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Whispers

FROM

Heaven

AND

Melodies

OF THE

Heart.



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BY

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## PREFACE.

This little book is sent on its mission, to encourage and strengthen the Christian traveler.

In this world of beautiful scenery, we do not always look upon mountains, but sometimes on plains and in valleys, likewise the Christian traveler. We are not always on the mountain of joy and victory.

When we are on the heights let us sing the "Melodies of the Heart," and when we are in the valley let us read the "Whispers from Heaven," and if your soul is encouraged and your heart strengthened thereby, these pages will have fulfilled their mission.

AUTHOR.



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## **The Mystery of Human Life.**

Death and decay all around I see  
O Thou who changest not abide with me,  
For if through life Thou be my Guide,  
Safe into the Harbor my bark will glide.

The human life is a profound mystery, whether walking in the vale of sorrow with a tear-stained face or standing on the lofty peaks of success. No acquisition of knowledge, no accumulation of wealth, will simplify this mystery of life.

Not until the Saviour of mankind enters upon the scene of life can we understand even a part of this mystery of life.

St. Paul says, "We see through a glass darkly." (A smoked glass.) But that we might be faithful and endure to the end, the Lord gives us "Whispers from Heaven" through His Word, and in the quiet meditative hour fills the heart with an unearthly "melody."

"I go to prepare a place for you." Oh! listen, trembling soul, though you be care-worn, heart-sick, and houseless, hear the whisper of the Master's voice, "I go to prepare a place for you."

---

## **Home of the Saints.**

A city grand, with pearly gates  
Lit with the light of His own face,  
With Jasper walls and streets of gold  
Where doubts nor fears come to the soul.

Where streams of purest crystal flow,  
Sickness and sorrow they never know  
Who meet around His blazing throne  
When life and its labors on earth are done.



City of light with perennial year,  
There sin and death we'll never fear,  
For in a "whisper" He hath declared  
"A place for *you*" I have prepared.

Oh! city of rest with all thy wealth,  
Thy citizens enjoy perpetual health;  
Between thy walls no tears can come  
To those who sing their "Welcome Home."

"Oh! land of rest for thee I sigh  
When will the moment come"  
When I can reach Thy realms on high  
And with thy saints, sing "Welcome Home"?

A mansion there for every one,  
The poor of earth, the sad and lone;  
Who hears Thee "whisper" to their soul,  
My blood hath made thee fully whole.

Thy tree of life whose leaves doth heal  
Away to it my soul would steal,  
And in its shade my soul would rest  
In Thee, City of light, Home of the blest.

The Elysian fields of Glory will shine  
Some day, upon this soul of mine,  
And with supernal joy I'll greet  
And worship at my Saviour's feet.

Then till that day of joy shall come  
Lord "whisper" to me "news" from Home;  
'Till Her twelve gates all set with pearl  
Shall to my weary soul unfurl.



## The Companionship of Christ Promised.

*"Lo, I am with you always."*

When the burdens of life are almost unbearable, and thy pathway rough, when thy "day" is cloudy, and the "tempter" is near, how sweet to hear the voice of Jesus "whisper" to thy weary soul, "Lo, I am with you."

The sorrows and disappointments of life come to every one. No man, no class of men, no race, is free from these harrowing trials, which try the souls of men. Then weary soul "tempted and tried," "enter into thy closet" and have a talk with That Friend that "sticketh closer than a brother," and He will "whisper" peace and consolation to thee.

Does He not know what it is to be forsaken, hath He not been "tempted" and tried, have not His eyes overflowed with tears, has He not spent sleepless nights, has He not been driven from one city or village to another seeking refuge for His life, was he not poor in this world? Yes; ten thousand times yes! He groaned in the spirit burdened with sorrow that no pen could describe, no human tongue could express, and though nearly two thousand years have passed away, He has not forgotten what He experienced in this world of sorrow, sin and death.

We have an High Priest who is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." Then, O weary soul, when cast down, almost hopeless, hear Jesus "whisper," "Come unto Me and I will give you rest."

"On the other side of Jordan,  
In the sweet fields of Eden;  
Where the tree of Life is blooming,  
There is rest for you."



## Christian Courage.

“Be of good courage, I have overcome the world.”

