

BELLS OF HEAVEN



J.C.F. Kyger, Compiler.

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AND
TUNES

"NEW AND OLD"

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KINDS OF

Religious Meetings

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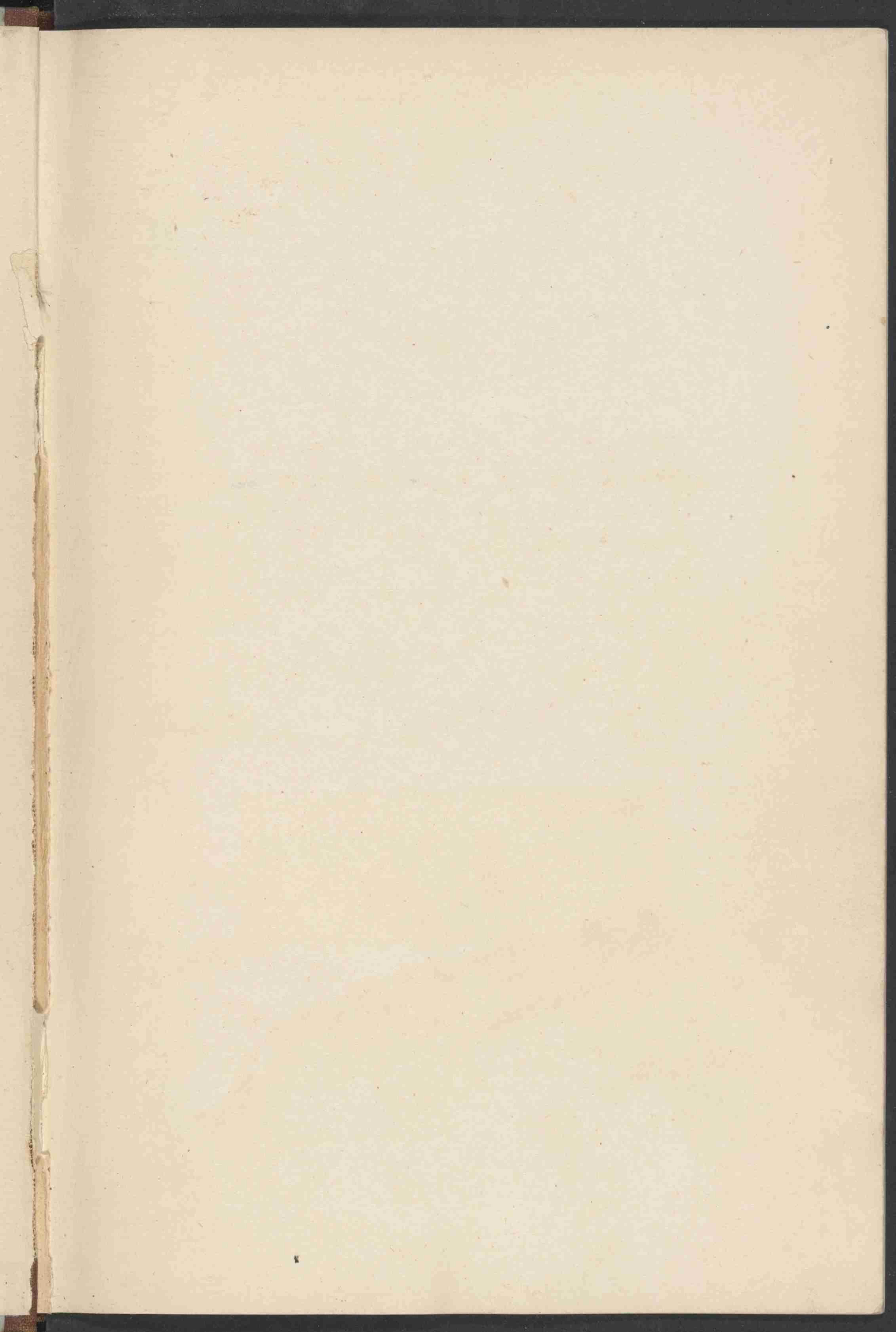
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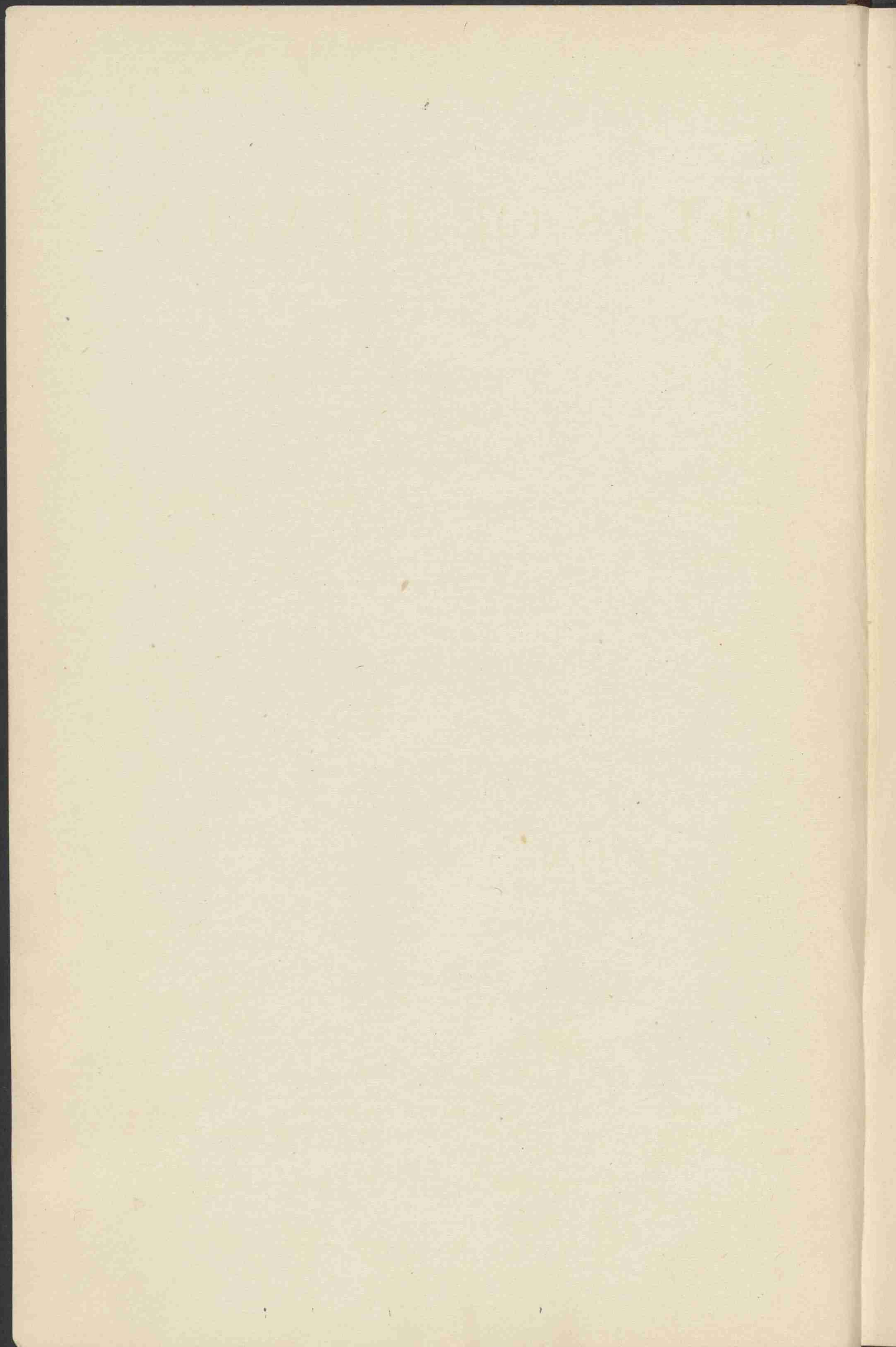


Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:

PRESENTED BY
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TO AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY
JUNE 1945





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"O Lord, I have heard thy speech, and was afraid; O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy."—Hab. 3: 2.

"For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."—Matt. 18: 20.

No. 101.

Revive Us Again.

"His praise shall continually be in my mouth."—Ps. 34: 1.

Rev. WM. PATON MACKAY.

JOHN J. HUSBAND.

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

For Je - sus who died and is now gone a - bove.
 Who has shown us our Sav - iour, and scat - tered our night.
 Who has borne all our sins, and cleans - ed ev - 'ry stain.
 Who has bought us; and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
 May each soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

CHORUS.

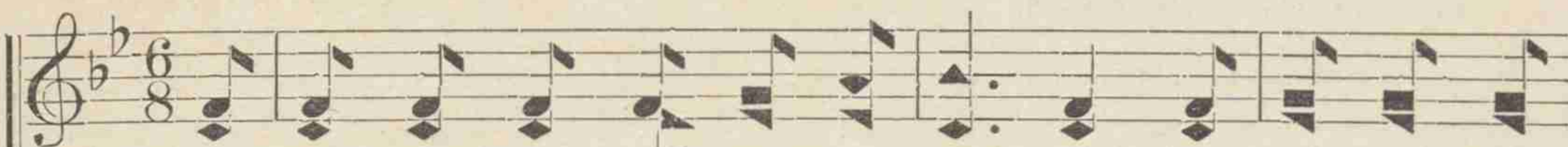
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! a -
 men, Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, re - vive us a - gain.

No. 102. Send Showers of Blessings.

"I will cause the shower to come down in his season; there shall be showers of blessing."—Ezek. 34: 26.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

J. M. HAGAN.



1. We pray for Thy bless-ing, dear Sav - iour, So gra-cious - ly
 2. We pray for Thy bless-ing, dear Sav - iour, The in - flu - ence
 3. We pray for Thy bless-ing, dear Sav - iour, While pros-trate we



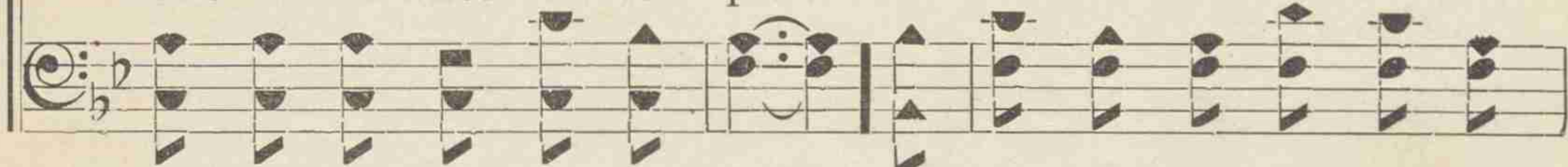

prom - ised by Thee; We long for the show - ers re - fresh - ing That
 sweet of Thy love; Bap - tize our faint hearts with Thy spir - it, De -
 bow at Thy feet; Re - vive us, dear Lord, we en - treat Thee, And



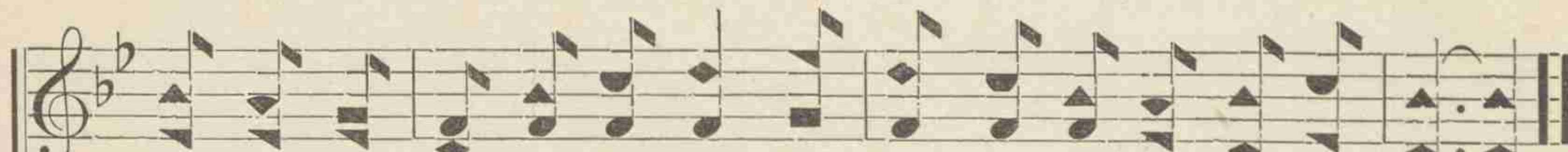
CHORUS.



fall by Thy mer - cy so free. Send show - ers of bless - ings, dear
 scend - ing from heav - en a - bove.
 make us in Thee more com - plete.




Sav - iour, Send show - ers of blessings to - day; The show - ers re -
 Sav - iour, we plead,

fresh - ing our gaunt spirits need, Send show - ers of blessings to - day.



No. 103. Laborers of Christ, Arise.

"Arise, shine forth, thy light is come."—Isa. 60: 1.

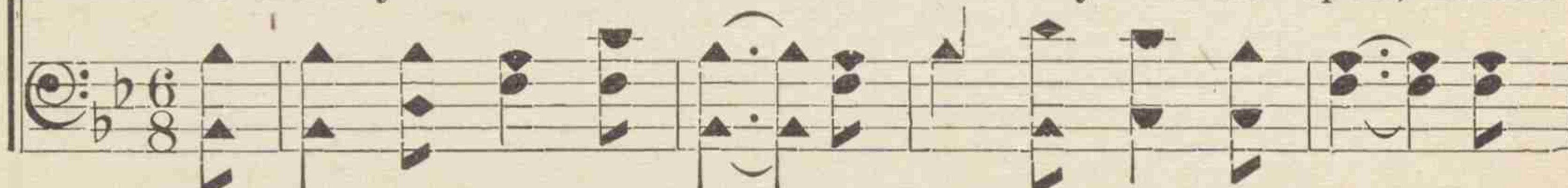
Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Cheerful.



1. Lab-'rers of Christ, a - rise, And gird you for the toil; The
2. Go where the sick re - cline, Where mourning hearts deplore; And
3. Be faith, which looks a bove, With pray'r, your constant guest; And
4. So shall you share the wealth That earth may ne'er de - spoil, And the



dew of prom - ise from the skies Al - read - y cheers the soil.
where the sons of sor - row pine, Dis-pense your hal - lowed lore.
wrap the Sav-iour's changeless love, A man - tle round your breast.
bless - ed Gos-pel's sav - ing health Re - pay your ar-duous toil.



CHORUS.



A - rise, . . a - rise, . . And gird you for the toil; The
A - rise, a - rise, a - rise, a - rise,



dew of prom - ise from the skies Al - read - y cheers the soil.



No. 104.

Work To-day.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. 21: 28.

Selected.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



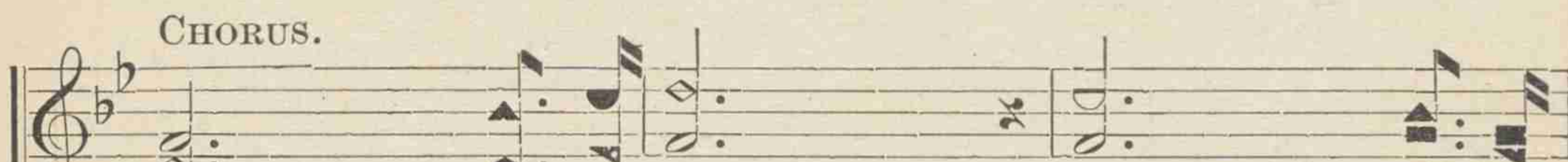
1. Go work in my vineyard to-day; Why stand ye so i - dle a-round!
 2. Go work in my vineyard to-day; Be ear-nest, be active, be strong;
 3. Go work in my vineyard to-day; Precious souls may be bro't by Thy love;
 4. Go work in my vineyard to-day; Go hon - or thy Master and Lord;



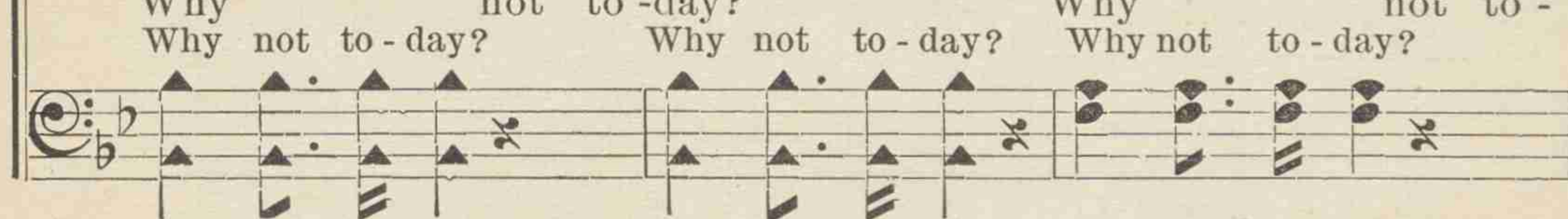

The day is far gone, and the night cometh on, Why not with the lab'ers be found?
 Go forth in His might, who will honor the right, And give thee thy wages ere long.
 From darkness of night to His marvelous light, To a home with the ransomed above.
 Thy tal-ents improve by the la-bor of love, And heav'n shall be thy re-ward.



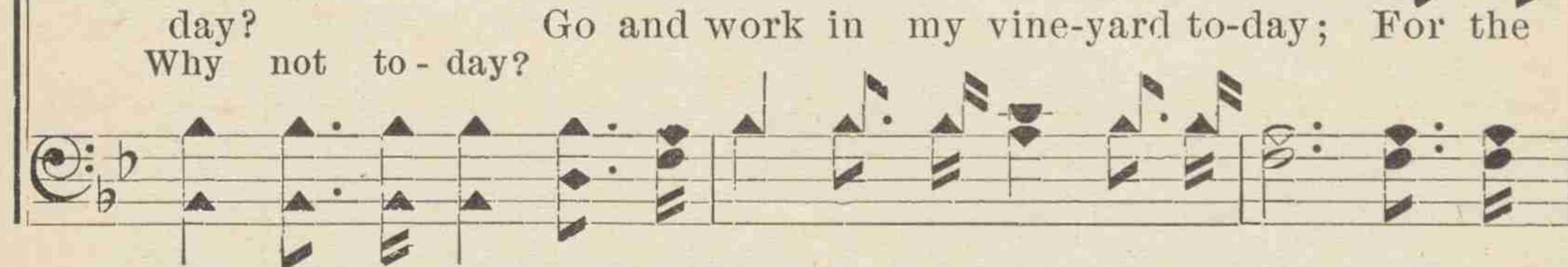
CHORUS.



Why not to-day? Why not to-day? Why not to-day?




day? Go and work in my vine-yard to-day; For the



Why not to-day?



day is far gone and the night cometh on, Go work in my vineyard today.



No. 105. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

"I the Lord have called Thee."—Isa. 42: 6.

Rev. DAN'L MARCH.

Dr. MASON.

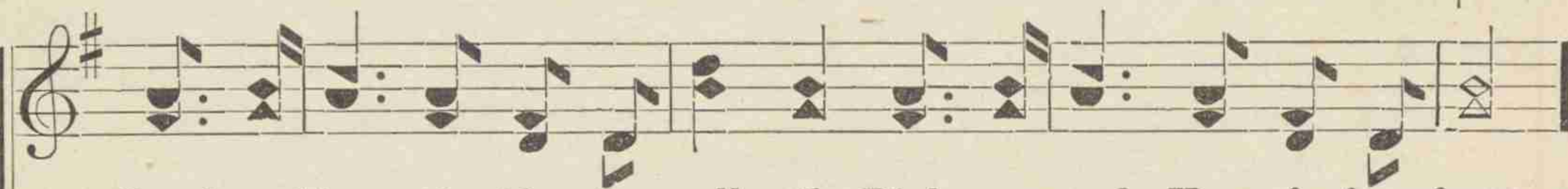
Arr. by J. M. HAGAN.



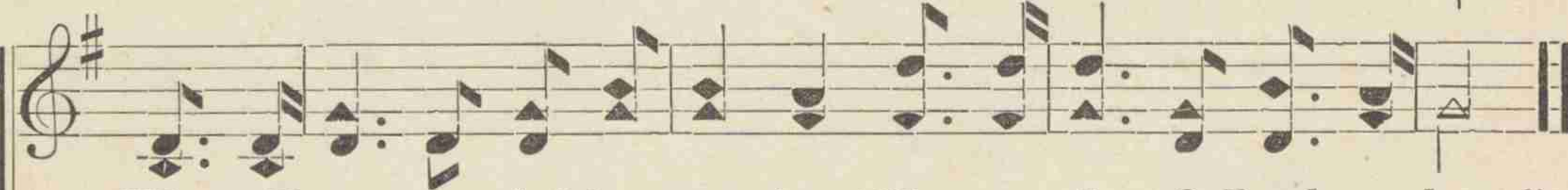
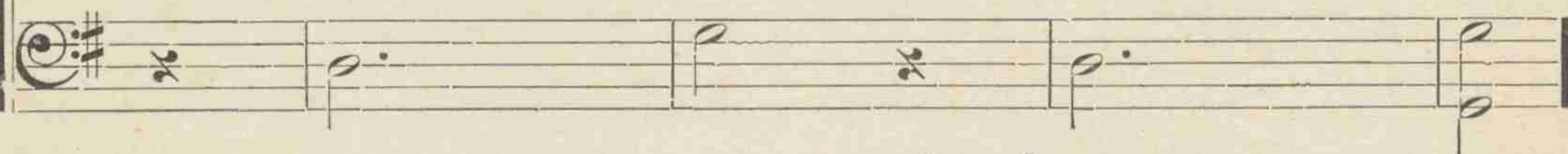
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, Who will go and work to - day?
2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And the heathen lands ex - plore,
3. While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you,
4. If you can - not speak like an - gels, If you can - not preach like Paul,
5. If you can - not be the watchman, Standing high on Zi - on's wall,
6. If a - mong the old - er peo - ple, You may not be apt to teach,



Fields are white, the har - vest wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?
 You can find the heathen near - er, You can help them at your door;
 Let none hear you i - dly say - ing "There is noth - ing I can do!"
 You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say "He died for all,"
 Point - ing out the path to heav - en, Of - f'ring life and peace to all;
 "Feed my lambs," said Christ our Shepherd, Place the food within their reach,"



Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free;
 If you can - not speak like angels, If you can - not preach like Paul,
 Glad - ly take the task He gives you, Let His work your pleasure be;
 If you can - not rouse the wicked, With the judgment's dread a - larms,
 With your pray'r and with your boun - ties, You can do what heav'n demands;
 And it may be that the chil - dren You have led with trembling hand,



Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."
 You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say He died for all.
 An - swer quick - ly when He call - eth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me,"
 You can lead the lit - tle chil - dren To the Saviour's waiting arms.
 You can be like faith - ful Aa - ron, Hold - ing up the prophet's hands.
 Will be found a - mong your jew - els, When you reach the better land.

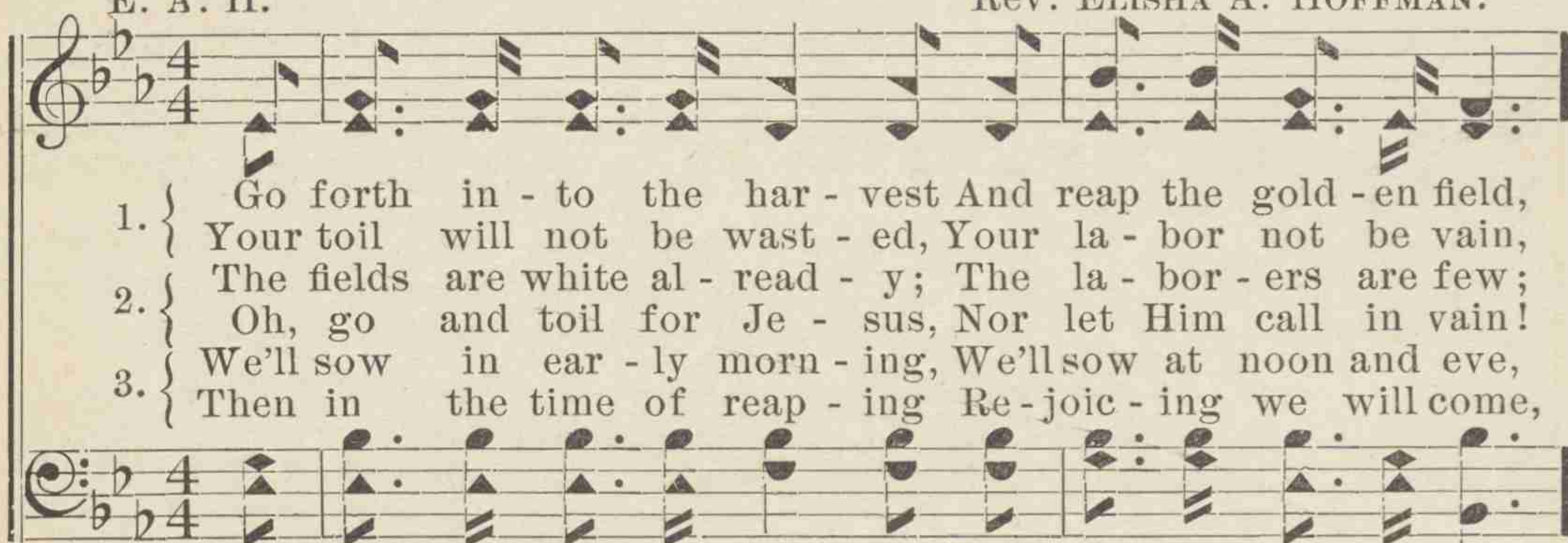


No. 106. Bearing the Golden Sheaves.

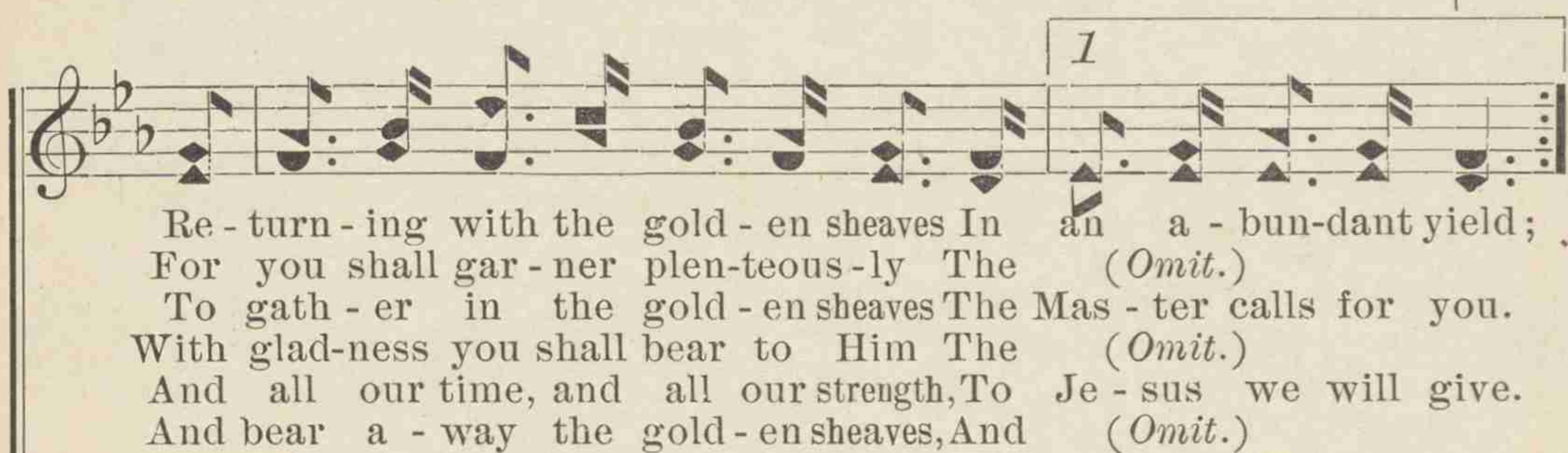
"The harvest truly is plenteous; but the laborers are few."—Matt. 9: 37.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. } Go forth in - to the har - vest And reap the gold - en field,
Your toil will not be wast - ed, Your la - bor not be vain,
2. } The fields are white al - read - y; The la - bor - ers are few;
Oh, go and toil for Je - sus, Nor let Him call in vain!
3. } We'll sow in ear - ly morn - ing, We'll sow at noon and eve,
Then in the time of reap - ing Re - joic - ing we will come,



Re - turn - ing with the gold - en sheaves In an a - bun - dant yield;
For you shall gar - ner plen - teous - ly The (Omit.)
To gath - er in the gold - en sheaves The Mas - ter calls for you.
With glad - ness you shall bear to Him The (Omit.)
And all our time, and all our strength, To Je - sus we will give.
And bear a - way the gold - en sheaves, And (Omit.)




sheaves of gold - en grain. Bear - ing a - way the sheaves,
gold - en sheaves of grain.
sing the har - vest - home.



Bear - ing a - way the gold - en sheaves,



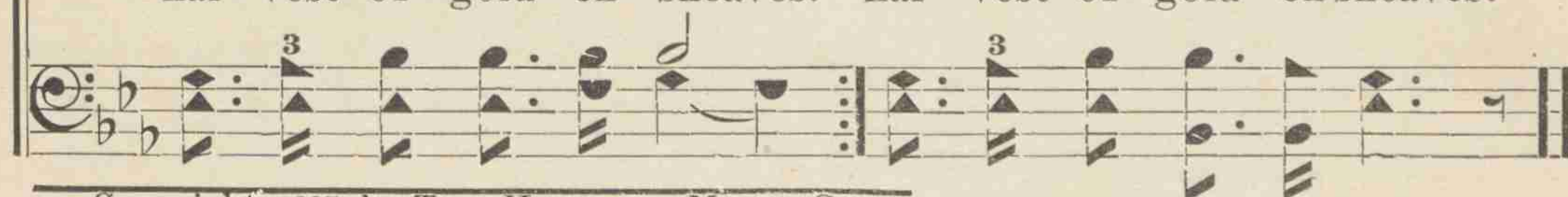
Bear - ing a - way the sheaves, Re - joic - ing we will bring to Christ A



Bear - ing a - way the gold - en sheaves,



har - vest of gold - en sheaves. har - vest of gold - en sheaves.



No. 107.

Sowing, Ever Sowing.

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—Jer. 31: 16.

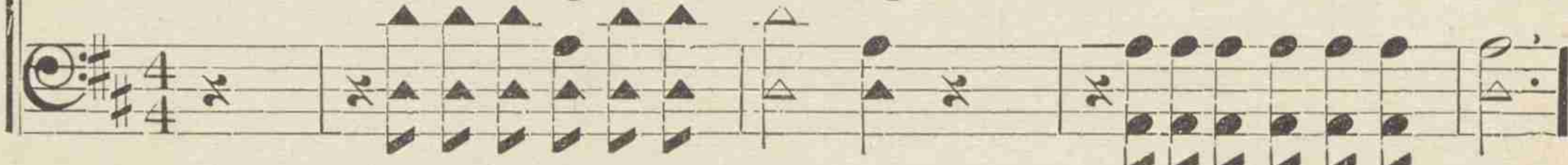
J. M. HAGAN.

E. R. LATTA.

Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



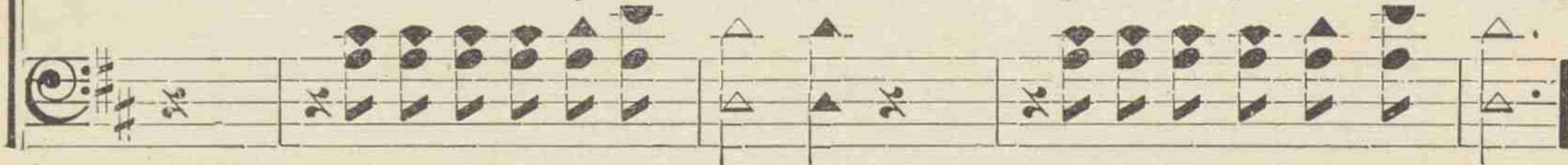
1. We are sow - ing, ev - er sow - ing, In the paths where others move,
 2. We are sow - ing, ev - er sow - ing, Be the weath - er foul or fair;
 3. We are sow - ing, ev - er sow - ing, In the home and on the street,



And the har - vest that shall fol - low, Shall a bane . . or bless-ing prove;
 Heed-less-ly . . how we scat-ter, Where there's need . . of great-est care;
 Sow-ing good . . or sow-ing e - vil, For our-selves and all we meet;



Are we sow - ing thorns and thistles, That shall pierce . the trav'ler's feet,
 Now's the seed - time full of prom-ise, Full of pos - si-bil - i - ty;
 Let us earn - est-ly en-deav-or Seeds of hap - pi-ness to strew,



Or the seeds . of love and mer - cy, That shall make . ex-istence sweet?
 What the fruit - age we shall gath-er, Here and in . . e-ter - ni - ty?
 That our fel - lowmen may bless us, Whereso-ev - er we may go.



CHORUS.

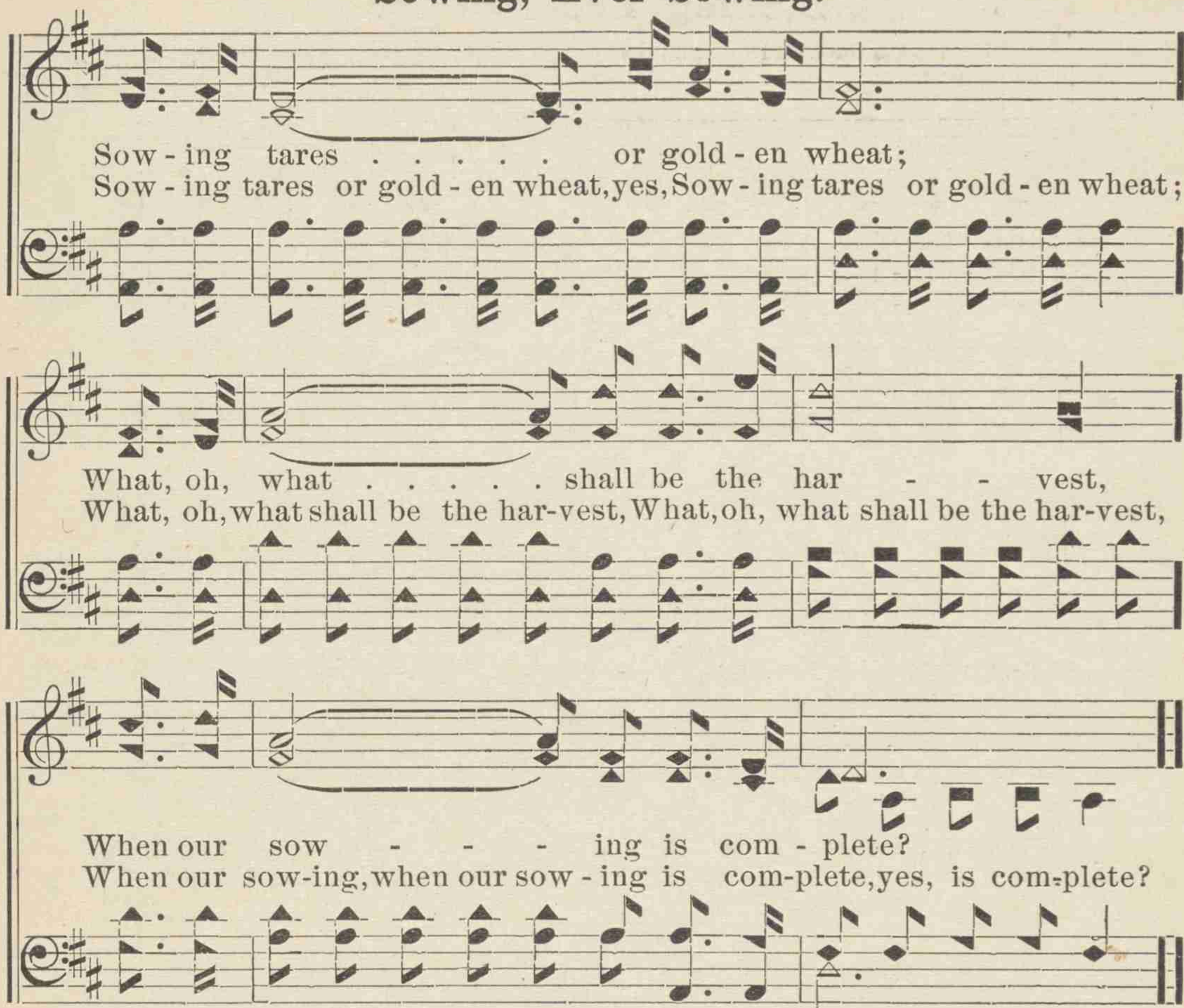


Sow-ing pain or sow-ing pleas - - ure,
 Sow-ing pain or sow - ing pleasure, Sow-ing pain or sow - ing pleas-ure,



Used by permission of D. E. DORTCH.

Sowing, Ever Sowing.



Sow - ing tares or gold - en wheat;
 Sow - ing tares or gold - en wheat, yes, Sow - ing tares or gold - en wheat;

What, oh, what shall be the har - - - vest,
 What, oh, what shall be the har-vest, What, oh, what shall be the har-vest,

When our sow - - - ing is com - plete?
 When our sow-ing, when our sow - ing is com-plete, yes, is com-plete?

No. 108. Sow in the Morn Thy Seed.

"The harvest truly is plenteous; but the laborers are few."—Matt. 9: 37.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



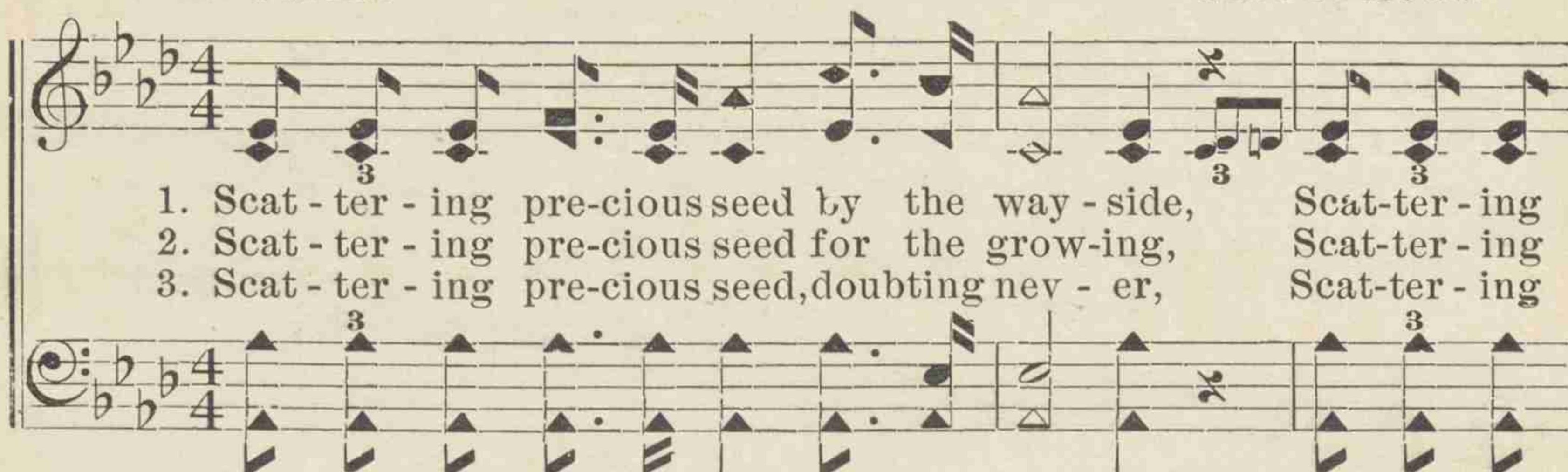
1. Sow in the morn thy seed; At eve hold not thy hand;
 2. Thou canst not toil in vain; Cold, heat, and moist and dry
 3. Thence, when the glo - rious end, The day of God, shall come,

To doubt and fear give thou no heed; Broad-cast it o'er the land.
 Shall fos - ter and ma - ture the grain For gar - ners in the sky.
 The an - gel reap - ers shall de-scend, And heav'n cry, "Har - vest Home!"

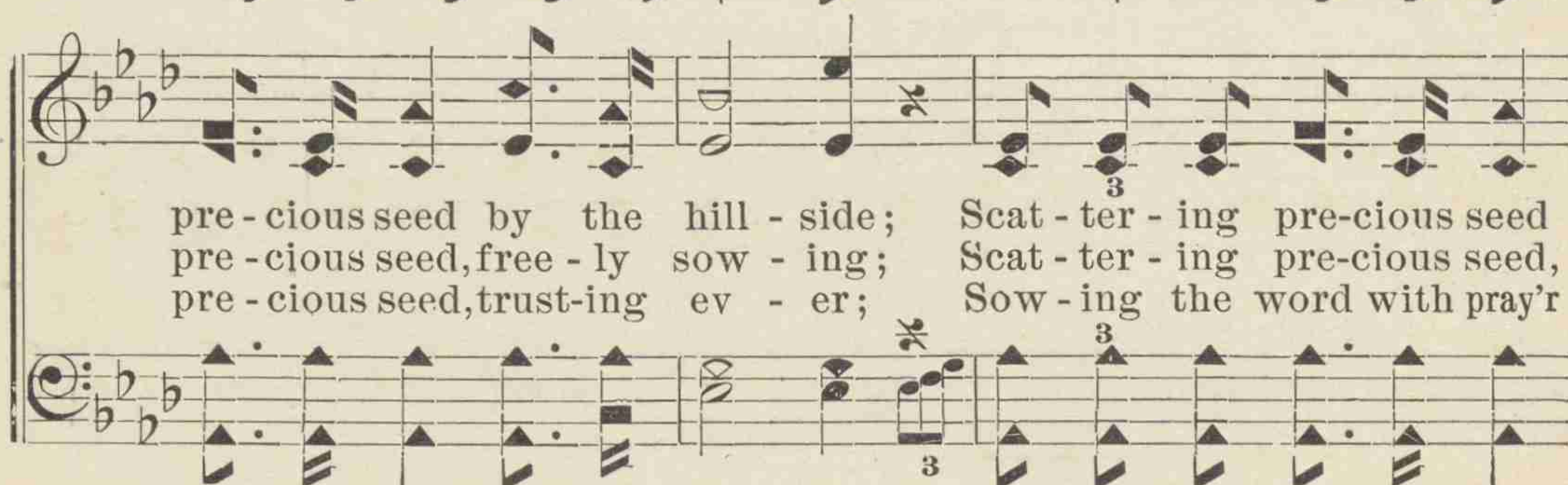
No. 109. Scattering Precious Seed.

"The field is the world *** and the reapers are the angels."—Matt. 13: 38.
W. A. OGDEN.

GEO. C. HUGG.



1. Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed by the way - side, Scat - ter - ing
2. Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed for the grow - ing, Scat - ter - ing
3. Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed, doubting nev - er, Scat - ter - ing

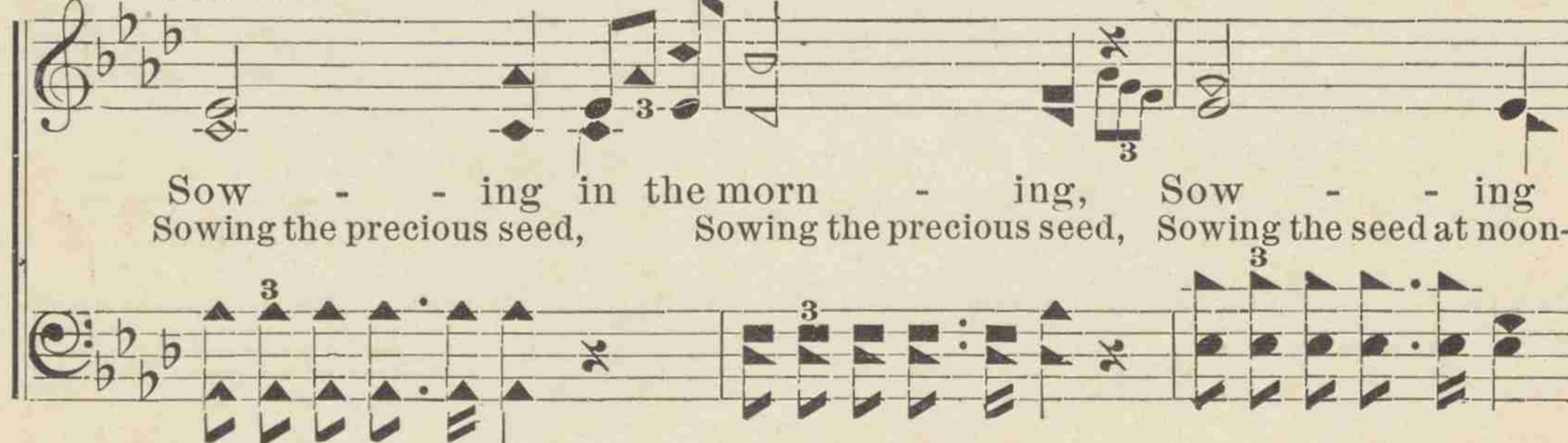


pre - cious seed by the hill - side; Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed
pre - cious seed, free - ly sow - ing; Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed,
pre - cious seed, trust - ing ev - er; Sow - ing the word with pray'r



o'er the field, wide, Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed by the way.
trust - ing, know - ing, Sure - ly the Lord will send it the rain.
and en - deav - or, Trust - ing the Lord for growth and for yield.

CHORUS.



Sow - - ing in the morn - ing, Sow - - ing
Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noon -



at the noon - - tide; Sow - - ing in the
tide, Sow - ing the precious seed; Sow - ing the pre - cious seed,

Scattering Precious Seed.

ev - 'ning, Sow-ing the precious seed by the way.
Sowing the precious seed, by the way.

No. 110.

Go Forth! Go Forth!

"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."—Eph. 6. 10.

L. E.

P. P. BILHORN, by per.

1. The field is great, the grain is white, The day is fad-ing in - to night;
2. Go forth, and reap with willing hands, The golden grain a-wait-ing stands;
3. Go forth, the la - bor - ers are few, There's much for willing hands to do;

Go forth, go forth, nor i - dle be, The Lord of har-vest need-eth thee.
Go forth, go forth, and gar-ner in The wand'ring ones from paths of sin.
Go forth, go forth, do not de-lay, The Mas-ter bids you haste a - way.

CHORUS.

Go forth, go forth and reap to - day, The field is read - y, haste a - way;

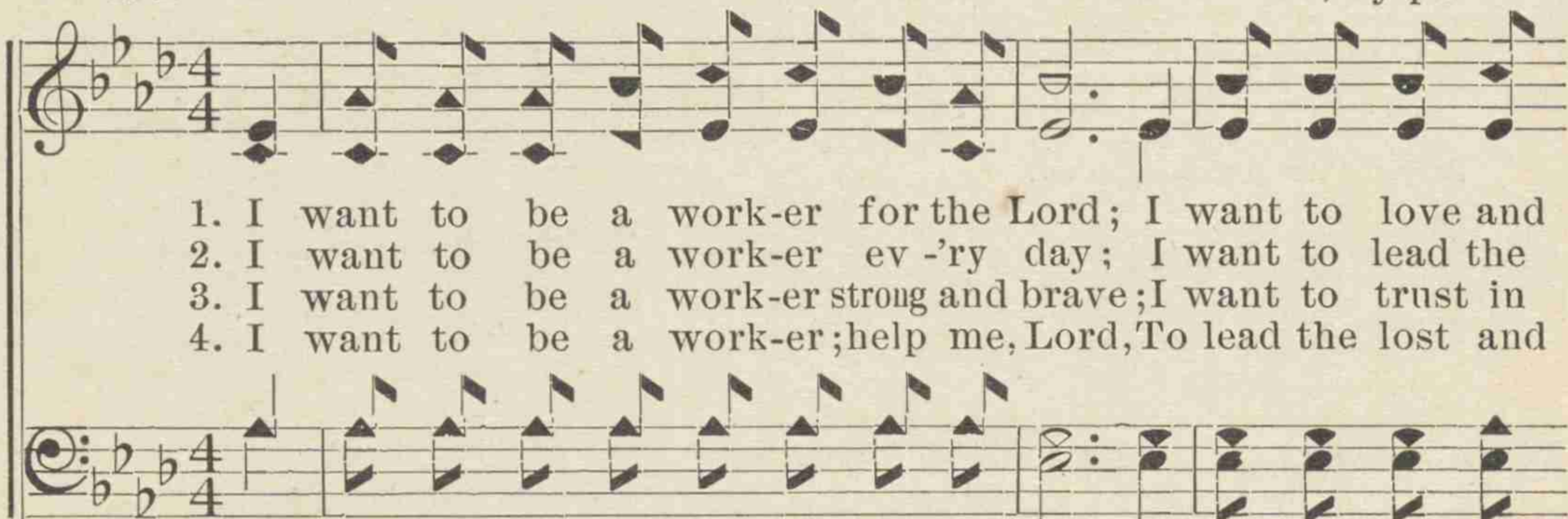
Go forth, some precious soul to win, Go bid them quick-ly en-ter in.

No. 111. I Want to be a Worker

"The laborers are few."—Matt. 9: 37.

I. B.

I. BALTZELL, by per.



1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord; I want to love and
 2. I want to be a work-er ev-'ry day; I want to lead the
 3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave; I want to trust in
 4. I want to be a work-er; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and



trust His ho-ly word; I want to sing and pray, and be toil-ing ev-'ry
 err-ing in the way That leads to heav'n a-bove, where all is peace and
 Je-sus' pow'r to save; All who will tru-ly come, shall find a hap-py
 err-ing to Thy word That points to joys on high, where pleasures never



day In the vine-yard of the Lord. I will work, I will
 love, In the king-dom of the Lord.
 home In the king-dom of the Lord.
 die In the king-dom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will



pray, In the vineyard, in the vine-yard of the Lord, I will
 work and pray, of the Lord,



work, I will pray, I will la-bor ev-'ry day In the vine-yard of the Lord.

No. 112.

Master, Use Me.

"Wilt thou not tell."—Ezek. 24: 19.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Send me forth, O bless-ed Master! where are souls in sorrow bow'd, Send me
2. There are lives that may be brighten'd by a word of hope and cheer, There are
3. There is work within the vine-yard, there is ser-vice to be done, There's a
4. Oh, I would not be an i-dler in the vine-yard of the Lord; With the



forth to homes of want and homes of care, And with joy I will o-bey the call, and
souls with whom life's blessings I should share; There are hearts that may be lightened of the
message of salvation to de-clare; Send me forth to tell the story to the
Christ the vineyard-labor I would share; In-to hearts that know not Jesus I would



D.S. ready to report for orders,

FINE.



in Thy blessed name I will take the blessed light of the gospel there.
burdens which they bear; Let me take the blessed hope of the gospel there.
homes of sin-ful men; Let me take the blessed Christ of the gospel there.
speak the saying Word; Let me take the blessed joy of the gospel there.



Master, summon me, And I'll go on a - ny er - rand of love for Thee.
CHORUS. Call me forth to ac - tive ser - - - - vice,



Call me forth, call me forth, to ac - tive ser - vice call me forth,



And my prompt response shall be, "Here am I! send me", I am



No. 113. Onward, Christian Soldiers !

"Take unto you the whole armor of God."— Eph. 6: 13.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.



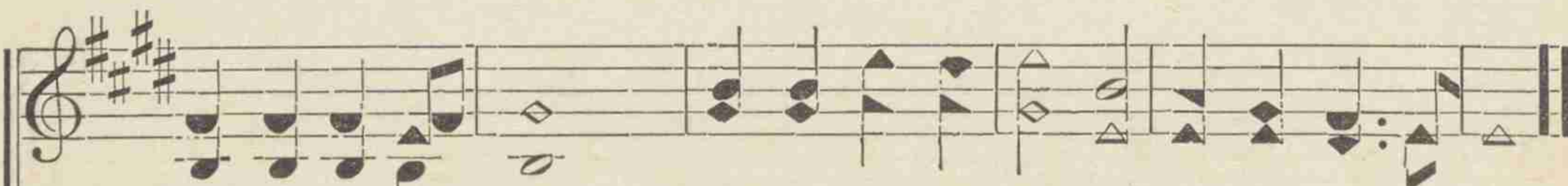
1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je- sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph Satan's host doth flee ; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God, Brothers, we are tread-ing
4. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
5. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices,



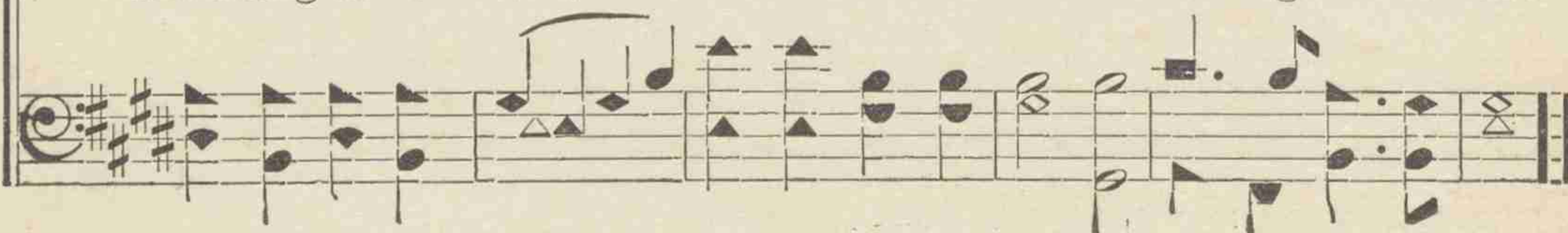
Go-ing on before. Christ, the royal Mas - ter, Leads a-against the foe ;
On to vic - to - ry ! Hell's foundations quiv - er At the shout of praise ;
Where the saints have trod ; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Constant will remain ; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail ;
In the triumph-song ; Glory, laud, and hon - or Un-to Christ the King,



Forward in-to bat - tle, See, His banners go ! Onward, Christian soldiers,
Brothers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your anthems raise.
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i - ty,
We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
This thro' countless a- ges Men and angels sing.



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.



No. 114.

On to Victory.

"The victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 John 5: 4.

E. A. H.

E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. Christian, gird the ar - mor on, There's a vic - t'ry to be won
2. Let His ban - ner be unfurl'd Till it waves o'er all the world,
3. When the bat - tle shall be done, And the vic - to - ry be won,
4. That will be an hour of joy, Praise shall then our tongues employ,



For the Lord, for the Lord; Take the hel - met, sword, and shield,
Sea to sea, shore to shore; Till the na - tions all shall own
Con - flict past, con - flict past; In the new Je - ru - sa - lem,
More and more, more and more; We shall stand before the King,



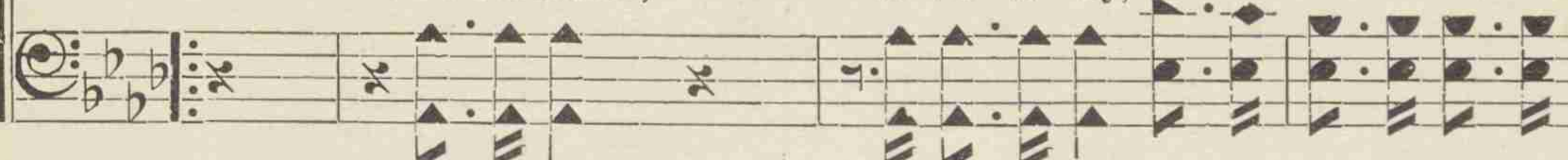
Forth un - to the bat - tle-field At His word, at His word.
He is King and He a - lone, Ev - er - more, ev - er - more.
We shall wear a di - a - dem, At the last, at the last.
And the song of tri - umph sing, Ev - er - more, ev - er - more.



CHORUS.



{ On we'll march to vic - to - ry, Je - sus will our leader
On we'll march to vic - to - ry, To a fi - nal and a
On we'll march, to vic - to - ry,



be, Je - sus will our lead - er be: glo - rious vic - to - ry.



No. 115.

Church of God, Awake.

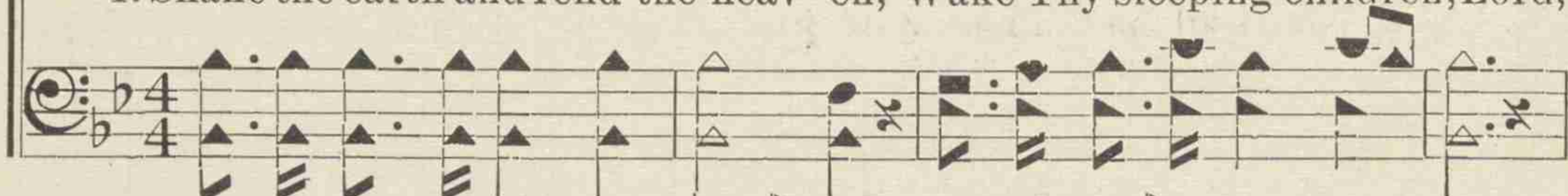
"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 Pet. 5:7.

Mrs. E. J. BUGBEE.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.



1. Church of God, whose conqu'ring ban-ners Float a -long the glo-rious years,
2. In your costly tem-ples praying, "Let Thy kingdom come," ye pray,
3. Grace and glo-ry He hath sent you, Cast your lines in pla-ces fair,
4. Shake the earth and rend the heav -en, Wake Thy sleeping children, Lord,



Gath'ring harvest rich and gold - en, Sowed in pov - er - ty and tears;
 Are but words of i - dle mean - ing, If with these you turn a - way;
 Scat-ter bless-ing now He bids you, O'er His green earth ev-'rywhere;
 Till the measure full and e - ven Has been rendered at Thy word;



On -ward press, the cross is bending Far to -ward the morning skies,
 Boundless wealth to you is giv- en, From His hand who owns it all,
 Till the millions in the twi-light Of the far-off O-rient land,
 Then from out her night of sor-row, Shall the earth redeemed a-rise,



Speed-y dawn of light por - tend-ing;—Church of God, awake, a - rise!
 And His eye be-holds in heav-en What ye ren-der back of all.
 In the gra-cious morning splendor Of the gospellight shall stand.
 And the fair mil-len-nial mor - row Dawn with o - pal-tint - ed skies.



CHORUS.



Church of God, awake! arise! Christ, your Head and Master, cries,
 Church of God, a - wake! arise! Christ, your Head and Master, cries,



Church of God, Awake.



Send the gos - pel's joyful sound Un - to earth's remotest bound.
Oh, send the gos - pel's joy - ful sound

No. 116.

Falter Not.

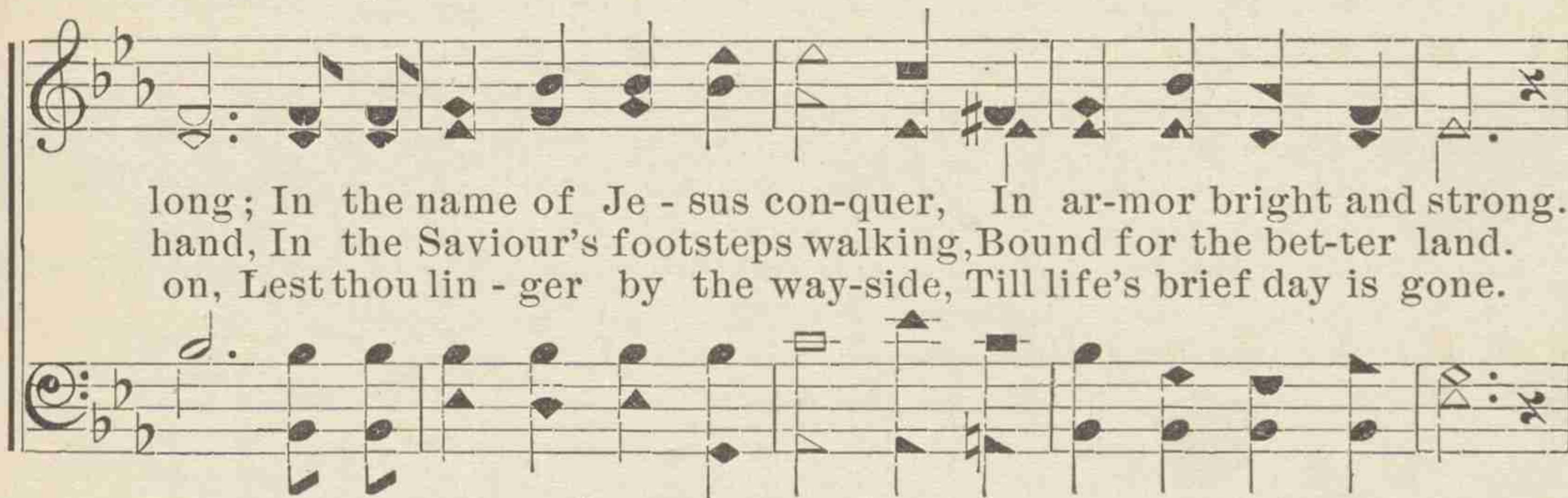
"Be strong and of a good courage."—Deut. 31: 9.

H. L. F.

H. L. FRISBIE.



1. Fal - ter not, Christian sol - dier, The strife will not be
2. Wea - ry not, Christian pil - grim, But keep thy staff in
3. Tar - ry not, fie - ry tri - als Are but to urge thee

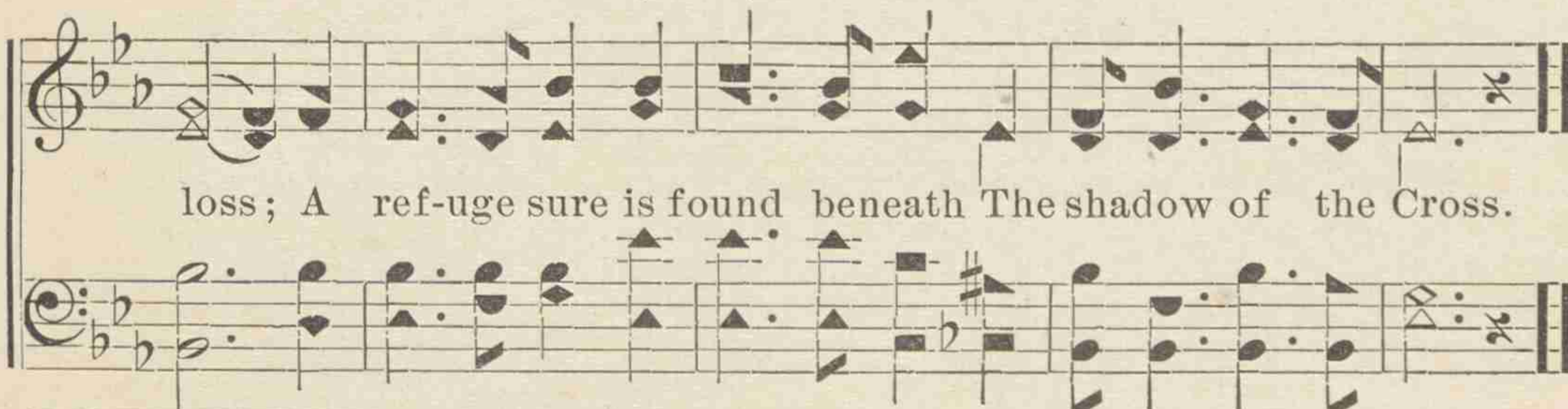


long; In the name of Je - sus con-quer, In ar-mor bright and strong.
hand, In the Saviour's footsteps walking, Bound for the bet-ter land.
on, Lest thou lin - ger by the way-side, Till life's brief day is gone.

CHORUS.



Fal - ter not, tar - ry not, You can - not suf - fer
tar - ry not,



loss; A ref-uge sure is found beneath The shadow of the Cross.

No. 117.

Throw Out the Life-Line.

"The Son of man is come to save."—Matt. 18: 11.

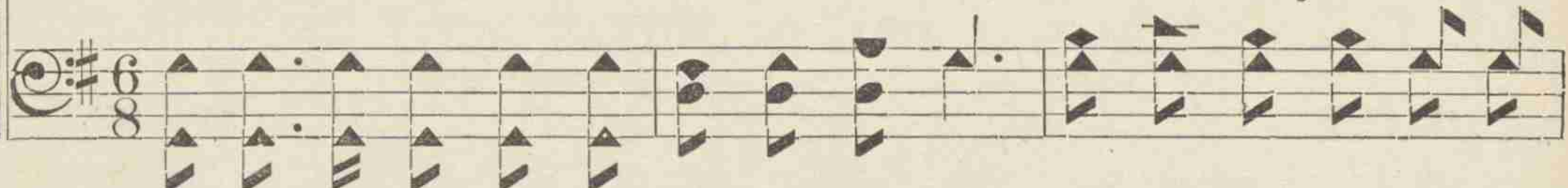
May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

E. S. U. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Throw out the Life-Line across the dark wave, There is a brother whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar-ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sinking in anguish where
4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e -



some one should save; Some-bod-y's brother! oh, who then will dare To
lin - ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh, hast - en to - day—And
you've nev - er been; Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil - lows of woe Will
ter - ni - ty's shore; Haste then, my broth-er, no time for de - lay, But



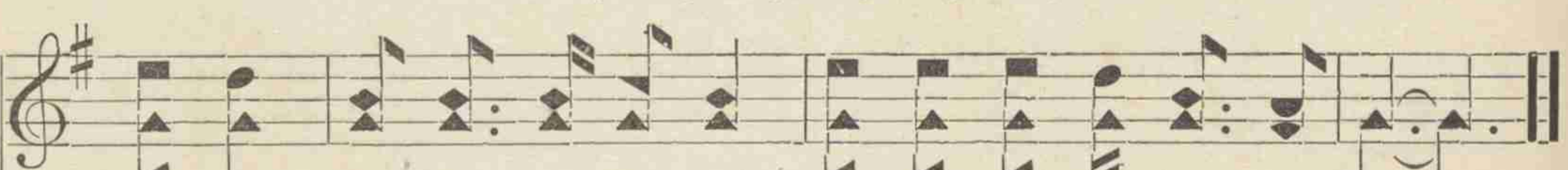
CHORUS.



throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share? Throw out the Life-Line!
out with the Life-Boat! a - way, then a - way!
soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.



Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the



Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.



No. 118.

Send Out the Life-Boat.

"He healed them that had need of healing."—Luke 9: 11.

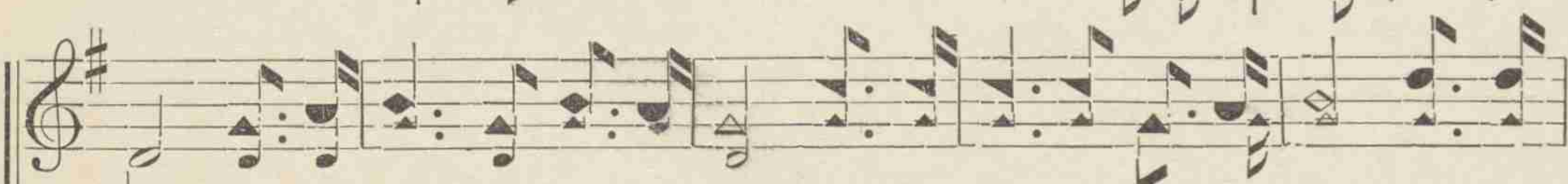
Suggested by the work of Messrs. Moody and Wooley in Boston, 1891.

L. W. SMITH.

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. There are wrecks along the shore, Going down on ev'-ry side, 'Mid the crashing break-er's
2. Anxious friends are waiting lone, For an absent, wayward child; Hearing not the sad- dened
3. "May some angel from above, Guard my child from ev'ry ill; God of mer- cy, God of
4. Christian! listen to the voice, To the rescue, haste a-way! Let the sons of God re -



roar, And the surging, foaming tide, Faint-ly o-ver rock and reef, Comes the moan, Thro' the darkness, strange and wild, Hear the mother's earnest plea, Go-ing love, May it be Thy blessed will, Now to save my darling boy! Send some joice At the vic-t'ry gained to-day. Christian! heed thy Saviour's call, Gladly



ag - o - niz - ing cry, "Send, oh! send us quick re- lief! Ere we per - ish, ere we die." up to heav'n and God, "Send, oh! send Thy help to me! Let me lean up - on Thy rod." strong and loving hand, Ere the waves of sin de- stroy, That shall bring him safe to land." His sweet will o-bey; Point the dy - ing, sink - ing soul, To the Life, the Truth, the Way.



CHORUS.



Send out the lifeboat, Throw out the line, Je- sus is calling in mer- cy divine;



Thousands of time wrecks are sinking in sin, Speed thro' the tempest and gath - er them in.



No. 119.

Just a Word for Jesus.

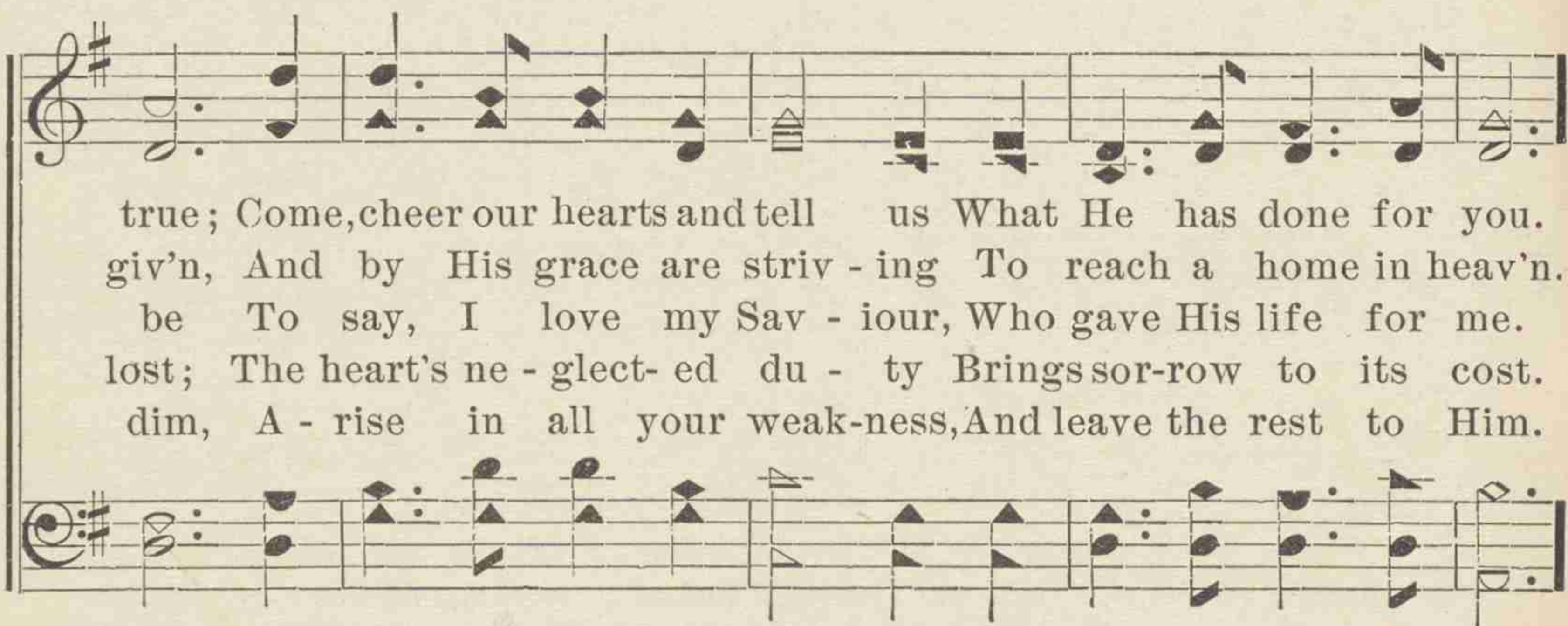
"Wilt thou not tell."—Ezek. 24; 19.

FANNIE J. CROSBY.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

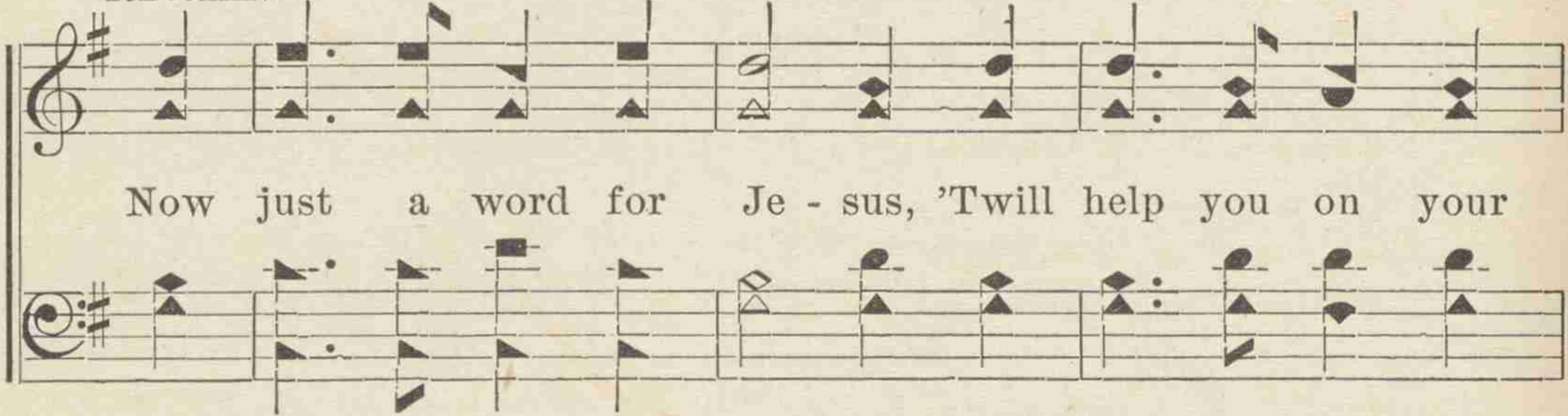


1. Now just a word for Je - sus, Your dear - est friend so
 2. Now just a word for Je - sus; You feel your sins for -
 3. Now just a word for Je - sus; A cross it can - not
 4. Now just a word for Je - sus; Let not the time be
 5. Now just a word for Je - sus, And if your faith be



true; Come, cheer our hearts and tell us What He has done for you.
 giv'n, And by His grace are striv - ing To reach a home in heav'n.
 be To say, I love my Sav - iour, Who gave His life for me.
 lost; The heart's ne - glect - ed du - ty Brings sor - row to its cost.
 dim, A - rise in all your weak - ness, And leave the rest to Him.

REFRAIN.



Now just a word for Je - sus, 'Twill help you on your



way; One lit - tle word for Je - sus, O speak, or sing, or pray.

No. 120. Tell What the Lord Has Done.

