"MY SERVANTS SHALL SING FOR JOY OF HEART." ISA. 65:14.

SONGS FOR SERVICE

IN CHURCH AND HOME

BY

CHARLES P. WHITFORD

THE

SINGING EVANGELIST

"While I live I will sing praises unto my God in the congregation of saints."

Price { Single copy - - $ .50
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1939

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:

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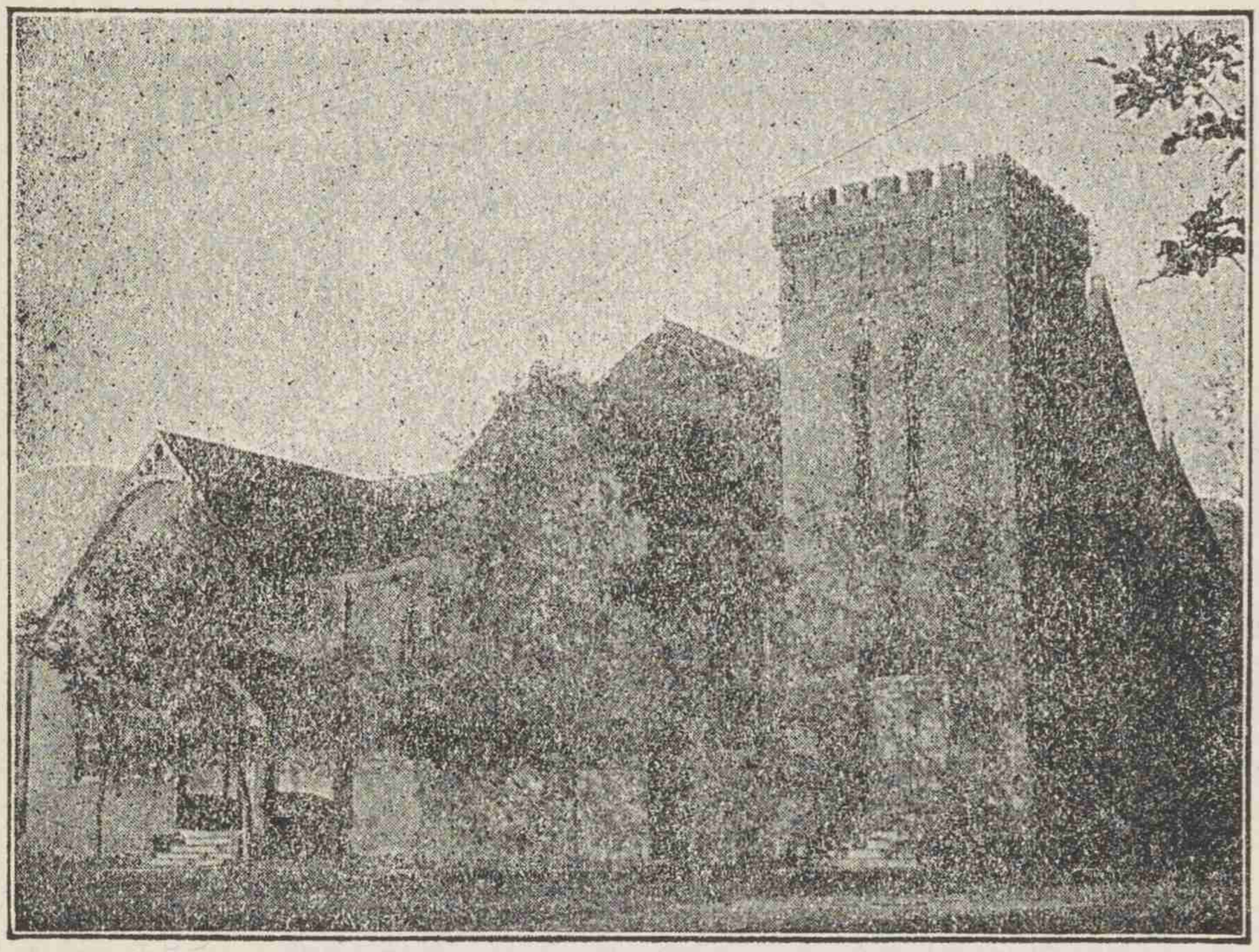

A collection of Gospel Songs, Religious Liberty Songs, Health and Temperance Songs, Songs for Social Gatherings and the Home Circle.

EDITED BY
CHAS. P. WHITFORD

PUBLISHED BY THE
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1025 JEFFERSON ST. NASHVILLE, TENN
1905

Hymn
1905
Song B

THE POWER OF MUSIC

"Music the fiercest grief can charm
And Fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can change pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above."

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CHARLES P. WHITFORD

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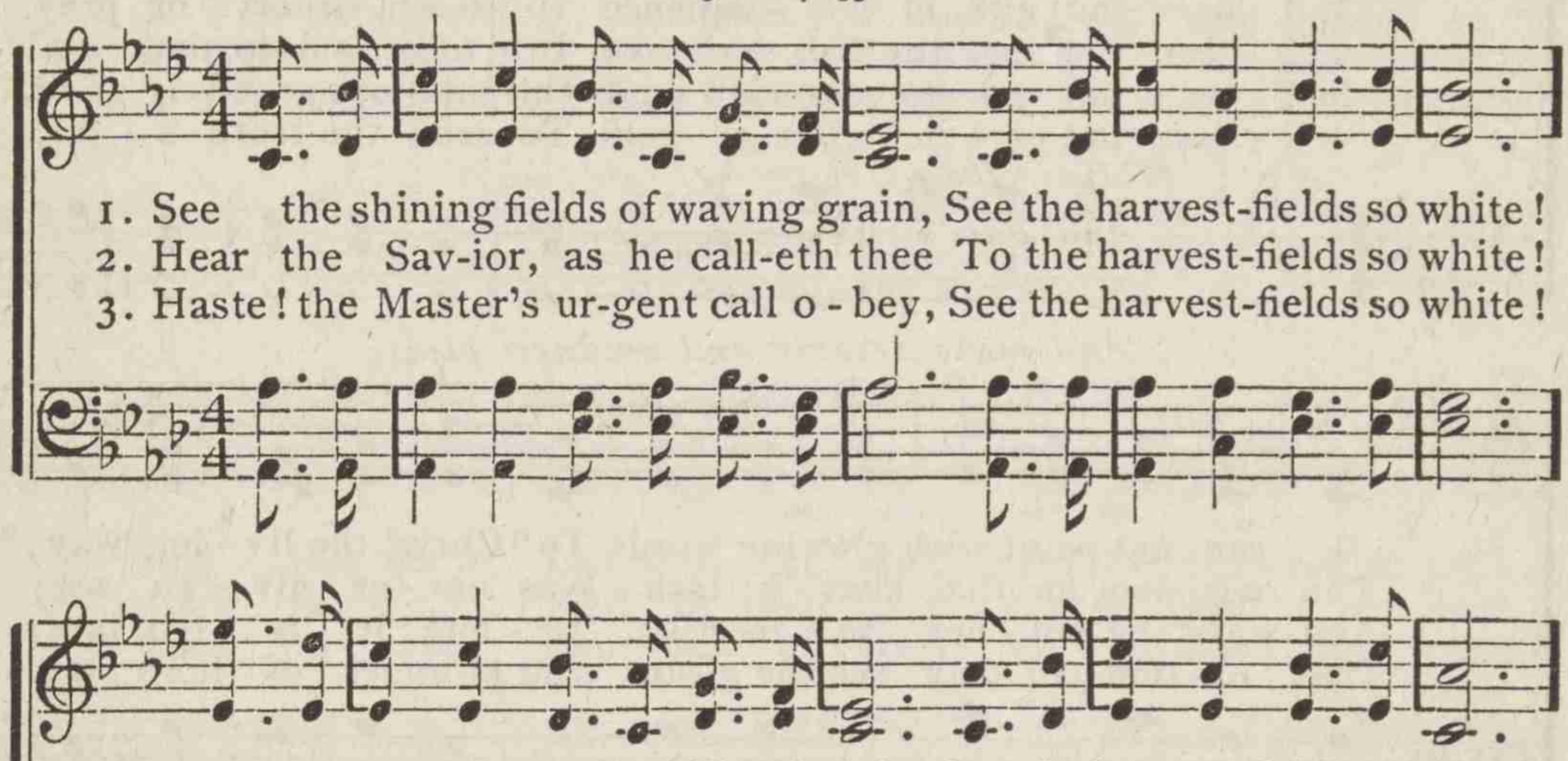
Songs for Service in Church and Home.

Harvest Fields. 1

F. S. S. John 4 : 35. F. S. SHEPARD.

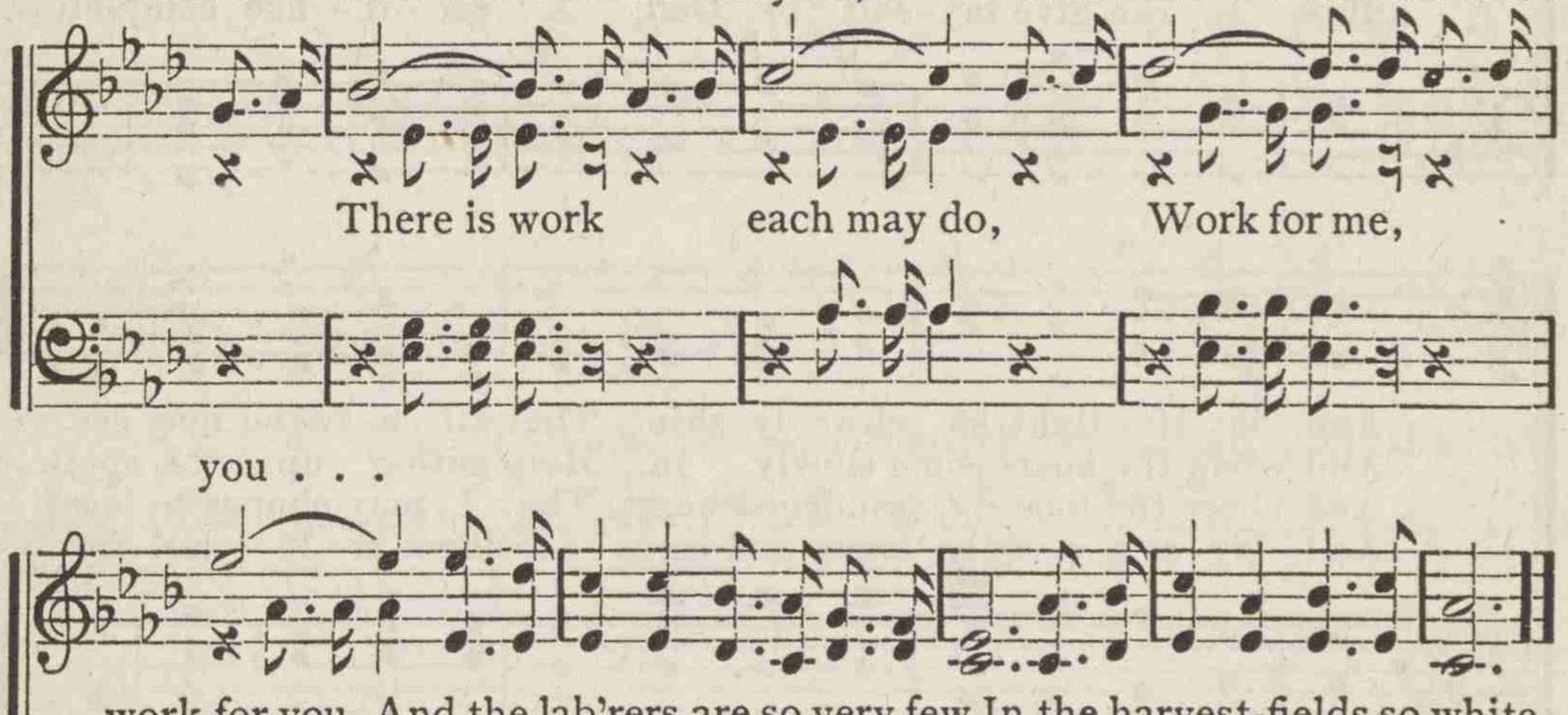


1. See the shining fields of waving grain, See the harvest-fields so white!
2. Hear the Sav-ior, as he call-eth thee To the harvest-fields so white!
3. Haste! the Master's ur-gent call o - bey, See the harvest-fields so white!

O - ver-spread-ing ev-'ry hill and plain, See the harvest-fields so white!
"Come and la - bor earn-est-ly for me In the harvest-fields so white."
Quick - ly join the reap-er's ranks to-day In the harvest-fields so white.

CHORUS.

There is work . . that each may do, . . Work for me . . and work for



There is work each may do, Work for me,

you . . .

work for you, And the lab'rers are so very few In the harvest-fields so white.

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My Mission.

"Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God."—1 Peter v: 6.

ELIZA H. MORTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I have no gift of el - oquence To preach, exhort or pray,
2. I can- not cast the fish - er's net In - to life's deep, dark sea;
3. I can- not go to for- eign lands On missions grand- ly great,
4. I can- not give rich gifts of gold To send the truth a - far,

I can- not point with glowing words To "Christ the liv - ing way;"
The wis- dom for that heav - y task Was nev - er giv - en me;
And warn the sin - ner to re- pent Be - fore it is too late;
That na- tions all may see the gleam And glimmer of life's star,

But I can tell how wondrous dear My Je - sus is to me,
But I can kneel up - on the shore And pray for hose who toil,
But I can speak a kind - ly word With gen- tle voice and sweet,
But I can give my- self to God, A sac - ri - fice complete,

And let His light so clear- ly shine, That all a- round may see.
And when the boats come slowly in, Help gather up the spoil.
And cheer the lone- ly, saddened heart, That I may chance to meet.
And lay my worldly hopes and cares All down at Je - sus' feet.

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5 I cannot reap the golden grain,
Or bind the gathered sheaves,
I cannot see the ripened fruit
Amid the falling leaves;
But I can glean the scattered ears,
And follow One I know,
Content to do just what He bids
Because I love Him so.

6 The Master sees the lowliest work
Of all His children true,
And in the crowning day will give
To each his honest due;
And when the sheaves are gathered in
From fields that I have sown,
I then shall take from His own hand
The palm, the robe, the crown.

Wonderful Bible.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON, D. D. Miss EMMA E. MEYER.

1. Won- der- ful Bi - ble! Book of God; Guide and counsel to
2. Won- der- ful Bi - ble! Law of the Lord; All its precepts in
3. Won- der- ful Bi - ble! Radiance bright; Ray se - rene from the

mor - tals giv'n; Lamp to the path by the ran - somed trod,
grace a - bound; And in their keep - ing is great re - ward,
world a - bove, Fair - est of stars in hu - man - i - ty's night,

CHORUS.

Lighting the way from earth to heav'n.
Life ev - er - last - ing there is found.
Fill now our hearts with light and love.
} Shine, O won - der - ful

light di - vine, Lamp of Truth, in this dark world shine, Shine thro' the

night of doubts and fears, Shine till the morn of God ap - pears!

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4

How Can I Keep from Singing?

J. H. Tenney.

1. My life flows on in end- less song; A- bove earth's lamen- ta - tion,
2. What tho' my joys and com- fort die? The Lord, my Saviour liv - eth:
3. I lift my eyes: the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a- bove it;

I catch the sweet, tho' far- off hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion;
What tho' the dark-ness gather round? Songs in the night He giv - eth;
And day by day this pathway smooths, Since first I learned to love it;

Thro' all the tu - mult and the strife, I hear the mu - sic ring - ing;
No storm can shake my in- most calm, While to that ref - uge cling- ing;
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A fountain ev - er springing;

It finds an ech - o in my soul—How can I keep from singing?
Since Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth, How can I keep from singing?
All things are mine since I am His— How can I keep from singing?

Chorus.

How can I keep from sing - ing? How can I keep from sing - ing?
How can I keep from sing - ing? How can I keep from sing - ing?
How can I keep from sing - ing? How can I keep from sing - ing?

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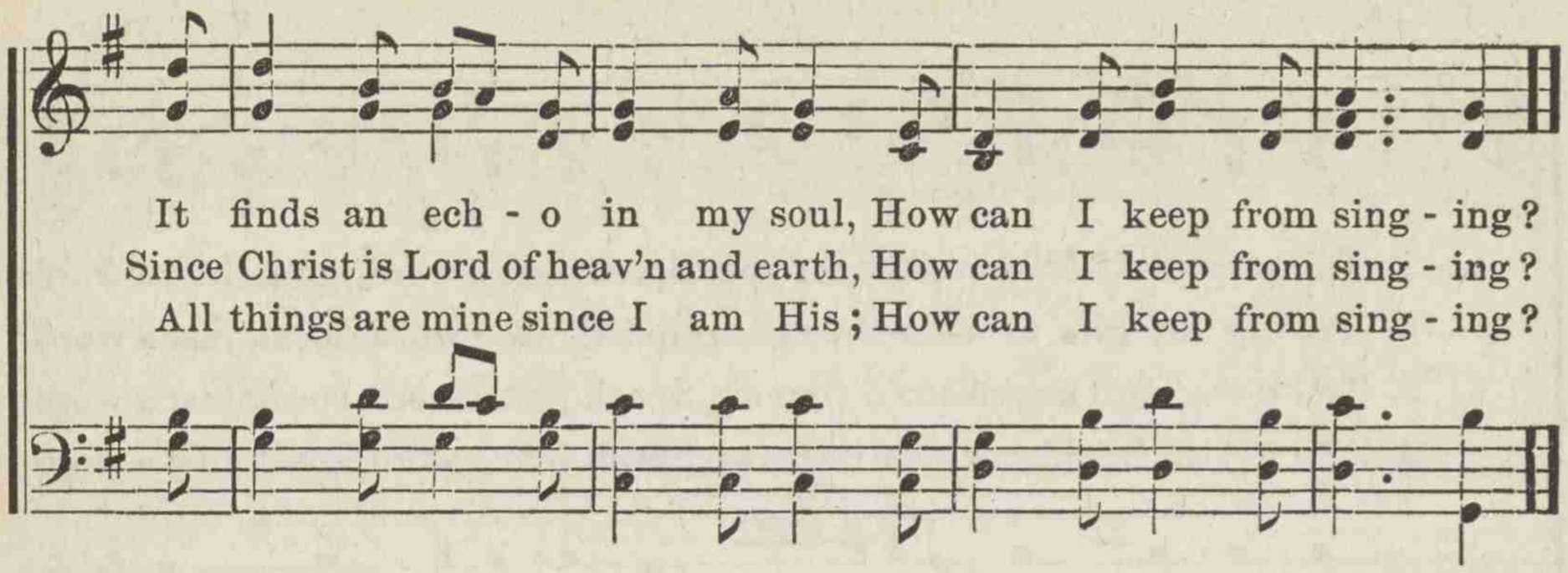
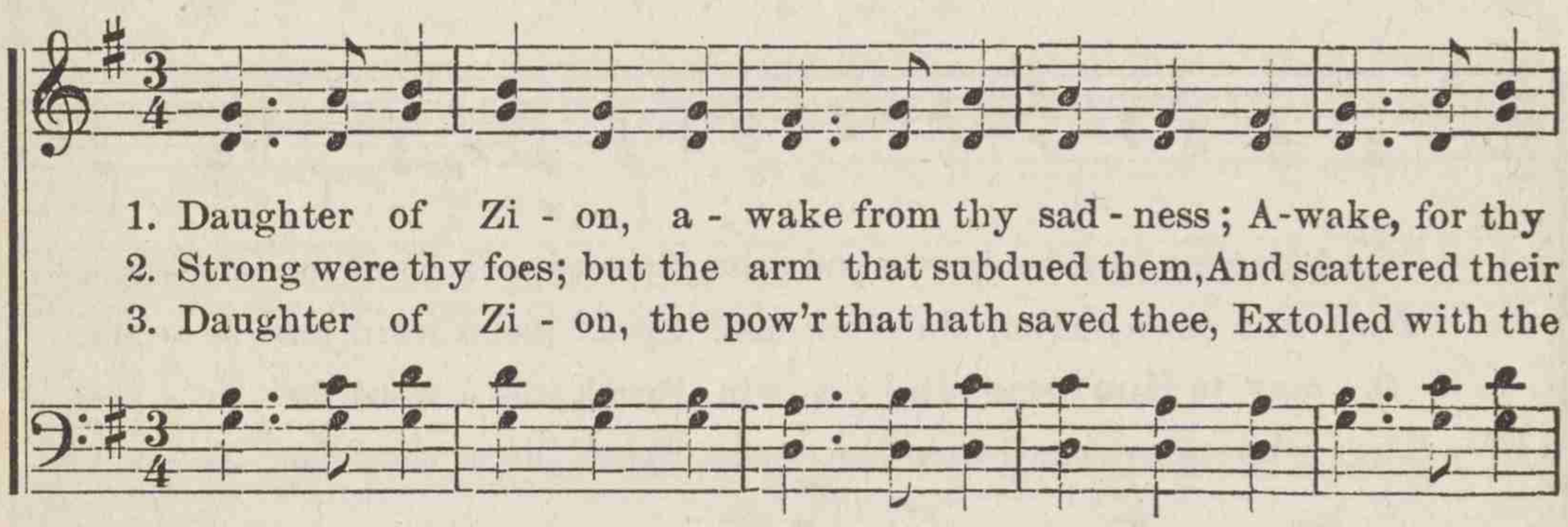


Daughter of Zion.

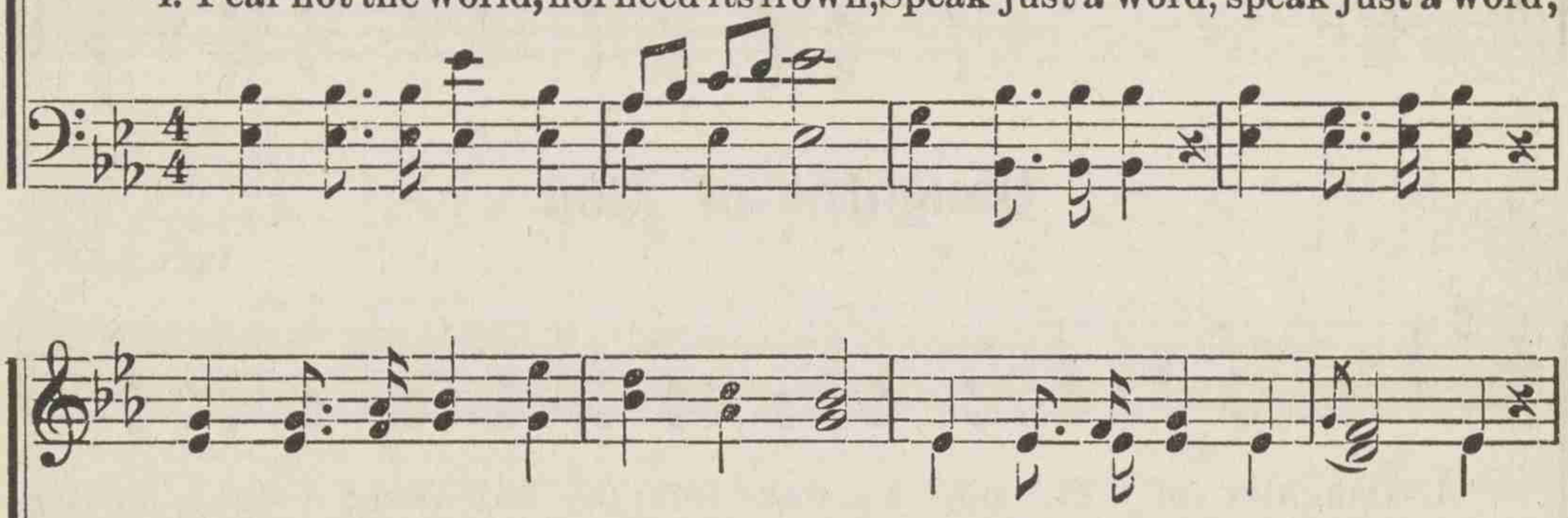
Unknown.



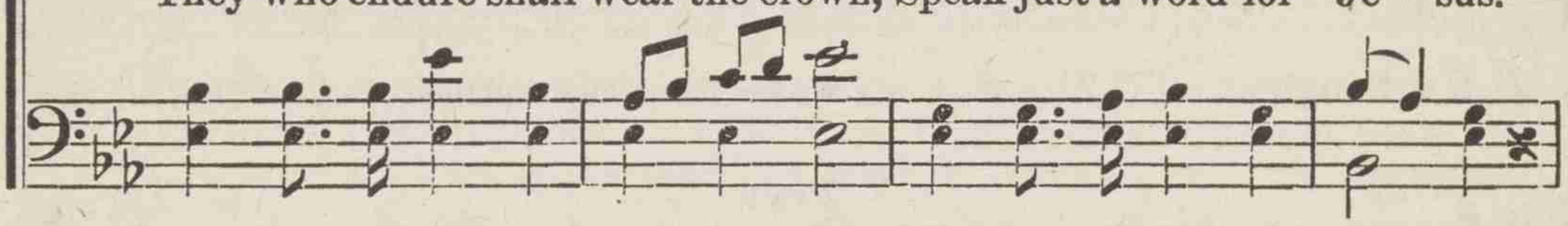
Speak Just a Word.

E. C. A. E. C. Avis.

1. Tell what the Lord has done for you, Speak just a word, speak just a word;
2. Ear - ly be - gin to bear the cross, Speak just a word, speak just a word;
3. Tell if the Lord has cleans'd your sin, Speak just a word, speak just a word;
4. Fear not the world, nor heed its frown, Speak just a word, speak just a word;



Stand for the right, be brave and true, Speak just a word for Je - sus.
They who de - ny Him, suf - fer loss, Speak just a word for Je - sus.
It may to Him some oth - ers win, Speak just a word for Je - sus.
They who endure shall wear the crown, Speak just a word for Je - sus.



REFRAIN.

Speak just a word, speak just a word, Glad - ly His love pro claim;

Tell what the Lord has done for you, Speak just a word for Je - sus.

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When I Behold Him.

ELLA M. PARKS. An effective Solo. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Af- ter the earth- ly shadows have lifted, And o'er the hill - tops
2. Helpless He found me, lift- ed me to Him; Whisper'd of pardon a-
3. Now in His presence, dai- ly I'm liv - ing, Walking by faith where mine

morning I see, Sweetest of pros- pects, I shall behold Him, Jesus, the
bundant and free; Breath'd He His peace o'er my sin-stricken spirit; Pointed my
eyes cannot see; For He is guid - ing home to that cit- y, Built for His

ritard.

CHORUS.

Saviour of sinners like me.
vis - ion to Cal-vary's tree.
lov'd ones—sav'd sinners like me.

} When I behold Him, Christ, in His beauty,

When with the ransom'd His face I shall see, Oh, how my heart in

ritard.

rapture will praise Him, Praise Him for saving a sinner like me.

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Have You Not a Word for Jesus?

C. P. WHITFORD. Melody by ASA SMITH.

Not too fast, with feeling.

1. Have you not a word for Je - sus? Not a word to say for Him?
2. Have you not a word for Je - sus? Will the world His praise proclaim?
3. Have you not a word for Je - sus? Some, perchance, while ye are dumb,
*4. Yes; we have a word for Je - sus! We will bravely speak for Thee,

He is list -'ning thro' the chorus Of the burn - ing ser - a - phim;
Who shall speak if ye be si - lent, Ye who know and love His name?
Wait and wea - ry for your message, Hop - ing you will bid them come;
And Thy bold and faithful soldiers, Saviour, we would henceforth be;

He is list -'ning: does He hear you Speaking of the things of earth,
You whom He has called and chosen His own wit - ness - es to be?
Yours may be the joy and hon - or His now wand'ring ones to bring,
In Thy name set up our banners, While Thine own shall wave above,

rit.

On - ly of its passing pleasure, Self - ish sor - row, emp - ty mirth?
Will you tell your gracious Master, "Lord, we can - not speak for Thee?"
Jew - els for the cor - o - na - tion Of your com - ing Lord and King.
With Thy crimson name of Mer - cy, And Thy gold - en name of Love.

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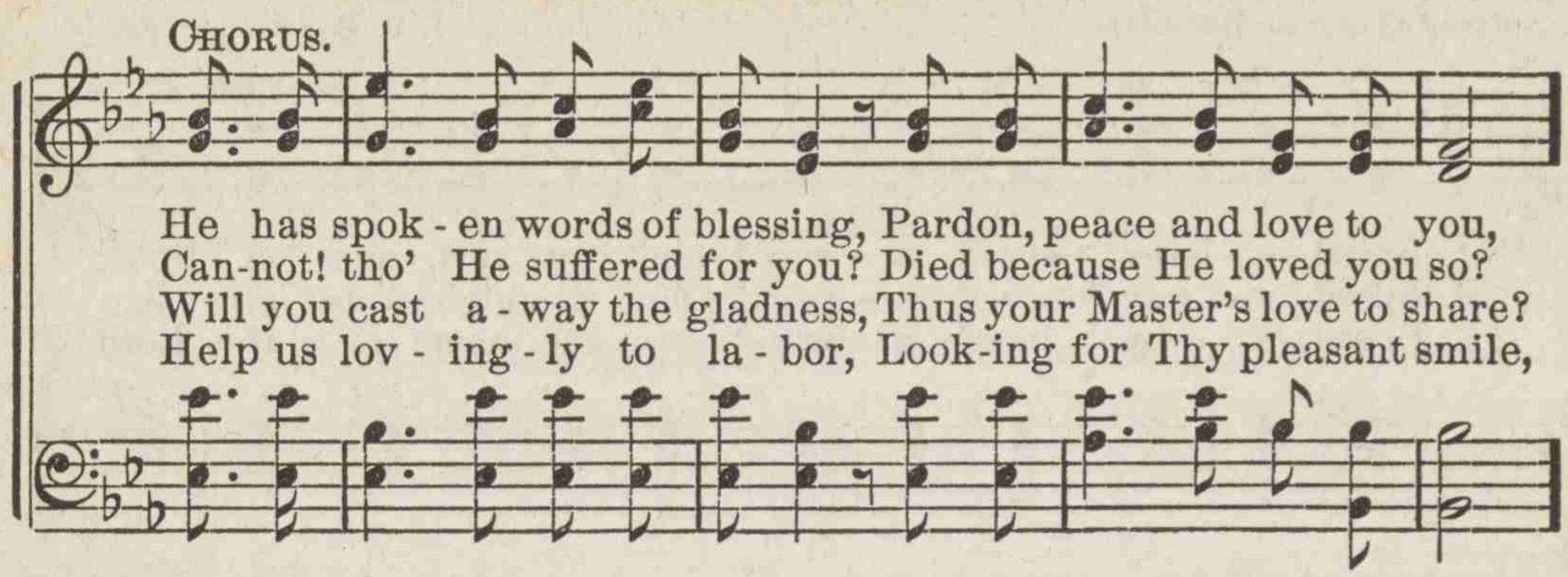
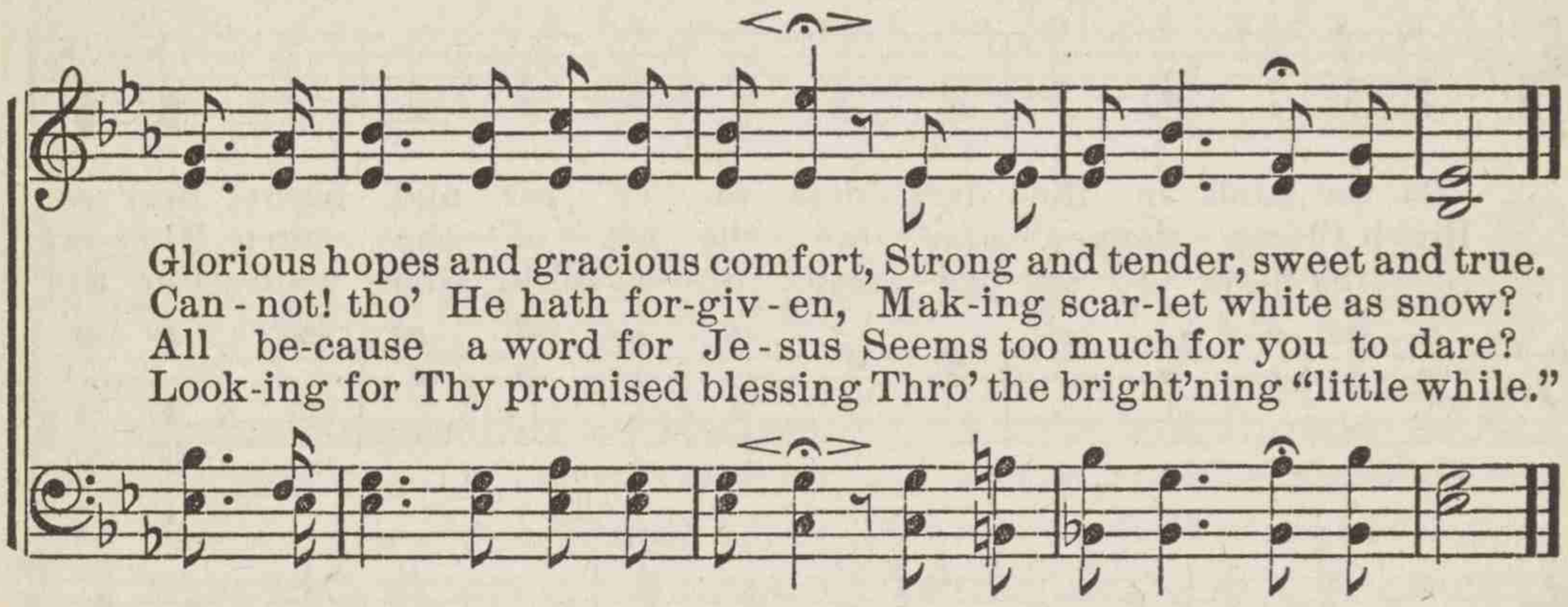
* Sing the last stanza faster and with vigor, and do not observe holds—keep on time.

CHORUS.





I Ask Not, Lord, For Less to Bear.

ANNIE R. SMITH. (HERBERT. C. M.) LOWELL MASON.

2 Thro' whatsoe'er my path shall lie,
With patience may I run;
With filial trust my heart reply,
"Thy will, O God, be done."

3 Then help me to improve with care,
These precious moments given;
For they a faithful record bear,
Of good or ill, to heaven.

4 And in Thine arms of love enfold
Me from the tempter's snare;
And in the book of life enrolled,
Be my name written there.

Speed Away.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. I. B. Woodbury, Arr.

1. Speed a - way! speed a - way! on your mis - sion of light,
2. Speed a - way! speed a - way! for the night com - eth on;
3. Speed a - way! speed a - way! in the name of the Lord!

To the lands in the dark - ness of er - ror and night! Bear a
Reach the na - tions a - far ere the set of the sun; They are
Bear the news of sal - va - tion re - vealed in God's word; For the

mes - sage of hope to the peo - ple a - far, Tell of Him who has
per - ish - ing now, un - told num - bers each day; They are passing from
heart of the Sav - iour is wounded with grief, Since so slow - ly we

come as the Bright "Morning Star;" O ye an - gels of light! To the
hope to death's val-ley a - way; O ye an - gels of light! To the
ren - der our help and re - lief; O ye an - gels of light! To the

land steeped in night, Speed a - way! speed a - way! speed a - way!

By per. of The Evangelical Pub. Co., Chicago.

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

With expression.

1. How precious is the thought to me That some day Je- sus I shall see!
2. This thought, oh, this amazing thought! I'll see him who my pardon bought,—
3. Oh, yes, that same dear face I'll see, Once stain'd with tears and blood for me,
4. If such rich joy this thought can bring Of seeing Christ our ho- ly King,

Yes, thro' His grace, His wondrous grace, I shall be- hold His glorious face.
See Him who came to me one day And wash'd my sin and guilt a - way.
Now beaming with a radiance bright, That saints behold with great delight.
What floods of rapture will be mine When on His bo- som I recline!

CHORUS.

Oh, precious thought! oh, wondrous thought! I'll see Him who my pardon bought,—

rit.

With rapture gaze in - to His face, And find my heav'n in His embrace.

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No Name so Sweet as Jesus.

Arranged by C. P. WHITFORD. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heaven,
2. This precious Je - sus has prepared A home for all who love Him;
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We will not cease our singing;
4. Though winds of strife and sorrow blow, And friends from us do sev - er;

The name be - fore His wondrous birth, To Christ, the Saviour giv - en.
Where sin and pain no more will reign, For that glad home we're longing.
For we are on our journey home, Where golden harps are ring - ing.
We'll not turn back, but forward go, To dwell with Je - sus ev - er.

CHORUS.

We love to sing of Christ our King, And hail Him bless-ed Je - sus,

For there's no word ear ev - er heard, So dear, so sweet as Je - sus.

NOTE.—This hymn is free. Let it be sung to the glory of our King.

When I See the Blood.

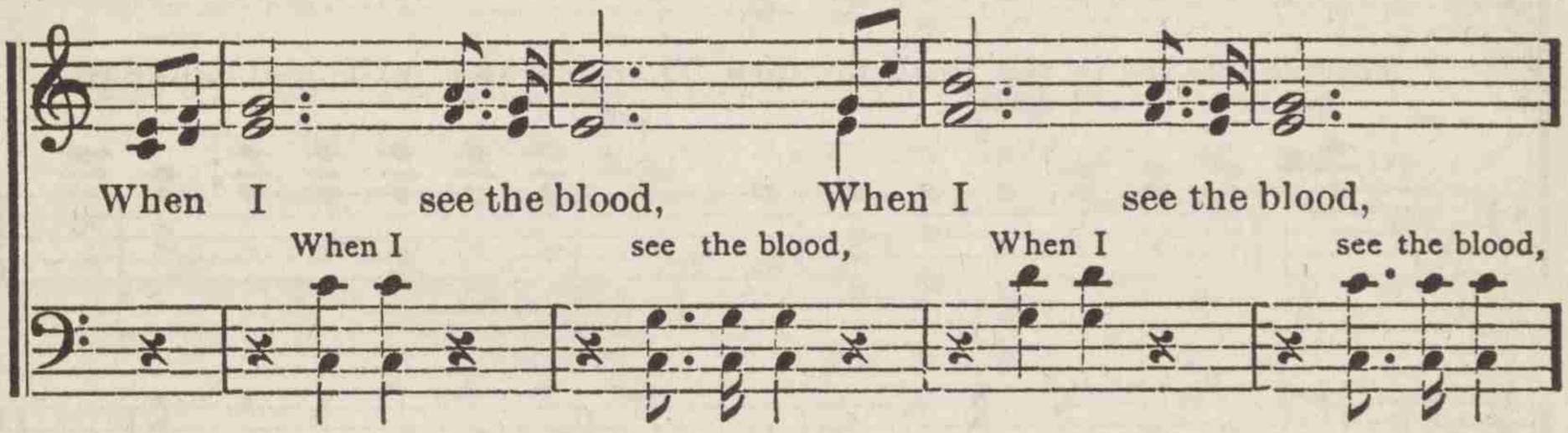
"When I see the blood I will pass over you."—Ex. xii : 13.
"Christ our passover is sacrificed for us."—1 Cor. v : 7.

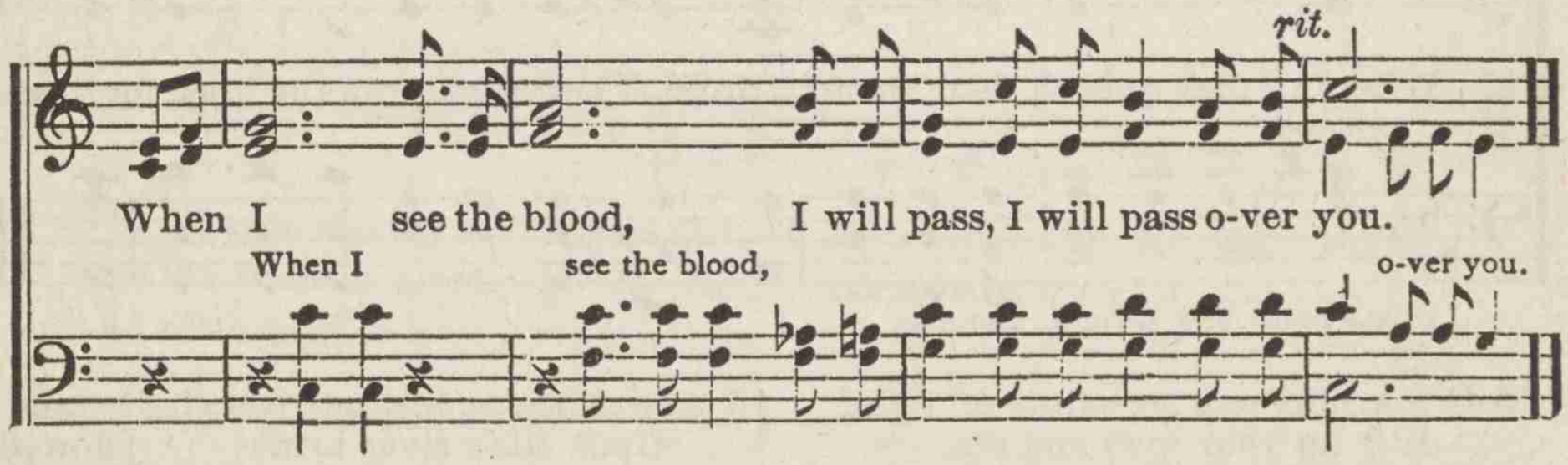
JOHN. J. G. F.

1. Christ our Redeemer died on the cross, Died for the sin-ner, paid all his due;
2. Chief - est of sin-ners, Je-sus can save, As He has promised, so will He do;
3. Judgment is coming, all will be there, Who have rejected, who have refused?
4 Oh, what compassion, oh, boundless love, Jesus hath power, Je - sus is true;

All who receive Him need nev-er fear, Yes, He will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Oh, sinner, hear Him, trust in His word, Then He will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Oh, sin-ner, hast-en, let Je - sus in, Then God will pass, will pass o-ver you.
All who believe, are safe from the storm, Oh, He will pass, will pass o-ver you.

CHORUS.





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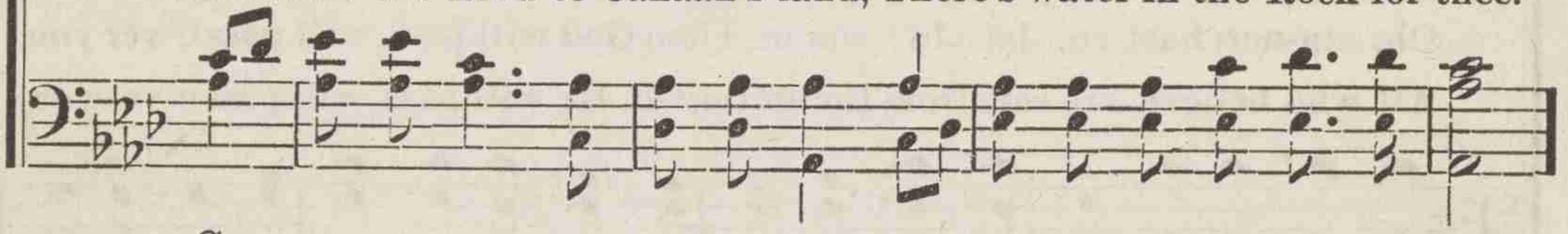
There's Water in the Rock.

"He smote the Rock, and the water gushed out."

G. W. S. G. W. SEDERQUIST.

1. When Mo- ses led God's peo-ple forth, And cross'd dark Egypt's sea,
2. The people drank the cooling draught, But Christ they could not see;
3. Ho, ye that thirst for living streams, List to the lov - ing cry:
4. Come, all ye wea - ry, trusting souls, Who would from sin be free,

He smote the Rock, and waters ran A fountain in the des- ert free.
The smitten "Rock of Ages" cried There's water in the Rock for thee.
Who drinks the wa- ter I shall give May drink and never, never die.
Pass thro' the flood to Canaan's land, There's water in the Rock for thee.



CHORUS.

There's wa- ter in the Rock for thee, There's water, milk, and honey free;

Where all may quench their burning thirst, There's water in the Rock for thee.

All rights reserved, G. W. Sederquist. Used by per.

5 O murmur not, ye saints of light,
Lift up your eyes and see
The coming Saviour still proclaims
There's water in the Rock for thee.

6 And when at last our feet shall stand
Upon life's river brink, [flowed
We'll see the Rock from whence it
A fountain where the ransom'd drink.

J. M. B. JOHNSON. ALICE A. SPOTTISWOODE.

Moderato.

1. Once my soul was lost in darkness, And ev - 'ry light was gone,
2. Ev - 'ry friend I had for - sook me, When I fell a help - less wreck,
3. Now my life is full of sun - shine, And scarce a cloud is seen;

And I groped a - long life's path-way For - sak - en and a - lone;
And not one of them o'er-took me, Nor tried to bring me back;
And my path is by still wa - ters, I feed in pas - tures green;

But I saw the shad - ows flee, And my soul found vic - to - ry,
But the voice that spoke to me, And the hand that set me free,
But soon mine eyes shall see, The home pre - pared for me,

When I turn'd mine eyes to Je- sus, Bless- ed Lamb of Cal - va- ry.
Was the voice and hand of Je- sus, Bless- ed Lamb of Cal - va- ry.
And the host that brings my Saviour, Bless- ed Lamb of Cal - va- ry.

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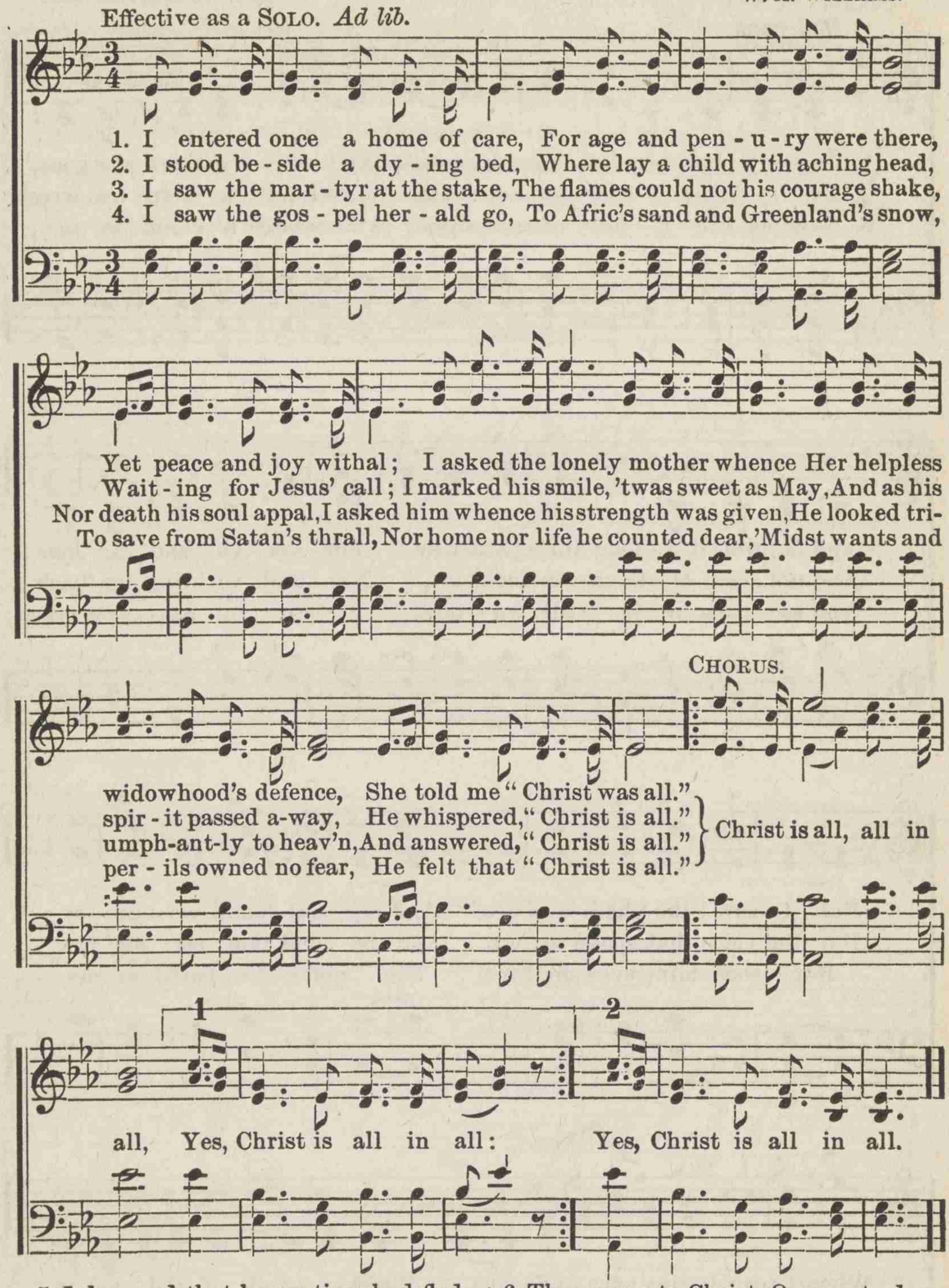
Christ is All.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 Peter ii: 7.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

Effective as a SOLO. *Ad lib.*



5 I dreamed that hoary time had fled,
And earth and sea gave up their dead,
A fire dissolved this ball,
I saw the church's ransomed throng,
I heard the burden of their song,
'Twas "Christ is all in all."

6 Then come to Christ, O come to-day,
The Father, Son, and Spirit say;
The Bride repeats the call,
For He will cleanse your guilty stains,
His love will soothe your weary pains,
For "Christ is all in all."

From "Song Jewels," A Seven cent Song Book for Sunday School, Christian Endeavor, Leagues, etc. By per. the publisher, W. A. Williams, Warnock, Ohio.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. *pp* *m*

1. Soft- ly and tenderly Je- sus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh, for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me.
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

CHORUS. *cres.* *m*

Come home,. . . Come home;. . . Ye who are weary, come home,. . . .
Come home, come home:
Earnestly, tenderly, Je-sus is call-ing, Calling, O sinner, come home!

pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

By per. Will L. Thompson & Co., E. Liverpool, O., and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

Jesus is Coming.

CHAS. P. WHITFORD. ENO UWONKNU.

1. Je - sus is com - ing is my song, Com-ing to
2. Coming with an - gels bright and fair, Saints will then
3. Je - sus is com - ing I do know. Signs ev' - ry-
4. Rich-es in heav - en I shall own, When Je - sus

earth, 'twill not be long; Soon the dear Sav - iour
meet Him in the air; Sor - row be end - ed—
where all tell me so: Lift up your heads, my
comes and takes me home; More of His sav - ing

we shall see, Com-ing in glori - ous maj - es - ty.
sin no more O - ver on Ca-naan's bliss - ful shore.
brethren, and pray, Watch! for the Sav - iour comes this way.
full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.

CHORUS.

Yes, Je - sus is com - ing, Yes, Je - sus is
com - ing, Je - sus is com - ing is the
song, We should be sing - ing all day long.

My Old Country Home.*

G. Tabor Thompson. J. H. Tenney.

1. In thought I trav - el back to-night To my old country home;
2. I left my room and gen- tly crept Down to the o - pen door,
3. The Ho - ly Book was opened then, And moth- er read a - loud
4. A ho - ly hush came o'er my soul, As on their knees they fell;
5. I gave my heart to God that night, Ere they rose up from prayer;

When joyful scenes flash thro' the mind As in the past I roam!
And heard my moth- er join the song, And chant it o'er and o'er;
A - bout the home prepared on high, A - bove the storm and cloud.
They prayed as tho' they were inspired; So lis - ten while I tell;
Then saw them kiss each oth - er's face, Tho' furrowed deep with care;

My moth- er with her locks of snow, Is knit - ting in her chair,
Since then in cit - ies, great and small, I've heard the cultured sing,
That hum- ble cot - tage seemed to me Grand as the mansions fair,
They prayed for pas- tor, neighbor, friend, And then they prayed for me:
A - gain I heard a sweet refrain While I stole back to rest;

While fa - ther, sit - ting at her side, Sings this fa - mil - iar air:
But no such rap- ture to my heart Could all their mu - sic bring.
And I am sure be - fore they knelt, The an - gels hovered there.
"O Je - sus, grant that our dear boy May fol - low on - ly Thee."
Help me to sing it o'er a - gain, In mem- 'ry of the blest.

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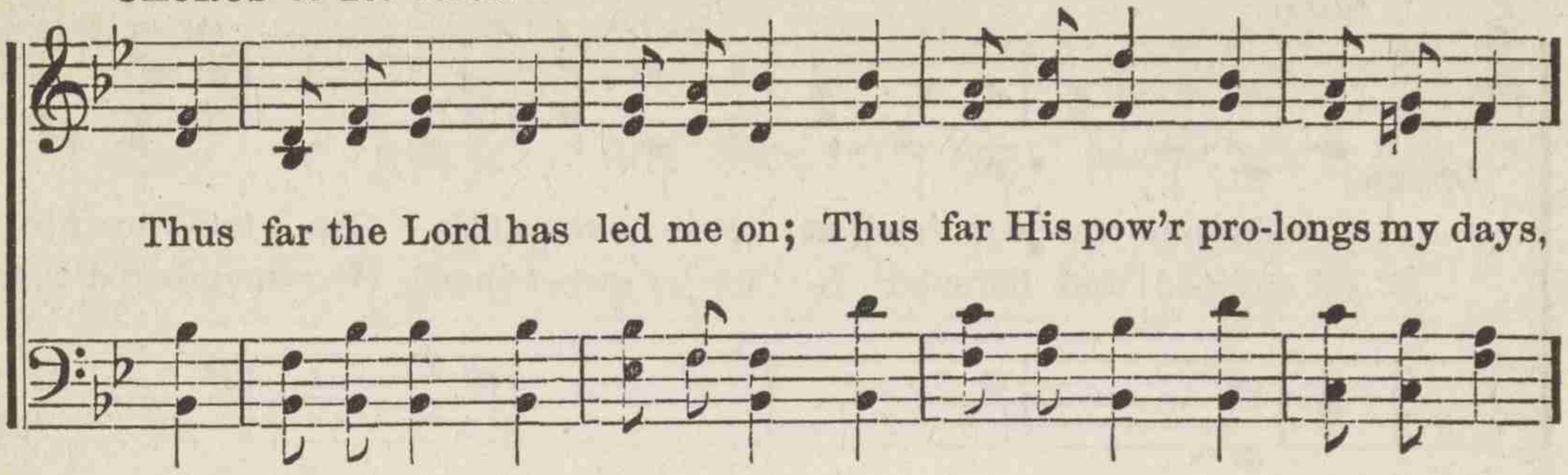
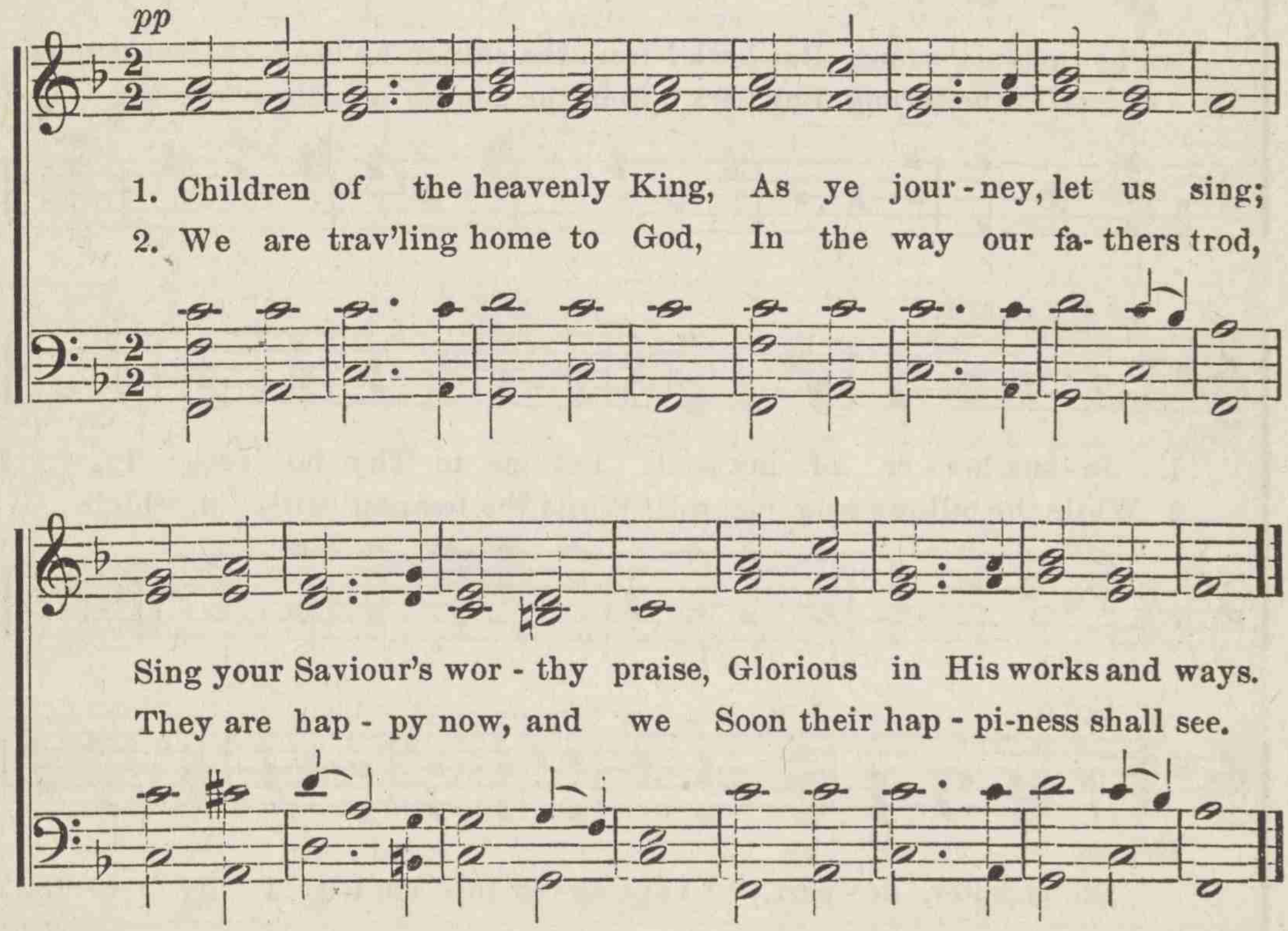
HEBRON.

CHORUS to 1st verse.



PLEYEL'S HYMN.

CHORUS to last verse.



* This song may be used as a solo, the choir or congregation singing the familiar tunes at the close of the first and last verses. It may also be sung as a quartet, and may be made very effective by having the familiar tunes sung by voices in an adjoining room. The chorus to the last verse should be sung very softly.

The Sinner and the Song.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

SOLO.

Organ.

1. A sin-ner was wand'ring at e - ven-tide, His tempter was watching close by at his side, In his heart raged a bat-tle for right against wrong, But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song;
2. He stopped and listened to ev-'ry sweet chord, He remembered the time he once loved the Lord, Come on! says the tempter, come, on with the throng, But hark! from the church a-gain swells the song,

pp QUARTET.

1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,
2. While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high,

SOLO.

Organ.

Oh, tempter, de-part, I have served thee too long, I fly to the

By per. of Will L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, Ohio, and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

Saviour, He dwells in that song, O Lord, can it be that a

sin-ner like me, May find a sweet refuge by com-ing to Thee?

pp QUARTET.

Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.

SOLO.

Organ.

I come, Lord, I come, Thou'lt for - give the dark past, And

pp QUARTET.

O, re - ceive my soul at last.

All Hail the Power.

(*May be sung in E.*)

EDWARD PERRONET. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
2. Sin-ners, whose love can ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall;
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, the roy - al di - a -
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, your tro-phies at His
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, all maj - es - ty as -
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, the ev - er - last-ing

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, the roy - al
Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, your tro - phies
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, all maj - es -
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, the ev - er -

dem, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.
feet, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.
cribe, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.
song, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

di - a - dem, crown Him Lord of all.
at His feet, crown Him Lord of all.
ty as - cribe, crown Him Lord of all.
last - ing song, crown Him Lord of all.

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F. J. STEVENS. F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. Are you in the mar - ket wait - ing, While the world's great
2. Has - ten! join the reap - ers will - ing, With full pur - pos -
3. Faint not, though the days are wea - ry; Mur - mur not, though

fields are white, Ef - fort - less, your strength a - bat - ing,
es of heart; Since it is His will ful - fill - ing,
they are long; Love will make His serv - ice cheer - y,

CHORUS.

Since you use it not a - right?
Cheer-ful - ly do well your part.
Love will fill its hours with song.
} Lend a hand! the work is

grow - ing, And the Mas - ter's serv - ice calls; On His

fields your toil be - stow - ing Ere the night in - ac - tive falls.

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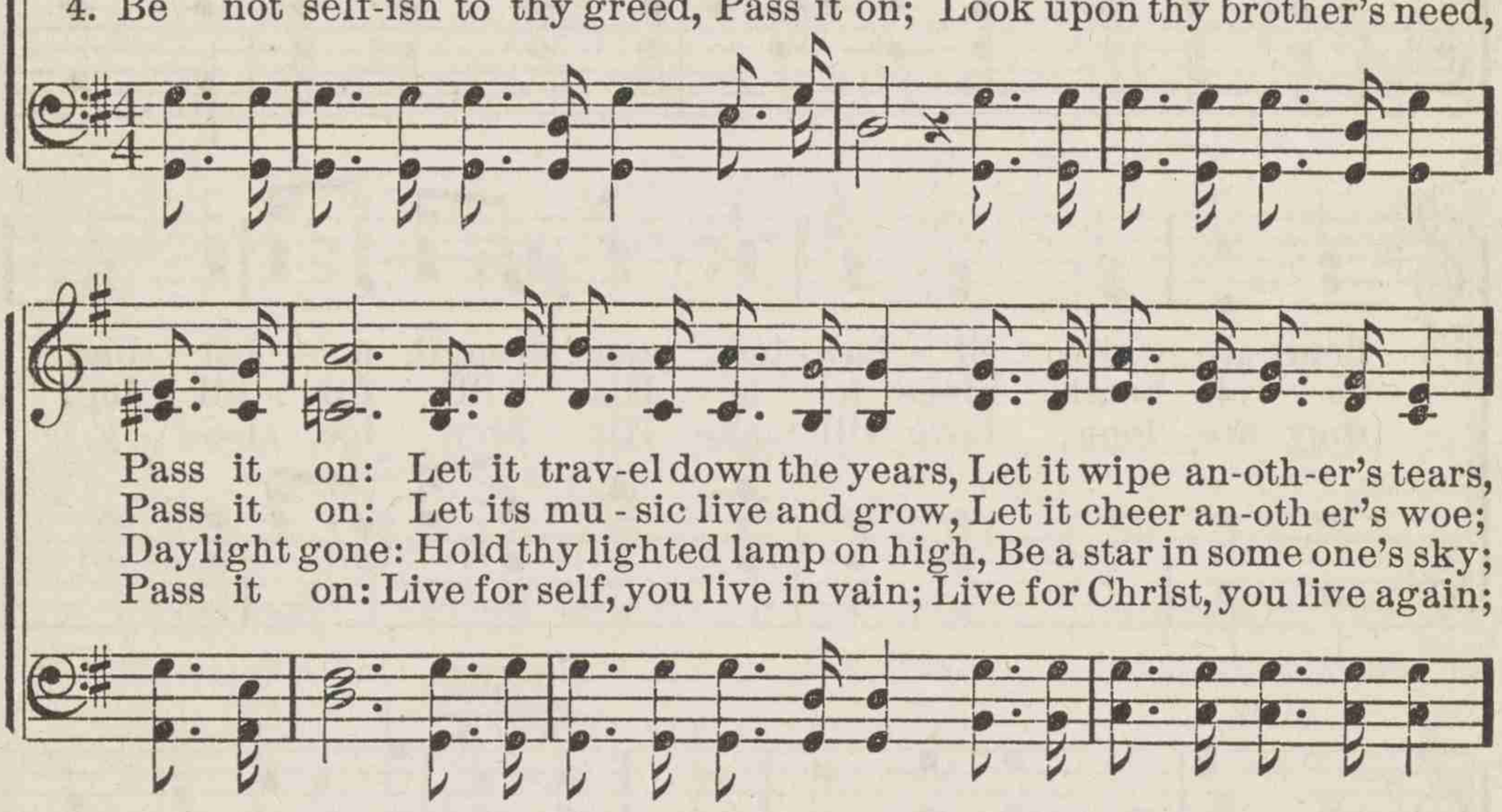
Pass It On.

H. BURTON, M. A. Prof. OSCAR FRANCIS BROMAN.

1. Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on; 'T was not giv'n for you alone,
2. Did you hear the loving word? Pass it on; Like the singing of a bird?
3. Have you found the heav'nly light? Pass it on; Souls are groping in the night,
4. Be not self-ish to thy greed, Pass it on; Look upon thy brother's need,



Pass it on: Let it trav-el down the years, Let it wipe an-oth-er's tears,
Pass it on: Let its mu - sic live and grow, Let it cheer an-oth er's woe;
Daylight gone: Hold thy lighted lamp on high, Be a star in some one's sky;
Pass it on: Live for self, you live in vain; Live for Christ, you live again;

Till in heav'n the deed appears—Pass it on. Pass it on,..... O pass it
You have reaped what others sow—Pass it on. Pass it on,..... O pass it
He may live who else would die—Pass it on. Pass it on,..... O pass it
Live for Him, with Him you reign,—Pass it on. Pass it on,..... O pass it
Pass it on,

on; Pass it on,..... O pass it on:
on; Pass it on,..... O pass it on:
on; Pass it on,..... O pass it on:
on; Pass it on,..... O pass it on:
Pass it on; Pass it on, O pass it on:

Rit.

By permission of "The Signs of the Times," to whom it was presented by the author.

Let it trav - el down the years, Let it wipe an - oth - er's tears,
Let its mu - sic live and grow, Let it cheer an - oth - er's woe,
Hold thy light - ed lamp on high, Be a star in some one's sky;
Live for self, you live in vain; Live for Christ, you live a - gain;

Till in heav'n the deed ap - pears—Pass it on (Pass it on).
You have reaped what others sow— Pass it on (Pass it on).
He may live who else would die— Pass it on (Pass it on).
Live for Him, with Him you reign,—Pass it on (Pass it on).

Pilot Me.

Rev. Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.

Fine.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
D. C.—Chart and com-pass came from Thee: Je-sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.

2. When th' a-pos-tles' fragile bark Struggled with the bil-lows dark
D. C.—And when they be - held Thy form, Safe they glid-ed thro' the storm.

3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar
D. C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

D. C.

Unknown waves before me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
On the storm - y Gal - i - lee, Thou didst walk up-on the sea;
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

Are You Ready?

Unknown.

Melody by S. J. VAIL..
By per. of PHILIP PHILIPS.

1. O my broth-er, are you read-y for the com-ing of the Lord?
2. Do you see the great pre-cur-sors, as they cir-cle all the earth,
3. Do you hear the groan of na-tions, and the might-y cry of war?

Are you read-y for the Mas-ter, with the swift-de-scend-ing sword?
Sol-emn signs and o-mens promised to pre-cede the sec-ond birth?
Do you hear the sound of earthquakes with their deep and frightening roar?

Are you read-y now, this mo-ment, if the King of kings should come
Do you hear the trump-et sound-ing, now so loud, so clear and strong,
Do you hear the floods that bur-y fruit-ful field and bus-y town,

From His Father's home in glo-ry? Would the vic-to-ry be won?
"Leave the world and false pro-fess-ors; on-ly to the Lord be-long?"
And the roar of unchained cyclones, as they sweep their victims down?

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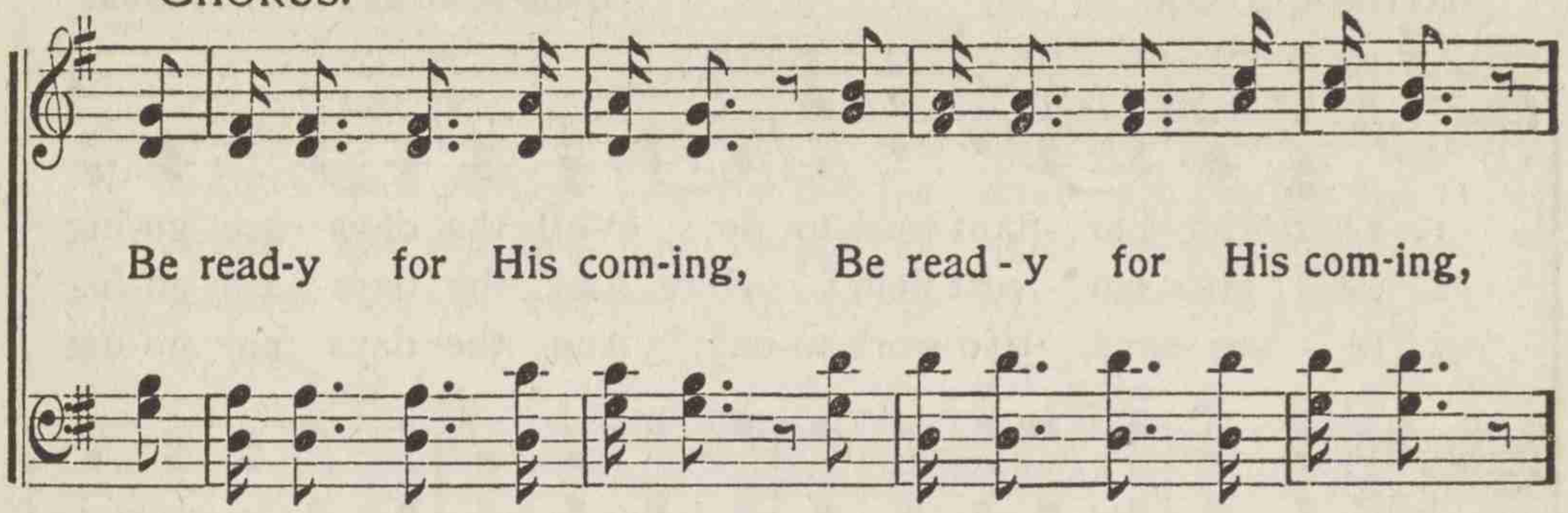
CHORUS.



4 Do you hear the evil servant say His coming is delayed?
Do you see the proud and haughty who in balance will be weighed?
Do you hear the last day scoffers loudly scoffing in their pride?
Do you hear unholy mockers Jesus' coming loud deride?

5 Evil men and base seducers now are waxing worse and worse,
And we know it will continue till God's judgments on them burst,
Like as in the days of Noah, when the Lord so long did wait,
When their cup was full of evil, and repentance was too late.

6 Loud the trumpet call is sounding, "Now prepare the King to meet,"
For He'll sift the hearts of mortals, as the sifter sifts his wheat;
He will gather all His jewels, all that shine with heavenly light,
And will take them to His mansions, clad in linen pure and white.

7 Zion's King all clad in glory, soon will come to save his own;
He will take them to His mansion—to a rich and heavenly home,
Where the pearly gates shall open, and the holy enter in,
"Where the tree of life is blooming," where there is no taint of sin.

8 Gird up, then, your loins, my brethren; let your lights be burning bright,
For your King comes clad in glory, with all power and heavenly might;
You can clasp the hands of Christians who have gone long years before,
You may live with them forever, on the bright, eternal shore.

30 While the Days Are Going By.

HATTIE A. ALLEN.

Melody by ASA SMITH.
Harmonized by P. P. BILHORN.

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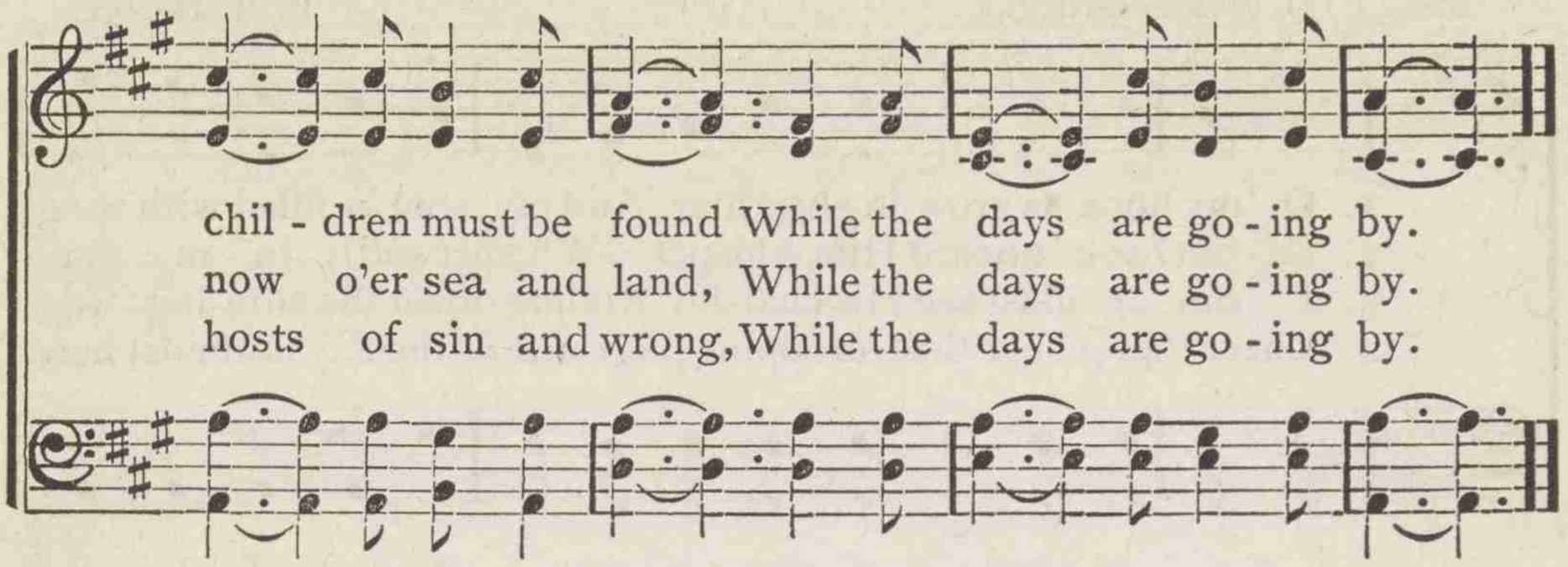
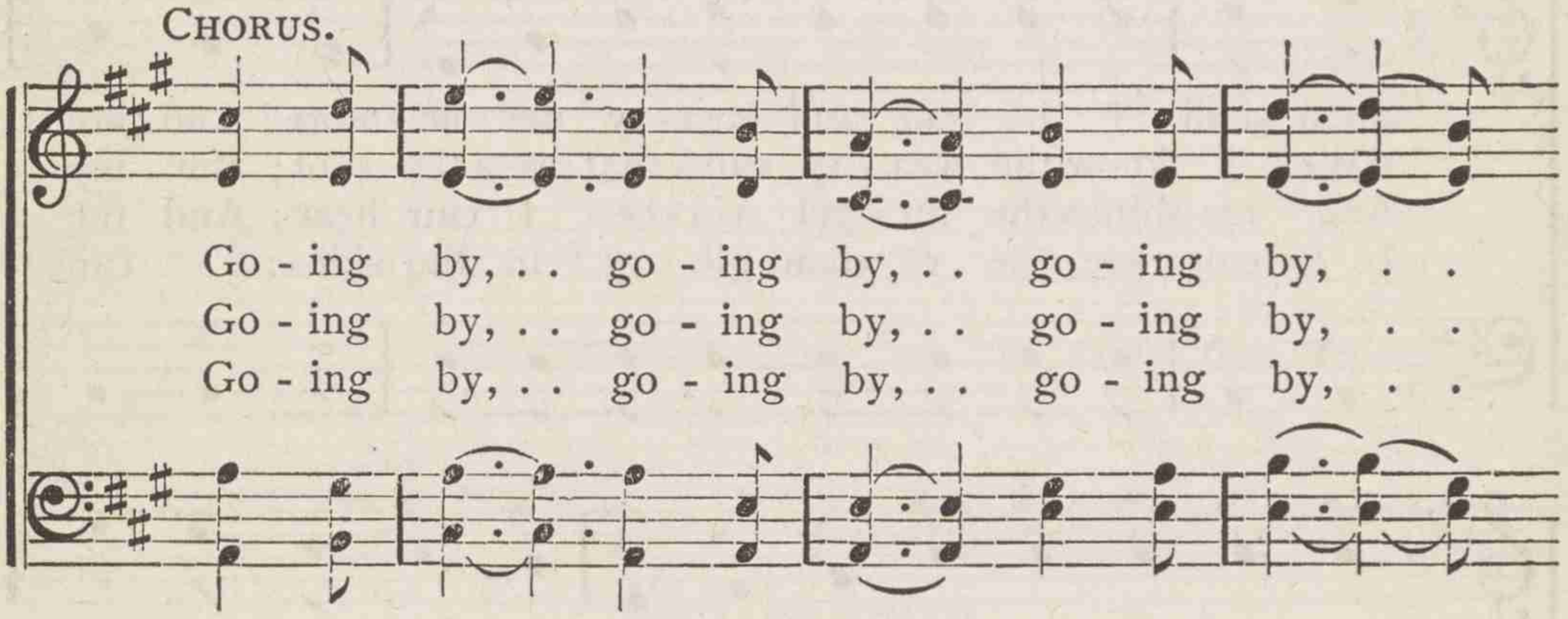

chil - dren must be found While the days are go - ing by.
now o'er sea and land, While the days are go - ing by.
hosts of sin and wrong, While the days are go - ing by.

CHORUS.


