GATES of PRAISE

BY

ISAIAH BALTZELL AND EDMUND S. LORENZ.

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Thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise. Isa. xl. 18.

GATES OF PRAISE:

FOR THE

Sabbath-School, Praise Service, Prayer-Meeting, Etc.

—BY—

REV. ISAIAH BALTZELL AND REV. EDMUND S. LORENZ.

Edited by E. S. LORENZ.

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W. J. SHUEY.

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INTRODUCTION.

"Enter into His gates with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise. Ps. c. 4. So does the inspired songster and song-writer encourage and exhort us. Praise is, as it always has been, a most delightful and important part of divine worship. The Lord approves and is delighted with it. When we sing the praises of Jesus "with the spirit and with the understanding also" we are in that act exalted above all thought of sadness or depressing care to a high plane of ecstatic joy and holy aspiration. Then, too, that which we sing has a powerful moulding influence upon our lives and characters. "Let me write the songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws," was said by one who had fully measured, and who correctly expressed that power. We should therefore be careful *what* we sing, and especially what we place before our children and teach them to sing, seeing we seek for the highest and truest development of Christian character and life. Without wishing to decry other books or authors, of whom there are many, and *some* of them deservedly ranking high, it still can be truthfully said that the authors of GATES OF PRAISE are without superiors in the field of song-writers. Rev. I. Baltzell and Rev. E. S. Lorenz being, both of them, ministers of the gospel, have exercised every precaution to secure in the words used in this book the most exalted sentiment, in which they have succeeded admirably. And while the harmony is correct the melody is mostly of that easy graceful style that almost sings itself. The children are sure to like it. The work as a whole, and in all its departments, is the result of the most diligent painstaking by men who had already achieved an enviable reputation in their former works. "Golden Songs," "Songs of the Cross," and "Heavenly Carols," after years of use are still having a very large sale and are deservedly popular. It is believed that this latest and freshest book by the same authors will even rise above and surpass them all, as it deserves to do. Merit never fails of recognition, and all that is asked for GATES OF PRAISE is that it be fairly tested in the school room, for which it was specially intended.

ROBERT COWDEN.

GALION, OHIO, September 1st, 1880.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

The above index gives but little idea of the variety found in the book. Special attention is called to the opening exercises, to the large number and stirring character of the infant class songs, to the songs for special services, and to the anthems.

We are under many obligations to a host of kind friends for valuable contributions of hymns and music, and for helpful counsels and suggestions.

To committees of examination we suggest the songs on the following pages, not as the best in the book, but as representative songs: 10, 11, 18, 20, 22, 25, 34, 43, 44, 51, 58, 62, 63, 79, 80, 82, 94, 96, 97, 104, 113, 130, 132, 137, 141, 162, 170, 180, 183, 186.

(Apostles Creed.)

OPENING EXERCISE.

Arranged by Prof. J. P. Landis.

Supt.—I BELIEVE IN GOD.

School—"He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

Supt.—THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

Teachers—"Thou, O Lord, art our Father." Isa. lxiii. 16.

Pupils—"Allelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Rev. xix. 6.

Supt.—THE MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

School—"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Gen. i. 1.

Supt.—AND IN JESUS CHRIST, HIS ONLY SON.

School—"We believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God." John vi. 69.

Supt.—OUR LORD.

School—"That every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." Phil. ii. 11.

Supt.—WHICH WAS CONCEIVED BY THE HOLY GHOST, BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

School—"Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Emmanuel." Isa. vii. 14.

Supt.—SUFFERED UNDER PONTIUS PILATE.

School—"Pilate, when he had scourged Jesus, delivered him to be crucified." Matt. xxvii.

Supt.—WAS CRUCIFIED, DEAD AND BURIED.

Teachers—"And they crucified Him."

Pupils—"And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb." Matt. xxvii. 59, 60.

Supt.—HE DESCENDED INTO HELL. THE THIRD DAY HE ROSE AGAIN FROM THE DEAD.

School—"But now is Christ risen from the dead." I. Cor. xv. 20.

Supt.—AND ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN.

School—"While he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried into heaven." Luke xxiv. 5.

Supt.—AND SITTETH ON THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

School—"We have such a High Priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of the majesty in the heavens." Heb. xviii. 8.

Supt.—FROM THENCE HE SHALL COME TO JUDGE THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

School—"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God." I. Thes. iv. 16.

Supt.—I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST.

School—"The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost." John xiv. 26.

Supt.—THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

School—The church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood. Acts xx. 25.

Supt.—THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

School—"If we walk in the light, we have fellowship one with another." I. John i. 7.

Supt.—THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

School—"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." I. John i. 9.

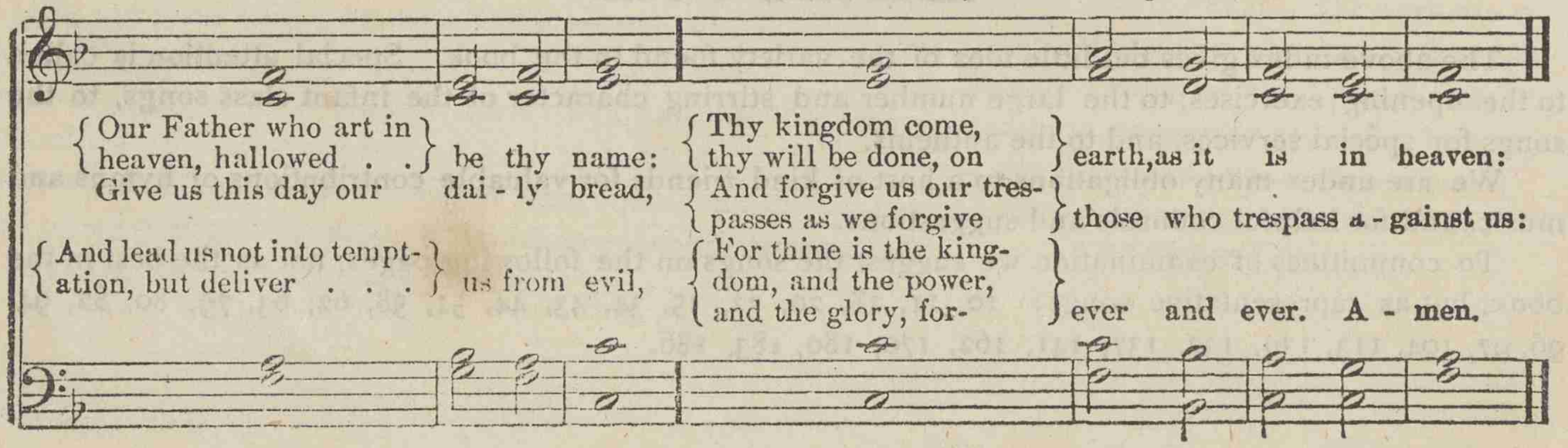
Supt.—THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

School—"The hour is coming in the which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth." John v. 28.

Supt.—AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

School—"He that believeth in me hath everlasting life." John vi. 47.

All—"Lord, I believe—help mine unbelief."



Singing.—GLORIA PATRI.

School—Praise ye the Lord.

Superintendent—I will praise the Lord with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright and in the congregation.

School—We will bless the Lord from this time forth and forever more.

Supt.—Both young men and maidens, old men and children, let them praise the name of the Lord. Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

School—Oh, clap your hands, all ye people, shout unto God with the voice of triumph. Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing ye praises with understanding.

Singing—Page 7.

Teachers—Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name; worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

Supt.—Who in the heavens can be compared unto the Lord? Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

School—O Lord, our God, thou art very great, who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain; who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind.

Supt.—O Lord, how great are thy works, and thy thoughts are very deep.

School—The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork.

Singing—Page 183.

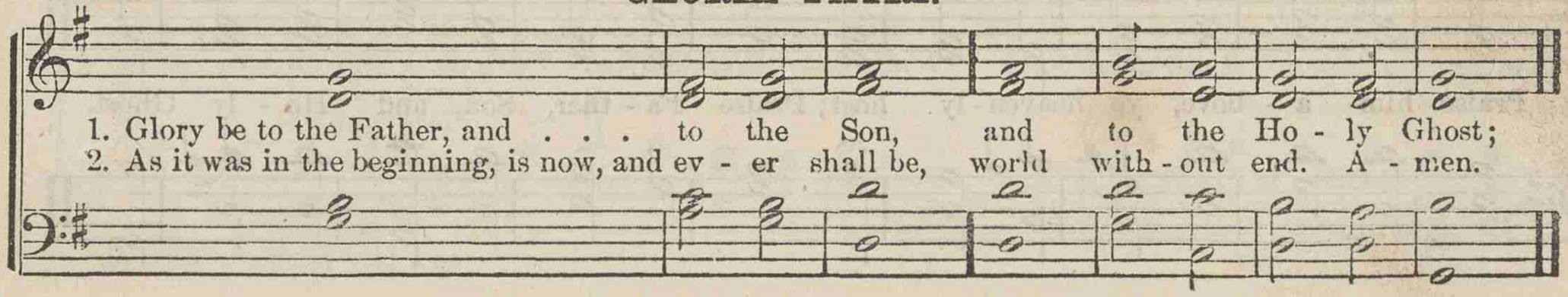
Supt.—Fear God and give glory to him, worship him that made heaven and earth, and the sea and the fountain of waters.

Teachers—Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great.

School—Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

All—Unto the King, eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen.

GLORIA PATRI.



OPENING SERVICE.

Arranged by Rev. E. S. Chapman.

Singing.—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

SUPERINTENDENT.—Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

TEACHERS.—Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name.

SCHOOL.—Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.

SUPERINTENDENT.—O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard; remember his marvelous works that he hath done.

TEACHERS.—Let the redeemed of the Lord say so; whom he hath redeemed and gathered them out of the land, from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south.

SCHOOL.—Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever.

Singing.—Page 12.

SUPERINTENDENT.—O sing unto the Lord a new song, sing unto the Lord all the earth.

TEACHERS.—I will sing a new song unto thee, O God: upon a psaltery and an instrument of ten strings will I sing praises unto thee.

SCHOOL.—Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing. (All rise at sound of bell.)

Singing.—Page 10.

TEACHERS.—To the one we are the savor of death unto death, and to the other the savor of life unto life. And who is sufficient for these things?

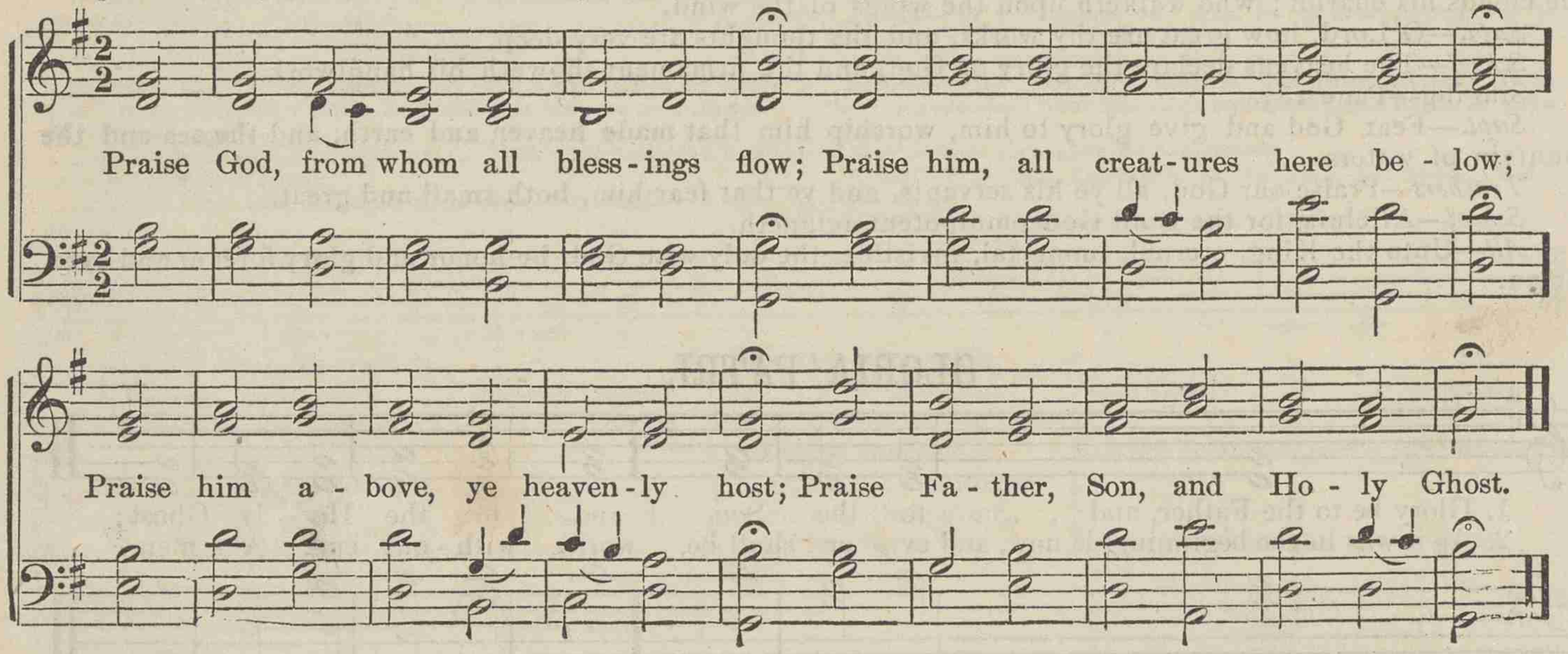
SUPERINTENDENT.—Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think any thing as of ourselves: but our sufficiency is of God.

TEACHERS.—Help us, O Lord our God, for we rest on thee.

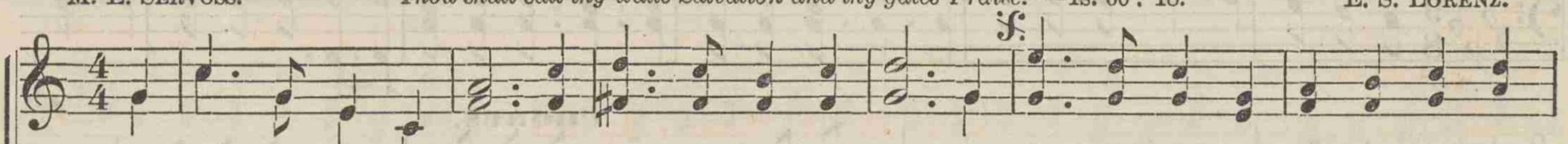
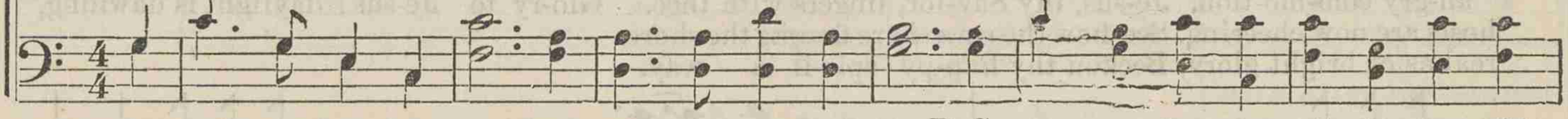
SUPERINTENDENT.—Be ye strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak, for your work shall be rewarded.

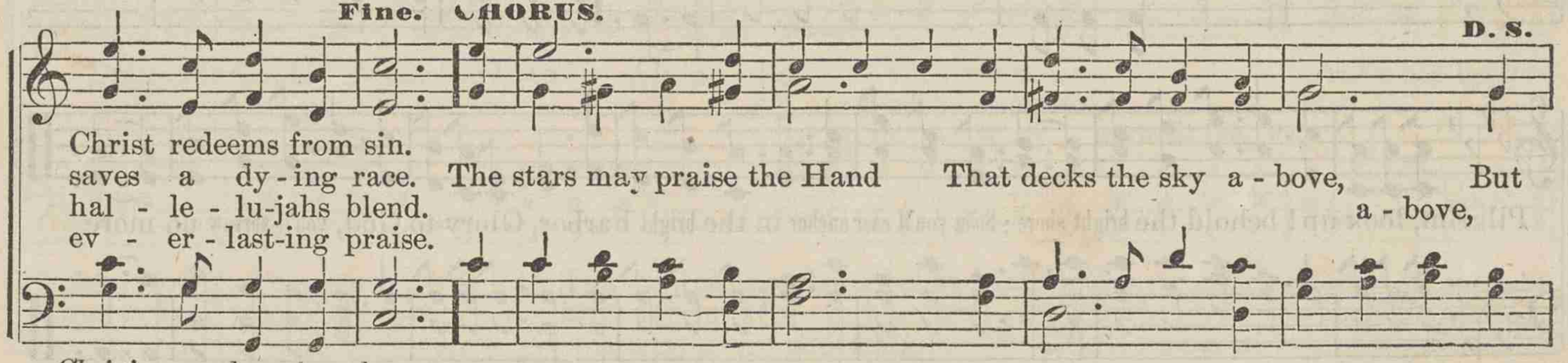
ALL.—O come let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker. (All kneel in prayer.)

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Bp. THOS. KEN, 1697. *"Come before his presence with singing."*—Psa. 100 : 2. G. FRANC, 1545.

GATES OF PRAISE.

GATES OF PRAISE.

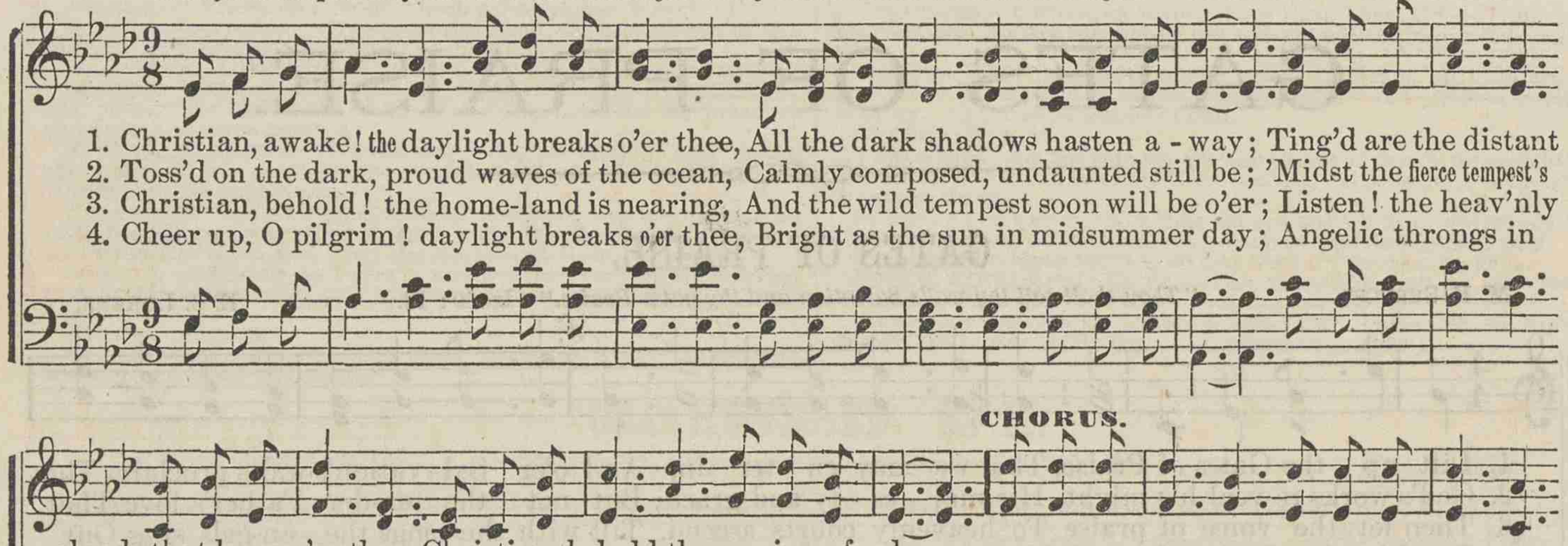
M. E. SERVOSS. *"Thou shalt call thy walls Salvation and thy gates Praise."*—Is. 60 : 18. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Lift up the Gates of Praise, That we may en - ter in, And o'er Sal - vation's walls proclaim That
2. God's works re-veal his might, His maj - es - ty and grace; But not the ten-der Father's love That
3. Then let the voice of praise To heavenly courts ascend, Till with the songs the an-gels sing Our
4. To him that hath redeemed Our souls from sin's dark maze; The Hope and Savior of mankind, Be

D. S. *man a - lone can tell the power Of*

Fine. CHORUS. D. S.

Christ redeems from sin.
saves a dy - ing race. The stars may praise the Hand That decks the sky a - bove, But
hal - le - lu-jahs blend. a - bove,
ev - er - last-ing praise.

Christ's re - deem-ing love.

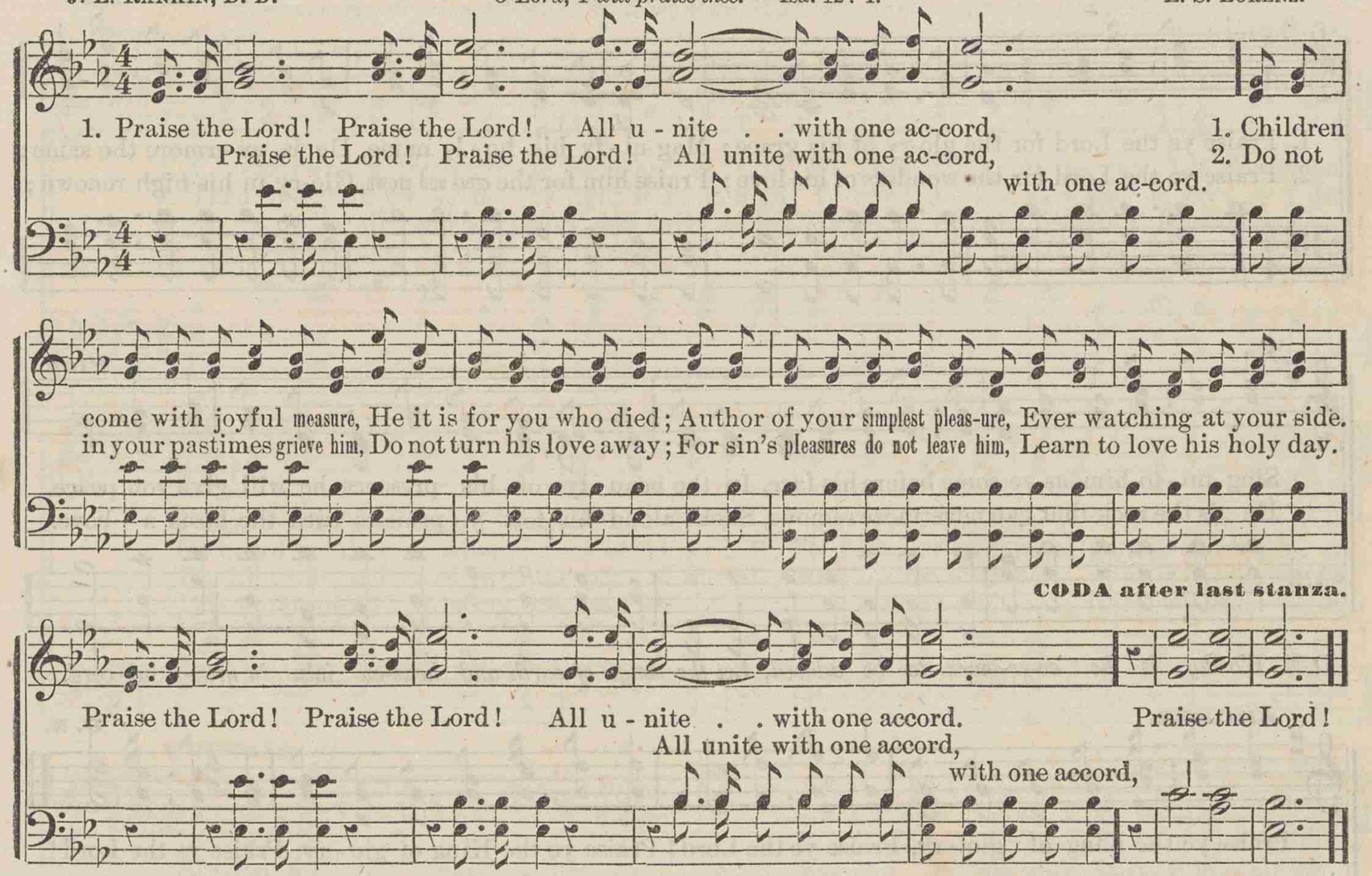
DAYLIGHT IS DAWNING.

"Shew forth the praise of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light."—1 Pet. 2: 9. I. BALTZELL.



PRAISE THE LORD.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. *"O Lord, I will praise thee."*—Isa. 12 : 1. E. S. LORENZ.



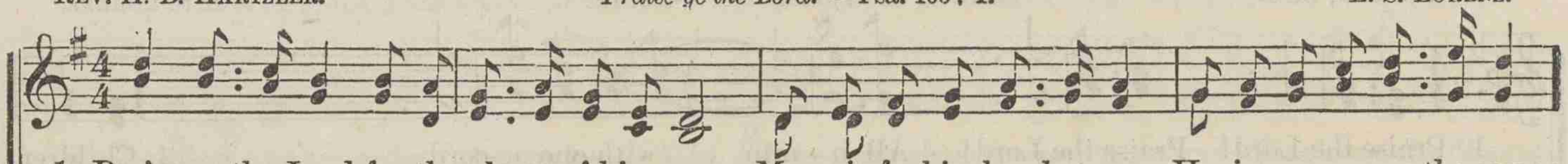
3 For the Lord of heaven rejoices
Thus to hear your happy song;
Hear the sound of children's voices
Thus on earth his name prolong.

4 Thus the children sang before him,
Strewing branches in his way;
In the temple did adore him,
On that old triumphal day.

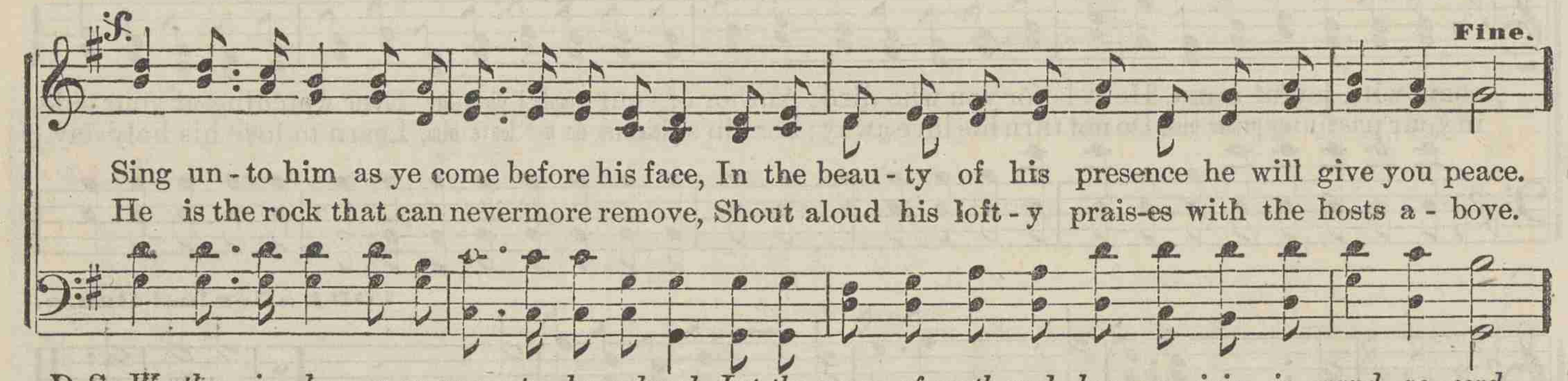
5 When again he comes in glory,
With his Father's angels round,
We'll repeat in hymns his story,
And all worlds shall hear the sound.

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

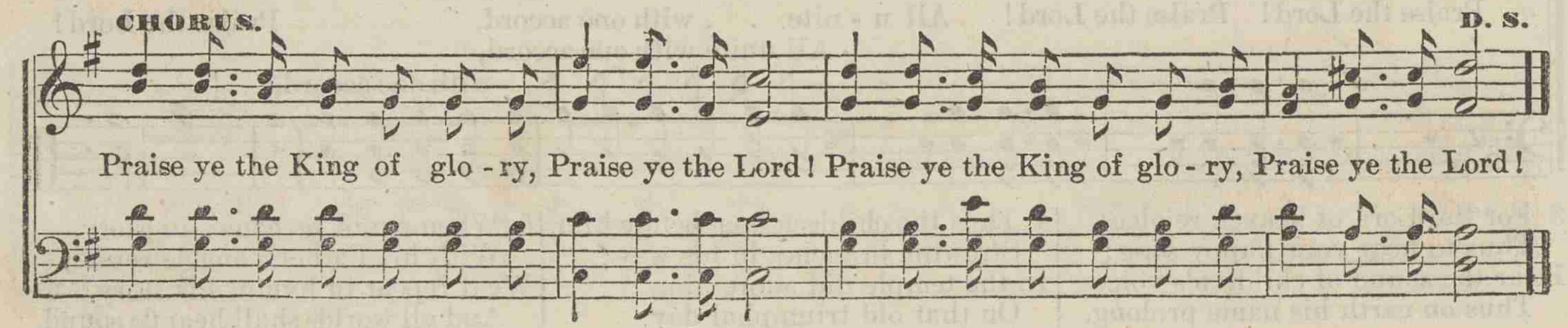
REV. H. B. HARTZLER. *"Praise ye the Lord."*—Psa. 106 ; 1. E. S. LORENZ.



1. Praise ye the Lord for the glo-ry of his grace; Mag-ni-fy his ho-ly name, He is ev-ermore the same;
2. Praise ye the Lord for the wonders of his love; Praise him for the cross and crown, Glo-ry in his high renown;



Sing un-to him as ye come before his face, In the beau-ty of his presence he will give you peace.
He is the rock that can nevermore remove, Shout aloud his loft-y prais-es with the hosts a-bove.

D. S. *Worthy is he ev-er-more to be adored, Let the songs of earth and heav-en join in grand ac-cord.*

Praise ye the King of glo-ry, Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the King of glo-ry, Praise ye the Lord!

PARDON FOR ALL.

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

Words adapted. I. BALTZELL.

1. I once was a stran-ger to grace and to God; I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
2. Then free grace awoke me by light from on high; I cried, Je-sus, save me, oh, save, or I die!"
3. My ter-rors all vanished before that sweet name; My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
4. Dear Je-sus, dear Je-sus, my treasure and boast; Dear Je-sus, dear Je-sus, I ne'er can be lost;

I flew to the cross when I heard Jesus call, "Come, poor, trembling sinner, there is pardon for all."
He heard my deep pleading, he answered my call; Bless the name of Jesus, there is pardon for all.
To him who had saved from the curse of the fall; Bless the name of Jesus, there is pardon for all.
This watchword shall be my last song when I fall; Bless the name of Jesus, there is pardon for all.

REFRAIN. *ff*

Par-don for all, par-don for all; Bless the name of Je-sus, there is par-don for all.

LET US SING THE GLAD REFRAIN.

"Sing unto the Lord a new song."—Isa. 42 : 10.

I. BALTZELL.

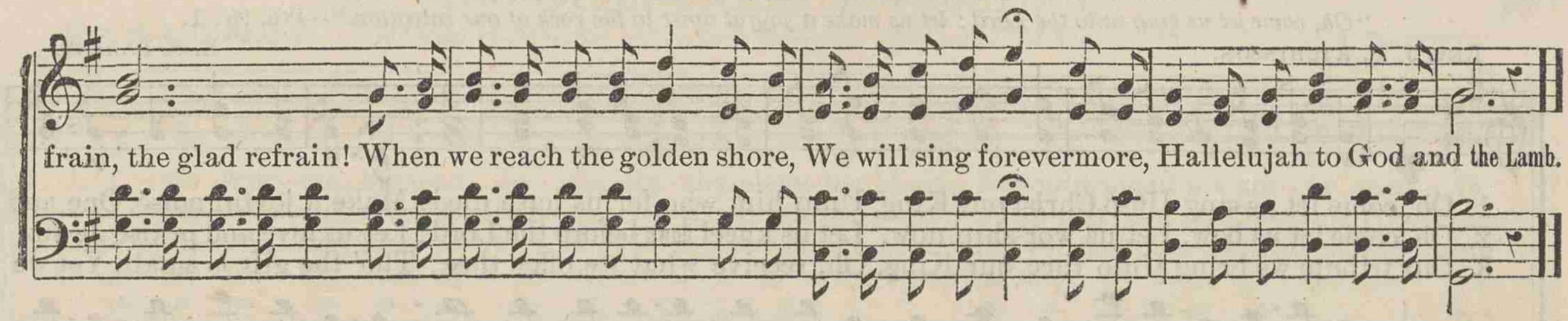
Sprightly.

1. Oh, how vain are earthly pleasures! Mixed with dross the purest gold; Let us sing of heavenly treasures, Treasures
2. Earth - ly joys no long-er please us, Here we would renounce them all, Seek our only rest in Jesus, Him our
3. May our lamps be ev-er burning And our loins be girded round, Waiting for our Lord's returning, Waiting

nev - er waxing old. Let our best affections center On the things around the throne; There no thief can ever
Lord and Master call. Faith, our languid spirits cheering, Points to brighter worlds above, Bids us look for his ap-
for the welcome sound. Then we'll enter into glory, Saved by God's redeeming grace; Then we'll cast our crowns be-

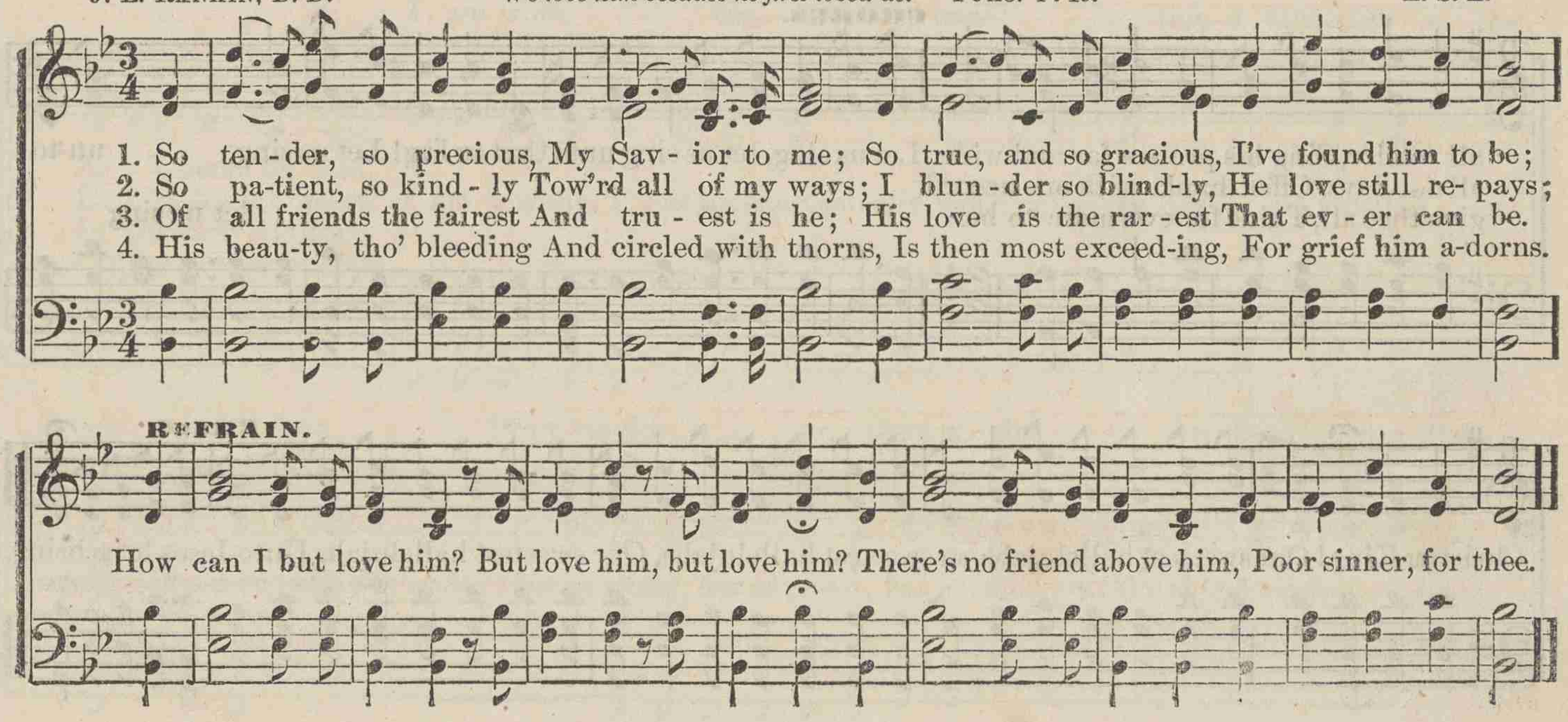
REFRAIN.

enter, Moth and rust are there unknown. Let us sing . . . the glad refrain! Let us sing . . . the glad re-
pear - ing, Bids us triumph in his love.
fore him, Shout and sing his love and praise. Let us sing the glad refrain, the glad refrain! Let us sing the glad re-



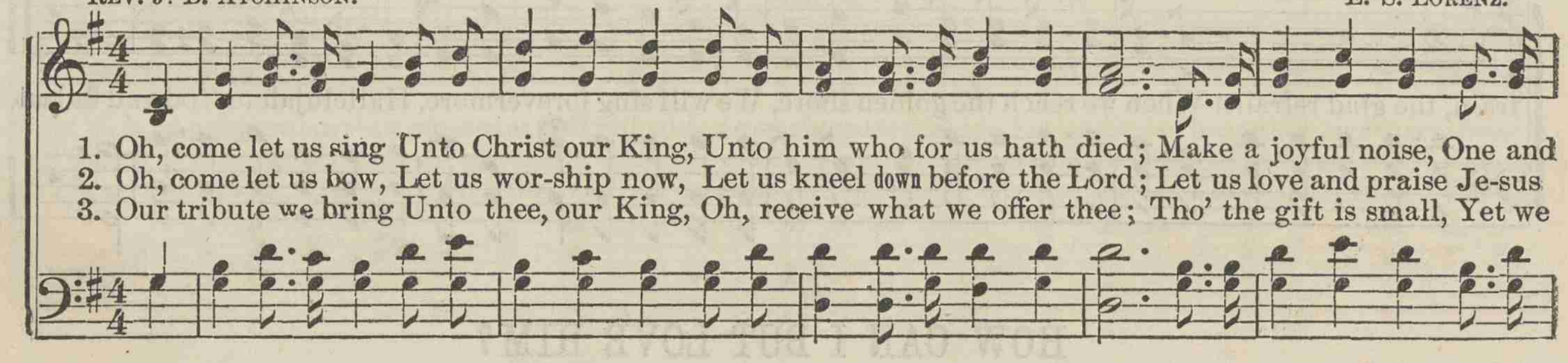
HOW CAN I BUT LOVE HIM?

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. *"We love him because he first loved us."*—1 Jno. 4 : 19. E. S. L.



LET US SING.

"Oh, come let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation."—Psa. 95: 1.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. E. S. LORENZ.

TRUSTING, SWEETLY TRUSTING.

REV. C. I. B. BRANE. *"We trust in the living God, who is the Savior of all men."*—1 Tim. 4 : 10. I. BALTZELL.

1. I am trust-ing, bless-ed Je - sus, In thy cleansing blood; I would plead no oth - er mer - it
2. I am trust-ing, Sav-ior, trust-ing, In thy prom-ise sweet; Thou wilt lead and help me con - quer
3. I am trust-ing, bless-ed Je - sus, In thy matchless grace; It will keep my soul from faint - ing
4. I am trust-ing, dear Re-deem - er, In thy sav - ing love; By and by mine eye shall see thee

CHORUS.

I am trust - ing, sweet-ly trust - ing, I am trust - ing

As I come to God.
Ev - 'ry foe I meet. I am trusting, I am trusting, sweetly trusting ev - 'ry day; I am trusting, I am
In the heav'nly race.
On thy throne a-bove.

ev - 'ry day; Draw me clos - er, draw me clos - er, Lest I go a-stray.

trusting, sweetly trusting ev'ry day; Draw me closer, draw me closer, Draw me closer to thy side, Lest I go a-stray.

BE HAPPY!

"*Rejoice evermore.*"—1 Thess. 5 : 16.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

SOLO. Moderate.

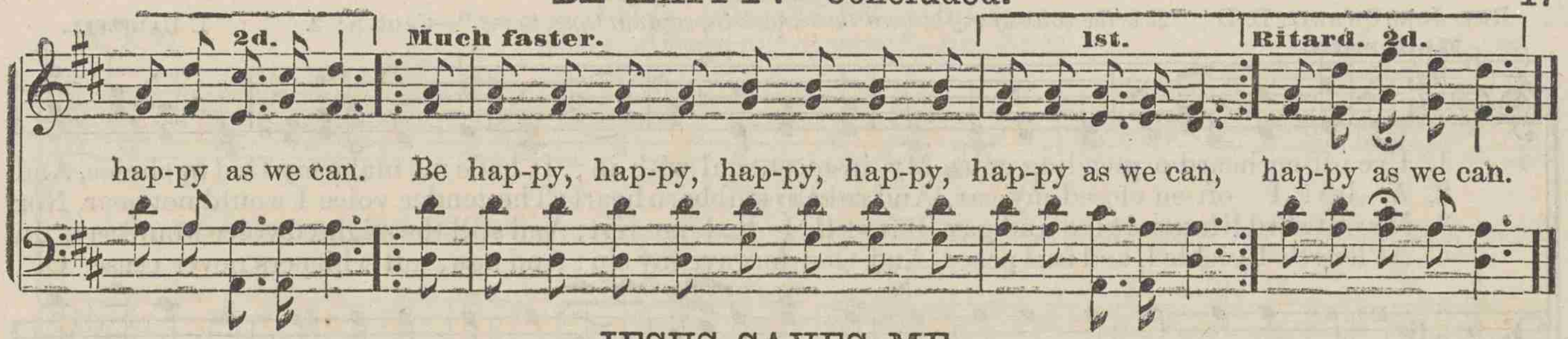
1. This life is not all sunshine, Nor is it yet all showers; But storms and calms alternate, As
2. This life has heav-y cross-es As well as joys to share; And griefs and disappointments Which
3. Perchance we may not fol-low Am-bi-tion to its goal; So let us answer "Present!" When

thorns among the flow'rs; And while we seek the roses, The thorns full oft we scan: Still let us, tho' they
you and I must bear. Yet, if mis-fortune's la-va Entombs hope's dearest plan, Let us, with what is
du-ty calls the roll. Whatev-er our appointment, Be nothing less than man; And, cheerful in sub-

CHORUS. Faster. **1st.**

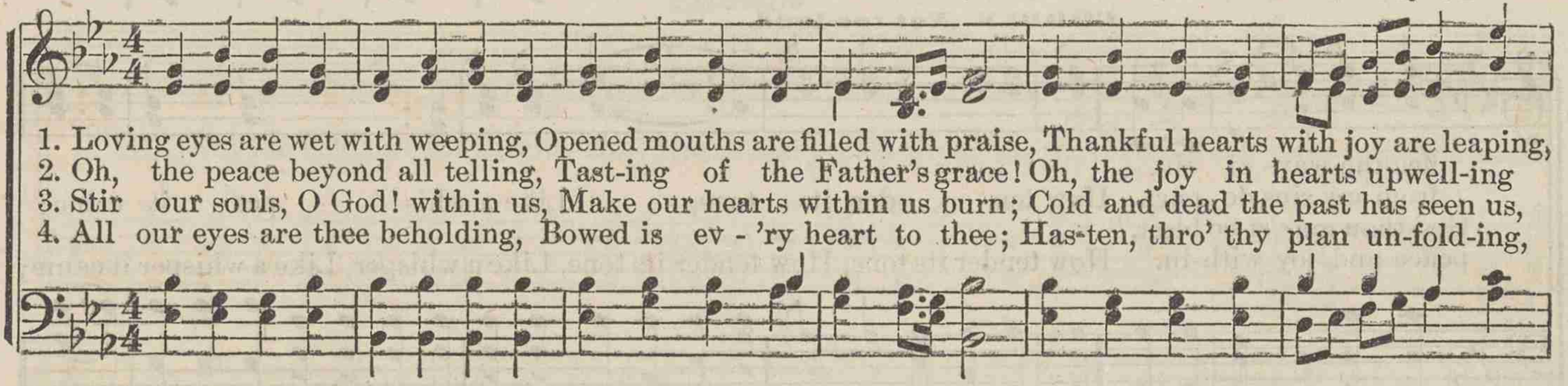
wound us, Be hap-py as we can.
left us, Be hap-py as we can. Be hap-py, be hap-py, be hap-py as we can.
mis-sion, Be hap-py as we can.

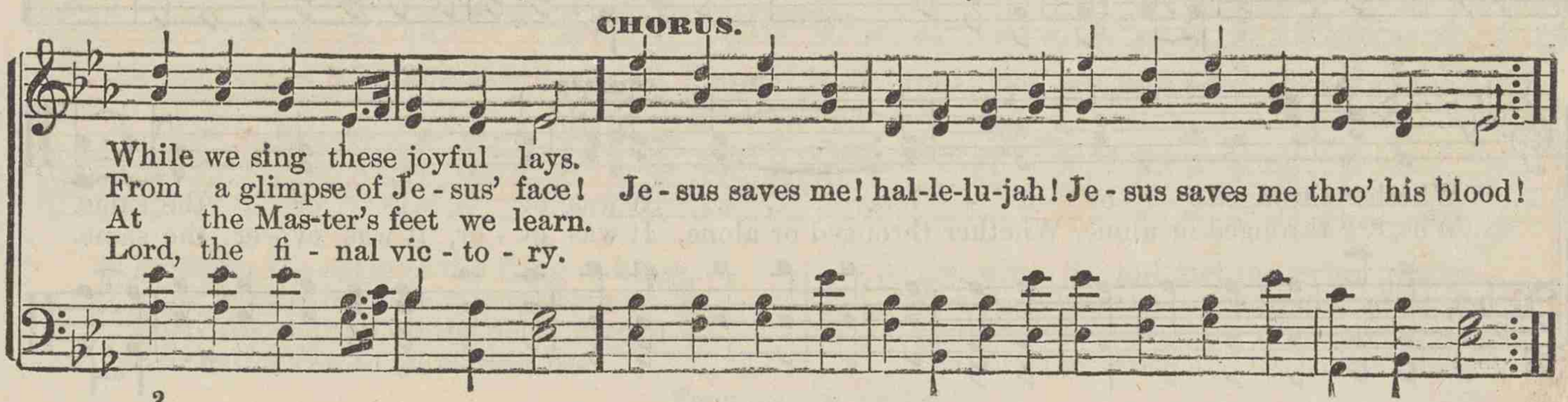
By permission.



JESUS SAVES ME.