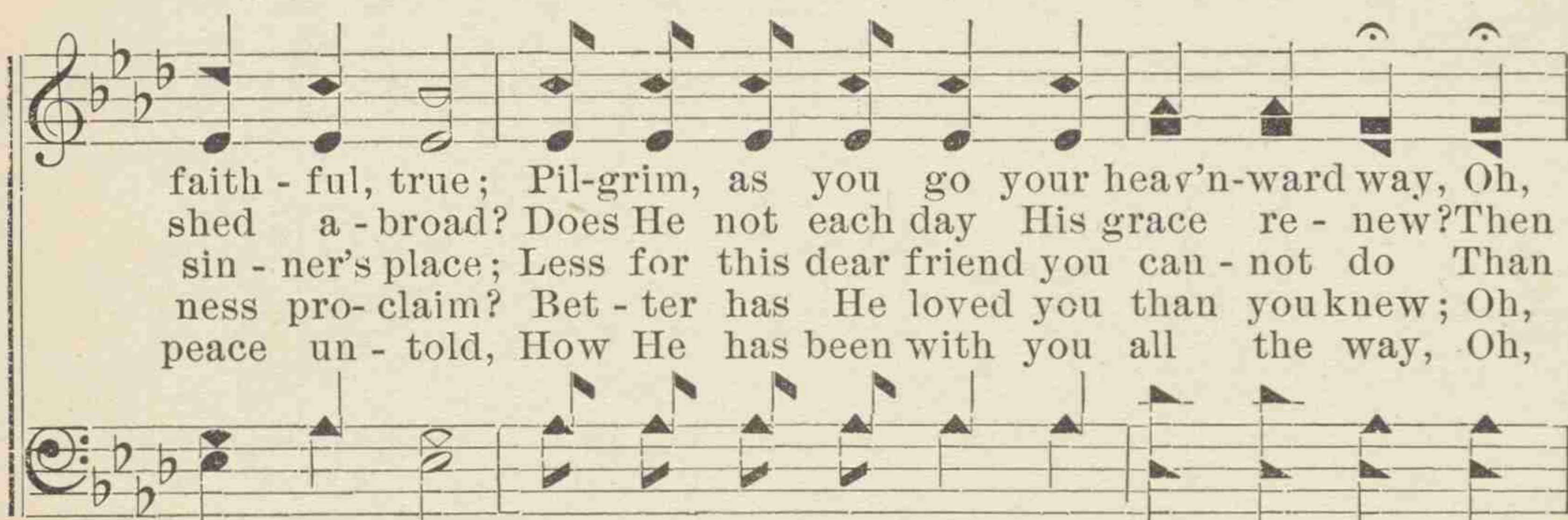
"Oh ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord." — Ps. 113: 1.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Tell us what the Lord has done for you; Be for Him a wit-ness
 2. Did He not re-deem you by His blood, And His love with-in you
 3. Think of all His wondrous love and grace, How He took the guilt-y
 4. Can your lips re-fuse to speak His name? Will you not His faith-ful-
 5. Tell us of His mer-cies man-i - fold, Something of His love and



faith - ful, true; Pil-grim, as you go your heav'n-ward way, Oh,
 shed a - broad? Does He not each day His grace re - new? Then
 sin - ner's place; Less for this dear friend you can - not do Than
 ness pro - claim? Bet - ter has He loved you than you knew; Oh,
 peace un - told, How He has been with you all the way, Oh,

CHORUS.



have you not a word for Christ to say? Has the Lord been good to you?
 tell us what the Lord has done for you.
 tell us what His love has done for you.
 tell us what the Lord has done for you.
 hon - or Him, con - fess Him here to - day.



Has He been a Sav - iour faith - ful, true? Has He blessed you



in the way? Then hon - or Him, con - fess Him here to - day.

No. 121. I Want to Tell You of Jesus.

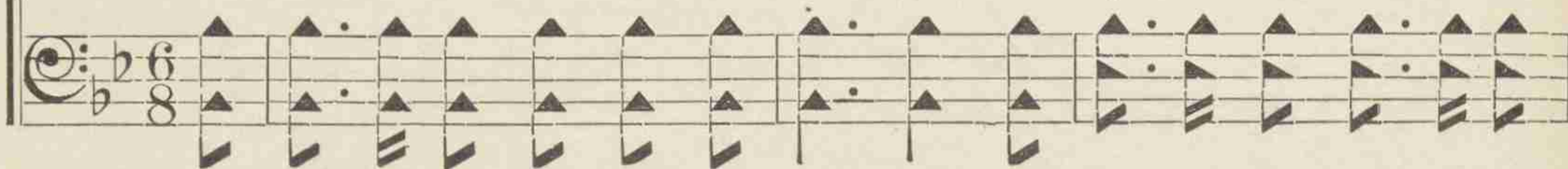
"My soul shall make her boast in the Lord."—Psa. 34: 2.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

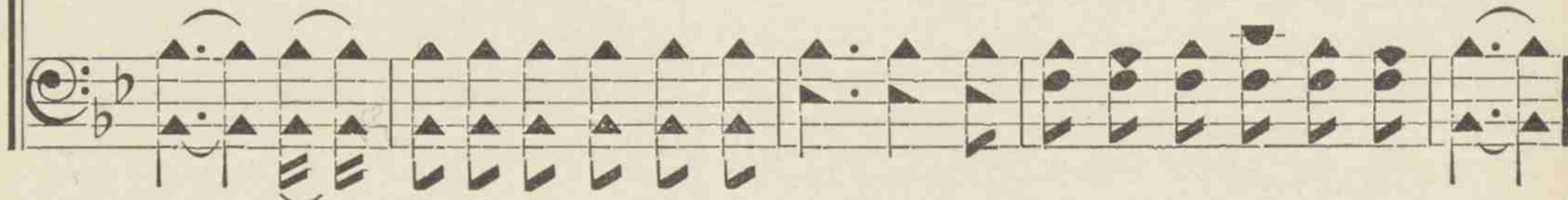
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. I just want to tell you of Je - sus, The Saviour who lov-eth you
 2. I just want to tell you of Je - sus, For there is no oth - er so
 3. I just want to tell you of Je - sus, And tell you how patient he
 4. I just want to tell you of Je - sus, Who knoweth your in-nermost
 5. I just want to tell you of Je - sus, Whose love you can nev-er re-



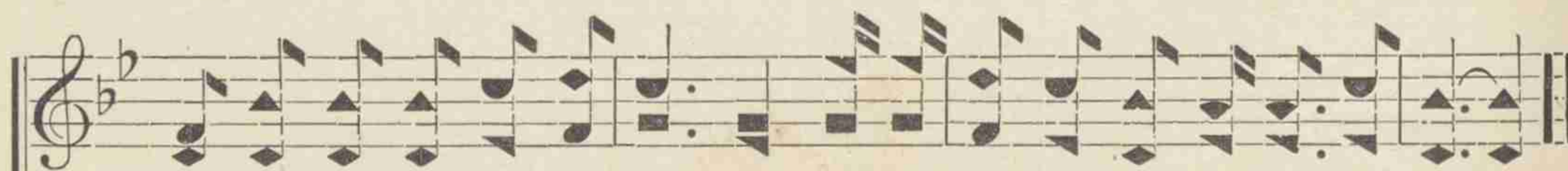

so, Who willingly died to re-deem you, And life ever-lasting be - stow.
 true; As a father doth pi-ty his children, So Jesus hath pi-ty for you.
 is, So able and willing to par-don, And give you the peace that is His.
 grief, Who careth for you in all sorrow, And bringeth you blessed relief.
 pay; I wish you would promise to serve Him, And I wish you would promise to-day.



CHORUS.



I just want to tell you of Je - sus, Oh, full of compassion is He, His

love is a - bove ev -'ry oth - er, For He died to save sinners like me.



No. 122. Scatter Golden Sunbeams.

"Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season."—2 Tim. 4: 2.

IDA L. REED.

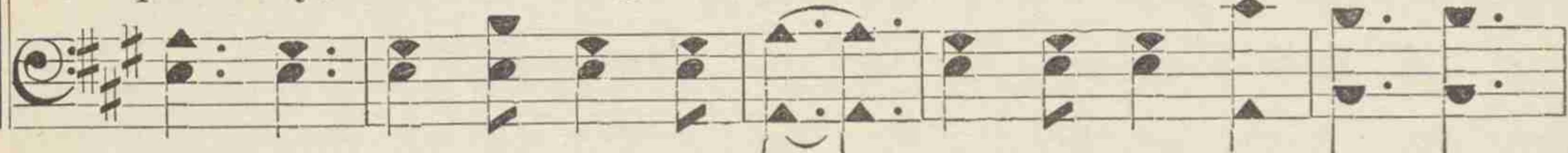
H. A. R. HORTON.



1. Scat- ter gold-en sun-beams, All a - long your way, Cheer-ing souls a-
2. Scat- ter gold-en sun-beams, Wheresoe'er you roam; They some soul may
3. Scat- ter gold-en sun-beams, Send abroad their light; Ma- ny lives are
4. Scat- ter gold-en sun-beams, Bid each heart be glad; All a-long life's



wea - ry Ev - er day by day. Ma - ny hearts are yearn - ing
glad - den, Bring some wand'rer home. They may light life's path - way,
shad - owed, Deep in sor - row's night. You may help and cheer them,
path - way, None can long be sad. While love's light is shin - ing,



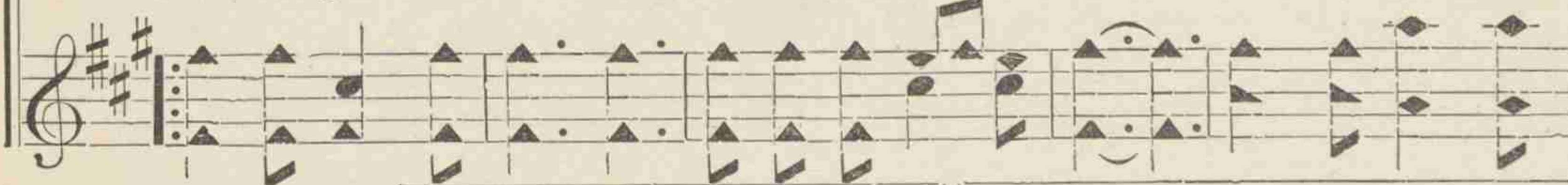
For the blessed light; Send abroad the sunbeams, Golden sunbeams bright.
With love's fadeless glow, Ma - ny griefs may ban-ish, More than you may know.
By your deeds of love, Guide their footsteps nearer To our home a-bove.
While hope's star doth glow. Scat- ter golden sunbeams, Ev'rywhere you go.



CHORUS.



Scat - ter the sunbeams, Scatter them on your way, Cheer the lone and
Scat - ter gold - en



wea - ry, each and ev - 'ry day, Each and ev - 'ry day.



No. 123.

Trying to Shine for Jesus.

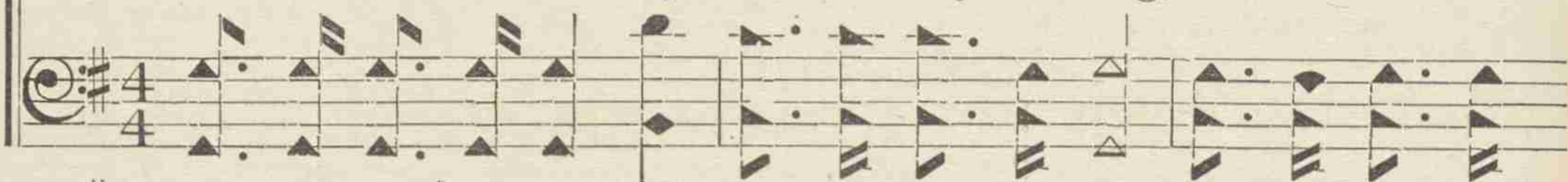
"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5: 16.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. In a world of sor-row, in a world of tears, Where so ma- ny
2. We will light the pathway for the weak and lone, And make God's sweet
3. We will scat-ter sun-shine ev-'ry-where we go, Light-en oth-er's
4. We will cheer the wea-ry all the way a-long, Thril' their hearts with



shad-ows fill the roll-ing years, We will scat-ter sun-shine
mes-sage of sal-va-tion known; We will tell the sto-ry
bur-dens, lift the weight of woe, Sing-ing songs of glad-ness
cour-age and in-spir-ing song; Com-fort them and bless them,



ev-'ry pass-ing day, Wak-ing joy and gladness, and cheering the way.
of re-deem-ing love, Pointing all earth's pilgrims to heav-en a-bove.
with each passing day, Driv-ing care and sor-row and darkness a-way.
love and help be-stow, Shine the love of Je-sus wherev-er we go.



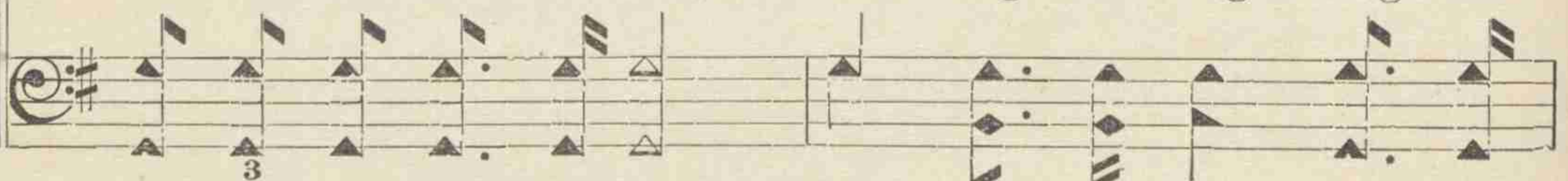
CHORUS.



We are the chil-dren of the Prince of Peace, Scat-t'ring the sunshine



o-ver this world of His, . Cheer-ing and bright-ning the



Trying to Shine for Jesus.

path-way here below, Try-ing to shine for Je - sus wherev - er we go.

No. 124. Jesus, the Light of the World.

"He shall teach you all things."—John 14: 26.

G. D. E. Arr.

GEO. D. ELDERKIN, Arr.

1. { Hark! the Her-ald an - gels sing, Je-sus, the Light of the world; }
 { Glo - ry to the new-born King, (*Omit.*) }
 2. { Joy - ful all ye na - tions rise, Je-sus, the Light of the world; }
 { Join the tri-umphs of the skies, (*Omit.*) }
 3. { Christ by high-est heav'n a-dored, Je-sus, the Light of the world; }
 { Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord, (*Omit.*) }
 4. { Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of peace, Je-sus, the Light of the world; }
 { Hail the sun of right-eous-ness, (*Omit.*) }

2 : 8: FINE. CHORUS.

Je - sus, the Light of the world. We'll { walk in the light, } Come where the
 { beau-ti - ful light. }

D.S. Je-sus, the Light of the world.

D.S.

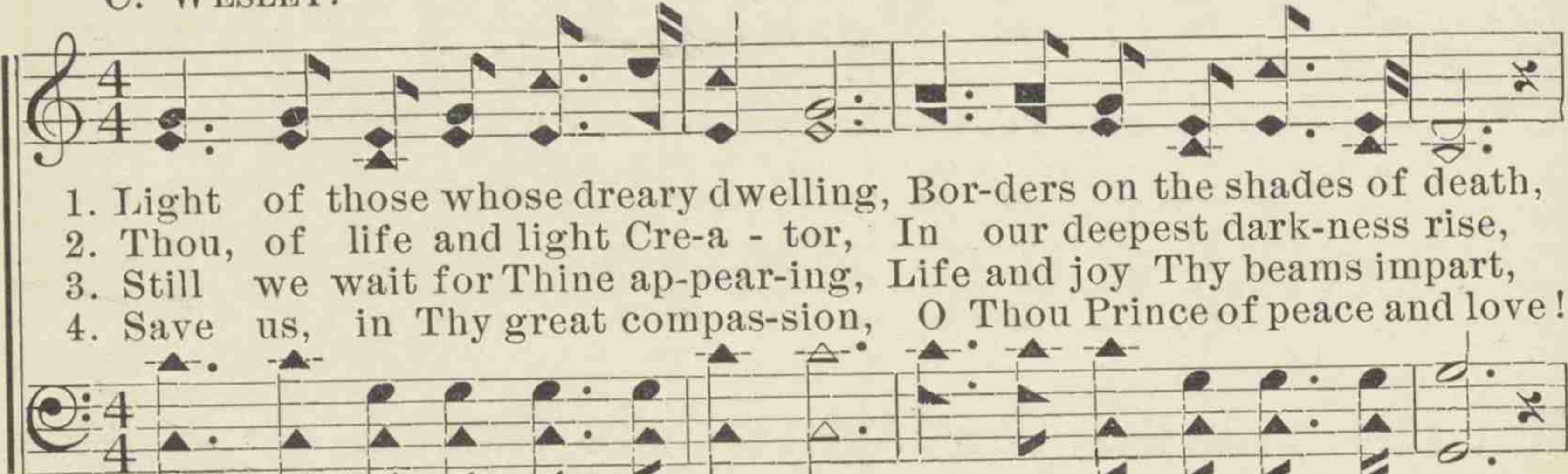
dewdrops of mercy are bright, Shine all around us by day and by night,

No. 125. Christ, the Light of the World.

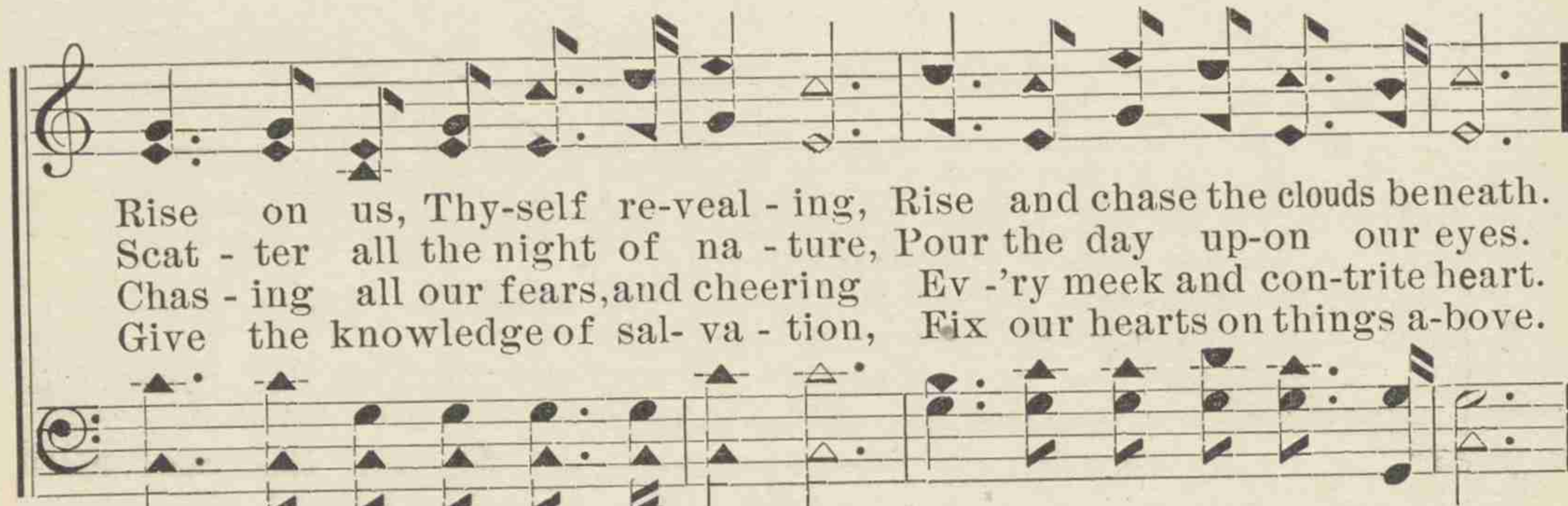
"That was the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."—John 1: 9.

C. WESLEY.

H. A. R. HORTON.



1. Light of those whose dreary dwelling, Borders on the shades of death,
 2. Thou, of life and light Cre-a - tor, In our deepest dark-ness rise,
 3. Still we wait for Thine ap-pear-ing, Life and joy Thy beams impart,
 4. Save us, in Thy great compas-sion, O Thou Prince of peace and love!



Rise on us, Thy-self re-veal - ing, Rise and chase the clouds beneath.
 Scat - ter all the night of na - ture, Pour the day up-on our eyes.
 Chas - ing all our fears, and cheering Ev - 'ry meek and con-trite heart.
 Give the knowledge of sal - va - tion, Fix our hearts on things a - bove.



Let me walk in the light, in the light, beau - ti - ful light of God, Let me
 in the light, beau - ti - ful light of God,



walk in the light, in the light, Oh, let me walk in the light,
 in the light, beautiful light of God, in the light,



light, In the light, the beau - ti - ful light of God.
 beau - ti - ful light of God,

No. 126.

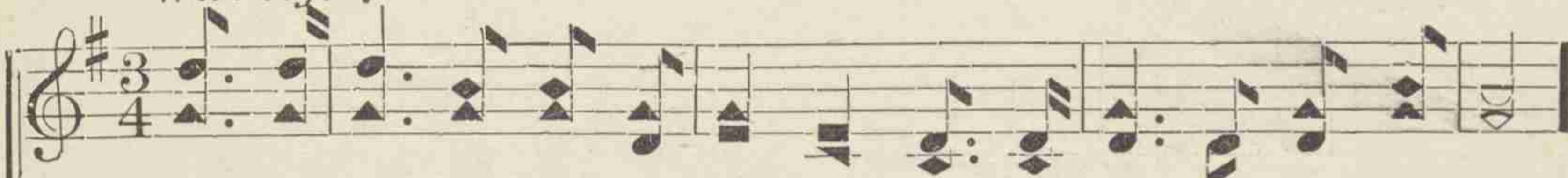
Hold the Light.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5: 16.

JNO. C. F. KYGER.

CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

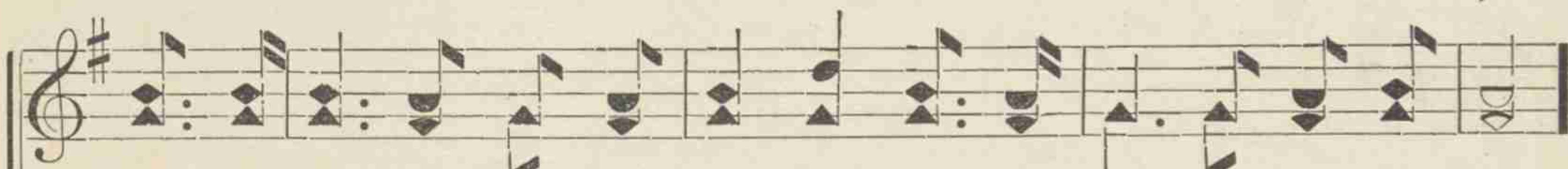
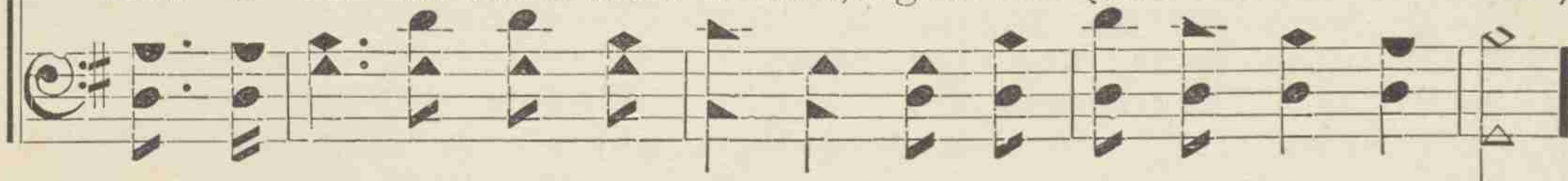
With vigor.



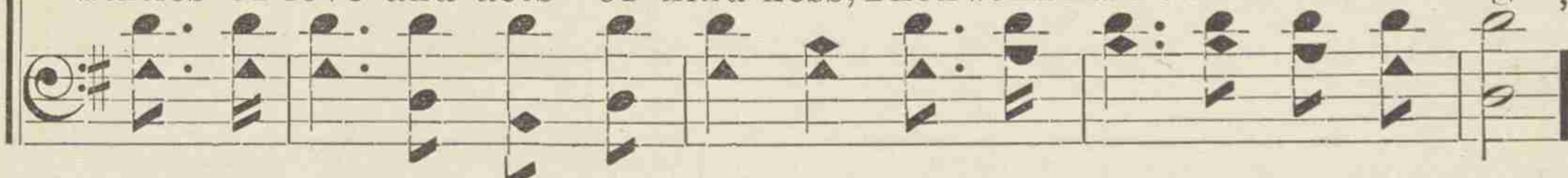
1. See yon Christian, in life's path-way, Go - ing reck - less - ly a - long;
2. Look a-round you at the sin - ners, As in paths of sin they stray;
3. Would you be a val - iant Chris - tian, And see sin - ners go to God?
4. Yes, I hear the wails of trou - ble Burst - ing from the mighty throng,
5. Look a-round you at your broth - er, Who has wandered from the way;
6. Here, as well as hea - then na - tions, Are the faint and blinded found;



Stop - ping not to help the dy - ing In the great and might - y throng;
Ask the God of grace to save them Ere from earth they pass a - way;
You must tell them of a Sav - iour, Bid them wash in Je - sus' blood;
And I see a child that's homeless, In the shadows deep and long;
And, perhaps, you see a sis - ter, Weak and err - ing, fail to pray;
And if all the church would heed them, Lights would glim - mer all a - round;



Look a - bout, and see how faint - ly Men are strug - gling in the fight,
Yes, a word of love may turn them, Make their hopes of fu - ture bright;
If you can - not go to Chi - na To il - lume the heathen's night,
Would you help the shiv - ring or - phan, 'Mid the win - ter's chill - ing night?
Will you, then, go kind - ly to them, With God's glo - ry in your sight,
Smiles of love and acts of kind - ness, Then would make earth E - den - bright,



Look - ing to you, faint and dy - ing, Ask - ing you to "hold the light."
Then, if you would help the dy - ing, Oh! in pit - y "hold the light."
You may aid a friend or broth - er By the shin - ing of your light.
Friends and home are both de - nied him; Sym - pa - thiz - ing, "hold the light."
Tell them of their Chris - tian du - ty—Tell them they must "hold the light."
And there'd be no use in call - ing A - ny one to "hold the light."



No. 127. Winning Precious Souls to Thee.

"My sheep wandered through all the mountains."—Ezek. 34: 6.

E. A. H.
DUET.

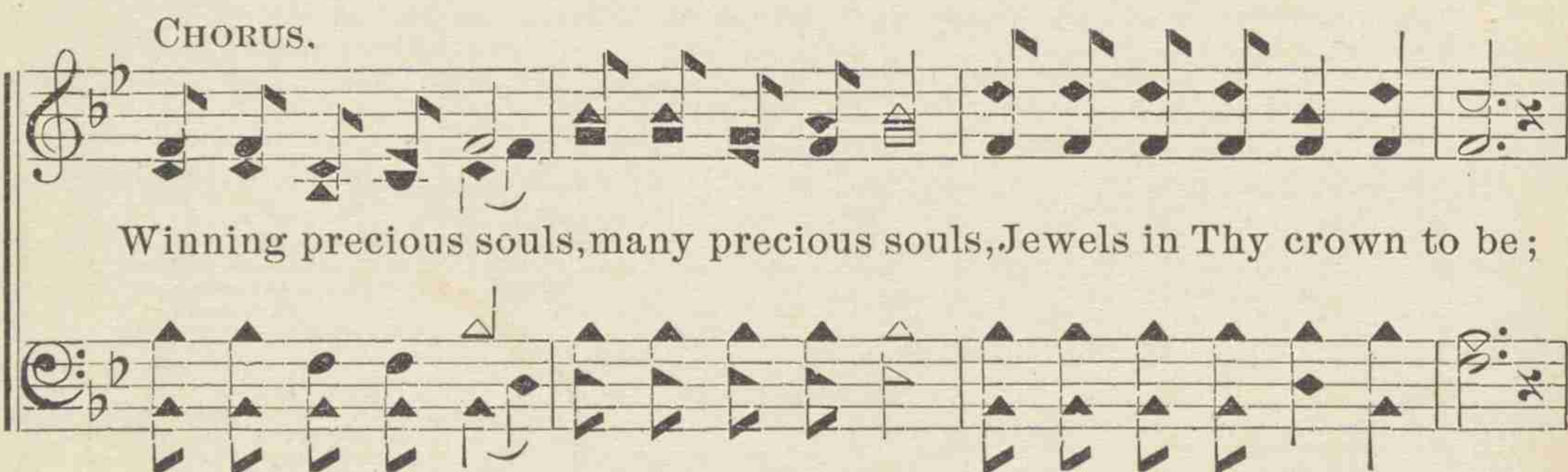
Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
ALL.



1. Be with us, Lord, as forth we go, Winning precious souls to Thee;
2. Help us to la - bor zeal - ous-ly, Winning precious souls to Thee;
3. Our hearts and hands are ver - y weak, Winning precious souls to Thee;
4. We know not how these friends to win, Winning precious souls to Thee;
5. We need Thy help, O gra-cious Lord! Winning precious souls to Thee;
6. How blest the min-is - try of love, Winning precious souls to Thee;



And make our hearts with zeal to glow, Winning precious souls to Thee.
Soul-winners may we strive to be, Winning precious souls to Thee.
To us new faith and cour-age speak, Winning precious souls to Thee.
Be with us as we now be-gin, Winning precious souls to Thee.
To us Thy constant aid af-ford, Winning precious souls to Thee.
The lost to win to heav'n a-bove, Winning precious souls to Thee!



Winning precious souls, many precious souls, Jewels in Thy crown to be;



Help us bring them in from the ways of sin, Ma-ny precious souls to Thee.

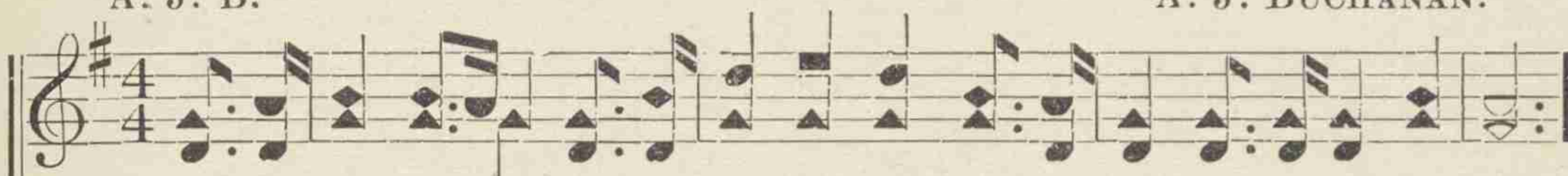
No. 128.

Seeking the Lost.

"I will both search my sheep, and seek them out."—Ezek. 34: 11.

A. J. B.

A. J. BUCHANAN.



1. Will you go and speak to the lost ones here? To the ones who have gone a-stray,
2. Will you go and speak to the sinners blind, And who walk in midnight gloom?
3. Will you tell them all if they will believe, That their souls will be tru - ly blest?
4. Will you go and tell them the Sav-iour died, And pro-vid-ed for them the way?



Will you lead them back to the Shepherd's fold? From their wand'rings in sin's dark way.
Will you bear some light to their dark-en'd mind? Will you tell them their com - ing doom?
For the Saviour said that they shall re-ceive Precious bless-ings of peace and rest.
If they ful - ly trust in the cru - ci - fied He will par-don their sins to-day.



CHORUS.

Will you seek them now? Will you



Will you seek them now? Will you seek them now? Will you



show them the way?



show them the way? Will you show them the way? Some one may be lost,



That you might lead home, To that bright land of per - fect day.



No. 129.

Seeking the Lost.

"Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost."—Luke xv: 6.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind-ly en-treat-ing Wan-der-ers on the
2. Seek-ing the lost, and pointing to Je - sus, Souls that are weak, and
3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer - cy, Fol-low-ing Christ from



mountain a - stray; "Come un - to Me," His mes-sage re - peat - ing,
 hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal - va - tion,
 day un - to day; Cheering the faint, and rais-ing the fall - en;

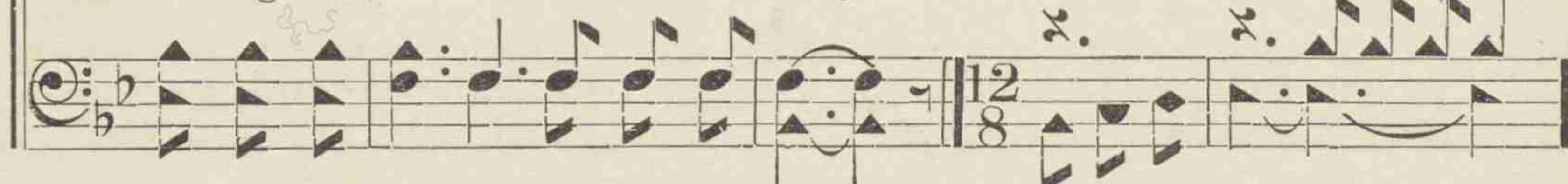


CHORUS.



Words of the Master speaking to - day.
 Showing the path to life ev - er - more.
 Pointing the lost to Je - sus the way.

Going a - far



Go-ing a - far



upon the mountain,

Bringing the wand'rer back a -



up-on the moun - tain, . . . Bringing the wan - - - d'rer back a -



gain, back again,

Into the fold

of my Redeemer,



gain, In-to the fold of my Re-deem - er.

By permission of W. A. OGDEN.

Seeking the Lost.

Je-sus the Lamb for sin-ners slain, for sin-ners slain.

Je-sus the Lamb, for sin-ners slain.

No. 130.

Bring Them in.

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke 19: 11.
ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1 Hark! 't is the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the lit-tle lambs to find?
3. Out in the desert hear their cry, Out on the mountain wild and high;

Call-ing the lambs who've gone astray, Far from the Shepherd's fold away.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be shelter'd from the cold?
Hark! 't is the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go find My lambs where'er they be."

CHORUS.

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Jesus.

No. 131. The Master Wants Workers.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."—Luke 14: 23.

Rev. F. J. STEPHENS.

J. H. HALL.



1. The Mas - ter wants work-ers, His har - vest is white, His com -
2. The Mas - ter wants work-ers, and that which is right, He will
3. The Mas - ter wants work-ers, each ser - vice he knows, Not a
4. The Mas - ter wants work-ers, the night com-eth soon, When the



mand, "Go ye forth," is to all: Go work with a will, and let
give at the end of the day; So thrust in the sick - le and
ser - vice too small to re - cord; E'en he who a cup of cold
wea - ry shall rest from all care; When those who have toil'd thro' the



not the dark night On an un-gath - er'd har-vest-field fall.
work with thy might: If not gather'd ripe grain will de - cay.
wa - ter be - stows "In His name" shall not lose his re - ward.
heat of the noon Shall no long-er its wea - ri - ness share.



CHORUS.



The Mas - - - ter wants work - ers, a host
The Mas - ter wants work-ers, and call - eth a - gain, The Mas - ter wants work-



of true men, To gath - er - er the
ers, a host of true men, To gath - er the lost ones from



The Master Wants Workers.

lost ones from hill, . . . plain and glen. . . .

No. 132. Rescue the Perishing.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pi-ty from
 2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Waiting the pen-i-tent
 3. Down in the human heart, crush'd by the tempter, Feelings lie bur-ied that
 4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty demands it, Strength for Thy labor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en,
 child to re-ceive, Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gen-tly;
 grace can re-store; Touch'd by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness,
 Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them,

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je-sus the might-y to save. Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
 He will for-give, if they on-ly be-lieve.
 Chords that were broken will vi-brate once more.
 Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav-iour has died.

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

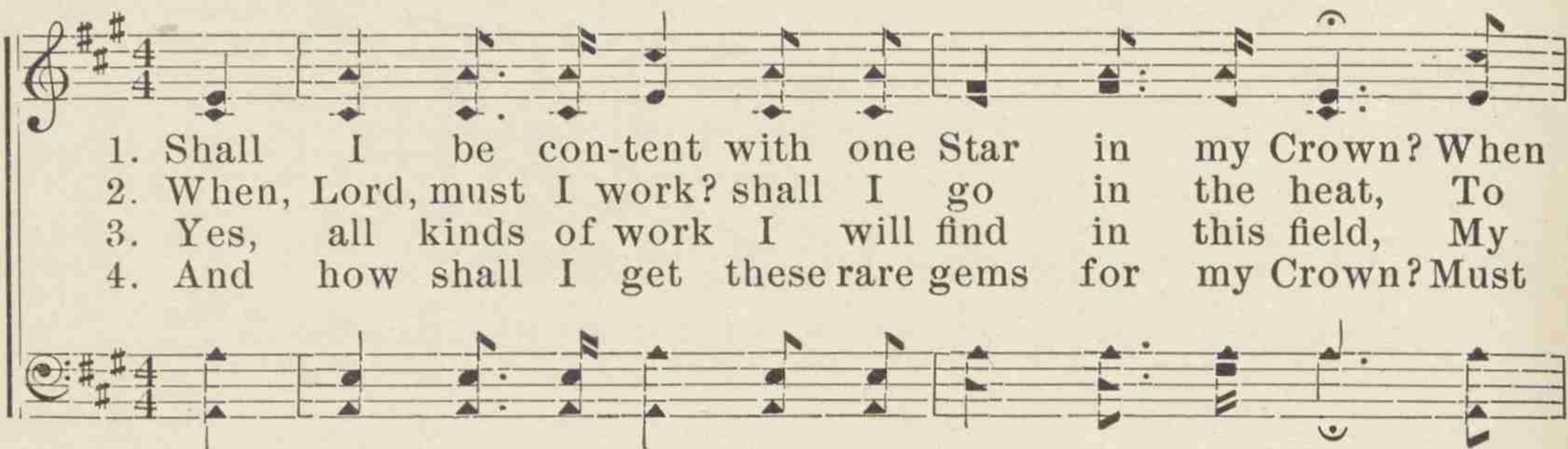
No. 133.

Working for the Crown.

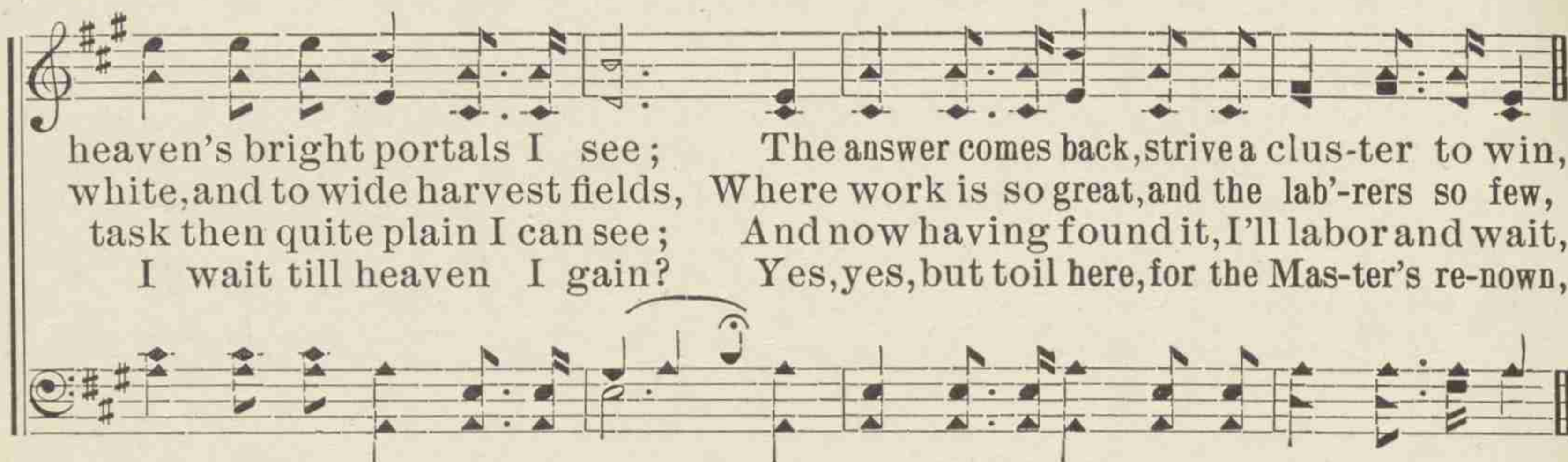
"Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible."—1 Cor. 9: 25.

Mrs. H. A. MABRY.

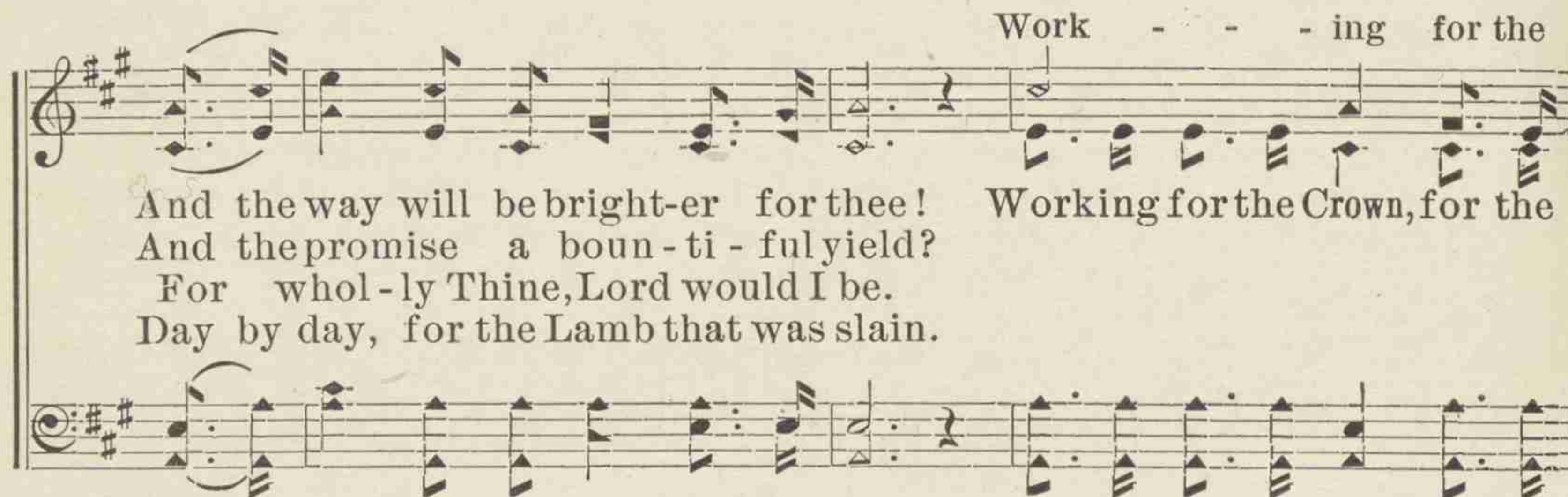
Music and Chorus by H. A. R. HORTON, by per.



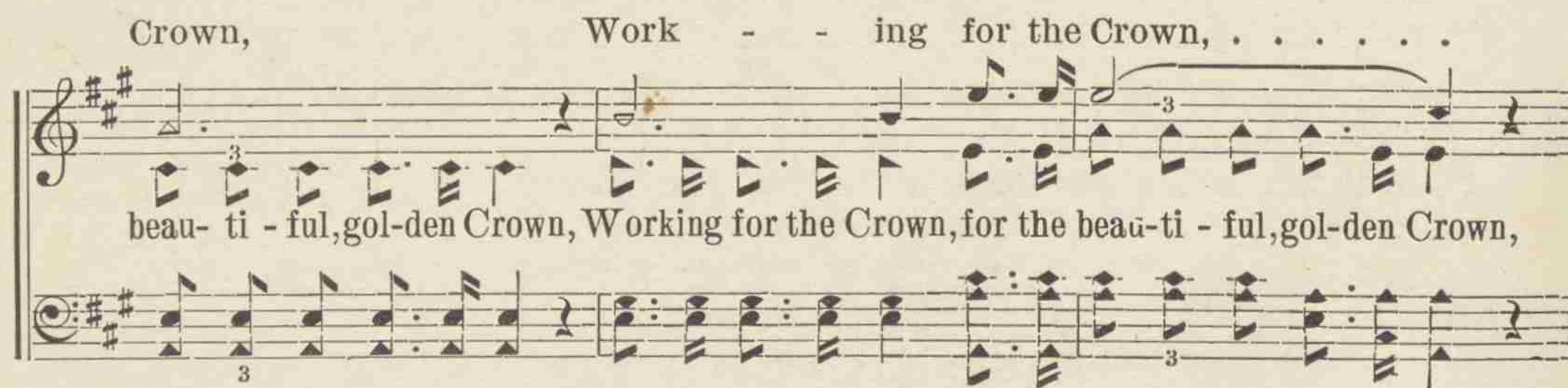
1. Shall I be con-tent with one Star in my Crown? When
 2. When, Lord, must I work? shall I go in the heat, To
 3. Yes, all kinds of work I will find in this field, My
 4. And how shall I get these rare gems for my Crown? Must



heaven's bright portals I see; The answer comes back, strive a clus-ter to win,
 white, and to wide harvest fields, Where work is so great, and the lab'-ers so few,
 task then quite plain I can see; And now having found it, I'll labor and wait,
 I wait till heaven I gain? Yes, yes, but toil here, for the Mas-ter's re-nown,



Work - - - ing for the
 And the way will be bright-er for thee! Working for the Crown, for the
 And the promise a boun-ti-ful yield?
 For whol-ly Thine, Lord would I be.
 Day by day, for the Lamb that was slain.



Crown, Work - - - ing for the Crown,
 beau-ti-ful, gol-den Crown, Working for the Crown, for the beau-ti-ful, gol-den Crown,



Work - - - ing for the Crown,
 Working for the Crown, for the beau-ti-ful, golden Crown, We shall wear by and by.

No. 134. A Crown in Heaven You Shall Wear.

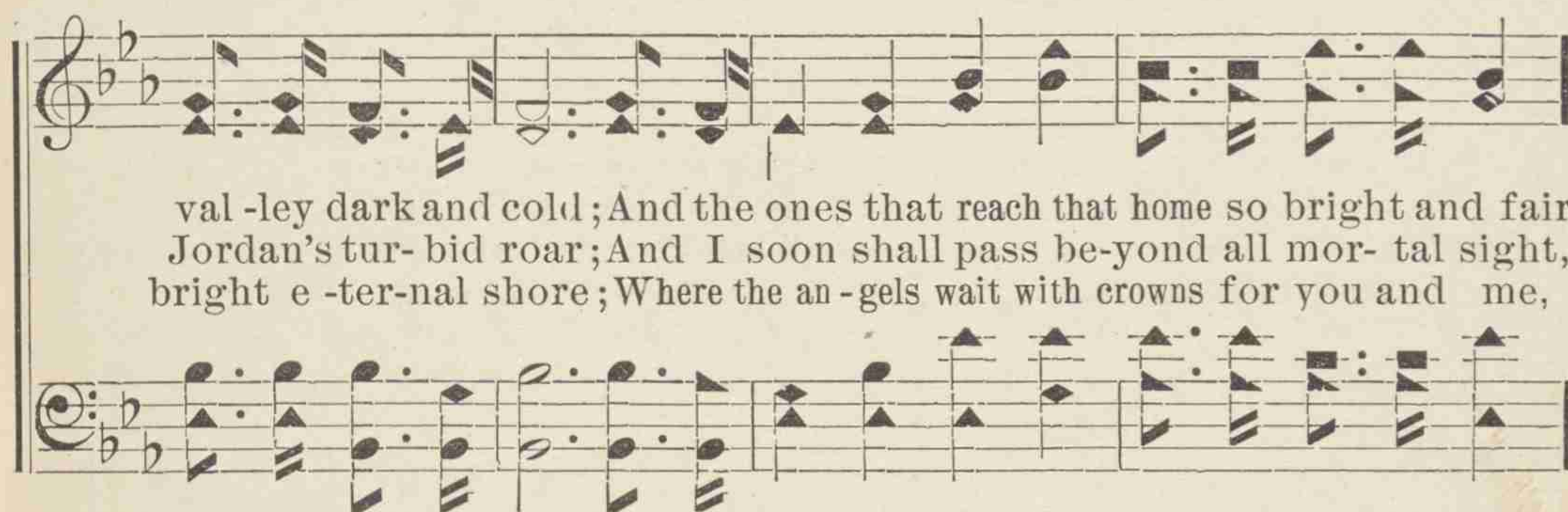
"When the chief shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1 Pet. 5:4.

R. A. GLENN.

C. E. POLLOCK.

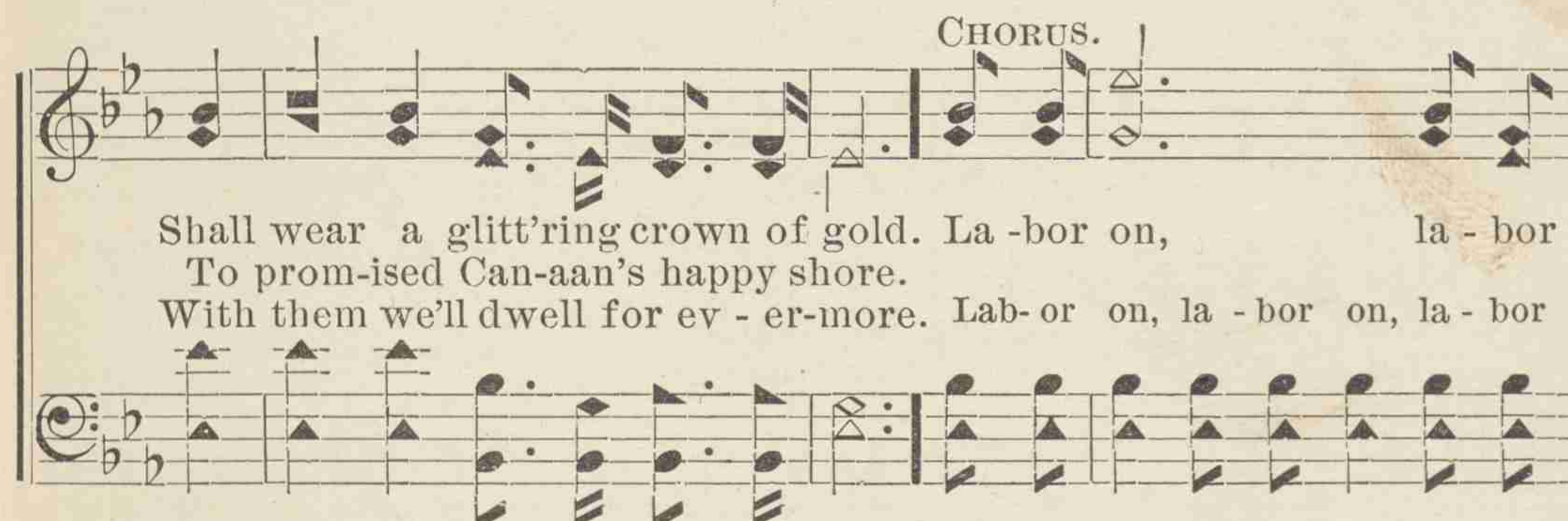


1. I know there's a home for the good that labor here, Just beyond death's
 2. I know there's a land that is beautiful and bright, Just beyond the
 3. There we'll nev-er grieve, but rejoic-ing fa-ces see, As we near the



val-ley dark and cold; And the ones that reach that home so bright and fair
 Jordan's tur-bid roar; And I soon shall pass be-yond all mor-tal sight,
 bright e-ter-nal shore; Where the an-gels wait with crowns for you and me,

CHORUS.



Shall wear a glitt'ring crown of gold. La-bor on, la-bor
 To prom-ised Can-aan's happy shore.
 With them we'll dwell for ev-er-more. Lab-or on, la-bor on, la-bor



on, For a crown in heaven you shall wear; La-bor
 on, la-bor on, by and by; La-bor



on, la-bor on, For a crown in heaven you shall wear.
 on, la-bor on, la-bor on, la-bor on,

No. 135.

Always Pray.

"Men ought always to pray."— Luke 18: 1.

K. SHAW.

KNOWLES SHAW.



1. Pray when the morning light is dawning; Pray when the noon is shining bright;
2. Pray for the world in sin and darkness; Pray for the church, the blessed bride;
3. Pray for the Spirit's holy guidance; Pray for the grace of Je- sus, too;



Pray when the evening shadows darken; Pray in the dark and solemn night;
Pray for thyself in humble meekness; Pray, living near the Saviour's side;
Pray for a ho- ly- zeal to la- bor; Pray for a life de- vot- ed, true;



Pray when the storm-clouds thickly gather; Pray when the sky is bright and clear;
Pray for the sick and all in sor- row; Pray for the "watchmen on the wall;"
Pray for the lov- ing lambs enfold- ed; Pray for the wand' ring ones astray;



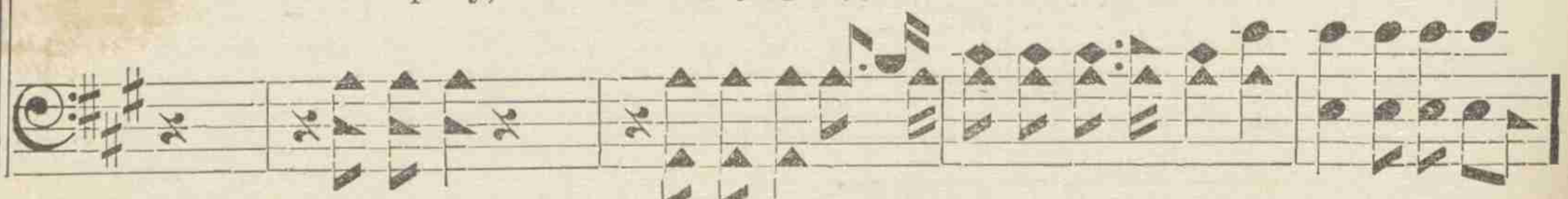
Pray in the name of Je- sus ev- er, Ad- vocate and friend so dear.
Pray that a bright and golden mor- row Wait- eth for us, one and all.
Pray that the feet of all be guid- ed Straight in- to the nar- row way.



CHORUS.



Let us pray, always pray, While we labor on forever- more.
Let us pray, always pray, ever- more.



By permission of Mrs. KNOWLES SHAW.

Always Pray.



Let us pray, always pray, . Till we rest on Canaan's happy shore.
Let us pray, always pray, always pray,

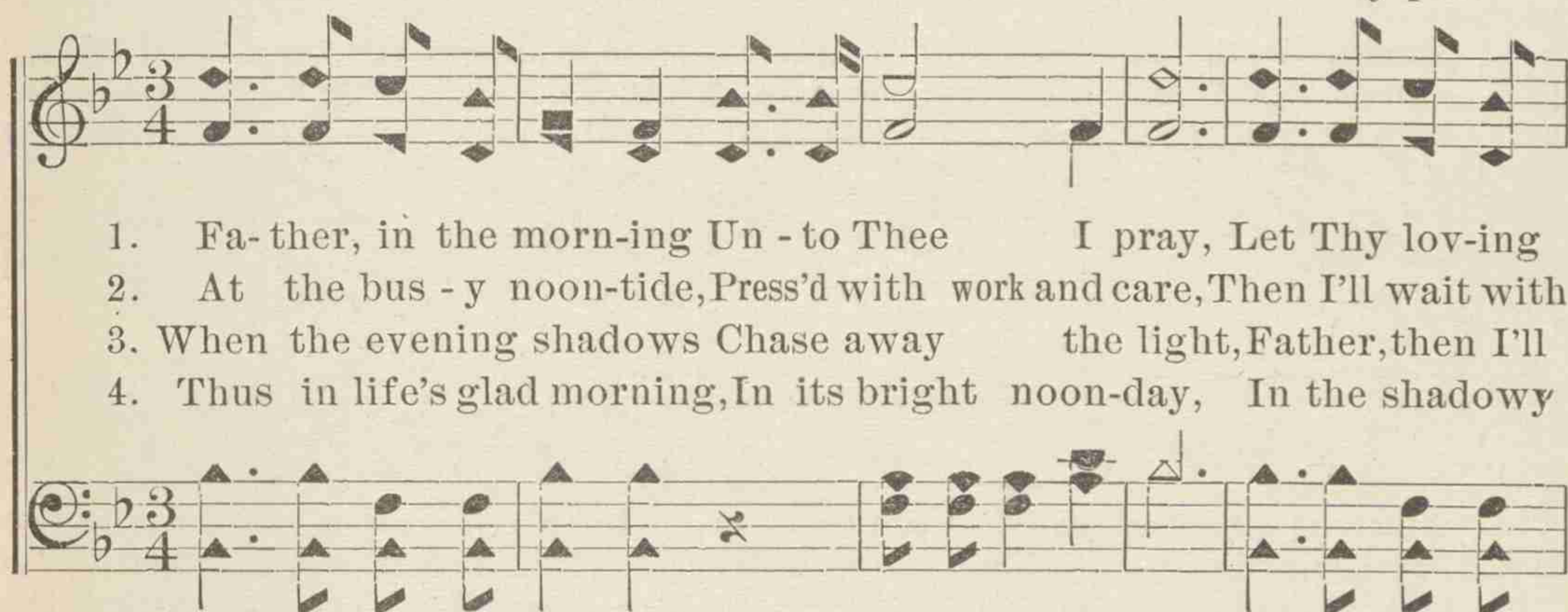
No. 136.

Ever Will I Pray.

"Watch and pray."—Mark 13: 33.

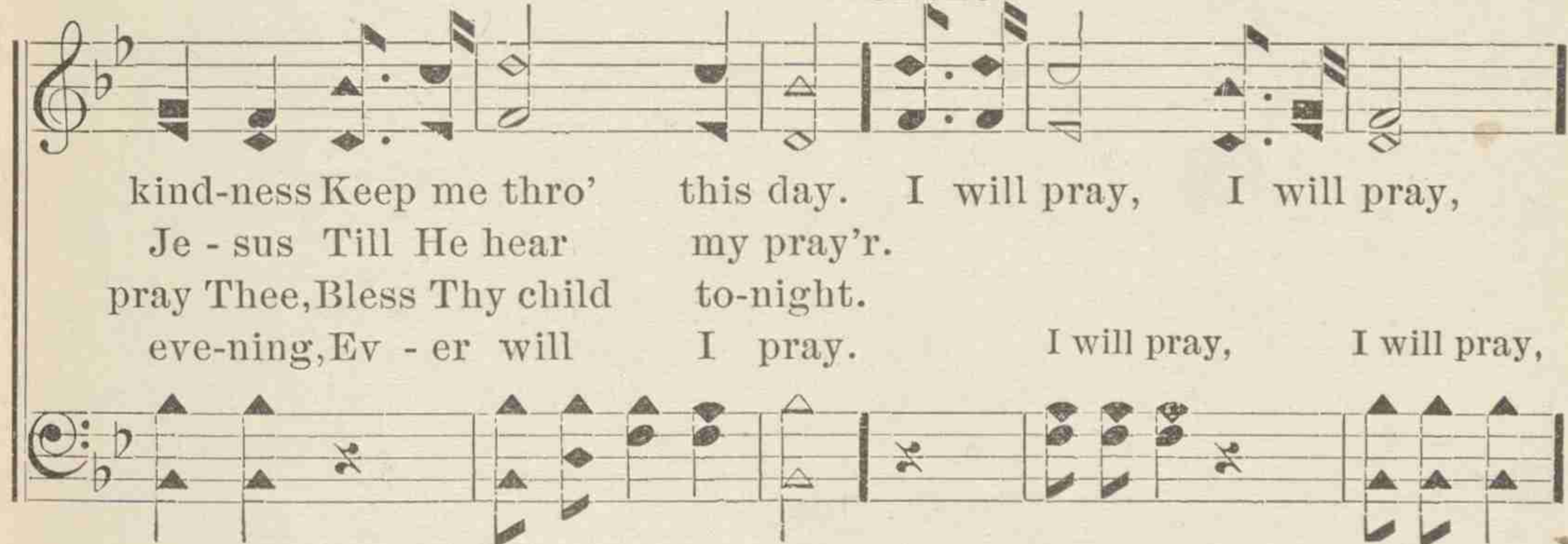
A. CUMMINGS.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.



1. Fa-ther, in the morn-ing Un - to Thee I pray, Let Thy lov-ing
2. At the bus - y noon-tide, Press'd with work and care, Then I'll wait with
3. When the evening shadows Chase away the light, Father, then I'll
4. Thus in life's glad morning, In its bright noon-day, In the shadowy

CHORUS.



kind-ness Keep me thro' this day. I will pray, I will pray,
Je - sus Till He hear my pray'r.
pray Thee, Bless Thy child to-night.
eve-ning, Ev - er will I pray. I will pray, I will pray,



Ev - er will I pray; Morning, noon and evening Unto Thee I'll pray.
Ev - er will I pray; Unto Thee I'll pray.

No. 137. Sweet Hour of Prayer!

"My house shall be called the house of prayer."—Isa. 56: 7.

DUET.
Slowly.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my peti-tion
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con - so - la - tion




care, And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes
bear To Him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to
share, Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my home and take my




known; In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has often found re-
bless; And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His word, and trust His
flight; This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing



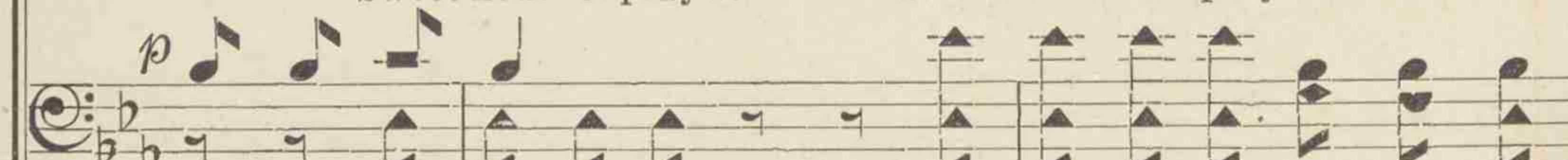

lief, And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r
grace, I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r!
prize, And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r!



REFRAIN.

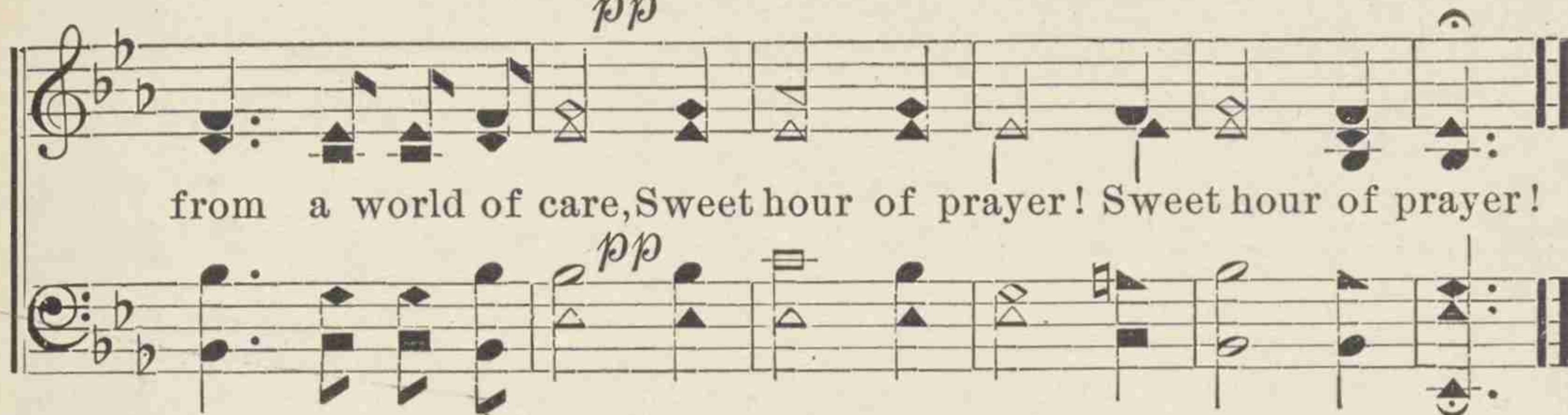


Sweet hour of pray'r! Sweet hour of pray'r! • That calls me
Sweet hour of pray'r! Sweet hour of pray'r!



Sweet Hour of Prayer.

pp



from a world of care, Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer!

No. 138. Take it to the Lord in Prayer.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications." —Ps. 143: 1.

Mrs. J. B. HALL.

J. M. HAGAN.



1. Grand ad-vice for sorrow's healing, In each gen-tle, ten-der line,
2. There's a fountain for your cleansing, Would your soul be white as snow?
3. In - spir-a - tion from the an- gels Come with songs we love so well,
4. Suit-ing life in a - ny sta - tion, Com-fort in all times of woe;




Is He not the Great Phy-si - cian, Sooth-ing a - ny wound of thine?
 "Seek and ye shall find" was writ-ten, By the saints of long a - go.
 And the mu-sic best and sweet-est, In the old songsev-er dwell;
 If you need the Great Physi - cian, You have but to tell Him so.




Come, ac-cept the "heal-ing wa-ters," Ye who ma - ny burdens bear,
 An - gel harps methinks are tun-ing, On the shores of "o - ver there,"
 For they suit the saint or sin - ner, In the language plain they bear,
 Ye, so rich-ly blessed with plenty, Sweet that an-them on the air,




If ye wea-ry of the strug-gle, "Take it to the Lord in prayer."
 In me-lo-dious message sim-ple, "Take it to the Lord in prayer."
 Rich and poor may share the blessing, "When they go to Him in prayer."
 And ye low-ly, poor and hum-ble, "Take it to the Lord in prayer."



No. 139.

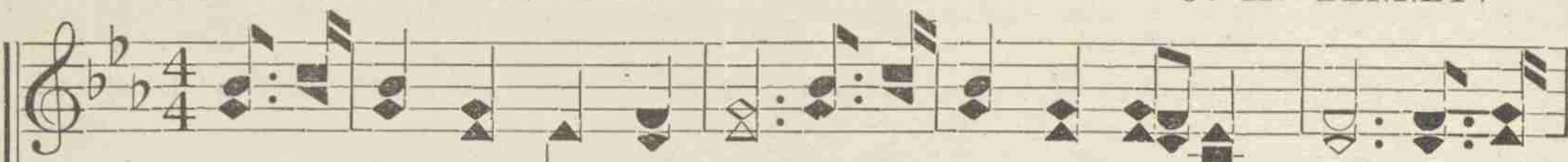
Consecration Hymn.

"I beseech you . . . that you present your bodies a living sacrifice."—Rom. 12; 1.

Chorus by Mrs. J. H. TENNEY.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

J. H. TENNEY.



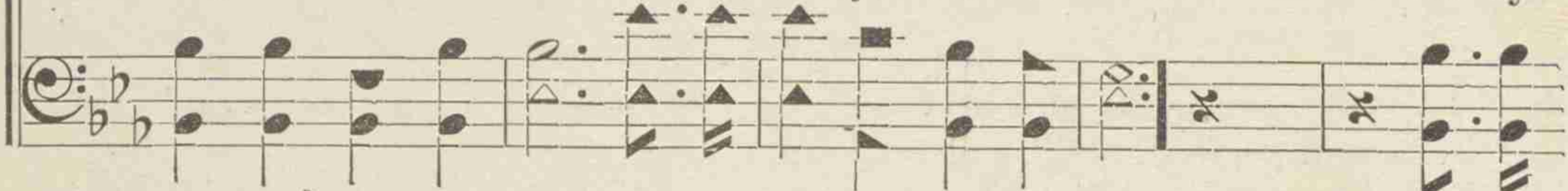
1. Take my life, and let it be, Con-se-cratt-ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beauti-ful for Thee; Take my
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with messages for Thee; Take my
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise; Take my
5. Take my will and make it Thine; It shall be no long-er mine; Take my
6. Take my love, my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treasure store; Take my



CHORUS.



hands and let them move At the impulse of Thy love. Ev'-ry-thing to
voice and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly for my King.
sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I withhold.
in-tel-lect, and use Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.
self, and I will be Ev-er, on-ly, all for Thee! Ev'-ry-



Thee would I re-sign; Not one thing would I with-
thing to Thee would I re-sign; Not one thing



hold as mine; All I have or ev-er hope to
would I with-hold as mine; All I have or



be, I would con-se-crate, O Lord, to Thee.

ev-er hope to be.

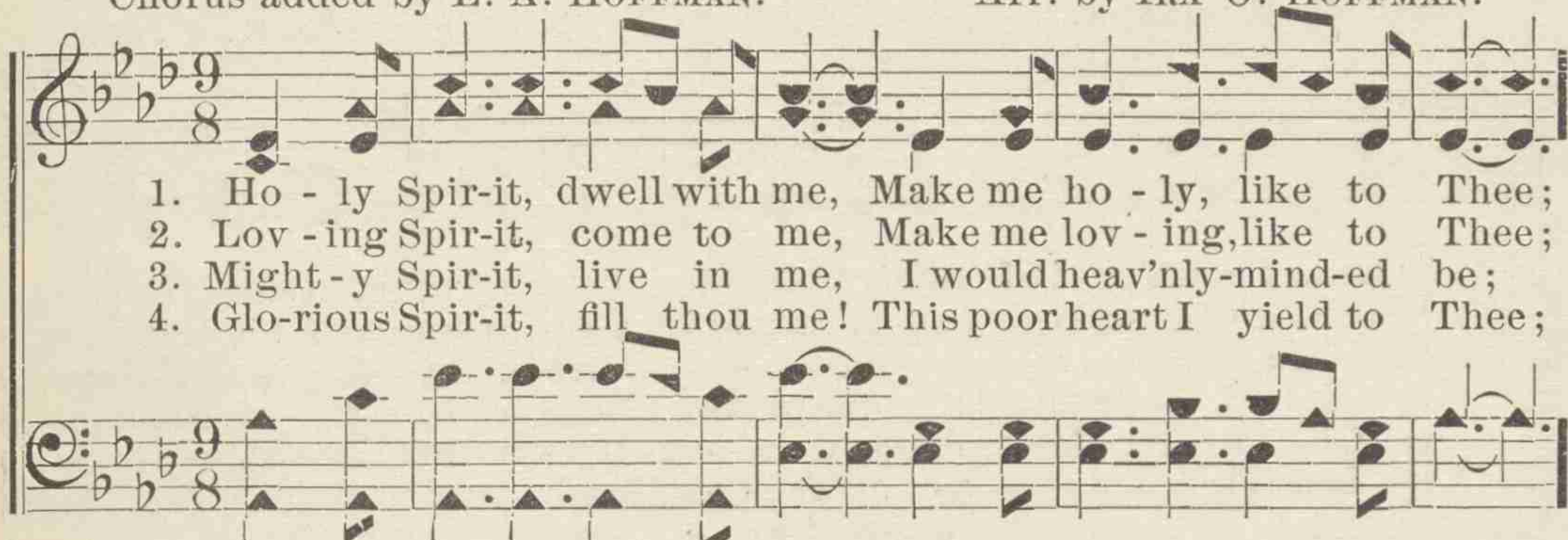


No. 140. Holy Spirit, Dwell with Me.

"He shall give you another Comforter."—John 14: 16.

Chorus added by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Arr. by IRA O. HOFFMAN.



1. Ho - ly Spir-it, dwell with me, Make me ho - ly, like to Thee;
 2. Lov - ing Spir-it, come to me, Make me lov - ing, like to Thee;
 3. Might - y Spir-it, live in me, I would heav'nly-mind-ed be;
 4. Glo-rious Spir-it, fill thou me! This poor heart I yield to Thee;



Bring Thou ev - 'ry tho't of mine In - to har-mo - ny with Thine;
 To its depths my be - ing stir, Print my Master's like-ness there;
 Let my heart its Sov'-reign own, Christ its cen-ter—Christ a - lone;
 Take me bod - y, spir - it, soul, Let Thy life per-vade the whole;



Bring Thou ev - 'ry tho't of mine In - to har-mo - ny with Thine.
 To its depths my be - ing stir, Print my Mas-ter's like-ness there.
 Let my heart its Sov'-reign own, Christ its cen - ter—Christ a - lone.
 Take me bod - y, spir - it, soul, Let Thy life per-vade the whole.

CHORUS.



Fill Thou me! fill Thou me! All my heart I yield to Thee!



With Thy ho - li-ness di - vine Fill this long-ing heart of mine!

No. 141.

Come, Thou Fount.

"I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove."—John: 1 32.

Rev. R. ROBINSON.

JOHN WYETH.

FINE.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ; }
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loudest praise ; }
 2. { Here I'll raise my Eb - en - ez - er, Hith - er by 'Thy help I'm come ; }
 { And I hope by Thy good pleasure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home. }
 3. { Oh, to grace how great a debt - or, Dai - ly I'm constrained to be ! }
 { Let Thy goodness as a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee ; }

D.C. Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
 He to res - cue me from dan - ger In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

Teach me some me - lodious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove ;
 Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it—Prone to leave the God I love—

No. 142.

Glory to His Name.

"Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins."—Matt. 1: 21.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where the Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
 2. I am so wondrously saved from sin ; Je - sus so sweetly abides within,
 3. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet ; Humble your soul at the Saviour's feet ;

There to my heart was the blood ap - plied, Glo - ry to His name !
 Saves me each mo - ment, and keeps me clean ; Glo - ry to His name !
 Plunge in to - day, and be made com - plete, Glo - ry to His name !

D.S. Now to my heart is the blood ap - plied, Glo - ry to His name !

By permission of J. H. STOCKTON.

Glory to His Name.

CHORUS. D.S.

Glo-ry to His name! . . . Glo-ry to His name!

No. 143. O, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing.

"Let all the people praise thee, O God."—Ps. 67: 5.

CHARLES WESLEY.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

2. Je-sus the name that charms our fears, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

3. He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

The glories of my God and King, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ear, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

His blood can make the foul-est clean, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

CHORUS.

Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

By permission of R. E. HUDSON.

No. 144.

Stand Up for Jesus.

"A good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2: 3.

G. DUFFIELD.

G. J. WEBB.



1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The trum - pet call o - bey;
3. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
4. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;
5. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion! Pur - sue thine on - ward way;



Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss.
Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day.
The arm of flesh will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own.
This day, the noise of bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song.
Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay.



D.S. Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly!
Stay not till all the ho - ly Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him," A - gainst un - numbered foes;
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And, watch - ing un - to prayer,
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - umph - ant reach their home;



No. 145.

Coronation.

"O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name."—Ps. 8: 9.

Rev. E. PERRONET.

O. HOLDEN.



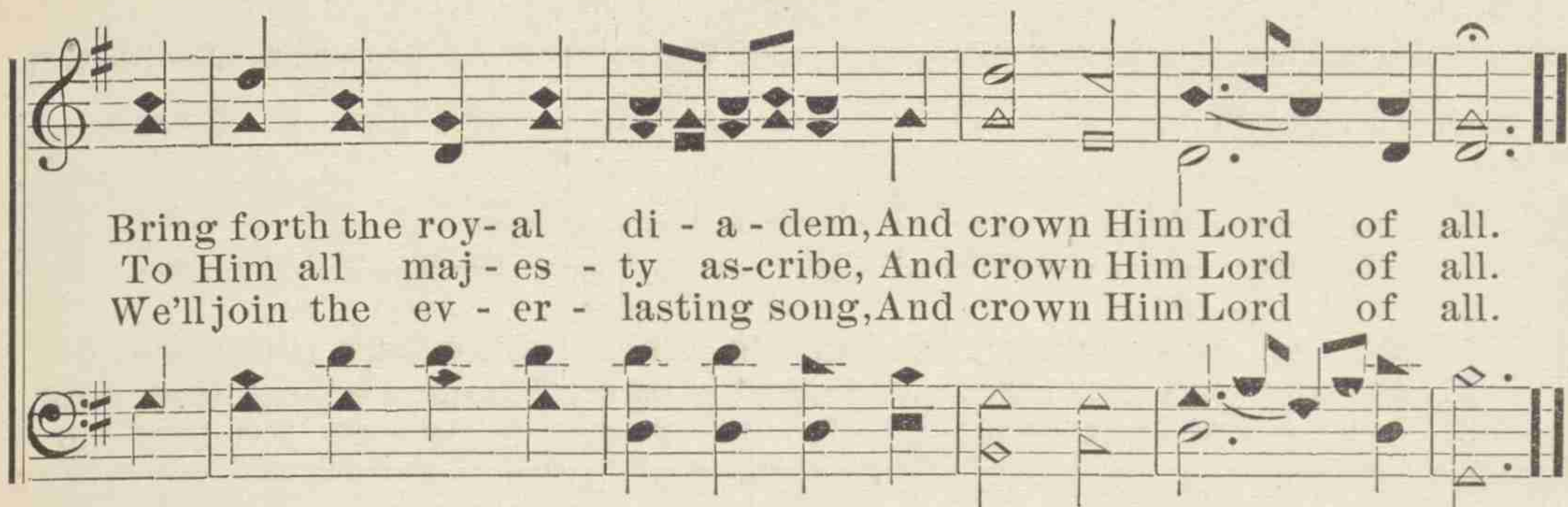
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;



Coronation.