Go - ing by, . . go - ing by, . . go - ing by, . .
Go - ing by, . . go - ing by, . . go - ing by, . .
Go - ing by, . . go - ing by, . . go - ing by, . .

go - ing by; . . All God's chil - dren must be
go - ing by; . . All God's chil - dren must be
go - ing by; . . Fight the hosts of sin and

found While the days . . are go - ing by. . .
found While the days . . are go - ing by. . .
wrong While the days . . are go - ing by. . .

Be of Good Cheer.

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE. B. R. HANBY.

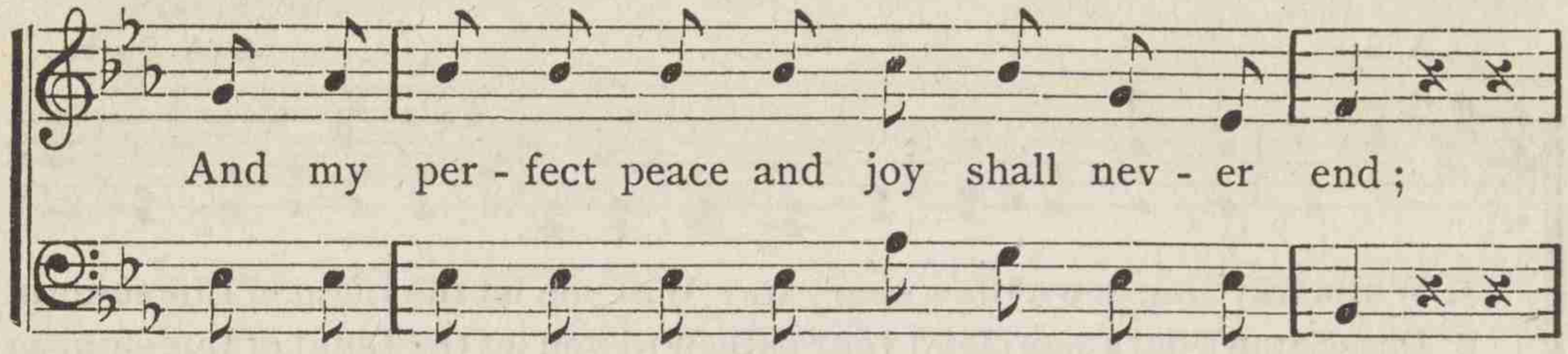
1. O, my hope is grow-ing brighter, And my soul is filled with song;
2. Of-ten have I heard Him whisper—Whisper softly in my ear:
3. I can al-most see His char-iot Rolling down the shin-ing way.
4. Cheer thee, cheer thee, drooping pilgrim, For the day is almost here;

Soon shall I be sad and wea-ry nev-er-more: And my bur-den seem-eth light-er, I am sing-ing all day long;
"Well I know the wea-ry cares that press thy soul; But my grace is all-suf-fi-cient, And thy faint-est cries I hear;
And me-thinks the an-gel voi-ces I can hear; And the glo-ry of His pres-ence Driveth all the clouds a-way,
I can see the ra-diant glo-ry in the skies; I can al-most hear the trum-pet That proclaims the morn-ing near,

Soon I know the toil-some jour-ney will be o'er.
I will make thy bruised and wound-ed spir-it whole."
And it ban-ish-eth the shad-ows dark and drear.
When the glo-rious Sun of Right-eous-ness will rise.

CHORUS.

When He comes to give me rest, He will take me to my home,



God Is Love.

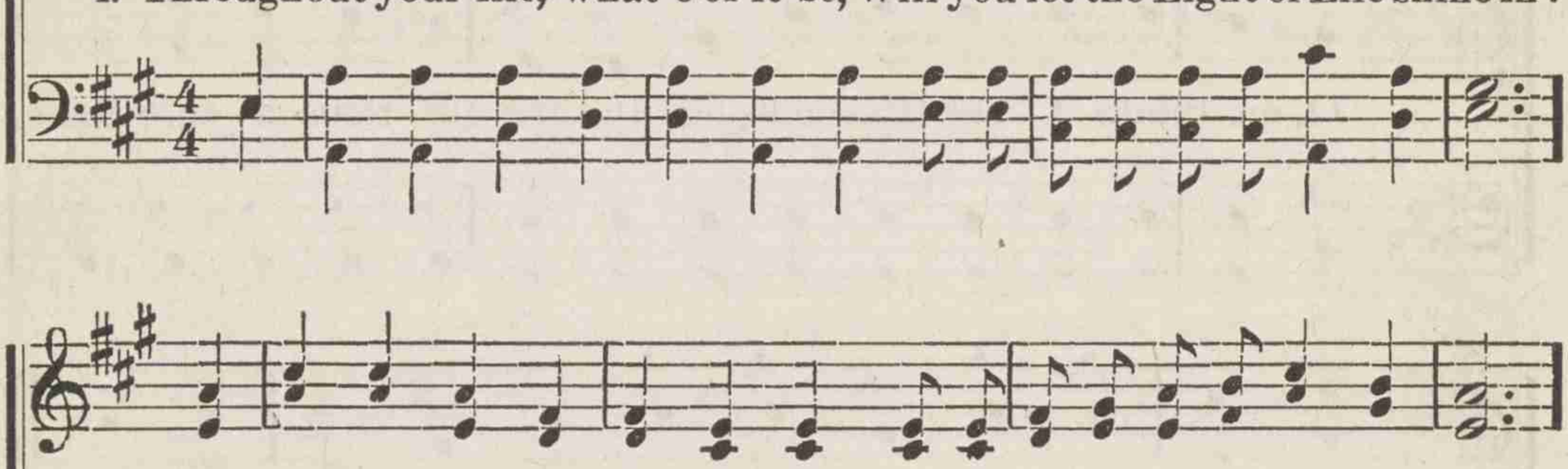
SIR JOHN BOWRING. LIZZIE J. TOURJEE.

Shine In.

"I am the light of the world: he that followeth Me, . . . shall have the light of life."—John 8: 12.

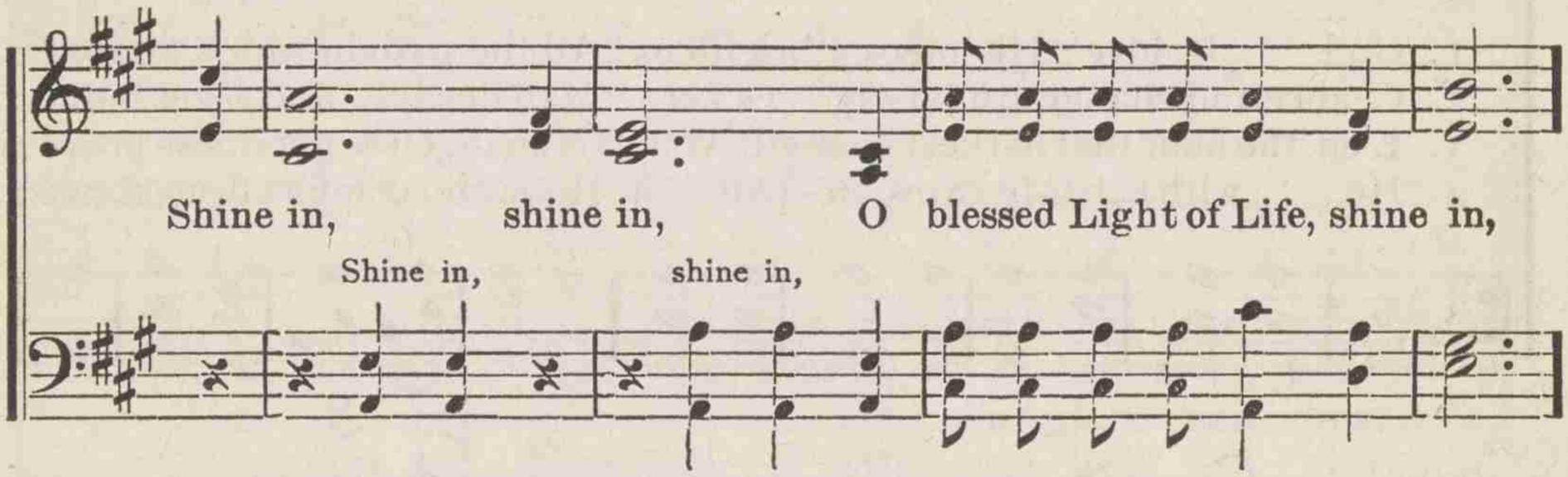
C. A. S. C. A. Smith.

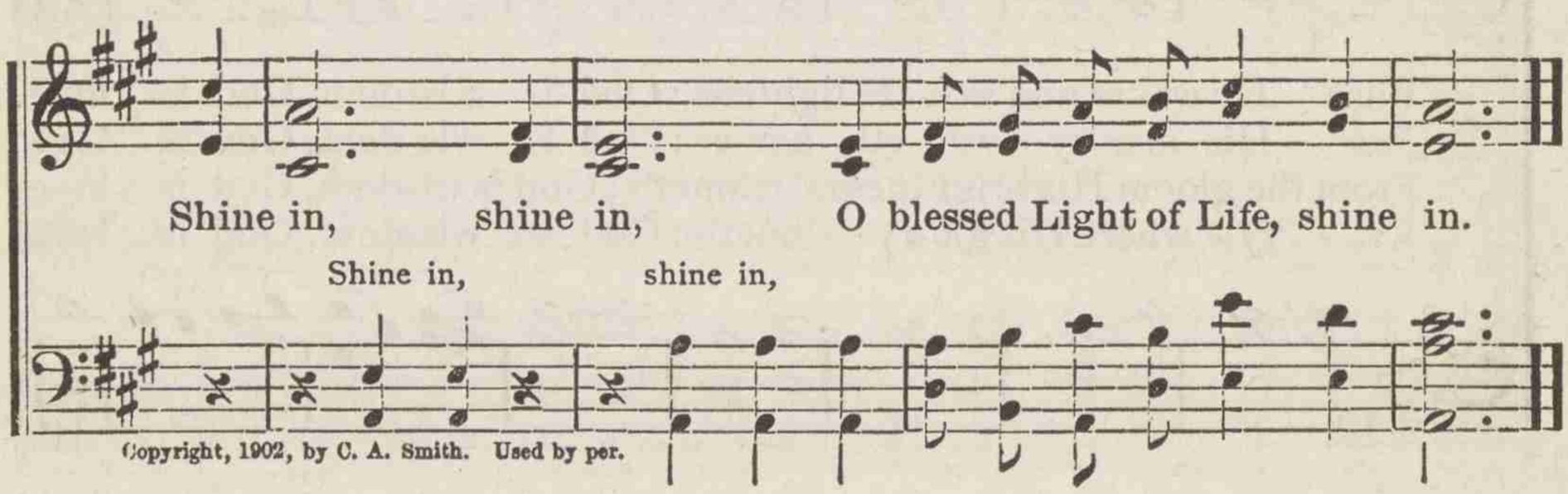
1. While trav'ling down life's weary way, Will you let the Light of Life shine in?
2. Does Satan's darkness cloud your path, Will you let the Light of Life shine in?
3. A - mid temptation, pain, and care, Will you let the Light of Life shine in?
4. Throughout your life, what-e'er it be, Will you let the Light of Life shine in?



'Twill change your darkest night to day, If you let the Light of Life shine in.
'Twill give you joy a- mid his wrath, When you let the Light of Life shine in.
'Twill change them all and make life fair, When you let the Light of Life shine in.
'Twill give you joy e - ter - nal - ly, If you let the Light of Life shine in.

Chorus.





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JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

SOLO.

1. Back from the Long Ago, Dis- tant and dim, Breathing a warning low,
2. Oft in an hour of bliss Comes the refrain, Bidding me find in this,
3. Thus let me dai- ly rise Nearer Thy throne, Near - er the lasting prize

Comes a sweet hymn, Fraught with my childhood dreams Is it for me;
Heav - en - ly gain; E'en in my griefs I say, Fa - ther, I flee
Kept for Thine own; E'en when death's heralds come, Lord, may they be

Slower. CHORUS. *Tempo.*

Sa- cred and tender seems," Near - er to Thee; Still all my song shall be,
Out of this clouded way, Near - er to Thee; "Still by my woes to be
An - gels to lead me home, Near - er to Thee, "An - gels to beckon me,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near- er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee."

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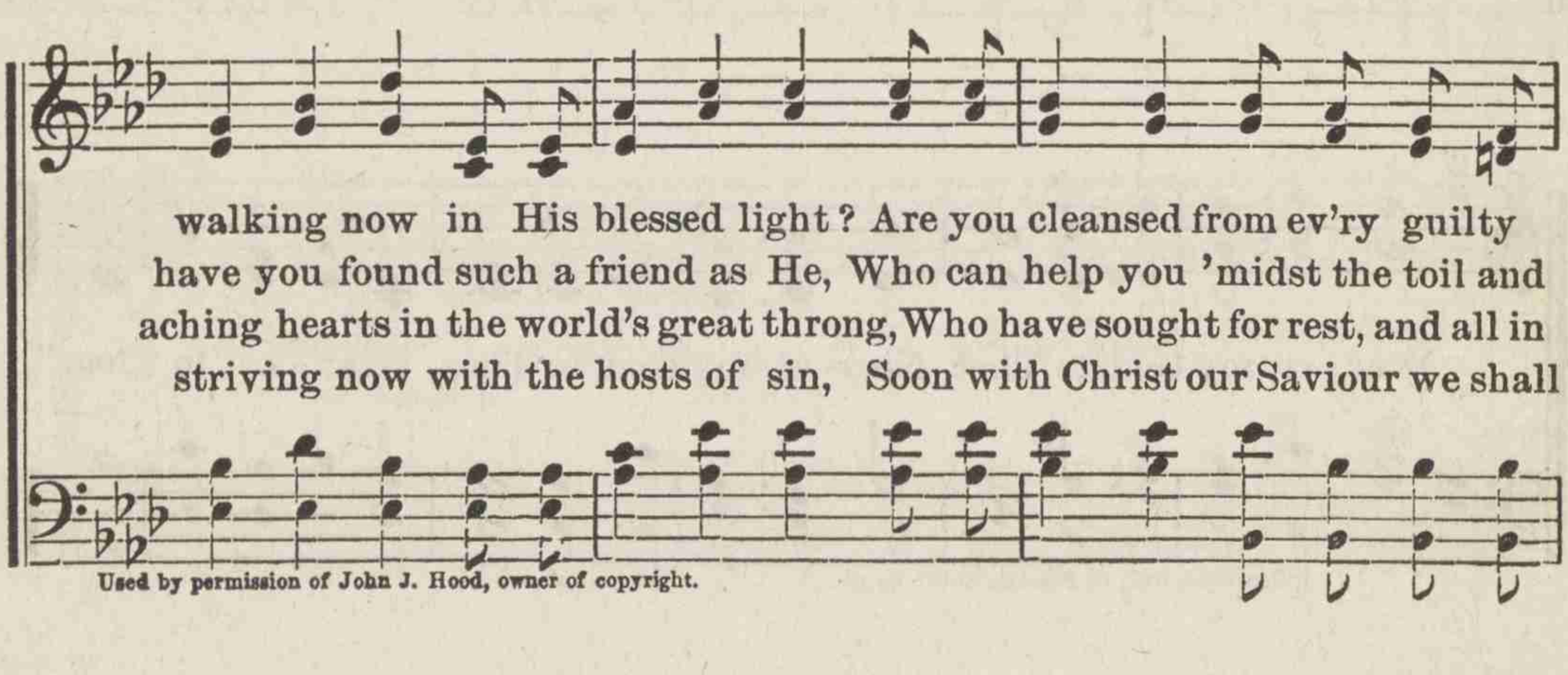
Let Us Hear You Tell It.

J. M. W. J. M. Whyte.



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stain? Is He your joy by day, and your song by night? Let us
pain; O all the world should hear what He's done for thee; Let us
vain; Hold Je - sus up to them by your word and song; Let us
reign; Ye ransomed of the Lord, try a soul to win; Let us

CHORUS.

hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain. Let us hear you tell it

Let us hear you tell it

o - ver, tell it o - - ver once a - gain,

o - ver once a - gain, tell it o - ver, tell it o - ver once a - gain,

Tell the sweet and bless - ed sto - ry, It will help you on to

glo - ry, Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.

The Birth, Crucifiction and Resurrection of Christ.

Unknown. Music by COVERT.

an - gel said, "Heav'n bears to earth good will; Go
Fa - ther cried, "He comes to do my will; And
fore Him rose— With heart un-daunt-ed still— "I
truth re - veals— He did his word ful - fill; He
word remains— its glo - - ry grow-ing still,— And
sink and fall Be - fore His sov-ereign will, And

quick - ly, in the man - ger find The King of Zi-on's Hill;" "Go
He will be by my de-cree, The King on Zi-on's Hill." And
shall yet be on earth," he said, "The King of Zi-on's Hill;" "I
rose tri-umph - ant o - ver death, The King of Zi-on's Hill; He
trust - ing mil - lions wait to see The King of Zi-on's Hill; And
Christ a - lone on earth renewed, Be King on Zi-on's Hill; And

quick-ly, in the man-ger find The King of Zi-on's Hill."
he will be by my de-cree, The King on Zi-on's Hill."
shall yet be on earth,"He said,"The King of Zi-on's Hill."
rose tri - umph-ant o - ver death, The King of Zi-on's Hill.
trust-ing mil - lions wait to see The King of Zi-on's Hill.
Christ a - lone on earth renewed, Be King on Zi-on's Hill.

Satisfied.

C. A. S. C. A. SMITH.

1. Tho' rug - ged be the hum- ble path, And pov - er - ty my store,
2. When wealth shall crown my brother's toil, And he shall hon- ored be,
3. When earth- ly joys and pleasures sweet A · bound on ev - 'ry side,
4. And when with heaven's glo - ry bright, To earth Thou shalt de - scend,

I shall be sat - is- fied with Thee, Where none can sor- row more.
Then let me rest well sat - is - fied With what Thou giv - est me.
Then on - ly in Thy presence, Lord, May I be sat - is - fied.
All sat - is - fied in Thee I'll rest, Thou ev - er faith- ful friend

CHORUS.

I . . . . . shall be sat - is- fied, wait - - ing for Thee; . . .
Sat - is - fied, yes, sat - is - fied, wait - ing here for Thee, for Thee;

I . . . . . shall be sat - is - fied Thy face to see; . . . .
Sat - is - fied, yes, sat - is - fied Thy lov - ing face to see, to see;

I . . . . shall be sat - is - fied stand - - ing at Thy dear side;
Sat - is - fied, yes, sat - is - fied, stand- ing there at Thy dear side;

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Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 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,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in time's latest hour I bow,
And bless at last a bond so dear.

5 And when that bright celestial train,
From highest heaven to earth shall come;
Then with my Lord I'll rise, and reign
Forever in that happy home.

Singing For Jesus.

(MALE VOICES.)

MINNIE A. SANDERSON. ASA SMITH & M. GARLAND.

DUET.

1. How sweet to sing of Je - sus' love, And, kneel - ing low-
2. We're pil-grims sing - ing for our Lord, Teach-ing the truth
3. Oh! may some wan - d'rer in the dark, Thro' the wild tem-
4. And may we on that shin - ing shore, With friends we've loved

ly at His feet, To turn men's tho'ts and hearts a - bove,
in hymns of praise, Tell - ing the glo - ries of His word,
pest catch a strain; To guide him to the Pi - lot's barque,
and lost so long, Greet man - y souls, for - ev - er - more

QUARTET.

With songs of joy, and anthems sweet!
In pur - est mel - o - dies and lays.
And bring him safe to port a - gain.
Saved thro' the singing of a song.

} And when we see Him face to face, We'll sing for - ev - er, saved by grace; And as we walk the streets of gold, We'll know the half was nev - er told.

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W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter Friend;

He is my strength from day to day, Without Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleeting days shall end.

When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sunshine and the rain, He sends the harvest's golden grain;
Fol-low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
Beau-ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau-ti-ful life that has no end;

When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
Sun-shine and rain, Har-vest of grain, He's my Friend.
Fol - low - ing Him by day and night, He's my Friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend.

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The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR. GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
5. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, he pa - tient-ly waits To

burdened with sin and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice saying,
faith tak-ing hold of the Word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
been the old sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so-
John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je-sus' strong arm, where no
save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an-chor your soul in the

D. S.—*The tem-pest may sweep o'er the*

Fine.

"Make me your choice;" And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
an - chored my soul; The "Ha-ven of Rest" is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
tem - pest can harm— Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
"Ha - ven of Rest," And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."

wild, storm - y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

D. S.

I've anchored my soul in the "Haven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;

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Rest and Home.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. S. C. FOSTER.

1. Way down up-on the paths for-bid-den, Once I did roam;
   Oh! 'twas a path-way dark and lone-ly, Till one sweet day,

2. Saved, from the depths of de-gra-da-tion, Sins dread a-byss,
   Since all my sins the blood doth cov-er, Sweet peace is mine;

3. Oh! I am drinking from the foun-tain So deep and wide;
   Come, brothers, from the by-ways drear-y, No long-er roam;

Far from the bless-ed Sav-iour hid-den, Far from sweet rest and home;
When I had learned that Je-sus on-ly, Washed all my sins a-way.

Praise God, there's now no condem-na-tion, As Je-sus owns me His;
Now I can sing the sto-ry o-ver— Sing of the love di-vine.

Up to the heights of grace I'm mounting Close by my Sav-iour's side.
Lo! Je-sus calls in language cheery: "Come find in me sweet home."

CHORUS.

Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! I no long-er roam;
Now I am hap-py in my Sav-iour, I have found sweet rest and home.

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The Song of Moses and the Lamb.

WM. BRICKEY. Melody by ASA SMITH. Har. by M. GARLAND.

1. We shall sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, If up- on our brow we have our Father's name; On Mount Zi - on we shall stand, With a
2. We shall sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, While the angels bow be- fore the Great I Am; Stand- ing on the crys - tal sea, Bearing
3. We shall sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, While the universe shall praise Him with a psalm; At whose feet the an - gels fall, While we
4. We shall sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, And the tree of life shall yield its heal- ing balm; There from pain and sor - row free, And to

harp in ev - 'ry hand, While we sing the song of Mo- ses and the Lamb.
palms of vic - to - ry, While we sing the song of Mo- ses and the Lamb.
crown Him Lord of all, And we sing the song of Mo- ses and the Lamb.
all e - ter - ni - ty We shall sing the song of Mo- ses and the Lamb.

CHORUS.

Sing - ing, sing - ing, while the heavens and the earth are ring - ing,
And the an - gels low are bend- ing, And the gold - en harps are

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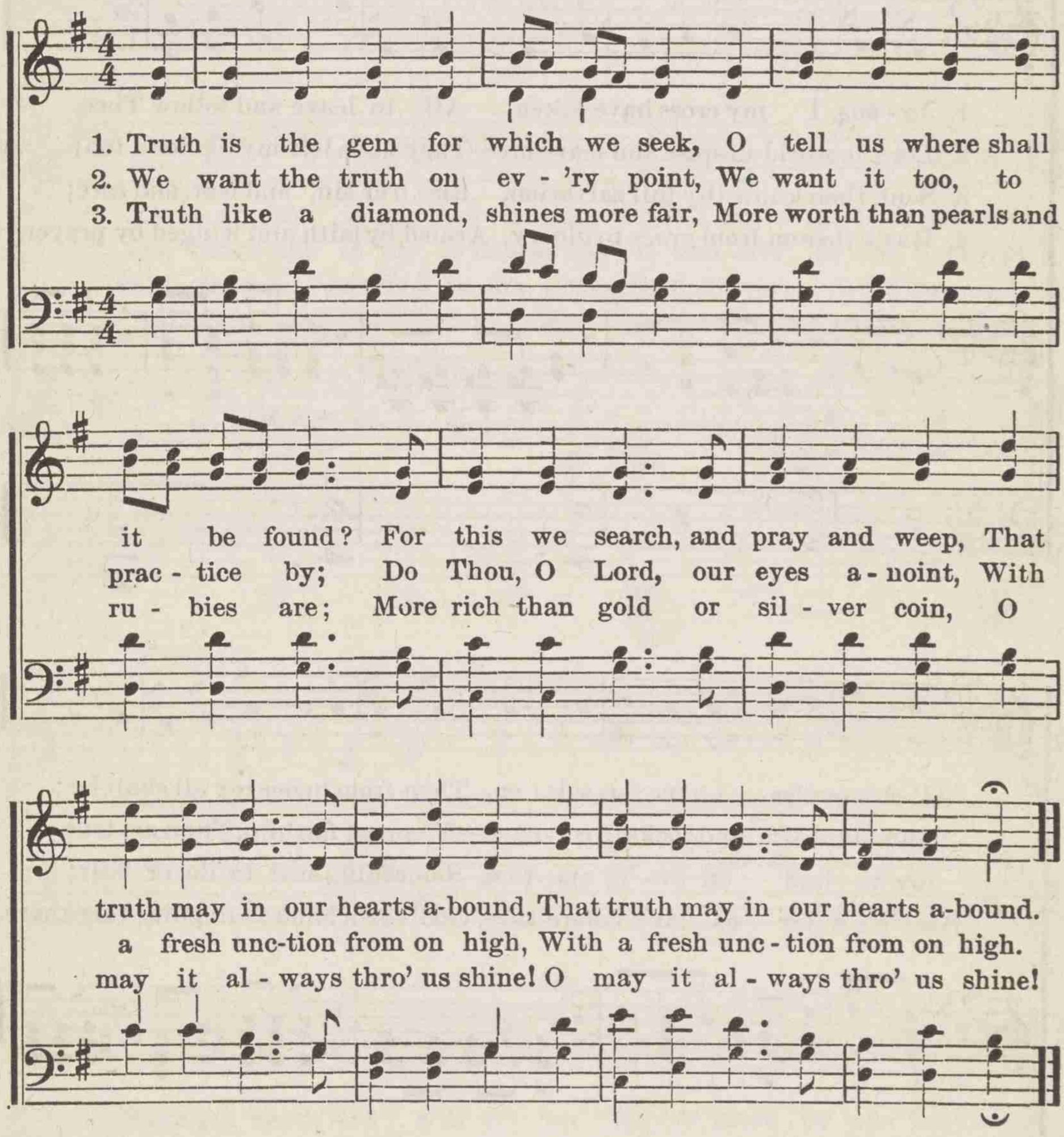
Buy the Truth and Sell It Not.

Prov. 23 : 23.



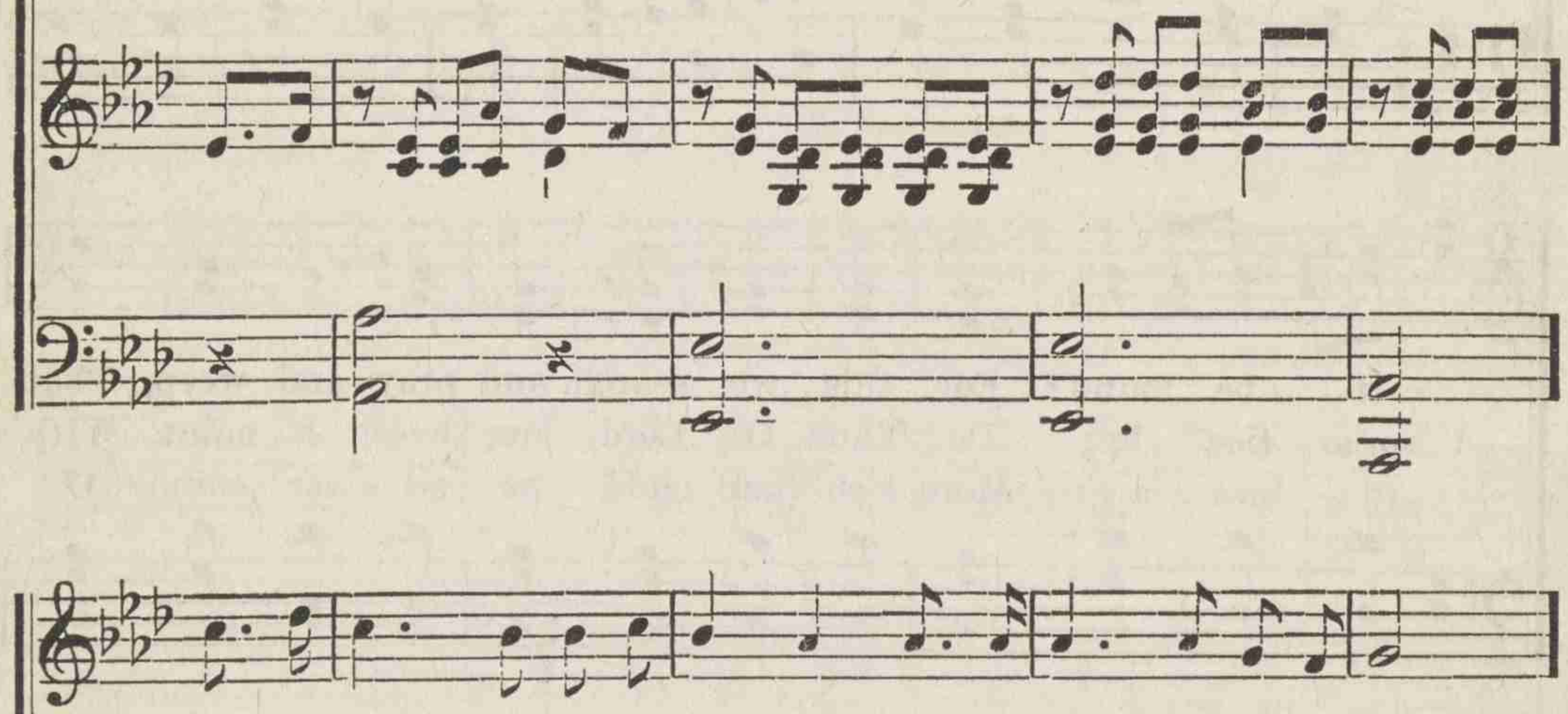
4 The worth of truth no tongue can tell;
'Twill do to buy, but not to sell;
A large estate that man has got,
Who buys the truth and sells it not.

5 Truth like a girdle let us wear,
And always keep it clean and fair;
And never let it once be told
That truth by us was ever sold.

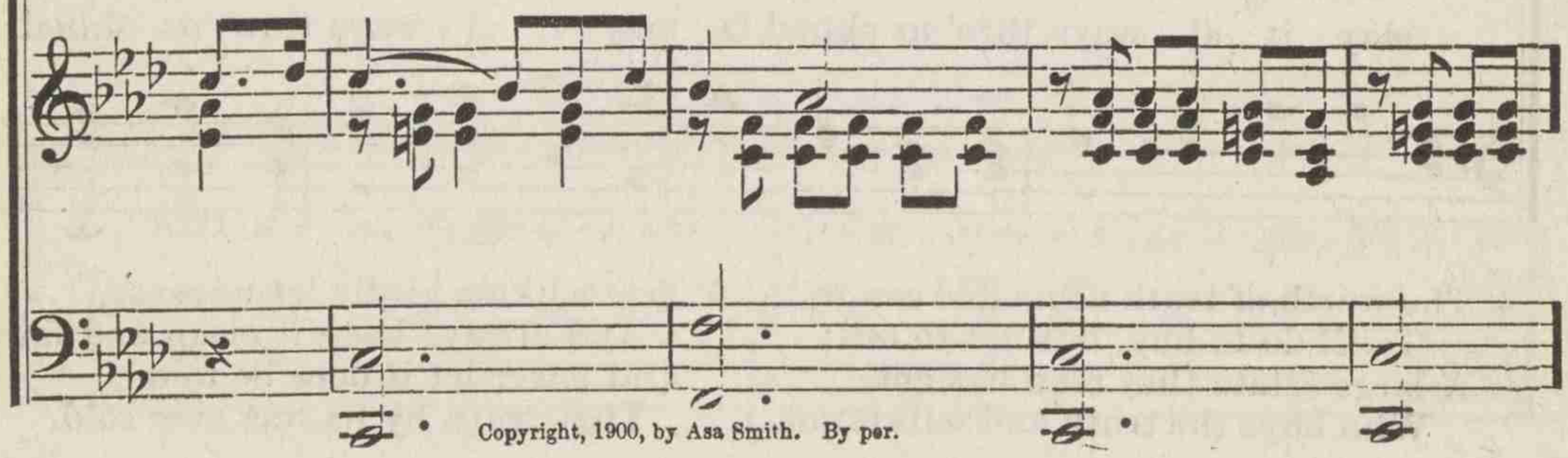
True to Thee.

Melody by Asa Smith.

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. Soul, then know thy full salvation, Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
4. Haste thee on from grace to glo- ry, Armed by faith and winged by prayer,



All things else I have for- sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—Thou art faithful, Thou art true;
Joy to find in ev - 'ry sta - tion, Something still to do or bear;
Heav'n's e - ter - nal day's before thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.



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Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi- tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
Think what Spirit dwells within thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission, Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,

Yet how rich is my con - di- tion, While I prove the Lord my own.
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me, If that love be hid from me.
Think that Je - sus died to win thee; Child of heaven, canst thou repine?
Hope shall change to glad fru- i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

REFRAIN.

Bless - ed Je - sus, lov - ing Je - sus, Fairest of the fair to me,

Take my heart, and I will ev - er, Ev - er more be true to Thee.

50 Take My Heart, O Christ My Saviour.

C. A. S. C. A. Smith.

1. Take my heart, O Christ my Saviour, Poor, un - ho - ly tho' it be;
2. Oft I've tried for Thee to keep it By my feeble strength a- lone,
3. Lord, my sins are nigh o'erwhelming, Yet Thy promise is for me,
4. Take my heart, O Christ my Saviour, Let Thy Spirit's might- y pow'r

Take, and by Thy Spir- it make it Fit a - bid - ing place for Thee:
And with-out Thy keeping pow - er Have as oft been o - verthrown;
And my heart I lay be- fore Thee, Let Thy blood now make me free—
Make it fit to wit- ness for Thee, Ev - 'ry day, yes, ev - 'ry hour:

Burdened oft with care and sor- row, By temp-tation's arts o'erthrown,
Thus I grieved Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Hurt Thy ten - der heart of love;
And Thy Spir - it steal-ing o'er it Makes e'en my poor heart to shine;
Let Thy Spir - it brooding o'er it, Firm Thine im-age there impress,

Take, O take, and by Thy Spir - it Make it fit to be Thy throne.
But with tear- ful, deep con- tri - tion, Lord, I now Thy mer- cy prove.
Take, O take it, Lord, and keep it; Make it ho - ly, Lord like Thine.
Till my ev - 'ry word and ac - tion Tell of Je - sus' righteousness.

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MILTON C. WILCOX. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Thou art com-ing, O my Sav - iour, Thou art com - ing, O my
2. Thou art com - ing, O my Sav - iour, In the glo - ry of Thy
3. Thou art com - ing, blest Re - deem-er, Thou art com-ing, O my
4. Thou art com - ing, O Mes - si - ah, Christ, the Way, the Truth, the

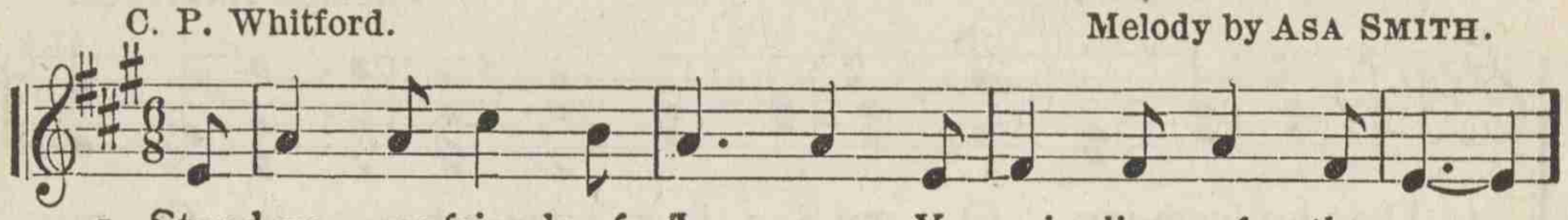
King, Earth a - gain shall know thy fa - vor, All her hills and
grace, I shall in that glad for - ev - er See Thee, Sav - iour,
Friend, All of ill shall pass for - ev - er, Sin and death shall
Life, Jus - ti - fi - er, Sanc - ti - fi - er, Heal - er from all

val - leys sing With the prais - es! With the prais - es of her
face to face, Know the rich - es! Know the rich - es of Thy
have an end, When thou com - est! When Thou com-est, O my
sin and strife, Hal - le - lu - jah! Com - ing, bless-ed Lord of

King, With the prais - es! Lov - ing, wise, e - ter - nal King.
grace, Know the rich - es! Glo - rious, glad, e - ter - nal grace.
Friend, When thou com - est! Lov - ing, wise, e - ter - nal Friend.
life, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - rious, glad, e - ter - nal life.

Stand Up for God's Commandments.

C. P. Whitford. Melody by ASA SMITH.



1. Stand up, ye friends of Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. The sab-bath day was bless - ed, Hal-lowed and sanc - ti - fied;
3. Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And, watching un - to pray'r,
4. To all earth's fleet-ing treas - ures, We bid a last a - dieu;
5. The Lord is our sal - va - tion, No foes have we to fear;

Stand up for God's com-mand-ments, You shall not suf - fer loss;
'Twas made God's ho - ly rest day, And ev - er must a - bide;
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger,—Be nev - er want - ing there;
Fare - well all earth - ly hon - or, We want no more of you;
In dark-ness and temp-ta - tion, Our Light, our Help, is near;

Stand up for God's com-mand-ments, The strife will not be long,—
Stand for the fourth com-mand-ment, Stand in Christ's strength alone,
Stand up for God's com-mand-ments, The Mas-ter's call o - bey;
We choose the heav'n-ly rich - es, We'll walk the nar - row way,
Tho' all our friends for-sake us, Firm for God's truth we'll stand;

To - day—the noise of bat - tle; The next—the vic - tor's song.
The arm of flesh will fail you, Then dare not trust your own.
Be true to Christ your Sav - iour, And keep God's Sab-bath day.
We'll keep God's ten com-mand-ments,—We'll keep his Sabbath day.
We'll nev - er be dis - cour - aged, We'll reach the heav'n-ly land.

CHORUS.

Stand up, stand up, The strife will not be long;

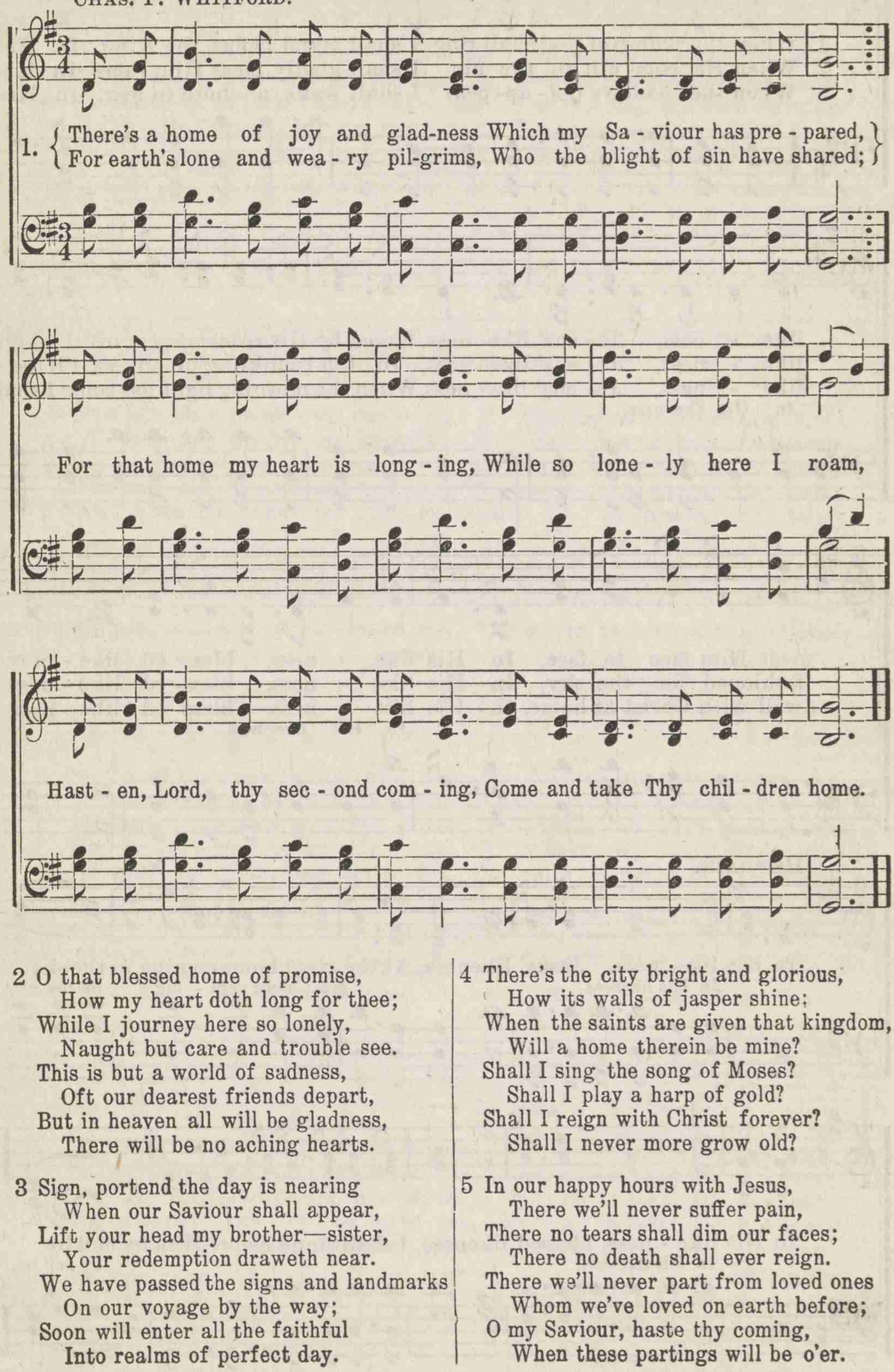
To - day the noise of bat - tle; The next the vic - tor's song.

A Home in Heaven.

(Affectionately dedicated to the memory of my dear mother.)

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. 21: 4.

CHAS. P. WHITFORD.



2 O that blessed home of promise,
How my heart doth long for thee;
While I journey here so lonely,
Naught but care and trouble see.
This is but a world of sadness,
Oft our dearest friends depart,
But in heaven all will be gladness,
There will be no aching hearts.

3 Sign, portend the day is nearing
When our Saviour shall appear,
Lift your head my brother—sister,
Your redemption draweth near.
We have passed the signs and landmarks
On our voyage by the way;
Soon will enter all the faithful
Into realms of perfect day.

4 There's the city bright and glorious,
How its walls of jasper shine;
When the saints are given that kingdom,
Will a home therein be mine?
Shall I sing the song of Moses?
Shall I play a harp of gold?
Shall I reign with Christ forever?
Shall I never more grow old?

5 In our happy hours with Jesus,
There we'll never suffer pain,
There no tears shall dim our faces;
There no death shall ever reign.
There we'll never part from loved ones
Whom we've loved on earth before;
O my Saviour, haste thy coming,
When these partings will be o'er.

In His Likeness.

MARY SLATER. L. E. JONES.

1. When the trump of God shall ring I shall stand before the King, In His
2. When He com- eth in the air I shall gladly meet Him there, In His
3. When the shadows dis - ap- pear I shall wake, no more to fear, In His

like - ness, Je - sus' like- ness, Saved by His redeeming grace I shall
like - ness, Je - sus' like- ness, In the twinkling of an eye I'll be
like - ness, Je - sus' like- ness, When the morning light has come I shall

In His like-ness,

meet Him face to face, In His like - ness, bless- ed like - ness.
fashioned for the sky, In His like - ness, bless- ed like - ness.
dwell with Christ at home, In His like - ness, bless- ed like - ness.

In His like-ness,

REFRAIN.

In His like- ness, Jesus' likeness, At the great home coming in the sky,

In His likeness, great home com - ing in the sky,

In His like - ness, blessed likeness, I shall stand before Him by and by.

In His likeness, by and by.

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Never Alone.

Arr. by IRA O. HOFFMAN.

1. I've seen the light'ning flash - ing, And heard the thun-der roll;
2. The world's fierce winds are blowing, Temptation's sharp and keen;
3. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley I'm treading the road of care,
4. He died for me on the mountain, For me they pierced His side;
5. He gives me the sweet prom- ise That He will come a - gain,

CHO.—No nev-er a - lone, No, nev-er a - lone;

I've felt sin's break - ers dash- ing, Try-ing to conquer my soul;
I feel a peace in knowing My Sav - iour stands be-tween;
My Saviour helps me to car - ry My cross when heav-y to bear;
For me He opened that fountain, The crim - son, cleans - ing tide;
And when He reigns in glo - ry, And I to heaven at - tain;

He promised nev- er to leave me, Nev- er to leave me a - lone.

I've heard the voice of my Sav - iour Telling me still to fight on;
He stands to shield me from danger Whene arth - ly friends are gone;
My feet, entangled with bri - ers Read- y to cast me down,
For me He's waiting in glo - ry, Seat- ed up - on His throne;
I shall, in that dear coun - try, Be num - bered with His own;

No, nev-er a - lone, No, nev-er a - lone;

D. C. for Chorus.

He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev- er to leave me a - lone.
He premised nev - er to leave me, Nev- er to leave me a - lone.
My Sav- iour whispers His prom-ise; Nev- er to leave me a - lone.
He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev- er to leave me a - lone.
And live with Him for - ev - er, Nev- er, no, nev - er a - lone.

By per. of The Evangelical Pub. Co., Chicago.

He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev- er to leave me a - lone.

The Beautiful Land.

Eld. L. D. SANTEE. Arr. by P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. There's a beau- ti- ful country that lies far a-way From the earth with its burden of tears, Where night never enters, but shadowless day Shines
2. From the shadows are lift - ed our sorrow - ful eyes To the hills where the angels have trod, And our hearts ever yearn for our home in the skies, Our
3. There all of our sorrows shall fade as a dream As we en - ter the on thro' e - ter - ni - ty's years, Where the wail of the mourner is

country of rest, While before us in heaven- ly beauty shall gleam The
home in the garden of God; And in that glad morning shall
mansions prepared for the blest; And Je - sus, the King of the

heard nevermore, And tears never fall for the dead; Life's waters wash
night flee a- way, The ransomed of Zi - on shall stand In rapturous
country, is there, On the mountains of Zi - on He'll stand, And welcome His

soft on the heaven- ly shore, The sorrows of earth are all fled.
glow of a shadowless day At home in the beau- ti - ful land.
children with fac - es so fair, To their home in the beau- ti - ful land.

By per. of P. P. Bilhorn.

CHORUS.

Far a - way, . . far a - way, . . 'Tis here when Jesus is near; . .
O no! O no! is near;

Far a - way, . . far a- way, O no! 'Tis here when Jesus is near.
O no!

The Two Covenants.

F. L. W. FRANCES L. WATSON.

1. I longed to be free from the bond - age of sin, To
2. I strug- gled to keep all the pre - cepts di - vine, But
3. Then I saw that in self dwelleth no righteous thing, The
4. And now, with His love and His law in my heart, From

be like the just and the good, So I tried to con - trol all the
like the A - pos - tle of old, I found, when I tried, sin was
vic - t'ry I nev - er could win, So I came to the Lord by the
bond - age to sin I am free; In His strength I am strong, and the

wrong in my soul, And live as the law says we should.
close by my side, And e - vil would not be controlled.
light of His Word, And His Spir - it a bid - eth with - in.
theme of my song Is the love of my Sav - iour for me.

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Confession.

This beautiful hymn, written by Samuel Medley, has been sung wherever the gospel has been heard. It will continue to be sung until our blessed Lord shall come.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. LOWELL MASON.

3 I'd sing the character he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will take me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Will You be There?

"I go to prepare a place for you."

Words furnished by T. C. HORTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Beyond this life of hope and fears, Beyond this world of grief and tears,
2. Its gold- en gates are closed to sin, Naught that defiles can en- ter in
3. No drooping form, no tearful eye, No hoar - y head, no wea - ry sigh,
4. Who shall be there? The lowly here, All those who serve the Lord with fear,
5. Will you be there? You can, you may, For He, who is the truth, the way,

There is a region fair; It knows no change and no de - cay,
To mar its beauty rare; Up - on that bright, e - ter- nal shore,
No pain, no grief, no care, But joy which mortals may not know,
So that His love they share; Who, gaz - ing on the cru - ci - fied,
Your sins did ful - ly bear. O hear His voice sound sweetly "Come,

No night, but one un - end- ing day: O say, will you be there?
Earth's bit - ter curse is known no more: O say, will you be there?
Like riv - ers ev - er onward flow: O say, will you be there?
By faith can say, "For me He died: "These, these shall *all* be there.
I am the way, I'll lead you home; With Me you shall be there."

CHORUS.

Will you be there, will you? Will you be there, will you?
be there? be there?

In that e - ter- nal home so fair: O say, will you be there?
be there?

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Encampment of the Angels.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him."—Ps. xxxiv: 7.

Mrs. L. D. A. Stuttle. C. A. Smith.

1. They are camping round a- bout me; Per- ish ev- 'ry doubt and fear;
2. I can see their white tents gleaming 'Mid the radiant glo - ry bright,
3. They are camping round a- bout me, 'Mid the bus - y cares of life,
4. Though I hear the rush of bat - tle Where the mighty ar - mies are,

For the camp fires of the an- gels From the glo - ry land are near,
And I hear the faithful tramping Of the sen - ti - nel at night;
'Mid its tri - als and temptations, 'Mid its bus- tle and its strife.
And the echo- ing tramp of soldiers From the glo- ry land a - far,

Hedged a - bout e'en like the mountains Round Je- ru - sa- lem of old,
For my Watch- er sleepeth nev- er, And His eye is nev - er dim;
They will leave me nev - er, nev- er; They are guardians true and tried;
Tho' the hosts of hell are must'ring On the bat - tle fields of sin,—

I am compassed by the an- gels From the shin- ing streets of gold.
He will keep my soul for - ev - er If I on - ly trust in Him.
See, they pitch their white tents closer, And they'll nev-er leave my side.
Christ, my Cap - tain fighteth with me, And I know that I shall win.

Chorus.

They are camping . . . . . round a - bout me, ... They are
They are camp- ing all the way,

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camping round about me all the way; They are camping . . . . . All the way; They are camping

round a-bout me, ... They are camping round about me ev - 'ry day. ev - 'ry day,

We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Dr. Wm. Miller.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come, When I shall
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful shelt'ring dome, This world's a
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for
4. I sought at once my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam; With Him I'll

lay my armor by And dwell in peace at home?
wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
suc-cor on His breast, Till He conduct me home.
brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly [home.

Chorus.

We'll work till Jesus comes,

We'll work till Jesus comes,

We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, And we'll be gather'd home.

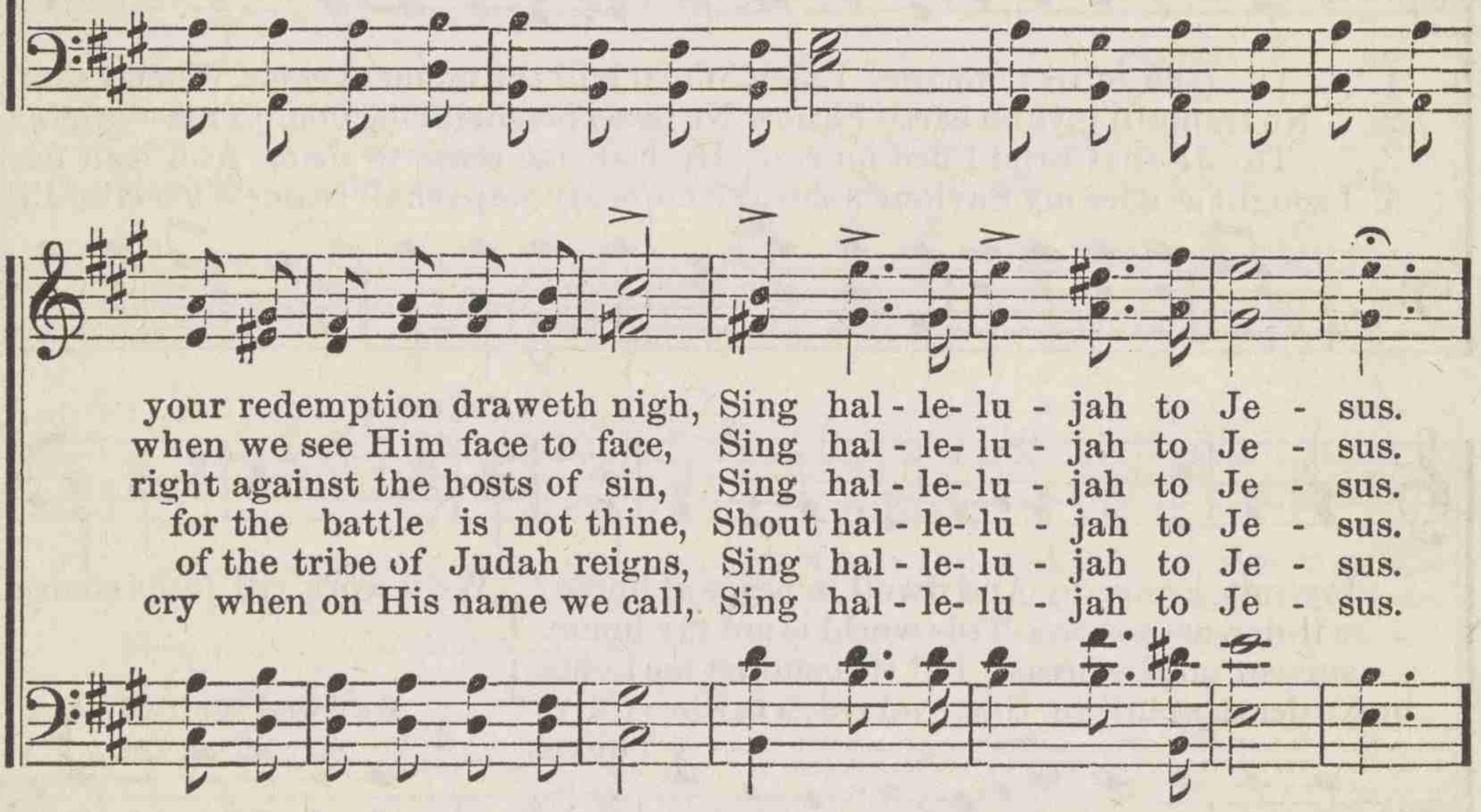
We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes,

Sing Hallelujah to Jesus.

Mrs. L. D. Avery Stuttle. Melody by Asa Smith.

1. Glo- ry, glo- ry to the Lord, He's coming by and by, See His gleaming
2. Lift your eyes in gladness, O ye sons of Adam's race, Soon we shall be-
3. See, the harvest fields are ripe to put the sickle in, Let us la - bor
4. Stay not now for idle fears; O why should we repine? Hear the voice of
5. Courage! tho' o'er all the earth the mark of sin remains, Christ shall bind the
6. Courage, brothers, soon the walls of Jericho will fall, Israel's God for-

chariot wheels are rolling down the sky, Sons of God, rejoice, for
hold our God in all His matchless grace, We shall know no sorrow
for the Lord, poor darkened souls to win; Let us bat - tle for the
Je- sus; how we see His glo - ry shine; Courage, brother, courage,
hosts of sin, He's forging now the chains, Courage, for the Li - on
ev - er lives to triumph o - ver all. He will hear our weakest



your redemption draweth nigh, Sing hal - le- lu - jah to Je - sus.
when we see Him face to face, Sing hal - le- lu - jah to Je - sus.
right against the hosts of sin, Sing hal - le- lu - jah to Je - sus.
for the battle is not thine, Shout hal - le- lu - jah to Je - sus.
of the tribe of Judah reigns, Sing hal - le- lu - jah to Je - sus.
cry when on His name we call, Sing hal - le- lu - jah to Je - sus.

Chorus.

Sing glo - ry, glo - ry till the heavens ring, We shall be like our

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ev - er - last - ing King; O glo - ry to Im - man - u - el! His

praises let us sing, Shout hal - le - lu - jah to Je - sus.

Spring Song.

ELIZABETH ROSSER. ALBERT ROSSER.

1. The birds are singing in the tree-tops tall; Along the brook and on the
2. The flow'rs are blooming gaily ev'rywhere; Each bud and blossom does his
3. The sun is shining all the long, long day, A blessing bringing with each

garden wall I hear the robin and the sparrow call: I'll be a little song-bird, too.
little share To fill with sweetness all the summer air: I'll be a little blossom, too.
cheering ray; He smiles the shadows and the clouds away: I'll be a little sunbeam, too.

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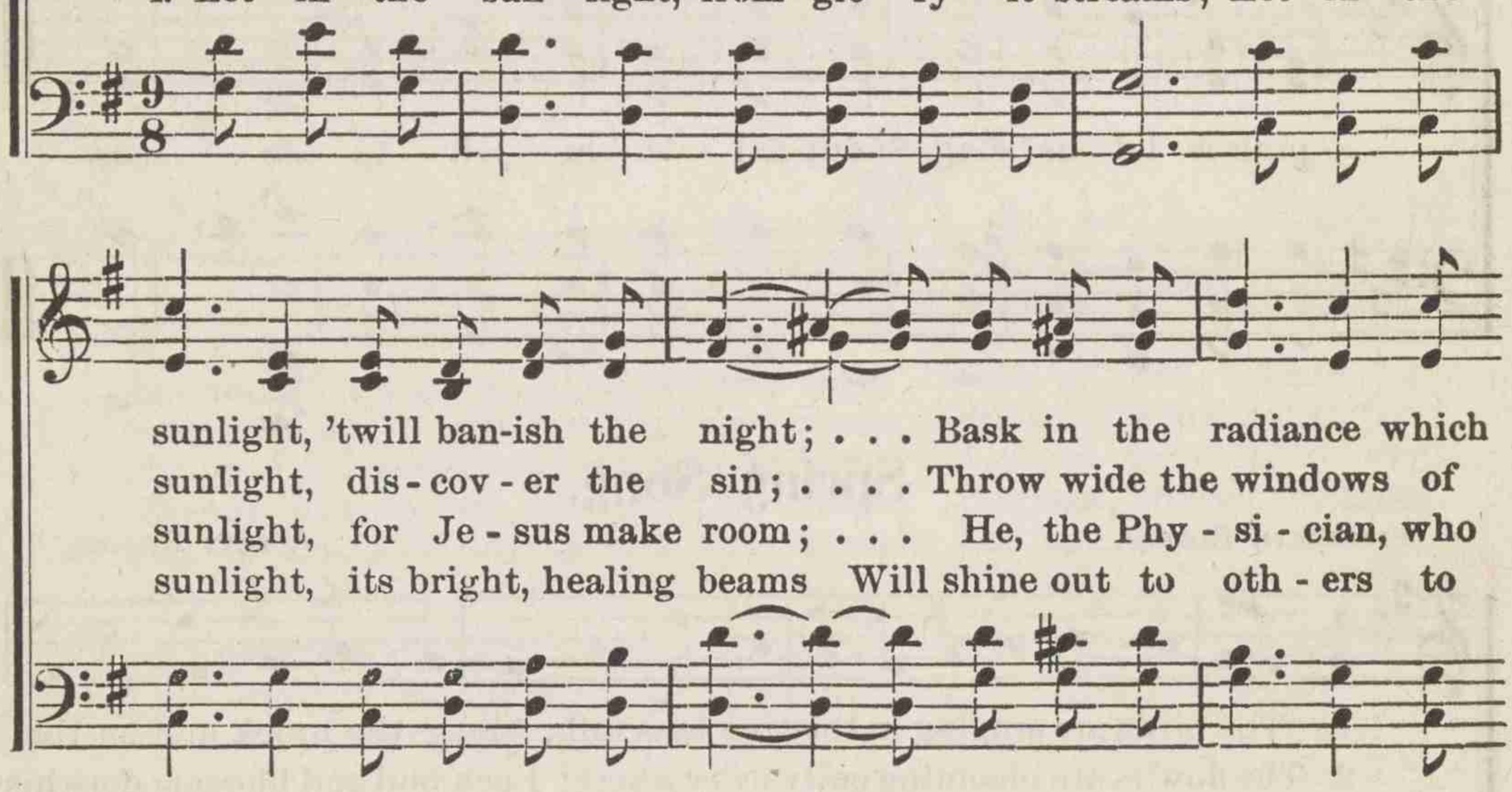
Let in the Sunlight.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace."—Luke i: 78, 79. "But unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings."—Mal. iv: 3.

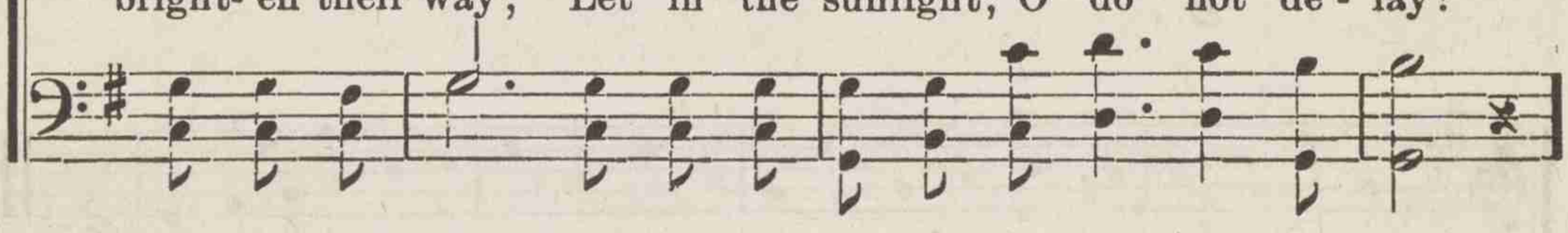
M. C. Wilcox. C. A. Smith.

1. Let in the sun - light, which shin-eth so bright; Let in the
2. Let in the sun - light, it longs to shine in; Let in the
3. Let in the sun - light, there's death in the gloom; Let in the
4. Let in the sun - light, from glo - ry it streams; Let in the



sunlight, 'twill ban-ish the night; . . . Bask in the radiance which
sunlight, dis - cov - er the sin; . . . . Throw wide the windows of
sunlight, for Je - sus make room; . . . He, the Phy - si - cian, who
sunlight, its bright, healing beams Will shine out to oth - ers to

shines from a - bove; Let in the sunlight of Je - sus' own love.
ev - 'ry dark soul; Let in the sunlight, 'twill make your heart whole.
heals ev - 'ry ill; Let in the sunlight, your soul let it fill.
bright- en their way; Let in the sunlight; O do not de - lay!



CHORUS.

Let in the sun - light, let in the sun - light, Drink in the radiance which
Let in the sun-light, Let in the sun-light,

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Peaceful Rest.

Anon. Unknown.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

The Grand Jubilee.

J. Q. A. Haughey. E. B. Sias.

1. God reveals us His truth, it is marv'lous to see How He's plann'd in His word to re - deem you and me; Him we thank, Him we praise, from the
2. Precious, loving Re-deem - er, we pray thee to come, And call thy dear chil - dren to their glorious home; Speed the day, blessed "day of the
3. Mortal men, made immortal,[6] shall weep nevermore, They shall suffer no pain, all their troubles be o'er; Fill'd with heav-en - ly bliss, and with
4. Youth and beauty restored shall as stars ever shine, And all men made im- mor - tal shall be in their prime; Bless the Lord, al - le - lu - jah! how

depth of our souls, For the life that endures while e - ter - ni - ty rolls.
Lord"[1] soon to come, For thy glo - ry thine an - gels shall gather them home.
Je - sus, dear Friend, They shall spend glad for-ev-er, and know not an end.
precious His name, He's most worthy of praise and of glo - ri - ous fame.

Duet.

Let us speak of His truth and His love when we meet, The most glorious themes
Behold, Jesus is coming; He rides on the cloud,[2] Round "His throne"[3] to assem-
In the cit - y of God,[7] Heaven's hosts[8] shall unite, Join the victor's re-un-
Christ is King of the earth, shout His praises and sing, Al - le - lu! al - le - lu-

Instrument.

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[For explanations, read Bible references in footnotes]

[1] 2 Peter 3 : 10-13 [2] Isa. 19 : 1. [3] Rev. 20 : 11. [4] Rom. 8 : 14-17. Rev 4 : 6 ; 15 ; 2.
[6] 1 Cor. 15 : 52-54. [7] Rev. 21 : 2. [8] Kings 22 : 19. [9] 1 Peter 5 : 4. Heb. 2-9.

QUARTET.

that our tongues can re - peat: Ho - ly Fa - ther, we bless Thee for
ble the true "sons of God;"[4] And there stand- ing up - on the great,
ion with wondrous de- light; There the saints "crown'd with glory;"[5] im-
iah! ev - er praise the King: In the earth made a - new great re-

sal - vation free,—For its full consum- ma- tion, the Grand Ju-bi- lee.
gleaming glass sea,[5] They will cel - e- brate tru - ly the Grand Ju-bi- lee.
mor - tal shall be, And all heav - en re- joice at the Grand Ju-bi- lee.
joicing there'll be, And "all flesh" worship God at the Grand Ju-bi- lee.

CHORUS. (*Repeat softly after last verse.*)

Ju - bi - lee, ... grand ju - bi - lee, ... Sing the
Grand ju - bi - lee, grand ju - bi - lee,

song of ju - bi - lee; Ju - bi - lee, ... redeemed and
Grand ju - bi - lee,

free, ... Sing the song, ... Grand Ju - bi - lee.
redeemed and free, Sing, O sing the song,

His Glorious Coming.

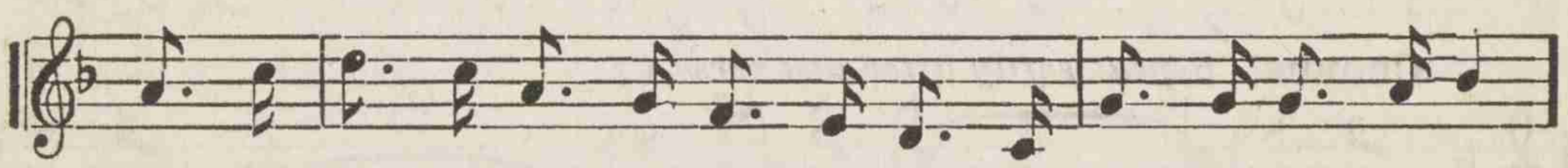
"And then shall they see the Son of man coming in the clouds with great power and glory."

E. E. FRANKE. Unknown.

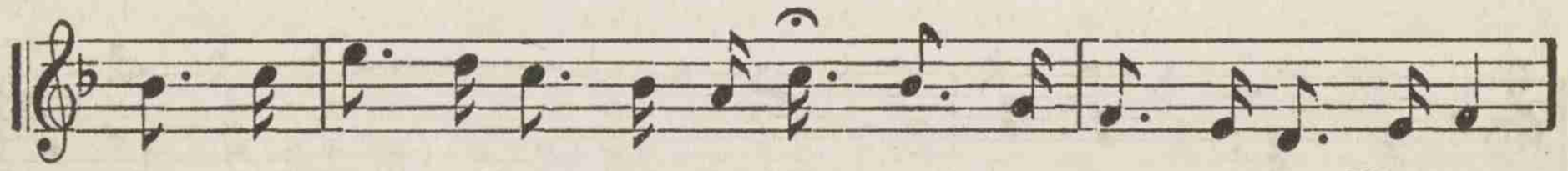
SOLO AND CHORUS.

1. Have you heard the glo-rious message, Of our coming Lord and King,
2. Like a light'ning flash from heav-en, Will that glo - rious com-ing be;
3. But an - oth - er sight more glo-rious, Than a mor - tal ev - er saw,
4. Will you be a - mong the num - ber Who shall fear to see His face?
5. Sin - ner, list - en to the message, 'Tis the Saviour's lov - ing call,

Then the saints shall shout ho-san-nas, And with ho - ly An-gels sing,
Then the wick - ed and the scoffers Shall with trembling bow the knee;
'Tis the lit - tle flock who've waited, And have kept their Master's law;
Will you stand brave and vic - to - rious, And tri - umph - ant in His grace?
'Tis the last grand in - vi - ta-tion, It is free for one and all;

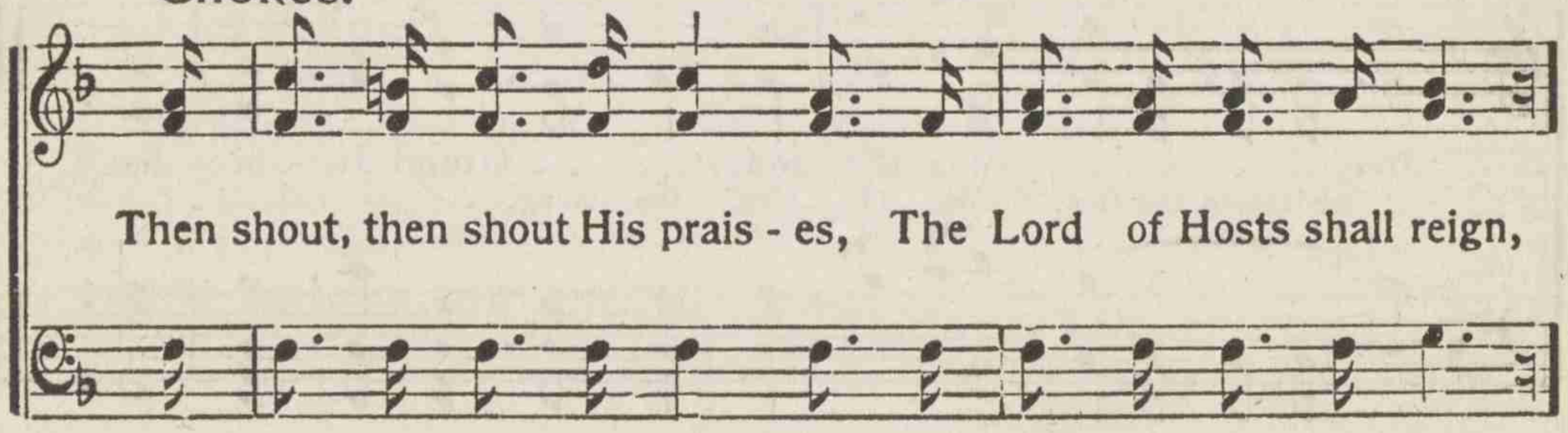


When our friends and all our loved ones, Who are laid in death's embrace,
They will call up - on the mountains, And the hills and rocks to hide;
See their fa - ces show the glo - ry, That each hap - py bosom thrills;
You've but lit - tle time to seek Him, For the day of God is nigh;
He will fill you with His spir - it, And with hope and joy and love;

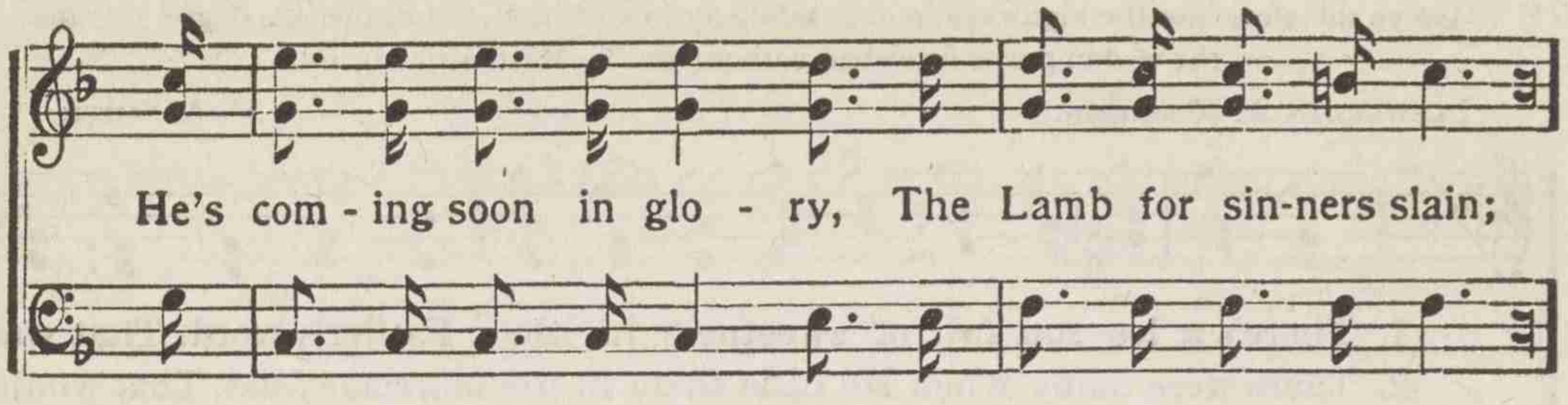


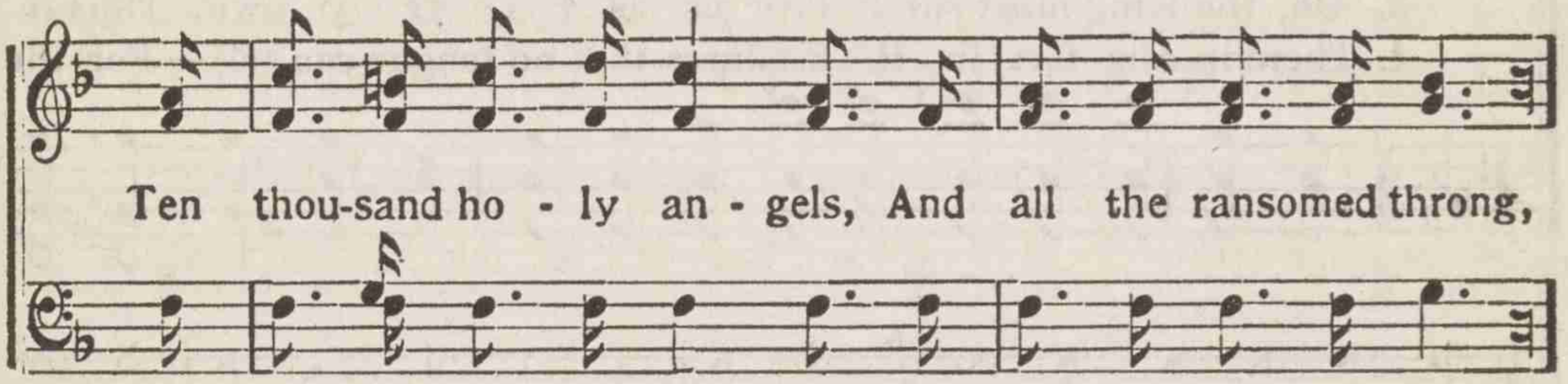
O'er the grave shall claim the vic-'try, And a - rise to see His face,
From the glo - ry of the presence, Of the one they cru - ci-fied,
As they lift their voice to welcome, Him, who all their hope ful-fills.
O then give your heart to Je - sus, And he'll wel-come you on high.
You will long for His ap-pear - ing, And you'll live with Him a-bove.

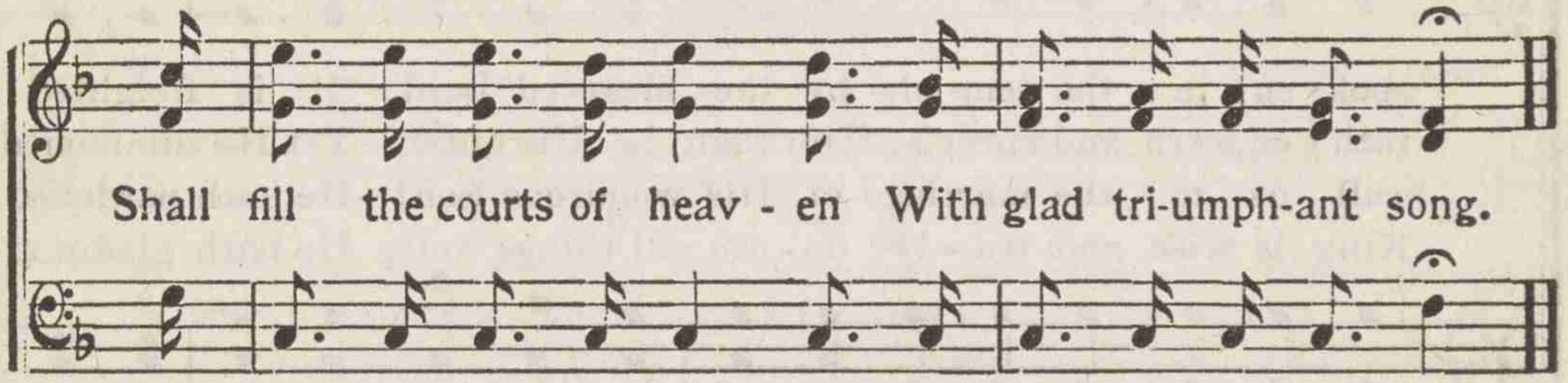
CHORUS.



