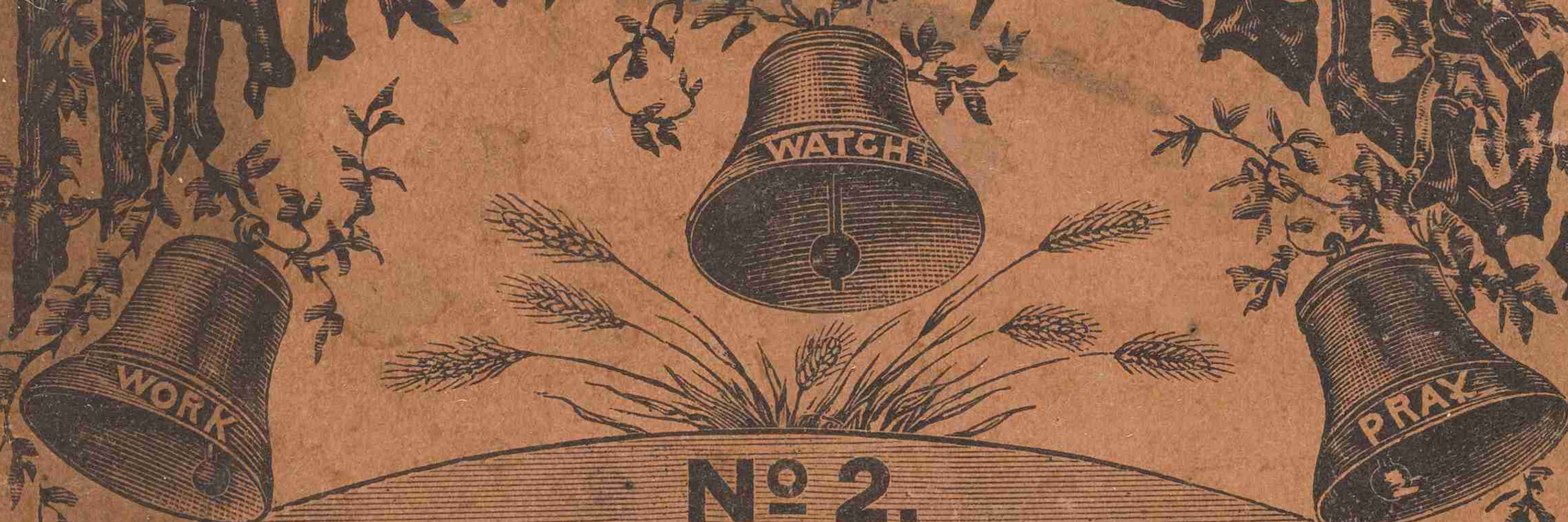
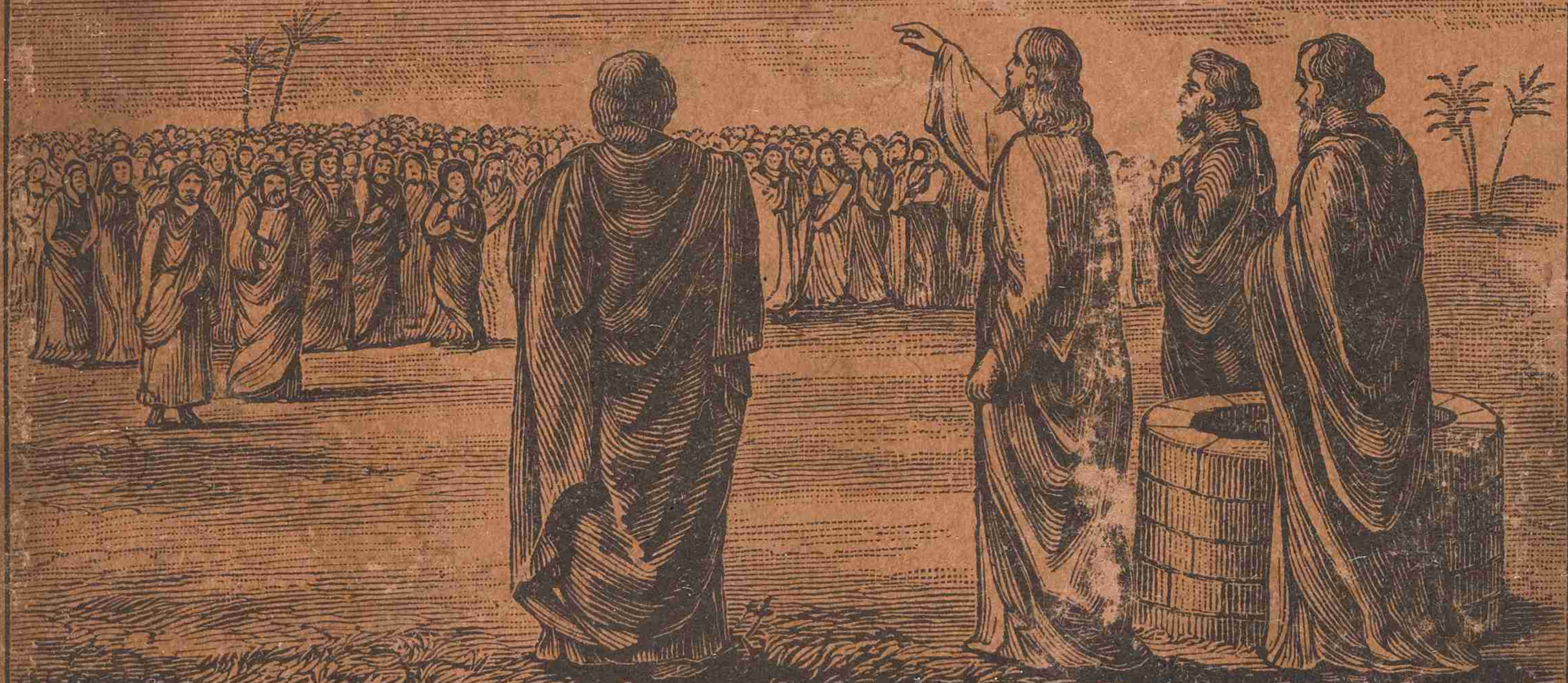


HARVEST BELL



No 2.



"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields for they are white already to harvest." JOHN 4. 35.

BY
W. E. PENN. and J. M. HUNT,
Palestine, Texas. Lampasas Texas.

first

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THIS BOOK IS THE GIFT OF

Harry Dichter

Mr. A. B. Turner
to his niece
Georgie F. Turner

HARVEST BELLS

NO. 2.

A NEW COLLECTION OF RELIGIOUS SONGS,

FOR

SABBATH SCHOOLS

AND

PRAYER AND REVIVAL MEETINGS.

BY

W. E. PENN, AND J. M. HUNT,

PALESTINE, TEXAS.

LAMPASAS, TEXAS.

PUBLISHED BY

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CINCINNATI, OHIO.

h Music
PE 5914 h
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1885
Harris

PREFACE.

We have no apology to offer in bringing out HARVEST BELLS No. 2, and no fears it will not meet with popular favor among the Sabbath Schools and Churches; because nearly every song has been tested before large audiences, and they have been selected because of their great popularity with the real lovers of music, and especially the children. Our Senior was a Sunday School Superintendent ten years, and has been an evangelist over eight years, and modestly claims to know something of selecting songs calculated to touch and move the hearts of the people, both young and old. We send this book forth, praying that the songs may be sung "*with the spirit and with the understanding,*" that they may be as angels of love and mercy, shedding a hallowed influence on the minds and hearts of the children, and give comfort, cheer and strength to all worshipers of the true and living God.

W. E. PENN.

J. M. HUNT.

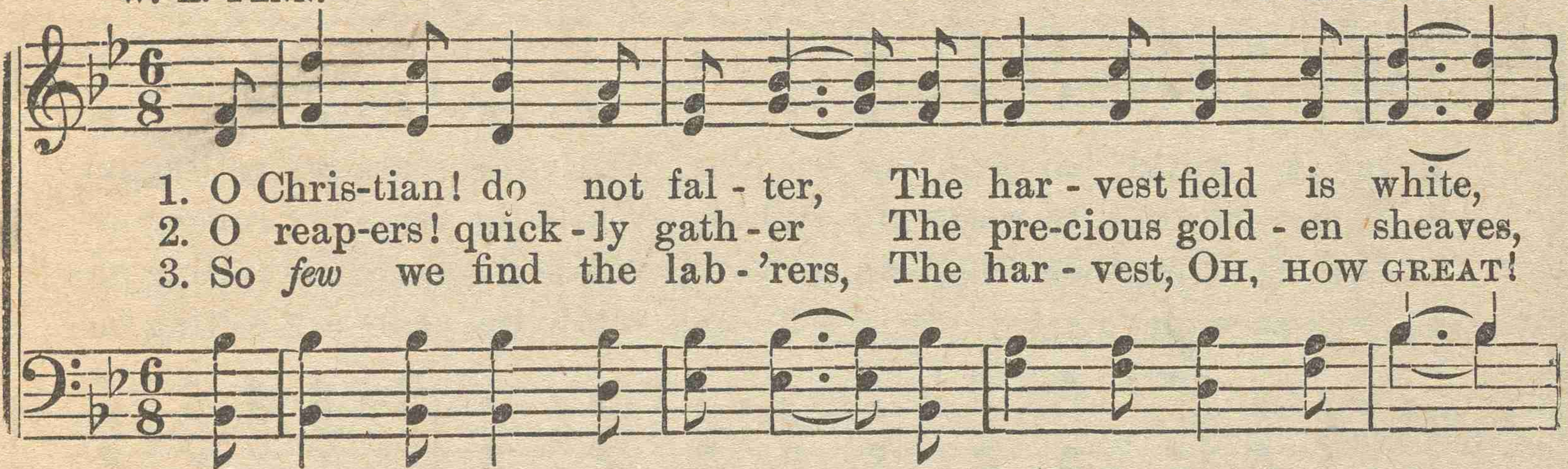
HARVEST BELLS.

3

Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.—John 4 : 35.

W. E. PENN.

J. M. HUNT.



1. O Chris-tian! do not fal - ter, The har - vest field is white,
 2. O reap-ers! quick - ly gath - er The pre-cious gold - en sheaves,
 3. So *few* we find the lab - 'rers, The har - vest, OH, HOW GREAT!

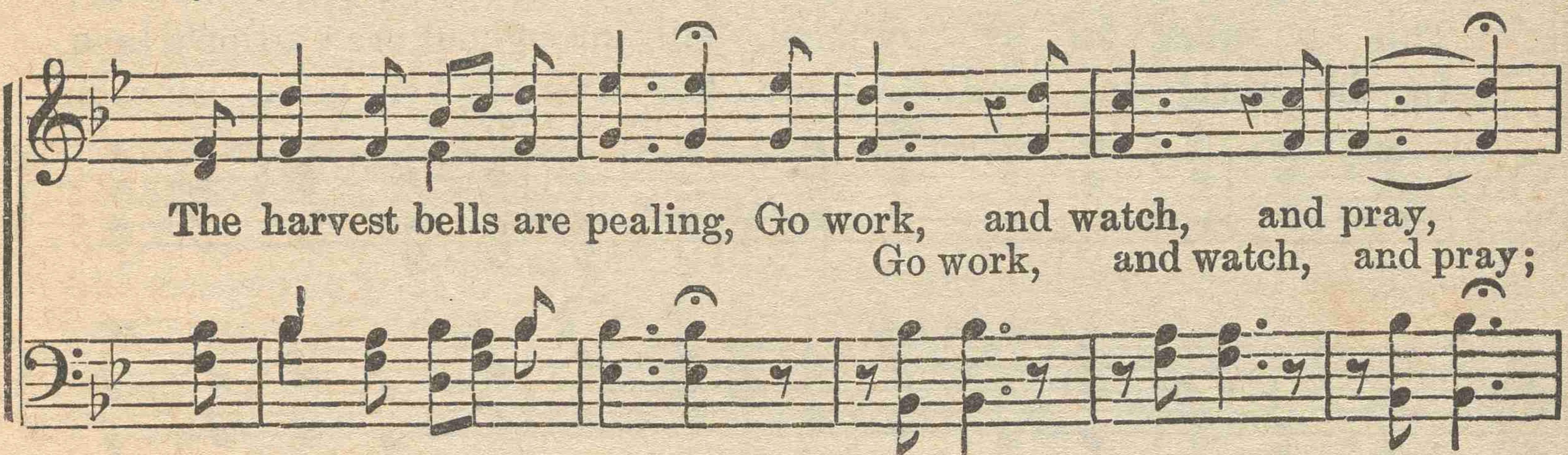


And man - y souls are sink - ing In - to e - ter - nal night.
 That day and night are fall - ing Like autumn's with-ered leaves.
 Then slum-ber not, dear Christian, For soon 'twill be too late.

CHORUS.



The har - vest bells are ring - ing, We hear them night and day;



The harvest bells are pealing, Go work, and watch, and pray,
 Go work, and watch, and pray;



The har - vest bells are peal - ing, Go work, watch, pray.

Ray

HARRIET B. MCKEEVER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Recitante.



1. In a world so full of weeping, While the years are rolling on,
2. There's no time to waste in sighing, While the years are rolling on;
3. Let us strengthen one another, While the years are rolling on;
4. Friends we love are quickly fly-ing, While the years are rolling on;



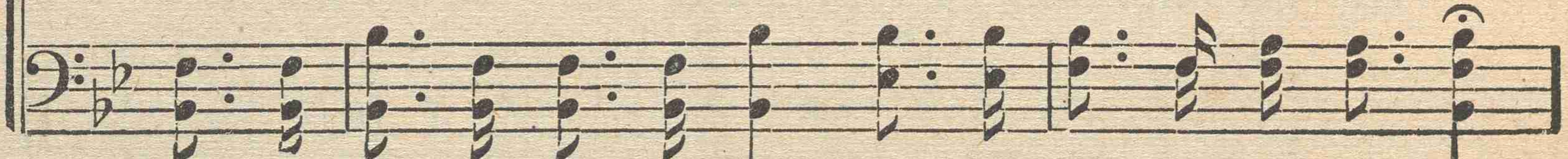
Chris-tian souls the watch are keeping, While the years are rolling on.
 Time is fly-ing, souls are dy-ing, While the years are rolling on.
 Seek to raise a fall-en broth-er, While the years are rolling on.
 No more part-ing, no more dy-ing, While the years are rolling on.



While our jour-ney we pur-sue, With the ha-ven still in view,
 Lov-ing words a soul may win From the wretched paths of sin;
 This is work for ev-'ry hand, Till, throughout cre-a-tion's land,
 In the world be-yond the tomb Sor-row nev-er more can come,



There is work for us to do, While the years are roll-ing on.
 We may bring the wand'ers in, While the years are roll-ing on.
 Arm-ies for the Lord shall stand, While the years are roll-ing on.
 When we meet in that blest home, While the years are roll-ing on.



From "Dew of Hermon," by permission.

WHILE THE YEARS ARE ROLLING ON.

5

CHORUS.



TUNE—DENNIS. KEY F.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

FAWCETT.

- 1 Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

- 2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

CENNICK.

- 1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

G. N. ALLEN.

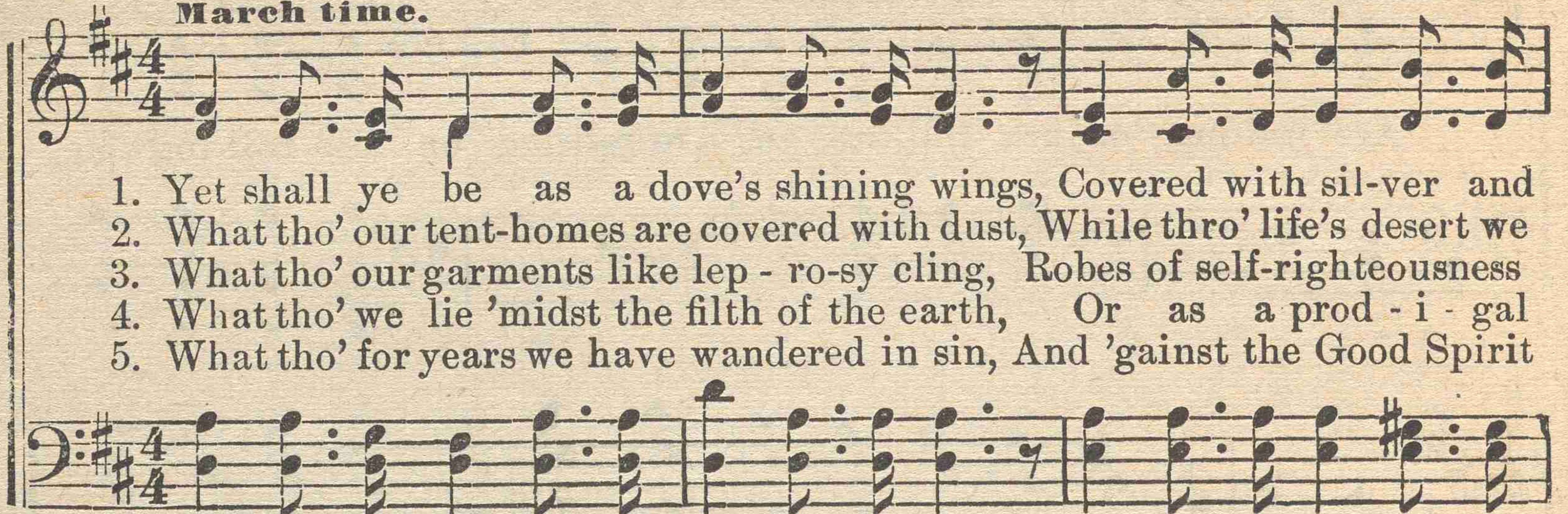
WHITE AS THE WINGS OF A DOVE.

Yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver.—Ps. 58 : 13.

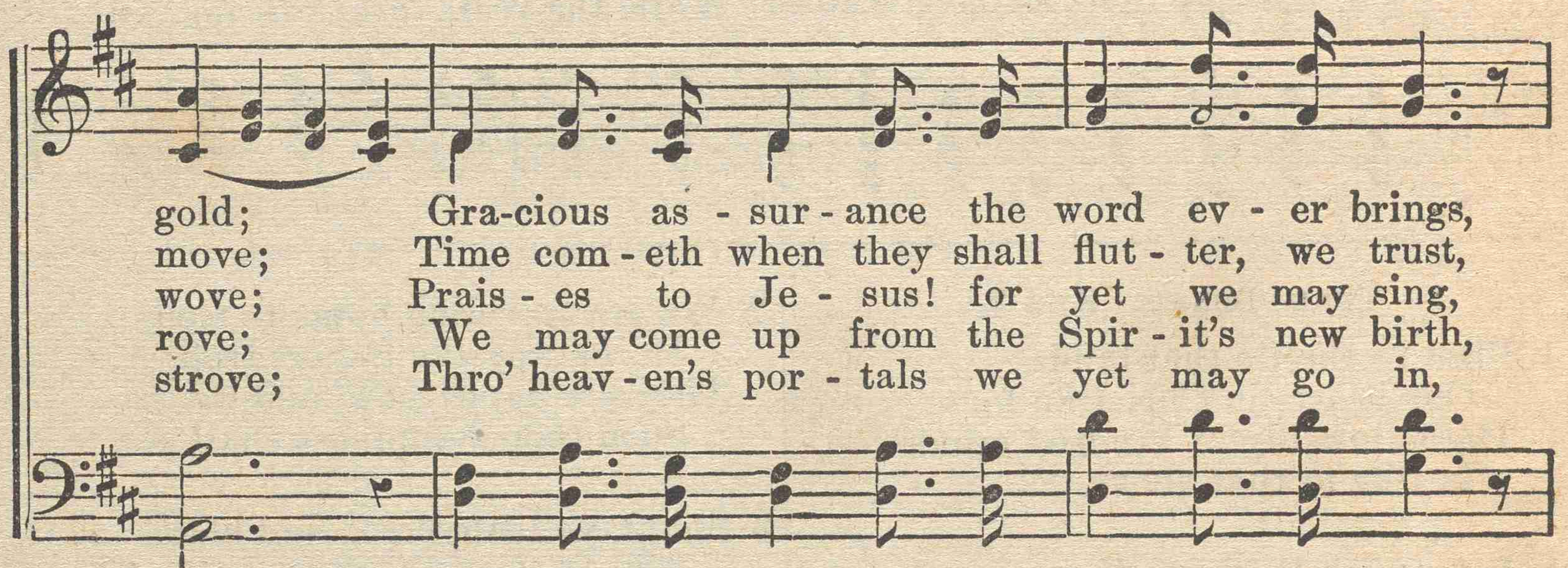
REV. L. F. COLE.

J. M. STILLMAN.

March time.



1. Yet shall ye be as a dove's shining wings, Covered with sil-ver and
2. What tho' our tent-homes are covered with dust, While thro' life's desert we
3. What tho' our garments like lep - ro-sy cling, Robes of self-righteousness
4. What tho' we lie 'midst the filth of the earth, Or as a prod - i - gal
5. What tho' for years we have wandered in sin, And 'gainst the Good Spirit



gold; Gra-cious as - sur - ance the word ev - er brings,
 move; Time com - eth when they shall flut - ter, we trust,
 wove; Prais - es to Je - sus! for yet we may sing,
 rove; We may come up from the Spir - it's new birth,
 strove; Thro' heav - en's por - tals we yet may go in,

CHORUS.



Prom - ise of beau - ty un - told.
 White as the wings of a dove.
 Clad as the wings of a dove. Shine on us, Sav - iour, oh,
 Clean as the wings of a dove.
 Pure as the wings of a dove.



shed forth Thy love, Make us as white as the

WHITE AS THE WINGS OF A DOVE.

7



1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be Thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

BEDDOME.

1 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it!
Seal it for Thy courts above.

REV. R. ROBINSON, 1758.

S. M.

1 O Holy Spirit, come
And Jesus' love declare;
Oh tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.

2 Our unbelief remove
By Thine almighty breath;
Oh work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.

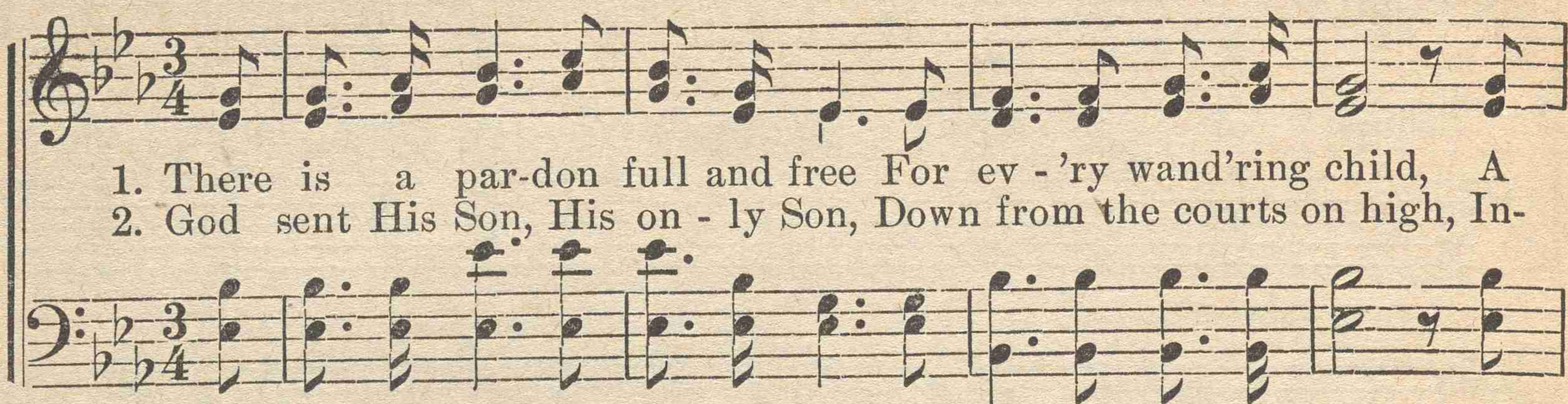
3 Come with resistless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long expected shower,
And fall upon this place.

OH, THE-BLOOD!

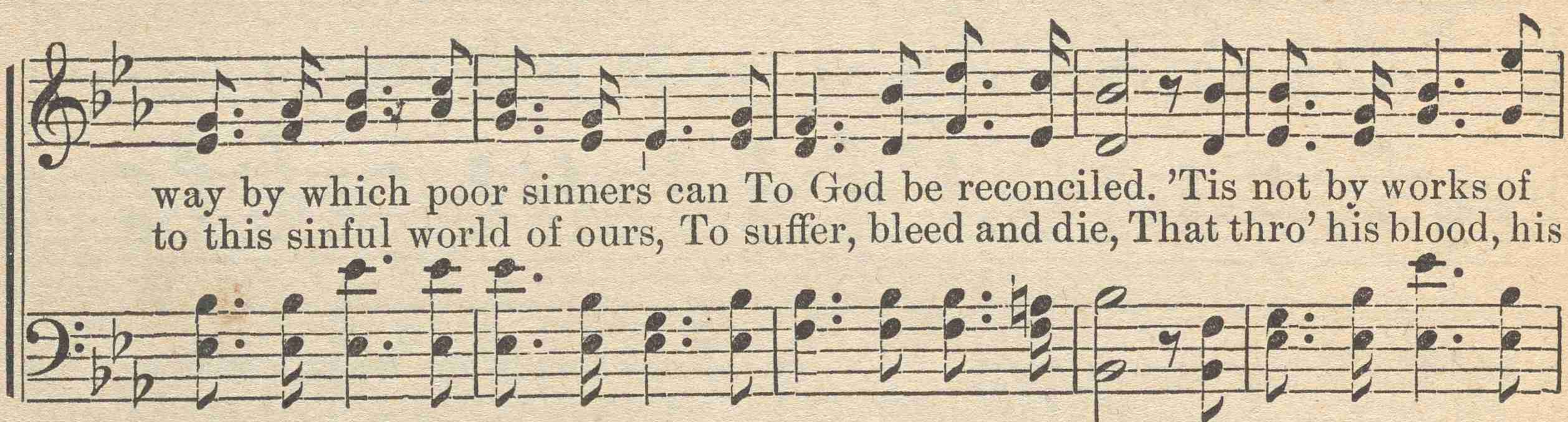
The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.—I John 1:7.

C. E. P.

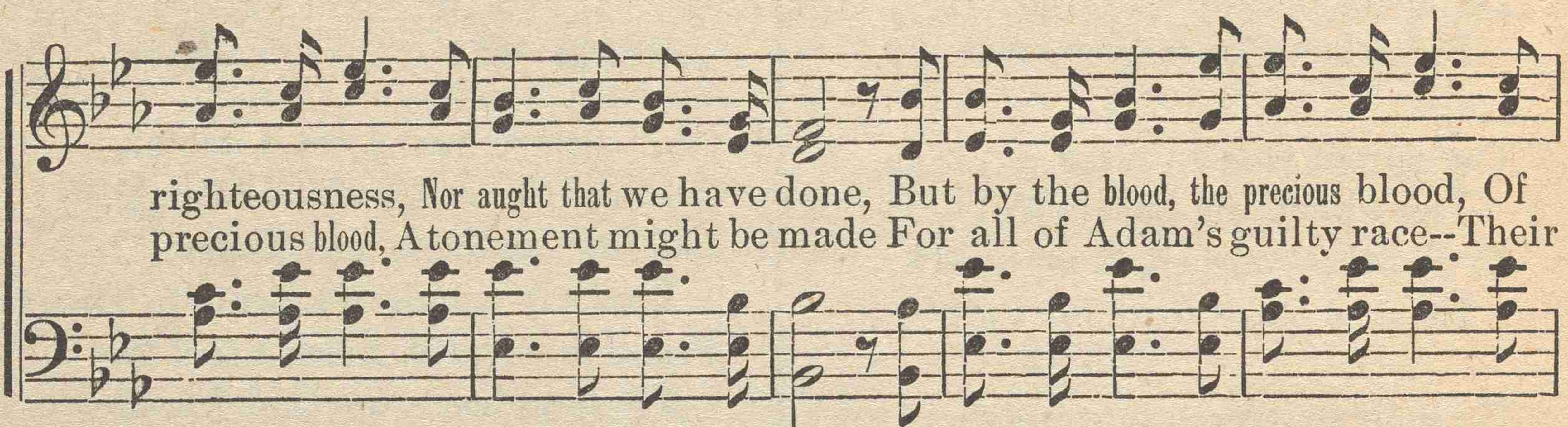
C. E. POLLOCK.



1. There is a par-don full and free For ev - 'ry wand'ring child, A
2. God sent His Son, His on - ly Son, Down from the courts on high, In-

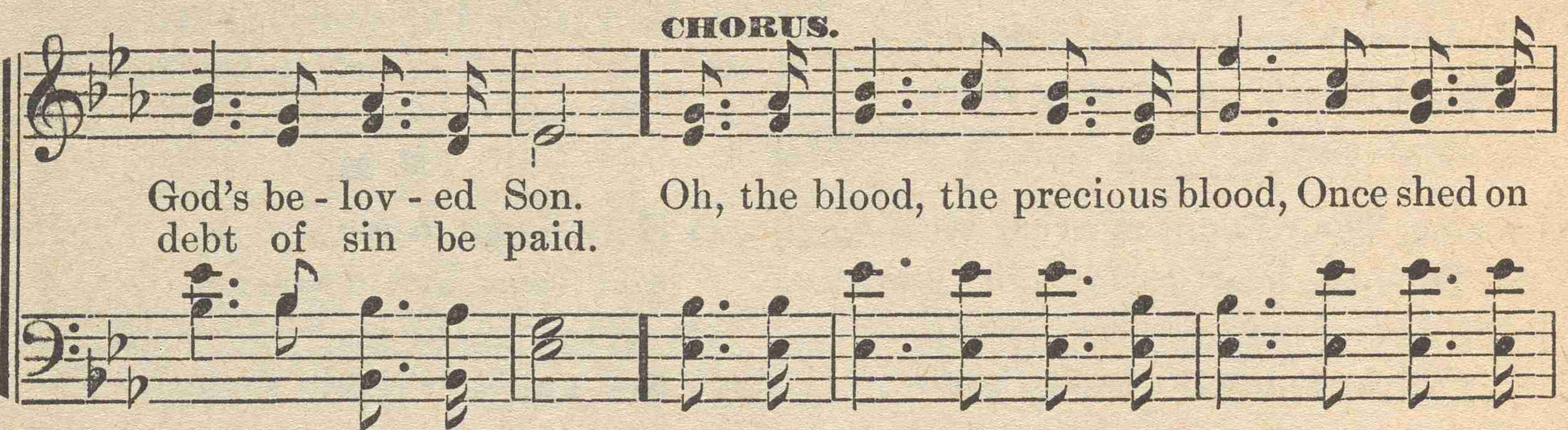


way by which poor sinners can To God be reconciled. 'Tis not by works of
to this sinful world of ours, To suffer, bleed and die, That thro' his blood, his



righteousness, Nor aught that we have done, But by the blood, the precious blood, Of
precious blood, Atonement might be made For all of Adam's guilty race--Their

CHORUS.



God's be - lov - ed Son. Oh, the blood, the precious blood, Once shed on
debt of sin be paid.



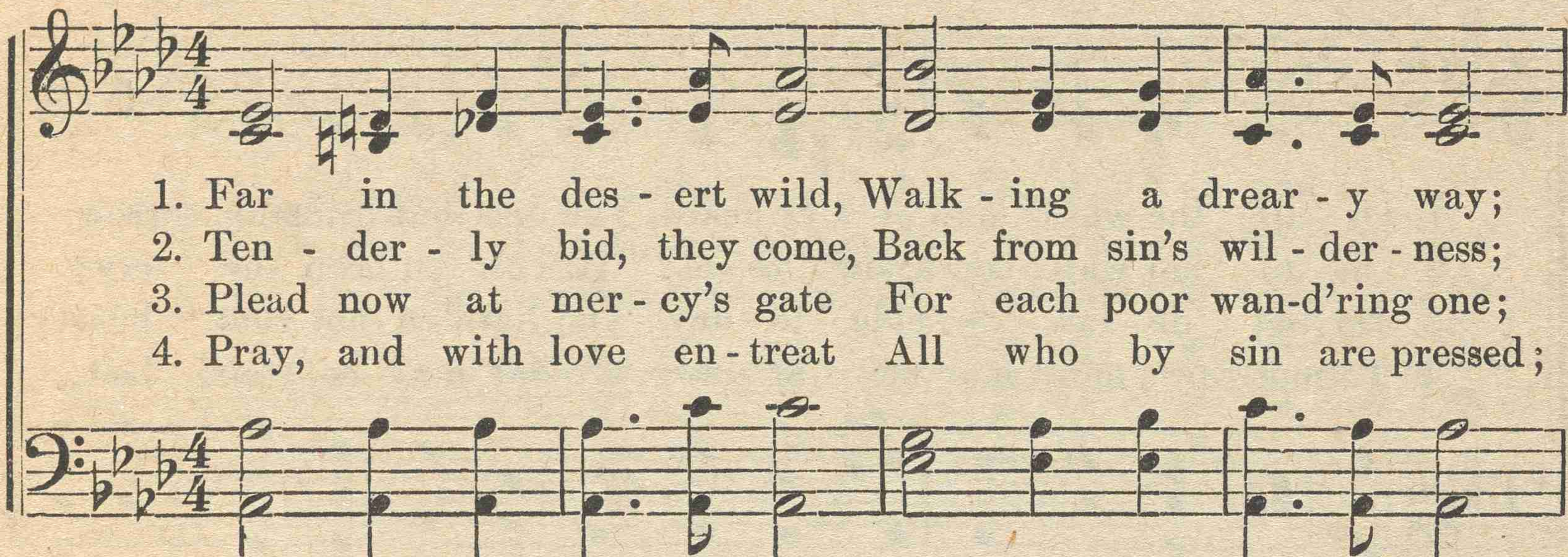
Cal - va - ry! It wash - es me, it cleanses me, From sin it sets me free.

PRAY FOR THE WANDERER.

9

REV. C. M. HOTT.

A. S. KIEFFER.



1. Far in the des - ert wild, Walk - ing a drear - y way;
 2. Ten - der - ly bid, they come, Back from sin's wil - der - ness;
 3. Plead now at mer - cy's gate For each poor wan-d'ring one;
 4. Pray, and with love en - treat All who by sin are pressed;



Suf - f'ring and sin de - filed, Go - ing a - stray.
 Come to our Fa - ther's home, Saved by his grace.
 Soon it will be too late, Life will be gone.
 Bid them at Je - sus' feet Find end - less rest.

CHORUS.



Pray for the wan - der - er, Pray for the wan - der - er,



Pray for the wan - der - er Go - ing a - stray!

From "Sweet Fields of Eden," by permission.

W. E. PENN.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Of all the words man ev - er heard, The one that bringeth sorrow,
 2. Oh, do not wait! you know "*too late!*" Has oft - en been the cry;
 3. Do not de - lay, de - cide to - day, And hard-en not your heart;
 4. To-mor-row's morn may nev - er dawn, To-day may be your last;

Is this oft used and much a-bused, This sim - ple word, *to - morrow*.
 Then, halt-ing one, come home, come home, To-morrow you may die.
 For - sak - ing all on Je - sus' call, Oh, choose the bet - ter part!
 It may be said, "Oh, he is dead, His day of grace is past!"

CHORUS.

Oh, word of words, so oft - en heard, To - mor - row, to - mor - row!

It bring-eth some sweet joy and peace, To oth-ers death-less sor - row.

THE GOLDEN TIME IS NOW.

11

T. M. T.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.



1. Oh, hear-ken to the Sav-ior's voice! The gold - en time is now;
 2. Give up thy love of self and pride, The gold - en time is now;
 3. In ten - der accents hear him call, The gold - en time is now;




O-bey His word, make Him your choice, The gold-en time is now.
 Tho' all your comrades may de - ride, The gold-en time is now.
 On bend - ed knees be - fore Him fall, The gold-en time is now.




You take no risk in leav - ing sin, In asking Christ to dwell within,
 E'en tho' you fail and die at last In sin's embrace, all fettered fast,
 Your friends are of-f'ring fervent prayer, That you their faith and love may share;




And give you sa-cred joy and peace; Oh, sinner, come and find release!
 'Twould be no worse than standing still, And worshiping your own sweet will.
 Oh, be per-suad-ed here to-night To take the stand of truth and right.

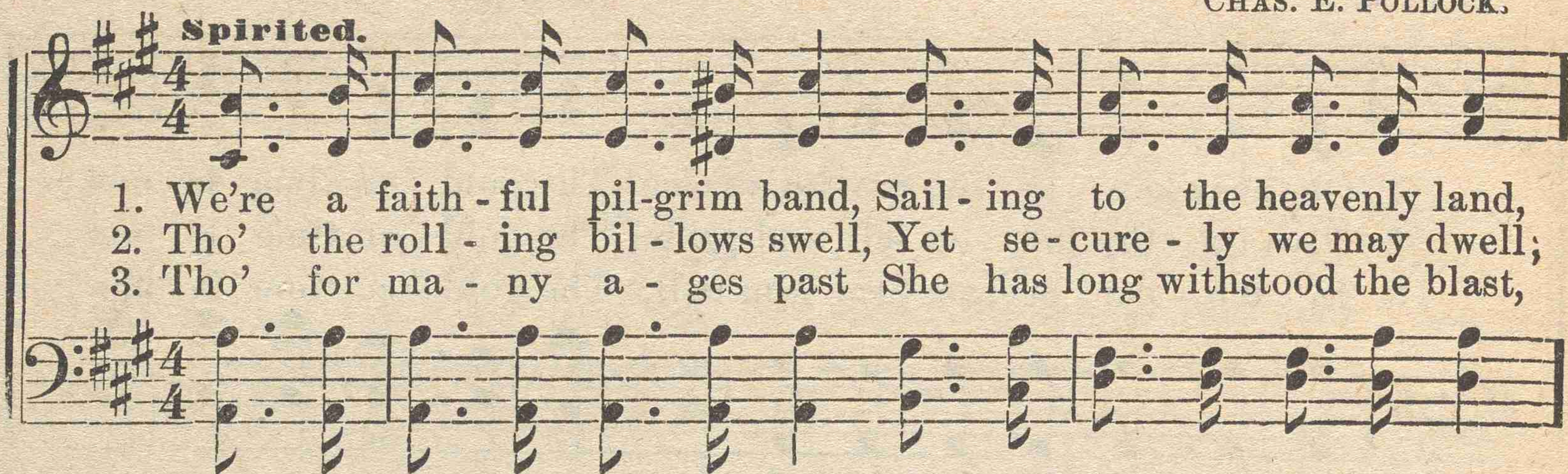


SAILING O'ER LIFE'S OCEAN.

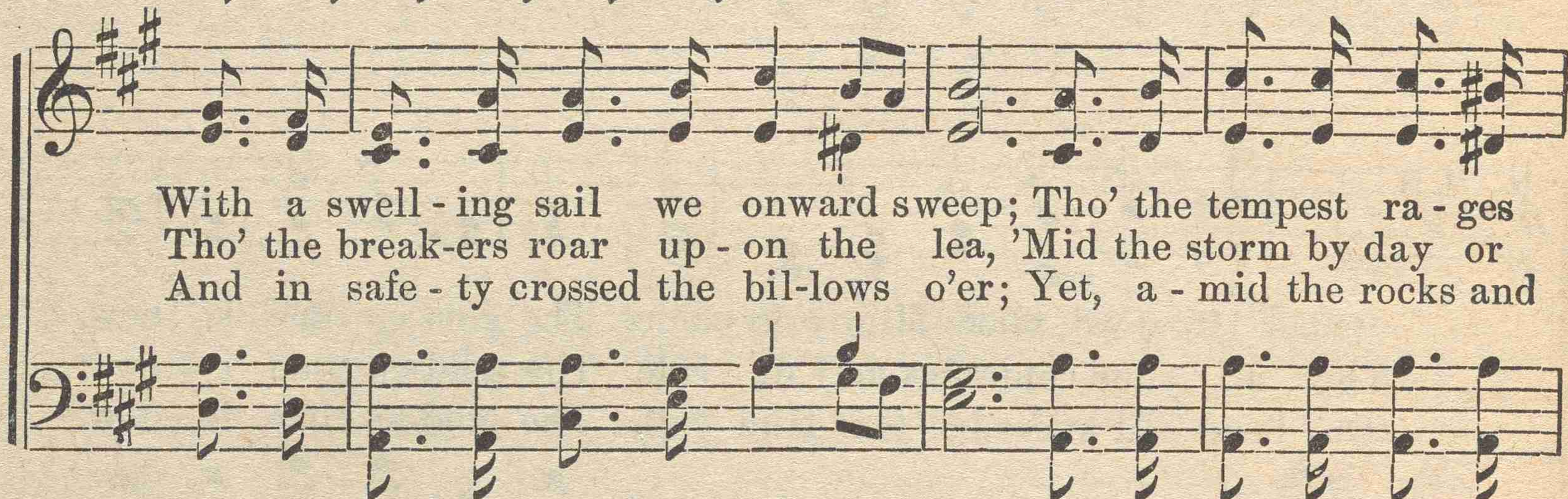
Respectfully inscribed to W. E. Penn.

CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

Spirited.



1. We're a faith - ful pil-grim band, Sail - ing to the heavenly land,
 2. Tho' the roll - ing bil - lows swell, Yet se - cure - ly we may dwell;
 3. Tho' for ma - ny a - ges past She has long withstood the blast,



With a swell - ing sail we onward sweep; Tho' the tempest ra - ges
 Tho' the break - ers roar up - on the lea, 'Mid the storm by day or
 And in safe - ty crossed the bil - lows o'er; Yet, a - mid the rocks and



long, There is one a-mong the throng Who will guide the sail - or
 night, If we trust our Captain's might, He will guide us safe - ly
 shoals, She has land - ed ma - ny souls On fair Ca-naan's bright and

CHORUS.



o'er the deep. We are sail - - - ing o'er the
 o'er the sea.
 peace - ful shore. We are sail - ing o'er the o - cean, We are



o - - - cean, We are drift - - - ing with the
 drift - ing with the tide, We are sail - ing o'er the o - cean, We are

SAILING O'ER LIFE'S OCEAN. Concluded. 13

tide; Soon the storms will all be
 drift-ing with the tide; Soon the storms will all be o - ver, Soon the

o - - - ver, And we'll reach the oth - er side.
 storms will all be o - ver, And we'll safe-ly reach the oth - er side.

TILL HE COME.

(By per. of John Church & Co.)

P. P. B.

Moderato. **Fine.**

1. "Till He come!" Oh, let the words Lin-ger on the trembling chords!
 D. C. Let us think how heaven and home Lie be-yond that "Till He come!"
 2. When the wea - ry ones we love En - ter on that rest a - bove;
 D. C. Hush! be ev - ery murmur dumb, It is on - ly "Till He come!"

D. C.

Let the "lit - tle while" be-tween In their gold - en light be seen;
 When their words of love and cheer Fall no lon - ger on our ear.

This.

WILL YOU COME?

CARRIE M. WILSON.

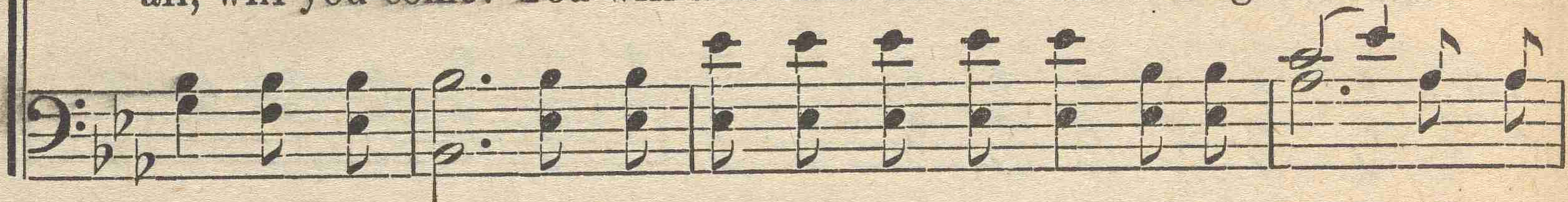
JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.



1. There's a message from the Lord,--will you come? Hear it sounding from His
2. He has tarried long for you; will you come? See, his locks are wet with
3. Will you heed the Savior's call? will you come To the feast prepared for



word,--will you come? Whoso - ev - er on His name will be-lieve Life e-
dew: will you come? He a - lone your ma - ny sins can for-give; Will you
all, will you come? You will find Him at the cross waiting there With the



CHORUS.

ternal shall from Him receive.
look to Him by faith and live? He is calling you to-day--will you come?
garment that your soul must wear. will you come?



To the on-ly living way--will you come? Will you plunge beneath the flood
will you come?



of His all - a - toning blood? Will you be a child of God; will you come?



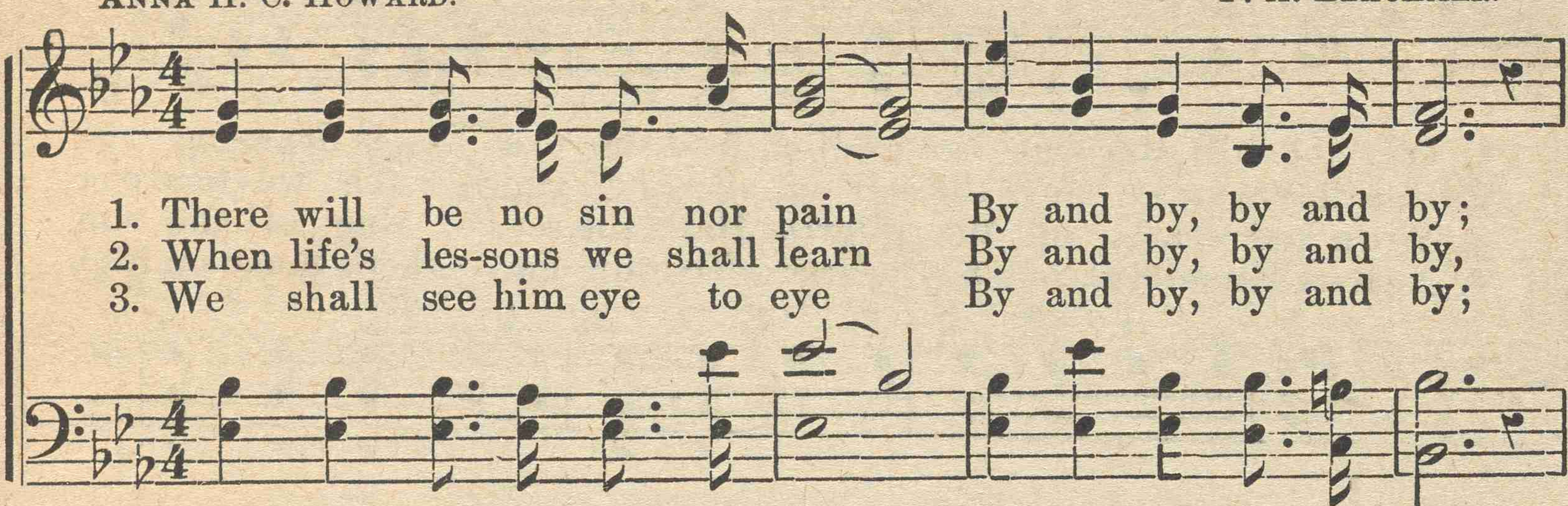
BY AND BY.