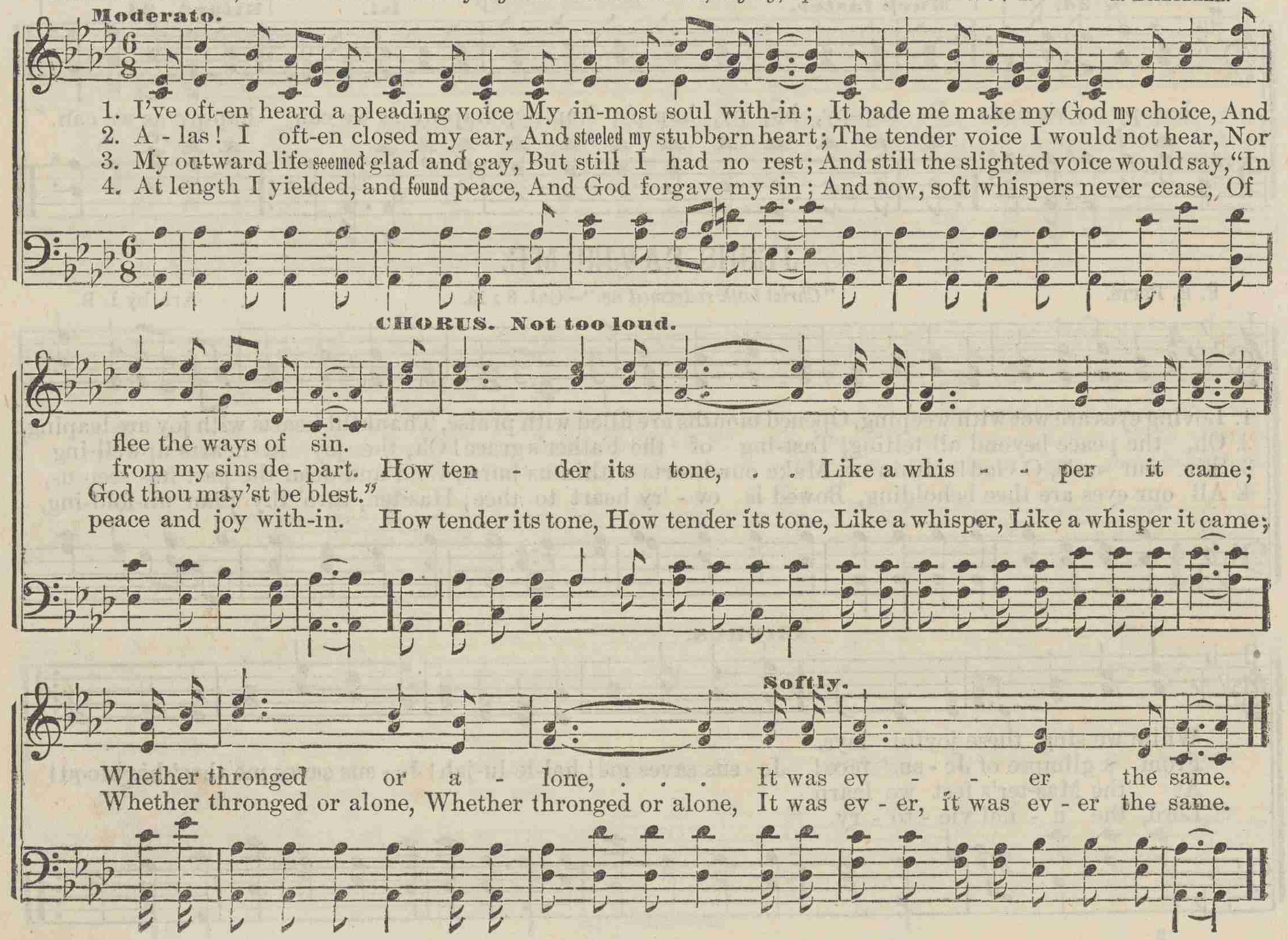
F. E. PITTS. "*Christ hath redeemed us.*"—Gal. 3 : 13. Arr. by I. B.



1. Loving eyes are wet with weeping, Opened mouths are filled with praise, Thankful hearts with joy are leaping,
2. Oh, the peace beyond all telling, Tast-ing of the Father's grace! Oh, the joy in hearts upwell-ing
3. Stir our souls, O God! within us, Make our hearts within us burn; Cold and dead the past has seen us,
4. All our eyes are thee beholding, Bowed is ev - 'ry heart to thee; Has-ten, thro' thy plan un-fold-ing,

While we sing these joyful lays.
From a glimpse of Je - sus' face! Je - sus saves me! hal-le-lu-jah! Je - sus saves me thro' his blood!
At the Mas-ter's feet we learn.
Lord, the fi - nal vic - to - ry.

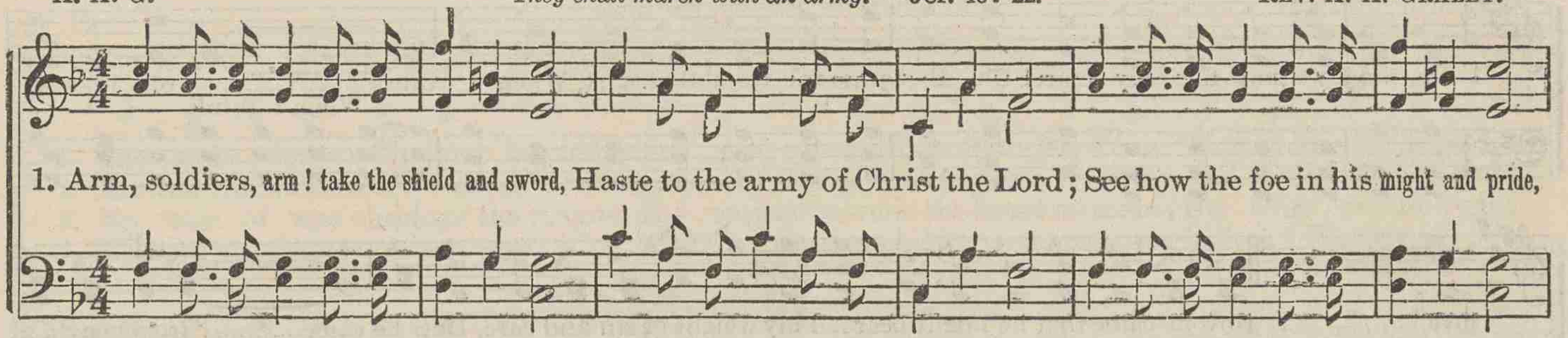
THE PLEADING VOICE.

REV. JOEL SWARTZ, D. D. *"It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me."*—Cant. 5 : 2. I. BALTZELL.



THE TRUMPET CALL.

A. A. G. "*They shall march with an army.*"—Jer. 46: 22. REV. A. A. GRALEY.



2 Fight for the cause of the King of kings,
Fight for the cause that true glory brings,
Fight till you fall on the field of strife—
Fall but to rise to an endless life.

3 Yes, when the toil and the strife are o'er,
Rest shall be yours on the peaceful shore;
Yours be the bliss of the ransomed throng,
Yours be the crown and the victor's song.

From the S. S. Visitor.

LOST BUT FOUND.

F. J. CROSBY. *"Was lost and is found."*—Luke 15: 32. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, the joy that fills my heart! Oh, the grate-ful tears that start, When I think ..... of Je-sus'
When I think

love, ... How he came that he might bear All my weight of sin and care, How he came..... from heav'n a-
Jesus' love How he came

CHORUS.

bove. End-less praise, end-less praise To the Lord, ... my soul shall raise;
from heav'n above. endless praise endless praise To the Lord, my soul shall raise!

Lost but found,..... O, hap-py strain! Dead but now..... I live a-gain.
Lost but found, O happy strain! Dead but now I live, but now I live a-gain, live a-gain.

2. Lost but found, oh, wondrous thought!
To his fold in mercy brought;
‖: Saved by grace, his grace divine; :‖
Heir with him of bliss untold,
Soon his glory I'll behold,
‖: What a blessed hope is mine. :‖

3. Lost but found! I now can sing
Vict'ry through my Savior King,
‖: Vict'ry ev'ry day and hour; :‖
Vict'ry still will be my song
When I join the ransom'd throng,
‖: Vict'ry o'er the tempter's power. :‖

4. Oh that all the world would prove
How a pardoning God can love,
‖: How he waits for all who come !: ‖
Oh that all the world might see
What his grace hath done for me!
‖: How he welcomes wand'rers home. :‖

From "Quiver," by permission.

THE HEAVENLY SONG.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory and blessing."—Rev. 5 : 12.

A. A. G. REV. A. A. GRALEY.

1. The saints a-bove with joy be-hold The glo-ry of their Sav-ior King; They strike the tune-ful
2. Around the throne each ransom'd soul Takes up the joy-ous mel - o - dy; And while e - ter - nal
3. No tale of woe employs the tongue, For sorrow wounds the heart no more; No tears are min-gled
4. My soul would stretch her eager wing, And to the heavenly mansions soar; Where "Worthy is the

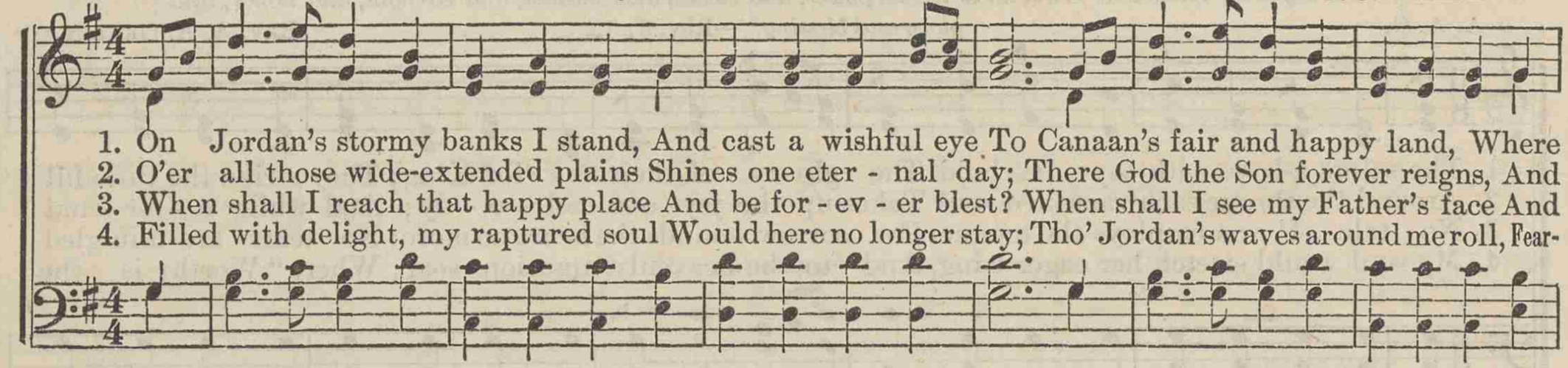
CHORUS.

harp of gold, And "Worthy is the Lamb," they sing.
a - ges roll, The lov-ing Lamb their song shall be.
with their song, The night of weep-ing now is o'er.
Lamb," they sing, For-ev - er and for ev - er - more.

Worthy, worthy the Lamb once slain,
Worthy as King of kings to reign; Let us echo the joy-ous strain, Worthy is the Lamb.

ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT. *"Thine eyes shall behold the land."*—Isa. 33 : 17. T. C. O'KANE.



By permission.

THE WAITING HARVEST.

EBEN E. REXFORD. *Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe.*—Joel iii: 13. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Wait - eth the gold-en har-vest, Wait-eth for thee, Wait-eth for me; For reapers the Mas - ter is
2. Thrust in the sickle, reap - er; Gath - er the grain Sown in thy pain, And bind for the har - vest of
3. Gath - er the sheaves for heav-en, Winning to - day Souls gone a-stray, That thou at the end may'st most

CHORUS.

call - ing; Oh, grand shall the har - vest - ing be. To the har - vest
heav - en The sheaves in thy Mas - ter's do - main. Come, the harvest is white for the harvesters;
glad - ly The call of the Mas - ter o - bey.

Come, for the Master is call-ing; Oh, be faith - ful, The Master is faithful to thee.
Earnestly, faithfully work for the Master, For he has been faithful to thee.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO JESUS.

"And they call the blind man, saying, be of good comfort, rise, he calleth thee."—Mark 10: 49.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Show me the way to Je - sus, For I am tired of sin; Teach me the way to serve him,
2. Tell of the Sav-ior's mer - cy, Tell of his home a - bove; Tell of his lov-ing kind-ness,
3. Lead me, I pray, to Je - sus, For I would love him now; Teach me to love him al - ways,

For I would now be - gin; Teach me the cross to car - ry, I would a Chris-tian be;
Of his un - dy - ing love; Tell of the bit - ter sor - row, Tell of the pain and woe;
And at his feet to bow; Show me the way to Je - sus, Come, and go with me, pray;

CHORUS.

Tell me the good old sto - ry, Tell it a-gain to me.
Je - sus en-dured to save me, When on the earth be - low. Show me the way to Je - sus,
Sure-ly he will re-ceive us, Come let us go to - day.

Come and go with me, I pray; Sure-ly he will receive us, Come, let us go to - day.

CLINGING TO THE SAVIOR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. *"I, the Lord, —— — —— will hold thine hand."*—Isa. 42:6. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I am cling-ing to the Sav - ior, Holding firm - ly to his hand; Nev - er do my steps grow wea - ry Go-ing to the promised land.
2. I am cling-ing to the Sav - ior, And he lights me on my way, Cheers me with his blessed presence, Rest I have tho' dark the day. Clinging, Sav-ior, clinging closely, Never will I let thee go,
3. I am cling-ing to the Sav - ior, In my joy and in my grief, He is al - ways near to comfort With a blessed, sweet re - lief.
4. I am cling-ing to the Sav - ior, Ev - er will I hold his hand, Till I stand be-yond the riv - er, In that ho-ly, hap-py land.

D. S. Take me ev - er, ev - er with thee, Thro' this world of sin and woe.

Fine. CHORUS. D.S.

IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID.

I. BALTZELL. *"Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid."*—Matt. 14: 27. A. S. KEIFFER.

1. When the storm in its fu - ry on Gal - i - lee fell, And lift - ed its wa - ters on high,
2. The . . storm could not bury that word in the wave, 'Twas taught thro' the tem-pest to fly;
3. When the spir - it is broken with sor-row and care, And com - fort is read - y to die;
4. When . death is at hand, and the cot-tage of clay Is left with a trem - u - lous sigh;
5. When the riv - er is passed, and the glo-ries unknown Burst forth on the won - der-ing eye,

f. **Fine.**

And the faithless dis - ci-ples were bound in the spell, Je - sus whispered, "Fear not, it is *I.*"
It shall reach his dis - ci - ples in ev - er - y clime, Saying, "Be not a - fraid, it is I."
Then the darkness shall pass, and the sunshine appear, By the life - giv - ing word, "It is I."
The . . gracious Re-deem-er will light all the way, With the soul-cheering word, "It is I."
He will wel-come, en-cour-age, and com-fort his own, Say-ing, "Be not a - fraid, it is I."

D. S. *In the midst of the storm, in the midst of the gloom, Fear not, trembling one, "It is I."*

CHORUS. **D. S.**

"It is I. . . . . It is I," . . . Fear not, trembling one, "It is I."

"It is I," "It is I," "It is I."

WALKING WITH JESUS.

M. E. SERVOSS. *"They shall walk with me in white."*—Rev. 3: 4. S. C. HANSON.

1. Ten - der - ly and re - as - sur - ing, Like some sweet voice in the night, Comes the precious voice from
2. Whit-er than the snow and shining With a radiant, heavenly light, Are the robes God's saints are
3. Let us fol - low Je - sus' footsteps, In his love find our de - light, For our feet shall nev - er
4. Bear with pa-tience ev - 'ry tri - al, Firmly, brave-ly do the right, Keep-ing in your heart the

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, "They shall walk with me in white."
wear - ing, As they walk with him in white. Oh, it is a precious promise, By a
wea - ry When we walk with him in white.
prom-ise, They shall walk with me in white.

lov - ing Sav - ior given; All who fol - low him on earth Shall walk with him in heav'n.

OPEN THE GATES.

MARY A. LATHBURY. *"Lift up your heads, O ye gates."*—Psa. 24: 7. I. BALTZELL.

1. O - pen your gates, O east and west! O north and south, give way! The land is lift - ing its
2. O - pen the gates to the lit - tle feet, Un - fold the ho - ly word! The children crowd to the
3. O - pen the gates for the lit - tle ones, The Sav-ior bids them come; His arms shall gather the

song of praise, By the mouth of babes this day. They come, the legions of lit - tle ones, With
Sav - ior's side, Their eyes dis - cern the Lord. A hundred summers have rolled a - way Since
ten - der lambs, His hands shall lead them home. The wise and mighty may seek him here, Who

banner and sa-cred song; Blessing and honor and praise, they sing, To Christ our Lord be - long.
one stooped down and smiled, Opening the gates of a Bi-ble school, To wel-come a rag-ged child.
came as a lit - tle child; Narrow the way and the door is low, To the kingdom un-de - filed.

CHORUS.

Open the gates, ... The children hear the call; To - day the songs of a century meet, And
Open the gates, the Sav-ior waits,

To crown, to crown,

thousands gather around his feet, To crown him Lord, to crown him Lord, To crown him Lord of all.

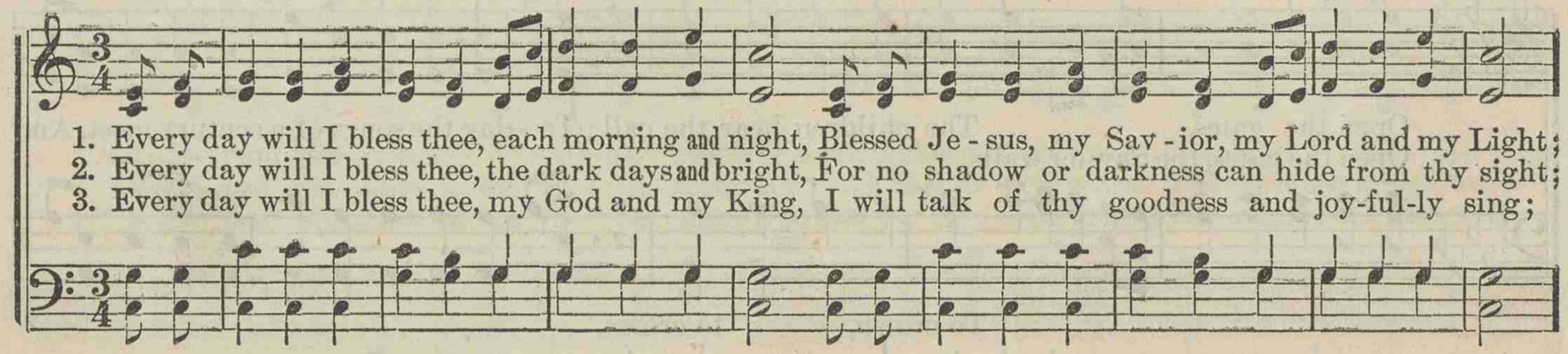
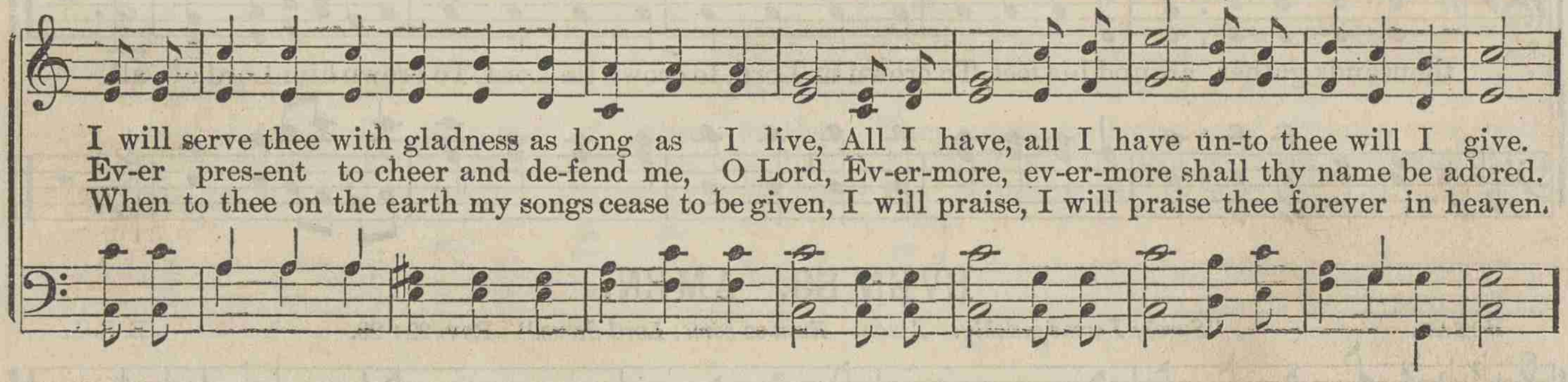
EVEN SO. AMEN.

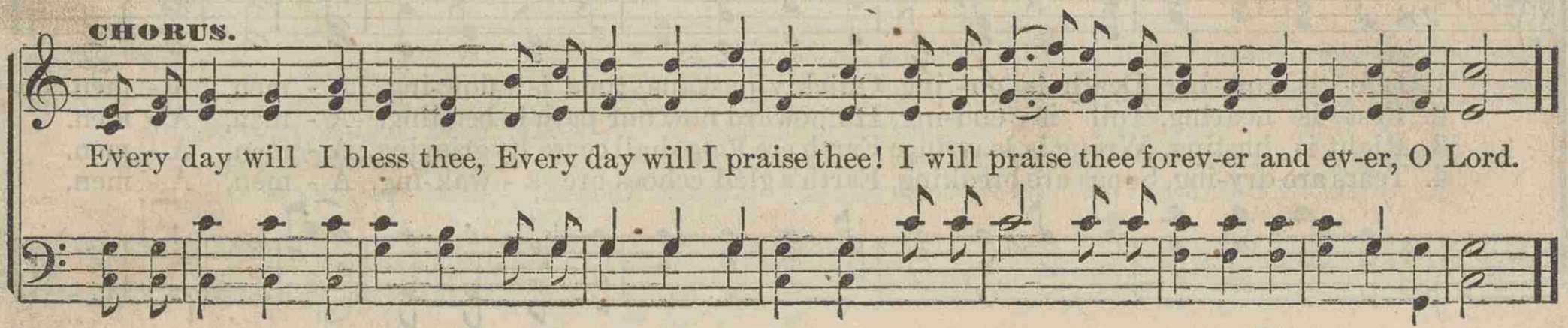
BONAR. *"Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus."*—Rev. 22: 20. E. S. L.

1. Life is com-ing, Death is go - ing, Quickly past us time is flow-ing. A - men, A - men.
2. Rest is nearing, Toil is end-ing, Homeward now our path is bending. A - men, A - men.
3. Right is hasting, Wrong is leav-ing, Earth ere long shall cease its grieving. A - men, A - men.
4. Tears are dry-ing, Songs are breaking, Earth's glad echoes are a - wak-ing. A - men, A - men.

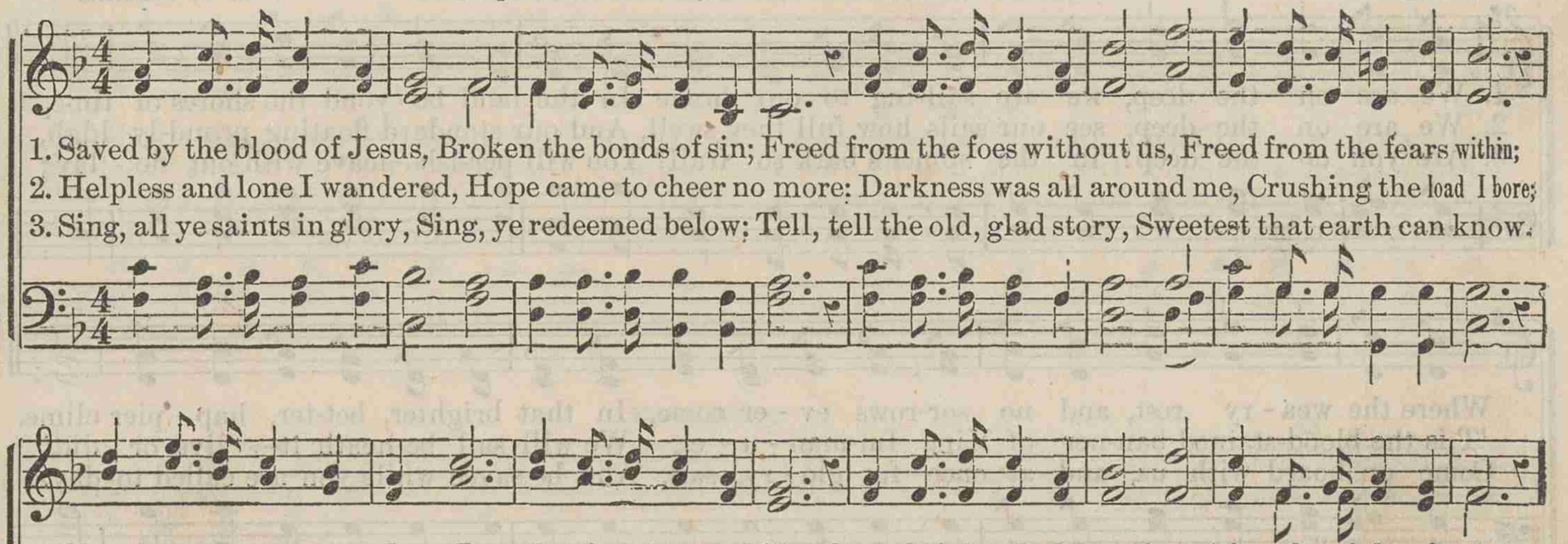
EVERY DAY WILL I BLESS THEE.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. *"Every day will I bless thee."*—Psa. 145 : 2. E. S. LORENZ.





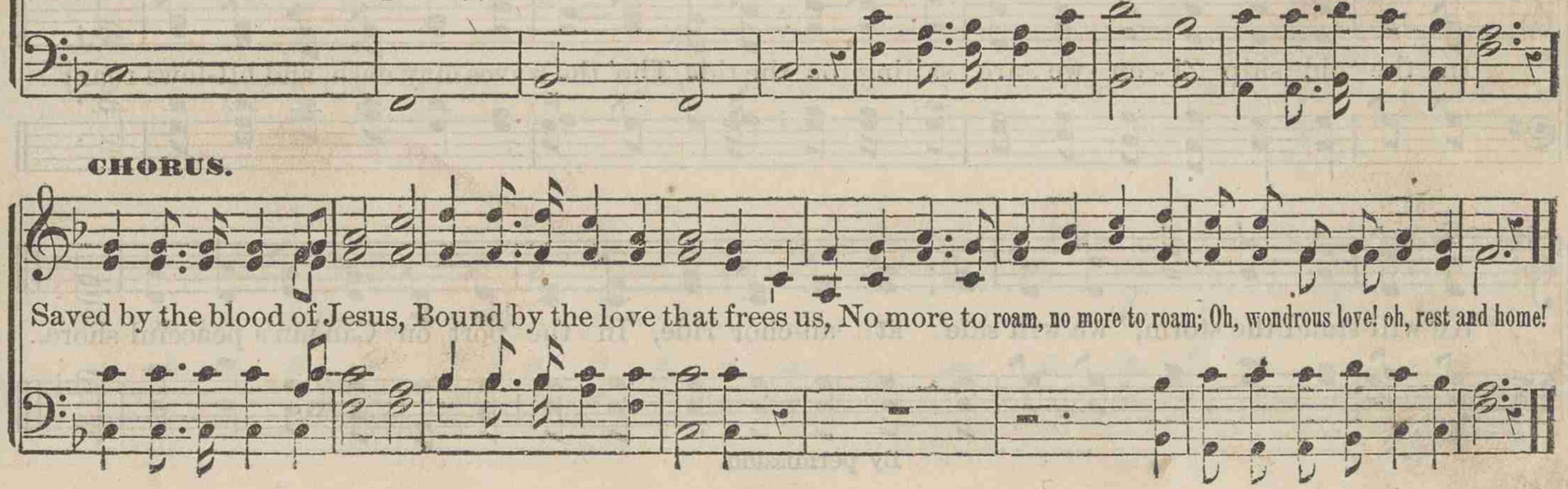
MAUD. *"Which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel."*—Heb. 12 : 24. E. S. LORENZ.



1. Saved by the blood of Jesus, Broken the bonds of sin; Freed from the foes without us, Freed from the fears within;
2. Helpless and lone I wandered, Hope came to cheer no more: Darkness was all around me, Crushing the load I bore;
3. Sing, all ye saints in glory, Sing, ye redeemed below; Tell, tell the old, glad story, Sweetest that earth can know.

Oh, what a sweet surrender—Loss that is only gain! Oh, what a bright, glad dawning, After the night of pain!
Then gave I all to Jesus, Sorrow, and sin, and shame; Faithful, and true, and tender, Quick to my help he came.
Tell of his wondrous pit - y, Tell how he lived and died—Jesus the earth-born Savior, Jesus the crucified.

CHORUS.



Saved by the blood of Jesus, Bound by the love that frees us, No more to roam, no more to roam; Oh, wondrous love! oh, rest and home!

THE OLD SHIP.

"The ship was now in the midst of the sea."—Mat. 14: 24. T. C. O'KANE.

1. We are on the deep, we are sail-ing to our home In the land be-yond the shores of time,
2. We are on the deep, see our sails how full they swell, And our standard floating proud-ly high,
3. Are you on the deep? in the sinner's bark so frail? You will per-ish—leave with-out de-lay;

Where the wea-ry rest, and no sor-rows ev-er come, In that brighter, bet-ter, hap-pier clime.
'T is the blood-stained ban-ner of King Im-man-u-el, We will sail be-neath it—"live or die."
Come on board with us, and at once for glo-ry sail, And be saved while you are called to-day.

CHORUS.

In the old ship Zi-on we are sailing on the tide, Tho' the waves may dash, and bil-lows roar;
"We will stand the storm," we will safe at an-chor ride, In the port on Canaan's peaceful shore.

By permission.

TRUST IN THE LORD.

MRS. M. M. WEINLAND. *"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart."*—PROV. 3 : 5. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Pilgrim, art thou worn and weary? Trust in the Lord! Trust in the Lord! Does thy way seem dark and
2. Pilgrim, when thy foes oppress thee, Trust in the Lord! Trust in the Lord! When temptations sore dis-
3. Pilgrim, when thy friends forsake thee, Trust in the Lord! Trust in the Lord! When the storms of life o'er-
4. Pilgrim, there's a bright to-morrow; Trust in the Lord! Trust in the Lord! Just beyond thy night of

CHORUS.

drear-y? Trust in the Lord a - lone!
tress thee, Trust in the Lord a - lone!
take thee, Trust in the Lord a - lone!
sor - row, Trust in the Lord a - lone!

Trust in the Lord! Trust in the Lord! Trust in his mercy, in his word, in his word! He is faith-ful, he is ev - er true: Trust in the Lord a - lone!

SEAL ME EVER THINE.

"Who hath also sealed us, and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts."—2 Cor. 1 : 22. I. BALTZELL.

1. Come, blessed Savior, take my heart, And nevermore from me depart; Come, blessed Savior, seal me thine,
2. Sweet - ly in Je - sus I re-pose, Kind-ly pro-tect-ed from my foes; Willing to suf - fer day by day,
3. Now, blessed Savior, keep thy throne In my poor heart, now all thine own; Now, blessed Savior, friend divine,
4. And when the storms of life are o'er, And I thy watchword need no more, Then in thy glo-ry let me shine,

CHORUS.

Thy new and precious name be mine.
Will-ing to follow Christ the way. Come, blessed Savior, seal me ever thine; Make me thine own, O
Bless me and seal me ev - er thine.
Where thou wilt seal me ev - er thine.

Com-fort-er divine! Lead me to glo - ry, ev - ermore to shine, With all the happy throng above.

EARTH'S JUBILEE.

REV. W. WYE SMITH. *"Let us go up to the mountain of the Lord."*—Micah 4 : 2. E. S. LORENZ.

1. O Mountain of . . . the mercy-seat, How great thy glories are, In latter days . when thou shalt
2. The tribes of earth . from every land, Like gath'ring seas shall flow, To seek the Lord and learn his
3. And from her tears . shall Zion rise, And all her sorrows cease; And glorious in the nation's
4. O Sa-lem's King! . thy reign begin— Bring all thy banished home; And earth shall bloom beneath thy

CHORUS.

rise, Ex-alt-ed from a-far.
ways, And of his glory know. Oh, dawning day, . . we wait for thee, . . Thou day of peace, Earth's jubi-
eyes, Exalt the Prince of Peace.
smiles, Oh, come, thou Savior, come!

lee! . . Oh, dawning day, . . we wait for thee, . . Thou day of peace, . . Earth's jubilee! . .

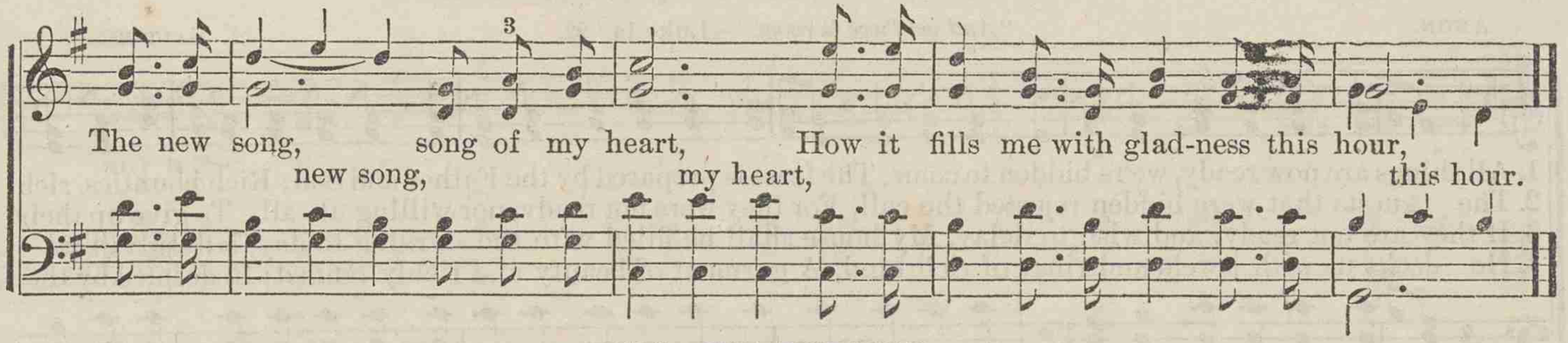
THE NEW SONG OF MY HEART.

J. E. H. *"He hath put a new song in my mouth."*—Psa. 40: 3. J. E. HALL.

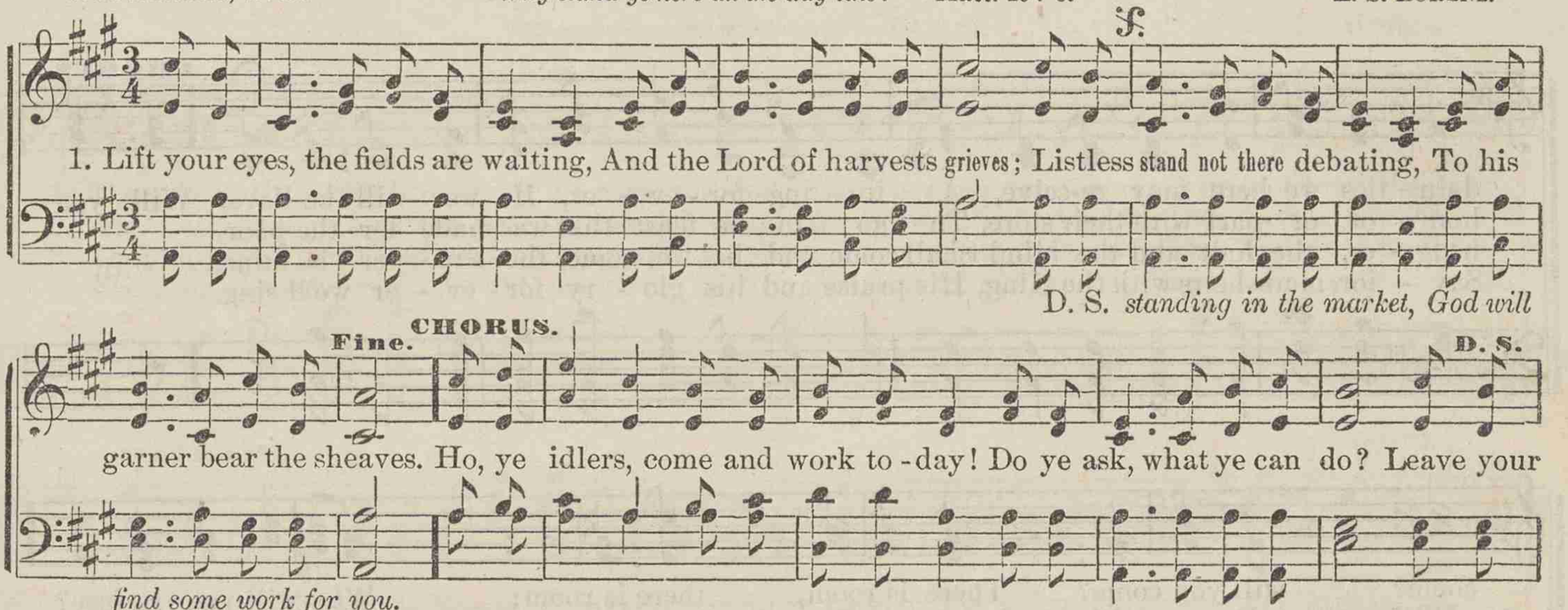
1. The new song of my heart gives a charm to my life, And a joy that I nev - er once knew,
2. In the foul mire of sin long my feet were held fast, And to res - cue or aid none came nigh,
3. Now the old song is past, with its bur-den of guilt, And the new song of par-don breaks in;

While a com - fort I feel that I ne'er felt be - fore, And a love that's as sweet as 'tis new.
But at last I looked up to the Cru - ci - fied One, And he saved in re-sponse to my cry.
Where was dark-ness is light, where was sor - row is joy, And great peace is now reigning with - in.

CHORUS.

The new song of my heart, How it thrills me and charms me this hour;
new song my heart, charms this hour;

HO, YE IDLERS.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. *"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"*—Matt. 20 : 6. E. S. LORENZ.



2 You can tell the gospel story
Of the Lord, who came and died;
To the child, the old man hoary,
You can light and peace divide.

3 When the tempted in their weakness,
Trembling stand before their sin,
You can tell them in all meekness
Of the grace your soul within.

4 When in sorrow men are sighing,
You the tide of grief can stem;
You can whisper to the dying
Of the Lord who died for them.

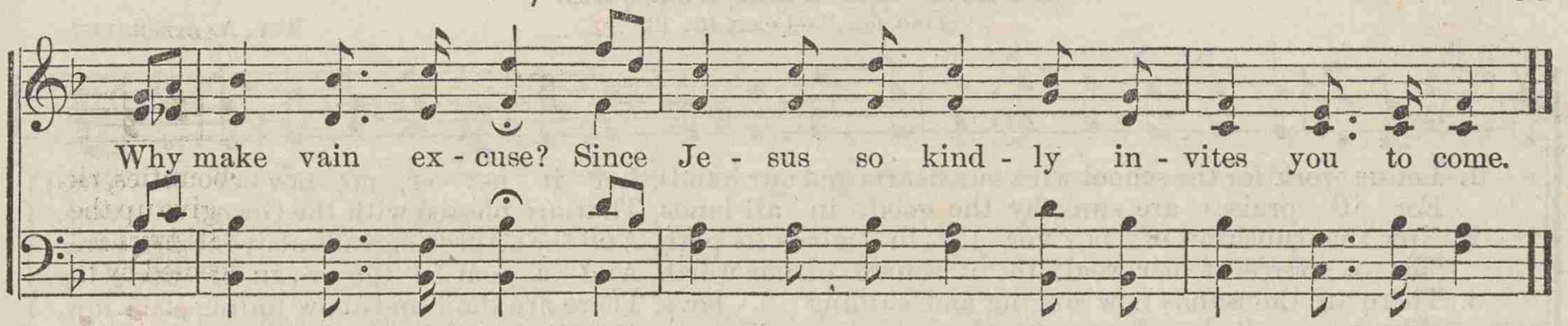
COME, THERE IS ROOM.

ANON. "*And yet there is room.*"—Luke 14 : 22. I. BALTZELL.

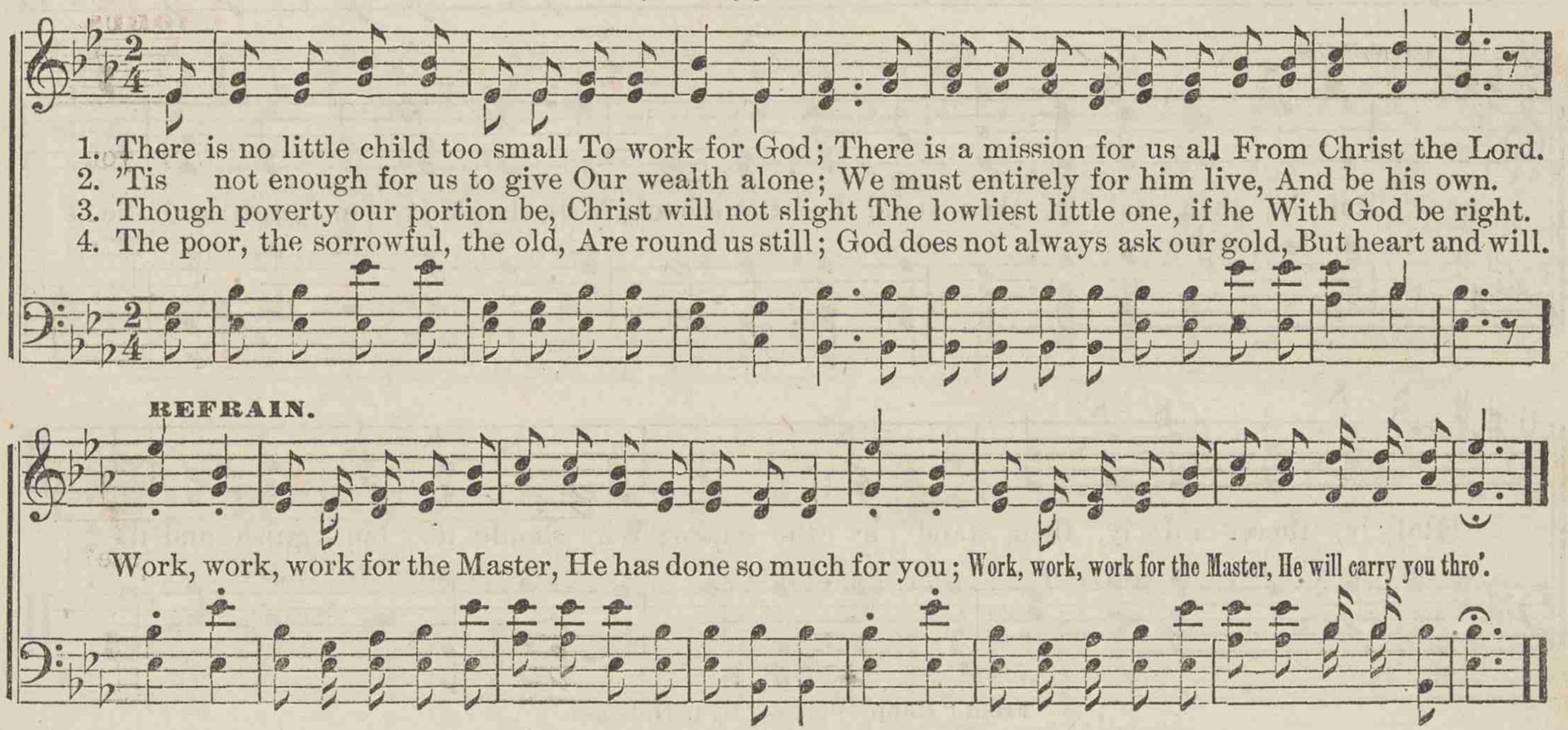
1. All things are now ready, we're bidden to come, The feast is prepared by the Father and Son; Rich bounties, rich
2. The guests that were bidden rejected the call, For they were not ready, nor willing at all, To give up their
3. If they are not ready, and wish to delay, My house shall be filled wfth the starving to-day; To the highways and
4. He decks us with jewels and rings of rich kind, A garment of beauty and richly refined; Redeemed by the

CHORUS.

dain - ties we here may re-ceive, A liv - ing for - ev - er, if we will be-lieve. Will you
hon - or, or part with their store, To go to a feast that was made for the poor.
hedg - es, the halt and the blind Shall come and be wel-come, the sup - per is mine.
Sav - ior, made heirs with the King, His praise and his glo - ry for - ev - er we'll sing.

come? will you come? There is room, there is room; Why will you re-fuse?
Will you come? will you come? There is room, there is room;

WORK FOR THE MASTER.

"Be ready to every good work."—Tit. 3 : 1. I. BALTZELL.



STAND BY THE SCHOOL.

"*Stand fast.*"—1 Cor. 16: 13.

REV. A. A. GRALEY.

1. Let us work for the school with our hearts and our hands, Let it nev - er, no, nev - er de - cline;
   For its praises are sung by the good in all lands, That are blessed with the Gospel di - vine.
2. Now the sunshine of fa - vor il - lu - mines its path, And the Church spreads above it her wing;
   'Tis a source of her weal, 'tis a source of her worth, And a gem in the crown of her King.
3. There are thousands now singing and shining a - bove, There are thousands now toiling be - low,
   Who were melted and won by Im-man - u - el's love, As they heard in the school, of his woe.

CHORUS.

Ral - ly, then, ral - ly, then, stand by the school; Why should it lan - guish and die?

Ral - ly, then, ral - ly, then, stand by the school; Why should it lan - guish and die?

From "Happy Voices," by permission.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. *"The Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."*—John 10 : 11. E. S. LORENZ.

Slowly.

1. I've seen the Good Shepherd In the hands of his foes: His back was sore smitten From their pitiless blows:
2. O Shepherd! Good Shepherd! Thus nailed there to the Tree: Thy hands they have wounded, And thy side, too, I see:
3. O Shepherd! Good Shepherd! My poor name, write it now, In blood that down trickles From thy feet, and thy brow;
4. O Shepherd! Good Shepherd! Thou art gone up on high: Art seat - ed in glo - ry, In thy own native sky:

His brow was encircled With the thorns press'd above; But, ah, it was kingly, And so radiant with love.
Thy face has strange pallor, And how labored thy breath; Thou'rt walking the valley Of the shadow of death.
And there, where they've wounded, With the spear-thrust, thy side, They've cloven a refuge, Where a sinner may hide.
The love that once ransomed Is a love that will keep, Good Shepherd, who gavest Thus thy life for the sheep.

REFRAIN. *pp* **Cres.** **Dim.**

Ye daughters of Zion, Why do ye weep? The Good Shepherd, The Good Shepherd, Gives his life for the sheep.

N. B.—This song should be sung as a Solo and Quartette.

REDEEMING THE TIME.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL. *"Redeeming the time, for the days are evil."*—Eph. 5 : 16. E. S. LORENZ.

1. The fields are all white, but the reapers are few, And time is swift passing away; The Master is calling, let
2. Tho' work may be hard, yet we cheerful will be, Improving each hour as it flies; The Master's approval we
3. When work is a joy and the bur-den is light, No du - ty a trial will seem; The Master will love us and
4. If work shall be true and the motive be pure, In love we shall dwell evermore; The Master will give unto

CHORUS.

each one be true, And faithfully work while 'tis day.
ev - er may see, When helping the fallen to rise. Redeeming the time! redeeming the time! Nor waiting for
make all things bright, And then we the time may redeem.
those that endure Sweet rest when the full day is o'er.

any to-morrow; Every hour, every moment, we should labor for God, Redeeming from sin and from sorrow.

WAITING AT THE CROSS.

"I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me and heard my cry."—Psa. 40 : 4.

I. B. I. BALTZELL.

1. Savior, at the cross I'm waiting, All to leave and follow thee; Wretched, poor, despised, forsaken, Waiting,
2. All my earthly fame and treasure I surrender now to thee; Let thy mercy, let thy pleasure Speak the
3. Precious Savior, smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might; Take my heart, in pity own me, Show thy
4. Jesus comes! O glo-ry! glo-ry! Now I feel the blood applied; Tell to all the old, old sto-ry, He who

CHORUS.

Lord, thy sympathy.
word, and I am free. I am waiting at the cross, I am waiting at the cross, I am waiting at the cross to be
face, and all is bright.
trusts is sanctified.

saved; I am waiting at the cross, I am waiting at the cross, I am waiting at the cross to be saved.

O PRODIGAL, DON'T STAY AWAY.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. *"I will arise and go unto my Father."*—Luke 15: 18. J. W. BISCHOFF.

1. O prod-i-gal, don't stay a-way! The Fa-ther is waiting to-day; There's room and to spare, There is
2. O prod-i-gal brother, come home! Why longer in wretchedness roam? You're lonely and lost, You are
3. O prod-i-gal, what will you do? Love's ta-ble is wait-ing for you; For-giveness so sweet, Sure, your
4. O prod-i-gal brother, a-rise! For pardon, look up to the skies; No longer then stray From thy

CHORUS.

raiment to wear, O prod-i-gal, don't stay away.
driven and tost, O prod-i-gal brother, come home. Will you come? . . Will you come? . . Will you .
coming will greet, O prod-i-gal, what will you do?
Fa-ther a-way, O prod-i-gal brother, a-rise.

. Will you come? Will you come?

come, come home to-day? There is welcome for you, There's a kiss, kind and true, Then, O prodigal, don't stay away.

