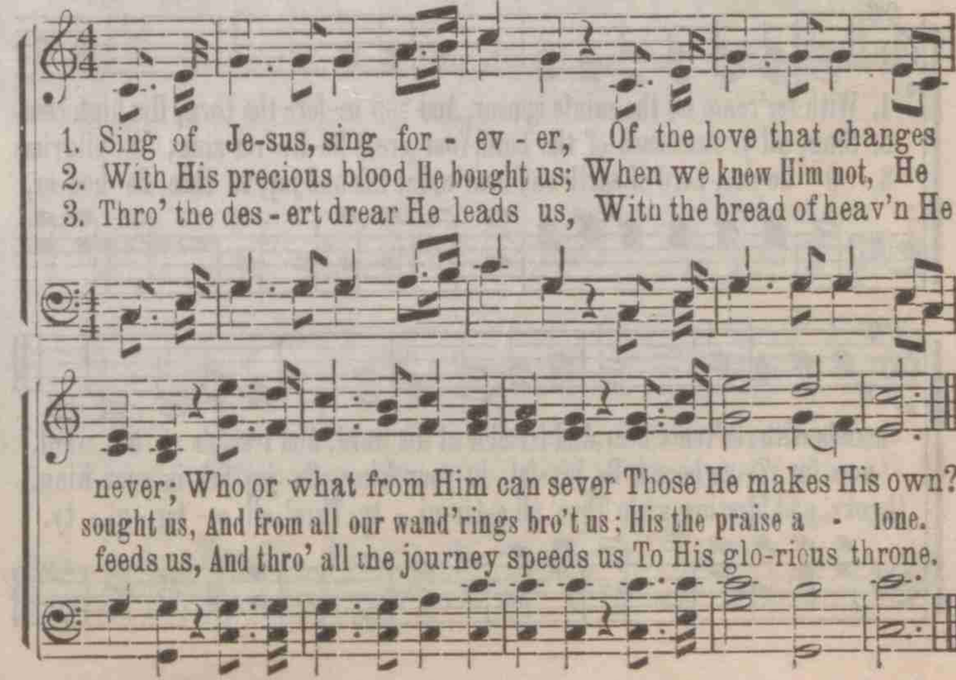


452 JOY OF LOVING HEARTS.

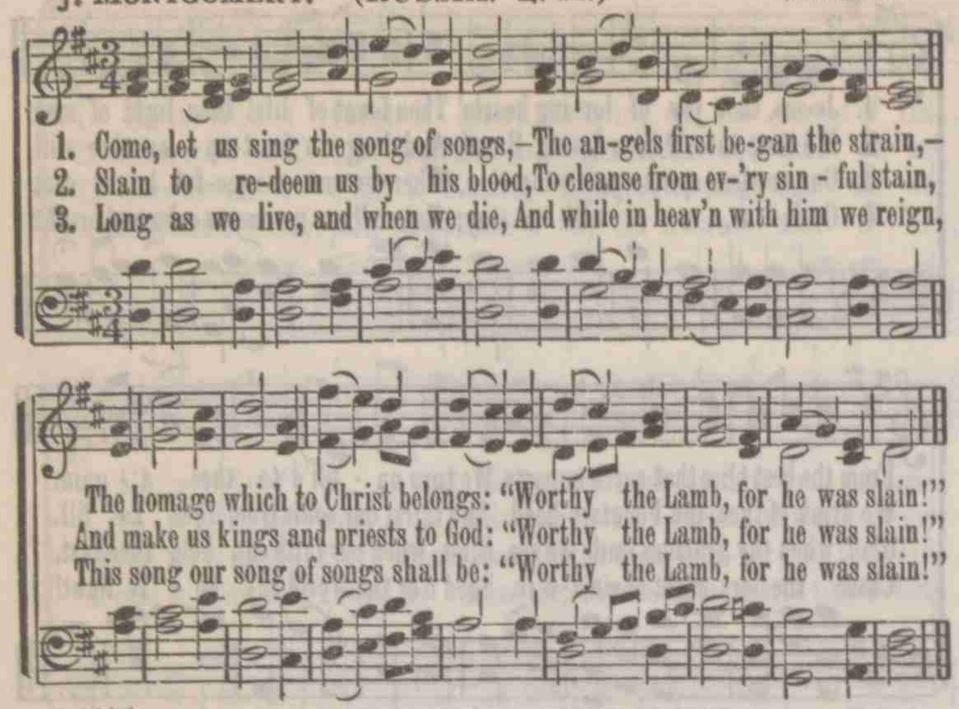
BERNARD. (MIGDOL. L. M.) LOWELL MASON.



453 SING OF JESUS FOREVER.

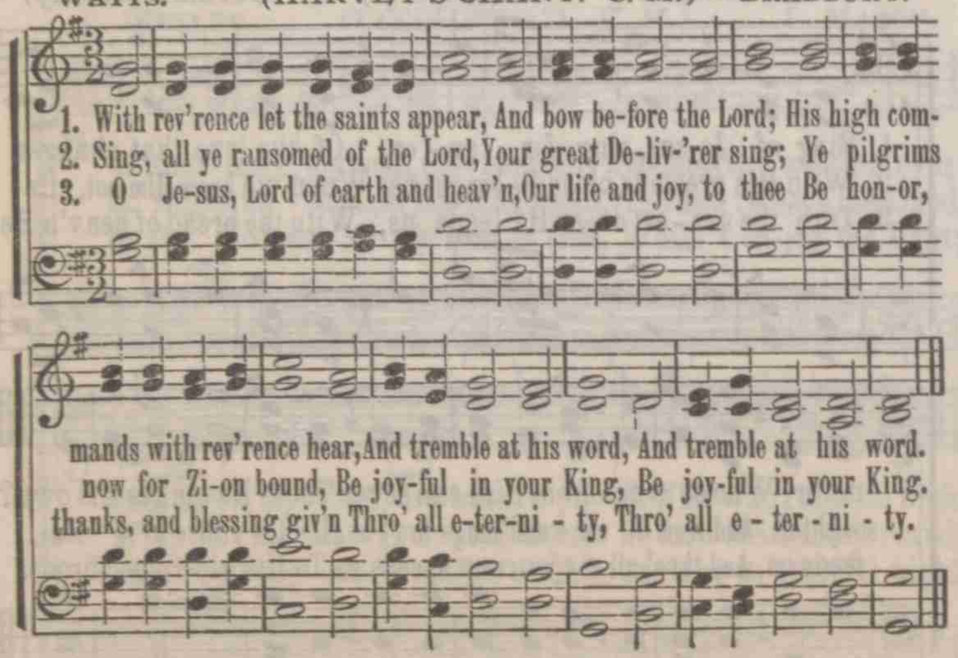
THOMAS KELLY. (8, 8, 8, 4.) German Melody.

454 COME, LET US SING.

J. MONTGOMERY. (RUSSIA. L. M.) RUSSIAN.



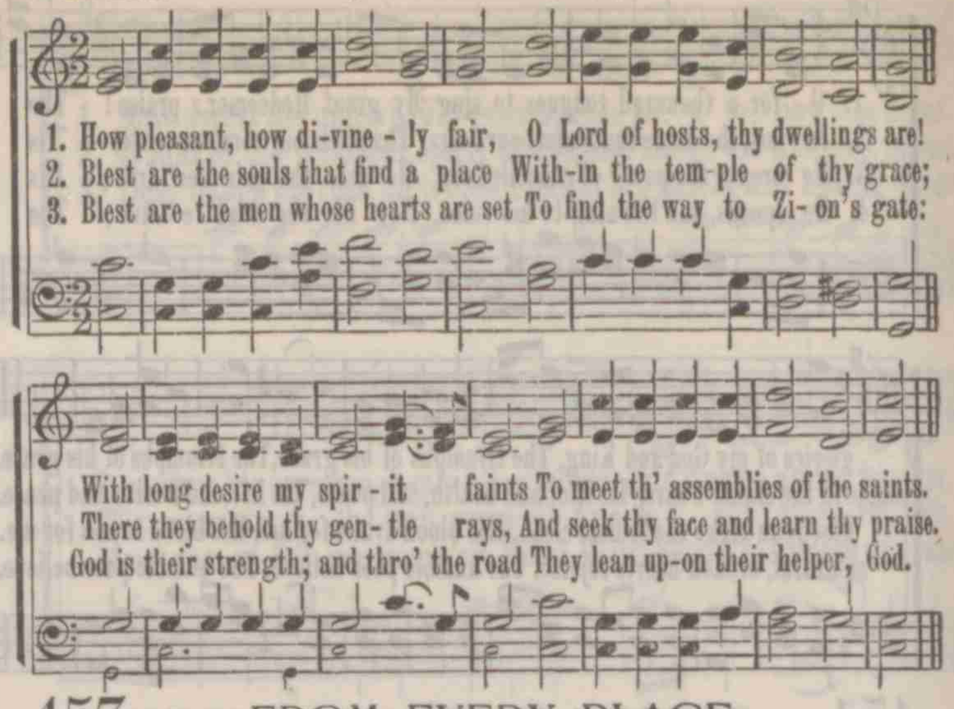
455 WITH REVERENCE.

WATTS. (HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M.) BRADBURY.



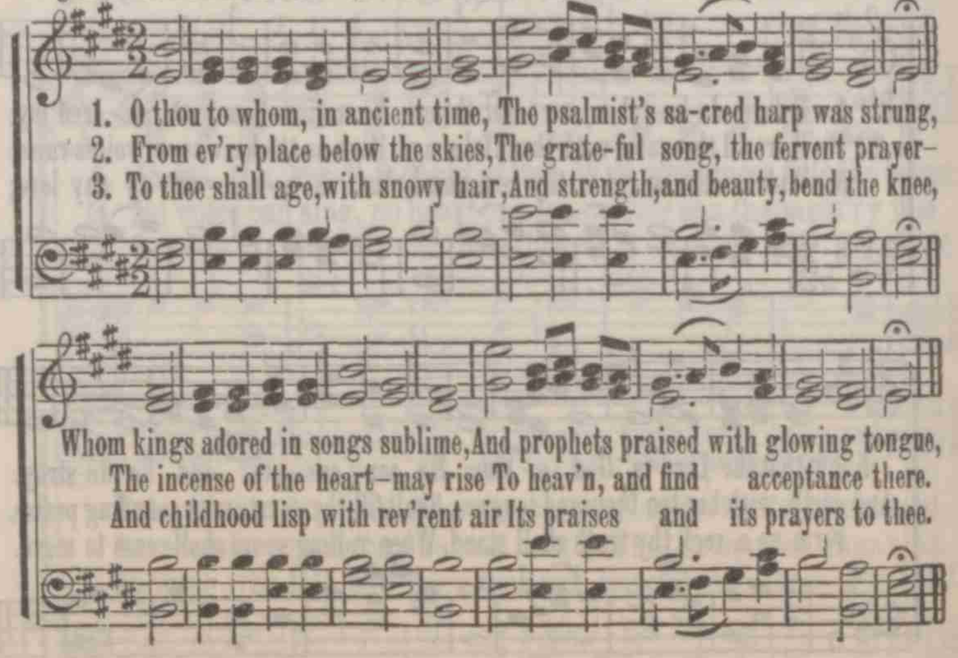
456 HOW PLEASANT.

WATTS. (BURTON. L. M.) WOODBURY.



457 FROM EVERY PLACE.

JOHN PIERPONT. (WARREN. L. M.) V. C. TAYLOR.



458 A PRESENT HELP.

WHITTIER. (SERENITY. C. M.) WM. WALLACE.

1. We may not climb the heav'nly steeps, To bring the Saviour down;
2. But warm, sweet, tender, e - ven yet A pres-ent help is He;
3. The heal-ing of the seamless dress Is by our beds of pain;
4. Thro' Him the first fond pray'rs are said, Our lips of child-hood frame;
5. O Lord and Mas-ter of us all, What-e'er our name or sign,

In vain we search the lowest deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
And faith has yet its Ol - i - vet, And love, its Gal-i - lee.
We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole again.
The last low whispers of our dead Are burdened with His name.
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine!

459 THE COMFORTER WITH US.

(ST. CUTHBERT. 8. 6, 8, 4.)

HARRIET AUBER. J. B. DYKES.

1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der last fare-
2. He came sweet in-fluence to im-part, A gra-cious, will-ing
3. And His that gen - tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of
4. And ev - 'ry vir - tue we pos-sess, And ev - 'ry vic- t'ry
5. Spir - it of pu - ri - ty and grace. Our weakness, pitying,

well, A Guide, a Com-fort-er, bequeathed With us to dwell.
guest, While He can find one humble heart Wherein to rest.
ev'n, That checks the wrong, that calms the fear, And speaks of heav'n.
won, And ev- 'ry tho't of ho - li-ness Are His a - lone.
see; O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place, Till all like Thee.

460 SWEETLY THE HOLY HYMN.

(GREENWOOD. S. M.)

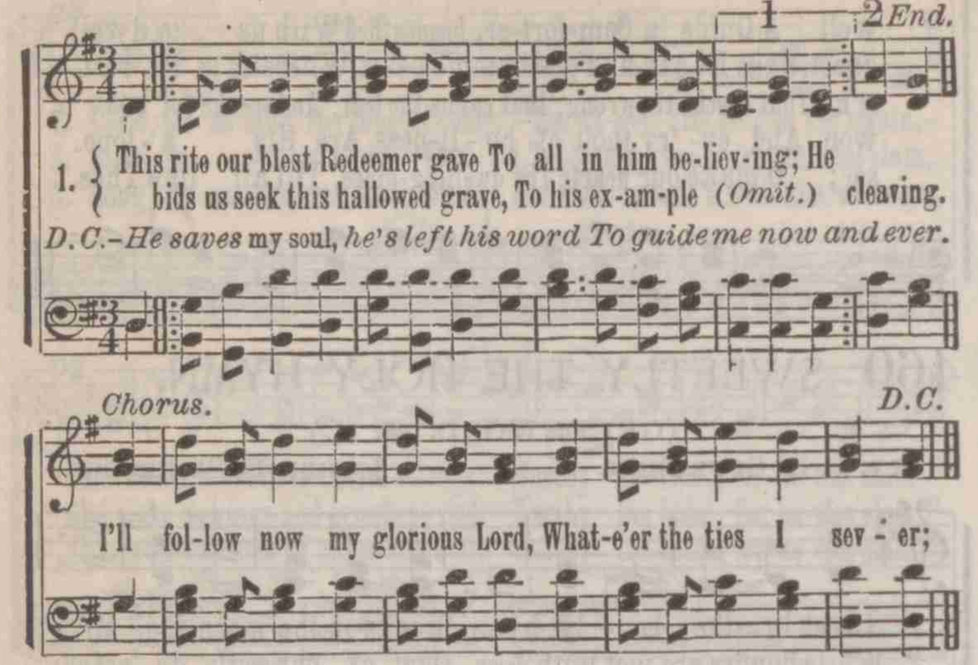
Rev. C. H. SPURGEON. JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.

1. Sweet-ly the ho - ly hymn Breaks on the morn-ing air:
2. While flow'rs are wet with dews. Dew of our souls, de - scend;
3. Up - on the bat - tle - field, Be - fore the fight be - gins,
4. On the lone moun-tain side, Be - fore the morning's light,
5. Oh, hear us then, for we Are ver - y weak and frail,

Be-fore the world with smoke is dim, We meet to of - fer prayer.
Ere yet the sun the day re-news, O Lord, Thy Spir-it send.
We seek, O Lord, Thy shelt'ring shield, To guard us from our sins.
The Man of sorrows wept and cried, And rose refreshed with might.
We make the Saviour's name our plea, And sure- ly must pre-vail.

461 HIS EXAMPLE.

ANON. (SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s. P.) G. F. ROOT.

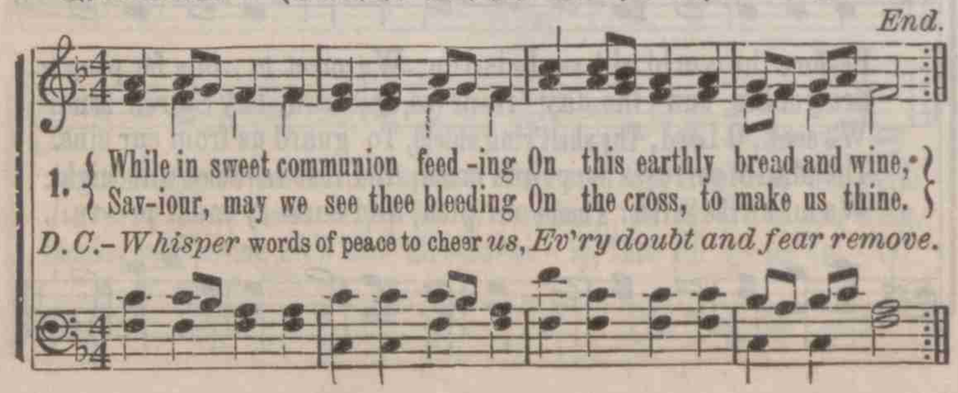
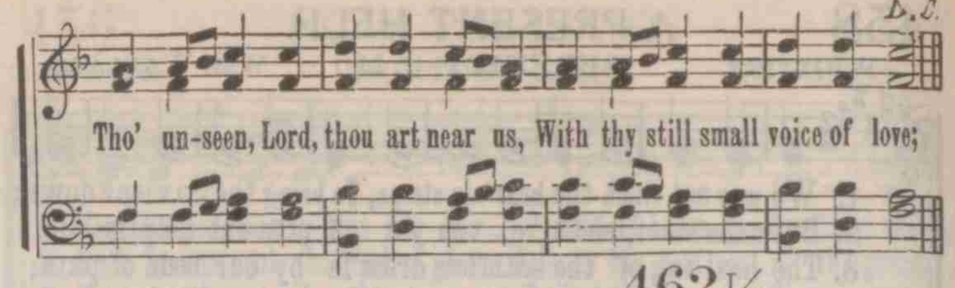


2 For me the cross and shame to bear,
Dear Saviour, thou wast willing;
Nor would I shrink thy yoke to wear,
All righteousness fulfilling.

3 Jesus to thee we yield our all;
In thy kind arms enfold us;
Our hearts are fixed,—no fears appall,
Thy gracious power shall hold us.

462 IN SWEET COMMUNION.

E. DENNY. (GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. D.) ROUSSEAU.



2 Bring before us all the story
Of thy life, and death of woe;
And, with hopes of endless glory,
Wean our hearts from all below.
Draw us nearer and still nearer
To thy pierc'd and bleeding side,
Till our view of self grows clearer
In the light of Him who died.

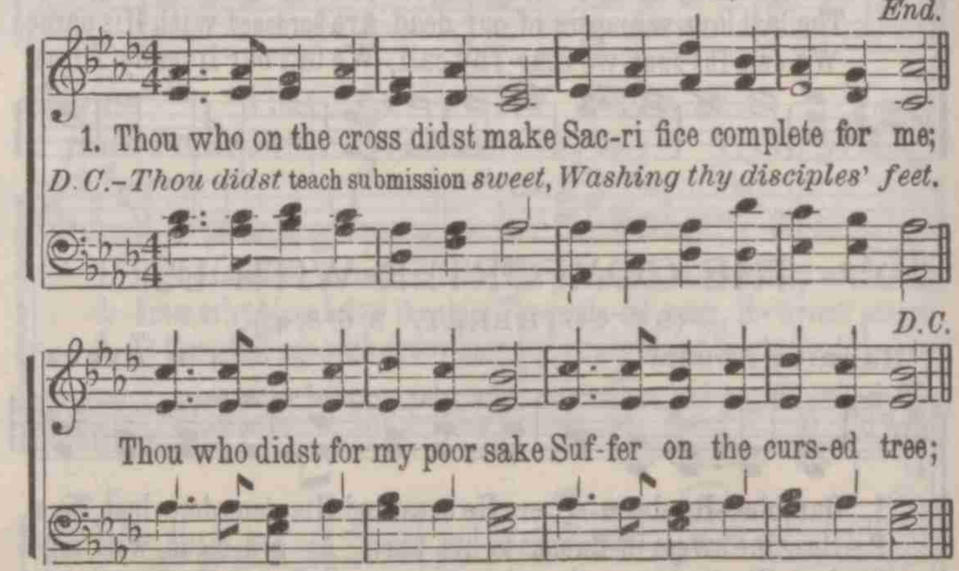
462½

1 From the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.
His example while beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

ANON.

463 SUBMISSION SWEET.

MRS. STUTTLE. (SPANISH HYMN. 7s. 6L.) SPANISH.



2 O my soul! and shalt thou scorn
Thus to do as He hath done?–
Thou a wretched, dying worm:
He the blessed, sinless One!–
Gladly would I wash his feet,
Bowing in submission sweet.

3 Such a joy may not be mine,
Thus to prove my love for thee;
Such a privilege divine
Thou hast never given me;
But, in blest submission sweet,
Kneel I at thy servant's feet.

464 HIS MERCY ENDURETH.

(Psalm 136.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

Choir.

1 O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good;
2. O give thanks to the Lord of lords:
3. To Him that by wisdom made the heavens:
4. To Him that made great lights:
5. Who remembered us in our low estate:
6. Who giveth food to all flesh:

Choir and Congregation.

for His mer - cy en - dur - eth for - ev - er.

Choir.

O give thanks unto the God of gods:
To Him who alone doeth great wonders:
To Him that stretched out the earth above the waters:
The sun to rule by day: the moon and stars to rule by night:
And hath redeemed us from our enemies:
O give thanks unto the God of heaven:

Choir and Congregation. (*Final.*)

for His mer - cy en - dur - eth for - ev - er. A - men.

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465 GLORY BE TO THE FATHER.

No. 1.

GREGORIAN.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men.

466

No. 2.

CHARLES MEINEKE.

Glo ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen, A-men.

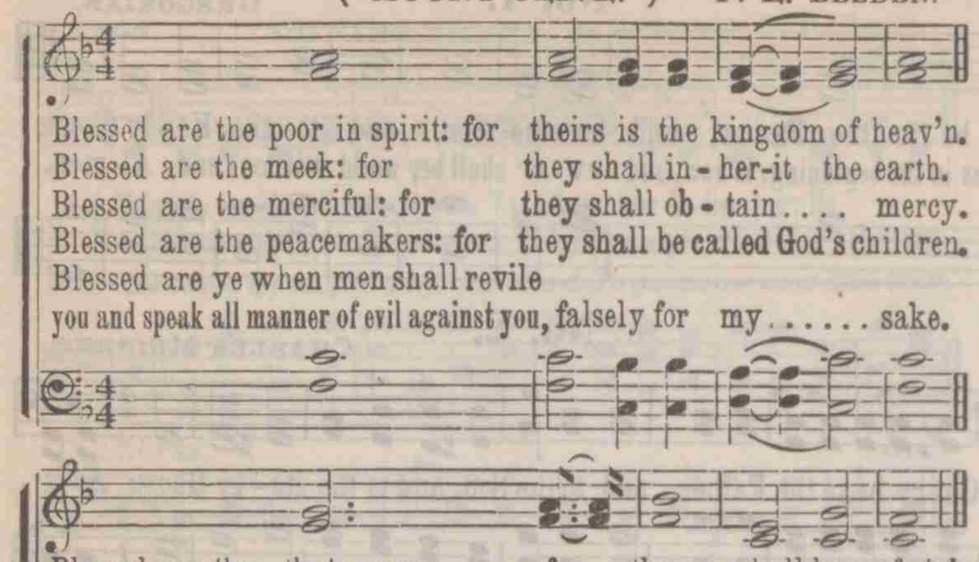
467

No. 3.

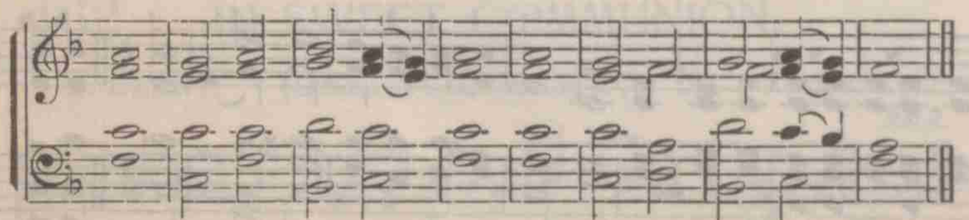
GREATOREX.

468 THE BEATITUDES.

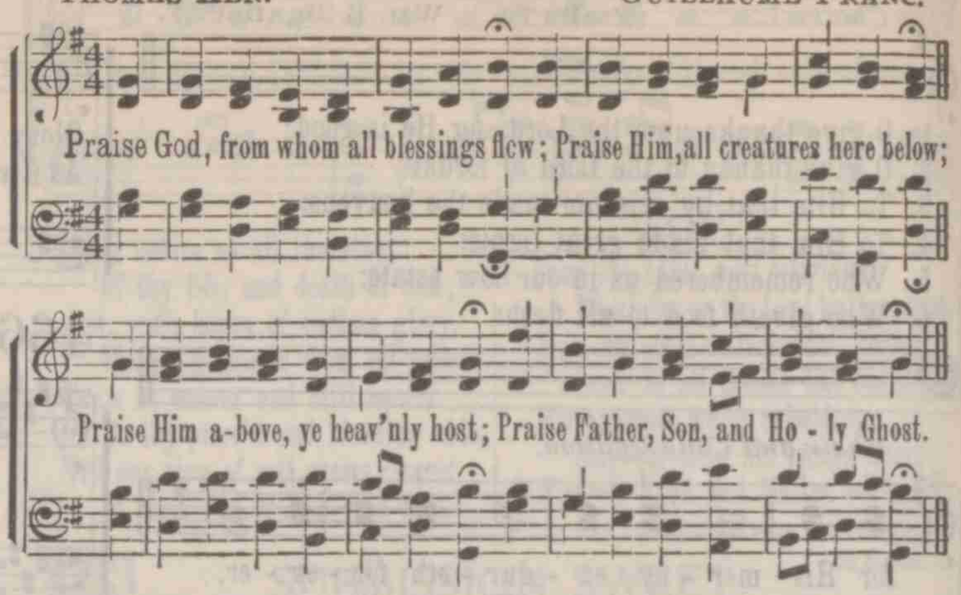
("MOUNT OLIVE.") F. E. BELDEN.



469 THE LORD'S PRAYER.

GREGORIAN.

470 OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

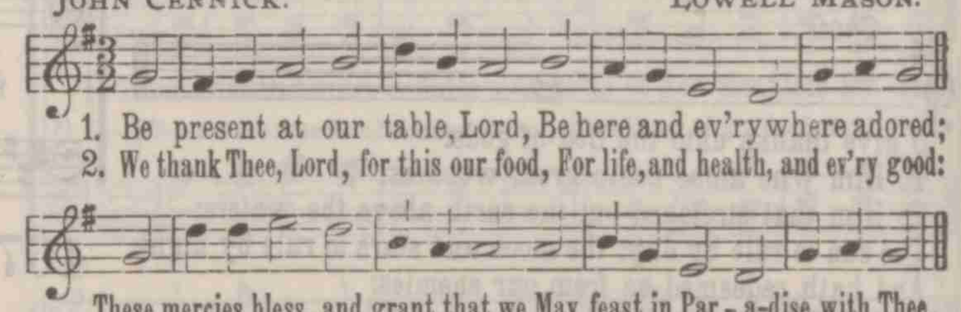
THOMAS KEN. GUILLAUME FRANC.



471 THANKS AT MEALS.

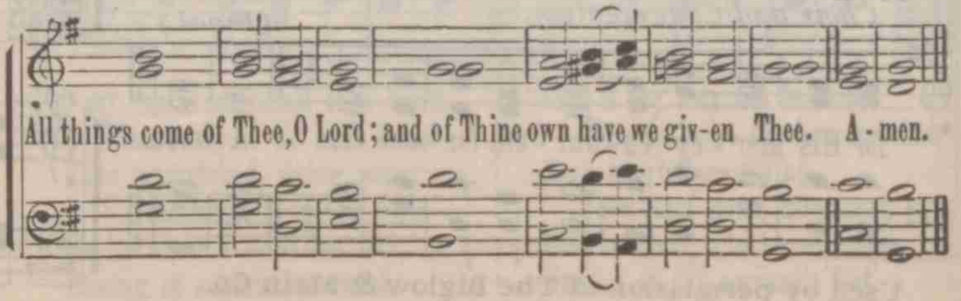
(ROCKINGHAM. L. M.)

JOHN CENNICK. LOWELL MASON.



472 ON PRESENTATION OF OFFERING.

Anon.



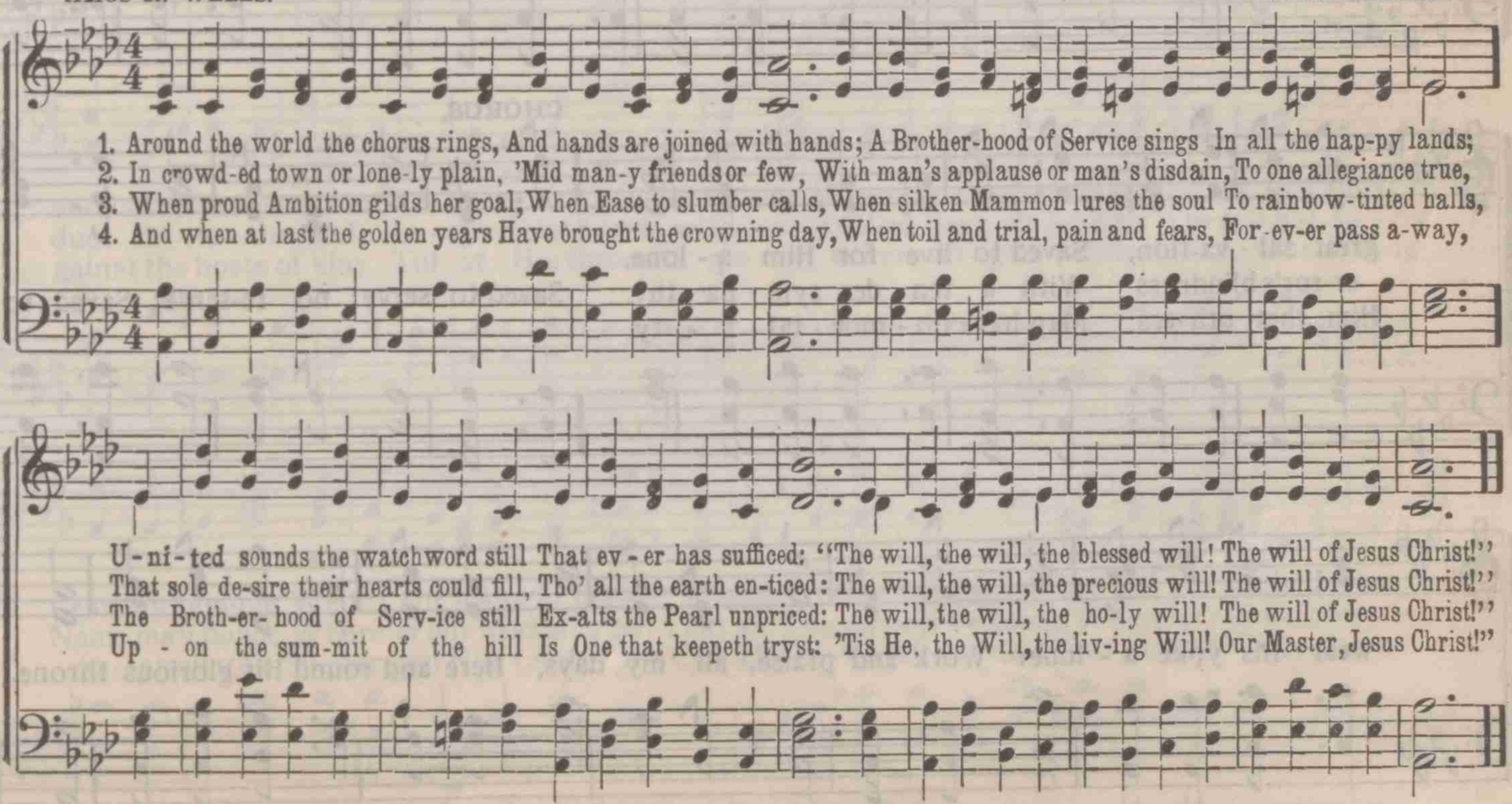
PART III.

Service and Dependence.

473 THE WILL, THE WILL OF CHRIST.

"It is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure."—Phil. 2: 13.

AMOS R. WELLS. W. S. WEEDEN.



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474

SAVED TO SERVE.

F. E. B. "With good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men."— Eph. 6:7. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Saved to serve in an - y sta - tion, Saved to make his goodness known; Saved to sing His great sal - va-tion, Saved to live for Him a - lone.
2. Saved to show by lov - ing kind-ness That His love is full and free; Saved to lead from er-ror's blindness With a ten - der sym - pa - thy.
3. Saved to lift my low - est broth-ers, As the High - est lift - ed me; Cru - ci - fied with Him, that oth-ers May have im - mor - tal - i - ty.

CHORUS.

Saved to serve; no re-serve; Saved to wear His yoke a - lone: Work and praise, all my days, Here and round His glorious throne.

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A YEAR OF PRECIOUS BLESSINGS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Thy blessing is upon Thy people."—Ps. 3: 8. I. ALLAN SANKEY

1. A year of precious blessings, And glorious vict'ries won,—Of earnest work progressing, Its on-ward course has run; To Thee, O God, our Refuge. Whose goodness crowns our days. Within Thy earthly tem-ple We lift our souls in praise; Within Thy earthly temple We lift our souls in praise.
2. Thou Master of as-sem-blies, In might-y pow'r descend. Be-hold our glad re-un-ion, Con-duct it to the end; In-spire our hearts with courage, And deep-er love for Thee, That all Thy Name may honor, Where'er our field may be; That all Thy name may honor, Where'er our field may be.
3. O Church of God's Anointed, March on the lost to win,—Lead forth thy ranks victorious A-gainst the hosts of sin; Till at His throne in glo-ry, Where an-gels prostrate fall, One Hal-le-lu-jah chorus Shall crown Him Lord of all; One Hal-le-lu-jah chorus Shall crown Him Lord of all.

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I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3 : 16.

MISS KATE HANKEY. W. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things a - bove; Of Je - sus and his glo - ry,
Of Je - sus and his love; I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 't is true,

2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonder - ful it seems Than all the gold-en fan-cies
Of all our gold-en dreams; I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me,

3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'T is pleas - ant to re - peat What seems each time I tell it,
More won - der - ful - ly sweet; I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard

4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hung - er - ing and thirst-ing
To hear it like the rest; And when in scenes of glo - ry I sing the new, new song,

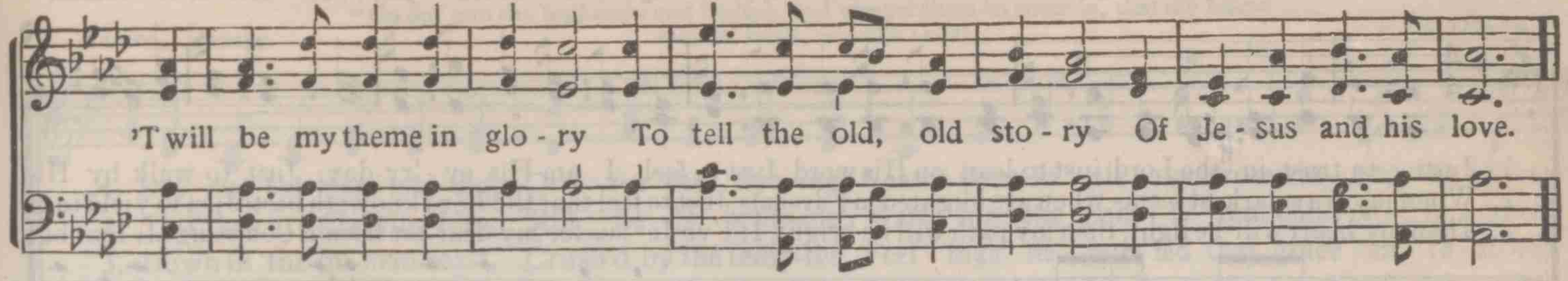
It sat - is - fies my long - ing As noth - ing else can do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
'T will be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the sto - ry;

By permission.

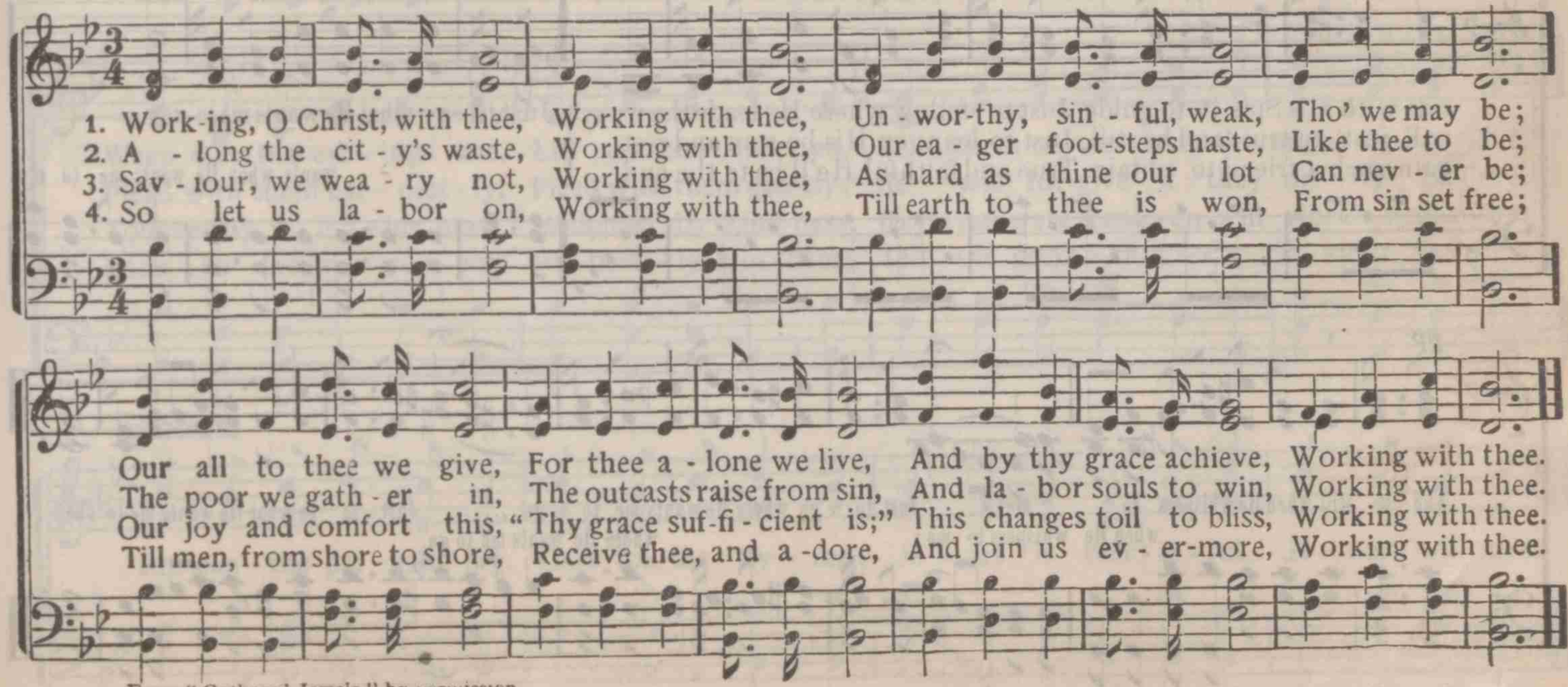
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.—CONCLUDED.



477 WORKING, O CHRIST, WITH THEE.

"We then, as workers together with him, beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain."—2 Cor. 6 : 1.

W. A. OGDEN.



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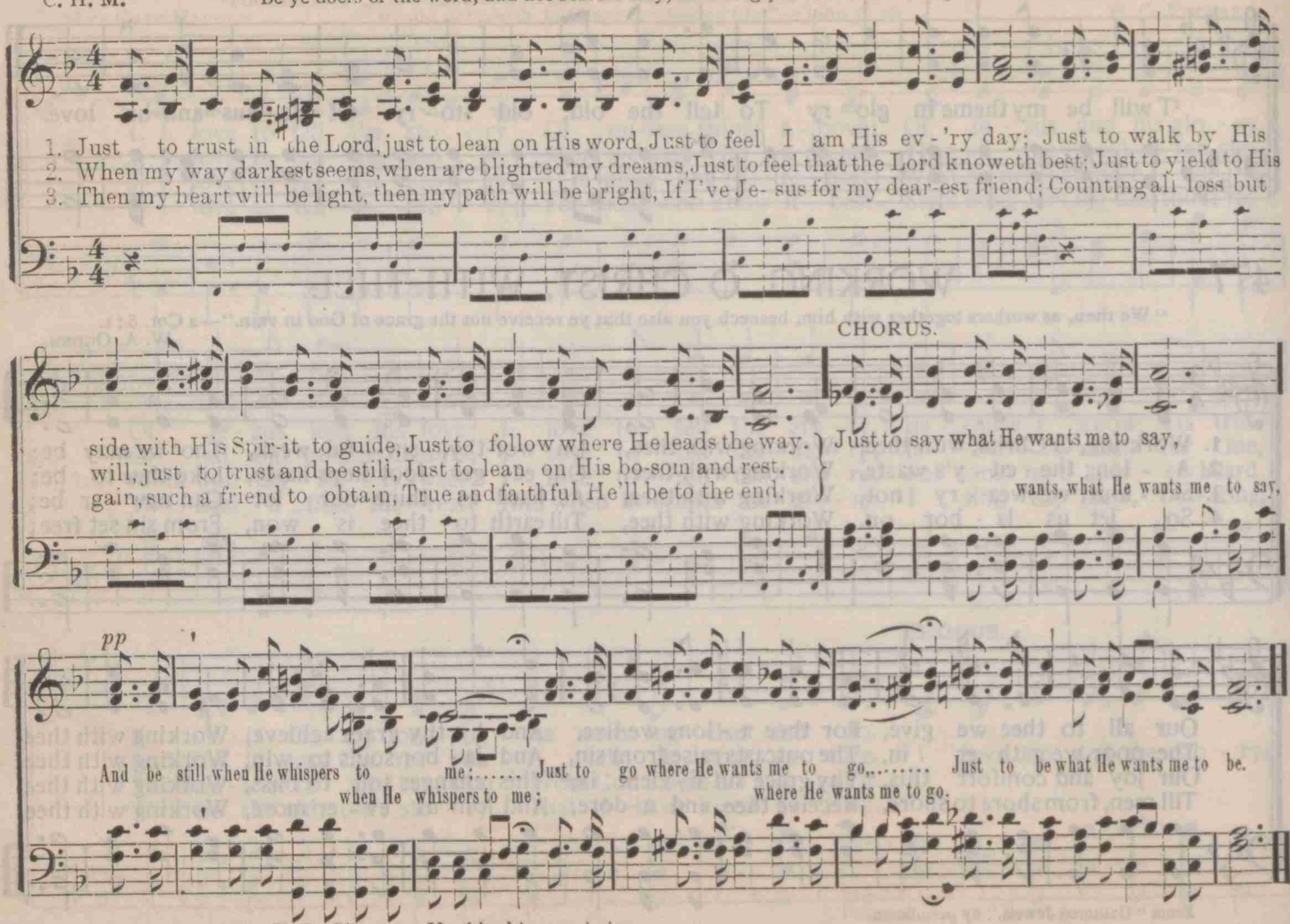
478 DOING HIS WILL.

C. H. M. "Be ye doers of the word, and not bearers only, deceiving your own selves."—Jas. 1 : 22. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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479 RESCUE THE PERISHING.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—Luke 14:23.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from sin and the grave;
2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent child to re-ceive.
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the temp-ter, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that grace can re-store;
4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty de-mands it, Strength for thy la-bor the Lord will pro-vide;

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 ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly; He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve.
Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness, Chords that were brok-en will vibrate once more.
Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them; Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sa-viour has died.

CHORUS.

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

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480 LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING

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

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer - cy, From His light - house ev - er - more, But to us
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar; Ea - ger eyes
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth - er: Some poor sail - or temp - est - tost, Try - ing now

CHORUS.

He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore. Let the low - er lights be burn-ing!
to make the har - bor, In the darkness *may be lost*

Send a gleam a-cross the wave! Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may res-cue, you may save.

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481 IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?

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

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. I. BALTZELL.

1. Are you Christ's light-bear-er? Of his joy a shar-er? Is this dark world fair-er For your cheer-ing ray? Is your bea-con light-ed, Guiding souls be-night-ed To the land of per-fect day?
2. Is your heart warm, glowing, With his love o'er-flow-ing, And his good-ness show-ing More and more each day? Are you press-ing on-ward With his faith-ful vanguard, In the safe and nar-row way?
3. Keep your al-tars burn-ing, Wait your Lord's re-turn-ing, While your heart's deep yearn-ing Draws him ev-er near; With his ra-diance splen-did Shall your light be blended When his glo-ry shall ap-pear.

D. S.—Are you wait-ing, yearn-ing For your Lord's re-turn-ing? Are you watching day by day?

CHORUS. D. S.

O brother! is your lamp trimm'd and burning? Is the world made bright-er by its cheer-ing ray?

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AN OPEN BIBLE FOR THE WORLD.

"And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."—Matt. 24 : 14.

HENRY M. KING, D. D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. An o - pen Bi - ble for the world! May this our glorious motto be! On ev-'ry breeze the truth unfurled
2. Where'er it goes its gold-en light, Streaming as from un-veil-ed sun, Shall dis - si-pate the clouds of night,
3. It shows to men the Father's face, All radiant with for-giving love; And to the lost of Adam's race,
4. It tells of Je-sus and his death, Of life procured for dy-ing men; And to each soul of humble faith,
5. It of - fers rest to weary hearts; It comforts those who sit in tears; To all who faint it strength imparts;

CHORUS.

Shall scat - ter blessings rich and free.
Un - do the work that sin has done. Blest word of God! . . . . send forth thy light . . . O'er ev - 'ry
Proclaims sweet mer-cy from a - bove.
Gives son-ship with the Lord a - gain.
And gilds with hope th' e-ter-nal years.

Blest word of God! send forth thy light

land and ev - 'ry sea, ... Till all who wander in the night Are led to God and heav'n by thee.

and ev - 'ry sea,

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483 WE'LL LIVE IN TENTS.

"Strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country."—Heb. 11 : 13, 14.

H. G. S. H. G. S.

1. God bids his peo-ple on the earth, Be-fore he comes and calls them hence To live un-knit to home and
2. It is his will that we should pass Like strangers, sep'rate and a - side From all the vain and worldly
3. He'd have us rear no stately towers, Sink no foun-da-tion walls of stone, But camp each night a few short
4. O brother, what-so - ev - er chain Binds us to flesh - ly lust and strife, Here let us rend it in God's

CHORUS.

hearth, Like far-bound trav-el - ers—in tents. We'll live in tents un - til our feet Shall reach the
mass That crowd the Bab-y - lons of pride.
hours, And ere the morrow's dawn move on.
name, And live, henceforth, the pil-grim life.

We'll live in tents un - til our feet Shall

land by sin un-trod, The gate of pearl, the gold-en street, Whose Builder and whose Maker, God.
reach the land

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LOYALTY TO THE MASTER.

E. E. Hewitt. "A faithful embassador."—Prov. 13 : 17. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Loy-al- ty to the Mas-ter, loy - al - ty to the King, Loy-al-ty now and ev - er, cheerful - ly let us sing;
2. Loy-al- ty to the Mas-ter, let-ting Him lead the way, Glo-ri-ous is His ban-ner, fol-low it ev - 'ry day;
3. Loy-al- ty to the Mas-ter, look-ing to Him a-lone, Turning away from e - vil, Je- sus will keep His own;

Whol-ly at His commandment let ev-'ry sol-dier be, Joy- ful - ly serv-ing Je - sus, serv-ing with loy - al - ty.
In - to the midst of bat - tle, conquering as we go, Vic - to - ry He has promised o - ver the dead- ly foe.
On-ward, still onward pressing, see-ing the starry prize Waiting for all the faith-ful, meeting be-yond the skies.

CHORUS.

Loy - al soldiers, let us joy-ful-ly march along, For - - ward, for - - ward, with a triumphant song;
Joy-ful-ly march, stead-i - ly march,

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On - ward, up - ward, a hap-py and loyal throng, Loy-al to our Saviour and our King.....
Joyfully march, steadily march, to our Saviour and our King.

485 TAKE TIME TO BE HOLY.

W. D. LONGSTAFF. "Be ye holy: for I am the Lord your God."—Lev. 20: 7. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in Him al-ways, And feed on His Word;
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rushes on; Spend much time in se-cret With Je - sus a - lone;
3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide, And run not be-fore Him, What-ev - er be - tide;
4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul, Each tho't and each motive Be-neath His con - trol;

Make friends of God's children, Help those who are weak, For - get-ting in noth-ing His bless-ing to seek.
By look-ing to Je - sus, Like Him thou shalt be; Thy friends in thy conduct His like-ness shall see.
In joy or in sor - row, Still fol-low thy Lord, And, looking to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
Thus led by His Spir - it To fountains of love, Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv-ice a - bove.

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486 WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

GEORGE COOPER. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—Eccl. 9 : 10. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There are lone-ly hearts to cherish, While the days are go-ing by;
   There are wea-ry souls who per-ish, While the days are go-ing by;
2. There's no time for i-dle scorning, While the days are go-ing by;
   Let your face be like the morning, While the days are go-ing by;
3. All the lov-ing links that bind us, While the days are go ing by;
   One by one we leave behind us, While the days are go-ing by;

If a smile we can re-new, As our jour-ney we pur-sue,—O, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by!
For the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes; Help your fallen brother rise, While the days are go-ing by.
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, And will keep our hearts aglow, While the days are go-ing by.

REFRAIN.

Go-ing by, go-ing by, by, Go-ing by, go-ing by; going by, going by, going by; O, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by!

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SWEET TO-DAY.

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."—2 Cor. 5: 17.

F. E. B. *(As Alto and Tenor duet, Alto take Soprano notes to refrain, then Tenor take Soprano part.)* F. E. BELDEN.

1. I cease to sing of sweet to-morrow, With self-ish thought to be a - way; There is a
2. I am so hap - py when I'm telling How great his pow'r, how great his love; Were there no
3. If but to gain a home in glo - ry The Sa-viour trod this earth a - lone, There ne'er had
4. His love is life, his love is heav-en, E - ter - nal life, e - ter-nal bliss; Ac - cept it

ho - lier balm for sorrow, I find in Christ a sweet to-day.
praise where God is dwell-ing, It would be pain to live a-bove.
been a gos-pel sto - ry, He ne'er had left his roy-al throne.
free - ly, be for - giv - en, And taste the future world in this.

REFRAIN.

A ris - en Christ, a liv - ing Saviour,

rit.

Not in the tomb where once he lay. Whene'er I tell his lov-ing fa-vor, Sweet by and by is ev-'ry day.

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488 VICTORY THROUGH GRACE.

S. MARTIN. "He went forth conquering and to conquer."—Rev. 6 : 2. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Con-quering now and still to con- quer, Rideth a King in His might, Leading the host of all the
2. Con-quering now and still to con- quer, Who is this won-der - ful King? Whence all the armies which He
3. Con-quering now and still to con- quer, Je - sus, Thou Ruler of all, Thrones and their scepters all shall

faith- ful In- to the midst of the fight; See them with courage ad-vancing, Clad in their brilliant ar - ray;
lead- eth, While of His glo-ry they sing? He is our Lord and Re-deem- er, Saviour and Monarch di - vine,
per-ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall, Yet shall the arm-ies Thou lead- est, Faithful and true to the last,

CHORUS.

Shouting the name of their Leader, Hear them exult- ing - ly say,
They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in His kingdom will shine.
Find in Thy mansions e - ter - nal Rest when their warfare is past.
} Not to the strong is the bat-tle,

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VICTORY THROUGH GRACE.—CONCLUDED.

Not to the swift is the race, Yet to the true and the faith-ful Vic-t'ry is prom-ised through grace.

489 HIGHER GROUND.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. "The high calling of God in Christ Jesus"—Phil. 3: 14. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day; Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my
2. My heart has no desire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay; Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my
3. I want to live above the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurled; For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glory bright; But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me

D.S.—than I have found; Lord, plant my

FINE. CHORUS. *D.S.*

feet on higher ground."
aim is high-er ground.
saints on high-er ground.
on to higher ground."

} Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heaven's ta-ble-land,—A higher plane

feet on high-er ground.

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490 FAITH IS THE VICTORY.

Rev. JOHN H. YATES. "Faith which worketh by love."—Gal. 5: 6. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Encamped a-long the hills of light, Ye Christian soldiers, rise, And press the bat-tle ere the night
2. His ban-ner o-ver us is love, Our sword the word of God; We tread the road the saints a-bove
3. On ev-'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray; Let tents of ease be left be-hind,
4. To him that o-vercomes the foe, White raiment shall be giv'n; Be-fore the an-gels he shall know

Shall veil the glow-ing skies; A-gainst the foe in vales be-low, Let all our strength be hurled;
With shouts of tri-umph trod; By faith they, like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev-'ry field;
And on-ward to the fray; Sal-va-tion's hel-met on each head, With truth all girt a-bout,
His name confessed in heav'n; Then onward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a-flame;

CHORUS.

Faith is the vic-to-ry, we know, That o-vercomes the world.
The faith by which they conquered Death Is still our shin-ing shield.
The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread, And ech-o with our shout.
We'll van-quish all the hosts of night, In Je-sus' conqu'ring name.

Faith is the vic-to-ry!

Faith is

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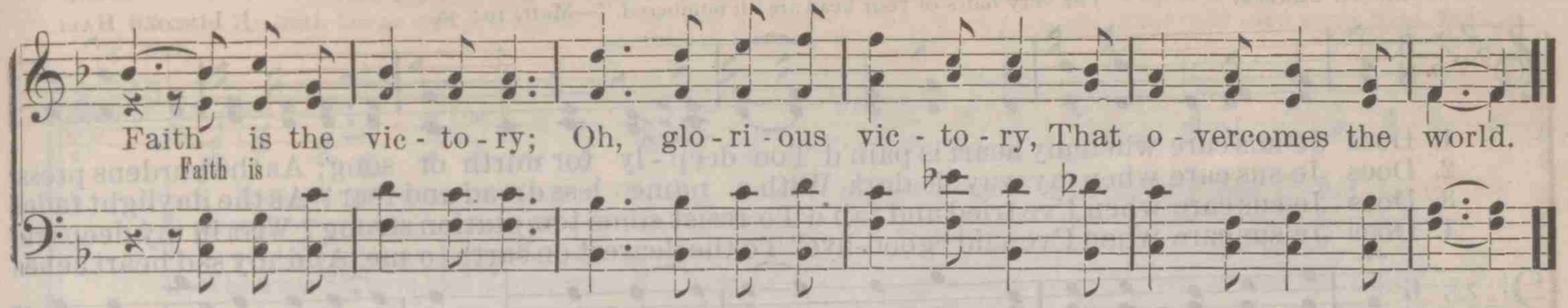
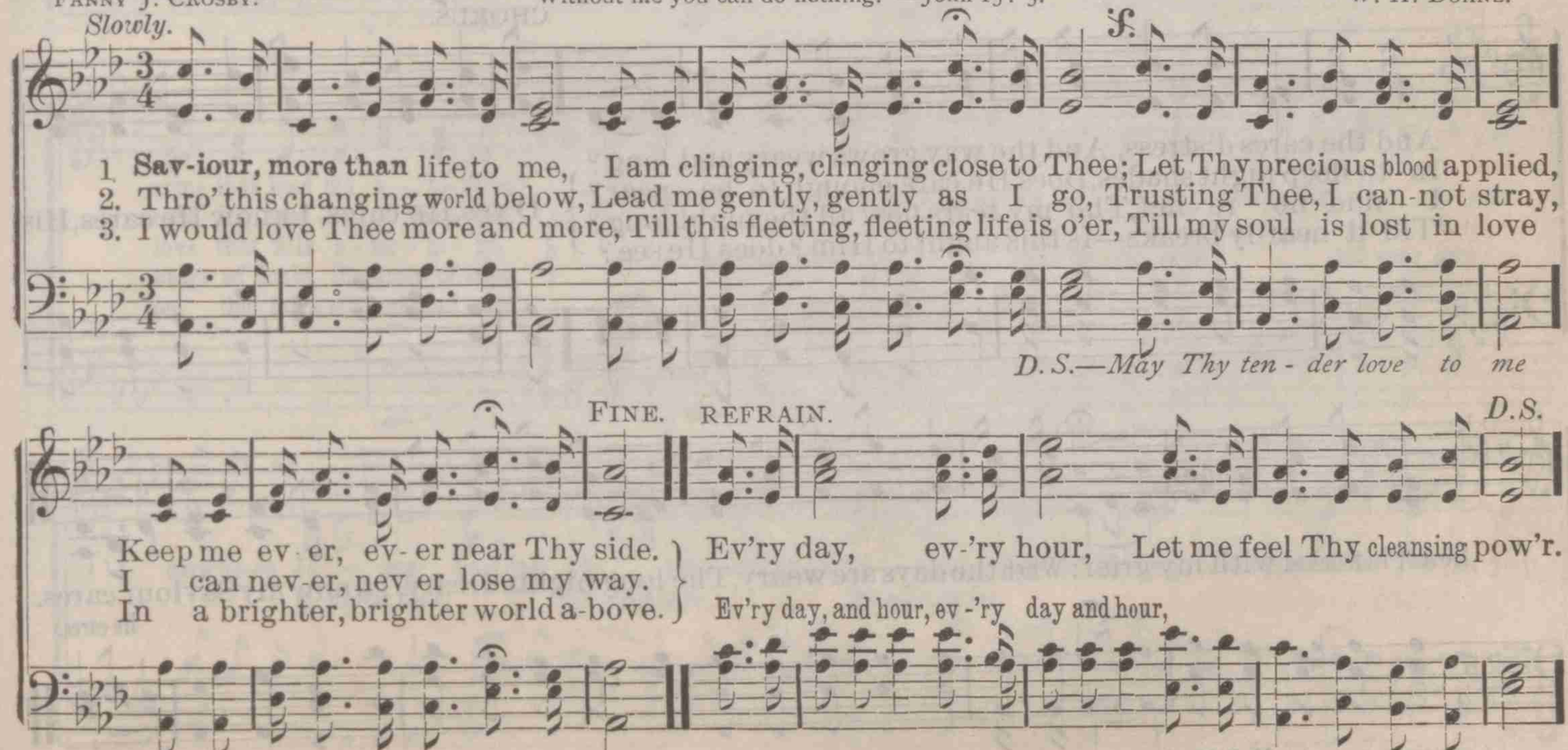

491 EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Without me you can do nothing."—John 15: 5. W. H. DOANE.



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492 DOES JESUS CARE?

Rev. Frank E. Graeff. "The very hairs of your head are all numbered."—Matt. 10: 30. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Does Je-sus care when my heart is pain'd Too deep - ly for mirth or song; As the burdens press,
2. Does Je-sus care when my way is dark With a name - less dread and fear? As the daylight fades
3. Does Je-sus care when I've tried and fail'd To resist some temptation strong? When in my deep grief
4. Does Je-sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dearest on earth to me, And my sad heart aches

And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?
In- to deep night shades, Does He care enough to be near?
I find no re - lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
'Till it near-ly breaks—Is this aught to Him? does He see?

CHORUS.

O yes, He cares, I know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief; When the days are weary, The long nights dreary, I know my Saviour cares.

He cares.

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493 CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON JESUS.

"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."—Isa. 53 : 4. "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—1 Peter 5 : 7.

F. E. B F. E. BELDEN.

1. O bless - ed rest, when we re-cline On nev - er - fail - ing pow'r di-vine, God's might-y arms en - fold - ing us, The
2. Al-might-y strength! but stron-ger yet The love that can - not us for - get: Un - fath-om'd o-cean, calm and broad! A-
3. Be-yond the mountain peaks that rise A - bove the clouds and pierce the skies, Look up! the high-est won-der see,—God's
4. Who trusts His word hath clearest sight, Who trusts His pow'r hath greatest might; Who trusts His love doth never bear The
5. Man fail - eth man in trou-ble's hour, As fails at noon the fee - ble flow'r. Who trusts in God, here and a - far Shines

Moderato.

CHORUS.

arms that hold the u - ni-verse!
maz - ing mer - cy of our God!
love that fills e - ter - ni - ty.
heart of doubt, the brow of care.
on, tho' fail - eth sun and star.

Cast - ing all..... your care up-on Je - - sus, Cast - ing all..... your

All your care, all up - on Him, All your care,

care up-on Je - sus, Cast-ing all.... your care up-on Je - sus, For He car - eth, He car-eth for you (for you).
all up-on Him, All your care, all upon Him,

Rit. *p*

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THE CROSS THAT HE GAVE.

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6 · 14. BALLINGTON BOOTH. Arr. by F. E. B.

May be sung as a Solo and chorus.

1. The cross that he gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er outweighs His grace; The storm that I fear may sur-
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed his crown for me; The cup that I drink not more
3. The light of his love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe; The toil of my work groweth
4. His will I have joy in ful - fill-ing, As I'm walk - ing in his sight; My all to the blood I am

CHORUS.

round me, But it ne'er excludes His face. The cross is not greater than His grace, The storm cannot
bit - ter Than he drank in Gethsem-a-ne.
light - er, As I stoop to raise the low.
bring-ing, It a - lone can keep me right.

hide His blessed face; I am sat-is-fied to know That with Jesus here below, I can conquer ev'ry foe.

my Saviour's grace,

his smiling face;

By permission.

TRUST AND OBEY.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."—Ps. 25 : 14. D. B. TOWNER, by per.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glo - ry he sheds on our way!
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quick-ly drives it a - way;
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil he doth rich - ly re - pay;
4. Not we nev - er can prove The de - lights of his love, Un - til all on the al - tar we lay,
5. Then in fel - low-ship sweet We will sit at his feet, Or we'll walk by his side in the way;

While we do his good will, He a - bides with us still, And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear, Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
For the fa - vor he shows, And the joy he be-stows, Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
What he says we will do, Where he sends we will go, Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

CHORUS.

Trust and o - bey, for there's no o - ther way To be hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

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MOMENT BY MOMENT.

D. W. WHITTLE. "He that keepeth thee will not slumber."—Ps. 121 : 3. MARY WHITTLE.

1. Dy-ing with Jesus, by death reckoned mine; Living with Je-sus, a new life di - vine; Looking to Je- sus 'till
2. Nev- er a tri- al that He is not there, Nev-er a burden that He doth not bear, Nev- er a sor row that
3. Nev- er a heart-ache, and never a groan, Nev-er a tear-drop and never a moan; Nev- er a dan-ger but
4. Nev- er a weakness that He doth not feel, Nev-er a sickness that He can- not heal; Moment by moment, in

CHORUS.

glo-ry doth shine, Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.
He doth not share, Moment by moment I'm un-der His care.
there on the throne, Moment by moment He thinks of His own.
woe or in weal, Je - sus, my Saviour, a-bides with me still.

} Moment by moment I'm kept in His love; Moment by

moment I've life from a-bove; Looking to Je-sus 'till glo-ry doth shine; Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.

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497 MOMENT BY MOMENT.

F. E. B. "I will water it every moment . . . I will keep it night and day."— Isa. 27:3. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Moment by moment, hour by hour, Constantly trusting His keeping pow'r; Day by day and week by week,
2. Why for the bod - y anxious thot'? Knowing He car - eth, sweet is my lot; Mine is the ask-ing, His the store,
3. Why should the spirit doubting weep? What I've commit-ted, sure-ly He'll keep; Mine is the trusting, His the pow'r,
4. Why for the rest-ing sing or sigh, Self-ish-ly seek-ing mansions on high? Earth needeth more of ho - ly love,

On - ly His praise my tongue shall speak.
Moment by moment, o'er and o'er.
Moment by moment, hour by hour.
Than all the u - ni-verse a - bove.

REFRAIN. *Softly.*

Moment by moment, Helper is He, Moment by moment dwelling in me; Gently sub-du - ing powers of sin, Wonderful Sav-iour is Christ with-in.

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GIVE ME THE BIBLE.

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

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

No storm can hide that peace - ful radiance beaming, Since Je - sus came to seek and save the lost.
Give me the precious words by Je - sus spok-en, Hold up faith's lamp to show my Sav-iour near.
That lamp of safe - ty, o'er the gloom shall brighten, That light a - lone the path of peace can show.
Show me the light from hea-ven's shin - ing por - tal, Show me the glo - ry gild-ing Jordan's wave.

Pre - cept and promise, law and love com - bin-ing, Till night shall van-ish in e - ter - nal day.

CHORUS

Give me the Bi - ble,—Ho - ly mes-sage shin-ing, Thy light shall guide me in the nar-row way.

D. S.

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NOT A WASTED MOMENT.

F. E. B. "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."— Rom. 12: 11. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Not a wast - ed moment in the morn- ing fair, Not an i - dle in - stant in the noon-day glare,
2. Where the soul is sin-sick with its weight of woe, Where the tears of pen - i - tence in si-lence flow,
3. Where the home is cheerless and the board is bare, Where the children nev - er hear the voice of pray'r,
4. Where the toil - ers hur-ry neath the lash of Gain, Where the i - dlers gath- er in the street and lane,

Not a mis - spent eve-ning let the rec - ord bear, Not a Christ- less mis- sion an - y - where.
Where the hand of sick-ness lays the loved one low, His co - work - er, glad - ly I will go.
Where the drunk-ard ra - ges o'er the wife's de -spair, With my Sav - iour I must has-ten there.
Where the war - riors languish on the field of pain, Let me go and whis- per His dear name.

D. S.—May my an - gel's rec - ord, ev - 'ry clos - ing day, Shine with love's bright moments all the way.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Gold - en grains, how fast they flow! - - Soon the last - - of life must go;
Gold-en grains, how fast they flow! Soon the last life must go;

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500 MAKE ME A BLESSING TO-DAY.

"And thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not."—Isa 58: 11.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. H. DOANE.

1. O soft - ly the Spir - it is whisp'ring to me, With tender com-passion, with pit - y - ing plea;
2. Some heart may be long-ing for on - ly a word, Whose love by the Spirit is quickened and stirred;
3. Some soul may be plunged in the darkest despair, Whose shadows would melt in the sunlight of pray'r;
4. Come, all ye that la- bor, ye wea-ry and worn, Come ye who in sor - row or sin-ful-ness mourn;

I hear His be-seeching, and ear-nest-ly pray That Je - sus will make me a bless-ing to - day.
Now grant, blessed Saviour, this serv-ice to me. Of speaking a com-fort-ing mes-sage for Thee.
O give me, dear Saviour, I hum-bly im-plore, The sweet con-so- la - tion that soul to re - store.
With me this pe - ti - tion to Je - sus con-vey: O make me a bless-ing, dear Saviour, to - day.

CHORUS.

Lord, make..... me a bless-ing to - day, A bless - ing to some one, I
Lord, make me a bless - ing,

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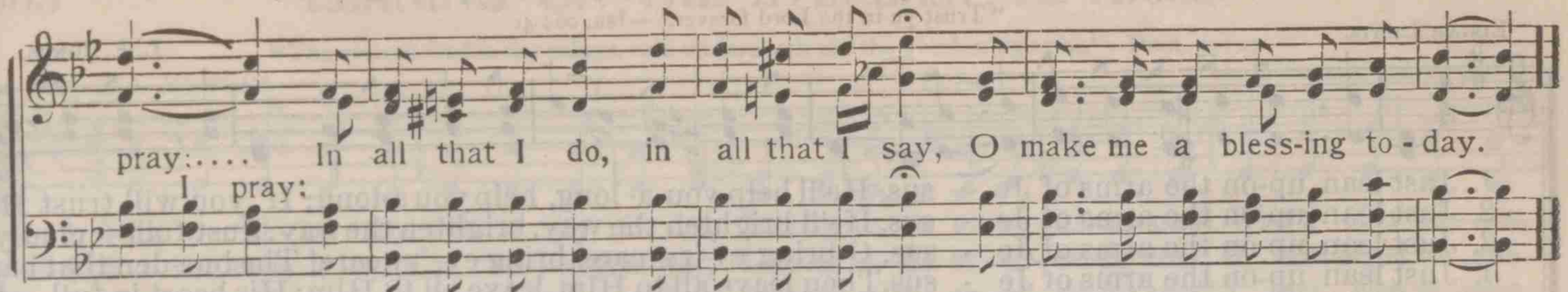
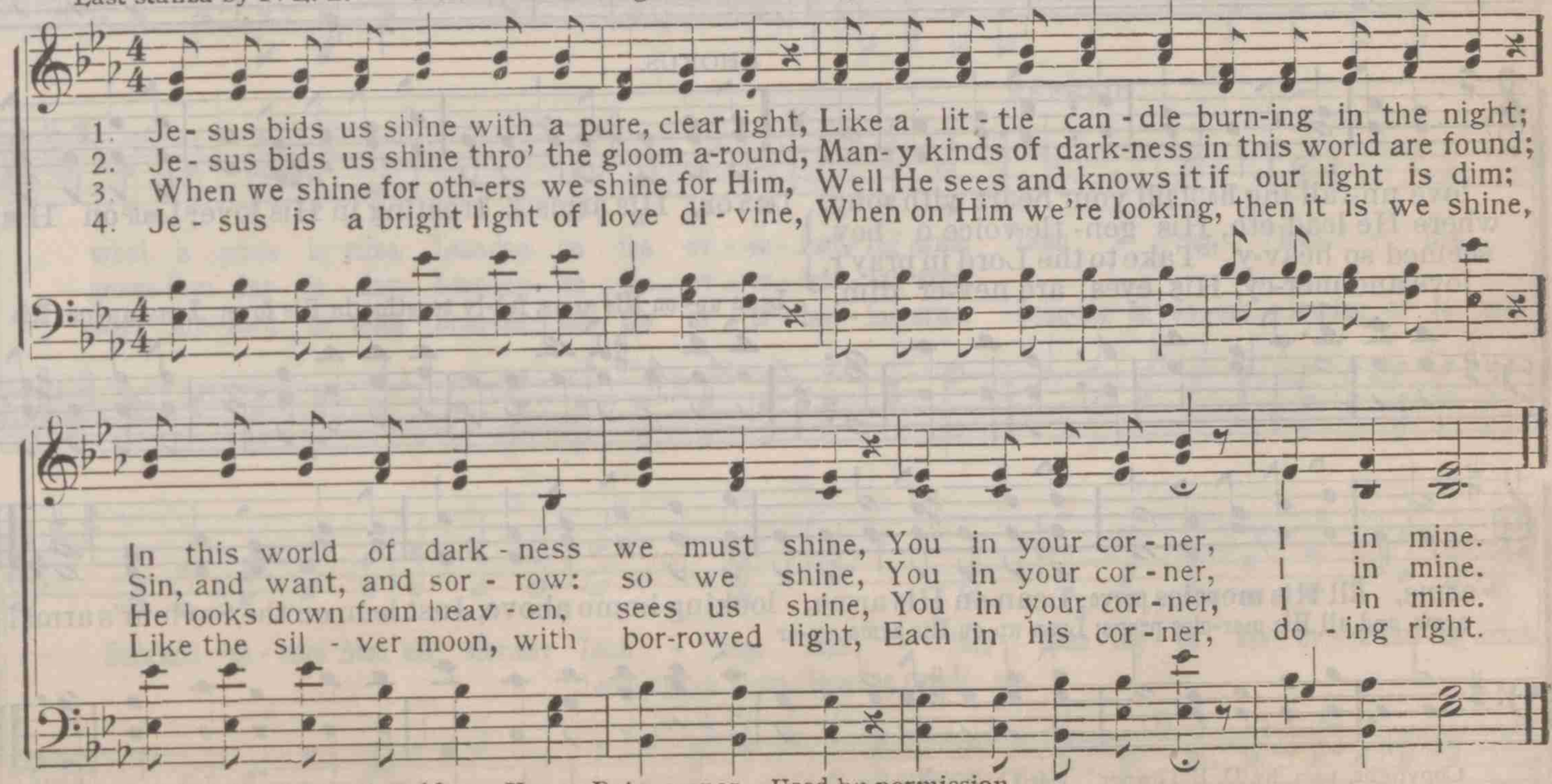
MAKE ME A BLESSING TO-DAY.—CONCLUDED.



501 LIKE A LITTLE CANDLE.

Last stanza by F. E. B. "Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel."—Matt. 5: 15. F. E. BELDEN.



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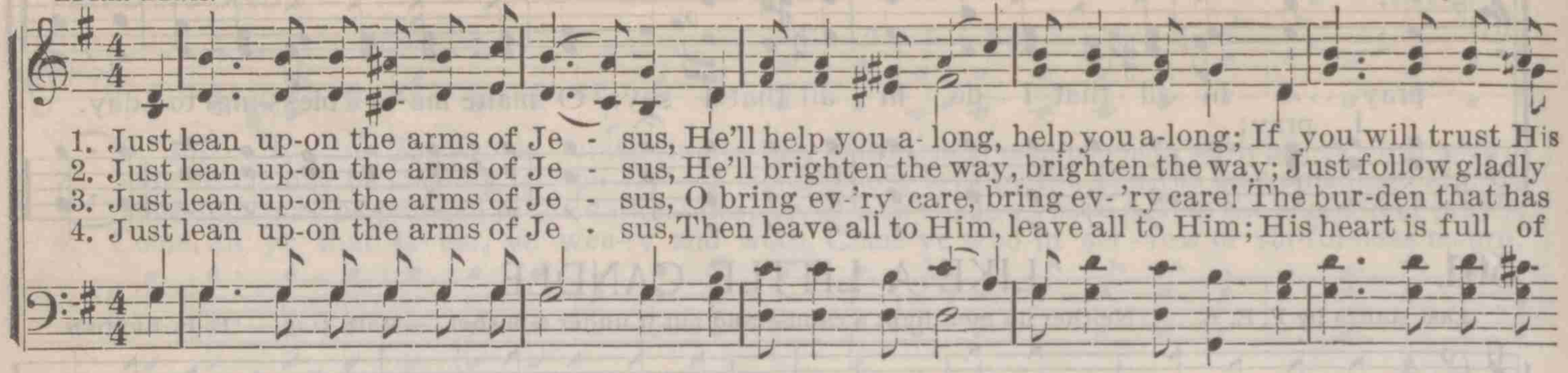
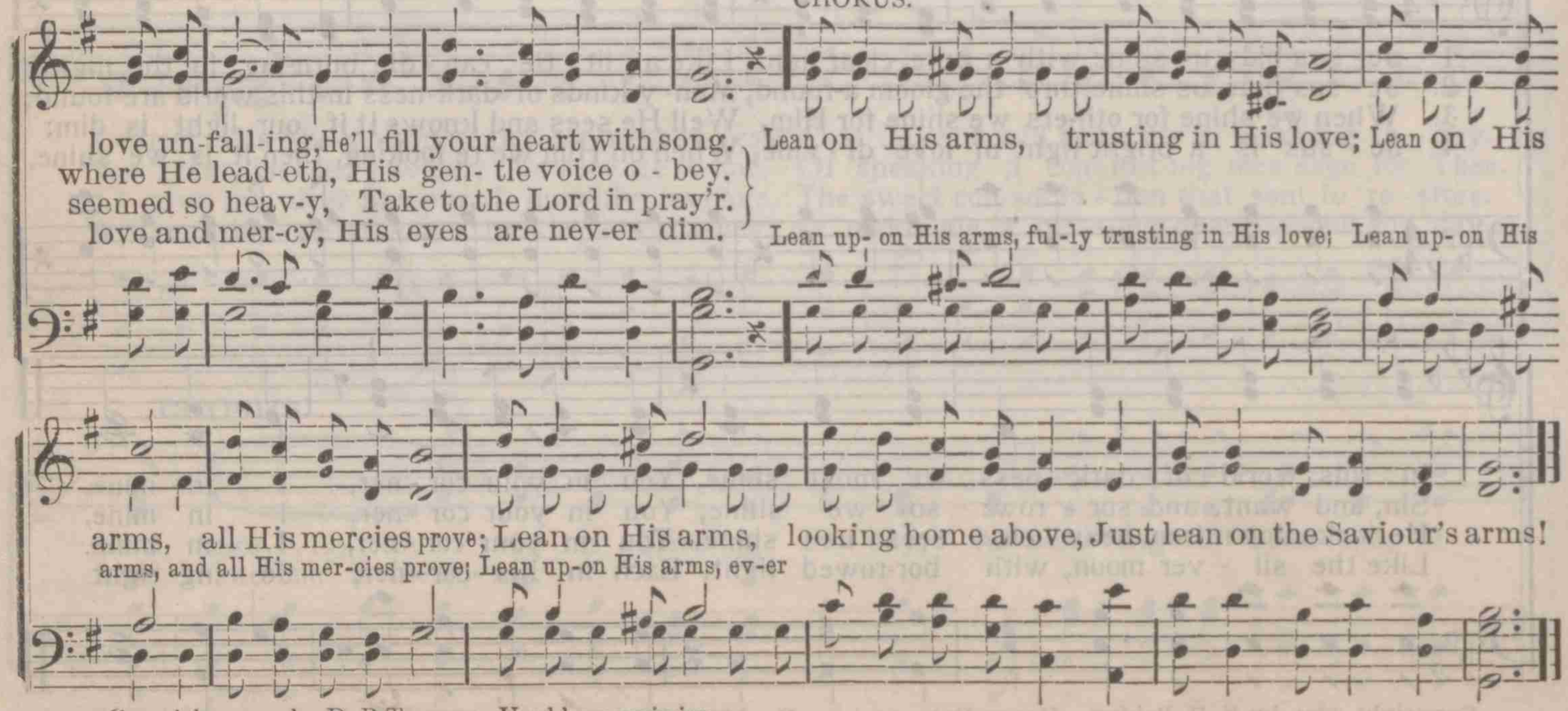
LEAN ON HIS ARMS.

"Trust ye in the Lord forever."—Isa. 26: 4.

EDGAR LEWIS. L. E. JONES.



CHORUS.



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503 LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33 : 27.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. What a fel - low - ship, what a joy di - vine, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms; What a bless - ed - ness,
2. O how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms; O how bright the path
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms? I have bless-ed peace

REFRAIN.

what a peace is mine, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing, lean - ing,
grows from day to day, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
with my Lord so near, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean-ing on Je - sus, leaning on Je - sus,

Safe and se - cure from all alarms; Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean - ing on the ev - er-last-ing arms.
Lean-ing on Jesus, lean-ing on Je - sus,

GOD BE WITH YOU.

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

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain; By his counsels guide, up-hold you, With his sheep se - cure-ly fold you;
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain; 'Neath his wings pro-tect-ing hide you, Dai - ly man-na still provide you;
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain; When life's per - ils thick confound you, Put his arms un-fail-ing round you;
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain; Keep love's ban-ner float - ing o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you;

REFRAIN.

God be with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet, - till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus'
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,
feet, Till we meet, - - till we meet,
till we meet; Till we meet, till we meet a-gain, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

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505 A SHELTER IN THE TIME OF STORM.

"God is the Rock of our refuge."—Ps. 94:22. "Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy."—Ps. 81:3.

J. V. C., chorus added. F. E. BELDEN.

1. The Lord's our Rock, in him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm; Se-cure what-ev-er may be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
2. A shade by day, defence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm; No fears a-larm, no foes affright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
3. The rag-ing floods may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm; We find in God a safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm; Be thou our help-er, ev-er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

CHORUS.

Mighty Rock in a wea-ry land, Cooling Shade on the burning sand, Faithful Guide for the pil-grim band,—A shelter in the time of storm.

Mighty Rock

Cooling Shade

Faithful Guide

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HIDING IN THEE.

"I flee unto thee to hide me."—Ps. 103 : 9.

Rev. WILLIAM O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My soul in its con- flicts and sor-rows would fly;
2. In the calm of the noon-tide, in sor - row's lone hour, In times when tempta-tion casts o'er me its power;
3. How oft in the con-flict, when press'd by the foe, I have fled to my Refuge and breath'd out my woe;

So sin- ful, so wea-ry, Thine, thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of A- ges," I'm hid- ing in Thee.
In the tem-pests of life, on its wide, heav-ing sea; Thou blest "Rock of A- ges," I'm hid- ing in Thee.
How oft - en, when tri- als like sea - bil -lows roll, Have I hid - den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

CHORUS.

Hid - ing in Thee, Hid - ing in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.

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UNDER HIS WINGS.

"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings."—Ps. 17: 8.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.

May be used as Solo or Duet.

1. Un-der His wings I am safe-ly a-bid-ing; Tho' the night deepens and tempests are wild, Still I can trust Him; I know He will keep me; He has redeemed me, and I am His child.
2. Un-der His wings, what a ref-uge in sor-row! How the heart yearningly turns to its rest! Oft-en when earth has no balm for my healing, There I find comfort, and there I am blest.
3. Un-der His wings, O what precious enjoyment! There will I hide till life's tri-als are o'er: Sheltered, pro-tect-ed, no e-vil can harm me; Rest-ing in Je-sus I'm safe ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

Un-der His wings, un-der His wings, Who from His love can sev-er? Un-der His wings my soul shall abide, Safe-ly a-bide for-ev-er.

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STAND LIKE THE BRAVE.

"It is high time to awake * * let us therefore * * put on the armor of light."—Rom. 13 : 11, 12.

F. J. CROSBY. W. B. BRADBURY AND PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. O Chris-tian, a-wake! 'tis the Master's command; With helmet and shield, and a sword in thy hand,
2. What-ev-er thy dan-ger, take heed and be-ware, And turn not thy back, for no ar-mor is there;
3. The cause of thy Mas-ter with vig-or de-fend; Be watch-ful, be zeal-ous, and fight to the end;
4. Press on, nev-er doubt-ing, thy Captain is near, With grace to sup-ply, and with comfort to cheer;

To meet the bold tempter, go, fear-less-ly go, And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
The legions of darkness, if thou wouldst o'er-throw, Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
Wher-ev-er he leads thee, go, val-iant-ly go, And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
His love, like a stream in the des-ert will flow, Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

CHORUS.

Stand like the brave, stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

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STAND ON THE ROCK.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL. *With spirit.* "Stand fast."— Gal. 5: 1. W. H. DOANE.

1. Firm-ly stand for God, in the world's mad strife, Tho' the bleak winds roar, and the waves beat high; 'T is the
2. Firm-ly stand for Right, with a mot-ive pure, With a true heart bold, and a faith e'er strong; 'T is the
3. Firm-ly stand for Truth, it will serve you best; Tho' it wait- eth long, it is sure at last; 'T is the

CHORUS.

Rock a-lone giveth strength and life, When the hosts of sin are nigh.
Rock a-lone giveth triumph sure, O'er the world's array of wrong. Let us stand on the Rock, Firmly stand on the Rock,
Rock a-lone giveth peace and rest, When the storms of life are past.

On the Rock of Christ a - lone; If the strife we en-dure, We shall stand se-cure, 'Mid the throng who surround the throne.

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510 SOUND THE BATTLE CRY.

W. F. S. *Vigorously.* "If God be for us, who can be against us?"—Rom. 8:31. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sound the bat-tle cry, See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high For the Lord; Gird your armor on,
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know Must prevail; Shield and banner bright,
3. O thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us, one and all, By thy grace; When the battle's done,

CHORUS.

ff

Stand firm, ev-'ry one, Rest your cause up-on His ho - ly word.
Gleaming in the light, Battling for the right, We ne'er can fail. Rouse, then, sol-diers! ral - ly round the banner!
And the vict'ry won, May we wear the crown Be- fore thy face.

Read -y, stead-y, pass the word a - long; Onward, forward, shout a loud Ho-san-na! Christ is Captain of the faith-ful throng.

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511

STRIKE FOR VICTORY

MRS. M. A. KIDDER. "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 15:57. W. H. DOANE.

1. Strike! O strike for vict'ry, Sol-diers of the Lord, Hop-ing in his mer-cy, Trust-ing in his word;
2. What tho' rag-ing li-ons Meet us on the way! Zionward we're marching, Tow'rd the gates of day;
3. Strike! O strike for vict'ry, He-roes of the cross, Sac-ri-fic-ing pleasure, Glo-ry-ing in loss;
4. Hand to hand u-nit-ed, Heart to heart as one, Let us still keep marching Till our journey's done,

Lift the gos-pel ban-ner High a-bove the world; Let its folds of beau-ty Ev-er be un-furled.
Ev-er press-ing on-ward, Onward to the light, Till we reach the Jordan, With our home in sight.
Bind the hel-met strong-er, Tighter grasp the sword; Conquering and to conquer, Bat-tle for the Lord.
Till we see the an-gels Come in glo-ry down, With the shining garments And the victor's crown.

CHORUS.

{ Strike! strike for vict'ry, He-roes bold; Strike! till the vict'ry You be-hold; }
{ Faith is the vict'ry; Ne'er give o'er; *(Omit.)* - - - - - - - { Rest then in glory Ev-er-more.

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WHO WILL VOLUNTEER?

FLORA KIRKLAND. "Fight the good fight of faith."—1 Tim. 6: 12. Mrs. H. A. FARNSWORTH.

1. Who will volunteer? See the foe is near! Some one now must fight and the vict'ry win! Who will heed the call,
2. Who will volunteer? Ev- er loud and clear Sounds the Master's charge for the lands afar. None are draft-ed here!
3. Who will volunteer? Christ, your King, is near, He His wondrous grace for each need supplies, Brave-ly meet the foe;

CHORUS.

Sounding now to all? "Fight the fight of faith" with the hosts of sin!
Who will vol- un-teer? Who will spread the news of the Morning Star!
On-ward, up-ward go! Rich reward awaits you be-yond the skies!
} We will volunteer! We will vol- un- teer!

rit.

In the strength of Christ, our King; Batt'ling for the right, we will ever fight, Till the shouts of vic - t'ry ring!

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513

ASK NOT TO BE EXCUSED.

"A certain man made a great supper, and bade many, and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden: Come, for all things are now ready. And they all with one consent began to make excuse."—Luke 14 : 16.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

Staccato movement.

1. Ask not to be ex-cused, There's earnest work to do; Stand read - y to be used Where God may
2. Ask not to be ex-cused, The Mas-ter calls to-day; Too long hast thou re-fused, Now hast - en
3. Ask not to be ex-cused, There's danger in de-lay; That wondrous love a-bused, For - ev - er

sta - tion you. His in - vi - ta - tion kind To thee has oft been giv'n; Ac-cept, and thou shalt find
to o - bey. The har-vest fields are white, The la - bor-ers are few; Let this be thy de - light,
turns a - way. While Mercy gent - ly pleads And points the way to heav'n, While Je-sus in - ter - cedes,

D. S.—*Ask not to be ex-cused, This answer may be giv'n: Thou hast my love a-bused,*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

'Tis sweet to work for Heav'n.
The Master's work to do. Come, O come! Ask not to be excused; Come, O come! Stand ready to be used.
O come and be for - giv'n! to-day, to-day!

Thou art excused from heav'n.

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514

A CHILD OF THE KING.

"Heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ."—Rom. 8:17.

HATTIE E. BUEL. Arr. from a Melody by 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 hands!
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav - iour of men, Once wandered on earth as the poor-est of them;
3. I once was an outcast, a stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, and an al - ien by birth!
4. A tent or a cottage, O why should I care? They're building a pal - ace for me o - ver there!

Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His cot-ters are full,— he has rich - es un-told.
But now he is pleading for sinners on high, And will give me a home when he comes by and by.
But I've been adopted, my name's written down, An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing: "All glo - ry to God, I'm a child of the King."

CHORUS.

ad lib.

I'm a child of the King, a child of the King! With Je - sus, my Saviour, I'm a child of the King!

TELL IT TO JESUS.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. "And they went and told Jesus."—Matt. 14:12. E. S. LORENZ

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un - bid - den? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus;
3. Do you fear the gath-'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus;
4. Are you troub - led at the tho't of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus;

Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
Have you sins that to the world are hid - den? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.
Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?
For Christ's com-ing king - dom are you sigh - ing?

D. S.—You've no oth - er such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus, He is a friend that's well known;

End. D. S.

By permission.

516 IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL.

H. G. SPAFFORD. "He hath delivered my soul in peace."— Ps. 55 : 18. P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When sor- rows like sea - bil - lows roll;
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as - sur - ance con- trol,
3. My sin— O the bliss of the glo - ri - ous tho't!— My sin, not in part, but the whole,
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,

What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.
Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
The trump shall re - sound, and the Lord shall descend; "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.

REFRAIN.

It is well - - - - with my soul, - - - -
It is well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

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IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING.

ANNA L. WARING. "Abide in my love."—John 15: 10. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

1. In heav'nly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear; And safe is such con-fid-ing, For nothing changes
2. Wher - ev - er he may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be-side me, And nothing can I
3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where darkest clouds have

The storm may roar

here. The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid, But God is round a-
lack. His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim, He knows the way he
been. My hope I can not meas - ure, My path to life is free, My Sav-iour has my

The storm may roar

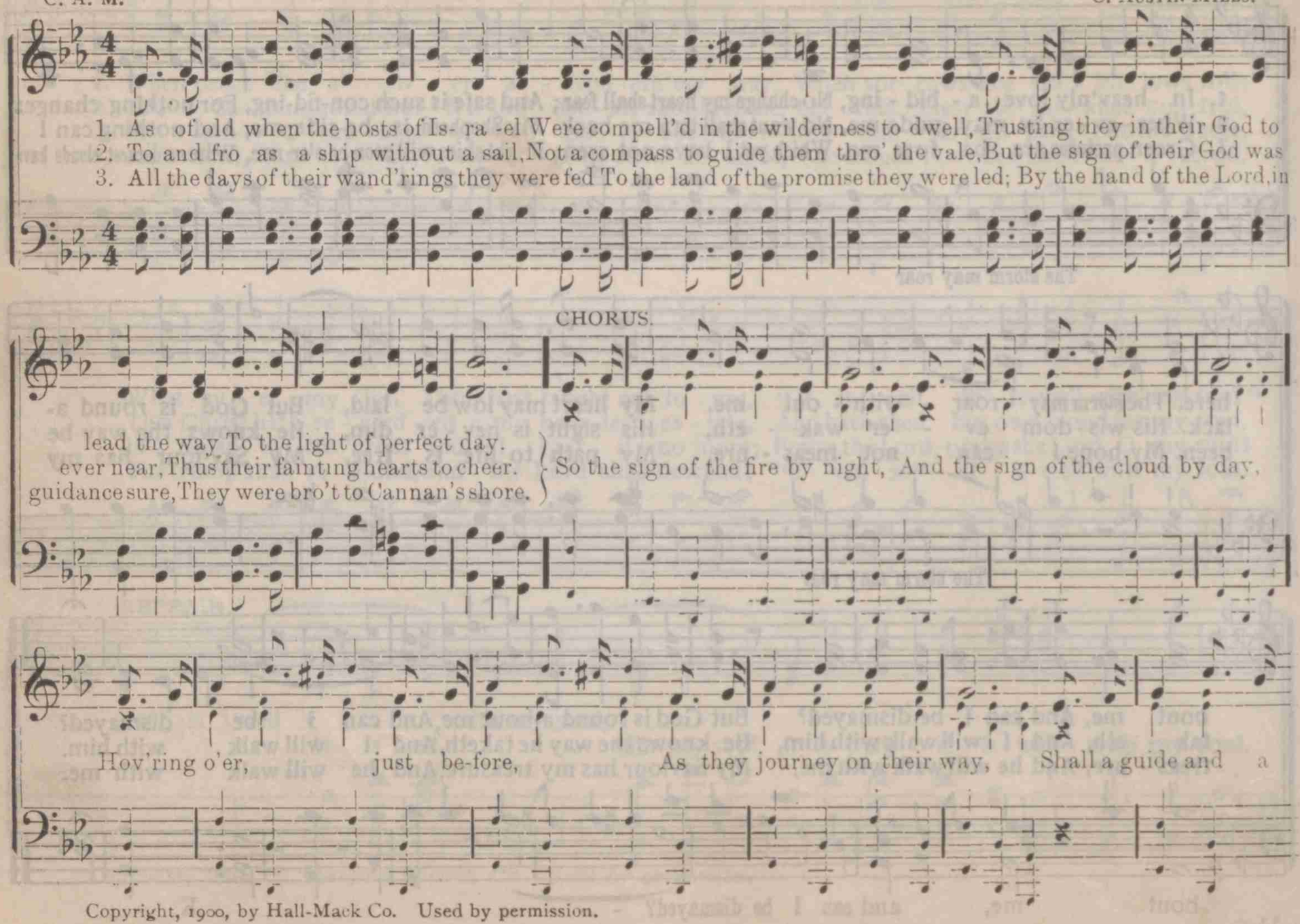
bout me, And can I be dismayed? But God is round a-bout me, And can I be dismayed?
tak - eth, And I will walk with him, He knows the way he taketh, And I will walk with him.
treas - ure, And he will walk with me, My Saviour has my treasure, And he will walk with me.

bout me, and can I be dismayed? - - -

K

THE CLOUD AND FIRE.

"The cloud of the Lord was upon the tabernacle by day, and fire was upon it by night."—Gen. 40: 38.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

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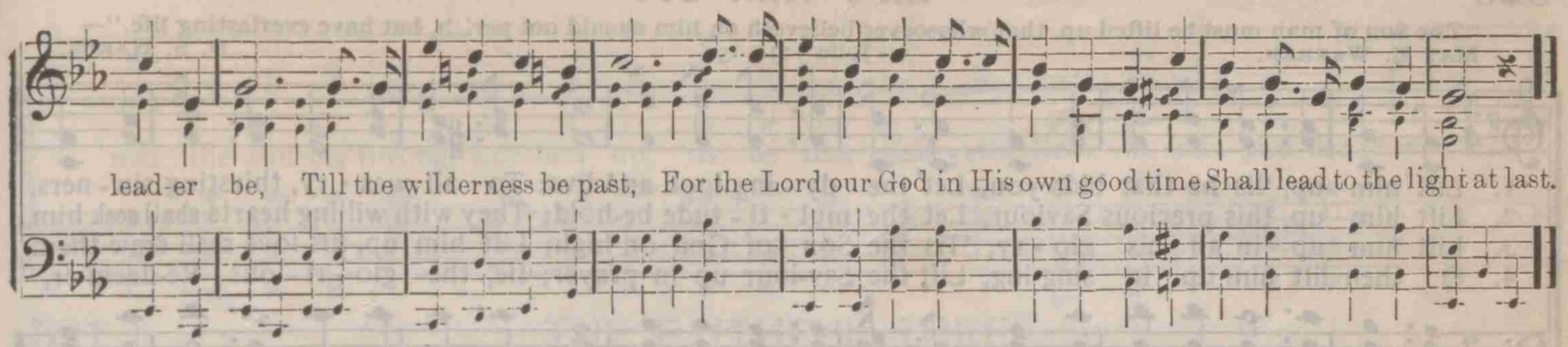
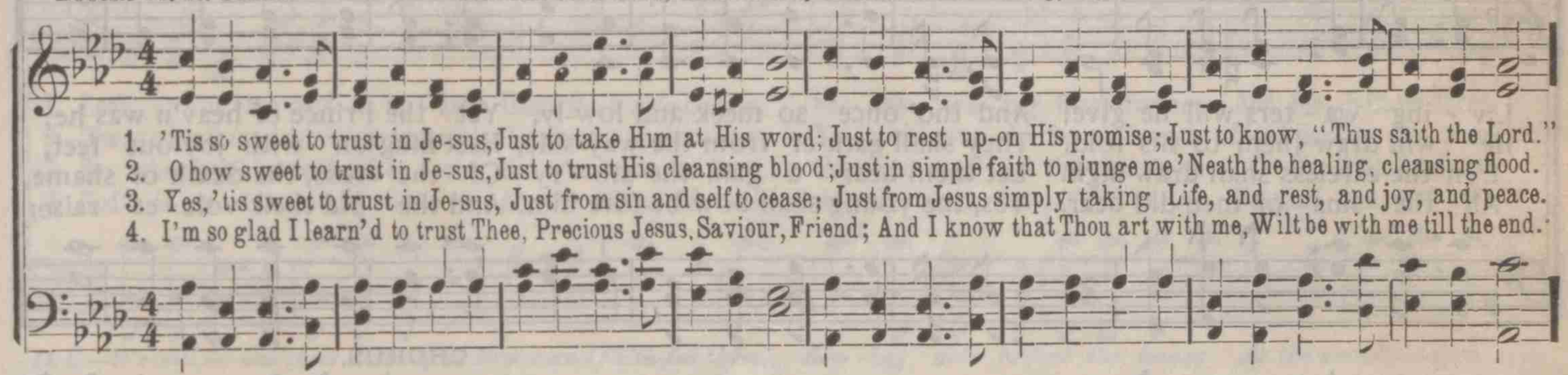
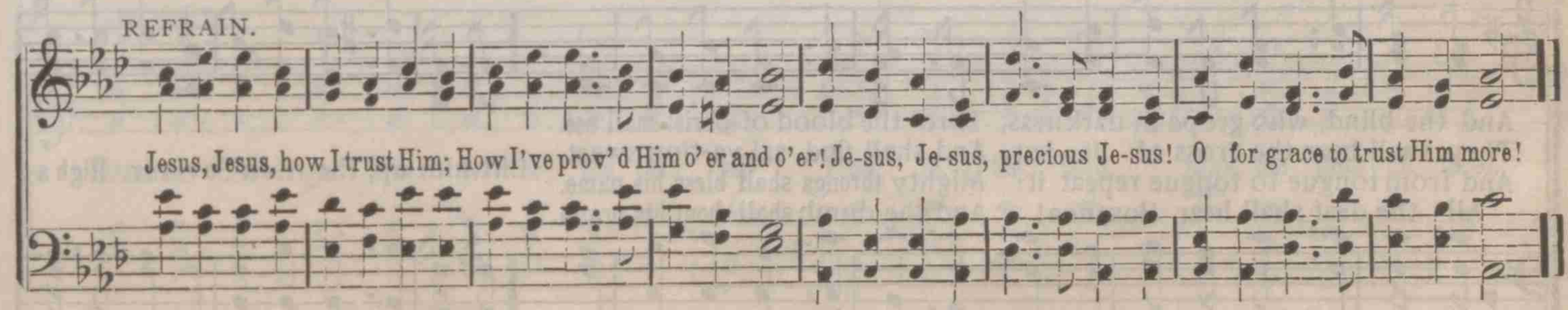
THE CLOUD AND FIRE.—CONCLUDED.



519 'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS.

LOUISA M. R. STEAD. "He shall save them, because they trust in him."—Ps. 37 : 40. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.





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LIFT HIM UP.

"The Son of man must be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life,"—John 3 : 14, 15.

MAY E. WARREN. D. S. HAKES.

1. Lift him up, 'tis he that bids you, Let the dy - ing look and live; To all wea - ry, thirsting sin - ners,
2. Lift him up, this precious Saviour, Let the mul - ti - tude be-hold; They with willing hearts shall seek him,
3. Lift him up in all his glo - ry, 'Tis the Son of God on high; Lift him up, his love shall draw them,
4. O then lift him up in sing-ing, Lift the Sav-iour up in prayer; He, the glo - ri - ous Re-deem-er,

Liv - ing wa - ters will he give;
He will draw them to his fold.
E'en the careless shall draw nigh.
All the sins of men did bear.

And tho' once so meek and low-ly,
They shall gath-er from the way-side,
Let them hear a - gain the sto - ry
Yes, the young shall bow be-fore him,

Yet the Prince of heav'n was he;
Hast'ning on with joy-ous feet,
Of the cross, the death of shame,
And the old their voic - es raise;

CHORUS.

And the blind, who grope in darkness,
They shall bear the cross of Je - sus,
And from tongue to tongue repeat it:
All the deaf shall hear Hosanna!

Thro' the blood of Christ shall see.
And shall find sal-va-tion sweet.
Mighty throngs shall bless his name.
And the dumb shall shout his praise.

Lift him up, the risen Saviour, High a-

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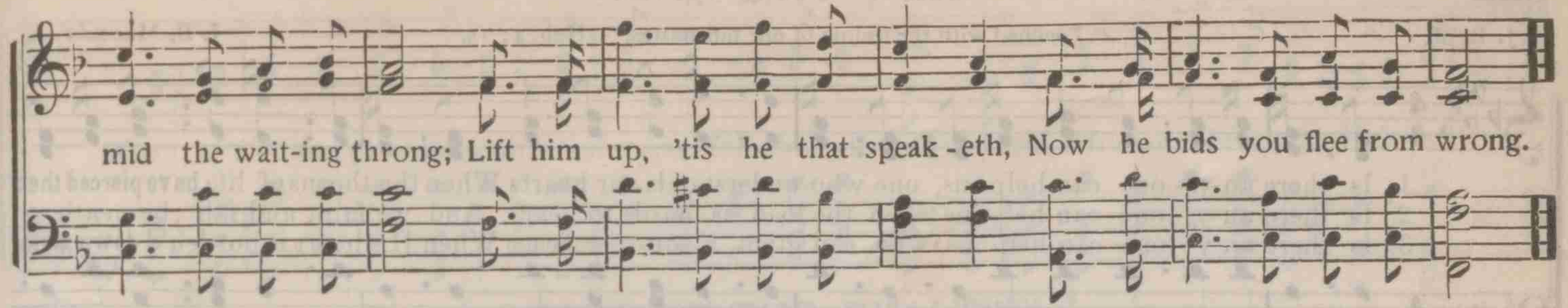
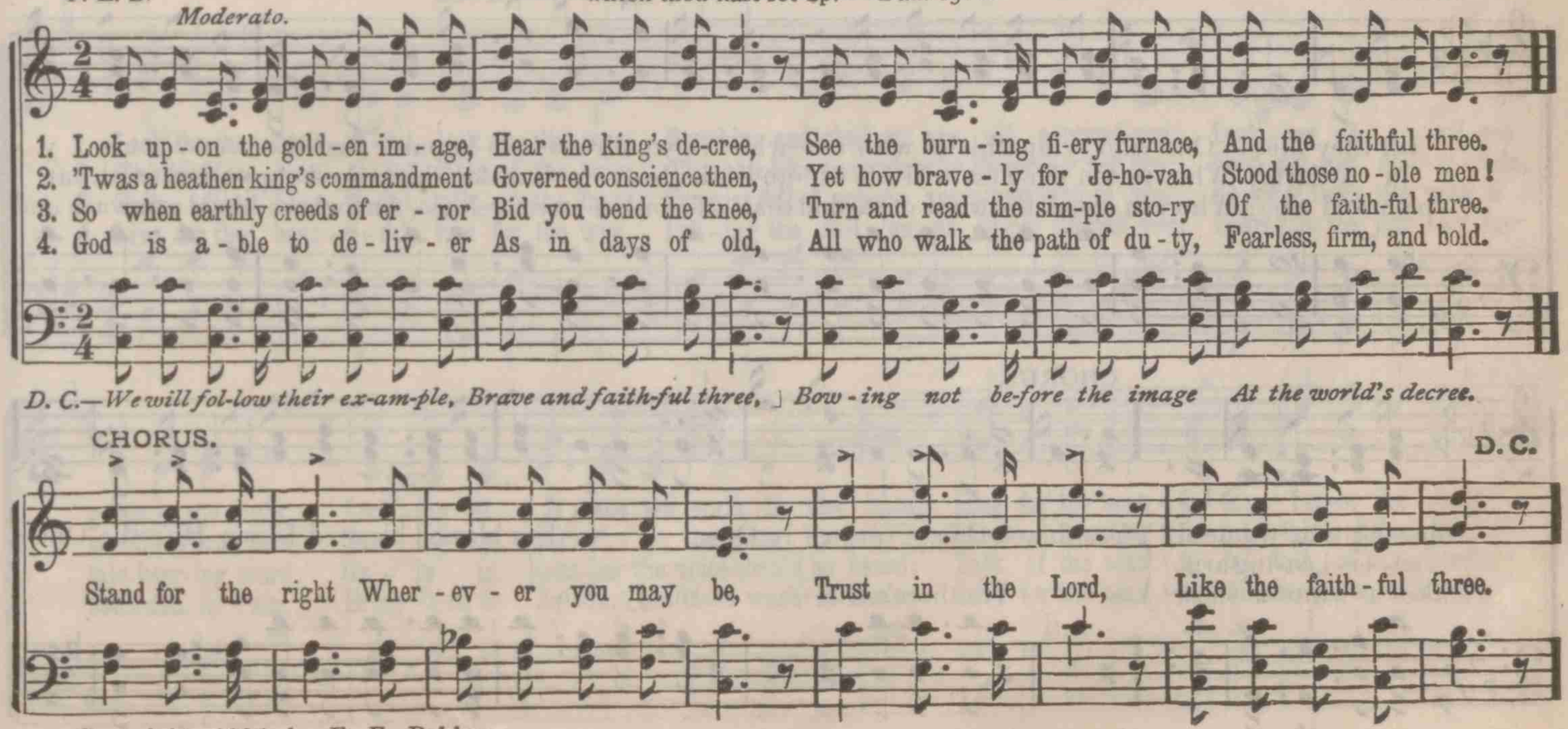
LIFT HIM UP.—CONCLUDED.



521 THE FAITHFUL THREE.

"Be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."—Dan. 13:8.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN



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HE'S THE ONE.

J. B. M.

"Touched with the feeling of our infirmities."—Heb. 4: 15.

J. B. MACKAY.

1. Is there an-y - one can help us, one who understands our hearts When the thorns of life have pierced them
2. Is there an-y - one can help us when the load is hard to bear, And we faint and fall be-neath it
3. Is there an-y - one can help us, who can give a sin- ner peace When His heart is burden'd down with

till they bleed; One who sympathiz-es with us, who in wondrous love imparts Just the ver-y, ver - y
in a- larm; Who in ten der-ness will lift us, and the heav- y- bur-den share, And support us with an
pain and woe; Who can speak the word of pardon that af- fords a sweet release, And whose blood can wash and

CHORUS.

blessing that we need? } Yes, there's One, on - ly One, The blessed, bless-ed Je-sus, He's the One;
ev- er- last-ing arm? }
makes as white as snow? } Yes, there's One on- ly One,

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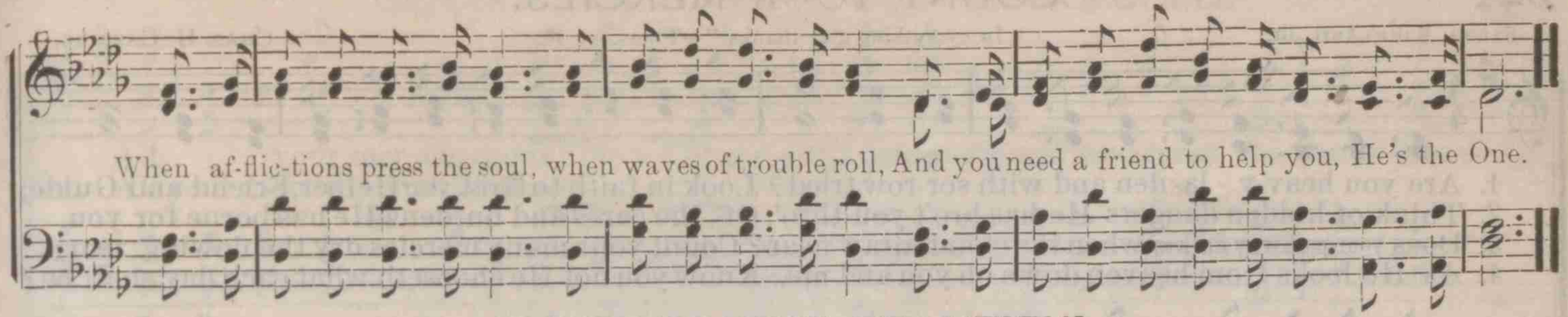
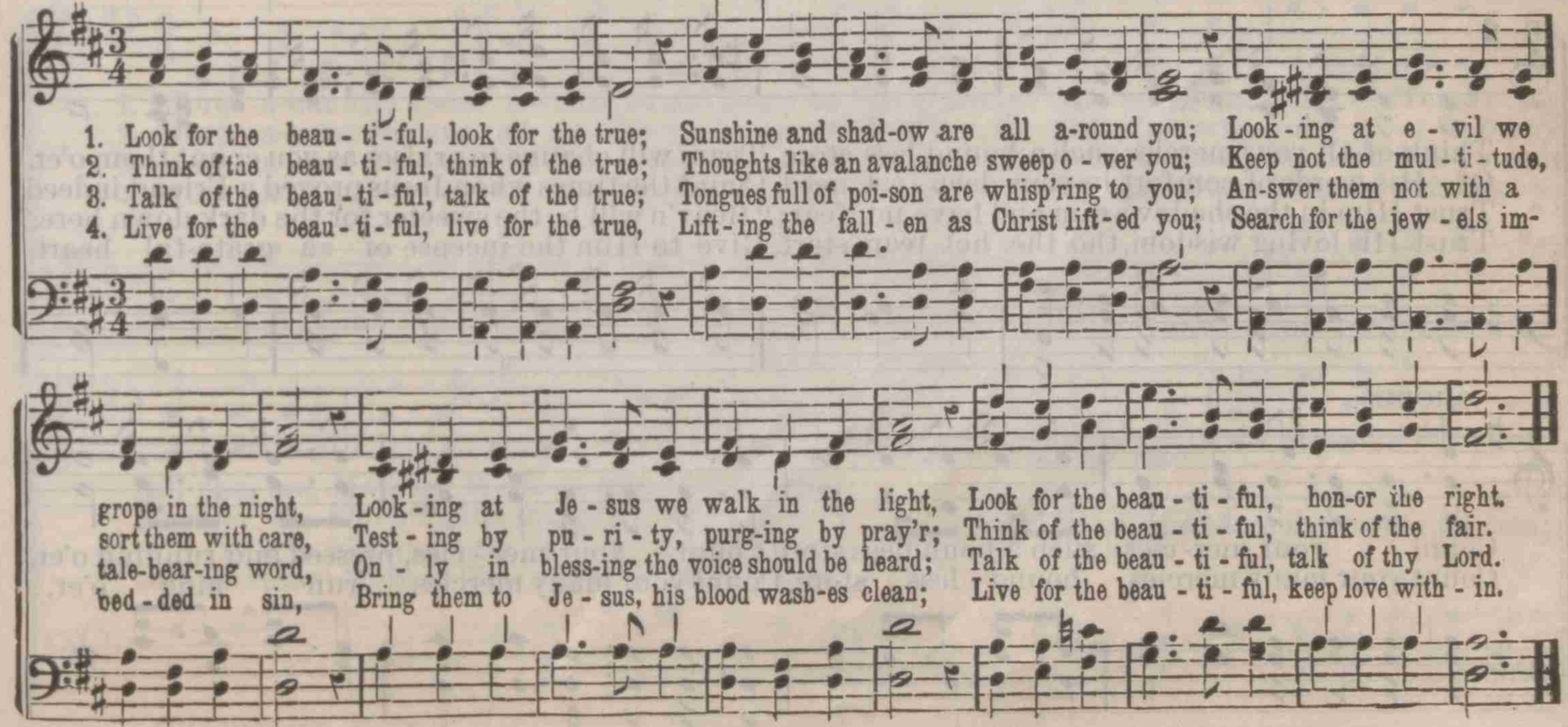
HE'S THE ONE.—CONCLUDED.



523 LOOK FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; IF THERE BE ANY VIRTUE and if there be any praise, think on these things."—Phil. 4: 8.

F. E. B. F. E. B.



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524

COUNT YOUR MERCIES.

FLORA KIRKLAND, alt. "In everything give thanks"—Thess. 5: 18. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Are you heav-y - la- den and with sor-row tried? Look in faith to Christ, your Helper, Friend and Guide;
2. Think of hidden dangers He has bro't you thro', Of the cares and burdens He has borne for you,
3. Does your pathway darken when the clouds draw near? Count your many mercies, dry the flowing tear;
4. As He looks from heaven down on you and me, Know you not He chooseth what each day shall be?

Think of all your mercies, such a bound-less store, Tears will change to praises as you count them o'er.
Of His words of comfort in your deep - est need, Count the times when Jesus proved a Friend indeed.
Trust Him in the shadows dim and have no fear; "Heav'n will be the sweeter for the dark down here."
Trust His loving wisdom, tho' the hot tears start, Give to Him the incense of a grate-ful heart.

CHORUS.

