UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY
3 0425 5579131 2
M
2117
.T4
1897
CLOSED STACKS
LIBRARY USE ONLY

Tears and Triumphs, No. 2

—BY—

L. L. PICKETT

AND

M. W. KNAPP.

For SUNDAY SCHOOLS, Prayer and Praise Meetings, YOUNG PEOPLE'S Meetings and Revivals.

PENTECOSTAL. | LOYAL. | EVANGELICAL.

BOARD, $20 per 100; $2.80 per Dozen; Single, 25 cents,
MUSLIN, $16 per 100; $2.25 per Dozen; Single, 20 cents.

Single and dozen rates, prepaid.

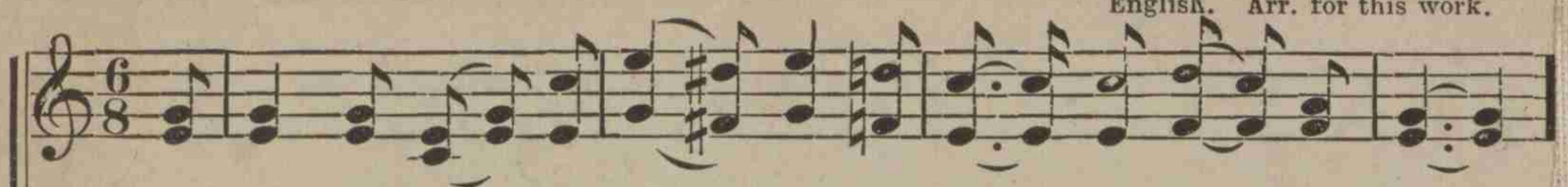
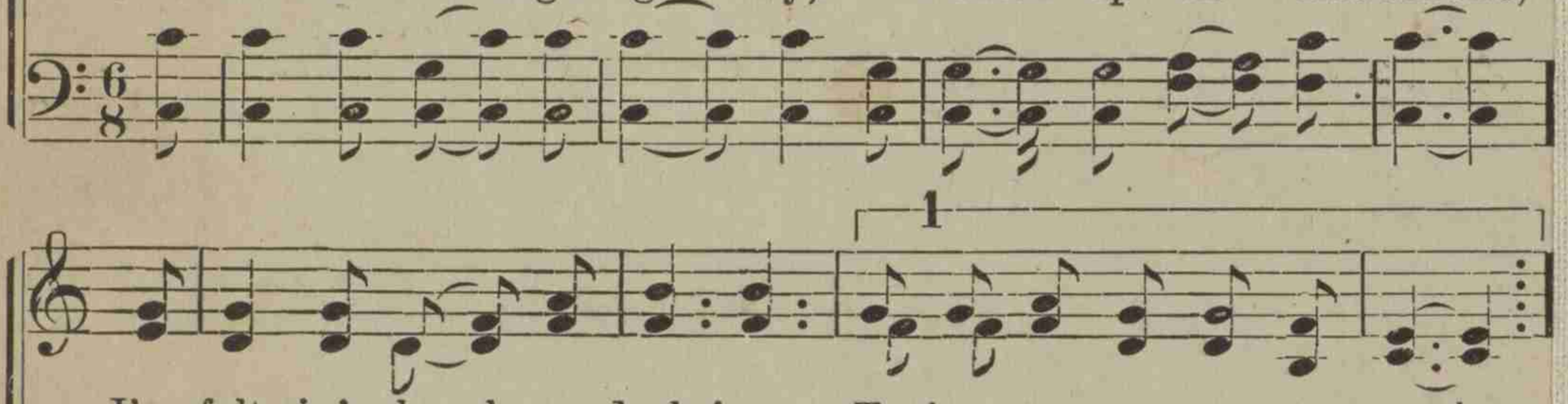
ADDRESS

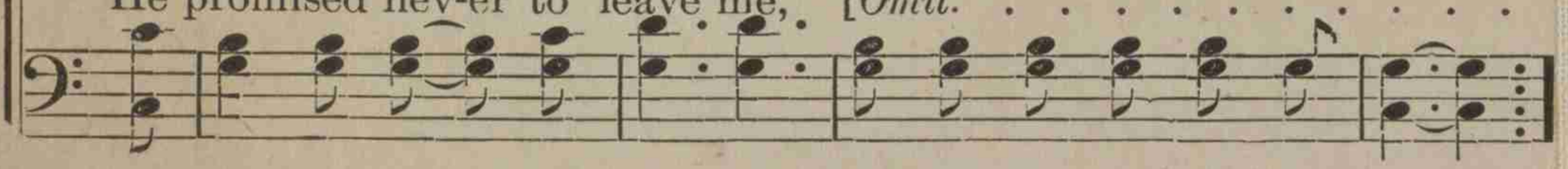
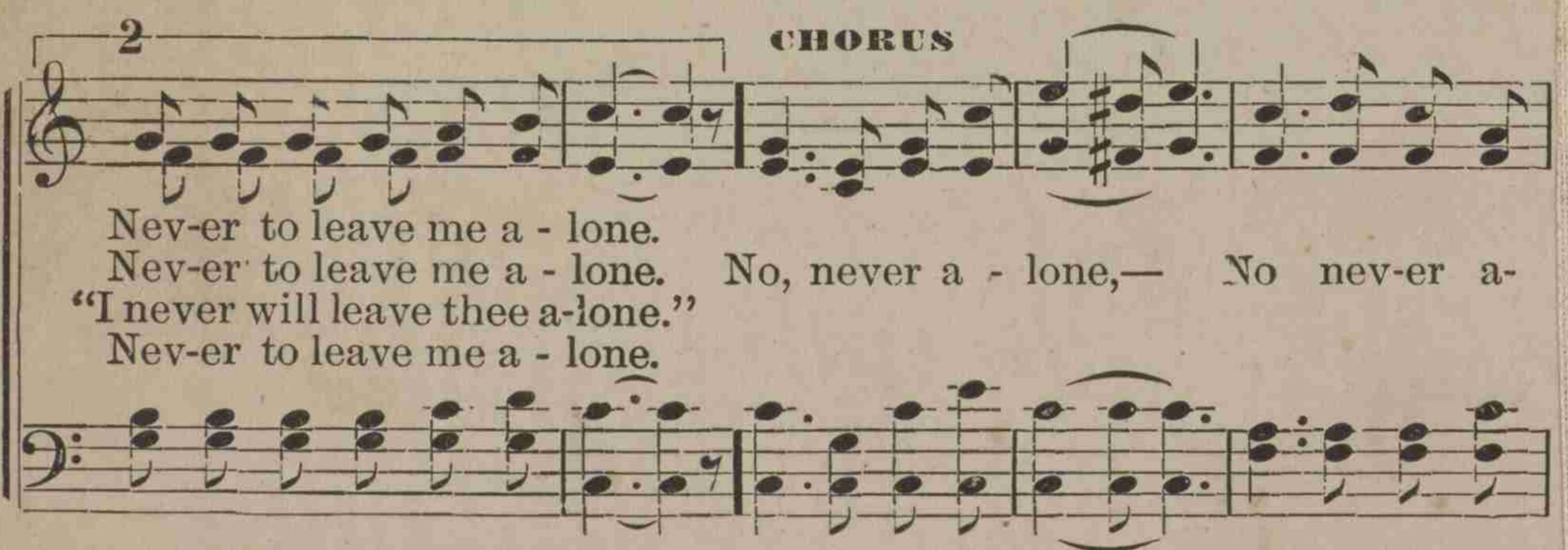
THE PICKETT PUBLISHING CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Printed in round and shaped notes. State which you want.

Copyright, 1897, by M. W. Knapp and L. L. Pickett.

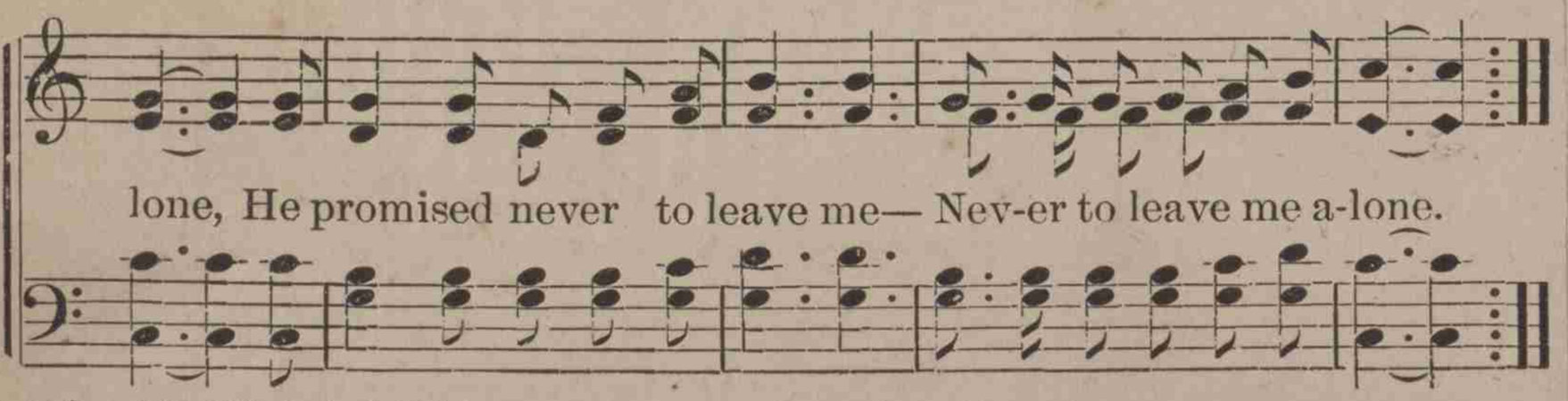
NEVER ALONE.

English. Arr. for this work.

1. { I've seen the lightning flash - ing, And heard the thunder roll—
   { I've heard the voice of Je - sus, Telling me still to fight on,
2. { The world's fierce winds are blowing Temp-ta-tions sharp and keen—
   { He stands to shield me from danger, When earth-ly friends are gone,
3. { When in af-flict - ion's val - ley I'm treading the road of care,
   { My feet en-tangl-ed with bri - ars Ready to cast me down,
4. { He died for me on the mountain—For me they pierced His side—
   { For me He's waiting in glo - ry, Seated up - on His throne,

I've felt sin's breakers dash-ing— Trying to conquer my soul—
He promised nev-er to leave me,— [*Omit.* . . . . . .
I feel a peace in knowing— My Saviour stands be - tween.
He promised nev-er to leave me, [*Omit.* . . . . . .
My Sav-iour helps me to car - ry My cross when heavy to bear,
My Sav-iour whispers His promise: [*Omit.* . . . . . .
For me He opened that fountain, The crimson, cleans-ing tide,
He promised nev-er to leave me, [*Omit.* . . . . . .



Nev-er to leave me a - lone.
Nev-er to leave me a - lone. No, never a - lone,— No nev-er a-
"I never will leave thee a-lone."
Nev-er to leave me a - lone.

lone, He promised never to leave me— Nev-er to leave me a-lone.



Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

D. M. Lewis.

Presented by Mrs. Elza Perkins
Route 2 - Wakefield, Ky.
March 23, 1948

TEARS AND TRIUMPHS

No. 2.

... By ...

L. L. PICKETT and M. W. KNAPP.

THE PICKETT PUBLISHING COMPANY,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Little
M
2117
.T4
1897

SALUTATION.

SINGERS OF ISRAEL, GREETING:

We thank you for the cordiality with which you received and sung **"Tears and Triumphs" No. 1,** and praise God for the waves of salvation which have vibrated from it.

In response to your earnest solicitation and our prayerful conviction, we hereby submit to you **"Tears and Triumphs" No. 2.**

We believe it contains all the merits which made No. 1 so universally popular and so speedily pushed its circulation up to 100,000 copies, and carried it to every State in the Union and to countries beyond.

We have added a number of valuable improvements which we believe will add to its effectiveness. Among those are: Many new songs; department arrangement; the office and work of the Holy Spirit in salvation magnified; and plain, clear type.

We feel that equally with the first book God prompts us to issue this one, and record with gratitude His guidance in writing and selecting both songs and music, and especially His approving manifestations of Himself during the work of preparation.

We have felt called of God to this ministry of song, and we praise Him for using our first efforts so marvelously in the salvation and edification of souls, and anticipate greater effectiveness for the present book.

Our chief aim has been the glory of God, and we trust that the songs will be sung in the same spirit.

The following hints may prove helpful to many who use it:

Sing in the Spirit. Possession of a salvation experience is essential to acceptable and Scriptural singing.

Sing with expression. Judgment, and other solemn songs, should be sung earnestly yet slowly. Songs of jubilation and victory should be sung with vigor.

Adapt songs to occasion. Avoid errors like that of the person who opened a beautiful Sabbath morning service with: "The day is past and gone, the evening shades appear."

May these songs be so sung that by God's grace they may win many to righteousness and holiness, and may we all be among the glad throng who "return to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."

L. L. PICKETT, Wilmore, Ky.
M. W. KNAPP, Cincinnati, O.

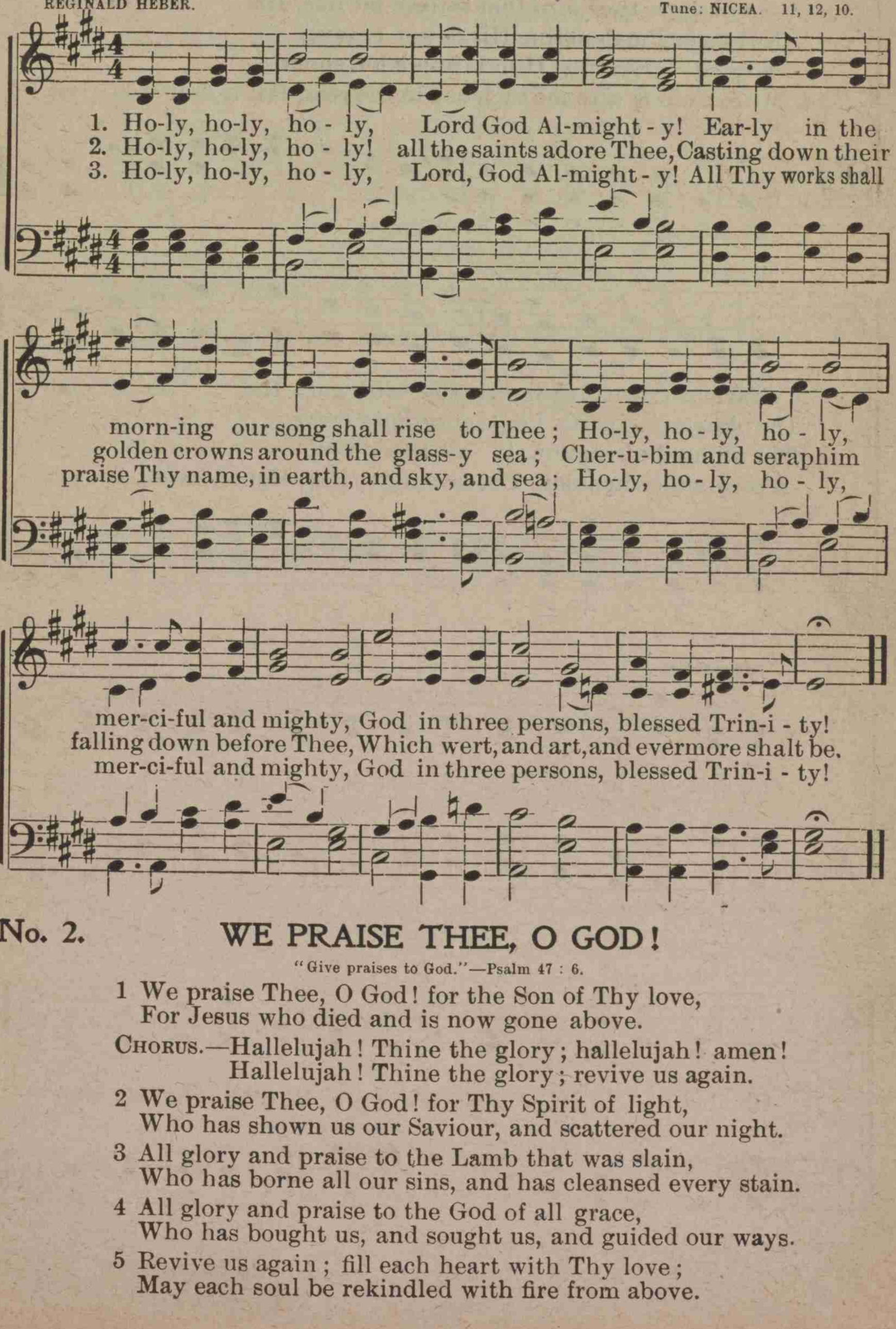
ARMSTRONG & FILLMORE
MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS AND PRESS
CINCINNATI, O.

Praise.

No. 1. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

"Exalt ye the Lord our God, for he is holy."—Psalm 99 : 5.

REGINALD HEBER. Tune: NICEA. 11, 12, 10.



No. 2. WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD!

"Give praises to God."—Psalm 47 : 6.

1 We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

CHORUS.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory; hallelujah! amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory; revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

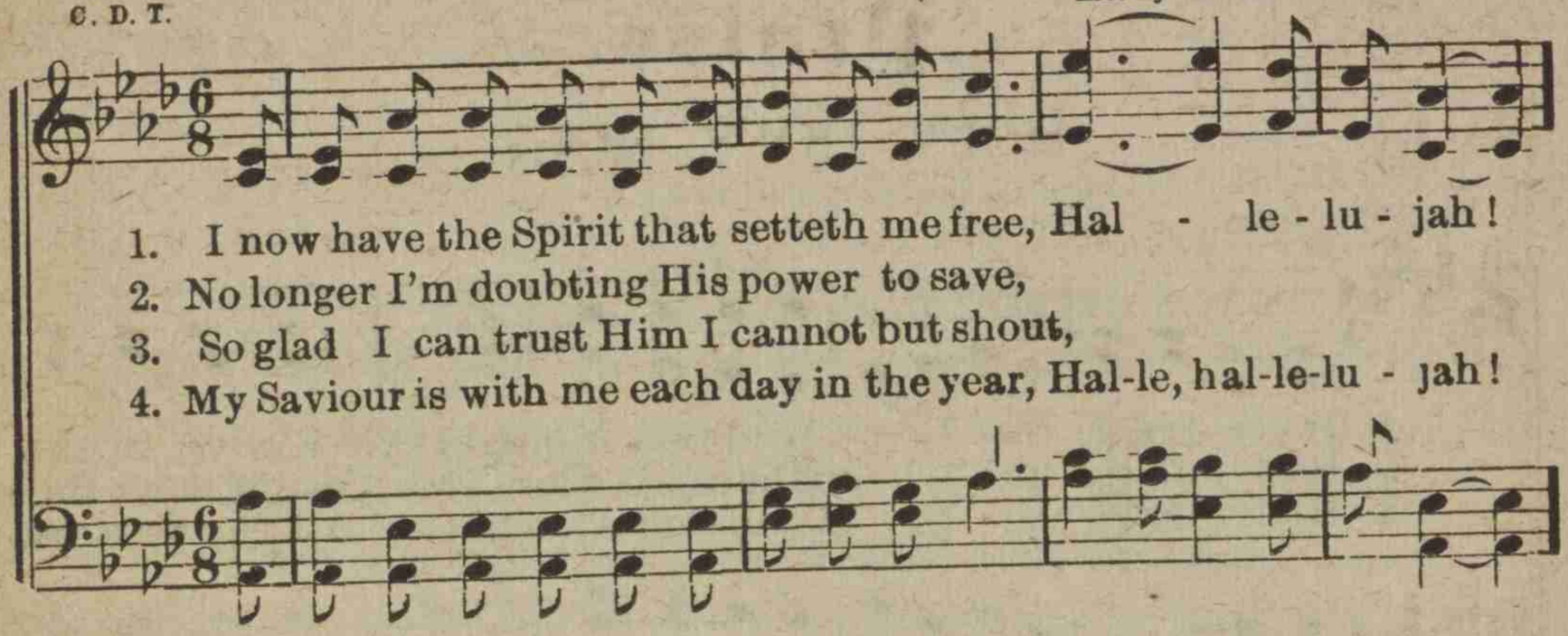
No. 3.

HALLELUJAH!

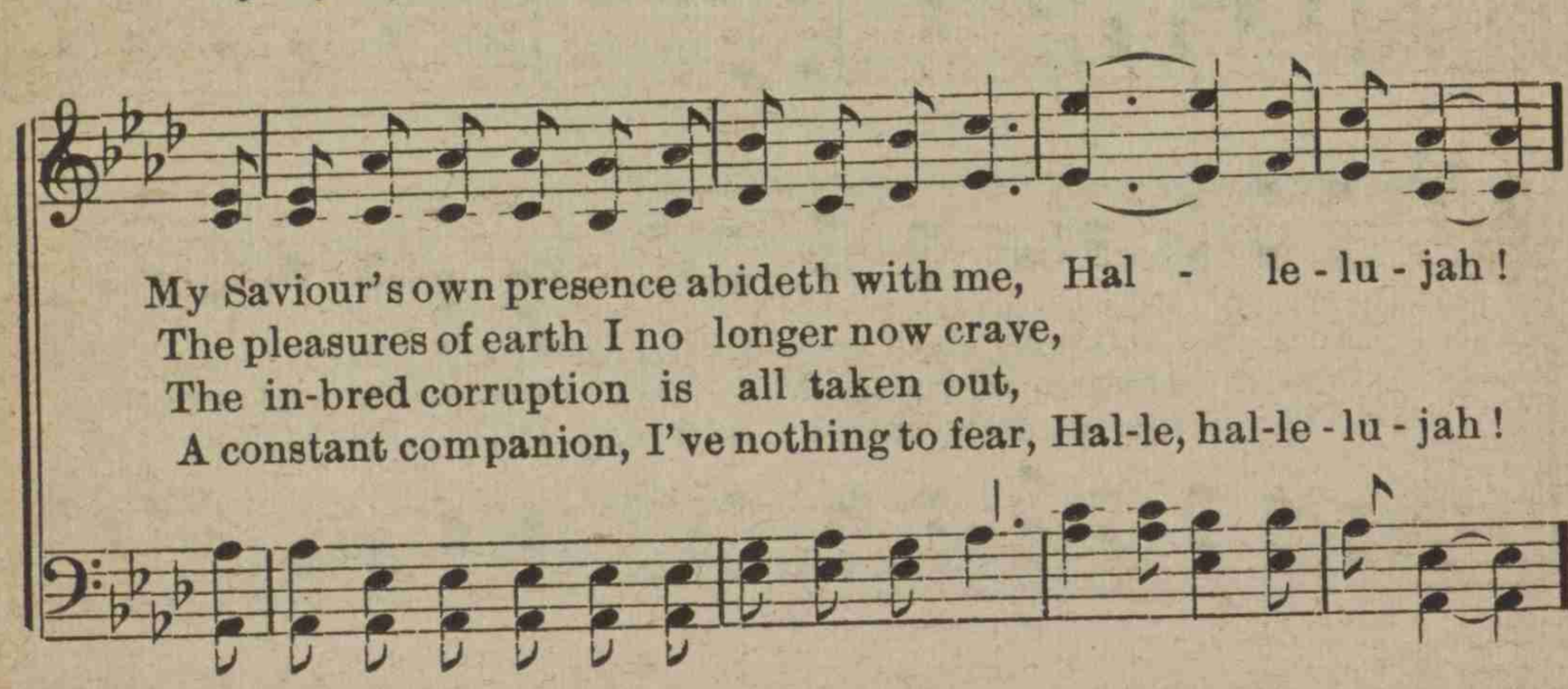
"Amen; Alleluiah!"—Rev. 19 : 4.

Melody furnished by the Salvation Army.
Arr. by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

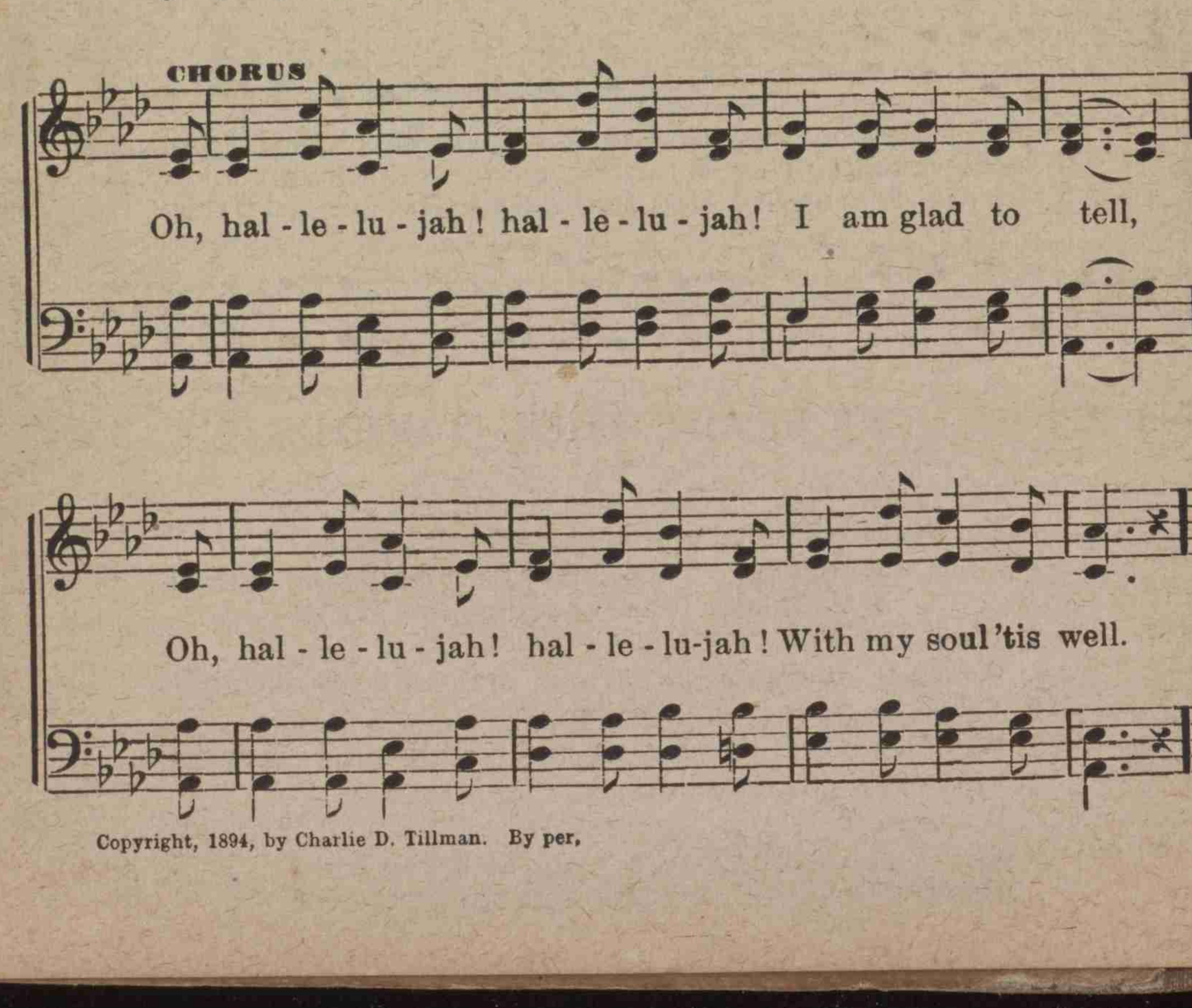
C. D. T.



1. I now have the Spirit that setteth me free, Hal - le - lu - jah!
2. No longer I'm doubting His power to save,
3. So glad I can trust Him I cannot but shout,
4. My Saviour is with me each day in the year, Hal-le, hal-le-lu - jah!



My Saviour's own presence abideth with me, Hal - le - lu - jah!
The pleasures of earth I no longer now crave,
The in-bred corruption is all taken out,
A constant companion, I've nothing to fear, Hal-le, hal-le - lu - jah!



Oh, hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! I am glad to tell,

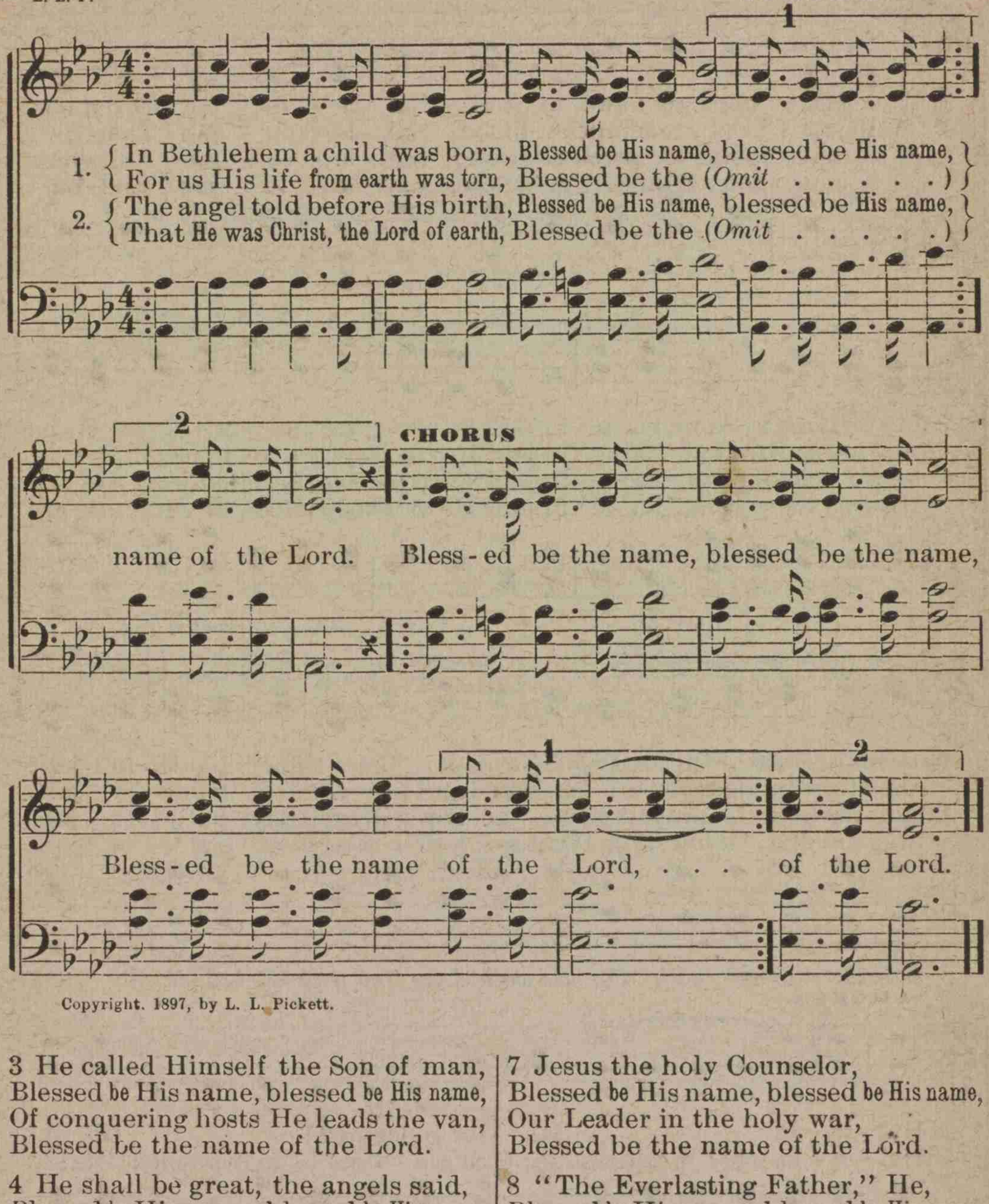
Oh, hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu-jah! With my soul 'tis well.

Copyright, 1894, by Charlie D. Tillman. By per,

No. 4. BLESSED BE THE NAME.

"Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth and for evermore."—Ps. 113: 2.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



Copyright. 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

3 He called Himself the Son of man,
Blessed be His name, blessed be His name,
Of conquering hosts He leads the van,
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

4 He shall be great, the angels said,
Blessed be His name, blessed be His name,
The crowns of earth are for His head,
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

5 "The Prince of peace," "The Son of God,"
Blessed be His name, blessed be His name,
Yet for our souls He bore the rod,
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

6 "Messiah" and "Immanuel,"
Blessed be His name, blessed be His name,
His glory who can fully tell,
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

7 Jesus the holy Counselor,
Blessed be His name, blessed be His name,
Our Leader in the holy war,
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

8 "The Everlasting Father," He,
Blessed be His name, blessed be His name,
The mighty God shall ever be,
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

9 He rose triumphant from the grave,
Blessed be His name, blessed be His name,
His people evermore to save,
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

10 He soon will come from heaven again,
Blessed be His name, blessed be His name,
And over all the earth shall reign,
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

No. 5.

WONDROUSLY REDEEMED.

"That he might redeem us from all iniquity."—Titus 2 : 14.

E. A. H. 4th verse by L. L. P.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I have precious news to tell, hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has
2. It was Christ's redemption-blood, hal - le - lu - jah! That re-
3. I have found a precious friend, hal - le - lu - jah! On whose
4. I can trust Him ev - 'ry-where, hal - le - lu - jah! Roll on

come with me to dwell, hal-le - lu-jah! By His grace and pow'r divine, He has
stored my soul to God, hal-le - lu-jah! He the cleansing stream applied, Flowing
help I can depend, hal-le - lu-jah! Since He took my sins away, He has
Him my ev'ry care, hal-le - lu-jah! He will keep me as I go, All my

D. S.—*joic-ing night and day, As I*

changed this heart of mine, And He whispers, "I am thine," hal-le - lu - jah!
from His wounded side; I am saved and sanc-ti - fied, hal-le - lu - jah!
taught me how to pray, And to do His will each day, hal-le - lu - jah!
pil-grim-age be-low, For His grace doth o - ver-flow, hal-le - lu - jah!

walk the nar-row way, For He washed my sins a - way, hal - le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - - jah! I'm redeemed! Oh, so
Hal - le - lu-jah! I'm redeemed, oh, hal - le - lu-jah! I'm redeemed! Oh, so

won - - - drous-ly re-deemed! I'm re-
wondrously redeemed, yes, oh, so wondrously redeemed!

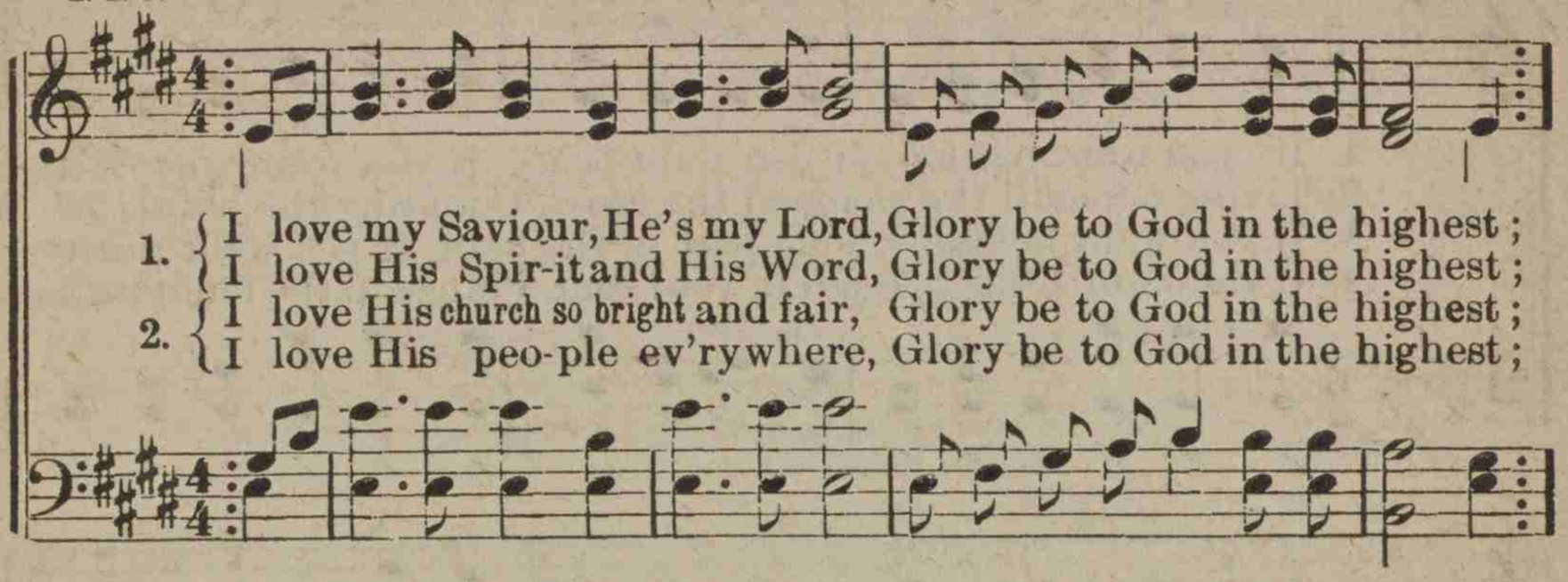
Used by per. of Henry Date, owner of Copyright.

No. 6. GLORY BE TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—Luke 2 : 14.

Rev, L. L. PICKETT.

L. L. P.



Copyright, 1896, by L. L. Pickett.

3 I love His holy Sabbath day,
Glory be to God in the highest ;
It helps me learn the living way,
Glory be to God in the highest.

4 I love the hour of prayer and praise,
Glory be to God in the highest ;
And all His peaceful, holy ways,
Glory be to God in the highest.

5 I love His work, I love His rest,
Glory be to God in the highest ;
And in His service I am blest,
Glory be to God in the highest.

6 I love the cause of holiness,
Glory be to God in the highest;
This living truth He'll always bless,
Glory be to God in the highest.

7 I love the hallelujah song,
Glory be to God in the highest;
I'll sing it loud, I'll sing it long,
Glory be to God in the highest.

8 I love to think of heaven above,
Glory be to God in the highest;
That holy land of purest love,
Glory be to God in the highest.

No. 7. GLORY TO JESUS.

A. F. M. Arr. "To Him be glory and dominion forever."—Rev. 1: 6. A. F. MYERS. By per.

1. If you want pardon, if you want peace, If you want sorrow and
2. Living beneath the shade of the cross, Counting the jewels of
3. If you want boldness, take part in the fight, If you want purity,
4. If you want Jesus to reign in your soul, Plunge in the fountain and

sighing to cease, Look to the Saviour who died on the tree, Jesus can
earth all as dross, Cleansed in the blood flowing free from His side, Jesus can
walk in the light, If you want liberty, shout and be free, Je-sus can
you shall be whole, Wash in the blood that is flowing for thee, Jesus can

CHORUS

save you, for He saved me.
save you, for you He died. Glo - ry to Je-sus, He sat - is - fies me,
cleanse you, for He cleansed me.
cleanse you, for He cleansed me.

Glo - ry to Je-sus, I'm free, I am free, Glo - ry to Je-sus, I'll

shout it, I will, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I cannot keep still.

No. 8. OUR JOYFUL SONG.

B. S. TAYLOR. "My mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips."—Ps. 63: 5. L. L. PICKETT.

Not too slow

1. Long in sin I wandered, Weary, heart-sick, lone,
   And its heavy burden Pressed me (*Omit . . .*) sad-ly down;
2. Then by faith I touched Him, Reached the cleansing blood,
   Rest - ed all my sor - row In the (*Omit . . .*) will of God;
3. Pardon, sweet and peaceful, Jesus made me whole,
   Then the Ho-ly Spir - it Sanc-ti- (*Omit . . .*) fied my soul;
4. Now I'm walking gladly In the King's highway,
   Eat - ing milk and honey, Old corn (*Omit . . .*) ev-'ry day;

But the blessed Saviour Sent conviction sore, By the Holy Spir-it,
Precious testi - mony, In the Holy Ghost, Life and light and glo-ry,
Oh, the wondrous cleansing By the precious blood, Filled my soul with gladness,
Come and buy, ye hungry, Wine upon the lees, And the rich pomegranates

CHORUS. Triumphantly.

To me o'er and o'er.
Ransomed from the lost. Glory be to Jesus, Sing ye blood washed host!
Glo - ry be to God.
Hanging on the trees.

Of the cleansing fountain, And the Holy Ghost! Glory be to Je-sus,

Shout, ye ransomed throng, Full and free salvation, Be your joyful song.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 9.

HOLY IS HE.

"Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts."—Isa. 6 : 3.

L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Oh, wor-ship the Lord in the beau - ty of ho - li - ness,
2. Come en - ter His courts with the ten - der - est tread just now,
3. His love is so great, and His mer - cy is rich and free,

Ho - ly is He, ho - ly is He; Con-fess all His glo - ry, pro-
Ho - ly is He, ho - ly is He; With an - gels in glo - ry, come
Ho - ly is He, ho - ly is He; He's call-ing the lost ones, His

claim all His righteousness, Ho - ly is He, ho - ly is He.
humble thy self and bow, Ho - ly is He, ho - ly is He.
Spir - it now call - eth thee, Ho - ly is He, ho - ly is He.

CHORUS.

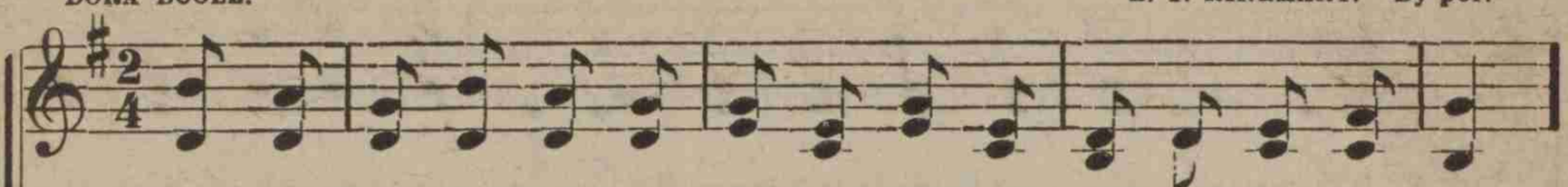
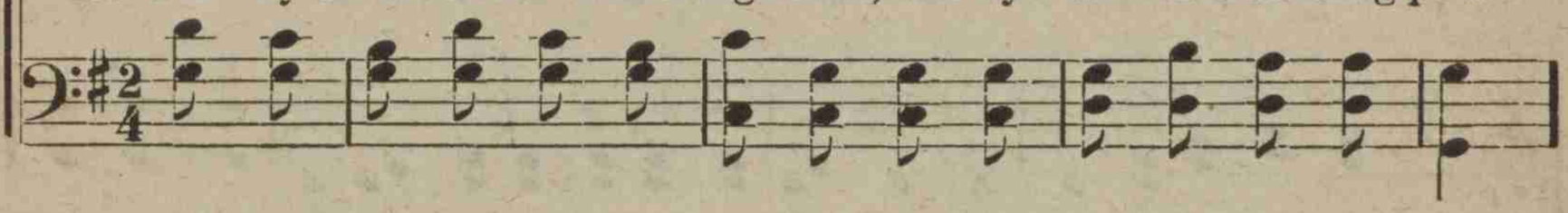
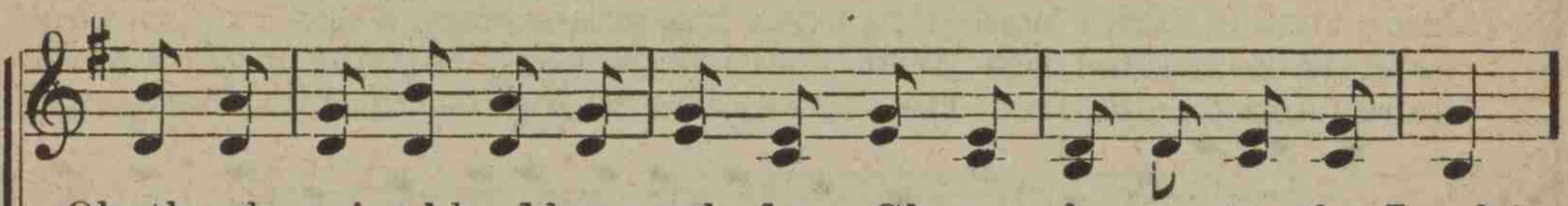
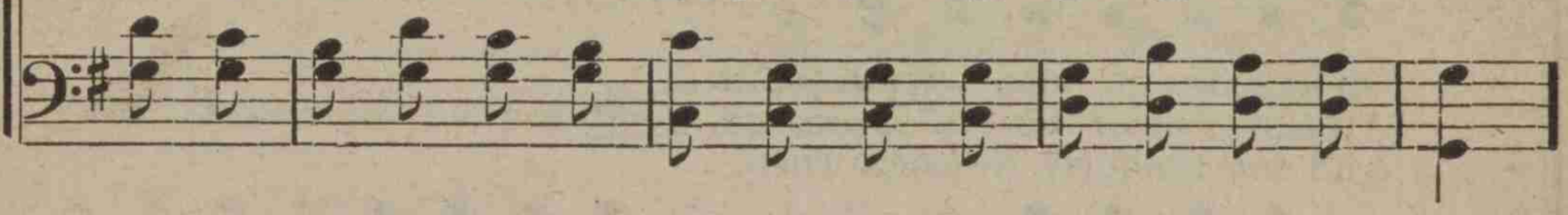
Ho-ly is He, ho - ly is He, Setting His people from ev-'ry sin free;

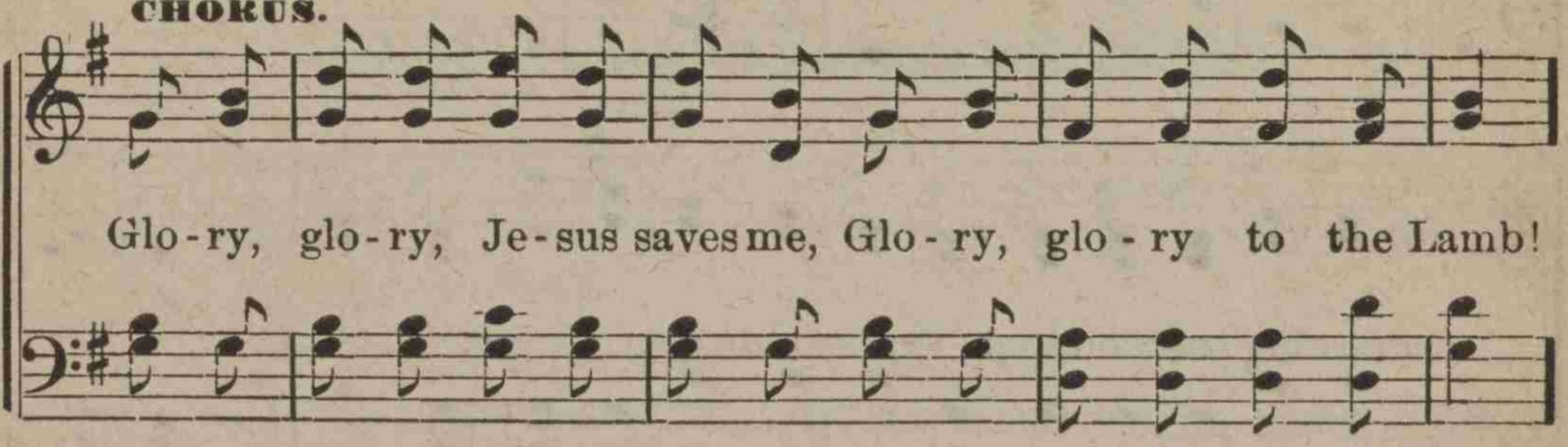
Ho-ly is He, ho - ly is He, Tender and gracious, He loves even me.