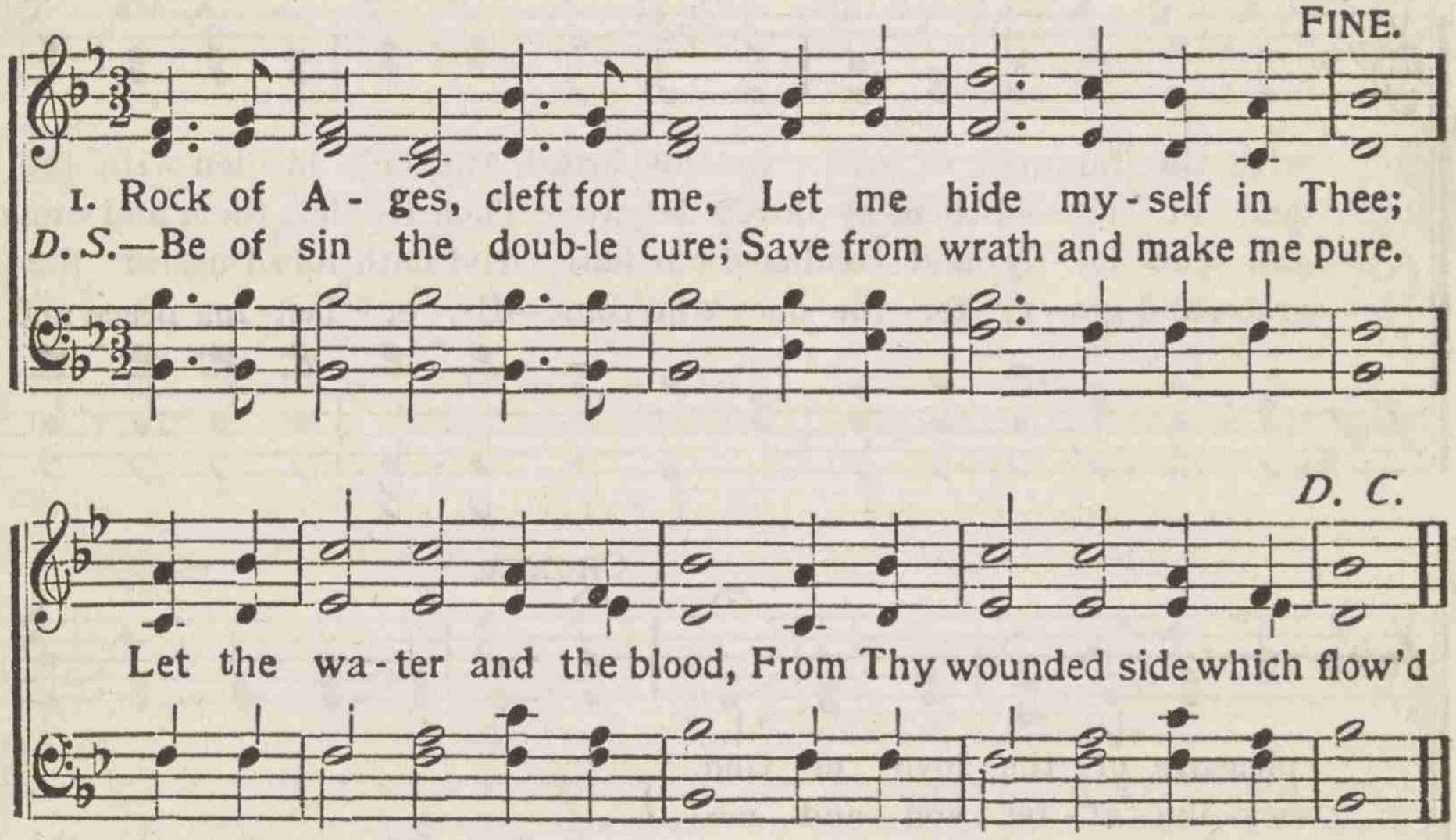
Then shout, then shout His prais - es, The Lord of Hosts shall reign,







Rock of Ages.



2 Could my tears forever flow—
Could my zeal no languor know—
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

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

A Guest of the King.

"Go ye therefore into the highways, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage; . . . and the wedding was furnished with guests."—Matt. xxii: 9, 10.

LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON. C. A. SMITH.

1. There's a les- son full of sweetness in the Father's word, That was spok- en in the tem- ple by the bless- ed Lord; It is freighted with the ful- ness of sal - va- tion, broad, And en - la- den with the pleasure of the love of God.

2. There were many when He bade them to the marriage feast, That would rath - er scorn and sneer at Him than be His guest,—Yet He summoned seek- ing af - ter you and me.

3. Oh, the King must surely love us as His ver - y own, Thus to call us to the marriage of His wondrous Son! He hath pardoned and in - vit - ed them by love's de- cree—Then He left them and came garments of His high es - tate.

4. There is com- fort in His kindness that no tongue can tell— For the King is wise and tru - ly do - eth all things well; He hath gladness all our fol - ly and condoned our hate, And hath robed us in the pureness in a per - fect home.

CHORUS.

I was far a - way On the grace, and glo - ry for the ones who come—Ev - er - last- ing peace and

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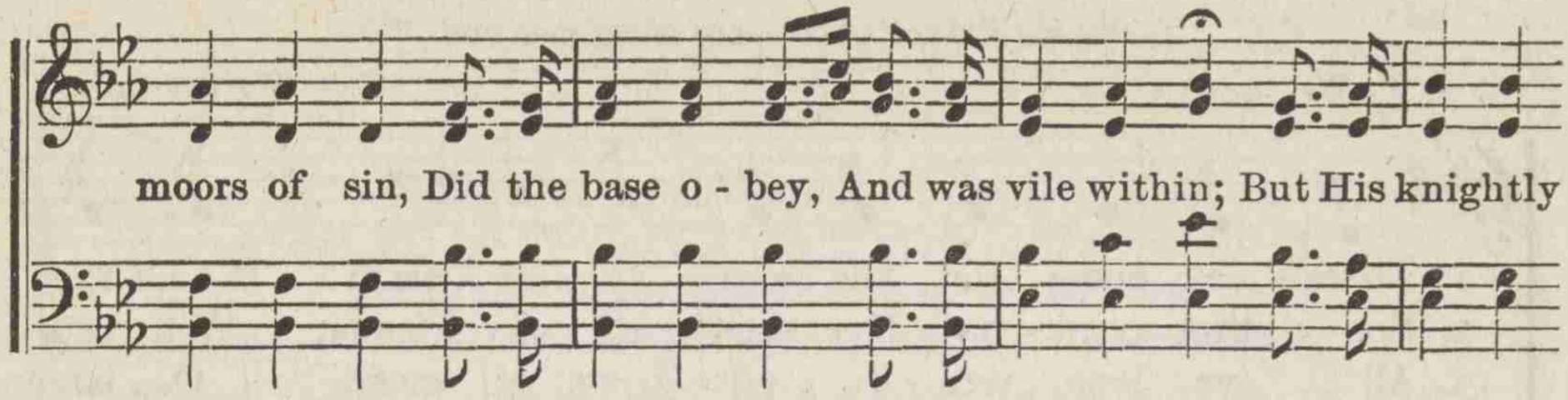
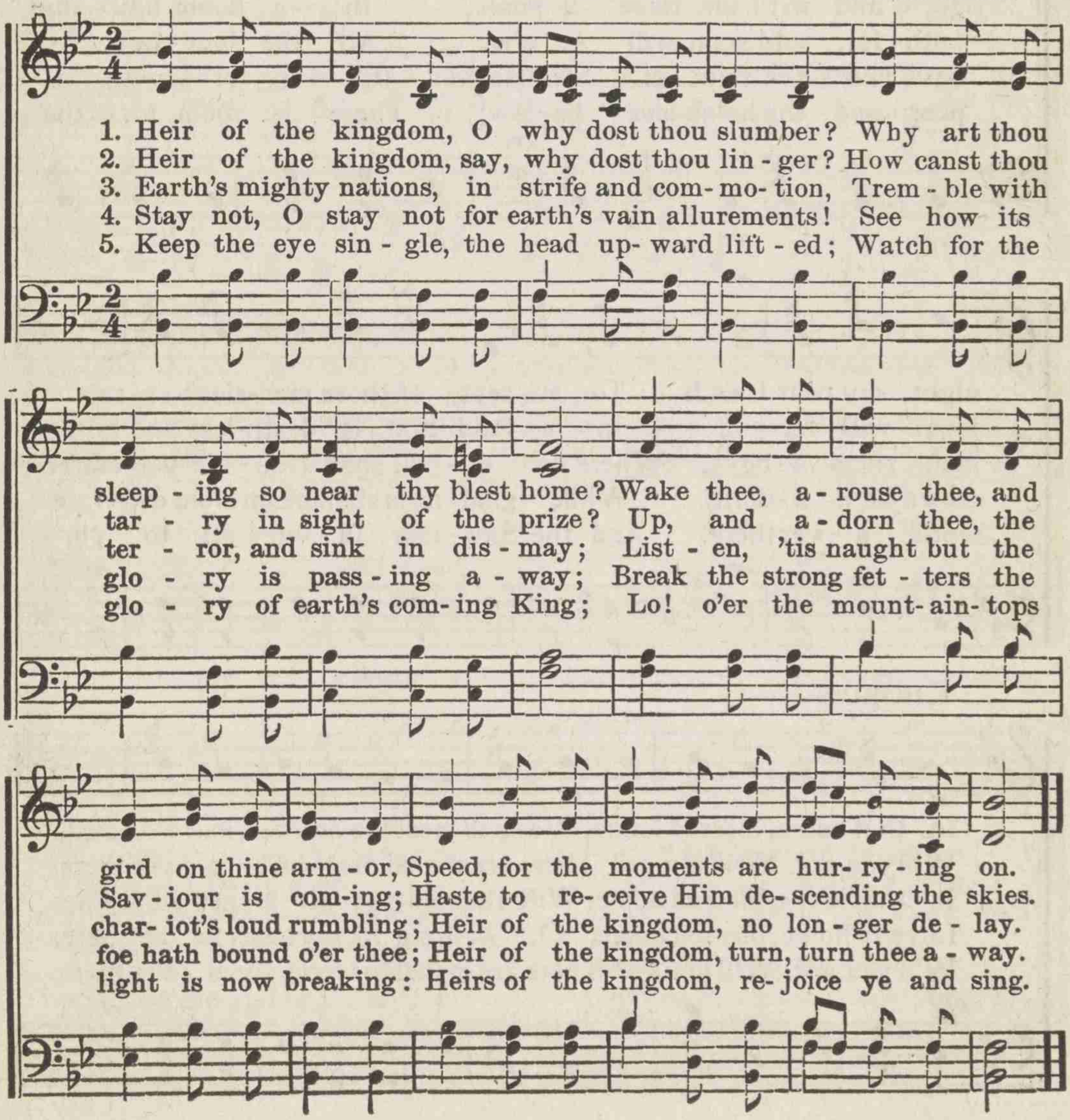


Rodman.

Anon. LOWELL MASON.



72 Mansions For All Over There.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."

C. P. W. C. P. WHITFORD.

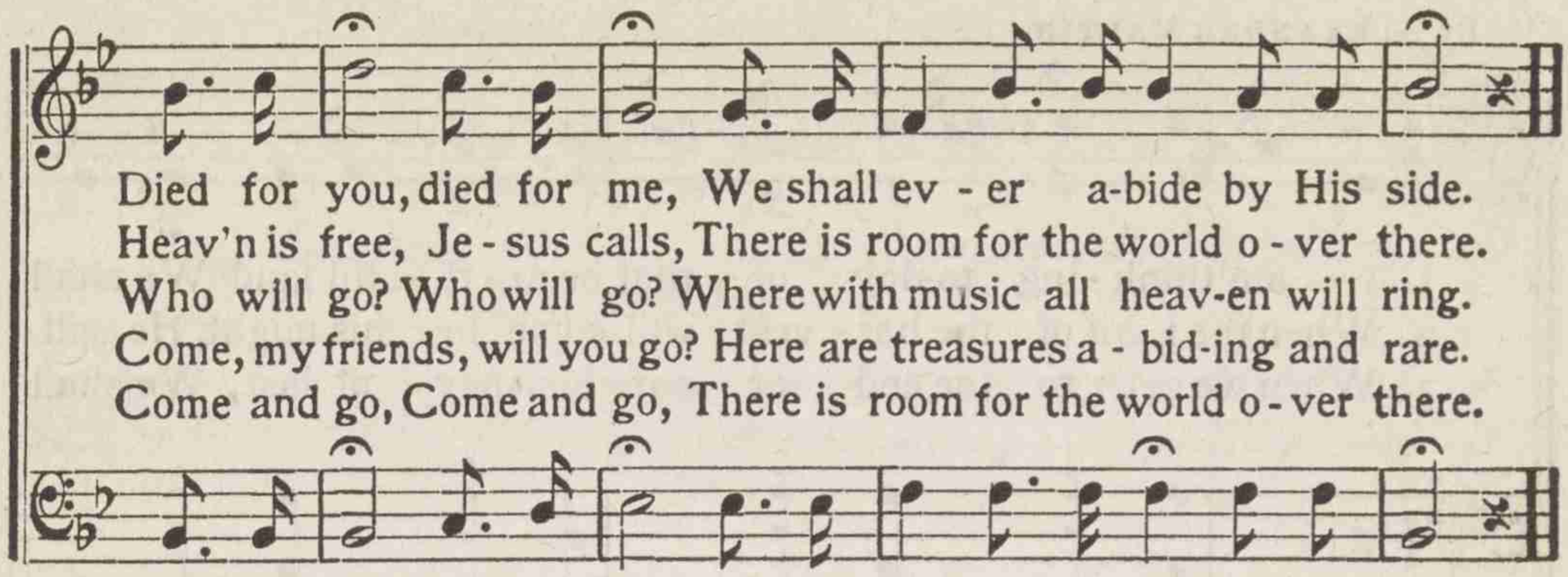
1. There's a home for the wea - ry of earth Which the
2. For that coun - try I've start - ed, my friends, Will you
3. All ye lone, wea - ry pil - grims of earth, O be
4. In that cit - y no need of the sun, For the
5. There are man - sions for all o - ver there, For the

Sav - iour has gone to pre-pare, You're in - vi - ted to-
go, and with me have a share, In a home hav - ing
faith - ful, and soon will be o'er, All the jour - ney to
Sav - iour's the light of the place; Ev - 'ry brow with a
poor and the home-less be - low; There is room for the

night, my dear friends, To ac - cept of those man-sions so rare.
joys with-out end, In a land that is death-less and fair?
man - sions a - bove, Where no e - vil shall trou - ble you more.
crown he'll a - dorn, While glad - ness shall beam from each face.
world o - ver there, And the Sav - iour in - vites all to go.

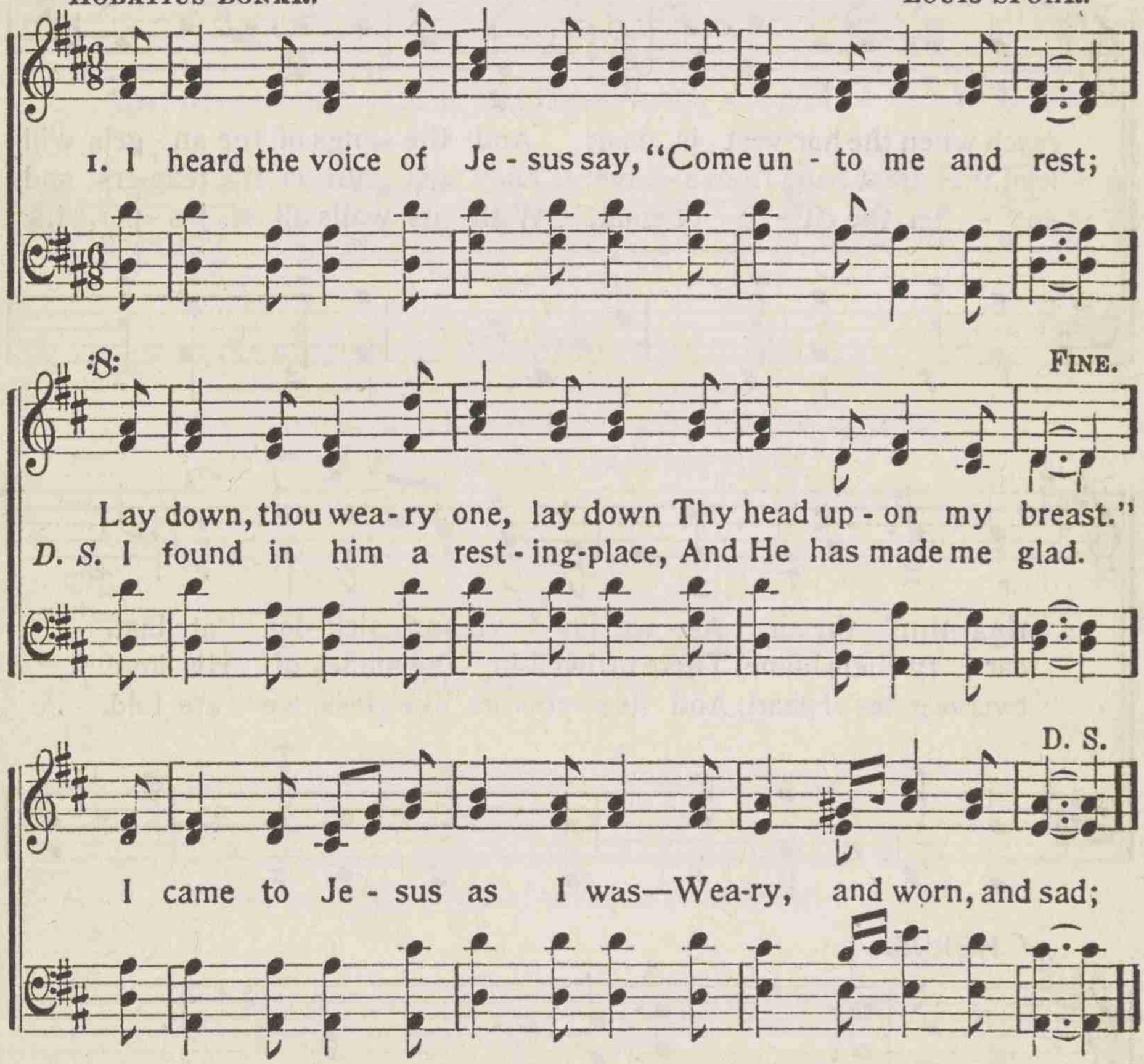
CHORUS.

In that home, blessed home, We shall meet the dear Saviour who died,
Will you go? Will you go? There are mansions for all o - ver there.
In that home, blessed home, With the saints of all a - ges we'll sing;
Love-ly home, blessed home, O, I long in my heart to be there;
Will you go? Will you go? There are mansions for you o - ver there.



Jerusalem.

HOBATIUS BONAR. LOUIS SPOHR.

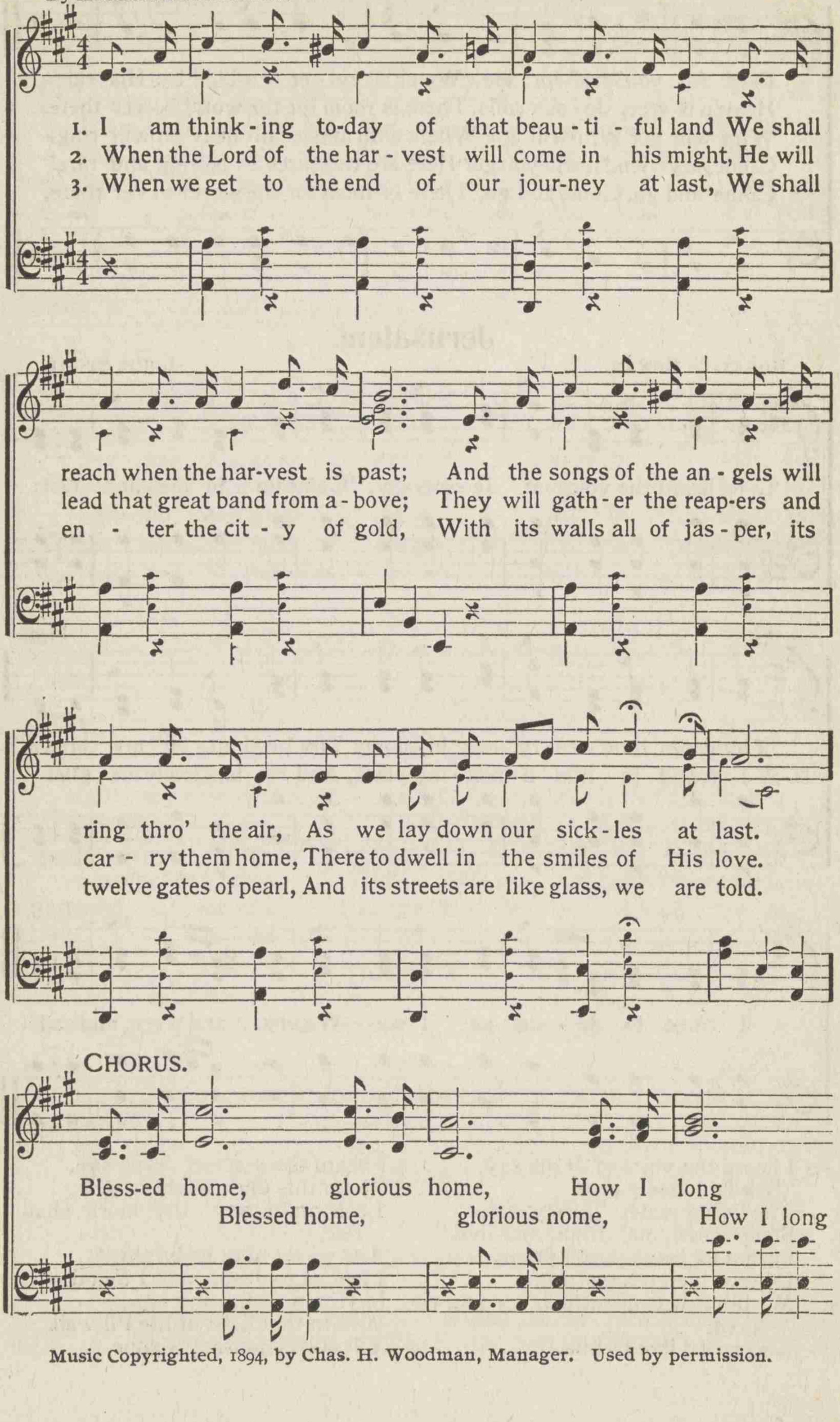


2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me: thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

The Reapers' Home.

By ALEXANDER MARTIN.



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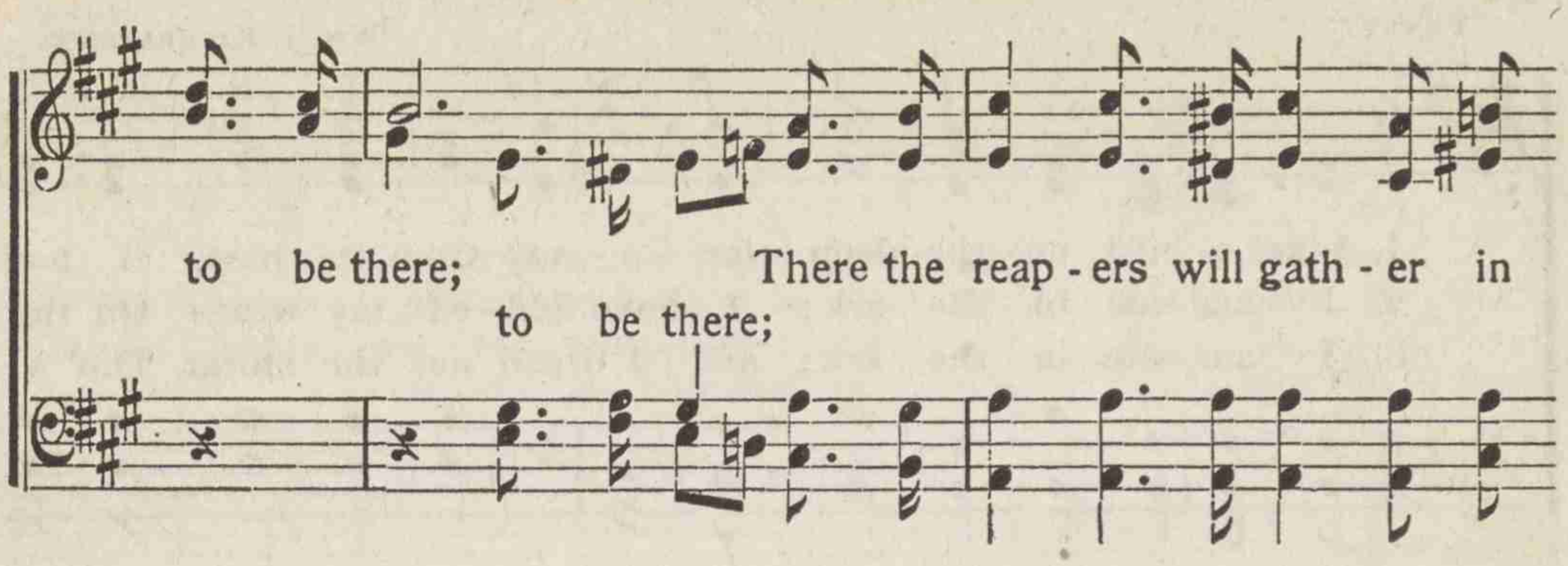

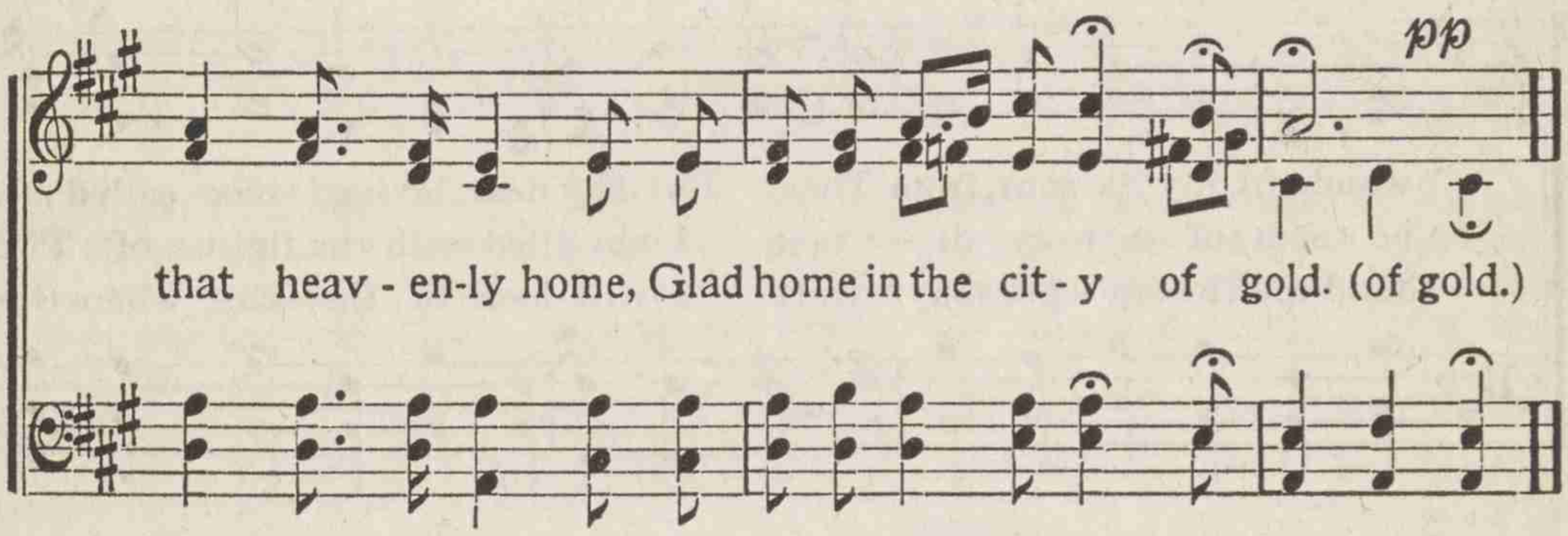

4 In the midst of the street is the river of life;
Clear as crystal its pure water flows
'Neath the arch that is formed by the life-giving tree,
On whose branches the fruit of life grows.

5 In the leaves of the tree there is healing and balm,
Of its fruit every month we shall eat;
While our thirst shall be quenched by the stream from the throne,
As we drink of its waters so sweet.

6 There will be for its light neither candle nor sun,
For the Lamb is its light evermore;
And around the white throne of our Saviour and King
Will be heard songs of praise o'er and o'er.

7 Now the end is at hand and our work must be done,
For the harvest is ripening fast;
Let us gather some wheat from the tares of the world,
To present to the Master at last.

8 Let us work with our might all the morn, noon, and night,
Till the Lord of the harvest shall come;
And with Him we'll arise to the mansions of rest,
There to share in the glad harvest home.

76

Welcome for Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Like a bird on the deep, far a - way from its nest, I had wander'd, my Saviour, from Thee; But Thy dear, loving voice called me home to Thy breast, And I knew there was welcome for me.

2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold - ed my wings On the bo - som of mer - cy di - vine; I am filled with the light of Thy pres - ence so bright, And the joy that will ev - er be mine.

3. I am safe in the ark; and I dread not the storm, Tho' a round me the sur - ges may roll; I will look to the skies, where the day nev - er dies, I will sing of the joy in my soul.

CHORUS.

Welcome for me, Saviour from thee; A smile and a welcome for me: Now, like a dove, I rest in Thy love, And find a sweet refuge in thee. . . .
in thee.

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I'll Trust Every Step of the Way. 77

MORSE. MARK M. JONES.

1. Tho' the pathway seems dreary and long, For-ward I go with-out fear; All e - vil will flee at the song That re -
2. Though giants should stand in the way, I'll look to the source of all pow'r; And trust to His guidance each day, And re -
3. Though sor - row, temp-ta-tion and care May hin - der, dis - cour - age and try, I'll cling to His promise thro' pray'r And my
4. So on thro' the jour-ney of life, I will sing of His un - dy - ing love, What care I for sor - row and strife On my

CHORUS.

joi - ces the an - gels to hear.
ly on His grace for each hour.
needs He will nev - er de - ny.
way to His mansions a - bove.

I'll trust ev -'ry step of the way, I'll praise Him by night and by day; By faith I'll a - bide, In His bos - om I'll hide, While trusting each step of the way.

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78 We are Singing on the Way.

L. H. EDMUNDS. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. We are sing-ing on the way, To a bless-ed land of day,
2. What tho' tri-als here we meet? Soon we'll walk the gold-en street,
3. We are press-ing on the way, Let us work, and watch, and pray,

Where the rap-tured hal-le-lu-jahs nev-er cease; Soon we'll
Where we'll look up-on the beau-ty of our King; Tears of
Win-ning stars to spar-kle in our crowns of light; Let us

:S:

see its shin-ing tow'rs, Rest with-in its love-ly bow'rs, In that
sor-row here may flow, But "here-aft-er we shall know," And re-
tell the Sav-iour's love, Till He bids us come a-bove, Where no

D. S.—*glo-ry we shall share, In the*

FINE. CHORUS.

E-den-land of ev-er-last-ing peace.
deem-ing love thro' end-less a-ges sing.
shad-ow ev-er mars the radiance bright.

} Blessed home! bless-ed

Blessed home!

house of "ma-ny mansion," bright and fair.

home! In the house of "ma-y mansions," bright and

bless-ed home!

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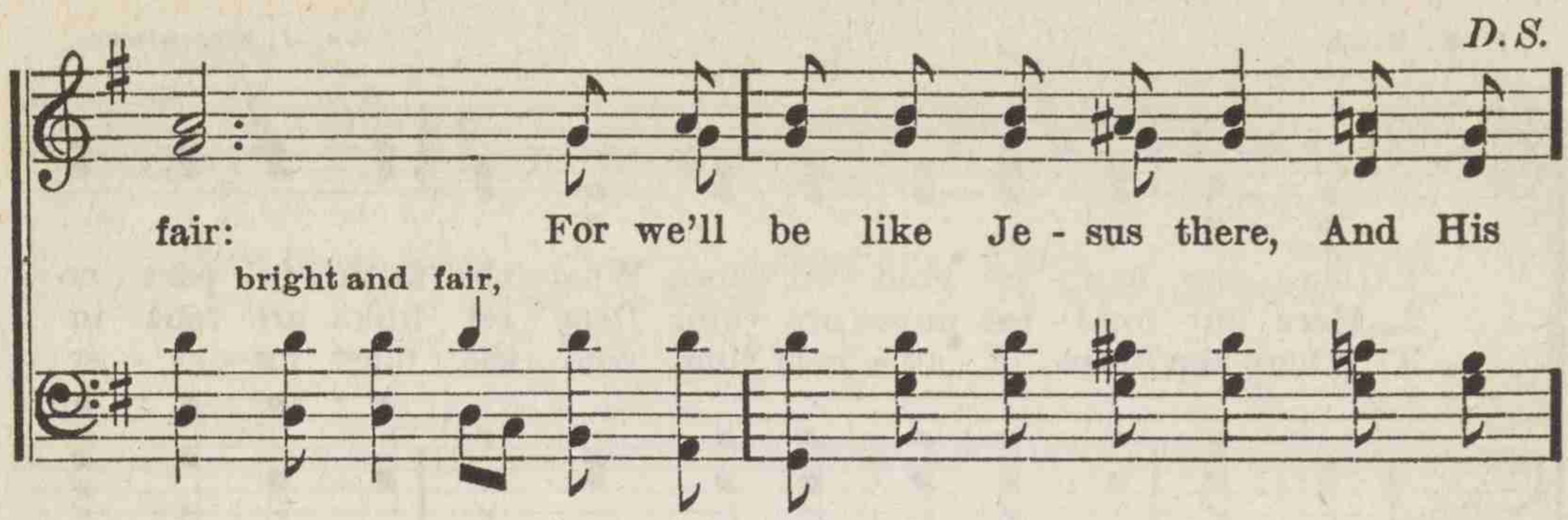
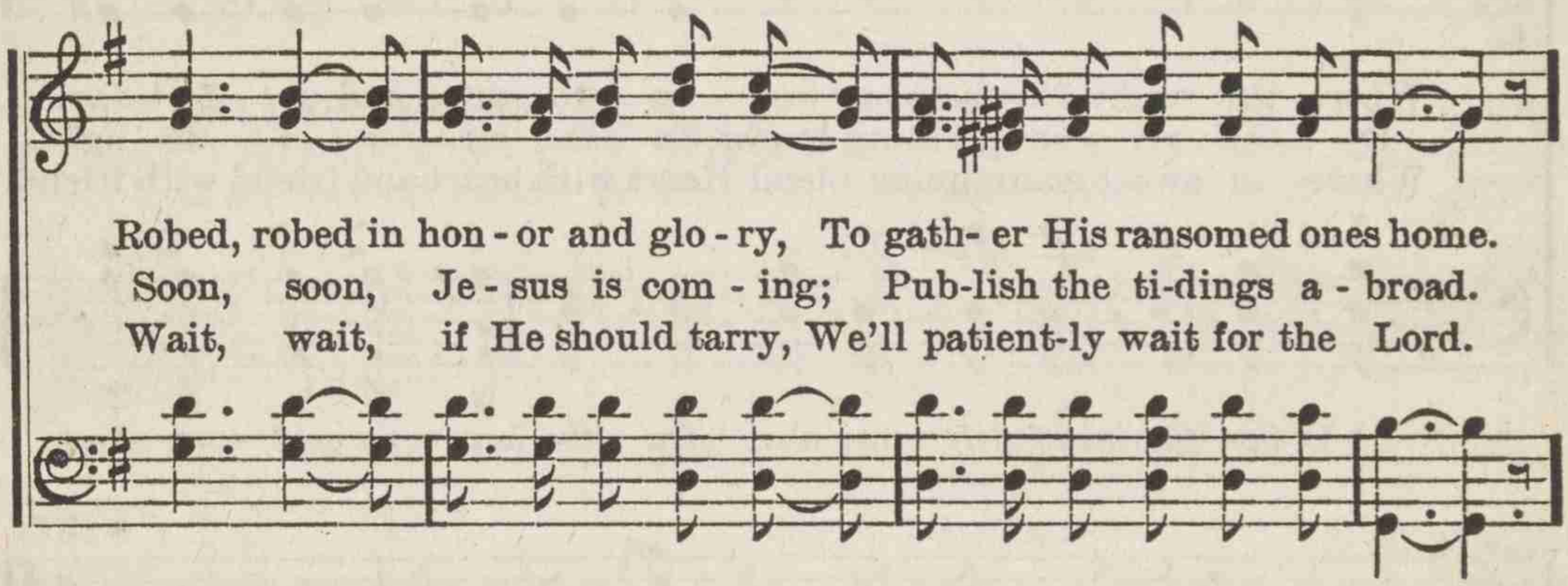
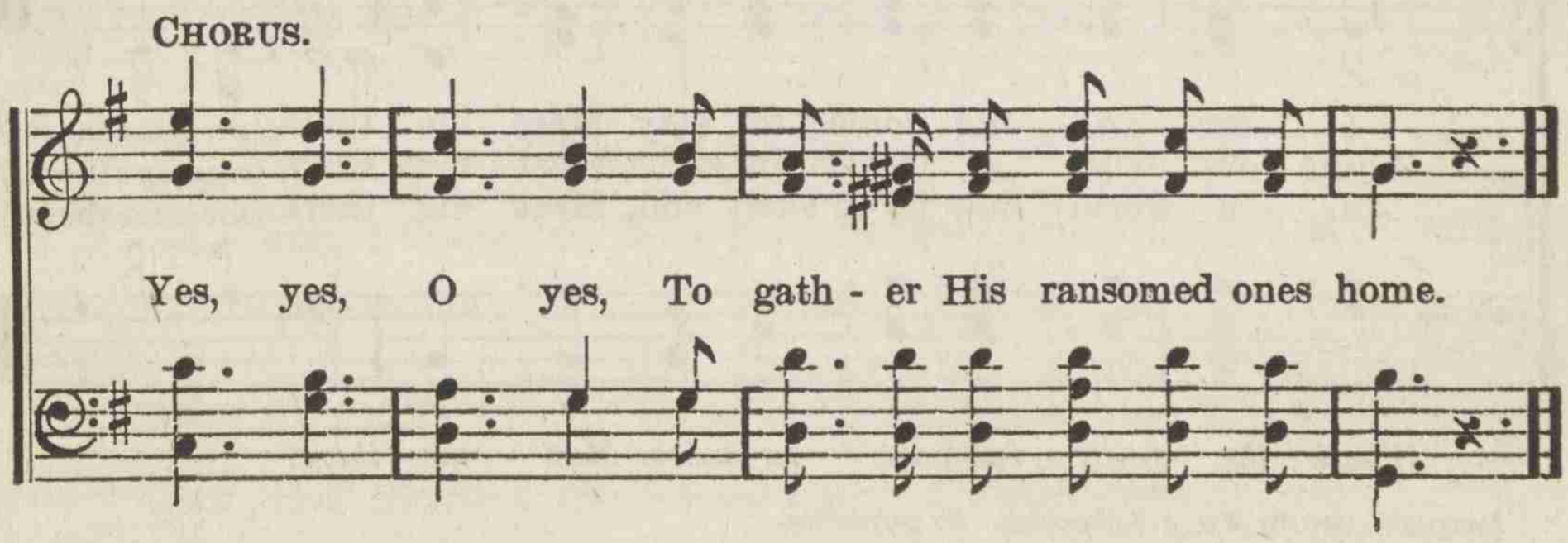


Hark! the Blest Tidings.





80 Meet Me There.

H. E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the hap - py gold - en shore, Where the faith - ful part no more, When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there,
2. Here our fond - est hopes are vain, Dear - est links are rent in twain; But in heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there,
3. Where the harps of an - gels ring And the blest for - ev - er sing, In the pal - ace of our King, Meet me there,

:S: Where the night dissolves a - way In - to pure and per - fect day.
By the riv - er sparkling bright, In the cit - y of de - light.
Where in sweet communion blend Heart with heart and friend with friend.

D. S.—*Storms of life are o'er, On the hap - py gold - en shore,*

FINE.

I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there. (meetmethere.)
Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there. (meetmethere.)
In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there. (meetmethere.)

Where the faith - ful part no more. Meet me there.

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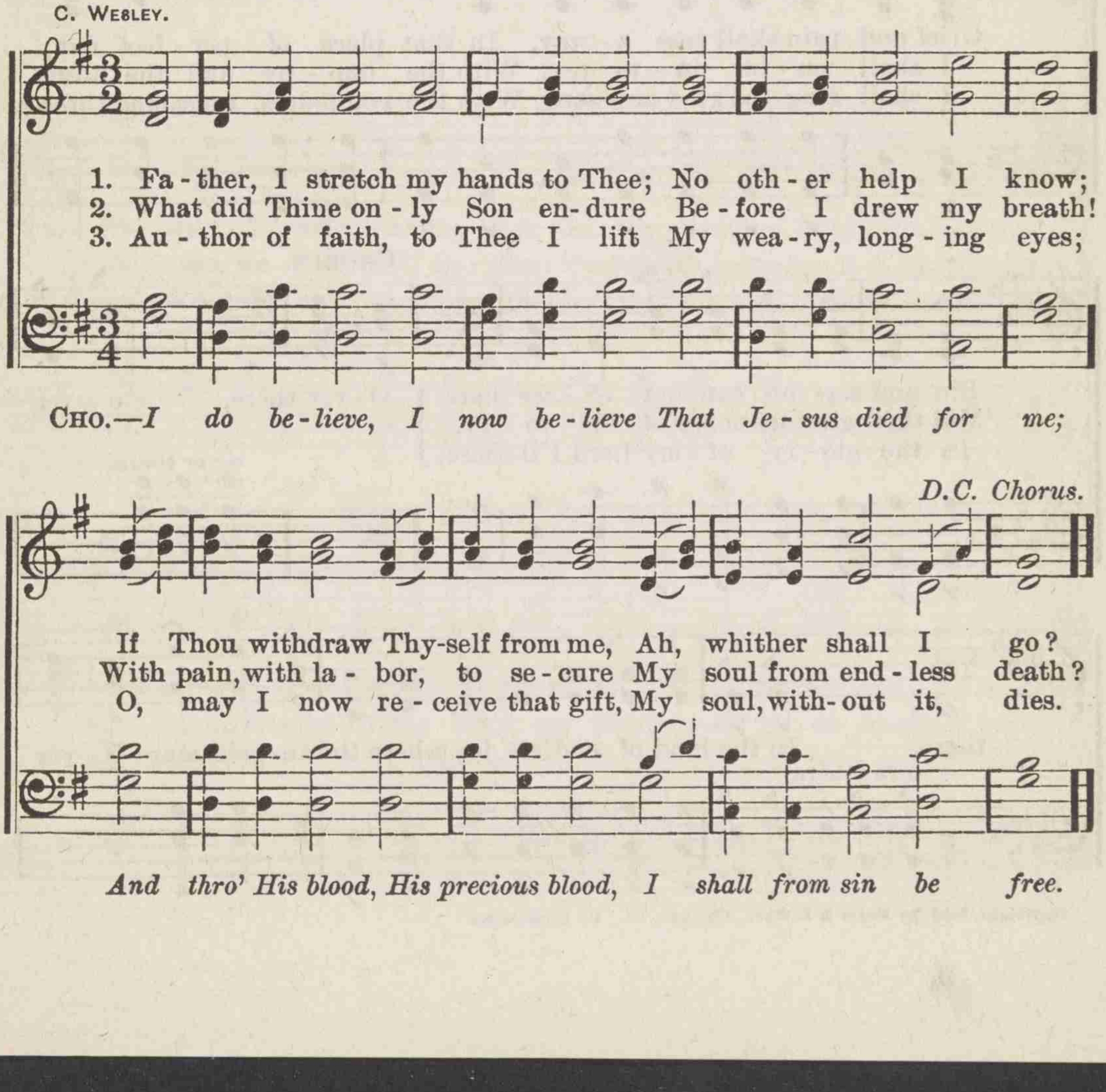
I Do Believe.

C. WESLEY.



Over There.

ADA BLINKHORN. EMMA E. MEYER.

1. There's a cit - y, shin-ing bright, Built up - on the plains of light,
2. When I reach the gold-en gate Lead-ing to this blest es-tate,
3. There my Sav-iour I shall see, In His ho - ly like-ness be;

'Tis the pal - ace of the King, bright and fair;
O - pened wide by an - gel hands it will be;
Gar-ments whit - er than the snow I shall wear;

bright and fair;

Grief and pain shall pass a - way, In that place of per - fect day,
I shall en - ter in - to rest, With the hap - py and the blest,
I shall sing the glad new song, With the count-less, ransomed throng,

CHORUS.

Sin and sor-row can-not en - ter there.
'Mid their glorious songs of vic - to - ry.
In the glo - ry of my Lord I'll share.

O - ver there, o - ver

o-ver there,

there, In the land of endless joy where the an-gels sing; O - ver

o-ver there,

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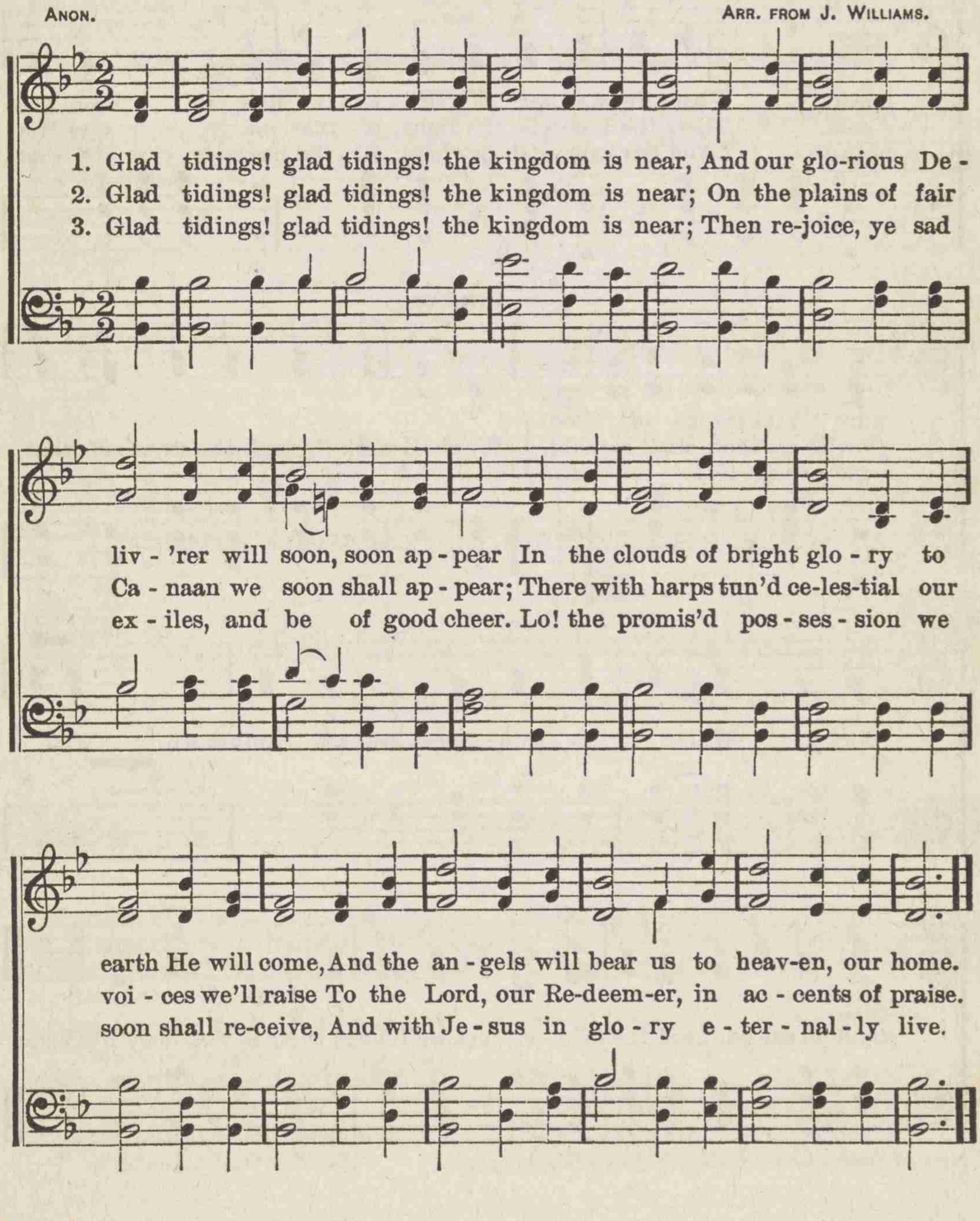
Chariot.

ANON. ARR. FROM J. WILLIAMS.



The Lovely City.

ARTHUR L. BUTT. ARR. BY MRS. A. L. BUTT.

SOLO OR DUET. *With feeling.*

1. We are go-ing to that love-ly cit - y, With its beau-ti-ful gates of pearl,
2. There the fruit tree of life ever bloometh, And the streets shineth like pure gold,
3. We shall see the great mansions of jewels, That the Saviour has gone to prepare,

Where the wa - ter of life ev - er flow-eth, From the
There the Lamb is the light of that cit - y, And His
And our eyes will be - hold all the beauties, Of that

CHORUS.

pure white throne of God.
glo-ries we there shall be-hold.
glo - rious city so fair.

} We shall walk through the streets of that cit - y, Where sin, pain and death are un-known; And

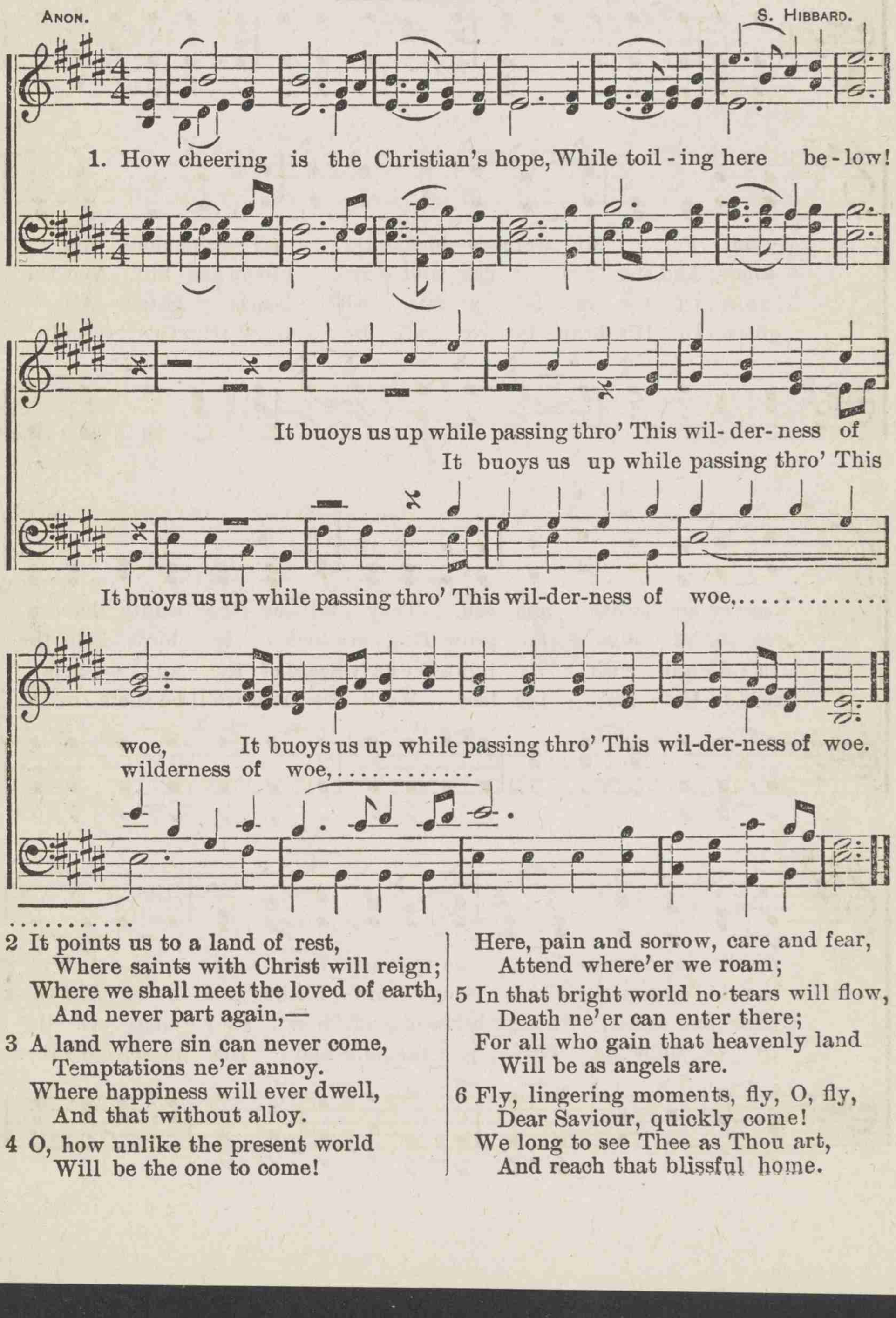
stand on the banks of the riv - er, Yes we'll meet there in that heav'nly home.

"OUR lives are songs; God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure:
And the songs, grow glad, or sweet, or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure."

"We must write the music, whatever the song,
Whatever the rhyme or meter;
And if it is sad, we can make it glad,
And if sweet, we can make it sweeter."

Exhortation.

ANON. S. HIBBARD.



2 It points us to 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 O, how unlike the present world
Will be the one to come!
Here, pain and sorrow, care and fear,
Attend where'er we roam;

5 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.

6 Fly, lingering moments, fly, O, fly,
Dear Saviour, quickly come!
We long to see Thee as Thou art,
And reach that blissful home.

We Have Heard.

W. H. HYDE. UNKNOWN.

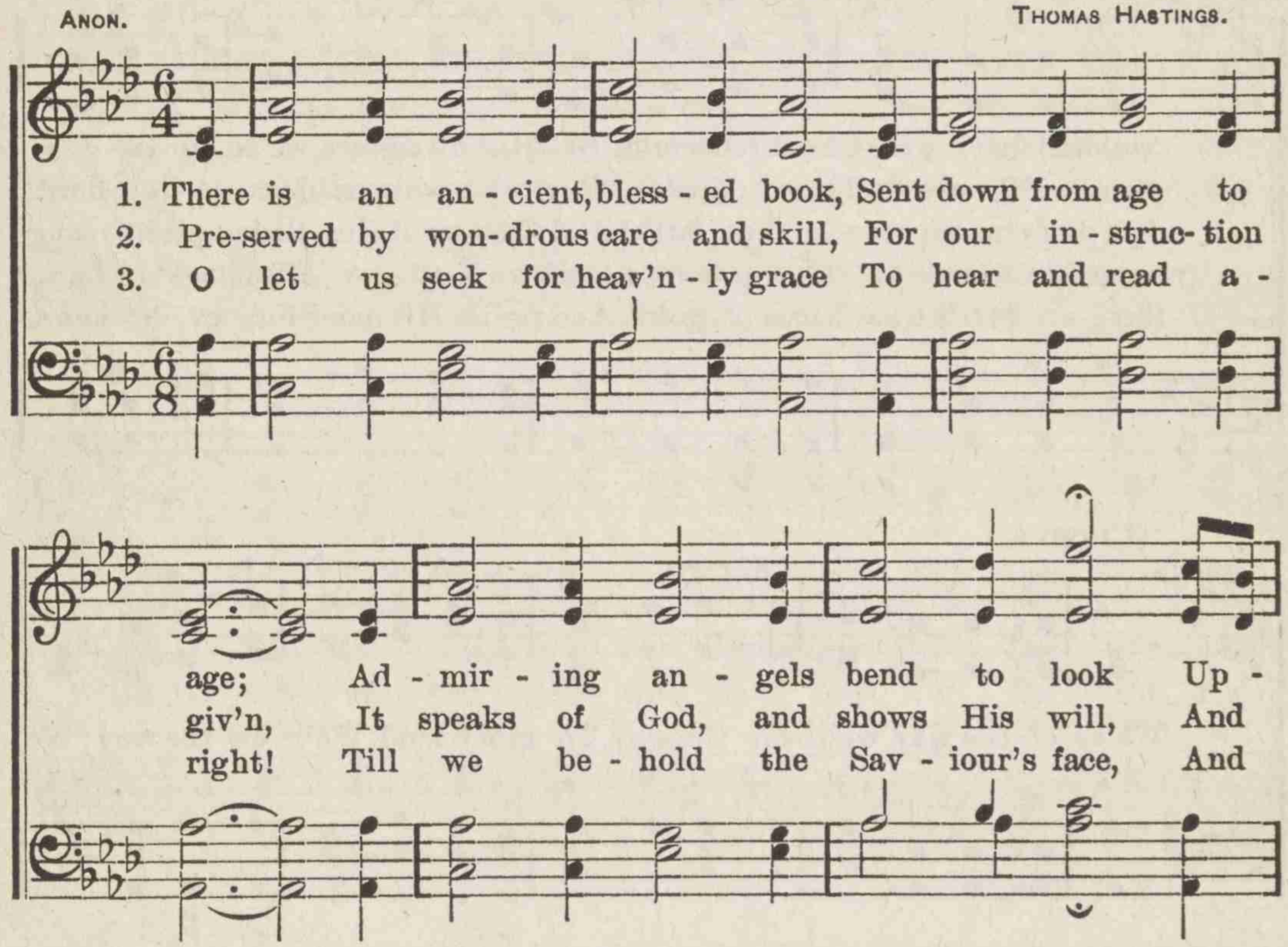
1. We have heard from the bright, the ho-ly land, We have heard and our hearts are glad; For we were a lone - ly pil - grim band, And
2. They say green fields are waving there, That nev - er a blight shall know; And the des - erts wild are bloom-ing fair, And the
3. We have heard of the palms, the robes, the crowns, And the silver-y band in white; Of the cit - y fair, with pearl - y gates, All
4. The King of that country, He is fair, He's the joy and the light of the place; In His beau - ty we shall be - hold Him there, And

wea - ry, and worn, and sad. They tell us the saints have a
ros - es of Shar - on grow. There are love - ly birds in the
ra - di - ant with its light. We have heard of the an - gels
bask in His smil - ing face. We'll be there, we'll be there in a

dwell - ing there;—No lon - ger are home - less ones; And we
bow - ers green, Their songs are blithe and sweet; And their
there, and saints, With their harps of gold, how they sing: Of the
lit - tle while, We'll join the pure and the blest; We'll

Ortonville.

ANON. THOMAS HASTINGS.



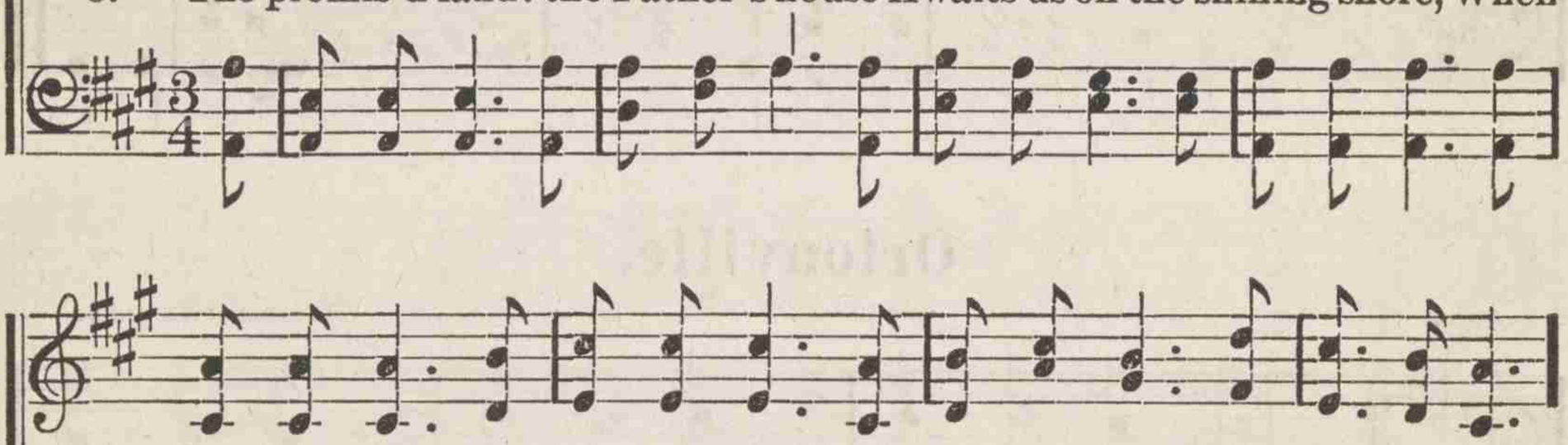
88

We're on the Way.

Isaiah 35: 8–10.

S. M. SAYFORD. D. B. TOWNER.

1. The promis'd land! by faith I see, Where God's own glory gilds the day, Where
2. The promis'd land! where thousands dwell, Who've wash'd their robes in Jesus' blood, With
3. The promis'd land! with gates of pearl, Ajar for all the blood-wash'd throng, A
4. The promis'd land! with mansions fair, Where Jesus now prepares a place, From
5. The promis'd land! the Father's house Awaits us on the shining shore, When



we shall dwell with Christ redeem'd, By His own grace we're on the way.
them we'll wave the branch of palm, When we have cross'd the nar-row flood.
few more march - es—hold on faith! And then we'll sing Redemption's song.
whence He'll come to take us home, And we shall see Him face to face.
there we'll strike our harps of gold, And praise His name for - ev - er more.

CHORUS.

We're on the way, we're on the way, To glory-land, We're on the way; We

fol - low Je - sus day by day, He leads us all a - long the way.

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Hail, Happy Day!

ANON. ARRANGED.

1. O, hail, hap - py day, that speaks our tri - als end - ed; Our
2. Swell loud the glad note, our bond - age now is o - ver, The
3. O, hail, hap - py day, that ends our tears and sor - rows, That
4. Thrice hail, hap - py day, when earth shall smile in glad - ness, And

Lord has come to take us home,— O hail, hap - py day! No
ju - bi - lee pro- claims us free,—O hail, hap - py day! The
brings us joy with - out al - loy,—O hail, hap - py day! There
E - den bloom o'er nature's tomb—O hail, hap - py day! Where

more by doubts or fears dis- tressed, We now shall gain our
day that brings a sweet re - lease, That crowns our Je - sus
peace shall wave her scep - ter high, And love's fair ban - ner
life's pure wa - ters gen - tly glide, Safe by the dear Re -

prom-ised rest, And be for - ev - er blest; O hail, hap - py day!
Prince of peace, And bids our sorrows cease;—O hail, hap - py day!
greet the eye, Pro-claim - ing vic - to- ry;—O hail, hap - py day!
deem-er's side, For - ev - er we'll a-bide;—O hail, hap - py day!

Saved By Grace.

ALBERT CAREY.

Melody by ASA SMITH.
Harmonized by M. GARLAND.

1. Some day my lov - ing King shall come, And I no more, as now, shall sing, But in that bless - ed heav'nly home My voice a
2. And that glad day is drawing nigh When His bright glory I shall see, And with Him through the opening sky For - ev - er
3. O death, thy sting will then be past; Ye sad farewells for-ev - er gone; And joy so full, ev - er to last, Will be my
4. Some day—O bliss, 'twill not be long, Ere where the seraph anthems ring, With saints I'll join the glad new song, There in the

ritard.

CHORUS.

sil - ver chord shall ring. And I shall see Him face to
with my Lord I'll be.
lot on that glad morn.
presence of my King.

face, And tell the sto - ry saved by grace; And I shall

ritard.

see Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry saved by grace.

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WORDS ANON.

Melody by ASA SMITH.
Harmonized by M. GARLAND.

Energetically.

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Hold Thou My Hand.

MRS. W. J. KENNEDY. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. Hold Thou my hand, dear Saviour, Still keep me close to Thee;
2. Hold Thou my hand, dear Saviour, In sor-row's e - vil day;
3. Hold Thou my hand, dear Saviour, Close may I walk with Thee;
4. Hold Thou my hand, dear Saviour, When death is draw-ing nigh,

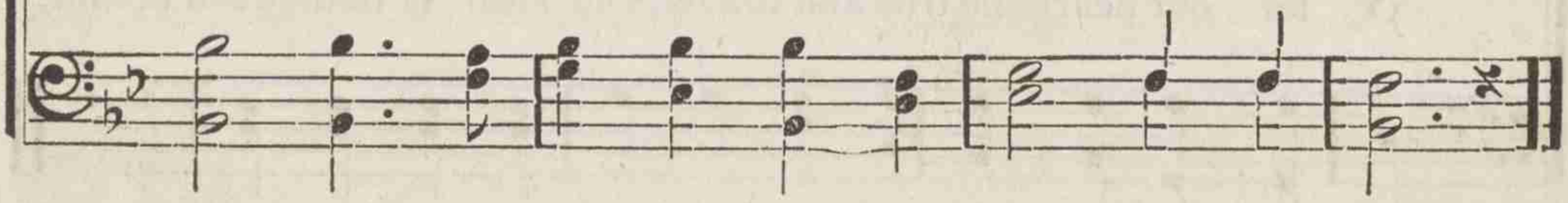
In paths of safe - ty lead me, From sin's de - lu -sions free.
Thy pres-ence will sus-tain me, Thy arm will be my stay,
And on my soul re - flect - ed O may Thy i - mage be.
And bring me safe o'er Jor - dan To Thy bright home on high.

REFRAIN.

Hold Thou my hand, dear Saviour, Hold, hold, O hold my hand;

rit. . . . . . .

I can - not go with - out Thee, Lord, hold my hand.



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ISAAC WATTS. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, Increase my courage, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

REFRAIN.

Am I a sol-dier of Je - sus? Am I a sol-dier of the cross?
Sol - dier of Je - sus?

Then I must bat-tle and con - quer, And never fear to own His cause.
Bat - tle and con - quer,

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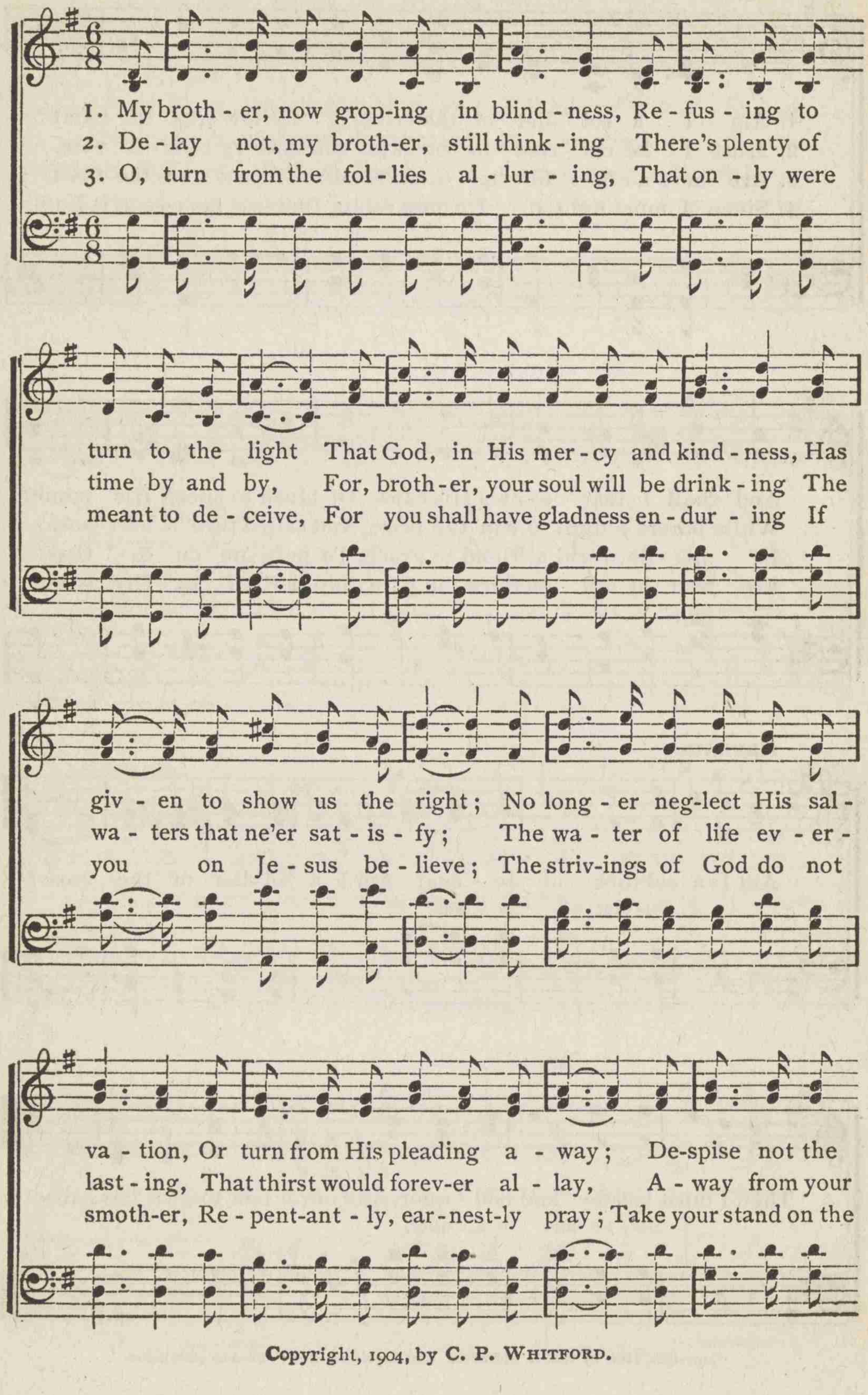
You Will Be Sorry Some Day.

ASA SMITH.



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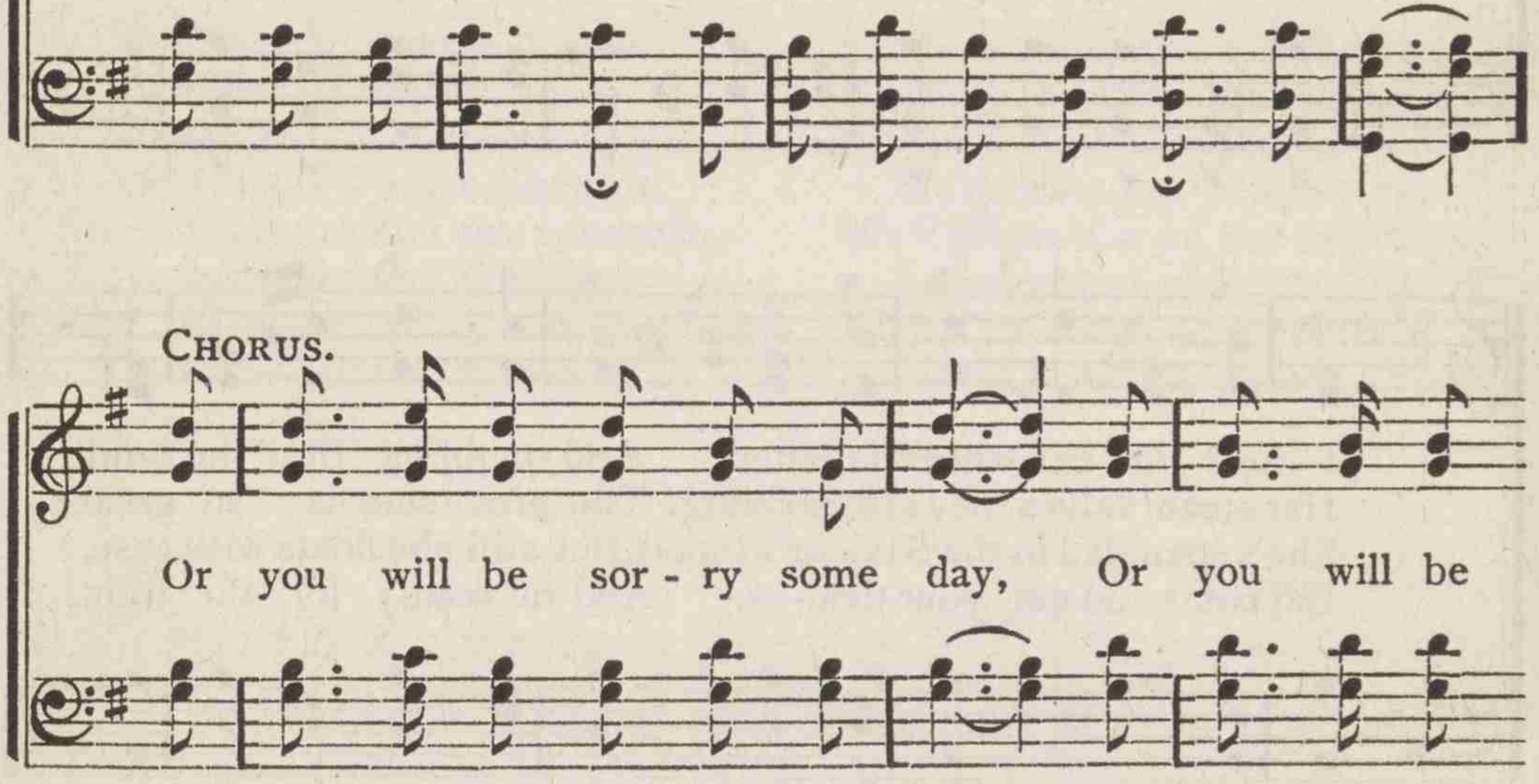
great in - vi - ta - tion, Or you will be sor - ry some day.
soul you are cast - ing, And you will be sor - ry some day.
Lord's side, my broth - er, Or you will be sor - ry some day.


CHORUS.
Or you will be sor - ry some day, Or you will be
sor - ry some day; O give your heart now to your
Sav - iour, Or you will be sor - ry some day.
rit.

The Gospel Train.

"So he paid the fare thereof and went."

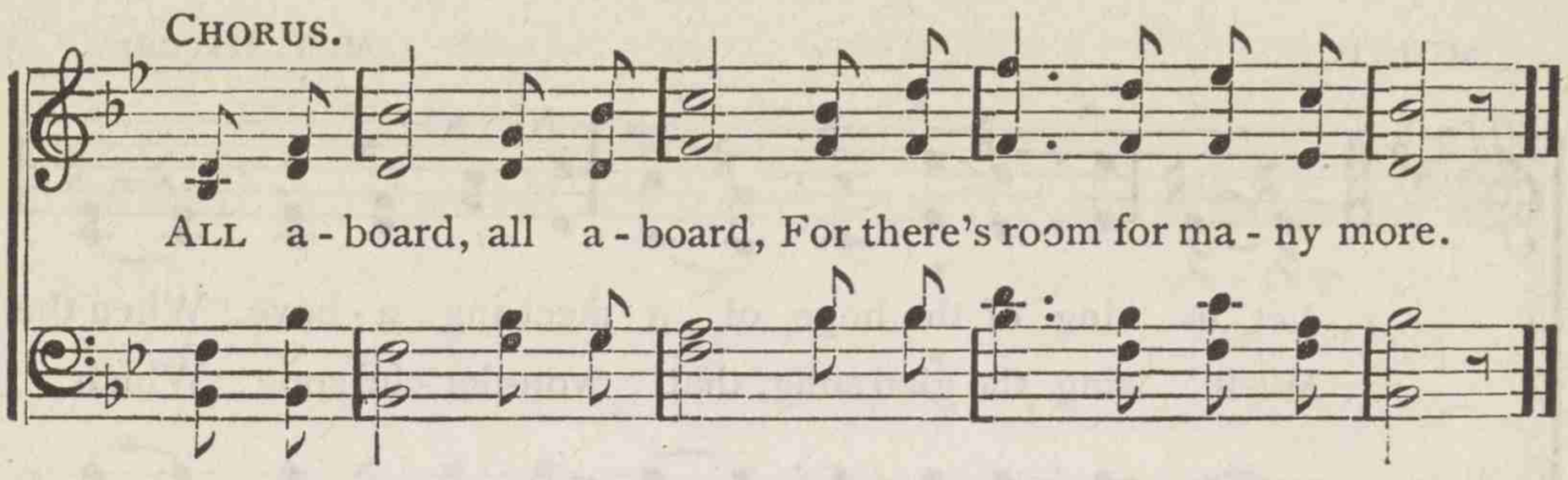
1. The Gos-pel train is com-ing, I hear it just at hand;
2. O see the Gos - pel en - gine, She's heaving now in sight;
3. O see the en - gine ban - ner, She's fluttering in the breeze,
4. She's nearing now the sta - tion, O sin - ner, don't be vain,

I hear the car wheels moving, And rumbling thro' the land.
Her steam valves they are groaning, The pres - sure is so great;
She's spangled in the Saviour's blood, But still she floats with ease.
But come and get your tick - et, And be read-y for the train.

I hear the bell and whis-tle, They're com - ing round the curve,
No sig - nal for an - oth-er train To fol - low on the line;
This is the Gos - pel ban - ner, The mot - to's new and old;
The fare is cheap and all can go, The rich, the poor are there;

She's ply - ing all her steam and pow'r, And straining ev - 'ry nerve.
O sin - ner, you're for-ev - er lost, If once you're left be - hind.
Sal - va - tion and re - pent-ance Are bur-nished there in gold.
No sec - ond class on board the train, No differ-ence in the fare.

CHORUS.