When marshalled on the battlefield, men need courage to meet the enemy—to face their guns—to face death. When they would falter and shrink from death, some “battle hymn” is raised which fires the heart of every true soldier, and raising his eyes he sees his flag still borne aloft flitting in the breeze, and his color-bearer is still going forward. Hark! Listen! The clashing of swords, the rattle of musketry, the thunder of cannon, the sun is hidden from view by the smoke of battle, the once fair morning is changed to a day of clouds, the wounded are crying for help, but the Commander cries forward! and men of courage rush into death. How different on the “Battlefield of Life.” When our hearts are faint and the enemy of our souls has almost surrounded us, Jesus “whispers” to the fearful soul, “Be of good courage,” and while listening to that “still small voice” some soldier of the cross begins to sing:

“Since I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I’ll bear the toil, endure the pain  
Supported by Thy Word.”

Then, thy poor trembling soul, “takes courage by the way,” and while the fiery darts of the wicked are being hurled, and clash of the enemy’s steel is heard, with the rattle of musketry and the thundering of cannon makes the ground of your faith tremble, look up! and behold the Cross of Jesus, while some soldier in the blood-washed army sings:



“Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus  
Going on before.”

Our Commander says *Go forward*. But “thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ,” it is not to go forward to defeat, but to conquest, and from conquest go forward to victory.

“For this is the victory which overcometh even our faith.”

“My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary.”

When we obey the orders of our great Commander we need fear nothing, for “He has overcome.” Then let our souls take courage and fight until the warfare is ended, till the smoke is cleared away. Then we will camp awhile until the “roll is called up yonder.” Then we will stack our arms at His feet who brought us through *more* than conquerers.

“Fight on my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He’ll take thee at thy parting breath  
To His divine abode.”

Courage has ever been a silent, mighty, exalting force in the hearts of men. It has been the ruler of Kings and bowed the necks of Princes. It animated Jefferson when he wrote the immortal “Declaration of Independence.” It was the monitor of Lincoln when he wrote the Emancipation Proclamation. It was the guardian angel of Columbus when he braved the dangers of unknown seas to



find an unknown world. It was the mainspring of the heart of Wesley when he was suffering privation in the wilds of America planting Methodism. It has dashed the gage in the face of all tyrannies, wrenched despots from their usurped thrones, strangled superstition, laughed at torture, borne exile, starvation, fatigue and every sorrow that can gnaw the heart of man.

Nero tried to burn out this Courage from the hearts of the saints, but his fagots were too few, the hills of Rome were too low, and the flames were of too short duration to destroy the Christian Courage. The voice of the departed heroes and martyrs in deep-toned concert swell the sublime pean, and the seven-fold harmony of the universe, supported by the seven declarations from the cross of Calvary, makes up the full concert to the glorious symphony. That dynasties will fall, nations will pass away, the deeds of mortal will be covered with the pall of oblivion, but firm as the vine-clad hills of glory, stable as the enduring throne of God, will the Courage of the Christian stand.

“ Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
Ye soldiers of the Cross,  
Lift high His royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss;  
From victory unto vict’ry  
His armies shall He lead  
’Till every foe is vanquished  
And Christ is Lord indeed.”



## The Troubled Soul.

"Oh! that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."

O! troubled soul, though sitting on a throne with crowned head, sceptred hand and body wrapped in "purple and fine linen," still trouble haunts thee. Thy stables filled with fine horses and chariots, thy cellars stored with the choicest wine of the vintage, thy store houses are full, why dost thou pine and wish the "wings of a dove" to fly from thy wealth from thy throne?

Rest! Rest!! My soul wants rest. How many faint hearts and troubled souls that possess their millions are like David, troubled, till they would prefer a cave in the earth to their "brown stone mansion" and some lonely mountain peak to their throne of power. How many at the close of day turn sadly and reluctantly their steps homeward (houseward). What aileth thee, my friend, with all of thy wealth, with all of thy honor, with all of thy friends in high "society"?

The answer comes, "I am troubled."