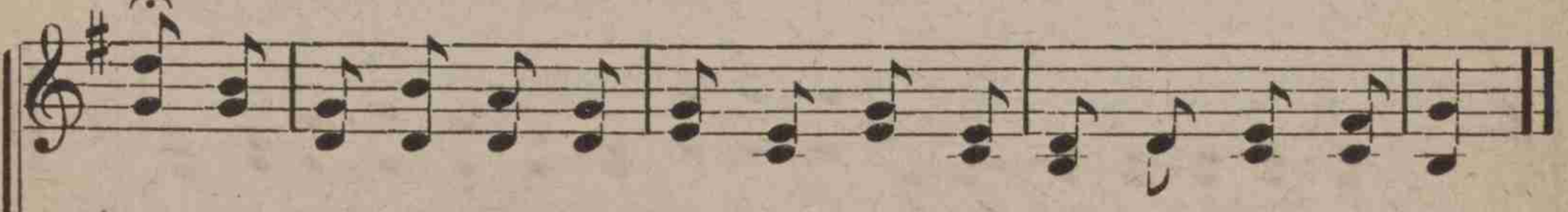
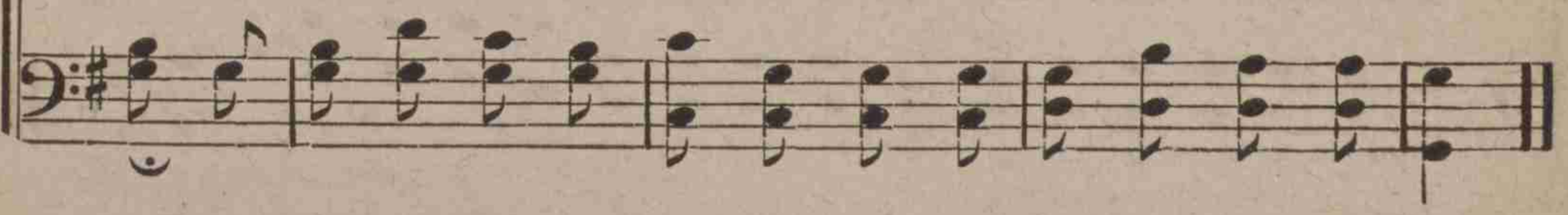
Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 10. GLORY, GLORY, JESUS SAVES ME.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."—Rev. 5 : 14.

DORA BOOLE. E. T. RINEHART. By per.

1. Precious Saviour, Thou hast saved me; Thine and only Thine I am;
2. Long my yearning heart was try-ing To en - joy this per-fect rest;
3. Trusting, trusting ev -'ry moment; Feeling now the blood applied;
4. Con - se - crat-ed to Thy service, I will live and die to Thee:
5. Yes, I will stand up for Je - sus; He has sweetly saved my soul,
6. Glo - ry to the blood that bought me, Glo-ry to its cleansing pow'r!

Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me, Glo-ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
But I gave all try-ing o - ver: Simply trusting, I am blest.
Ly-ing at the cleansing fountain; Dwelling in my Saviour's side.
I will wit-ness to Thy glo - ry Of sal - va-tion full and free.
Cleansed me from inbred cor-rup-tion, Sanc-ti - fied and made me whole.
Glo - ry to the blood that keeps me, Glo-ry, glo-ry, ev - er - more.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, Je - sus saves me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me, Glo-ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

No. 11. THERE IS JOY IN HEAVEN.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke 15: 10.

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.

1. There is joy in heav'n to-day, There is joy to-day, O'er the
2. When a soul has gone a-stray From the nar-row way, And there
3. Sin - ner, bow with grat - i - tude, And with heart subdued, Plead His

lamb that is found again; Far away from pastures green, Wand'ring all alone
seemeth no joy nor rest, Jesus still is ever near, Hearing night and day
mercy and pardon free! He will see the falling tear, Hear the fervent pray'r,

REFRAIN

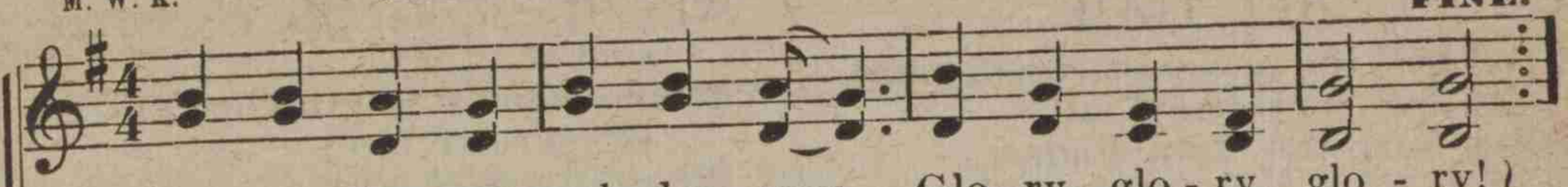
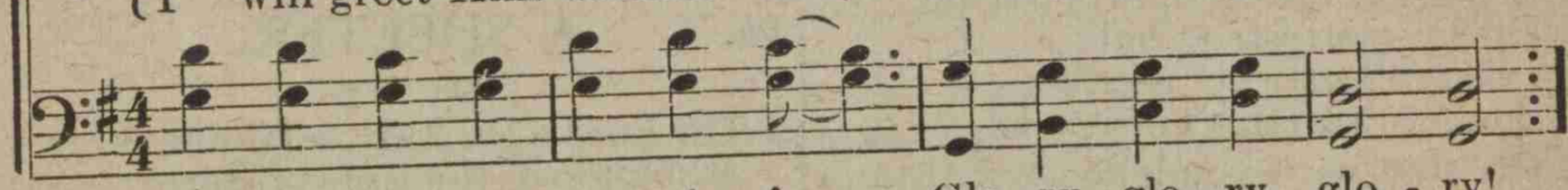
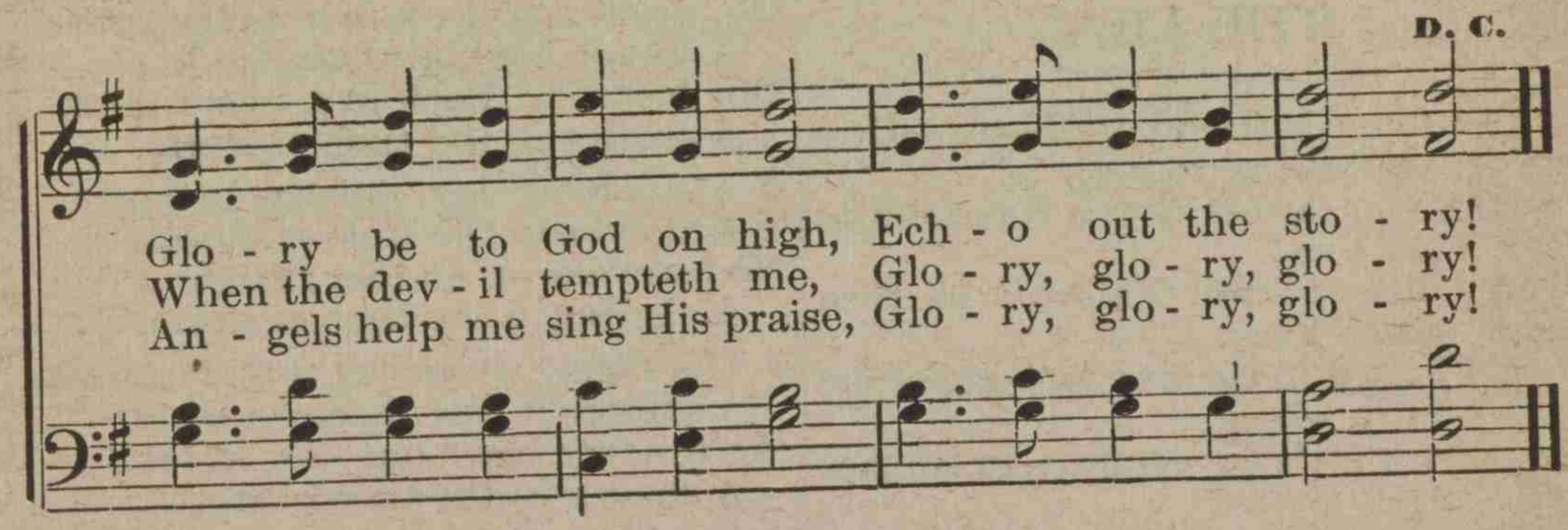
On the des - o - late, barren plain.
All the cries of the sin-oppressed. Glory to the Lord of hosts, Shout the
And will tenderly welcome thee.

morning stars on high, Praise Him ever, ye angels of light! He has

heard the distant cry Of the lamb to-day, And He bears it rejoicing home.

No. 12. GLORY! GLORY! GLORY!

"Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name."—Ps. 29: 2.

M. W. K. Arr.

1. All my sins are washed a - way, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry!
   Je - sus keeps me all the day, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry!
2. All my needs He doth sup - ply, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry!
   Hears my feeblest, faintest cry, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry!
3. When the Saviour shall ap - pear, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry!
   I will greet Him without fear, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry!

D. C. He doth save and sanc - ti - fy, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry!
D. C. Je - sus gives the vic - to - ry, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry!
D. C. Saints your loudest anthems raise, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry!

Glo - ry be to God on high, Ech - o out the sto - ry!
When the dev - il tempteth me, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry!
An - gels help me sing His praise, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry!

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 13. NOW I FEEL THE SACRED FIRE.

1 Now I feel the sacred fire,
  Kindling, flaming, glowing,
Higher still and rising higher,
  All my soul o'erflowing;
Life immortal I receive,—
  Oh, the wondrous story!
I was dead, but now I live,
  Glory! glory! glory!

2 Now I am from bondage freed,
  Every bond is riven;
Jesus makes me free indeed,
  Just as free as heaven;
'Tis a glorious liberty—
  Oh, the wondrous story!
I was bound, but now I'm free,
  Glory! glory! glory!

3 Let the testimony roll,
  Roll through every nation;
Witnessing from soul to soul,
  This immense salvation;
Now I know it's full and free,
  Oh! the wondrous story!
For it now is saving me,
  Glory! glory! glory!

4 Glory be to God on high,
  Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
  From all sin He frees us;
Let the golden harps of God
  Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud,
  Glory! glory! glory!

5 Let the trump of jubilee,
  The glad tidings thunder;
Jesus sets the captives free,
  Bursts their bonds asunder:
Fetters break and dungeons fall,
  Oh, the wondrous story!
This salvation's free to all,
  Glory! glory! glory!

14. ALL HAIL.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall:
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet. Alt.

15. THE LILY.

KEY OF F.

1 I've found a friend in Jesus,—He's
everything to me;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to
my soul!
The "Lily of the Valley," in Him
alone I see,
All I need to cleanse and make me
fully whole.
In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble
He's my stay;
He tells me every care on Him to roll;
He's the "Lily of the Valley," the
bright and morning Star;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to
my soul!

2 He all my grief has taken, and all
my sorrows borne;
In temptation He's my strong and
mighty tower;
I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my
idols torn
From my heart, and now He keeps
me by His power.
Though all the world forsake me, and
Satan tempts me sore,
Through Jesus I shall safely reach
the goal;
He's the "Lily of the Valley," the
bright and morning Star;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to
my soul!

3 He'll never, never leave me, nor yet
forsake me here,
While I live by faith, and do His
blessed will;
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing
now to fear,
With His manna He my hungry
soul shall fill.
When crowned at last in glory, I'll see
His blessed face,
Where rivers of delight shall ever roll,
He's the "Lily of the Valley," the
bright and morning Star;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to
my soul.

C. W. Fry.

16. A SHELTER.

KEY OF F.

1 The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Secure whatever ill betide,
A shelter in the time of storm.

CHORUS.

Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A weary land, a weary land,
Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A shelter in the time of storm.

2 A shade by day, defense by night,
A shelter in the time of storm;
No fears alarm, no foes affright,
A shelter in the time of storm.

3 The raging storms may round us beat,
A shelter in the time of storm;
We'll never leave our safe retreat,
A shelter in the time of storm.

4 Oh, Rock divine, oh, refuge dear,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Be Thou our helper ever near,
A shelter in the time of storm.

Words arr.

17. AT THE CROSS.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

REFRAIN.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first
saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy night and day.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

Thomas Shepherd.

No. 18.

CHRIST IS ALL.

"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."—1 Peter 2: 7.

W. A. WILLIAMS. By per.

Effective as a Solo. Ad lib.

1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen-u-ry were there,
2. I stood be-side a dying bed, Where lay a child with aching head,
3. I saw the martyr at the stake, The flames could not His courage shake,
4. I saw the gospel herald go,—To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow,

Yet peace and joy withal; I asked the lonely mother whence her helpless
Waiting for Jesus' call; I marked His smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as His
Nor death His soul appall, I asked Him whence His strength was giv'n, He looked tri-
To save from Satan's thrall, Nor home nor life He counted dear, Midst wants and

CHORUS.

widowhood's defense, She told me "Christ was all."
spirit passed away, He whispered "Christ is all." Christ is all, all in
umphantly to heav'n, And answered "Christ is all."
perils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."

all, Yes, Christ is all in all: Yes, Christ is all in all.

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

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

From "Song Jewels," a seven-cent S. S. song book by W. A. Williams, Warnock, O.

No. 19. THE TRUE AND LIVING WAY.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life."—John 14: 6.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

Not too slow.

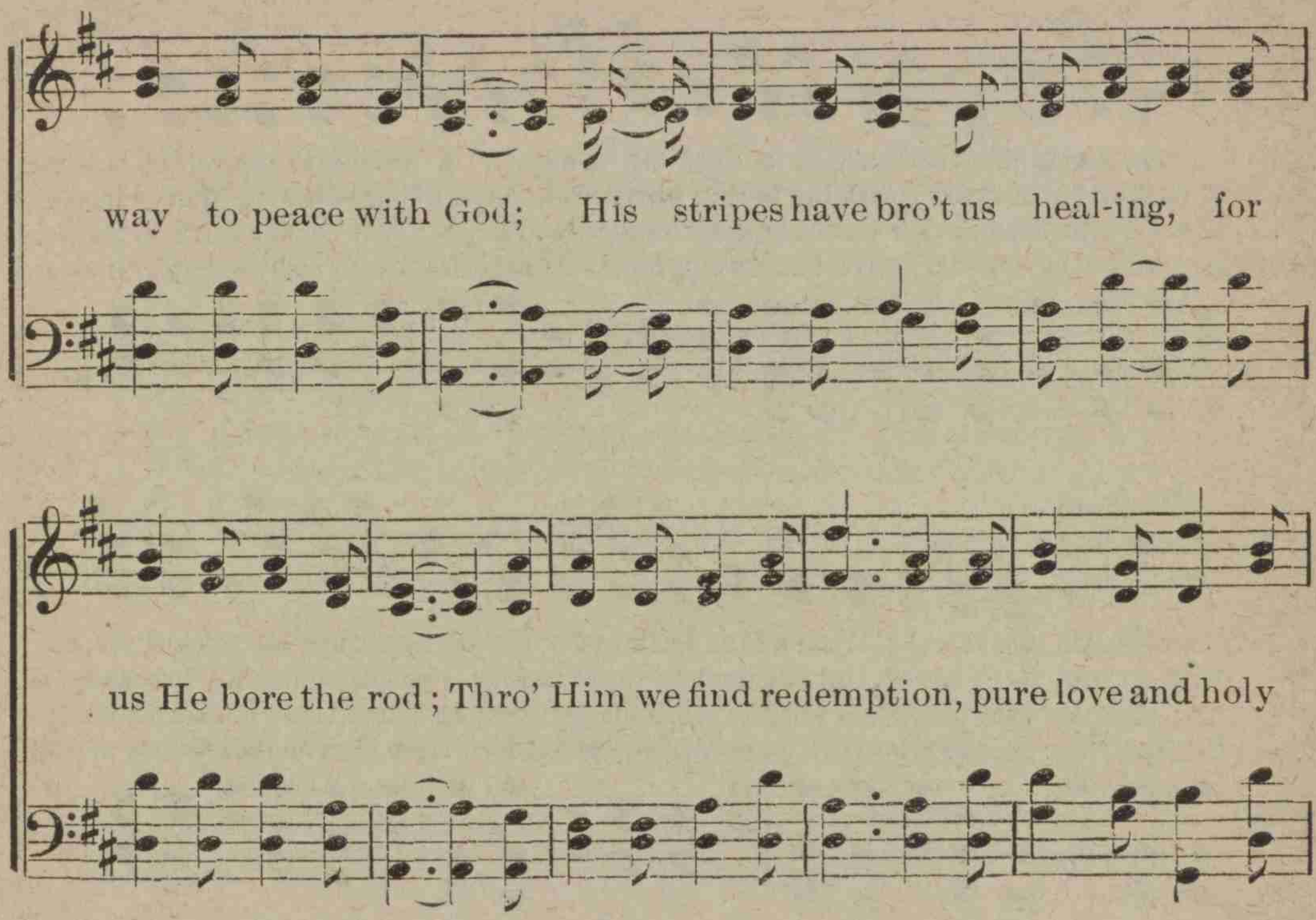
1. Poor sin-ners far from Je - sus are sick and faint and sore, They
2. There is no oth - er Sav - iour for sin-ners lost and vile, His
3. He is the root of Da - vid, the bright and morning star, The
4. His gos - pel now is spreading thro' nations far and wide, It

wan-der on in darkness which palls their pathway o'er; And as the
grace a-lone redeems us and cheers us with God's smile; But He is
Lord of earth and heaven— His praises sound a - far; His name shall
sweeps away all barriers, a ris - ing, roll-ing tide; And when in

years roll onward they far-ther go a - stray, Because they know not
all - suf - fi-cent, our fears He doth al - lay, The on - ly hope of
be called "Je-sus," our strength from day to day, The "Ev - er - last - ing
princely grandeur He comes without de - lay, All nations then shall

CHORUS.

Je - sus, the true and liv - ing way.
sin-ners, the true and liv - ing way. He is the way to pardon, the
Fa-ther," the true and liv - ing way.
own Him, the true and liv - ing way.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 20. JESUS OF NAZARETH. L. M.

KEY G.

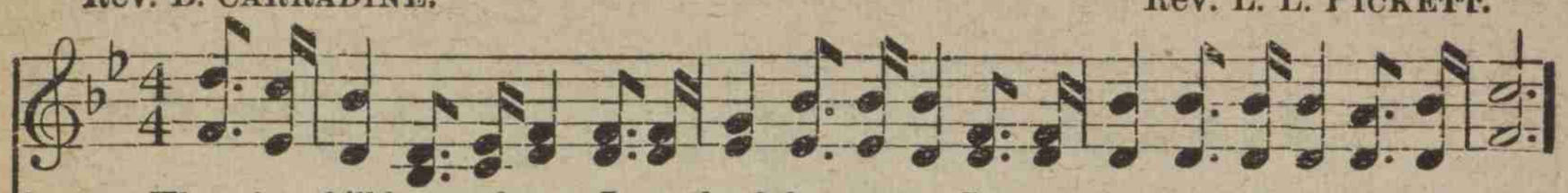
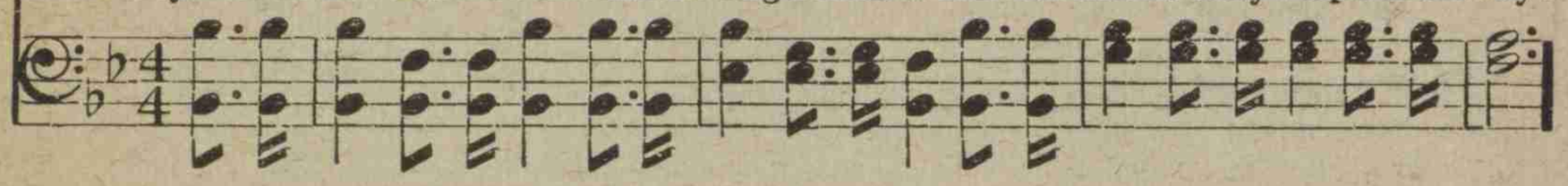
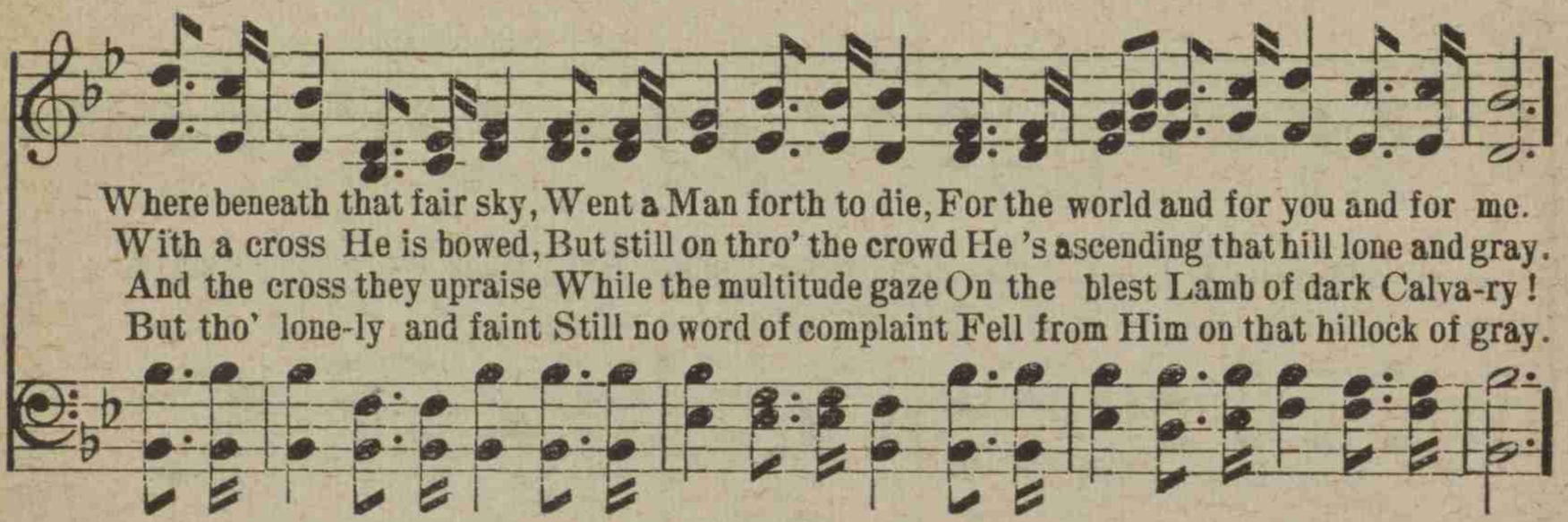
1 What means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along,—
These wondrous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, say?
In accents hushed the throng reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

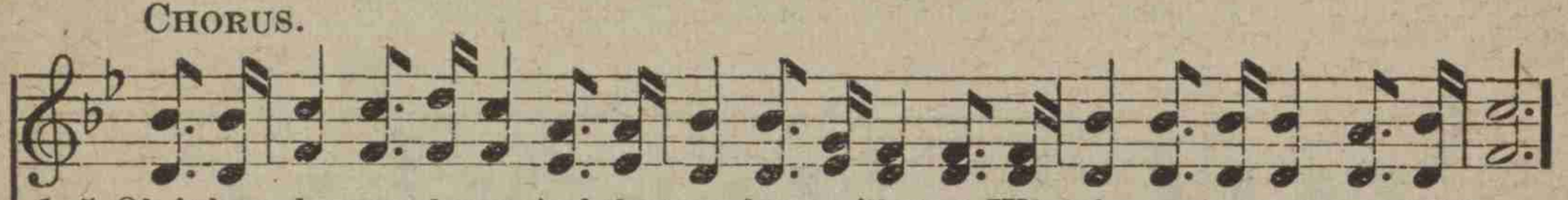
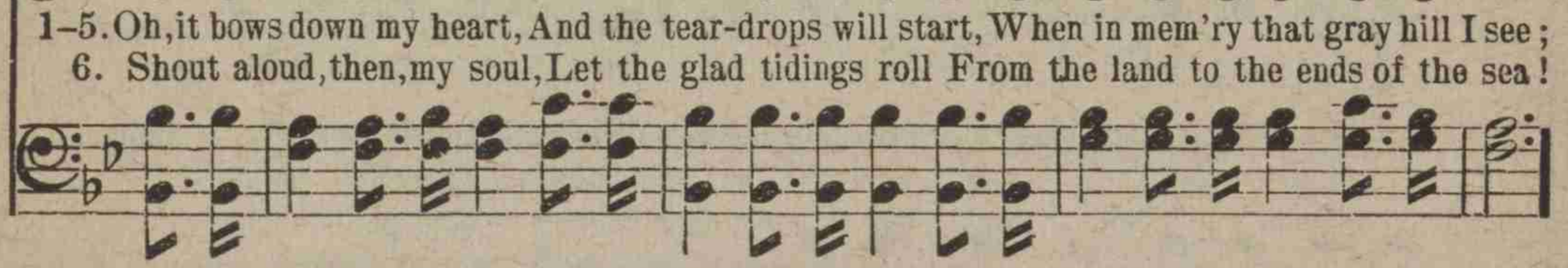
2 Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

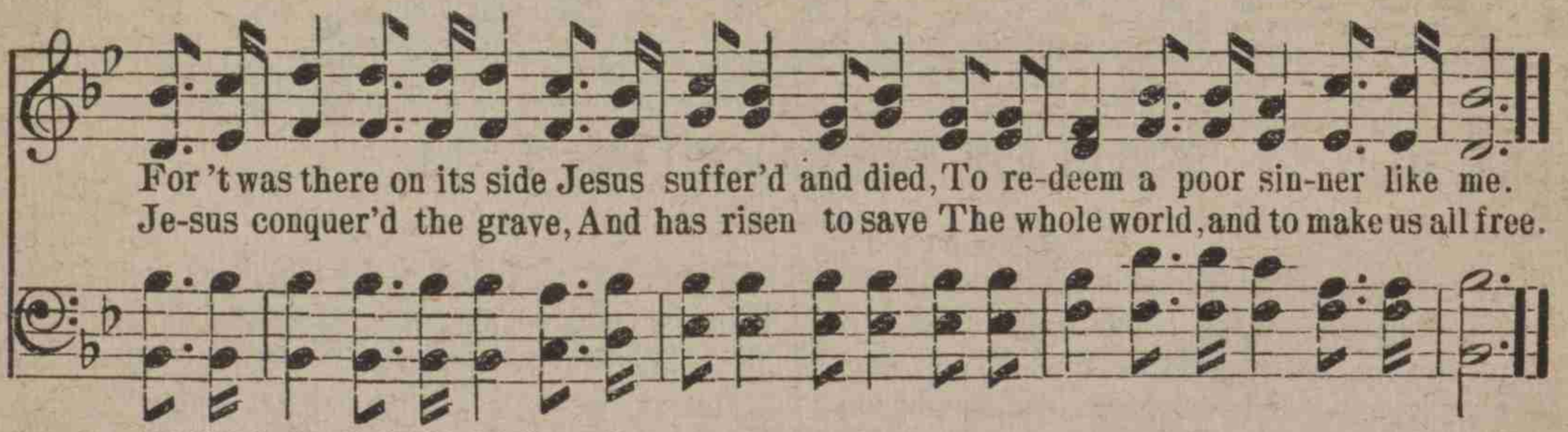
3 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh:
"Jesus uf Nazareth passeth by."

4 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by.

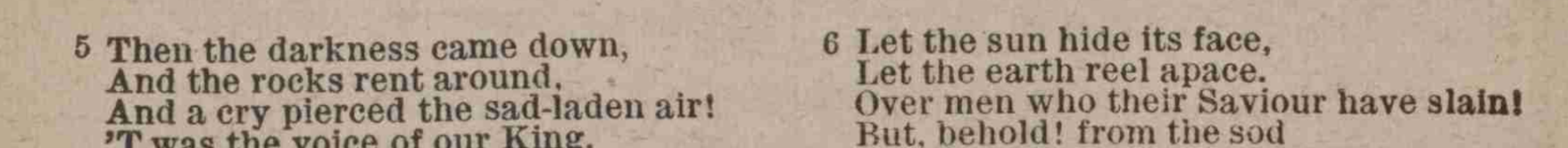
No. 21. CALVARY.

Rev. B. CARRADINE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. There 's a hill lone and gray, In a land far a-way, In a coun-try beyond the blue sea,
2. Oh, so faint on the road, 'Neath the world's heavy load, Comes a thorn-crown'd Man on the way!
3. Hark, I hear the dull blow Of the hammer swung low, They are nail-ing my Lord to the tree!
4 How they mock Him in death To His last lab'ring breath, While His friends sadly weep o'er the way!



Where beneath that fair sky, Went a Man forth to die, For the world and for you and for me.
With a cross He is bowed, But still on thro' the crowd He 's ascending that hill lone and gray.
And the cross they upraise While the multitude gaze On the blest Lamb of dark Calva-ry!
But tho' lone-ly and faint Still no word of complaint Fell from Him on that hillock of gray.

CHORUS.

1–5. Oh, it bows down my heart, And the tear-drops will start, When in mem'ry that gray hill I see;
6. Shout aloud, then, my soul, Let the glad tidings roll From the land to the ends of the sea!



For 't was there on its side Jesus suffer'd and died, To re-deem a poor sin-ner like me.
Je-sus conquer'd the grave, And has risen to save The whole world, and to make us all free.



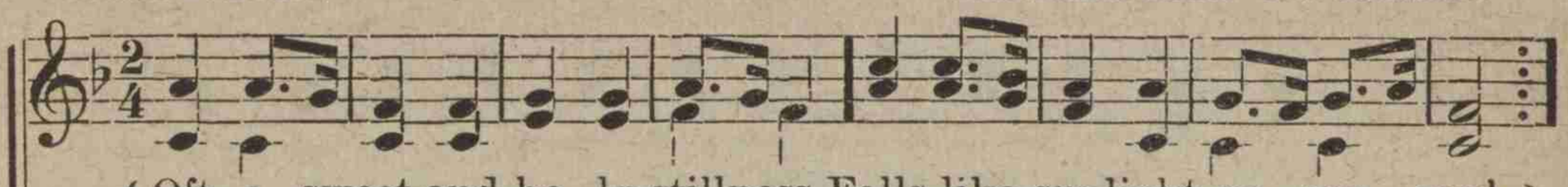
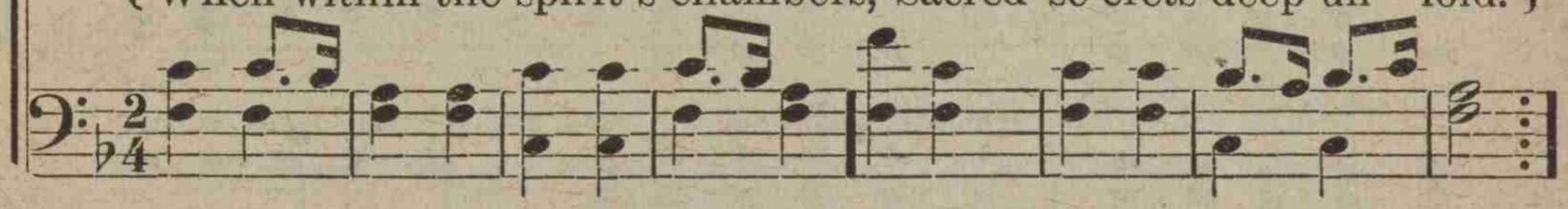
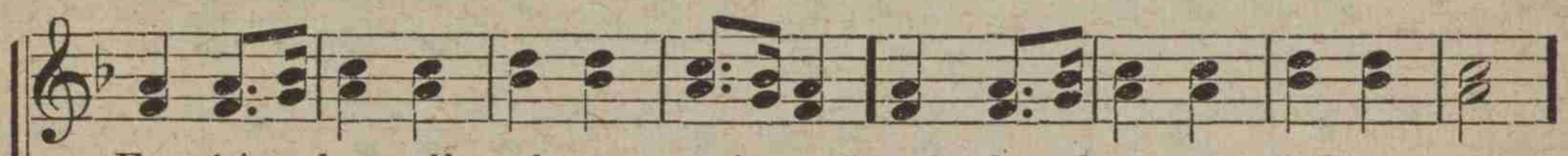
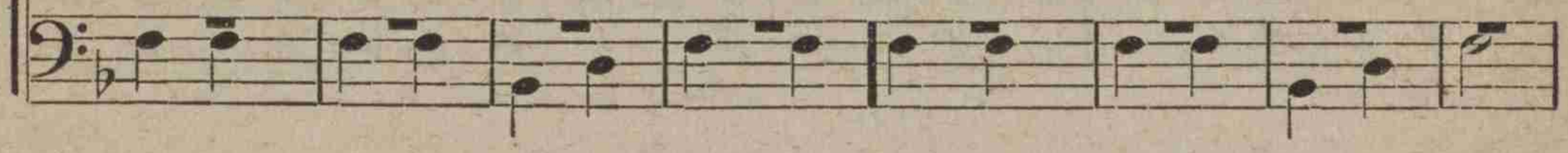
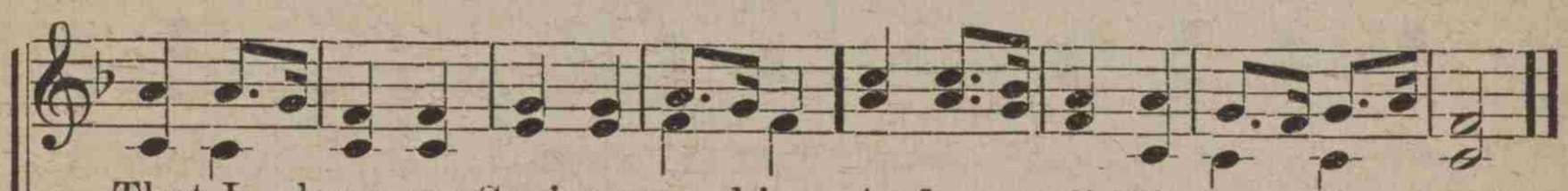
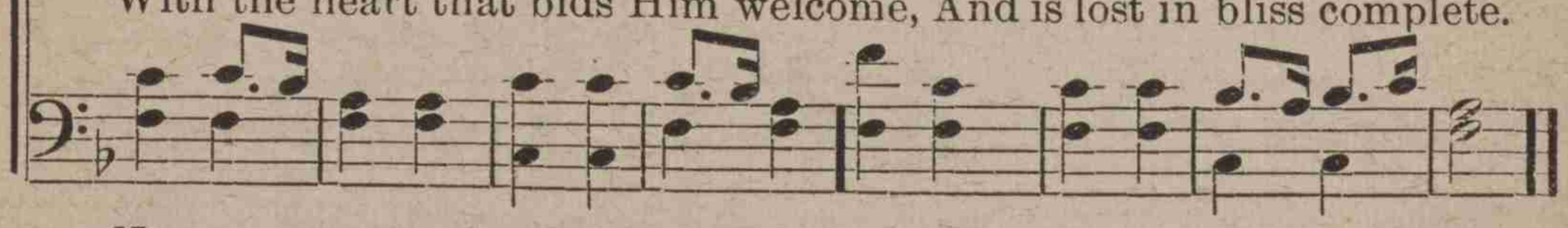
Copyright, 1896, by Rev. L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

5 Then the darkness came down,
And the rocks rent around,
And a cry pierced the sad-laden air!
'T was the voice of our King,
Who received death's dark sting,
All to save us from endless despair.

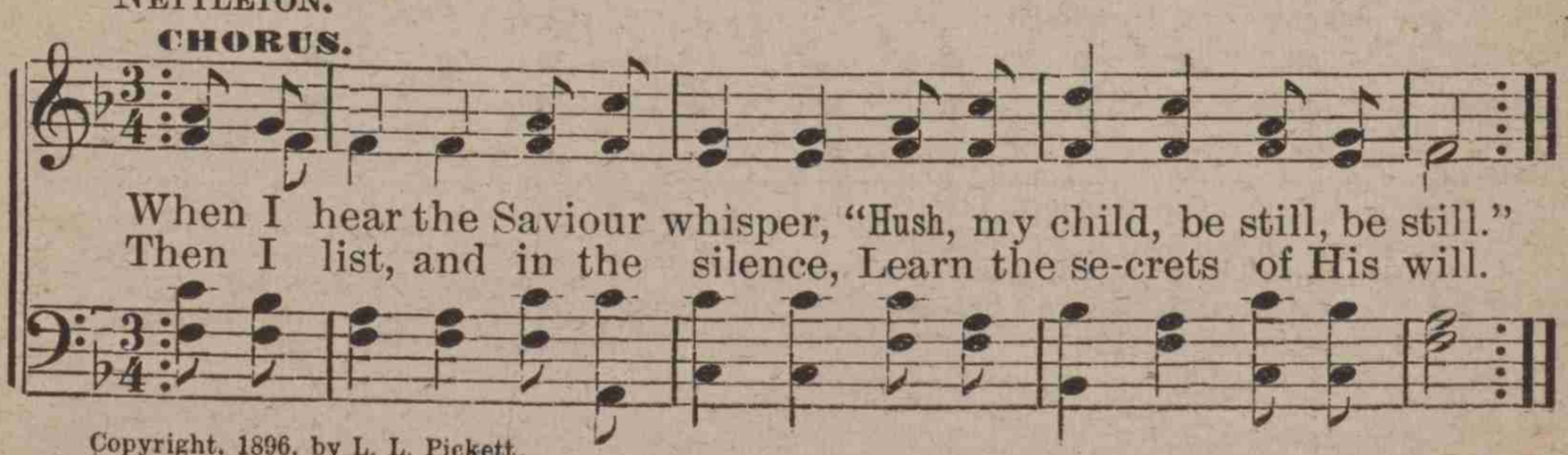
6 Let the sun hide its face,
Let the earth reel apace.
Over men who their Saviour have slain!
But, behold! from the sod
Comes the blessed Lamb of God,
Who was slain, but is risen again.

No. 22. BE STILL.

"Be still and know that I am God."—Ps. 46: 10.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Tune: GREENVILLE. J. J. ROUSSEAU.

1. Oft a sweet and ho-ly stillness Falls like sunlight on my soul,
   Shedding glory, richer, grander, Than when waves of rapture roll,
2. Deafened by the ma-ny voic-es, Which the fly-ing mo-ments fill,
   We may miss the Master's message If we are not oft-en still.
3. When perplex-i-ties and tri-als, And tempta-tions fill my mind,
   Then in this pa-vil-ion hid-ing, Quick re-lief I al-ways find.
4. Sometimes sickness comes and sorrow, And we deem them angels ill,
   But 'tis Je-sus who permits them, Thus compelling to be still.
5. Oh, these si-lenc-es so gold-en, Sweet-er far than can be told,
   When within the spirit's chambers, Sacred se-crets deep un-fold.

For 'tis when all oth-er voic-es, Hushed and weary sink to rest,
Pas-sions and im-ag-i-na-tions, E-ven friends may lead astray,
When I, ob-sta-cles en-counter, Which de-fy my utmost skill,
Well He knows that in our hur-ry, We might miss the voice so low,
When the heav'nly Bridegroom whispers, Holding there communion sweet,

That I hear my Saviour speaking, And can tell His tones the best.
Hence we oft a-lone with Je-sus, In the stillness deep must stay.
He rebukes them and they vanish, While I trust Him and am still.
And in mere-ly human wisdom, Fruit-less on our er-rands go.
With the heart that bids Him welcome, And is lost in bliss complete.

NETTLETON.

CHORUS.

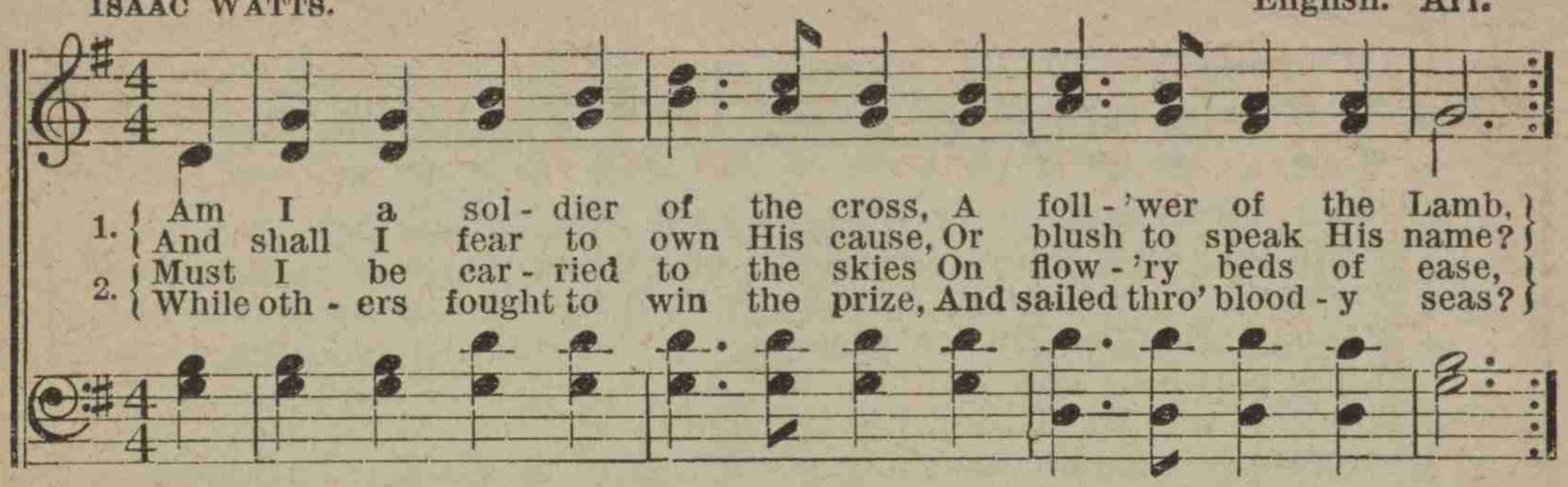


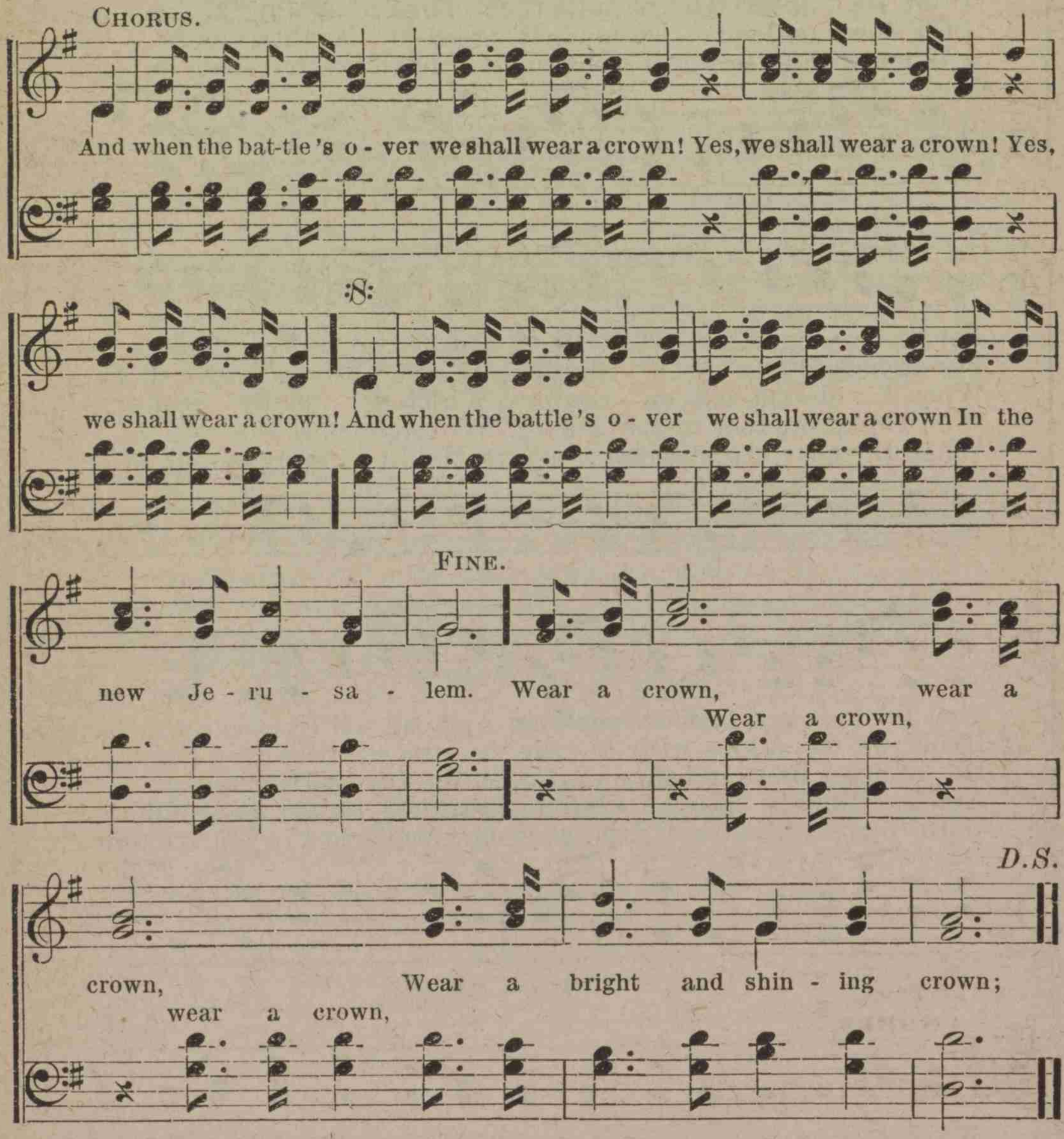
When I hear the Saviour whisper, "Hush, my child, be still, be still."
Then I list, and in the silence, Learn the se-crets of His will.

Copyright, 1896, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 23. BATTLE HYMN.

ISAAC WATTS. English. ART.



CHORUS.

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 24.

ALONE WITH JESUS.

"Your life is hid with Christ in God."—Col. 3: 3.

Suggested by a sermon of Mrs. Mary Snell Hall's, who indited the chorus, and to whom it is respectfully inscribed.

L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.

1. A - lone with Je-sus my Lord, A-part from the world's vain strife,
2. When thus He calleth to me, And bids me come with Him,
3. Sometimes in wilderness drear, No mor - tal to hear or see;
4. At times, where gather the throngs, In midst of the mart or street,
5. In si - lent watches of night, When friends are all wrapped in sleep,

I'm feeding upon His sweet word, I'm liv-ing the hid-den life.
Himself then a - lone I see, All lights of this world grow dim.
My Saviour a-gain draws near, And sweetly communes with me.
He fill-eth my soul with songs, With mel-o - dy rich and sweet.
He fill-eth me with de - light, Love's billows roll strong and deep.

CHORUS.

A - part, a - part my heart, A-part with Christ my King,

I feel the fount-ain start, I laugh, I shout, I sing,

p **Rit**

I feel the fount-ain start, I laugh, I shout, I sing.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 25. AT THE SAVIOUR'S RIGHT HAND.

E. R. LATTA. GEO. B. HOLSINGER. By per.

1. In the day of all days, when the world shall be judged, And the chaff from the wheat shall be thor-ough-ly fanned, Then the right-eous shall shine as the stars in the sky, And their pla-ces shall be at the Saviour's right hand.
2. But the wick - ed who will not re - pent and be - lieve, And will nev - er live up to the Mas-ter's command, Shall be placed on the left, as un - wor - thy to be With the children of God at the Saviour's right hand.
3. We are jour - ney-ing on to e - ter - ni - ty, now, On the bank of death's riv - er we sometime shall stand! Shall we fear to pass o - ver the dark roll-ing flood, Lest our por-tion be not at the Saviour's right hand.
4. If our Shep - herd He is, and we fol - low His call, He will lead us safe home, to that beau - ti - ful land; And with crowns on our brows, and with branch-es of palm, We shall ev - er a - bide at the Saviour's right hand.

REFRAIN.

Let me . . . find a place with that . . hap-py band,
Let me find a place with that hap-py band, Let me find a place with that happy band,
Who shall ev - er a - bide, . . At the Sav - iour's right hand.
Who shall ever abide at the Saviour's right hand, abide at the Saviour's right hand.

No. 26. CHRIST ALONE.

"For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."—Acts 4: 12.

A. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Christ alone is our salvation, Christ the rock on which we stand;
2. We have all things, Christ possessing, Life eter - nal, second birth;
3. When we perfect joy shall enter, 'Tis in Him our bliss shall rise;

Oth - er than this sure founda-tion, Will be found but sinking sand;
Pres-ent pardon, peace and blessing, While we tarry here on earth;
His the essence, soul and cen-ter, Of the glo - ry in the skies;

Christ, His cross and resurrec-tion, Is a - lone the sin-ner's plea;
And by faith's an - tic - i - pa-tion, Foretastes of the joy a-bove;
In redemption's wondrous story, Planned before our parent's fall;

At the throne of God's per - fection, Nothing else can set him free.
Free - ly giv'n us with sal - va-tion, By the Fa - ther in His love.
From the cross un - to the glo - ry, Je - sus Christ is all in all.