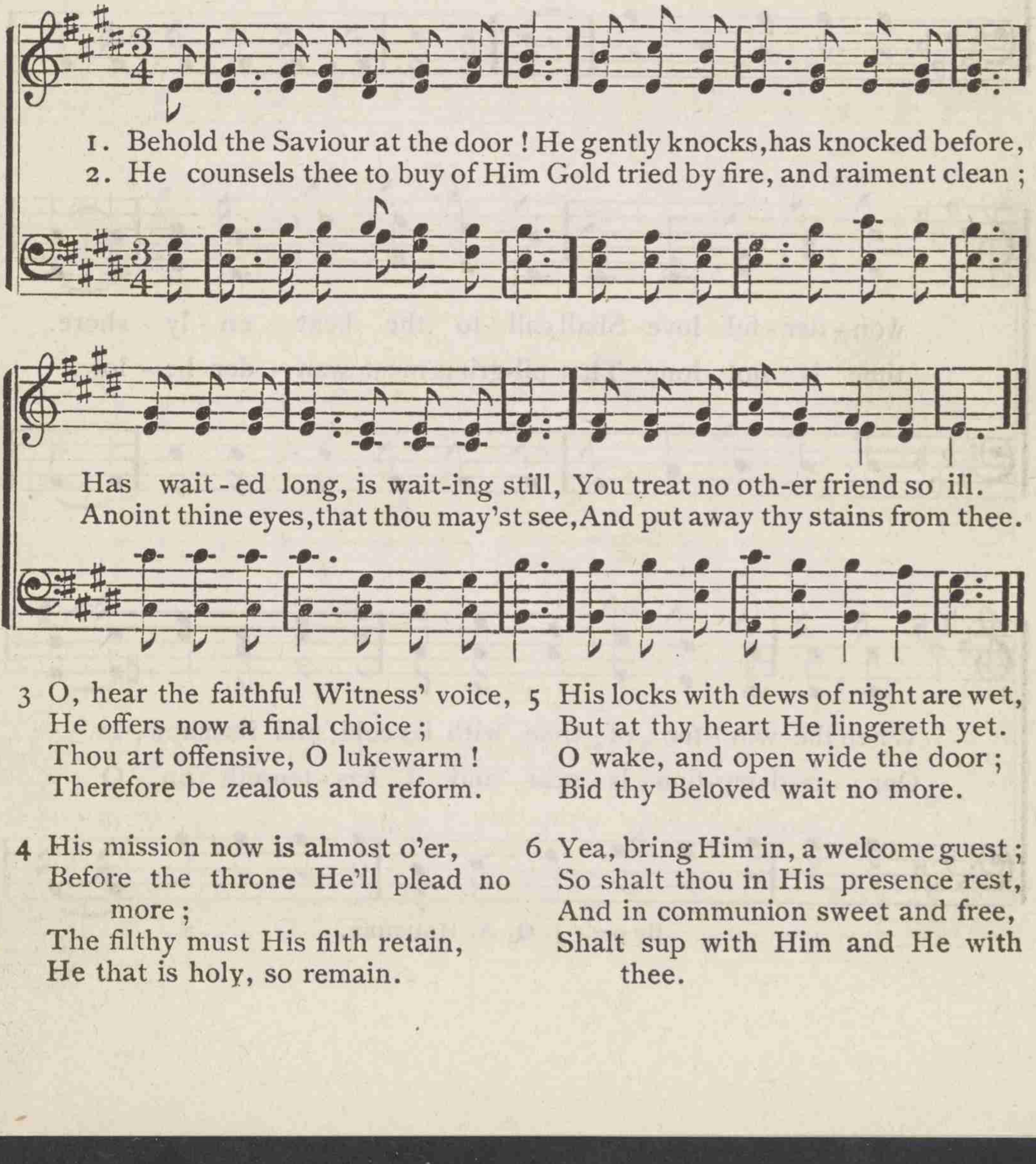


5 She'll surely make a little halt
To wood up on the line,
And give you all a chance to go,
But yet she'll make her time.
She's coming round the mountain,
By the rivers and the lake;
The Saviour, He's on board the train,
Controlling steam and brake.

6 We soon shall reach the kingdom,
O how we then shall sing,
With all the heavenly army,
We'll make the welkin ring.
We'll shout o'er all our sorrows,
And sing forevermore
With Christ and all His army,
On that celestial shore.

Hartel.

ANON. LOWELL MASON.



3 O, hear the faithful Witness' voice,
He offers now a final choice;
Thou art offensive, O lukewarm!
Therefore be zealous and reform.

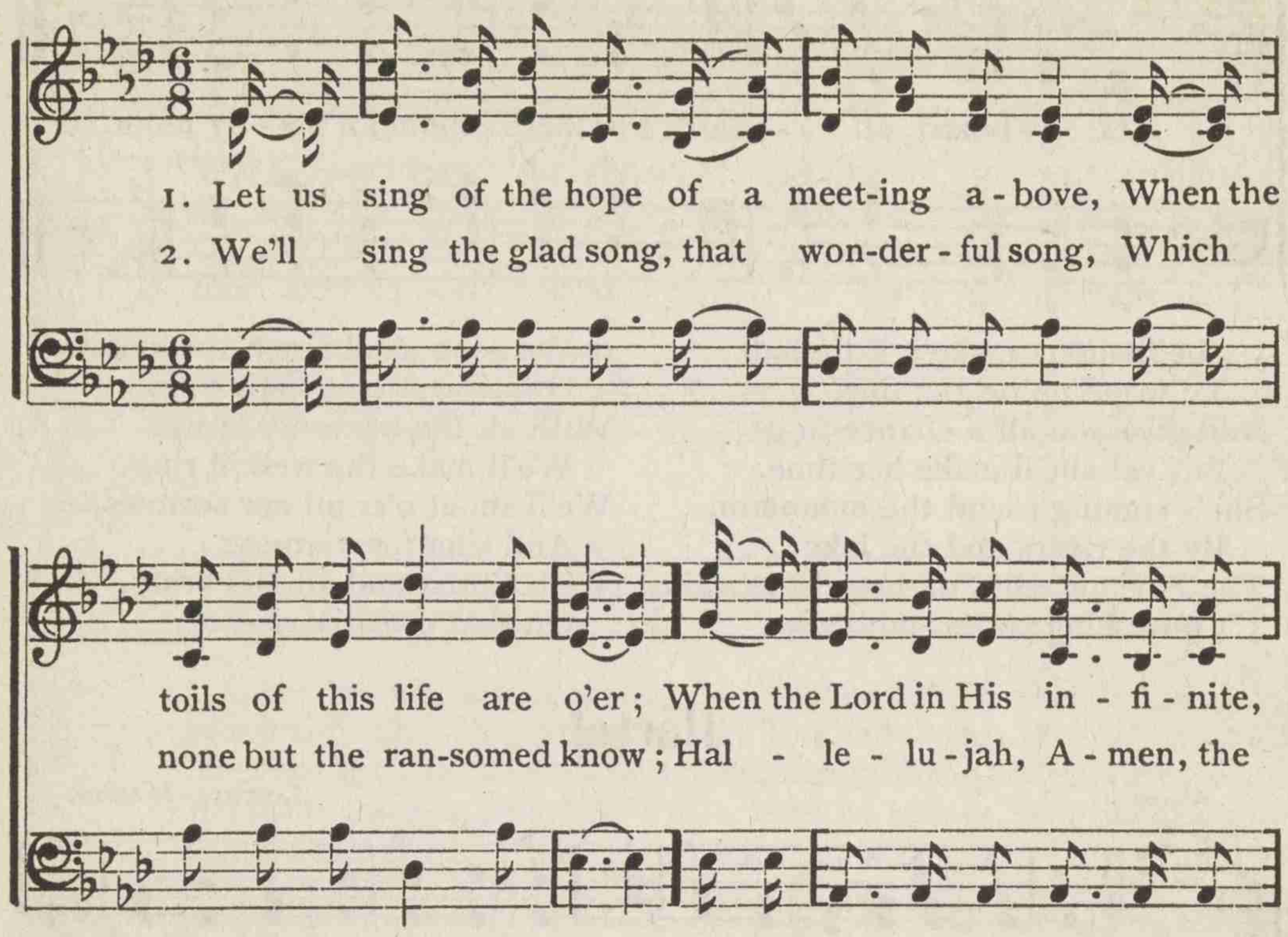
4 His mission now is almost o'er,
Before the throne He'll plead no more;
The filthy must His filth retain,
He that is holy, so remain.

5 His locks with dews of night are wet,
But at thy heart He lingereth yet.
O wake, and open wide the door;
Bid thy Beloved wait no more.

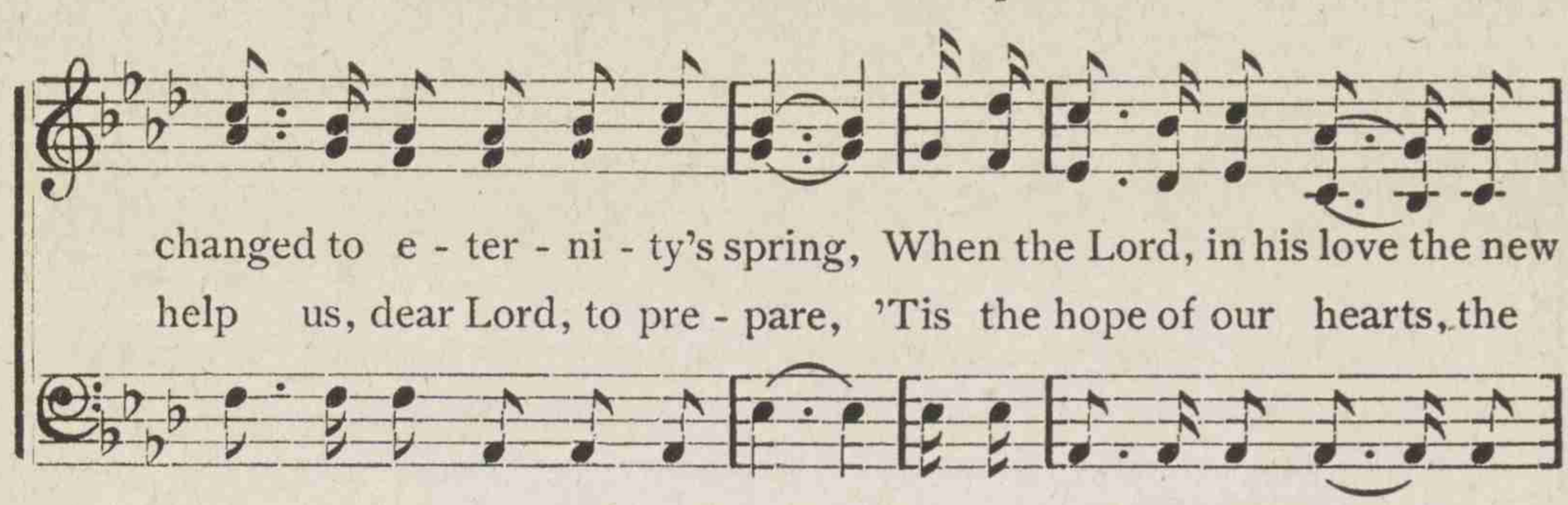
6 Yea, bring Him in, a welcome guest;
So shalt thou in His presence rest,
And in communion sweet and free,
Shalt sup with Him and He with thee.

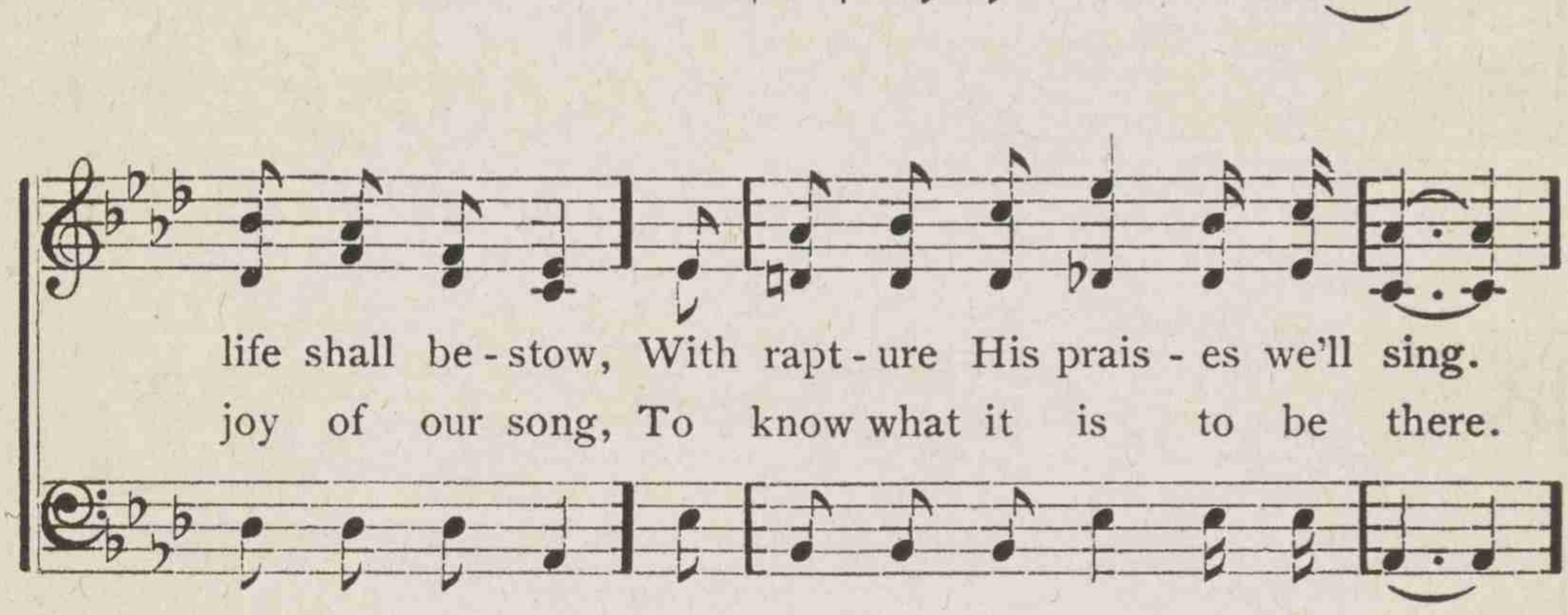
The Blessed Hope.

M. T. H. M. T. Haughey.

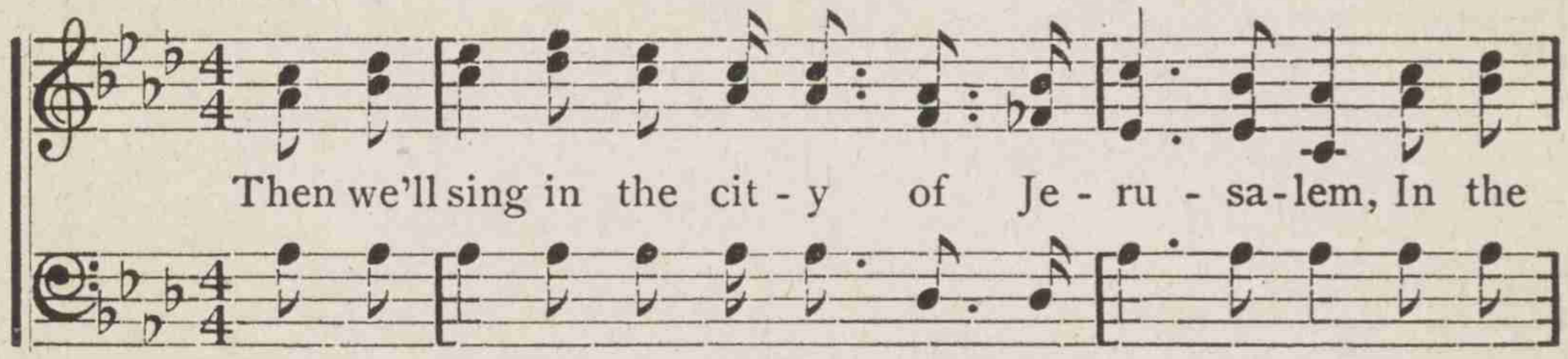


By per. J. Q. A. Haughey.

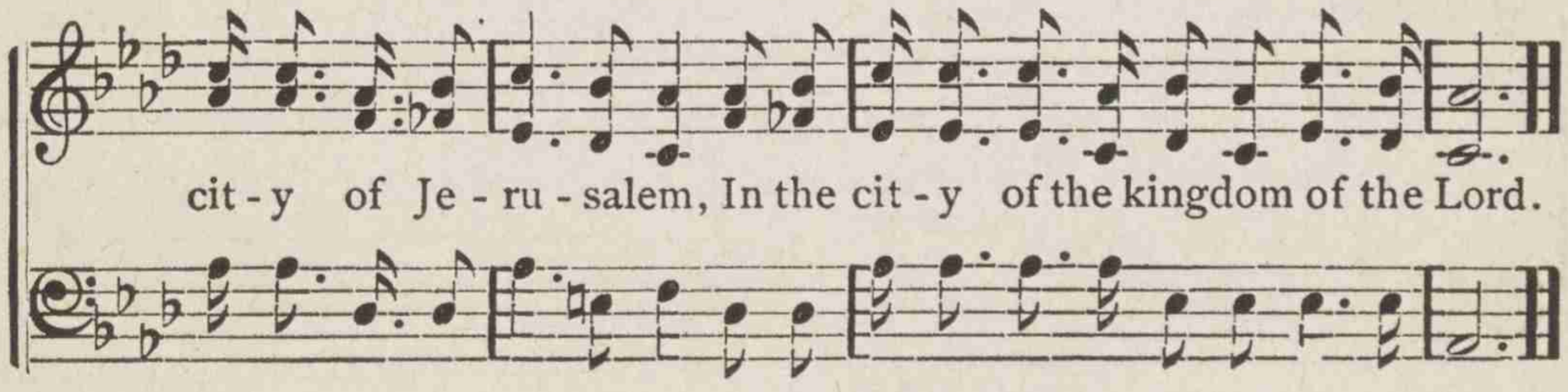

changed to e - ter - ni - ty's spring, When the Lord, in his love the new
help us, dear Lord, to pre - pare, 'Tis the hope of our hearts, the


life shall be - stow, With rapt - ure His prais - es we'll sing.
joy of our song, To know what it is to be there.

CHORUS.


Then we'll sing in the cit - y of Je - ru - sa - lem, In the

Softly.
cit - y of the kingdom of the Lord; Then we'll sing in the

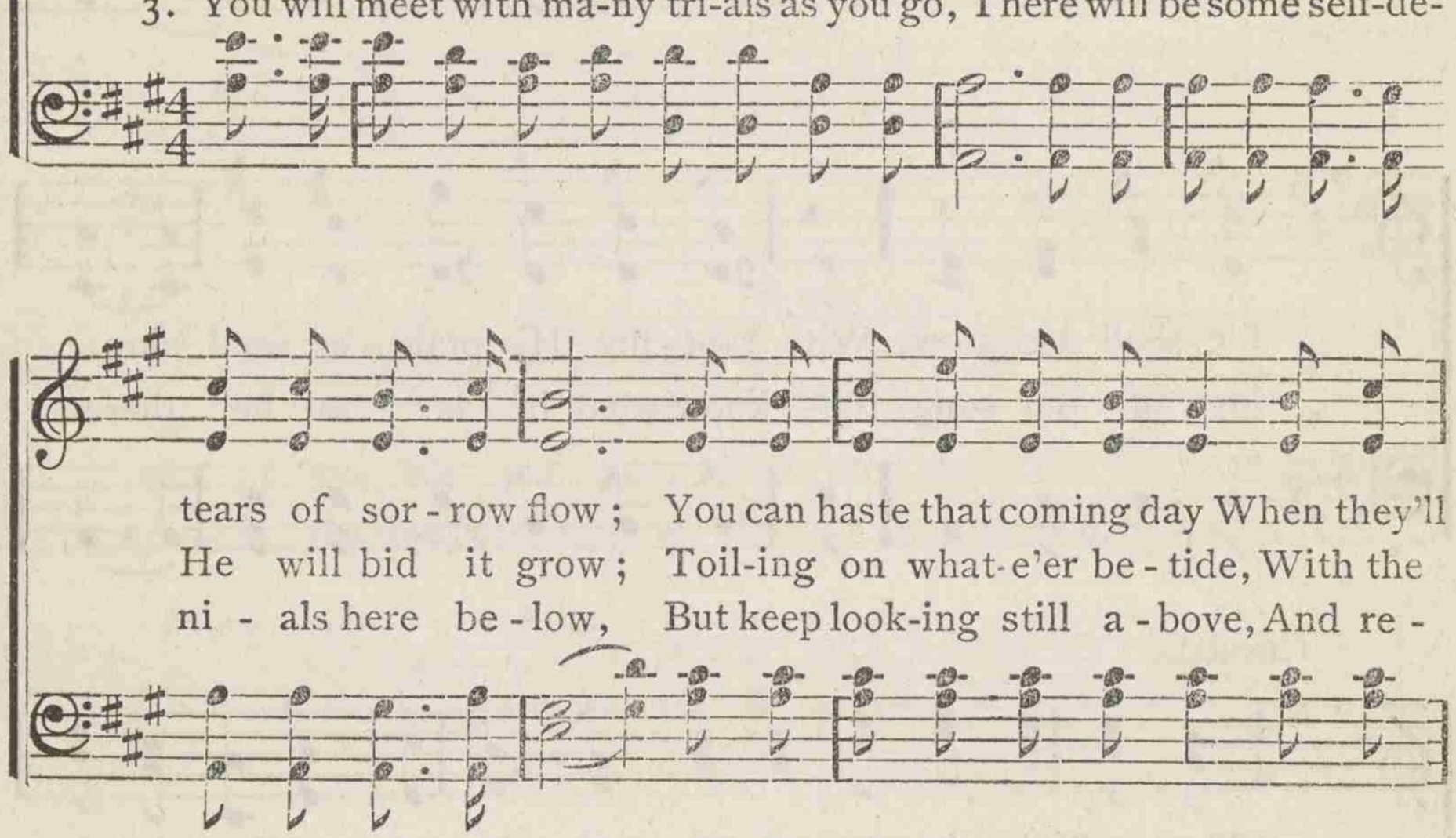

cit - y of Je - ru - salem, In the cit - y of the kingdom of the Lord.

100 Scatter Blessed Sunshine.

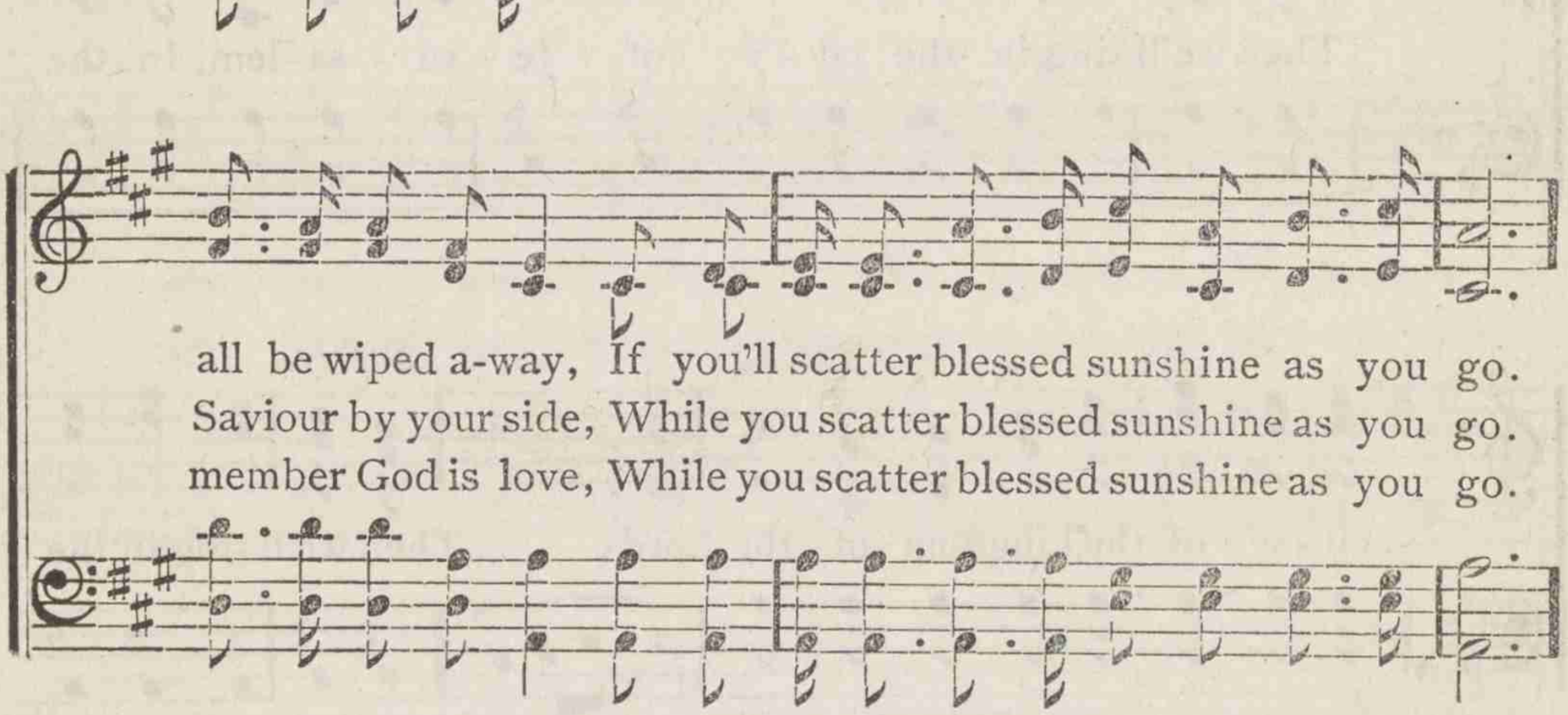
JOHN M. BAKER.

Melody by ASA SMITH.
Harmonized by M. GARLAND.

1. Oh, the world has need of sunshine as you go, For we oft-en see the tears of sor-row flow; You can haste that coming day When they'll
2. You can la-bor for the Mas-ter as you go, Plant the precious seed and He will bid it grow; Toil-ing on what-e'er be-tide, With the
3. You will meet with ma-ny tri-als as you go, There will be some self-de- ni-als here be-low, But keep look-ing still a-bove, And re-



all be wiped a-way, If you'll scatter blessed sunshine as you go.
Saviour by your side, While you scatter blessed sunshine as you go.
member God is love, While you scatter blessed sunshine as you go.



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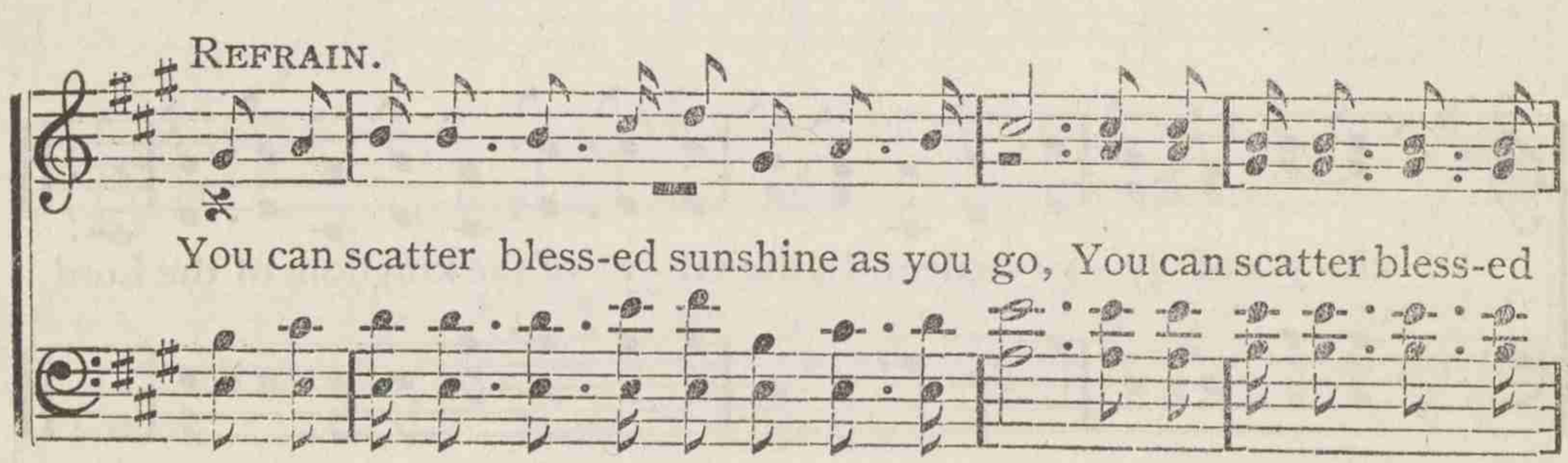

You can scatter bless-ed sunshine as you go, You can scatter bless-ed

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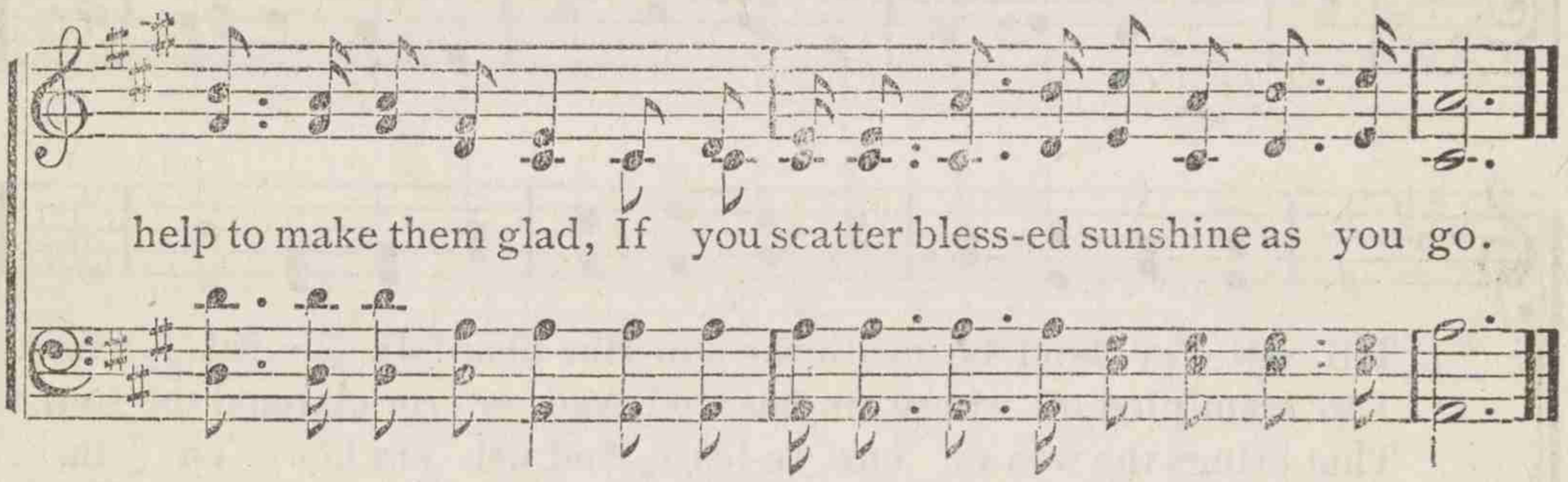
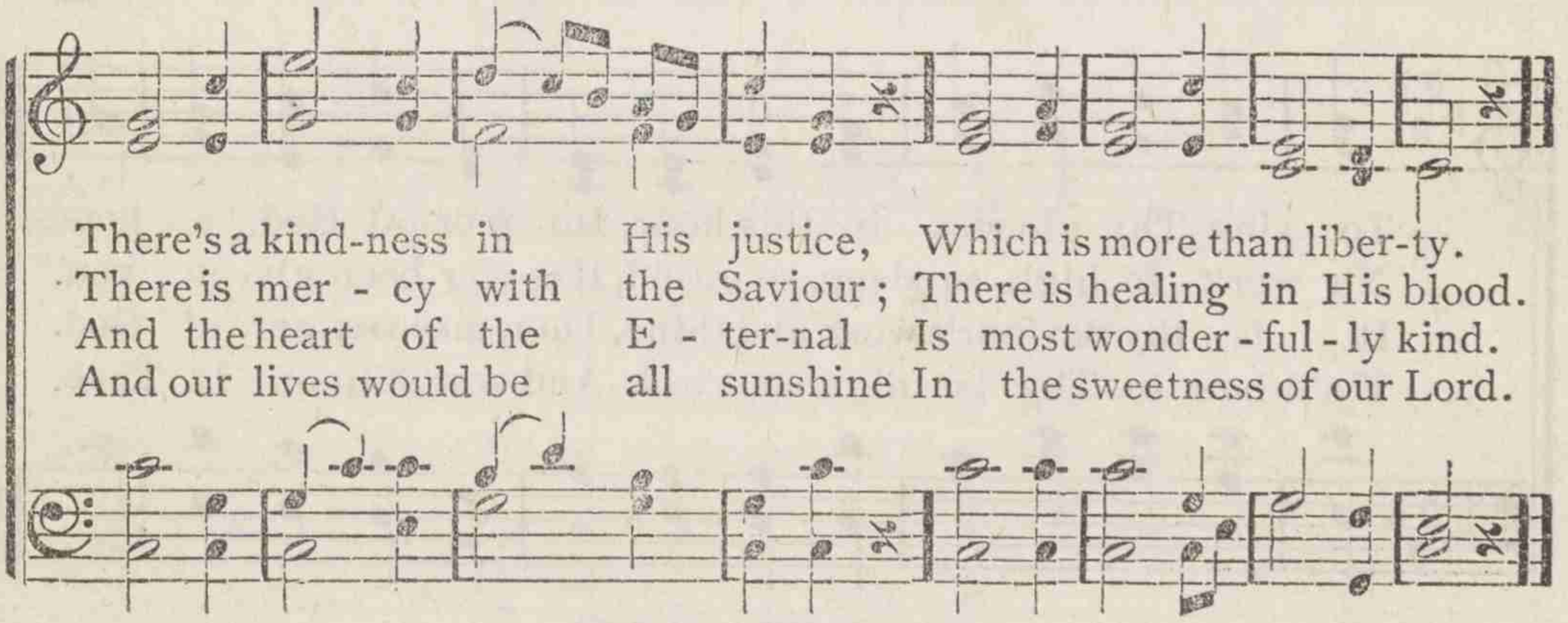


Rathbun.

FREDERICK W. FABER. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



Consummation.

C. M. SNOW.

Melody by ASA SMITH.
Harmonized by M. GARLAND.

1. Speed on Thy truth, e - ter - nal One, Thy ho - ly law pro-claim,
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, e - ter - nal Lord, Thy glorious truth proclaim;

Till ev - 'ry land be-neath the sun Has heard Je - ho-vah's name.
Tho' tram-pled oft where sin has trod, And er - ror claimed the soul.
That brings the wea-ry one re-lease, And ush - ers heav - en in.
Thy man-date is a shield and sword, Thy word a liv - ing flame.

We own, O Lord, Thy sov'reign pow'r, And bow be-fore Thy throne,
A - rise and shine, ye cho - sen band, Ye peo-ple, scattered, few,
A - wake, a - rise! a - rise and shine! Proclaim His truth a - broad;
Long as the years of earth shall roll, Long as e - ter - ni - ty,

To sing Thy glo-ries in this hour, Im - mor-tal God, a - lone.
No work so high, so deep, so grand, Has e'er been giv - en you.
It is thy Saviour's work and thine, Thou mes-sen-ger of God.
We'll bow to Thy be - nign con - trol, And wor-ship on - ly Thee.

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Wanted.

"Here am I, send me."—Isa. 6: 8.

Anon. J. F. W.

1. Hearts are wanted! hearts for Je-sus, No-ble hearts, both pure and true;
2. Hands are wanted! hands for Je-sus; Will-ing hands, to toil al - way
3. Feet are want-ed! feet for Je - sus; Feet to car - ry news of Him,
4. All are want-ed for the Sav-iour; All are want - ed, want-ed now;

Free to love and serve Him on - ly, Free His glo - ry to pur - sue;
In what - ev - er serv - ice need-ed, While as yet 't is called "to-day."
Who up - on the cross of Cal - v'ry Died the guilt - y to re - deem.
Who will make the best sur-ren-der? Who for Christ themselves a-vow?

Rit.

Trustful hearts, to Him e'er cleaving; Hap-py hearts for Je-sus' throne,
Nim-ble hands, and strong, are wanted; Read-y for the Mas-ter's call,
Feet to walk the court and al - ley With a firm, un - err - ing tread,
Who will serve the best of mas-ters, Lov-ing, gen - tle, ten-der, true?

Where, o'er ev-'ry tho't pre - sid - ing, He shall reign, and He a - lone.
To be used as He di - rect - eth, For the good of each and all.
Carrying news of God's sal - va - tion, Bearing life a - mid the dead.
Who sup-ply what He is want-ing? Child of God, will you, will you?

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Invitation Hymn.

"Now is the accepted time."—II Cor. 6: 2.

J. F. W. J. F. W.

Con espressione.

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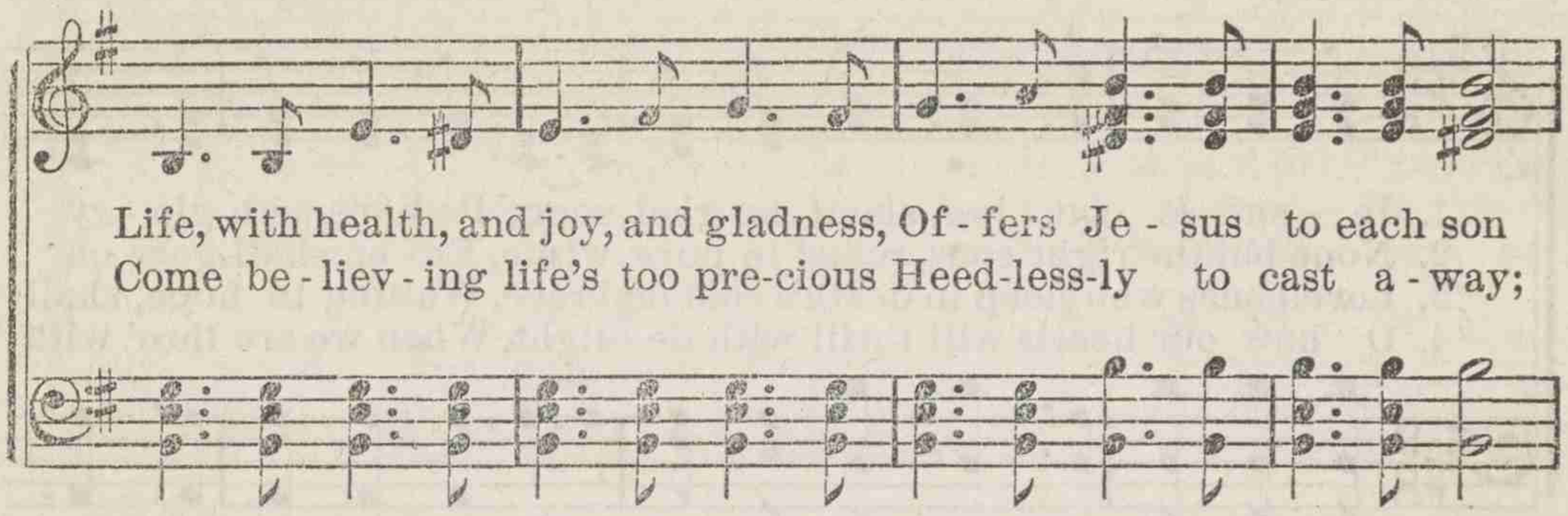
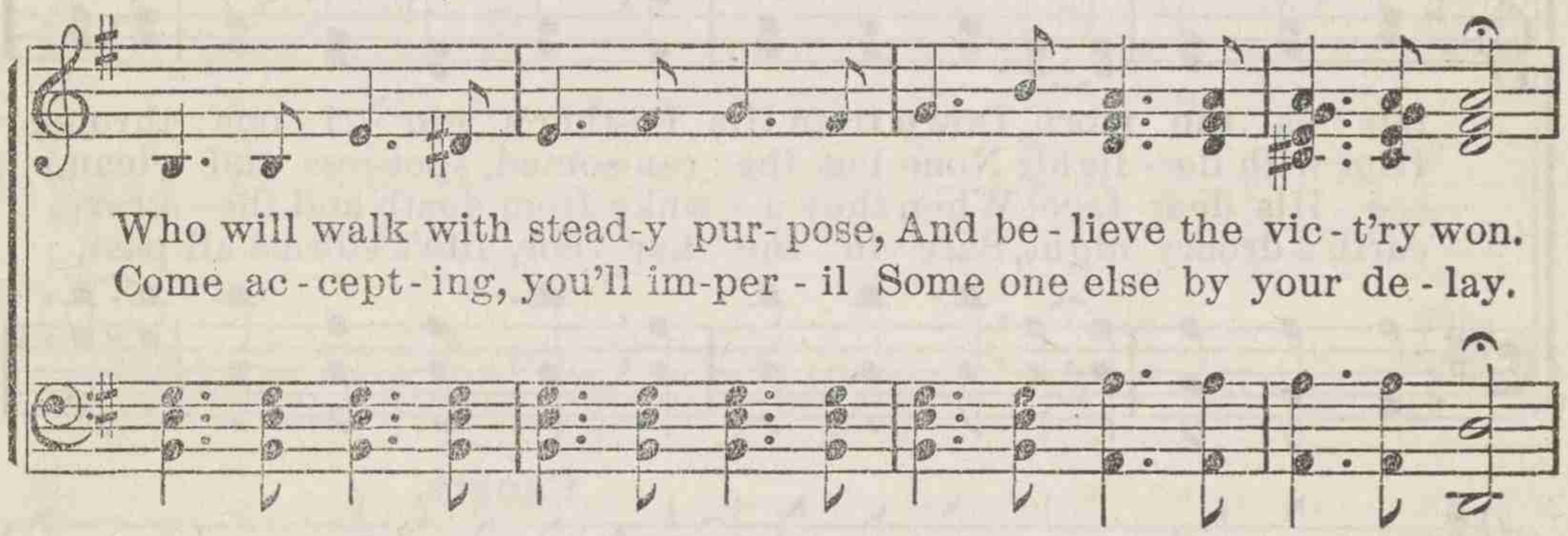
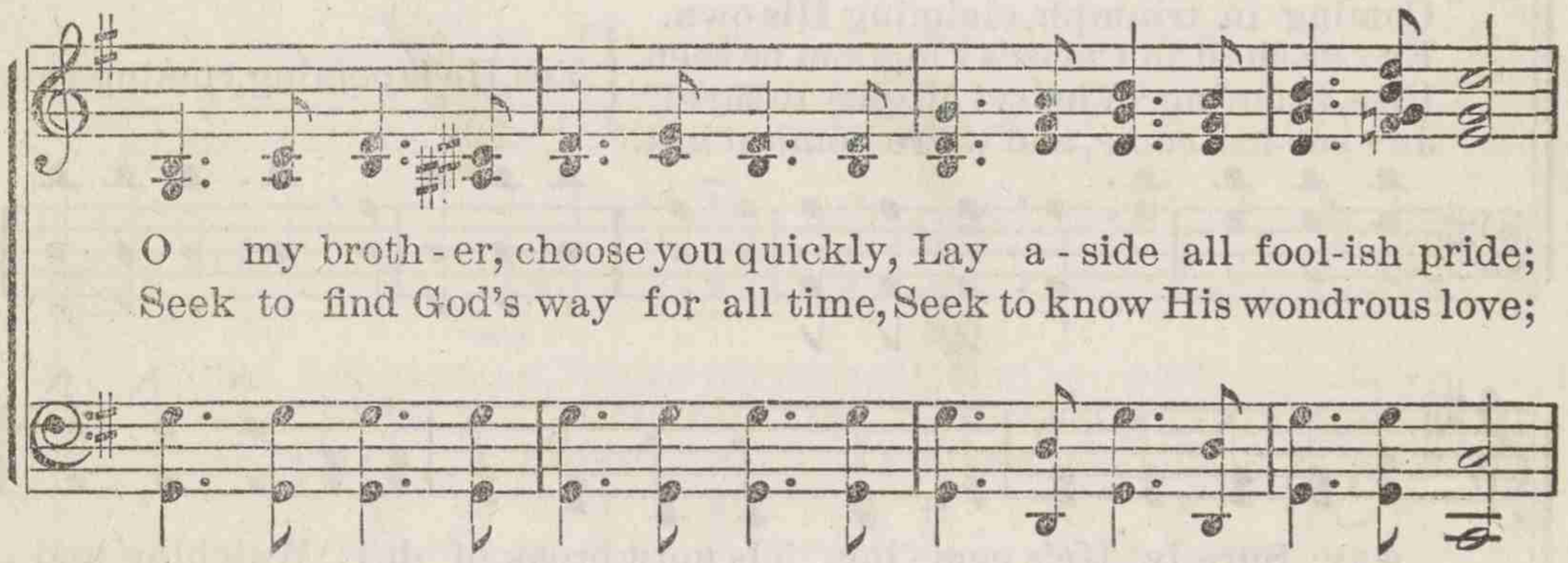
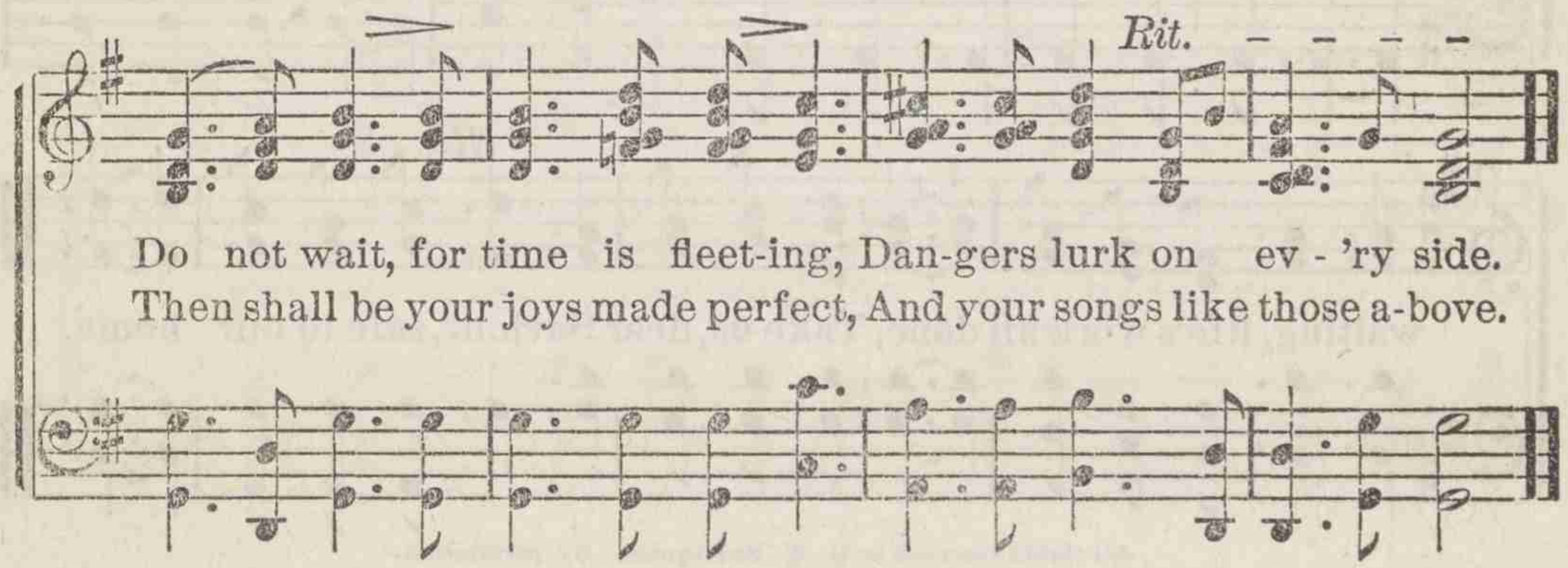

Life, with health, and joy, and gladness, Of - fers Je - sus to each son
Come be - liev - ing life's too pre-cious Heed-less-ly to cast a - way;


Who will walk with stead-y pur- pose, And be - lieve the vic - t'ry won.
Come ac - cept - ing, you'll im-per - il Some one else by your de - lay.


O my broth - er, choose you quickly, Lay a - side all fool-ish pride;
Seek to find God's way for all time, Seek to know His wondrous love;


Rit.
Do not wait, for time is fleet-ing, Dan-gers lurk on ev - 'ry side.
Then shall be your joys made perfect, And your songs like those a-bove.

106 He's Coming This Way.

R. F. CHALK. G. W. SEDERQUIST. 1902.

1. Je - sus is com - ing, shout the glad song, Radiant with glo - ry,
2. None but the right-eous, robed in pure white, Ev - er shall gaze on
3. Loved ones who sleep in death's cold embrace, Waiting in hope, shall
4. O how our hearts will thrill with de - light, When we are thro' with

fair as the morn, Down from His Fa-ther's glo - ri - ous throne,
Him with de - light; None but the ran-somed, spot-less and clean,
see His dear face; When they a - wake from death and the grave,
earth's dreary night, Safe in the har - bor, life's storms all past,

CHORUS.

Coming in triumph, claiming His own.
Ev - er shall in Christ's kingdom be seen.
Rise, shouting "Vict'ry! Mighty to save!"
Je - sus has come, and we're home at last.

} Yes, He is coming, coming this

way; Sure-ly He's com - ing, 't is most break of day; Watching and

Rit.

waiting, life's work all done, Take us, dear Saviour, safe to our home.

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Anon. Arranged.

1. There is a land, a bet - ter land than this— There's my
2. Bright vi - sions of that bliss - ful land ap-pear,— There's my
3. There is a land, a bright - er land than this— Joys are

home, there's my home! A land of pure, un-bound-ed, per-fect
home, there's my home! How long a pil grim must I wan-der
there, joys are there;—No pain or sor - row, sickness or dis-

bliss,— There's my home, there's my home. O how I long for
here?—There's my home, there's my home. O tell me that I
tress Reach-es there, reach-es there. Bright fields of pleas-ure

that bright shore, Where friends will meet to part no more, And
soon shall be, With all the ran - somed ex - iles, free,—In
greet the eye, And crys - tal streams that nev - er dry; O

all our sor - rows will be o'er,—There's my home, there's my home.
that blest land I long to see;—There's my home, there's my home.
give me wings! I now would fly, And be there, and be there.

108 I Shall Behold Him.

"I shall behold His face in righteousness."

G. W. S. G. W. SEDERQUIST, 1903.

1. When the Re-deem-er comes for His cho - sen, Who long have slept in death's cold em-brace, I shall a - wak - en, I shall be-hold Him
2. On - ly be-lieve the words of the Sav-iour, Who has the keys of death and the grave; He will re-deem thee from thy transgressions,
3. All shall be-hold Him on that glad morning When He descends in clouds from the skies; Saints then shall greet Him; mourners found weeping,
4. Then will the slain, who sleep in the val - ley, Waked by the trumpet, rise from the tomb; Look on the form of Him who had bro't them

CHORUS.

Then in His like-ness, face to face.
He is thy King, "The mighty to save."
With His own hand wipe tears from their eyes.
Safe - ly at last to E-den, their home.
} I shall behold Him, I shall be like Him, Ransomed and saved on Canaan's bright shore; I shall be trans-formed in-to His im-age, And like the angels, die nev-er-more.

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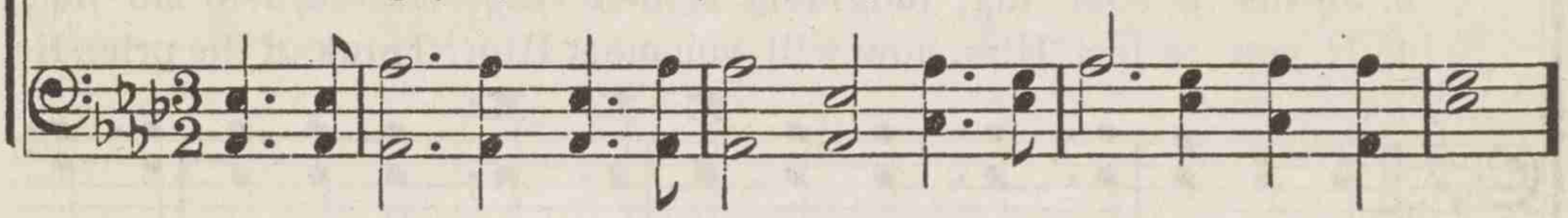
Arranged by CHAS. P. WHITFORD. SPANISH: FROM MARECHIO.

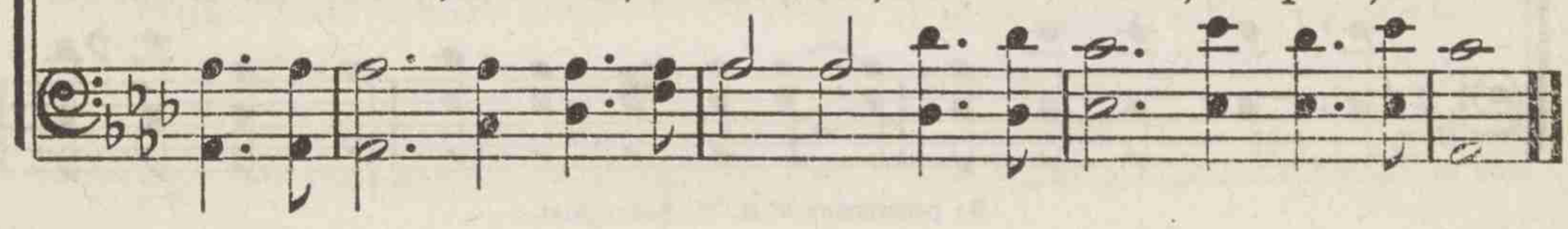
1. That will be a glorious morn-ing When the blood-washed throng shall stand,
2. All their woes will be for-got - ten, All their tears and suff'rings fled;
3. Come and go, my broth-er, sis - ter, To those mansions of the blest;



Free from ev - 'ry shade of sor - row, In fair heav- en's shining land.
There they'll think no more of earth-life, But of heav'n's sweet life instead.
Come and go where our dear Sav-iour Has pre-pared for you a rest.

When they reach their home eternal, Where time's billows cease to roll,
Nev - er - more a shade of sad-ness, While the end - less a - ges roll;
Come and go; why should you tarry? What has earth to bind you here?

They will rest 'mid joys su- per - nal, In the home-land of the soul.
But they'll stand with joy and gladness, In the home-land of the soul.
What but cares, and toils, and sorrows, What but death, and pain, and fear?



Jesus Is Coming.

Harmonized by F. S. STANTON. Words and Music by G. W. SEDERQUIST.

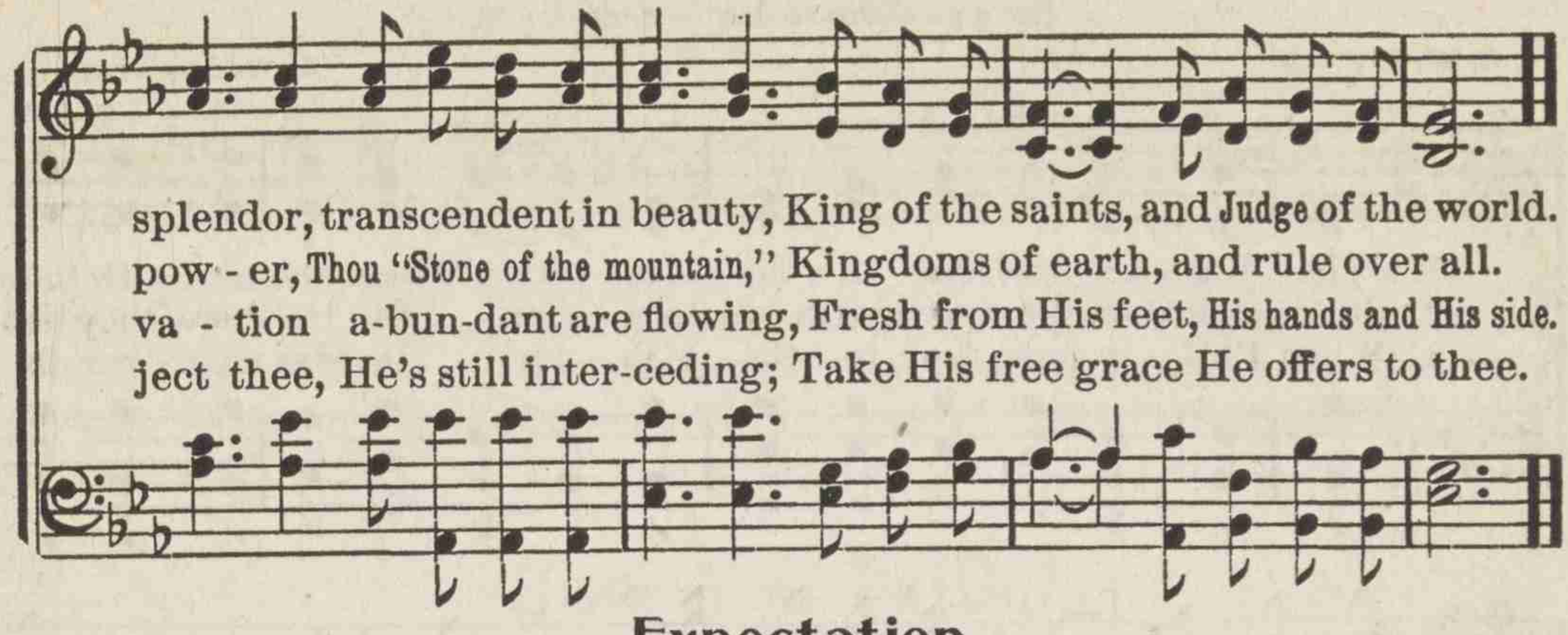
1. Je-sus is com - ing, tell the glad sto - ry; Ring out the mes-sage,
2. Je-sus is com - ing, morn-ing is break-ing, See o'er the hill-tops
3. Je-sus is com - ing, judgment is near - ing; Hasten, dear sin - ner,
4. If you re-ject Him, how will you meet Him? Think of the price He

swell the re-frain; Coming with angels, coming in glo - ry; Coming on
gleams of the day; Shadows are flee-ing, nations are waking, Armed for the
do not de - lay; Yield to Him now, then at His ap-pearing You will es-
paid on the tree; Where for thy pardon gave a full ransom, That you from

earth for - ev - er to reign: Hope of the a - ges, and joy of the
con - flict, in bat - tle ar - ray: Onward to vic-t'ry, Thou Prince of sal-
cape the wrath of that day: List to His pleading in tones of com-
bond - age might ev-er be free; Seek thro' repentance the gateway to

faith - ful, Long by the prophets of Is - rael fore-told, Re - gal in
va - tion; Sound the last trump - et, ech - o the call; Strike in Thy
pas - sion; Look to the cross, for you there He died; Streams of sal-
E - den; Come with your sins, tho' crim-son they be; He'll not re-

By permission of G. W. Sederquist.



Expectation.

Anon. Arranged.

2 Here in this vale of sin and sorrow
I have been wandering many years,
Still looking for that happy morrow
When God would wipe away my tears.

3 Oft-times the tempter comes in power,
Fain then would lead my steps astray;
But when the clouds begin to lower,
Hope turns the darkness into day.

4 O it will be but little longer
I must these many woes endure;
Then let my faith and hope grow stronger;
My Father's promise still is sure.

112. The Loaves and Fishes.

"Give ye them to eat."—Luke 9: 13.

G. W. S. G. W. SEDERQUIST.

1. The Mas - ter was out in the des - ert, Where the mul - ti- tude
2. Christ looked on the crowd with com- pas - sion, As He knew they had
3. When Phil - ip came near to the Mas - ter, It was near - ing the

gath-ered a - round, When the peo-ple grew wea-ry with hun-ger Christ
fast - ed three days; Then He bade the dis - ci - ples go feed them, Which
close of the day, Then he told Him the peo-ple were faint-ing; And

CHORUS.

bade them sit down on the ground.
filled them with ut- ter a - maze.
urged Him to send them a - way.

"Go feed them," said Christ, the Re-

deem-er, "That my bless - ing to all may a - bound;..... Go

a - bound;

scat - ter the loaves and the fishes Where-so-ev - er the hungry are found."

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4 They said to the Master, while doubting
The true meaning of what He had said
"O where shall we find food sufficient
To feed this five thousand with bread?"

5 Said Jesus, "How many loaves have ye?"
It was Andrew, who answered and said
"There's a lad here with two little fishes,
And, alas there's five loaves of bread."

6 No house, nor a tent in the desert,
Not a table, nor chair to be found
When He brake the five loaves and two fishes,
And fed those who sat on the ground.

7 Now fill up the baskets with fragments
Of the fishes and loaves which remain;
And go say to the lost ones around thee,
Christ Jesus is coming again.

Have You Faith?

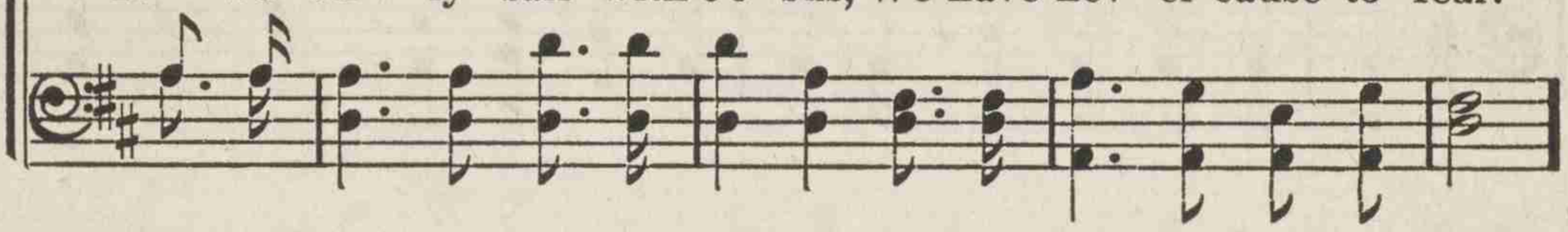
ANON. UNKNOWN.

114 The Port of Peace.

Rev. H. G. Jackson, D. D. Miss Emma E. Meyer.

1. We are on the o - cean sailing, Tossed on life's tumultuous waves,
2. In the lu - rid sky a - bove us, Faith can see no bea-con star,
3. Thus the Twelve, midst angry billows, Struggled long on Gal-i - lee,
4. Let the storm rage ne'er so wild-ly, Be the har-bor far or near,

Night and darkness all a-round us, While the tempest fierce-ly raves.
But our Pi - lot will con-vey us Safe - ly o'er the har-bor bar.
Till the Saviour, roused from slumber, Spake and calmed the troubled sea.
If we on - ly sail with Je - sus, We have nev - er cause to fear.



Chorus.

Soon the storms will all be o - ver, All our dark forebodings cease;—

Home at last, we'll soon cast an-chor Safe with-in the Port of Peace.

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HENRY F. LYTE. LOWELL MASON.

1. My rest is in heav - en, my rest is not here,
2. It is not for me to be seek - ing my bliss,
3. The thorn and the this - tle a - round me may grow,
4. Af - flic - tions may press me, they can - not de - stroy;
5. Let doubt, then, and dan - ger, my pro - gress op - pose,
6. A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,

Then why should I trem - ble when tri - als are near?
Or build - ing my hopes in a re - gion like this;
I would not lie down up - on ro - ses be - low;
One glimpse of His love turns them all in - to joy;
They on - ly make heav - en more sweet at its close;
I march on in haste through an en - e - my's land;

Be hushed, my sad spir - it, the worst that can come
I look for a cit - y that hands have not piled,
I ask not my por - tion, I seek not my rest,
And the bit - t'rest tears, if He smile but on them,
Come joy, or come sor - row, what - e'er may be - fall,
The road may be rough, but it can - not be long;

But short - ens my jour - ney, and has - tens me home.
I pant for a coun - try by sin un - de - filed.
Till I find them for - ev - er on Je - sus' breast.
Like dew in the sun - shine, grow dia - mond and gem.
An hour with my God will make up for them all.
I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

The Story of a Hymn.

More than half a century ago Charlotte Elliott, an accomplished young lady, was preparing for a grand ball to be given in her native town. Full of gay anticipation, she started out one day to her dress-maker to have a fine dress fitted for the occasion.

Her parents were Baptist people, with whom she attended church quite regularly, and with whose views she gave assent; but she had never given herself to the Lord. Their pastor was an amiable godly man whom Charlotte had learned to esteem very highly. On her way to the dress-maker she met this earnest, faithful man, who greeted her kindly, and in the short exchange of words that followed their morning greeting she said to the reverend gentleman that she was going to attend the coming festive ball. In his great love for her soul, he reasoned and expostulated with her; intreating her to reconsider the matter and not attend. She could not see the importance of yielding to his humble intreaties, and finally becoming greatly vexed, said to him: "I wish you would mind your own business, and I will attend to mine." And then she proceeded on her wayward course.

In due time the ball came off. It was well attended, and Charlotte Elliott was the gayest of the gay, and admired of all present. After dancing all night she returned to her home, far from being happy. The manner in which she had dismissed her pastor who had always been a loving and cherished friend, and who had always treated her kindly, was weighing heavily upon her heart.

She sought rest in sleep, but the truth of her pastor's words came to her mind and would allow her no rest. After three days and nights of the severest mental anguish, unable to obtain rest, she sought her pastor to obtain his pardon, saying, "For three days I have been the most wretched girl in the world and now, O that I were a christian! I want to be happy. What must I do?"

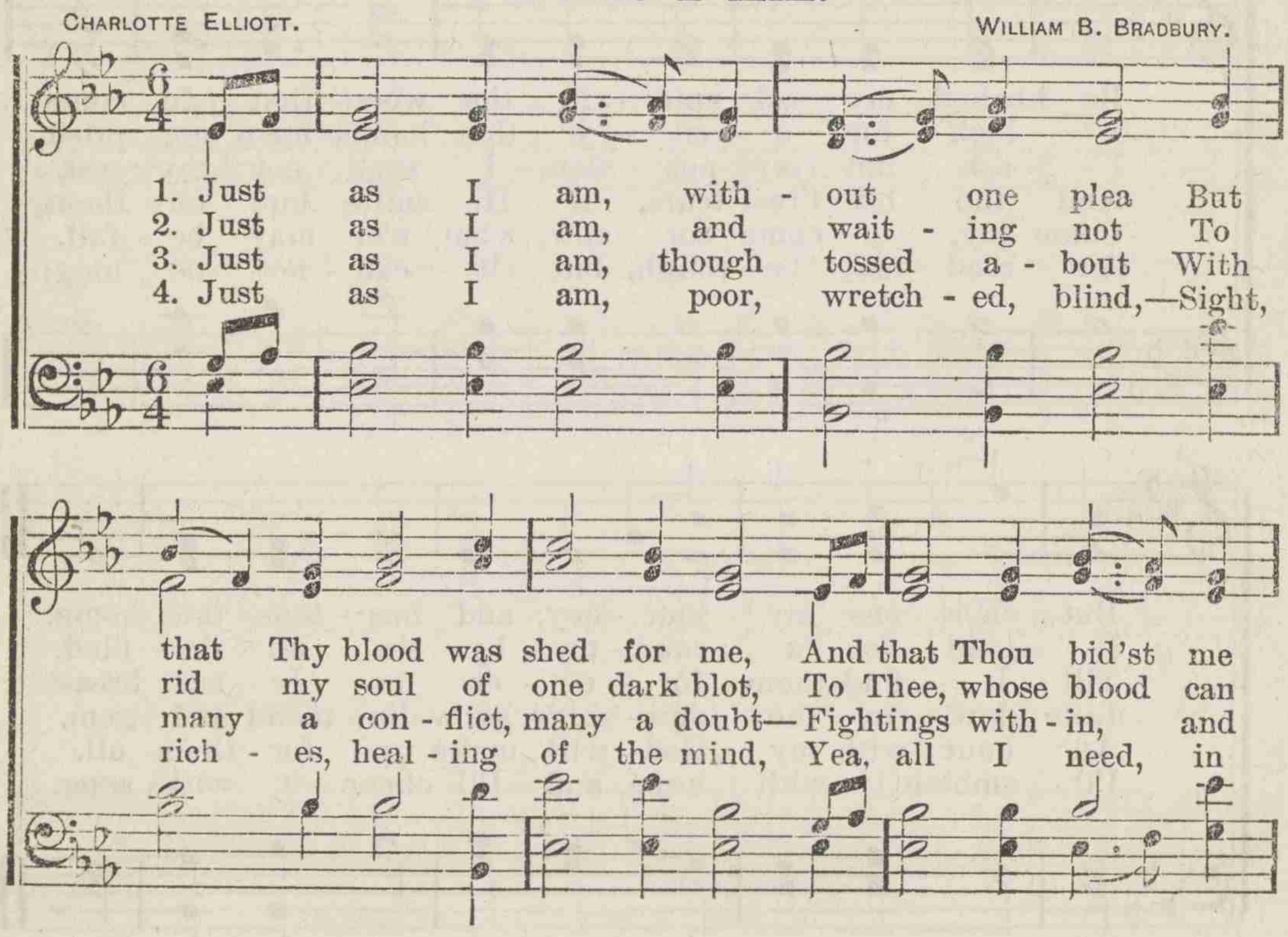
The pastor freely forgave her for rudeness to himself, and joyfully directed her to the true source of peace.

"My child, just give yourself to the Lamb of God just as you are." This was a new gospel to her. She had never comprehended it before. "What, just as I am," she asked?" "Do you know that I am one of the worst sinners in the world? How can He accept me just as I am?" "That is exactly what you must believe," was the answer. "You must come to Him just as you are." The young girl felt overwhelmed as this simple truth took possession of her mind. She went to her room and there knelt down and offered her heart, guilty and vile as it was, to be cleansed and made fit for His indwelling. As she knelt, peaceful overflowing joy filled her soul.

Inspired by the new and rapturous experience, she then arose from her knees, and taking pen in hand wrote for us that beautiful hymn:—

Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



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 every barrier down;
Now to be thine, and thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

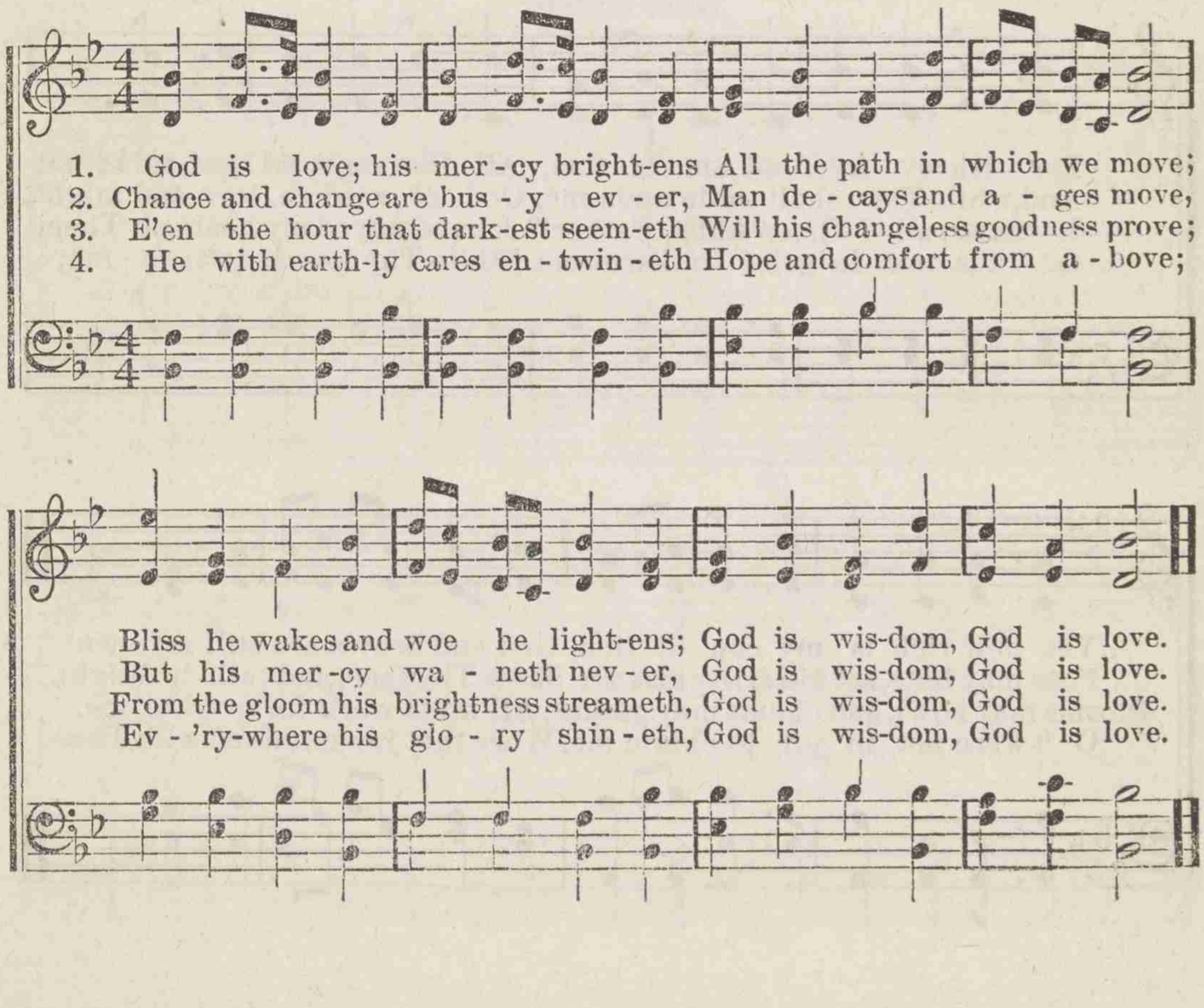
Little did Charlotte Elliott think of fame, or of the immortality of the words she had written. It was simply putting her own heart on paper; and the hymn, born of mysterious experience, appeals to other hearts needing the cleansing power of the blood of the Lamb.

O that every one of us might feel the same desire taking possession of our hearts to come to the precious Lamb of God just as we are, as was in the heart of Charlotte Elliott, and which gave inspiration to these beautiful words which have so often thrilled our own hearts with joy.

God is Love.

(WILMOT.)

J. BOWRING. CARL MARIA VON WEBER.



118 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

HENRY F. LYTE. JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too;
3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure! Comes, dis-as-ter, scorn, and pain!
4. Man may trouble and dis-tress me, 'T will but drive me to Thy breast;

Na - ked, poor, despised, for-sak-en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Human hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not, like man, un-true;
In Thy serv-ice, pain is pleasure; With Thy fa - vor, loss is gain.
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love and might,
I have called Thee, "Abba, Father!" I have stayed my heart on Thee;
O 't is not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;

Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.
O 't were not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Olivet.

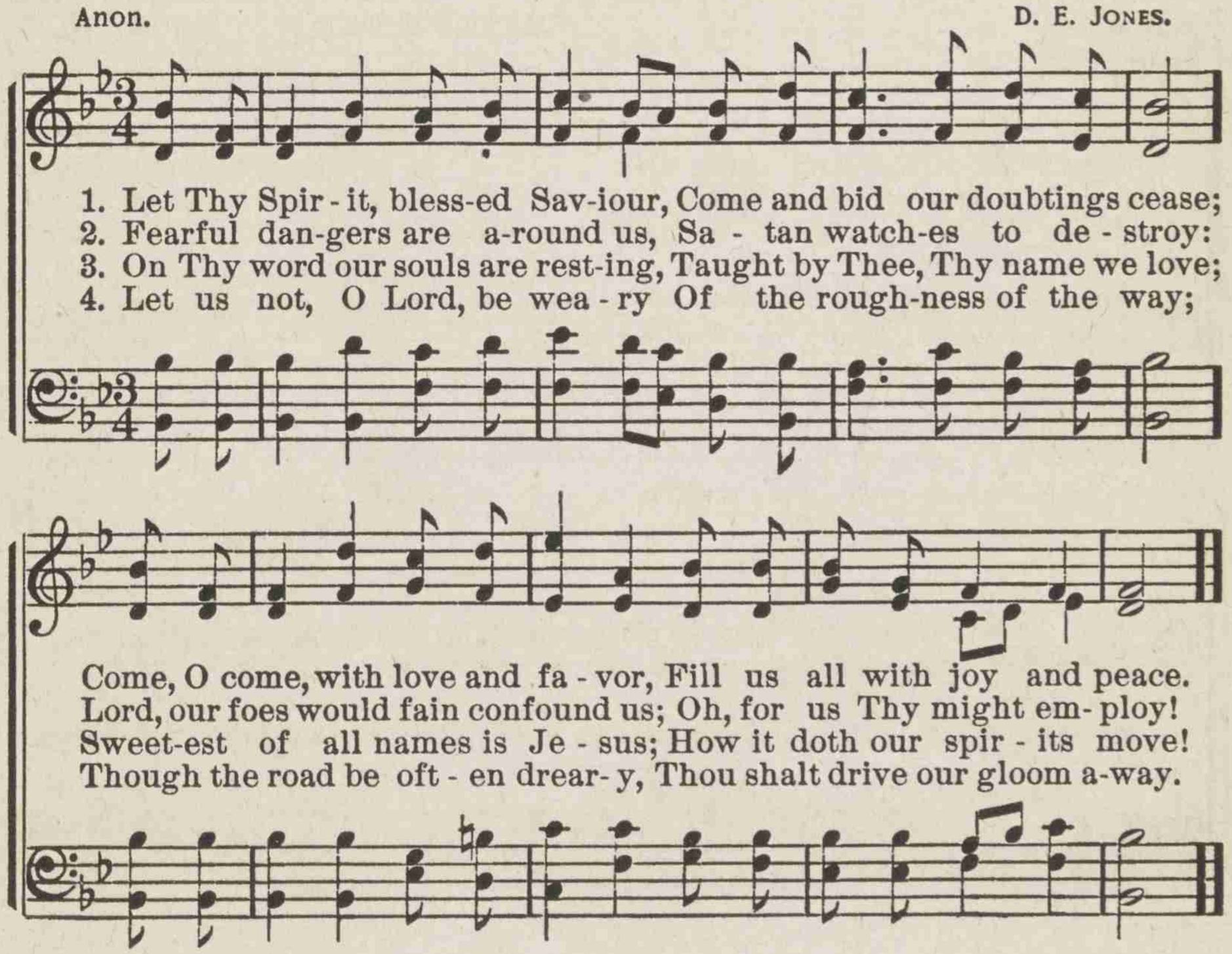
RAY PALMER

LOWELL MASON

Stockwell.

Anon.