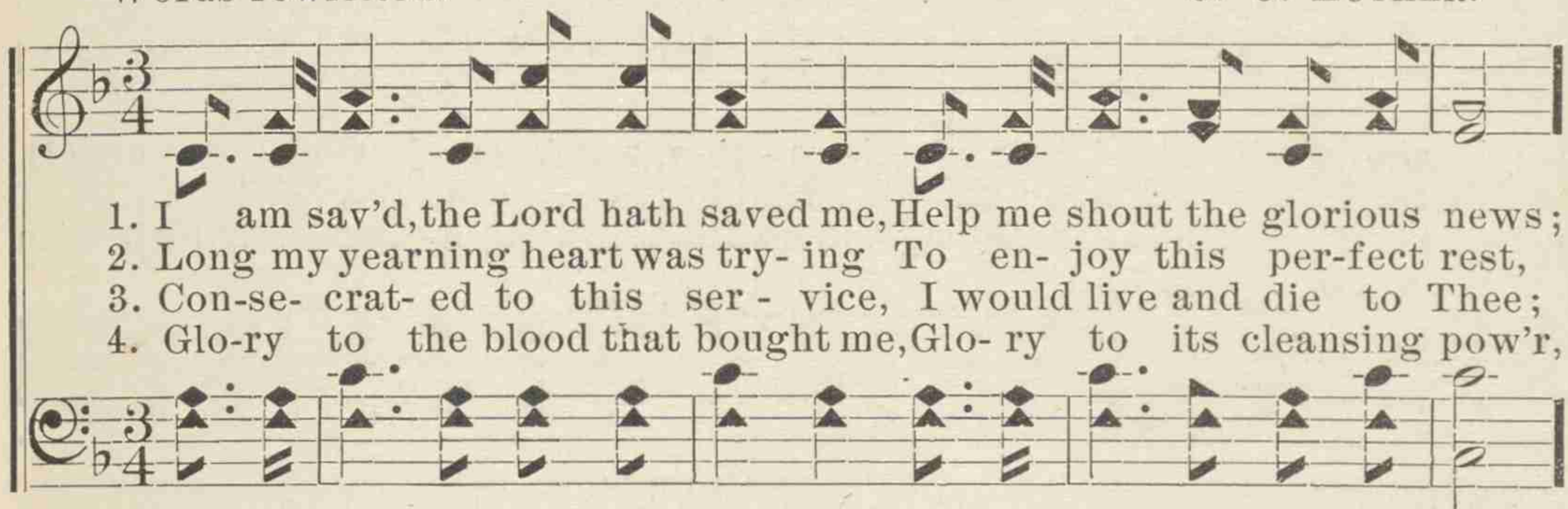
Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev-er-lasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 146. Hallelujah! I am Saved.

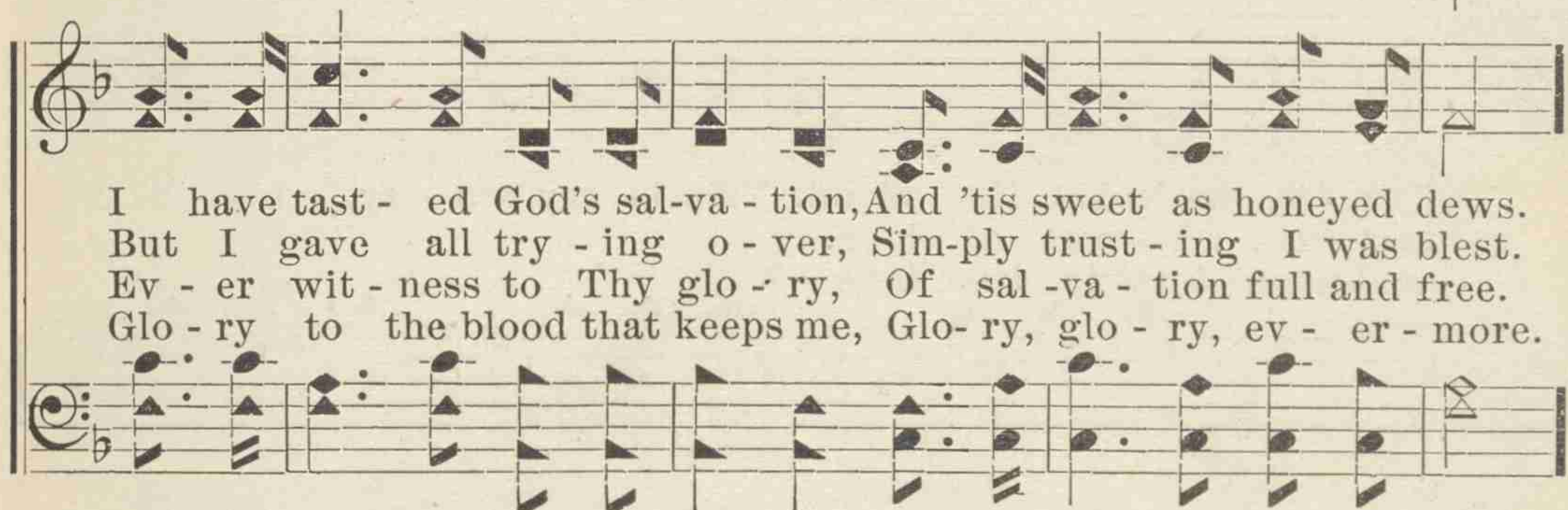
"And again, I say, rejoice."—Phil. 4: 4.

Words rewritten.

C. C. LUTHER.



1. I am sav'd, the Lord hath saved me, Help me shout the glorious news;
 2. Long my yearning heart was try-ing To en-joy this per-fect rest,
 3. Con-se-crat-ed to this ser-vice, I would live and die to Thee;
 4. Glo-ry to the blood that bought me, Glo-ry to its cleansing pow'r,



I have tast-ed God's sal-va-tion, And 'tis sweet as honeyed dew.
 But I gave all try-ing o-ver, Sim-ply trust-ing I was blest.
 Ev-er wit-ness to Thy glo-ry, Of sal-va-tion full and free.
 Glo-ry to the blood that keeps me, Glo-ry, glo-ry, ev-er-more.

CHORUS.



Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! I re-joice, sal-va-tion came;



Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! I am sav'd thro' Je-sus' name.

No. 147.

Blessed Assurance.

"Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin, unto salvation."—Heb. 9: 28.

F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

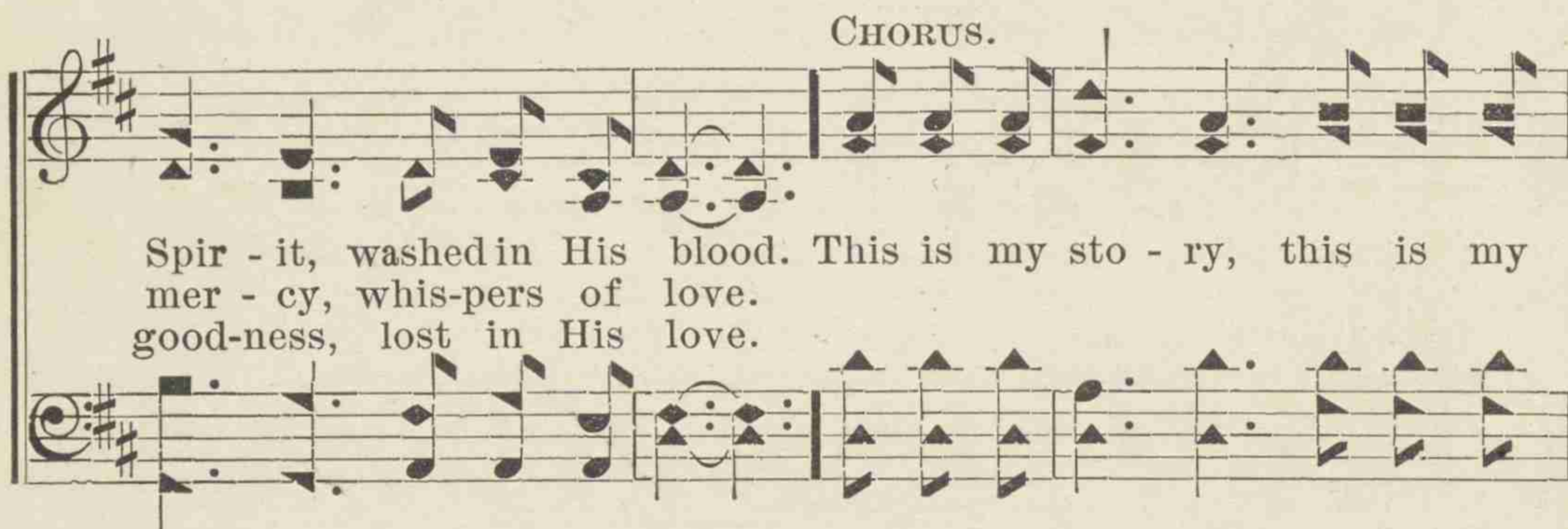


1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am



glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from above, Ech-oes of
 hap-py and blest, Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Fill'd with His

CHORUS.



Spir-it, washed in His blood. This is my sto-ry, this is my
 mer-cy, whis-pers of love.
 good-ness, lost in His love.



song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my



sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

No. 148. I Am Resting in the Saviour's Love.

"We which believed do enter into rest."—Heb. 4: 5.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

D. E. DORTCH, by per.



1. Oh! my heart is thrill'd with wond'rous joy to-day, I am resting in the Saviour's love;
2. At the fountain open'd for the soul unclean, I am resting in the Saviour's love;
3. All my doubts are vanish'd, all my fears are gone, I am resting in the Saviour's love;
4. O the bliss and rapture; O the wond'rous peace, I am resting in the Saviour's love;



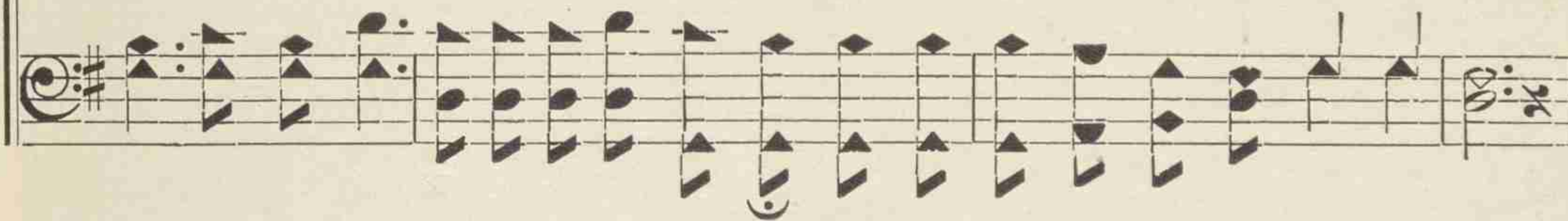
Christ the Lord has taken all my sins a-way, I am resting in the Saviour's love.
Trust-ing in His grace I ventured free-ly in, I am resting in the Saviour's love.
When I trust-ed Je-sus, lo! the work was done, I am resting in the Saviour's love.
I have never known so pure a joy as this, I am resting in the Saviour's love.



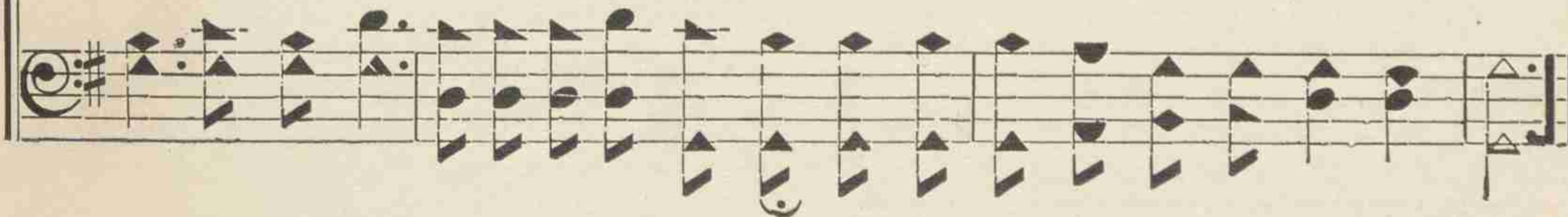
REFRAIN.



I am rest-ing, sweet - ly resting, I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love;
resting, sweetly resting,



I am resting, sweet - ly resting, I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love.
resting, sweetly resting,



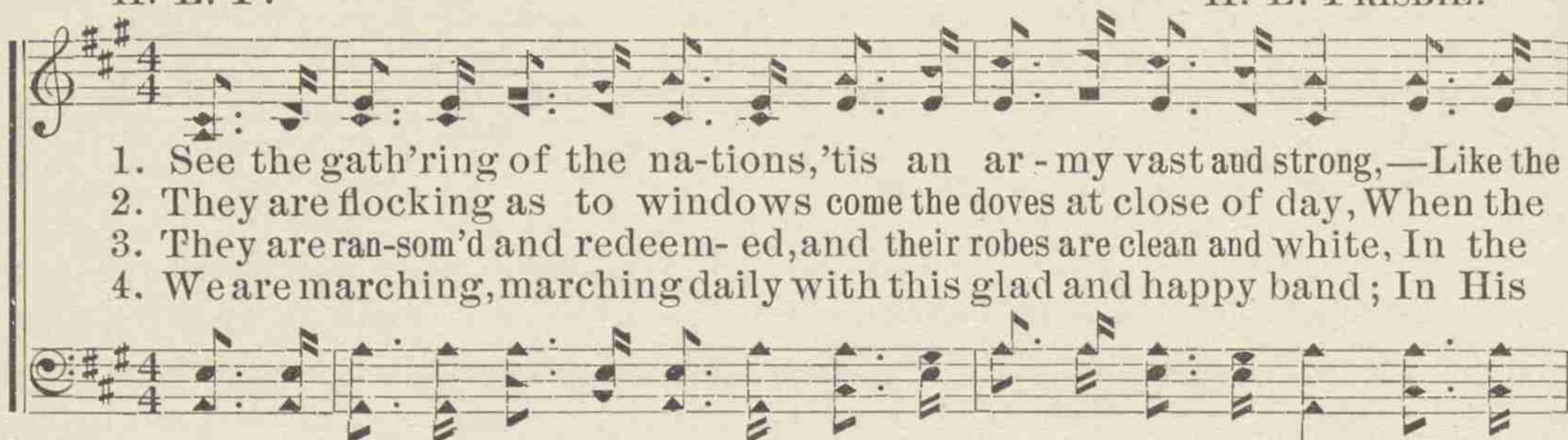
No. 149.

The Great Jubilee.

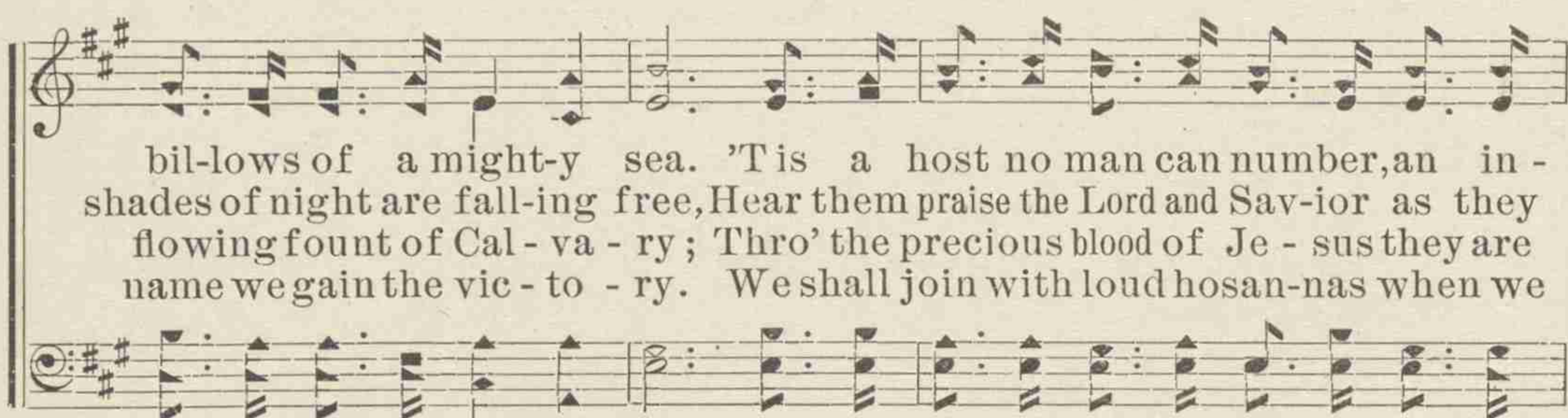
"The number shall be as the sand of the sea."—Hosea. 1: 10.

H. L. F.

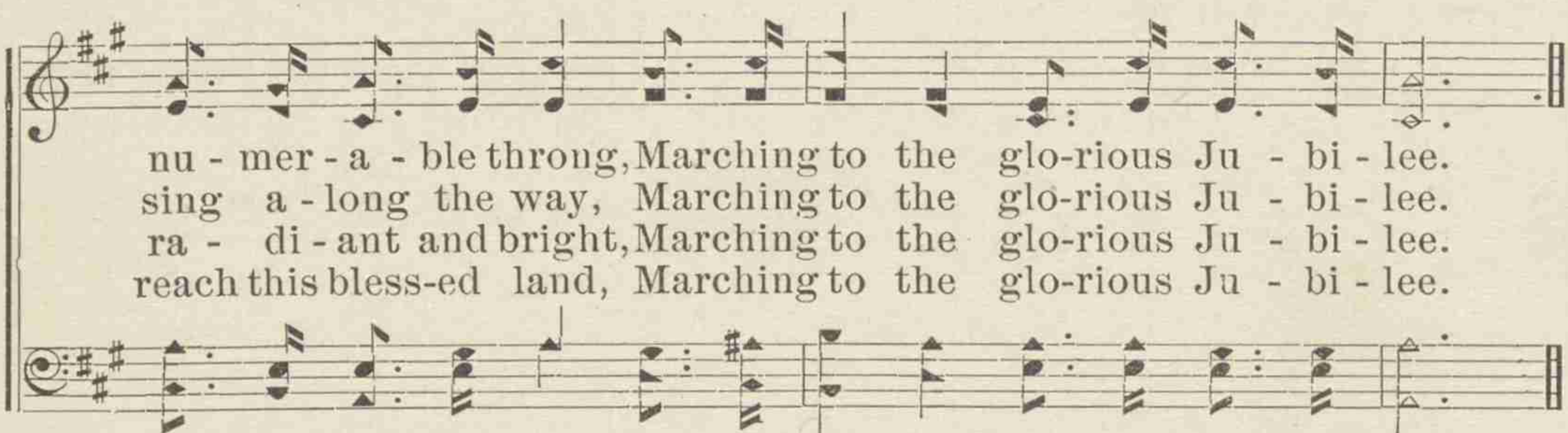
H. L. FRISBIE.



1. See the gath'ring of the na-tions,'tis an ar-my vast and strong,—Like the
 2. They are flocking as to windows come the doves at close of day, When the
 3. They are ran-som'd and redeem-ed, and their robes are clean and white, In the
 4. We are marching, marching daily with this glad and happy band; In His

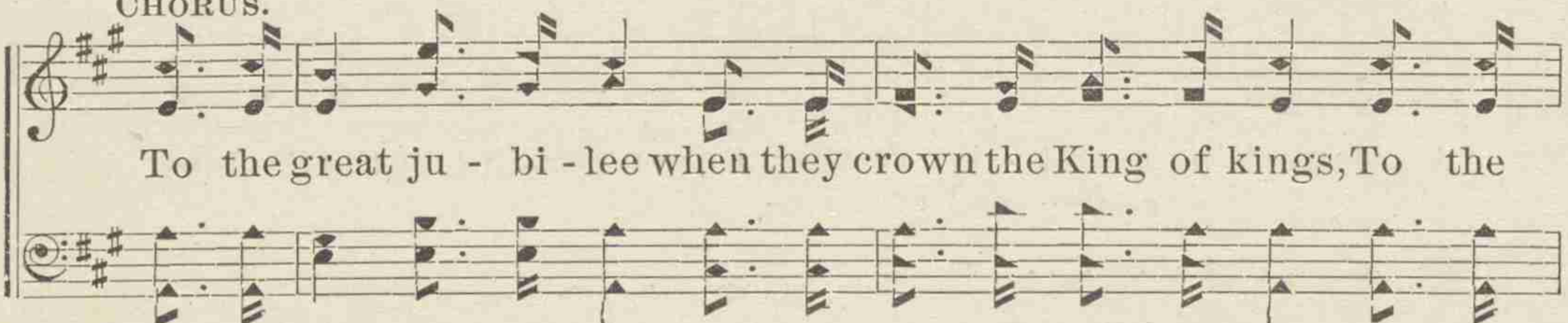


bil-lows of a might-y sea. 'Tis a host no man can number, an in-shades of night are fall-ing free, Hear them praise the Lord and Sav-ior as they flowing fount of Cal-va-ry; Thro' the precious blood of Je-sus they are name we gain the vic-to-ry. We shall join with loud hosan-nas when we

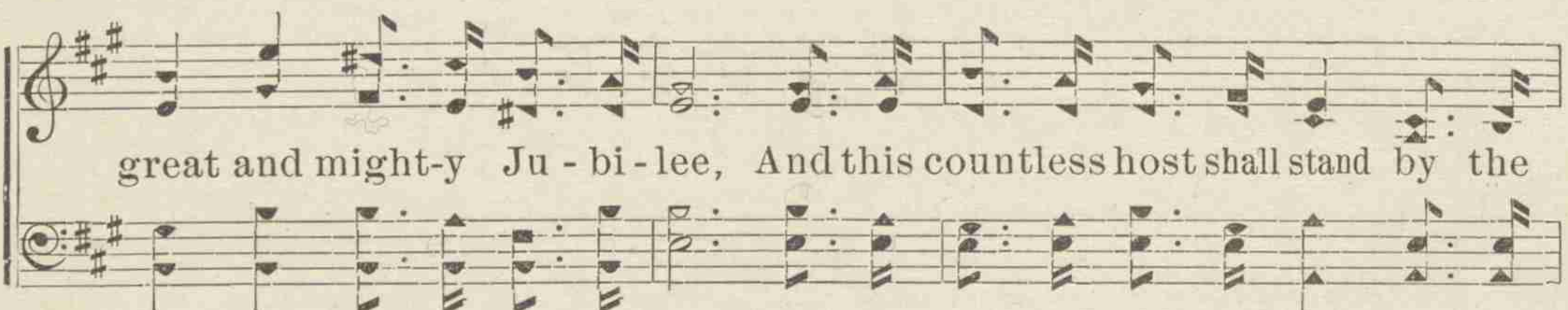


nu-mer-a-ble throng, Marching to the glo-rious Ju-bi-lee.
 sing a-long the way, Marching to the glo-rious Ju-bi-lee.
 ra-di-ant and bright, Marching to the glo-rious Ju-bi-lee.
 reach this bless-ed land, Marching to the glo-rious Ju-bi-lee.

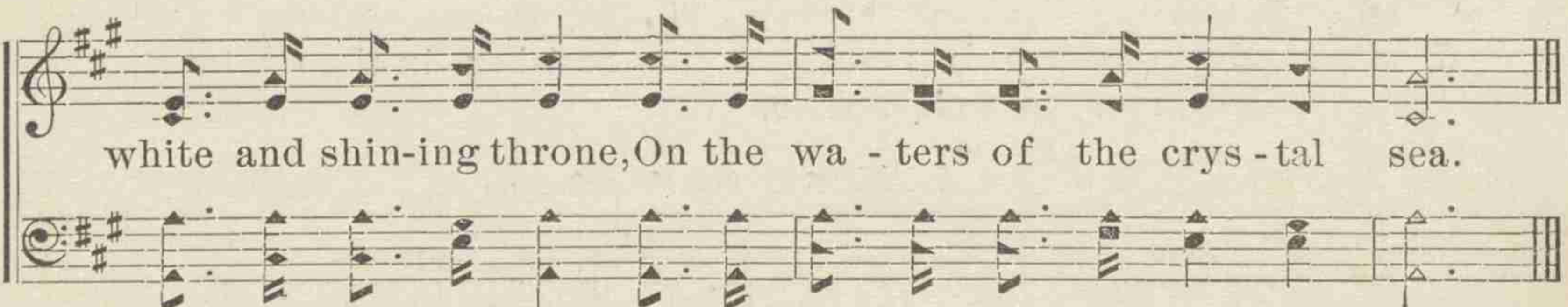
CHORUS.



To the great ju-bi-lee when they crown the King of kings, To the



great and might-y Ju-bi-lee, And this countless host shall stand by the



white and shin-ing throne, On the wa-ters of the crys-tal sea.

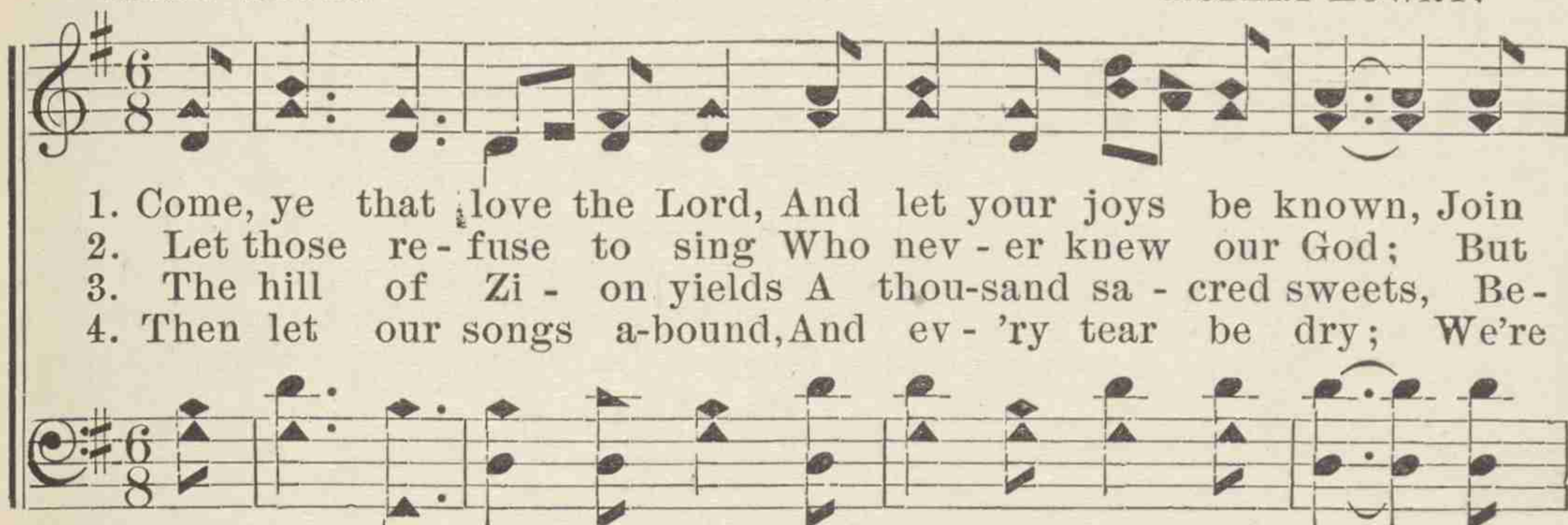
No. 150.

Marching to Zion.

"Arise ye, and let us go up to Zion."—Jer. 31: 6.

ISAAC WATTS.

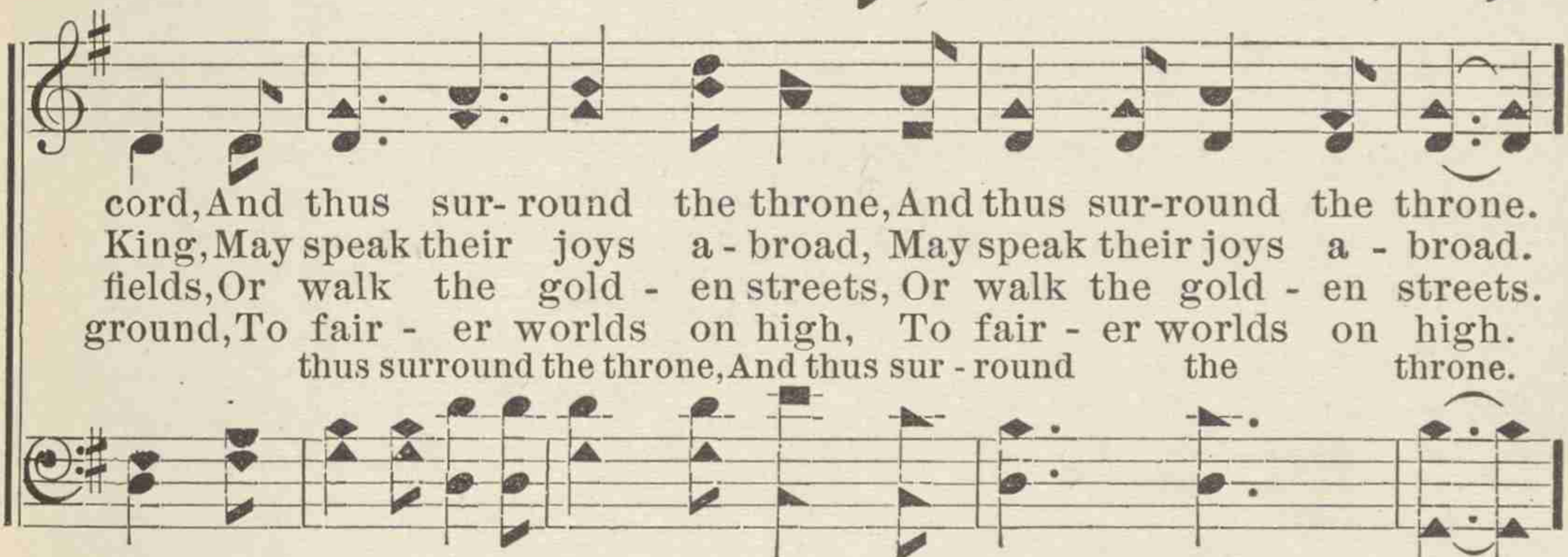
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join
 2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi-on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets, Be-
 4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev-'ry tear be dry; We're



in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-
 chil-dren of the heaven-ly King, But chil-dren of the heaven-ly
 fore we reach the heaven-ly fields, Be-fore we reach the heaven-ly
 march-ing thro' Im-manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Im-man-uel's



cord, And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
 King, May speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a-broad.
 fields, Or walk the gold-en streets, Or walk the gold-en streets.
 ground, To fair-er worlds on high, To fair-er worlds on high.
 thus surround the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.

REFRAIN.



We're march-ing to Zi-on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zi-on; We're
 We're marching on to Zi-on,



march-ing up-ward to Zi-on, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.
 Zi-on, Zi-on,

No. 151.

Ye Bells of Heaven, Ring!

"Let all the people praise thee, O God."—Ps. 67: 5.

JNO. C. F. KYGER.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With vigor.

1. Ring, ye bells of heav-en, ring! Prais-es to my Lord and King, I am
2. Ring your warning to the lost, Tell them of the wondrous cross, Bid them
3. Now they hear His pleading voice, And they make Him now their choice; Let them
4. Let the an - gels up-on high, Shout the tidings thro' the skies, We are



saved, . . . I am saved;
 come, . . . bid them come,
 come, . . . let them come;
 saved, . . . we are saved;

Tell to na-tions all a-round
 Un-to Je-sus, my dear Lord,
 Yes, they shout and praise His name,
 Then, ye bells of heav-en, ring!



What a Sav-iour I have found; I am saved, . . . I am saved. . .
 Who will save them by His blood, Bid them come, . . . bid them come. . .
 Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb! They are saved, . . . they are saved. . .
 We shall see our Lord and King, By and by, . . . by and by. . .



CHORUS.



Ring, ye bells of heav-en, ring! And ye hosts of heav-en sing!



Prais-es to my Lord and King, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-



Hal-le-lu-jah,

Ye Bells of Heaven Ring!

lu - - jah, I am saved, I am saved.
hal - le - lu - jah, I am saved, I am saved.

No. 152. Ring the Tidings of Salvation.

"All nations shall come and worship before thee."—Rev. 15: 4.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. { Ring, ring, gladly ring, Bells of Heaven, ring, Ring the tid-ings of sal-va-tion
Let all people know that the Lord is come, All their sins to par-don and their
2. { Ring, ring ceaselessly, Bells of Heaven, ring, Tell the joyful news to ev-'ry
Ring the message glad of a Saviour's love, Till the earth shall know of Christ from
3. { Ring, ring, ring the news, Bells of Heaven, ring, Till the captive nations of the
Ring, ring thro' the lands till the Christ is crowned King of kings and Lord of lords e-

CHORUS.

ev-'ry-where; } Ring, ring, sweetly ring, Bells of Heaven, ring, Ring, ring, loud-ly ring,
sorrows share. }
liv-ing soul; }
pole to pole. }
earth are free; }
ter-nal-ly. }

Bells of Heaven, ring; Ring till earth's remotest na-tion Shall have heard the

1. 2.
proclama-tion, And in Je-sus find salvation, Ring, bells, ring. tion, ring, bells, ring.

No. 153. Hark! Ten Thousand Harps.

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever."—Ps. 50: 89.

T. KELLY.

LOWELL MASON.

FINE.

1. { Hark, ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise a - bove;
Je - sus reigns, and heav'n rejoic - es, Je - sus reigns, the God of love.

2. { King of glo - ry, reign for - ev - er, Thine an ev - er - lasting crown.
Noth - ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own.

3. { Sav - iour, hast - en Thine ap - pear - ing, Bring, oh, bring the glo - rious day;
When the aw - ful summons hear - ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way.

D.C.—Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

See, He sits on yon - der throne, Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
Hap - py ob - jects of Thy grace, Destined to behold Thy face.
Then with golden harps we'll sing, Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King.

See, He sits on yon - der throne, Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

D.C.

No. 154. Joy to the World.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say rejoice."—Phil. 4: 4.

I. WATTS.

Arr. from GEO. F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her king; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - iour reigns; Let men their songs employ; While
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The

ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains Re - peat the sounding joy, Re -
glo - ries of His right - eousness, And wonders of His love, And
And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture

heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
won - ders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.
sing,

sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

No. 155.

He Hideth My Soul.

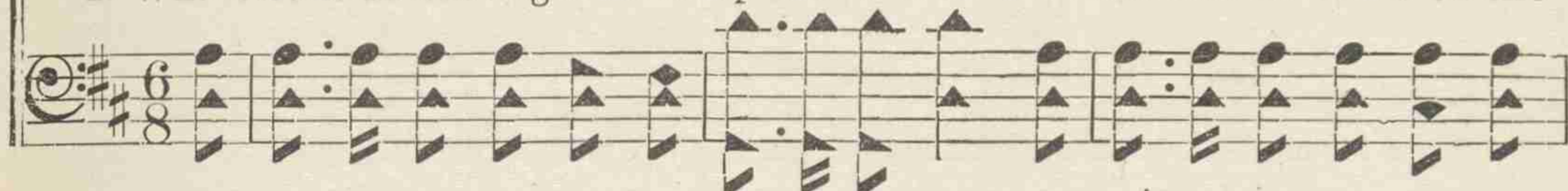
"Mighty to save."— Isa. 63: 1.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

1. A won-der-ful Saviour is Je-sus my Lord, A wonderful Sav-iour to
2. A won-der-ful Saviour is Je-sus my Lord, He taketh my burden a -
3. With numberless blessings each moment He crowns, And fill'd with His fulness di -
4. When clothed in His brightness transported I rise To meet Him in clouds of the



me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where riv - ers of
 way, He hold - eth me up and I shall not be moved, He giv - eth me
 vine, I sing in my rapture, oh, glo - ry to God, For such a Re -
 sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, His won - der - ful love, I'll shout with the



CHORUS.



pleas - ure I see. He hid - eth my life in the cleft of the rock, That
 strength as my day.
 deem - er as mine.
 mil - lions on high.



shad - ows a dry, thirst - y land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of His



love, And covers me there with His hand, And covers me there with His hand.



No. 156. Wonderful Story of Love.

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—Mark. 5: 19.

J. M. D.

Rev. J. M. DRIVER, by per.



1. Wonderful sto-ry of love! Tell it to me a - gain; Wonderful
 2. Wonderful sto-ry of love! Tho' you are far a - way; Wonderful
 3. Wonderful sto-ry of love! Je-sus pro-vides a rest; Wonderful



sto-ry of love! Wake the immor-tal strain! Angels with rapture an-
 sto-ry of love! Still He doth call to - day; Calling from Cal-va-ry's
 sto-ry of love! For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions a -



nounce it, Shepherds with wonder receive it; Sin-ner, oh! won't you believe it?
 mountain, Down from the crystal bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of cre-a - tion,
 bove us, With those who've gone on before us, Singing the raptu-rous cho-rus,

CHORUS.



Wonderful sto-ry of love! Won - der - ful! Won -
 Won-der-ful sto-ry of love! Wonderful



der - ful! Won - der - ful! Wonderful story of love!
 sto-ry of love! Won-der-ful sto-ry of love!

No. 157. What a Wonderful Saviour!

"And his name shall be called Wonderful."—Isa. 9: 6.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Christ has for sin a - tonement made, What a won-der-ful Saviour!
2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won-der-ful Saviour!
3. He cleans'd my heart from all its sin, What a won-der-ful Saviour!
4. He walks be - side me in the way, What a won-der-ful Saviour!
5. He gives me o - ver - com-ing pow'r, What a won-der-ful Saviour!
6. To Him I've giv - en all my heart, What a won-der-ful Saviour!



We are redeem'd! the price is paid! What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
That rec - on - ciled my soul to God; What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
And now He reigns and rules there-in; What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
And keeps me faith-ful day by day; What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
And tri-umph in each try-ing hour; What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
The world shall nev - er share a part; What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!



CHORUS.



What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Je - sus!



What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Lord!



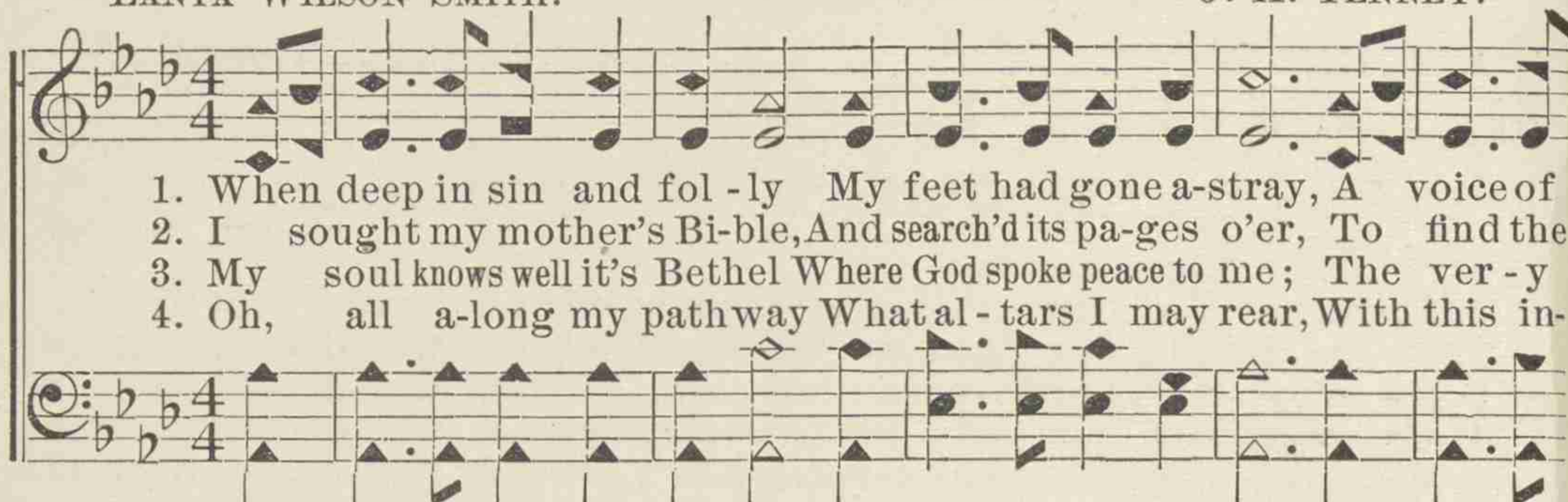
No. 158.

He Blessed Me There.

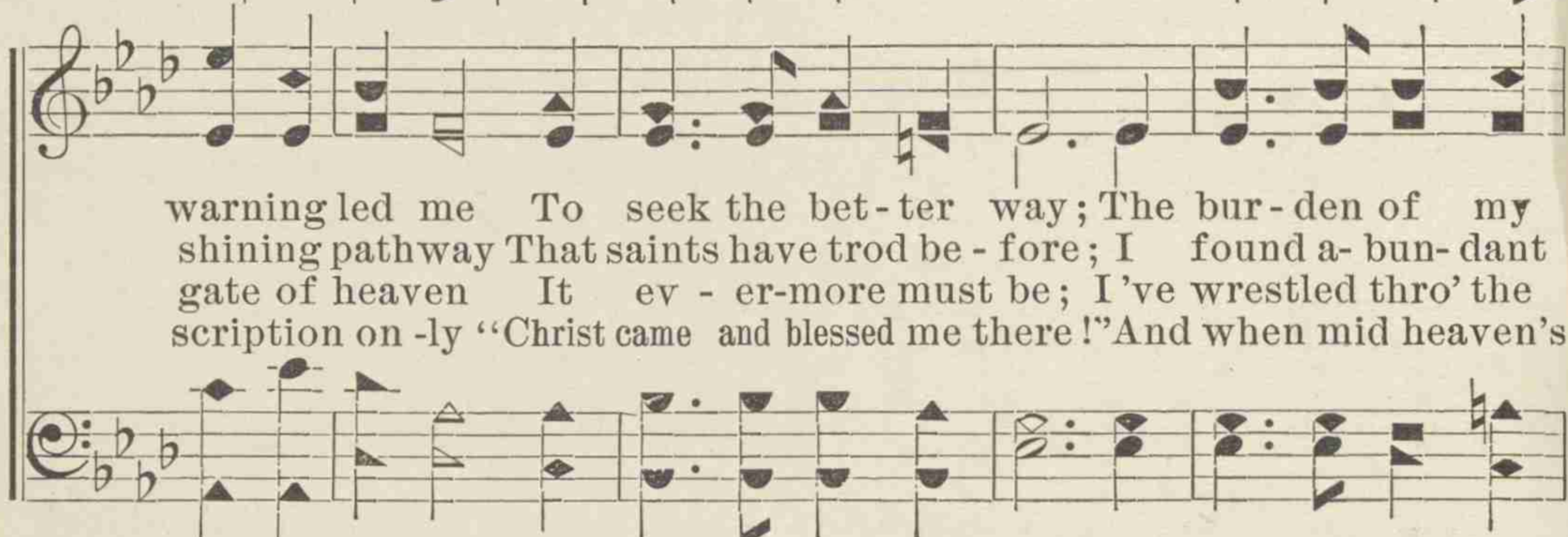
"I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart."--Ps. 9: 1.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

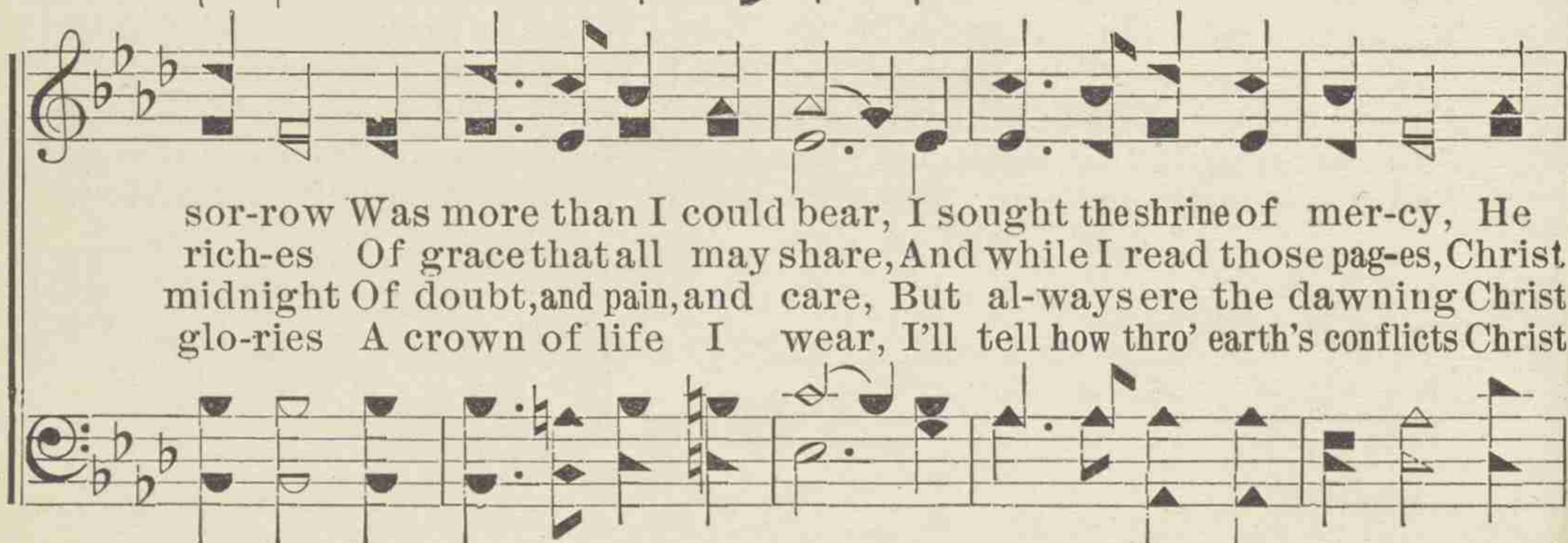
J. H. TENNEY.



1. When deep in sin and fol - ly My feet had gone a-stray, A voice of
 2. I sought my mother's Bi-ble, And search'd its pa-ges o'er, To find the
 3. My soul knows well it's Bethel Where God spoke peace to me; The ver - y
 4. Oh, all a-long my pathway What al - tars I may rear, With this in-

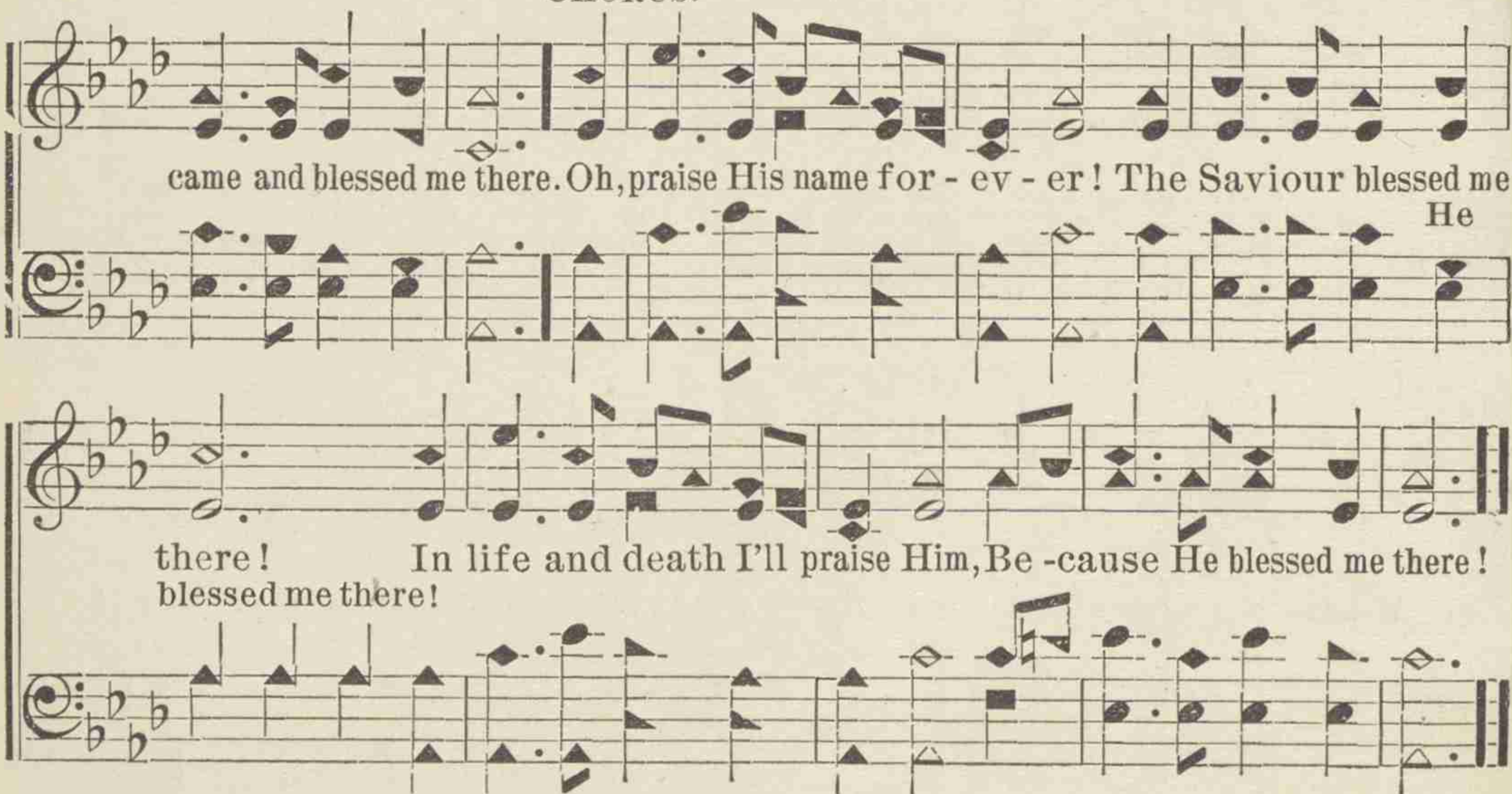


warning led me To seek the bet-ter way; The bur-den of my
 shining pathway That saints have trod be-fore; I found a-bun-dant
 gate of heaven It ev-er-more must be; I've wrestled thro' the
 scription on-ly "Christ came and blessed me there!" And when mid heaven's



sor-row Was more than I could bear, I sought the shrine of mer-cy, He
 rich-es Of grace that all may share, And while I read those pag-es, Christ
 midnight Of doubt, and pain, and care, But al-ways ere the dawning Christ
 glo-ries A crown of life I wear, I'll tell how thro' earth's conflicts Christ

CHORUS.



came and blessed me there. Oh, praise His name for - ev - er! The Saviour blessed me
 He
 there! In life and death I'll praise Him, Be-cause He blessed me there!
 blessed me there!

No. 159. Saved a Sinner Like Me.

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. 1: 15.

CHAS. I. BUTLER.

C. C. LUTHER.



1. I was once far a-way from the Saviour, And as vile as a
 2. But there in that lone - ly hour, A voice sweetly
 3. Fully then trust - ed I in Je - sus, And oh, what a



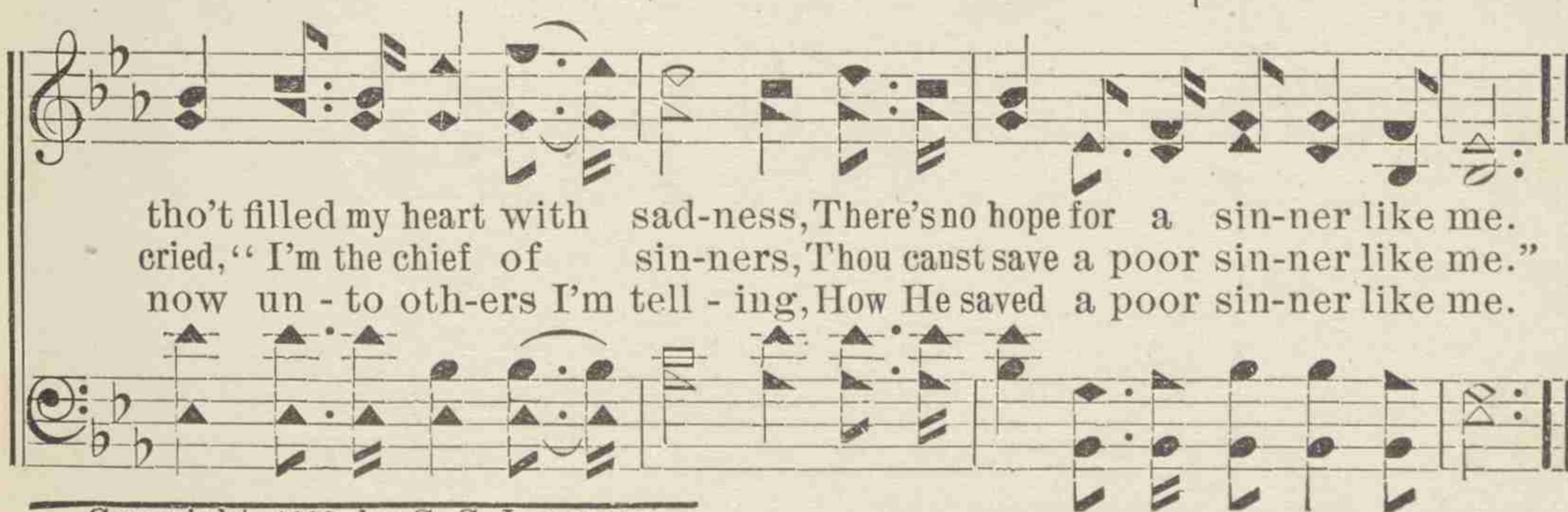
sin-ner could be; I . wondered if Christ, the Re-deem - er, Would
 whispered to me, Saying, "Christ, the Redeem-er, hath pow - er To
 joy came to me; My heart now is filled with His prais - es, For He



save a poor sin - ner like me. I wan - dered on in the
 save a poor sin - ner like thee." I list-en'd, and lo! 'twas the
 saved a poor sin - ner like me. No lon - ger in dark - ness I'm



dark - ness, Not a ray of light could I see; And the
 Sav - iour Who was speaking so kind - ly to me; I
 walk - ing, For the light is shin - ing on me; And



tho't filled my heart with sad-ness, There's no hope for a sin-ner like me.
 cried, "I'm the chief of sin-ners, Thou canst save a poor sin-ner like me."
 now un - to oth-ers I'm tell - ing, How He saved a poor sin-ner like me.

No. 160.

Washed and Redeemed.

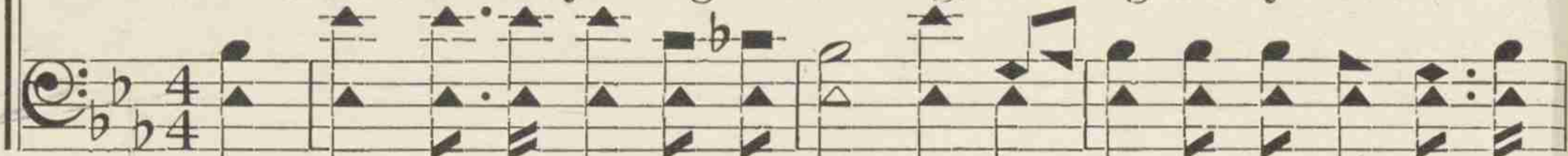
"Praise the Lord, O my soul."—Ps. 146: 1.

C. C. L.

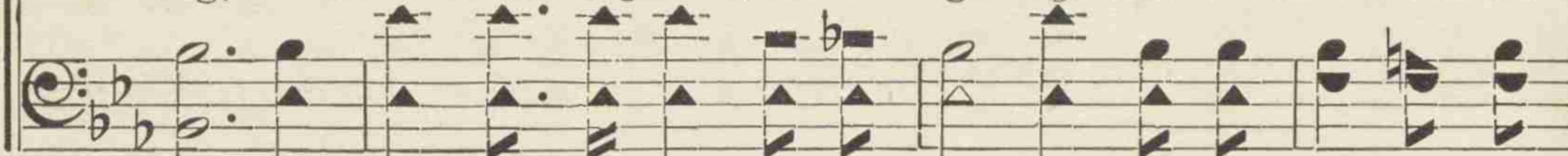
C. C. LUTHER.



1. All glo - ry to God in the high-est. All glo - ry to Je - sus the
2. My per - fect redemption He purchas'd, My ran - som He paid in His
3. A man - sion in glo - ry pre - par - ing, A robe that is spot - less and
4. A crown of re - joic - ing un - fad - ing, A song on - ly ran - somed ones



Son; All glo - ry to God's Ho - ly Spir - it, For the won - der - ful
blood; And life ev - er - last - ing He giv - eth, Praise the Lord for the
white, A palm branch of vic - to - ry wav - ing, All of these by the
sing, With Je - sus, a prince, ev - er reign - ing, Thro' the blood I'm the



things He has done. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I am
sin - cleans - ing flood.
blood are my right.
child of a King. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!



wash'd and re - deem'd by the blood, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!



Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord for the sin - cleansing flood.
Hal - le - lu - jah!



No. 161.

Wondrously Redeemed.

"I will speak of thy wondrous work."—Psalm 145: 5.

E. A. H.

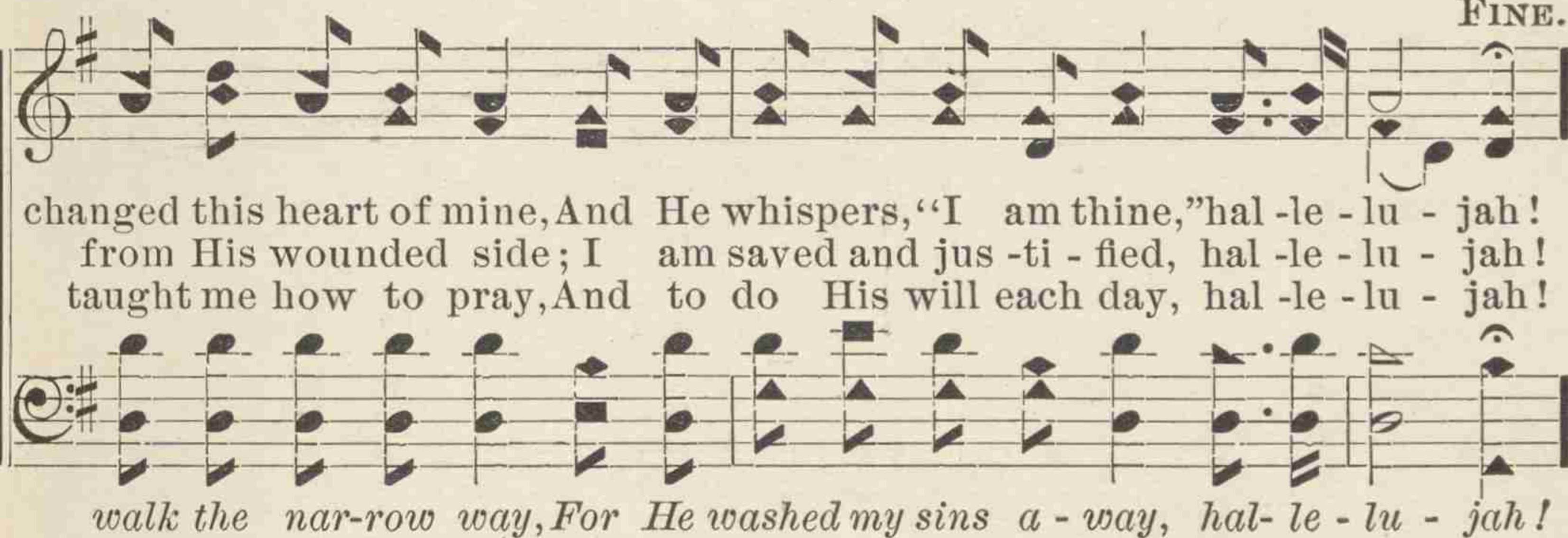
Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. I have pre-cious news to tell, hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has
 2. It was Christ's redemption-blood, hal - le - lu - jah! That re -
 3. I have found a pre-cious friend, hal - le - lu - jah! On whose



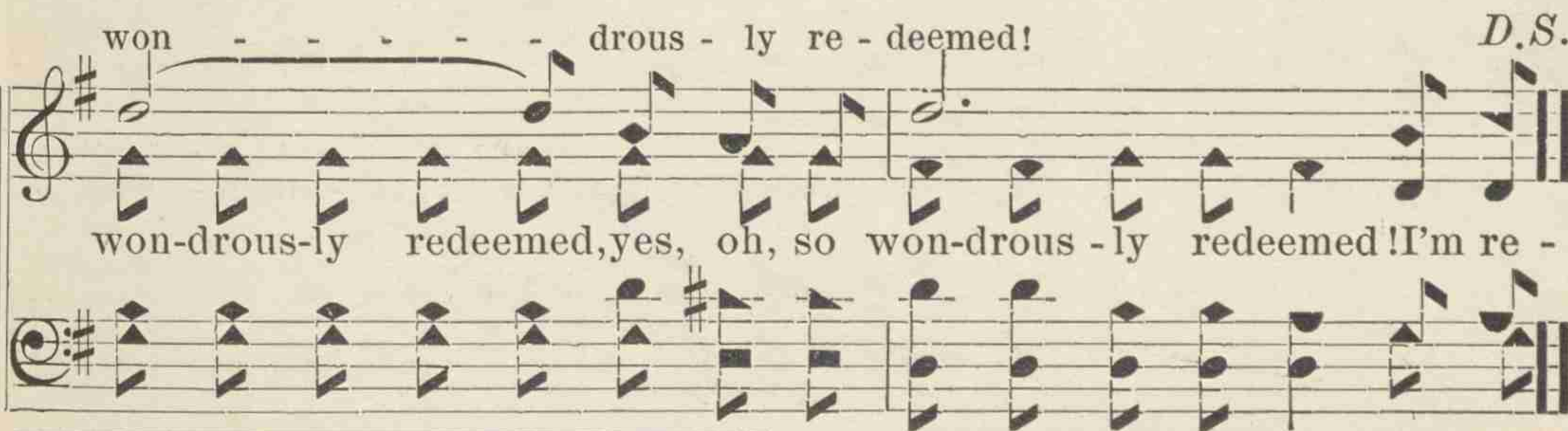
come with me to dwell, hal-le - lu - jah! By His grace and pow'r divine, He has
 stored my soul to God, hal-le - lu - jah! He the cleansing stream applied, Flowing
 help I can de-pend, hal-le - lu - jah! Since He took my sins a-way, He has

D.S. joic-ing night and day, As I
FINE.


changed this heart of mine, And He whispers, "I am thine," hal-le - lu - jah!
 from His wounded side; I am saved and jus-ti - fied, hal-le - lu - jah!
 taught me how to pray, And to do His will each day, hal-le - lu - jah!
 walk the nar-row way, For He washed my sins a - way, hal-le - lu - jah!



Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm re-deemed! Oh, so
 Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm redeemed! oh, hal - le - lu - jah! I'm redeem'd! Oh, so



won - drous - ly re - deemed! D.S.
 won-drous-ly redeemed, yes, oh, so won-drous - ly redeemed! I'm re -

No. 162.

My Sins are Taken Away.

"Thou art my help and my deliverer."—Ps. 40: 17.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
2. I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
4. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
5. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light;
6. I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;



Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast,"
 I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
 The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
 My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
 Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise And all thy day be bright."
 And in that light of life I'll walk Till all my journey's done.



CHORUS.

My sins are tak - en a - way, . . .



My sins are tak - en, are taken a - way, Praise God! they're taken a - way, .
 My sins are taken a - way, Praise God! they're taken a - way, away,



My soul re - joic - es to - day, . . .



My soul re - joic - es, re - joices to - day, My sins are all tak - en a - way.
 My soul re - joic - es to - day, My sins are all tak - en a - way.



No. 163.

The Heavenly Harp.

"Are they not all ministering spirits."—Heb. 1: 14.

2d and 4th verses by
JNO. C. F. KYGER.

Music and chorus by
J. M. HAGAN.



1. There is a harp whose thrilling sound, Swells thro' the choir of heav'n above,
2. 'Tis when the sinner bows in pray'r, Gives up His sins and turns to God,
3. 'Tis when beyond this vale of tears, A saint-ed spir- it wings its way,
4. Hark! the glad shout of sacred joy, In chor- al numbers loud and long,



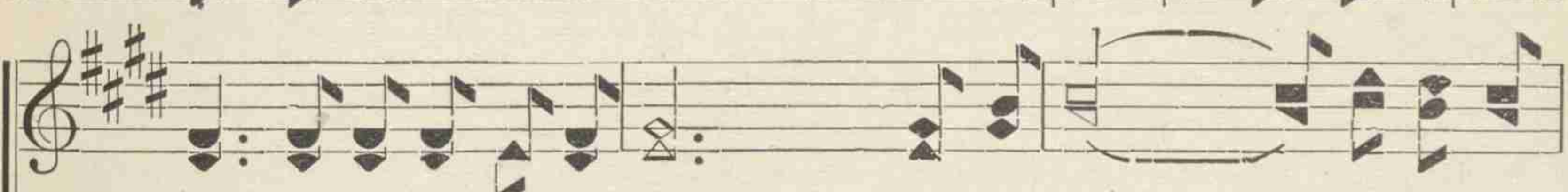
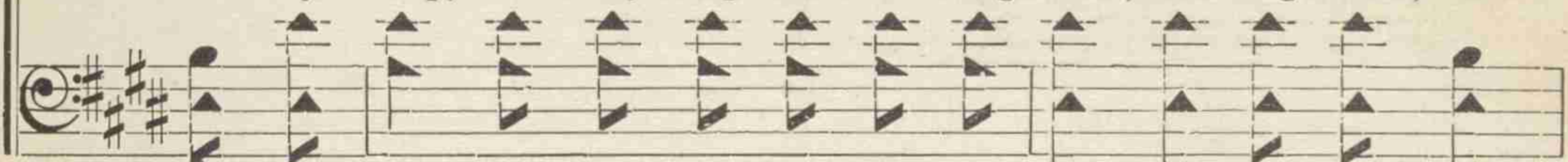
'Mid the blue arch the notes resound, While angels catch the song of love.
An- gel- ic hosts attune their harps, To sound the triumphs of His word.
And pure be- fore the throne appears, In robes of bright ethereal day.
The heavenly hosts their harps employ, And hal- le-lujahs swell the song.



CHORUS.



Heav'n-ly harp . . . whose thrilling sound, In
Heav'n-ly harp, heav'n-ly harp whose thrill-ing sound, thrill-ing sound, In



accents sweet the notes prolong, Heav'n and earth . . . with joy a -
accents sweet the notes prolong, notes prolong, Heav'n and earth, heav'n and earth with joy a -



bound, And an - gels chant the new-made song.
bound, with joy a - bound, And an - gels chant the new - made song.

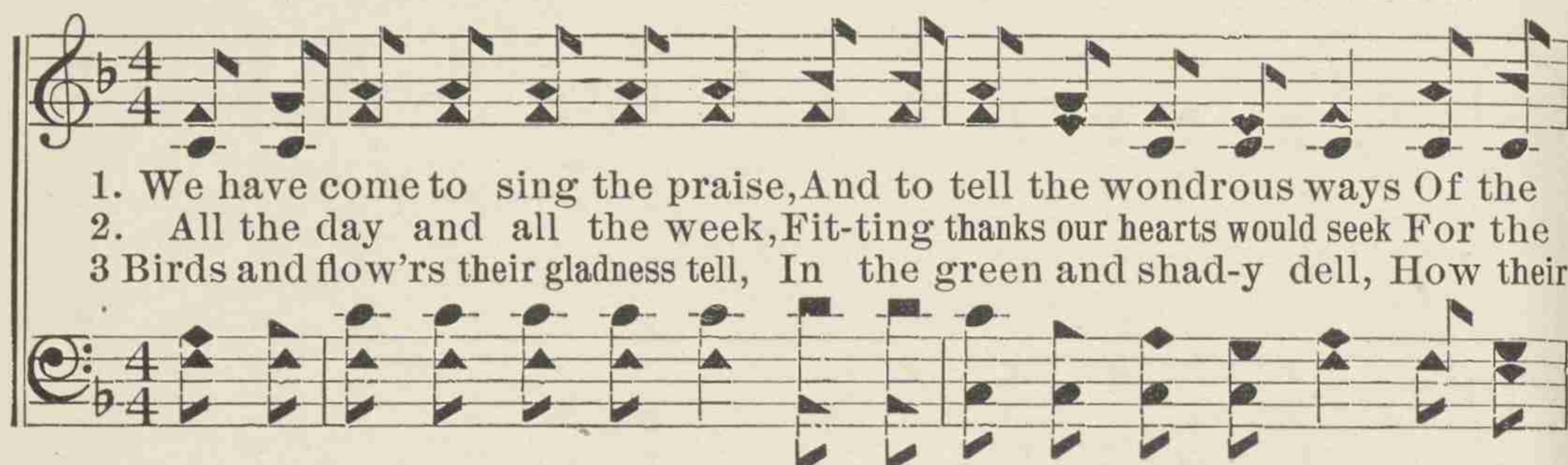


No. 164. We Have Come to Sing His Praise.

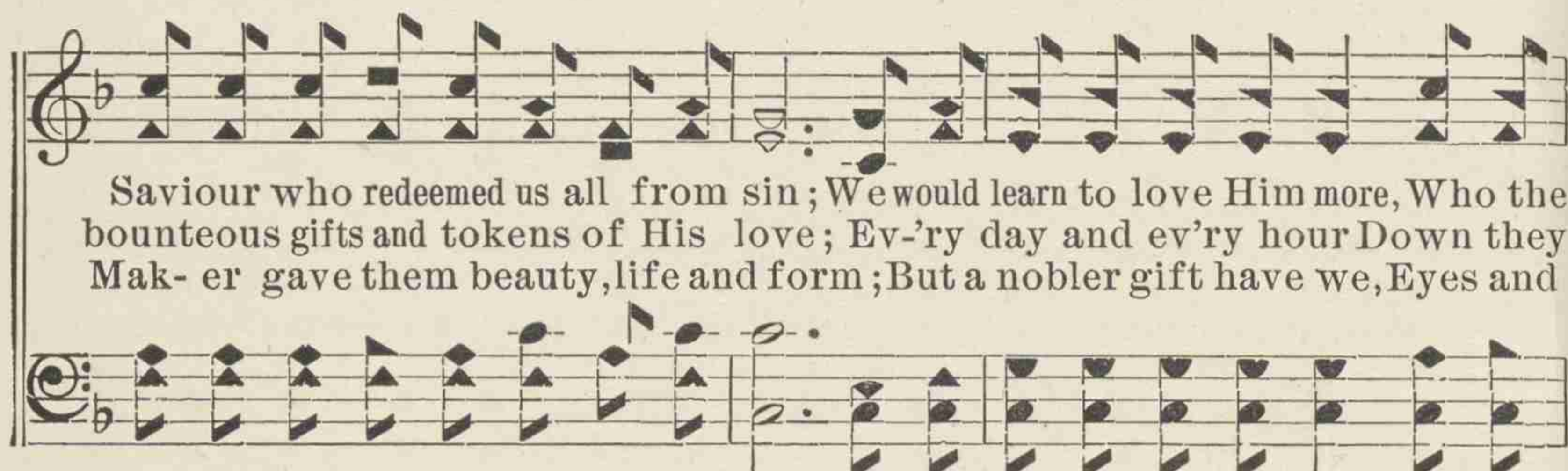
"Sing forth the honor of his name; make his name glorious."—Ps. 66: 2.

ADALINE BEERY.

J. M. HAGAN.



1. We have come to sing the praise, And to tell the wondrous ways Of the
2. All the day and all the week, Fit-ting thanks our hearts would seek For the
3 Birds and flow'rs their gladness tell, In the green and shad-y dell, How their



Saviour who redeemed us all from sin; We would learn to love Him more, Who the
bounteous gifts and tokens of His love; Ev'-ry day and ev'ry hour Down they
Mak- er gave them beauty, life and form; But a nobler gift have we, Eyes and



heav - y bur-den bore, And for Him some oth-er pre-cious souls to win.
come in constant shower; O, the goodness of our liv - ing Lord a - bove!
souls the good to see, And we praise our God to whom all hearts be-long.



Blessed Je - sus! lov-ing Je - sus! Let Thy name be sung on
Precious name, Oh, how sweet!



earth, Echo thro' . . . the vaults of heaven, For thy works and glorious worth.
Echo thro' the vaults of heav-en,

No. 165.

Singing for Jesus.

"I will sing of thy power; yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy."—Psa. 59: 16.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'll sing of my Sav-iour, so lov-ing and true; I'll tell the old
2. I'll sing of His par-don, so gracious and free, That broke off my
3. I'll sing of sal-va-tion so might-y in-deed, It reaches the
4. I'll sing of His pow-er His chil-dren to keep, To guide them in

sto-ry that ev-er is new; My time and my tal-ent to
fet-ters and gave lib-er-ty; He lift-ed my bur-den and
depths of all hu-man need; That sweeps o'er the soul with its
sunlight, and guard them in sleep; His arms are a-round us, our

Je-sus be-long, And glad-ly I'm preaching the gos-pel in song.
bore it a-way, And filled me with gladness by night and by day.
all-cleansing flow, And washes and makes it far whit-er than snow.
souls to de-fend, He'll lead us in safe-ty and keep to the end.

CHORUS.

My voice I have given to Jesus, my King, His prais - es I sing, . . . His
And ev'rywhere, all the time, praises I sing;

wondrous salva-tion, I know it so well That gladly to others the sto-ry I'll tell.

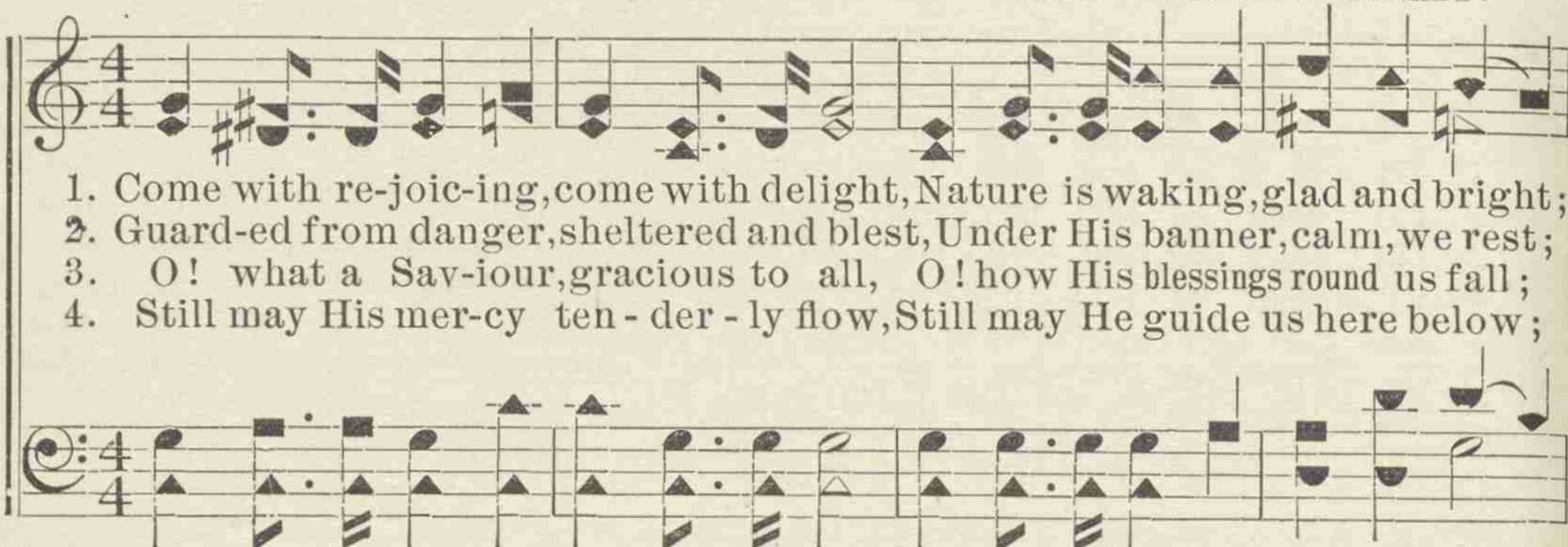
No. 166.