Count your mer- cies, such a boundless store, Count your mer - cies, pressed and running o'er,
Count your many mercies, bound - less store, Count your many mercies run - ning o'er,

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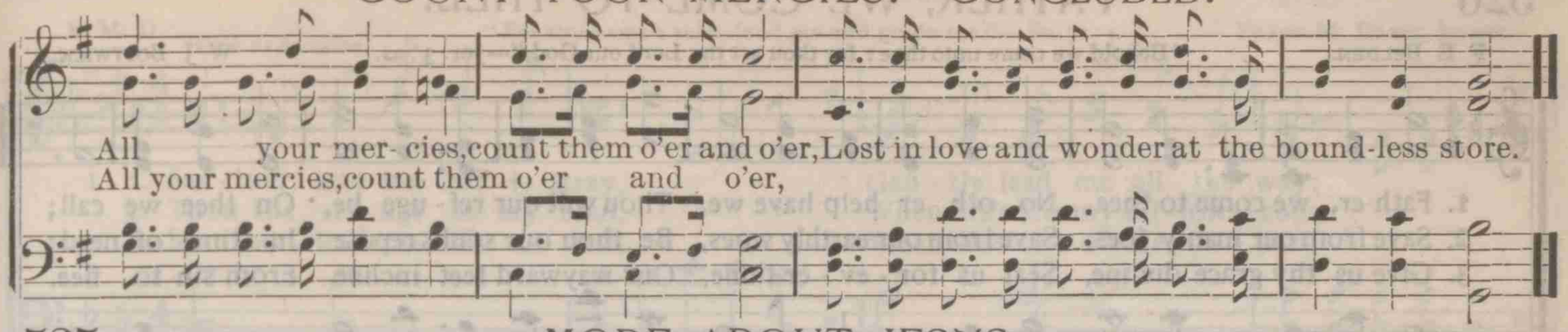
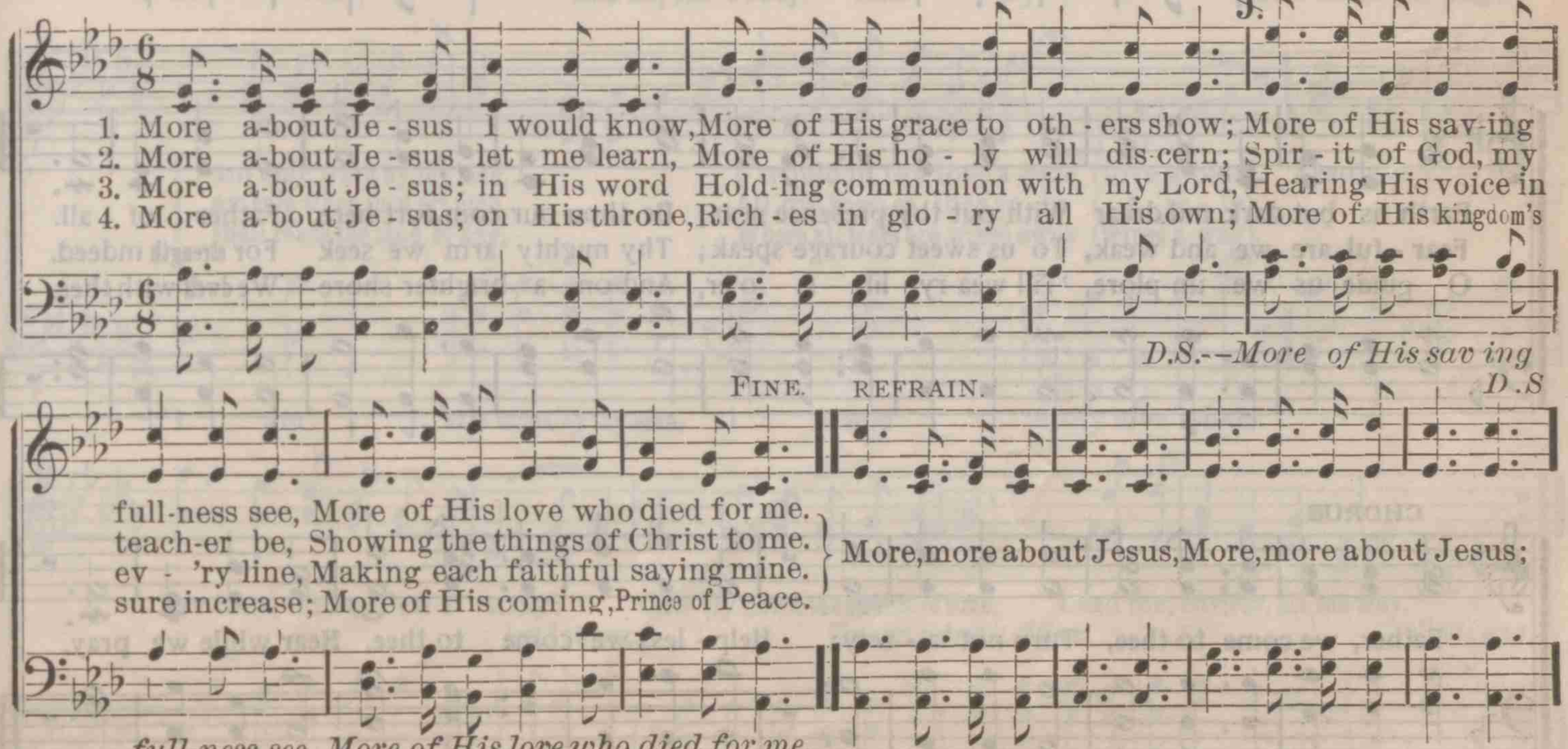
COUNT YOUR MERCIES.—CONCLUDED.



525 MORE ABOUT JESUS.

E. E. Hewitt. "Of his fullness have we received."—John 1 : 16. Jno. R. Sweney.



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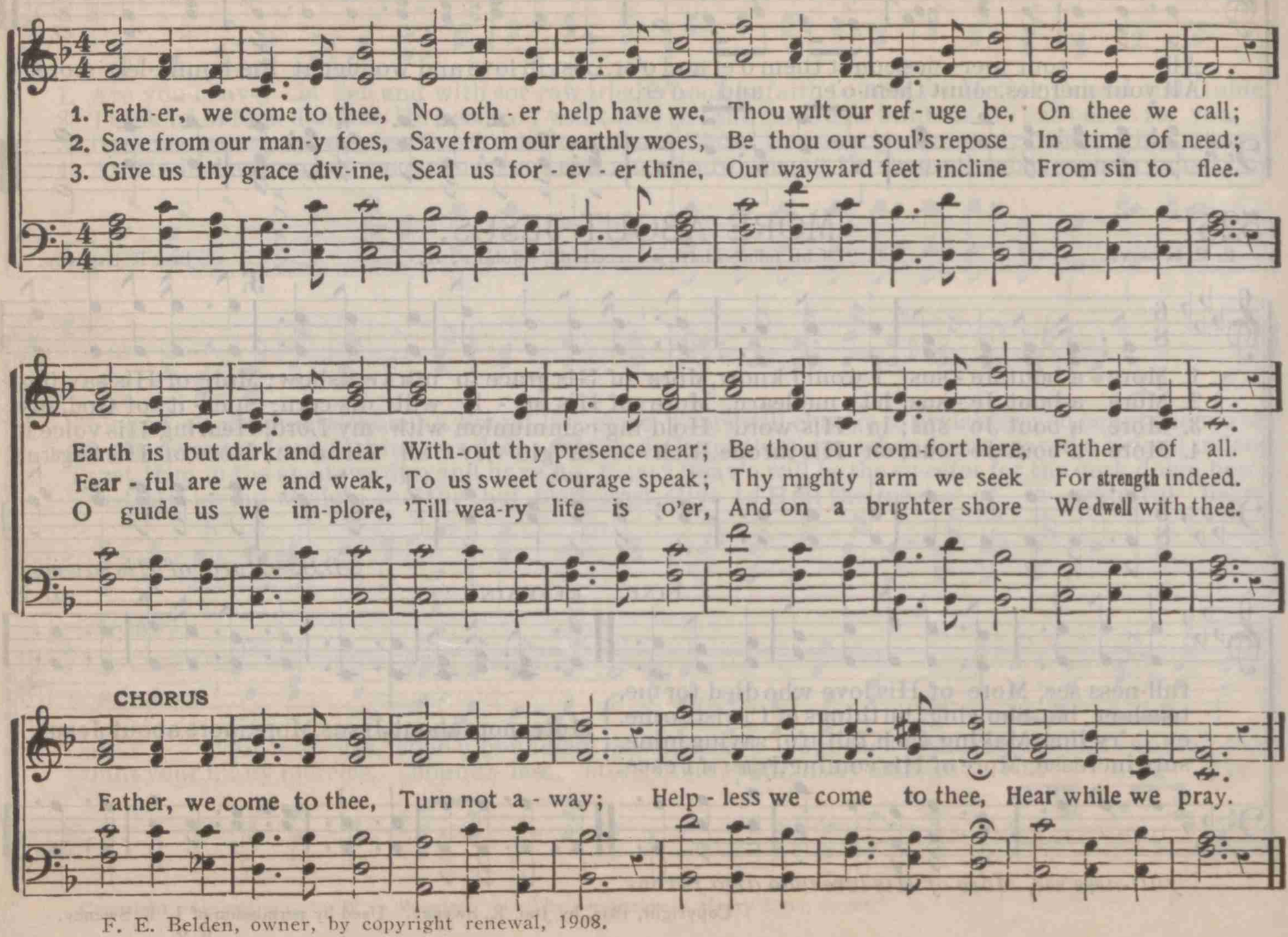
FATHER, WE COME TO THEE.

F E Belden. "Behold we come unto thee: for thou art the Lord our God."—Jer. 3:22. W. J. Bostwick.



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LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

F. M. D. *With expression.* "For thy name's sake, lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31:3. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Sav-iour, lead me lest I stray, Gen-tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the ref-uge of my soul, When life's stormy bil-lows roll;
3. Sav-iour, lead me till at last, When the storm of life is past,

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;

I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love a-bide (love a-bide). Lead me, Lead me,
I am safe when thou art nigh, All my hopes on thee re-ly (I re - ly).
I shall reach the land of day, Where all tears are wiped away (wiped a-way).

I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love a-bide.

Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray; Gen-tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.
lest I stray; Changing stream of time, all the way.

THE LORD IS MY LIGHT.

JAMES NICHOLSON. "The Lord is my light and my salvation."— Ps. 27 : 1. DR. J. W. BISCHOFF, by per.

1. The Lord is my light; then why should I fear? By day and by night his pres-ence is near;
2. The Lord is my light; tho' clouds may a- rise, Faith stronger than sight, looks up to the skies
3. The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength, I know in his might I'll conquer at length;
4. The Lord is my light, my all and in all; There is in his sight no darkness at all;

He is my sal - va - tion from sorrow and sin; This bles - sed per - sua-sion the Spir-it brings in.
Where Jesus for - ev - er in glo-ry doth reign: Then how can I ev - er in darkness re - main?
My weakness in mer - cy he cov-ers with pow'r, And, walk - ing by faith, he upholds me each hour.
He is my Re- deem-er, my Saviour and King; With saints and with an- gels his prais-es I sing.

D. S.— The Lord is my light, my joy and my song; By day and by night he leads me a - long.

CHORUS. D. S.

The Lord is my light, my joy and my song; By day and by night he leads me a - long.

PILLAR OF FIRE.

F. E. B. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."—Ps. 34 : 7. F. E. BELDEN.

1. The an - gel of the Lord encamp - eth Round a-bout us, round a - bout us; Round a - bout the souls that fear him, Night and day.
2. When dan - ger hov - ers o'er our pathway, He will hide us, he will hide us, Safe with - in the might -y shad - ow Of his wing.
3. We'll trust thee as we on-ward jour- ney, God of Is - rael, God of Is - rael, Till we reach the land of prom-ise, Just be - fore.

CHORUS.

O pil - lar of fire, pil - lar of cloud, Lead me, lead me ev'ry day! O pil - lar of fire, pil - lar of cloud, Lead me on my heav'nly way.
O fie-ry, cloudy pil - lar, fie - ry, cloudy pil - lar,
O fie-ry, cloudy pil - lar, fie-ry, cloudy pil - lar,

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FORWARD.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. "Above all, take the shield of faith."—Eph. 6: 16. Grant C. Tullar.

Animato.

1. Christ, our mighty Captain, leads against the foe; We will nev- er fal - ter when He bids us go: Tho' His righteous
2. Let our glorious banner ev - er be unfurled; From its mighty stronghold evil shall be hurled; Christ, our mighty
3. Fierce the bat-tle rag - es, but 'twill not be long, Then triumphant shall we join the blessed throng, Joyful- ly u -

CHORUS.

purpose we may nev-er know, Yet we'll follow all the way.
Captain, overcomes the world, And we follow all the way.
nit - ing in the victor's song, If we follow all the way.

} Forward! forward! 'tis the Lord's command, Forward! forward!

to the promised land; Forward! forward! let the cho-rus ring; We are sure to win with Christ our King!

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URGE THEM TO COME.

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

1. In the highways and hedges go seek for the lost, Gather them in to the fold,—Was the earn-est com-
2. If the Shepherd we love, we will care for the sheep; Pre-cious are they in his sight; They are out in the
3. To the wea- ry and thirst-y the Saviour has said, "Come, heavy laden, to me, I will give you to
4. There's a welcome for all in the kingdom of grace, All who repent and believe; And the souls that have

mand that our Saviour di- vine Taught his dis - ci - ples of old.
des - ert, they wander a-lone; Lead them from dark-ness to light.
drink of the wa-ter of life;" Tell them the fountain is free.
stray'd and returned to the fold. Je - sus will glad -ly re-ceive.

CHORUS.

Urge them to come, show them the way; Ten-der-ly, lov- ing - ly, bring them to- day; Urge them to come, why should they roam? Bring them along to our dear Saviour's home.

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532 SEEKING THE LOST.

W. A. O. "I will seek that which was lost."—Eze. 34 : 16. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Seeking the lost, yes, kindly en-treat-ing Wanderers on the mountains a - stray, "Come unto me," his
2. Seeking the lost, and pointing to Je - sus Souls that are weak and hearts that are sore, Leading them forth in
3. Thus would I go, for Je-sus hath call'd me, Him would I fol-low day un-to day; Care for the d - ing,

CHORUS. *With Bass Solo obligato.*

message re - peat-ing, Words of the Master speaking to-day.
ways of sal - va-tion, Showing the path to life ev - er - more.
raise up the fall - en, Pointing the lost to Je-sus the way.

Go-ing a - far, a -

Go-ing a - far . . . . . upon the

far up-on the mountain, Bringing the wan - d'rers, the wand'rers back a-gain,

moun - tain, ... Bring-ing the wan - - d'rers back a - gain, ... In - to the

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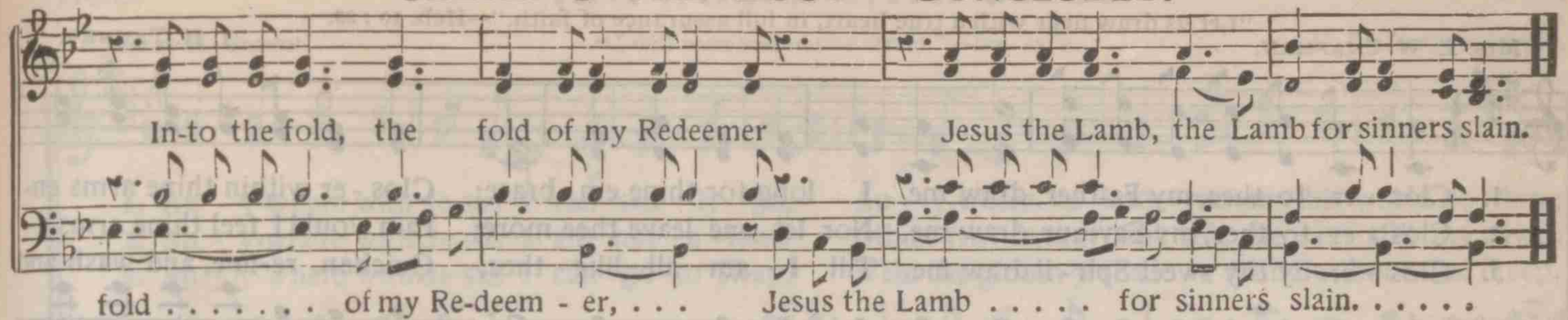
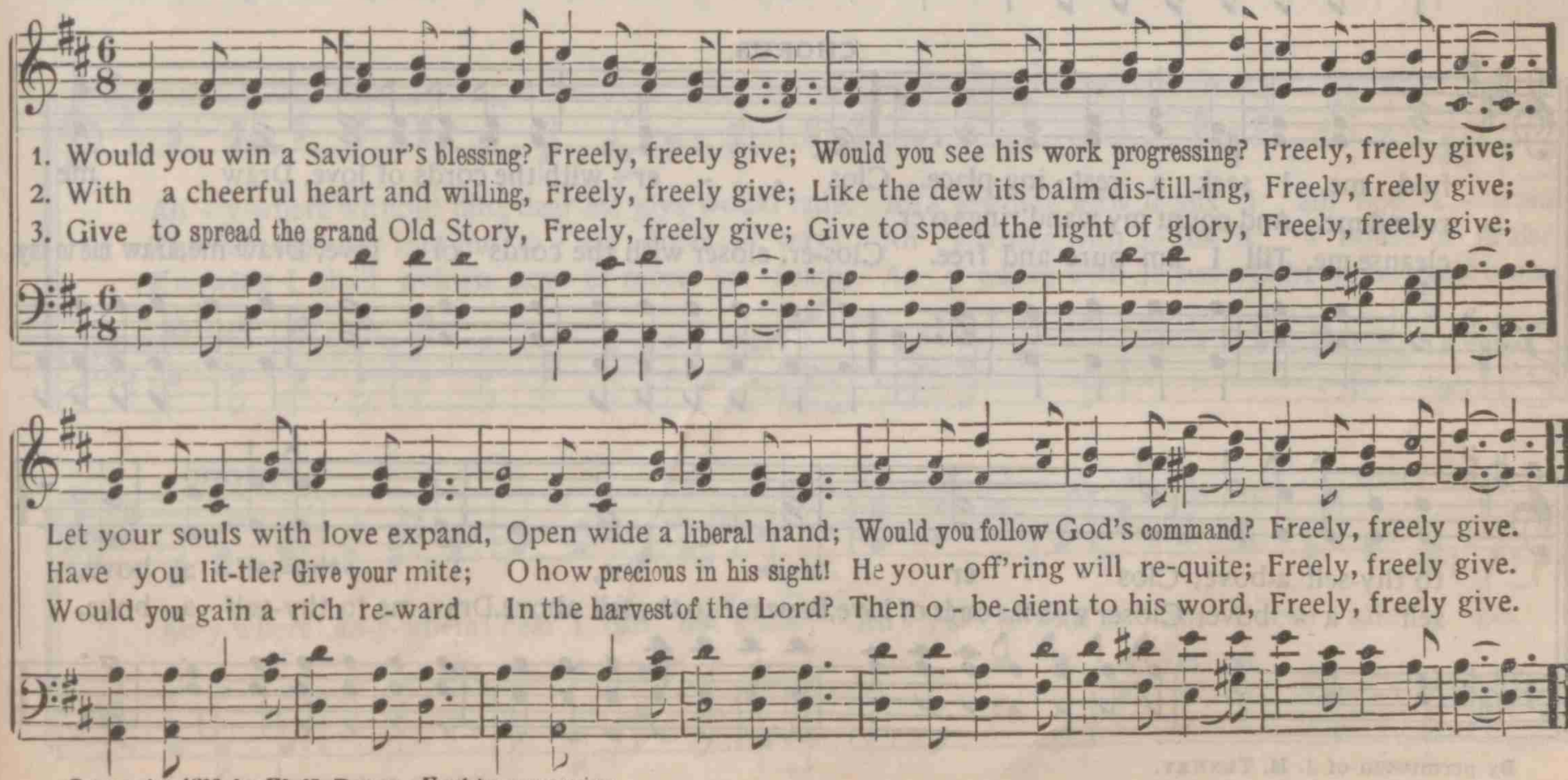

533 FREELY GIVE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Give, and it shall be given unto you."—Luke 6 : 38. THEO. E. PERKINS.



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DRAW ME CLOSER TO THEE.

"Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith."—Heb. 10 : 22.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Clos - er to thee, my Fa-ther, draw me, I long for thine em - brace; Clos - er within thine arms en-
2. Clos - er to thee, my Saviour, draw me, Nor let me leave thee more; Fain would I feel thine arms a -
3. Clos - er by thy sweet Spir - it draw me, Till I am all like thee; Quicken, re-fine, and wash and

CHORUS.

fold me, I seek a rest - ing place. Clos - - er with the cords of love, Draw me
round me, And count my wand'rings o'er.
cleanse me, Till I am pure and free. Clos-er, closer with the cords of love, Draw me, draw me to thy

to thy-self a-bove; Clos - - er draw me, To thy-self a - bove.
self a - bove; Closer with the cords of love, Draw me to thyself above. Draw me to thy-self a - bove.

By permisston of J. H. TENNEY.

ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

JESSIE H. BROWN. "I will trust and not be afraid."—Isa. 12 : 2. D. B. TOWNER, by per.

1. An - y-where with Je-sus I can safe - ly go, An - y-where he leads me in this world be - low;
2. An - y-where with Je-sus I am not a - lone, Oth-er friends may fail me, he is still my own;
3. An - y-where with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the gloom-y shadows round a - bout me creep,

An - y-where without him, dear-est joys would fade, An - y-where with Je-sus I am not a - fraid.
Tho' his hand may lead me o - ver drear - y ways, An - y-where with Je-sus is a house of praise.
Knowing I shall wak-en nev - er-more to roam; An - y-where with Je-sus will be home sweet home.

CHORUS.

An-y-where! an-y-where! Fear I can - not know; An - ywhere with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

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WINNING PRECIOUS SOULS TO THEE.

E. A. H. "He that winneth souls is wise."—Prov. 11: 30. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

DUET. ALL. DUET.

1. Be with us, Lord, as forth we go, Winning precious souls to Thee; And make our love and zeal to glow,
2. Help us to la - bor faith - ful ly, Winning precious souls to Thee; And gath - er ma- ny sheaves for Thee,
3. We toil with fee-ble hands and weak, Winning precious souls to Thee; To us new faith and courage speak,
4. As we each day our work pursue, Winning precious souls to Thee; Our faith increase, our zeal re-new,
5. We need Thy help, O gracious Lord! Winning precious souls to Thee; Go with us, and Thy aid af-ford,
6. As we go forth in trust and love, Winning precious souls to Thee; Send down Thy blessing from a-bove,

ALL. CHORUS.

Win-ning precious souls to Thee. Win-ning precious souls, ma - ny pre-cious souls, Jew-els in Thy

crown to be; Help us bring them in from the ways of sin, Ma - ny pre-cious souls to Thee.

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537

"EVEN UNTO THE END."

F. E. B.

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end."— Matt. 28 : 20.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. "Go ye in - to all the world, And preach the gospel to ev -'ry creature," Let my ban-ner be unfurled,
2. Millions bless'd with gos- pel light, Yet need the glad-ness of sins for - giv-en; Millions, cursed with heathen night,
3. Stand not i - dle all the day, Because no man hath de-clared thy wages; Work on, love demands no pay,
4. All things on the al - tar lay, Let Calvry's cross be thy on - ly glo - ry; Cast all self - ish fear a-way,

CHORUS.

With pen, and song, and the liv - ing teach-er. "E - - ven un-to the end, - - - E - - ven
Yet long to know of the Way to heav-en. un-to the end,
'Tis all set down in the heav'n-ly pag - es.
Be - gin just now tell-ing love's sweet sto-ry. Go ye, go ye over land and sea, Pow'r, "all pow'r

un-to the end;" - - - "Lo, - - I am with you al - way, E - - ven un - to the end."
is giv-en un-to me," I will guide you, I defend, I will keep you un - to the end.

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LOVE'S RAINBOW.

"And God said, this is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you."—Gen. 9 : 12.

FLORA KIRKLAND. I. H. MEREDITH.

With expression.

1. Life is not a cloudless journey, Storms and darkness oft oppress, But the Father's changeless mercy,
2. Dark the clouds and wild the tempest; Turn, oh, turn thy longing eyes! See afar, the Father's promise,
3. Nev-er fear, nor be discouraged, Tho' life's journey dark appear, Travel on, by faith uphold-en,

Comes to cheer the heart's distress; Heavy clouds may darkly hov-er, Hiding all faith's view a-bove,
Out of gloom, in light a-rise; See the glow-ing, gleaming col-ors, Father's love to us they prove;
"God is love" oh, tho't of cheer! When thy path seems hid in shadow, Look with fearless eyes above;

CHORUS.

But a-cross the thickest darkness, Shines the rainbow of His love.
He hath promised; He is faith-ful, 'Tis the rainbow of His love.
Spanning o'er thy deepest sor-row, Shines the rainbow of His love.

} Aft-er storm the rainbow shineth,

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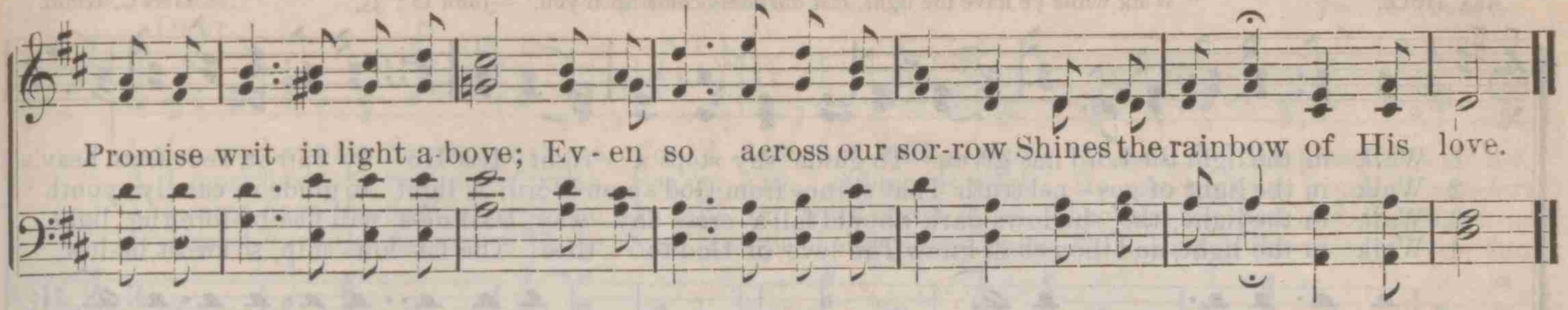
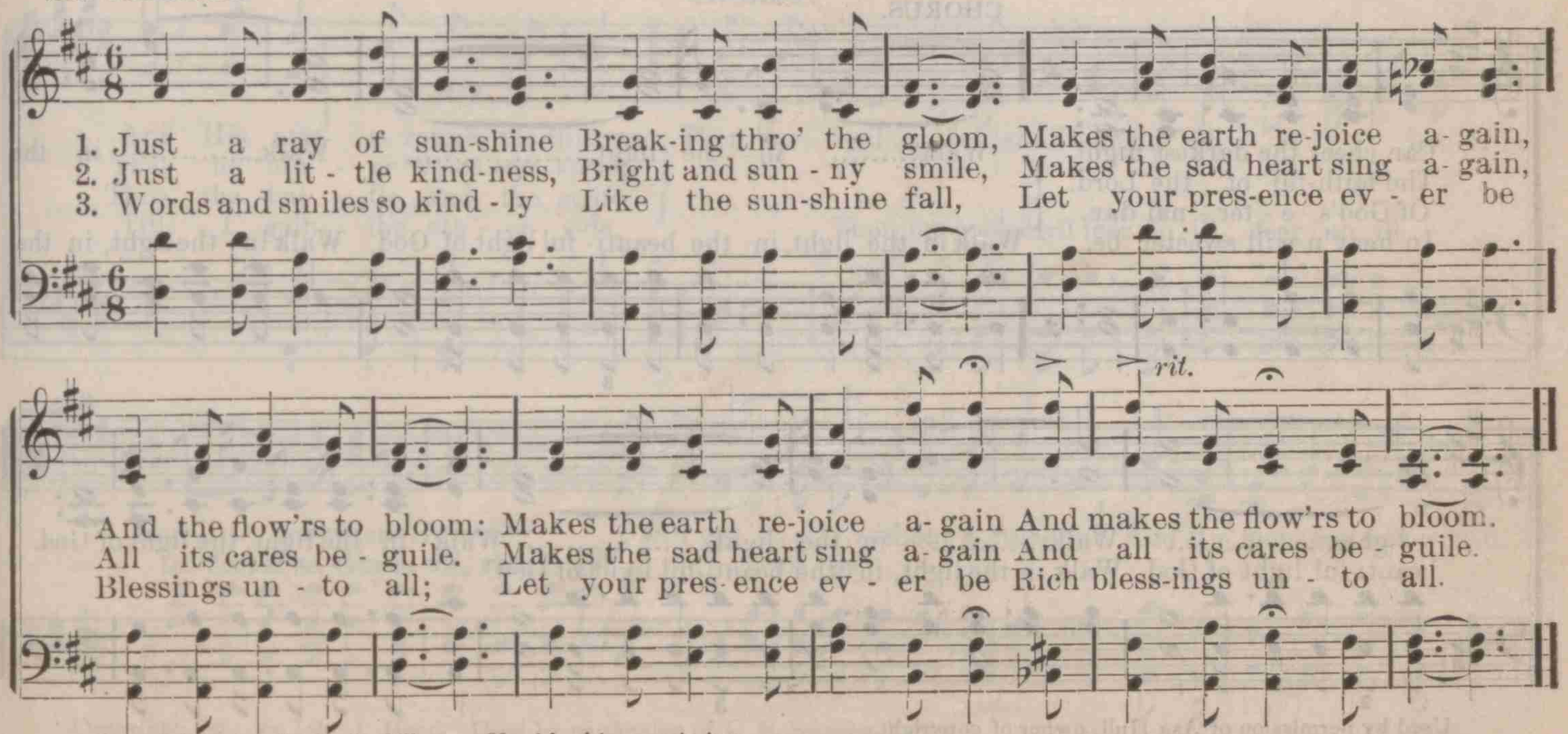
LOVE'S RAINBOW.—CONCLUDED.



539 JUST A RAY OF SUNSHINE.

ADA BLENKHORN. "She hath done what she could." P. P. BILHORN.



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WALK IN THE LIGHT.

ASA HULL. "Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you."—John 12 : 35. GEO C. HUGG.

1. Walk in the light the Lord has given To guide thy steps a - right; His Ho - ly Spir-it, sent from heav'n,
2. Walk in the light of gos - pel truth That shines from God's own Word, A light to guide in ear- ly youth
3. Walk in the light; tho' shadows dark Should fall a- cross thy way, Darkness will flee be-fore the light
4. Walk in the light, and thou shall know The love of God to thee; The fel- low- ship, so sweet be-low,

CHORUS.

Can cheer the darkest night.
The faith-ful of the Lord.
Of God's e - ter - nal day.
In heav'n will sweeter be.

Walk..... in the light,..... Walk..... in the light..... Walk..... in the light,..... Walk in the light, the light of God.

Walk in the light, in the beauti- ful light of God, Walk in the light, in the beauti-ful light of God, Walk in the light, in the beauti-ful light of God.

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541 THE SAVIOUR WITH ME.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. "We walk by faith."—2 Cor. 5 : 7 JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

1. I must have the Saviour with me, For I dare not walk a- lone; I must feel His presence near me,
2. I must have the Saviour with me, For my faith, at best, is weak; He can whis-per words of com-fort
3. I must have the Saviour with me, In the on- ward march of life, Thro' the tem-pest and the sun-shine,
4. I must have the Saviour with me, And His eye the way must guide, Till I reach the vale of Jor - dan,

CHORUS.

And His arm a- round me thrown. Then my soul..... shall fear no ill, Let Him
That no oth - er voice can speak.
Thro' the bat - tle and the strife.
Till I gain the oth - er side. Then my soul shall fear no ill, fear no ill,

lead..... me where He will, I will go..... without a mur-mur, And His footsteps follow still.
Let Him lead me, where He will, where He will, I will go

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WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR JESUS?

EMILY P. MILLER. "I must work the works of him that sent me."—John 9 : 4. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. What are you doing for Je - sus, As you journey thro' life? Sowing the grain for the harvest, Or scat-ter-ing
2. What are you doing for Je - sus? Are you striving each day, By lit-tle acts of kind-ness, To bright-en
3. What are you doing for Je - sus? Soon comes setting of sun; Has-ten to tell the glad ti-dings, Lest you leave some

CHORUS.

seeds of strife?
some ones way?
work un - done.

What are you do - ing, Do - ing for Je - sus?

What are you do-ing for Je - sus your friend? What are you do - ing for Je - sus to - day?

What are you do - ing As the days go by?.....

What are you do-ing for Je-sus your friend As the days go by, days go by?

What are you do - ing,

What are you do-ing for Jesus your friend?

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WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR JESUS?.—CONCLUDED.

Do - ing for Je - sus? What are you do - ing As the days go by?.....
What are you do-ing for Je-sus to-day? What are you do-ing for Je-sus your friend days go by?

543 LIFT! BROTHER, LIFT!

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."—Matt. 16: 24.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

Spirited.

1. When the cross seems hard to carry, Lift! brother, lift! O'er the burden nev-er tar-ry, Lift! brother, lift!
2. Du - ty's call is self-de-ny-ing, Lift! brother, lift! Half the bat-tle lies in try-ing, Lift! brother, lift!
3. When the e-vil seems the strongest, Lift! brother, lift! Lift the hardest, lift the longest, Lift! brother, lift!

CHORUS.

Lift the cross and clasp it tighter, Lift! brother, lift! Lifting makes the burden lighter, Lift! brother, lift!

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THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE.

Rev. U. S. UFFORD. (May be used as a Solo and Chorus.) E. S. U. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom some one should save; Somebody's brother! oh,
2. Throw out the Life-Line, With hand quick and strong, Why do you tarry, why linger so long? See! he is sinking; oh,
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sinking in anguish where you've never been: Winds of temptation and
4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-ter-ni-ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no

CHORUS.

who then, will dare To throw out the Life-Line his per-il to share?
has-ten to-day—And out with the Life-Boat! away, then, a-way!
bil-lows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
time for de-lay, But throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.

} Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line!

Some one is drifting a-way; Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sinking to-day.

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THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE!

F. E. B. "I will draw all men unto me."—John 12:32. "Who redeemeth thy life from destruction."—Ps. 103:4. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Out up-on an an-gry o-cean, Without helm or oar, Mill-ions in the wild com-mo-tion,
2. On a flow'ry gos-pel mead-ow, Thousands dwell at ease, Car-ing not that Death's dark shad-ow
3. How can we who once were res-cued At so great a cost, Cast a-drift the on-ly Life-Line,
4. Brothers, hear your brothers call-ing, "Throw the line this way;" Sis-ters, see your sis-ters sink-ing,

f CHORUS.

Sink to rise no more.
Haunts the stormy seas. Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line! Night is swiftly com-ing; Be-
Laugh-ing at the lost?
With no arm to stay.

p *f* *cres.* *ff* *Small notes, final ending.* *rit.*

hold the set-ting sun! Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line! Je-sus is the life-line; You may save one (save one).

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546 MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

I. B. "Come over into Macedonia and help us."—Acts 16:9. Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. On the shore (on the shore) be-yond the sea, Where the fields (where the fields) are bright and fair, There's a
2. Hark! I hear (hark! I hear) the Mas-ter say, "Up, ye reap- (up, ye reap-) ers! why so slow?" To the
3. Just be-yond (just be-yond) the roll-ing tide, The up-lift- (the up-lift-) ed hand I see; Lo! the
4. Fa-ther, moth- (father, moth-) er, dar-ling child, I must bid (I must bid) you all a-dieu; Far a-

CHORUS.

call (there's a call), a plain-tive plea, I must hast- (I must hast-) en to be there. Let me go, ...
vine- (to the vine-) yard, far a-way, Earth-ly kin- (earth-ly kin-) dred, let me go.
gates (lo! the gates) are o-pen wide, And the lost (and the lost) are call-ing me.
cross (far a-cross) the wa-ters wild, There's a work (there's a work) for me to do. I cannot stay,

I can-not stay, 'Tis the Mas - - - ter call-ing me; Let me go, ...
Mas-ter, 'Tis the Mas-ter I must o-bey,

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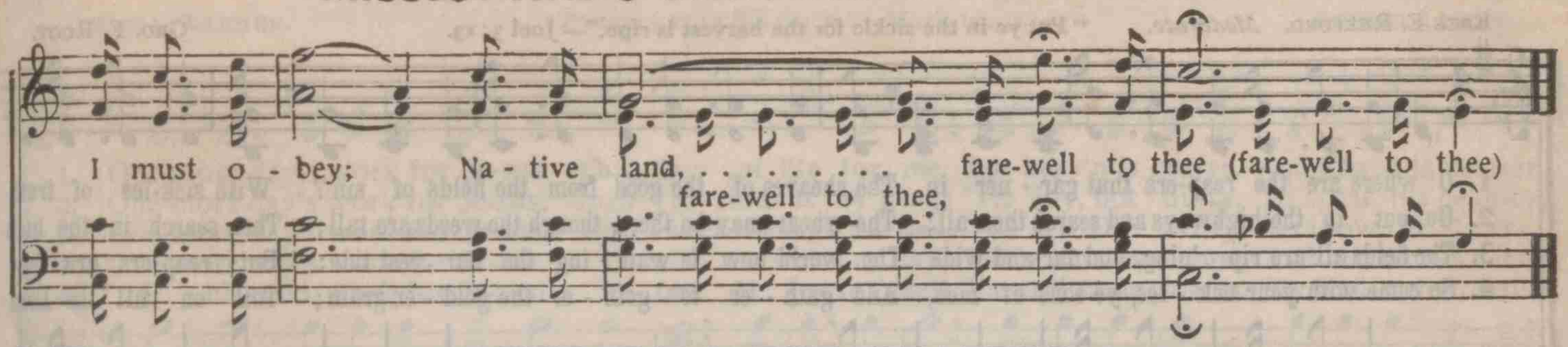
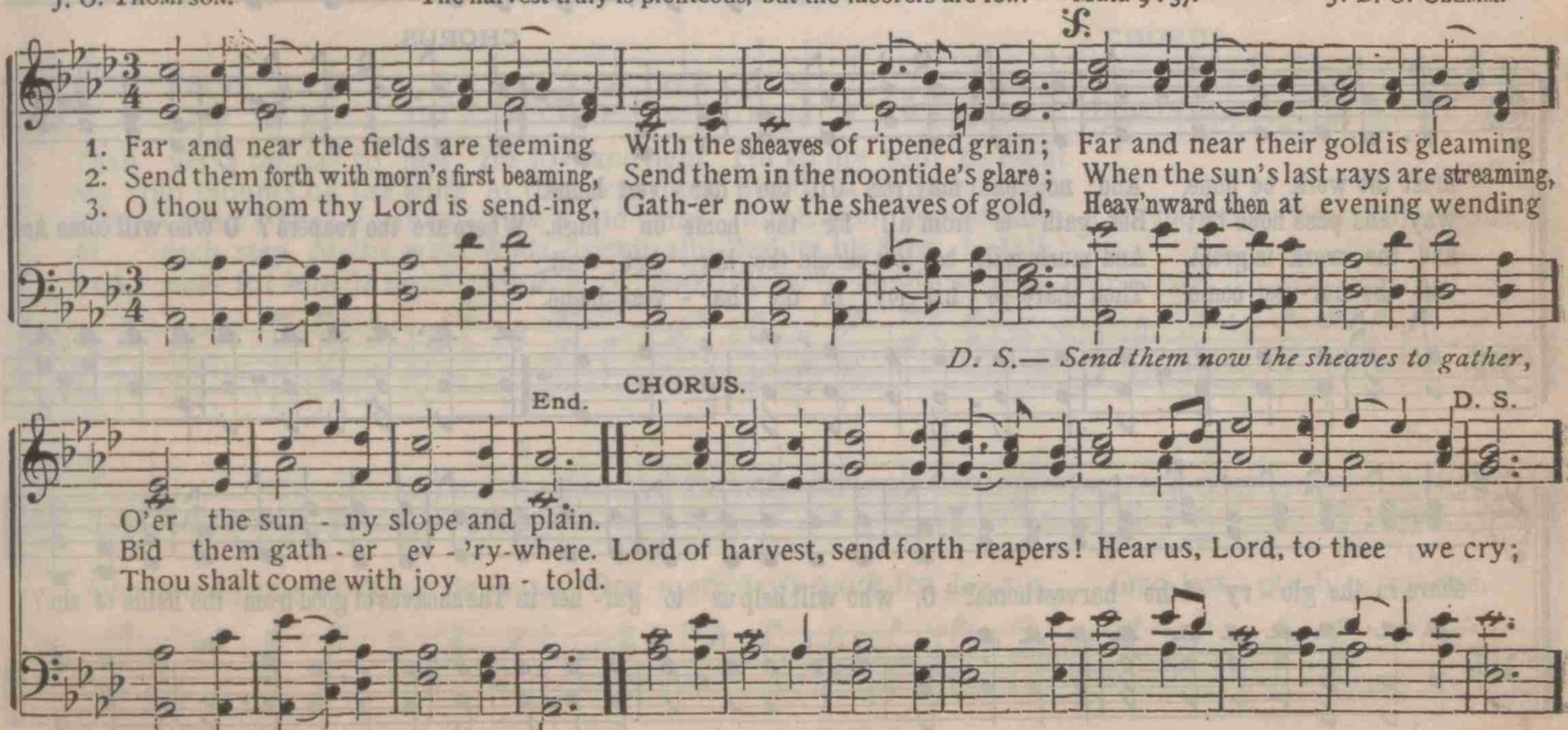
MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.—CONCLUDED.

547 THE CALL FOR REAPERS.

J. O. THOMPSON. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."—Matt. 9 : 37. J. B. O. CLEMM.



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WHERE ARE THE REAPERS?

EBEN E. REXFORD. *Moderato.* "Put ye in the sickle for the harvest is ripe."—Joel 3: 13. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. O where are the reap-ers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin? With sick-les of truth
2. Go out in the highways and search them all; The wheat may be there, though the weeds are tall; Then search in the high-
3. The fields all are rip - 'ning, and far and wide The world now is wait - ing the har -vest tide: But reap-ers are few,
4. So come with your sick - les, ye sons of men, And gath - er to - geth - er the gold - en grain; Toil on till the Lord

CHORUS.

must the work be done, And no one may rest till the "har - vest home."
way, and pass none by; But gath - er from all for the home on high. Where are the reapers? O who will come And
and the work is great, And much will be lost should the har - vest wait.
of the har-vest come, Then share ye his joy in the "har - vest home."

share in the glo - ry of the "harvest home?" O, who will help us to gar- ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

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ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

ANNA WARNER. "To every man his work."—Mark 13:34. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. One more day's work for Je-sus, One less of life for me; But heav'n is nearer, And Christ is dear-er,
2. One more day's work for Je-sus; How glo-rious is my King! 'Tis joy, not du-ty, To speak his beau-ty;
3. One more day's work for Je-sus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the sto-ry, To show the glo-ry
4. One more day's work for Je-sus,— O yes, a wea-ry day; But heav'n shines clearer, And rest comes nearer,
5. O bless-ed work for Je-sus! O rest at Je-sus' feet! There toil seems pleasure, My wants are treasure,

CHORUS.

Than yes-ter-day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to-night.
My soul mounts on the wing At the mere tho't How Christ my life has bought.
Where Christ's flock enter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine! One more day's work for Jesus,
At each step of the way; And Christ in all—Be-fore his face I fall.
And pain for him is sweet; Lord, if I may, I'll serve an-oth-er day.

One more day's work for Je-sus, One more day's work for Je-sus, One less of life for me.

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PRAY FOR THE ERRING.

"*If ye abide in me*, and *my words abide in you*, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."—John 15 : 7.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Pray for the er - ring ones, faith shall reclaim them; Doubt not the prom - is - es, plead them in prayer.
2. Plead with them ten-der - ly, point them to Je - sus; Tho' just - ly sor - row-ing, do not de - spair.
3. Let thine ex - am - ple be worth - y thy call - ing, Thy life is wit-ness - ing each day and hour.
4. Walk with the Per-fect One, choos - ing none oth - er; His robe of righteous-ness joy - ful - ly wear;

Lov - ing and mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save them; Up to the mer - cy seat thy loved ones bear.
Kneel in the dark - est hour, firm-ly be - liev - ing; On Christ the cru - ci - fied cast all your care.
Thousands now per-ish - ing long for a Sav - iour; Show forth his wondrous love, tell of his power.
So shall the er - ring see beau - ty in Je - sus, So shall the Fa - ther hear and grant thy prayer.

REFRAIN.

Always pray, pray for the er-ring; Pray in faith, Je - sus will hear; Always pray, pray for the er-ring; Prayer brings the wand'rers near.

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551 WAIT, AND MURMUR NOT.

W. H. Bellamy. "Wait thou only upon God."—Ps. 62 : 5. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sor-row, toil nor care; Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home;
2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allowed, thine earthly lot, Thou yearn'st to reach that blest a-bode.
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on His brow; If grief thy sorrowing heart has found,
4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot; The day of rest will dawn for me;

CHORUS.

Who would not fain be rest-ing there? O, wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not, O, wait,
Wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not.
It reached a ho-li-er than thou.
Wait, meek-ly wait, and mur-mur not, meekly wait, meekly wait,

meek-ly wait, and murmur not, O, wait, O, wait, O, wait, and mur-mur not.
meekly wait, meekly wait, O, murmur not.

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552

WILL THERE BE ANY STARS?

E. E. HEWITT

"They that be teachers shall shine as the stars forever and ever"—Dan. 12: 3.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau - ti - ful land, I shall reach when the sun go-eth down;
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray; Let me watch as a win - ner of souls;
3. O what joy will it be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His feet to lay down;

When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-iour I stand, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day, When His praise like the sea-bil-lows rolls.
It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit - y of gold, Should there be an - y stars in my crown.

CHORUS.

Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my crown, When at evening the sun goeth down?.....
goeth down?

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WILL THERE BE ANY STARS?—CONCLUDED.

When I wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?.....
an - y stars in my crown?

553 ALL MY CLASS.

"They watch for your souls as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy and not with grief"—Heb. 13: 17.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. All my class! not one for-got-ten When before the Throne I kneel; I would share the loving burden That my Saviour's heart doth feel.
2. All my class! if one be miss-ing In the glorious gath'ring day, How shall I account to Je-sus? What shall I with weeping say?
3. Dai-ly would I walk before them, Sinless in God's ho-ly sight, Pleading till His Spirit draw them, Ev'ry one to life and light.

REFRAIN.

Ev-'ry one, bless-ed tho't! Not a sin-gle name for-got. One left out, His joy would dim; Ev-'ry one is dear to Him.

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554

SPEAK TO MY SOUL.

"And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, this is the way, walk ye in it."—Isa. 30: 21.

L. L. P. Adapted by L. L. PICKETT.

1. Speak to my soul, dear Jesus, Speak now in tend'rest tone; Whisper in loving kindness; "Thou art not left alone,"
2. Speak to Thy children ev-er, Lead in the ho - ly way; Fill them with joy and gladness, Teach them to watch and pray,
3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst reveal Thy will: Let me know all my du- ty, Let me Thy law ful-fil,

Open my heart to hear Thee, Quickly to hear Thy voice, Fill Thou my soul with praises Let me in Thee re-joice.
May they in con-se- cra- tion Yield their whole lives to Thee, Hasten Thy coming kingdom, Till our dear Lord we see.
Lead me to glo - ri- fy Thee, Help me to show Thy praise, Gladly to do Thy bidding, Honor Thee all my days.

CHORUS.

1 2

{ Speak Thou in softest whispers, Whispers of love to me; "Thou shalt be always conq'ror Thou shalt be always free." }
{ Speak Thou to me each day, Lord, Always in tend'rest tone, Let me now hear Thy whisper," "Thou art not left } a - lone."

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WATCH AND PRAY.

Anon. "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith; quit you like men, be strong."—1 Cor. 16:13. R. LOWRY.

1. Watch, for the time is short; Watch while 'tis called to-day; Watch lest the world pre-vail; Watch, Christian, watch and pray;
2. Chase slumber from thine eyes, Chase doubting from thy breast; Thine is the promis'd prize Of heaven's e-ter-nal rest;
3. Take Je-sus for thy trust; Watch while the foe is near; Gird well the ar - mor on; Watch till thy Lord appear.

Watch, for the flesh is weak; Watch, for the foe is strong; Watch lest the Bride-groom come; Watch, tho' he tar-ry long.
Watch, Christian, watch and pray; Thy Saviour watched for thee Till from his brow there poured Great drops of ag-o - ny.
Now when thy sun is up, Make thou no more delay, In this ac-cept-ed time Watch, Christian, watch and pray.

CHORUS.

O watch and pray, O watch and pray; O watch in the darkness, and watch in the day; Christian, watch and pray.
O watch and pray, O watch and pray, O watch and pray, O watch and pray;

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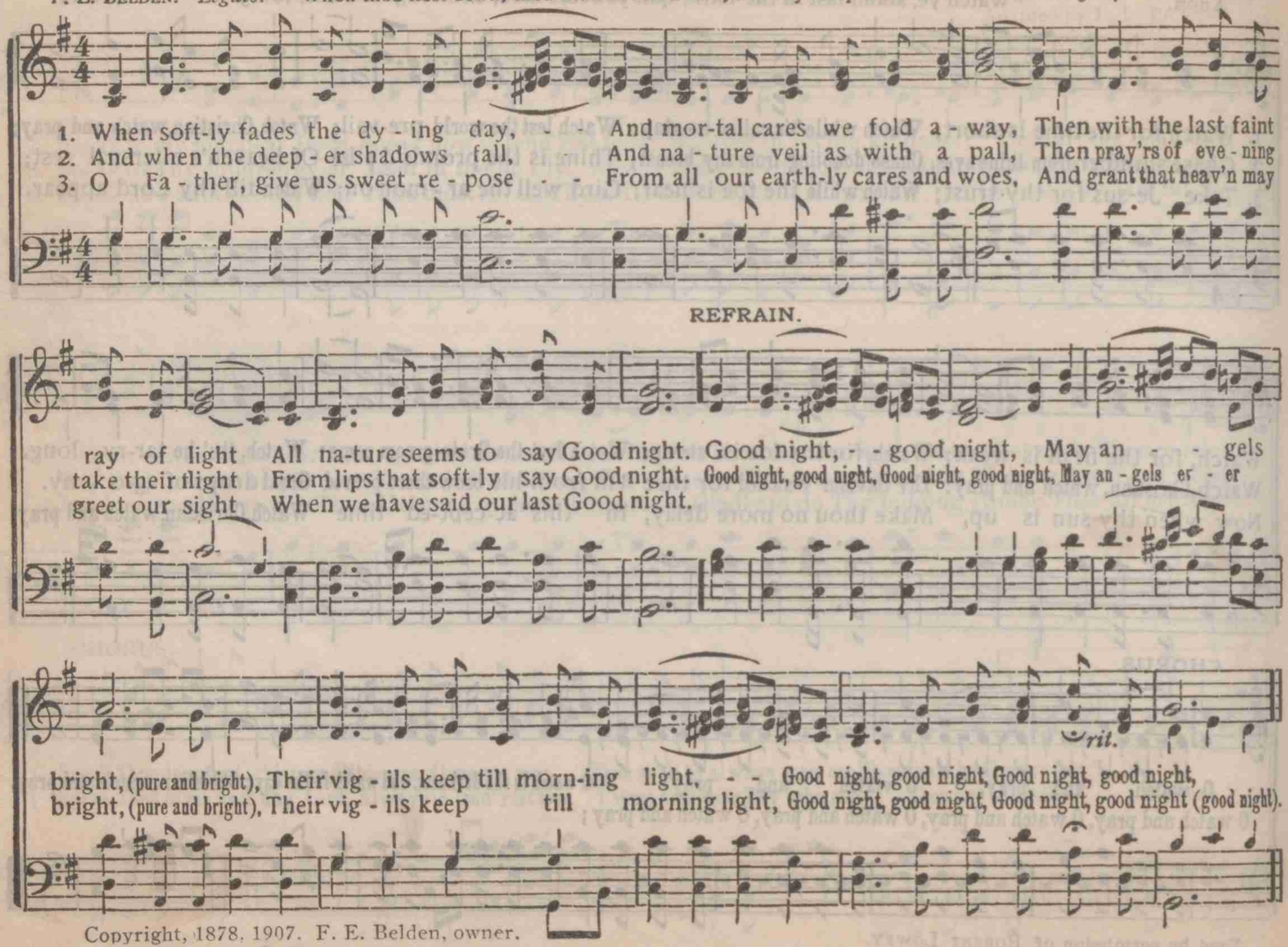
GOOD NIGHT.

F. E. Belden. *Legato.* "When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid, and thy sleep shall be sweet."—Prov. 3:24. D. S. Hakes.



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557 NEVER ALONE.

C. F. O. "Lo! I am with you alway."—Matt. 28:20. J. C. H. and V. A. White.

May be sung as a Duet and Chorus.

1. Lonely? no, not lonely While Je-sus stand-eth by; His pres-ence always cheers me; I know that he is nigh.
2. Wea-ry? no, not weary While leaning on his breast; My soul hath full enjoyment, In His e - ter - nal rest.
3. Waiting? yes, I'm waiting; He bids me watch and wait; I on - ly wonder oft - en, What makes my Lord so late.

Friend-less? no, not friendless, For Je-sus is my Friend; I change, but he re-main-eth, The same un - to the end.
Helpless? yes, so helpless; But I am leaning hard On the mighty arm of Je - sus, And he is keeping guard.
Joy-ful? yes, so joyful, With joy too deep for words; A precious, sure foundation, The joy that is my Lord's.

CHORUS.

No, never a-lone, - - no, never a - lone; He has promised never to leave me, Nev-er to leave me a-lone.
No, no, never alone, No, no, never alone; *Omit* - - } leave me a - lone.

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LIFETIME IS WORKING TIME.

Mrs. CARRIE A. BRECK. "Workers together with Him."—2 Cor. 6: 1. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Lifetime is working time, spend no i - dle days; Je - sus is call- ing thee on the harvest ways;
2. Lifetime is working time, learn where du-ty lies; Grasp ev'ry pass-ing day as a precious prize;
3. Lifetime is working time, do thy hon-est part; Tho' in discouragements, bear a cheer-ful heart;

Work-ing with a will - ing hand, sing a song of praise;
Glad to help the sor- row- ing, glad to sym-pa-thize;
Trust- ing Je - sus as thy friend, ne'er from Him depart;
} Work, ev- er work for Je - sus!

CHORUS.

Swift-ly the hours of la - bor fly, Freighted with love let each pass by!
Work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work.

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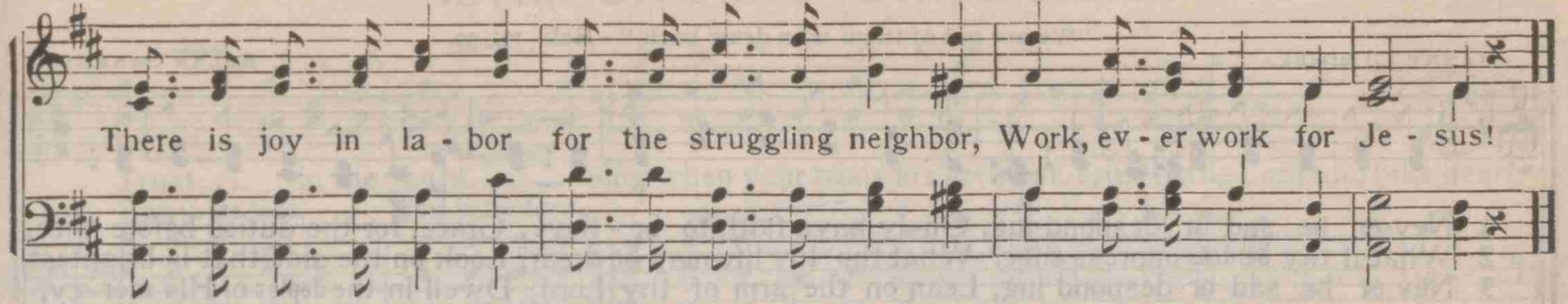
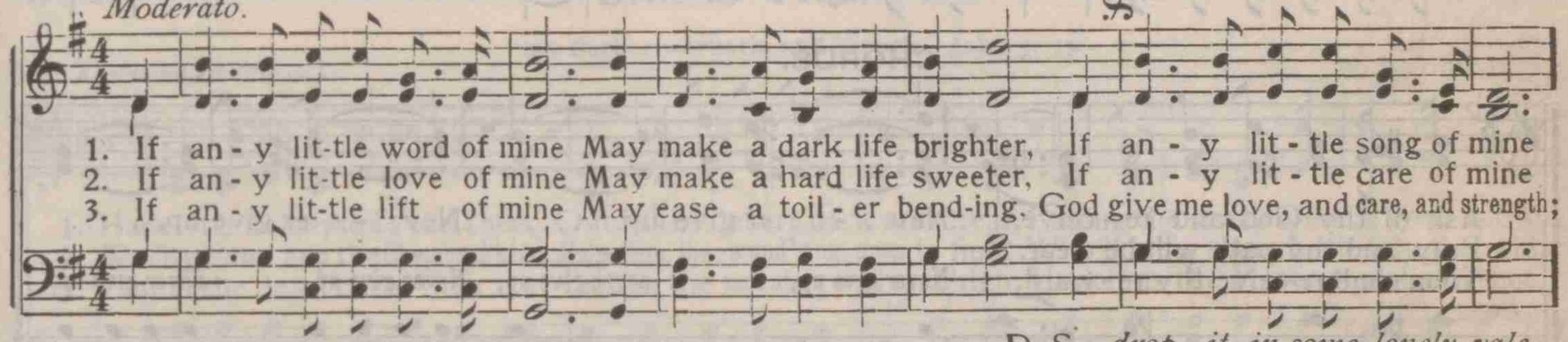
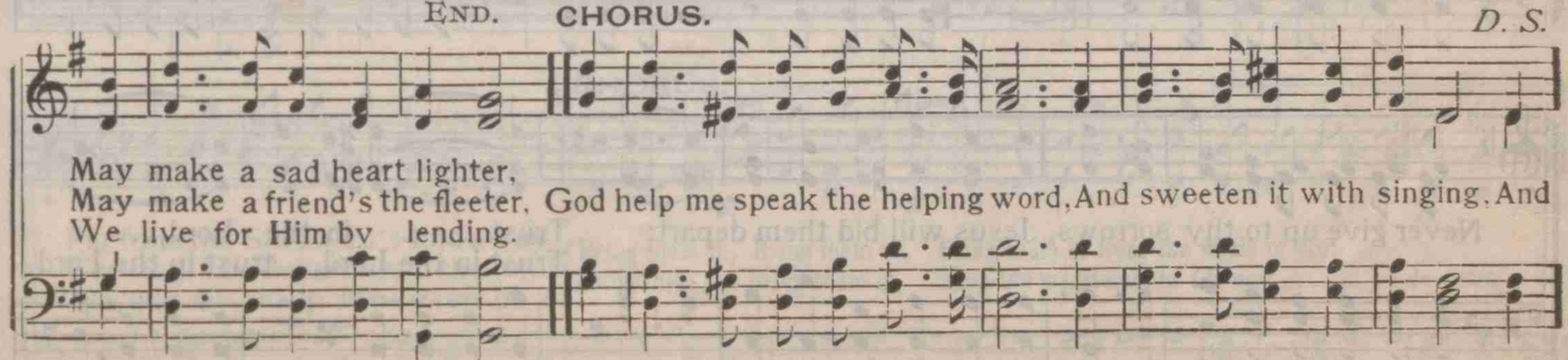
LIFETIME IS WORKING TIME.—CONCLUDED.



559 THE HELPING WORD.

Words by A. N. O. and F. E. B. "Bear ye one another's burdens."—Gal. 6: 2. D. S. HAKES.





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NEVER GIVE UP.

"We are not of them who draw back."—Heb. 10: 39.

FANNY J. CROSBY. I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1 Nev-er be sad or despond-ing, On-ly have faith to be - lieve; Grace, for the duties before thee,
2 What if thy burdens oppress thee? What tho' thy life may be drear? Look on the side that is brightest,
3. Nev-er be sad or despond ing, Lean on the arm of thy Lord; Dwell in the depths of His mer - cy,

CHORUS.

Ask of thy God and re - ceive. Nev - er give up,..... Nev - er give up, ...
Pray, and thy path will be clear.
Thou shalt re-ceive thy re - ward. Never give up, never give up, Never give up, never give up,

Never give up to thy sorrows, Jesus will bid them depart; Trust..... in the Lord,.....
Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord,

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Trust.... in the Lord,..... Sing when your trials are greatest, Trust in the Lord and take heart.
Trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord,

561 BRING THEM IN.

"My Father worketh, and I work.—John 5: 17.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert dark and drear, Calling the sheep who've gone astray,
2. Who'll go and help the Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find? Who'll bring them back into the fold,
3. Out in the desert hear their cry, Out on the mountain wild and high, Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee,

CHORUS.

Far from the Shepherd's fold away. Where they'll be sheltered from the cold? "Go, find my sheep where'er they be."

{Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wanderers to (*Omit*.....) Je - sus.

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562

ABIDING AND CONFIDING.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON. "Abide in me, and I in you."—John 15:4. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. I have learn'd the wondrous se-cret Of a - bid - ing in the Lord; I have found the strength and sweetness Of con-
2. I am cru - ci - fied with Je-sus, And he lives and dwells in me, I have ceased from all my struggling, 'Tis no
3. All my cares I cast up - on him, And he bears them all a - way; All my fears and griefs I tell him, All my
4. For my words I take his wisdom, For my works his Spir-it's pow'r, For my ways his gra-cious Presence Guards and

fid - ing in his word; I have tast-ed life's pure fountain, I am trusting in his blood, I have lost my-self in Je - sus,
long-er I, but he; All my will is yielded to him, And his Spir-it reigns within, And his precious blood each moment
needs from day to day. All my strength I draw from Jesus, By his breath I live and move; E'en his ver-y mind he gives me,
guides me ev'ry hour. Of my heart he is the Por-tion, Of my joy the ceaseless Spring; Saviour, Sanc - ti - fi - er, Keep-er,

CHORUS.

I am sink - ing in - to God.
Keeps me cleans'd and free from sin. I'm a - bid - - - ing in the Lord, And con - fid - - - ing
And his faith, and life, and love.
Glo - rious Lord and com-ing King. I'm a-bid-ing in the Lord, I'm a-bid-ing in the Lord, And confiding in his word,

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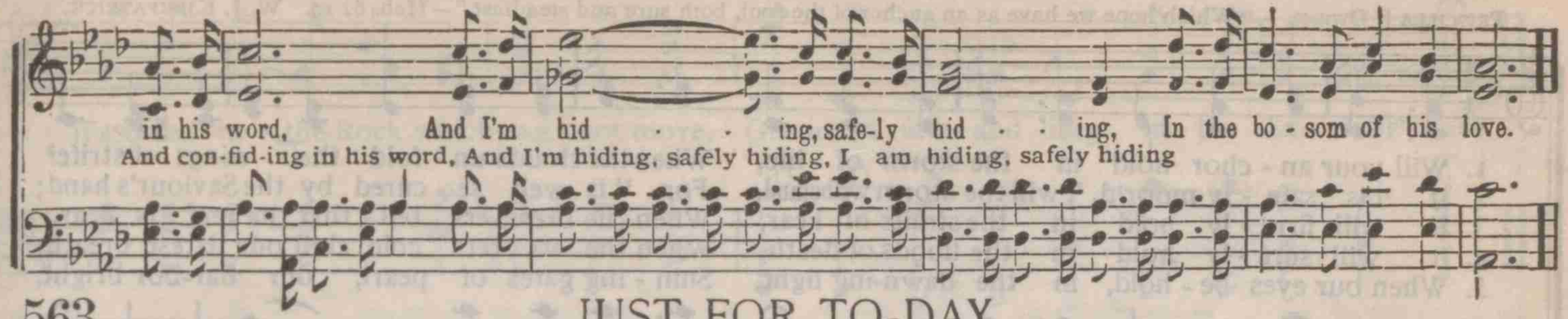
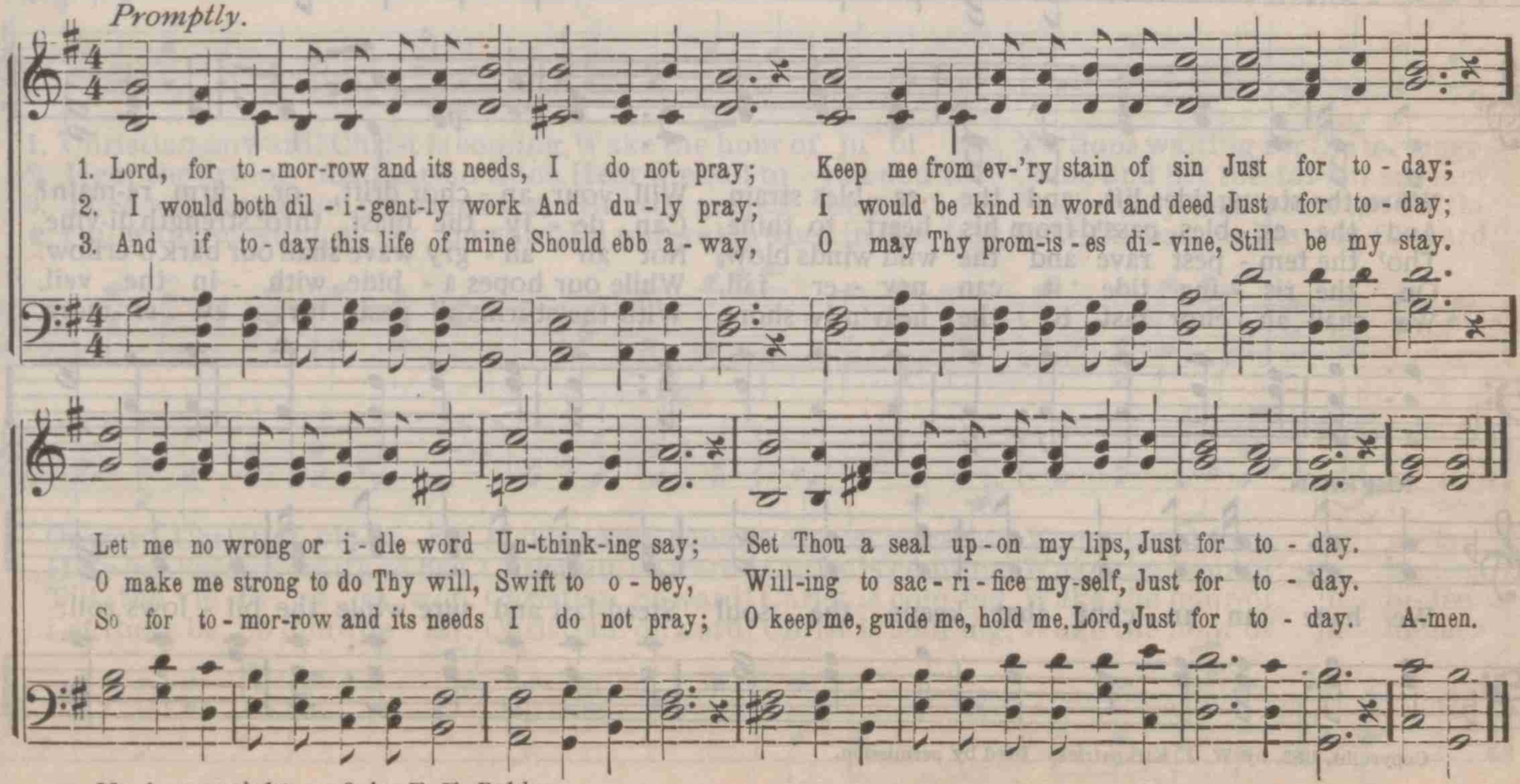
ABIDING AND CONFIDING—CONCLUDED.



563 JUST FOR TO-DAY.

E. R. WILBERFORCE. "The morrow shall take thought for the things of itself."—Matt. 6: 34. F. E. BELDEN.

Promptly.



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564 WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."—Heb. 6: 19. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Will your an - chor hold in the storm of life, When the clouds un - fold their wings of strife?
2. If 't is safe - ly moor'd, 't will the storm withstand, For 't is well se - cured by the Saviour's hand;
3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of Fear, When the break-ers tell that the reef is near,
4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters cold chill our latest breath,
5. When our eyes be - hold, in the dawn-ing light, Shin - ing gates of pearl, our har-bor bright,

When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain, Will your an - chor drift, or firm re-main?
And the ca - bles, pass'd from his heart to thine, Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di-vine.
Tho' the tem - pest rave and the wild winds blow, Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'erflow.
On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail, While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
We shall an - chor fast to the heav'n-ly shore, With the storms all past for - ev - er -more.

REFRAIN.

We have an an - chor that keeps the soul Stead-fast and sure while the bil - lows roll;

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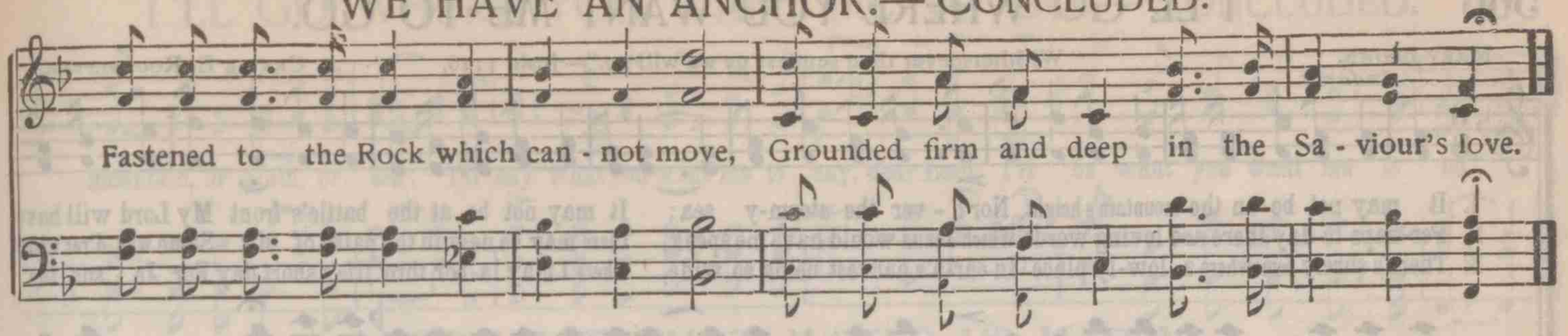
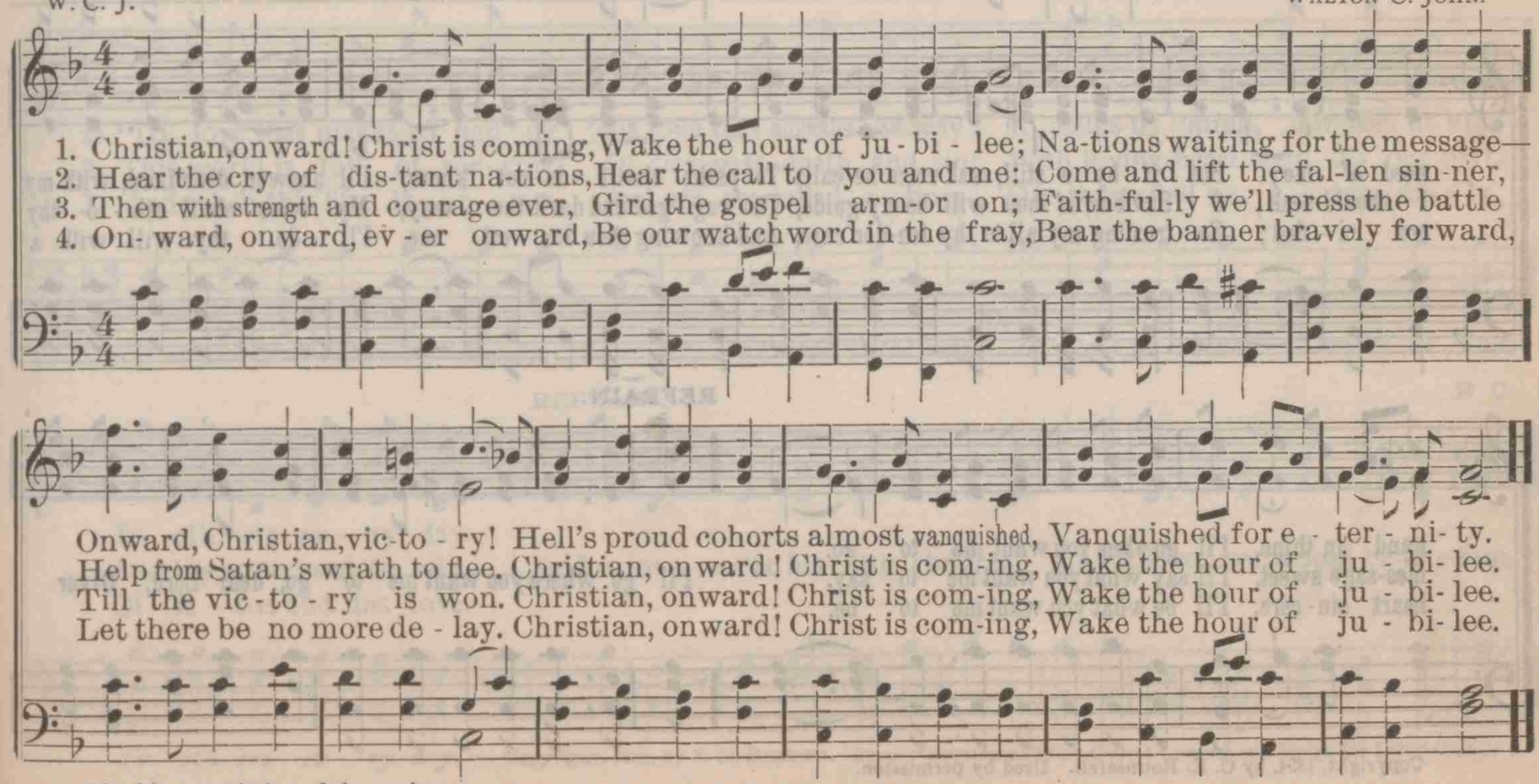
WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.—CONCLUDED.



565 CHRISTIAN, ONWARD!

W. C. J.

WALTON C. JOHN.



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566 I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

MARY BROWN. "Whithersoever thou sendest us we will go."—Josh. 1:16. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Nor o - ver the storm-y sea; It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have
2. Per-haps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak, There may be now in the paths of sin Some wan-d'rer whom
3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place In earth's harvest fields so wide, Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the

need of me; But if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know, I'll answer, dear Lord, with my
I should seek; O Saviour, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' rug - ged and dark the way, My voice shall ech - o thy
cru - ci - fied; So trusting my all to thy ten-der care, And knowing thou lov - est me, I'll do thy will with a

REFRAIN.

hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
heart sin- cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver

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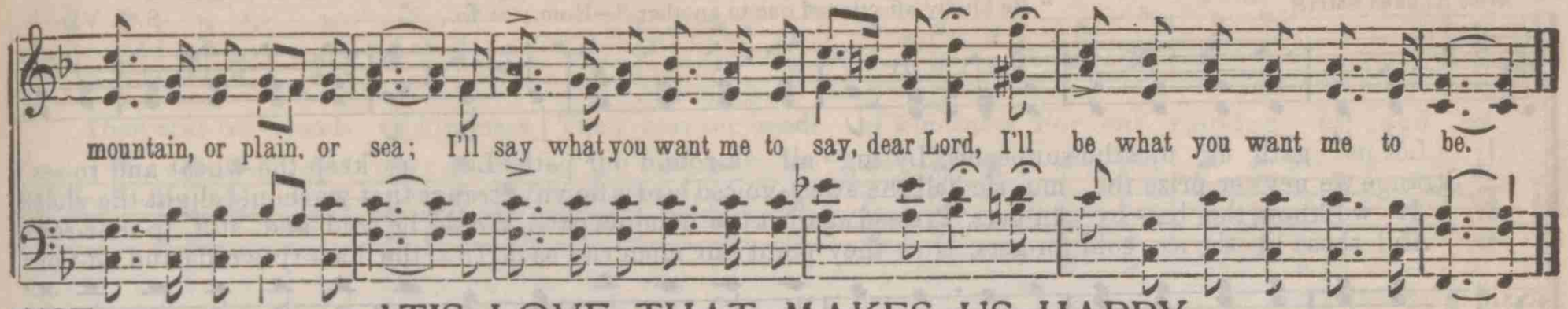
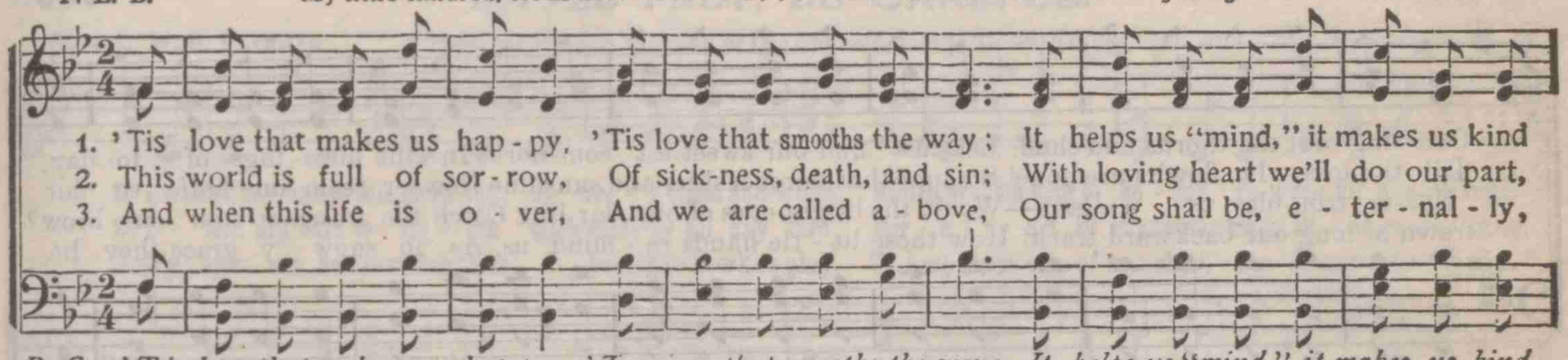
I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.—CONCLUDED.

567 'TIS LOVE THAT MAKES US HAPPY.

F. E. B. "My little children, let us not love in word: . . . but in deed and in truth."—1 John 3: 18. F. E. BELDEN.



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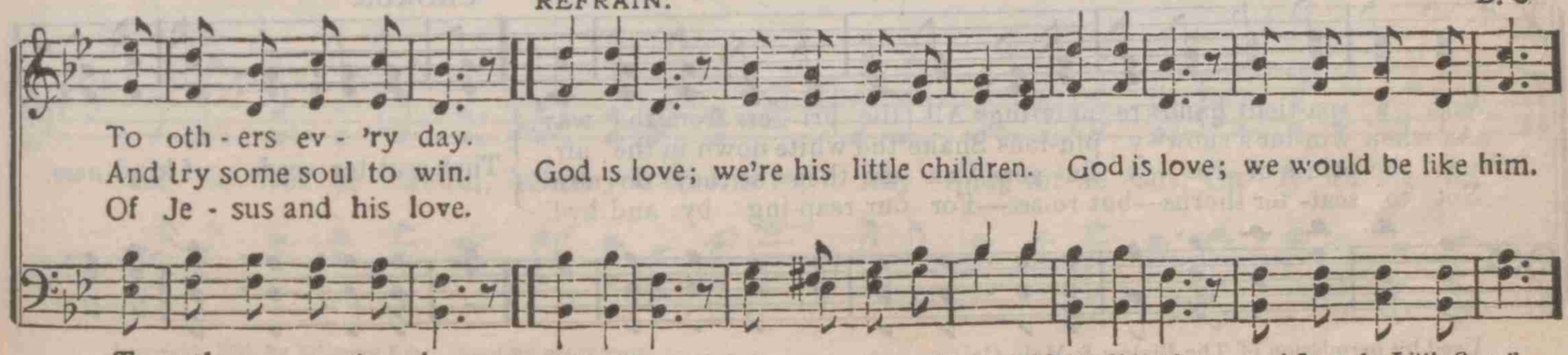

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SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Mrs. Albert Smith. "Be kindly affectioned one to another."—Rom. 12: 10. S. J. Vail.

1. Let us gath er up the sunbeams, Ly-ing all a-round our path; Let us keep the wheat and ro-ses,
2. Strange we nev- er prize the mu- sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange that we should slight the violets
3. If we knew the ba - by fin-gers, Pressed against the window pane, Would be cold and stiff to-mor-row—
4. Ah! those lit- tle ice- cold fin-gers, How they point our mem'ries back To the has- ty words and ac-tions

Cast - ing out the thorns and chaff; Let us find our sweet-est com- fort In the bless- ings of to- day,
Till the love - ly flow'rs are gone! Strange that summer skies and sunshine Nev- er seem one half so fair
Nev-er trou-ble us a - gain—Would the bright eyes of our dar-ling Catch the frown up - on our brow?
Strewn a- long our backward track! How those lit - tle hands re - mind us, As in snow - y grace they lie,

CHORUS.

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

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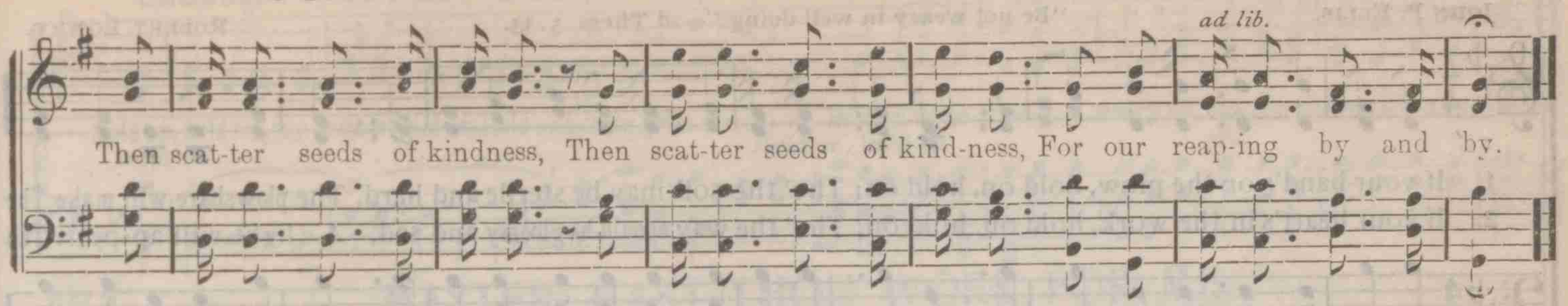
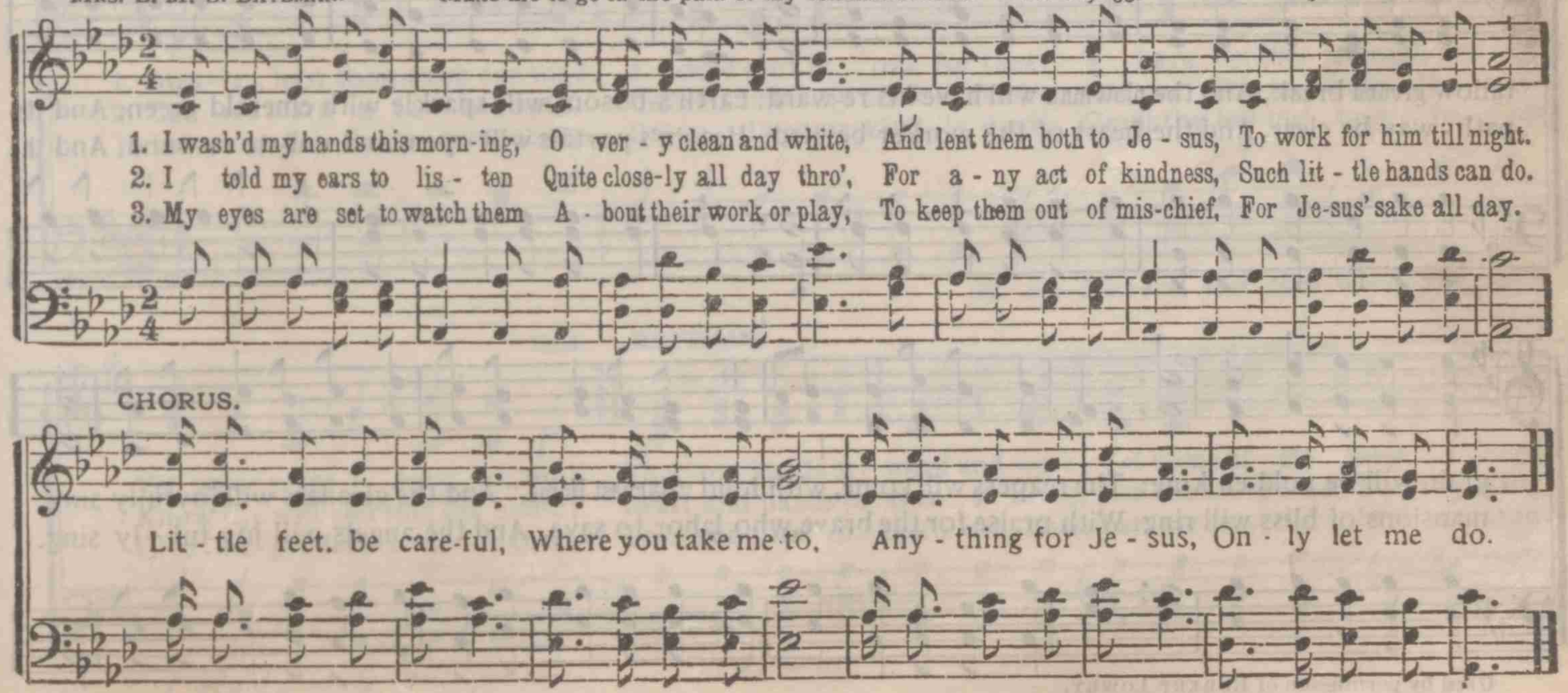
SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.—CONCLUDED.



569 LITTLE FEET, BE CAREFUL.

MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN. "Make me to go in the path of thy commandments."— Ps. 119: 35. J. H. ROSECRANS.



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HOLD ON.

JOHN P. ELLIS. "Be not weary in well doing."—2d Thess. 3:13. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. If your hand's on the plow, hold on, hold on; Tho' the soil may be sterile and hard, The plowshare will make The fallow ground break, And the plowman will have his re-ward; Earth's bosom will sparkle with emerald green, And its
2. If your heart's in the work, hold on, hold on; Tho' the way should be gloomy and sad, A light will ap-pear, The path-way be clear, And the heart of the worker be glad; Heav'n's portals will open, and mu-sic resound, And the

grain will be gold-en king; The reapers will come, with loud "Harvest Home," And the gleaners will joyfully sing.
mansions of bliss will ring With praise for the brave, who labor to save, And the angels will joy-ful-ly sing.

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HOLD ON.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

Hold on, hold on, my brother, hold on, Hold on till the prize is won: Hold on to the plow, And weary not now, For the work is almost done.

Hold on . . . . . Hold on, hold on

571 MASTER, HAST THOU WORK FOR ME.

A good effect with this song may be obtained by having a member of the infant class sing it as a solo, all joining in the refrain.

JESSIE H. BROWN. Or, three soloists may be selected, one for each stanza. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Mas-ter, hast thou work for me? I would glad-ly toil for thee; I have nei-ther strength nor skill,
2. Let me learn in ear-ly youth, Lessons from thy Book of truth; Let me seek to walk thy ways,
3. Let me dai-ly sow some seed, Dai-ly do some kind-ly deed; Grant thy lov-ing help to me,

D. S.—Mas-ter, hast thou work for me?

End. REFRAIN.

Yet some place I long to fill; Tho' my hands are small and weak, Yet some lit-tle task I seek.
Know thy will and sing thy praise; Heart and hands to thee I bring, Let me serve thee, ho-ly King!
Give me per-fect trust in thee; Trust-ing thee to teach me how, Let me serve thee, here and now.

I would glad-ly toil for thee.

By permission.

KEEP STEP.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Doth not he see my ways, and count all my steps?"—Job 31:4 W. H. DOANE.

Spirited.

1. In the strug-gle of life there's a conquest to win; Would you break from the fet-ters that bind you to sin? Would you vanquish the foe to the cause of the Right? You must gird on your armor bright. Per-se-vere in all you do; Looking up, your
2. Would you cast in your lot with the people of God, Would you fol-low the path which the righteous have trod? You must ev-er be fer-vent and watch unto pray'r, And the cross dai-ly learn to bear. Live for Christ, yourselves de-ny, Seek your treasures
3. Would you strive for the prize at the end of the race? You must go to the Lord for his wis-dom and grace; Un-to him that o'er-cometh, the promise is giv'n Of a home and a crown in heav'n Would you dwell for-ev-er there? On the Saviour

REFRAIN.

way pursue; Toiling on till life is o - ver, With the faithful gone before.
in the sky; Marching on till life is o - ver, With the faithful gone before. Keep step! step! ev - er, Keep
cast your care; Pressing on till life is o - ver, With the faithful gone before.

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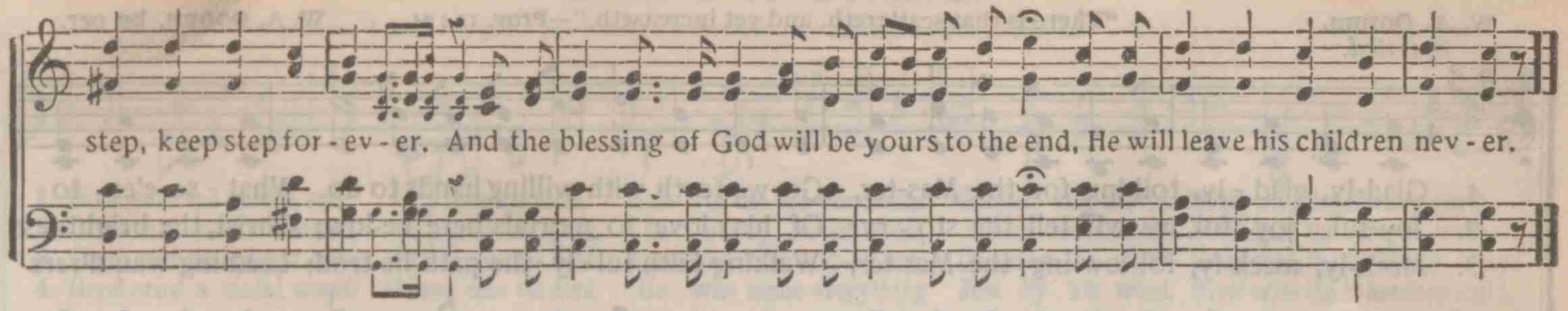
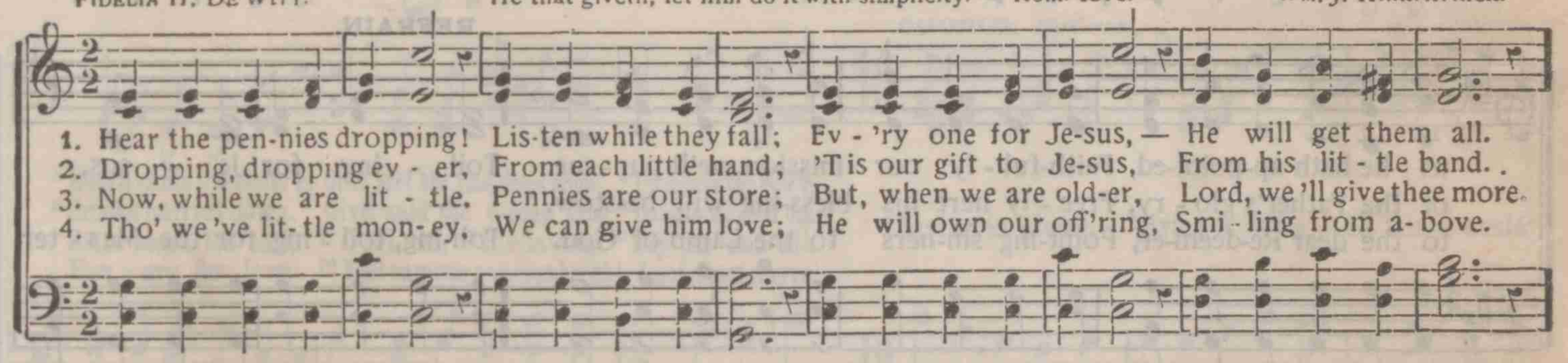
KEEP STEP.— CONCLUDED.



573 HEAR THE PENNIES DROPPING.

FIDELIA H. DE WITT. "He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity."— Rom. 12: 8. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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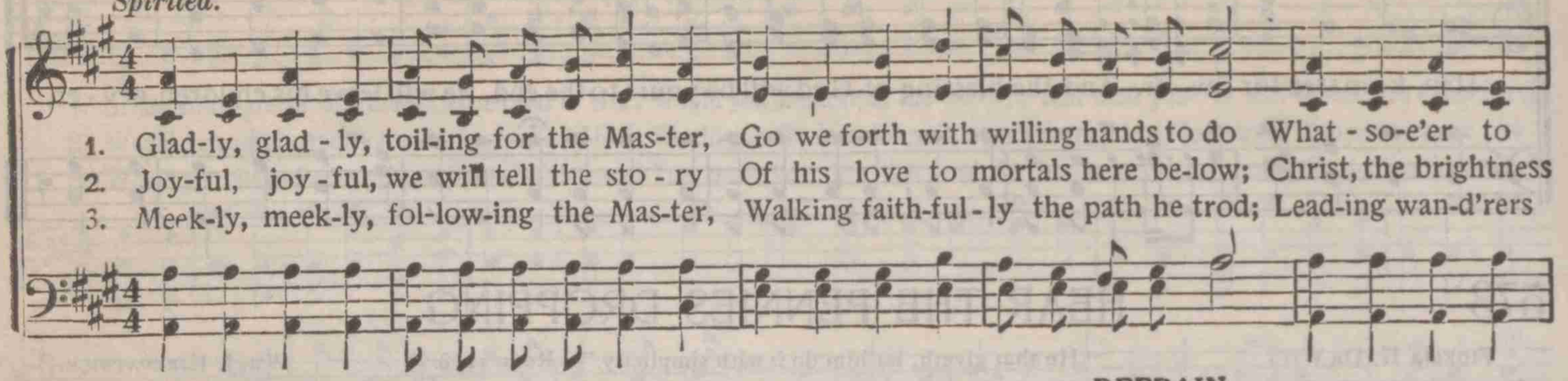
TOILING FOR JESUS.

W. A. OGDEN.

"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth,"—Prov. 11 : 24.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

Spirited.



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LIVING IS GIVING.

F. E. B. "Not because I desire a gift; but I desire fruit that may abound to your account."— Eph. 4: 17. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Give! said the golden sun: [1] Up rose the mist, Safe in the sil-ver clouds [2] Cradled and kissed. Give! said the thirst-y earth:
2. Give! said the little stream: [5] Up gushed the spring, In shady for-est nook, Where robins sing. Give! said the riv-er wide:
3. Give! said the midnight moon: [8] Swift came the light Borrowed from [9] far-off sun, Cheering the night. Help! said the [10] "Milky Way:"
4. Give! cried a sinful world: [14] Down came the Lord, He who made everything Just by his word. Give! cries the [15] heathen child,

CHORUS. *Moderato.*

[3] Down came the show'r; Give! said the rain-drops bright, [4] Up sprang the flow'r.
[6] Brooks hurried down. Give! said the o-cean tide: [7] Rivers flowed on.
Stars heard the call, [11] O - ri - on, [12] Ple-ia-des, [13] Dip-per and all.
Hun - gry for love: [16] Yes! say our pennies bright, Lent from above.

*Living is giving, giving is living; All things would die if on - ly receiving. Give! this is the rule of love by which we live.

Faster.

MOTION SONG IF DESIRED. 1.—Hands lifted from left knee to right shoulder. 2.—Arms folded and rocked. 3.—Hands moved downward from head to knees. 4.—Hands lifted. 5.—Hands move upward. 6.—Hands move downward from left to right, fingers working. 7.—Flowing motion. 8.—Hands move downward. 9.—Point to sun. 10.—Hands indicating "Milky Way." 11, 12, 13.—Point to location of each in sky. 14.—Hands move downward. 15.—Pointing over the sea. 16.—Arms extended, hands open, showing offerings.

*In chorus, all imitate receiving and passing on—both hands first to left, receiving; then to right, giving; in time with music.

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TOILING ON.

FANNY CROSBY. "Let us labor therefore to enter into that rest."—Heb. 4:11. W. H. DOANE.

1. To the work! to the work! we are ser-vants of God, Let us fol-low the path that our Mas-ter has trod; With the word of his coun-sel our strength to re-new, Let us do with our
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun-gry be fed; To the Fountain of Life let the wea-ry be led; In the cross and its ban-ner our glo-ry shall be, While we her-ald the
3. To the work! to the work! there is la-bor for all, For the king-dom of dark-ness and er-ror shall fall; And the name of Je-ho-vah ex-alt-ed shall be In the loud swelling
4. To the work! to the work! press-ing on to the end, For the har-vest will come, and the reap-ers de-scend; And the home of the ran-som'd our dwelling will be, And our cho-rus for-

CHORUS.

might what our hands find to do. Toil-ing on, toil-ing on, Toil-ing on,
ti-dings, "*Sal-va-tion is free!*"
cho-rus, "*Sal-va-tion is free!*"
ev-er, "*Sal-va-tion is free!*" Toiling on, toiling on, Toiling on,

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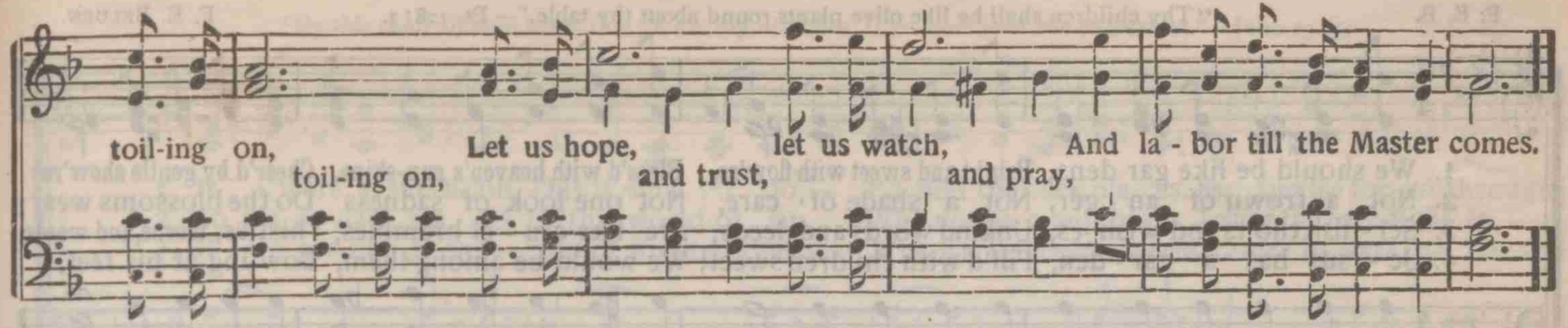
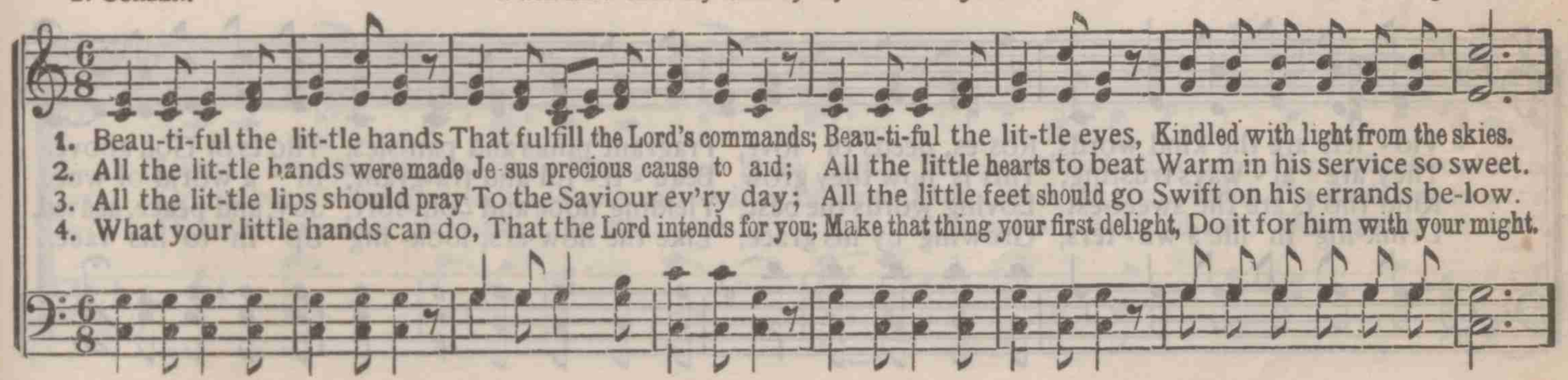
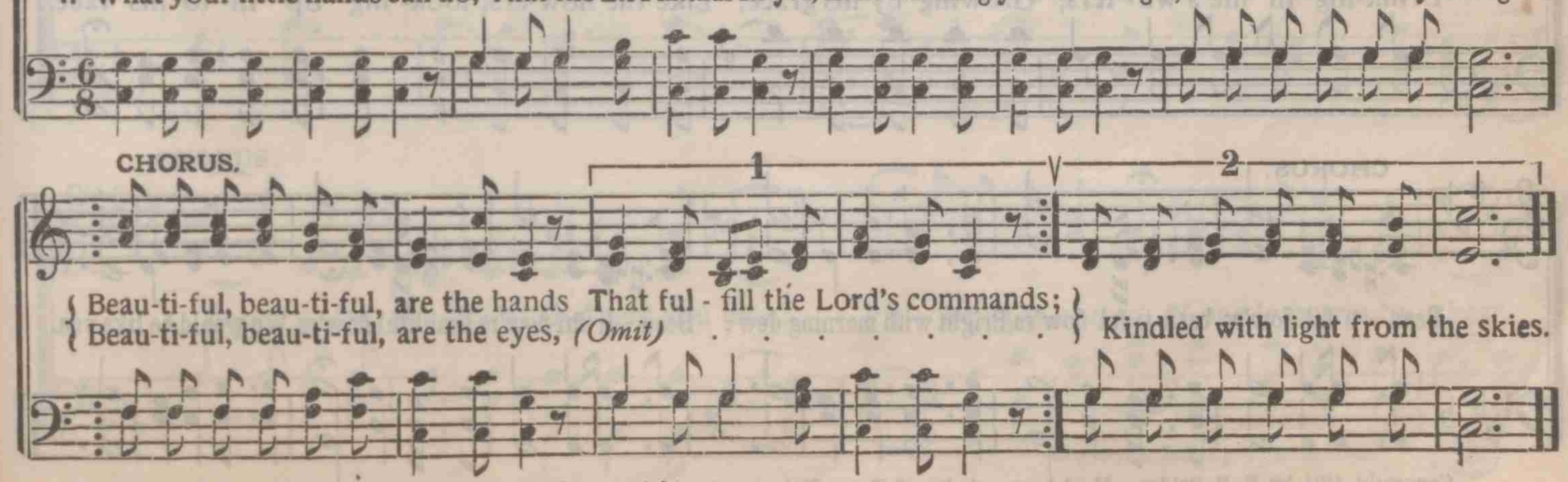
TOiLING ON.—CONCLUDED.

577 BEAUTIFUL LITTLE HANDS.

T. CORBEN. "I will show thee my faith by my works."—James 2 : 18. BISHOP W. JOHNS.



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BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

F. E. B. "Thy children shall be like olive plants round about thy table."—Ps. 128: 3. F. E. BELDEN.

1. We should be like gar-dens, Bright and sweet with flow'rs, Bless'd with heaven's sun-shine, Cheer'd by gentle show'rs:
2. Not a frown of an - ger, Not a shade of care, Not one look of sadness Do the blossoms wear;
3. Sel - fish tho'ts and wish -es, Unkind words and deeds, Are like cru - el brambles, Thistles, thorns, and weeds;
4. Je - sus has a gar - den, Fill'd with children sweet; We would be among them, Bow-ing at his feet,

Vio - lets are the kind words, Ros-es, deeds of love, Fragrant pinks and pan-sies, Tho'ts of God above.
They are al - ways trusting, This is how they grow Beau - ti - ful and fra-grant, In a world of woe.
Kind tho'ts are the sweet-est, Loving words the best, Yielding hope and com-fort, Joy, and peace, and rest.
Drink-ing in life's wa - ters, Growing by his grace, Like the flow-ers, look- ing Up in- to his face.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti-ful flow'rs, beau-ti-ful flow'rs, Bright with morning dew; Beau - ti-ful flow'rs, beautiful flow'rs, We would be like you.

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I'LL BE A SUNBEAM.

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."—John 13: 35. F. E. B.

1. If I were a sun-beam, This is what I'd do,— I'd find the dark pla-ces, Searching the for-est through;
2. So ma-ny dark pla - ces In this world of sin, Why not be a sun-beam, Letting the love-light in, —
3. If we are like Je-sus — Sun of Righteousness— Who left the bright mansions, Lone - ly lives to bless,

I would kiss the pale flowers, Bend-ing low at my feet, Till each lone-ly blos-som O-pen'd fair and sweet.
God's beauti ful love-light,—Smiles and words of cheer: Kindness is the sun-shine We should scat-ter here.
'Twill be sweet-est pleas-ure Of his love to tell, Shin-ing out his glad ness Where the sad ones dwell.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful sun-beam! God sent you here; I'll be a sunbeam, *Lone-ly hearts to cheer.

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*Mother's heart; Baby's heart; Brother's heart, etc.

LOVE AT HOME.

J. H. M. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."—John 13:35.

Arranged from
J. H. McNAUGHTON.

1. There is beau-ty all a-round, When there's love at home; There is joy in ev-'ry sound, When there's love at
2. In the cottage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and en-vy ne'er an-noy, When there's love at
3. Kind-ly heaven smiles above, When there's love at home; All the earth is fill'd with love, When there's love at
4. Jesus, make me wholly thine, Then there's love at home; May thy sac-ri-fice be mine, Then there's love at

home. Peace and plenty here a-bide, Smiling fair on ev-'ry side; Time doth soft-ly, sweet-ly glide,
home. Ro-ses blossom 'neath our feet, All the earth's a garden sweet, Mak-ing life a bliss com-plete,
home. Sweet-er sings the brook-let by, Brighter beams the az-ure sky; O, there's One who smiles on high
home. Safe-ly from all harm I'll rest, With no sin-ful care distress'd, Thro' thy tender mercy blessed,

CHORUS.

When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home; Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home.

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ANGRY WORDS! OH, LET THEM NEVER.

D. K. P. "Be kindly affectioned, one to another."—Rom. 12 : 10. H. R. PALMER.

1. An - gry words! oh, let them nev - er From the tongue un-brid-led slip; May the heart's best impulse
2. Love is much too pure and ho - ly, Friendship is too sa - cred far, For a mo-ment's reckless
3. An - gry words are light-ly spok-en; Bit-t'rest tho'ts are rash-ly stirred—Brightest links of life are

CHORUS.

ev - er Check them e'er they soil the lip. "Love one an-oth - er," Thus saith the Sav - iour, Children, o-
fol - ly Thus to des - o-late and mar.
broken, By a sin - gle an - gry word. "Love each oth - er, love each oth - er,"

bey the Father's blest command: "Love one an-oth-er," Thus saith the Sav-iour, Children, obey his blest command.
'Tis the Father's blest command: Love each other, love each oth - er," 'Tis his blest command.

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TELL IT AGAIN.

"The man departed, and told the Jews that it was Jesus, which had made him whole."—John 5 : 15.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. In - to the tent where a gyp - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone at the close of the day,
2. "Did he so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good tid-ings of joy?
3. Bend-ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en-tered the val - ley of death,
4. Smil-ing, he said, as his last sigh he spent, "I am so glad that for me he was sent!"

f.

News of Sal - va - tion we car - ried; said he, "No-bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
Need I not per - ish? my hand will he hold? No-bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
"God sent his Son!" "who-so - ev - er," said he; "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"
Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west, "Lord, I be-lieve;" "tell it now to the rest!"

D. S.—*Till none can say of the chil-dren of men, "No-bod-y ev-er has told me be - fore."*

D. S.

CHORUS.

Tell it a - gain! tell it a - gain! Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er,

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583

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

KNOWLES SHAW. "The harvest is the end of the world."—Matt. 13 : 39. GEORGE A. MINOR.

1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sowing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide and the dew - y eve;
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sowing in the shad-ows, Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sowing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sustained our spir - it oft-en grieves;

Wait-ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
When our weeping's o - ver, He will bid us welcome, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

1 2

{ Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-ing, Bringing in the sheaves;
{ Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic (*Omit,*) - - - - } -ing, Bringing in the sheaves.

By permission.

PEACE, BE STILL!

"Jesus rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace! be still!"—Mark 4 : 39.

MISS M. A. BAKER. H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Master, the tempest is rag - ing! The billows are toss - ing high! The sky is o'er-shadow'd with black-ness;
2. Master, with anguish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day; The depths of my sad heart are troubled;
3. Master, the ter-ror is o - ver, The el-e-ments sweet - ly rest; Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored,

No shel-ter or help is nigh; "Carest thou not that we perish?—How canst thou lie a - sleep, When each moment so
O waken and save, I pray! Torrents of sin and of anguish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul; And I per-ish, I
And heav-en's with-in my breast; Lin - ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er, Leave me a-lone no more; And with joy I shall

mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
per-ish! dear Master; O hasten and take con-trol. "The winds and the waves shall o-bey my will, Peace, . . be
make the blest har-bor, And rest on the blissful shore.

CHORUS.

p

be still!

pp *cres.*

still! . . . Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons, or men, or what-ev - er it be, No
peace be still!

PEACE, BE STILL.—CONCLUDED.

wa-ter can swallow the ship where lies The Master of o-cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly o -

bey my will; Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly o - bey my will; Peace, peace, be still!

585 AWAY THE BOWL!

Written and arranged by F. E. B. "Look not on the wine when it is red."—Prov. 23:31. Arranged

1. Cold wa - ter is the cup that cheers; A-way, a-way the bowl! Old Al - co - hol is king of tears;
2. See how the stagg'ring drunkard reels; A-way, a-way the bowl! What shame and mis-'ry he re - veals!
3. No al - co - hol we'll buy or sell; A-way, a-way the bowl! We hate it now and ev - er shall;

D. C.–*Cold wa - ter hath far sweeter charms; Away, a-way the bowl!*
D. C.–*They watch for his return with dread; Away, a-way the bowl!*
D. C.–*To drive the de-mon from our land; Away, a-way the bowl!*

D. C.

A-way, a - way the bowl! Good-bye to rum and all its harms, Farewell the winecup's dread alarms,
A-way, a - way the bowl! His hun-gry chil-dren cry for bread, And from their cold, damp cellar bed,
A-way, a - way the bowl! U nit - ed in a temp'rance band, We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand,

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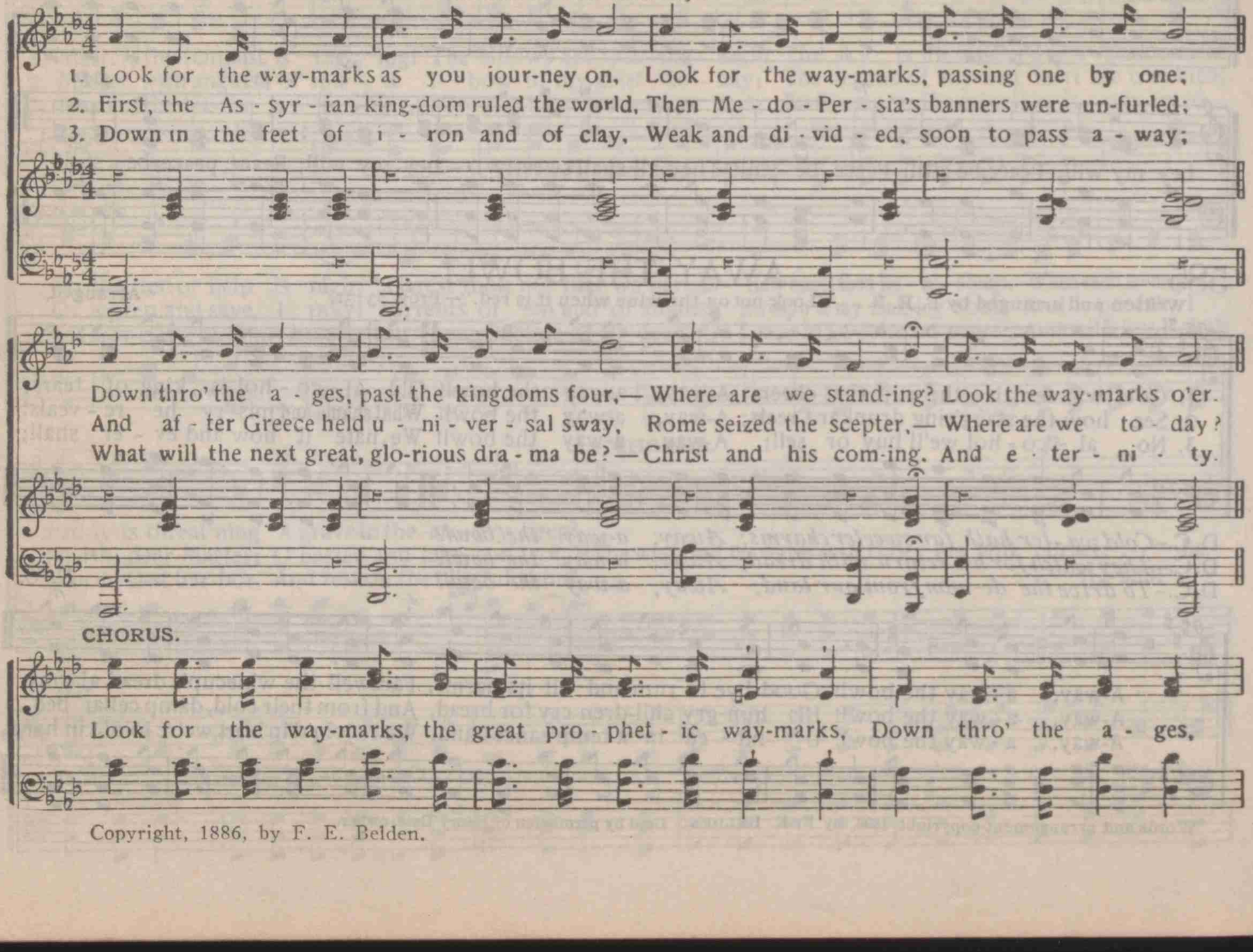
LOOK FOR THE WAY-MARKS.

"Surely the Lord God will do nothing but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets."— Amos 3:7. "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."— 2 Pet. 1:21. "There is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets, and maketh known to the king Nebuchadnezzar what shall be in the latter days."— Dan. 2:28.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.