Will you come?

From "Gospel Bells," by permission.

RIVER OF DEATH.

S. S. CORBEY. *The righteous hath hope in his death.*—PROV. xiv: 32. J. HARVY ANDERSON.

Firm.

1. Dark - ly the wa - ters roll, And pass with a sul - len roar; And they surge, and ed - dy, and
2. In - to the seeth-ing foam The wea - ri-some soul must go; But, oh, what a won - der - ful
3. Je - sus, the Sav - ior, spoke Un - to the wild waves: "Be still!" And the waves in - to harm-less

CHORUS.

awe the soul That must pass to the oth - er shore.
change has come That calm - eth the wa - ters so.
rip - ples broke, Be-calmed by the Mas-ter's will.

Waters roll, wa-ters roll, And pass with a sul - len roar; Waters roll, waters roll, As we pass to the oth - er shore.
sullen roar;

LITTLE CHILDREN, FIRMLY STAND.

Adapted. *"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."*—Rom. 1: 16. I. BALTZELL.

1. Lit - tle chil-dren, firm-ly stand, All u - nit - ed, heart and hand, One un - bro - ken val - iant
2. Once our fa-thers loudly cried, Vic - to - ry or death be - tide; But with Je - sus on our
3. Christ, our Captain's name we boast, Quells the dark Sa-tan - ic host; Fall we then, each at his

band of children true; Lift your banners, lift them high, Raise the Christian's battle-cry, For your
side we'll conquer too; Oh, to die, the bat-tle won; Oh, to fall, the warfare done; Glo - ry,
post as Christians brave. Then in glo - ry we shall meet, Bow be - fore the Sav-ior's feet; We will

CHORUS.

conquering lead-er now is call-ing you. Firmly stand, . . . ye val-iant band,
bright-er than the sun shall be our due.
sing for - ev - er sweet his pow'r to save. Firmly stand, ye valiant band, firmly stand, ye val-iant band,

All u - nit - - - ed heart and hand, Firm-ly stand, ... ye
All u - nit - ed heart and hand, all u - nit - ed heart and hand; Firmly stand, ye valiant band,

val - iant band, All u - nit - - - ed heart and hand,
Firm-ly stand, ye val - iant band, All u - nit - ed, all u - nit - ed heart and hand, *firmly stand.*

ENDLESS PRAISE.

English. *"I will sing praises to thy name."*—2 Sam. 22 : 50. E. S. L.

1. Endless praises To our Lord, Ev - er be his name a - dored, Ev - er be his name a-dored.
2. Angels crown him, Crown the Lamb, He is worthy, praise his name, He is wor-thy, praise his name.
3. Now a - dore him For his grace, To our guilt - y, fall - en race, To our guilt-y, fall - en race.
4. Come, then, children, Join to sing Glor-y to our God and King, Glo - ry to our God and King.

GOD SHALL WIPE ALL TEARS AWAY.

E. E. REXFORD. *"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."*—Rev. 21 : 4. DANIEL E. LORENZ.

1. God's word is full of prom-is - es To wea - ry souls of rest and peace; But oh, most sweet of
2. Here we may bear a heav - y cross, Our hearts grow sore with pain and loss; But there, in God's e-
3. Oh, burdened heart, be brave to bear Thy cross a-while—the crown is there! Thy hand with-in the
4. Oh, promise sweet! oh, promise sure! Our faith is stead-fast to en - dure; Earth's woes will last a

CHORUS.

all to - day, That God shall wipe all tears a - way.
ter - nal day, His hand shall wipe all tears a - way. All tears a - way, all tears a - way, For
Fa - ther's lay, Un - til he wipes thy tears a - way.
lit - tle day, Then all our tears be wiped a - way.

God shall wipe all tears a-way; All tears a - way, all tears a-way, For God shall wipe all tears a-way.

ON WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING?

E. E. REXFORD. *"A wise man which built his house upon a rock."*—Matt. 7 : 24. L. S. EDWARDS.

1. Are you building your house on the sand, brother? To-day may be sun - ny and fair, But the
2. The house that is built on the sand, brother, Does well for the calm of to - day; But be
3. The house that is built on a rock, brother, No tempest of earth can o'erthrow; While you're
4. Let the rock that you build your house on, brother, Be Je - sus, the hope of us all; The house

mor - row may bring us the tem - pest, broth-er, So choose your foun - da - tions with care.
wise in the sun of the pres - ent, broth-er, And build for the fut - ure, I pray
build-ing, build safe - ly and sure - ly, broth-er, On the rock that is stead - fast be - low.
built on this stead-fast foun - da - tion, broth-er, Will stand when the mount-ains shall fall.

CHORUS.

Let us build on the rock! ever build on the rock! While the storms of life are raging, Let us build on the rock!

Let us build on the rock! ever build on the rock! Christ the Lord our refuge ever; Let us build on the rock!

THE ROYAL FOUNTAIN.

WM. H. CLARK. *"There shall be a fountain opened . . . for sin and uncleanness."*—Zech. 13 : 1. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. See where the liv - ing wa-ters glide, From David's house they sweetly flow; Who washes in the
2. It flows an ev - er - running stream, Pure as the fountain of his grace, Who died that he might
3. Down thro' the a - ges flow-ing wide, Its vir - tue is to - day the same As when from out his
4. Whoever will, may drink and live; New life the healing draught inspires: From those who nothing
5. All o - ver Canaan's goodly land, Where saints enjoy such sweet repose; 'Mid pastures green on

CHORUS.

cleans-ing tide Is whit - er than the driv-en snow.
thus re - deem The fall - en sons of Adam's race. Then come to the Roy - al fount - ain,
pierc - ed side The min - gled tide of be - ing came.
have to give, The roy - al bounty naught requires.
ev - 'ry hand, King Da - vid's roy-al fountain flows.

Ev-er in its streams a-bide; Come to the Roy - al fount-ain, Opened in the Savior's side.

By permission of E. M. Bruce.

ALLEN. "*A crown of righteousness.*"—2 Tim. 4 : 8. Chorus by I. BALTZELL.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free? No; there's a cross for
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove Who once went mourning here! But now they taste un-
3. This con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free; And then go home my
4. Oh, pre-cious cross! oh, glo - rious crown! Oh, res - ur - rec - tion day! Ye an - gels from the

CHORUS.

ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
mingled love, And joy with - out a tear. A beau - ti - ful crown in heav-en to wear For
crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
skies, come down, And bear my soul a - way.

all who here the cross will bear; Oh, bear it, my brother! and when you get there A beautiful crown you'll wear.

A CROWN OF LIFE.

WM. STEVENSON. *"When he is tried, he shall receive the Crown of Life."*—Jas. 1: 12. E. S. LORENZ.

1. There's a crown of life! Yes, a crown of life! Precious gift of a Savior's love; Sinner, turn to-day, and his
2. There's a crown of life! Yes, a crown of life! To the ransom'd of earth 'tis giv'n; If we're cleansed from sin and made
3. There's a crown of life! Yes, a crown of life! 'Tis for those who till death stand fast; If we watch and pray all our

word o-bey, You may wear that bright crown a-bove.
pure with-in, We shall wear that bright crown in heav'n. There's a crown,
pil-grim way, We shall wear that bright crown at last.

CHORUS.

There's a

There's a crown of life now gleaming, There's a crown, You shall wear it, by and by; You shall wear it, by and by; There's a crown of life now crown with radiance beaming, beaming, There's a crown with radiance gleaming; You shall wear it, you shall wear it, by and by.

by and by.

PRECIOUS SAVIOR, WE COME.

"Incline your ear and come unto me."—Isa. 55 : 3.

I. BALTZELL.

1. Oh, come to me at the morning hour, While the world is so fresh with dew, While life is fair, and you
2. Oh, come to me in the sweet spring time, Ere the flow'rs of youth are passed, While no foe you fear, and no
3. Oh, come to me, come thou youthful one, There is no better time for thee; I will re-ceive all who
4. Oh, come to me at the evening hour, Ere the senses by sleep are still; Come taste this hour all my

CHORUS.

have no care, There is no oth-er friend so true.
days are drear, And the clouds nev-er o-ver-cast. We come, we come, Precious
do be-lieve, They shall all my sal-va-tion see.
pard'ning pow'r, Come and bow to my righteous will. we come, we come,

Savior, we come to thee, While the morn is fair, and we have no care, Precious Savior, we come to thee.
we come;

BEAUTIFUL HOME.

"Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Heb. 13 : 14. I. BALTZELL.

1. We are going home, we've had visions bright Of a holy land, of a world of light, Where the long, dark
2. We are going home, and we soon shall be Where the sky is clear and the air is free; Where the victor's
3. 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of bliss, 'Mid the holy city's bright gorgeousness; 'Mid the verdant
4. We are going home, to that home afar, Where our loved ones dwell and the angels are; And thro' endless

night is for-ev-er past, And the glorious morning shall dawn at last. Happy home, happy
song, floating o'er the plain, Blends in concert sweet with th'angelic strain.
plains, 'mid the angels' cheer, We will sing his praises for-ev-er there.
years we will dwell above, Singing praise to God for his matchless love. Beautiful home,

REFRAIN.

home, happy home, happy home, Where the long, dark night is for-ev-er past.
beautiful home, beautiful home, beautiful home,

D. S. *We will sing in heaven we are home at last.*

JESUS, MY SHEPHERD.

W. A. W. *"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd."*—Isa. 40 ; 11. W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior of thy sheep, Take a lit - tle, helpless child; Fold me in thy bosom deep,
2. Nestling in the Shepherd's breast, Near my dear Redeemer's heart; There I would for-ev - er rest,
3. Nev - er let me from thee stray, Keep me in my hid-ing place; Watch me, guard me every day,

CHORUS.

Shield me from the tempest wild. Take this sinful heart of mine, . . Cleanse it from the foulest stain; Take it now and make me thine, . . Freed from sin and born a - gain.
Nev - er from thee, Lord, depart.
Save me, Je - sus, by thy grace. Take this sin - ful heart of mine, Cleanse it from the foul - est stain; Take it now and make me thine, Freed from sin and born a - gain.

AT THE CROSS I'LL ABIDE.

I. B. "*And many women were there.*"—Matt. 27: 55. I. BALTZELL.

1. O Je - sus, Sav-ior, I long to rest Near the cross where thou hast died; For there is hope for the
2. My dy - ing Je - sus, my Sav-ior God, Who hast borne my guilt and sin, Now wash me, cleanse me with
3. O Je - sus, Savior, now make me thine, Never let me stray from thee; Oh, wash me, cleanse me, for
4. The cleansing pow'r of thy blood apply, All my guilt and sin re-move; Oh, help me, while at thy

CHORUS.

ach-ing breast, At the cross I will a-bide.
thine own blood, Ever keep me pure and clean. At the cross I'll a-bide, At the cross I'll a-
thou art mine, And thy love is full and free.
cross I lie, Fill my soul with perfect love.

At the cross I'll abide, At the cross I'll abide, At the cross

bide; At the cross I'll abide, There his blood is applied; At the cross I am sanc-ti - fied.

I'll abide;

REST IS COMING.

C. H. GABRIEL. *"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."*—Heb. 4: 9. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Broth-er, if thy step gets wea-ry, And thy path grows dark and dreary, Look a - way be-yond the
2. Should the way seem dark before thee, And the lamps of faith die o'er thee, Raise thy heart to God on
3. Tho' life's cares an-noy and fret thee, Tho' temptations fierce be - set thee, Let thy heart their rage de-
4. Press thy way a lit - tle long-er, Look to God, he'll make thee stronger, He will hear thy ea - ger

CHORUS.

sky, For rest is com-ing by and by.
high, For rest is com-ing by and by. Rest is com-ing, Rest is com-ing, In the
fy, For rest is com-ing by and by.
cry, For rest is com-ing by and by. by and by, by and by,

home prepared on high; Rest is coming, Rest is coming, Yes, rest is com-ing, by and by.
by and by, by and by,

HOLY BIBLE, BOOK DIVINE.

I. B. *"Bind them continually upon thine heart."*—Prov. 6: 21. I. BALTZELL.

DUET. Slowly.

1. Oh, how hap - py I feel as I gaze On this Bi - ble, so pre - cious and true;
2. This dear Bi - ble, by par - ents so dear, At morn - ing and ev'n-ing was read;
3. All the scenes of my child-hood are o'er, And my loved ones to glo - ry have gone;

It has taught me to walk wis-dom's ways, It has told me each day what to do.
But their voic - es no more will I hear, For fa - ther and moth - er are dead.
I am drift-ing t'wards heaven's bright shore, With the Bi - ble to pi - lot me on.

I dream of the years long a - go, And I seem by my fa - ther to stand,
I think of the years that have fled, Since I stood with the fam - i - ly band,
I'll trust in its pa - ges so true, Till I reach yon - der heav - en - ly land,

As he read with a voice, sweet and low, From the Bi - ble I hold in my hand.
And I think of the truths that were read From the Bi - ble I hold in my hand.
Oh, I'll reach it, by trust - ing all through The Bi - ble I hold in my hand.

CHORUS. Lively.

Ho - ly Bi - ble! bless - ed book di - vine; Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art ev - er mine, To

cheer me, to guide me, till life's day is o'er; To point to my home on the bright, gleaming shore.

LEAD THOU ME.

"Lead me in a plain path."—Psa. 27 : 11. PROF. S. C. HANSON.

1. When the day of life is brightest, Love the fondest, hope most free, And the step of time beats lightest, O my
2. Be life's pathway smooth or stony, Let my faith still cling to thee; Be life's future bright or stormy, O my
3. When the day of life is o - ver, And my journey's end I see, In - to joy and bliss e - ter-nal, O my

D. S. *And when life's dark day is o - ver, Home to*

CHORUS.

Fine. D. S.

Fa-ther, lead thou me. O my Fa - ther, lead thou me, Keep me ev - er close to thee.
Fa-ther, lead thou me.
Fa-ther, lead thou me. O my Father, Keep me ever

glo - ry. lead thou me.

MY HIDING-PLACE.

ELLEN LAKSMI GOREH.* *"In the secret of thy presence."*—Psa. 31 : 20. I. BALTZELL.

1. In the se - cret of his presence, how my soul delights to hide! Oh, how pre-cious are the
2. When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shad-ow of his wing There is cool and pleasant
3. On - ly *this* I know, I tell him all my doubts, and griefs, and fears; Oh, how pa - tient-ly he
4. You will sure - ly lose the blessing, and the full - ness of your joy, If you let dark clouds dis-

les - sons which I learn at Je - sus' side! Earth - ly cares can nev - er vex me, nei-ther
shel - ter, and a fresh and crys - tal spring: And my Sav - ior rests be - side me, as we
list - ens, and my droop-ing soul he cheers! Do you think he ne'er re-proves me? What a
tress you, and your in-ward peace de - stroy; You may al - ways be a - bid - ing, if you

tri - als lay me low; For when Sa-tan comes to tempt me, to the Se - cret Place I go.
hold com-mun - ion sweet; If I tried I could not ut - ter what he says when thus we meet.
false friend he would be, If he nev - er, nev - er told me of the sins which he must see.
will, at Je - sus' side; In the se - cret of his pres-ence you may ev - 'ry mo - ment hide.

* *A Brahmin of the highest caste, and the adopted daughter of the Rev. W. T. Storrs, Great Horton Vicarage, Bradford.*

THE SHEPHERD'S CALL.

Rev. A. A. G. *The sheep hear his voice, and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.*—John x: 3. Rev. A. A. Graley.

1. Dear children, heed the Shepherd's call, And hasten to his fold to - day; There's room for you, there's
2. No foe the flock shall dare mo-lest, Je - ho-vah is the shepherd's name; In past - ures green he
3. The Shepherd waits to be your guide, No lon-ger be by fol - ly led; A thou - sand foes in
4. The Shepherd waits to wel-come all, And press them to his lov - ing heart, Then at his feet re-

CHORUS.

room for all, Why long-er on the mountains stray?
makes them rest, Or leads them by the gen - tle stream. Come in your childhood, come,
am - bush hide A - long the path you gay - ly tread,
pent - ant fall Be - fore the day of grace de - part. Come in your childhood,

Come in your childhood, come; Oh, heed the ten - der Shepherd's voice, Calling the wand'rers home.

SLEEPER, AWAKE!

E. D. MUND. "*Awake, thou that sleepest.*"—Eph. 5 : 14. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Sleeper, awake!..... the sun is high,..... The morning hours..... will soon pass by;.....
Sleeper, awake! the sun is high, The morning hours will soon pass by;

1. Sleeper, awake!.....why idling here.....When earth's white fields..... all white ap-pear?
Sleeper, awake! why idling here When earth's white fields all white appear?

CHORUS.

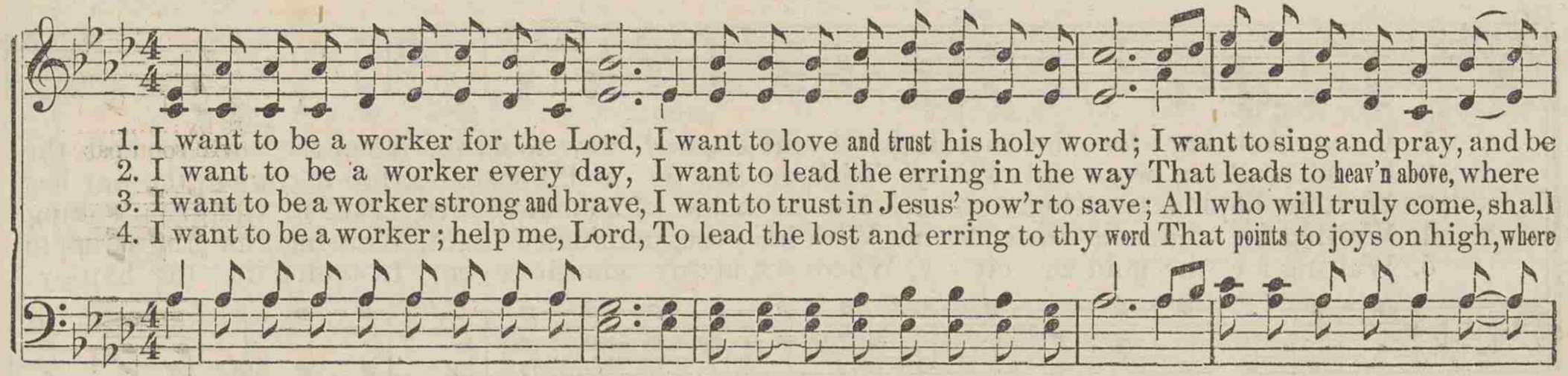
Sleep-er, a - wake!..... Sleep-er, a - wake!..... Sleep-er, a-wake! the day is pass-ing by!
Sleep-er, a - wake! Sleep-er, a - wake!

Sleeper, a - wake!..... Sleep-er, a - wake!..... Sleep-er, a-wake! the night is drawing nigh!
Sleep-er, a-wake! Sleep-er, a-wake!

2 Sleeper, awake! heaven's joys, I fear,
Are not for those who idle here;
Sleeper, awake! life's meaning learn,
From slumber rise, to labor turn.

3 Sleeper, awake! how canst thou rest,
When souls are lost and hearts oppressed?
Sleeper, awake! God calls to-day,
Lead back to Christ the souls that stray.

I WANT TO BE A WORKER. 36

I. B. *"The laborers are few."*—Matt. 9: 37. I. BALTZELL.

ONLY WAITING.

W. G. IRVIN. *"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying."*—Rev. 21 : 4, J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I am wait-ing for the morning Of the bless-ed day to dawn, When the sor-row and the sad - ness Of this fear-ful life are gone.
2. I am wait-ing, worn and wea-ry With the bat-tle and the strife, Hop-ing, when the war has end - ed, To re - ceive a crown of life.
3. Waiting, hoping, trust-ing ev - er, For a home of boundless love, Like a pil-grim looking for - ward To the land of bliss a - bove.
4. Waiting for the sun to cheer me With his pure, unmingled light, Wait-ing for the saints to greet me In their robes of spot-less white.
5. Waiting for the gold-en cit - y, Where the ma-ny mansions be; Listening for the hap-py wel - come Of my Sav-ior call - ing me.

CHORUS.

I am wait - - - - - ing, on - ly wait-ing, Till this wea - - - - - ry life is o'er, On - ly
I am waiting, waiting, waiting, on - ly waiting, waiting, waiting, Till this wea-ry, wea-ry, wea-ry life is o'er, life is o'er, On - ly

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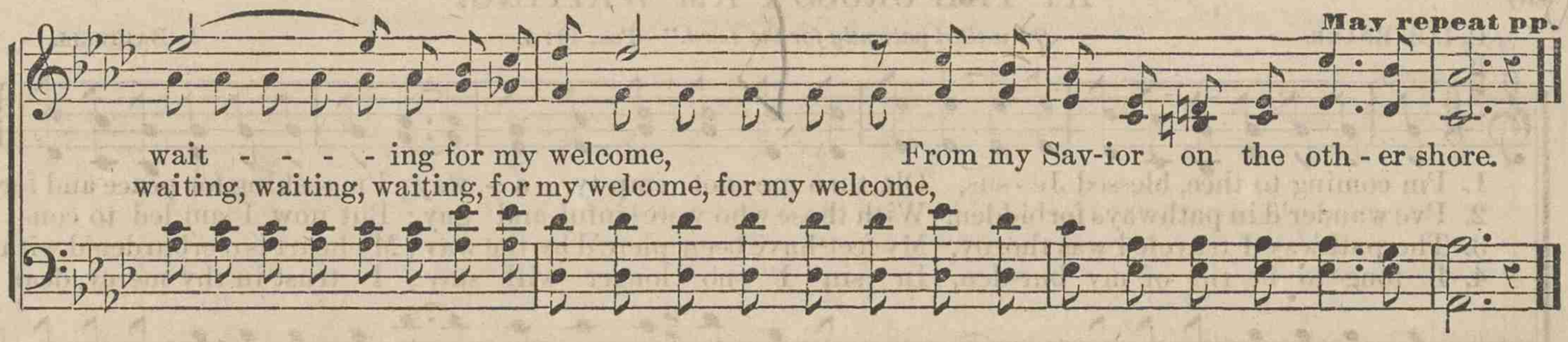
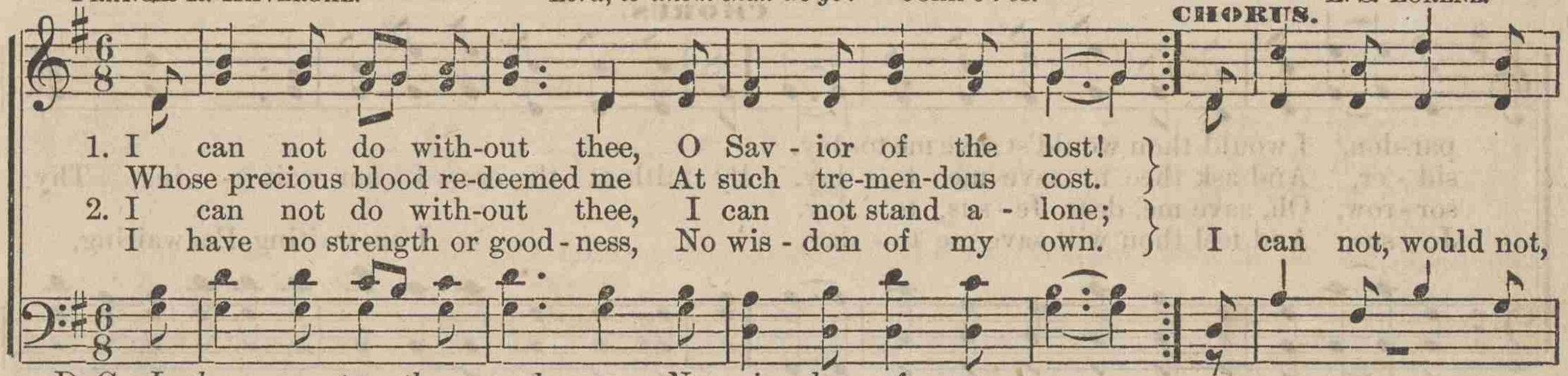
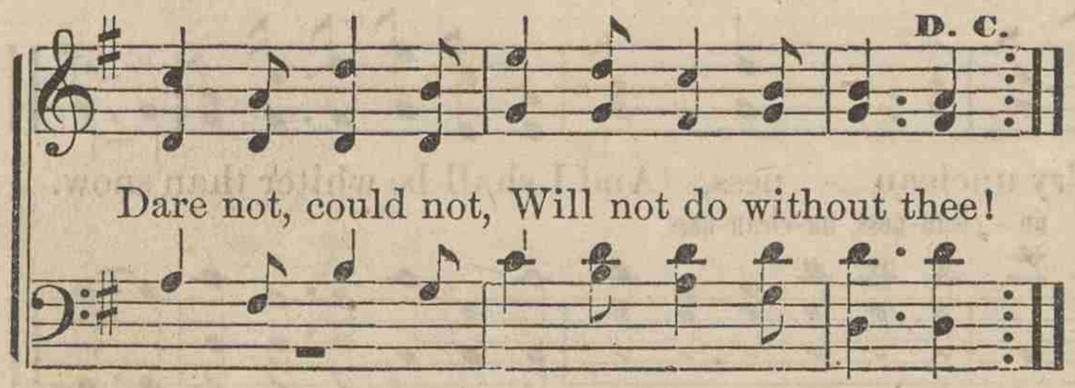

I CAN NOT DO WITHOUT THEE.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. *"Lord, to whom shall we go?"*—John 6 : 68. E. S. LORENZ.





3 I can not do without thee,
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest and thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

4 I can not do without thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed.

AT THE CROSS I AM WAITING.

C. I. B. BRANE. *"I waited patiently for the Lord."*—Psa. 40 : 4. I. BALTZELL.

1. I'm coming to thee, blessed Je - sus, Oh, turn me not emp-ty a - way; I'm seeking for peace and for
2. I've wander'd in pathways forbidden, With those who were sinful and gay; But now I am led to con-
3. The pathway I traveled was thorny, My feet have been pierc'd by the way; My heart is o'erburden'd with
4. I long to be rid of my bur-den, In sin I no longer will stay; I trust in thy mercy, dear

CHORUS.

par-don, I would thou would'st save me to-day.
sid - er, And ask thee to save me to - day. By faith at the cross I am wait - ing, Thy
sor - row, Oh, save me, dear Je - sus, to - day.
Je - sus, And feel thou wilt save me to - day. I am waiting, I'm waiting,

soul-saving power to know; Oh, wash me from ev'ry unclean - ness, And I shall be whiter than snow.
un - clean-ness, un-clean-ness,

ANGELS ARE NEAR US.

"Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"—Heb. 1: 14.

E. D. MUND. T. C. O'KANE.

1st time.

1. { An - gels are near us, their presence un-heed-ed, Unheard are their voices, their fa-ces un - seen;
   { Watching they sigh when we grope in the darkness, And share all our sunshine and [*Omit.* . . . . .]
2. { An - gels are near us, they counsel and guide us, Lest, stumbling we fall in the rough, rugged way;
   { Keep-ing our feet from the snares of the tempter, And guarding our pathway by [*Omit.* . . . . .]
3. { An - gels are near us to comfort and cheer us, When hearts are o'erburdened with sorrow they come,
   { Bringing some balm which will lessen the anguish, Some message of peace from their [*Omit.* . . . . .]

2d time. CHORUS.

pleasures so keen.
night and by day. An - gels are near to com-fort and cheer, Walking un-seen on ev' - ry hand.
heav - en - ly home.

An - gels are near-est, when life seems the drear - est, With com-fort from heaven's fair land.

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SING, CHILDREN, SING.

MRS. M. M. WEINLAND. *"Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord."*—Ps. 95 : 1. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Come, children, happy children, Who love the Savior's name, Join in a song of praises, And spread abroad his
2. And when a-gain he com-eth To gath-er up his own, He'll not forget the children, The jewels of his
3. When we are safely landed Upon the heavenly shore, We'll join with all the ransomed To praise him ever-

fame; Now raise your happy voices And joyful off'rings bring, For Jesus loves the children—Sing, children, sing!
crown; Then sing aloud his praises, And songs of gladness bring, For Jesus loves the children—Sing, children, sing!
more; We'll swell the mighty chorus, And joyful anthems bring, For Jesus loves the children—Sing, children, sing!

CHORUS.

Sing, children, sing! And songs of gladness bring, For, oh, the Savior loves you—Sing, children, sing!

JESUS IS READY JUST NOW.

I. B.

"Behold now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6 : 2.

I. BALTZELL.

1. Je - sus is read - y to save you, Read-y to save you just now; Down at his foot-stool of
2. Je - sus is read - y to save you, If you will on - ly be - lieve; All who will trust in his
3. Je - sus is read - y to save you, Will you not trust him to - day? Hear him in - vit - ing the
4. Je - sus is read - y to save you, Quickly re - pent and be - lieve; Fly to the cross where the

CHORUS.

mer - cy, Hum-bly in pen - i - tence bow.
prom-ise, Life and sal - va - tion shall have. Je - sus is read - y just now, . . . just
sin - ful—He is the truth and the way.
need - y Per - fect sal - va - tion re - ceive. Je - sus is read - y just

now, . . just now; . . On-ly believe him, on-ly receive him; Je-sus is ready just now.
now, just now, is ready just now.

FOR TRUTH AND THE RIGHT.

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee; that it may be displayed because of the truth."—Ps. 60 : 4.

M. E. SERVOSS. E. S. LORENZ.

1. The con-flict is rag-ing, And sin is en - gag-ing The powers of all evil to conquer the Right;
2. With ar-mor all shin-ing, Our forces combining Shall vanquish the foe in the strength of the Lord;
3. 'Mid dangers impending, The right we're defending, No soldiers of God must be conquered by sin;

f.

But God moves before us, His ban-ner is o'er us, No foe-man as-sail-ing can put us to flight.
Their ranks are retreating, And we are de - feating These reb-els and traitors by virtue abhorred.
Howe'er they as-sail us, The Lord will not fail us, For Truth and the Right we will battle and win.

D. S. *For God moves be - fore us, His ban - ner is o'er us, And Truth is our watchword, both noble and grand.*

CHORUS.

D. S.

Shout! shout! for the vic - t'ry at hand; Strong, strong for the right we will stand;

I'M REDEEMED BY HIS BLOOD.

"Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."—Rev. 5: 9.

I. BALTZELL.

1. O Je - sus, full of truth and grace, Oh, all - a - ton - ing Lamb of God! I wait to see thy glo-rious face, I seek re-demption in thy blood.
2. Thou art the an-chor of my hope, Thy faithful prom-ise I re - ceive; Sure-ly thy death will raise me up, For thou hast died that I might live. I'm redeemed by his blood! I'm re-
3. Sa - tan, with all his arts, no more Me from the gos - pel hope can move; I shall re-ceive the gracious pow'r, And find the pearl of per-fect love.
4. My flesh, which cries, it can not be, Shall silence keep be - fore the Lord; And earth, and hell, and sin shall flee At Je - sus' ev - er - last-ing word. I'm redeemed by his blood!

CHORUS.

deemed by his blood! Now I know, now I feel that his precious blood was shed To redeem my soul from sin.
I'm redeemed by his blood!

Repeat *pp*

THE MASTER HATH NEED OF THE REAPERS.

MRS. BISHOP THOMPSON. *"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."*—Matt. 9: 37. I. BALTZELL.

1. The Master hath need of the reap-ers, And, i-dler, he calleth for thee; Come out of the mansions of
2. The Master hath need of the reap-ers, And, worker, he calleth for thee; Oh, what are thy dreams of am-
3. The Master hath need of the reap-ers, And he calleth for you and for me; Oh, haste while the winds of the

pleas-ure, From the palace of rev-el-ry flee. Soon the shadows of eve will be fall-ing, With the mists and the
bi - tion, To the joys that hereafter shall be? There are tokens of storms that are coming, And sum-mer is
morn-ing Are blowing so freshly and free. Let the sound of the scythe and the sickle Re - ech-o o'er

dews and the rain; Oh, what are the world and its fol - lies, To the mold and the rust of the grain?
fast on the wane; Then, alas! for the hopes of the har - vest, And a - las! for the beau - ti - ful grain.
hill - top and plain; And gather the sheaves in the gar - ner, For gold-en and ripe is the grain.

BE TRUE.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. *"A faithful man shall abound with blessings."*—PROV. 28: 20. E. S. LORENZ.

1. O Christian, now be true! His banner shall o'er thee wave; His promises true will carry you thro', For
2. Be strong in him who died, Nor falter with doubt or fear; Press on to the field, oh, never to yield, The
3. God is thy sun and shield, And o - ver thy stormy way; Thro' shadows of night thy banner is bright, 'Tis

CHORUS.

Je-sus is strong to save. O Christian, now be true, To Jesus, your King, be true; Crowns and honors and glories
vic-to-ry's almost here.
Je-sus, the star of day. be true,

bright, Beautiful mansions, robes of light, Are waiting, are waiting, Are waiting in heav'n for you.
glories bright, robes of light, now, now,

COME TO JESUS.

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

E. S. LORENZ. 1875.

1. Lit - tle children, come to Je-sus, Hear him saying, Come to me; Blessed Je-sus, who, to save us,
2. Lit - tle eyes to read the Bi - ble, Given from the heavens above; Little ears to hear the sto - ry

Shed his blood on Cal - va - ry. Lit-tle souls were made to serve him, All his ho - ly law ful - fill;
Of the Savior's wondrous love; Lit-tle tongues to sing his praises, Lit - tle feet to walk his ways,

CHORUS.

Little hearts were made to love him, Little hands to do his will. We are com - - - ing, blessed
Little bod - ies to be temples Where the Ho-ly Spir-it stays. We are coming, blessed Savior, we are

Sav - - - - - - - ior, We are com-ing while the dews of morn-ing fall at thy call; We are com-ing at thy call,

com - - - - ing, blessed Sav - - - - - ior, We are com-ing, Sav-ior, one and all.
coming, blessed Savior, we are com-ing at thy call.

LOVE THE LORD.

I. BALTZELL.

1. Little children, love the Lord! Love his service, love his word; Trust him ev'ry day and hour, He will save you by his power.
2. Why not love him, children, dear? He is near you, very near; Tho' he dwells above the sky, He can hear your faintest cry.

3 Children, he's your truest friend,
He will needed blessings send;
To you harm can never come,
God's your friend, and heaven's your home.

4 Put your little hand in his,
Let him lead in paths of bliss;
Let him lead in wisdom's way
To the gates of endless day.

A PRAYER.

"My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God."—Psa. 42: 2.

MATTIE. **May be sung as a Duet by Soprano and Alto.** JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. Come nearer to..... me, Savior come,..... Nearer I pray;..... and let me rest..... In this dark
2. Sav-ior a-lone..... I can not tread.....Life's rugged, steep,..... un-e-ven way;..... Thy hand my

CHORUS.

hour..... of pain and gloom,..... My wea-ry head..... up-on thy breast. O Sav-ior
trem - - - bling steps must lead,..... Thy hand must guide..... me, else I stray.

mine..... I need thee now;..... Thirsting, my soul..... looks up to thee,..... In this one,

plead - - - ing prayer I bow,..... Come near-er, near - er, Lord, to me.....
Come near-er, near-er,

3. Come nearer, nearer, let thy smile
Of love illume my darkened soul;
Take of thy often wayward child,
Through all his life, complete control.

4. Thy love is heaven, thy smile is light,
That makes of burdened life a song;
Thy presence turns to day the night,
And speeds the hours that erst were long.

By permission.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

"*From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures.*"—1 Tim. 3 : 15. I. BALTZELL.

SOLO. Slow and Tenderly.

1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will unbidden start; With falt'ring lips and throbbing brow I clasp it to my heart. For ma - ny gen - er - a - tions past, Here is our fam - ily tree; My moth-er's hand this Bi-ble clasped, She, dy-ing, gave it me, She, dy-ing, gave it me.
2. Ah, well do I remember those Whose names these records bear! Who round the hearthstone used to close Aft- er the eve-ning pray'r! And speak of what these pag - es said, In tones my heart would thrill! Tho' they are with the si-lent dead, Here are they liv - ing still, Here are they liv - ing still.
3. My fa-ther read this holy book To brothers, sisters, dear; How calm was my poor mother's look, Who loved God's word to hear. Her an - gel face, I see it yet! What thronging mem'ries come! A- gain that lit - tle group is met With-in the halls of home, With-in the halls of home.
4. Thou truest friend man ever knew, Thy constancy I've tried; Where all were false I found thee true, My Coun - sel - or and guide. The mines of earth no treasures give That could this vol-ume buy; In teach - ing me the way to live, It taught me how to die, It taught me how to die.

DRINK AND LIVE.

C. H. GABRIEL.

"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."—Isa. 55: 1.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Come un-to me, who-ev - er is thirst-y, Drink from the fountain flowing for thee, Fountain of gladness,
2. Hark to the in - vi - ta-tion God gives you, Drink, and ye shall be thirst-y no more; Come, lest ye per-ish,
3. Come, who-so- ev- er will, to the fountain, Come without mon-ey, come ye and drink; Je-sus in-vites you,

CHORUS.

life ev - er- last-ing, Forth from the throne 'tis flow-ing so free.
why are ye waiting? Come, oh ye wea-ry, thirst-y and poor. Come all ye thirst - y, drink ye and
why do ye tar-ry? 'Tis but a step from you to the brink.

Come all ye thirst-y,

live,..... Je - sus the wa - ter free - ly will give;..... Life ev - er -

drink ye and live, Je - sus the wa - ter free-ly will give;

last - ing, drink to your soul..... Drink of the wa - ter, drink and be whole.

Life ev - er - last - ing, drink to your soul, Drink of the wa - ter.

MEMORIES OF GALILEE.

ROBERT MORRIS, LL.D. *"Jesus walked in Galilee"*—John 7 : 1. H. R. PALMER.

1. Each cooing dove and sighing bough, That makes the eve so blest to me, Has something
2. Each flow'ry glen and mossy dell, Where happy birds in song a - gree, Thro' sunny
3. And when I read the thrilling lore Of him who walked up-on the sea, I long, oh,

CHORUS.

far di-vin-er now, It bears me back to Gal-i - lee.
morn the praises tell Of sights and sounds in Gal-i - lee. O Gal-i - lee! sweet
how I long once more To follow him in Gal-i - lee!

Galilee! Where Jesus lov'd so much to be; O Gal-i-lee! blue Gal-ilee! Come sing thy song again to me!

By permission.

TELL IT TO JESUS.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. "*Tell it to Jesus.*"—Matt. 14 : 12. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Are you wea-ry, are you heavy-hearted? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus. Are you grieving
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Je - sus. Have you sins that
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je - sus. Are you anxious
4. Are you troubled at the tho't of dying? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus. For Christ's coming

CHORUS.

o - ver joys de-part - ed? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.
to man's eye are hidden? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.
what shall be to-morrow? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.
Kingdom are you sighing? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,

He is a friend that's well known: You have no other such a friend or brother, Tell it to Jesus alone.

J. C. B. *"With the precious blood of Christ."*—1 Peter 1 : 19. J. C. BERKEY.

1. Precious is the blood of Je - sus Which on Cal - va - ry was shed; Precious stream of love and
2. Precious is the blood of Je - sus, Nothing else will cleanse the stain; But the blood of Je - sus
3. Precious is the blood of Je - sus When to wea - ry souls ap-plied; Fount of joy, of full-est

CHORUS.

mer - cy Flows from Christ the living Head.
cleanseth, Not a sin shall e'er re-main. Precious blood! precious blood! oh, the precious blood of
blessings, None its healing are de-nied.

Je-sus; It will cleanse us from all sin, It will make us pure within; Oh, the precious blood of Jesus!

WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM.

"Whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3: 16. I. BALTZELL.

1. Oh, what a - mazing words of grace Are borne to Adam's ru-ined race: "Whoev - er will be-
2. Come, then, with all your wants and wounds, Come, where unchanging love abounds; For who - so - ev - er
3. A host of sinners, vile as you, Have here found peace and pardon too; Come, then, and on the
4. Come, sin-ner, come, no more de - lay, Come, seek e - ter-nal life to - day; For who - so - ev - er

CHORUS.

lieve the word, Shall find sal - va - tion in the Lord."
will be-lieve, Shall ev - er - last - ing life re-ceive. For who - so - ev - er be - liev-eth in
Son be-lieve, For he will life e - ter - nal give.
will be-lieve, Shall ev - er - last - ing life re-ceive. For

him, ... For who - so - ev-er be-lieveth in him, ... For
who - so - ev - er be-lieveth in him, . . For who - so - ev - er be - liev-eth in

who - so - ev-er be-liev-eth in him, ... shall have . . e - ter-nal life. . .
him, . . Who-so - ev-er be-lieveth in him shall have e - ter-nal life. . .

LITTLE PILGRIMS.

MAUD. *"For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."*—Heb. 13 : 14. C. C. SEITZ.

1. We're a lit-tle pilgrim band, Cheerful-ly we sing; Journeying to a heav'nly land, Guarded by its King.
2. Why should even children fear, With a Friend so true? Pleasant is our pathway here, Bright the end in view.
3. Ev - er onward, day by day, Turning not a - side, Sure that in the narrow way, Harm can ne'er betide.
4. We're a lit-tle pilgrim band, Journeying with our King To the shining, better land— This the song we sing.

CHORUS.

Jesus loves us, Jesus knows Little children's wants and woes; We will follow where he goes, He will lead us home.

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

E. J. CARR. *"Behold I stand at the door and knock."*—Rev. 3 : 20. I. BALTZELL.

1. The voice of my Be - lov - ed calls, "Open," my love, my bride; I hear him knocking at the door,
2. The door is closed—why should it be, When he is standing there? Oh, could I hear that plaintive cry!
3. So late, so cold, so drear without, His hair with dew is wet; The shades of evening o'er him fall;
4. "A-rise!" I hear him call a - gain; I yield him all my heart; No long-er will I make delay;

A sound I've oft - en heard be-fore, Yet keep him still out-side.
Oh, could I see that pitying eye! That look I could not bear.
How can I stand and hear him call In tones of deep re-gret.
En-ter, O Lord, within, I pray, And nev-er - more de-part.

CHORUS.

Oh, the Savior is standing at the door (at the door), Gen - tly knock - ing as he knocked be - fore (at the door); Let him

ow en - ter in; He will cleanse the heart from sin: O sin-ner, let the Sav - ior en - ter in!

WHERE IS THE FOLD?

"*I am the good Shepherd.*"—John 10 : 14. L. S. EDWARDS.

1. I have wandered to the mountain, And the night is dark and cold; I am lost, O heavenly Shepherd!
2. I am wea - ry, I am helpless, But still, helpless as I stand, Reaching out into the darkness
3. I am look-ing for thy com-ing—For the fold and safe-ty there; I shall perish, loving Shepherd,
4. Hark! I hear the Shepherd calling, And the morning sky of gold Sends a light across the mountain—

CHORUS. 1st. 2d.

Where is the fold?
To feel thy hand. Out in the darkness, Lord, oh, hear my cry! Where is the fold?
With-out thy care. Hear me, O Shepherd! save me or I die! Where is the fold?
I see the fold!

BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

E. M. C. *"We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."*—2 Cor. 5: 20. E. MANFORD CLARK.

1. 'Tis the Sav-ior's in - vi -ta-tion, "Who - so - ev - er *will*" may know All the bliss of his sal - va -tion In this pres-ent world be-low, Lo! his arms to all ex-tend-ed, To the high and to the low, Willing, anxious, watching, waiting, Heaven's blessing to be-stow.
2. Thus the Sav-ior in com-pas-sion Shows ex-ceed-i ng love for thee; Of - fers rec - on - cil - i - a - tion, Of - fers par - don full and free; Of - fers all his great endearments, His sus - tain-ing staff and rod, And his grace in per - se - ver-ance To the rec-on-ciled to God. Come, then, come to Christ, we do beseech you, In the ways of sin no longer plod;
3. Still the blood of Je-sus flowing, Cleanseth us from ev - ery stain; All our shame and guilt removing, None who ask shall plead in vain: Yes, still flow-ing, free -ly flowing, Is that "fountain filled with blood," That a sinful world might know him And "be reconciled to God."
4. Once a - gain the Savior, pleading, Bids thee cease to long - er rove; Bids thee trust the joys ex-ceed-ing Of a Sav-ior and his love; Bids them humbly, meek and lowly, Walk where saintly feet have trod, And be pure and true and ho - ly, Whol-ly "reconciled to God."

CHORUS.

Now as mes - sen - gers of Christ, in his stead we do en - treat you, Come and be ye rec - on - ciled to God.

HE KNOWETH THE WAY.

"He knoweth the way that I take."—Job. 23 : 10.

I. BALTZELL.

1. I know not—the way is so misty— The joys or the griefs it shall bring; The clouds are o'er-
But there's one who will journey beside me, Nor in weal nor in woe will for-sake; And this is my

CHORUS.

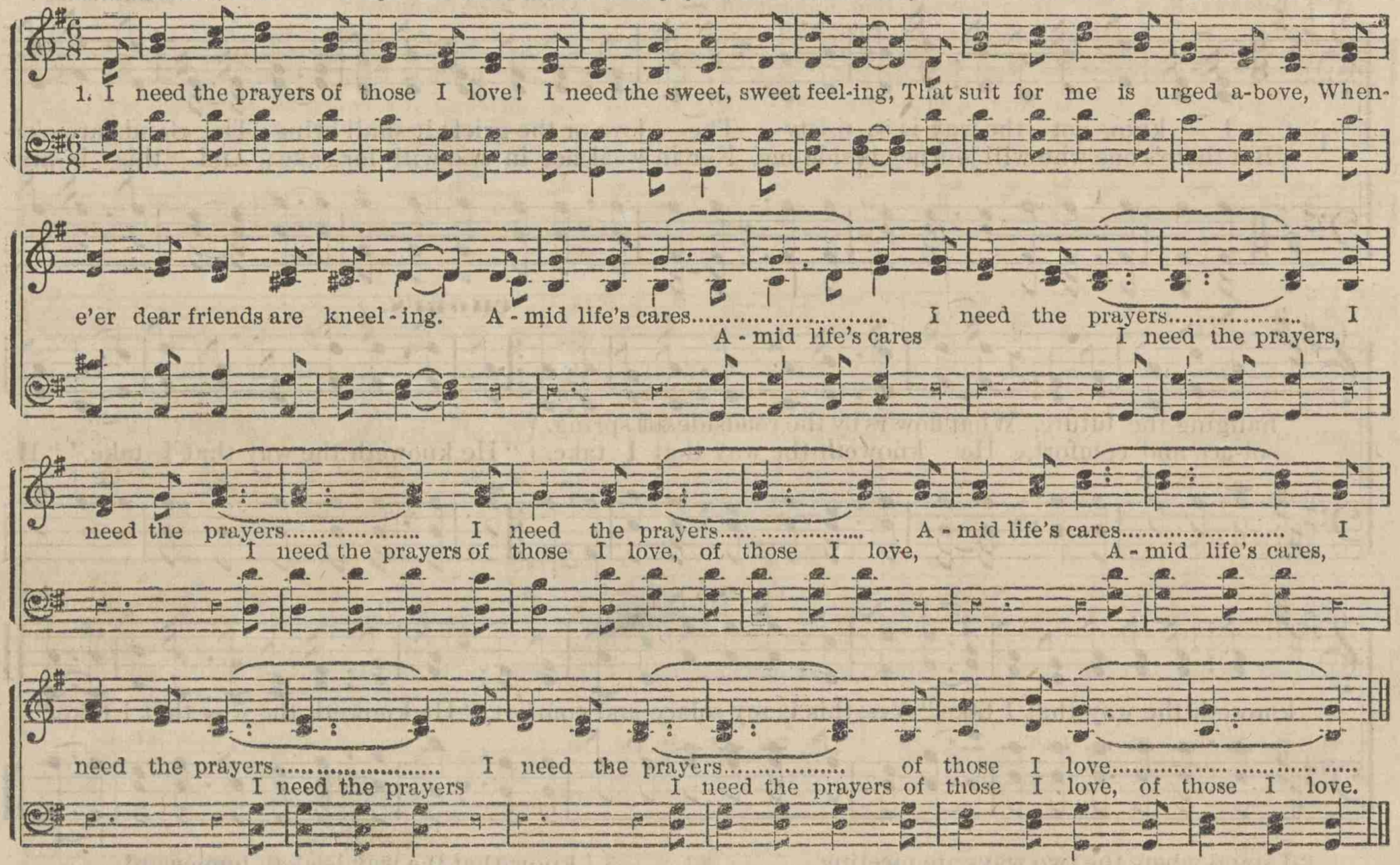
hanging the future, What flow'rs by the roadside shall spring.
sol-ace and comfort, He knoweth the way that I take. "He knoweth the way that I take," "He

knoweth the way that I take," Yes, this is my solace and comfort, "He knoweth the way that I take."