Come With Rejoicing.

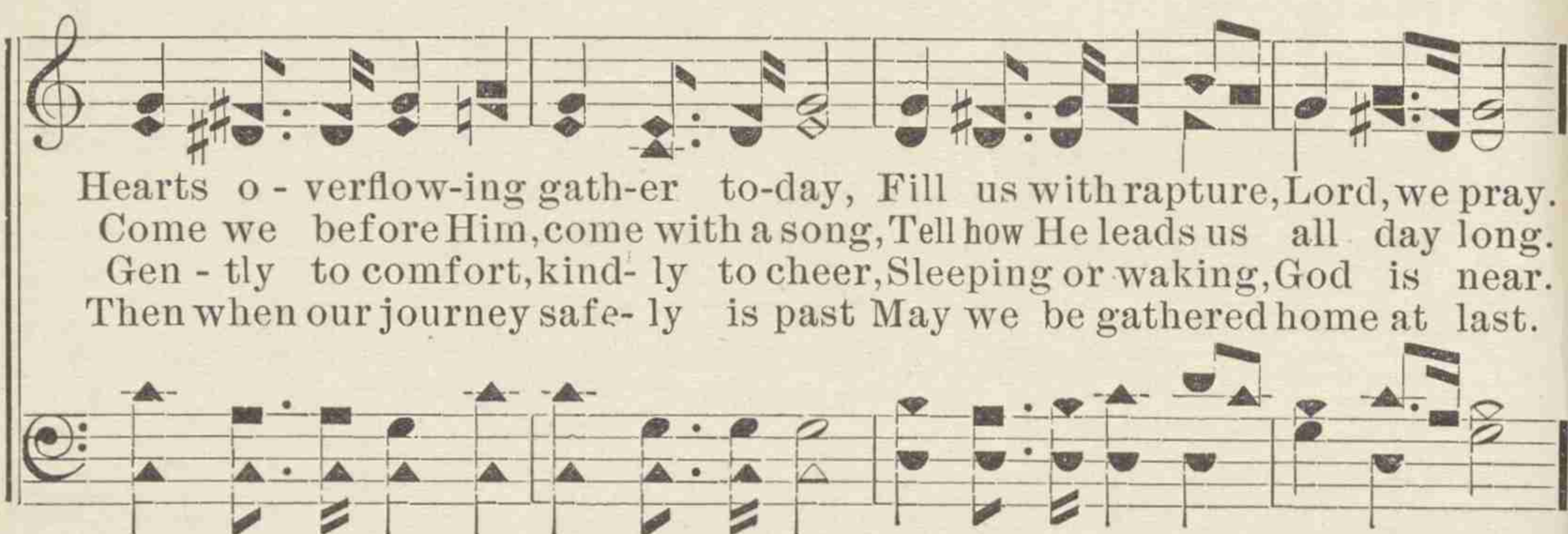
"Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."—Psa. 144: 15.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



1. Come with re-joic-ing, come with delight, Nature is waking, glad and bright;
 2. Guard-ed from danger, sheltered and blest, Under His banner, calm, we rest;
 3. O! what a Sav-iour, gracious to all, O! how His blessings round us fall;
 4. Still may His mer-cy ten-der-ly flow, Still may He guide us here below;

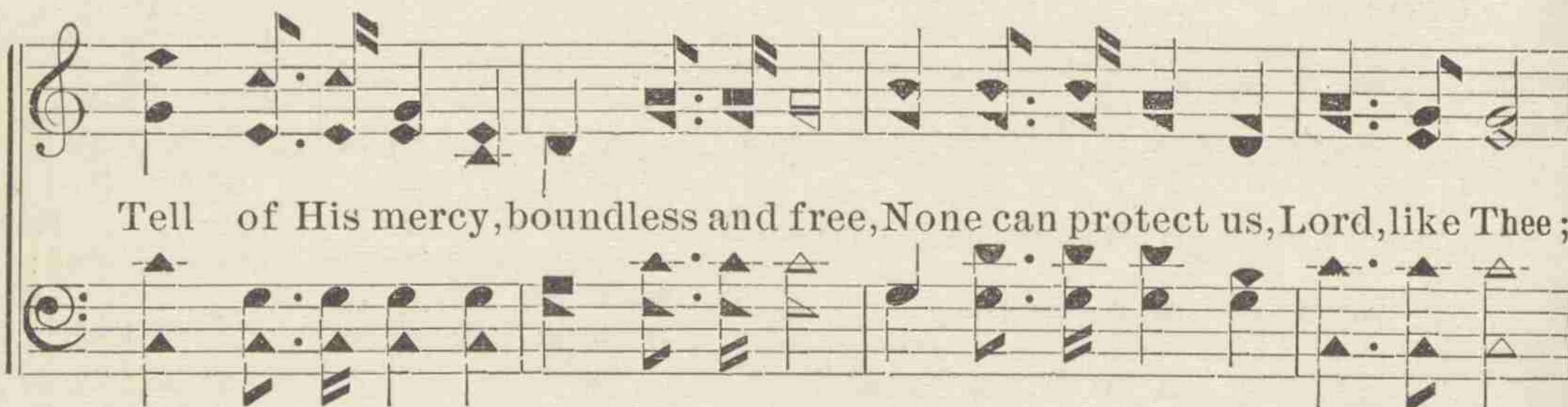


Hearts o-verflow-ing gath-er to-day, Fill us with rapture, Lord, we pray.
 Come we before Him, come with a song, Tell how He leads us all day long.
 Gen-tly to comfort, kind-ly to cheer, Sleeping or waking, God is near.
 Then when our journey safe-ly is past May we be gathered home at last.

CHORUS.



Praise our Redeemer, tell of His love, Praise our Re-deemer, God a-bove;



Tell of His mercy, boundless and free, None can protect us, Lord, like Thee;



rall.
 Tell of His mercy, boundless and free, None can protect us, Lord, like Thee.

No. 167.

That's Enough for Me.

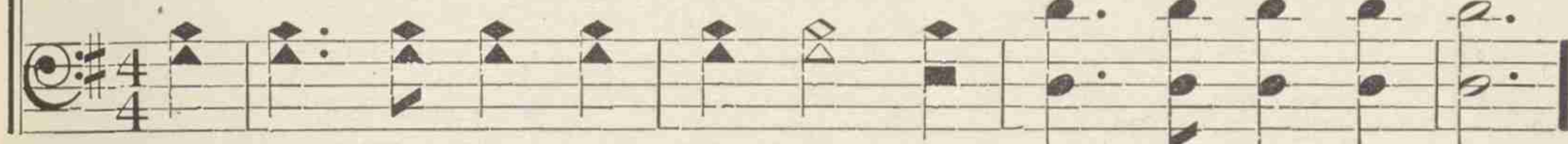
"I will sing praise to the Lord. — Judges 5: 3.

E. A. H.

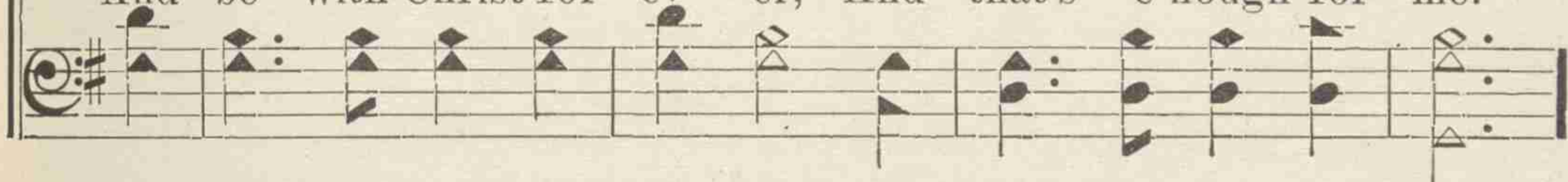
Rev. ELISHA. A. HOFFMAN.



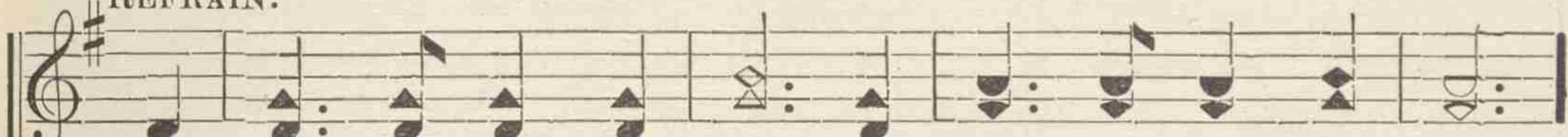
1. O, love sur-pass-ing knowl-edge! O, grace so full and free!
 2. O, won-der-ful sal - va - tion, That I should ran-som'd be!
 3. O, blood of Christ so pre-cious, That flows from Cal - va - ry!
 4. O, won - drous love of Je - sus! What love could sweeter be?
 5. We live in sweet com-mun-ion, In bless - ed har - mo - ny;
 6. The worldling seeks for pleas-ure, In earth - ly van - i - ty;
 7. When ends our toil and sor-row, A bet - ter home I'll see;



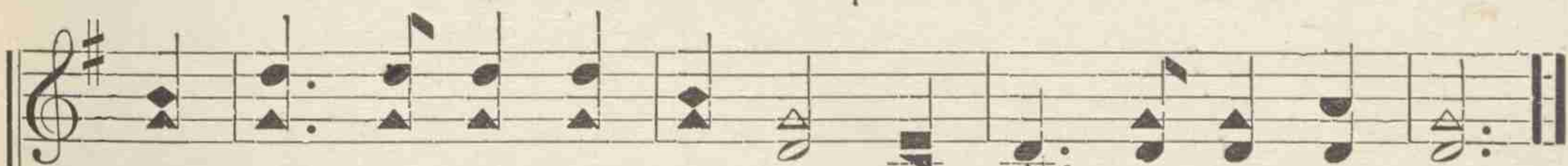

I know that Je - sus loves me, And that's e-nough for me.
 'Tis mine, this sweet as - sur - ance, And that's e-nough for me.
 It cleans - es me com - plete - ly, And that's e-nough for me.
 It keeps me saved and hap - py, And that's e-nough for me.
 This, this is full sal - va - tion, And that's e-nough for me.
 My treas-ures are in heav - en, And that's e-nough for me.
 And be with Christ for - ev - er, And that's e-nough for me.



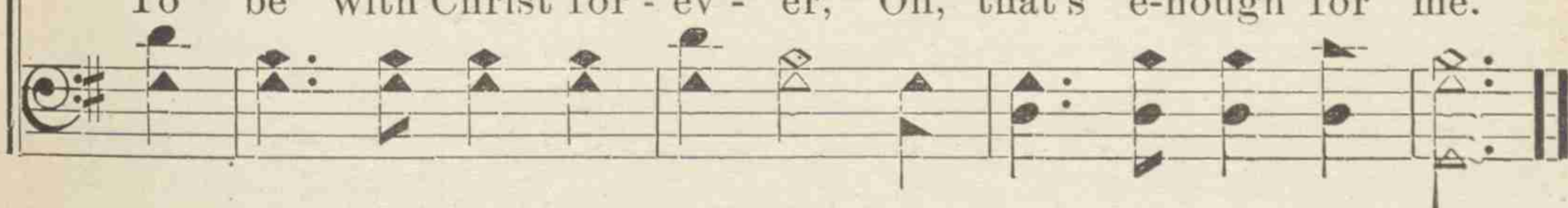
REFRAIN.



And that's e - nough for me, E - nough of joy for me;

I know that Je - sus loves me, And that's e-nough for me.
 'Tis mine, this sweet as - sur - ance, And that's e-nough for me.
 It cleans - es me com - plete - ly, And that's e-nough for me.
 He keeps me saved and hap - py, And that's e-nough for me.
 God's face and full sal - va - tion, Oh, that's e-nough for me.
 My treas-ures are in heav - en, And that's e-nough for me.
 To be with Christ for - ev - er, Oh, that's e-nough for me.



No. 168. Are you Washed in the Blood?

"The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1:7.

E. A. H.

E. A. HOFFMAN.



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



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



CHORUS.



grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you
 Cru - ci - fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 mansions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 souls un - clean, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb!




washed in the blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your



Are you washed in the blood, of the Lamb?



garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are they washed in the blood of the Lamb?



No. 169. I've Been Washed in the Blood.

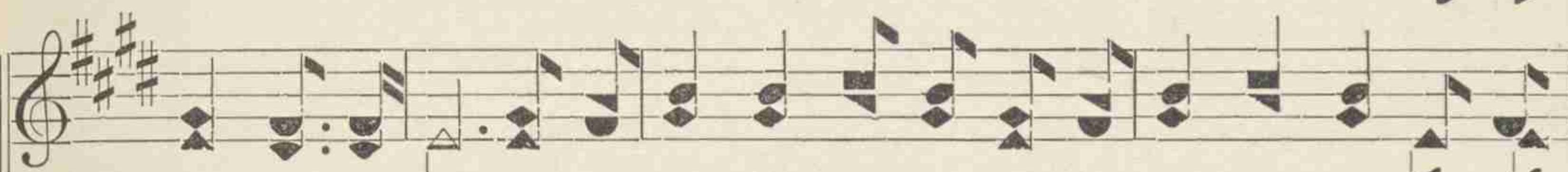
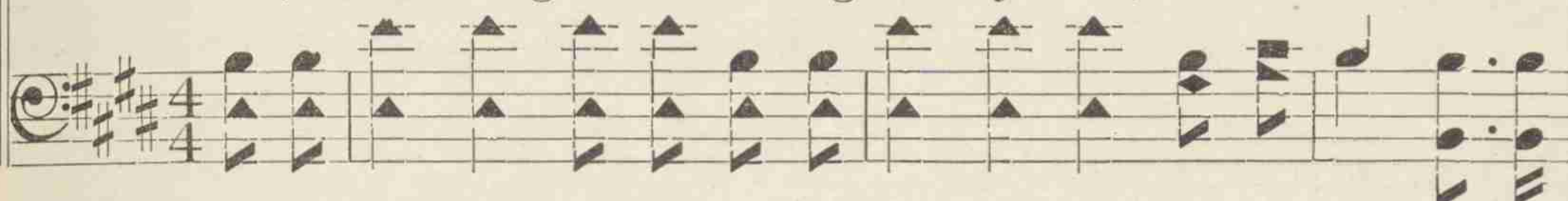
"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. 1: 15.

Rev. W. T. DALE.

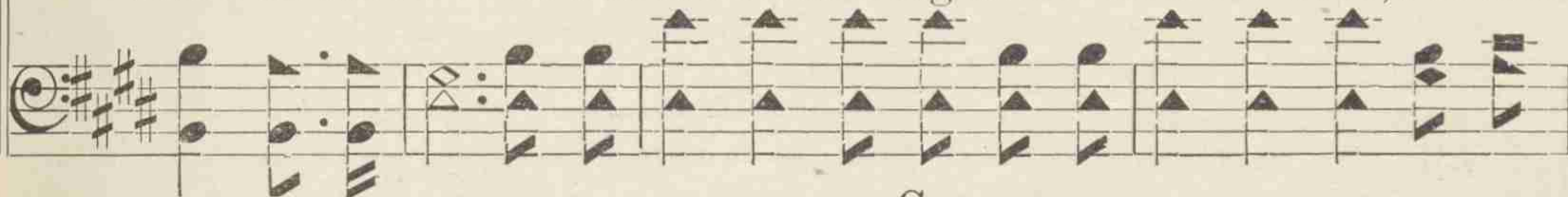
Rev. D. E. DORTCH, by per.



1. I am just from Je-sus who has cleans'd my soul, I've been wash'd in the
2. I am dai - ly trust-ing Je - sus at my side, I've been wash'd in the
3. I am working in the vineyard of the Lord, I've been wash'd in the
4. I am list'n-ing now to hear the Bridegroom's voice, I've been wash'd in the
5. Yes, I'm watching for the coming of my Lord, I've been wash'd in the



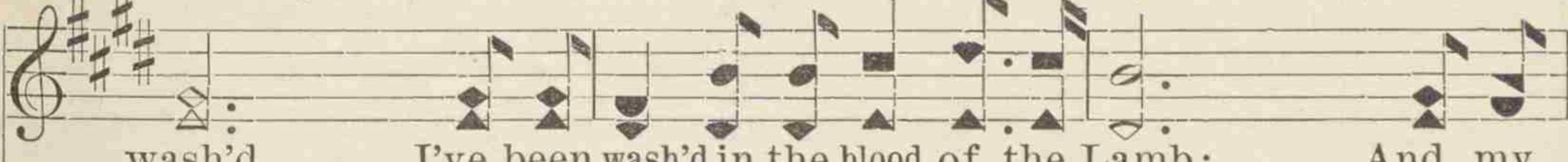
blood of the Lamb. By the blood of Je-sus I have been made whole, I've been
blood of the Lamb. I am sweet-ly rest-ing in the Cru - ci - fied, I've been
blood of the Lamb. I am trust-ing in the promise of His word, I've been
blood of the Lamb. How His coming will each faithful heart re - joice, I've been
blood of the Lamb. He will come according to His faithful word, I've been



CHORUS.



wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. I've been wash'd, I've been
in the blood,



wash'd, I've been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; And my
in the blood, of the Lamb;



robe is spot-less, it is white as snow, I've been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

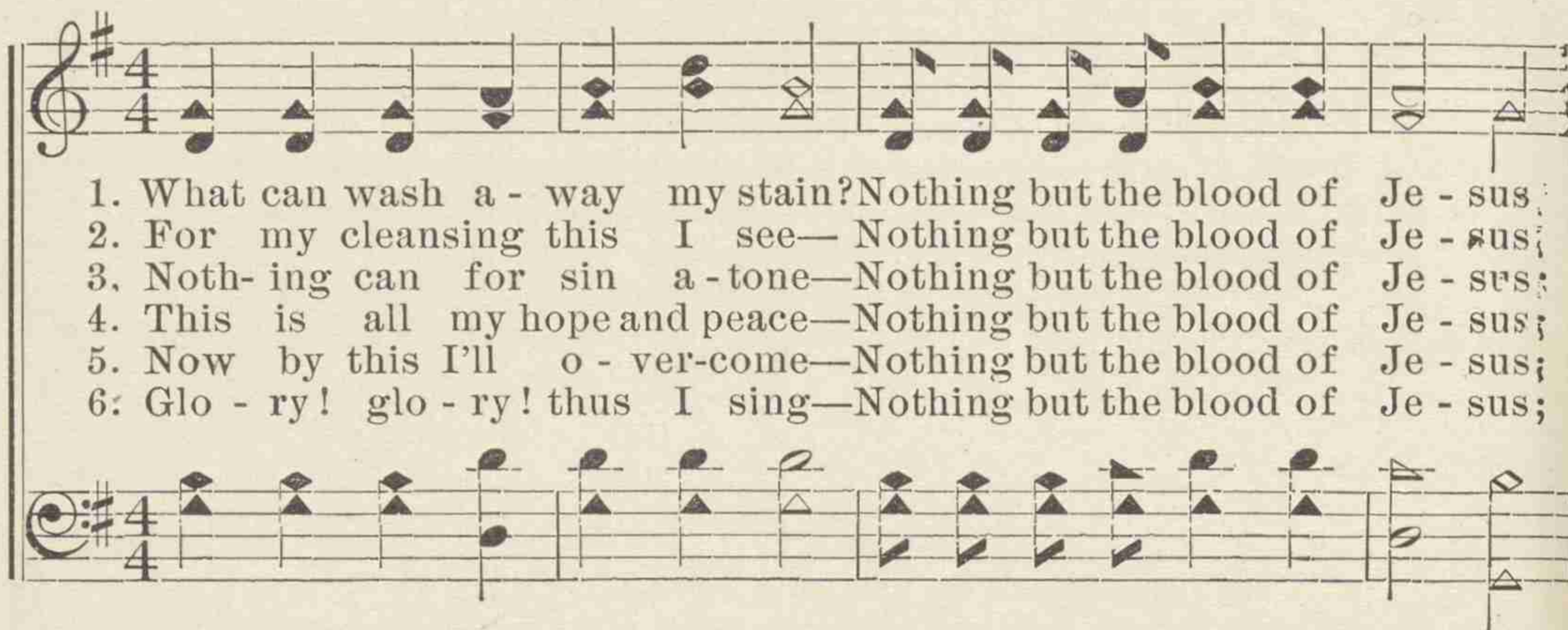


No. 170. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

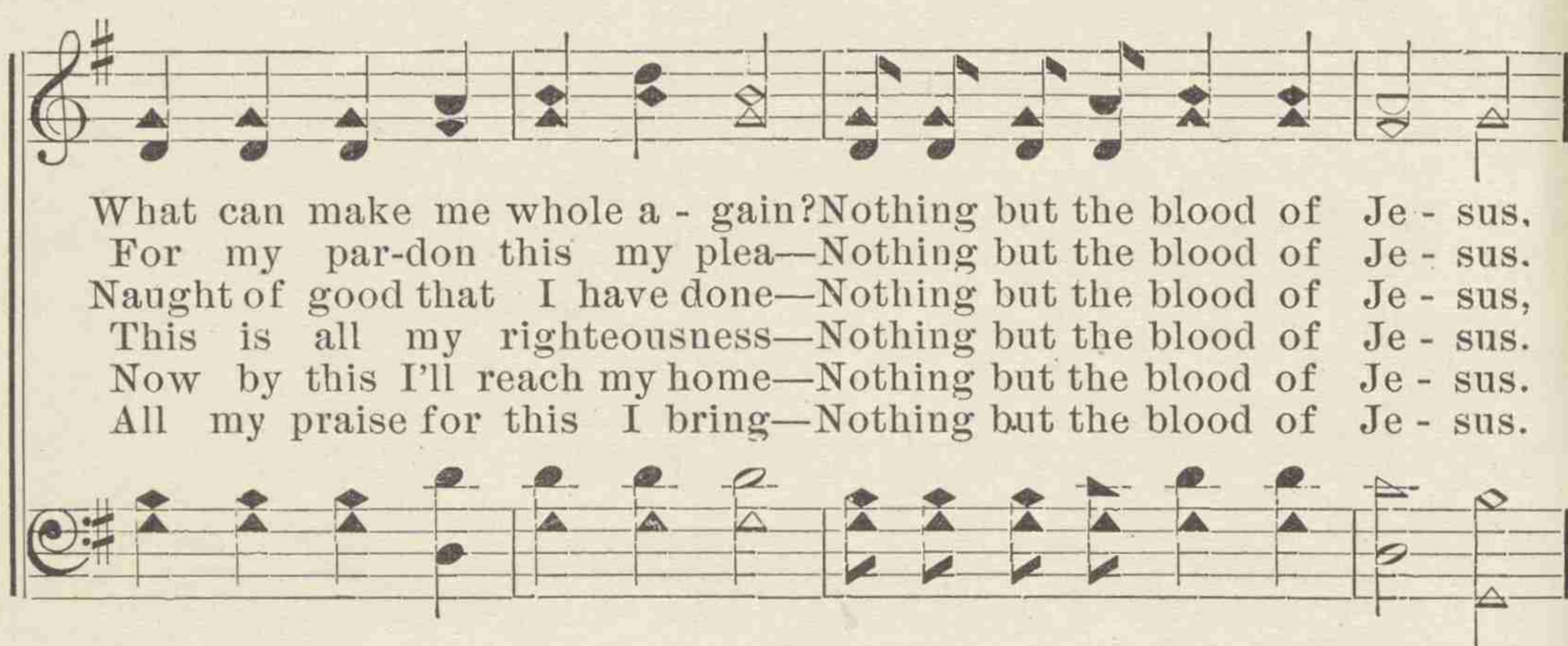
"Without shedding of blood there is no remission."—Heb. 9: 22.

R. L.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

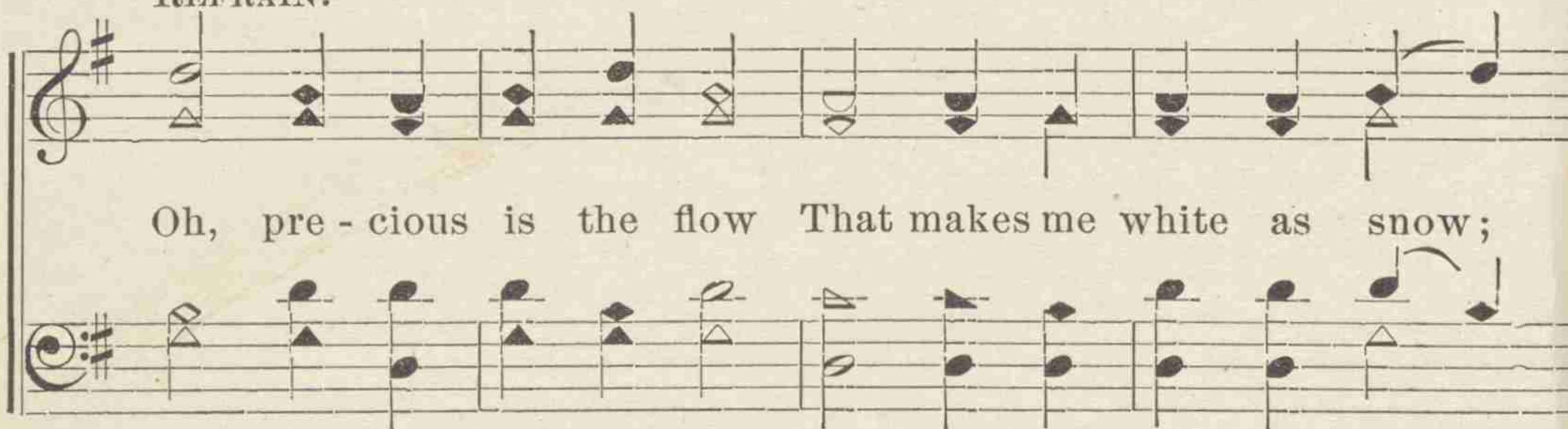


1. What can wash a - way my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
 2. For my cleansing this I see— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
 3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
 4. This is all my hope and peace— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
 5. Now by this I'll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

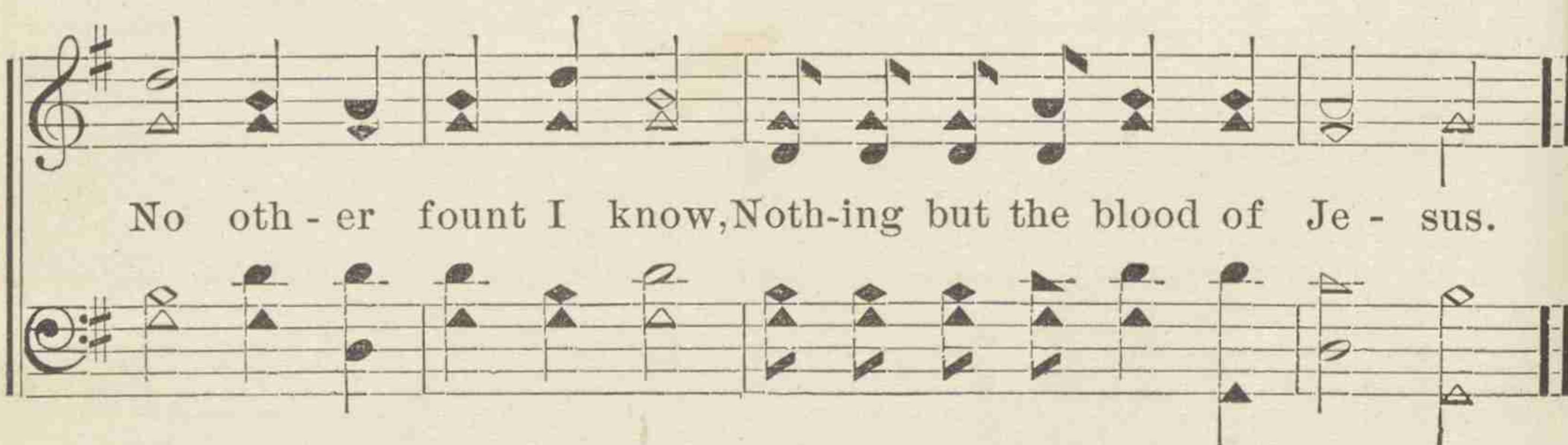


What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 For my par - don this my plea— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 Naught of good that I have done— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus,
 This is all my righteousness— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 Now by this I'll reach my home— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 All my praise for this I bring— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.



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



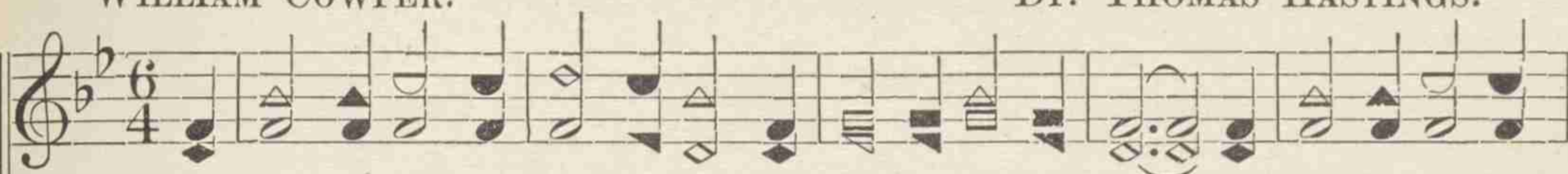
No oth - er fount I know, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

No. 171. O for a Closer Walk with God.

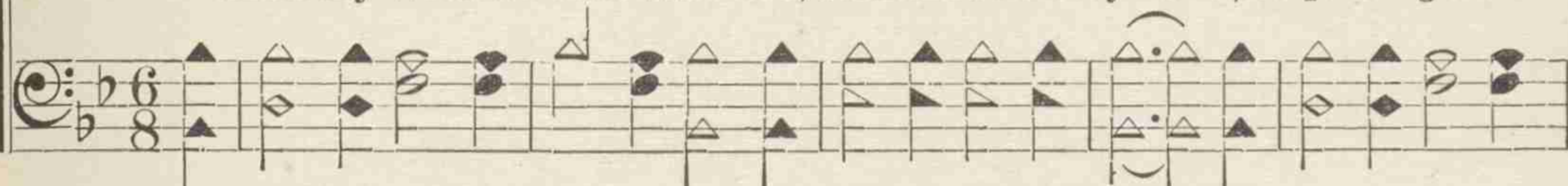
"Walk in the spirit."—Gal. 5: 16.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. O for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame; A light to shine up-
2. Re-turn, O ho-ly Dove, return, Sweet messenger of rest! I hate the sins that
3. The dearest idol I have known, Whate'er that i-dol be, Help me to tear it
4. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer light shall



on the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!
made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast, And drove Thee from my breast.
from Thy throne, And worship on - ly Thee, And worship on - ly Thee.
mark the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb.

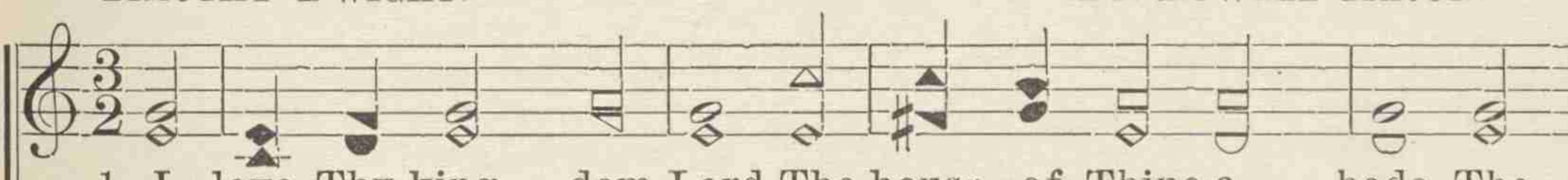


No. 172. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

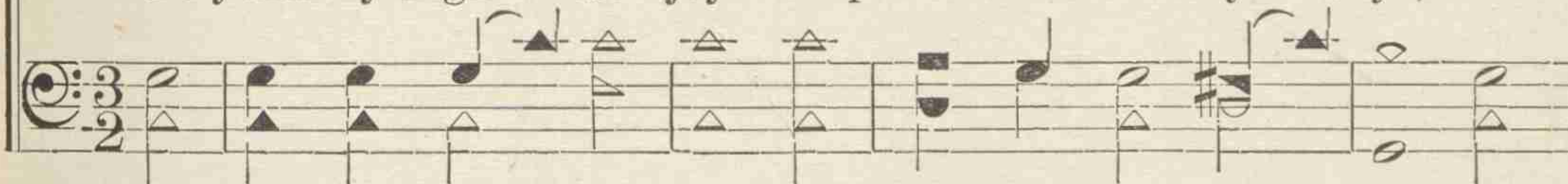
"If I forget Thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."—Psa. 137: 5, 6.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode, The
2. I love Thy church, O God; Her walls be - fore Thee stand, Dear
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - cend; To
4. Be-yond my high - est joy I prize her heavenly ways, Her



church our blest Re - deem-er saved, With His own pre - cious blood.
as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav-en on Thy hand.
her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
sweet commun - ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

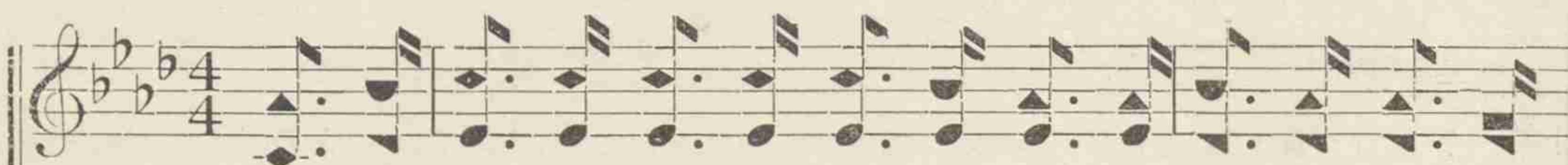


No. 173. When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

B. M. J.

"That where I am there, ye may be also —John 14: 3.

J. M. BLACK.



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




more, And the morning breaks e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the
 rise, And the glo-ry of His res-ur-rec-tion share; When His
 sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care, Then when



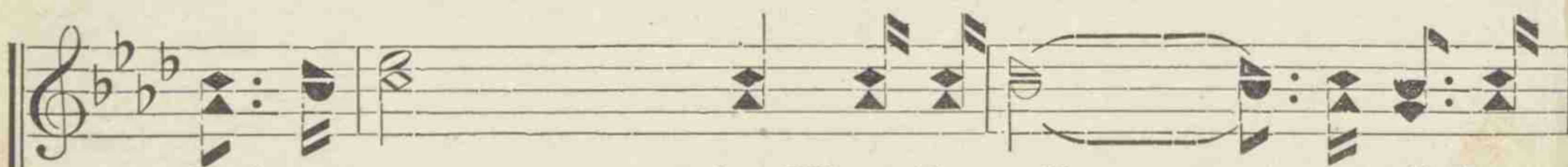

saved of earth shall gather o-ver on the oth-er shore, And the
 chos-en ones shall gather to their homes beyond the skies, And the
 all of life is o-ver and our work on earth is done, And the



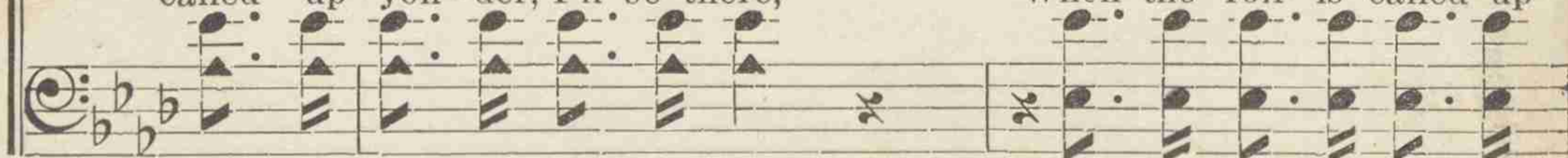
CHORUS.



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

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



When the Roll is Called up Yonder.



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

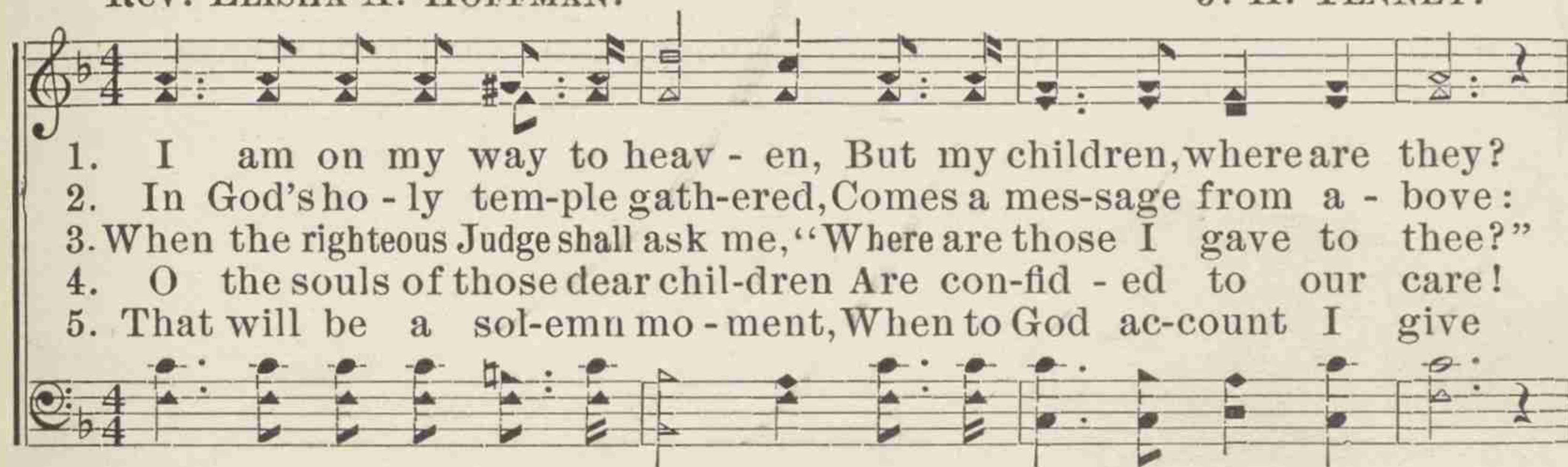
No. 174.

Take Your Children.

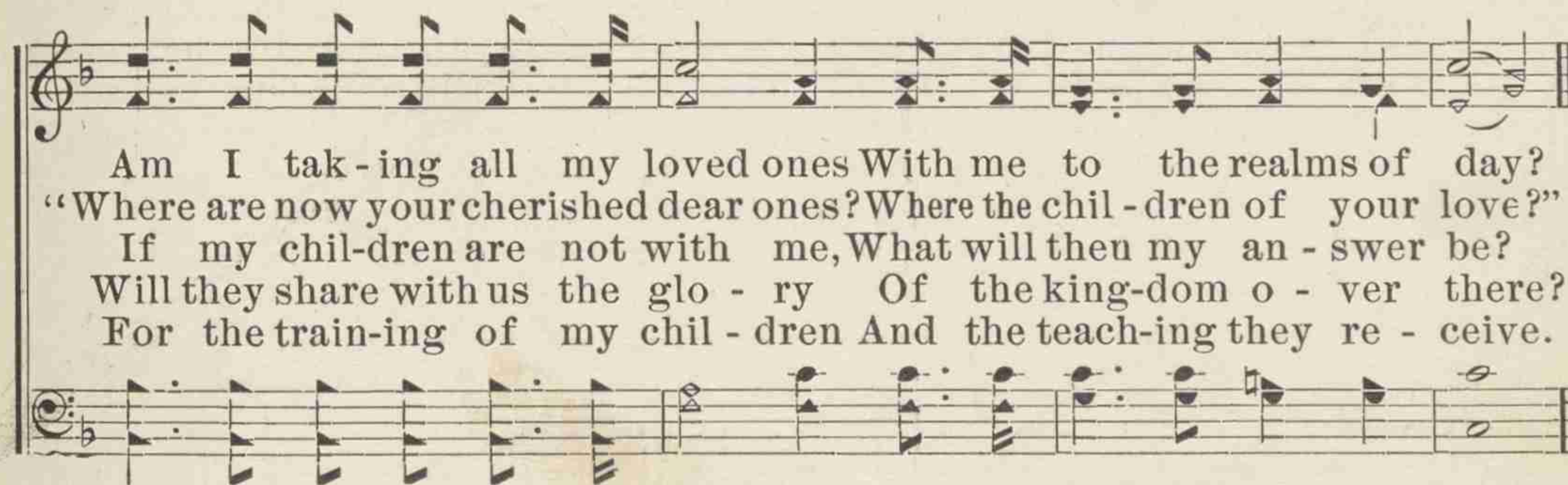
"But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."—Josh. 24: 15.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

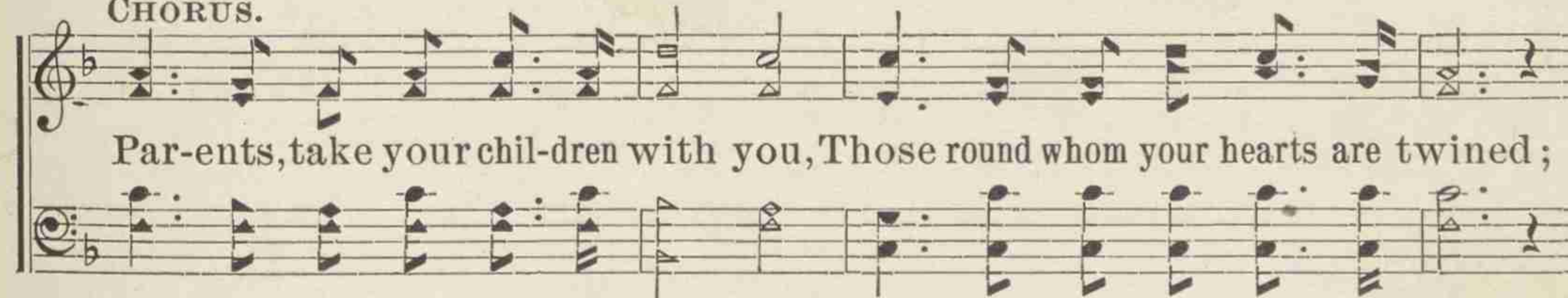


1. I am on my way to heav - en, But my children, where are they?
2. In God's ho - ly tem - ple gath - ered, Comes a mes - sage from a - bove:
3. When the righteous Judge shall ask me, "Where are those I gave to thee?"
4. O the souls of those dear chil - dren Are con - fid - ed to our care!
5. That will be a sol - emn mo - ment, When to God ac - count I give

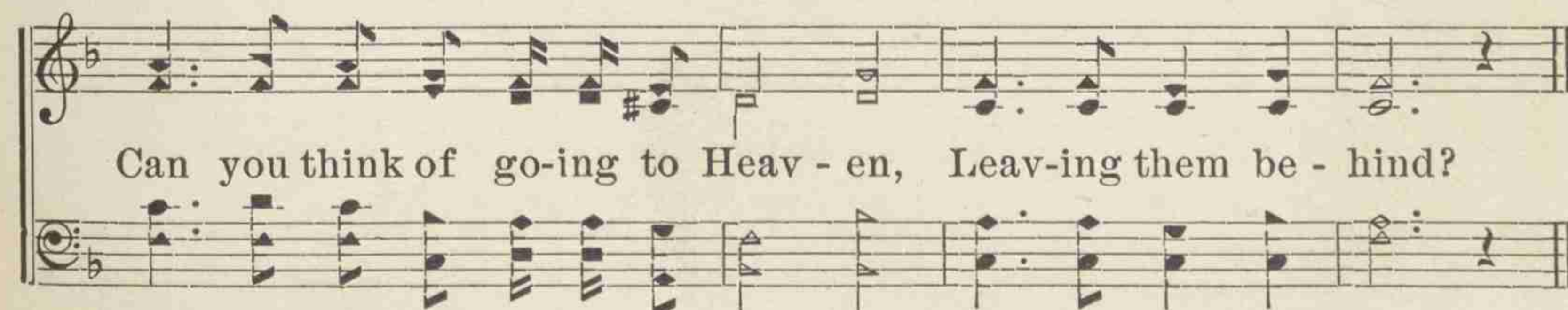


Am I tak - ing all my loved ones With me to the realms of day?
 "Where are now your cherished dear ones? Where the chil - dren of your love?"
 If my chil - dren are not with me, What will then my an - swer be?
 Will they share with us the glo - ry Of the king - dom o - ver there?
 For the train - ing of my chil - dren And the teach - ing they re - ceive.

CHORUS.



Par - ents, take your chil - dren with you, Those round whom your hearts are twined;



Can you think of go - ing to Heav - en, Leav - ing them be - hind?

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No. 175.

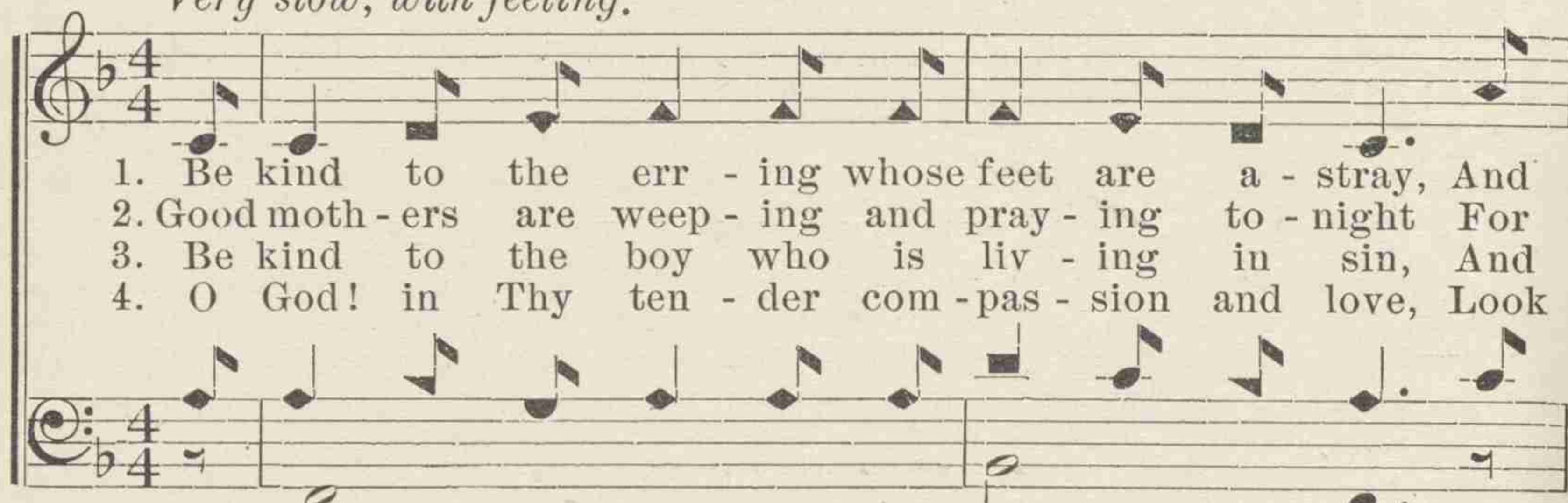
Some Mother's Child.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah 1: 18.

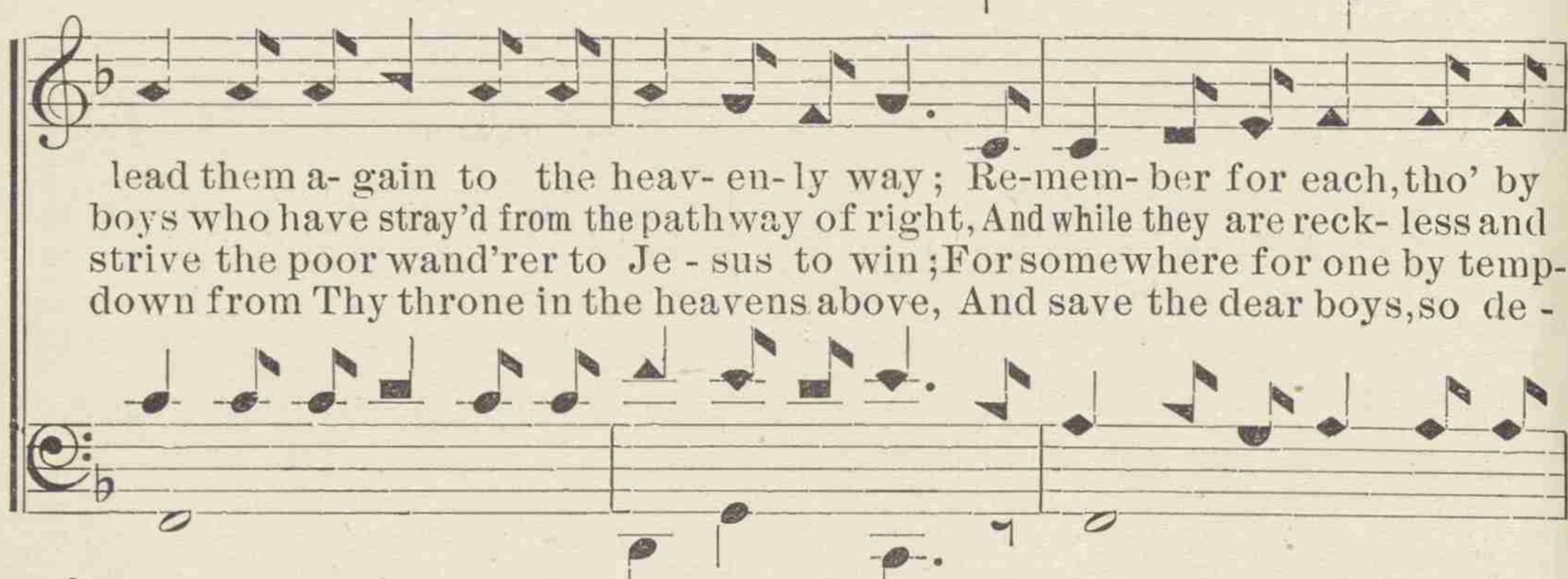
Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

A. F. MYERS.

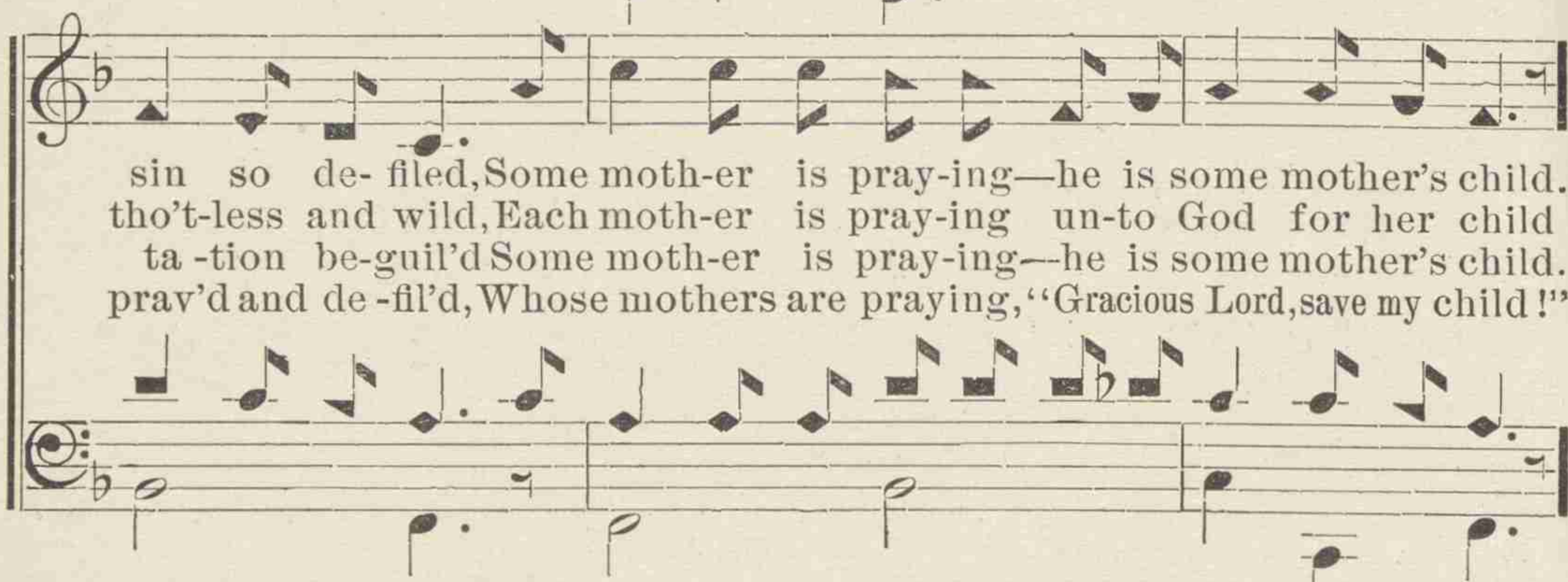
Very slow, with feeling.



1. Be kind to the err - ing whose feet are a - stray, And
 2. Good moth - ers are weep - ing and pray - ing to - night For
 3. Be kind to the boy who is liv - ing in sin, And
 4. O God! in Thy ten - der com - pas - sion and love, Look



lead them a - gain to the heav - en - ly way; Re - mem - ber for each, tho' by
 boys who have stray'd from the pathway of right, And while they are reck - less and
 strive the poor wand'rer to Je - sus to win; For somewhere for one by temp -
 down from Thy throne in the heavens above, And save the dear boys, so de -



sin so de - filed, Some moth - er is pray - ing—he is some mother's child.
 tho't - less and wild, Each moth - er is pray - ing un - to God for her child
 ta - tion be - guil'd Some moth - er is pray - ing—he is some mother's child.
 pray'd and de - fil'd, Whose mothers are praying, "Gracious Lord, save my child!"

CHORUS.



Some mother's child, some mother's child, Remember each wand'rer is some mother's child;



Some mother's child, some mother's child, Remember each wand'rer is some mother's child.

No. 176.

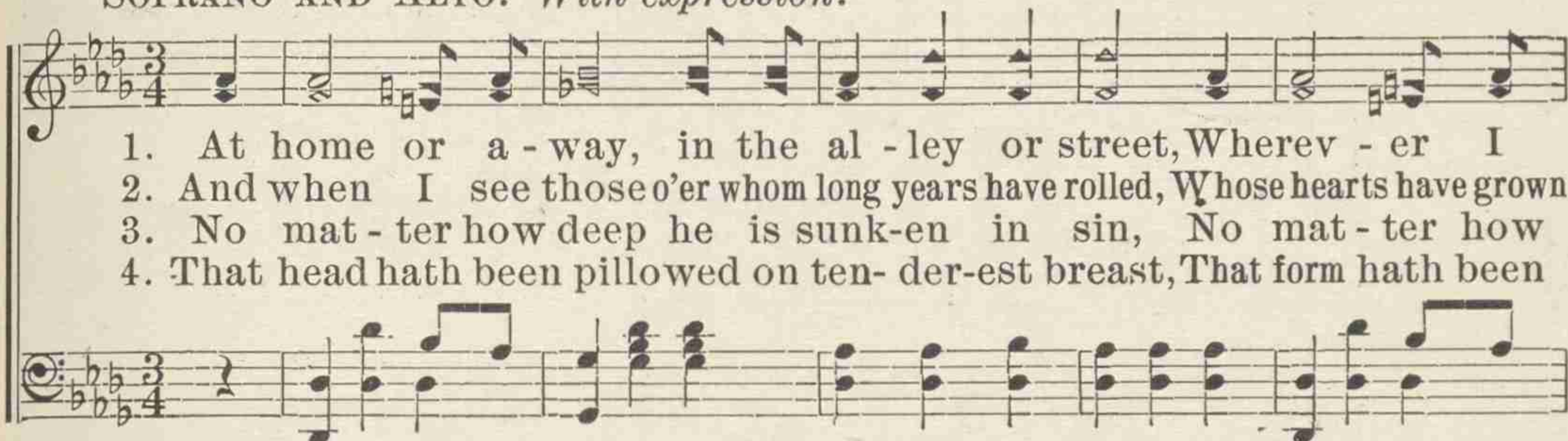
Some Mother's Child.

"He that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—1 John 6: 37.

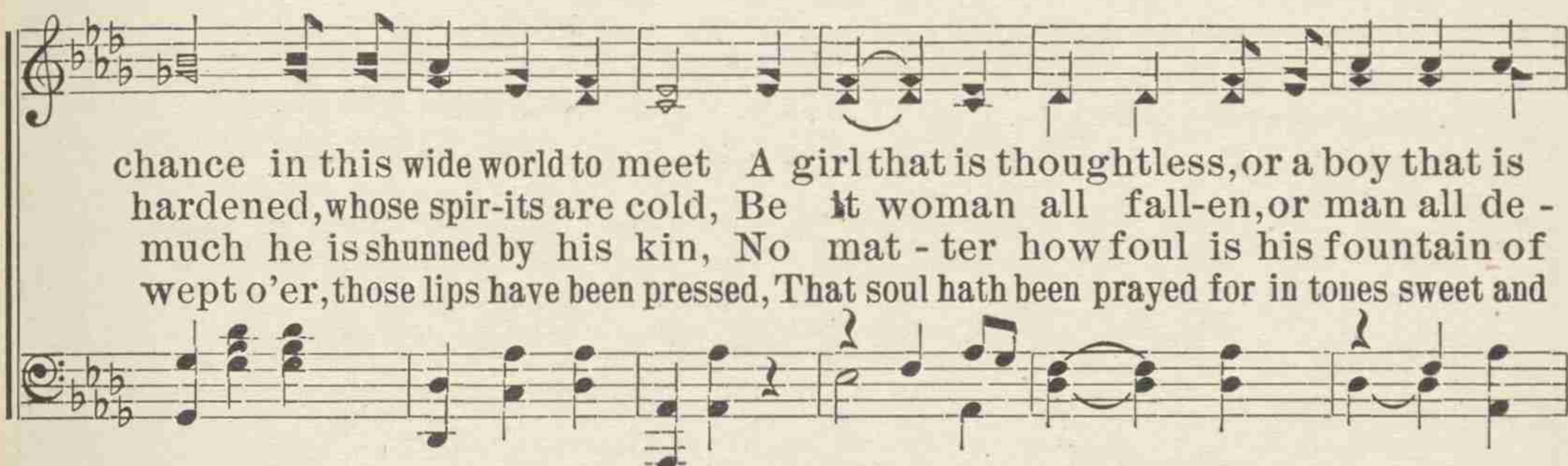
(SOLO OR DUET.)

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, by per.

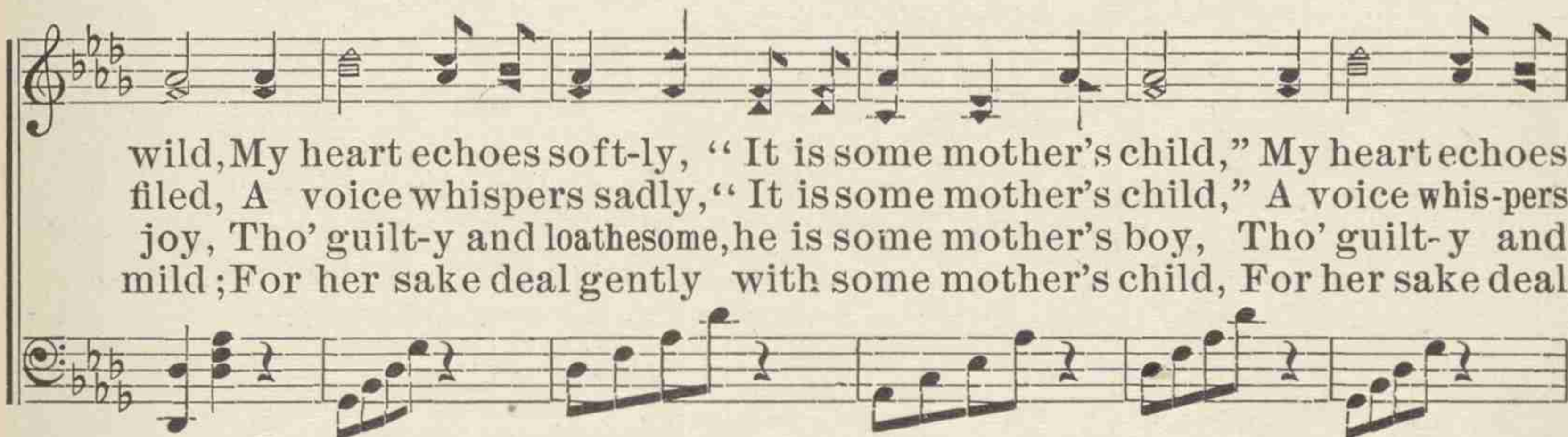
SOPRANO AND ALTO. *With expression.*



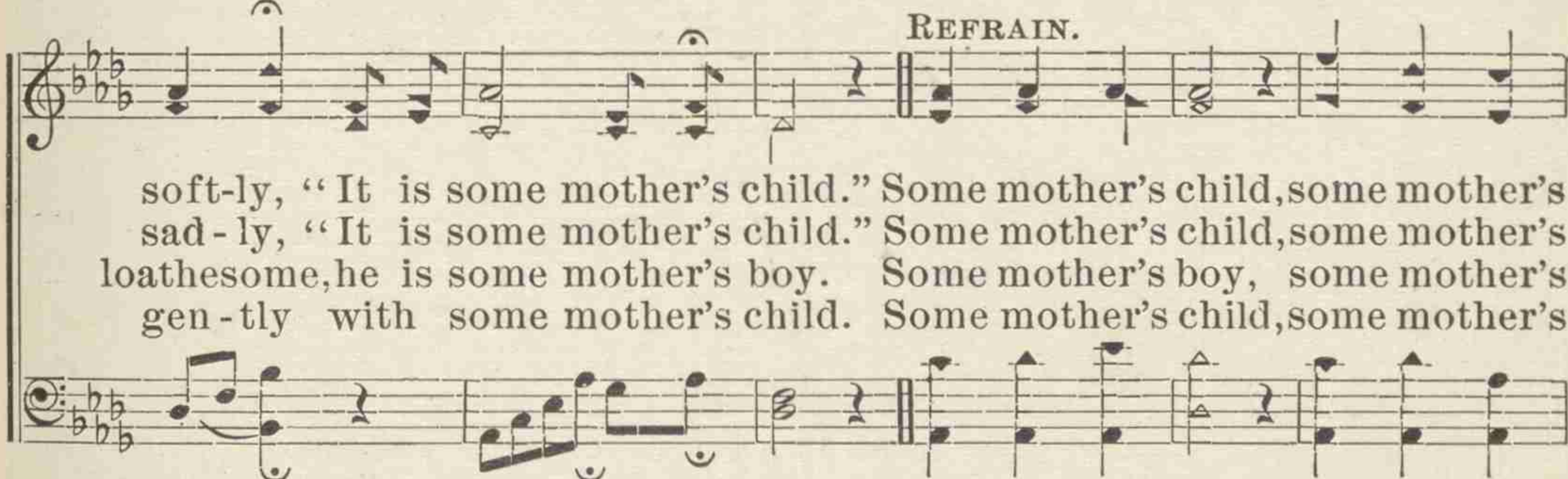
1. At home or a-way, in the al-ley or street, Wherev-er I
 2. And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled, Whose hearts have grown
 3. No mat-ter how deep he is sunk-en in sin, No mat-ter how
 4. That head hath been pillowed on ten-der-est breast, That form hath been



chance in this wide world to meet A girl that is thoughtless, or a boy that is
 hardened, whose spir-its are cold, Be it woman all fall-en, or man all de-
 much he is shunned by his kin, No mat-ter how foul is his fountain of
 wept o'er, those lips have been pressed, That soul hath been prayed for in tones sweet and

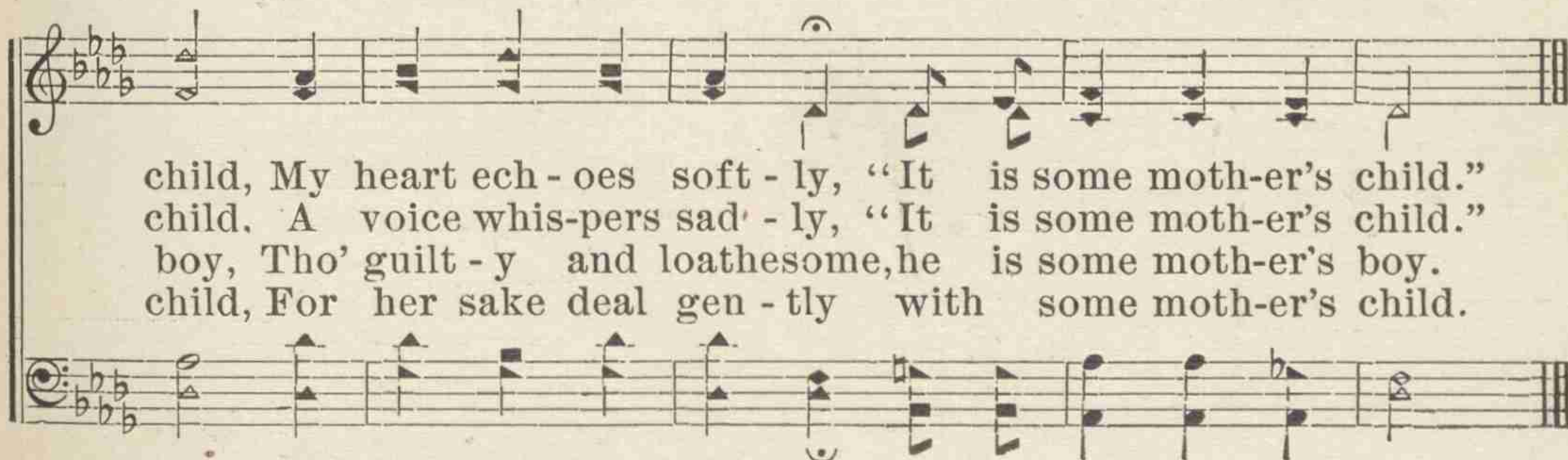


wild, My heart echoes soft-ly, "It is some mother's child," My heart echoes
 filed, A voice whispers sadly, "It is some mother's child," A voice whis-pers
 joy, Tho' guilt-y and loathesome, he is some mother's boy, Tho' guilt-y and
 mild; For her sake deal gently with some mother's child, For her sake deal



REFRAIN.

soft-ly, "It is some mother's child." Some mother's child, some mother's
 sad-ly, "It is some mother's child." Some mother's child, some mother's
 loathesome, he is some mother's boy. Some mother's boy, some mother's
 gen-tly with some mother's child. Some mother's child, some mother's



child, My heart ech-oes soft-ly, "It is some moth-er's child."
 child, A voice whis-pers sad-ly, "It is some moth-er's child."
 boy, Tho' guilt-y and loathesome, he is some moth-er's boy.
 child, For her sake deal gen-tly with some moth-er's child.

No. 177. Does Mother Know I'm Saved?

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed."—Prov. 21: 28.

EDWIN L. WATTS.

Introduction and Interlude.

IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

Lento.

ben sostenuto.

1. Moth-er oft - en prayed for me in the days of long a - go, When the
2. Yes, she prayed that God would give but this one transcendent boon, That her
3. How much pain and grief I gave where her life I might have cheered, And how
4. Christ the Saviour called her home, but the "still, small Voice" remained, Ev - er

cres -

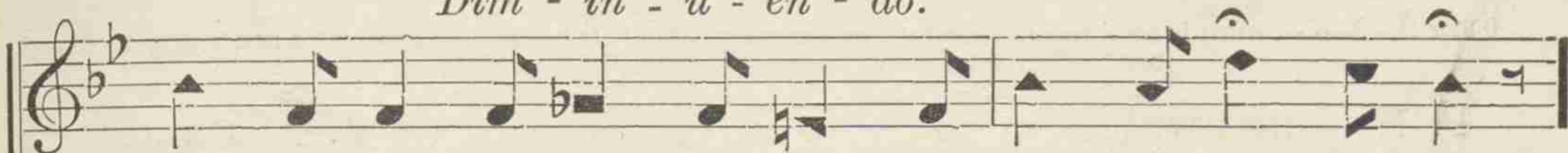
sum-mer sun was shin-ing with a bright and lustrous glow; Oh! how
boy would come to Je - sus glad - ly, will - ing - ly, and soon; But her
sor - row - ful her spir - it as the Jor - dan shore sheneared; But my
plead-ing and be-seeching till an - oth - er soul was gained; Now an -

cen - - - do.

oft - en she was grieved, and how oft - en she was sad; For her
eye grew dim with tears, and she slept be-neath the sod, Ere she
heart was ver - y hard, with no "bro-ken spir - it" there, When the
oth - er pil - grim turns long-ing eyes to Heav - en's gate, Where a

Does Mother Know I'm Saved?

Dim - in - u - en - do.



darl - ing boy was wand'ring, and her heart could not be glad.
gained the asked-for bless-ing of her darl - ing's peace with God.
gen - tle Sav - iour called her to her home so bright and fair.
moth - er, at the por - tals, does her darl - ing one a - wait.

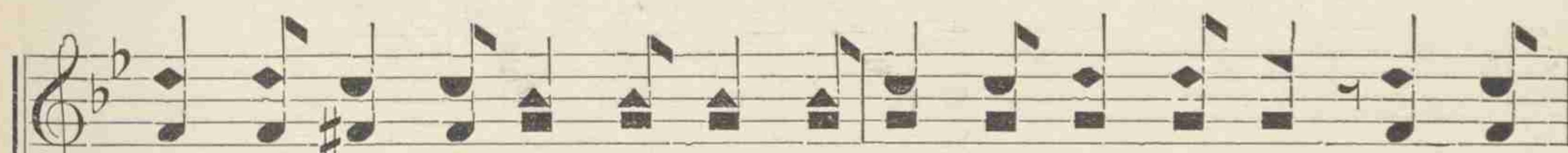
CHORUS.



1,2,3. Does moth-er know I'm sav'd? Is she hap - pier in her home That my
4. Yes, moth-er knows I'm sav'd, And all heav'n is glad with joy; And a



rit. *a tempo.*
foot-steps now no long-er in the paths of dark-ness roam? In the
glo-rious welcome wait-eth for her saved and ransom'd boy; And I'll



home of love e - ter - nal, is she hap - pi - er to - day, That her
soon go home to see her on the bright e - ter - nal plain, Where we'll



darl - ing's feet no long - er on the des - ert moun-tains stray?
meet in glad re - un - ion, nev - er - more to part a - gain.

No. 178. Again We'll Never Pass This Way.

"For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his home, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work."—Mark 13: 34.

P. H. BRISTOW.

W. A. OGDEN.

Andante.

SOLO.

1. Do you hear the Saviour pleading, hear Him pleading?
2. Out up- on the mountains dreary, cold and drea-ry,
3. Ev-'ry day some soul is dy - ing, yes, is dy - ing,

pp QUARTET.

hear Him pleading?
cold and dreary,
yes, is dy - ing,

"Go ye forth in - to my vine - yard day by day;
There are souls that may be wait - ing just for you;
On the mountains where they lin - ger, far a - way;

pp QUARTET.

day by day;
just for you;
far a - way;

Again We'll Never Pass This Way.



Go ye forth, I will be with you in - ter - ced - ing, (in - ter - ced - ing,)
 May be wait - ing near your pathway, oh, so wea - ry; (oh, so wea - ry;)
 While the Mas - ter on your-self may be re - ly - ing, (be re - ly - ing,)
pp QUARTET.



That some soul may from the dark - ness turn a - way." (turn a - way.)
 Will you not go out and tell them God is true? (God is true?)
 That He gets the in - vi - ta - tion while 'tis day. (while 'tis day.)
pp QUARTET.



f CHORUS. Response. Allegro.



cres.

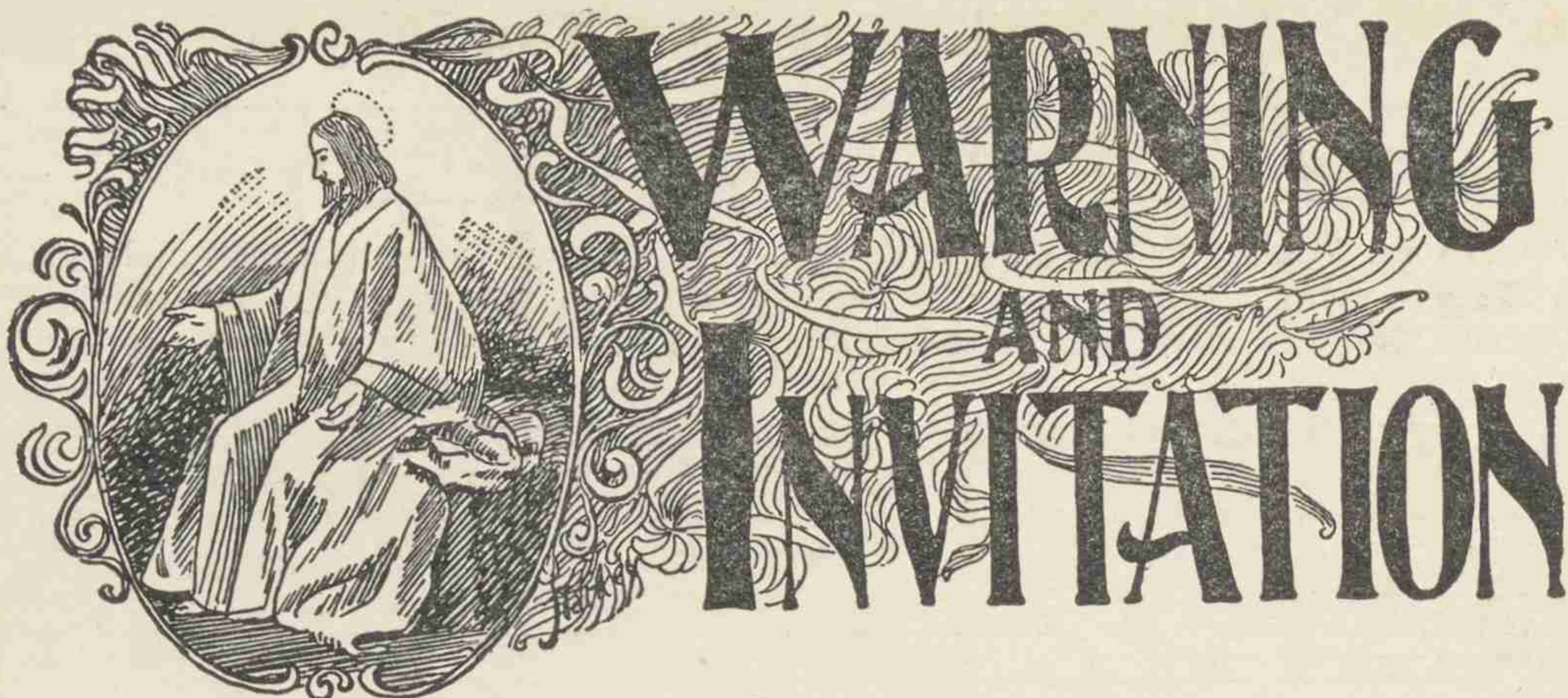


take the words of Je - sus as our stay; And to lift a fall - en broth - er



we'll endeav - or, For we know we ne'er a - gain may pass this way, (this way.)