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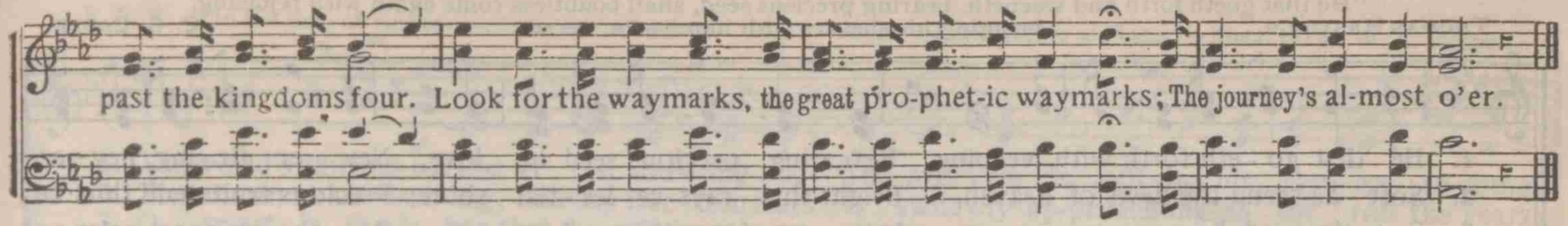
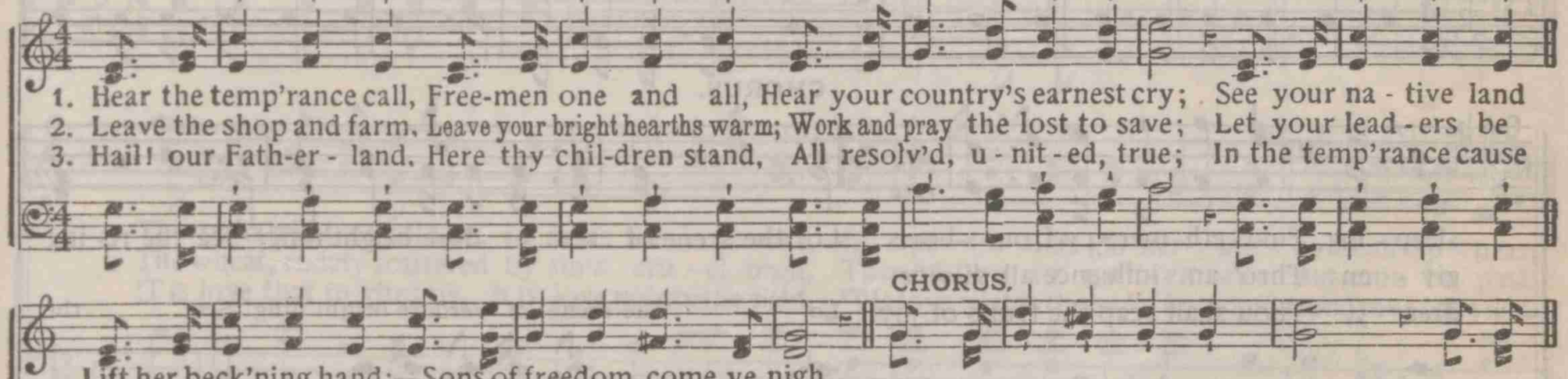
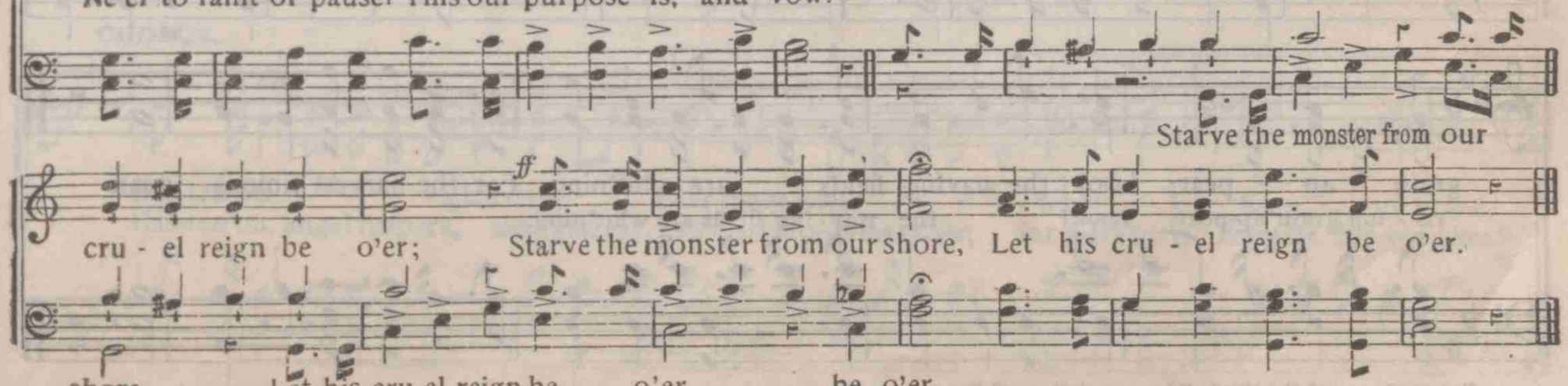
LOOK FOR THE WAY-MARKS.—CONCLUDED.



587 THE TEMPERANCE CALL.

ANON. "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things."—1 Cor. 9: 25. FRANZ ABT.





HARVEST TIME.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall boubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. 126 : 6.

THOMAS HASTINGS. C. S. CABLE.

1. He that go - eth forth with weeping, Bear - ing precious seed in love, Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er
2. Soft de-scend the dews of heaven, Bright the rays ce - les - tial shine; Precious fruits will thus be
3. Sow thy seed, be nev - er wea - ry, Let no fears thy soul an - noy; Be the prospect ne'er so

CHORUS.

sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a-bove. Lo, the scene of ver - dure bright'ning! See the ris-ing
giv - en Thro' an influence all di-vine.
drear - y, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy. Lo, the scene of verdure bright'ning! See the

grain ap - pear; Look! the waving fields are whit'ning, For the harvest time is near.
ris - ing grain ap-pear; Look! the wav - ing fields are whit'ning,

From "Songs of Gratitude," by permission of FILLMORE BROS.

HASTEN ON, GLAD DAY.

F. E. B. "In the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, . . . Gather the wheat into my barn."—Matt. 13: 30. F. E. BELDEN.

1. The world's glorious harvest is fast draw-ing on, The Mas - ter is call - ing his reap - ers to come,
2. That morn ev - er-last - ing, that day free from tears Is swift - ly ap-proach-ing as on roll the years;
3. O sweet is the la - bor that floweth from love! — A stream nev - er fail - ing, whose Fount is a - bove;

The grain bright and gold-en, in fields far and near, Is ripe for the gar-ner when he shall ap - pear.
The wheat, rudely scattered by sin's cru - el blast, Then hast-en to gath - er e'er aut-umn be past.
'T is love that in-vites us, 't is love points the field, 'T is love wields the sick - le,—and wondrous the yield.

CHORUS.

Has-ten on, - - - - glad day, Bear the sheaves - - - a - way; } Bear us home.
Has-ten on, angel reapers, come, glad day, Bear the sheaves to the garner, far a-way; } Bring the "har-vest home."

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590 MAN THE LIFE-BOAT!

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, D. D. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Man the life-boat! Man the life-boat! Strong and short above the roar,
2. Man the life-boat! Man the life-boat! Fog and night and cru-el sea,
3. Man the life-boat! Man the life-boat! Courage, fel-low men! 't is He,
4. Man the life-boat! Man the life-boat! Think how once on breaking deck

Sounds the or - der to the watchers On the tempest-beat-en shore,
All the odds of death against them, And e - ter-nal jeop-ard - y.
Guid - ing us to your deliv'rance, Once that trod the Gal - i - lee!
Thou didst stand a-ghast, till Je - sus Bro't thee from the lurching wreck.

Hark! a - gain the guns ap-peal-ing! Signals burn for swift re - lief;
Thou, who bid'st us dare the surges, Stay us at the struggling oar!
And the boat that carries Je - sus, Floods of death shall not o'erwhelm;
To the oars then! O Re-deem-er, Let Thy heart throb thro' our hand.

There are men and wives and children, Facing death, on yonder reef!
Nay! go with us to the res - cue! Shall they sink in sight of shore?
Scourging storms but urge us home - ward; Life and love are at the helm!
Till the souls in mor-tal dan - ger, Find thro' Thee the solid land.

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CHORUS.

Man the life-boat! Man the life-boat! Help, for Christ's sake, them that drown!

In the per - il of great wa-ters, Let them not go down!

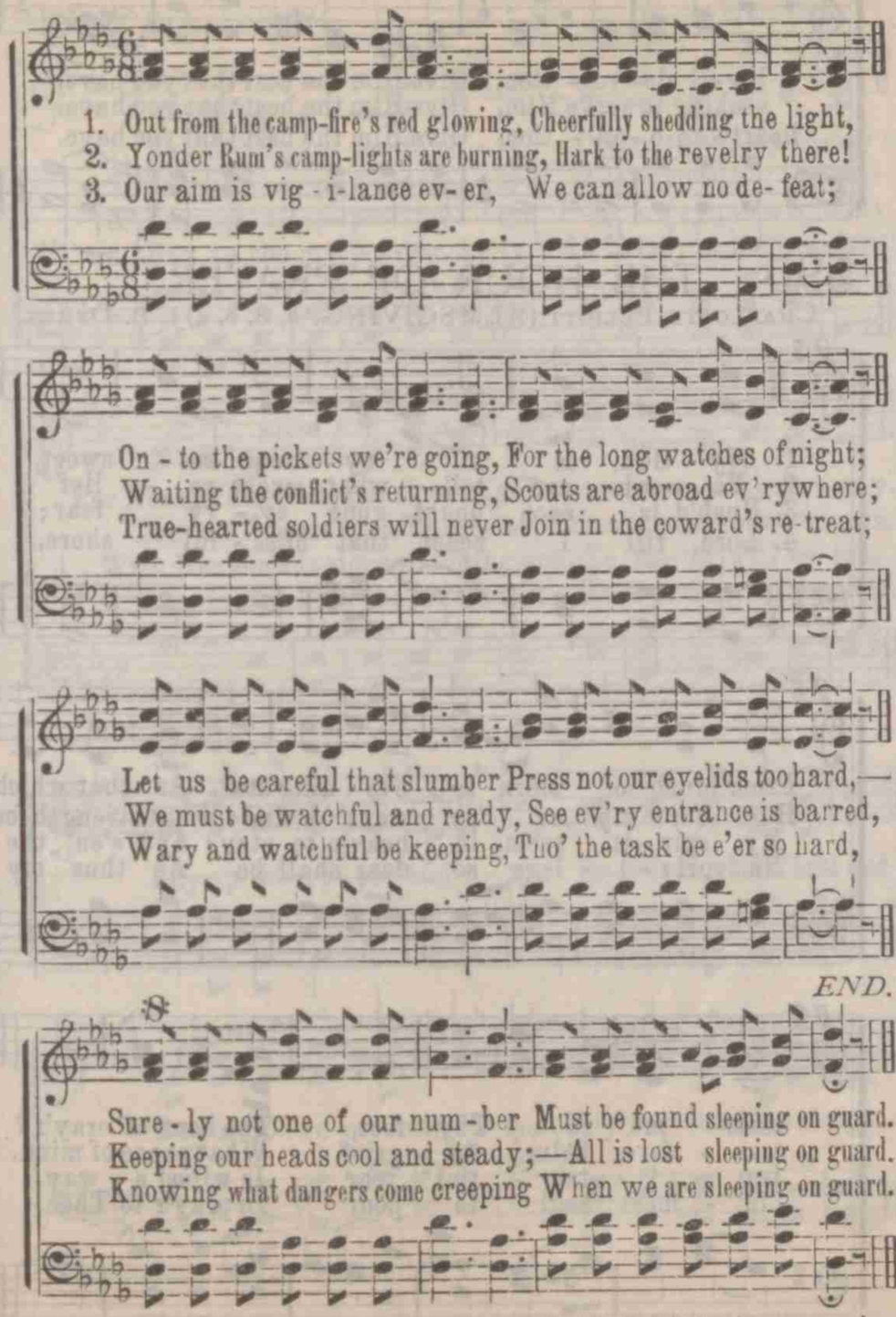
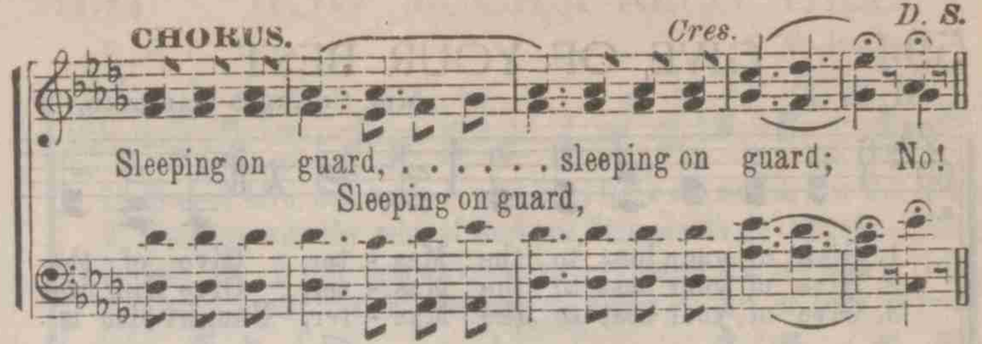
591 COURAGEOUS LIVES.

Anon. (STOCKWELL 8s & 7s.) D. E. JONES.

1. Father, hear the prayer we of-fer! Not for ease that prayer shall be,
2. Not for- ev - er by still wa - ters Would we i - dly, qui-et stay,
3. Be our strength in hours of weakness, In our wand'rings be our guide;
4. Ours to sow the seed in sor-row, Thine to bid it spring and grow;

But for strength that we may ev-er Live our lives courageous-ly.
But would smite the living fountains From the rocks along our way.
Thro' endeavor, hardships, danger, Father, be Thou at our side.
And the gold-en days of autumn Will a precious har - vest show.

592 SLEEPING ON GUARD.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. FRANK M. DAVIS.



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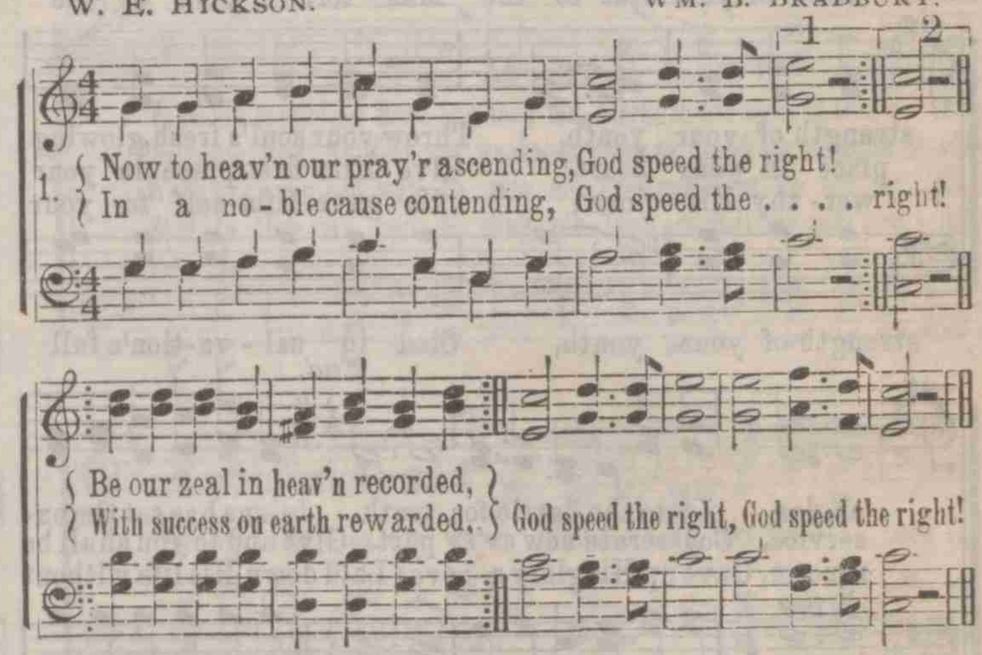
593 GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

W. E. HICKSON. WM. B. BRADBURY.



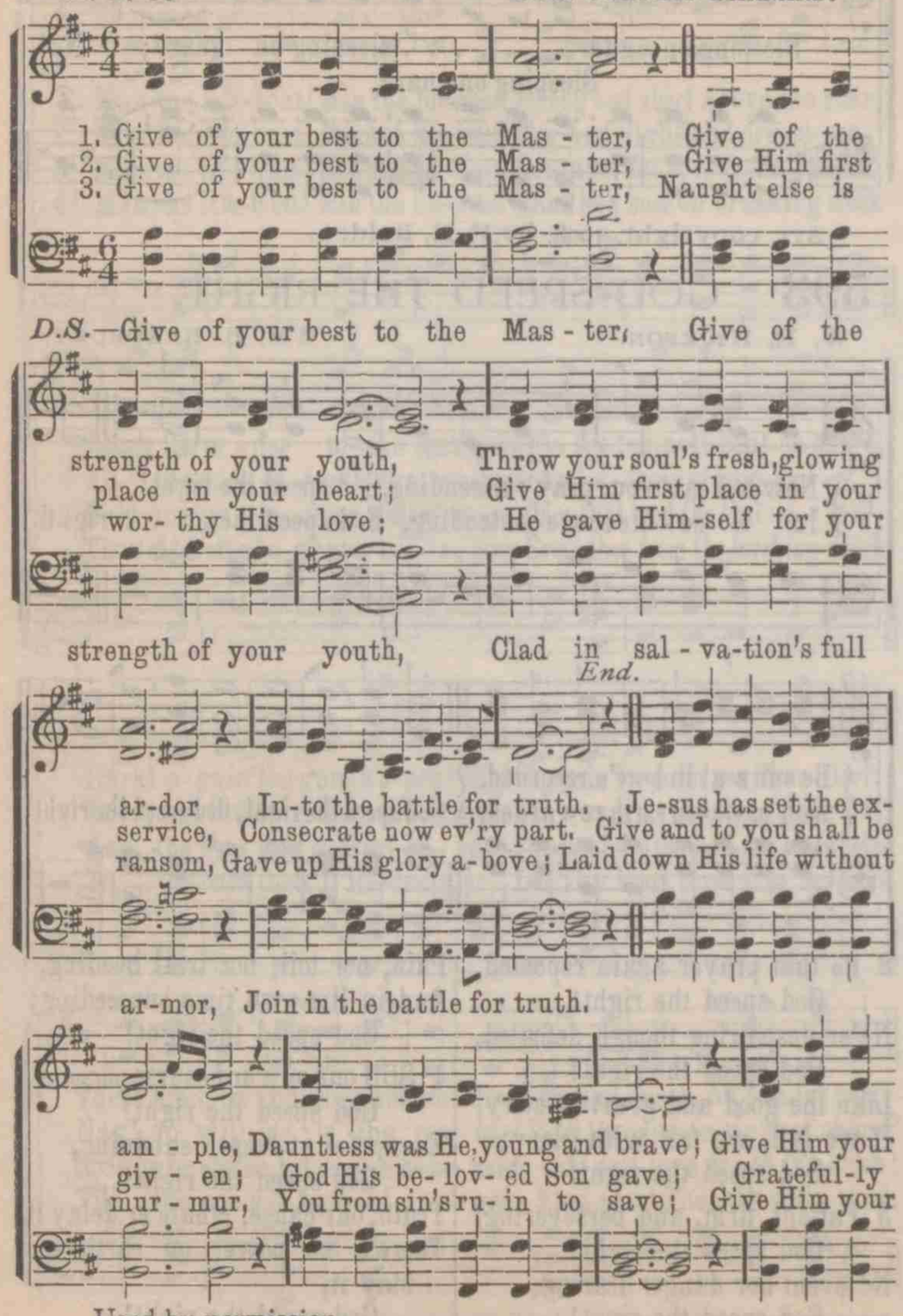
2 Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right!
Ne'er despairing though defeated,
God speed the right!
Like the good and great in story,
If we fail, we fail with glory;
God speed the right!

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right!
No event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right!
Pain, nor toil, nor trial heeding,
And in His own time succeeding;
God speed the right!

4 Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right!
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right!
Truth, our cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
God speed the right!

594 GIVE OF YOUR BEST.

H. B. G. Mrs. CHARLES BARNARD.



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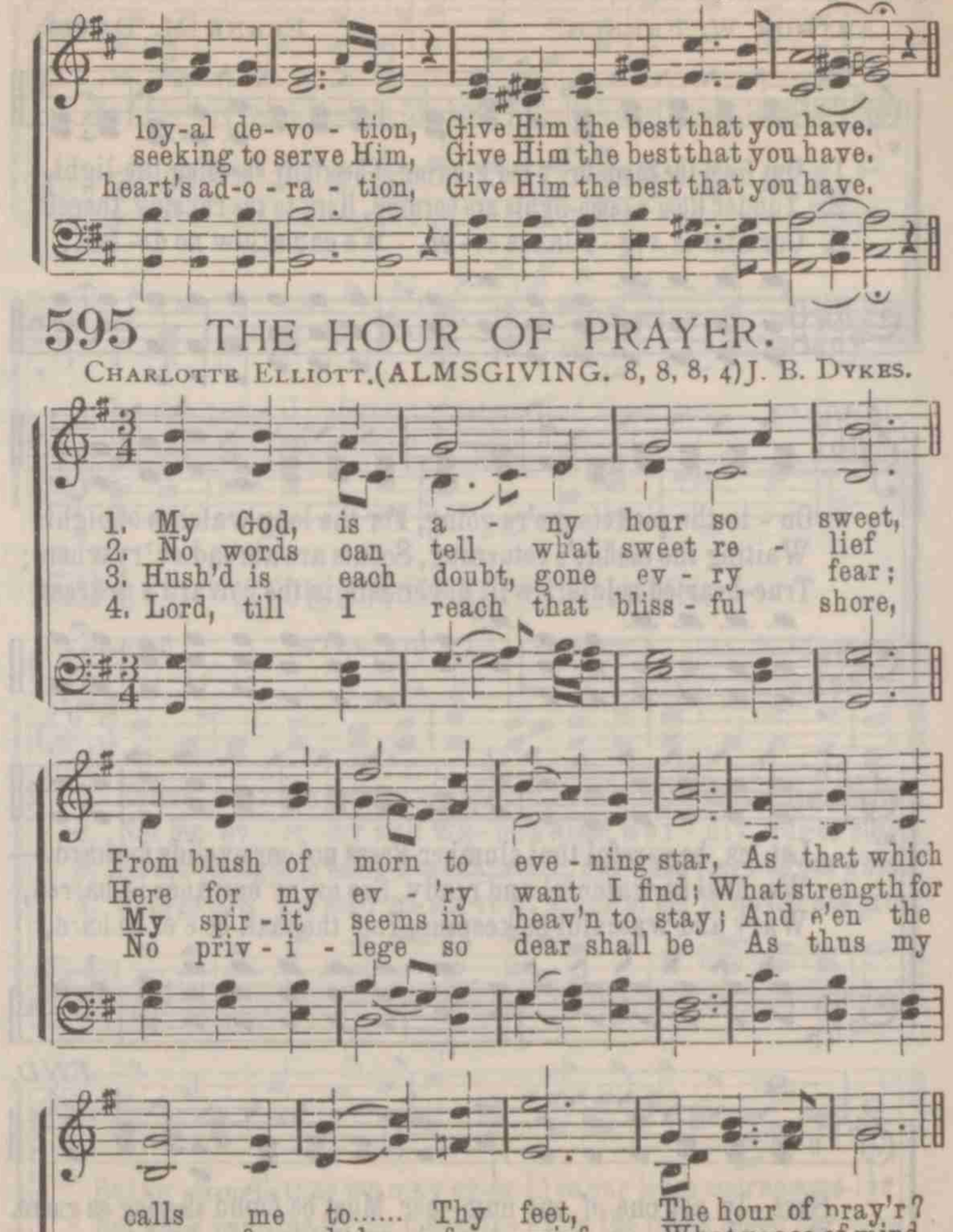

595 THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (ALMSGIVING. 8, 8, 8, 4) J. B. DYKES.

596 BUY UP THE OPPORTUNITY.

Ephesians 5 : 16.

(Suggested by Rev. John M. MacInnis.)

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Buy up the op- por-tun-i - ty, O Christian, buy to-day;
2. Buy up the op- por-tun-i - ty, It may not long remain;
3. Buy up the op- por-tun-i - ty, Pay a - ny price to win;
4. Buy up the op- por-tun-i - ty, At home; in lands a-far;

For Heaven's ageless mansions buy, Buy treasures while you may.
The e-vil hosts are bidding, too, Those precious souls to gain.
With Heaven's legions watching you, To fal-ter will be sin.
Go quickly! Find the jewels rare,—Each soul a glowing star.

Chorus.

Buy up the op- por-tun-i - ty, The souls for whom Christ died,

Buy up the op-por-tun- i - ty, Buy for the Cru-ci-fied.

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597 HOW MUCH I NEED THEE.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Bless-ed Lord, how much I need thee! Weak and sin-ful, poor and blind;
2. Clothe me with thy robe of meekness, Stained with sin this robe of mine;
3. Safe am I if thou dost guide me:—Trusting self, how soon I fall!
4. Then what e'er the fu- ture bringeth, Smiles of joy or tears of grief,

Take my trembling hand and lead me, Strength and sight in thee I find.
Teach me first to feel my weakness, Then to plead for strength di-vine.
Walk life's rug-ged way be side me, Thou, my light, my life, my all.
Still to thee my spir- it cling- eth, Thou art still my soul's re - lief.

Refrain.

Ev -'ry hour, ev -'ry hour, Bless- ed Lord, how much I need thee!

Ev -'ry hour, ev -'ry hour, Sav-iour, keep me ev -'ry hour.

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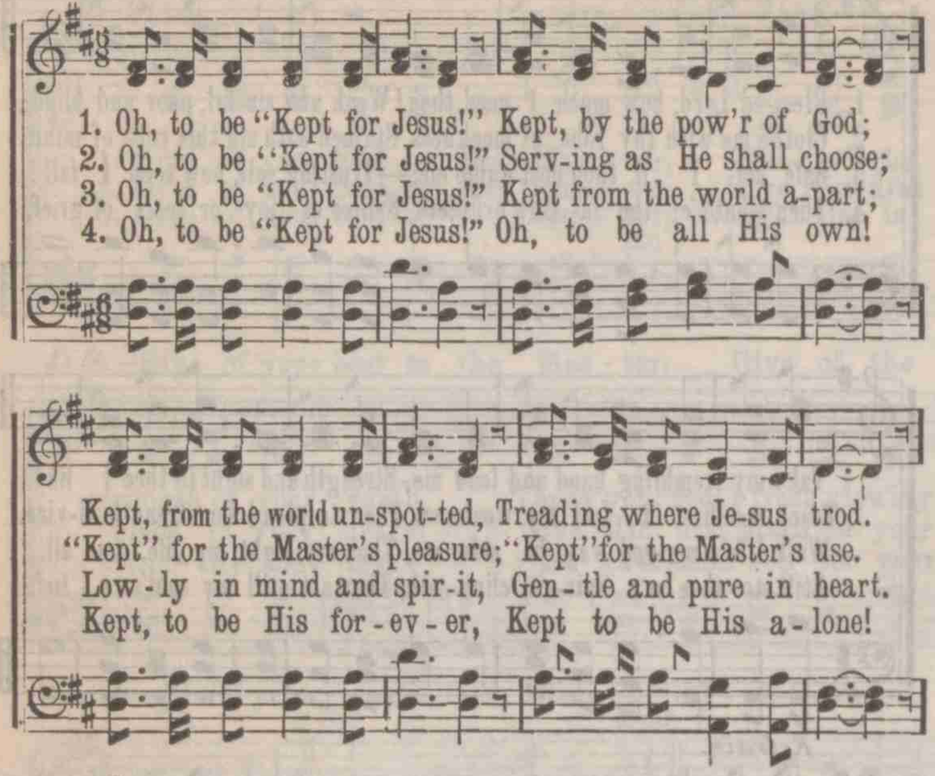
598 KEPT FOR JESUS.

EDITH G. CHERRY. I. ALLAN SANKEY.



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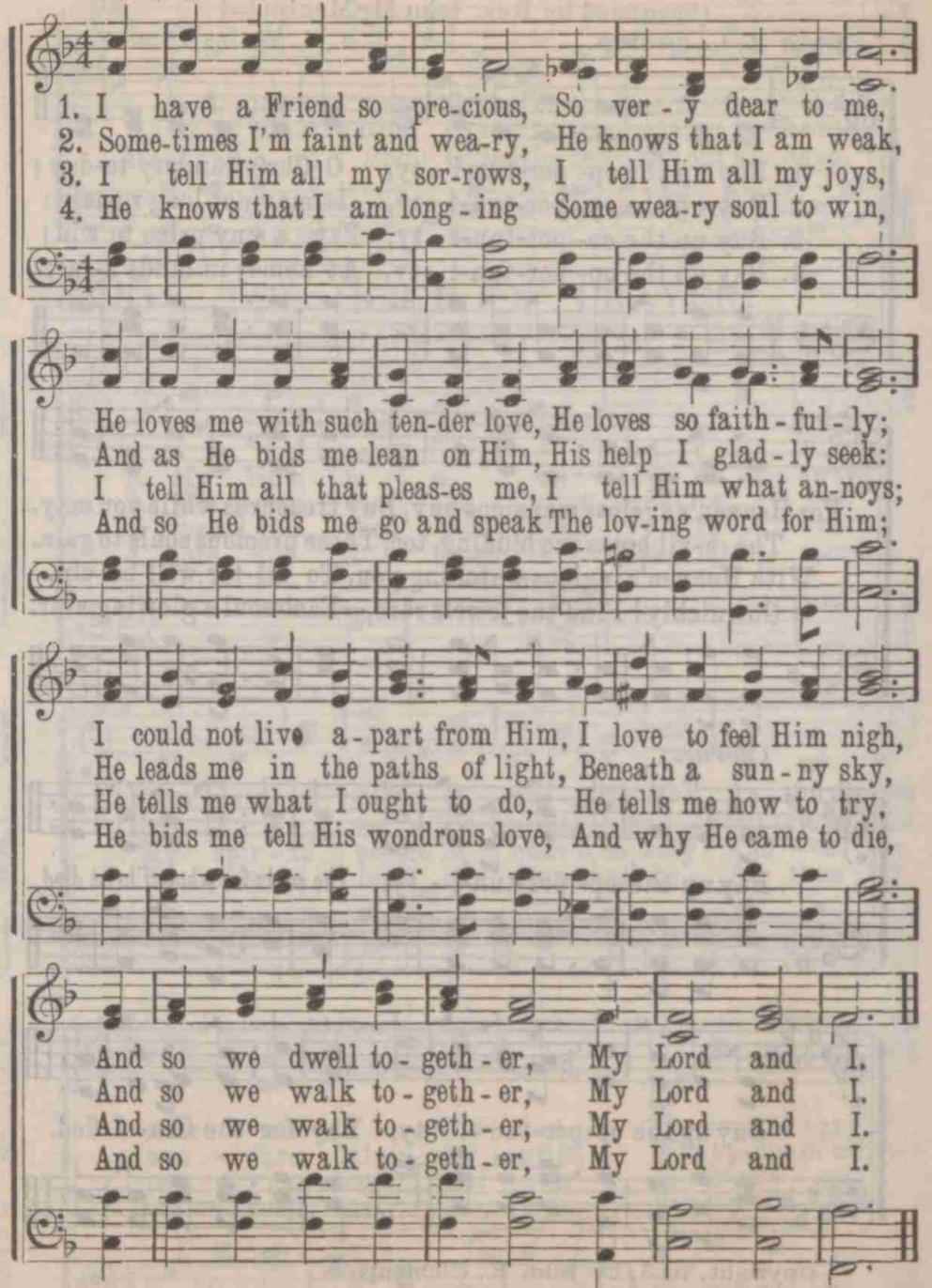
599 MY LORD AND I.

MRS. L. SHOREY. HUBERT P. MAIN.



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600 READY TO DO HIS WILL.

S. E. L. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Ready to suffer grief or pain, Ready to stand the test;
2. Ready to go, ready to bear, Ready to watch and pray;
3. Ready to speak, ready to think, Ready with heart and brain;
4. Ready to speak, ready to warn, Ready o'er souls to yearn;

Ready to stay at home and send Oth-ers if He sees best.
Ready to stand a-side and give, Till He shall clear the way.
Ready to work where He sees fit, Ready to bear the strain.
Ready in life, ready in death, Ready for His re-turn.

CHORUS.

Read-y to go, ready to stay, Ready my place to fill;
Ready for service, lowly or great, Ready to do His will.

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601 PRECIOUS PROMISE.

NATHANIEL NILES. P. P. BLISS.

1. Pre-cious promise God hath given To the wea-ry pass-er-by,
2. When temptations almost win thee, And thy trusted watchers fly,
3. When thy secret hopes have perished In the grave of years gone by,
4. When the shades of life are falling, And the hour has come to die,

On the way from earth to heav-en, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Let this promise ring within thee, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Let this promise still be cherished, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Hear the trusty Pi-lot call-ing, "I will guide thee with mine eye."

CHORUS.

I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye;
On the road from earth to heav-en, I will guide thee with mine eye.

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602 FORWARD, BROTHERS!

E. E. HEWITT. (6s, 5s, with Cho.) W. H. DOANE.

1. Forward, brothers, forward! Battle for the right, God Him-
2. Forward, brothers, forward! Words of life proclaim, Unto
3. Forward, brothers, forward! Strong in faith and pray'r, On His

self is call-ing, Gird you for the fight. He will fail you
oth-ers ren-der, Serv-ice in His name. For His grace a-
arms re - ly - ing, His reward we'll share. With His banner

D.S.—High His banner

never, Help your brave endeavor, Make you conquer ever,
bounding, Mercy all surrounding, On with songs resounding,
o'er us, We shall be victorious, In His Kingdom glorious,

flinging, On with joyful singing, Hal-le - lu-jahs ringing,

FINE. CHORUS.

Trusting in His might. } Forward, Forward, Christian brothers,
Ev-'ry heart aflame. }
We the crown shall wear. } Forward, all, Forward, all,

Forward, brothers, all.

FORWARD, BROTHERS!—Concluded.

D.S.

forward all, Forward, Forward, Answer God's inspiring call.
Forward, all, Forward, all,

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603 GOD BLESS OUR SCHOOL.

(RUSSIAN HYMN. 11s, 10s.)

F. E. BELDEN. A. LWOFF. Arr. by F. E. B.

(See No. 645 for the original harmony.)

1. God bless our Sabbath-school! Christ superintend it, Source of true
2. Searching Thy holy word, here we assemble, Parents and
3. Pow'r both to will and do, Lord Thou hast promised, Will thou hast

wisdom, yet ruling by love; Our great Example and Shep-
children, the a-ged and youth, Wonderful Coun-sel-or, our
giv'n, now the power bestow, Vainly we call Thee our Lord

herd we follow, Till Thy great fold we shall enter a-bove.
minds en-light-en, Thy Ho-ly Spir-it revealing Thy truth.
and our Master, Unless we live out the truth that we know.

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604 MORE DILIGENCE.

F. E. B. F. E. Belden.

1. More diligence give me; Swift flieth the day, Each moment some lost one Is passing a - way; How can I be i - dle, Christ knowing so well? More diligence give me, Love's story to tell.
2. More tenderness give me For wandering sheep, Like Jesus the Sheperd, To search and to weep In by-ways and hedges, O'er desert and sea; More tenderness give me For sinners like me.
3. More gratitude give me, More love for my Lord, More gifts for the Giver Who spreadeth my board; More mem'ries of mercies, More praises in pray'r, More gladness in labor, More trust with my care.
4. More pur- i- ty give me, More hatred of sin, More hung'ring and thirsting For goodness within; More watching and praying, From self to be free; More fruits of the Spirit, More, Jesus, of thee.

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605 CHIDE MILDLY THE ERRING.

1 Chide mildly the erring,
Kind language endears,
Grief follows the sinful,
Add not to their tears;
Avoid with reproaches
Fresh pain to bestow;
The heart that is stricken
Needs never a blow.

2 Chide mildly the erring,
Jeer not at their fall;
If strength be but human,
How feeble were all!
What marvel that footsteps
Should wander away,
When tempests so darken
Life's wearisome way?

3 Chide mildly the erring,
Entreat them with care;
Their natures are mortal,
They need not despair.
We all have some frailty,
We all are unwise;
The grace which redeems us
Must come from the skies.

Anon.

606 NOT NOW, MY CHILD.

Mrs. C. Pennefather. Ira D. Sankey.

Slow, and with expression.

1. Not now, my child,—a lit- tle more rough tossing, A lon-ger on the billow's foam; A few more journ'yings in the des-ert darkness, And then, the sun-shine of thy Father's home!
2. Not now; for I have wand'rers in the distance, And thou must call them in with pa-tient love; Not now; for I have sheep up- on the mountains, And thou must follow them where'er they rove.
3. Not now; for I have loved ones sad and weary; Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile? Sick ones, who need thee in their lone-ly sor-row; Wilt thou not tend them yet a lit- tle while?
4. Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding, And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing: Not now; for orphans' tears are ever falling, They must be gathered 'neath some shelt'ring wing.
5. Go, with the name of Je- sus to the dy-ing, And speak that Name in all its living pow'r; Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary? Canst thou not watch with me one little hour?
6. One lit- tle hour! and then the glorious crowning, The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm; One little hour! and then the hal-le-lu- jah! E- ter-ni-ty's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

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607 WORK FOR THE SCHOOL.

A. A. G. By permission. A. A. G.

1. { L-t us work for the school with our hearts and our hands;
   { For its prais- es are sung by the good in all lands
2. { 'Tis perfum'd by the pray'rs, 'tis bedewed by the tears
   { They rejoiced at its hopes, and they mourned at its fears,
3. { Now the sun-shine of fa - vor il - lu- mines its path
   { 'Tis a source of her weal, 'tis a source of her worth,

Let it nev - er, no nev - er, de - cline; } vine.
That are blest with the gos - pel di - }
Of the ho - ly, the ac - tive, the true; } few.
When its friends were but fee - ble and }
And the church spreads above it her wing; } King.
And a gem in the crown of her }

{ Ral - ly then, ral - ly then, stand by the school;
{ Ral - ly then, ral - ly then, stand by the school!

Why should it languish and die?
Omit..... } Why should it languish and die?

608 MY SABBATH HOME.

Dr. C. R. Blackwell. W. H. Doane.

1. Sweet Sabbath School! more dear to me Than fair-est pal- ace dome, My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My
2. Here first my wil- ful, wand'ring heart, The way of life was shown; Here first I sought the better part, And
3. Here Je- sus stood with lov - ing voice, Entreating me to come, And make of Him my on-ly choice, In

D.S.—My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My

FINE. CHORUS.

own dear Sabbath Home. } Sabbath home! blessed
gained a Sabbath Home. }
this dear Sabbath Home. } Sweet home!

own dear Sab-bath Home. *D.S.*

home! Sabbath home! blessed home!
sweet home! Sweet home! sweet home!

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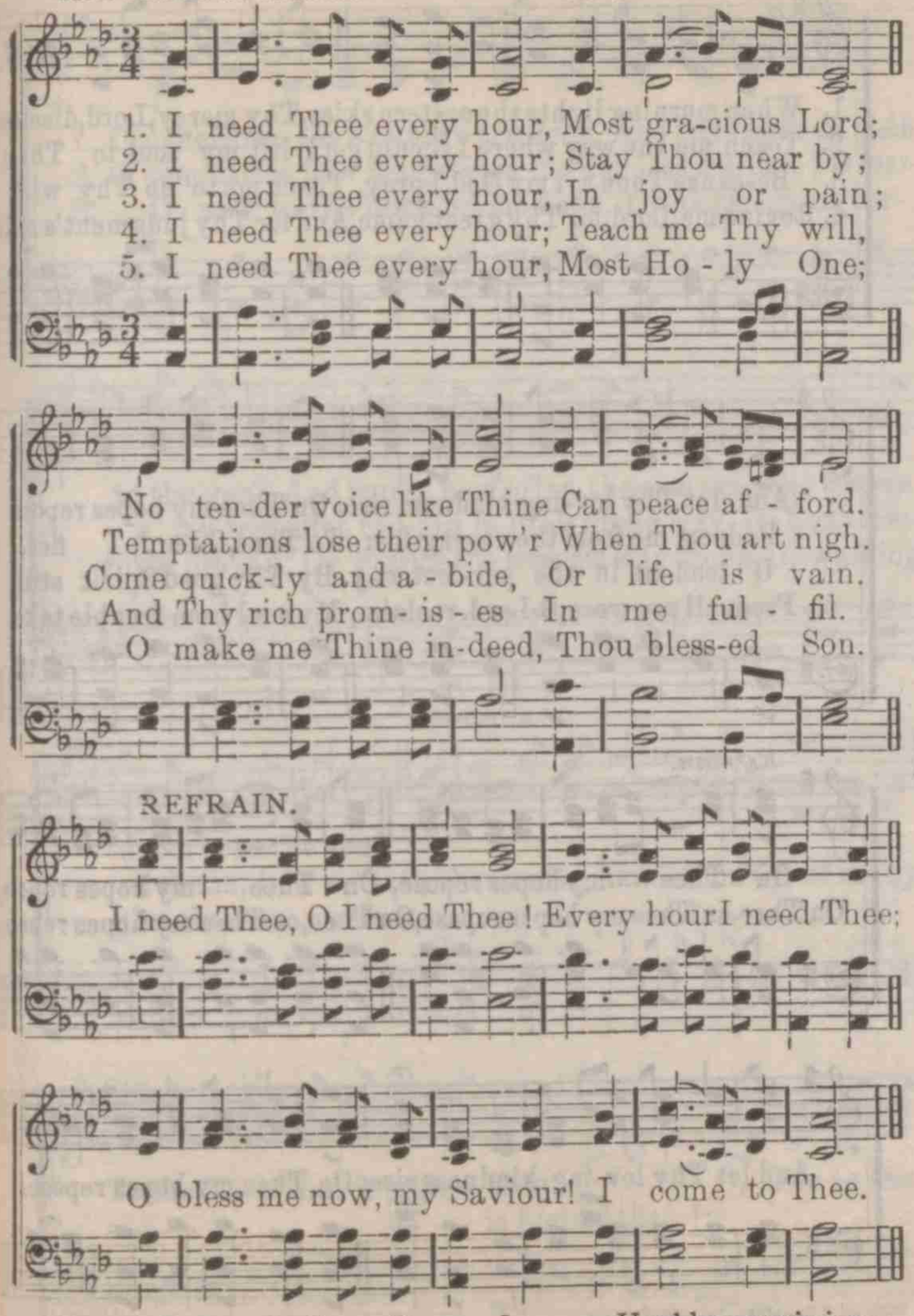
609 I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. Rev. Robert Lowry.



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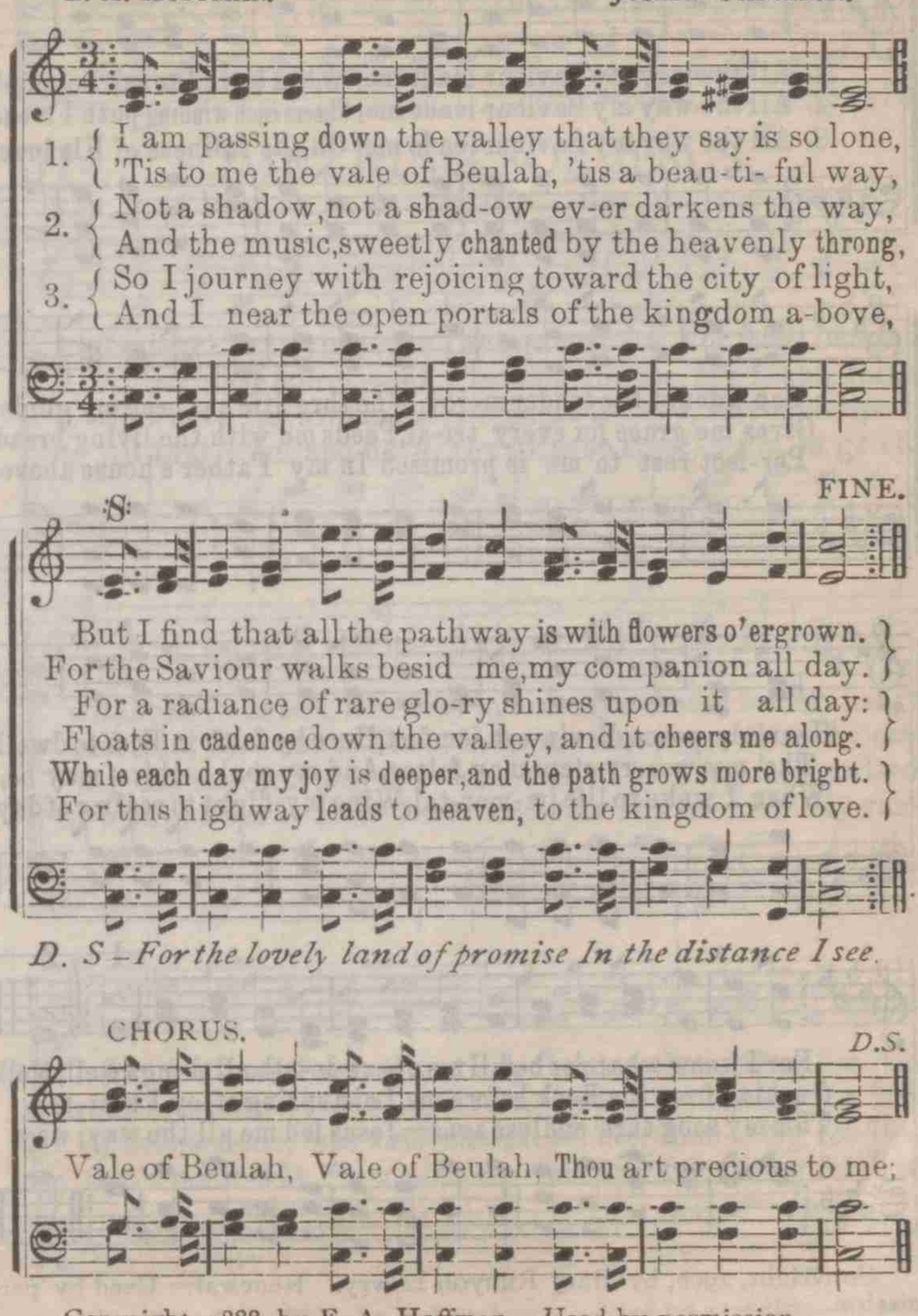
610 VALE OF BEULAH.

E. A. Hoffman. Joseph Garrison.



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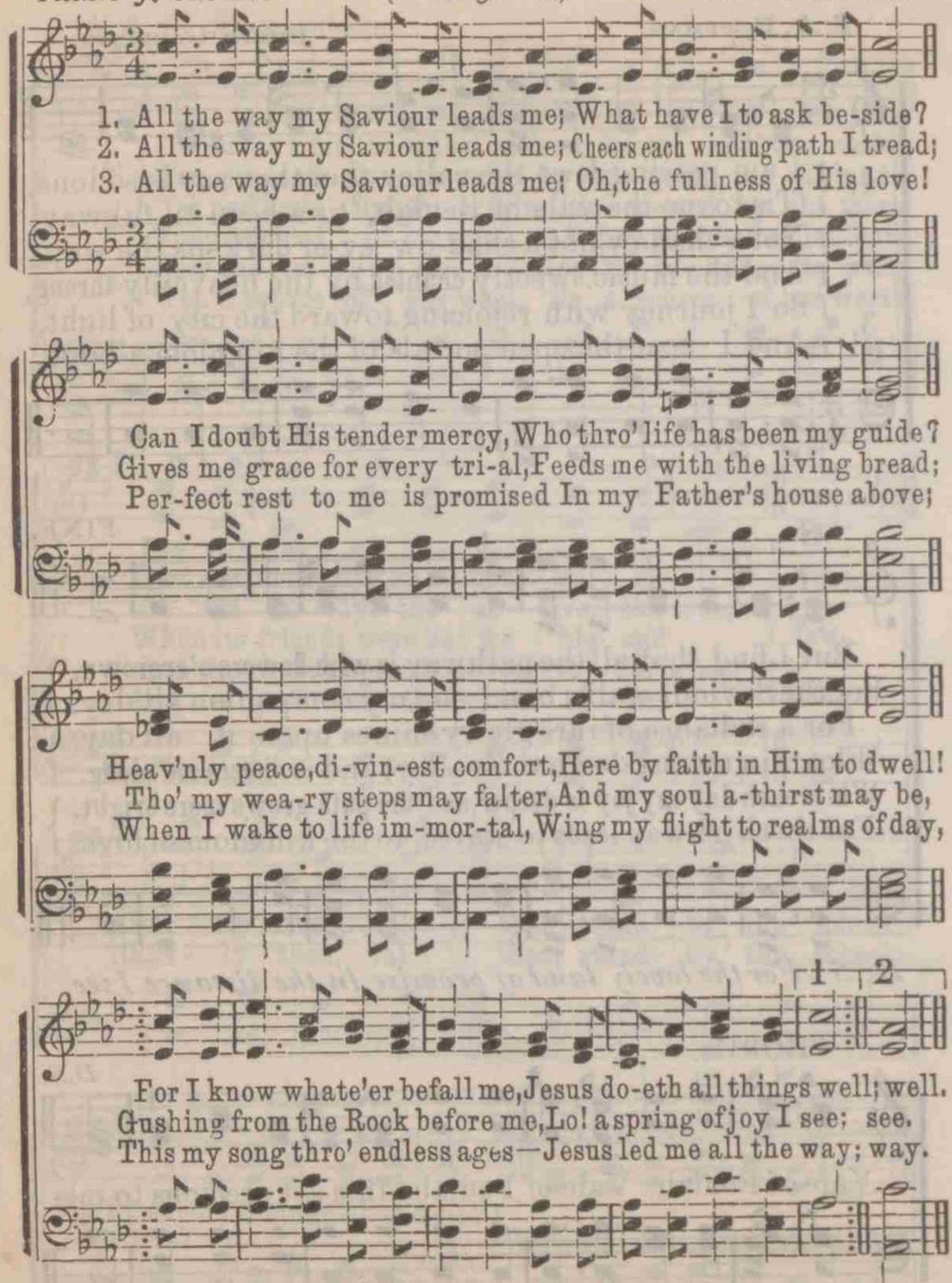
611 ALL THE WAY.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (Deut. 32: 12.) REV. R. LOWRY.

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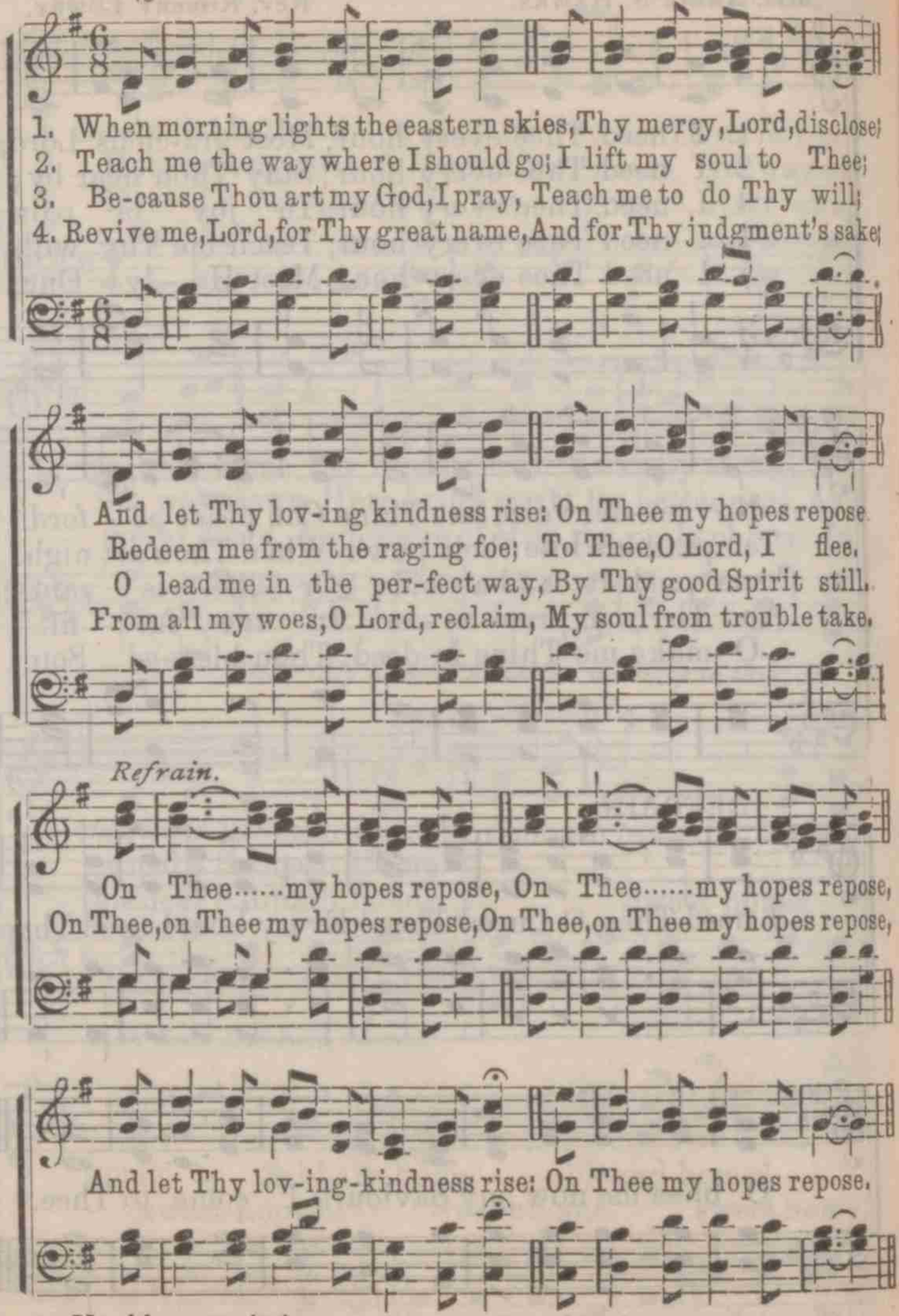
612 ON THEE MY HOPES REPOSE.

Psalm 143. WILL H. YOUNG.



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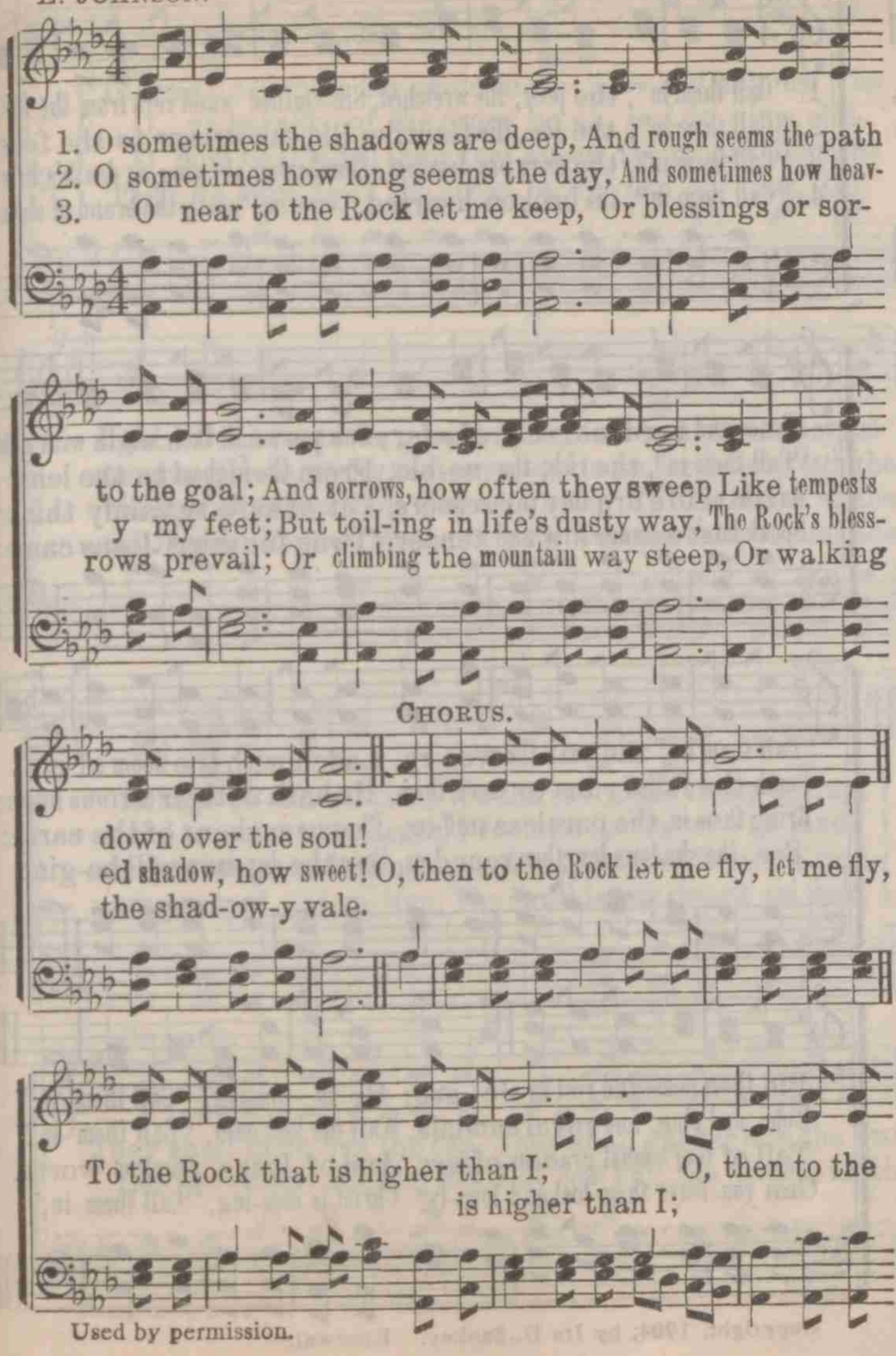
613 THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

E. JOHNSON. W. G. FISCHER.



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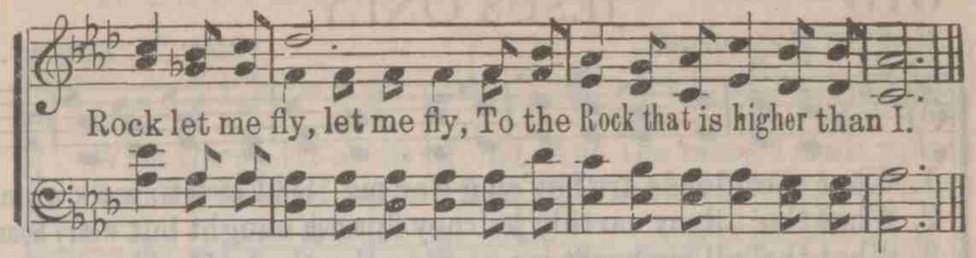
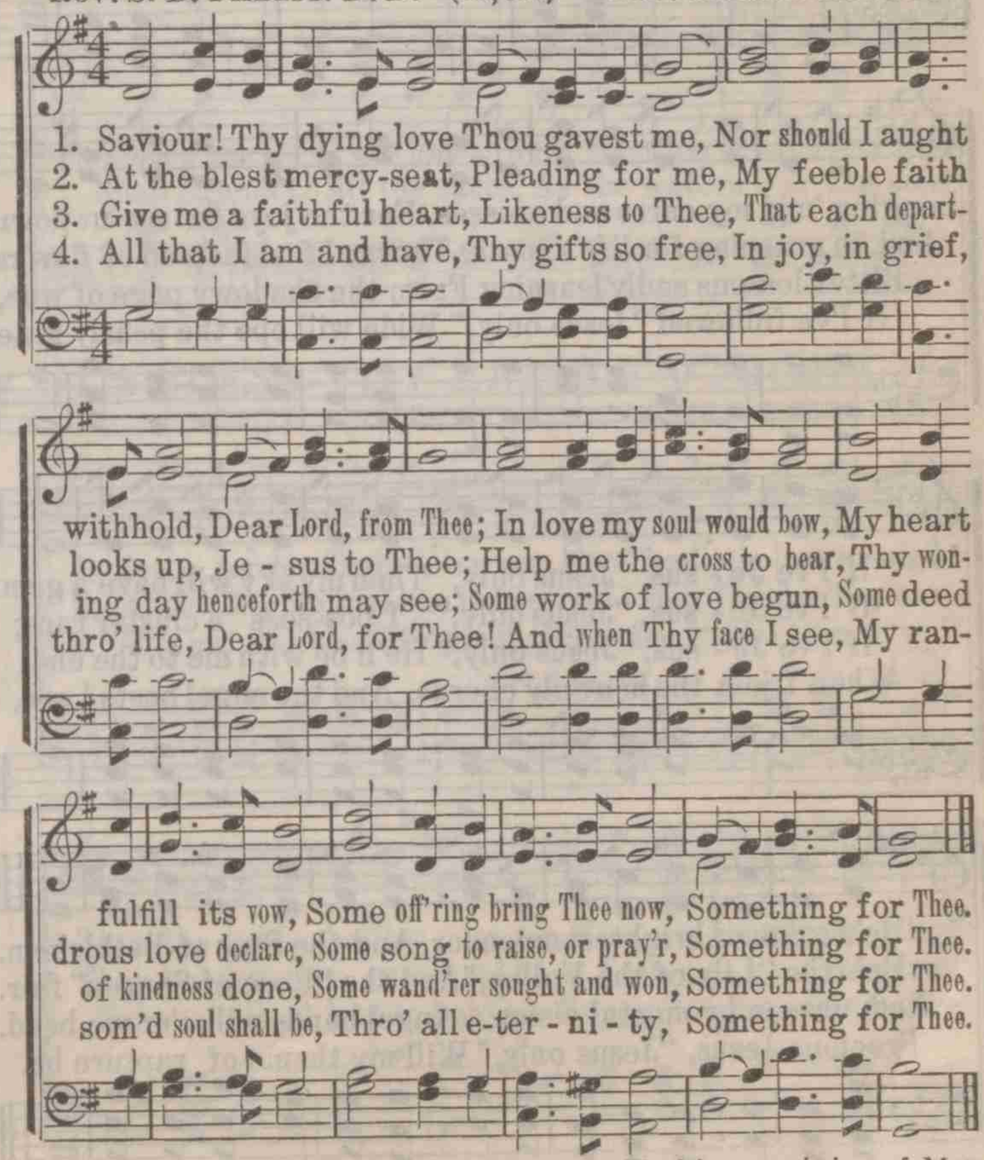

614 SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

Rev. S. D. PHELPS. D. D. (6s, 4s.) Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



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615 JESUS ONLY.

HATTIE M. CONBEY. Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. What tho' clouds are hov'ring o'er me, And I seem to walk alone,
2. What tho' all my earthly journey Bringeth naught but weary hours,
3. What tho' all my heart is yearning For the lov'd of long ago,
4. When I soar to realms of glory, And an entrance I a-wait,

Longing 'mid my cares and crosses, For the joys that now are flown,
And, in grasping for life's roses, Thorns I find instead of flow'rs,
Bitter lessons sadly learning From the shadowy page of woe,
If I've followed "Jesus only!" Wide will ope the pearly gate;

If I've Je - sus, "Jesus only," Then my sky will have a gem;
If I've Je - sus, "Jesus only," I pos-sess a cluster rare;
If I've Je - sus, "Jesus only," He'll be with me to the end;
When I join the heav'nly chorus, And the angel hosts I see,

He's a Sun of brightest splendor, And the Star of Bethlehem.
He's the "Lily of the Valley," And the "Rose of Sharon" fair.
And, unseen by mortal vision, Angel bands will o'er me bend.
Precious Jesus, "Jesus only," Will my theme of rapture be.

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616 CALL THEM IN.

MISS ANNA SHIPTON. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. "Call them in", the poor, the wretched, Sin-stained wand'rers from the fold;
2. "Call them in", the Jew, the Gentile; Bid the stranger to the feast:
3. "Call them in", the mere pro-fess-ors, Slumbering, sleeping, on death's brink;
4. "Call them in", the broken-hearted, Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;

Peace and pardon freely of - fer; Can you weigh their worth with gold?
"Call them in", the rich, the no-ble, From the highest to the least:
Naught of life are they possessors, Yet of safe-ty vainly think:
Speak love's message low and tender, 'Twas for sinners Jesus came:

"Call them in," the weak the wea-ry, Laden with the doom of sin;
Forth the Father runs to meet them, He hath all their sorrows seen:
Bring them in, the careless scoff-ers, Pleasure seekers of the earth:
See, the shadows lengthen round us, Soon the day-dawn will be-gin;

Bid them come and rest in Je - sus; He is waiting, "Call them in."
Robe, and ring, and royal sandals, Wait the lost ones, "Call them in."
Tell of God's most gracious offers, And of Jesus' priceless worth.
Can you leave them lost and lone-ly? Christ is com-ing, "Call them in."

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617 A CRY FROM MACEDONIA.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There's a cry from Ma-ce-do-nia—Come and help us, The
2. O how beauti-ful their feet up-on the mountains, The

light of the precious gospel bring, Let us hear the joyful
member the Saviour's great command, Go ye forth and preach the
tidings of peace from God who bring, To the nations of the
work in your blessed Master's field, Sound the trumpet, sound the

FINE.

tidings of sal-va-tion, We thirst for the living spring.
word to ev-'ry creature, Proclaim it in ev-'ry land.
earth who sit in darkness, And tell them of Zion's King;
trumpet of sal-va-tion, The Lord is your strength and shield.

CHORUS.

They shall gather from the East, They shall gather from the West,
Let the dis-tant isles be glad, Let them hail the Saviour's birth,

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A CRY FROM MACEDONIA.—Concluded.

With the pa-tri-archs of old. And the ransom'd shall return
And the news of pardon free, Till the knowledge of the truth

D. C. al Fine.
There's a cry, etc.

To the kingdom of the blest, With their harps and crowns of gold.
Shall extend to all the earth, As the waters o'er the sea.

618 BLESS THY LAMB TO-NIGHT.

MARY DUNCAN. (ST. SYLVESTER. 8s, 7s.) J. B. DYKES.

1. Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me, Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. May my sins be all forgiven, Bless the friends I love so well;

Thro' the darkness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morning light.
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me, Listen to my evening pray'r.
Take us all at last to heaven, Happy there with Thee to dwell.

619 ONE FOUNDATION.

S. J. STONE. (AURELIA. 7s. 6s. D.) S. S. WESLEY.

1. The Church has one foun-da-tion, 'Tis Je-sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na-tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. Tho' with a scorn-ful won-der, Men see her sore op-prest,
4. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la-tion, And tu-mult of her war,

She is His new cre - a - tion, By wa-ter and the word:
Her char-ter of sal - va-tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
Tho' foes would rend a-sun - der The Rock where she doth rest;
She waits the con-sum-ma-tion Of peace for ev - er - more;

From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride,
One ho - ly name she bless-es, Par-takes one ho - ly food,
Yet saints their faith are keeping, Their cry goes up, "How long?"
Till with the vis-ion glo rious Her long-ing eyes are blest,

With His own blood He bo't her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she press-es, With ev-'ry grace en-dued.
And soon the night of weeping Shall be the morn of song.
And the great Church vic-to-rious Shall be the Church at rest.

620 I NEED THEE, PRECIOUS JESUS.

(RUTHERFORD. 7s & 6s. D.)

F. WHITEFIELD. LAUSANNE PSALTER.

1. I need Thee, precious Je-sus, For I am ver-y poor;
2. I need the heart of Je-sus To feel each anxious care,
3. I need Thee, precious Je-sus, I hope to see Thee soon,

A stranger and a pil-grim, I have no earth-ly store.
To tell my ev-'ry tri - al, And all my sorrows share.
Encircled with the rainbow, And seat-ed on Thy throne.

I need the love of Je-sus To cheer me on my way, To
I need the Ho - ly Spir-it To teach me what I am, To
There, with Thy blood-bought children, My joy shall ever be To

guide my doubting foot-steps, To be my strength and stay.
show me more of Je - sus, To point me to the Lamb.
sing Thy ceaseless praises, To gaze, my Lord, on Thee! A-men.

621 MEN OF GOD, ARISE!

Arr. from M. ANDERSON. (MIRIAM. 7s & 6s D.) J. HOLBROOK.

1. The whole wide world is pleading: Ye men of God a - rise!
2. Go, where the waves are breaking On cold-est Northern shore,
3. The love of Christ un - fold - ing, Speed on from east to west,

His prov-i-dence is lead - ing To man-y'a glad surprise,
The precious Gos-pel tak - ing, More rich than gold-en ore.
Till all, by faith be- hold - ing, In Christ are ful-ly blest.

Lo! ev - 'ry sky is bright-'ning, Rich promise clothes the soil;
On highest Eastern mount-ain, In lowest Western vale;
Great Author of sal - va - tion, Haste, haste the glorious day

Wide fields for har-vest whit'ning, In-vite the reap - er's; toil.
Be - side the Southern fountains, Rehearse the wondrous tale.
Fore - told by rev - e - la - tion,— Thy un - i - ver- sal sway,

622 WHY STAND WITH RUSTY BLADE?

WOODBURY. (LIFE'S HARVEST. 7s & 6s. D.) I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Ho! reap-er of life's harvest, Why stand with rusty blade,
2. Come down from hill and mountain, In morning's rud dy glow,
3. Mount up the hights of wisdom, And crush each er-ror low;

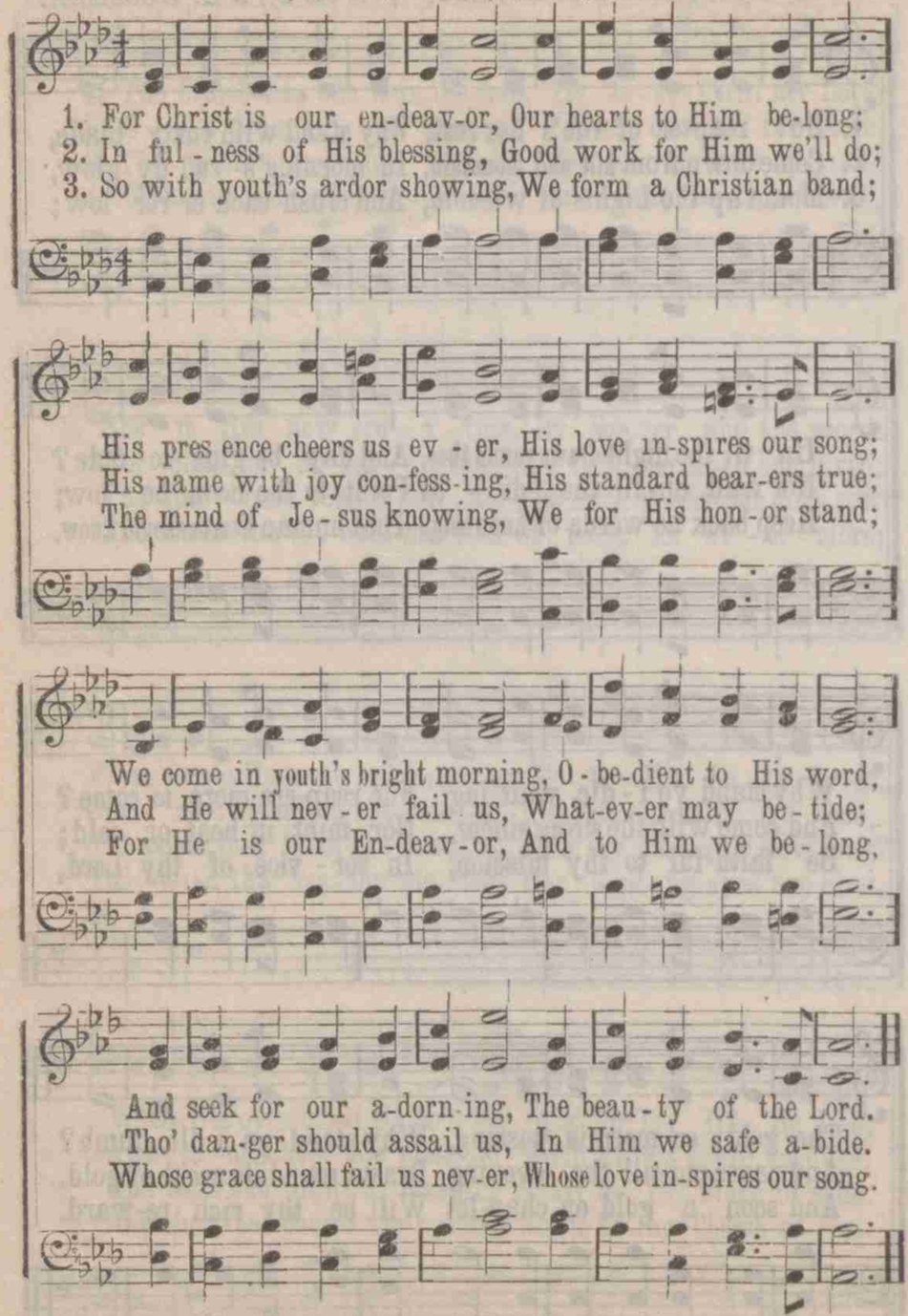
Un - til the night draws round thee, And day be-gins to fade?
Nor wait un-til the di - al Points to the noon be - low;
Keep back no words of knowledge That human hearts should know.

Why stand ye i - dle, wait ing For reap-ers more to come?
And come with the strong sinew, Nor faint in heat or cold;
Be faith-ful to thy mission, In ser - vice of thy Lord,

The gold - en morn is passing, Why stand ye i-dle, dumb?
And pause not till the evening Draws round its wealth of gold.
And soon a gold-en chap-let Will be thy rich re-ward.

623 OUR ENDEAVOR.

F. GORDON. (ENDEAVOR 7s.6s.D.) HUBERT P. MAIN.



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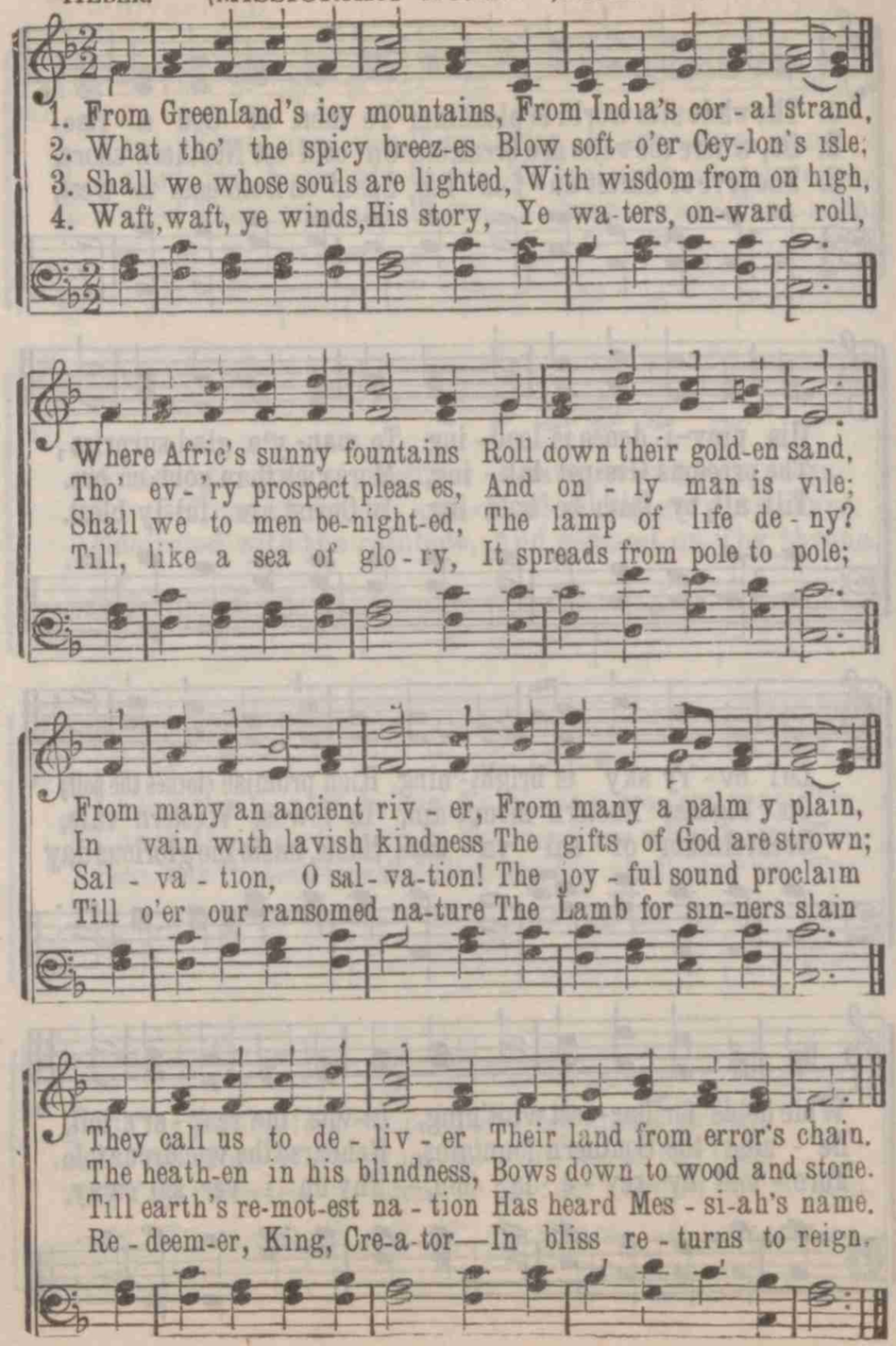
624 THEY CALL US.

HEBER. (MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. D.) MASON.



625 I COULD NOT DO WITHOUT.

F. R. HAVERGAL. (UNION SQUARE. 7s, 6s. D.) J. B. DYKES.

1. I could not do without Thee, O Sav-iour of the lost,
2. I could not do without Thee, I can-not stand alone,
3. I could not do without Thee, For, oh, the way is long,
4. I could not do without Thee, For years are fleeting fast,

Whose wondrous love redeemed me, At such tremendous cost;
I have no strength or goodness, No wis-dom of my own;
And I am oft-en wea - ry, And sigh re-plac-es song:
And soon in sol-emn si-lence, The river must be passed;

Thy righteousness, Thy pardon, Thy precious blood must be My
But Thou, be-lov-ed Saviour, Art all in all to me, And
How could I do without Thee? I do not know the way; Thou
But Thou wilt never leave me, And tho' the waves roll high, I

on-ly hope and comfort, My glo - ry and my plea.
weakness will be pow-er If leaning hard on Thee.
knowest, and Thou leadest, And wilt not let me stray.
know Thou wilt be near me, And whisper "It is I." Amen.

626 MY SAFETY.

JAMES G. DECK. (CHENIES. 7s, 6s. D.) T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. O Lamb of God! still keep me Near to Thy wounded side;
2. 'Tis on - ly in Thee hid-ing I know my life se - cure—
3. Soon shall my eyes behold Thee, With rapture, face to face;

'Tis on - ly there in safe-ty And peace I can a - bide!
On - ly in Thee a - bid-ing, The con-flict can en-dure:
One half hath not been told me Of all Thy pow'r and grace.

What foes and snares surround me, What doubts and fears within!
Thine arm the vic-to-ry gaineth O'er ev - 'ry hate-ful foe;
Thy beau-ty, Lord, and glory, The wonders of Thy love,

The grace that sought and found me, Alone can keep me clean.
Thy love my heart sustain-eth In all its care and woe.
Shall be the endless sto - ry Of all the saints above.

627 SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

WATERBURY. (CALEDONIA. 7s & 5s. D.) • SCOTCH.

1. Sol-diers of the cross, a-rise! · Lo! your Lead-er from the skies
2. Now the fight of faith be-gin, Be no more the slaves of sin,
3. Je-sus conquered when he fell, Met and vanquished sin and hell;

Waves be-fore you glo-ry's prize,—Prize of vic - to - ry.
Strive the vic-tor's palm to win, Trusting in the Lord:
Now he bids his foll'wers tell Triumphs of his cross.

Seize your ar-mor, gird it on: Soon the bat - tle will be won;
Gird ye on the ar-mor bright, Warriors of the King of Light,
Tho' the e-vil hosts ap-pear, Who can doubt, or who can fear?

See! the strife is al-most done; Strug-gle man-ful - ly.
Nev-er yield, nor lose by flight Your di-vine re - ward.
God our strength and shield, is near; Can we suf - fer loss?

628 STAND UP FOR JESUS.

DUFFIELD. (ELLACOMBE. 7s & 6s. D.) ST. GALL'S.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye soldiers of the cross;
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trumpet call o - bey;
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in his strength a-lone;
4. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;

Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the might-y con - flict, In this his glo-rious day:
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic-tor's song:

From vic-t'ry un-to vic - t'ry, His ar - my shall he lead.
Ye that are men now serve him, A - gainst unnumbered foes;
Put on the gos-pel ar - mor, And, watching unto pray'r,
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in-deed.
Let cour-age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
He with the King of Glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

629 HARVEST HOME.

Tr. JANE M. CAMPBELL. (DRESDEN. J. A. P. SCHULZ.
3d stanza by F. E. B. 7s, 6s, with Cho.) Arr. by F. E. B.

1. We plough the fields and scatter The good seed on the land,
2. We thank Thee, loving Father, For all things bright and good,
3. Shall we not give for oth-ers, As God to us has giv'n,

But it is fed and watered By God's almight-y hand;
The seed-time and the harvest, Our life, our health, our food.
Own all mankind as brothers, And help them on to heav'n?

He sends the snow in winter, The warmth to swell the grain,
No wealth have we to of-fer, For all Thy love imparts,
We bring our offrings glad-ly, And speed the message on,

The breezes, and the sunshine, And soft, refreshing rain.
But that which Thou desirest, Our humble, thankful hearts.
Of Christ and His salvation, To all beneath the sun.

CHORUS.

All good gifts around us, Are sent from heav'n above, Then
Best of all Thy blessings, To earth the Saviour came, That
Quick-ly, blessed Mast-er, O may Thy kingdom come! At

thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all His wondrous love.
we may rise and win the prize, Of endless life with Him.
Thy command, in ev'ry land, We speed the "harvest home."

630 THE FIELDS ARE WHITE.

Anon. (JUNIOR ENDEAVOR. 11, 11, 9.) J. ADCOCK.

1. The fields are all white, And the reapers are few, We children are
2. Our hands are so small, And our words are so weak, We cannot teach
3. We'll work by our pray'rs, By the off'rings we bring, By small self-de-
4. Un-til, by and by, As the years pass at length, We too may be

willing, But what can we do, To work for our Lord in His harvest?
others; How then shall we seek To work for our Lord in His harvest?
nials; The least little thing May work for our Lord in His harvest,
reapers, And go forth in strength To work for our Lord in His harvest.

631 LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

NEWMAN. (LUX BENIGNA. 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.) DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead thou me on!
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on

The night is dark and I am far from home; Lead thou me on!
I loved to choose and see my path, but now Lead thou me on!
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone,

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
I loved the gar-ish day, and spite of fears,
And with the morn those an-gel fac-es smile

The dis-tant scene; one step's e-nough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.

632 HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

M. M. W. (GUIDE. 7s D.) M. M. WELLS.

1. Ho-ly Spir-it, faith-ful Guide, Ev-er near the
2. Ev-er pres-ent, tru-est friend, Ev-er near thine
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for

D. C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol-low me, I'll

Christian's side; Gent-ly lead us by the hand,
aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
sweet re-lease, Noth-ing left but heaven and prayer,

guide thee home."

Pil-grims in a des-ert land; Wea-ry souls for
Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are
Wond'ring if our names are there; Wad-ing deep the

D. C.

e'er re-joice, When they hear that sweet-est voice,
rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
dis-mal flood, Plead-ing nought but Je-sus' blood,

633

C. W

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2. O
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633 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

C. WESLEY. ("HOLLINGSIDE." 7s. D.) J. B. DYKES.

1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,
2. Oth-er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find:
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov-er all my sin;

While the bil-lows near me roll, While the temp-est still is high!
Leave, O leave me not a-lone, Still sup-port and comfort me.
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure within.

Hide me, O my Saviour hide, Till the storm of life be past;
All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho-ly is Thy name; I am all un righteousn-ss;
Thou of life the fount ain art, Free-ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in-to the ha-ven guide; Oh, receive my soul at last!
Cov-er my de-fence-less head With the shadow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty! A-men.

(Or to "Refuge" or "Martyn")

634 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

(REFUGE. 7s. D.) JOS. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,

While the bil-lows near me roll, While the tem-pest still is high;

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

635 (MARTYN. 7s. D.)

END.

D. C.

636 THE WATCHING CHURCH.

H. DOWNTON. (DEERHURST. 8s. 7s. D.) J. LANGRAN.

1. Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping; When shall earth Thy rule o-bey?
2. Ti-dings, sent for ev-'ry crea-ture, Mill-ions yet have nev-er heard;
3. Then the end: Thy Church com-plet-ed, All Thy chos-en gathered in,

When shall end the night of weeping? When shall break the promised day?
Can they hear with-out a preach-er? Lord Al-might-y, give the word;
With their King in glo-ry seat-ed, Sa-tan bound, and banished sin;

See the whit'ning harvest languish, Waiting still the lab'rers' toil;
Give the word; in ev-'ry na tion Let the gos pel trum-pet sound,
Gone for-ev-er, parting, weeping, Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;

Was it vain, Thy Son's deep anguish? Shall the strong retain the spoil?
Wit-ness-ing of Thy sal-va-tion To the earth's re-mot-est bound.
Lo! her watch Thy Church is keeping, Come, Lord Jesus; come to reign.

637 TO BE LIVING IS SUBLIME.

ANON. (THE ALARM. 8s & 7s. D.) ARRANGED.

1. We are living, we are dwelling, In a grand and aw-ful time,
2. Christian, rouse and arm for con-flict, Nerve thee for the bat-tle field;
3. Wicked spirits gather round thee, Legions of those foes to God —

In an age on a-ges telling, To be liv-ing is sub-lime.
Bear the helmet of sal-va-tion, And the mighty gospel shield;
Principalities most mighty — Walk unseen the earth abroad;

Hark! the waking up of na-tions, Gog and Magog to the fray;
Bind the breastplate firmly on thee, Take the Spirit's sword in hand;
They are gath-'ring to the battle, Strengthen'd for the last deep strife;

Hark! what soundeth? Is cre-a-tion Groaning for her lat-ter day?
Boldly, fearlessly, go forth then, In Jehovah's strength to stand.
Christian, arm! be watchful, ready, Strug-gle man-ful-ly for life.

638 PLANTING SHARON'S ROSE.

(NORTH. 8s & 7s. D.) JAS. M. NORTH.

1. Lord, thou call-est for the workers, Glad we come at thy command;
2. Bless our labors, God of heaven, Aid thy servants, Lord of earth,
3. Ours is toil that knows no season; Day and night to us are one;
4. Wake, O North-wind! come, O South-wind! O'er our garden softly blow;

Give us each the worker's outfit, Loving heart and ready hand.
As we strive to set our garden With the plant of priceless worth!
Winter is the same as summer; Ours is an e-ter-nal sun.
Bid the Ro-se's sacred perfume From our tender plants to flow.

Great the hon-or, sweet the du-ty That thy love on us be-stows,
Pa-tient all the day we labor, Still at night the tempter sows
So when heat of summer scorches, And when storm-y winter blows.
Come, Be-lov-ed, to thy garden; All its sweets to thee it owes;

In the soul, howe'er un-fer-tile, Planting Sharon's fadeless Rose!
Tares of sin where we had planted Sharon's fair and fadeless Rose!
Still we toil within our gar-den, Planting Sharon's fadeless Rose!
Shed thy ho-ly fragrance o'er us, Sharon's fair and fadeless Rose!

639 BREAD ON THE WATERS.

ANON (CHARITY. 8s & 7s. D.) ARRANGED.

1. "Cast thy bread upon the waters," Ye who have but scant supply;
2. "Cast thy bread upon the waters;" Sad and weary, worn with care,
3. "Cast thy bread upon the waters," Ye who have abundant store;

An-gel eyes will watch above it; You shall find it by and by;
Wherefore sitting in the shadow? Surely you've a crumb to spare.
It may float on many a billow, It may strand on many a shore;

He who in his righteous balance, Doth each human action weigh,
Can you not to those around you Sing some lit-tle song of hope,
You may think it lost for-ev-er, But, as sure as God is true,

Will your sac-rifice remember, Will your loving deeds repay.
As you look with longing vision Thro' faith's mighty telescope?
In this life, or in the oth-er, It will yet re-turn to you.

640 ABIDE WITH US.

ANNIE R. SMITH. (AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D.) SPANISH.

1. Bles-sed Je-sus, meek and low-ly, With us here take thine abode;
2. Guide us in the path to heaven, Rugged tho' that path may be;
3. In thy vineyard let us la-bor, Of thy goodness let us tell;
4. Then with thee may we for-ev-er Reign with all the good and blest,

We would fain like thee be ho-ly, Humbly walking with our God.
Let each bit-ter cup that's given, Serve to draw us nearer thee.
All is ill without thy fa-vor, With thy presence all is well.
Where no sin from thee can sev-er, Where the wea-ry are at rest.

We would thy sweet Spir-it cher-ish, Welcome in our hearts thy stay;
In thy foot-steps traced before us, There we see earth's scorn and frown;
While the ev'-ning shad-ows gather, Thro' this drea-ry night of tears,
There to praise the matchless Giver, There with an-gels to a-dore

Lest without thine aid we per-ish, O, a-bide with us, we pray.
There is suf'ring ere the glo-ry, There's a cross before the crown.
Tar-ry with us, O our Saviour, Till the morning light appears.
Him who did thro' grace de-liv-er Us from death forevermore.

641 HERE AM I, SEND ME.

DANIEL MARCH. (FILLMORE. 8s & 7s. D.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. Hark! the voice of Je-sus call-ing, "Who will go and work to-day?
2. If you can not cross the ocean And the heathen lands explore,
3. If you can not be the watchman, Standing high on Zion's wall,
4. While the souls of men are dying, And the Master calls for you,

Fields are white, the harvest waiting, Who will bear the sheaves a-way?"
You can find the heathen nearer, You can help them at your door;
Pointing out the path to heaven, Of'ring life and peace to all,
Let none hear you i-dly saying, "There is nothing I can do!"

Loud and long the Mas-ter call-eth, Rich re-ward he of-fers free;
If you can not speak like angels, If you can not preach like Paul,
With your pray'rs and with your bounties You can do what Heav'n de-mands,
Gladly take the task he gives you, Let his work your pleasure be;

Who will an-swer, glad-ly say-ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me?"
You can tell the love of Jesus, You can say he died for all.
You can be like faithful Aaron, Holding up the prophet's hands.
Answer quickly when he calleth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

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642 PILGRIMS, ON!

ANON. (ONWARD. 8s & 7s. D.) ARRANGED.

1. Pilgrims on! the day is dawning; Strike your tents, and homeward haste:
2. Pilgrims on! the storm is beating, Beating wildly on your way:
3. Pilgrims on! what tho' in dangers, Life's e-vent-ful course pur-sue;
4. Pilgrims on! there's rest in heaven, Rest from every anxious care,

Sleep not while the blush of morning Calls you on the desert waste.
Tar - ry not, the time is fleet-ing; Shall the storm your footsteps stay?
La - bor on, ye friendless strangers, Grace will guide you safely through.
Rest in Je - sus' smiles for-giv-en, Peaceful and e-ter-nal there.

Tho' the way be dark and dreary, Life's sharp anguish must be borne;
Hasten on, thro' joy and sorrow, Or what-ev-er may be-tide,
What if tri- als must befall you! What if fierce temptations rise!
O, 't were sweet to toil in sadness, O, 't were well the cross to bear,

Courage, then, ye faint and weary, Linger not to weep and mourn.
Wait not for the calm to-mor-row, Faithful at your work a - bide.
Shall earth's bitter strife appall you While contending for the prize?
If at last in joy and gladness We may rest for-ev-er there!

643 A FRIEND IN JESUS.

H. BONAR. (CONVERSE. 8s & 7s. D.) C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri-als and temptations? Is there trou-ble an-y-where?
3. Are we weak and heavy la-den, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a priv- i - lege to car - ry Ev-'rything to God in pray'r!
We should nev-er be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Pre-cious Saviour, still our re-fuge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

O what peace we oft-en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

All because we do not car- ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
Je-sus knows our ev'ry weakness; Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
In his arms he'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a solace there.

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644 COURAGE, BROTHER!

NORMAN MACLEOD. (TRUST. 8s, 7s. P.) A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Courage, brother! do not stumble, Tho' thy path be dark as night; There's a star to guide the humble: Trust in God, and
2. Per-ish pol - i - cy and cunning, Perish all that fears the light. Whether losing, whether winning, Trust in God, and
3. Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flatter, some will slight; Cease from man, and look a-bove thee: Trust in God, and

Trust in God, trust in God, Trust in God and do the right.

do the right. Let the road be rough and dreary, And its
do the right. Trust no party, sect, or faction; Trust no
do the right. Take His word for saf-est guiding, In-ward

end far out of sight, Foot it bravely; strong or weary,
lead-ers in the fight; But in ev-'ry word or ac-tion
peace, and inward might, Star upon our path a - biding—

(Or sing to 641 or 646 by omitting words in first half of last score of this No. 644.)

645 GIVE TO US PEACE.

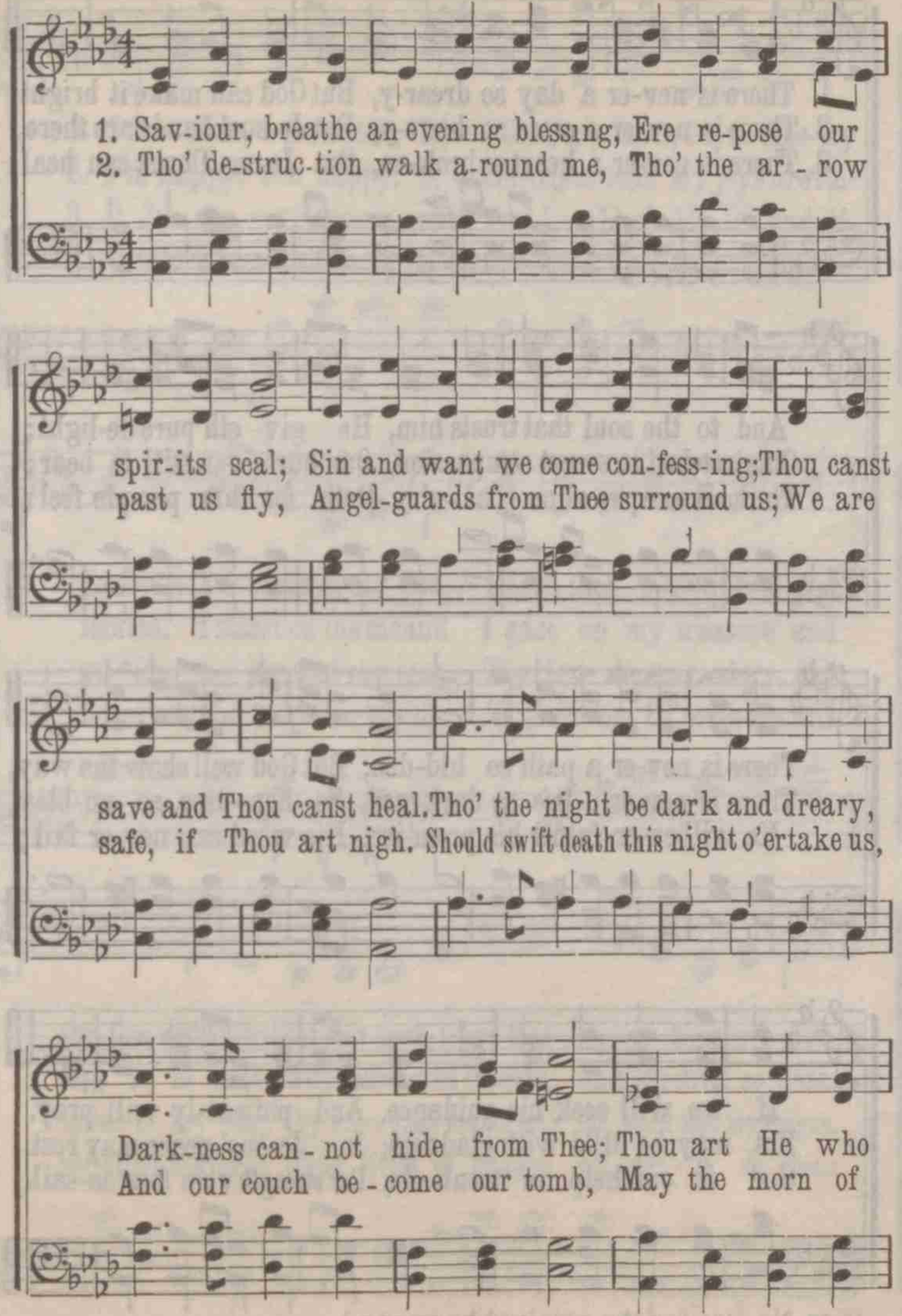
H. F. CHORLEY. (RUSSIAN HYMN. 11s, 10s.) ALEXIS LWOFF.

1. God the all-terri-ble! King who ordainest, Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings Thy sword; Show forth Thy pit-y on high where Thou reignest, Give to us peace, O most merciful Lord.
2. God the all-merci-ful! earth hath forsaken Thy precepts ho - ly, and slighted Thy word; Bid not Thy wrath in its ter-rors a-wak-en; Give to us peace, O most merciful Lord.
3. God the all-righteous One! man hath defied Thee, Yet to e- ter - ni-ty standeth Thy word; Falsehood and wrong shall not tar-ry beside Thee; Prosper the right, O most merciful Lord.
4. So shall we render Thee thankful de-votion, For Thy de- liv'rance from peril and sword, Singing in cho-rus from o - cean to ocean, "Thine is the pow'r and the glory, O Lord."

(See No. 603 for easier harmony.)

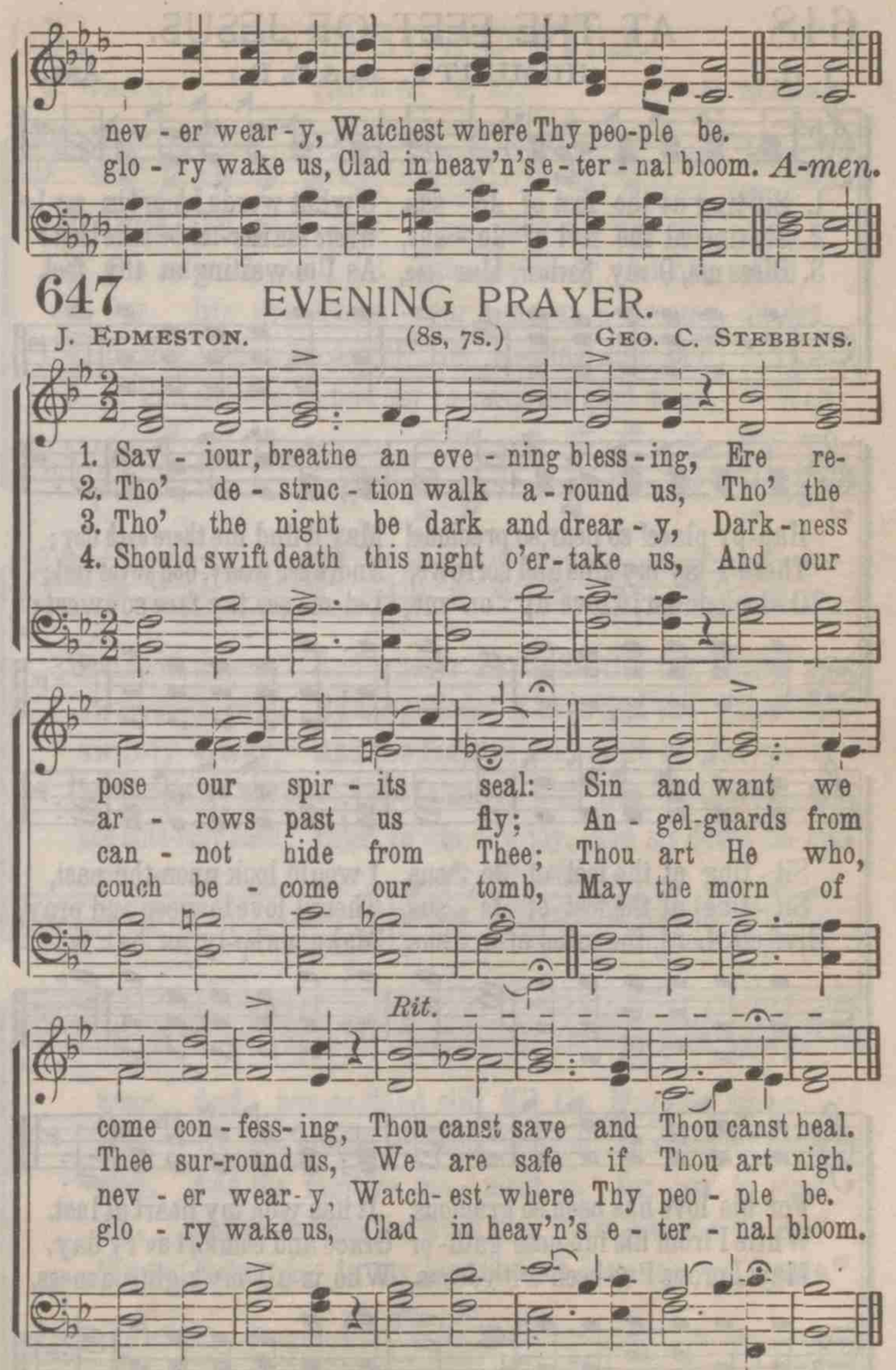
646 EVENING BLESSING.

J. EDMESTON. (SALVATOR. 8s. 7s. D.) J. P. JEWSON.



647 EVENING PRAYER.

J. EDMESTON. (8s, 7s.) GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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648 AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

J. H. (HUMILITY. 8s & 7s D.) ARR.

1. Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, O what words I hear him say!
2. Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mor-tal be more blest?
3. Bless me, O my Saviour, bless me, As I'm waiting at thy feet,

Hap-py place! so near, so precious! May it find me there each day;
There I lay my sins and sorrows, And, when weary, find sweet rest;
O look down in love up - on me, Let me see thy face so sweet;

Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look upon the past,
Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There I love to weep and pray,
Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me ho-ly as he is,

For his love has been so gracious, It has won my heart at last.
While I from his ful-ness gath- er Grace and comfort ev'ry day.
May I prove I've been with Jesus, Who is all my righteousness.

649 A PRESENT HELP.

LILLA M. EDWARDS. (BERTHOLD Irreg.) BERTHOLD TOURS.

1. There is nev-er a day so drear-y, But God can make it bright;
2. There is nev-er a cross so heav-y, But Je-sus' hands are there,
3. There is nev-er a heart so brok-en, But Je-sus Christ can heal;

And to the soul that trusts him, He giv- eth pure de-light;
Outstretched in sweet compassion, Our bur - den still to bear;
The heart once pierced on Cal -v'ry Doth for his peo-ple feel;

There is nev-er a path so hid-den; But God will show the way,
There is nev-er a life so darkened, So hope-less, so un-blest,
He will ev-er fulfill his prom-ise, His word can nev-er fail;

If we will seek his guidance, And patient-ly will pray.
But may be fill'd with gladness; In Je-sus' peace may rest.
God is our help in troub - le, Our strength when foes as-sail.

(See No. 325 for the original harmony.)

650

ANON.

1.
2.
3.
4.

650 MY ACTIONS WILL SHOW.

ANON. (I LOVE THEE. 11s.) JER. INGALLS.

1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee my Saviour, I love thee, I love thee, and
2. I'm happy, I'm happy, O, wondrous account! My joys are im- mortal, I stand on the mount! I gaze on my treasure and
3. O Je - sus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest, My life and sal- va-tion, my joy and my rest. Thy love be my story, thy
4. O, who's like my Saviour? he's Salem's bright King; He smiles, and he loves me, and helps me to sing. I'll praise him, I'll praise him with

that thou dost know; But how much I love thee my ac - tions will show.
long to be there, With Jesus and angels, and kindred so dear.
name be my song; Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.
notes loud and clear, While rivers of pleasure my spir - it do cheer:

651 NEVER STAND STILL.

C. WESLEY. (ANEW. P. M.) L. MASON.

1. Come, let us a - new our jour-ney pur-sue, Roll round with the year, And never stand still till the Master ap-
2. His adorable will let us glad-ly ful-fill, And our talents im-prove, By the patience of hope and the labor of
3. Our life as a dream, our time as a stream, Glides swift-ly a-way, And the fugitive mo - ment re - fus - es to
4. O, that each in the day of His coming may say, "I have fought my way thro': I have finished the work thou didst give me to
5. O, that each from his Lord may re-ceive the glad word, "Well and faith-fully done! Enter in - to my joy, and sit down on my

pear, And nev-er stand still till the Mas - ter ap-pear.
love, By the patience of hope and the la - bor of love.
stay, And the fugitive mo - ment re - fus - es to stay.
do, I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."
throne, Enter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne."

652 PILOT ME.

EDWARD HOPPER. (GOULD. 7s. 6L.) JOHN E GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst calm the
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful

pest - uous sea; Unknown waves be - fore me roll,
o - cean wild; Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will
breakers roar 'Tween me and the peace - ful rest,

Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal; Chart and
When thou say'st to them, "Be still!" Wond'rous
Then, while lean - ing on thy breast, May I

compass came from thee; Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me.
Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me.
hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

653 TILL HE COME.

E. H. BICKERSTETH. (ELTHAM. 7s 6L.) LOWELL MASON.

1. "*Till He come!*"—O let the words Lin - ger on the
2. When the wea - ry ones we love, From the cares of
3. Clouds and dark - ness round us press; Would we have one

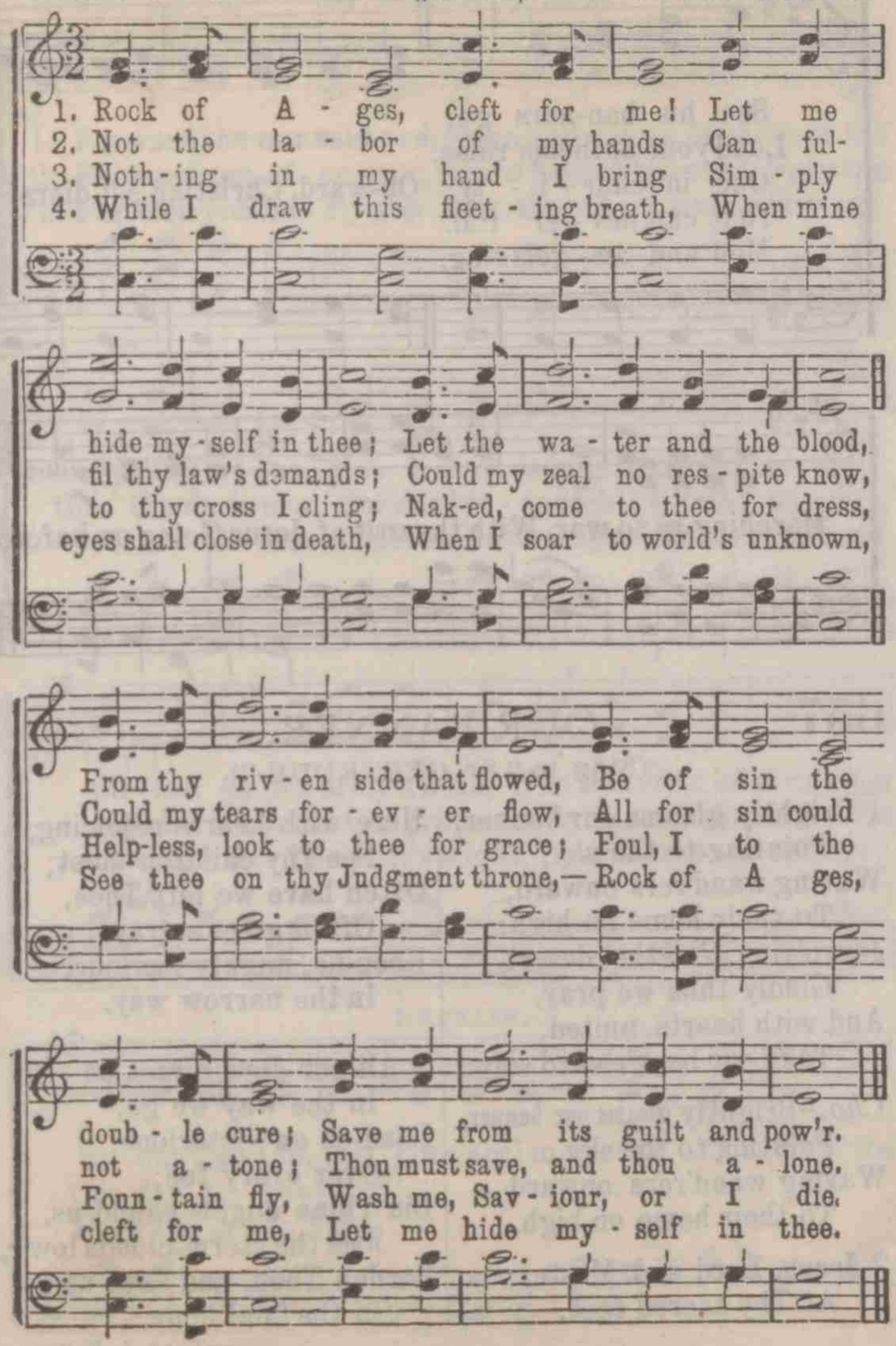
trembling chords; Let the "lit - tle while" be - tween,
earth re - move, When their words of hope and cheer
sor - row less? All the sharpness of the cross,

In their gold - en light be seen; Let us think how
Fall no long - er on our ear, Hush! be ev - 'ry
All that tells the world is loss,— Death and darkness

heav'n and home Lie be - yond that "*Till He come!*"
mur - mur dumb, It is on - ly "*Till He come!*"
and the tomb, Pain us on - ly "*Till He come!*"

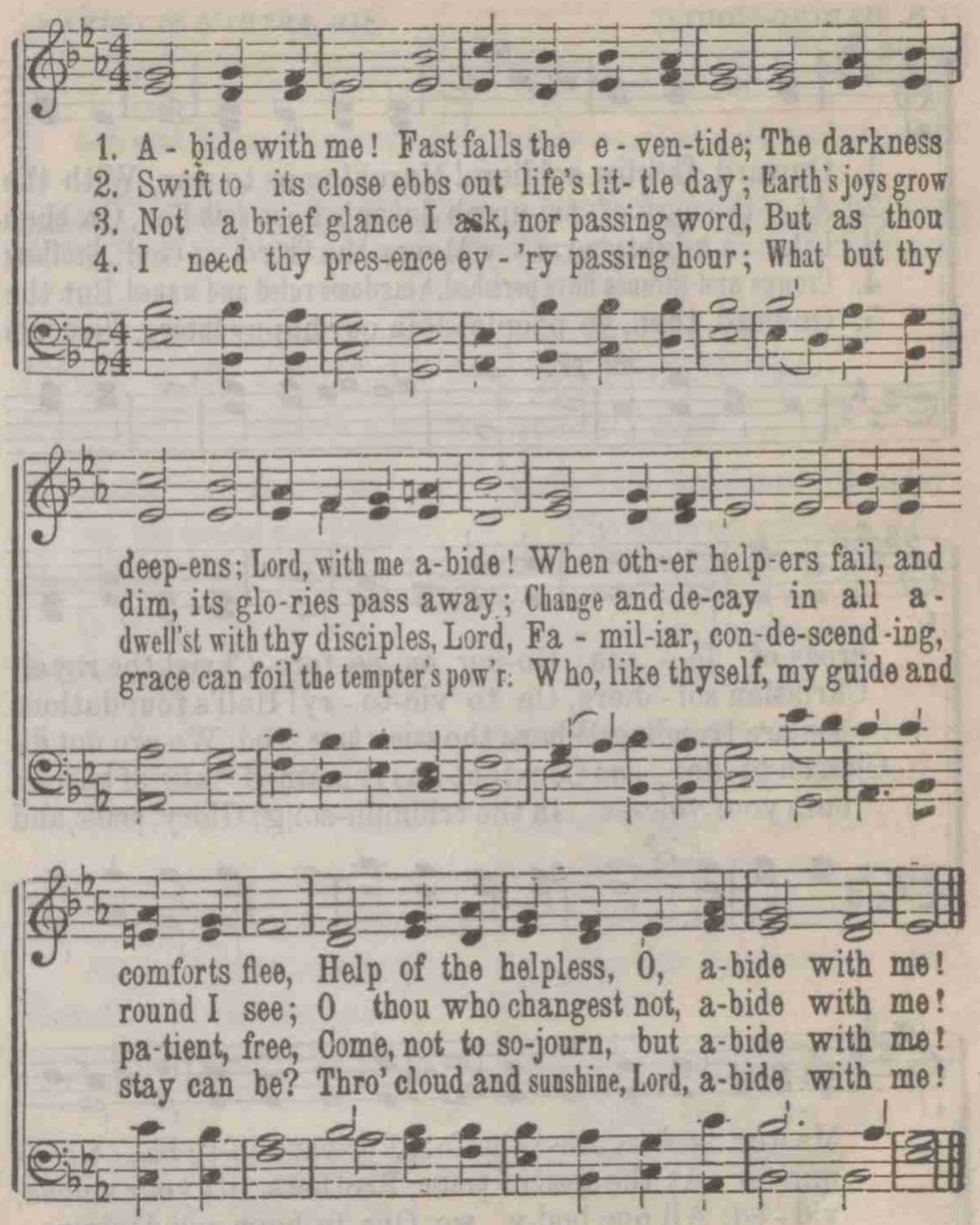
654 ROCK OF AGES.

AGGUSTUS M TOPLADY (7s. 6l.) THOMAS HASTINGS.



655 ABIDE WITH ME.

HENRY F. LYTE. (EVENTIDE. 10s.) WM. H. MONK.