15

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

ANNA H. C. HOWARD.

F. A. BLACKMER.



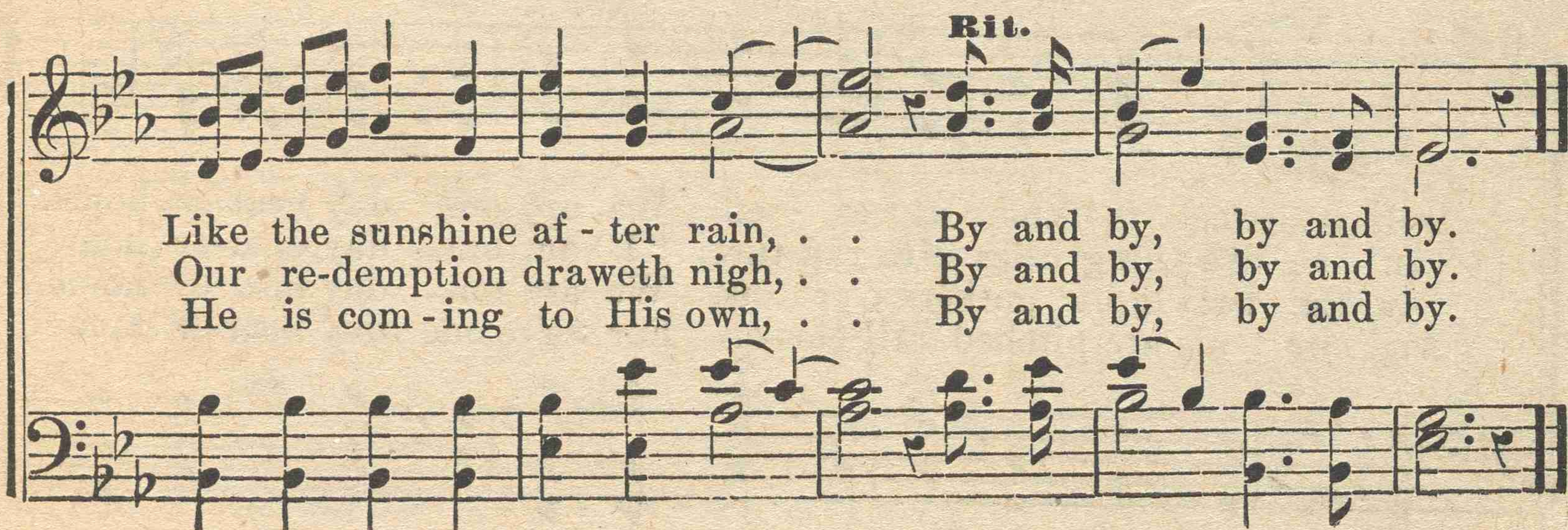
1. There will be no sin nor pain By and by, by and by;
 2. When life's lessons we shall learn By and by, by and by;
 3. We shall see him eye to eye By and by, by and by;



All that's dark will be made plain By and by, by and by;
 Je - sus' voice we shall dis - cern By and by, by and by;
 We shall meet Him in the sky By and by, by and by;



For the Lord will come a - gain— Oh, how glo - ri - ous His reign!—
 He will ban - ish ev - 'ry sigh, Let us lift our heads on high,
 We shall hear His ten - der tone, We shall be no more a - lone.



Like the sunshine af - ter rain, . . . By and by, by and by.
 Our re - demption draweth nigh, . . . By and by, by and by.
 He is com - ing to His own, . . . By and by, by and by.

NEARER HOME.

JAS. McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. O'er the hill the sun is set-ting, And the eve is draw-ing on;
 2. One day near-er, sings the sail-or, As he glides the wa-ters o'er,
 3. Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim Hails the set - ting of the sun,
 4. Near-er home! yes, one day nearer To our Fa - ther's home on high,

Dim. Cres.
 Slow-ly drops the gen-tle twi-light, For an-oth - er day is gone.
 While the light is soft-ly dy - ing On his dis - tant na-tive shore.
 For the goal is one day near - er, And his jour - ney near-ly done.
 To the green fields and the fount-ains Of the land be-yond the sky.

Gone for aye, its race is o - ver, Soon the dark - er shades will come;
 Thus the Christian, on life's o - cean, As his light boat cuts the foam,
 Thus we feel, when o'er life's desert, Heart and san - dal worn, we roam,
 For the heav'ns grow brighter o'er us, And the lamps hang in the dome,

Cres. f
 Still it's sweet to know at ev - en, We are one day near-er home.
 In the eve - ning cries with rap-ture, "I am one day near-er home."
 As the twi-light gathers o'er us, We are one day near-er home.
 And our tents are pitched still clos-er, For we're one day near-er home.

NEARER HOME. Concluded.

17

CHORUS.

Near-er home, near-er home,
 Beau-ti-ful home, hea-ven-ly home,

Near-er to our home on high,

Near-er to our home on high, Near-er to our home on high,
 Near-er to our home on high,
 our home on high, Near-er to our home on high,

To the green fields and the fount - ains
 To the green fields and the fountains, To the green fields and the fountains

Of the land be-yond the sky. **After last verse repeat** *pp*

Of the land be-yond the sky, Of the land be-yond the sky.
 Of the land be-yond the sky, be-yond the sky.
 Of the land be-yond the sky, be-yond the sky.

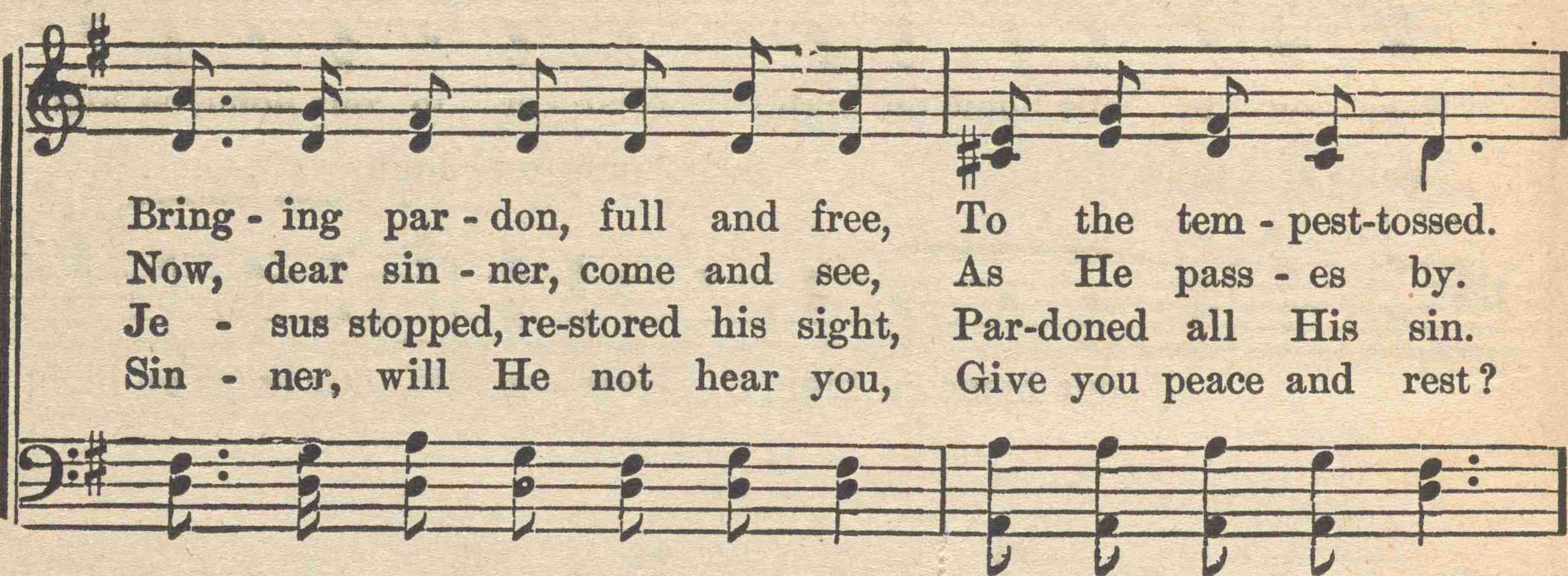
J. M. HUNT.

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

J. M. HUNT.

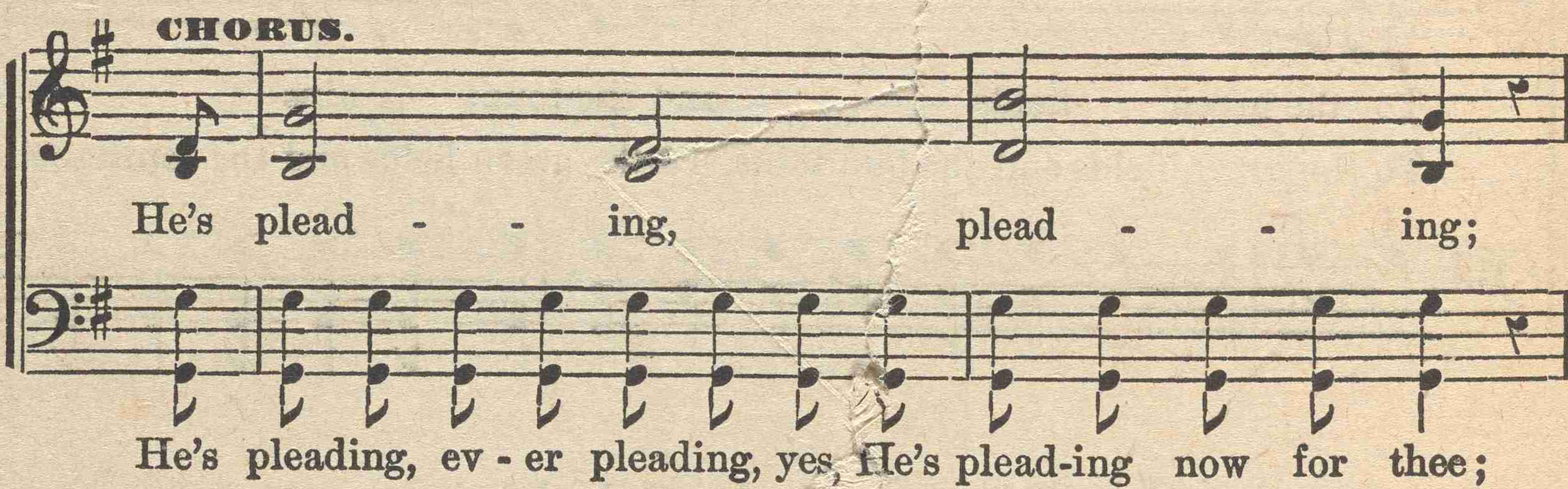


1. Christ, the sin - ner's friend, is come, Seek - ing for the lost;
 2. Dost thou think He will not hear, If you to Him cry?
 3. When poor blind Bar - ti - me - us Cried a - loud to Him,
 4. If He would a beg - gar hear, Who was blind, op-pressed,



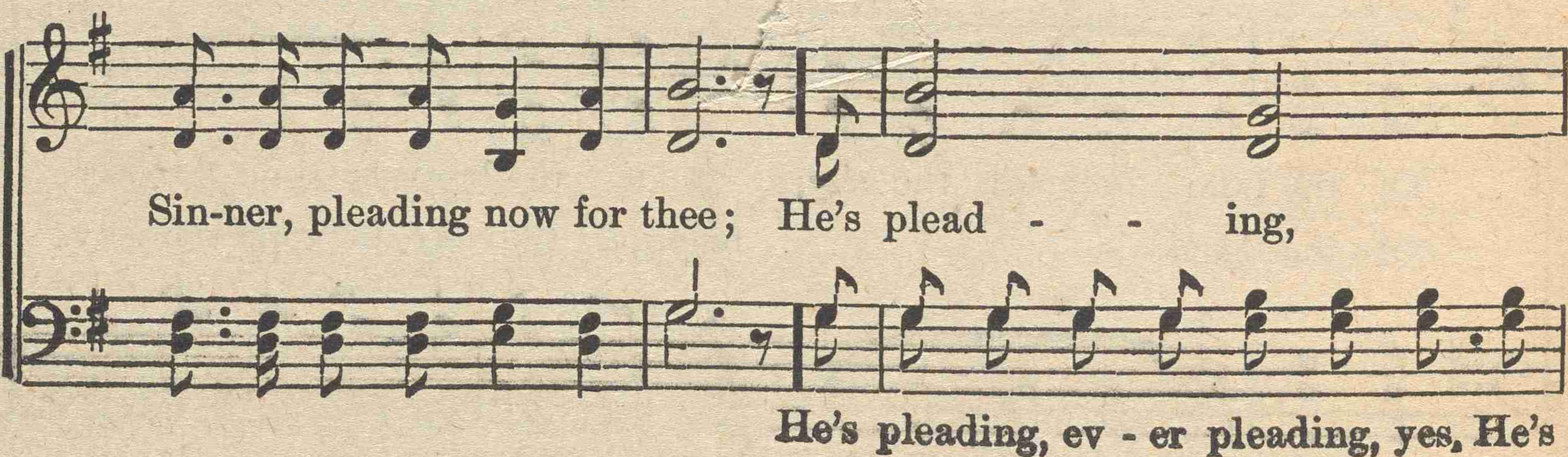
Bring - ing par - don, full and free, To the tem - pest-tossed.
 Now, dear sin - ner, come and see, As He pass - es by.
 Je - sus stopped, re-stored his sight, Par-doned all His sin.
 Sin - ner, will He not hear you, Give you peace and rest?

CHORUS.



He's plead - - ing, plead - - ing;

He's pleading, ev - er pleading, yes, He's plead-ing now for thee;



Sin-ner, pleading now for thee; He's plead - - ing,

He's pleading, ev - er pleading, yes, He's



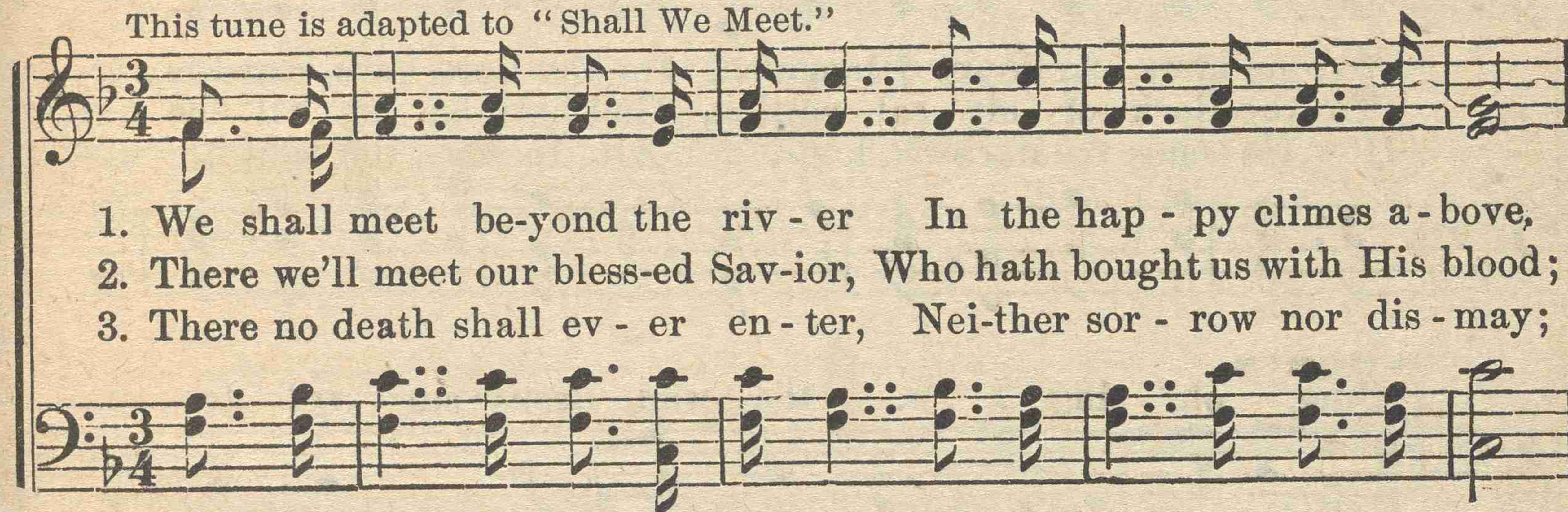
plead - - - ing; Sin - ner, plead - ing now for thee.
plead - ing now for thee;

WE SHALL MEET.

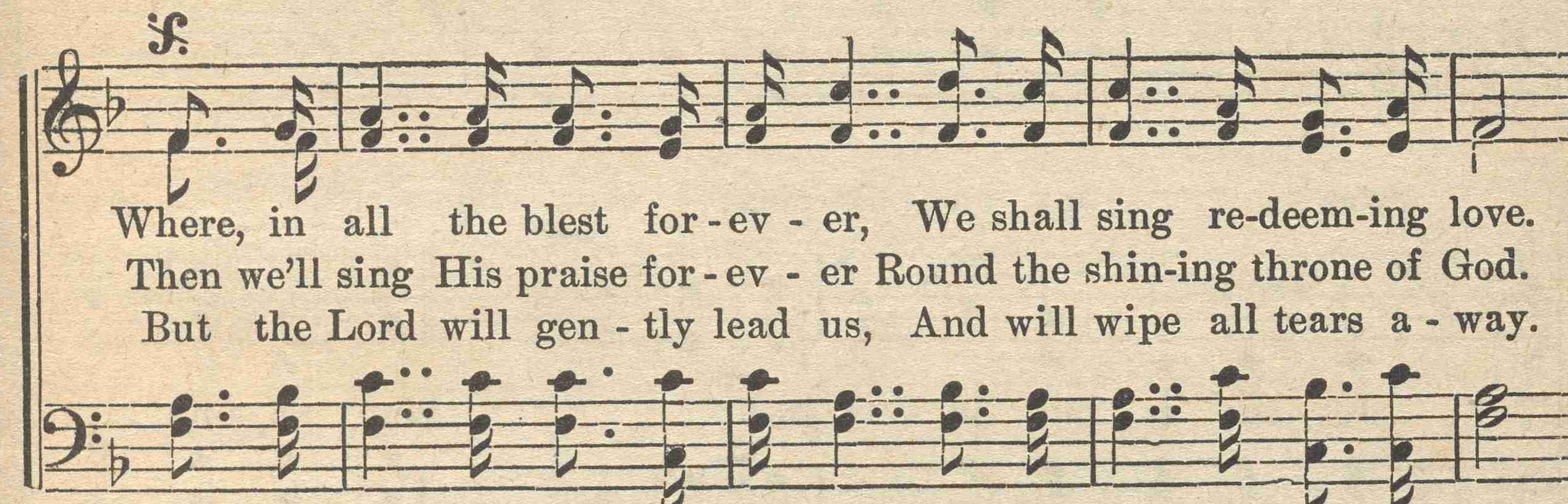
G. R. STREET.

CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

This tune is adapted to "Shall We Meet."



1. We shall meet be-yond the riv - er In the hap - py climes a - bove,
2. There we'll meet our bless-ed Sav-ior, Who hath bought us with His blood;
3. There no death shall ev - er en - ter, Nei-ther sor - row nor dis - may;



Where, in all the blest for - ev - er, We shall sing re-deem-ing love.
Then we'll sing His praise for - ev - er Round the shin-ing throne of God.
But the Lord will gen - tly lead us, And will wipe all tears a - way.

D. S. We shall meet be-yond the riv - er, We shall meet each oth - er there.

REFRAIN.

D. S.



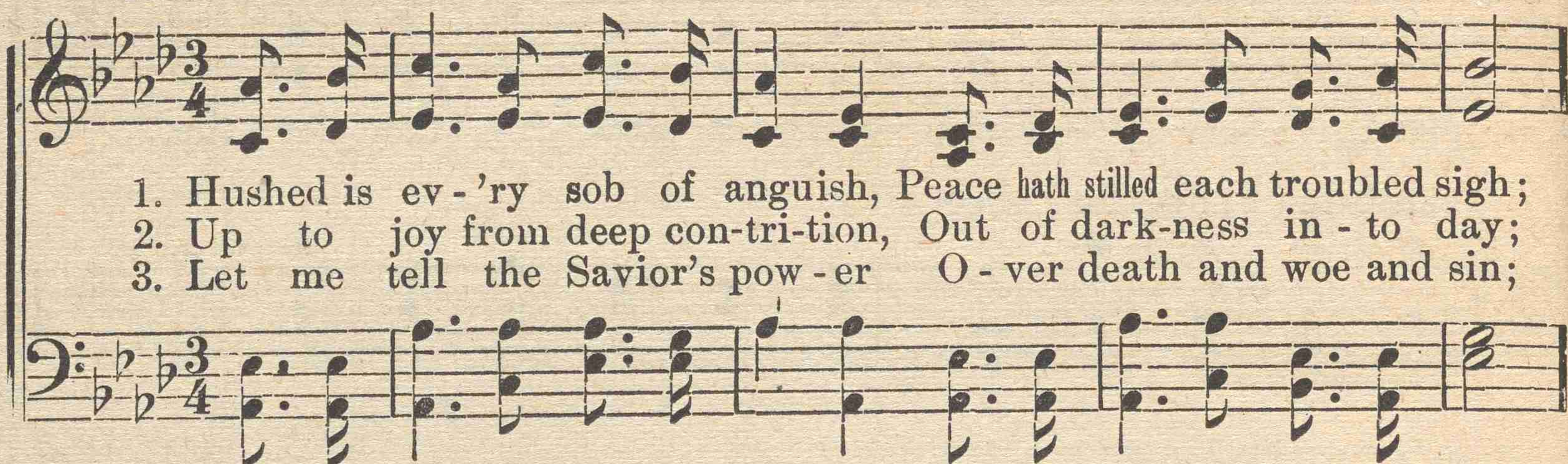
We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall meet each oth - er there.

HE HATH HEARD MY CRY.

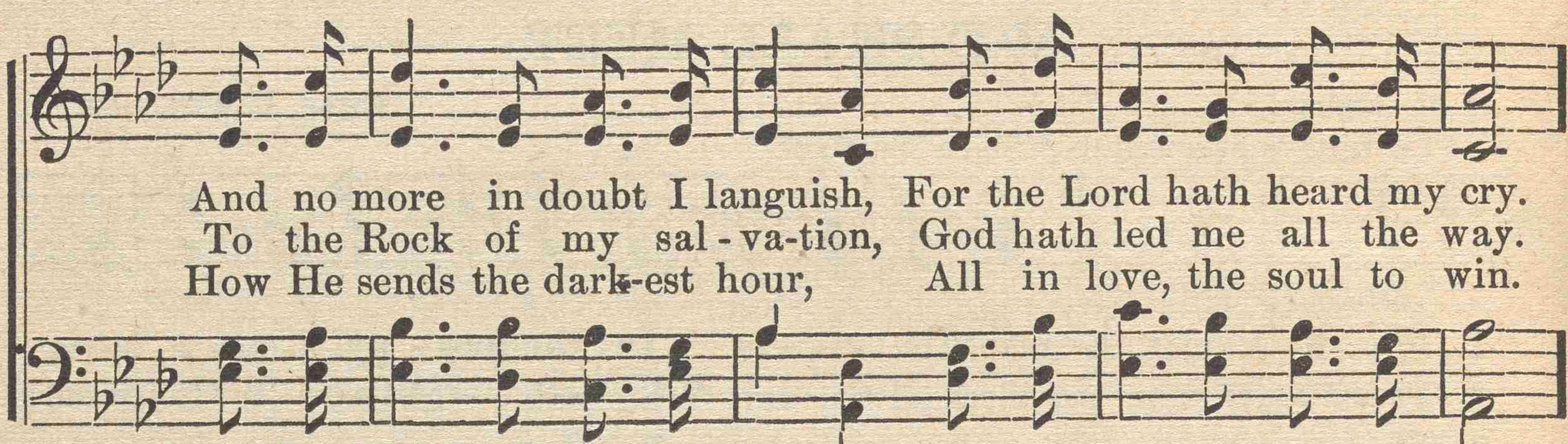
And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God.—Psa. 40 : 2.

MRS. T. M. GRIFFIN.

JOHN R. SWENEY.



1. Hushed is ev-'ry sob of anguish, Peace hath stilled each troubled sigh;
 2. Up to joy from deep con-tri-tion, Out of dark-ness in-to day;
 3. Let me tell the Savior's pow-er O-ver death and woe and sin;



And no more in doubt I languish, For the Lord hath heard my cry.
 To the Rock of my sal-va-tion, God hath led me all the way.
 How He sends the dark-est hour, All in love, the soul to win.

CHORUS.



Sing, oh, sing . . . the won-drous sto-ry! Je-sus

Sing, oh, sing the won-drous sto-ry!



was . . . my on-ly plea; Sing, oh, sing! . . . give

Je-sus is my on-ly plea; Sing, oh, sing! give



Christ the glo-ry, My Re-deem-er's made me free.

Christ the glo-ry, My Re-deem-er's made me free.

WE WILL PRAY FOR ONE ANOTHER.

21

Words adapted.

Col. 1 : 3.

I. BALTZELL.



1. We will pray for one an-oth-er, we will pray; You are not a-lone, my
2. We will pray for one an-oth-er, we will pray; Tho' we meet with ma-ny



broth-er, in the way; For the Sav-ior's by your side, And the
tri - als on our way; If we sit at Je - sus' feet, When He



Bi - ble is your guide, If you live by faith and prayer ev-'ry day.
comes our souls to greet, We will find His promise sure ev-'ry day.



CHORUS.



We will pray, We will pray,
We will pray for one an - oth - er, We will pray for one an - oth - er,



We will pray for one an - oth - er Till we all get home.



From "Gates of Praise," by permission.

MAGNIFY HIS NAME.

J. M. HUNT.

Read Psa. 117.

J. M. HUNT,



1. Oh, praise the Lord, who, to this world, Has brought sal-va - tion free;
2. His kind-ness, ev - er great t'ward us, Is from a lov - ing heart
3. His words of truth and acts of love For ev - er - more en - dure,



With thank-ful voic - es shout His name Throughout e - ter - ni - ty;
 That ev - er yearns for us to live, And does a Sav-iour's part;
 And, to our souls, His arms will be An an - chor, steadfast, sure.



Oh, praise Him, all ye ransomed ones, Loud mag - ni - fy the name
 He gave His life to ran - som us, In mer - cy for us pleads;
 Praise ye the Lord for all He's done! Send forth your songs of love,



Of Him, who for the na - tions all, So meek and low - ly, came.
 That we may live in mansions bright, With God He in - ter - cedes.
 And faith-ful lean up - on His arm, And live with Him a - bove.



CHORUS.



Praise Him all ye na-tions, praise, Praise Him all ye na-tions, praise;



Praise Him all ye peo - ple, Mag - ni - fy his name.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed.
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone!
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to Thy fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

TOPLADY.

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none,—
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee!
Leave, ah, leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
All in all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

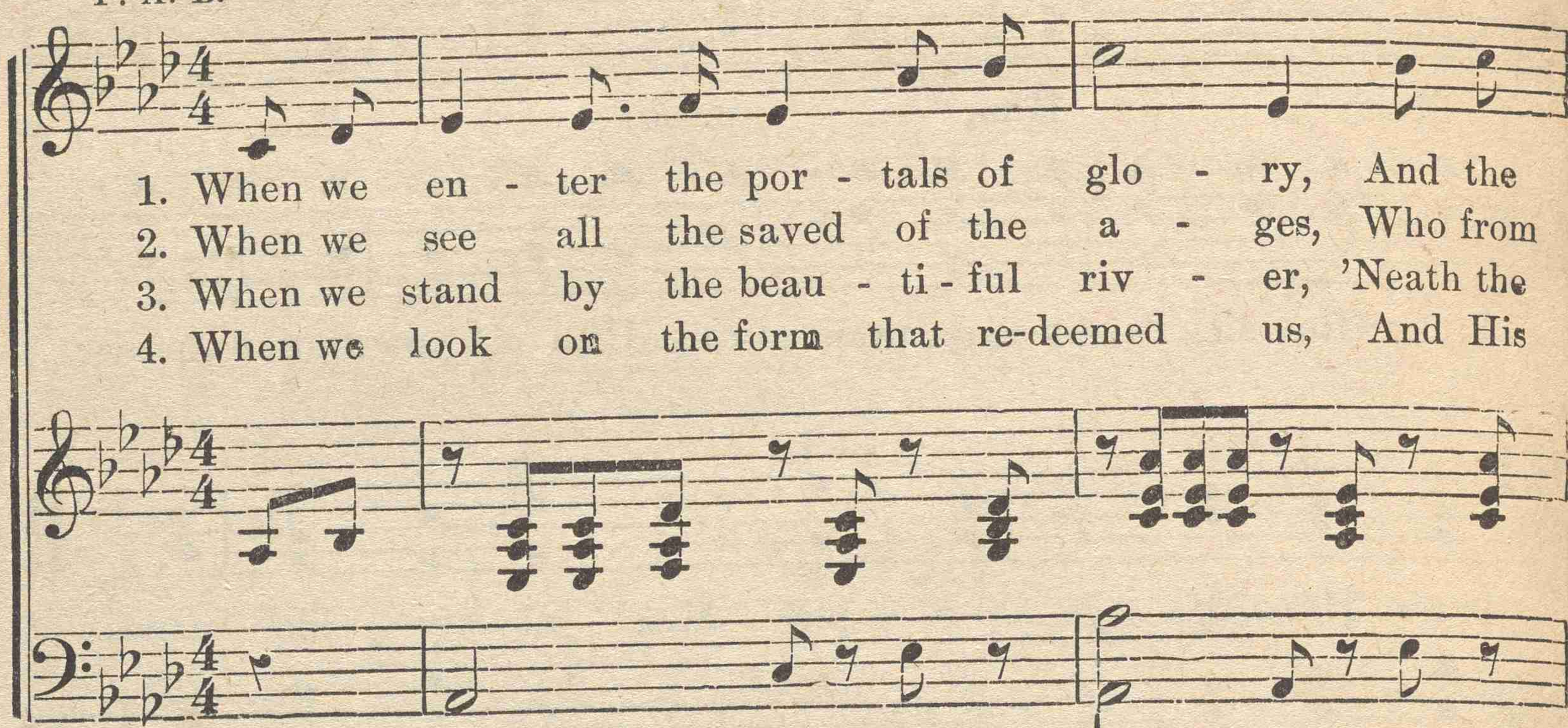
C. WESLEY

THE NUMBERLESS HOST.

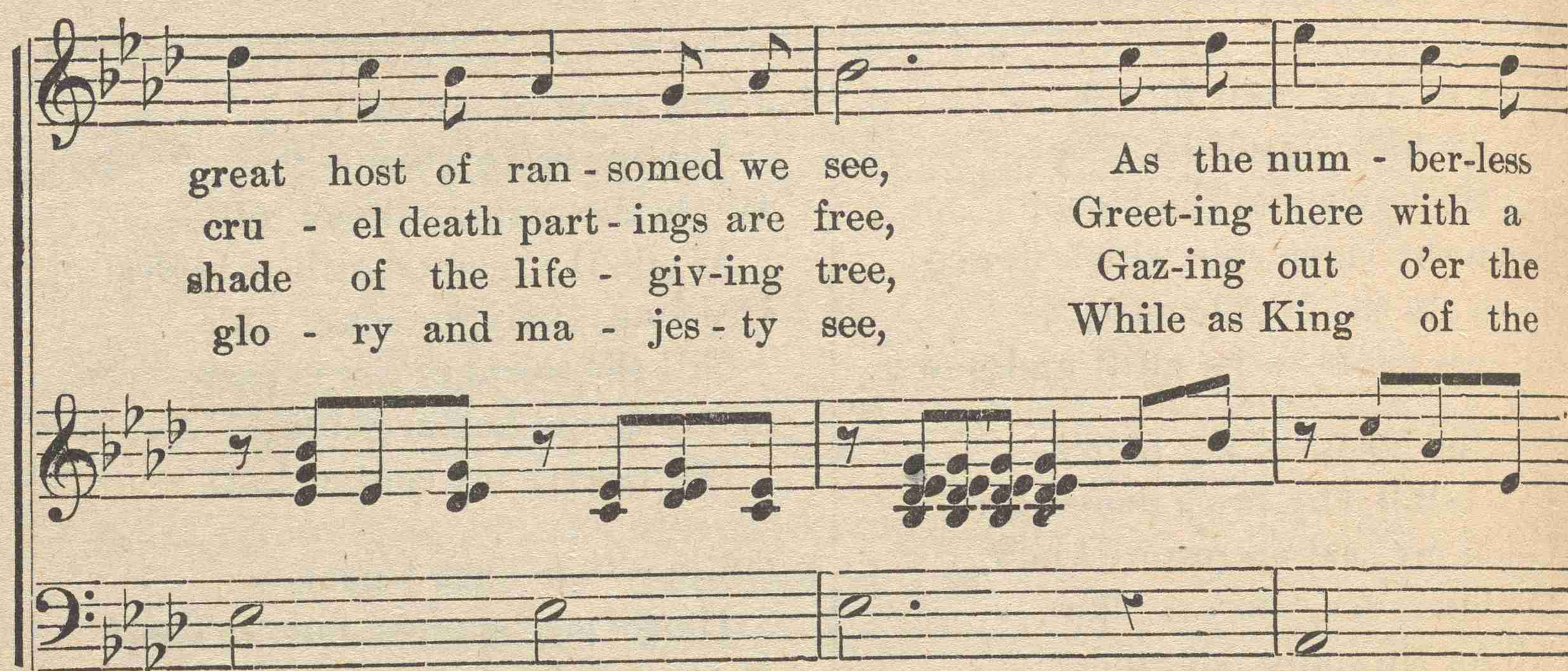
As the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea-shore.—Gen. 22 : 17.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER, by per.

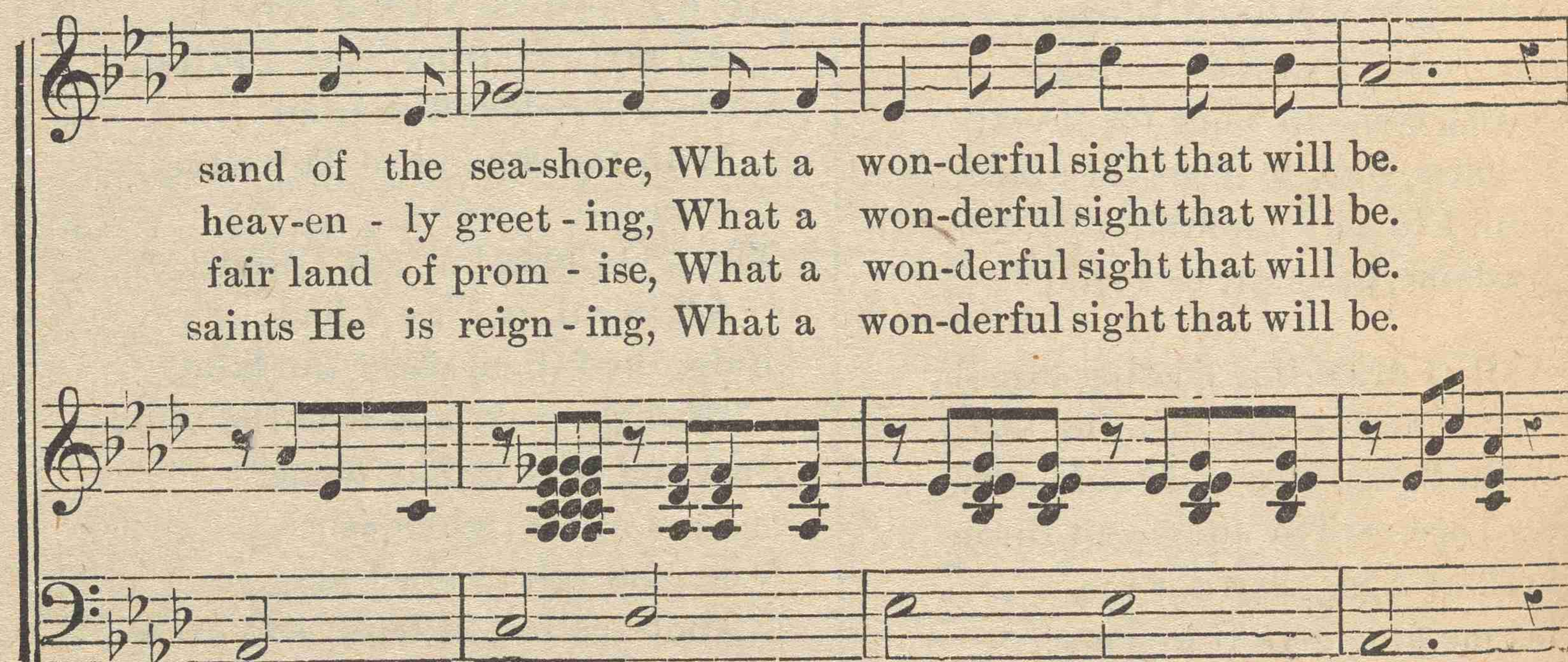


1. When we en - ter the por - tals of glo - ry, And the
 2. When we see all the saved of the a - ges, Who from
 3. When we stand by the beau - ti - ful riv - er, 'Neath the
 4. When we look on the form that re-deemed us, And His



great host of ran - somed we see,
 cru - el death part - ings are free,
 shade of the life - giv - ing tree,
 glo - ry and ma - jes - ty see,

As the num - ber-less
 Greet - ing there with a
 Gaz - ing out o'er the
 While as King of the



sand of the sea-shore, What a won - derful sight that will be.
 heav - en - ly greet - ing, What a won - derful sight that will be.
 fair land of prom - ise, What a won - derful sight that will be.
 saints He is reign - ing, What a won - derful sight that will be.

THE NUMBERLESS HOST. Concluded.

25

CHORUS.

of the sea - - shore,

Numberless as the sand

Numberless as the sand, Numberless as the

sand, as the sand of the shore, Oh, what a sight 'twill be When the

ransomed host we see, As numberless as the sand of the sea-shore.

DENNIS. S. M.

Arr. from NAGELI.

1. How sol - emn are the words, And yet to faith how plain,
2. "Ye must be born a - gain!" For so hath God de - creed;
3. "Ye must be born a - gain!" And life in Christ must have;
4. "Ye must be born a - gain!" Or nev - er en - ter heaven;

Which Je - sus ut - tered while on earth—Ye must be born a - gain!
 No re - form - a - tion will suf - fice—'Tis life poor sin - ners need.
 In vain the soul may else - where go—'Tis He a - lone can save.
 'Tis on - ly blood-washed ones are there—The ransomed and for given.

THE GRAND REVIEW.

And before Him shall be gathered all nations.—Matt 25: 32.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. Christian sol-dier, worn with serv-ice, Ere discharge is grant-ed you,
 2. Gird your ar-mor on, tho' rust-ed, Soon with use'twill shine a - new;
 3. If you do each du - ty brave-ly, Then the Lord will hon-or you;
 4. There'll be glo-ry for the he - roes, Who for God shall here be true,




You must pass di - vine in-spec - tion At the fi - nal grand re - view.
 And in Heaven's strength go for-ward, Read-y for the grand re - view.
 And your val - or he'll re-mem - ber At the fi - nal grand re - view.
 When they're mustered out of serv-ice, And have passed the grand re - view.


CHORUS


O be watch - - - ful, Christian sol - dier,
 O be watchful, Christian soldier, O be watchful, Christian sol - dier,



At your post



At your post stand firm and true, stand firm and true;
 At your post stand firm and true;



At your post



Read-y for the great in - spec - tion,
 Read-y for the great in - spection, Read-y for the great in - spec-tion,





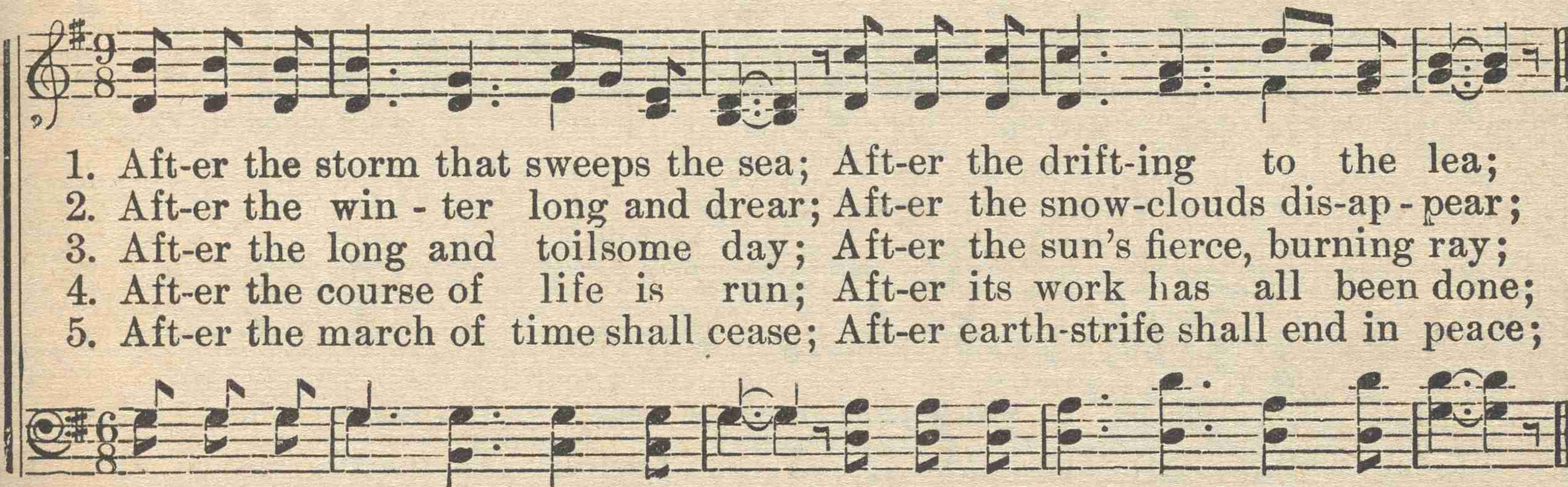
Read - y for the grand re - view. . .

Read - y for the grand re - view,

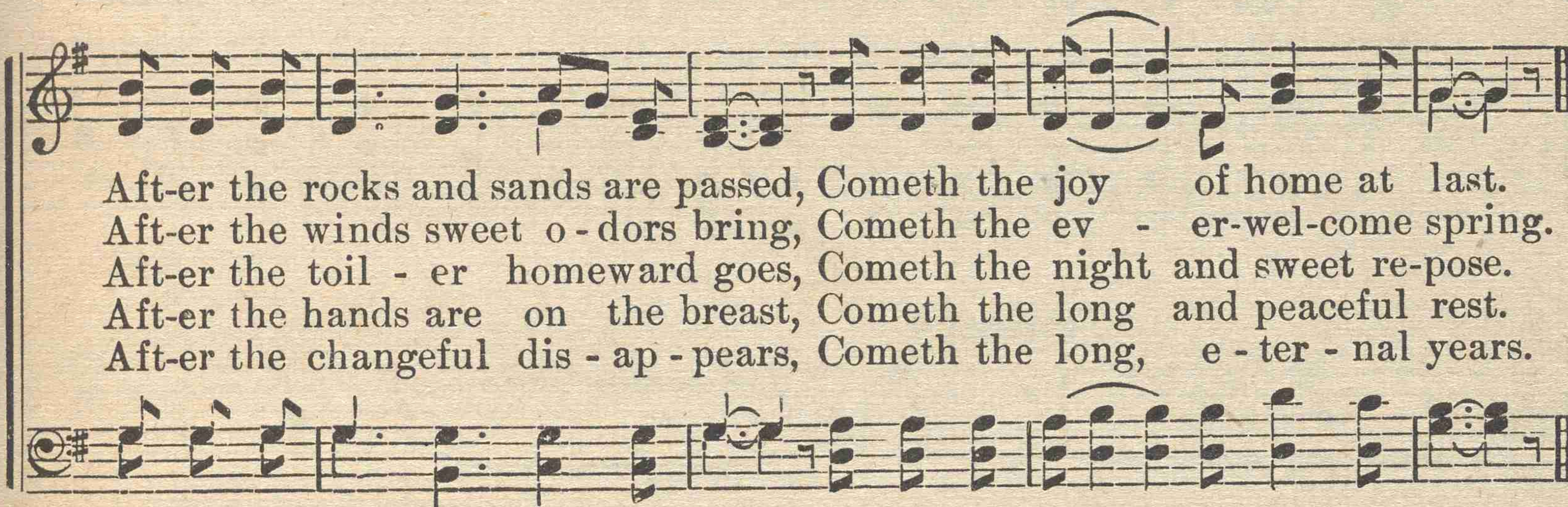
AFTER.