O troubled soul, amid thy busy cares of life, leave the counting room and the busy "tick" of the "receiver" in the "Exchange," leave thy shop amid the hum of wheels, lay down thy yardstick, lay aside thy "jack-plane" and step "into thy closet" and talk with thy Father in Heaven and thou wilt hear Him "whisper" "Call on Me in the day (or time) of trouble and I will deliver thee." O what a tonic to the soul, how restful to the spirit, how cooling to that heated brain is "I will deliver thee."



Then the soul can say:

“Amid the trials that I meet,  
Amid the thorns that pierce my feet,  
One thought remains supremely sweet  
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me.”

But I hear one poor troubled soul say, “I am poverty-stricken, I cannot do as the wealthy. If I had means to care for my loved ones as I desire, I could be happy, but now, I wish I was dead.” O troubled soul, listen to thy Master and He “whispers” “Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed.” “The life is more than meat and the body is more than raiment.”

Should we not follow on when we can hear His voice through His precious Word “whispering” these precious promises over and over again to us? Are we not taught that these light afflictions which endure but for a moment (compared with eternity) worketh for us a far, more *exceeding* and *eternal* weight of glory”? Open the windows of thy soul, dear reader, and let the dove of consolation and peace come into thy life, and then thou wilt brush the tears from thine eyes and sing with the millions who are marching to Canaan.

In the Christian's Home in Glory  
There remains a land of *rest*,  
There my Saviour's gone before me  
To fulfill my soul's hequest.

---

### **The Minister and the Gospel.**

In this busy day, when men are seeking for more worldly knowledge, more worldly power and wealth, the minister of the Gospel has great-



er demands made upon him than in the days of the early history of the Church.

He has to speak words of encouragement to the discouraged soul. He has to speak words of consolation to the bereaved bleeding heart. He has to advise men, touching the deep things of God. He is the Ambassador of Heaven. He stands to break the "Bread of Life" to hungry souls. He stands between the living and the dead. How great is his responsibility. Then he must be peculiarly endowed, and unless the demands of the hour have been misconceived, or are too occult for inspection—unless mere shadows have deceived us and have been substituted for reality—this day demands all possible strength for the Ministry. It requires native strength whose iron bands shall gird the inward powers; scientific strength which shall marshal those powers into the consistency of a phalanx; literary strength whose stores shall be as exhaustless as the ocean.

Moral strength derived from alliance with God, and bringing the soul into harmony with all the saving influences and agencies of the atonement. Then when we consider the opposition we ask, Is the Gospel of Jesus Christ commensurate with this mighty resistance?

Listen to the echo of ancient voices. What says the history of the early conquests of the Gospel?

There we learn that it once grappled with the gladiatorial games of blood-thirsty Rome; with the wild barbarity of the Scythian tribes; with the superstitious exclusiveness of the selfish *Jew*, and with the inveterate corruption of Libdinous Corinth.



What were the results?

Did it not make the ferocious Roman as mild as a lamb, the haughty Greek as meek as a child, the licentious Corinthian pure as the robes of light, the wild Scythian tame and in his right mind, and the exclusive Jew philanthropic as the lofty soul of the missionary Paul? Then, brethren, the author of the Gospel will be with it to the end of the world and its subjugating energy cannot therefore waste by the lapse of ages. Then let us rest not till the whole earth becomes an altar and the affections of a transformed race an offering, the love of Calvary a kindling fire, till from every heart that throbs in a human bosom, pure incense shall arise to our crucified and matchless Redeemer.

---

### The Voice of Death.

Oh! voice of death,  
How stern thou art;  
It's sound strikes terror  
To my heart.

I tremble when  
Thou comest near,  
My soul shrinks back  
With dread and fear.

Those dreadful tones  
Fall on my ear  
Of stealthy steps  
That draweth near.



Ah! I sink down  
Beneath thy pall  
As o'er my soul  
Thy shades doth fall.

But ere I sink  
Too far below  
Another voice  
My soul doth know.

Speaks through the mist  
And says to me:  
"Fear not, my child,  
I've come for thee."

The power of death  
No longer reigns,  
For I have broken  
His envious chains.

Oh, frightened soul,  
Thy Saviour's near,  
And to thy goal  
He will thee bear.

His voice is sweet,  
His footsteps soft;  
He comes to bear  
My soul aloft.

Look up, my soul,  
And thou shalt see  
The haven of rest  
Prepared for thee.