"He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him; the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day."—Jno. 12: 48.

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

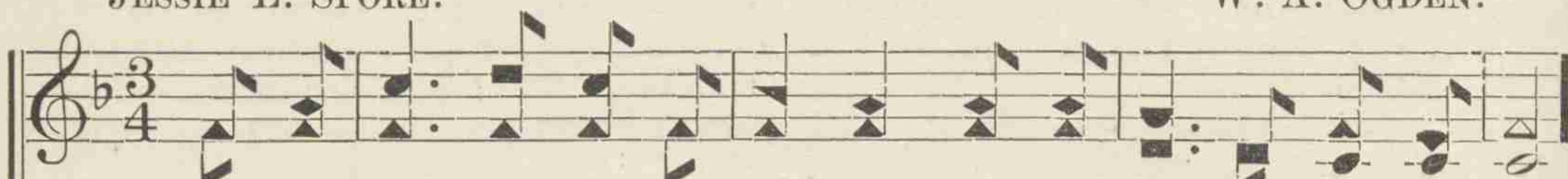
No. 179.

He Calleth Thee.

"Rise, he calleth thee."—Mark 10: 49.

JESSIE L. SPORE.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. Hark, I hear the Sav-iour call-ing, "All ye wea-ry, come to Me!
2. "I will make thy bur-den light-er, I will give thee rest from pain,
3. Heed the voice that gen-tly calls thee, Heed be-fore it is too late;



To that foun-tain flow-ing free-ly—Flow-ing free-ly now for thee."
I will make thy path-way bright-er, Sin shall smite thee ne'er a-gain."
Or at last when death shall claim thee, Thou shalt stand out-side the gate.



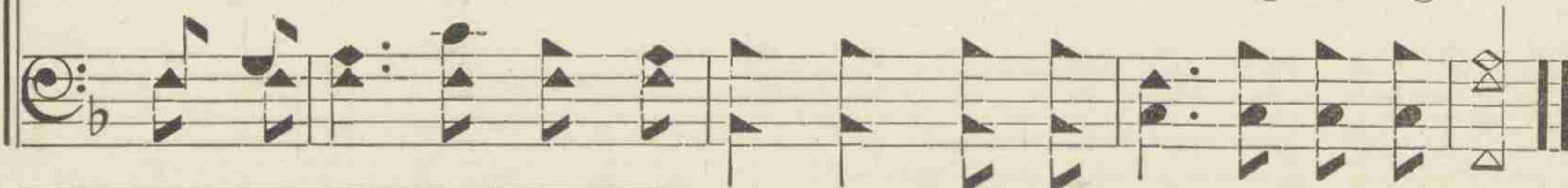
CHORUS.



"Come to Me, and I will save thee;" List to Je-sus' gen-tle call;



"I will par-don, cleanse, re-deem thee;" Hear the lov-ing message fall.

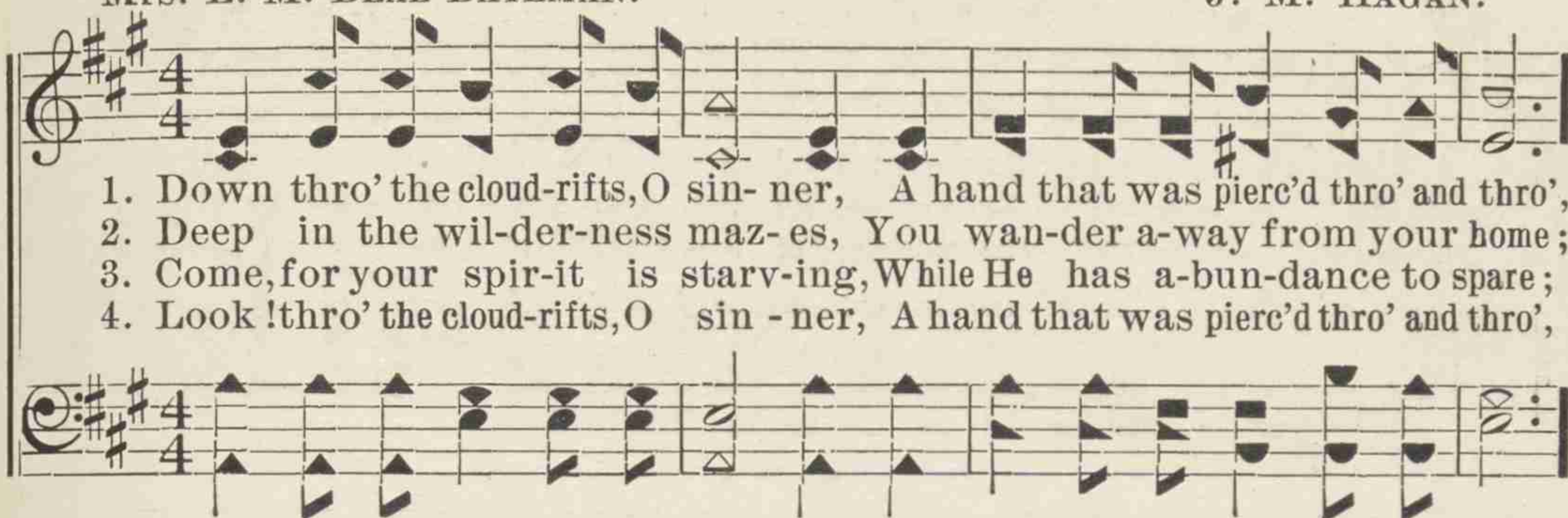


No. 180. Your Saviour is Reaching to You.

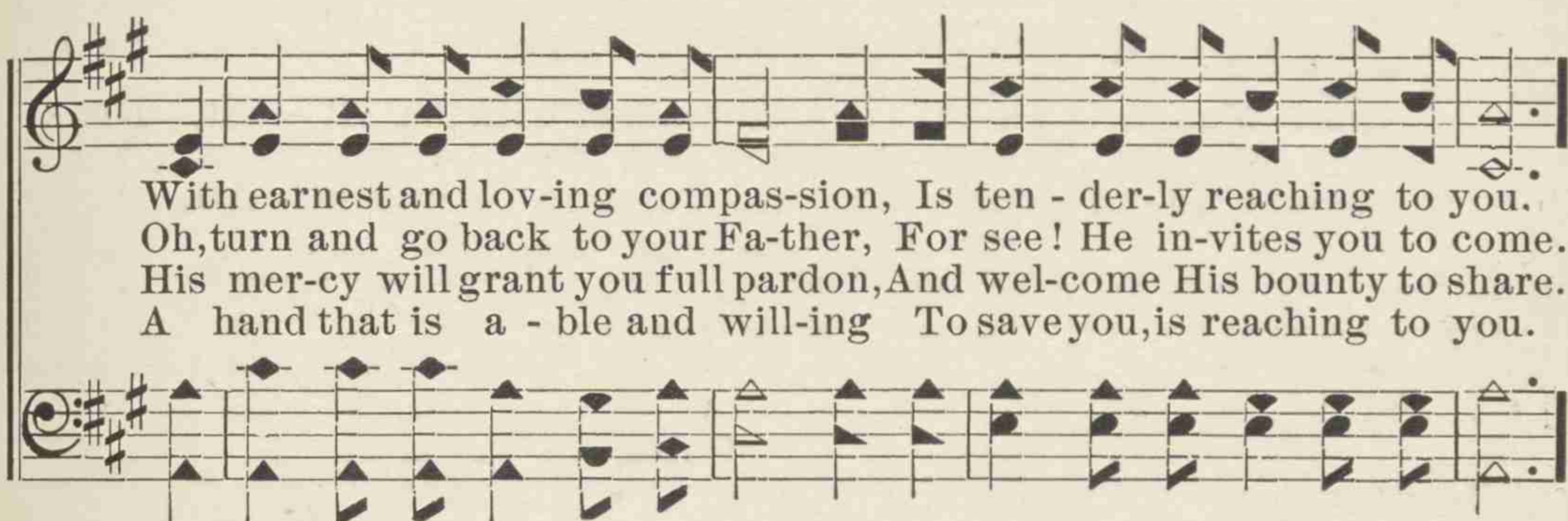
"I the Lord have called thee . . . and will hold thine hand."—Isaiah 42: 6.

Mrs. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

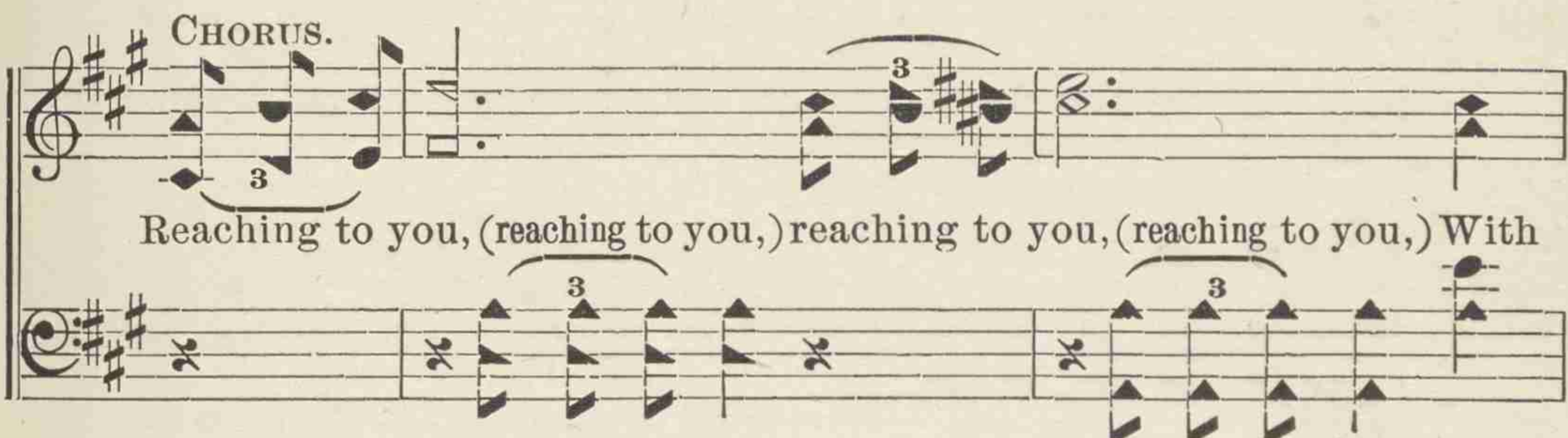
J. M. HAGAN.



1. Down thro' the cloud-rifts, O sin-ner, A hand that was pierc'd thro' and thro',
 2. Deep in the wil-der-ness maz-es, You wan-der a-way from your home;
 3. Come, for your spir-it is starv-ing, While He has a-bun-dance to spare;
 4. Look !thro' the cloud-rifts, O sin - ner, A hand that was pierc'd thro' and thro',



With earnest and lov-ing compas-sion, Is ten - der-ly reaching to you.
 Oh, turn and go back to your Fa-ther, For see! He in-vites you to come.
 His mer-cy will grant you full pardon, And wel-come His bounty to share.
 A hand that is a - ble and will-ing To save you, is reaching to you.



CHORUS.
 Reaching to you, (reaching to you,) reaching to you, (reaching to you,) With



love that is bound-less and true. Oh! say not some oth - er is



meant by the to - ken; Your Sav - iour is reach - ing for you.

No. 181. Hast Thou Heard of Jesus.

"Behold, the half was not told."—1 Kings 10: 7.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. Hast thou heard of that won-der-ful Je-sus, Who dwelt among sinners, a
 2. Hast thou heard of that won-der-ful Je-sus, Re-ject-ed by sinners of
 3. Hast thou heard of that won-der-ful Je-sus, Who dwells with the lowly in



God? Who in pu-ri-ty walked with the vil-est, Dis-
 old? He is wait-ing to-day to be gra-cious, Yet
 heart? With the hum-ble He walks in com-mun-ion, And

CHORUS.



pens-ing His fa-vors a-broad? Oh that won-der-ful, wonder-ful
 slight-ed by numbers un-told.
 grace He will free-ly im-part.



Je-sus! He left the bright glo-ry a-bove, On a



world in its sin and its ru-in, To pour out His in-fi-nite love.

No. 182.

The Precious Invitation.

"To-day if ye will hear his voice."—Heb. 3: 15.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

3rd stanza by J. M. H.

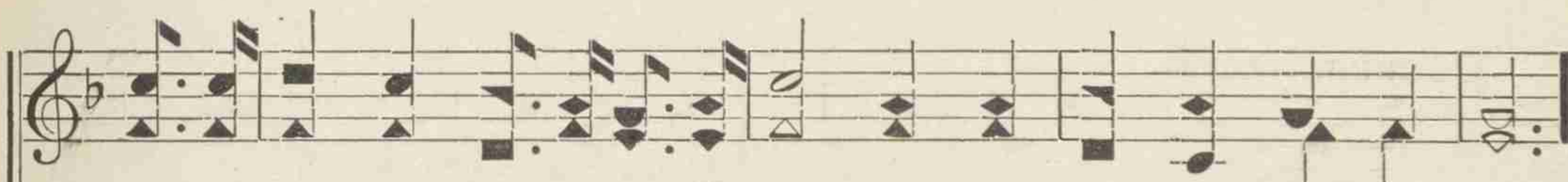
J. M. HAGAN.



1. Come to Je - sus, weary, troubled wand'rer, And He will give you rest;
2. Come to Je - sus, tar-ry not a mo-ment! He calls you; come to - day.
3. Come to Je - sus, hear Him gently call - ing, Oh, come with-out de - lay;



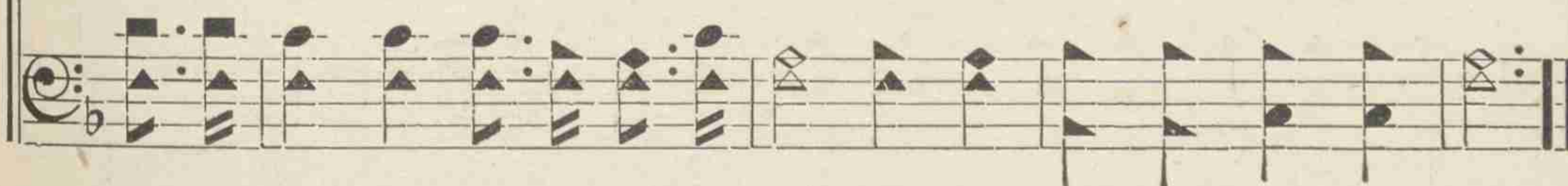
Bring your burdens all to Him who loves you, He longs to make you blest.
Let His mer-cies win your heart forev - er! From sin oh, turn a - way!
Take my yoke and be ye faithful foll'wers, Has-ten while yet 'tis day.



Do not fear to trust His precious promise, No one e'er came in vain;
He is wait - ing, waiting to re-ceive you, His life for you He gave;
He will heal thy ev-er-wounded spir - it; He'll wipe a - way thy tears;



He will wash a - way your sins and cleanse you From ev - 'ry guil - ty stain.
Oh, be-lieve Him! yield in true submis-sion; He pleads your soul to save.
He will wash thy sins, tho' red as crim-son, And move all doubts and fears.



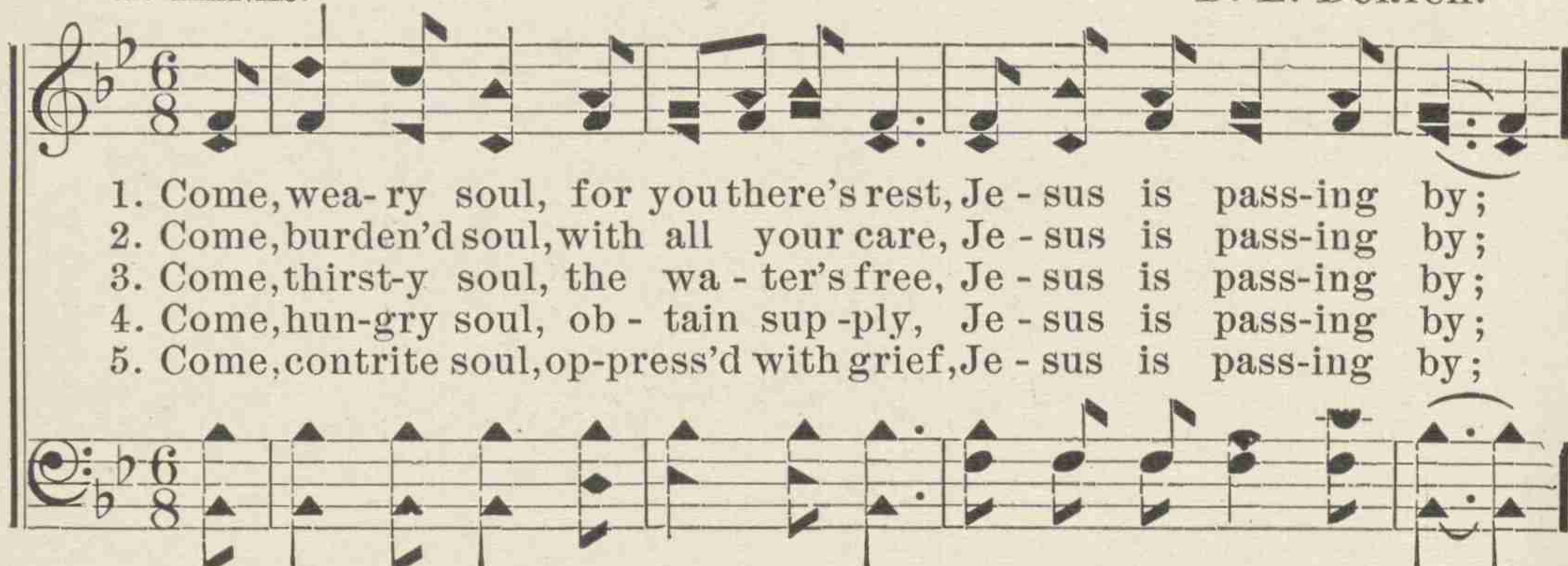
No. 183.

Jesus is Passing By.

"He was to pass that way."—Luke 19: 4.

E. HANKS.

D. E. DORTCH.



1. Come, wea-ry soul, for you there's rest, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
 2. Come, burden'd soul, with all your care, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
 3. Come, thirst-y soul, the wa - ter's free, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
 4. Come, hun-gry soul, ob - tain sup-ply, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
 5. Come, contrite soul, op-press'd with grief, Je - sus is pass-ing by;



Come, lean your head on Je - sus' breast, Je - sus is pass-ing by.
 Your heav - y cross-es He will bear, Je - sus is pass-ing by.
 The foun-tain's fill'd from Cal - va - ry, Je - sus is pass-ing by.
 The bread of life will sat - is - fy, Je - sus is pass-ing by.
 The Lord will give you sweet re - lief, Je - sus is pass-ing by.

CHORUS.



Je - sus is pass-ing by, . . . Je - sus is pass-ing by; . . . Oh,
 Je - sus is pass-ing, pass - ing by, Je - sus is pass-ing, pass-ing by;



haste a - way, Make no de - lay, Je - sus is pass-ing by. . .
 pass-ing by.

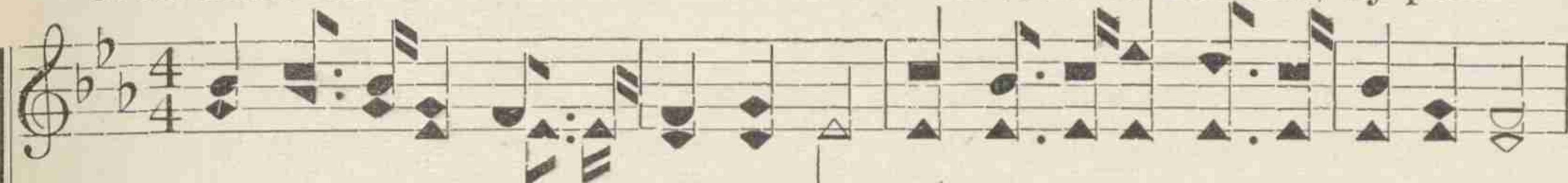
No. 184.

When the King Comes in.

"And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment: and he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment? And he was speechless."—Matt. 22: 11, 12.

J. E. LANDOR.

Rev. E. S. LORENZ, by per.



1. Called to the feast by the King are we, Sitting, perhaps, where His people be,
2. Crown on the head where the thorns have been, Glorified He who once died for men,
3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both friends and foe,
4. Joyful His eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding garments dressed,
5. End-less the part-ing of kin-dred then, Bitter the cry of de-lud-ed men,
6. Lord, grant us all, we implore Thee, grace, So to await Thee each in his place,



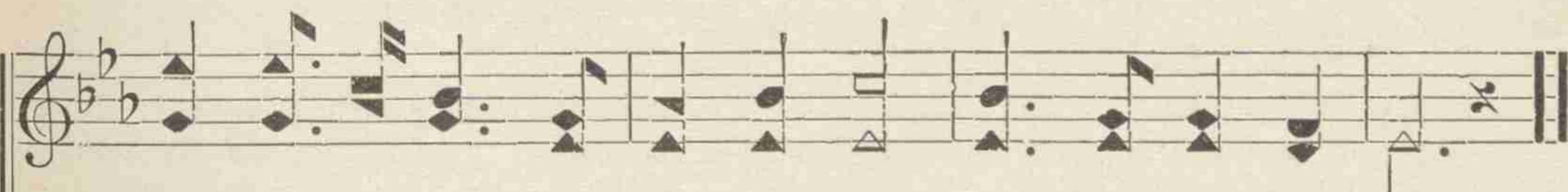
How will it fare, friend, with thee and me, When the King comes in?
 Splendid the vis - ion be - fore us then, When the King comes in.
 Just what we are will each neighbor know, When the King comes in.
 Ah, well for us if we stand the test, When the King comes in.
 Aw - ful that mo - ment be - yond all ken, When the King comes in.
 That we may fear not to see Thy face, When the King comes in.



REFRAIN.



When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes in;



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



No. 185.

Three Warnings.

"My spirit shall not always strive with man."—Gen. 6: 3.

Rev. W. T. DALE.

CHAS. E. POLLOCK.



1. Re-sist not the Spir- it, but yield to Him now, In mer- cy He calls
2. Oh! quench not the Spirit, His grace from above Will warm thy affec-
3. Oh! grieve not the Spirit, He stands at the door, He waits to be gra-



thee, come, sin - ner, and bow; No long - er re - sist Him, no
tions, and cause thee to love; Thy heart, which is froz - en, shall
cious, He'll save thee this hour; How long He's been wait - ing, how



long- er de- lay, He pleads with Thee gently, He's pleading to-day.
glow as the flame, Thy spir - it, when ransom'd, His love shall proclaim.
long must He wait? O sin - ner! this moment may close Mercy's gate.



CHORUS.

Re - sist	not the Spir	- - - it, re - sist
Oh! quench	not the Spir	- - - it, Oh! quench
Oh! grieve	not the Spir	- - - it, Oh! grieve



Re - sist not the Spir- it, Re-sist Him not now, Re - sist not the Spir-
Oh! quench not the Spir- it, Oh! quench Him not now, Oh! quench not the Spir-
Oh! grieve not the Spir- it, Oh! grieve Him not now, Oh! grieve not the Spir-



Him not now, In mer - - - cy He



it, re - sist Him not now, In mer - cy He calls thee, in
it, Oh! quench Him not now, In mer - cy He draws thee, in
it, Oh! grieve Him not now, In mer - cy He warns thee, in



Three Warnings.

calls
draw
warns

thee; come, sin - - - ner, and bow.
thee; come, sin - - - ner, and bow.
thee; come, sin - - - ner, and bow.

mer - cy He calls thee; Come, sin - - - ner, come, sin - ner, and bow.
mer - cy He draws thee; Come, sin - - - ner, come, sin - ner, and bow.
mer - cy He warns thee; Come, sin - - - ner, come, sin - ner, and bow.

Come, sin-ner, come, sin - ner, and bow.

No. 186.

Why Not To-night?

"Behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

(Effective as a Solo.)

Dr. HORATIUS BONAR.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

1. Oh! do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes a-against the light;
2. To-morrow's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight;
3. The world has nothing left to give, It has no new, no pure de - light;
4. Our bless-ed Lord re - fus - es none, Who would to Him their souls u - nite;

Oh, broth-er, hard - en not your heart; Thou wouldst be saved, Why not to-night?
This is the time! Oh then be wise! Thou wouldst be saved, Why not to-night?
Oh, try the life that Chris-tians live! Thou wouldst be saved, Why not to-night?
Then be the work of grace be-gun, Thou wouldst be saved, WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

REFRAIN.

Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou wouldst be saved, Why not to-night?

Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou wouldst be saved, Why not to-night?

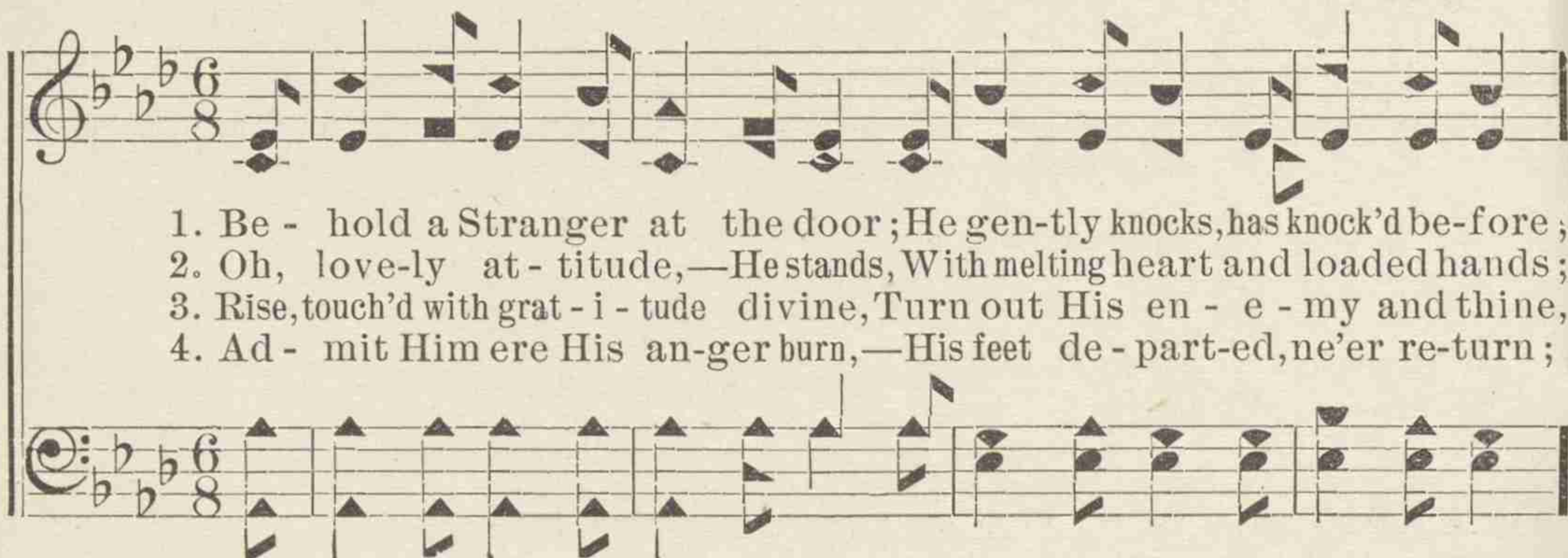
No. 187.

Let Him Come in.

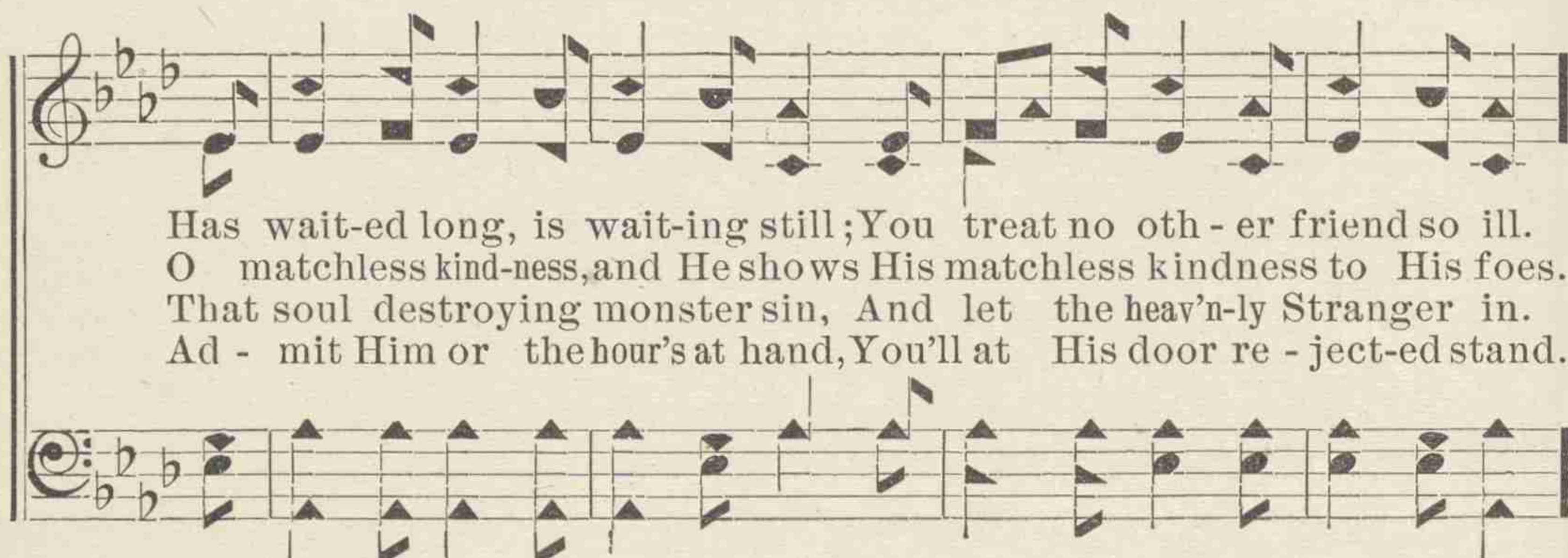
"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

Rev. J. GRIGG.

C. C. LUTHER.



1. Be - hold a Stranger at the door; He gen - tly knocks, has knock'd be - fore;
 2. Oh, love - ly at - titude, — He stands, With melting heart and loaded hands;
 3. Rise, touch'd with grat - i - tude divine, Turn out His en - e - my and thine,
 4. Ad - mit Him ere His an - ger burn, — His feet de - part - ed, ne'er re - turn;



Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
 O matchless kind - ness, and He shows His matchless kindness to His foes.
 That soul destroying monster sin, And let the heav'n - ly Stranger in.
 Ad - mit Him or the hour's at hand, You'll at His door re - ject - ed stand.

REFRAIN.

Oh, let . . . Him come in, . . . Oh, let . . . Him come in, . . .



Oh, let Him come in, Oh, let Him come in, Oh, let Him come in, Oh, let Him come in;

let the dear Saviour come in.



Keep Him no more out - side the door, But let Him come in, oh, let Him come in.

let the dear Saviour come in.

No. 188.

Linger no Longer.

"Turn ye, turn ye—for why will ye die?"—Eze. 33: 11.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Lin-ger no lon-ger, Je - sus is wait-ing, Wait-ing to cleanse your soul;
2. Lin-ger no lon-ger, an - gels are wait-ing, Wait-ing to see you come;
3. Lin-ger no lon-ger, lov'd ones are wait-ing, Wait-ing the while they pray;
4. Lin-ger no lon-ger, mer - cy is flow-ing, Flowing so rich and free;
5. Lin-ger no lon-ger, this is the mo - ment Of God's re-demptive pow'r;



Lin-ger no long-er, Je - sus is wait-ing, Wait-ing to make you whole.
 Lin-ger no long-er, an - gels are wait-ing To bear the tid - ings home.
 Lin-ger no long-er, lov'd ones are wait-ing For your re - turn to - day.
 Lin-ger no long-er, mer - cy is flow-ing, And you may pardoned be.
 Lin-ger no long-er, lin - ger no long-er, This is sal - va - tion's hour.



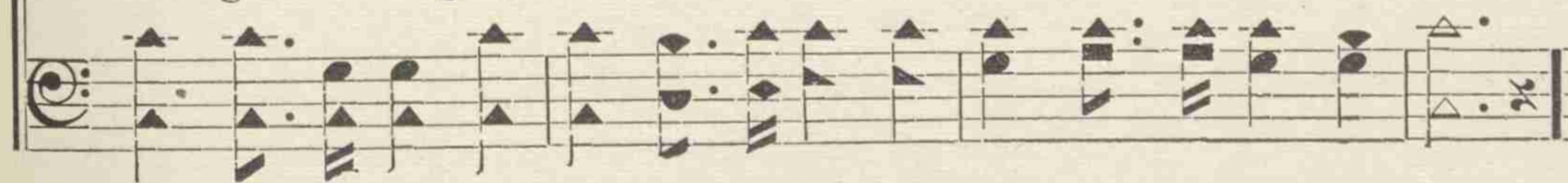
CHORUS.



Lin - ger no long-er, come, come to Je - sus, O - pen is mer - cy's gate;



Lin - ger no longer, come, come to Je - sus Ere it may be too late.



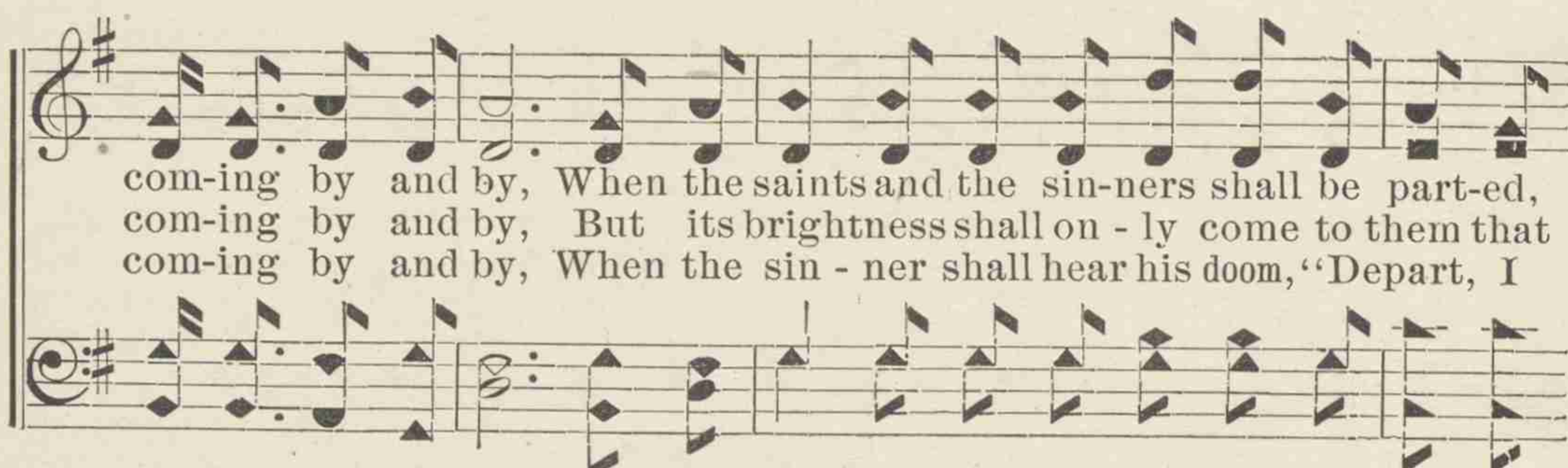
No. 189. There's a Great Day Coming.

"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment."—Heb. 9: 27.

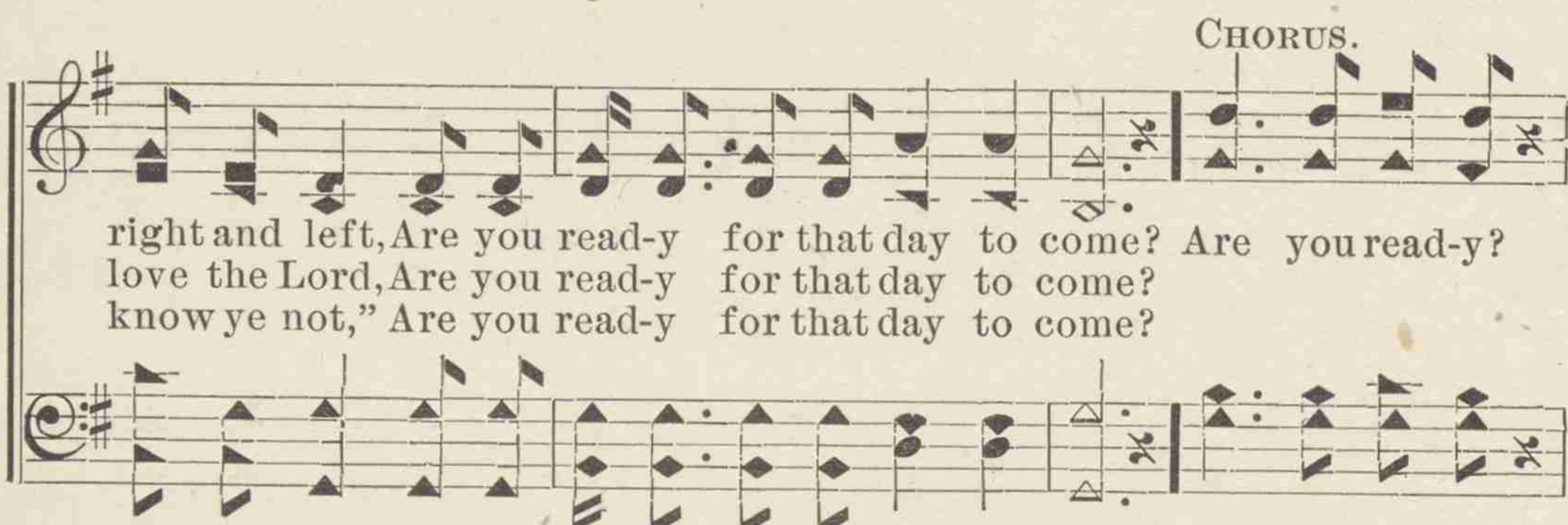
Words and Music by W. L. THOMPSON.



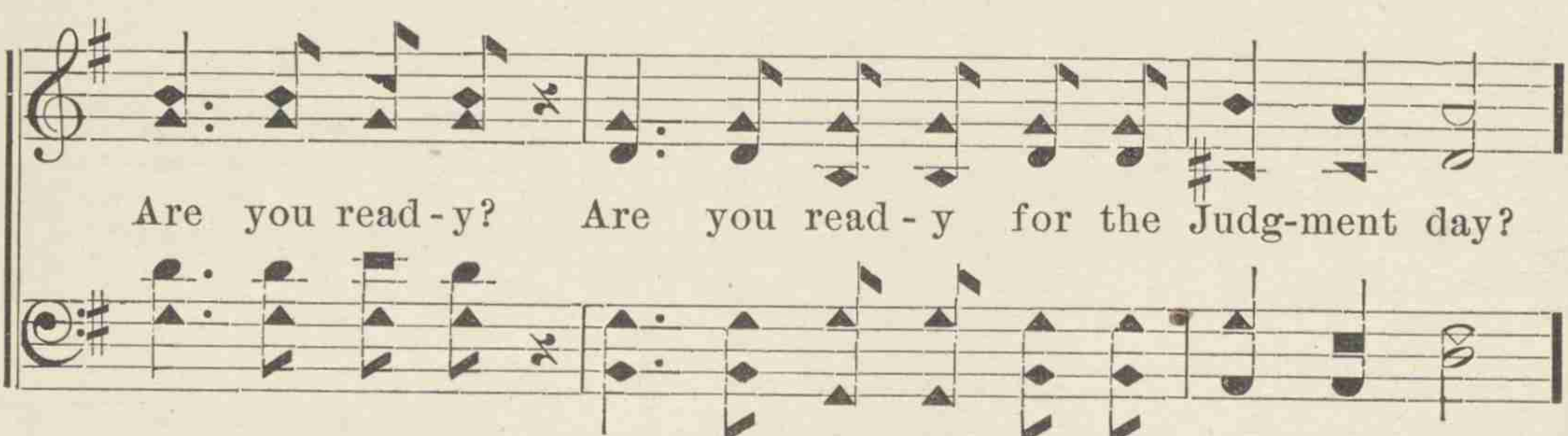
1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day coming, There's a great day
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day coming, There's a bright day
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day coming, There's a sad day



com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part-ed,
com-ing by and by, But its brightness shall on - ly come to them that
com-ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I



CHORUS.
right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come? Are you read-y?
love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
know ye not, Are you read-y for that day to come?



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



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

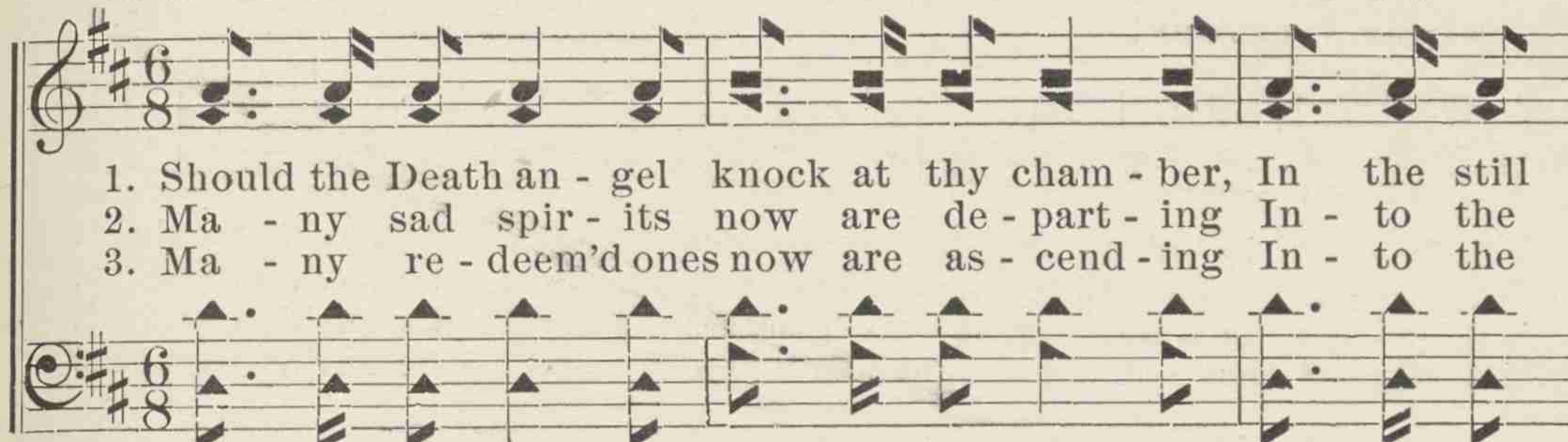
No. 190.

Say, are You Ready?

"Therefore be ye also ready."—Matt. 24: 44.

A. S. KIEFFER.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.



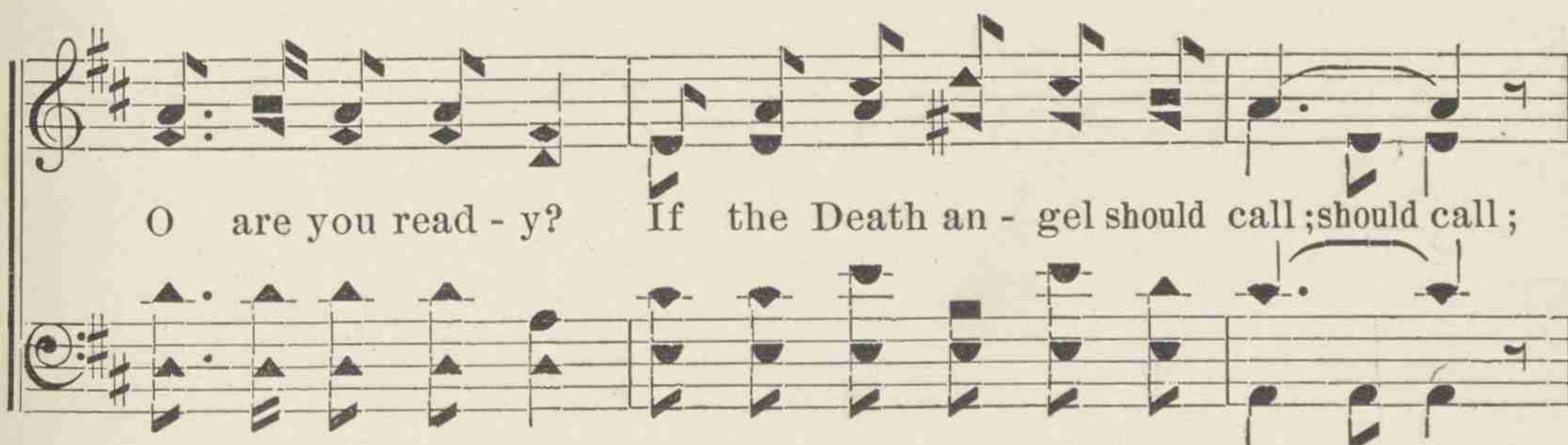
1. Should the Death an - gel knock at thy cham - ber, In the still
 2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the
 3. Ma - ny re - deem'd ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the



watch of to - night, Say, will your spir - it pass in - to tor - ment,
 world of de - spair; Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer;
 man - sions of light; Je - sus is plead - ing, pa - tient - ly plead - ing,



CHORUS.
 Or to the land of de - light? Say, are you read - y?
 Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
 O let Him save you to - night.



O are you read - y? If the Death an - gel should call; should call;



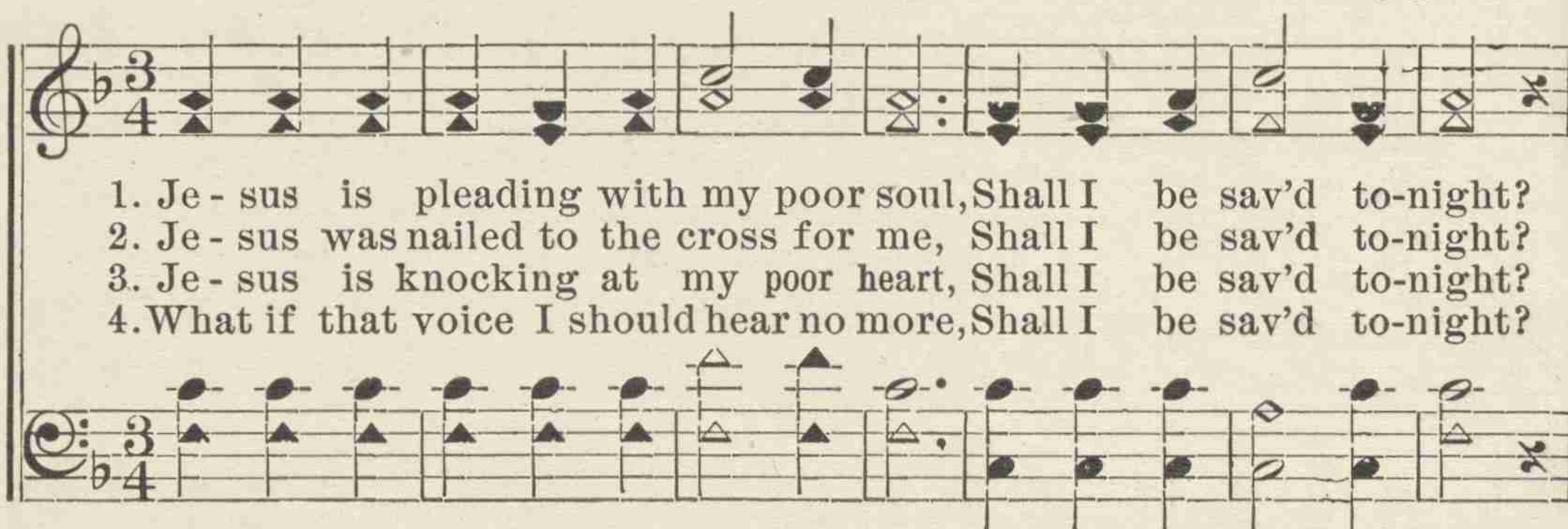
Say, are you ready? O are you ready? Mer - cy stands waiting for all.

No. 191. Shall I Be Saved To-Night?

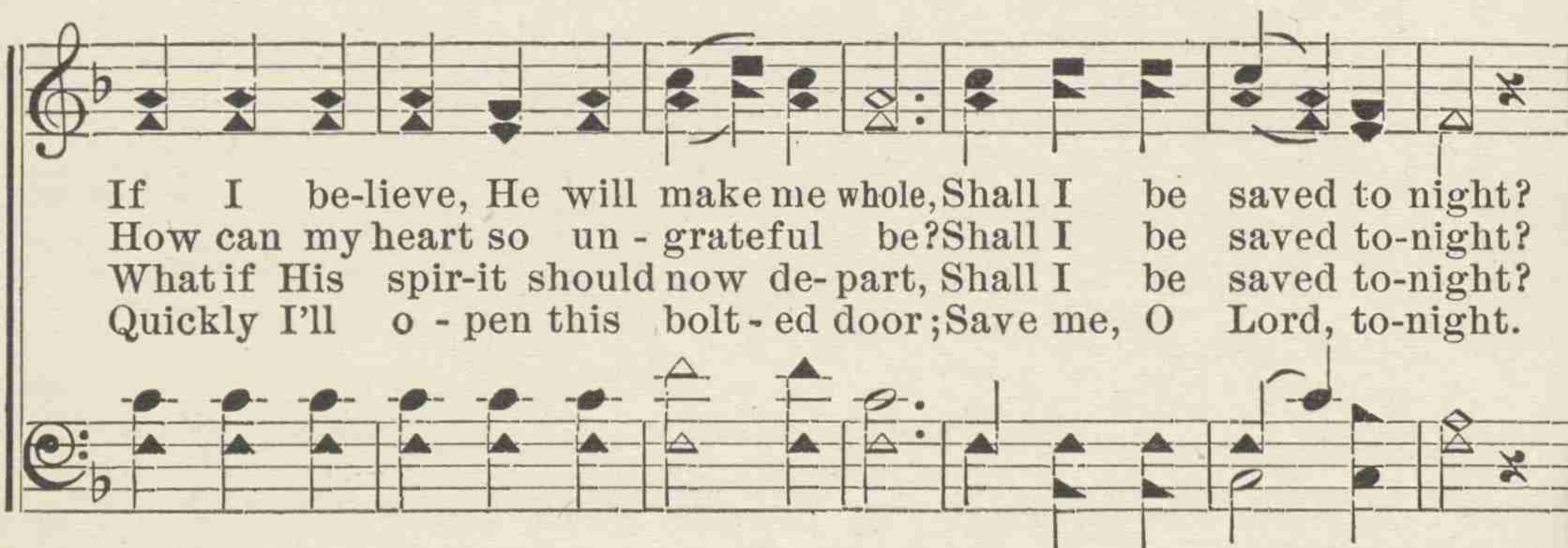
"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isaiah 45: 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

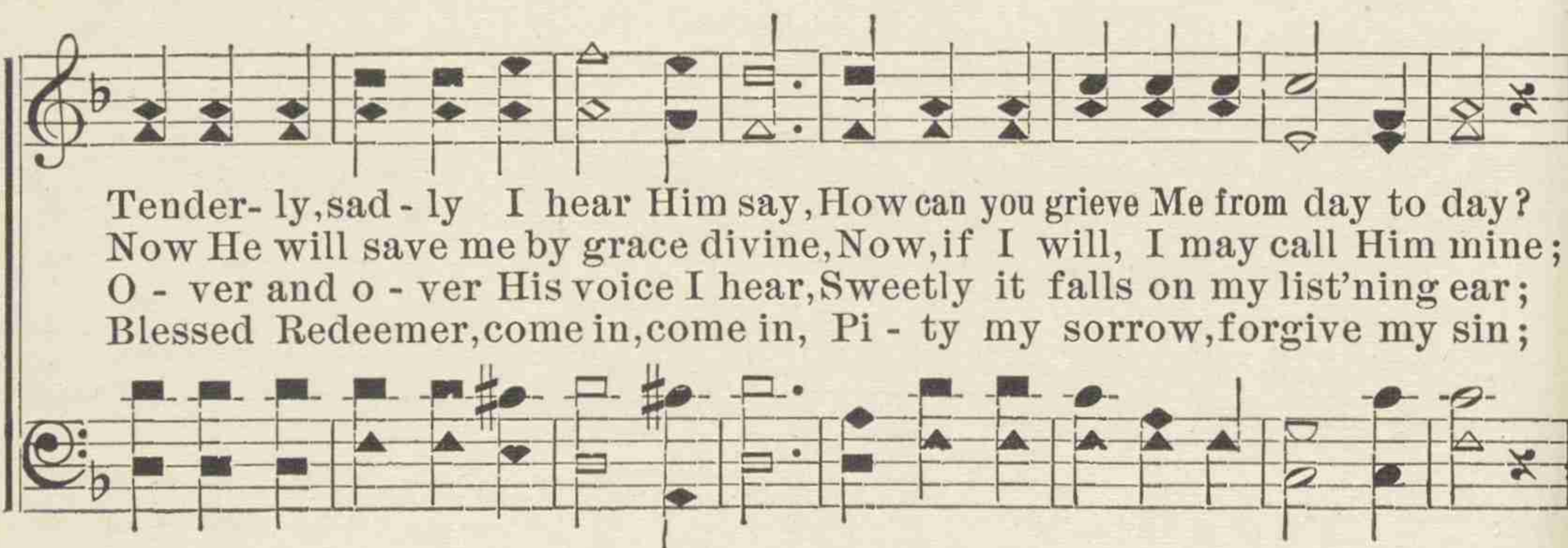
Mrs. M. BLISS WILSON, by per.



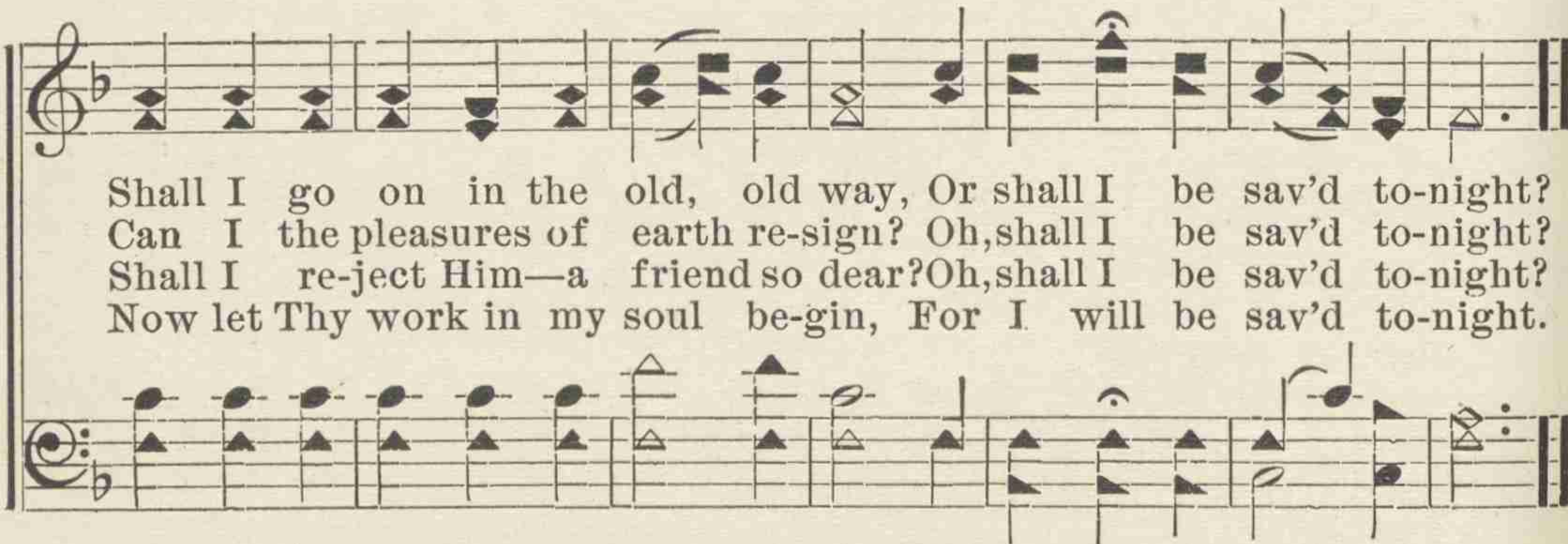
1. Je - sus is pleading with my poor soul, Shall I be sav'd to-night?
 2. Je - sus was nailed to the cross for me, Shall I be sav'd to-night?
 3. Je - sus is knocking at my poor heart, Shall I be sav'd to-night?
 4. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be sav'd to-night?



If I be-lieve, He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to night?
 How can my heart so un - grateful be? Shall I be saved to-night?
 What if His spir-it should now de-part, Shall I be saved to-night?
 Quickly I'll o - pen this bolt - ed door; Save me, O Lord, to-night.



Tender-ly, sad - ly I hear Him say, How can you grieve Me from day to day?
 Now He will save me by grace divine, Now, if I will, I may call Him mine;
 O - ver and o - ver His voice I hear, Sweetly it falls on my list'ning ear;
 Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pi - ty my sorrow, forgive my sin;



Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be sav'd to-night?
 Can I the pleasures of earth re-sign? Oh, shall I be sav'd to-night?
 Shall I re-ject Him—a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be sav'd to-night?
 Now let Thy work in my soul be-gin, For I will be sav'd to-night.

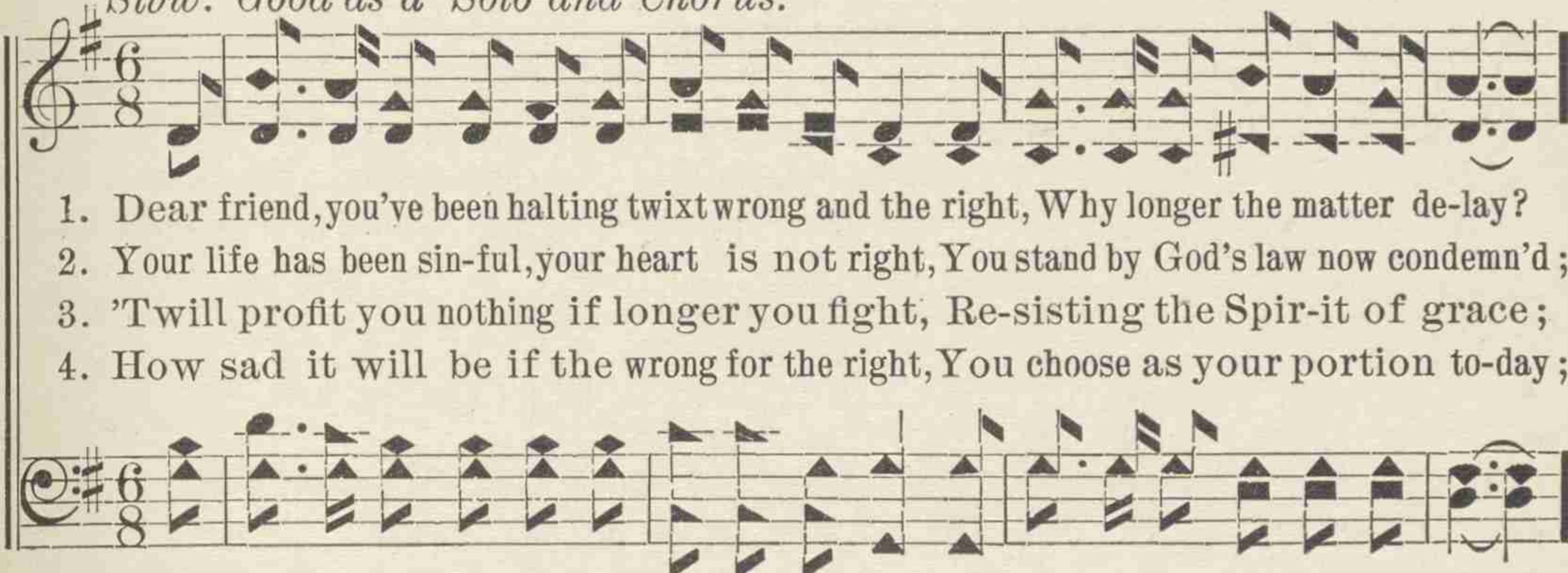
No. 192. Settle the Question To-Night.

"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

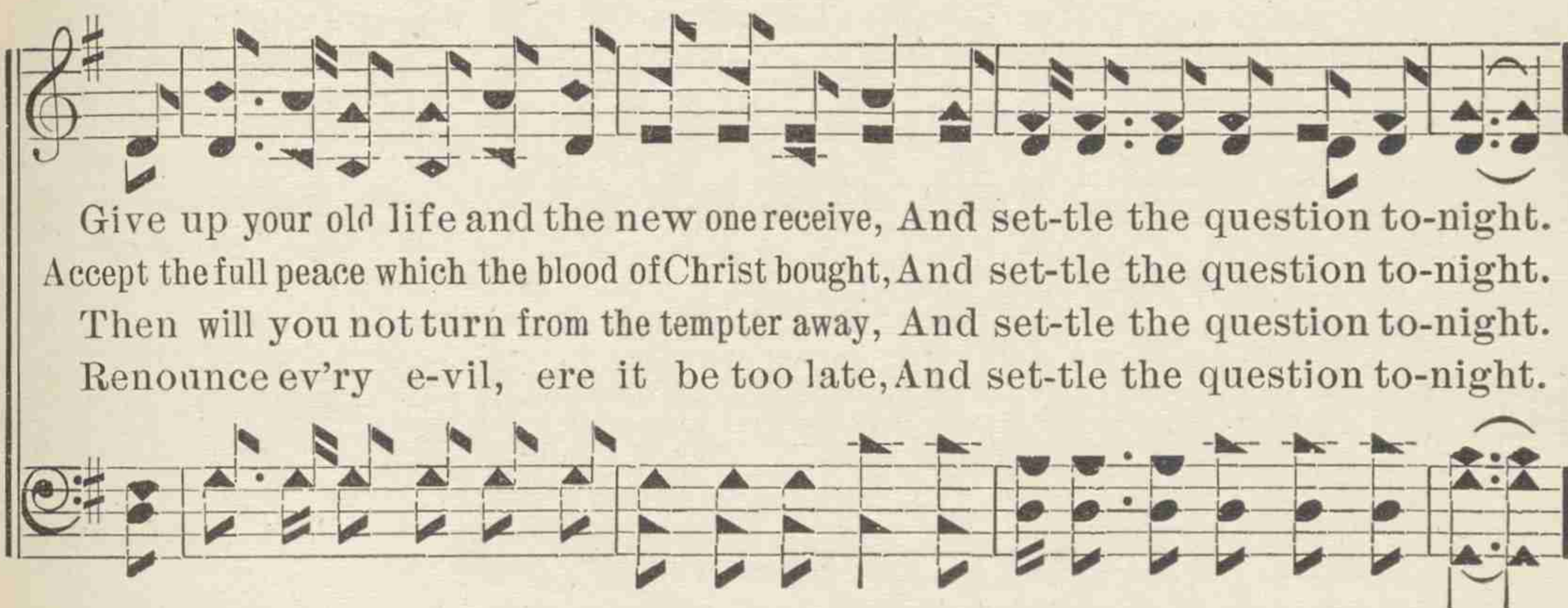
E. C. AVIS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

Slow. Good as a Solo and Chorus.



1. Dear friend, you've been halting twixt wrong and the right, Why longer the matter de-lay?
2. Your life has been sin-ful, your heart is not right, You stand by God's law now condemn'd;
3. 'Twill profit you nothing if longer you fight, Re-sisting the Spir-it of grace;
4. How sad it will be if the wrong for the right, You choose as your portion to-day;



Give up your old life and the new one receive, And set-tle the question to-night.
Accept the full peace which the blood of Christ bought, And set-tle the question to-night.
Then will you not turn from the tempter away, And set-tle the question to-night.
Renounce ev'ry e-vil, ere it be too late, And set-tle the question to-night.

Faster.

REFRAIN.



Just settle the question to-night, . . . Just settle the question to-night; . . .
Just settle the question, the question to-night, Just settle the question, the question to-night;



No long-er de-lay, but from sin turn away, And settle the question to-night.

No. 193. What Shall Our Answers Be?

"What wilt thou say when he shall punish thee?" Jer. 13: 21.

E. R. LATTA.

D. E. DORTCH, by per.



1. When we in the judgment stand, In that mighty company, And the judge shall question us,
2. When the Lord has gather'd there From the land and from the sea, All the fam-i-lies of men,
3. Lord, it is a solemn tho't, That we must account to Thee, In that great and awful day,



Oh, what shall our answers be? What for ev'ry trifling tho't, And each idle word we say?
Oh, what shall our answers be? What for all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love,
What shall our poor answers be? Oh, prepare us, Lord, we pray, In the presence there to stand,



CHORUS.

When that aw - ful



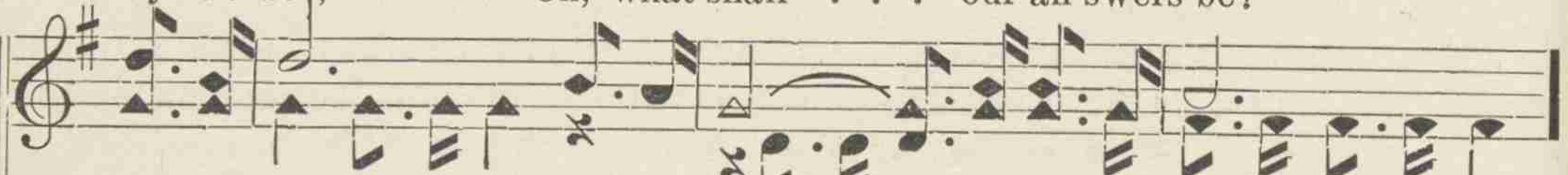
What for ev-'ry sin-ful act We may do from day to day.
Can we hope a crown to gain, And a mansion bright above.
Purge us from each sinful blot, Place us, Lord, on Thy right hand.

When that awful



day we see,

Oh, what shall . . . our an-swers be?



day we see, day we see,

Oh, what shall our answers be, our answers be?



When that aw - - ful day we see,

Oh, what shall . . our answers be?



When that awful day we see, day we see,

Oh, what shall our answers be?



No. 194.

Jesus Saves.

"The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world."—1 Jno. 4: 14.

MANDA L. CROCKER, alt.

Arr. by IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

FINE.

1. { What are the tid - ings from a - bove? Je - sus saves, yes, Je - sus saves;
 Light of the world, its joy and love, Je - sus saves, yes, Je - sus saves;
 2. { From heav'n the news comes floating down, Je - sus saves, yes, Je - sus saves;
 For us He wore the thorn - y crown; Je - sus saves, yes, Je - sus saves;
 3. { Would you from sin and self be freed? Je - sus saves, yes, Je - sus saves;
 Whom He makes free is free in - deed; Je - sus saves, yes, Je - sus saves;

D.C. And you can in His grace re - joice, Je - sus saves, yes, Je - sus saves.
 He suf - fered there for you and me, Je - sus saves, yes, Je - sus saves.
 Come pledge al - le - giance to our King; Je - sus saves, yes, Je - sus saves.

Oh, hear His sweet and tender voice, And make the narrow way your choice.
 For us He bled on Cal - va - ry, For us He died up - on the tree;
 Oh, would you songs of tri - umph sing? Would you find death with - out a sting?

Copyright, 1894, by THE HOFFMAN MUSIC Co.

No. 195.

We Are Passing Away.

"As for man his days are as grass, for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone."—Ps. 103: 15, 16.

J. HART.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. { Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear; Re - pent, thine end is nigh;
 Death, at the far - thest, can't be far; O think be - fore thou die.
 2. { Re - flect, thou hast a soul to save; Thy sins, how high they mount!
 What are thy hopes be - yond the grave? How stands that dark ac - count?
 3. { Death en - ters, and there's no defense; His time there's none can tell;
 He'll in a moment call thee hence, To heav'n, or down to hell.
 4. { Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care) Shall in - to dust con - sume;
 But, ah! de - struc - tion ends not there; Sin kills beyond the tomb.

REFRAIN

We are passing away, We are passing away, We are passing away To the great judgment day.

Copyright, 1897, by JNO. C. F. KYGER.

No. 196.

The Last Call of Mercy.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. II: 28.

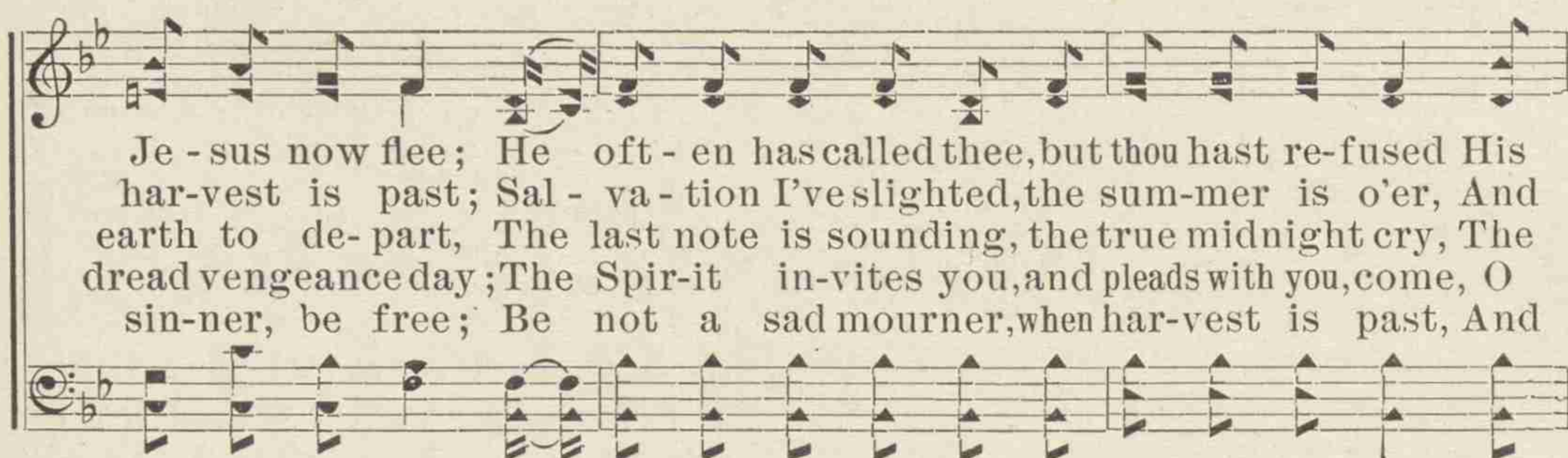
CHORUS by J. M. H.

J. M. HAGAN.

Not too fast.



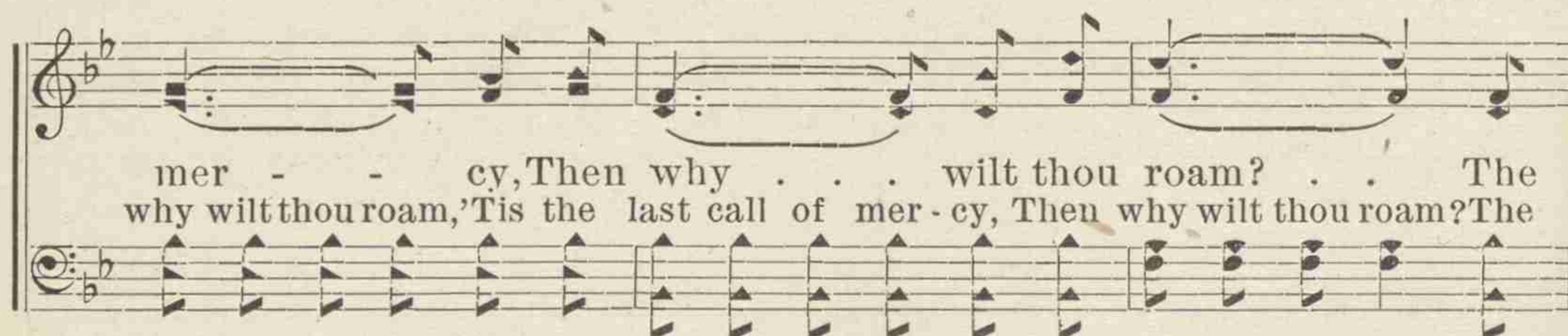
1. 'Tis the last call of mer-cy that lingers for thee, O sinner, receive it, to
 2. If thou slightest this warn-ing now offered at last, Thine will be the sad mourning, the
 3. 'Tis the last call of mer-cy, O steel not thy heart, For now she is ris-ing from
 4. 'Tis the last call of mer-cy, O turn not a-way, For now swiftly hast-eth the
 5. 'Tis the last call of mer-cy that lingers for thee, Break away from thy bondage, O,



Je - sus now flee; He oft - en has called thee, but thou hast re-fused His
 har-vest is past; Sal - va - tion I've slighted, the sum-mer is o'er, And
 earth to de-part, The last note is sounding, the true midnight cry, The
 dread vengeance day; The Spir-it in-vites you, and pleads with you, come, O
 sin-ner, be free; Be not a sad mourner, when har-vest is past, And



CHORUS.
 of-fered sal - va - tion, and love is a-bused. 'Tis the last . . . call of
 now there is pardon, sweet pardon no more.
 Bridegroom is call-ing, o - bey, lest ye die.
 come to life's waters, nor thirsting-ly roam.
 sum-mer is end-ed, to per-ish at last! 'Tis the last call of mer-cy, Then



mer - - cy, Then why . . . wilt thou roam? . . . The
 why wilt thou roam, 'Tis the last call of mer-cy, Then why wilt thou roam? The



Spir - it in - vites . . . you, And pleads . with you, come. . .
 Spirit invites you And pleads with you, come, The Spirit invites you, And pleads with you, come.

No. 197.

Come Into the Fold.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come."—Rev. 22: 17.