D. E. JONES.

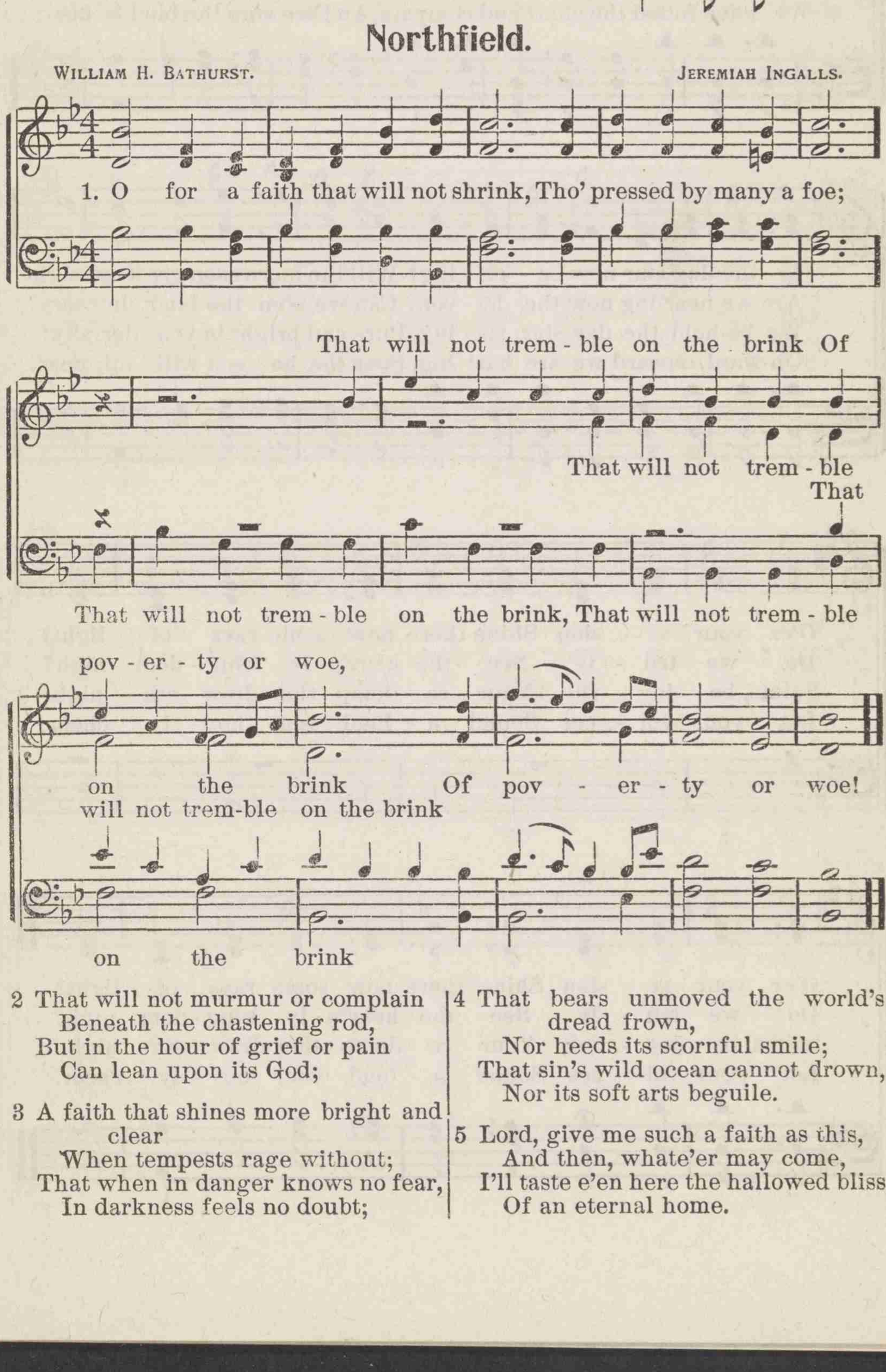


Eden Home.

Arr. by A. Bailey.

Northfield.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST. JEREMIAH INGALLS.



2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God;

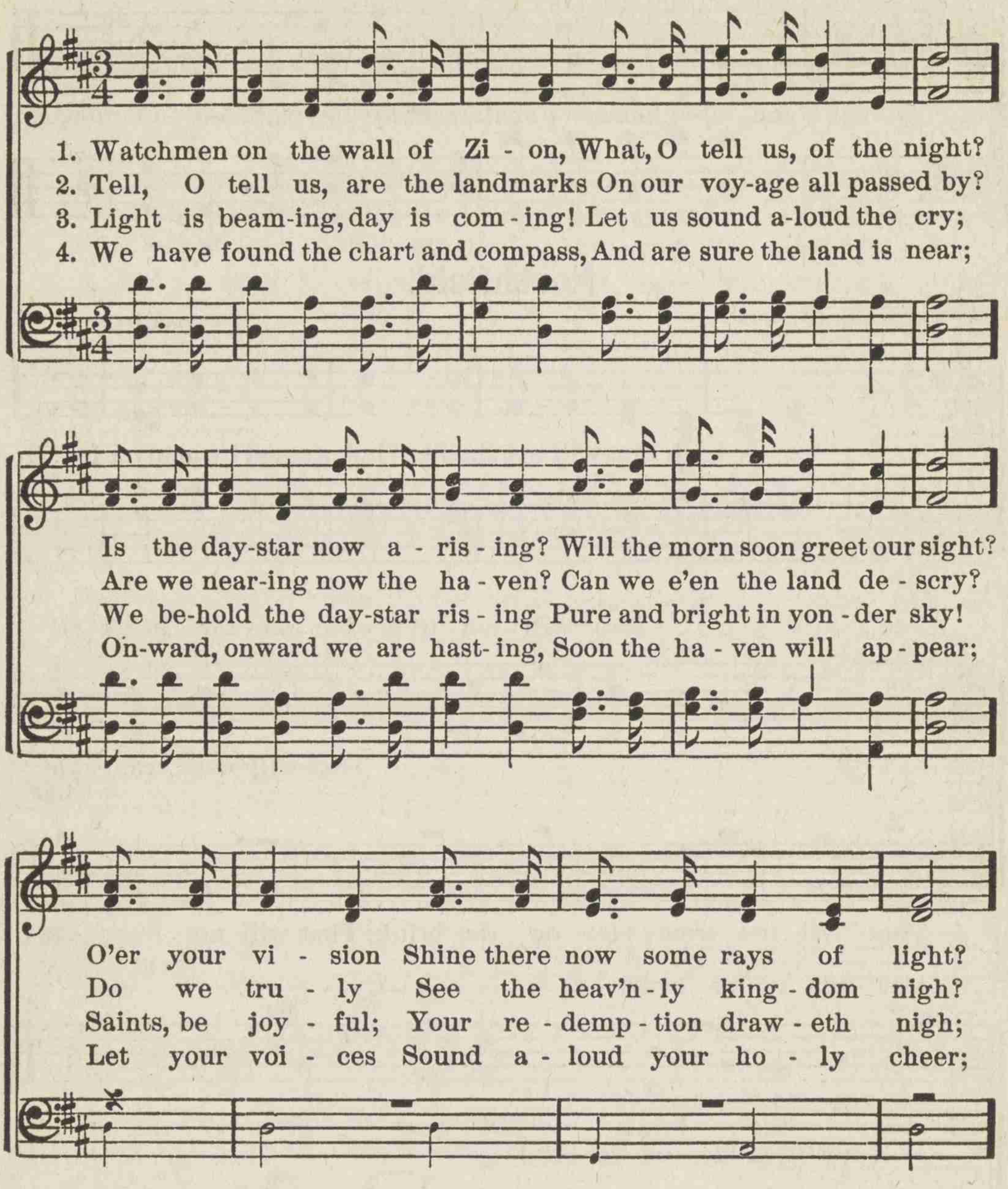
3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

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.

Waiting For Christ.

Anon. THOMAS HASTINGS.



THOMAS HASTINGS. JOSIAH HOPKINS.

1. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, draw near!
2. De - lay not, de - lay not, why lon - ger a - buse
3. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, to come;
4. De - lay not, de - lay not, the Spir - it of grace
5. De - lay not, de - lay not, the hour is at hand,

The wa - ters of life are now flow - ing for thee;
The love and com - pas - sion of Je - sus, thy God?
For Mer - cy still lin - gers, and calls thee to - day:
Long grieved and re - sist - ed may take his sad flight,
The earth shall dis - solve, and the heav - ens shall fade,

No price is de - mand - ed, the Sav - iour is here;
A foun - tain is o - pen; how canst thou re - fuse
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
And leave thee in dark - ness to fin - ish thy race,
The dead, small and great, in the Judg - ment shall stand;

Re - demp - tion is pur-chased, sal - va - tion is free.
To wash and be cleansed in His par - don - ing blood?
Her mes - sage, un - heed - ed, will soon pass a - way.
To sink in the gloom of e - ter - ni - ty's night.
What pow'r then, O sin - ner, will lend thee its aid?

The Beautiful Land.

"We look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."—
GEO. LEWIS. II PET. 3: 13. D. S. HAKES.

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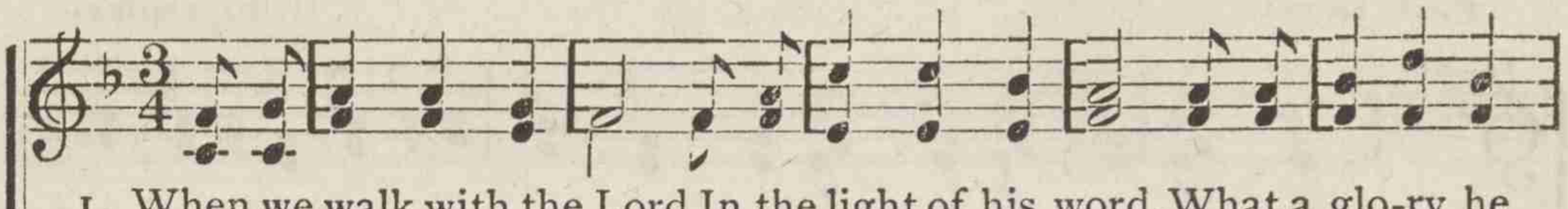
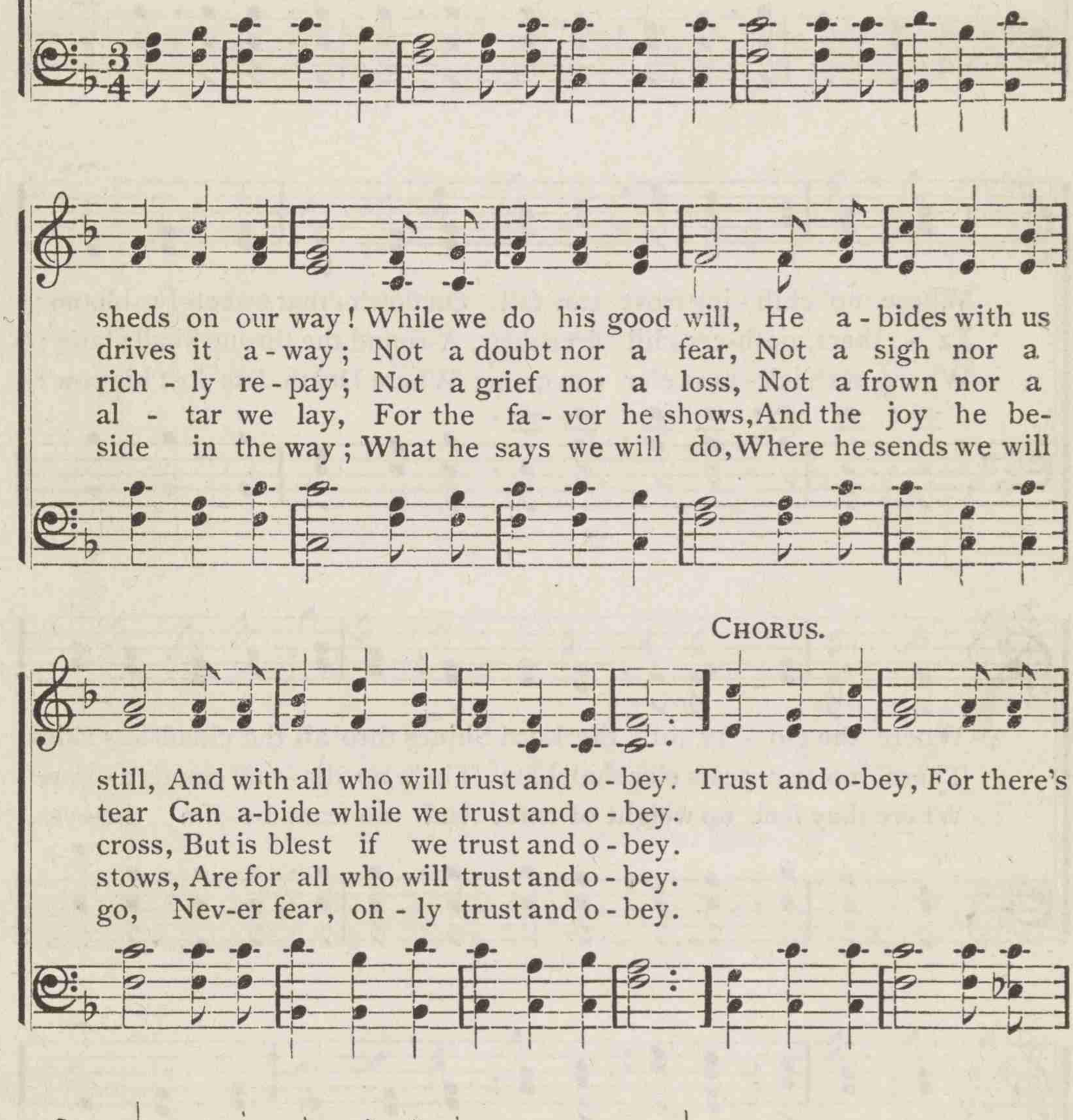
Trust and Obey.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.



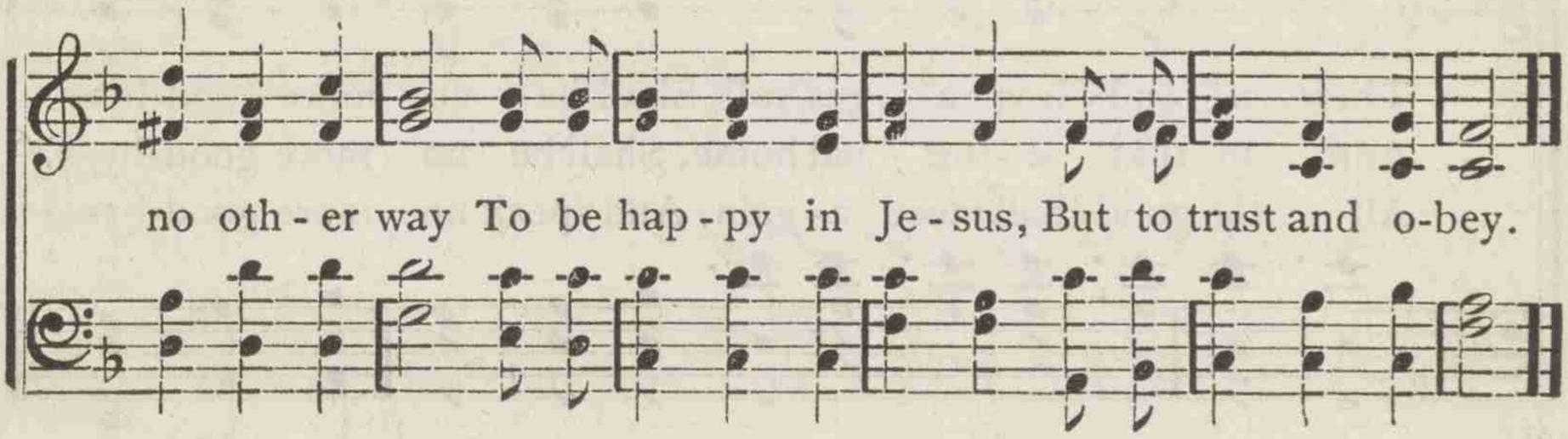
1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glo-ry he
2. Not a sha-dow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil he doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The delights of his love Un-til all on the
5. Then in fel - low-ship sweet We will sit at his feet, Or we'll walk by his



sheds on our way! While we do his good will, He a - bides with us
drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
al - tar we lay, For the fa - vor he shows, And the joy he be-
side in the way; What he says we will do, Where he sends we will

CHORUS.

still, And with all who will trust and o - bey. Trust and o-bey, For there's
tear Can a-bide while we trust and o - bey.
cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
stows, Are for all who will trust and o - bey.
go, Nev-er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.



no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, But to trust and o-bey.

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No More Good-byes.

E. B. LATTA. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Where life's crystal stream doth flow, And the tree of life doth bloom,
2. There the good a-gain shall meet, Who have clasp'd the parting hand;
3. Where no signs of age are seen, And they nev - er sor - row more,

Where no chill - ing frost can fall On flow'rs that sweet- ly bloom;
Fa - thers, moth-ers, chil - dren dear, A-round the throne shall stand;
Where no sick - ness e'er can come, Where Death has lost his pow'r;

Where the glo - ry of the Lord Shines thro' all the cloud-less skies,
There no tem-pests e'er shall blow, There no dis - mal clouds a - rise,
Where they feel no weight of care, And no tears be-dim the eyes,

There, as end - less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes.
And in that e - ter - nal home, Shall be no more good-byes.
All the good shall meet a- gain, And speak no more good-byes.

By permission.

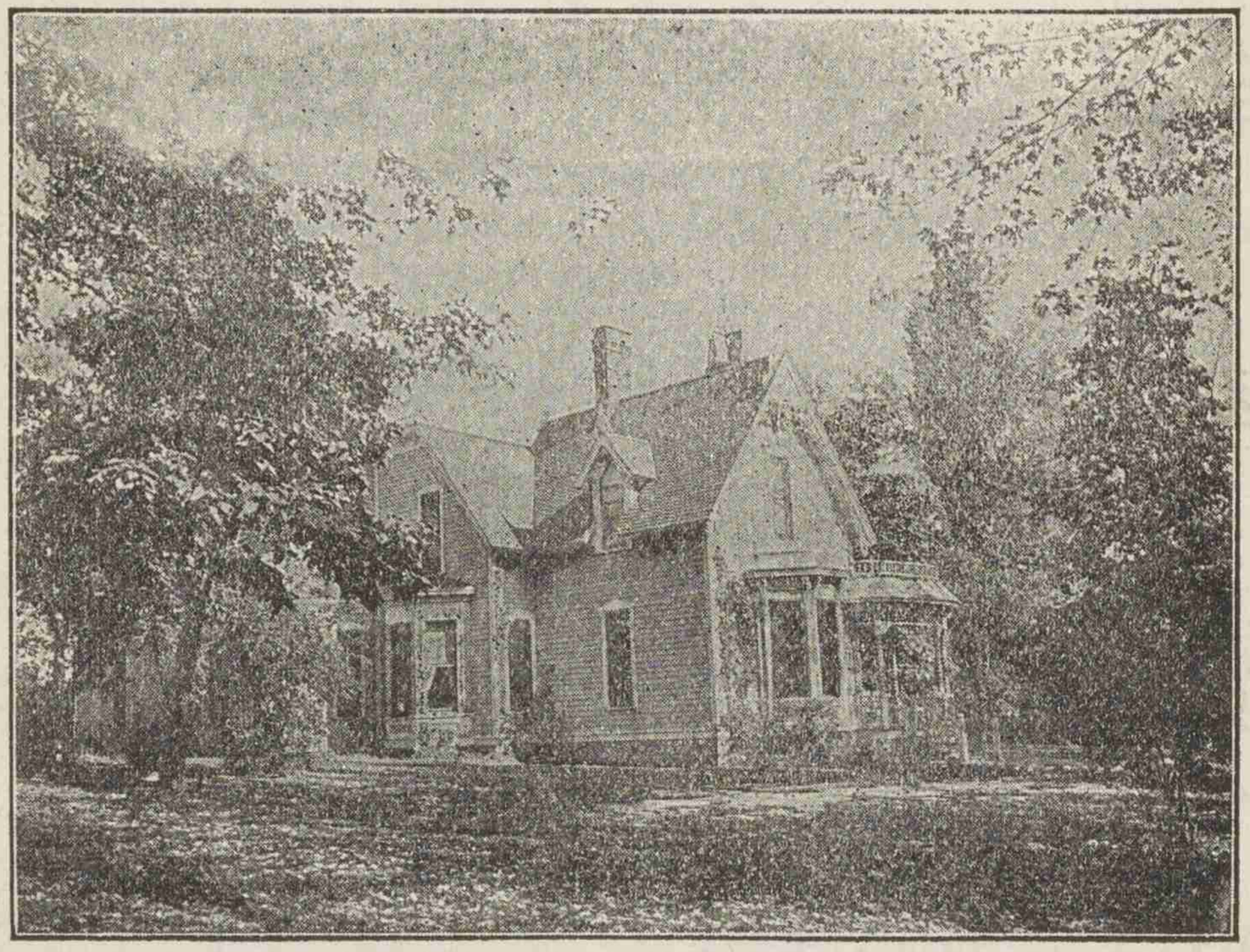
CHORUS.

No more good-byes, ... no more good-byes, . . .
No more good-byes, no more good-byes,
O bless - ed thought! . . . . No more good-byes;
O blessed thought!
'Midst the glo - ry of the Lord, In that home be-yond the skies,
Where the end - less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes.

SONGS FOR SOCIAL GATHERINGS

AND THE

HOME CIRCLE



"God meant, when He made this world cheerful and bright,
Then looked it all over and said 'twas all right,—
He meant that this world, as he gazed on it there,
Should blossom with homes, rich, and radiant, and fair;
That His chain of love—gold flung from Heaven's dome,
Should be forged into links, and each link be a home.
So the science of home is the chiefest of all,
To ward off these dangers that ever befall;
To use all the means God hath placed in our sight;
To keep our homes innocent, happy, and bright;
For a home that rejoices in love's saving leaven,
Comes deliciously nigh to the splendors of heaven."

J. H. W. Rev. J. H. Weber

1. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's pray'r, When he has wan -dered, God knows where? It's down the path of death and shame,
2. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's face, Where heart was kind and filled with grace? Her lov - ing voice it ech - oes sweet;
3. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's door, From which he wan - dered years be - fore? With tears and sighs she said, "Good-bye,
4. Can a boy for - get that she is dead, Tho' man - y years have passed and fled? Those tears, that pray'r, that sweet "Goodbye;"

But moth - er's pray'rs are heard the same!
She waits, she longs her boy to meet!
Meet me, my boy, be - yond the sky!"
She waits to wel - come thee on high!
} Come back, my boy,

come back, I say, And walk now in thy mother's way! Come back, my boy, come back, I say, And walk now in thy mother's way.

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130 The Things We Leave Undone.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER. ASA SMITH. Arr. by M. T. GARLAND.

Moderato.

1. It's not the thing you do, dear, But the thing you leave un-
2. The stone you might have lift - ed Out of a broth - er's
3. These lit - tle acts of kind - ness So eas - i - ly out of
4. For life is all too short, dear, And sor - row is all too

done, Which gives you a bit of heart - ache At the
way, The bit of heart - some coun - sel You were
mind, These chan - ces to be an - gels Which
great To suf - fer our slow com - pas - sion That

set - ting of the sun. The ten - der word un -
hur - ried too much to say, The lov - ing touch of the
e - ven mor - tals find, They come in night and
tar - ries un - til too late; And its not the thing you

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spok - en, The let - ter you did not write, The
hand, dear, The gen - tle and win - some tone That you
si - lence, Each chill, re-proach - ful wraith, When
do, dear, But the thing you leave un - done, Which

flower you might have sent, dear, Are your haunting ghosts at night.
had no time or thought for, With troubles enough of your own.
hope is faint and flag - ging, And a blight has dropped on faith.
gives you the bit - ter heart - ache At the set - ting of the sun.

CHORUS.

It's not the thing you do, dear, But the thing you leave un-done, Which

gives you a bit of heart - ache, At the set - ting of the sun.

Two Little Pairs of Boots.

To A. A. Dodge, Battle Creek, Mich.

S. T. PERRY. J. H. PIXLEY.

Moderato. Soft and subdued throughout.

1. Two lit - tle pairs of boots to-night, Be - fore the fire are dry - ing,
2. Those lit - tle boots with cop - per toes! They ran the live long day!
3. They walk a - bout the new-plowed ground, Where mud in plen - ty lies,
4. To - day, I was dis - posed to scold; But when I look, to- night, At

Two lit - tle pairs of ti - red feet, In their trun - dle bed are ly - ing;
And oft times I al - most wish That they were miles a - way!
They roll it up in mar-bles round, Then bake it in - to pies;
those lit - tle boots be - fore the fire, With cop - per toes so bright,

The tracks they left up- on the floor Make me feel much like sigh-ing.
So tired am I to hear so oft Their heav - y tramp at play.
And then at night up- on the floor In ev - 'ry shape it dries!
I think how sad my heart would be, To put then out of sight.

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REFRAIN. To be sung after the 2d, 3rd, 5th & 7th verses.

5 For in a trunk, up-stairs, I've laid
Two socks of white and blue;
If called to put those boots away,
O God, what should I do?
I mourn that there are not, tonight,
Three pairs instead of two.

6 I mourn because I thought how nice
My neighbor, "cross the way,"
Could keep her carpets, all the year,
From getting worn and gray;
Yet, well I know she'd smile to own
Some little boots today!

7 We mothers weary get and worn,
Over our load of care;
But how we speak of those little ones
Let each of us beware;
For what would our fireside be tonight
If no little boots were there.

134 Speak a Kind Word When You Can.

(Appropriate on the occasion of a Wedding.)

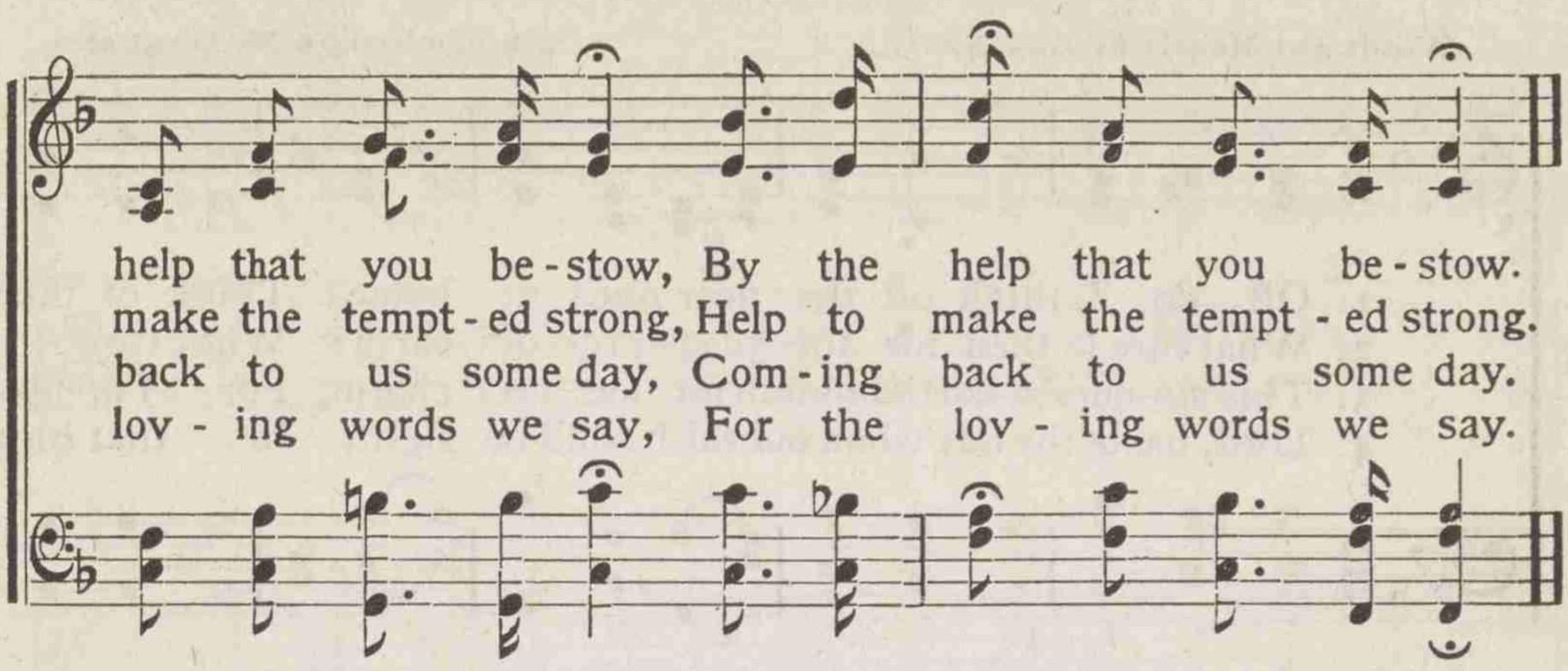
Arranged by C. P. WHITFORD. Melody by S. M. GRANNIS.

1. Do you know a heart that hungers For a word of love and cheer?
2. Lov - ing words will cost but lit - tle, Journeying up the hill of life;
3. Look a - round you, O my broth-er, What a sin is yours and mine,
4. Many a wife is hungry, starving, For a lit - tle word of love;

There are ma - ny such a - bout us, It may be that one is near.
But they make the weak and wea-ry Stronger, bra - ver, for the strife.
If we see that help is need-ed And we give no friend - ly sign.
Speak it then, and as the sunshine Gilds the loft - y peaks a-bove;

Look a - round you; If you find it, Speak the words that's
It may be that some one fal - ters On the brink of
Nev - er think kind words are wast - ed, Bread on wa - ters
So the joy of those who hear it Sends its ra - diance

need - ed so; And your own heart may be strengthened By the
sin and wrong, And a word from you might save him, Help to
cast are they; And it may be we shall find them Com - ing
down life's way, And the world is bright - er, bet - ter, For the

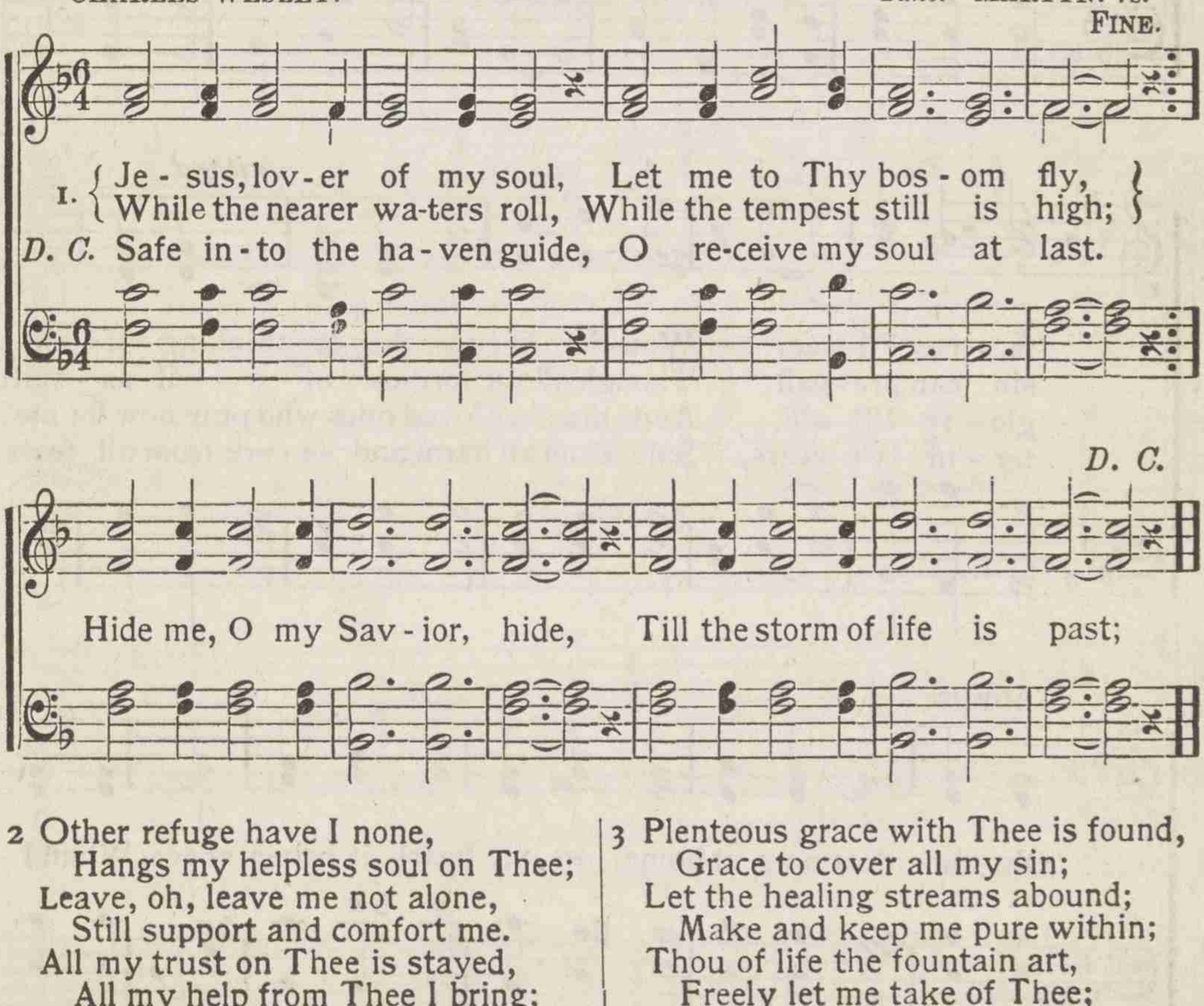


5 Tell the wife who walks beside you
Faithfully, whate'er betide,
That you love her, and the telling
Makes the day seem glorified.
Just the little simple telling
Of your love for her! Ah, me!
If we knew each poor heart's longing,
How much kinder would we be.

6 So as up life's hill we journey,
Let us scatter all the way
Kindly words to be as sunshine
In the dark and cloudy day.
Grudge no loving word, my brother,
As along through life you go,
To the one who journeys with you;
If you love them, tell them so.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. *Tune:*—MARTYN. 7s.



2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

136 The Dear Ones At Home.

Words and Melody by ASA SMITH. Harmonized by M. GARLAND.

1. Oft do I think of the dear ones at home, Think of them
2. What care I then for the pleas-ures of earth? What care I
3. This sin-cursed earth holdeth for me no charm, For I'm up -
4. Lord, haste the day when our faith shall be sight, In that blest

fond - ly where'er I may roam; Won-der if e'er their dear
then for its joys and its mirth? 'Gainst me no pow - er of
held by a strong, loving arm; Soon His dear face in its
land where there'll be no more night; There we shall dwell thro' e -

ritard.

fa - ces I'll see, Won-der if now they are thinking of me.
sin can pre - vail, Though all the forc-es of e - vil as - sail.
glo - ry I'll see, And the dear loved ones who pray now for me.
ter - ni - ty's years, Safe from all harm and se-cure from all fears.

CHORUS.

Oh, the dear ones at home, to my heart it brings cheer, When I

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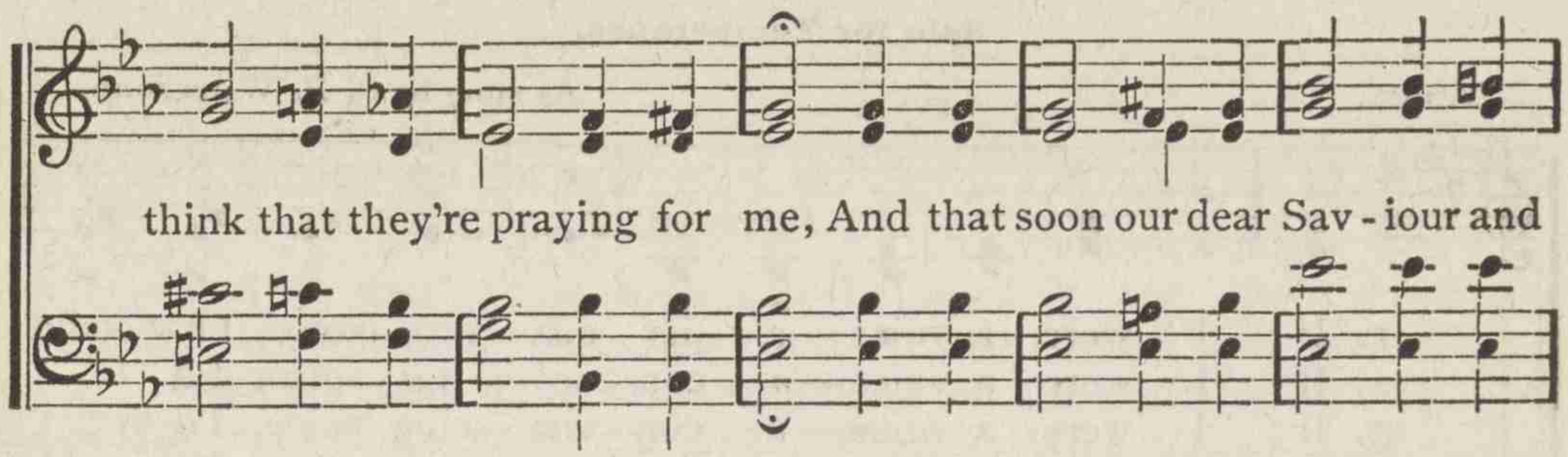
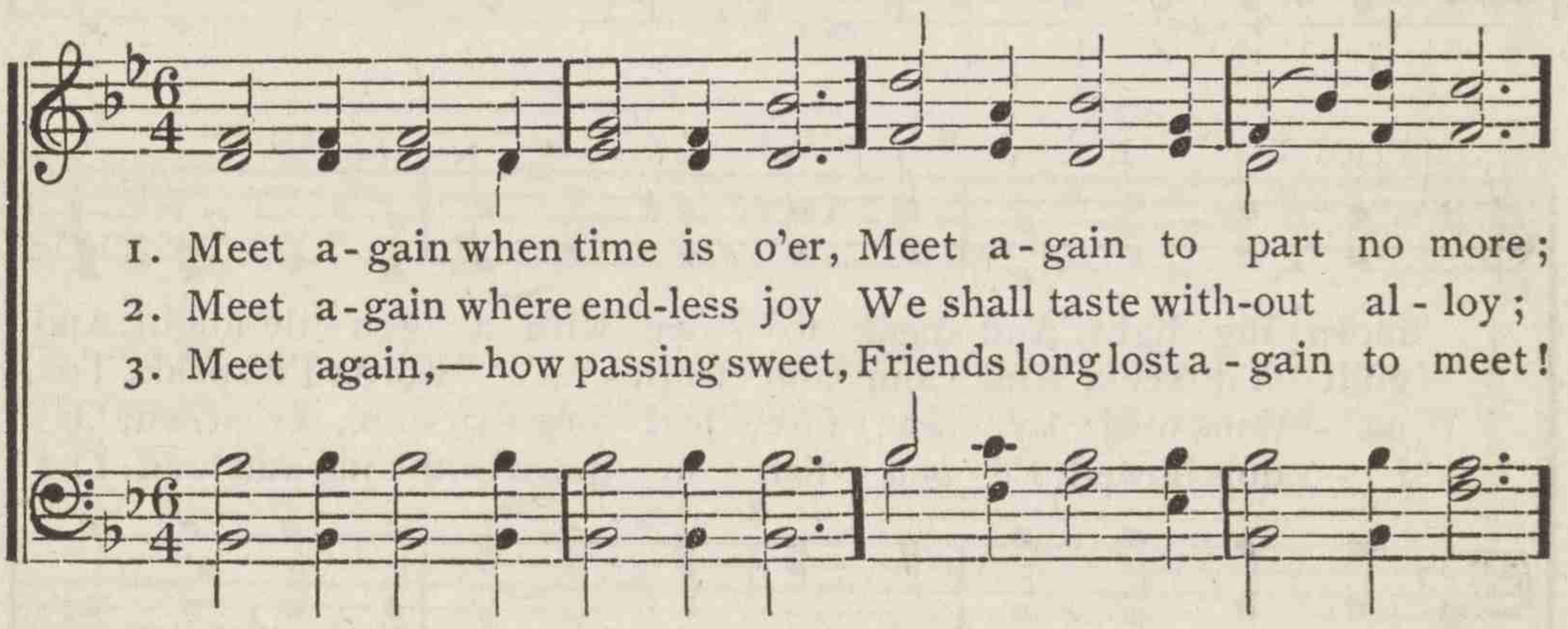
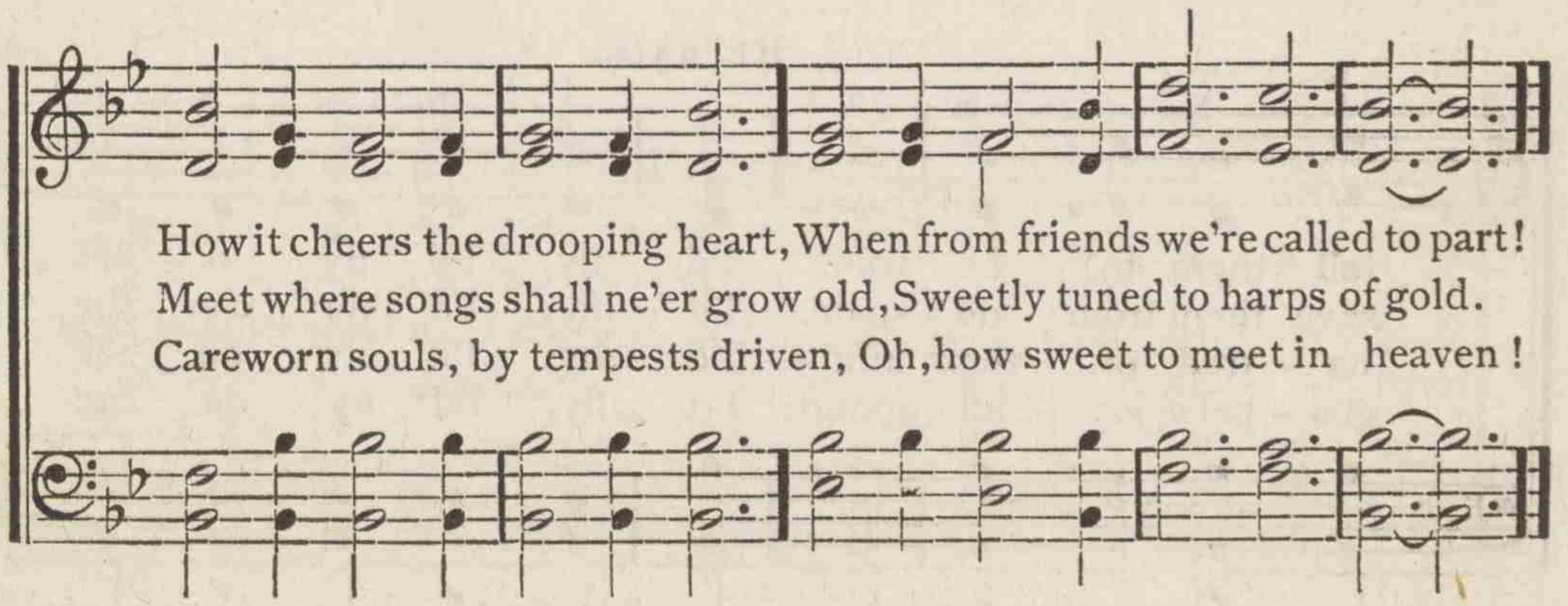


Meet Again.

L. S. Hall.





138 I'll Tell Them To Be True.

Solo for Temperance.

ANON. As sung by C. P. WHITFORD.

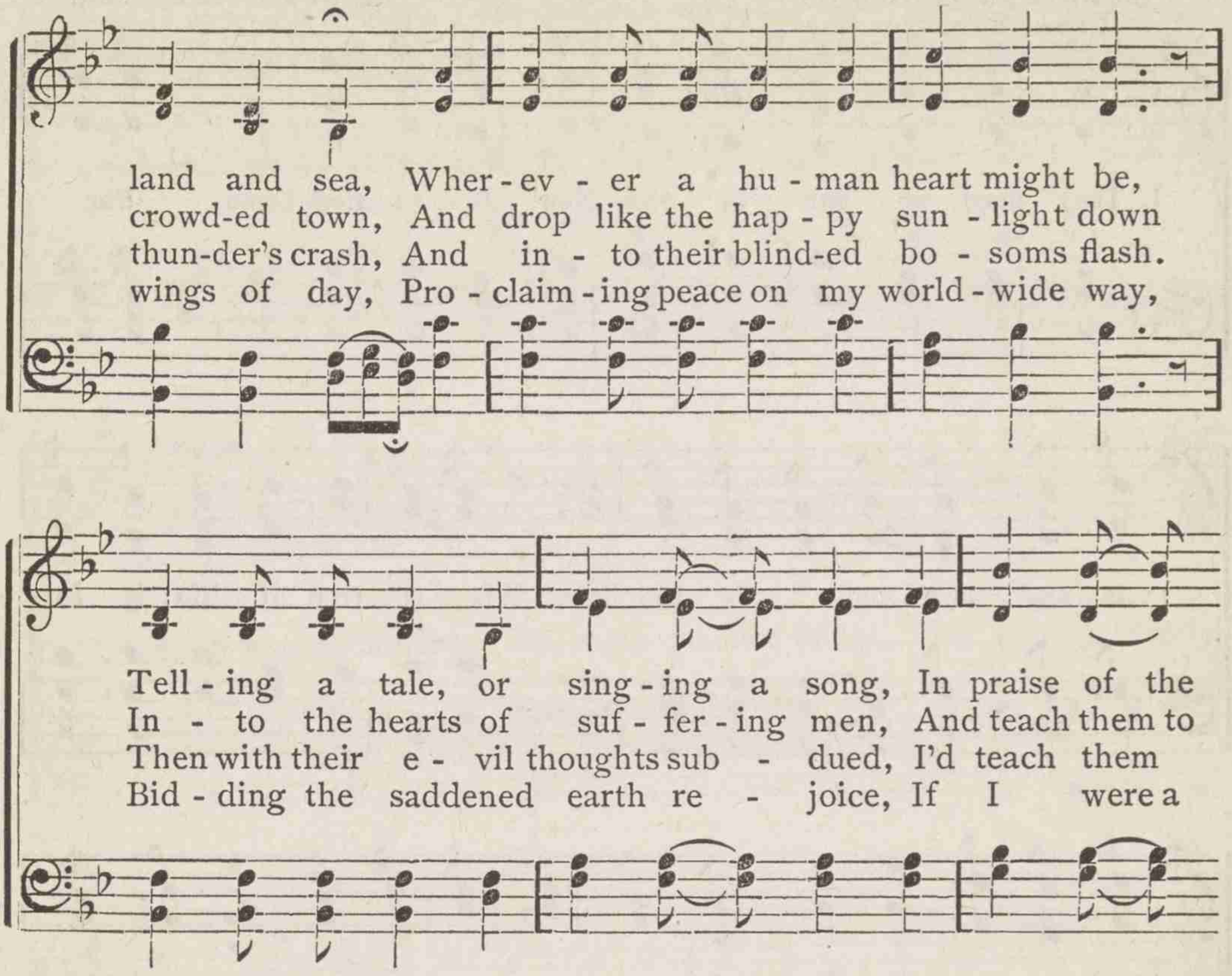
1. If I were a voice—a per - sua - sive voice, That could
2. If I were a voice—a con - sol - ing voice, I'd
3. If I were a voice—a con - vin - cing voice, I'd
4. If I were a voice—an im - mor - tal voice, I'd

trav - el the wide world through, I'd fly on the beams of the
fly on the wings of the air; The homes of sor - row and
trav - el with the wind; And wher - e'er I saw the
fly the earth a - round; And wher - ev - er man to his

morn - ing light, And speak to men with a gen - tle might, And
guilt I'd seek, And calm and truth - ful words I'd speak, To
na - tions torn By war - fare, jeal - ous - y, spite, or scorn, Or
i - dols bowed, I'd pub - lish in notes both long and loud, The

REFRAIN.

tell them to be true. I'd fly, I'd fly o - ver
save them from de - spair. I'd fly, I'd fly o'er the
ha - tred of their kind— I'd fly, I'd fly on the
gos - pel's joy - ful sound. I'd fly, I'd fly on the


land and sea, Wher - ev - er a hu - man heart might be,
crowd-ed town, And drop like the hap - py sun - light down
thun-der's crash, And in - to their blind-ed bo - soms flash.
wings of day, Pro - claim - ing peace on my world - wide way,
Tell - ing a tale, or sing - ing a song, In praise of the
In - to the hearts of suf - fer - ing men, And teach them to
Then with their e - vil thoughts sub - dued, I'd teach them
Bid - ding the saddened earth re - joice, If I were a
right, in blame of the wrong; Tell - ing a tale, or
look up a - gain; In - to the hearts of
Chris - tian broth - er - hood; Then with their e - vil
voice—an im - mor - tal voice; Bid - ding sad - dened
sing-ing a song, In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong.
suf - fer-ing men, And teach them to look up a - gain.
thoughts subdued, I'd teach them Chris - tian broth - er - hood.
earth re - joice, If I were a voice—an im - mor - tal voice.

The New Jerusalem Home.

MINNIE A. SANDERSON. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Unison Solo.

CHORUS.

2 The heart must ache, and the back has got to bend,
In this world of sadness and care;
A few more days and the trouble all will end,
Then my brother, oh! my brother, we'll be there.
A few more days we can spread the message true,
Over mountain, and valley, and shore,
Then the Lord Himself will come for me and you,
And will take us to our home evermore.

3 When we reach the shores of the New Jerusalem,
We will sit at the marriage feast,
And we'll sing the song of Moses and the Lamb,
Where partings and tears have ceased.
We'll drink deep draughts from the river of life,
And lave in its crystal flow;
We will taste the joys and the endless pleasures rife,
And follow where the Lamb may go.

142

Be True to My Saviour.

C. P. WHITFORD. Unknown.

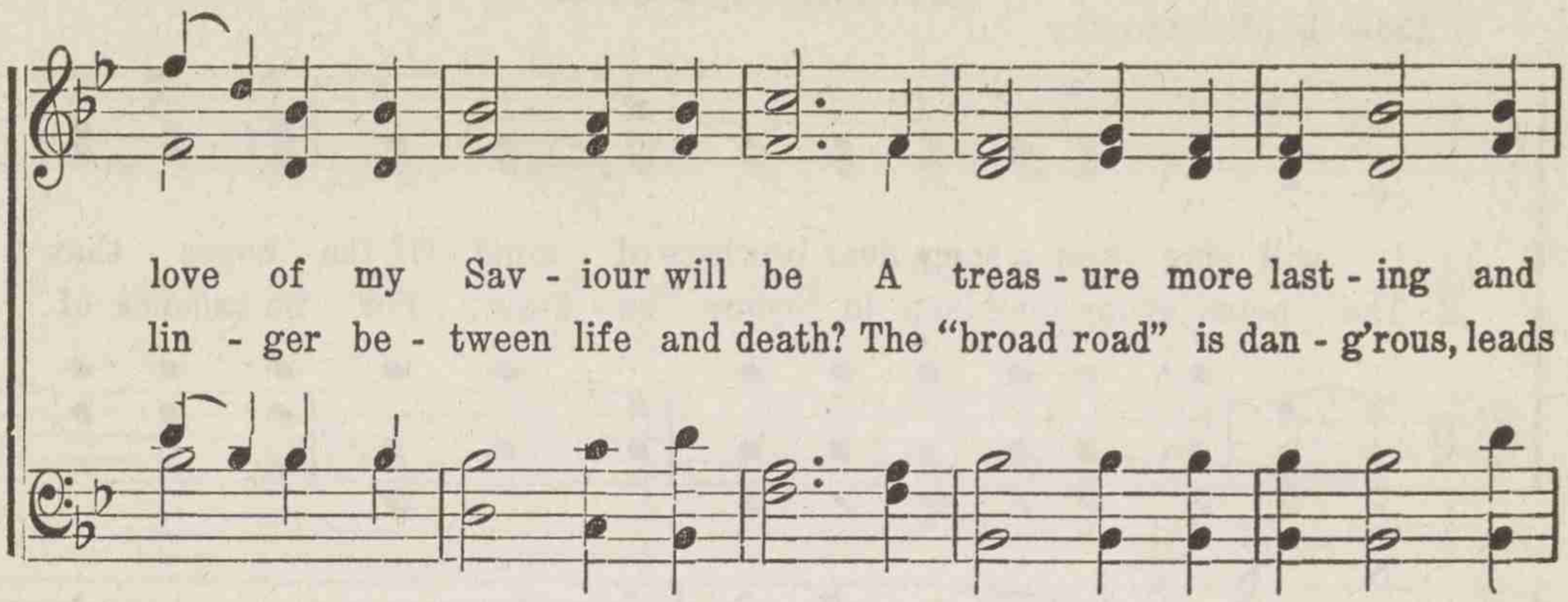
Effective as a Solo.

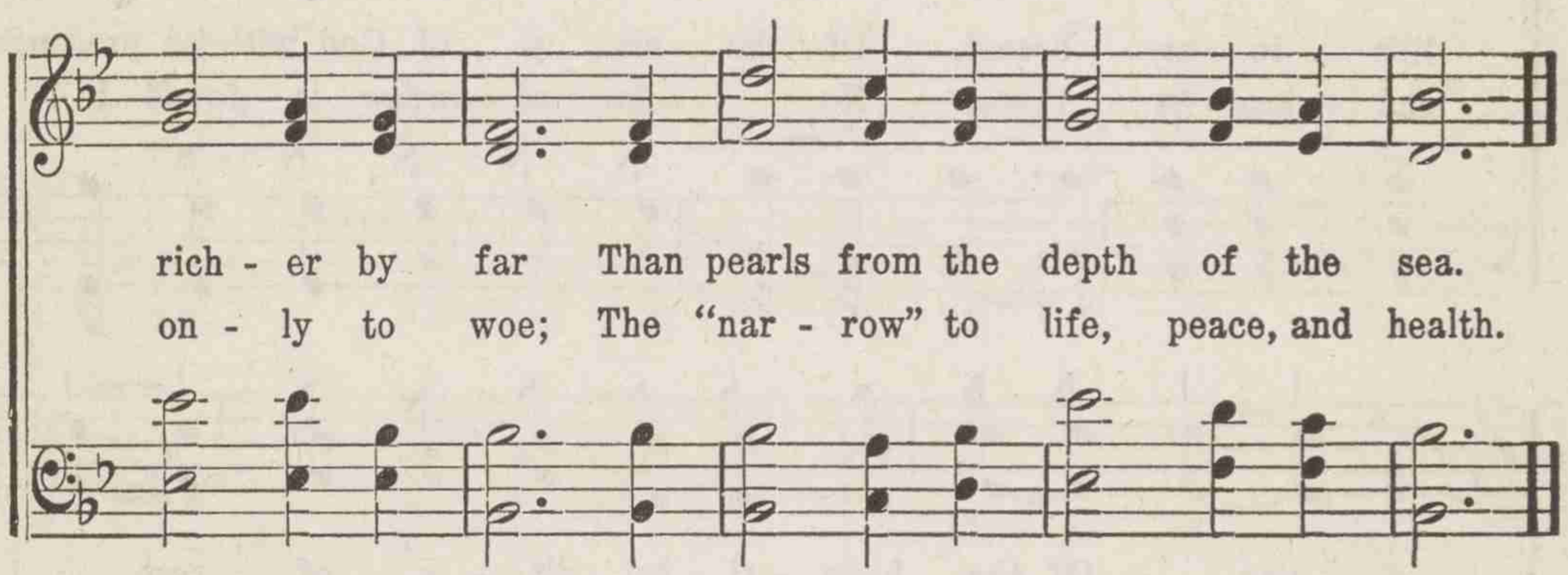
1. Be true to my Sav - iour, for when thou wast lost, None
2. Be true to my Sav - iour, for now he's on high; His

loved thee so fond - ly as He; He gave up heav'n's glo-ries and
heart yearns with love for you all; He pleads with his Fa - ther that

died on the cross; He suf - fered for you and for me;
you may not die, But come and be saved; now he calls;

Then love this dear Sav - iour, who - ev - er you are, The
O come then my broth - ers, come with me and go; Why





3 Again we invite you; God's Spirit now pleads;
The angels are watching with love;
O slight not these pleadings—all heaven intercedes—
Ye weary, you're welcome above.
Let doubt then no longer your progress oppose,
What though joy or sorrow befall?
They only make heaven more sweet at its close,
One hour with my God pays for all.

4 I'm weary of loving what passes away;
I long for that land of the blest,
Where those who are dearest forever will stay,
And death's blight of sorrow be past,
And there in that country we'll ever abide,
Where sin and its evils come not;
We'll ne'er part from loved ones in whom we confide,
Earth's heart-aches will all be forgot.

5 O who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright King,
The joy of that country is he;
He smiles and he loves me, and help me to sing,
I'll praise him with heart light and free.
Soon will he be coming salvation to bring;
That morning I long to behold,
When Jesus my Saviour shall welcome me home,
Glad home in the city of gold.

My Song,

To be sung only as a Solo.

Elder L. D. SANTEE.

1. I will sing you a song, dear brothers of mine, Of the hopes that live in my breast, Of the cit - y of God with its presence di - vine, Of the beau - ti - ful cit - y of rest, Far a-way from the sorrows of earth and its care, Where age rolls away like a dream; Where the gateways of crystal shine beauteous live in my breast, Of the cit - y of beauty in splendor

2. The notes of my song leap in joyous re - frain; For no cadence of sad - ness is there, No echo of sorrow is found in its train, It breathes not of sin or de - spair; I will sing for your pleasure, dear brothers of mine, Of the hopes that

3 For that city my heart is now longing;
Earth's treasures, how worthless they seem!
My affections on these once were centered,
But, alas! they have proved but a dream.
The glories that once were attractive
Are eclipsed by my heavenly home;
Its joys soon will welcome Christ's loved ones,
And I long for the moment to come.

4 With joy I shall enter the city,
The face of my Saviour behold;
And I shall be changed, and be like Him,
When I stand on the streets of pure gold.
For ages on ages I'll praise Him,
And never grow weary nor old;
Love-crowned, I'll abide in His presence
When I stand on the streets of pure gold.

5 Then I'll sing of my heavenly mansion,
Yes, I'll spread the glad tidings abroad
Of the coming of Jesus my Saviour,
To gather the children of God,
Of the bright, starry crowns that are waiting
For those who His coming will love,
And with labor and tears seek to gather
Large sheaves for the garner above.

The Flower Quickstep.

F. W. FLORENCE WELTY.

Va con spirito.

1. 'T is springtime now, and God's sweet tho'ts, One by one, Come
2. Ear - ly sum-mer now is here, Still they come,
3. Au-tumn comes with gentle tread, Soft - ly step,

danc - ing out on hills and rocks, One by one;
Prim - ro - ses and lil - ies dear, Still they come;
Hills a - glow with paint-brush red, Soft - ly step;

First of all the dain-ty host, The blue a - nem - o - ne loved most,
Col - o - ra - do's glo-rious flow'r, Found in cool and sha-dy bow'r,
Mar - i - po - sas toss their heads, The wild rose now her perfume sheds,

Ere the snow's gone, 't is our boast, Wel - come all.
Where ma - jes - tic peaks now tower, The col - um - bine.
Na - ture's chil - dren seek their beds, And brown leaves fall.

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Where Is My Girl To-night. 147

Unknown. (*Effective as a Solo.*) C. P. WHITFORD.

1. O where is my err - ing girl to - night? My daughter, who's gone a - stray, A-way from her home and the
2. How oft - en I've prayed her feet to be stayed By an - gels both pure and bright; That she might nev - er
3. But the tempt - er came in an an - gel guise, And with-ered my sweet pale flower,—He might have turned a
4. O an - gels, watch o - ver my child to - night, And bring her safe back to me; And teach her to look to the

paths of right, And in - to the world's high - way?
be be - trayed A - way from the path of right.
head more wise With his tongue, in an e - vil hour.
Fount of Life That cleans - eth and mak - eth free.

CHORUS. *Slow, with expression.*

O where is my girl to - night? O where is my girl to - night?
Wher-ev-er she goes, her mother, she knows, Is praying for her to-night.

Copyright, 1904, by C. P. Whitford,

Don't You Go, Tommy.

To the Boys of America.

C. T. L.

C. T. Lockwood.

8va.

Legato.

8va.

1. You'll rue it, my boy, now mind what I say, Don't
2. Why don't you be stead - y, and work like a man, I
3. We've watched o'er you,Tom-my, in sweet in - fan - cy, Whilst

spend all your money and time in that way; There's no one but i-dlers that
can't hold the plow, but still do what I can; There's so much to do, and our
an - gels were si-lent-ly beck'ning to thee; At midnight we knelt by your

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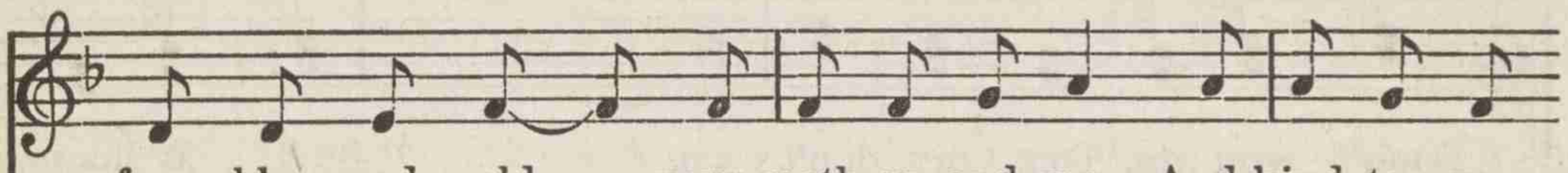
lounge a-bout so, I beg of you, Tommy, don't go. We're
grain we must sow, I beg of you, Tommy, don't go. Be-
cra - dle so low, I beg of you, Tommy, don't go. Be



fee - ble and old, your moth-er and me, And kind to us
sides, there is corn and po - ta - toes to plant, You're young and can
kind to us, Tom - my, we'll soon pass a - way, The farm will be

both you ev - er should be; To whiskey-shops, billiards, and
stand it, you know that I can't; Let whiskey a - lone, for it
yours at no dis - tant day; E - ter - ni - ty's bless-ing you'll

Don't You Go, Tommy.

cards bid a-dieu, I beg of you, Tom-my, don't go.
grieves mother so, I beg of you, Tom-my, don't go.
reap if you sow, O Tom-my, dear Tom-my, don't go.

CHORUS.

Don't you go, Tom-my, don't go, Stay at home,
no, don't go,

Tom-my, don't go;..... There's no one but i-dlers that
now don't go;

lounge a-bout so, I beg of you, Tom-my, don't go, (don't go.)
(*Last verse.*) O Tom-my, dear Tom-my, don't go.....

Rit. ad lib.

Dare to Do Right.

As arranged and sung by C. P. WHITFORD in gospel work.

4 Dare to do right, dare to be true,
Foes may be many and friends may be few;
Truth and her champions oft stand alone,
What's a man good for without a back-bone?

5 Dare to do right, dare to be true,
Men without courage dread everything new;
If you can't stand at your post in a storm,
How can you fight in the ranks of reform?

6 Dare to do right, dare to be true,
God who created you cares for you too;
Know that His goodness is ever the same,
Know that He loves thee, believe on His name.

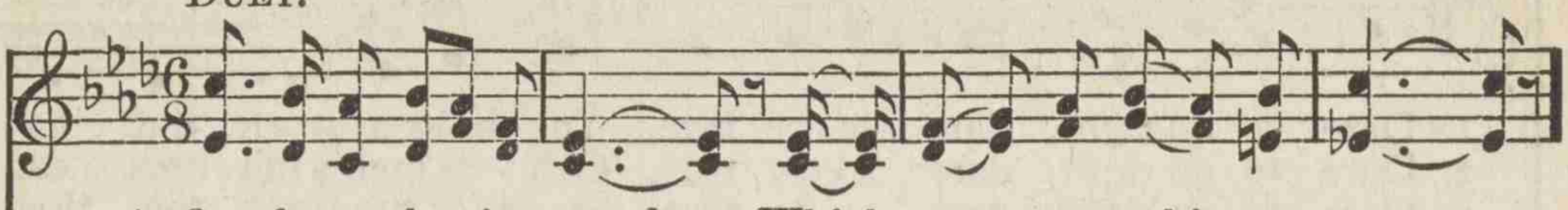
7 Dare to do right, dare to be true,
Keep the great judgment seat always in view;
Look at your work as you'll look at it then,
Scanned by Jehovah, and and angels, and men.

8 Dare to do right, dare to be true,
Jesus your Saviour will carry you through;
City, and mansions, and thrones all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and do right?

152 Only a Loving Word.

ASA SMITH & M. GARLAND.

DUET.



1. On - ly a lov-ing word, Which costs us nothing to say,
2. On - ly a lov-ing word, But it made a weary heart strong;
3. On - ly a lov-ing word, But it brightened a gloom-y day;
4. On - ly a lov-ing word, But it made an an - gel's smile;

And yet in the web of a tangled life It shines like a sun-ny ray.
And helped a tempt-ed soul to choose The right instead of the wrong.
Or, spoken to some-one sick and sad, It charmed all the pain a-way.
And what it is worth, perhaps we'll know Aft-er a lit - tle while.

CHORUS.

On - ly a word, on - ly a word, On - ly a lov-ing word;

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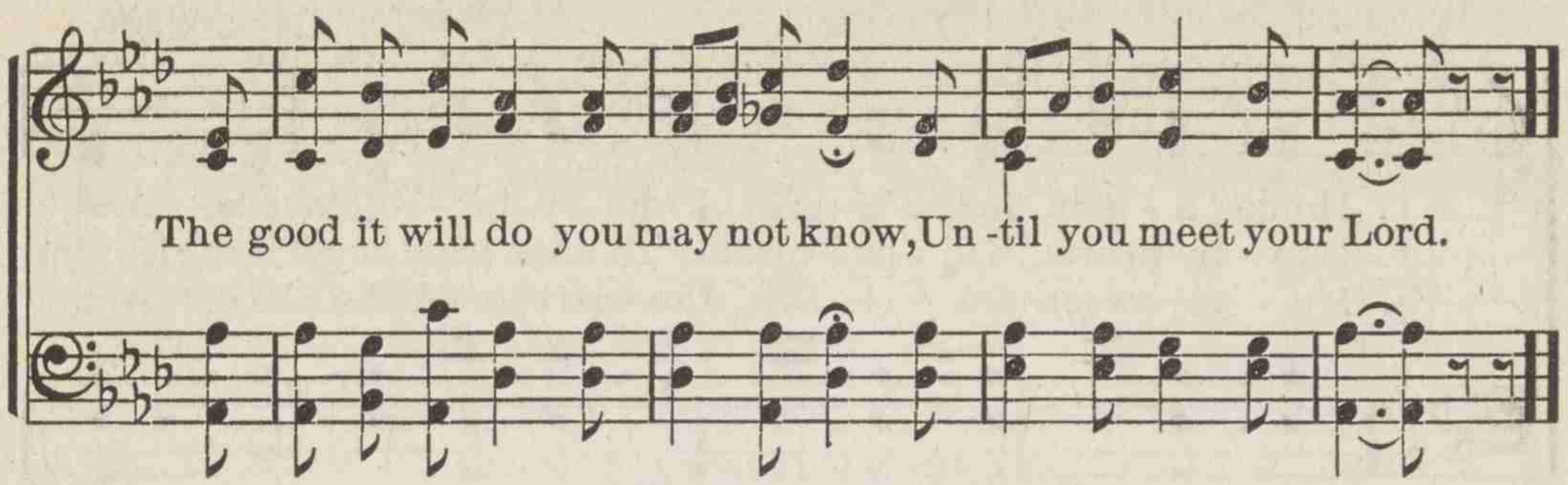
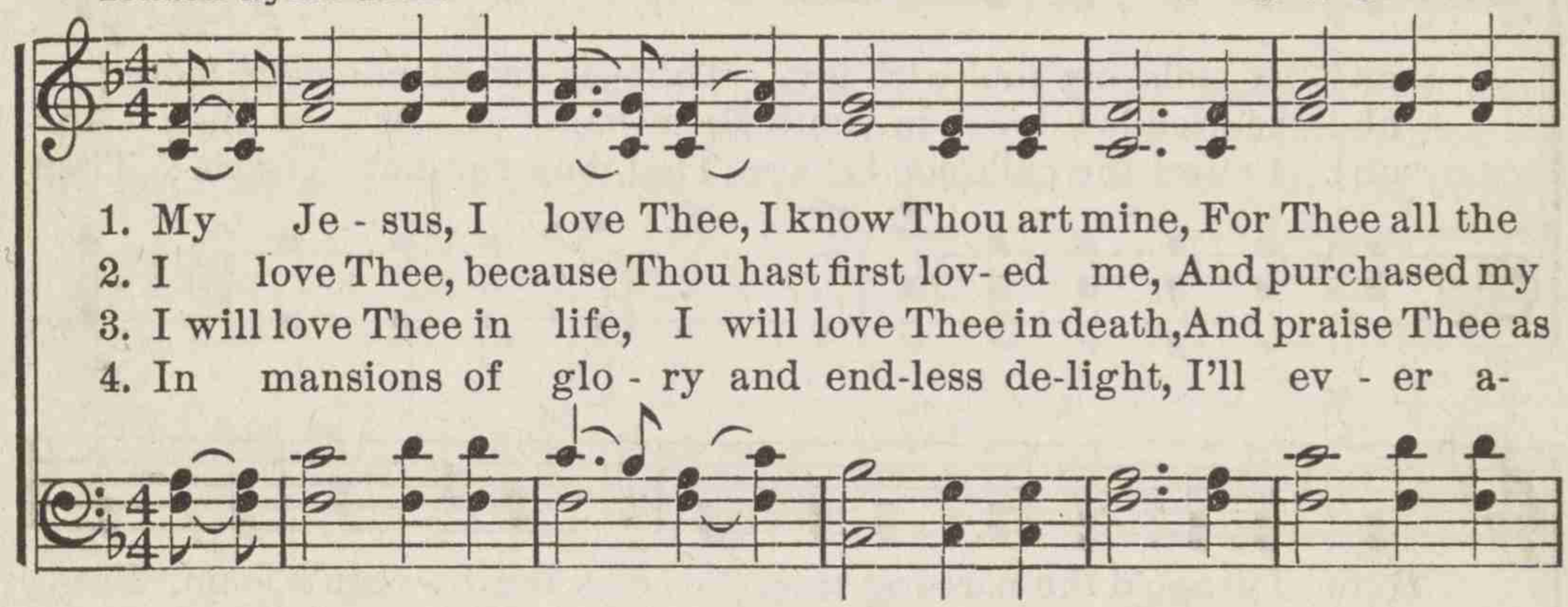


My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.



Home Again.

Words and Music by M. S. PIKE, Esq. Arranged by J. P. ORDWAY.

1. Home a - gain, home a - gain, From a for - eign shore, And oh! It fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more;
2. Hap - py hearts, hap - py hearts With mine have laugh'd in glee, But oh! the friends I lov'd in youth Seem hap - pi - er to me; And
3. Mu - sic sweet, mu - sic soft, Lin - gers round the place, And oh! I feel the childhood charm, That time can-not ef-face; Then

Here I dropp'd the part-ing tear, To cross the o - cean's foam, But
if my guide should be the fate Which bids me lon - ger roam, But
give me but my homestead roof, I'll ask no pal - ace dome, For

now I'm once a - gain with those Who kind - ly greet me home.
death a - lone can break the tie That binds my heart to home.
I can live a hap - py life With those I love at home.

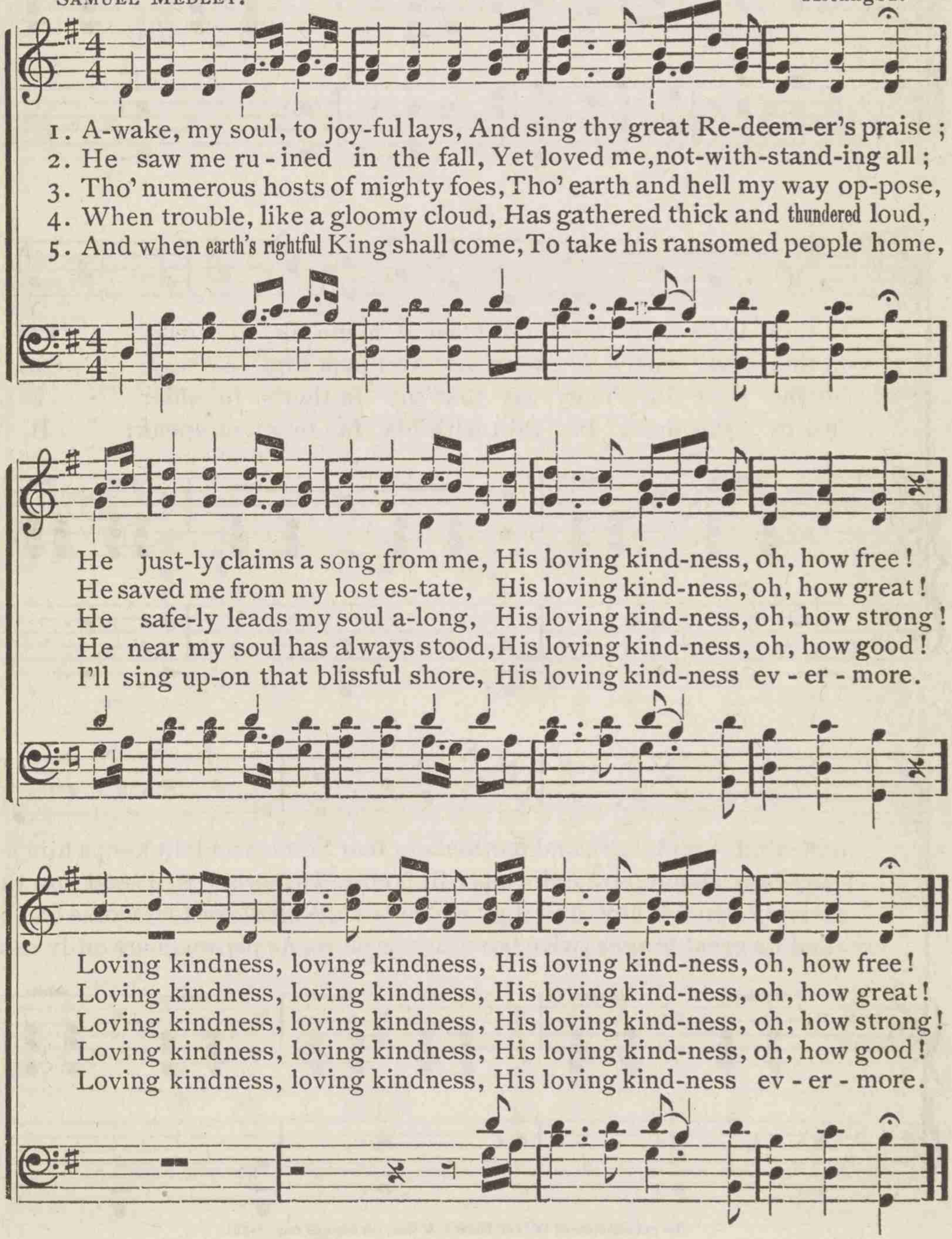
REFRAIN.

Home a - gain, home a - gain, From a for - eign shore, And

OLIVER DITSON & Co. By per.

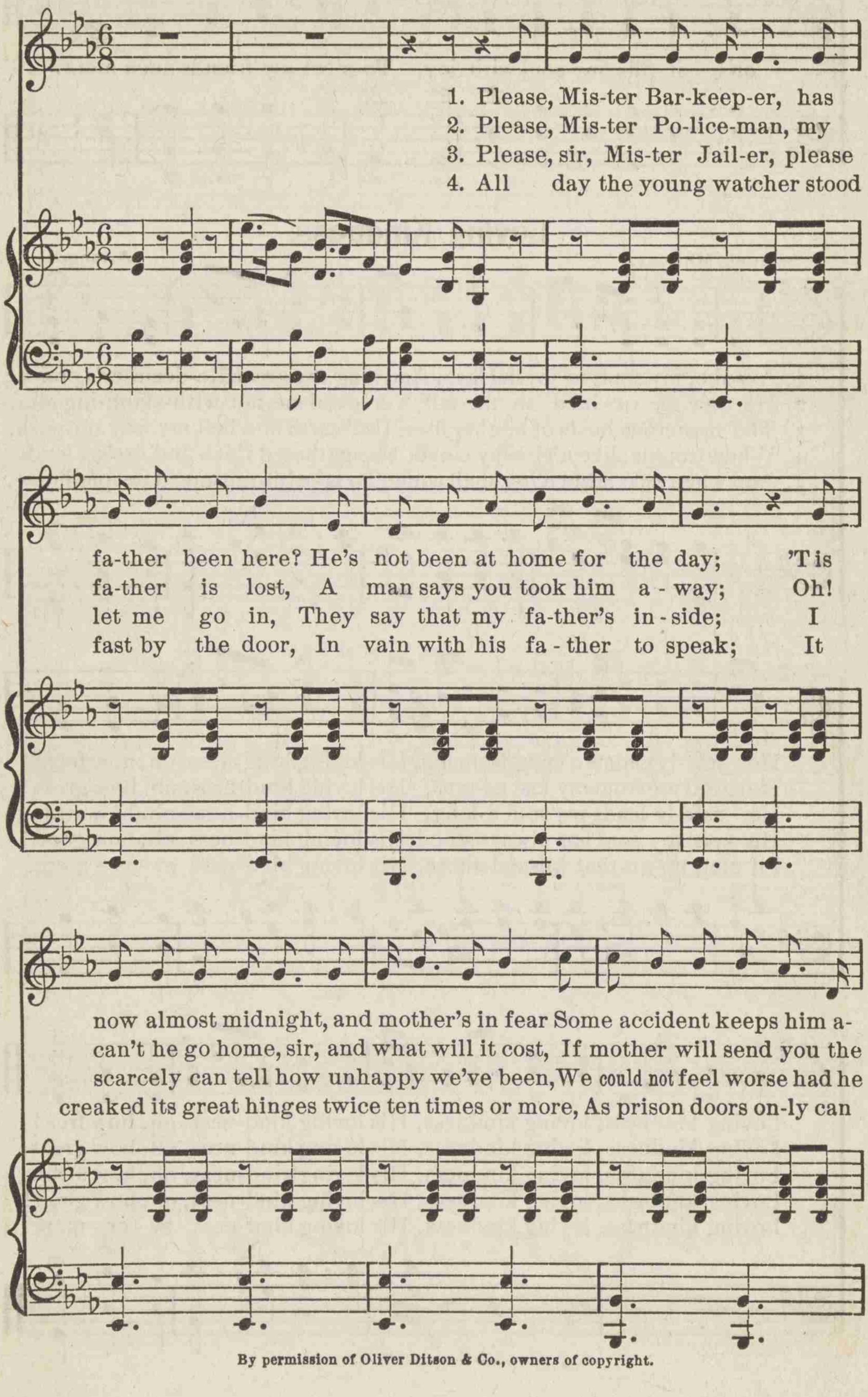
Loving Kindness.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. Arranged.