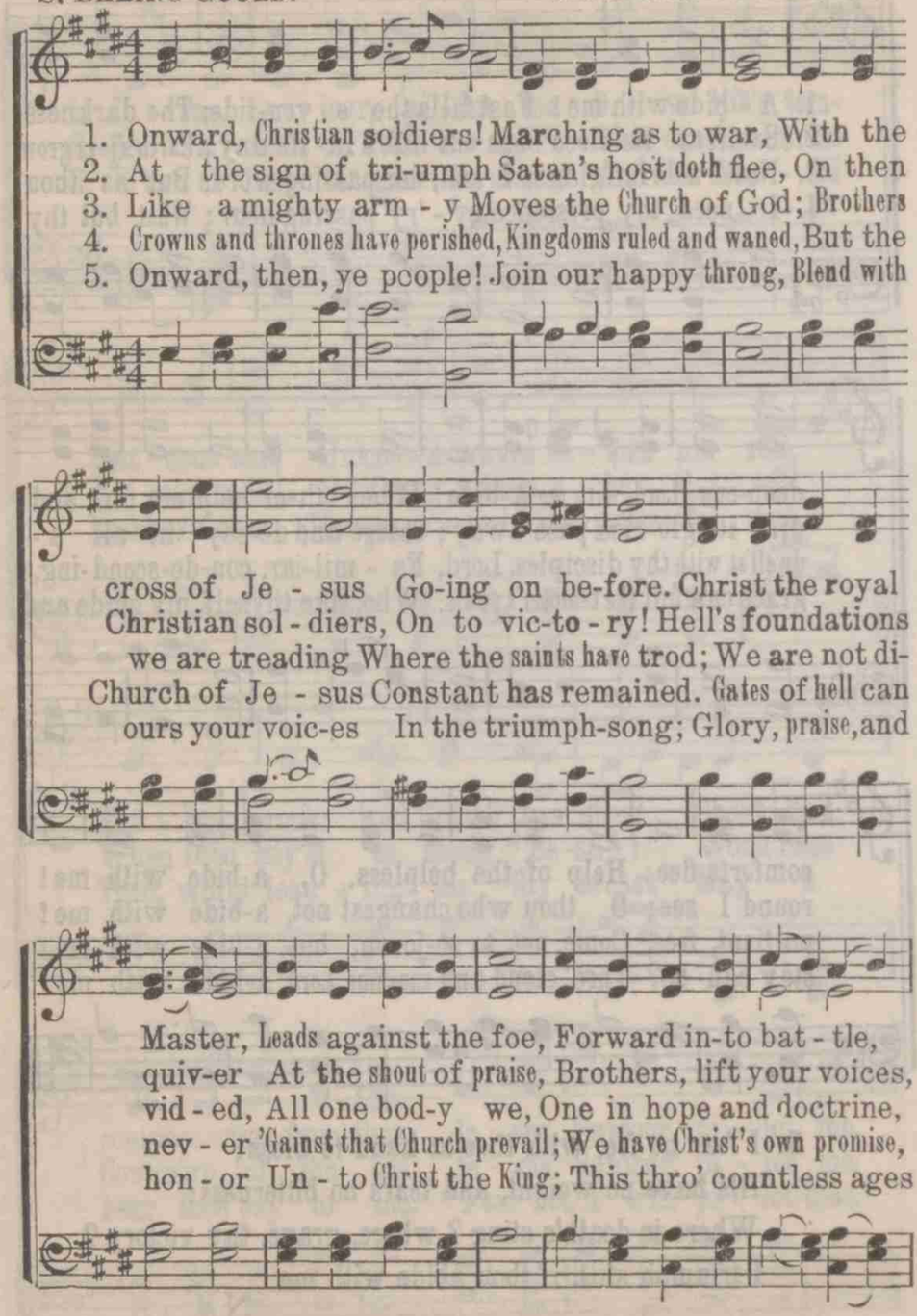


5. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

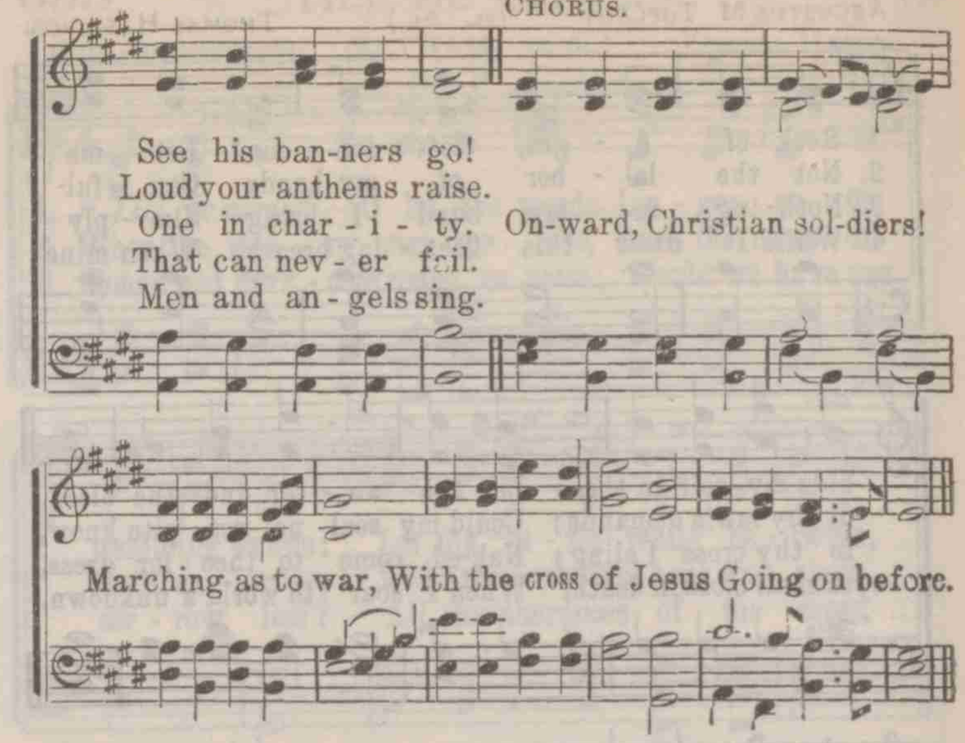
656 ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

(ST. GERTRUDE. 6s, 5s. D.)

S. BARING-GOULD. SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.—Concluded.



657 OUR BANNER.

(Sing to "ST. GERTRUDE.")

1 Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'rers onward,
To their home on high;
Journ'ying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united,
Take our heav'nward way.

Cho.—Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'rers onward
To their home on high.

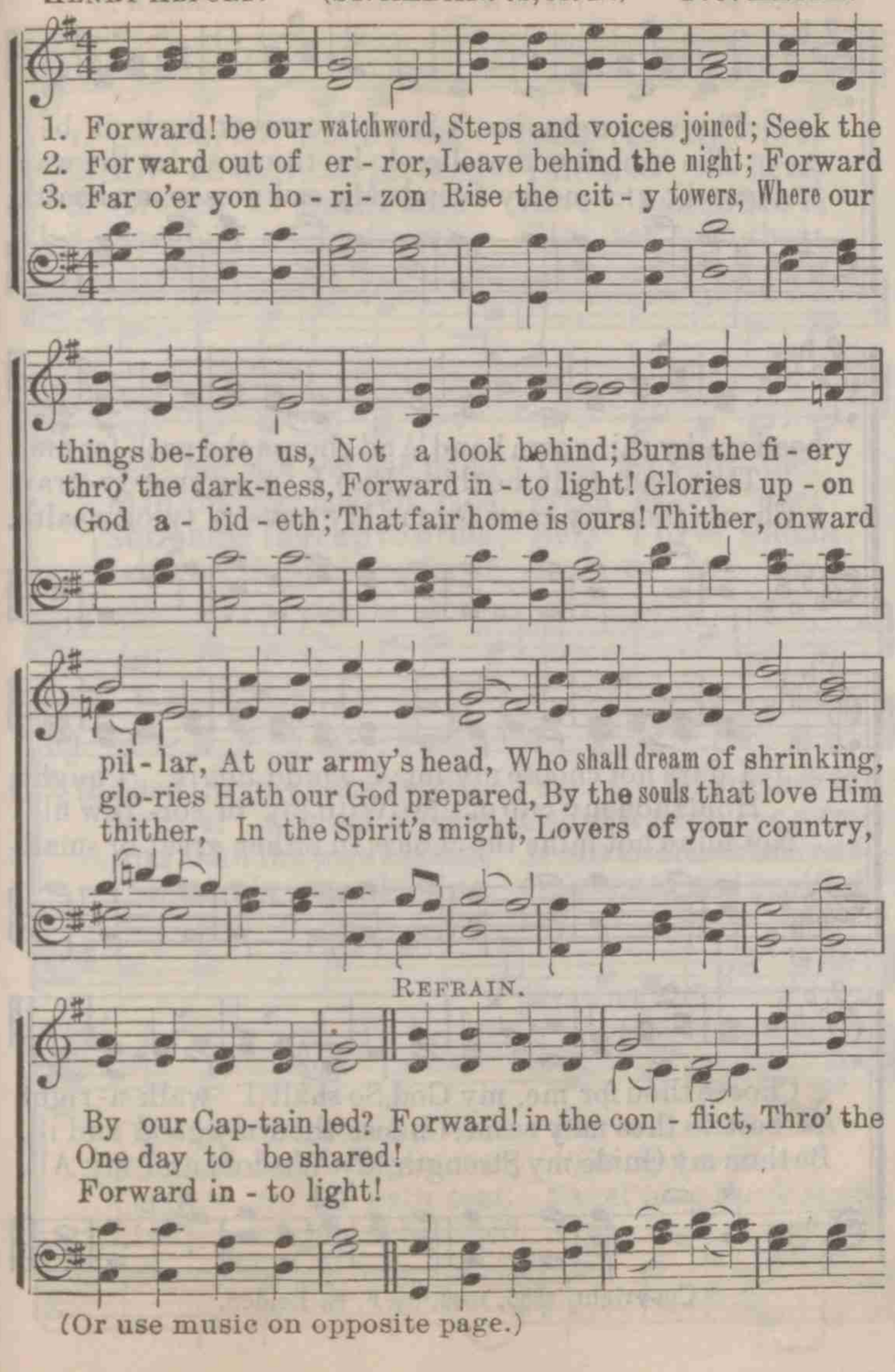
2 Jesus, Lord and Master;
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet;
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray,
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious,
Over every foe;
Bid Thine angels shield us,
When the storm-clouds low'r,
Pardon Thou, and save us
In the final hour.

—Thos. J. Potter.

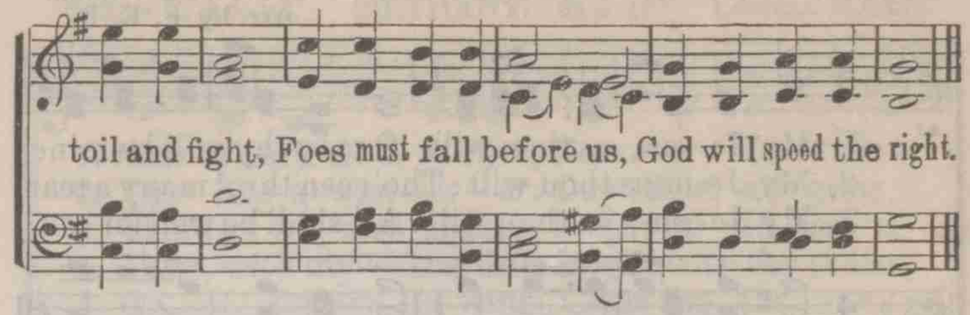
658 FORWARD! OUR WATCHWORD.

HENRY ALFORD. (ST. ALBAN. 6s, 5s. D.) F. J. HAYDN.



(Or use music on opposite page.)

FORWARD! OUR WATCHWORD.—Concluded.



659 ON OUR WAY REJOICING.

(Or sing to "ST. GERTRUDE.")

1 On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love!
Is there grief or sadness?
Thine it cannot be!
Is our sky beclouded?
Clouds are not from Thee!

Ref.—On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love!

2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can;
Thou who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.—*Ref.*

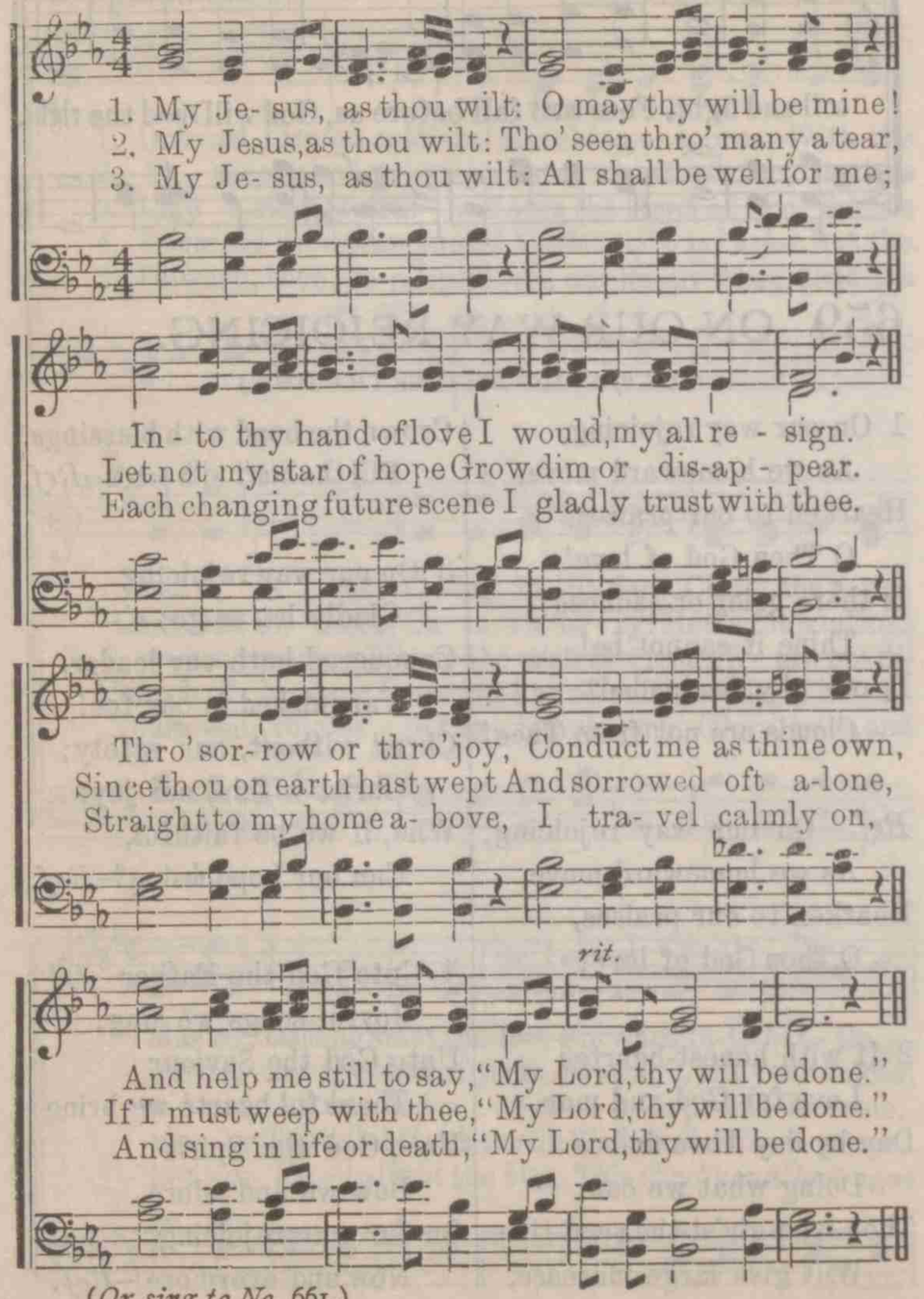
3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our leader,
Vanquished is our foe!
Christ without, our safety;
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?—*Ref.*

4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore!—*Ref.*

—J. S. B. Monsell.

660 AS THOU WILT.

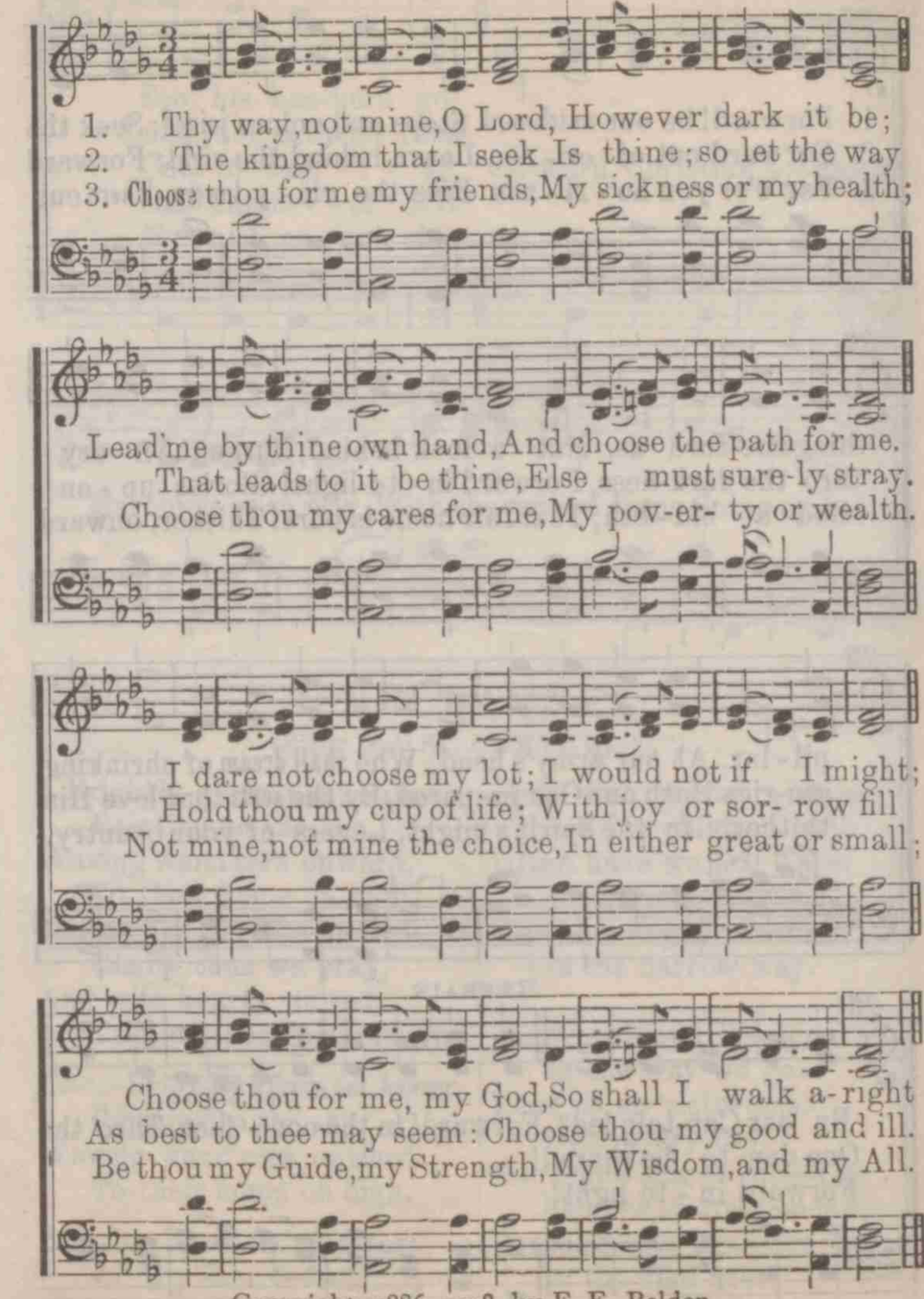
B. SCHMOLKE. (JEWETT. 6s. D.) C. M. VON WEBER. Arr. by F. E. B.



(*Or sing to No.* 661.)

661 NOT MY WAY.

HORATIUS BONAR. (ROTHMANN. 6s. D.) F. E. BELDEN.



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662 I FOLLOW ON.

C. S. ROBINSON. (DOANE. 6s & 4s.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. Saviour! I fol-low on, Guid - ed by thee,
2. Riv - en the Rock for me, Thirst to re - lieve,
3. Of - ten to Marah's brink Have I been bro't;
4. Saviour! I long to walk Clo - ser with thee;

See - ing not yet the hand That lead-eth me;
Man - na from heaven falls Fresh ev-'ry eve;
Shrinking the cup to drink, Help I have sought;
Led by thy guiding hand, Ev - er to be

Hushed be my heart, and still, Fear I no further ill;
Nev - er a want se-vere Causeth mine eye a tear,
And with the prayer's as-cent, Je-sus the branch hath rent—
Constantly near thy side, Quickened and purified,

On - ly to meet thy will My will shall be.
But thou dost whisper near, "On - ly be - lieve!"
Quickly re - lief hath sent, Sweet'ning the draught.
Liv - ing for him who died Free - ly for me.

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663 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH F. ADAMS. (BETHANY. 6s & 4s.) LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee!
2. Tho' like a wan-der - er, Day- light all gone,
3. There let the way appear, Steps up to heav'n,
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with thy praise,
5. Or if, on joy- ful wing Cleav-ing the sky,

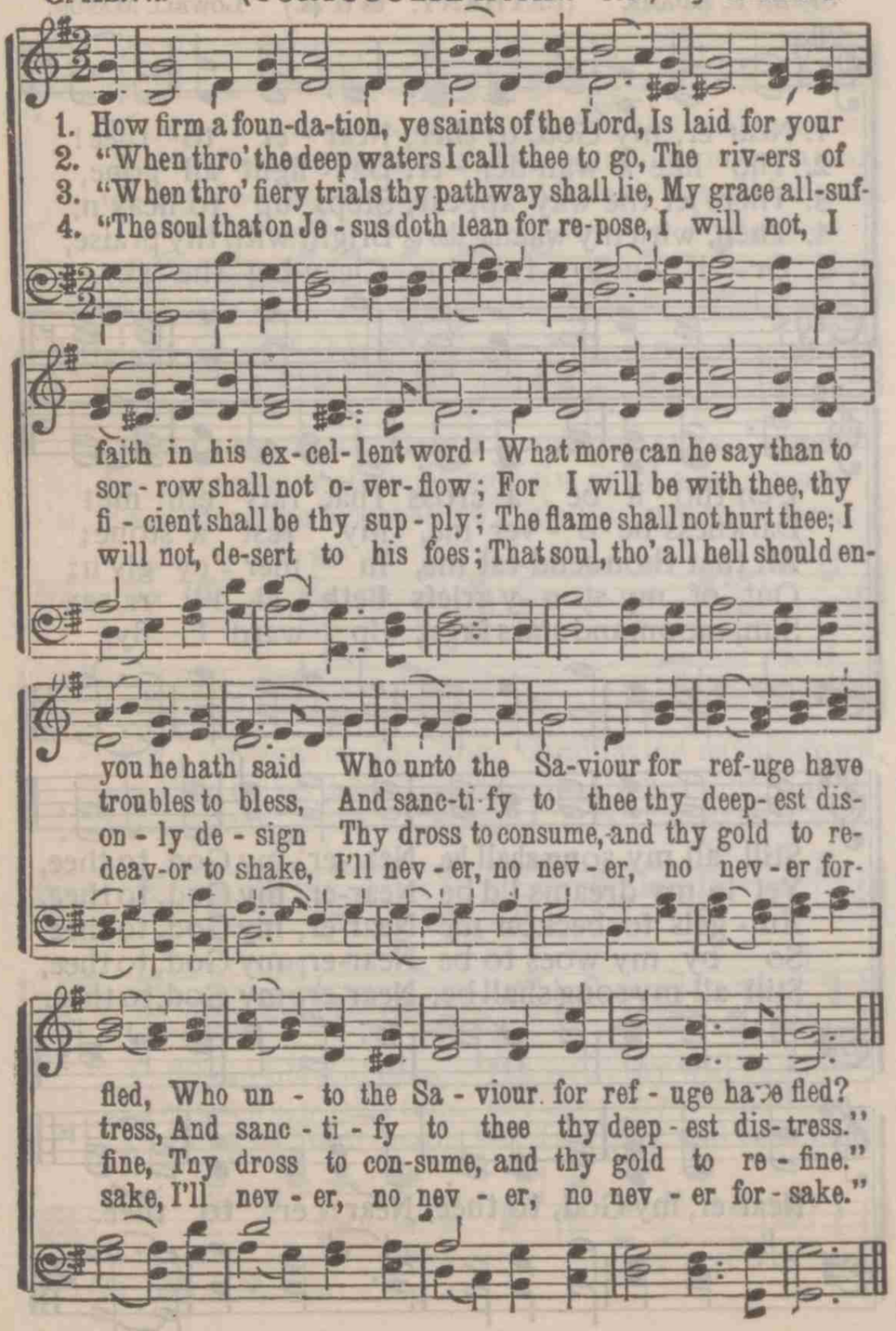
E'en tho' it be a cross That rais eth me!
Darkness be o - ver me, My rest a stone;
All that thou send-est me, In mer - cy giv'n;
Out of my ston -y griefs Beth - el I'll raise;
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Up - ward I fly,

Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee,
Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to thee,
An - gels to beckon me Near-er, my God, to thee,
So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to thee,
Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee,

Near-er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

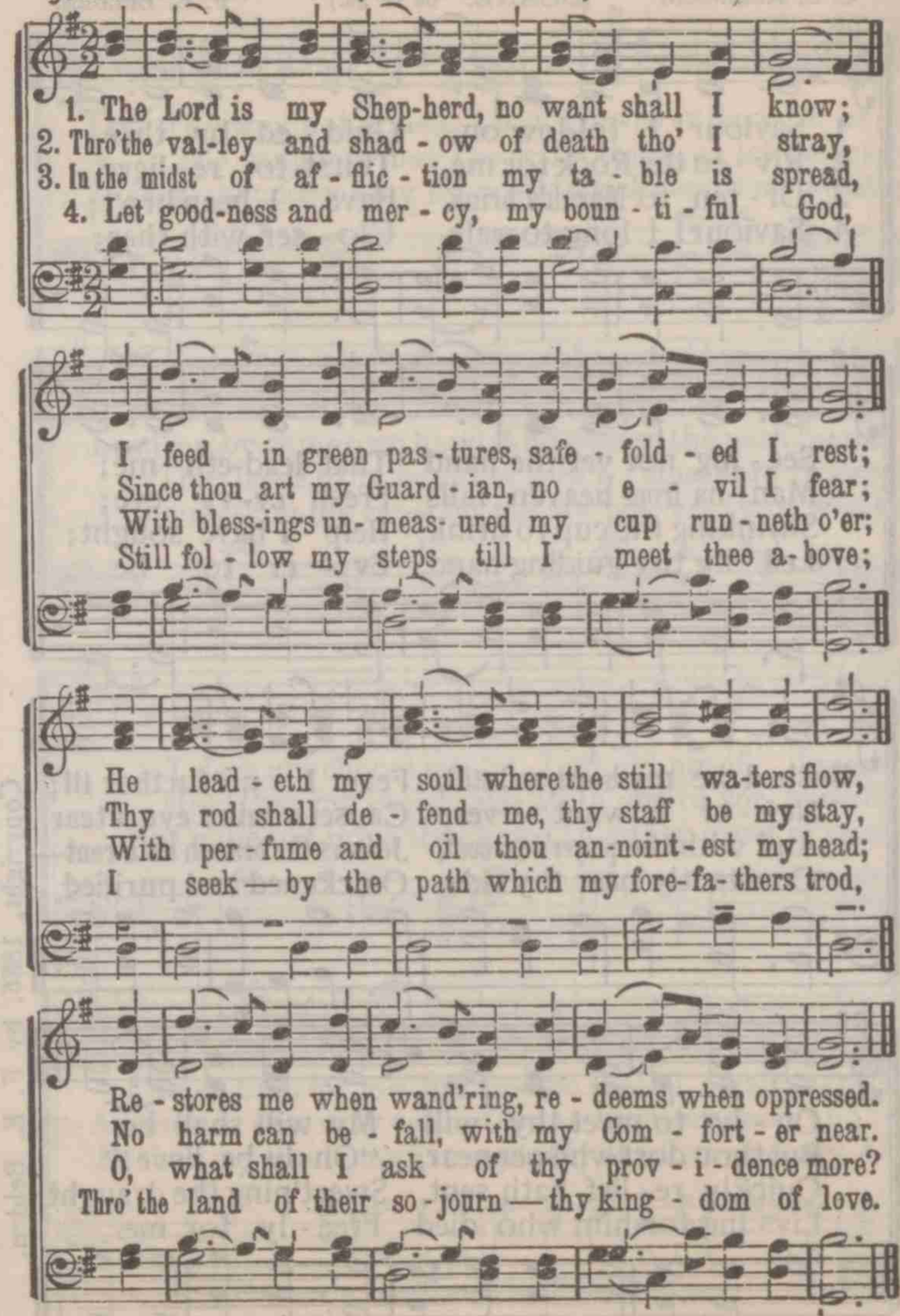
664 FIRM FOUNDATION.

G. KEITH. (PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.) J. READING.



665 THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

J. MONTGOMERY. (GOSHEN. 11s.) GERMAN.



666 THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

(MIXED VOICES. ALTO SOLO.) T. KOSCHAT.

Lento. m.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know, I feed in green pastures, safe fold-ed I rest. He lead-eth my soul where the still wat-ers flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re - deems when oppress'd, Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my Guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de- end me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be-fall, with my Comforter near, Noharm can befall, with my Comforter near.
3. In the midst of af- flic- tion my ta - ble is spread; With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er; With perfume and oil Thou anoint-est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy providence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy providence more?
4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun- ti - ful God, Still follow my steps till I meet Thee a-bove, I seek by the path which my fore- fa- thers trod, Thro' the land of their so- journ, Thy kingdom of love, Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

667 THE LORD IS OUR LEADER.

B. BEDDOME. (MIXED VOICES. TENOR SOLO.) KOSCHAT. Arr.

1. Tho' faint, yet pur- su- ing, we go on our way; The Lord is our Leader, His word is our stay; Tho' suff'ring and sor-row, and tri- al be near, The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear? The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear?
2. He rais-eth the fall- en, He cheer-eth the faint; The weak and af- flicted, He hears their complaint; The way may be wea-ry, and thorny the road, But how can we fal-ter? our help is in God! But how can we fal-ter?—our help is in God!
3. And to His green pastures our foot-steps He leads: His flock in the des-ert how kind-ly He feeds! The lambs in His bos-om He ten-der-ly bears, And brings back the wand'rers all safe from the snares, And brings back the wand'rers all safe from the snares.
4. Tho' clouds may surround us, our God is our light; Tho' foes would confound us, our God is our might; So, faint yet pur- su-ing, still on-ward we come; The Lord is our Leader, and heav-en our home! The Lord is our Leader, and heaven our home!

(See No. 298 for Male Voice Arrangement.)

668 STILL, STILL WITH THEE.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe. (BARNES. IIS. IOS.) F. E. Belden.

1. Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh, When the bird wak-eth, and the shadows flee; Fair-er than morning, lovelier than the daylight, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee!
2. A - lone with Thee, a - mid the mys-tic shad-ows, The sol-emn hush of na-ture new-ly born; A - lone with Thee, in ho - ly ad - o - ra - tion, In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
3. As in the dawn-ing, o'er the waveless o-cean, The im - age of the morning star doth rest; So in this stillness Thou be- hold - est on - ly Thine im-age mirrored in my peaceful breast.
4. When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slum-ber, Its clos-ing eye looks up to Thee in pray'r; Sweet the re-pose beneath Thy wings o'er-shading, But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.
5. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning, When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee; Oh, in that glad hour, fair-er than day dawning, Shall rise the glorious tho't, I am with Thee!

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669 LEAD THOU ME ON.

Harry Armstrong. (WILLINGHAM. IIS. IOS.) F. Abt.

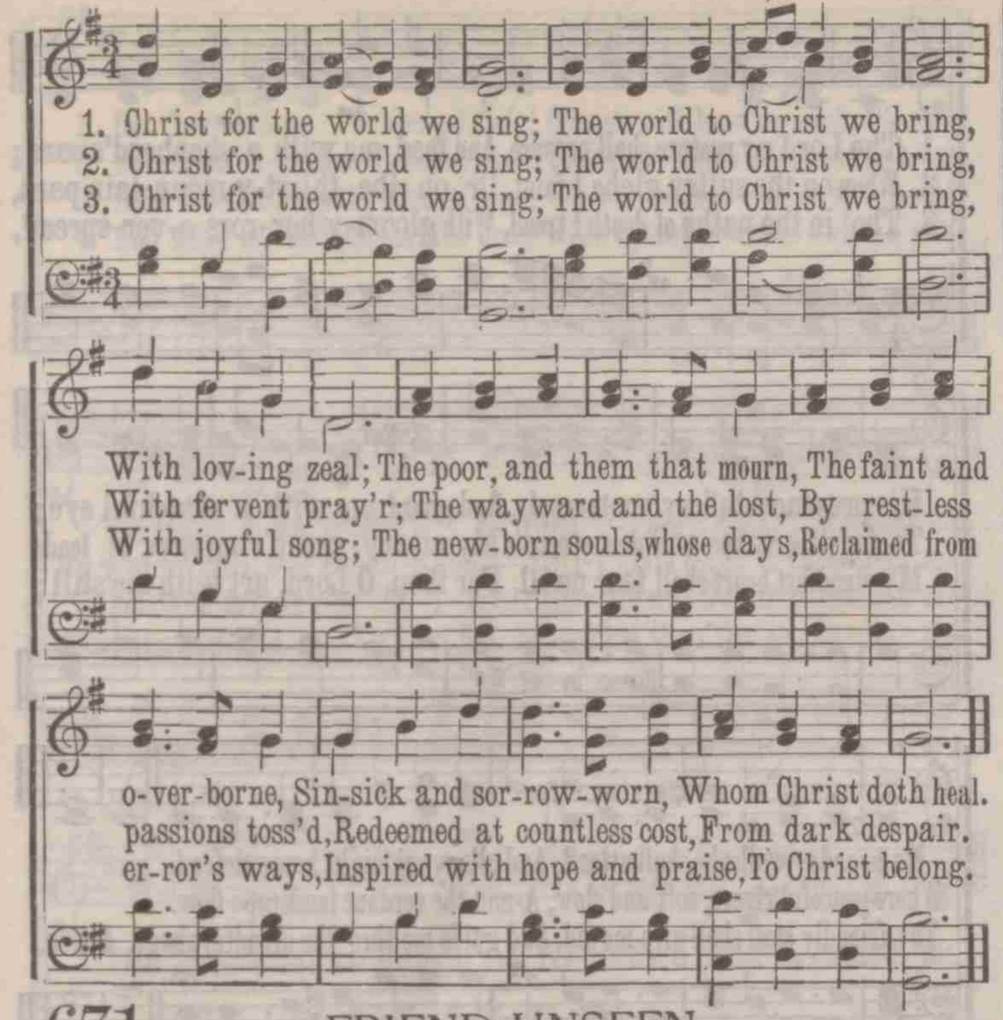
1. Lead Thou me on, and then my feet tho' wea-ry, Shall nev-er fal - ter in life's rug-ged way; And tho' my pathway lead thro' wilds most dreary, Guid-ed by Thee my feet shall nev - er stray.
2. Fill me with love, and then my life shall ev - er Show forth the light of Thy sweet love di-vine; And tho' this world my heart from Thee would sever, I still re-joice in knowing Thou art mine.
3. Give me Thy grace, the grace that more aboundeth When all the hosts of sin up - on me roll; And tho' life's care my lone - ly way sur-round-eth, Still I can rest, if Thou my life con-trol.
4. Give me Thy peace that passeth un-der-stand-ing, And wraps the soul in calm and sweet re-pose; And tho' the storms would keep my soul from land-ing, At length I'll anchor, safe from all my foes.
5. Lord, well I know, all these, and more are given, With Christ in whom all heav'nly riches dwell; In Him by faith I grasp the joys of heav-en, And taste the bliss my tongue now fails to tell.

Words copyright, 1894, by F. E. Belden.

May be sung to "Barnes," No. 668.

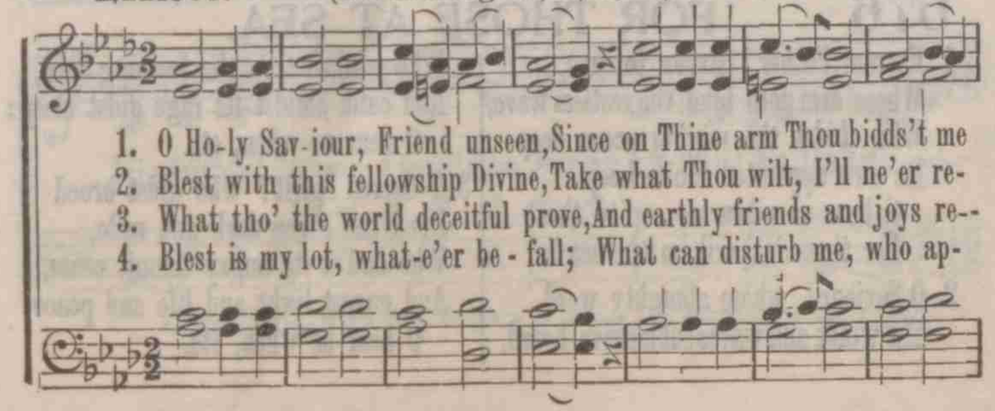
670 CHRIST FOR THE WORLD.

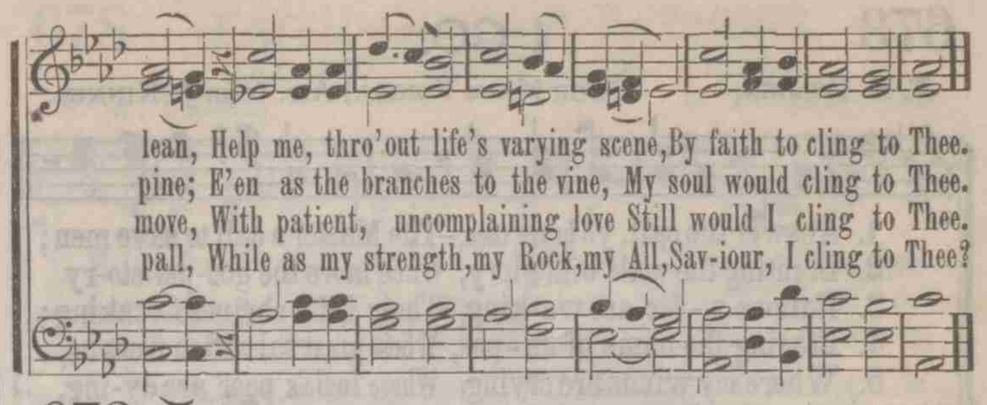
SAMUEL WOLCOTT. (Italian Hymn 6s. 4s.) FELICE GIARDINI



671 FRIEND UNSEEN.

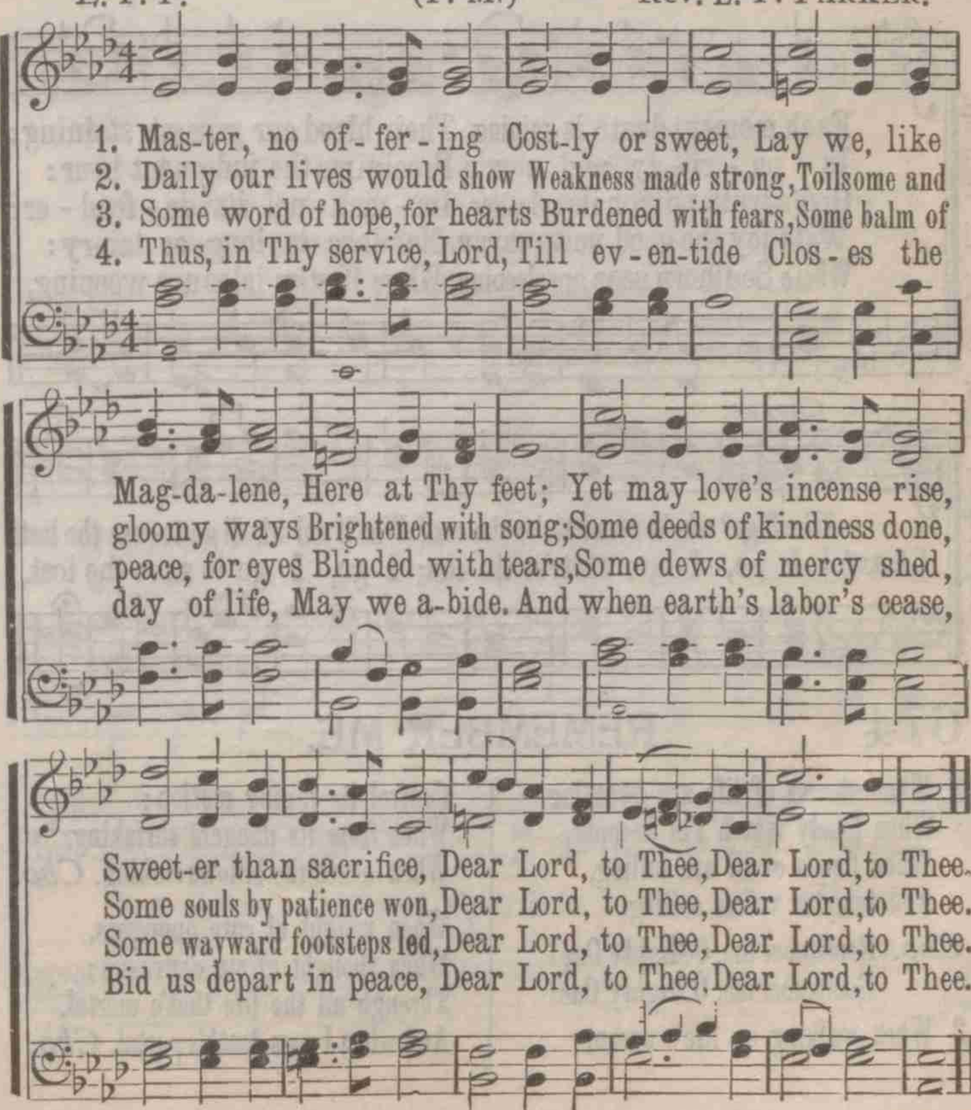
ELLIOTT. (Flemming 8, 8, 8, 6.) F. FLEMMING.





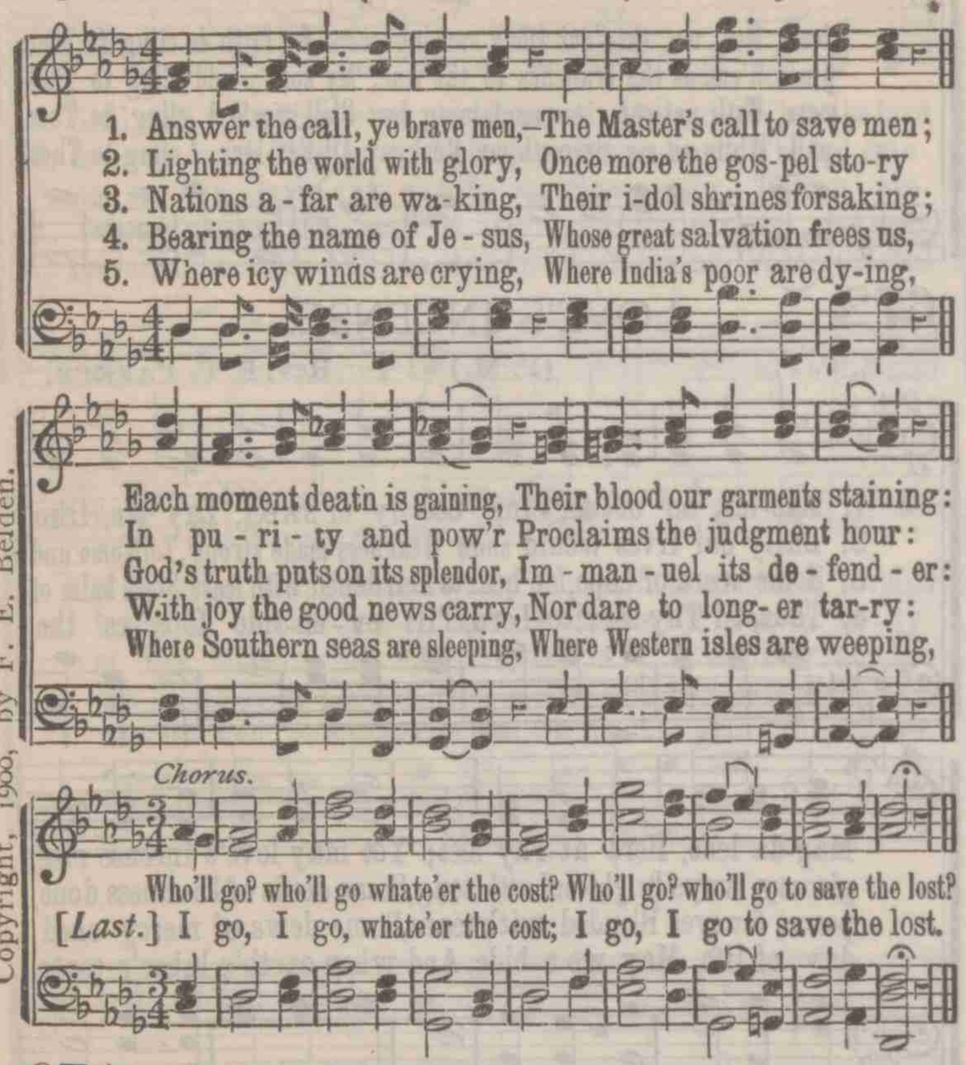
672 LOVE'S INCENSE.

E. P. P. (P. M.) Rev. E. P. PARKER.



673 I GO.

F. E. BELDEN. (FOR MALE VOICES.) Arr. from J. KINKEL.



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674 REMEMBER ME.

1 When storms of life are sweeping,
When lonely watch I'm keeping,
When floods of ill are falling,
And tempter voices calling,

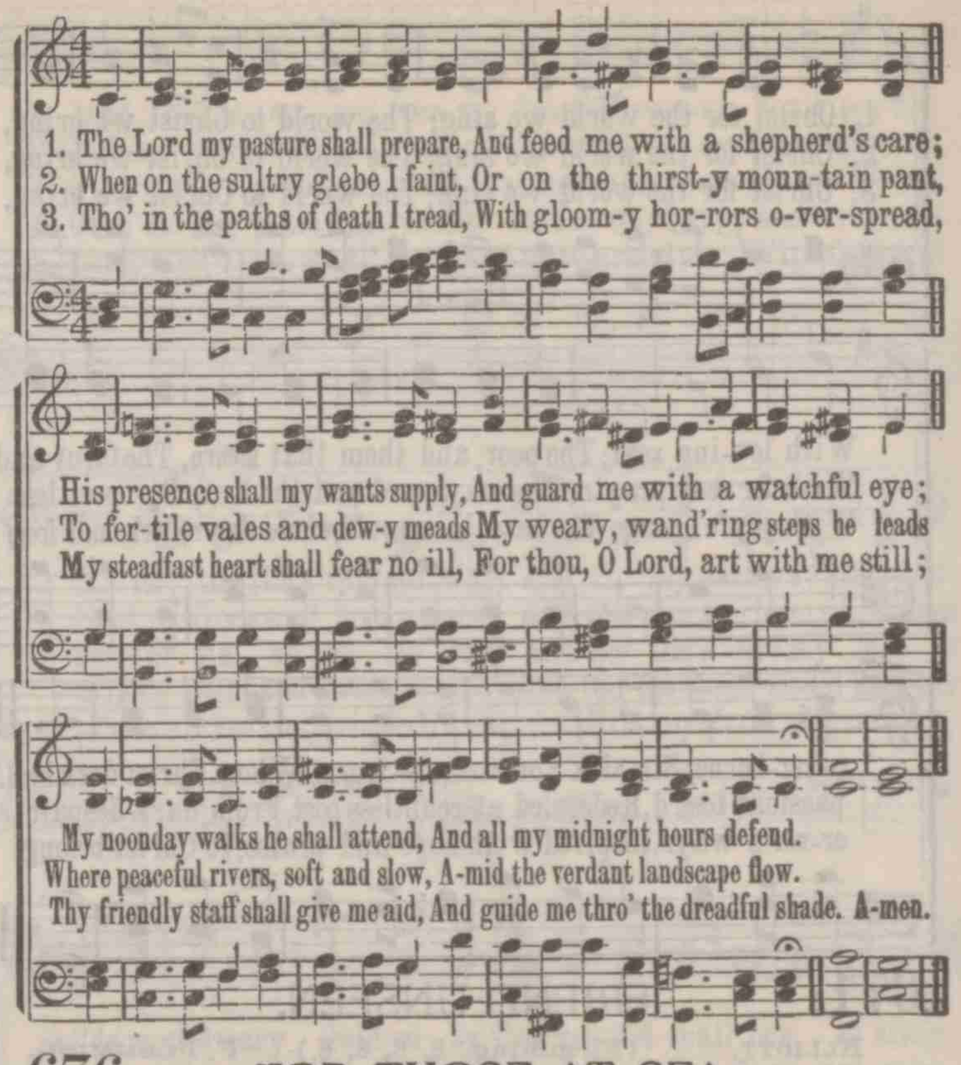
Cho. Remember me, O Mighty One!
Remember me, O Mighty One!

2 When walking on life's ocean,
Control its raging motion;
When from its dangers shrinking,
When 'neath the billows sinking. *Cho.*

3 When weight of care oppresses,
When thought of sin distresses;
Through all the life that's mortal,
And when I pass death's portal. *Cho.*

675 THE LORD MY TRUST.

JOSEPH ADDISON. (MELITA. L. M. 6L.) J. B. DYKES.



676 FOR THOSE AT SEA.

1 Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidst the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!

2 O Saviour! whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep:
O hear us when, etc.

3 O Sacred Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace:
O hear us when, etc.

677 HE LEADETH ME.

J. H. GILMOUR. (L. M. D.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead -eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur or re-pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by thy grace the vict'ry's won,

Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.
Con-tent whatev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.

Chorus.

He leadeth me, he leadeth me, By his own hand he leadeth me:
His faithful fol'wer I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

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678 FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

(ST. CATHERINE. L. M. 6 lines.)

F. W. FABER. H. F. HEMY, alt.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon,
2. Our fathers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in

fire, and sword: O how our hearts beat high with joy
con - science free: How sweet would be their chil - dren's fate,
all our strife: And preach thee, too, as love knows how,

Whene'er we hear that glo - rious word:
If they, like them, could die for thee!
By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life.
} Faith of our

fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

679 HEIR OF THE KINGDOM.

ANON. (RODMAN. IIS & IOS.) L. MASON.

1. Heir of the king-dom, O why dost thou slum-ber?
2. Earth's might-y na-tions, in strife and com-mo-tion,
3. Stay not, O stay not for earth's vain al-lure-ments!
4. Keep the eye sin-gle, the head up-ward lift-ed;

Why art thou sleep-ing so near thy blest home?
Trem-ble with ter-ror, and sink in dis-may;
See how its glo-ry is pass-ing a-way;
Watch for the glo-ry of earth's com-ing King;

Wake thee, a-rouse thee, and gird on thine ar-mor,
Lis-ten, 'tis naught but the char-iot's loud rum-bling;
Break the strong fet-ters the foe hath bound o'er thee;
Lo! o'er the moun-tain-tops light is now break-ing;

Speed, for the mo-ments are hur-ry-ing on.
Heir of the king-dom, no lon-ger de-lay.
Heir of the king-dom, turn, turn thee a-way.
Heir of the king-dom, re-joice ye and sing.

680 MORN BREAKS O'ER THEE.

J. F. RUSLING. (MORNING LIGHT. 9s & 8s. D.) J. F. RUSLING.

1. Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee, And all the midnight shadows flee;
2. Toss'd on the rude, re-lent-less surg-es, Calmly compos'd and dauntless, stand;
3. Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee, Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray;

Ting'd are the distant skies with glo-ry, A beacon light hangs out for thee.
For lo, beyond these scenes e-merg-es The hights that bound the promis'd land.
The star-ry crowns and realms of glory In-vite thy hap-py soul a-way.

A-rise! a-rise! the light breaks o'er thee, Thy name is graven on the throne;
Be-hold! behold! the land is nearing, Where storms of evil rage no more;
A-way! a-way! leave all for glo-ry, Thy name is graven on the throne,

Thy home is in that world of glo-ry Where thy Re-deem-er reigns alone.
Hark, how the hear'nly hosts are cheering! See in what throngs they range the shore.
Thy home is in that world of beauty Where thy Re-deem-er reigns alone.

681 A MIGHTY FORTRESS.

LUTHER. (EIN' FESTE BURG. P. M.) MARTIN LUTHER.

1. A might-y fortress is our God, A bulwark never fail - ing;
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be losing;
3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threaten to un - do us,

Our help-er he, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail - ing.
Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choosing.
We will not fear, for God hath will'd His truth to triumph thro' us.

For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work his woe; His craft and
Doth ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is he! Lord Sabaoth
Let goods and kindred go, This mortal life al - so; The bod - y

pow'r are great, And arm'd with cruel hate: On earth is not his e - qual.
is his name, From age to age the same; And he must win the bat - tle.
they may kill; God's truth a-bid-eth still, His kingdom is for - ev - er.

682 RISE, MY SOUL.

(AMSTERDAM. P. M.)

ROBERT SEAGRAVE. JAMES NARES.

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace;
2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course;
3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn, Press on-ward to the prize;

Rise from trans-it - o - ry things Tow'rds heav'n thy na-tive place.
Fire as - cend-ing seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source:
Soon our Sav-iour will re - turn Tri- um-phant in the skies.

Sun and moon and stars de-cay, Time shall soon this earth remove;
So my soul, derived from God, Pants to view His glorious face,
Yet a sea-son, and you know Hap - py entrance will be giv'n,

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To joys prepared a-bove.
For-ward tends to His a- bode, To rest in His em-brace.
All our sor-rows left be - low, And earth exchanged for heav'n.

683 BLOW THE TRUMPET.

DR. H. L. GILMOUR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Watchman, blow the gospel trumpet, Ev-'ry soul a warning give;
2. Sound it loud o'er ev-'ry hill-top, Gloomy shade, and sunny plain;
3. Sound it in the hedge and highway, Earth's dark spots where exiles roam;
4. Sound it for the heav-y la-den, Weary, longing to be free.

Who- so- ev- er hears the message May repent, and turn, and live.
O - cean depths repeat the message, Full salvation's glad re-frain.
Let it tell all things are read-y, Father waits to welcome home.
Sound a Saviour's in-vi - ta - tion, Sweetly saying, "Come to me."

Chorus.

Blow the trumpet, trusty watchman, Blow it loud o'er land and sea; - - -
loud o'er land and sea;

God commissions, sound the message! Ev'ry captive may be free.

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684 TIDINGS FROM THE BATTLE.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Words of cheer from the bat-tle-field of life, Welcome tidings from
2. Fierce and long has the strug-gle been with sin, Still the Church moves on
3. Stand like men! there's a bat - tle to be fought; All the hosts of hell
4. Who so strong as to trust in self a-lone 'Gainst a foe so swift

the war; Glo-rious news from the grand and ho - ly strife,—Soon the
be - low; War with-out and temp-ta-tion from with-in, Vain- ly
will rage; Trust in God! he de - liv-erance has wrought For his
and sure? Who so weak that he can not grasp the Throne And the

Chorus.

con-flict will be o'er.
seek her o- verthrow. { Words of bat-tle cheer! tidings from the war!
saints in ev -'ry age. { Words of bat-tle cheer! tidings from the war!
promised help se-cure?

"How has gone the conflict?" Vict'ry's near; Glorious news of vict'ry! Words of cheer.

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685 CAST THY BURDEN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, - - - - - [Lord.

Cast thy burden on the Lord, And he will sustain thee, and strengthen thee, and

comfort thee; He will sustain thee, and comfort thee, He will sustain thee, and

com - fort thee. He will sustain thee, He will comfort thee:

Repeat pp

Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord.

686 WE LAY US DOWN TO SLEEP.

ANON. Arr. from SCHUMANN'S "TRAUMEREI."

1. We lay us calmly down to sleep When friendly night is come, and
2. As sinks the sun in western skies When day is done, and twilight
3. Why vex our souls with wearing care? Why shun the grave, for aching
4. Some other hand the task can take, If so it seem-eth best,— the

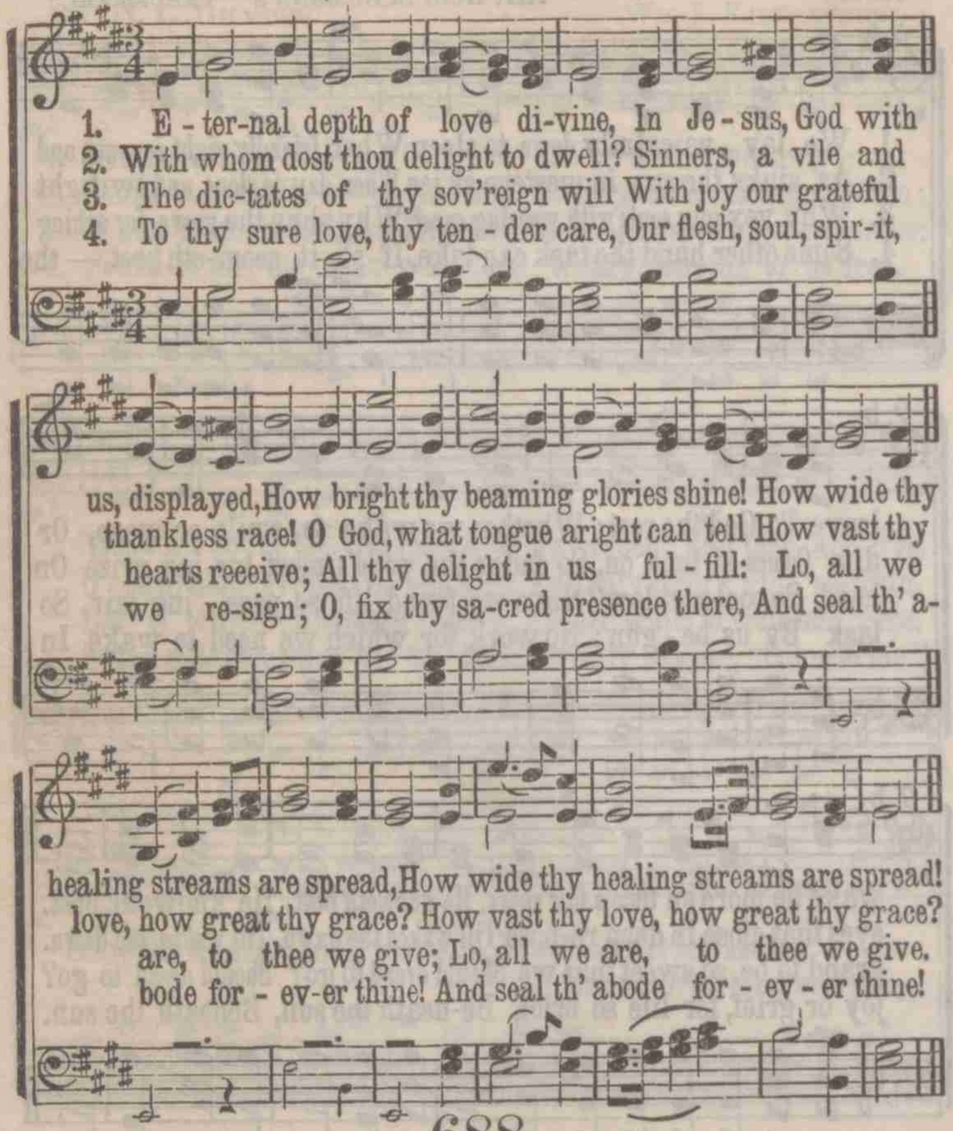
leave To God the rest; Whether we wake to smile or weep, Or
dim Comes si-lent on, So fades the world's most lur-ing prize On
head So cool and low? Have we found life so pass - ing fair, So
task By us be - gun; No work for which we need to wake In

wake no more on time's fair shore, He knoweth best, He knoweth best.
eyes that close in deep re-pose Till wakes the dawn, Till wakes the dawn.
grand to be, so sweet that we Should dread to go? Should dread to go?
joy or grief, for life so brief, Be-neath the sun, Beneath the sun.

O Fa - ther, us in safe-ty keep! We lay us down to sleep.

687 ETERNAL DEPTH OF LOVE.

ZINZENDORF. (ROTHWELL. L. M.) W. TANSUR.



688

1 God is our refuge and defense,
In trouble our unfailing aid;
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our souls afraid?

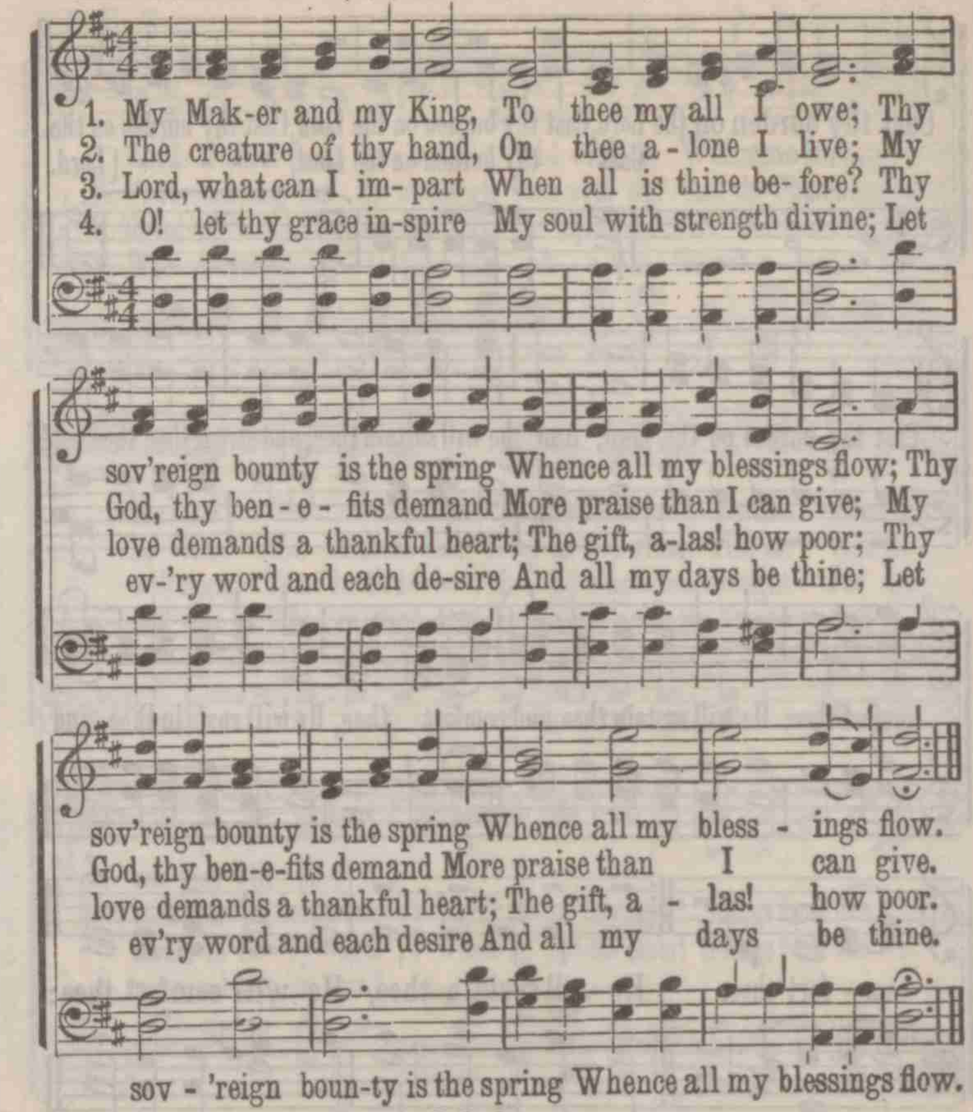
2 Yea, tho' the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be hurled,
His people smile amid the shock;
They look beyond this transient world.

3 Built by the word of his command,
Ten thousand worlds on nothing rest;
All living things are in his hand,
And he who trusts his word is blest.

J. MONTGOMERY.

689 MY MAKER AND MY KING.

ANNE STEELE. (EL KADER. S. M.) UNKNOWN.



690

1 O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels he is placed,
And lord of all below.

3 How rich thy bounties are,
And wondrous are thy ways!
In us O let thy power frame
A monument of praise!

ISAAC WATTS.

691 BEULAH LAND.

EDGAR PAGE. (L. M.) JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es ful-ly mine;
2. My Sav-iour comes and walks with me, And sweet com-mun-ion here have we;
3. A sweet perfume upon the breeze Is borne from ev-er-ver-nal trees
4. The zephyrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,

Here shines undim'd one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd away.
He gently leads me by the hand, For this is heaven's bor-der land.
And flow'rs that never-fading grow Where streams of life forever flow
As angels with the white-rob'd throng Join in the sweet redemption song.

Chorus

O, Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look a-way a-cross the sea, Where mansions are prepar'd for me,

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BEULAH LAND.—CONCLUDED.

And view the shining glory shore, My heav'n, my home forevermore.

692 ON THE MOUNTAIN.

ARRANGED. (DAWNING. 8s & 7s. D.) W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { I am dwelling on the moun-tain, Where the gold-en sunlight gleams
   { O'er a land whose won-drous beau-ty Far exceeds my fondest dreams,

D. C. They are blooming by th' fountain, Neath the amarinthin' bow'rs.

D. C.

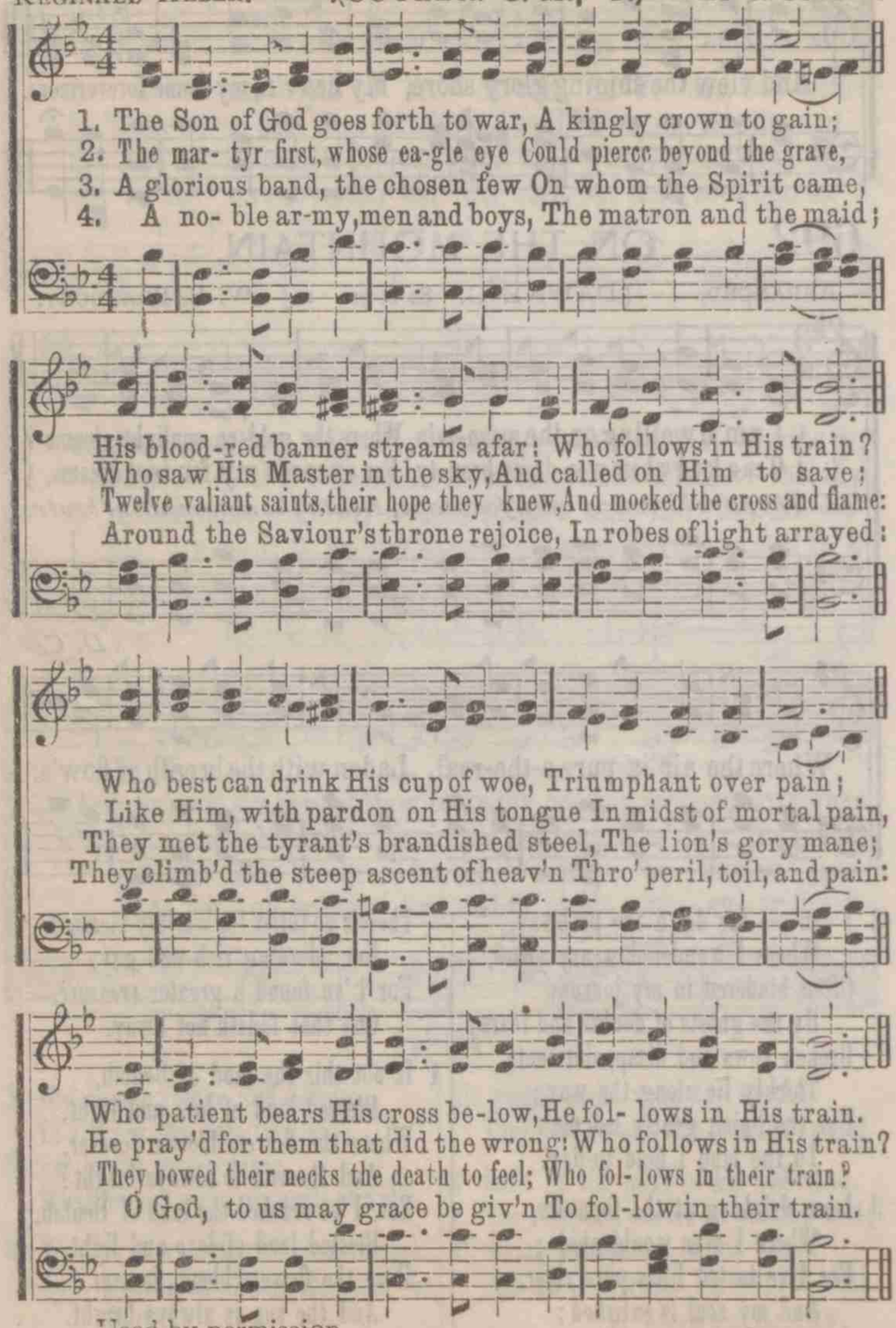
Where the air is pure e-the-real, Laden with the breath of flow's.

2 I can see far down the pathway,
  Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey
  By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
Broken vows and disappointments
  Thickly lie along the way;
But the Spirit gently led me
  To the land I hold to-day.

3 I am drinking at the fountain,
  Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
  And my soul is satisfied;
There's no thirst for worldly pleasures,
  Nor adorning rich and gay,
For I've found a greater treasure,
  One that fadeth not away.

4 Is not this the land of Beulah,
  Blessed land of love and light,
Where the flowers blooom forever,
  And the sun is always bright?
Yes, I've reached the land of Beulah,
  Blessed land of love and light,
Here the flowers bloom forever,
  And the sun is always bright.

693 WHO FOLLOWS?

REGINALD HEBER. (CUTLER. C. M., D.) HENRY S. CUTLER.

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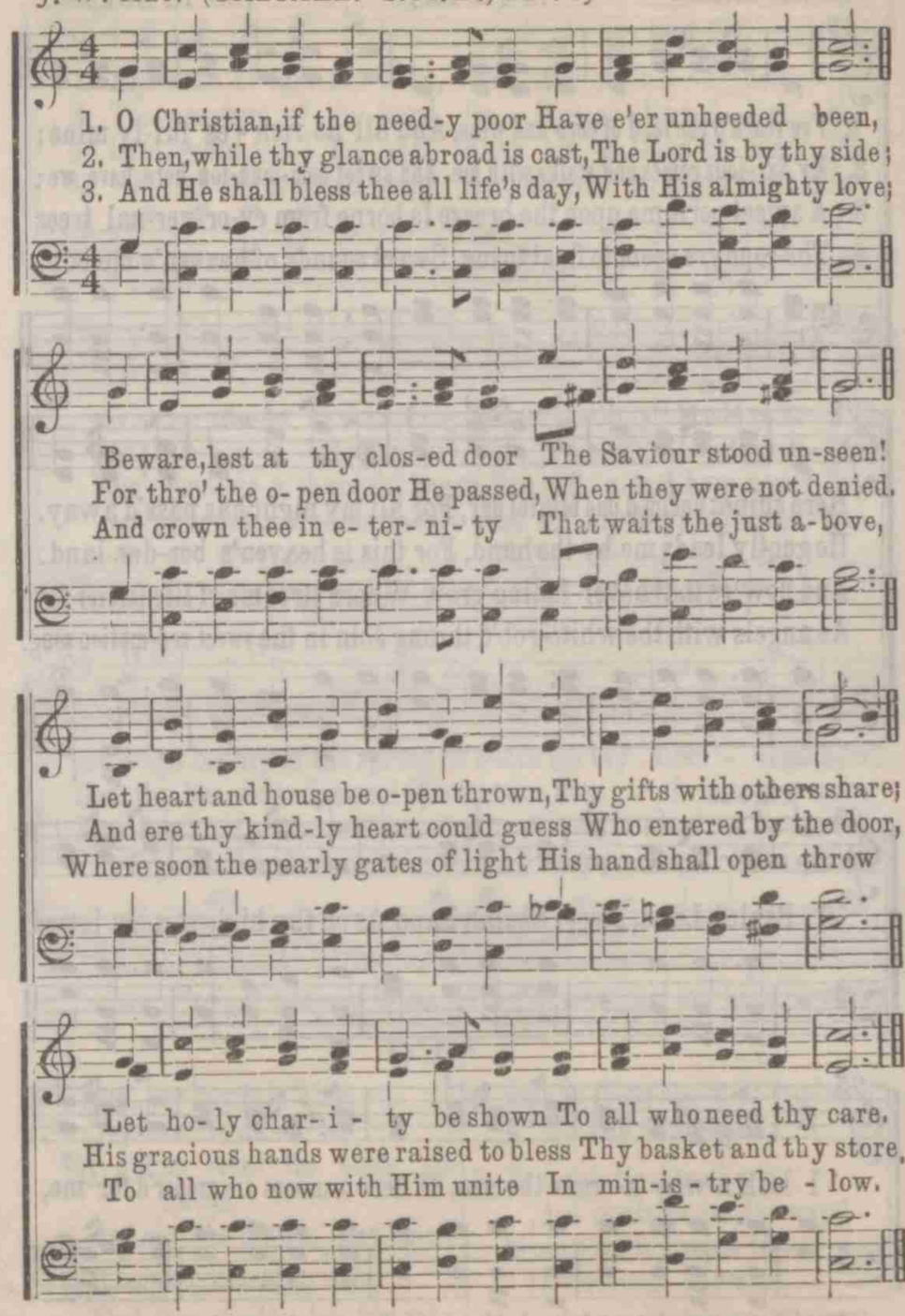
694 THE NEEDY POOR.

J. W. HEY. (GABRIEL. C. M. D.) Arr. by Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



695 SPEED ON THY TRUTH.

C. M. SNOW. (CONSUMMATION. C. M. D.) H. DEFLUITER.

1. Speed on Thy truth, Eternal One, Thy ho-ly law proclaim,
2. Thy truth shall stand, unchanging God, Long as the a - ges roll,
3. We near that hour of calm surcease, From sorrow, death, and sin,
4. We sing Thy praise, eternal Lord, Thy glorious truth proclaim;

Till ev-'ry land beneath the sun, Has heard Jehovah's name.
Tho' trampled oft where sin has trod, And error chained the soul.
That brings the weary one release, And ushers heaven in.
Thy mandate is a shield and sword, Thy word a liv-ing flame.

We own, O Lord, Thy sov'reign pow'r, And bow before Thy throne,
A-rise and shine, ye chosen band, Ye patient scattered few;
Awake, a-rise, a - rise and shine; Proclaim His truth abroad;
Long as the promised years shall roll—Long as e-ter-ni - ty—

To sing Thy glories in this hour, Immortal God a-lone.
No work so high, so deep, so grand, Has e'er been given you.
It is thy Saviour's work and thine, Thou messenger of God.
We'll bow to Thy benign control, And worship on-ly Thee.

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696 SILENT MESSENGERS.

THOMAS HASTINGS. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Go forth on wings of faith and pray'r, Ye pages bright with love;
2. Go, tell the sinful, careless soul, The warning God has giv'n;
3. Go to the rude, the dark, the poor, That live estranged from God;
4. O Je-sus, friend of dying men, Thy presence we implore;

Tho' mute, the joyful tidings bear, Salva-tion from above.
Go, make the wounded spirit whole, With healing balm from heav'n.
Bid them the pearl of life secure, Bo't with a Saviour's blood.
Without thy blessing all is vain; Be with us ev - er-more.

REFRAIN.

Silent messengers, go ye forth, From ocean to ocean, from

South to North; Seed of the word, it shall not be sown in vain.

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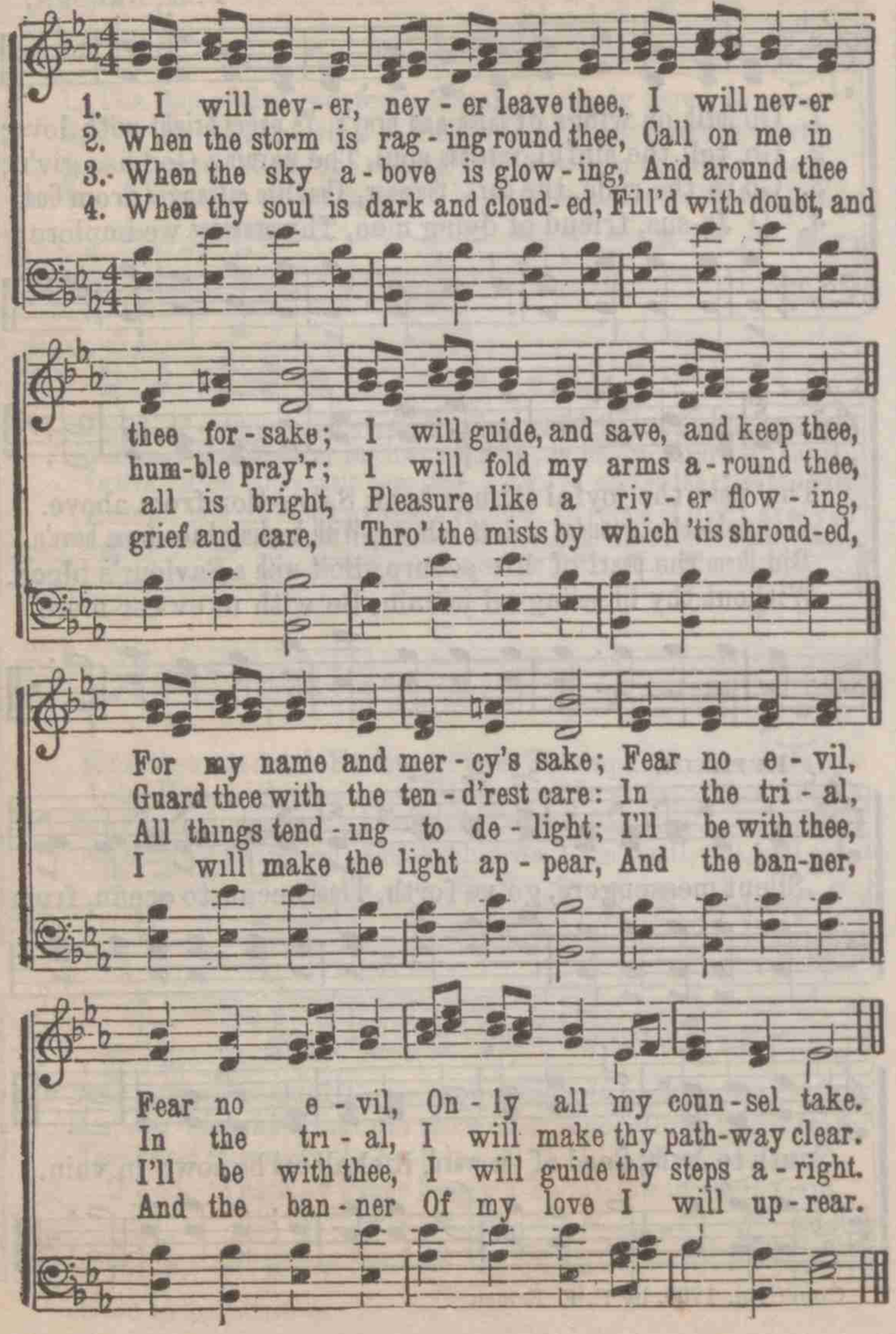
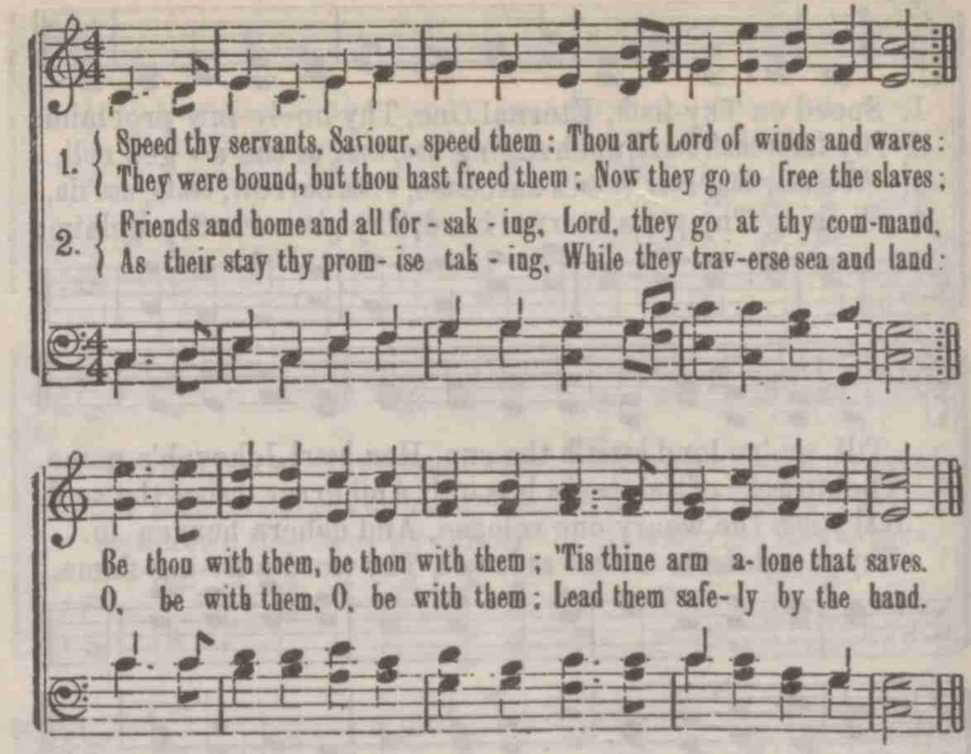
697 I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

ANON. (PROMISE. 8s & 7s. 6L.) UNKNOWN.



698 SPEED THY SERVANTS.

T. KELLY. (NEANDER. 8s & 7s. 6L.) NEANDER, arr. by F. E. B.



699

2 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain;
‖: Thus supported, :‖
Bid their zeal revive again.

3 In the midst of opposition
May they trust, O Lord, in thee;
When success attends their mission,
May thy servants humble be;
‖: Never leave them, :‖
Till thy face in heav'n they see.

1 In the vineyard of our Father,
Daily work we find to do;
Scatter'd gleanings we may gather,
Though we are but young and few;
‖: Little clusters, :‖
Help to fill the garners too.

2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments thro' the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning
While we work, and watch, and pray;
‖: Gath'ring gladly :‖
Free-will off'rings by the way.

700 PRAY FOR REAPERS.

HENRY SMART, MAXWELL. (REGENT SQUARE. 8s & 7s. 6L.) Arr. by F. E. B.

1. Saints of God, the dawn is bright'ning, To-kens of the coming Lord;
2. Fee-bly now they toil in sad-ness, Weeping o'er the waste around,
3. Now, O Lord, ful-fill thy pleasure, Breathe upon thy cho-sen band,
4. Soon shall end the time of weeping, Soon the reaping time will come,

O'er the earth the fields are whit'ning, Louder rings the Master's word:
Slow-ly gath'ring grains of gladness, While their echoing cries resound:
And with pen-te-cost-al meas-ure, Send forth reapers in our land;
Heav'n and earth to-geth-er keep-ing God's e-ter-nal harvest home;

Pray for reapers, Pray for reap-ers, In the har-vest of the Lord.
Pray that reapers, Pray that reapers, In God's harvest may abound.
Faithful reap-ers, Faithful reap-ers, Gath'ring sheaves for thy right hand.
Saints and angels, Saints and angels, Shout the world's great harvest home.

701 ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. An-y-where, dear Saviour, In thy vineyard wide, Where thou bidst me
2. Where the night may find us, Surely matters not; If we camp with
3. All a-long the jour-ney, Let us fix our eyes On the "Rock of

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la-bor, Lord, there would I a-bide. Mir-a-cle of saving grace,
Je-sus, O bless-ed is the spot! Quickly we the tent may fold,
A-ges," Un-til we gain the prize. There the heart will make its home,

That thou givest me a place Anywhere, dear Saviour, to work for thee.
Cheerful march thro' storm or cold, Anywhere, dear Saviour, to work for thee.
Willing led by thee to roam, Anywhere, dear Saviour, to work for thee.

702 THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

MRS. M. A. W. COOK. C. S. HARRINGTON, by per.

1. In some way or other the Lord will provide; It may not be *my* way,
2. At some time or other the Lord will provide; It may not be *my* time,
3. Despond then no longer, the Lord will provide; And this be the token—
4. March on, then, right boldly; the sea shall di-vide; The path shall be glorious;

It may not be *thy* way, And yet in his *own* way, "the Lord will provide."
It may not be *thy* time, And yet in his *own* time, "the Lord will provide."
No word he hath spoken Was ev-er yet bro-ken, "the Lord will provide."
With shoutings vic-to-rious We'll join in the cho-rus, "the Lord will provide."

703 SPEED AWAY!

(For Male Voices.)

F. E. BELDEN. I. B. WOODBURY, ARR.

1. Speed a-way! speed away, o-ver mountain and sea, To the hearts that are
2. Speed away! speed away from thy home fair and bright, To the homes that are
3. Speed a-way! speed away, with the love of thy Lord, With the glo-ri-ous

waiting with welcome for thee; There are eyes that will gleam with the glad gospel
darken'd by sin's starless night, Tho' the world with its pleasures invite thee to
tidings revealed in his word: Bear the Bethlehem sto-ry with gladness to

light, There are feet that will walk in the pathway of right, There are voices to
stay, Tho' the lov'd ones entreat thee "good-bye" to delay, Look away thro' the
men, Bid the world to prepare for His coming a-gain; Free salvation pro-

sing Praise to Jesus the King:
tears, To e-ter-ni-ty's years:
claim Thro' Immanuel's name:
} Speed away! speed away! Speed a-way!

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704 CAN YOU WAIT?

(For Ladies' Voices.)

F. E. BELDEN. I. B. WOODBURY, ARR.

1. Could you wait, could you wait if a brother were lost In the dark, stormy
2. Could you wait, could you wait if a sister should cry, "I am wall'd in by
3. In the flood, in the flood and the tempest-torn night, There are brothers now

night, and a flood to be cross'd? If you knew how to guide him from danger and
fire! I'm not read-y to die!"? If her cottage or palace were circled with
wand'ring who long for the right; There are sisters as gentle as ev-er were

death, Would you sit i-dly singing sweet carols of faith?—O, the faith born a-
flame, And you heard her voice calling you, calling by name, Would you linger to
known, Whom the fires of perdition surround as their own: They are yielding their

bove Is the faith full of love!—Could you wait? Could you wait? Could you wait?
read Of some beautiful deed?—Could you wait? Could you wait? Could you wait?
blood To the flame and the flood,—Can you wait? Can you wait? Can you wait?

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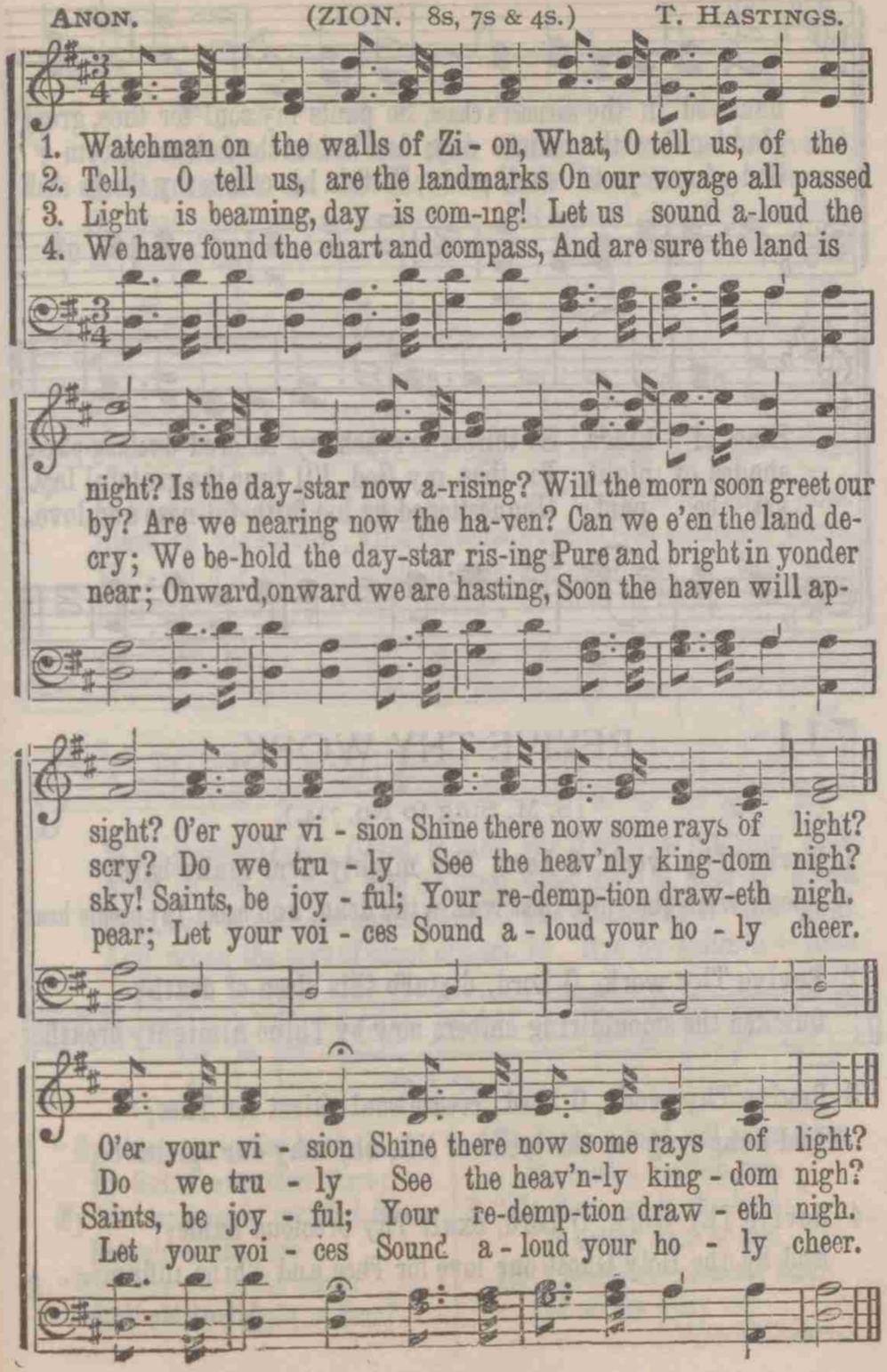
705 WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

ANON. (ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.) T. HASTINGS.



706

1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

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

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

WM. WILLIAMS.

707

1 Zion stands with walls surrounded,
Zion, kept by pow'r divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

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

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

THOMAS KELLY.

708

1 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain;
Countless angels, him attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes and comes to reign.

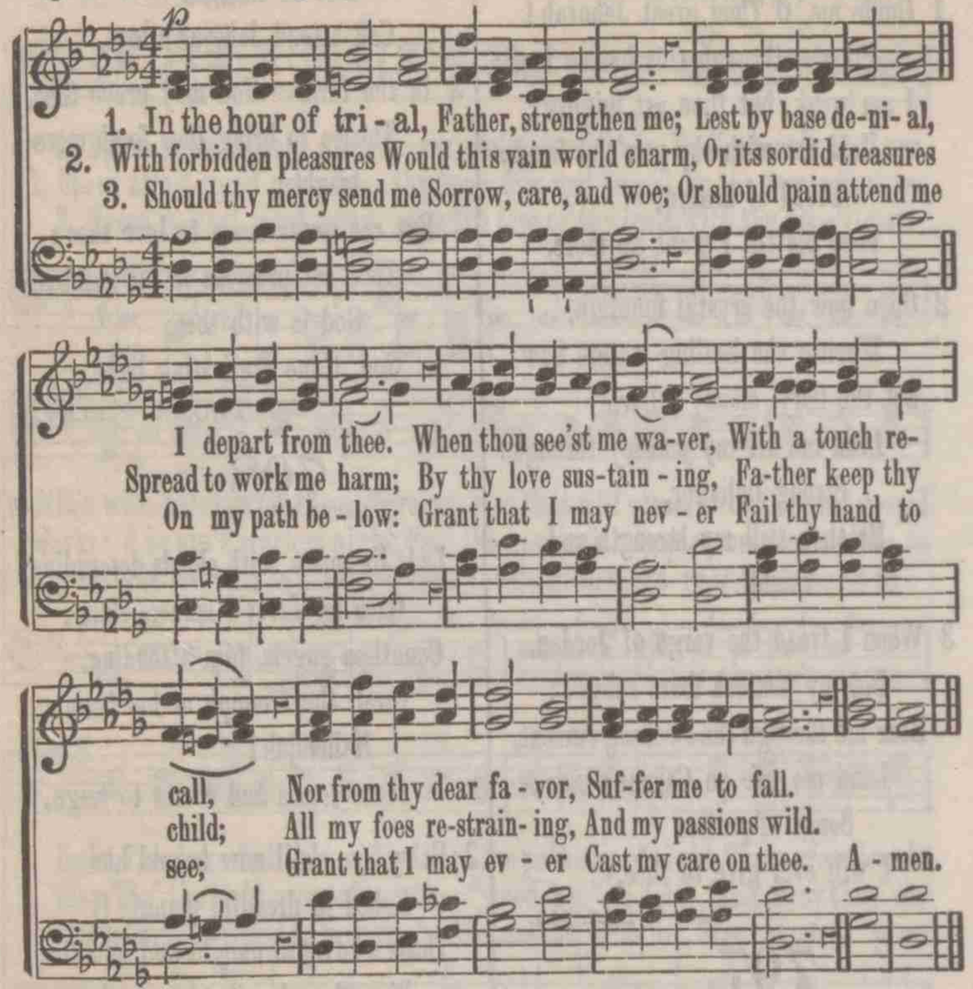
2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Yea, amen! let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Make thy righteous sentence known:
O come quickly,
Claim the kingdom for thine own:

CHARLES WESLEY.

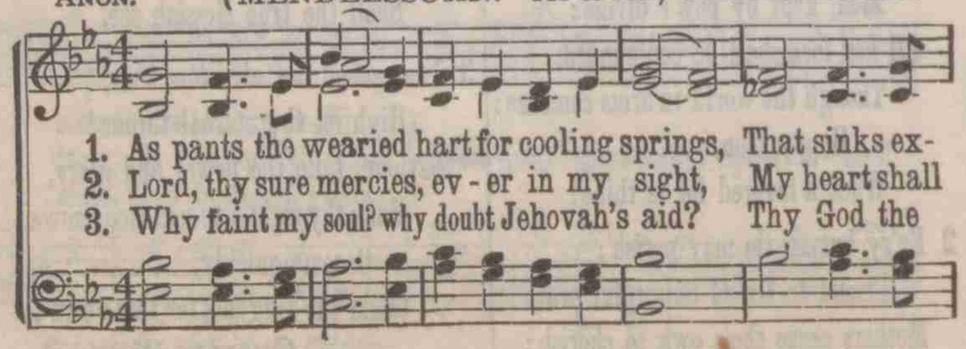
709 IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

J. MONTGOMERY. (PENITENCE. 6s & 5s. D.) SPENCER LANE.

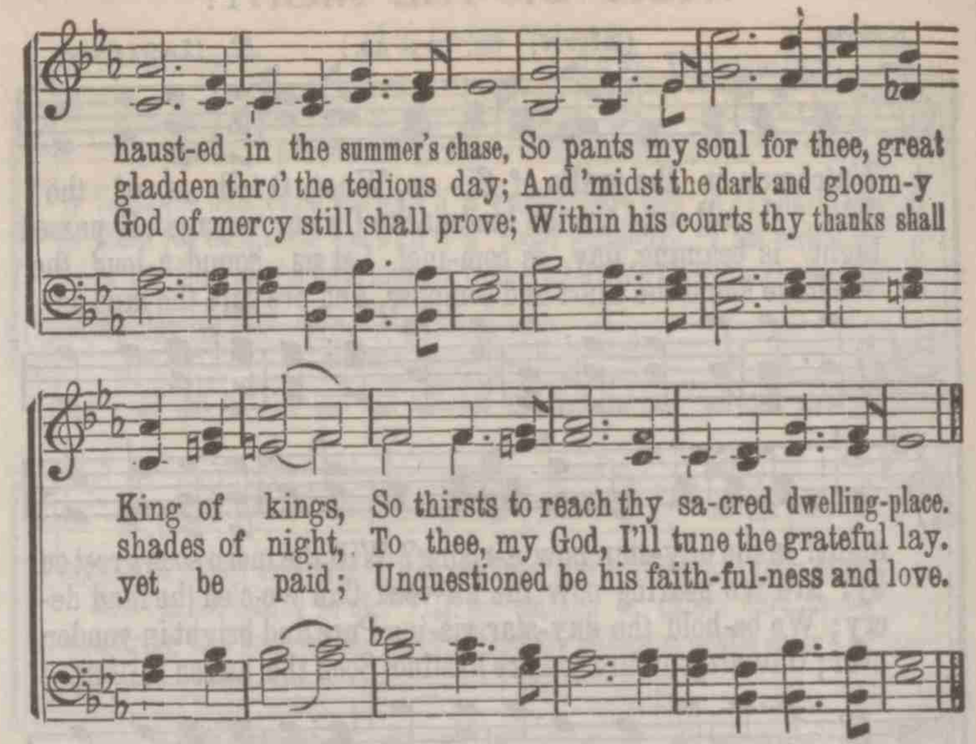


710 AS PANTS THE HART.

ANON. (MENDELSSOHN. 11s & 10s.) F. MENDELSSOHN.



AS PANTS THE HART.—CONCLUDED.



711 REVIVE THY WORK.

(S. M. Sing to No. 714.)

1 Revive Thy work, O Lord, Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, and make Thy people hear.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord, disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smould'ring embers now by Thine almighty breath.

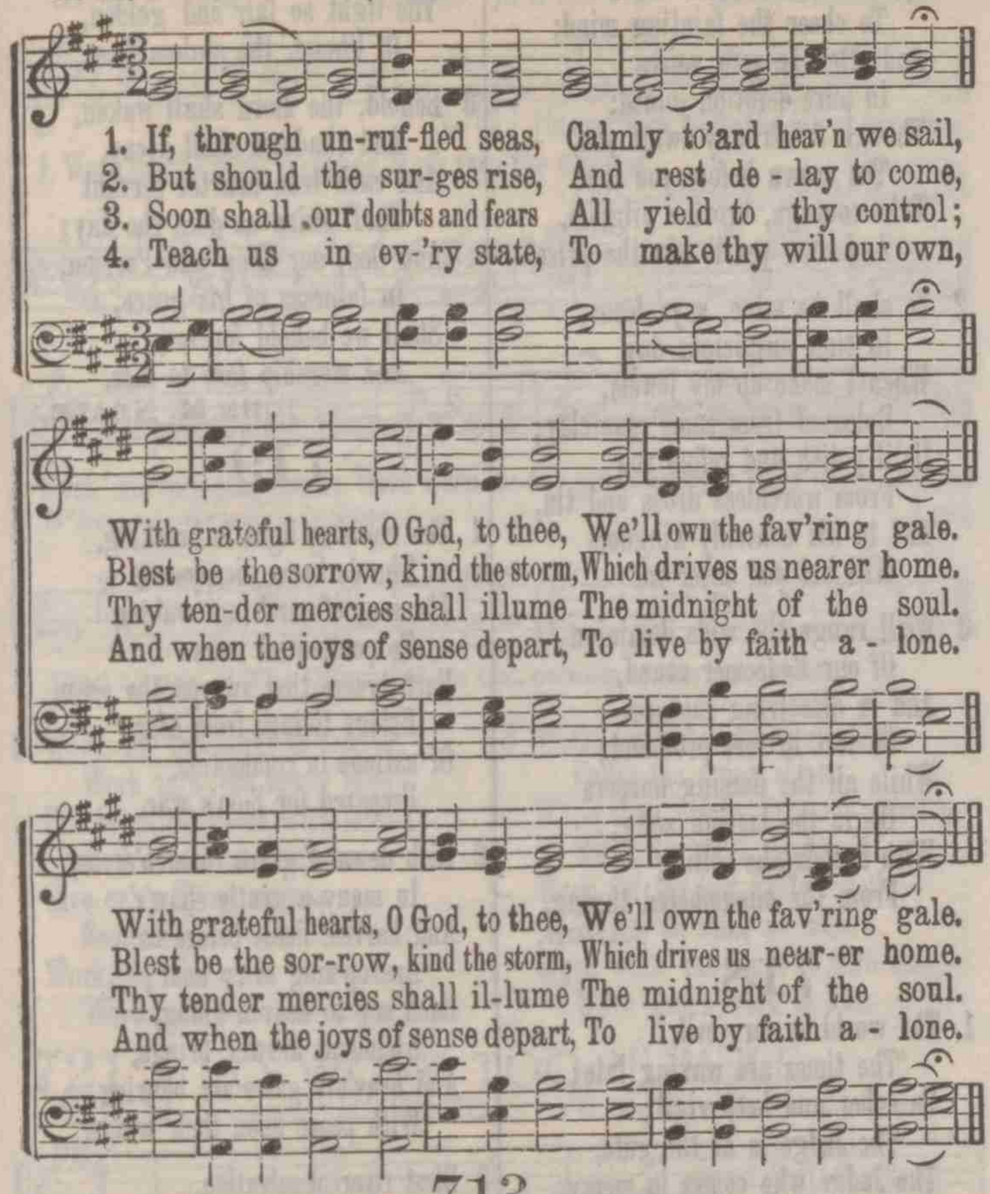
3 Revive Thy work, O Lord, create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hung'ring for the bread of life, oh, may our spirits be.

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord, exalt Thy precious name;
And by the Holy Ghost our love for Thee and Thine inflame.

Albert Medlane.

712 BY FAITH ALONE.

A. M. Toplady. (SELVIN. S. M.) German.



713

1 "My times are in thy hand:"
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my all I leave
Entirely to thy care.

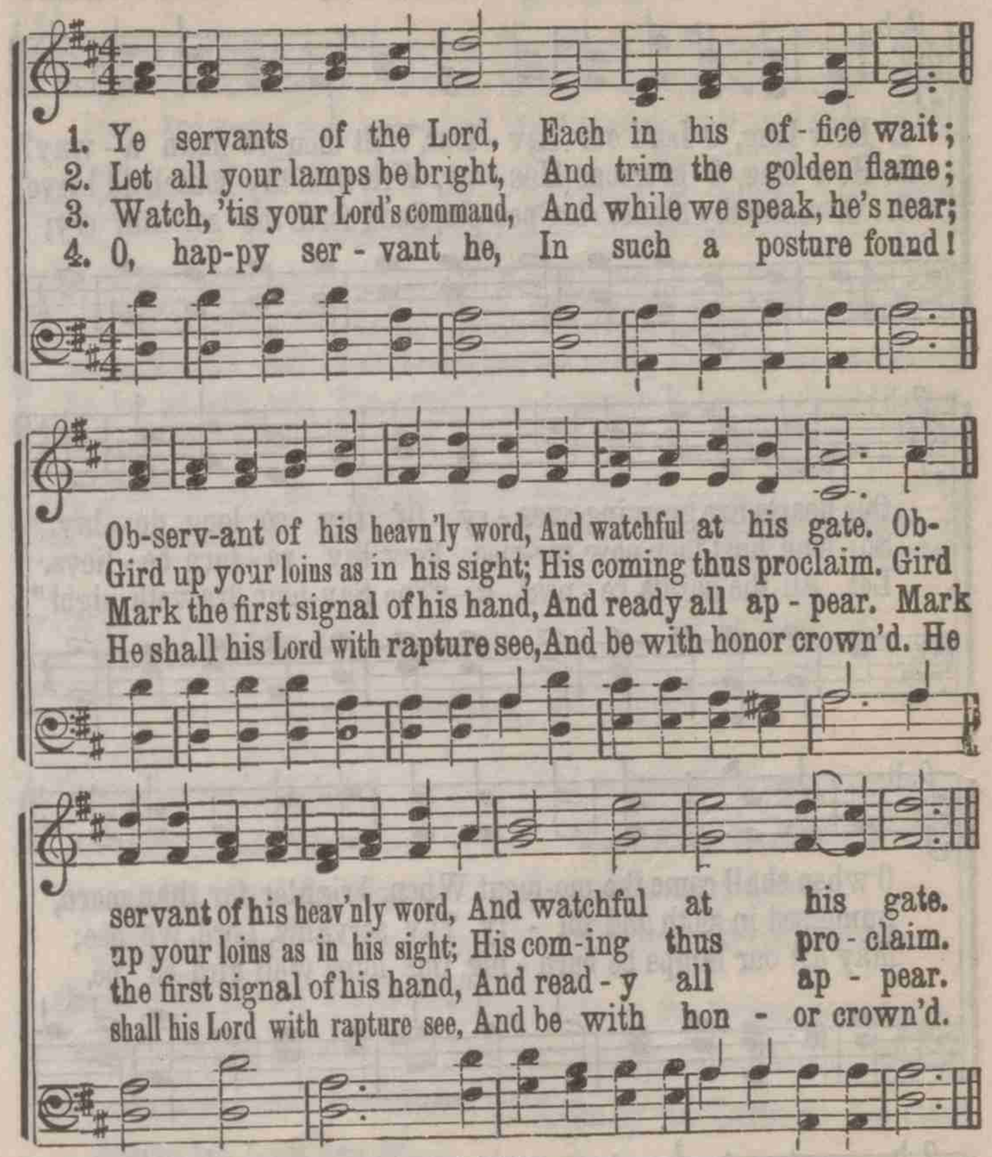
2 "My times are in thy hand;"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

3 "My times are in thy hand;"
I'll always trust in thee,
Till I possess the promised land,
And all thy glory see.

Wm. F. Lloyd.

714 WATCHFUL AT HIS GATE.

Philip Doddridge. (EL KADER. S. M.) Unknown.



715

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

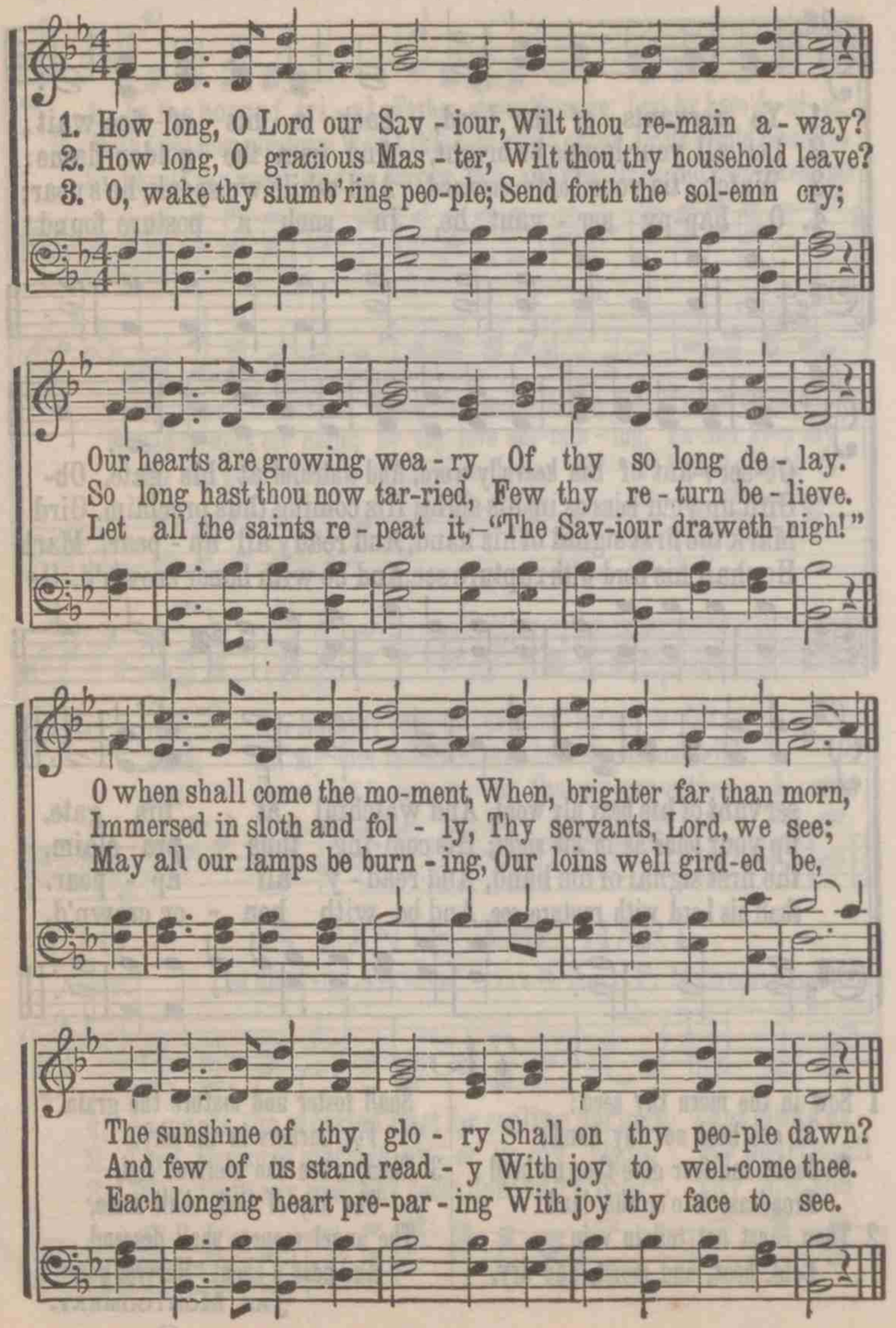
2 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

3 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heav'n shout "Harvest home!"

Jas. Montgomery.

716 HOW LONG?

ANON. (WEBB. 7s & 6s. D.) WEBB.



717

1 Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And often be your voices
In pure devotion joined;
Though trials may await you,
The crown before you lies;
Take courage, brother pilgrim,
And soon you'll win the prize.

2 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,
In that auspicious day
When I make up my jewels,
Released from cumb'rous clay;
He'll polish and refine you
From worthless dross and tin,
And to his heavenly kingdom
Will bid you enter in.

3 We'll range the wide dominion
Of our Redeemer round,
And in dissolving raptures
Be lost in love profound;
While all the flaming harpers
Begin the lasting song,
With hallelujahs rolling
From the unnumbered throng.

ANON.

718

1 The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil;
The Judge is at the gate,—
The Judge who comes in mercy,
The Judge who comes with might,—
Who comes to end the evil,
Who comes to crown the right.

2 Arise, arise, O Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead,—
To light that has no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun,—
The light so fair and golden,
Of Christ, the sinless One.

3 Behold, the morn shall waken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as does the day;
And God, our King and Portion,
In fulnesss of his grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

JOHN M. NEALE.

719

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

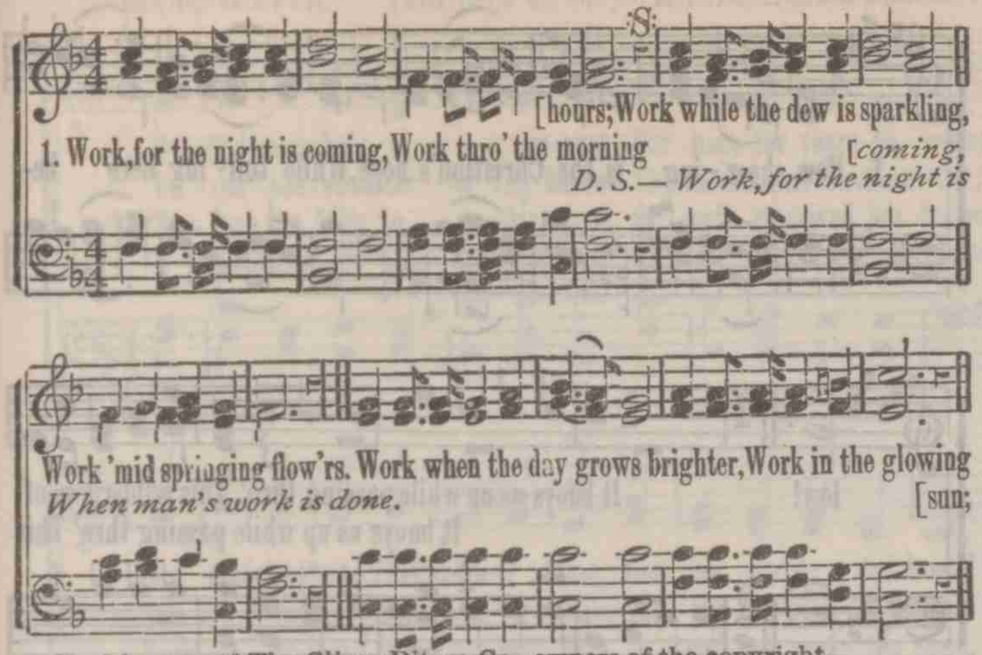
2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle show'r,
And harvest fields before us
Are op'ning ev'ry hour;
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answer brings,
And heav'nly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

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

S. F. SMITH.

720 THE NIGHT IS COMING.

SYDNEY DYER. (WORK. 7s & 6s. P.) LOWELL MASON.



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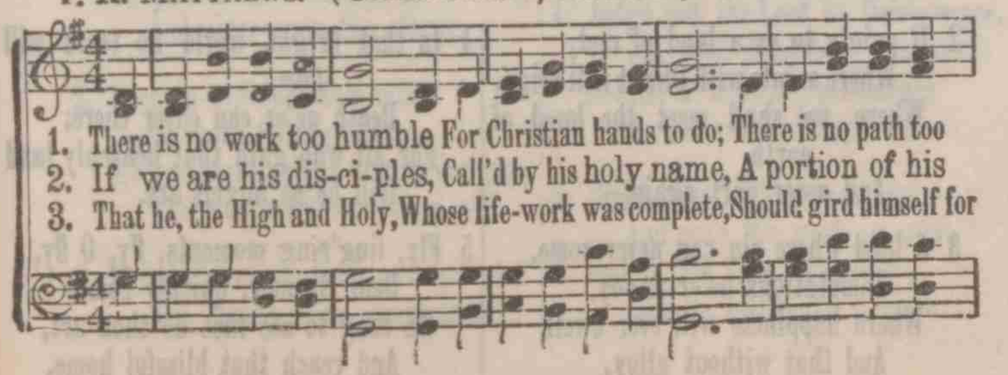
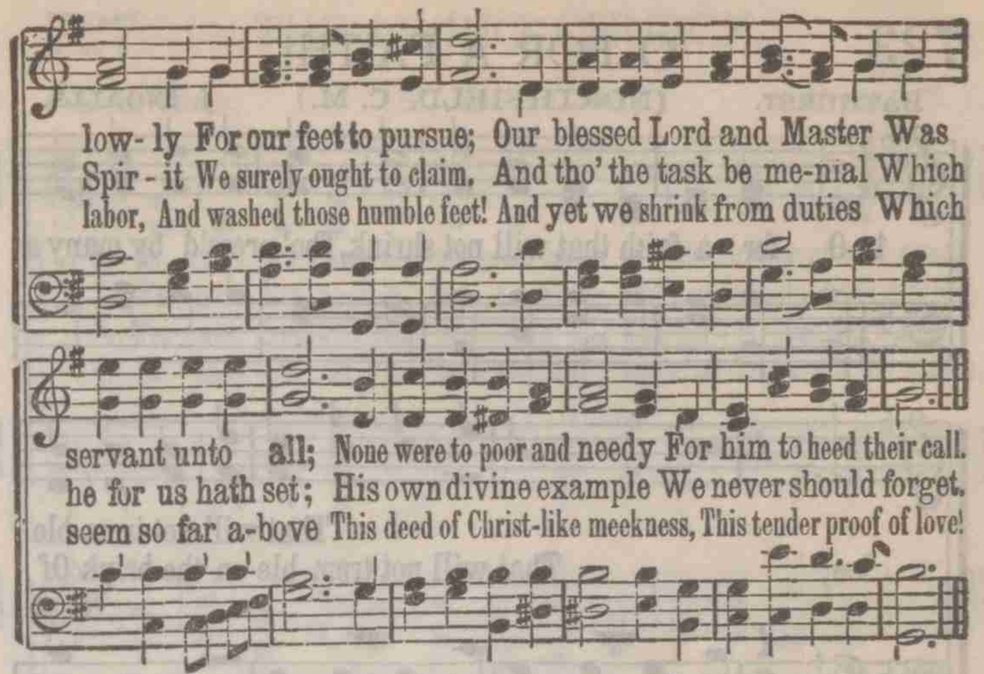
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give ev'ry flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

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 dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

721 NO WORK TOO HUMBLE.

T. R. MATTHEWS. (CHENIES. 7s & 6s. D.) KATE CAMERON.





722 CARRY THE JOYFUL TIDINGS.

(Tune, WORK, No. 720)

1 Carry the joyful tidings
To every land and sea;
Banish the heart dividings,—
Brothers should brothers be;
Christ died for all the nations,
"One flesh and blood," saith he;
There are no tribes or stations;
One in the Lord are we.