I. I. LESLIE.

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. Aft-er the storm that sweeps the sea; Aft-er the drift-ing to the lea;
2. Aft-er the win - ter long and drear; Aft-er the snow-clouds dis-ap - pear;
3. Aft-er the long and toilsome day; Aft-er the sun's fierce, burning ray;
4. Aft-er the course of life is run; Aft-er its work has all been done;
5. Aft-er the march of time shall cease; Aft-er earth-strife shall end in peace;



Aft-er the rocks and sands are passed, Cometh the joy of home at last.
 Aft-er the winds sweet o - dors bring, Cometh the ev - er-wel-come spring.
 Aft-er the toil - er homeward goes, Cometh the night and sweet re-pose.
 Aft-er the hands are on the breast, Cometh the long and peaceful rest.
 Aft-er the changeful dis - ap - pears, Cometh the long, e - ter - nal years.



Aft - er all that here we see, What will there be, what will there be?



Aft - er all that here we see, Aft - er all, e - ter - ni - ty.

"As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings." Matt. 23: 37.

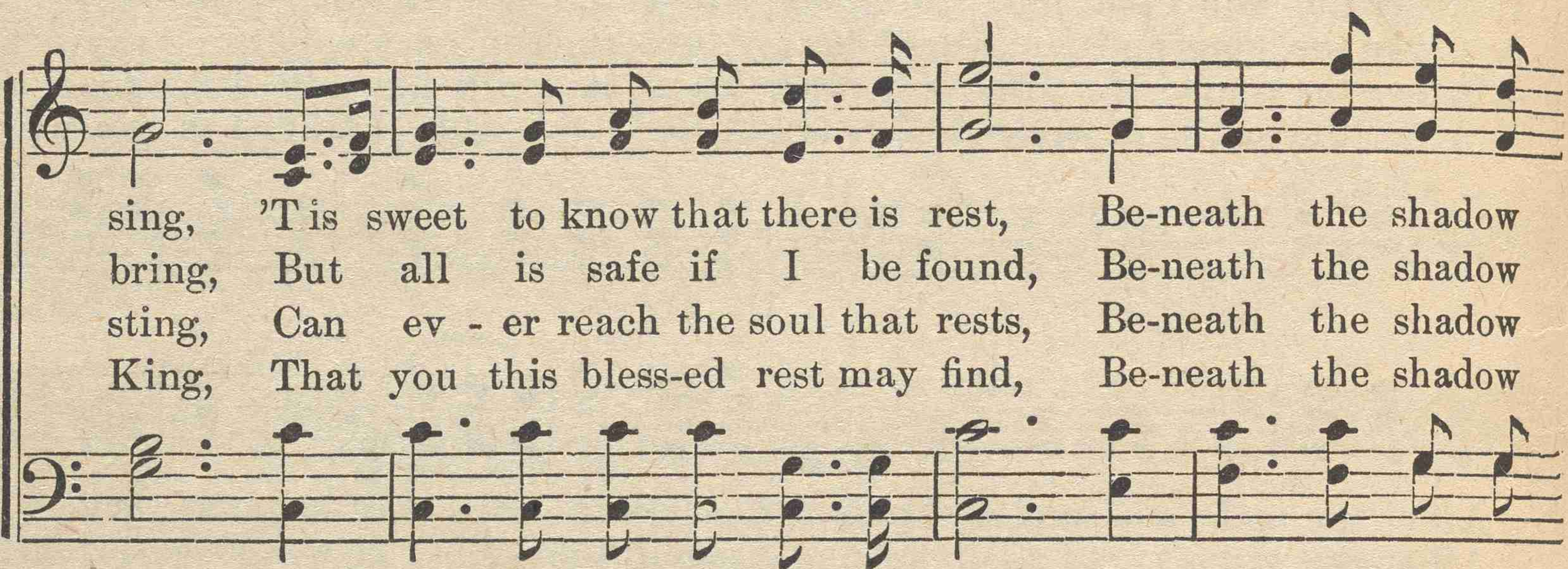
REV. W. E. PENN.

REV. I. BALTZELL.

Moderato.



1. When darkness gathers o'er my soul; My heart so sad it can-not
 2. Dark waves may roll, loud tempests roar, Earthquakes and wars their terrors
 3. There is no power beneath the sun, Not e - ven death's cold i - cy
 4. Then sin - ner come, O quick-ly come, Take Je - sus as your Priest and



sing, 'Tis sweet to know that there is rest, Be-neath the shadow
 bring, But all is safe if I be found, Be-neath the shadow
 sting, Can ev - er reach the soul that rests, Be-neath the shadow
 King, That you this bless-ed rest may find, Be-neath the shadow

CHORUS.



of his wing. I am rest - - - ing, sweet - ly

I am rest - ing, sweet - ly rest - ing, I am



rest - - - ing, And my heart his prais - es sing.
 rest - ing, sweet - ly rest - ing,

BENEATH THE SHADOW OF HIS WING. Concluded. 29

Resting in the love of Je - sus, 'Neath the shadow of his wing.

CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

Rev. E. PERRONET.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

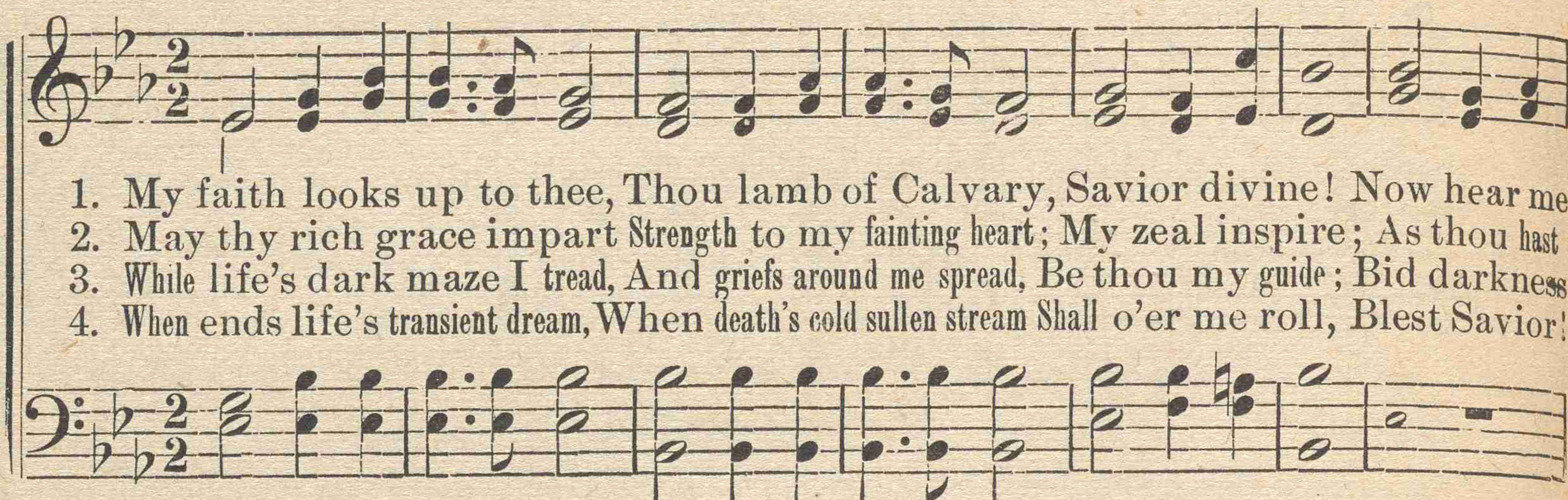
1. { All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

2. { Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall.
Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

CHORUS.

And crown, And crown, And crown him Lord of
And crown him Lord of all, And crown him Lord of all, And crown him Lord of

all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.
all; Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.



1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou lamb of Calvary, Savior 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 ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Savior!



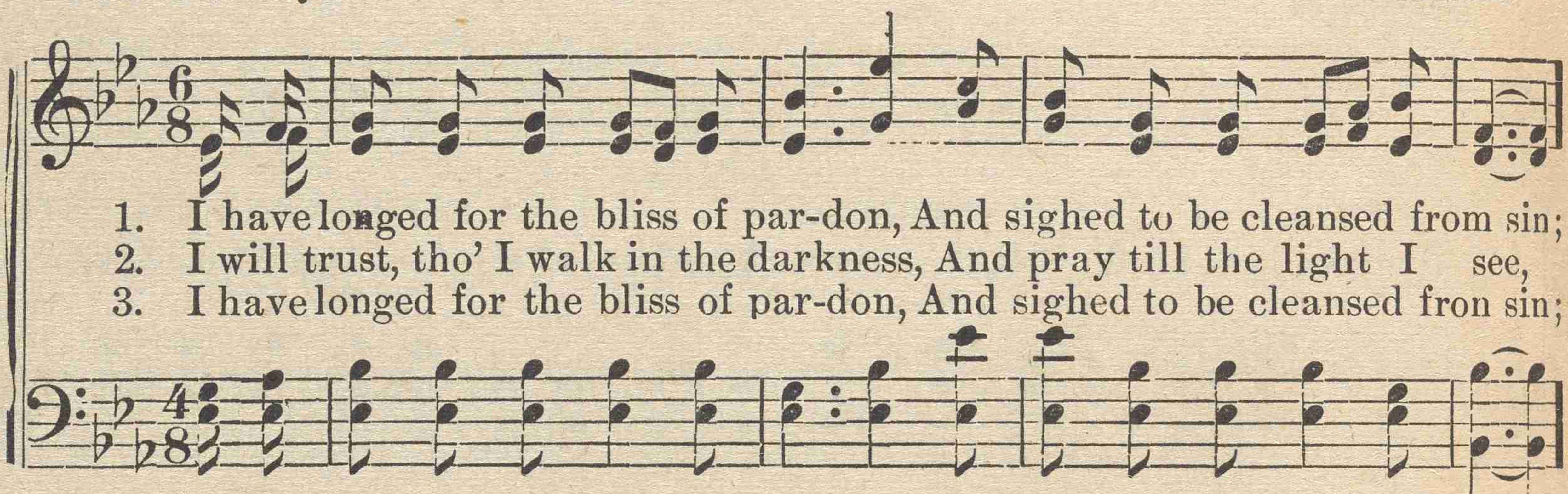
while I pray, Take all my guilt away, Oh, let me from this day Be wholly thine!
 died for me, Oh, may my love for thee Pure, warm, and changeless be A living fire.
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From thee aside.
 then, in love, Fear and distress remove, Oh, bear me safe above A ransomed soul!

Thine.

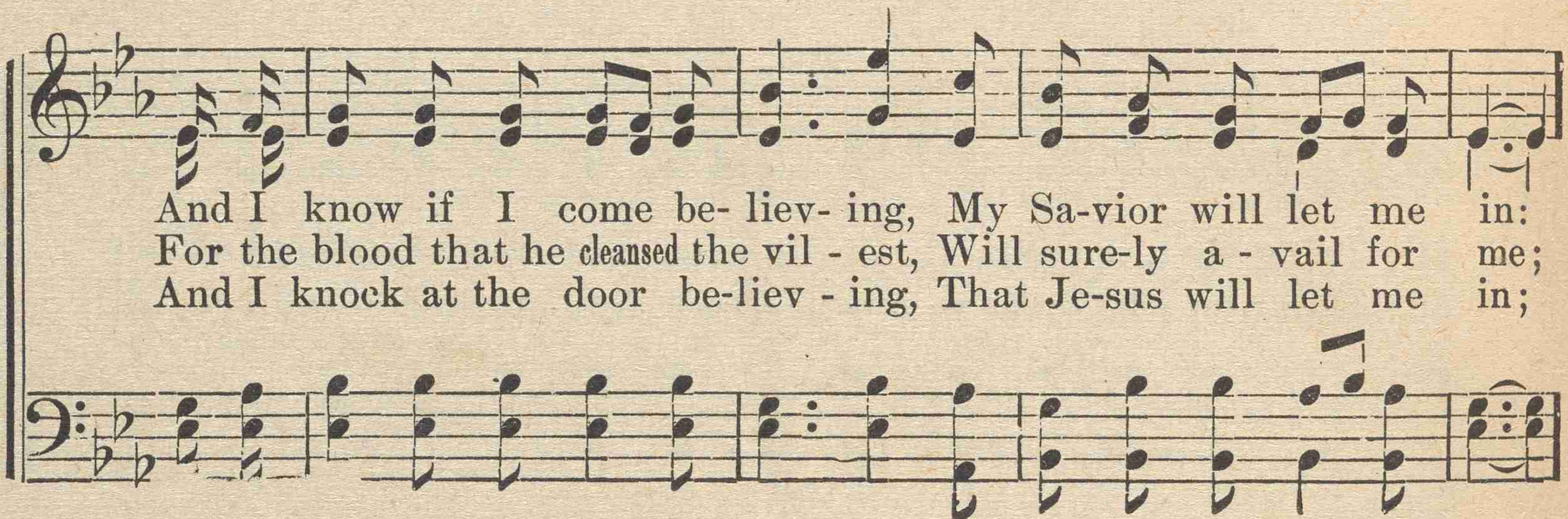
I'LL ENTER THE OPEN DOOR.

Central Presbyterian.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. I have longed for the bliss of par-don, And sighed to be cleansed from sin;
2. I will trust, tho' I walk in the darkness, And pray till the light I see,
3. I have longed for the bliss of par-don, And sighed to be cleansed from sin;



And I know if I come be-liev-ing, My Sa-vior will let me in;
 For the blood that he cleansed the vil-est, Will sure-ly a-vail for me;
 And I knock at the door be-liev-ing, That Je-sus will let me in;

I'LL ENTER THE OPEN DOOR. Concluded.

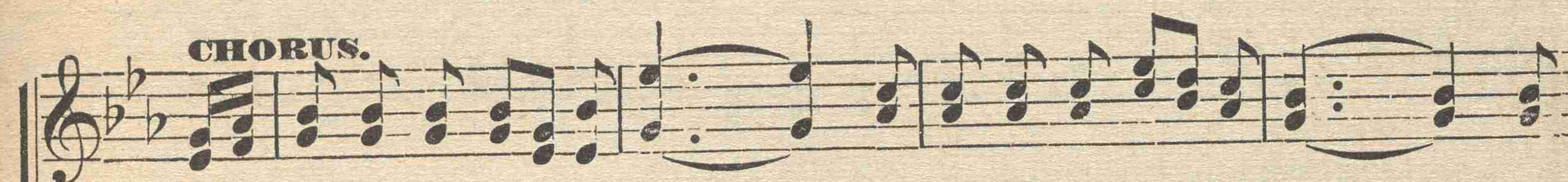
31



For the door of his love is o - pen, He wait-eth for those who seek,
I have on - ly the plea to of - fer, That Je - sus for me has died,
Oh, the faith in my soul grows stronger, I trem-ble with fear no more,



But I tremble with fear and doubting, Oh, why is my faith so weak.
And with on-ly my heart to give him, I haste to his bless-ed side.
'Tis my Sav-ior that bids me wel-come, I'll en - ter the o - pen door.



CHORUS.

I'll en-ter the o - pen door, . I'll en-ter the o - pen door, . 'Tis
o - pen door, o - pen door,



Je - sus in-vites, I'll en - ter in, I'll en - ter the o - pen door.

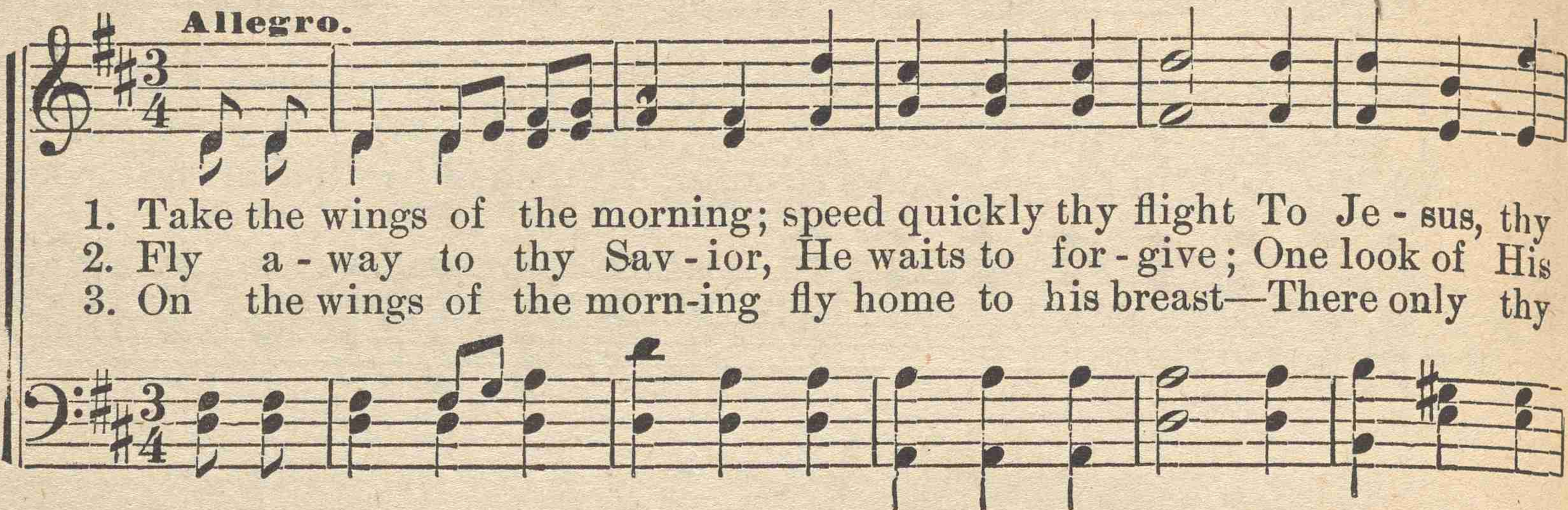


"If I take the wings of the morning."—Psalm 89: 9.

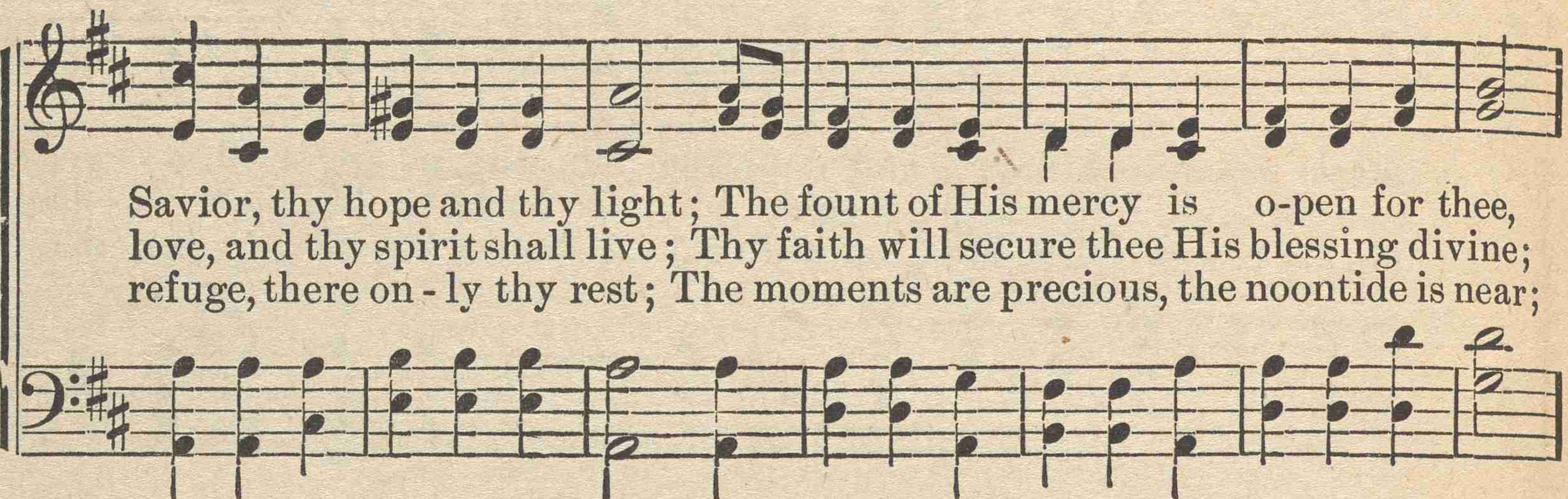
FANNY J. CROSBY.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

Allegro.



1. Take the wings of the morning; speed quickly thy flight To Je - sus, thy
2. Fly a - way to thy Sav - ior, He waits to for - give; One look of His
3. On the wings of the morn - ing fly home to his breast—There only thy



Savior, thy hope and thy light; The fount of His mercy is o - pen for thee,
love, and thy spirit shall live; Thy faith will secure thee His blessing divine;
refuge, there on - ly thy rest; The moments are precious, the noontide is near;

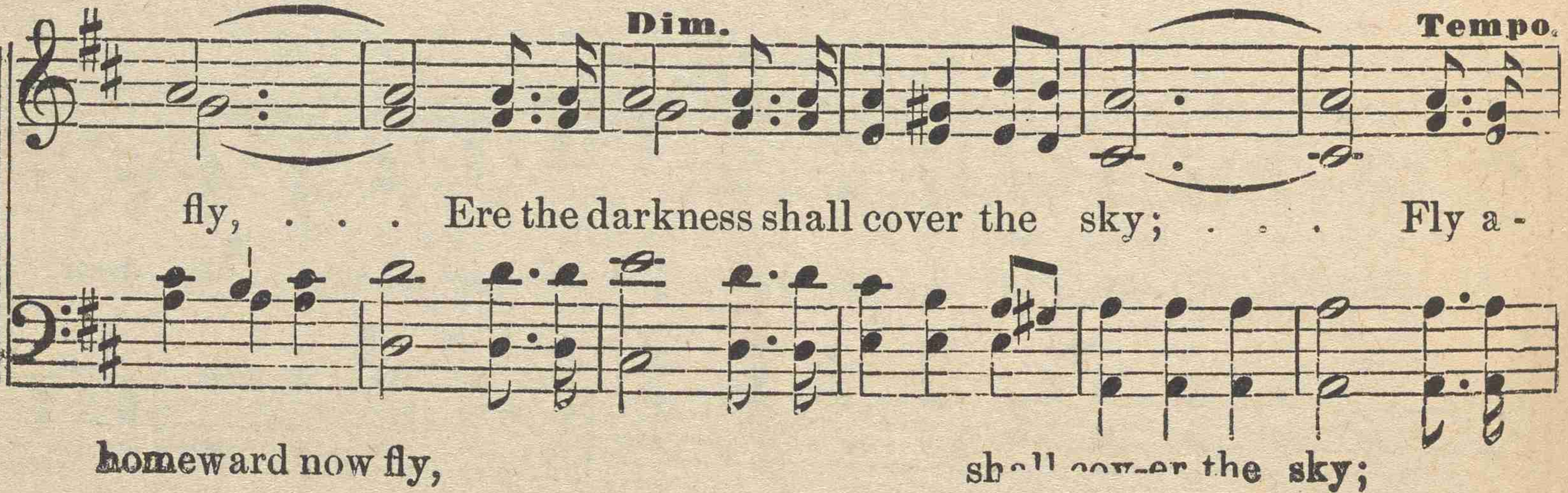
REFRAIN.



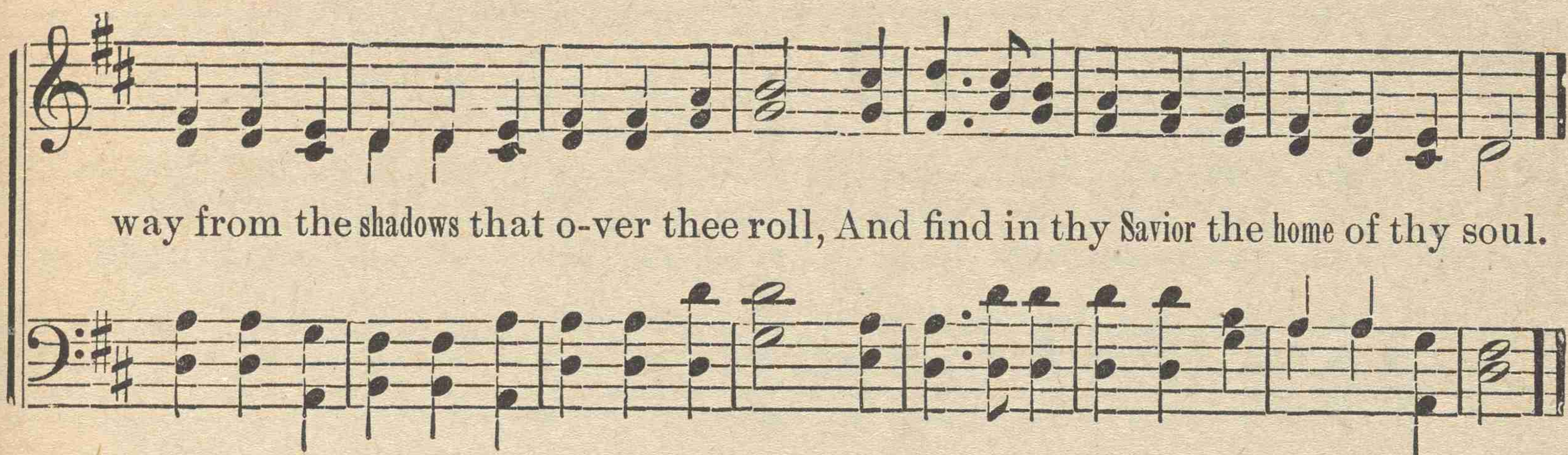
Go wash and be cleaned in its waters so free.
Go plead thou His merits, and peace will be thine. Take the wings of the morning and
Fly home to thy Savior, oh, linger not here.

Dim.

Tempo.



fly, . . . Ere the darkness shall cover the sky; . . . Fly a -
homeward now fly, . . . shall cover the sky;

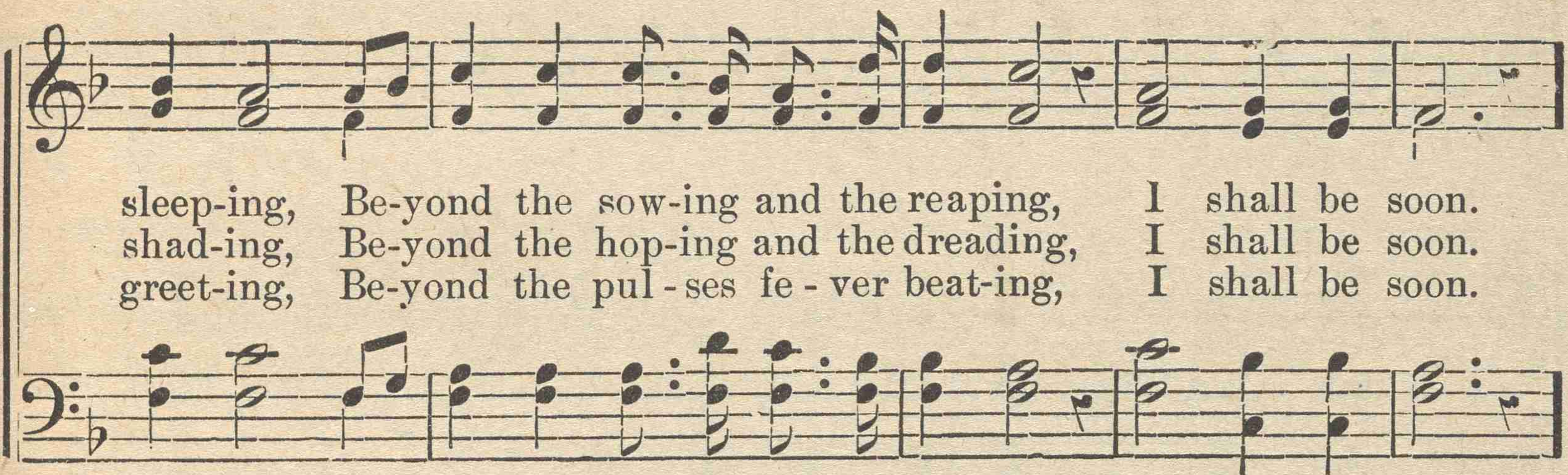


BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

HORATIOUS BONAR, D. D.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Slowly.



REFRAIN.



HEAR HIM CALLING.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

DR. A. B. EVERETT. By per.



1. Are you stay - ing, safe - ly stay - ing, In the ten - der Shepherd's
 2. Are you hear - ing, glad - ly hear - ing, How he bids his fold - ed
 3. Are you roam - ing, long - er roaming, In the cold, dark night of



peace - ful fold? No, I'm stray - ing, sad - ly stray - ing, On the
 flock re - joice? No, I'm fear - ing, sad - ly fear - ing, I have
 doubt and sin? No, I'm com - ing, quickly com - ing, O - pen

REFRAIN.



lone - ly mountains, dark and cold.
 fol - lowed far the stranger's voice. On your ear his lov - ing tones are
 Door, make haste to let me in.



fall - ing, For he seeks you, where - so - e'er you roam. Hear him



call - ing, sweet - ly call - ing, As he bids his wand'ring sheep come home.

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

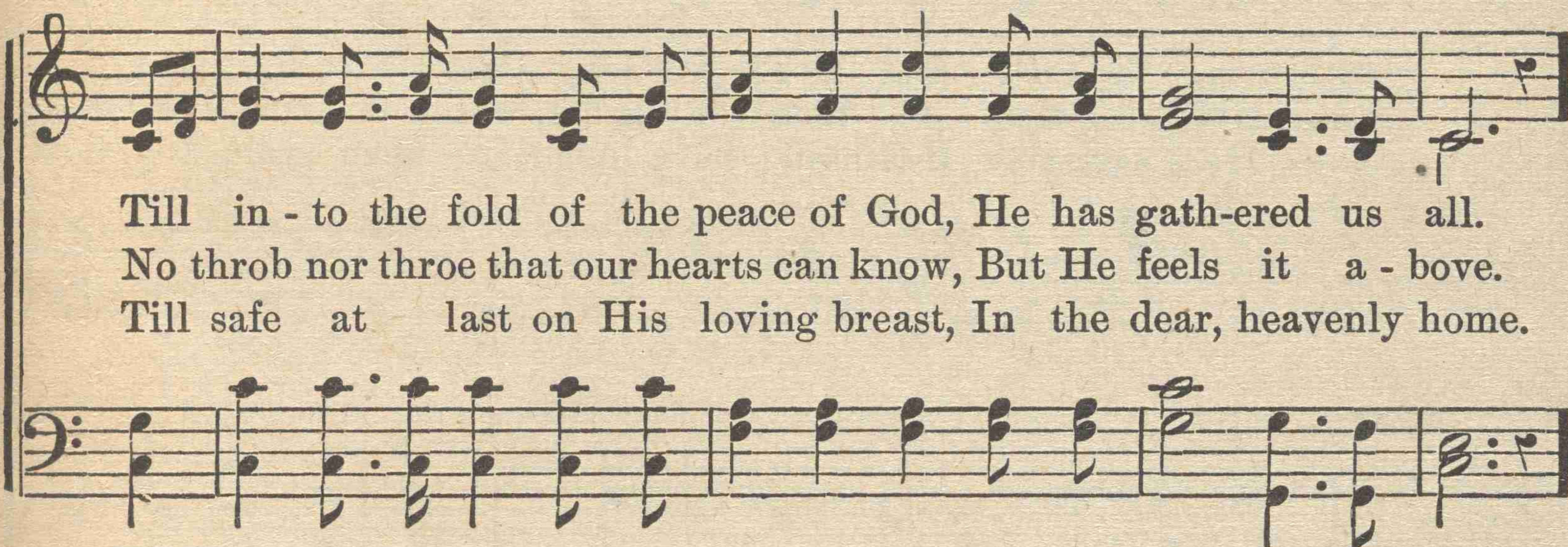
35

Who loved me and gave himself for me.—Gal. 2: 20.

J. M. HUNT:



1. There is no love like the love of Je-sus, Nev - er to fade or fall,
2. There is no heart like the heart of Je-sus, Filled with a ten-der love;
3. Oh, let us hark to the voice of Je-sus; Oh, may we nev - er roam,



Till in - to the fold of the peace of God, He has gath-ered us all.
No throb nor throe that our hearts can know, But He feels it a - bove.
Till safe at last on His loving breast, In the dear, heavenly home.

CHORUS.



Je - sus' love, pre-cious love, Boundless and pure and free; Oh,



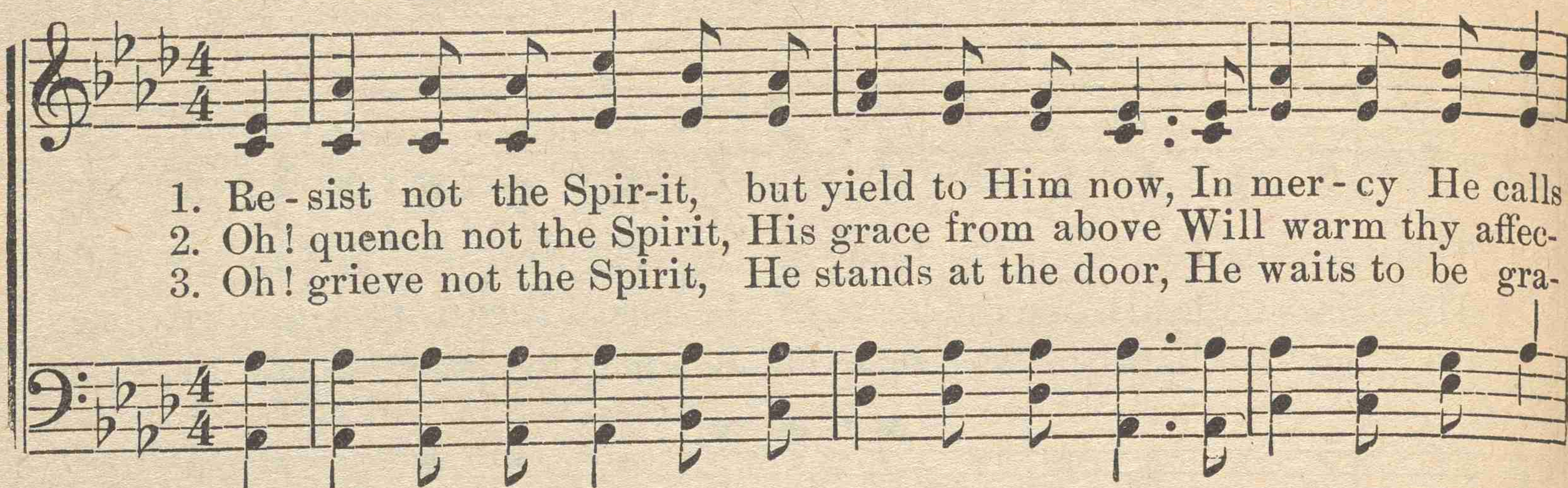
turn to that love, wea-ry wand'ring soul, Je-sus plead-eth for thee.

This

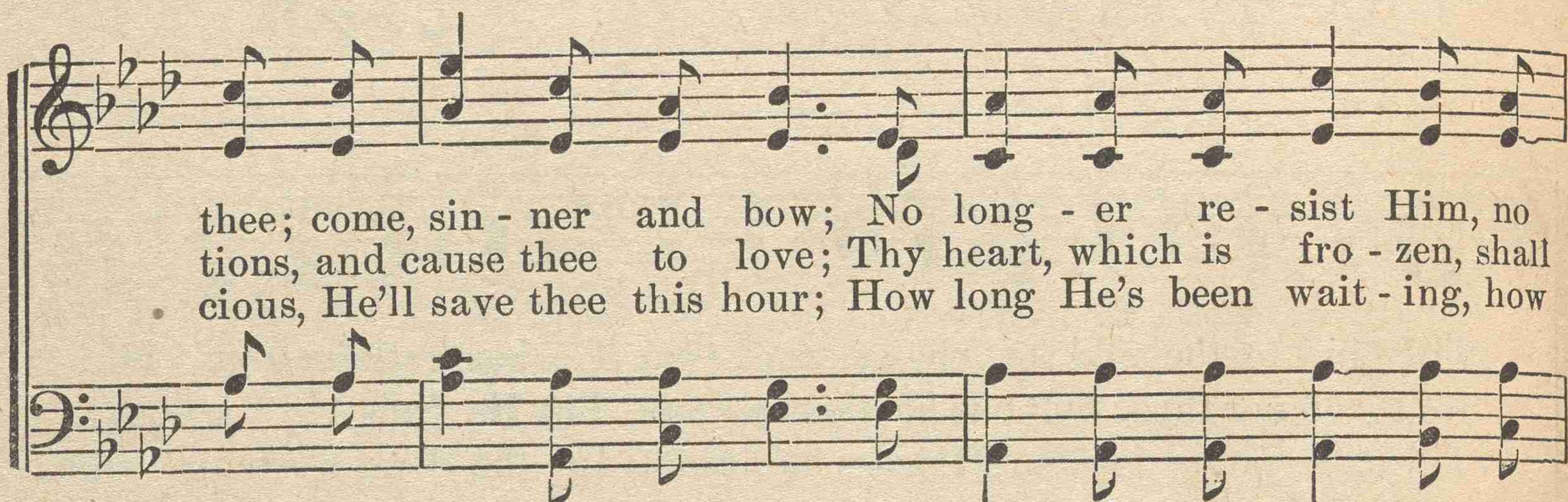
THREE WARNINGS.

REV. W. T. DALE.

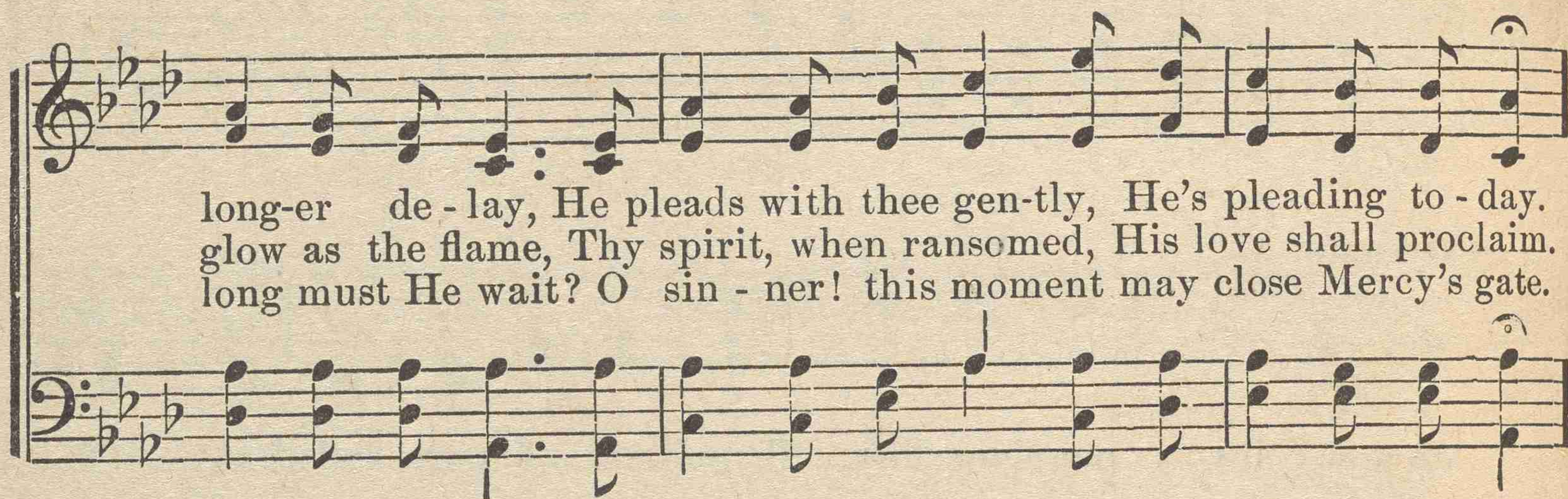
CHAS. E. POLLOCK.



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 -



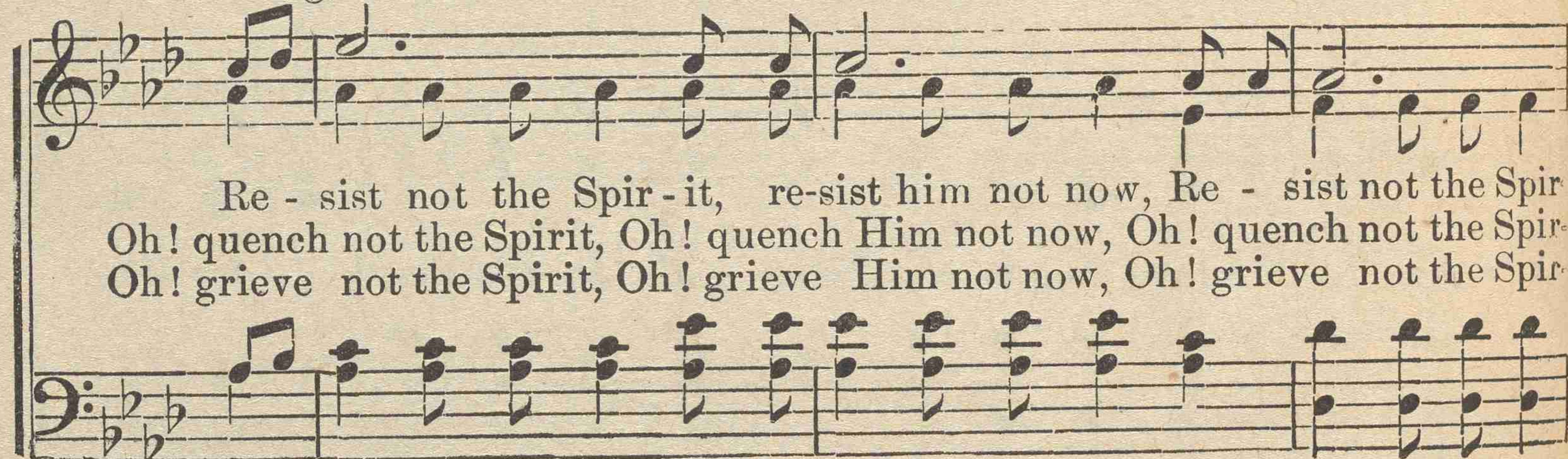
thee; come, sin - ner and bow; No long - er re - sist Him, no
 tions, and cause thee to love; Thy heart, which is fro - zen, shall
 cious, He'll save thee this hour; How long He's been wait - ing, how



long - er de - lay, He pleads with thee gen - tly, He's pleading to - day.
 glow as the flame, Thy spirit, when ransomed, 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 Spirit, Oh! quench Him not now, Oh! quench not the Spir
 Oh! grieve not the Spirit, Oh! grieve Him not now, Oh! grieve not the Spir

THREE WARNINGS. Concluded.

37

Him not now,
Him not now,
Him not now,

In mer - - - cy He
In mer - - - cy He
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

calls thee; come, sin - - ner, and bow.
draws thee; come, sin - - ner, and bow.
warns thee! come, sin - - ner, and bow.



mercy He calls thee; Come, sin - - ner, come, sinner, and bow.
mercy He draws thee; Come, sin - - ner, come, sinner, and bow.
mercy He warns thee; Come, sin - - ner, come, sinner, and bow.

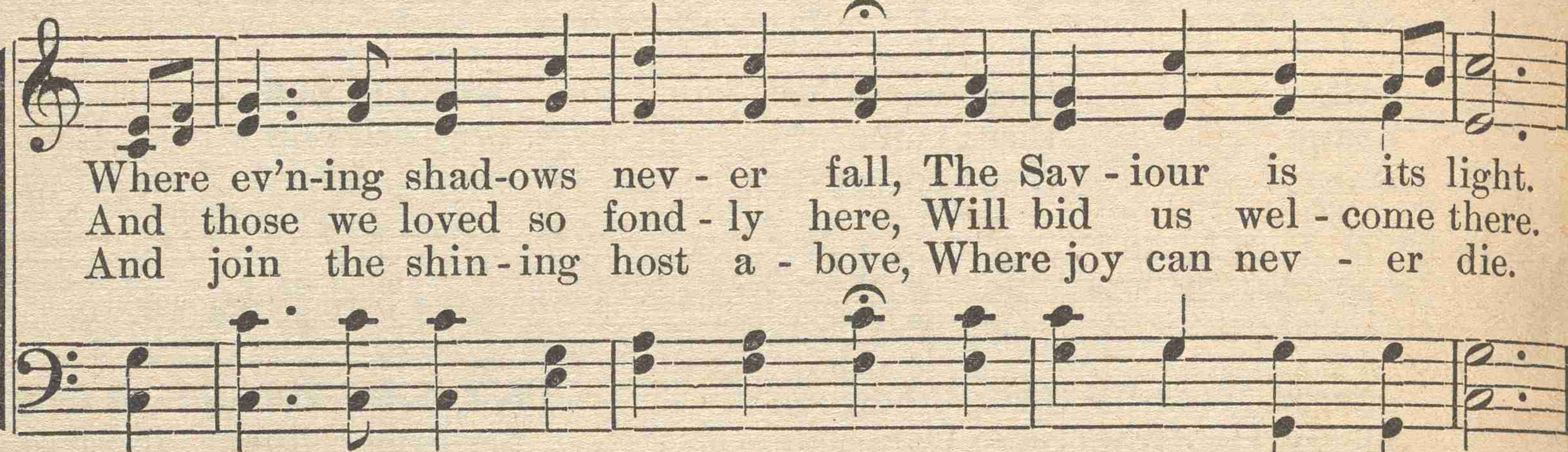
Come, sinner, come, sin-ner, and bow.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
To His divine abode.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.