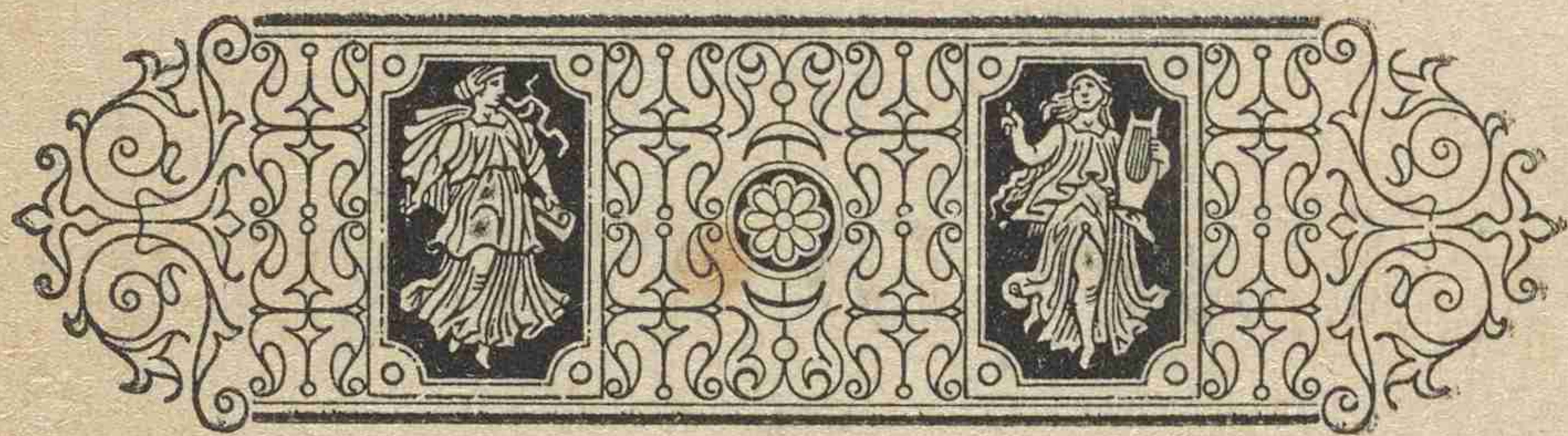


Death's voice no more  
My soul shall hear,  
His stealthy footsteps  
No more dread.

The pearly gates fly wide to me,  
The gold-paved streets my feet now tread;  
Speak, Lord, for Thou my soul hast led.  
The voice of *Death* speaks to the *Dead*.









Chapter of Egypt

# MELODIES OF THE HEART



## Over the Line.

Oh, tender and sweet was the Master's voice,  
As he lovingly called to me,  
Come over the line, it is only a step,  
I am waiting, my child, for thee.

### CHORUS.

Over the line, hear the sweet refrain,  
Angels are chanting the heavenly strain;  
Over the line, why should I remain,  
With a step between me and Jesus.

But my sins are many, my faith is small;  
Lo, the answer came quick and clear,  
Thou needest not trust in thy self at all,  
Step over the line, I am here.

But my flesh is weak I tearfully said,  
And the way I cannot see;  
I fear if I try I may sadly fail  
And thus may dishonor Thee.

Ah, the world is cold and I cannot go back,  
Press forward I surely must;  
I will place my hand in His wounded palm,  
Step over the the line and *trust*.

---

## Never Alone.

"Fear not, I am with thee,"  
Blessed golden ray,  
Like a star of glory,  
Lighting up my way,  
Through the clouds of midnight



This bright promise shone;  
I will never leave thee,  
Never will leave thee alone.

CHORUS.

No, never alone,  
No, never alone,  
He promised never to leave me,  
Never to leave me alone.

Roses fade around me,  
Lilies bloom and die,  
Earthly sunbeams vanish,  
Radiant still the sky,  
Jesus Rose of Sharon,  
Blooming for His own  
Jesus, Heaven's sunshine,  
Never will leave me alone.

Steps unseen before me,  
Hidden dangers near,  
Nearer still my Saviour  
Whispers "Be of cheer";  
Joy like birds of spring-time,  
To my heart have flown,  
Singing all so sweetly,  
He will not leave me alone.