W. C. MORRIS.

CHAS. E. POLLOCK.



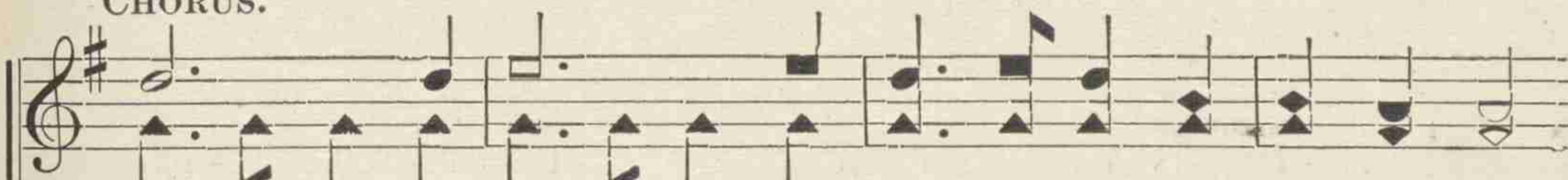
1. Sin - ner, come, no long - er wan - der, Stray - ing from the Shepherd's fold;
- 2 Do not say, "I'll come to - mor - row." Oh, de - cide and come to - day;
3. Come, now, while the Spir - it's pleading, While the bride is saying, "come;"



Why your best days will you squander, Starving, shiv'ring in the cold?
Soon may come a day of sor - row; Brother, sis - ter, why de - lay?
Come and let your soul be feed - ing On the hope of Life and love.



CHORUS.



Come, oh, come! oh, come in - to the Shepherd's fold;
Sin - ner, come, no more de - lay - ing,



Come, re - pent - ing, trust - ing, praying; Stay no long - er in the cold.



No. 198. Mercy is Boundless and Free.

"And blessed be His glorious name for ever."—Ps. 72: 19.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

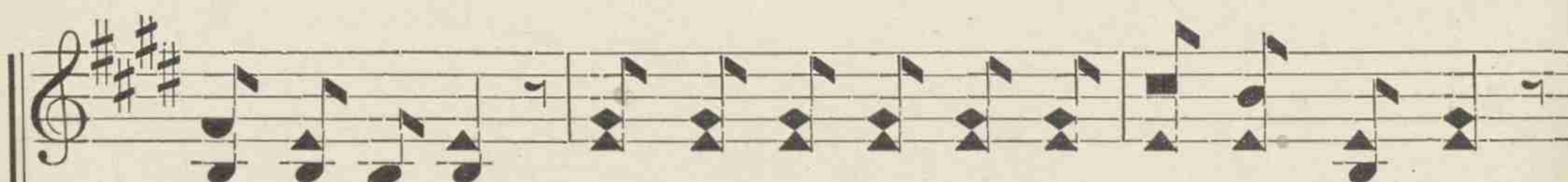
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Thanks be to Je - sus, His mer - cy is free, Mer - cy is free,
2. Why on the mountains of sin wilt thou roam? Mer - cy is free,
3. Think of His goodness, His pa - tience and love, Mer - cy is free,
4. Yes, there is par - don for all who be - lieve, Mer - cy is free,



REFRAIN.—Je - sus the Sav-iour, is look-ing for thee, Looking for thee,



mer - cy is free; Sin - ner, that mer - cy is flow-ing for thee,
mer - cy is free; Gen - tly the Spir - it is call-ing, "Come home,"
mer - cy is free; Plead-ing thy cause with His Fa - ther a - bove,
mer - cy is free; Come, and this mo - ment a bless-ing re - ceive,



look-ing for thee; Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly, call-ing for thee,

FINE.



Mer - cy is boundless and free.	If thou art will - ing on
Mer - cy is boundless and free.	Thou art in dark-ness, O,
Mer - cy is boundless and free.	Come and re - pent-ing, O,
Mer - cy is boundless and free.	Je - sus is wait - ing; O,



Call - ing and look-ing for thee.



Him to be - lieve, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free;
come to the light, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free;
give Him thy heart, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free;
hear Him pro - claim Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free;



Mercy is Boundless.

D. C. REFRAIN.

Life ev-er-lasting thy soul may receive, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Je - sus is waiting, He'll save you to-night, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Grieve Him no longer, but come as thou art, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Cling to His mercy, be-lieve on His name, Mercy is boundless and free.

No. 199. Come to the Cross To-day!

"Draw nigh to God."—Jas. 4: 8.

W. B. BLAKE,

Arr. JNO. C. F. KYGER.

JNO. C. F. KYGER.

DUET.

1. Come to the Cross, poor trem-bling soul, Come to the Cross to - day;
 2. O bring to the Cross your breaking heart, Come to the Cross to - day;
 3. Come to the Cross, earth's weary ones, Come to the Cross to - day;

Come, heav-y-lad - en, and be made whole, Come to the Cross to - day.
 Choose you, like Mary, the bet-ter part, Come to the Cross to - day.
 Come, then, poor sinner, heartsick and sore, Come to the Cross to - day.

REFRAIN.

Come, come, come to the Cross, Come to the Cross to - day,
 Come, come, come to the Cross, Come to the Cross to - day.

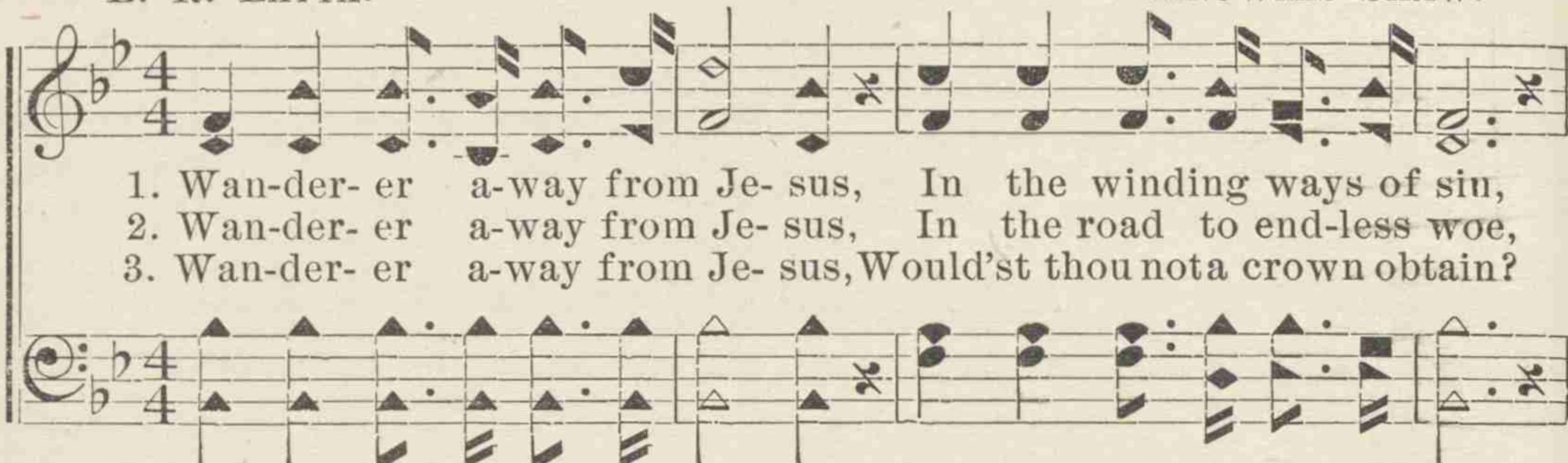
No. 200.

Wandering Away.

"Resist the devil and he will flee from thee."—Jas. 4: 7.

E. R. LATTA.

KNOWLES SHAW.



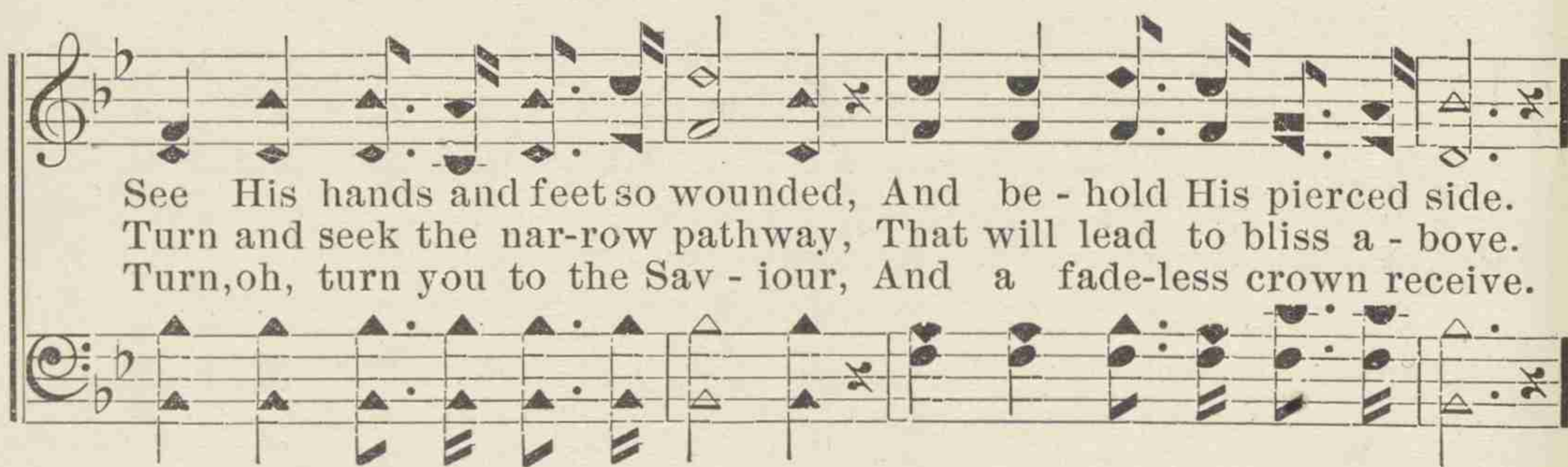
1. Wan-der-er a-way from Je-sus, In the winding ways of sin,
 2. Wan-der-er a-way from Je-sus, In the road to end-less woe,
 3. Wan-der-er a-way from Je-sus, Would'st thou not a crown obtain?



Turn and seek the world's Redeemer, And His ser-vice now be-gin.
 If thou wilt not turn to Je-sus, Whith-er, whith-er wilt thou go?
 Why then, wilt thou slight His goodness? Fear-est not the woe and pain?

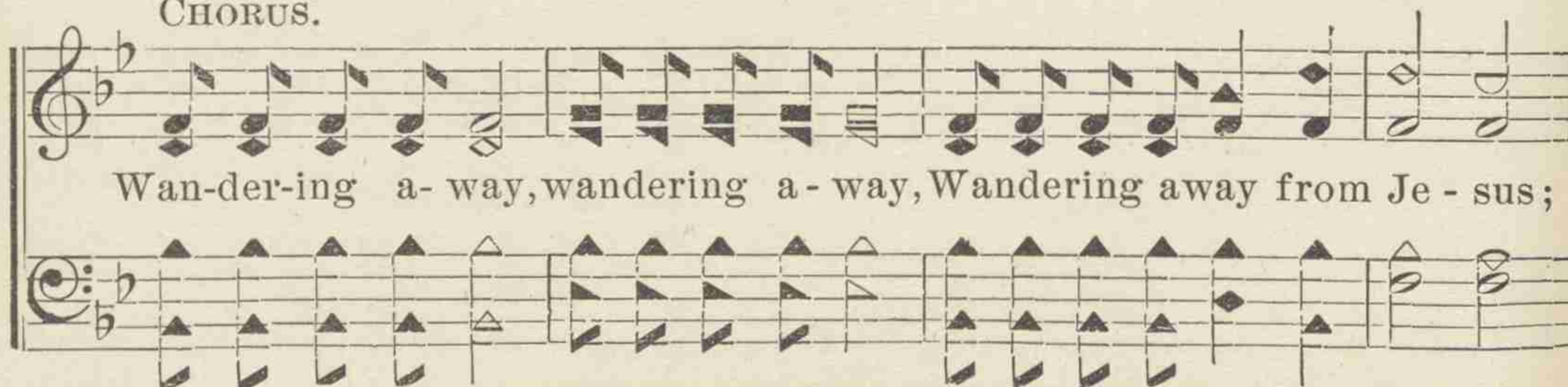


On Mount Cal - va-ry He suf-fered, On the cru - el cross He died;
 Broad the road where thou art go - ing, Ma - ny with thee downward move.
 Can you bar-ter life e - ter - nal, For the pleas-ure sin can give?



See His hands and feet so wounded, And be - hold His pierced side.
 Turn and seek the nar-row pathway, That will lead to bliss a - bove.
 Turn, oh, turn you to the Sav - iour, And a fade-less crown receive.

CHORUS.



Wan-der-ing a-way, wandering a-way, Wandering away from Je-sus;

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Wandering Away.



Hear His gen-tle voice, Call-ing you to-day, And wander no more a-way from Je-sus.

No. 201.

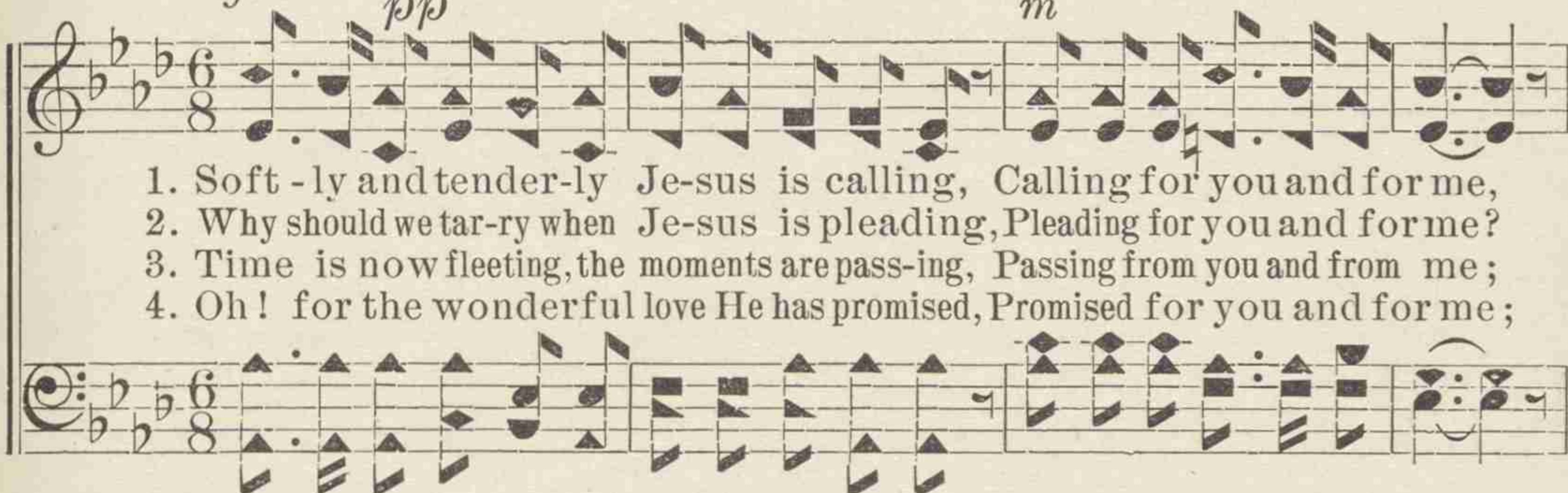
Softly and Tenderly.

"Come unto me."—Matt. 11: 28.

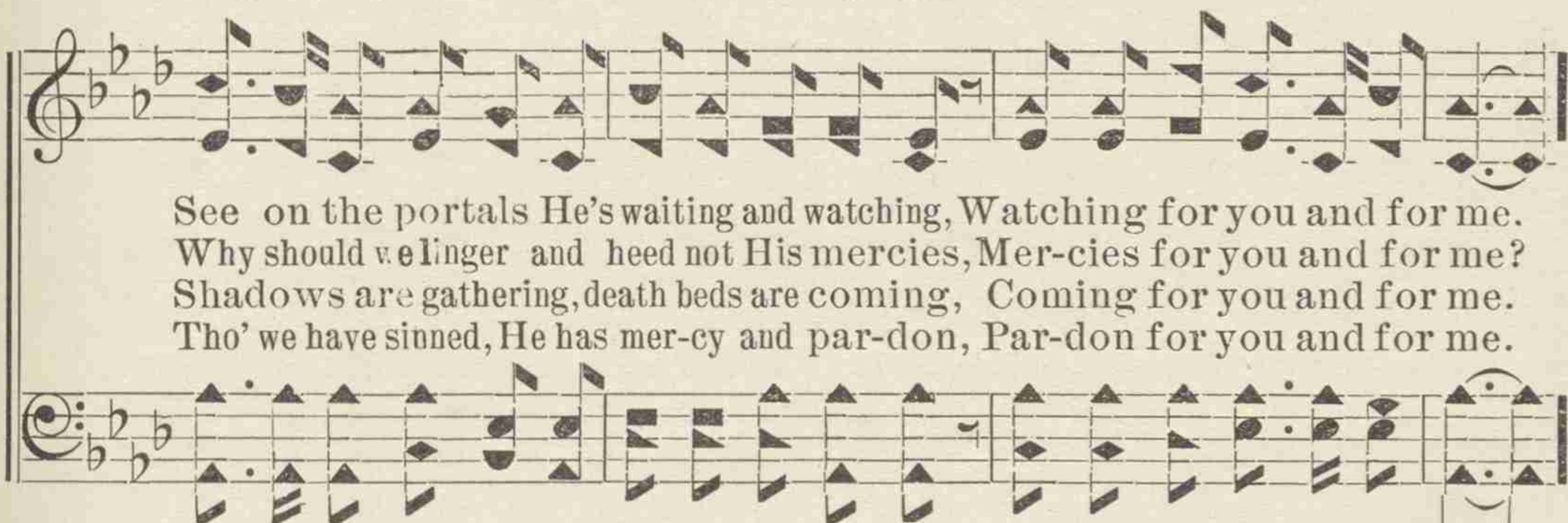
W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. pp



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

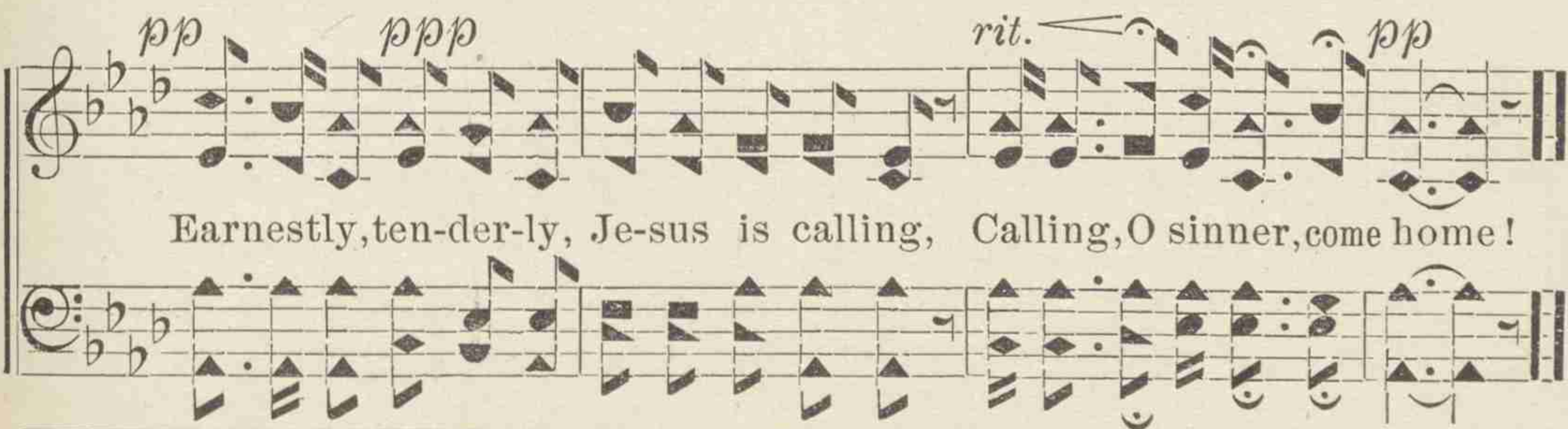


See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned, He has mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.

CHORUS.



m Come home, come home, *cres.* Ye who are wea - ry, come home,



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

By per. WILL L. THOMPSON & Co., East Liverpool, O.

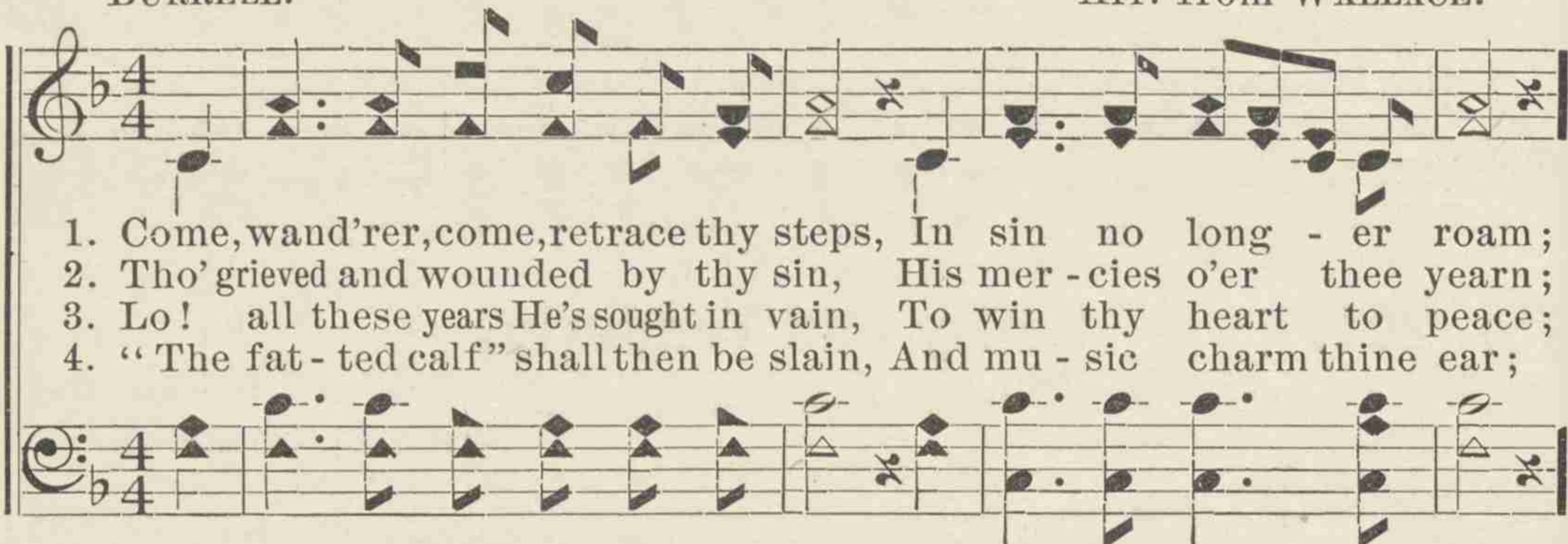
No. 202.

Come, Wanderer, Come.

"All things are ready, come."—Matt. 22: 4.

BURRELL.

Arr. from WALLACE.



1. Come, wand'rer, come, retrace thy steps, In sin no long - er roam;
 2. Tho'grieved and wounded by thy sin, His mer - cies o'er thee yearn;
 3. Lo! all these years He's sought in vain, To win thy heart to peace;
 4. "The fat - ted calf" shall then be slain, And mu - sic charm thine ear;



Thy Fa - ther calls with pleading voice, Come home, dear child, come home.
 His spir - it longs and groans within, To hail thy safe re - turn.
 Oh, come thou back, from sin re - frain, And let thy wand - ring cease.
 Thy Fa - ther's home shall joy a - gain, And heav'n thy wel - come cheer.

CHORUS.



Oh, come to Je - sus, come to - day, Be - fore the Saviour hum - bly bow;



He will take your guilt a - way, He will save you, save you now,



He will take your guilt a - way, He will save you, save you now.

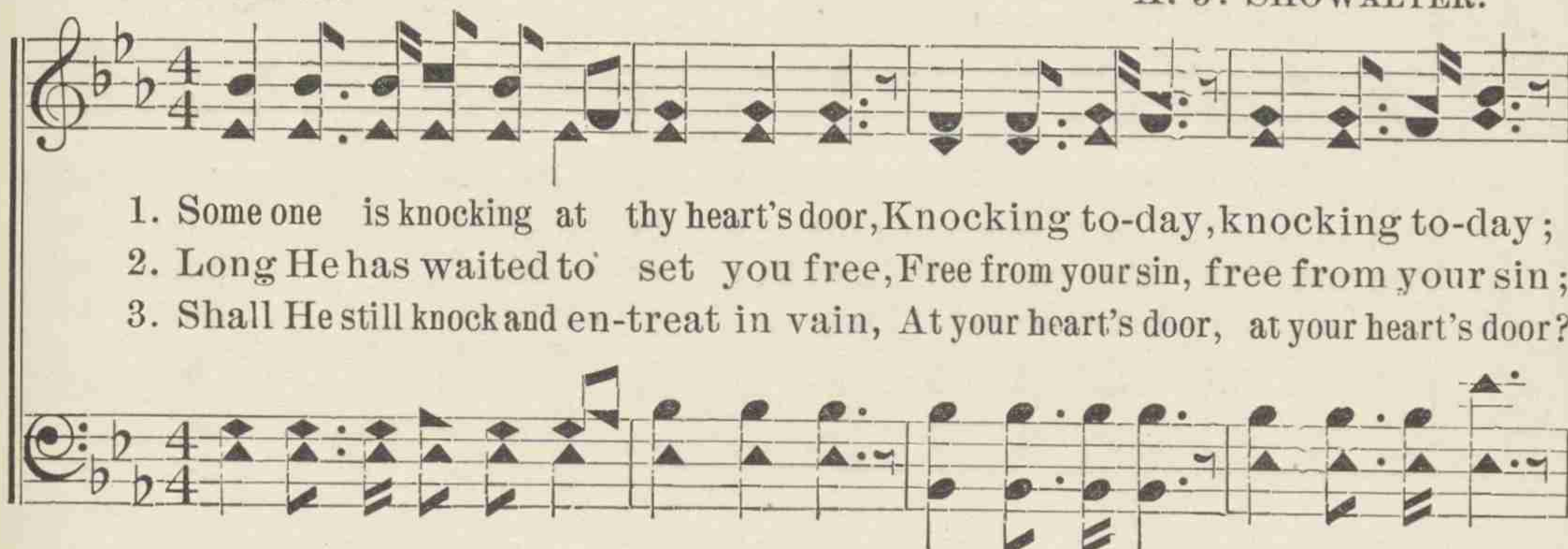
No. 203.

Knocking To-Day.

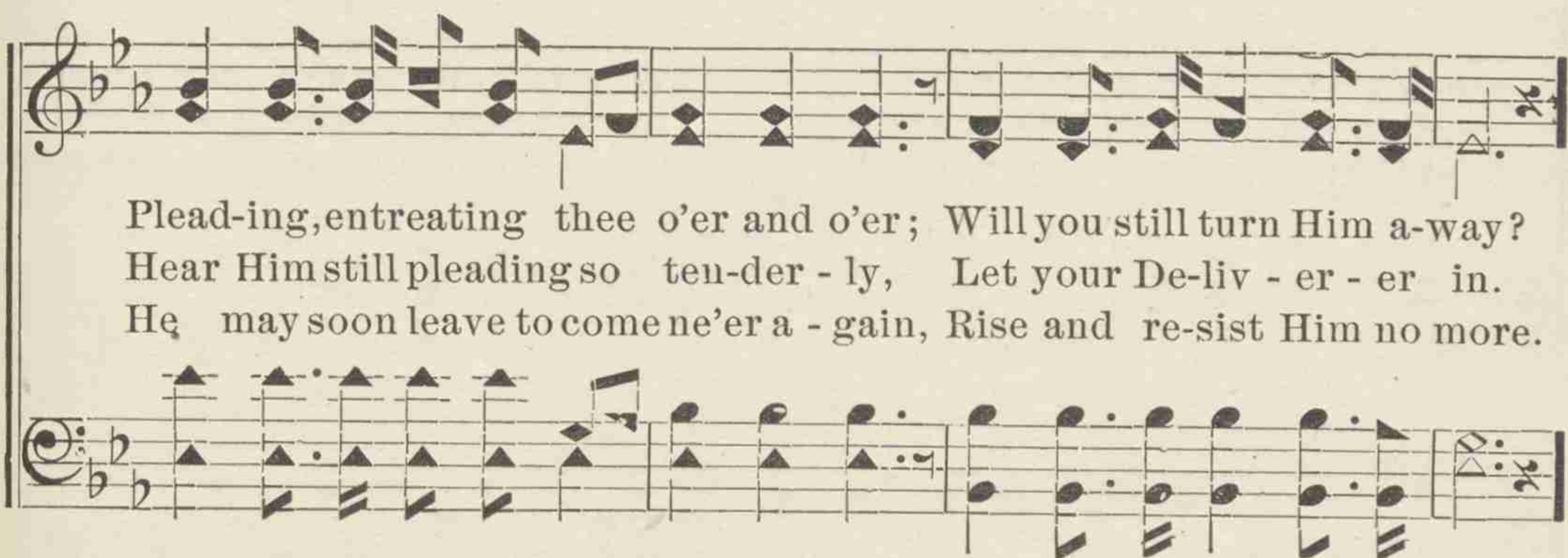
"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

F. M. DAVIS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Some one is knocking at thy heart's door, Knocking to-day, knocking to-day;
 2. Long He has waited to set you free, Free from your sin, free from your sin;
 3. Shall He still knock and en-treat in vain, At your heart's door, at your heart's door?

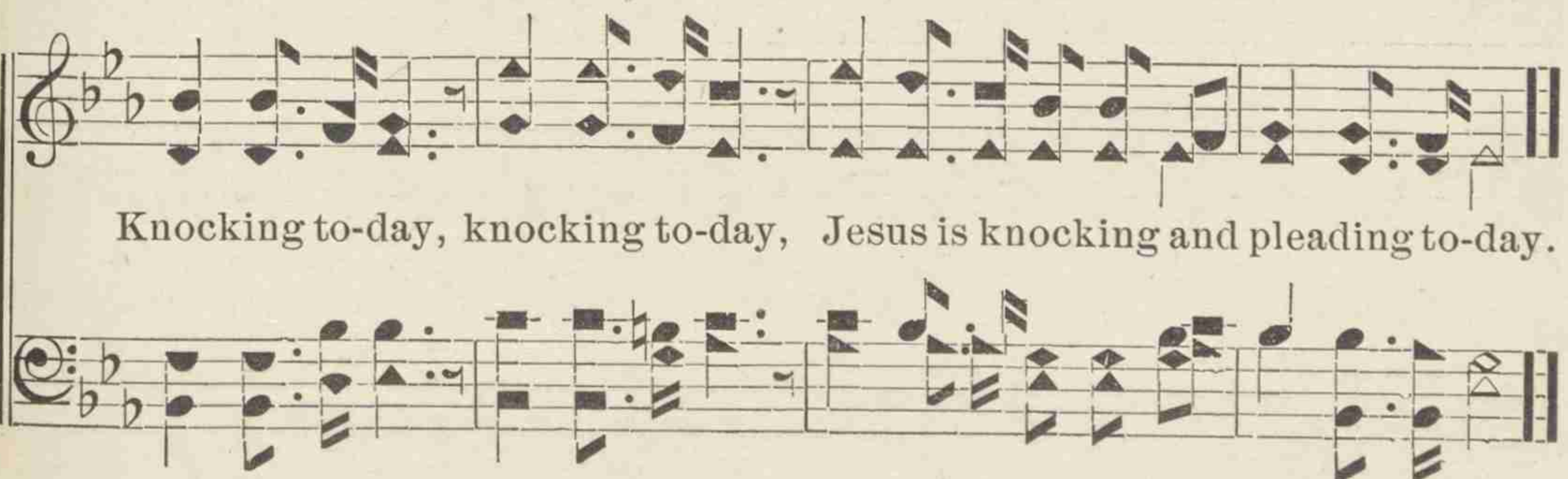


Plead-ing, entreating thee o'er and o'er; Will you still turn Him a-way?
 Hear Him still pleading so ten-der-ly, Let your De-liv-er-er in.
 He may soon leave to come ne'er a-gain, Rise and re-sist Him no more.

REFRAIN.



Knocking to-day, knocking to-day, Je-sus is knocking and pleading to-day;



Knocking to-day, knocking to-day, Jesus is knocking and pleading to-day.

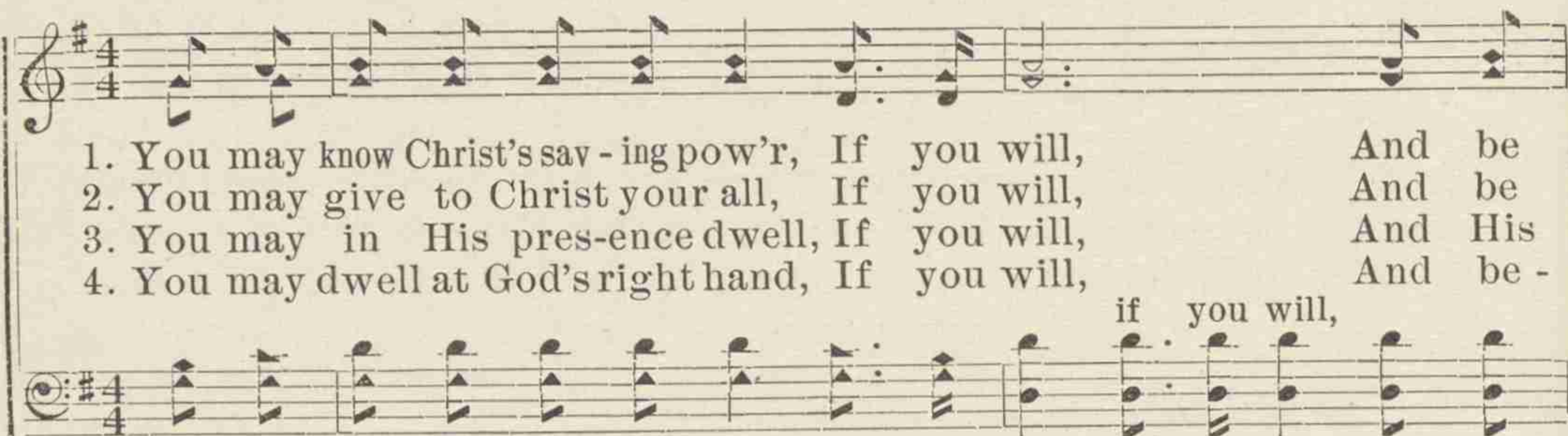
No. 204.

If You Will.

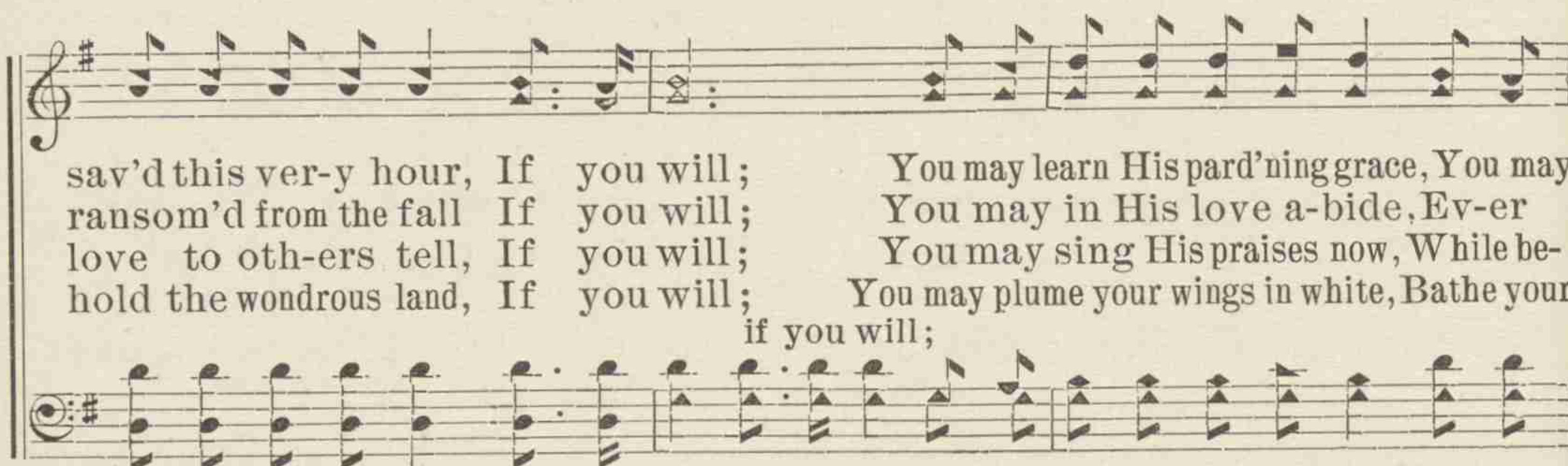
"How long halt ye between two opinions?"—1 Kings 18: 21.

Rev. J. P. KESTER.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. You may know Christ's sav - ing pow'r, If you will, And be
 2. You may give to Christ your all, If you will, And be
 3. You may in His pres - ence dwell, If you will, And His
 4. You may dwell at God's right hand, If you will, And be -

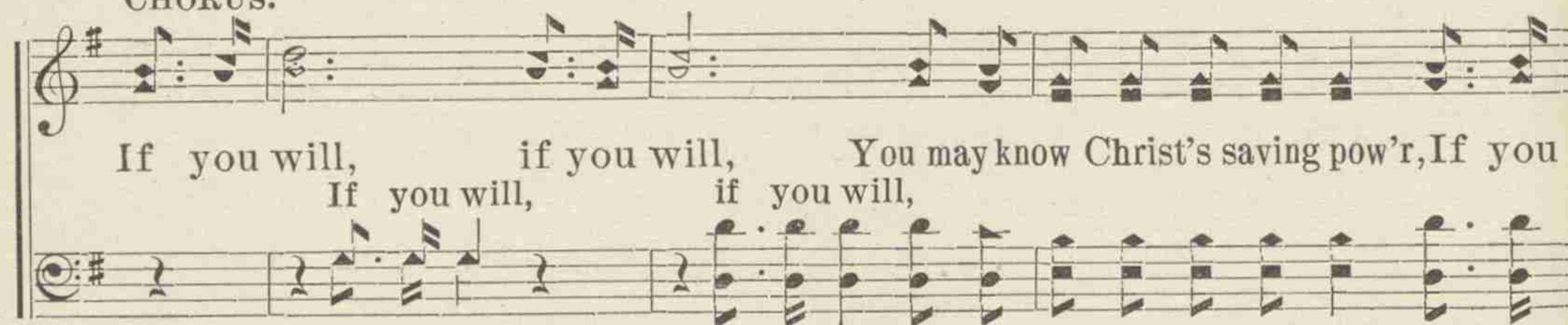


sav'd this ver-y hour, If you will; You may learn His pard'ning grace, You may
 ransom'd from the fall If you will; You may in His love a-bide, Ev - er
 love to oth - ers tell, If you will; You may sing His praises now, While be -
 hold the wondrous land, If you will; You may plume your wings in white, Bathe your
 if you will;

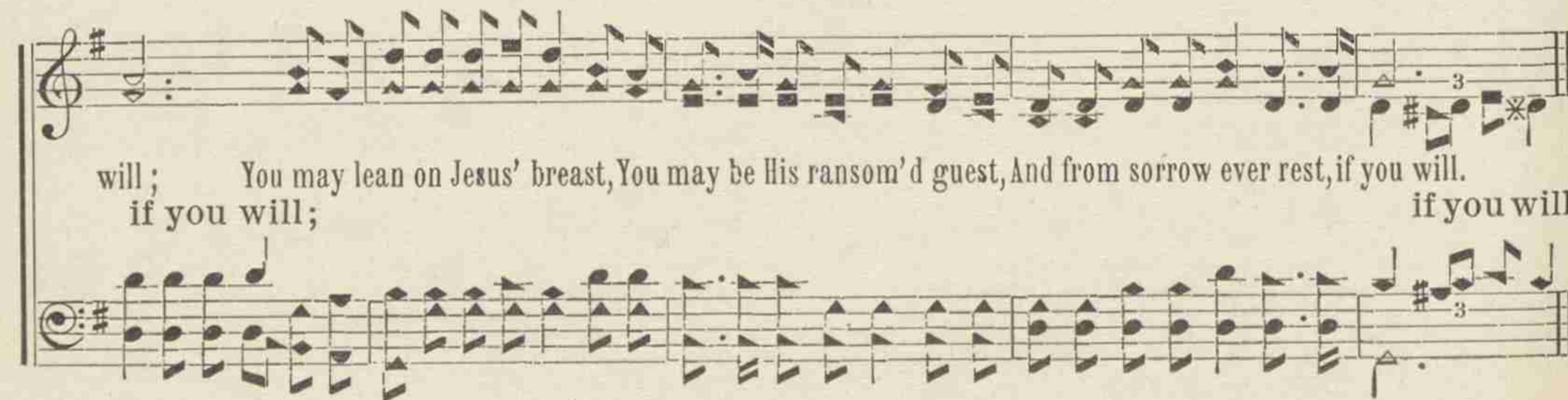


run the Christian race, Till you stand before His face, If you will, if you will.
 dwelling near His side, And be kept from worldly pride, If you will, if you will.
 fore His throne you bow, And His love for - ev - er know, If you will, if you will.
 soul in heaven's light, Dwell forev - er in His sight, If you will, if you will.

CHORUS.



If you will, if you will, You may know Christ's saving pow'r, If you
 If you will, if you will,



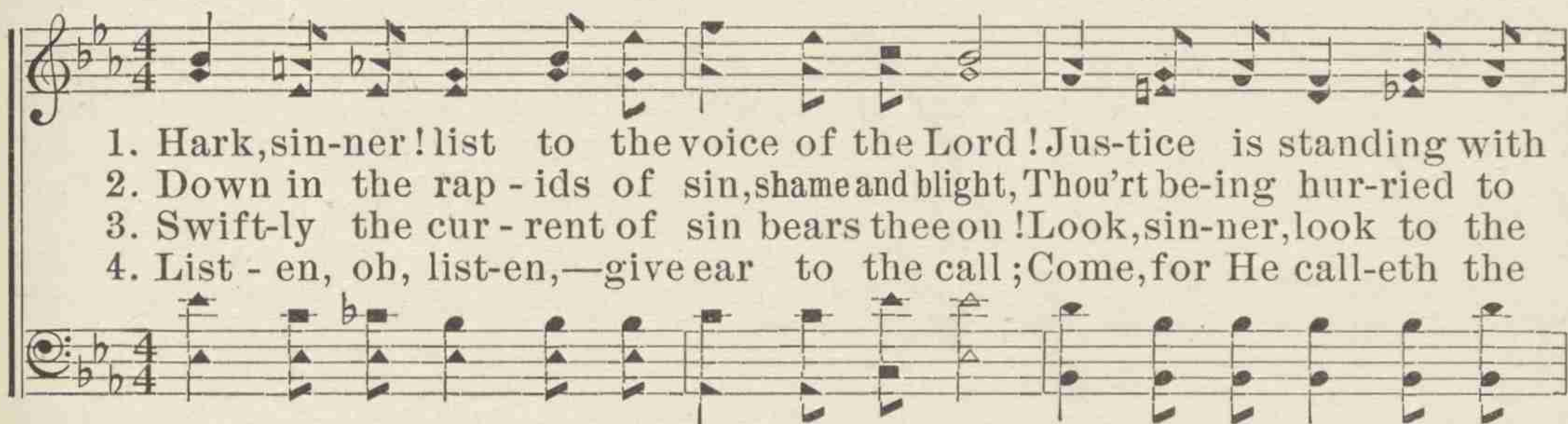
will; You may lean on Jesus' breast, You may be His ransom'd guest, And from sorrow ever rest, if you will.
 if you will; if you will.

No. 205.

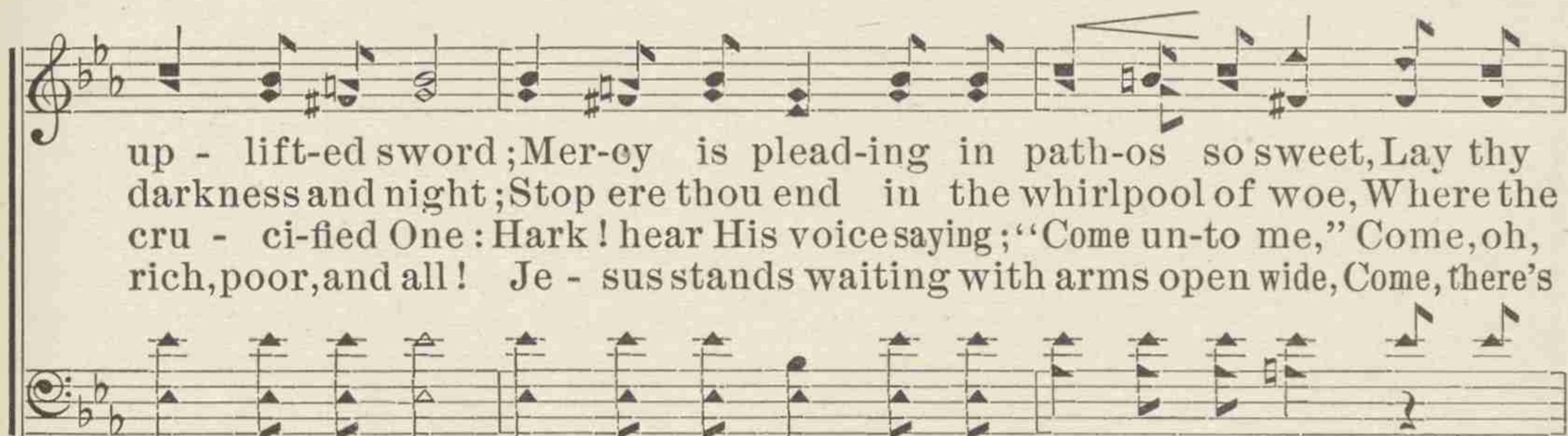
The Warning Call.

"Come unto me."—Matt. 11: 28.

Words and music furnished by ISAAC NAYLOR.



1. Hark, sin-ner! list to the voice of the Lord! Jus-tice is standing with
 2. Down in the rap - ids of sin, shame and blight, Thou'rt be-ing hur-ried to
 3. Swift-ly the cur - rent of sin bears thee on! Look, sin-ner, look to the
 4. List - en, oh, list-en,—give ear to the call; Come, for He call-eth the



up - lift-ed sword; Mer-cy is plead-ing in path-os so sweet, Lay thy
 darkness and night; Stop ere thou end in the whirlpool of woe, Where the
 cru - ci-fied One: Hark! hear His voice saying; "Come un-to me," Come, oh,
 rich, poor, and all! Je - sus stands waiting with arms open wide, Come, there's



rit. e dim. CHORUS. Je - sus
 sins at Im - man - u - el's feet. Hark! Je-sus calls thee to -
 Godless and pen - i - tentless go.
 come, and thy soul shall be free.
 ref - uge in His riv - en side.
 Im-man-u - el's feet,



day, . . . Come, and no long-er de - lay. . . . Poor, blind, dis-
 calls thee to-day, no long-er de - lay,



rit. e dim.
 tress'd, heavy - laden, oppress'd, In the Saviour find sol - ace and rest. . . .
 find solace and rest.

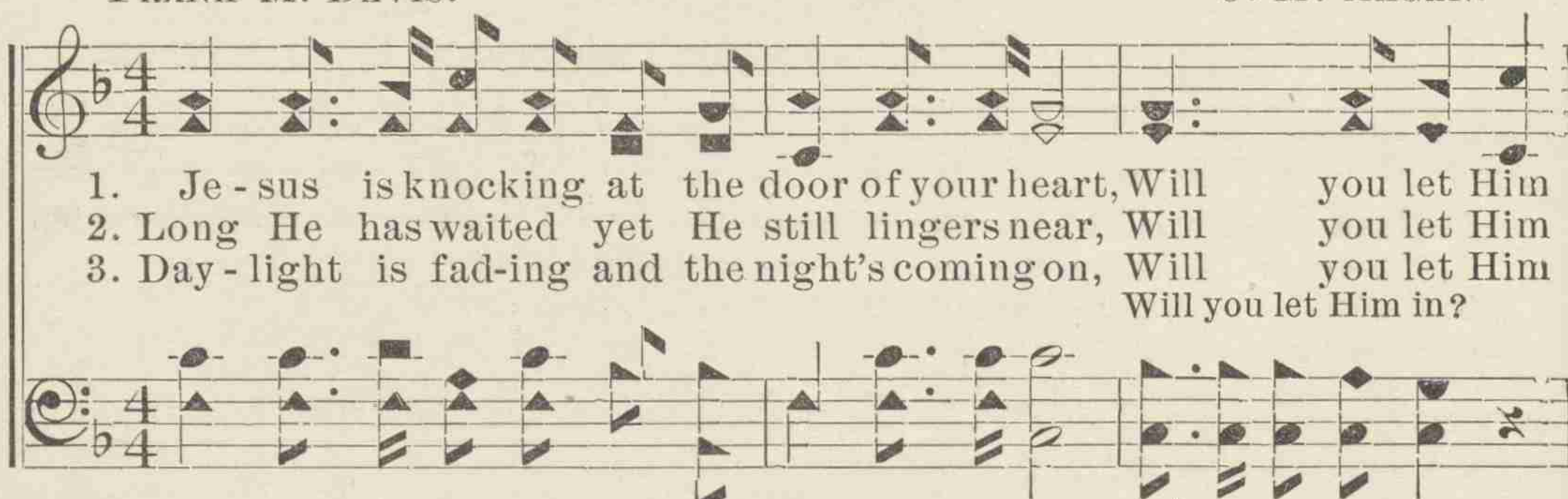
No. 206.

Will You Let Him In?

"Christ came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. 1: 15.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

J. M. HAGAN.



1. Je - sus is knocking at the door of your heart, Will you let Him
 2. Long He has waited yet He still lingers near, Will you let Him
 3. Day - light is fad - ing and the night's coming on, Will you let Him
 Will you let Him in?



in?
 in?
 in?
 Will you let Him in? Can you in jus - tice bid this
 He would re - lieve your ev - 'ry
 Soon it will be too late and



strang - er de - part, Will you let Him in?
 sor - row and care, Will you let Him in?
 He will be gone, Will you let Him in?
 Will you let Him in? Will you let Him in?



Joy and peace He brings to thee, Love and par - don full and free,
 Price - less is the love you slight, Darkness when it might be light.
 O - pen then thy bolt - ed heart, Bid the Sav - iour not de - part,



O - pen then thy heart to - day, Bid Him en - ter while He may.
 Rest where all is tur - moil, strife, Death for ev - er - last - ing life.
 Let His spir - it reign with - in Driv - ing out the night of sin.

No. 207.

The Sheltering Rock.

"My God is the Rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22.

W. E. P.

W. E. PENN.

Slow. May be sung with good effect as a Solo.


1. There is a Rock in a wea-ry land, Its shad-ow falls on the
 2. There is a Well in a des-ert plain, Its wa-ters call with en-
 3. A great fold stands with its portals wide, The sheep a-stray on the
 4. There is a cross where the Saviour died, His blood flow'd out in a



burn-ing sand, In-vit-ing pil-grims as they pass To
 treat-ing strain, "Ho, ev-'ry thirst-ing sin-sick soul, Come
 moun-tain side; The Shep-herd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's
 crim-son tide A sac-ri-fice for sins of men, And

REFRAIN.



seek a shade in the wilder-ness. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye
 free-ly drink and thou shalt be whole." Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye
 searching now for His wand'ring sheep. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye
 free to all who will en-ter in. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye



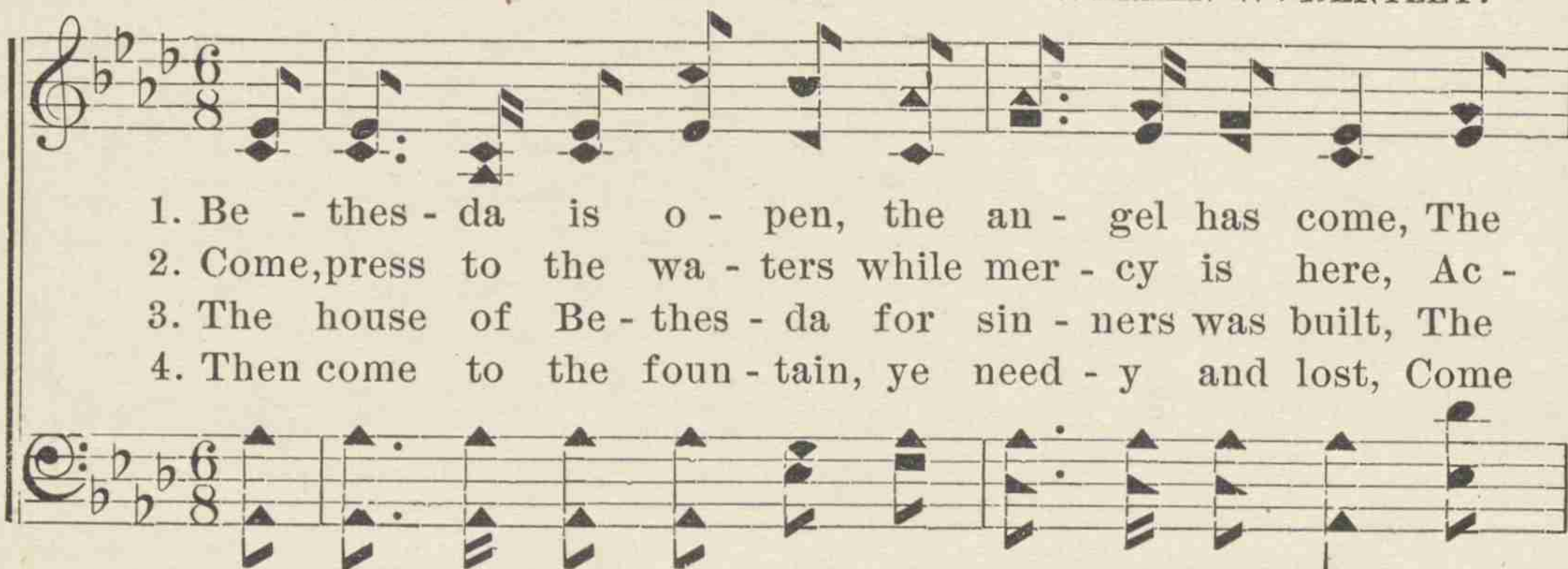
die? When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by, Oh! why will ye die?
 die? When the liv-ing Well is so near by, Oh! why will ye die?
 die? When the Shepherd's fold is so near by, Oh! why will ye die?
 die? When the crimson cross is so near by, Oh! why will ye die?

No. 208. Bethesda is Open for Thee.

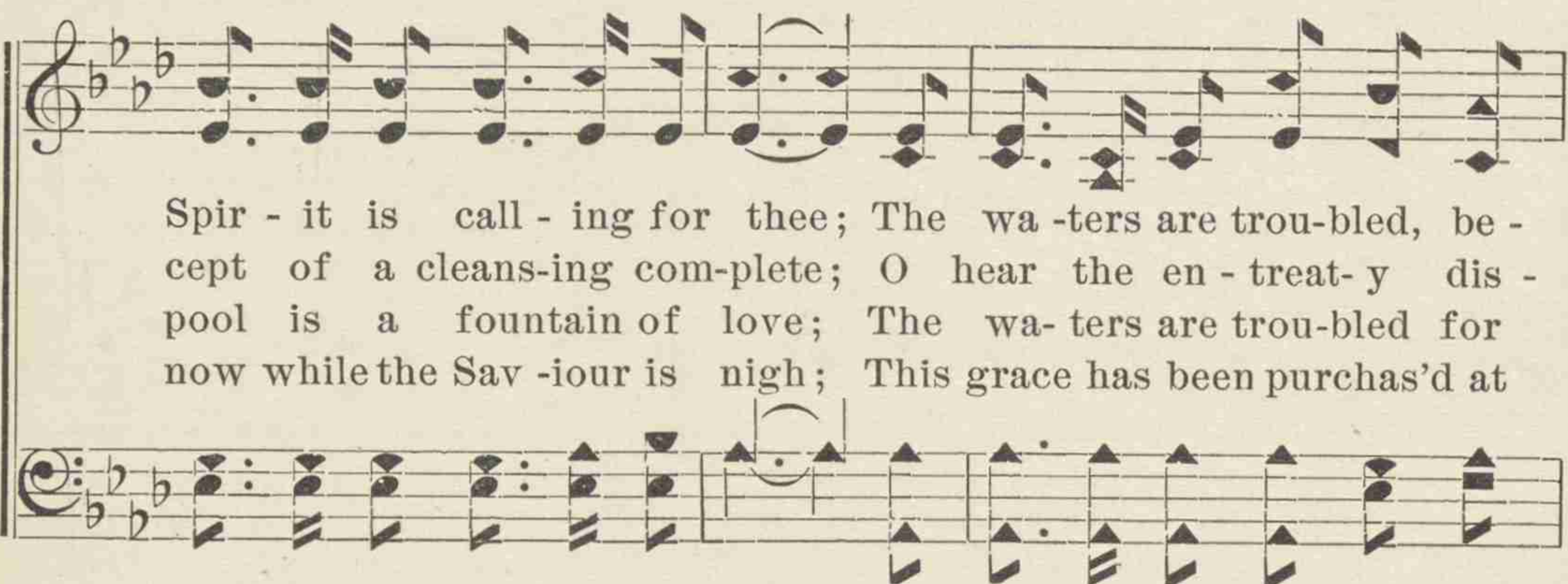
"Wilt thou be made whole?"—John 5: 6.

Rev. F. DENISON.

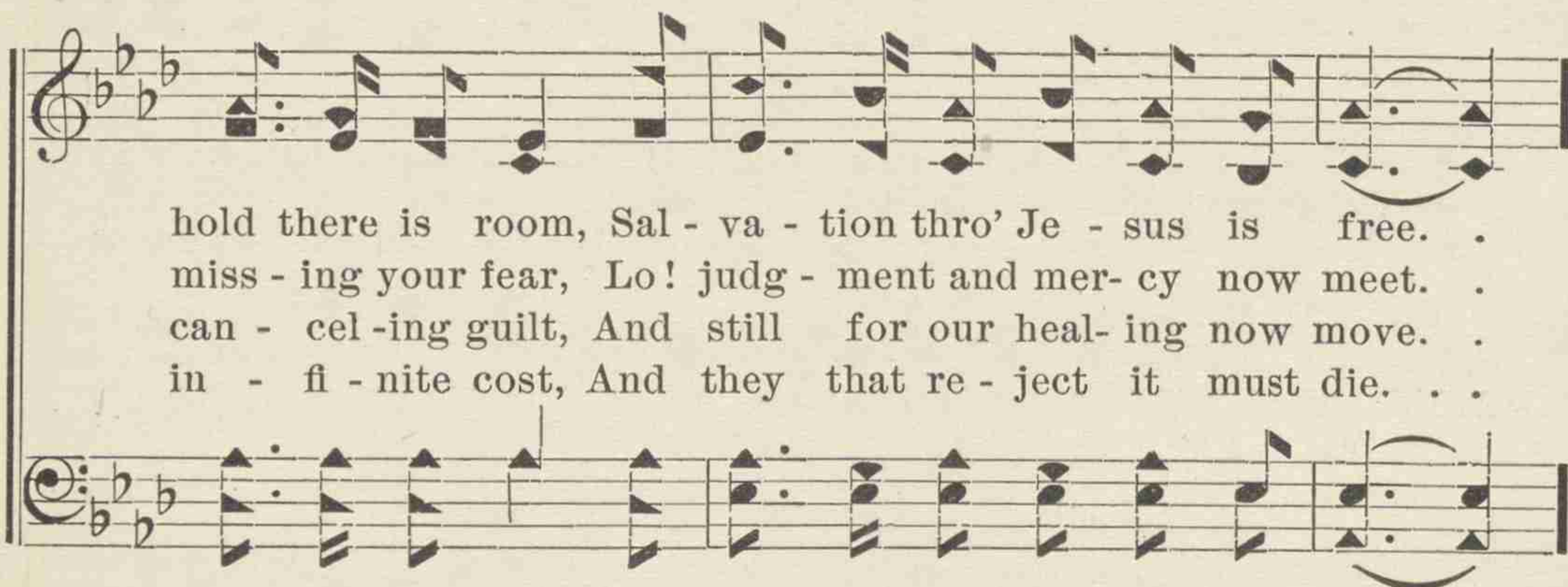
WARREN W. BENTLEY.



1. Be - thes - da is o - pen, the an - gel has come, The
2. Come, press to the wa - ters while mer - cy is here, Ac -
3. The house of Be - thes - da for sin - ners was built, The
4. Then come to the foun - tain, ye need - y and lost, Come



Spir - it is call - ing for thee; The wa - ters are trou - bled, be -
cept of a cleans - ing com - plete; O hear the en - treat - y dis -
pool is a fountain of love; The wa - ters are trou - bled for
now while the Sav - iour is nigh; This grace has been purchas'd at



hold there is room, Sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus is free. .
miss - ing your fear, Lo! judg - ment and mer - cy now meet. .
can - cel - ing guilt, And still for our heal - ing now move. .
in - fi - nite cost, And they that re - ject it must die. . .

CHORUS.



Sal - va - tion is free, sal - va - tion is free, Sal - va - tion thro'

Bethesda is Open for Thee.



Je - sus is free; The wa - ters are troub - led, be -

hold there is room, Be - thes - da is o - pen for thee.

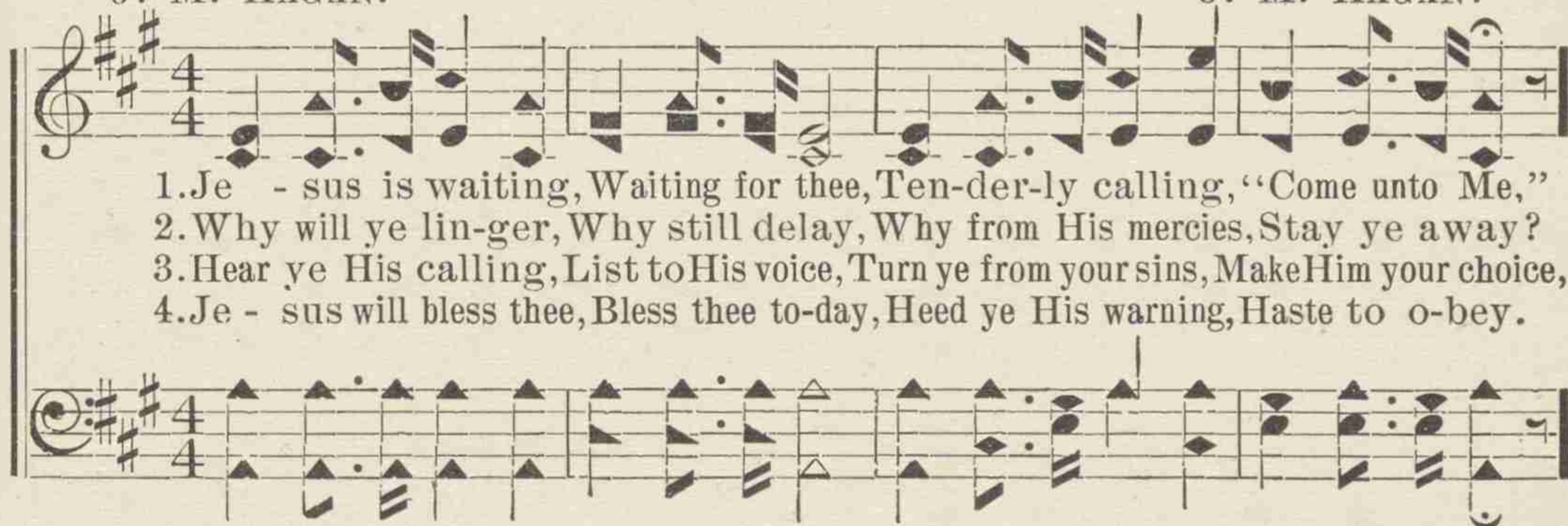
No. 209.

Jesus is Waiting.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—John 11: 28.

J. M. HAGAN.

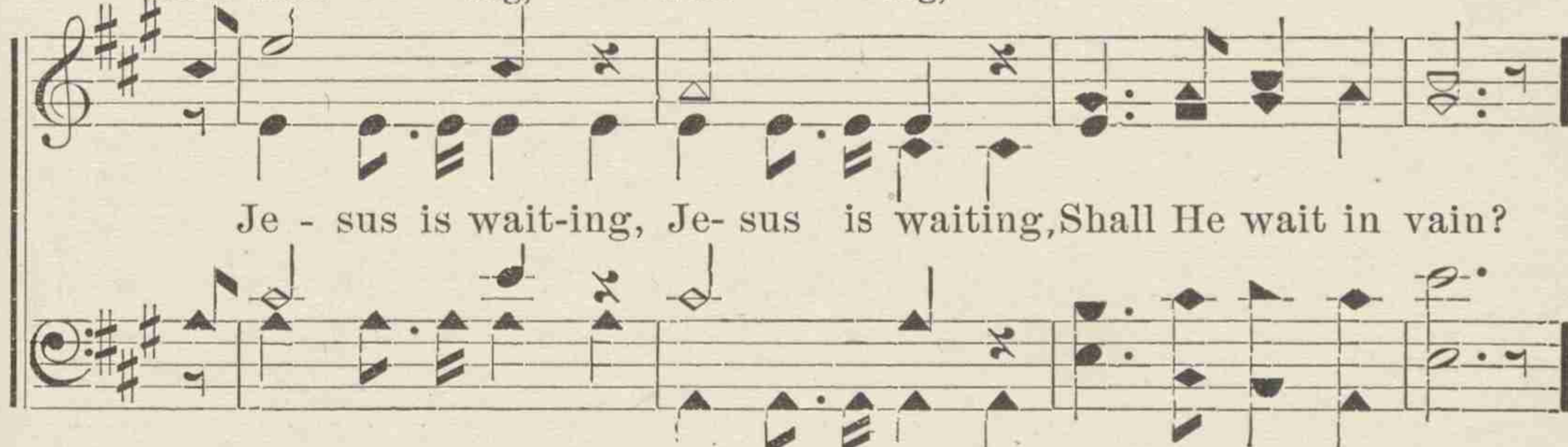
J. M. HAGAN.



1. Je - sus is waiting, Waiting for thee, Ten - der - ly calling, "Come unto Me,"
 2. Why will ye lin - ger, Why still delay, Why from His mercies, Stay ye away?
 3. Hear ye His calling, List to His voice, Turn ye from your sins, Make Him your choice,
 4. Je - sus will bless thee, Bless thee to - day, Heed ye His warning, Haste to o - bey.

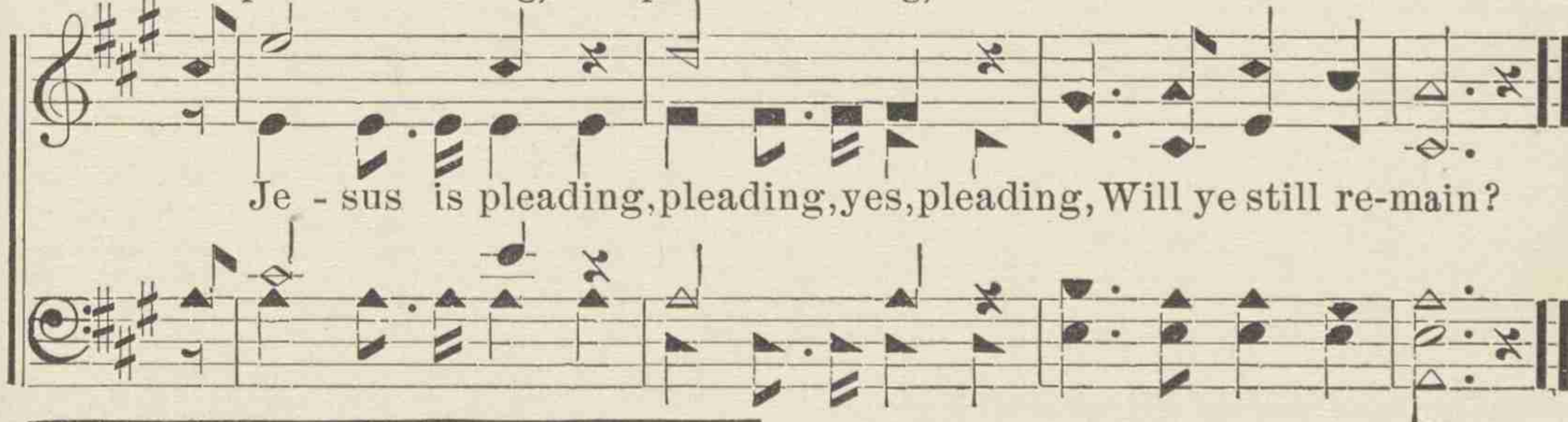
CHORUS.

He's wait - ing, wait - ing,



Je - sus is wait - ing, Je - sus is waiting, Shall He wait in vain?

He's plead - ing, plead - ing,



Je - sus is pleading, pleading, yes, pleading, Will ye still re - main?

No. 210.

Going Away Unsaved.

"They that be whole need not a physician."—Matt. 9:12.

Rev. I. N. McHose.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Oh, why will you go a-way to-night, Unsav'd and re-ject-ing the
2. Oh, why will you go a-way to-night, Not heeding the Spirit's sweet
3. Oh, why will you go a-way to-night, To wan-der in sin's deepest
4. Oh, why will you go a-way to-night, You're hardening your heart by de-



Lord? Why grope in the dark-ness, re - fus - ing the light,
call? This may be your last in - vi - ta - tion; then come,
gloom? Oh, come, ere the Spir - it for - sake thee in flight,
lay! Re - fus - ing the joys of yon heav - en so bright;



CHORUS.



No hope of a bless-ed re - ward? You're go-ing a - way un -
There's room and a wel - come for all.
And leave you to com-fort-less doom.
Oh, why are you go - ing a - way?



saved! You're go-ing a - way un-sav'd, While par-don is free,
un-sav'd, un-sav'd,



Dear sin-ner, for thee, You're go - ing a - way un - sav'd, un-sav'd.



No. 211. Turned Away from the Beautiful Gate.

"Lord, Lord, open to us. But he shall say, I know you not, depart from me."— Luke 13: 25, 27.

D. E. D.
Not too fast.

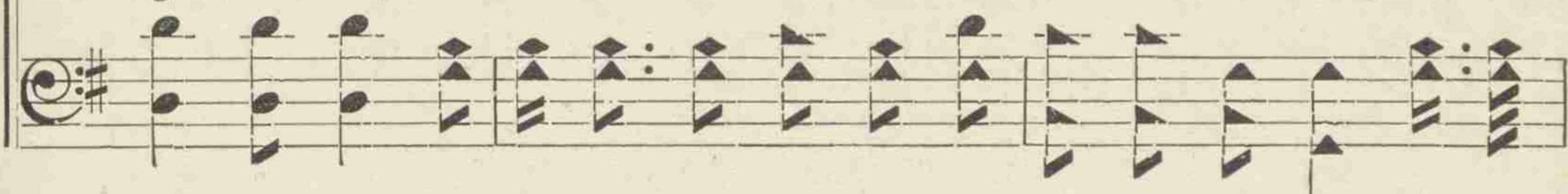
D. E. DORTCH, by per.



1. Some one will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord say-ing, "You
2. Some one will hear the an-gel's song, And wish he could join with the
3. Some one will stand with an ach-ing heart, While Je-sus pro-noun-ces the
4. Some one will linger with tear-ful eyes, While Christ and His peo-ple as-
5. Some one will go in-to dark-ness drear, Far off from the Sav-iour and
6. Some one will en-ter the door of hell, And hear the sad wail-ing no



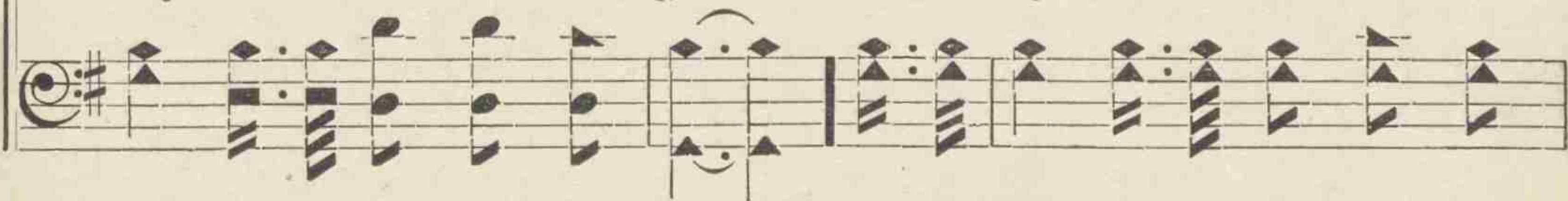
can - not come; "With sad-ness he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-
hap - py throng; With sighing he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-
word, "depart; "With groanings he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-
cend the skies, With weep-ing he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-
all that's dear; With anguish he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-
tongue can tell; With hor-ror he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-



FINE. REFRAIN.



way from the beauti - ful gate. Turn'd a-way from the beau-ti - ful



gate, . . . Turn'd a-way from the beauti - ful gate. . . .
beau-ti - ful gate, beau-ti - ful gate.



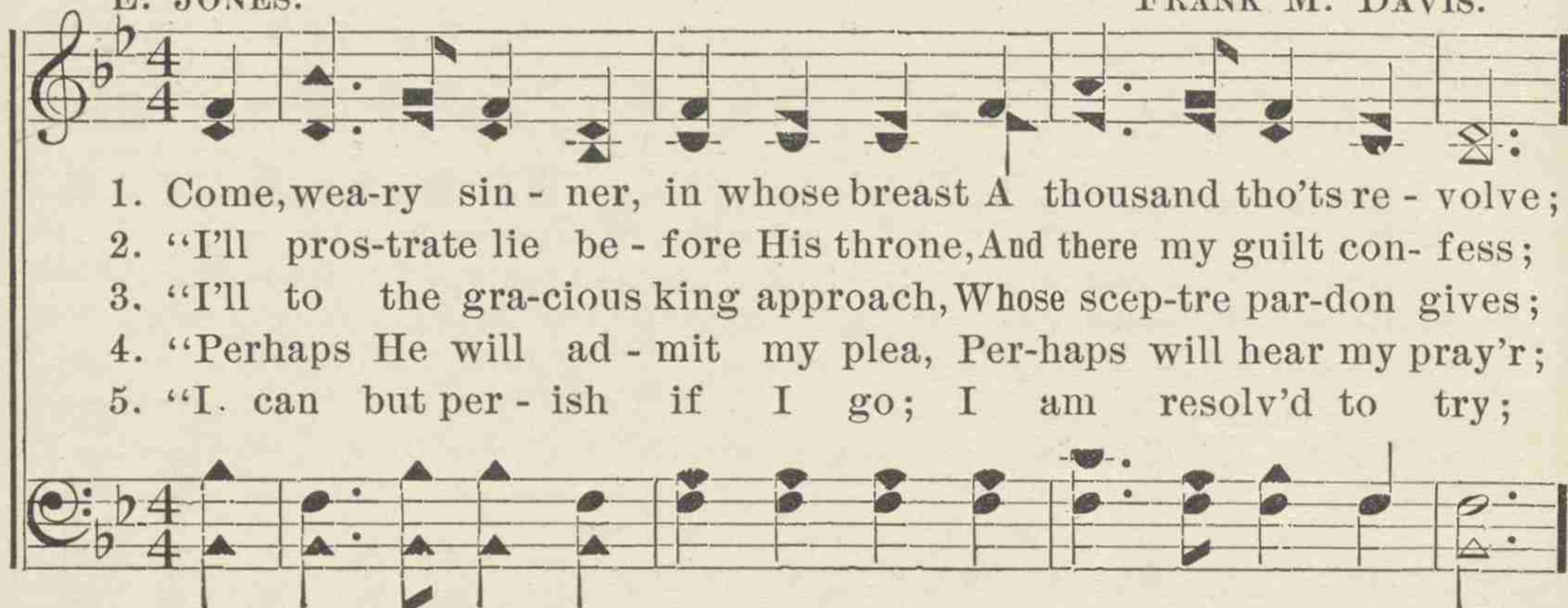
No. 212.