Has Father Been Here?

E. W. Locke.



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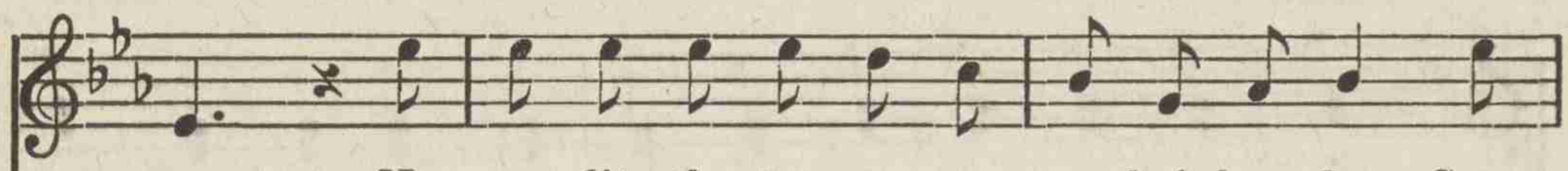
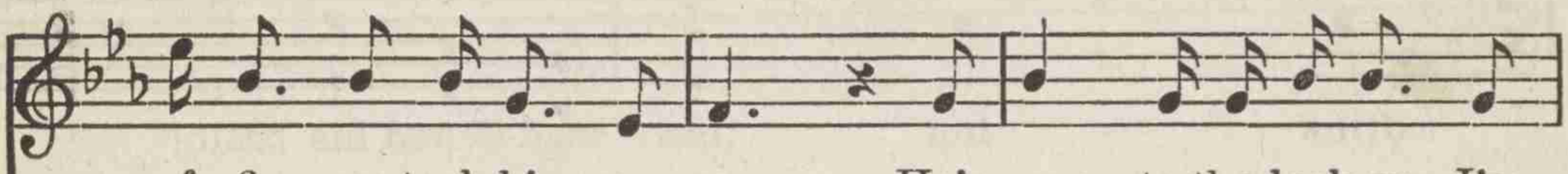
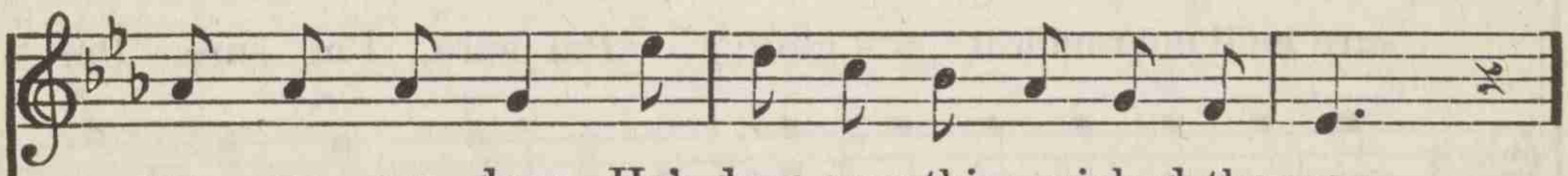


way. No, no, lit - tle stranger, or yes, he's been here, Some
pay? Oh, no, lit - tle plead-er, your fa - ther can't go, We
died. Please, sir, it was drinking that made him do wrong, I'm
creak; Then speeding thro' darkness to home sad as death, A



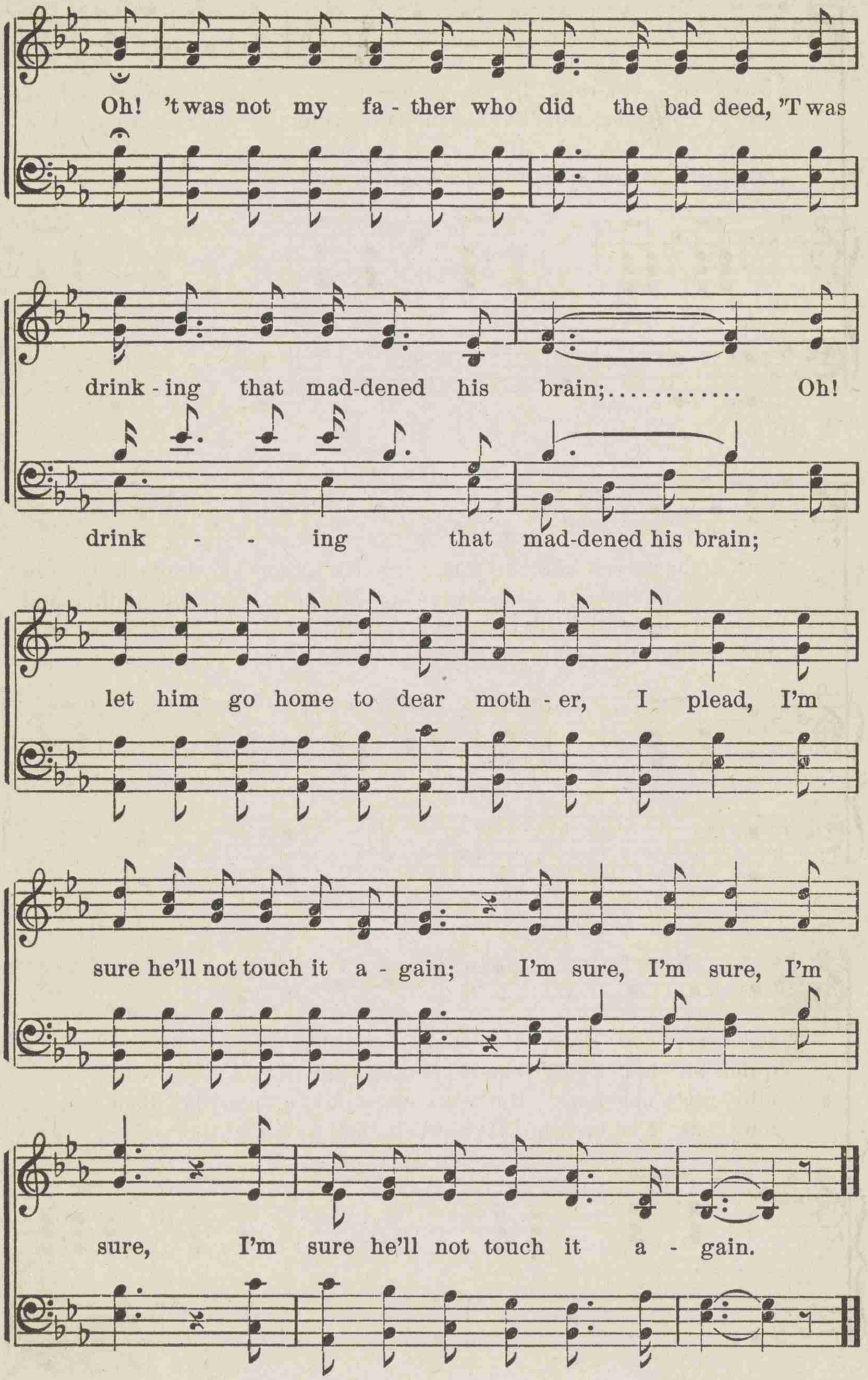
of - fi - cers took him a - way, He's gone to the lock-up; I'm
put him in pris-on to - day; Go home to your mother, and
sure, sir, he will drink no more; Oh! just a few minutes, a
promise most sol-emn he bore, Dear moth - er, I'll shun it as



sor - ry, my dear, He's done something wicked, they say.
quick let her know What's keeping your fa-ther a - way.
min - ute's not long,—But no one would o - pen the door.
long as I've breath, I'll taste it and touch it no more.

Has Father Been Here?

CHORUS.



(An answer to "Where is my Wandering Boy To-Night?")

W. A. W. W. A. WILLIAMS.

Where is my wand-'ring boy to-night? Down in the licensed sa-loon.

1. Down in a room all co - zy and bright, Filled with the glare of
2. Learning new vic - es all the night long, Tempt-ed to all that's
3. Lit - tle arms once were thrown round my neck, Look at him now, my
4. Broth-er, I guess you'd en - ter this fight If it were *your* boy

man - y a light, Beau - ti - ful mu - sic the ear to de-light, Down in the
sin - ful and wrong, List - en - ing to the harlot's foul song, Down in the
poor heart will break! Think of that boy to - night a sad wreck, Down in the
down there to-night, Ru-ined and wrecked by the drink appetite, Down in the

CHORUS.

li - censed sa-loon. There is my wand'ring boy to-night, There is my

wand'ring boy to-night, Down, down, down, down, Down in the licensed sa-loon?

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SONGS FOR SERVICE IN CHURCH

A Singing Pilgrim.

C. P. WHITFORD.

Melody by ASA SMITH.
Harmonized by M. GARLAND.

1. A singing pil - grim, glad and free, My songs ring out up-on the
2. A pilgrim sing - ing for my Lord, Teaching the truth in hymns of
3. O blessed hope! transporting bliss! While passing thro' a world of

air; Where'er I go, where'er I be, I'll sing for Jesus ev'ry-where.
praise; Invite men to the Saviour's feet, Where all is light, and joy, and peace.
care; I ask no great-er joy than this, To sing for Jesus ev'ry-where.

CHORUS.

And when I see Him face to face, I'll sing for-ev - er, saved by grace;

And as I walk the streets of gold, I'll know the half was never told.

Copyright, 1905, Words by C. P. Whitford, Melody by Asa Smith.

"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."—
C. P. WHITFORD. JOHN 4: 35. F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

SOLO or DUET.

1. My broth - ers, lift your eyes and see,..... The fields are
2. There's want - ed men, both young and old,..... Who love the
3. Not on - - ly men, but wo-men too,—..... My sis - ters,
4. Oh, who will preach God's precious truth... In ev - 'ry

INST.

white as white can be; The Mas - ter calls for work-ers now,—
truth bet-ter than gold; There's want-ed ear-nest, faithful men,
God is call-ing you; For-sake the fol-lies of the day,
land to age and youth? Who will for Je-sus give up all,

CHORUS.

Who will for Christ themselves avow?
God's message thro' the world to send.
And help to bear the sheaves a - way.
And heed to-day the Mas-ter's call?

The harvest fields, my brothers,

see,..... Are just as white as white can be; O will you
my brothers, see, can be;

not the call o - bey, Be - gin at once to work and pray?
the call o - bey,

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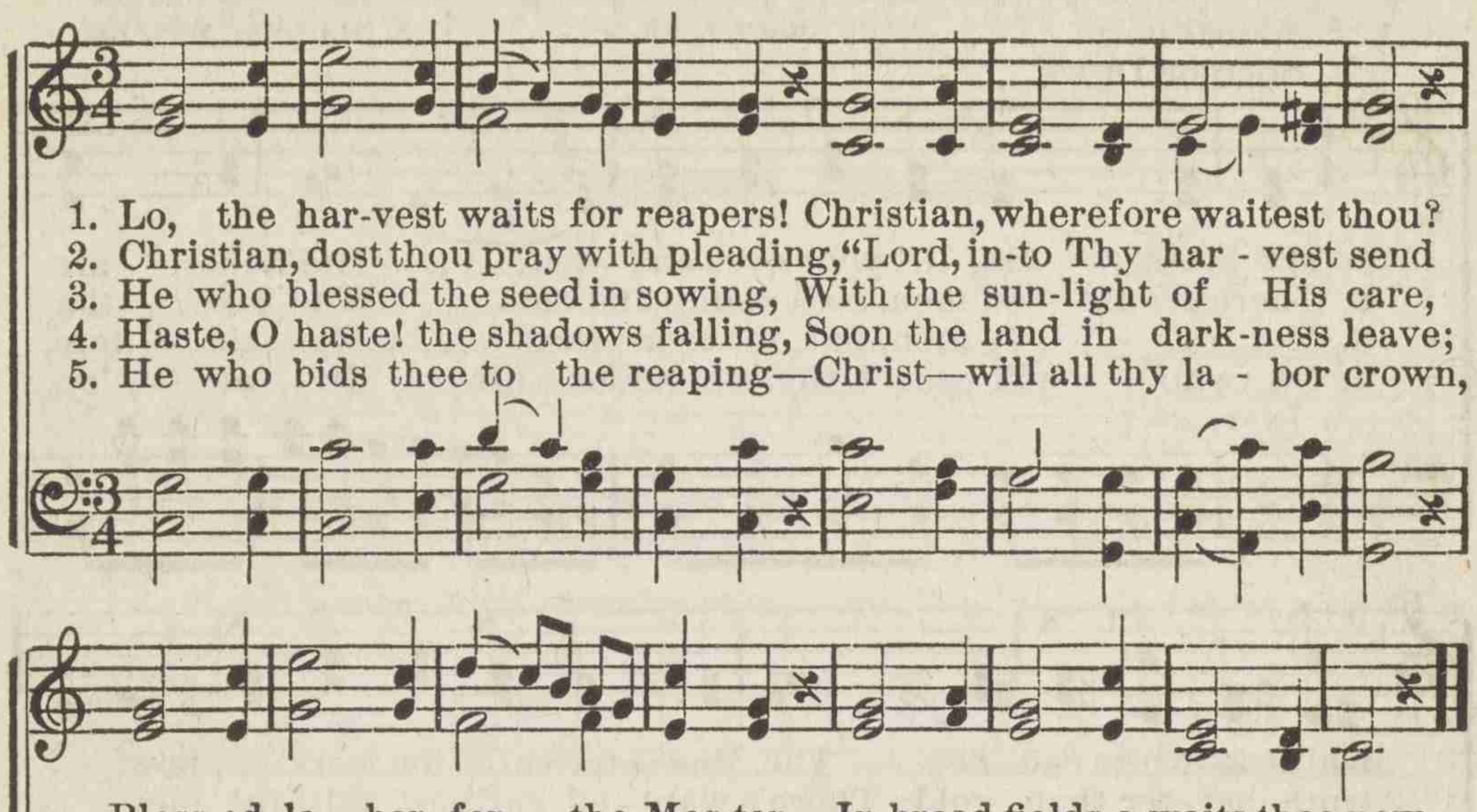
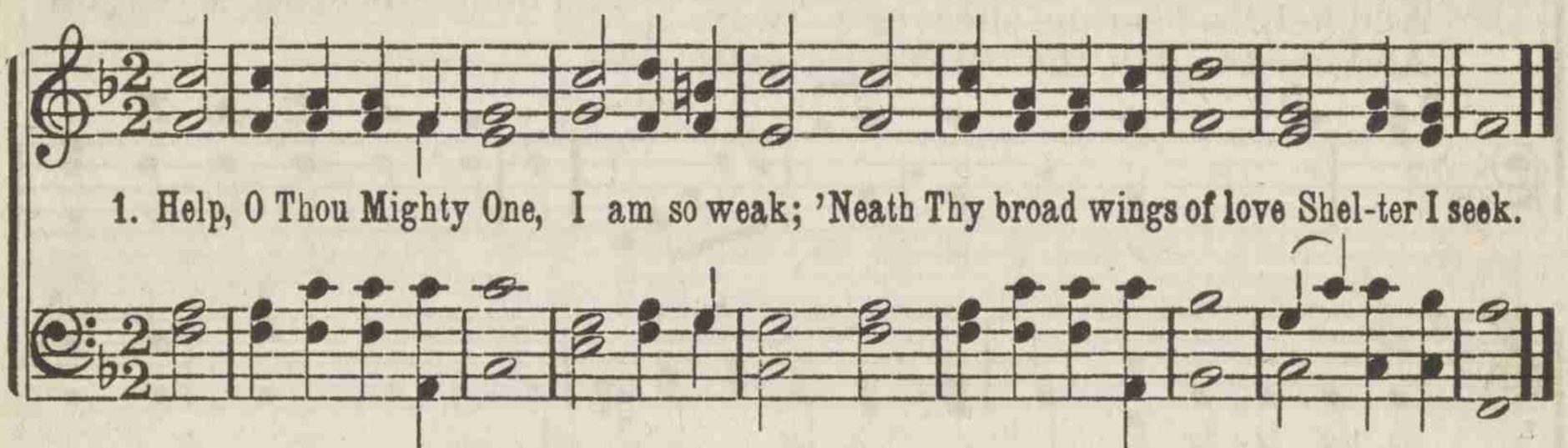
162 The Harvest Waits.

Mrs. C. R. Allen. Ithamar Conkey.



A Prayer for Help.

Annie Louisa Long. Lowell Mason.



2 Tossing now, to and fro,
No rest I find;
Oh, could I fly to Thee,
Peace would be mine.

3 Help, O Thou Mighty One,
Thou God of love,
Death's terrors flee away,
Thou art so strong.

4 Nothing I hide from Thee;
My sin and shame
In Thy great tenderness
All Thou forgave.

5 Washed 'neath the cleansing wave,
Whiter than snow,
To that bright home above
I long to go.

6 Mighty in righteousness,
Now I am blest;
I lay me down to sleep,
Sweetly I'll rest.

7 Strong to deliver yet
When earth is past,
In realms of light and joy
Ushered at last.

8 Now on the sea of glass
With Thee I stand,
Joining in angel choir,
Worthy the Lamb.

Anon. Unknown.

1. O when shall I see Je - sus, And in His king-dom dwell?
When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sin,

2. And when the last loud trump-et Shall rend the vault - ed skies,
Our ran-somed dust re - viv - ed, Bright beauties shall put on,

3. Our eyes shall then with rap - ture The Sav-iour's face be - hold;
Our ears shall hear with trans-port The host ce - les - tial sing;

Par-take its rest e - ter - nal, Its songs tri - um-phant swell?
And with my bless - ed Je - sus Drink end - less pleas-ures in?
And the en - tomb - ed mill - ions From their cold beds a - rise,
And soar to the blest man-sions Where our Re - deem - er's gone.
Our feet, no more di - vert - ed, Shall walk the streets of gold;
Our tongues shall chant the glo - ry Of our im - mor - tal King.

REFRAIN.

There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is sweet rest in heav'n,

There is sweet rest, there is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heav'n.

164 Idolatry: Its Misery and Remedy.

(GREENVILLE.)

F. L. SMELSER. JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

1. Do you see the hea-then kneeling, Bow-ing to his God of stone?
2. Mill-ions thus are vain-ly grasping, Struggling on in na-ture's night,
3. Who will go and bear the mes-sage That our bless-ed Saviour gave—
4. Do you hear the Mas-ter cry-ing To His peo-ple great and small,

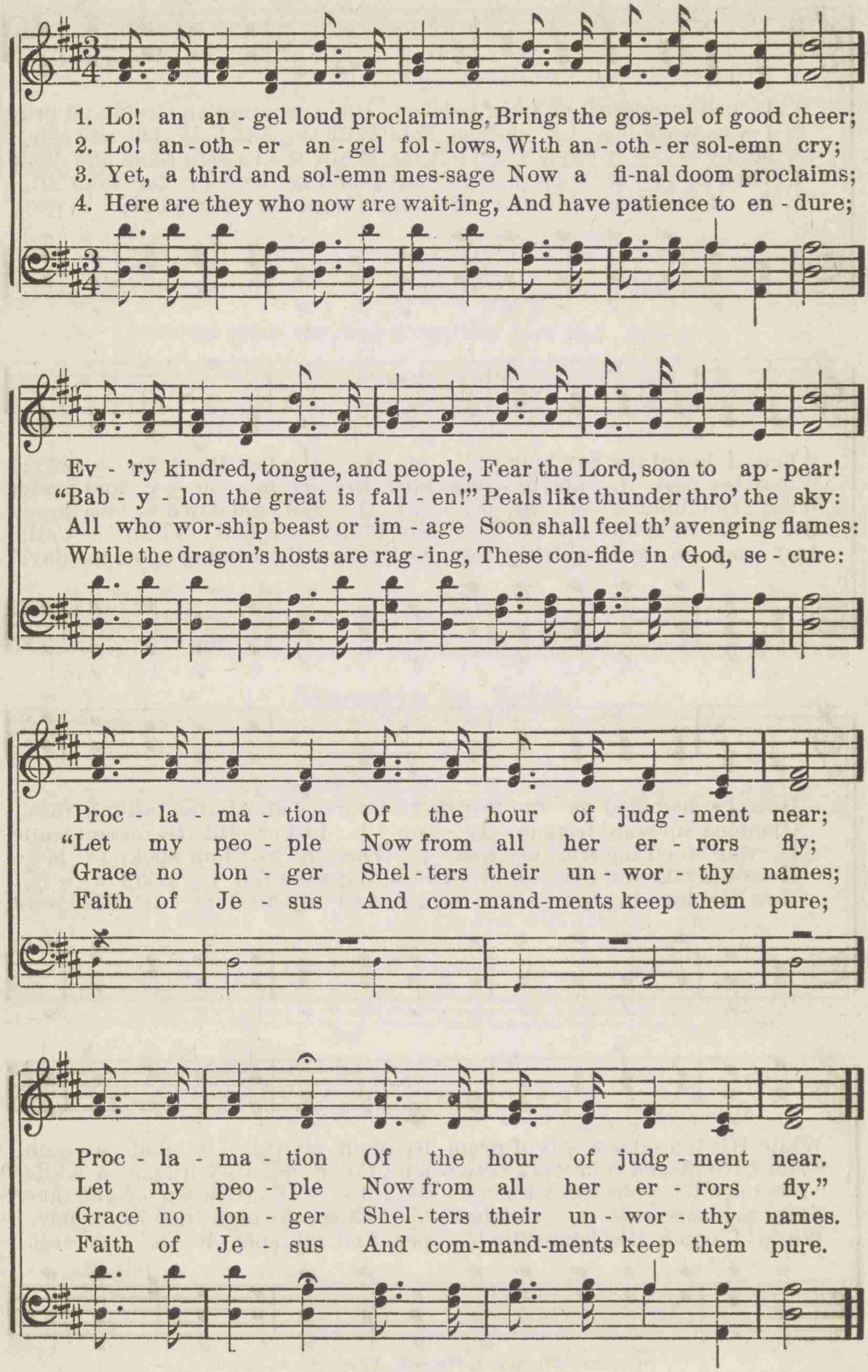
Do you see how deep his feel-ing? Hear, O hear his heav-y moan!
Vain-ly seek-ing, look-ing, longing, For a ray of heav'nly light.
How He, wounded, bleeding, dy - ing, Gave His life their souls to save?
"Go and work in my great vineyard, For the weeds are ver-y tall"?

Thus he sits in mid-night darkness, At the great dumb i-dol's feet,
Is there none in God's great vineyard Who will to their res - cue go,
Can you sport while souls are dy-ing, Tri - fle precious time a - way?
As this call is wide ex-tend-ed, Will you an-swer while you may,

Plead-ing, wailing, sac - ri - fic - ing, Yet his soul re-ceives no meat.
And a-mong these thorns and briers Will the seed of gladness sow?
Can you real-ly live in comfort, While you have a debt to pay?
"Yes, O Lord, I'll do Thy bid-ding; I will gath-er sheaves to-day"?

(ZION.)

Anon. THOMAS HASTINGS.



166 The Wanderer.

B. C. Rev. B. Carradine.

1. I had wandered off from heav-en, On the mountains cold and gray,
2. I was work-ing in the tem - ple, With the Sav-iour by my side,
3. Man-y ear - ly friends had left me, While the va-cant room and chair
4. Then I saw at once that Je - sus Could be bet - ter far than all,
5. So I heard the Sav-iour call - ing, "Come, thou weary one, a - way,"

When I heard my Sav-iour call - ing To His lost sheep far a - way;
Where the mul - ti - tude as - sem - bled, In its mis - er - y and pride;
Were re-mind-ers of the pri - ces I had paid down to be there;
He could light-en up the path-way, Could surround me like a wall;
And my an - swer quickly fol-lowed, "Lord, I'm coming home to - day;"

How I lis-tened as the tear-drops Coursed adown like fall-ing rain,
Glancing up-ward from my la - bor I just caught His distant smile,
I was brood-ing o'er my loss - es, When the Sav-iour spoke to me,
He could take the place of loved ones, Wipe the fall - ing tears a - way,
Now His lov - ing arms are round me, And my head is on His breast,

While His ten - der words of prom - ise Made my spir - it glad a - gain.
"You have placed your work between us, Come and talk with me a-while."
"You have let your sor-rows set - tle Like a cloud 'tween me and thee."
Turn my sor - row in - to laugh - ter, Change the night-tide in - to day.
While I catch His faint-est whis - per, And my spir - it is at rest.

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CHORUS.

"Come, O come to me," said Je-sus, "Come, and I will give you rest,
I will take a-way the bur-den From thy heav-y-la-den breast;

No mat-ter who the wan-d'rer, Nor how far he's gone a-stray,
Be-hold who-so-ev-er com-eth, I will com-fort him to-day."

Strength in Trial.

ASA SMITH. ASA SMITH & M. GARLAND.

1. Does the tri-al seem a great one? I will wait up-on the Lord;
2. 'T is the word that spoke cre-a-tion, And that sets the sin-ner free;
3. I'll re-joice then in the tri-al, And the thorn which doth me wound;
4. In in-firm-i-ties I'll glo-ry, And will glad-ly suf-fer wrong,

He has promised strength sufficient, And I'm trust-ing in His word.
I be-lieve that He is a-ble Al-so to de-liv-er me.
For 't is when I feel my weakness That the strength of God is found.
That His pow'r may rest up-on me—"When I'm weak, then am I strong."

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168 The Wail of Heathen Nations.

H. S. RIGGS. J. F. W.

Con espressione.

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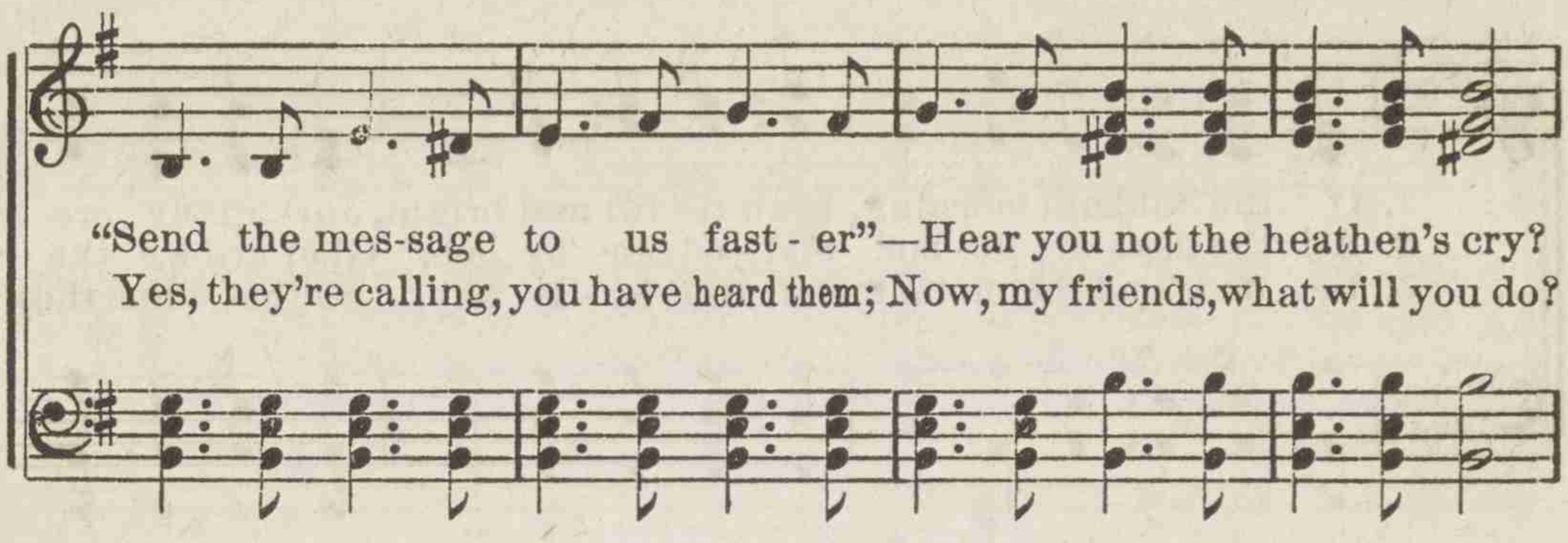
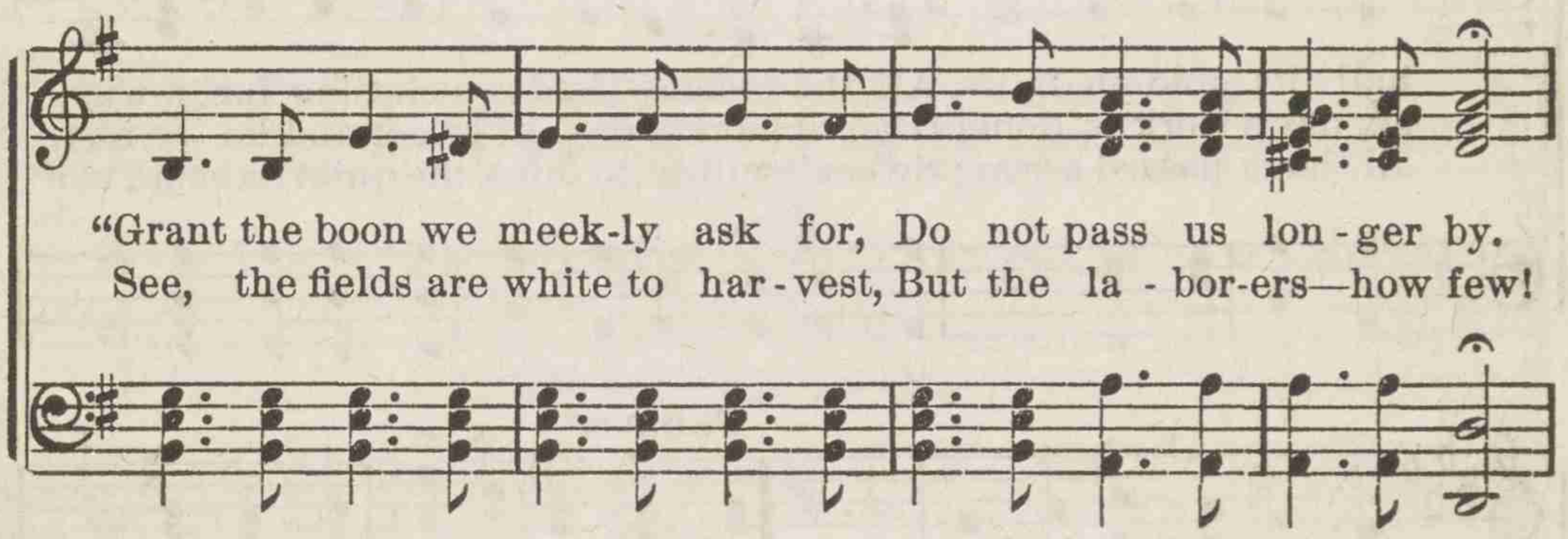
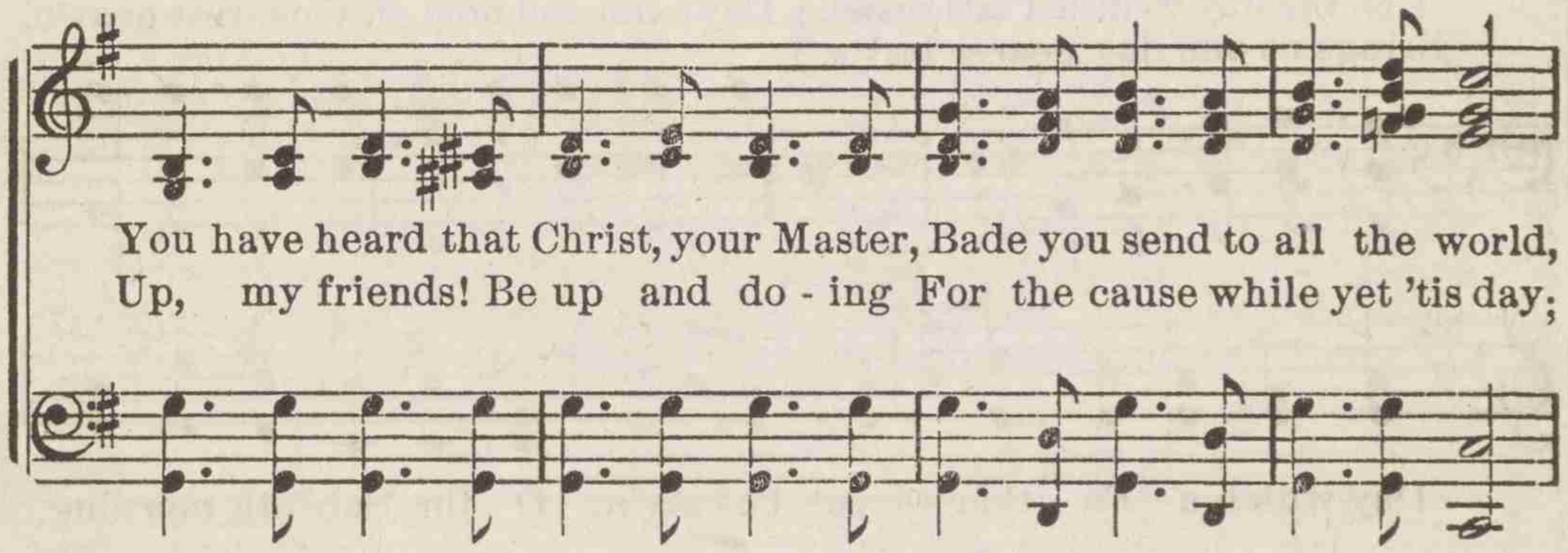
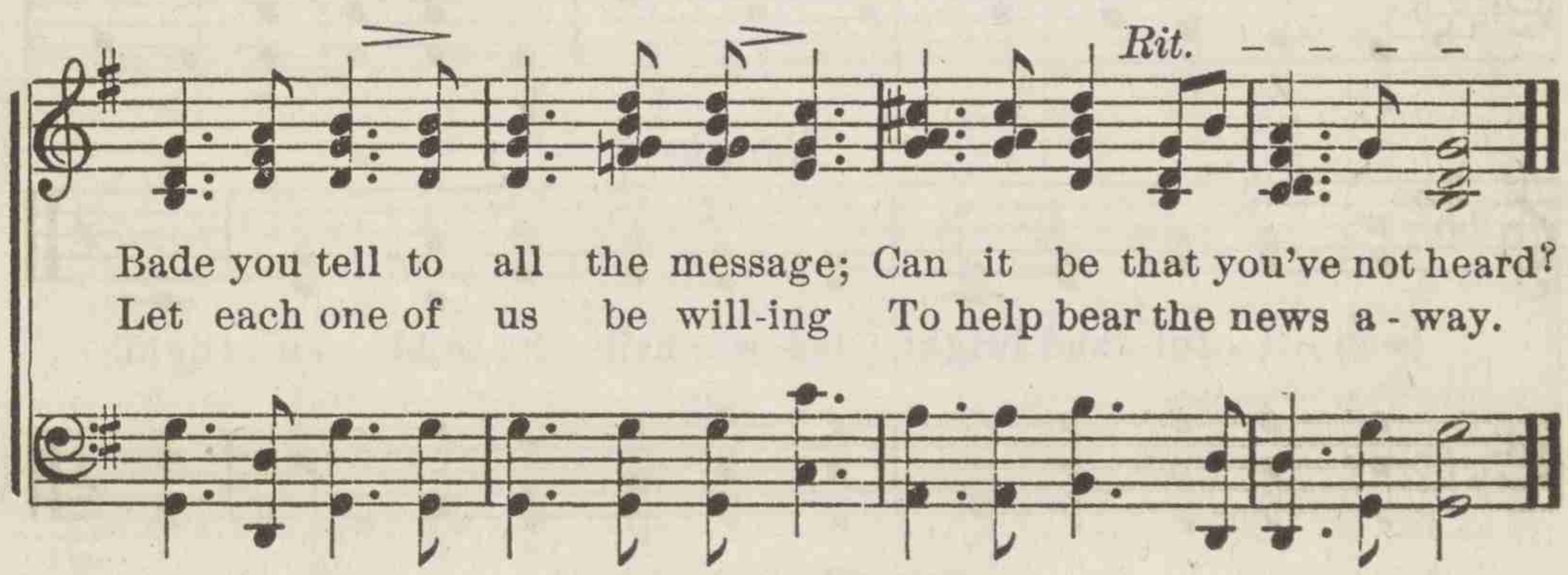

"Send the mes-sage to us fast - er"—Hear you not the heathen's cry?
Yes, they're calling, you have heard them; Now, my friends, what will you do?


"Grant the boon we meek-ly ask for, Do not pass us lon - ger by.
See, the fields are white to har - vest, But the la - bor-ers—how few!


You have heard that Christ, your Master, Bade you send to all the world,
Up, my friends! Be up and do - ing For the cause while yet 'tis day;


Rit. – – – –
Bade you tell to all the message; Can it be that you've not heard?
Let each one of us be will-ing To help bear the news a - way.

170 Sabbath Morning Hymn.

Anon. C. P. WHITFORD.

1. O the Sabbath morning, beau-ti - ful and bright, Joy-ful - ly we hail its gold-en light; All the gloomy shadows chasing far a-way,
2. All the days of la - bor end - ed one by one, Glad are we the six day's work is done; Glad to have a day of sweet and ho - ly rest,
3. Let us spend the moments of this ho - ly day, So that when they all have passed a-way; Sweet 't will be to think the quiet Sabbath eve

CHORUS.

Bringing us the pleasant day.
'T is the day which God hath blessed.
Brings us one day nearer heav'n.

Day calm and holy, day nearest heav'n,
Day which a Fa - ther's love has giv'n; O the Sabbath morning,

Ritard.

beau - ti - ful and bright, Glad we hail its gold - en light.

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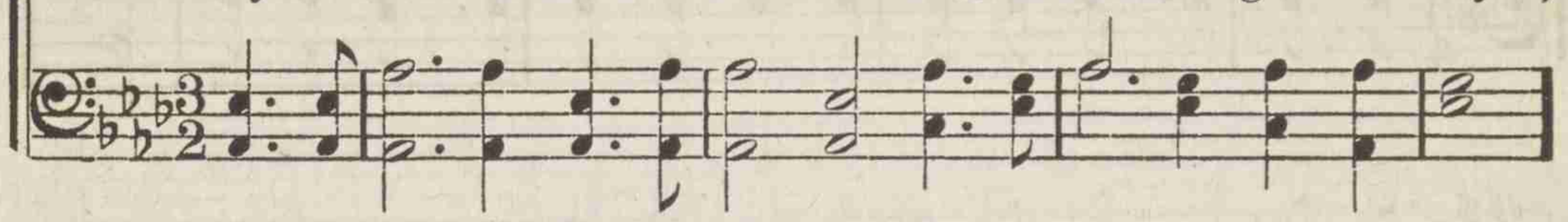
(AUTUMN.)

Anon. SPANISH: FROM MARECHIO.

1. Sabbath day a-gain we welcome, And the Lord is wait - ing still
2. As we meet to seek the Sav-iour, May our pray'rs u - ni - ted be
3. Let us firm - ly press to-geth - er, Watch and pray as ne'er be-fore,
4. May a sense of our own weakness Drive all slumb'ring from our eyes;



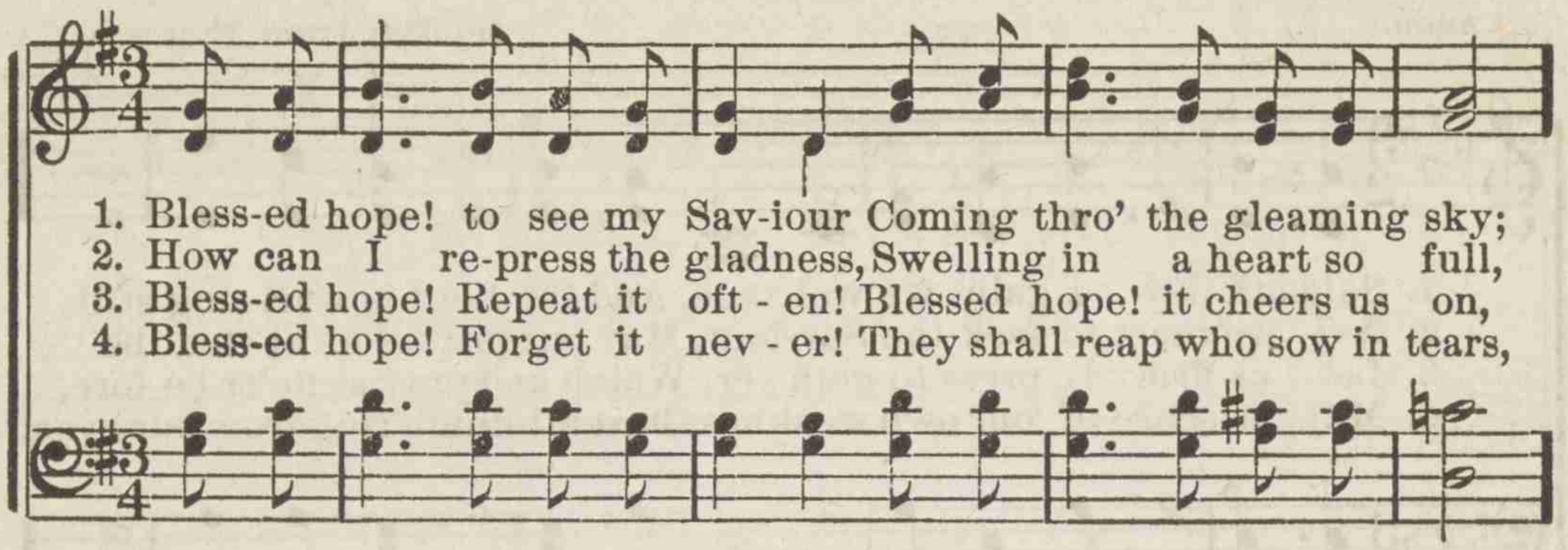
To be-stow His choicest blessings Up - on all who do His will.
For the blessings He hath promised; They are wait-ing, rich and free;
Pray for love for one an-oth - er; Je - sus stands be-fore the door;
Shine! it is the Lord commands us, There is pow'r to make us rise;

He will whisper words to cheer us, Ev-'ry doubt and fear re - move,
From be-neath new life is springing, And the drag - on voice is heard,
Do not think He's at a dis-tance,—He is ev - er at your side,
Pray, yea, ag - o-nize like Ja - cob; Say, "I will not let Thee go,"

Bring be-fore us all the sto - ry Of His matchless life of love.
Thus be-fore our eyes ful-fill - ing What is writ - ten in God's word.
Will - ing, wait-ing, O how anxious With His chil-dren to a-bide.
Then bright clouds will rise above us, And the show'rs like rivers flow.

172 Blessed Hope.

DR. ALBERT CAREY. ASA SMITH & M. GARLAND.



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CHORUS.

Blessed hope, blessed hope, How it cheers .... our spirits on!

Blessed hope, blessed hope, How it cheers

And when all..... around is dark - ness, It is still our glorious sun.

And when all around is dark-ness, It is still our glo-rious sun.

Chopin.

BERNARD BARTON. ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellowship of love His Spirit

on - ly can bestow Who reigns in light a - bove, Who reigns in light a - bove.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away;
Because that light on thee hath shone
In which is perfect day.

3 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

4 Walk in the light! and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is light.

174 The Breaking of the Day.

G. W. S. G. W. SEDERQUIST.

Spirited.

1. 'T is al-most time for the Lord to come, I hear the peo - ple say,
2. The signs foretold in the sun and moon, In earth, and sea, and sky,
3. It must be time for the waiting Church To cast her pride a - way;
4. There must be those in the field of sin, Far from the fold a - stray,
5. Go quick-ly out in the streets and lanes, And in the broad highway,

The stars of heav - en are grow - ing dim, It must be the
A - loud pro-claim to the race of men, That the com-ing of the
With gird - ed loins and burn - ing lamps, To look for the
Who once were hap - py in Je - sus' love, And look-ing for the
And call the maimed, the halt, and blind, To be read - y for the

CHORUS.

break-ing of the day.
Mas - ter draweth nigh.
break-ing of the day.
break-ing of the day.
break-ing of the day.

O it must be the breaking of the day,

O it must be the breaking of the day; The night is almost gone,

The day is com-ing on, O it must be the breaking of the day.

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(VARINA.)

Unknown. GEORGE F. ROOT.

1. They say there is a world to come, More fair and bright than this;
2. They say that world is beau - ti - ful, Too fair for mor - tal eyes,—
3. And thro' the long, bright summer year, Gay birds of sil - v'ry wing
4. And all the good - ly things it bears, They say, for all are free;
5. A glo-rious cit - y, too, is there, Its streets are shining gold;

Where storms and night are nev-er known, And all have per-fect bliss.
That one e - ter - nal, glorious day Is on its soft blue skies.
Are flit-ting thro' the balm-y air, And al-ways sweet-ly sing.
That ev - 'ry ear its mu-sic hears, And all its beau - ty see.
And all who reach that love-ly place Will nev - er-more grow old.

That hill and plain to either shore Are spread with changeless green,
And they are like the an-gels made, Who gain that per-fect shore;
And liv - ing streams, as crys-tal clear, In tune-ful mur-murs flow,
There none in lone - li - ness shall pine, Or strangers wea-ry roam;
And One is there whose smile is light, And glo - ry gilds His brow,

And nev - er, 'mid its love - ly bow'rs, A fad-ing flow'r is seen.
And nev - er sigh or weep a-gain, And they shall die no more.
And trees whose leaves the nations heal Be-sides these wa-ters grow.
One fam - i - ly they gath-er there, With - in one hap - py home.
And will-ing na - tions round His throne In love's sweet homage bow.

176 Cleft For Me.

Arr. and la st verse by M. W. KNAPP. Arr. by SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

1. "Rock of A - ges, cleft for me," Thoughtlessly the maid-en sung;
2. "Let me hide my - self in Thee." Felt her soul no need to hide;
3. "Rock of A - ges, cleft for me," 'T was a wo - man sung them now,
4. "Rock of A - ges, cleft for me," Life grown a - ged sung the hymn,
5. "Rock of A - ges, cleft for me," Sung a - bove the cof - fin - lid;
6. Could the sight-less sunk-en eyes, Closed beneath the soft gray hair,

Fell the words un - con-scious-ly From the girl - ish, glee-ful tongue.
Sweet the song as song could be, And she had no tho't be - side.
Plead-ing - ly and pray'r-ful - ly, Ev - 'ry word her heart did know.
Trust-ing - ly and ten - der-ly, Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim.
Un - der-neath, all rest - ful - ly, All life's joys and sor-rows hid.
Could the mute and stiff-ened lips Move a - gain in plead-ing pray'r;

Sang as lit - tle chil - dren sing, Sang as sing the birds in June,
All the words un-heed - ing - ly Fell from lips untouched by care,
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird Beats with wea-ry wing the air,
"Let me hide my-self in Thee," Trembling tho' the voice and low,
Nev - er - more, O storm-tossed soul! Nev - er-more from wind or tide,
Could the voice a - gain in song Reach us from the gates of gold;

Fell the words as light leaves down On the cur - rent of the tune:
Dream-ing not that each might be On some oth - er lips a pray'r.
Ev - 'ry note with sor - row stirred, Ev - 'ry syl - la - ble a pray'r.
Ran the sweet strain peace-ful-ly, Like a riv - er in its flow.
Nev - er-more from bil - low's roll, Wilt thou need thy-self to hide.
Still I think would be the song, Sweet-er than in days of old:

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Decisive Day.

Anon. Unknown.

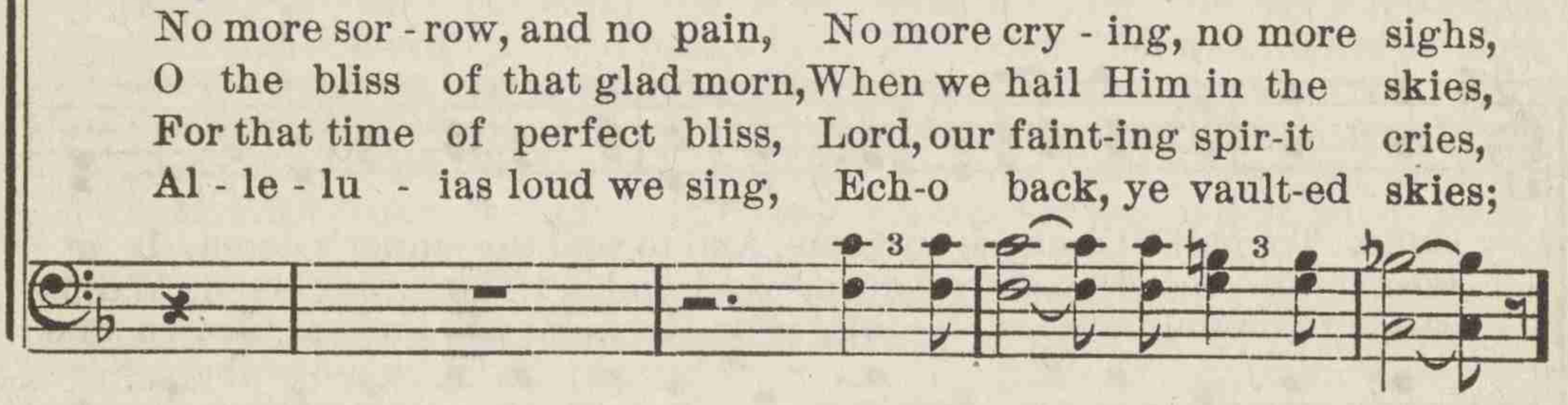
178 God Shall Wipe Away All Tears.

REV. 21: 4.

ASA SMITH. ASA SMITH & M. GARLAND

1. God shall wipe away all tears, Wipe all tears ..... from our eyes;
2. O the blessed, hap-py day, When He comes to claim His own;
3. Tar - ry not, O Lord, but come, Is the bur - den of our prayer;
4. Praise the Lord! we're home at last, Home at last in glo - ry-land;

And that home we soon shall see In the land beyond the skies.
Soon we'll hail its dawning bright, And the Lord will take us home.
And our waiting vi-sion longs To be - hold Thee in the air.
With our shining harps of gold, On the sea of glass we stand.



No more sor - row, and no pain, No more cry - ing, no more sighs,
O the bliss of that glad morn, When we hail Him in the skies,
For that time of perfect bliss, Lord, our faint-ing spir-it cries,
Al - le - lu - ias loud we sing, Ech-o back, ye vault-ed skies;

For our God shall wipe all tears, Wipe all tears from our eyes.
And our God shall wipe all tears, Wipe all tears from our eyes.
When our God shall wipe all tears, Wipe all tears from our eyes.
For our God has wiped all tears, Wiped all tears from our eyes.

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THE goodly land! It is with pleasure I cast a glance forward to that heavenly inheritance which is the objective point of all our struggles, our toils, and our desires. I see there a land which stands out in wonderful contrast to this. As the hymn says—

"O how unlike the present world,
Will be the one to come!"

I see fields smiling in living green, trees majestic in their wealth of verdure, flowers dazzling with their rainbow hues, and on neither field nor tree nor flower do I see the touch of frost or the pale hand of decay. I see no foot-prints of the curse, no scars of sin. I see no pestilence walking in darkness, nor destruction wasting at noonday. I see no forms distorted with pain, nor brows furrowed with anxiety and care. I see no mournful shafts telling where weary forms and sad and broken hearts have gone down into dust and darkness. I see no painful messages passing over that land, telling that a friend, a brother, a fellow-laborer has fallen beneath the cruel stroke of a relentless foe. I see no darkened room where the tide of a precious life is ebbing slowly away. I see no bosoms heaving with anguish, no badges of mourning, no funeral trains, no yawning, insatiate grave. But on the other hand, I see a glorious company who bear bright palms of victory over death and the grave. I see, as one of our hymns says, that

—"the glory of God, like a molten sea,
Bathes the immortal company."

I see every eye sparkling with the fulness of the joy that reigns within. I see on every cheek the bloom of eternal youth and everlasting health. I see every limb lithe and strong. I see the lame man leaping as an hart. I see the blind gazing with rapture on the celestial glory. I see the deaf listening enchanted to the heavenly melody. I see the dumb joining with loud voice in the anthems of praise. I see the mother clasping in her bosom the children she had lost awhile in the land of the enemy, but now recovered forever. I see long parted friends meet in eternal reunion. I see a river so pure and clear, so charged with every element of refreshment, and life, that it is called "the river of life." I see a tree over-arching all, so healing in its leaves, so vivifying in its fruits, that it is called "the tree of life." I see a great white throne in whose effulgence there is no need of moon or sun to give us light. I hear a voice saying to that victorious company, "This is your rest forever; and you shall no more be acquainted with grief; for there shall be no more pain or death, and sorrow and mourning have forever fled away." And in all the universe I then see no trace of sin or suffering, but I hear from every world and from every creature, a joyous anthem, like the sound of many waters, going up to God; and they say, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb forever and ever."

"And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

Such is the goodly land we may go up and possess.

Such is the land that awaits every laborer who is faithful to the end.

—*Selected.*

The Story of a Popular Hymn.

WHILE engaged in conversation with some ladies on religious topics, one of them turned to me and said,—

"I heard you quote that passage of Scripture, 'All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to His purpose.' Do you really believe it?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"Well," she rejoined, "I wish I could. But when I remember the many deep sorrows, severe trials, and distressing perplexities through which I have been called to pass, I cannot believe that they have wrought together for my good, though I believe that I love the Lord. That passage is to me obscure and enigmatical."

This remark was not made flippantly or irreverently. The speaker was earnest and candid. She could not see wherein her afflictions had been a blessing, and in consequence she had been embittered rather than mellowed and sweetened. Hers is not an exceptional experience. Many are hardened by adversity who profess to know and love God, and some are driven into rebellion. What is the trouble? Is God's word untrue?—No: the trouble is not in the word of God, but in the heart of man. We opine that many mistake zeal for faith, devotion to the church or to a message for the love of God. They imagine that they love God when they do not. God is not deceived. He knows the real condition of the heart; and wishing to disillusion them, he allows them to pass into the furnace of affliction. The result tells the story. Pure gold is not damaged by the heat, neither is true Christian character permanently injured by affliction. On the contrary, it is matured and ripened thereby and made to dispense a heavenly fragrance that is elevating and ennobling.

The following story of the origin of the hymn "It is Well with my Soul," illustrates the point. The author of the hymn, Mr. H. G. Spafford, was a member of the Chicago bar, and an elder in the Presbyterian Church. He was very successful in his profession, and accumulated a competency, and being a true, devoted Christian, noted for his kindness and generosity, he lived very happily with his family. But he made some unfortunate investments, and in the financial panic of 1873, which proved so disastrous to the business of the country, his earnings were lost, and he and his family reduced to destitute circumstances. The blow was a heavy one, and brought deep distress to the members of his family. However, kind friends came to their rescue, and generously proposed that, while he endeavored to recoup his losses, Mrs. Spafford and the children visit Europe, hoping that the diversion would cause them to forget their troubles. The proposition was accepted, and preparations for the journey were begun.

In November of that year Mrs. Spafford and her four daughters set sail on board the French liner Ville du Havre. In mid-ocean the steamship collided with the Glasgow clipper Lock Earn, and in twelve minutes the former sank, carrying to a watery grave two hundred and thirty souls, among whom were included the four Spafford girls. Mrs. Spafford herself also went down with the ship, but rose again and was rescued. She with the other passengers who were fortunate enough to escape, was sent to Havre, and from that city she sent the following telegram to her husband in Chicago: "Saved, but saved alone. What shall I do?" This message with its tale of sorrow was the first intimation that Mr. Spafford received of the dreadful disaster. He left for Europe at once, and went to the bedside of his suffering wife, and as soon as it was prudent returned with her to Chicago.

In the midst of sorrow like this the hymn was written. When Mr. Spafford reflected that his property was all lost, his wife painfully prostrated, and his four daughters snatched from him at once by what seemed to be the fell hand of a pitiless fate, he yielded not to doubt and despair, but "endured as seeing Him who is invisible." He still believed, despite the dark and mysterious providence, that "all things work together for good to them that love God," and there came from his heart of triumphant faith and

unclouded love that hymn of trust and resignation which has many times encircled the globe:—

"When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea-billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul."

"Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate
And hath shed His own blood for my soul."

"My sin, O the bliss of that glorious thought!
My sin—not in part but the whole—
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!"

This hymn, with its musical accompaniment by the late P. P. Bliss, is one of the most popular of the many gospel songs written in recent years, and has been productive of good. At a religious meeting held some years ago in one of our large cities, the story of the hymn was told with pathos, and afterwards the choir and congregation, with much tenderness of expression and fervor of soul, sang the hymn. The entire audience was deeply affected.

Attending the service was a gentleman who had suffered heavy financial loss. He was a Christian, earnest and devoted, but had never become entirely reconciled to his misfortune, and at times felt sore and disconsolate. But when he heard of Mr. Spafford's affliction, and was told of his sweet spirit of resignation, he experienced a happy change of feeling, and on returning home, said to his wife, "I will never again complain of my lot. If Spafford could write such a beautiful resignation hymn when he had lost all his children, and everything else save his wife and character, I ought surely to be thankful that my losses have been so light." J. A. B.

Ship Zion.

Anon. Scottish.

2 And are you not afraid some storm
Your bark will overwhelm?
No, bless the Lord, we need not fear;
Our Father's at the helm.

3 Our compass is the sacred word;
Our anchor, blooming hope;
The love of God our maintop sail,
And faith our cable rope.

4 The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
The heavens above are clear;
The city bright appears in sight;
We're getting round the pier.

5 And when we are all landed safe
On the celestial plain,
Our song shall be, "Worthy's the Lamb
For rebel sinners slain."

182 Now Is the Day.

ELLA E. MILES. F. S. STANTON.

1. List to the voice that is call - ing to - day, O yield to its
2. "Some oth - er time" has swept millions a - way; Beyond har - bor
3. Seek not the way of earth's pleasures to tread, Or say thou wilt
4. Time's closing shad-ows soon o'er thee may fall; O then for His

pleadings, no lon - ger de - lay; Re - ject not, as oft thou hast
lights it is sail - ing each day; And rocks that are hid - den by
pause in the jour-ney a - head, And "sometime" ac-cept what God
mer - cy in vain you may call; The Spir-it, long grieved, shall then

done in the past, "Some oth-er time" choosing, for time may not last.
storm-clouds so dark Are strewn with the lost from this treacherous bark.
now would be-stow; Thy number of years, or of days, who can know?
leave thee a - lone; Then make now thy choice while to-day is thine own.

CHORUS.

"Some oth - er time" for thee may not come; "Some oth - er

time" may be sealed to thy doom; Come and ac-cept of this

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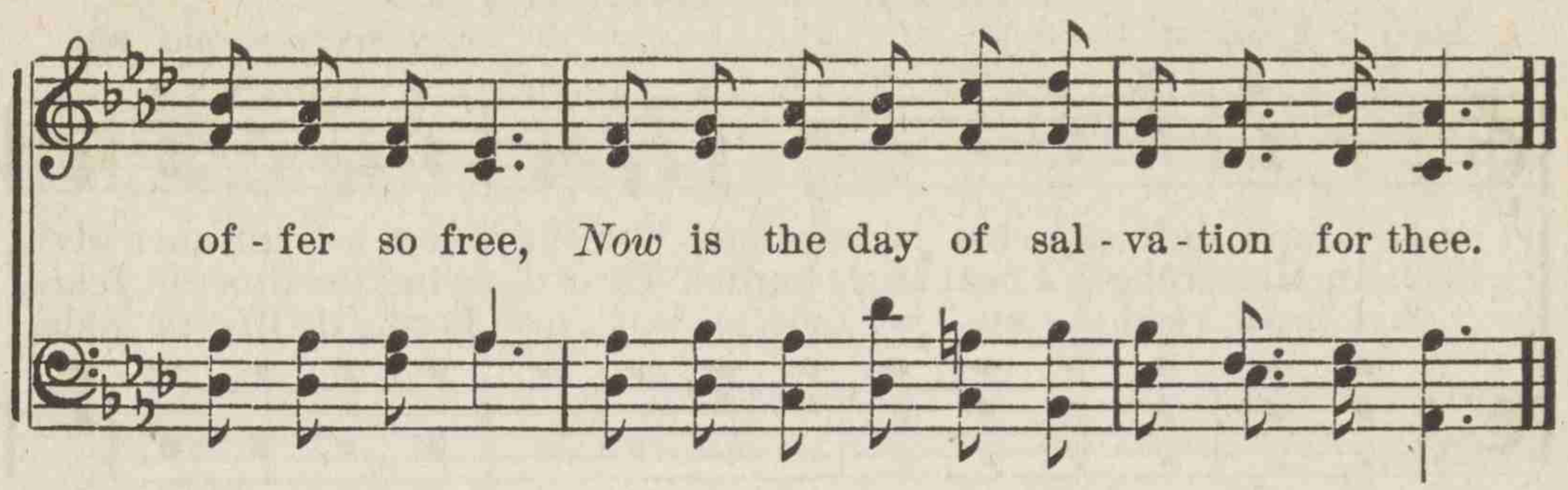
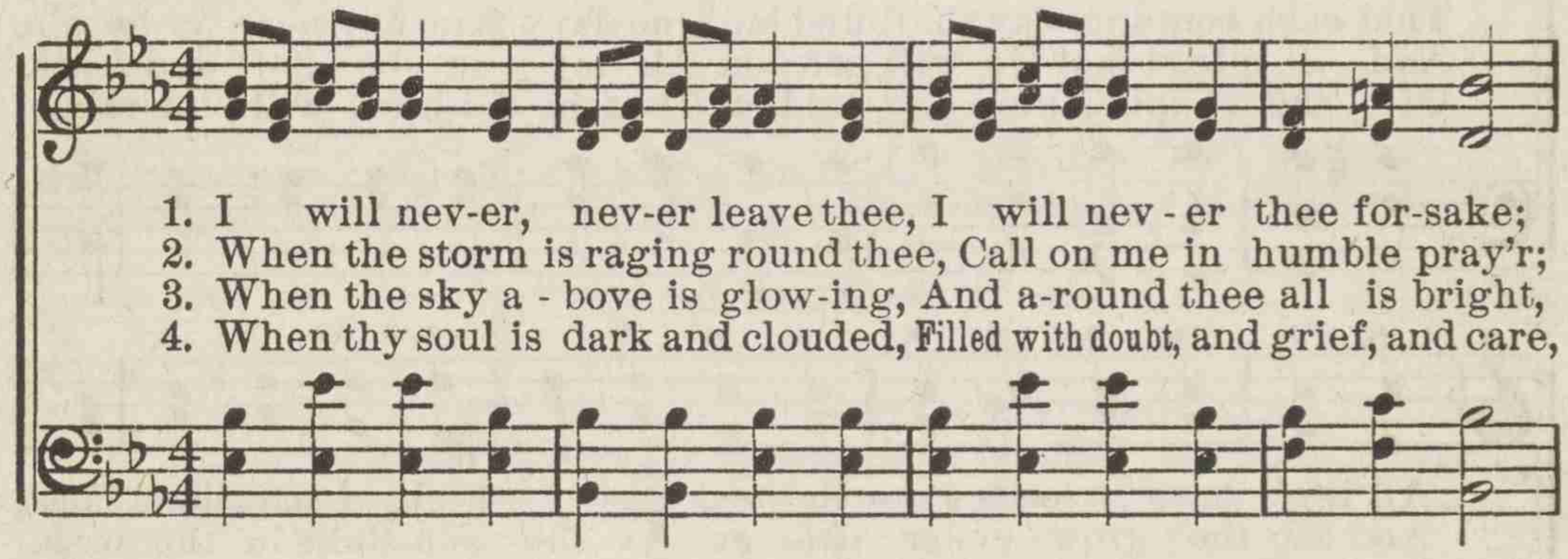
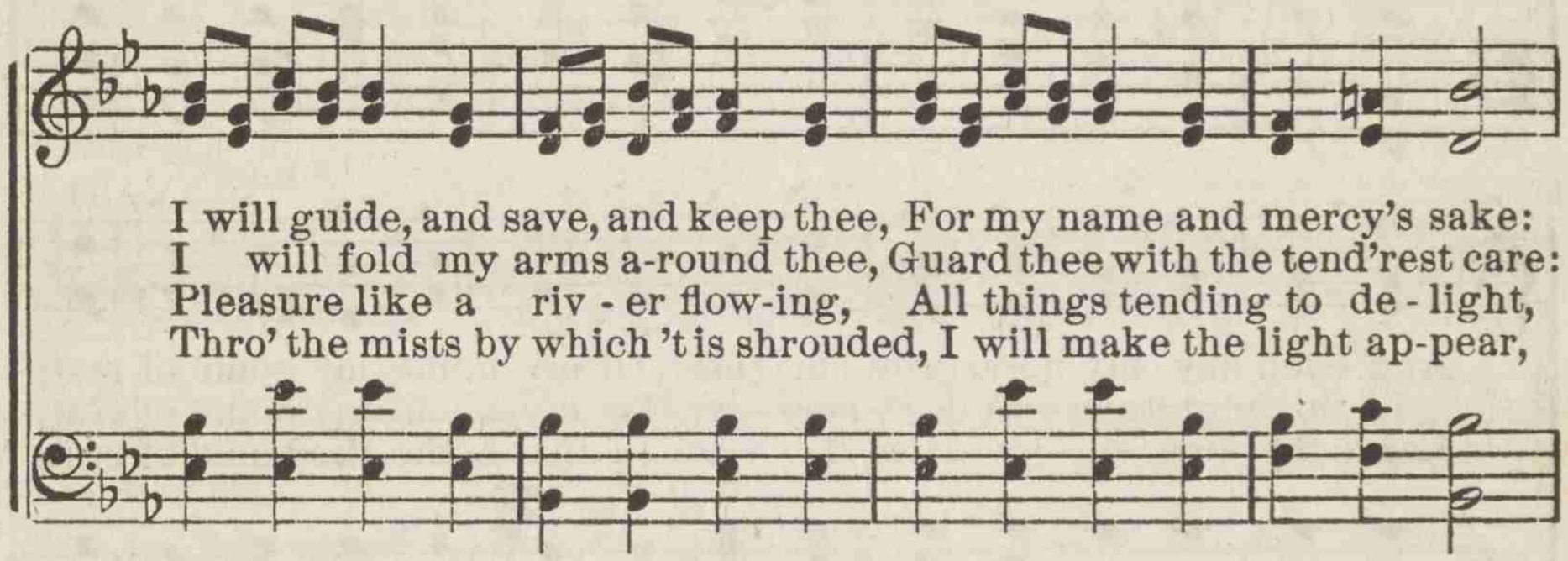
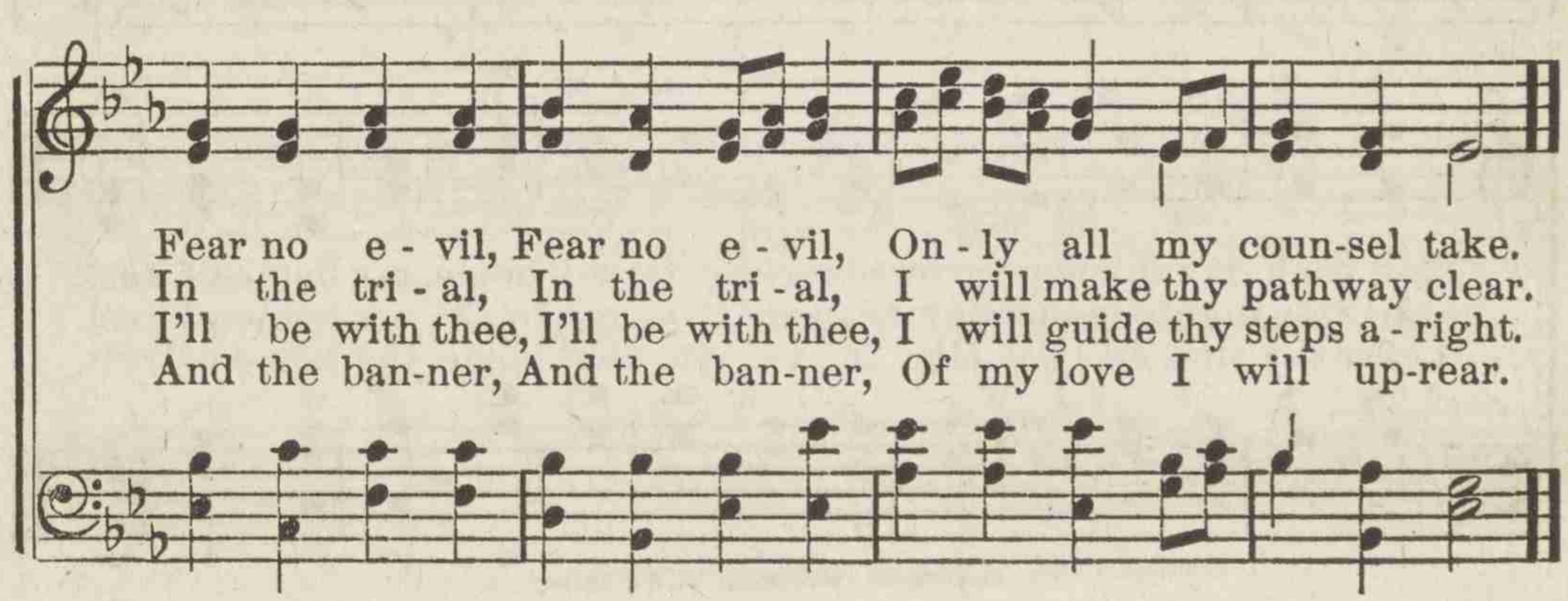


Promise.

Anon. Unknown.







184 My Home of Rest.

"I go to prepare a place for you."—JOHN 14: 2.

Elder L. D. SANTEE. F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. I have left my sins be-hind me, For the blest as - sur-ance giv'n,
2. In His strength I bear life's burden Thro' the win - ter-time of years,
3. I have read the sto - ry old - en, Of my Lord, His life of pain,

That each com-ing day shall find me One day's jour-ney near - er heav'n.
And I plead that He will par-don All my un - be - lief and fears.
Of the chaplets pure and gold-en That the faith-ful will ob-tain.

All life's heav - y loads grow lighter, As I think of mansions blest,
And the tho't grows ev - er dear - er As the sun sinks in the west,
Come, poor sinner, to the Sav-iour, Wea-ry soul with woes oppressed,

And each day my hope grows brighter, Of my home, my home of rest;
I this night am one day near - er To my home, my home of rest;
Leave thy sins, en - joy His fa - vor In that home, the home of rest;

And each day my hope grows brighter, Of my home, my home of rest.
I this night am one day near-er To my home, my home of rest.
Leave thy sins, en - joy His fa - vor In that home, the home of rest.

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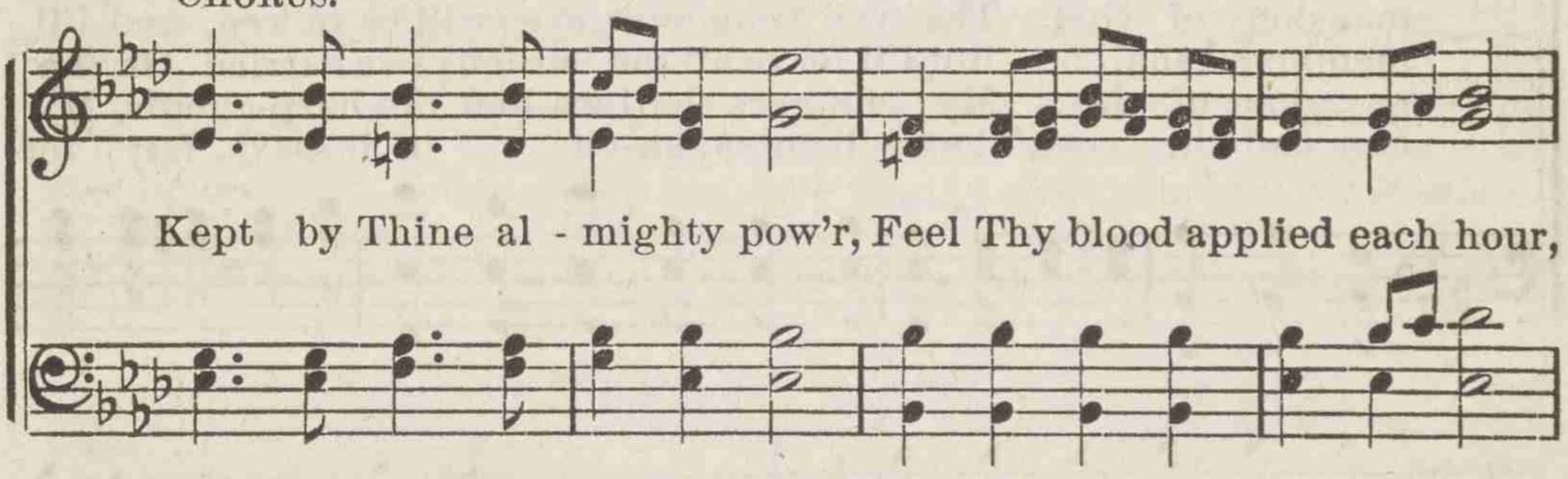
F. S. S. F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, Love di-vine, Come and keep this heart of mine;
2. Grant, dear Lord, Thy words of light, In my heart be shin-ing bright;
3. May Thy Spir-it's ten - der glow, Thro' its ev - 'ry feel-ing flow;
4. Wait - ing for the com-ing day, When all sin shall pass a - way;
5. Till that day, dear Je - sus, be Ev - 'ry-thing I need, to me;

Free it from its weight of care, Keep it ten - der, full of pray'r.
Keep-ing it from er-ror's way, Keep-ing to the per-fect day.
Point-ing lost ones to His blood, With its cleansing, heal-ing flood.
When the faith-ful, saved by grace, Ev - er shall be - hold His face.
Keep me in Thy precious love, Till I view Thee from a - bove.

CHORUS.



Kept by Thine al - mighty pow'r, Feel Thy blood applied each hour,

Sweet-ly in Thy love a - bide, Saved by keeping near Thy side.

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186 The Glorious Mansions of God.

"His rest shall be glorious."—Isa. 11: 10.

Elder L. D. Santee. F. S. Stanton, Mus. Bac.

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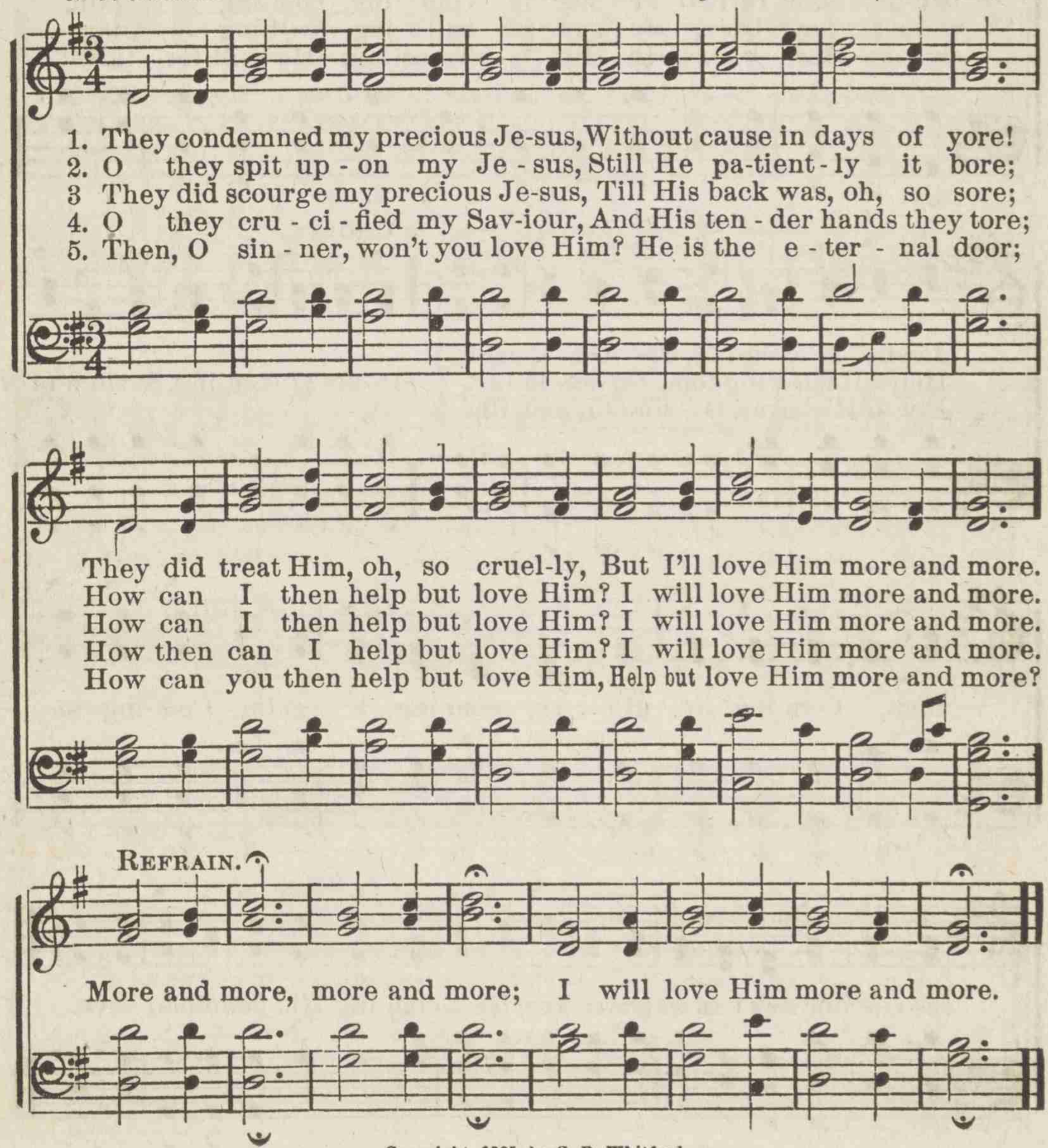
Love Him More and More.