1. There is a land, a sun - ny land, Whose skies are ev - er bright,
 2. There is a home, a glo - rious home, A heavenly man - sion fair,
 3. We soon shall leave these fad - ing scenes, That glide so quick - ly by,



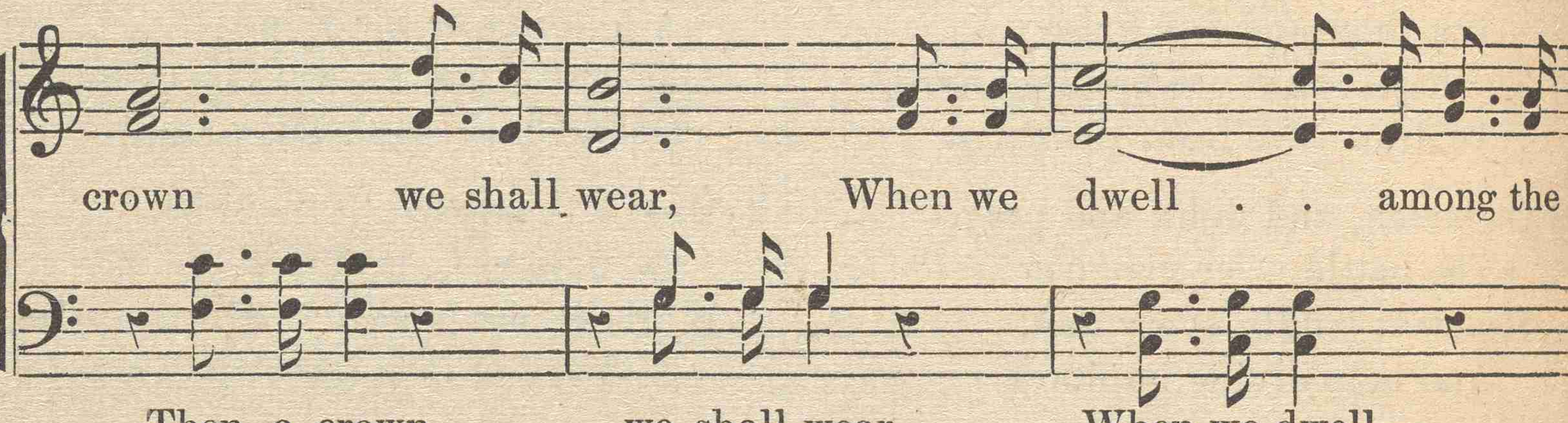
Where ev'n - ing shad - ows nev - er fall, The Sav - iour is its light.
 And those we loved so fond - ly here, Will bid us wel - come there.
 And join the shin - ing host a - bove, Where joy can nev - er die.

CHORUS.



If the cross . . . we meek - ly bear, Then a

If the cross we meek - ly bear,



crown we shall wear, When we dwell . . . among the

Then a crown we shall wear, When we dwell



fair, In the bright for ev - er - more.

a - mong the fair,

I AM THE WAY.

39

W. E. PENN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



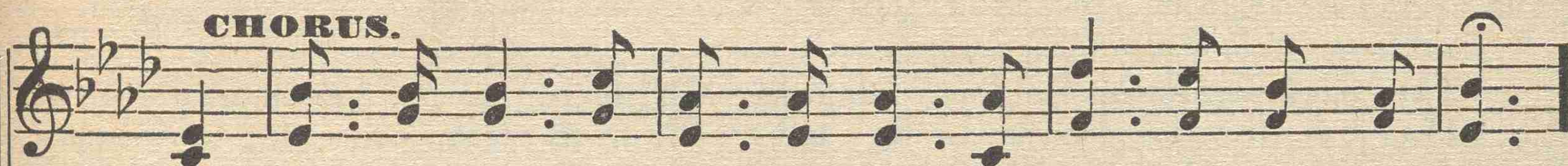
1. Be - hold, the Sav - ior stands to - day, And knocketh at thy heart,
2. O sin - ner, wilt thou now re - fuse To heed his ten - der cry?
3. Once more he cries, "I am the way, The way of life to thee,"



And sweet-ly says, "I am the way. Come choose the bet - ter part."
And wilt thou all his love a - buse? O turn, or thou must die.
Come then, O come, without de - lay, From sin and death be free.



CHORUS.



I am the way, the way of life To ev - ery sin - sick soul.



O come, O come, with - out de - lay, And thou shalt be made whole.



WHITER THAN SNOW.

E. R. LATTA.

H. S. PERKINS. From "River of Life." By per.

1. Blessed be the fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
 2. Thorny was the crown that he wore, And the cross his bod - y o'er-came:
 3. Father, I have wandered from thee; Oft - en has my heart gone a-stray;

Blessed be the dear Son of God, On-ly by his stripes we are healed;
 Grievous were the sorrows he bore, But he suf-ered not thus in vain:
 Crimson do my sins seem to me, Wa-ter can not wash them a-way;

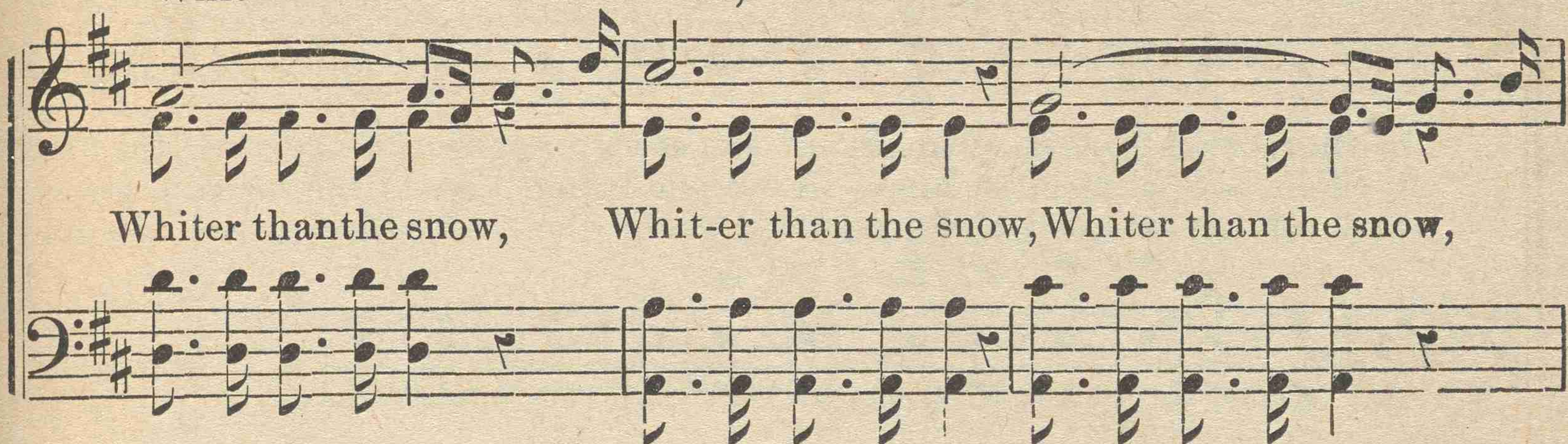
Tho' I've wandered far from his fold, Bring-ing to my heart pain and woe;
 May I to the fount-ain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below;
 Je - sus to that fount-ain of thine, Lean-ing on thy promise I'll go;

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

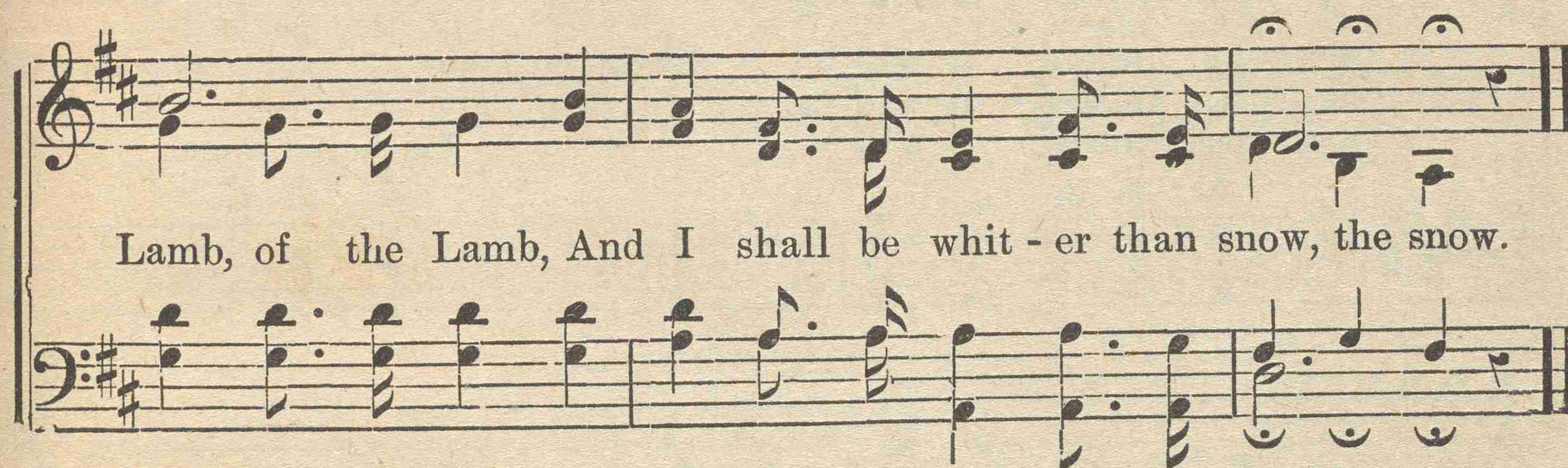
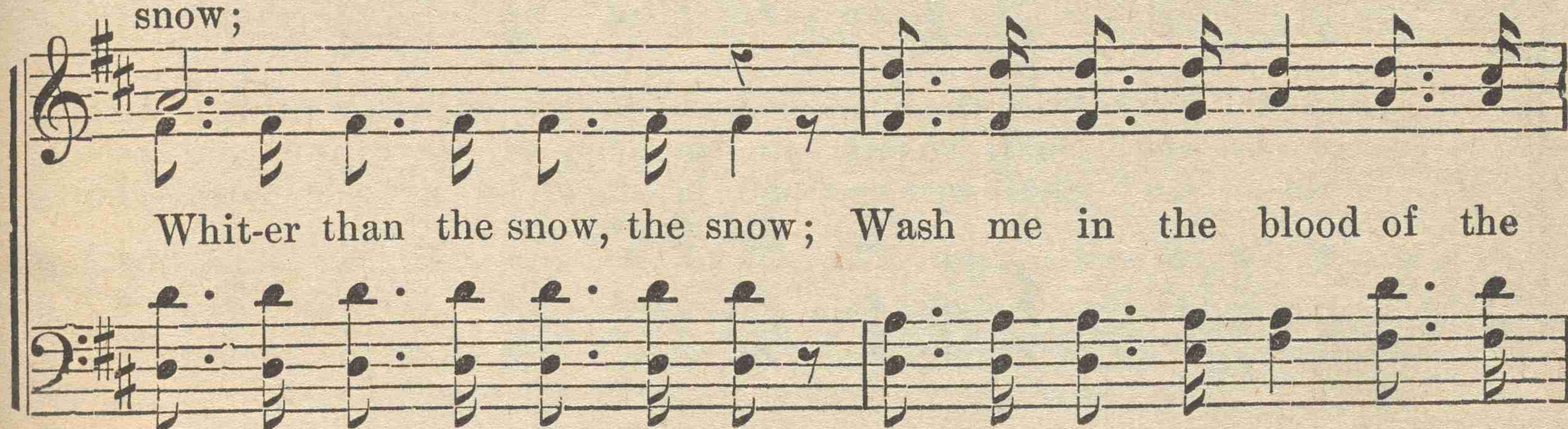
CHORUS.

Whit - - er than snow,

Whit - - er than



snow;



7s.

Pleasures of Religion.

1

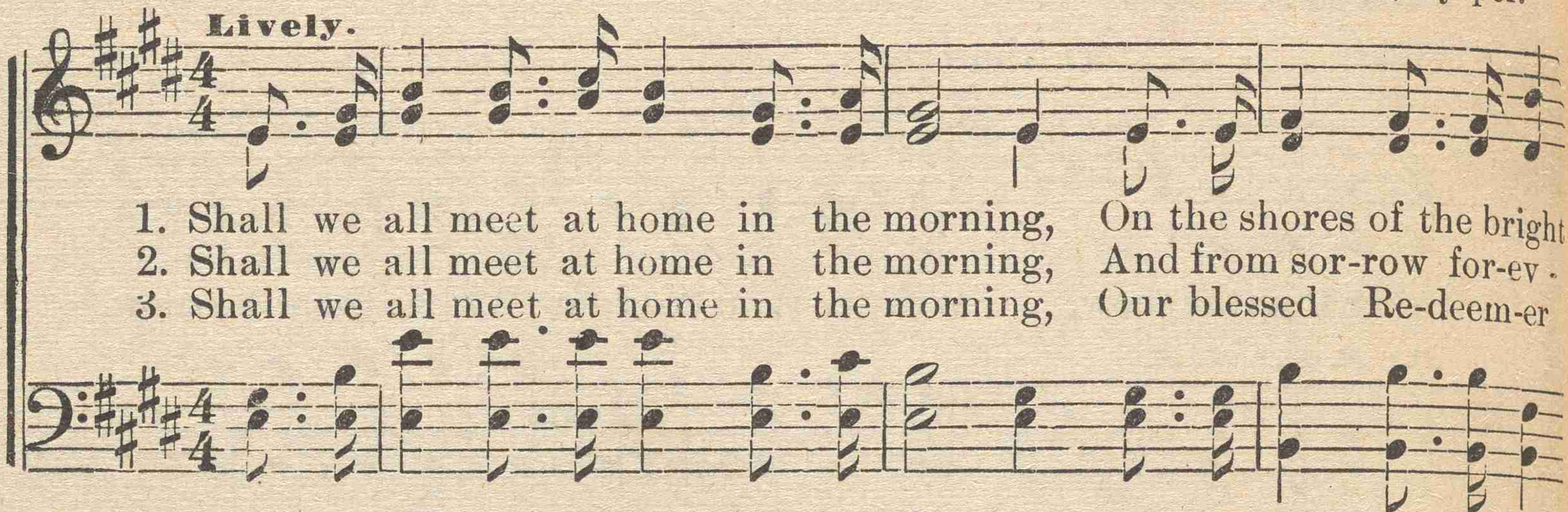
'Tis religion that can give,
 Sweetest pleasures while we live,
 'Tis religion must supply
 Solid comfort when we die.

2

After death its joys shall be
 Lasting as eternity,
 Be the living God my friend,
 Then my bliss shall never end.

ANON.

CHAS. EDWD. POLLOCK, by per.

Lively.


1. Shall we all meet at home in the morning, On the shores of the bright
 2. Shall we all meet at home in the morning, And from sor-row for-ev-
 3. Shall we all meet at home in the morning, Our blessed Re-deem-er



crystal sea? With the lov'd ones who long have been waiting? What a
 - er be free? Shall we join in the songs of the ransomed? What a
 to see? Shall we know and be known by our lov'd ones? What a



CHORUS.

meet-ing indeed it will be. Gathered home, Gathered
 meet-ing indeed it will be.
 meet-ing indeed it will be. Gathered home,



home, Gathered home, On the shores of the bright crystal sea, crystal sea, Gathered



home, Gathered home, Gathered home, Gathered home. With our lov'd ones forev-er to be.

PRECIOUS BLOOD.

43

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Prec-ious, prec-ious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry,
2. Prec-ious blood that hath redeemed us, All the price is paid,
3. Though thy sins are red like crim-son, Deep in scar - let glow,
4. Now the low - li - est with bold-ness, He may en - ter in,
5. Precious blood! by this we con - quer, In the fair - est fight;
6. Prec-ious, prec-ious blood of Je - sus, Ev - er flow - ing free,
7. Precious blood, whose full a - tone-ment Makes us nigh to God;



Shed for reb - els, shed for sin - ners, Shed for me.
 Per - fect par - don now is of - fered, Peace is made.
 Je - sus' prec-ious blood can make them White as snow.
 For the o - pen fount - ain clean - eth From all sin.
 Sin and Sa - tan o - ver - com - ing By its might.
 Oh, be - lieve it, Oh, re - ceive it, 'Tis for thee.
 Prec - ious blood, one song of glo - ry, Praise and laud.



CHORUS.



Prec-ious, prec-ious blood of Je - sus, Let it make thee whole ;



Let it flow with might - y cleansing, O'er thy soul.



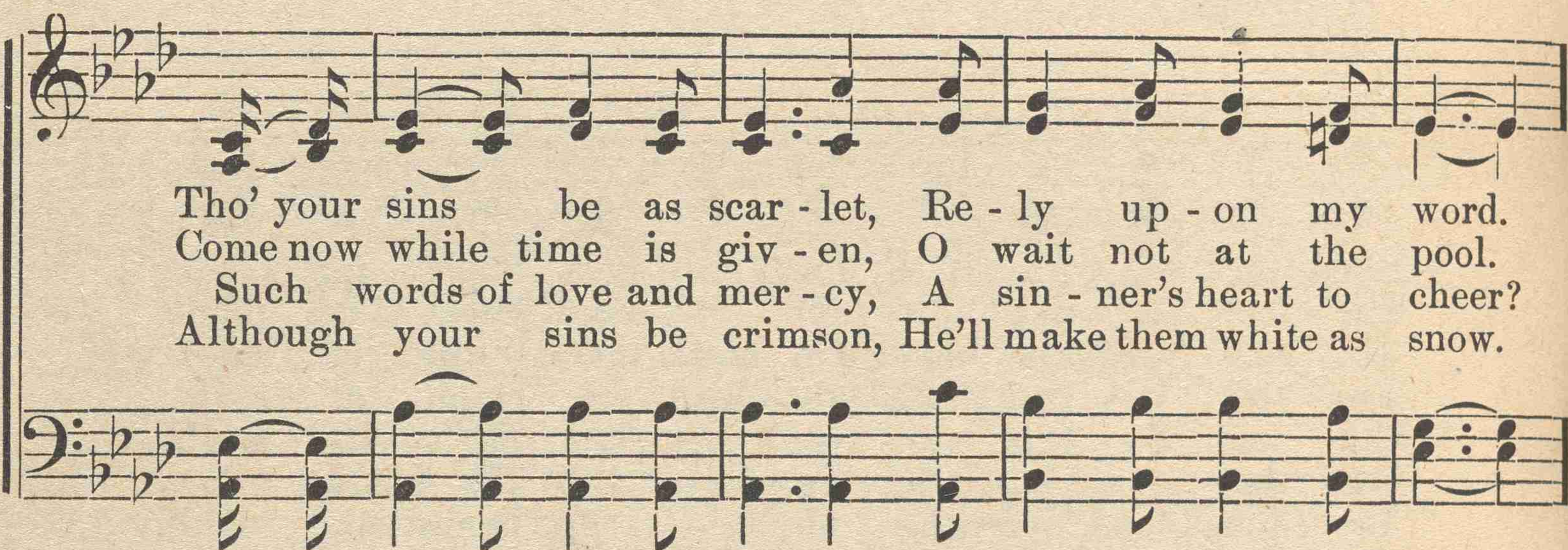
Isaiah, 1: 15.

W. E. PENN.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. "Come now, and let us rea - son To - geth - er," saith the Lord;
 2. "Tho' they be red like crim - son, They shall be made as wool;"
 3. Did ev - er words so ten - der, E'er fall on mor - tal ear?
 4. Then do not tar - ry lon - ger, If Je - sus you would know;



Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Re - ly up - on my word.
 Come now while time is giv - en, O wait not at the pool.
 Such words of love and mer - cy, A sin - ner's heart to cheer?
 Although your sins be crimson, He'll make them white as snow.

CHORUS.



They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow,
 They shall be as white, as white as the snow, They shall be as white, as white as the snow.



Though your sins be as scar - let, They shall be white as snow.

SONG OF THE LOST SOUL.

45

W. E. PENN.

And in hell he lifted up his eyes.—Luke 16: 23.

J. M. HUNT.



1. A - las, a - las, my day is passed! My day of grace is gone;
2. I can not tell how oft, how well, The warnings have been given;
3. And now I know, ah, yes, I know, That my poor soul is lost!



And I am left, sore-ly distressed, A wan-der-er for-lorn!
But this I know, ah, yes, I know That I re-ject-ed heav'n.
No Sav-iour nigh to hear my cry, My soul is tem-pest-tossed!



What can I do, where can I go, Ah! whither can I fly?
Oh, aw-ful thought, it comes unsought, That oft did God in-vite,
My sin-ner friends, there's no amends, No Sav-iour in the grave;



My soul is lost, for-ev-er lost; No God to hear my cry!
And whispered, come, for yet there's room, But I that voice did slight.
I warn you now, to Je-sus bow, That He your souls may save.



THEY ARE GATHERING.

G. F. R.

G. F. R.



1. They are gath'ring, slow-ly gath'ring In the fair and fadeless land,
 2. They are go - ing, slow-ly go - ing, One by one they dis - appear,
 3. Still they're near us, ev - er near us, As we walk life's toilsome way.



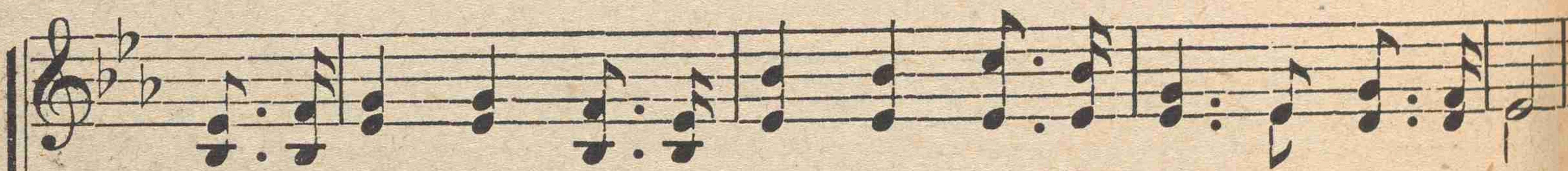
And the num-ber grow-eth larg - er, Wait-ing for us on the strand.
 Kindred, friends, and lit - tle children, To our lov - ing hearts so dear.
 Whisp'ring messa - ges from heav-en, Watching lest our feet should stray.



CHORUS.



They have ent-ered life e - ter - nal, We shall see them here no more;



One by one we'll join their number, When our pil-grim-age is o'er.



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From "Pure Delight," by per.

WILL I BE THERE?

47

And behold, a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne.—Rev. 4: 2.

J. M. HUNT.



1. Around the great white throne some day, Dear friends shall gathered be,
2. Around the great white throne, sweet tho't, I may be kneeling there,
3. Teach me the way, O Sav-iour, dear; I am so weak in prayer;



Around the great white throne, O God, Will I be there with Thee?
For Christ has said there is a way—It may be found by pray'r.
Oh, that I may not go a - stray, I want to meet Thee there.



CHORUS.



Will I be there, will I be there, When friends shall gathered be,



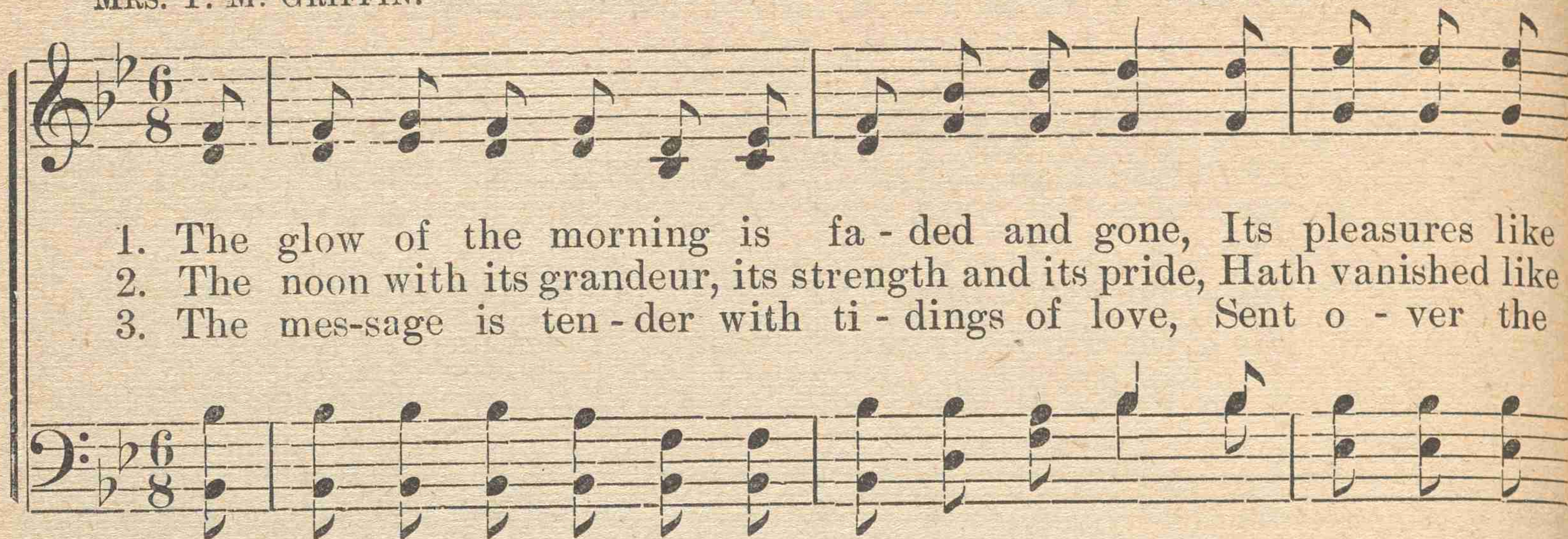
Around the great white throne a - bove, Will I be there with Thee?



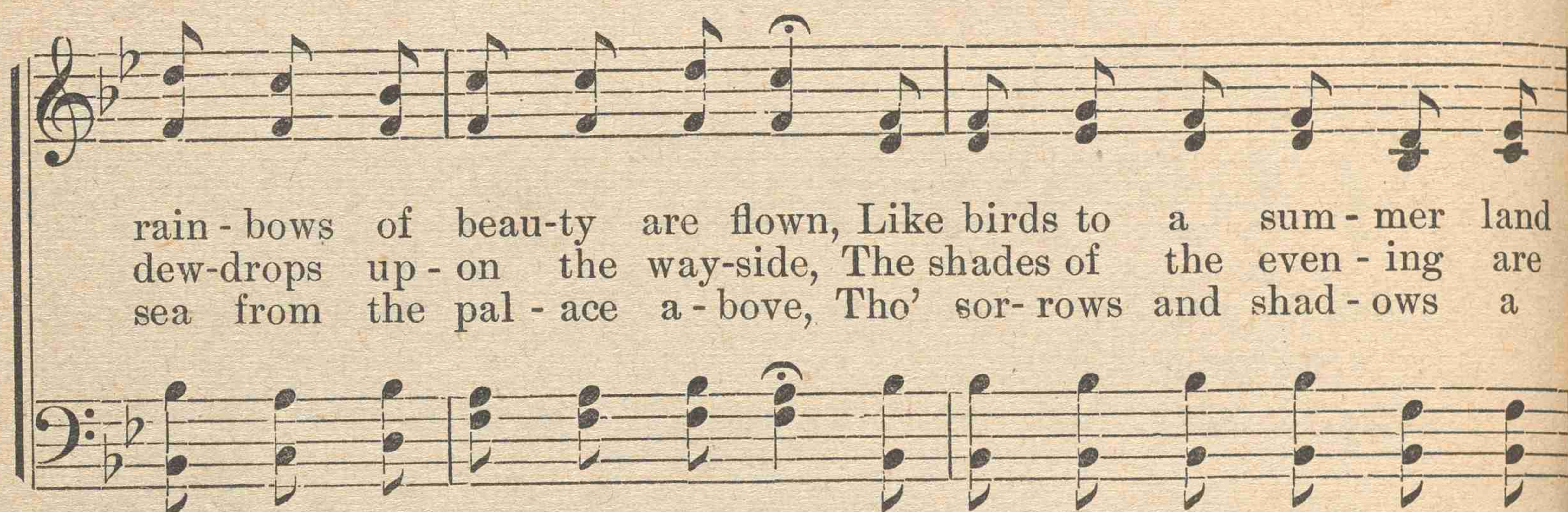
FROM OVER THE TIDE.

MRS. T. M. GRIFFIN.

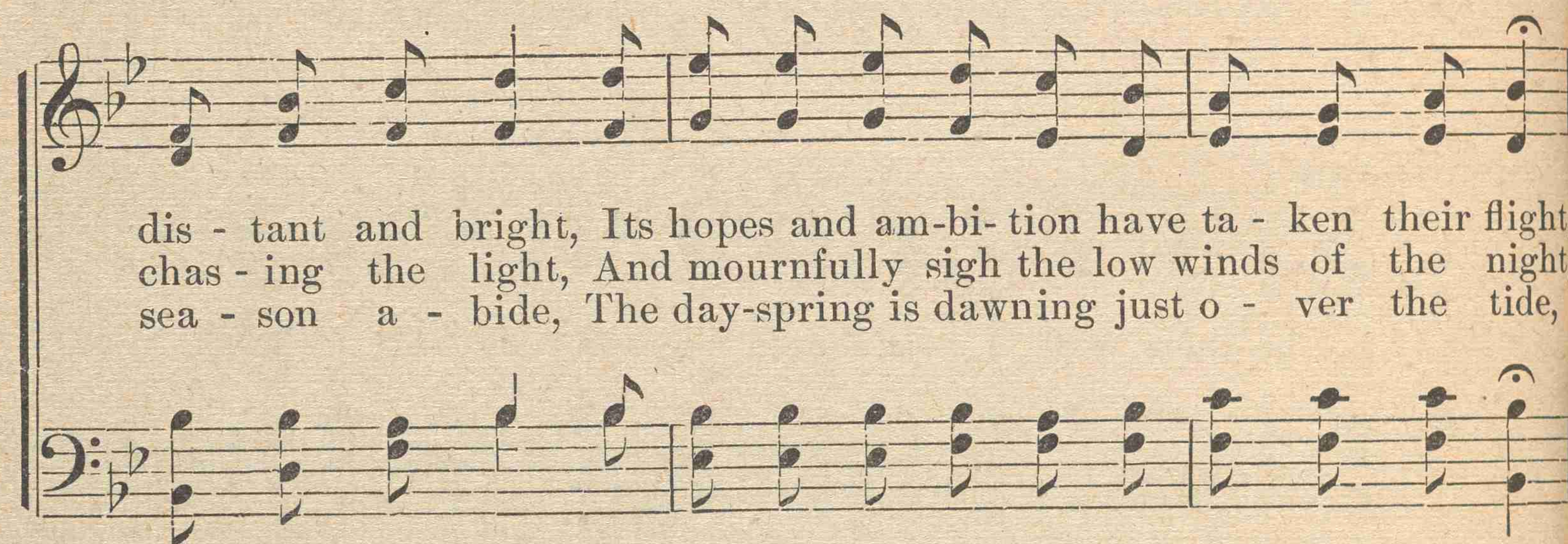
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK..



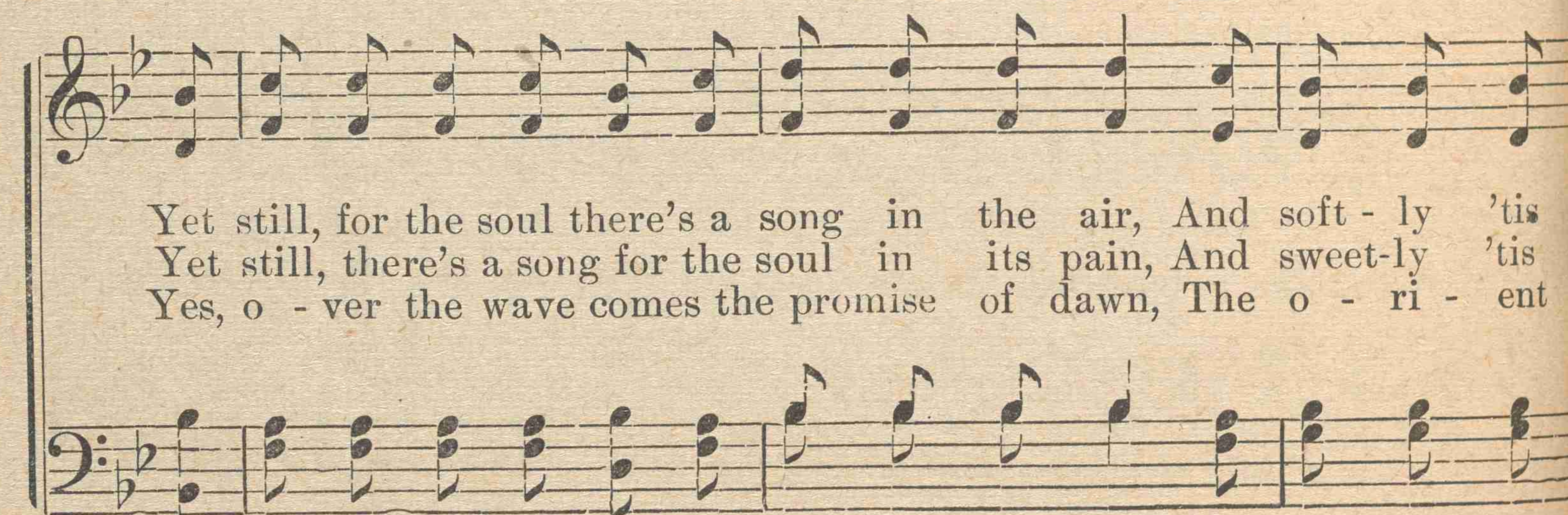
1. The glow of the morning is fa - ded and gone, Its pleasures like
 2. The noon with its grandeur, its strength and its pride, Hath vanished like
 3. The mes-sage is ten - der with ti - dings of love, Sent o - ver the



rain - bows of beau-ty are flown, Like birds to a sum - mer land
 dew-drops up - on the way-side, The shades of the even - ing are
 sea from the pal - ace a - bove, Tho' sor - rows and shad - ows a



dis - tant and bright, Its hopes and am-bi-tion have ta - ken their flight,
 chas - ing the light, And mournfully sigh the low winds of the night,
 sea - son a - bide, The day-spring is dawning just o - ver the tide,



Yet still, for the soul there's a song in the air, And soft - ly 'tis
 Yet still, there's a song for the soul in its pain, And sweet-ly 'tis
 Yes, o - ver the wave comes the promise of dawn, The o - ri - ent

FROM OVER THE TIDE. Concluded.

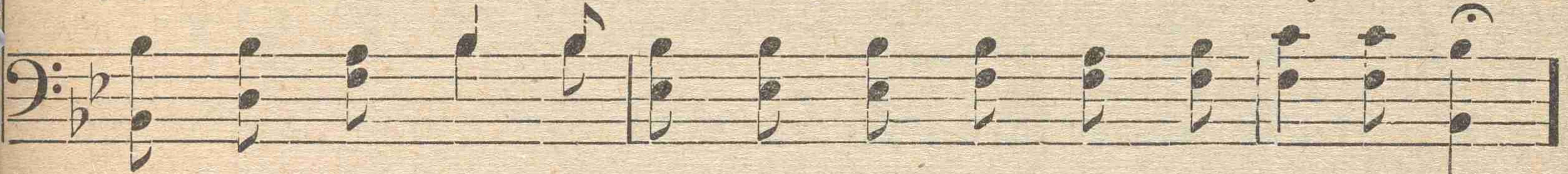
49



waft-ed like breathings of pray'r, 'Tis com-ing with mes - sag - es
whispered like an - gel's re - frain, 'Tis com-ing with mes - sage of
glo - ry of God's ho - ly morn, 'Tis com-ing with mes - sage of



sweet un - to me, From o - ver the tide of the crys-tal sea.
cheer un - to me, From o - ver the tide of the crys-tal sea.
joy un - to me, From o - ver the tide of the crys-tal sea.



CHORUS.



'Tis com - ing. . . 'Tis com - ing, . . . Yes coming to me,
'Tis coming, 'Tis coming,



O - ver the swell of the Jas - per sea, Yes coming, . . . Yes
Yes coming,



com-ing, . 'Tis com-ing to me, O - ver the tide of the crystal sea.
yes coming,

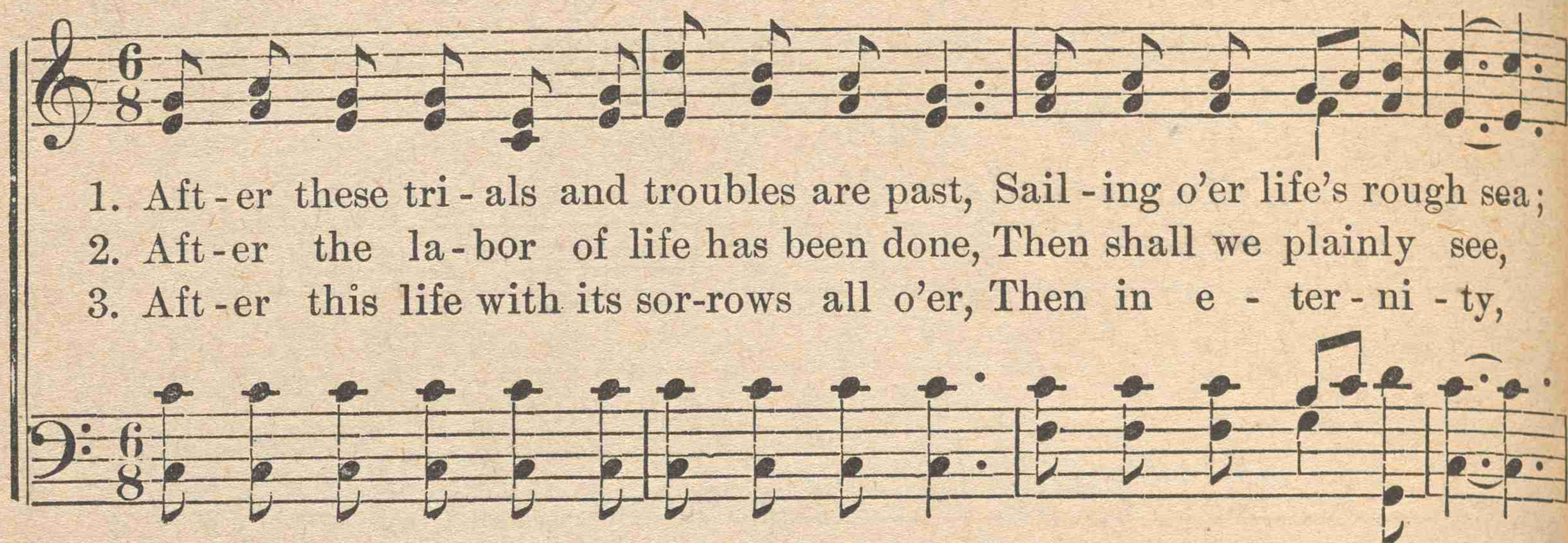


WHAT WILL THE ENDING BE?

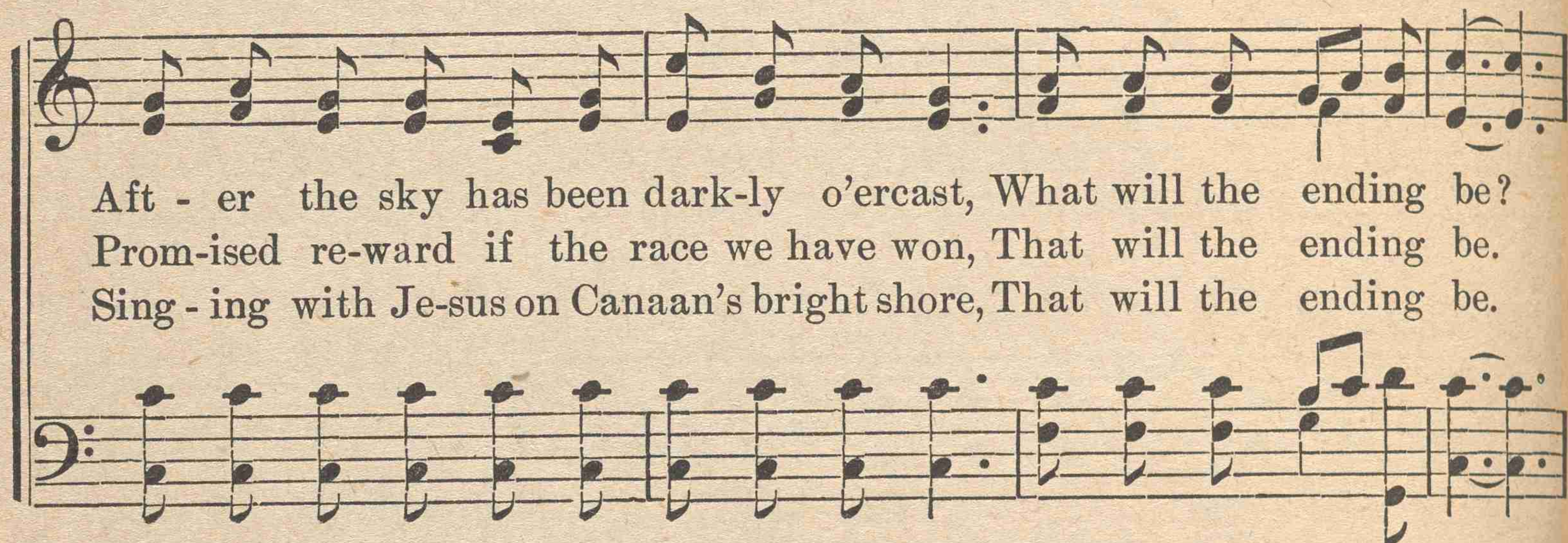
In my Father's house are many mansions.—John 14: 2.

JOHN MCPHERSON.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.



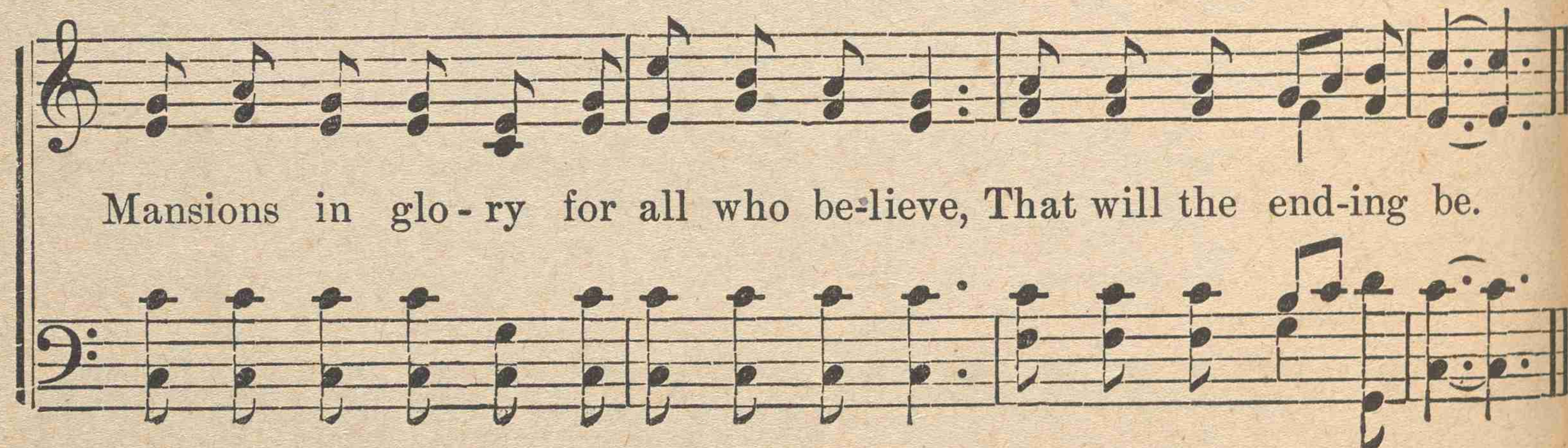
1. Aft - er these tri - als and troubles are past, Sail - ing o'er life's rough sea;
 2. Aft - er the la - bor of life has been done, Then shall we plainly see,
 3. Aft - er this life with its sor - rows all o'er, Then in e - ter - ni - ty,



Aft - er the sky has been dark - ly o'er - cast, What will the ending be?
 Prom - ised re - ward if the race we have won, That will the ending be.
 Sing - ing with Je - sus on Canaan's bright shore, That will the ending be.

CHORUS.


What will the end - ing be? What will the end - ing be?



Mansions in glo - ry for all who be - lieve, That will the end - ing be.

GOING HOME BY AND BY.

51

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. Christian, are you growing wea - ry? We are all go-ing home by and by;
2. Do the woes of life op - press thee? We are all go-ing home by and by;
3. Journey on a lit - tle long - er, We are all go-ing home by and by;
4. See! the light is growing clear - er, We are all go-ing home by and by;
5. Soon we'll rest with Christ for-ev - er; We are all go-ing home by and by;



Does the way seem dark and drear - y? We are all go-ing home by and by.
 And its tri - als sore dis - tress thee? We are all go-ing home by and by.
 With a faith a lit - tle stronger, We are all go-ing home by and by.
 And the heav'nly port is near - er; We are all go-ing home by and by.
 In a land where sin comes nev - er; We are all go-ing home by and by.



CHORUS.



Going home, (go-ing home,) by and by, (by and by,) We are all go - ing



home, by and by, (by and by,) Go - ing home, (go - ing home,)



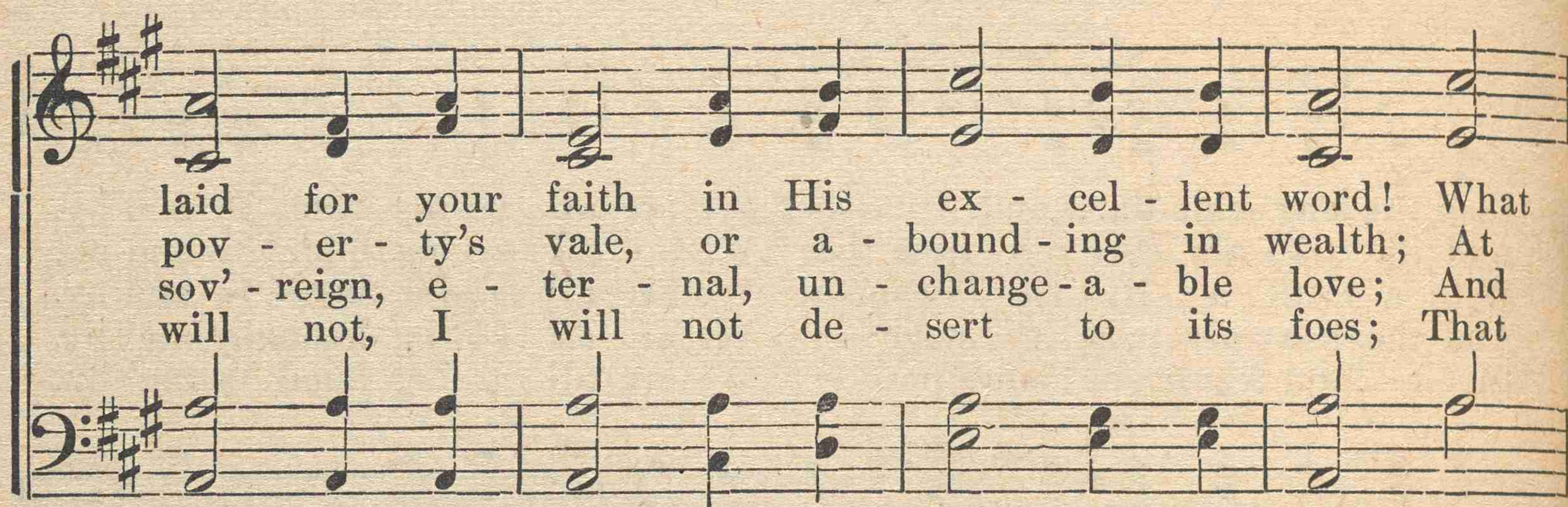
by and by, (by and by,) We are all go - ing home by and by.