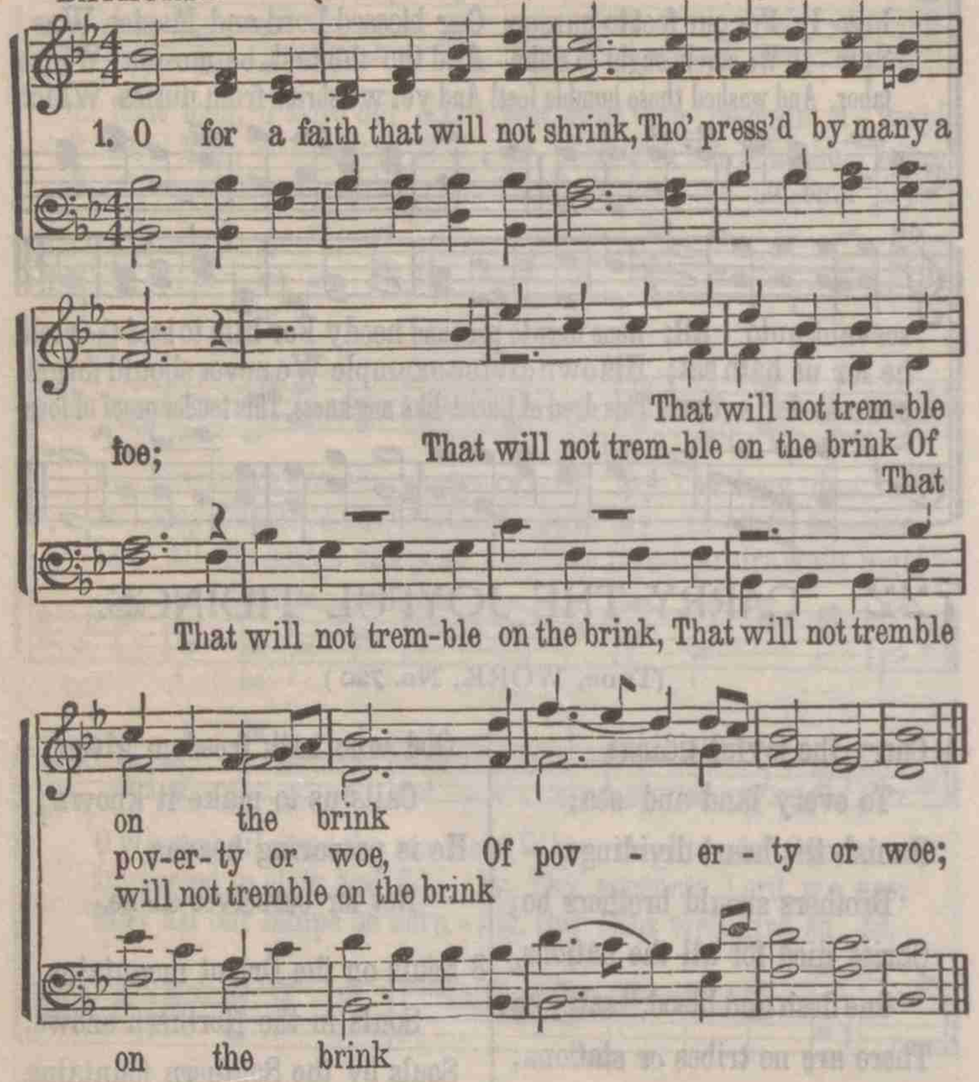
2 God who hath lent his talents,
Bids us his service choose;
God who hath lent his riches,
Bids us in kindness use;
God who hath freedom given,
Calls us to make it known;
He is preparing heaven
Not for ourselves alone.

3 Souls on the Orient mountains,
Souls in the Northern snows,
Souls by the Southern fountains,
Souls where the sunset glows!
Souls out of Christ the Saviour:
O for a Church of love,
Bearing the priceless favor,
Pointing the lost above!

F. E. BELDEN.

723 O FOR A FAITH!

BATHURST. (NORTHFIELD. C. M.) J. INGALLS.



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

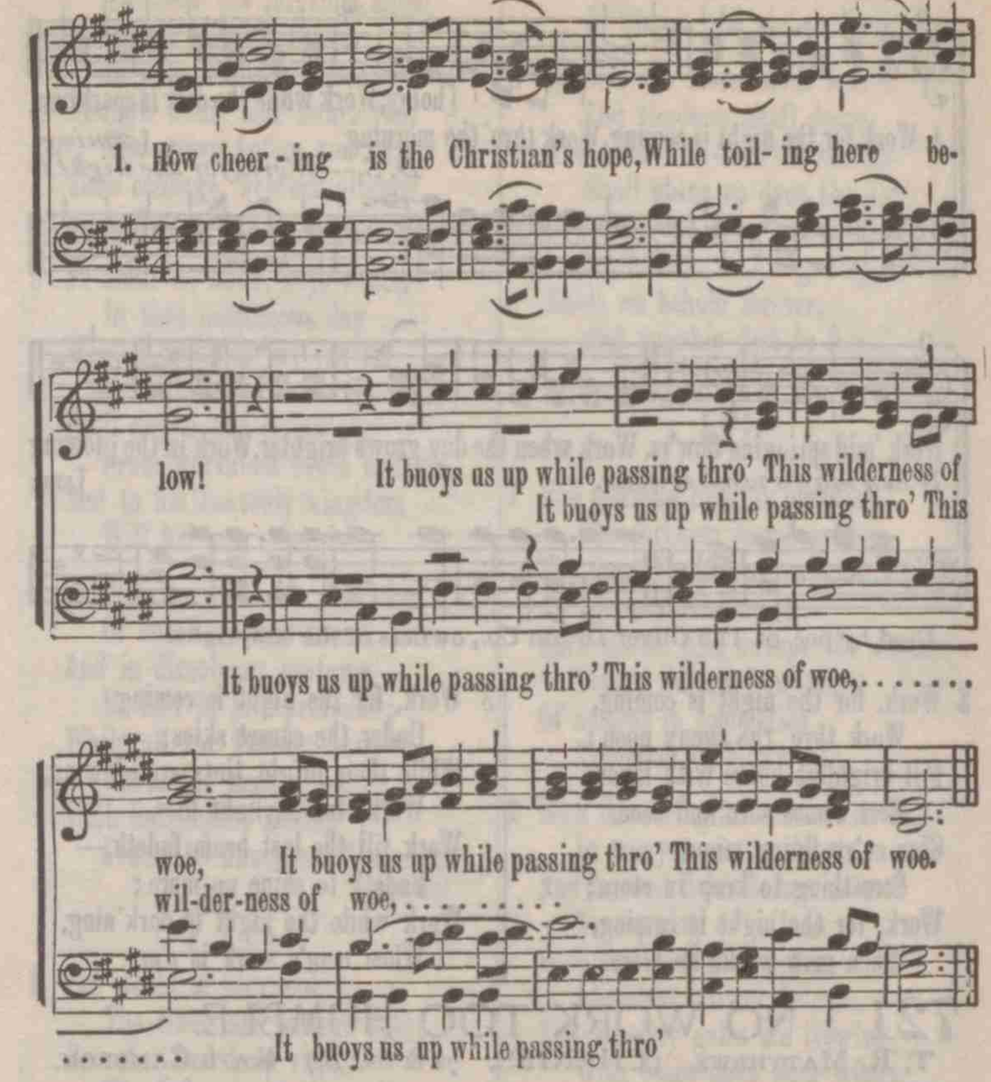
3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
Then when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor its soft arts beguile.

5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

724 HOW CHEERING!

ANON. (EXHORTATION. C. M.) S. HIBBARD.



2 It points to us a land of rest,
Where saints with Christ will reign,
Where we shall meet the loved of earth,
And never part again,—

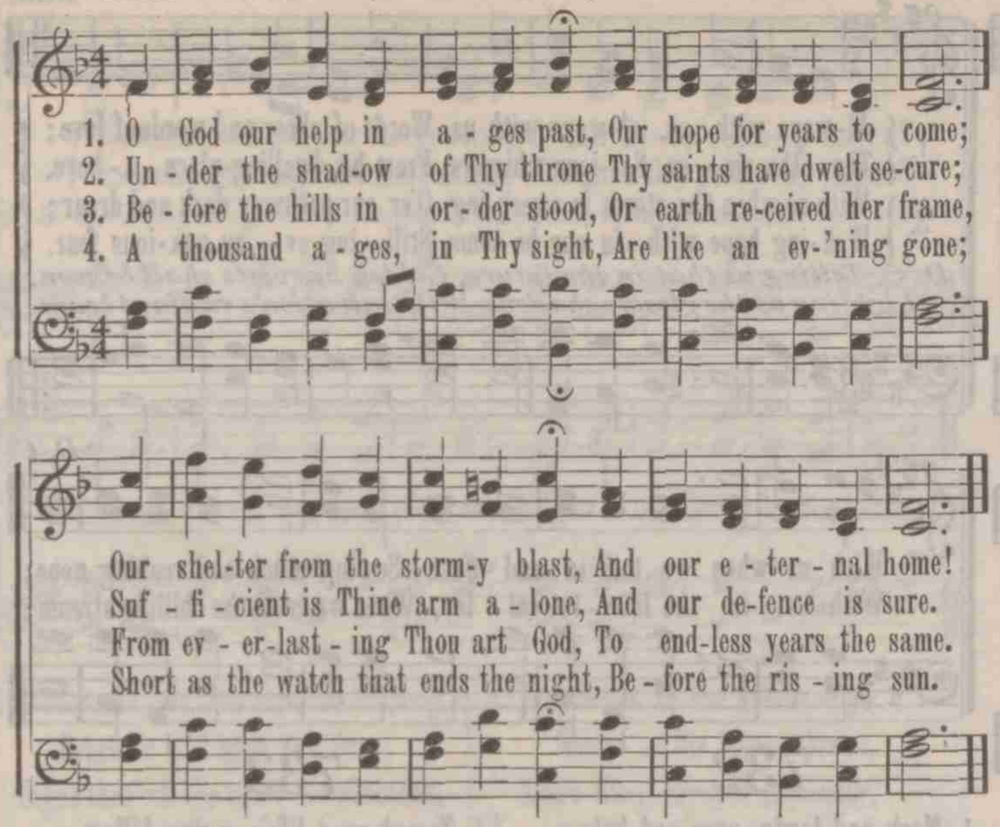
3 A land where sin can never come,
Temptations ne'er annoy,
Where happiness will ever dwell,
And that without alloy.

4 In that bright world no tears will flow,
Death ne'er can enter there;
For all who gain that heavenly land
Will be as angels are.

5 Fly, ling'ring moments, fly, O fly,
Dear Saviour, quickly come!
We long to see thee as thou art,
And reach that blissful home.

725 OUR HELP IN AGES PAST.

ISAAC WATTS. (Dundee C. M.) Andro Hart's Psalter.



726 MYSTERIOUS WAY.

WM. COWPER. (C. M.)

1. God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plents His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2. Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

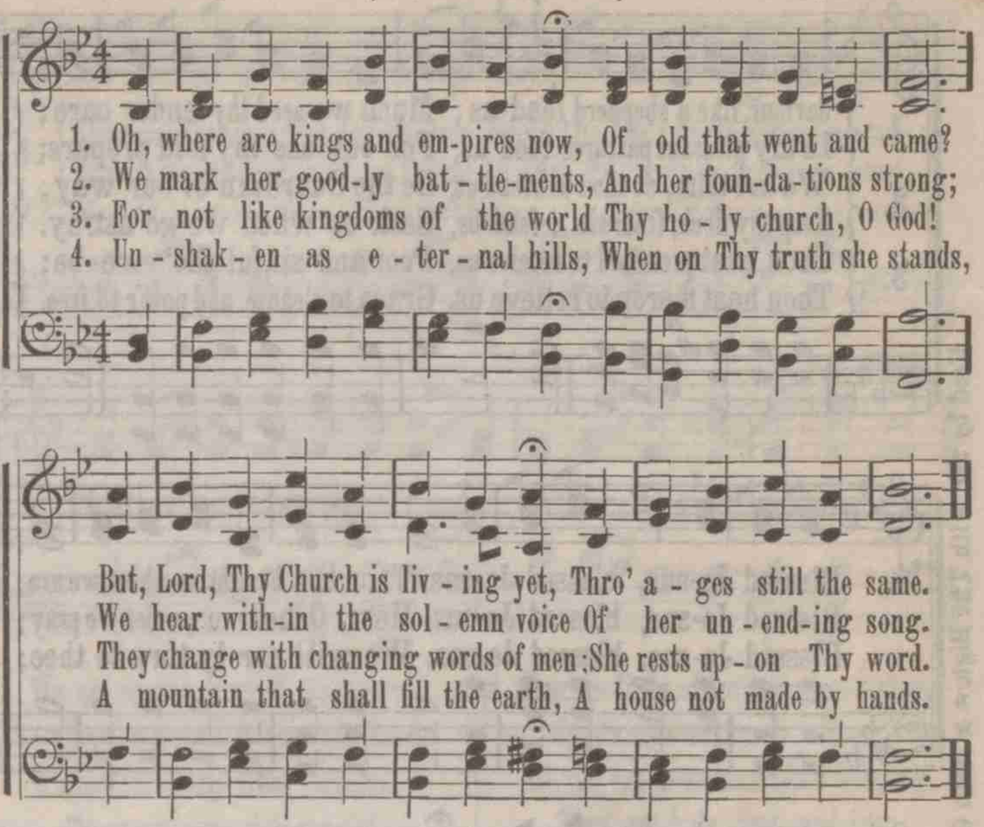
3. Ye faithful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

727 THE LIVING CHURCH.

A. C. COXE. (St. Anne. C. M.) W. CROFT.



728 WE BLESS THEE FOR THY PEACE.

(C. M.)

1. We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
Deep as th'unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee.

2. We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have thro' all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast,—

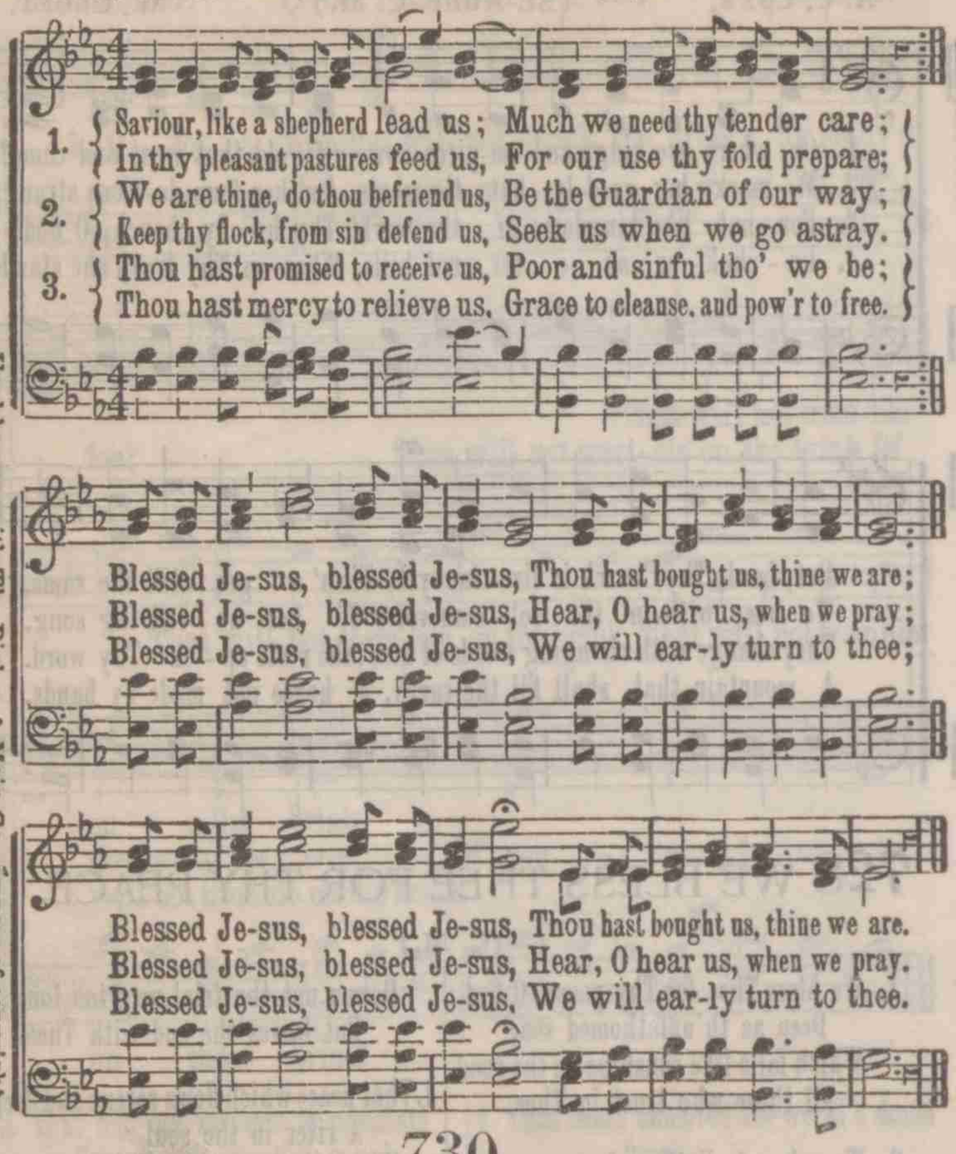
3. That peace which suffers and is strong
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee.

4. That peace which flows serene and deep
A river in the soul
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

5. O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

729 SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

D. A. THRUPP. (SHEPHERD. 8s & 7s.) WM. B. BRADBURY.



730

1 God has said, "Forever blessed
Those who seek me in their youth;
They shall find the path of wisdom,
And the narrow way of truth."
‖: Guide us, Saviour, :‖
In the narrow way of truth.

2 Be our strength, for we are weakness;
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Saviour's side:
‖: Naught can harm us :‖
While we thus in thee abide.

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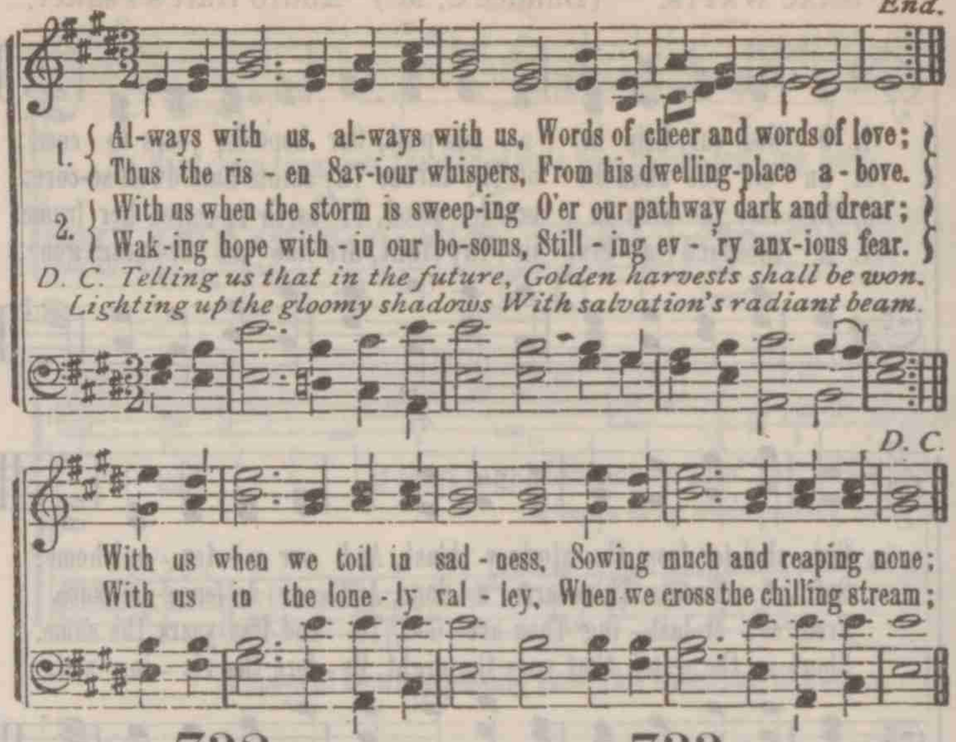
731 ALWAYS WITH US.

(RIPLEY. 8s & 7s. D.) GREGORIAN.



732

1 Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blessed three,
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heav'n-born art thou, charity!
Pity dwelleth in thy bosom,
Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart;
Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee—
Judgment hath in thee no part.

2 Hoping ever, failing never,
Though deceived, believing still;
Long abiding, all confiding
To thy heav'nly Father's will;
Never weary of well-doing,
Never fearful of the end;
Claiming all mankind as brothers,
Thou dost all alike befriend.

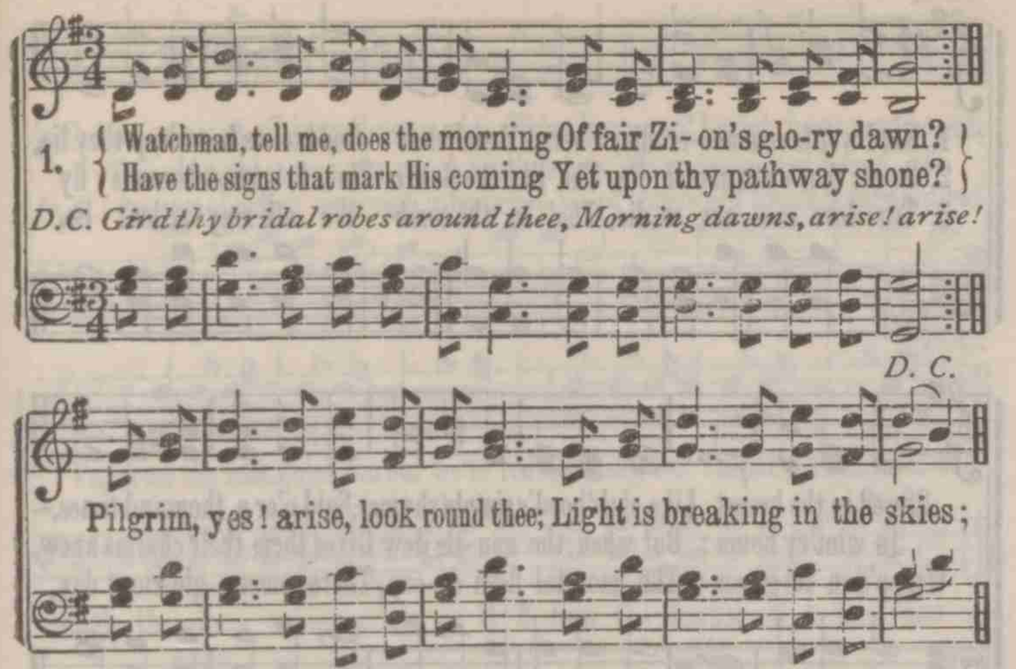
733

1 Tossed upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
Thou canst feel a sailor's woe;
Never slumb'ring, never sleeping,
Tho' the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping;
"All is well," thy constant cheer.

2 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to thee I lift mine eye,
Thou wilt save me e'er I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry;
And tho' mast and sail be riven,
Soon life's voyage will be o'er;
Safely moored in heav'n's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

734 WATCHMAN, TELL ME.

S. S. Brewer. (DAWNING. 8s. & 7s. D.) W. B. Bradbury.



2 Watchman, see, the light is beaming
Brighter still upon thy way;
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of the coming day
When the Jubal trumpet, sounding,
Shall awake from land and sea
All the saints of God, now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.

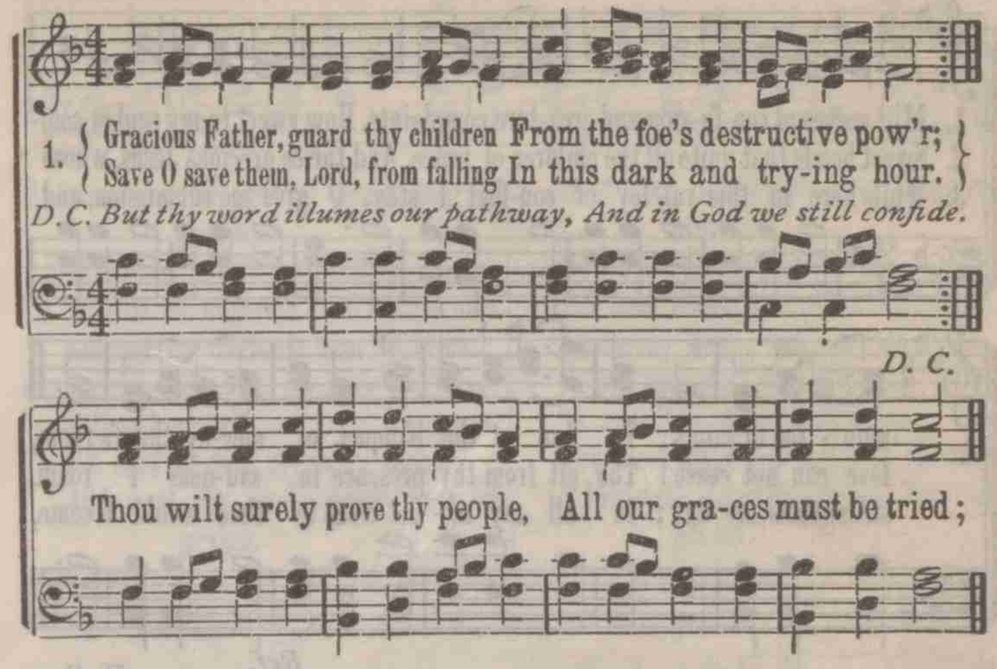
3 Watchman, hail the light ascending
Of the grand Sabbatic year;
All with voices loud proclaiming
That the kingdom now is near:
Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder,
Canaan's glorious hights arise;
Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
Tow'ring 'neath its sunlit skies.

4 Watchman, in the golden city,
Seated on his jasper throne,
Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone:
There on sunlit hills and mountains,
Golden beams serenely glow;
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
On whose banks sweet flow'rets blow.

5 Watchman, see, the land is nearing,
With its vernal fruits and flow'rs;
On, just yonder,— O how cheering!
Bloom forever Eden's bow'rs.
Hark! the choral strains are ringing,
Wafted on the balmy air;
See the millions, hear them singing,
Soon the pilgrim will be there.

735 GUARD THY CHILDREN.

Anon. (GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. D.) Rousseau.



2 We are in the time of waiting;
Soon we shall behold our Lord,
Wafted far away from sorrow,
To receive our rich reward.
Keep us, Lord, till thine appearing,
Pure, unspotted from the world;
Let thy Holy Spirit cheer us
Till thy banner is unfurled.

736

1 Long upon the mountains, weary,
Have the scattered flock been torn;
Dark the desert paths, and dreary;
Grievous trials have they borne.
Now the gath'ring call is sounding,
Solemn in its warning voice;
Union, faith, and love, abounding,
Bid the little flock rejoice.

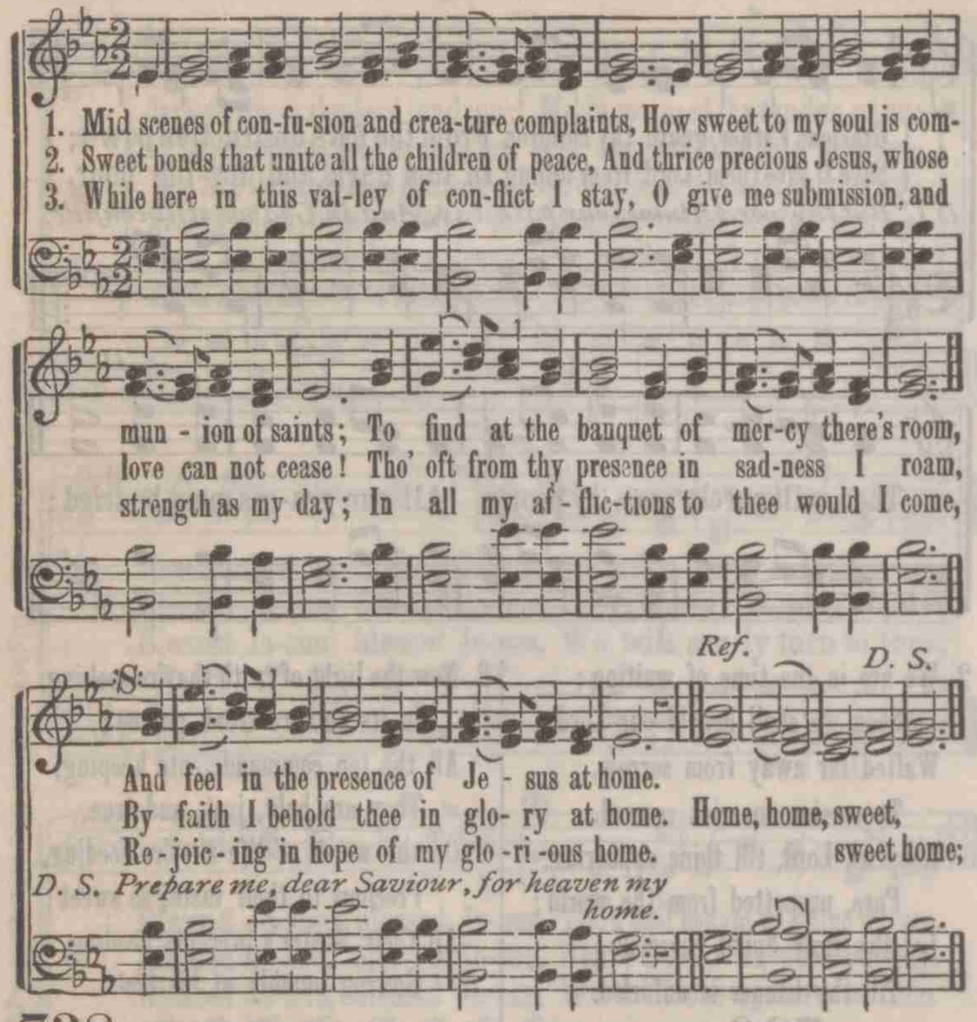
2 Now the light of truth they're seeking,
In its onward track pursue;
All the ten commandments keeping,
They are holy, just, and true.
On the words of life they're feeding,
Precious to their taste, so sweet;
All their Master's precepts heeding,
Bowing humbly at his feet.

3 Soon He comes, with clouds descending;
All his saints, entombed, arise;
The redeemed, in anthems blending,
Shout their vict'ry thro' the skies.
O, we long for thine appearing!
Come, O Saviour, quickly come!
Blessed hope! our spirits cheering,
Take thy ransomed children home.

Annie R. Smith.

737 HOME, SWEET HOME.

DAVID DENHAM. (1ts.) HENRY R. BISHOP.



738

1. Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

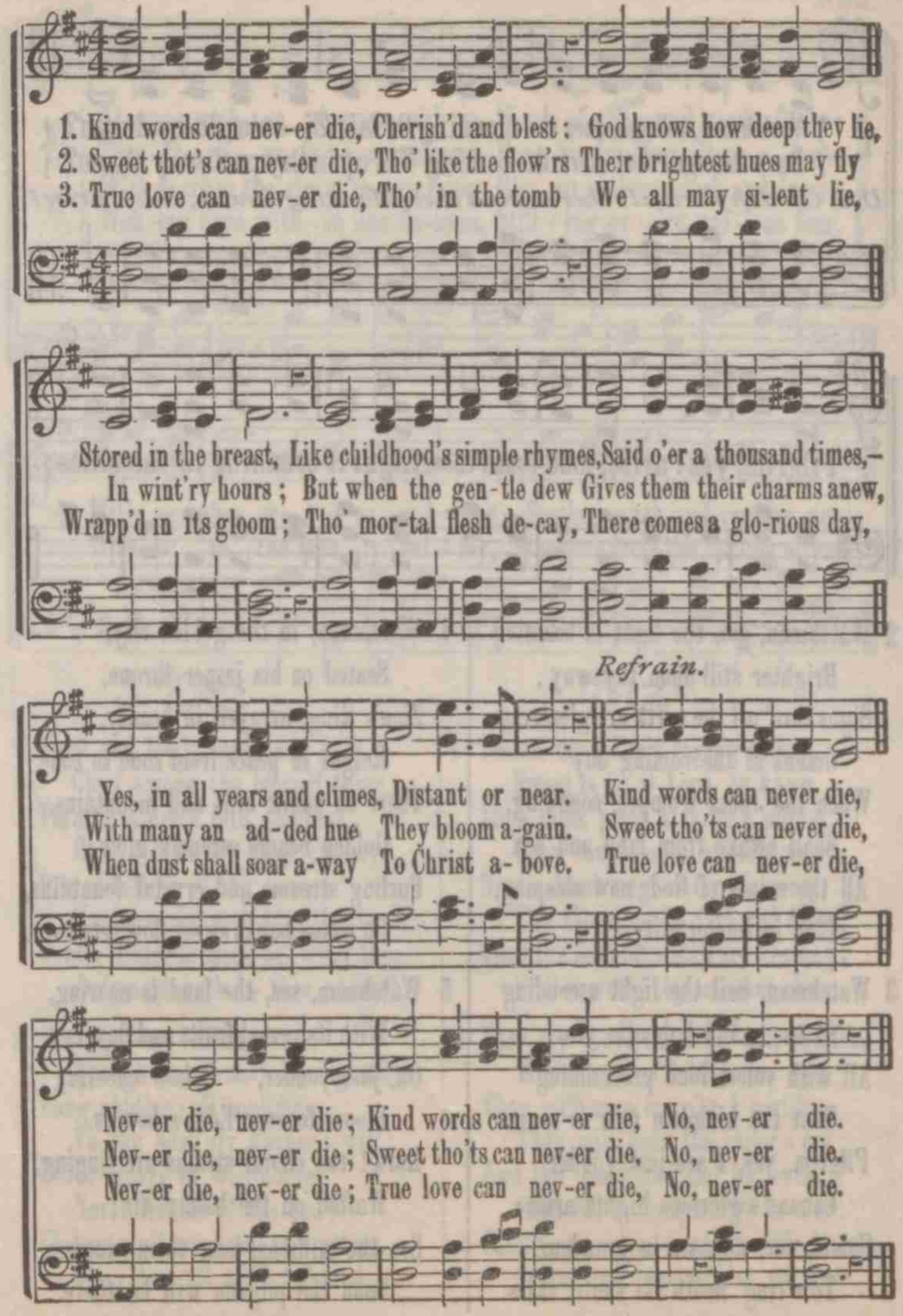
Refrain.— Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

2 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
O give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
And with them, God's peace, which is dearer than all.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

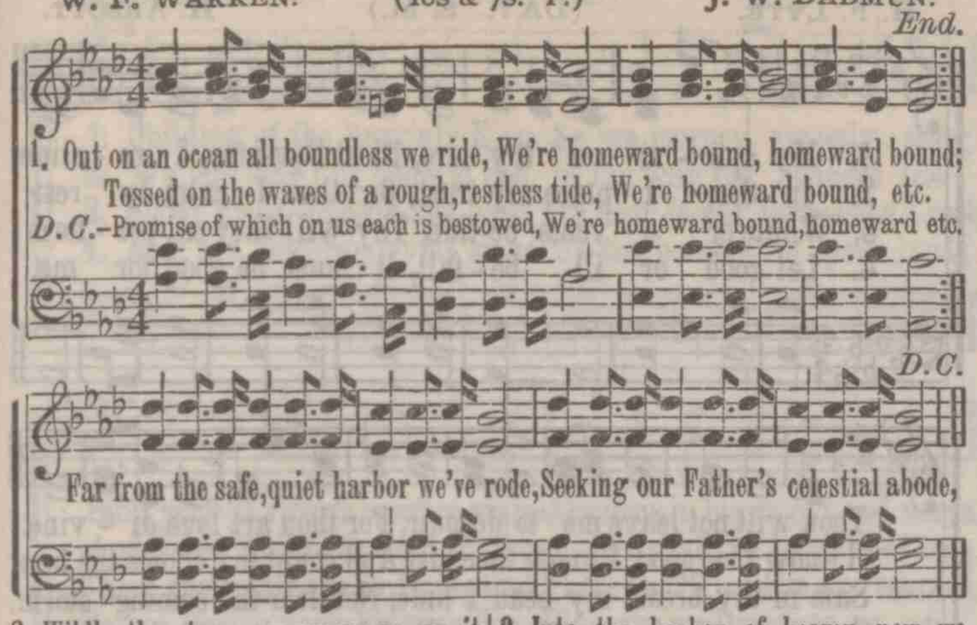
739 KIND WORDS NEVER DIE.

Arr. by F. E. B. ABBIE HUTCHINSON, arr.



740 HOMEWARD BOUND.

W. F. WARREN. (10S & 7S. P.) J. W. DADMUN.

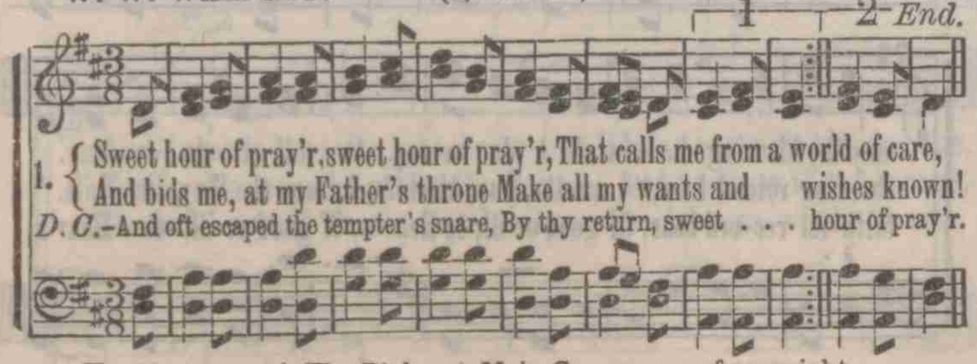


2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, etc.
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound, etc.
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel;
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale;
O, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail!
We're homeward bound, etc.

3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! we shall shout ever more;
We're home at last, home at last.

741 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

W. W. WALFORD. (L. M. D.) W. B. BRADBURY.



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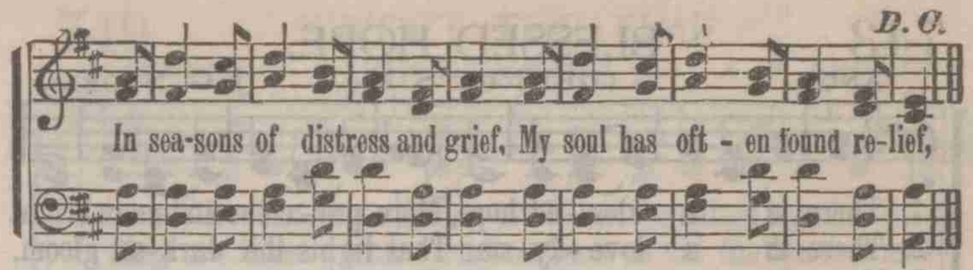
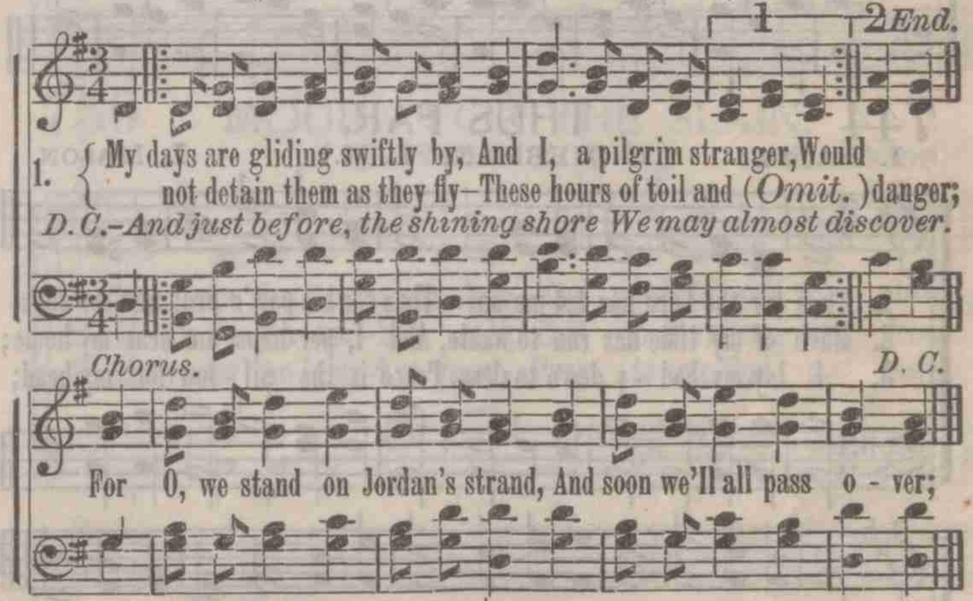

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my ev'ry care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home, and take my flight.
In my immortal flesh I'll rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout while passing thro' the air,
"Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!"

742 GLIDING SWIFTLY BY.

D. NELSON. (SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s. P.) G. F. ROOT.



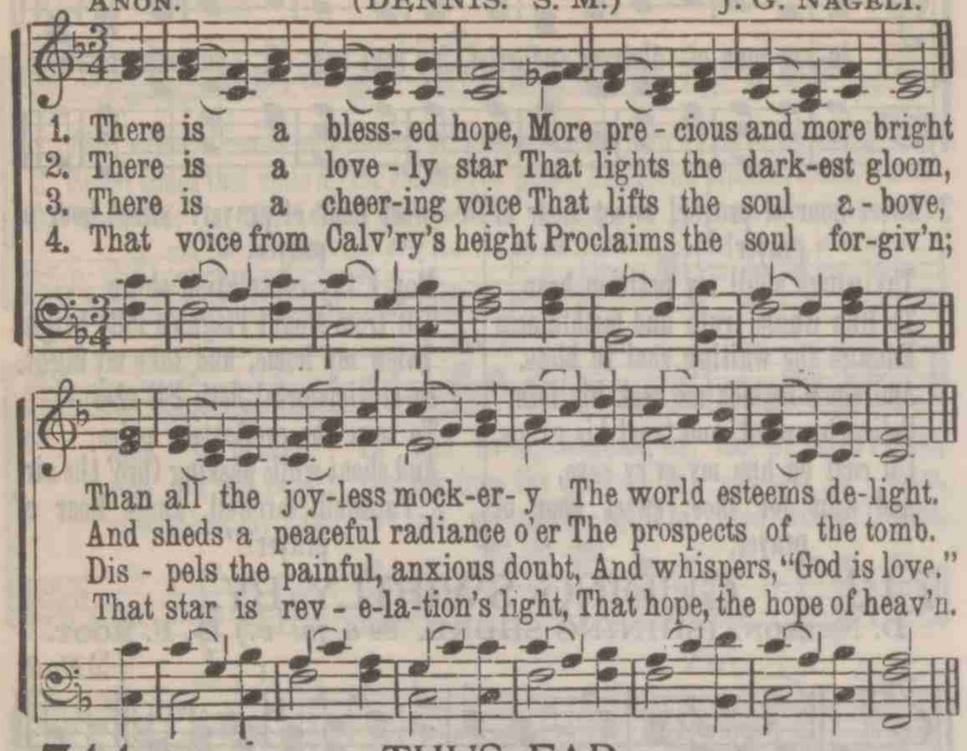
2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let ev'ry lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each cord on earth to sever,
Our King says, Come, and there's our home,
Forever, O, forever!

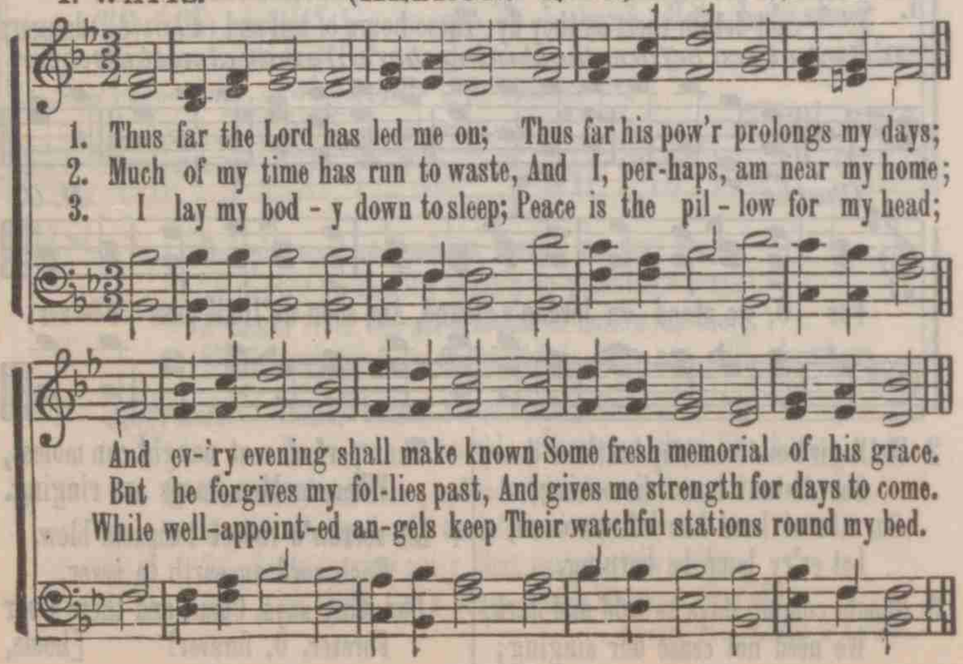
743 BLESSED HOPE.

ANON. (DENNIS. S. M.) J. G. NAGELI.



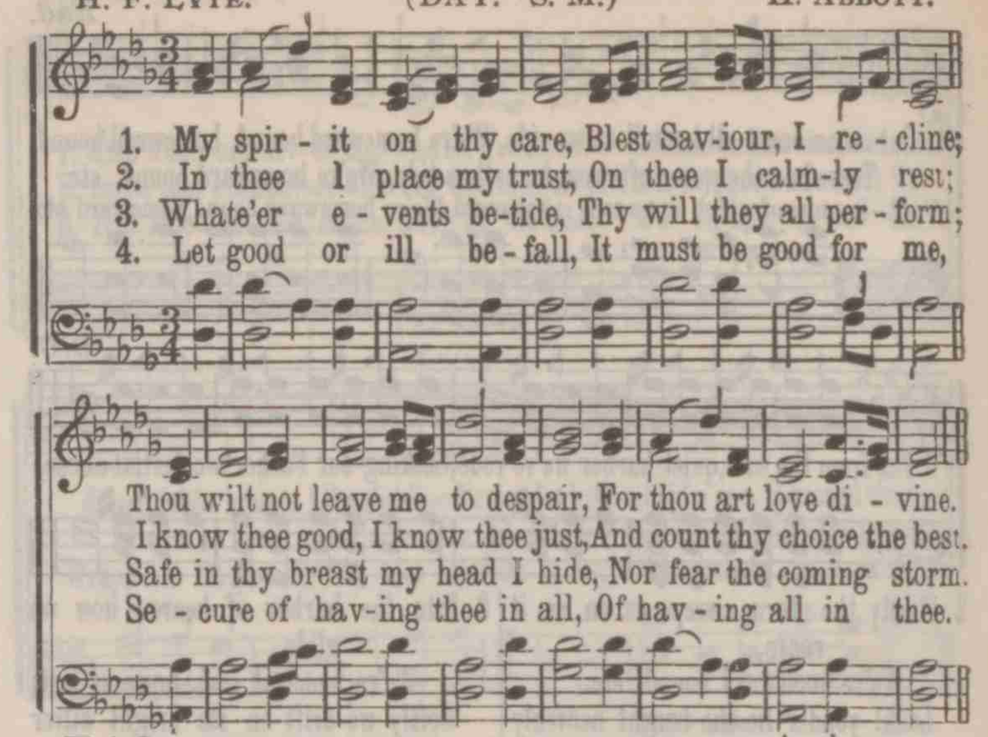
744 THUS FAR.

I. WATTS. (HEBRON. L. M.) L. MASON.



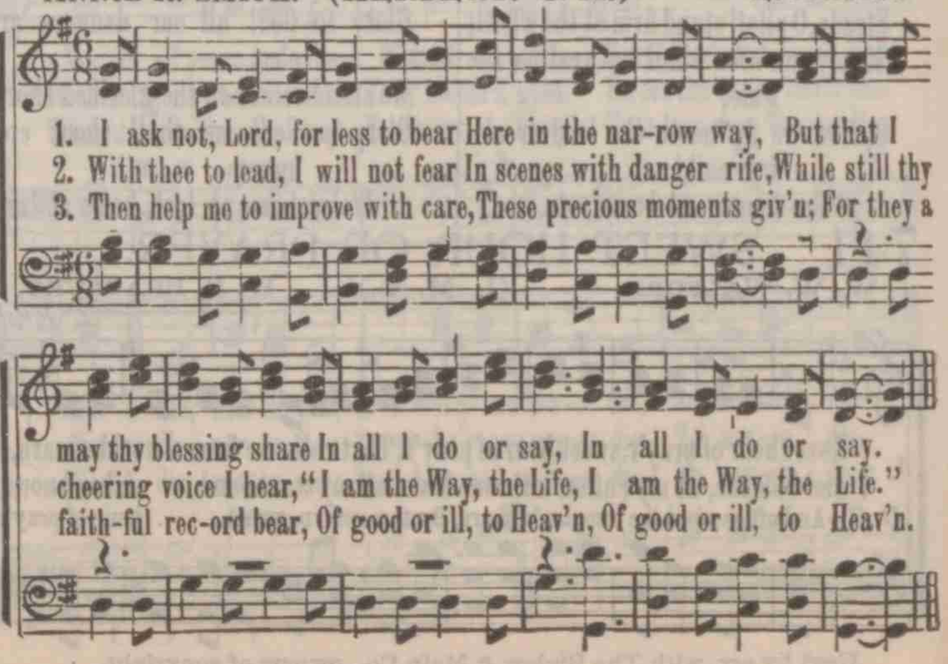
745 ON THY CARE.

H. F. LYTE. (DAY. S. M.) H. ABBOTT.



746 NOT LESS TO BEAR.

ANNIE R. SMITH. (HERBERT. C. M.) L. MASON.



747 CHILDREN OF THE KING.

JOHN CENNICK. (HART. 7s.) HART.

1. Children of the heav'nly King, As we journey, sweetly sing;
2. We are trav'ling home to God, In the way the fa-thers trod;
3. Shout, ye lit-tle flock, and blest, You near Je-sus' throne shall rest;
4. Fear not, brethren, joyful stand On the borders of your land;

Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.
And when Christ our Lord shall come, We shall all be gathered home.
There your seats are now prepared, There your kingdom and reward.
Je-sus Christ, your Father's Son, Bids you undismayed go on.

748 SCORN PRAISE OF MEN.

F. W. FABER. (SPOHR. C. M.) ARR. FROM SPOHR.

1. O blest is he who can di-vine Where truth and justice lie,
2. Then learn to scorn the praise of men, And learn to lose with God;
3. For right is right, since God is God, And right the day must win;

And dares to take the side that seems Wrong to man's blinded eye.
For Je-sus won the world thro' shame, And beckons thee his road.
To doubt would be dis-loy - al-ty, To fal - ter world be sin.

749 SWEET THE TIME.

G. BURDER. ("INNOCENTS." 7s.) A. F. THIBAUT.

1. Sweet the time, exceeding sweet! When the saints together meet,
2. Sing we then e - ter - nal love, Such as did the Fa-ther move:
3. Sing the Son's a-maz-ing love; How he left the realms above,
4. Sweet the time, exceeding sweet, When the saints in heav'n shall meet;

When the Saviour is the theme, When they join to sing of him.
He beheld the world un-done, Loved the world and gave his Son.
Took our nature and our place, Lived and died to save our race.
Je - sus still will be the theme, They shall always sing of him.

750 MOURN FOR THE SLAIN.

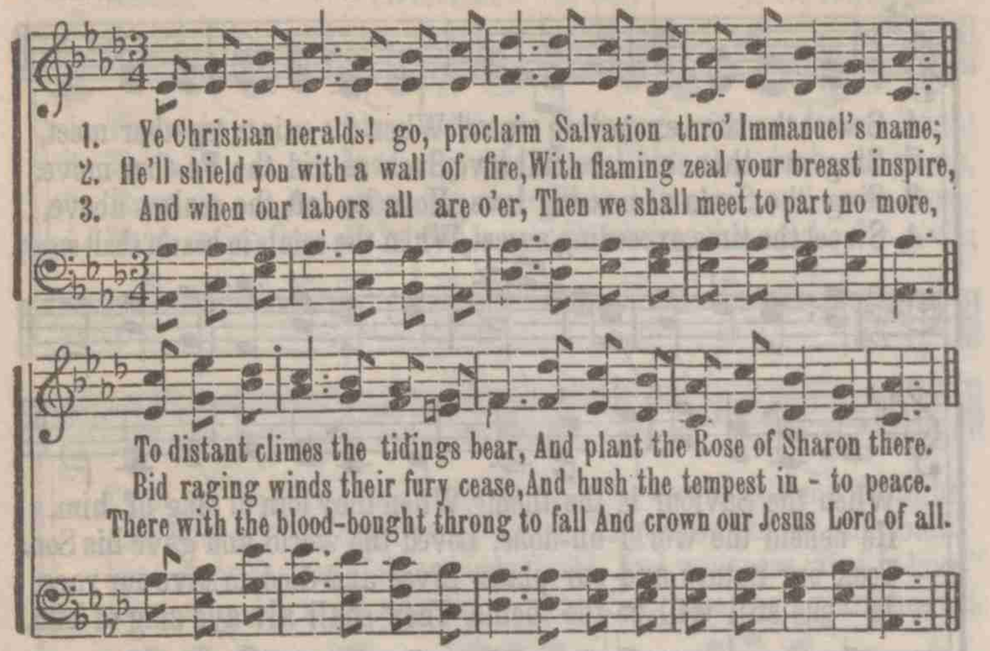
(BOYLSTON. S. M.) L. MASON.

1. Mourn for the thousands slain, The youthful and the strong;
2. Mourn for the lost,—but call, Call to the strong, the free;
3. Mourn for the lost,—but pray, Pray to our God a - bove,

Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign, And the de-lud - ed throng.
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall, And to the Ref - uge flee.
To break the fell destroyer's sway, And show his sav-ing love.

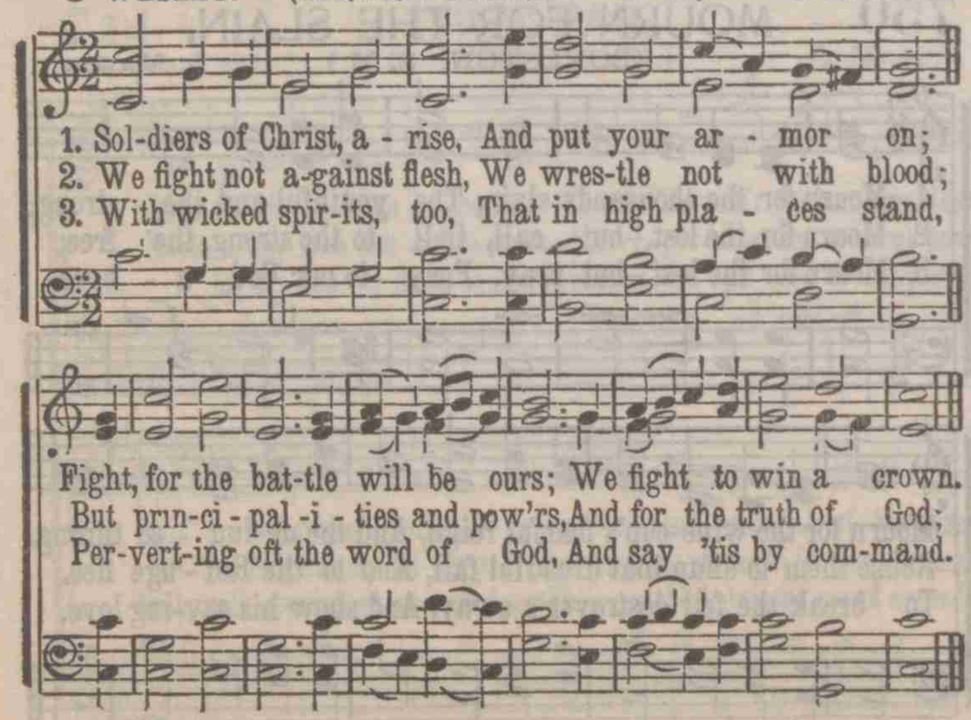
751 YE CHRISTIAN HERALDS!

ANON. (OAKLAND. L. M.) F. E. BELDEN.



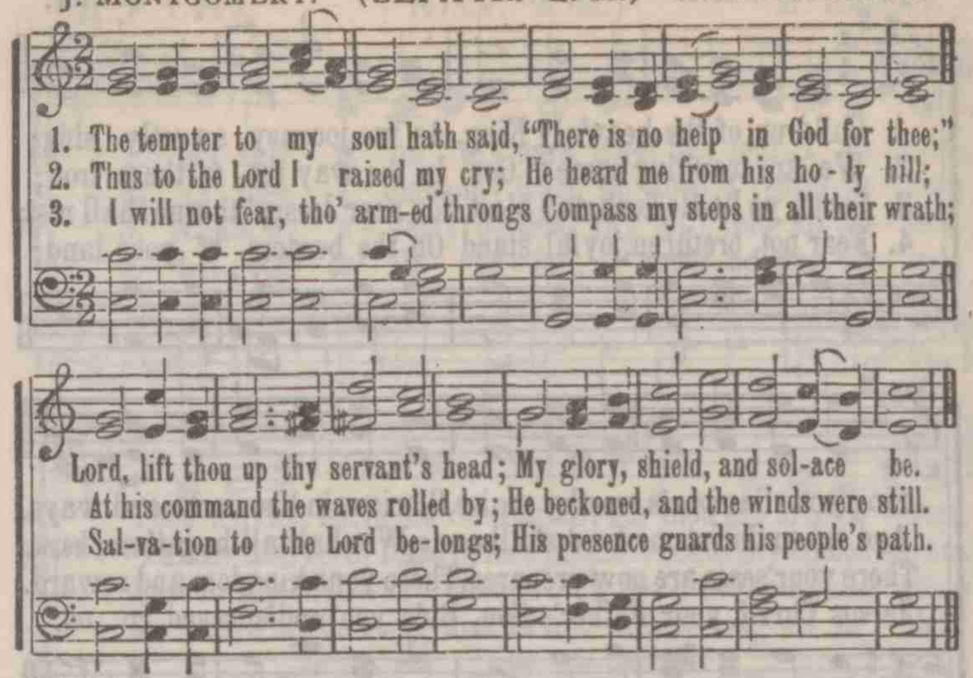
752 SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, ARISE!

C WESLEY. (SILVER STREET. S. M.) I. SMITH.



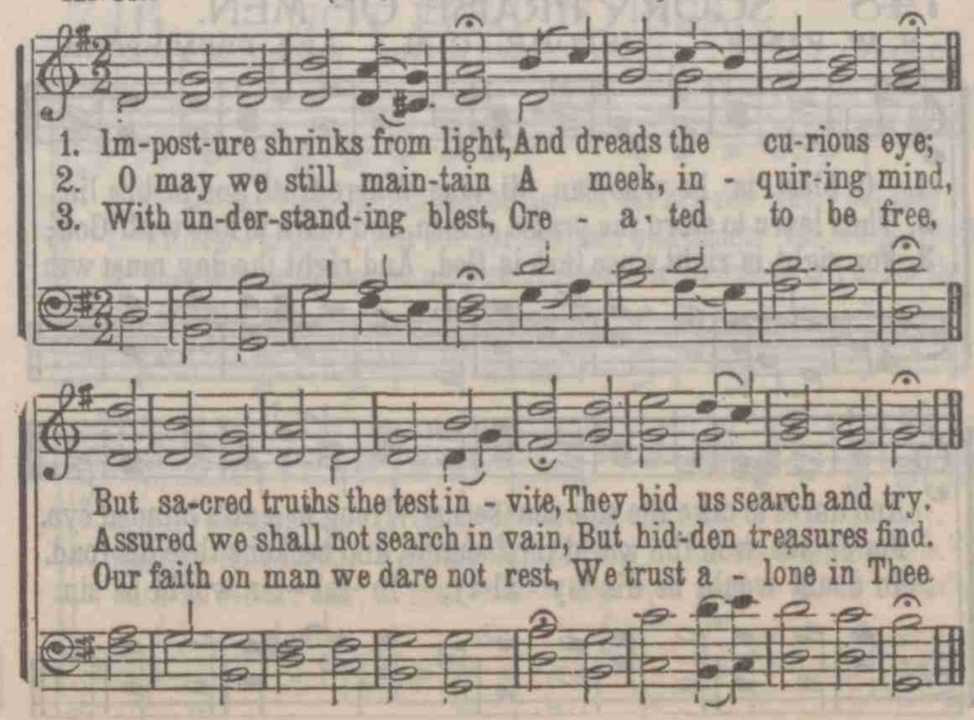
753 HELP IN GOD FOR THEE.

J. MONTGOMERY. (ZEPHYR. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.



754 IMPOSTURE SHRINKS.

ANON. (ST. THOMAS. S. M.) G. F. HANDEL.



755 THE DAY OF TOIL.

BONAR. (MORNINGTON. S. M.) MORNINGTON.

1. This is the day of toil Be-neath earth's sul-try noon;
2. Spend and be spent would we, While last-eth time's brief day;
3. On-ward we press in haste, Up-ward our jour-ney still;
4. The way may rough-er grow, The wea - ri - ness in-crease,

This is the day of serv-ice true, But rest-ing com-eth soon.
No turning back in coward fear, No ling'ring by the way.
Ours is the path the Master trod Thro' good re-port and ill.
We gird our loins and hasten on,—The end, the end is peace.

756 KINDRED MINDS.

ANNA BARBAULD. (CAPTIVITY. L. M.) BRADBURY.

1. How blest the sa - cred tie that binds In sweet communion kindred minds!
2. To each the soul of each how dear! What tender love! what holy fear!
3. Their streaming eyes to-geth-er flow For human guilt and human woe;

[one.

How swift the heav'nly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are
How does the gen'rous flame within Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!
Their ardent prayers together rise, Like mingling flames in sac-ri-fice.

757 LAMP OF OUR FEET.

BARTON. (BLISS. C. M.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. Lamp of our feet, Whereby we trace Our path when wont to stray;
2. Bread of our souls, Whereon we feed; True manna from on high;
3. Pil - lar of fire thro' watches dark, And radiant cloud by day;
4. Word of the ev - er-last-ing God; Will of his glorious Son,—

Stream from the Fount of heav'nly grace; Brook by the trav'ler's way;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read Of realms beyond the sky;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark, Our an-chor and our stay;
Without thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it-self be won?

758 'TIS I; BE NOT AFRAID.

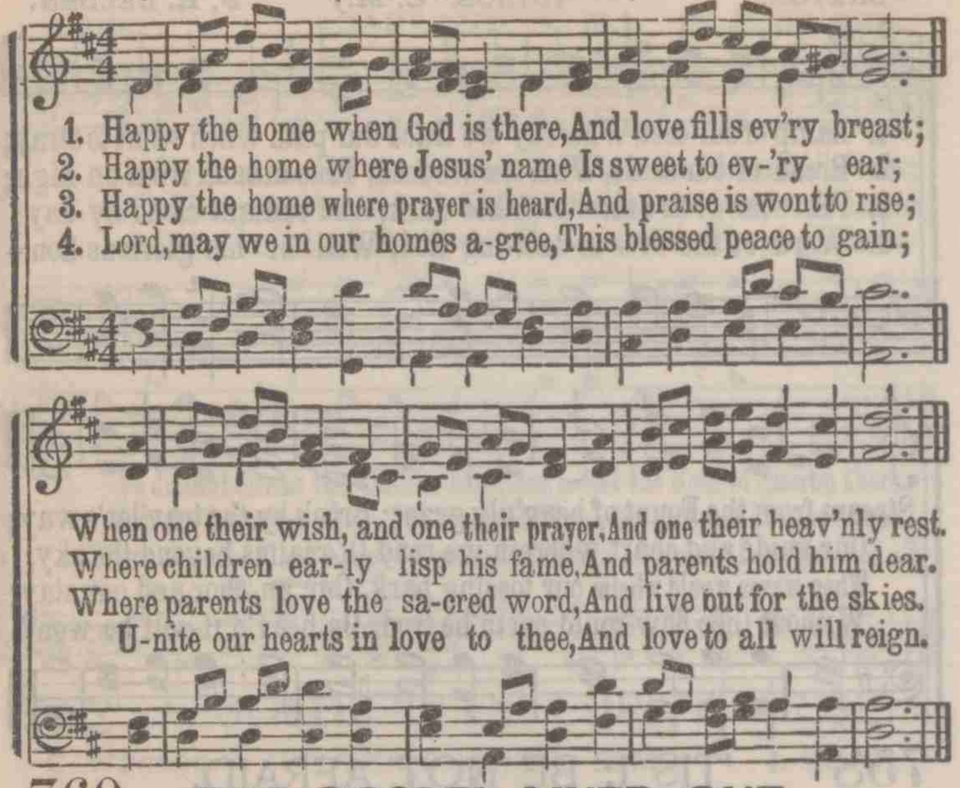
C. ELLIOTT. (NOTTING HILL. C. M.) C. H. PURDY.

1. When waves of trouble round me swell, My soul is not dismayed;
2. When black the threat'ning skies appear, And storms my path invade,
3. There is a gulf that must be crossed; Saviour, be near to aid!

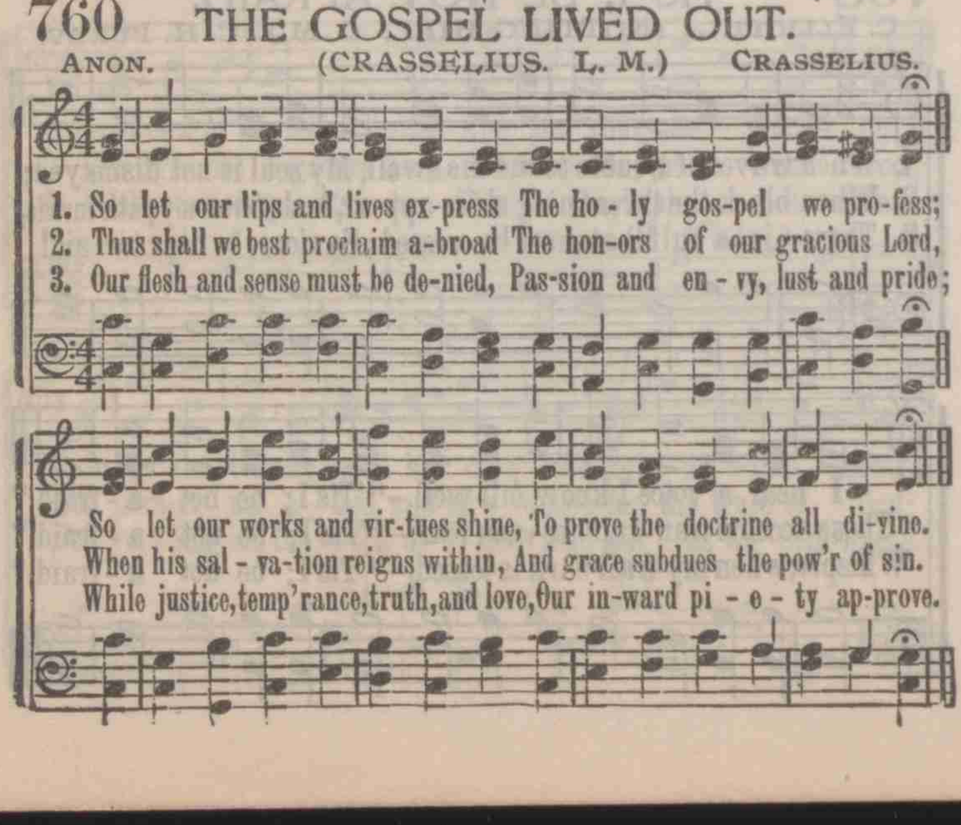
I hear a voice I know full well,—"'Tis I; be not a - fraid."
Those accents tran-quil-ize each fear,—"'Tis I; be not a - fraid."
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,—"'Tis I; be not a - fraid."

759 HAPPY THE HOME.

ANON. (WARWICK. C. M.) S. STANLEY.



1. Happy the home when God is there, And love fills ev'ry breast;
2. Happy the home where Jesus' name Is sweet to ev-'ry ear;
3. Happy the home where prayer is heard, And praise is wont to rise;
4. Lord, may we in our homes a-gree, This blessed peace to gain;



When one their wish, and one their prayer, And one their heav'nly rest.
Where children ear-ly lisp his fame, And parents hold him dear.
Where parents love the sa-cred word, And live out for the skies.
U-nite our hearts in love to thee, And love to all will reign.

760 THE GOSPEL LIVED OUT.

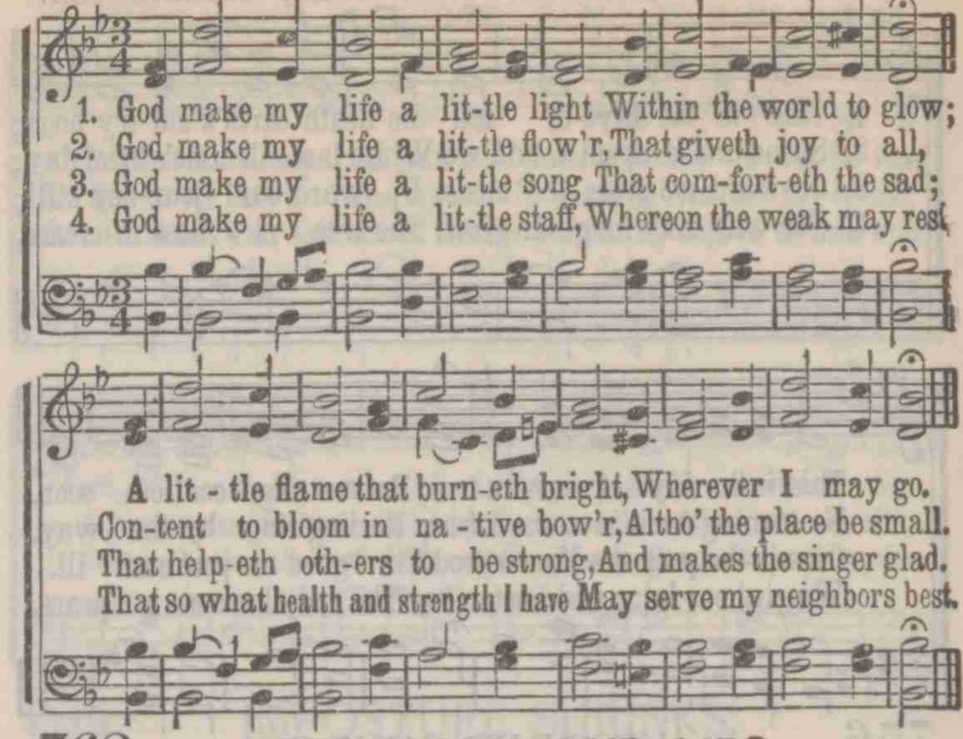
ANON. (CRASSELIUS. L. M.) CRASSELIUS.

1. So let our lips and lives ex-press The ho - ly gos-pel we pro-fess;
2. Thus shall we best proclaim a-broad The hon-ors of our gracious Lord,
3. Our flesh and sense must be de-nied, Pas-sion and en - vy, lust and pride;

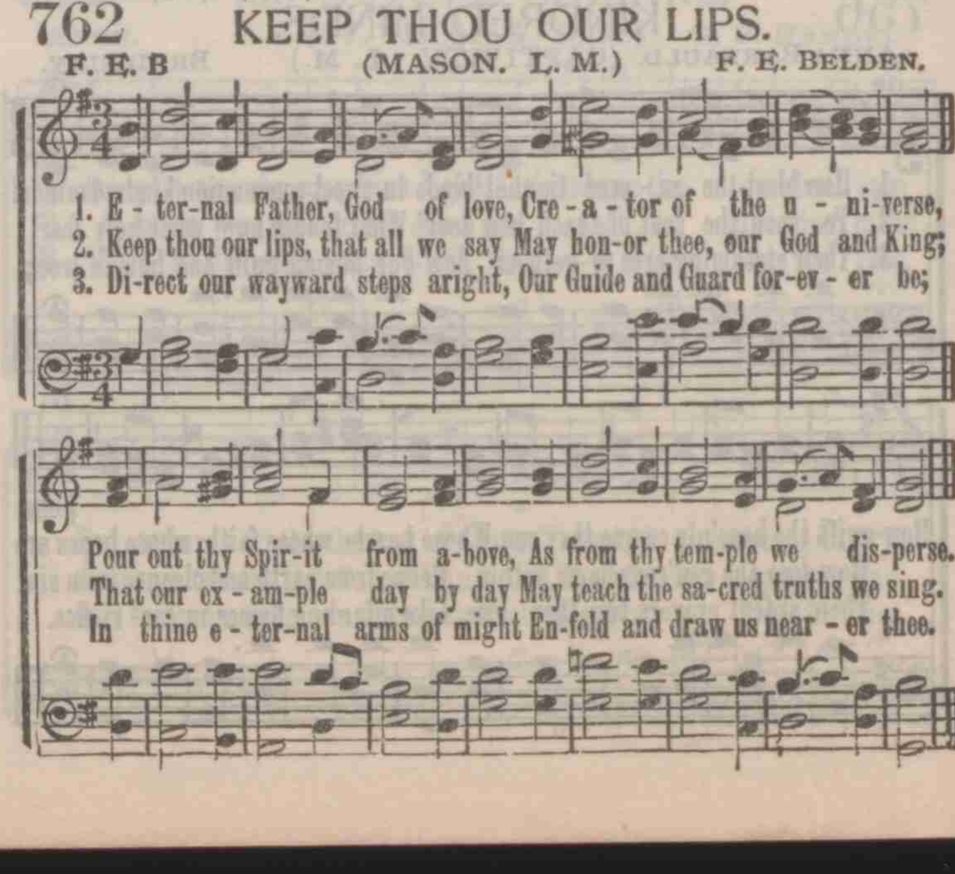
So let our works and vir-tues shine, To prove the doctrine all di-vine.
When his sal - va-tion reigns within, And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love, Our in-ward pi - e - ty ap-prove.

761 A LITTLE LIGHT.

M. B. EDWARDS. (HOLY CROSS. C. M.) MENDELSSOHN.



1. God make my life a lit-tle light Within the world to glow;
2. God make my life a lit-tle flow'r, That giveth joy to all,
3. God make my life a lit-tle song That com-fort-eth the sad;
4. God make my life a lit-tle staff, Whereon the weak may rest,



A lit - tle flame that burn-eth bright, Wherever I may go.
Con-tent to bloom in na - tive bow'r, Altho' the place be small.
That help-eth oth-ers to be strong, And makes the singer glad.
That so what health and strength I have May serve my neighbors best.

762 KEEP THOU OUR LIPS.

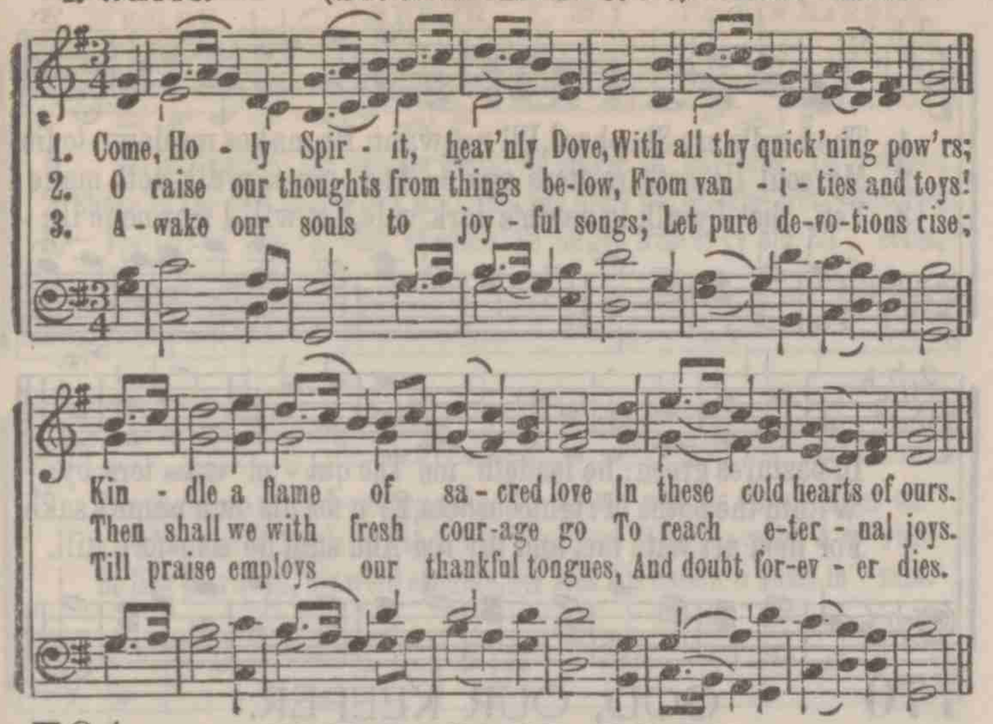
F. E. B (MASON. L. M.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. E - ter-nal Father, God of love, Cre - a - tor of the u - ni-verse,
2. Keep thou our lips, that all we say May hon-or thee, our God and King;
3. Di-rect our wayward steps aright, Our Guide and Guard for-ev - er be;

Pour out thy Spir-it from a-bove, As from thy tem-ple we dis-perse.
That our ex - am-ple day by day May teach the sa-cred truths we sing.
In thine e - ter-nal arms of might En-fold and draw us near - er thee.

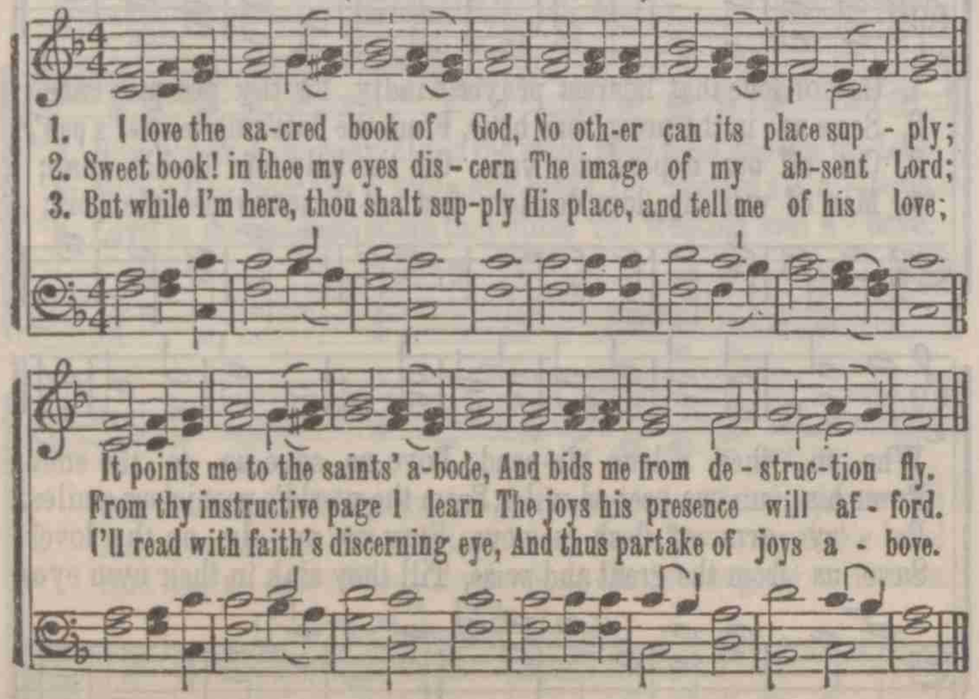
763 HEAVENLY DOVE.

I. WATTS. (ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.) WM. TANSUR.



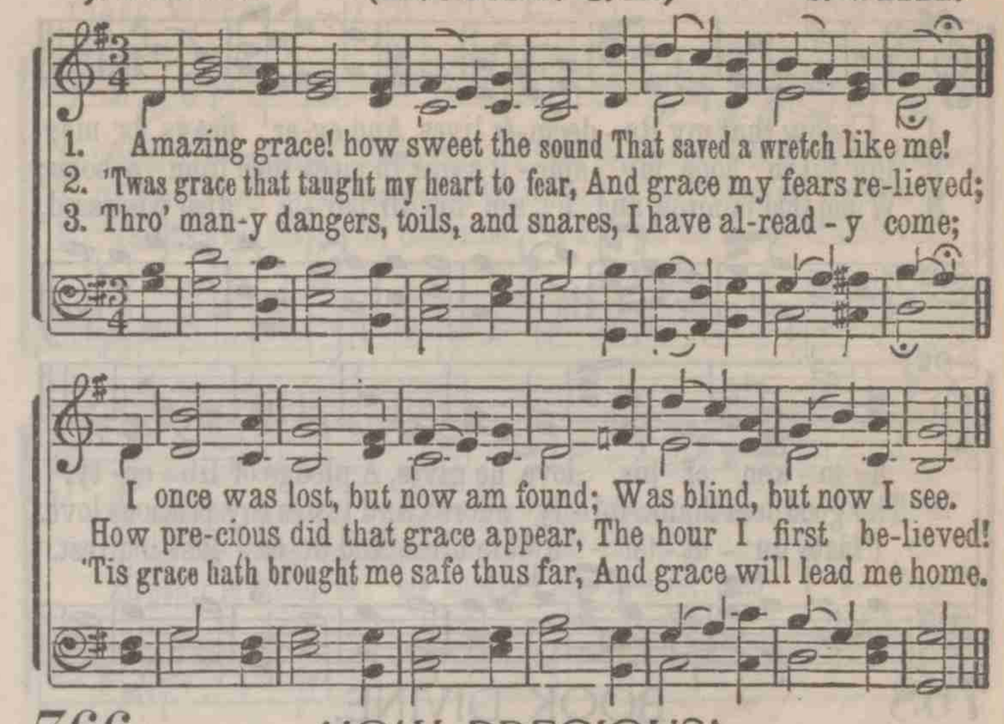
764 THE SACRED BOOK.

T. KELLY. (HAMBURG. L. M.) GREGORIAN.



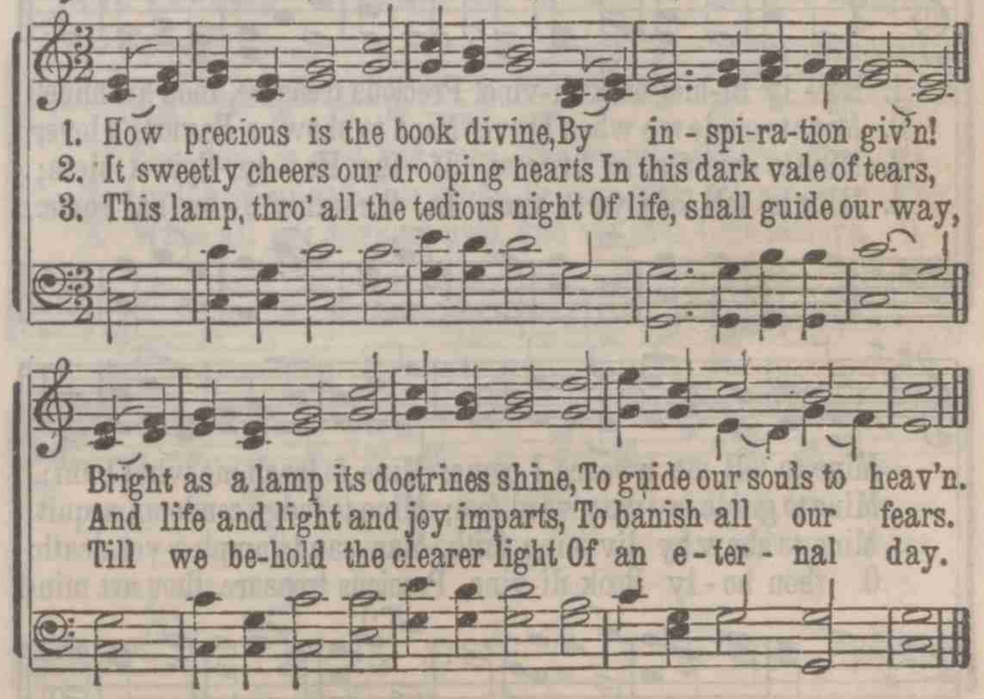
765 AMAZING GRACE.

J. NEWTON. (BELMONT. C. M.) S. WEBBE.



766 HOW PRECIOUS!

J. FAWCETT. (LAUREL HILL. C. M.) UNKNOWN.



767 MY REDEEMER LIVES.

C. WESLEY. (BRADFORD. C. M.) G. F. HANDEL.

1. I know that my Re - deem-er lives, And ev-er prays for me;
2. Joy ful in hope, my spir - it soars To meet thee from a-bove;
3. When God is mine, and I am his, Of par - a - dise possessed,

A to - ken of his love he gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
Thy goodness thank-ful - ly adores, And tastes thy precious love.
I taste un - ut - ter - a - ble bliss, And ev-er - last-ing rest.

768 BOOK DIVINE.

JOHN BURTON. (HORTON. 7s.) WARTENSEE.

1. Ho - ly Bi-ble! book di-vine! Precious treasure, thou art mine!
2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Saviour's love;
3. Mine to com-fort in distress, If the Ho - ly Spir-it bless;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, In the saints' e - ter-nal home:

Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to teach me what I am;
Mine to guide my wayward feet; Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;
Mine to show by liv - ing faith, Man can triumph o ver death;
O thou ho - ly Book di-vine, Precious treasure, thou art mine!

769 MY SHEPHERD.

"ROUS' VERSION." (BELMONT. C. M.) SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie
2. My soul He doth re-store again; And me to walk doth make
3. Yea, tho' I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear none ill;

In pastures green; he leadeth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
Within the paths of righteousness, Ev'n for his own name's sake.
For thou art with me; and thy rod And staff do com-fort still.

770 GOD, OUR KEEPER.

CHARLES WESLEY. (ROOT. 7s.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. God of love that hearest prayer, Kindly for thy peo-ple care,
2. Save us in the prosp'rous hour, From the flatt'ring tempter's pow'r,
3. Cut off our dependence vain On the help of fee-ble man;
4. Men of worldly, low de-sign, Let not these thy peo-ple join;

Who on thee a lone de-pend; Love us, save us to the end.
From his un-sus-pect-ed wiles, From the world's pernicious smiles.
Ev - 'ry arm of flesh re-move; Stay us on - ly on thy love!
Save us from the great and wise, Till they sink in their own eyes.

771 ZION, AWAKE!

C. WESLEY. (HEBER. L. M.) EDWIN BARNES.

1. Zi-on, awake! thy slumber break; No longer in thy sins lie down;
2. Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,And hides the promise from thine eyes;
3. Ves-sels of mer-cy, sons of grace, Be purged from ev'ry sin-ful stain;

His garment of sal-va-tion take, His beauty and His strength put on.
A-rise, and struggle in- to light; Thy great Deliv'rer calls, A - rise!
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

772 LOVE'S GOLDEN CHAIN.

JOSEPH SWAIN. (GOLDEN. C. M.) UNKNOWN.

1. How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,When those who love the Lord
2. When,free from envy, scorn,and pride, Our wishes all a - bove,
3. Love is the gold-en chain that binds The trusting soul a - bove;

In one an-oth-er's peace de - light, And thus ful-fill his word!
Each can his brother's failings hide, And show a brother's love!
And he's an heir of heav'n who finds His bosom glow with love.

773 PREACH MY GOSPEL.

ISAAC WATTS. (TRURO. L. M.) CHARLES BURNEY.

1. "Go,preach my gospel," saith the Lord;"Bid the whole world my grace receive;
2. "I'll make your great commission known,And ye shall prove my gospel true
3. "Teach all the nations my commands; I'm with you till the world shall end;

He shall be saved who trusts my word, And they condemned who disbelieve.
By all the works that I have done, By all the won-ders ye shall do.
All pow'r is vested in my hands; I can de-stroy, and I de - fend."

774 THE DAY IS PAST.

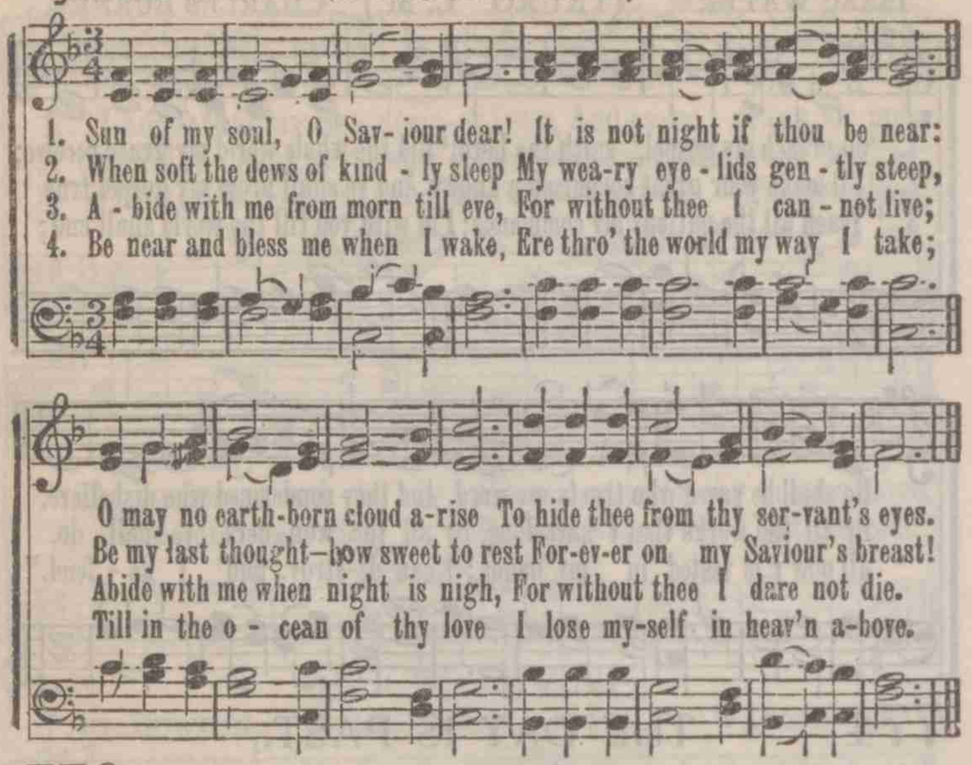
JOHN LELAND. (VESPER. S. M.) A. CHAPIN.

1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; O,
2. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se-cure from all our fears; May
3. When all our days are past, And we from time remove, O,

may we all re-mem-ber well The night of death draws near.
an-gels guard us while we sleep, Till morning light ap - pears.
may we in thy bos-om rest–The bos-om of thy love.

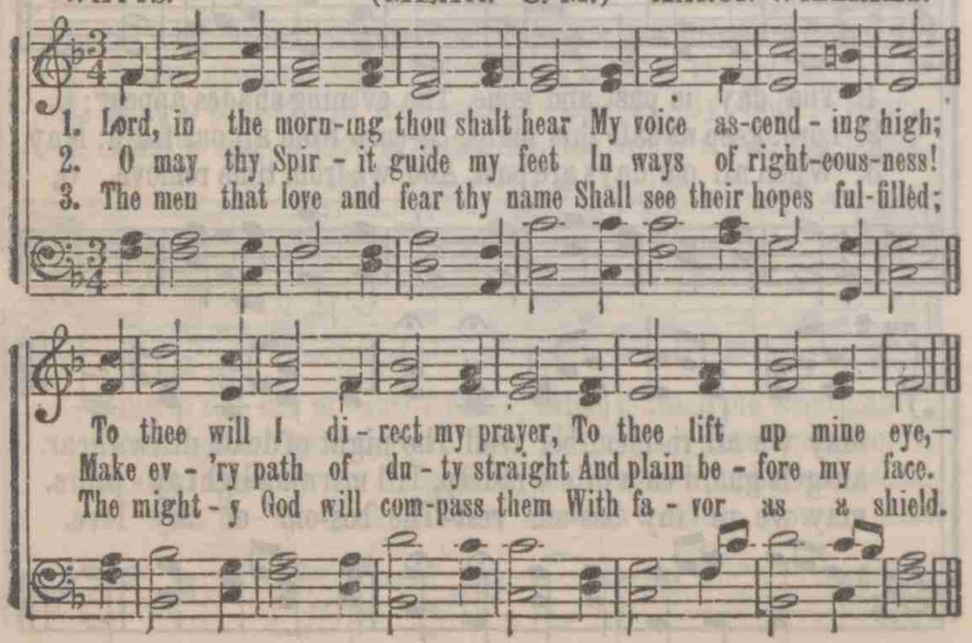
775 SUN OF MY SOUL.

JOHN KEBLE. (HURSLEY. L. M.) PETER RITTER.



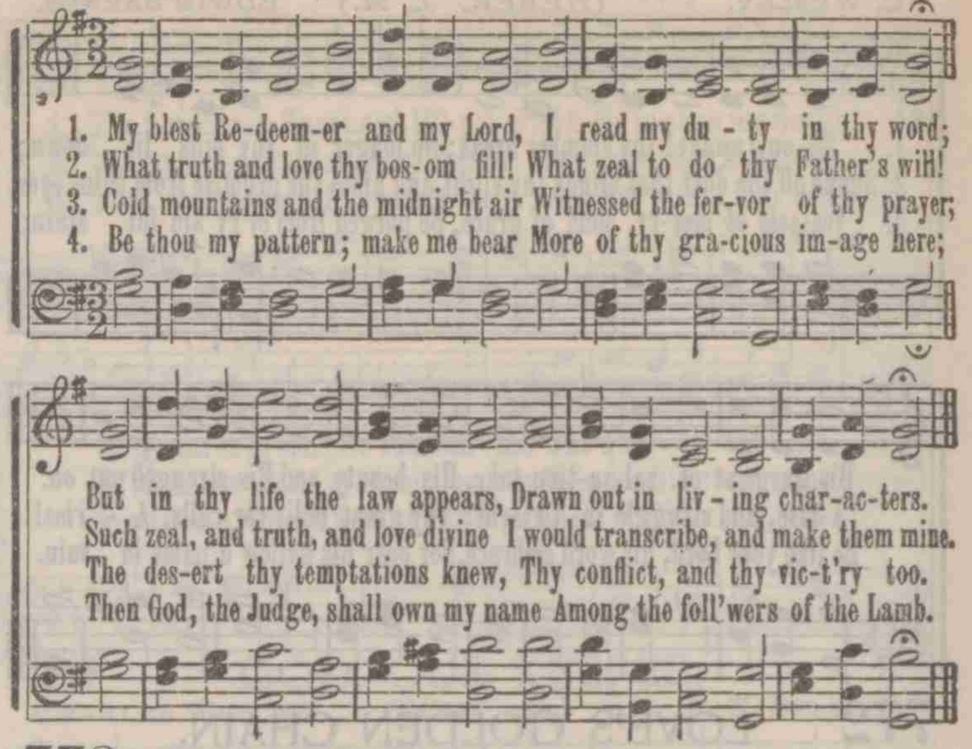
776 IN THE MORNING.

WATTS. (MEAR. C. M.) AARON WILLIAMS.



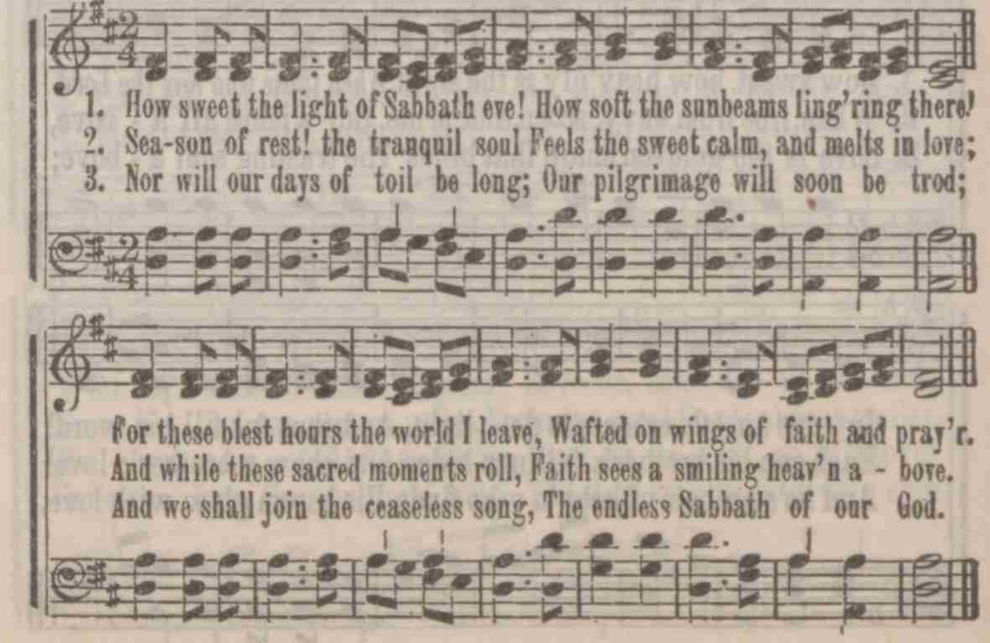
777 THE LIVING LAW.

WATTS. (ROCKINGHAM. L. M.) L. MASON.



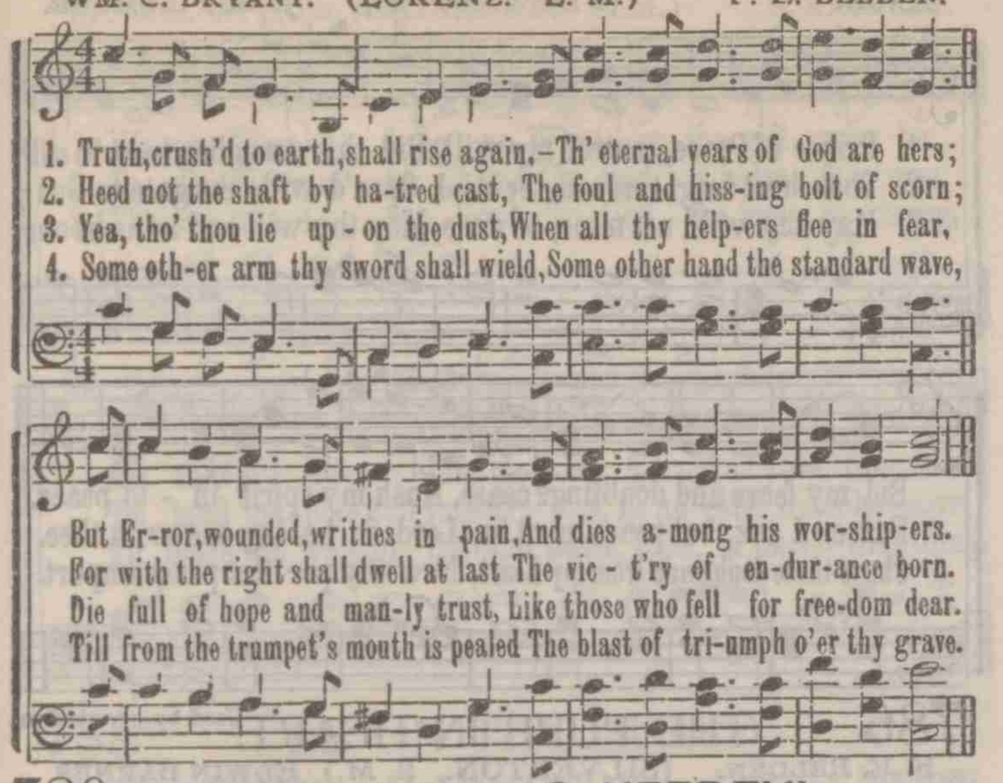
778 SABBATH EVE.

J. EDMESTON. (MALVERN. L. M.) L. MASON.



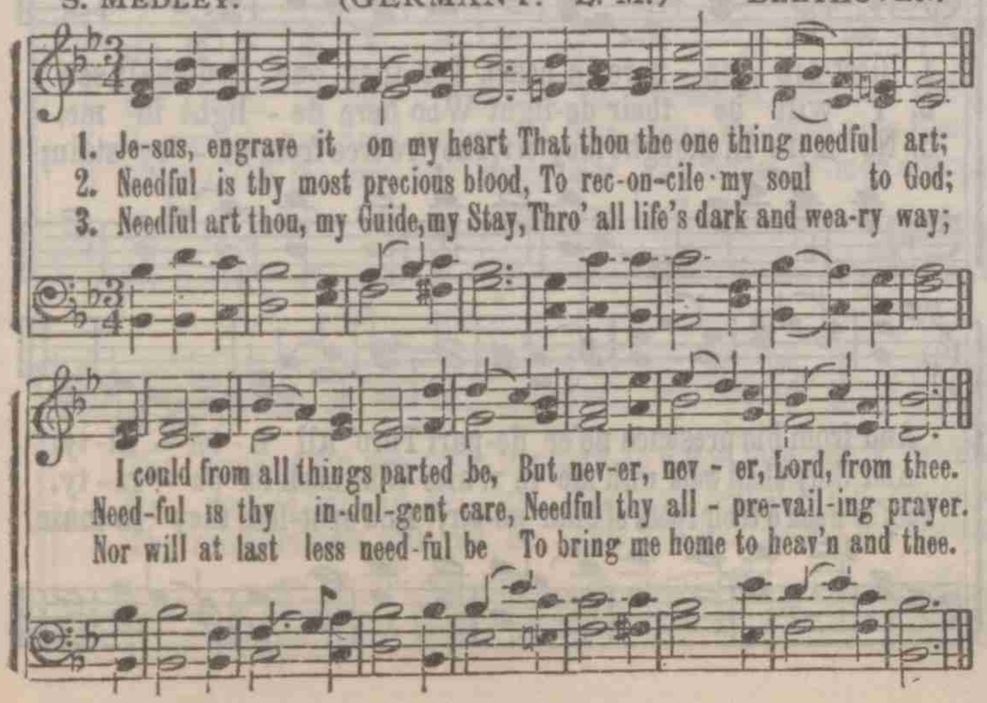
779 TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH.

WM. C. BRYANT. (LORENZ. L. M.) F. E. BELDEN.



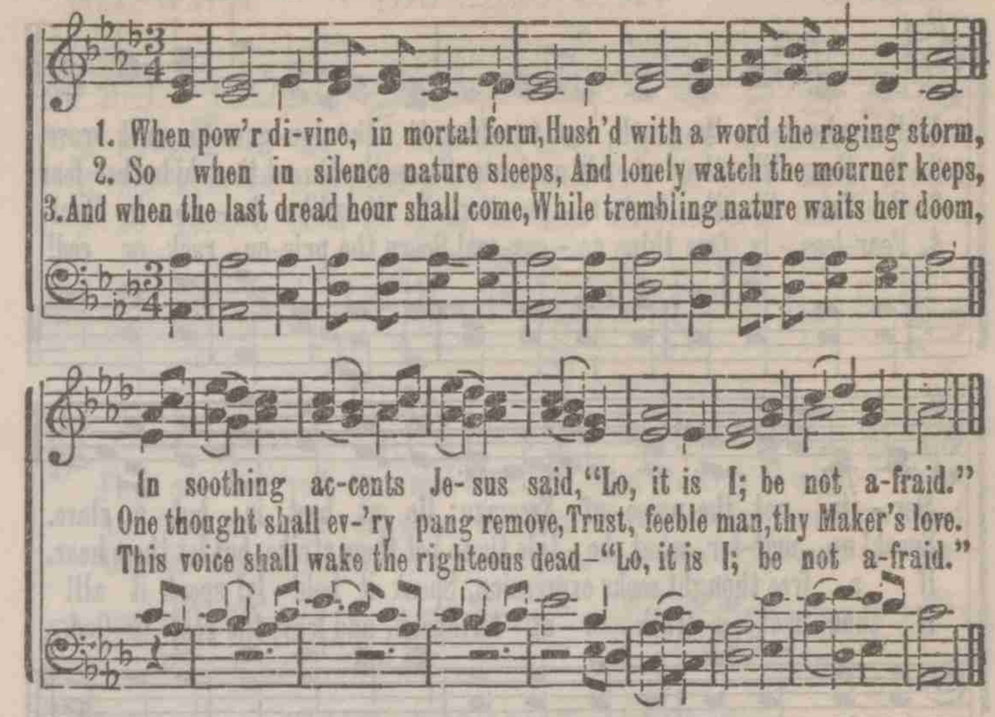
780 THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

S. MEDLEY. (GERMANY. L. M.) BEETHOVEN.



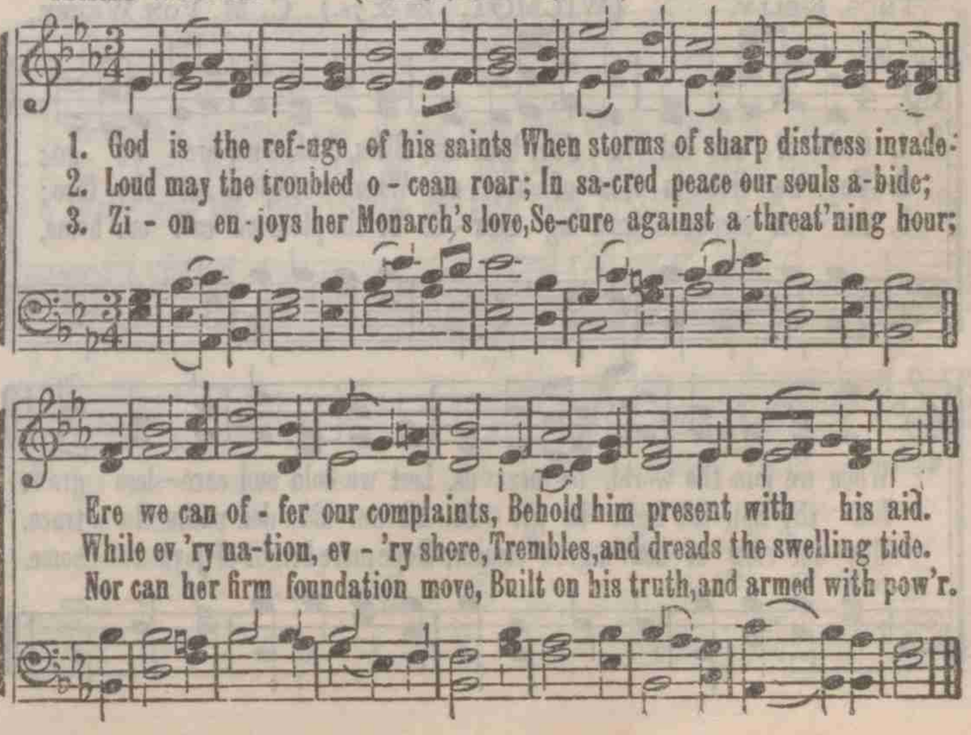
781 BE NOT AFRAID.

SIR. F. E. SMITH. (MELITA. L. M.) I. B. WOODBURY.



782 GOD, OUR REFUGE.

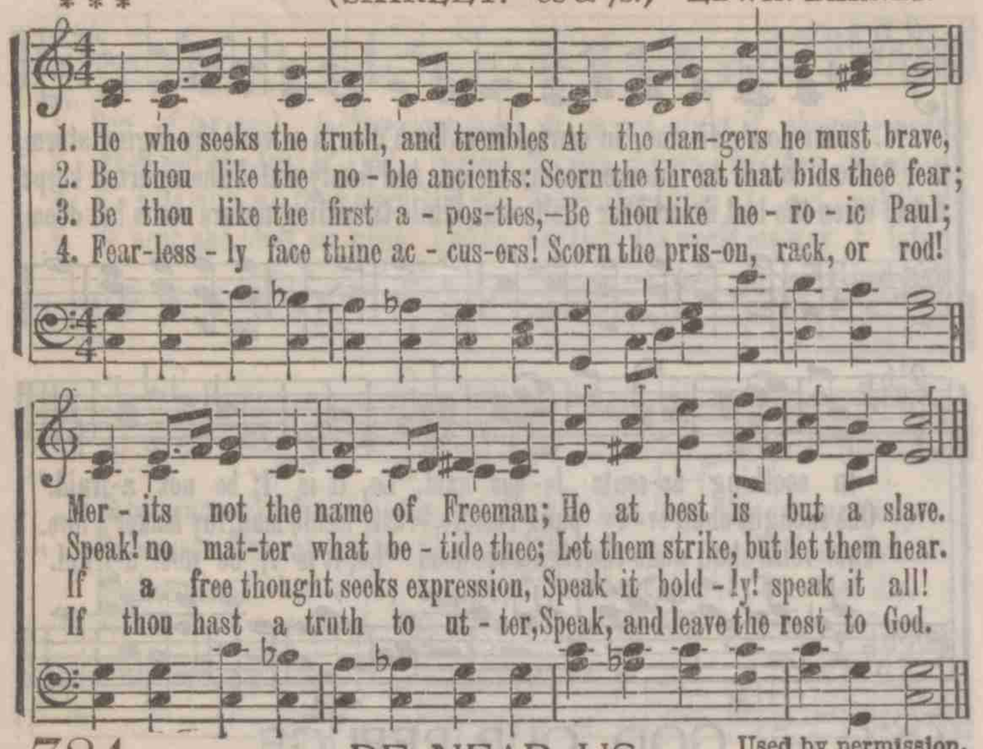
ISAAC WATTS. (MILLER. L. M.) CARL P. E. BACH.



783 LEAVE THE REST TO GOD.

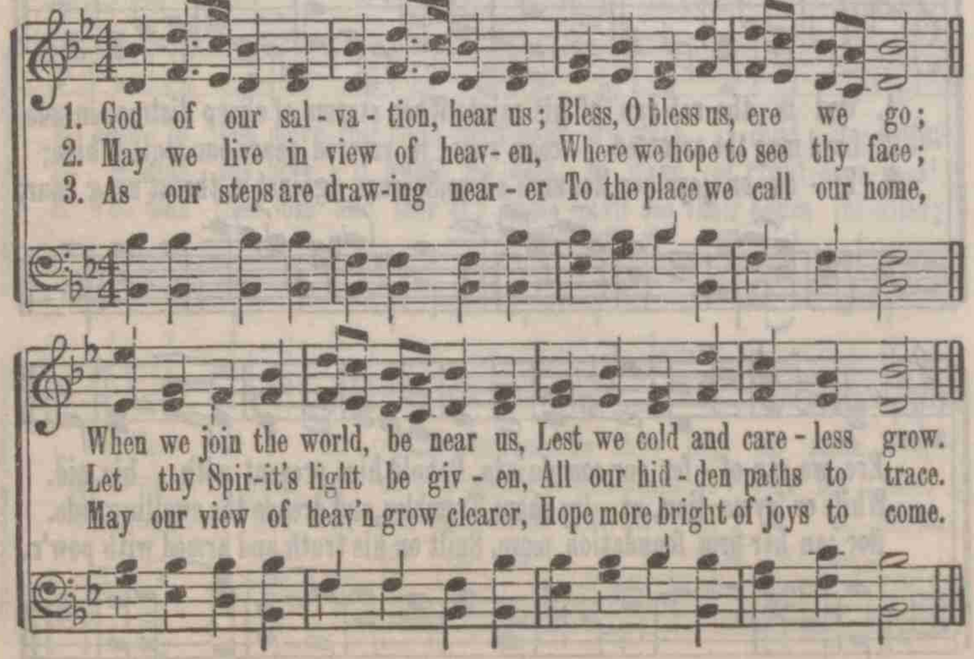
* * *

(SHIRLEY. 8s & 7s.) EDWIN BARNES.



784 BE NEAR US.

THOS. KELLY. (WILMOT. 8s & 7s.) C. M. VON WEBER.



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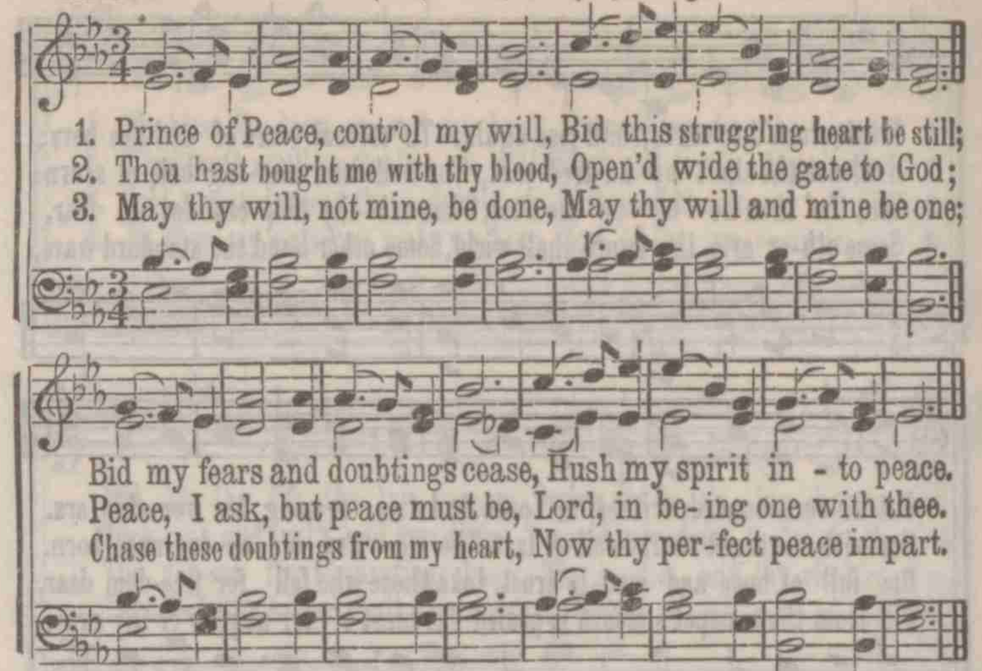
785 CONTROL MY WILL.

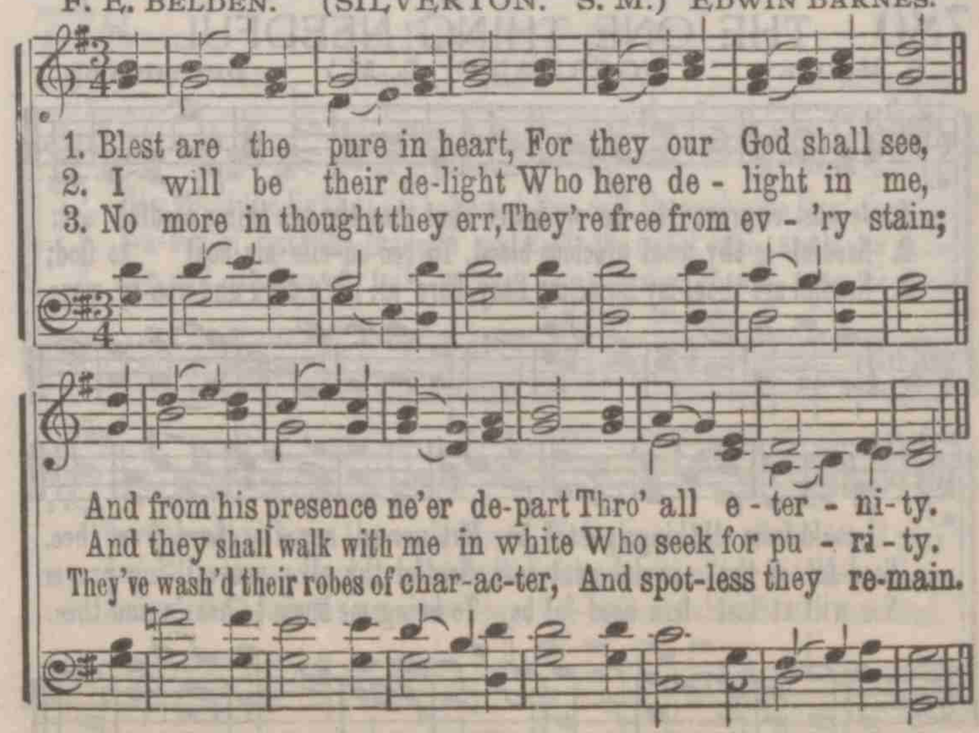
ANON. (FLOWER. 7s.) J. H. FILLMORE.