CHORUS.

Christ alone, Christ alone, Nothing else can set us free, else can set us free.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 27. CHRIST WITHIN.

"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."—Eph. 3: 17.

Rev. B. CARRADINE. By per. Rev. E. T. RINEHART. By per.

1. My heart once was heavy with sadness, And struggling with burdens and sin,
2. Once Jesus would visit His dwelling, Then leave thro' my doubt or my sin,
3. The grave was once dark to my vision, A goal that I cared not to win,
4. I oft-en repined under crosses, And knew not repining was sin,
5. Gone now is the sighing and sorrow, The cares and the fears of the day,
6. Let Satan and man now assail me, Let death lay me low in the grave,

But now it is thrilling with gladness, For Jesus is dwelling within.
But now I rejoice in the tell-ing, My Saviour a-bideth with-in.
A gate now to countries ely-sian! Since Jesus is dwelling within.
I shout now o'er burdens and losses For Jesus is dwelling within.
I ask not what comes of the morrow For Jesus is in me to stay.
The victor within will not fail me, What more can I pray for, or have?

CHORUS.

Oh, glo-ry to God! the Saviour has come, He dwells in my heart and

makes it His home; I hear His sweet voice, And feel His blest blood, And

shout on my way at home and abroad, Oh, glory, oh, glory to God!

No. 28. THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. "I am the good shepherd."—John 10: 11. SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

1. Dy - ing in darkness, out in the cold, Far from the Shepherd,
2. Clear are the waters where He doth lead, Green are the pastures
3. Sweetest of voic - es, list to His call, Fol-low Him ful - ly,
4. Each one He knoweth, call-eth by name, E - ven the weak-est,
5. Gone is our Shepherd, now to pre - pare Fold bright in glo-ry
6. Filled with His Spirit, kept thro' His blood, Publish His gos - pel,

far from the fold; Lost in the desert, trembling with fear, Suffer-ing,
where He doth feed; Saved and defended ev-er by Thee, Saviour and
yield to Him all; Go-ing be - fore us safely He'll lead, Grace He will
Jesus doth claim; Per-ish we nev - er while we o - bey, Safe in His
for us to share; Quickly re-turn-ing soon He will come, Gather His
ech-o His word; White-robed and ready, help us to be, Looking, dear

helpless, no one seemed near.
Shepherd, happy are we.
give us just as we need.
hand there low let us lay.
jew - els, welcome them home.
Shepherd, ev - er for Thee.

CHORUS.

Je - sus my Shepherd, out in the

cold, Sought me and brought me safe to His fold; Now I am

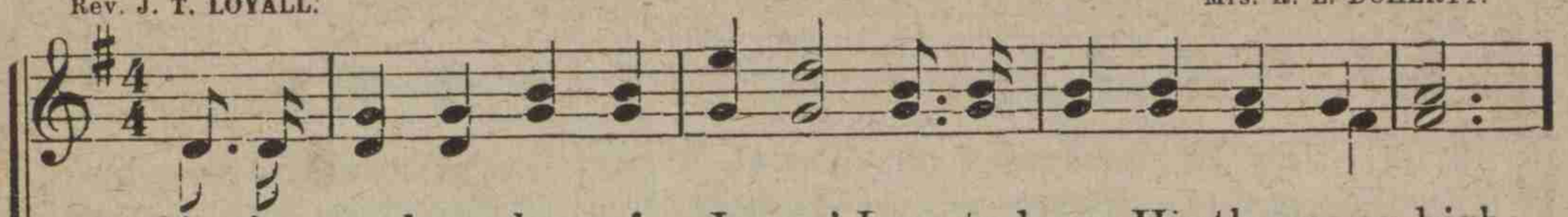
hid - ing safe in His hand, Glo-ry to Je - sus! is - n't it grand!

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

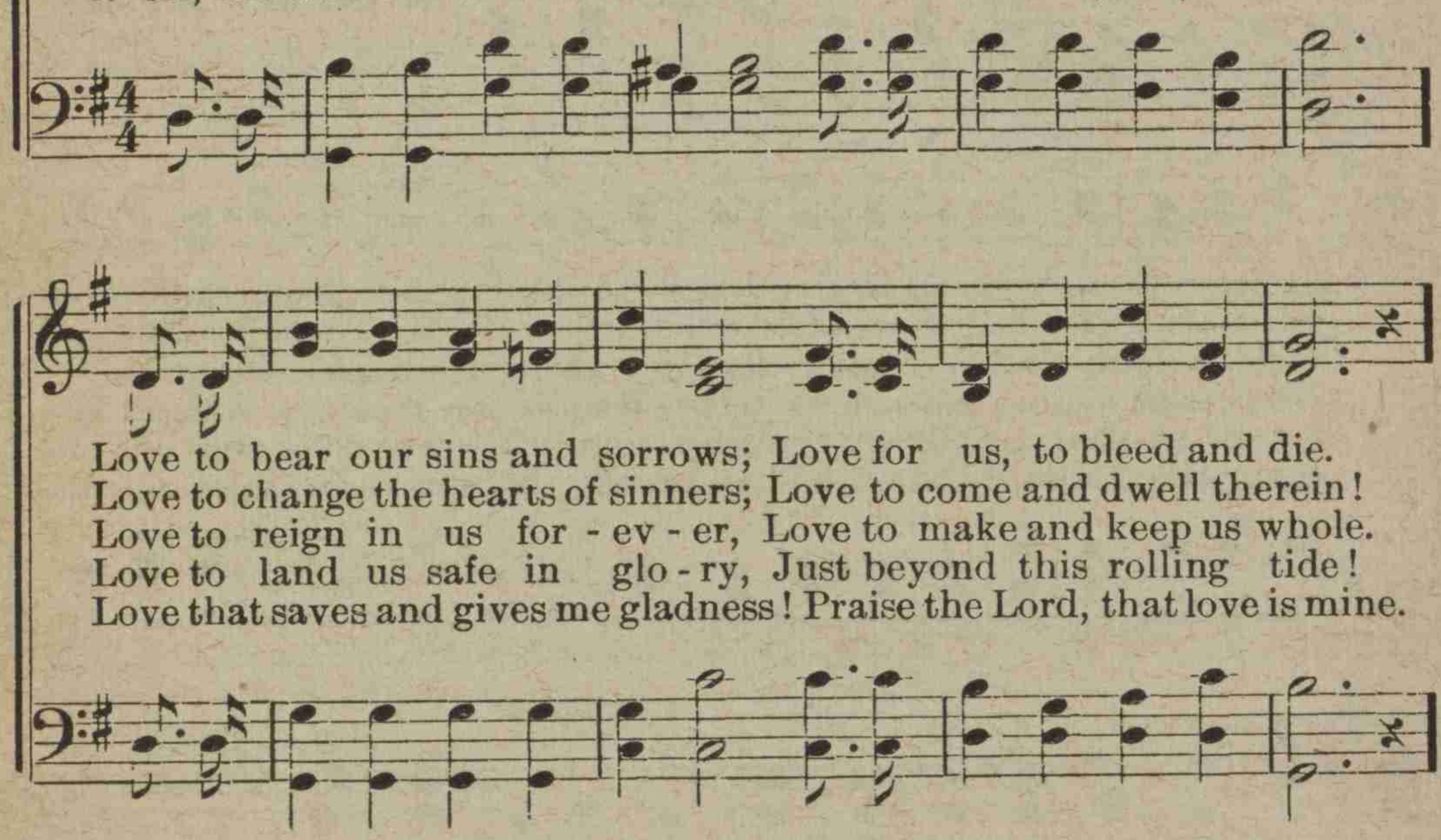
No. 29. THE WONDROUS LOVE OF JESUS.

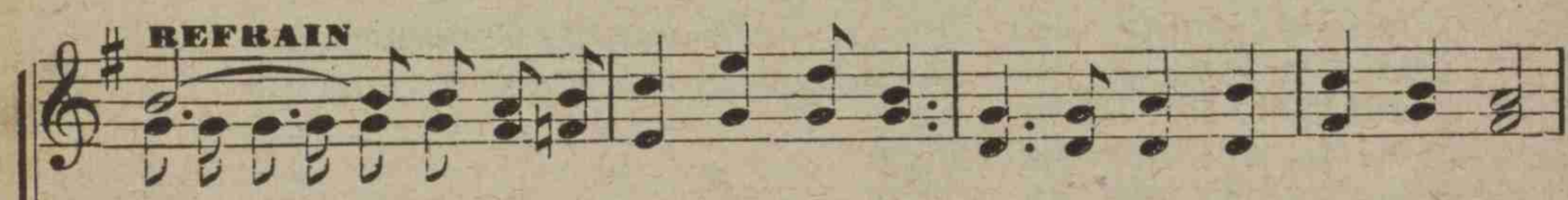
"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—Eph. 3: 19.

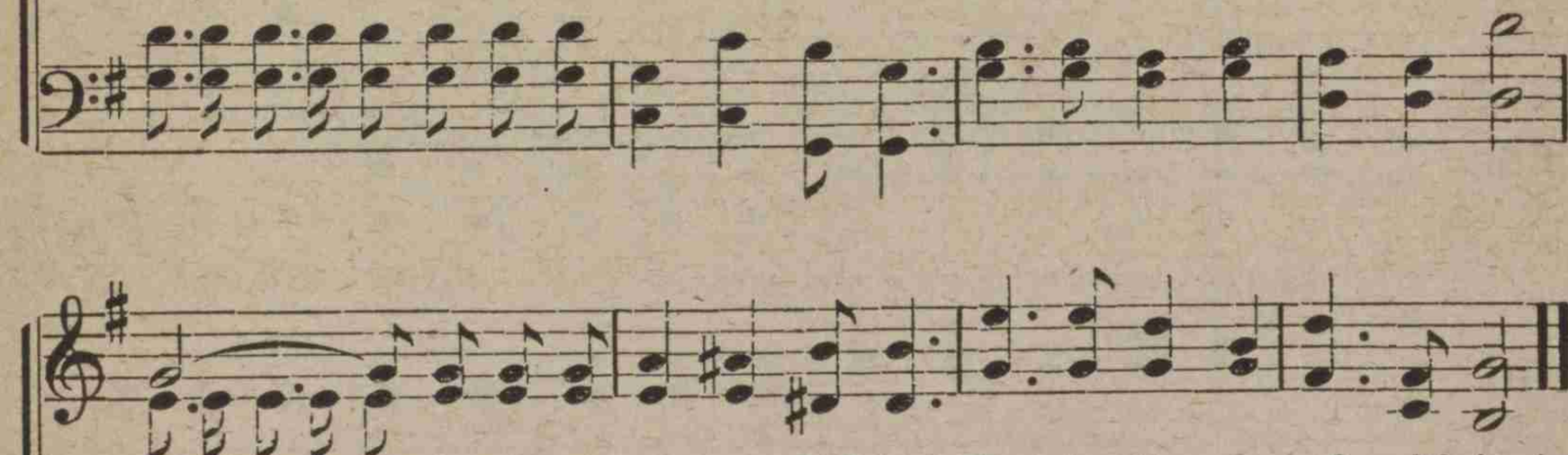
Rev. J. T. LOYALL. Mrs. R. L. DOHERTY.



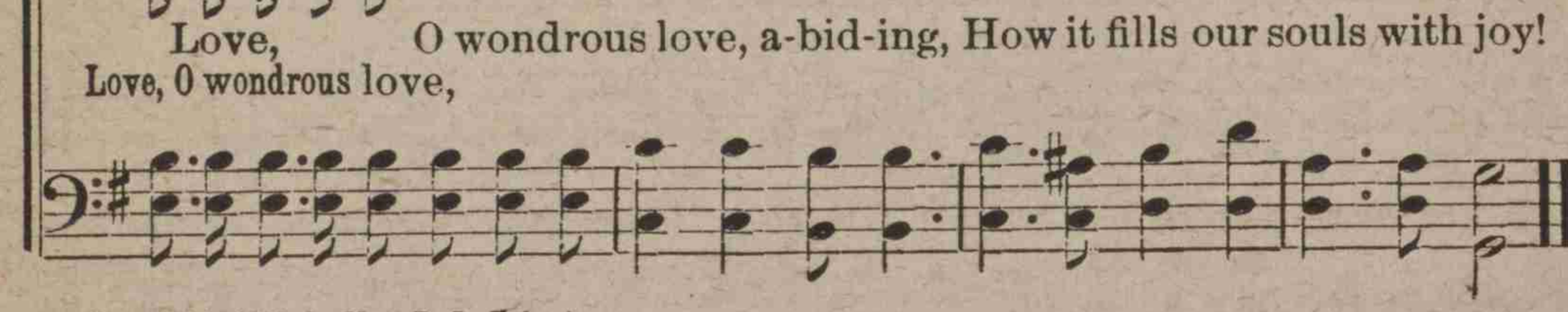
1. Oh, the wondrous love of Je-sus! Love to leave His throne on high;
2. Oh, the wondrous love of Je-sus! Love to pardon ev -' ry sin;
3. Oh, the wondrous love of Je-sus! Love to sanc-ti - fy the soul;
4. Oh, the wondrous love of Je-sus! Love that keeps us well supplied;
5. Oh, the wondrous love of Je-sus! Love ce - les-tial; love di - vine;



Love to bear our sins and sorrows; Love for us, to bleed and die.
Love to change the hearts of sinners; Love to come and dwell therein!
Love to reign in us for - ev - er, Love to make and keep us whole.
Love to land us safe in glo - ry, Just beyond this rolling tide!
Love that saves and gives me gladness! Praise the Lord, that love is mine.

Love, O wondrous love of Je-sus! Love, which nothing can destroy;
Love, O wondrous love,



Love, O wondrous love, a-bid-ing, How it fills our souls with joy!
Love, O wondrous love,

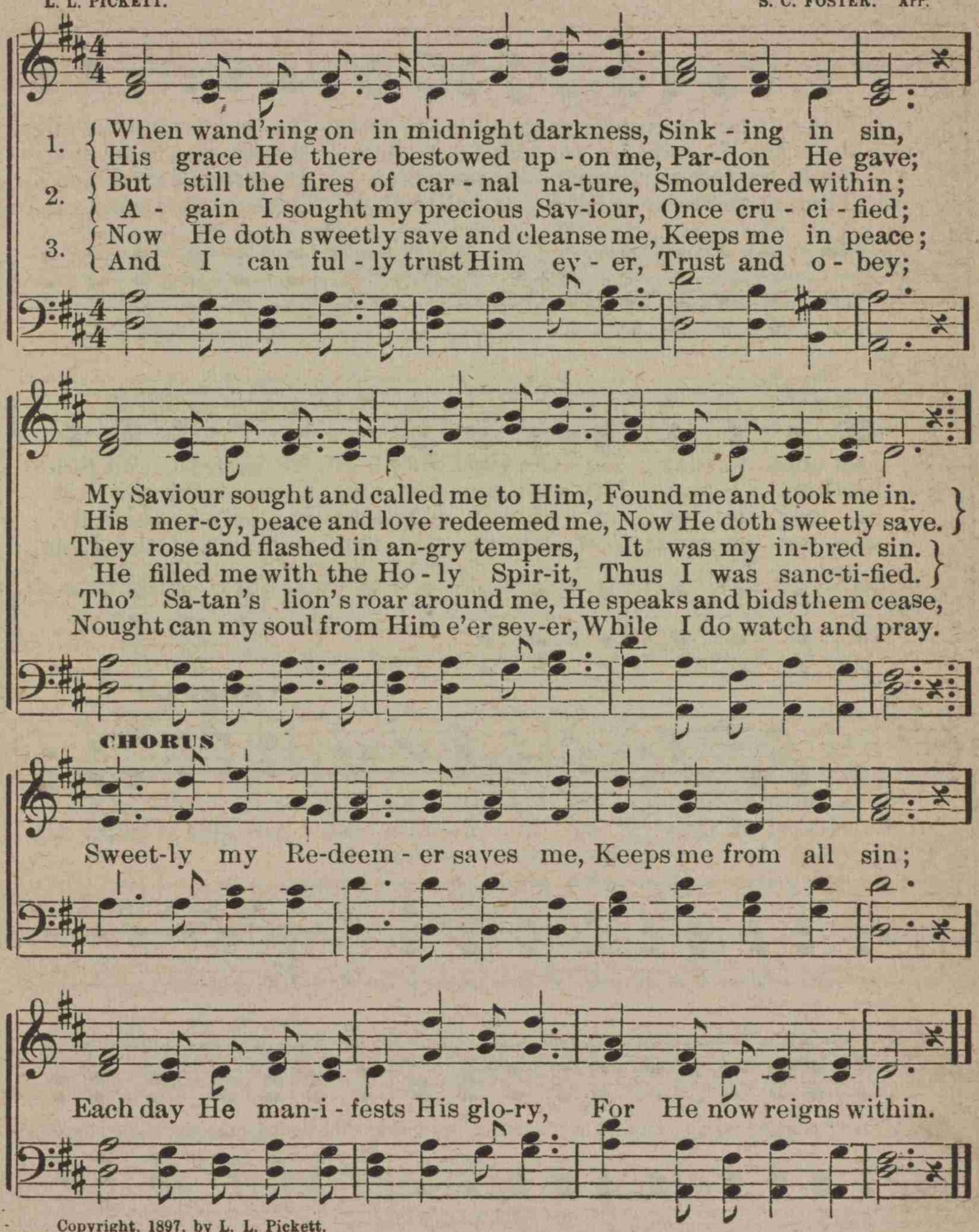


Copyright, 1897, by Mrs. R. L. Doherty.

No. 30. HE FOUND ME AND TOOK ME IN.

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

L. L. PICKETT. S. C. FOSTER. Arr.



Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 31. JESUS SAVES TO-DAY.

Tune "Glory to His Name." A♭.

1 I am so glad that my Saviour came,
And that His promise is ever the same;
Oh, glory be to His gracious name!
Jesus saves to-day!

REFRAIN.

Jesus saves to-day, Jesus saves to-day;
Oh, glory be to His gracious name!
Jesus saves to-day!

2 He shed His blood from sin to redeem
All who will come to the cleansing stream;
Salvation! Oh, what a joyful theme!
Jesus saves to-day!

3 Oh, sinners, come, ere it be too late!
Come, and be saved from your lost estate;
Come, Mercy pleads, tho' your sins are great,
Jesus saves to-day!

Rev. J. T. Loyall.

No. 32. OUT ON THE MOUNTAINS.

"For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke 19: 10.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Out on the mountains poor souls are astray, Je - sus is seeking these lost ones to - day; He the good Shepherd, so gen - tle and mild,
2. Je - sus is call-ing for helpers to-day, Rescue the lost ones, O brother, I pray, Join with our Sav-iour in seek-ing the lost,
3. Souls are fast perishing, time speeds away, If you would save them oh, do not de - lay; In - stant-ly, earn-est - ly aft - er them fly,
4. Then at the crowning time you shall behold, Treasure more precious than sil - ver or gold; Jew - els un - fad - ing in crown of the King,

CHORUS.

Seek - eth the wander - ers out in the wild.
Purchased on Calv'ry at in - fi - nite cost. An - gels in glory all
Speed - i - ly res-cue them ere they shall die.
Ev - 'ry true toil - er with gladness shall bring.

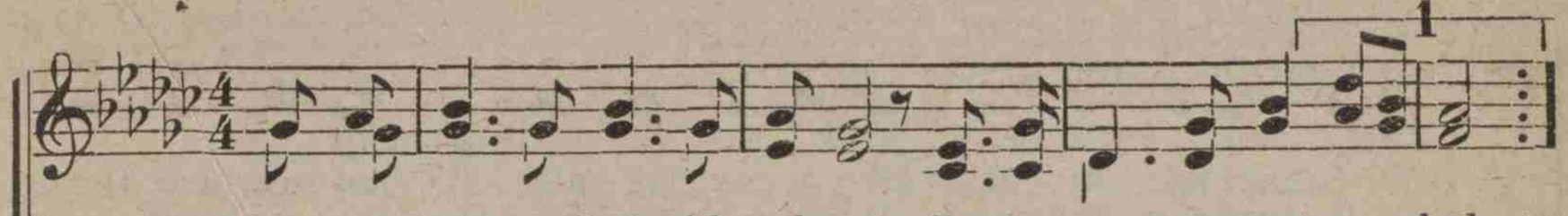
join the glad song, Publish with rapture throughout the vast throng, Singing and

shouting with loud swelling strain, Jesus, our Shepherd, forever shall reign.

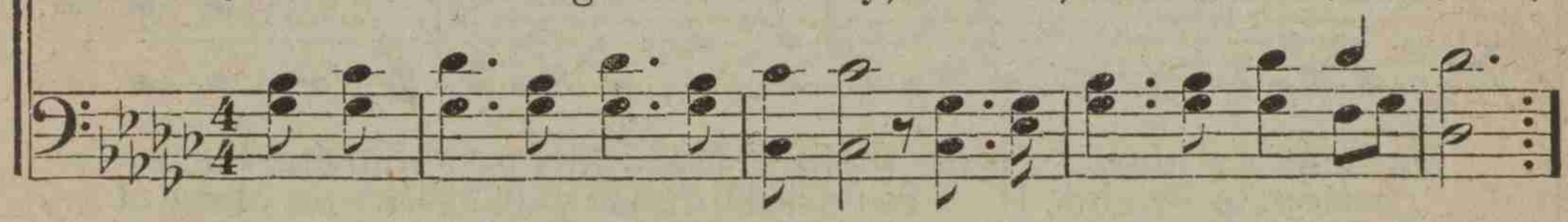
Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

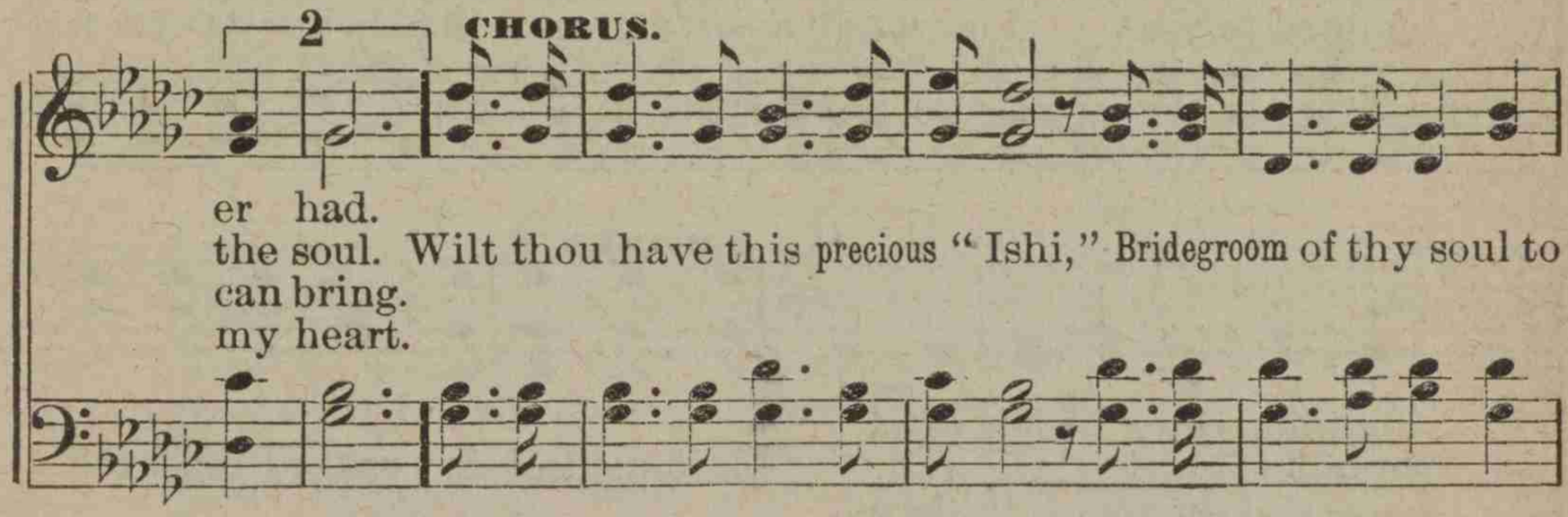
No. 33. ISHI.

EMMA HOPPER. Hosea 2: 14–23, L. L. PICKETT.

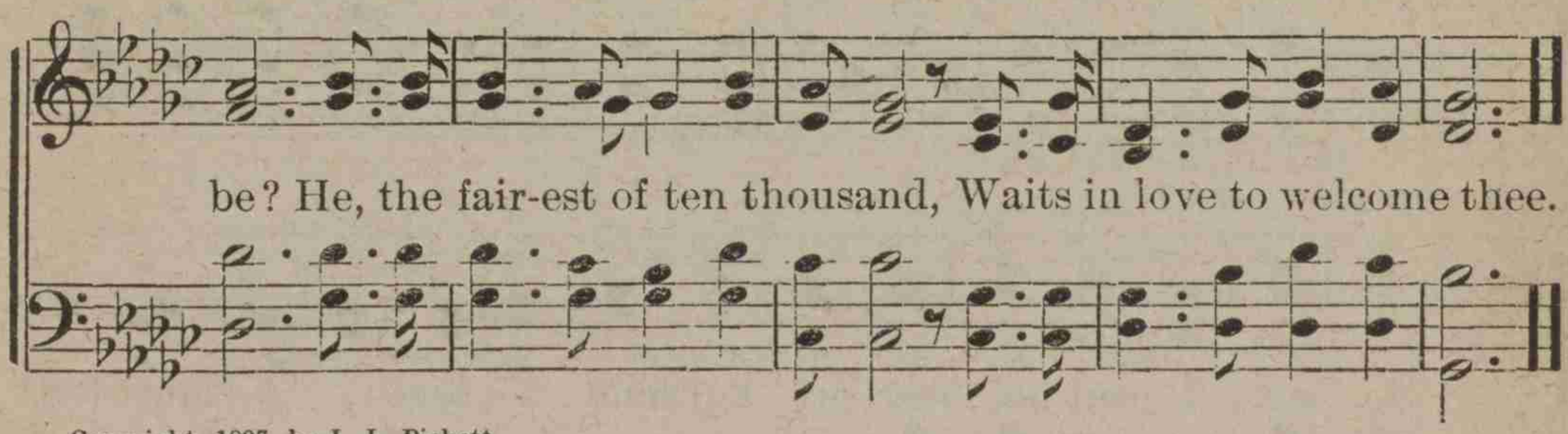


1. { Oh, my heart is full of laughter, I am ver - y, ver - y glad; / For I have a precious treasure, Such as princes nev- (*Omit.*) }
2. { I - shi, I - shi, is the Jew-el, Mine He is while a - ges roll; / An-gels taste not of such glo-ry, Ho - ly I - shi of (*Omit.*) }
3. { Many beauteous names Thou bearest, Brother, Shepherd, Friend and King, / But they none in-to my spir-it Such di-vine support (*Omit.*) }
4. { Oth-er joys are short and fleeting, Thou and I can never part; / Thou art al - to-geth-er love-ly, I - shi, I - shi of (*Omit.*) }





er had.
the soul. Wilt thou have this precious "Ishi," Bridegroom of thy soul to
can bring.
my heart.



be? He, the fair-est of ten thousand, Waits in love to welcome thee.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 34. IT IS FINISHED. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Tune: HARWELL. Key G.

1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
"It is finished:"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do those precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished:"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Jonathan Evans.

No. 35. I MUST TELL JESUS.

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

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear those burdens a - lone;
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troubles, He is a kind, com- passionate Friend;
3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Saviour, One who can help my burdens to bear;
4. Oh, how the world to e - vil al-lures me! Oh, how my heart is tempted to sin!

In my distress He kindly will help me; He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
If I but ask Him, He will de-liv - er, Make of my troubles quickly an end.
I must tell Je-sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my cares and sorrows will share.
I must tell Je-sus and He will help me O - ver the world the vic-t'ry to win.

CHORUS.

I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus, I can-not bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je-sus; Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone.

Rit.

Copyright, 1894, by The Hoffman Music Co. Used by per.

No. 36. HIMSELF.

"That in all things he might have the preeminence,"—Col. 1: 18.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON. CHAS. A. HUMPHREY.

1. Once 'twas painful try-ing, Now 'tis per-fect trust; Once a half sal-va-tion, Now the ut-ter-most; Once 'twas ceaseless holding, Now ... Now He holds me fast;
2. Once 'twas bus-y planning, Now 'tis trustful pray'r; Once 'twas anxious car-ing, Now He has the care; Once 'twas what I wanted, Now ... Now what Je-sus says;
3. Once it was my working, His it hence shall be; Once I tried to use Him, Now He us-es me; Once the pow'r I wanted, Now ... Now the Might-y One;
4. Once I hoped in Je-sus, Now I know He's mine; Once my lamps were dying, Now they brightly shine; Once for death I wait-ed, Now ... Now His com-ing hail;

Once 'twas constant drift-ing, Now my anchor's cast.
Once 'twas constant ask-ing, Now 'tis ceaseless praise.
Once for self I labored, Now for Him a-lone.
And my hopes are anchored Safe with-in the vail.

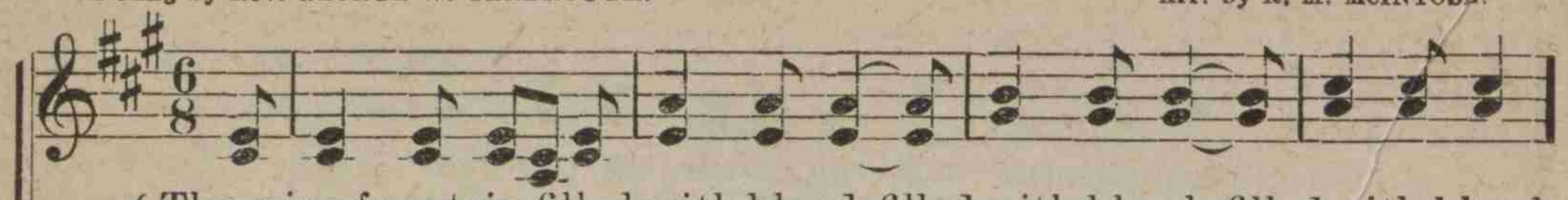
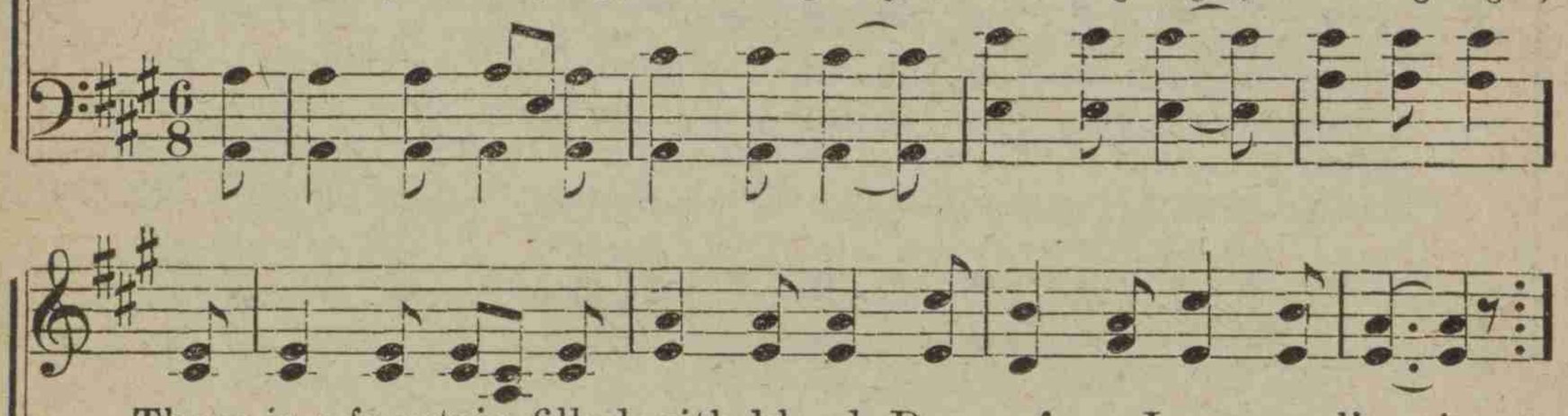
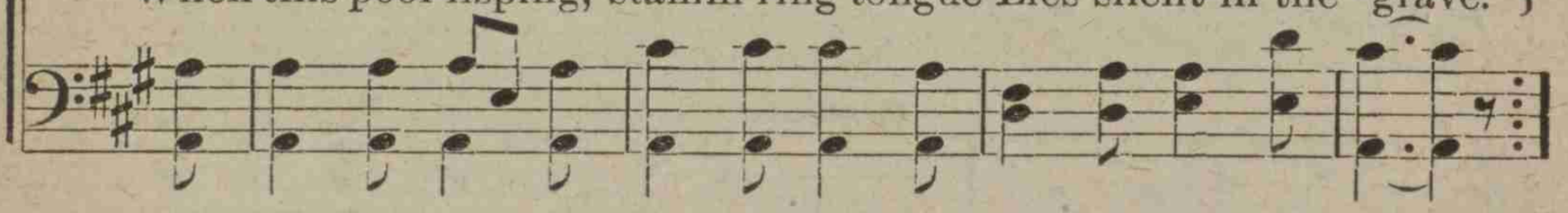
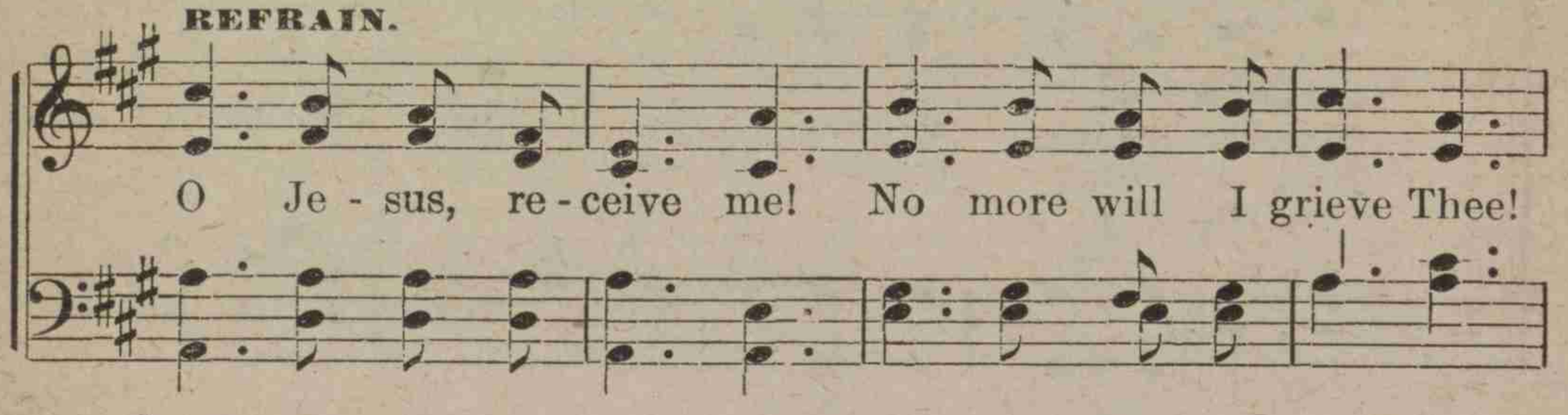
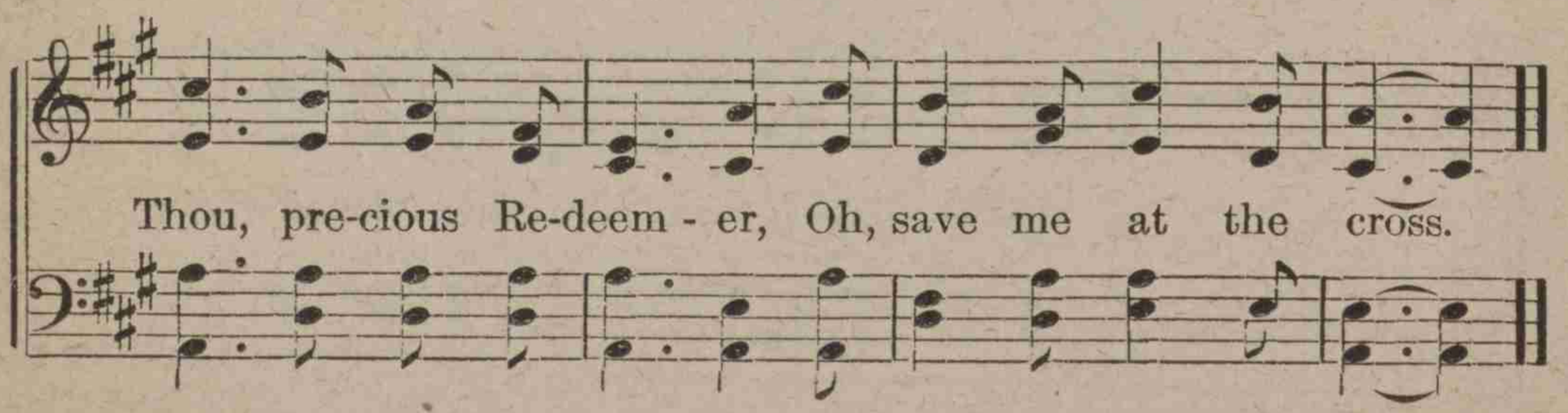
CHORUS.

Glo-ry be to Je-sus, Vic-t'ry o-ver sin; In His glorious ful-ness Christ is crowned within.

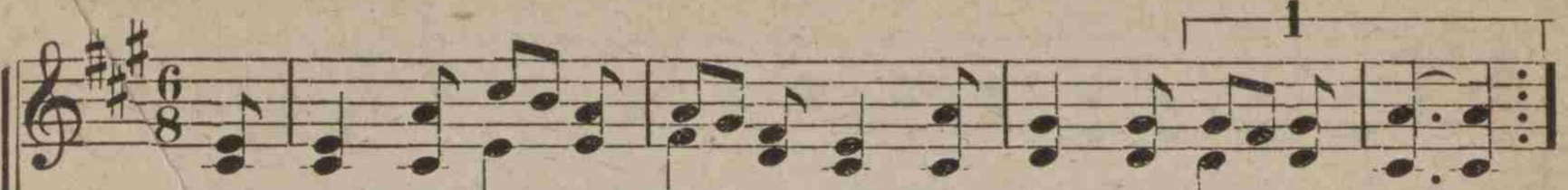
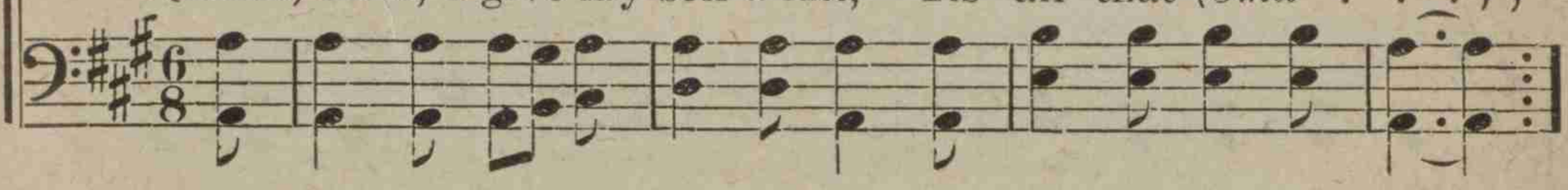
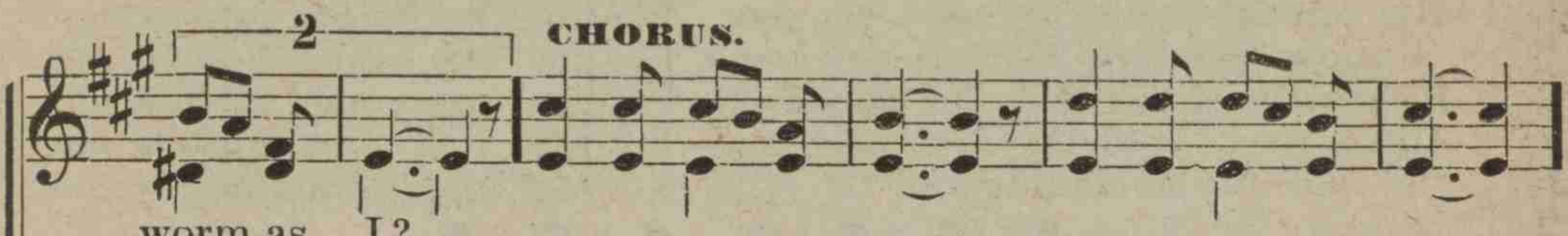
Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

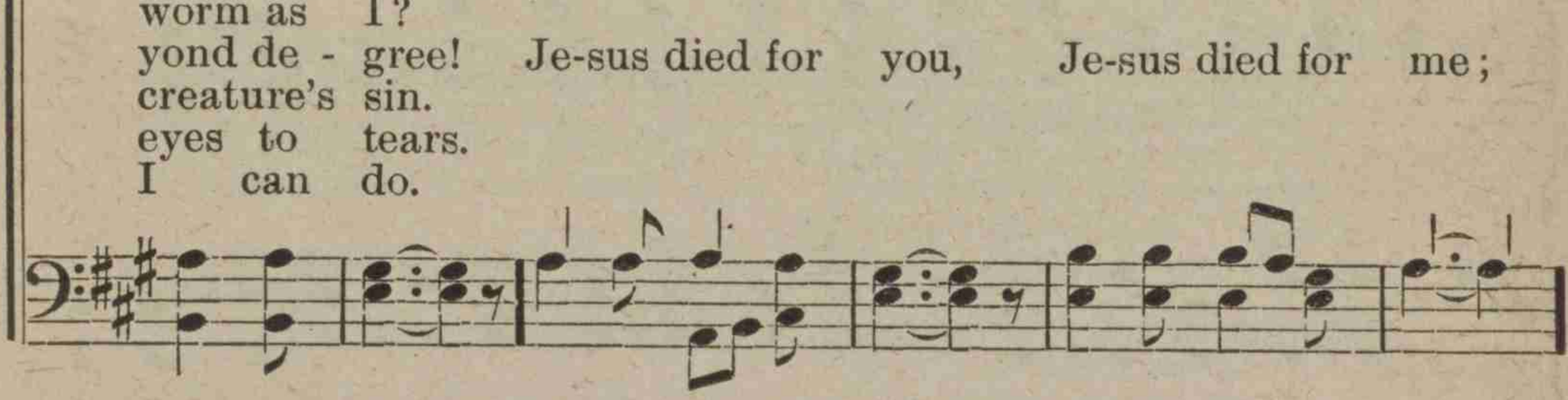
No. 37. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

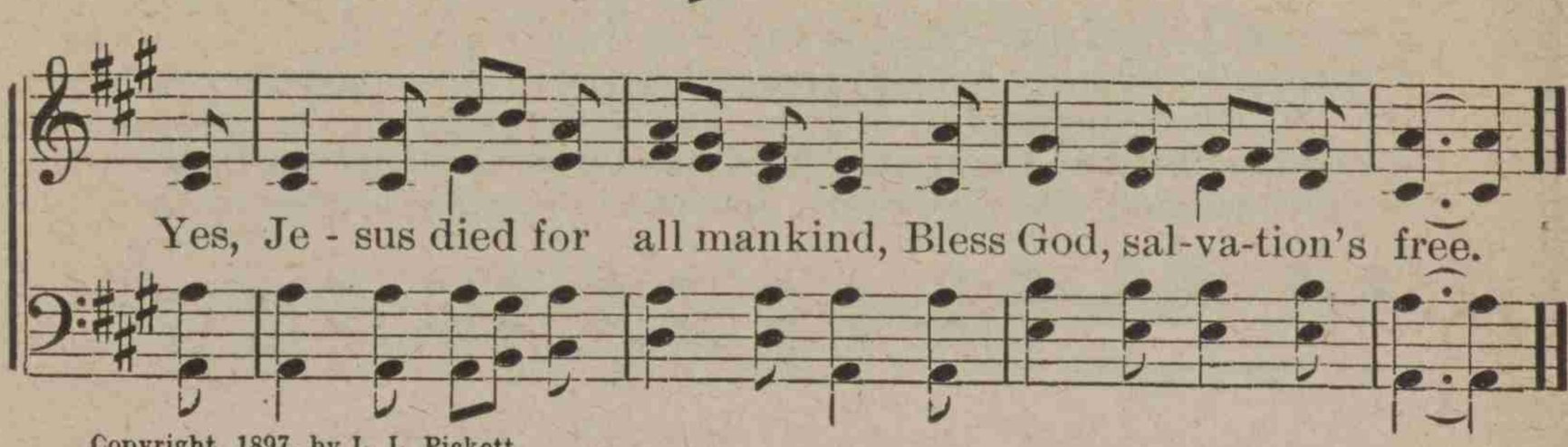
"In that day shall be a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness."—Zech. 13: 1.

As sung by Rev. GEORGE W. YARBROUGH. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,
   And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,
2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see,
   And there may I, tho' vile as he, vile as he, vile as he,
3. Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood, precious blood, precious blood,
   Till all the ransomed church of God, church of God, church of God,
4. E'er since by faith, I saw the stream, saw the stream, saw the stream,
   Redeeming love has been my theme, been my theme, been my theme.
5. Then, in a nobler, sweeter song, sweet-er song, sweeter song,
   When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue, stamm'ring tongue, stamm'ring tongue,

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Dear dy-ing Lamb, thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved to sin no more.
E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply,
Re-deeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing thy pow'r to save.
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies silent in the grave.

REFRAIN.

O Je - sus, re - ceive me! No more will I grieve Thee!

Thou, pre-cious Re-deem - er, Oh, save me at the cross.

No. 38. JESUS DIED FOR ME.

ISAAC WATTS. "We have redemption through his blood."—Eph. 1: 7. Arr. for this Work.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
   Would He devote that sacred head For such a (*Omit . . .*)
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
   A - maz - ing pity! grace unknown! And love be (*Omit . . .*)
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in,
   When Christ, the mighty Maker, died, For man the (*Omit . .*)
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross appears;
   Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine (*Omit . .*)
5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe:
   Here, Lord, I give my-self to Thee,—'Tis all that (*Omit . . .*)

worm as I?
yond de - gree! Je-sus died for you, Je-sus died for me;
creature's sin.
eyes to tears.
I can do.



Yes, Je - sus died for all mankind, Bless God, sal-va-tion's free.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 39. WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS.

Tune: EUCHARIST. L. M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
  On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
  And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
  Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
  I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
  Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
  Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
  That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
  Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts.

No. 40. FOLLOW ME.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily, and follow me."—Luke 9: 23.

Rev. G. D. WATSON. Arranged.

1. I hear my dy - ing Saviour say, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me;
2. I know thy life of guilt and pain, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me;
3. Tho' thou hast sinned, I'll pardon thee, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me;
4. Come cast up-on me all thy cares, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me;
5. Dear Lord, I yield to all Thy will, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me;

His voice is call-ing all the day, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me.
I know each ache of heart and brain, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me.
From in-bred sin I'll set thee free, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me.
Thy heav-y load my arm up-bears, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me.
Oh! bid my struggling soul be still, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me.

For thee I tread the bit - ter way, For thee I give my life a-way,
For thee I left my heav'nly train, For thee I o-pened ev -'ry vein,
In all thy changing life I'll be Thy God, and guide o'er land and sea,
Lean on my breast, dismiss thy fears, And trust me thro' the future years,
Come cleanse, and with Thy Spirit fill, And keep me safe from ev-'ry ill,

And drink the gall thy debt to pay, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me.
And now I plead yet once a - gain, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me.
Thy bliss thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me.
My hand shall wipe a - way thy tears, Fol-low me, come, fol-low me.
And all Thy word in me fulfill, I'll follow Thee, yes, fol-low Thee.

41. WHAT A FRIEND.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O, what peace we often forfeit,
O, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden.
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He 'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

42. DEAR JESUS.

By Per.