---

**Almost Persuaded.**

"Almost persuaded," Now to believe;  
"Almost persuaded," Christ to receive;  
Seems now some soul to say,  
"Go, Spirit, go Thy way,  
Some more convenient day  
On Thee I'll call."



"Almost persuaded," Come, come to-day;  
"Almost persuaded," Turn not away;  
Jesus invites you here,  
Angels are lingering near,  
Prayers rise from hearts so dear;  
Oh wanderer, come.

"Almost persuaded," Harvest is past!  
"Almost persuaded," Doom comes at last!  
"Almost" can not avail;  
"Almost" is but to fail!  
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—  
"Almost—*but lost!*"

---

### Just as I Am.

Just as I am without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

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

Just as I am, though tossed about,  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

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



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

---

### **Trusting Jesus That is All.**

Simply trusting every day,  
Trusting through a stormy way ;  
Even when my faith is small,  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

#### CHORUS.

Trusting as the moments fly,  
Trusting as the days go by ;  
Trusting Him whate'er befall  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Brightly doth His Spirit shine  
Into this poor heart of mine ;  
While He leads I can not fall,  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Singing, if my way is clear ;  
Praying if the path is drear ;  
If in danger, for Him call ;  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Trusting Him while life shall last,  
Trusting Him till earth is past ;  
Till within the jasper wall,  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.



### Heavenly Sunlight.

Walking in sunlight, all of my journey;  
Over the mountains, through the deep vale;  
Jesus has said I'll never forsake thee,  
Promise divine that never can fail.

#### CHORUS.

Heavenly sunlight, heavenly sunlight;  
Flooding my soul with glory divine;  
Hallelujah, I am rejoicing,  
Singing his praises, Jesus is mine.

Shadows around me, shadows above me,  
Never conceal my Saviour and Guide;  
He is the light, in Him is no darkness,  
Ever I'm walking close to His side.

In the bright sunlight, ever rejoicing,  
Pressing my way to mansions above;  
Singing His praises, gladly I'm walking,  
Walking in sunlight, sunlight of love.

---

### Will There Be any Stars.

I am thinking to-day of that beautiful land  
I shall reach when the sun goeth down;  
When thro' wonderful grace by my Saviour  
I stand,  
Will there be any stars in my crown?

#### CHORUS.

Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown,  
When at evening the sun goeth down?  
When I wake with the blest in the mansions  
of rest,  
Will there be any stars in my crown?



In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray  
Let me watch as a winner of souls;  
That bright stars may be mine in the glorious  
day,  
When his praise like the seabillow rolls.

Oh, what joy will it be when his face I behold  
Living gems at his feet to lay down;  
It would sweeten my bliss in the city of gold,  
Should there be any stars in my crown.

---

### **In that City.**

O'er death's sea, in yon blest city,  
There's a home for every one;  
Purchased with a price most costly,  
'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.

#### CHORUS.

In that city, bright city,  
Soon with loved ones I shall be;  
And with with Jesus live forever,  
In that city beyond death's sea.

Here we've no abiding city,  
Mansions here will soon decay;  
But that city God's built firmly,  
It can never pass away.

I have loved ones in that city,  
Those who left me years ago;  
They with joy are waiting for me,  
Where no farewell tears e'er flow.

T'ward that pure and holy city  
Oft my longing eyes I cast;  
Jesus whispers sweetly to me,  
Heav'n is yours when earth is past.



## My Saviour First of All.

When my life-work is ended, and I cross the  
swelling tide,  
When the bright and glorious morning I shall  
see;  
I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the  
other side,  
And his smile will be the first to welcome me.

### CHORUS.

I shall know him, I shall know him,  
And redeem'd by his side I shall stand.  
I shall know him, I shall know him,  
By the print of the nails in his hand.

Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view his  
blessed face,  
And the lustre of his kindly beaming eye;  
How my full heart will praise him for the mercy  
love and grace,  
That prepares me for a mansion in the sky.

Oh, the dear ones in glory, how they beckon me  
to come,  
And our parting at the river I recall;  
To the sweet vales of Eden they will sing my  
welcome home;  
But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

Thro' the gates to the city in a robe of spotless  
white,  
He will lead me where no tears will ever fall;  
In the glad song of ages I shall mingle with de-  
light;  
But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.