The Last Resolve.

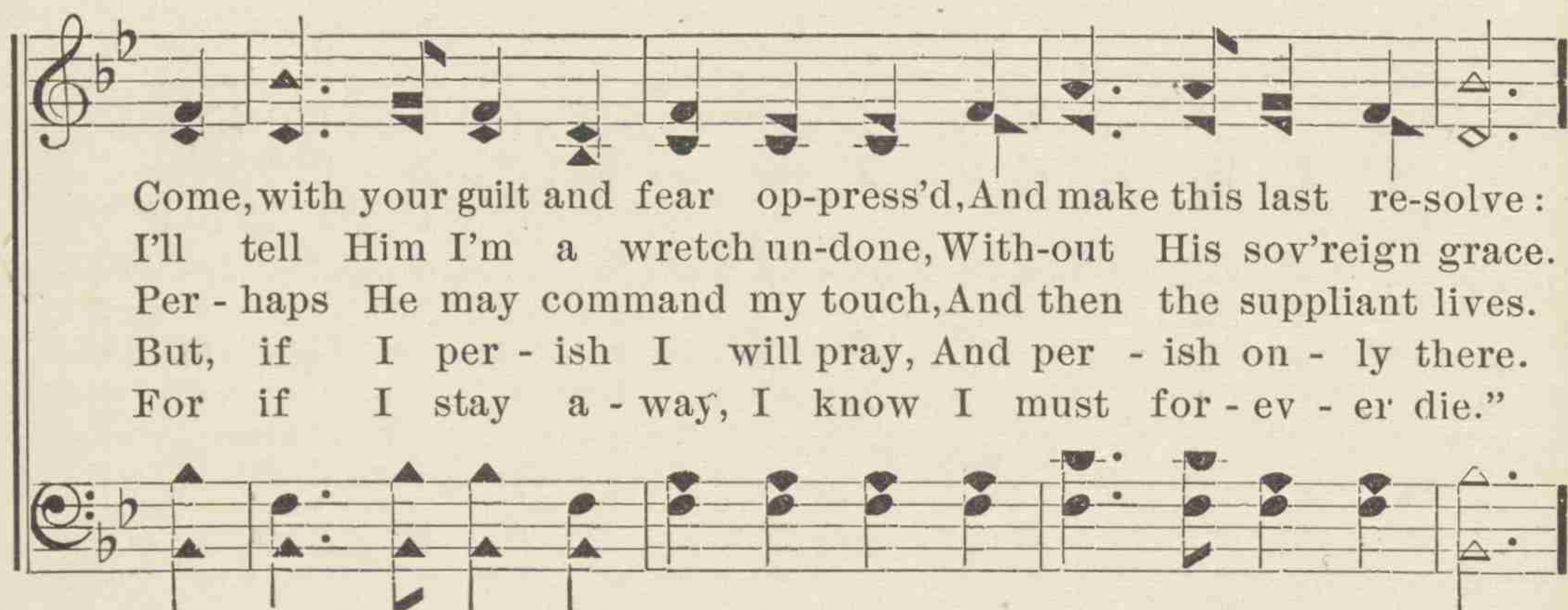
"Return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy."—Isa. 55: 7.

E. JONES.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Come, wea-ry sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand tho'ts re - volve;
 2. "I'll pros-trate lie be - fore His throne, And there my guilt con- fess;
 3. "I'll to the gra-cious king approach, Whose scep-tre par-don gives;
 4. "Perhaps He will ad - mit my plea, Per-haps will hear my pray'r;
 5. "I. can but per - ish if I go; I am resolv'd to try;



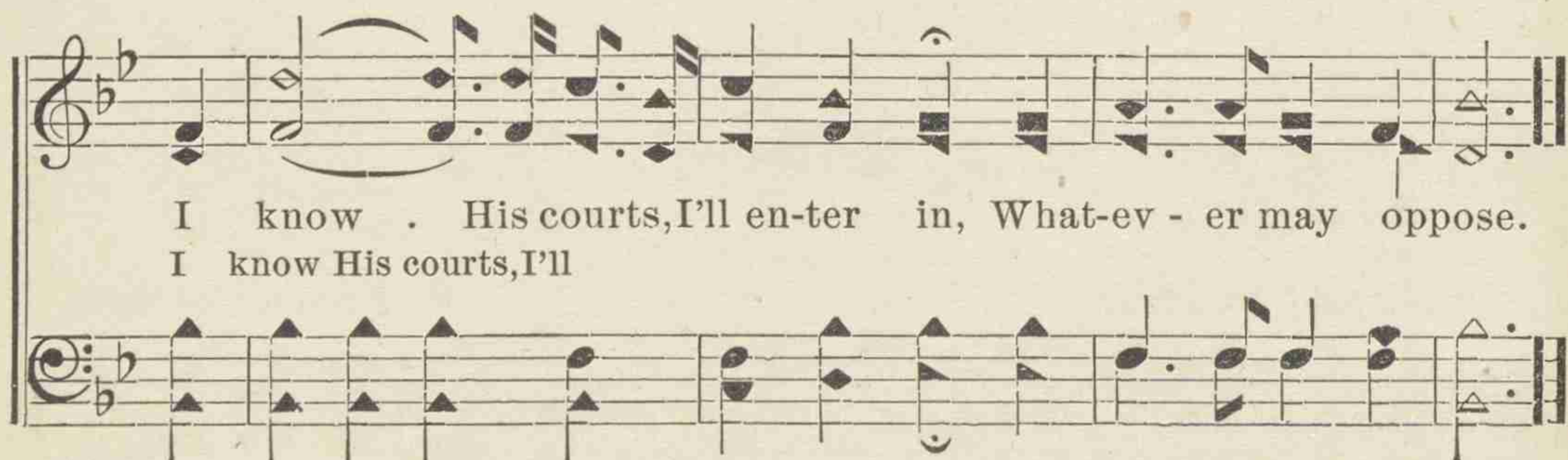
Come, with your guilt and fear op-press'd, And make this last re-solve:
 I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un-done, With-out His sov'reign grace.
 Per - haps He may command my touch, And then the suppliant lives.
 But, if I per - ish I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.
 For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die."

CHORUS.



I'll go . . . to Je-sus tho' my sin Hath like a mountain rose,
 I'll go to Je - sus

mountain rose,



I know . His courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev - er may oppose.
 I know His courts, I'll

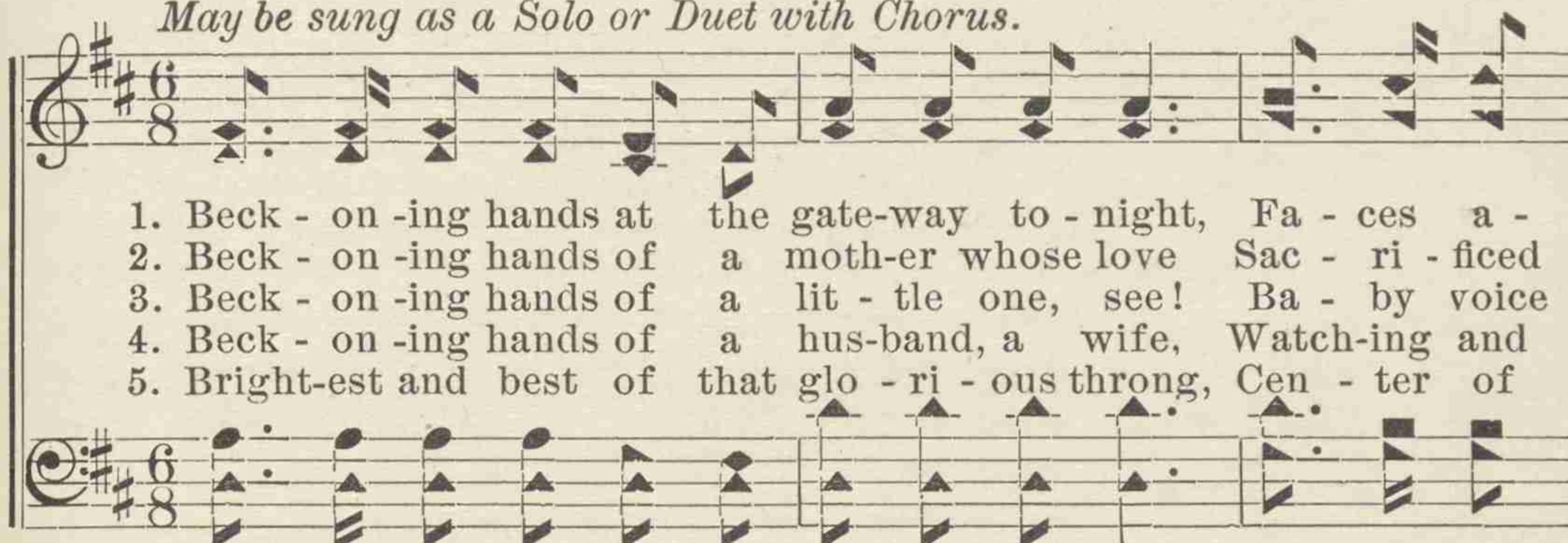
No. 213. Beautiful, Beckoning Hands.

"Beckoning unto them with the hand."—Acts. 12: 17.

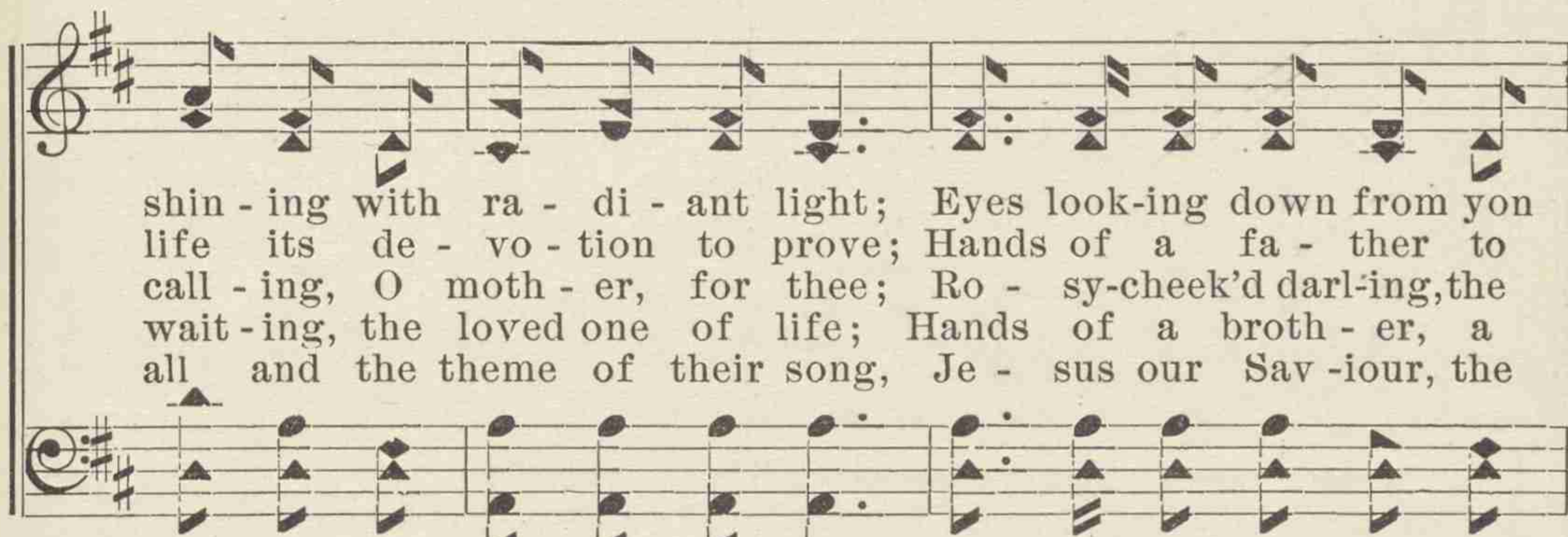
C. C. L.

C. C. LUTHER.

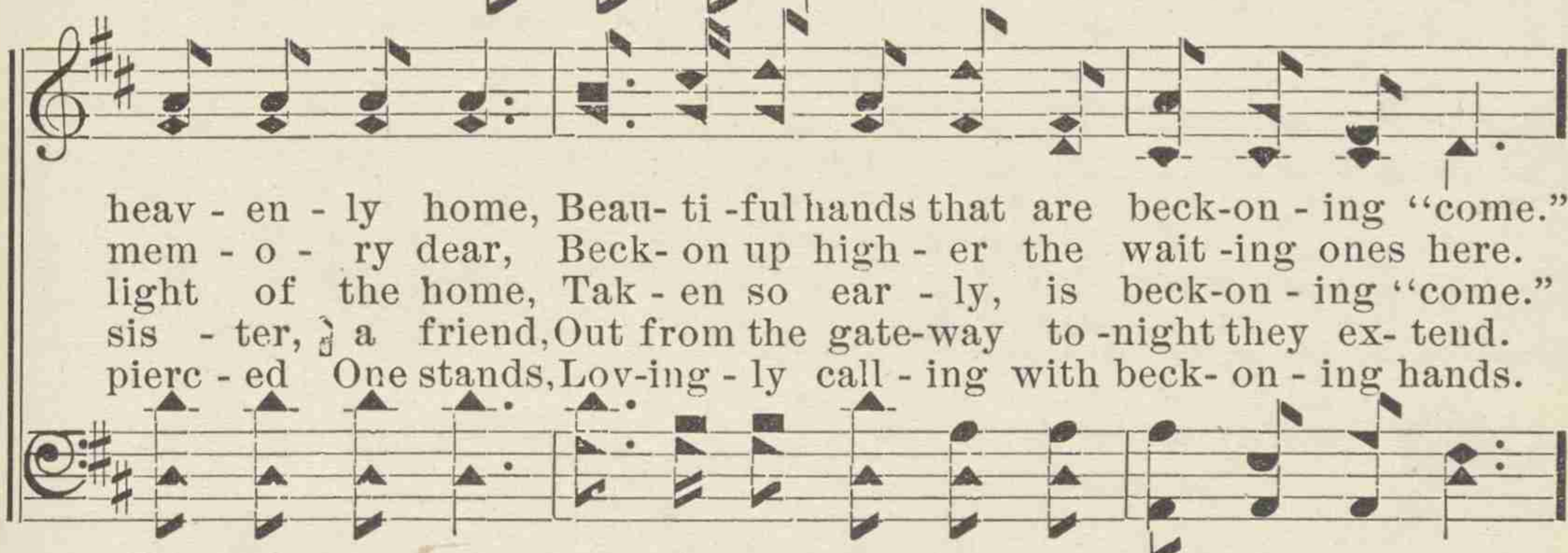
May be sung as a Solo or Duet with Chorus.



1. Beck - on - ing hands at the gate - way to - night, Fa - ces a -
 2. Beck - on - ing hands of a moth - er whose love Sac - ri - ficed
 3. Beck - on - ing hands of a lit - tle one, see! Ba - by voice
 4. Beck - on - ing hands of a hus - band, a wife, Watch - ing and
 5. Bright - est and best of that glo - ri - ous throng, Cen - ter of



shin - ing with ra - di - ant light; Eyes look - ing down from yon
 life its de - vo - tion to prove; Hands of a fa - ther to
 call - ing, O moth - er, for thee; Ro - sy - cheek'd darl - ing, the
 wait - ing, the loved one of life; Hands of a broth - er, a
 all and the theme of their song, Je - sus our Sav - iour, the



heav - en - ly home, Beau - ti - ful hands that are beck - on - ing "come."
 mem - o - ry dear, Beck - on up high - er the wait - ing ones here.
 light of the home, Tak - en so ear - ly, is beck - on - ing "come."
 sis - ter, a friend, Out from the gate - way to - night they ex - tend.
 pierc - ed One stands, Lov - ing - ly call - ing with beck - on - ing hands.

REFRAIN.



Beau - ti - ful hands, beckoning hands, Calling the dear ones to heavenly lands;



Beau - ti - ful hands, beckoning hands, Beautiful, beautiful, beckoning hands.

No. 214. Lay Hold on the Life-Line.

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." — John 6: 37.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA. A. HOFFMAN.

UNISON.

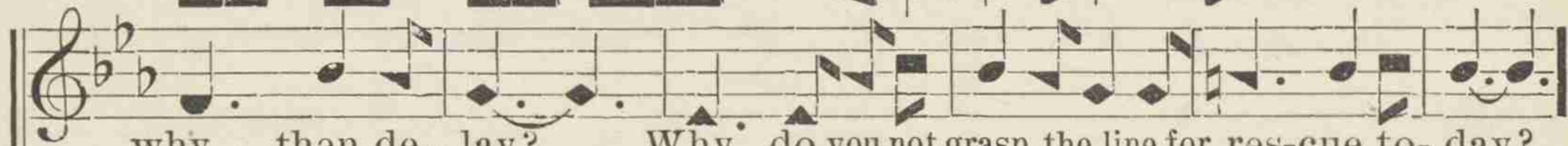


1. O ye who are drift-ing on the swift tides of sin, Near, near is the
2. See! there is a sig-nal gleaming bright from the shore; Hark! voices are
3. Soul, you are in reach of safety, help-ers are near; This, this should your

INST.



life-boat! Will ye not en - ter in? Wild storms are a-round you raging,
call-ing' mid the loud tem - pest's roar; Look there is a life-line floating,
cour-age strengthen—lo! God is here; While now there is hope of rescue,



why then de - lay? Why do you not grasp the line for res-cue to-day?
close by your side, This, this is your only hope, there's no help beside.
reach forth the hand, Lay hold on the life-line at the dear Lord's command.



CHORUS.



{ Lay hold on the life-line! Lay hold on the life-line! Christ can save the
{ Lay hold on the life-line! Lay hold on the life-line! Je - sus Christ can



per - ish-ing from sinking 'neath the wave;
res - cue you, (Omit.) yes, Je - sus Christ can save.



No. 215. Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—Matt. 11: 28.

JOSEPH HART.

J. INGALLS.

FINE.



1. { Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
 { Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love and pow'r. }
 2. { Now, ye need-y, come and welcome, God's free bounty glo - ri - fy; }
 { True be - lief and true re - pentance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh. }
 3. { Let not conscience make you ling-er, Nor of fit - ness fondly dream; }
 { All the fit - ness He re - quireth, Is to feel your need of Him. }
 4. { Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y la - den, Bruised and mangled by the fall, }
 { If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev-er come at all. }
- D.C. Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord, has come to reign.



CHORUS.

D.C.



Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;



No. 216. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

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

THOS. MOORE, alt.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late! wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o - late! light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing, Forth from the



mer - cy-seat, fer - vent-ly kneel. Here bring your wounded hearts,
 pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
 throne of God, pure from a - bove, Come to the feast of love;



here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n cannot heal.
 ten - der-ly say - ing, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n cannot cure.
 come, ev - er know-ing Earth has no sorrows but heav'n can re-move.



No. 217. The Glorious Gospel Train.

"All things are ready, come."—Matt. 22: 4.

F. L. EILAND.

J. E. THOMAS.



1. Are you at your sta-tion read-y, For the near approaching train?
2. Has your ti - tle been re-cord-ed, That no ques-tion can be made?
3. Are your garments nice-ly fit - ted, That ac-cept-ed you may be,
4. 'Tis the on - ly sig - nal, brother, That will make your passage sure,
5. Have you one of-fend-ed brother? Go and His for-give-ness plead;
6. Let it be no more a question, There's a book that will ex - plain;



Are you ful - ly con - tem-plat-ing That a pass you will ob-tain?
Does your prep - a - ra - tion war-rant That you shall not be de-layed?
As a guest on board for heav-en, Speed-ing for e - ter - ni - ty?
That will stop the might-y en-gine, And a seat to you se-secure;
His re-ceipt up - on your baggage, You will ev - i - dent - ly need.
If its truths do not condemn you, You are read - y for the train.



Is there some im-port-ant mat-ter You have left be-hind un-done,
When you see the head-light gleamings, As a-round the curves they climb,
Do you hold the blood-stained ban-ner Of Em-man-uel in your hand,
That will give you close con-nec-tion, And a nev - er-fail - ing hand;
Gold and sil - ver will not set - tle Debts the soul you may be due;
Then 'tis swift-ly on to glo - ry, And no dan-ger need you fear;



That will keep you hes - i - tat-ing, 'Till too late to make the run?
Have you a - ny fears and doubt-ings, That you'll not get in on time?
With your claims inscribed up-on it, And a ride for heav'n demand?
That will take you safe - ly o - ver, To the glo - ry spir - it land.
See your pass reads, Meek Sub-mission, Else it will not take you through.
There can be no wrecks to harm you, Je - sus is con-duc - tor there.



The Glorious Gospel Train.

CHORUS.

O be read-y for the glo-rious gos - pel train,
 O be read-y for the com-ing of the glo - rious gos - pel train,

Quick-ly make your prep - a - ra-tion, And your pass-port have in hand;

O be read - y for the glo-rious gos - pel train,
 O be read - y for the com - ing of the glo - rious gos - pel train,

It will take you safe - ly o - ver To the glo - ry spir - it land.

No. 218. The Gospel Railroad.

"With gladness — they shall enter into the King's palace."— Ps. 48: 15.

Mrs. HALL BOOTH.

UNKNOWN.

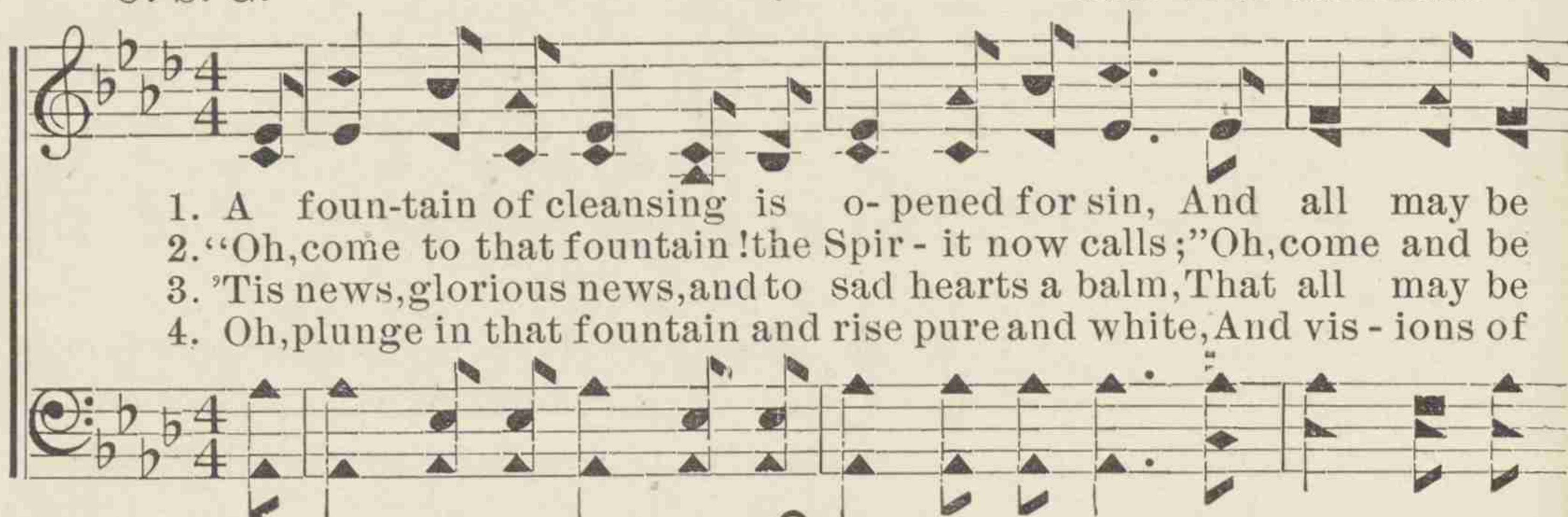
1. { The road to heav'n thro' Christ is laid, With precious blood the rails are made; }
 { From earth to heav'n the line ex-tends, To life e - ter - nal where it ends. }
 2. { Re - pentance is the sta-tion, then, Where pas-sen-gers are ta - ken in; }
 { No fee for them is then to pay, For Je - sus is Him-self the way. }
 3. { The Bi - ble is the en - gi - neer, It points the way to heav'n so clear; }
 { Thro' tunnels dark, and drea-ry here, It does the way to glo - ry steer. }
 4. { God's love the fire, His truth the steam Which drives the en - gine and the train; }
 { All you who would to glo - ry ride, Must come to Christ, in Him a - bide. }
 5. { Come, then, poor sin-ner, now's the time, At a - ny sta - tion on the line, }
 { If you re-pent and turn from sin, The train will stop and take you in. }
 6. { And then to glo - ry we will go, With all on board as white as snow; }
 { So ring the bell, and start the train, And run it through in Je-sus' name. }
 CHO. { I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing 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. }

No. 219. The Fountain of Cleansing.

"A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness."—Zech. 13: 1.

O. S. G.

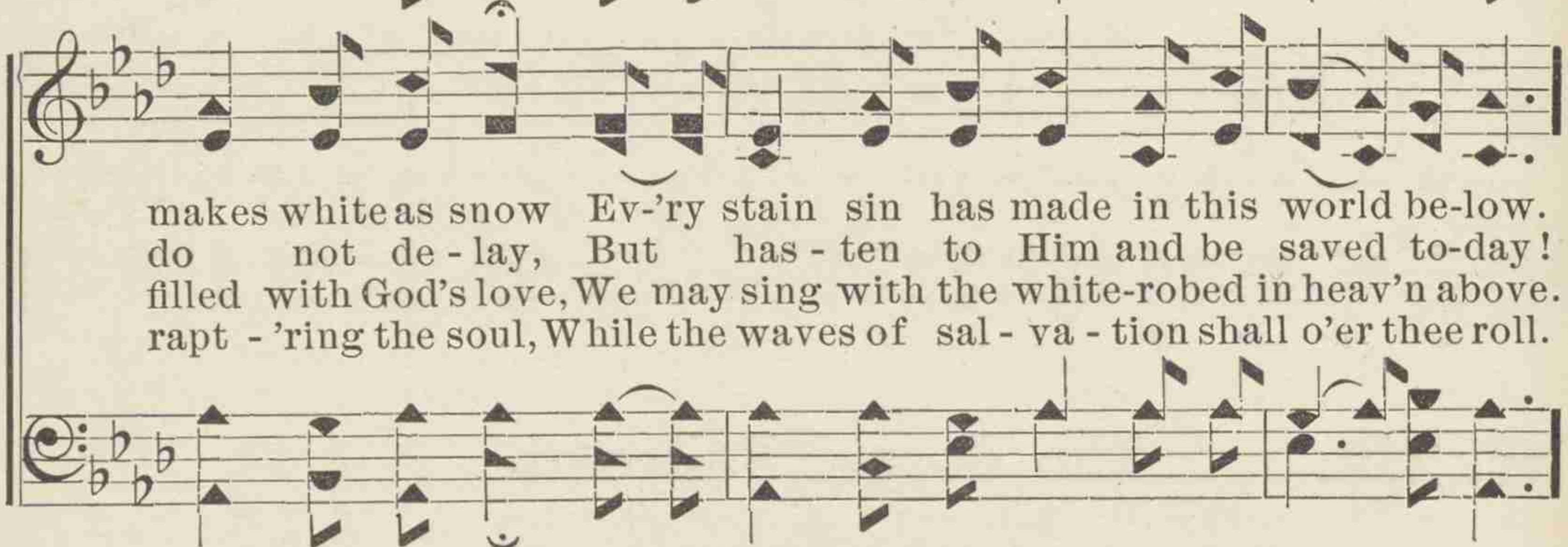
Mrs. O. S. GRINNELL.



1. A foun-tain of cleansing is o-pened for sin, And all may be
 2. "Oh, come to that fountain! the Spir - it now calls; "Oh, come and be
 3. 'Tis news, glorious news, and to sad hearts a balm, That all may be
 4. Oh, plunge in that fountain and rise pure and white, And vis - ions of

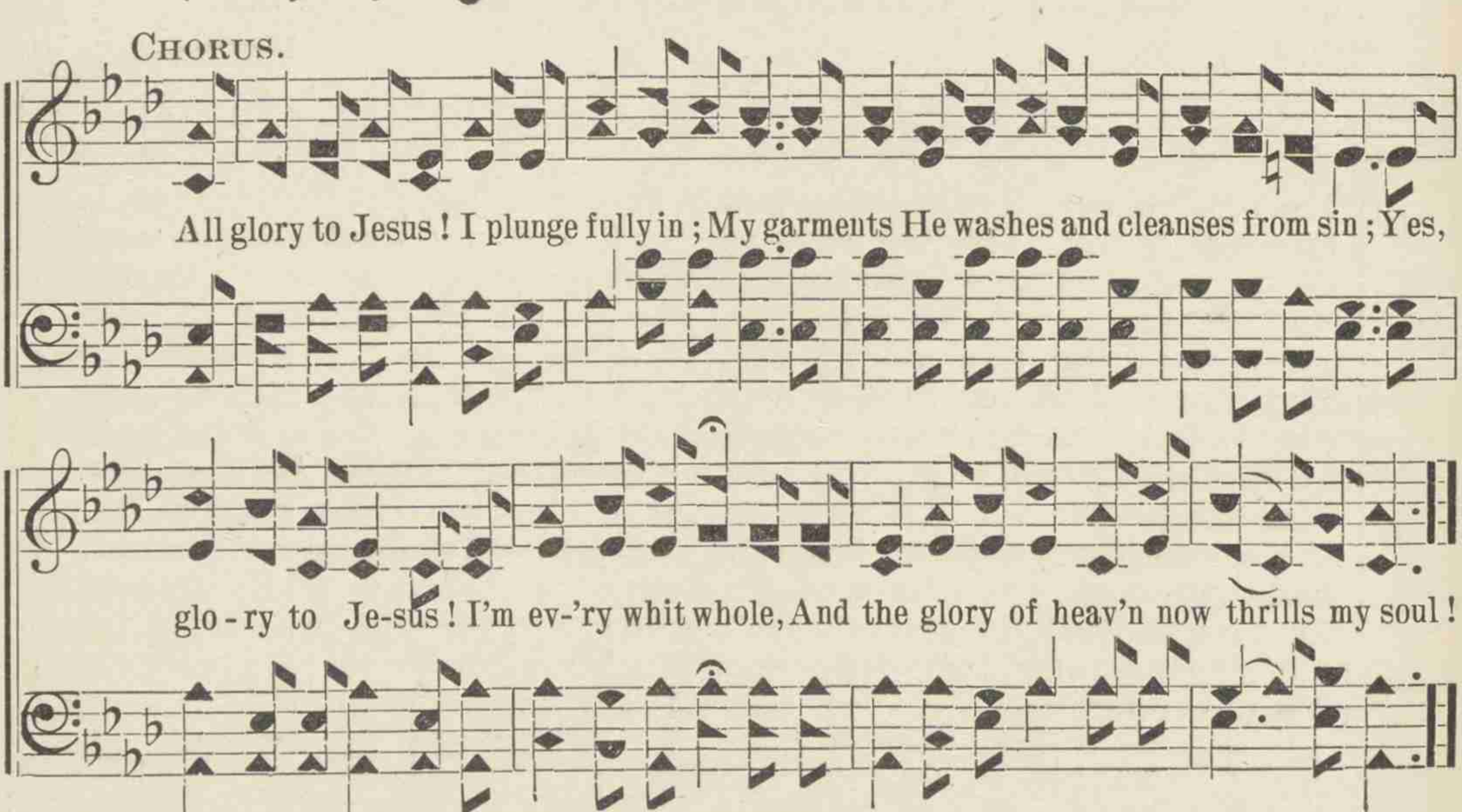


wash'd who will plunge freely in; 'Tis the soul-cleansing fountain that
 wash'd! 'tis for you and for all; The Sav - iour in-vites you, oh,
 wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; And that pur - i - fied, sanc - ti-fied,
 bliss will then dawn on thy sight—Sweet vis - ions of glo - ry en -



makes white as snow Ev-'ry stain sin has made in this world be-low.
 do not de - lay, But has - ten to Him and be saved to-day!
 filled with God's love, We may sing with the white-robed in heav'n above.
 rapt - 'ring the soul, While the waves of sal - va - tion shall o'er thee roll.

CHORUS.



All glory to Jesus! I plunge fully in; My garments He washes and cleanses from sin; Yes,
 glo - ry to Je - sus! I'm ev-'ry whit whole, And the glory of heav'n now thrills my soul!

No. 226.

Christ is Waiting.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

O. S. G.

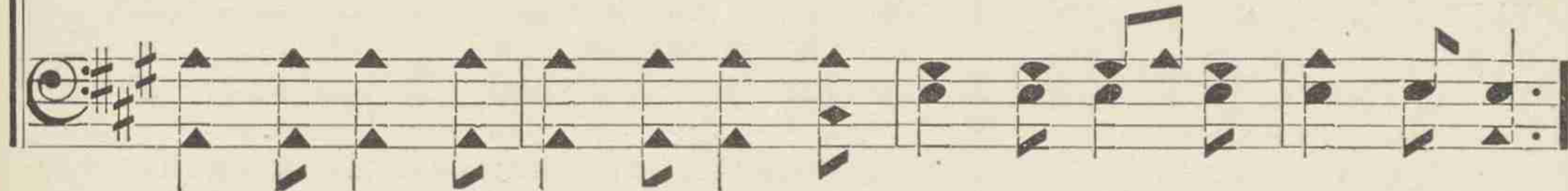
By O. S. GRINNELL.



1. O sin-ner! lis-ten while you may, For Christ can wash your sins a-way; He
2. Oh, come to Christ! do not delay, But seek His par-don while you may; Oh,
3. Just as you are, oh, hasten now! Confess your sins, and humbly bow! His
4. Oh! can it be you will re-fuse To lis-ten to such gracious news, And



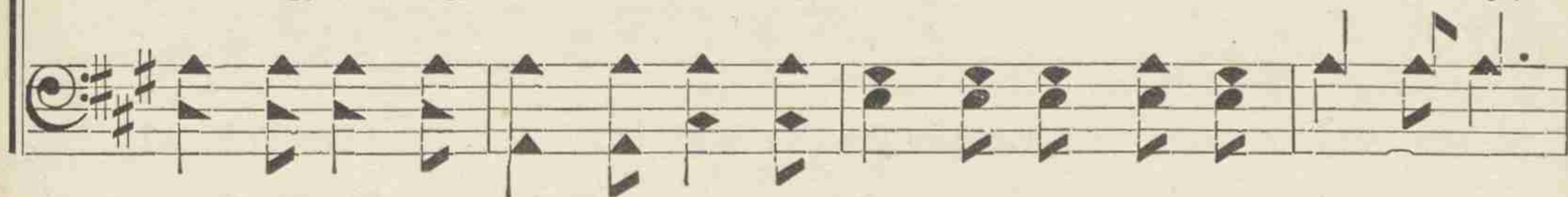
bore them all up - on the cross, To save you from e - ter - nal loss.
come just now, and do not wait Un - til the Spir - it says, "too late."
might - y grace He will im-part; His blood will cleanse your sin - ful heart.
shut your ears, and close your eyes, And die the death that nev - er dies?



CHORUS.



Wait - ing, wait - ing, Christ is wait-ing to save; .
Wait - ing, wait-ing, Christ is wait - ing, to-day;



Wait - ing, wait - ing, Christ is waiting to save.
Wait - ing, wait - ing, Christ is wait - ing,

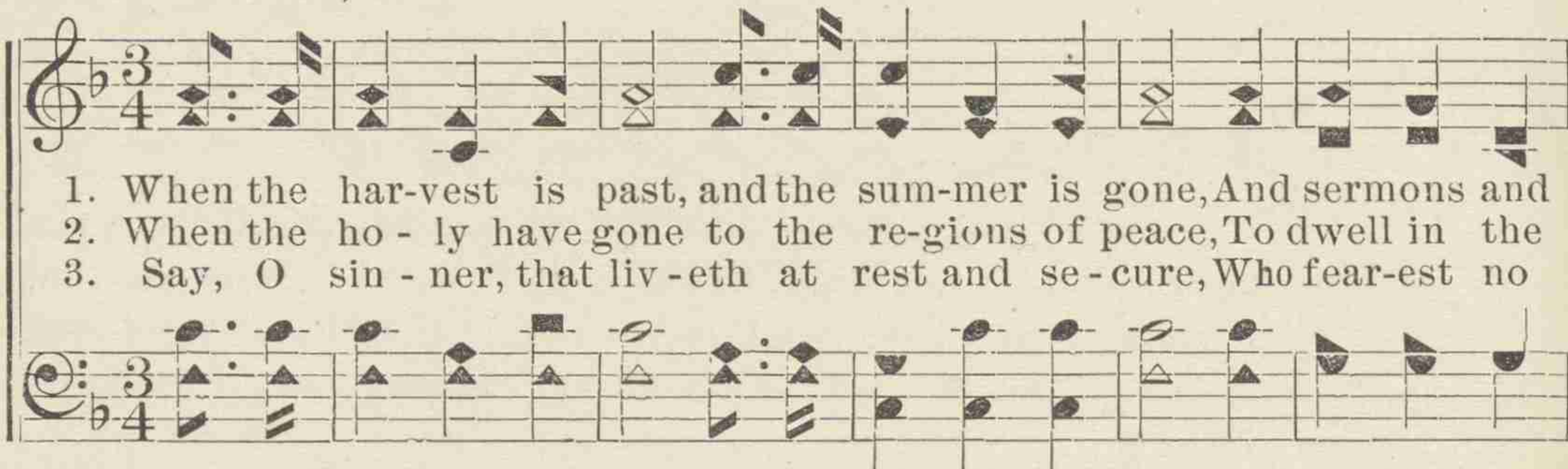


No. 221. When the Harvest is Past.

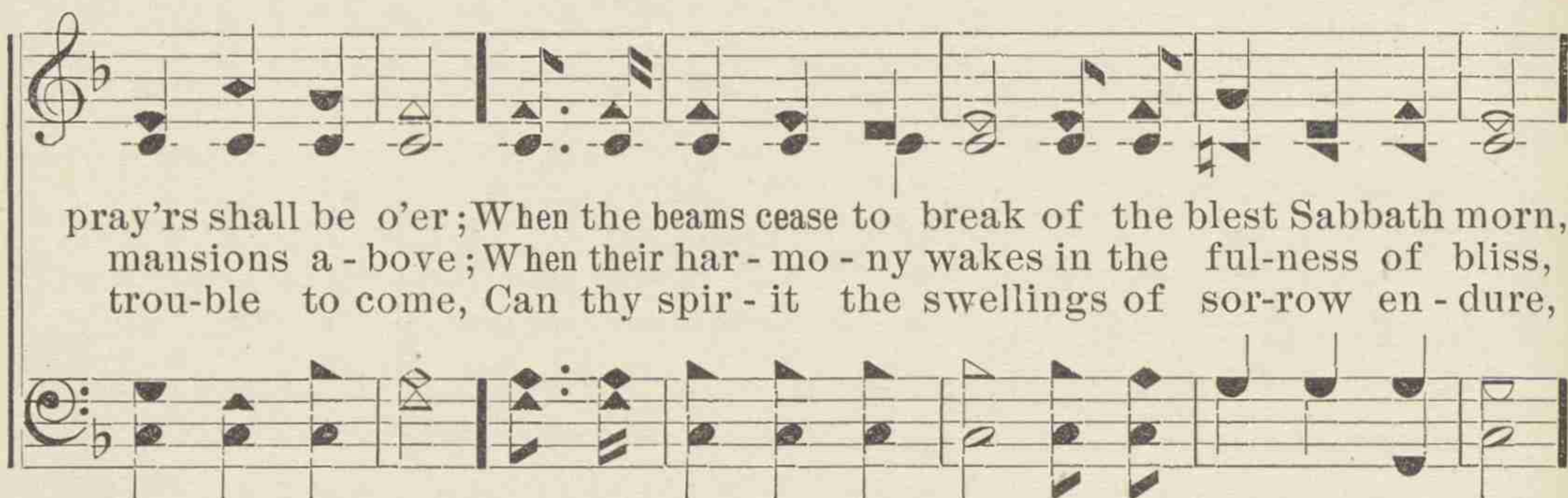
"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."—Jer. 10 : 20.

S. F. SMITH, D.D.

F. M. LAMB.



1. When the har-vest is past, and the sum-mer is gone, And sermons and
 2. When the ho-ly have gone to the re-gions of peace, To dwell in the
 3. Say, O sin-ner, that liv-eth at rest and se-cure, Who fear-est no

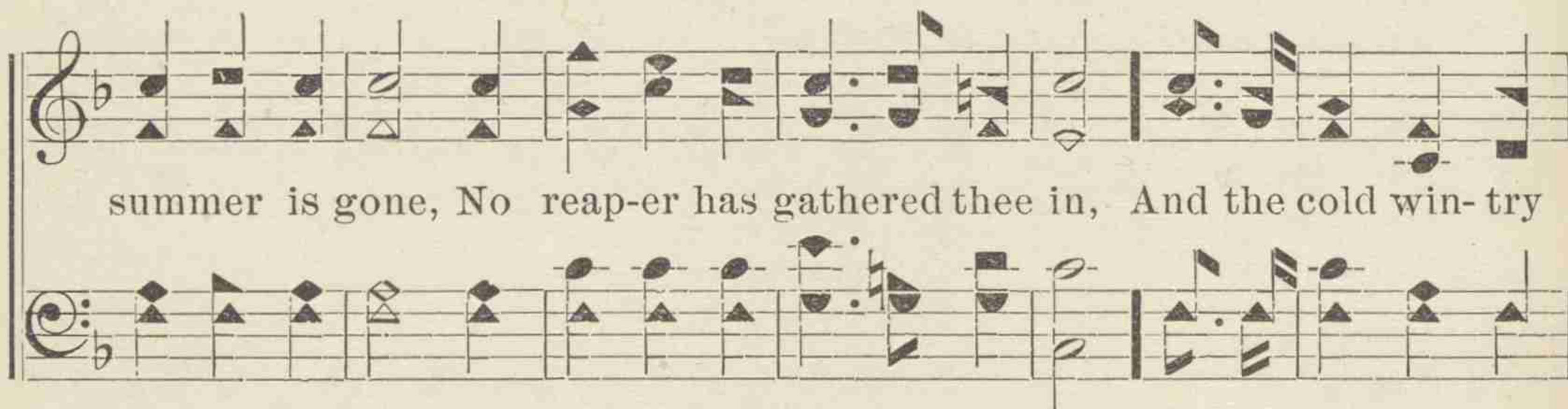


pray'rs shall be o'er; When the beams cease to break of the blest Sabbath morn,
 mansions a-bove; When their har-mo-ny wakes in the ful-ness of bliss,
 trou-ble to come, Can thy spir-it the swellings of sor-row en-dure,

REFRAIN.



And Je-sus in-vites thee no more; When the har-vest is past, and the
 The song to the Sav-iour they love;
 Or bear the im-pen-i-tent's doom?



summer is gone, No reap-er has gathered thee in, And the cold win-try



blast comes up-on thee at last, Oh where wilt thou rest from thy sin?

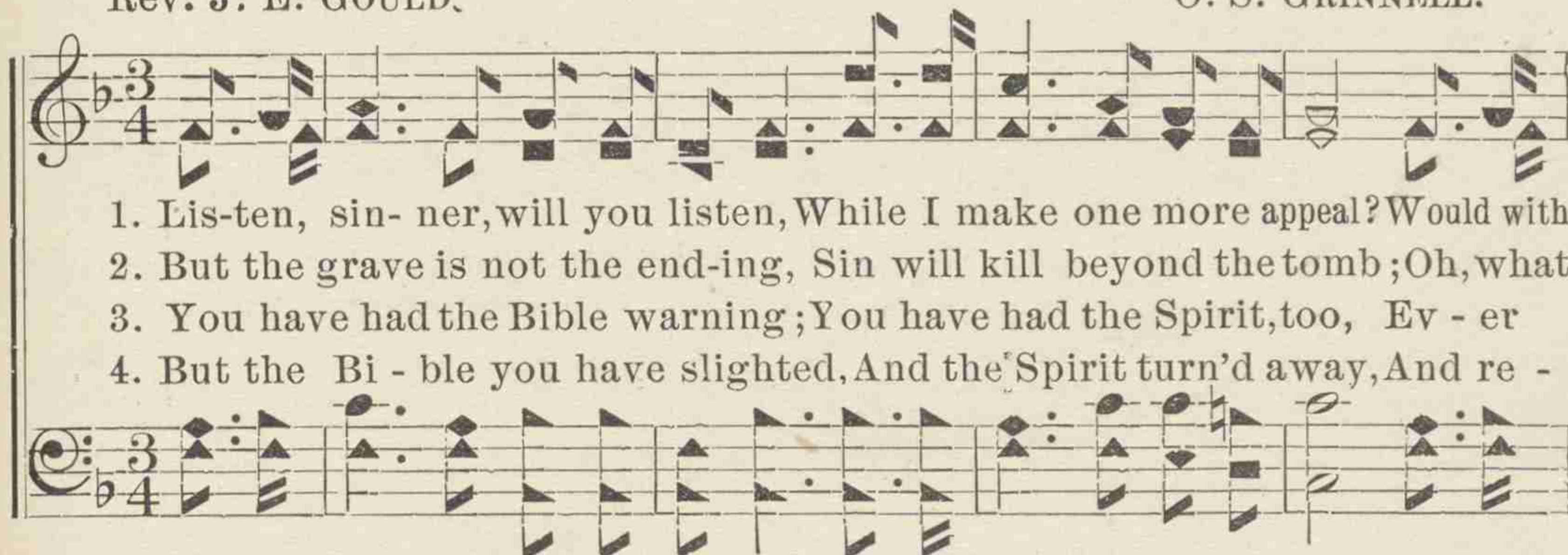
No. 222.

The Last Appeal.

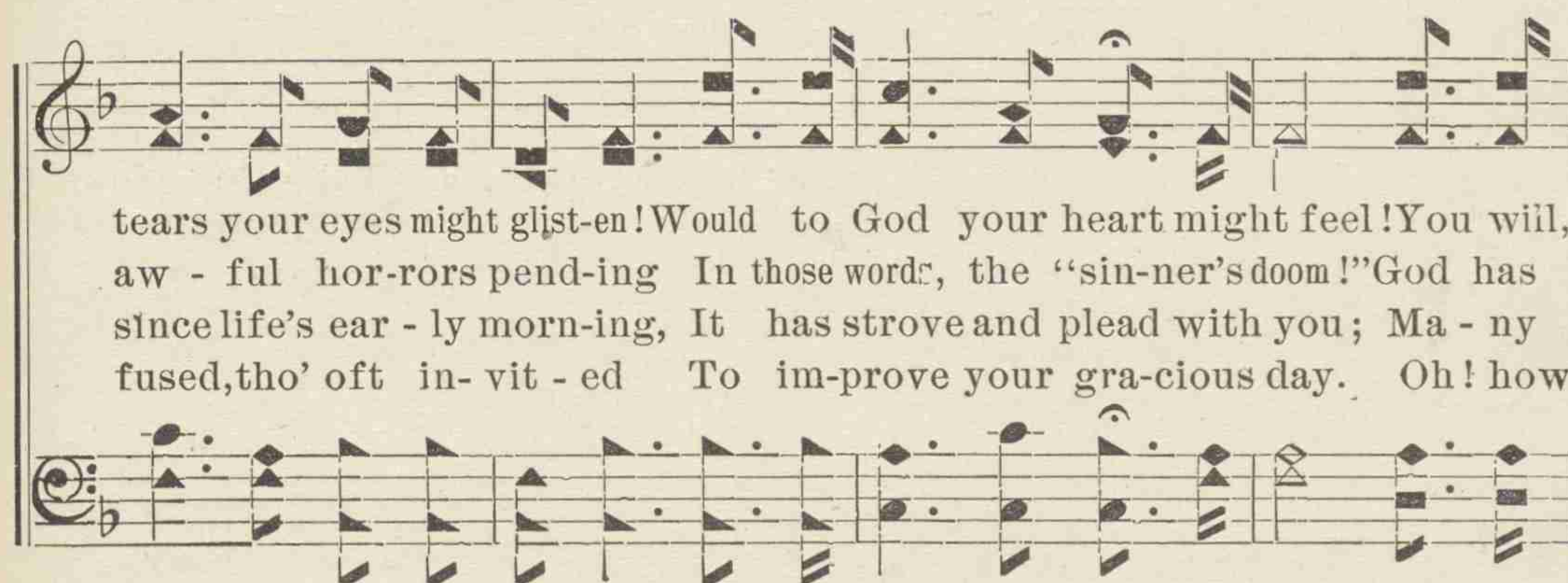
"He shall save his people from their sins."—Matt. 1: 21.

Rev. J. E. GOULD.

O. S. GRINNELL.



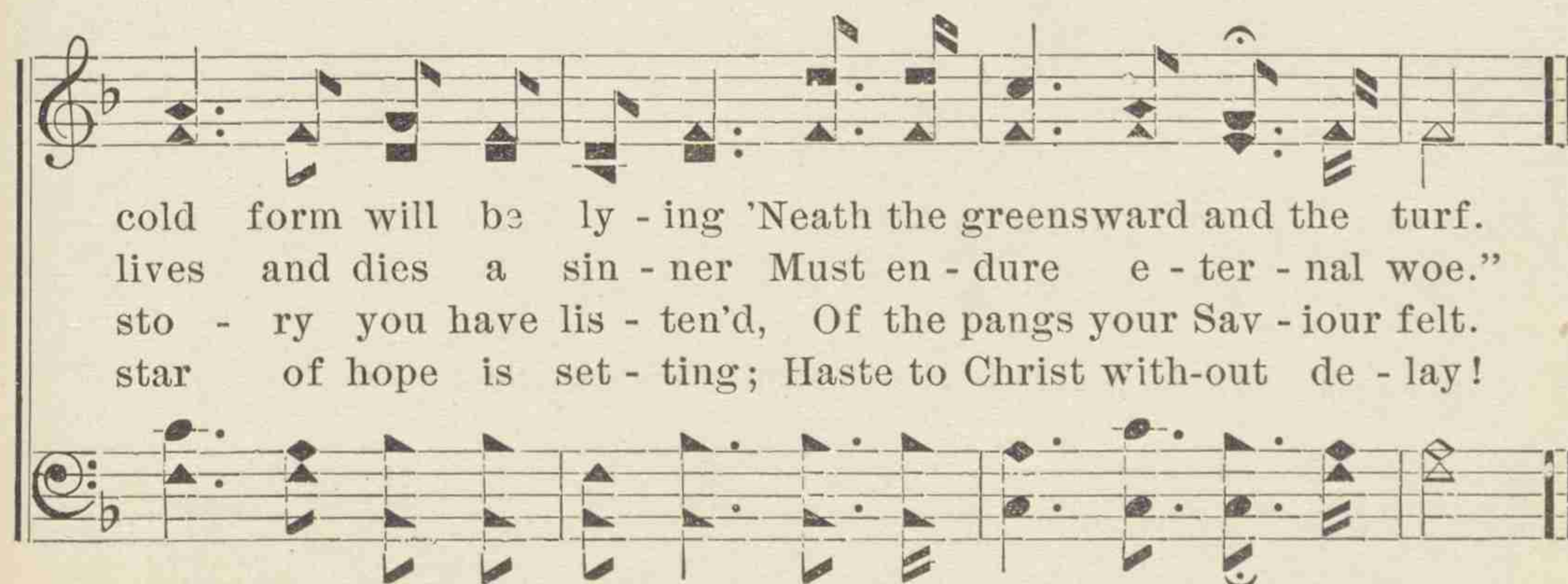
1. Lis-ten, sin-ner, will you listen, While I make one more appeal? Would with
 2. But the grave is not the end-ing, Sin will kill beyond the tomb; Oh, what
 3. You have had the Bible warning; You have had the Spirit, too, Ev - er
 4. But the Bi - ble you have slighted, And the Spirit turn'd away, And re -



tears your eyes might glist-en! Would to God your heart might feel! You will,
 aw - ful hor-rors pend-ing In those words, the "sin-ner's doom!" God has
 since life's ear - ly morn-ing, It has strove and plead with you; Ma - ny
 fused, tho' oft in-vit - ed To im-prove your gra-cious day. Oh! how



too, ere long be dy-ing; Soon we'll miss you from the earth; And your
 traced it with His fin-ger, Je - sus said it should be so: "He who
 times the tear-drop glisten'd, Ma - ny times your heart did melt; To the
 hard your heart is get-ting! Oh, how sad your state to - day! Friend, your



cold form will be ly - ing 'Neath the greensward and the turf.
 lives and dies a sin - ner Must en - dure e - ter - nal woe."
 sto - ry you have lis - ten'd, Of the pangs your Sav - iour felt.
 star of hope is set - ting; Haste to Christ with-out de - lay!

No. 223.

The Sinner and the Song.

"Look unto me and be ye saved."—Isa. 45: 22.

W. L. T.
SOLO.

WILL. L. THOMPSON.

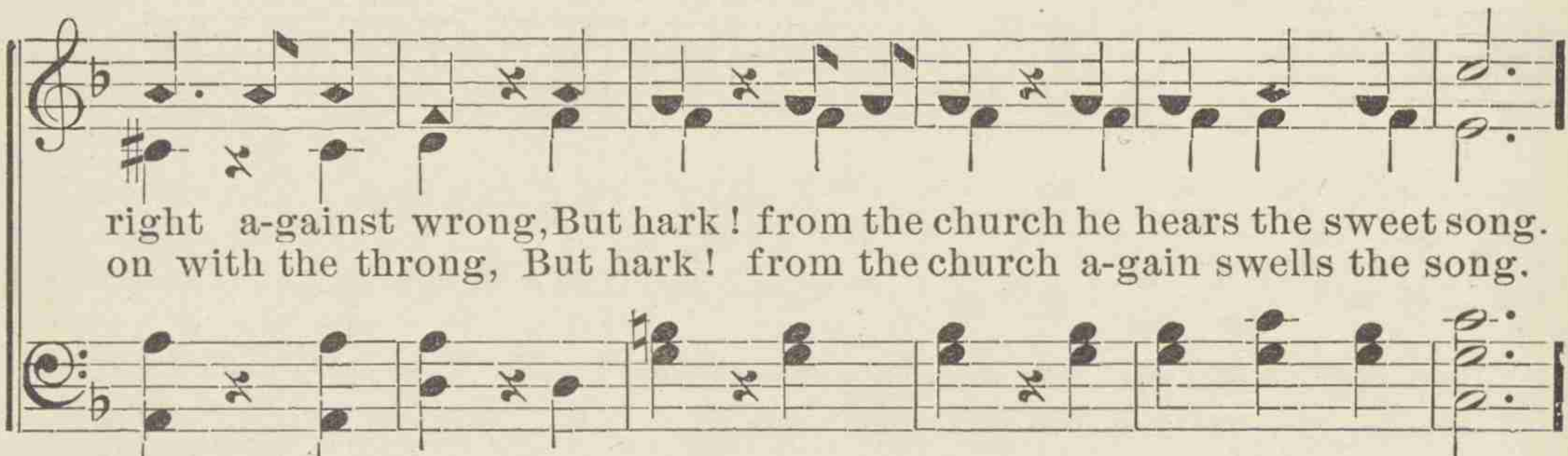
ORGAN.



1. A sinner was wand'ring at e-ven-tide; His tempter was watching close
2. He stopp'd and listen'd to ev'ry sweet chord; He remembered the time he



by at his side. In his heart raged a bat-tle for
once loved the Lord. Come on! says the tempter, come



right a-against wrong, But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song.
on with the throng, But hark! from the church a-gain swells the song.

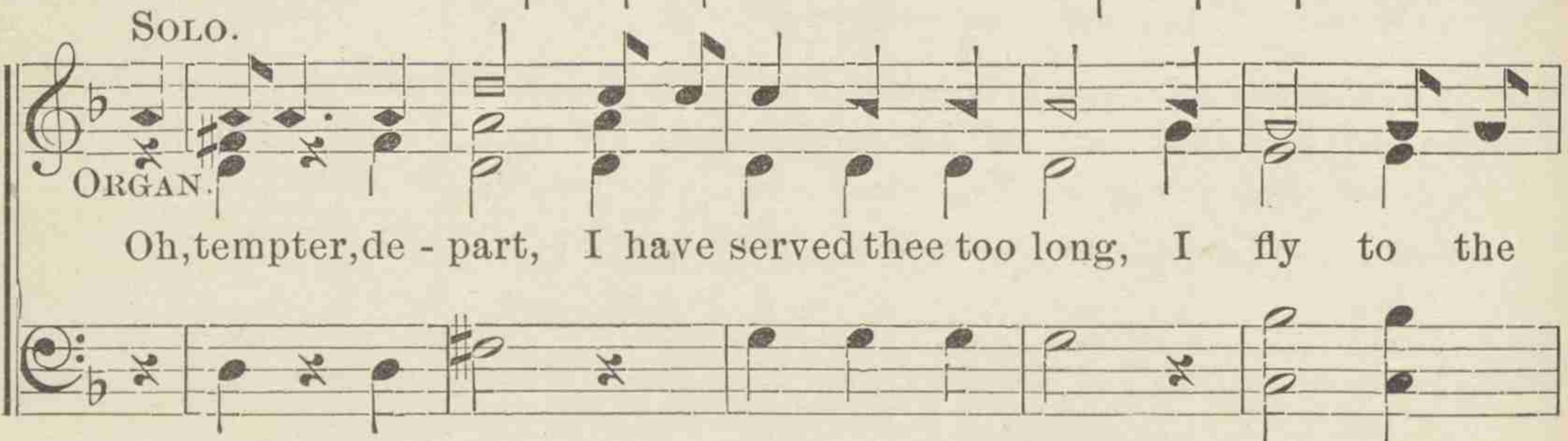
pp QUARTET.



1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly.
2. While the bil-lows 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

The Sinner and the Song.

Sav- iour, He dwells in that song; Oh, Lord, can it be that a

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

pp QUARTET.

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

SOLO.

pp QUARTET.

I come, Lord, I come, Thou'lt forgive the dark past, And O, receive my soul at last.

No. 224. Come to Jesus Just Now.

"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus just now,
Just now come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus just now.

- | | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 He will save you. | 6 Oh, believe Him. | 10 He will cleanse you. |
| 3 He is able. | 7 Oh, receive Him. | 11 Only trust Him. |
| 4 He is willing. | 8 Jesus loves you. | 12 Let us praise Him. |
| 5 He is waiting. | 9 He will bless you. | 13 Hallelujah. Amen. |



PENITENCE AND FAITH

"I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven, over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."—Luke. 15: 7.

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. But without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."—Heb. 11:1, 6.

No. 225. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

FRANCES JANE VAN ALSTYNE.

"Thou art my hiding-place."—Ps. 32: 7.

W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. Safe in the arms of Je-sus, Safe on His gentle breast, There by His love o'er
2. Safe in the arms of Je-sus, Safe from corroding care, Safe from the world's temp-
3. Jesus, my heart's dear refuge, Je-sus has died for me; Firm on the Rock of



CHO. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gentle breast, There by His love o'er-



shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels,
ta - tions, Sin cannot harm me there. Free from the blight of sor - row,
A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with pa - tience,



shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

D. C.



Borne in a song to me, Over the fields of glory, Over the jasper sea. . .
Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more trials, Only a few more tears. . .
Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morning Break on the golden shore.



No. 226.

In the Life Boat.

"Thou shalt be secure."—Job 11: 18.

Rev. S. ALMAN.

Rev. SAMUEL ALMAN.

SOLO. *Moderato.*



1. While on life's stormy sea we ride, We know that we're se-cure; For
2. The rag - ing billows hear His voice, The winds o-bey His will; O
3. The winds may howl, the storms may beat, What are all these to me? At
4. Throughout the stormy voyage of life, We'll press toward the goal; God's



He in whom we now con - fide, Will guide us safe and sure.
let us now in Him re - joice, Who for us says, "Be still."
Je - sus' side I'll take my seat, While sail - ing o'er life's sea.
love will strengthen for the strife, And safe - ly guide the soul.



CHORUS. *ff*



Yes, we're in the life-boat, Je - sus has command, He will guide us safely,



To the promised land. Yes, we're in the life-boat, Je - sus has command,



He will guide us safe - ly, To the prom - ised land.



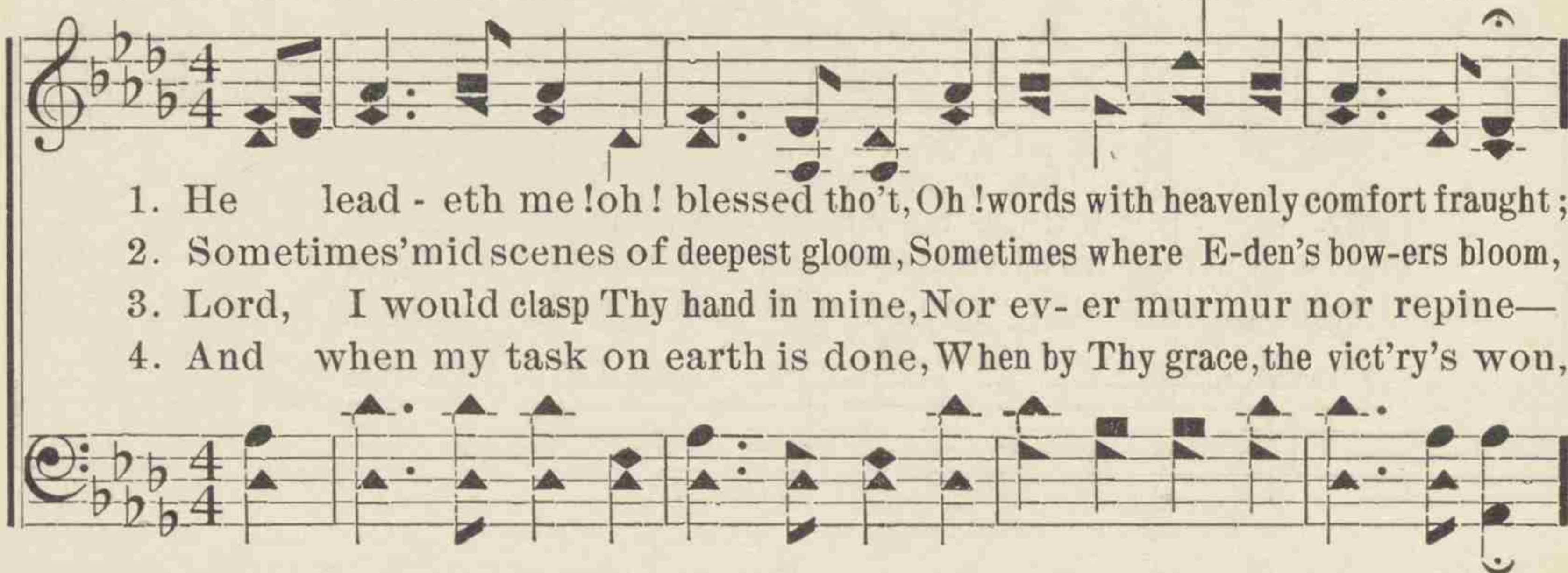
No. 227.

He Leadeth Me.

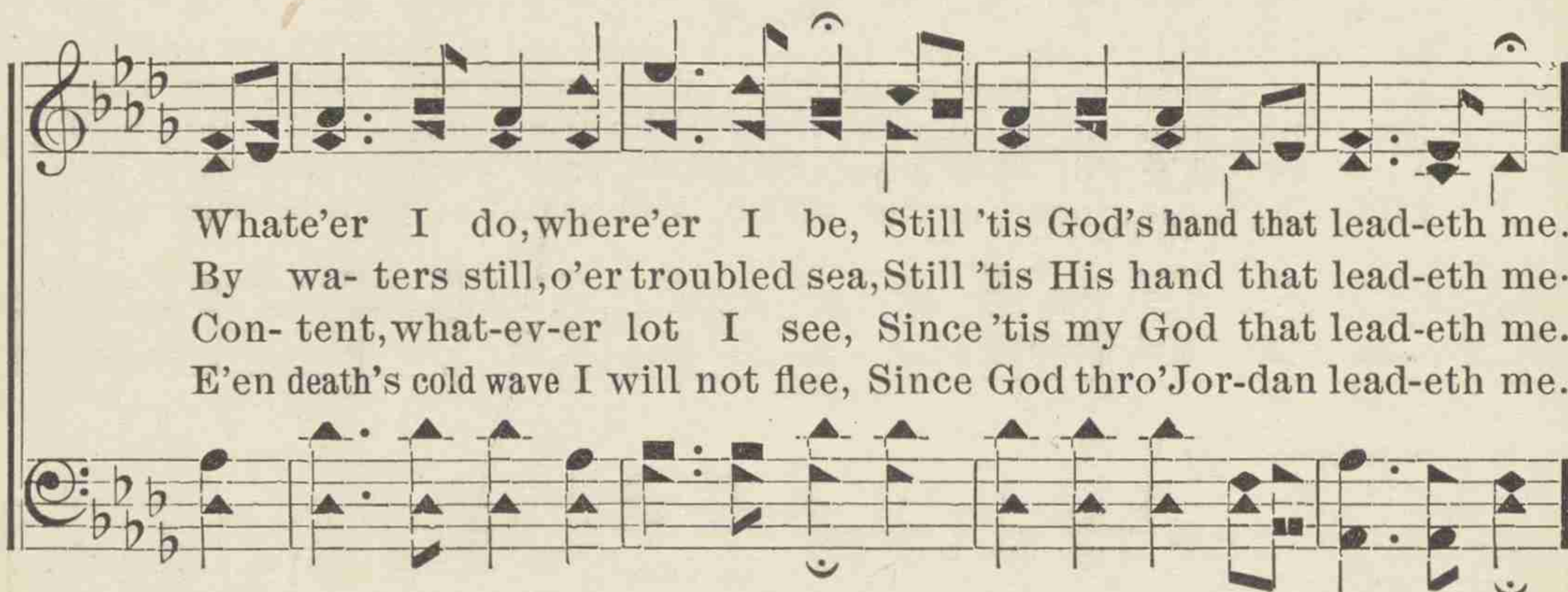
"He leadeth me by the still waters."—Psalms 23: 2.

Rev. JOS. H. GILMORE.

H. A. R. HORTON.



1. He lead - eth me ! oh ! blessed tho't, Oh ! words with heavenly comfort fraught ;
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bow-ers bloom,
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev- er murmur nor repine—
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won,

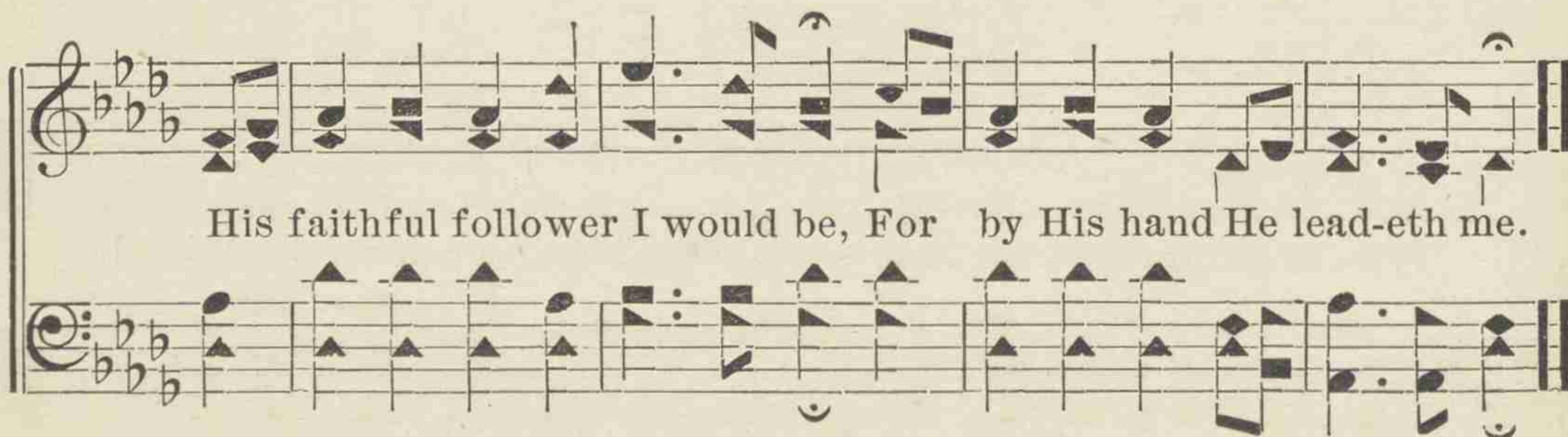


Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.
 Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

CHORUS.



He lead-eth me ! He lead-eth me ! By His own hand He lead-eth me ;



His faithful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No. 228.

Jesus Only.

"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—Matt. 17: 8.

HATTIE M. CONREY.

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.



1. What tho' clouds are hov'ring o'er me, And I seem to walk a-lone—
2. What tho' all my earth-ly journey Bringeth naught but wea-ry hours,
3. What tho' all my heart is yearning For the lov'd of long a-go—
4. When I soar to realms of glo-ry, And an en-trance I a-wait,



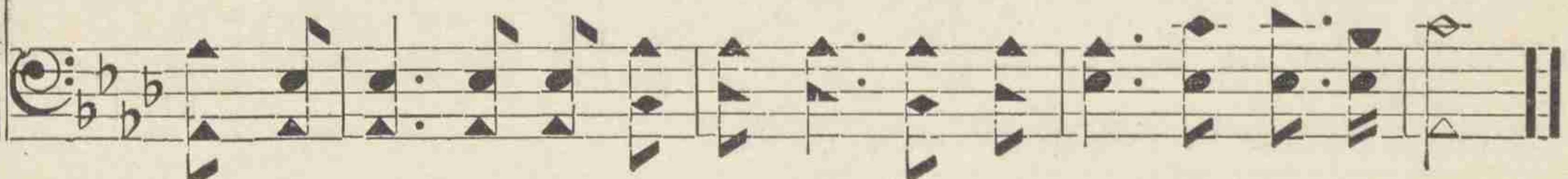
Long-ing 'mid my cares and cross-es, For the joys that now are flown—
And, in grasp-ing for life's ros-es, Thorns I find in-stead of flow'rs—
Bit-ter les-sons sad-ly learning, From the shadowy page of woe—
If I whisper, "Je-sus on-ly!" Wide will ope the pearl-y gate;



If I've Je-sus, "Je-sus on-ly," Then my sky will have a gem;
If I've Je-sus, "Je-sus on-ly," I pos-sess a clus-ter rare;
If I've Je-sus, "Je-sus on-ly," He'll be with me to the end;
When I join the heav'nly cho-rus, And the an-gel hosts I see,



He's a Sun of brightest splendor, And the Star of Beth-le-hem.
He's the "Lil-y of the Val-ley," And the "Rose of Sharon" fair.
And, un-seen by mor-tal vis-ion, An-gel bands will o'er me bend.
Pre-cious Je-sus, "Je-sus on-ly," Will my theme of rap-ture be.



No. 229.

Follow All the Way.

"Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith you are called."—Eph. 4: 1.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Arr. by IRA O. HOFFMAN.

TRIO.



1. I can hear my Saviour call-ing, In the tend'rest accents call-ing;
2. Tho' the way be dark and dreary, Tho' my feet be worn and weary,
3. Je - sus, ev - er go be - fore me, Shining heaven's sunlight o'er me,
4. Thro' the valley safe - ly lead me, Heav'nly man - na dai - ly feed me;
5. In Thy heart's af - fec - tion hold me, In Thy arms of love en - fold me;
6. I will nev - er leave Thee, never; Faithful I will be for - ev - er;
7. Thro' death's dark and gloomy portal, Leaving there this bod - y mor - tal,



On my ear these words are fall-ing, "Take thy cross, and daily fol - low Me."
 Yet my heart keeps bright and cheery As I fol - low, fol - low all the way.
 And when weak, by grace restore me As I fol - low, fol - low all the way.
 Ev - 'ry hour, dear Lord, I need Thee As I fol - low, fol - low all the way.
 And with Thine own grace uphold me, As I fol - low, fol - low all the way.
 Help me in my weak en - deav - or Thee to fol - low, fol - low all the way.
 In - to yon - der home im - mortal I will fol - low, fol - low all the way.



CHORUS.



I will take my cross and follow, My dear Sav - iour I will fol - low,



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



No. 230. All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.

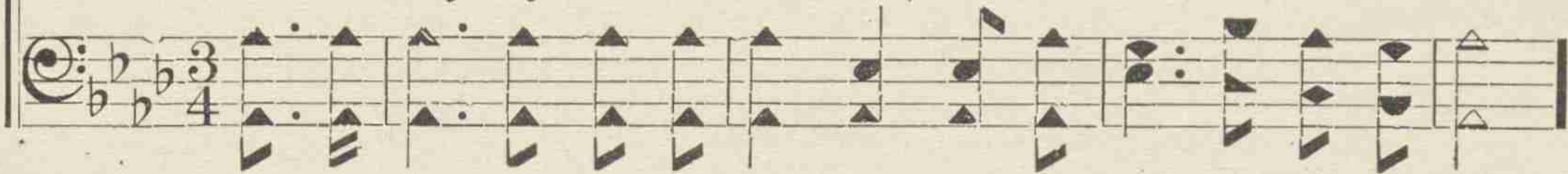
"The Lord alone did lead him."—Deut. 32: 12.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.



1. All the way my Saviour leads me; What have I to ask beside?
2. All the way my Saviour leads me; Cheers each winding path I tread;
3. All the way my Saviour leads me; Oh, the ful - ness of His love!