1 Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want Thee forever to live in my soul:
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Chorus.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain:
Apply Thine own blood, and remove every stain.
To have this blest cleansing, I all things forego;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Dear Jesus, come down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 The blessing, by faith, I receive from above:
O glory! my soul is made perfect in love.
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know
The blood is applied: I am whiter than snow.

43. THE NEW SONG.

By Martha A. Eaton.

Tune: "Jesus, Lover of my Soul."

"He hath put a new song in my mouth." Psalm xl: 3.

"The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him, and the Lord shall cover him all the day long, and he shall dwell between his shoulders." Deut. xxxiii: 12.

1 "Jesus, lover of my soul,"
Bids me in His bosom stay;
And though billows round me roll,
I am safely hid away,
For He holds me in His arms,
Quite beyond the tempest's reach;
And He whispers to my heart
Words unknown to human speech.

2 "Other refuge have I none,"
He my habitation is,
Here no evil can befall,
I am kept in perfect peace,
I am covered all day long
With the shadow of His wing,
Dwell in safety through the night,
Waking, this is what I sing,—

3 "Thou, O Christ, art all I want,"
Rests my helpless soul in Thee;
Thou wilt never leave alone
Nor forget to comfort me.
Thou hast saved my soul from death,
Thou hast scattered doubts and fears,
And the sunshine of Thy face
Sweetly drieth all my tears.

4 "Thou of Life the fountain art,"
Thou dost wash me white as snow;
I 'm content to dwell apart
From all else Thy love to know.
Blessed Sun of Righteousness,
I so love to look on Thee
That my eyes are growing blind
To the things once dear to me.

44. ANTIOCH: C. M.

Rev. I. Watts, 1719.

Key E Flat.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

No. 45. HE BLEEDS FOR ME.

"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."—Rev. 1: 5.

FABER, Revised. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Blood is the price, . . . the price of heav'n;
2. Un - der the boughs, . . the ol - ive boughs,
3. Be-neath the crown, . . the thorn-y crown.
4. On Cal - va - ry . . . . His bit - ter shame,
5. He hangs up - on . . . . the cru - el tree,
6. Ah me! His soul . . . from earth has fled,

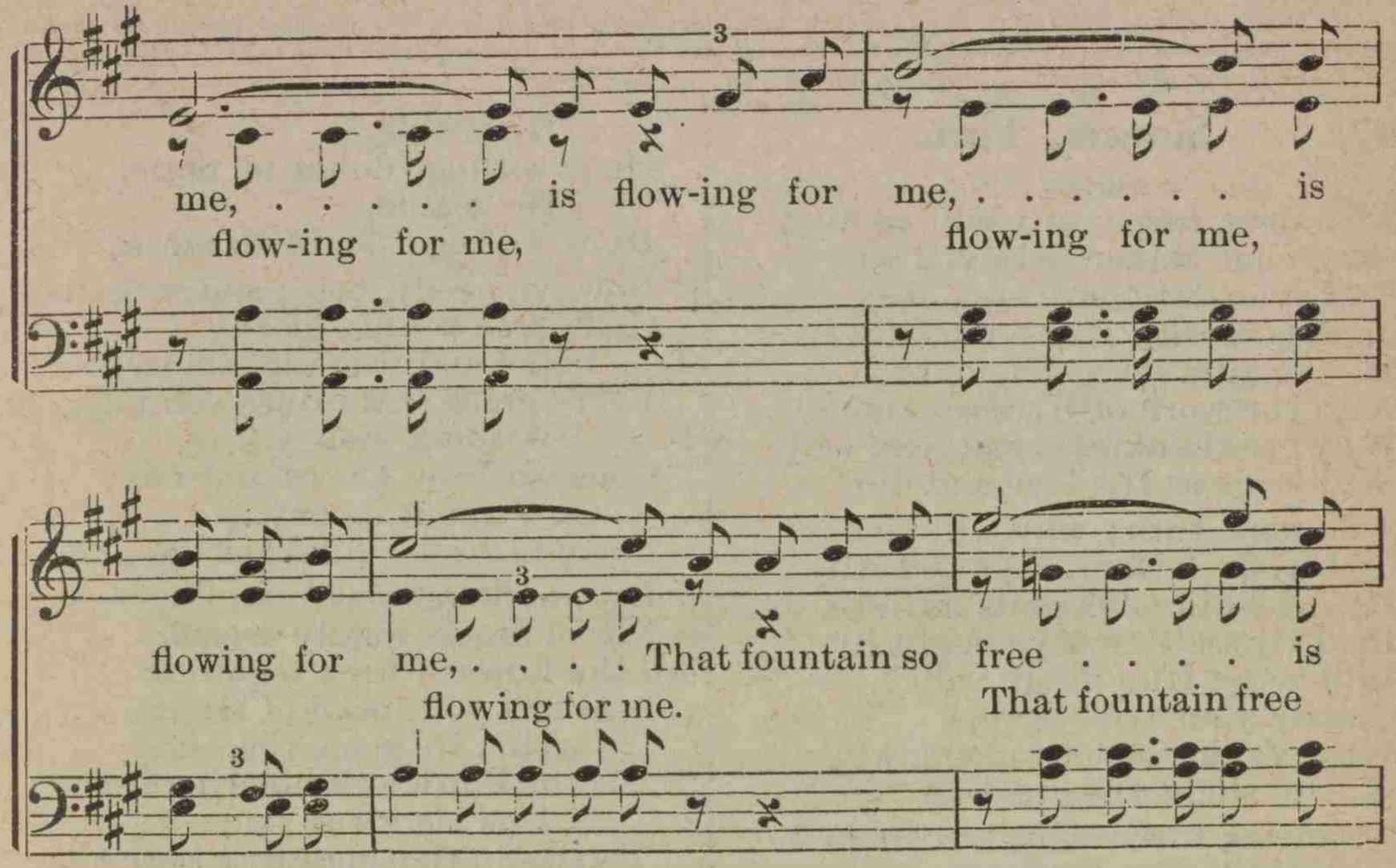
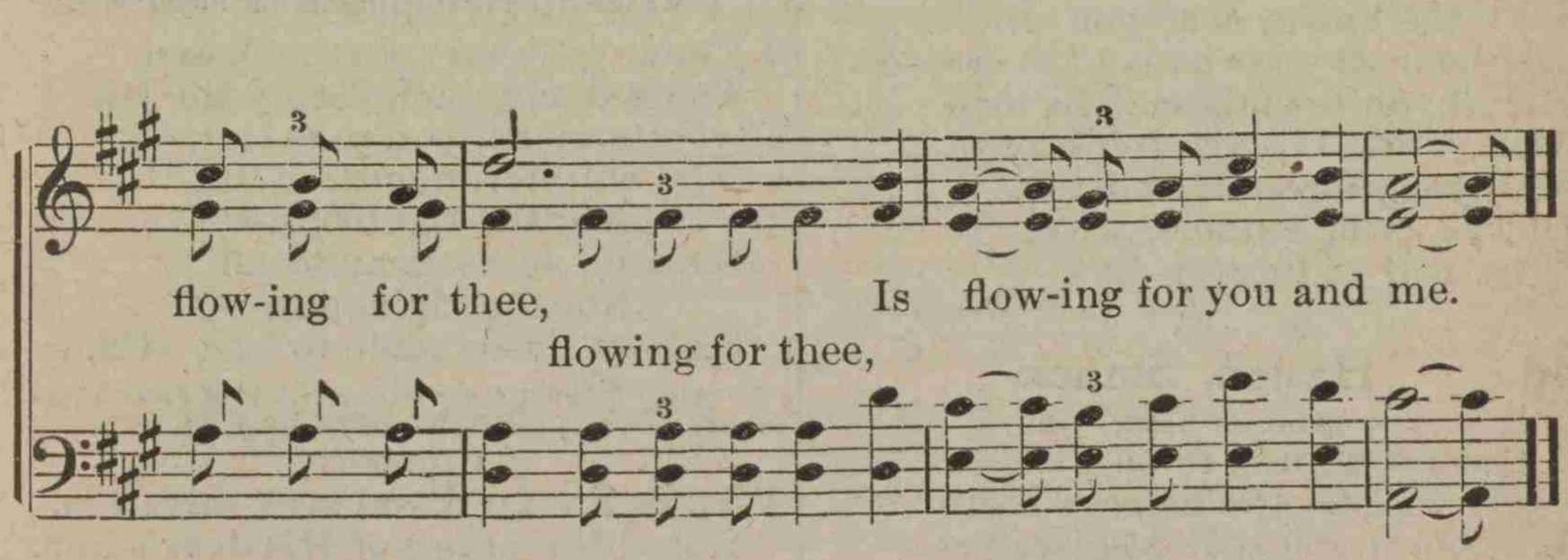
All sin . . . . that price ex - ceeds; . . . Oh, come, oh,
Fall - ing . . . . like ru - by beads, . . . For us the
The crim - - son fountain speeds; . . See how, for
With blood . . . still in - ter - ceds; . . . His o - pen
Hangs there . . . for my mis - deeds; . . . He sheds His
Yet still . . . . for my great needs . . . He bleeds for

come . . . to be for - giv'n, He bleeds, my
blood . . drops from His brows, He bleeds, my
us, ... it trick-les down, He bleeds, my
wounds . . . His love pro - claims, He bleeds, my
blood, . . . His blood for me; He bleeds, my
us . . . . when He is dead, He bleeds, my

CHORUS

Sav-iour bleeds. That fountain so free . . . . . is flowing for
That fountain free

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

HE BLEEDS FOR ME. Concluded.

7 His precious blood is flowing still,
My thirsty soul it feeds,
He lets me drink of it my fill,
He bleeds, my Saviour bleeds!

8 Oh, precious blood, my Saviour's blood!
What love, what love it breeds,
Ransom, reward, and daily food,
He bleeds, my Saviour bleeds!

No. 46. COME, YE SAINTS. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 Come, ye saints, look here and wonder;
See the place where Jesus lay:
He has burst His bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord has risen to-day.

2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
By His death He overcame:
Thus the Lord His glory raises,
Thus He fills His foes with shame:
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon, in yonder blessed regions,
They shall join His praise to sing:
Songs eternal
Shall thro' heaven's high arches ring.

Thomas Kelly.

Warning and Inviting.

"When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand."—Ezekiel 33: 8.
"And let him that heareth say come."—Rev. 22: 17.

47. Sinners, Turn.

MARTYN. 7 D

1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of His own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love and die?

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love.
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Oh, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

Rev. C. Wesley, 1745.

48. Hasten, Sinner.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

Thomas Scott.

49. Come, Ye Sinners.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
‖:He is able,:‖
He is willing: doubt no more;
‖:He is able,:‖
He is willing: doubt no more;

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings you nigh,—
‖:Without money,‖:
Come to Jesus Christ and buy;
‖:Without money,:‖
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.–Cho.

3 Let not Satan make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness Christ requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
‖:This He gives you,—:‖
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam;
‖:This He gives you,—:‖
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.–Cho.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
‖:Not the righteous,—:‖
Sinners, Jesus came to call;
‖:Not the righteous,—:‖
Sinners, Jesus came to call.—Cho.

Or may be sung, omitting the last four lines of each verse, with the following Chorus.

Chorus.

Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of His dear name,
Glory, honor and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

Rev. Jos. Hart, 1759.

50. Oh, Happy Day.

KEY G.

1 Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Chorus.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day,
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

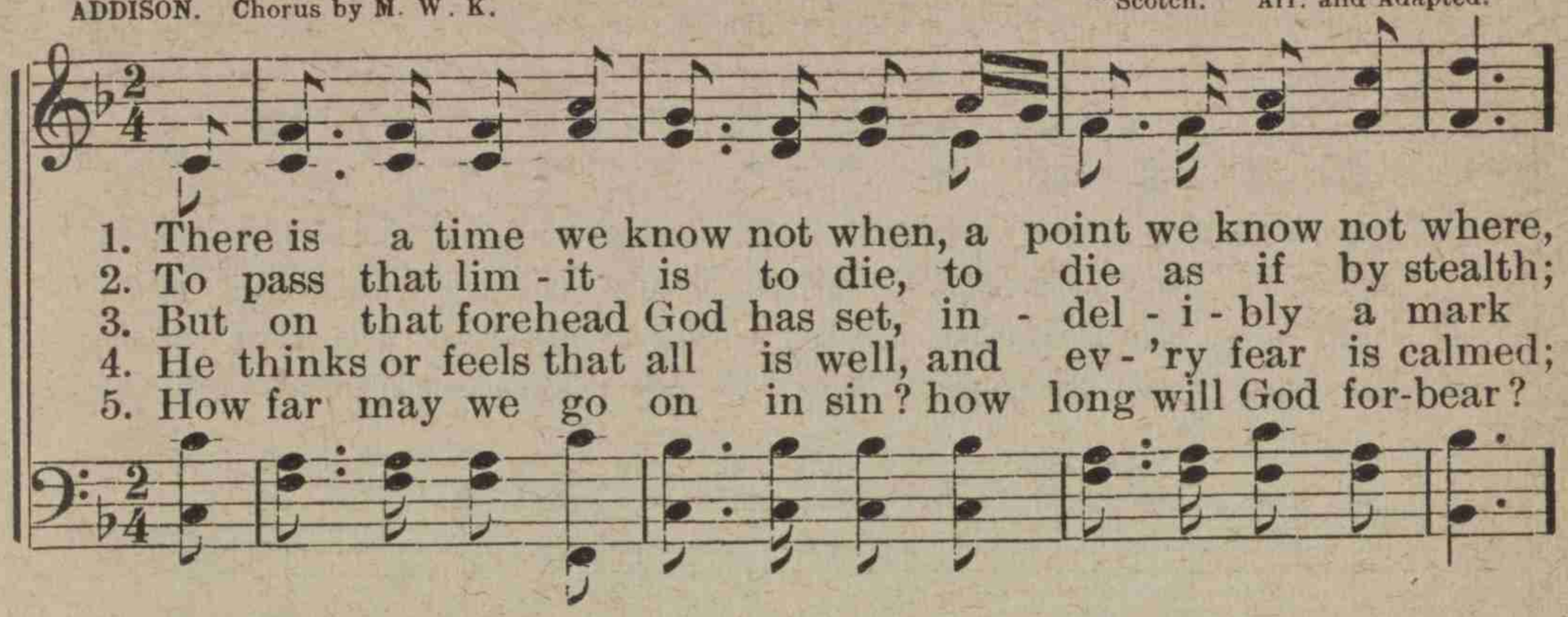
2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.–Cho.

Philip Doddridge, D. D., 1755.

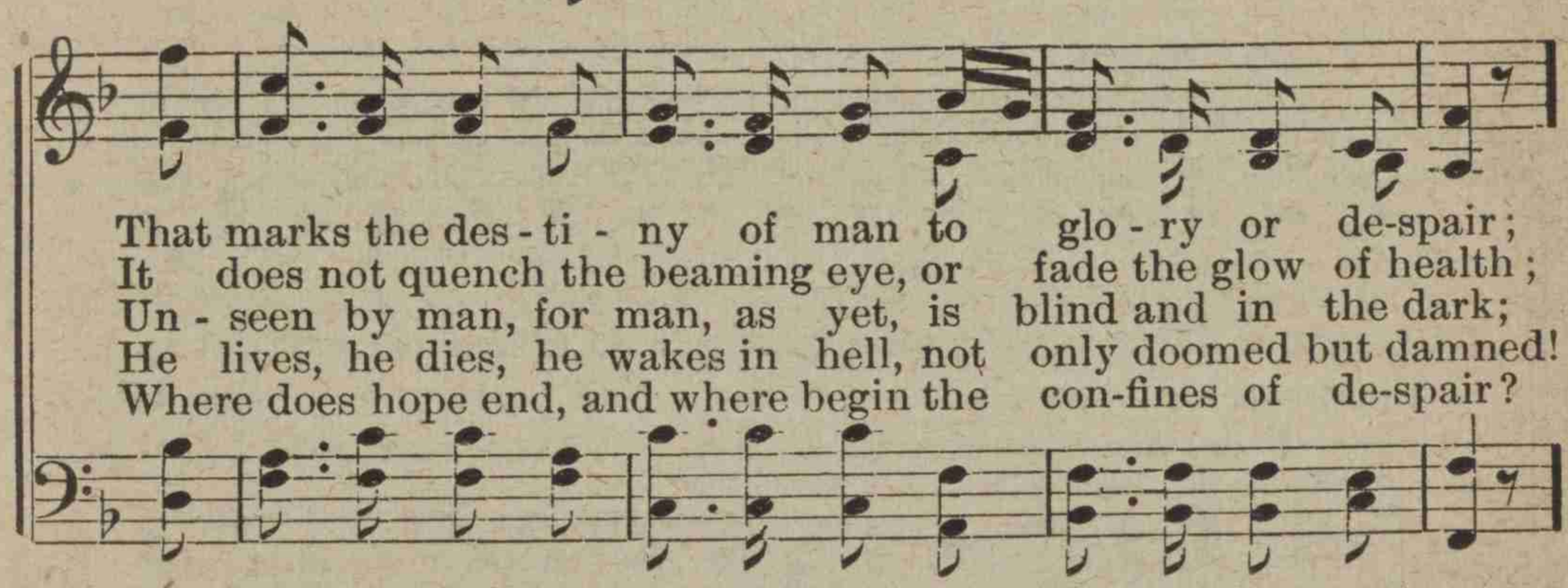
No. 51. THE DEATH LINE.

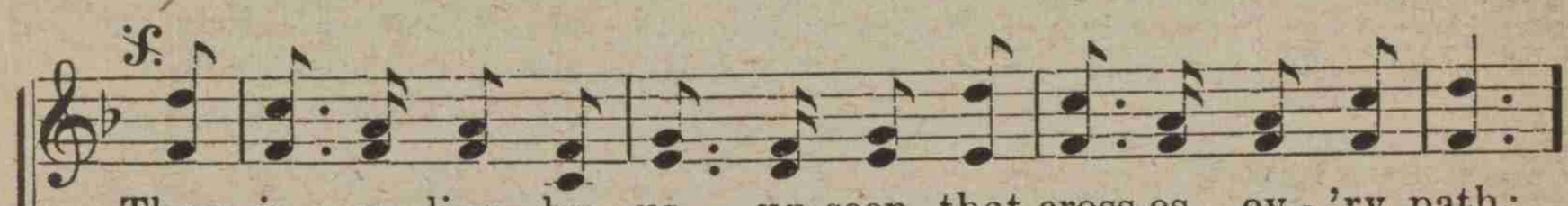
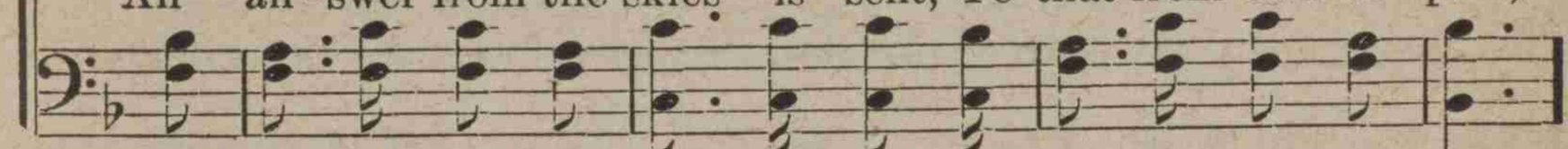
"My Spirit shall not always strive with man."— Gen. 6. 3. "Quench not the Spirit."—1 Thess. 5: 19.

ADDISON. Chorus by M. W. K. "Scotch." Arr. and Adapted.

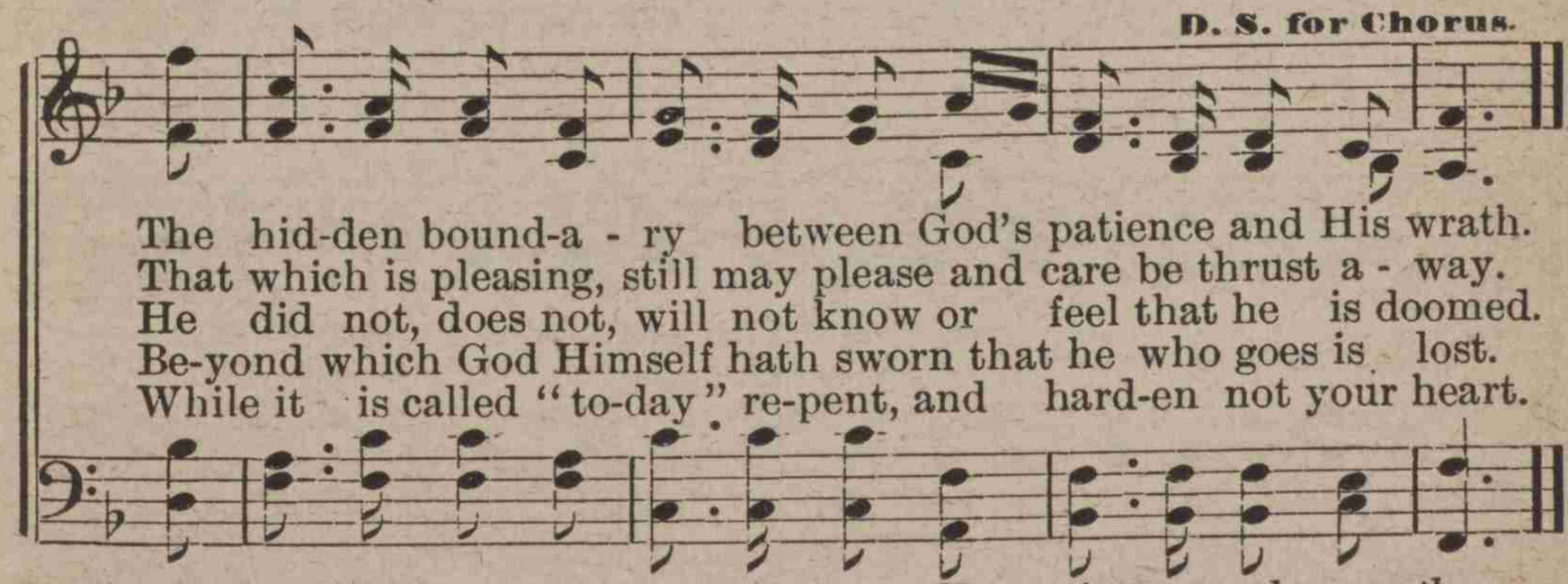


1. There is a time we know not when, a point we know not where,
2. To pass that lim - it is to die, to die as if by stealth;
3. But on that forehead God has set, in - del - i - bly a mark
4. He thinks or feels that all is well, and ev - 'ry fear is calmed;
5. How far may we go on in sin? how long will God for-bear?



That marks the des - ti - ny of man to glo - ry or de-spair;
It does not quench the beaming eye, or fade the glow of health;
Un - seen by man, for man, as yet, is blind and in the dark;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell, not only doomed but damned!
Where does hope end, and where begin the con-fines of de-spair?

There is a line, by us un-seen, that cross-es ev - 'ry path:
The conscience may be still at ease, the spir - it light and gay,
And yet the doomed man's path below like Eden may have bloomed,
Oh, where is this mys - ter-ious bourn by which our path is crossed,
An an - swer from the skies is sent, Ye that from God de - part,

D. S. *Oh, come to - day, do not de - lay, Too late it soon will be;*

D. S. for Chorus.



The hid-den bound-a - ry between God's patience and His wrath.
That which is pleasing, still may please and care be thrust a - way.
He did not, does not, will not know or feel that he is doomed.
Be-yond which God Himself hath sworn that he who goes is lost.
While it is called "to-day" re-pent, and hard-en not your heart.

To Je - sus fly, for mer - cy cry, He waits to wel-come thee.

No. 52. NEARER MY HOME.

While a sweet Christian girl, a minister's daughter, was at the organ with this song before her, she was accidentally shot by her brother. "BE YE ALSO READY."

PHŒBE CAREY. Alt. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. One sweet-ly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;
2. Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where ma-ny mansions be;
3. Near-er the bound of life, Where bur-dens are laid down;
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the brink;

I'm near-er my home to-day, to-day, Than ever I've been be-fore.
I'm nearer the great white throne to-day, And nearer the crys-tal sea.
I'm nearer to leave the cross to-day, And nearer am to the crown.
For I am near-er home to-day, Per-haps, than now I think.

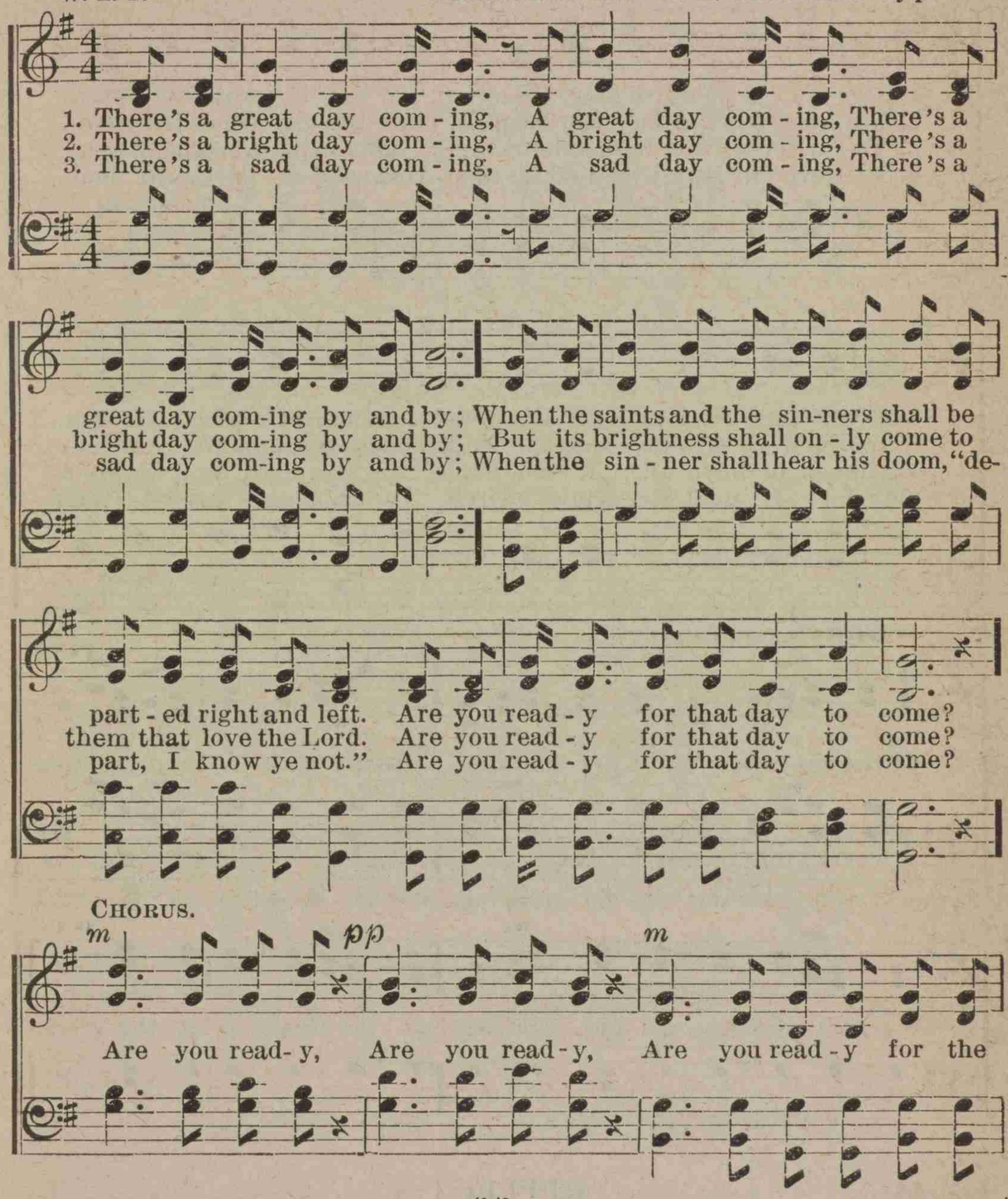
CHORUS.

Near - er my home, . . . Near - er my home, . . .
Nearer my home, my beautiful home, Nearer my home, my beautiful home,

I'm nearer my home to - day, to-day, Than ev-er I've been be - fore.

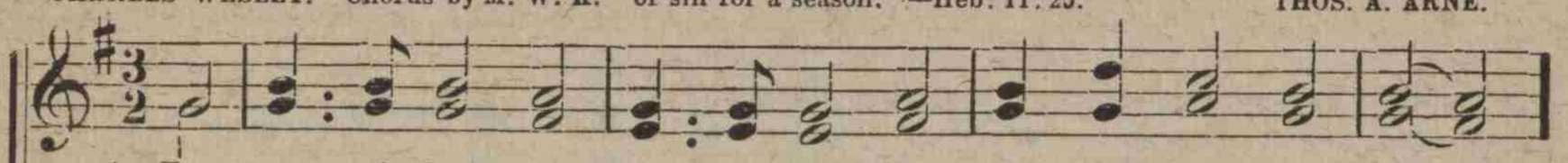
Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

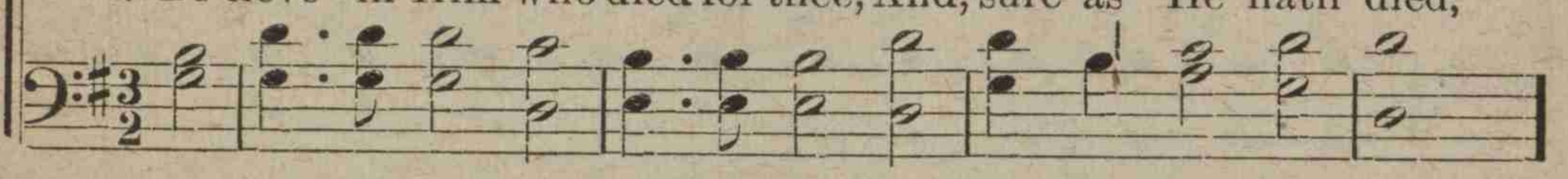
No. 53. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

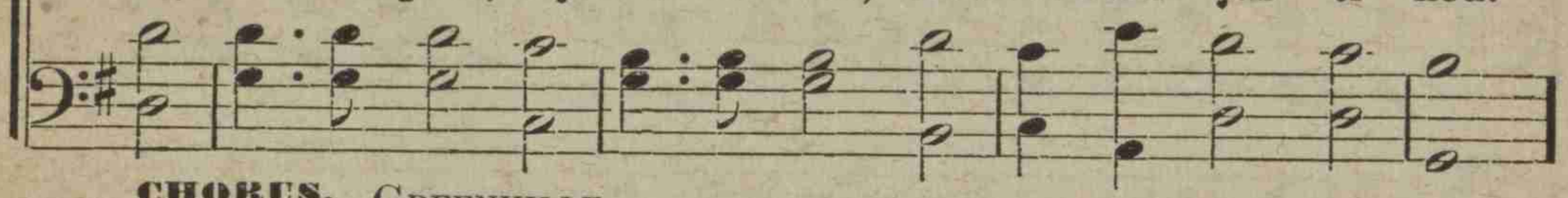
"Therefore, be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."
W. L. T. Matthew xxiv: 14. W. L. THOMPSON. By per.

By per. W. L. Thompson & Co.. East Liverpool, O., and Chicago.

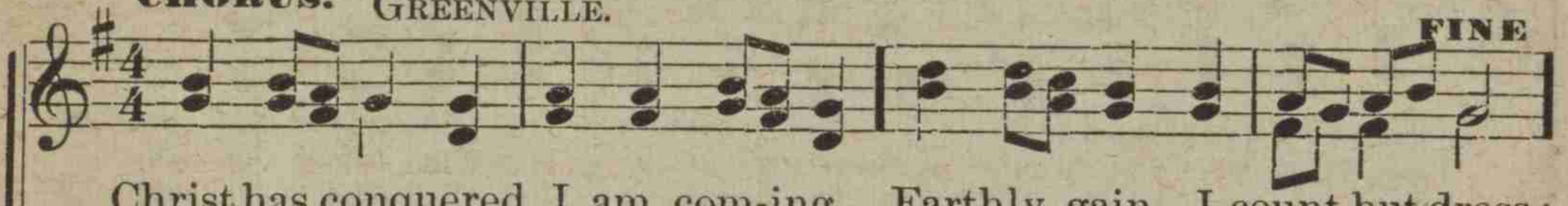
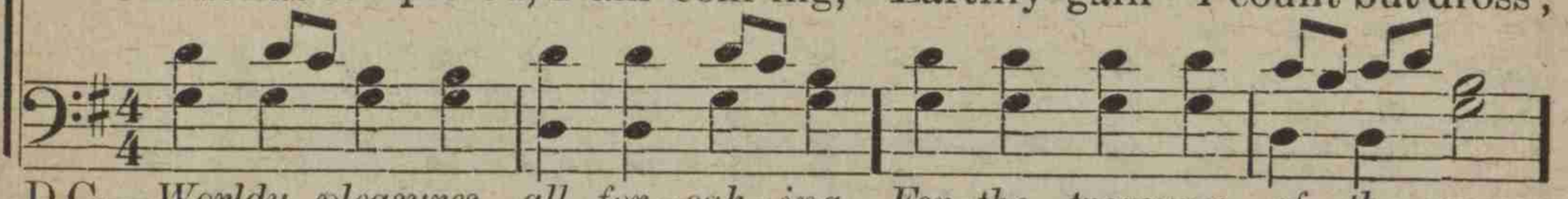
No. 54. CHRIST HAS CONQUERED.

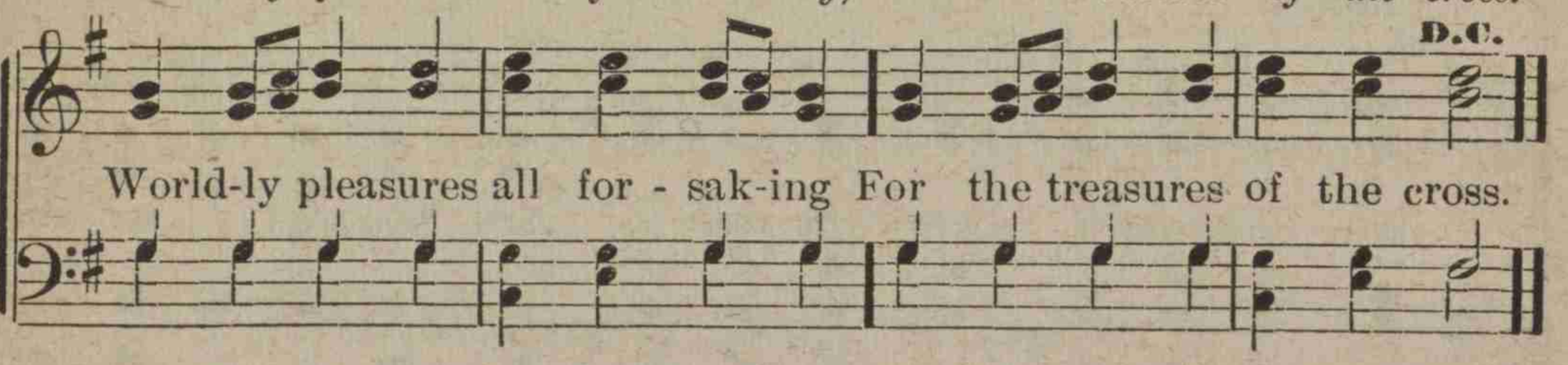
"Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures
CHARLES WESLEY. Chorus by M. W. K. of sin for a season."—Heb. 11:25. THOS. A. ARNE.



1. Lov-ers of pleasure more than God, For you He suffered pain;
2. Sin-ners, His life for you He paid, Your bas-est crimes He bore;
3. To earth the great Re-deem-er came, That you might come to heav'n;
4. Be-lieve in Him who died for thee, And, sure as He hath died,

For you the Saviour spilt His blood: And shall He plead in vain?
Your sins were all on Je - sus laid, That you might sin no more.
Be-lieve, be-lieve in Je - sus' name, And you shall be for-giv'n.
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free, And thou art jus - ti - fied.



CHORUS. GREENVILLE.

Christ has conquered, I am com-ing, Earthly gain I count but dross;

D.C.—*Worldy pleasures all for - sak - ing, For the treasures of the cross.*



World-ly pleasures all for - sak-ing For the treasures of the cross.

No. 55. REFLECT.

May be sung with above Tune and Chorus.

1 Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear
Repent, thine end is nigh;
Death at the farthest can't be far,
Oh, think before thou die.

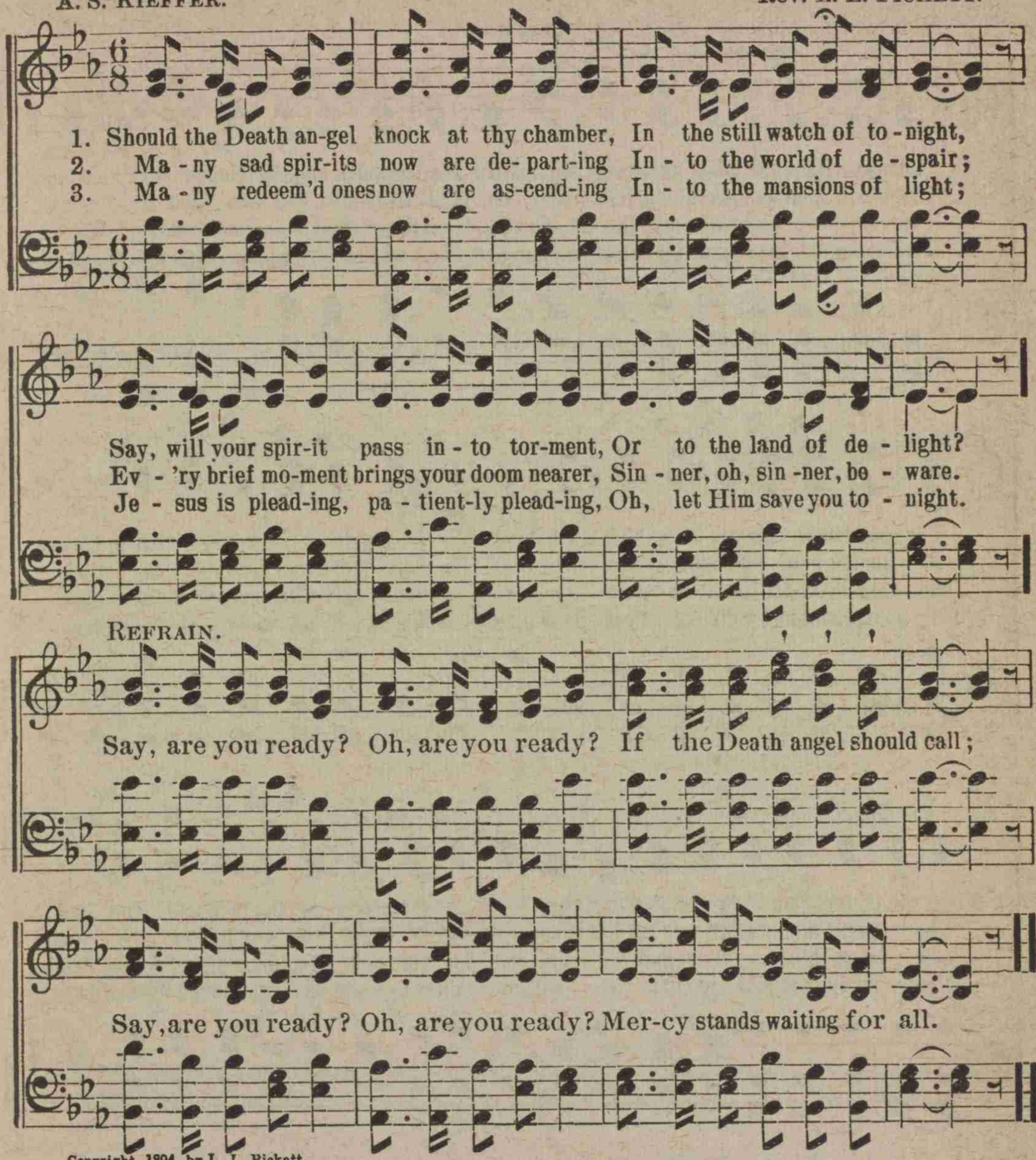
2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save:
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters and there's no defense;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh, perhaps the greatest care,
Shall into dust consume;
But ah, destruction stops not there,
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

Joseph Hart.

No. 56. SAY, ARE YOU READY?

A. S. KIEFFER. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 57. GRACE! 'TIS A CHARMING SOUND.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1 Grace! 't is a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Cho. — I 'm glad salvation 's free,
I 'm glad salvation 's free,
Salvation 's free for you and me,
I 'm glad salvation 's free.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man:
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

No. 58. THE GREAT JUDGMENT MORNING.

War Cry. L. L. PICKETT.

Slow and solemn. Effective as a solo.

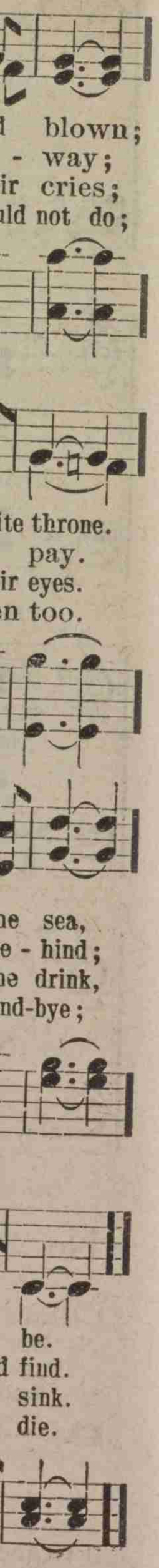
1. I dreamed that the great Judgment Morning Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
2. The rich man was there, but his mon - ey Had melt-ed and van-ished a - way;
3. The wid-ow was there and the or-phans, God heard and re-membered their cries;
4. The mor-al man came to the judgment, But his self-righteous rags would not do;

I dreamed that the na-tions had gath-ered To judgment before the white throne.
A pauper he stood in the judgment, His debts were too heav-y to pay.
No sor-row in heaven for - ev - er, God wiped all the tears from their eyes.
The men who had cru -ci - fied Je - sus Had passed off as mor - al men too.

From the throne came a bright shin-ing an - gel And stood on the land and the sea,
The great man was there, but his greatness When death came was left far be - hind;
The gam- bler was there and the drunk-ard, And the man who had sold them the drink,
The souls that had put off sal - va-tion—"Not to night; I 'll get saved by-and-bye;

And swore with his hand raised to heav-en, That time was no long - er to be.
The an - gel that o - pened the rec-ords, Not a trace of his great-ness could find.
With the peo-ple who gave him the li-cense—Togeth-er in hell they did sink.
No time now to think of re - lig - ion!" At last they had found time to die.

Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.



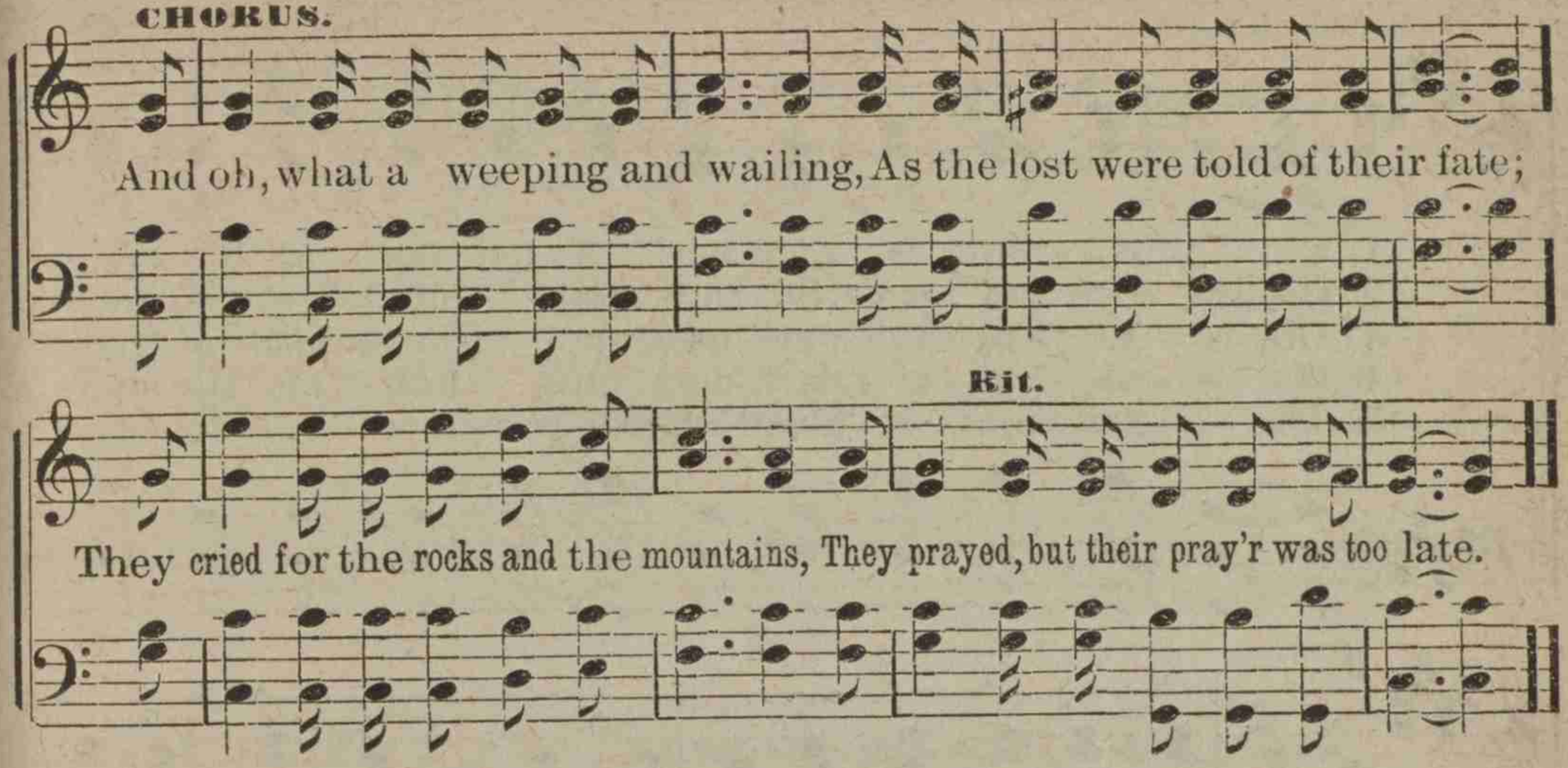
d blown;
- way;
ir cries;
uld not do;

ite throne.
pay.
ir eyes.
n too.

ne sea,
e - hind;
ne drink,
nd-bye;

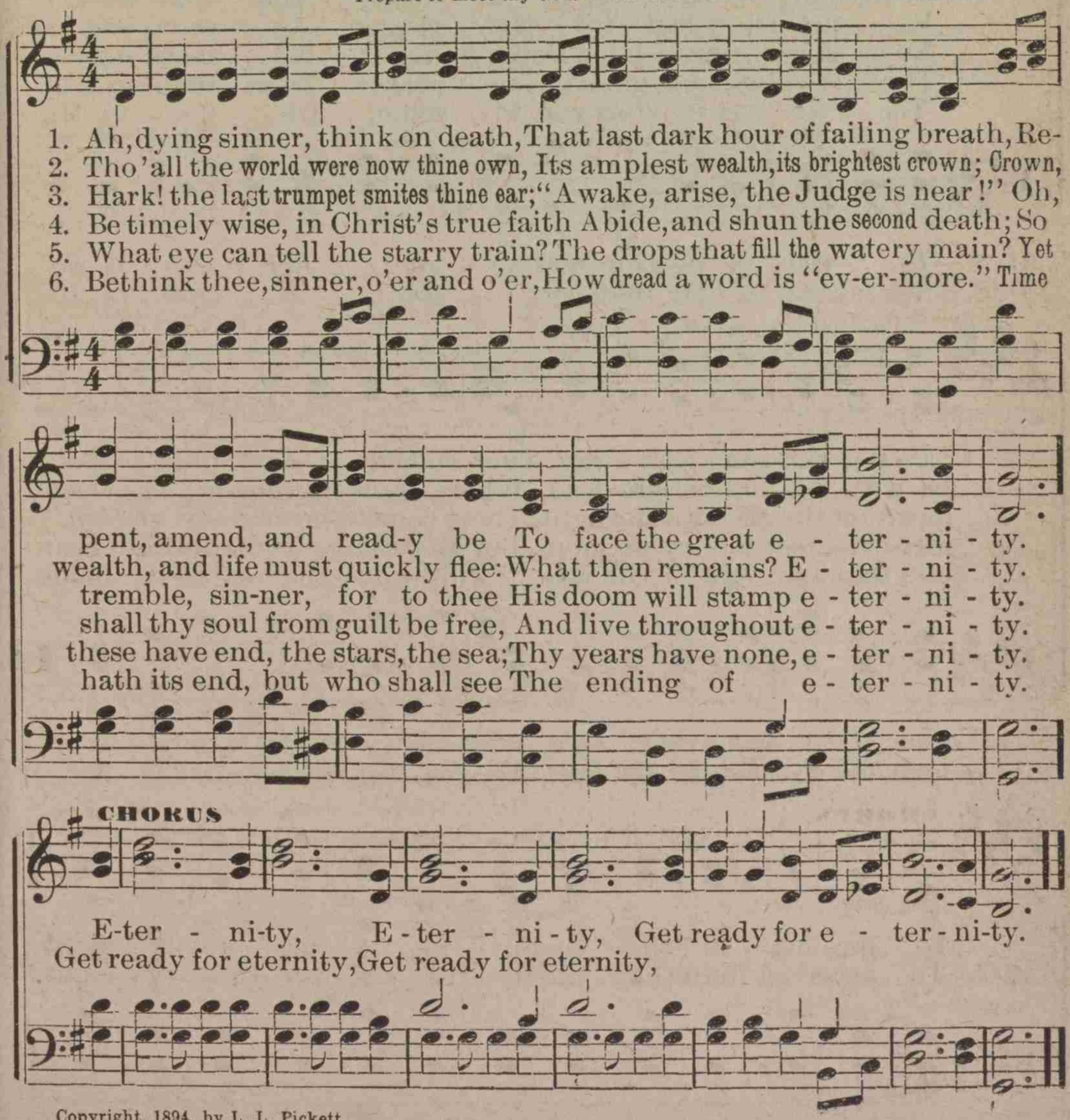
be.
d find.
sink.
die.