## Lord, I'm Coming Home.

I've wandered far away from God,  
Now I'm coming home;  
The paths of sin too long I've trod.  
Lord, I'm coming home.

### CHORUS.

Coming home, coming home,  
Nevermore to roam;  
Open wide thine arms of love.  
Lord, I'm coming home.

I've wasted many precious years,  
Now I'm coming home;  
I now repent with bitter tears.  
Lord, I'm coming home.

I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord,  
Now I'm coming home;  
I'll trust thy love, believe thy word.  
Lord, I'm coming home.

My soul is sick, my heart is sore,  
Now I'm coming home;  
My strength renew, my hope restore.  
Lord, I'm coming home.

---

## Life's Railroad.

Life is like a mountain railroad  
With an engineer that's brave;  
You must make the run successful  
From the cradle to the grave;  
Watch the curves, the fills, the tunnels,  
Do your duty, never fail,  
Keep your hand upon the throttle  
And your eye upon the rail.



CHORUS.

Blessed Saviour, thou wilt guide us  
'Till we reach that blissful shore,  
Where the angels wait to join us  
In thy praise forever more.

You will roll up grades of trial,  
You will cross the bridge of strife,  
See that Christ is your Conductor  
On this lightning train of life;  
Put your trust alone in Jesus,  
Do your duty, never fail,  
Keep your hand upon the throttle  
And your eye upon the rail.

You will often meet obstructions,  
Look for storms of wind and rain,  
On a fill or curve or trestle  
They will almost ditch your train.  
Put your trust alone in Jesus,  
Never falter, never quail;  
Keep your hand upon the throttle  
And your eye upon the rail.

You will roll across the trestle  
Spanning Jordan's swelling tide,  
You'll behold the Union Depot  
Into which your train must glide.  
There you'll meet the Superintendent,  
God the Father, God the Son,  
With the joyous welcome plaudit,  
Weary Pilgrim, "Welcome Home."



## Higher Ground.

I am pressing on the upward way;  
New heights I'm gaining every day;  
Still praying as I onward bound,  
"Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."

### CHORUS.

Lord, lift me up and let me stand,  
By faith, on Heaven's table-land,  
A higher plain than I have found,  
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

My heart has no desire to stay  
Where doubts arise and fears dismay;  
Though some may dwell where these abound,  
My prayer, my aim is higher ground.

I want to live above the world,  
Tho' Satan's darts are at me hurled,  
For faith has caught the joyful sound,  
The song of saints on higher ground.

I want to scale the utmost height,  
And catch a gleam of glory bright,  
But still I'll pray till Heaven I've found,  
Lord, lead me on to higher ground.

---

## It Pays to Serve Jesus.

It pays to serve, Jesus, I speak from my heart;  
He'll always be with us, if we do our part;  
There's naught in this wide world can pleasure  
afford,

There's peace and contentment in serving the



CHORUS.

I love him far better than in days of yore,  
I'll serve Him more truly than ever before,  
I'll do as He bids me whatever the cost,  
I'll be a true soldier—I'll die at my post.

And oft when I'm tempted to turn from the  
track,

I think of my Saviour,—my mind wanders  
back

To the place where they nailed Him on Cal-  
vary's tree—

I hear a voice saying,—I suffered for thee!

There's a place that remembrance still brings  
back to me,

'Twas there I found pardon 'twas heaven to  
me;

There Jesus spoke sweetly to my weary soul,

My sins are forgiven, He made my heart  
whole.

How rich is the blessing the world cannot give,

I'm satisfied fully for Jesus to live,

Tho' friends may forsake me and trials arise,

I am trusting in Jesus—His love never dies.

Will you have this blessing that Jesus bestows,

A free, full salvation—as ev'ry one knows?

Oh sinner, poor sinner, to Calvary flee

The blood of my Saviour was shed there for  
thee.

There is no one like Jesus, can cheer me to-day,

His love and His kindness can ne'er fade  
away,

In winter, in summer, in sunshine and rain,

His love and affection are always the same.



### **Saved by Grace.**

Some day the silver cord will break,  
And I no more as now shall sing;  
But O, the joy when I shall wake,  
Within the palace of the king.