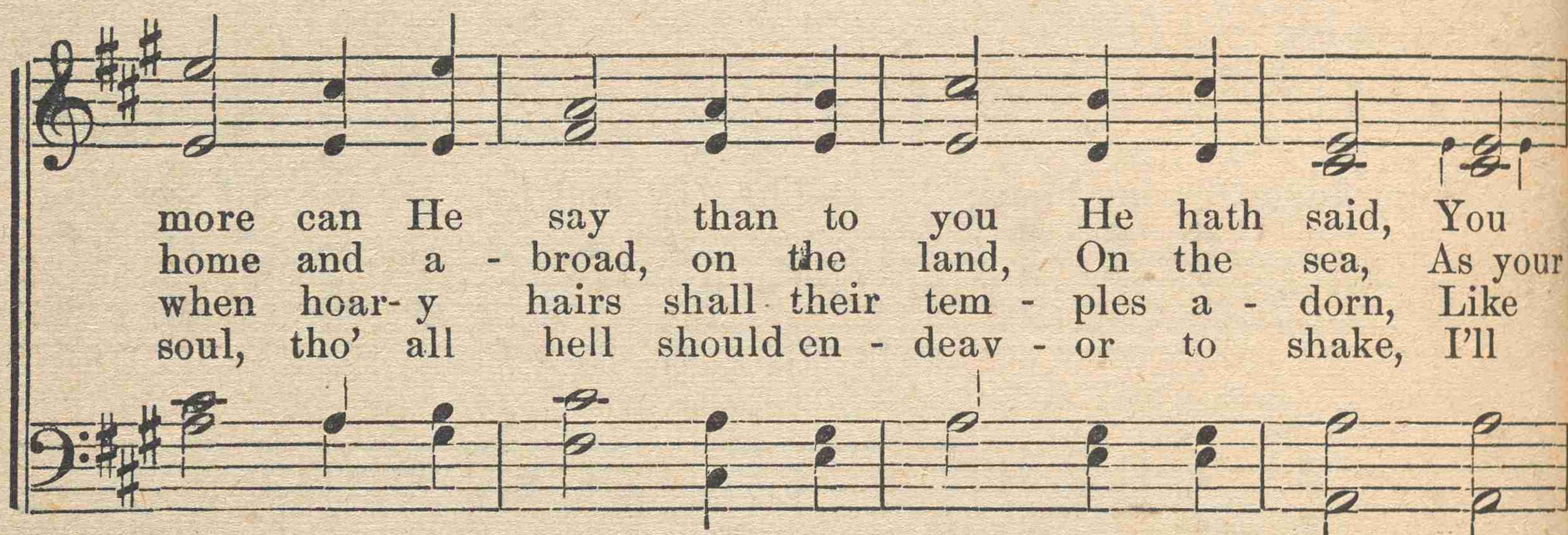
HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.



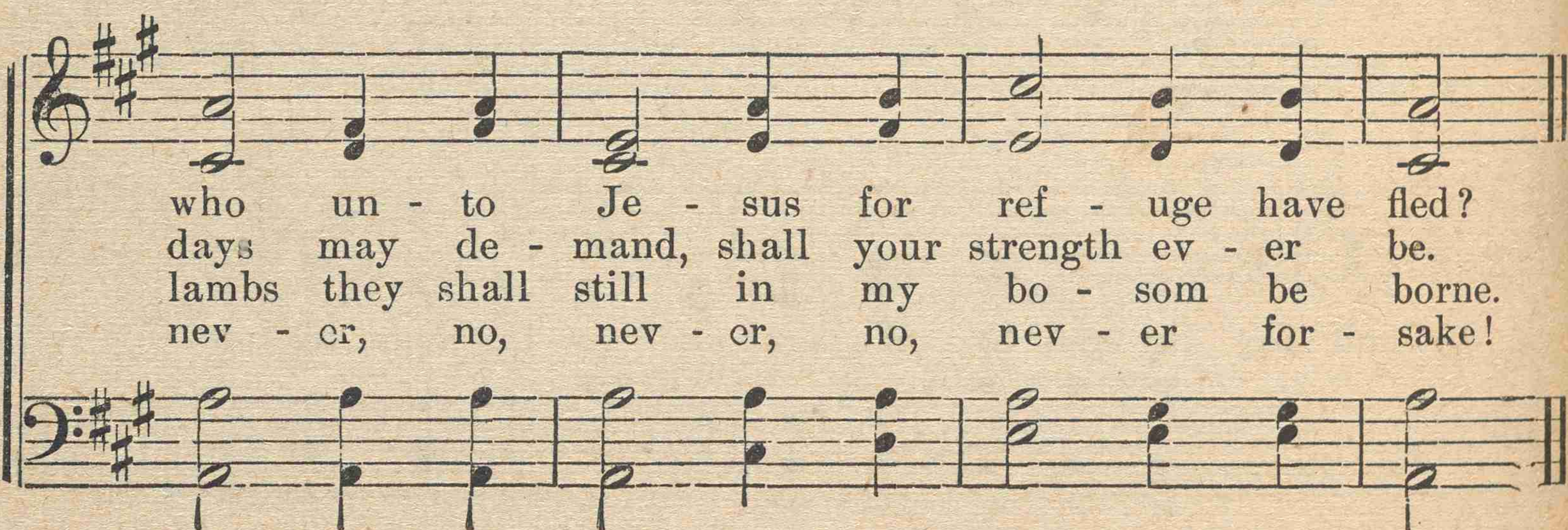
1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is
 2. In ev' - ry con - di - tion, in sick - ness, in health, In
 3. E'en down to old age, all my peo - ple shall prove My
 4. The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I



laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What
 pov - er - ty's vale, or a - bound - ing in wealth; At
 sov' - reign, e - ter - nal, un - change - a - ble love; And
 will not, I will not de - sert to its foes; That



more can He say than to you He hath said, You
 home and a - broad, on the land, On the sea, As your
 when hoar - y hairs shall their tem - ples a - dorn, Like
 soul, tho' all hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll



who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
 days may de - mand, shall your strength ev - er be.
 lambs they shall still in my bo - som be borne.
 nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake!

Thia

COME HOME.

I will arise and go to my Father.—Luke 15 : 18.

W. F. COSNER, in "Musical Million."

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.



1. The Sav-iour in-vites you, poor wand'rer, to come, The Fa-ther is
2. Re-turn to the Fa-ther, who holds you so dear; Say, why will you
3. Poor wan-der-er, haste, for the night draweth nigh; Say, why will you
4. Come home, trembling mourner, oh, come and be blest, Here lay down you



wait-ing to welcome you home; Now cease from your wand'rings so
per-ish when plen-ty is near? Oh, leave the lone des-ert where
lin-ger still? why will you die? Tho' poor and un-worth-y, with
bur-dens that you may find rest; Be cleansed from your sins, and to



lone-ly and wild; Re-turn to your Fa-ther, O prod-i-gal child!
sha-dows are piled! Re-turn to your Fa-ther, O prod-i-gal child!
sin all de-filed, The Fa-ther will wel-come His prod-i-gal child!
God re-con-ciled; Re-turn to your Fa-ther, O prod-i-gal child!



CHORUS.

Repeat Chorus. *pp*



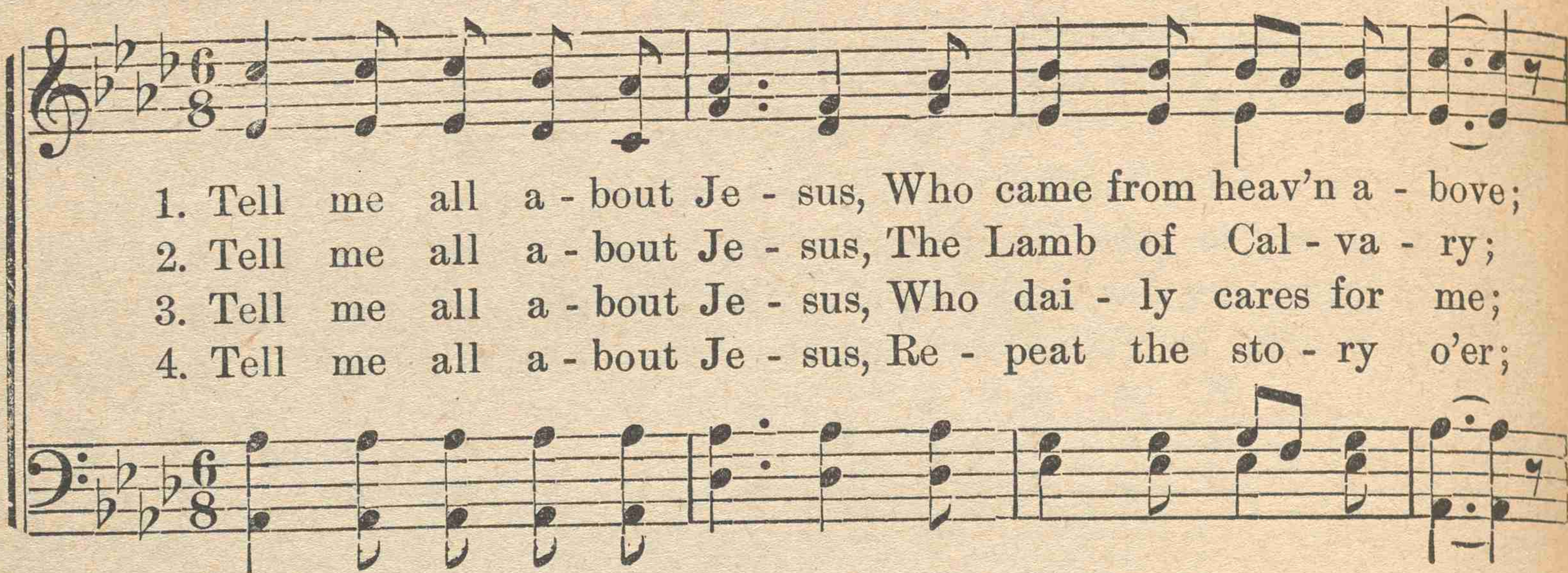
Come home, come home, O prod-i-gal child, come home!
Come home, come home,



TELL ME ALL ABOUT JESUS.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.



1. Tell me all a - bout Je - sus, Who came from heav'n a - bove;
 2. Tell me all a - bout Je - sus, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
 3. Tell me all a - bout Je - sus, Who dai - ly cares for me;
 4. Tell me all a - bout Je - sus, Re - peat the sto - ry o'er;

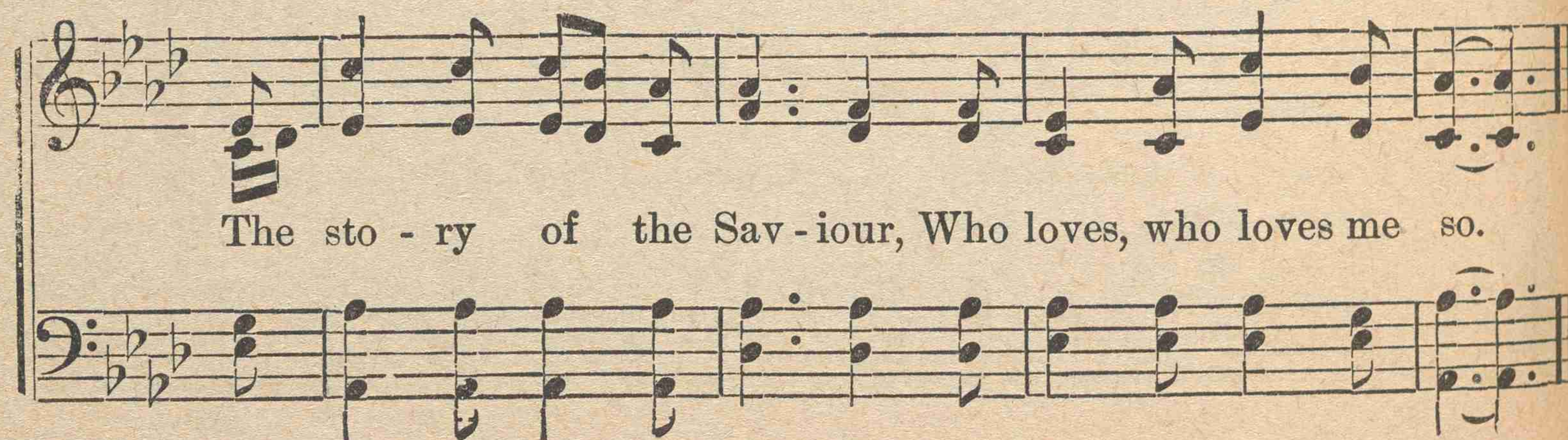


Tell me more of His good - ness, More of His pre - cious love.
 Tell me more of His mer - cy, More of His grace to me.
 Tell me why He should love me, Why He should die for me.
 Nev - er shall I grow wea - ry, Hear - ing it more and more.

CHORUS.



Tell me all a - bout Je - sus, Tell me that I may know



The sto - ry of the Sav - iour, Who loves, who loves me so.

THE BLOOD ALONE.

55

"Without shedding of blood there's no remission."—Heb. 9, 22.

W. E. PENN.

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. There is no work that I can do, And thus for sin a - tone,
2. The leopard can not change his spots, Nor sin its dead-ly hue,
3. Not all the wa - ters of the earth, Can wash one sin a - way,
4. The blood, the blood, the precious blood Can cleanse us from our sin,



The precious blood of Je - sus Christ Must save, and that a - lone.
And ne'er can works, how-ev - er good, A sin - ful heart re - new.
Nor all the lay - ing on of hands Teach one poor soul to pray.
And noth-ing else in earth or heaven Can make us pure with-in.



CHORUS.



The blood, the blood, the precious blood, The blood of Christ a - lone,



Can all the load of guilt re-move, And change the heart of stone.



WAITING BY THE RIVER.

Cho. by WYATT MINCHALL.

Music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.



1. I am waiting by the riv-er, And my heart has waited long; Now I
2. Far away beyond the shadows Of this weary vale of tears, There the
3. They are launching on the river, From the calm and quiet shore, And they



think I hear the cho - rus,
tide of bliss is sweep-ing,
soon will bear the spir - it,

Of the an - gels' wel-come song;
Thro' the bright and changeless years.
Where the wea - ry sigh no more.



Oh, I see the dawn is break-ing, On the hill-tops of the blest, Where the
Oh, I long to be with Je - sus, In the mansions of the blest, Where the
For the tide is swift-ly flow-ing, And I long to greet the blest, Where the

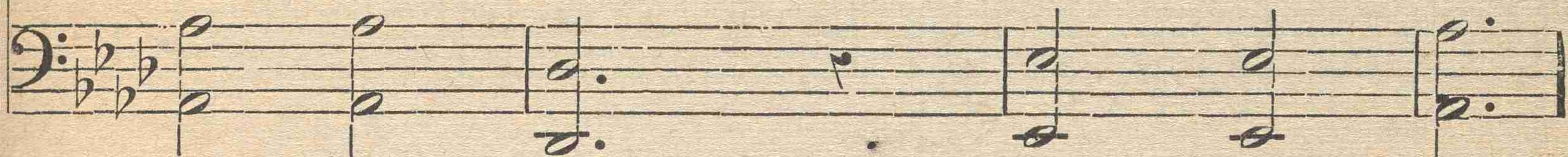


WAITING BY THE RIVER. Concluded.

57



wick-ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest.
 wick-ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest.
 wick-ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest.



CHORUS.



On - ly wait-ing till the summons Shall call us to the shore, Where



sor - row and sigh - ing nev - er come, nev - er come, Yes



waiting for the boatman, He will soon bear us o'er, And land us safe at home.



MY HOME ABOVE.

LOUISA E.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.



1. I love to think of my home above, In the glorious realms of light,
 2. I love to think of my home above, Of that pure and ho-ly clime,
 3. I love to think of my home above, Of the an-gel forms so bright,
 4. Sweetest of all is the tho't of Him Who did leave His throne on high,
 5. That in that beau-ti-ful home a - bove I may have a man-sion fair;




Of the pearly gates and the golden streets, In the land where there is no night.
 Where the sorrows of earth can never come, But e-ternal joys will be mine.
 Of the blessed ones there around the throne, In the land of pure de-light.
 And did come to this sinful world of ours To suffer, and bleed, and die.
 And my heart is full of joy and praise, For I know that my treasure is there.


CHORUS.


Home, sweet home! Happy home, sweet home! Oh, say, will you
 Home, sweet home, Home, sweet home, Home, sweet home, happy home, sweet home.



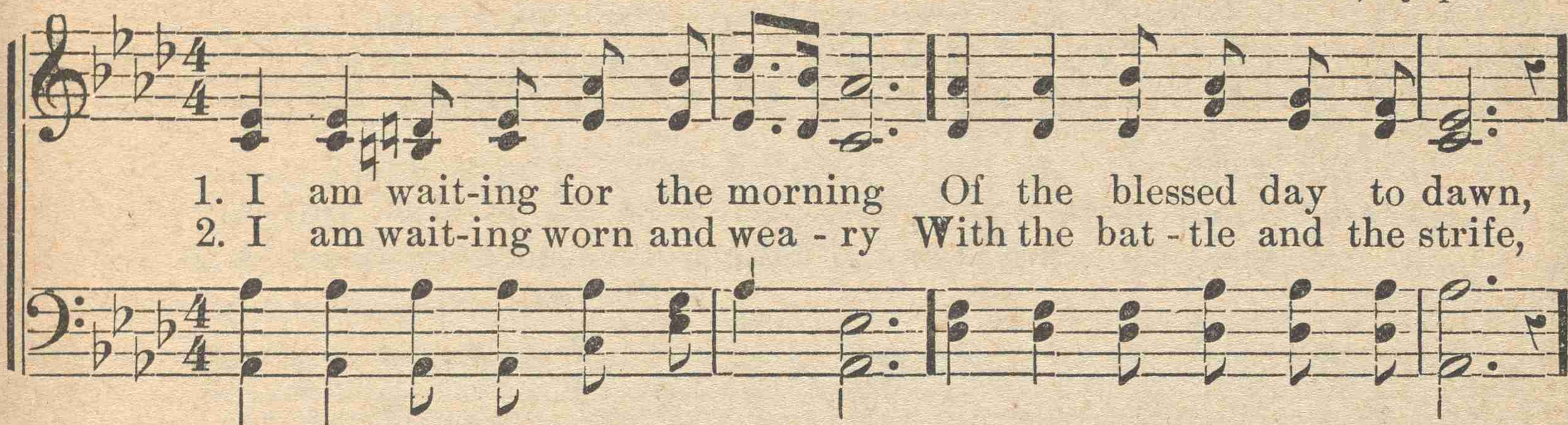

meet me there, In that home above, where all is love, And joys beyond compare.



ONLY WAITING. 8s & 7s, with Chorus.

59

JAS. H. FILLMORE, by per.

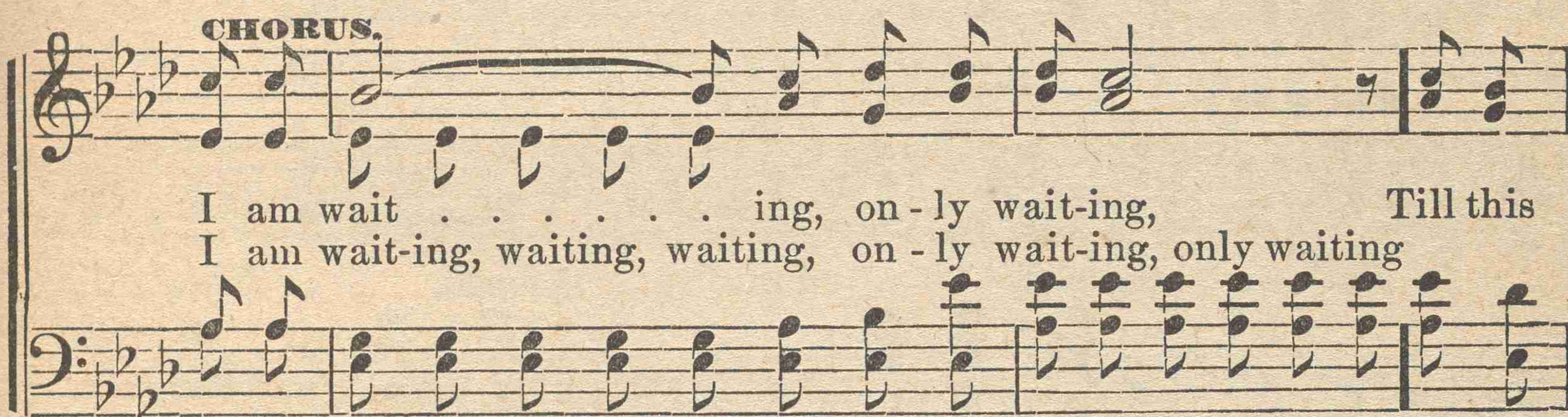


1. I am wait-ing for the morning Of the blessed day to dawn,
2. I am wait-ing worn and wea - ry With the bat - tle and the strife,

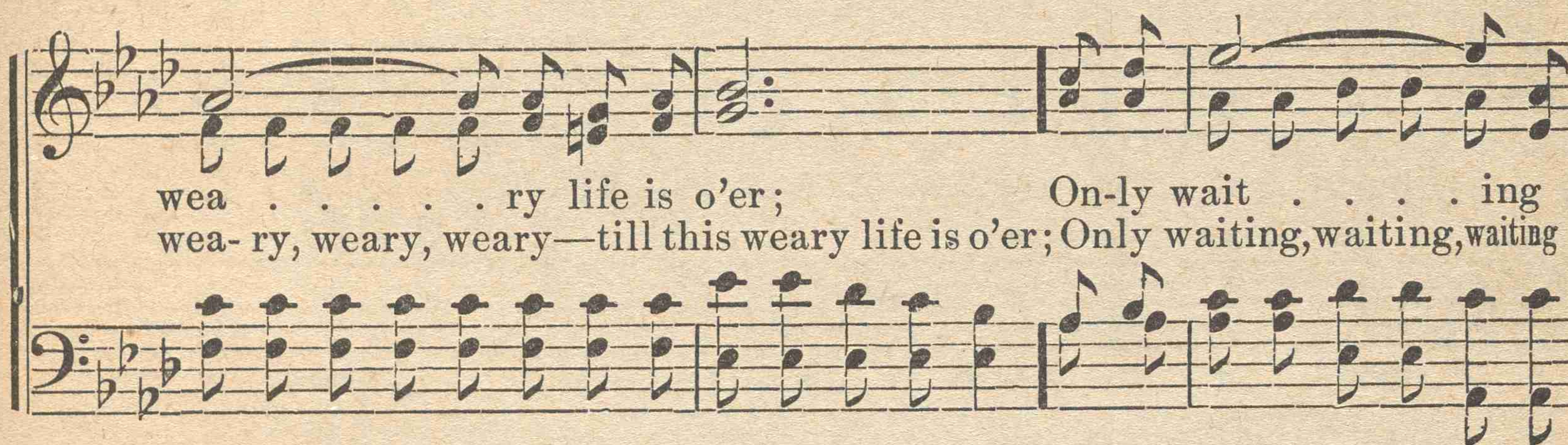


When the sor-row and the sad-ness Of this change-ful life are gone.
Hop - ing, when the war-fare's o - ver, To re-ceive a crown of life.

CHORUS.



I am wait ing, on - ly wait-ing, Till this
I am wait-ing, waiting, waiting, on - ly wait-ing, only waiting



wea ry life is o'er; On-ly wait ing
wea-ry, weary, weary—till this weary life is o'er; Only waiting, waiting, waiting



for my welcome, From my Saviour on the oth - er shore.
for my welcome, for my welcome,

REDEEMED.

T. C. O'KANE.

Behold the Lamb of God.

T. C. O'KANE.

The first system of the musical score is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef, followed by two flats (B-flat and E-flat) indicating the key signature, and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, with some notes beamed together. There are repeat signs (double dots) after the fourth and eighth measures. The system ends with a double bar line.

1. Oh, sing of Je - sus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Cal - va - ry,
2. Oh, wondrous power of love di - vine, So pure, so full, so free!
3. All glo - ry now to Christ the Lord, And ev - er - more shall be;

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The notation includes a bass clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The music consists of several measures with various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, and accidentals (sharps and flats). The manuscript is written on aged, slightly stained paper.

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. It begins with a treble clef, followed by a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. There are several rests throughout the piece. The notation ends with a double bar line. The paper is aged and slightly discolored.

And for a ran-som shed His blood For you and e - ven me.
It reach - es out to all man-kind, Em-bra - ces e - ven me.
He hath re-deemed a world from sin, And ransomed e - ven me.

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The notation consists of a series of notes and rests, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and a final double bar line. The paper is aged and slightly discolored.

REFRAIN.

REFRAIN.



The musical notation for the Refrain is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing triplets. The notation is as follows:
Measure 1: B-flat4, A4, G4, F4, E-flat4, D4, C4, B-flat3, A3, G3, F3, E-flat3, D3, C3, B-flat2, A2, G2, F2, E-flat2, D2, C2, B-flat1, A1, G1, F1, E-flat1, D1, C1, B-flat0, A0, G0, F0, E-flat0, D0, C0, B-flat-1, A-1, G-1, F-1, E-flat-1, D-1, C-1, B-flat-2, A-2, G-2, F-2, E-flat-2, D-2, C-2, B-flat-3, A-3, G-3, F-3, E-flat-3, D-3, C-3, B-flat-4, A-4, G-4, F-4, E-flat-4, D-4, C-4, B-flat-5, A-5, G-5, F-5, E-flat5, D5, C5, B-flat6, A6, G6, F6, E-flat6, D6, C6, B-flat7, A7, G7, F7, E-flat7, D7, C7, B-flat8, A8, G8, F8, E-flat8, D8, C8, B-flat9, A9, G9, F9, E-flat9, D9, C9, B-flat10, A10, G10, F10, E-flat10, D10, C10, B-flat11, A11, G11, F11, E-flat11, D11, C11, B-flat12, A12, G12, F12, E-flat12, D12, C12, B-flat13, A13, G13, F13, E-flat13, D13, C13, B-flat14, A14, G14, F14, E-flat14, D14, C14, B-flat15, A15, G15, F15, E-flat15, D15, C15, B-flat16, A16, G16, F16, E-flat16, D16, C16, B-flat17, A17, G17, F17, E-flat17, D17, C17, B-flat18, A18, G18, F18, E-flat18, D18, C18, B-flat19, A19, G19, F19, E-flat19, D19, C19, B-flat20, A20, G20, F20, E-flat20, D20, C20, B-flat21, A21, G21, F21, E-flat21, D21, C21, B-flat22, A22, G22, F22, E-flat22, D22, C22, B-flat23, A23, G23, F23, E-flat23, D23, C23, B-flat24, A24, G24, F24, E-flat24, D24, C24, B-flat25, A25, G25, F25, E-flat25, D25, C25, B-flat26, A26, G26, F26, E-flat26, D26, C26, B-flat27, A27, G27, F27, E-flat27, D27, C27, B-flat28, A28, G28, F28, E-flat28, D28, C28, B-flat29, A29, G29, F29, E-flat29, D29, C29, B-flat30, A30, G30, F30, E-flat30, D30, C30, B-flat31, A31, G31, F31, E-flat31, D31, C31, B-flat32, A32, G32, F32, E-flat32, D32, C32, B-flat33, A33, G33, F33, E-flat33, D33, C33, B-flat34, A34, G34, F34, E-flat34, D34, C34, B-flat35, A35, G35, F35, E-flat35, D35, C35, B-flat36, A36, G36, F36, E-flat36, D36, C36, B-flat37, A37, G37, F37, E-flat37, D37, C37, B-flat38, A38, G38, F38, E-flat38, D38, C38, B-flat39, A39, G39, F39, E-flat39, D39, C39, B-flat40, A40, G40, F40, E-flat40, D40, C40, B-flat41, A41, G41, F41, E-flat41, D41, C41, B-flat42, A42, G42, F42, E-flat42, D42, C42, B-flat43, A43, G43, F43, E-flat43, D43, C43, B-flat44, A44, G44, F44, E-flat44, D44, C44, B-flat45, A45, G45, F45, E-flat45, D45, C45, B-flat46, A46, G46, F46, E-flat46, D46, C46, B-flat47, A47, G47, F47, E-flat47, D47, C47, B-flat48, A48, G48, F48, E-flat48, D48, C48, B-flat49, A49, G49, F49, E-flat49, D49, C49, B-flat50, A50, G50, F50, E-flat50, D50, C50, B-flat51, A51, G51, F51, E-flat51, D51, C51, B-flat52, A52, G52, F52, E-flat52, D52, C52, B-flat53, A53, G53, F53, E-flat53, D53, C53, B-flat54, A54, G54, F54, E-flat54, D54, C54, B-flat55, A55, G55, F55, E-flat55, D55, C55, B-flat56, A56, G56, F56, E-flat56, D56, C56, B-flat57, A57, G57, F57, E-flat57, D57, C57, B-flat58, A58, G58, F58, E-flat58, D58, C58, B-flat59, A59, G59, F59, E-flat59, D59, C59, B-flat60, A60, G60, F60, E-flat60, D60, C60, B-flat61, A61, G61, F61, E-flat61, D61, C61, B-flat62, A62, G62, F62, E-flat62, D62, C62, B-flat63, A63, G63, F63, E-flat63, D63, C63, B-flat64, A64, G64, F64, E-flat64, D64, C64, B-flat65, A65, G65, F65, E-flat65, D65, C65, B-flat66, A66, G66, F66, E-flat66, D66, C66, B-flat67, A67, G67, F67, E-flat67, D67, C67, B-flat68, A68, G68, F68, E-flat68, D68, C68, B-flat69, A69, G69, F69, E-flat69, D69, C69, B-flat70, A70, G70, F70, E-flat70, D70, C70, B-flat71, A71, G71, F71, E-flat71, D71, C71, B-flat72, A72, G72, F72, E-flat72, D72, C72, B-flat73, A73, G73, F73, E-flat73, D73, C73, B-flat74, A74, G74, F74, E-flat74, D74, C74, B-flat75, A75, G75, F75, E-flat75, D75, C75, B-flat76, A76, G76, F76, E-flat76, D76, C76, B-flat77, A77, G77, F77, E-flat77, D77, C77, B-flat78, A78, G78, F78, E-flat78, D78, C78, B-flat79, A79, G79, F79, E-flat79, D79, C79, B-flat80, A80, G80, F80, E-flat80, D80, C80, B-flat81, A81, G81, F81, E-flat81, D81, C81, B-flat82, A82, G82, F82, E-flat82, D82, C82, B-flat83, A83, G83, F83, E-flat83, D83, C83, B-flat84, A84, G84, F84, E-flat84, D84, C84, B-flat85, A85, G85, F85, E-flat85, D85, C85, B-flat86, A86, G86, F86, E-flat86, D86, C86, B-flat87, A87, G87, F87, E-flat87, D87, C87, B-flat88, A88, G88, F88, E-flat88, D88, C88, B-flat89, A89, G89, F89, E-flat89, D89, C89, B-flat90, A90, G90, F90, E-flat90, D90, C90, B-flat91, A91, G91, F91, E-flat91, D91, C91, B-flat92, A92, G92, F92, E-flat92, D92, C92, B-flat93, A93, G93, F93, E-flat93, D93, C93, B-flat94, A94, G94, F94, E-flat94, D94, C94, B-flat95, A95, G95, F95, E-flat95, D95, C95, B-flat96, A96, G96, F96, E-flat96, D96, C96, B-flat97, A97, G97, F97, E-flat97, D97, C97, B-flat98, A98, G98, F98, E-flat98, D98, C98, B-flat99, A99, G99, F99, E-flat99, D99, C99, B-flat100, A100, G100, F100, E-flat100, D100, C100, B-flat101, A101, G101, F101, E-flat101, D101, C101, B-flat102, A102, G102, F102, E-flat102, D102, C102, B-flat103, A103, G103, F103, E-flat103, D103, C103, B-flat104, A104, G104, F104, E-flat104, D104, C104, B-flat105, A105, G105, F105, E-flat105, D105, C105, B-flat106, A106, G106, F106, E-flat106, D106, C106, B-flat107, A107, G107, F107, E-flat107, D107, C107, B-flat108, A108, G108, F108, E-flat108, D108, C108, B-flat109, A109, G109, F109, E-flat109, D109, C109, B-flat110, A110, G110, F110, E-flat110, D110, C110, B-flat111, A111, G111, F111, E-flat111, D111, C111, B-flat112, A112, G112, F112, E-flat112, D112, C112, B-flat113, A113, G113, F113, E-flat113, D113, C113, B-flat114, A114, G114, F114, E-flat114, D114, C114, B-flat115, A115, G115, F115, E-flat115, D115, C115, B-flat116, A116, G116, F116, E-flat116, D116, C116, B-flat117, A117, G117, F117, E-flat117, D117, C117, B-flat118, A118, G118, F118, E-flat118, D118, C118, B-flat119, A119, G119, F119, E-flat119, D119, C119, B-flat120, A120, G120, F120, E-flat120, D120, C120, B-flat121, A121, G121, F121, E-flat121, D121, C121, B-flat122, A122, G122, F122, E-flat122, D122, C122, B-flat123, A123, G123, F123, E-flat123, D123, C123, B-flat124, A124, G124, F124, E-flat124, D124, C124, B-flat

I'm re - deemed, . . I'm re - deemed, . . Thro' the

I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed, Thro' the

A single staff of handwritten musical notation on aged, yellowed paper. The staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The notation consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, some of which are beamed together. There are repeat signs (double dots) after several notes. The paper shows signs of age, including yellowing and some staining.

blood of the Lamb that was slain; . . . I'm re-

blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb that was slain;

deemed, . . . I'm re-deeemed, . . . Hal-le-lu-jah un-to His name.

I'm redeemed I'm redeemed

I'm redeemed,

I'm redeemed,

From "Jasper and Gold," by per.

THE GREAT SUPPER.

61

A certain man made a great supper, and bade many.—Luke 14: 16.

W. E. PENN.

J. M. HUNT.



1. 'Tis sup-per time, the feast is spread, All things are ready, Je-sus said;
2. How oft God's love you have abused; How oft you've prayed to be excused;
3. O sin-ner, come, heed mer-cy's call; Sal-vation's free; there's room for all;
4. This call to you may be the last, Your doom be sealed, your lot be cast



Come to the feast while yet 'tis day, Come now, O sin-ner, why de-lay.
Have passed the gos-pel sup-per by, Starving thy soul, while yet so nigh.
Not one will e'er be turned a-way, Come now, oh, come, without de-lay.
In - to that world of deep des-pair, To weep and wail for - ev - er, there.



CHORUS.



Too late, too late, has been the cry, Of millions when they came to die!



Now, is the time, this is the day, Come now, O sin-ner, why de-lay?



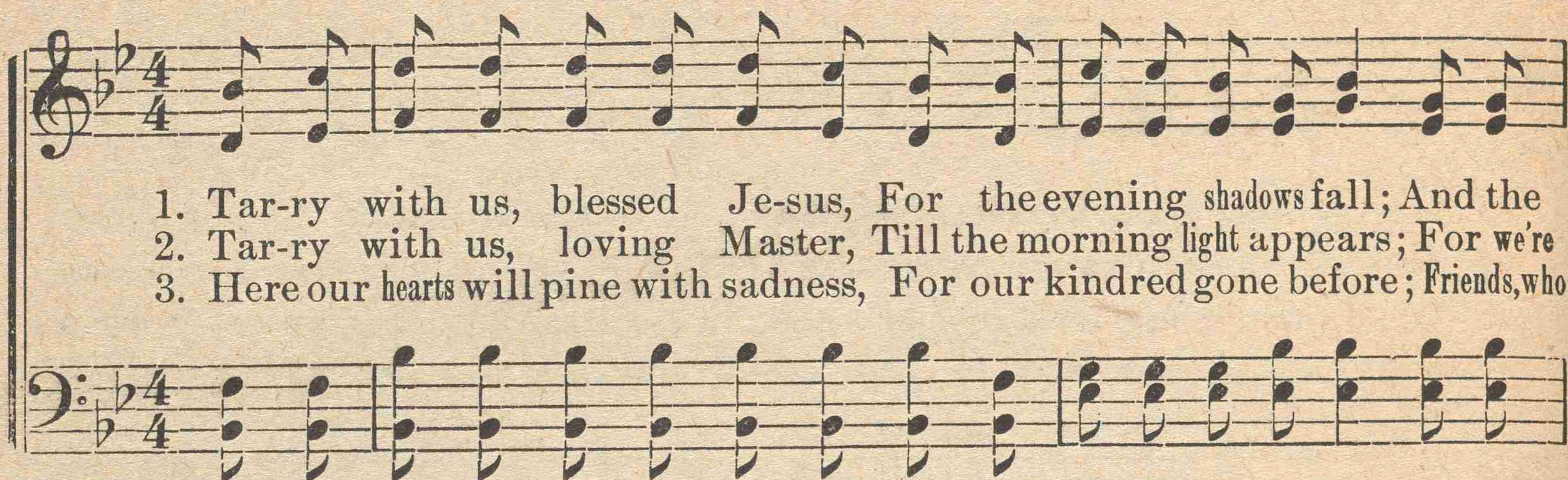
This.

TARRY WITH US.

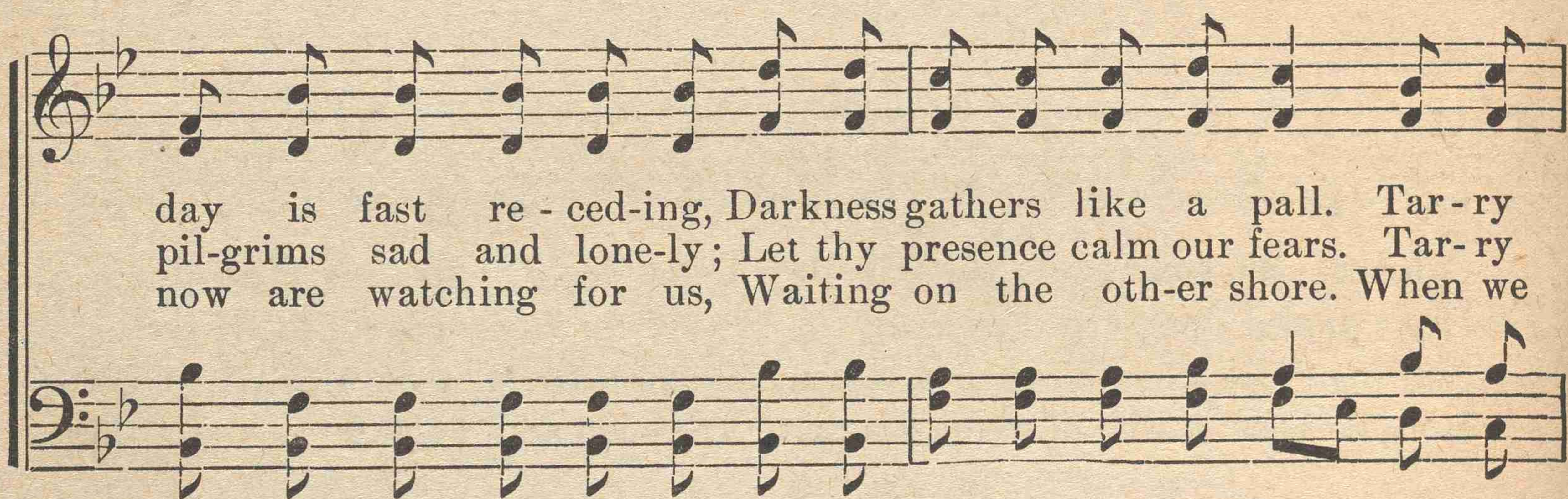
REV. W. T. DALE.

"Abide with us," Luke, 24: 29.

CHAS. E. POLLOCK.



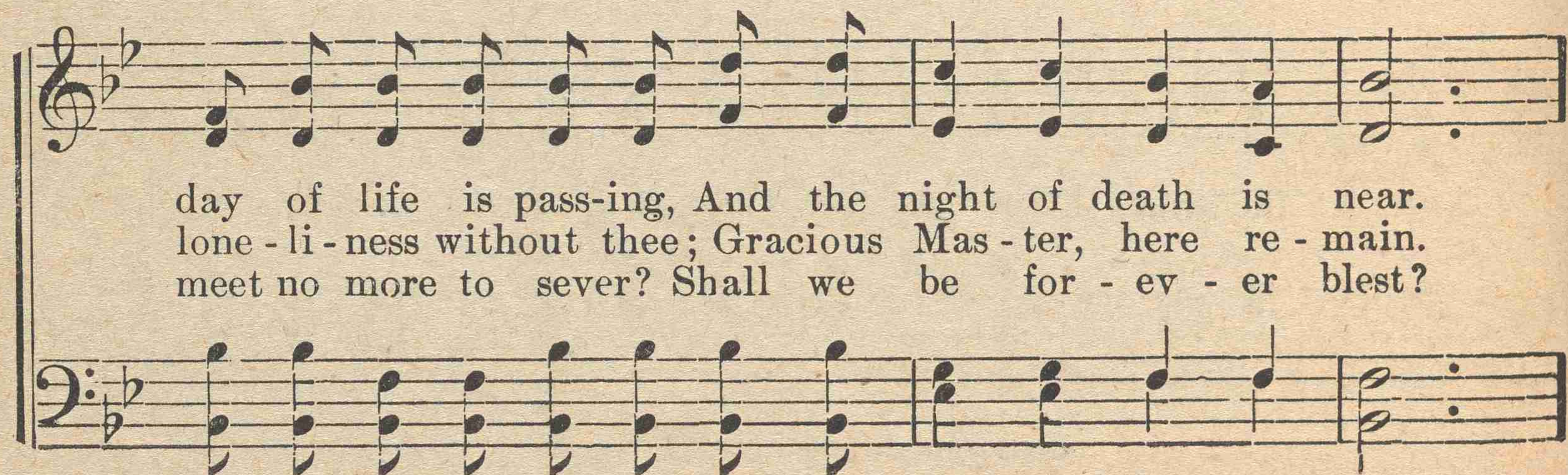
1. Tar-ry with us, blessed Je-sus, For the evening shadows fall; And the
 2. Tar-ry with us, loving Master, Till the morning light appears; For we're
 3. Here our hearts will pine with sadness, For our kindred gone before; Friends, who



day is fast re - ced-ing, Darkness gathers like a pall. Tar-ry
 pil-grims sad and lone-ly; Let thy presence calm our fears. Tar-ry
 now are watching for us, Waiting on the oth-er shore. When we



with us, blessed Savior, For we're in a desert drear; See the
 with us, for we're pilgrims, Camping on a desert plain; All is
 gath - er in the morning, Morning of e - ter - nal rest; Shall we



day of life is pass-ing, And the night of death is near.
 lone - li - ness without thee; Gracious Mas - ter, here re - main.
 meet no more to sever? Shall we be for - ev - er blest?

CHORUS.



Tar-ry with us, blessed Je - - - sus, Tar-ry
 Tar-ry with us, blessed Jesus, Tar-ry with us through the night, Tar-ry



till the morn - ing light; Tar-ry
 with us, blessed Je-sus, Tar-ry till the morning light; Tar-ry



with us through the dark ness, Tar-ry
 with us through the darkness, Tarry till the morning light, Tar-ry



with us all the night.



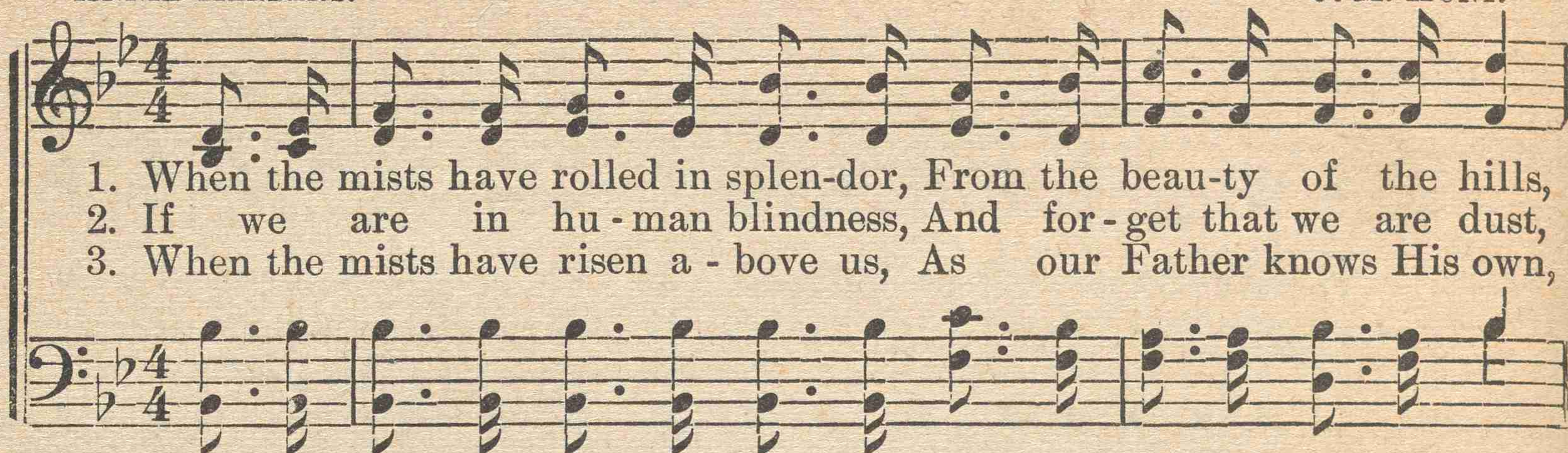
with us all the night, All the night.
 with us, blessed Je - sus, All the night.