N. P. NEILSON.

Melody by C. P. WHITFORD.
Harmonized by F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.



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188 Jesus Is Coming Again.

C. M. Snow. G. W. Sederquist. 1902.

1. Shout the glad ti - dings o - ver the world; Spread the glad news, with ban-ners un - furled: Je - sus is com - ing, com-ing a - gain,—
2. Out of the na - tions, out of their sin, Out of the fields where His work-ers have been, Je - sus is call - ing—call-ing to - day—
3. Still sounds His message all the world thro': Fly to the Rock long riv - en for you. In Him is cleans-ing; He will for - give;

Chorus.

Je-sus is com-ing, Sav-iour of men.
Heirs of His kingdom. Do not de-lay.
Fly to His arms, O sin-ner, and live.
} Je-sus is com-ing, Saviour of men, Com-ing in glo - ry, com-ing a - gain; Com-ing to res-cue our souls from the grave; Yes, He is com-ing His people to save.

Rit.

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The Beautiful City of Gold.

"Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God." Ps. 87 : 3.

C. EDWIN JOHNSON. F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

Not too fast.

1. Dear children, I know of a cit-y Whose glory outshineth the sun;
2. The walls of that cit-y are jas-per, Most wondrous fair to be-hold;
3. Sin nev-er can en-ter that cit-y, No pain nor no death can there go;
4. O shall we not love the dear Saviour, Who's gone that bright home to prepare?

Where angels their sweet songs are singing, And life's pure riv-er doth run.
With pearl-y gates guard-ed by an-gels, Its streets are all paved with pure gold.
The dwell-ers in that bless-ed coun-try Shall nev-er the pains of earth know.
The good and the true of all a-ges, Shall rest in those mansions so fair.

Where a beau-ti-ful tree by life's river Is blooming 'mid Eden's green bowers,
It needs not the light of a candle, Nor the sil-ver-y light of the moon;
There joy and peace ev-er-last-ing, Will flow thro' the hearts of the blest,
O love Him and serve Him, dear children, His glo-ry you soon will behold;

O, I know you would all love to go there And gather the beautiful flowers.
For the Lord is there, and His glo-ry Outshineth the splendors of noon.
No tears shall dim the bright glo-ry Of those heavenly mansions of rest.
He's coming to take those who love Him To the beautiful city of gold.

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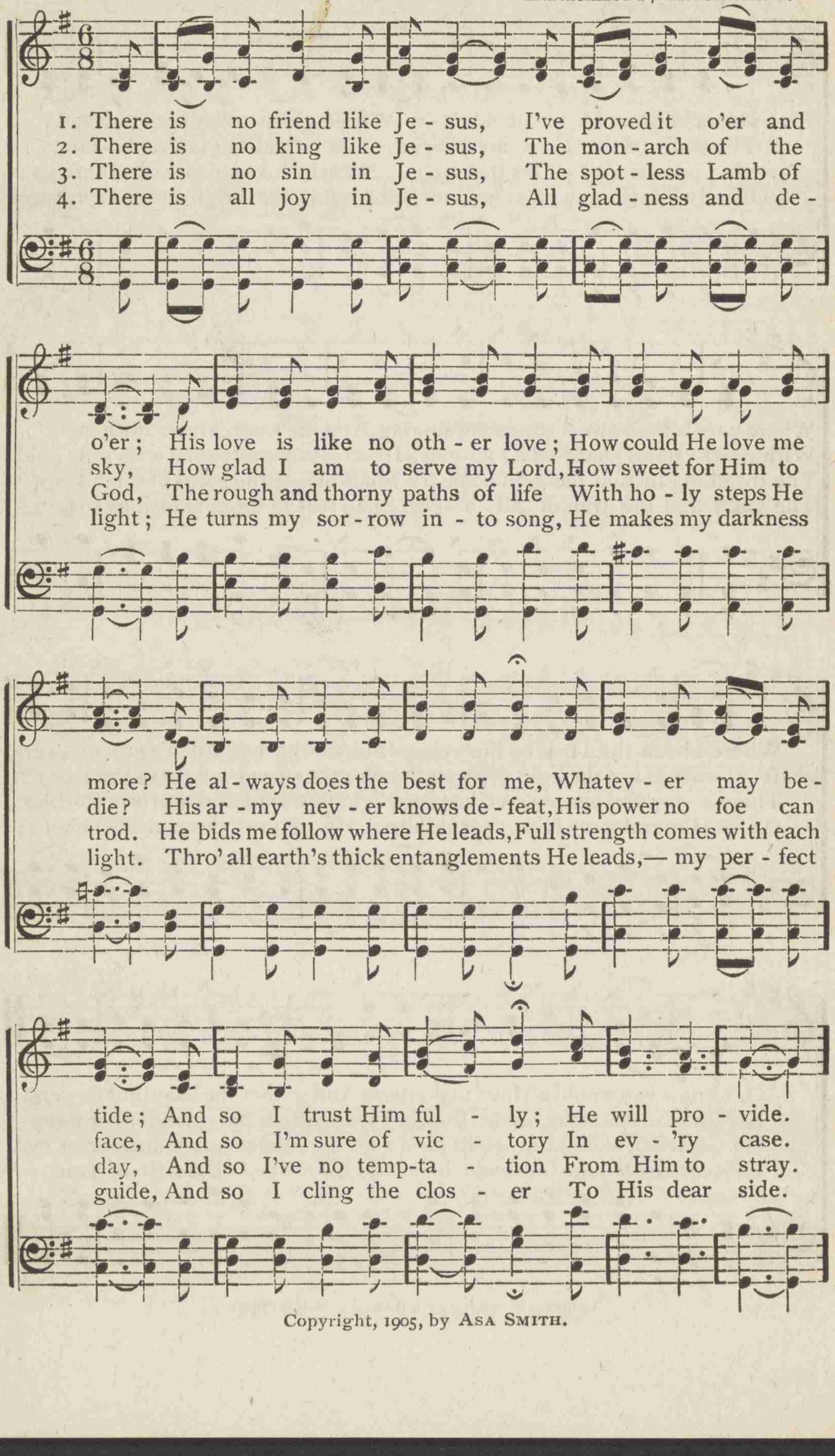
190 Jesus, the Beautiful.

JAMES MUDGE.

Melody by ASA SMITH.
Harmonized by M. GARLAND.



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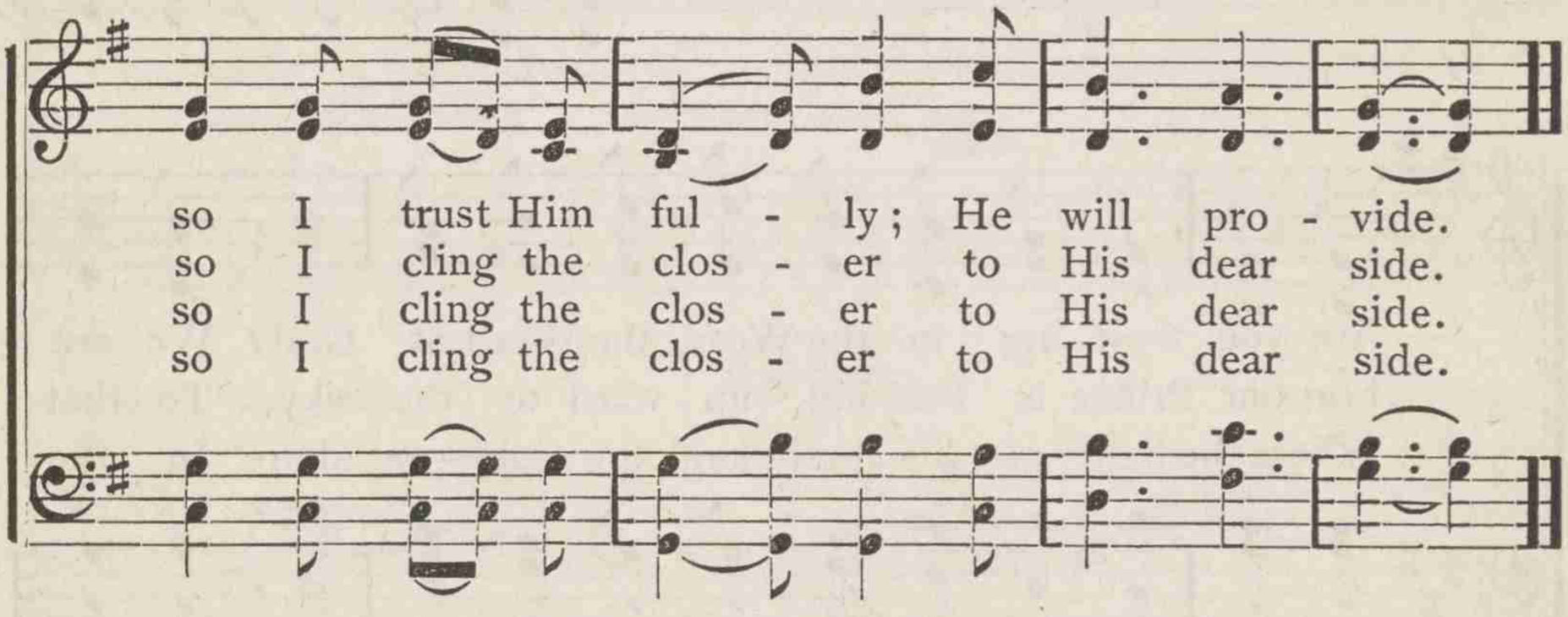
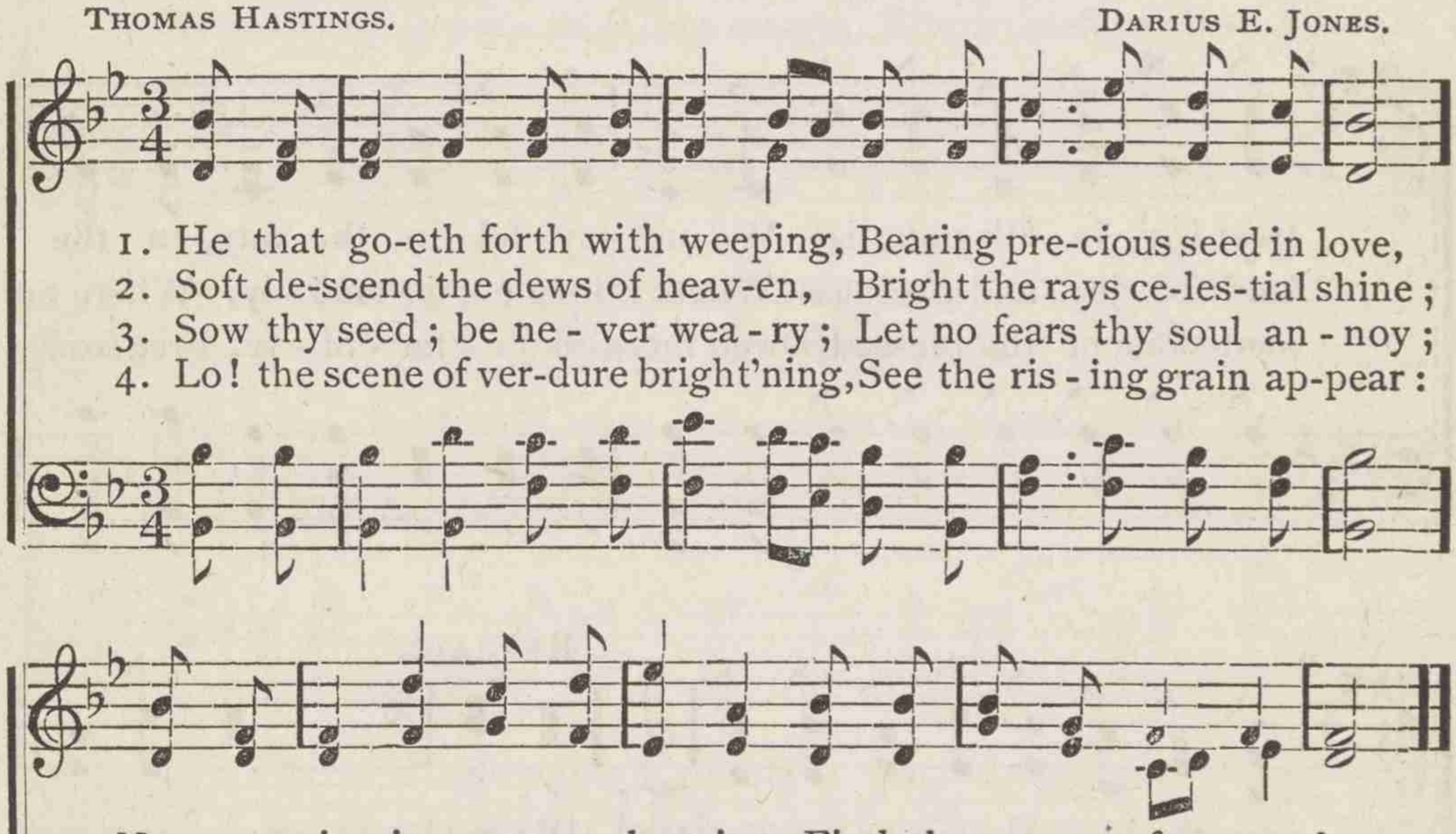
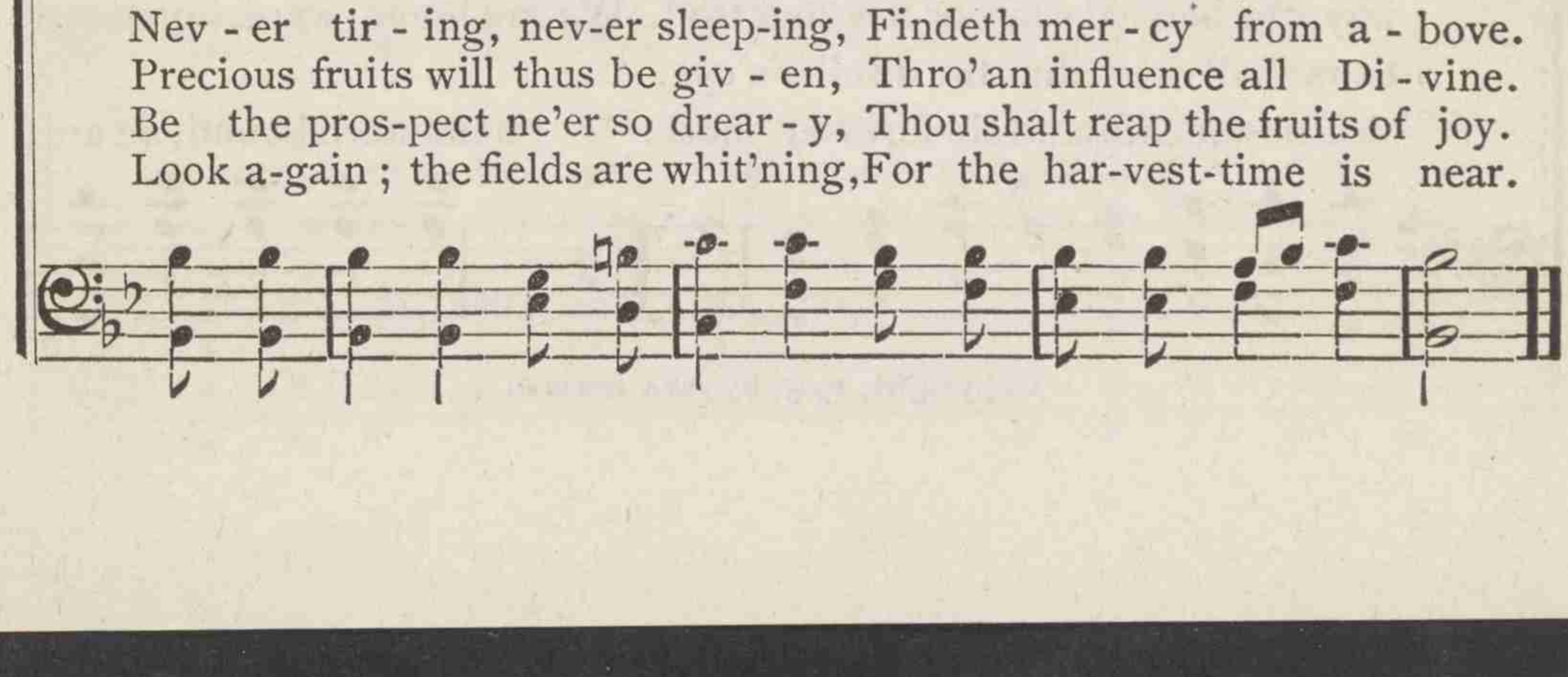
CHORUS.



He That Goeth Forth.

THOMAS HASTINGS. DARIUS E. JONES.





192 Homeward Bound.

C. M. SNOW.

Melody by ASA SMITH.
Harmonized by M. GARLAND.

1. Are you watching for the morning? Are you longing for the day?
2. We are marching on to Canaan, We are marching joy-ful - ly,
3. O - ver Jor - dan we are go - ing, O - ver there we soon shall be,

Are you trust-ing in the Word, the Word of God? We are
For our Prince is lead-ing up - ward to the sky, To that
Where the light of life shall flood the gold - en shore In the

trust-ing in His prom-ise, We are joy - ful in the way, In the
land of joy and gladness Where is love e - ter - nal - ly, Where no
man-sions of the blessed, Dwell there all e - ter - ni - ty, Free from

REFRAIN.

way, the blessed way our Sav-iour trod. We are home - ward, homeward
tears shall ev-er dim the dweller's eye.
sick-ness, death, and sin forev-er more. homeward bound, we are

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bound ; We are marching toward the day ; And our
homeward bound We are marching, marching toward the day And our

God is lead-ing on - ward, Leading up-ward all the way.
God is lead-ing on-ward, Lead-ing

Anvern.

R. F. COTTRELL. LOWELL MASON.

1. The time is near when Zi-on's sons, With rapturous joy shall sing the
2. O - pen, ye gates ! The glorious King Ap-proaches with a ho - ly
3. With-in these walls shall they remain, Who trusted, might-y Lord ! in

song Fore-told by seers — a - noint - ed ones : We have a
throng ; O - pen, ye gates ! Saints, an - gels, sing On gold - en
Thee : Death, their last en - e - my, is slain ; They have a

cit - y great and strong, We have a cit - y great and strong.
harps the vic - tor's song ! On gold-en harps the vic - tor's song !
right to life's fair tree, They have a right to life's fair tree.

194 Brother, Will You Go?

(Effective as a Solo.)

WM. WOODWARD. MRS. W. V. BAKER.

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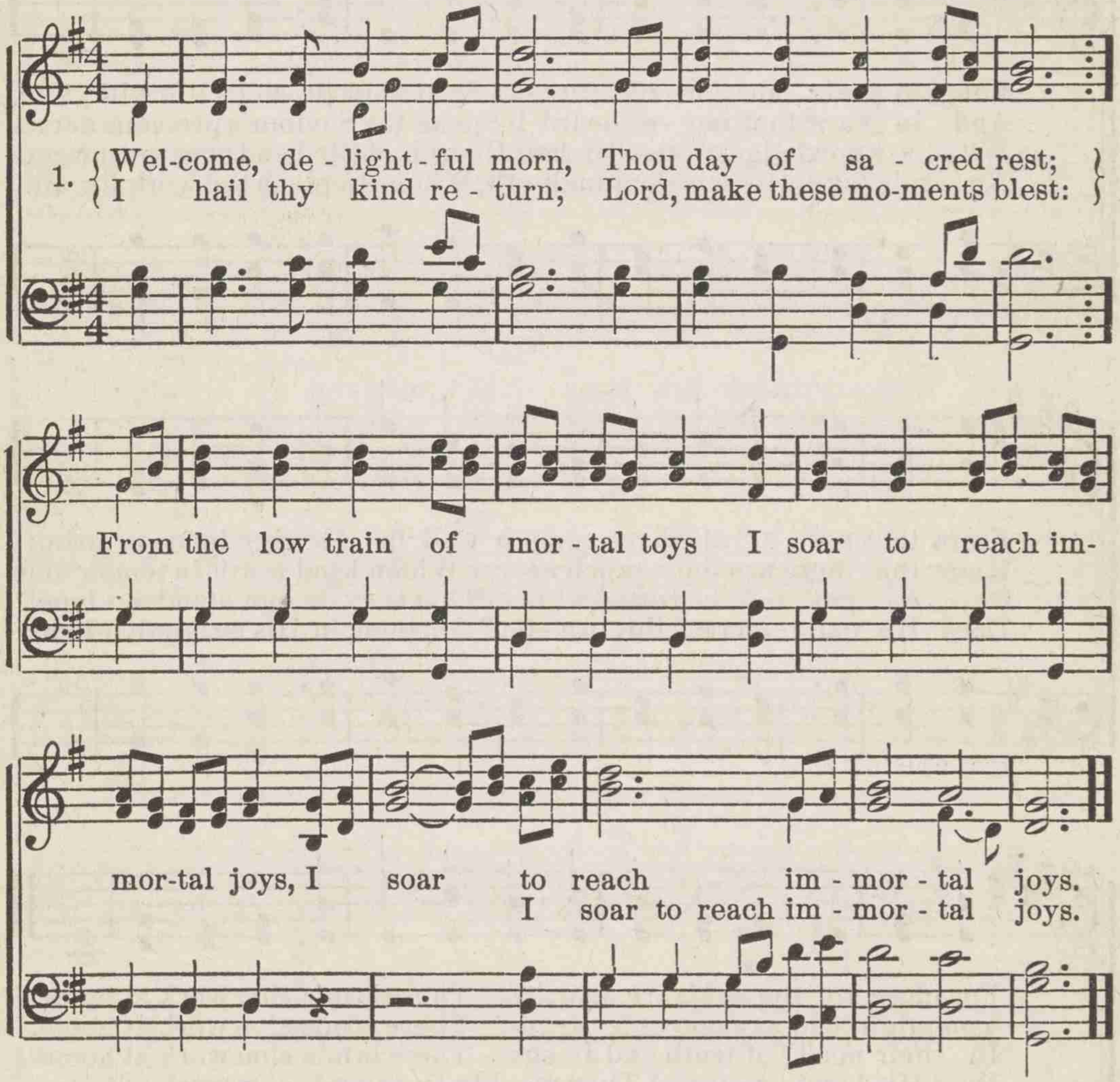
Welcome, Delightful Morn.

HAYWARD. F. SCHNEIDER.
Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



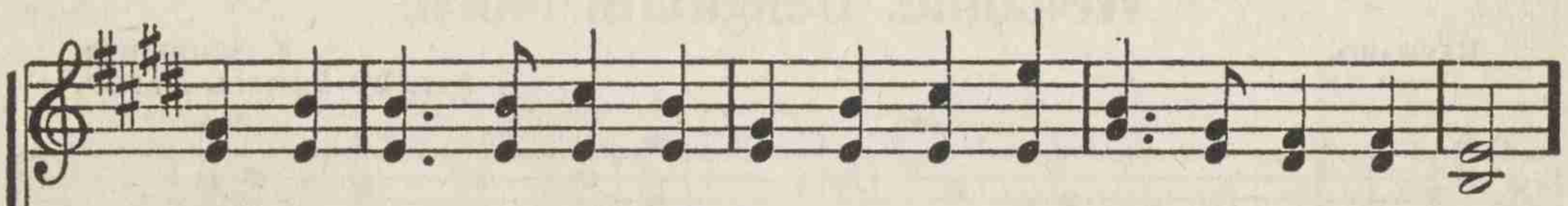
2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face;
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbath-days be passed in vain.

196 Mission Work at Home.

Arr. by C. P. WHITFORD. ASA SMITH & M. GARLAND.

1. Ye who sigh to till the a - cres In some dis-tant har-vest field,
2. Ye who yearn to tell the hea-then Of a Saviour's love and claim,
3. Ye who look beyond with pit - y For the souls in darkness deep,
4. Broad the fields for harvest whitening; Some to each our Lord will call;



Long to plant in far - off furrows Seed which precious life will yield,
And in ears that nev - er heard it Speak the Saviour's precious name;
With a knowledge of whose blindness Heart is chilled and eyes must weep,
No mis-take His wis-dom mak-eth, When He plans the work for all.

Know that not to all there cometh Call in for-eign lands to roam;
Know that there are those much nearer Whom kind words in tender tone
Oh, for - get not in your sad-ness That they do not stand a - lone
Does He call a-cross the wa - ter? Go, then, in His strength a-lone.

For close by the fields are whitening:—There is mis-sion work at home.
You might win as sheaves for Jesus,—There is mis-sion work at home.
In their need of truth and Je-sus:—There is mis-sion work at home.
Does His hand restrain? Then meekly Do the mis-sion work at home.

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He's Coming.

Anon. Arranged.

1. How sweet are the ti-dings that greet the pilgrim's ear, As he
2. The moss - y old graves where the pil - grims sleep Shall be
3. There we'll meet ne'er to part, in our hap - py E - den home, Sweet
4. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah, a - gain! Soon, if

wan-ders in ex - ile from home! Soon, soon will the Sav-iour in
o - pen as wide as be - fore, And the mil-lions that sleep in the
songs of redemption we'll sing: From the North, from the South, all the
faith-ful, we all shall be there; O be watch-ful, be hope-ful, be

glo - ry ap - pear, And soon will the king - dom come.
might - y deep Shall live on this earth once more.
ran - somed shall come, And wor - ship our heav - en - ly King.
joy - ful, till then, And a crown of bright glo - ry we'll wear.

CHORUS.

He's coming, com- ing, coming soon, I know, Coming back to this earth a - gain;

And the wea-ry pilgrims will to glo-ry go, When the Saviour comes to reign.

Hitherto.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. ASA SMITH & M. GARLAND.

DUET.*

1. When our soul is much dis - couraged By the rough - ness
2. Look - ing back the long years o - ver, What a var - ied
3. Sure - ly then our souls should trust Him, Tho' the clouds be

of the way, And the cross we have to car - ry,
path! and yet All the way His hand has led us,
dark o'er - head; We've a Friend that draw - eth clos - er

QUARTET.*

Seems the heav - ier day by day; When some cloud that
Placed each hin - drance we have met; Giv'n to us the
When all oth - er friends have fled. When our pil - grim-

o - ver - shad-ows, Hides our Fa-ther's face from view, O 'tis
pleas-ant pla - ces, Cheered us all the jour - ney thro', Pass-ing
age is o - ver, And the gates we're sweep-ing thro', We shall

* May be sung as a Solo.

Copyright, 1905, by Asa Smith.

well then to re-mem-ber, He has blessed us hith - er - to.
thro' the deep - est wa - ters, He has blessed us hith - er - to.
see with clear - er vi - sion How He's blessed us hith - er - to.

Almost Home.

(HARWELL.)

Anon. LOWELL MASON.

1. { We are sail - ing in - to har-bor, Sail-ing o'er a troub-led sea;
   { Storms and tempests sweep around us, Shoals and rocks are on the lee;
2. { We are sail - ing in - to har-bor; Brothers, hear the Lord de-clare,
   { There will be no griefs nor sorrows, No more tri - als, no more care;
3. { We are sail - ing in - to har-bor, And from out the gold-en gate
   { We can hear the an-gels' ves-pers As the storms of life a - bate.

With our chart, and log, and compass, Held by faith's dead reckoning,
No more pain and no more crying; Lis-ten, for the Saviour saith,
Gold - en glo-ries from the city Slant athwart the heav'nly dome,
With our chart, and log, and compass, Held by faith's dead reck-on - ing,

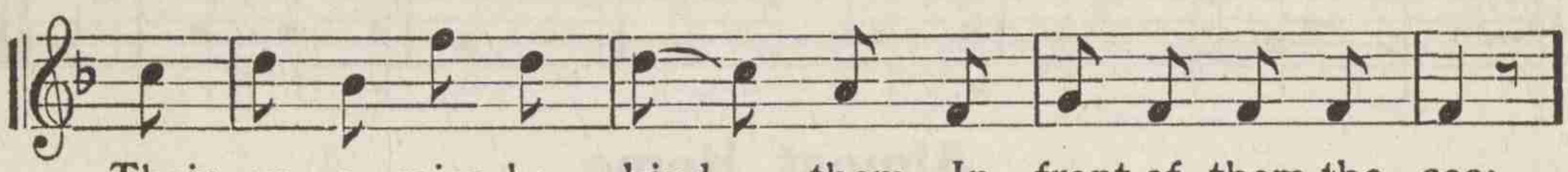
Homeward bound we're swiftly sailing To the cit - y of the King.
No more sick-ness, no more suff'ring, No more part-ing, no more death.
And each balm - y sun-set zeph-yr Whispers, "One day near-er home."

200 # Truth Bears Off the Victory.

Religious Liberty Song.

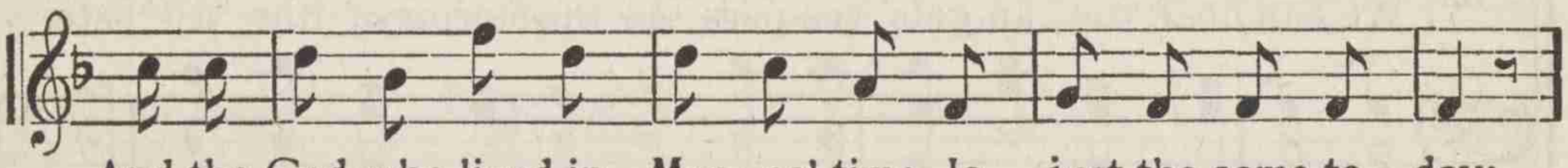
To be sung only as a Solo.

1. When Mos-es and his peo - ple From Egypt's land did flee,
2. When Da-vid and Go - li - ah met, The wrong a-gainst the right,
3. When Daniel, faith-ful to his God, Would not bow down to men,



Their en - e - mies be - hind them, In front of them the sea;
Go - li - ah armed with human strength, But Dav-id with God's might;
And by God's en - e - mies was hurled In - to the li - on's den;

God raised the wa - ters like a wall, And o-pened up their way;
God's pow'r with Da-vid's sling and stone, The gi - ant low did lay;
God closed the lions' mouths, we read, And robbed them of their prey;



And the God who lived in Mos - es' time Is just the same to - day;
And the God who lived in Da-vid's time Is just the same to - day,
And the God who lived in Dan-iel's time Is just the same to - day;

Is just the same to - day, Is just the same to - day,
Is just the same to - day, Is just the same to - day,
Is just the same to - day, Is just the same to - day,

rit.

And the God who lived in Mos - es' time Is just the same to - day;
And the God who lived in Da-vid's time Is just the same to - day;
And the God who lived in Daniel's time Is just the same to - day;

God raised the wa-ters like a wall, And o-pened up their way;
Gods' pow'r with David's sling and stone, The gi - ant low did lay;
God closed the lions' mouths, we read, And robbed them of their prey;

4 Elijah, he the true God served,
The multitude served Baal,
But when the test of fire came,
Elijah did prevail.
God sent a fiery chariot down
To take him far away;
And the God who lived in Elijah's time
Is just the same today.

5 When Pentecost had fully come,
And fire from heaven did fall,
Like a mighty wind the Holy Ghost
Baptized them one and all.
Three thousand were converted,
And were soldiers right away;
And the God who lived at Pentecost
Is just the same today.

6 When Peter, full of zeal for God,
Was in the prison cast,
For simply preaching Jesus
To the eager listening mass;
God opend wide the prison doors,
And set his servant free;
And the God who worked for Peter then
Will do the same for me.

7 When Luther, in defense of truth.
To Worms did quickly go,
To meet Rome's representatives,
The wrong to overthrow;
God gave his truth the victory,
And guarded Luther's way;
And the God who lived in Luther's time
Is just the same today.

8 And so when God reveals his truth
Though mighty men oppose,
Triumph it will o'er all abuse,
Against unnumbered foes;
For God's unchanging purpose is
All error to allay;
And give the truth the victory,
And so he will today.

Chorus.

And so He will today, and so He will today,
And give his truth the victory,
And so he will today.

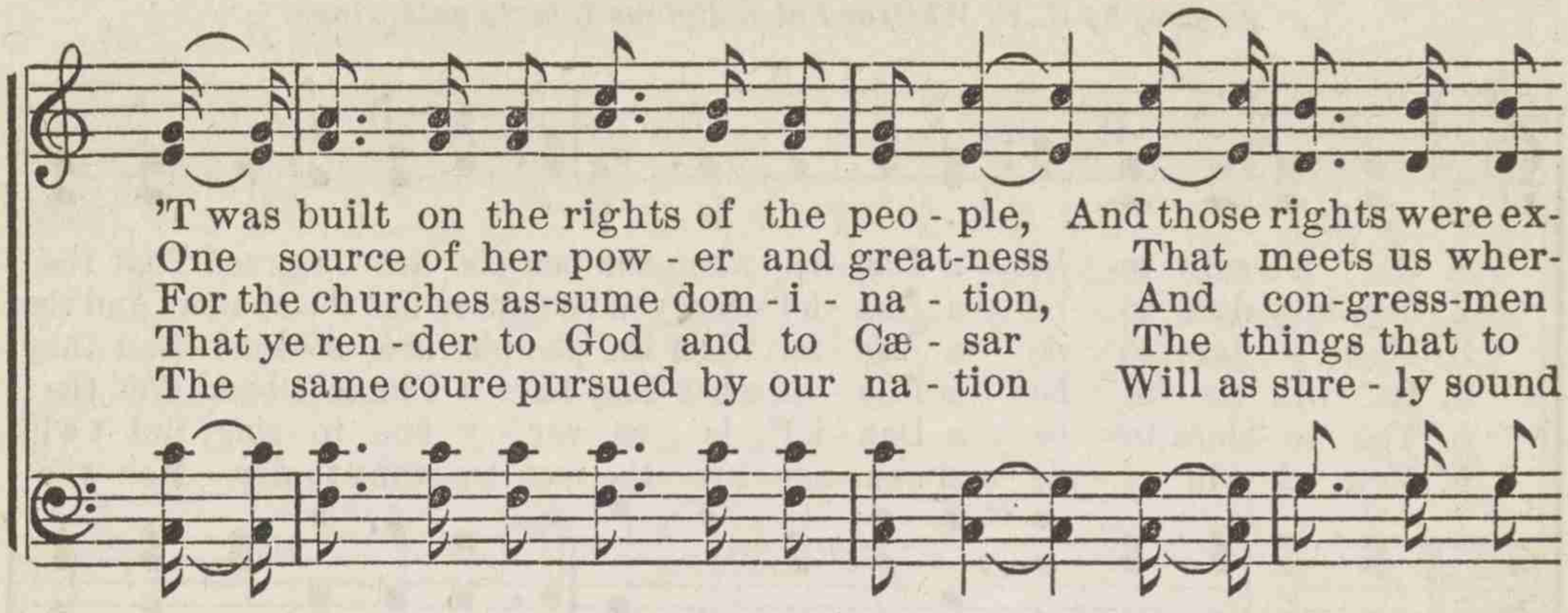
202 Our Country.

MRS. C. W. THAYER.

1. Our coun - try, the land of the free-man, Our coun-try,where kings are un - known, Oh, well did our fa-thers pro-tect thee,
2. We have loved, we have honored our coun-try; We are proud of her hills and her vales, Her a - cres de - vo - ted to cul - ture,
3. But a pow - er is working, and sure - ly Un - der-min - ing the rock where we stand; And our flags and our ea - gles are trail - ing
4. They talk of re-form-ing our na - tion, Of mak - ing it Chris-tian and true, By hold-ing,—in our Con - sti - tu - tion,—
5. O ye who to - day love our coun-try, And re - joice in the bless-ings of peace, Be - ware how you shape leg-is - la - tion

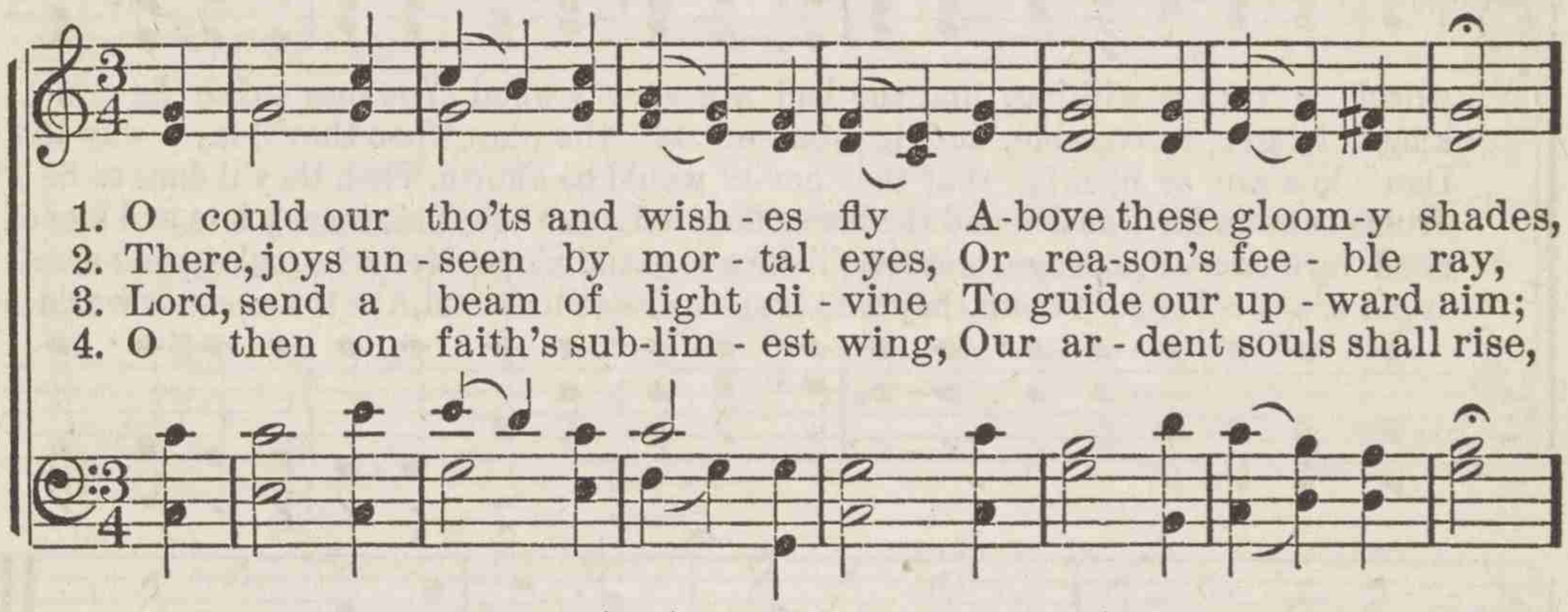
From the ty - rant who sat on the throne. And strong was the
Her rail-roads, her steamboats and sails; And we point to the
Their col - ors and plumes in the sand; And with shame we must
The name of our God up to view; For - get - ting the
To op-press e'en the "least one of these." For the Mas - ter a-

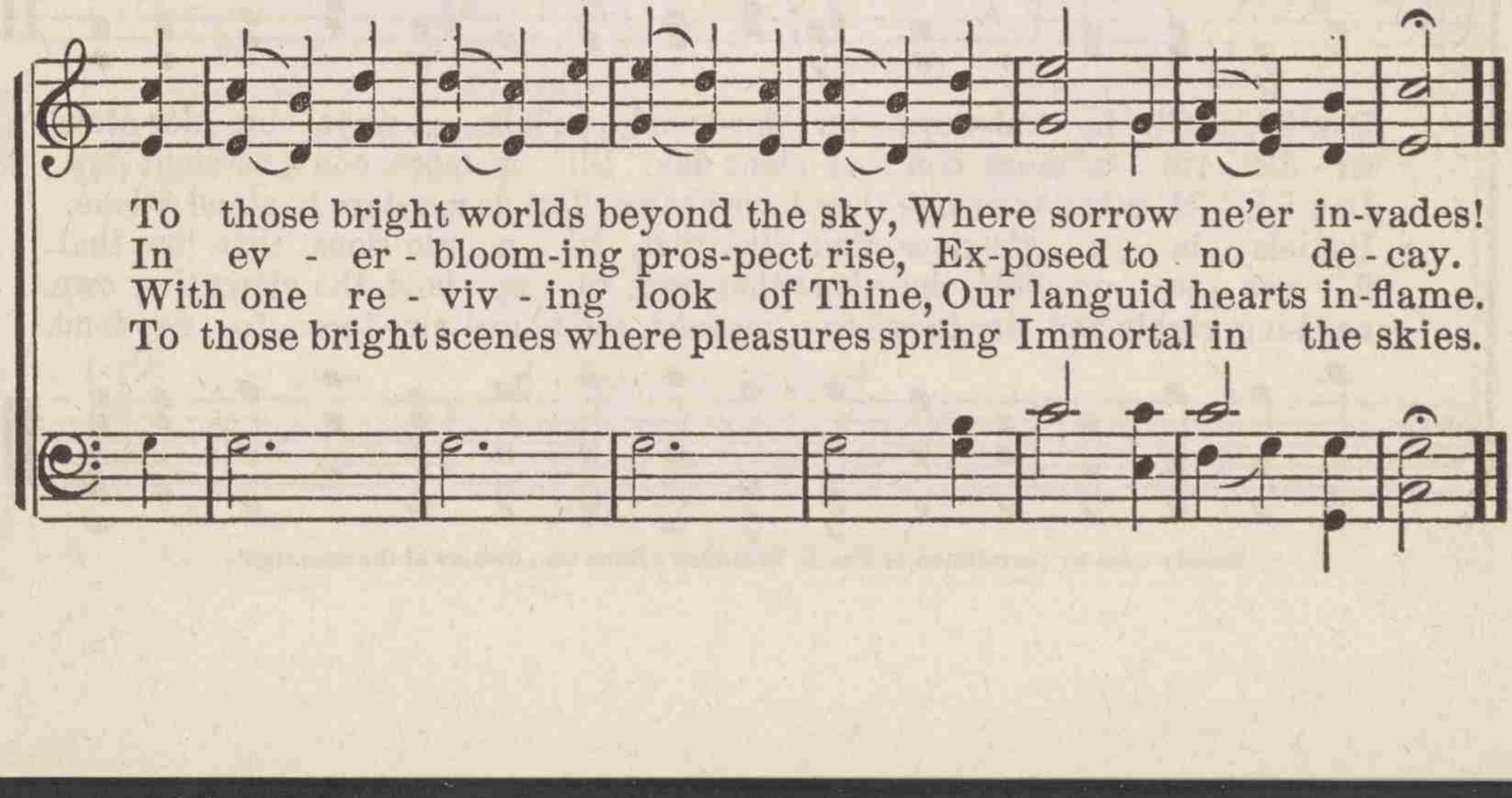
bul-wark of free-dom, Its pil - lars both massive and tall;
church and the school-house, Where the mass-es can wor-ship and learn,—
make the con-fes - sion, Our coun - try no lon-ger is free,
words of the Mas - ter, Un - chang-ing, e - ter - nal and strong,
bides in His chil - dren, And as sure as Je - ru - sa - lem fell,



Goventry. C. M.

ANNE STEELE. English.





When to Be a Daniel.

As sung by C. P. Whitford at Religious Liberty gatherings.

1. O it's safe to be a Dan - iel when the peo-ple are a-greed That the ver - y thing you ar - gue is the ver - y thing they need; When the
2. You may dare to be a Dan - iel when you've figured out the chance, And the peo - ple like the mu - sic, and will join you in the dance; But when
3. Man - y dare to be a Dan - iel when the peo-ple are so kind That they would - n't hurt a Dan - iel, should he want to speak his mind; When the
4. It will do to be a Dan - iel, when they have a Dan-iel's band, And the streets are full of Dan-iels, and they're crowding on the stand, And the
5. Yes, to "dare to be a Dan - iel" is so ver - y fine to sing, But 't will nev - er raise an ar - my of brave Dan - iels for the King. What we
6. Men of prin - ci - ple and cour-age are the men we want to-day—Men who will their firm con - vic- tions e'er ac-knowl-edge and o - bey. They who'll

world is ver - y will-ing, and the bad are ver - y good, You may safely be a Dan-iel, you'll be al-ways un - der-stood, you'll be al-ways un - der-stood.
knees be-gin to tremble, and to weak-en in the play, Then they'll lay a-way the fid - dle till a more con - ve-nient day, till a more con - ve-nient day.
Dan - iels are so plen-ty that they nev-er would be known, Then they'll dare to be a Dan-iel, O what cour-age they have shown,–But do not dare to stand a-lone.
drums beat up for Dan-iel, and the horns blow off your hat; Yes, there's lots and lots of Daniels in a glo-rious time like that, in a glo-rious time like that.
need are men of courage, men who'll dare to stand alone; Men who make great sacri- fi - ces to up - hold the views they own, to up - hold the views they own.
stand where all oppose them, they who truth will e'er befriend, Are the men our world is need-ing, rights and vir - tues to de-fend, rights and vir - tues to de - fend.

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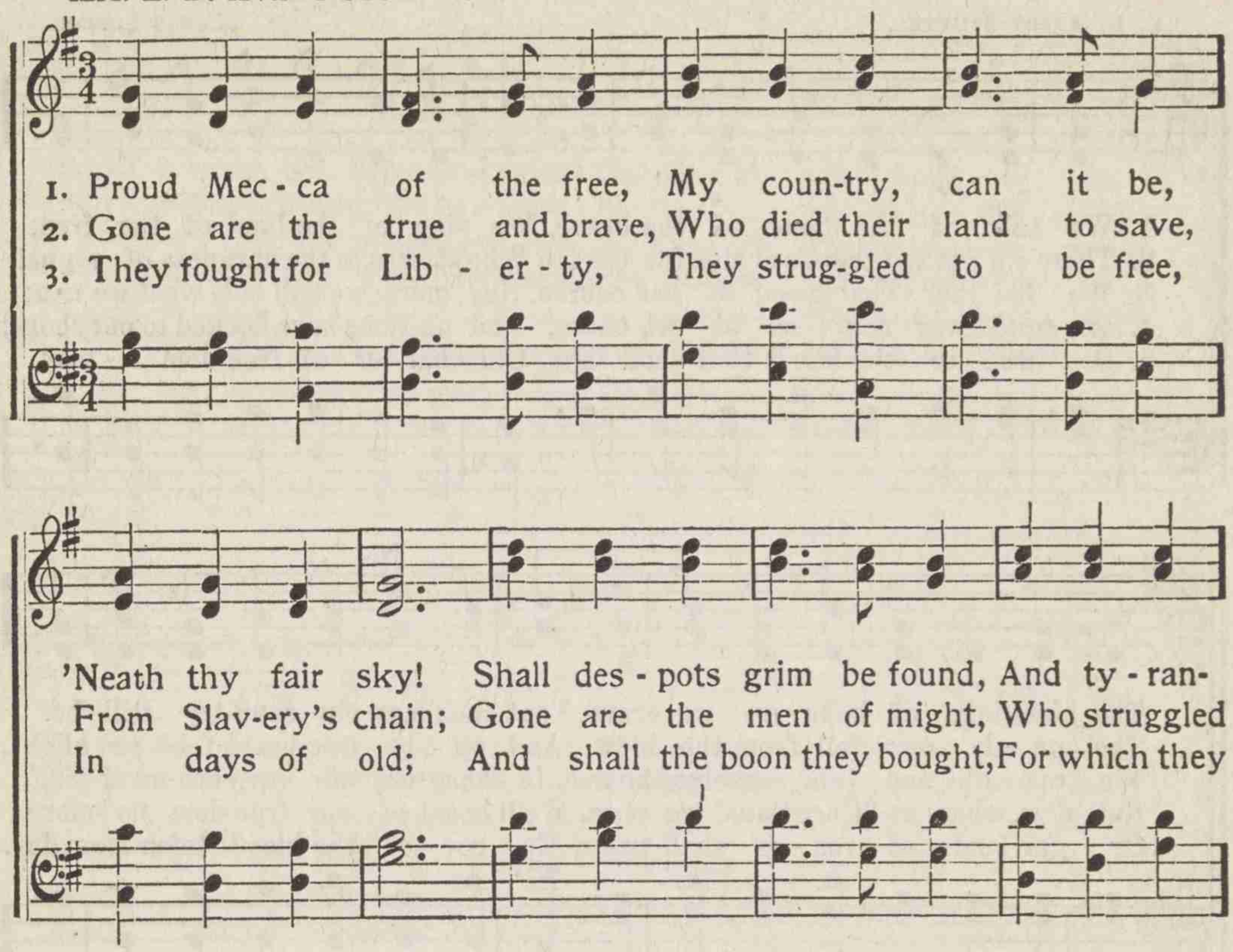
Freedom.

Mrs. L. D. Avery-Stuttle.



4 Freedom to worship God,
Free from the tyrant's rod
On thy fair shore?
Freedom where all may be
From Persecution free,
And dwell in liberty
Forever more?

5 On Plymouth's rocky strand,
Where ocean's surges grand
In fury beat;
There our fore-fathers dwelt,
Sacred the fire they felt,
'Mid savage tribes they knelt
In freedom sweet.

6 Oh, save us, Freedom's God,
From Persecution's rod,
Save us today!
Oh, may there ever be
Freedom to worship Thee,
In this land of the Free,
Oh, God, we pray!

206 The Constitution As It Is.

CONTRAST.

L. D. AVERY STUTTLE. LEWIS EDSON.

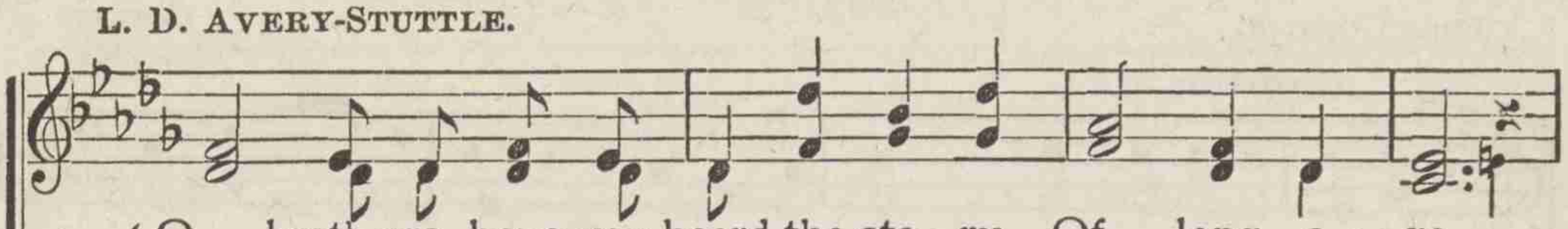
1. We talk of the home of the brave, We sing of the land of the free;
2. There's walls and there's chains for the foe Who strikes in the darkness of night;
3. We bid her "God speed" in her course, Nay, more, we will help what we can;
4. We *could* wor - ship God as we chose, And na-tions have flocked to our shore;
5. O woe to the hands that shall sign Our char-ter of free-dom a - way,

The bless-ings of heav - en we crave, That such may our coun-try still be.
Tho' on - ly *one* fall from the blow, And on - ly *one* heart feels the blight.
We trav - el and talk ourselves hoarse, In chang-ing our gov - ern-ment plan:
But now, when as "Christians" we pose, We'll boast of our free-dom no more.
Or gar-lands of ros - es shall twine To cov - er the blood-stains from day.

A ser - pent is drag-ging its length Where stars and the stripes should bear sway;
But Rome with her min - ions can raid Our coun-try and homes in the *day*,
Our free in - sti - tu - tions,—sad fate! So long both our pow - er and pride,—
When churches the law can ex-pound, The na - tion by them be con-trolled,
O where are the strong and the brave, To speak and to work with a will;

Each year is in - creas-ing its strength, And watches and waits for its prey.
And draw from our treas-ur - ies aid In sweep-ing our free-dom a - way.
Must change,and our great ship of state Here-aft - er in church wa-ters glide.
Dis - sent-ers in pris - ons are found, And rights of the peo - ple are sold.
Our free in - sti - tu - tions to save From those who are try - ing to kill?

L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.



1. O, broth-ers, have you heard the sto - ry Of long a - go,
How Scribes and Phar-i - sees, in en - vy, Asked him one day;

2. "We know Thou teachest man in wis-dom, Teach us, we pray;
Come, tell us, that the world may hear it, Gen - tile and Jew,

3. And then the bless-ed Mas - ter answered; "Why tempt ye me?
"Whose im-age and whose su-per-scrip-tion?" "Caesar's," say they;

4. Strange, strange that men forget this les-son, So just and right,
Why seek to form a hate - ful un-ion 'Tween church and state?

How Christ the bless-ed King of Glo-ry, Men sought to o - ver-throw,
"Pray tell us, Mas-ter, un - to Caesar Shall we our tri-bute pay?"

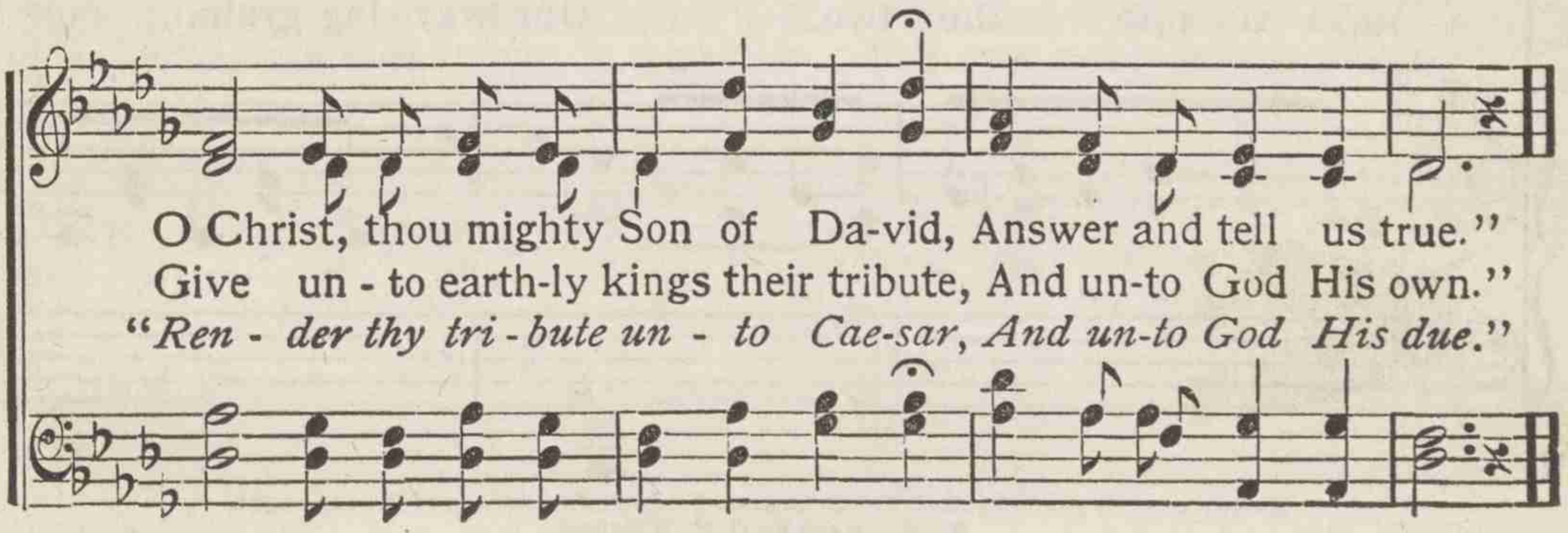
O shall we cease to ren - der tri-bute? Or shall we tri-bute pay?
While Scribes and Phar - i - sees are waiting,—Answer, and tell us true."

Haste ye and bring me forth a pen - ny, That I may quick-ly see;
"Then un - to Cae-sar, now and ev - er, Thou shalt his tribute pay."

Why seek to join Christ's hand with Caesar's? Why church and state unite?
Let's build a might-y wall and keep them For-ev - er sep - a - rate!

CHORUS.

1—2. "Is it law - ful un - to Cae - sar To pay tri - bute due?
3. Ren - der that which un - to Cae - sar Doth be - long a - lone;
4. Still a-down the wea - ry a - ges, Hear the an - swer true,



O Christ, thou mighty Son of Da-vid, Answer and tell us true."
Give un - to earth-ly kings their tribute, And un-to God His own."
"*Ren - der thy tri - bute un - to Cae-sar, And un-to God His due.*"

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Liberty.

EDNA CONKLIN. COVERT.

Allegretto.

1. Earth's greatest na - tion blooms to-day On our fair west-ern
2. Re - li-gion and law are sep - a - rate, And ev - er should re-
3. They say 't is best to place God's name In our con - sti -
4. Our Sav - iour taught that we should give To Cæ - sar hon - or

shore; And may our free - dom, brave-ly won, Be
main; But a scheme's on foot that will, we fear, Soon
tu - tion, That all may know with - out a doubt That
due; And give to God what-e'er He claimed, But

cher-ished ev - er - more. Our fa-thers fought for
bring back Rome a - gain. 𝄾 Some would make a
we're a Chris - tian na - tion. 'Twould best be placed in
ne'er u - nite the two. Our wav - ing grain, our

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lib - er - ty, And framed, in ar - dent hope, A
law to force The con - science of all men; But
hearts of men To make them good and true; For
mines of wealth, Re - veal God's prosp'ring hand; O

government with-out a king, And church with-out a pope; A
who has right to say to me, You must turn from your sin? But
forc-ing men to rev'rence God By law, will nev - er do; For
friends of freedom, I ap - peal, For our good na - tion STAND; O

government with-out a king, And church without a pope.
who has right to say to me, You must turn from your sin?
forc-ing men to rev'rence God By law, will nev-er do.
friends of free - dom, I ap-peal, For our good na-tion STAND.

210 Trust in Jesus and Never Give Way.

SUSIE BRADFORD THOMPSON. C. M. SEAMANS.

Moderato.

1. Do you long for the prize? Is it fair in your eyes? Are you
2. "There is work I would do, But my tal - ents are few, And a
3. There are gi - ants so tall, And my strength is so small! But in

ea - ger to - en - ter the fray? Be - gin it; you'll win it
mountain is set in my way!" Just do it! Go through it
God is our strength for the fray! As Da - vid was sav - ed

In the name of the Lord—Trust in Jesus and nev - er give way.
In the name of the Lord—Trust in Jesus and nev - er give way.
In the name of the Lord, When he trusted and nev - er gave way.

REFRAIN.

Trust in Je - sus and nev - er give way— . . . Trust in
No, nev - er give way—

Je - sus, watch ev - er and pray; . . . Un - to those who en -
yes, ev - er and pray;

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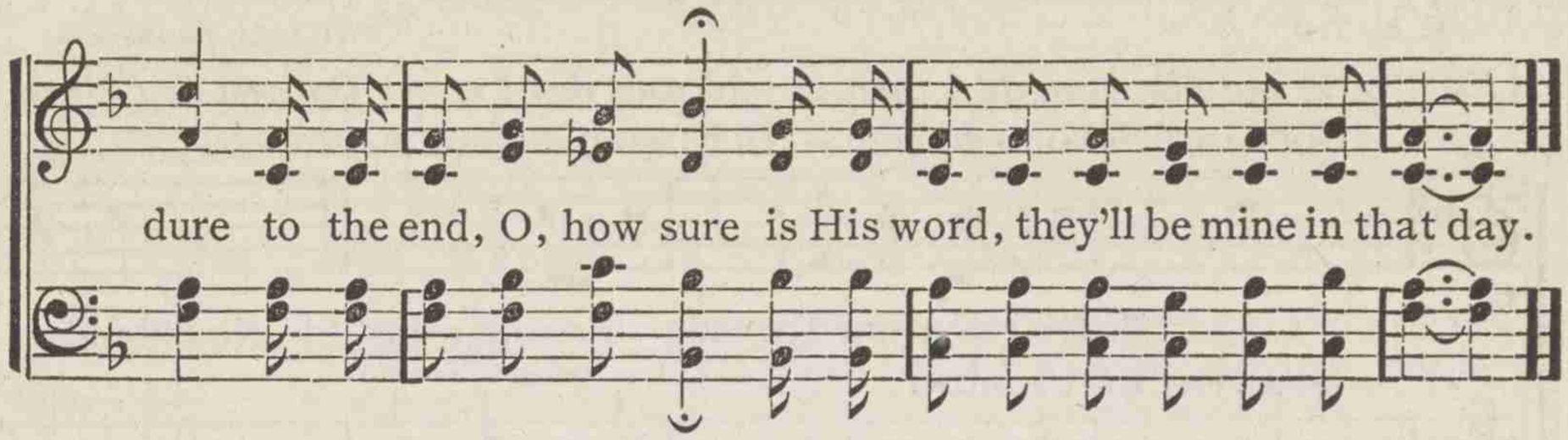
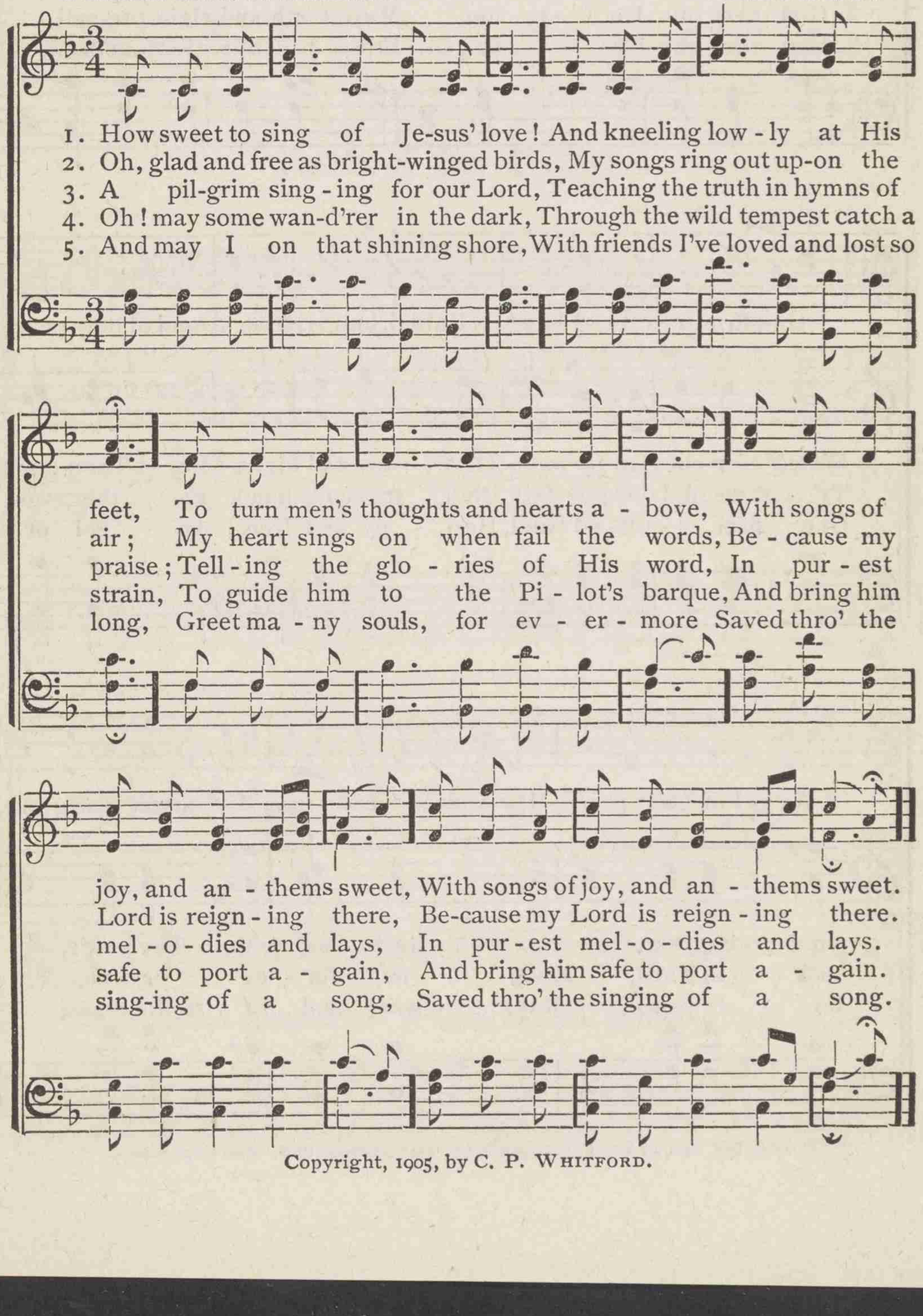


The Singing Evangelist.

By MINNIE A. SANDERSON.
Written for CHAS. P. WHITFORD.

LOWELL MASON.



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God Save Our Union.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

(*First verse may be sung as a Solo, second and third verses Quartet or Chorus.*)

SOPRANO SOLO. *Obligato.—To be sung only in third verse.*

3. God save our Un-ion, Pros-per our glo-rious land,

QUARTET OR CHORUS.

1. God save our Un - ion, May it for - ev - er stand,
2. God save our Un - ion, May truth and right pre-vail,
3. God save our Un - ion, Pros - per our glo-rious land,

One firm u - nit - ed band, United, happy, free. Angel of holy peace,

Watch o'er our hap-py land, Thro' day and night. Be Thou our
Ty - rants and des-pots fail, Bind treason's hand. Fa - ther, we
One firm, u - nit - ed band, Hap - py and free. An - gel of

An-gel of ho-ly peace, May wars and tumults cease, May wars and tumults cease,

guid - ing Star, Pro - tect us with Thy pow'r,
look to Thee, Keep us for - ev - er free,
ho - ly peace, May wars and tu - mults cease,

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Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER. Adapted by J. G. WALTON.

214 The Working-time.

LUKE 14: 16.

C. P. WHITFORD. F. S. STANTON, MUS. BAC.

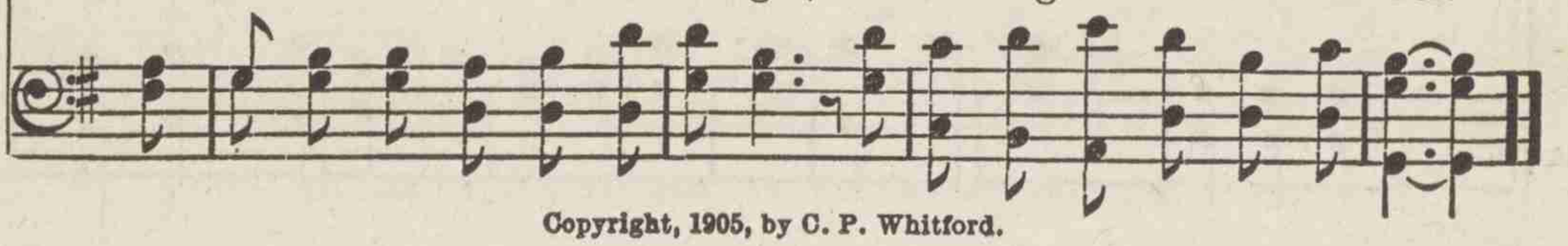
1. A cer-tain man made a great sup-per, The rich were in - vit - ed to come;
2. So, in - to the highways and hedg-es, And in - to the dan-ger - ous street,
3. So, singing, and pray-ing, and working, We'll res-cue and save all we can;
4. Re-ward is a thing of the fu - ture, Its glo - ry will soon be re - vealed;

Ex - cus - es were man - y among them, And to the King's feast there came none.
Wher-ev - er a broth-er has fall-en, Wher-ev - er a sis - ter's in need;
Un - self-ish - ly la-b'ring with Je-sus, In up - lift - ing poor fall - en man.
The roy - al gift has not passed by thee, Nor Je - sus His prom-ise re - pealed.

REFRAIN.

Then came the message, Then came the message, Bring in the poor and the blind;
There we will la - bor, There we will la - bor, There we will work and will pray;
Yes, we will la - bor, Yes, we will la - bor, Yes, we will work and will pray,
Cour-age, dear worker, Cour-age, dear worker, Let not thy heart sor-row more;

The Mas - ter will glad - ly receive them, Tell all to come free - ly and dine.
We'll lift up the fall - en, and point them To Je-sus, the Life and the Way.
We'll lift up the fall - en, and point them To Je-sus, the Truth and the Way.
Be faith-ful a lit - tle while lon-ger, The working-time soon will be o'er.



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Lonely and Weary. 215

(TRIUMPH.)

Anon. A. D. MERRILL.

1. Lone - ly and wea - ry, by sor - row oppressed, On - ward we hast - en, with long - ings for rest; Bid - ding a - dieu to the world with its pride,
2. There is the cit - y in splen - dor sub - lime, Oh, how its tur - rets and bat - tle-ments shine! Pearls are its por - tals, sur - pass - ing - ly bright,
3. Riv - ers are glid - ing 'mid un - fad - ing trees, Songs of the ransomed are borne on the breeze; Glo - ry - gilt moun - tains re - splend - ent are seen,

Long - ing to stand by Im - man - u - el's side. Tho' we are pil - grims, be-
Jas - per its walls, and the Lamb is its light. Path-ways of gold that blest
Val - leys and hills clad in E - den - like green. There shall the glo - ry of

fore us now rise Vi - sions of glo - ry, re - joic - ing our eyes; Bright are the
cit - y a - dorn, Glit-t'ring with glo - ry far bright-er than morn; An - gels stand
God ev - er be, Fill - ing the earth as the waves fill the sea; There shall the

crowns that we hope soon to wear, Bless - ed the rest; O we long to be there.
beck - 'ning us on - ward to share Glo - ry un - fad - ing; we long to be there.
ran - somed, im-mor - tal and fair, Ev - er-more dwell; O we long to be there.

216 Wake the Song of Jubilee!

F. M. BURG. ASA SMITH & M. GARLAND.

With energy.

1. Wake the song of ju - bi - lee! Swell the an - them to the skies;
2. Hal - le - lu - jah! sing His praise; Till is heard the world a - round,
3. Na-tions now will know the Lord; Kings of earth His glo - ry see;
4. See! they come; the great,the small; Like the doves re - turn-ing home;

High-est mountains, earth and sea, All cre - a - tion, rise, a - rise.
None so per - fect in His ways, None so ho - ly can be found.
High-est prais - es rise to Him, Now and to e - ter - ni - ty.
Ev - 'ry na-tion, tribe, and tongue,–Joy in heav'n! they come, they come;

Hal - le - lu - jah! now 'tis here; Lo, the day of ju - bi - lee!
See the ban - ners now unfurled! Hear the swell of freedom's song!
Church of God, now clothed with pow'r, Hear their song,"Salvation's free;
One by one, they come, they come; Hear them sing,"We're free,we're free!"

Hal - le - lu - jah! hap-py day! All the saints of God are free.
Ju - bi - lee! glad ju - bi - lee! Day for which we've hoped so long.
Peace and par - don now is* mine, Thro' the Christ who died for me."
Rise, then, all ye saints of God, Wake the song of ju - bi - lee.

* NOTE.—The author is especially particular that the word "is" shall not be changed, notwithstanding criticism.

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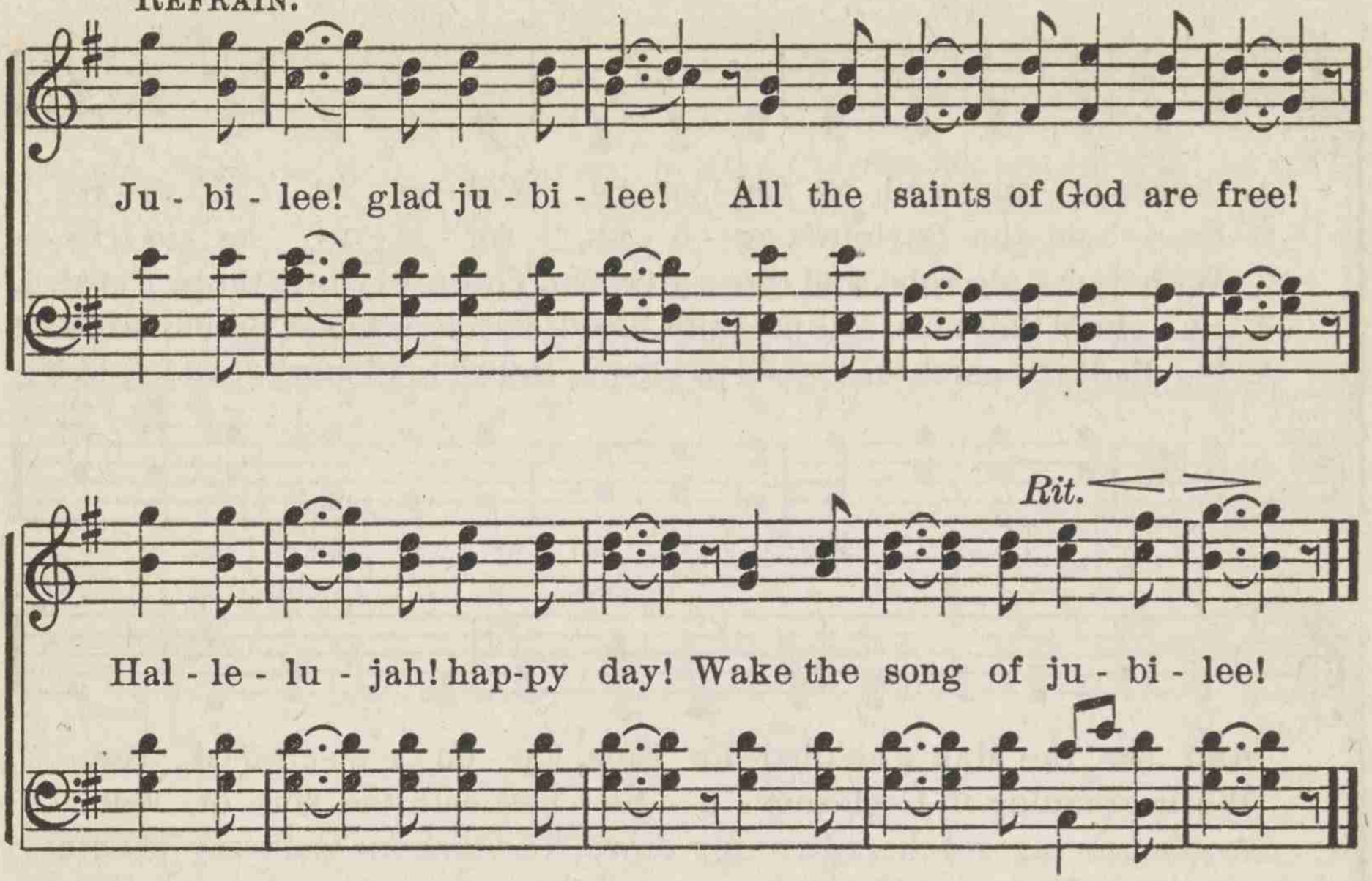
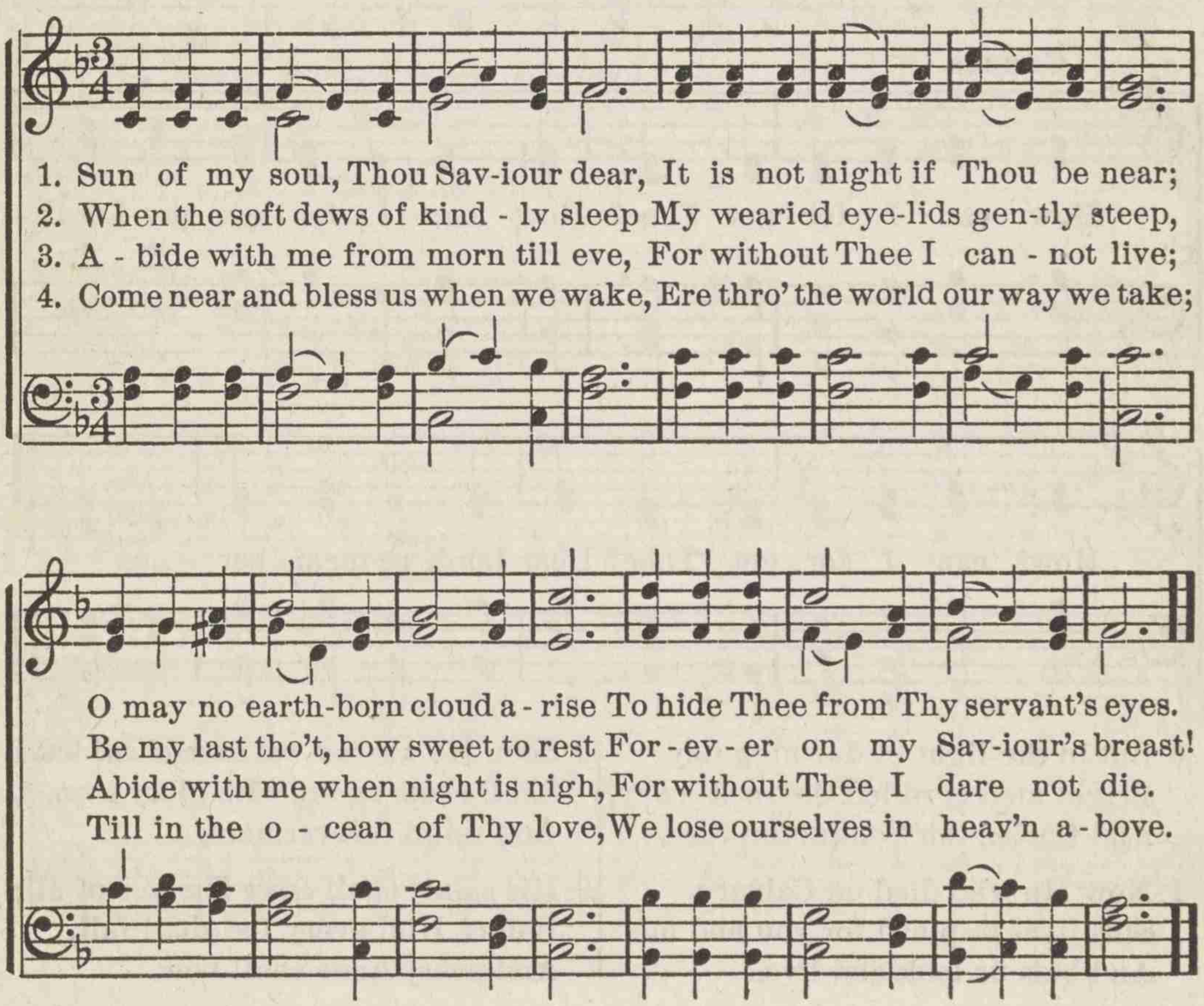
REFRAIN.