786 THE PURE IN HEART.

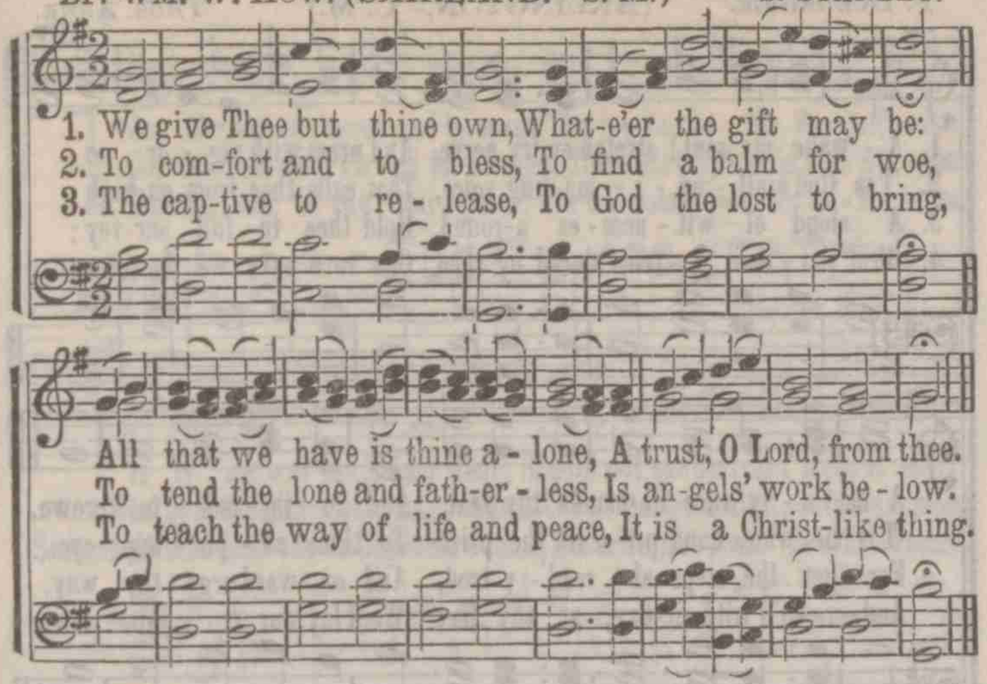
Used by permission.

F. E. BELDEN. (SILVERTON. S. M.) EDWIN BARNES.



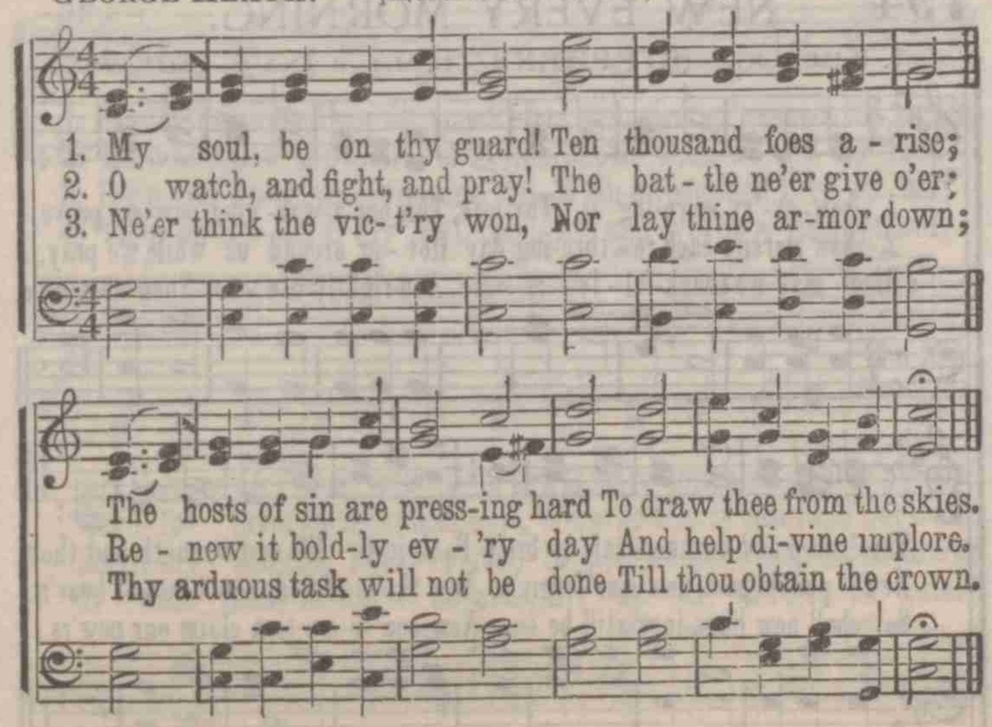
787 THINE OWN.

Bp. Wm. W. How. (SHIRLAND. S. M.) S. Stanley.



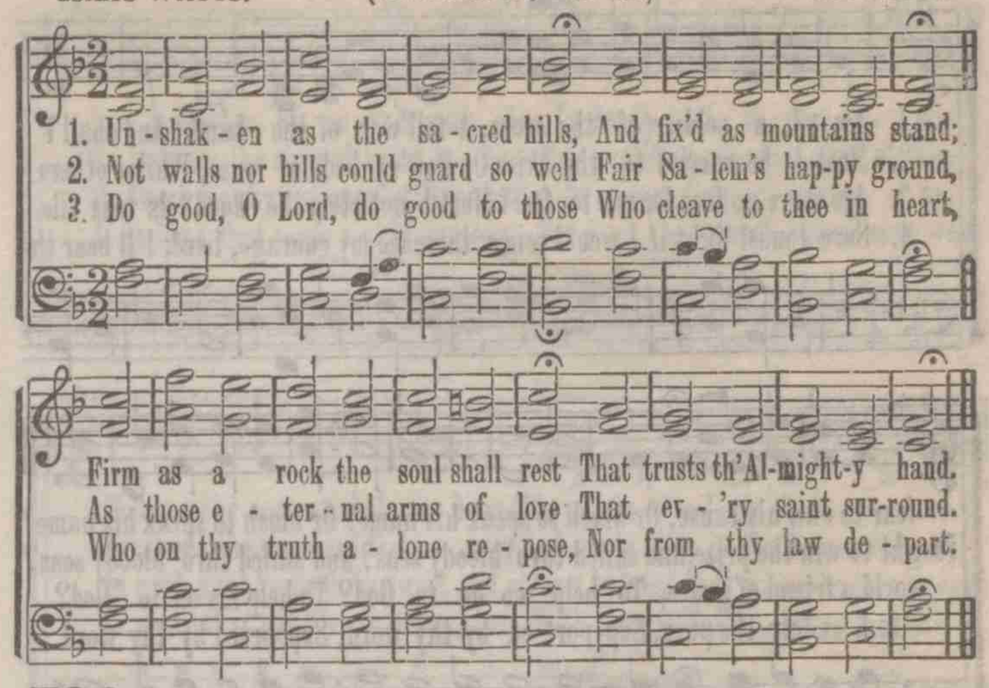
788 BE ON THY GUARD.

George Heath. (LABAN. S. M.) Lowell Mason.



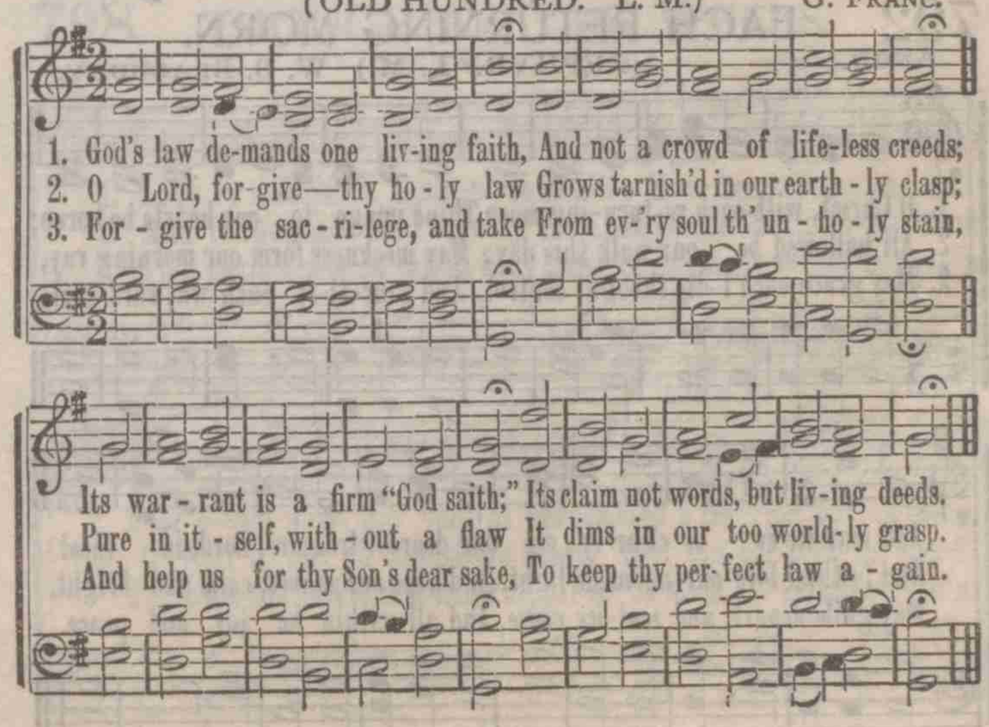
789 FIRM AS A ROCK.

Isaac Watts. (DUNDEE. C. M.) G. Franc.



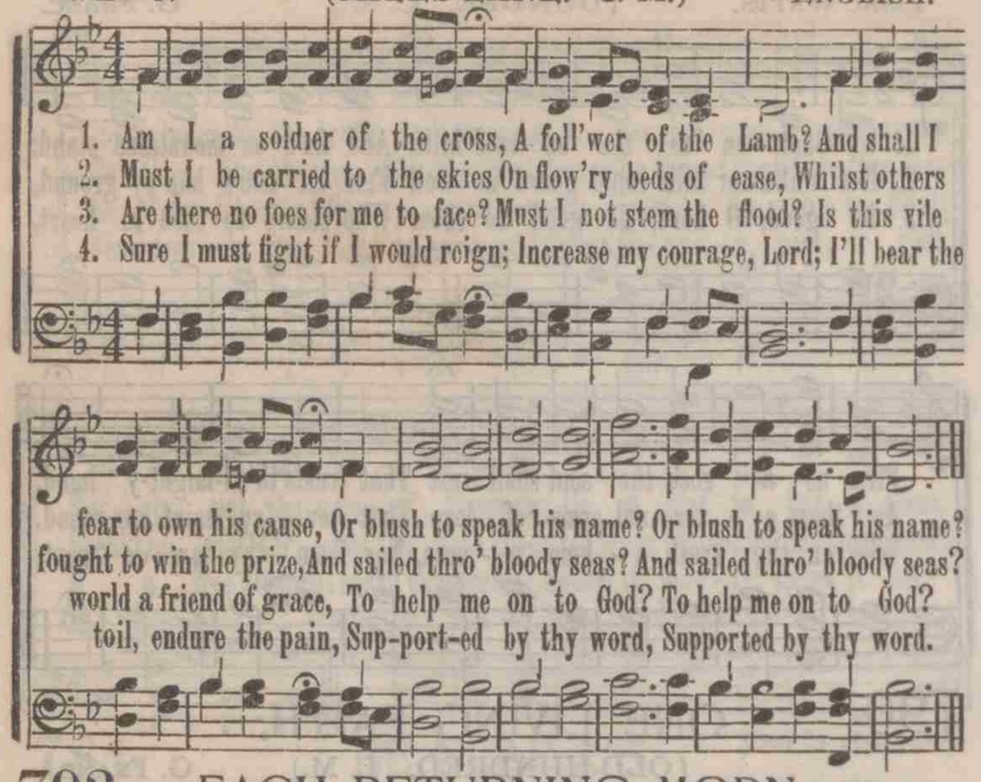
790 ONE LIVING FAITH,

(OLD HUNDRED. L. M.) G. Franc.



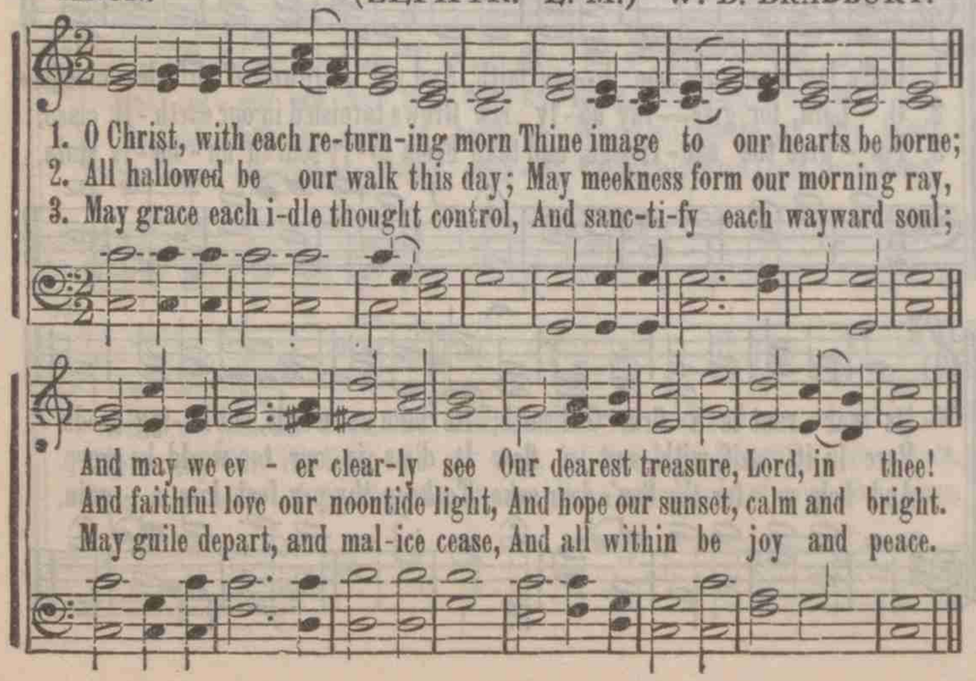
791 A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

WATTS. (MILES LANE. C. M.) ENGLISH.



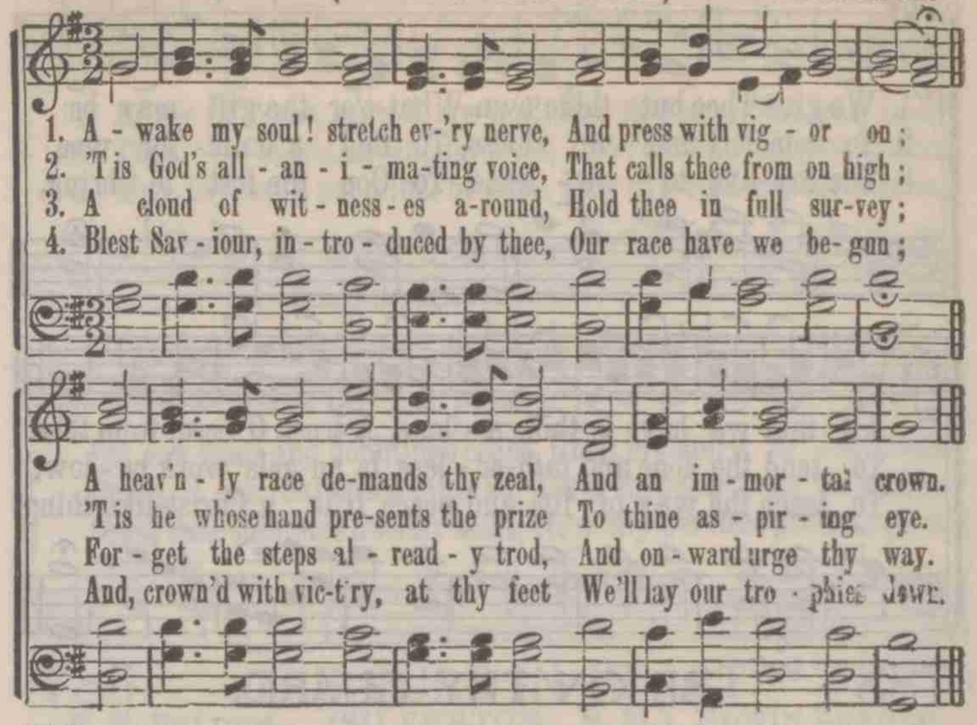
792 EACH RETURNING MORN.

ANON. (ZEPHYR. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.



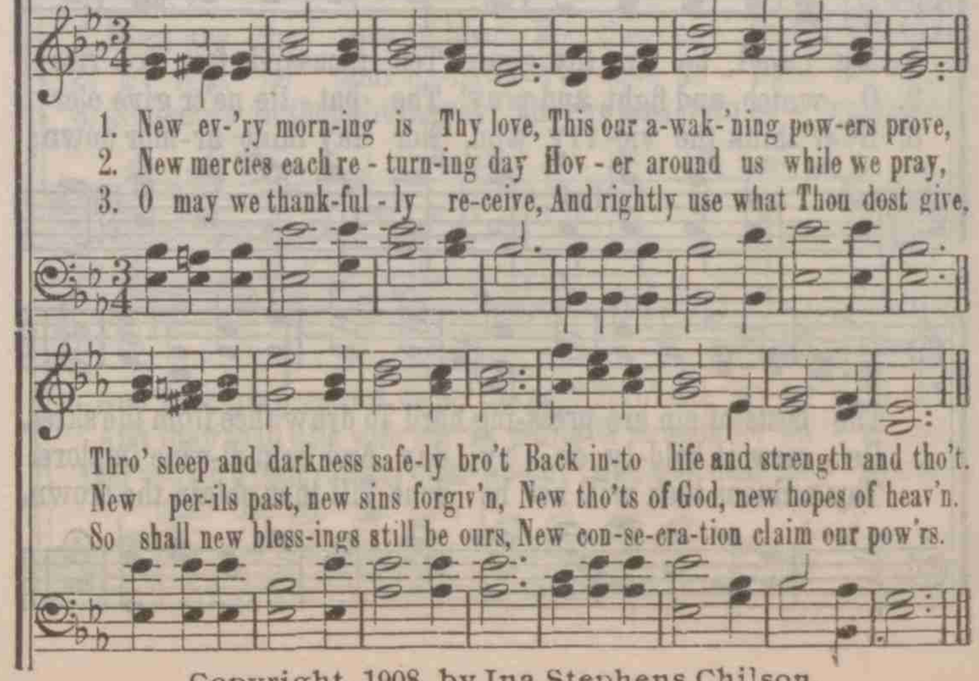
793 STRETCH EVERY NERVE.

P. DODDRIDGE. (ARLINGTON. C. M.) THOS. ARNE.



794 NEW EVERY MORNING.

J. KEEBLE. (STEPHENS L. M.) INA S. CHILSON.



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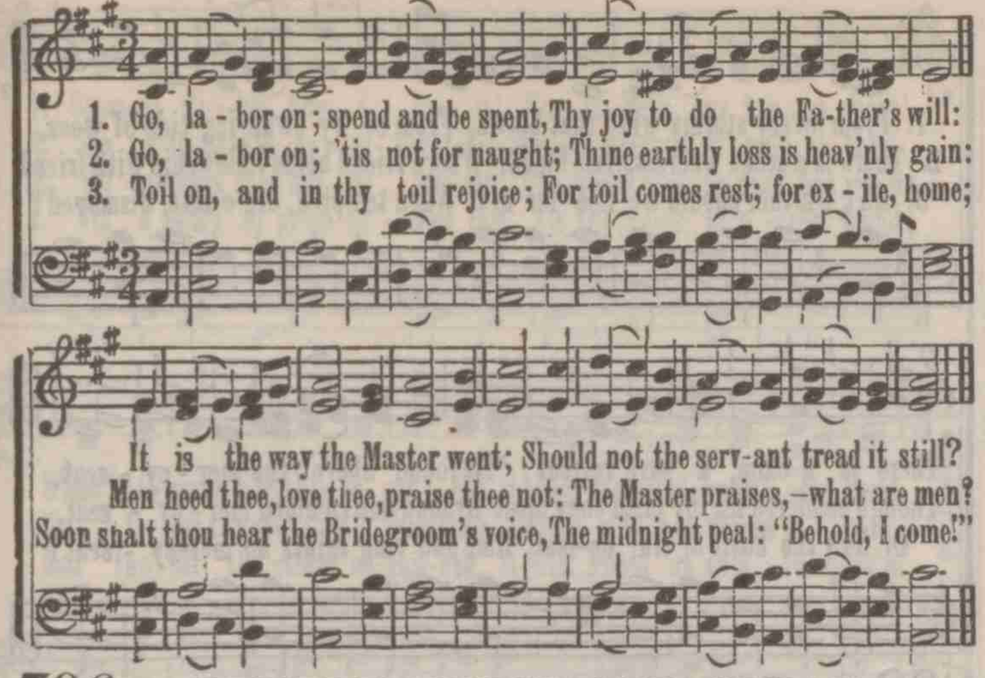
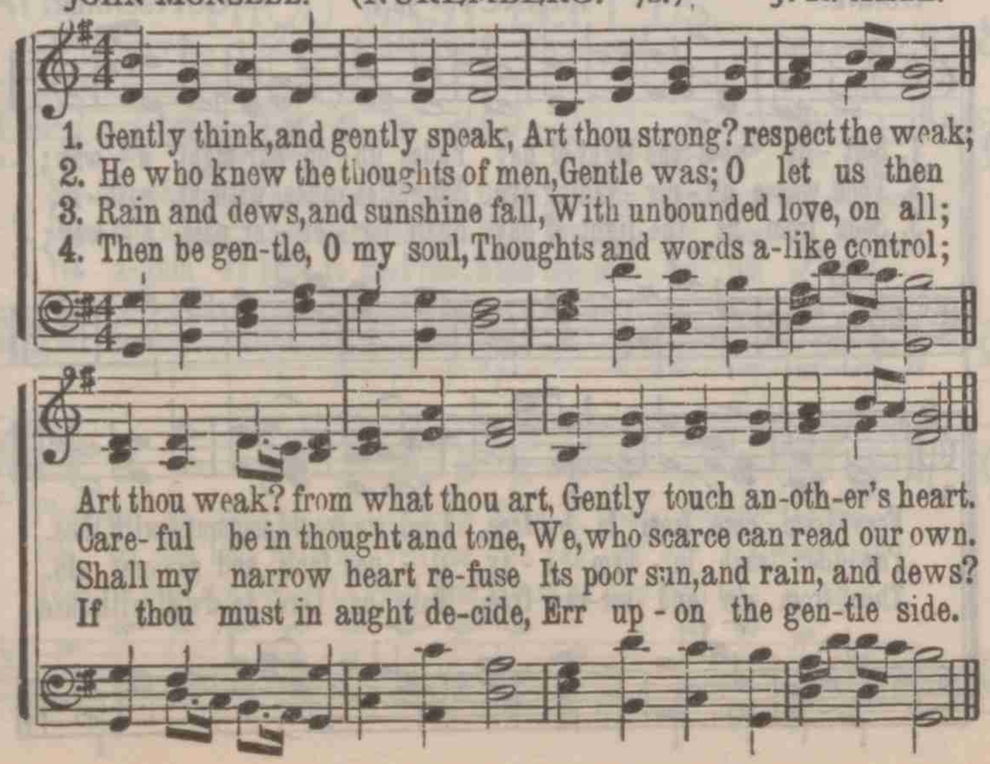
795 SPEND AND BE SPENT.

H. BONAR. (ALL SAINTS. L. M.) WILLIAM KNAPP.



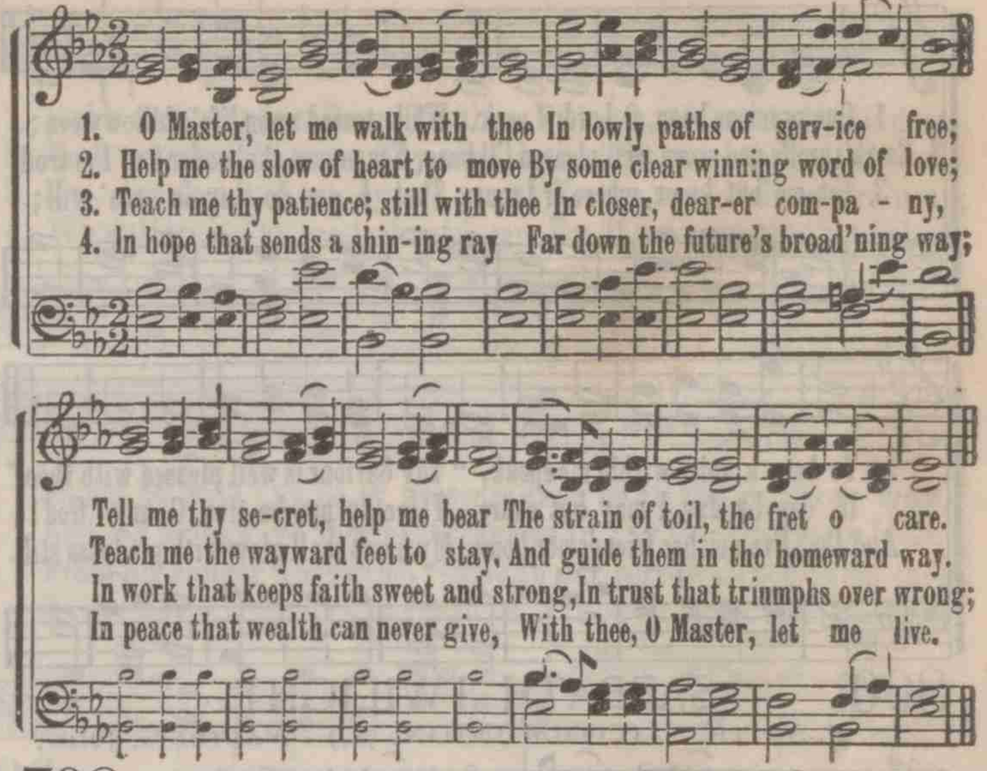
796 GENTLY THINK AND SPEAK.

JOHN MONSELL. (NUREMBERG. 7s.) J. R. AHLE.



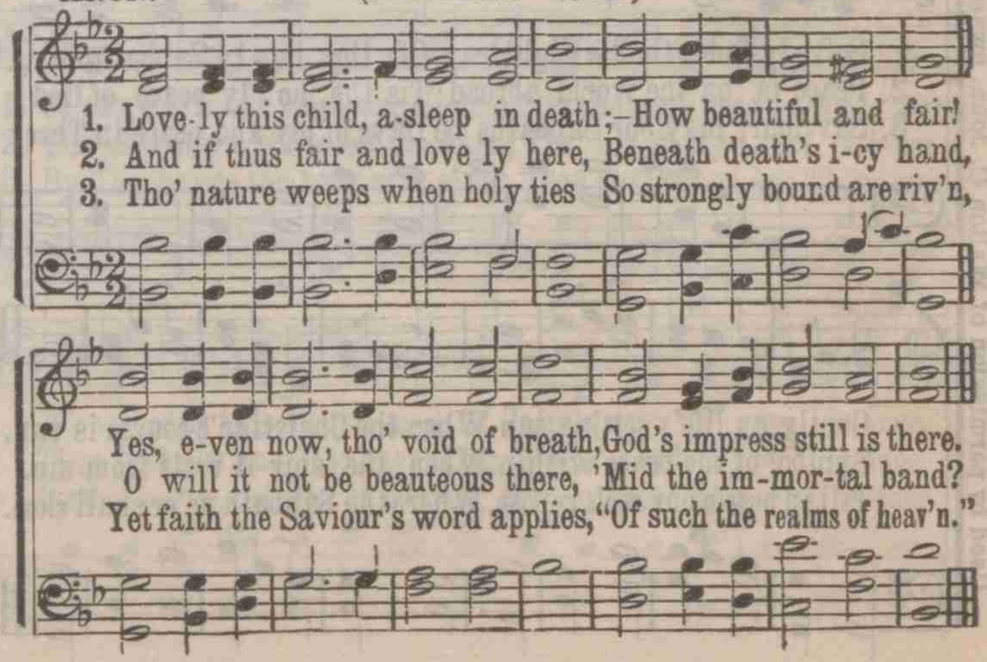
797 IN LOWLY PATHS.

REV. W. GLADDEN. (BERA. L. M.) JOHN E. GOULD.



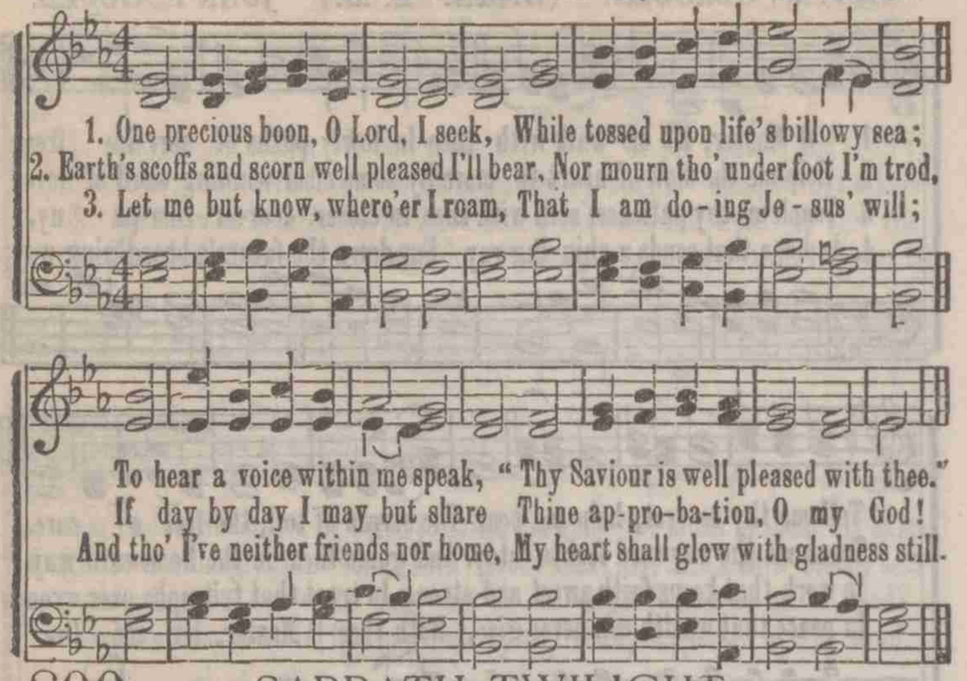
798 THOUGH NATURE WEEPS

ANON. (PATMOS. C. M.) GREGORIAN.



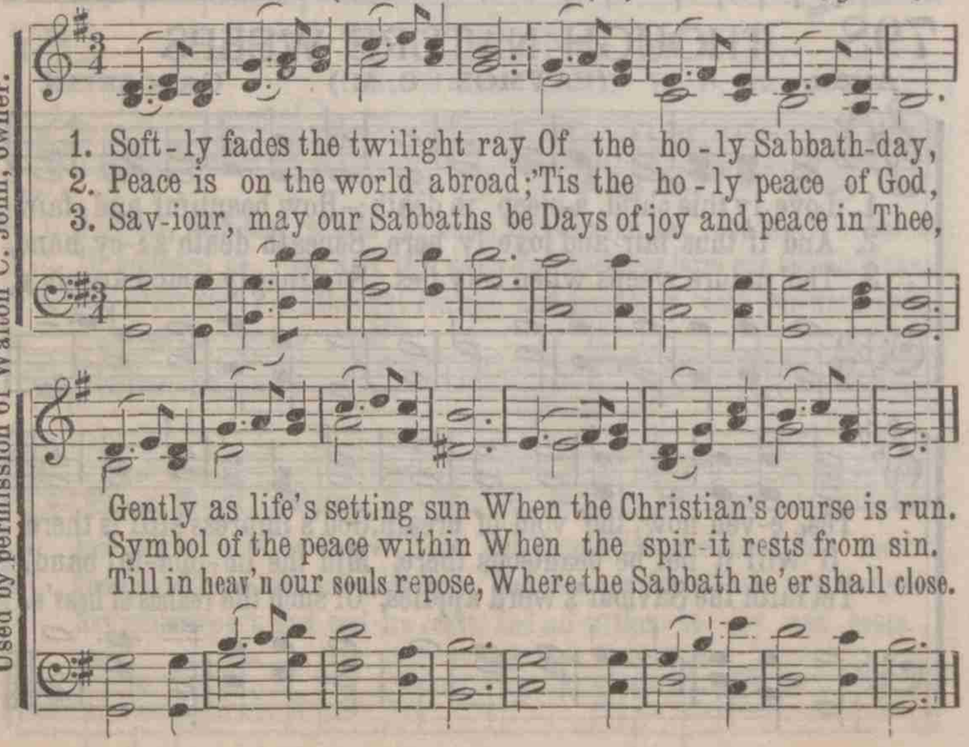
799 THINE APPROBATION

FITCH. (UXBRIDGE. L. M.) L. MASON.



800 SABBATH TWILIGHT.

S. F. SMITH. (COMMUNION. 7S.) WALTON C. JOHN.



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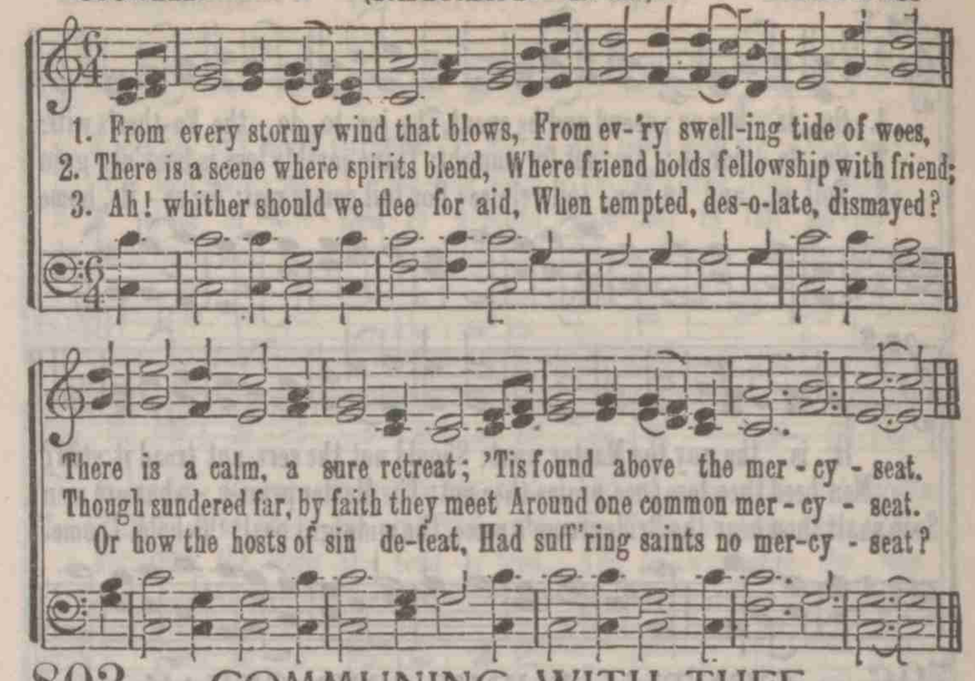
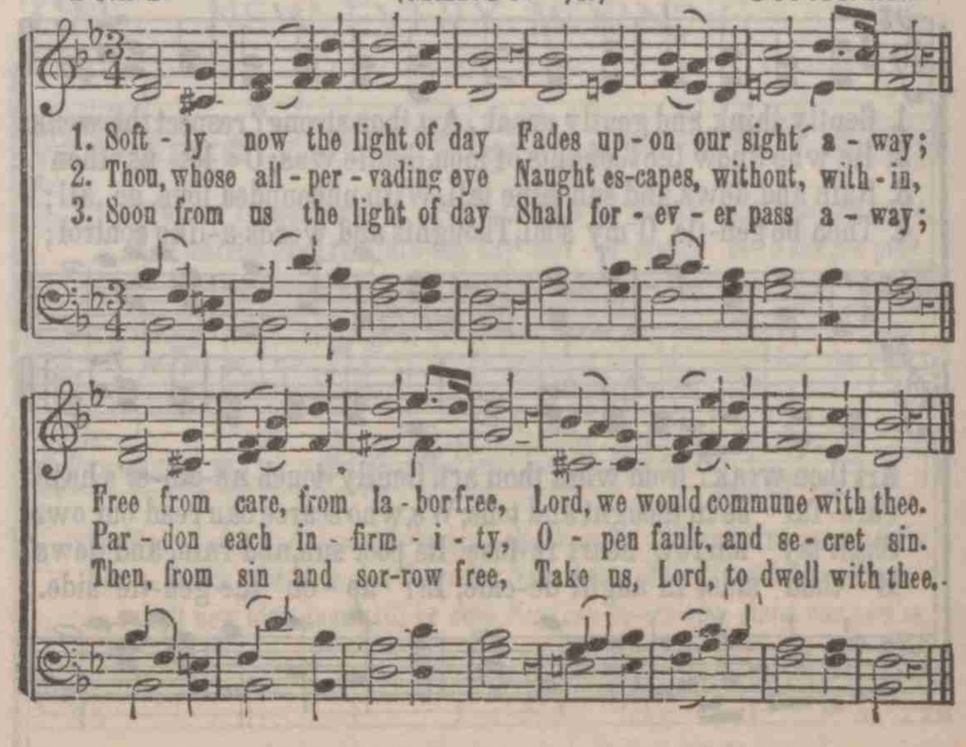
801 THE MERCY SEAT.

STOWELL. (RETREAT. L. M.) HASTINGS.



802 COMMUNING WITH THEE.

DOANE. (MERCY. 7S.) GOTTSCHALK.



803 BLESSED BIBLE.

ANON. (GRANNIS. 8s & 7s.) W. O. PERKINS.

1. Bless-ed Bi - ble, how I love it! How it doth my bos-om cheer!
2. 'Tis a fount-ain ev - er bursting, Whence the wea ry may ob-tain
3. 'Tis a chart that nev - er fail-eth, One which God to man has giv'n;
4. 'Tis a pearl of price ex - ceed ing All the gems in o -cean found;

What hath earth like this to cov - et? O, what stores of wealth are here!
Wa - ter for the soul that's thirsting, That it may not thirst a - gain.
And tho' oft the storm as-sail-eth, It will guide us safe to heav'n.
All its sa - cred precepts heed-ing, So shall we in grace a - bound.

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804 THOU HAST LEFT US.

S. F. SMITH. (MT. VERNON. 8s & 7s.) L. MASON.

1. Sis-ter, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gen - tle as the sum-mer breeze;
2. Dear-est sis-ter, thou hast left us! Here thy loss we deep- ly feel;
3. Yet a-gain we hope to meet thee, When this mor - tal life is fled;

Pleas-ant as the air of evening When it floats a-mong the trees.
But 'tis God that hath be - reft us, He can all our sor-rows heal.
Then, in heav'n, with joy to greet thee, Where no fare-well tear is shed.

805 GUIDE AND GUARD US.

F. E. B. (PALMER. 8s. 7s.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. Guide and guard us, O our Fa-ther, Till an-oth - er Sabbath-day;
2. Now we thank Thee for Thy blessing On this sa cred day of rest,
3. Ev - 'ry day and ev-'ry mo-ment We are safe if Thou art near;
4. We will trust Thy constant watch-care, For Thou knowest what is best;

Shield us with Thy ho-ly presence, Lead us in the righteous way.
And for truths which Thou hast shown us In Thy word divinely blest.
From all danger Thou canst rescue, In our sorrows Thou canst cheer.
O, for - ev - er guide and guard us, Till we reach our fi-nal rest!

806 THY WILL BE DONE.

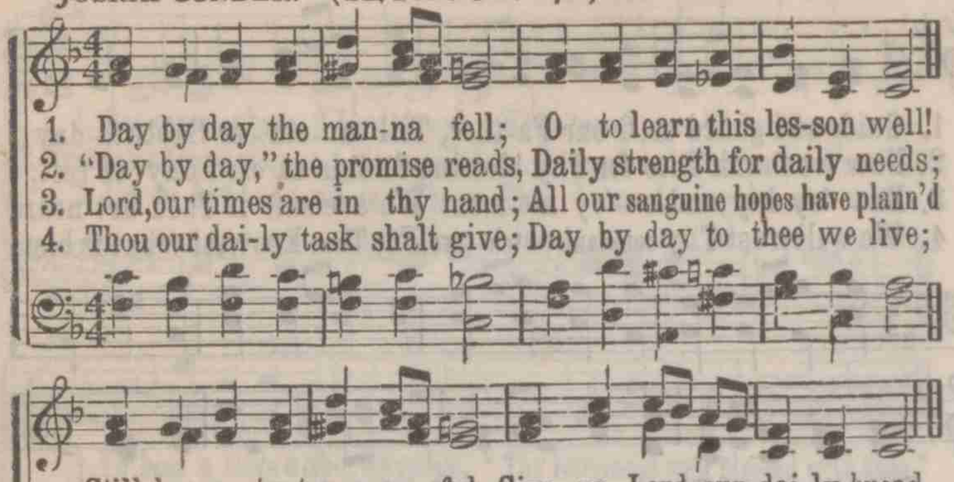
T. HASTINGS. (FERN DELL. 8s. 7s.) I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Je-sus, while our hearts are bleeding, O'er the spoils that death has won,
2. Tho' cast down, we're not forsaken; Tho' af - flict-ed, not a-lone;
3. By Thy hands the boon was given, Thou hast taken but Thine own;

We would at this solemn meeting, Calmly say, "Thy will be done."
Thou didst give, and Thou hast taken; Blessed Lord, Thy will be done.
Lord of earth, and God of heaven, Ev - er-more Thy will be done.

807 DAY BY DAY.

JOSIAH CONDER. (SEYMOUR. 7s.) C. M. VON WEBER.

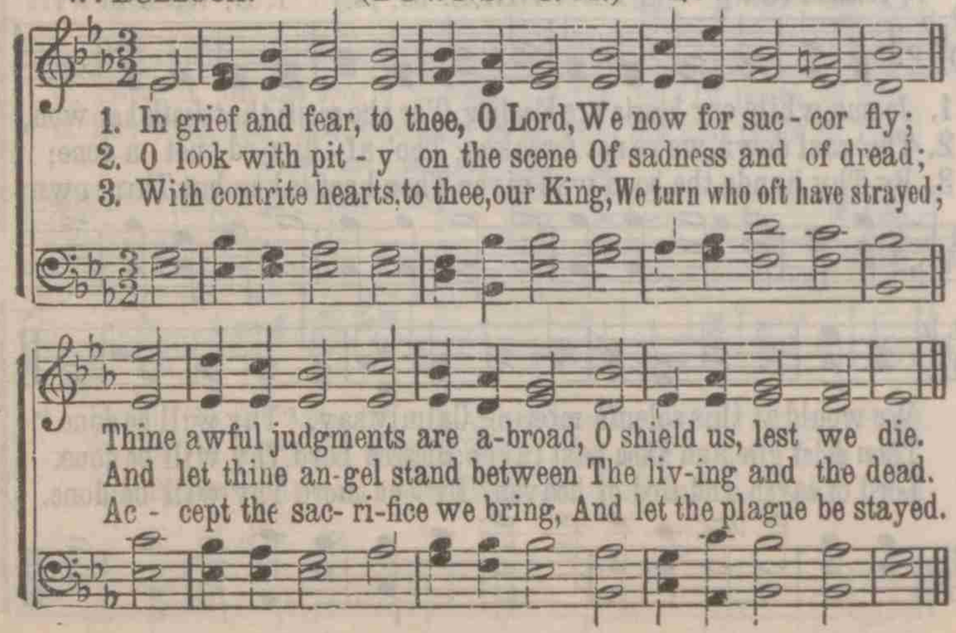


1. Day by day the man-na fell; O to learn this les-son well!
2. "Day by day," the promise reads, Daily strength for daily needs;
3. Lord, our times are in thy hand; All our sanguine hopes have plann'd
4. Thou our dai-ly task shalt give; Day by day to thee we live;

Still by constant mer-cy fed, Give us, Lord, our dai-ly bread.
Cast fore-bod-ing fears a-way, Take the man-na of to-day.
To thy wisdom we re-sign, And would mold our wills to thine.
So shall added years ful-fil Not our own, our Father's will.

808 THY JUDGMENTS ABROAD.

W. BULLOCK. (DOWNS. C. M.) LOWELL MASON.

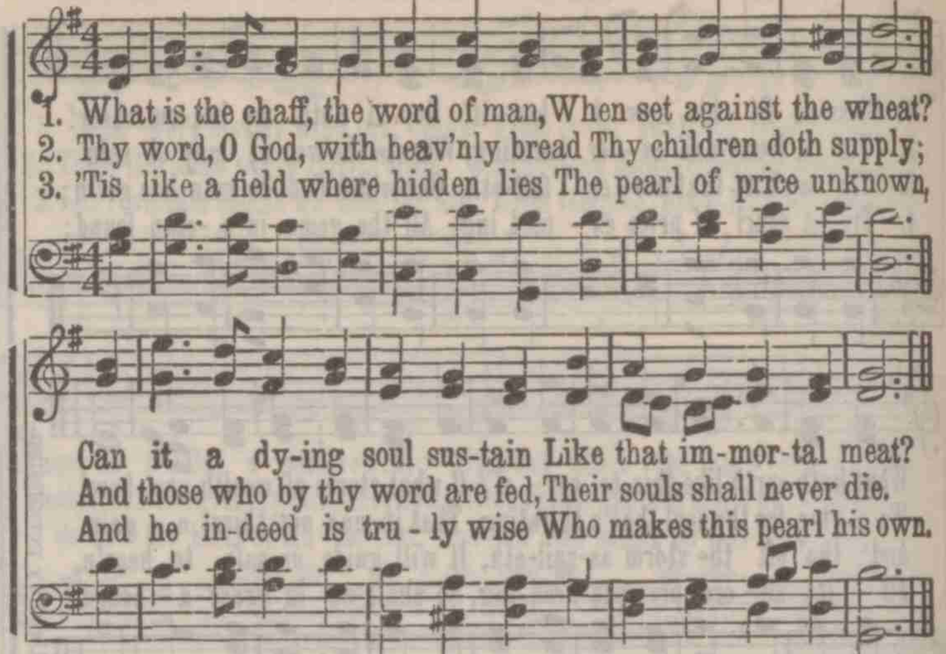


1. In grief and fear, to thee, O Lord, We now for suc-cor fly;
2. O look with pit-y on the scene Of sadness and of dread;
3. With contrite hearts to thee, our King, We turn who oft have strayed;

Thine awful judgments are a-broad, O shield us, lest we die.
And let thine an-gel stand between The liv-ing and the dead.
Ac-cept the sac-ri-fice we bring, And let the plague be stayed.

809 WHAT IS THE CHAFF?

I. WATTS. (WINCHESTER. C. M.) ESTE'S PSALTER.

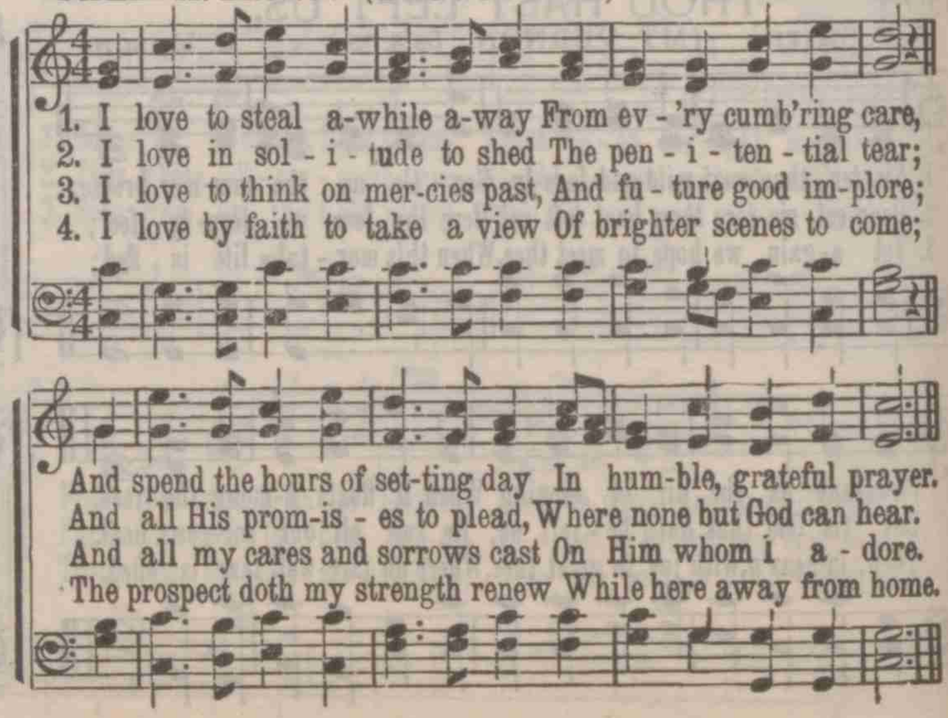


1. What is the chaff, the word of man, When set against the wheat?
2. Thy word, O God, with heav'nly bread Thy children doth supply;
3. 'Tis like a field where hidden lies The pearl of price unknown,

Can it a dy-ing soul sus-tain Like that im-mor-tal meat?
And those who by thy word are fed, Their souls shall never die.
And he in-deed is tru-ly wise Who makes this pearl his own.

810 AWAY FROM CARE.

PHŒBE H. BROWN. (BROWN. C. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.

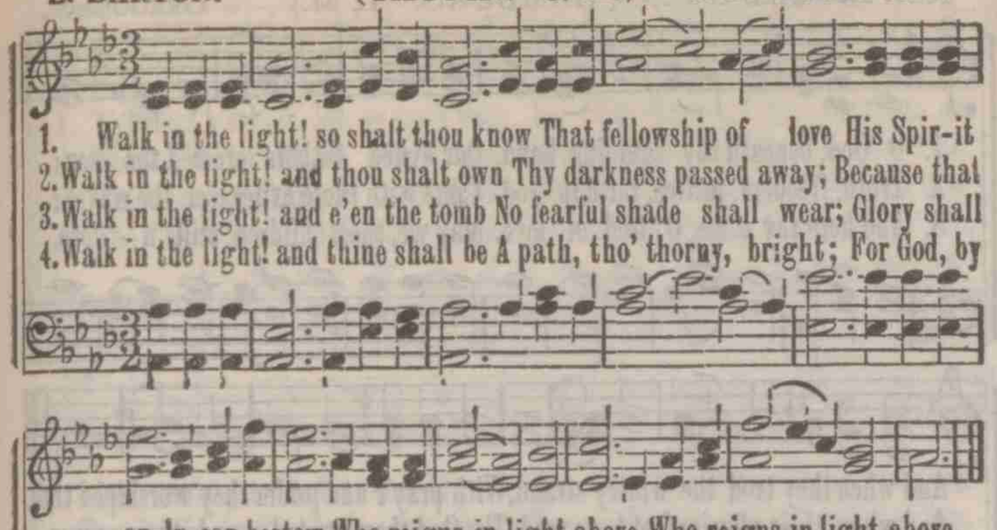


1. I love to steal a-while a-way From ev-'ry cumb'ring care,
2. I love in sol-i-tude to shed The pen-i-ten-tial tear;
3. I love to think on mer-cies past, And fu-ture good im-plore;
4. I love by faith to take a view Of brighter scenes to come;

And spend the hours of set-ting day In hum-ble, grateful prayer.
And all His prom-is-es to plead, Where none but God can hear.
And all my cares and sorrows cast On Him whom I a-dore.
The prospect doth my strength renew While here away from home.

811 WALK IN THE LIGHT.

B. BARTON. (CHOPIN. C. M.) I. B. WOODBURY.

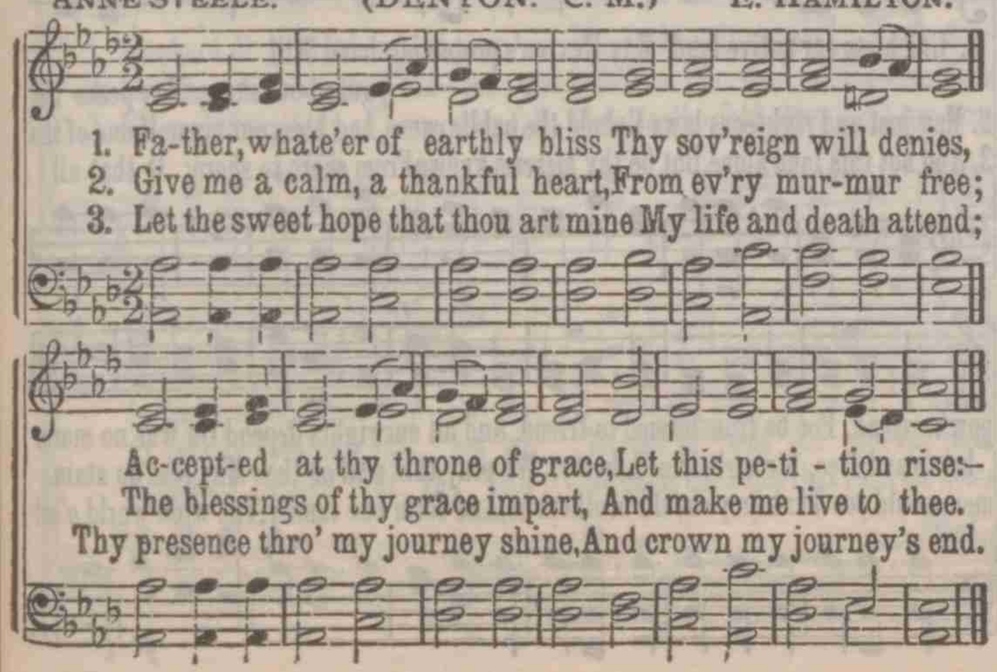


1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellowship of love His Spir-it
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed away; Because that
3. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fearful shade shall wear; Glory shall
4. Walk in the light! and thine shall be A path, tho' thorny, bright; For God, by

on-ly can bestow Who reigns in light above, Who reigns in light above.
light on thee hath shone In which is perfect day, In which is perfect day.
chase away its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there, For Christ hath conquered there.
grace, shall dwell in thee, And God himself is light, And God himself is light.

812 A THANKFUL HEART.

ANNE STEELE. (DENTON. C. M.) E. HAMILTON.

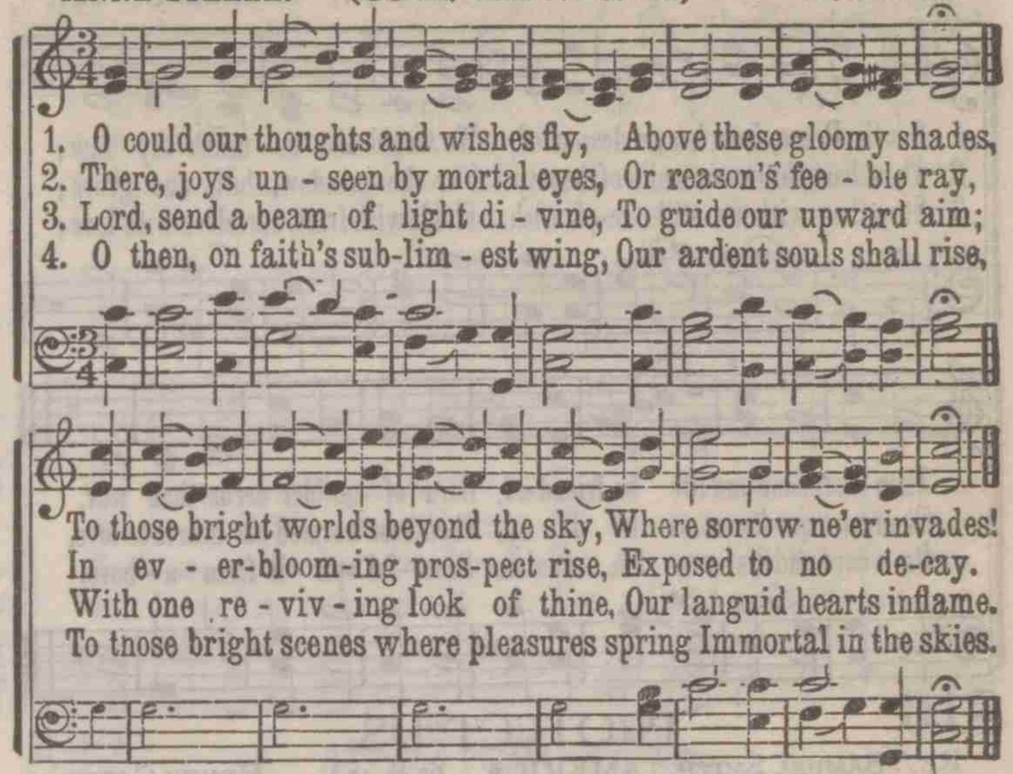


1. Fa-ther, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sov'reign will denies,
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev'ry mur-mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death attend;

Ac-cept-ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti - tion rise:—
The blessings of thy grace impart, And make me live to thee.
Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end.

813 ABOVE THESE SHADES.

ANNE STEELE. (COVENTRY. C. M.) ENGLISH.

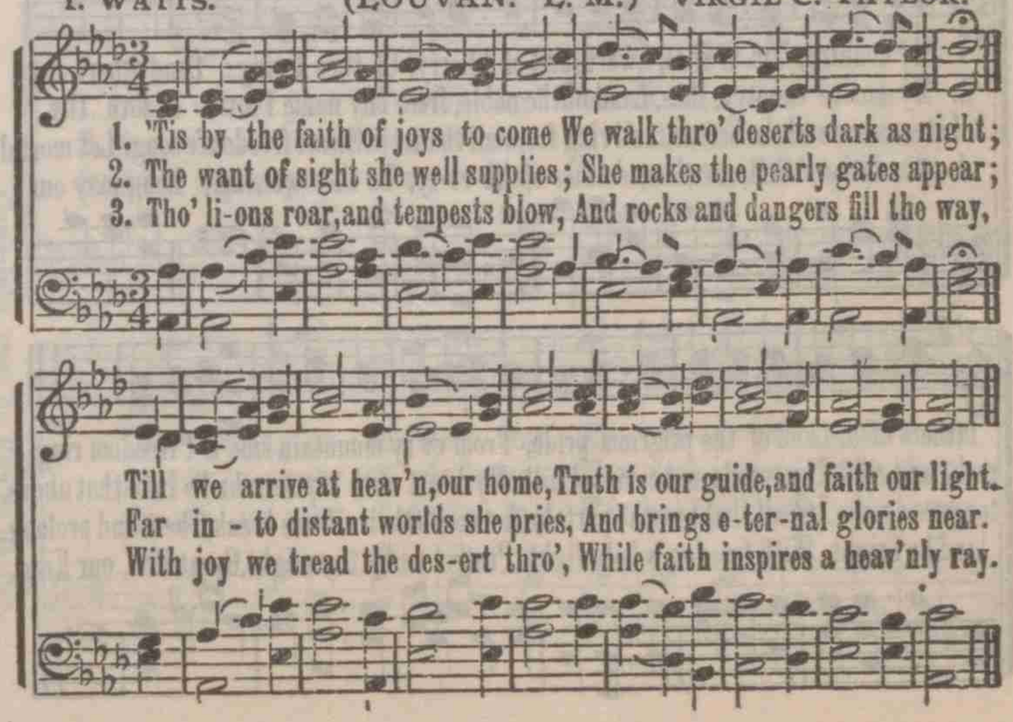


1. O could our thoughts and wishes fly, Above these gloomy shades,
2. There, joys un - seen by mortal eyes, Or reason's fee - ble ray,
3. Lord, send a beam of light di - vine, To guide our upward aim;
4. O then, on faith's sub-lim - est wing, Our ardent souls shall rise,

To those bright worlds beyond the sky, Where sorrow ne'er invades!
In ev - er-bloom-ing pros-pect rise, Exposed to no de-cay.
With one re - viv - ing look of thine, Our languid hearts inflame.
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring Immortal in the skies.

814 WE WALK BY FAITH.

I. WATTS. (LOUVAN. L. M.) VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.



1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come We walk thro' deserts dark as night;
2. The want of sight she well supplies; She makes the pearly gates appear;
3. Tho' li-ons roar, and tempests blow, And rocks and dangers fill the way,

Till we arrive at heav'n, our home, Truth is our guide, and faith our light.
Far in - to distant worlds she pries, And brings e-ter-nal glories near.
With joy we tread the des-ert thro', While faith inspires a heav'nly ray.

815 GENTLE PEACE.

UNKNOWN. (RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.) ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. Gentle Peace, from heav'n descended, We would live be - neath thy law;
2. Thou hast thrown a smile of beauty O'er the meadow, hill, and grove;
3. Stay thou with us, still re-plen-ish Fields with fruit, ourselves with love;

Thou hast home and life be-friend-ed, Born of no-bler deeds than war.
Thou hast quickened us to du - ty, Thou hast warmed our hearts to love.
Dis - cord and dis - sen - sion banish, Peace-ful spir - it from a - bove.

816 PROTECT US.

REV. SAMUEL SMITH. (AMERICA. 6s & 4s.) HENRY CAREY.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our fathers' God, to thee, Author of lib-er-ty, To thee we sing; Long may our

fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

817 OUR EXILED FATHERS.

REV. LEONARD BACON. (HAMBURG. L. M.) GREGORIAN.

1. O God, beneath thy guiding hand, Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
2. Truth, freedom, justice, faith in God, Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
3. And here thy name, O God of love, May we, their children, still a - dore,

And when they trod the wintry strand, With pray'r and psalm they worshiped thee.
And where their pilgrim feet have trod, The God they trusted guards their graves.
Till these e - ter - nal hills re-move, And spring adorns the earth no more.

818 BROTHERHOOD OF MEN.

J. S. DWIGHT. (DORT. 6s & 4s.) LOWELL MASON.

1. God bless our native land! May Heaven's protecting hand Still guard our shore. May peace her
2. May just and righteous laws Uphold the public cause, And bless our name; Home of the brave and free, Stronghold of Liberty, We pray that still on thee May rest no stain.
3. And not this land alone, But be thy mercies known From shore to shore; O that all men would see That they should brothers be, And form one family, The wide world o'er!

pow'r extend, Foe be transformed to friend, And all our rights depend On war no more.

819 F. E. B. LET US WORK TOO. F. E. Belden.

1. The Lord worketh, let us work too; In his vine-yard there's much to do,
2. The world mov-eth, let us move too, The Sun's glo -ry that we may view.
3. The wrong speaketh, let us speak too; The worst er- ror is bright with dew;
4. The Christ liv-eth, let us live too, From death waking, his work to do,

And souls per-ish for need of you: The Lord work-eth, let us work too.
From night turning to day-dawn new: The world mov-eth, let us move too.
Shall truth slumber the whole day thro'? The wrong speaketh, let us speak too.
With hearts lov-ing and pure and true: The Christ liv - eth, let us live too.

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820 SHEPHERD DIVINE.

F. E. Belden. (WINTERBOURNE. L. M.) Edwin Barnes.

1. Shepherd di -vine, thou lead -est me Where the still wa- ters gen-tly flow;
2. In danger's hour thou hid - est me, Safe from the foe of thy dear flock;
3. When chilling dews of eve -ning fall, Then to the fold thou bidst me come;

In pastures fair thou feed -est me; I trust thy love, no want I know.
At sul-try noon thou guid - est me To rest be - side the cool-ing rock.
Gladly I hasten at thy call; Sweet is the voice that calls me home.

Copyright, 1886, by Edwin Barnes.

821 F. E. B. FOR JESUS. F. E. Belden.

1. For Jesus, all my morning hours, For Jesus, all my noonday pow'rs;
2. For Jesus, all the songs I sing, For Jesus, all the praise I bring,
3. For Jesus, all the gold he lends, For Jesus, all the strength he sends,
4. For Jesus, all who sigh in sin, For Jesus, all that love can win,

Copyright, 1900, by F. E. Belden.

For Je-sus, evening's gathered flow'rs,—For Je - sus, all for Je - sus.
For Je-sus,—he who bore death's sting,—My Je - sus; all for Je - sus.
For Je-sus, heart and home and friends,—For Je - sus, all for Je - sus.
For Je-sus, King enthroned with - in, Yes, all, and more, for Je - sus.

822 ANOTHER YEAR.

F. R. Havergal. (WEBER. 7s & 6s.) Arr. from Weber.

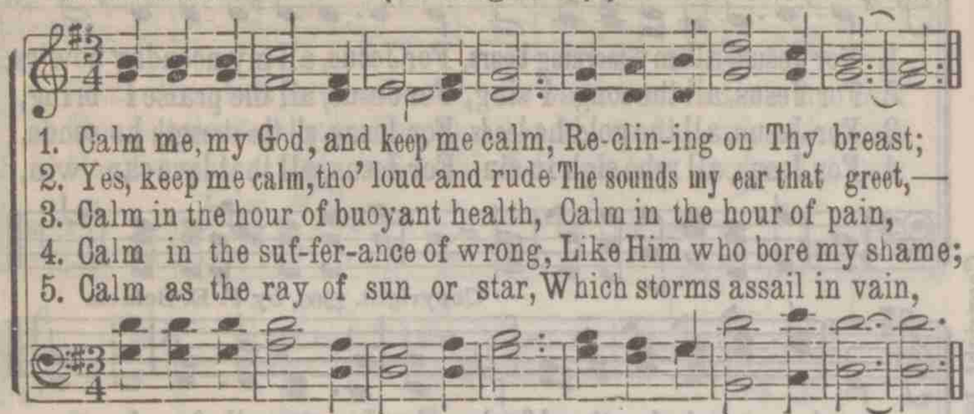
1. An - oth-er year is dawn-ing! Dear Mas-ter, let it be
2. An - oth-er year of mer-cies, Of faith-fulness and grace,
3. An - oth-er year of serv - ice, Of wit-ness for thy love;

In work-ing or in wait- ing, An - oth - er year with thee.
An-oth - er year of gladness,—The shin-ing of thy face.
An-oth - er year of train -ing For hol-ier work a- bove.

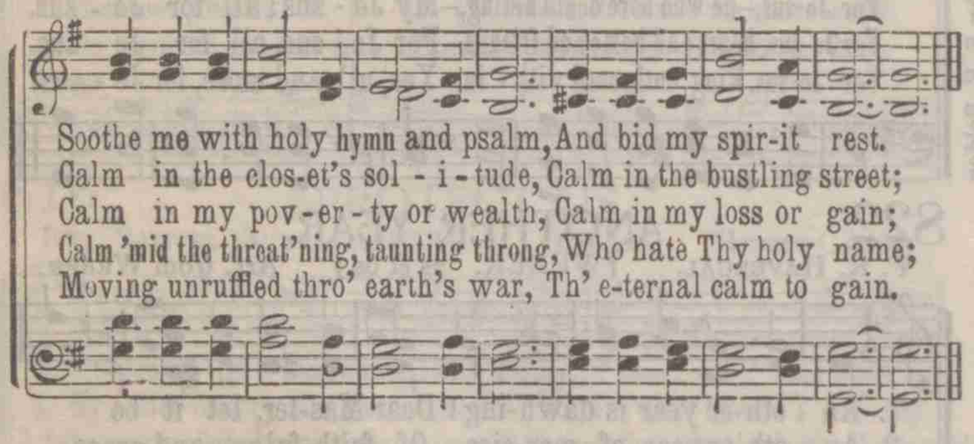
823 KEEP ME CALM.

(LAMBETH. C. M.)

H. BONAR. (Or sing to 827.) S. WEBBE.



1. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, Re-clin-ing on Thy breast;
2. Yes, keep me calm, tho' loud and rude The sounds my ear that greet,—
3. Calm in the hour of buoyant health, Calm in the hour of pain,
4. Calm in the suf-fer-ance of wrong, Like Him who bore my shame;
5. Calm as the ray of sun or star, Which storms assail in vain,

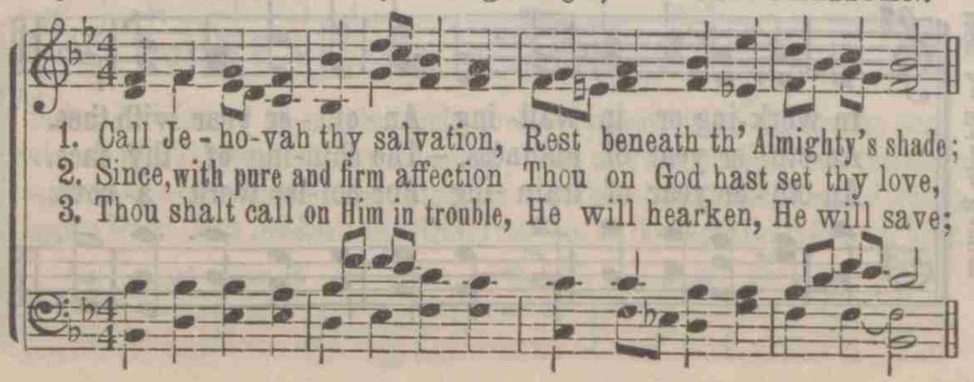


Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm, And bid my spir-it rest.
Calm in the clos-et's sol - i - tude, Calm in the bustling street;
Calm in my pov-er - ty or wealth, Calm in my loss or gain;
Calm 'mid the threat'ning, taunting throng, Who hate Thy holy name;
Moving unruffled thro' earth's war, Th' e-ternal calm to gain.

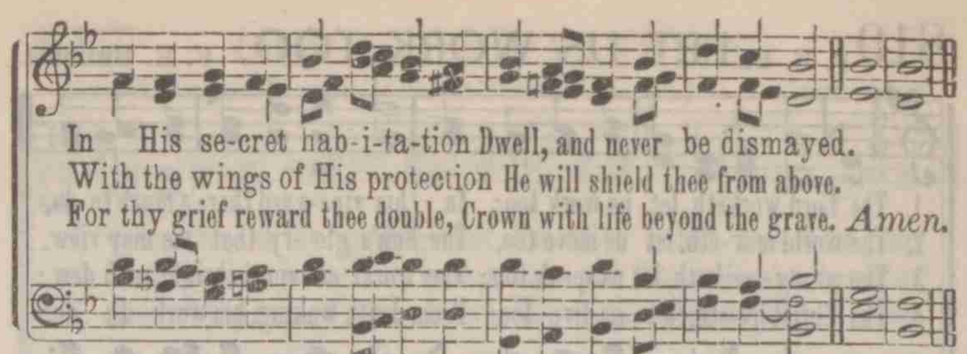
824 HIS PROTECTION.

(TRUST. 8s, 7s.)

J. MONTGOMERY. (Or sing to 831.) MENDELSSOHN.



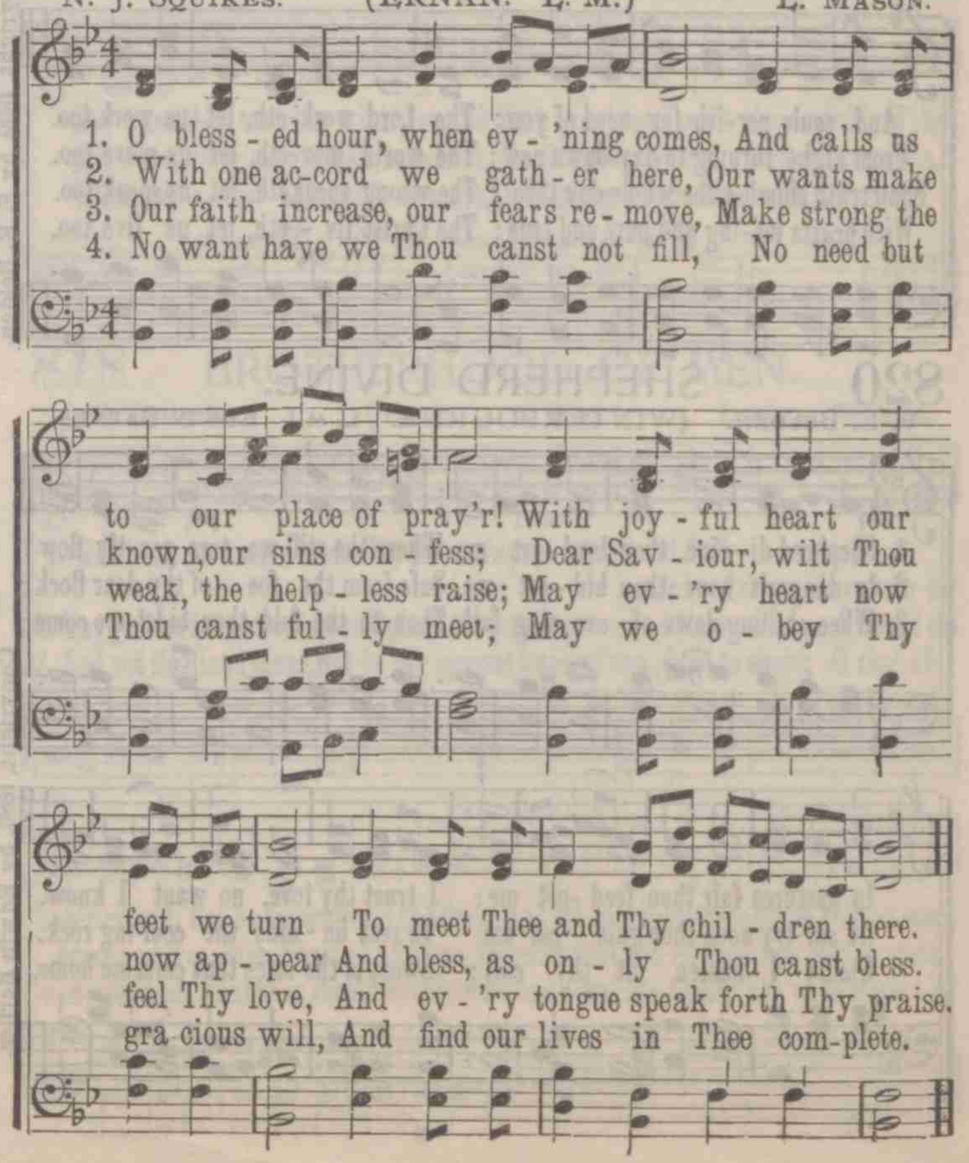
1. Call Je - ho-vah thy salvation, Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
2. Since, with pure and firm affection Thou on God hast set thy love,
3. Thou shalt call on Him in trouble, He will hearken, He will save;



In His se-cret hab-i-ta-tion Dwell, and never be dismayed.
With the wings of His protection He will shield thee from above.
For thy grief reward thee double, Crown with life beyond the grave. *Amen.*

825 THE PLACE OF PRAYER.

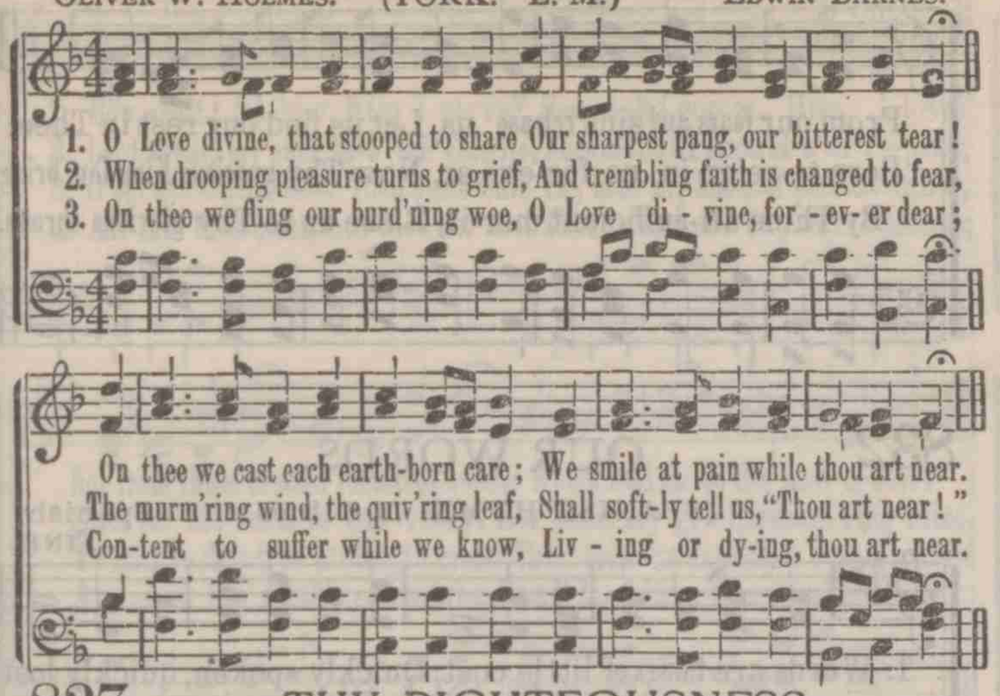
N. J. SQUIRES. (ERNAN. L. M.) L. MASON.



1. O bless - ed hour, when ev - 'ning comes, And calls us to our place of pray'r! With joy - ful heart our feet we turn To meet Thee and Thy chil - dren there.
2. With one ac-cord we gath - er here, Our wants make known, our sins con - fess; Dear Sav - iour, wilt Thou now ap - pear And bless, as on - ly Thou canst bless.
3. Our faith increase, our fears re - move, Make strong the weak, the help - less raise; May ev - 'ry heart now feel Thy love, And ev - 'ry tongue speak forth Thy praise.
4. No want have we Thou canst not fill, No need but Thou canst ful - ly meet; May we o - bey Thy gra - cious will, And find our lives in Thee com-plete.

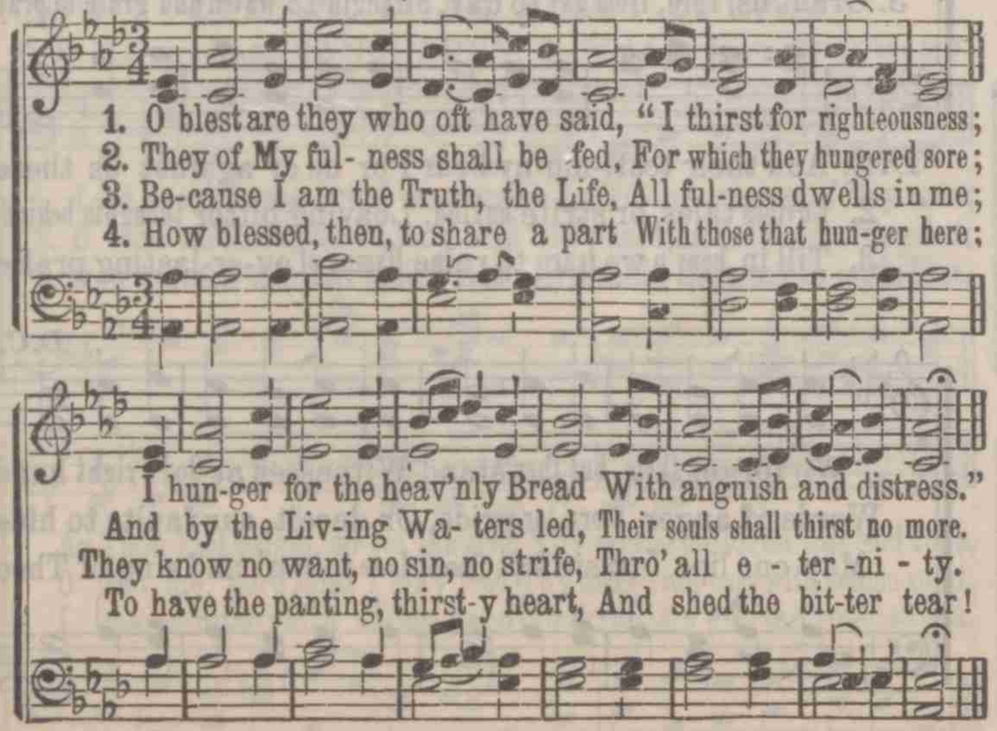
826 THOU ART NEAR.

OLIVER W. HOLMES. (YORK. L. M.) EDWIN BARNES.



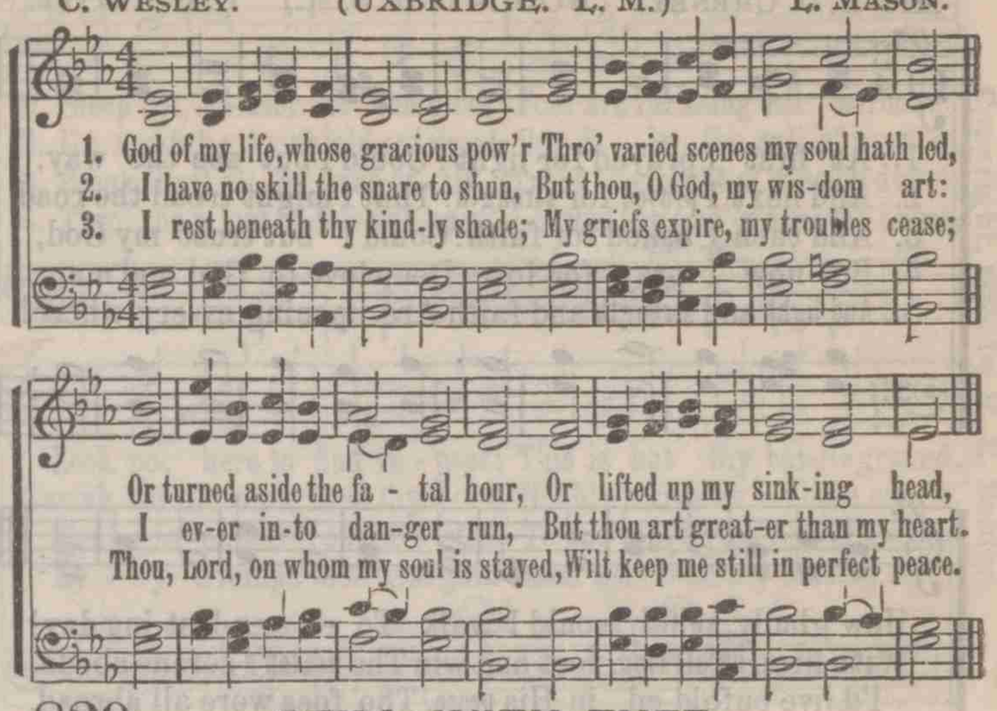
827 THY RIGHTEOUSNESS.

F. E. BELDEN. (CADDO. C. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.



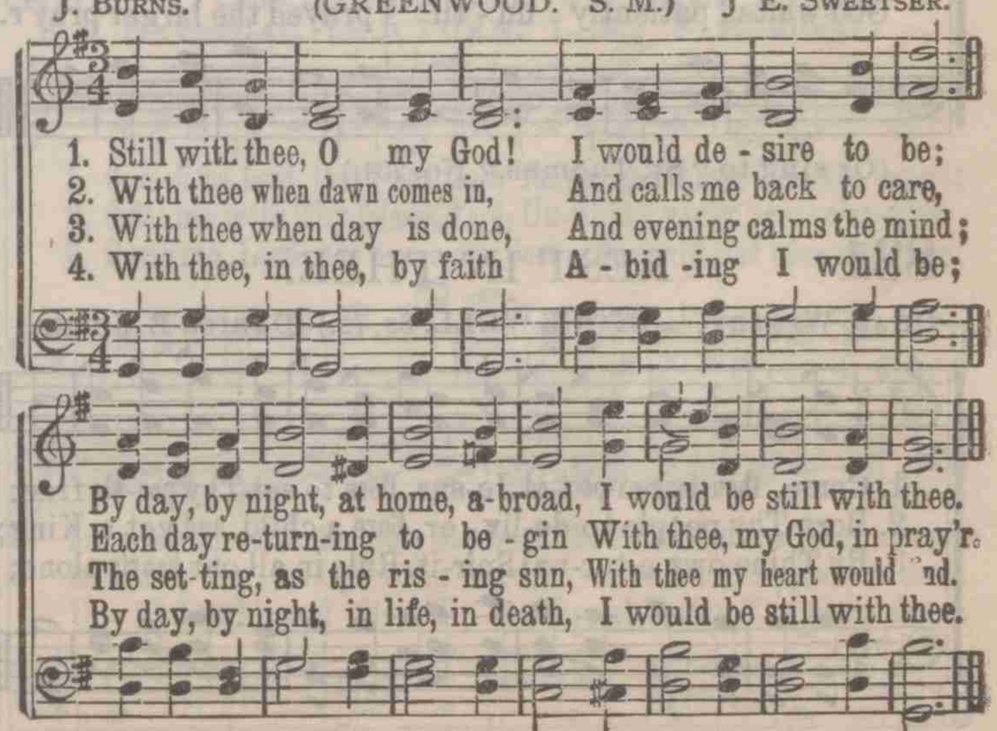
828 GOD OF MY LIFE.

C. WESLEY. (UXBRIDGE. L. M.) L. MASON.



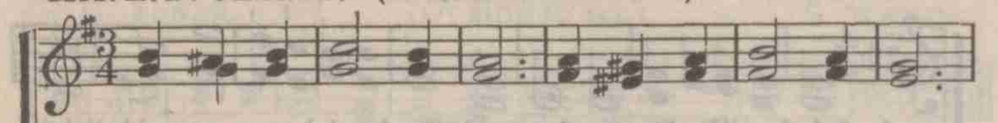
829 STILL WITH THEE.

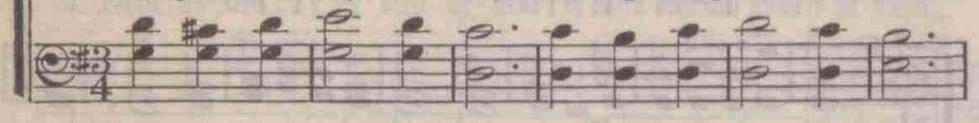
J. BURNS. (GREENWOOD. S. M.) J E. SWEETSER.

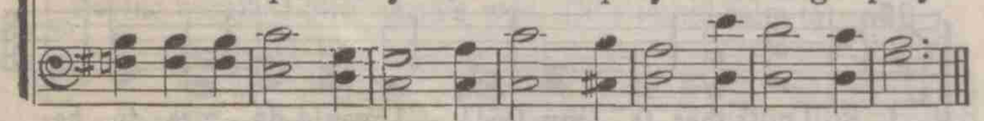


830 THE LARGER PRAYER.

Mrs. E. D. CHENEY. (WOOLWICH. S. M.) C. E. KETTLE.

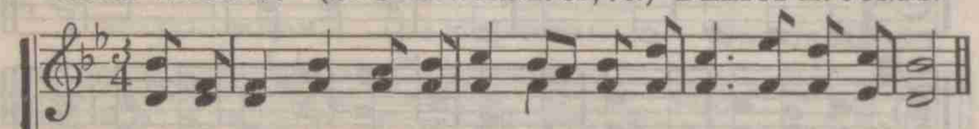
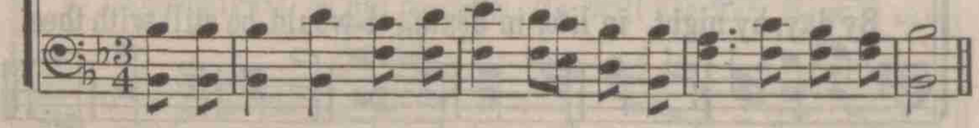
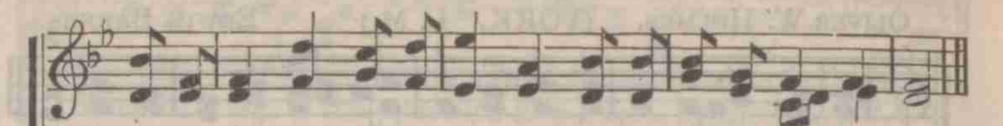
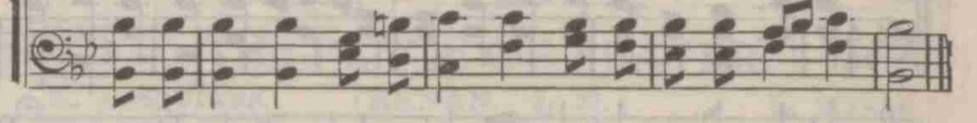


1. At first I prayed for light: Could I but see the way,
2. And next I prayed for strength: That I might tread the road
3. And then I asked for faith: Could I but trust my God,
4. But now I pray for love: Deep love to God and man;
5. And light and strength and faith Are opening ev-ery-where!

How gladly, swift-ly would I walk To ev - er-last-ing day!
With firm, unfalt'ring, feet and win The heaven's serene abode.
I'd live enfold-ed in His peace, Tho' foes were all abroad.
A living love that will not fail, Howev - er dark His plan.
God waited patiently un - til I prayed the larger pray'r.

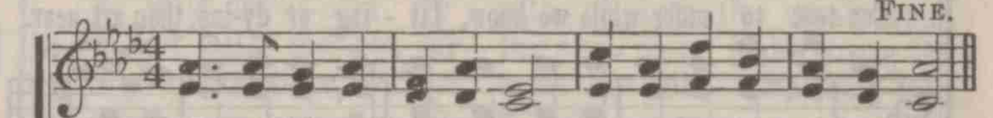
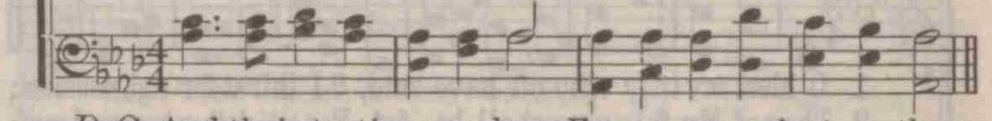


(Or sing to "St. Thomas," No. 754.)

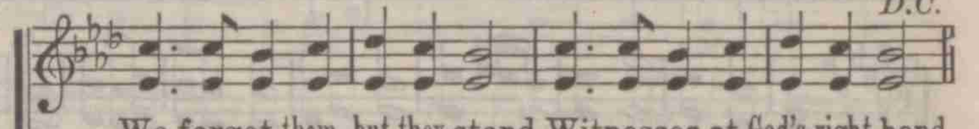
831 REST IN THEE.

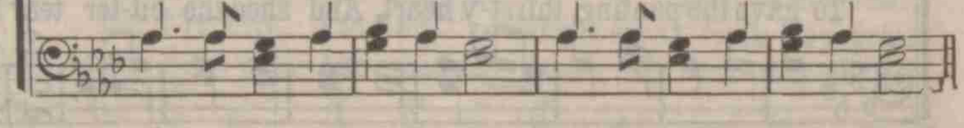
CHAS. WESLEY. (STOCKWELL. 8s, 7s.) DARIUS E. JONES.

1. Come, thou long-ex-pect-ed Je-sus, Born to set Thy peo-ple free:
2. Born Thy people to de-liv - er, Born a child, and yet a King;
3. By Thine own e-ter-nal Spir-it, Rule in all our hearts alone;

REST IN THEE.—Concluded.

From our fears and sins release us, Let us find our rest in Thee.
Born to reign in us for-ev - er, Now Thy gracious Kingdom bring.
By Thine all-sufficient mer-it, Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

832 OUR WORDS.

(SPANISH HYMN. 7s, 6 lines.) Spanish.

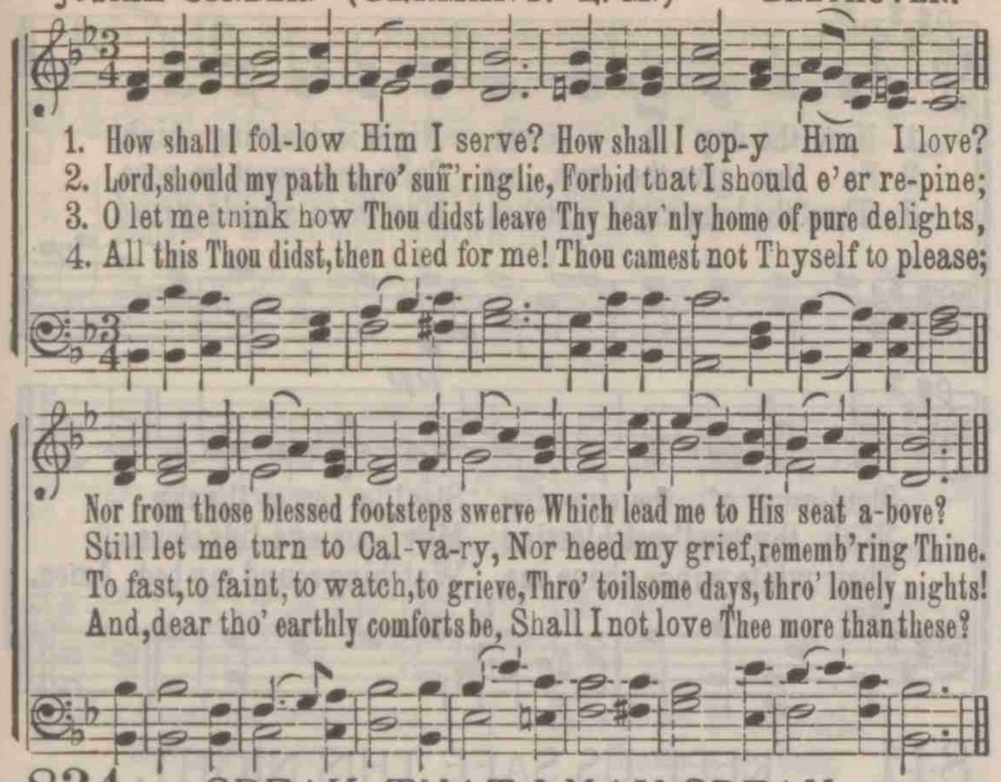
FINE.

1. Words are things of little cost, Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
2. Oh, how often ours have been I-dle words and words of sin!
3. Grant us, Lord, from day to day, Strength to watch and grace to pray:

D.C. And their testi-mo-ny bear For us or against us there.
2. Envious tales, or strife unkind, Leaving bitter thoughts behind.
3. Till in heav'n we learn to raise Hymns of ev-er-lasting praise.

D.C.

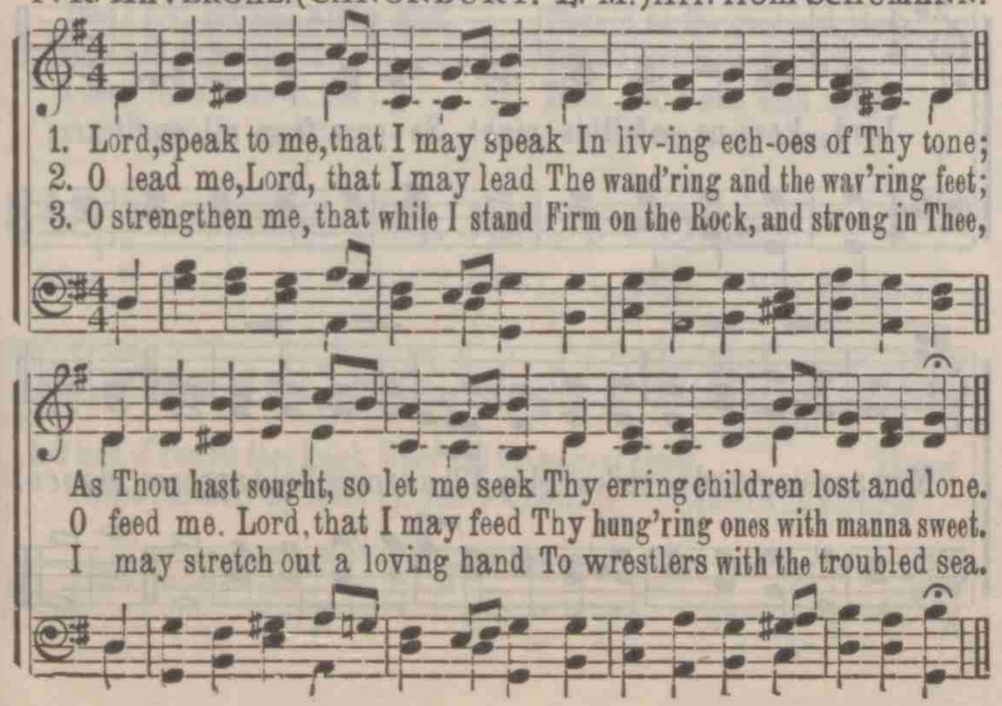


We forget them, but they stand Witnesses at God's right hand,
Words of anger, scorn, or pride, Or deceit, our faults to hide,
May our lips, from sin kept free, Love to speak and sing of Thee;

833 HOW SHALL I COPY HIM?

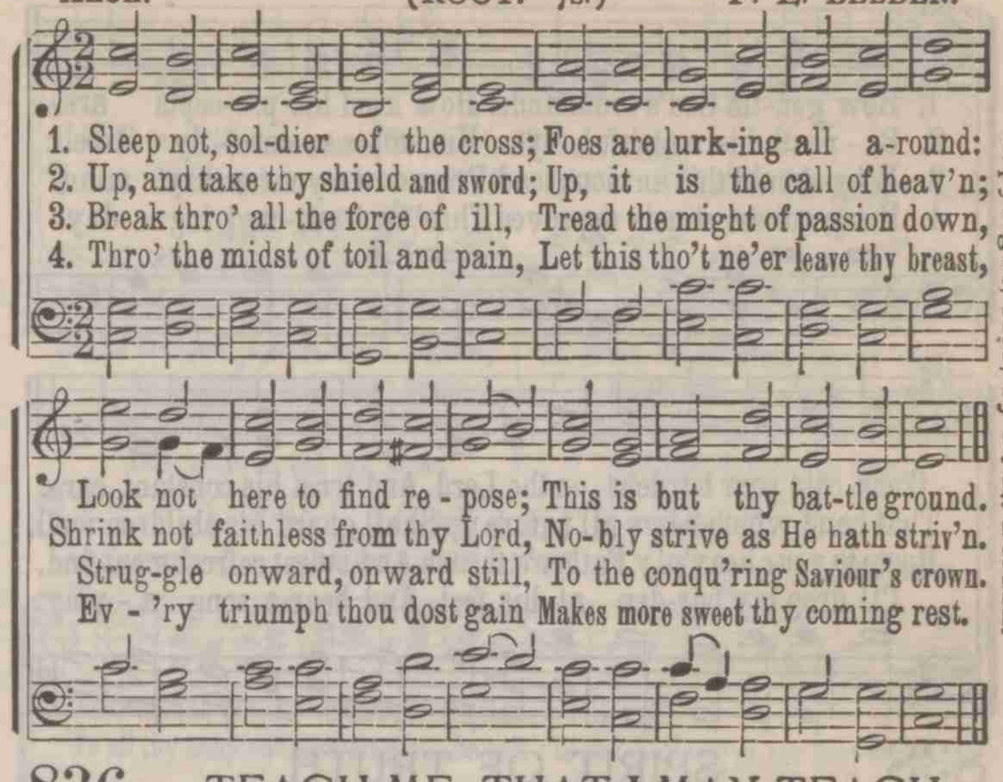
JOSIAH CONDER. (GERMANY. L. M.) BEETHOVEN.



834 SPEAK, THAT I MAY SPEAK.

F. R. HAVERGAL. (CANONBURY. L. M.) Arr. from SCHUMANN.

835 SLEEP NOT.

Anon. (ROOT. 7s.) F. E. BELDEN.



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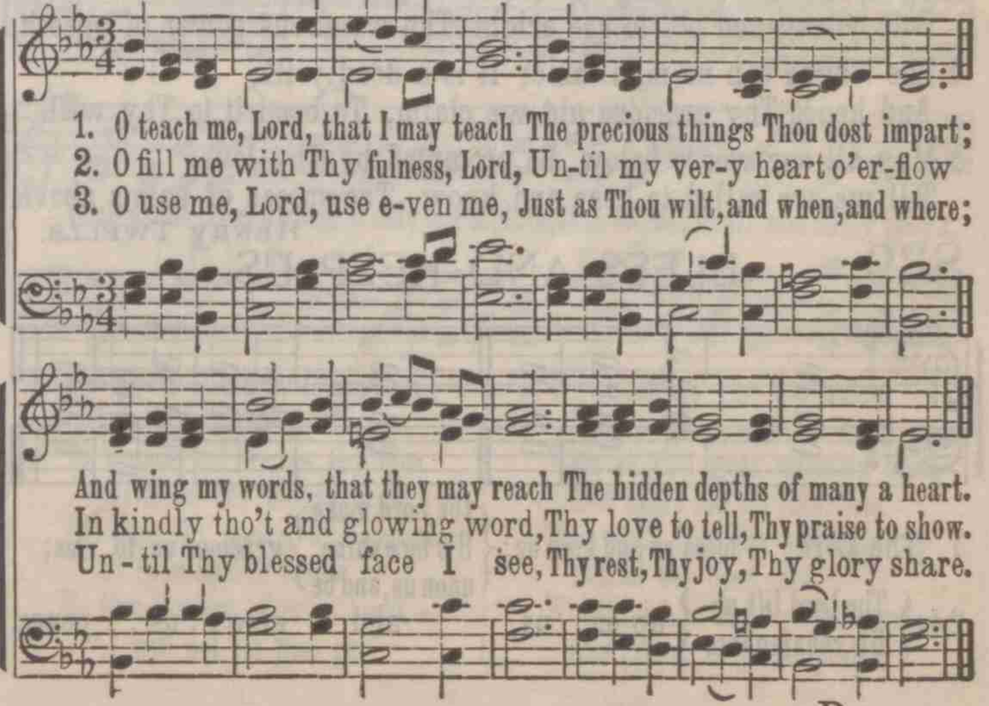
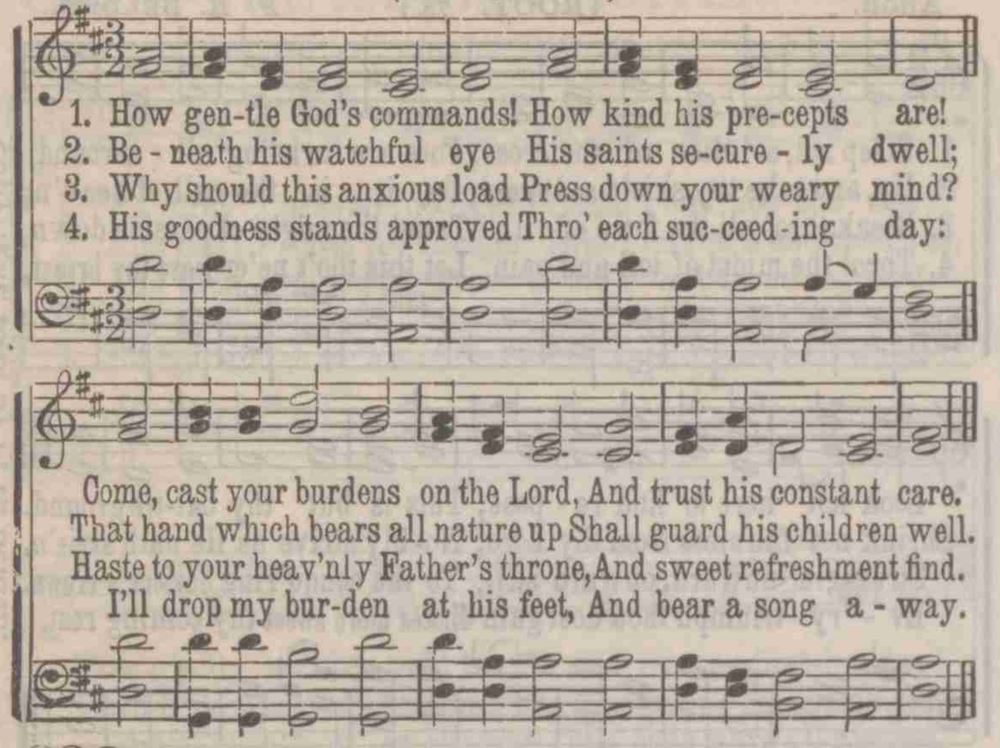
836 TEACH ME, THAT I MAY TEACH.

F. R. HAVERGAL. (NOCTURN. L. M.) F. H. BURSTALL.



837 TRUST HIS CARE.

P. DODDRIDGE. (DOVE. S. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.



838 SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

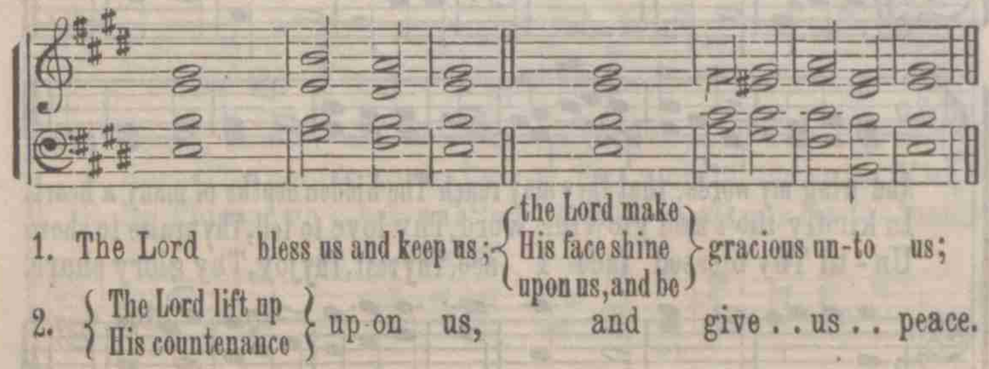
(Sing to 837 or 750.)

1 Spirit of truth and might, 'Tis Thou alone canst teach
Both young and old to use aright The wondrous power of speech.

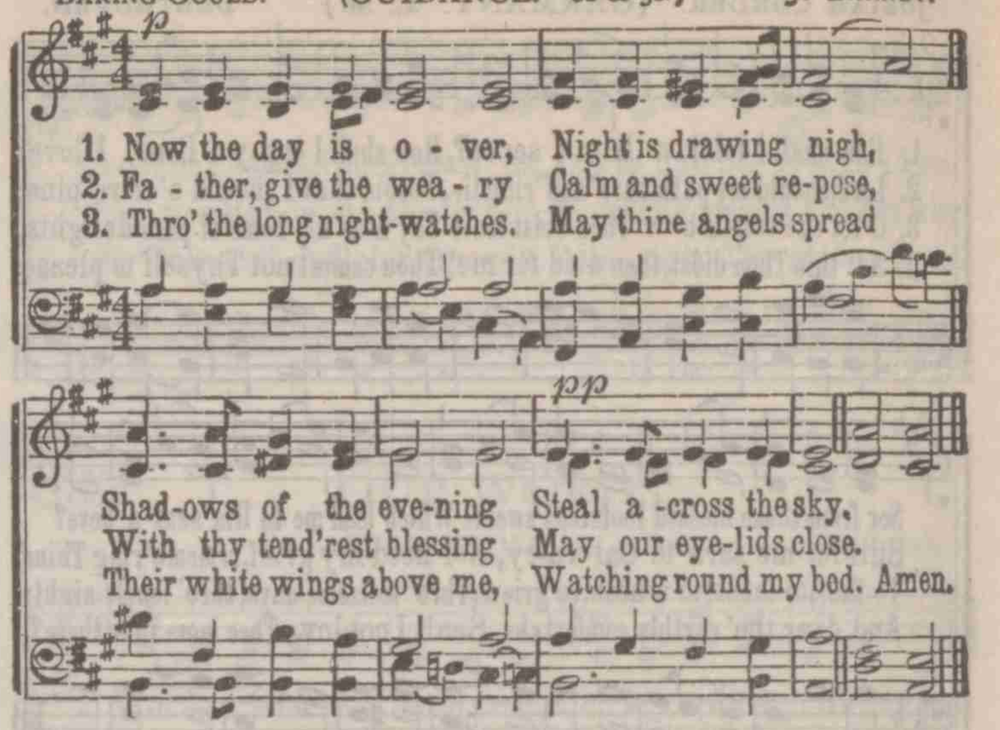
3 The tongue can no man tame; It is a deadly ill;
And hence Thy gracious aid we claim, To bend it to Thy will.

3 May all our words below Be prompted by Thy love,
Till we are called to hear and know The speech of saints above.

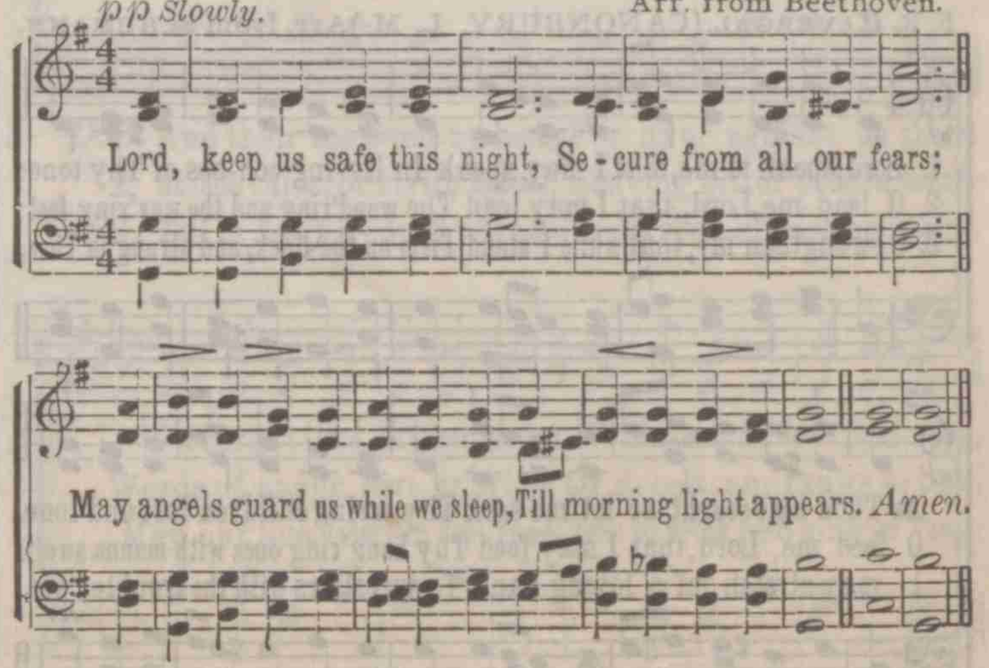
HENRY TWELLS.

839 BLESS AND KEEP US.

840 REPOSE.

BARING-GOULD. (GUIDANCE. 6s & 5s.) J. BARNBY.

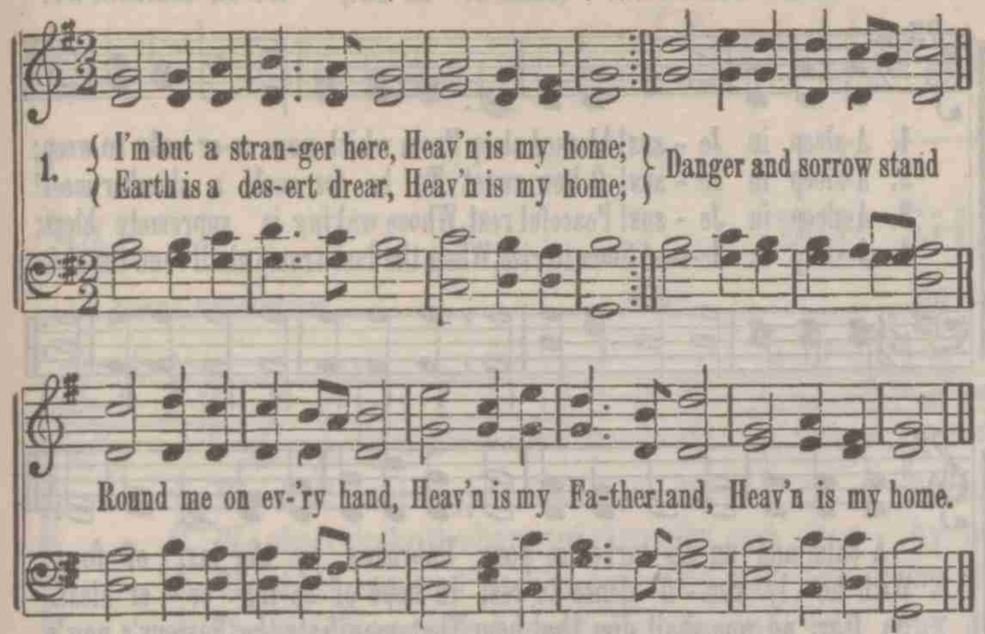


841 KEEP US SAFE THIS NIGHT.



842 A STRANGER HERE.

THOS. R. TAYLOR. (OAK. 6s & 4s.) LOWELL MASON.

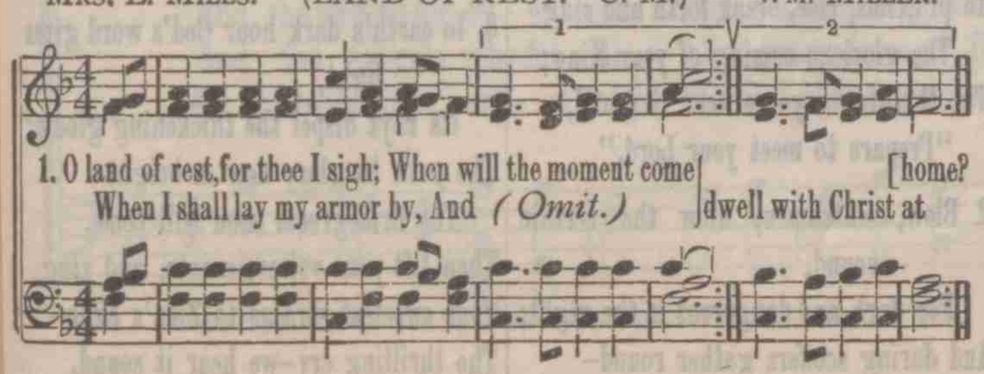


2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
Time's cold and and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last;
Heaven is my home.

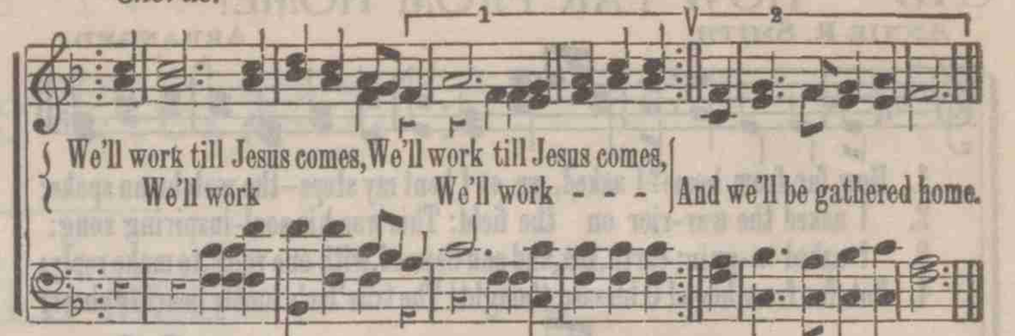
3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home,
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There 'll be the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
There, too, I soon shall rest;
Heaven is my home.