64 WE SHALL KNOW AS WE ARE KNOWN.

ANNIE HERBERT.

J. M. HUNT.



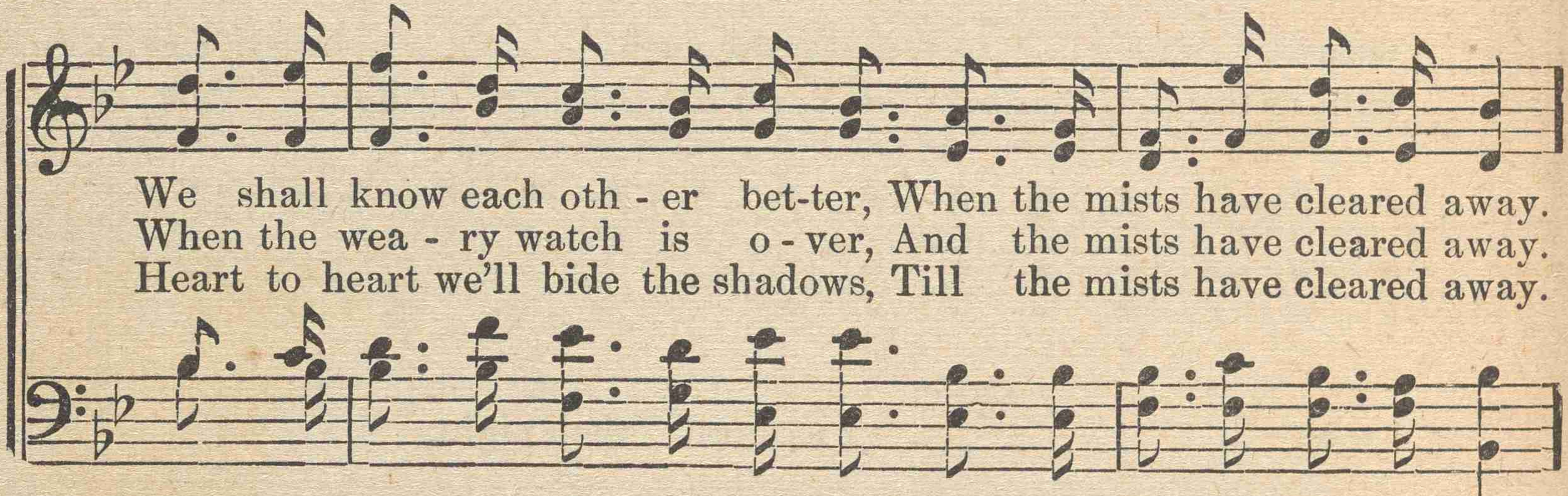
1. When the mists have rolled in splen-dor, From the beau-ty of the hills,
 2. If we are in hu-man blindness, And for-get that we are dust,
 3. When the mists have risen a - bove us, As our Father knows His own,



And the sunshine, warm and ten-der, Falls in kiss-es on the rills,
 If we miss the law of kindness, When we struggle to be just,
 Face to face with those who love us, *We shall know as we are known;*



We may read love's shin-ing let - ter, In the rain-bow of the spray
 Snow - y wings of peace shall cov - er All the plain that hides a - way,
 Love, be-yond the o - rient meadows, Floats the gold-en fringe of day,



We shall know each oth - er bet-ter, When the mists have cleared away.
 When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared away.
 Heart to heart we'll bide the shadows, Till the mists have cleared away.

REFRAIN.



We shall know . . . as we are known, Nev - er
 We shall know as we are known.

WE SHALL KNOW. Concluded.

65

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

Nev-er more to walk a - lone; In the dawning of the

morning, When the mists . . have cleared away; In the

morning, When the mists have cleared away;

dawn - ing of the morning, When the mists have cleared away.

In the dawning of the morning, When the mists have cleared away.

NO TIME TO PRAY.

Anon.

To Mrs. C. F. PENN.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Andante.

1. No time to pray! Oh, who so fraught with earthy care As not to give to
2. No time to pray! What heart so clean, so pure within, That needeth not some

hum-ble pray'r Some part of day?
check from sin—Needs not to pray?

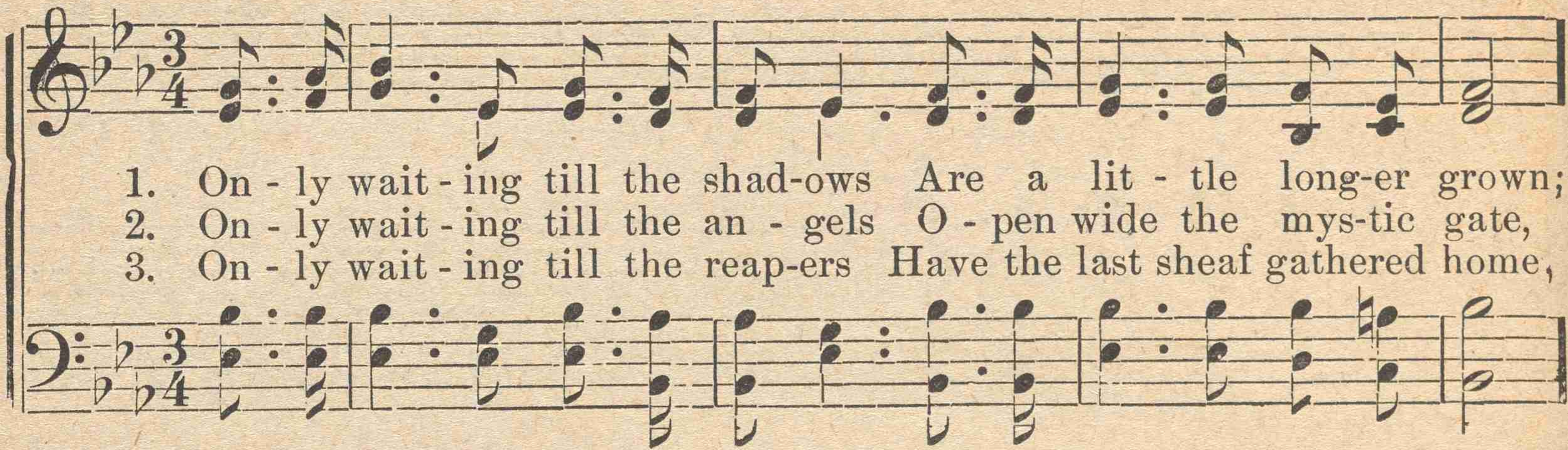
3 No time to pray!
In every danger, what retreat
More needful than the mercy-seat?
Who need to pray?

4 Cease not to pray!
On Jesus as your all rely.
Would you live happy—happy die?
Take time to pray.

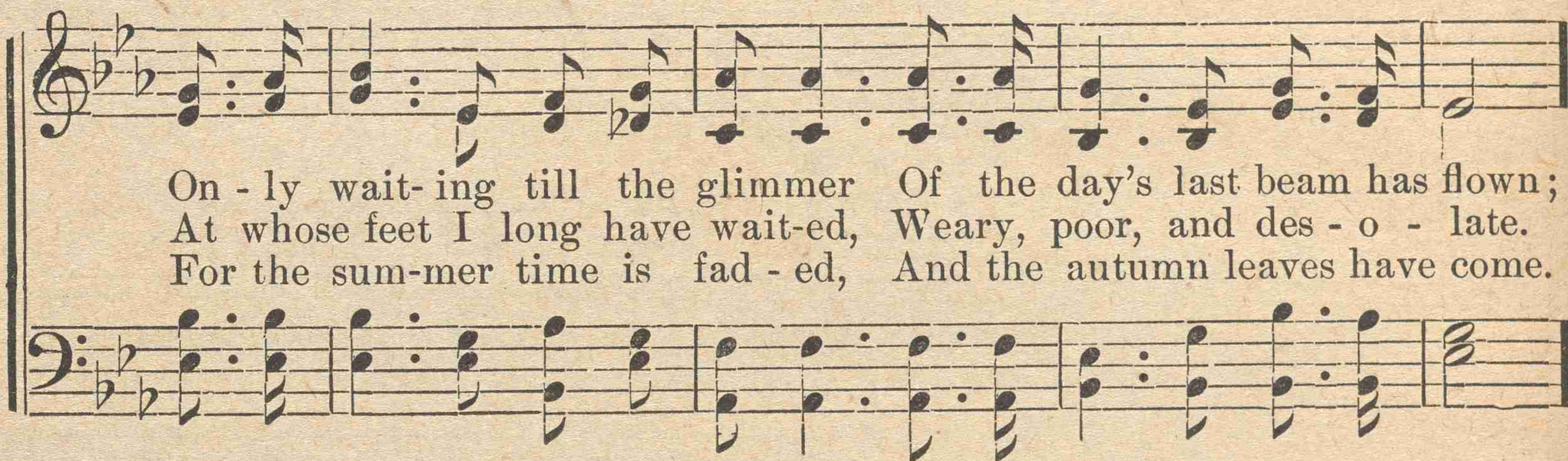
ONLY WAITING TILL THE SHADOWS.

Waiting for the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 1: 7.

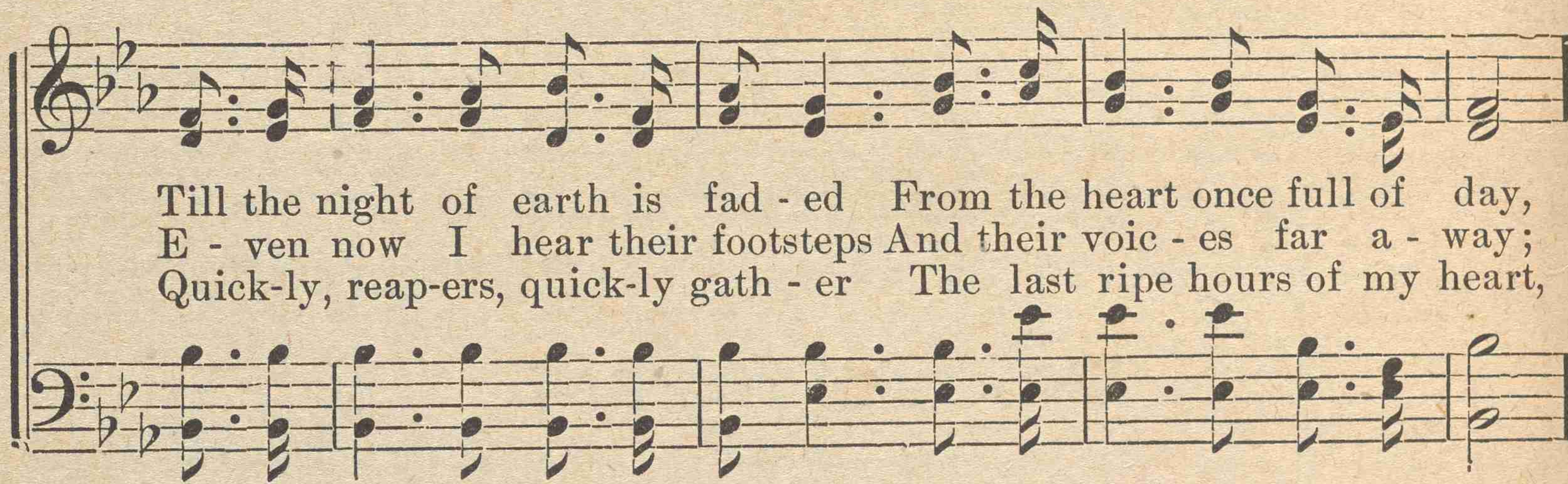
J. M. HUNT.



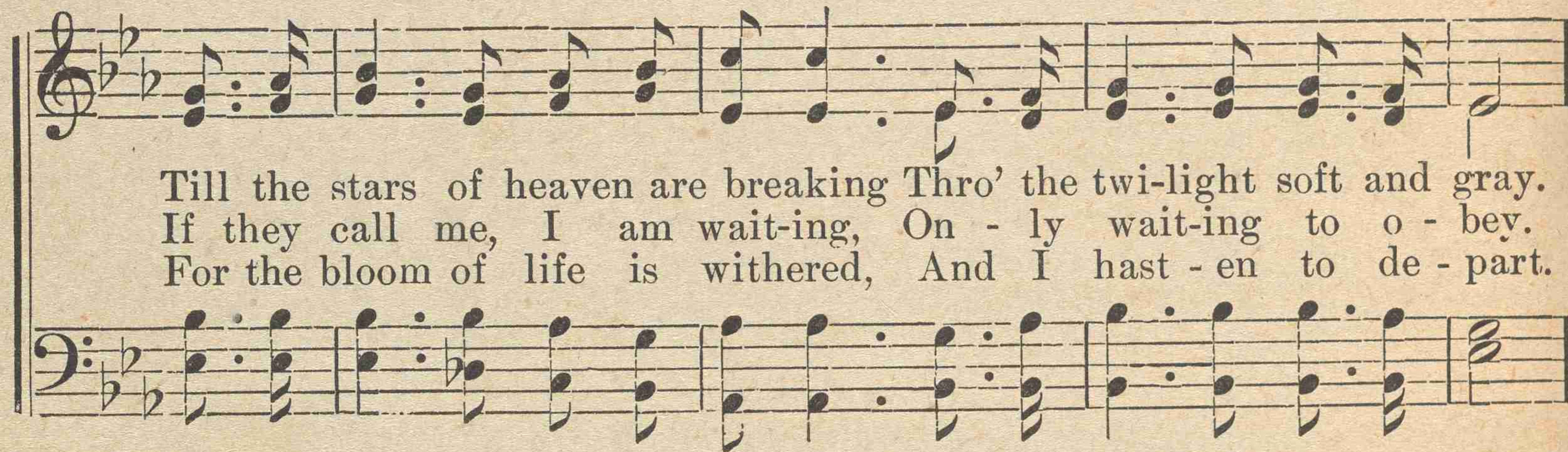
1. On - ly wait - ing till the shad - ows Are a lit - tle long - er grown;
 2. On - ly wait - ing till the an - gels O - pen wide the mys - tic gate,
 3. On - ly wait - ing till the reap - ers Have the last sheaf gathered home,



On - ly wait - ing till the glimmer Of the day's last beam has flown;
 At whose feet I long have wait - ed, Weary, poor, and des - o - late.
 For the sum - mer time is fad - ed, And the autumn leaves have come.



Till the night of earth is fad - ed From the heart once full of day,
 E - ven now I hear their footsteps And their voic - es far a - way;
 Quick - ly, reap - ers, quick - ly gath - er The last ripe hours of my heart,



Till the stars of heaven are breaking Thro' the twi - light soft and gray.
 If they call me, I am wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing to o - bey.
 For the bloom of life is withered, And I hast - en to de - part.

CHORUS.


On - ly wait - ing till the shadows Are a lit - tle long - er grown;

On-ly wait-ing till the glim-mer Of the day's last beam is flown.

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass, in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

THAT DAY.

(By per. of J. CHURCH & Co.)

P. P. B.

Maestoso.

1. See th' e-ter-nal Judge descending, View him seat-ed on his throne!
2. Lo! the last long sep-a-ra-tion, As the cleaving crowds di-vide;

The musical score is in 2/3 time. It features two staves with a melody in the treble and a bass line in the bass. The piece is marked 'Maestoso'.

Now, poor sinner, now la-ment-ing, Stand and hear thine awful doom!
Words of life or con-dem-na-tion, Send each soul to eith-er side!

The musical score continues on two staves, maintaining the 2/3 time signature and the 'Maestoso' tempo.

Rit.

Trum - pets call thee, Stand and hear thine aw - ful doom.
Lord of mer - cy, How shall I that day a - bide?

The musical score is in 2/3 time, marked 'Rit.' (Ritardando). It consists of two staves with a melody in the treble and a bass line in the bass.

3 "Yonder sits my slighted Savior,
With the marks of dying love;
Oh, that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his Spirit move—
Golden moments,
When I felt his Spirit move."

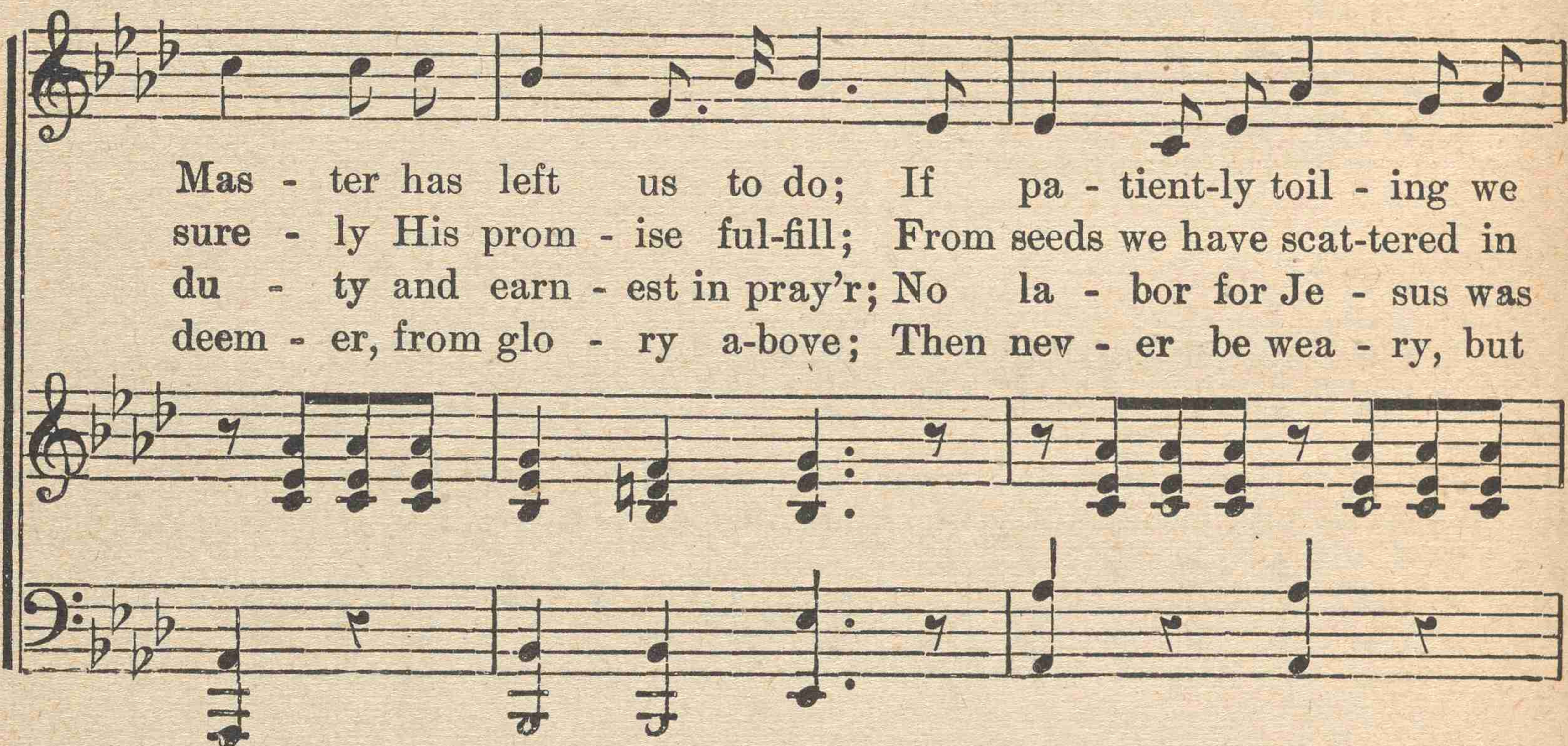
WE SHALL REAP BY AND BY.

Let us not be weary in well doing.—Gal. 6: 9.

J. M. HUNT.



1. Oh, nev - er be wea - ry, with vig - or pursue The work which the
 2. Oh, nev - er be wea - ry, but work with a will, Our Fa - ther will
 3. Oh, nev - er be wea - ry, thro' tri - als and care; Be faith - ful to
 4. Re - mem - ber His mer - cy, re - mem - ber His love, Who came, our Re -



Mas - ter has left us to do; If pa - tient-ly toil - ing we
 sure - ly His prom - ise ful-fill; From seeds we have scat-tered in
 du - ty and earn - est in pray'r; No la - bor for Je - sus was
 deem - er, from glo - ry a-bove; Then nev - er be wea - ry, but



trust in the Lord, The har-vest will bring us a bless - ed re-ward.
 sor - row and tears, We'll gather bright sheaves when the harvest appears
 ev - er in vain; Go work in His vineyard, and wait for the rain.
 glad - ly pur-sue The work which the Master has left us to do.

WE SHALL REAP. Concluded.

68

CHORUS.



1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.

And since He bids me seek His face.
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
To seize the everlasting prize; [air,
And shout while passing through the
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer

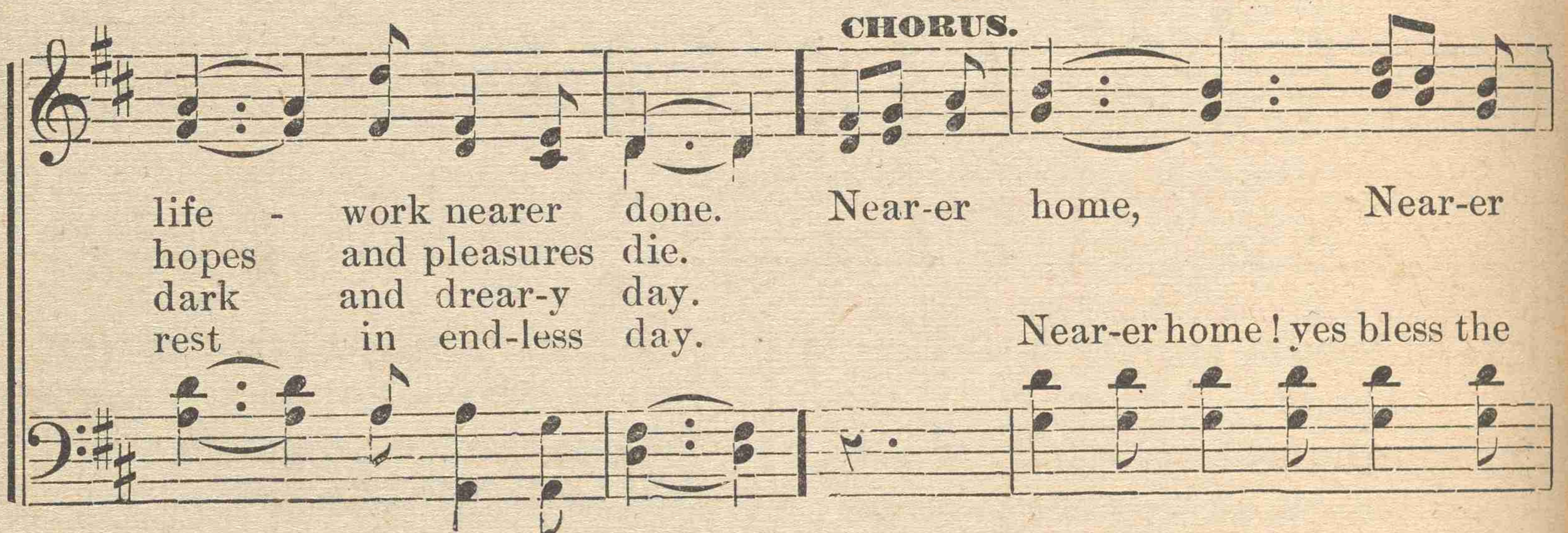


1. Pilgrim's in this land of sor-row, Day by day we jour-ney
 2. Day by day life's path grows drearer, Earthly joys pass swift-ly
 3. Earthly friend-ships oft de-ceive us, Beaming with in-con-stant
 4. In our jour - ney may we nev-er Faint or fal - ter by the



on; And each fast suc-ceed-ing mor-row Finds our
 by; But the thought of heav'n grows bright-er, As our
 ray; But the Sav - ior ne'er will leave us In the
 way; In the glor - ious glad for - ev - er We shall

CHORUS.



life - work nearer done. Near-er home, Near-er
 hopes and pleasures die.
 dark and drear-y day.
 rest in end-less day. Near-er home! yes bless the



home, Near-er to . . a Fath-er's love! Near-er
 Sav-ior. Near-er to a Fath-er's love!

Ritard.

heav'n's e - ter - nal portal! Nearer to . . the home a-bove!
Nearer heav'n's e-ter-nal portal! Nearer to the home a-bove!

THIS IS THE WAY.

W. E. PENN.

"This is the way; walk ye in it." Bible.

CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

| 1st. | 2d. |

1. { If the Sav-ior you would know, Search the scriptures ev'ry day.
As you read them you will hear, Hither soul, I am the way. }

CHORUS.

This is the way, This is the way; Walk ye in it day by day,

Fear not, faint not, soon he'll say, Hith-er soul I am the way.

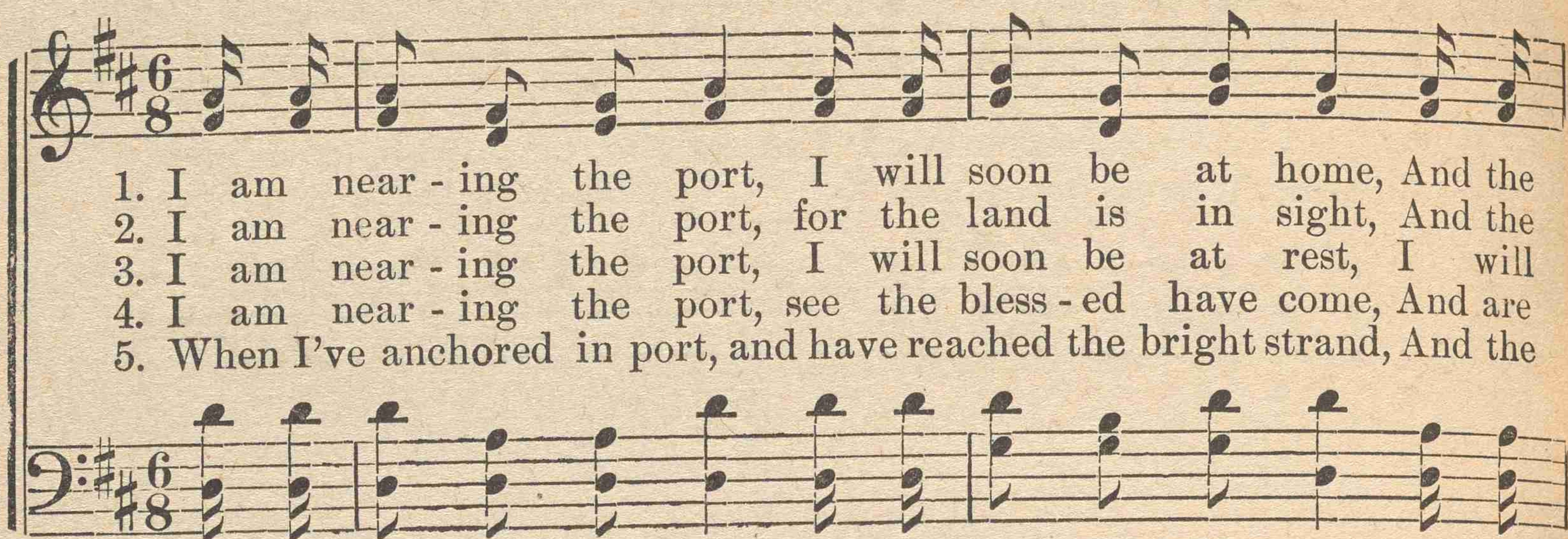
2. If the Savior you would find
You must seek him night and day
Casting all your sins behind,
Then you'll hear the same voice say. Cho.

3. Would you have a Savior's love?
Tenderly I hear him say:
"Weary wand'rer come to me,
Take my yoke and learn the way. Cho.

NEARING THE PORT.

REV. W. S. DALE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.



1. I am near - ing the port, I will soon be at home, And the
 2. I am near - ing the port, for the land is in sight, And the
 3. I am near - ing the port, I will soon be at rest, I will
 4. I am near - ing the port, see the bless - ed have come, And are
 5. When I've anchored in port, and have reached the bright strand, And the



voyage of my life will be o'er; And be-neath the high arch - es of
 mountains in grandeur are seen; And the land-scape of E - den I
 an - chor at peace on the strand; I will stand on the shore 'mid the
 gath'ring a - long on the shore; Now they watch to re - ceive me and
 tem - pests of life are all past, With my Sav - iour I'll dwell in that



heav - en's bright dome, I shall dwell with my friends gone be - fore.
 hail with de - light, And the plains that are cov - ered with green.
 throng of the blest, I will dwell in that beau - ti - ful land.
 wel - come me home, Where we'll part nev - er, no, nev - er - more.
 beau - ti - ful land, While with rapture I shout, "home at last!"

REFRAIN.



I am near - ing, yes, near - ing, I am
 I am near - ing, yes, near - ing, I am near-ing the port; I am

NEARING THE PORT. Concluded.

73



near-ing, yes, near-ing the port; . . . Near - ing,

near-ing, yes, near-ing, I am nearing the port; Nearing, yes, nearing, I am

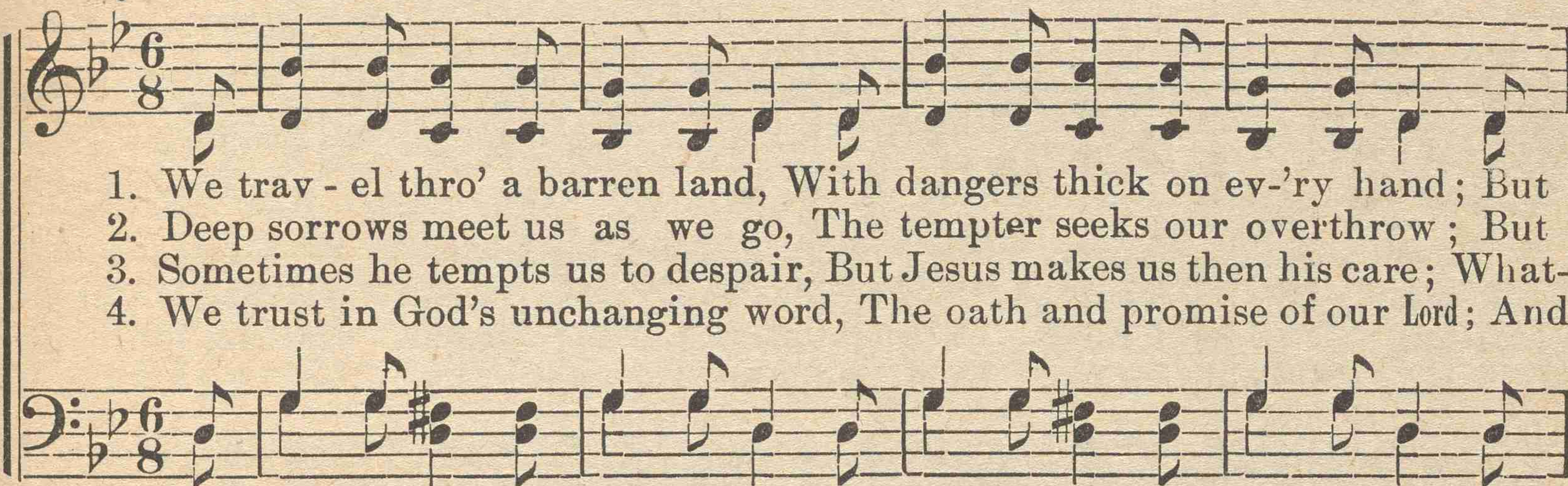


near - ing, I am near - ing, yes, near - ing the port.

near-ing, yes, near-ing,

OUR HOPE SHALL NEVER FAIL.

G. F. R.



1. We trav - el thro' a barren land, With dangers thick on ev'-ry hand; But
2. Deep sorrows meet us as we go, The tempter seeks our overthrow; But
3. Sometimes he tempts us to despair, But Jesus makes us then his care; What-
4. We trust in God's unchanging word, The oath and promise of our Lord; And



Jesus guides us thro' the vale, Our hope shall never fail, Our hope shall never fail.
 never shall his arts prevail, Our hope shall never fail, Our hope shall never fail.
 ever griefs our souls assail, Our hope shall never fail, Our hope shall never fail.
 safely thro' each tempest sail, Our hope shall never fail, Our hope shall never fail.

SEEKING FOR ME.

E. E. HASTV.

This.



1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, to Beth-le-hem came, Born in a man-ger to
 2. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, on Cal - va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my
 3. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, the same as of old, While I did wan-der a-
 4. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as




sorrow and shame; Oh, it was wonderful! blest be His name! Seeking for me, for
 soul he set free; Oh, it was wonderful! how could it be? Dying for me, for
 far from the fold, Gently and long he hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for
 wea-ry years fly; Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky, Coming for me, for



for me, . . . for me, . . .



me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me;
 me, Dy - ing for me, Dy - ing for me, Dy - ing for me, Dy - ing for me;
 me, Calling for me, Calling for me, Calling for me, Calling for me;
 me, Coming for me, Coming for me, Coming for me, Coming for me;




Oh, it was won-der-ful! blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me.
 Oh, it was won-der-ful! how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
 Gently and long He hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.



WE'LL BE GATHERED HOME.

75

Thy work shall be rewarded.—Jer. 32; 16.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Sweet land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the mo-ment come,
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful sheltering dome,
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest, He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam,



When I shall lay my ar - mor by And dwell in peace at home.
This world's a wil - der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc - cor on his breast, Till he con - duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heavenly home.



CHORUS.



We will work till the com-ing of the Sav - ior, We will



work till the com - ing of the Sav - ior, We will



work till the com-ing of the Sav - ior, And then be gathered home.



GOING HOME REJOICING.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.



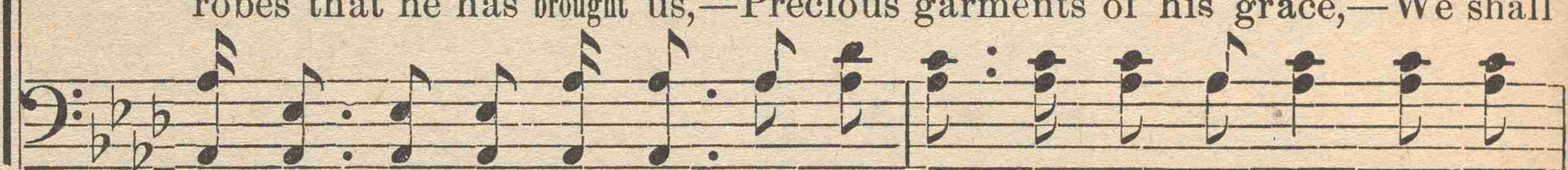
1. We are go-ing home re-joicing, Where our Father's dwelling stands, We are
 2. We are go-ing in a ves-sel That we know is firm and strong: 'Tis the
 3. We are go-ing home re-joicing, Praise the Lord we're going home! Where for-




go - ing home re - joic-ing, To a house not made with hands; We are
 good old ship of Zi - on That has stood the storm so long; Countless
 ev - er and for - ev - er, With the Sav - ior we shall roam; Clad in




go - ing home to Je - sus, Who re-deemed us with his blood, Hal-le
 millions it has anchored, And will an - chor millions more, In the
 robes that he has brought us, — Precious garments of his grace, — We shall




lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Soon we'll cross the swell-ing flood.
 port of life e - ter - nal, On the bright ce - les - tial shore.
 see him in his glo - ry, And be - hold him face to face.



CHORUS.



Soon we'll cross the swelling flood of the Jordan, And the happy, happy



time is drawing nigh; In the gold-en fields of rest, o-ver
drawing nigh;

Jor-dan, We shall gath-er, we shall gath-er by and by.

1 I HEAR the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thine all in all.
CHO.—Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all,"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

MRS. ELVINA M. HALL.

Coming to Jesus.

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

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

3 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—Thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTE.

CHURCH OF GOD, AWAKE!

MRS. EMILY J. BUGBEE.

T. C. O'KANE.



1. Church of God, whose conq'ring banners Float along the glorious years,
2. In your costly tem-ples praying, "Let Thy kingdom come, we pray,"
3. Grace and glo-ry He hath sent you, Cast your line in plac-es fair;
4. Shake the earth and rend the heaven, 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 meaning, If with these we turn a - way.
 Scat - ter blessings now, He bids you, O'er His green earth everywhere,
 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 mil-lions in the twilight Of the far-off O-rient land,
 Then from out her chrism of sorrow Shall the earth redeemed a - rise,



Speedy dawn of light por-tend-ing: Church of God, a-wake! a - rise!
 And His eye be-holds in heav - en What ye ren-der back for all.
 In the gracious morning splendor Of the gos-pel light shall stand.
 And the fair mil-len-nial mor-row Dawn with o-pal tint-ed skies.



From "Missionary Advocate."

CHORUS.



Church of God, . . . awake! a-rise! Christ, your Head . . . and Master,
Church of God, a - wake! a-rise! Christ, your Head and



cries, Send the Gos - pel's joyful sound Unto earth's remotest bound.
Master cries, Oh, send the Gos - pel's joyful sound

L. M.

Pardon penitently implored.

- 1 Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?
- 2 My crimes, though great, can not sur-
pass
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound;
So let Thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offenses pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace,
Lord, should Thy judgment grow se-
vere,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my
breath,
I must pronounce Thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

WATTS.

C. M.

Prayer for strong faith.

- 1 Oh, for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!—
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and
clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear.
In darkness feels no doubt—
- 4 That bears, unmoved, the world's
dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble can not drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile.
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And, with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed.

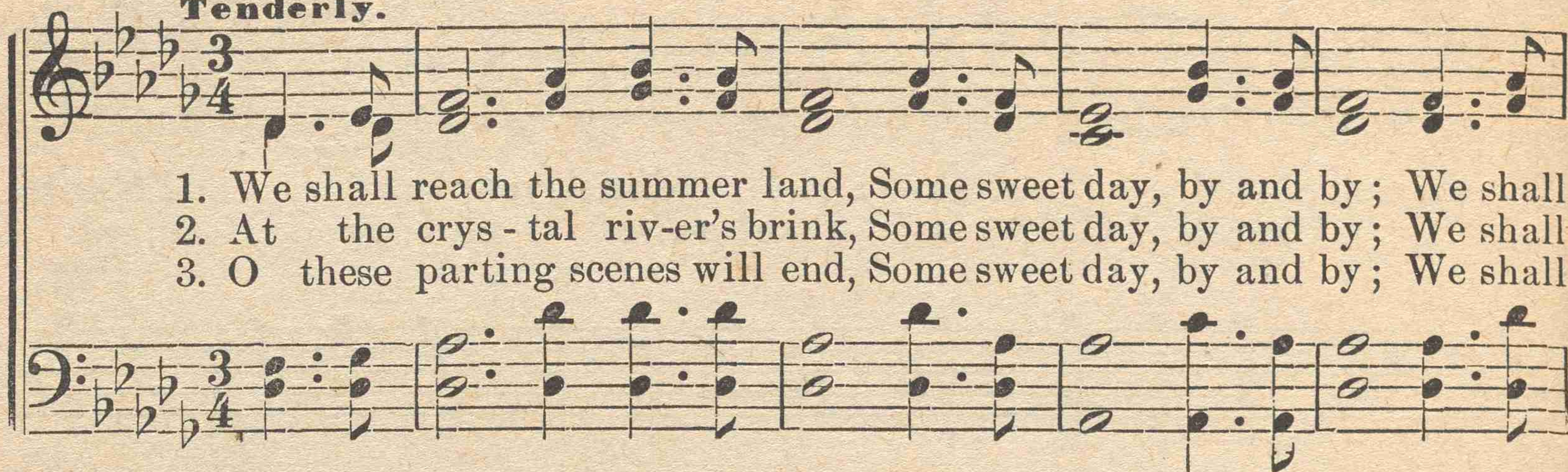
BATH COL

SOME SWEET DAY, BY AND BY.

EDNA L. PARK.

Then I shall know.—1 Cor. 13: 11.

W. H. DOANE.

Tenderly.


1. We shall reach the summer land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
 2. At the crys - tal riv - er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
 3. O these parting scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall



press the golden strand, Some sweet day, by and by; O the loved ones
 find each broken link, Some sweet day, by and by; Then the star that,
 gather friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by; There be - fore our



watching there, By the tree of life so fair, Till we come their
 fad - ing here, Left our hearts and homes so drear, We shall see more
 Father's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall know as

REFRAIN.


joy to share, Some sweet day, by and by. By and by,
 bright and clear, Some sweet day, by and by.
 we are known, Some sweet day, by and by. By and by, yes, by and by,



Some sweet day, We shall meet our loved ones gone, Some sweet day, by and by.

I'M RESTING IN THE CRUCIFIED.

81

Ye shall find rest unto your souls. - Matt. 2; 29.



1. The Cru-ci-fied of Cal - va-ry Has ta - ken all my load of sin.
2. Wea - ry and sad I wandered long, Oppressed with burdens hard to bear;
3. Oh, what a rest - ing place is this, And ref - uge for the weary soul,
4. Se - cure from ev'-ry foe am I While rest - ing in the Cru - ci - fied;



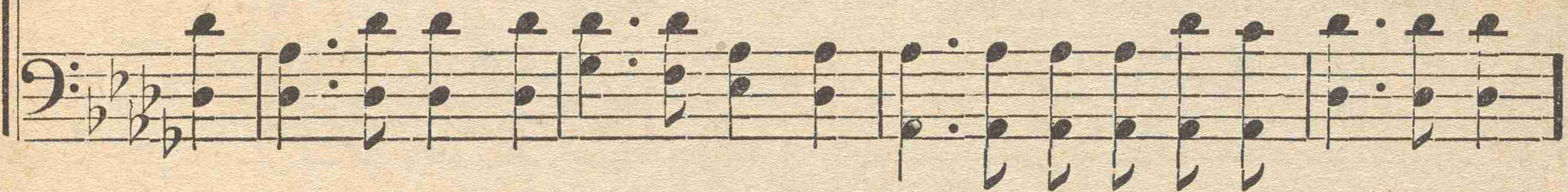
Has cleansed my heart from every stain, And brought the glorious fullness in.
But when the Cru - ci - fied I sought, I found sweet rest and sol-ace there.
Where sin's wild o-cean can not drown, Tho' near its threat'ning billows roll!
Here is a calm and safe re - treat, And here I ev - er would a - bide.



CHORUS.



The Cru-ci-fied, of Cal - va-ry, I'm sweetly resting in the Cru-ci - fied;

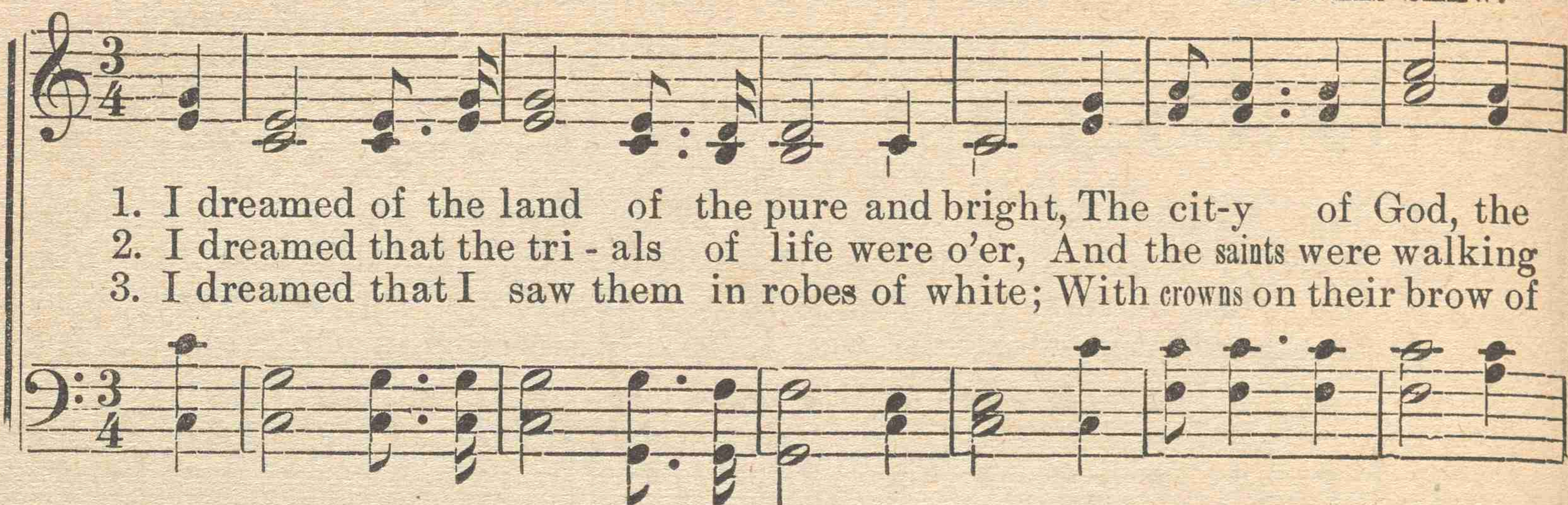


He saves me now, and all the time I'm sweetly resting in the Crucified.