#### CHORUS.

And I shall see Him face to face,  
And tell the story saved by grace;  
And I shall see Him face to face,  
And tell the story saved by grace.

Some day my earthly house will fall,  
I cannot tell how soon 'twill be,  
But this I know my all in all,  
Has now a place in heaven for me.

Some day, when fades the golden sun,  
Beneath the rosy tinted west,  
My blessed Lord shall say, "well done!"  
And I shall enter into rest.

Some day; till then I'll watch and wait,  
My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,  
Then when my Saviour ope's the gate,  
My soul to Him may take a flight.

---

### **Looking this Way.**

Over the river faces I see,  
Fair as the morning, looking for me;  
Free from their sorrow, grief and despair.  
Waiting and watching patiently there

#### CHORUS.

Looking this way, yes, looking this way,  
Loved ones are waiting, looking this way,  
Fair as the morning, bright as the day,  
Dear ones in glory looking this way.



Father and Mother safe in the vale,  
Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,  
Bearing the loved ones over the tide,  
Into the harbor, near to their side.

Brother and sister, gone to the clime,  
Wait for the others coming some time,  
Safe with the angels, whiter than snow,  
Watching for dear ones waiting below

Sweet little darlings, light of the home,  
Looking for some one, beckoning come,  
Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew,  
Anxiously looking, Mother, for you?

---

### **Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.**

What a fellowship, what a joy divine,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms;  
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

#### CHORUS.

Leaning, leaning, Safe and secure from all  
alarms;  
Leaning, leaning, Leaning on the everlasting  
arms.

Oh' how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms;  
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

What have I to dread what have I to fear,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms?  
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.



## Thou Thinkest Lord of Me.

Amid the trials which I meet,  
Amid the thorns that pierce my feet,  
One thought remains supremely sweet,  
Thou thinkest Lord of me.

### CHORUS.

Thou thinkest Lord of me,  
Thou thinkest Lord of me,  
What need I fear,  
Since thou art near,  
And thinkest Lord of me?

The cares of life come thronging fast,  
Upon my soul their shadows cast,  
Their gloom reminds my heart at last,  
Thou thinkest Lord of me.

Let shadows come, let shadows go,  
Let life be bright or dark with woe  
I am content for this I know,  
Thou thinkest Lord of me.

---

## Clinging to Jesus.

Saviour more than life to me,  
I am clinging, clinging to thee;  
Let thy precious blood applied  
Keep me ever, ever, near Thy side.

Every day, every hour,  
Let me feel Thy cleansing power;  
May Thy tender love to me  
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

Through this changing world below  
Lead me gently, gently, as I go,  
Trusting Thee I cannot stray,  
I can never, never, lose my way.



Let me love Thee more and more,  
'Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er,  
'Till my soul is lost in love  
In a brighter, brighter, world above.

---

### **The Haven of Rest.**

My soul in sad exile was out on life's sea,  
So burdened with sin and distressed,  
'Till I heard a sweet voice saying make me your  
choice,  
And I entered the haven of rest.

#### **CHORUS.**

I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest,  
I'll sail the wide seas no more;  
The tempest may sweep o'er the wild stormy  
deep,  
In Jesus I'm safe, evermore

I yielded myself to His tender embrace  
And faith, taking hold of the word,  
My fetters fell off and I anchored my soul  
The haven of rest is my Lord.

The song of my soul since the Lord made me  
whole  
Has been the old story so blest,  
Of Jesus who will save whosoever will have  
A home in the haven of rest.

---

### **I'm a Child of a King.**

My father is rich in houses and lands,  
He holdeth the wealth of the world in His  
hands,  
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,  
His coffers are full, He has riches untold.



CHORUS.

I'm the child of a King, the child of a King,  
With Jesus my Saviour, I'm the child of a King.

My Father's own Son, who saves us from sin,  
Once wandered on earth as the poorest of men;  
But now He is reigning forever on high,  
And will give me a home with Himself by and  
by.

A tent or a cottage, why should I care?  
They're building a palace for me over there;  
Though exiled from home, yet my heart still can  
sing,  
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

---

**Home in Glory.**

In the Christian's home in glory  
There remains a land of rest,  
There my Saviour's gone before me  
To fulfill my soul's request.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the weary,  
There is rest for the weary,  
There is rest for the weary,  
There is rest for you.