2 I stand where the two ways are meeting,
And know not the right or the wrong;
No beckoning finger directs me,
No welcome floats to me in song.
But my guide will soon give me a token,
By wilderness, mountain, or lake;
Whatever the darkness around me,
"He knoweth the way that I take."

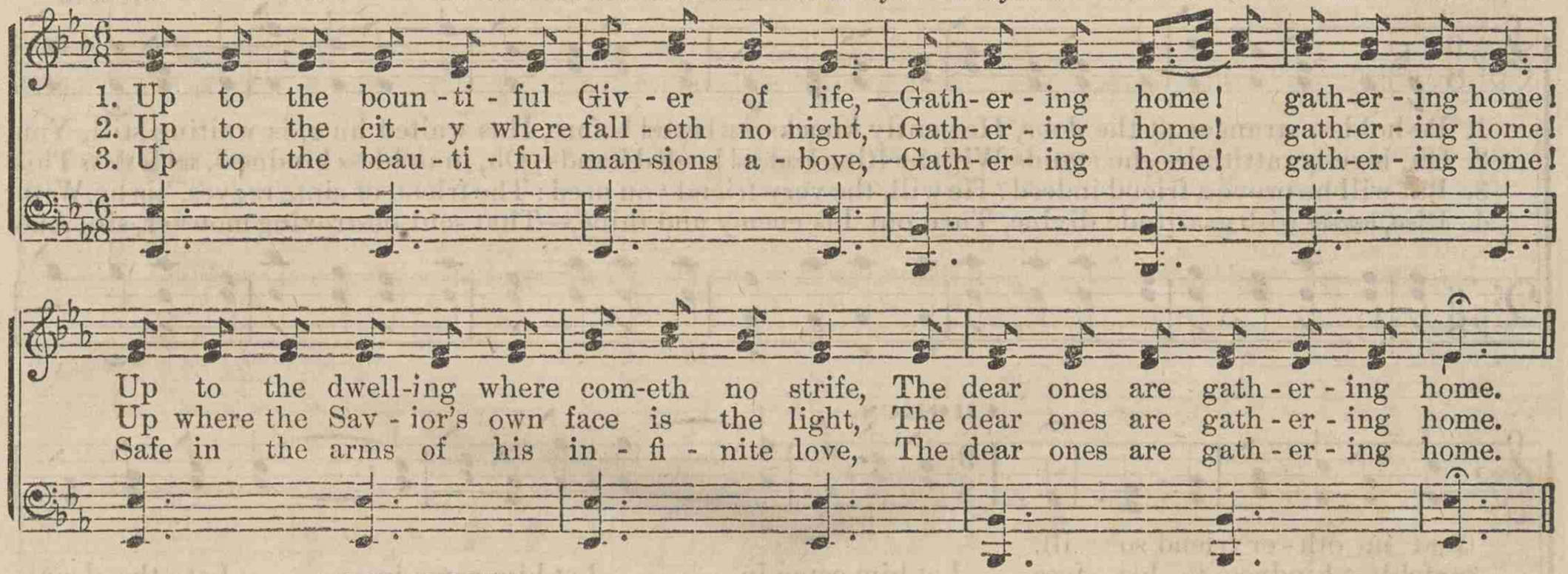
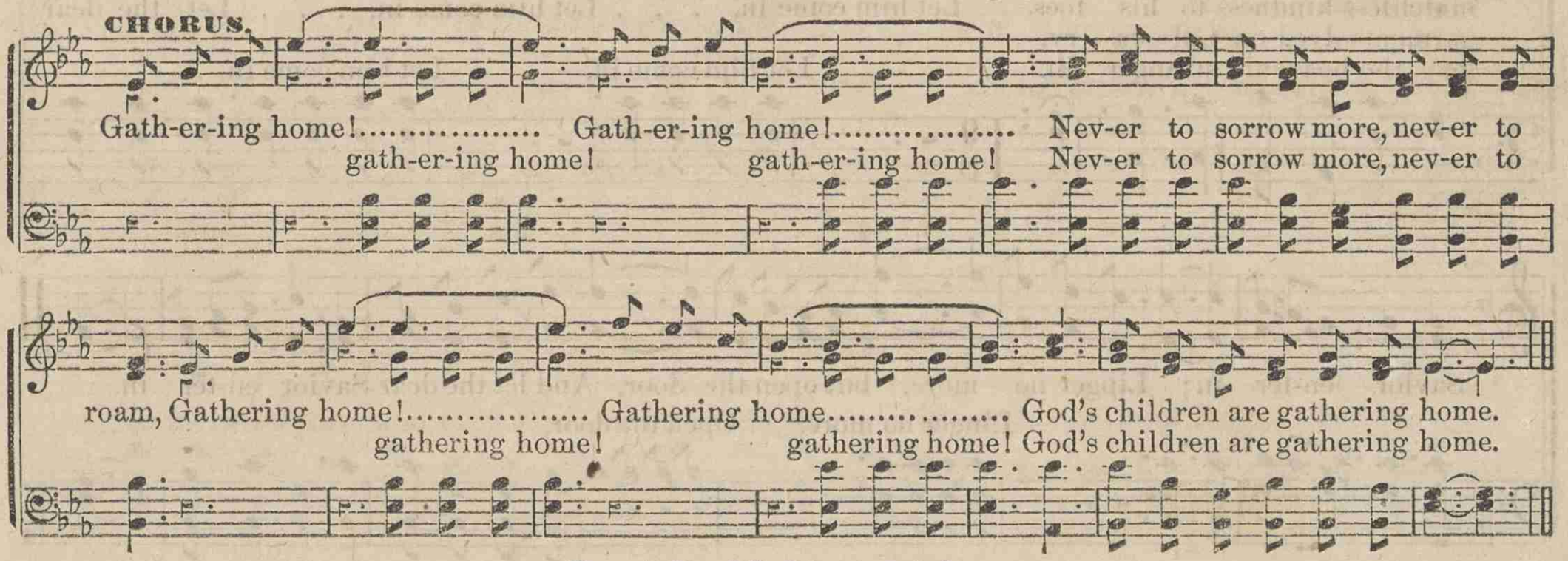
3 I know that the way leadeth homeward,
To the land of the pure and the blest—
To the country of everblest summer,
To the city of peace and of rest.
And there shall be healing for sickness,
And fountains, life's fevers to slake;
What matters beside? I go homeward,
"He knoweth the way that I take."

I NEED THE PRAYERS OF THOSE I LOVE.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. *"Prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him."*—Acts 12: 5. E. S. LORENZ.

2. Of those I love the prayers I need!
They know my wants and ailings;
They know the way to intercede
For all my faults and failings.
On bended knee,
Remember me,
Of those I love the prayers I need.

3. Of those I love, I need the prayers!
Whene'er God's throne addressing:
'Twill keep my feet from sins and snares,
'Twill break in show'rs of blessing,
Who love me yet,
Oh, ne'er forget;
Of those I love, I need the prayers!

GATHERING HOME.

Miss Mariana B. Slade. *"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth."*—Rev. 14: 13. Dr. A. B. Everett.

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LET HIM COME IN.

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

I. B.

1. Be-hold, a stranger at the door, He gently knocks, has knocked before, Has waited long, is waiting still, You
2. Oh, love-ly attitude—he stands With melting heart and loaded hands; Oh, matchless kindness, and he shows This
3. But will he prove a friend indeed? He will, the very friend you need; The friend of sinners; yes, 'tis he, With
4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine, Turn out his enemy and thine,—That soul-destroying monster, sin, And

CHORUS.

treat no oth-er friend so ill.
matchless kindness to his foes. Let him come in, . . . Let him come in, . . . Let the dear
garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
let the heavenly stranger in. Let him come in, Let him come in,

Savior en-ter in; Linger no more, but open the door, And let the dear Savior en-ter in.
Linger no more, Open the door,

"They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory."—Matt. 24 : 30.

S. J. G. REV. S. J. GRAHAM.

1. The gold - en morning is fast approaching, Je - sus soon will come To take his faithful and
2. The gos-pel summons will soon be carried All the nations round; The Bridegroom then will
3. At - tend-ed by all the shin-ing an-gels Down the flaming sky; The Judge will come and will
4. There those loved ones who have long been parted All will meet again; The tears of those who are
5. Oh, hear the sweet and the welcome plaudit, "Dearest children, come!" You have been faithful

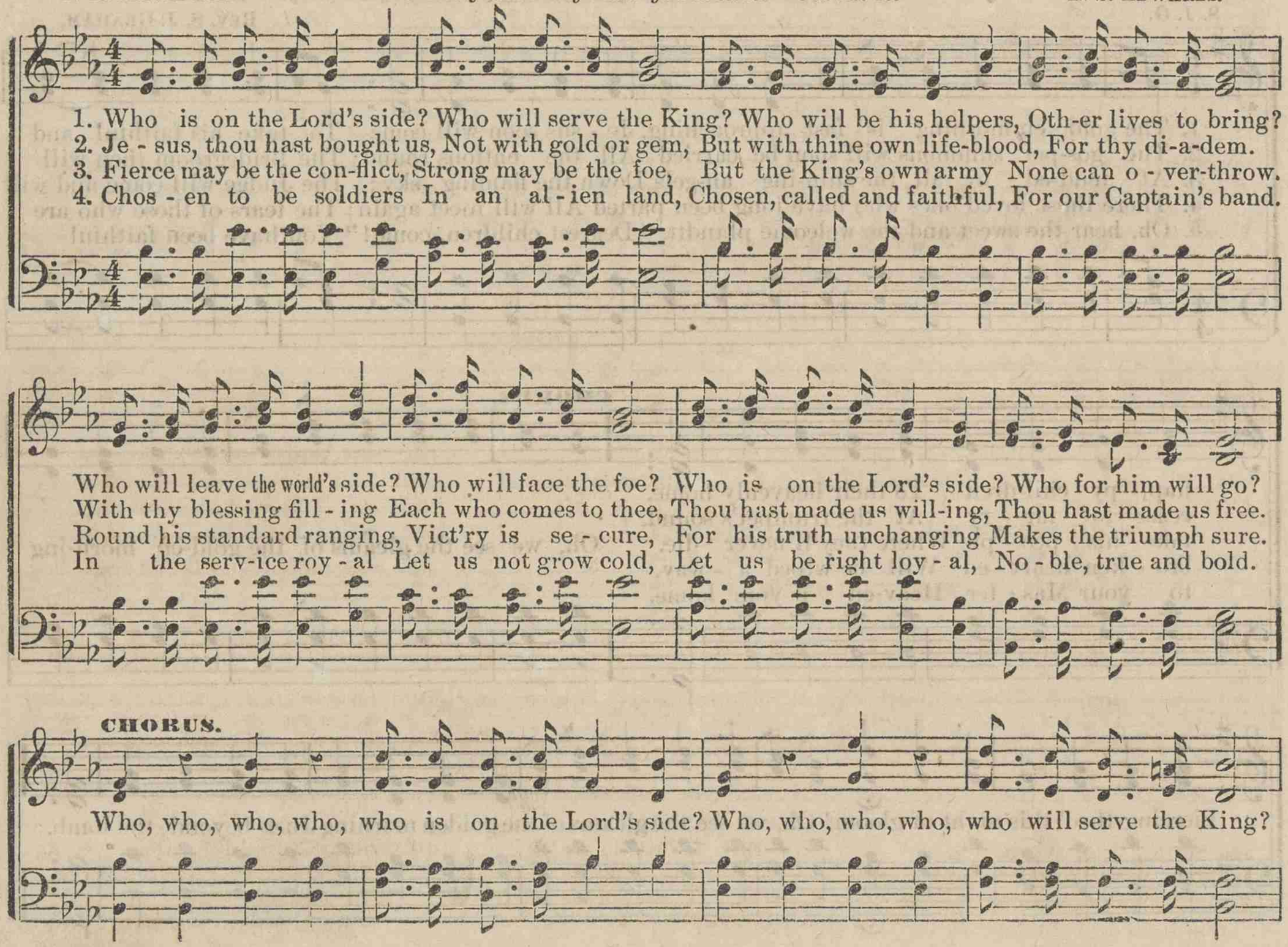
CHORUS.

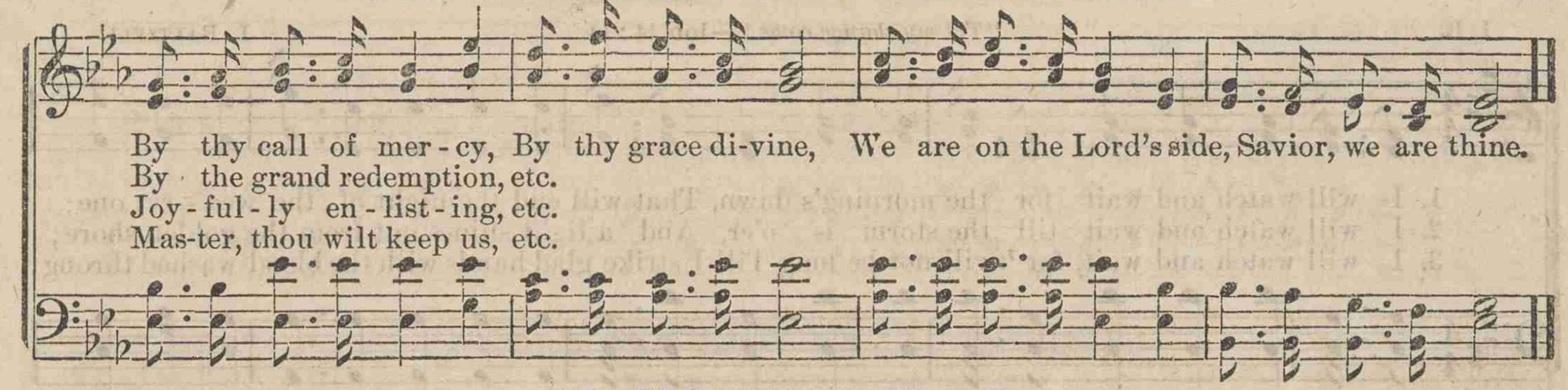
hap - py chil-dren To their heavenly home.
cease to tar - ry At the trumpet's sound.
take his peo - ple Where they'll never die. Oh, we see the gleams of the gold-en morn-ing
bro - ken heart - ed Will be wiped a - way.
to your Mas - ter, Heav-en is your home.

Piercing thro' this night of gloom! Oh, we see the gleams of the golden morning Just beyond the tomb.

WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

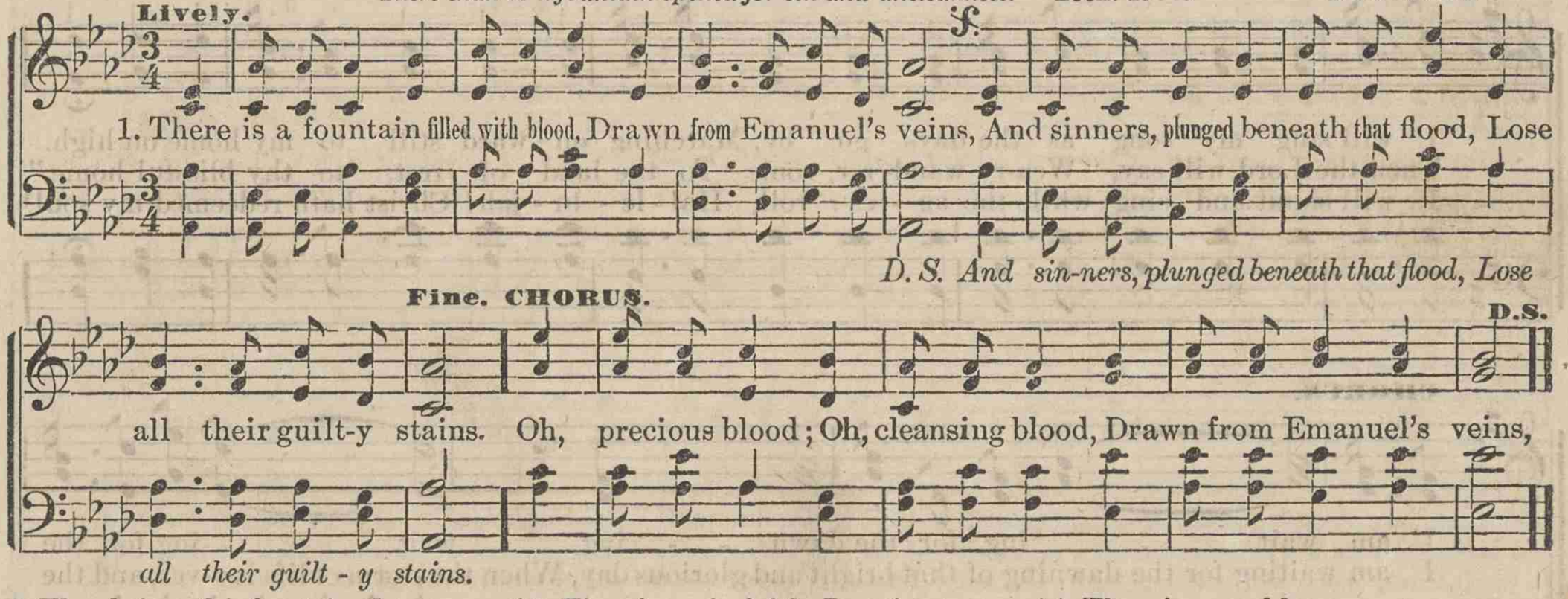
F. R. HAVERGAL. *"Choose you this day whom ye will serve."*—Jos 24: 15. L. S. EDWARDS.





OH, CLEANSING BLOOD.

"There shall be a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness."—Zech. 13 : 1. I. BALTZELL.



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

3 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.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

WATCHING AND WAITING.

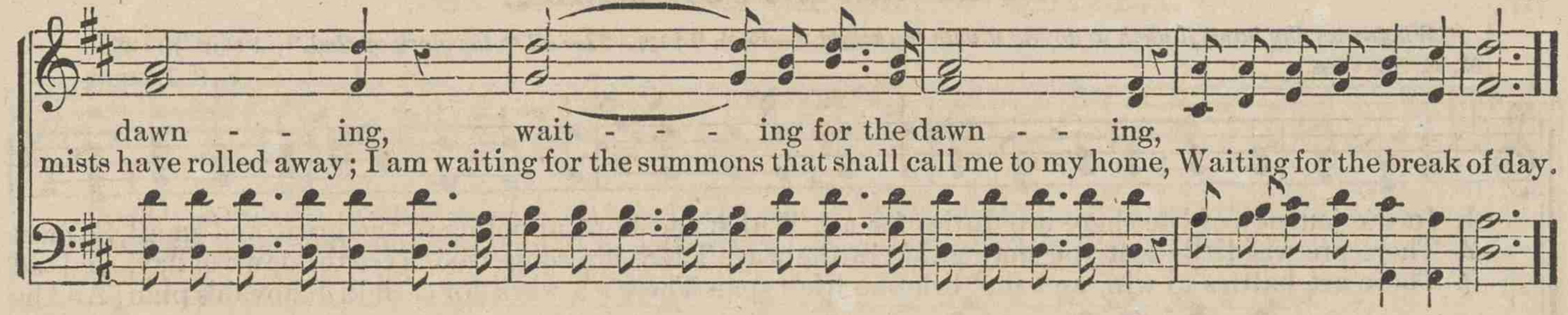
I. B. *"Till my change come."*—Job 14 : 14. I. BALTZELL.

1. I will watch and wait for the morning's dawn, That will end the night of the wea - ry one;
2. I will watch and wait till the storm is o'er, And a light shines out from the golden shore;
3. I will watch and wait, for 'twill not be long Till I strike glad hands with the blood-washed throng;

I will sing my song as the days go by, Marching on - ward still to my home on high.
Then the Lord will say, "Wea-ry wand-'rer, come To the land of rest, to thy blissful home."
I will shout and sing while the ag - es roll, Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ hath redeemed my soul!

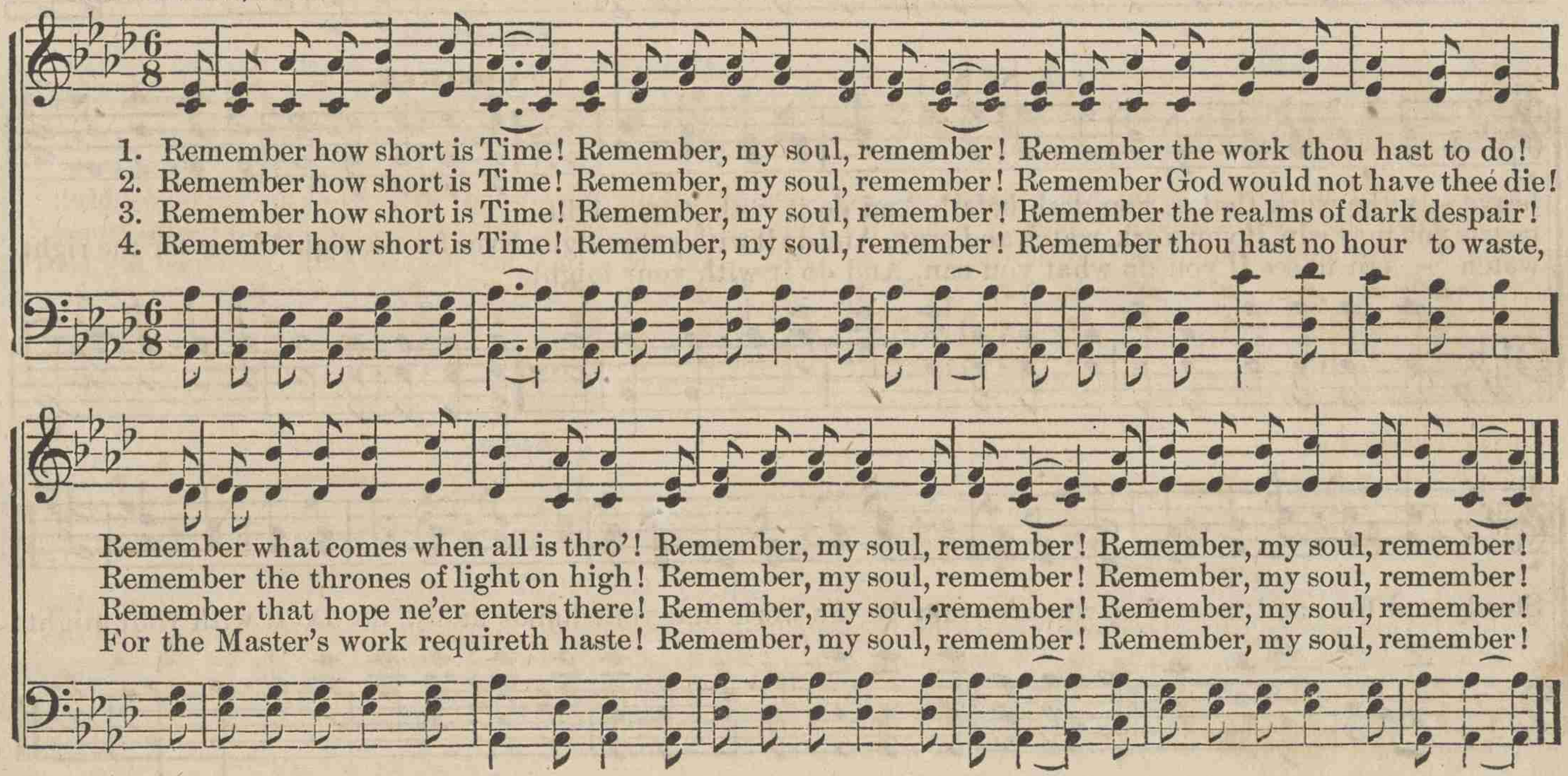
CHORUS.

I am wait . . . . . ing for the dawn - - ing, wait . . . . ing for the
I am waiting for the dawning of that bright and glorious day, When the storm of life is o-ver, and the



REMEMBER HOW SHORT IS TIME.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. *"The time is short."*—1 Cor. 7 : 29. E. S. LORENZ.



DO IT WITH YOUR MIGHT.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—Eccl. 9 : 10. *"Do all to the glory of God."*—1 Cor. 10 : 31.

M. E. SERVOSS. E. S. LORENZ.

1. In the journey of life there are duties for all, Which the Lord appoints to the great and small, So meet
2. There are wee little feet you may guide in the way, There are songs to sing ere the dawn of day, And sad
3. There are battles to win, and tho' brief be life's span There's a work for each in Jehovah's plan; And he

CHORUS.

brave - ly the work that to you doth befall, And do it with your might.
hearts you may win, if you work, watch and pray, And do it with your might. Ever for the right! Ever for the right!
watch - eth to see if you do what you can, And do it with your might.

Steady and firm and true; Yes, whate'er may be the work that your hands find to do, Do it with your might!

THE REST WILL BE THE SWEETER.

W. O. CUSHING. *"A far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."*—2 Cor. 4: 17. I. BALTZELL.

1. Let us never sigh nor fal-ter, But with brave hearts strong and true, Let us face the frown of bat-tle, With the
2. Let us hide within the shadow, In the fold-ings of his love, Pressing on to toil and du-ty, Striving
3. There is glorious rest in heaven, Where the Savior reigns on high, Tho' on earth 'tis toil and sorrow, Yet there's

REFRAIN.

vict'ry still in view.
still for heights above. Oh, the rest will be the sweeter, For each sorrow-burden'd sigh; We are marching home to
vict'ry by and by.

D. S. *We are marching home to*

Fine. *p* **D. S.**

Je-sus, There'll be resting by and by; Rest - ing by and by, Rest - ing by and by.
There'll be resting by and by, by and by, There'll be resting by and by, by and by.

Je-sus, There'll be resting by and by.

BLESSED IS HE THAT OVERCOMETH.

J. H. MARTIN, D.D. *"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne."*—Rev. 3: 21. E. S. LORENZ.

1. There's a voice that speaks in the storm and strife, Blessed is he that o-ver-com-eth! There's a cheering sound
2. There are foes without, tempt-ations within, Blessed is he that o-ver-com-eth! Hosts of e - vil ones
3. Sa - tan and the world gainst us are allied, Blessed is he that o-ver-com-eth! With the car-nal heart,
4. Fierce will be the conflict, the warfare long, Blessed is he that o-ver-com-eth! Thro' the Lord we'll tri-

CHORUS.

mid our struggling life, Blessed is he that o - ver-com-eth.
en - tic-ing to sin, Blessed is he that o - ver-com-eth. Bless-ed is he when the Lord shall call,
with its pas-sion, pride, Blessed is he that o - ver-com-eth.
umph, he'll make us strong, Blessed is he that o - ver-com-eth.

Blessed is he that o-vercometh! "Blessed of my Father," the sweet words fall, Blessed is he that o-vercometh.

WE ALL CAN FIND SOMETHING TO DO.

I. B. "*Work out your own salvation.*"—Phil. 2: 12. I. BALTZELL.

1. O brother, this world is a vine-yard, Where all can find something to do; If a - ged, or just in our
2. A word to the sin-ful and err - ing, May oft-en remind them of God; A song of our beau - ti-ful
3. A prayer by the bed of the dy - ing May lead him to think of his God; A vis - it to ma - ny a
4. Oh, sweeter, far sweeter than rich-es, To feel we are working for God; The seed of sal - va-tion we

blooming, We all can find something to do. Oh, look to the deep, roll-ing riv - er, 'Tis
man - sion, May lead a poor wand'rer to God. Oh, look at the a - corn when planted, How
hov - el, May bring the poor out - cast to God. The brook, and the tree, and the o - cean, Are
scat - ter, Will bring us the bless-ings of God. Then on! Christian brother, to du - ty, And

made by the brooklet so free; A lesson for you, my dear brother, A les-son for you and for me.
quick-ly it gives you a tree; A lesson for you, my dear brother, A les-son for you and for me.
teaching us lessons most true; No matter how simple the ef - fort, We all can find something to do.
scatter rich blessings abroad; With glory and heaven be-fore us, We all will do something for God.

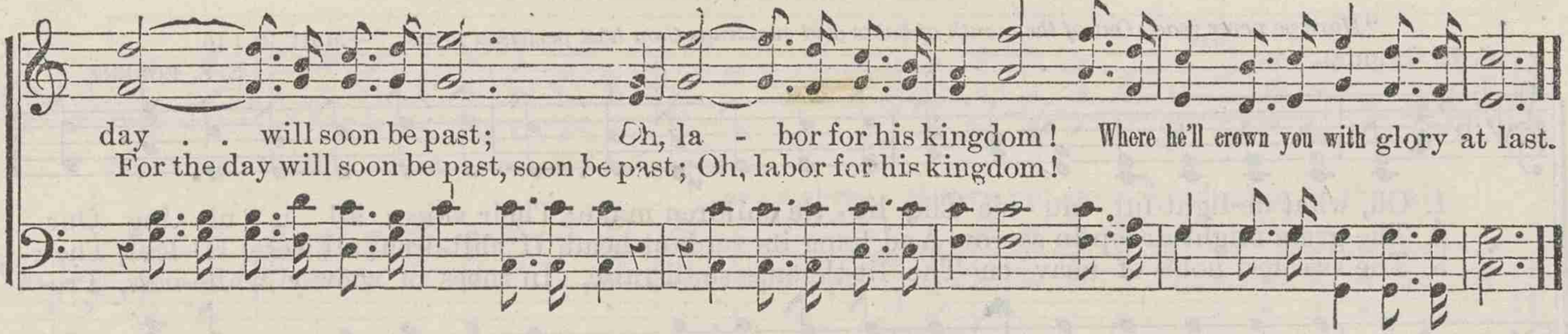
LABOR FOR THE MASTER.

From "Cheering Words." "*Work, for I am with you, saith the Lord of Hosts.*"—Hagg. 2 : 4. R. C. WARD.

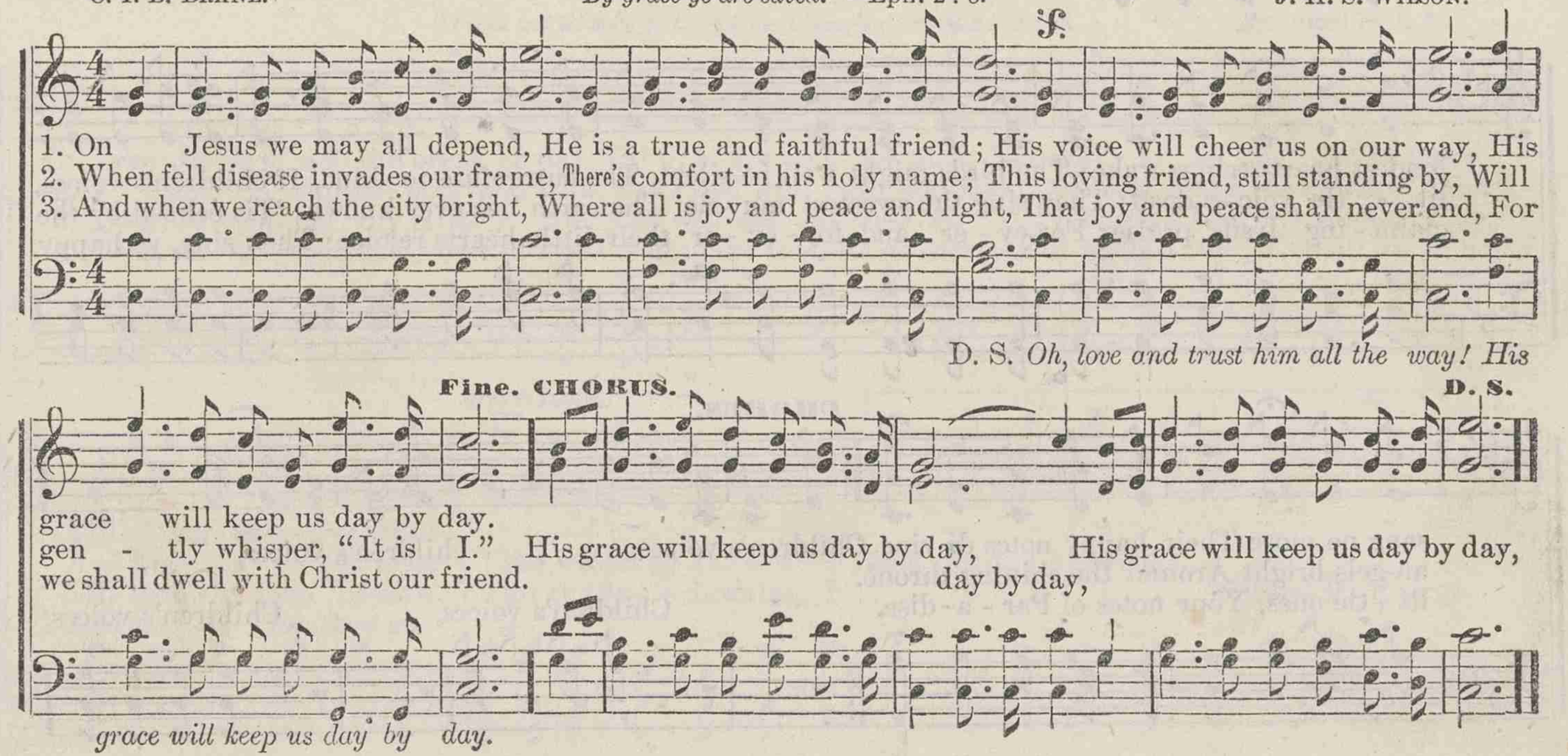
1. Sow ye beside all waters, Where the dew of heaven may fall; Ye shall reap if ye be not weary, For the
2. Sow, tho' the rock re-pel thee, In its cold and ster-ile pride; Some cleft there may be riven Where the
3. Have faith, tho' ne'er beholding The seed bursts from its tomb; Thou know'st not which may perish, Or

Spir-it breathes o'er all. Sow, tho' the thorns may wound thee, Je-sus wore the thorns for thee; And,
lit-tle seed may hide. Watch not the clouds a-bove thee, Let the whirlwind round thee sweep; God
what be spared to bloom. Room on the nar-row ridg-es The ripened grain will find, That the

CHORUS.

tho' the cold world scorn thee, Pa-tient and hope-ful be.
may the seed-time give thee, But another's hand may reap. Then la-bor for the Mas-ter, For the
Lord of the harvest, com-ing In the harvest, sheaves may bind. Then la-bor

GRACE WILL KEEP US.

C. I. B. BRANE. *"By grace ye are saved."*—Eph. 2 : 5. J. H. S. WILSON.



CHILDREN'S VOICES.

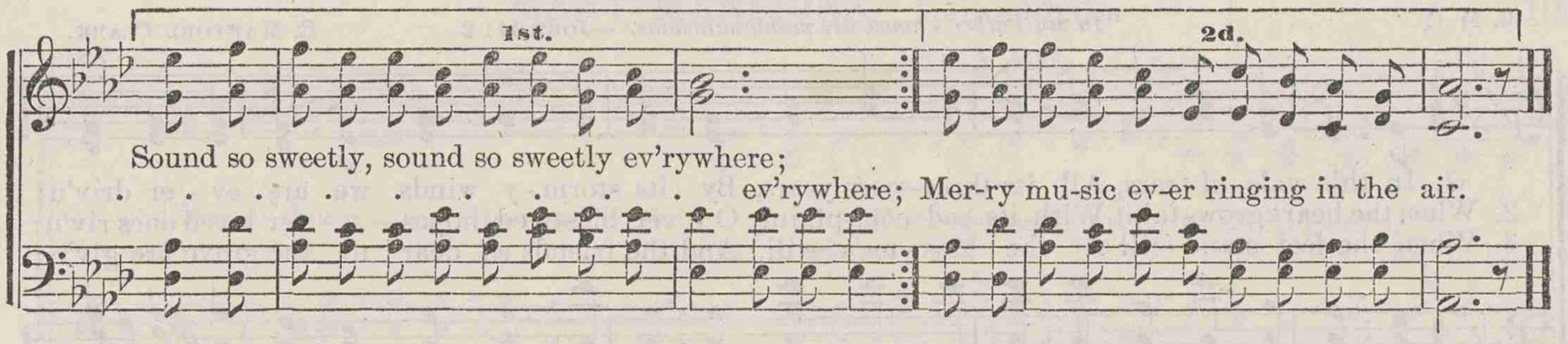
"Have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."—Matt. 21 : 16.

C. H. GABRIEL. E. S. LORENZ.

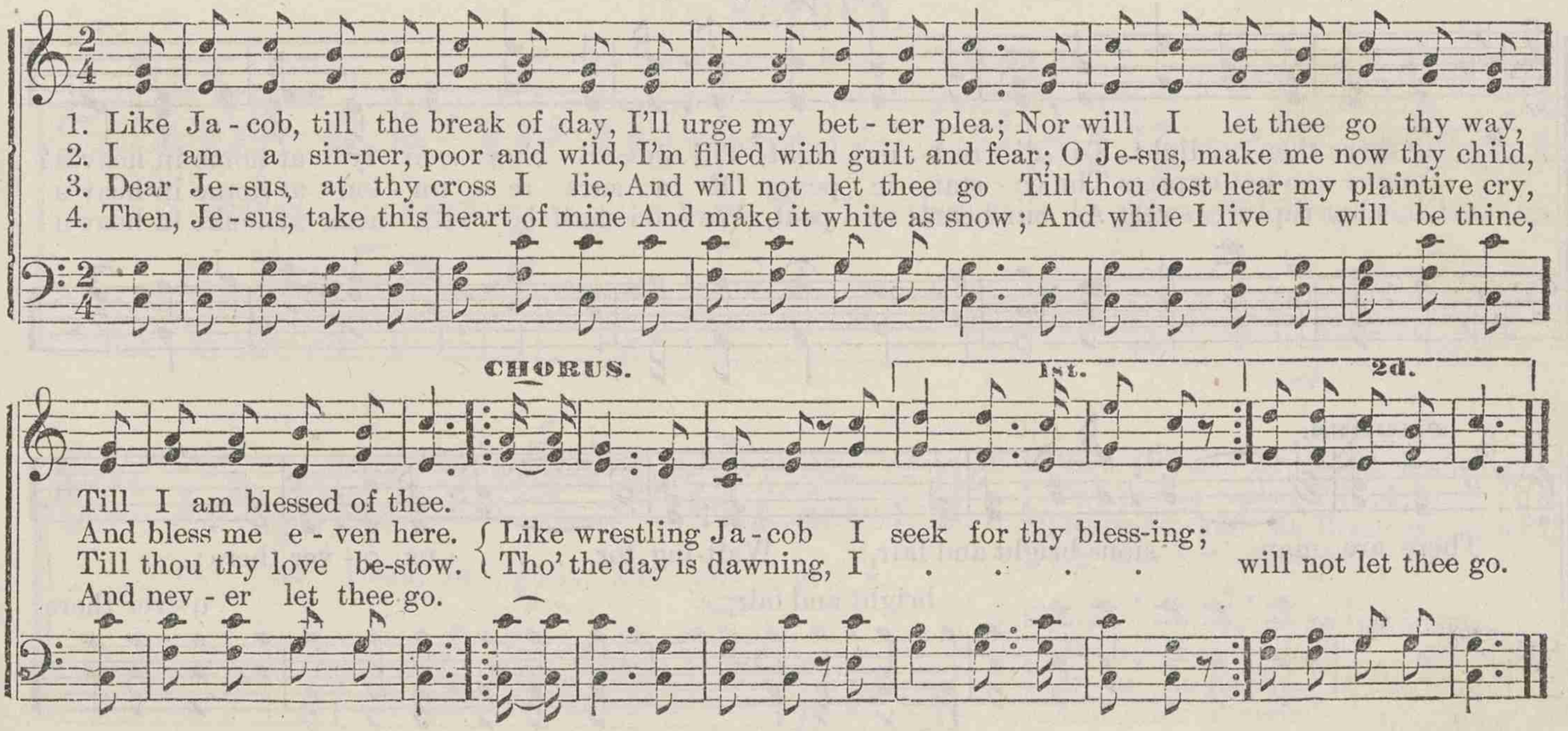
1. Oh, what de-light-ful mu - sic The lit - tle children make; Their voices all u - nit - ing Our
2. The grass might droop in sorrow And hang its verdant head, If chil-dren all were si - lent, Their
3. The sweetest notes of heav - en The lit-tle ones shall raise, In robes of snow-y white-ness, Pro-

fondest heart-strings wake; The birds might well be silent, The sun refuse to shine, If children's voices
lit - tle voic-es dead; They sing the sweetest mu - sic The earth has ever known; 'Tis echoed by the
claim - ing Jesus' praise; For-ev - er and for - ev - er their little hearts rejoice; Then sing, ye happy

CHORUS.

sang no more Their happy notes di-vine. Children's voices, children's voices,
an-gels bright Around the shining throne.
lit - tle ones, Your notes of Par - a - dise. Children's voices, Children's voices,

I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.

"I will not let thee go except thou bless me."—Gen. 32 : 36. Arranged by I. B.



MANY MANSIONS.

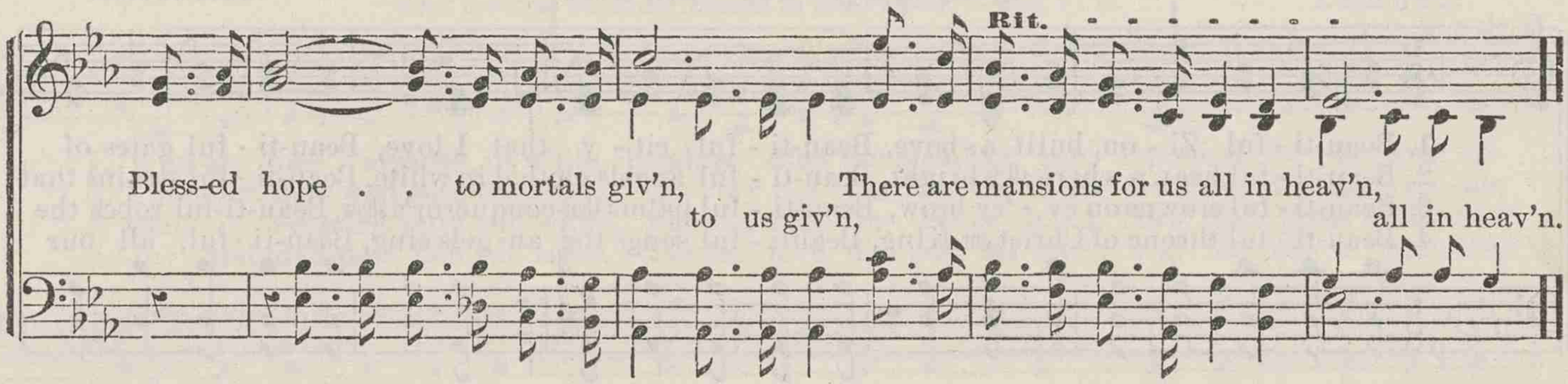
E. M. C. *"In my Father's house are many mansions."*—John 14: 2. E. MANFORD CLARK.

1. In this vale of tears, All its three-score years, By its storm-y winds we are ev-er driv'n;
2. When the heart grows faint With its sad com-plaint O-ver blast-ed hopes— o-ver loved ones riv'n;
3. When the feet stand still At the Mas-ter's will, And the friends so dear to the grave are giv'n;

Is there then no light To di-rect us right, Till we an-chor safe-ly at home in heav'n?
Tongue can not express The ec-stat-ic peace Of a sure re-un-ion at home in heav'n.
Oh, what raptures sweet As our hearts re-peat, We soon shall be with them at home in heav'n!

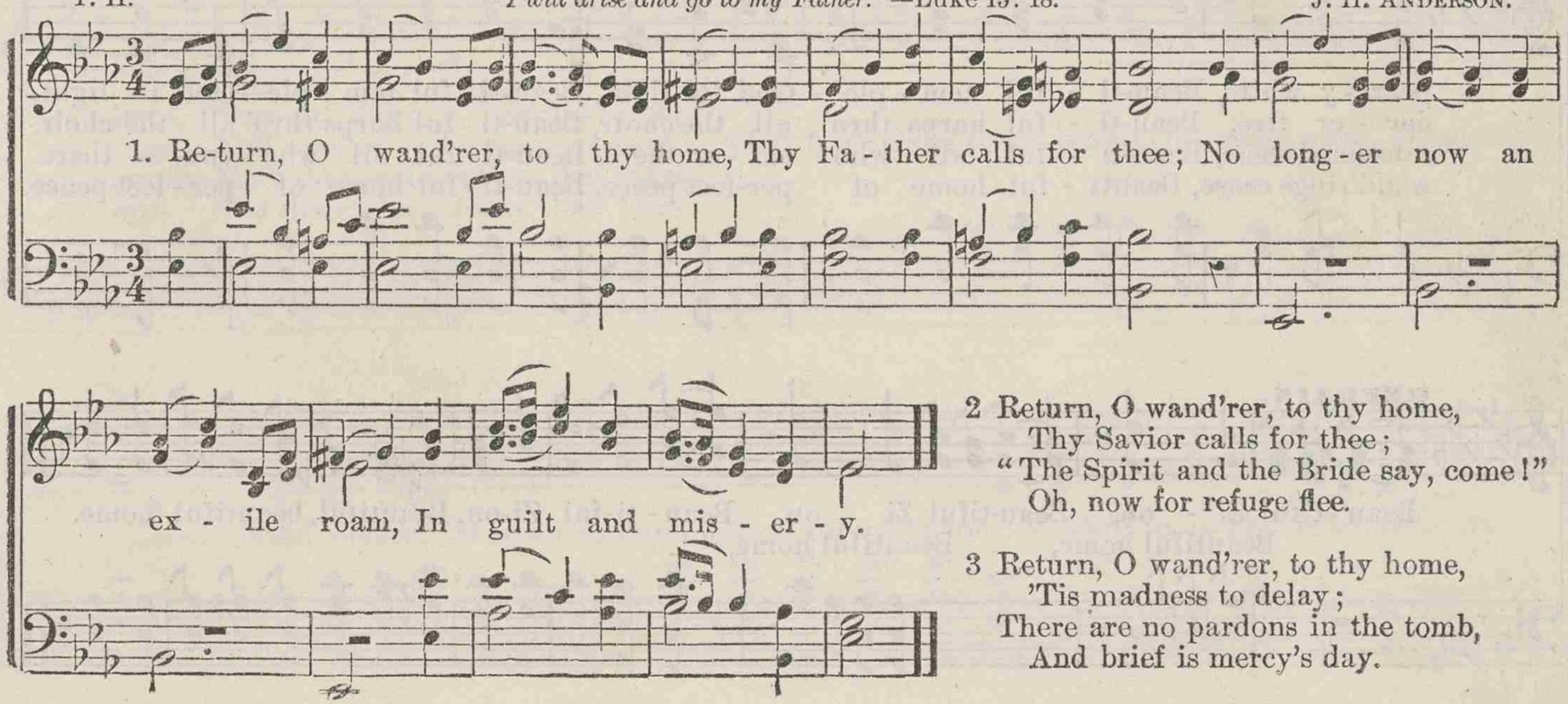
CHORUS.

There are man-sions bright and fair, Wait-ing for . . . us o-ver there;
bright and fair, o-ver there;



RETURN.

T. H. *"I will arise and go to my Father."*—Luke 15: 18. J. H. ANDERSON.



2 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
Thy Savior calls for thee;
"The Spirit and the Bride say, come!"
Oh, now for refuge flee.

3 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

"*Having the glory of God.*"—Rev. 21 : 11. JAMES SAYLES.

1. Beau-ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau-ti - ful cit - y that I love, Beau-ti - ful gates of pearl - y white, Beau-ti - ful tem - ple— God its light, Beau-ti - ful tem - ple—God its light.
2. Beau-ti - ful heav'n where all is bright, Beau-ti - ful angels cloth'd in white, Beau-ti - ful strains that nev - er tire, Beau-ti - ful harps thro' all the choir, Beau-ti - ful harps thro' all the choir.
3. Beau-ti - ful crowns on ev - 'ry brow, Beau-ti - ful palms that conqueror's show, Beau-ti-ful robes the ransomed wear, Beau-ti - ful all who ent - er there, Beau-ti - ful all who ent - er there.
4. Beau-ti - ful throne of Christ our King, Beauti - ful songs the an - gels sing, Beau-ti - ful, all our wand'rings cease, Beauti - ful home of per-fect peace, Beau-ti - ful home of per - fect peace.