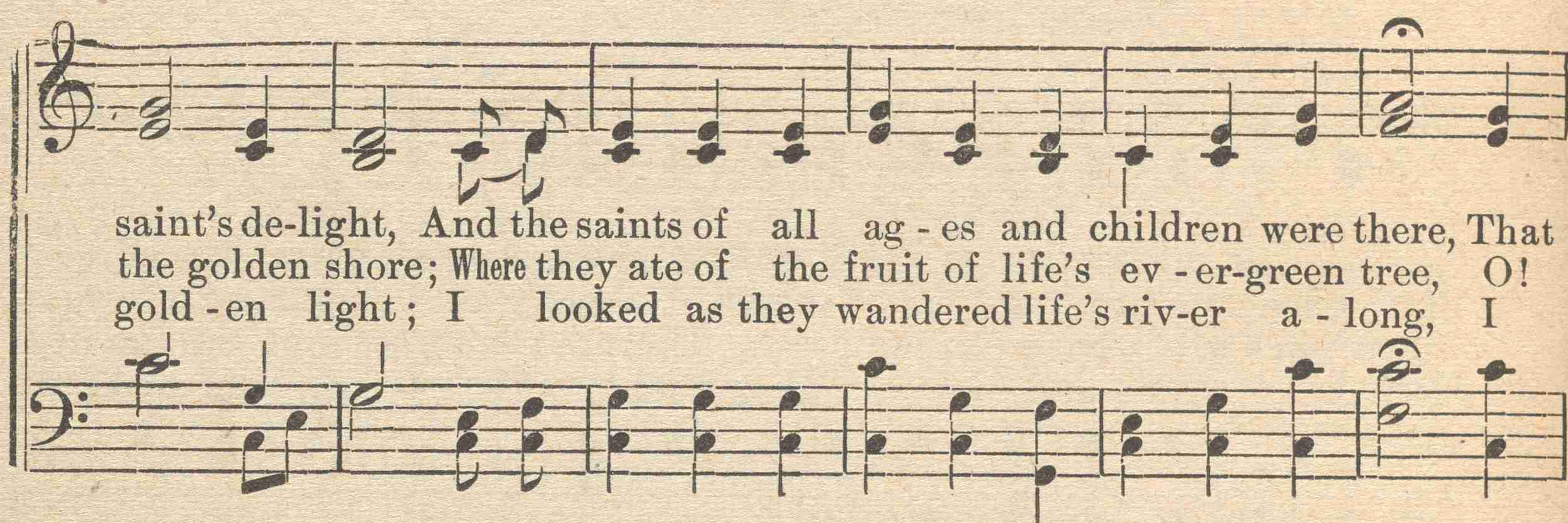


KNOWLES SHAW.

KNOWLES SHAW.



1. I dreamed of the land of the pure and bright, The cit-y of God, the
 2. I dreamed that the tri - als of life were o'er, And the saints were walking
 3. I dreamed that I saw them in robes of white; With crowns on their brow of



saint's de-light, And the saints of all ag - es and children were there, That
 the golden shore; Where they ate of the fruit of life's ev - er-green tree, O!
 gold - en light; I looked as they wandered life's riv - er a - long, I



CHORUS.
 cit - y of God and that home to share.
 beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful dream to me. O! that beau - ti - ful
 listened and heard a most beauti - ful song.



dream; O! that beau-ti-ful dream; Shall I the
 Beautiful dream. Beautiful dream.

saints, and those children see, Or, shall it be on - ly a dream?

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ALL FOR ME.

ANON.

CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

"And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head.—Matt. 27 : 29.

With feeling.

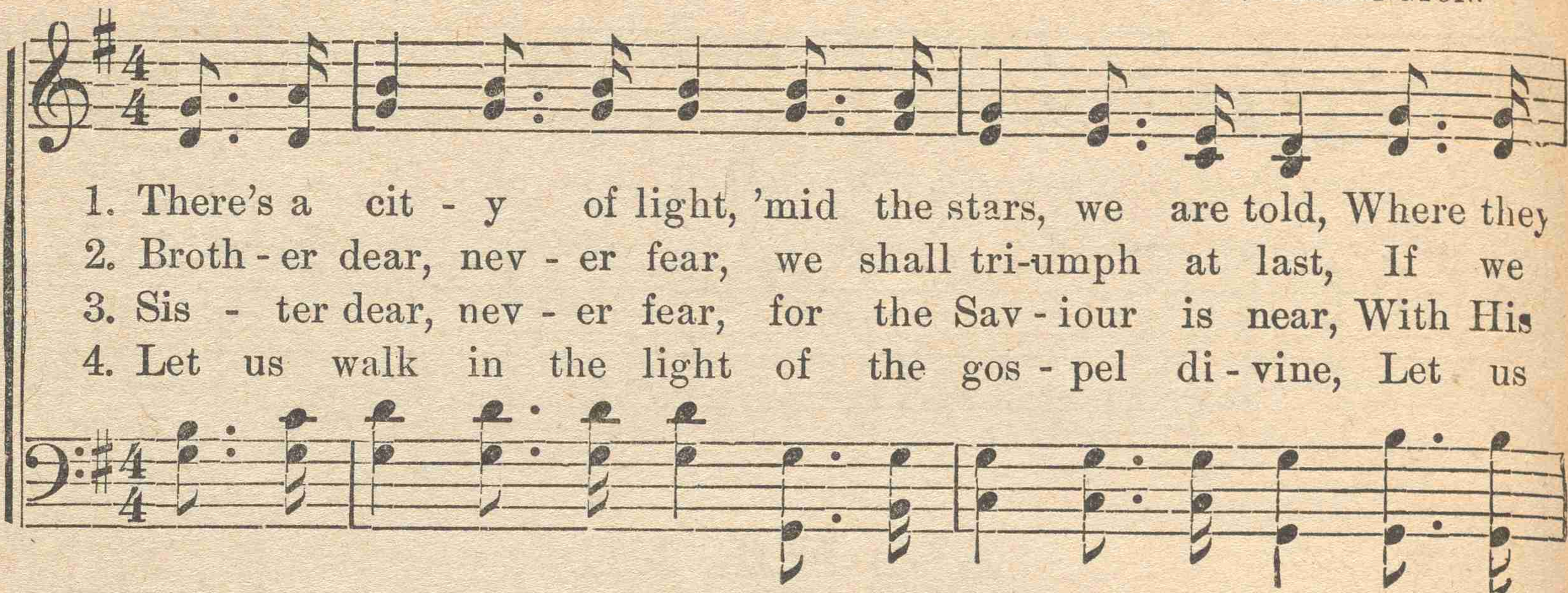
1. Suff'ring Sav - ior, with thorn crown, Bruis'd and blessing, sink-ing down;
 2. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pure and mild, Let me ev - er be thy child;
 4. Fain would I to Thee be brought, Blessed Lord, for-bid it not;

Hea-vy lad - en, wea-ry worn, Fainting dy - ing, crush'd and torn,
 So unworth - y though I be, Thou did'st suf-fer this for me,
 In the king-dom of thy grace, Give thy wand'ring child a place,

All for me, yes, all for me. . . .
 All for me, yes, all for me. . . .
 Oh, bless me, yes, ev - en me. . . .

A. S. KIEFER.

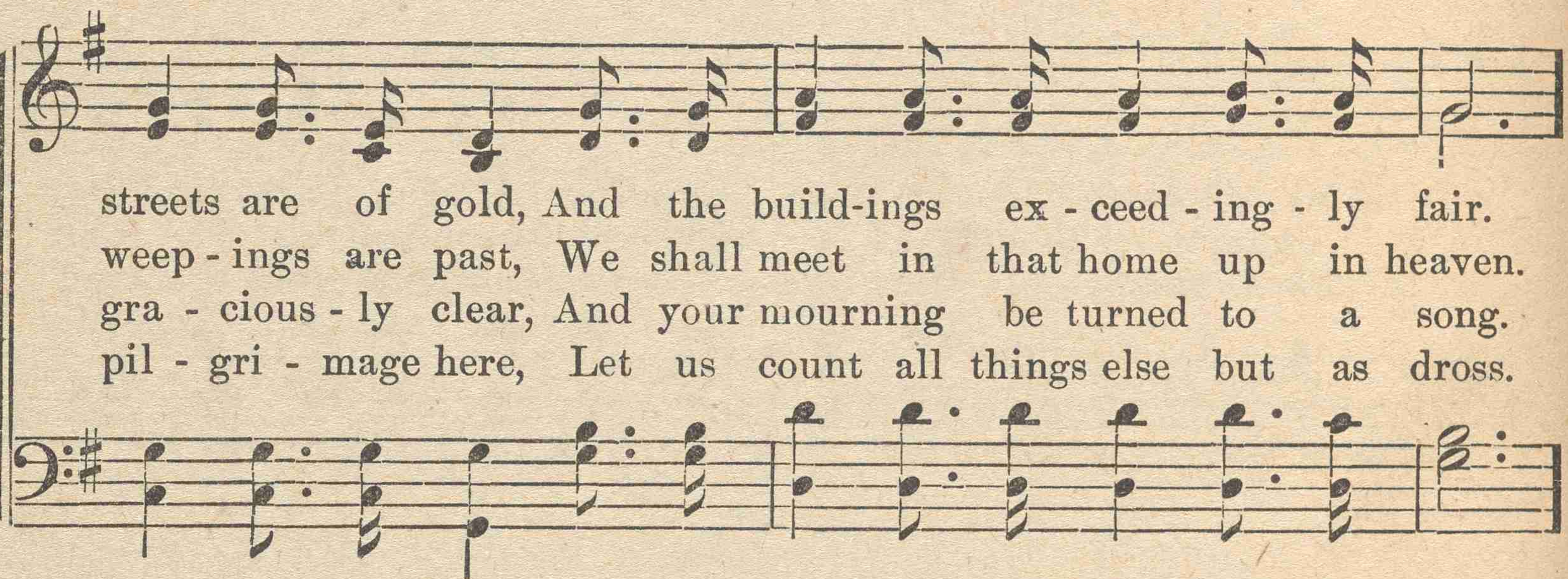
T. W. DENNINGTON.



1. There's a cit - y of light, 'mid the stars, we are told, Where they
 2. Broth - er dear, nev - er fear, we shall tri-umph at last, If we
 3. Sis - ter dear, nev - er fear, for the Sav - iour is near, With His
 4. Let us walk in the light of the gos - pel di - vine, Let us



know not a sor - row or care; Where the gates are of pearl and the
 trust in the word He has given; When our tri - als and toils, and our
 hand He will lead us a - long; And the way that was dark Christ will
 ev - er keep near to the cross; Let us love, watch and pray in our



streets are of gold, And the build-ings ex - ceed - ing - ly fair.
 weep - ings are past, We shall meet in that home up in heaven.
 gra - cious - ly clear, And your mourning be turned to a song.
 pil - gri - mage here, Let us count all things else but as dross.

CHORUS.



Let us pray for each oth - er, Nor faint by the way, In this



- 1 What a Friend we have in Jesus!
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit!
Oh, what needless pain we bear!
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

REV. H. BONAR

- 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
- 2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
- 3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

JUST WAITING.

Rev. W. T. DALE. Behold the Bridegroom cometh, - Matt, 25: 6, CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Just waiting the summons to welcome me home, Just waiting the time when my
2. Just waiting to step from the borders of time, Just waiting to en-ter the
3. Just waiting to stand on the beautiful shore, With kindred and friends who have
4. Just waiting with an-gels and ser-aphs to fall And worship the Savior as



Sav-ior shall come To take me a-way to his pal-ace on high, And
heav-en-ly clime, Just wait-ing the fi-nal a-dieu here be-low, Just
gone on be-fore, Just wait-ing to sing with the an-gels a-bove, Just
Sov'reign of all, Just wait-ing to tell of his triumphs and fame, And



CHORUS.



give me a place with the saints in the sky. Wait-ing . . .
wait-ing with Je-sus my Sav-ior to go.
wait-ing to chant the sweet anthems of love.
shout in my ec-sta-cy, "worth-y the Lamb." Waiting, yes waiting,



wait-ing . . . Just wait-ing till Je-sus shall come;
wait-ing, yes waiting,





C. P. M.

Excellency of Christ.

1 OH, could we speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine,
We'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 We'd sing the precious blood He spilt—
Our ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
We'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
We shall forever shine.

3 We'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
We would, to everlasting days,
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When the dear Lord will bring us home,
And we shall see His face;
Then with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

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

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

3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

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

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
While this poor, lisping, stamm'ring
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

8s, 7s, & 4.

God, the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.

1 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

SHOUT FOR GLADNESS.

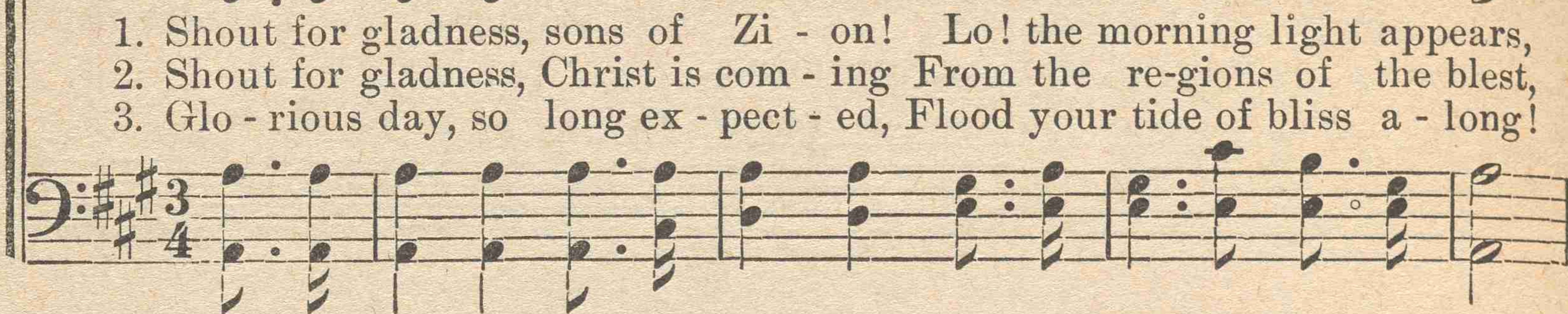
A. S. KEIFER.

CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

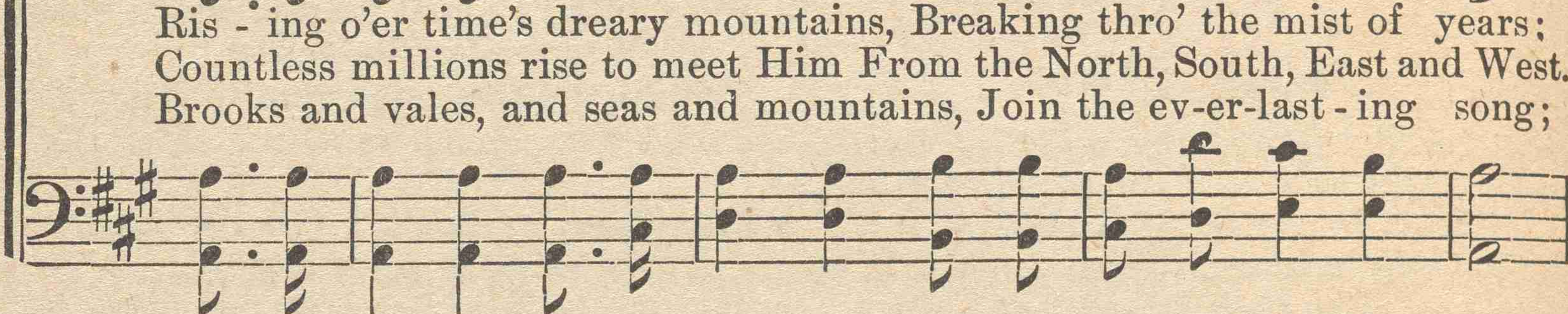
With vigor.



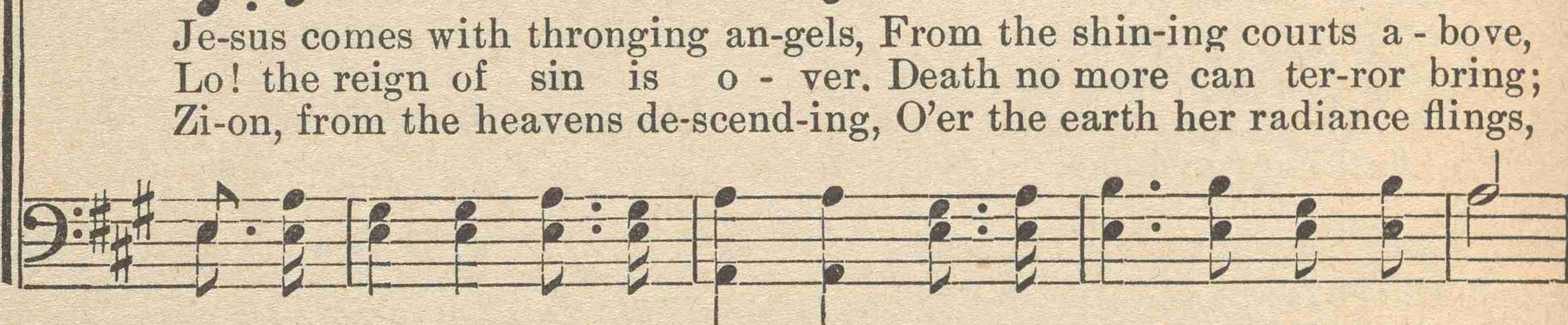
1. Shout for gladness, sons of Zi - on! Lo! the morning light appears,
 2. Shout for gladness, Christ is com - ing From the re-gions of the blest,
 3. Glo - rious day, so long ex - pect - ed, Flood your tide of bliss a - long!



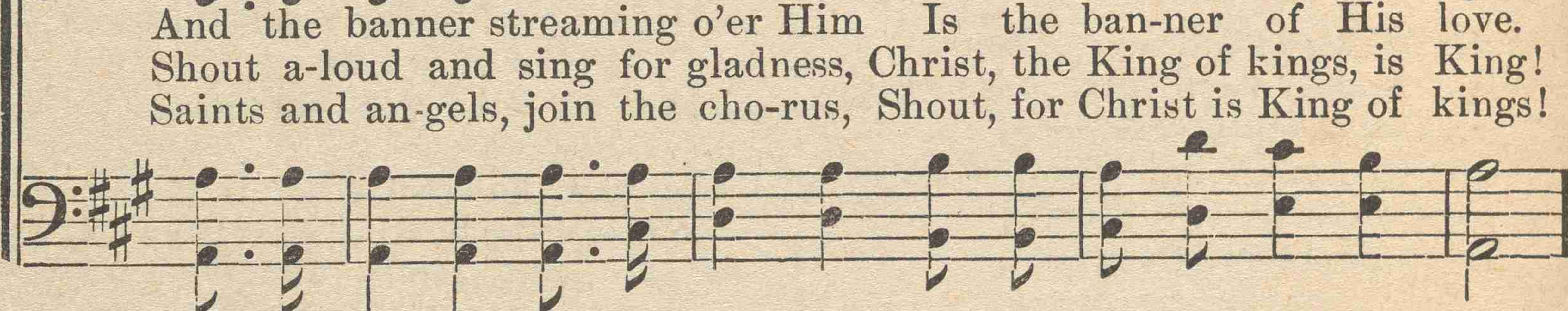

Ris - ing o'er time's dreary mountains, Breaking thro' the mist of years;
 Countless millions rise to meet Him From the North, South, East and West.
 Brooks and vales, and seas and mountains, Join the ev - er - last - ing song;




Je - sus comes with thronging an - gels, From the shin - ing courts a - bove,
 Lo! the reign of sin is o - ver. Death no more can ter - ror bring;
 Zi - on, from the heavens de - scend - ing, O'er the earth her radiance flings,




And the banner streaming o'er Him Is the ban - ner of His love.
 Shout a - loud and sing for gladness, Christ, the King of kings, is King!
 Saints and an - gels, join the cho - rus, Shout, for Christ is King of kings!



CHORUS.



Shout for gladness, O ye peo - ple! Let your songs of triumph ring!



Lo! the morn of Zi-on's glo - ry! Christ, the King of kings, is King!

TAKE ME AS I AM.

Melody by the late REV. J. H. STOCKTON. Har. by W. J. K.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un-less thou help me I must die;
 2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
 3. If thou hast work for me to do, In-spire my will, my heart re-new,
 4. And when at last the work is done, The bat-tle o'er, the vict'-ry won,

Fine.
 Oh, bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
 And thou can'st make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am!
 And work both in and by me too, But take me as I am!
 Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Lord, take me as I am!

D. S. bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.

REFRAIN,

Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,
 take me as I am, take me as I am;

From "THE GARNER." by per.

Mrs. EMMA PITT.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. There's a sweet, a bright for-ev - er, Just be-yond the Jas-per sea;
 2. There's a sweet, a bright for-ev - er, Where no sor-row e'er can come;
 3. We shall see our precious Sav-iour, When He comes His own to claim;



When we cross that gold-en riv-er, With the dear ones we shall be.
 'Tis a-cross yon gold-en riv-er, Je-sus has a glorious home.
 Oh, we'll bask in Je-sus' fa-vor, Sing-ing glo-ry to the Lamb.

CHORUS.



Oh, the sweet, . . . the bright for-ev - er, Just be-

Oh, the sweet, the bright forev-er, Oh, the sweet, the bright forev-er, Just be-



yond . . . the Jasper sea; When we cross . . . that

yond the Jasper sea, Just beyond the Jasper sea; When we cross that golden river,



gold-en riv - er, With the dear ones we shall be.

When we cross that gold-en riv - er,

JESUS ALL THE WAY.

91

M. E. SERVOS.

C. C. CASE.



1. 'Tis Je - sus when the burdened heart Is sink - ing 'neath its load;
2. 'Tis Je - sus when the in - fant tongue Can hard - ly lisp the name;
3. 'Tis Je - sus for the friendless one, The wea - ry, sad and lone;



And Je - sus when the trem - bling steps Can hard - ly keep the road;
And when the form is bent with age, 'Tis Je - sus just the same;
And Je - sus for the sin - ner's hope To change the heart of stone;



And Je - sus when the sun of joy Has set in sor - row's night;
For on our way to pastures green, Lest we from Him should stray,
And Je - sus when the hour has come To cross the si - lent stream;



For He a - lone can soothe the pain Or guide the steps a - right.
Our Shep - herd walks be - fore His sheep, And leads them all the way.
Then Je - sus, Je - sus ev - er - more Shall be our new song's theme.



CHORUS.



'Tis Je - sus in the morn - ing hours, And Je - sus thro' the day,



And Je - sus in life's ev - en - time, And Je - sus all the way.





1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home, We will
2. When the an-gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
3. At the great and final judgment, when the hidden comes to light, When the
4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim, In tri-




greet each other by the crystal sea, With the friends and all of the loved ones there a-
gather, and the saved and ransom'd see, Then to meet again to-geth-er, on the
Lord in all his glory we shall see; At the bidding of our Savior, "Come, ye
umphant strains the glorious jubilee; Then to meet and join to sing the song of
crystal sea;




wait-ing us to come, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
bright ce-les-tial shore, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
bless-ed to my right, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
Mos-es and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!



CHORUS.



What a gath'ring, gath'ring, At the
What a gath'ring of the loved ones when we'll meet with one another,




sounding of the glorious jubilee, What a gath'ring,
jubilee, What a gath'ring when the friends and all the



gath' - - - ing, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be.
 dear ones meet each other,

lover's favorite.

BRIGHT LAND.

C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.

1. { Be - yond this sad and sin - ful life A land by faith I see, }
 { Where free from sor - row, care and strife, We'll ev - er hap - py be. }
 2. { No night is there but end - less day, No tear-drops dim the eye }
 { For God shall wipe them all a - way, In that "sweet by and by." }
 3. { No sad fare - well in that dear land, No lov'd ones borne away, }
 { But a u - nit - ed, hap - py band, Thro' an e - ter - nal day. }

CHORUS.

Bright land, bright land, From sin and sor - row ev - er free;
 bright land, bright land,

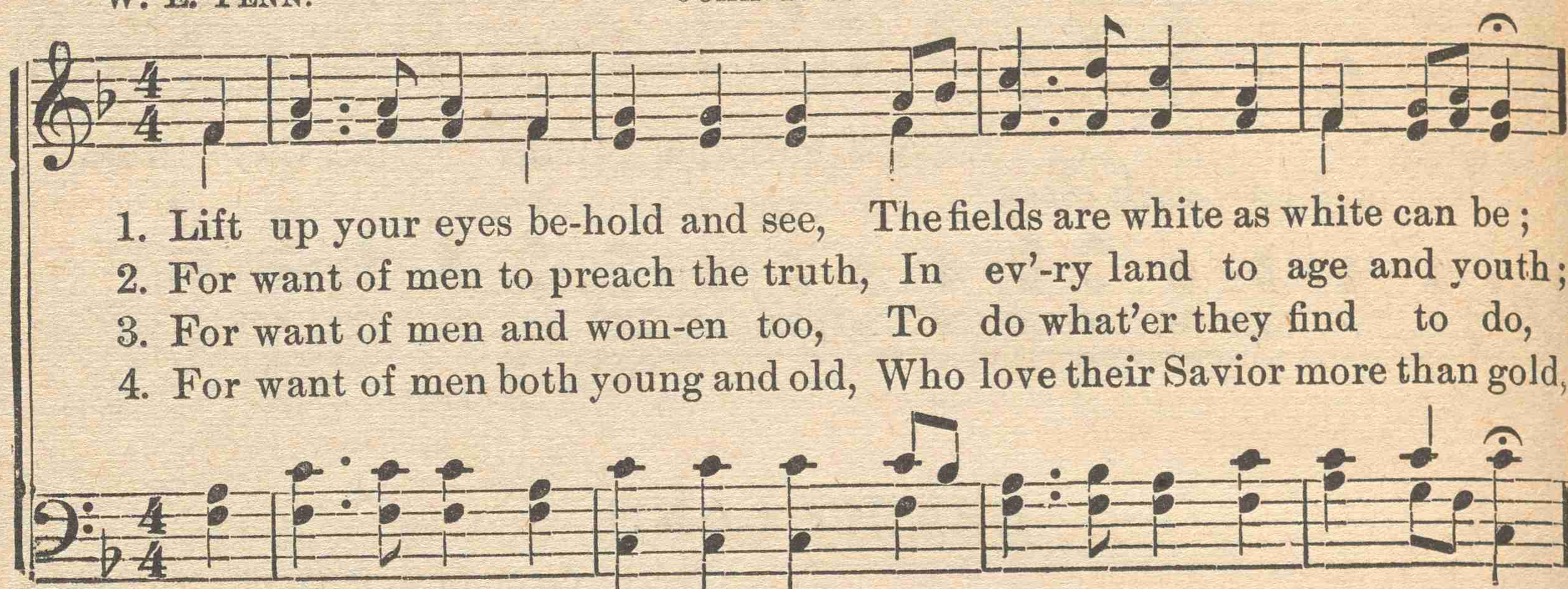
I shall soon be there its glories all to share, And Jesus my Savior to see.

THE HARVEST IS WHITE.

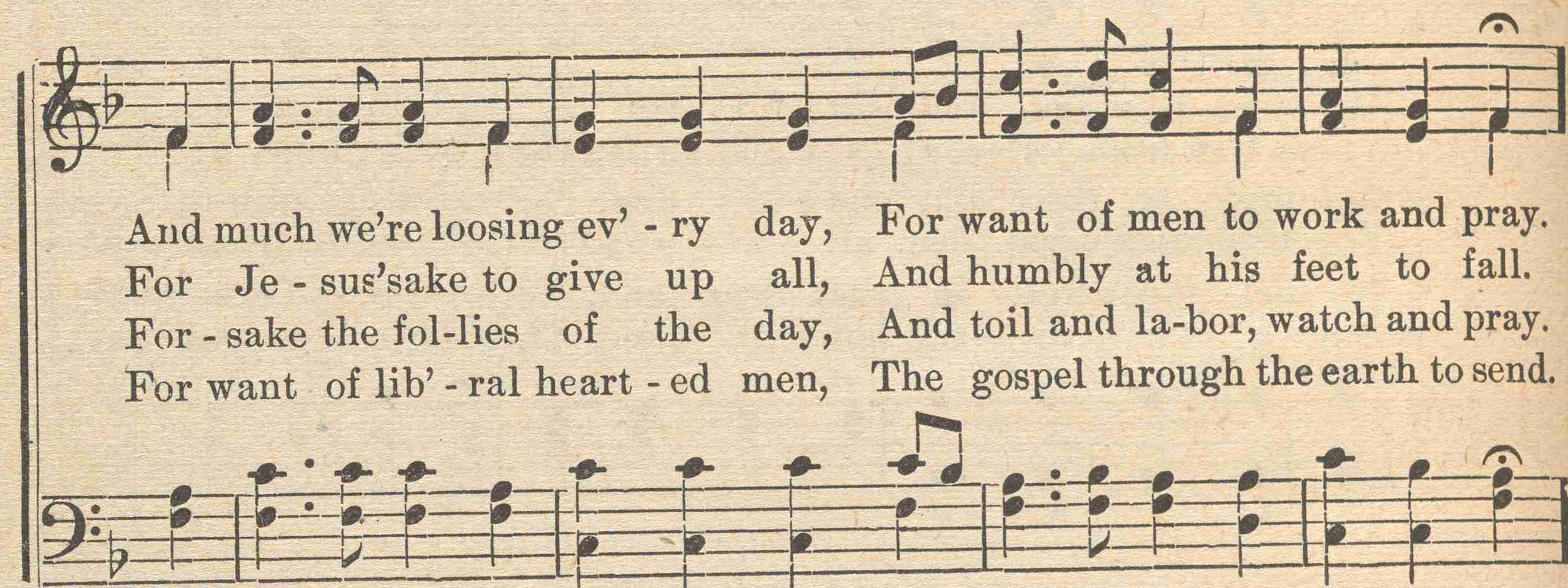
W. E. PENN.

John 4: 35.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Lift up your eyes be-hold and see, The fields are white as white can be ;
 2. For want of men to preach the truth, In ev'-ry land to age and youth;
 3. For want of men and wom-en too, To do what'er they find to do,
 4. For want of men both young and old, Who love their Savior more than gold,

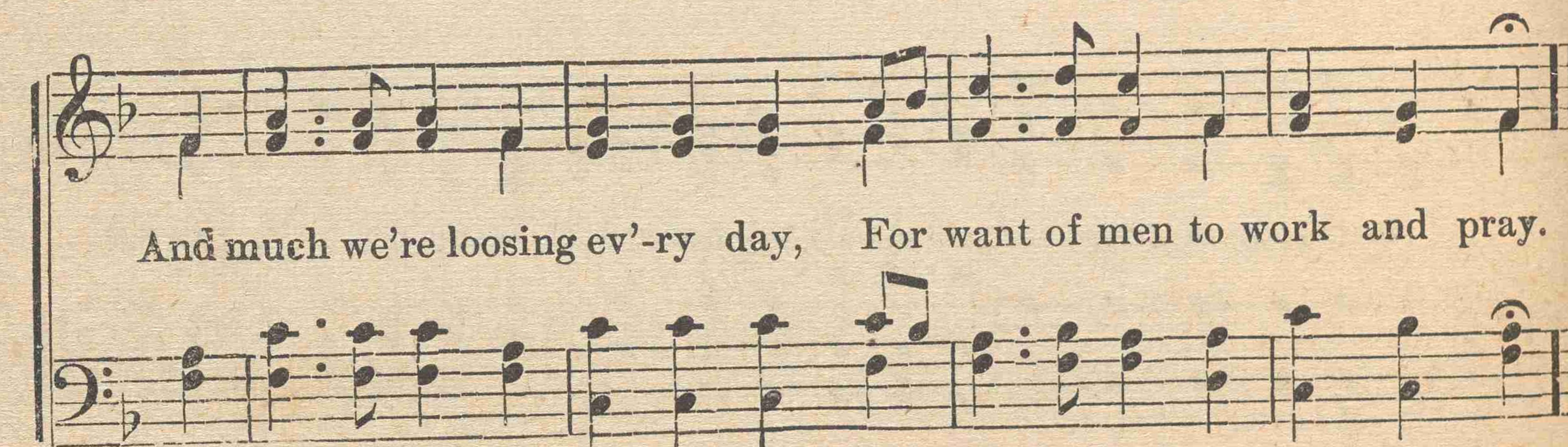


And much we're loosing ev' - ry day, For want of men to work and pray.
 For Je - sus'sake to give up all, And humbly at his feet to fall.
 For - sake the fol-lies of the day, And toil and la-bor, watch and pray.
 For want of lib' - ral heart - ed men, The gospel through the earth to send.

CHORUS.



The har-vest fields, O broth - er see, Are just as white as white can be,



And much we're loosing ev'-ry day, For want of men to work and pray.

C. M.

Amazing grace.

1 Amazing grace—how sweet the sound!
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to
fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me;
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall
fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

1 I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?

2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for Me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've born it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?
MISS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1859.

8s & 7s.

Forsaking all to follow Christ.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest;
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me!
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

1 There is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the Cross afar,
The Saviour's love revealing.

REFRAIN.

Oh, depth of mercy! can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?
For me? for me?
Was left ajar for me?

2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation—
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.

REFRAIN.

3 Press onward, then, though foes may
frown,
While mercy's gate is open;
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

REFRAIN.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

REFRAIN.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

YET THERE'S ROOM.

W. E. PENN.

A. S. KIEFFER.



1. In our Fa-ther's home a - bove, There is room for ev - 'ry one ;
2. Can you pray to be ex-cused? Can you wait an-oth - er day?
3. Will you say, "I will not go?" Dare you an - y long-er wait?
4. Mercy's door still stands a - jar, And the spir - it whispers come ;



Boundless room in his great love, For the sin - ner who will come.
 While the fie - ry bil-lows roll, That may sweep your soul a - way?
 While the cry is "yet there's room," And one hour may be too late?
 Cries to rich and poor the same, Say - ing yet there's boundless room.

**CHORUS.**

Yes, there's room, boundless room For the sin - ner who will come;



Yes, there's room, boundless room, For the sin - ner who will come.

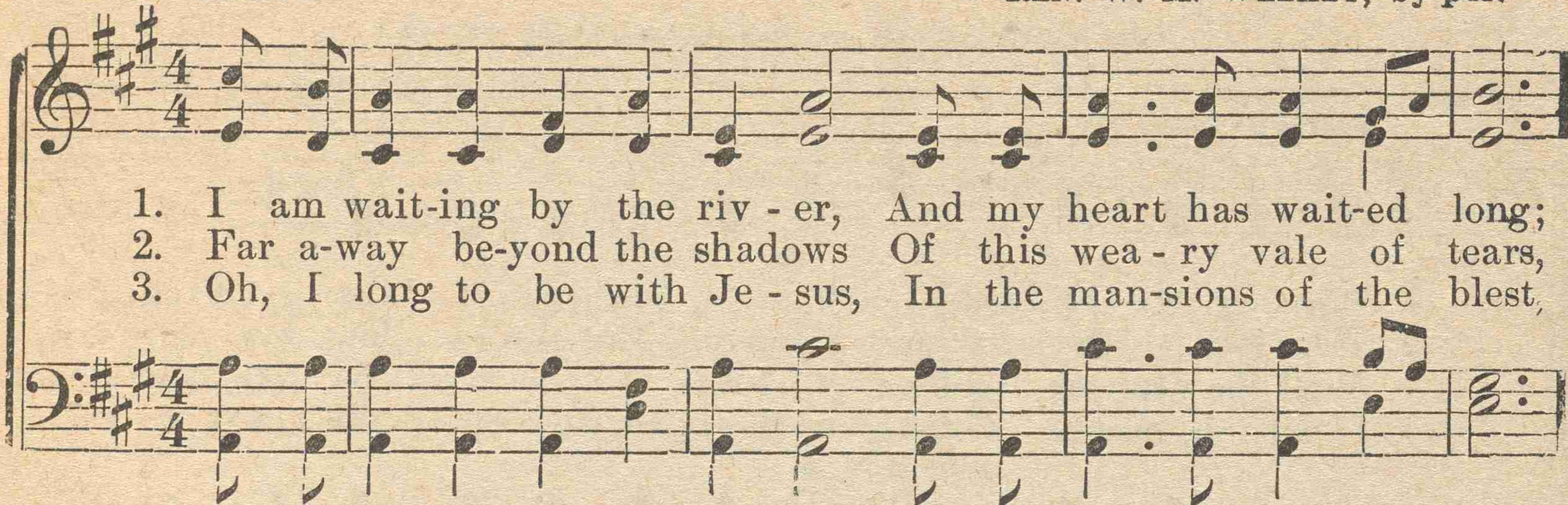


I AM WAITING.

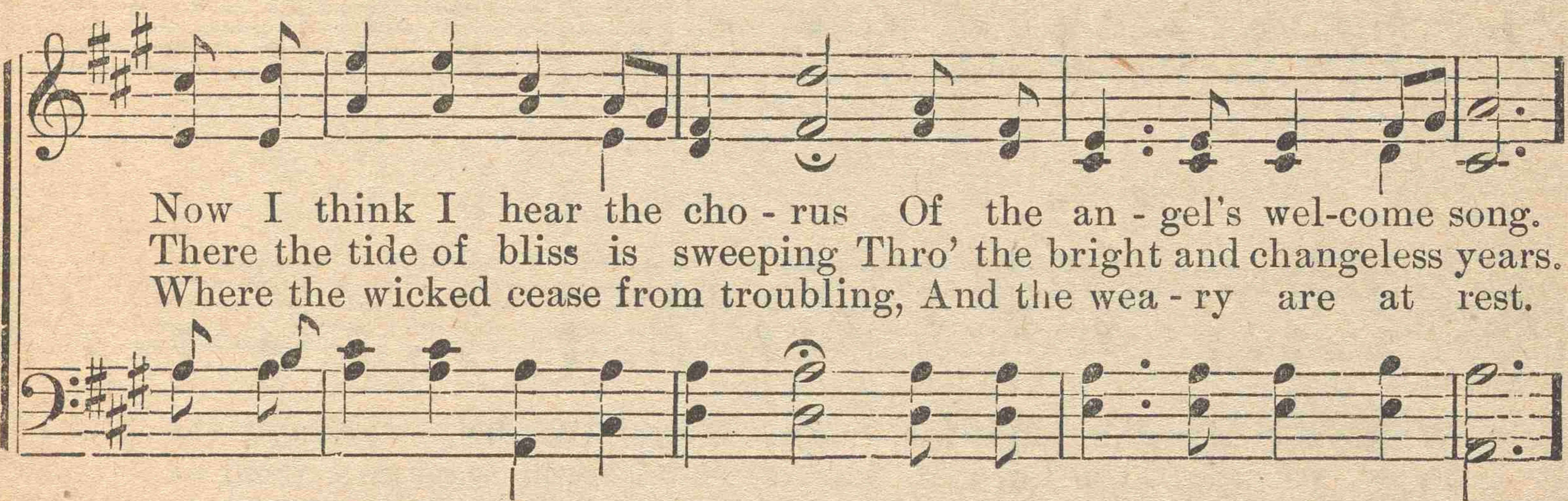
97

W. O. CURLING.

REN. W. M. WEEKLY, by per.

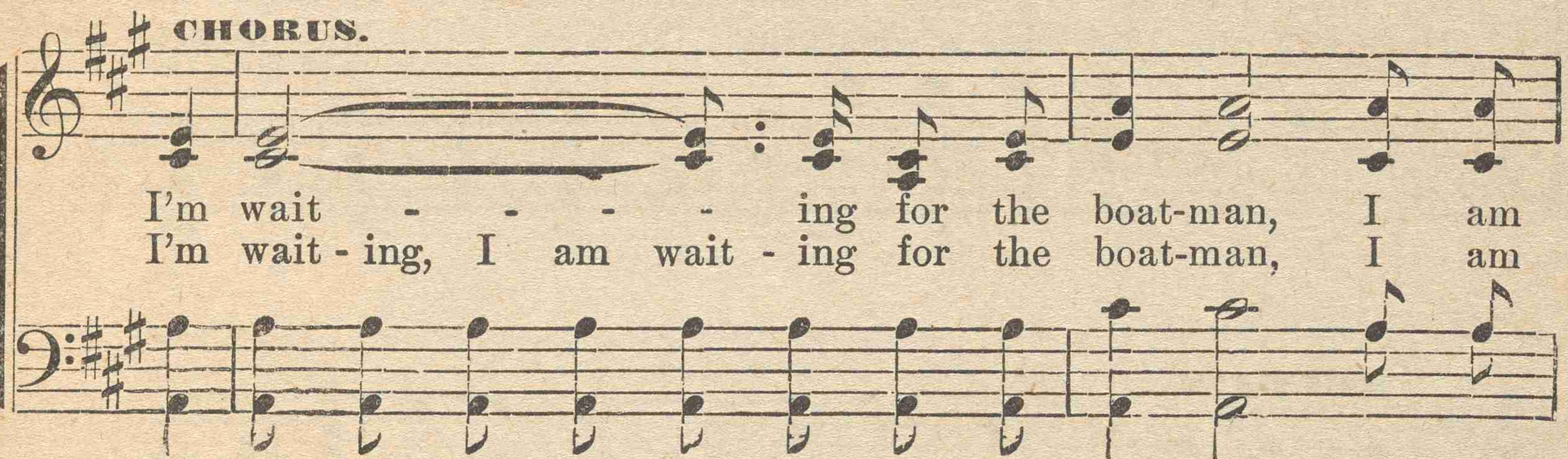


1. I am wait-ing by the riv - er, And my heart has wait-ed long;
 2. Far a-way be-yond the shadows Of this wea - ry vale of tears,
 3. Oh, I long to be with Je - sus, In the man-sions of the blest,



Now I think I hear the cho - rus Of the an - gel's wel-come song.
 There the tide of bliss is sweeping Thro' the bright and changeless years.
 Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest.

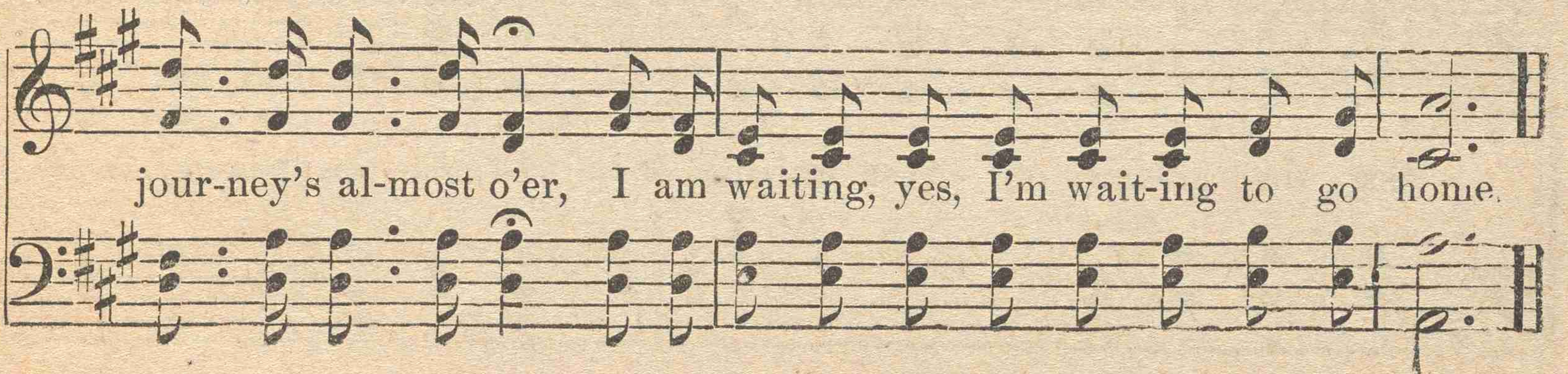
CHORUS.



I'm wait - - - ing for the boat-man, I am
 I'm wait - ing, I am wait - ing for the boat-man, I am



wait - - - ing till he comes; I am waiting on the shore, For my
 waiting, I am waiting



jour-ney's al-most o'er, I am waiting, yes, I'm wait-ing to go home.

WHO IS READY.

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

WARREN W. BENTLEY, by per.

1. Waiting is the gold-en harvest, Waiting is the gold-en grain,
 2. Tru-ly is the har-vest plenteous, But the la - bor - ers are few,
 3. Will the Mas-ter hold us guilt-less, If the work be left un-done?
 4. Haste, oh, hasten, will-ing work-ers, Swiftly speed the hours a - way ;

While the Mas-ter calls for reapers From the hill - side and the plain?
 Pray ye that the Lord of harvest Send forth workmen tried and true.
 If for lack of la - bor per-ish Pre - cious souls we might have won.
 Hark - en to the Master's warning, "Work ye while 'tis called to-day."

REFRAIN.

Who is will-ing, who is read-y? Who will go and work to-day?

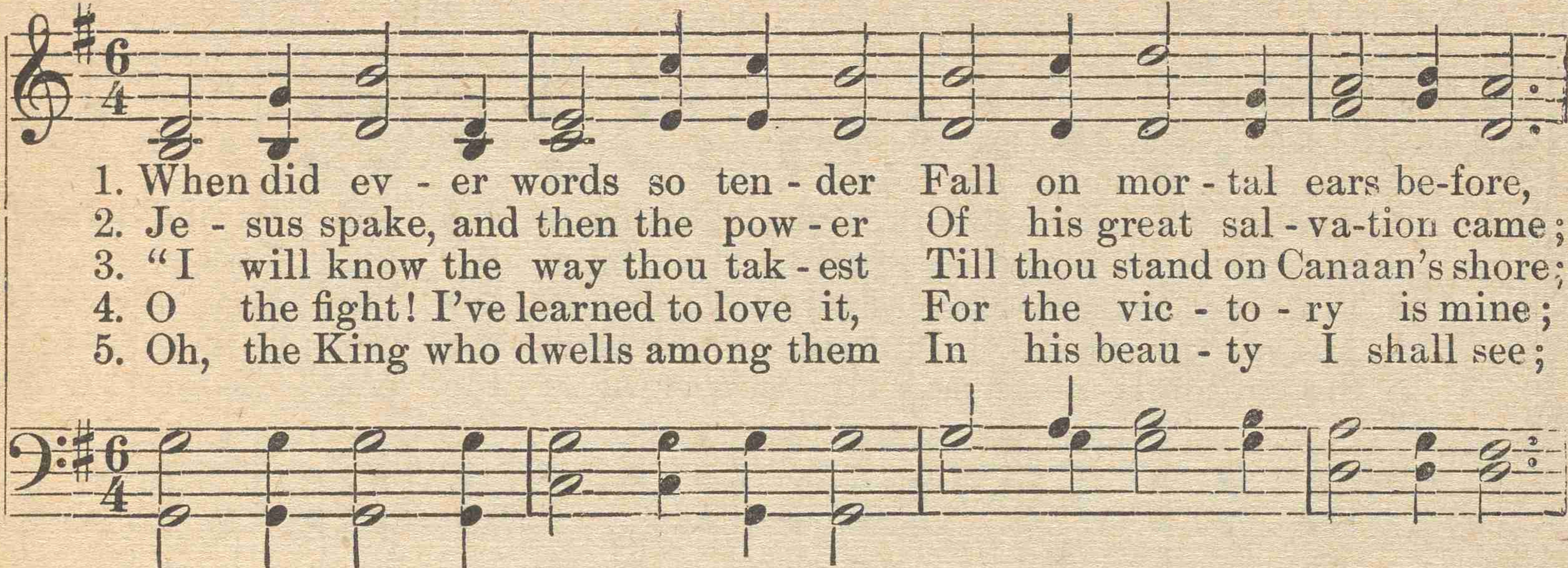
See the gold-en har - vest waiting, Who will bear the sheaves a-way.