THE GREAT JUDGMENT MORNING. Concluded.



No. 59. ETERNITY.

"Prepare to meet thy God."—Amos 4: 12. L. L. PICKETT.



Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 60. ETERNITY'S NIGHT.

"Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness."—Matt. 25: 30.

A. F. FERRIS. Revised. ELLA B. BUTE. Arr.

1. O sin - ner, re - member, though fair be life's day,
2. On the edge of per - di - tion now blind - ly you tread,
3. Oh, e - ter - ni - ty's dark-ness! its gloom doth af-fright,
4. Oh, e - ter - ni - ty's dark-ness now falls on the shore,
5. The Sav - iour is plead-ing; there's mer - cy to - day,

There's on - ly one step to the tomb; Thy life like a
Its fire's how fear - ful they gleam; Ah, soon you will
No star beams of hope from on high; No morn-ing shall
The twi-light be-gins to ap - pear; Soon there will be
'Tis Je - sus in-vites you to come; Oh, flee to His

D. S.—*To sink in de-spair and in woe! But such is thy*
D. S.—*And to walk 'mid the splen-dors a - bove! To dwell in His*

va - por will soon pass away, Then cometh e - ter - ni-ty's gloom.
be with the numberless dead, Where Jesus can nev-er re - deem.
dawn on the gloom with its light, There cometh no sweet by and by.
mer-cy, sweet mer-cy no more, But darkness and death draweth near.
bo - som and walk in His way, 'Twill lead to the heaven-ly home.

doom, if thou turn from the light, God's mer-cy re - fus - ing to know.
grace and a - bide in His light, En - joy - ing His mer - cy and love.

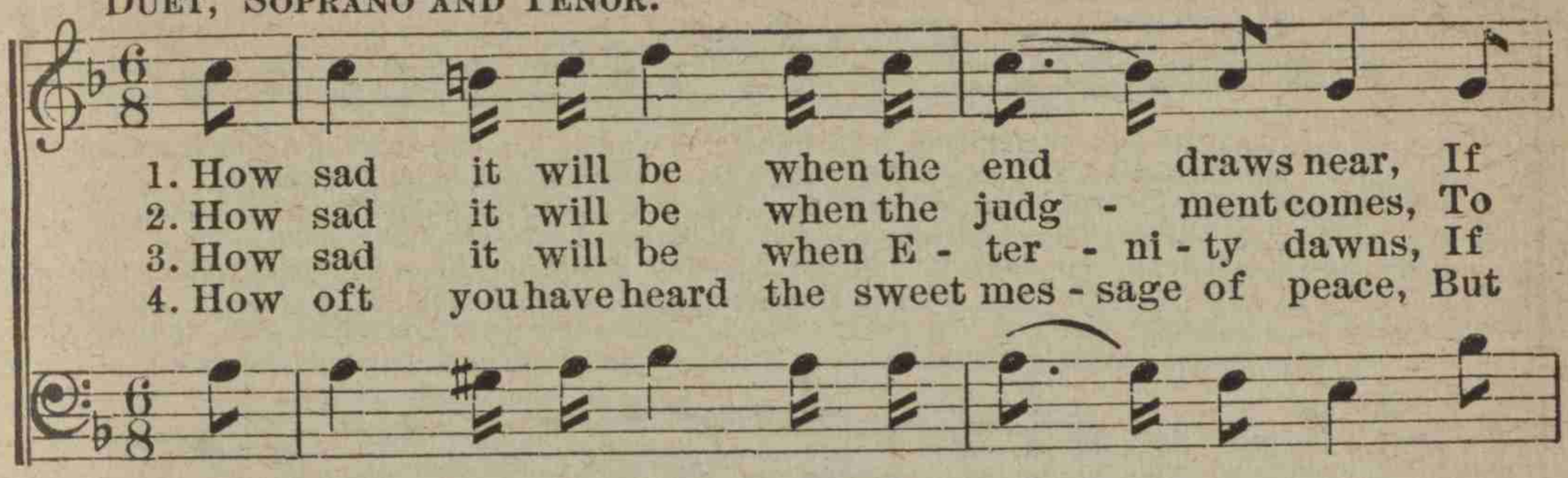
CHORUS.

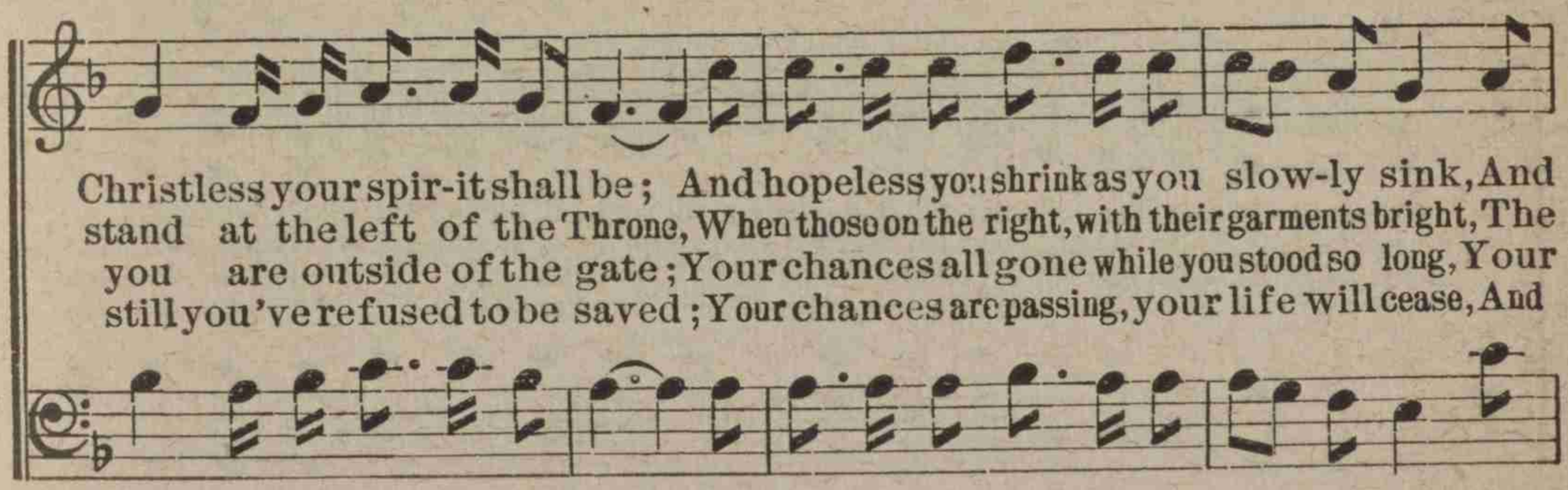
To be lost in the night, in "e - ter - ni - ty's night,"
Last Cho. To be saved from the night, from "e - ter - ni - ty's night,"

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

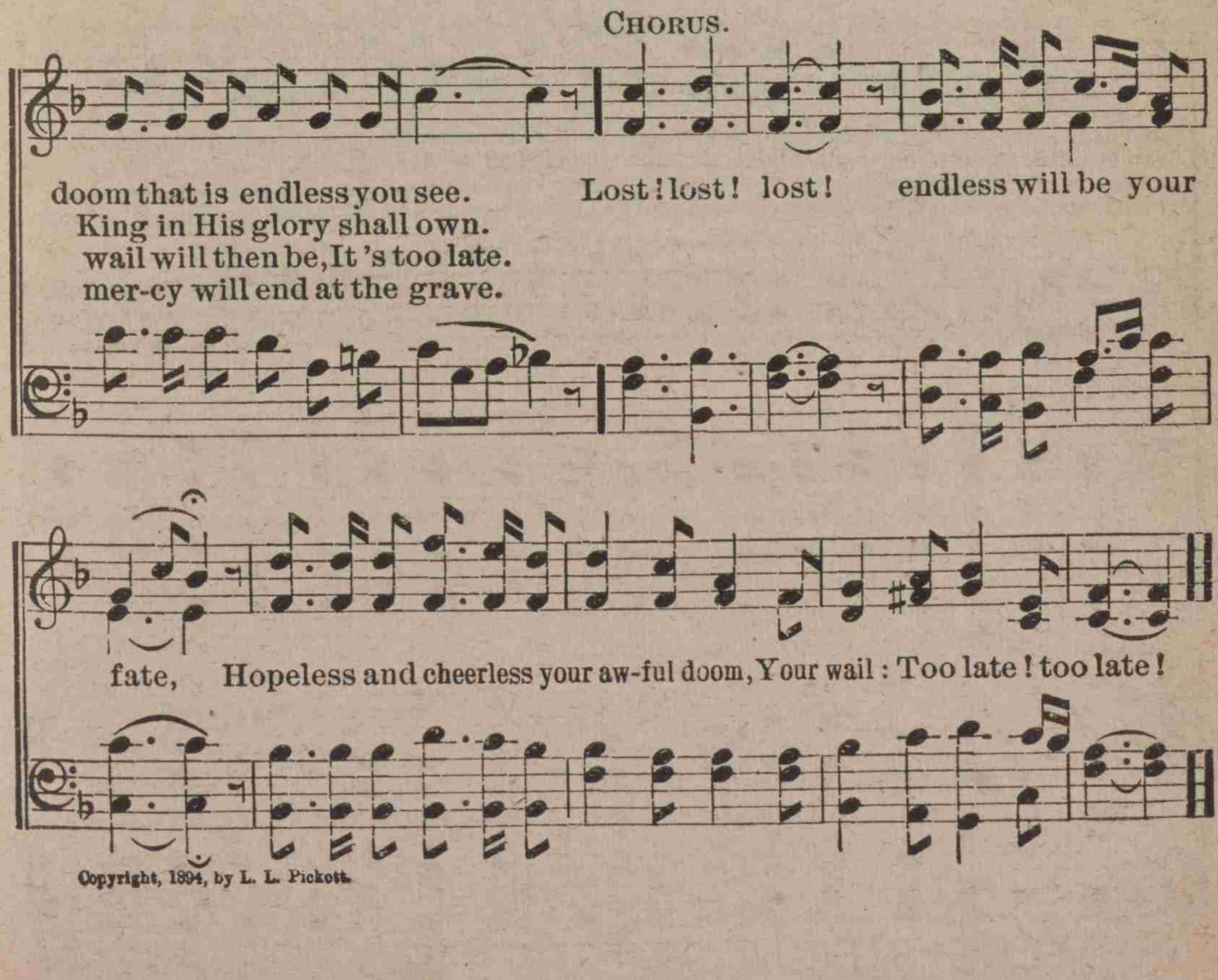
No. 61. HOW SAD IT WILL BE.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.
Fourth Verse by PEARSON.
DUET, SOPRANO AND TENOR.





CHORUS.



Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 62. THE MIDNIGHT CRY.

"And at midnight there was a cry made, behold, the bridegroom cometh ; go ye out to meet him."—Matt. 25: 10.

M. W. KNAPP. **Good for Solo.** L. L. PICKETT.

1. { At midnight the summons will echo," Awake, for the Bridegroom has come!"
   { The wise thrill with joy at the tidings, The foolish with [*Omit.*
2. { Then the Bridegroom in glory descending, Will appear with His host in the air,
   { And His bride fly with gladness to greet Him, So beau-ti - ful, [*Omit.*
3. { While the foolish are vain-ly inquiring, The Bridegroom will come with a shout,
   { And the wise will go in to the marriage, But the foolish, re- [*Omit.*
4. { Have you tak-en the oil in your vessels? Does the Spirit within you a-bide?
   { Are you cleansed in the blood ev'ry moment? Are you watching and [*Omit.*

terror be dumb. Their lamps will be burning but dim-ly, "Give us of your oil"
holy, and fair. All the saints that have died thro' the ages, Will ascend from their graves
fused, be shut out. They will plead all in vain "open to us," No welcome will wait
now sanctified? Soon, too late, to prepare for the marriage, Or ev - er ad - mit-

be their pray'r, "Not enough, go and buy," be the answer, Too late, 'twill be then to pre-pare.
to the sky, And those who on earth then are living Will be changed in the flash of an eye.
them within, The Bridegroom, Himself will not know them, All stained be their garments with sin.
tance to gain; Soon the wise will with gladness have entered, And the foolish stand knocking in vain.

CHORUS.

And oh, what a rapture and glo-ry Will thrill thro' the heart of the Bride! But,

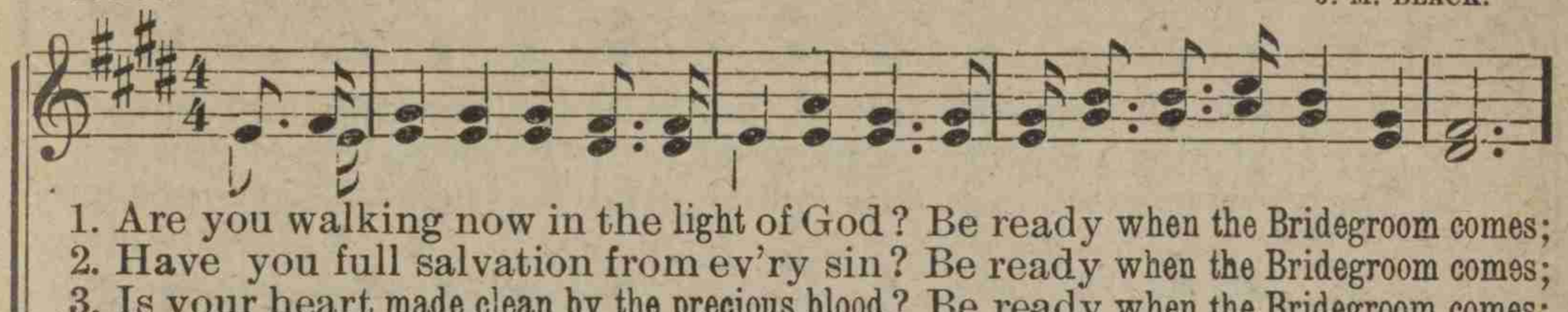
oh, the de-spair and the an - guish Of those who stand knocking out-side.

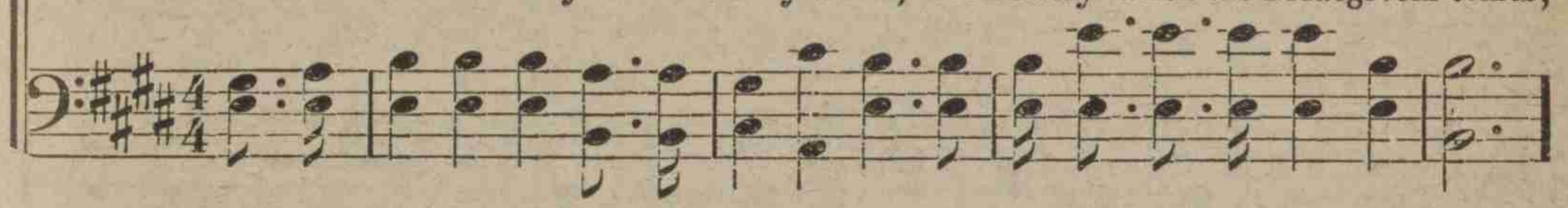
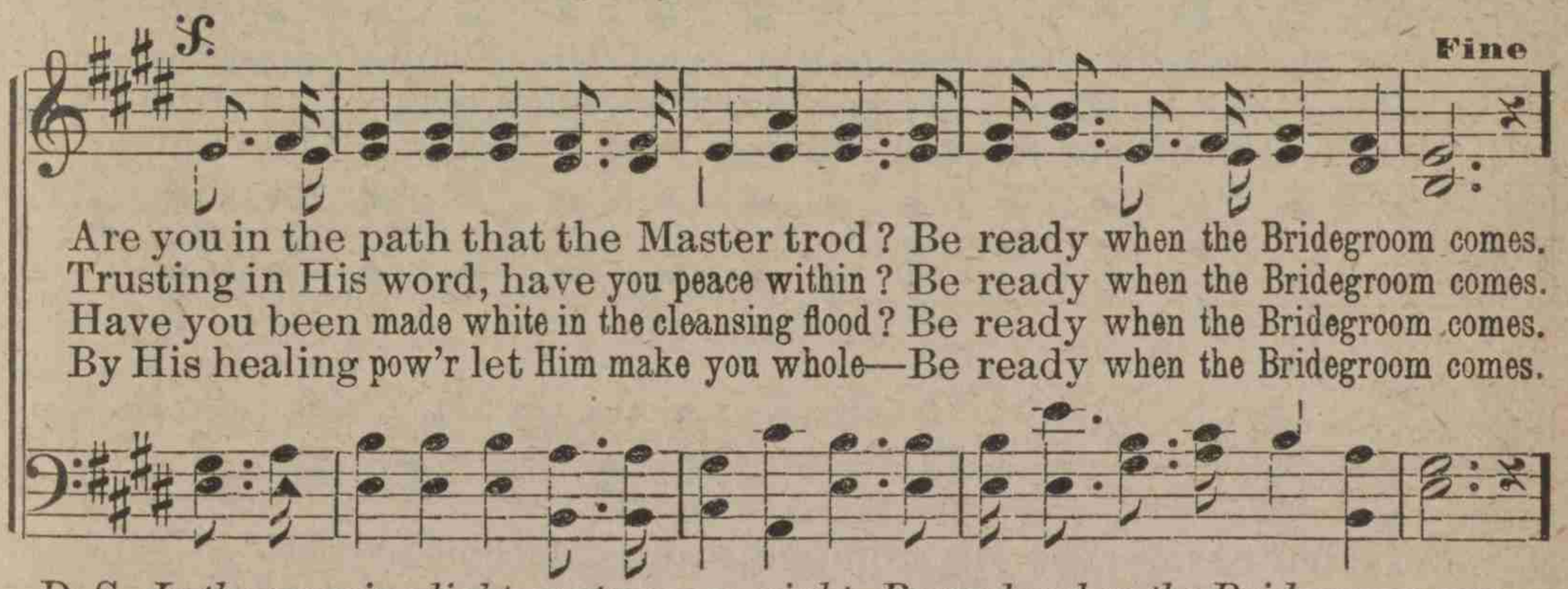
Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 63. BE READY WHEN THE BRIDEGROOM COMES.

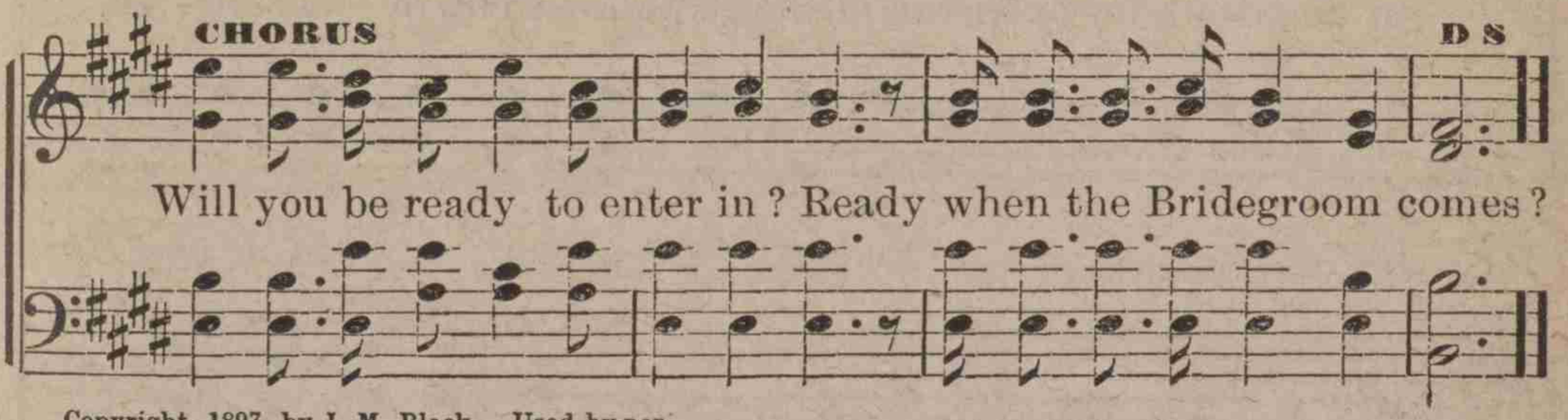
"Watch therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."—Matt. 25: 13.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.



1. Are you walking now in the light of God? Be ready when the Bridegroom comes;
2. Have you full salvation from ev'ry sin? Be ready when the Bridegroom comes;
3. Is your heart made clean by the precious blood? Be ready when the Bridegroom comes;
4. He will come some day unto ev'ry soul, Be ready when the Bridegroom comes;

Are you in the path that the Master trod? Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.
Trusting in His word, have you peace within? Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.
Have you been made white in the cleansing flood? Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.
By His healing pow'r let Him make you whole—Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.

D. S. *In the morning light or at noon or night, Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.*



Will you be ready to enter in? Ready when the Bridegroom comes?

Copyright, 1897, by J. M. Black. Used by per.

No. 64. IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

1 Lord, I care not for riches
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of Thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

Cho.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of Thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Saviour,
Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,—
Is my name written there?

No. 65.

THE RAPTURE.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Soon the darkness will be o - ver, And the morning light ap-pear;
2. At that long ex-pect - ed moment, In the twinkling of an eye,
3. Then this mor-tal all will vanish, And im - mor-tal ev - er-more,

For the Mas-ter has declared it, And His coming draweth near.
Changed will be His ho - ly peo-ple, Who will quickly to Him fly.
We will shout our Saviour's praises, And we'll sing His triumphs o'er.

Yes, our Saviour, as He promised, Soon shall come to earth a - gain,
Then the graves shall yield their trophies, And the sainted dead shall rise,
Sin and death for-ev-er vanquished, Swallowed up in Vic - to - ry,

D.S.—*He is quick-ly, sure-ly coming! Oh, how sweet at last to meet Him,*

And re-ceive His own with rapture, With Him ev - er-more to reign.
What a meet-ing as we gather To our Saviour in the skies.
Kings and priests with Him for-ev - er, All His ho - ly ones shall be.

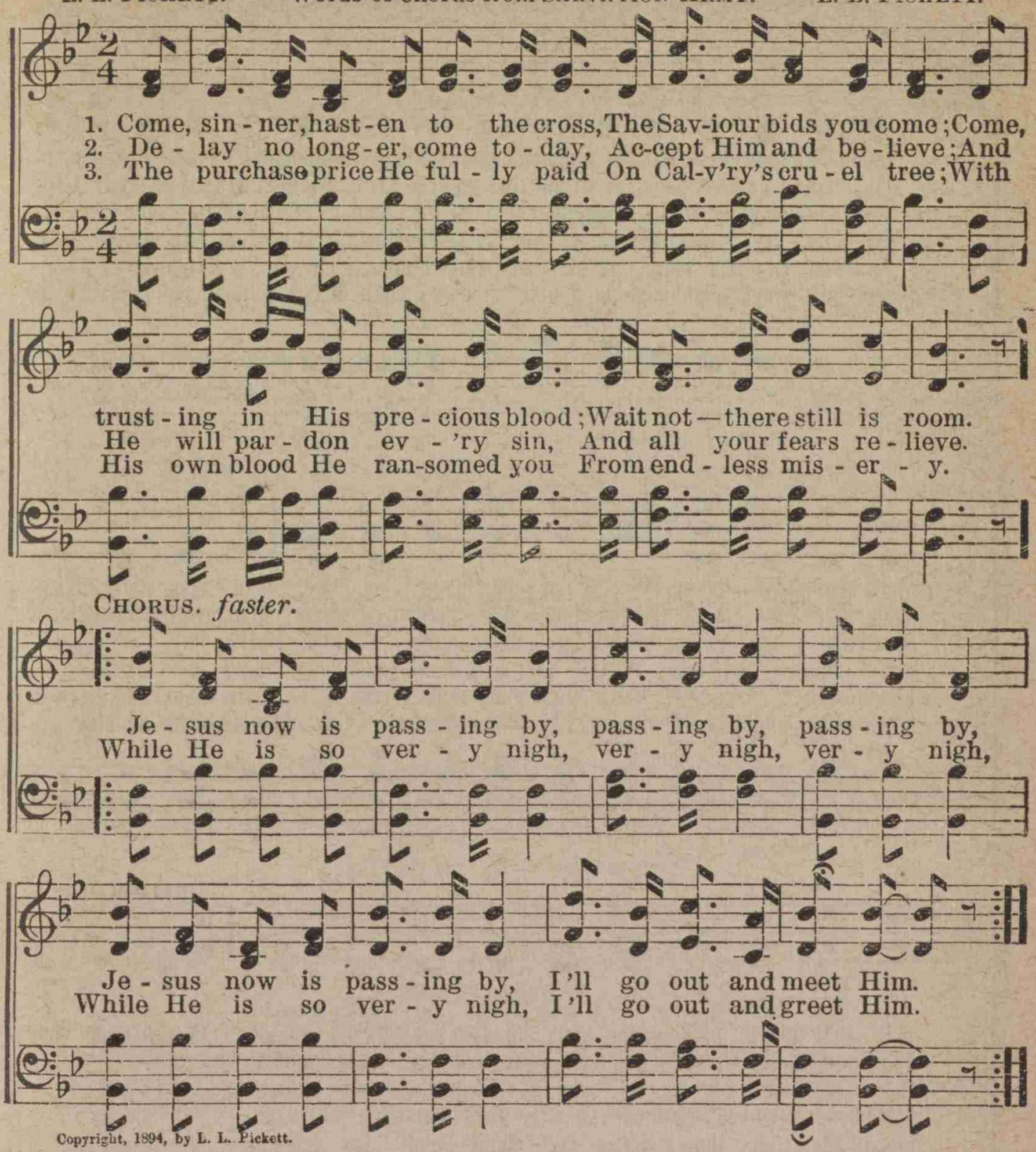
Where no foes can e'er de-feat Him, And be with Him ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Our Saviour soon is coming, With joy we then shall greet Him, And with all His saints adore;

Copyright, 1896, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 66. JESUS IS PASSING.

L. L. PICKETT. Words of Chorus from SALVATION ARMY. L. L. PICKETT.

Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

4 Oh, turn to Him with all your heart,
And yield at once your will;
He long has sought to save your soul,
He waits in mercy still.

5 But if you still His calls refuse,
Fearful will be the cost;
Your days of grace will soon be o'er,
And you forever lost.

No. 67. THE DAY OF GRACE.

Tune: CAPELLO. S. M.

1 Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in His word
Declares there yet is room.

John Dobell.

No. 68. WELCOME HIM GLADLY.

"For your sakes he became poor that ye through his poverty might be rich."—2 Cor. 13: 9.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Je - sus, my Saviour, from mansions above, Came to the manger, oh,
2. Je - sus, my Saviour, was nailed to the tree, Mocked and derided for
3. Je - sus, my Saviour, arose from the grave, Triumphing o - ver it,
4. Je - sus, my Saviour, a - bove in-tercedes, Wounded for sinners He
5. Je - sus, my Saviour, of sinners the Friend, Soon in His glo - ry to
6. Je - sus, my Saviour, is Lord o - ver all, Kingdoms and nations be-

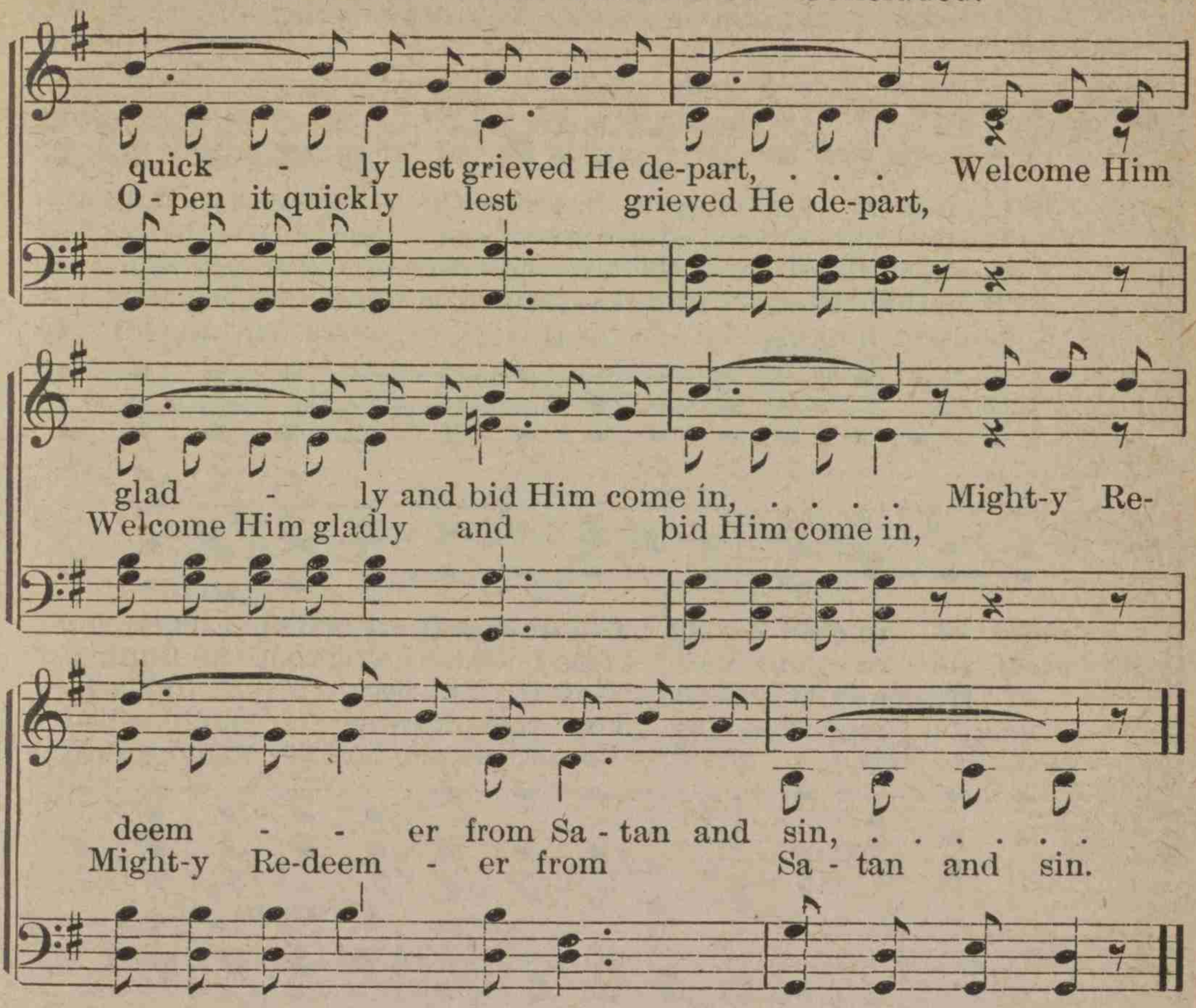
won-der - ful love, Wel-com - ing pov - er - ty, sor - row and shame,
you and for me; Pierced by the crown of sharp thorns on His brow,
mighty to save; Blest im - mor - tal - i - ty bring-ing to light,
pa - tient-ly pleads; While He is plead-ing, His mer - cy im-plore,
earth shall descend; Oh, are you watching, His com-ing to greet,
fore Him shall fall; Crown Him and serve Him, He knocks at thy door,

CHORUS.

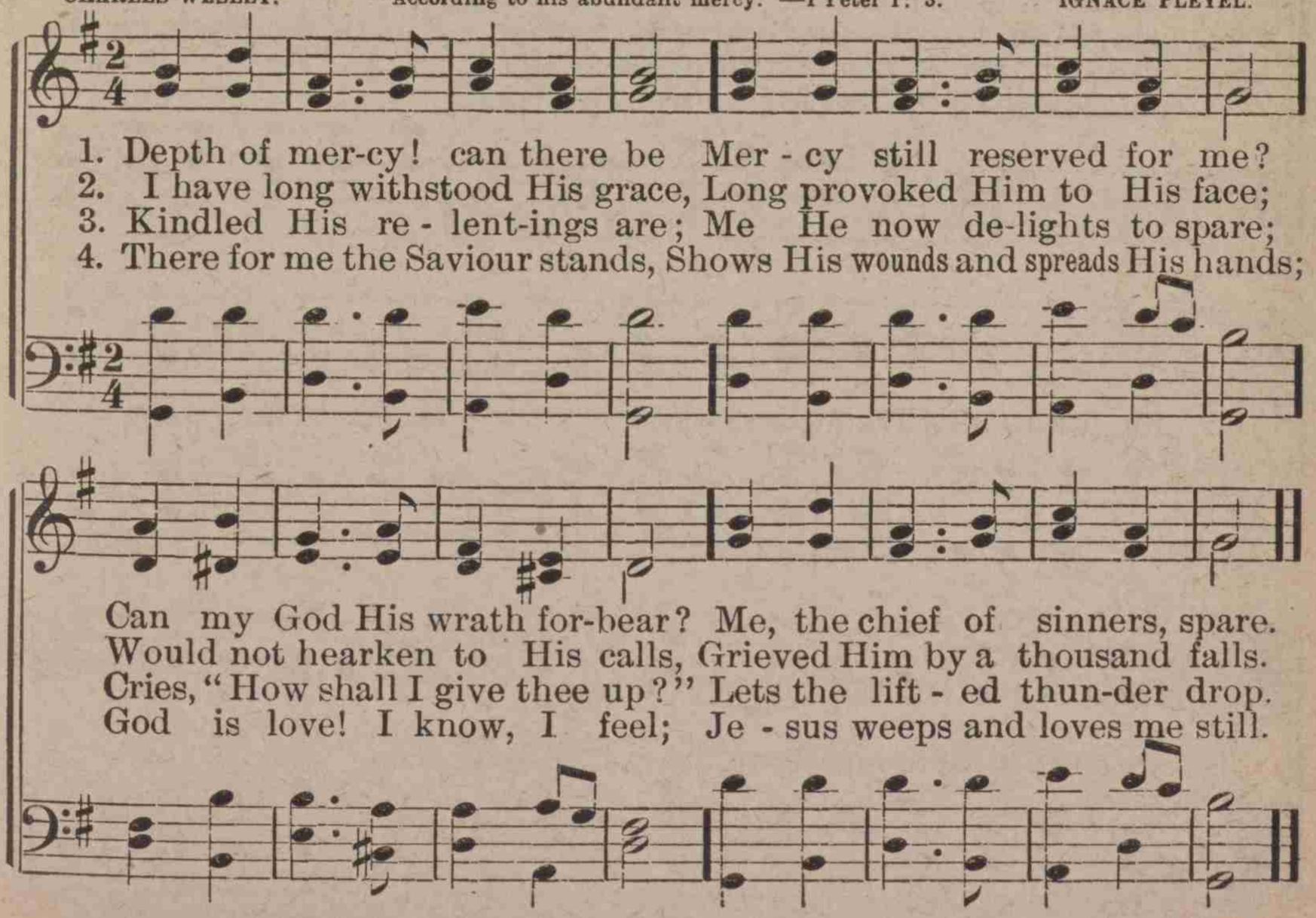
All for His en - e - mies, blest be His name.
All for poor sin - ners, oh, yield to Him now. Wait - ing for
Darkness dis - pell - ing and ban - ish - ing night.
Soon it will cease, to be of - fered no more.
Clothed in white garments the Bridegroom to meet.
Soon He may leave thee, re - turn - ing no more.

thee, . . . He now knocks at thy heart, . . O - pen it
Wait - ing for thee, He knocks at thy heart,

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

WELCOME HIM GLADLY. Concluded.

No. 69. DEPTHS OF MERCY.

CHARLES WESLEY. "According to his abundant mercy."—1 Peter 1: 3. IGNACE PLEYEL.



No. 70. HIM THAT COMETH UNTO ME.

"Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him."—Rev. 1: 7.

E. E. HEWITT. John 4: 37, WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Lis-ten to the blessed in - vi - ta - tion, Sweeter than the notes of an - gel - song, Chiming soft - ly with a heav'nly
2. Weary toil - er, sad and heav-y - la den, Joy - ful - ly the great sal - va - tion see, Close be-side thee stands the Burden
3. Come, ye thirsty, to the liv - ing wa - ters, Hun-gry, come and on His boun-ty feed, Not thy fit-ness is the plea to
4. "Him that cometh," blind or maimed or sinful, Cometh for His heal-ing touch di - vine, For the cleansing of the blood so
5. Coming humbly, dai - ly to this Sav - iour, Breathing all the heart to Him in pray'r; Com-ing some day to the heav'nly

CHORUS

cadence, Call-ing to the passing throng.
Bear-er, Strong to bear thy load and thee.
bring Him, But thy pressing utmost need. Him that cometh nn - to
precious, Prove a-new this gracious line.
mansions, He will give thee welcome there.

me, (un-to me,) Him that cometh un - to me, (un-to me,) Him that com-eth un - to me, (unto me,) I will in no wise cast out.

Copyright, 1888, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per

No. 71. JESUS IS CALLING FOR THEE.

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

LIDIE H. EDMUNDS. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Oh, come, to Calvary turning, Je-sus is calling for thee; His heart so
2. Oh, hark! in life's sunny morning, Jesus is calling for thee; Sweet flow'rs thy
3. O soul so burdened and weary, Jesus is calling for thee; He'll lift the
4. But still the Saviour is calling, Je-sus is calling for thee; Tho' now the

tenderly yearning, Jesus is calling for thee. Come now and enter the
pathway adorning, Jesus is calling for thee. He sends thee gladness and
shadows so dreary, Jesus is calling for thee. In love thy troubles are
night-dews are falling, Jesus is calling for thee. E'en tho' so long thou hast

fountain, Fountain of mercy so free; Tho' sin arise like a mountain,
pleasure, Wilt thou not thank Him to-day? Come now, and seek endless pleasure,
giv-en, Sorrow is on-ly His voice, That bids thee look up to heaven,
slighted, Slighted salvation so great, Yet His own promise is plighted,

CHORUS

Je-sus is call-ing for thee.
Joys that are brighter than day.
Look, and in Je - sus re - joice.
Come, Je-sus stands at the gate.

Calling, calling, Jesus is

calling for thee, Call-ing, call-ing, Je-sus is call-ing for thee.

Copyright, 1891, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By permission.

No. 72.

THE WANDERER.

Words and Music by Rev. B. CARRADINE.

1. I had wandered off from heaven, On the mountains cold and gray, When I
2. I was working in the tem - ple With the Sav - iour by my side, Where the
3. Ma - ny ear - ly friends had left me, While the vacant room and chair, Were re-
4. Then I saw at once that Je - sus Could be bet - ter far than all, He could
5. So I heard the Saviour call-ing, Come thou wea-ry one a - way, And my

heard my Sav-iour call - ing To His lost sheep far a - way; How I lis-tened
mul - ti - tude as-sem - bled, In its mis - er - y and pride; Glancing up-ward
mind-ers of the pri - ces I had paid down to be there; I was brooding
light - en up the path-way, Could surround me like a wall; He could take the
an - swer quick-ly fol-lowed, Lord, I'm coming home to - day; Now His lov - ing

as the tear-drops Coursed adown like falling rain, While His ten-der words of
from my la - bor I just caught His distant smile, "You have placed your work be-
o'er my loss - es, When the Saviour spoke to me, "You have let your sor-rows
place of loved ones, Wipe the falling tears a - way, Turn my sor - row in - to
arms are round me, And my head is on His breast, While I catch His faint est

who the wan-d'rer, Nor how far he's gone a - stray, Who-so - ev - er quick-ly

promise, Made my spir-it glad a - gain.
tween us, Come and talk with me awhile."
set-tle, Like a cloud tween me and thee." Come, O come to me, said Jesus, Come and
laughter, Change the night-tide into day.
whis-per, And my spir-it is at rest.

com-eth, I will com-fort him to - day.

I will give you rest, I will take a-way the burden From the heavy laden breast.

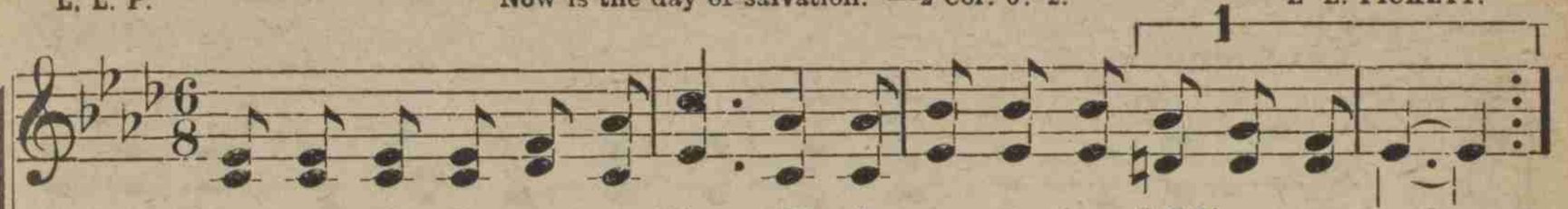
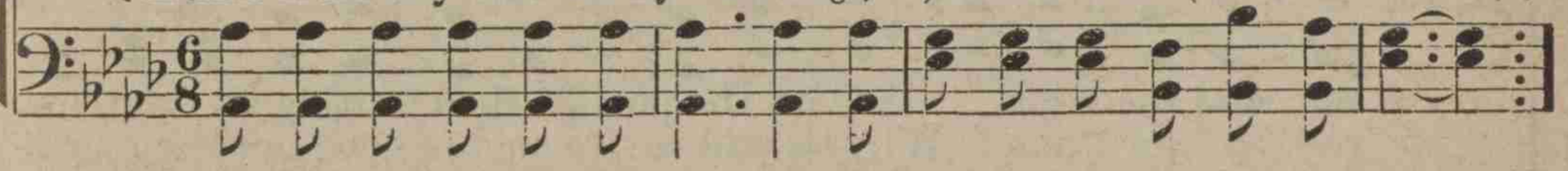
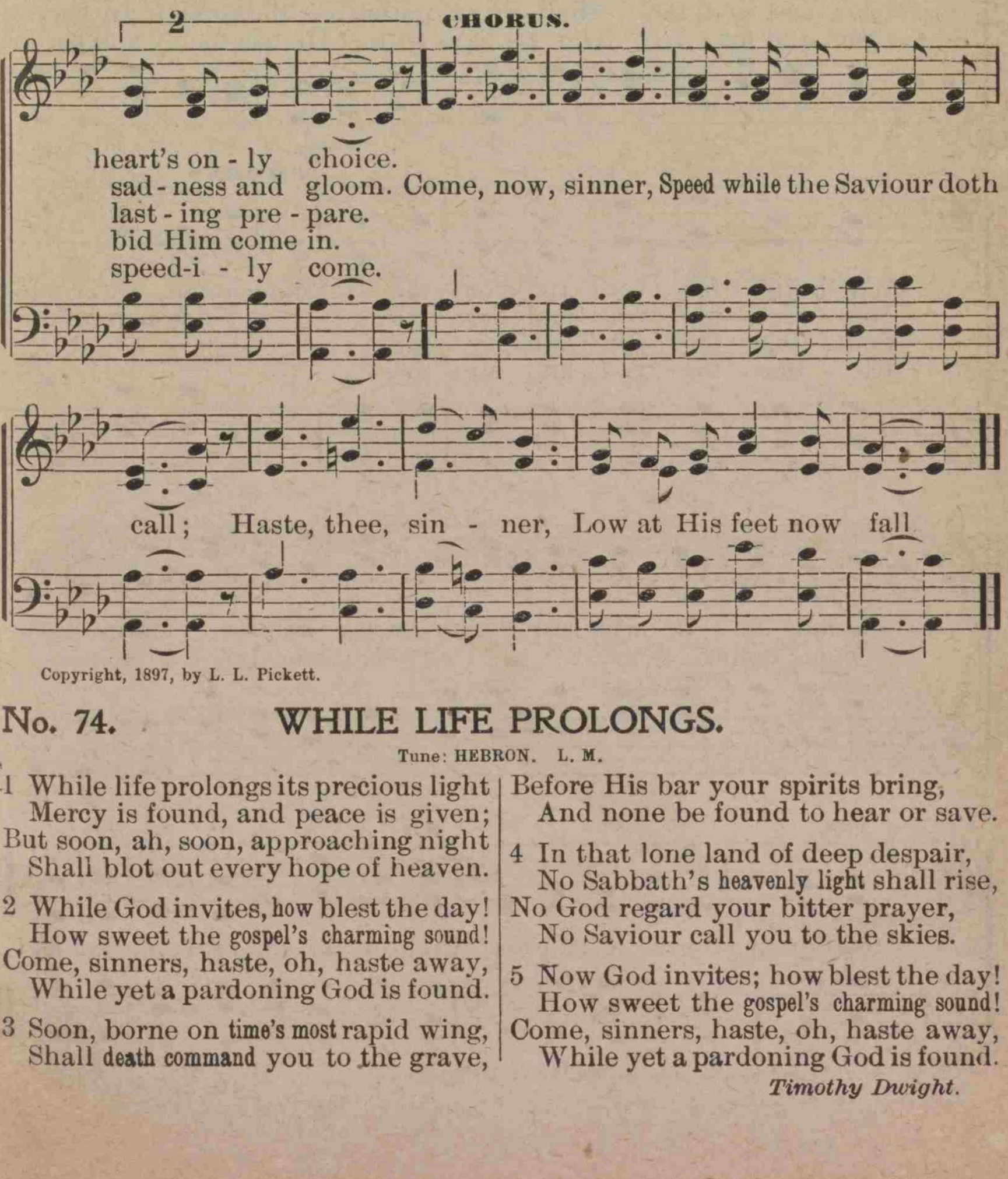
D. S.— *No mat - ter*

Fine. CHORUS.

D. S.

Copyright, 1897, by E. T. Rinehart. By per.

No. 73. HASTE THEE.