843 WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

MRS. E. MILLS. (LAND OF REST. C. M.) WM. MILLER.



Chorus.

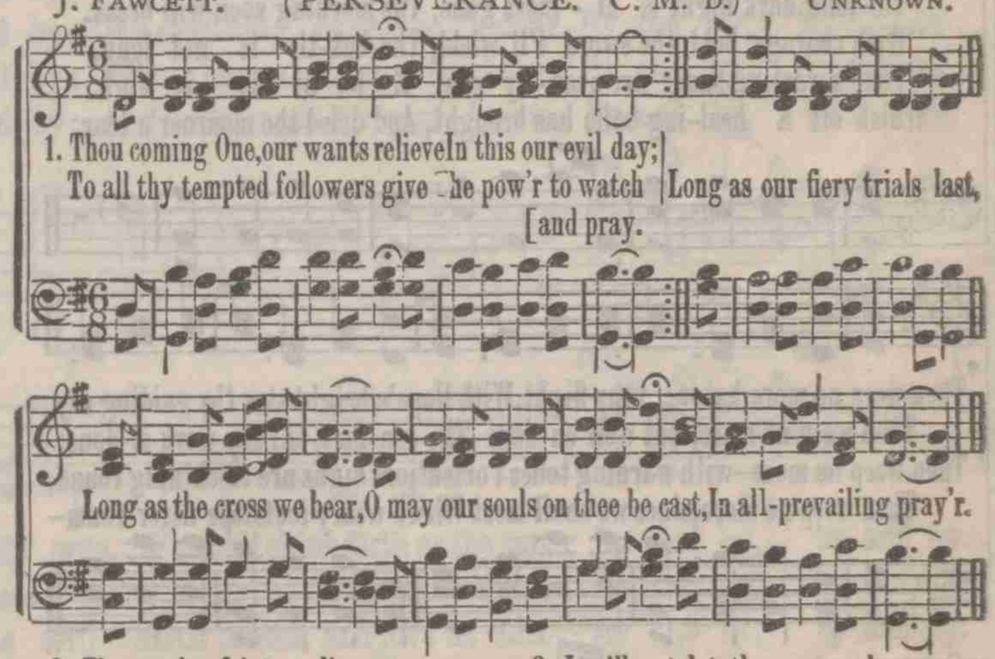


2. No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful, shelt'ring dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3. When by affliction sharply tried,
Faith tells of scenes to come,—
Those endless joys prepared above,—
And then I sigh for home.

844 I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.

J. FAWCETT. (PERSEVERANCE. C. M. D.) UNKNOWN.



2. The pow'r of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.
Till then thy perfect love impart;
Till thou appear below
Be this the cry of ev'ry heart,—
"I will not let thee go."

3. I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.
Then shall I on the mountain-top
Behold thy open face,
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in joyful praise.

845 HOW FAR FROM HOME?

ANNIE R. SMITH. ARRANGED.

1. How far from home? I asked, as on I bent my steps—the watchman spake:
2. I asked the war-rior on the field: This was his soul-inspiring song:
3. I asked a-gain; earth, sea, and sun Seemed, with one voice, to make reply:
4. Not far from home! O blessed thought! The trav'ler's lonely heart to cheer;

"The long, dark night is al - most gone, The morning soon will break.
"With courage, bold, the sword I'll wield, The bat-tle is not long.
"Time's wasting sands are near - ly run, E - ter-ni - ty is nigh.
Which oft a heal-ing balm has brought, And dried the mourner's tear.

Then weep no more, but speed thy flight, With Hope's bright star thy guiding ray,
Then weep no more, but well en-dure The con-flict, till thy work is done;
Then weep no more—with warning tones Portentious signs are thick'ning round,
Than weep no more, since we shall meet Where weary footsteps never roam—

Till thou shalt reach the realms of light, In ev - er-last - ing day."
For this we know, the prize is sure, When vic - to - ry is won."
The whole cre-a - tion, wait - ing, groans, To hear the trumpet sound."
Our tri - als past, our joys complete, Safe in our Father's home.

846 ASLEEP IN JESUS.

MARGARET MACKAY. (REST. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep From which none ev-er wake to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slumber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! Peaceful rest, Whose waking is supremely blest;
4. A-sleep in Je-sus! Soon to rise, When the last trump shall rend the skies;

A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Unbroken by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to rest In hope of be-ing ev - er blest.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Saviour's pow'r.
Then burst the fet-ters of the tomb, And wake in full, im-mor-tal bloom.

847 (Music, No. 845)

1 A thrilling cry—we hear the sound;
The faithful watchmen lift their voice;
From land to land the world around—
It bids the saints rejoice:
Ye pilgrims, rise, break forth and sing
The glorious coming of your King;
The thrilling cry—we hear it sound,
"Prepare to meet your Lord."

2 Blow, watchmen, blow the certain sound,
For dark and dangerous is the night;
And daring scoffers gather round—
The evil servants smite.
Ye faithful ones, the strict watch keep,
With lamps well trimmed, and do not sleep—
The thrilling cry—we hear it sound,
"Prepare to meet your Lord."

3 In earth's dark hour God's word gives light,
Its rays dispel the thickening gloom;
The path to glory now is bright—
The Bridegroom soon will come.
Then lift your voices, saints, and sing
Your sweetest strains to Zion's King—
The thrilling cry—we hear it sound,
"Prepare to meet your Lord."

ANON.

PART IV.

The Home Eternal.

848 WE SHALL MEET.

JOHN ATKINSON. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. We shall meet beyond the riv-er, By and by, by and by; And the darkness shall be o-ver, By and by, by and by;
2. We shall strike the harps of glory, By and by, by and by; We shall sing redemption's story, By and by, by and by;
3. We shall see and be like Jesus, By and by, by and by; Who a crown of life will give us, By and by, by and by;
4. There our tears shall all cease flowing, By and by, by and by; And with sweetest rapture knowing, By and by, by and by,

With the toilsome jour-ney done, And the glorious bat - tle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.
And the strains for-ev - er - more Shall resound in sweetness o'er Yon-der ev- er-last-ing shore, By and by, by and by.
And the an-gels who ful - fil All the mandates of His will Shall attend, and love us still, By and by, by and by.
All the loved ones, part - ed long, We with shoutings shall re-join In that land of life and song, By and by, by and by.

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849

MY SAVIOUR FIRST OF ALL.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JOHN R. SWENEY.

(May be used as male quartet, first tenor taking alto notes as if written an octave higher.)

1. When my life - work is end - ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When "this mor-tal puts on im - mor - tal - i - ty;" I shall know my Re-deem-er when I reach the oth - er side, And his
2. O, the soul - thrill-ing rap-ture when I view his bless - ed face, And the lus - ter of his kind - ly beam-ing eye; How my full heart will praise him for the mer-cy, love, and grace, That pre-
3. O, the dear ones de - part-ed! How the ten-der mem'-ries come, As the fare-well at the riv - er I re - call; In the sweet vales of E - den we shall meet no more to roam, But I
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spot-less white, He will lead me where no tears shall ev - er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall min - gle with de-light; But I

CHORUS.

smile will be the first to wel-come me. I shall know - - him, I shall know him As re-
pares for me a mansion in the sky.
long to see my Sa-viour first of all.
long to meet my Sa-viour first of all. I shall know

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MY SAVIOUR FIRST OF ALL.—CONCLUDED.

rit.

deemed by his side I shall stand, I shall know - - him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hands.
I shall know

850 BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF EDEN.

"He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord."—Isa. 51: 3.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Beau- ti- ful val-ley of E-den, Sweet is thy noon-tide calm; O- ver the hearts of the wear - y, Breathing thy waves of balm.
2. O - ver the heart of the mourner Shin- eth the gold - en day, Wafting the songs of the an - gels Down from the far a - way.
3. There is the home of my Saviour; There with the blood-washed throng; O- ver the high-lands of glo - ry Roll-eth the great new song.

CHORUS.

rit.

Beau-ti ful val-ley of E den, Home of the pure and blest, How oft - en a-mid the wild billows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest.
the pure and blest,

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THE BEAUTIFUL BEYOND.

"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King."—Ps. 48: 2.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. A - bove the clouds - - - that veil the blue, - - - Be-yond the stars - - - that glimmer through,
2. The stream of life - - - - with ceaseless flow, - - - The ho - ly joy - - - - that an-gels know,
3. The flow'rs that sleep - - - neath winter's snow. - - - The loved ones lost - - - - to us be - low,

A-bove the clouds that veil the blue, Beyond the stars that glimmer thro',

There is a home - un-known to care,— - - - Its gates a - jar - - - in-vite me there. - -
The gold -en harp, - - - the song di - vine, - - - - The spot-less robe— - - - Faith calls them mine. -
The voic - es hush'd - - - that used to sing,— - - - We'll find them all - - - where Christ is King. -

REFRAIN.

O home of beau-ty, free from sor - row! O ev - er - last-ing glad to-mor - row!
beau-ti- ful beyond! beau-ti-ful beyond!

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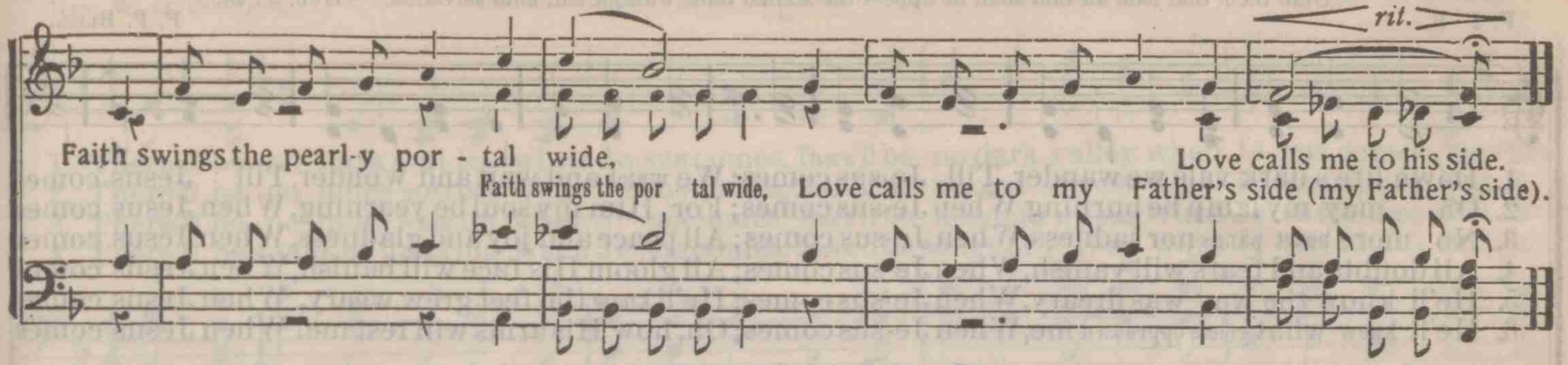
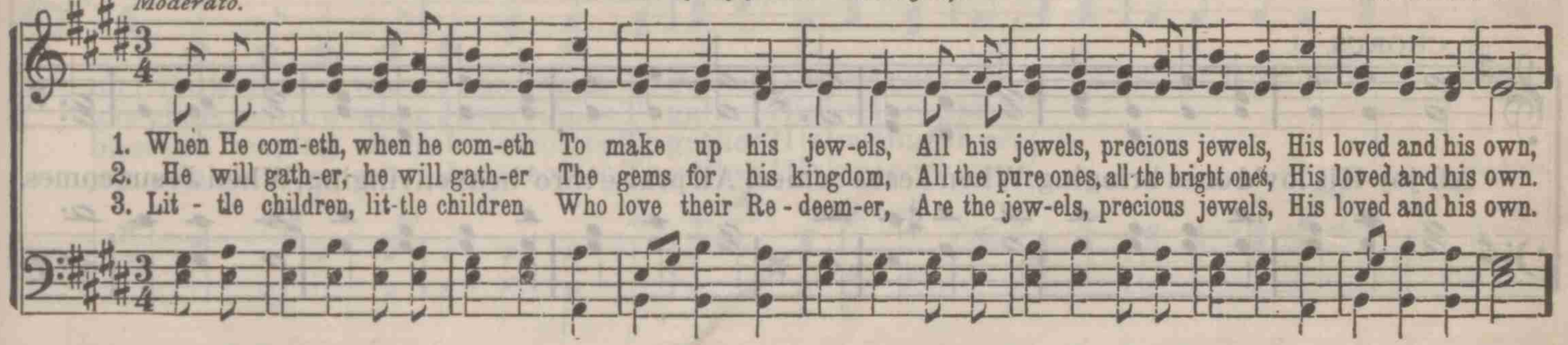

852 JEWELS.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."—Mal. 3:17. GEO. F. ROOT.

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853 WHEN JESUS COMES.

"Unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation."—Heb. 9 : 28.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. Down life's dark vale we wander, Till Je-sus comes; We watch and wait and wonder, Till Jesus comes.
2. Oh, may my lamp be burning When Je-sus comes; For Him my soul be yearning, When Jesus comes.
3. No more heart-pangs nor sadness, When Je-sus comes; All peace and joy and gladness, When Jesus comes.
4. All doubts and fears will vanish, When Je-sus comes; All gloom His face will banish, When Jesus comes.
5. He'll know the way was dreary, When Je-sus comes; He'll know the feet grew weary, When Jesus comes.
6. He'll know what griefs oppressed me, When Je-sus comes; Oh, how His arms will rest me! When Jesus comes.

CHORUS.

All joy His lov'd ones bringing, When Jesus comes; All praise thro' heaven ringing, When Jesus comes.

All beauty bright and vernal, When Jesus comes; All glo- ry, grand, e-ter-nal, When Je - sus comes.

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THERE'LL BE NO DARK VALLEY.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. 21 : 4. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There'll be no dark val ley when Je-sus comes, There'll be no dark valley when Je- sus comes; There'll be
2. There'll be no more sorrow when Je-sus comes, There'll be no more sorrow when Je- sus comes; But a
3. There'll be no more weep-ing when Je-sus comes, There'll be no more weeping when Je- sus comes; But a
4. There'll be songs of greeting when Je-sus comes, There'll be songs of greet-ing when Je- sus comes; And a

REFRAIN

no dark val-ley when Jesus comes To gather His loved ones home.
glo- rious morrow when Jesus comes To gather His loved ones home.
bless- ed reaping when Jesus comes To gather His loved ones home.
joy - ful meeting when Jesus comes To gather His loved ones home.

To gather His loved ones home,

safe home,

To gather His loved ones home; There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes To gather His loved ones home.

safe home;

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855

THE HOMELAND.

HUGH R. HAWEIS. 'A new heaven and a new earth."—Rev. 21: 1. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. The Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of the free-born! There's no night in the Home-land, But
2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With angels bright and fair; There's no sin in the Home-land. And
3. The dwell-ers in the Home-land Are beck'ning me to come, Where neither death nor sor-row In-

aye the fadeless morn; I'm sighing for the Home-land, My heart is ach-ing here; There is no pain
no temp-ta-tion there; The mu-sic of the Home-land Is ring-ing in my ears; And when I think
vades their ho-ly home; O dear, dear native coun-try! O rest and peace a-bove! Christ bring us all

in the Home-land To which I'm drawing near; There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm drawing near.
of the Home-land My eyes are filled with tears; And when I think of the Home-land My eyes are filled with tears.
to the Home-land Of Thy redeeming love; Christ bring us all to the Home-land Of Thy redeeming love.

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SOME SWEET DAY, BY AND BY.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Then shall I know."—1 Cor. 13 : 12. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. We shall reach the summer land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall press the golden strand, Some sweet day,
2. At the crys-tal riv-er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall find each broken link, Some sweet day,
3. Oh, these part-ing scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall gather friend with friend, Some sweet day,

by and by; O the lov-ing welcome there, By the tree of life so fair! How we long that joy to share,
by and by; Then the star that, fad-ing here, Left our hearts and homes so drear, We shall see more bright and clear,
by and by; There before our Father's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall know as we are known,

REFRAIN.

Some sweet day, by and by. By and by, Some sweet day, We shall meet our lov'd ones gone, Some sweet day, by and by.
By and by, yes, by and by.

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857 THE CROWNING DAY.

EL. NATHAN. "On his head were many crowns."—Rev. 19: 12. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Our Lord is now re-ject-ed, And by the world disowned, By the *many* still neglected, And by the *few* enthroned,
2. The hear'ns shall glow with splendor, But brighter far than they The saints shall shine in glory, As Christ shall them array,
3. Our pain shall then be over, We'll sin and sigh no more, Be - hind us all of sor-row, And naught but joy before,
4. Let all that look for, hasten The coming joy-ful day, By earnest con-se-cra-tion, To walk the narrow way,

But soon He'll come in glo - ry, The hour is drawing nigh, For the crowning day is com-ing by and by.
The beau- ty of the Sav - iour, Shall dazzle ev - 'ry eye, In the crowning day that's coming by and by.
A joy in our Re -deem - er, As we to Him are nigh, In the crowning day that's coming by and by.
By gath'ring in the lost ones, For whom our Lord did die, For the crowning day that's coming by and by.

Oh, the crowning day is coming, Is com-ing by and by, When our Lord shall come in "pow- er," And "glo - ry" from on high,

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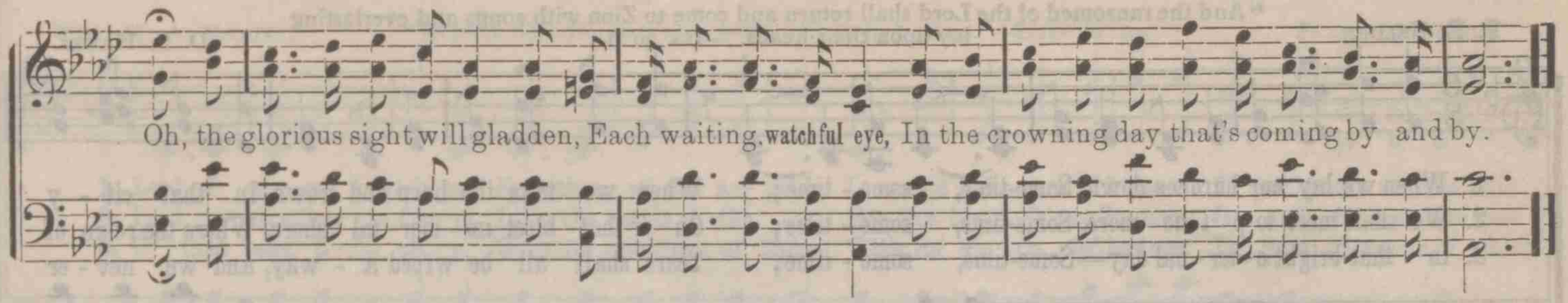
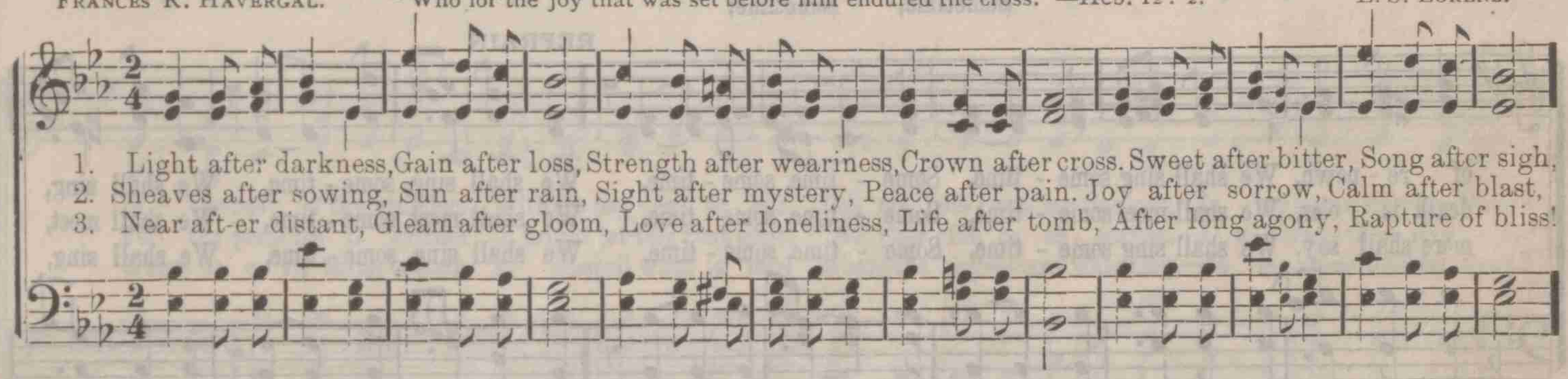
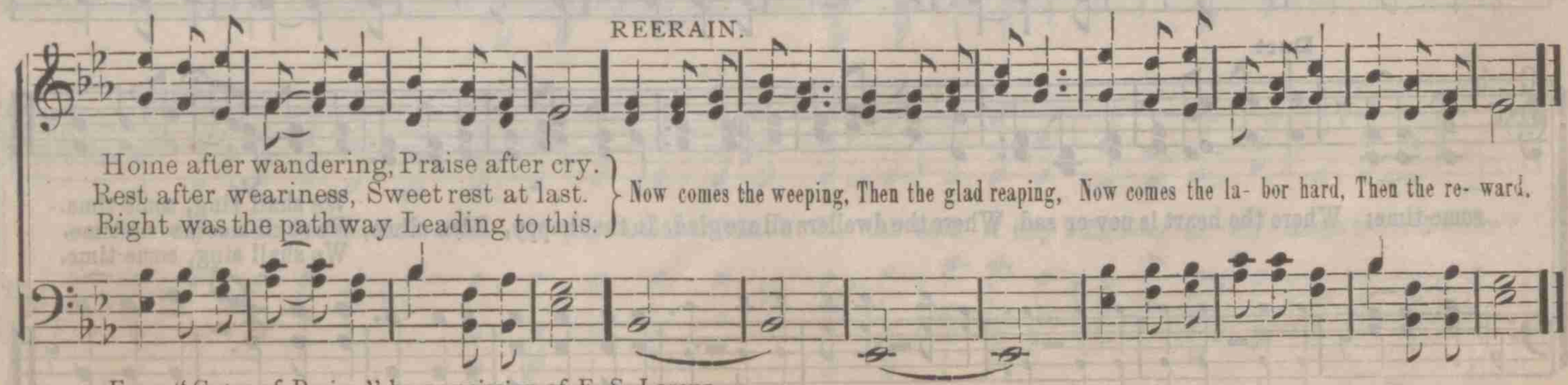


858 CROWN AFTER CROSS.

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





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SOMETIME.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 30 : 10.

F. E. BELDEN. D. S. HAKES.

1. When we lay our burdens down, Some-time, some - time; When we take the harp and crown In that cit - y
2. We shall meet to part no more, Some-time, some - time; On that blest im - mor - tal shore, Where the reign of
3. In that bright e - ter - nal day—Some-time, some - time, Tears shall all be wiped a - way, And we nev - er

Sometime, sometime;

REFRAIN.

of re - nown, We shall sing some - time, Some - time, some - time. We shall sing, some - time, We shall sing,
death is o'er, We shall meet some - time, Some - time, some - time. We shall meet, some - time, We shall meet,
more shall say, We shall sing some - time, Some - time, some - time. We shall sing, some - time, We shall sing,

Duet.

some-time; Where the heart is nev-er sad, Where the dwellers all are glad, In that happy, Eden clime,

We shall sing, some-time.
We shall meet, some-time.
We shall sing, some-time.

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IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

MRS. M. A. KIDDER. "Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—Luke 10:20. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Nei-ther sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would en-ter the fold;
2. Lord, my sins they are man-y, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, O my Saviour, Is suf-fi-cient for me;
3. O that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied be-ings In pure garments of white;

In the book of thy kingdom, With its pag-es so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Saviour, Is my name writ-ten there?
For thy prom-ise is written In bright let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
Where no e-vil thing cometh To de-spoil what is fair, Where the angels are watching,—Is my name writ-ten there?

CHORUS.

Is my name written there, On the page white and fair? In the book of thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

By permission.

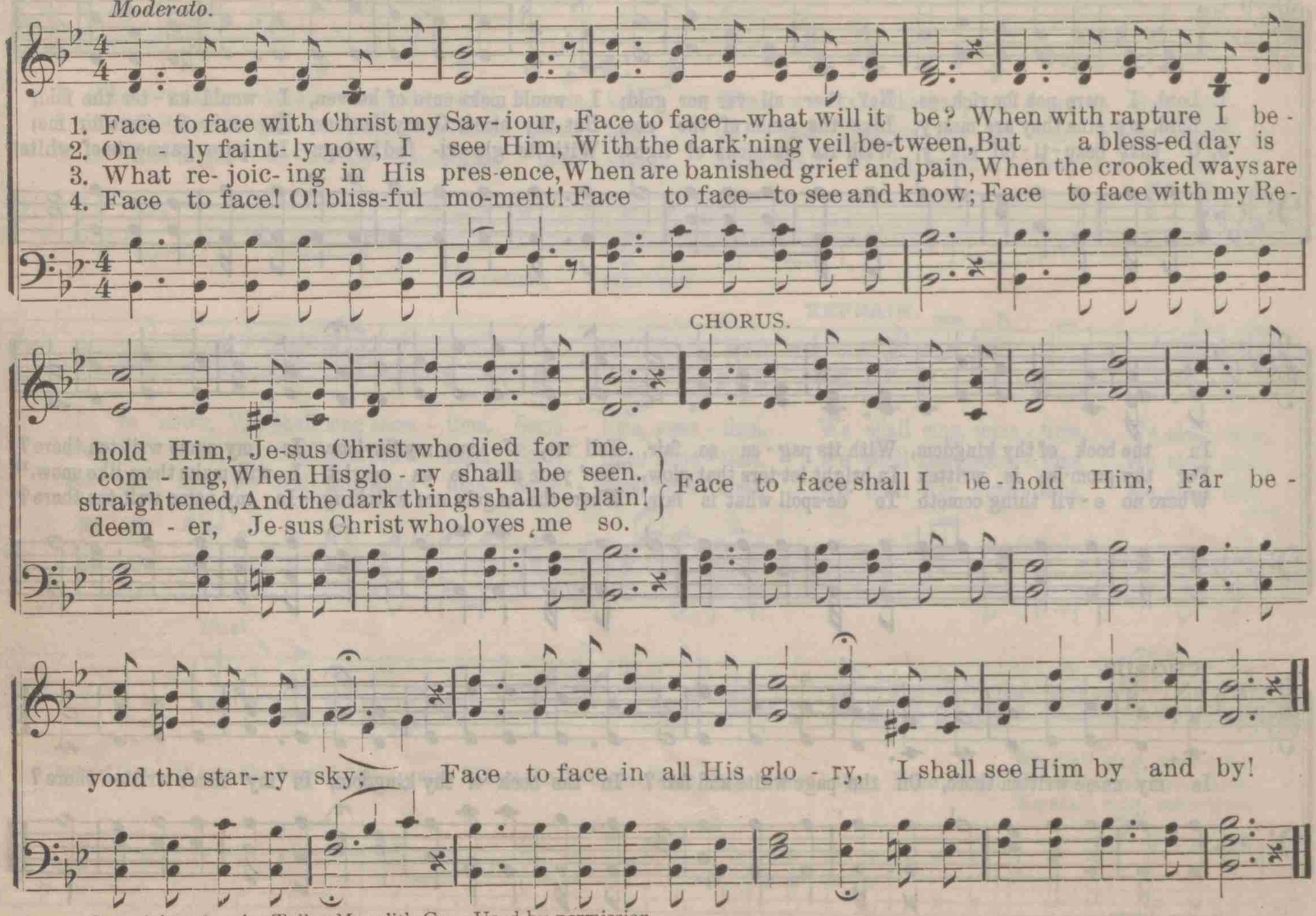
FACE TO FACE.

"They shall see His face and His name shall be in their foreheads."—Rev. 22 : 4.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

Grant Colfax Tullar.

Moderato.



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NO NIGHT THERE.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. "There shall be no night there, for the Lord, God giveth them light."—Rev. 22 : 5. H. P. DANKS.

1. In the land of fade-less day Lies "the cit - y four-square," It shall nev - er pass a - way,
2. All the gates of pearl are made, In "the cit - y four-square," All the streets with gold are laid,
3. And the gates shall nev-er close To "the cit - y four-square," There life's crystal riv-er flows,
4. There they need no sunshine bright, In "that cit - y four-square," For the Lamb is all the light,

mf CHORUS.

And there is "no night there." God shall "wipe a- way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears; And they count not time by years, For there is "no night there."

God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears; And they count not time by years, by years, For there is "no night..... there."

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863 JOY BY AND BY.

F. E. B. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—Ps. 126 : 5. F. E. BELDEN.

1. O there'll be joy when the work is done, Joy when the reapers gath - er home, Bringing the sheaves at
2. Sweet are the songs that we hope to sing, Grateful the thanks our hearts shall bring, Prais-ing for - ev - er
3. Pure are the joy's that a - wait us there, Man - y the golden mansions fair; Je - sus him-self doth

CHORUS.

set of sun To the New Je - ru - sa - lem, Joy, joy, there'll be joy by and by,
Christ our King In the New Je - ru - sa - lem.
them prepare, In the New Je - ru - sa - lem. Joy joy, joy, joy by and by,

Joy, joy, where the joys never die; Joy, joy; for the day draweth nigh When the workers gather home.
Joy, joy, joy, joys never die; Joy, joy, joy,

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WHEN THE KING SHALL CLAIM HIS OWN.

"For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works."—Matt. 16:27.

L. D. SANTEE. EDWIN BARNES.

1. In the glad time of the harvest, In the grand mil-len-nial year, When the King shall take His scepter,
2. O the rap - ture of His peo-ple! Long they've dwelt on earth's low sod, With their hearts e'er turning homeward,
3. Long they've toiled within the harvest, Sown the precious seed with tears; Soon they'll drop their heavy burdens

And to judge the world ap-pear, Earth and sea shall yield their treasure, All shall stand be-fore the throne;
Rich in faith and love to God. They will share the life im - mor-tal, They will know as they are known,
In the glad mil-len-nial years; They will share the bliss of heav - en, Nev - er more to sigh or moan;

Just a-wards will then be given, When the King shall claim His own.
They will pass the pearly portal, When the King shall claim His own.
Starry crowns will then be given, When the King shall claim His own.

4 We shall greet the loved and loving,
Who have left us lonely here;
Every heart-ache will be banished
When the Saviour shall appear;
Never grieved with sin or sorrow,
Never weary or alone;
O, we long for that glad morrow
When the King shall claim His own.

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865 WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

"And another book was opened, which is the book of life, and whosoever was not found written in the book of life, was cast into the lake of fire."—Rev. 20 : 12, 15.

J. M. B. J. M. Black.

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

ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
res - ur- rec- tion share; When His chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies, And the
wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the

CHORUS.

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

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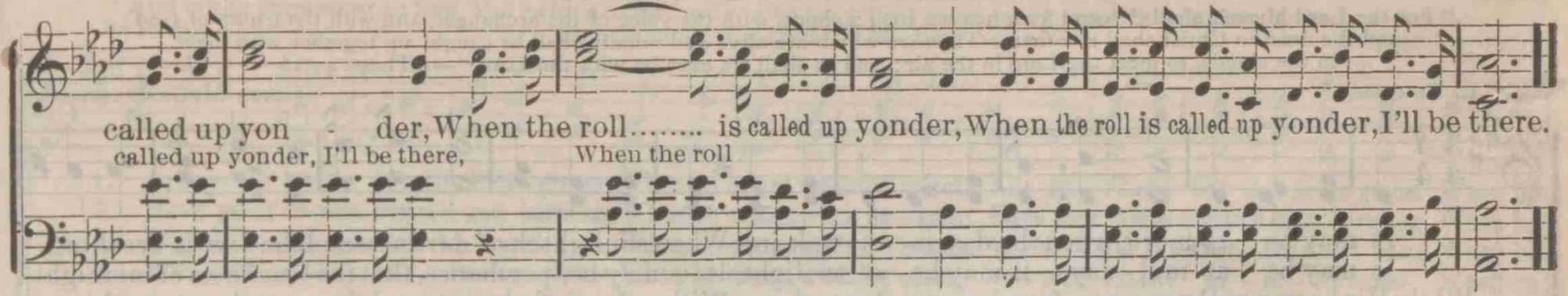
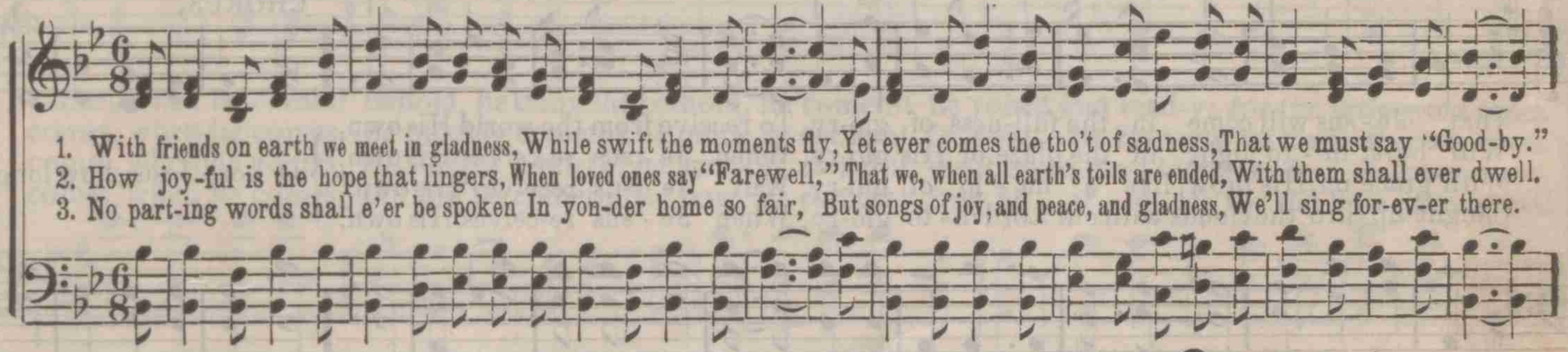
WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.—CONCLUDED.

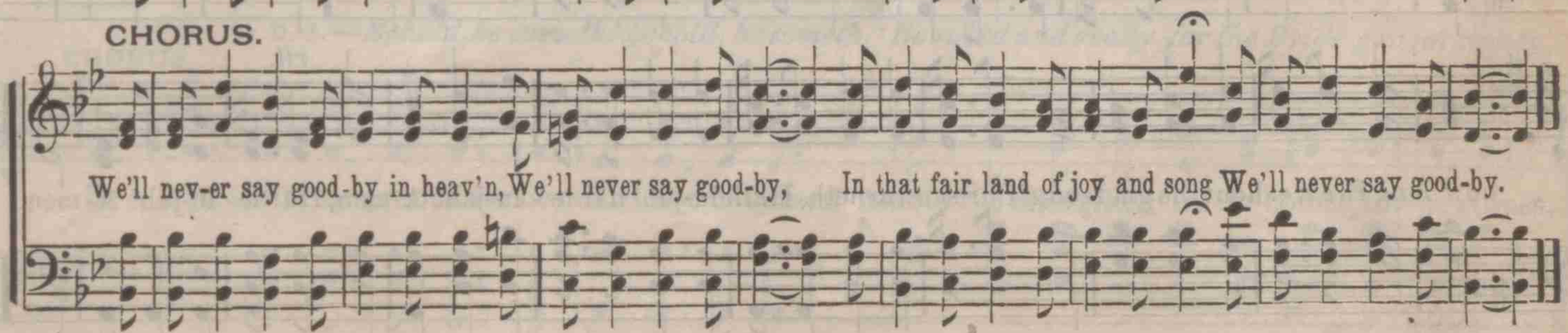


866 WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BY.

"The voice of weeping shall be no more heard." "They shall not build, and another inhabit;
they shall not plant, and another eat."—Isa. 65: 19, 22.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. With friends on earth we meet in gladness, While swift the moments fly, Yet ever comes the tho't of sadness, That we must say "Good-by."
2. How joy-ful is the hope that lingers, When loved ones say "Farewell," That we, when all earth's toils are ended, With them shall ever dwell.
3. No part-ing words shall e'er be spoken In yon-der home so fair, But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, We'll sing for-ev-er there.

CHORUS.



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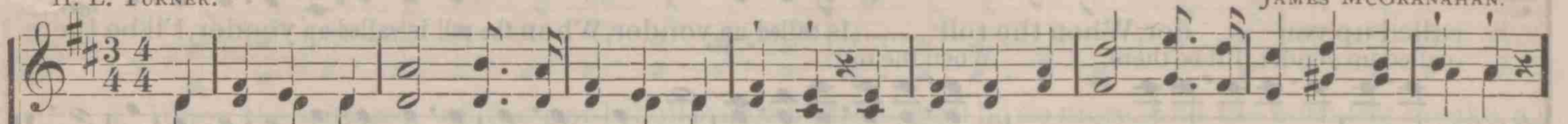
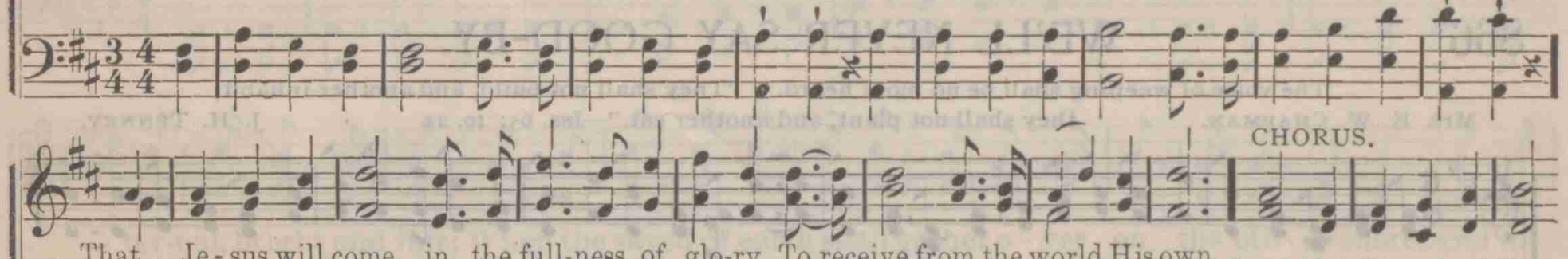
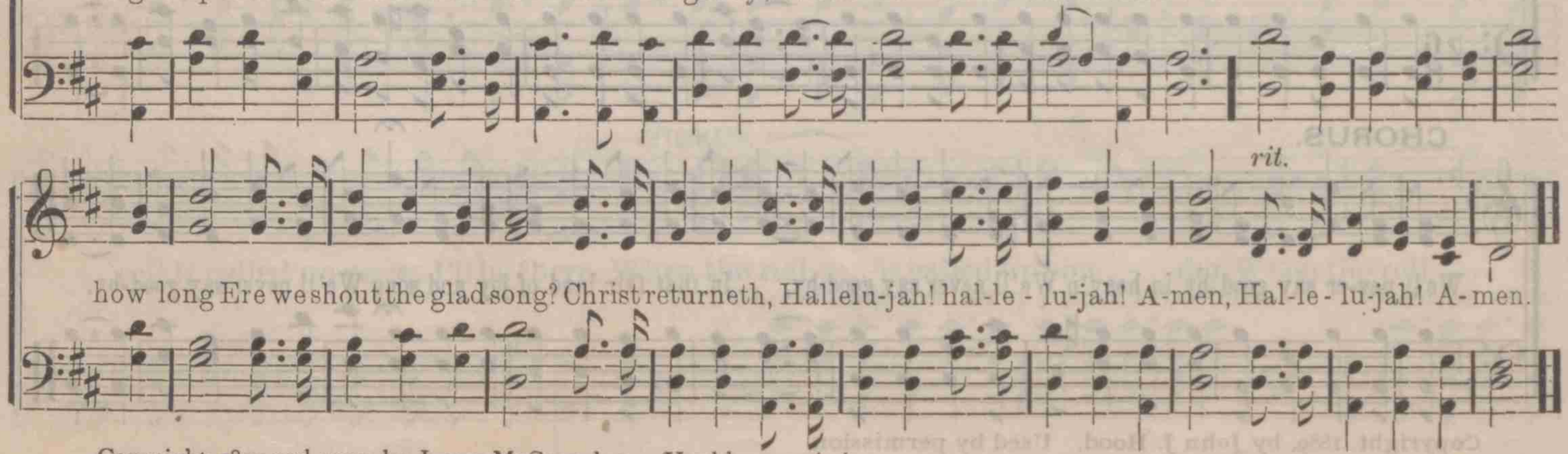
867 CHRIST RETURNETH.

"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 Thess. 4: 16, 17.

H. L. TURNER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sunlight thro' darkness and shadow is breaking,
2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twilight, It may be, perchance, that the blackness of midnight
3. While His hosts cry Ho-san-na, from heaven descend-ing, With glo-ri-fied saints and the an-gels at-tend-ing,
4. O joy! O de-light! should we go without dy-ing, No sickness, no sad-ness, no dread, and no cry-ing,

CHORUS.

That Je-sus will come in the full-ness of glo-ry To receive from the world His own.
Will burst in-to light in the blaze of His glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives His own.
With grace on His brow, like a ha-lo of glo-ry, Will Je-sus receive "His own."
Caught up thro' the clouds with our Lord in-to glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives His own.

} O Lord Jesus, how long,

rit.

how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ returneth, Hallelu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

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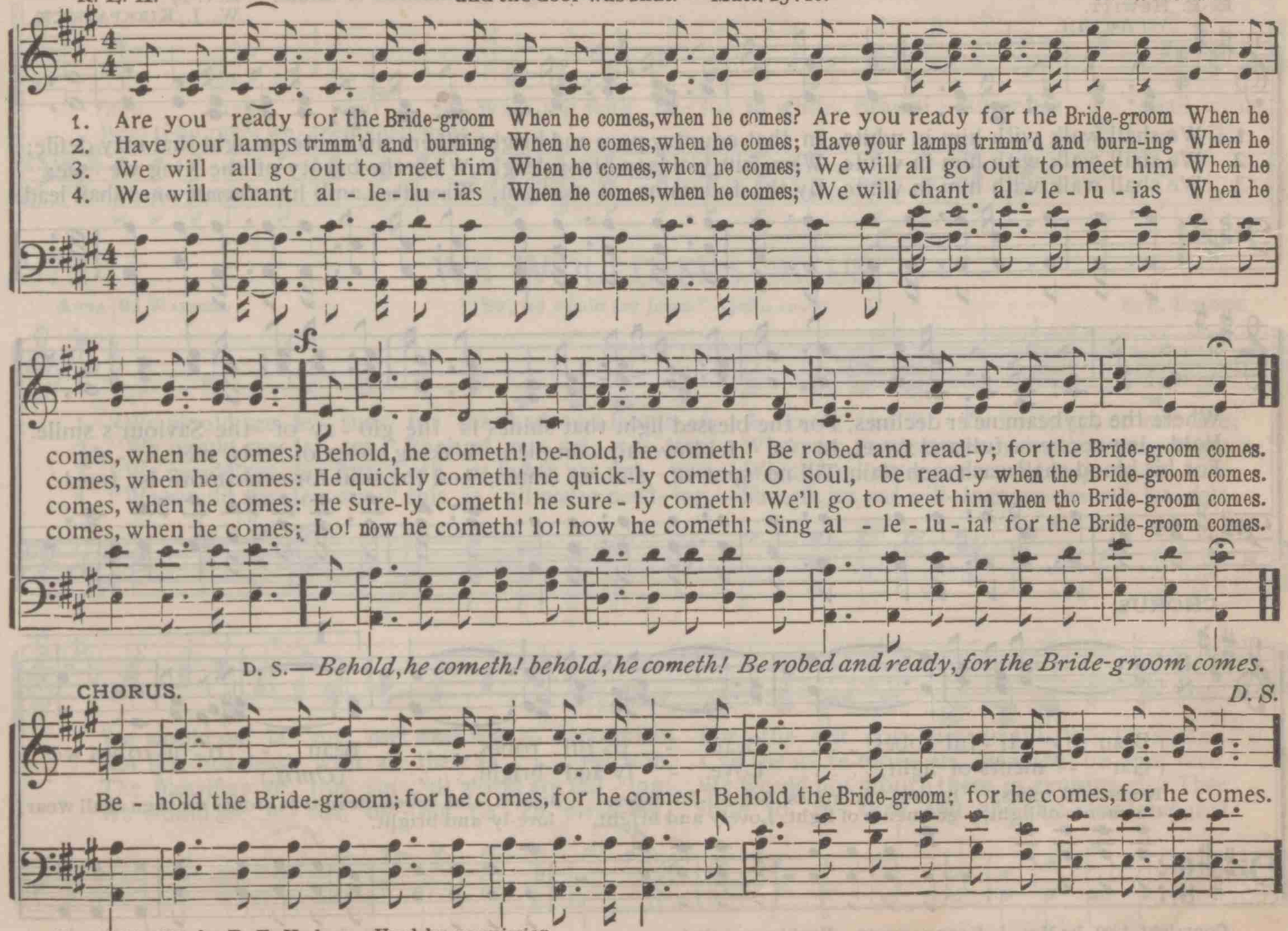
BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM.

"And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut."—Matt. 25 : 10.

R. E. H. R. E. HUDSON.



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BEAUTIFUL ROBES.

"Arrayed in fine linen clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints."—Rev. 19:8.

E. E. HEWITT. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.

1. We shall walk with him in white, In that country pure and bright, Where shall enter naught that may defile;
2. We shall walk with him in white, Where faith yields to blissful sight, When the beauty of the King we see;
3. We shall walk with him in white, By the fountains of de-light, Where the Lamb his ransomed ones shall lead;

Where the daybeam ne'er declines, For the blessed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Saviour's smile.
Hold - ing converse full and sweet, In a fel-low-ship complete; Waking songs of ho-ly mel - o - dy.
For his blood shall wash each stain, Till no spot of sin re - main, And the soul for-ev-er-more is freed.

CHORUS.

{ Beau - ti - ful robes, . . . Beau - ti - ful robes, . . . Beau - ti - ful robes we
{ Gar - ments of light, ... Love - ly and bright, . . . (*Omit.*) - - - - -

{ Beau-ti-ful robes, beau-ti - ful robes, Beau-ti-ful robes, Beau-ti - ful robes, Beau-ti-ful robes we then shall wear,
{ Garments of light, garments of light, Lovely and bright, love-ly and bright,

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BEAUTIFUL ROBES—CONCLUDED.

2

then shall wear; Walk-ing with Je - sus in white, Beau-ti - ful robes we shall wear.
Beau-ti-ful robes we then shall wear.

870 WE WOULD SEE JESUS.

ANNA B. WARNER. "Sir, we would see Jesus."—John 12: 21 F. E. BELDEN.

1. "We would see Je - sus;" for the shad-ows length-en A - cross the lit - tle landscape of our life;
2. "We would see Je - sus," Rock of our sal - va - tion, Whereon our feet were set with sov'reign grace;
3. "We would see Je - sus;" oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long years we did re-joice to see;
4. "We would see Je - sus;" this is all we're need- ing,— Strength, joy, and will- ingness come with the sight;

We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to strengthen For the last con- flict in this mor-tal strife.
Not life, nor death, with all their ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re-move us, gaz- ing on his face.
The blessings of this sin - ful world are fail - ing; We would not mourn them, in exchange for Thee.
We would see Je - sus, dy - ing, ris - en, plead-ing, Soon to re - turn and end this mor-tal night!

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WHO ARE THESE?

ANNA SHIPTON. "These are they who came out of great tribulation."—Rev. 7: 14. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Who are these whose songs are sounding O'er the gold - en harps a- bove? Hark! they tell of grace abounding,
2. Who are these that keep their station Round the great eter -nal throne? They from earth- ly trib- u - la- tion
3. See their robes of dazzling whiteness, Without blem-ish, spot or stain; See their crowns that grow in brightness,
4. 'Tis the Lamb of God who leads them, And they serve Him night and day, By the heav'nly fount He leads them
5. Sweet the theme: 'tis still "salva- tion Un- to Christ the Ho - ly One," And their sighs of trib - u -la- tion

CHORUS. *Slowly.*

And Je - ho - vah's sov-'reign love.
To their heav - 'nly rest are gone.
Pur-chas'd by the Lamb once slain.
He hath wiped their tears a- way.
Change to songs a-rouud the throne.

These are they..... who wash'd their robes..... ... and

These are they who wash'd their robes

made them white..... in the blood of the Lamb..... These are they.....who wash'd their

and made them white of the Lamb, These are they

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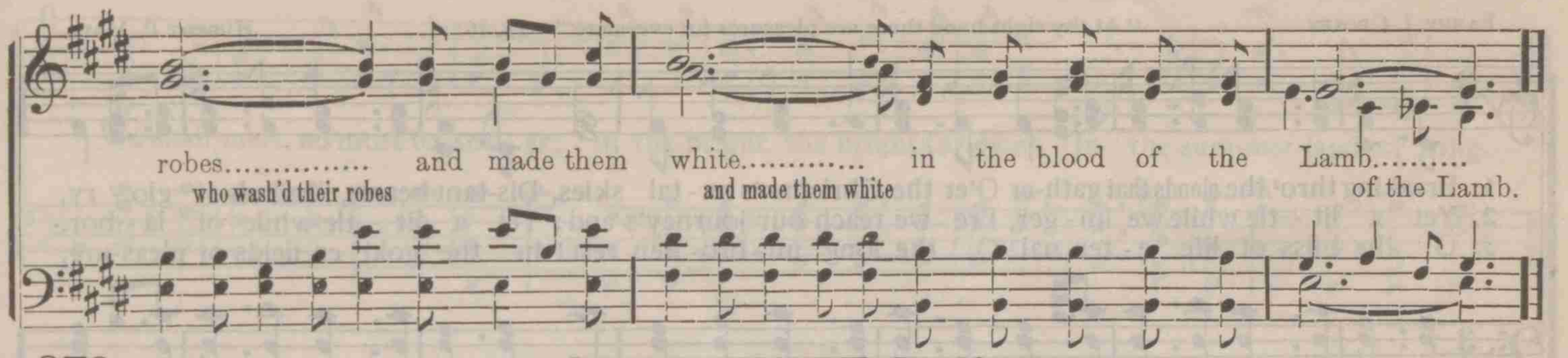
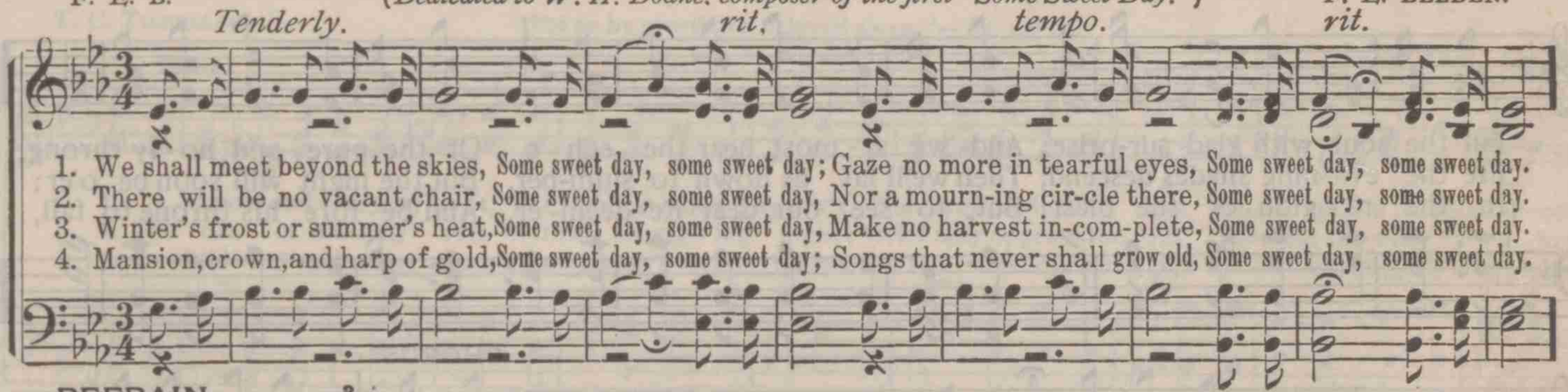


872

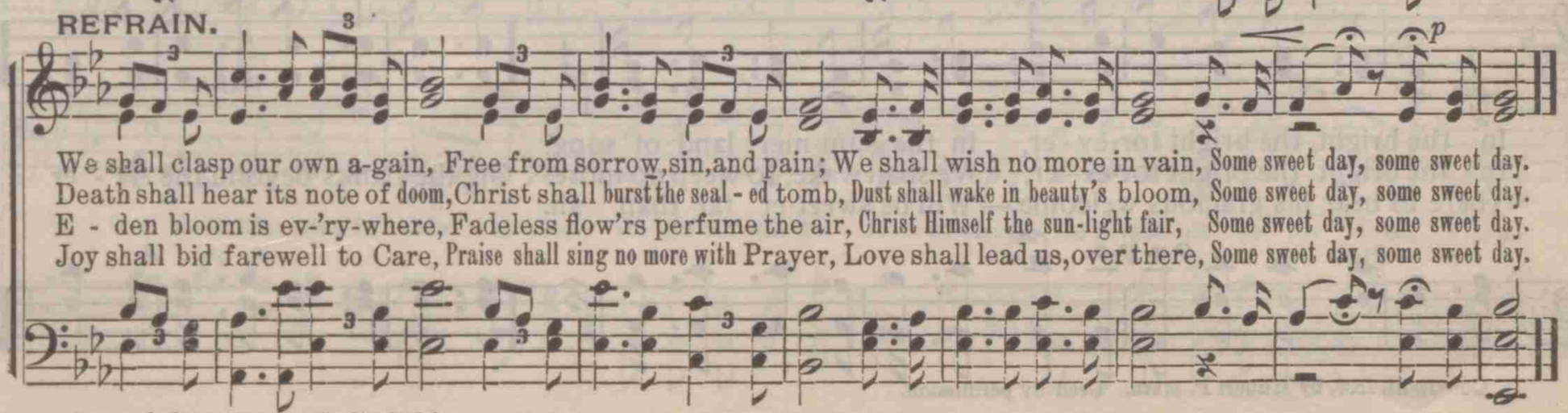
SOME SWEET DAY.

F. E. B. (*Dedicated to W. H. Doane, composer of the first "Some Sweet Day."*) F. E. BELDEN.



1. We shall meet beyond the skies, Some sweet day, some sweet day; Gaze no more in tearful eyes, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
2. There will be no vacant chair, Some sweet day, some sweet day, Nor a mourn-ing cir-cle there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
3. Winter's frost or summer's heat, Some sweet day, some sweet day, Make no harvest in-com-plete, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
4. Mansion, crown, and harp of gold, Some sweet day, some sweet day; Songs that never shall grow old, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

REFRAIN.



We shall clasp our own a-gain, Free from sorrow, sin, and pain; We shall wish no more in vain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
Death shall hear its note of doom, Christ shall burst the seal - ed tomb, Dust shall wake in beauty's bloom, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
E - den bloom is ev-'ry-where, Fadeless flow'rs perfume the air, Christ Himself the sun-light fair, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
Joy shall bid farewell to Care, Praise shall sing no more with Prayer, Love shall lead us, over there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

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THE BRIGHT FOREVER.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "At thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—Ps. 16: 11. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Breaking thro' the clouds that gath-er O'er the Christian's na - tal skies, Dis-tant beams, like floods of glo - ry,
2. Yet a lit - tle while we lin - ger, Ere we reach our journey's end; Yet a lit - tle while of la - bor,
3. O the bliss of life e - ter- nal! O the long un - bro- ken rest! In the gold - en fields of pleas-ure,

Fill the soul with glad sur-prise; And we al - most hear the ech - o Of the pure and ho - ly throng,
Ere the ev - 'ning shades descend; Then we'll lay us down to slum-ber, But the night will soon be o'er;
In the re - gion of the blest; But, to see our dear Re- deem- er, And be - fore his throne to fall,

CHORUS.

In the bright, the bright for-ev - er, In the sum-mer - land of song.
In the bright, the bright for-ev - er, We shall wake, to weep no more. On the banks beyond the riv - er
There to hear his gracious welcome,— Will be sweet-er far than all.

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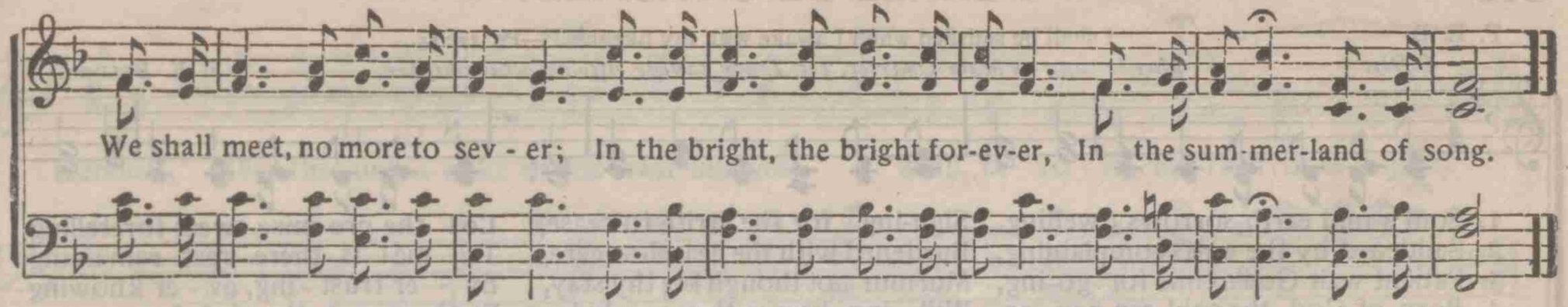
THE BRIGHT FOREVER.—CONCLUDED.



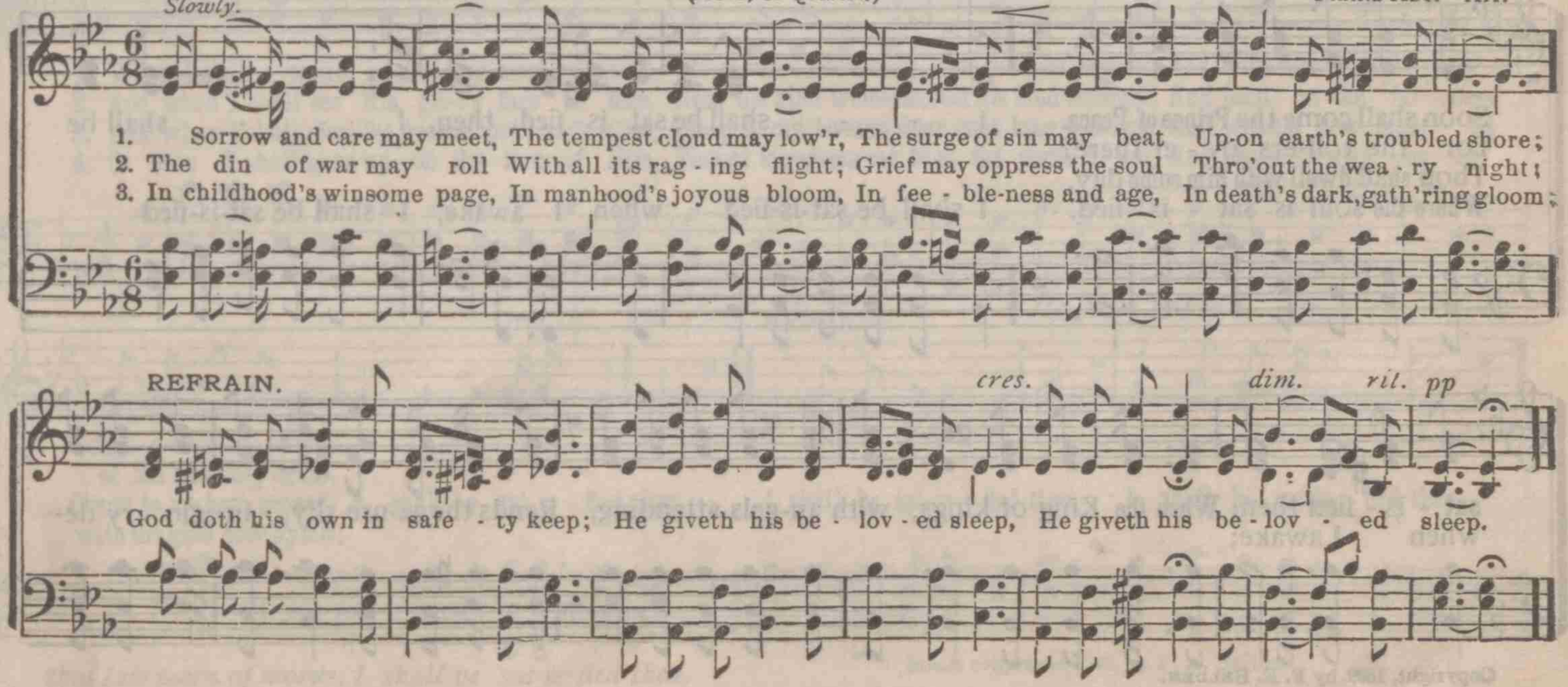
874 HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

T. C. TILDESLEY.

"For so he giveth his beloved sleep."—Ps. 127: 2.

(Solo, or Quartet.)

FRANZ ABT. Arr.



875

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

F. E. B.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."—Ps. 17 : 15.

Softly. *May be sung as Male Quartet, 1st Tenor taking Alto an octave higher.* F. E. BELDEN.

1. Soul a-mid earth-sorrows dwelling, Sigh-ing for the strife to cease, Lo! the pro-mise sweet foretelling
2. Saddened by the world's complaining, Burdened with the ceaseless care, Tell me! is there rest remaining
3. Patient wait God's time for go-ing, Murmur not though long thy stay, Ev - er trust - ing, ev - er knowing
4. Born of God, the soul can nev - er Will - ing here with sin a-bide; Earth is not the glad for - ev - er

CHORUS.

Soon shall come the Prince of Peace. I - - shall be sat - is - fied then, I - - shall be
For the toil-ers ov - er there?
Thou shalt dwell with him some day.
Where the soul is sat - is fied. I shall be sat-is-fied when I awake, I shall be sat-is-fied

sat - is - fied then; When the King of kings, with an-gels attending, Rends the az-ure sky, in glo - ry de-
when I awake;

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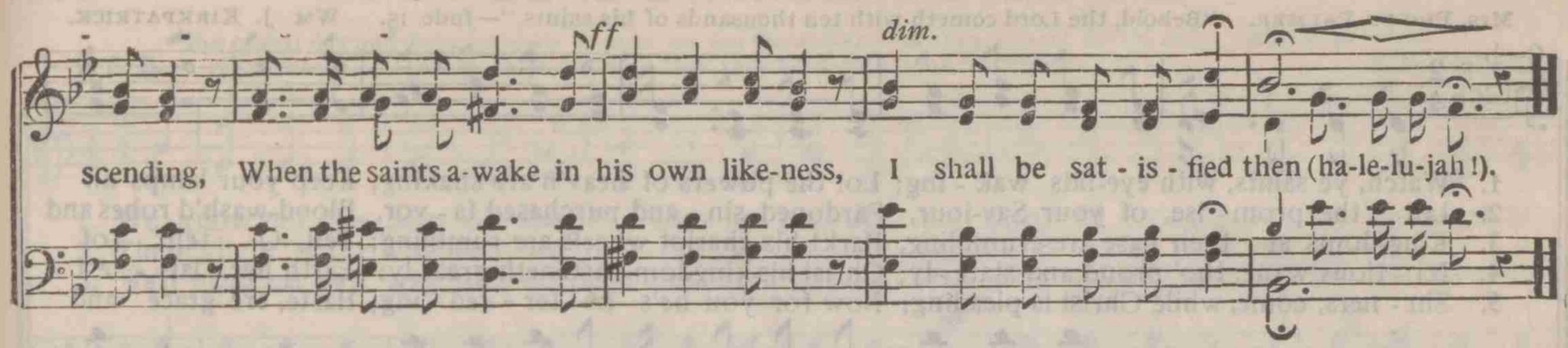
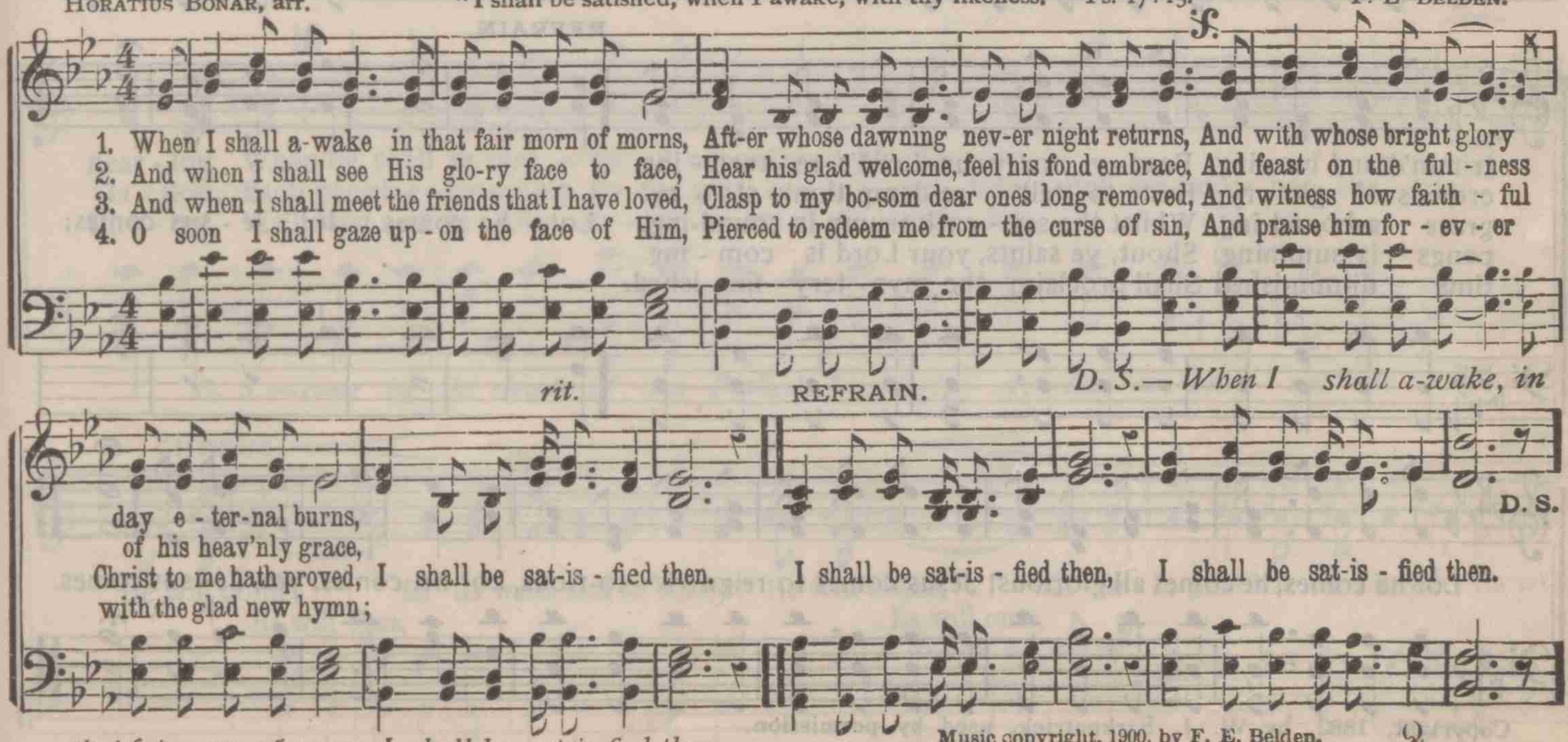
I SHALL BE SATISFIED.—CONCLUDED.



876

WHEN I SHALL AWAKE.

HORATIUS BONAR, alt. "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."—Ps. 17:15. F. E BELDEN.



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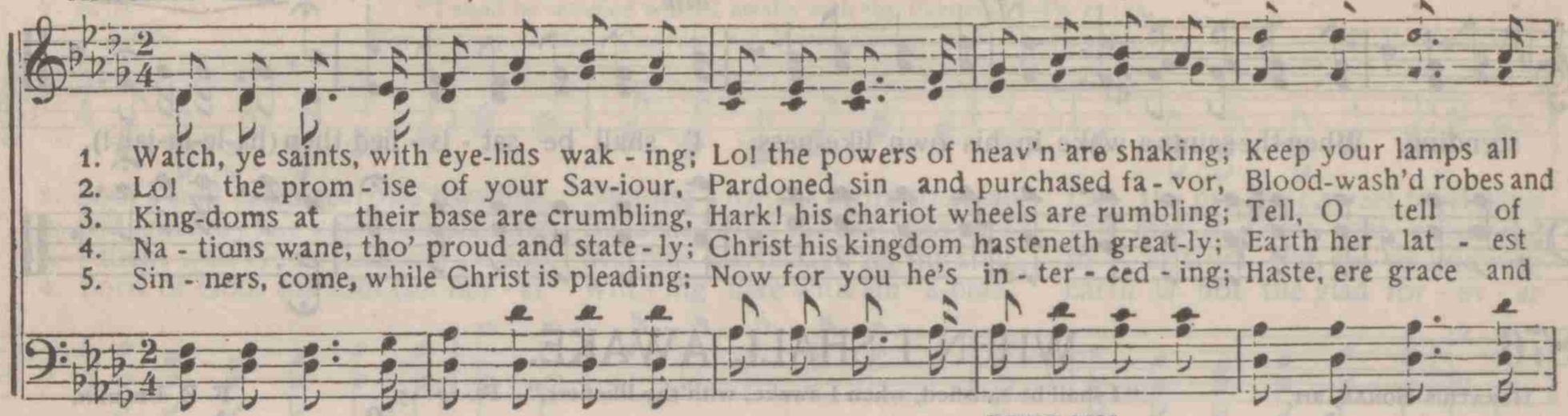
JESUS COMES.

MRS. PHŒBE PALMER. "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints."—Jude 15. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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WE KNOW NOT THE HOUR.

"But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only. Watch therefore;
for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. 24: 36, 42.

F. E. B. *Allegretto.* F. E. BELDEN.

1. We know not the hour of the Mas-ter's ap-pear-ing, Yet signs all fore-tell that the mo-ment is near-ing When he shall re-turn,—'tis a prom-ise most cheer-ing,—
2. There's light for the wise who are seek-ing sal-va-tion, There's truth in the Book of Di-vine rev-e-la-tion, Each proph-e-cy points to the great con-sum-ma-tion,—But we know not the hour.
3. We'll watch and we'll pray, with our lamps trimmed and burn-ing, We'll work and we'll wait till the Mas-ter's re-turn-ing, We'll sing and re-joice, ev-'ry o-men dis-cern-ing,—

D. S.—come in the clouds of his Father's bright glo-ry,—But we know not the hour.

p CHORUS. *p* D. S.

He will come, . let us watch and be ready; He will come, . hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! He will come, He will come,

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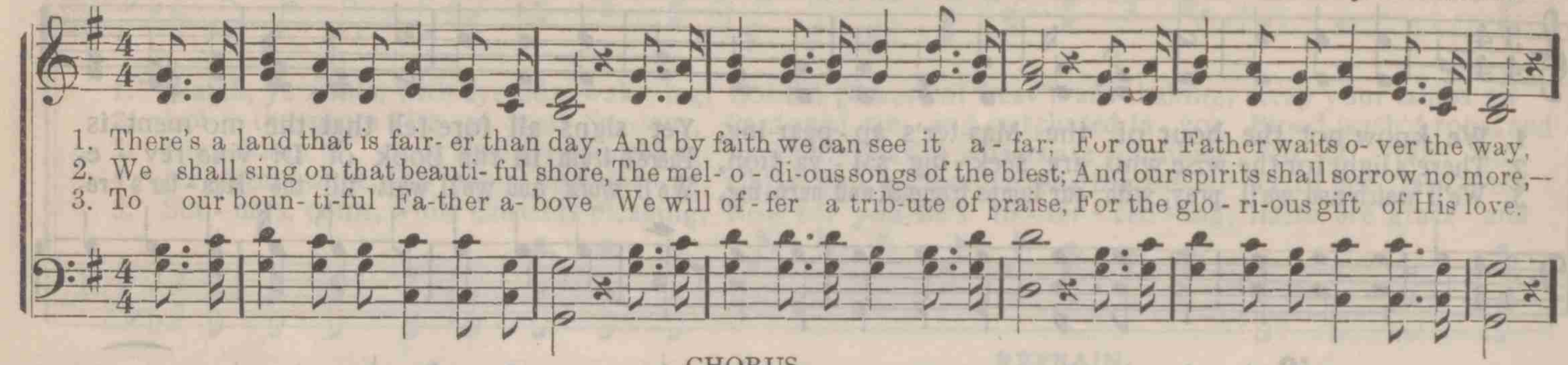
SWEET BY AND BY.

"And the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick; the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity."—Isa. 33: 24.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT. J. P. WEBSTER.

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THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE. "The seventh year shall be a sabbath of rest."— Lev. 25 : 4. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Oh, glo-ry to God! it is com-ing again, 'T is the glad ju - bi - lee of the children of men;
2. 'T is the glad an-ti - type of that day long a -go, When the hosts of the Lord might not gath-er or sow;
3. Yes, gladder by far is that rest "by and by," When on wings like the ea - gle we mount to the sky;

Then blow ye the trumpet, shout glo-ry and sing, And join in the praises of Je-sus the King.
When the minions of Is - rael from la-bor were free, And the land was to rest in the glad ju - bi - lee.
We shall dwell ev - er-more in that land of the blest, In that grand ju - bi - lee, in that sabbath of rest.

CHORUS.

Shout with the voice of tri-umph, Soon shall the saints be free (be free); Glo - ry to the Lord! hal - le - lu - jah! Has-ten the ju - bi - lee!

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881

GOLDEN DAWNING.

F. E. B. "Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 1:7. F. E. BELDEN.

1. I am wait-ing for the morn-ing Of the day that brings re-lease, Waiting for the gold-en
2. O'er the hill-tops brightly breaking, Sun of Right-eous-ness a-rise, Ev-'ry soul from slumber
3. End-less joy for hours of cry-ing, Ev-er-last-ing peace for care; Im-mor-tal-i-ty for

Solo prominent, one or more voices. Other parts light.

rit. CHORUS

dawn-ing Of God's ev-er-last-ing peace. Has-ten on,
wak-ing As God's glo-ry gilds the skies.
dy-ing, Hal-le-lu-jahs glad, for prayer! Has-ten on, - - - O day e-

day e-ter-nal! Bid the night of sor-row cease;
ter-nal! - - Bid the night - - of sor-row cease; - - - - Ush-er

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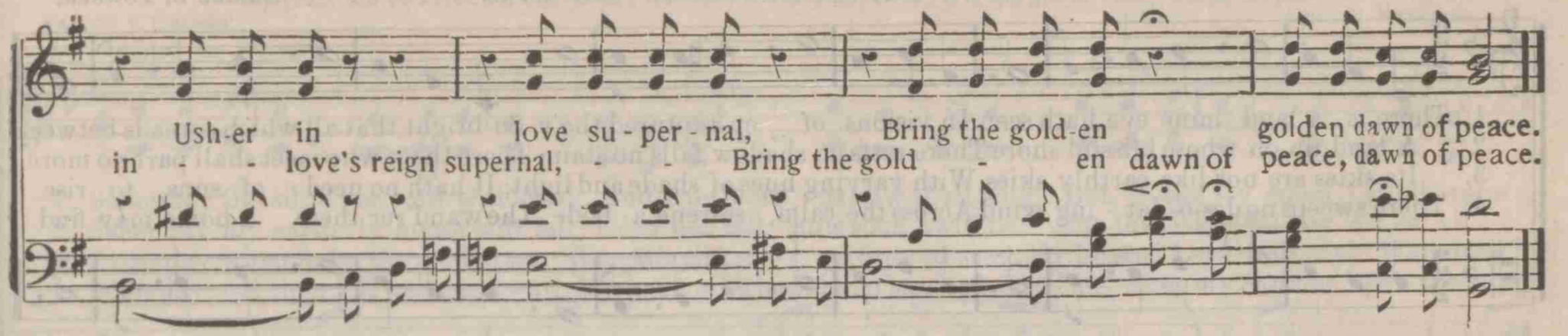
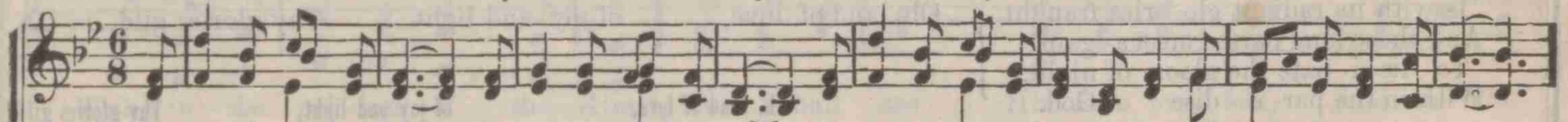
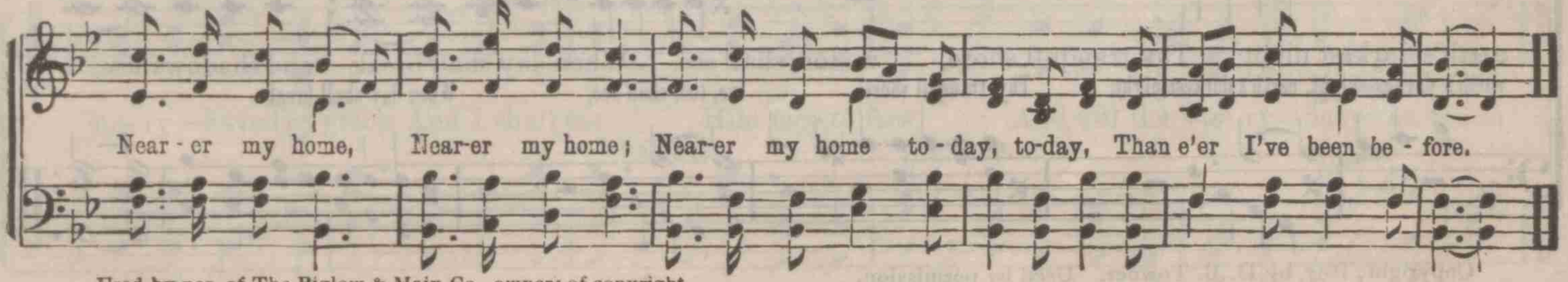
GOLDEN DAWNING.— CONCLUDED.

882 ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

PHŒBE CARY. "Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."— Heb. 11 : 16. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. One sweetly sol-emn tho't, Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer to my home to-day, Than e'er I've been be-fore.
2. Near-er my Fath-er's house, Where many mansions be; Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns, Nearer the crys-tal sea.
3. Near-er my go-ing home, Lay-ing my bur-dens down, Leaving my cross of heavy grief, Wearing my star-ry crown.

CHORUS.

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THE BETTER LAND.

GURDON ROBINS, arr. "A better country, that is an heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16. DANIEL B. TOWNER.

1. There is a land mine eye hath seen In visions of en-raptured tho't, So bright, that all which spreads between
2. A land up-on whose blissful shore There rests no shadow, falls no stain; There those who meet shall part no more,
3. Its skies are not like earthly skies, With varying hues of shade and light; It hath no need of suns, to rise
4. There sweeps no des-o- lat - ing wind Across the calm, se-rene a- bode. The wand'rer there a home may find

CHORUS.

Is with its radiant glo - ries fraught. Oh, land of love,... of joy and light... Thy glories gild...
And those long parted meet a- gain.
To dis-si- pate the gloom of night.
With-in the par- a - dise of God.

Oh, land of love, of joy and light, Thy glories gild

earth's darkest night; Thy tranquil shore, we, too, shall see, When day shall break and shadows flee.
earth's darkest night, earth's darkest night; Thy tranquil shore, we, too, shall see, When day shall break.

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SAVED BY GRACE.

"By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."—Eph. 2. 8.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing; But, O, the joy when I shall wake
2. Some day my earth- ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be, But this I know—my All in All
3. Some day, when fades the golden sun Beneath the ro - sy-tint- ed west, My blessed Lord shalt say, "Well done!"
4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright, That when my Saviour ope's the gate,

CHORUS.

With - in the pal - ace of the King! And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the
Has now a place in heav'n for me.
And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
My soul to Him may take its flight.
shall see to face,

sto- ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto- ry—Saved by grace.
shall see to face,

rit.

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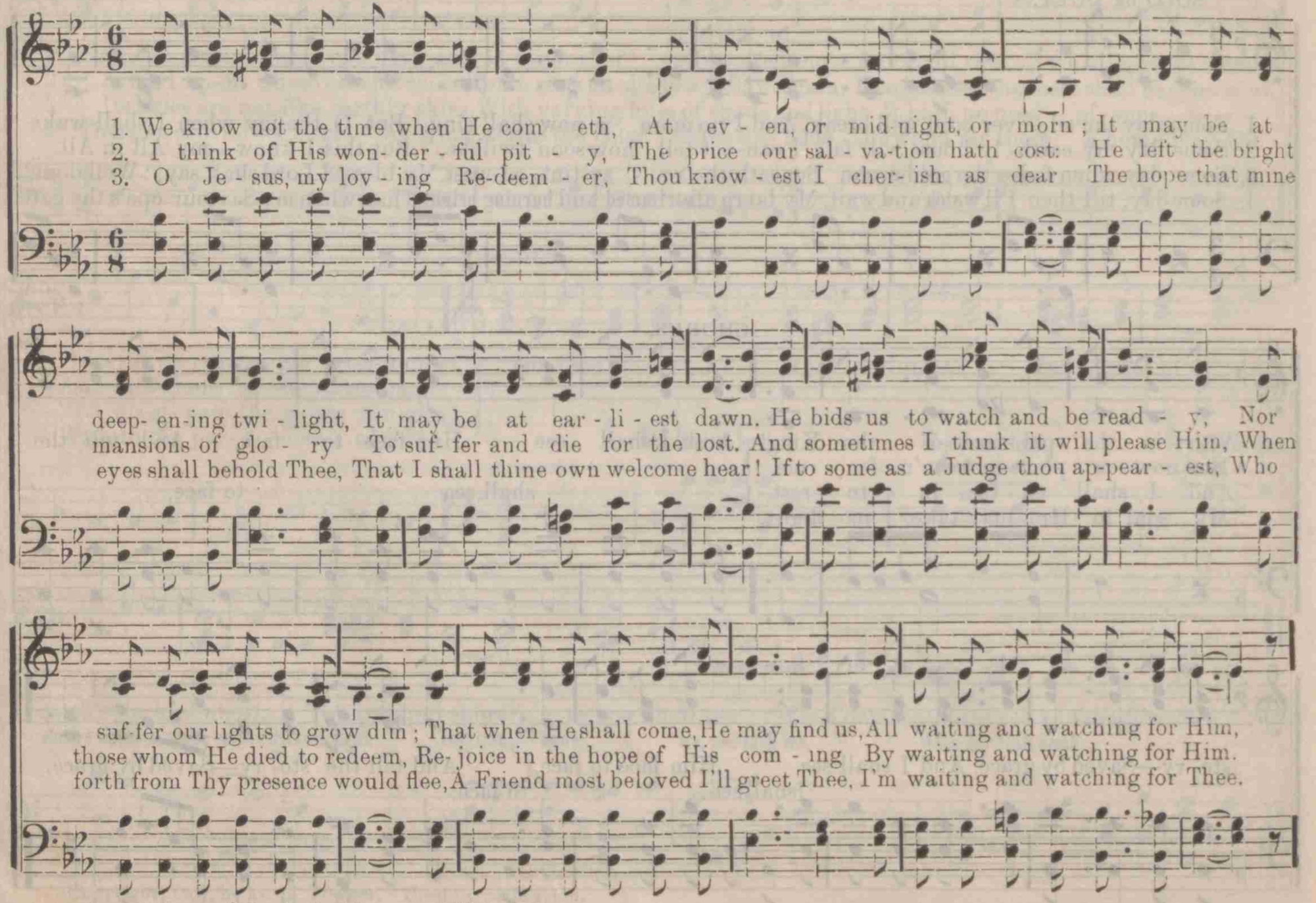
WAITING AND WATCHING.

"Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching."—Luke 12 : 35-37.

S. M. H.

WILL H. PONTIUS.



From "Songs of Gratitude," by per. of Fillmore Bros.

WAITING AND WATCHING.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

1 2

{ Wait - ing and watch - ing, Wait - ing and watch - ing; } Still waiting and watching for Thee.
{ Wait-ing and watching, yes, wait-ing for Thee, Wait- ing and watch-ing, yes, wait-ing for Thee; }

886 WHEN THOU COMEST.

W. A. O.

"Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."—Luke 13 . 42.

W. A. OGDEN.

f.

1. When thou com- est in Thy kingdom, Je- sus, Lord, re-mem-ber me, Thus the pen-i-tent thief en-treat - ed
2. When thou com- est in Thy kingdom, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be, Like the pen-i-tent thief I pray Thee,
3. When thou com- est in Thy kingdom, Mounting upward to the skies, Like the pen-i-tent thief, I pray to

D. S.—When thou com - est in Thy king- dom,

FINE. CHORUS. *D.S.*

Christ, the Lord, on Cal- va - ry.
Je - sus, Lord, re-mem-ber me.
Be with Thee in Par - a - dise.

Nev-er in vain, nev-er in vain, Faith in- spire this wonderful strain.

Je- sus, Lord, re- mem-ber me.

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887 MARCHING TO ZION.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it to you."—Num. 10: 29.

ISAAC WATTS. ROBERT LOWRY.

Spirited.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King,
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thous-and sa - cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
4. Then let our songs abound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im-manuel's ground,

Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus sur - round the throne, And thus surround the throne.
But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a- broad.
Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold-en streets.
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

And thus surround the throne, And thus sur- round the throne.

CHORUS.

We're marching to Zi - on, Beautiful, beau-ti- ful Zi - on; We're marching upward to Zi - on, The beau- ti-ful cit-y of God.
We're marching on to Zi - on, heav'nly Zion,

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BEAUTIFUL CITY.

"Having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious."—Rev. 21: 11.

FRANKLIN E. BELDEN. JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. Beau-ti-ful cit - y, ha-ven of peace, Beau-tiful home where weeping shall cease; When shall thy gates be
2. Beau-ti-ful cit - y, ha-ven of joy, Heaven - ly praise our tongues shall em-ploy; Glad are thy songs that
3. Beau-ti-ful cit - y, ha-ven of rest, Beau-ti - ful mansions, home of the blest; O how I long thy

REFRAIN.

o-pened to me? When shall I rest for - ev - er in thee?
nev-er grow old, Bright are thy walls of jas - per and gold. Beau-ti-ful cit - y, haven of peace,
glo-ries to see! Beau - ti - ful cit - y, waiting for me.

Home of the soul, where weeping shall cease; Beautiful cit - y, waiting for me, When shall I rest for - ev - er in thee?

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HEAVEN AT LAST.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 Cor. 2 : 9.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. An - gel voic - es sweet-ly sing - ing, Ech - oes thro' the blue dome ring-ing, News of wondrous
2. On the jas-per-threshold stand - ing, Like a pil-grim safe - ly land-ing, See the strange, bright
3. Soft - est voic - es, sil - ver peal - ing, Fresh-est fragrance, spir - it - heal - ing, Hap - py hymns a-
4. Not a tear-drop ev - er fall - eth, Not a pleas-ure ev - er pall - eth, Song to song for-
5. Christ, himself, the liv - ing splen - dor, Christ the sun-light, mild and ten - der; Prais - es to the

REFRAIN.

glad - ness bring - ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
scene ex - pand - ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
round us steal - ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last! Heav'n at last, heav'n at last; O, the joy-ful sto-ry of
ev - er call - eth; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
Lamb we ren - der; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!

Small notes for final ending.

heav'n at last! Heav'n at last, heav'n at last; Endless, boundless glo-ry, In heav'n at last.

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SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.

"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."—Matt. 25 : 34.

T. C. O'K. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Who, who are these beyond the chill-y wave, Just past the borders of the silent grave, Shouting Je- sus'
2. These, these are they who in their youthful days Found Jesus ear - ly, and in wisdom's ways Proved the ful-ness
3. These, these are they who in affliction's woes, Ev - er have found in Je-sus calm re-pose, Peace which from a
4. These, these are they who in the conflict dire, Bold-ly have stood amid the hot-test fire; Je-sus now says,
5. Safe, safe up - on the ev - er-shining shore, Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow all are o'er; Hap-py now and

CHORUS.

pow'r to save?
of his grace, Washed in the blood of the Lamb. Sweeping thro' the gates to the New Je-ru - sa-lem, Washed in the
pure heart flows,
"Come up higher;"
ev - er - more,

blood of the Lamb; - - Sweeping thro' the gates to the New Je - ru - sa- lem, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
in the blood of the Lamb;

891 SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

"Then shall I know even as also I am known."—1 Cor. 13: 13.

W. M. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. When we hear the mu-sic ring - ing In the bright ce-les-tial dome, When sweet angel voic-es, sing - ing,
2. When the ho- ly an-gels meet us, As we go to join their band, Shall we know the friends that greet us
3. Yes, my earth-worn soul re-joic - es, And my wea-ry heart grows light; For the sweet immortal voic - es
4. O ye wea-ry, sad, and tossed ones! Droop not, faint not by the way; Ye shall join the loved and lost ones

Glad - ly bid us wel-come home, To the land of an-cient sto - ry, Where the dwellers know no care,—
In the glo - rious, hap- py land? Shall we see the same eyes shin - ing, On us as in days of yore?
And th' an-gel - ic fac - es bright That shall sing with us the sto - ry Of redemption round the throne,
In the land of per- fect day. Harp-strings touched by an-gel fin - gers, Mur-mur in my rap-tured ear;

CHORUS.

In that land of light and glo - ry;—Shall we know each other there?
Shall we feel the same arms twining, Fond-ly round us as be - fore?
Are with us the heirs of glo - ry, And we'll know as we are known.
Ev - er-more their sweet song lingers, "We shall know each other there!"

Shall we know..... each oth - er?
Last two stanzas.
We shall know..... each oth - er,
Shall we know

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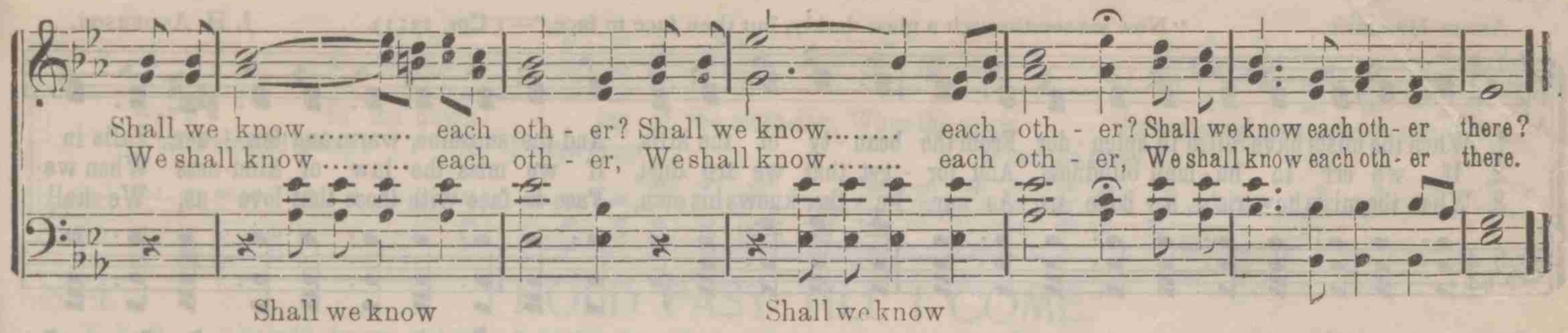
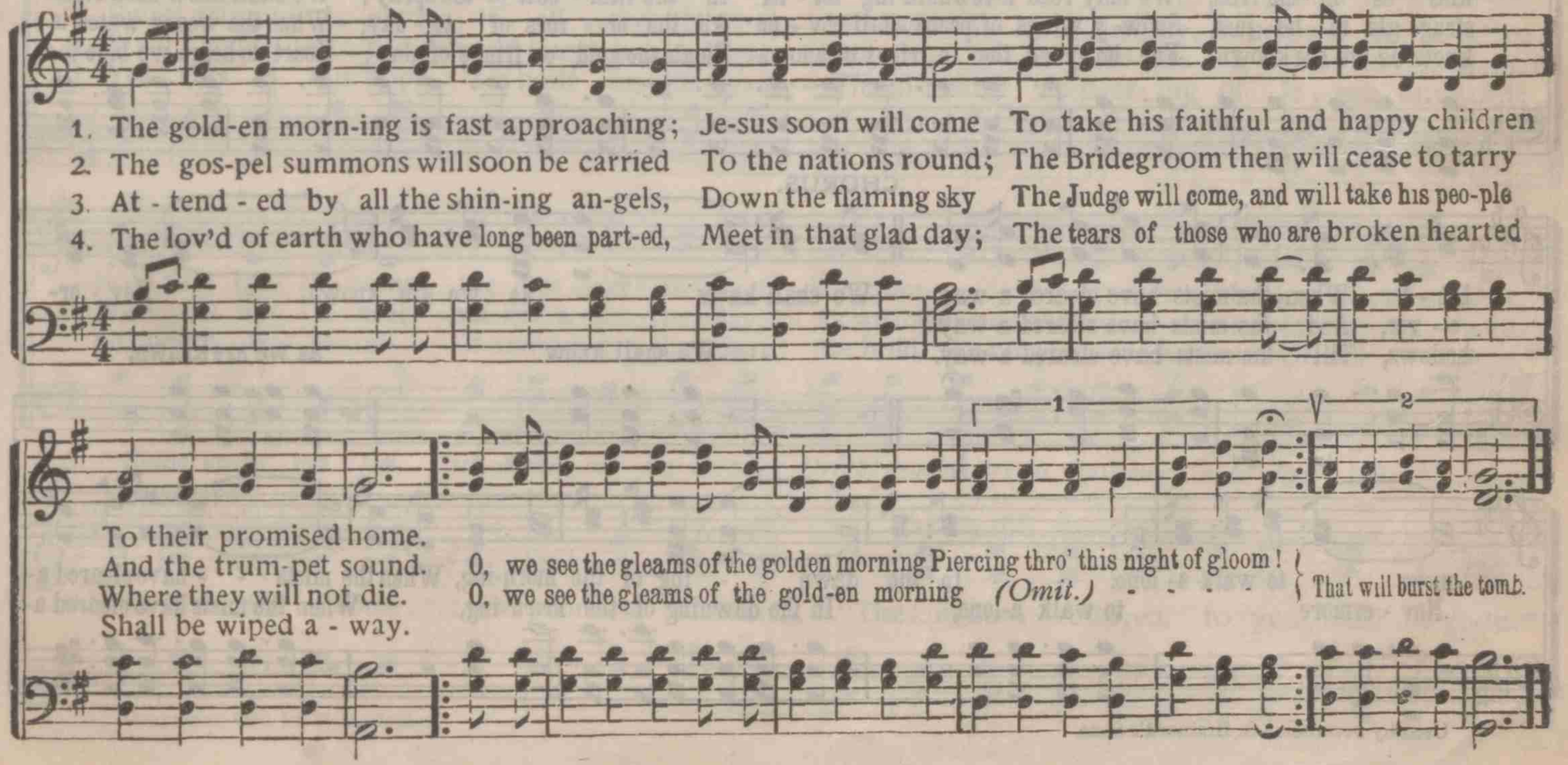
SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?—CONCLUDED.

892 GLEAMS OF THE GOLDEN MORNING.

S. J. GRAHAM, by per.

S. J. G. "They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory."—Matt. 24:30.



893 WE SHALL KNOW.

ANNIE HERBERT. "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."—1 Cor. 13:13. J. H. ANDERSON.

1. When the mists have rolled in splen - dor From the beau - ty of the hills, And the sunshine, warm and ten - der, Falls in
2. If we err in hu - man blindness, And for - get that we are dust, If we miss the law of kind - ness When we
3. When the mists have ris'n a - bove us, As our Fa - ther knows his own, Face to face with those that love us, We shall

kiss - es on the rills, We may read love's shin-ing let - ter In the rain - bow of the spray; We shall know each other
strug - gle to be just, Snow - y wings of peace shall cov - er All the er - rors of to - day, When the weary watch is
know as we are known; Far be - yond the o - rient meadows Floats the gold - en fringe of day; Heart to heart we bide the

CHORUS.

bet - ter When the mists have cleared a-way. We shall know - - as we are known, - - Nev - er-
o - ver, And the mists have cleared a-way.
shadows, Till the mists have cleared a-way. We shall know as we are known,

more - - to walk a- lone, - - In the dawn - - ing of the morn-ing, When the mists - - have cleared a-
Nev - ermore to walk a-lone, In the dawning of the morn-ing, When the mists have cleared a-

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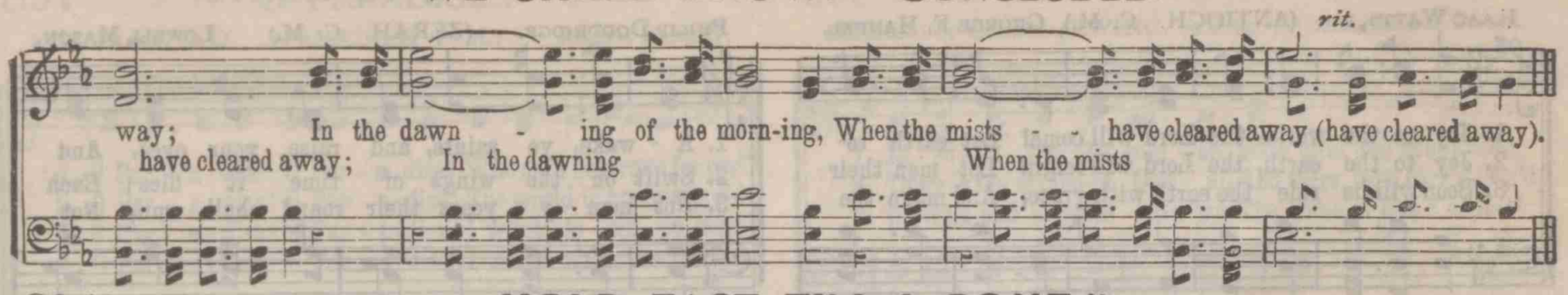
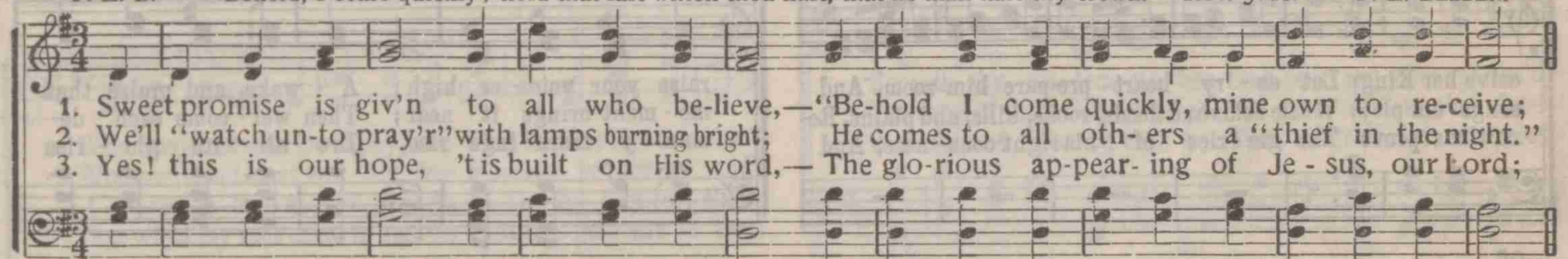
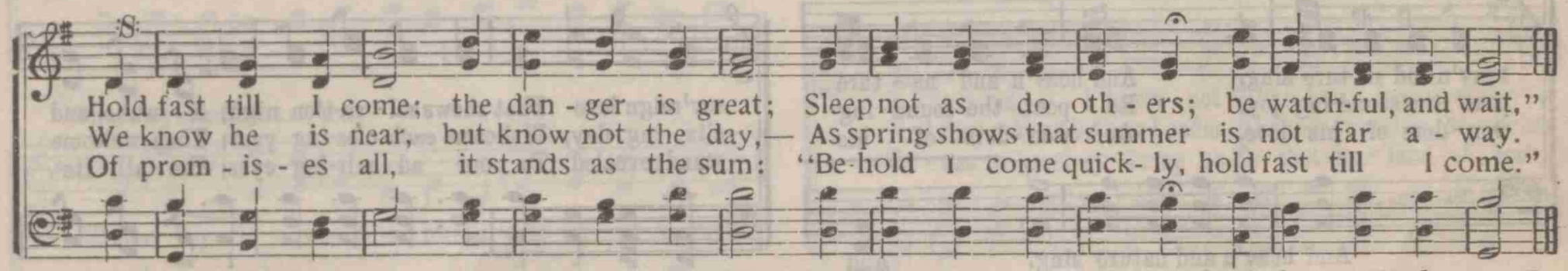
WE SHALL KNOW.—CONCLUDED.



894 "HOLD FAST TILL I COME."

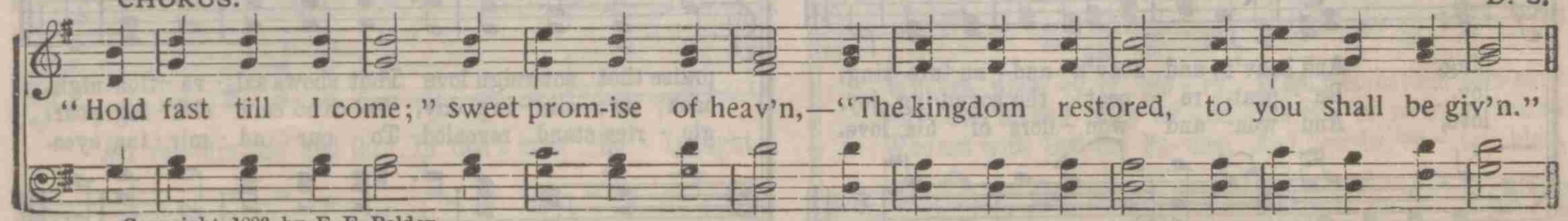
F. E. B. "Behold, I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev. 3: 11. F. E. BELDEN.





D.S.—"Come, en-ter my joy, sit down on my throne; Bright crowns are in wait-ing; hold fast till I come."

CHORUS. D. S.



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895 JOY TO THE WORLD.

ISAAC WATTS, arr. (ANTIOCH. C. M.) GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord will come! Let earth re-
2. Joy to the earth, the Lord will reign! Let men their
3. Soon will he rule the earth with grace, And make the

ceive her King; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare him room, And
songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re-
na-tions prove The glo-ries of his right-eous-ness, And

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture
peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat the sound-ing
won-ders of his love, And won-ders of his

And heav'n and nature sing. And

sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sound-ing joy.
love, And won- and won-ders of his love.

heav'n and nature sing,

896 AWAKE, YE SAINTS.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. (ZERAH. C. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. A-wake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And
2. Swift on the wings of time it flies; Each
3. Not man-y years their round shall run, Not

raise your voic-es high; A-wake, and praise that
mo-ment brings it near; Then wel-come each de-
man-y morn-ings rise, Ere all its glo-ries

sov'reign love That shows sal-va-tion nigh; A-wake, and
clin-ing day, Wel-come each clos-ing year; Then welcome
stand revealed To our ad-mir-ing eyes; Ere all its

praise that sov'reign love That shows sal-va-tion nigh.
each de-clin-ing day, Wel-come each clos-ing year.
glo-ries stand revealed To our ad-mir-ing eyes.

897 O PARADISE!

F. W. FABER, D. D. (PARADISE. P. M.) JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a- dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a- dise! The world is grow-ing old;
3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a- dise! I want to sin no more;
4. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a- dise! I would so faith - ful be,

Who would not seek the happy land Where they that love are blest?
Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev- er cold?
I want to be as pure on earth As on thy spot-less shore.
That when my race on earth has run That race may end in thee.

Refrain.

Where loyal hearts and true

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

All rap-ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

898 JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. (EWING. 7s & 6s. D.) ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and honey blest,
2. There is the throne of Dav - id, And there, from care releas'd,
3. O sweet and bless-ed coun-try, The home of God's e - lect!

Beneath thy con- tem- pla- tion Sink heart and voice oppress'd:
The song of them that tri-umph, The shout of them that feast;
O sweet and bless-ed coun-try, That ea-ger hearts ex - pect!

I know not, O I know not What ho-ly joys are there:
And they who with their Leader, Have conquered in the fight,
Je - sus in mer-cy bring us To that dear land of rest;

What ra- dian- cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond com-pare.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
Who art with God the Fa- ther, And Spir-it ev - er blest.

899 LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

WATTS. (VARINA. C. M. D.) Arr. from CHAS. H. RINCK. by G. F. ROOT.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
2. Pure is the land the saints es-py, And all the re - gion peace;
3. O could we make our doubts remove Those gloomy doubts that rise,

In - fi-nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
No wanton lips nor envious eye Can see or taste the bliss.
And see the Canaan that we love, With un-be-cloud-ed eyes;

There ev-er-last ing spring abides, And never-with'ring flow'rs,
Those ho-ly gates for - ev-er bar Pol - lu-tion, sin, and shame;
Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,—

And but a lit - tle space divides This heav'nly land from ours.
None shall obtain admittance there But foll'wers of the Lamb.
Not all this world's pretended good Could ever charm us more.

900 PLACE OF SACRED REST.

ANON. (OAKLEY. C. M. D.) WM. H. OAKLEY.

1. There is a place of sa-cred rest, Far, far be-yond the skies,
2. When tossed up-on the waves of life, With fear on ev - 'ry side,
3. In that pure home of tear-less joy Earth's part-ed friends shall meet,

Where beau-ty smiles e - ter-nal - ly, And pleas - ure nev - er dies;—
When fierce-ly howls the gath'ring storm, And foams the an - gry tide,
With smiles of love that nev - er fade, And bless - ed -ness com-plete.

My Fa-ther's house, my heav'nly home, Where man - y mansions stand,
Be - yond the storm, be-yond the gloom, Breaks forth the light of morn,
There, there a-dieus are sounds unknown; Death frowns not on that scene,

Prepared, by hands di vine, for all Who seek the bet - ter land.
Bright beaming from my Father's house, To cheer the soul for - lorn.
But life and glo-rious beau-ty shine, Un-troub - led and se - rene.

901 THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

J. MONTGOMERY. (WATCHMAN. 7s. D.) I. MASON.

1. Hark! the song of Ju- bi- lee; Loud as might-y thunders roar,
2. Hal-lelujah! hark! the sound Ris - es joy - ful to the skies;
3. He shall reign from pole to pole With supreme, unbounded sway;

Or the ful-ness of the sea When it breaks upon the shore:
From a-bove, beneath, around, Wake cre-a-tion's har-mo-nies:
He shall reign, when like a scroll Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away:

Hal- le - lu - jah! 'tis the Lord! Lo, he comes on earth to reign;
See Je-ho-vah's ban-ner furl'd, Sheath'd his sword: he speaks, 'tis done;
Then be - neath his i - ron rod, Man's last en-e-my shall fall;

Hal- le- lu - jah! let the word Ech-o round the earth and main.
Now the kingdoms of this world Are the king-doms of his Son.
Hal- le- lu - jah! to our God, Lo, he comes to con-quer all.

902 TO BE THERE.

ELIZABETH MILLS. (CONTRAST. 8s. D.) LEWIS EDSON.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair,
2. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sorrow, temptation and care,
3. Do Thou, midst temptation and woe, For heaven my spirit prepare,

And oft are its glories confess'd, But what must it be to be there!
From trials without and within, But what must it be to be there!
And short-ly I al-so shall know And feel what it is to be there;

We speak of its streets of pure gold, Its walls deck'd with jewels so rare,
We speak of its ser-vice of love, And robes which the glorified wear,—
Then o'er the bright fields we shall roam, In glo-ry ce-les-tial and fair,

Its wonders and pleasures untold, But what must it be to be there!
The church of the firstborn above,—But what must it be to be there!
With saints and with angels at home, And Jesus himself will be there.

903 HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS.

THOMAS HASTINGS. (11s & 10s.) LOWELL MASON.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing!
2. Lo, in the des - ert, rich flow - ers are springing;
3. See, the dead ris - en from land and from o - cean;

Joy to the lands that in dark-ness have lain!
Streams ev - er co - pious are glid - ing a - long;
Praise to Je - ho - vah, as - cend - ing on high;

Hushed be the ac - cents of sor - row and mourning:
Loud, from the moun-tain-tops, ech - oes are ring - ing;
Fall'n are the en - gines of war and com-mo - tion;

Zi - on, in tri - umph, be - gins her mild reign.
Wastes rise in ver - dure, and min - gle in song.
Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the sky.

904 DAUGHTER OF ZION.

FITZGERALD'S COL. (11s. P.) UNKNOWN.

1. Daugh - ter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy sad - ness;
2. Strong were thy foes; but the arm that sub - dued them,
3. Daugh - ter of Zi - on, the power that hath saved thee,
D.C.–Daughter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy sad - ness;

End.

A - wake, for thy foes shall op - press thee no more.
And scat - tered their le - gions, was might - i - er far;
Ex - tolled with the harp and the tim - brel shall be:
A - wake, for thy foes shall op - press thee no more.

Bright, o'er thy hills, dawns the day - star of glad-ness,
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them:
Shout: for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;

D. C. for Chorus.

A - rise, for the night of thy sor - row is o'er.
In vain were their steeds and their char-iots of war.
Th' op-press-or is vanquished, and Zi - on is free.

905 JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

REV. S. STENNETT. (C. M.) T. C. O'KANE.

1. On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. O'er all those wide extend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day,
3. When shall I reach that happy place, And be for- ev- er blest?
4. Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul Would here no longer stay;

To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There Christ, the Sun, forever reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
When shall I see my Father's face, And in his king-dom rest?
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll, Fearless I'd launch away.

Chorus.

We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-
by and by,
cross on the evergreen shore; . . . Sing the song of
ev-er-green shore;

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ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.—CONCLUDED.

Mo-ses and the Lamb by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more.

906 A FEW MORE YEARS.

H. BONAR. (BONAR. S. M. D.) L. MASON.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall meet the
2. A few more storms shall beat On this wild, rock-y shore, And we shall be where
3. A few more strug-gles here, A few more part-ings sore, A few more toils, a
4. 'T is but a lit-tle while, And He shall come a-gain, Who died that we might

Chorus.

loved who now Are sleeping in the tomb:
tempests cease, And surges swell no more:
few more tears, And we shall weep no more:
live, who lives That we may with him reign:
Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My
soul for that great day; O, wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins a-way.

907 GATHER AT THE RIVER?

R. L. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er Where bright angel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Washing up its sil-ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv- er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease,

With its crys-tal tide for- ev - er Flowing by the throne of God?
We will walk and worship ev - er, All the hap-py gold - en day.
Grace our spir-its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown
Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

Chorus.

Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er;
Gather with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

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908 FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

J. MONTGOMERY. I. B. WOODBURY.

1. "For-ev - er with the Lord!" A-men, so let it be; Life for the dead is
2. My Father's house on high, Home of my soul, how near At times to faith's as-
3. And when the morn shall come That ends this night of pain, Thro' grace may I es-

in that word: 'Tis im - mor-tal - i - ty. Here in this bod - y pent,
pir - ing eye, Thy gold-en gates ap-pear! Ah, then my spir - it faints
cape the tomb, And life e - ter-nal gain; Then knowing "as I'm known,"

Ab - sent from him I roam; Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A
To reach the land I love; The bright in - her - i-tance of saints, Je-
How shall I love that word, And oft re-peat be- fore the throne, "For

Chorus.

day's march nearer home.
ru sa lem a- bove.
ev-er with the Lord!"
} Nearer home, nearer home, A day's march nearer home.

909 EVERGREEN SHORE. BRADBURY.

ANON.

1. We are joy-ous-ly voy-a-ging o-ver the main, Bound for the ev-er-green shore, Whose in-hab-it-ants nev-er of sickness complain, And nev-er see death a-ny more.
2. We have nothing to fear from the wind and the wave, Un-der our Saviour's command; And our hearts in the midst of the dangers are brave; For Je-sus will bring us to land.
3. Both the wind and the wave our Com-mand-er con-trols, Noth-ing can baf-fle his skill; And his voice when the thundering hur-ri-cane rolls, Can make the loud tem-pest be still.
4. In the thick murky night, when the stars and the moon, Send not a glim-mer-ing ray, Then the light of his coun-te-nance, brighter than noon, Will drive all our ter-ror a-way.
5. Let the high-heav-ing bil-lows and mountainous wave, Fear-ful-ly o-ver-head break; There is One by our side that can com-fort and save, There is One who will nev-er for-sake.

Chorus.

Then let the hurricane roar, It will the sooner be o'er; We will

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THE EVERGREEN SHORE.—CONCLUDED.

weather the blast, and we'll land at last, Safe on the ev-er-green shore.

910 SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

J M. EVANS.

1. "Land a-head!" its fruits are wav-ing O'er the hills of fade-less green,
2. On-ward bark! the cape I'm rounding; See the blessed wave their hands!
3. Now we're safe from all temp-ta-tion, All the storms of life are past;

And the liv-ing wa-ters laving Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
Hear the harps of God resounding From the bright im-mor-tal band!
Praise the Rock of our sal-vation, We are safe at home at last!