REFRAIN.

Beau - tiful Zi - on, Beau-tiful Zi - on, Beau - ti-ful Zi-on, Beautiful, beautiful home.
Beautiful home, Beautiful home,

BEAUTIFUL WHITE ROBES.

"What are these which are arrayed in white robes?"—Rev. 7 : 13. I. BALTZELL.

1. Who are these arrayed in white, Brighter than the noonday sun, Foremost of the sons of light, Near-est the e - ter-nal throne?
2. These are they who bore the cross, No - bly for the Mas-ter stood, Suf-f'rers in the no - ble cause, Foll'wers of E - man-uel God.
3. Clad in rai-ment pure and white, Victor-palms in ev-'ry hand, Thro' their great Redeemer's might, More than con-quer-ors they stand.
4. Joy and glad-ness ban-ish sighs, Per-fect love dis - pels all fears; And for - ev - er from their eyes God shall wipe a-way their tears.

CHORUS.

They have clean robes, beauti - ful white robes, Washed in Je-sus' blood divine; May a clean and beau-ti-ful white robe, Washed in Je-sus' blood, be mine.

WANDERER, COME.

E. A. BARNES. *"I have found my sheep which was lost."*—Luke 15 : 6. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Lo, from the throne of his glo - ry, In - fi - nite love on his brow, Christ, by the death that he
2. Out 'mid the darkness and danger, Death in the bil-lows that roll, Christ, who is might-y to
3. Grace that will conquer all e - vil, Gift that he waits to im - part; Christ, who is wait-ing to
4. Hope that is sweet and un-fail-ing, Light o'er a shad - ow - y tide; Christ, to the glo - ry of

REFRAIN.

suf-fered, Calls to the wan-der-er now. Come, wanderer, come! Come, wanderer,
res-cue, Seeks for the wan-derer's soul.
en-ter, Knocks at the wan-derer's heart.
heaven, Reigns as the wan-derer's guide. Come, weary wanderer, wanderer, come! Come, weary wanderer,

come! Come, wan-der - er! Come, wanderer! Je-sus is calling thee now!
wanderer, come! Come, weary wan-der-er! Come, wea-ry wanderer!

CARRY US IN THINE ARMS.

MARIA STRAUB. "*He shall gather the lambs with his arm.*"—Is. 40 : 11. J. F. KINSEY.

Andante.

1. We are but lit - tle chil - dren, Oh, teach us the right way! With none to help and guide us, Our lit - tle feet may stray.
2. We are but lit - tle chil - dren, And lit - tle we can do; But we may all do some-thing,—Try to be good and true.
3. We are but lit - tle chil - dren, Yet thank - ful we should be, For teach - ers and kind par - ents, And, oh, dear Lord, for thee!

REFRAIN.

Take, oh, take us, dear Sav - ior! Car - ry us in thine arms; Keep us safe-ly from dan - ger, Hide us from all harm.

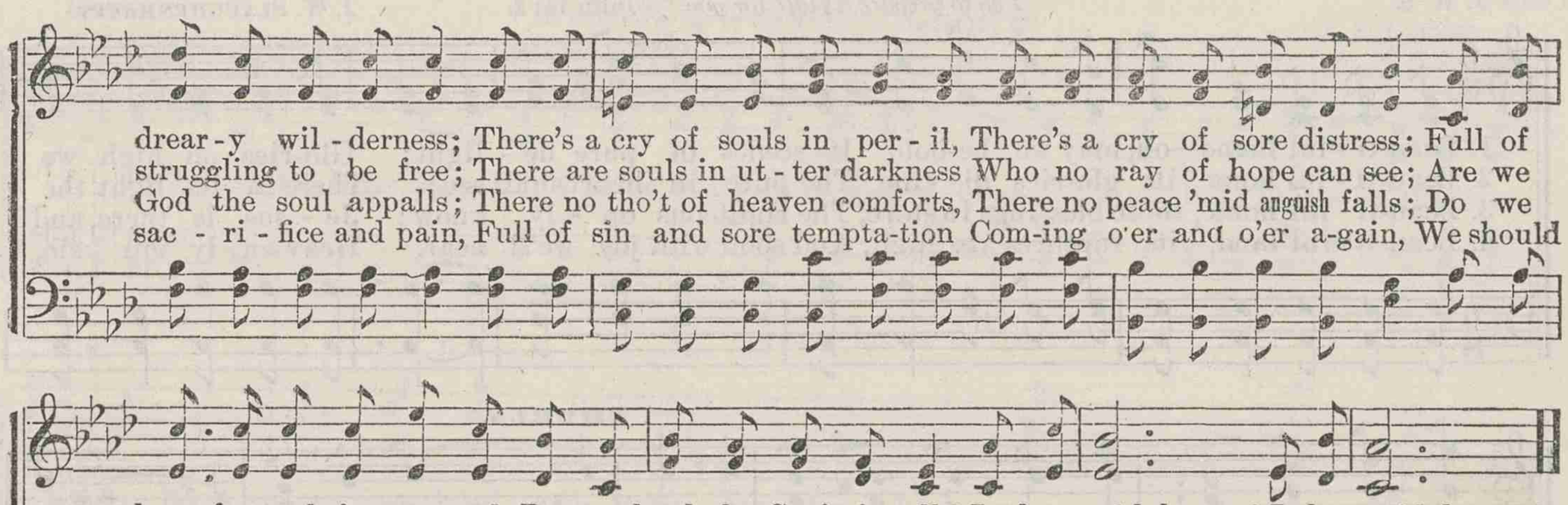
LABOR ON.

E. D. Mund. *"Always abounding in the work of the Lord."*—1 Cor. 15: 58. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Hear ye not the voice of Je - sus, Pleading still with each and all? La-bor on! labor on! La-bor
2. There are hearts that are sore-burdened With the weight of sin and guilt, La-bor on! labor on! La-bor
3. There are homes still clothed in darkness, Where no light of heaven shines, La-bor on! labor on! La-bor
4. Ev - er struggling with temptation, Hearts may weak and weary grow, La-bor on! labor on! La-bor

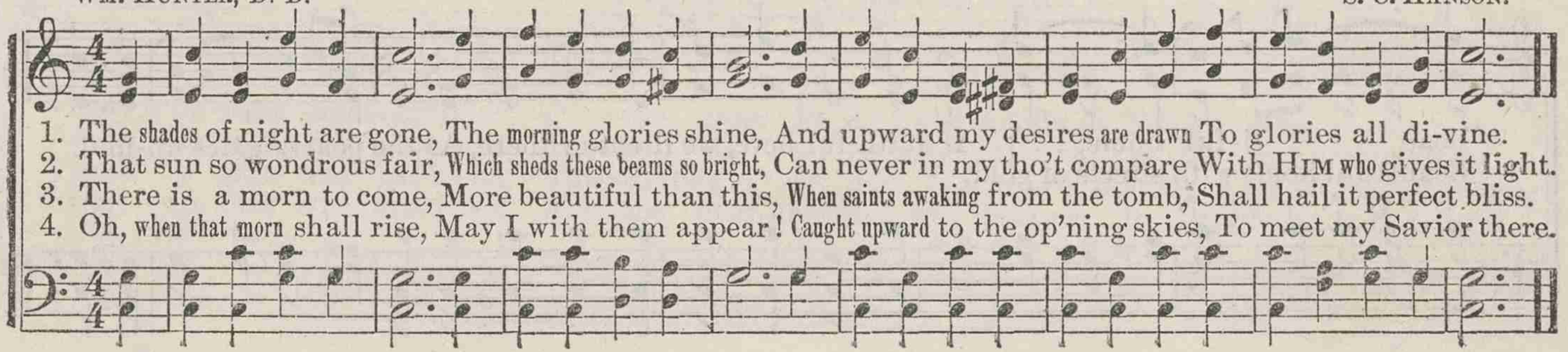
on! la - bor on! Fields are white, the harvest wait-ing, And but few o - bey the call, La - bor
on! la - bor on! We can lead them to the Sav-ior, Who for them his life-blood spilt, La - bor
on! la - bor on! Where the voice of prayer ne'er ris-es, Where the soul in hunger pines, La - bor
on! la - bor on! But the Mas - ter, ev - er watchful, Bids re-fresh-ing fountains flow, La - bor

on! la - bor on! La - bor on! la - bor on! There's a cry of lone ones wand'ring In a
on! la - bor on! La - bor on! la - bor on! There are souls in bit - ter bond-age, Who are
on! la - bor on! La - bor on! la - bor on! There no hope the gloom e'er light-ens, There no
on! la - bor on! La - bor on! la - bor on! Then, tho' life be full of tri - al, Full of



MORNING SONG.

WM. HUNTER, D. D. S. C. HANSON.



1. The shades of night are gone, The morning glories shine, And upward my desires are drawn To glories all di-vine.
2. That sun so wondrous fair, Which sheds these beams so bright, Can never in my tho't compare With HIM who gives it light.
3. There is a morn to come, More beautiful than this, When saints awaking from the tomb, Shall hail it perfect bliss.
4. Oh, when that morn shall rise, May I with them appear! Caught upward to the op'ning skies, To meet my Savior there.

BEAUTIFUL HOME OF JOY.

J. W. S. *"I go to prepare a place for you."*—John 14: 2. J. W. SLAUGHENHAUPT.

1. Beau-ti - ful home—oh, may we be-hold Its scenes of pure de - light; Glo-ries on high we
2. Beau-ti - ful home, its glo-ries di - vine The pure in heart shall see; There in its light the
3. Beau-ti - ful home, those blessings in store, The righteous on - ly know; Je - sus is there, and
4. Beau-ti - ful land, its raptures are nigh, And soon with joy we'll hear, Heav-en - ly mu - sic,

CHORUS.

know are fore - told, Beau - ti - ful home of joy. Beau - - - ti - ful home, . . .
right - eous shall stand, Beau - ti - ful home of joy.
friends gone be - fore, Beau - ti - ful home of joy. Beau - ti-ful home of joy un - told,
swell - ing on high, Beau - ti - ful home of joy.

Beau - - ti-ful home, . . If faith-ful here, we'll ent-er there, As the pearly gates un-fold.
Beauti-ful home with streets of gold,

JESUS LOVES THE CHILDREN.

MAUD. "*He took them up in his arms.*"—Mark 10: 16. E. S. LORENZ.

CHORUS. Teacher. All together.

Jesus loves the little children, Yes, I know, yes, I know, For the blessed Bible tells us This is so, this is so.

1. Oh, how lov - ing, kind and true He has been to me and you: Down from heav'n he came and sought us, On the cross he died and bought us, For his own, for his own.
2. Day by day to - ward the home, Where he says we all may come, Gen - tly does he lead and call us, He will let no harm be - fall us On the way, on the way.
3. Sing - ing, then, we jour - ney on In the way our Lord has gone, Toward the pearl - y gate and gold - en, Toward the glo - ry that is fold - en, Round the throne, round the throne.
4. Oh, the songs we then shall sing Close a - bout our glo - rious King, Oh, the rapt - ure that will greet us, And the dear ones that will meet us In that home, in that home.

THE GLORY-LAND.

M. E. SERVOSS. *"And confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."*—Heb. 11 : 13. ADAM GEIBEL.

Lively.

1. We are go - ing on a jour-ney to a country bright and fair, Where no storm-cloud ev-er comes between the sun-shine and the land; And the loved ones gone be-fore us we will find them wait - ing there In the pres-ence of our Fa-ther up a - mong the an - gel band.
2. We are go - ing on a jour-ney to a land where pain and care Nev-er find their way to troub - le those who dwell up - on that shore, For the Fa - ther wipes from weep-ing eyes the tears the earth left there, And he ban - ish - es all sor-row from their hearts for ev - er - more.
3. We are go - ing to a country where the crys-tal riv - er flows, And the tree of life is grow - ing on its bank a - mong the flowers; Whose in - hab - it - ants are hap - py with a joy no mor - tal knows, And where wea-ry souls for - ev - er rest a - mong its peace-ful bowers.
4. We are go - ing on a jour-ney; come and join our hap - py throng As we trav - el in the nar - row way that leads to peace and rest; For the Sav - ior's love will guide us, and our hearts are brave and strong, For we *know* that he hath built for us a home a - mong the blest.

CHORUS.

'Tis the glo - ry-land, the glo - ry-land, the glo - ry-land of heaven, And one Je - sus, have you

heard the name, will bid us wel-come there; And our feet shall find e - ter - nal rest, our

sins be all forgiv'n, When we cross the star - ry threshold of the gold - en land so fair.

THE LORD MAY COME TO-DAY.

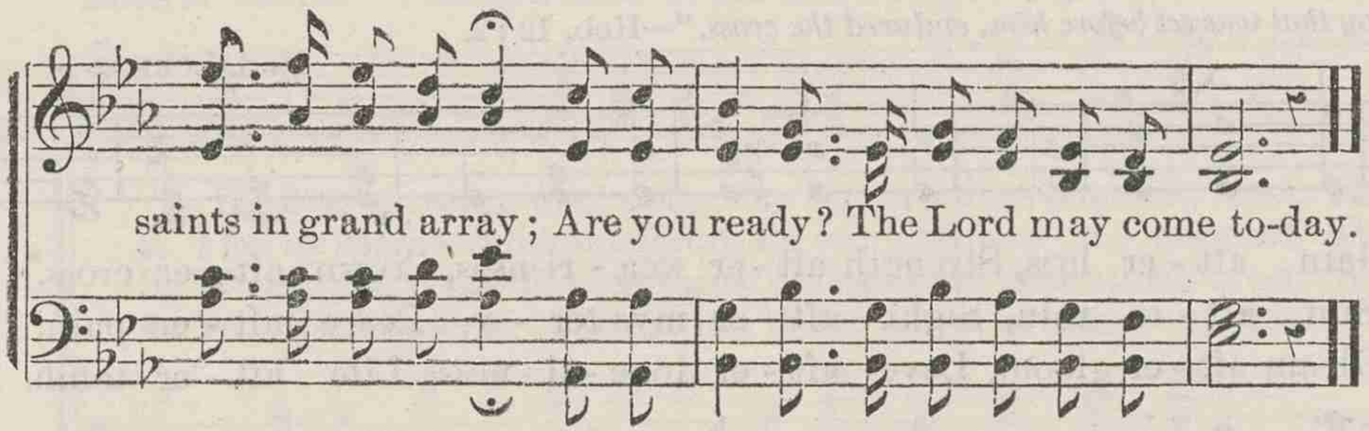
F. L. C. "*The Lord is at hand.*"—Phil. 4: 5. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Bus - y serv-ant in the vineyard, Earnest sol-dier in the fray, Cheer your heart, and upward
2. Weak and weary, troubled mourner, Fearing dan-gers in the way, Be no long-er sin - ful-
3. Are you bus - y, all too bus - y, With the things that fade away, Wealth or fame, or gain or
4. Or an i - dler in the vineyard—Oth-ers pass you on the way, Wake and live as an im-

CHORUS.

glanc-ing, Think—the Lord may come to-day.
car - ing, For the Lord may come to - day. The Lord may come! the Lord may come to - day! The
pleasure? Drop them—he may come to - day.
mor - tal, Lest the Lord should come to-day.

Lord may come, is sure - ly on the way; He is com - ing in his glo - ry with his

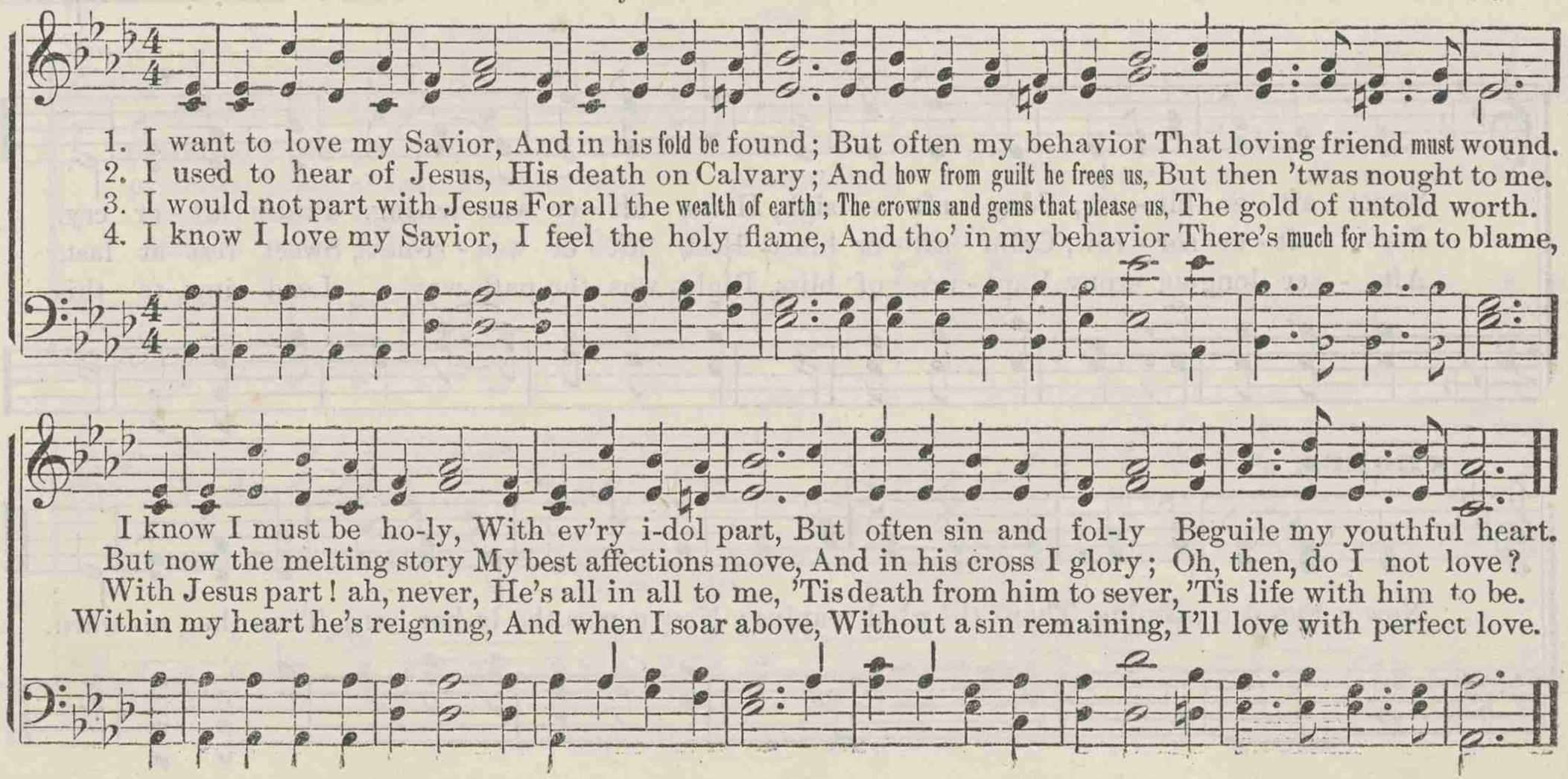


5 Is the blood upon your garments?
Have you on his pure array?
Naught can hide a guilty sinner,
If in light he come to-day.

6 Are you waiting for the Master?
He is surely on his way;
We can almost hear his footfall—
Blessed Jesus, come to-day.

I WANT TO LOVE MY SAVIOR.

A. A. G. *"The love of Christ constraineth us."*—2 Cor. 5: 14. A. A. G.



CROWN AFTER CROSS.

"Who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross."—Heb. 12 : 2.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Light aft - er dark-ness, Gain aft - er loss, Strength aft - er wea - ri-ness, Crown aft - er cross.
2. Sheaves aft - er sow - ing, Sun aft - er rain, Sight aft - er mys-ter - y, Peace aft - er pain.
3. Near aft - er dis - tant, Gleam aft - er gloom, Love aft - er lone - li - ness, Life aft - er tomb.

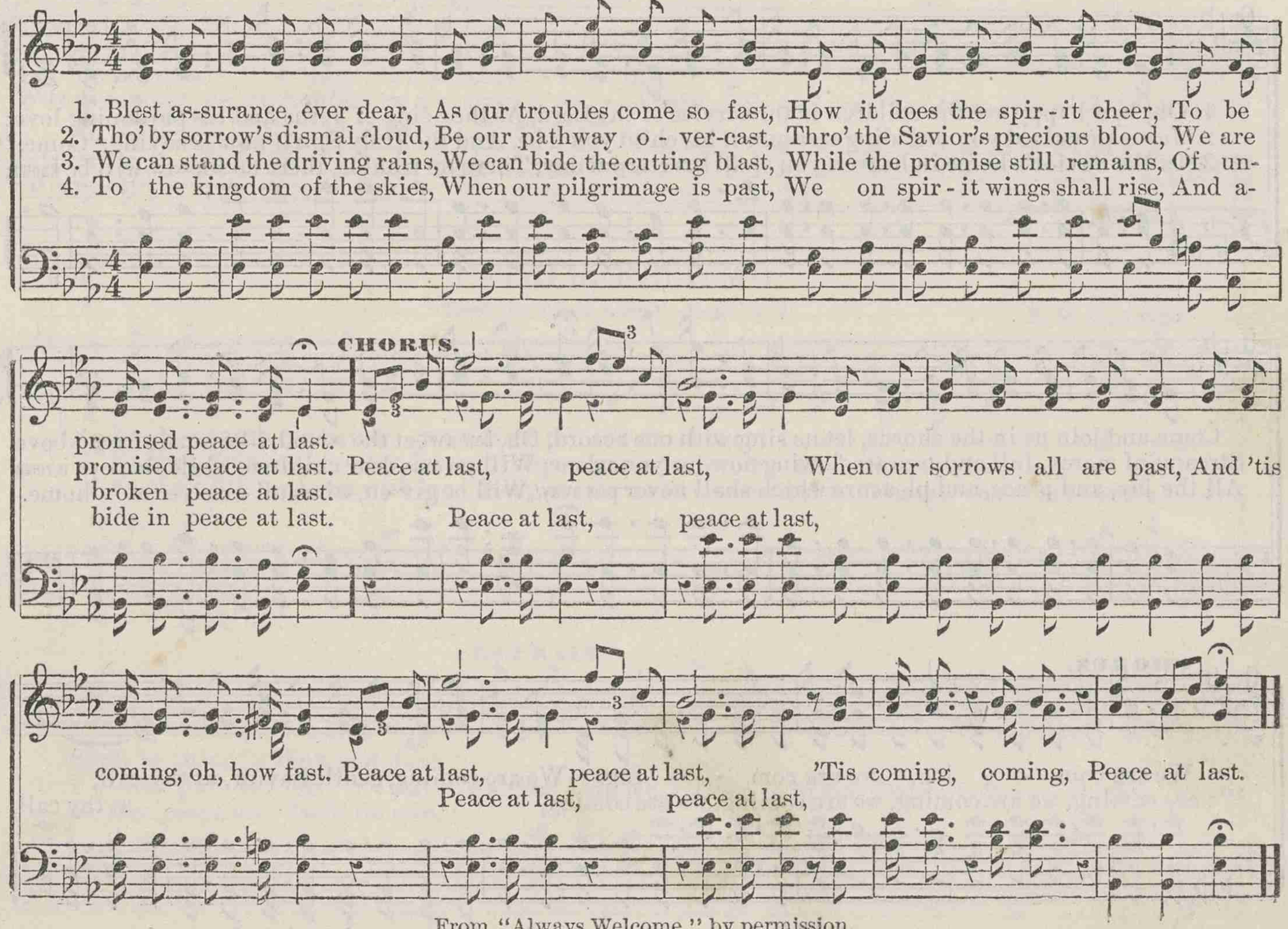
Sweet aft - er bit - ter, Song aft - er sigh, Home aft - er wan-der-ing, Praise aft - er cry.
Joy aft - er sor - row, Calm aft - er blast, Rest aft - er wea - ri-ness, Sweet rest at last.
Aft - er long ag - ony Rapt - ure of bliss, Right was the path-way Lead - ing to this.

CHORUS.

Now comes the weeping, Then the glad reaping; Now comes the la-bor hard, Then the re - ward.

PEACE AT LAST.

EDEN R. LATTA. *"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."*—Matt. 11: 28. FRANK M. DAVIS.



From "Always Welcome," by permission.

WE ARE COMING.

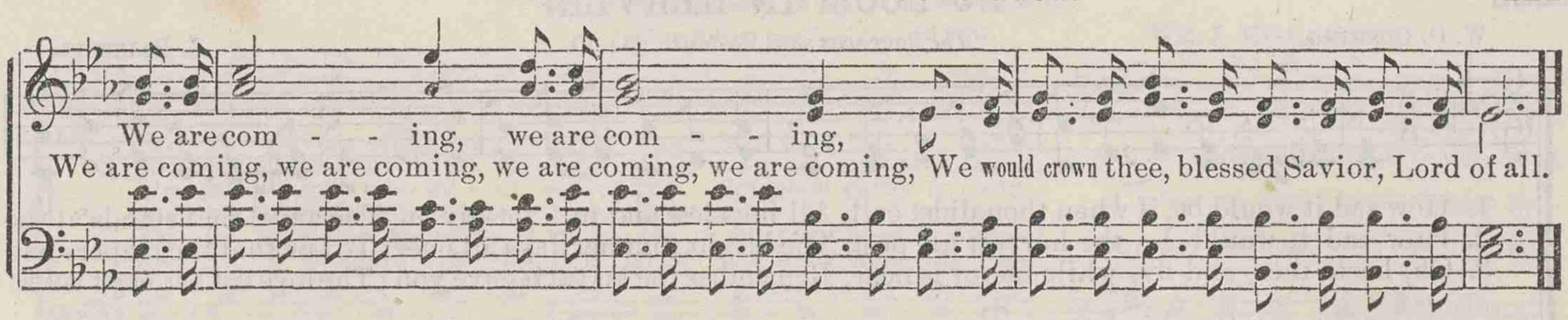
C. C. S. *"Their children shall see it and be glad."*—Zech. 10 : 7. C. C. SEITZ.

1. Oh, how happy are the children in the service of the Lord, As they sing of Jesus and his pardoning love;
2. Jesus promised you unfading treasure if his child you'd be, And the Holy Spirit now is saying, "Come;"
3. In the Savior's home in heaven you shall have eternal day, There no trouble, there no sorrow will be known;

Come and join us in the chorus, let us sing with one accord, Oh, how sweet the sound, like music from above.
Streams of mercy, full and free are flowing now for you and me; Will you come, dear children, while there yet is room?
All the joy, and peace, and pleasure which shall never pass away, Will be giv-en, when all ar-rive at home.

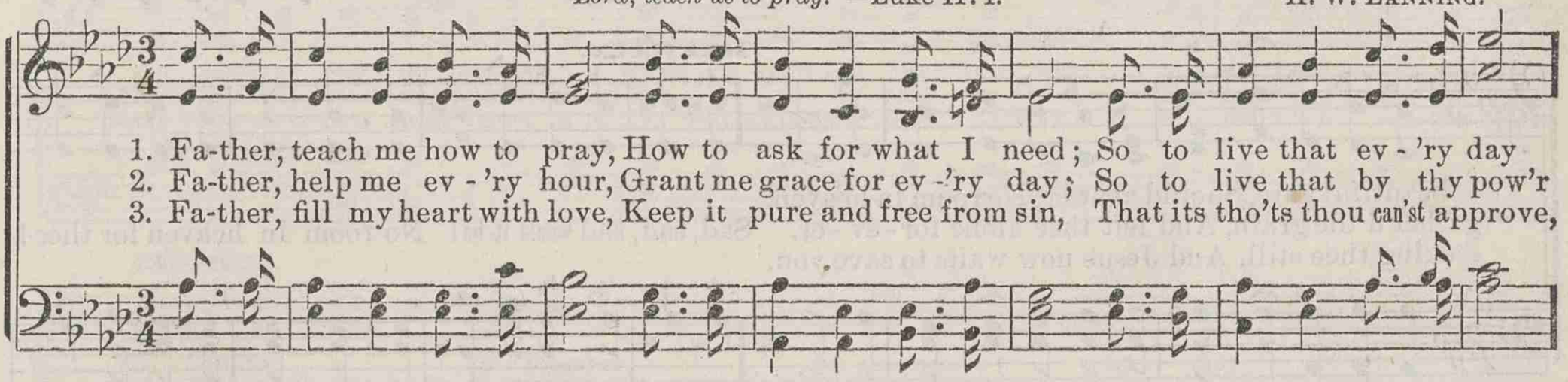
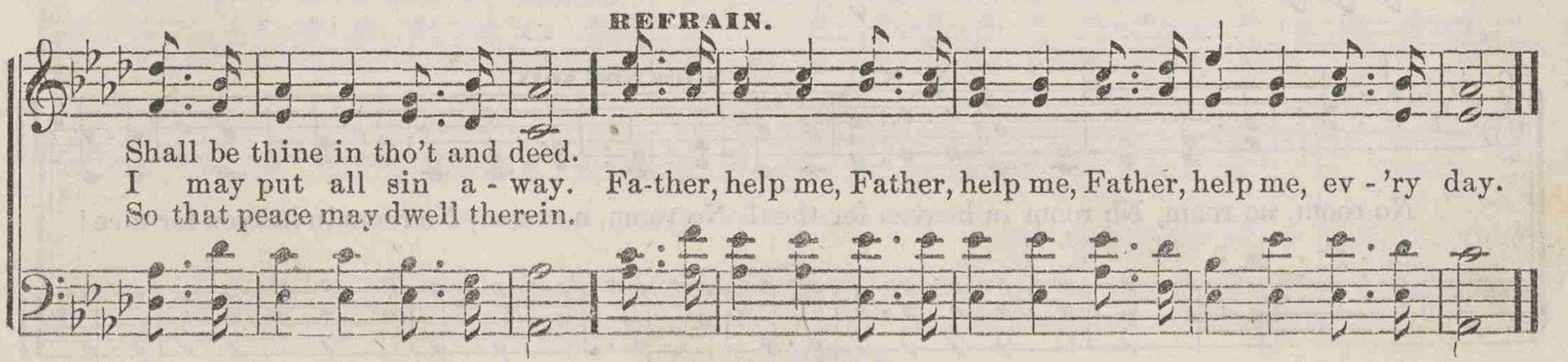
CHORUS.

We are com - - ing, we are com - - ing, We are coming, gentle Savior, at thy call,
We are coming, we are coming, we are coming, we are coming, at thy call,



FATHER, HELP ME.

"Lord, teach us to pray."—Luke 11: 1. H. W. LANNING.



NO ROOM IN HEAVEN.

W. O. CUSHING. *"The door was shut."*—Matt. 25 : 10. I. BALTZELL.

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

REFRAIN.

beautiful gate, Should answer, No room in heaven.
gather'd the grain, And left thee alone for - ev - er. Sad, sad, sad would it be! No room in heaven for thee!
seeking thee still, And Jesus now waits to save you.

Slow and soft.

No room, no room, No room in heaven for thee! No room, no room, No room in heaven for thee!

REMEMBER JESUS LEADS.

"*They follow me.*"—John 10 : 27.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ye fol - low- ers of Christ go forth, Your Mas- ter's call o - bey;
Stay not till all the tribes of earth Shall own his sov'-reign sway;
Go, seek the souls that err - ing stray,

2. His faithful ones who ev - er strive His righteous cause to win,
Shall see their Master's work re - vive, His vict' - ry o - ver sin.
A fal- len world in dark-ness lies,

3. Go up a-gainst sin's for - tress walls, Go in the strength of grace;
And if a standard bear - er falls, Then you must take his place.
Oh, tell his love, that can-not fail,

For them a Sav - ior pleads, And while you keep the nar - row way, Re - mem-ber Je - sus leads.
Each to the res - cue speeds; Tho' foes on ev - 'ry side a - rise, Re - mem-ber Je - sus leads.
Make known his glo - rious deeds, And tho' you walk thro' death's dark vale, Re - mem-ber Je - sus leads.

CHORUS.

Re - member, re - member, Re - member, Je - sus leads; Who trust in him are blest, He leads to per-fect rest: Oh, re - member Je - sus leads!
Re - member Je-sus leads, re - member Je - sus leads, Be - member, oh, re - member Je-sus leads, Je - sus leads;
Oh, re - member Je - sus leads, Je-sus leads.

By Permission.

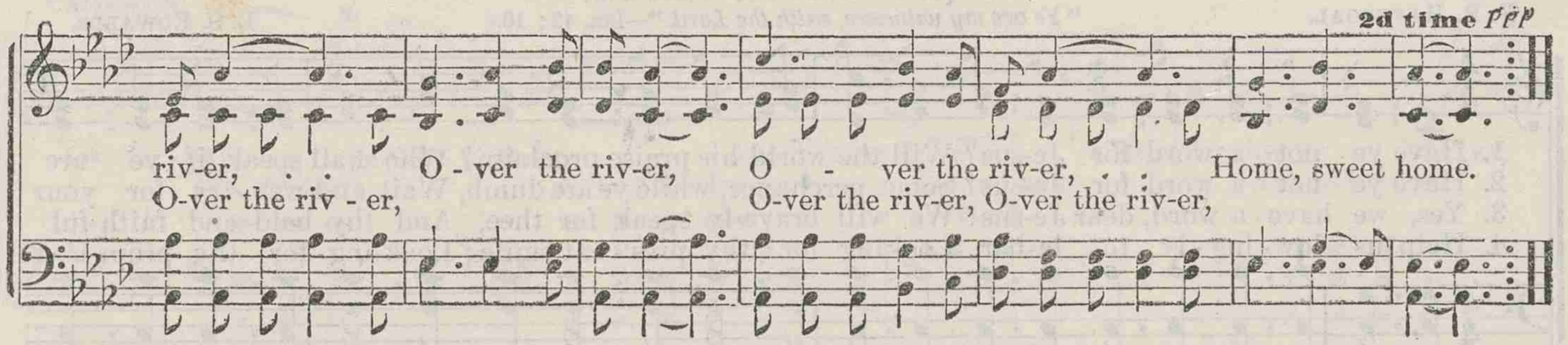
OVER THE RIVER.

WM. HUNTER, D. D. *For the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.*—Rev. xxi: 23. T. MARTIN TOWNE.

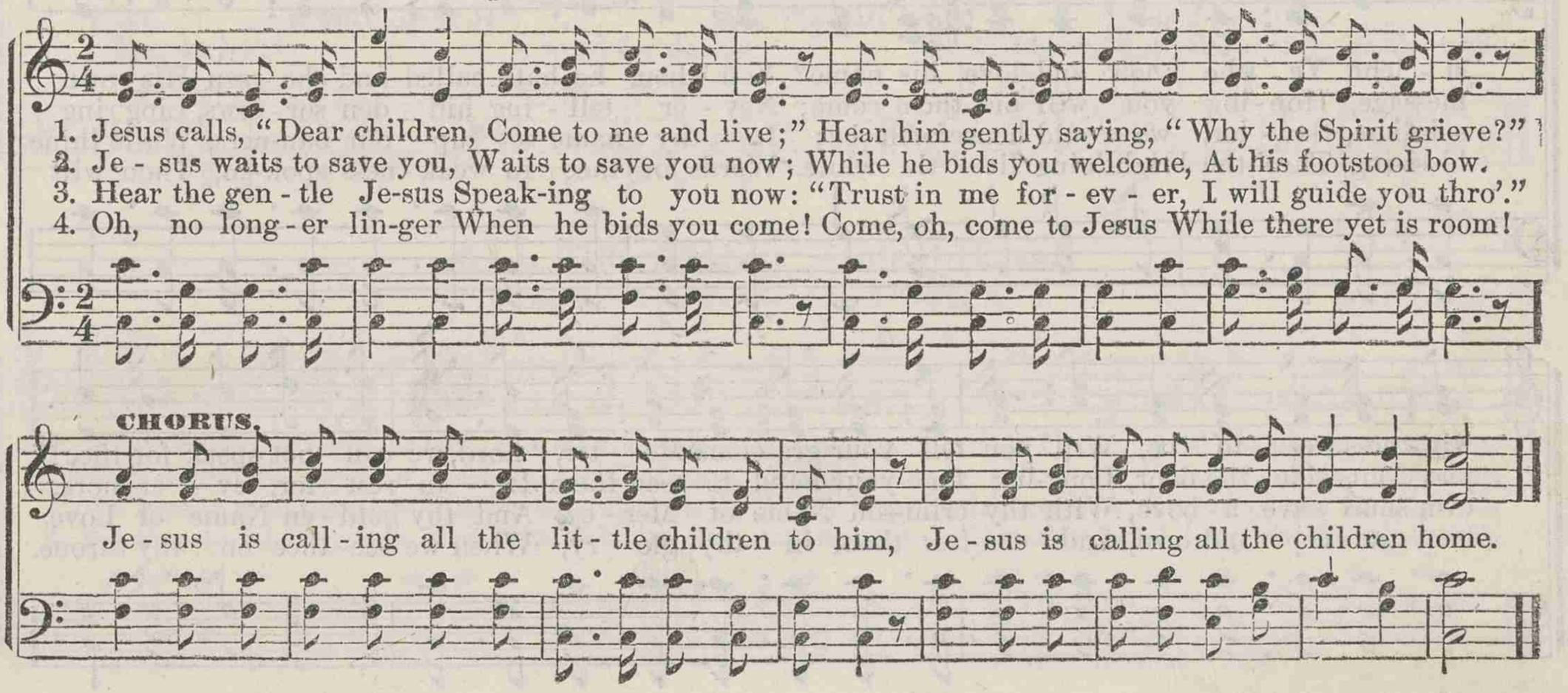
1. Beau-ti-ful forms in mel-low light—O - ver the riv - er—Clothed in adornments pure and white,
2. Angels, sweet angels, bright, serene—O - ver the riv - er— Walk-ing among those groves of green,
3. Minist'ring spir-its, there they stand—O-ver the riv - er—Help-ing the struggling souls to land

O - ver the riv - er; Ho - liest of saints, who, once below, Sighed in the gloom of earth-ly woe,
O - ver the riv-er; Youthful as when in time's fair spring, Shouting, they clapped their joyous wing;
O - ver the riv - er; Grate - ful the of-fice they perform, Af - ter so long and fierce a storm,

CHORUS.

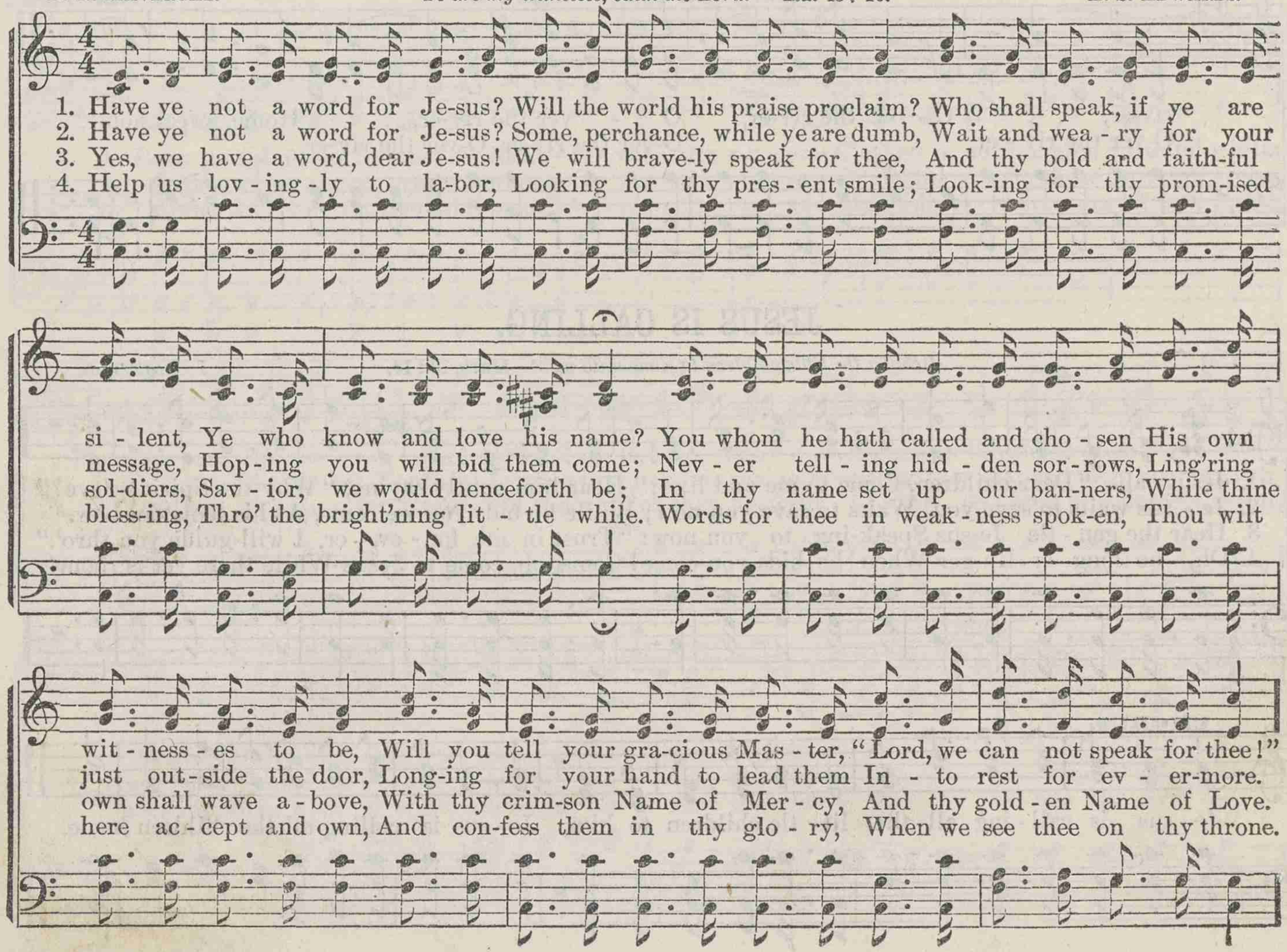
Glo-rious the change they yon-der know! O - ver the riv - er.
Hark! how those hap-py an - gels sing O - ver the riv - er. O - ver the
Cheer-ing them with a wel-come warm O - ver the riv - er. O - ver the riv - er,

JESUS IS CALLING.

I. B. *"Suffer the little children to come unto me."*—Mark 10 : 14. I. BALTZELL.



A WORD FOR JESUS.

F. R. HAVERGAL. *"Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord."*—Isa. 43 : 10. L. S. EDWARDS.



CHORUS.

Yes, we have . . a word, dear Je - - sus, Yes, we have . . a word for thee; Yes, we
Yes, we have a word for Jesus, Yes, we have a word for thee;

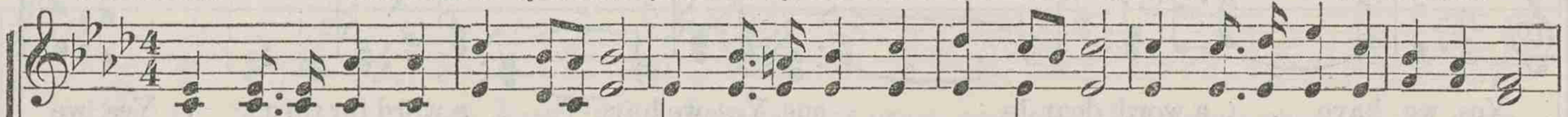
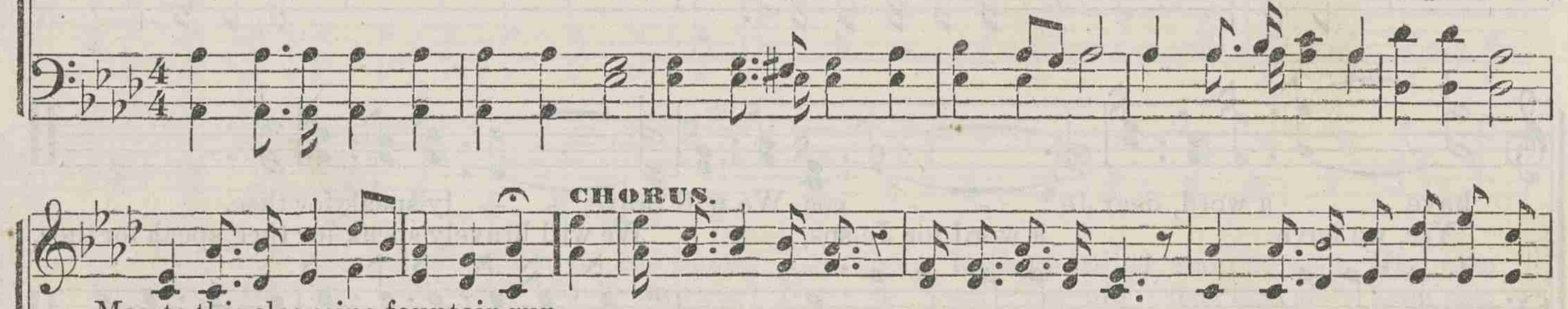
have . . a word, dear Je - - sus, We will brave - - ly speak for thee.
Yes, we have a word for Je-sus, We will bravely speak for thee, speak for thee.

ALL TOGETHER. (Infant Class.)

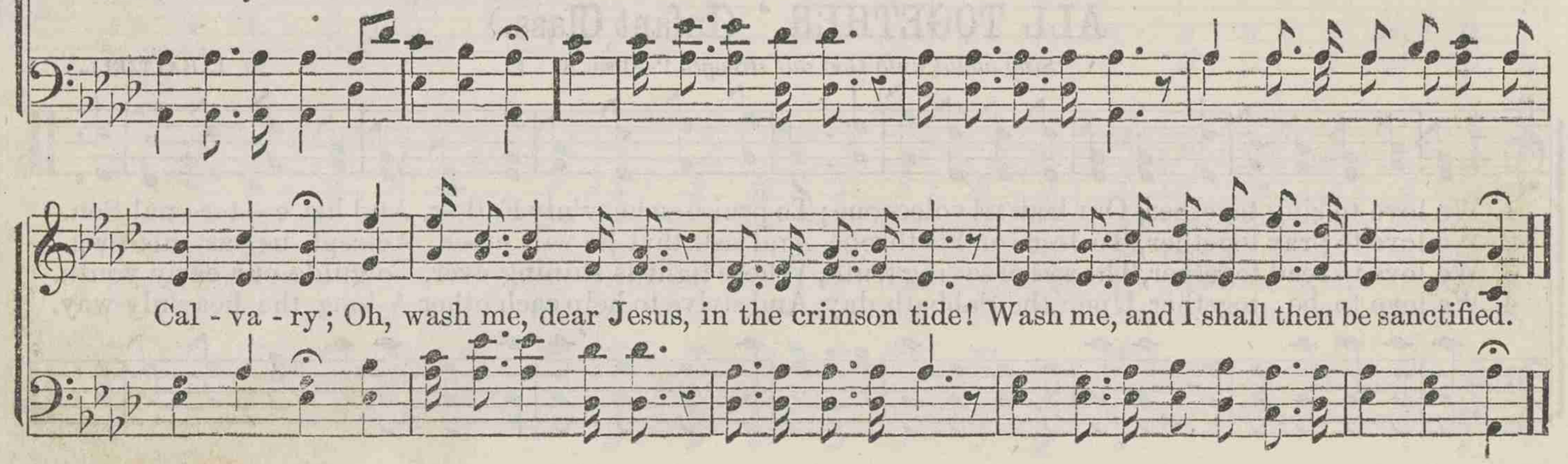
"Sing aloud unto God our strength."—Psa. 81 : 1. I. BALTZELL.

1. We love to sing together, Our hearts and voices one; To praise our heav'nly Father, And his e - ter - nal Son.
2. We love to pray together, To Jesus on his throne, And ask that he will ev-er Ac-cept us as his own.
3. We love to read together, The word of saving truth, Whose light is shining ever, To guide our early youth.
4. We love to be together Upon the Sabbath day, And strive to help each other A-long the heav'nly way.

O BEAUTIFUL FOUNTAIN!

F. E. PITTS. *"There shall be a fountain opened . . . for sin and uncleanness."*—Zech. 13 : 1. I. BALTZELL.

1. There is a fountain pure and free, It flows for you, it flows for me; Now, ev'ry tribe beneath the sun
2. To every land, to ev - 'ry race, In every dry and barren place, Free is the water, free the call,
3. The thirsty, in the desert place, May hear the welcome words of grace; Tho' dying, if he will believe,
4. "Ho, every one!" the Prophet cries, And every one, my soul replies, For every one there's ample room;

CHORUS.