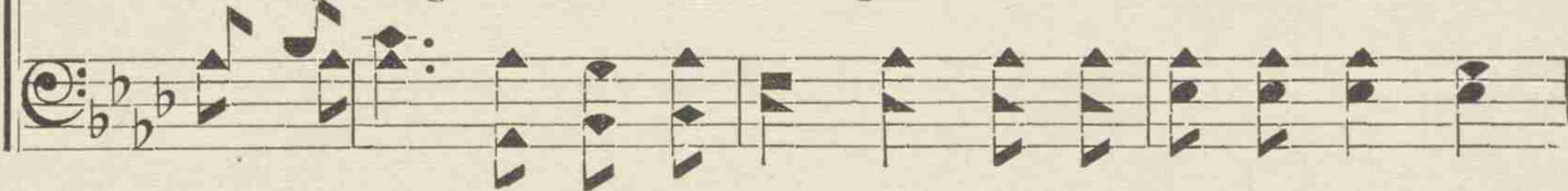
Can I doubt His ten - der mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread;
Per - fect rest to me is promised In my Fa - ther's house a - bove;



Heav'nly peace, di - vin - est com - fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wea - ry steps may fal - ter, And my soul a - thirst may be,
When my spir - it, cloth'd im - mor - tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,



For I know what - e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things
Gush - ing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I
This my song thro' end - less a - ges— Je - sus led me all the



well; For I know whate'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well.
see; Gushing from the Rock before me, Lo! a spring of joy I see,
way; This my song thro' endless a - ges— Je - sus led me all the way.



No. 231.

Saviour, Lead Me.

"For thy name's sake, lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

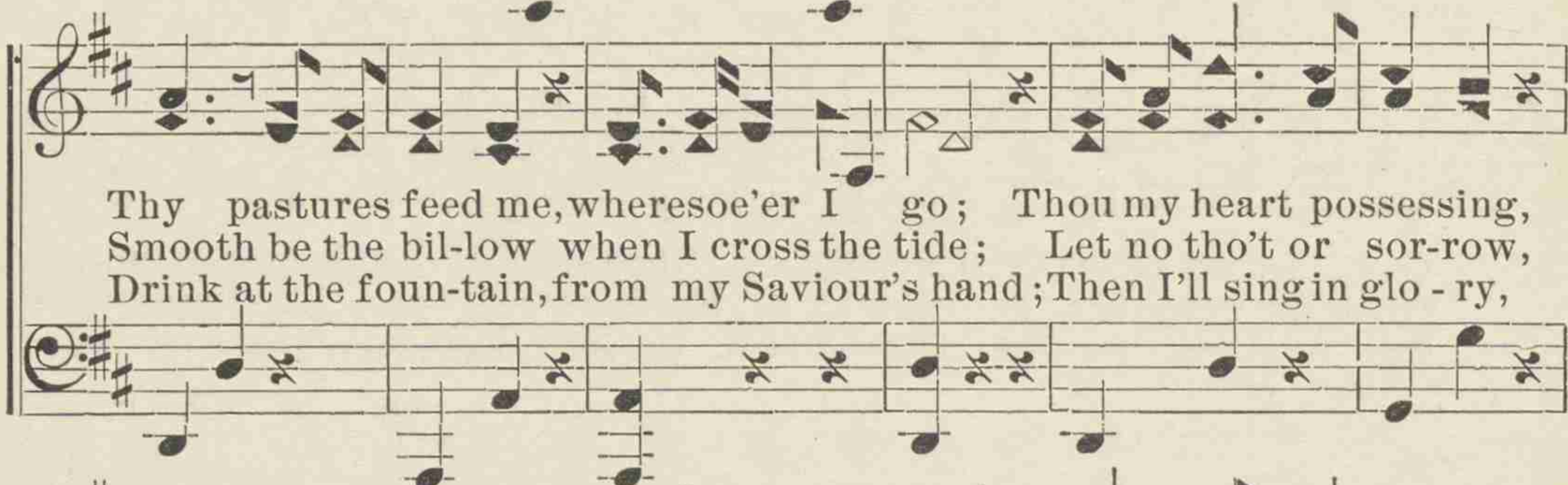
A. O. NEWPHER, Esq.

Mrs. NORTON, arr. by J. B. E., by per.

p



1. Dear Sav- iour, lead me, while I trav - el here be - low;
 2. Soft be the pil - low, that my Sav - iour will pro - vide;
 3. When on the moun - tain, with the an - gels I shall stand;



Thy pastures feed me, wheresoe'er I go; Thou my heart possessing,
 Smooth be the bil - low when I cross the tide; Let no tho't or sor - row,
 Drink at the foun - tain, from my Saviour's hand; Then I'll sing in glo - ry,

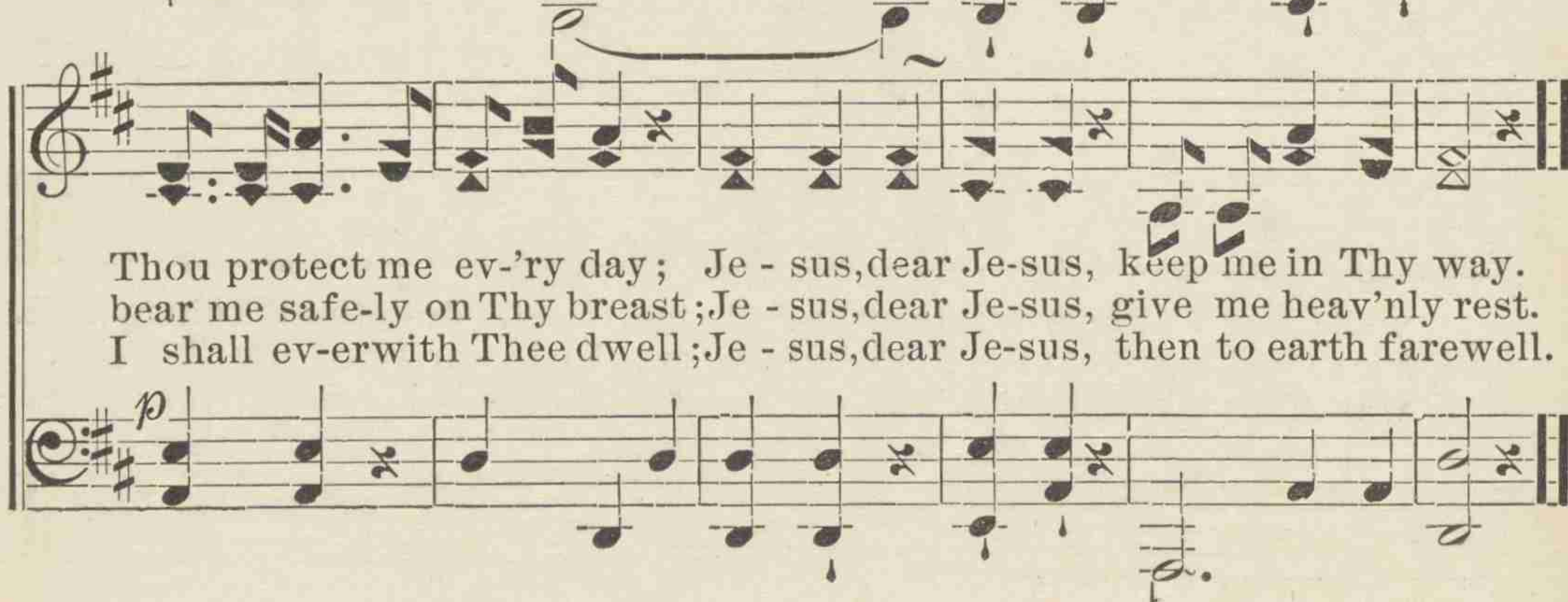


Thy sweet peace be ev - er mine; Dai - ly grant Thy bless - ing,
 touch my soul with doubt or fear, But the bright to - mor - row
 with the saints who sing a - bove; There I'll tell the sto - ry

Slower. CHORUS. ~



make me whol - ly Thine. Je - sus, dear Je - sus,
 read my ti - tle clear. Je - sus, dear Je - sus,
 of Re - deem - ing Love. Je - sus, dear Je - sus,



Thou protect me ev - ry day; Je - sus, dear Je - sus, keep me in Thy way.
 bear me safe - ly on Thy breast; Je - sus, dear Je - sus, give me heav'nly rest.
 I shall ev - er with Thee dwell; Je - sus, dear Je - sus, then to earth farewell.

p

No. 232.

Lead Me, Saviour.

"The blessing of the Lord be upon you."—Ps. 129: 8.

F. M. D.

F. M. DAVIS, by per.

With expression.

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly
 2. Thou the ref - uge of my soul, When life's
 3. Sav - iour, lead me, then at last, When the

Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen -

lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy
 stormy bil-lows roll, I am safe when Thou art
 storm of life is past, To the land of end-less

tly lead me all the way; I am

side, I would in Thy love a-bide.
 nigh, All my hopes on Thee re-ly.
 day, Where all tears are wiped away.

safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a-bide.

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me lest I stray; lest I stray,

rit. e dim.

Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.
 stream of time, all the way.

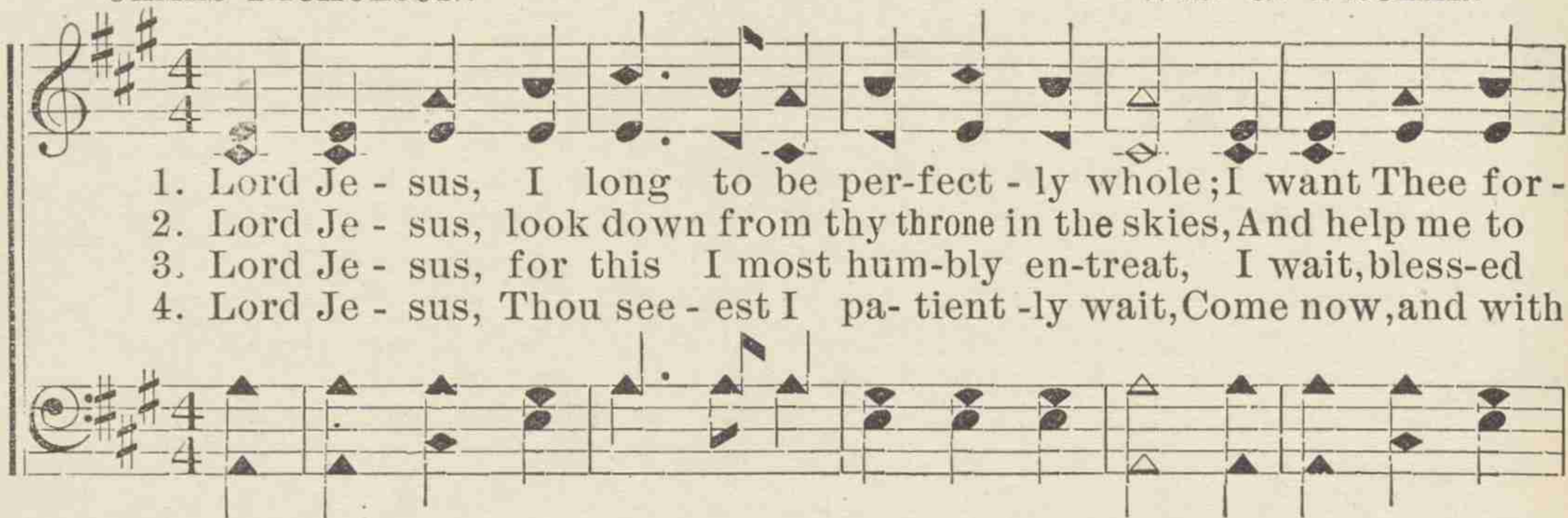
No. 233.

Whiter Than Snow.

"Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."—51: 7.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

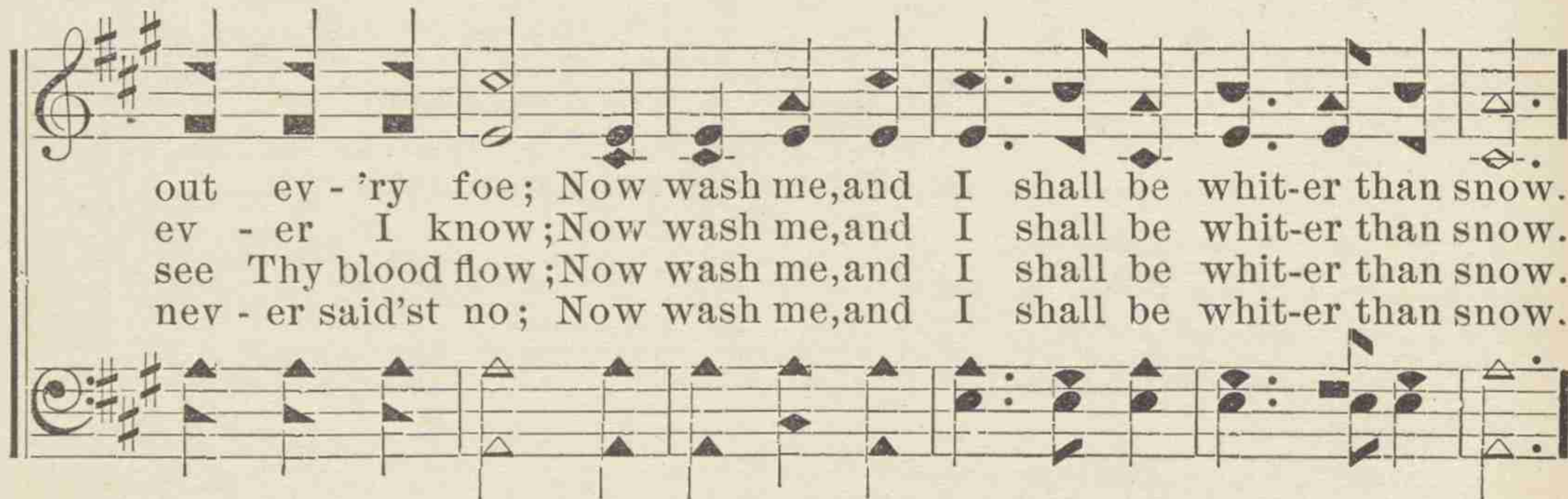
WM. G. FISCHER.



1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum-bly en-treat, I wait, bless-ed
 4. Lord Je - sus, Thou see - est I pa-tient - ly wait, Come now, and with



ev - er to live in my soul, Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast
 make a com-plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what -
 Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith for my cleansing, I
 in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee Thou



out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
 ev - er I know; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
 see Thy blood flow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
 nev - er said'st no; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

CHORUS.



Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now



wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

By permission.

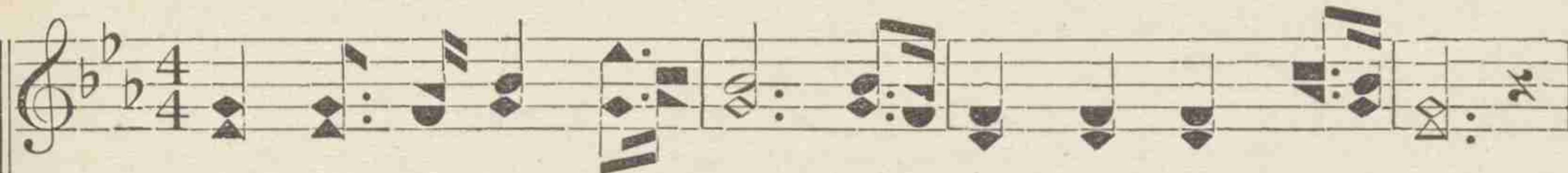
No. 234.

Whiter Than the Snow.

"Cleanse me from my sin."—Ps. 51:2.

Rev. ANDREW REED.

Mrs. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN.



1. Come, my Re-deem-er, come, And deign to live with me;
2. Why should the world pre-sume To oc - cu - py Thy throne?
3. Ex - ert Thy might-y pow'r, And ban - ish all my sin;
4. Rule Thou in ev - 'ry tho't And pas - sion of my soul,
5. Then shall my days be Thine, And all my heart be love,



Come, make my heart Thy home, And bid Thy riv - als flee;
 Come, all Thy right as - sume; I would be Thine a - lone;
 In this au - spi - cious hour, Bring all Thy grac - es in;
 Till all my pow'rs are bro't Be - neath Thy full con - trol:
 And joy and peace be mine Such as are known a - bove.



Come, my Redeemer, quickly come, And make my heart Thy lasting home;



Wash me in the blood, in the cleansing flood, And I shall be whiter than snow.
 D.S. Wash me in the blood, in the cleansing flood, And I shall be whit-er than snow.

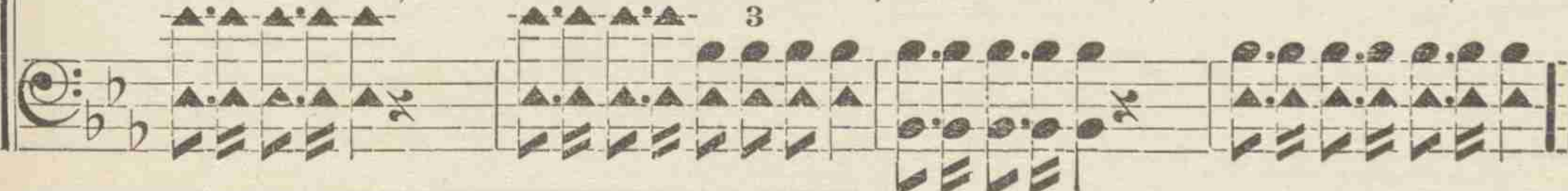


CHORUS.

Whit - er than snow, . . . Whit - er than snow.



Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the beautiful snow, Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, the snow.



No. 235. A Little Talk With Jesus.

"Consider and hear me, O Lord my God."—Ps. 13: 3.

Verse 3 by Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Arr. by IRA O. HOFFMAN.



1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black, and stormy o - ver-head,
2. When those who once were dear-est friends be - gin to per-se - cute,
3. Sometimes the path may lead to where hard bat - tles must be fought,
4. And thus by fre-quent lit - tle talks I gain the vic - to - ry,



CHO.—A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes my trust-ing heart more light,



And tri - als sore of ev - 'ry kind a - cross my path are spread,
And those who once pro-fess'd to love have si - lent grown and mute,
Sometimes to mountains steep to climb my wea - ry feet are brought,
And march a - long with cheer-ful song, en - joy - ing lib - er - ty;



A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes the path more clear and bright,



How soon I con - quer all When on the Lord I call!
I tell Him all my grief, He quick - ly sends re - lief,
Yet heav'n's sweet love and light Shine o'er me clear and bright,
With Je - sus as my friend, I know, un - til the end,



In trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God, I al - ways find,



A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right.



A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right.

No. 236. How Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

"Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord."—Jer. 17: 7.

C. E. P.

(To J. C. F. Kyger.) CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. How sweet to trust in Je - sus, God's well - be - lov - ed Son!
 2. How sweet to trust in Je - sus, In dark-ness as in light!
 3. How sweet to trust in Je - sus;—To feel our-selves se - cure,
 4. How sweet to trust in Je - sus, The dy - ing sin - ner's friend!

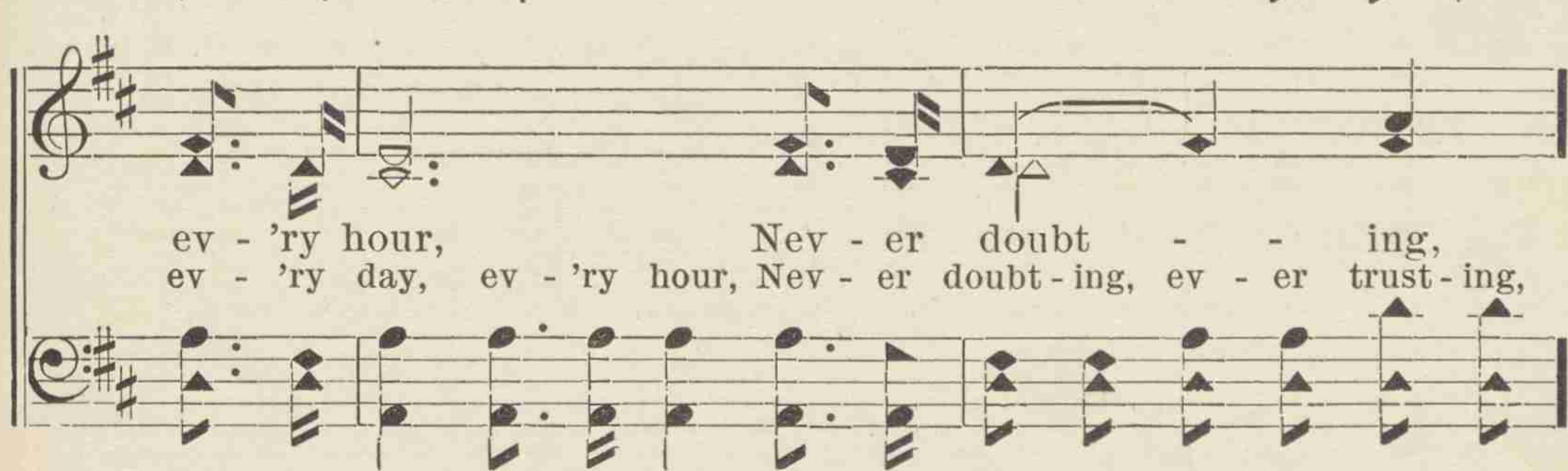


For when we trust Him ful - ly, Re - demption's work is done.
 To have Him ev - er near us, To make our path-way bright.
 Tho' Sa - tan should en - deav - or In sin our souls to lure.
 He loves us, oh, so free - ly; He'll love us to the end.

CHORUS.



How sweet to trust in Je - sus, Ev - 'ry day, (Ev - 'ry hour,)



ev - 'ry hour, Nev - er doubt - - ing,
 ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Nev - er doubt - ing, ev - er trust - ing,

rit.



Ev - er trust - - ing. In His love and pow'r.
 Nev - er doubt - ing, ev - er trust - ing,

No. 237. I Want to be Like Jesus.

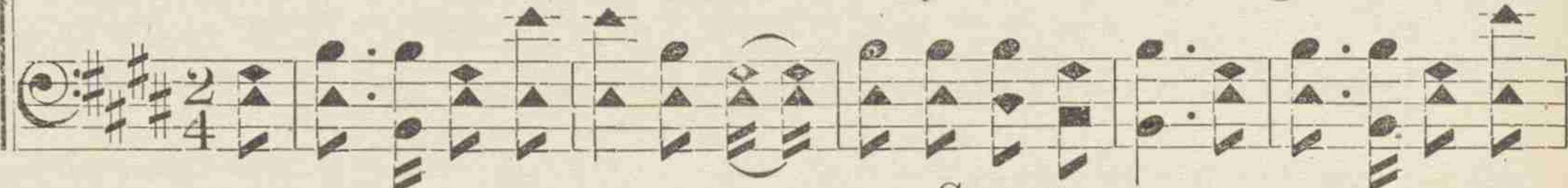
"Open to me the gates of righteousness."—Psa. 118: 19.

Words arranged by JNO. C. F. KYGER.

J. M. HAGAN.



1. I want to be like Je-sus, So lowly and so meek; For no one marked an
2. I want to be like Je-sus, So frequently in pray'r; Alone upon the
3. I want to be like Je-sus, For I never, never find That He, tho' perse-
4. I want to be like Je-sus, En-gaged in do-ing good, To warn the wicked
5. Alas! I'm not like Je-sus, As an - y one can see; O gentle Saviour,



CHORUS.



an- gry word That ev-er heard Him speak. I want to be like Je - sus, The
mountain top, He met His Fa-ther there.
cut-ed, was To a - ny one un-kind.
sin - ner, and To give the hun-gry food.
send Thy grace And make me like to Thee.



sinner's dearest Friend, O Saviour, keep me near Thee, Till my days on earth shall end.



Copyright, 1896, by JNO. C. F. KYGER.

No. 238. I'll Live for Jesus.

"Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price."—1 Cor. 6: 19, 20.

R. E. HUDSON.

C. R. DUNBAR.



1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, Thou who died on Cal - va-ry To save my soul and make me free,



CHO. I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

Copyright, 1882, by R. E. HUDSON, used by per.

Live for Jesus.



Oh, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
 I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-iour and my God!

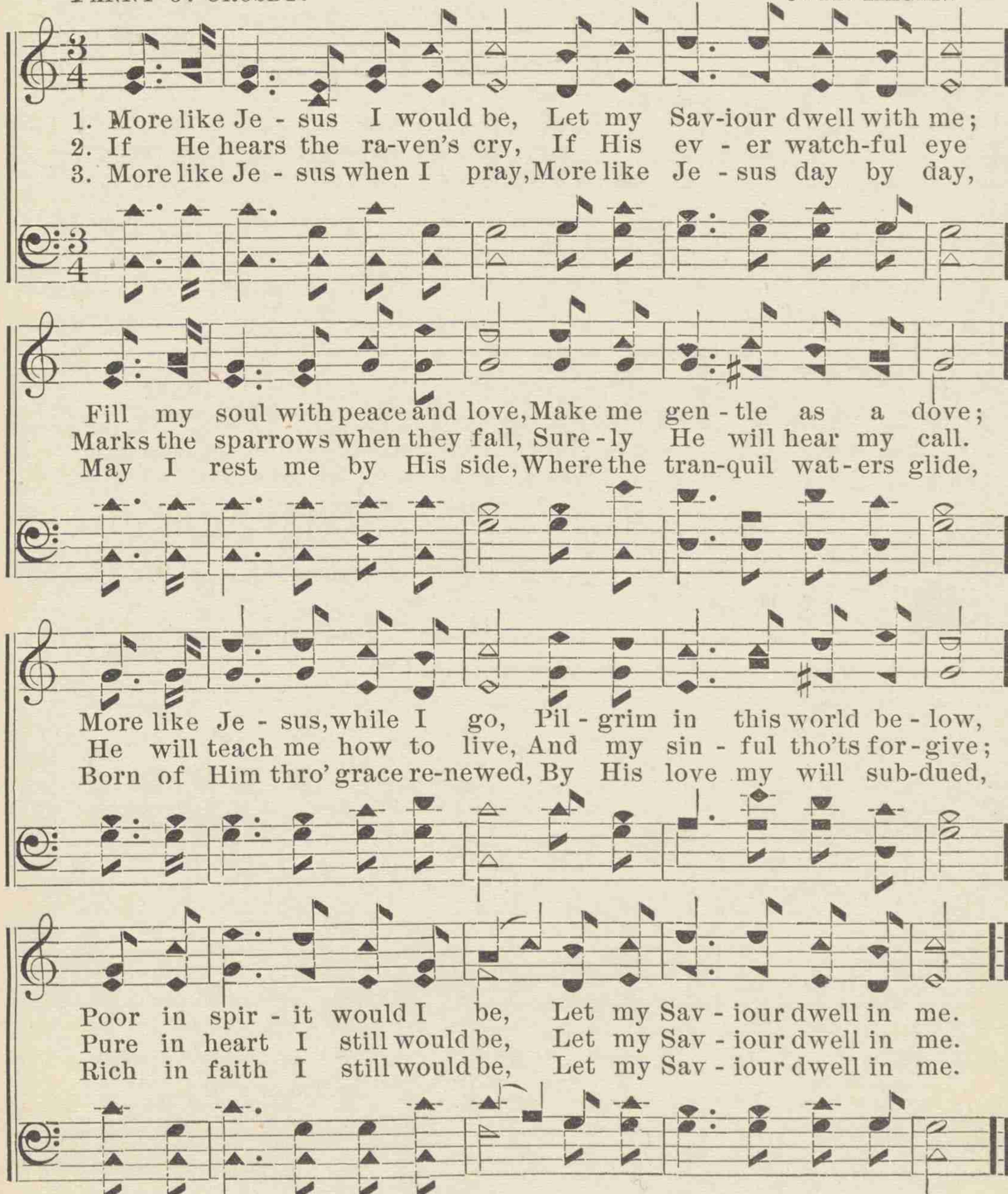
No. 239.

More Like Jesus.

"Ye are made nigh by the blood of Christ."—Eph. 2: 13.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

J. M. HAGAN.



1. More like Je - sus I would be, Let my Sav-iour dwell with me;
 2. If He hears the ra-ven's cry, If His ev - er watch-ful eye
 3. More like Je - sus when I pray, More like Je - sus day by day,

Fill my soul with peace and love, Make me gen - tle as a dove;
 Marks the sparrows when they fall, Sure - ly He will hear my call.
 May I rest me by His side, Where the tran-quil wat-ers glide,

More like Je - sus, while I go, Pil - grim in this world be - low,
 He will teach me how to live, And my sin - ful tho'ts for-give;
 Born of Him thro' grace re-newed, By His love my will sub-dued,

Poor in spir - it would I be, Let my Sav - iour dwell in me.
 Pure in heart I still would be, Let my Sav - iour dwell in me.
 Rich in faith I still would be, Let my Sav - iour dwell in me.

No. 240.

Glorious Redemption.

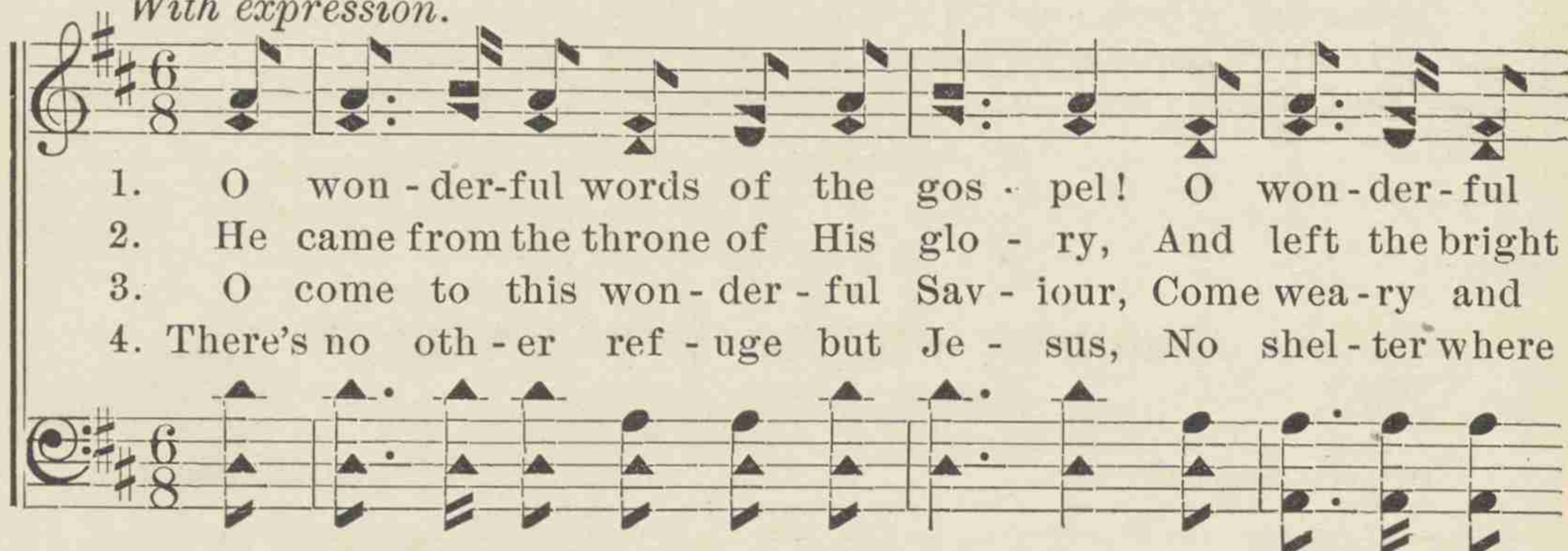
"He will abundantly pardon."—Isa. 55: 7.

(Effective as a Solo.)

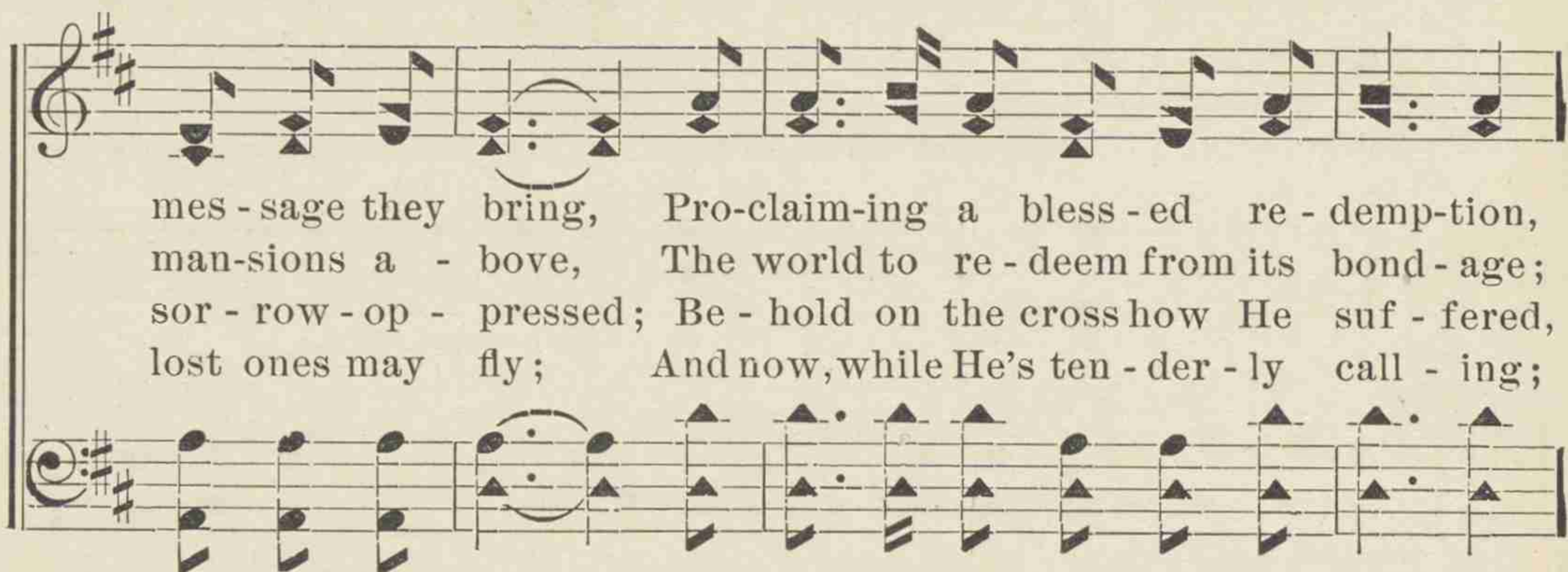
EANNY J. CROSBY.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

With expression.

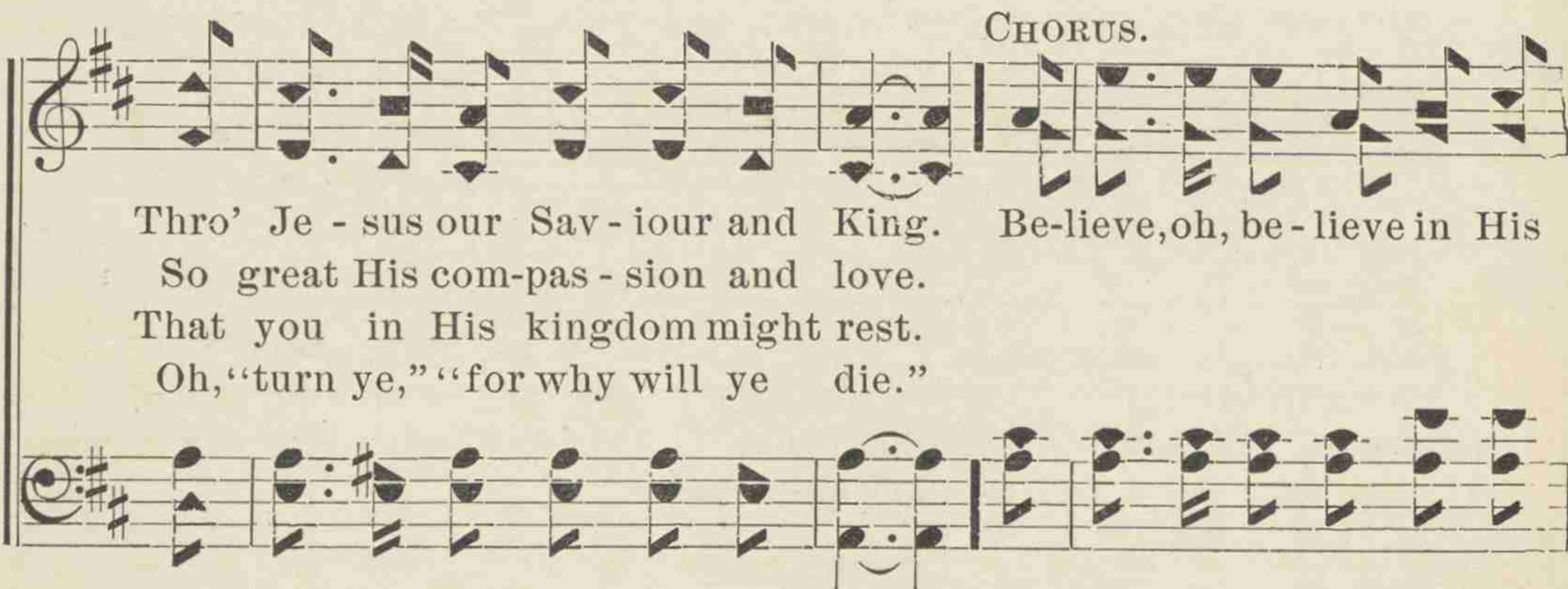


1. O won - der - ful words of the gos - pel! O won - der - ful
 2. He came from the throne of His glo - ry, And left the bright
 3. O come to this won - der - ful Sav - iour, Come wea - ry and
 4. There's no oth - er ref - uge but Je - sus, No shel - ter where



mes - sage they bring, Pro - claim - ing a bless - ed re - demp - tion,
 man - sions a - bove, The world to re - deem from its bond - age;
 sor - row - op - pressed; Be - hold on the cross how He suf - fered,
 lost ones may fly; And now, while He's ten - der - ly call - ing;

CHORUS.



Thro' Je - sus our Sav - iour and King. Be - lieve, oh, be - lieve in His
 So great His com - pas - sion and love.
 That you in His kingdom might rest.
 Oh, "turn ye," "for why will ye die."



mer - cy That flows like a fountain so free; Be - lieve, and re -

Glorious Redemption.

ceive the re- demp - tion He of - fers to you and to me.

No. 241. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33: 27.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. What a fellowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!

What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the Ever-lasting Arms!
 Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the Ever-lasting Arms!
 I have peace complete with my Lord so near, Leaning on the Ever-lasting Arms!

CHORUS.

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and secure from all a-larms;
 Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the Ever-last-ing Arms.
 Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,

No. 242. I've No Other Place to go.

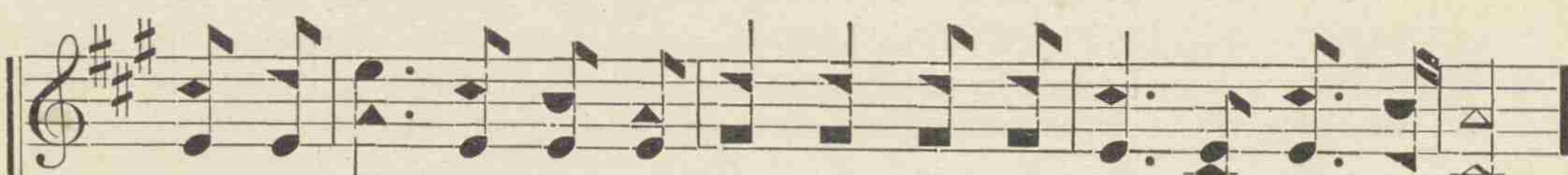
"Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."—Jno. 6: 68.

JENNIE WILSON.

J. M. HAGAN.



1. Sav-iour, in my want and weakness, At Thy feet I'm bowing low;
 2. On - ly Thou can'st give me comfort, On - ly Thou can'st peace bestow;
 3. Hu - man help is un - a - vail - ing, Thou art all the friend I know;
 4. Let sal - va - tion's ho - ly brightness Now up - on my spir-it glow;

Turn me not a - way, O Je - sus, I've no oth - er place to go.
 Un - to Thee I come for par-don, I've no oth - er place to go.
 In Thy grace my soul is trust - ing, I've no oth - er place to go.
 Sav-iour, make me Thine for - ev - er, I've no oth - er place to go.



REFRAIN.



I've no oth - er place to go, I've no oth - er place to go;
 I've no oth - er place to go, I've no oth - er place to go;




Thine are words of life e - ter - nal, I've no oth - er place to go.



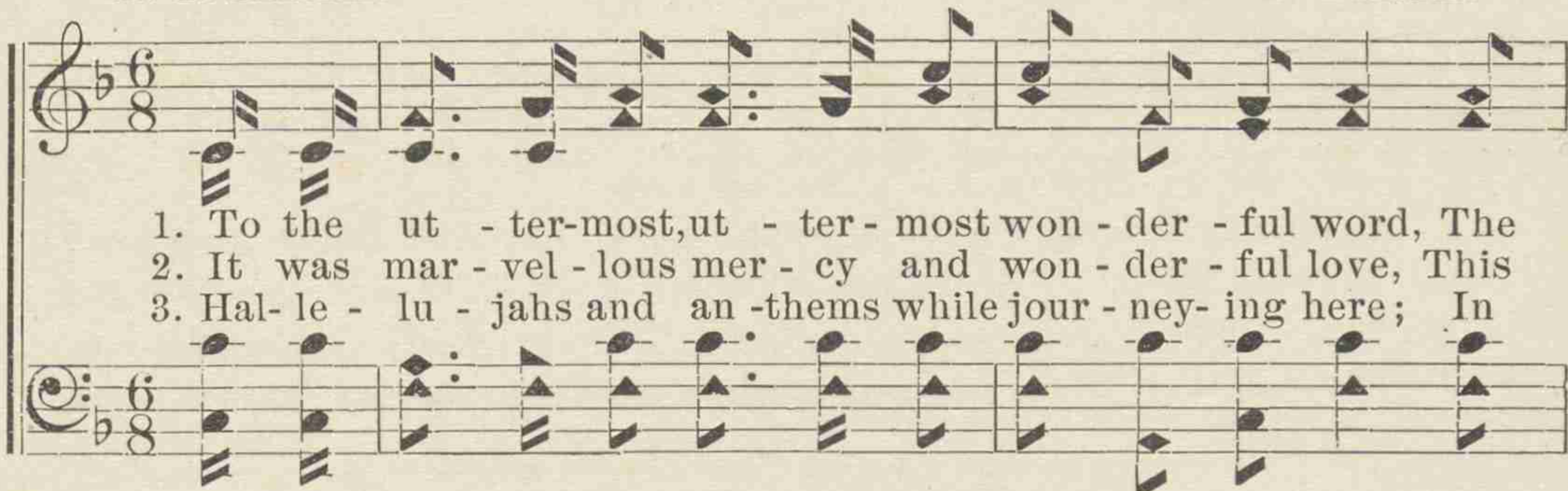
No. 243.

To the Uttermost.

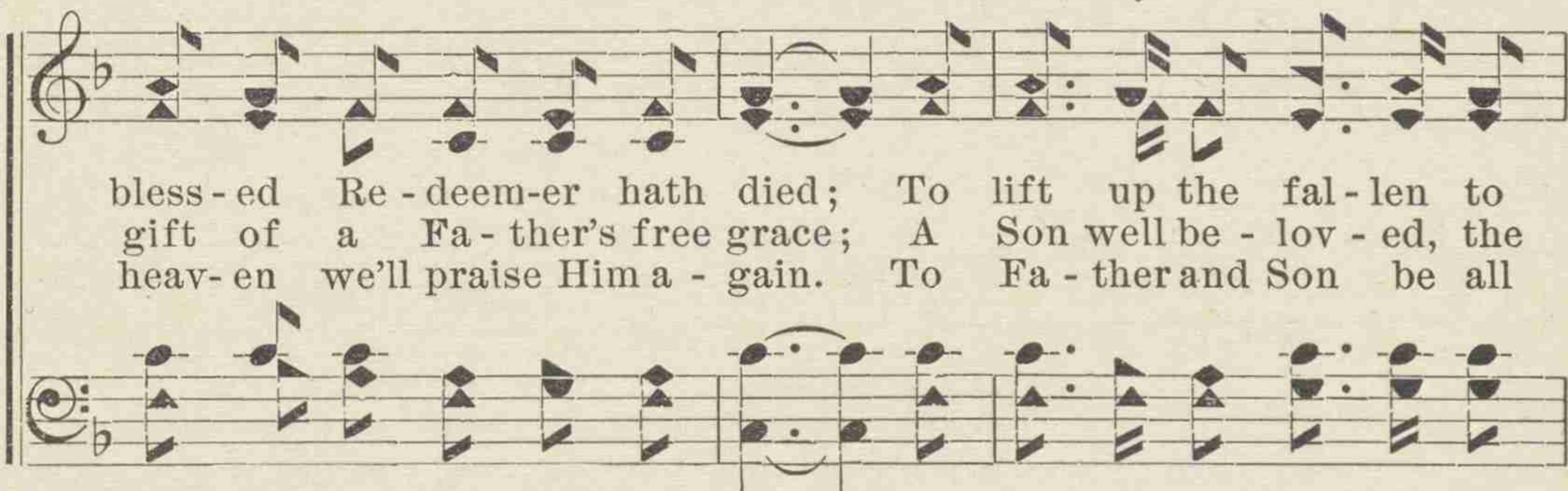
"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 Jno. 1:7.

H. L. FRISBIE.

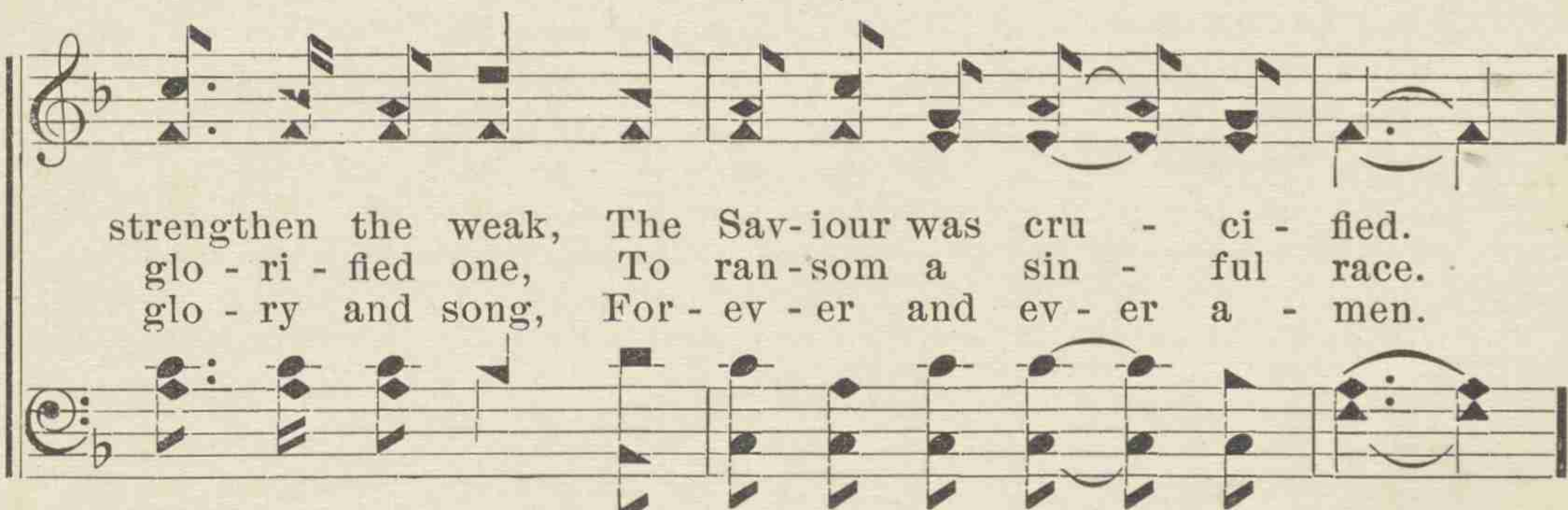
H. L. FRISBIE.



1. To the ut - ter-most, ut - ter - most won - der - ful word, The
 2. It was mar - vel - lous mer - cy and won - der - ful love, This
 3. Hal - le - lu - jahs and an - thems while jour - ney - ing here; In



bless - ed Re - deem - er hath died; To lift up the fal - len to
 gift of a Fa - ther's free grace; A Son well be - lov - ed, the
 heav - en we'll praise Him a - gain. To Fa - ther and Son be all



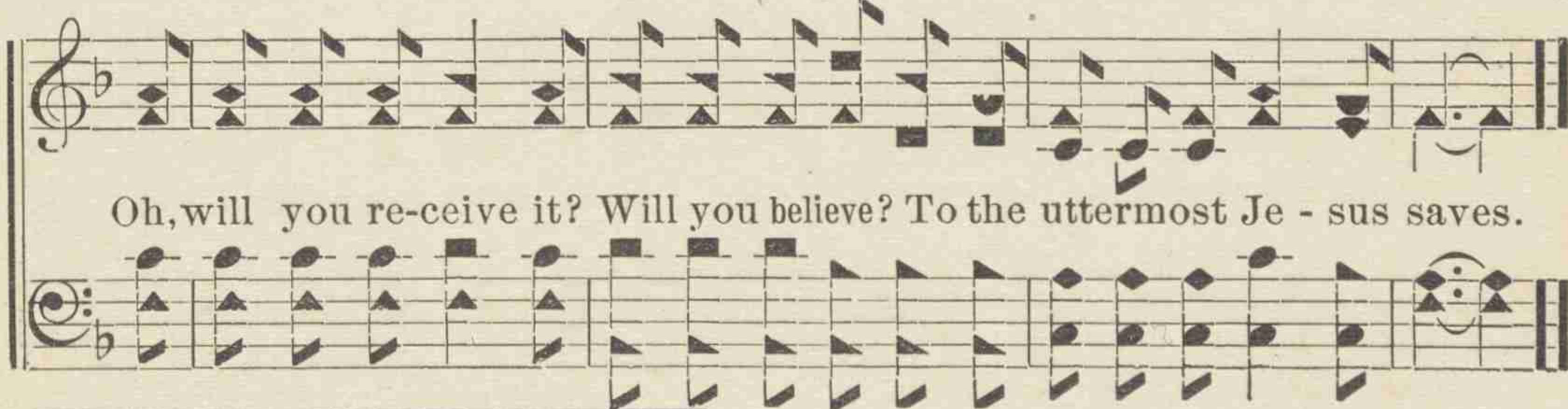
strengthen the weak, The Sav - iour was cru - ci - fied.
 glo - ri - fied one, To ran - som a sin - ful race.
 glo - ry and song, For - ev - er and ev - er a - men.

CHORUS.



To the ut - termost, uttermost, Je - sus saves, Yes, Je - sus saves;

Yes, to the ut - termost Jesus saves;



Oh, will you re - ceive it? Will you believe? To the uttermost Je - sus saves.

No. 244. Oh! Rock of My Refuge.

"My people shall dwell in quiet resting-places.— Isa. 32: 18.

CARRIE ELLIS BRECK.

WARREN. W. BENTLEY.

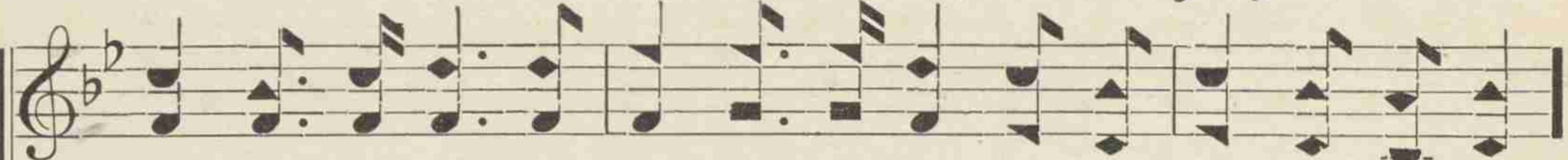
Moderato. With feeling.



1. When love comes like sun-shine to glad - den my way, And
2. When dark dis - ap - point-ments rain cru - el - est blows, When
3. When deep waves of trou - ble must o - ver me roll, Then
4. Oh! Christ, if Death's mes - sen - ger ev - er must come, To



joy makes it eas - y to trust-ful-ly pray, When peace and pros-per-i-ty
those I have trusted be turned into foes, When baf-fled and beaten and
let not despair ev-er compass my soul; If I should be tempt-ed to
summon my lov'd ones, my soul to benumb, If I must behold them pass



walk by my side, Oh! help me, dear Sav-iour, in Thee to a - bide.
temp - ted and tried, Then help me, dear Sav-iour, in Thee to a - bide.
ques - tion Thy love, Oh! res - cue my faith; let it an - chor a - bove.
thro' the dark tide, Be with them, and help me in Thee to a - bide.



CHORUS.



Oh! Rock of my ref - uge, to Thee will I flee; Oh!



Christ, my Redeem-er, I'm hid - ing in Thee, I'm hid - ing in Thee, oh, I'm



Oh! Rock of My Refuge.

hid - ing in Thee; Oh Christ, my Redeem - er, I'm hid - ing in Thee.

No. 245. Step Out on the Promise.

"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 37.

MAGGIE PORTER. Arr. by E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER, by per.

1 O mourn-er in Zi - on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je - sus is
2 O ye that are hun - gry and thirst-y, re - joice, For ye shall be
3 Who sighs for a heart from in - i - qui - ty free? Oh poor, troubled
4 Step out on the prom - ise, and Christ you shall win; "The blood of His
5 The prom - ise don't save, tho' the prom - ise is true; It's th' blood we get

wait - ing to com - fort thee now; Fear not to re - ly on the
filled; do you hear that sweet voice, In - vit - ing you now to the
soul! there's a prom - ise for thee; There's rest, wea - ry one, in the
Son cleans-eth us from all sin; It cleans-eth me now, hal - le -
un - der that cleans-eth us thro'; It cleans-eth me now, hal - le -

word of thy God; Step out on the prom - ise, get un - der the blood.
ban - quet of God? Step out on the prom - ise, get un - der the blood.
bo - som of God; Step out on the prom - ise, get un - der the blood.
lu - jah to God; I rest on His prom - ise, I'm un - der the blood.
lu - jah to God! I rest on His prom - ise, I'm un - der the blood.

No. 246. Launch Out on the Promise, Brother.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—2 Pet. 1: 4.

CARRIE ELLIS BRECK.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.



1. Launch out on the promise, my brother, Launch out on the promise of God;
2. Launch out on the promise, my brother, When you shall be tempted and tried,
3. Launch out on the promise, my brother, When sorrow like sea-billows roll;
4. Launch out on the promise, my brother, When weary and worn and distressed,



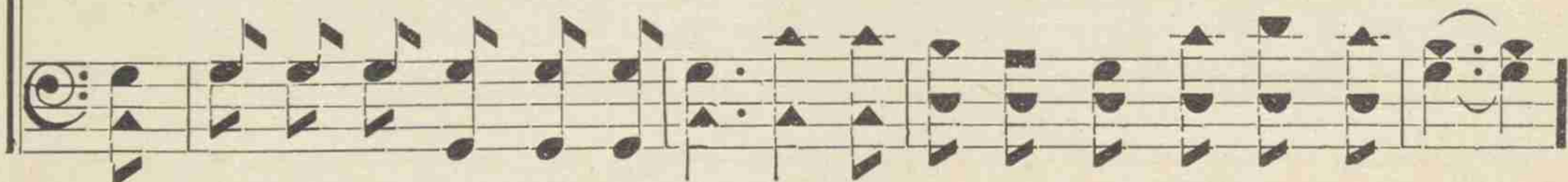
'Tis deeper than o - cean or heaven, It is free, it is gracious and broad.
There's help in the time of temptation, For this Je - sus suffered and died.
As one whom his mother comforteth, So Je - sus will comfort thy soul.
I nev - er will leave nor forsake thee, I give you my peace and my rest.



CHORUS.



Launch out on the promise, my brother, The promise of God standeth sure;



When earth's brightest rays have all fad-ed, His word shall for-ev-er en-dure.



No. 247. Standing on the Promises.

"The word of the Lord endureth forever."—1 Peter 1: 25.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.



1. Standing on the promis-es of Christ, my King, Thro' e-ter- nal a - ges
2. Standing on the promis-es that can - not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Standing on the promis-es I now can see, Perfect, present cleansing
4. Standing on the promis-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nal-
5. Standing on the promis-es I can - not fall, List'ning ev-'ry moment



let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre - vail,
in the blood for me; Standing in the lib - er - ty where Christ makes free,
ly by love's strong chord, O-ver-coming dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,
to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-iour as my all in all,



CHORUS.

Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises,



Standing on the promises of God my Sav-iour, Stand - ing,
Standing on the prom-is-es,



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



No. 248. I Am Coming to the Cross.

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—John 12: 21.

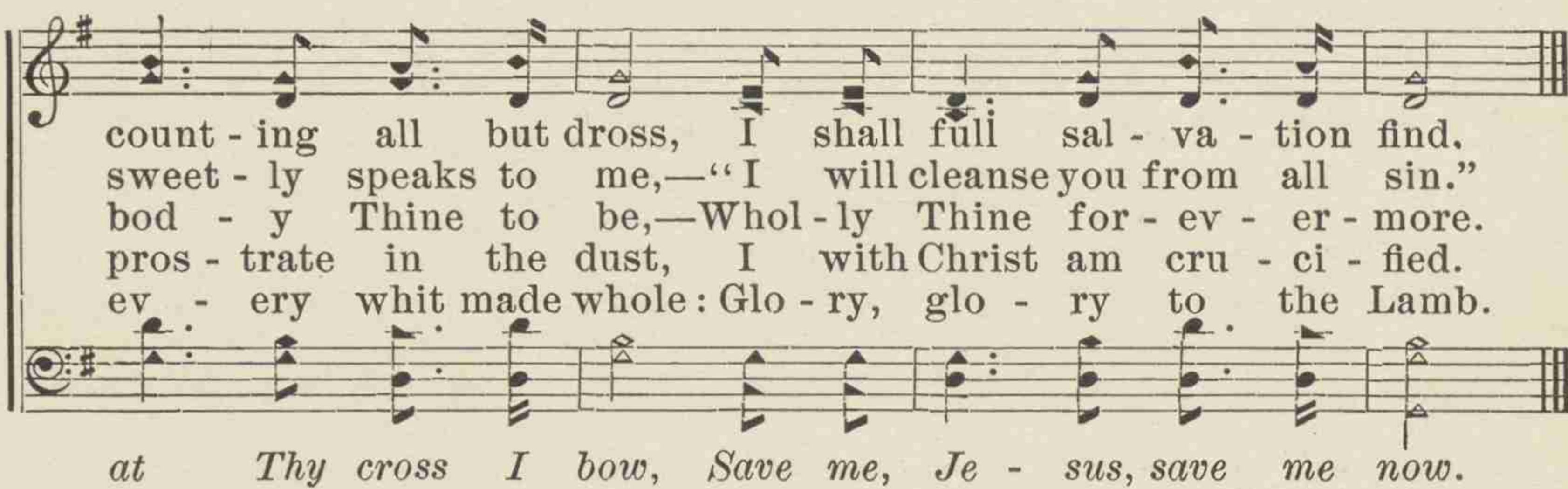
Rev. Wm. McDONALD.

Wm. G. FISCHER.



1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am
 2. Long my heart has sigh'd for Thee, Long has e-vil reign'd within; Je - sus
 3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store; Soul and
 4. In Thy prom-is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap-plied; I am
 5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Perfect-ed in Him I am; I am

CHO.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Humbly



count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 sweet - ly speaks to me,—“I will cleanse you from all sin.”
 bod - y Thine to be,—Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.
 pros - trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
 ev - ery whit made whole: Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.
 at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

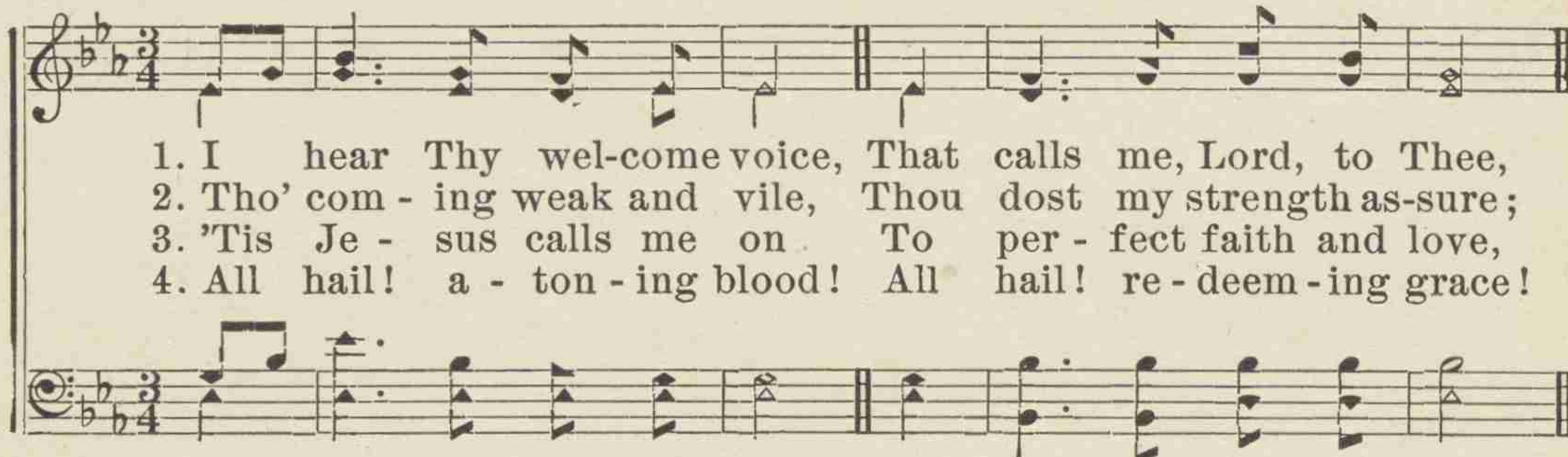
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No. 249. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

"Come unto me." Matt.— 11: 28.

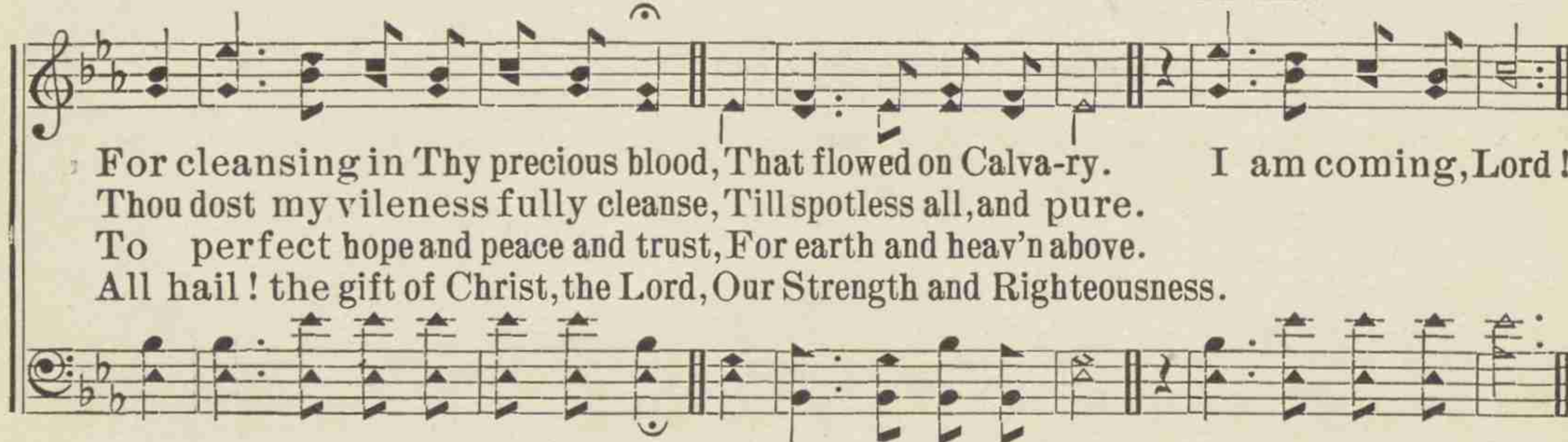
LOUIS HARTSOUGH.

L. HARTSOUGH.

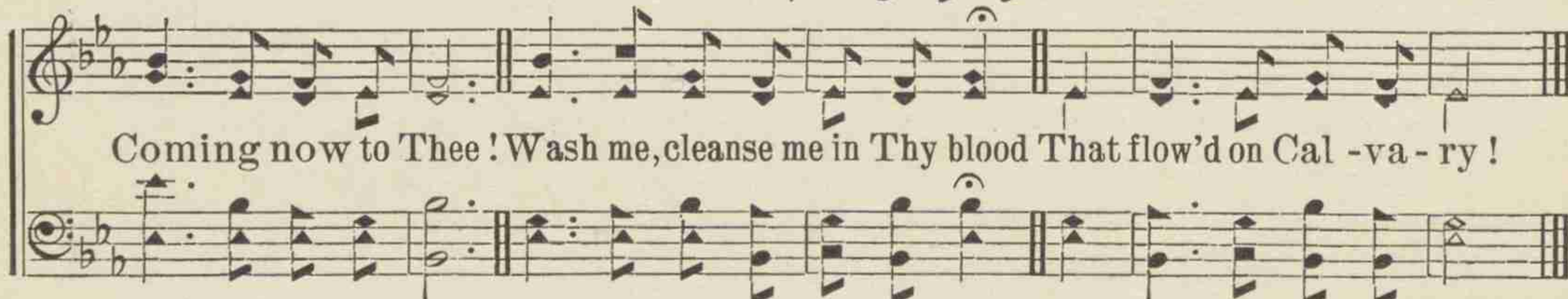


1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
 2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure;
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love,
 4. All hail! a - ton - ing blood! All hail! re - deem - ing grace!

REFRAIN.



For cleansing in Thy precious blood, That flowed on Calva-ry. I am coming, Lord!
 Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse, Till spotless all, and pure.
 To perfect hope and peace and trust, For earth and heav'n above.
 All hail! the gift of Christ, the Lord, Our Strength and Righteousness.



Coming now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in Thy blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry!

No. 250.

God is a Refuge.

"A very present help in trouble."— Ps. 46: 1.

Rev. F. L. SNYDER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. God is a ref-uge to my soul, A shelt'ring place for me, Where
 2. God is a ref-uge to my soul, A pres-ent hid-ing place, Where
 3. God is a ref-uge to my soul, A calm and sure re - treat; There
 4. God is a ref-uge to my soul, Where I may sweet-ly rest; Tho'




I may hide, when sore assailed, By bil - lows on life's trou-bled sea.
 I may shel-ter from the storm, And view His ev-er smil-ing face.
 ev - er, when I'm sore oppress'd, I find de-liv'r-ance full and sweet.
 bil - lows roll and tempests rage, My soul is here se - cure and blest.



CHORUS.

God is a refuge to my soul, A re - fuge, a ref - uge,



God, my God is a refuge to my soul, A refuge firm, a refuge rare,



God is a ref-uge to my soul,



God, my God is a ref-uge to my soul, That shall forever now endure!



No. 251. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

"Whose I am and whom I serve."—Acts 27: 23.

CHARLES WESLEY.

S. B. MARSH.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly;
 2. { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high,
 3. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 4. { Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.
 5. { Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
 6. { Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 7. { Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
 8. { Let the heal - ing streams abound; Make and keep me pure within.

D.C. Safe in - to the hav - en guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
 D.C. Cov - er my de - fenseless head, With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 D.C. Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 D.C. Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is staid, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un - right - eous - ness;
 Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

No. 252. My Faith Looks up to Thee,

"The Lord will bless his people with peace."—Ps. 29: 11.

RAY PALMER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine, Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire: As Thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide, Bid darkness
 4. When end life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour,

while I pray, Take all my guilt away, Oh, let me from this day Be wholly Thine.
 died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm and changless be, A liv - ing fire.
 turn to - day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee aside.
 then, in love, Fear and distrust remove, Oh, bear me safe above, A ransom'd soul.

No. 253.

How Firm a Foundation.

"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the Rock of my refuge."—Psa. 94: 22.

OLD MELODY.



1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex - cellent
2. Fear not; I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy God and will still give thee
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of sorrow shall not o-ver
4. "The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose, I will not, I will not desert to his



word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled.
aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by my righteous, omnipo-tent hand.
flow; For I will be with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deepest distress.
foes; That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never, no never, no nev-er forsake!"



No. 254. There is a Fountain Filled with Blood.

COWPER.

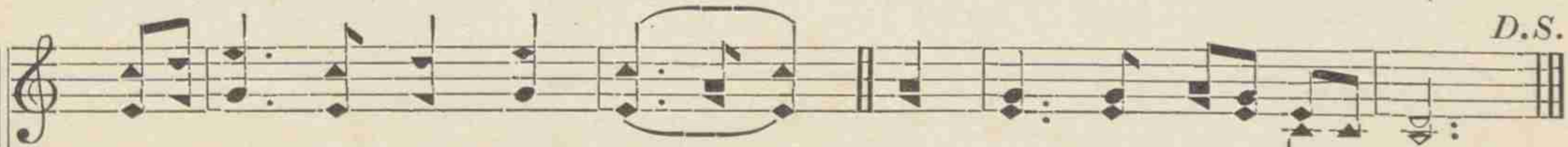
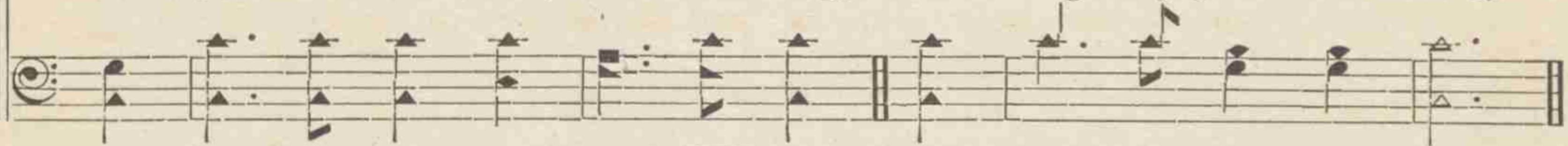
WESTERN MELODY, arr. by L. MASON.



1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man - uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds supply,
5. And when this fee - ble, falt'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave,

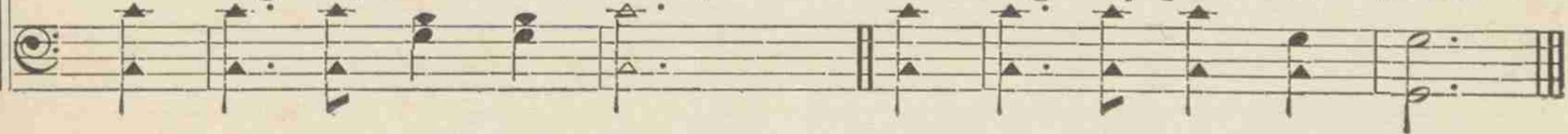


And sin-ners plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guil-ty stains,
And there have I, as vile as he, Washed all my sins a - way,
Till all the ransom'd church of God Be saved to sin no more,
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be, till I die,
Then, in a no - bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,



Lose all their guil - ty stains,
Wash'd all my sins a - way,
Be saved to sin no more,
And shall be, till I die,
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

Lose all their guil - ty stains.
Wash'd all my sins a - way.
Be saved to sin no more.
And shall be, till I die.
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.



No. 255.

Let Me Rest.

"The shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isa. 32: 2.

Dr. BONAR.

J. M. HAGAN.



1. In the shadow of the Rock let me rest,
 2. On the parched and des-ert way where I tread,
 3. I in peace will rest me here till I see
 let me rest,



When I feel the tem-pest's shock thrill my breast;
 With the scorching noon-tide ray o'er my head,
 That the skies a - gain are fair o - ver me;
 thrill my breast;



All in vain the storm shall sweep while I hide,
 Let me find a wel - come shade, cool and still,
 That the burn-ing heats are past, and the day
 while I hide,



And my tran - quil vig - il keep by my side.
 And my wea - ry steps be stayed by Thy will.
 Bids the trav - el - er at last go his way.



CHORUS.



In the shad-ow of the Rock let me rest,
 let me rest,



Let Me Rest.

In the shad-ow of the Rock let me rest, let me rest,

When I feel the tem-pest's shock thrill my breast, thrill my breast;

In the shad - ow of the Rock let me rest.

No. 256.

Rock of Ages.

"The Lord Jehovah is the Rock of Ages."—Isa. 26: 4.

A. M. TOPLADY.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's demands;
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,

D.C. Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 Foul, I to the foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

D.C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress, Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
 When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,

No. 257.

In the Rifted Rock.

"His children shall have a place of refuge."—Prov. 14: 26.

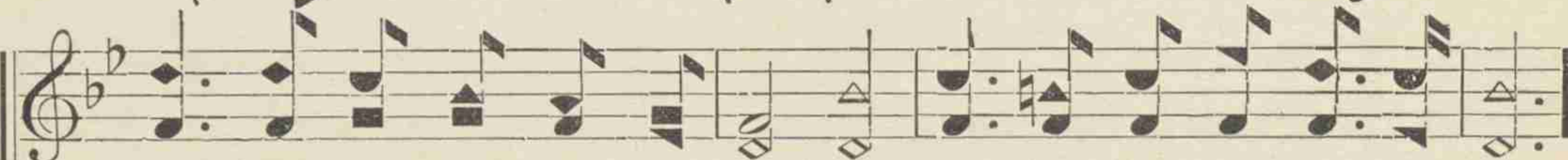
ANONYMOUS.

J. H. TENNEY.

May be used as a Solo.



1. In the rift-ed Rock I'm rest-ing Safe-ly sheltered I a-bide,
2. Long pur-sued by sin and Sa-tan; Wea-ry, sad, I longed for rest;
3. Peace which passeth un-der-stand-ing, Joy the world can nev-er give,
4. In the rift-ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past,



There no foes nor storms mo-lest me, While with-in the cleft I hide.
Then I found this heav'nly shel-ter, O-pened in my Saviour's breast.
Now in Je-sus I am find-ing; In His smiles of love I live.
All se-secure in this blest ref-u-ge, Heed-ing not the fierc-est blast.



CHORUS.



Now I'm rest - - ing, sweetly rest - - ing,
Now I'm rest-ing, now I'm rest-ing, sweet-ly rest-ing,



In the cleft . . . once made for me; . . . Je-sus
In the cleft, in the cleft once made for me, for me; Je-sus



bless - - ed Rock of A - - ges
Je-sus, bless-ed Rock of A-ges, bless-ed Rock of A-ges,



In the Rifted Rock.

I will hide . . . my - self in Thee.
I will hide, I will hide my - self in Thee, in Thee.

No. 258. A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

"My God is the Rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22.

J. M. HAGAN.

Earnestly.

1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shelter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day de-fense by night, A shelter in the time of storm;
3. The raging storms may round us beat, A shelter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock di-vine, O Refuge dear, A shelter in the time of storm;

Se - cure what - ev - er may be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
No fears a-larm, no foes af-fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
We'll nev - er leave this safe re - treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
Be Thou, our help - er, ev - er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

D.S. And they who trust in Thee shall find A shel-ter in the time of storm.

CHORUS. D.S.
O Thou Rock, bless-ed Rock, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
O Thou Rock, bless-ed Rock,

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