L. L. P. "Now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6: 2. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Sinner, while Jesus is calling, Oh, hasten to heed His sweet voice;
   Turn now from all thy transgression, And make Him thy (*Omit . . . .*)
2. Time rushes speedily onward, 'Tis bringing thee nearer thy doom;
   Turn then at once to thy Saviour, Ere cometh death's (*Omit . . .*)
3. Sa - tan is seeking thy ru - in, To sink thee in endless de-spair;
   Flee then at once un-to Je - sus, For life ev - er- (*Omit . . . . .*)
4. Come while the Spirit is pleading, And striving to save you from sin;
   Christ at thy door standeth knocking, Delay not, but (*Omit . . .*)
5. Friends, too, are praying and longing, They're waiting to welcome thee home;
   Home from thy sins and thy wand'rings, Oh, haste then and (*Omit . . .*)



Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 74. WHILE LIFE PROLONGS.

Tune: HEBRON. L. M.

1 While life prolongs its precious light
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

Timothy Dwight.

No. 75. SOFTLY AND TENDERLY.

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

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow *pp* *m*

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call-ing for you and for me, See on the portals He's waiting and watching,
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me? Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,
3. Time now is fleet-ing, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me; Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming,
4. Oh, for the won-der - ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me; Tho' we have sinned He has mercy and pardon,

CHORUS.

Watch-ing for you and for me. Come home, come home, ye who are wea-ry, come home,
Mer - cies for you and for me? Come home, come home,
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me.

m *cres* *pp*

Earn-est - ly come home,

ppp **Rit** *pp*

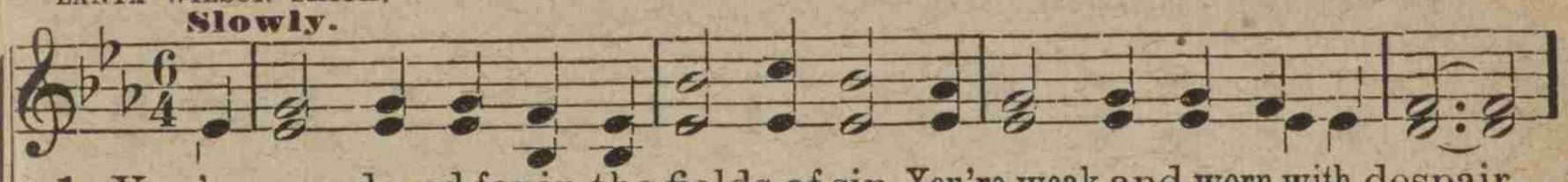
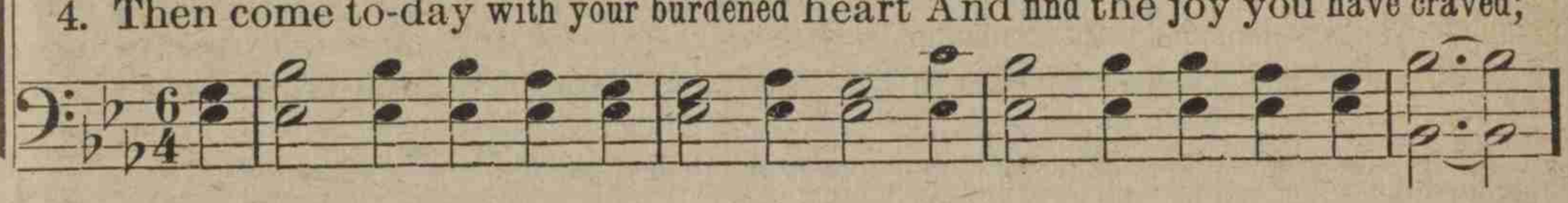
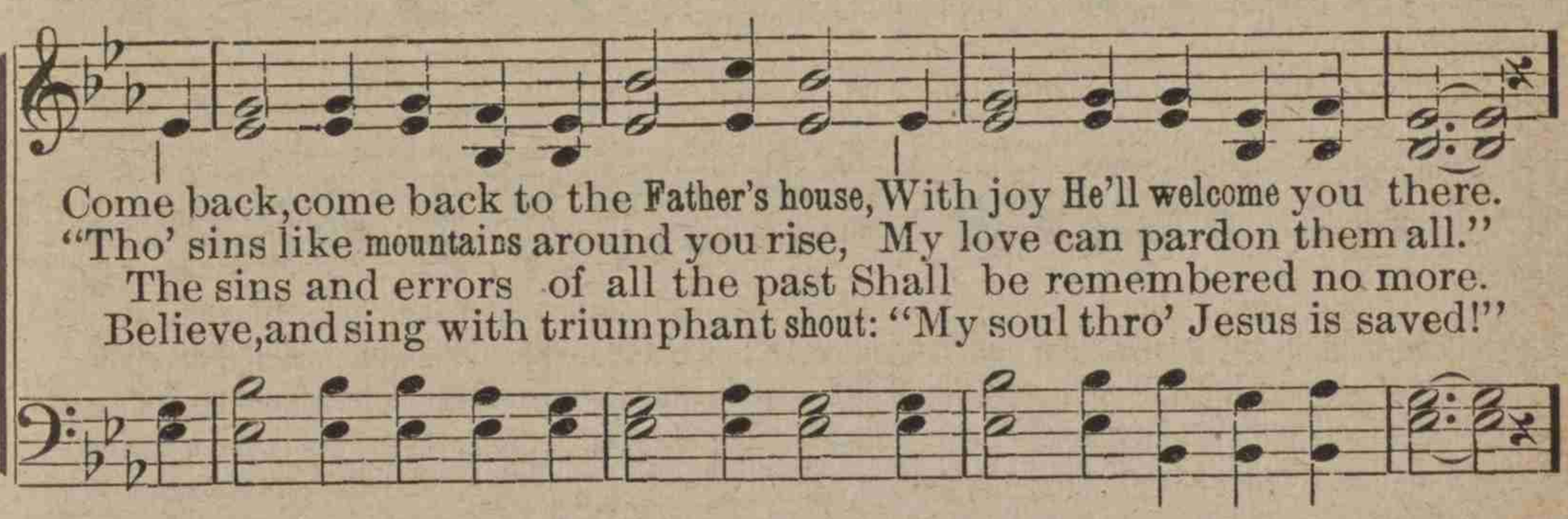
ten-der - ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, oh, sinner, come home.

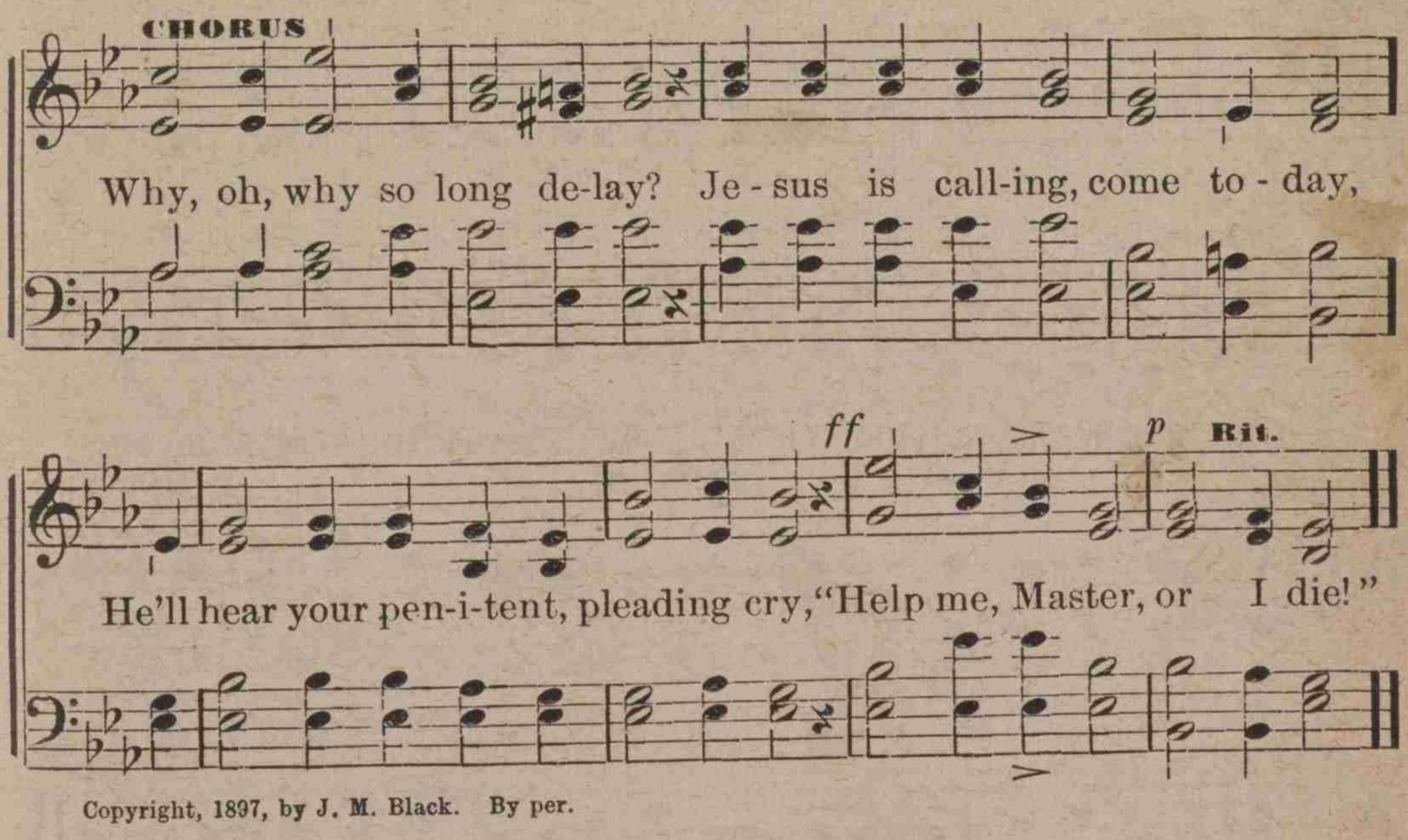
By per. W. L. Thompson & Co., Chicago, Ill., and E. Liverpool, O.

No. 76. HELP ME, MASTER?

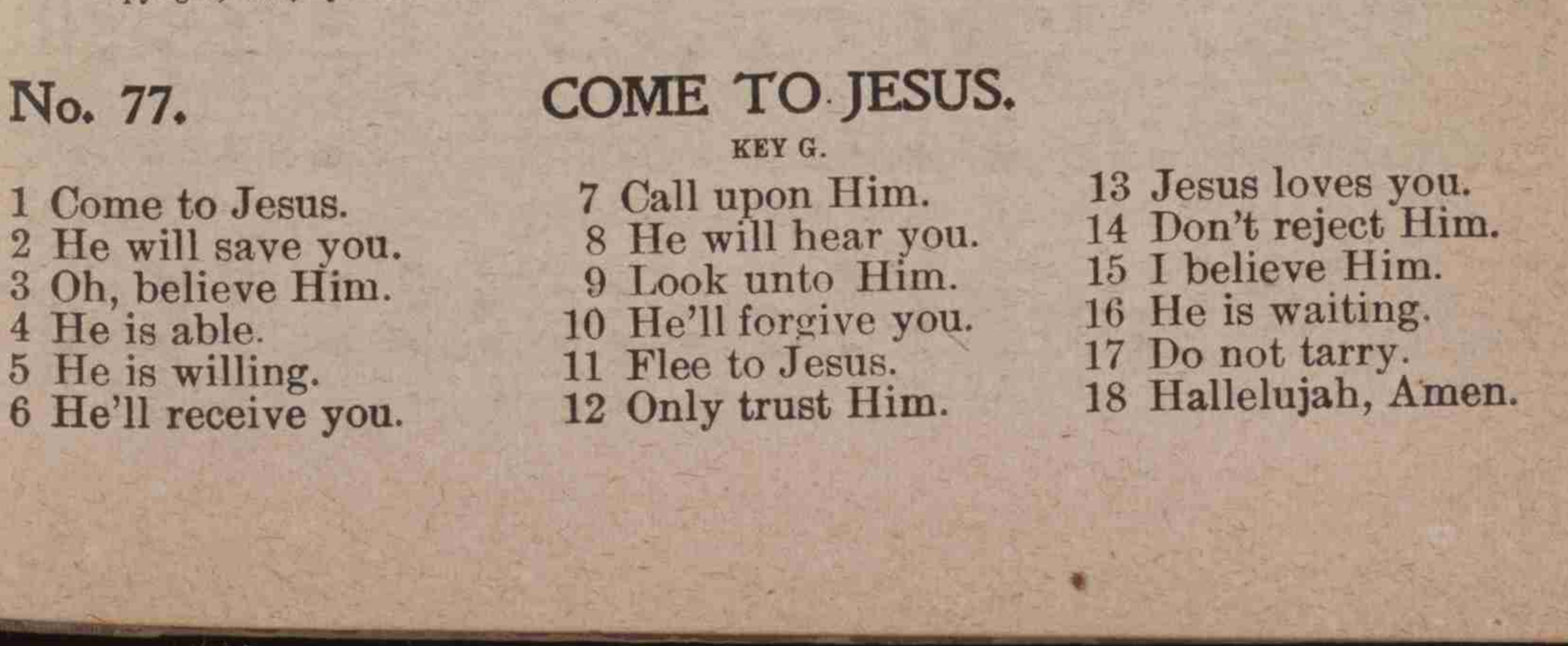
"Lord, save us: we perish."—Matt. 8: 25.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. J. M. BLACK.

Slowly.

1. You've wandered far in the fields of sin, You're weak and worn with despair,
2. You've scorned and slighted His loving voice, But hear Him patiently call:
3. The peace of pardon will heal the heart, So broken, sin-sick and sore,
4. Then come to-day with your burdened heart And find the joy you have craved;

Come back, come back to the Father's house, With joy He'll welcome you there.
"Tho' sins like mountains around you rise, My love can pardon them all."
The sins and errors of all the past Shall be remembered no more.
Believe, and sing with triumphant shout: "My soul thro' Jesus is saved!"



Why, oh, why so long de-lay? Je - sus is call-ing, come to - day,



He'll hear your pen-i-tent, pleading cry, "Help me, Master, or I die!"

Copyright, 1897, by J. M. Black. By per.

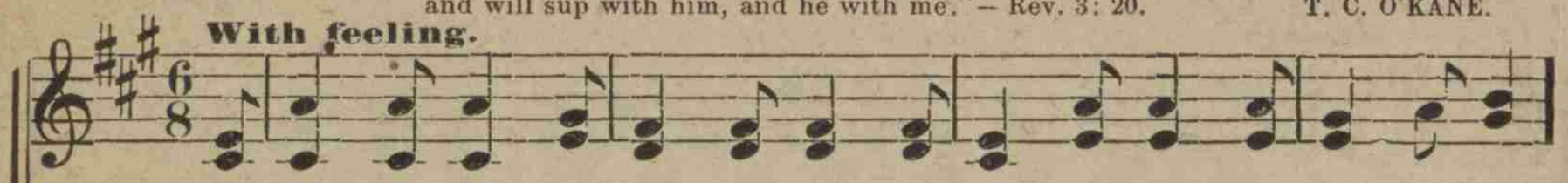
No. 77. COME TO JESUS.

KEY G.

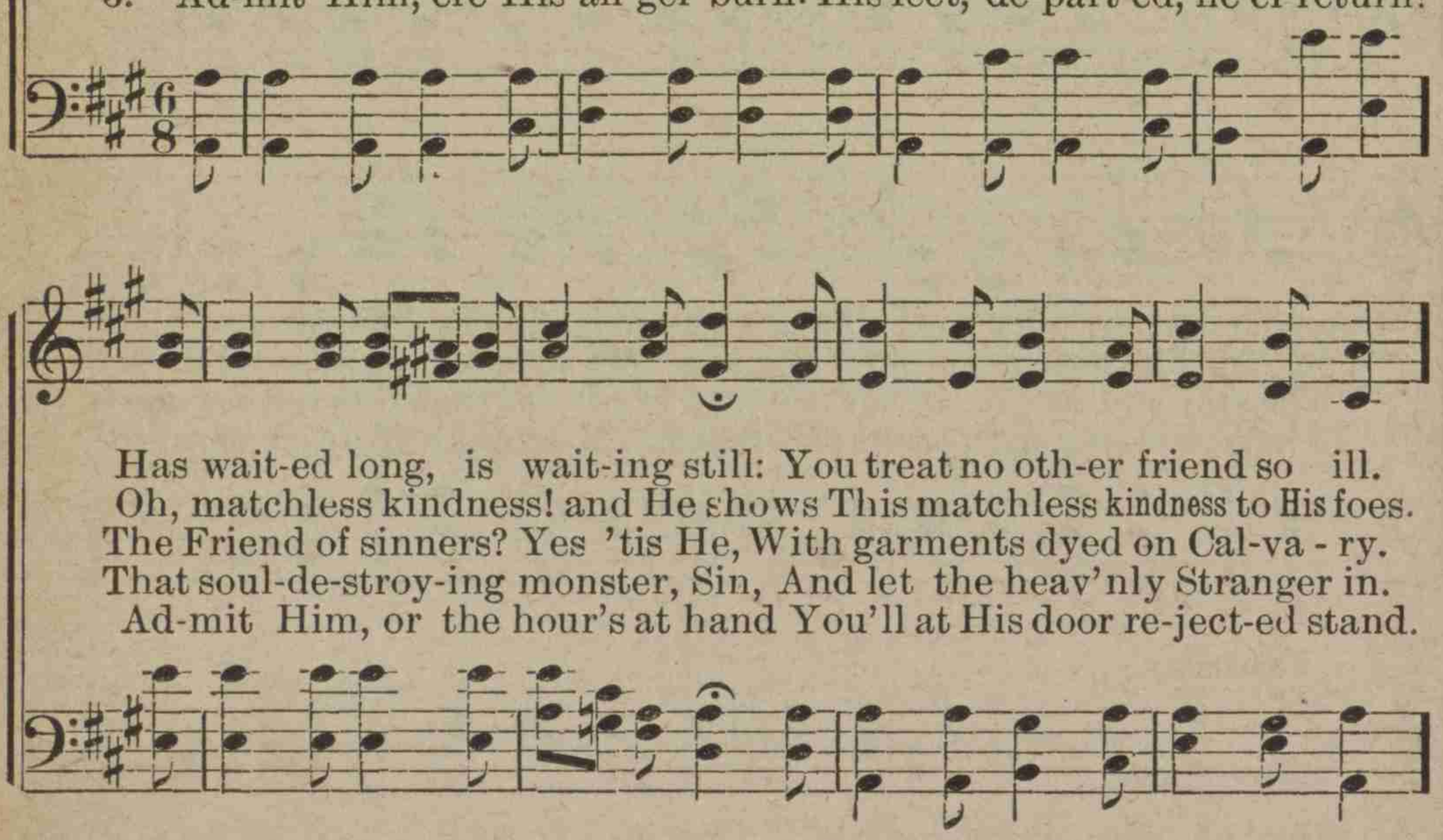
1 Come to Jesus.
2 He will save you.
3 Oh, believe Him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 He'll receive you.
7 Call upon Him.
8 He will hear you.
9 Look unto Him.
10 He'll forgive you.
11 Flee to Jesus.
12 Only trust Him.
13 Jesus loves you.
14 Don't reject Him.
15 I believe Him.
16 He is waiting.
17 Do not tarry.
18 Hallelujah, Amen.

No. 78. THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

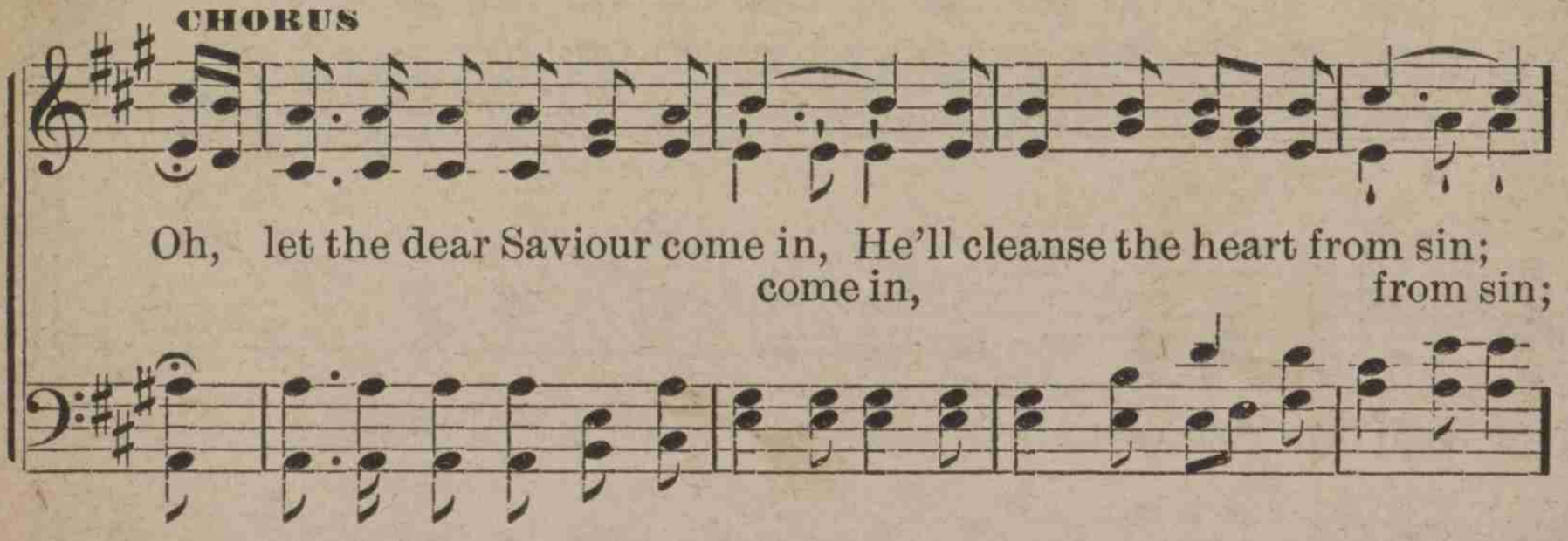
"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."— Rev. 3: 20. T. C. O'KANE.

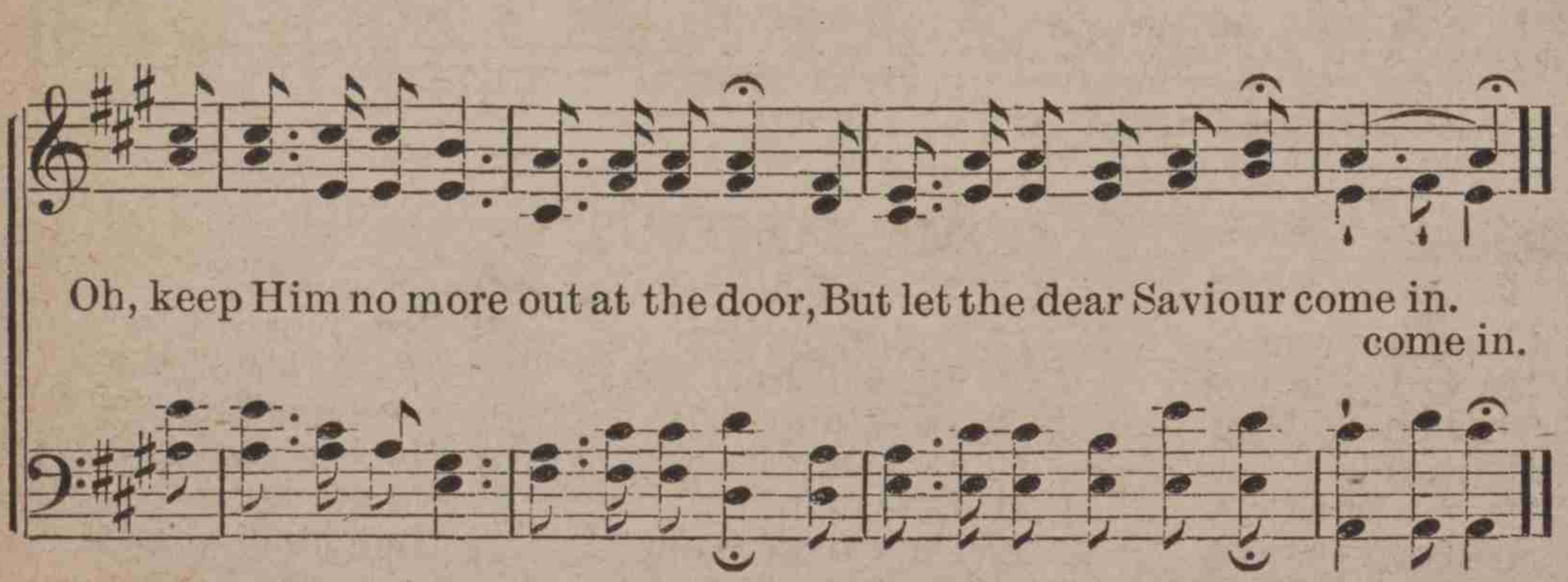


1. Behold a stranger at the door! He gently knocks,—has knocked before;
2. Oh, love-ly attitude! He stands With melting heart and loaded hands;
3. But will He prove a Friend indeed? He will,—the very Friend you need;
4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine: Turn out His en-e-my and thine,—
5. Ad-mit Him, ere His an-ger burn: His feet, de-part-ed, ne'er return?



Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still: You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The Friend of sinners? Yes 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va - ry.
That soul-de-stroy-ing monster, Sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in.
Ad-mit Him, or the hour's at hand You'll at His door re-ject-ed stand.

CHORUS

Oh, let the dear Saviour come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin;
come in, from sin;



Oh, keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.
come in.

No. 79. HE WAITS TO WELCOME THEE.

"Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."—2 Cor. 6: 17, 18.

L. L. PICKETT.

1. In the gladsome light of morning, 'Mid its mu-sic and its song;
While your heart is fresh and hopeful, Knowing naught of (*Omit . . .*)

2. By some well of earthly pleasure, In the noontide hour of life;
Once He wait-ed with the of-fer, Free and "ev-er-(*Omit . . .*)

3. From the shades of evening falling, O'er a life grown gray with care;
He would lead thee to a reg-ion Ev-er bright and (*Omit . . .*)

wreck or wrong. From the storm-cloud in the distance, Stealing o'er life's tranquil
lasting life." But you passed Him by unheeding, Drinking deeper draughts a-
ev-er fair! All these years He has been calling, Longing so to set thee

sea, Some have fled to Him for refuge, And He waits to welcome thee.
new; But He knows you still are thirsting, So He's waiting yet for you.
free; Now 'mid darkness, storm and trouble, He is waiting still for thee.

REFRAIN.

Yes, He waits to welcome thee, Oh, He waits so welcome thee;

Some have fled to Him for refuge, And He waits to welcome thee.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 80. HO, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH.

ANON. "Come ye, buy and eat."—Isa. 55: 1. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Beside the well at noon-time, I hear a sad one say; "I want that liv - ing wa - ter, Give me to drink, I pray; The well is deep, O pilgrim,
2. Be-side the pool Be-thes-da, I hear a mournful cry; "No help, no hope is offered To one so weak as I;" Oh, cease thy sad complaining,
3. While seated on the hillside, The hungry ones were fed By Him who said most truly, "I am the living bread;" 'Tis He, the heavenly manna,

But deep - er is my need; I thirst for life e - ter - nal, The
The gos - pel gives thee cheer; Come to the house of mer - cy, For
Who doth our souls re - store; By faith of Him par - tak - ing We

CHORUS.

'Gift of God' in-deed." Ho, ev'ry one that thirsteth, The living wa-ter
Christ the pool is here. 'Tis He, the great Physician, Can cure the sin-sick
live for ev - er - more. Ho, ev'ry one that thirsteth, The living wa-ter

buy! Ye bless-ed ones that hun-ger, Take, eat and nev-er die.
soul; "Rise up and walk," He bids thee "Thy faith hath made thee whole."
buy! Ye bless-ed ones that hun-ger, Take, eat and nev-er die.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 81. HOME TO MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

A. S. K. A. S. KIEFFER. By per.

SOLO.

1. O father, come kiss me once more, And watch by my bed just to-night,
2. O father, what news shall I take To Jesus and mother, for you?
3. Our home here is lonely and dark, And oft we are hungry and cold;
4. O father, dear father, once more Of Jesus I pray you to think;
5. O father, dear father, once more Please read in my Bible, and think:

Your Net-tie will walk thro' the Valley of Death, Ere dawn of the
I'll tell Him to send ho-ly an-gels of light To bless and to
But I shall go home to my mother to-night, Where pleasures are
And when I am gone to my mother in heaven, O fa-ther, please
"No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven," O God, keep my

CHORUS

sweet Sabbath light.
comfort you too.
pur-er than gold.
give up your drink.
fa-ther from drink!

O father, I'm go-ing to mother so dear, I

dreamed that I saw her last night; And over the river sweet voices I hear, They

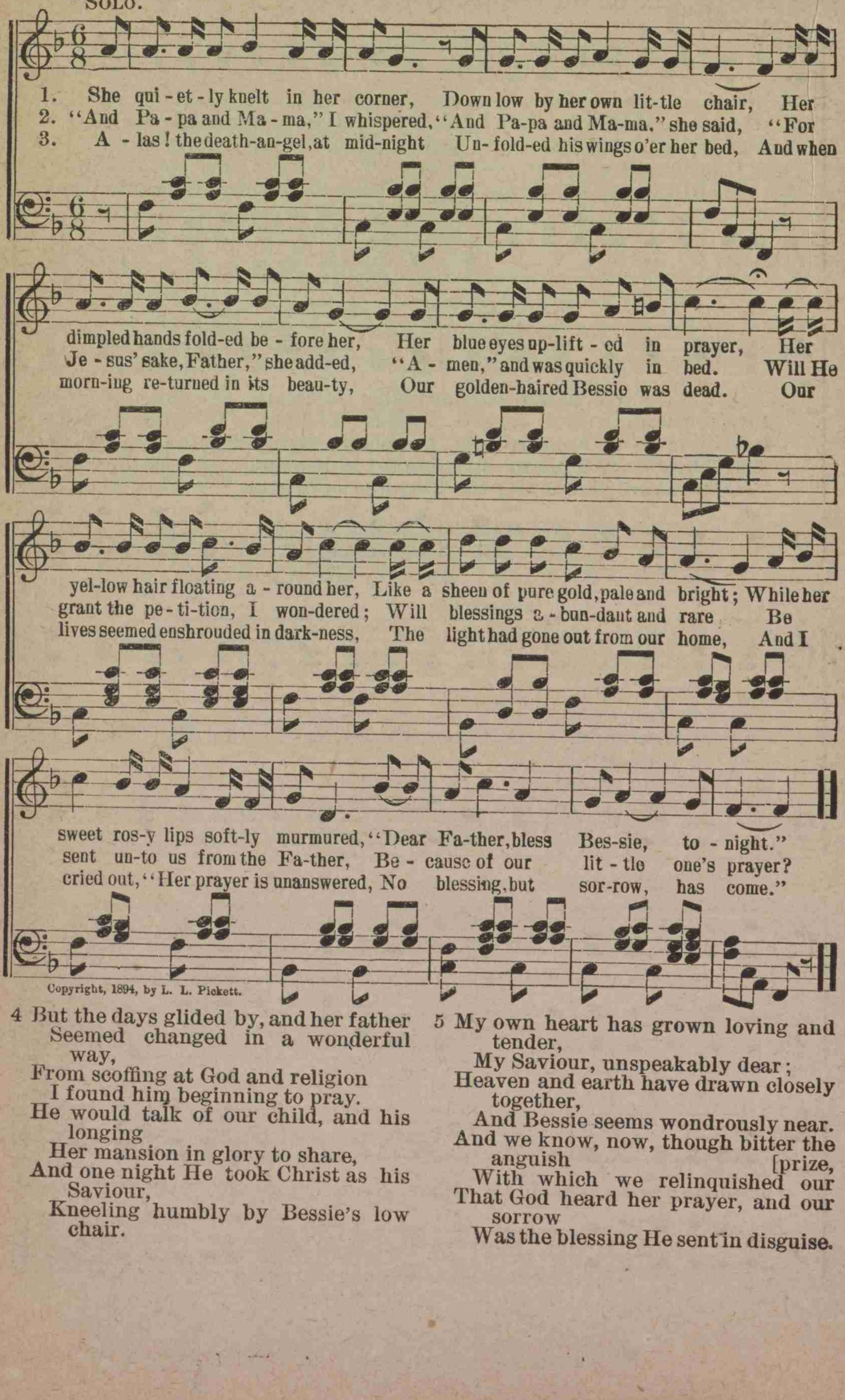
call me to mansions of light,—Home, home, home to my mother in heav'n.

No. 82.

ANSWERED PRAYER.

Mrs. E. E. Williams. Rev. L. L. Pickett.

Solo.



Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

4 But the days glided by, and her father
Seemed changed in a wonderful way,
From scoffing at God and religion
I found him beginning to pray.
He would talk of our child, and his longing
Her mansion in glory to share,
And one night He took Christ as his Saviour,
Kneeling humbly by Bessie's low chair.

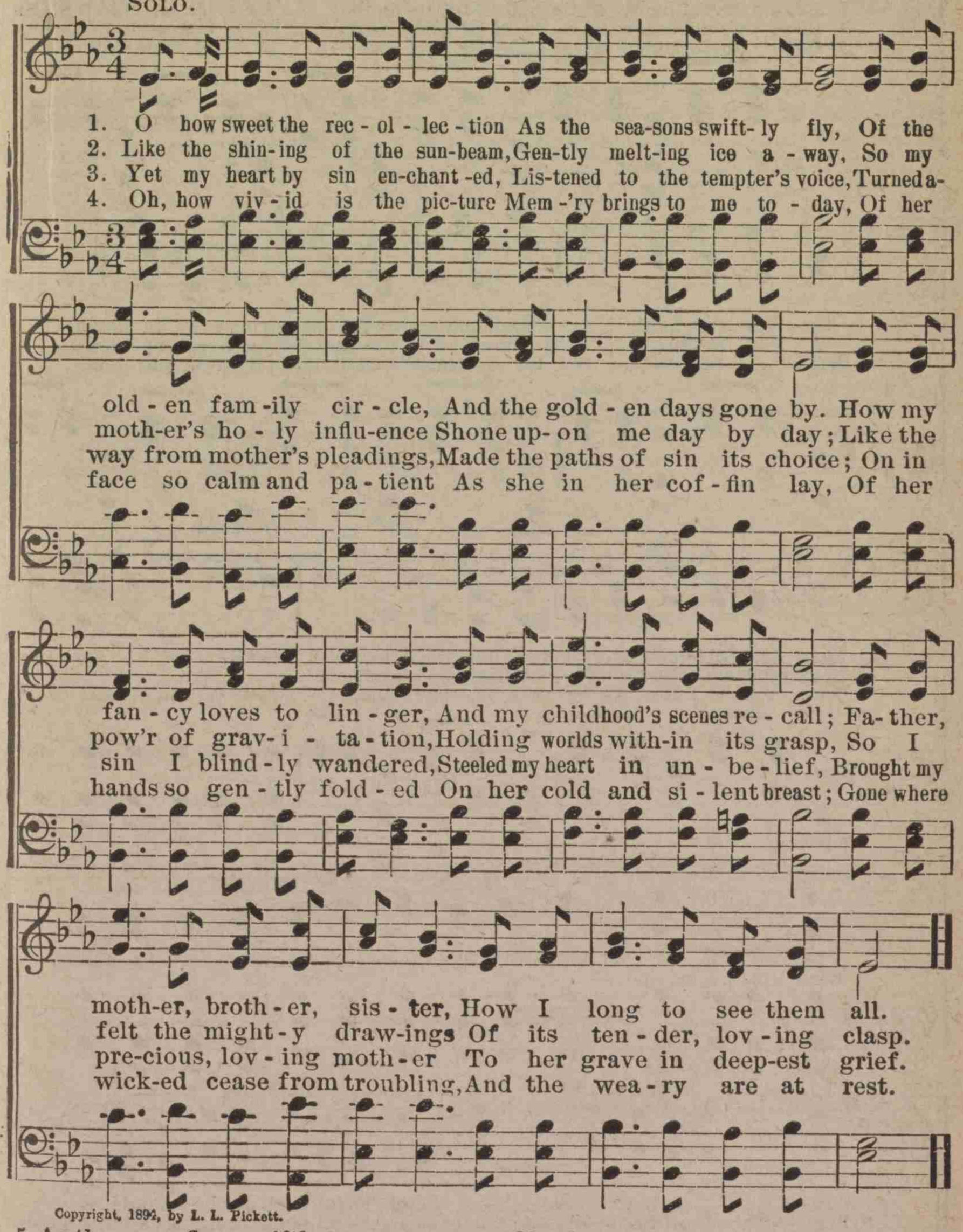
5 My own heart has grown loving and tender,
My Saviour, unspeakably dear;
Heaven and earth have drawn closely together,
And Bessie seems wondrously near.
And we know, now, though bitter the anguish
With which we relinquished our prize,
That God heard her prayer, and our sorrow
Was the blessing He sent in disguise.

No. 83. A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

Suggested by the testimony of a man who in one of Rev. L. L. Pickett's meetings said that he was converted through his mother's influence *fifty years after she had died.*

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

SOLO.

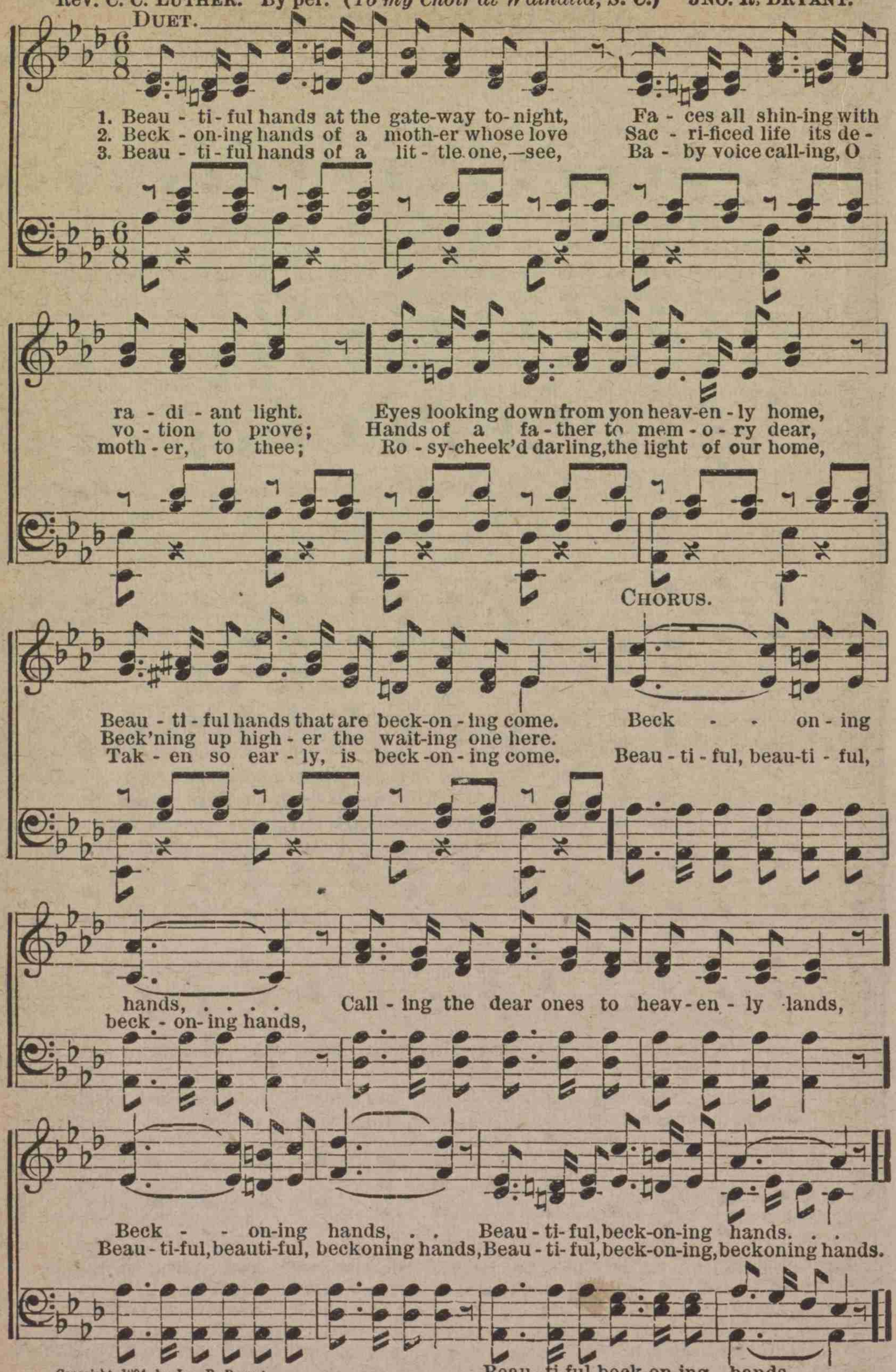


Copyright, 1892, by L. L. Pickett.

5 As the years flew swiftly o'er me,
Stronger plead her prayers and tears,
Till at last to Christ I yielded,
And He banished all my fears.
Soon I look to meet my Saviour,
And His mansions bright to share;
And I know the next to greet me,
Will be Mother when I 'm there.

6 Oh, the sweet and sacred influence
Of a mother's faith and prayer;
It the hardest heart may conquer,
Crowning Christ the Saviour there.
Courage, mothers! plead with patience,
Watering well the seed with tears,
For with joy you 'll reap the harvest,
Through the bright eternal years.

No. 84. BEAUTIFUL, BECKONING HANDS.

Rev. C. C. Luther. By per. (*To my Choir at Walhalla, S. C.*) Jno. R. Bryant.

Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

4 Beckoning hands of a husband or wife,
Waiting and watching the lov'd ones of life;
Hands of a brother, a sister, a friend,
Out from the gate-way to-night they extend.

5 Brightest and best of that glorious throng,
Center of all, and the theme of our song,
Jesus, our Saviour, the pierced one stands,
Lovingly calling, with beckoning hands.

* Words used by special permission of the author who owns copyright on them.

Copyright transferred to L. L. Pickett.

No. 85. SINCE JESUS, MY SAVIOUR, FOUND ME.

"Hosanna: Blessed is the King of Israel."—John 12: 13.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS. J. M. BLACK.

1. I brought to the cross my bur-den of sin, His won - der - ful
2. My trust is in One, who al-ways is near; My guide and com-
3. Each mur-mur-ing thought His ten-der-ness stills, In sor - row His

love was my plea; I gave Him my heart and peace dwells with-in,
pan-ion is He; I walk in the light, no foe do I fear,
hand I can see; I pa-tient - ly toil or rest as He wills,

CHORUS

Since Je-sus, my Saviour, found me. Oh, bless His dear name, I

nev-er will cease To praise Him for mercy so free; Oh, sweet is His

love And per-fect my peace, Since Je - sus, my Saviour, found me.

Copyright, 1897, by J. M. Black. Used by per.

The Holy Spirit.

Seeking and Finding.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments and I will send you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—John 14: 15, 16.

No. 86. BE GLAD AND SING:

M. W. KNAPP. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. Be glad and sing, let earth re - joice, And ev - 'ry soul lift up its voice, In praises loud and clear: For Christ has
2. He comes to pu - ri - fy from sin And then for ev - er dwell within, And love and bless and cheer; He comes to
3. He comes to teach us how to pray And shine up- on the Word each day With ho - ly, heav'nly light; He comes to
4. He comes to com - fort one and all Who to Him yield and on Him call, And all of Christ re-veal, He comes a
5. O Ho - ly Spir - it fill to - day, Each waiting temple here we pray, Oh, answer now our pray'r, And then when

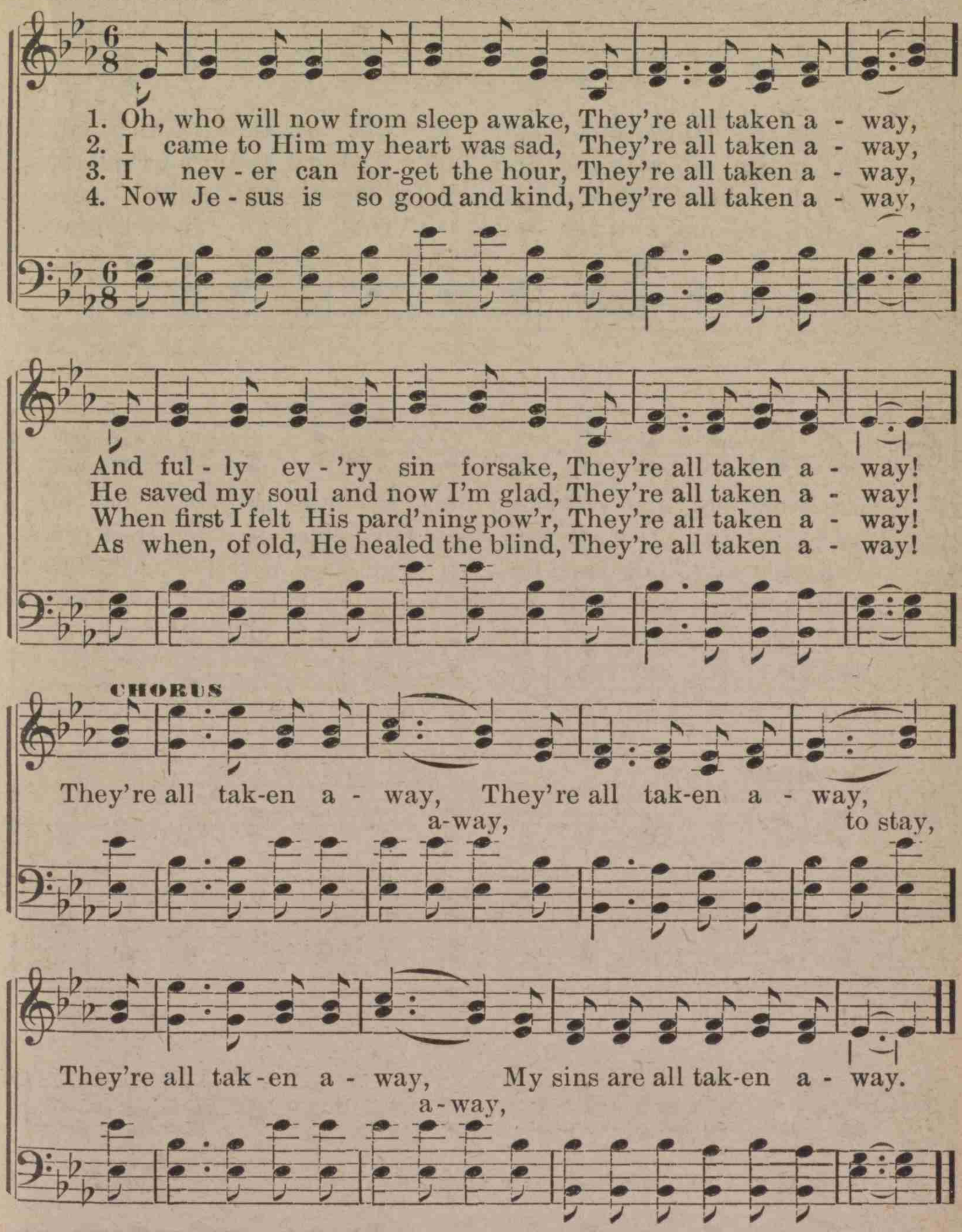
sent His gift of love, The promised Spir - it from a - bove,
gracious pow'r be-stow, Our hearts with love to o - ver-flow,
ful - ly sanc - ti - fy, And fill with pow - er from on high,
pu - ri - fy - ing fire To burn up ev - 'ry base de-sire,
Je - sus we shall see, His per-fect im - age stamped by Thee,

The Com-fort - er is here, The Com-fort - er is here.
And cast out ev - 'ry fear, And cast out ev - 'ry fear.
And fit us for the fight, And fit us for the fight.
And all His own to seal, And all His own to seal.
We shall for - ev - er bear, We shall for - ev - er bear.

No. 87. ALL TAKEN AWAY.

"I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: return unto me; for I have re-
deemed thee."—Isa. 44: 22.

Arr. by S. H. PRATHER. Arr. by J. M.



5 I never could believe before,
They're all taken away,
That I could go and sin no more,
They're all taken away.

6 I've consecrated all to Thee,
They're all taken away,
And now from sin I know I'm free,
They're all taken away.

7 Oh, here's my heart and here's my hand,
They're all taken away,
To meet you in the better land,
They're all taken away.