May to this cleansing fountain run.
None are denied, but welcome all. O beautiful fountain! Flowing full and free, Forth from the rugged cross of
E - ternal life he shall receive.
Then freely to the fountain come.



Cal - va - ry; Oh, wash me, dear Jesus, in the crimson tide! Wash me, and I shall then be sanctified.

PRAYING EVERMORE.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. "*Pray without ceasing.*"—1 Thess. 5 : 17. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Fol - low-ing the Mas-ter with a firm, un - shaken trust, Praying ev-er-more, praying ev-er-more;
2. Fol - low-ing the Mas-ter while the cross I dai - ly bear, Praying ev-er-more, praying ev-er-more;
3. Fol - low-ing the Mas-ter in the darkness or the light, Praying ev-er-more, praying ev-er-more;
4. Fol - low-ing the Mas-ter in the con - se - cra-ted way, Praying ev-er-more, praying ev-er-more;
5. Fol - low-ing the Mas-ter as a shar - er of his love, Praying ev-er-more, praying ev-er-more;

CHORUS.

In the open pathway or the desert's heat and dust, Till I reach the other shore.
Knowing that a crown of life eternal I shall wear, O-ver on the other shore. Thus I watch and thus I pray,
Upward to the city with its many mansions bright, Just beyond the other shore.
Holding to his mighty arm lest I should go astray. Clinging to him ever-more.
Ceasing not to serve him till I reach the home above, Just beyond the other shore.

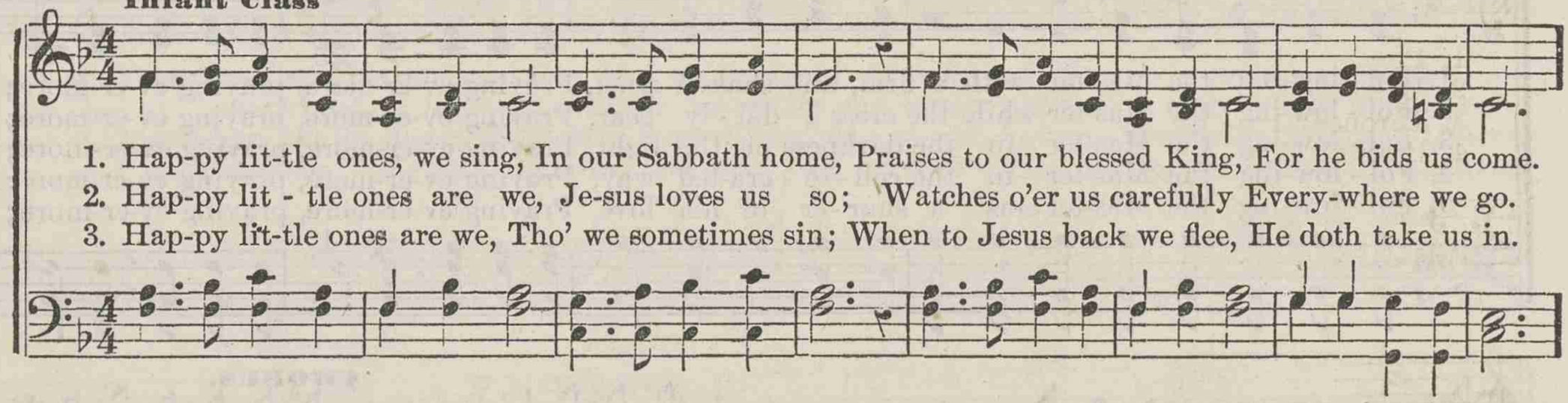
Trusting Je-sus ev'ry day, Fol-low-ing his footsteps in the blessed, narrow way, blessed, narrow way.

HAPPY LITTLE ONES.

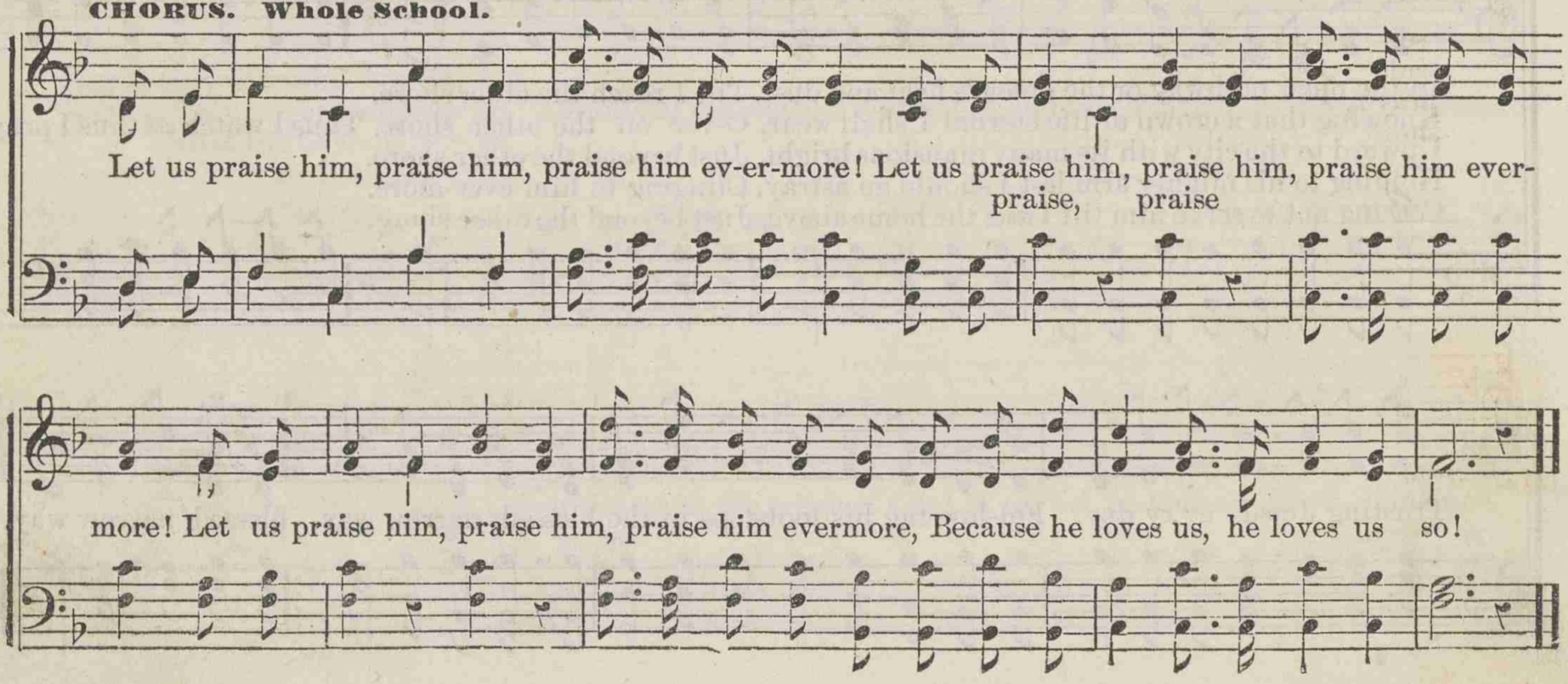
"The children crying in the temple and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David."—Matt. 21 : 15.

H. F. JAMES. E. S. LORENZ.

Infant Class



CHORUS. Whole School.



GUIDE ME, O MY SAVIOR.

"I will go before thee and make the crooked places straight."—Isa. 45: 2.

I. BALTZELL.

1. Precious Sav - ior, ev - er mild, Hear, oh, hear a fee - ble child, Who, on life's tem - pestuous
2. Waves of sor - row o'er me roll; Storms of pas - sion shake my soul; Dan-gers press on ev - 'ry
3. Throned in maj-es - ty and might, In the realms of fade - less light, Je - sus, Sav - ior, hear my
4. Precious Sav - ior, be my guide, O'er the rough, tem-pestuous tide, Till I reach the oth - er

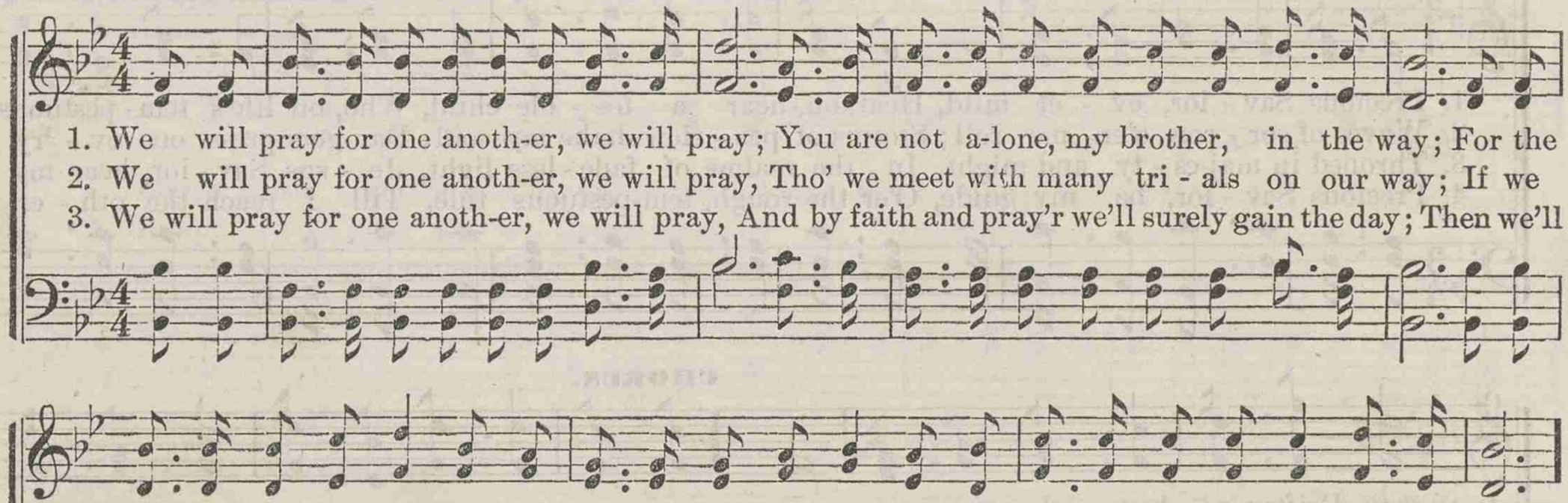
CHORUS.

sea Drifts a - lone; oh, suc - cor me.
side; Je - sus, Sav - ior, be my guide. Guide me, oh, my Sav - ior, guide, O'er the
pray'r, Prove to me thy lov - ing care.
shore, Where dark tem-pests are no more.

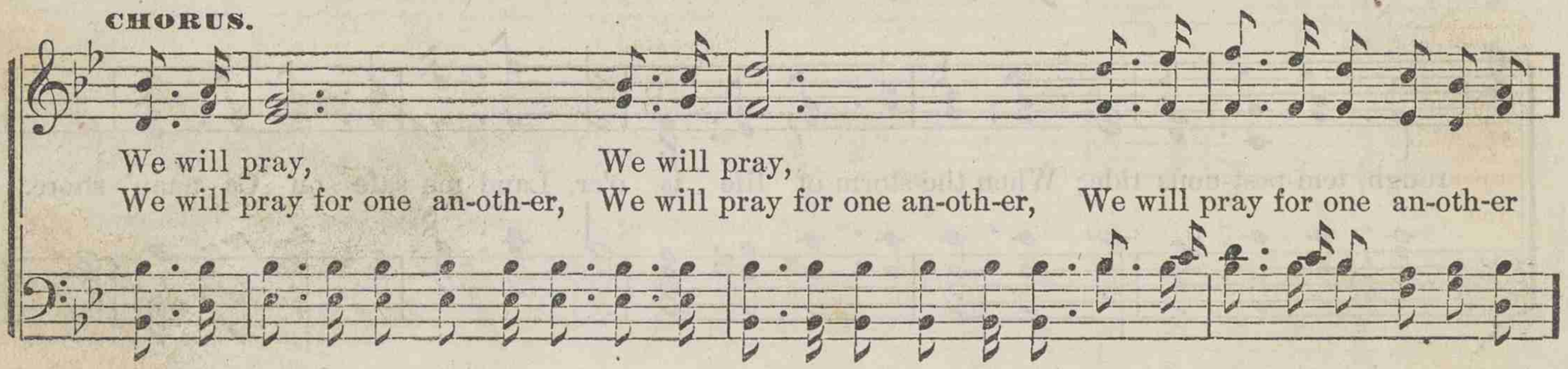
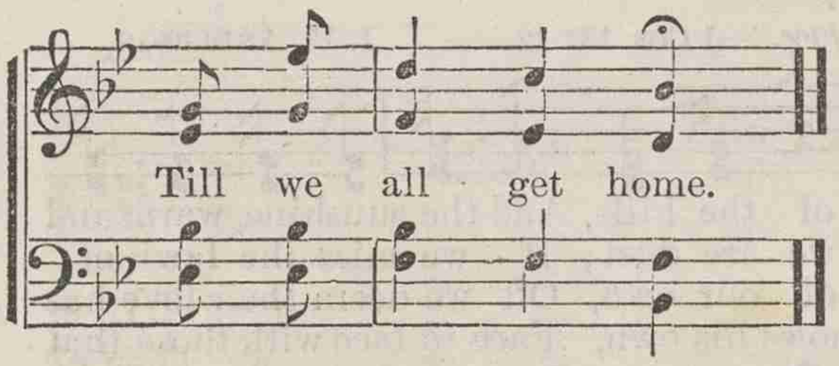
rough, tem-pest-uous tide; When the storm of life is o'er, Land me safe on Ca - naan's shore.

WE WILL PRAY FOR ONE ANOTHER.

Adapted. *"Praying always for you."*—Col. 1 : 3. I. BALTZELL.



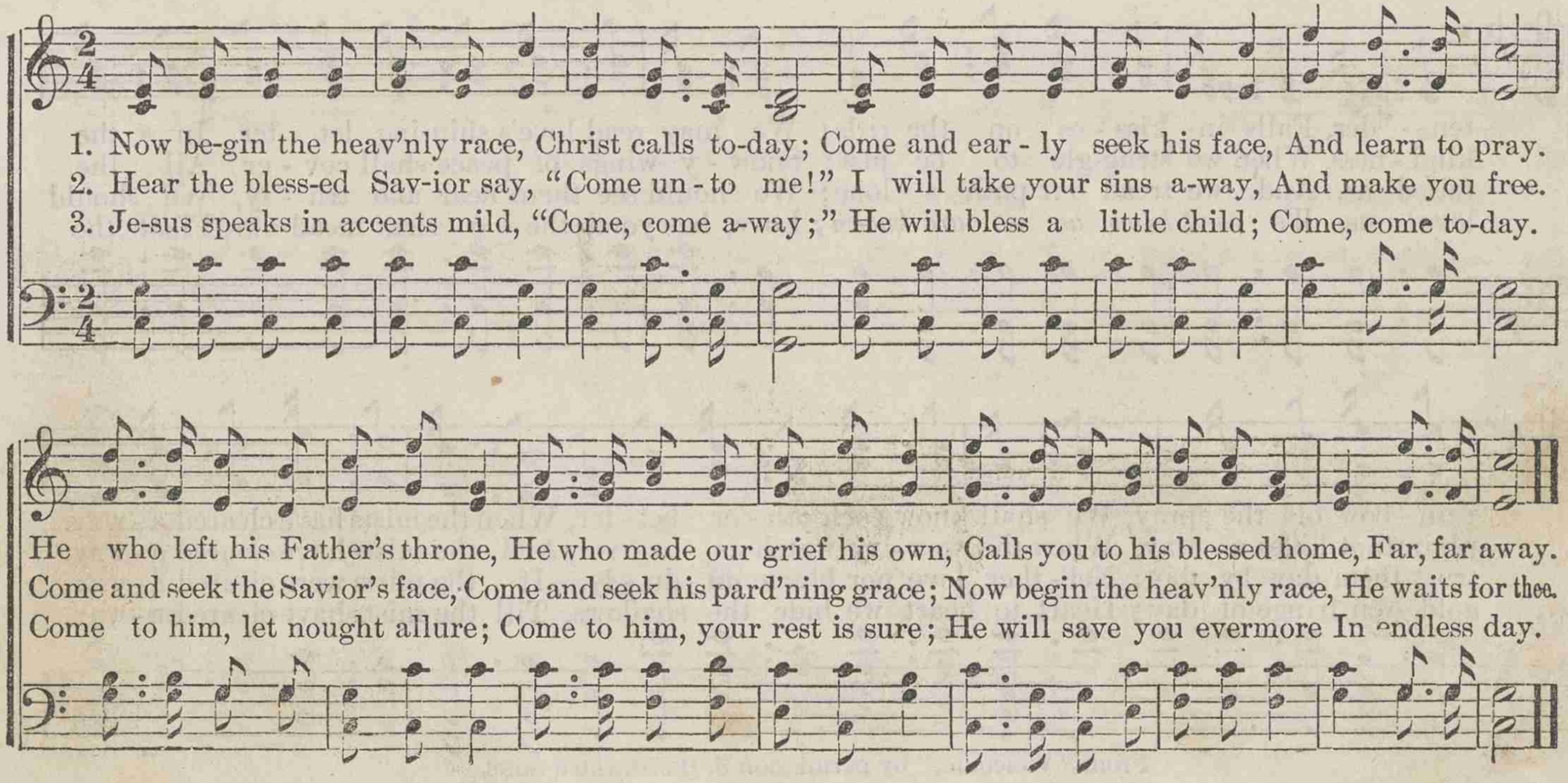
CHORUS.



4 Then we'll pray for one another, then we'll pray,
And we'll live and work for Jesus every day;
When the storms of life are o'er,
We will meet to part no more,
In that happy, happy home, far away.

CHRIST CALLS TO-DAY.

I. B. *"Now is the day of salvation."*—2 Cor. 6 : 2. I. BALTZELL.



WE SHALL KNOW.

ANNIE HERBERT. *"Now we see through a glass darkly: but then face to face."*—1 Cor. 13: 12. J. H. ANDERSON.

1. When the mists have rolled in splen-dor From the beau-ty of the hills, And the sunshine, warm and ten - der, Falls in kiss - es on the rills; We may read love's shin-ing let - ter In the rain - bow of the spray, We shall know each oth - er bet - ter, When the mists have cleared a - way.
2. If we are in human blind-ness, And for - get that we are dust; If we miss the law of kind - ness, When we strug-gle to be just; Snow - y wings of peace shall cov - er All the plain that hides a - way, When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared a - way.
3. When the sil - ver mist has vailed us, From the fa - ces of our own, Oft we deem their love has failed us, And we tread our path a - lone; We should see them near and tru - ly, We should trust them day by day; Nei - ther love nor blame un - du - ly, If the mists were cleared a - way.
4. When the mists have risen a-bove us, As our Father knows his own, Face to face with those that love us, *We shall know as we are known;* Love, be - yond the o - rient mead-ows, Floats the gold - en fringe of day; Heart to heart we bide the shadows, Till the mists have cleared a - way.

From "Welcome," by permission S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

REFRAIN.

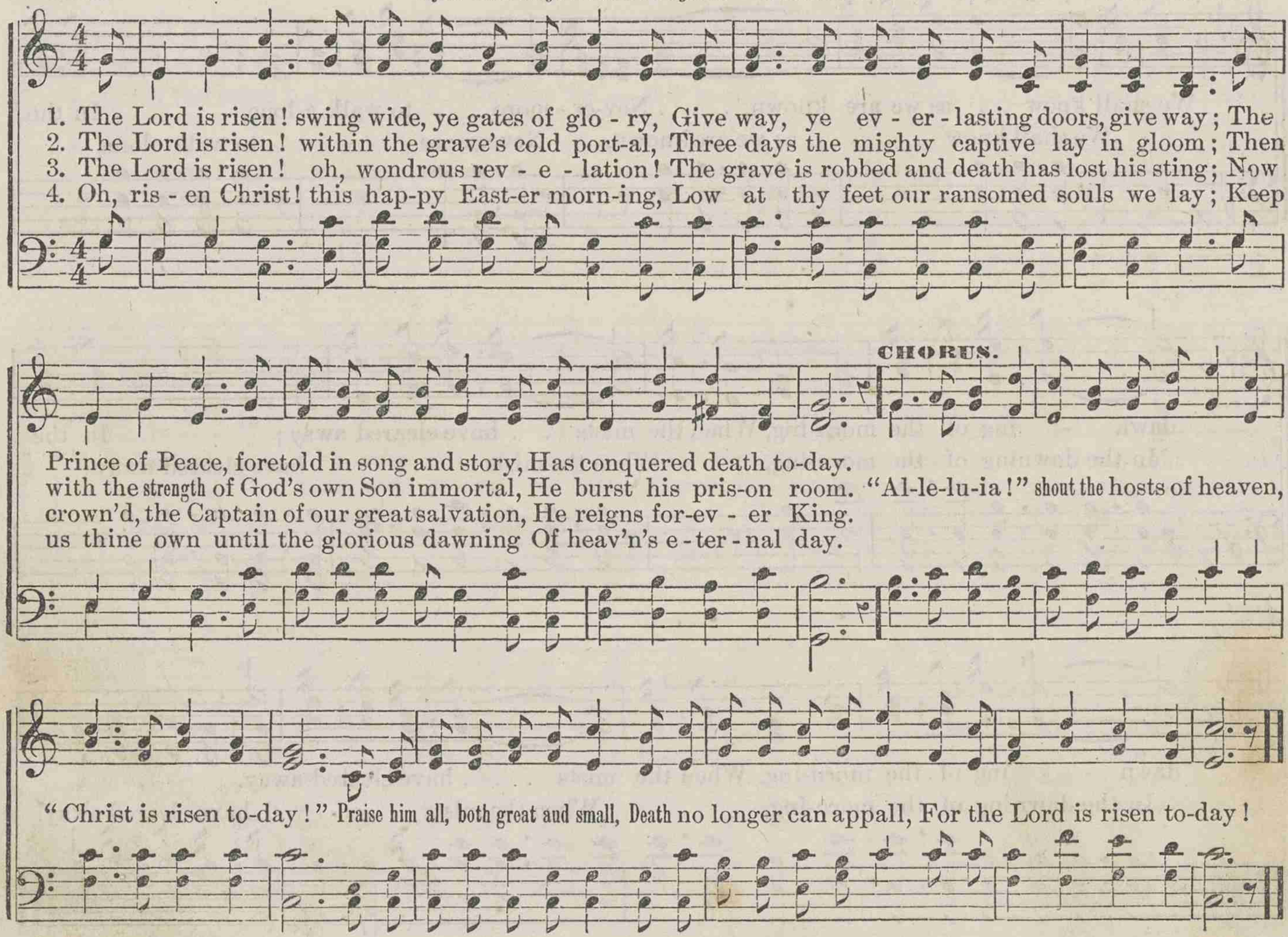
We shall know . . as we are known, . . . Nev-er - more . . to walk a-lone, In the
We shall know as we are known, Nevermore to walk alone,

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

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

THE LORD IS RISEN.

MAUD. *"After three days I will rise again."*—Matt. 27: 65. E. S. LORENZ.



SING, OH, SING THE PRAISE OF JESUS!

"He was crucified through weakness, yet he liveth by the power of God."—2 Cor. 13 : 4.

A. R. THOMPSON. I. BALTZELL.

1. The morn - ing pur - ples all the sky, The air with praises rings; De - feat-ed hell stands
2. The shin - ing an - gels cry, "A - way With grief, no spic-es bring; Not tears, but songs, this
3. That thou our Pas - chal Lamb mayst be, And end-less joy be - gin, Je - sus, De - liv-'rer,
4. Glo - ry to God! our glad lips cry; All praise and worship be On earth, in heaven, to

CHORUS.

sul - len by, The world ex-ult - ing sings.
joy - ful day Should greet the risen King. Sing, oh, sing . . . the praise of Je-sus! Sing, oh,
set us free From the dread death of sin. Sing, oh, sing
God most High For Christ's great victory.

sing . . the praise of Jesus! Sing, oh, sing . . the praise of Jesus! He is risen from the dead.
Sing, oh, sing Sing, oh, sing

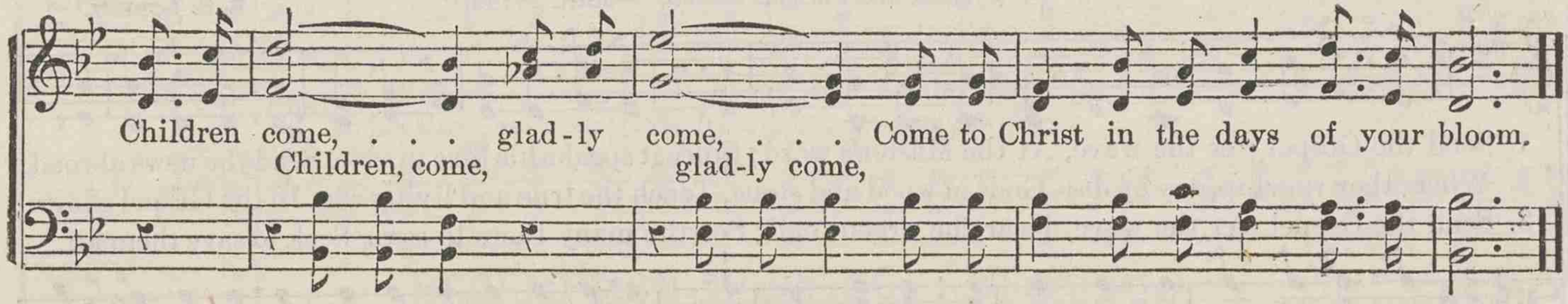
COME TO HIM IN PRAYER.

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

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

View the suff-'ring and shame of your best friend nailed there—Come, and enter the wide o-pen door.
Whose fair brow sad-ly bled from the prick of the thorns In the crown he was wear-ing for thee.
In thy strength come to Je-sus, em-brac-ing the truth—He a-lone for your sins can a-tone.

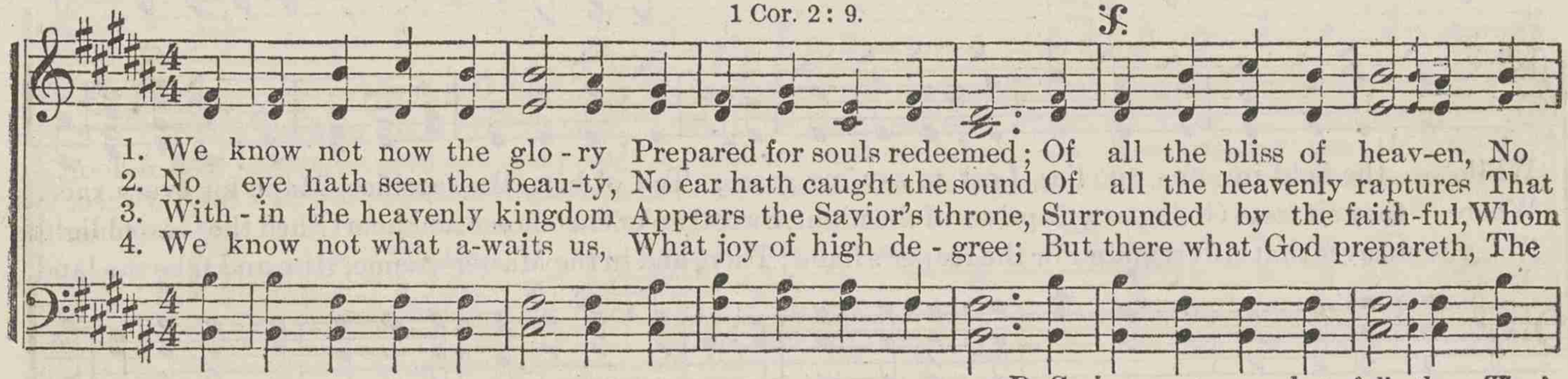
CHORUS.

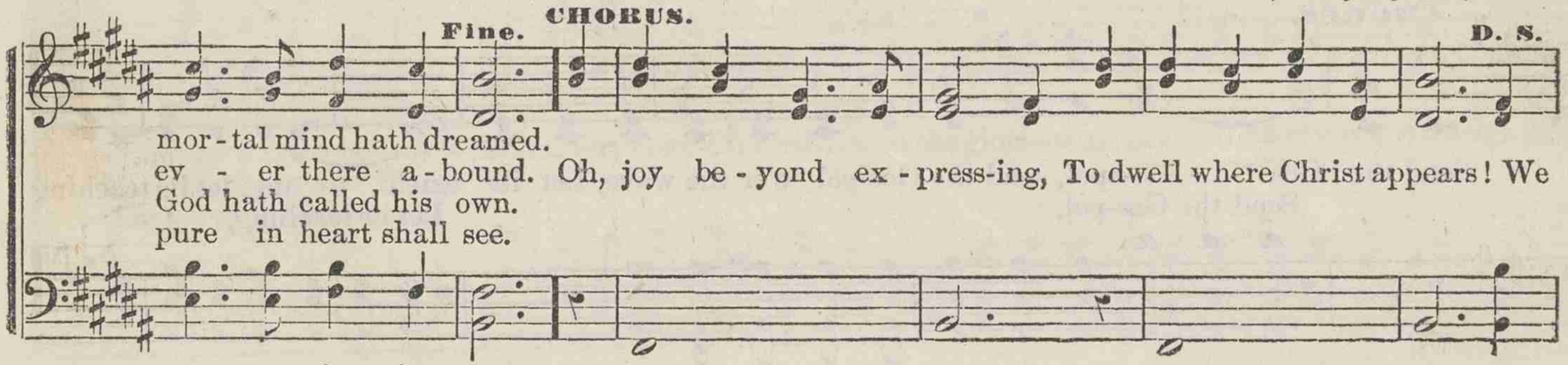
Chil-dren, come, glad-ly come, 'Tis the Sav-ior in-vites you to come;
Children, come, glad-ly come,

J. W. SLAUGHENHAUPT.

WE KNOW NOT NOW.

1 Cor. 2 : 9.

E. S. LORENZ.





SEND THE GOSPEL O'ER THE WAVE.

E. A. BARNES. *"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations."*—Matt. 28 : 19. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Send the Gospel o'er the wave, At the Master's word; Since it speaks his love to save, Send the news abroad.
2. Where they worship, day by day, Gods of wood and stone, Teach the true and living way In the Gospel shown;
3. Send the Gospel o'er the wave, Hear the urgent call; See the many there to save, Seek to save them all.

While the field in er - ror lies, Lost to sav-ing grace, Tell of him, the sacrifice, Made for every race.
Where they sit from God apart, Captives of the night, Sweetly o'er each home and heart Shed the Gospel light.
Note the sheaves that still remain For the reaper's hand; Then, and in the Master's name, Rise and take the land.

CHORUS.

Send the Gos - - - pel, send the Gos-pel o'er the wave, Let its teach - ing, let its teaching
Send the Gos-pel, Let its teaching,

lift and save; To heathen lands, . . by willing hands, Send the words, send the words of Jesus.
To heathen, heathen lands, by willing, willing hands,

REDEMPTION MORNING. (Missionary.)

M. E. SERVOSS. *"And turneth the shadow of death into the morning."*—Amos 5 : 8. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Be - yond the roll-ing bil-lows, A-cross the o-cean broad, The heathen are im-plor-ing To
2. Shall heathen souls in darkness A-wait the promised day, While children of God's mer-cy His
3. Our hearts, in glad thanksgiving, A will-ing tribute bring, To bear a - far the tid-ings That
4. And may that morn's bright glo-ry Dispell sin's dark'ning pall, Till ev-'ry soul shall worship The

D. C. *Till the glad re-demp-tion morn-ing shall dawn in ev - 'ry land.*

CHORUS.

know the Christian's God.
sa - cred trust be-tray? Send it forth! send it forth! Send the glorious gospel forth! Send to ev'ry, ev'ry foreign strand
all may know our King.
Lord who died for all.

D. C.

OVER THE OCEAN WAVE.

*"Come over, * * * * and help us."*—Acts 16 : 10. PROF. S. C. HANSON.

1. O - ver the o - cean wave, far, far a - way, There the poor hea - then live, wait-ing for day;
2. Here in this hap - py land we have the light, Shin-ing from God's own word, free, pure, and bright;
3. Then while the mission ships glad tidings bring, List, while that hea - then band joy - ful - ly sing;

Grop-ing in ig - no-rance, dark as the night, No bless-ed Bi - ble to give them the light.
Shall we not send to them Bi - bles to read, Teachers and preachers and all that they need?
O - ver the o - cean wave, oh, see them come, Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home.

Fine.

D. S. *Haste with the bread of life, has - ten and come.*

CHORUS.

D. S.

Pit - y them, pit - y them, Pity them, Christians at home; Come! come! come! come!
Pity them, pity them, pity them, pity them, Hasten and come! hasten and come!

MISSIONARY HYMN.

J. NICHOLSON.

Go ye therefore and teach all nations.—Matt. xxviii: 19.

ASA HULL.

Allegretto.

1. While we with joy - ful hearts u - nite, To sing of love di - vine, We want the bless-ed
2. Our Gos - pel her - alds we will send To na - tions far a - way; For all that to the
3. Our of-fering Je - sus nev - er slights When we have done our best; The wid - ow when she
4. Lord, has - ten on the hap - py time, When all the world shall sing Ho - san - na in a

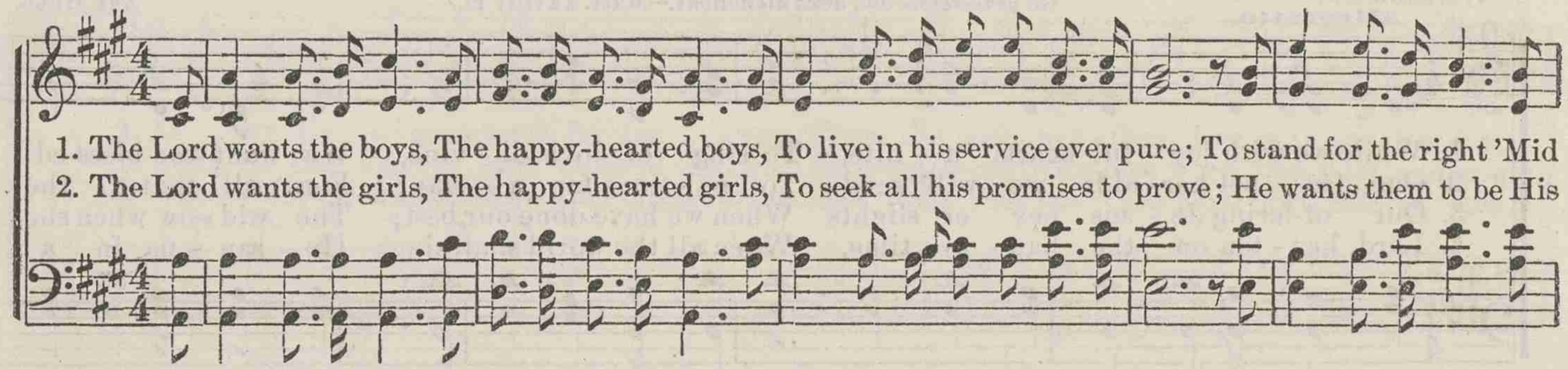
CHORUS.

Gos - pel light On all the earth to shine. Our Fa - ther, hear for Je - sus' sake, And
Lord we lend He sure - ly will re - pay.
gave two mites Gave more than all the rest.
song sub - lime To Christ, their Sav-ior, King.

an - swer while we pray; And bless the offering which we make For heath-en lands to - day.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

C. R. BLACKALL. "*Come thou and all thy house into the ark.*"—Gen. 6 : 18. I. BALTZELL.



GOOD NEWS.

C. H. GABRIEL. "*I bring you good tidings.*"—Luke 1: 10. S. C. HANSON.

1. All glo - ry and hon - or be un - to our God, Oh, spread the glad notes of his mer - cy a-broad, Tell,
2. Give glo-ry and praise to his won-der-ful name, From shore unto shore loud his praises proclaim, His

CHORUS.

tell how he died as a ransom for sin, That we by his blood might be washed white and clean. Good news un-to
blessings he pours on the rich and the poor, His mercies and favors for - ev - er en - dure. Good news unto

all, Good news to a perishing world now proclaim; Good news un-to all, There's pardon thro' Jesus' dear name.
all, Good news unto all,

I AM CLINGING TO THE ROCK.

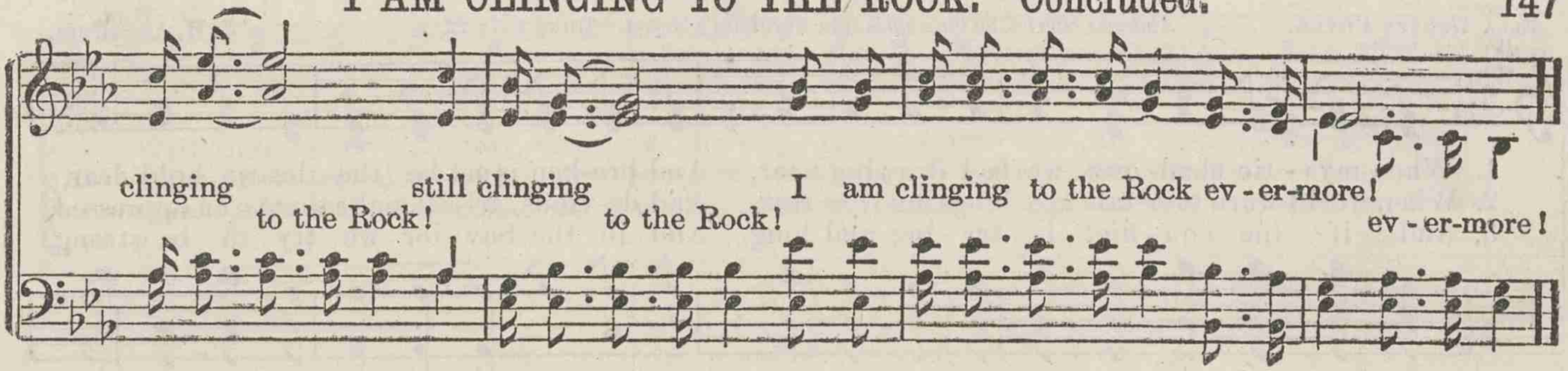
REV. W. O. CUSHING. *"A refuge in times of trouble."*—Ps. 9 : 9. H. H. SHULL.

1. I am clinging to the Rock, Tho' the waves are wild and dark, Tho' the angry billows o'er me roll;
2. I am clinging to the Rock, Tho' the way be lone and dark, Tho' the dreary shadows round me lie;
3. I am clinging to the Rock, And I fear no tempest shock, Tho' the fie - ry darts of Sa - tan fly;

For I can not be afraid, And my heart is undismayed, While the Savior is the anchor of my soul.
There are gleaming stars that shine O'er this weary path of mine; They will light me on to joys that never die.
For my feet are standing sure On the Rock that shall endure, When the earth and sea and skies are passed away.

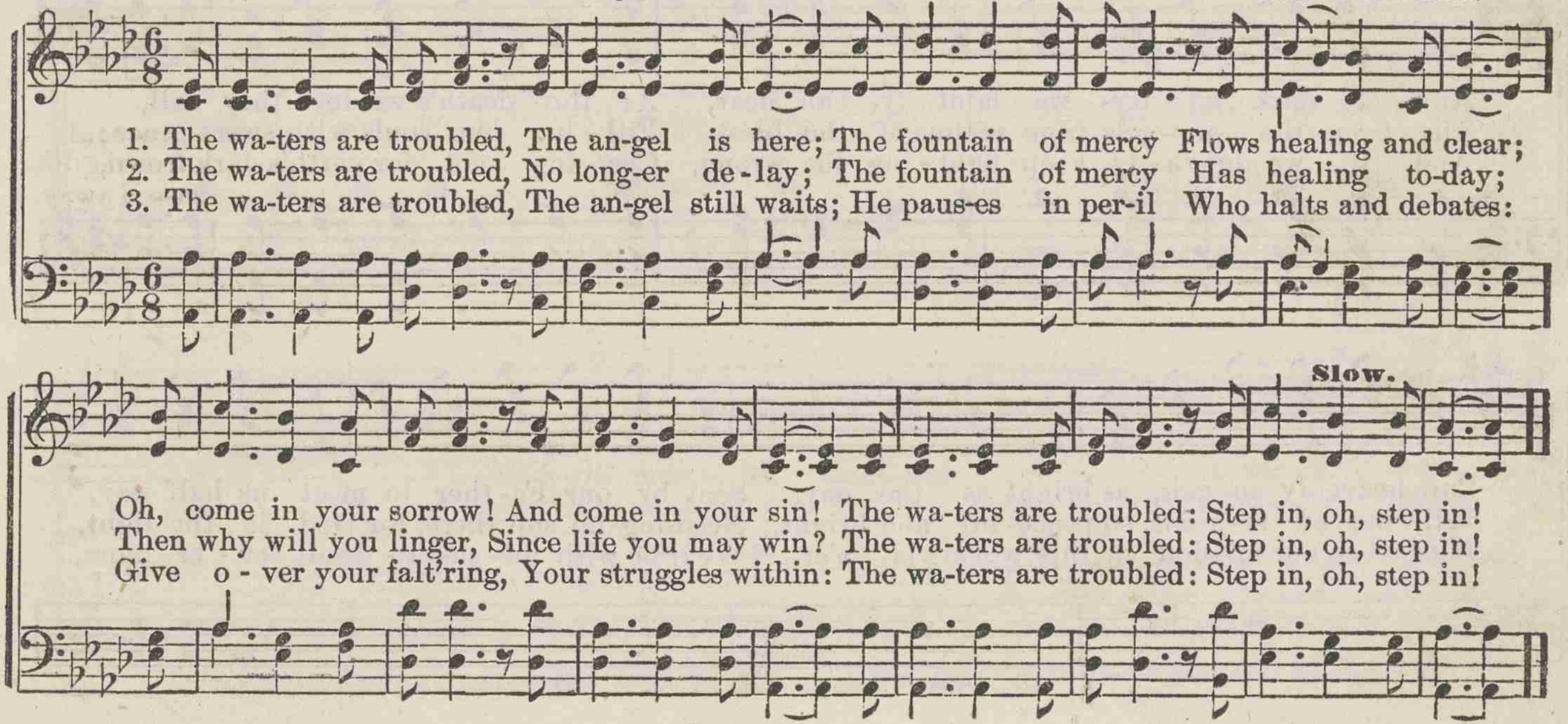
CHORUS.

Yes, clinging still clinging I am clinging to the Rock ev-er-more; Yes,
to the Rock! to the Rock! ev-er-more;



THE WATERS ARE TROUBLED.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. *"The angel troubled the water."*—John 5 : 11. REV. S. MORRISON.



By permission.

THE ANGEL'S WELCOME.

ELLA DUDLEY CHEEK. *And was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom.*—Luke xvi: 22. J. H. ANDERSON.

Gliding.

1. When mys - tic shad- ows we feel drawing near, And bro-ken must be the ties we hold dear,
2. When world-worn mor-tals are long- ing for rest, And de-vious tri-als make them e'er oppressed,
3. And if the con - flict is try - ing and long, And in the Sav - ior we try to be strong,

And the dark wa - ters we faint - ly can hear, As thro' death's val-ley they roll,
Then come the an - gels from realms of the blest, Fill - ing our souls with sweet peace;
And if we brave - ly keep fight - ing the wrong, Car - ing not for earth's dark frown,

Pure heavenly an- gels, as bright as the day, Sent by our Fa- ther to meet us half way,
Tell - ing of re- gions, so peace- ful and bright, Need-ing no sun there, for God is the light,
Then when our mission in this world is o'er, We'll be with Je - sus to dwell ev - er - more,

Will light our path-way with a ho - ly ray— Com - fort to our troub - led soul.
Where nev - er com - eth or sor- row or night, When all our troub-lings shall cease.
An - gels will wel- come us to that sweet shore, Giv - ing us a star - ry crown.

CHORUS.

An - - - - gels will meet us, An - - - - gels will meet us,
Beau - ti - ful an - gels will meet us, Beau - ti - ful an - gels will meet us,

An - - - - gels will meet us, And wel - - - - come us home.
Beau - ti - ful an - gels will meet us, And wel - come us, wel - come us home.

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THE SHINING ONES.

KNOWLES SHAW. *"White robes were given to every one of them."*—Rev. 6 : 11. J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Far a - way, in the land of the pure and bright, Is the cit-y of God with its gold - en light;
2. That beau - ti - ful land we are near-ing now, Where crowns of bright glory en - cir-cle the brow;
3. With palms and bright crowns, and our robes of white, We may roam the fair fields with eternal delight,

Oh, there is our home, and we ev - er shall stand, 'Mid the shining ones of the bet-ter land!
Where the Tree of Life grows on that beau-ti-ful shore, Where the flow'rs shall freshen to fade no more.
We may join in the songs of the pu - ri-fied band, 'Mid the shin-ing ones of the bet - ter land.

CHORUS.

O beau - - - ti-ful home! . . . O beau - - - ti-ful home!
O beau - ti-ful home! O beau - ti-ful home! Where beau-ti-ful saints sur - round the throne;

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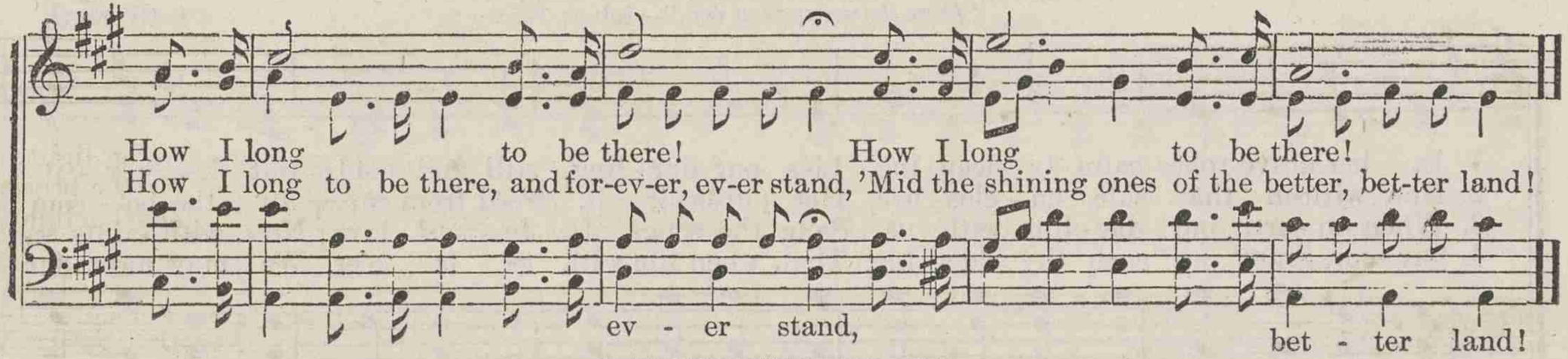
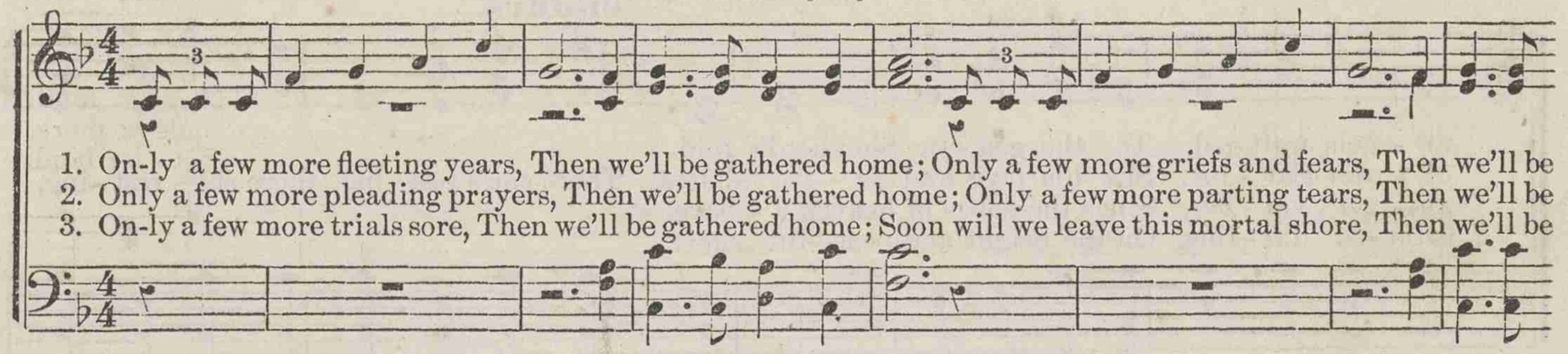
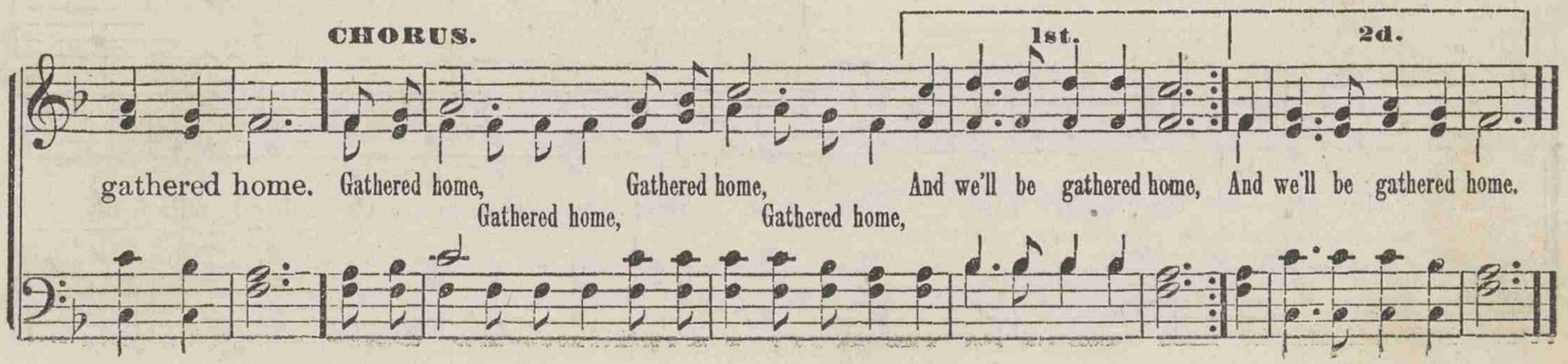

GATHERED HOME.