SIN NO MORE.

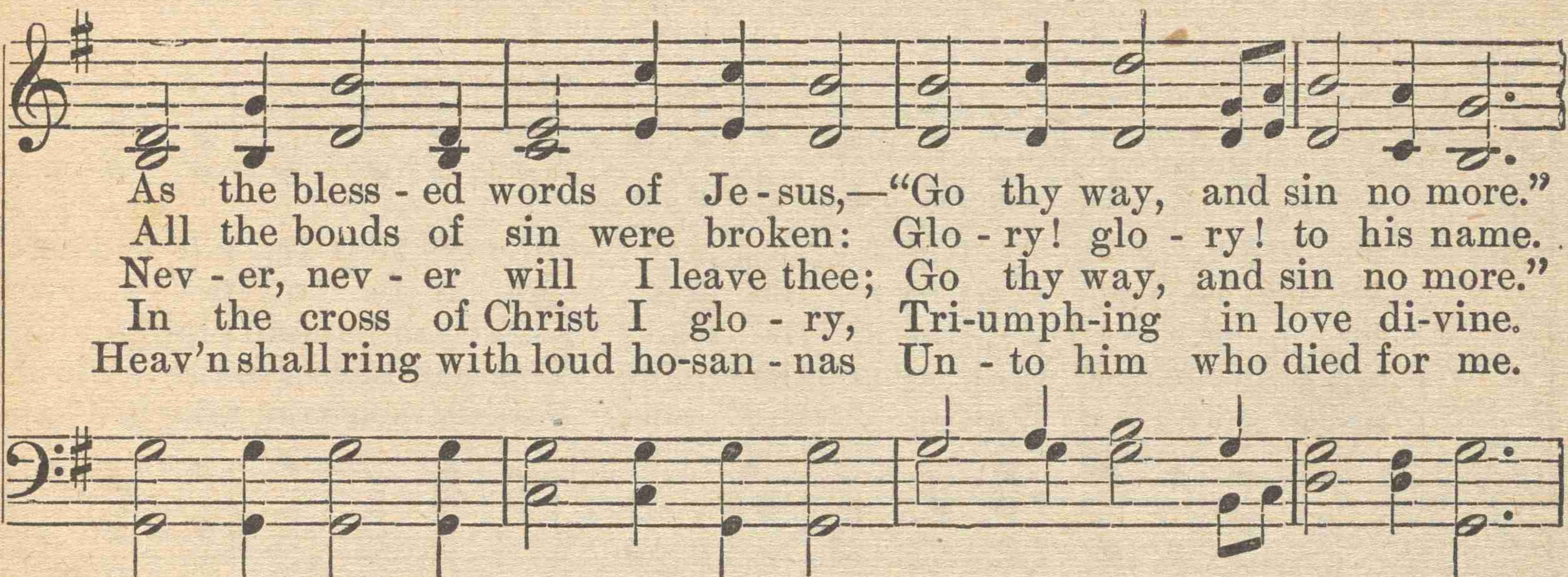
99

C. C. M'CABE.

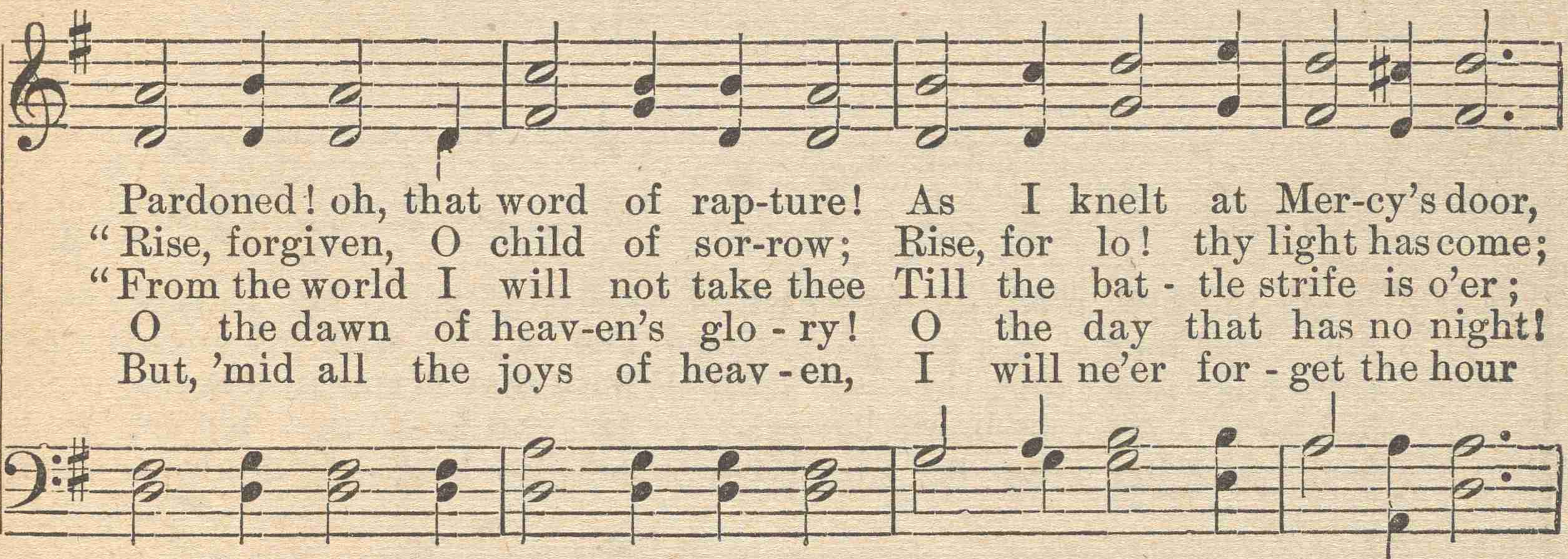
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



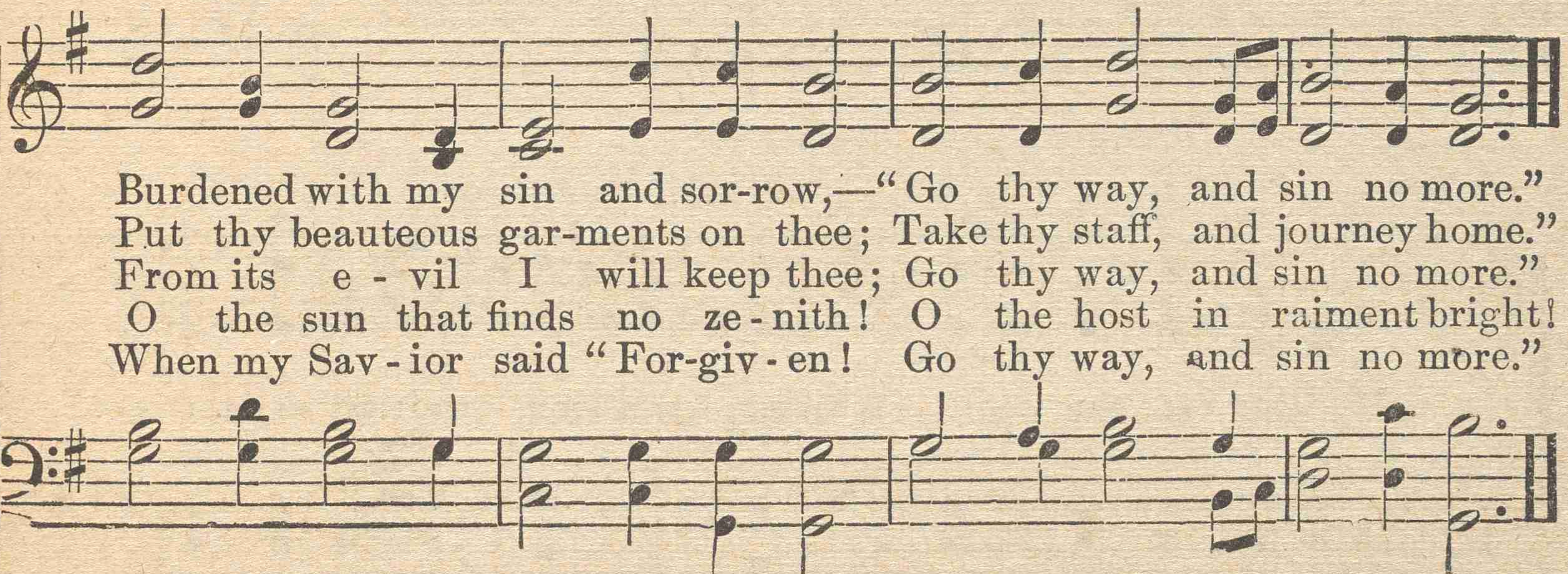
1. When did ev - er words so ten - der Fall on mor - tal ears be - fore,
 2. Je - sus spake, and then the pow - er Of his great sal - va - tion came;
 3. "I will know the way thou tak - est Till thou stand on Canaan's shore;
 4. O the fight! I've learned to love it, For the vic - to - ry is mine;
 5. Oh, the King who dwells among them In his beau - ty I shall see;



As the bless - ed words of Je - sus,—"Go thy way, and sin no more."
 All the bonds of sin were broken: Glo - ry! glo - ry! to his name.
 Nev - er, nev - er will I leave thee; Go thy way, and sin no more."
 In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tri - umph - ing in love di - vine.
 Heav'n shall ring with loud ho - san - nas Un - to him who died for me.



Pardoned! oh, that word of rap - ture! As I knelt at Mer - cy's door,
 "Rise, forgiven, O child of sor - row; Rise, for lo! thy light has come;
 "From the world I will not take thee Till the bat - tle strife is o'er;
 O the dawn of heav - en's glo - ry! O the day that has no night!
 But, 'mid all the joys of heav - en, I will ne'er for - get the hour



Burdened with my sin and sor - row,—"Go thy way, and sin no more."
 Put thy beauteous gar - ments on thee; Take thy staff, and journey home."
 From its e - vil I will keep thee; Go thy way, and sin no more."
 O the sun that finds no ze - nith! O the host in raiment bright!
 When my Sav - ior said "For - giv - en! Go thy way, and sin no more."

This A.B.T. favorite.
 WAITING AT THE POOL.

REV. A. J. HOUGH.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



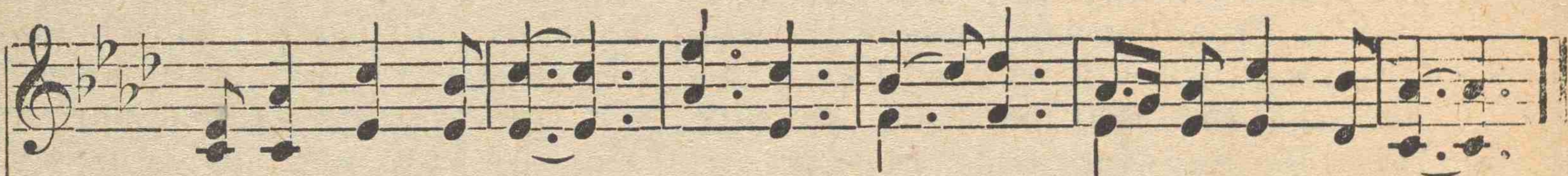
1. Thousands stand today in sorrow, Waiting at the pool; Saying they will
2. Souls, your filthy garments wearing, Waiting at the pool; Hearts, your heavy
3. Thousands once were standing near you, Waiting at the pool; Come their voices
4. Mother leaves the son, the daughter, Waiting at the pool; Calls to them a
5. Step in boldly—death may smite you, Waiting at the pool; Je-sus may ne



wash to-morrow, Waiting at the pool; Oth - ers step in left and right,
 bur - den bearing, Waiting at the pool; Can it be you nev - er heard,
 back to cheer you, Waiting at the pool; Back from Canaan's happy shore,
 cross the wa - ter, Waiting at the pool; You can nev - er more embrace
 more invite you, Waiting at the pool; Faith is near you, take her hand,



Wash their stain - ed garments white, Leaving you in sorrow's night,
 Je - sus long a - go hath stirred The waters with his mighty word,
 Sor - rows past and la - bor o'er, Where they stand in tears no more,
 Moth - er, or be - hold her face, If you keep the lep - er's place,
 Seek with her the bet - ter land, And no long - er doubting stand,



Waiting at the pool, Waiting; wait - ing, waiting at the pool.



TELL ME MORE ABOUT JESUS.

101

"The chiefest among ten thousand."—1 Cant. 5: 10.

P. P. BLISS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



1. 'Tis known on earth and heaven too, 'Tis sweet to me because its true;
2. Earth's fairest flow'rs will droop and die, Dark clouds o'erspread yon azure sky,
3. When overwhelmed with un-belief, When burdened with the blinding grief,
4. And when the glo - ry-land I see, And take the place prepared for me,



The old, old, sto - ry is e'er new; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
Life's dear - est joys flit fleet - est by; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
Come kind - ly then to my re - lief; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
Thro' end - less years my song shall be; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.



CHORUS.



Tell me more a - bout Je - sus, Tell me more a - bout Je - sus;



Him would I know who loved me so, Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.



TRUST ON.

L. B. SHOOK, by per.



1. Trust on! trust on, be - liev - er! Tho' long the con - flict be, Thou
 2. Trust on! trust on; thy fail - ings May bow thee to the dust, But
 3. Trust on! the dan - ger press - es; Temp - ta - tion strong is near, Yet
 4. O Christ is strong to save us, He is a faithful Friend, Trust




yet shalt prove vic - tor - ious; Thy God shall fight for thee.
 in thy deep - est sor - row, O give not up thy trust.
 o'er life's dang'rous rap - ids, He shall thy pas - sage steer.
 on! trust on! be - liev - er, O trust him to the end.



CHORUS.
 Trust on! . . . Trust on! . . . Trust



Trust on! trust on! Tho' dark the night and drear;



on! . . . trust on! . . .



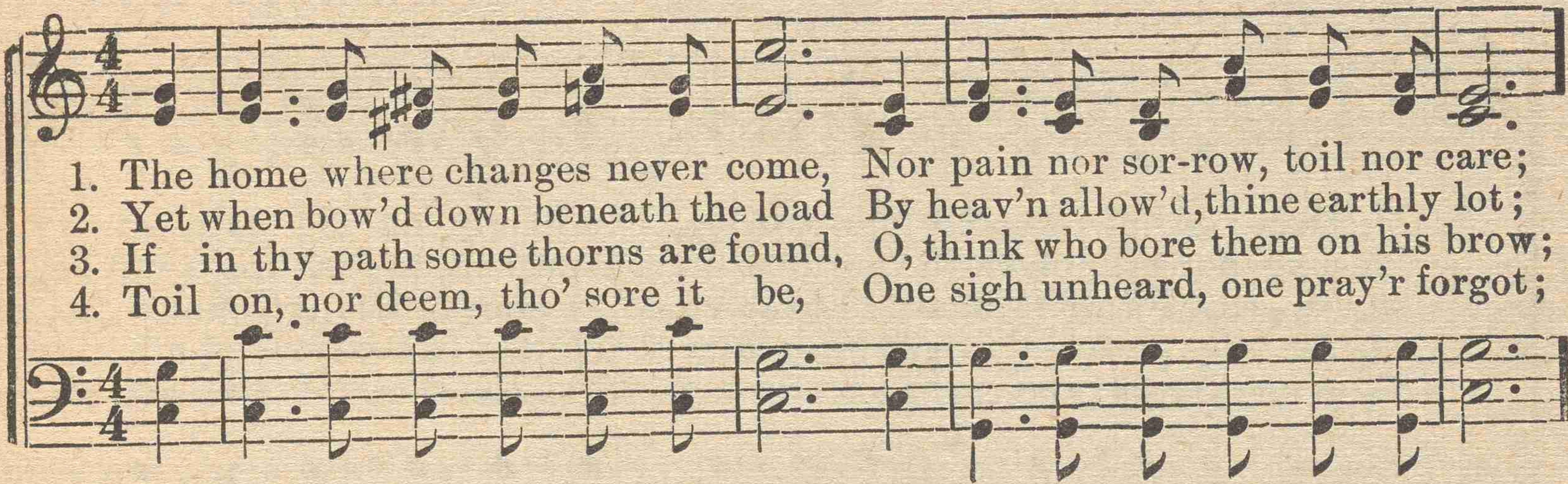
Trust on! trust on! The morn - ing dawn is near.



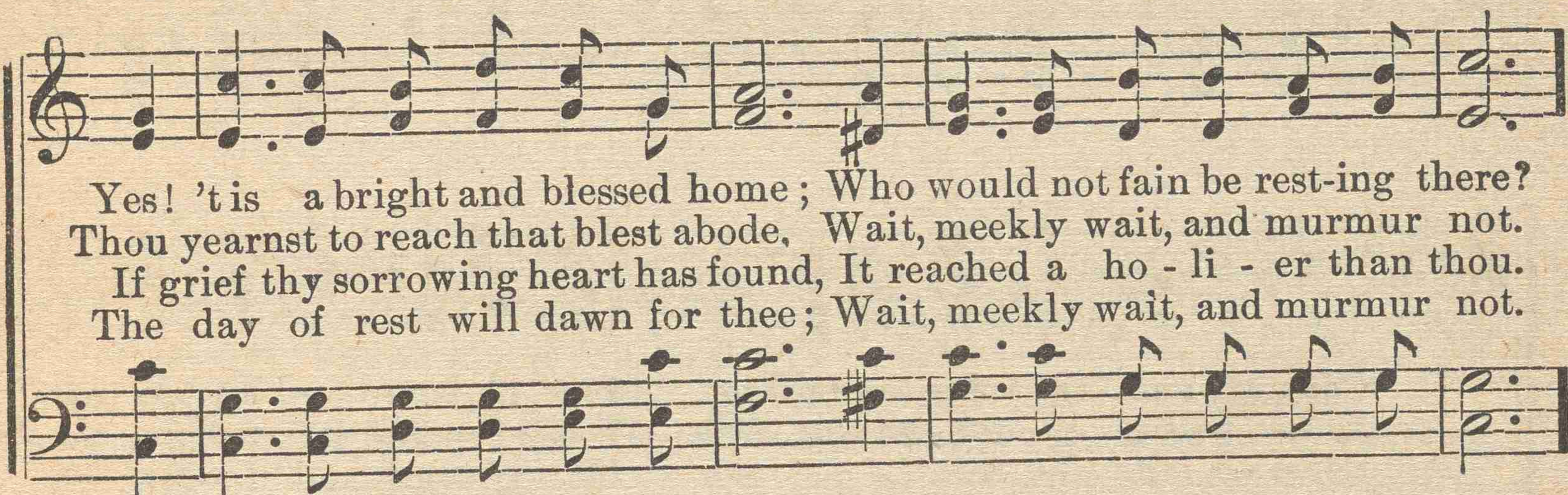
WAIT, AND MURMUR NOT.

103

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sor-row, toil nor care;
 2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot;
 3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow;
 4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot;



Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be rest-ing there?
 Thou yearnst to reach that blest abode, Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.
 If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
 The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

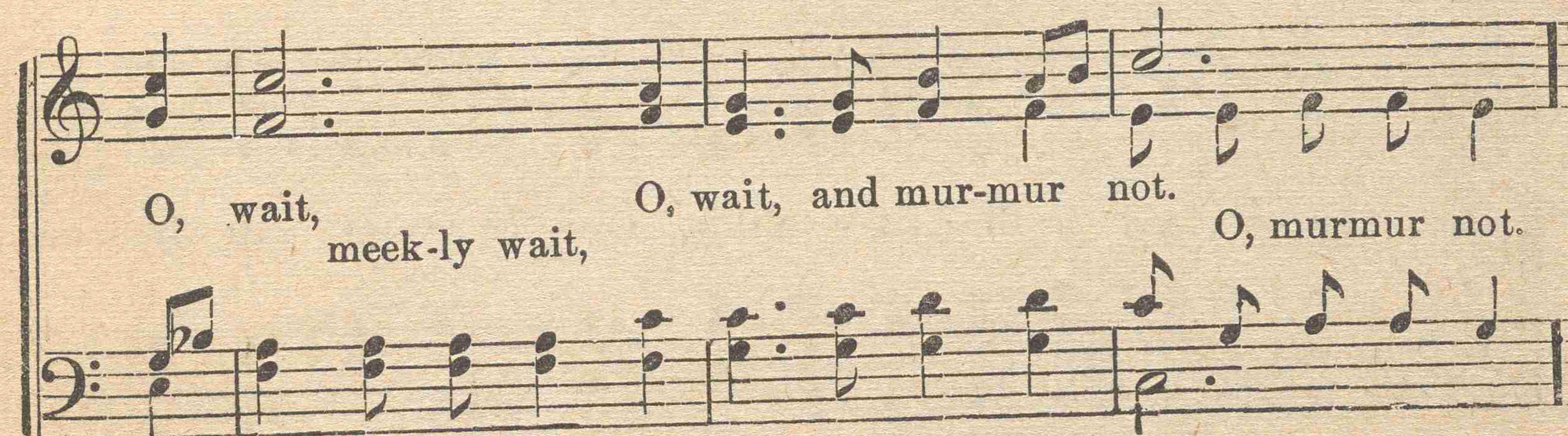
CHORUS.



O, wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O,



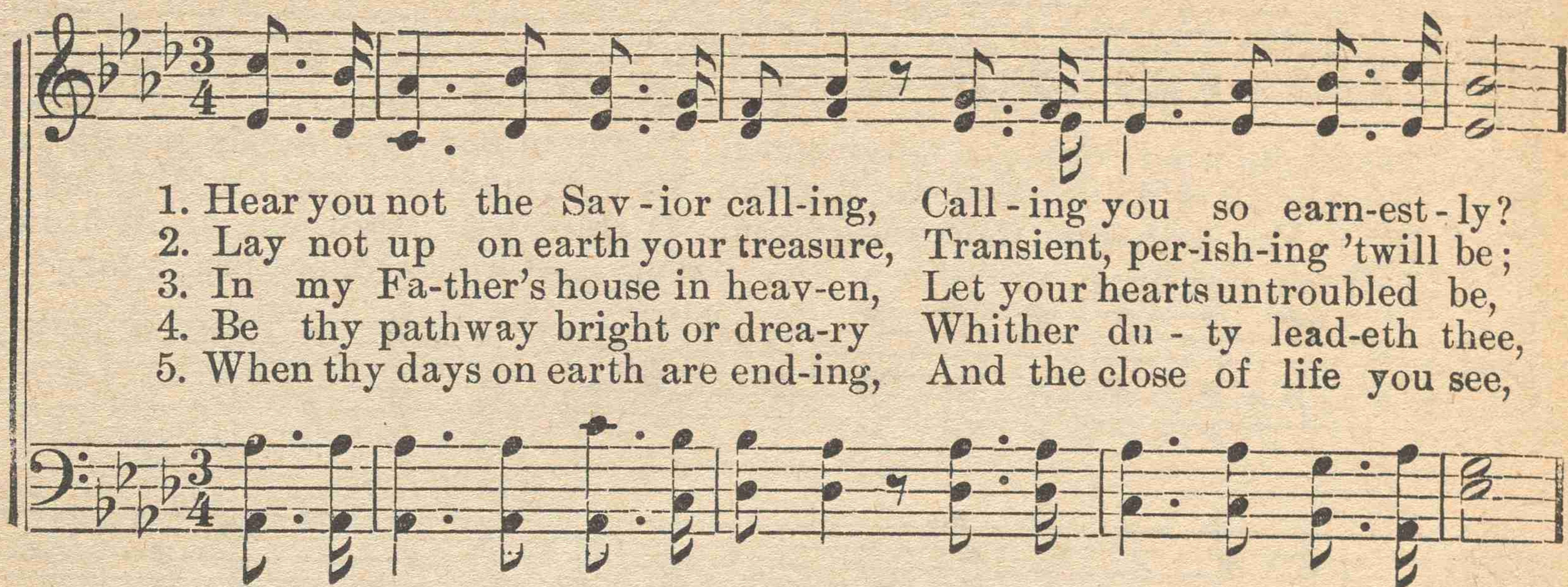
wait, meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait, and murmur not, O, wait, meek - ly wait,



O, wait, meek - ly wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not. O, murmur not.

T. C. O'K.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.



1. Hear you not the Sav-ior call-ing, Call-ing you so earn-est-ly?
 2. Lay not up on earth your treasure, Transient, per-ish-ing 'twill be;
 3. In my Fa-ther's house in heav-en, Let your hearts untroubled be,
 4. Be thy pathway bright or drea-ry Whither du-ty lead-eth thee,
 5. When thy days on earth are end-ing, And the close of life you see,

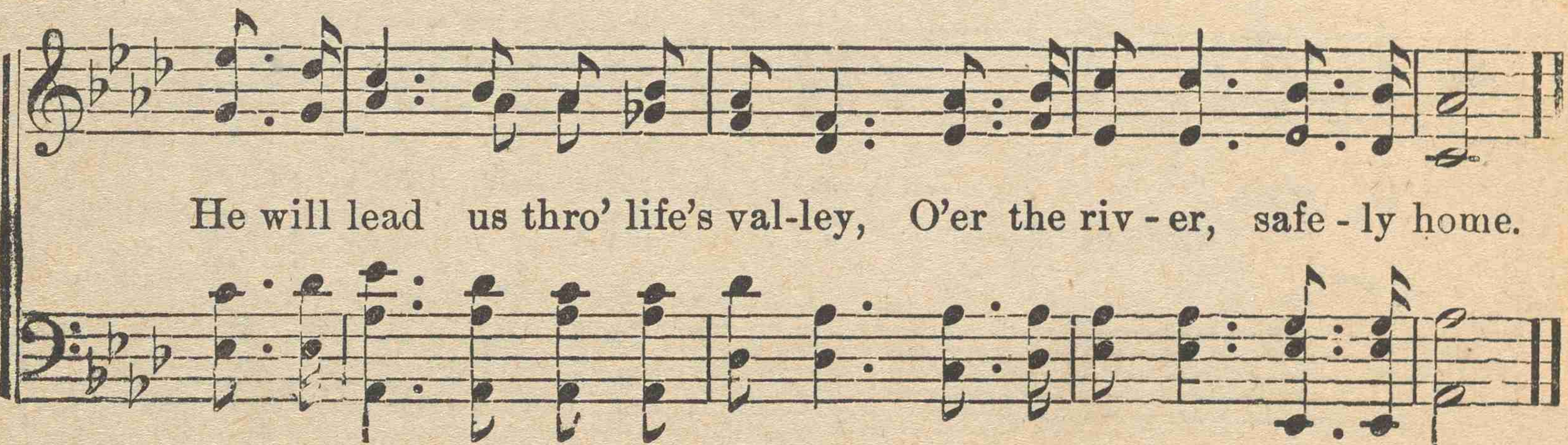


Gent-ly, too, the tones are falling, "Come, oh, come and fol-low me."
 Rath-er seek e-ter-nal pleasure; Would you find it? fol-low me.
 Glorious man-sion will be giv-en, On-ly come and fol-low me.
 Strong thy steps, or faint and wea-ry, I will guide thee,—fol-low me.
 E-ven to the grave descending, Nev-er fear, but fol-low me.

CHORUS.



Let us round our Lead-er ral-ly, Je-sus bids us each to come;



He will lead us thro' life's val-ley, O'er the riv-er, safe-ly home.

MORE LIKE THEE.

105

Words and Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



1. Je - sus, Savior, great Ex-am - ple, Pat-tern of all pu - ri - ty,
2. Lest I wan-der from thy pathway, Or my feet move wea-ri - ly,
3. When temptations fiercely low - er, And my shrinking soul would flee,
4. When around me all is darkness, And thy beauties none may see
5. When death's cold, repulsive finger, Leaves its impress on my brow,



I would fol - low in thy foot-steps, Dai-ly growing more like thee.
Sav-ior, take my hand and lead me, Keep me steadfast, more like thee.
Change each weakness into pow - er, Keep me spotless, more like thee.
May thy beams, O glorious brightness, In effulgence shine through me.
May thy life, with-in me swell-ing, Keep me singing then as now.



CHORUS.



More like thee, more like thee, Savior, this my constant pray'r shall
More like thee, More like thee,



be,— Day by day, where'er I stay, Make me more and more like thee.



REV. DR. BONAR, arr. by W. E. PENN.

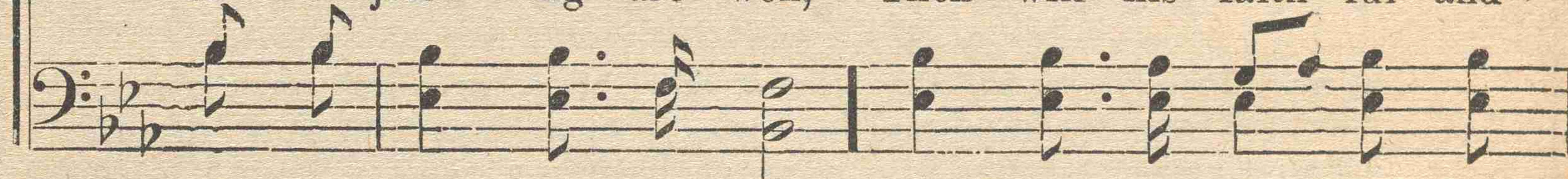
WARREN W. BENTLEY, by per.



1. Up and a - way like the dew of the morn-ing, Soar-ing from earth
 2. Shall we be missed if oth - ers succeed us, Reap-ing the fields
 3. On - ly the truths that in life we have spo-ken, On - ly the songs
 4. Oh, when the Savior shall make up his Jew - els, When the bright crowns




to its home in the sun, Thus would we pass from the
 we in Spring-time have sown? No for the sow - ers may
 that on earth we have sung, These shall pass on - ward when
 of re - joic - ing are won, Then will his faith - ful and




earth and its toil-ing, On - ly re-mem-bered by what we have done.
 pass from their la-bors, On - ly re-mem-bered by what they have done.
 we are for - got-ten, Fruits of our la - bor and work we have done.
 wea - ry dis - ci - ples, All be re-mem-bered for what they have done.



CHORUS.



Only remembered, only remembered, Only remembered by what we have done.




Only remembered, only remembered, Only remembered by what we have done.



HAIL, THOU EVER ROLLING OCEAN.

107

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Hail, thou ev - er roll - ing o - cean, Hail, thou ev - er heav - ing sea,
2. See the glo - ry, friends of Je - sus, On this o - cean deep and wide,
3. Gaze not sim - ply on this o - cean, Walk not on - ly on the shore,



Sunlight on thy bos - om gleameth, Light and shade al - ter - nate - ly.
But a glo - ry, clear - er, bright - er, Lies be - yond this swelling tide.
Launch ye bold - ly on its bos - om, Trust your Pi - lot ev - er - more.



CHORUS.



Far be - yond the roll - ing bil - lows, Lies a cit - y, bright and fair,



Glo - ry to our skill - ful Pi - lot, Soon he'll bring our spir - its there.



From "The Beauty of Praise," by per.

REV. FRANK POLLOCK.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With pathos.

1. Geth-se - ma-ne! Geth-se - ma-ne! The Lord once bore my grief in thee,
2. I hear my Savior's pleading tone, As-cend-ing to his Father's throne.
3. Thus thrice in tears and groans he cries, While ho-ly an-gels sym-path-ize;
4. Geth-se - ma-ne! Geth-se - ma-ne! How sac-red in my mem - o - ry,



In bloody sweat he groaned in prayer, Till angels came to soothe him there.
 "Remove the suff'ring now begun, Yet, not my will, but thine be done."
 O! Je-sus, in thy lone re-treat I'd come and bathe with tears thy feet.
 The grief of Je-sus lingers yet, His love my soul can ne'er for-get.

**CHORUS.**

Geth - se - ma-ne! Geth-se - ma-ne! The Lord once bore my grief in thee;



Geth - se - ma-ne! Geth-se - ma-ne! By faith I go and weep in thee.



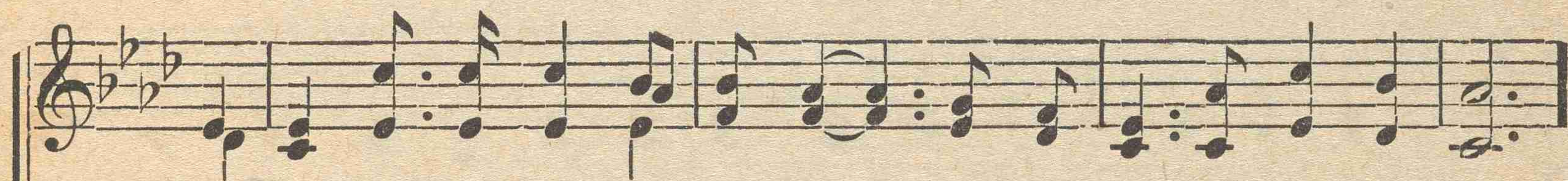
THE WICKET GATE.

109

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. There's nev-er a day so sun - ny, But a lit - tle cloud appears;
2. There's nev-er a cup so pleas-ant, But has bit - ter with the sweet;
3. There's nev-er a dream that's hap-py, But the wak-ing makes us sad;
4. There's nev-er a way so nar - row, But the entrance is made straight,



There's nev-er a life so hap - py, But has had its time of tears.
 There's nev-er a path so rug - ged, That bears not the print of feet.
 There's nev-er a dream of sor - row, But the waking makes us glad.
 There's al-ways a guide to point us To the lit - tle wick-et gate.



CHORUS.



There is al-ways a guide to point us, To the lit - tle wick-et gate,



And the an - gels will be near-er, To the soul that's des-o - late.



HOW HAPPY ARE THEY.

By grace ye are saved.—Eph. 2; 5.

CHAS. WESLEY.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Oh, how hap-py are they, Who their Savior o - bey, And have
 2. That sweet comfort was mine, When the fa - vor di-vine, I first
 3. 'Twas a heav - en be - low, My Re-deem-er to know, And the
 4. Je - sus all the day long, Was my joy and my song, Oh, that




laid up their treasures a - bove; Tongue can nev - er ex - press The sweet
 found in the blood of the Lamb; When my heart it be - lieved What a
 an - gels could do nothing more Than to fall at his feet, And the
 all his sal - va - tion might see, He hath loved me I cried, He hath




CHORUS.

com-fort and peace, Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
 joy I re - ceived, What a heav - en in Je - sus' dear name. Oh, how
 sto - ry re - peat, And the lov - er of sin - ners a - dore.
 suffered and died, To re-deem such a reb - el as me.




happy are they how happy are they, how happy, how happy, how happy are they.

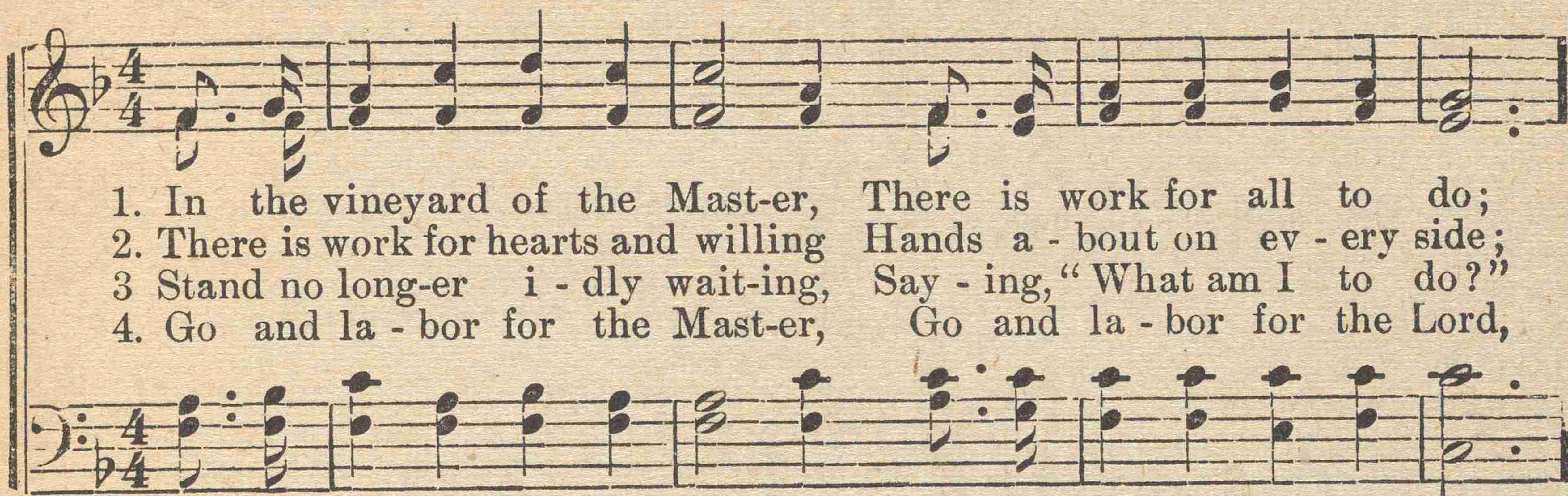


GO AND LABOR.

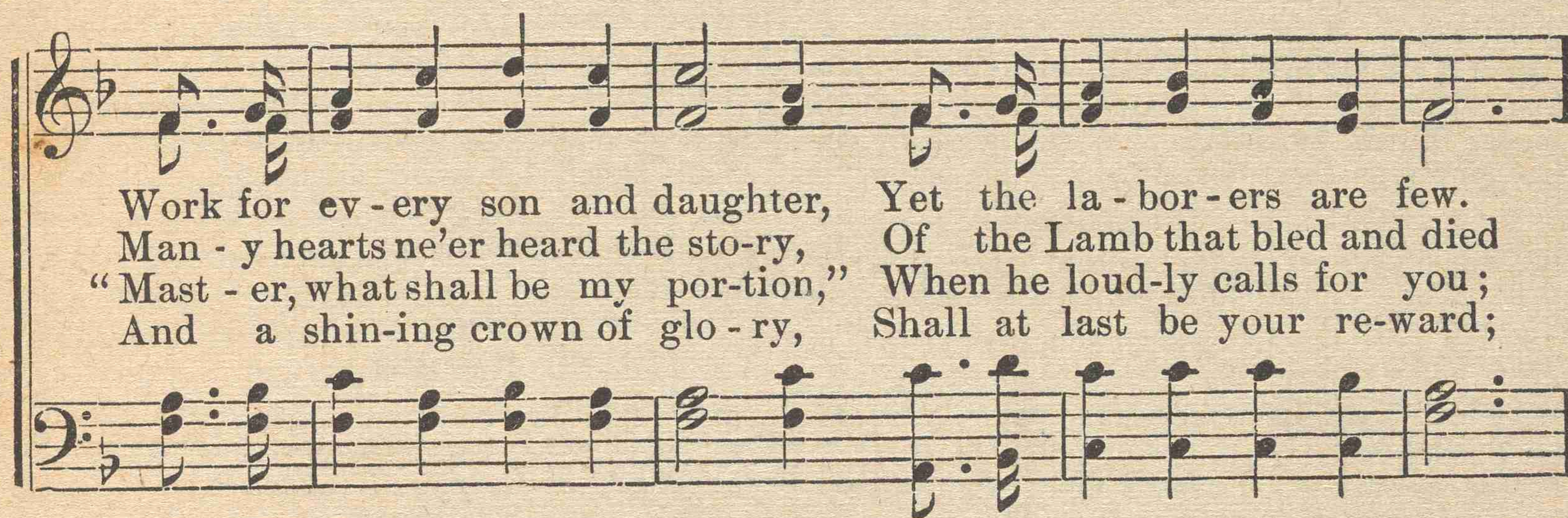
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CHAS. H. GABRIEL, In the "News."

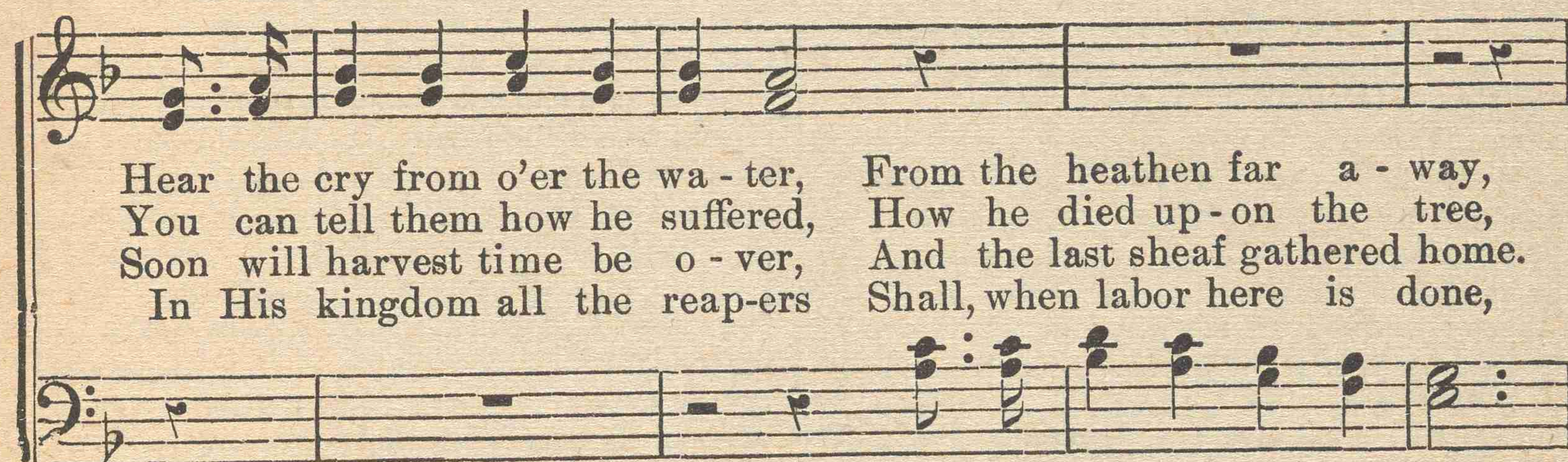
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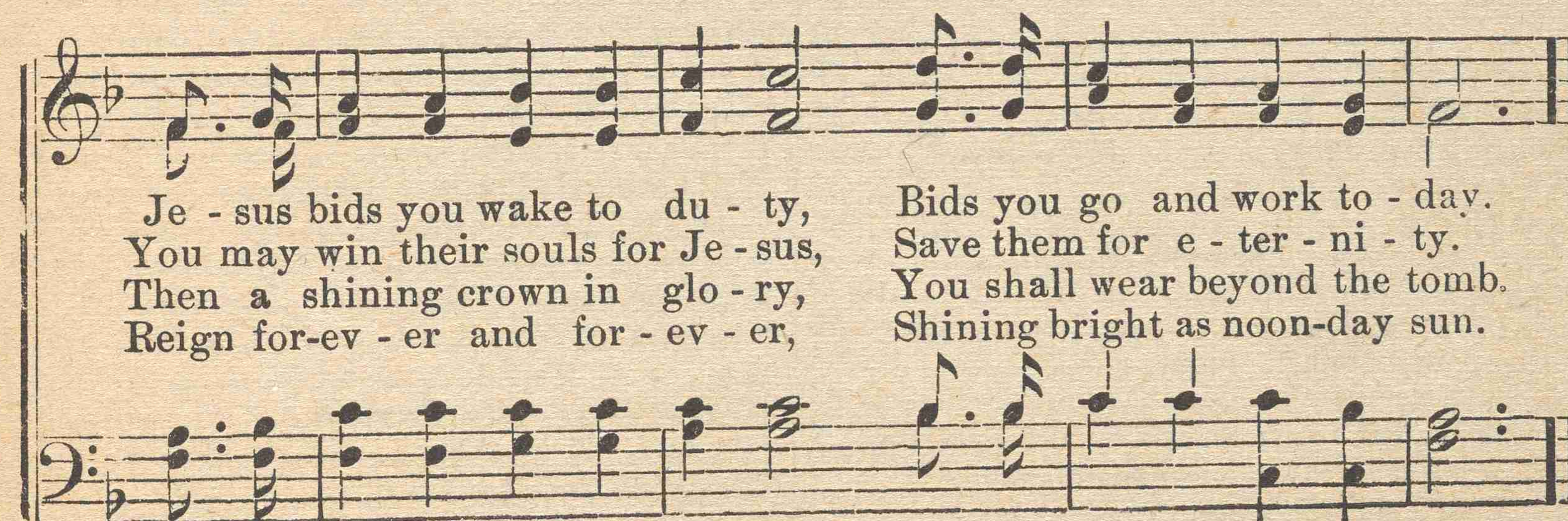
1. In the vineyard of the Mast-er, There is work for all to do;
 2. There is work for hearts and willing Hands a - bout on ev - ery side;
 3 Stand no long-er i - dly wait-ing, Say - ing, "What am I to do?"
 4. Go and la - bor for the Mast-er, Go and la - bor for the Lord,



Work for ev - ery son and daughter, Yet the la - bor - ers are few.
 Man - y hearts ne'er heard the sto-ry, Of the Lamb that bled and died
 "Mast - er, what shall be my por-tion," When he loud-ly calls for you;
 And a shin-ing crown of glo - ry, Shall at last be your re-ward;



Hear the cry from o'er the wa - ter, From the heathen far a - way,
 You can tell them how he suffered, How he died up-on the tree,
 Soon will harvest time be o - ver, And the last sheaf gathered home.
 In His kingdom all the reap-ers Shall, when labor here is done,



Je - sus bids you wake to du - ty, Bids you go and work to - day.
 You may win their souls for Je - sus, Save them for e - ter - ni - ty.
 Then a shining crown in glo - ry, You shall wear beyond the tomb.
 Reign for-ev - er and for - ev - er, Shining bright as noon-day sun.

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