8 So now I'll serve Him till I die,
They're all taken away,
And then we'll meet beyond the sky,
They're all taken away.

No. 88. BAPTIZE ME.

"He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire."—Matt. 3: 13.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

1. Bap-tize me with the Spir - it, Oh, let the fire now fall;
2. Bap-tize me with the Spir - it, And fear and pride shall cease;
3. Bap-tize me with the Spir - it, Let fire fall from a - bove;
4. Bap-tize me with the Spir - it, That I, for Je - sus brave,

The dross of sin con-sum - ing, As we up - on Thee call.
And ev - 'ry e - vil tem - per Give place to per - fect peace.
And all my ransomed be - ing Con-sume with per - fect love.
With unc-tion and with glad-ness, May tell His pow'r to save.

CHORUS.

Bap - tize me, oh, bap - tize me, I ful - ly yield to Thee;
Thank God the cleansing cur - rent Is roll - ing o - ver me.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

5 Baptize me with the Spirit,
Uniting me with all,
Of every name and nation,
Who thus upon Thee call.

6 Baptize me with the Spirit,
Thy promise now I claim,
Oh, now in me fulfill it,
I pray in Jesus' name.

No. 89.

FILLING.

"That ye might be filled with all the fullness of God."—Eph. 3. 19.

HAVERGAL. SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

1. Ho - ly Father, Thou hast spoken Words beyond our grasp of tho't—
2. Promise and command combining, Doubt to chase and faith to lift;
3. Take us, Lord, oh, take us truly, Mind and soul and heart and will;
4. Lord, we ask it, hardly knowing, What this wondrous gift may be;
5. Make us in Thy roy - al pal - ace Ves-sels worth-y for the King;

Words of grace and pow'r unbroken, With mys - te-rious glo - ry fraught.
Self re-nouncing, all re - sign-ing, We would claim this mighty gift.
Empty us and cleanse us throughly, Then with all Thy fullness fill.
But ful - fill to o - ver-flow-ing,—*Thy* great meaning let us see.
From Thy fullness fill our chal - ice, From Thy nev - er - fail-ing spring.

CHORUS.

Father, by this blessed fill - ing, Dwell Thyself in us, we pray;
We are waiting, Thou art will-ing, Fill us with Thyself to - day!

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 90. WHITER THAN SNOW.

L. L. P. "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7. L. L. PICKETT.

1. My sins they were ma - ny and dark as the night, A
2. But when the light en - tered and o - pened my eyes, I
3. I trust - ed in Je - sus, oh, praise His dear name, The

weight that distressed me with sor-row and fright; I stumbled and
learned to love Je - sus, my sins to de-spise; I searched the word
fire He had kind-led soon grew to a flame; He burned up the

fal-tered, yet trembling did go, Not knowing that Je - sus makes
dai - ly, my faith it did grow, Till soon I believed He makes
dross, hal-le - lu - jah, I know, That Je - sus, my Saviour, makes

CHORUS.

whit - er than snow. Whit- er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow,
whit - er than snow. Whit- er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow,
whit - er than snow. Whit- er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow,

I knew not that Je - sus makes whit - er than snow.
Till soon I be - lieved He makes whit - er than snow.
Halle - lu - jah, my Sav - iour makes whit - er than snow.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 91. PROMISE OF THE FATHER.

"And, behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you."—Luke 24: 49.

M. W. KNAPP. Adapted by L. L. P.

1. Precious promise of the Father To His children, one and all,
2. Precious promise, long a-wait - ed, Sealed with Jesus' crimson blood,
3. Father, wilt Thou not this promise In each longing heart ful-fill,
4. Christian, do you claim this promise Which the world cannot receive?

Fa-ther, now ful - fill the prom-ise, I be-lieve, and Thine I am;

That the gracious Ho - ly Spir - it, Should up-on be - liev - ers fall;
Which from Calvary's Sacred Fountain, Flowed a pu - ri - fy - ing flood;
That we all with ho - ly gladness May delight to do Thy will;
Ful - ly yield up all to Je - sus, And with all your heart be-lieve;

Hal - le - lu - jah! fire is fall-ing, Glo - ry! Glo - ry! to the Lamb.

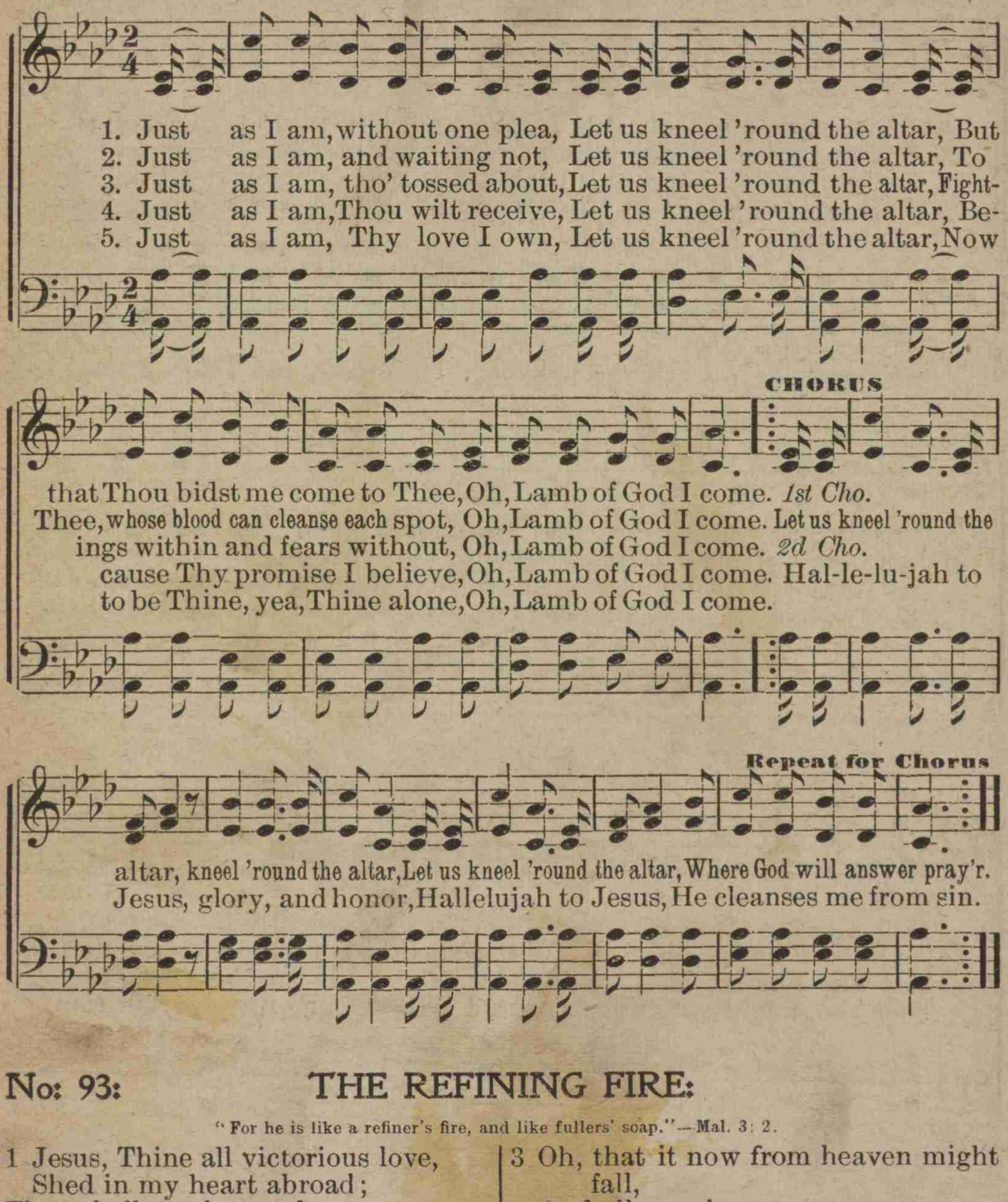
That the Pen - te - cost - al fi - re Burning brightly in each breast,
Ho - ly Spir-it on us fall-ing Thee we welcome and a - dore,
May the Spir-it in His fulness Ev - er in our hearts a - bide,
Then the mighty heav'nly cur-rent Will descend up - on your soul,

Melting all in sweet submission, Should impart a - bid-ing rest.
Thine the glo-ry, ours the blessing, Now, henceforth, and evermore.
Com-fort-er, and Faithful Teacher, Sanc-ti - fi-er, Friend and Guide.
Waves of rapture, bliss and glo - ry O'er your peaceful spir-it roll.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 92. JUST AS I AM.

"Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."—John 6: 2.

A. F. MYERS, By per.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, Let us kneel 'round the altar, But
2. Just as I am, and waiting not, Let us kneel 'round the altar, To
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed about, Let us kneel 'round the altar, Fight-
4. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Let us kneel 'round the altar, Be-
5. Just as I am, Thy love I own, Let us kneel 'round the altar, Now

that Thou bidst me come to Thee, Oh, Lamb of God I come. *1st Cho.*
Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, Oh, Lamb of God I come. Let us kneel 'round the
ings within and fears without, Oh, Lamb of God I come. *2d Cho.*
cause Thy promise I believe, Oh, Lamb of God I come. Hal-le-lu-jah to
to be Thine, yea, Thine alone, Oh, Lamb of God I come.

altar, kneel 'round the altar, Let us kneel 'round the altar, Where God will answer pray'r.
Jesus, glory, and honor, Hallelujah to Jesus, He cleanses me from sin.

No: 93: THE REFINING FIRE:

"For he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap."—Mal. 3: 2.

1 Jesus, Thine all victorious love,
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

CHORUS.

I now believe, I do receive,
The Spirit fills me now;
The blood's applied, I'm sanctified,
As at the cross I bow.

2 Oh, that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

3 Oh, that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume;
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

Chas. Wesley. Chorus by M. W. K.

No. 94. I WILL SAY YES TO MY SAVIOUR.

"If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."—John 14: 23.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. I will say yes to my Saviour, Down in the depths of my soul;
2. I will say yes to the Spir-it, Sent from my Saviour to me;
3. I will say yes to the Scripture Lamp shining ev-er and bright;
4. I will say yes to the tri-als, Yes to the pain and the loss;
5. I will say yes to the fut-ure, Welcome whate'er He may send;
6. I will say yes when de-ri-sion, In-to my pathway shall fall;
7. I will say yes that the al-tar Now sanc-ti-fi-eth my soul;

To Him I ful-ly sur-ren-der, On Him my burdens I roll.
Com-fort-er, Guide and Reveal-er, Dwell Thou forev-er in me.
Yes to commandment and promise, Walking in all of its light.
Yes in the val-leys and tun-nels, Yes to the way of the cross.
Come what there may I will trust Him, Brother, Redeemer and Friend.
Ful-ly sub-mittiing to Je-sus, Friends, repu-ta-tion and all.
Peace passing all un-der-stand-ing, O-ver me sweet-ly doth roll.

CHORUS.

Yes, yes, I will say yes to my Saviour, Who died on the cross for me;

Yes, yes, I will say yes and will trust Him, Whatever His will may be.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 95. TEMPLE OF THE SPIRIT.

"In whom ye also are builded togethed far a habitation of God through the Spirit."—Eph. 2: 22.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Made for Fa-ther, Son and Spir - it, Their a - bid - ing place to be;
2. Purchased by the blood of Je-sus, Thro' His matchless boundless love,
3. Pur - i - fied from sin and evil, Filled with love and light and grace;
4. When the Father counts His jewels, These shall shine with luster bright,

Soul and bod - y were cre - at - ed, For the bless-ed Trin - i - ty.
Res-cued from the fell de-stroyer, Crowned with blessing from above.
God enthroned a-gain with-in it, Makes it His a - bid - ing place.
Midst the dazzling lights of glo - ry, In its ev - er-last - ing light.

CHORUS.

The King I was seek-ing, Has sud-den - ly come, Has entered His

tem - ple, And makes it His home. My faith claims the promise, The

blood is applied, The Spir - it descending, Has come to a - bide.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 96. THE SWEET BEULAH LAND.

"Let us go up at once and possess it."—Num. 13: 30.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY. H. J. GILMOUR.

1. I am walk-ing to-day in the sweet Beulah land, I have crossed to the sun - ny side, I am washed in the blood, and my
2. I am now go - ing on to explore Beulah land, 'Tis the gift of my Lord to me; I am tast - ing its joys, I am
3. I have found a sweet peace that the world can-not know, As I walk by my Sav-iour's side, I am kept by His pow'r, I am
4. Oh, the sweetness of love that en-rapt - ures my soul, For com- mun-ion with Christ I know! I am hap - py in Him, and to

CHORUS

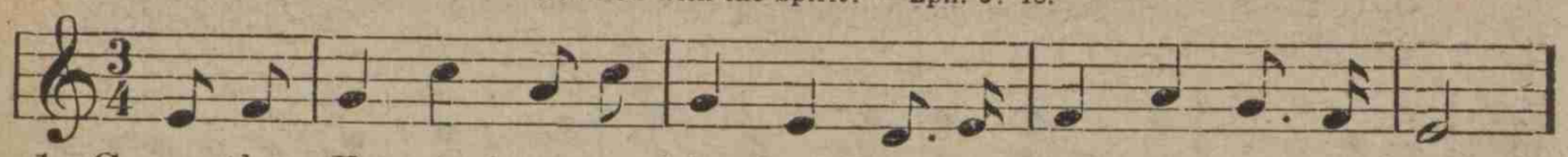
soul is made white, And I know I am sanc-ti - fied. Glo - ry
walking in light, And the face of my Saviour see.
led by His hand, And I'll ev - er with Him a - bide.
day thro' my soul Living streams of sal-va-tion flow. Glory to God, oh,

Glo-ry to God, My heart is now cleansed from sin, I've abandoned my
from sin,

self to the Ho - ly Ghost, And His ful - ness abides with-in.

Copyright, 1891, by H. L. Gilmour. By per.

No. 97. MAY EVERY SOUL BE FILLED.

"Be filled with the Spirit."—Eph. 5: 18.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of Thy redeeming love!

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

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

5 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

Robert Robinson.

No. 98. GRACIOUS SPIRIT, LOVE DIVINE.

Tune: PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

1 Gracious Spirit, love divine,
Let Thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with Thy heavenly love.

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

J. Stocker.

No. 99. HOLY GHOST, WITH LIGHT DIVINE.

Tune: PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

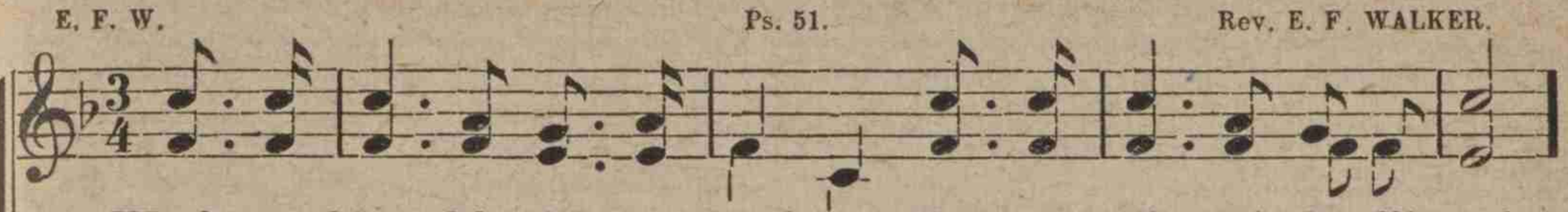
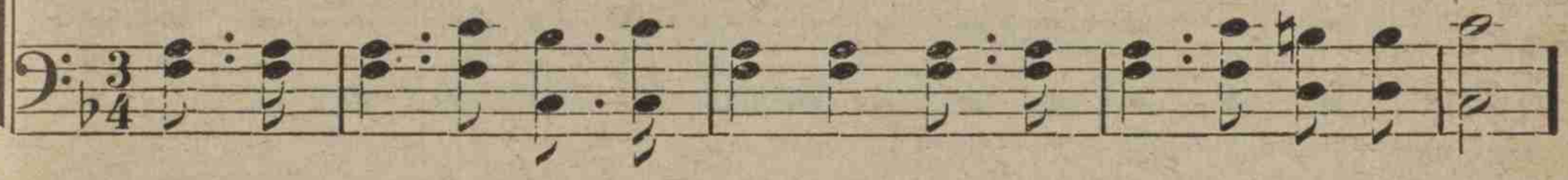
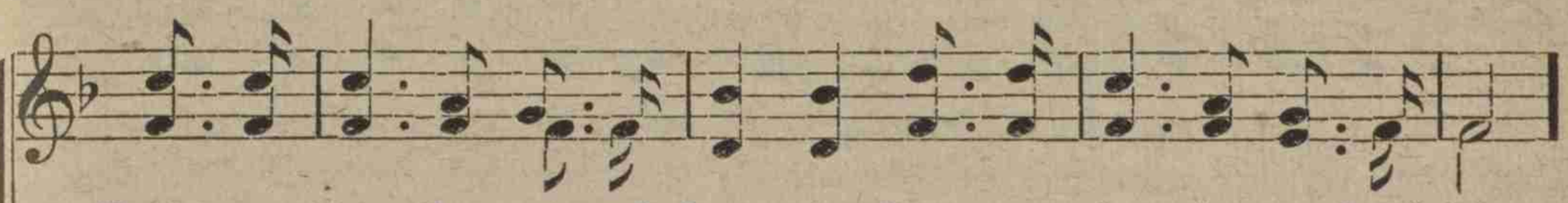
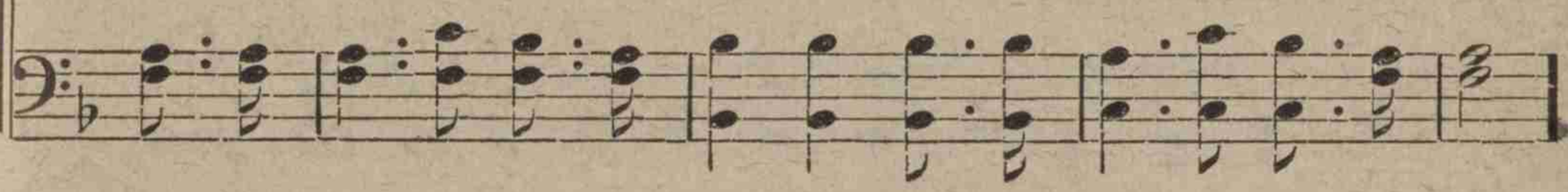
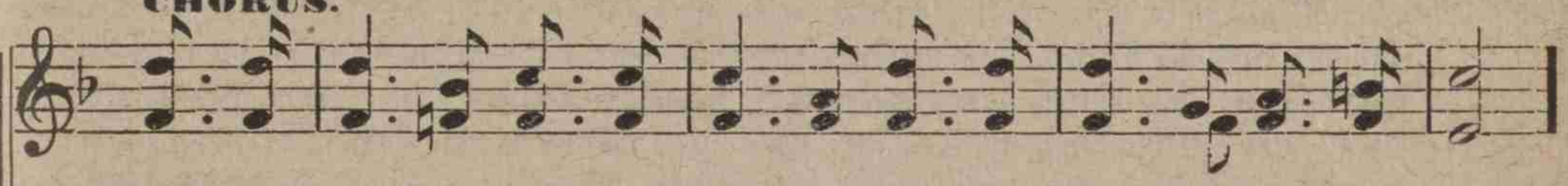
1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this sin-stained heart of mine;
Long hath sin, within my soul,
Sought my spirit to control.

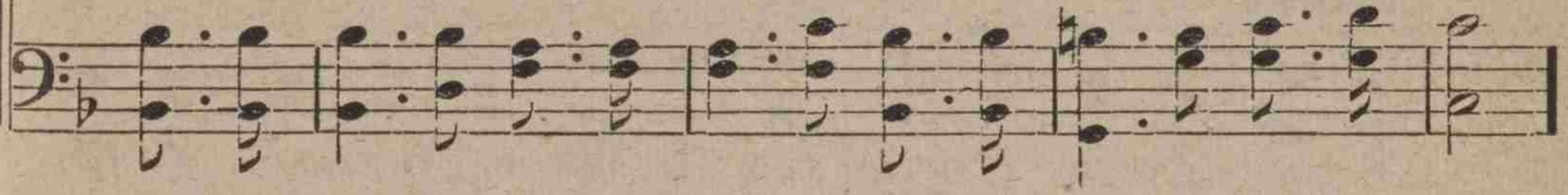
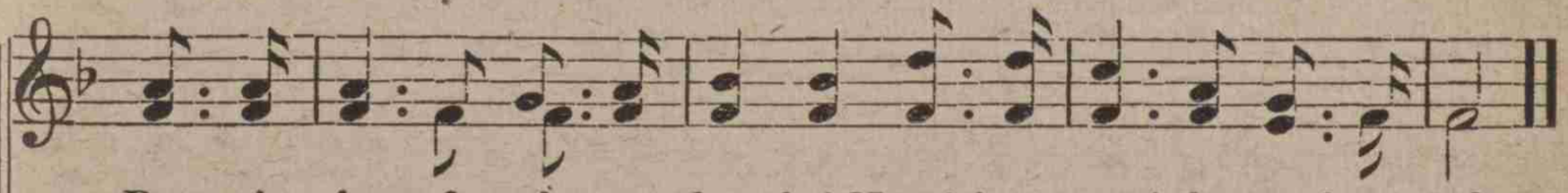
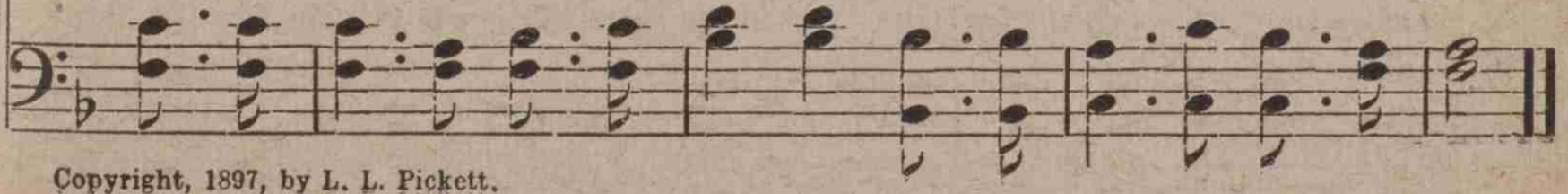
3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine,
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every rival throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

No. 100. WASH ME THROUGHLY.

E. F. W. Ps. 51. Rev. E. F. WALKER.

1. Wash me throughly, blessed Sav-iour, Cleanse me from indwelling sin;
2. Purge me with the branch of healing, Wash me whit-er than the snow;
3. Let the joy of full sal - va - tion Now be giv - en to my soul;
4. Then shall sin-ners be con-vert-ed, And transgressors learn Thy ways,
5. Now I yield my all to Je - sus; Now I trust His cleansing blood;

Bathe me in the sa-cred fountain, Now complete the work within.
Cleanse, oh, cleanse my inmost being, Thro' and thro' let Thy blood flow.
And, up-held by Thy free Spir - it, I shall ev - 'ry whit be whole.
And my hum-ble lips be opened, And my mouth show forth Thy praise.
Now the work is done with-in me, GLO - RY! GLO - RY BE TO GOD!

CHORUS.

Wash me throughly, wash me throughly; For the Mas-ter's use made meet;

After last verse.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! For the Master's use made meet;

Pu - ri - fy and make me ho - ly! Now! just now! the work complete.
Now He sanc - ti - fies me tru - ly: Now I am in Him complete.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 101. PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT.

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?—Luke 11: 13. "That we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith."—Gal. 3: 14.

M. W. KNAPP. SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

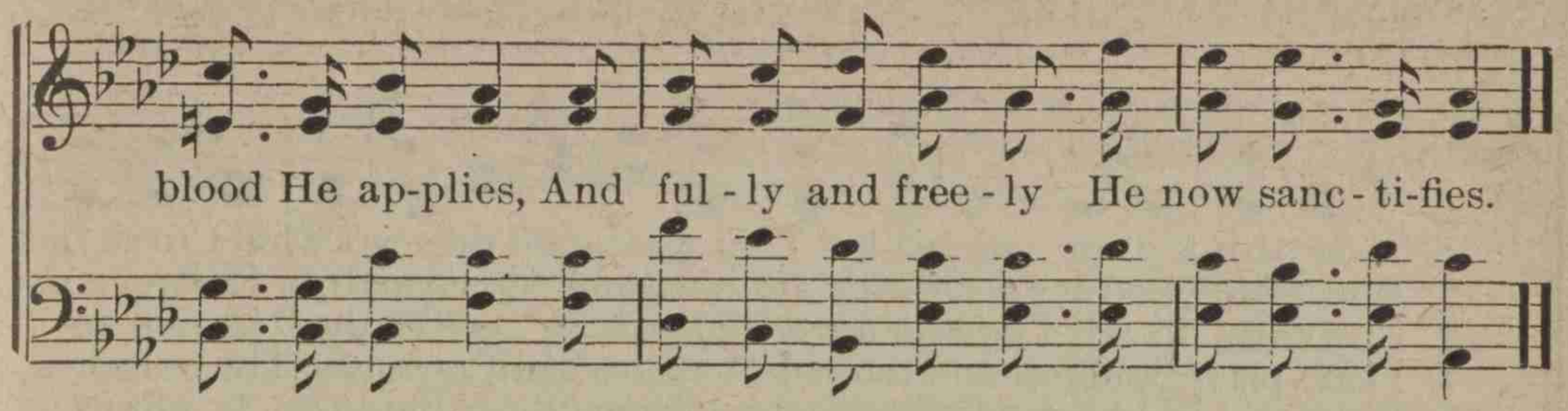
1. Bap-tize me, O Fa-ther, the promise I claim, And plead its ful-fill-ment in Je - sus' dear name, That thou, all be-liev-ers, who trust and o - bey, Wouldst fill with the Spirit, oh, fill me to-day.
2. Oh, fill me, my Fa-ther, for great is my need, I'm hun-gry and thirsty and earn-est - ly plead; I can-not, I will not per-mit Thee to go, Oh, make me the full-ness of blessing to know.
3. My - self and my treasures I ful - ly re-sign, Reputa - tion and pleasures for - ev - er are Thine; Complete - ly a - bandoned in all things to Thee, I long to be lost like a drop in the sea.
4. The blood is my ref-uge, the price paid for Thee, To purchase the gift which a - lone can set free; All oth - er re - li - ance I now lay a - side, And safe - ly and steadfast - ly in it con-fide.
5. The Spir - it ex-pect - ed descends to my soul, And o - ver me peaceful - ly love bil-lows roll; The bap - tism promised has fall - en on me, Oh, glo - ry to Je-sus! my soul it makes free.

CHORUS.

I be-lieve, and re-ceive, and He fills me to - day, As He promised, He comes, while humbly I pray, Oh, glory to Je-sus, the

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett

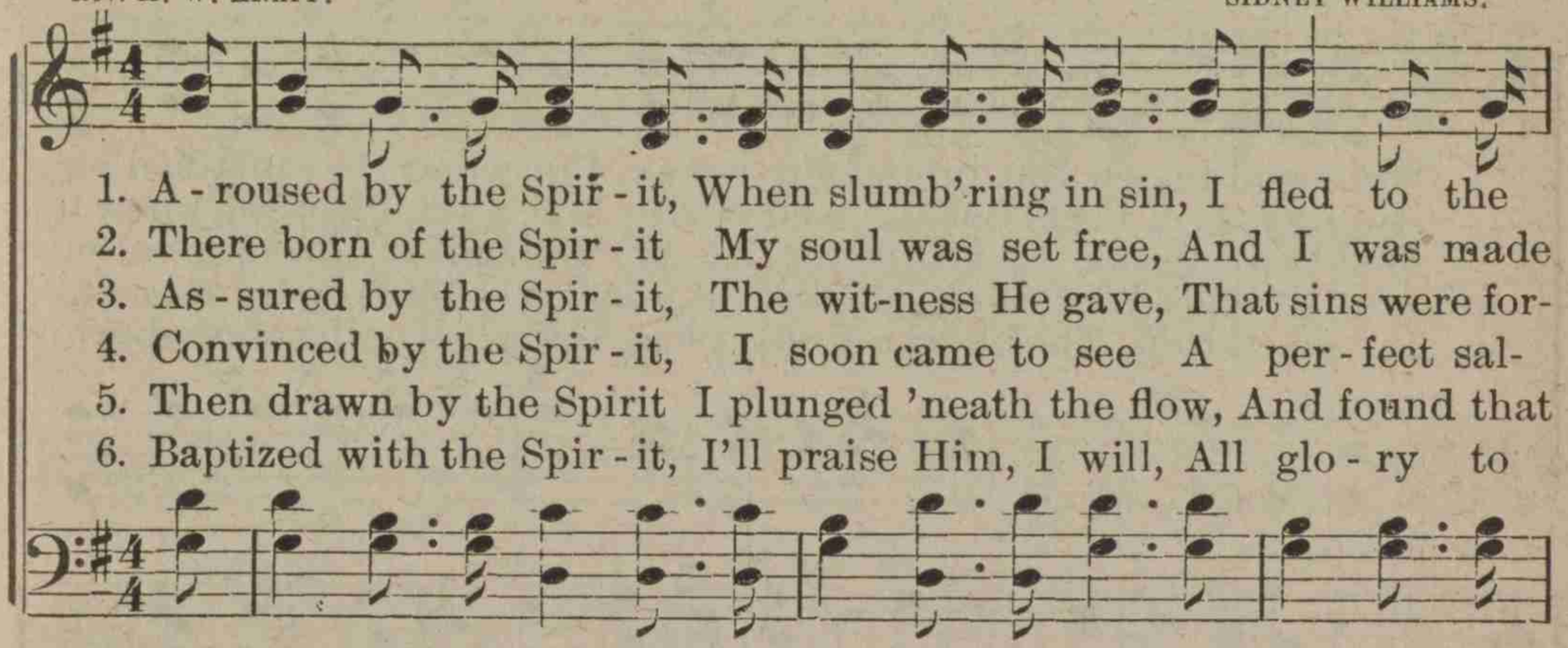
PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT. Concluded.

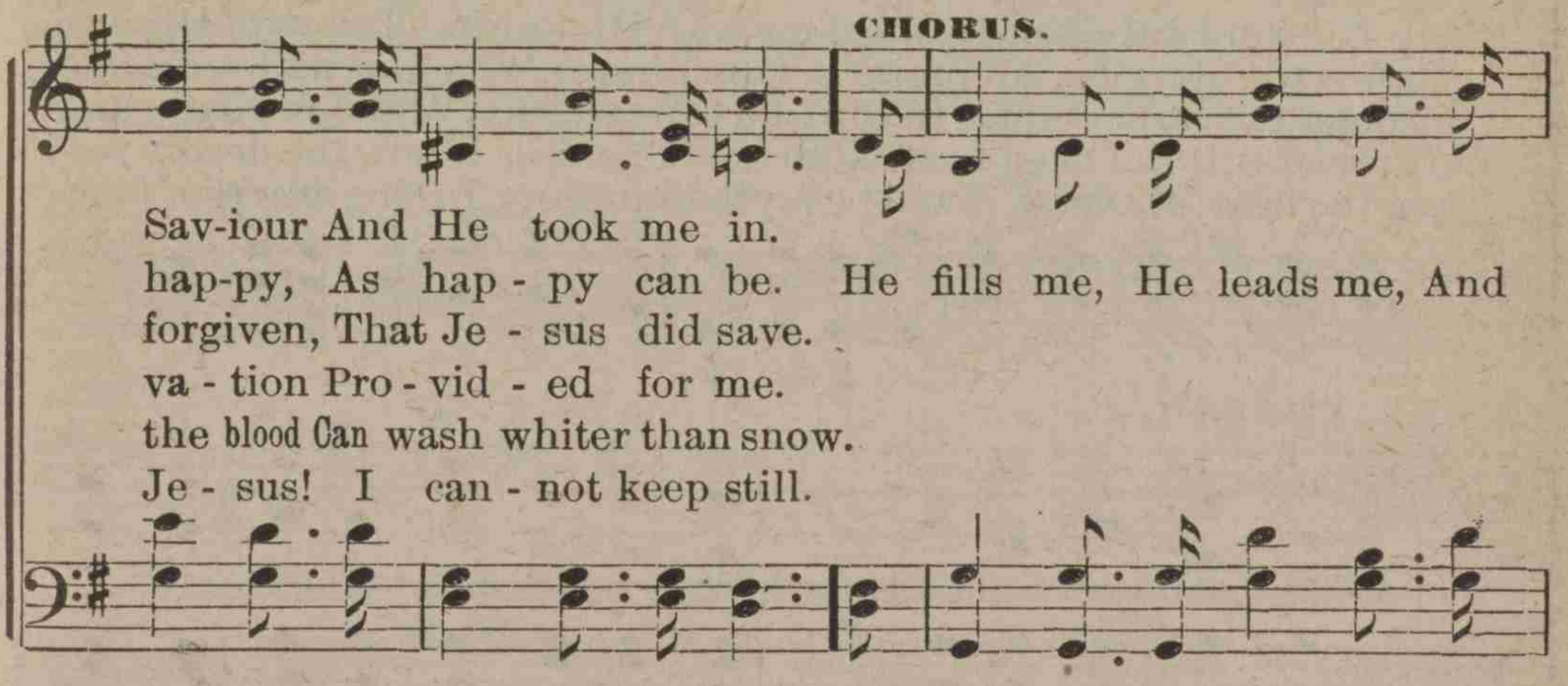
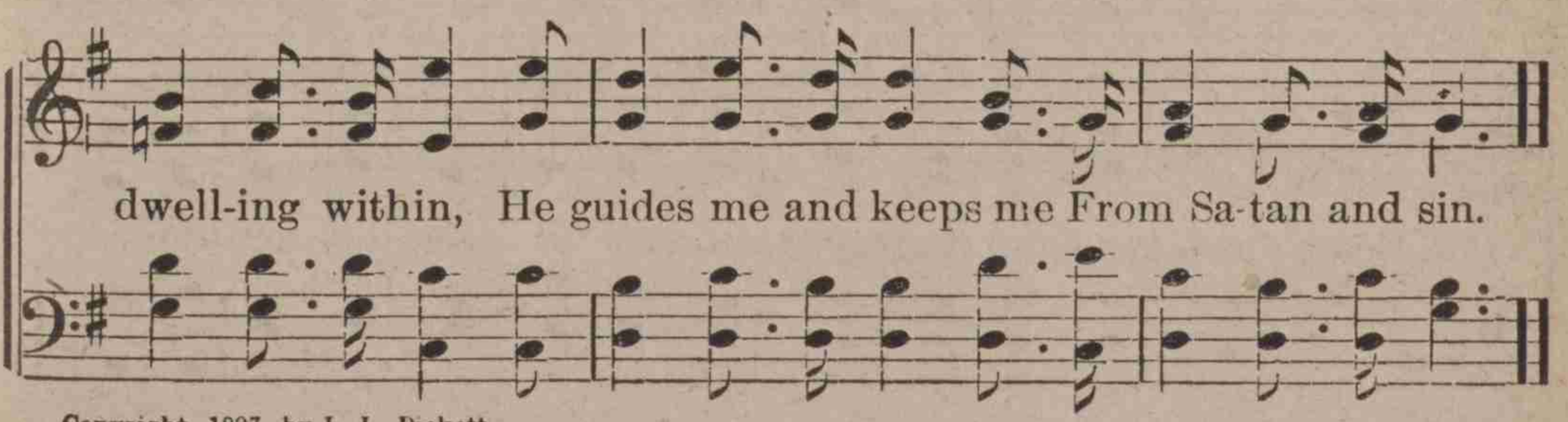


No. 102. THE SPIRIT RECEIVED.

"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.—Rom. 8: 14.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. SIDNEY WILLIAMS.





Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 103. JESUS REIGNING WITHIN.

"Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed.
M. W. KNAPP. that henceforth we should not serve sin."—Rom. 6: 6. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Some think it a de-lus-ion That we should ever say That Christ has
2. Now cru-ci-fied with Je-sus, He lives and reigns within, Destroys in-
3. Now dead to sin I've reckoned Myself to ev-er be, A-live to
4. Fear, pride, and fret and temper A-rise within no more, The ceaseless,
5. Possessed of blood-bought freedom From all car-nal-i-ty, I glo-ry

come and tak-en Our inbred sin a-way, But when He sanctified me,
dwelling evil, Casts out the seed of sin; Like Paul, I feel and know it,
God thro' Je-sus, To all e-ter-ni-ty; The Spir-it now descending,
toilsome struggle With them, thank God, is o'er, Yet Jesus ev-'ry moment
in sal-va-tion, The blood my only plea; And when with saints above us

Faith His word did claim, He filled me with His Spirit, All glory to His name.
To God the glory be, All praise to Him forever, Who thus hath set me free.
Consumes the carnal mind, In Christ a full salvation With joy I daily find.
Enthroned within I need, Lest Satan un-ex-pected, Resow the deadly seed.
I join the heav'nly throng, 'Twill be my theme in glory To sing redemption's song.

CHORUS

Dead, dead, dead and destroyed, Dead is the bod-y of sin;

Dead, dead, dead and destroyed, Je-sus is reigning with-in.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickeit.

No. 104. HE FULLY SAVES ME NOW.

"Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."—Heb. 7: 25.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. I came to Je - sus with my sin, He ful - ly saves me now;
2. Once guilt - y fears oppressed my soul, He ful - ly saves me now;
3. Sin's i - ron chains once held me fast, He ful - ly saves me now;
4. Once all was dark, but now there's light, He ful - ly saves me now;

He washed a - way its ev - 'ry stain, He ful - ly saves me now.
His cleans-ing blood has made me whole, He ful - ly saves me now.
But I'm re-deemed, I'm free at last, He ful - ly saves me now.
He found me blind, he gave me sight, He ful - ly saves me now.

CHORUS.

He ful - ly saves me now, He free-ly saves me now;
He saves me now, He saves me now;

He washed a - way sin's ev - 'ry stain, He ful - ly saves me now.

Copyright, 1893, by L. L. Pickett.

5 The Sun of righteousness has risen,
His beams have turned my hell to heaven.

6 Converted first at Calvary's cross,
My barque on many a wave was tossed.

7 I sought again my Saviour's side,
In the upper room was sanctified.

8 His gracious Spirit dwells within,
His fire consumed indwelling sin.

No. 105. IT IS FOR US ALL TO-DAY.

"For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."—Acts 2: 39.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Have you ev - er felt the power Of the Pen - te - cos - tal fire
2. Je - sus of-fers this blest cleansing Un-to all His children dear,
3. Some have tho't they could not live it While they dwell on earth below,
4. You may now receive the Spir-it As a sanc-ti - fy - ing flame,

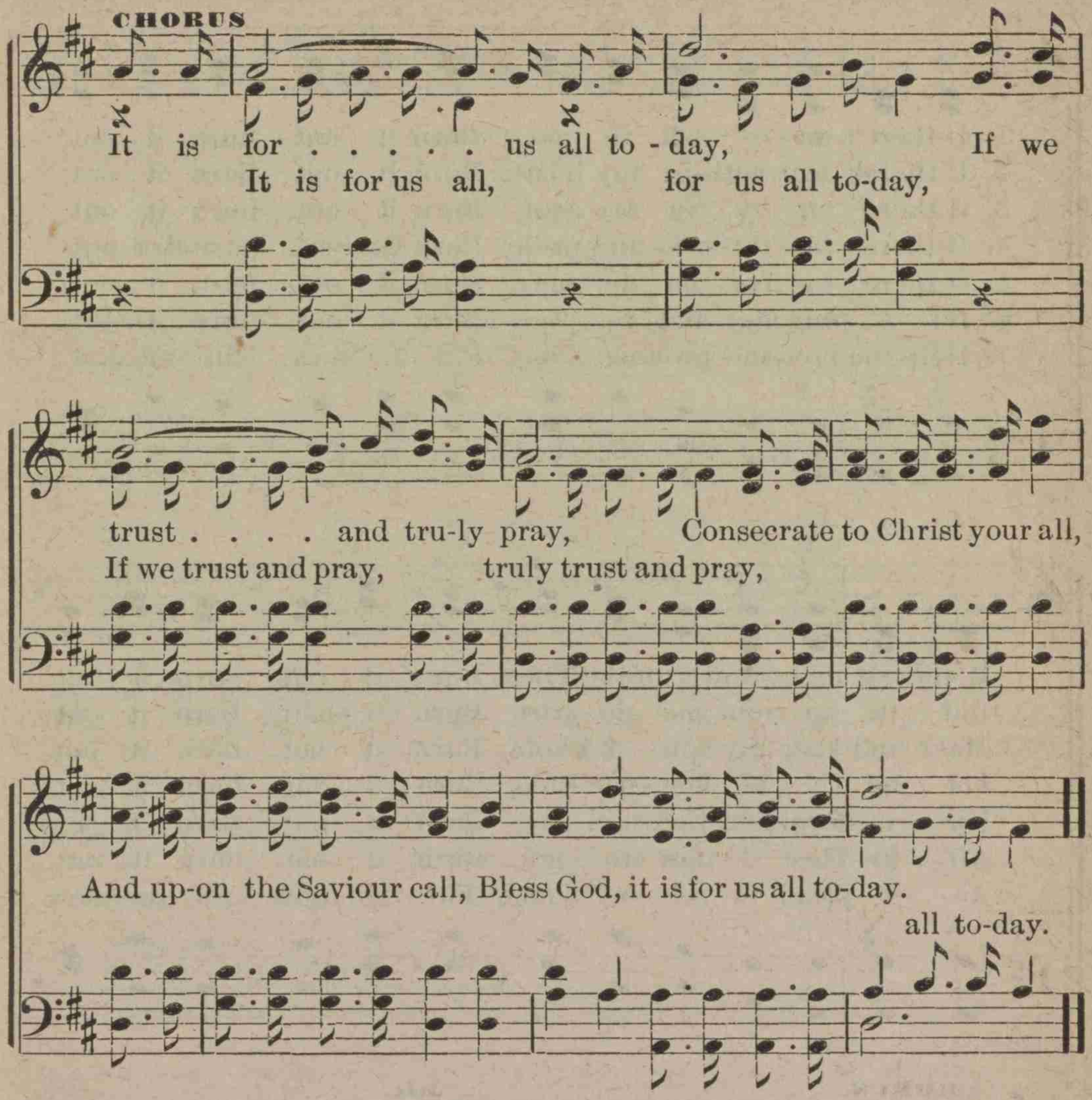
Burning up all car-nal na-ture, Cleansing out all base de-sire,
Ful - ly, free - ly pu - ri - fy - ing, Ban-ish - ing all doubt and fear.
But in this they were mis-tak-en, For the Bi - ble tells us so,
If with all your heart you seek Him, Having faith in Je - sus' name;

Go - ing thro' and thro' your spirit, Cleansing all its stain a - way;
It will help you, oh, my brother When you sing and when you pray;
And the Spir - it now is with us, He can keep us all the way;
On the cross He bought this blessing, He will nev-er say us Nay;

Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you It is for us all to - day.
He is wait-ing now to give it, It is for us all to - day.
Then by faith why not re-ceive it? It is for us all to - day.
He is wait-ing now to give it, Why not claim it, friend, to - day?

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

IT IS ALL FOR US TO-DAY. Concluded.



No. 106. TAKE MY LIFE AND LET IT BE.

1 Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

CHORUS.

Now my life is hid with Christ in God,
Wholly sanctified by His own blood,
Lord, my heart doth thrill, one with
Thy holy will,
As Thou now my soul doth fill.

2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King.

3 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my moments and my days
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

4 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart—it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne

5 Take my love—my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!

F. R. Havergal.

No. 107. BURN IT OUT.

Arr. by M. W. K. "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier."—Mal. 3: 3. GEO. L. BROWN. By per.

1. If there's an - y self in me, Burn it out, burn it out;
2. If there's fear with-in my heart, Burn it out, burn it out;
3. If there's en - vy in my soul, Burn it out, burn it out;
4. If there's bit - ter - ness and pride, Burn them out, burn them out;
5. If there's longing for dis - play, Burn it out, burn it out;
6. Do I mur-mur and re - pine, Burn it out, burn it out;
7. Help me now the promise claim, Fill me now, fill me now;

If there's aught that's unlike Thee, Burn it out, burn it out.
Bid it far from me de - part, Burn it out, burn it out.
Make and keep my spir - it whole, Burn it out, burn it out.
Let no e - vil tem - per hide, Burn it out, burn it out.
For a - dornment rich and gay, Burn it out, burn it out.
All to Thee I now re - sign, Burn it out, burn it out.
As I plead in Je - sus' name, Fill me now, fill me now.

CHORUS. Rit.

Ho - ly Spir - it, fall on me, Cleanse me now, cleanse me now;

Rit.

From the dross of sin set free, Burn it out, burn it out.

Last Verse.—Fill me now, fill me now.

No. 108. *STEPS INTO THE FOUNTAIN.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 John 1: 9.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. God commands that I ho - ly must be, And His Word I most tru - ly be-
2. All my need I with weep-ing con - fess, For I'm long-ing this cleansing to
3. I will seek till the gift I ob - tain, I will knock till He o - pen the
4. On the al - tar I now place my all, All my be - ing for - ev - er re-
5. Now I trust in my Sav - iour a - lone, And this mo-ment I ful - ly be-
6. I will tell that He cleans-es my soul, And will pub - lish as on-ward I must be,

lieve, Oh, I long from my sin to be free, And the
know; And the gift of the Spir - it pos - sess, And be
door; Come, oh, come and re - move ev - 'ry stain, Ful - ly
sign; And what - ev - er my life may be - fall, The good
lieve That His blood does so ful - ly a - tone, That the
go, That the Sav - iour has made ful - ly whole, That the
I be - lieve, be free,

CHORUS.

Spir - it of prom - ise re - ceive.
washed and made whit - er than snow. Now I yield and be-
cleanse and then keep ev - er - more. Now I yield
will of my God shall be mine.
prom - ise just now I re - ceive.
blood wash - es whit - er than snow. to re - ceive.

lieve, And the blood wash-es whit - er than snow, Now by
and be - lieve, yes, whit - er than snow,

faith I re - ceive, Full sal-va-tion and peace now I know,
faith I receive, and by faith I receive, now I know.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

*Can be sung to "Sweet By and By."

Choice Songs

of Full Salvation, Work, Mission, Temperance and other Vital Subjects.