W. M. W. *"Here we have no continuing city."*—Heb. 13 : 14. REV. W. M. WEAKLEY.

THERE SHE'S RESTING.

"There the weary be at rest."—Job 3 : 17.

I. BALTZELL.

1. In her grave-robes calm-ly sleep-ing, Lies our dar-ling, still and cold; But her spir-it,
2. Now with-in that safe en-clos-ure, Her pure spir-it, freed from cares, In the bo-som
3. When on earth, our dar-ling with us Sang the songs of Je-sus' love; Now, with saints and
4. Sav-ior, grant us each thy bless-ing, That, when life with us is o'er, We may meet our

CHORUS.

an-gels waft-ed To the gen-tle Shepherd's fold.
of the Sav-ior, She his love and fa-vor shares. There she's rest-ing, there she's rest-ing,
an-gel voi-ces, Sings the songs of heaven a-bove.
saint-ed dar-ling, On the bright and peace-ful shore.

pp

In the gen-tle Shepherd's fold. Rest, rest, Rest in the gen-tle Shepherd's fold.

ANGELS ARE GATHERING HOME.

E. A. BARNES. *"Carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom."*—Luke 16 : 22. E. S. LORENZ.

1. 'Tis oft that we stand at the couch, Where our dear ones are passing a - way, And watching them en - ter the si - lent vale, 'Tis sweet to think and say:
2. We lay them a - way in the grave, With our tears and our tokens of love; We think of them oft - en, a shin-ing band, In realms of joy a - bove.
3. The ways of our Fa-ther are right, Tho' he sends us much sor-row and pain; He giv - eth—he taketh the dear ones back,—Oh, bless - ed be his name.

REFRAIN.

Angels are gathering home, The dear ones now going be - fore; . . Gathering home, gathering home, To life's e - ter-nal shore.

The gathering home, go-ing be-fore;

Bae 207

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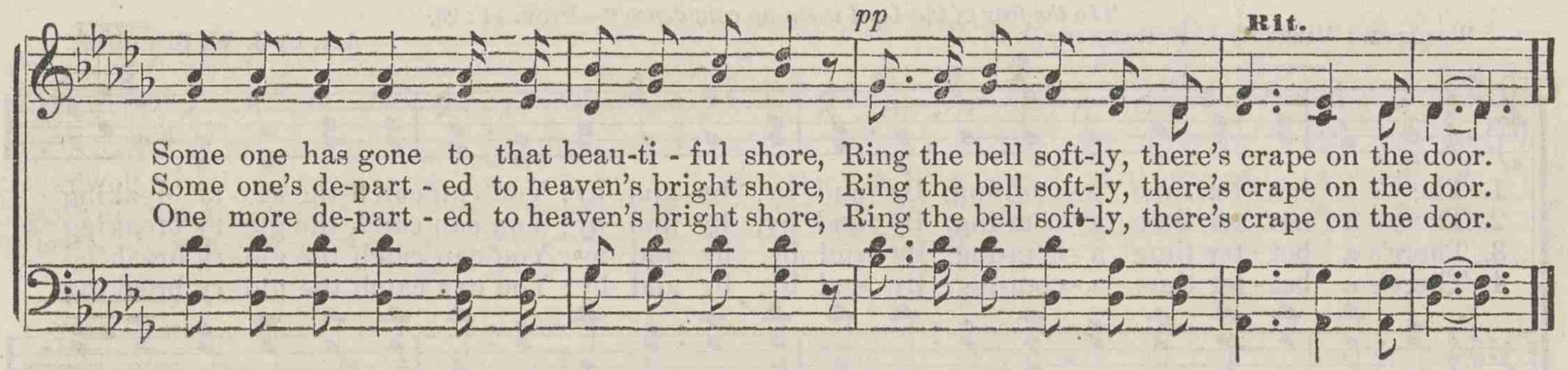
THERE'S CRAPE ON THE DOOR.

DEXTER SMITH. *"It is appointed unto men once to die."*—Heb. 9 : 27. I. BALTZELL.

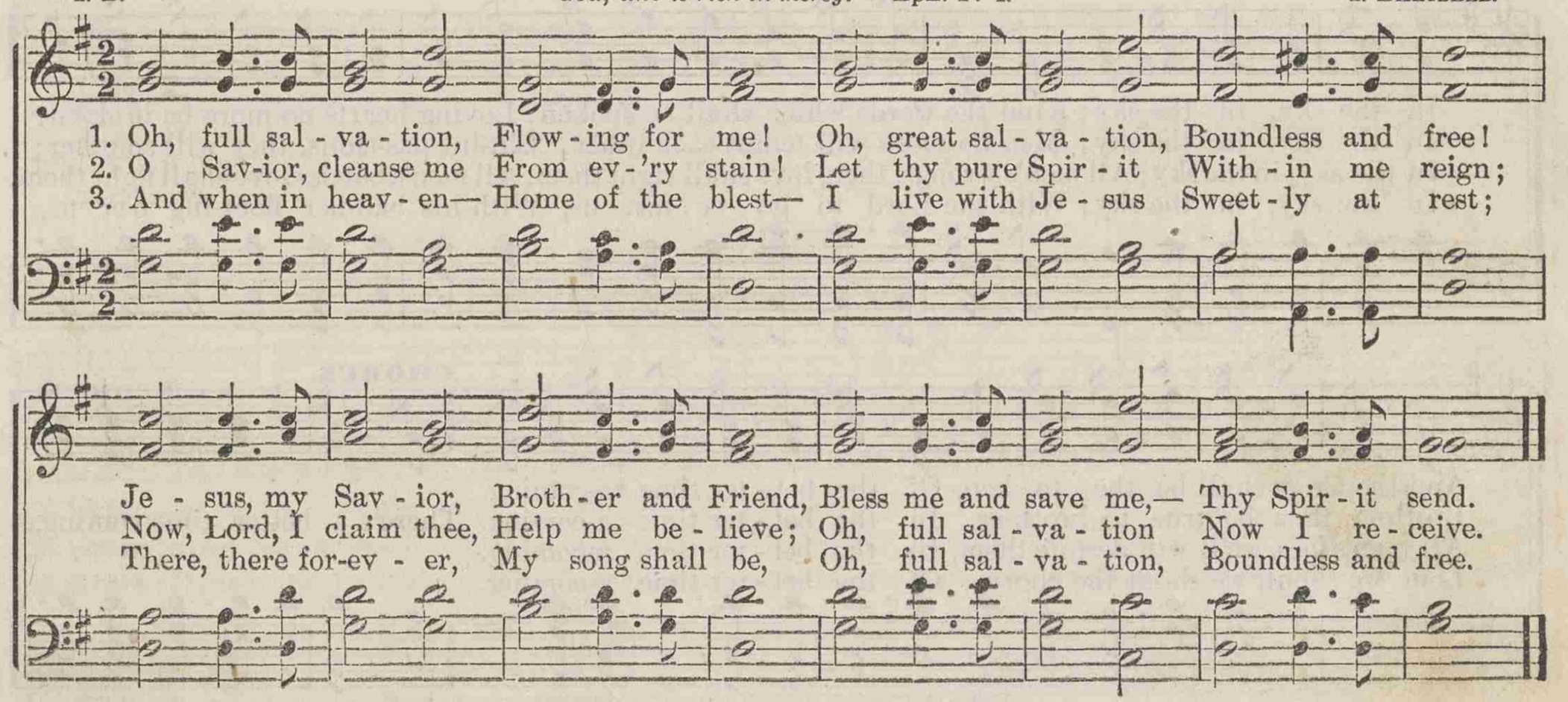
DUET. Tenderly.

1. Some one has gone from this strange world of ours, No more to gath - er its thorns and its flow'rs;
2. Some one is rest - ing from sor-row and sin, Hap-py, where earth's conflict enters not in;
3. An - gels are anx-ious - ly wait-ing to meet One who walks with them in heaven's bright street;

No more to lin-ger where sunbeams must fade, Where, on all beauty death's fingers are laid.
Joy - ous as birds when the morning is bright, When the sweet sunbeams have brought in the light.
Lov'd ones have whispered that some one is blest, Free from earth's trials, and tak-ing sweet rest.

Wea - ry of mingling life's bit - ter and sweet, Wea - ry with part-ing and nev - er to meet;
Wea - ry with sow-ing, and nev - er to reap, Wea - ry with la - bor, and welcome in sleep;
Yes, there is one more in an - gel - ic bliss, One less to cher - ish, and one less to kiss;

BOUNDLESS SALVATION.

I. B. *"God, who is rich in mercy."*—Eph. 2: 4. I. BALTZELL.



THERE'S A BETTER TIME A-COMING.

"In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence."—Prov. 14 : 26.

Words and Music by J. E. RANKIN, D. D. Arr. by J. W. BISCHOFF.

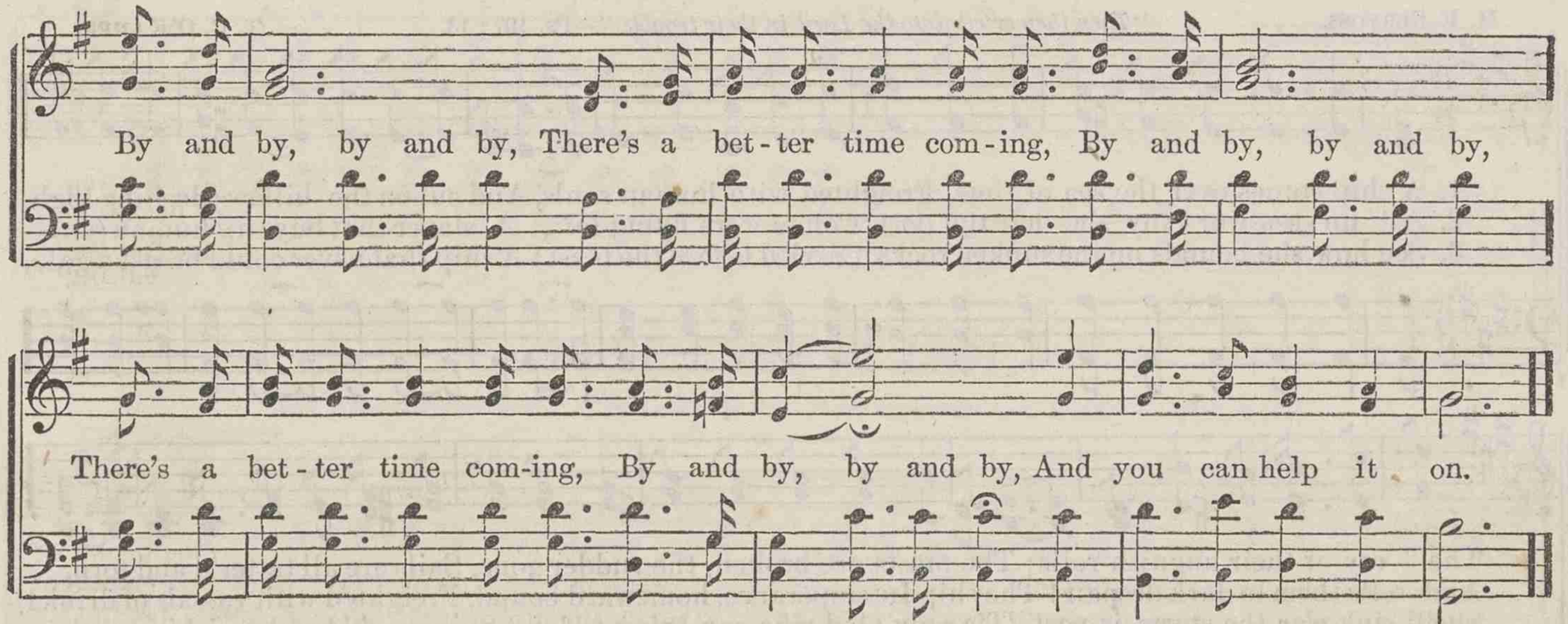
1. There's a bet - ter time a - com-ing, By and by, by and by; You can catch the glo - ry breaking
2. There's a bet - ter time a - com-ing, By and by, by and by; You can catch the glo - ry breaking
3. There's a bet - ter time a - com-ing, By and by, by and by; You can catch the glo - ry breaking
4. There's a bet - ter time a - com-ing, By and by, by and by; You can catch the glo - ry breaking

In the sky, in the sky; Kind the words which shall be spoken; Loving hearts no more be brok-en;
In the sky, in the sky; Men no more will tempt each other; Sin-ful pas-sions, they will smother;
In the sky, in the sky; All men's wrongs, then, love shall right them, All men's battles love shall fight them,
In the sky, in the sky; With the Lord to go be - fore us, With his ban-ner float-ing o'er us,

CHORUS.

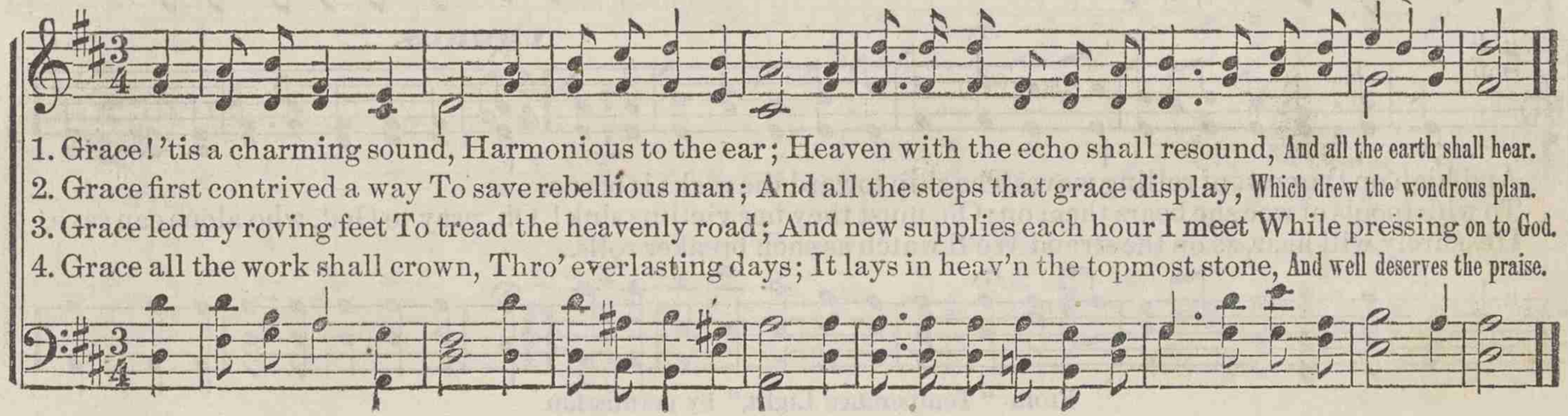
And the Cross shall be the to - ken, Of the bet - ter time a-coming.
Broth-er then be true to broth-er, In the bet - ter time a-coming. There's a better time coming,
All men's foes, we'll win despite them, In the bet - ter time a-coming.
Loud we shout, we shout the chorus, Of the bet - ter time a-coming.

From "Gospel Bells." By permission.



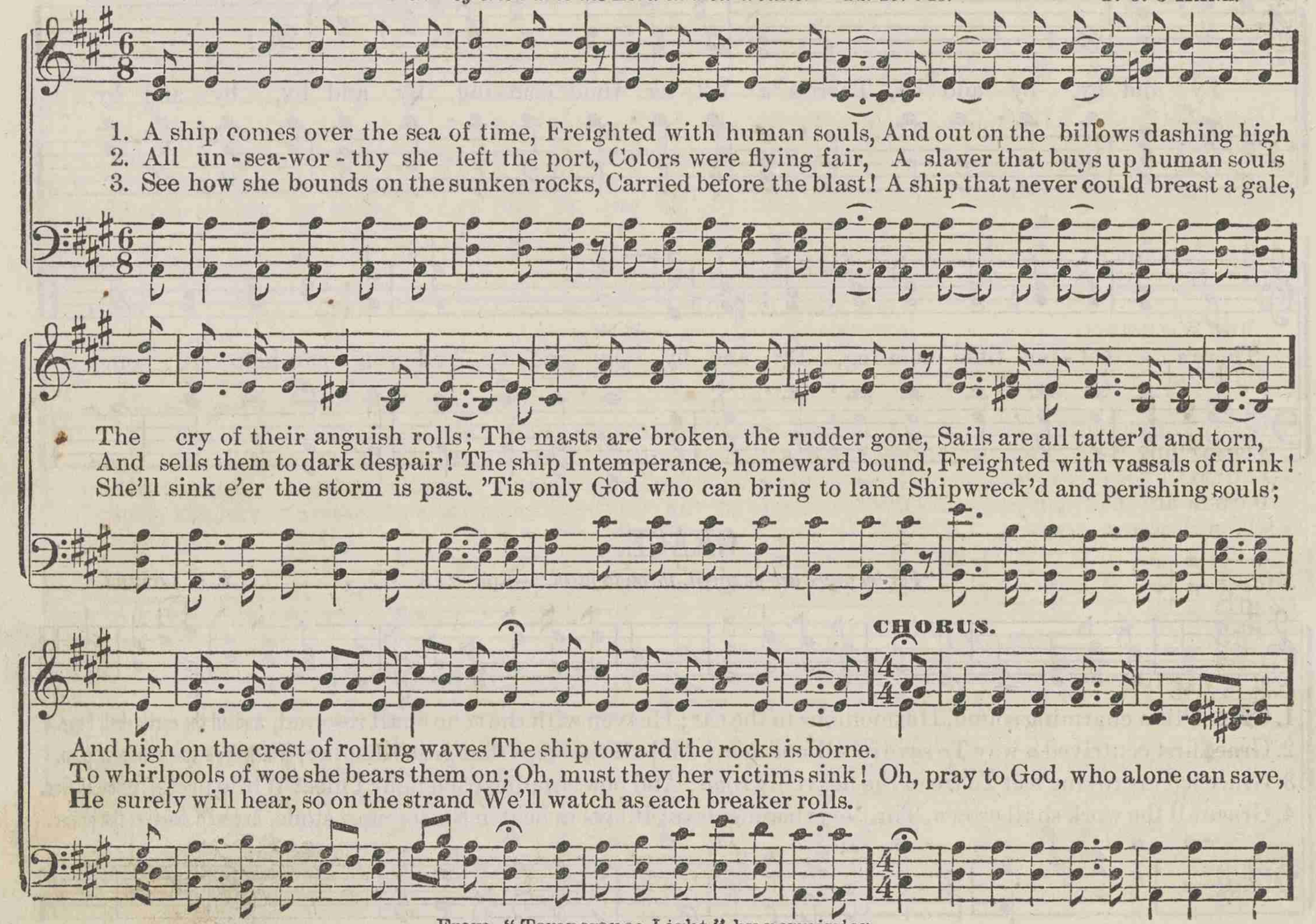
GRACE.

"For by grace are ye saved, through faith."—Eph. 2 : 8. E. S. LORENZ.



THE SHIP INTEMPERANCE.

M. E. SERVOSS. *"Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble."*—Ps. 107 : 13. T. C. O'KANE.



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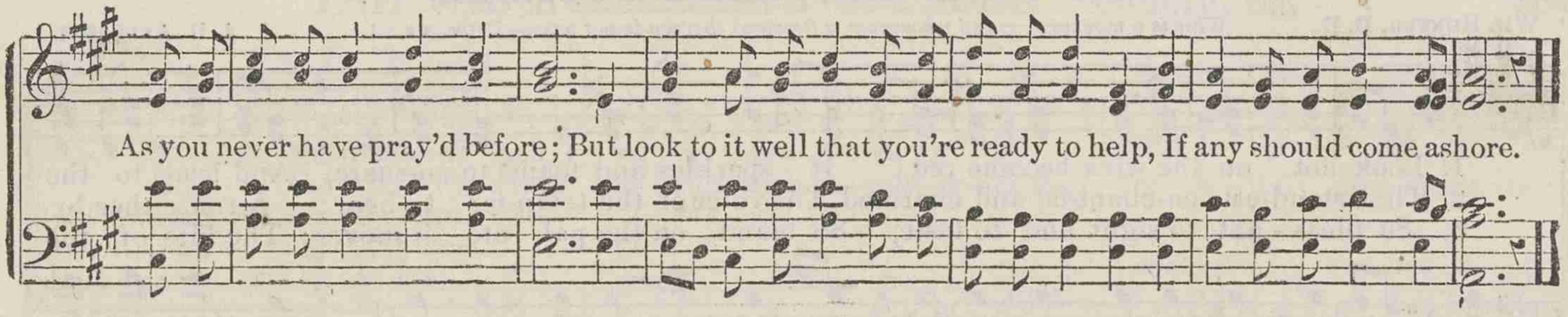
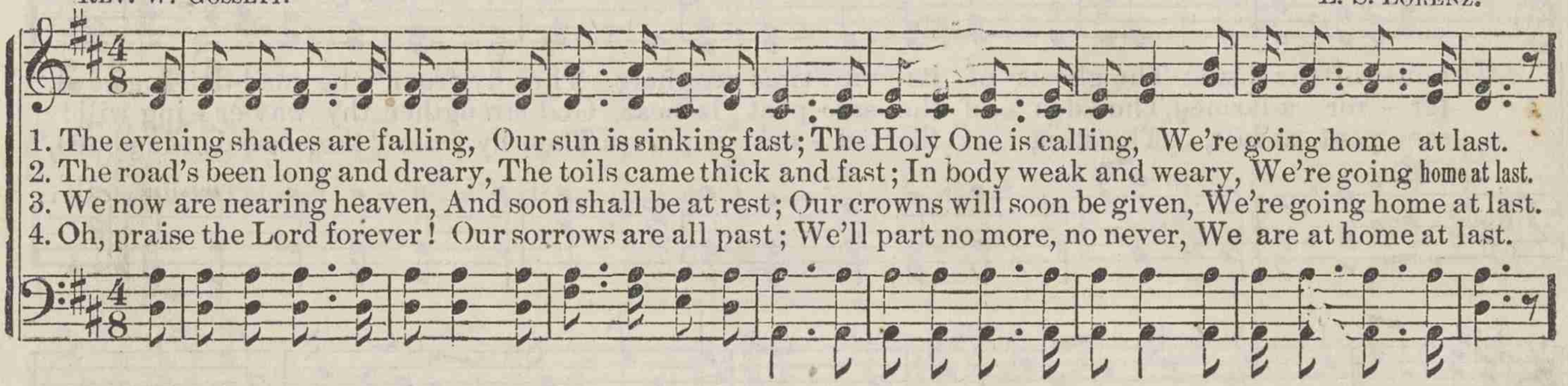
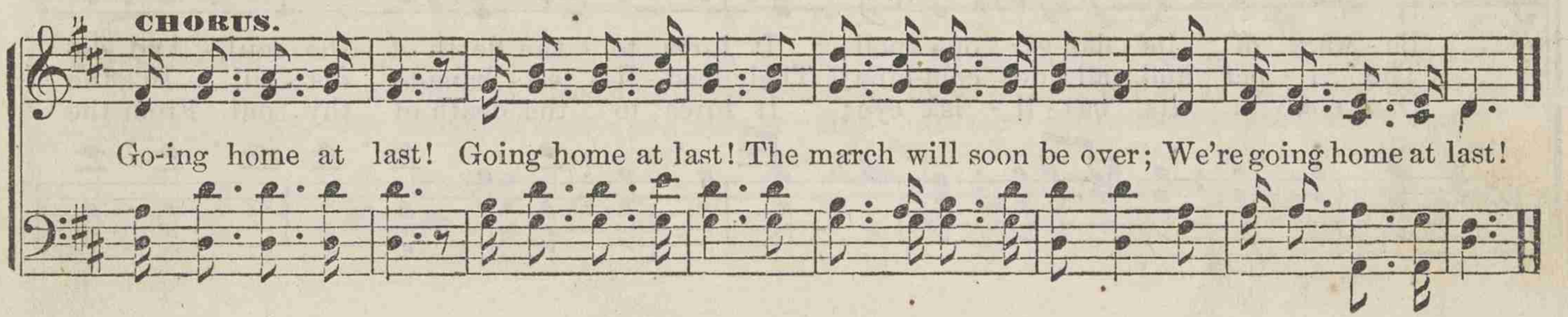


GOING HOME AT LAST.

"For I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand."—2 Tim. 4 : 6.

REV. W. GOSSETT. E. S. LORENZ.





THE WISE TEACHER'S COUNSEL.

WM. HUNTER, D. D. *Wine is a mocker— —and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.*—PROV. XX : 1. J. H. ANDERSON.

1. Look not on the wine become red; It sparkles and foams to en-snare, And leads to the
2. Thou stand-est en-chant-ed and charmed, The voice of the temp-ter to hear; A-rouse thee by
3. So pleas - ant to sight and to taste, So bland on the pal - ate it moves; The bite of the

house of the dead; The ghosts of its vic - tims are there. Then fly from "the mad-den-ing bowl,"
ter - ror a-larmed, The den of the ser - pent is near. God strengthen thy wav-er - ing will!
ser - pent at last, The sting of the ad - der it proves. Then fly from "the mad-den-ing bowl,"

Be - ware of its dan-ger - ous spell; It lures to the death of the soul, And de-
The vi - per and ad - der com-bine Their dead - li - est bane to dis - till In the
Gaze not in its bas - il - isk eye; It lures to the death of thy soul From the

CHORUS.

coys to the depths of hell.
cup of the "ru - by wine." Far hence with the trait-or-ous foe! Its fa - tal enticement de-
spell of the sy - ren fly.

Rit.

cline. A - way with its babblings and woe, Far a-way with the "ru - by wine."
de-cline.

FRIEND OF ALL.

CHAS. WESLEY. *This is my beloved, and this is my friend.*—Cant. v: 16. E. S. L.

1. Friend of all who seek thy fa - vor, Us de - fend To the end— Be our ut-most Sav-ior.
2. Fix on thee our whole af - fec-tion—Love di - vine; Keep us thine, Safe in thy pro - tec-tion.
3. Bring us ev - ery moment near - er; Fair-er rise In our eyes—Dear-er still, and dear-er.

THY LIGHT IS COME.

M. E. SERVOSS. "*And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.*"—Isa. 60 : 1. H. R. PALMER, 1880.

DUET. Not too fast.

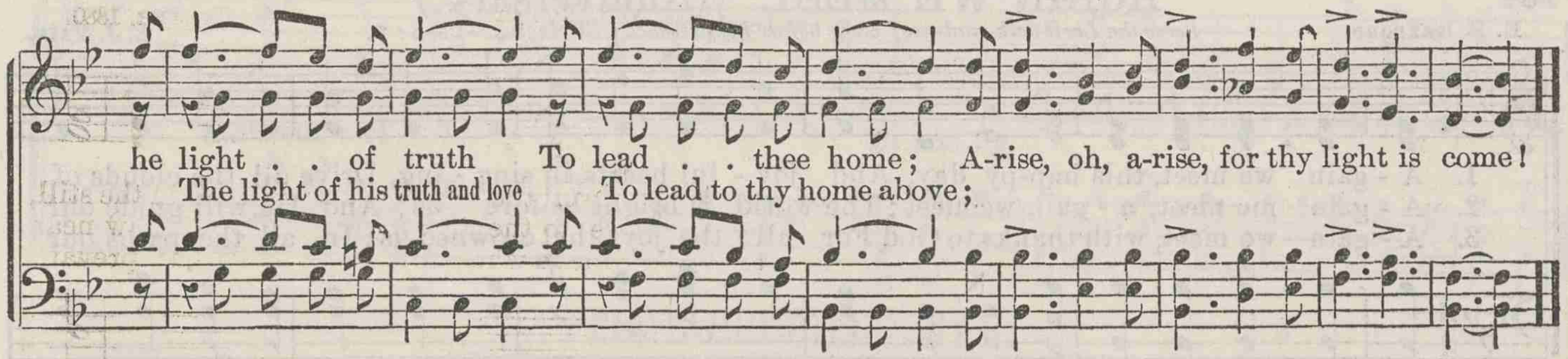
1. A - mid the deep valleys of anguish and sor-row, Where dwell the foul demons who lurk in the still,
2. Give thanks unto God who is a - ble and will-ing To save to the ut - termost all who draw near;
3. Then banish the wine-cup, and seek for a blessing From him in whose might you alone can prevail;

Inst.

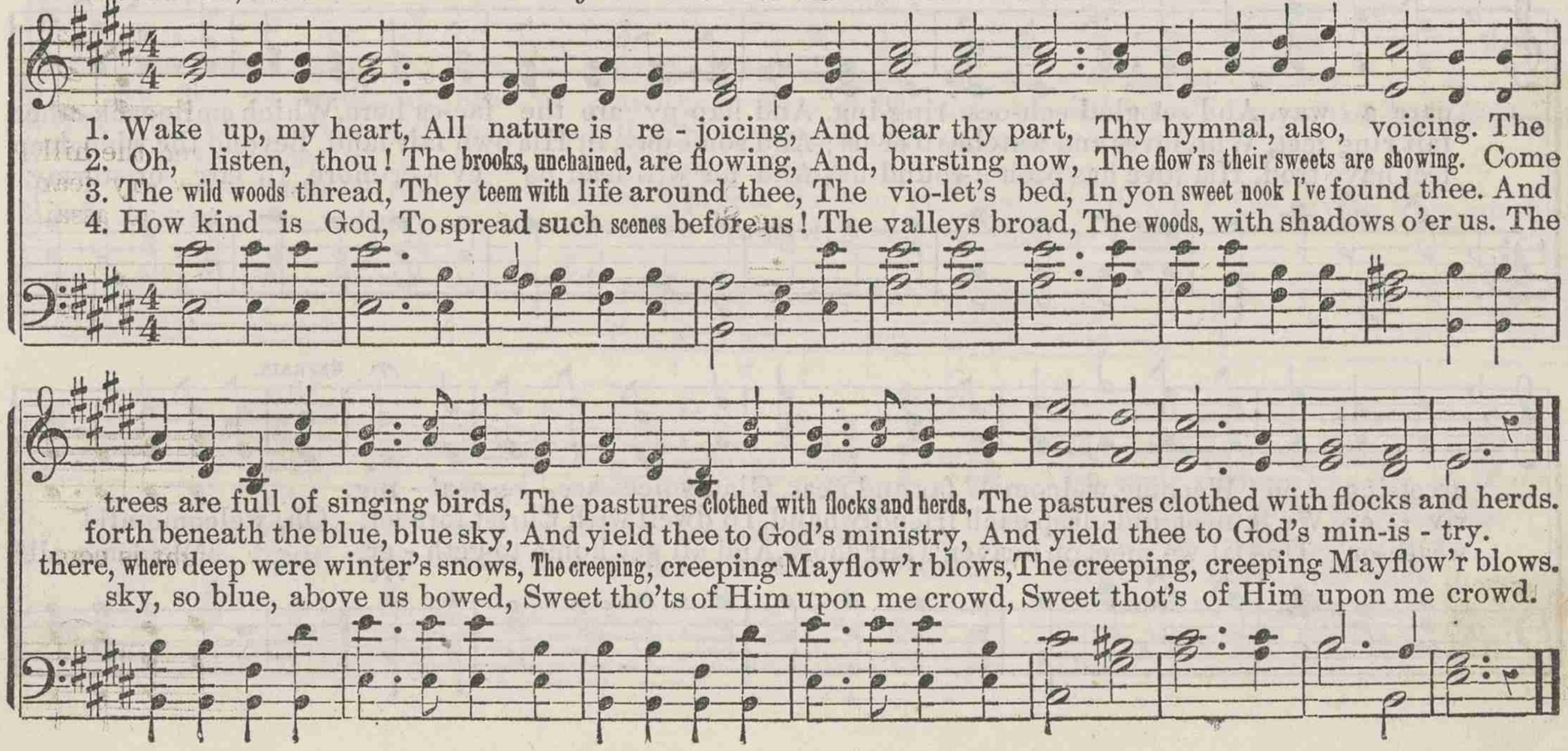
Sweet hope had been lost, and forgot-ten the morrow, Till the light of sal - vation broke o - ver the hill.
To send out his light, their redemption ful - filling, While his wonderful love shall dispel ev' - ry fear.
For they who will seek him, their weekness confessing, Shall have strength to resist all the foes who assail.

CHORUS. Spirited.

A - rise! a - rise! Arise, for thy light is come! A - rise! a - rise! Arise, for thy light is come!
Arise! arise! Arise! arise!

From "Temperance Light," by permission.

SPRING SONG.

J. F. RANKIN, D. D. *"The valleys also are covered over with corn."*—Psa. 65: 13. E. S. LORENZ.



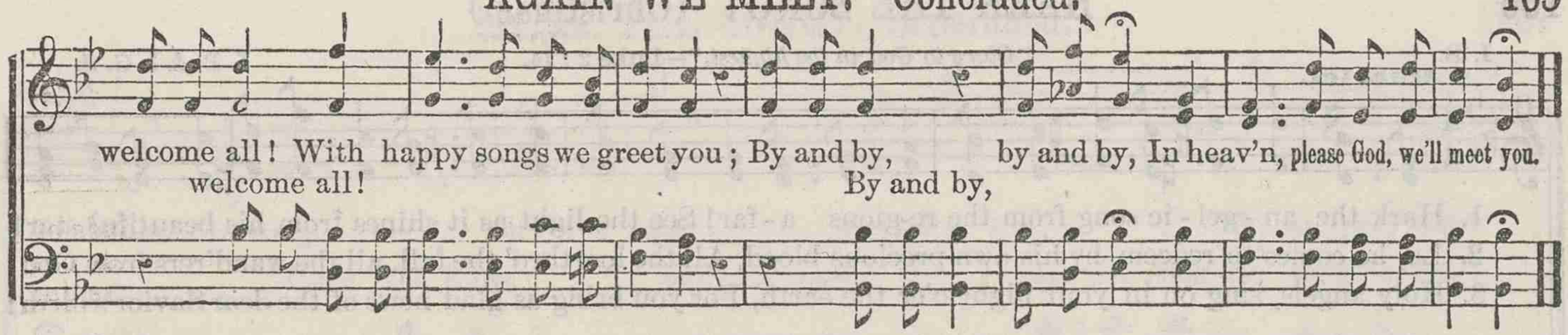
AGAIN WE MEET. (Anniversary.)

E. E. REXFORD. *Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing.*—Ps. c: 2. S. J. VAIL.

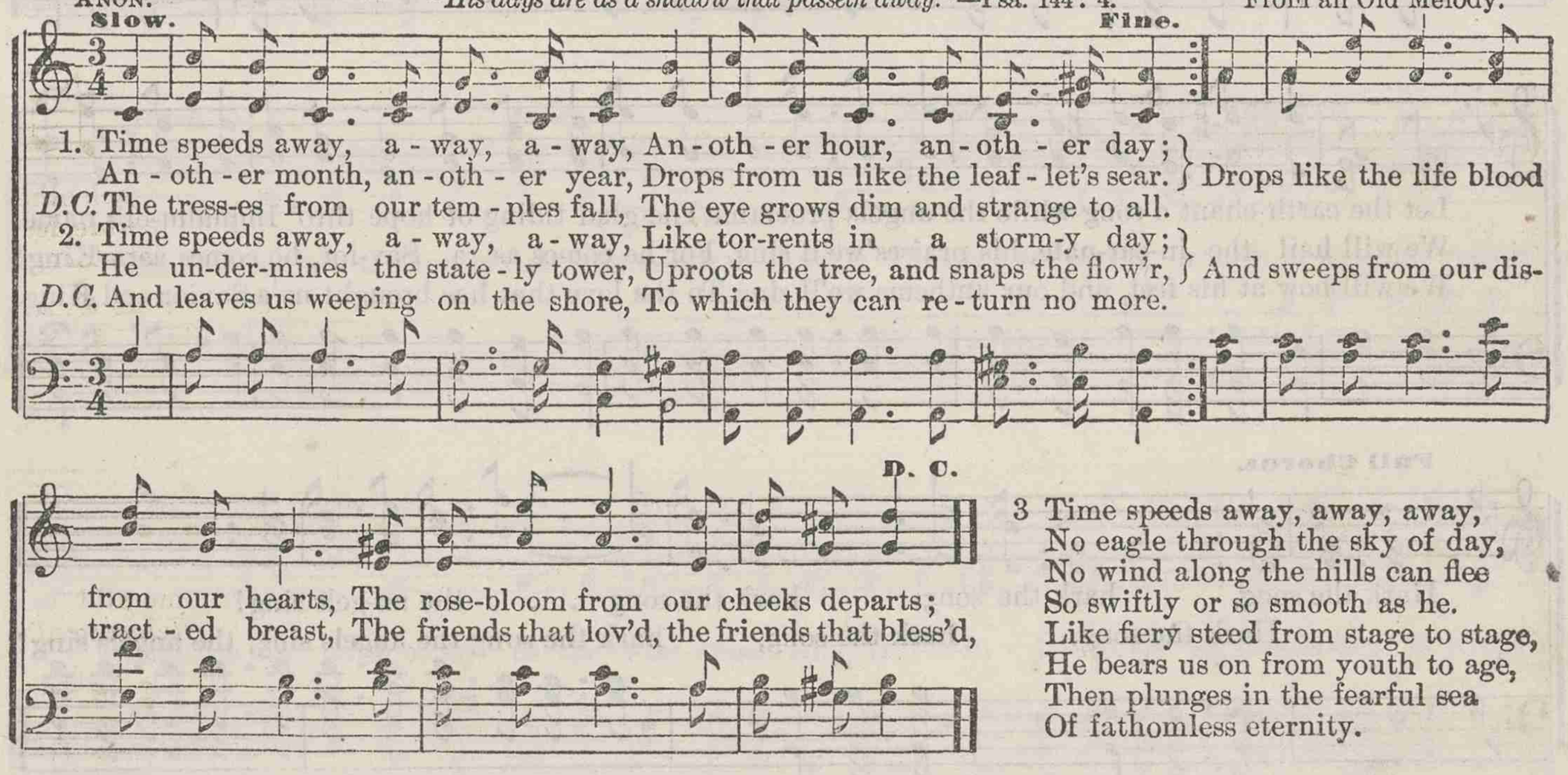
1. A - gain we meet, this hap-py day, And joy - ful hearts, in sing - ing, Drive all the clouds of
2. A - gain me meet, a - gain we meet; The world is bright be-fore us; And He will guide our
3. A - gain we meet, with thanks to God For all the joys that crowned us; In all the paths our

care a - way, And set glad ech-oes ring-ing. And hap-py are the fac-es here, Which smile each other
falt'ring feet, Who loves and watches o'er us; And some day, in His own fair land, Beyond the wide, deep
feet have trod, His love has been a-round us; And he will lead us ev - er-more, In fair or stormy

REFRAIN.

greet-ing, And "Wecome, welcome!" far and near, Glad voices are re-peat - ing.
riv - er, We'll meet and clasp each friendly hand, To dwell with Christ forever. Oh, welcome all!
weath-er, Un - til we meet on heaven's fair shore, And all get home to-geth - er. Welcome all!

TIME SPEEDS AWAY.

ANON. "*His days are as a shadow that passeth away.*"—Psa. 144: 4. From an Old Melody.



3 Time speeds away, away, away,
No eagle through the sky of day,
No wind along the hills can flee
So swiftly or so smooth as he.
Like fiery steed from stage to stage,
He bears us on from youth to age,
Then plunges in the fearful sea
Of fathomless eternity.

HARK THE SONG! (Christmas.)

I. B. "*Glory to God in the highest.*"—Luke 2 : 14. I. B. & I. G. S.

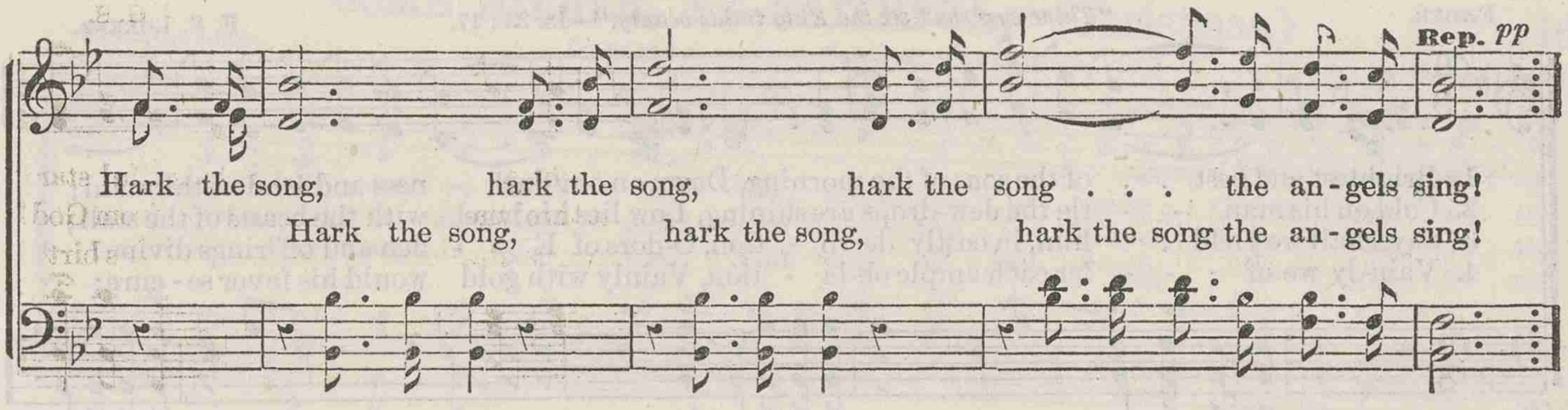
Quartet.

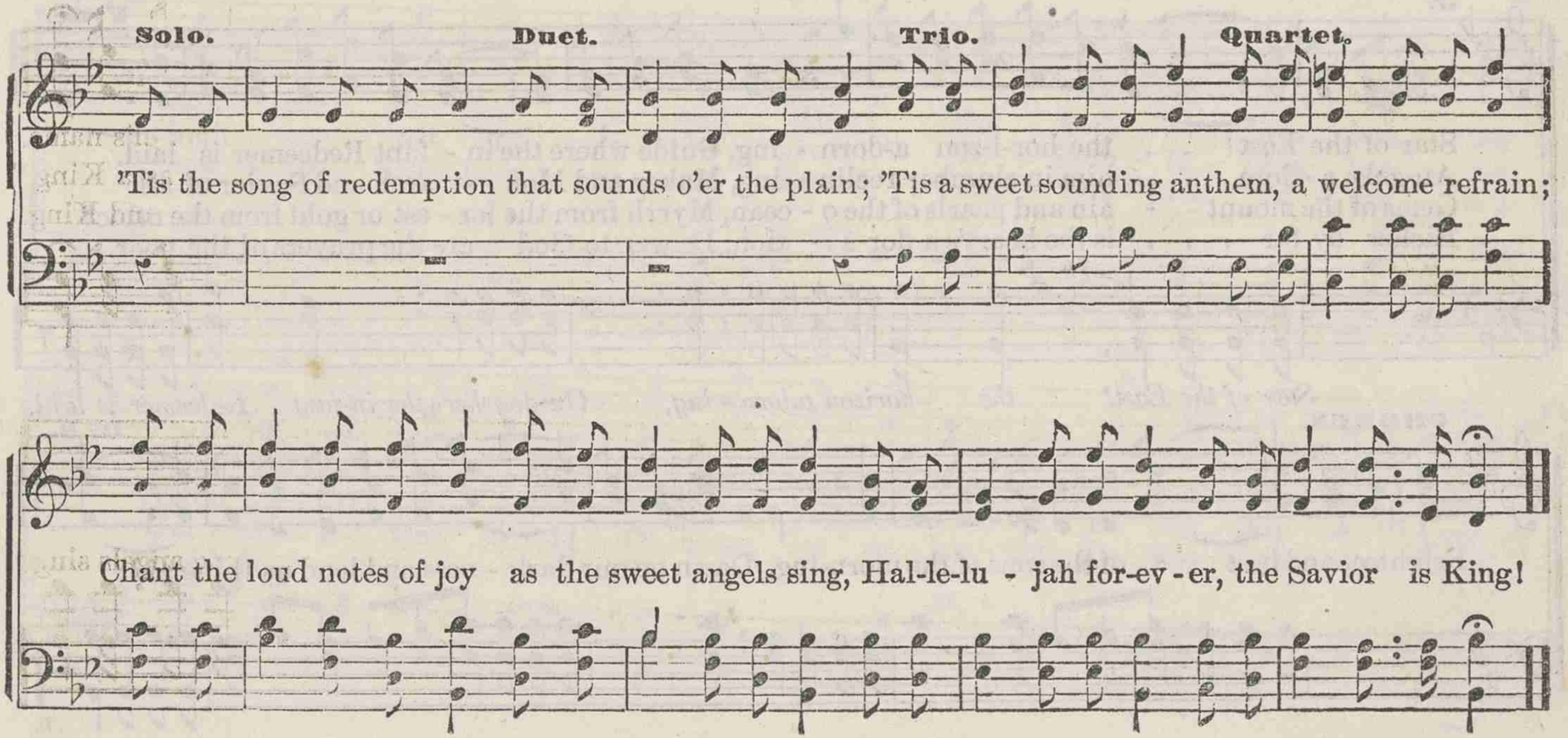
1. Hark the an - gel - ic song from the re-gions a - far! See the light as it shines from his beautiful star!
2. Lo, he comes to redeem, by his own precious blood, All the lost thro' the fall, all the wand'rers from God!
3. Holy angels, sing on in your flight o'er the earth, For you bring us glad news of the dear Savior's birth!

Let the earth chant a song while the angels proclaim The glad tiding of hope thro' Immanu-el's name.
We will hail the in-car-nate, his praises we'll sing, For he comes as a Sav-ior, he comes as a King!
We will bow at his feet, and our anthems we'll sing To the love that has brought us a Savior and King.

Full Chorus.

Hark the song, hark the song, hark the song . . . the an-gels sing!
Hark the song, hark the song, hark the song the angels sing, the angels sing!


Rep. pp
Hark the song, hark the song, hark the song . . . the an-gels sing!
Hark the song, hark the song, hark the song the an-gels sing!


Solo.
Duet.
Trio.
Quartet.
'Tis the song of redemption that sounds o'er the plain; 'Tis a sweet sounding anthem, a welcome refrain;
Chant the loud notes of joy as the sweet angels sing, Hal-le-lu - jah for-ev-er, the Savior is King!

BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

FABER. *"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty,"*—Is. 33 : 17. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Brightest and best . . of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our dark - ness and lend us thine aid;
2. Cold on his man - - tle the dew-drops are shining, Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
3. Say, shall we yield . . him, in costly de-vo - tion, O-dors of E - - den and off'rings divine?
4. Vain-ly we of - - - fer each ample ob-la - tion, Vainly with gold would his favor se - cure;

f. Fine.

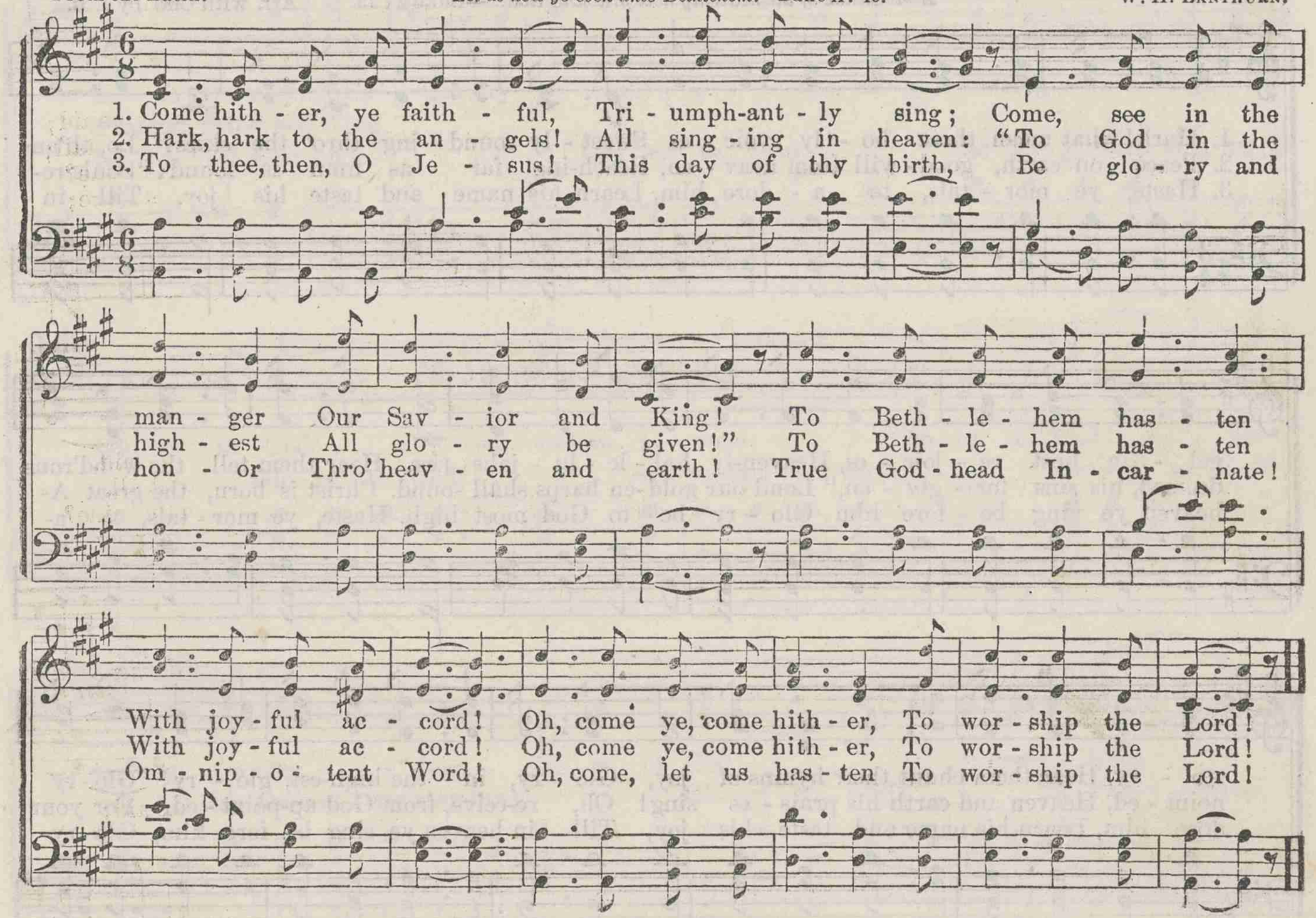
Star of the East! . . the hor-i-zon a-dorn - ing, Guide where the in - fant Redeemer is laid.
An-gels a - dore . . him in slumber reclin - ing, Maker and Mon - arch and Savior of all.
Gems of the mount - - ain and pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est or gold from the mine?
Richer by far . . . is the heart's a-dor-a - tion, Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Star of the East! the horizon adorn - ing, Guide where the in-fant Redeemer is laid.

CHORUS. D. S.

Brightest and best . . of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our dark - ness and lend us thine aid;

COME HITHER, YE FAITHFUL. (Christmas.) 169

From the Latin. *Let us now go even unto Bethlehem.*—Luke ii: 15. W. H. LANTHURN.

THE ANGELS ARE SINGING.

"A multitude of the heavenly host praising God."—Luke 2 : 13. Arr. with Cho. by I. B.

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es Sweet - ly sound - ing thro' the skies? Lo, th'an-
2. Peace on earth, good - will from heav - en, Reach-ing far as man is found; "Souls re-
3. Haste, ye mor - tals, to a - dore him, Learn his name and taste his joy, Till in

gel - ic host re - joic - es, Heaven-ly hal - le - lu - jahs rise. Hear them tell the wond'rous
deemed, his sins for - giv - en," Loud our gold-en harps shall sound. Christ is born, the great A-
heaven ye sing be - fore him Glo - ry be to God most high. Haste, ye mor - tals, to a-

sto - ry, Hear them chant their hymns of joy, Glo - ry, in the high-est, glo - ry! Glo - ry
noint - ed, Heaven and earth his prais - es sing! Oh, re-ceive, from God ap-point - ed, For your
dore him, Learn his name and taste his joy, Till in heaven ye sing be - fore him, Glo - ry

CHORUS.

be to God most high! Glo-ry to God! . . . . the an-gels are sing - - - ing;
Prophet, Priest and King.
be to God most high! Glo-ry to God! . . . . the an-gels are sing-ing;

Glo-ry to God! . . . . sal-va-tion is come; . . . Glo-ry to God! . . . his
Glo-ry to God! . . . . sal-va-tion is come; Glo-ry to God!

prais-es are ring - - - ing; Glo-ry to God! . . . . sal-vation is come.
his prais-es are ring-ing; Glo-ry to God! . . sal-vation is come.

ALL HAIL TO HIS NAME!

MRS. EMMA PITT. *"Fell down and worshiped him."*—Matt. 2 : 11. I. BALTZELL.

1. There rose in the east a beau - ti - ful star On a bright December morn; Glad tidings were echoed at
2. The shepherds their flocks were watching there, As they saw the wondrous sight, And heard the sweet sound pro-
3. That Sav - ior so pure that Sav-ior so true, Who was meek and lowly born, Is waiting with love to
4. He took up - on him the nature of man, That he might our sorrows bear; With true, loving hearts, oh,

CHORUS.

once from a - far, "To you a Sav - ior is born." All hail . . . . to his name! All
claimed unto men The birth of the Lord of light.
wel - come you, This happy Christ - mas morn.
come to him, then; Come in his glo - ry to share. All hail to his name, to his precious name! All

hail . . . to his name!
hail to his name, to his precious name! Oh, sing to him now, before him all bow, For he is the Lord of all!

THE SONG THE ANGELS SING.

"A multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest."—Luke 2: 14.

EDMUND H. SEARS. EDMUND S. LORENZ

1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From angels bending near the earth To
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gracious King!" The world in solemn stillness lay To
2. Still thro' the cloven skies they come, With peaceful wings unfurled; And still their heav'nly music floats O'er
Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on heav'nly wing; And ev-er o'er its Babel sounds The

CHORUS.

touch their harps of gold;
hear the an-gels sing.
all the wea-ry world;
bless-ed an-gels sing.

Oh, song of joy! Sweet song of joy! Oh, happy song of joy! Oh, happy song of joy! The angels' song of joy! The joy! We'll join the gladdening refrain, Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
angels' song of joy! We'll join the glad refrain, We'll join the glad refrain,

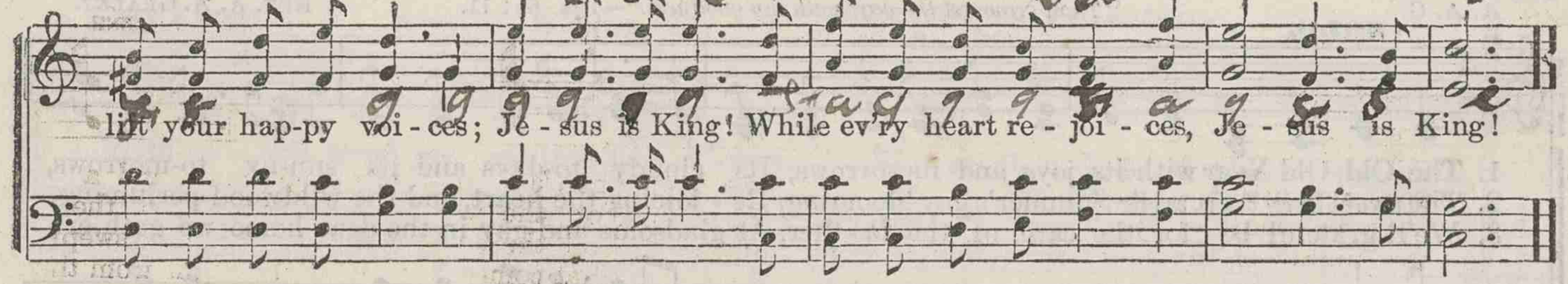
3 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low;
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing.

JESUS IS KING.

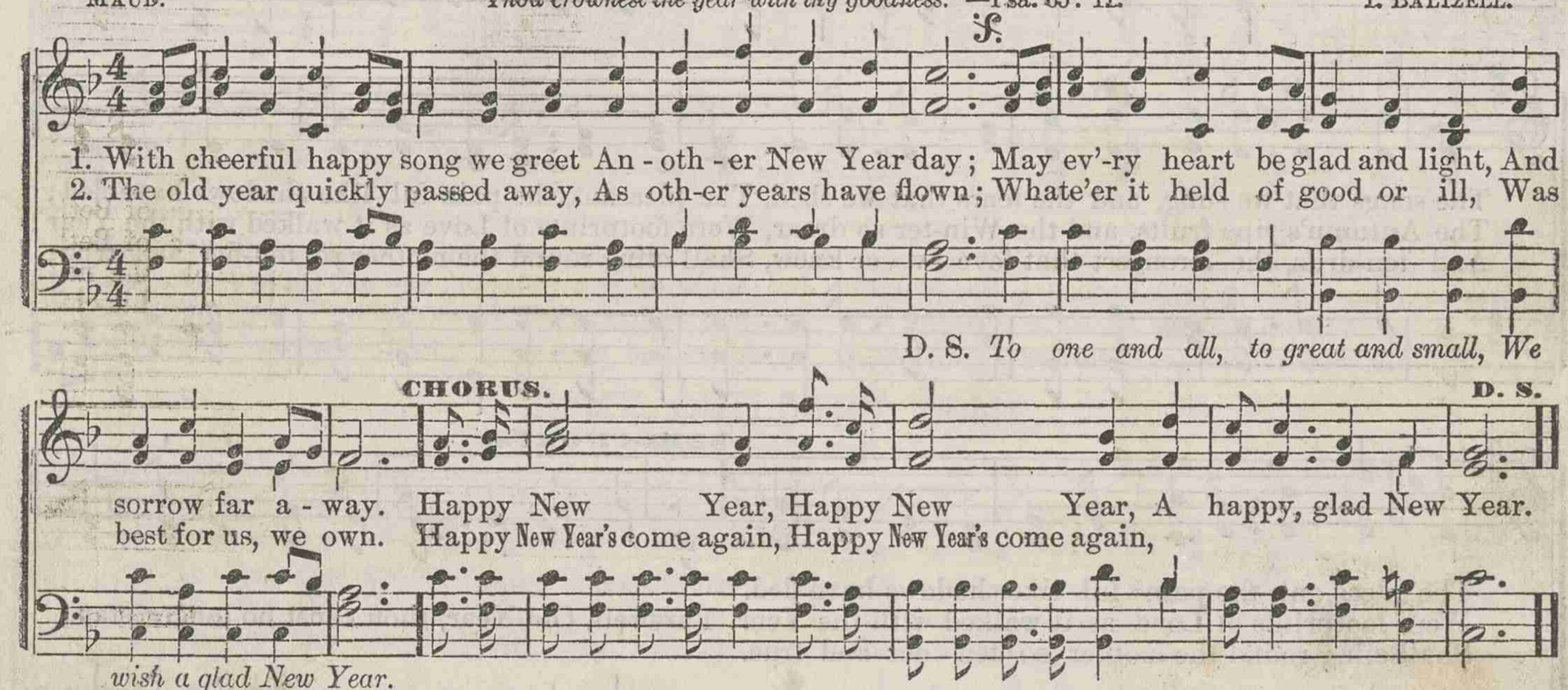
DR. J. G. HOLLAND. "*Behold thy King cometh.*"—John 12: 15. E. S. LORENZ.

1. There's a song in the air, there's a star in the sky! There's a moth-er's deep pray'r, and a ba - by's low cry! And the star rains its fire while the beau - ti - ful sing, For the man - ger of Beth-
2. There's a tu - mult of joy o'er the won - der - ful birth, For the vir - gin's sweet boy is the Lord of the earth; And the star rains its fire while the beau - ti - ful sing, For the man - ger of Beth-
3. In the light of that star lie the a - ges impearled, And the song from a - far has swept o - ver the world; Ev' - ry heart is a-flame, and the beau - ti - ful sing, In the homes of the na-
4. We re - joice in the light, and we ech - o the song That comes down thro' the night from the heav-enly throng; Aye, we shout to the love - ly e - van - gel they bring, And we greet in his cra-

CHORUS.

le - hem cra-dles a King.
le - hem cra-dles a King. Je - sus is King! While heav'n and earth rejoices; Je - sus is King! oh,
tions that Je - sus is King.
dle our Savior and King.

NEW YEAR'S SONG.

MAUD. *"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."*—Psa. 65: 11. I. BALTZELL.



3 We mourn not over blessings past,
Nor vanished joys recall;
Our Father's hand still leads us on,
His love is over all.

4 We know not what the future holds,
For us to do or bear;
But we can safely trust it all
To God's most loving care.

5 But this we pray, dear Lord, that when
Our last year here is given,
We all may greet each other in
The glad New Year of heaven.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

A. A. G. "*Thou crownest the year with thy goodness.*"—Psa. 65 : 11. REV. A. A. GRALET.

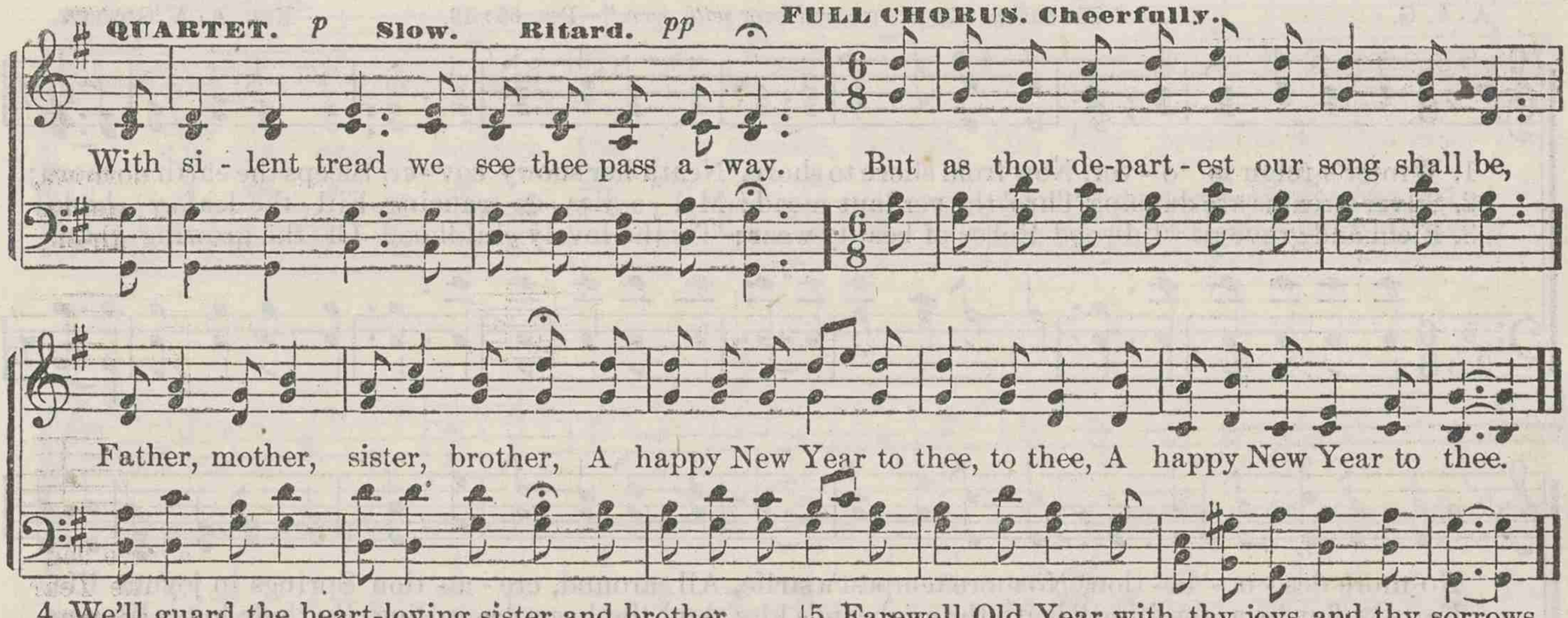
SOLO.

1. The Old, Old Year with its joys and its sorrows, Its cloudy to-days and its sun-ny to-morrows,
2. The sweet Spring flow'rs, and the Summer's gay blooming, Re - joicing the heart, and the wildwood perfuming,
3. We'll grateful be for the care of the fa - ther, As gladsome and gay in the dear home we gath-er;

The songs that we sung, and the tears that we shed, The pleasant, the pain-ful like shadows have fled;
The Autumn's ripe fruits, and the Win-ter so drear, Were footprints of Love as it walked with the Year;
And ten-drils, the strongest that love ev - er knew, Shall cling round the mother so ten-der and true;

SEMI-CHORUS.

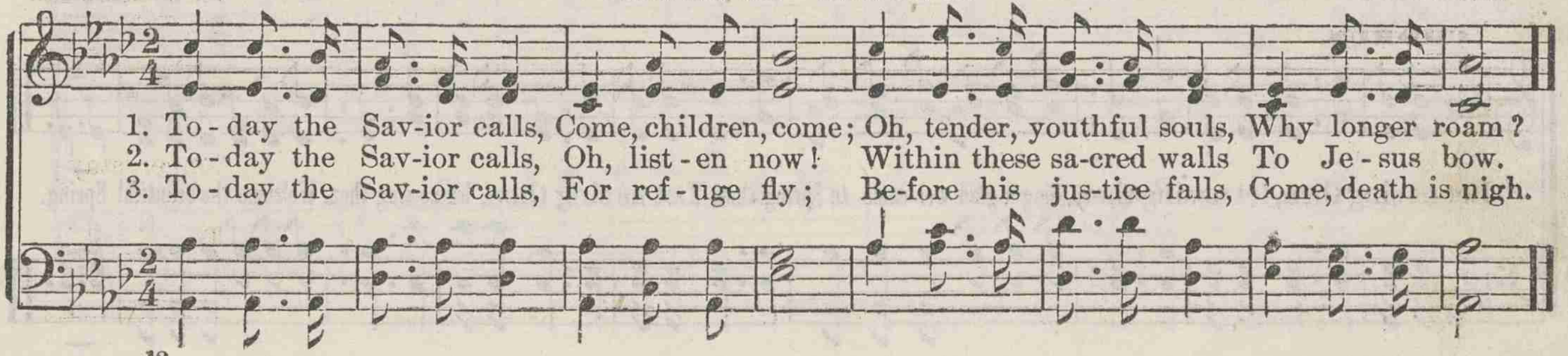
The pleas-ant, the pain - ful like shadows have fled.
Were footprints of Love as it walked with the Year. Farewell, Old Year, thou canst no longer stay;
Shall cling round the mother so ten - der and true.



4 We'll guard the heart-loving sister and brother,
Lest some jealous foe our affection may smother;
Our pathway will yield both its thorns and its flowers,
‖: But love burning brightly shall ever be ours. :‖

5 Farewell Old Year with thy joys and thy sorrows,
Thy frowning to-days and thy smiling to-morrows;
Thy mission is ended, and empty thy throne,
‖: We'll crown the New Year with its future unknown. :‖

COME, CHILDREN, COME.

"*Come unto me.*"—Matt. 11 : 28. I. BALTZELL.

WELCOME TO SPRING.

A. A. G. "*The valleys also are covered over with corn.*"—Psa. 65: 13. REV. A. A. GRALEY.

1. Winter's reign is o - ver, Now from shore to shore, 'Neath her snowy cov - er, Sleeps the earth no more;
2. Silver streams are dancing Thro' the verdant mead; Mel - o-dies en-trancing, Fill the leaf - y shade;
3. Field and grove and wildwood Robes of beauty wear; 'Tis the lovely childhood Of the growing year;

No more des - o - la - tion, No more tempest's strife, All around, cre - a - tion Springs to joyous life.
Ear - ly flow'rs are smiling 'Neath the sunbeam's kiss, And the heart be-guiling By their love - li - ness.
While the earth re-joi-ces, Join the tuneful throng, And with hearts and voices Raise the grateful song.

CHORUS.

Let us sing then, let us sing then, Sing a glad wel-come to Spring then, Let us sing then, let us sing then, Welcome the beautiful Spring.

OH, SING PRAISES.

J. H. LESLIE.

Moderato.

Oh, sing praises, prais-es, Oh, sing praises, prais-es, Oh, sing prais-es to God most high;

For his goodness and com-pas-sion is be-stowed up-on his children; Oh, sing praises, sing praises,

praises, sing praises, sing praises, sing praises to God most high.

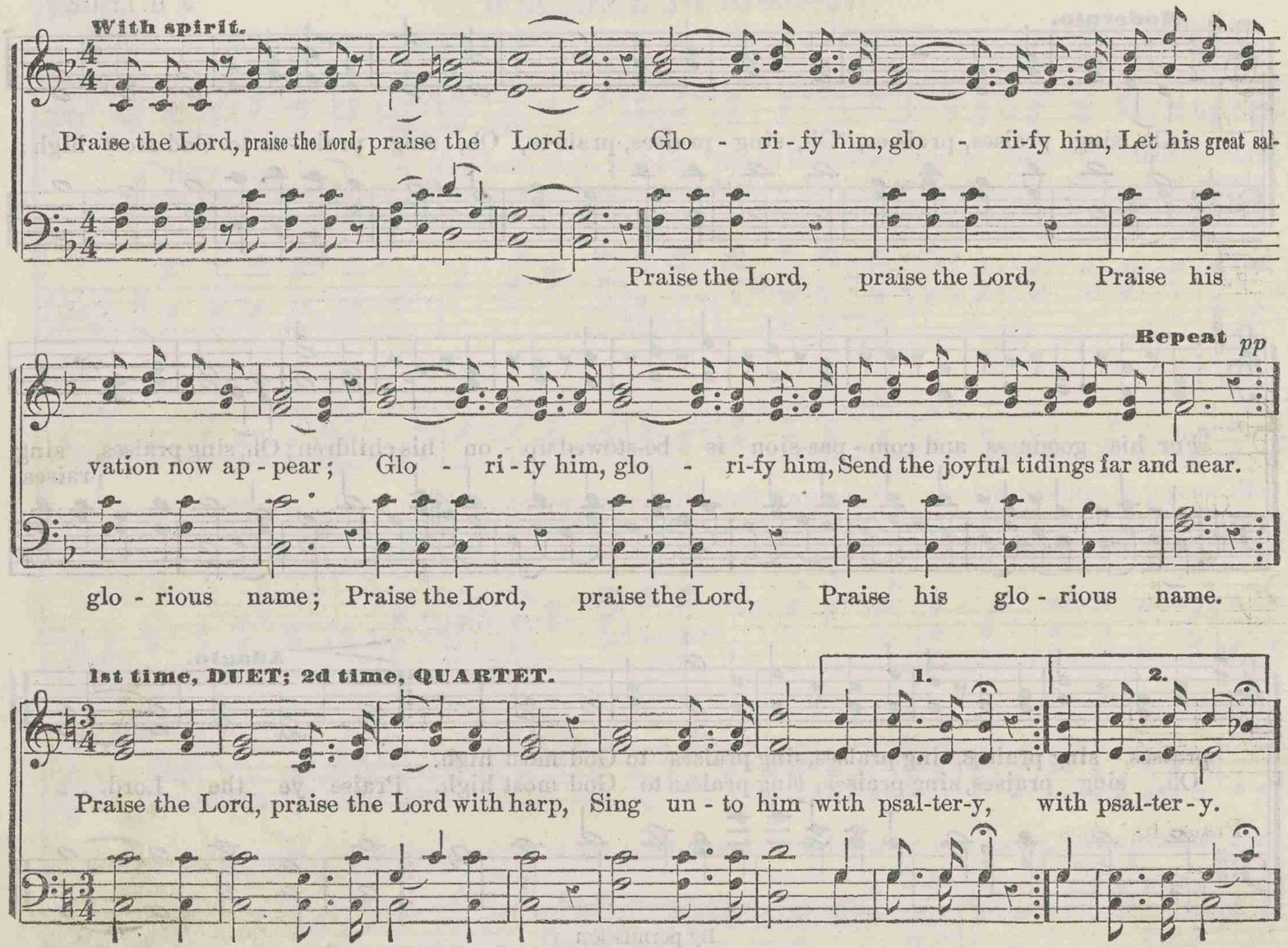
Adagio.

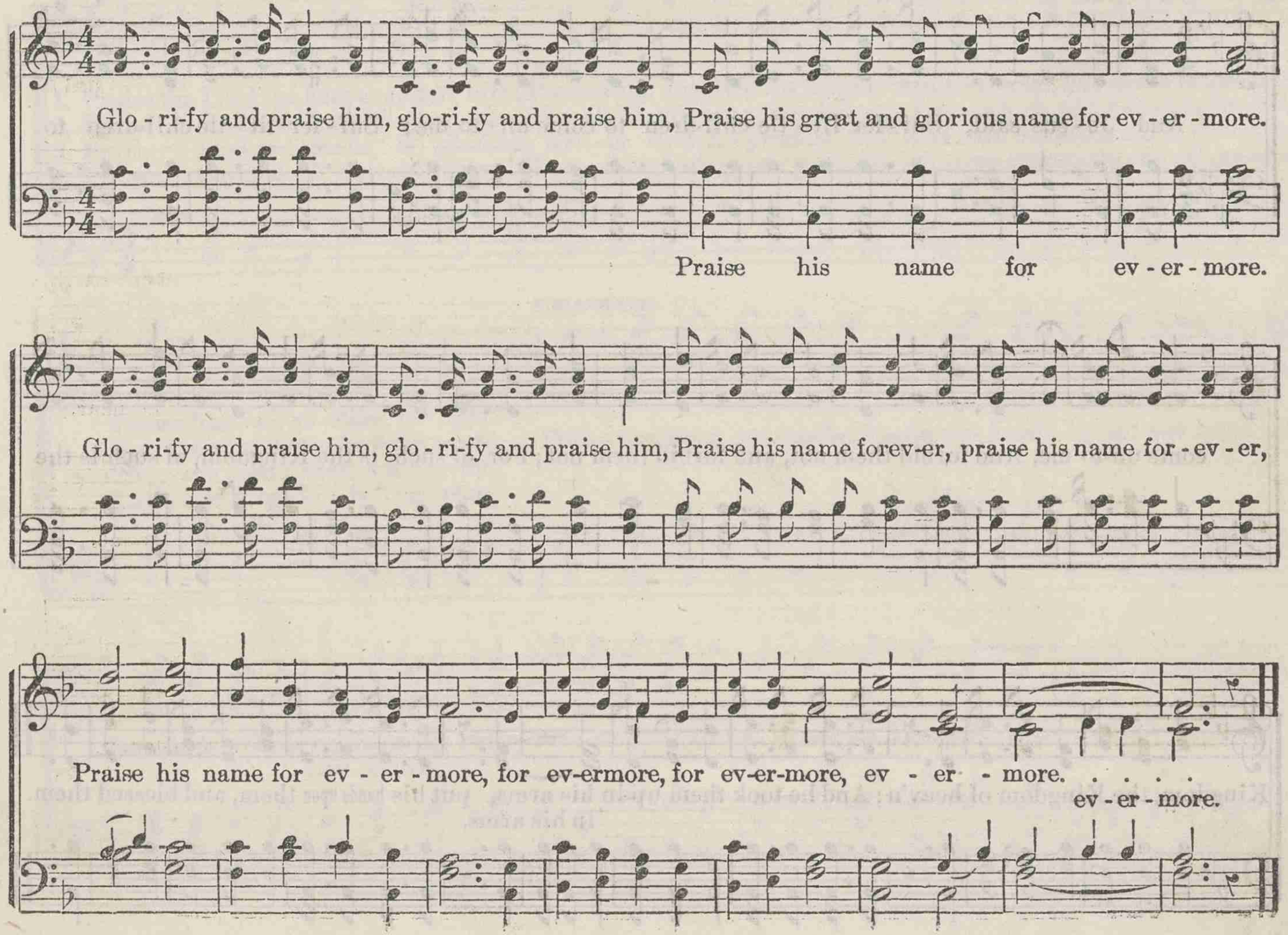
Oh, sing praises, sing praises, sing praises to God most high. Praise ye the Lord. . .

By permission.

GLORIFY HIM. (Anthem.)

FRANK M. DAVIS.




Glo - ri-fy and praise him, glo-ri-fy and praise him, Praise his great and glorious name for ev - er - more.
Praise his name for ev - er - more.
Glo - ri-fy and praise him, glo - ri-fy and praise him, Praise his name forev-er, praise his name for - ev - er,
Praise his name for ev - er - more, for ev-ermore, for ev-er-more, ev - er - more. . . . .
ev - er - more.

FORBID THEM NOT. (Anthem.)

WM. STEVENSON.

And Je-sus said, Suf-fer lit-tle chil-dren to come un-to me; Suf-fer lit-tle chil-dren to

come un-to me, And forbid them not, and forbid them not; For of such is the Kingdom, of such is the

Kingdom, the Kingdom of heav'n; And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

in his arms,

ADORE HIM.

JOHN KEMPTHORN. *"I will extol thee, my God."*—Ps. 114 : 1. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore him! Praise him, angels in the height! Sun and moon, bow down before him;
2. Praise the Lord! for he hath spoken, Worlds his mighty voice obeyed; Laws, which never shall be broken,
3. Praise the Lord! for he is glorious, Nev-er shall his promise fail; God hath made his saints victorious,
4. Praise the God of our sal-vation! Hosts on high his power proclaim; Heaven and earth, and all creation,

CHORUS.

Praise him, all ye stars of light!
For their guidance he hath made.
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Laud and mag-ni-fy his name.

Praise the Lord, ye angels! Praise the Lord! Let all the hosts of heaven join the song, the song! Praise the Lord, ye nations! Praise the Lord! Oh, let his praises roll along! join the song!

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH!

WILLIAMS. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Guide me, O thou great Jehovah! Pilgrim thro' this barren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty,
2. O-pen now the healing fount-ain, Whence the crystal waters flow; Let the fiery, cloudy pil - lar,
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears subside; Bear me thro' the swelling current,

Hold me with thy pow'r - ful hand. Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I
Lead me all my jour - ney thro'. Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be thou still my
Land me safe on Ca - naan's side. Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es I will ev - er

want no more, Feed me till I want no more, want no more, Feed me till I want no more.
strength and shield, Be thou still my strength and shield, strength and shield, Be thou still my strength and shield.
give to thee, I will ev - er give to thee, give to thee, I will ev - er give to thee.

p Cres.

By permission.

I. BALTZELL.

The Lord is in his ho - ly tem-ple. The Lord is in his ho - ly temple. Let all the earth keep

silence, keep silence, Let all the earth keep silence, keep silence before him. The Lord is in his ho-ly

The

tem - ple. Let all the earth keep silence, keep si - lence be - fore him. A - men.

pp Rit.

Lord is in his holy temple. Let all the earth keep silence, keep silence before him.

GREAT AND MARVELOUS. (Anthem.)

E. S. LORENZ.

Lord God Almighty! Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!

Great and marvelous are thy works,

Marcato et piano. **Cres.** **Fine.**

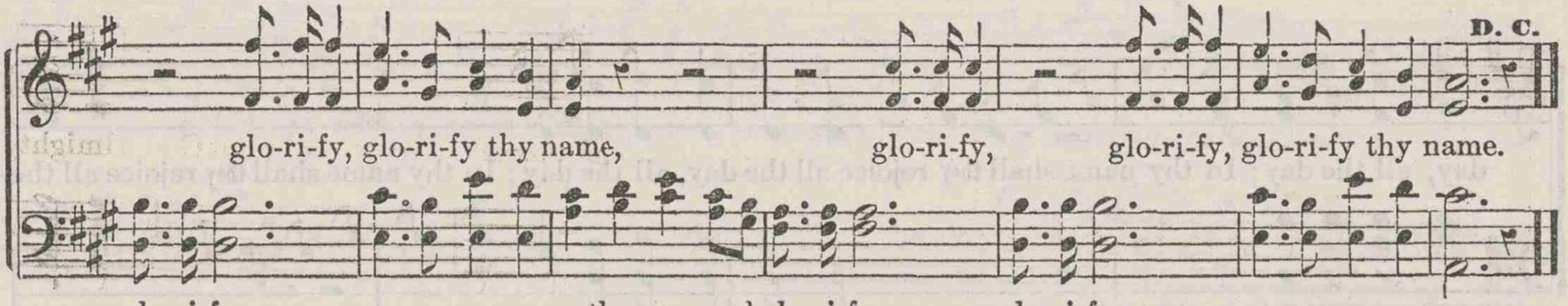
are thy ways,

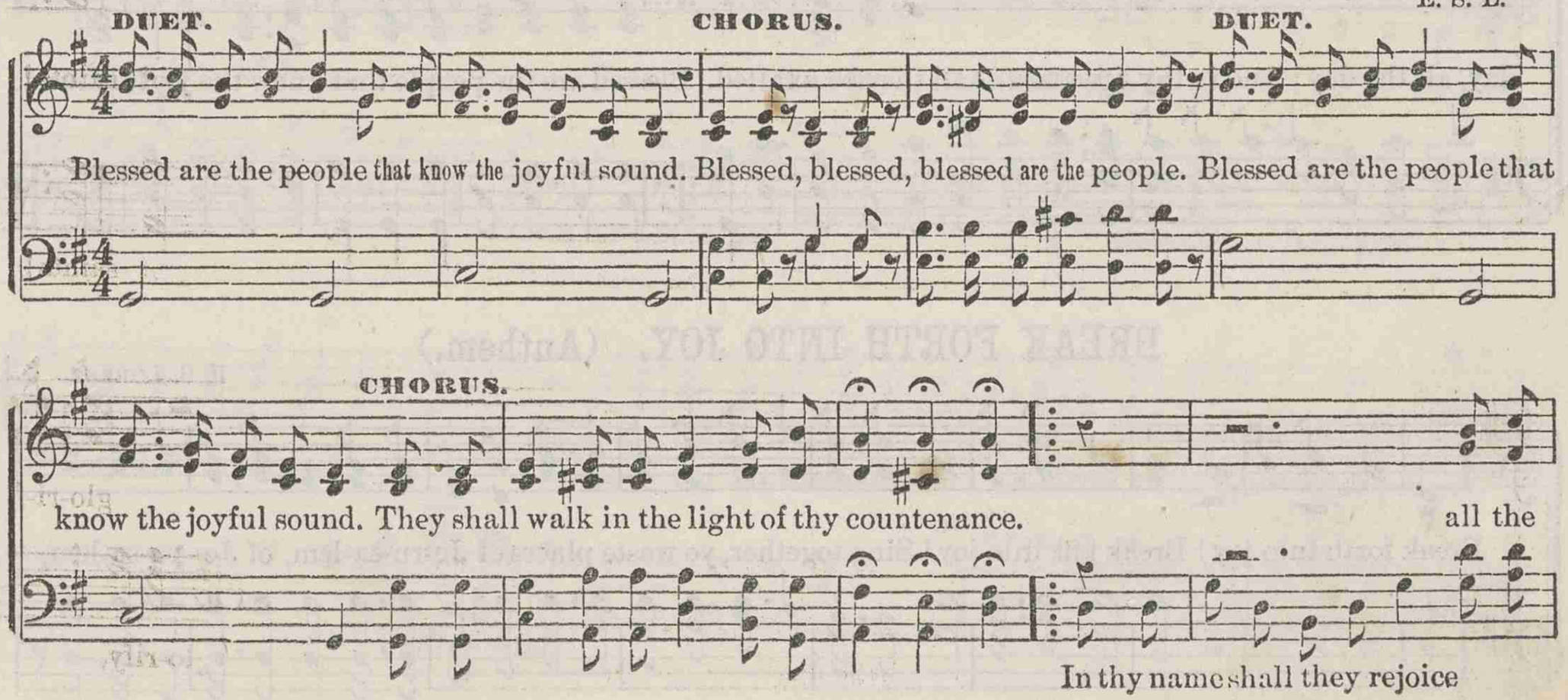
Just and true are thy ways, Just and true are thy ways, O King of saints!

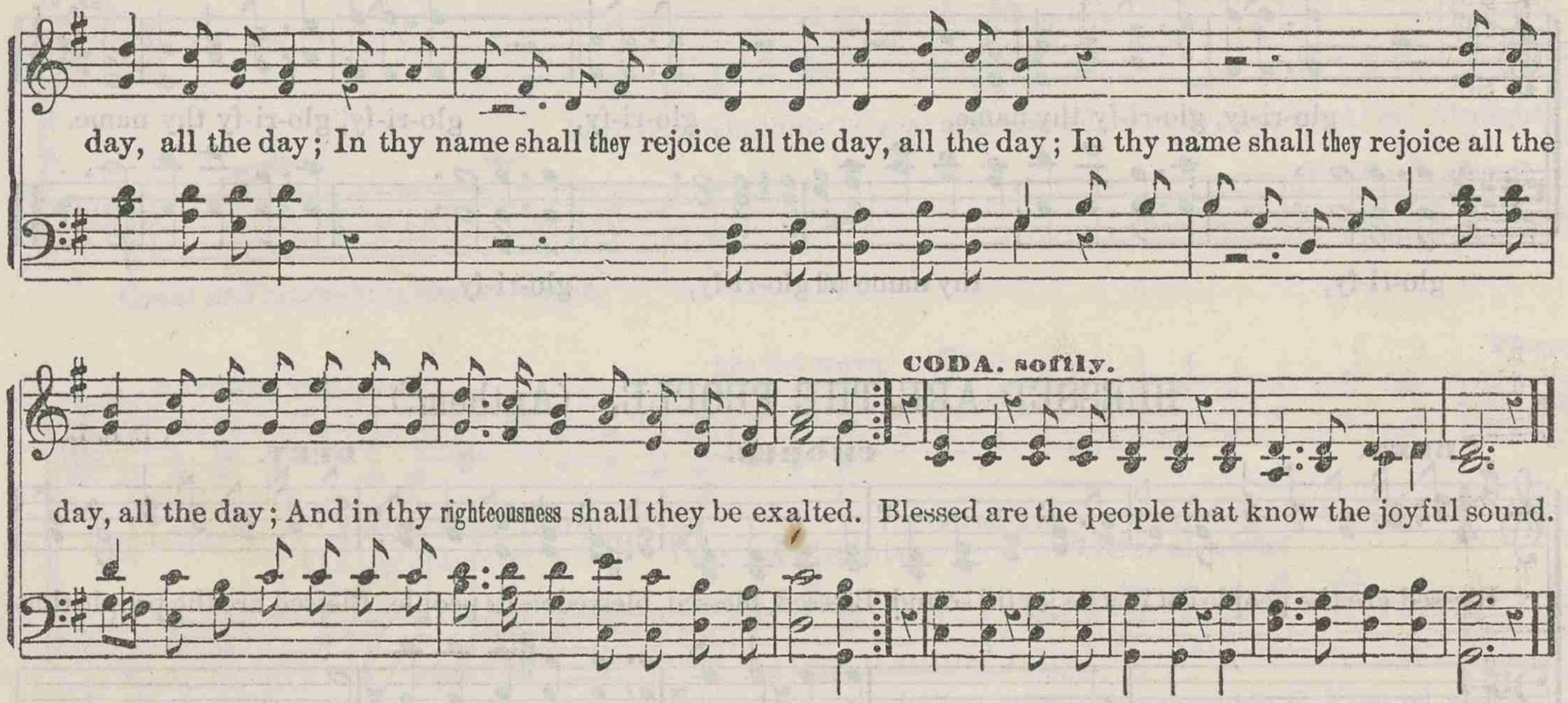
Just and true are thy ways, O King of saints! O King of saints! O King of saints!

Just and true are thy ways, O King of saints! are thy ways, yes, Just and true are thy ways, O King of saints!

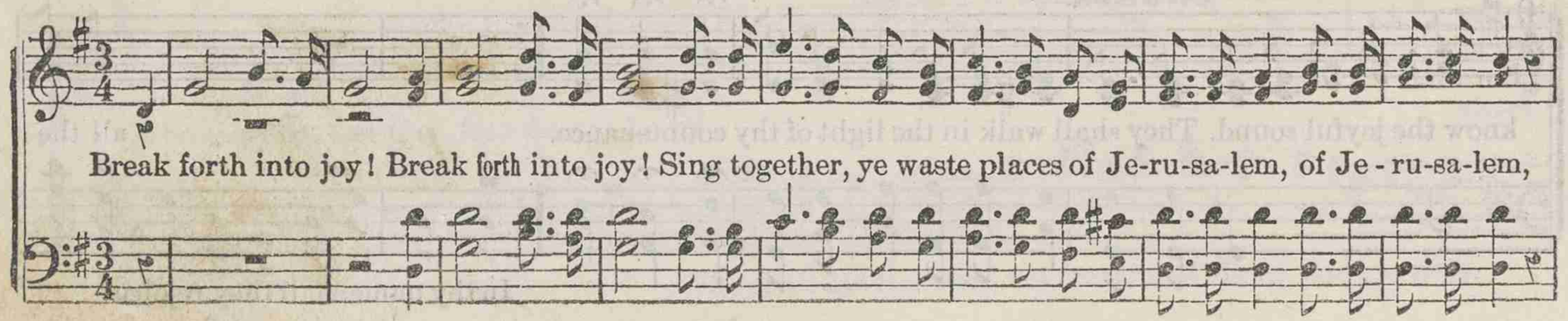
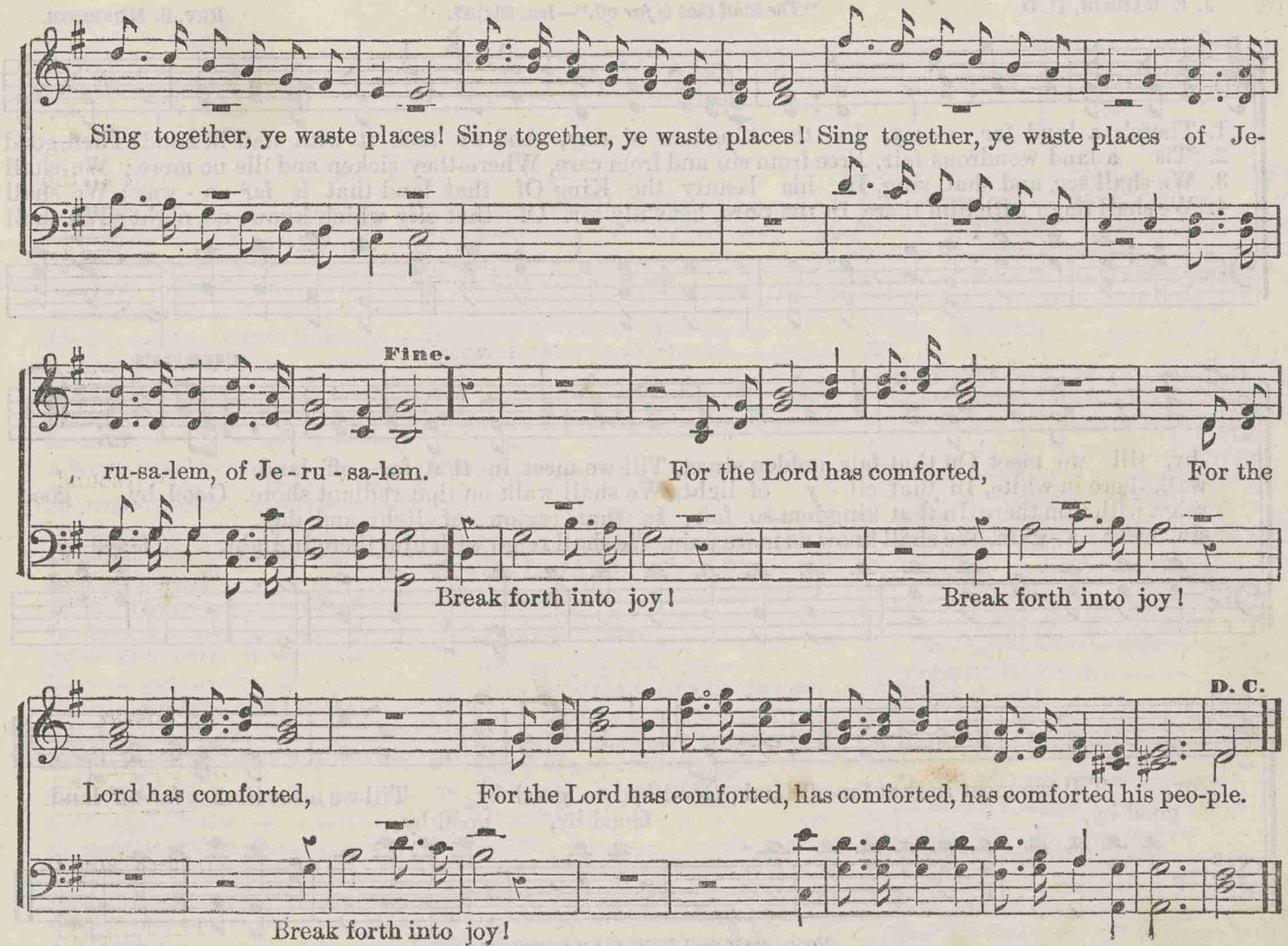
Who shall not fear thee, fear thee, O Lord! glo-ri-fy,

Who shall not fear thee, not fear thee, O Lord, and glo-rify,

BLESSED ARE THE PEOPLE. (Anthem.)

E. S. L.

BLESSED ARE THE PEOPLE. Concluded.



BREAK FORTH INTO JOY. (Anthem.)

E. S. LORENZ.


Sing together, ye waste places! Sing together, ye waste places! Sing together, ye waste places of Je-
Fine.
, ru-sa-lem, of Je - ru - sa-lem.
For the Lord has comforted,
For the
Break forth into joy!
Break forth into joy!
D. C.
Lord has comforted,
For the Lord has comforted, has comforted, has comforted his peo-ple.
Break forth into joy!

GOOD BY TILL WE MEET.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. *"The land that is far off."*—Isa. 33 : 17. REV. S. MORRISON.

1. There's a land far a-way, In the kingdom of day, And we seek it with staff in hand; Then, good
2. 'Tis a land wondrous fair, Free from sin and from care, Where they sicken and die no more; We shall
3. We shall see, and shall sing, In his beauty the King Of that land that is far a-way; We shall
4. We shall reign with him there, In the pure, heav'nly air, Of that city which knows no night; We shall

CHORUS.

by, till we meet On that fair, golden street, Till we meet in that far-off land.
walk there in white, In that cit-y of light, We shall walk on that radiant shore. Good by, good
reign with him there, In that kingdom so fair, In that region of light and day.
sin ne'er a-gain, We shall know no more pain, We shall reign with him there in light. Good by,

by, Till we meet in that far-off land; Good by, good by, Till we meet in that far-off land.
good by, Good by, good by,

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