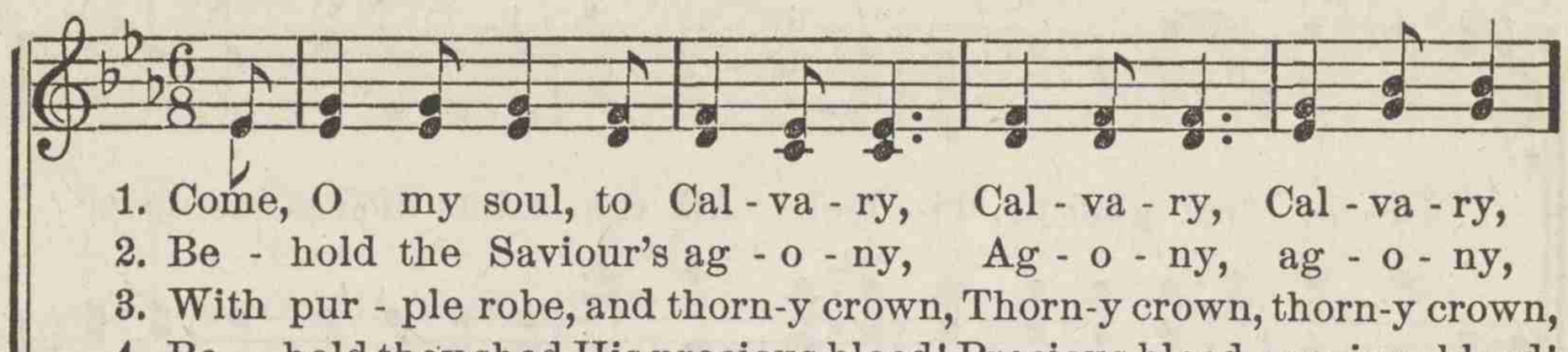
Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE. (HURSLEY.) PETER RITTER.



Calvary.

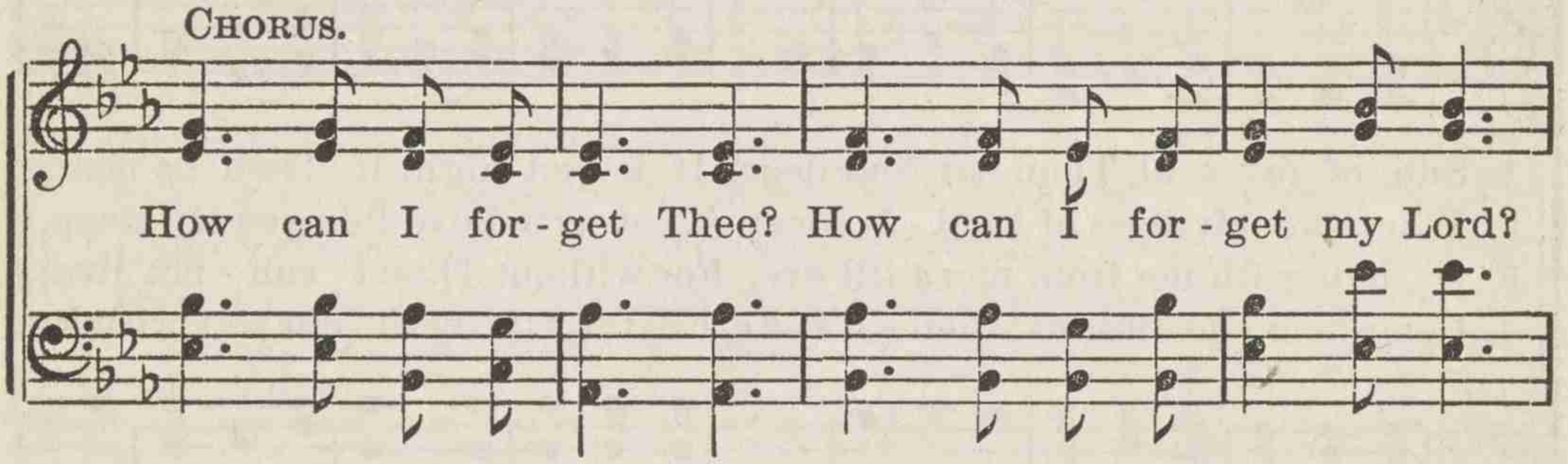
Anon. Unknown.



1. Come, O my soul, to Cal - va - ry, Cal - va - ry, Cal - va - ry,
2. Be - hold the Saviour's ag - o - ny, Ag - o - ny, ag - o - ny,
3. With pur - ple robe, and thorn-y crown, Thorn-y crown, thorn-y crown,
4. Be - hold they shed His precious blood! Precious blood, precious blood!
5. He died! the earth was robed in gloom, Robed in gloom, robed in gloom;

And see the Man who died for thee, Up - on th' ac-curs-ed tree.
While groaning in Geth-sem - a - ne Be-neath the sins of men.
And mock-ing sol-diers bow- ing down, The Saviour bears my shame.
Oh, hear Him cry,"My God, my God, Hast Thou for-sak- en me?"
They laid Him then in Joseph's tomb,While soldiers watched around.

CHORUS.



How can I for - get Thee? How can I for - get my Lord?

How can I for - get Thee? Dear Lord, re-mem - ber me.

6 But in the light of dawning day
Bright angels rolled the rock away,
And Christ, the Conqueror, rose.

7 Now He who died on Calvary
Still lives to plead for you and me,
And bids us look and live.

8 Soon He who once was scourged and bound
Shall come again, with glory crowned,
And reign forevermore.

9 His saints shall crown Him Lord of all;
Before Him every foe shall fall,
And every knee shall bow.

CARRIE ELLIS BRECK. GRANT C. TULLAR.

1. Will you to Je - sus be-long, brother? Whom are you going to serve?
2. Christ's in-vi-ta-tion is broad, brother, Bet - ter his ser-vice be - gin;
3. Will you from e - vil de-part, brother? Ev - er be read - y to do,
4. Day-time is pass-ing a-way, brother, Bet - ter not tri - fle nor sleep;

Will you be loy - al and strong, brother, Nev-er from him to swerve?
Bet - ter be hon-est with God, brother, Bet-ter re - pent of sin.
With an o - be - di - ent heart, brother, Just what he asks of you?
Bet - ter be sow-ing to - day, brother, What you ex-pect to reap.

CHORUS.

You'd bet-ter be on the Lord's side; Bet-ter be - gin to pray;

1

Bet - ter be on the Lord's side; Bet - ter be there to - day;

2

Bet - ter be on the Lord's side; You'd bet-ter be there to - day.

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220 Like Zion's Holy Mount.

C. M. S. C. M. SEAMANS.

1. All they who put their trust in God Can nev - er be re-moved,
2. As round a - bout Je - ru - sa lem The rug - ged mountains lie,
3. Tho' fierce the storm in fu - ry beat And aw - ful thunders roar,
4. Thus o - ver - shadowed by His love, Where harm can ne'er betide,

They stand se - cure like Zi - on's mount, By ma - ny a - ges proved.
So round a - bout His ho - ly saints Our God is ev - er nigh.
The chil-dren of the might - y God Are safe for ev - er more.
With - in this ref - uge safe and sure I ev - er would a - bide.

CHORUS.

Like the mount . . of God, ... like the

Like the mount, like the mount, the ho - ly mount of God, like the

mount . . . . . of God, ...

ho - ly mount of God, the ho - ly mount of God, They

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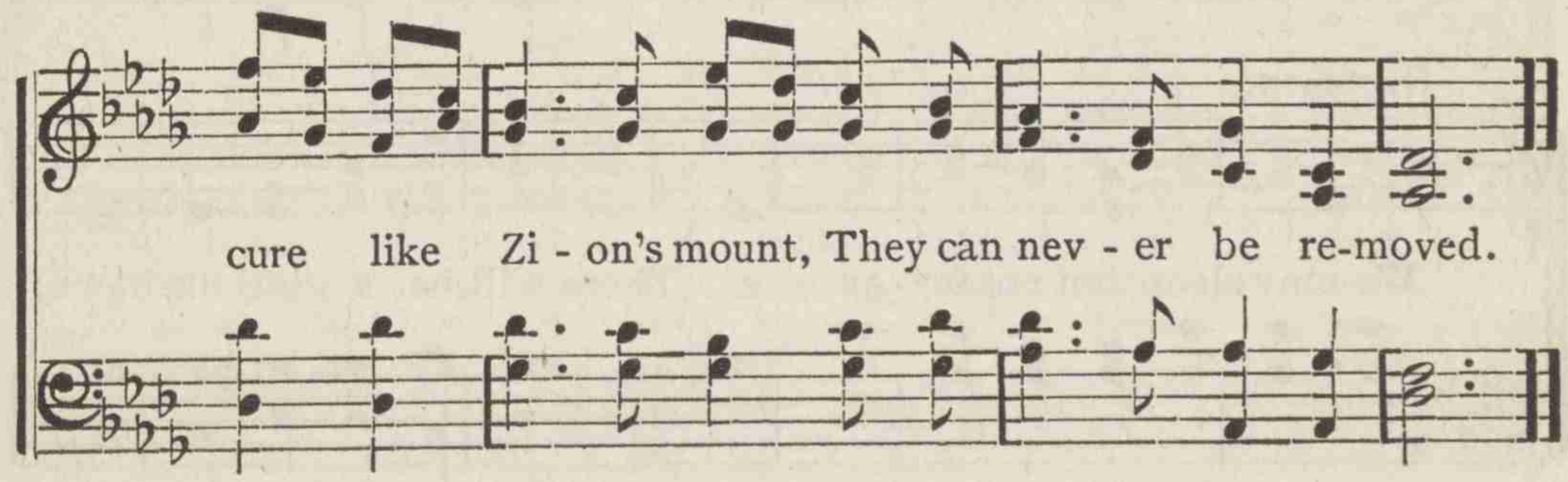
stand se - cure like Zi-on's mount, by ma - ny a - ges proved.

They can nev - - - - - er be re-
They can nev-er be removed, Can nev-er be removed, Can
nev - - - - - er,

moved, ... re - moved; . . . .
nev-er be removed, can never be removed; They stand se -
nev - - - - er


cure like Zi - on's mount, They can nev - er be re-moved.

Sweetly Sleeping.

(RESURRECTION.)

"The maid is not dead, but sleepeth." MATT. 9: 24.

MRS. SMALL. S. C. HANCOCK.

1. Sis-ter, thou art sweetly sleep-ing, Free from pain, and toil, and care;
2. Oh, the glorious day is near- ing, Earth's long-wished-for jubilee,

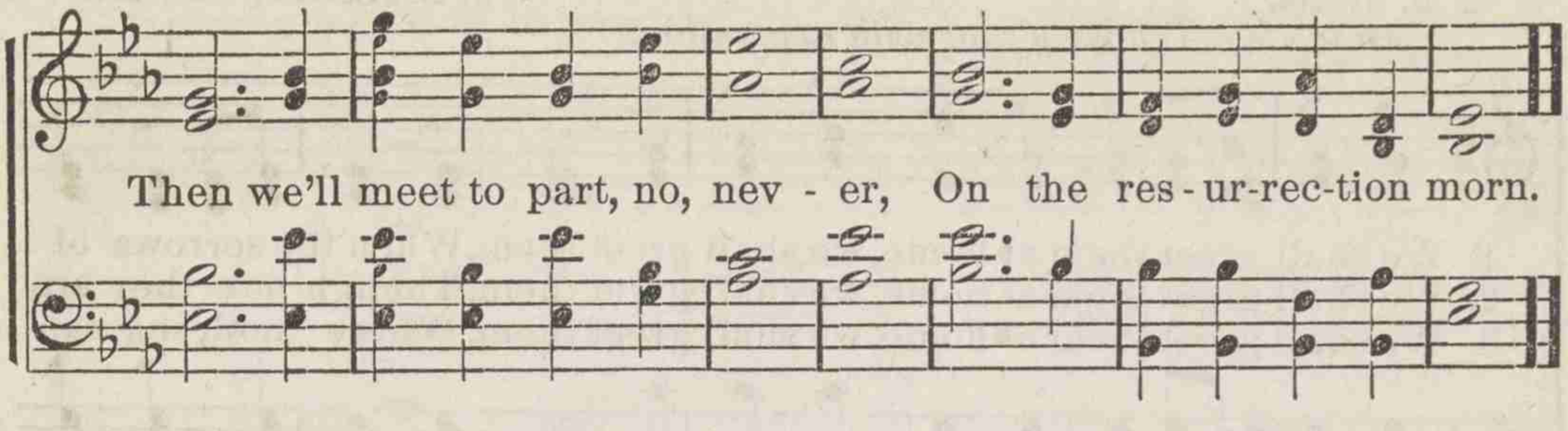
Dear - est sis-ter, how we miss thee! Miss thee in the house of pray'r.
When cre-a-tion's King, ap-pear-ing, Shall proclaim His peo-ple free;

Thou wilt sleep, but not for - ev - er; Je - sus died, and rose a - gain;
Sis - ter, then we hope to meet thee; Then we'll take thee by the hand;

Soon He'll come in clouds of glo - ry,—Thou wilt rise with Him to reign.
Then we'll twine our arms around thee, In that bright and happy land.

REFRAIN.

We may sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn;



Whom Shall I Send?

ISAIAH 6: 8.

Words selected by ESTELLA HOWSER. F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

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224

We Shall Greet Them at Home.

L. D. SANTEE. F. S. STANTON, MUS. Bac.

Andante. Tenderly and with expression.

1. We shall greet them at home, we shall greet them, When the sorrows of life shall be o'er; Our loved ones, we soon hope to meet them, On E-den's fair, beau-ti-ful shore. The glo - ri-ous tho't, how con-sol - ing, To know that the time is so nigh, When
2. We shall greet them at home, we shall greet them, Though now they are hid from our sight; We think of the time we shall meet them, And it oft fills our hearts with delight. We have laid them a-way in deep sad - ness, Yet not with-out hope in our breast, For a -
3. We shall greet them at home, we shall greet them, Where noth-ing can ev - er di - vide; Where sick - ness or death can-not harm them, Nor tear them a-gain from our side. There we'll range beside life's cooling riv - er, 'Neath the tree of life's shade shall we roam, With the

Rit.

Je-sus, the world, shall, controlling, Per-mit us to meet by and by.
gain they will join us with gladness, And en-ter the heav-en - ly rest.
glo - ry of God shining ev - er, We'll greet them, we'll greet them at home.

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My Beautiful Home. 225

Arranged by C. P. WHITFORD.

Melody by GEO. D. MOORE.
By per. JOHN J. HOOD.

1. I'll sing you a song of a beau - ti - ful land, The
2. That heav - en - ly home, oh, I long to be there, Where
3. There'll be no more part - ing from those that we love, No
4. We soon shall be called to that beau - ti ful land, There to

far a-way home of the soul; Where storms never beat on its
sor-row and pain will be o'er; I long to go home to that
sighing and shedding of tears; No discords shall ruf - fle that
dwell with the pure ever - more; And join in sweet songs with the

D.S.—And join in sweet songs with the

glit - ter-ing strands While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
beau - ti - ful land, There to rest, sweetly rest, ev - er - more.
peace-ful re - pose, Which flows through e - ter - ni - ty's years.
friends that we love Safe at home on that beau - ti - ful shore.

friends that I love In that heav-en - ly ha - ven of rest.

CHORUS.

That beautiful home, oh, I long to be there, With all that are good and the blest;

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226 The Beautiful Years of Heaven.

L. D. SANTEE. F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

Not too fast. With feeling.

1. In the sa - cred joy of His pres - ence E'en the troub-les of
2. My soul with its as - pi - ra - tions In the light of His
3. We fade, and the locks grow hoar - y, And our life on

life grow sweet; All the care, the bur - den, the
Word grows grand, With a - noint - ed eyes, I
earth shall end; But I tell of the glo - ry, in

wor - ry, We lay at the Mas - ter's feet:
look to the skies, To that home in the bet - ter land;
song and in sto - ry, Of Je - sus the sin - ner's Friend;

And a sense of the life that is end - less To the rap - tured
When Christ shall come in His glo - ry, And the bars of the
Of the love that bro't Him from heav-en, Of the life on

soul is given, And its glo - ries gleam as we
tomb are riven, No tongue can tell what
Cal - va - ry given; Of no more sad - ness, but

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think and dream Of the beau - ti - ful years of heaven.
rap - tures dwell In the beau - ti - ful years of heaven.
un - told glad - ness In the beau - ti - ful years of heaven.

REFRAIN. *f* *mf*

Oh, the beau-ti-ful years of heaven To the ransomed ones are given;

p *Cres.* *f* *Rit.* *Dim.*

Fair robes of white, and crowns of light, In the beautiful years of heaven.

I'm Going Home.

WILLIAM HUNTER. WILLIAM MCDONALD.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en-ter there;
   Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.
2. My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the star-ry sky;
   When from this earthly prison free, That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.
3. While here a stranger, far from home, Affliction's waves may round me foam;
   And tho', like Lazarus, sick and poor, My heav'nly mansion is se - cure.

CHORUS.

I'm go-ing home, I'm going home, I'm go-ing home to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.

228 The Beautiful Years of Heaven.

L. D. SANTEE. ASA SMITH.

1. In the sa - cred joy of His pres-ence E'en the troub-les of earth grow sweet; All the care, the bur-den, and wor - ry, We lay at the Mas - ter's feet: And a sense of the life that is
2. My soul with its as - pi - ra-tions In the light of His Word grows grand; I long for the joy of His pres - ence, At home in the bet - ter land. When Christ shall come in His
3. We fade, and the locks grow hoar - y, And our life on earth shall end; But I joy to tell the sto - ry Of Je - sus, the sin - ner's Friend; Of the love that bro't Him from

end-less To the rap - tured soul is given, And its glo-ries gleam
glo - ry, And the bars of the tomb are riven, No tongue can tell
heav-en, Of the life on Cal-v'ry given, Of no more tears,

as we think and dream Of the beau - ti - ful years of heaven.
what rap - tures dwell In the beau - ti - ful years of heaven.
but end - less years, In the beau - ti - ful years of heaven.

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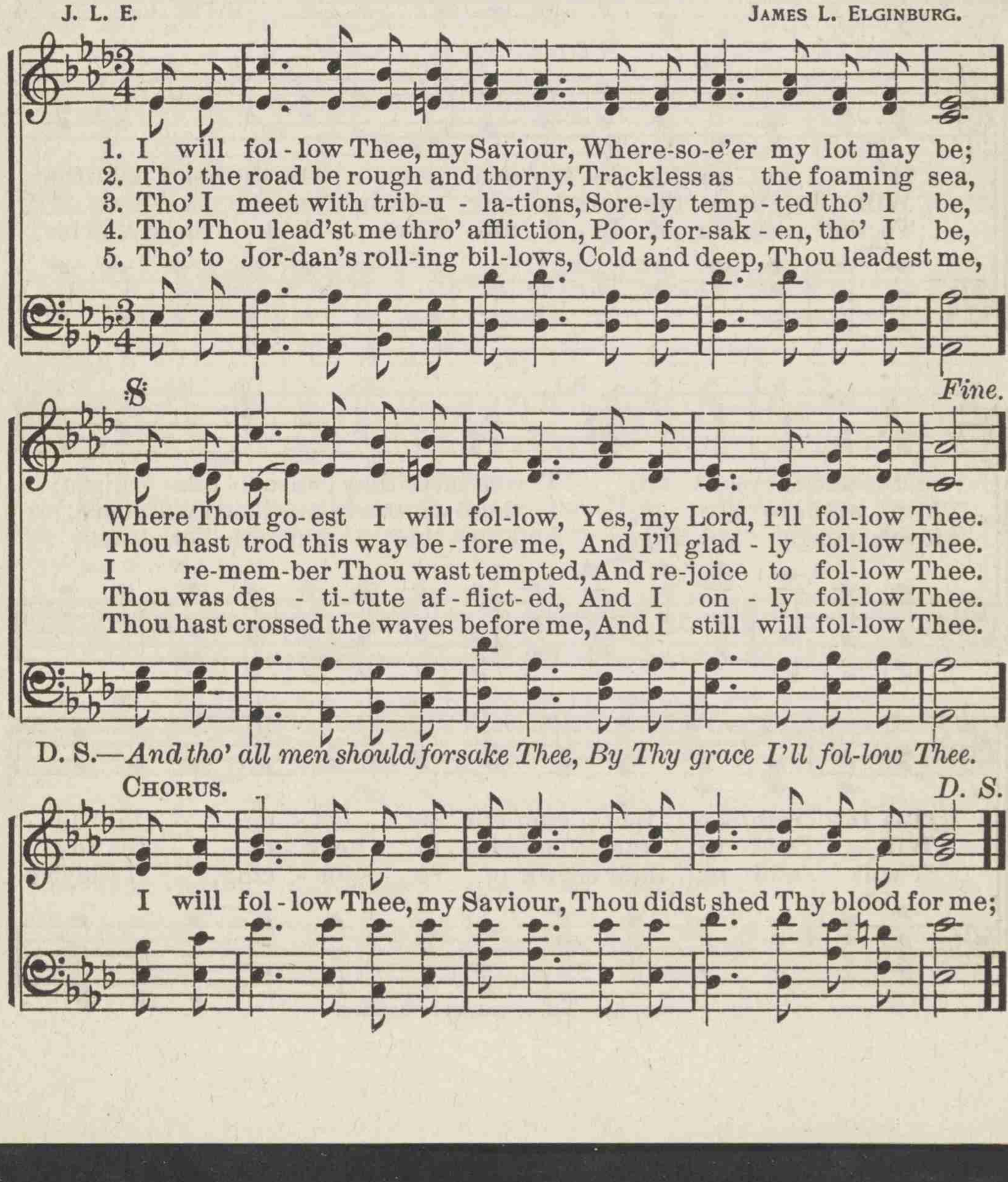
REFRAIN.

I Will Follow Thee.

J. L. E. JAMES L. ELGINBURG.



230 Help Some Poor Brother To-day.

L. D. SANTEE. F. L. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. I hold we are near-er to heav - en, When bur - dens for oth - ers we take— For ev - 'ry fond love-to - ken giv - en,
2. Sometime there'll be rest for the wea - ry, And our bur - dens for oth - ers laid down; Then the help we have giv - en the drear - y,
3. The pure, and the tried, and the gift - ed, Will be borne by the an-gels a - bove, From the cross - es of earth they'll be lift - ed,

If giv - en for Je - sus' dear sake. Oh, the heart-ache they soothe and they soft - en,
Will bright-en the stars in our crown; Then the serv-ice of love we have giv - en,
To the bos-om of In - fi - nite Love. And there will be love's hap-py voi-cings,

The sadness they cause to take flight;
To those who were burdened with care,
And joy that a - bid - eth for aye;

'T is the rain-bow that gleam-eth so oft - en On the
Will add to the sweet-ness of heav - en In the
'T will add to their crown of re - joi - cing, If they've

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CHORUS.

dark, lu - rid clouds of the night.
life we shall live "o - ver there."
helped some poor brother to - day.
} Then help some poor brother to-

day,.... 'T will brighten life's wea-ri-some way;.. Our hearts are made to-day,

glad, as we com-fort the sad, Then help some poor brother to - day.

And Must I Part with All I Have.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. (SILOAM.) Isaac B. WOODBURY.

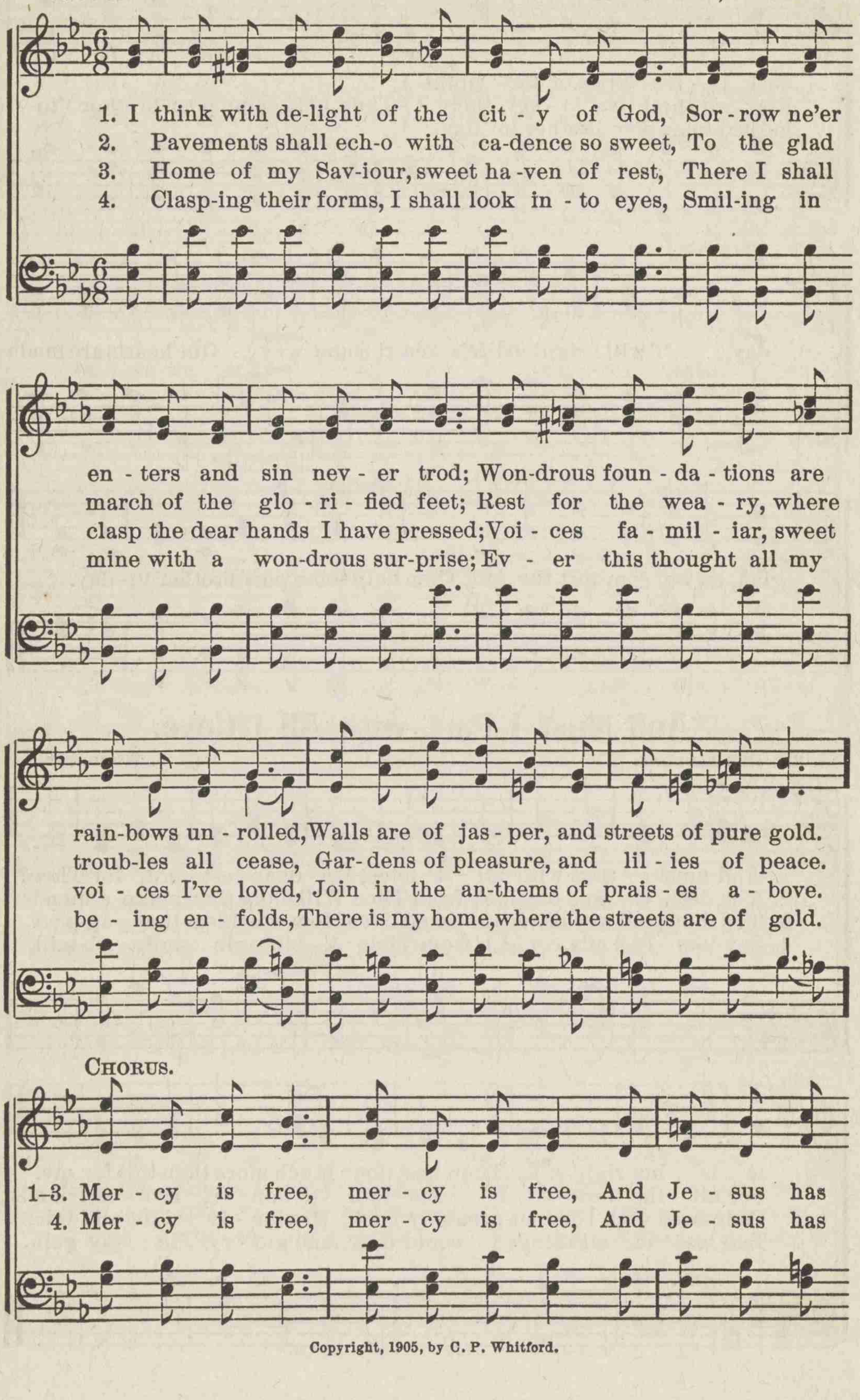
1. And must I part with all I have, My dear - est Lord, for Thee?
2. Yes, let it go; one look from Thee Will more than make a-mends
3. Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives, How worthless they ap-pear,
4. Sav-iour of souls, could I from Thee A sin - gle smile ob-tain,

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, rich - es, friends.
Compared with Thee, su-preme-ly good, Di-vine - ly bright and fair!
The loss of all things I could bear, And glo - ry in my gain.

The City of God.

PSA. 87: 3.

L. D. SANTEE. F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac



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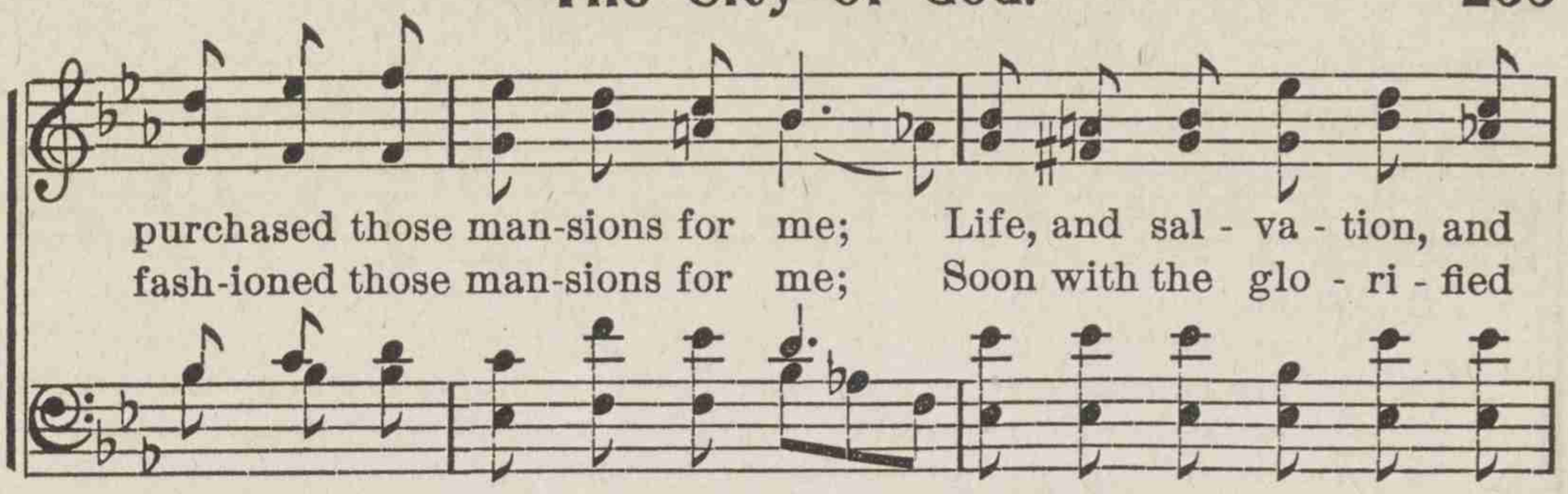

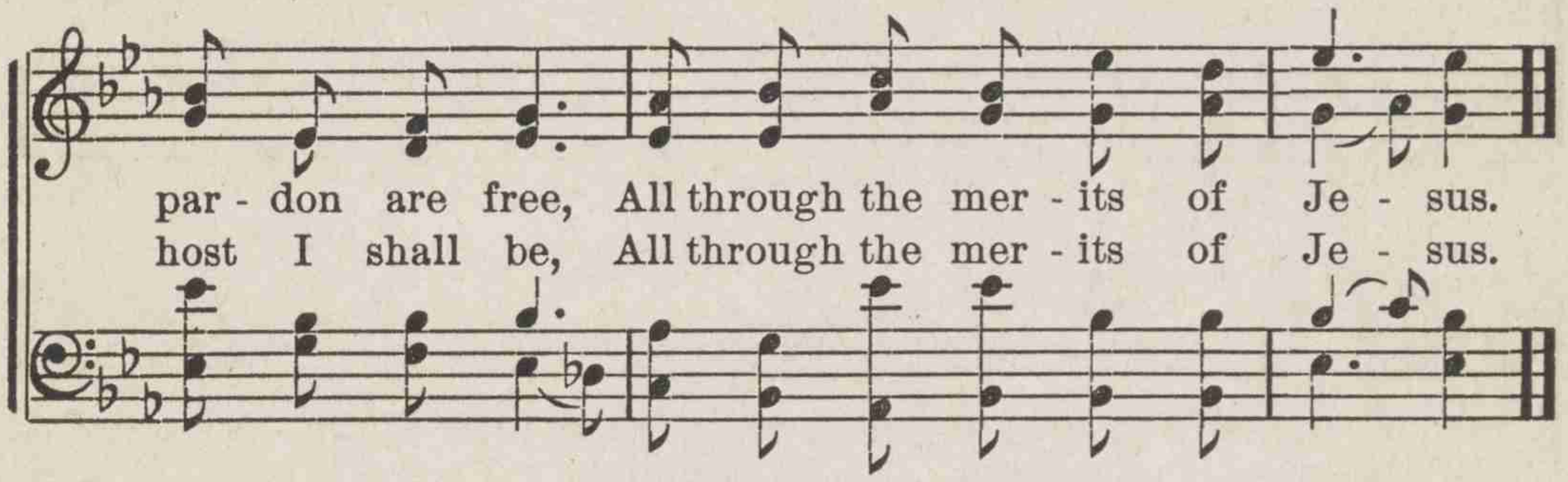

Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.

234 Coming Into Harbor.

Words selected. F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

Slowly, with expression.

1. We are coming in - to har - bor, Coming in with crowded sail;
2. We are coming in - to har - bor; O my brethren, o'er the sea,
3. We are coming in - to har - bor; There are no more changes there,
4. We are coming in - to har - bor; Keep a stead - y watch for land;
5. We are sail-ing un - to Je - sus; Tho' the way were twice as long,

Com - ing in from surging bil - lows, Com-ing in from an - gry gale;
From the gold-en, gold-en cit - y, Sound the voi - ces of the free;
No more tears and no more sor- rows, No more tempting, no more care;
We shall hear the King's own "Welcome," We shall feel His tender hand;
Homeward, homeward steer, my brethren, With a sweet, triumphant song;

Com-ing in from fear of shipwreck, Sudden rock and treach'rous sand;
Nev-er heed the clouds that threaten, Nev-er heed the waves that come;
No more yearning, no heart-hunger, Cry-ing out for aye in vain;
Tho' the seas be dark a-round us, Let us lift a psalm of cheer;
Tho' the winds may seem against us, Let us trust our Lord the more;

Lento. *Rit.*

We are com-ing in - to har - bor, Drawing homeward to the land.
Ev -'ry sun - set on the o - cean Brings us near-er to our home.
No more death and no more sickness, No more parting, no more pain!
We are sail-ing un - to Je - sus, And the harbor-lights are near.
We are com-ing in - to har - bor, And He waits up - on the shore.

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Up.

L. D. SANTEE. F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. Up from the shad - ows of earth - life, Up to the ha - ven of light,
2. Tired of all of earth's play - things, Long - ing for heav-en and rest;
3. Up from the shad - ows of earth - life, Joy - ful, I'm wait-ing to go,
4. On - ly a lit - tle while wait - ing, Work - ing for Je - sus, that's all;

Where, in the glo - ry of heav - en,
Glad for the end of the jour - ney,
Leav-ing be-hind all the heart - ache,
Then to be tak - en to heav - en,

CHORUS.

Faith is suc- ceed - ed by sight.
Thank-ful that God know-eth best.
Leav - ing my troub - le be - low.
When the dear Sav - iour shall call.

} Up to the glo - ry of heav - en, Free from the world and its snare; Sweet is the rest that is giv - en, Safe 'neath Om-nip-o - tent care.

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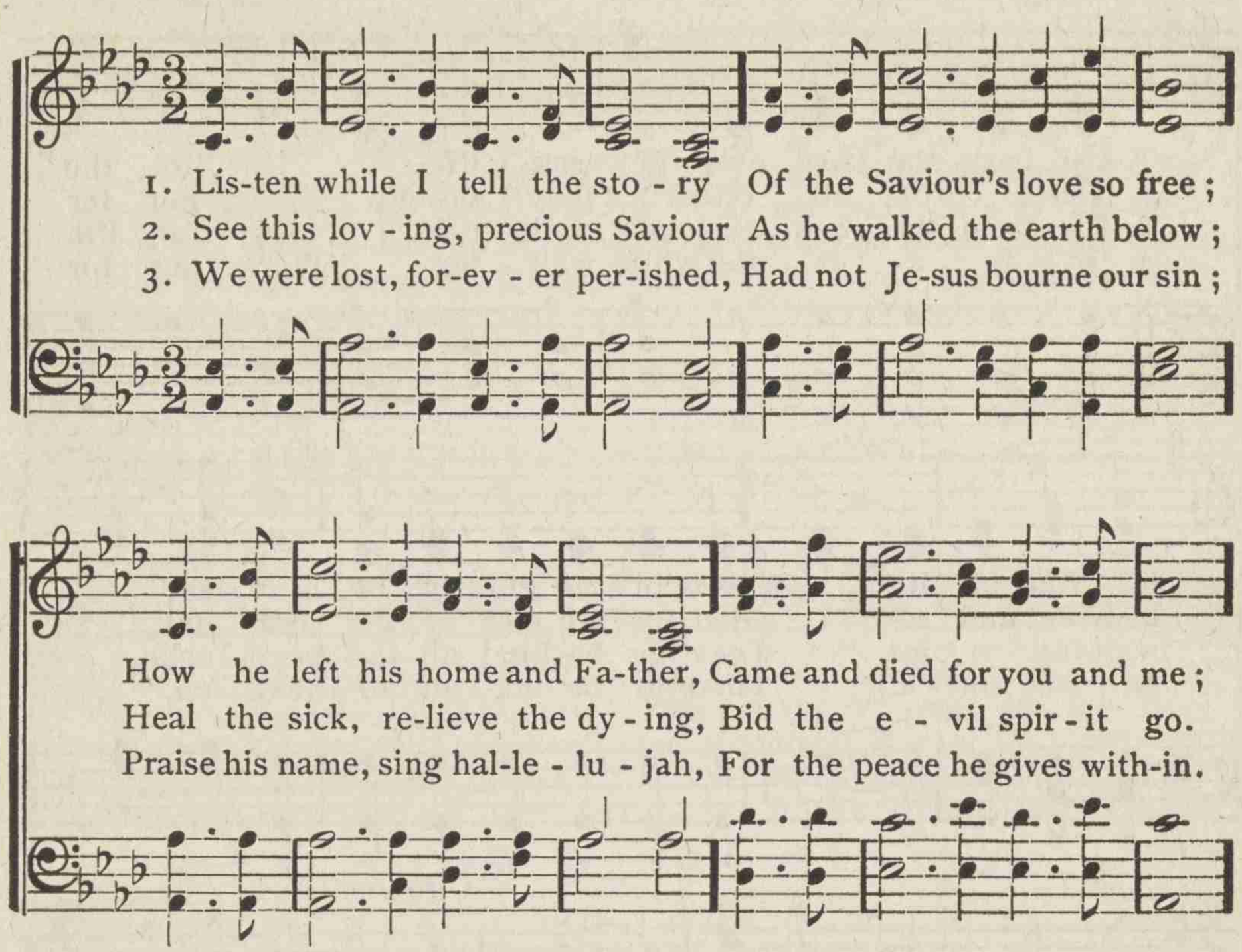
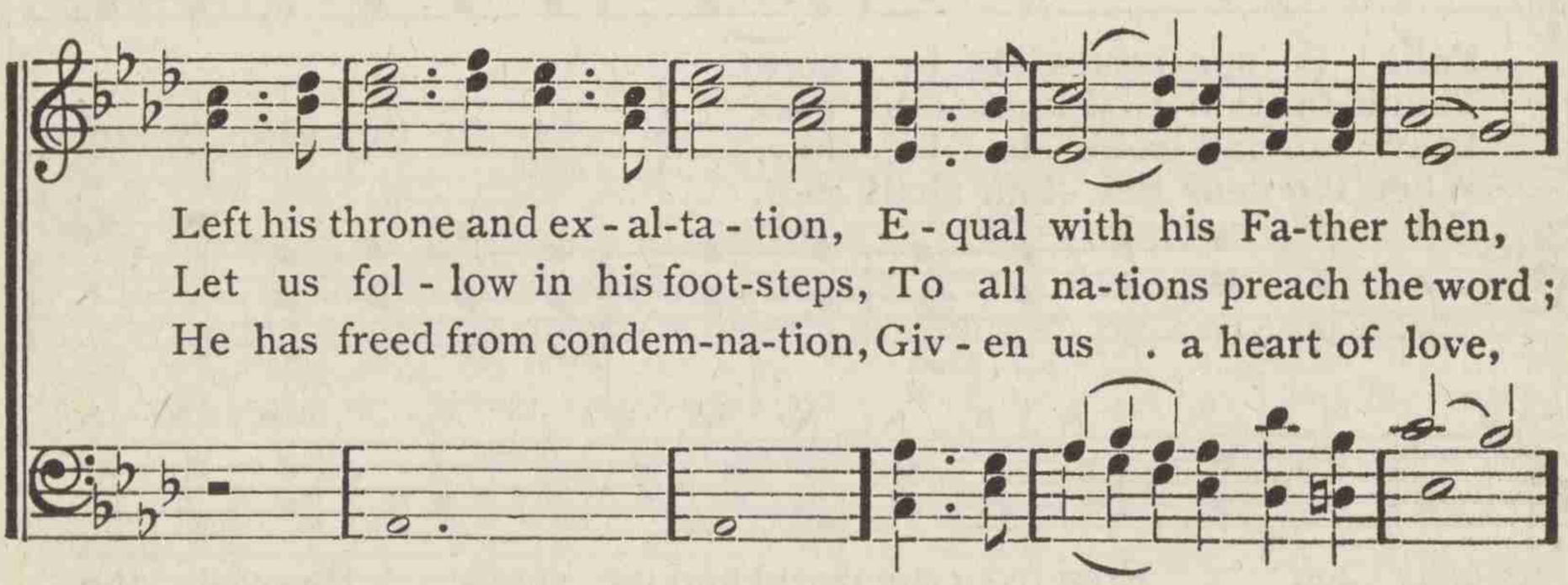
Jesus Loves You.

Spanish, from MARECHIO.





He's Coming Soon.

ARTHUR FOX. ASA SMITH & M. GARLAND.

1. The call, the grand - est, most sub - lime, To mor - tals
2. To work for Him is but a boon; For saved by
3. Then come, dear Lord, and with Thy voice Bid all the
4. So faith - ful here be - low we'll stand, To wit - ness,

ev - er giv - en, "Come, leave the world and fol - low me," Still
His sal - va - tion, We'll spread the news, He's com-ing soon, To
dead a - rise; The signs pro-claim Thy pres-ence near,—In
Lord, for Thee; To spread Thy word in ev - 'ry land, Our

REFRAIN.

comes to us from heav-en.
ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
this our com-fort lies.
mis - sion here shall be.

} He's com-ing soon, He's com-ing

soon, Our bless-ed Lord and Mas - ter, He's com - ing soon.

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238 Thy Will Be Done.

Luke 22: 42,

ARRANGED. MELODY BY S. M. GRANNIS.

1. When your life is full of tri - als, And your heart wild with despair,
2. When your path is steep and rug -ged All the wear - y jour-ney thro'
3. When your dear-est friend is dy - ing, One your heart has lov'd the best,
4. How your arms will cling around them, Oh! you can - not have it so;

When your bur - den seems as heav- y As your wear - y soul can bear;
When your neigh-bors gath-er ro - ses, While the thorns are left for you;
Yes, the dar - ling whom you worship; Can your soul then stand the test?
Death is wait - ing for your dar-ling, Can you let the loved one go?

When your hopes are all de - part - ing, And you watch them
Tho' you've fought your bat - tles brave - ly, Fought so hard yet
Can you close those eyes for - ev - er That have been your
When your jour - ney's near - ly end - ed, And their race is

one by one, When your heart with care is breaking, Can you
nev - er won, When the world is all a-gainst you, Can you
light and sun? Can you bow in res - ig - na - tion, Meek - ly
al - most run; Can you kneel to God the Fa - ther, Can you

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4.

When the heart has ceased its beating
That was all the world to you,
And you take the farewell pressure
Of those lips so cold and blue;
Then where will you look for comfort,
For your heart their seemeth none,
Can your heart with anguish breaking
Say, "O God! Thy will be done?"

5.

Death has darkened all your household,
Filled your heart with deepest gloom,
Robbed your life of all its sweetness,
All its beauty and its bloom;
But religion, pure and holy,
Shines out brighter than the sun;
Even then the Christian murmurs,
"Not my will, but Thine be done."

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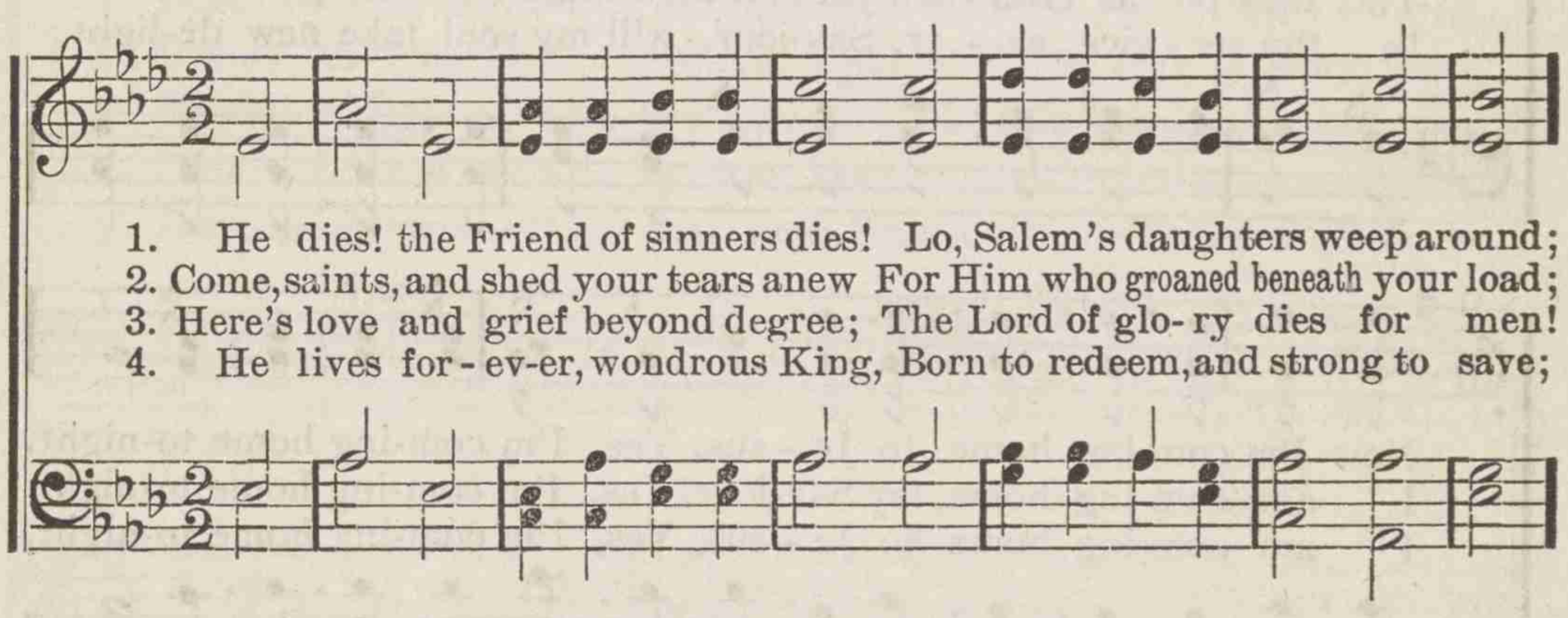
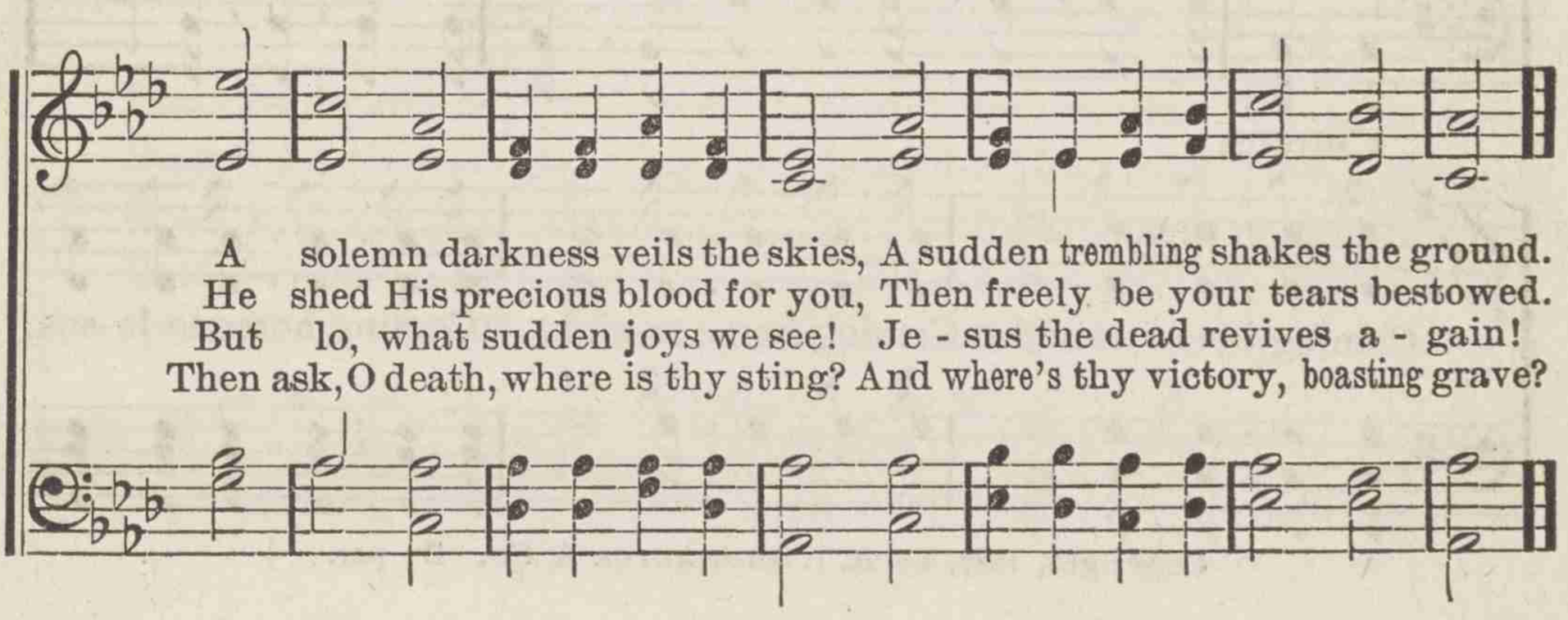
Olden. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.





Coming Home To-Night.

Answer to "Are You Coming Home To-Night ?"

FRANK M. DAVIS. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I had wan-der'd long in dark-ness on the moun-tain lone and cold,
2. I will trust his pre-cious prom-ise and his might-y pow'r to save,
3. I am com - ing home, my Sav-iour, nev-er-more from thee to stray,

I was lost in sin and doubtings, far a - way from Je - sus' fold,
Free - ly in the fount of cleans-ing, I my sin-stained garments lave,
Glad - ly will I fol - low in thy bless-ed foot-steps day by day,

When a voice so sweet and ten - der bade me rise and seek the light ;
Tho' they be as crim - son yet his blood will make them pure and white ;
In thy ser - vice ev - er, Sav-iour, will my soul take new de-light ;

Now I'm com-ing home to Je - sus, Yes, I'm com-ing home to-night.
I am com-ing home, my Sav-iour, Yes, I'm com-ing home to-night.
I am com-ing home to Je - sus, Yes, I'm com-ing home to-night.

CHORUS.

Coming home to-night, Coming home to-night, "Coming home to Je-sus,

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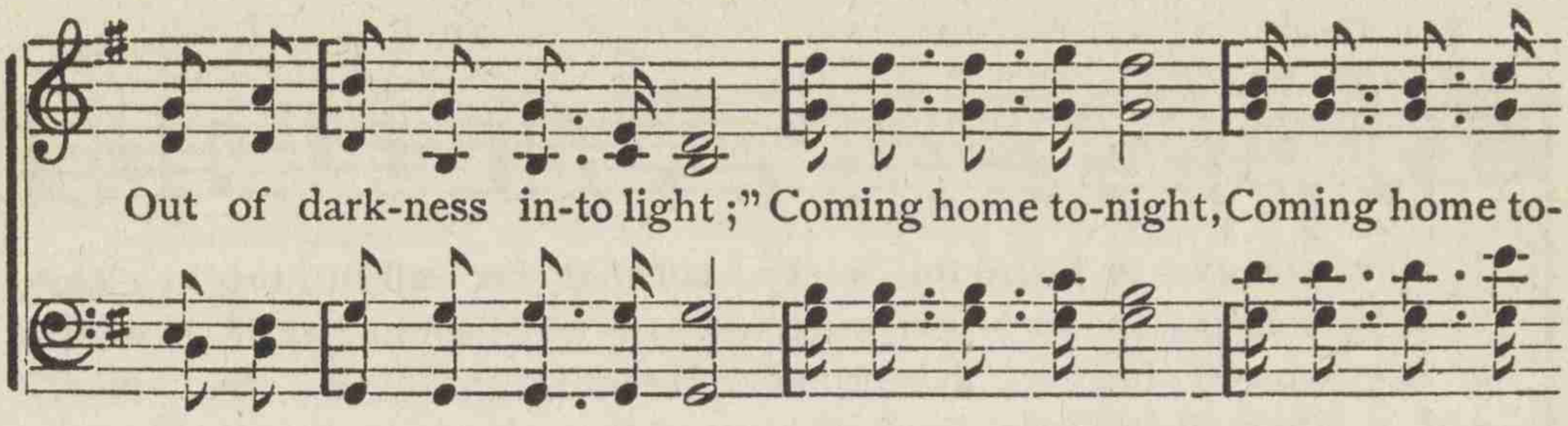
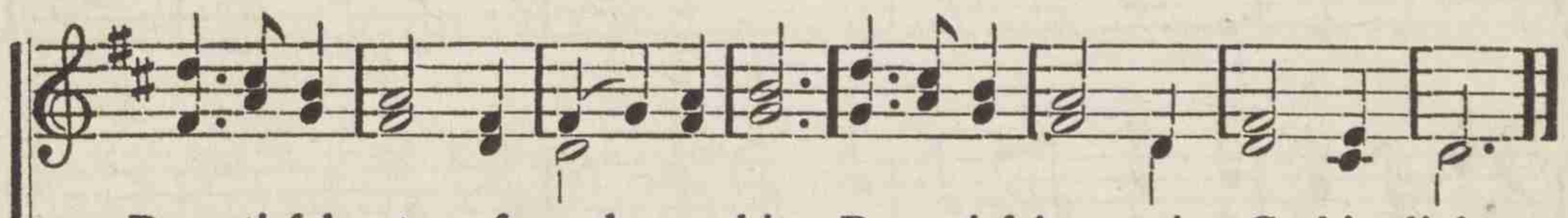


Beautiful Zion.

ANON. UNKNOWN.

1. Beau-ti-ful Zi - on, built a-bove, Beau-ti-ful cit - y that I love,
2. Beau-ti-ful trees for-ev - er there, Beau-ti-ful fruit they al - ways bear,
3. Beau-ti-ful light without the sun, Beau-ti-ful day re - volv - ing on,
4. Beau-ti-ful crowns on ev-'ry brow, Beau-ti-ful palms the conquerors show,
5. Beau-ti-ful throne of God, the Lamb, Beautiful seats at his right hand,



Beau-ti-ful gates of pearl - y white, Beau-ti-ful tem-ple, God its light,—
Beau-ti-ful riv - ers glid - ing by, Beau-ti-ful fountains nev-er dry,—
Beau-ti-ful worlds on worlds untold, Beau-ti-ful streets of shining gold,—
Beau-ti-ful robes the ransomed wear, Beau-ti-ful all who en - ter there,—
Beau-ti-ful rest,—all wanderings cease,—Beautiful home of perfect peace.

242 The Sun-bright Clime.

R. F. CHALK. F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. Have you ev - er heard the sto-ry of that far - off sun-bright clime,
Where no shades of night e'er gather, it is sun-light all the time?
'T is the presence of our Sav-ior, who, with radiance beaming bright,

2. Is your heart in Je - sus' keeping? are you robed in spot-less white?
Are your ves-sels filled with oil, and your lamps all trimmed a-right?
Have you on the wedding garment which insures an entrance bright,

3. Are we rest - ing on His promise; He will light our ev - 'ry way,
O - ver mountains, in the val-ley, thro' His grace He'll with us stay;
With His own soft hand He'll lead us, and we then can nev - er stray;

4. I am wait-ing for the breaking of that glo-rious sun - lit morn,
When I'll see the Rock of A-ges, midst the rays of ear - ly dawn;
And the loved ones He'll bring with Him, who so long in death have lain,

Throws a brightness o'er the cit - y, in our home be-yond the night.
For no darkness ev - er en - ters in the sun-bright land of light?
On and on, to sun-bright E - den, to the land of end - less day.
And we'll rise to be with Je - sus, ev - er in the sun-bright clime.

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CHORUS.

Oh, then take me to that clime, Sav-ior, take me, I am Thine;

When my life-work is all o-ver, And I've come down to the bor-der,

Sav-ior, take me, take me, To that sun-bright clime.

Rit.

A Prayer for Divine Help.

SIMON BROWN. WARE. GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. Come, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With light and comfort from a-bove;
2. To us the light of truth display, And make us know and choose Thy way;
3. Lead us in ho-li-ness—the road That we must take to dwell with God;
4. Lead us to God, our fi-nal rest, To be with Him for-ev-er blest;

Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide; O'er all our tho'ts and steps preside.
Plant ho-ly fear in ev'ry heart, That we from God may ne'er de-part.
Lead us to Christ, the liv-ing Way, Nor let us from His pre-cepts stray.
Lead us to heav'n, its bliss to share—Fulness of joy for-ev-er there!

244 Waiting for Jesus.

Selected by C. P. WHITFORD. F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. Sav-iour, dear Saviour, we're waiting for Thee, 'Mid sor - rows and per - ils be - low; The wick - ed are scoff-ing, and
2. Sav-iour, dear Saviour, Thy bless-ing we love, Thy prom - ise of com - ing we claim; Oh, give us Thy Spir - it to
3. Sav-iour, dear Saviour, come take us a - way, The sand in Time's glass is 'most run; Thou hast prom-ised to come at the

sin is so rife, We long to Thy man - sions to
lead us a - long, And bring us to heav - en to
last great day, As soon as Thy plead - ing is

go. We long to leave this drear - y old earth,
reign. Oh, has - ten the time when we shall be there,
done. We've wait - ed here long, we've looked for our Lord,

Where wand'ring so man - y long years; We long for the
Thy face so glo-rious be - hold; The joys and the
We long for His com - ing from heav'n, To bring us our

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morn - ing that ere long will dawn, When God shall wipe 'way all our
glo - ries of heav-en to share, And walk o'er the streets of pure
glo - rious and last-ing re-ward, A seat in His kingdom be

tears. Come home, come home, come home, come home, We
gold. Come home, come home, come home, come home, We
giv'n. Come home, come home, come home, come home, We

mf CHORUS.

long for the tidings, "Come home." Hear the sweet voice of the Lord,

mp

Sounding thro' heaven's high dome, A- wak-ing the saints from their

Rit. *ff*

cold, dust - y beds, And say-ing, "Dear children, come home."

A Dream of Heaven.

(As sung by Chas. P. Whitford.)

RODNEY S. OWEN. W. A. WILLIAMS. By per.

1. While sit-ting in my peace-ful home, And mus - ing on the life to come,
2. I stood be - fore the pearl - y gate, Where mansions fair in glo - ry wait
3. They en-tered thro' that gate of pearl, In - to a glo-rious heav'nly world
4. The song of Mo - ses now they sing, While all the heav'n-ly arch - es ring
5. I woke, and lo! the wealth of earth, Its spark-ling gems and gay - est mirth

And wond'ring how 'twould be, I dreamed I saw the saints a-rise, To meet the
That ran-somed com-pa - ny, "O-pen ye gates," their Saviour cries, "Come, en-ter
With streets of shin-ing gold; They viewed that wondrous city fair, They breathed its
With "Je - sus paid it all," The an - gels list - en to the song, While the re-
Had lost their charms for me; My heart was changed, my life I gave To Him who

CHORUS.

Sav - iour in the skies, Re-spon-sive to His call. Wake, ye saints, rise and come, Your
now sweet par-a-dise, 'Tis all prepared for you." Welcome home, welcome home, You
fragrant, balmy air, And ate from life's fair tree. Welcome home, welcome home, You
deemed the strains prolong Of "Jesus paid it all." Paid it all, paid it all, Yes,
died my soul to save, And bring me to that home. O that home, glorious home, You

Saviour calls, come home, Wake ye saints, rise and come, Your Saviour calls, come home.
all are welcome home; Welcome home, welcome home, You all are welcome home.
all are welcome home; Welcome home, welcome home, You all are welcome home.
Je - sus paid it all; Paid it all; paid it all, Yes, Je - sus paid it all.
all are free to come; Will you come, will you come? While Je - sus bids you come?

Jesus Is Coming Again. 247

C. P. WHITFORD. F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. Je - sus the Saviour is com - ing, This is the message of love;
2. He who was born in a man - ger, And up - on Cal - va - ry slain,
3. Signs ev'rywhere are ful-fill - ing, Hearts of men failing for fear;
4. Help us,dear Saviour,to love Thee, Help us to feed on Thy word;

Who would not welcome the Saviour, Coming from bright worlds a-bove?
Soon will be seen in the heav - ens, Com- ing to earth once a - gain.
Troub-les on earth are in-creas - ing, Showing Christ's advent is near.
Comfort our hearts while we're waiting, Waiting for Thee, blessed Lord.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is com - ing, Je-sus is coming a - gain; . . . .
Je-sus is coming,is coming a-gain, a - gain;

Sound it a-broad o'er the na - tions, Je-sus the Saviour will reign.

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The End of the Way.

As sung by C. P. Whitford.

JOHN SPOONER. Unknown.

1. My life is a wea - ri-some jour - ney, I'm sick of the dust and the heat;
2. There are so man - y hills to climb up - wards, That oft - en I'm long-ing for rest;
3. He loves me too well to for-sake me, Or give me one tri - al too much;
4. When the last fee - ble steps have been tak- en, And the gates of the cit - y ap - pear,
5. Tho' now I am foot-sore and wea - ry, I shall rest when I'm safe - ly at home;

The rays of the sun beat up - on me,
But He who ap-points me my path - way,
All His peo-ple have been dear-ly pur - chased,
And the beau-ti - ful songs of the an - gels,
I know I'll re-ceive a glad wel - come,

The bri - ers are wounding my feet.
But the cit - y to
Knows just what is need-ful and best.
I know in His
And Sa - tan can nev - er claim such.
By and by I shall
Float out on my lis - ten - ing ear;
When all that now
For the Sav - iour Him-self has said "Come."
So when I am

which I am journ'ying, Will more than my tri - als re - pay;
All the
Word He has prom-ised, That my strength shall equal my day;
And the
see Him and praise Him, In the cit - y of un-end-ing day;
And the
seems so mys - te - rious, Will be plain and clear as the day,
Yes, the
wea - ry in bod - y, And sink-ing in spir-it, I say,
All the

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toils of the road will seem noth - ing, When I get to the

end of the way, When I get to the end of the way.

Meribah. C. P. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.

1. O God, my in-most soul con-vert, And deep-ly on my tho't-ful
2. Be - fore me place, in dread ar- ray, The pomp of that tre-mendous
3. Be this my one great business here, With serious in-dus - try and
4. Then, Father, then my soul re- ceive, Transported from this vale, to

heart E - ter - nal things im-press; Cause me to feel their sol-emn
day When Thou with clouds shalt come, To judge the na-tions at thy
fear, E - ter - nal bliss t' in - sure— Thy ut-most coun-sel to ful-
live And reign with Thee a - bove; Where faith is sweet-ly lost in

weight, And tremble on the brink of fate, And wake to right-eous- ness.
bar; And tell me, Lord, shall I be there To hear Thy wel-come home?
fil, And suf- fer all Thy righteous will, And to the end en - dure.
sight, And hope in full, supreme de-light, And ev - er - last - ing love.

Song of Greeting.

As sung by C. P. Whitford in evangelistic work.

C. P. WHITFORD. GEORGE J. WEBB.

2 We'll sing of earth's redemption,
Of ruin sin has brought;
The times of restitution,
By holy prophets taught.
We ask your prayers to aid us,
While we the truth proclaim;
That we may reap rich harvests
Unto our Master's name.

3 The signs are now fulfilling,
In earth and sea and sky,
Which prove that Christ is coming,
His glorious advent's nigh.
We ask you all to listen
While we these truths unfold;
God's word—O it is precious—
'Tis worth its weight in gold.

3 Soon, soon there'll come a morning,
We long to see its light,
When hearts shall leap for gladness,
The blind receive their sight.
Hail morn of restitution,
Creation waits for thee;
Come Savior once rejected,
Come thou in majesty.

4 Our work will soon be over,
Our day will soon be past;
The time for useful labor
To all will come at last.
Let's work then while we linger,—
This world is not our home,
To a heavenly land we're going
When Christ our Lord shall come

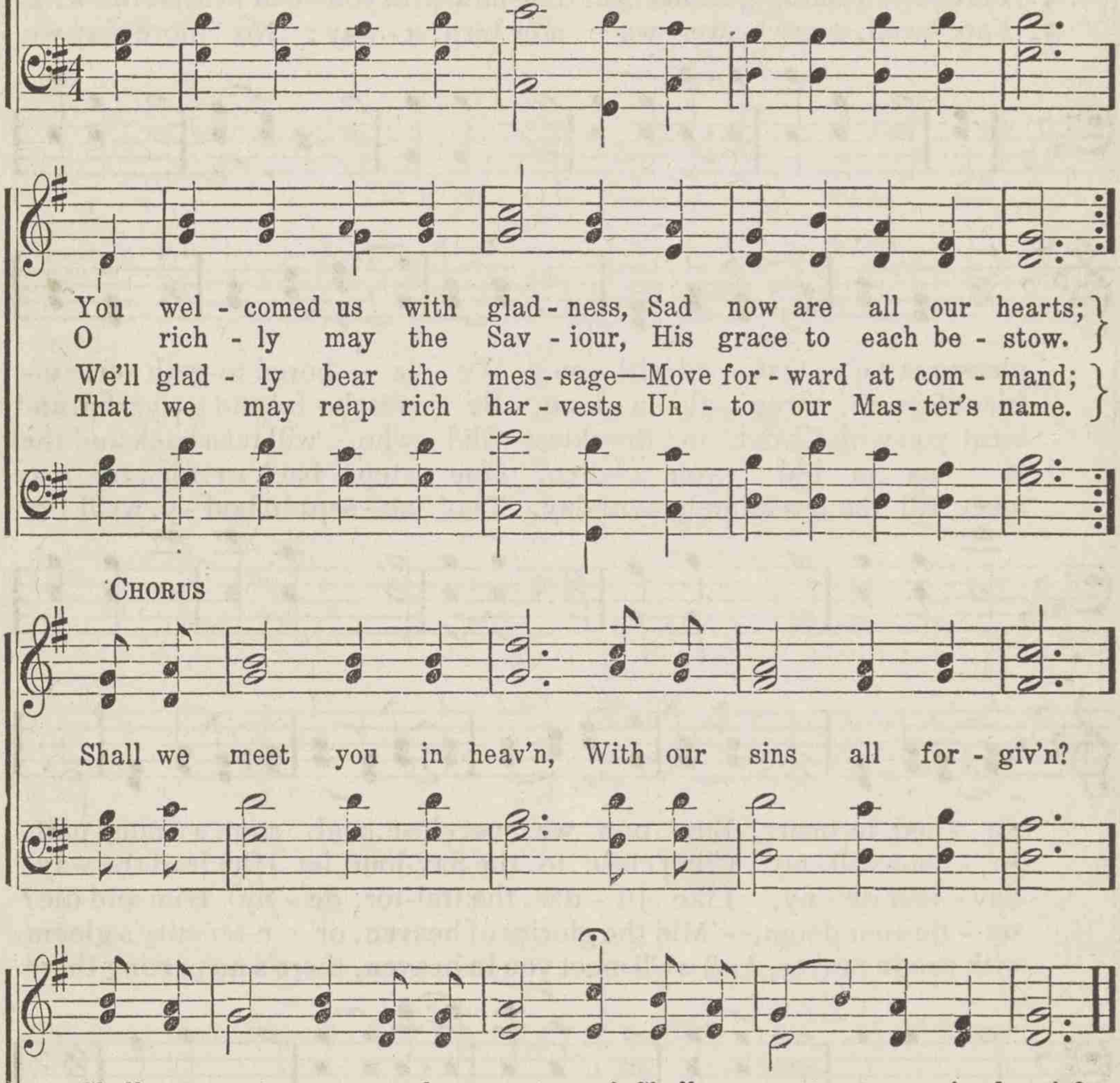
Parting Hymn,

As sung by C. P. Whitford at the close of a series of Prophetical Lectures.

Unknown.

1. Dear friends for whom we've la - bored, From you we now must part;
   To oth - er fields of la - bor, At du - ty's call we go;

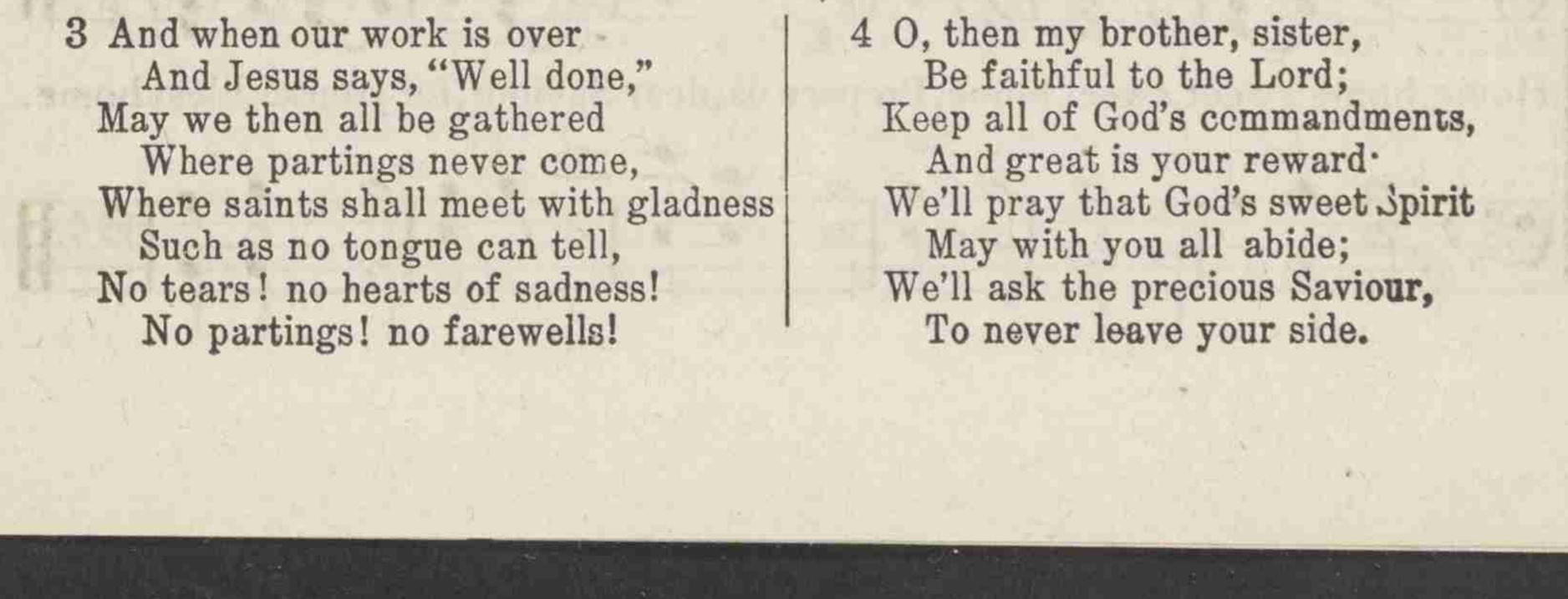
2. The truths of the "Third An - gel" Must go to ev - 'ry land,
   We ask your pray'rs to aid us, While we the truth pro - claim;



You wel - comed us with glad - ness, Sad now are all our hearts;
O rich - ly may the Sav - iour, His grace to each be - stow.
We'll glad - ly bear the mes - sage—Move for - ward at com - mand;
That we may reap rich har - vests Un - to our Mas - ter's name.

CHORUS

Shall we meet you in heav'n, With our sins all for - giv'n?



Shall we meet you, and greet you? Shall we meet you in heav'n?

3 And when our work is over
And Jesus says, "Well done,"
May we then all be gathered
Where partings never come,
Where saints shall meet with gladness
Such as no tongue can tell,
No tears! no hearts of sadness!
No partings! no farewells!

4 O, then my brother, sister,
Be faithful to the Lord;
Keep all of God's commandments,
And great is your reward·
We'll pray that God's sweet Spirit
May with you all abide;
We'll ask the precious Saviour,
To never leave your side.

Farewell.

Arranged by C. P. WHITFORD. SIR HENRY R. BISHOP.

Slow and with expression.

1. Farewell, faithful friends, we must now bid adieu To those joys and those
2. Our la-bors are o - ver, and we must be gone, We leave you not
3. Farewell, dear young converts, we leave you likewise, And hope we shall
4. Farewell, trembling sinner, sad time now with you : Our hearts sink with-
5. Fare - well, every hearer, we now turn a - way : No more may we

pleasures we've tast - ed with you ; We la - bored to-geth - er, u -
friendless to strug - gle a - lone. Be watch - ful and prayerful, and
meet you with Christ in the skies. Oh ! who will turn back and the
in us to bid you a - dieu. One step, back or forward, may
meet till the great judgment day. Tho' ab - sent in bod - y, we'll be

nit - ed in heart, But now we must close, and soon we must part.
Je - sus will stay ; Cling close to the Sav-iour, let Him lead the way.
Sav - iour de - ny, Like Ju - das, the trai-tor, de - ny Him and die ?
set - tle your doom,—'Mid the glories of heaven, or e-ter-nity's gloom.
with you in prayer, And we'll meet you in heaven, there's no parting there.

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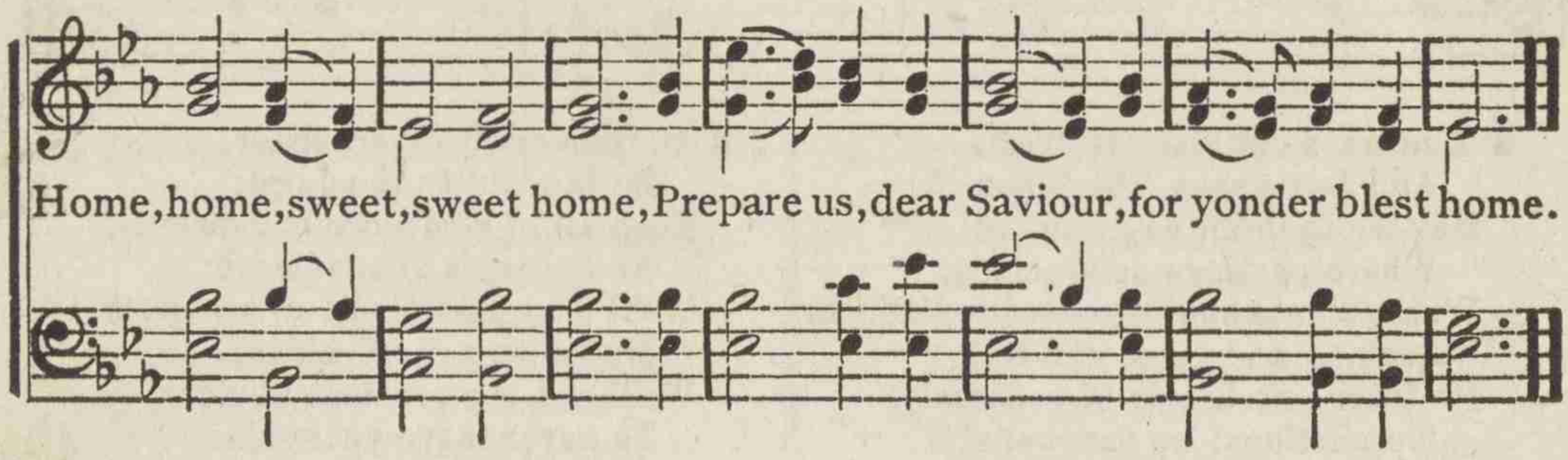

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Prepare us, dear Saviour, for yonder blest home.

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