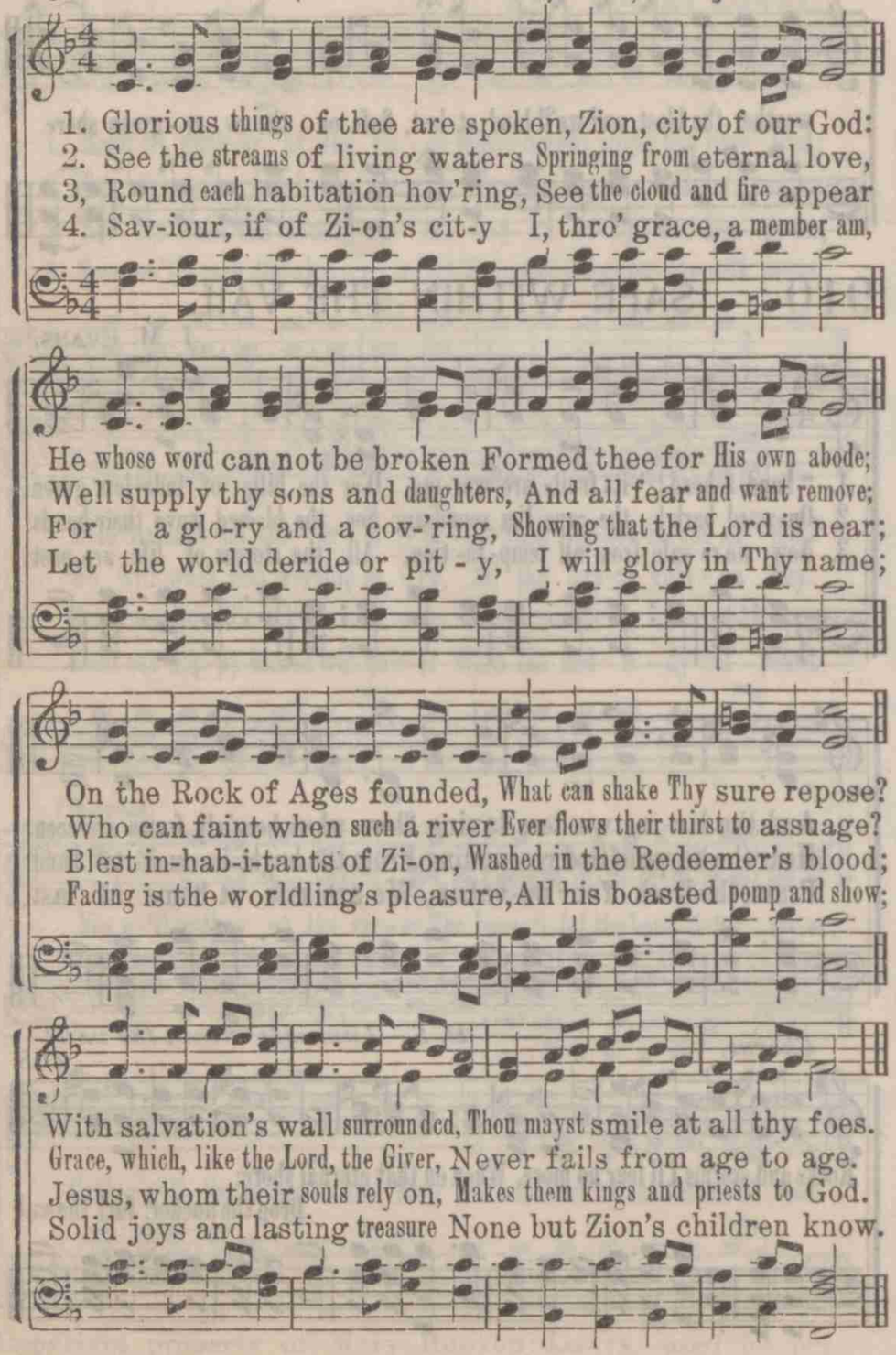
D. S.—I am safe within the vail!

Chorus. *D.S.*

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that eternal shore;
Drop the anchor! furl the sail!

911 GLORIOUS THINGS.

JOHN NEWTON. (AUSTRIA. 8s & 7s. D.) F. J. HAYDN.



1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God:
2. See the streams of living waters Springing from eternal love,
3. Round each habitation hov'ring, See the cloud and fire appear
4. Sav-iour, if of Zi-on's cit-y I, thro' grace, a member am,

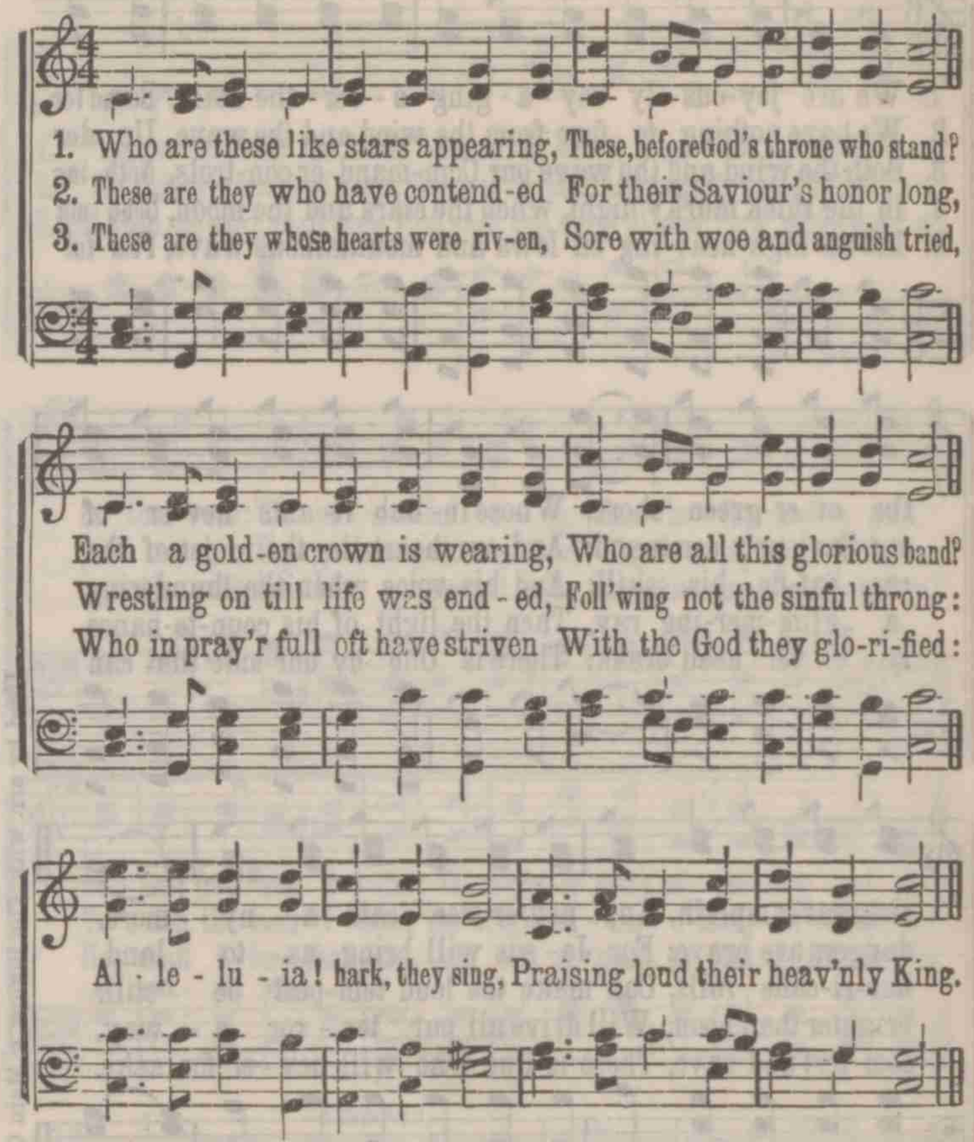
He whose word can not be broken Formed thee for His own abode;
Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear and want remove;
For a glo-ry and a cov-'ring, Showing that the Lord is near;
Let the world deride or pit - y, I will glory in Thy name;

On the Rock of Ages founded, What can shake Thy sure repose?
Who can faint when such a river Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Blest in-hab-i-tants of Zi-on, Washed in the Redeemer's blood;
Fading is the worldling's pleasure, All his boasted pomp and show;

With salvation's wall surrounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver, Never fails from age to age.
Jesus, whom their souls rely on, Makes them kings and priests to God.
Solid joys and lasting treasure None but Zion's children know.

912 WHO ARE THESE?

H. T. SCHENCK. (NEANDER. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.) J. NEANDER.



1. Who are these like stars appearing, These, before God's throne who stand?
2. These are they who have contend-ed For their Saviour's honor long,
3. These are they whose hearts were riv-en, Sore with woe and anguish tried,

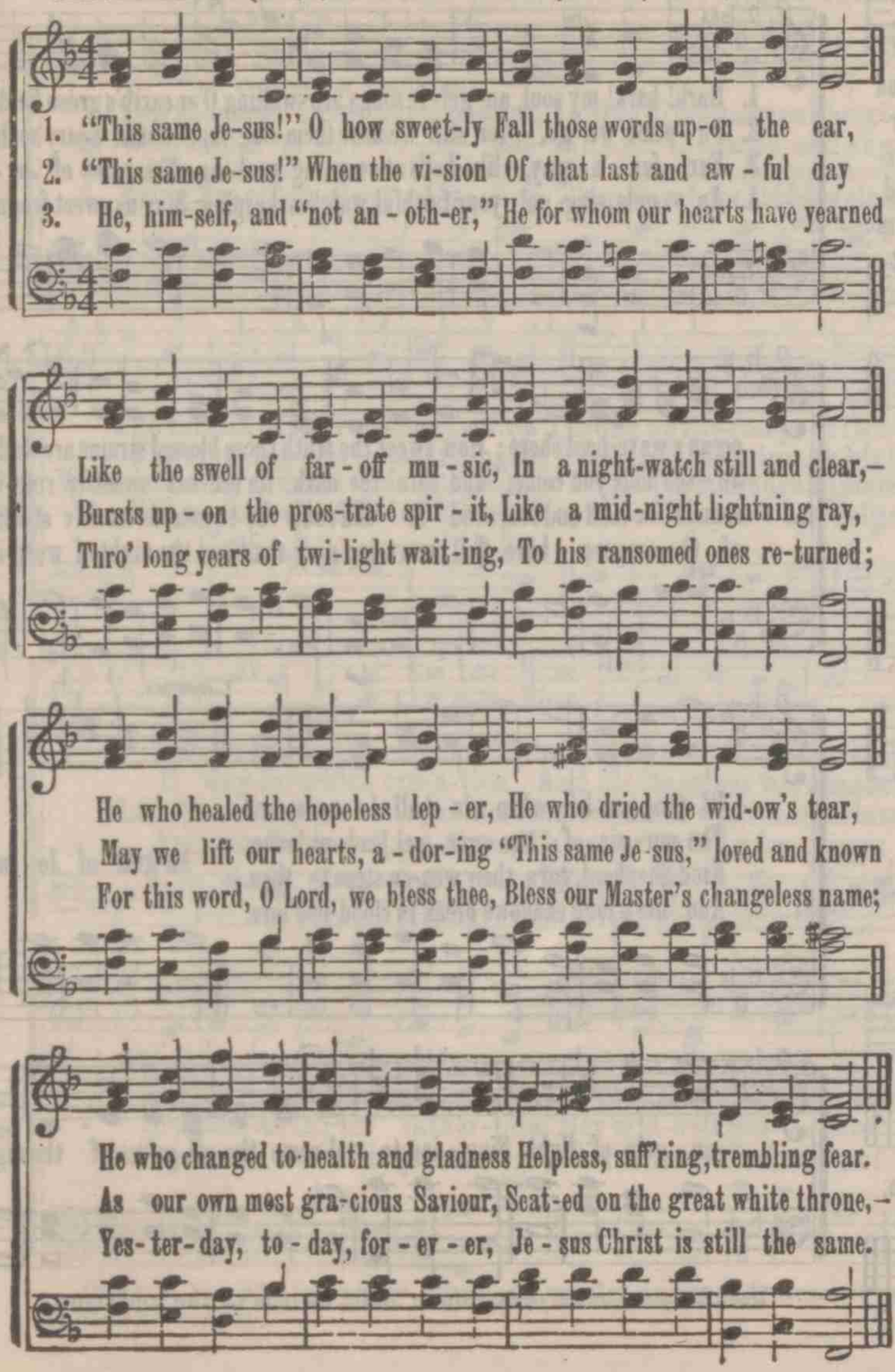
Each a gold-en crown is wearing, Who are all this glorious band?
Wrestling on till life was end-ed, Foll'wing not the sinful throng:
Who in pray'r full oft have striven With the God they glo-ri-fied:

Al - le - lu - ia! hark, they sing, Praising loud their heav'nly King.

4. These, like priests, have watched and waited
Offering up to God their will;
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night they serve him still;
Now in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before his face.

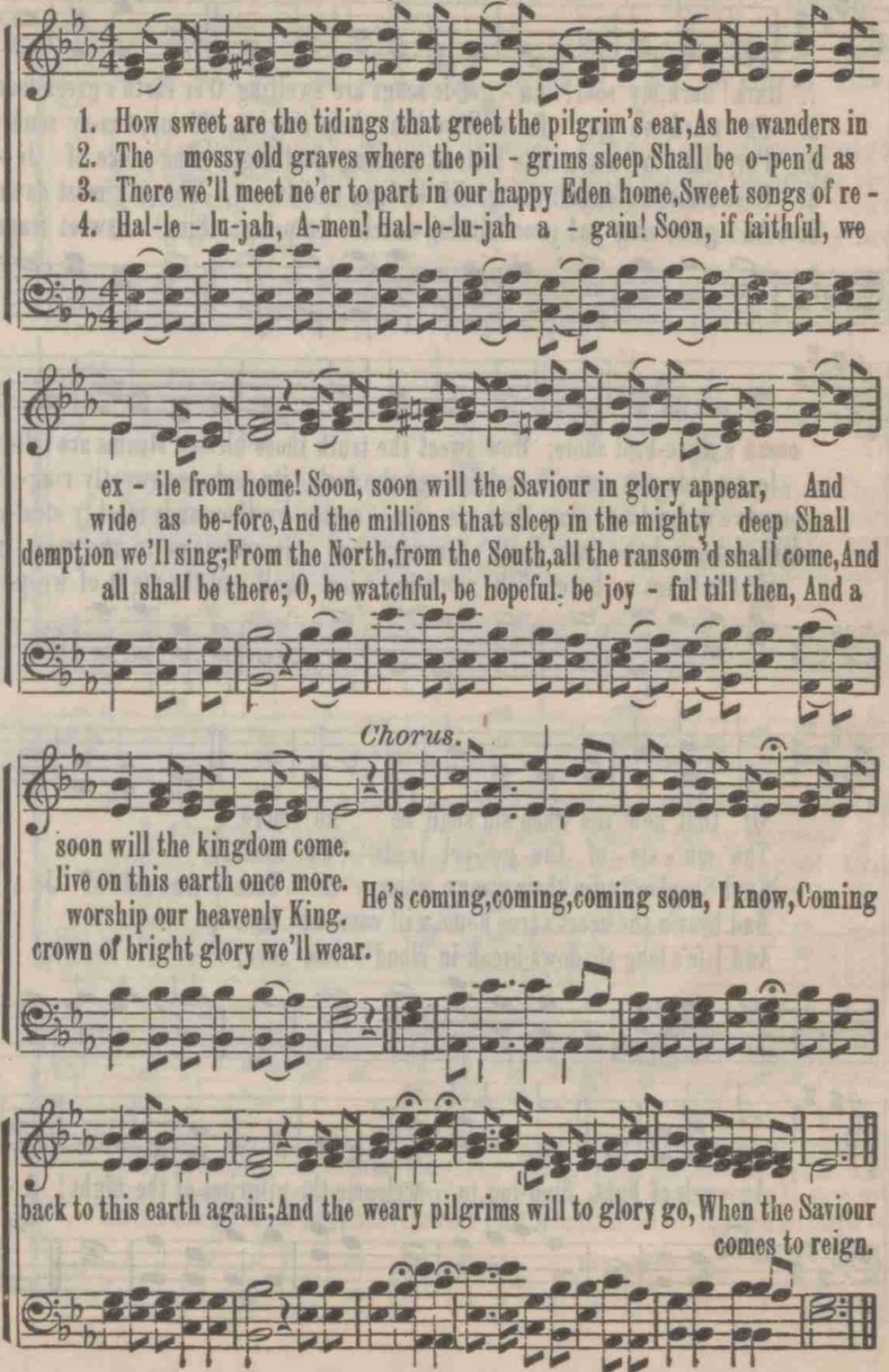
913 THIS SAME JESUS.

HAVERGAL. (DEERHURST. 8s & 7s. D.) LANGRAN.



914 HE'S COMING.

ANON. (12s & 8s.) ARRANGED.



915 HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

F. W. Faber. (PILGRIMS. 11s. 10s. With Cho.) Henry Smart.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields, and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, wea-ry souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary, The day must dawn, and
5. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watches keep-ing: Sing us sweet fragments

ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains ars tell-ing
Je-sus bids you come;" And through the dark, its ech-oes sweetly ring- ing,
sounds o'er land and sea, And la- den souls by thousands meekly steal-ing,
dark-some night be past; Faith's journeys end in wel-come to the wea - ry,
of the songs a- bove; Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep-ing,

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
The mu - sic of the gos-pel leads us home.
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary s'eps to Thee.
And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.
And life's long shadows break in cloud - less love.
} An- gels of Je - sus,

An - gels of light, Sing-ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night! A - men.

916 HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

F. W. Faber. (SHERWIN. 11s & 10s. P.) Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. Hark! hark! my soul, an- gel- ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come, weary souls, for
3. Far, far, a - way, like bells at even-ing peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping; Sing us sweet fragments

ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech-oes sweet-ly ring-ing,
sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls by thousands meekly stealing,
of the songs a - bove, Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep-ing,

Chorus.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.
Kind Shepherd, turn their wea-ry steps to thee.
And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.
An-gels of Je - sus,

an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night.

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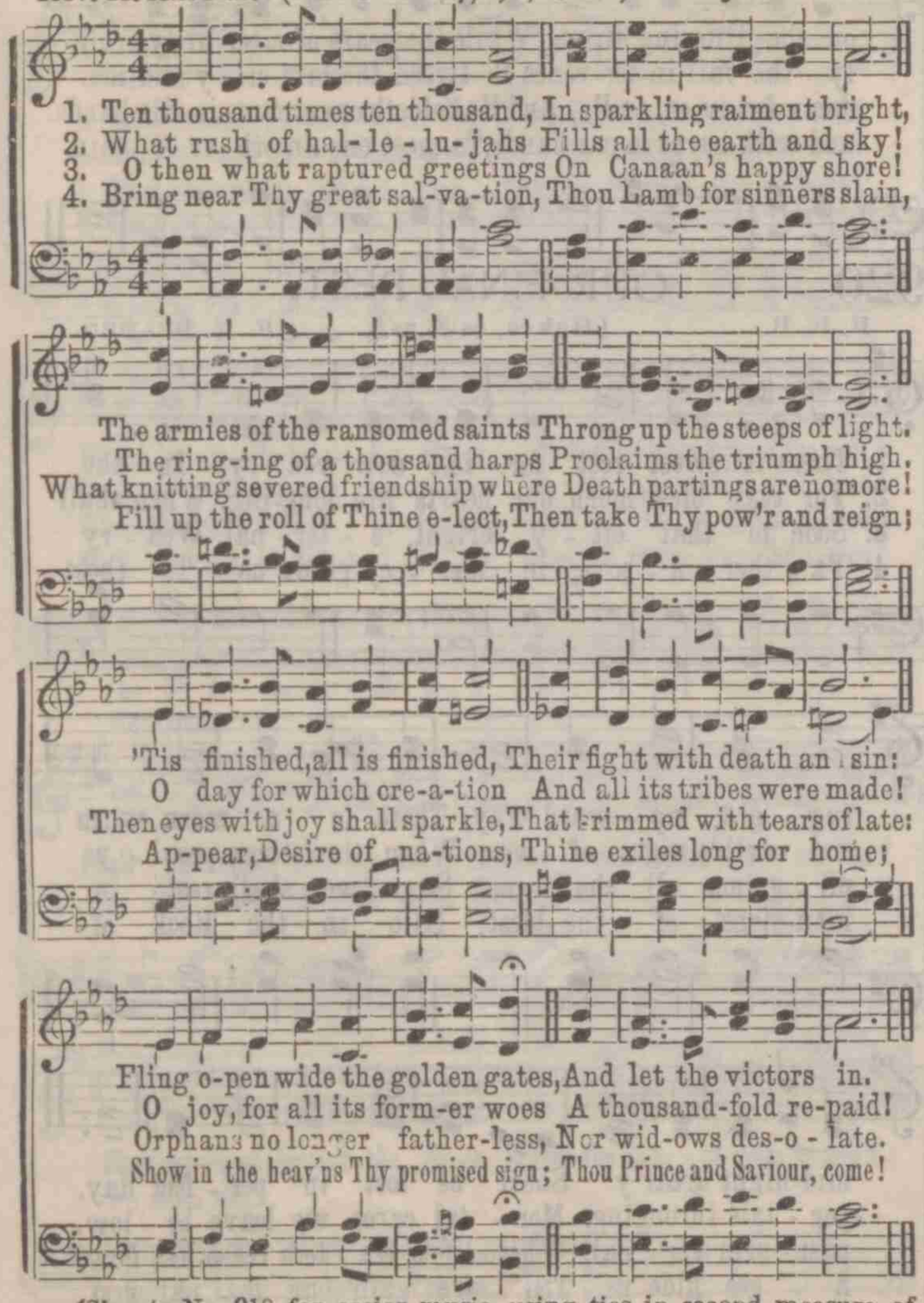
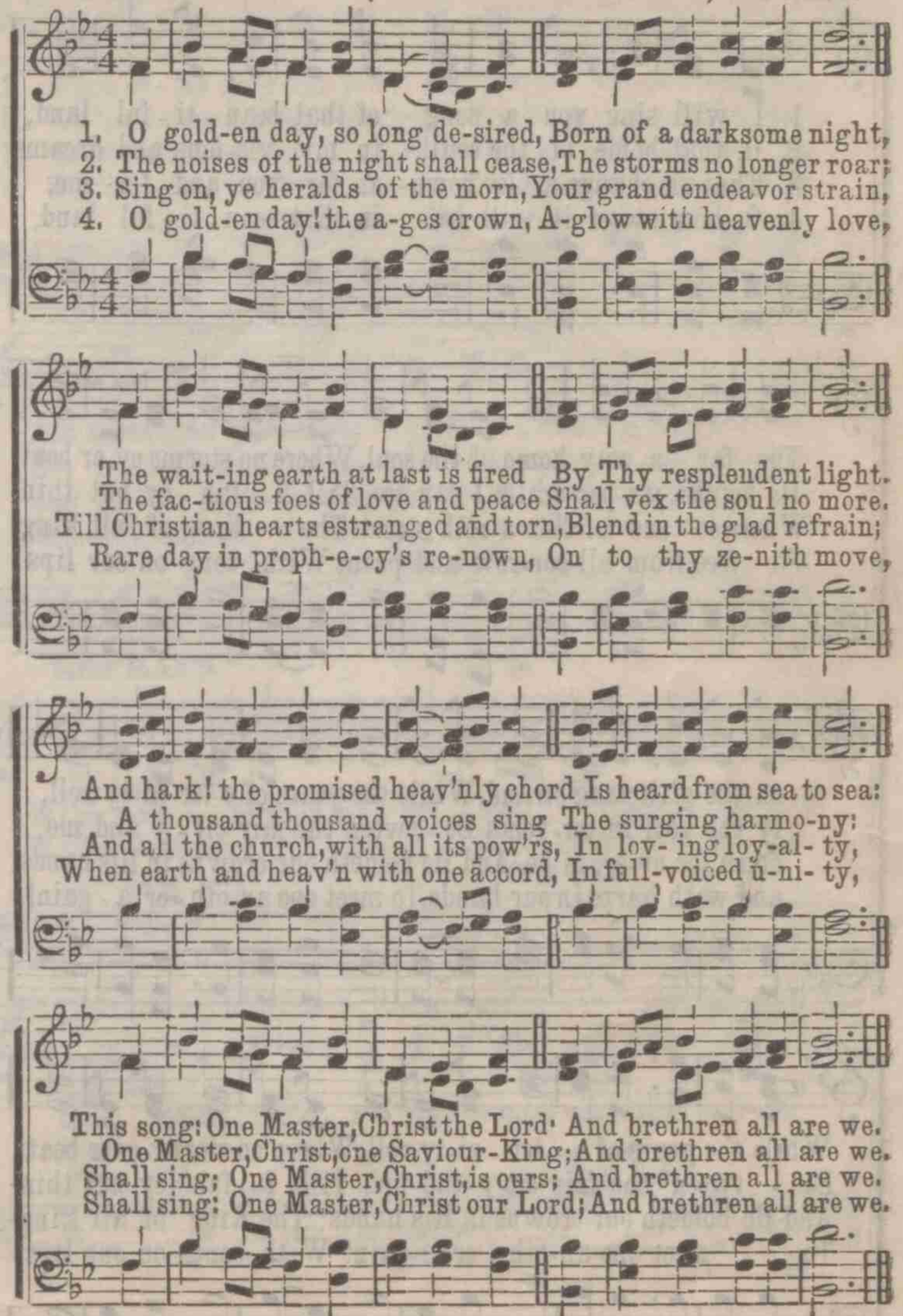
917 TEN THOUSAND TIMES.

Rev. H. ALFORD. (ALFORD. 7, 6, 8, 6. D.) Rev. J. B. DYKES.

(Sing to No. 918 for easier music, using ties in second measure of 1st and 3d scores.)

918 O GOLDEN DAY.

CHARLES A. DICKINSON. (ELLACOMBE. C. M. D.) German.



915 HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

F. W. Faber. (PILGRIMS. 11s. 10s. With Cho.) Henry Smart.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields, and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, wea-ry souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary, The day must dawn, and
5. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watches keep-ing: Sing us sweet fragments

ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains ars tell-ing
Je-sus bids you come;" And through the dark, its ech-oes sweetly ring- ing,
sounds o'er land and sea, And la- den souls by thousands meekly steal-ing,
dark-some night be past; Faith's journeys end in wel-come to the wea - ry,
of the songs a- bove; Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep-ing,

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
The mu - sic of the gos-pel leads us home.
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary s'eps to Thee.
And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.
And life's long shadows break in cloud - less love.
An- gels of Je - sus,

An - gels of light, Sing-ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night! A - men.

916 HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

F. W. Faber. (SHERWIN. 11s & 10s. P.) Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. Hark! hark! my soul, an- gel- ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come, weary souls, for
3. Far, far, a - way, like bells at even-ing peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping; Sing us sweet fragments

ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech-oes sweet-ly ring-ing,
sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls by thousands meekly stealing,
of the songs a - bove, Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep-ing,

Chorus.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.
Kind Shepherd, turn their wea-ry steps to thee.
And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.
An-gels of Je - sus,

an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night.

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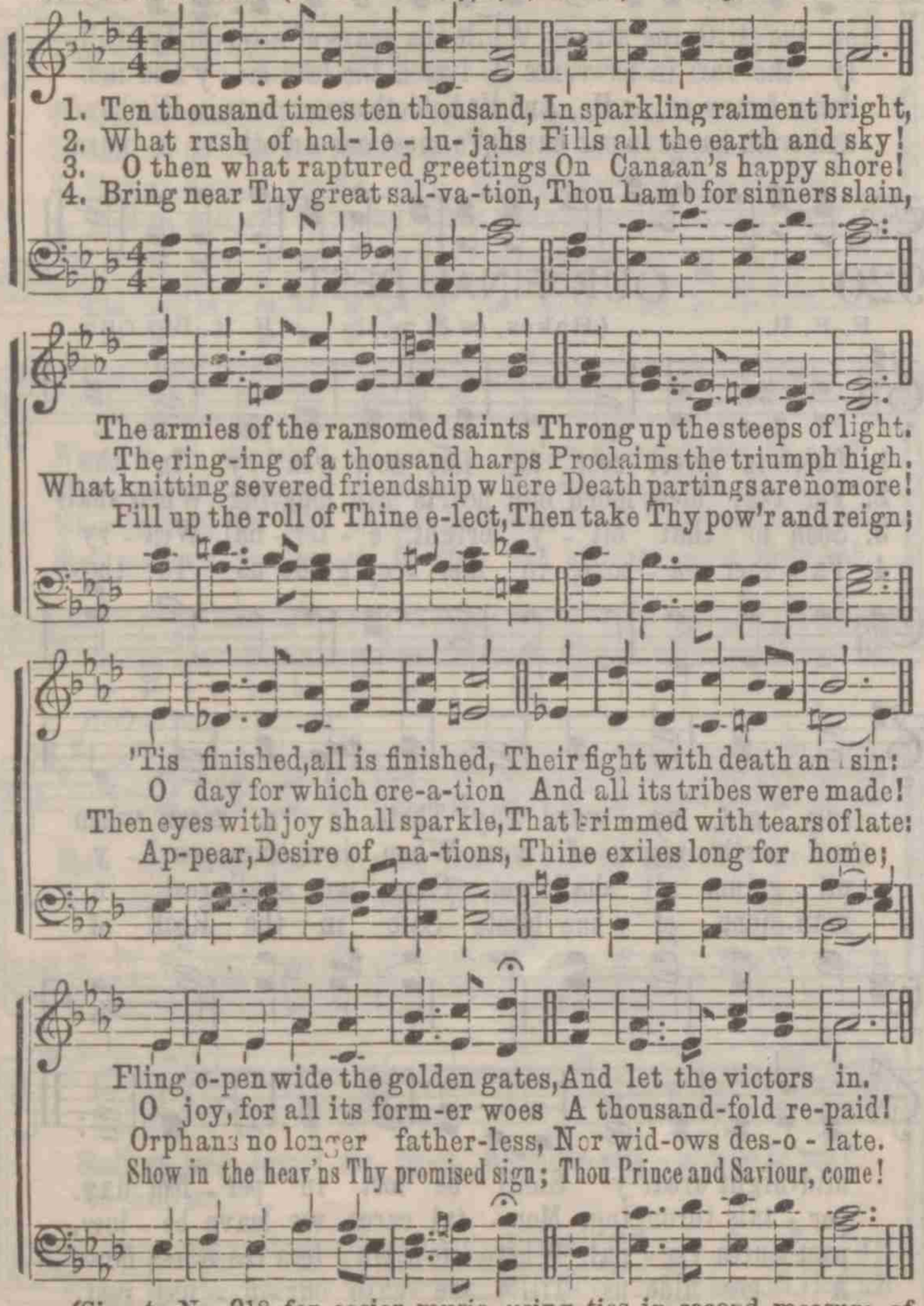
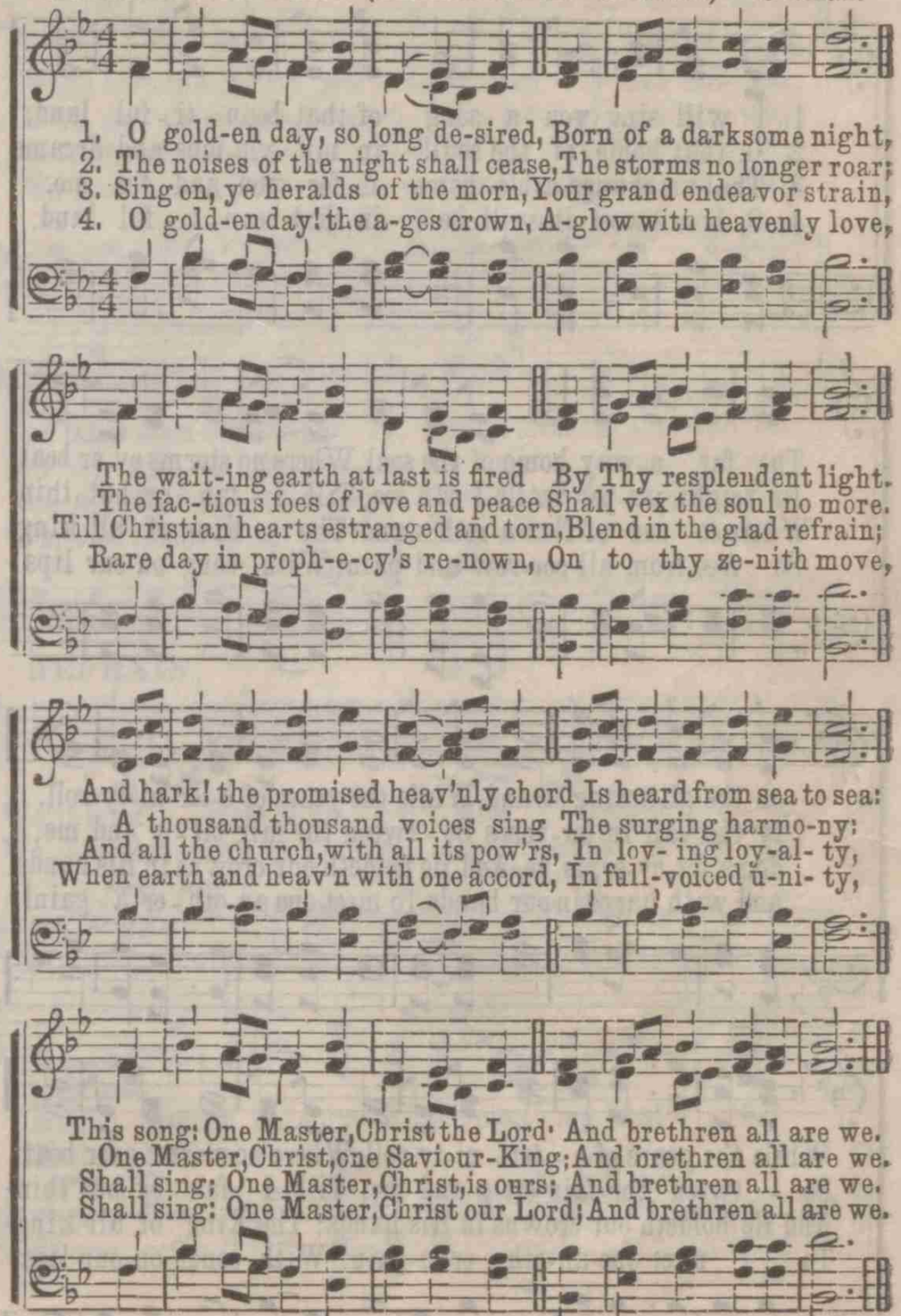
917 TEN THOUSAND TIMES.

Rev. H. Alford. (ALFORD. 7, 6, 8, 6. D.) Rev. J. B. Dykes.

(Sing to No. 918 for easier music, using ties in second measure of 1st and 3d scores.)

918 O GOLDEN DAY.

Charles A. Dickinson. (ELLACOMBE. C. M. D.) German.



919 HOME OF THE SOUL.

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,
2. O, that home of the soul! in my vis-ions and dreams
3. That un-change-a-ble home is for you and for me,
4. O, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land,

The far a-way home of the soul, Where no storms ev-er beat
Its bright, jas-per walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but thin-
Where Je - sus of Naz-a-reth stand; The King of all king-
So free from all sor-row and pain; With song on our lips

on the glittering strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll,
ly the vail in-ter-venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me,
doms for-ev-er, is he, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands,
and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth - er a - gain!

While the years of e - ter - ni-ty roll; Where no storms ever beat
Be - tween the fair cit-y and me; Till I fan - cy but thin-
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The King of all king-
To meet one an-oth - er a-gain! With songs on our lips

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on the glittering strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit - y and me.
doms for-ev-er, is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth - er a - gain.

920 OUR FINAL REST.

F. E. B. (Hakes, 9s & 7s.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. There is sweet rest for feet now wea - ry, In the
2. For that blest morn our hearts are long-ing, When shall
3. Soon to that cit - y, bright, e - ter - nal, Wea - ry
4. Fa - ther a - bove, in mer - cy guide us To those

rug - ged, up - ward way; There is a morn when
end earth's night of woe; When, thro' those pearl - y
pil - grims all shall go; Soon we shall rest in
man-sions of the blest; Safe in the Rock of

mid-night drear-y Shall be lost in per - fect day.
por - tals thronging, Mor - tal cares we leave be - low.
past - ures ver - nal, Where life's wa - ters cease-less flow.
A - ges hide us Till we gain our fi - nal rest.

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921 SHALL WE MEET?

HORACE L. HASTINGS. (8s & 7s.) ELIHU S. RICE.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Saviour, When he comes to claim his own?

Where, in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor, By the fair, ce - les - tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built for us by hands di-vine?
Shall we know his bless-ed fa - vor, And sit down up-on his throne?

Refrain.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er?
4. We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall, etc.

Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
We shall, etc.

922 WHAT A MEETING THAT WILL BE!

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. When Je - sus calls His jew - els From ev - 'ry land and sea,
2. We'll meet the friends departed,—The loved ones called a-way;
3. We'll meet the kings and prophets Of a - ges long a - go,
4. We'll meet in all His beau - ty The One whom we a - dore,

And takes them home to glo - ry, What a meet-ing that will be!
Not one will be for-got - ten In the glad re - un - ion day.
And all the faith - ful mar-tyrs Who bled for truth be - low.
Who died that we, be-liev - ing, May live for-ev - er-more.

REFRAIN.

We'll meet them in glo - ry, Meet them in glo - ry,
We'll meet them all in glo - ry, Meet them all in glo - ry.

Meet them in glo - ry; What a meet - ing that will be!
Meet them all in glo - ry;

R

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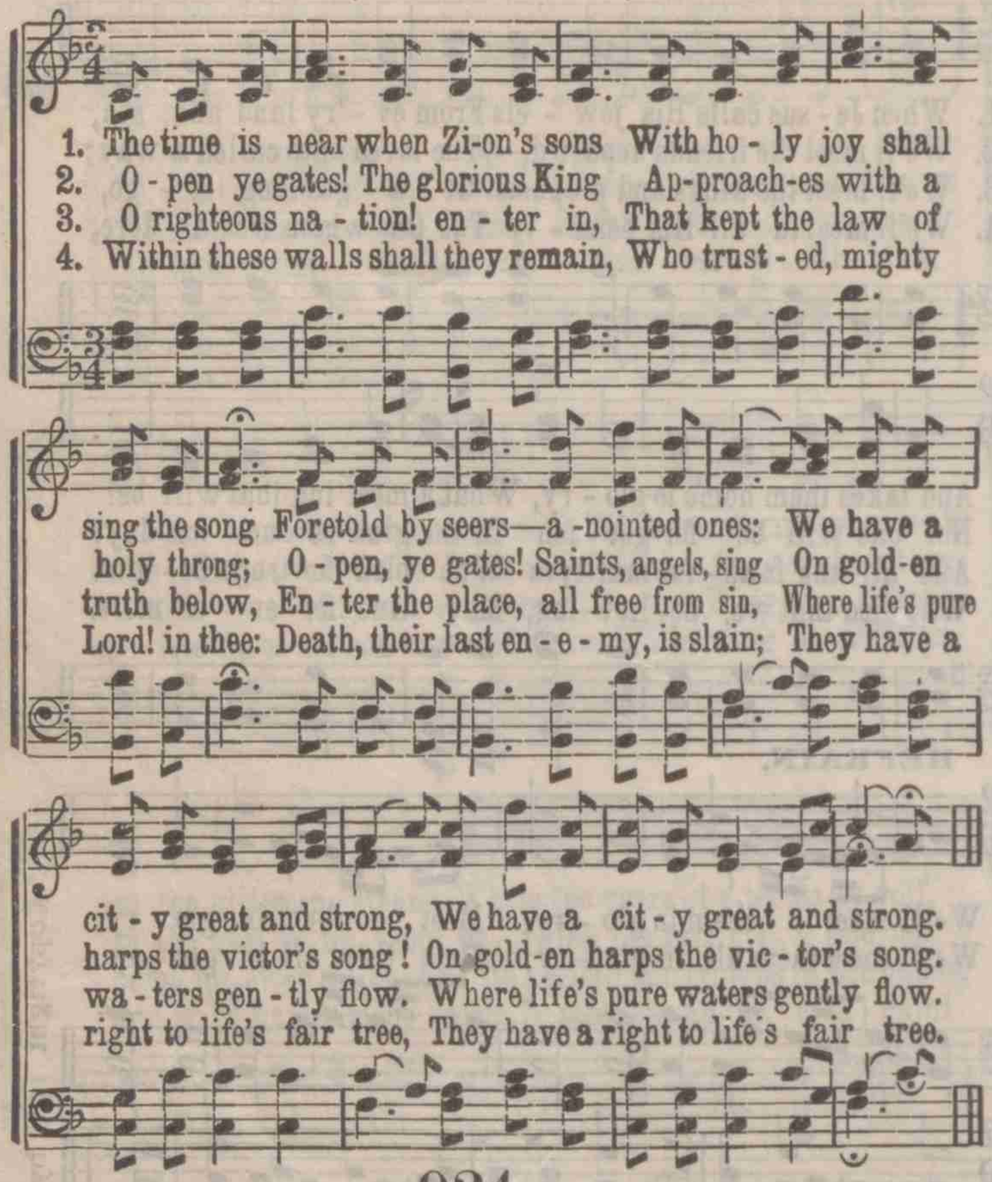
923 THE TIME IS NEAR.

R. F. COTTRELL. (ANVERN. L. M.) LOWELL MASON.



924

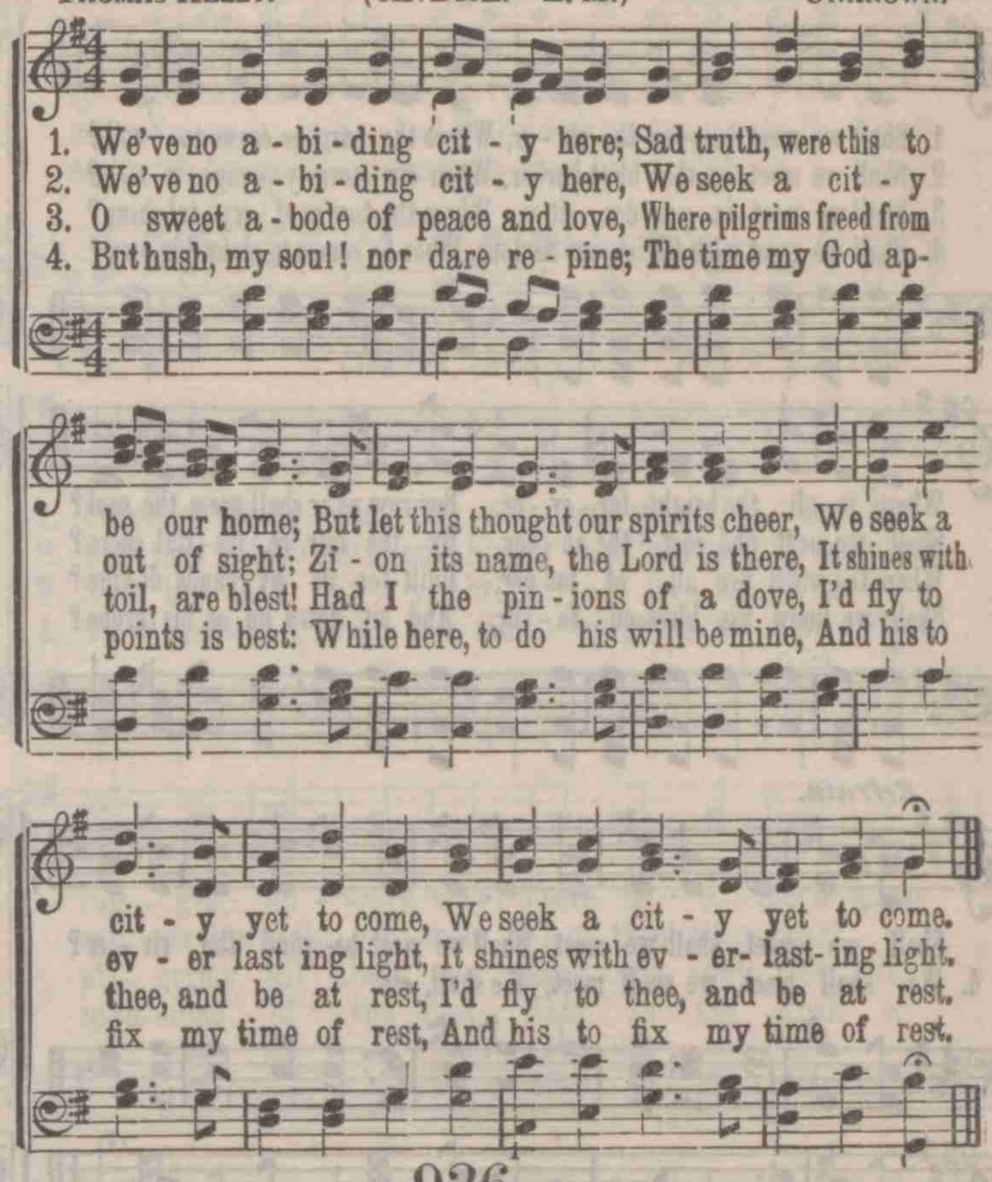
1 When God descends with men to dwell,
And all creation wakes anew,
What tongue can half the wonders tell?
‖: What eye the dazzling glory view? :‖

2 Celestial streams shall gently flow,
The wilderness shall joyful be,
Lilies on parched grounds shall grow,
‖: And gladness spring on every tree; :‖

3 The high and low shall meet in love,
All pride shall die, and meekness reign,
When Christ descends from worlds above
‖: To dwell with men on earth again. :‖

925 NO ABIDING CITY HERE.

THOMAS KELLY. (ANDRE. L. M.) UNKNOWN.



926

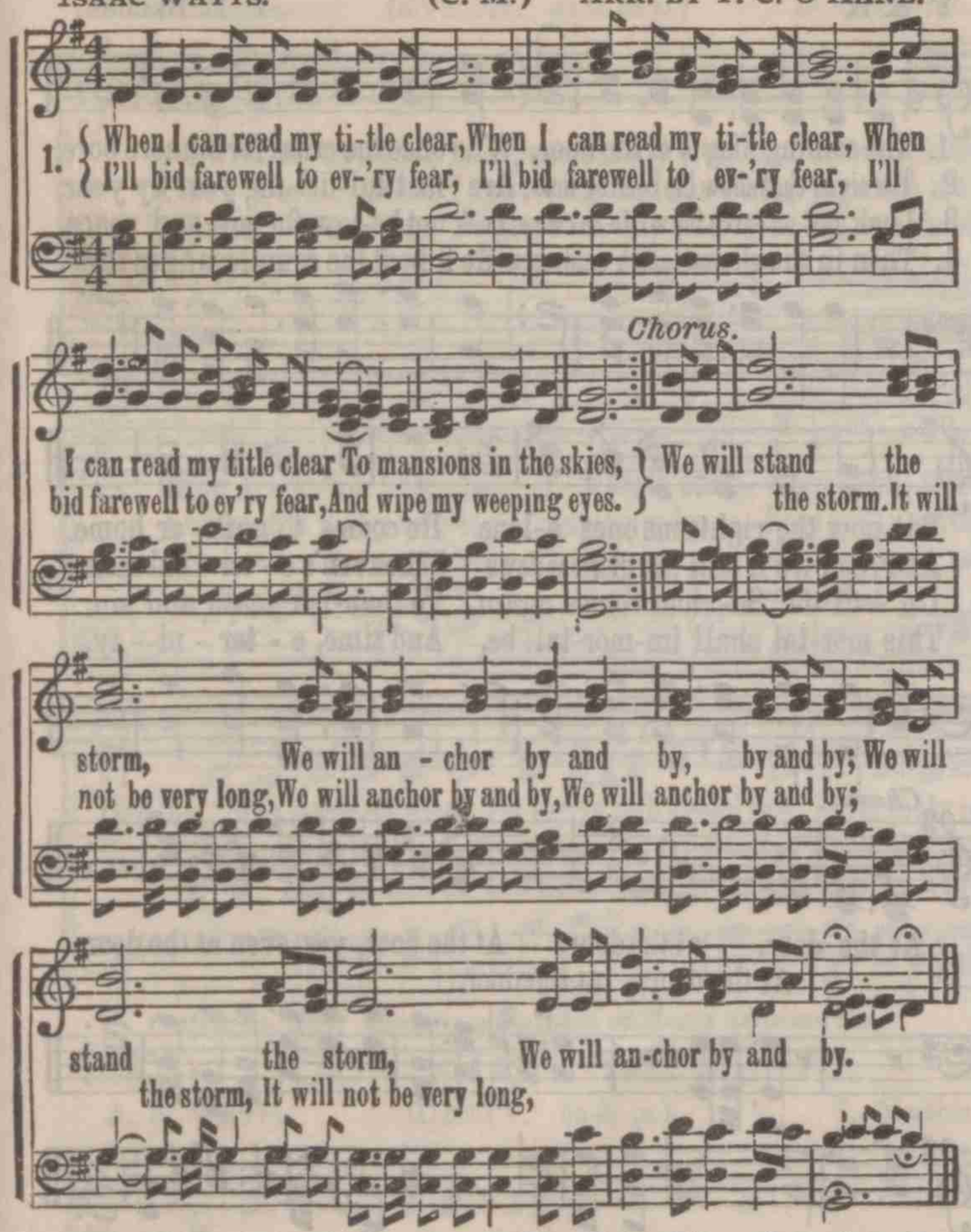
1 Thy kingdom come. Thus day by day
We lift our hands to God and pray;
But who has ever duly weighed
‖: The meaning of the words he said? :‖

2 Thy kingdom come. O day of joy,
When praise shall every tongue employ;
When hate and strife and war shall cease,
‖: And man with man shall be at peace. :‖

3 Jesus shall reign on Zion's hill,
And all the earth with glory fill;
His word shall Paradise restore,
‖: And sin and death afflict no more. :‖

927 WE'LL STAND THE STORM.

ISAAC WATTS. (C. M.) ARR. BY T. C. O'KANE.



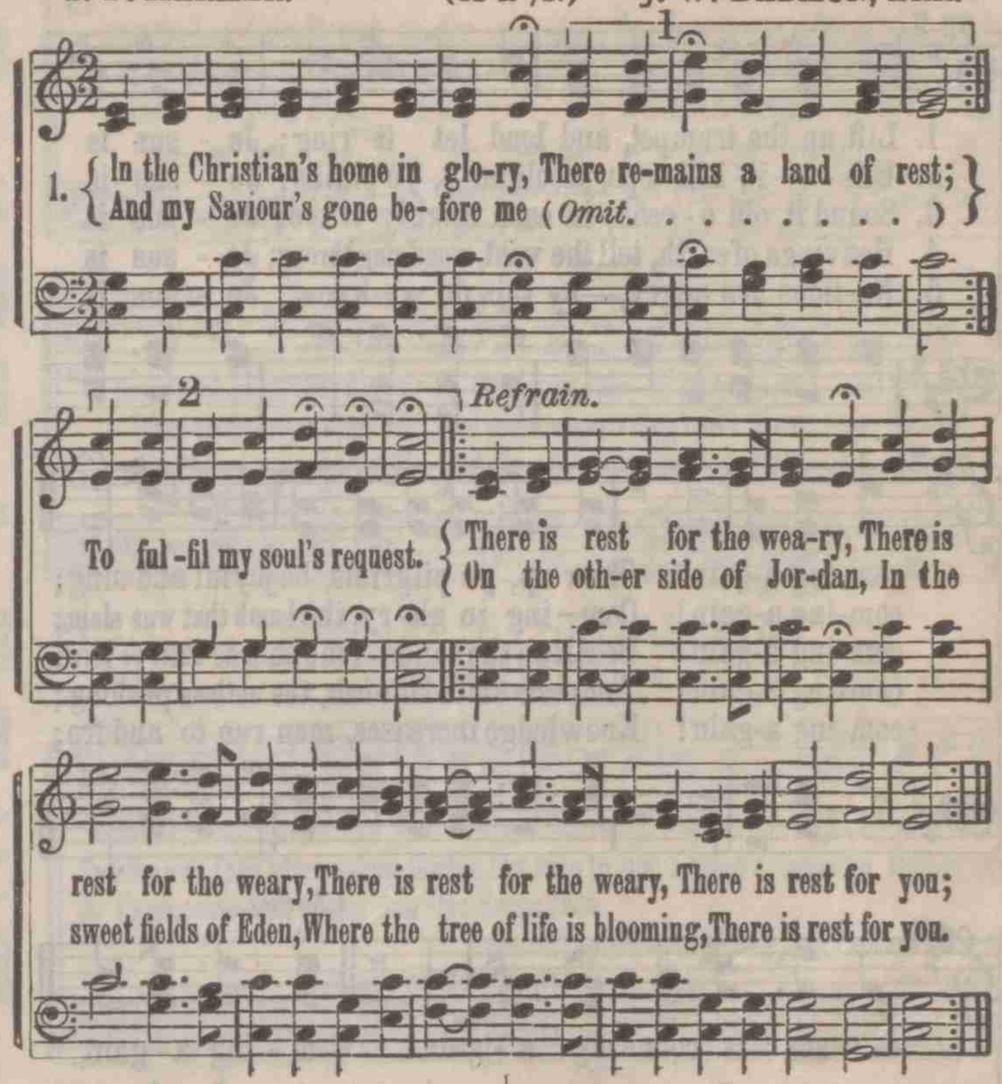
2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

928 REST FOR THE WEARY.

S. F. HARMER. (8s & 7s.) J. W. DADMUN, ARR.



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

3 Pain or sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And its sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.

5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance thro'.

929 JESUS IS COMING AGAIN.

JESSIE E. STROUT. GEO. E. LEE.

1. Lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring; Je - sus is com-ing a-gain! Cheer up, ye pilgrims, be joyful and sing;
2. Ech - o it, hill-tops, proclaim it, ye plains; Je - sus is com-ing a-gain! Com - ing in glo-ry, the Lamb that was slain;
3. Sound it, old o - cean, in each mighty wave; Je - sus is com-ing a-gain! Break on the sands of the shores that ye lave;
4. Heavings of earth, tell the vast, wond'ring throng; Je - sus is com-ing a-gain! Tempests and whirlwinds, the anthem prolong;
5. Na-tions are angry,—by this do we know; Je - sus is com-ing a-gain! Knowledge increases, men run to and fro;

Chorus.

Je - sus is com - ing a - gain! Com - ing a - gain, com - ing a-gain, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!

930 EVEN AT THE DOOR.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. The coming King is at the door, Who once the cross for sinners bore; But now the righteous ones a-lone He comes to gath - er home.
2. The signs that show his coming near, Are fast ful-fill-ing year by year, And soon we'll hail the glorious dawn Of heaven's e - ter - nal morn.
3. Look not on earth for strife to cease, Look not be-low for joy and peace, Un - til the Sa-viour comes again To ban-ish death and sin.
4. Then in the glorious earth made new We'll dwell the countless ages thro'; This mor-tal shall im-mor-tal be, And time, e - ter - ni - ty.

Chorus.

At the door, at the door, At the door, yes, even at the door, At the door, at the door,
He is com - ing, he is com - ing, He is e-ven at the door. coming again, coming again,

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931 SWEET BE THY REST.

F. E. BELDEN. (BYRON. 4s & 6s D.) D. S. HAKES.

1. Sweet be thy rest, And peaceful thy sleeping; God's way is best,
2. Thy work is done, Thy sowing and reap-ing; Thy crown is won,
3. Sweet be thy rest; No more we may greet thee Till with the blest

Thou art in his keep-ing. O blessed sleep, Where ills ne'er mo-
And hush'd is thy weep-ing. From tears and woes, From earth's midnight
In heaven we meet thee. O un-ion sweet, That death can not

lest thee! Why should we weep? For heaven hath blessed thee: Sweet be thy rest-
dreary, Thine is re-pose Where none ev-er wea-ry: Sweet be thy rest-
sev-er! There we shall meet, Where sad tears fall never: Sweet be thy rest-

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932 SOON SHALL WE MEET.

A. A. WATTS. (UNITY. 6s & 5s.) L. MASON.

1. Soon shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sev - er, Soon shall peace
2. Soon shall love freely flow Pure as life's riv - er; Soon shall sweet
3. Then to that world of light Take us, dear Saviour; May we all

wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er; Our hearts can ne'er re-pose, Safe
friendship glow, Changeless for - ev - er, Where joys ce-les-tial thrill, There
there u - nite, Bless - ed for - ev - er; Where kindred spir-its dwell. There

from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes; Never,—no, never!
bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of part-ing chill Never,—no, never!
may our mu - sic swell, And time our joys dis-pell Never,—no, never!

933 BREAK, ETERNAL DAY.

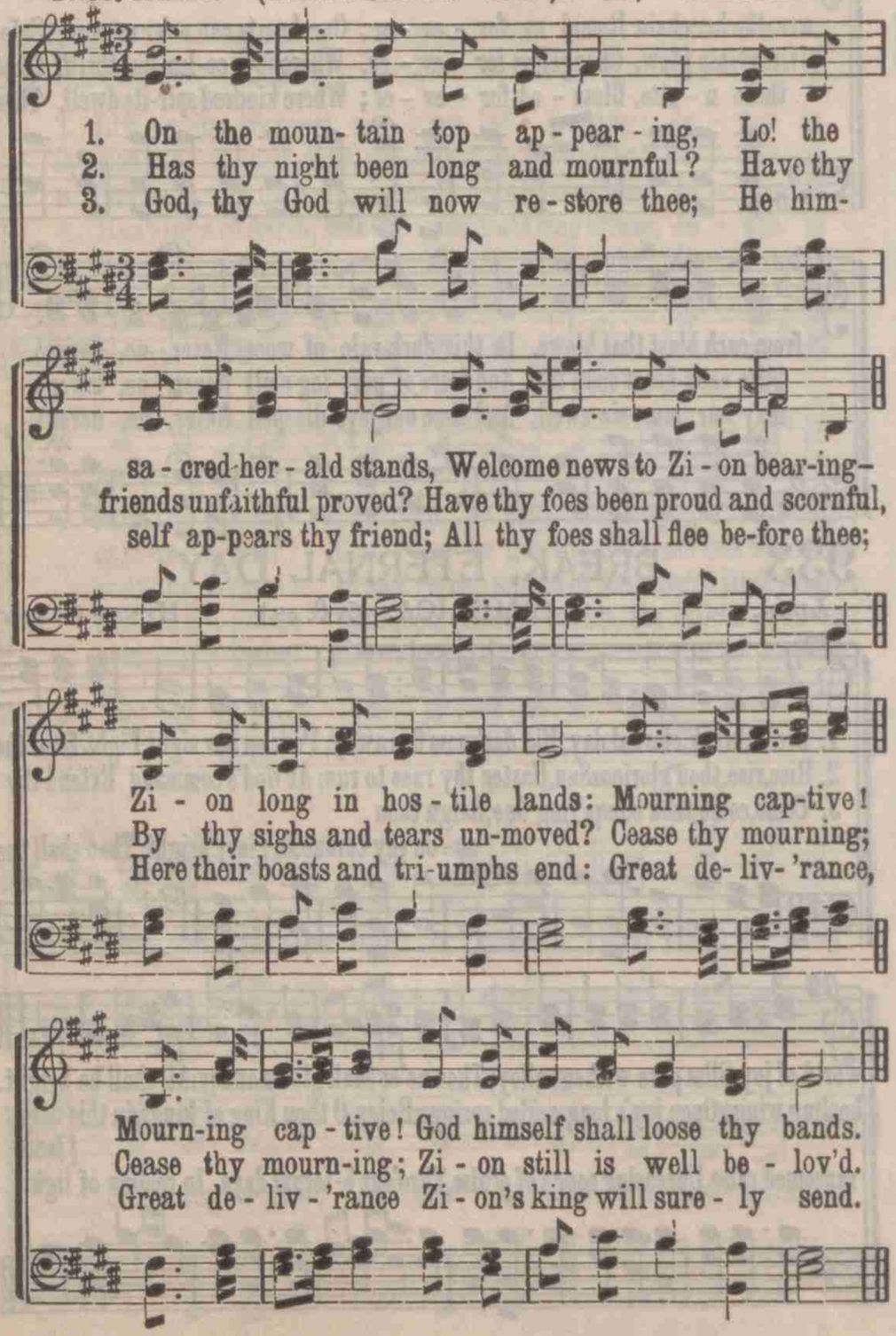
ANON. (AMERICA. 6s & 4s.) HENRY CAREY.

1. Break, break, eternal day, Bid darkness flee away; Pour on our sight Light from the
2. Rise, rise, thou glorious Sun, Hasten thy race to run; At God's command Extend thy
3. Come, come, thou conqu'ring One, Reign thou up- on thy throne, In glory bright; Then shall the

world of joy, Bliss pure without alloy; Then ne'er shall gloom annoy; All shall be bright.
healing wings; Open joy's long-sealed springs; Reign, O thou King of kings, In this dark [land.
ransomed raise, Unceasing songs of praise, Thro' out e-ternal days, In realms of light.

934 ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

THOS. KELLY. (TAMWORTH. 8s & 7s. 6L.) C. LOCKHART.



935 DAWN.

1 O'er the distant mountain breaking,
Comes the red'ning dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;
‖: 'T is the Saviour :‖
On his bright returning way.

2 O thou long-expected! weary
Waits my anxious soul for thee;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary
Where thy light I do not see:
‖: O my Saviour, :‖
When wilt thou return to me?

3 Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
Far away from thee I pine;
When, O when shall I the gladness
Of thy Spirit feel in mine?
‖: O my Saviour, :‖
When shall I be wholly thine?

4 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for thee, till I stand,
‖: O my Saviour, :‖
In thy bright and promised land.

5 With my lamp well-trimm'd and burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for thy glad returning
To restore me to my home;
‖: Come, my Saviour, :‖
O my Saviour, quickly come!

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

936 COME.

1 Christ is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travails cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase;
‖: Christ is coming! :‖
Come, thou blessed Prince of Peace!

2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall soon behold thy glory,
When thou comest back to reign;
‖: Christ is coming! :‖
Let each heart repeat the strain.

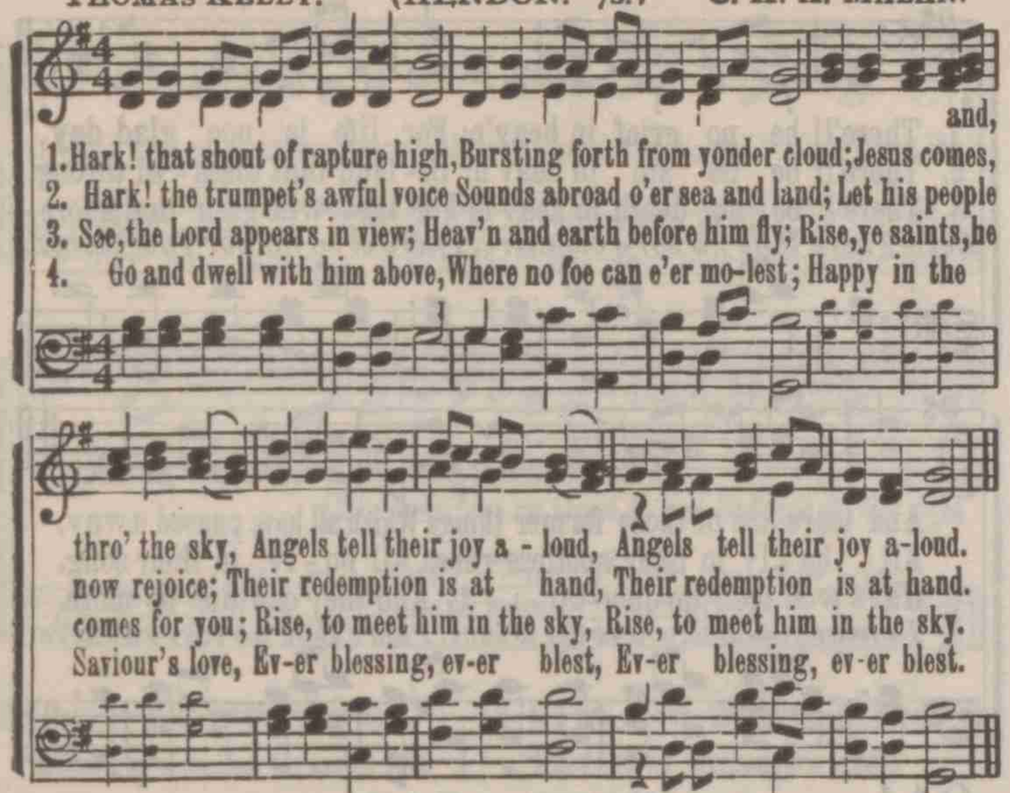
3 Long thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and thee;
But, in heav'nly vesture shining,
Soon they shall thy glory see;
‖: Christ is coming! :‖
Haste the joyous jubilee.

4 With that "blessed hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll, from tongue to tongue;
‖: Christ is coming! :‖
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

JOHN R. MACDUFF.

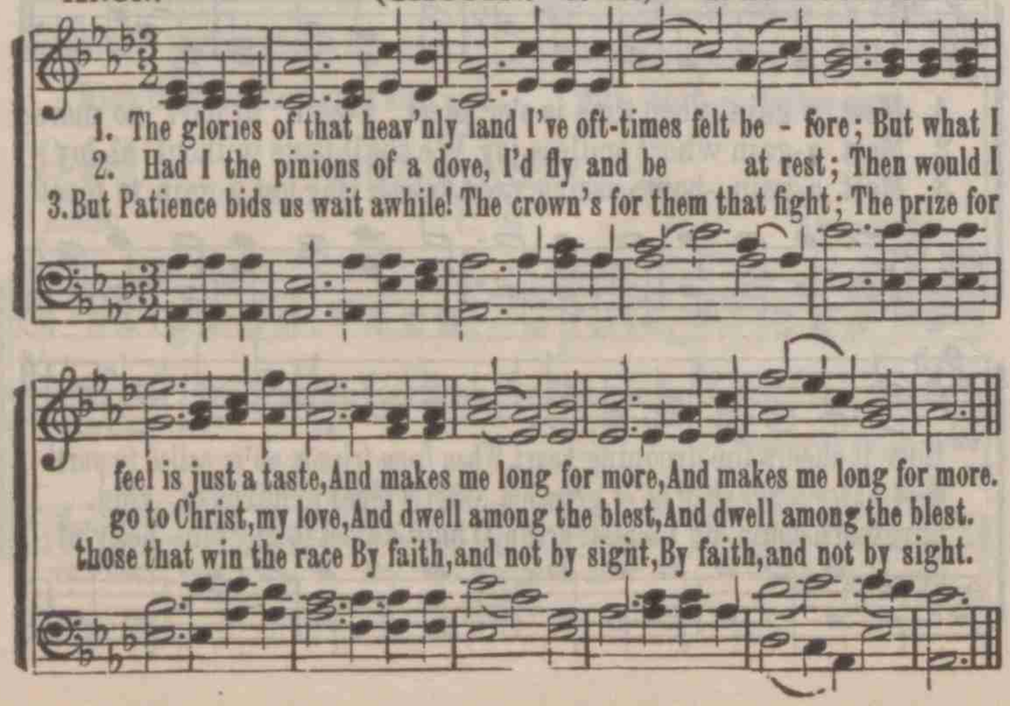
937 HARK! THAT SHOUT!

THOMAS KELLY. (HENDON. 7s.) C. H. A. MALAN.



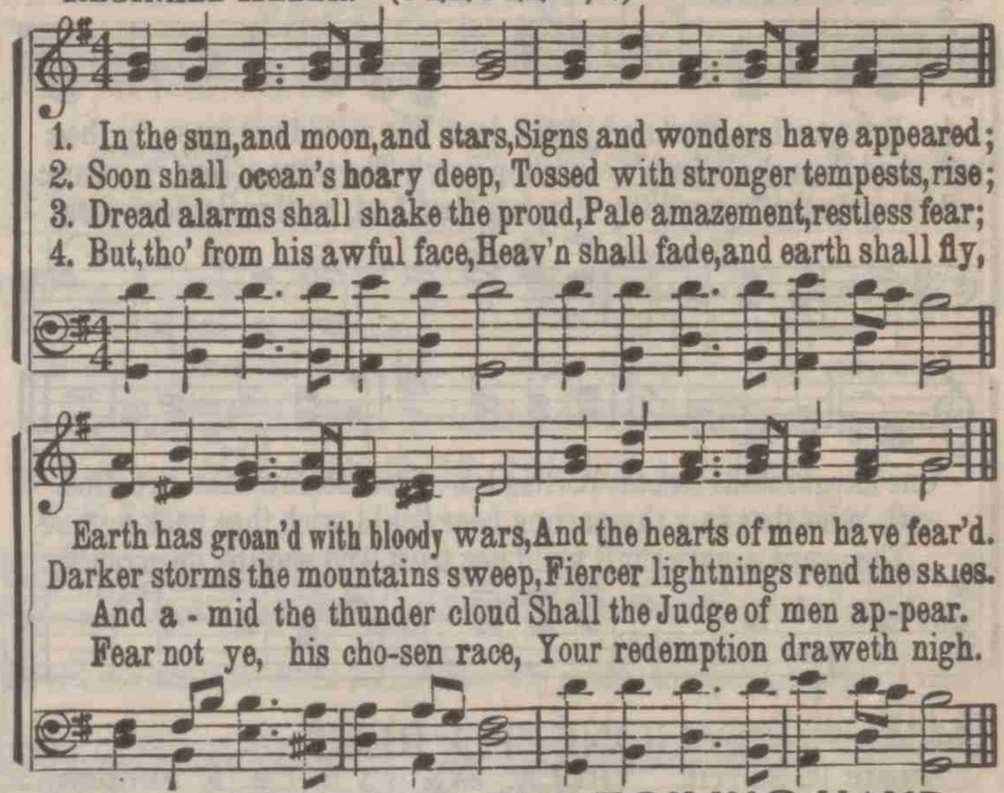
938 PATIENCE BIDS US WAIT.

ANON. (CHOPIN. C. M.) I. B. WOODBURY.



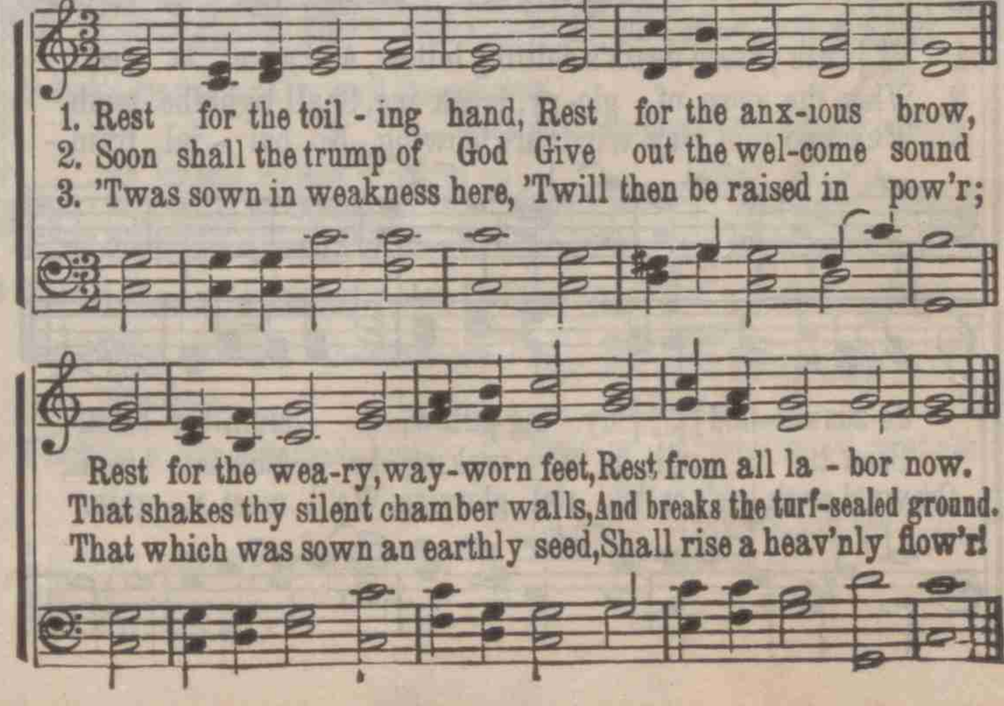
939 REDEMPTION NIGH.

REGINALD HEBER. (PLEYEL. 7s.) IGNACE PLEYEL.



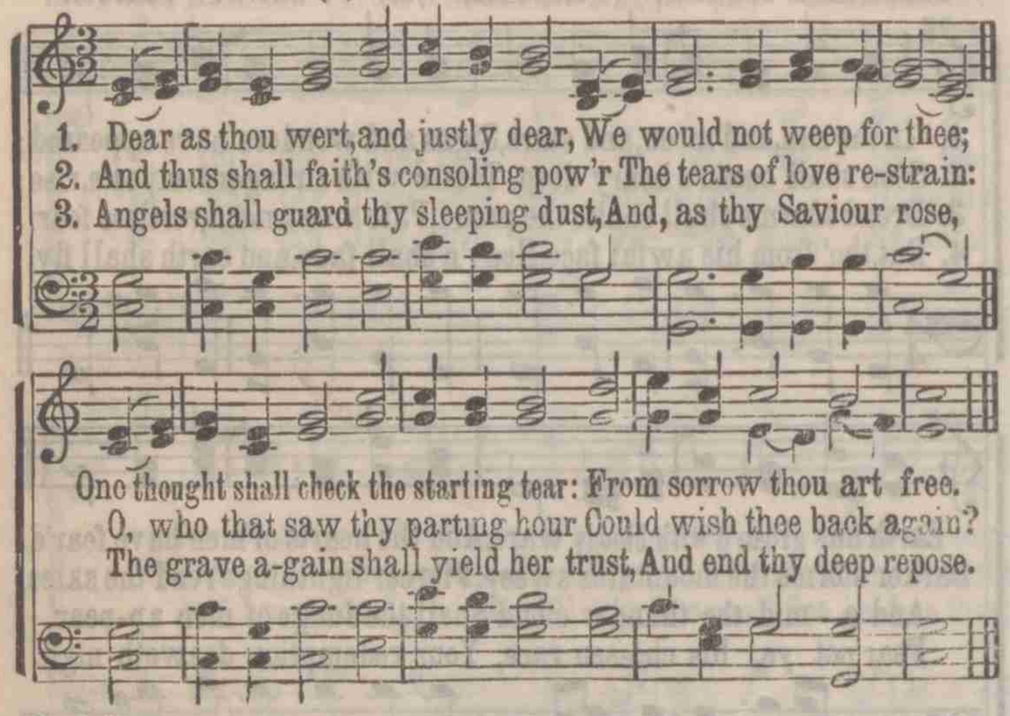
940 REST FOR THE TOILING HAND.

H. BONAR. (BOYLSTON. S. M.) L. MASON.



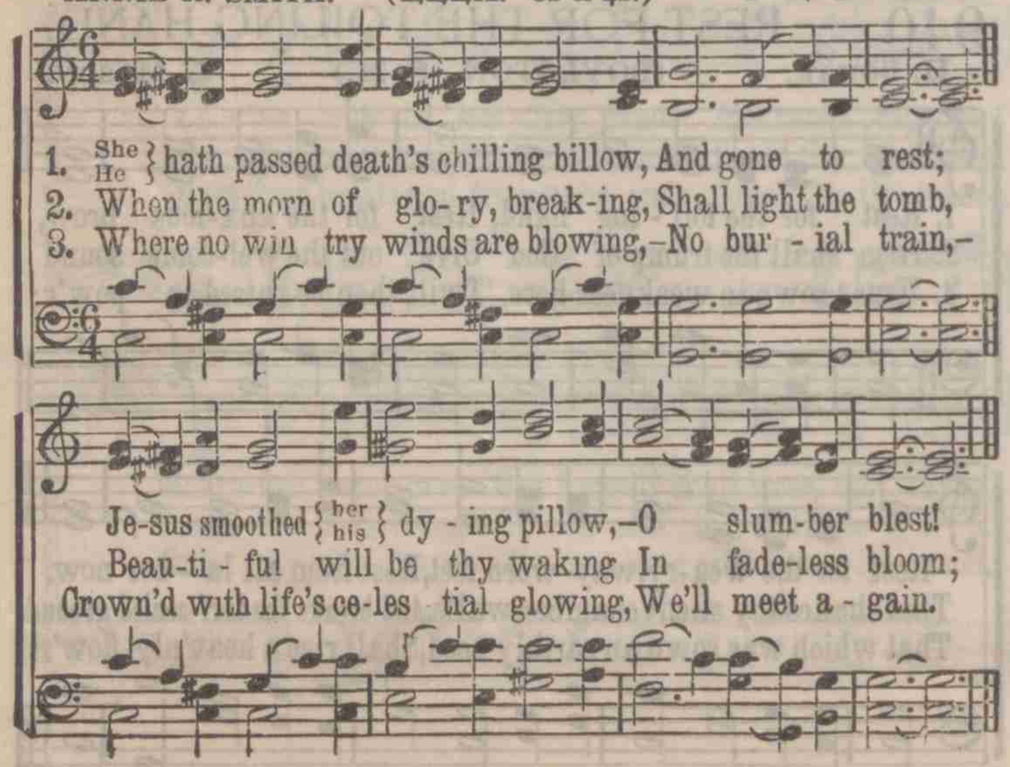
941 WE WOULD NOT WEEP.

DALE. (LAUREL HILL. C. M.) UNKNOWN.



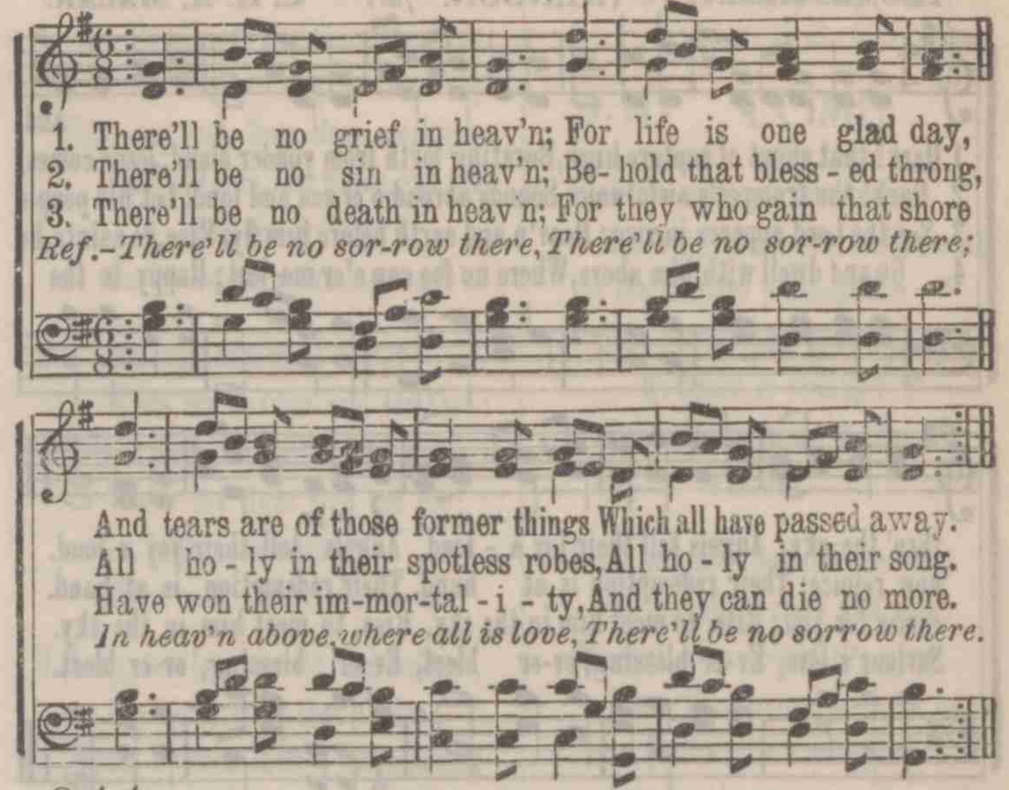
942 GONE TO REST.

ANNIE R. SMITH. (ELLA. 8s & 4s.) F. E. BELDEN.

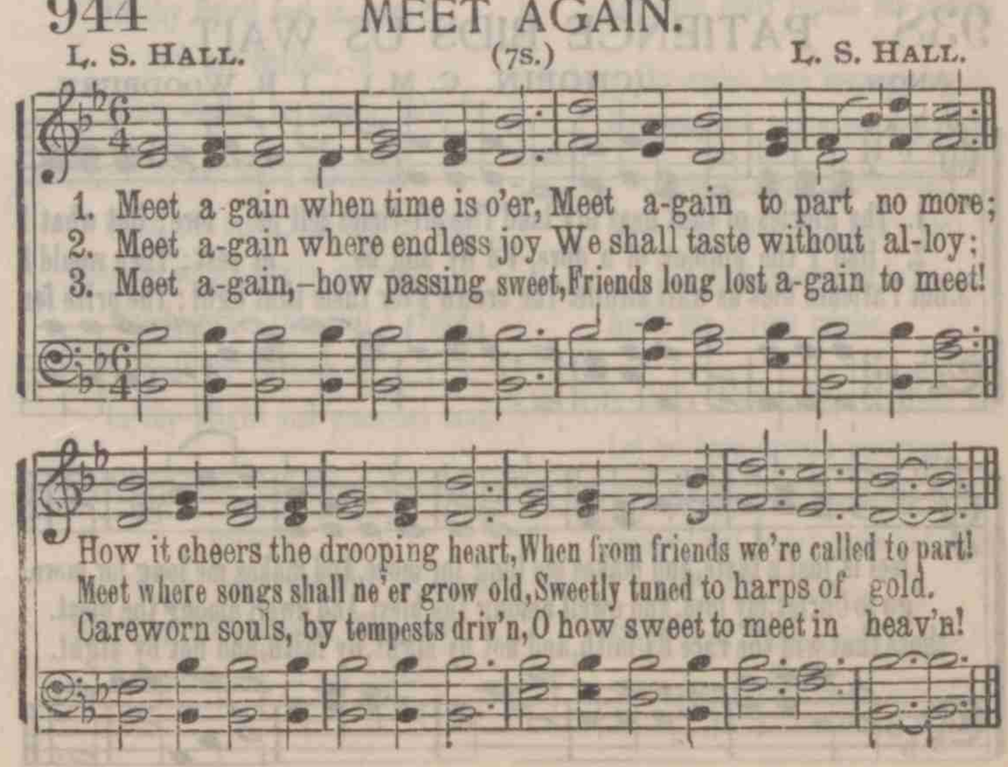


943 NO SORROW THERE.

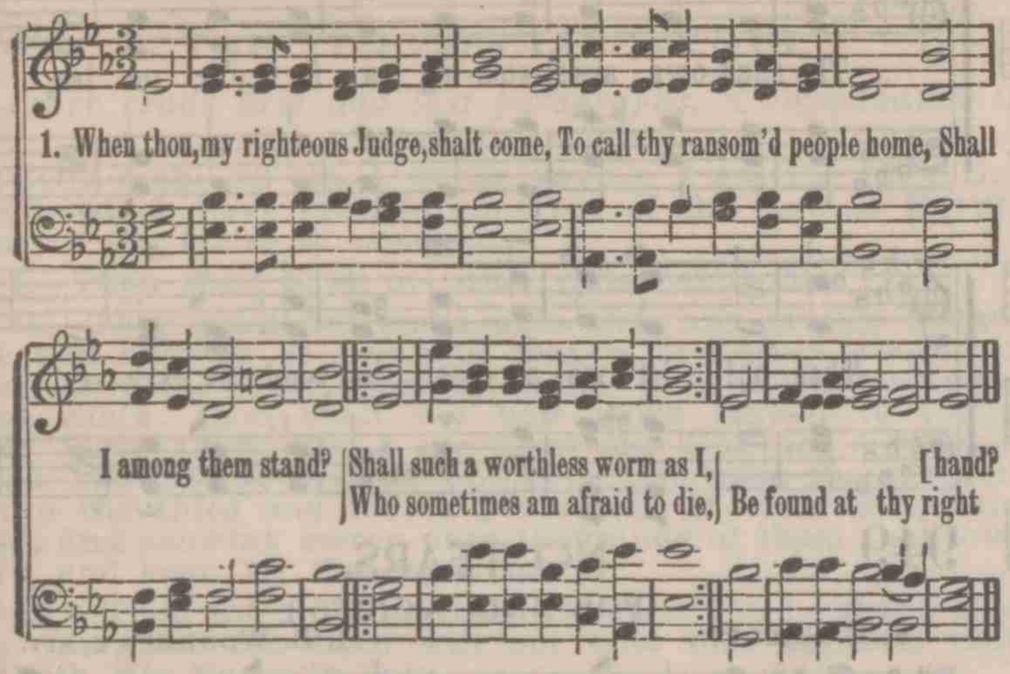
F. D. HUNTINGTON. (S. M.) E. W. DUNBAR.



944 MEET AGAIN.

L. S. HALL. (7s.) L. S. HALL.

945 WHEN THOU SHALT COME.

SELINA, C. of H. (MERIBAH. C. P. M.) LOWELL MASON.

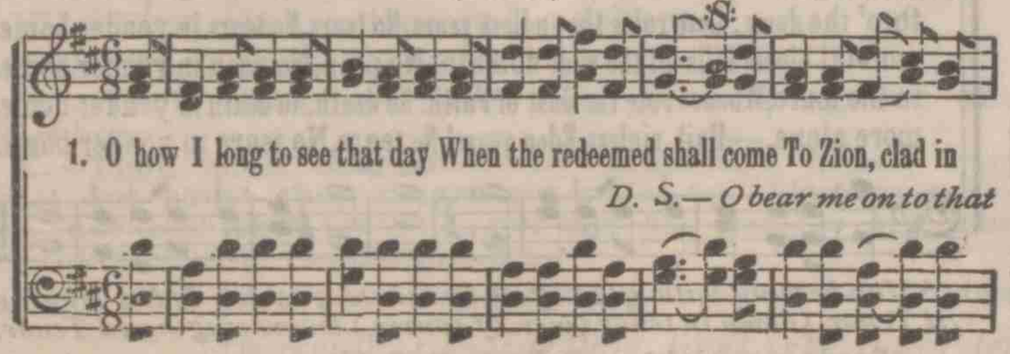
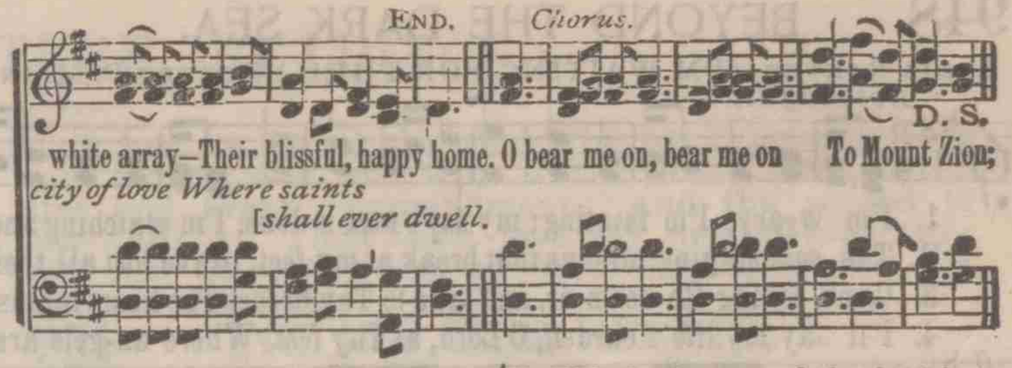


2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious throne to bow,
Though weakest of them all;
Nor can I bear the piercing thought,
To have my worthless name left out,
When thou for them shalt call.

3 Let me among thy saints be found,
When e'er th' Archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then joyfully thy praise I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of endless grace.

946 BEAR ME ON.

ANON. (C. M.) ARRANGED.

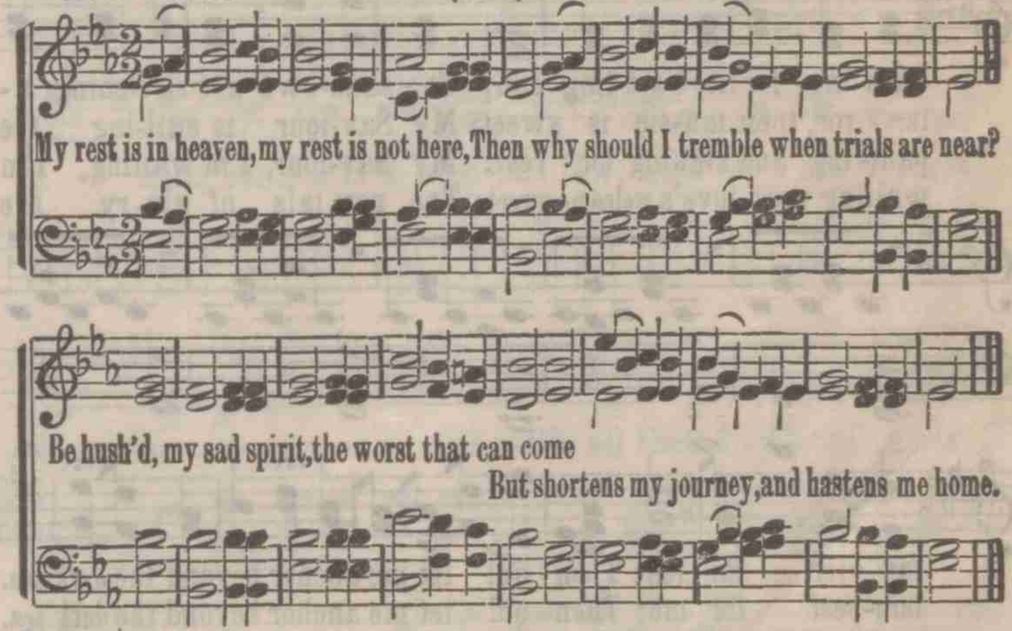


2 I'll hear the alleluias roll
From the unnumbered throng,
And with a heaven-enraptured soul
I'll join redemption's song.

3 All hail! the morn of glory's nigh
The pilgrim longs to see,
That dries the tear from every eye—
Creation's jubilee.

947 MY REST IS IN HEAVEN.

H. F. LYTE. (11s.) LOWELL MASON



2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
Nor building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city that hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 Let doubt, then, and danger, my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at its close;
Come joy, or come sorrow, what e'er may befall,
An hour with my God will make up for them all.

948 BEYOND THE DARK SEA.

LYDIA BAXTER. (I'M WAITING FOR THEE.) HUBERT P. MAIN.

Not too fast.

1. I'm weary. I'm fainting; my day's work is done; I'm watching and wait-ing for life's set-ting sun; The shad-ows are stretching a-
2. The cold surging billows that break at my feet, Have lost all their ter - ror, their mu-sic is sweet; My Sav-iour is still-ing the
3. Come, loving Re-deem-er, and take to Thy breast The heart that is pant-ing and sighing for rest; My Sav-iour, I'm waiting, I'm
4. I'll lay my life's burden, O Lord, at Thy feet, Where an-gels are waiting with love's welcome sweet; The por-tals of glo-ry are

Instrument

far o'er the lea: Then oh! let me anchor beyond the dark sea.
tem-pest for me: Then oh! let me anchor beyond the dark sea.
waiting for Thee: Then oh! let me anchor beyond the dark sea.
o - pen for me: Then oh! let me anchor beyond the dark sea.

**May be sung as a Solo or Duet and Quartet.*

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QUARTET.

Andante con espressione.

The shad-ows are stretch-ing a - far o'er the lea,

Then oh! let me an - chor be-yond the dark sea.

949 NO TEARS.

(FOR MALE VOICES.)

F. E. BELDEN. I. B. WOODBURY, arr.

1. No tears in yon - der home; Sorrow can never come; Joy ech-oes thro' the dome; Love rules the endless years, No tears, No tears in yonder home.
2. No pain in yon-der home; Sickness has sealed her room; Health in im-mor-tal bloom Fills all the wide domain: No pain, No pain in yonder home.
3. No death in yon-der home; No parting hour of gloom; Death lies dead in the tomb, Whence rose the dust of Faith: No death, No death in yonder home.
4. Clasping again our own, Knowing as we are known, Walking no more alone,—Hail sinless Eden years! No tears, No tears in yonder home.

p *Rit.*

**May be sung with good effect by mixed quartet; ladies singing 1st Tenor, (down in tenor voice, of course,) tenors singing 2d Tenor.*

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(See Page XII for Index of Readings.)

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

950 THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Leader reads first and last paragraphs. Commandments to be read in unison.

GOD spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I.—Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My Commandments.

III.—Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.

IV.—Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day and hallowed it.

V.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI.—Thou shalt not kill.

VII.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

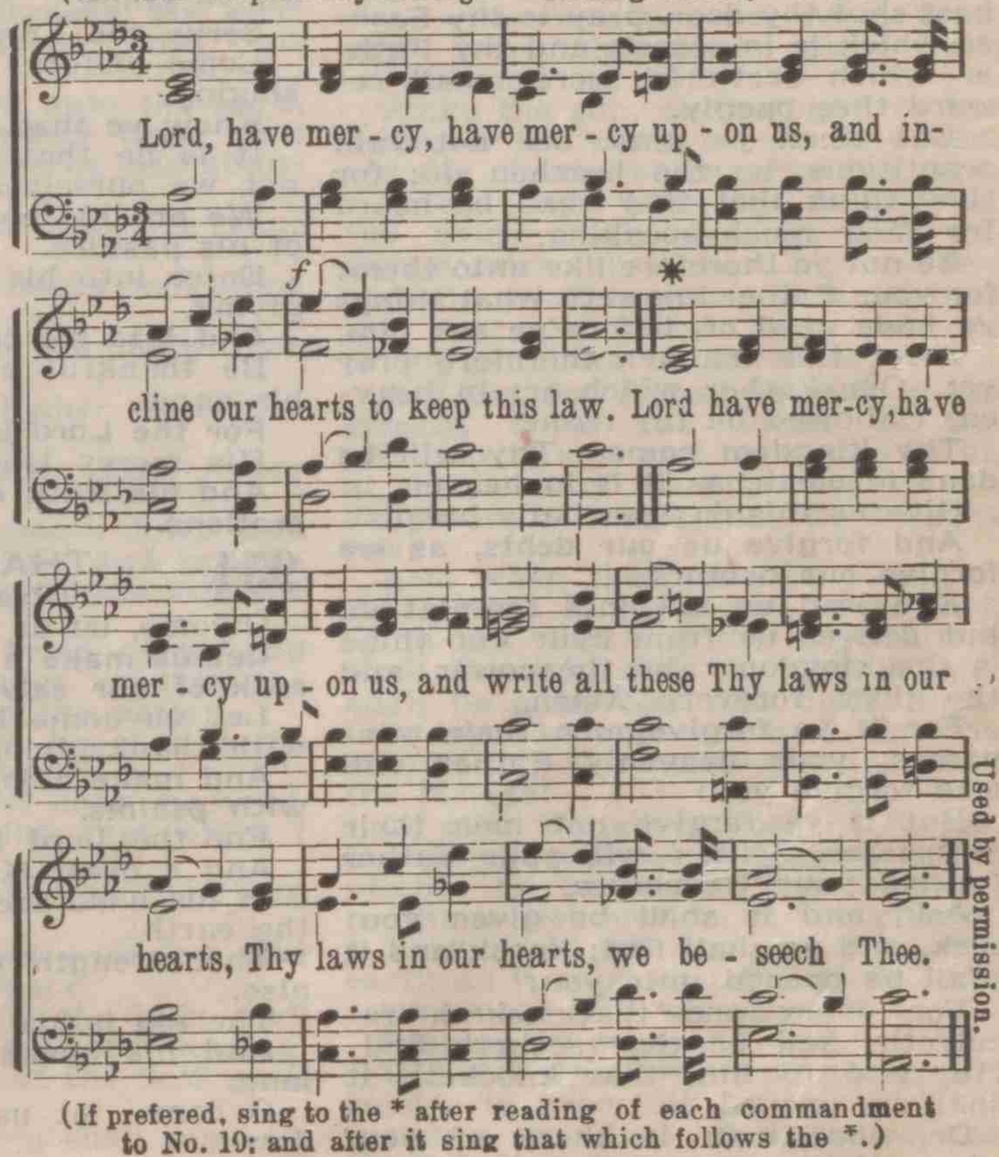
VIII.—Thou shalt not steal.

IX.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet they neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

Hear also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

951 INCLINE OUR HEARTS.

(This entire Response may be sung after reading No.950) G. J. ELVEY.

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(If prefered, sing to the * after reading of each commandment to No. 10; and after it sing that which follows the *.)

(In readings that follow, light type is for leader; dark type for school or congregation.)

952 PRAYER.
(Matt. 6: 5-15; 7: 7-11.)

And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.

Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.

After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you:

But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you:

For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?

Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?

953 PRAISE.
(Psalm 100.)

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness:

Come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God;

It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves.

We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving.

And into his courts with praise:

Be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good;

His mercy is everlasting;

And his truth endureth to all generations.

954 THANKSGIVING.
(Psalm 95: 1-7.)

O come, let us sing unto the Lord:

Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving.

And make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God.

And a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth:

The strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it:

And his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down:

Let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

For he is our God;

And we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

955 SHEPHERD PSALM.
(Psalm 23.)

The Lord is my shepherd;

I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;

Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:

Thou anointest my head with oil:

My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

956 THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.
(Matt. 5: 3-16.)

Blessed are the poor in spirit:

For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn:

For they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek:

For they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness.

For they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful:

For they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart:

For they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers:

For they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:

For theirs is the kingdom of heav'n
Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you and persecute you,
And shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.
Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven.
For so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.
Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted?
It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.
Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.
Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candle-stick.
And it giveth light unto all that are in the house.
Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

957 INVITATION.
(Isaiah 55: 1-13.)

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money;
Come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.
Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?
And your labor for that which satisfieth not?
Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good,
And let your soul delight itself in fatness.
Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live;
And I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.
Behold I have given him for a witness to the people,
A leader and commander to the people.
Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not,
And nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee
Because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel;
For he hath glorified thee.
Seek ye the Lord while he may be found,
Call ye upon him while he is near:
Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts:
And let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him;
And to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.
For my thoughts are not your thoughts,
Neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.
For as the heavens are higher than the earth,
So are my ways higher than your ways,
And my thoughts than your thoughts.
For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth,
And maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:
So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth:
It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please,
And it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.
For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace:
The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing,
And all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.
Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree,
And instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree:
And it shall be to the Lord for a name.
For an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

958 CALL TO YOUTH.
(Eccl. 12:1-7; Amos, 4:12; Eccl. 11: 8-10.)

Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;
While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:
In the days when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few; and those that look out of the windows be darkened.
And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;
Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets;
Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.
Then shalt the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.
Prepare to meet thy God.
But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all: yet let him remember the days of darkness; for they shall be many.

All that cometh is vanity.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.

Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh: for childhood and youth are vanity.

My son, give me thine heart.

959 RETURNING TO GOD.
(Luke 15: 11-24; 15:7.)

And he said, A certain man had two sons:

And the younger of them said to his father,

Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

And not many days after the younger son gather all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.

And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!

I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee,

And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose, and came to his father.

But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

And the son said unto him,

Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet:

And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry:

For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.

960 JOY OF FORGIVENESS.
(Psalm 32.)

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven,

Whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity,

And in whose spirit there is no guile.

When I kept silence, my bones waxed old

Through my roaring all the day long.

For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me:

My moisture is turned into the drought of summer.

I acknowledged my sin unto thee,

And mine iniquity have I not hid.

I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord;

And thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found:

Surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble;

Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go:

I will guide thee with mine eye.

Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding:

Whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked:

But he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous:

And shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

961 THE SIN BEARER.
(Isaiah 53: 1-12.)

Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief; when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied; by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death; and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

962 THE FLESH AND THE SPIRIT.

(Gal. 5: 16-26.)

This I say then, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lust of the flesh.

For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.

But if ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law.

Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these, Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness.

Idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies,

Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like: of which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith,

Meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.

And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.

If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.

Let us not be desirous of vainglory, provoking one another, envying one another.

963 THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE UNGODLY.

(Psalm 1.)

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,

Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord,

And in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water,

That bringeth forth his fruit in his season;

His leaf also shall not wither;

And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so:

But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment,

Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous:

But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

964 REGENERATION AND GROWTH.

(John 3: 1-8; and other selections.)

There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.

Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old?

Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

Of his own will begat he us with THE WORD OF TRUTH.

Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God.

As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name:

Every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God.

If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar.

Wherefore laying aside all malice,

and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speaking.

As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby.

Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

..If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things have passed away; behold, all things are become new.

965 THE CHRISTIAN ARMOR.
(Ephesians 6: 11-17.)

Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day; and having done all, to stand.

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness:

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

966 DO JUSTICE, LOVE MERCY.
(Micah 6:6-8; 7-18-20.)

Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God?

Shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old?

Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil?

Shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?

He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee,

But to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

Who is a God like unto thee,

That pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage?

He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy.

He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us;

He will subdue our iniquities;

And thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea.

Thou wilt perform the truth to Jacob, and the mercy to Abraham,

Which thou hast sworn unto our fathers from the days of old.

967 WISDOM.
(Prov. 1:7-9; 3:1-7;, 9-18; Job. 28:28.)

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge:

But fools despise wisdom and instruction.

My son, hear the instruction of thy father,

And forsake not the law of thy mother:

For they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head,

And chains about thy neck.

My son, forget not my law:

But let thine heart keep my commandments:

For length of days, and long life,

And peace, shall they add to thee.

Let not mercy and truth forsake thee:

Bind them about thy neck;

Write them upon the table of thine heart:

So shalt thou find favor and good understanding

In the sight of God and man.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart;

And lean not unto thine own understanding.

In all thy ways acknowledge him,

And he shall direct thy paths.

Be not wise in thine own eyes:

Fear the Lord, and depart from evil.

Honor the Lord with thy substance,

And with the first fruits of all thine increase:

So shall thy barns be filled with plenty,

And thy presses shall burst out with new wine.

My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord;

Neither be weary of his correction:

For whom the Lord loveth he correcteth;

Even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,

And the man that getteth understanding.

For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver,,

And the gain thereof than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies:

And all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand;

And in her left hand riches and honor.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness,

And all her paths are peace.

She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her.

968 LOVE.
(1 Cor. 13: 1-12.)

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind: charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

969 CURE FOR TROUBLE.
(John 14: 1-14.)

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us.

Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father, and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father?

Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works.

Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me; or else believe me for the very works' sake.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.

And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

970 WORD AND WORKS OF GOD.
(Psalm 19: 1-14.)

The heavens declare the glory of God;

And the firmament sheweth his handiwork.

Day unto day uttereth speech,

And night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language,

Where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth.

And their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,

And rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven,

And his circuit unto the ends of it:

And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul:

The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:

The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever:

The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:

Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned:

And in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors?

Cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins;
Let them not have dominion over me:
Then shall I be upright,
And I shall be innocent from the great transgression.
Let the words of my mouth,
And the meditation of my heart,
Be acceptable in thy sight,
O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

971 UNION WITH CHRIST.
(John 15: 1-15.)

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.
Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.
Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.
Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.
I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.
If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.
If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.
Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.
As the father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.
If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.
These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you and that your joy might be full.
This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.
Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.
Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.
Henceforth I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you.

972 BLESS THE LORD.
(Psalm 103: 1-22.)

Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.
Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;
Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.
The Lord executeth righteousness, and judgment for all that are oppressed.
He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.
The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.
He will not always chide: neither will be keep his anger for ever..
He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.
For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.
As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.
Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.
For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.
As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.
But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;
To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.
The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.
Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.
Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.
Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion; bless the Lord, O my soul.

973 PROTECTION.
(Psalm 91: 1-16.)

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.
Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.
He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.
Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

974 THE HOUSE OF GOD.
(Psalm 84: 1-12; 122: 1-9.)

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

975 GIVING.

Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first-fruits of all thine increase.—Prov. 3:9.

Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.—Mal. 3:8.

Bring ye all the tithes into the store house, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.—Mal. 3:10.

For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.—2 Cor. 8:9.

Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.—1 Cor. 16:2.

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.—2 Cor. 9:7.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts 20:35.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.—Ps. 4:1.

He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord.—Prov. 19:17.

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven.

Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth:

That thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.—Matt. 6:1-4.

976 GOODNESS OF GOD.
(Psalm 107: 1-15.)

Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever.

Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;

And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, and from the north and from the south.

They wandered in the wilderness, in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in.

Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.

And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

For he satisfieth the longing soul,

and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron.

Because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the Most High:

Therefore he brought down their heart with labor; they fell down, and there was none to help.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses.

He brought them out of darkness, and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

977 THE KING OF GLORY.
(Psalm 24.)

The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof;

The world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas,

And established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?

Or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;

Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,

And righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him,

That seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;

And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors;

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord strong and mighty,

The Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;

Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

978 HELPER AND KEEPER.
(Psalm 121: 1-8.)

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore.

979 CONSECRATION.
(Romans 12: 1-8; Phil. 2:5-11.)

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.

For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office:

So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophecy according to the proportion of faith;

Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering, or he that teacheth, on teaching,

Or he that exhorteth, on exhortation; he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus:

Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God:

But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men:

And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name:

That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth;

And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

980 TRUST IN ADVERSITY.
(Habbakuk 3: 17, 18; Job. 13: 15; Ps. 125.)

Although the fig tree shall not blossom,

Neither shall fruit be in the vines;

The labor of the olive shall fail,

And the fields shall yield no meat;

The flock shall be cut off from the fold,

And there shall be no herd in the stalls:

Yet I will rejoice in the Lord. I will joy in the God of my salvation.

Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.

They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.

Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good, and to them that are upright in their hearts.

As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways, the Lord shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity.

But peace shall be upon Israel.

981 GOD.
(Various Scriptures.)

God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.

God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands.

No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.

God is love.

For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on him might not perish but have everlasting life.

Thou art great, O Lord God: for there is none like thee, neither is there any God besides thee.

Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

How excellent is thy lovingkindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

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

The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men.

Teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world;

Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ:

Who gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.

982 SIN.
(Various Scriptures.)

The way of the wicked is an abomination unto the Lord.

The thoughts of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord.

Are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God?

Fools make a mock at sin.

Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin.

The thought of foolishness is sin.

The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?

Sin is the transgression of the law.

God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.

The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth on him shall receive remission of sins.

983 JUDGMENT DAY.
(Rev. 22: 11-17.)

He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still.

And behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come.

And WHOSOEVER WILL, let him take the water of life freely.

984 BENEDICTION.

Now unto him who is able to do exceeding abundantly,

Above all that we ask or think,

According to the power whereby he worketh in us,

Unto him, in Christ Jesus, be the glory in the Church

To all generations for ever and ever.

The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

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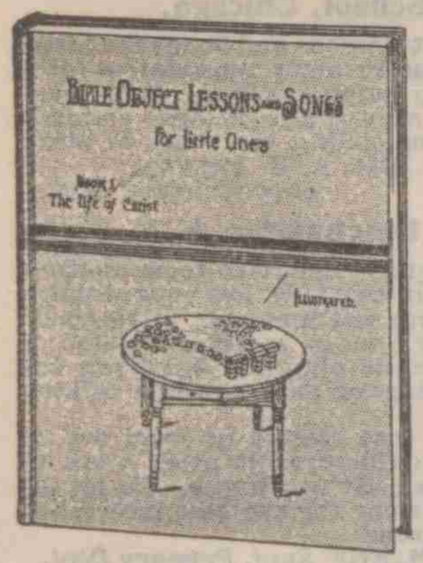

On the life of Christ, by Lillie Affolter and F. E. Belden, with illustrative material for mothers and teachers.

52 lessons, one for each Sabbath in the year. Suggestions accompanying;

30 songs and hymns, written for the lessons;

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Why the smallest room for the primary department? The largest can be filled with home heathen.

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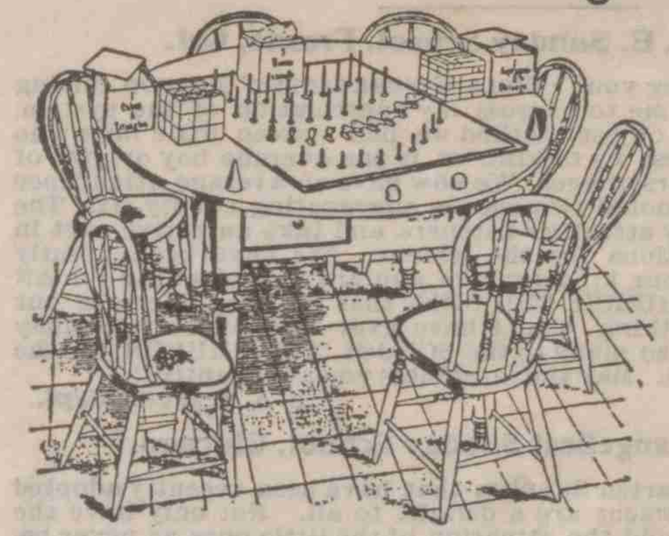
The book once bought is permanent, being designed for use year after year, one copy for each mother or teacher in the youngest primary division, so that *the first lessons for every child* shall be on the *life and words of Jesus.* No child-lessons can equal those by and about the Master. Thousands of teachers believe this to be the best plan, as proved by their continued use of "Object Lessons on the Life of Christ" during the last few years. It pays to make religious instruction delightsome instead of irksome. The class method is not the "herding" method.

Prices, post-paid: Board cover, $1.50; blue cloth, $2.00.

Address the publishers of "Christ in Song."

The Illustrative Kindergarten Material.



It Pays to Direct instead of Suppress the Child's Activity

The child who helps build a lesson never forgets it.

THE THREE BOXES OF MATERIAL make teaching easy. Boxes 1 and 2 contain hard maple blocks, cut into cubes, halves, quarters, squares, and oblongs. Boxes are of cherry, dove-tailed corners, sliding top, durable. Box three contains 10 miniature sheep, 30 mounted sticks to represent people (10 of them children), green French tissue-paper for Sea of Galilee, cones and domes, and green splints for river outline and tree-building. If the three boxes are ordered with book, purchaser receives free a "Portfolio of Blackboard Sketches on the Life of Christ," to aid in drawing.

THE ROUND TABLE

has beautiful hard top, folding legs, and inside cabinet for material. Seats eight children and teacher. Advantages are these: 1. Each child can reach center of table to help build the lesson. 2. Teacher can reach every child. 3. Table is heavy, so material is not easily shaken down. 4. Can be folded and rolled away, so that any room may be used if none is permanently devoted to the child-garden. 5. Table is varnished, easily cleaned, and lasts a lifetime. Formerly felt top. Hard top is best.

8 LITTLE RED CHAIRS

for the class, and one blue chair for the teacher, are the delight of the children, and most convenient for all.

The blocks, table, and chairs being practically non-destructible, very little expense attends the running of a large department after the first fitting up.

Table (40 lbs.), $5.50; three boxes building material, $1.75 (if by mail, 45c extra); 14-inch chairs, 75c; 11-inch, 65c. Freight or express extra on table or chairs.

[OVER]

IT MAKES TEACHING EASY.

K Street M. E. Sunday School, Fresno, Cal.

"We have been using your 'BIBLE KINDERGARTEN' METHOD during the past year. Permit me to express my appreciation of the system. When we adopted the object method we had sixteen little ones who were as hard to interest by talking as is the average boy or girl of from three to seven years of age. We now have an average attendance of sixty, and have promoted two classes aggregating twenty-six. The boys and girls are very attentive listeners, and take an active part in arranging the illustrations for the lessons. We have been greatly blessed in the work of our kindergarten, and are now planning for AN ADDITION TO THE CHURCH BUILDING that we may increase our capacity for work. Nothing that I have ever undertaken in Sunday School work has added so many to the SCHOOL AND CHURCH, for the labor performed, as this. May the Lord bless you abundantly."

L. A. SPENCER, *Supt.*

Kenwood Evangelical Sunday School, Chicago.

"Your Bible Kindergarten Supplies that have been recently adopted in our Primary Department are a delight to all. Not only have the teachers been able to hold the attention of the little ones as never before, and get them nearer their hearts, but the parents and other visitors have been attracted to the Department. An outside interest has been awakened in the homes, and thus the Department has increased in numbers. The little ones must be reached *through the eye* to the heart, and these lessons are a happy means to that end. We are glad to have been able to send several visitors to you for these supplies to be used in other towns. We hope that Book No. 2 may soon be in readiness for the public, so that a continued study may be carried on after Book No. 1 is finished." Very sincerely,

MRS. ALFRED W. HOYT, *Supt. Primary Dept.*

First Presbyterian Sunday School, Springfield, Ill.

"Our teachers are delighted with your Bible Kindergarten system, which we have lately introduced into the Primary Department of our Sunday School; it is beautiful to see the interest with which the children enter into each lesson, and it is safe to say the truths of God's Word thus impressed upon their young minds will never be effaced. I believe you have introduced a method that will be shortly adopted by all progressive schools for primary instruction. Wishing you God's richest blessing on your labor, I remain yours for the children,"

ISAAC R. DILLER, *Supt.*

[Two months later the Second Presbyterian Sunday School of Springfield, Ill., also adopted this kindergarten method.]

Congregational Sunday School, Kansas City, Mo.

"Possibly it may interest you to know that my Sunday School is progressing *very* nicely in its work, and I heartily believe that the methods of kindergarten discipline are the best to be employed. I have taken pleasure in my work, and can say the same for the children. We are beginning now to see the effectiveness of the method. I am also pleased to say that others in the city, who come from other churches, are looking into the matter somewhat." MISS MAYBELLE GILBERT,

1431 Harrison St. *Supt. Primary Dept.*

[She has in her school eight round tables, eight sets of the material and ten books.]

IT FILLS THE CHURCH.

Hyde Park M. E. Sunday School, Chicago.

"We have been using your 'Bible Object Lessons and Songs for Little Ones' with the tables and materials in our Primary Department for a year and a half, and have found them very helpful with the little ones. We have eight tables, with a teacher and an average of eight children at each table. I take pleasure in recommending their use to other Primary workers." MRS. A. R. PORTER,

Supt. Primary Dept.

First Baptist Sunday School, Binghamton, N. Y.

"In our school we have nine classes, and are about to form another as the school is constantly growing. Our teachers are very enthusiastic about the book, 'Bible Object Lessons and Songs for Little Ones on the Life of Christ, and nearly every Sunday some expression is given by them as to the satisfactory results obtained by giving the children SOMETHING TO DO and something to look at while talking about the lesson.

"Your method of dividing the school into classes of from five to ten scholars each is a BLESSING TO THE CHURCH, as it gives work to young members, and a working church is a living church. To let the entire burden fall on one or two persons is not for the best interest of either the primary department or the church."

MRS. HENRY S. MARTIN, *Supt. Primary Dept.*

M. E. Sunday School, Three Rivers, Mass.

"In teaching our children the life of Christ with your method, our anticipations have been fully realized. I can safely say that the children have learned more of Christ in the last year than in any previous year since I have been connected with the school." F. A. UPHAM, *Supt.*

Leavitt St. Congregational Sunday School, Chicago.

"I write to tell you of the pleasure and profit we have derived from the use of your 'Bible Kindergarten' supplies in our primary department, and most heartily recommend them to all primary schools. We have had better attendance; teachers can control their scholars, gathered about the round tables; and the truths of the lesson are made real by using the three boxes of material. I am an enthusiast in regard to the use of your object method for Bible study with young children. MRS. H. M. LAMPHEAR, *Supt. Primary Dept.*

Sunday School Union, Province of Quebec.

"Am using your material in my Sunday School, and want to say I believe you have the right idea of holding the attention of the children. Our Montreal primary teachers are using these methods freely, and can not get along without them. 'Through the eye to the heart' is the easiest way, and the most experienced teachers know it best.

GEO. H. ARCHIBALD,

Gen'l Sec.; also Leader Montreal Primary Union.

"'Bible Object Lessons and Songs' contains suggestions, music, and a fine collection of pictures, which will be a help to any teacher or mother of young children." BERTHA F. VELLA,

Vice-President International Union of S. S. Primary Teachers

"I shall recommend it to our students here in school."

GEO. W. PEASE, Springfield, Mass.