On the other side of Jordan,  
In the sweet fields of Eden,  
Where the tree of life is blooming,  
There is rest for you.

He is fitting up my mansion  
Which eternally shall stand,  
And my stay shall not be transient  
In that holy happy land.



Sing, Oh, sing, ye heirs of Glory,  
Shout your triumph as you go;  
Zion's gates will open for you,  
You will find an entrance through.

---

### **Steal Away to Jesus.**

My Lord He calls me, He calls me by the  
thunder,  
The trumpet sounds within my soul,  
I ain't got long to stay here.

#### CHORUS.

Steal away, Steal away, Steal away to Jesus,  
Steal away, Steal away home,  
I ain't got long to stay here.

Tomb-stones are bursting, poor sinner stands  
trembling,  
The trumpet sounds within my soul,  
I ain't got long to stay here.

Green trees a-bending, poor sinner stands  
trembling,  
The trumpet sounds within my soul,  
I ain't got long to stay here.

My Lord He calls me, He calls me by the light-  
ning,  
The trumpet sounds within my soul,  
I ain't got long to stay here.

Dark clouds are rising, poor sinner stand  
a-trembling,  
The trumpet sounds within my soul,  
I ain't got long to stay here.



## It Is Better Further On.

Dark and stormy is the desert  
Through which pilgrims make their way,  
Just beyond this vale of sorrow  
Lies the fields of endless day.

### CHORUS.

Further on still go further,  
Count the milestones, one by one,  
Jesus will forsake you never,  
It is better further on.

Oh, my comrades are you weary,  
With the roughness of your way?  
Does your strength begin to fail you  
And your knee bones give away?

Further on, O still go further,  
Count the milestones, one by one,  
Jesus Christ, our elder brother,  
Says 'tis better further on.

---

## Hide Thou Me.

In thy cleft, O Rock of Ages,  
Hide thou me;  
When the fitful tempest rages,  
Hide thou me  
From my heart thy love forever,  
Where no mortal arm can sever  
Hide me, O thou Rock of Ages,  
Safe in thee.



From the snare of sinful pleasure,  
Hide thou me,  
Thou my soul's eternal treasure,  
Hide thou me,  
When the world its power is wielding  
And my heart is almost yielding,  
Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,  
Safe in thee.

In the lonely night of sorrow,  
Hide thou me  
'Till in glory dawns the morrow,  
Hide thou me,  
Let thy bosom be my pillow,  
In the sight of Jordan's billow,  
Hide me, O thou Rock of Ages,  
Safe in thee.

---

### No Friend Like Jesus.

There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,  
No, not one, no, not one;  
None else could heal all our soul's diseases,  
No, not one, no, not one.

#### CHORUS.

Jesus knows all about our struggles,  
He will guide till the day is done;  
There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,  
No, not one, no, not one.

No friend like Him is so high and holy,  
No, not one, no, not one;  
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly,  
No, not one, no, not one.



There's not an hour that He is not near us,  
No, not one, no, not one;  
No night so dark but His love can cheer us,  
No, not one, no, not one.

Did ever saint find this friend forsake him?  
No, not one, no, not one;  
Or sinner find that He would not take Him?  
No, not one, no, not one.

Was e'er a gift like the Saviour given?  
No, not one, no, not one;  
Will He refuse us a home in Heaven?  
No, not one, no, not one.

---

### **Jesus Will Help If You Try.**

The Saviour is calling you sinner  
Urging you now to draw nigh,  
He asks you by faith to accept Him  
Jesus will help if you try.

#### CHORUS.

Jesus will help you, Jesus will help you,  
Help you with grace from on high.  
The weakest, the poorest the Saviour is calling  
Jesus will help if you try.

Thro' Him there is life in believing  
Sinner, Oh, why will you die?  
Accept Him by faith as your Saviour,  
Jesus will help if you try.



The Saviour is calling you wand'rer,  
Points you to mansions on high.  
Return to the path that leads homeward,  
Jesus will help if you try.

There's danger in longer delaying,  
Swiftly the moments pass by.  
If now you will come there is mercy,  
Jesus will help if you try.



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