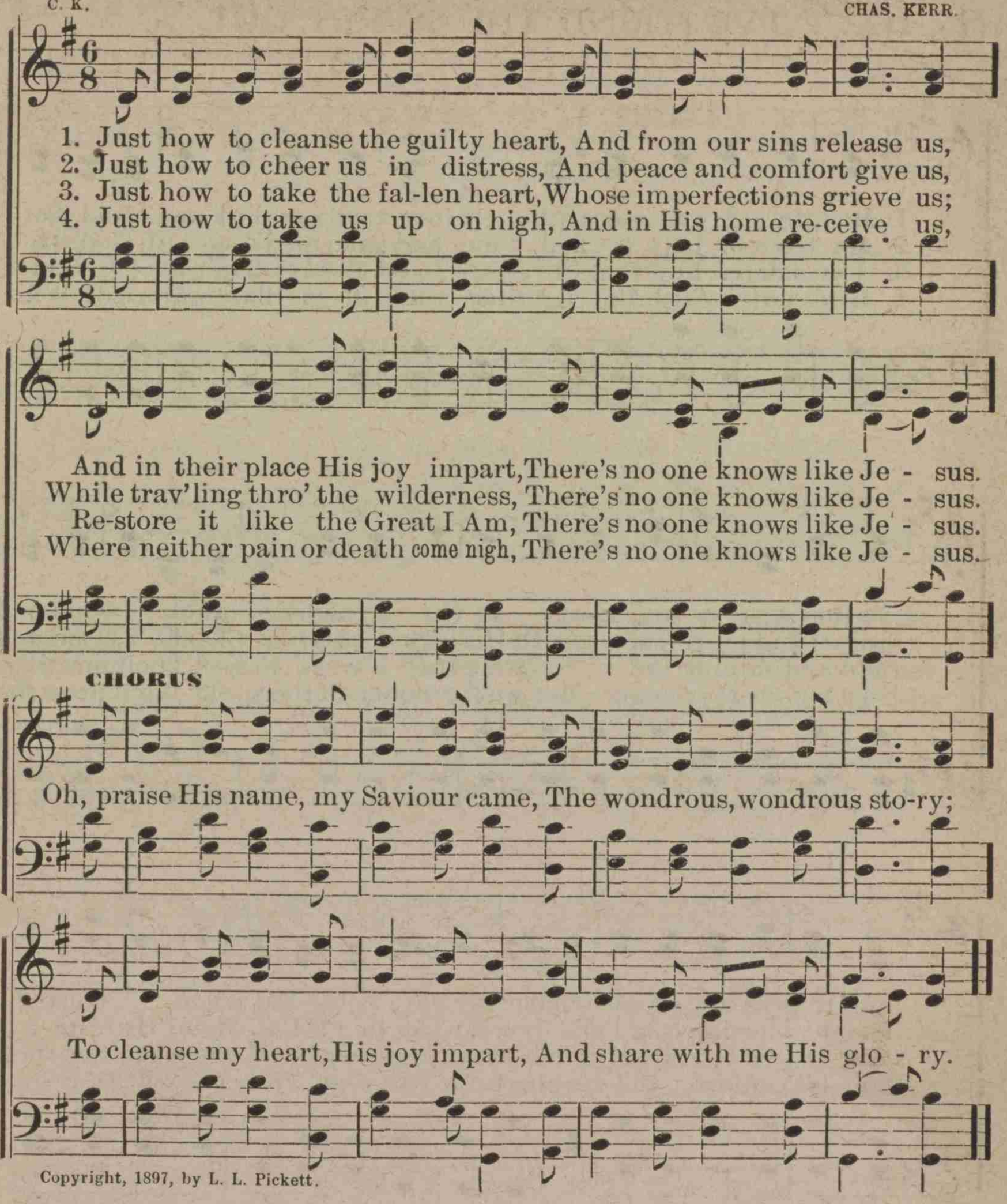
No. 109. IT REACHES ME.

MARY D. JAMES. "Where sin abounded grace did much more abound." JNO. R. SWENEY.

From "The Garner," by per. of Jno. R. Sweney.

No. 110. NO ONE KNOWS LIKE JESUS.

C. K. CHAS. KERR.



1. Just how to cleanse the guilty heart, And from our sins release us,
2. Just how to cheer us in distress, And peace and comfort give us,
3. Just how to take the fal-len heart, Whose imperfections grieve us;
4. Just how to take us up on high, And in His home re-ceive us,

And in their place His joy impart, There's no one knows like Je - sus.
While trav'ling thro' the wilderness, There's no one knows like Je - sus.
Re-store it like the Great I Am, There's no one knows like Je - sus.
Where neither pain or death come nigh, There's no one knows like Je - sus.

CHORUS

Oh, praise His name, my Saviour came, The wondrous, wondrous sto-ry;

To cleanse my heart, His joy impart, And share with me His glo - ry.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 111. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

1 Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Cho.—Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless?
Are they white as snow?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

3 When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white,
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. By per.

No. 112. I'VE FOUND THE SECRET OUT.

"I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and
PEARSON. prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."—Matt. 11: 25. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Be-fore I was con-vert - ed my soul was dark and blind, Sal-
2. My Saviour jus - ti - fied me and gave me peace with God, He
3. I wondered how that Christians could al-ways hap-py be, Their
4. Lord, now in faith I'm fight-ing with Je sus' flag unfurled, With

va-tion was a mys-te - ry to my be-night-ed mind; I wondered
cleansed and pu-ri-fied me with His own precious blood; I wondered
bright and shining fac - es were such a treat to see; Their meetings
Christ for our Com-man - der, we'll conquer all the world, We'll press the

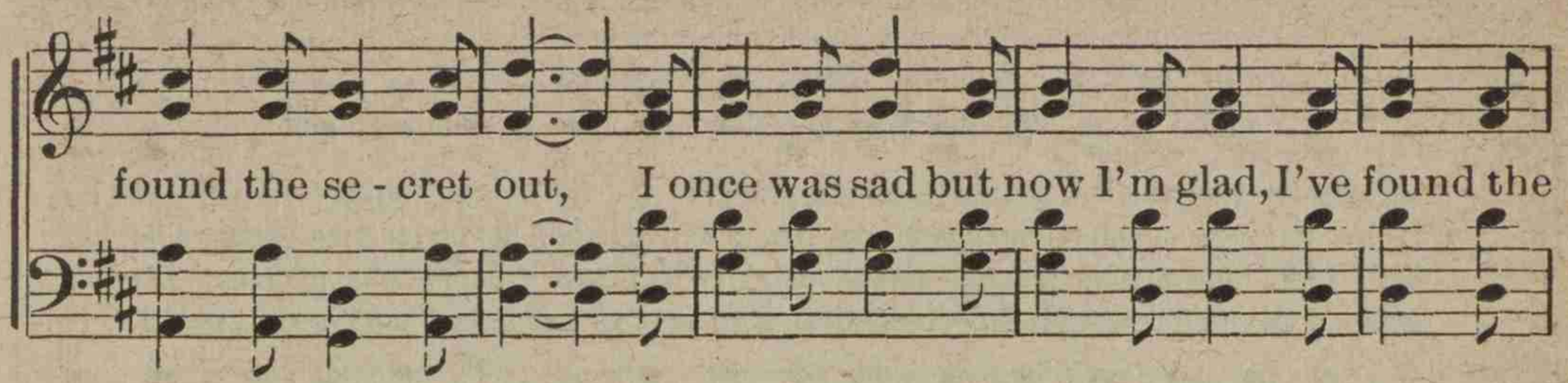
how re-pent-ance could change my life a-bout, But when I trusted
how the blessing could make be-liev-ers shout, But when He sanc-ti-
were at-trac-tive, their spirits brave and stout, And when I joined their
ho - ly conflict, the stubborn foe will rout, Then rise to heav-en

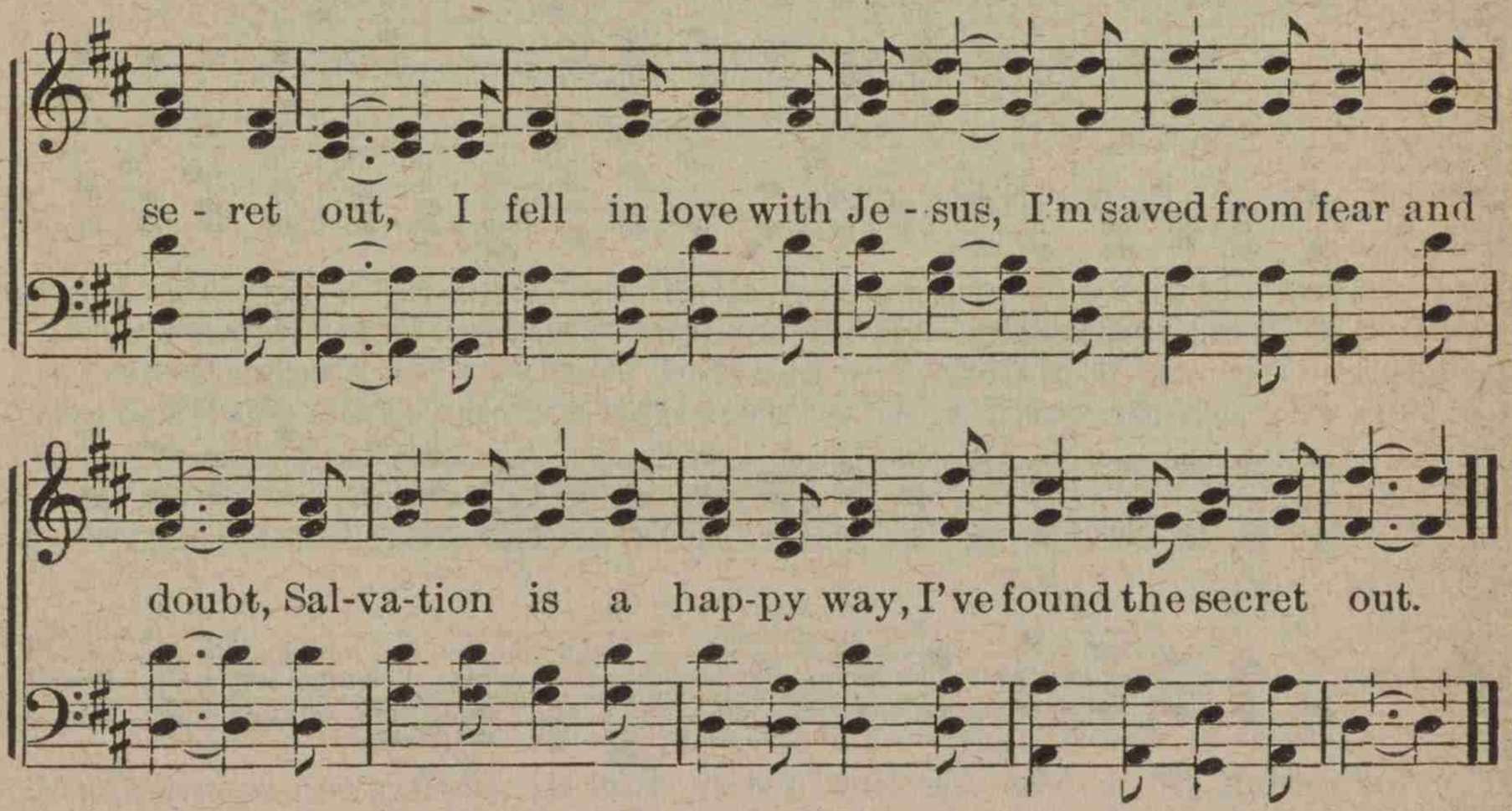
CHORUS

Je - sus, I found the se-cret out.
fied me, I found the se-cret out. I've found the secret out, I've
number, I found the se-cret out.
shouting, I found the se-cret out.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

I'VE FOUND THE SECRET OUT. Concluded.





No. 113. IS NOT THIS THE LAND OF BEULAH?

Key G.

1 I am dwelling on the mountain,
Where the golden sunlight gleams
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty
Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
Where the air is pure, ethereal,
Laden with the breath of flowers,
They are blooming by the fountain,
Neath the amaranthine bowers.

CHORUS.

Is not this the land of Beulah,
Blessed, blessed land of light,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright?

2 I can see far down the mountain,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey
By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly sprinkled all the way,
But the Spirit led, unerring,
To the land I hold to-day.

3 I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied;
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Nor adorning rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the cross.

5 Oh, the cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
Take the cross, thou needst not fear,
For I've tried the way before thee,
And the glory lingers near.

No. 114. SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE.

L. L. P. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."—Psalm 25: 14. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Friends, if we would know the secret Of a ho - ly, happy life, We must yield our all to Jesus, Turning from all sin and strife; Not a
2. Christ is here enthroned within us, And abides within the soul, On His arms so strong and tender, All our burdens we may roll. He hath
3. And tho' Satan sore may press us, More than conq'rers we may be, Thro' His grace so free and boundless, Now and thro' eternity. "Not a
4. Ev-'ry-thing to-geth-er worketh For our good from day to day, And our souls with love are burning, As we trust Him and obey; Filled with

doubt must find a lodgment, Or a sin be hid a-way, But in perfect con-se-cra-tion
promised not to leave us, Nor forsake us on our way, But to safely guide our footsteps
weapon formed a-gainst Thee," E'er shall prosper, said the Word, Precious secret, sweet assurance,
praises ever flowing, Sacred secret from a-bove, Mys-ter-y of grace and goodness,

CHORUS.

We must live from day to day.
To the realms of endless day. Here the secret of the Saviour Fills the life with
Thus to lean upon our Lord.
Precious gift of perfect love.

love and cheer, And the perfect love of Je-sus Casts out all tormenting fear.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett,

No. 115.

CLEFT FOR ME.

Arr. and last verse by M. W. KNAPP.

Arr. by SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

1. "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," Thoughtlessly the maiden sang, Fell the words un-
2. "Let me hide myself in Thee," Felt her soul no need to hide; Sweet the song as
3. "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," 'Twas a woman sung them now, Pleadingly and
4. "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," Life grown aged sung the hymn, Trustingly and
5. "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," Sung above the coffin-lid; Underneath all
6. Could the sightless sunken eyes, Closed beneath the soft gray hair, Could the mute and

consciously From the girlish, gleeful tongue. Sang as little children sing,
song could be, And she had no tho't beside. All the words unheedingly
pray'rfully, Ev'ry word her heart did know. Rose the song as storm-tossed bird,
tenderly, Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim. "Let me hide myself in Thee,"
restfully, All life's joys and sorrows hid. Nevermore, oh, storm-tossed soul!
stiffened lips Move again in pleading pray'r? Could the voice again in song

Sang as sing the birds in June, Fell the words as light leaves down On the current
Fell from lips untouched by care, Dreaming not that each might be On some other
Beats with weary wing the air, Ev'ry note with sorrow stirred, Ev'ry sylla-
Trembling tho' the voice and low, Ran the sweet strain peacefully, Like a river
Nevermore from wind or tide, Nevermore from billows roll, Wilt thou need thy-
Reach us from the gates of gold? Still I think would be the song, Sweeter than in

of the tune. "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee."
lips a pray'r. "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee."
ble a pray'r. "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee."
in its flow. "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee."
self to hide. "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee."
days of old. "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee."

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 116. RESTING.

"For we which have believed do enter into rest."—Heb. 4: 3.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Resting on the faithfulness of Christ our Lord; Resting on the ful-ness of His own sure word; Resting on His pow-er, on His love un - told;
2. Resting 'neath His guiding hand for untracked days; Resting 'neath His shadow from the noon-tide rays; Resting at the ev - en - tide un- der His wing,
3. Resting in the fortress while the foes are nigh; Resting in the lifeboat while the waves roll high; Resting in His chariot for the swift glad race;
4. Resting in the pastures, and beneath the Rock; Resting by the waters where He leads His flock; Resting while we lis-ten, at His glorious feet;

Resting on His cov - e - nant se-cured of old.
In the fair pa - vil - ion of our Saviour King.
Resting, always rest-ing in His boundless grace.
Resting in His ver - y arms!—oh, rest complete.

CHORUS

Rest - - ing, rest - - ing, Resting and be-
Resting, sweetly resting, I am resting, sweetly resting, I am

Copyright. 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

RESTING. Concluded.

lieving, let us onward press, Rest - - ing,
I am resting, sweetly resting, I am

rest - - ing, Resting in Himself, the Lord our Righteousness.
resting, sweetly resting, I am

No. 117. ALL FOR JESUS.

MARY D. JAMES. Rom. 12: 1. Arranged.

1. All for Jesus! all for Je-sus! All my being's ransomed pow'rs:
   All my tho'ts and words and doings, All my days and all my (*Omit.* hours.
2. Let my hands perform His bidding, Let my feet run in His ways—
   Let my eyes see Jesus on-ly, Let my lips speak forth His (*Omit.* praise;
3. Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus, I've lost sight of all beside;
   So enchained my spirit's vision, Looking at the Cruci-(*Omit* fied.
4. Oh, what wonder! how amazing! Jesus, glorious King of kings—
   Deigns to call me His be-lov-ed, Lets me rest beneath His (*Omit.* wings.

All for Jesus! all for Je-sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.
All for Jesus! all for Je-sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise; praise.
All for Jesus! all for Je-sus! Looking at the Cru-ci - fied; fied.
All for Jesus! all for Je-sus! Resting now beneath His wings; wings.

No. 118. THE FEAST OF LOVE.

"I will come in and sup with him and he with me."—Rev. 3: 20.

Third verse by L. L. PICKETT. G. R. STREET. By per.

1. Child of sorrow, child of care, Wouldst thou learn thy griefs to bear, And es-
2. Painful days and months and years, In this darksome vale of tears, But thro'
3. Christ our Lord will give relief, In the hour of pain and grief, If you

cape from ev'ry snare, Trust in God. Human strength is weak and vain,
all the Saviour cheers, All the way. He will gent-ly lead us on,
learn to trust His grace, All the way. While we live and when we die,

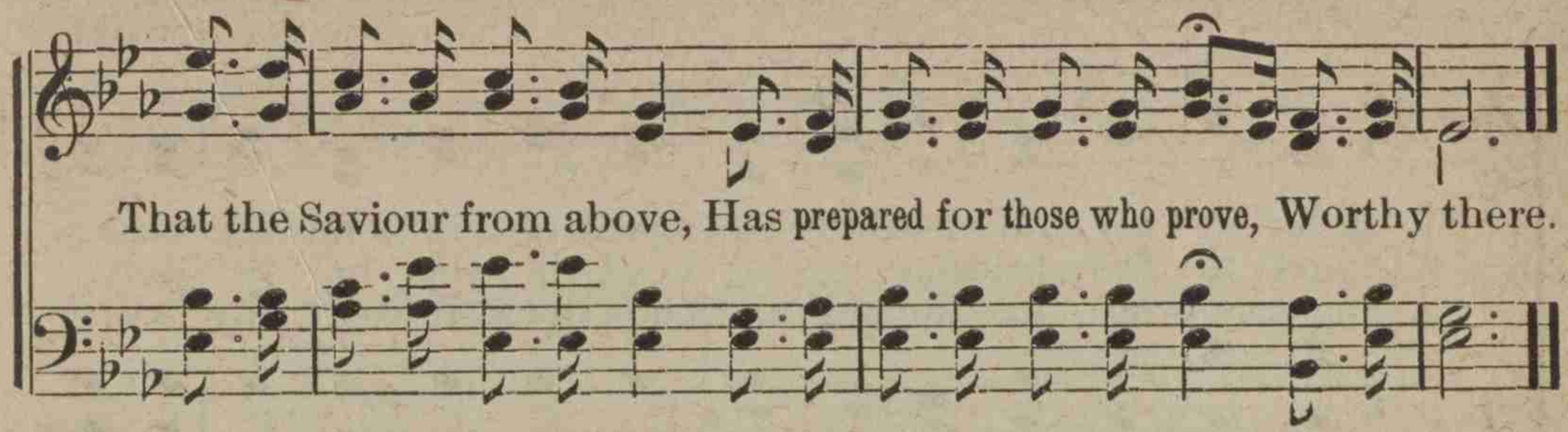
Let not sin its pow'r regain, Humbly ask and help obtain, From thy God.
He will never leave His own, Till we reach His shining throne, Safely there.
He can fully sanctify, Then we'll reign with Him on high, Safe at home.

CHORUS.

We'll be there, yes, we'll be there, When the Lord of glory
we'll be there, we'll be there,

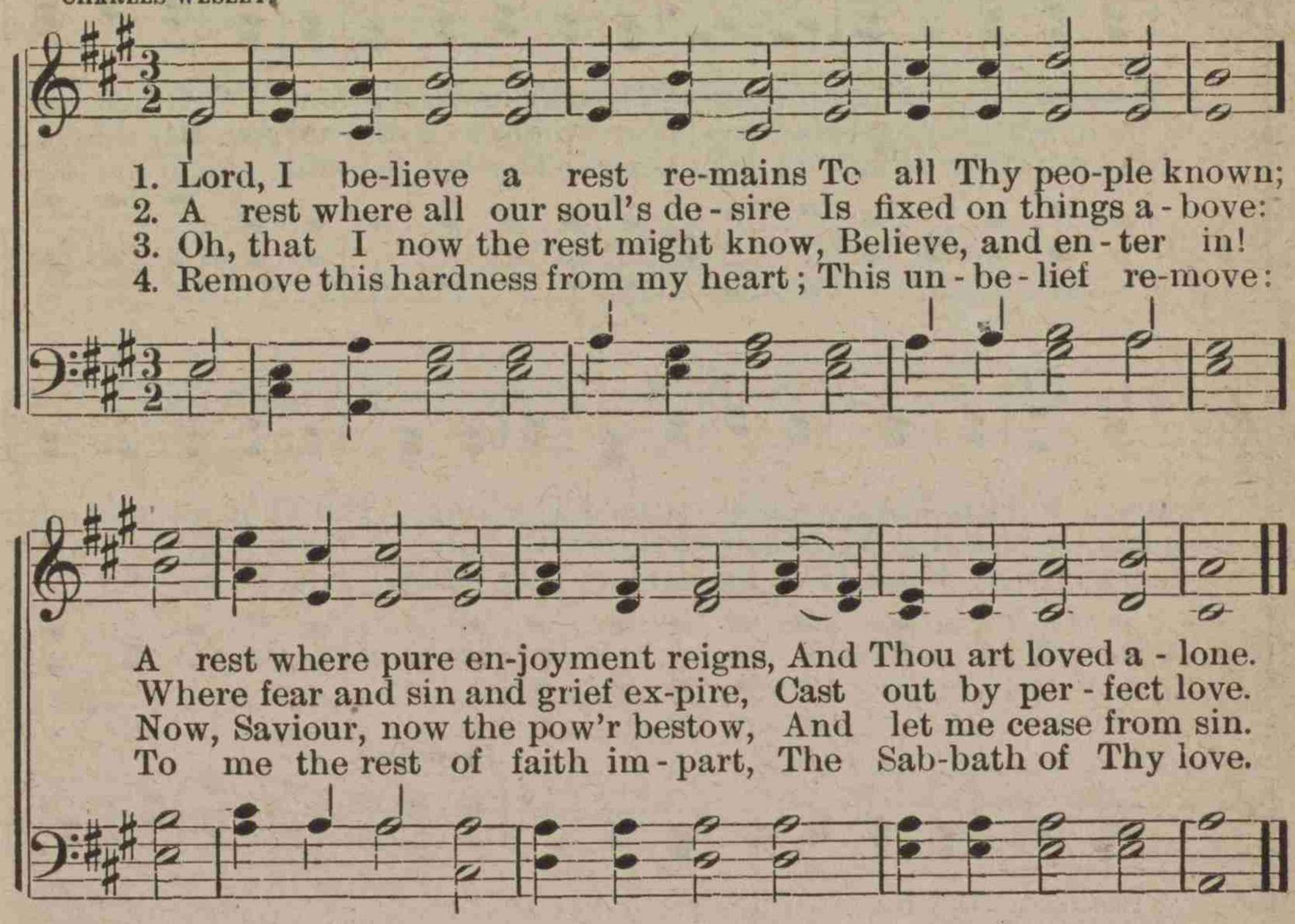
calls us, we'll be there, To en - joy that feast of love,
we'll be there,

THE FEAST OF LOVE: Concluded.



No. 119. LORD, I BELIEVE A REST REMAINS.

CHARLES WESLEY.



No. 120. SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

Music at No. 117.

1 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Oh, what words I hear Him say!
Happy place! so near, so precious!
May it find me there each day;
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
I would look upon the past;
For His love has been so gracious,
It has won my heart at last.

2 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Where can mortal be more blest?
There I lay my sins and sorrows,
And, when weary, find sweet rest:
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
There I love to weep and pray,
While I from His fullness gather
Grace and comfort every day.

3 Bless me, O my Saviour, bless me,
As I sit low at Thy feet;
Oh, look down in love upon me,
Let me see Thy face so sweet,
Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus,
Make me holy as He is;
May I prove I've been with Jesus,
Who is all my righteousness.

J. H.

No. 121. SPEAK TO ME, JESUS.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend."—Ex. 33: 11.

L. L. P. Adapted by L. L. PICKETT.

1. Speak to my soul, dear Je - sus, Speak now in tend'rest tone;
2. Speak to Thy children ev - er, Lead in the ho - ly way;
3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst re-veal Thy will;

Whisper in loving kindness: "Thou art not left a-lone." O-pen my
Fill them with joy and gladness, Teach them to watch and pray. May they in
Let me know all my du - ty, Let me Thy law ful - fill. Lead me to

heart to hear Thee, Quickly to hear Thy voice, Fill Thou my soul with
con - se-cra-tion Yield their whole lives to Thee, Hasten Thy coming
glo - ri - fy Thee, Help me to show Thy praise, Gladly to do Thy

praises, Let me in Thee re - joice.
kingdom, Till our dear Lord we see. Speak Thou in softest whispers,
bidding, Honor Thee all my days.

CHORUS.

Whispers of love to me; "Thou shalt be al-ways conq'ror,

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

Thou shalt be always free." Speak Thou to me each day, Lord, Always in

tend'rest tone; Let me now hear Thy whisper, "Thou art not left a-lone."

No. 122. YARBROUGH. 7s.

"As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love."—John 15: 9.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. { Je - sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly,
   { Hide me, oh, my Saviour hide, Till the storm of life is past;
2. { Oth-er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
   { All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
3. { Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
   { Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness:
4. { Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin:
   { Thou of life the fountain art, Free-ly let me take of Thee:

CHO.—*Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,*

D.C. for Chorus.

While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high!
Safe in - to the hav-en guide, Oh, receive my soul at last!
Leave, oh, leave me not a-lone, Still support and comfort me:
Cov-er my de-fense-less head With the shadow of Thy wing!
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure within.
Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter- ni - ty.

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

No. 123. SOMETHING NEW.

"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."— 2 Cor. 5: 17.

M. W. KNAPP. CHAS. A. HUMPHREY.

1. Something new I have to sing, Something new, something new, Christ the dead to life can bring,
2. Now His sanctifying fire, Thro' and thro', thro' and thro', Burns up ev'ry base desire,
3. His two works within my soul, Were sky blue, were sky blue, For He saved and made me whole,
4. Holiness shall win the day, It is true, it is true, Sin shall all be swept away,

It is true, it is true, By His grace my heart is new, Thro' and thro', thro' and thro',
This is new, this is new! All things old have passed away, All is new, all is new,
Does He you? does He you? Now He sweetly reigns within, Kind and true, kind and true,
Something new, something new, Holy fire fiercely burn, Thro' and thro', thro' and thro',

CHORUS.

He can do the same for you, Yes, for you, yes, for you.
New by night and new by day, Ever new, ever new. Now His sanctifying fire,
Ev'ry moment saves from sin, Something new, something new.
Swiftly speed our Lord's return, Something new, something new.

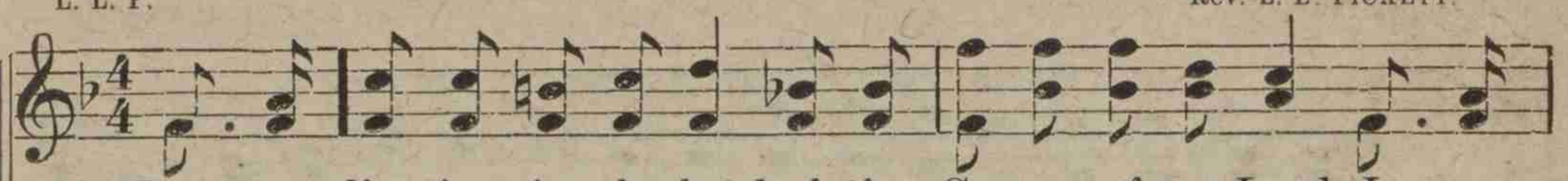
Burns up ev'ry base desire, And my soul is rising higher, Shout the news, shout the news.

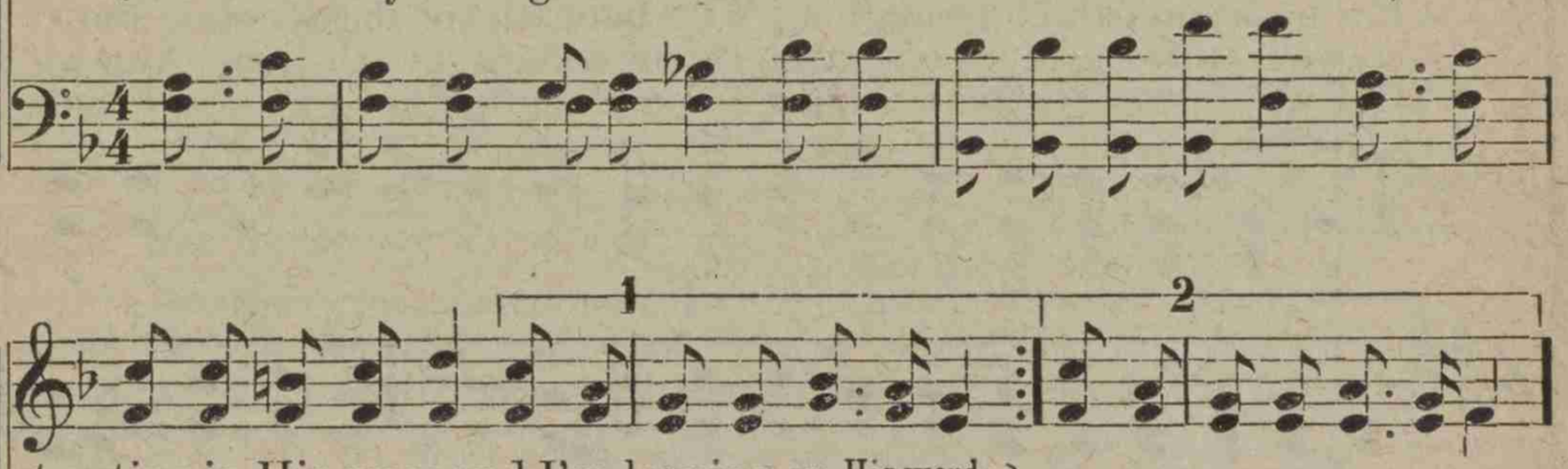
Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

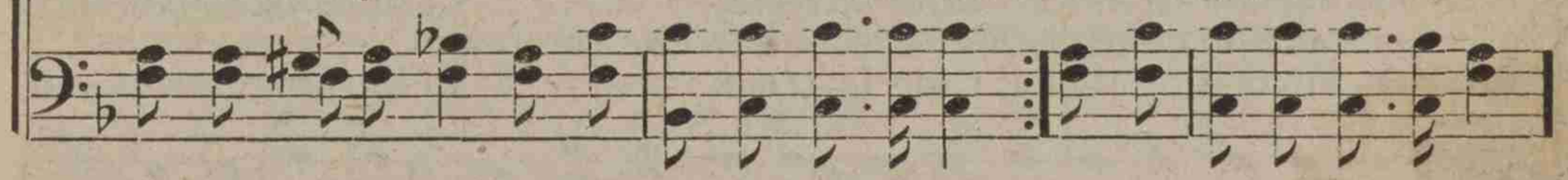
5 Soon our waiting eyes shall see
All things new, all things new,
Heaven and earth renewed will be,
How with you? how with you?
Oh, what rapture then will wait
If we're true, if we're true,
All who pass the pearly gate,
Always new, always new!

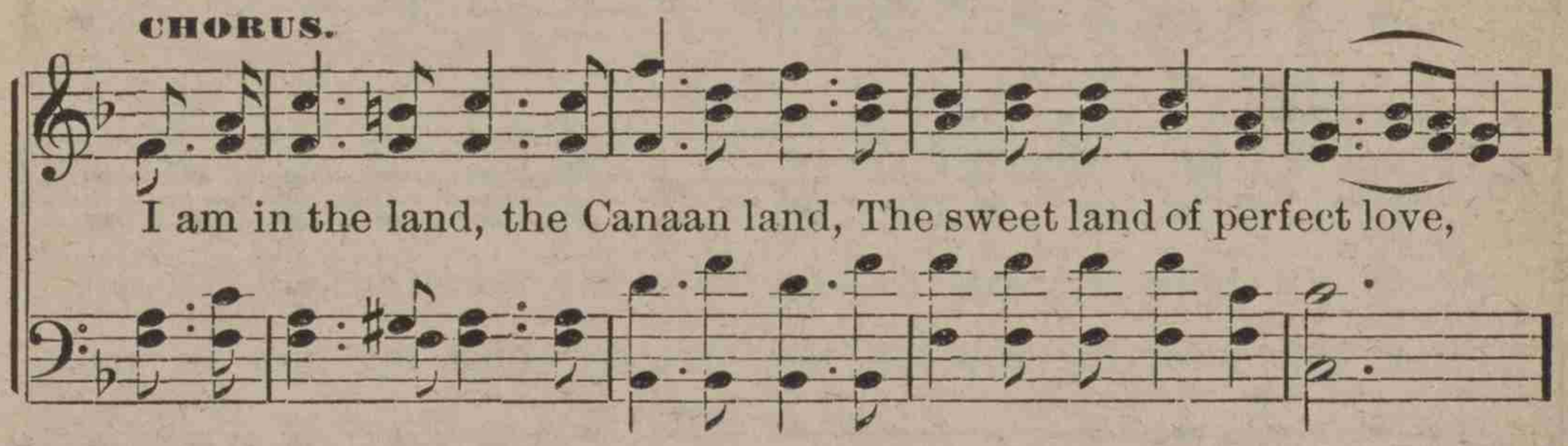
6 New the mansions bright and fair,
All for you! all for you!
That the saints of God shall share,
If they're true, if they're true;
New the songs we then shall sing,
They'll be new! they'll be new!
New the praises that will ring,
Ever new! always new!

No. 124. MY CANAAN EXPERIENCE.

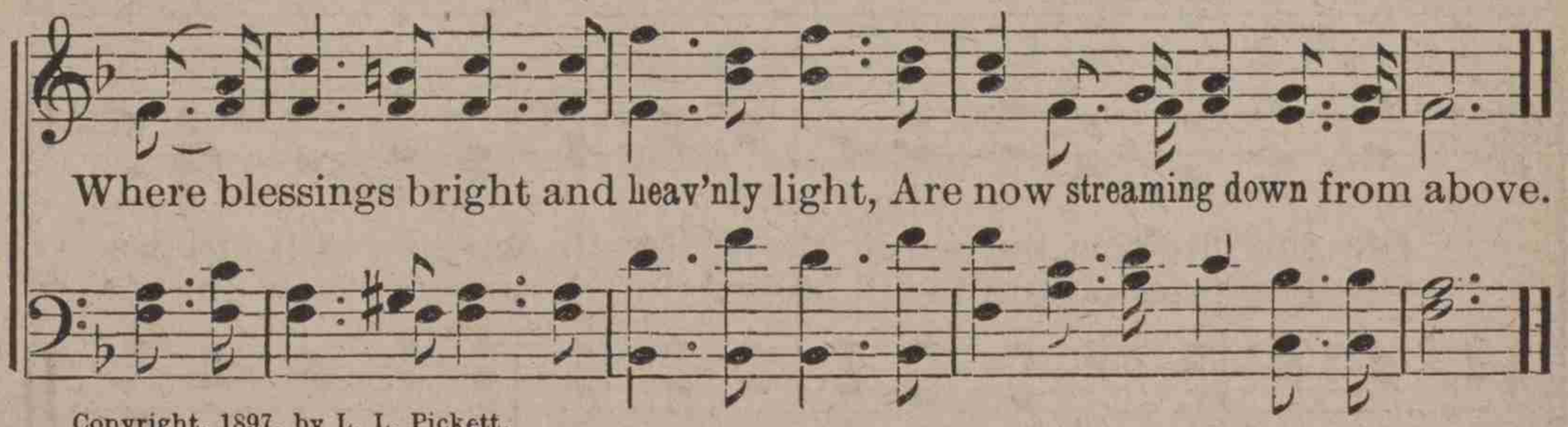
L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. I am liv - ing in the land of the Canaan of my Lord, I am
   Out of Egypt's bitter woes, out of bondage, out of grief, My dear
2. All my bondage now is o'er, I am free for ev - er-more, I am
   I am thro' the wilderness, and have crossed the Jordan's tide, I am
3. I have marched around the walls of de-fi - ant Jer-i - cho, And have
   'Twas not in my skill or strength but by faith in God's own might, When I
4. 'Tis a place of corn and wine and with milk and honey flows, All the
   Here the day is bright and clear and the air so fresh and sweet, In this



trusting in His grace and I'm leaning on His word;
Sav - iour set me free (*Omit . . . . .*) and He gave me sweet relief.
done with Egypt's tasks and its burdens great and sore;
fight - ing in the land (*Omit . . . . . .*) with my Saviour at my side.
seen them tumble down, till within it I could go;
shout - ed at His word (*Omit . . . . . .*) then He did my battles fight.
blessings of the land He with grace and love bestows;
Ca - naan of my Lord (*Omit . . . . . .*) there are joys supremely sweet.

CHORUS.



I am in the land, the Canaan land, The sweet land of perfect love,

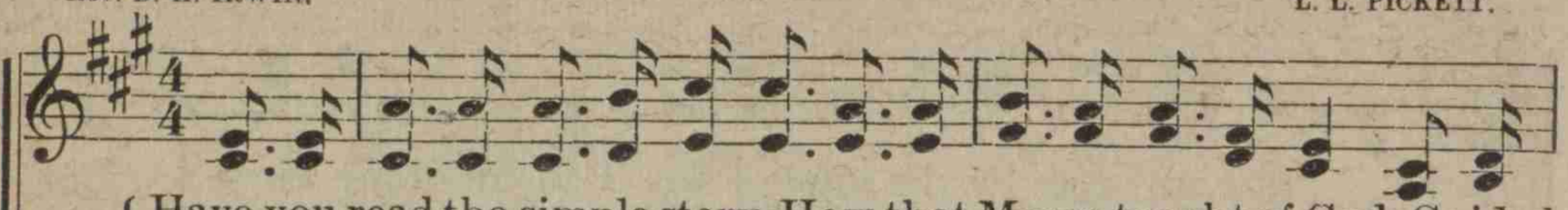


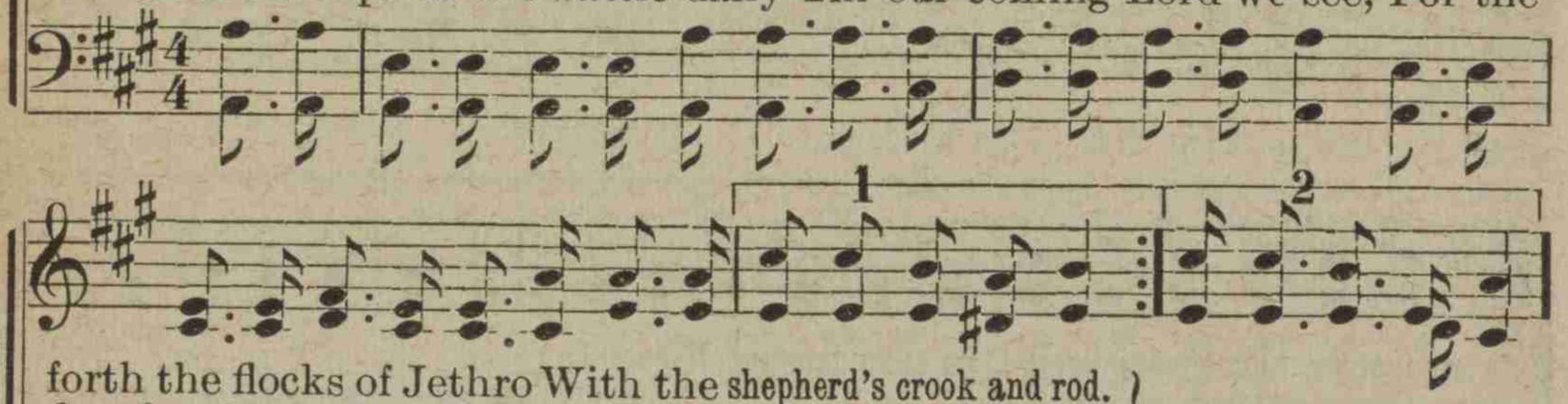
Where blessings bright and heav'nly light, Are now streaming down from above.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

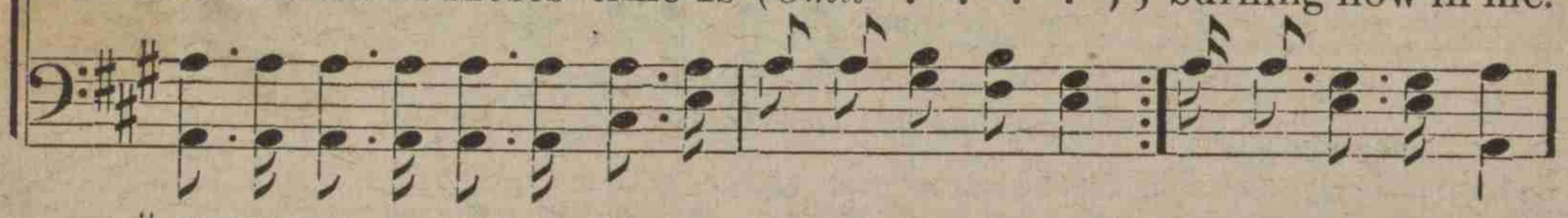
No. 125. IT IS BURNING STILL TO-DAY.

"Behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed."—Ex. 3: 2.

Rev. B. H. IRWIN. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Have you read the simple story, How that Moses, taught of God, Guided
   How He came to Horeb's mountain, And resolved awhile to stay? Oh, the
2. Yes, the Lord appeared to Moses In a burning bush of flame, And He
   And made known to him his calling And He told him what to say, Oh, the
3. With this fire baptism rest-ing Like a burning cloud on me, I will
   And I'll follow where it leads me, Wheresoever that may be, For the
4. Oh, my brethren! be of courage, For the victory is yours, Our Com-
   For no harm can e'er befall us, While beneath the flag we stay, For the
5. So we'll turn the glorious battle, In our conquest to the gate, And we'll
   But we'll press the battle daily Till our coming Lord we see, For the



forth the flocks of Jethro With the shepherd's crook and rod.
fire that burned in Moses' time Is (*Omit . . . .*) burning still to-day.
talked with him of Israel, And revealed to him His name;
fire that burned in Moses' time Is (*Omit . . . .*) burning still to-day.
press the glorious battle While the Cross of Fire I see;
fire that burned in Moses' time Is (*Omit . . . .*) burning now in me.
mander cries—"Go forward," And His army reassures;
fire that burned in Moses' time Is (*Omit . . . .*) burning still to-day.
give and take no quarter, Tho' the foe be strong and great;
fire that burned in Moses' time Is (*Omit . . . .*) burning now in me.

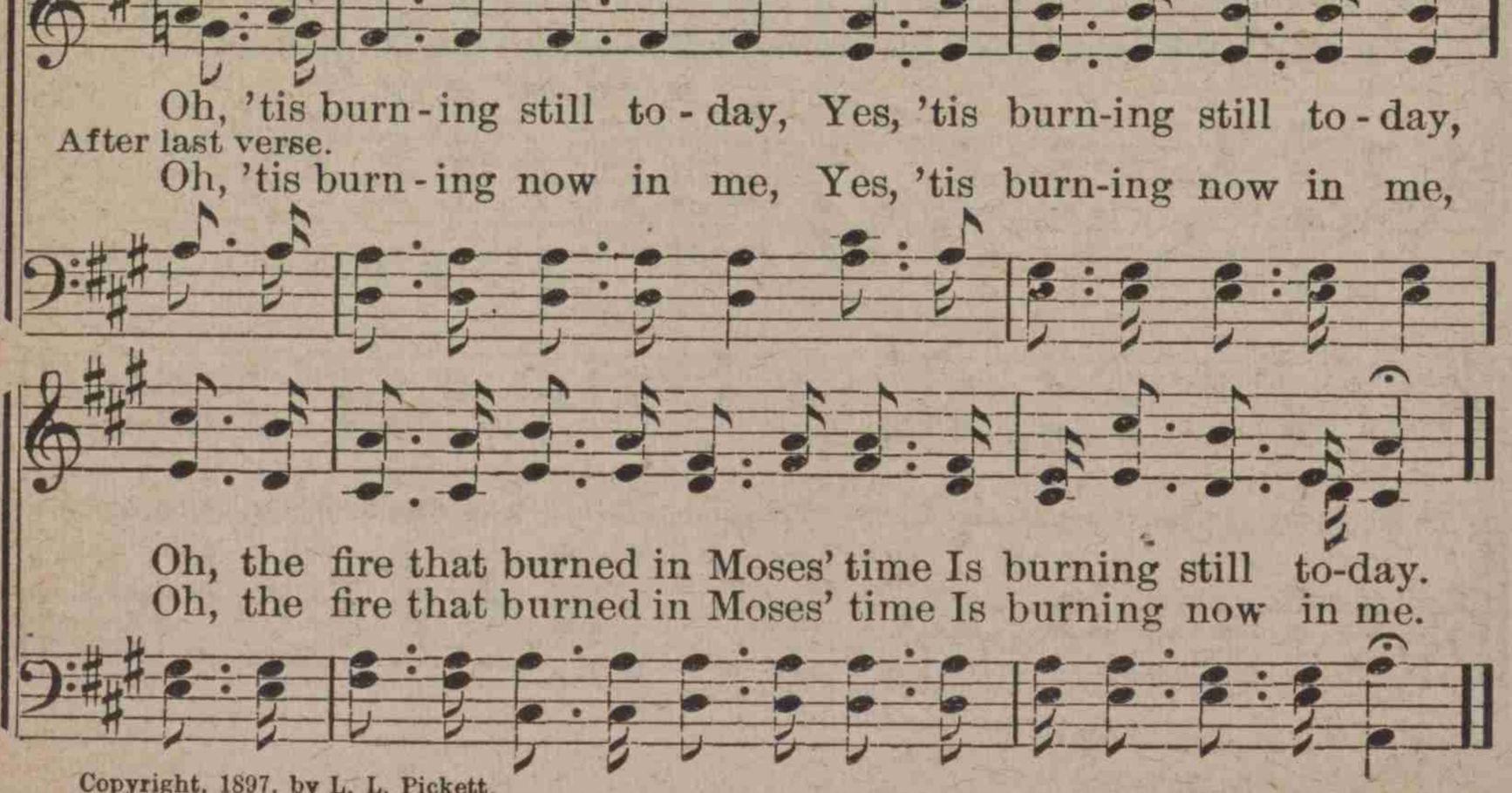


CHORUS.

Oh, 'tis burn-ing still to-day, Yes, 'tis burn-ing still to-day,

After last verse.

Oh, 'tis burn-ing now in me, Yes, 'tis burn-ing now in me,



Oh, the fire that burned in Moses' time Is burning still to-day.
Oh, the fire that burned in Moses' time Is burning now in me.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 126. THE OPENED FOUNTAIN.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Once I lived in bit ter bondage, But my Sav - iour set me free; Once I
2. Soon I felt in-dwell-ing e - vil Rise un - bid - den in my heart, Then I
3. When my all I yield-ed to Him, And to sin and self had died, Then by
4. Sweet and pre-cious is His ser-vice, And my soul is on the wing, While I
5. Oh, I long for His ap-pear-ing, For I know He 'll come again, And with

stumbled on in darkness, Once was blind, but now I see, Once I lived in condemnation,
looked a-gain to Je-sus, And He bade it all depart, Filled me with the Holy Spirit,
trusting in His promise I was ful - ly sanc-ti-fied. Now my will is lost in Je-sus,
trust Him ev'ry moment, As my Prophet, Priest, and King. And I feel that soon my body
all the saints and angels, On the earth with might shall reign. Then He 'll banish ev'ry evil,

Heavy burdened, day by day, But my Saviour brought salvation, Washed my many sins away.
Washed me whiter than the snow; Giving joy in all its fulness, Making earth a heav'n below.
He's my Strength, my Life, my Light. He's my Comfort when in sorrow, And is with me day and night.
Shall His glorious image bear, When in mansions bright, eternal, All His glory I shall share.
And will conquer ev'ry foe; And instead of thorns and briars Shall the rose and myrtle grow.

CHORUS.

O the Foun - tain opened wide, By my Sav - iour cruci - fied;
O, the Fountain opened wide, opened wide, By my Saviour crucified, crucified;

There I found . . this perfect cleansing, There I safe - ly now a - bide.
There I found this perfect cleansing, There I safely now a - bide.

Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 127. ABIDING AND CONFIDING.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON. L. L. PICKETT. By per.

1. I have learn'd the wondrous se-cret Of a-bid-ing in the Lord;
2. I am cru-ci-fied with Je-sus, And He lives and dwells in me,
3. All my cares I cast up-on Him, And He bears them all a-way;
4. For my words I take His wis-dom, For my works His Spir-it's power,

I have found the strength and sweetness Of con-fid-ing in His word;
I have ceas'd from all my struggling, 'T is no lon-ger I, but He;
All my fears and griefs I tell Him, All my needs from day to day.
For my ways His gra-cious Presence Guards and guides me ev-'ry hour,

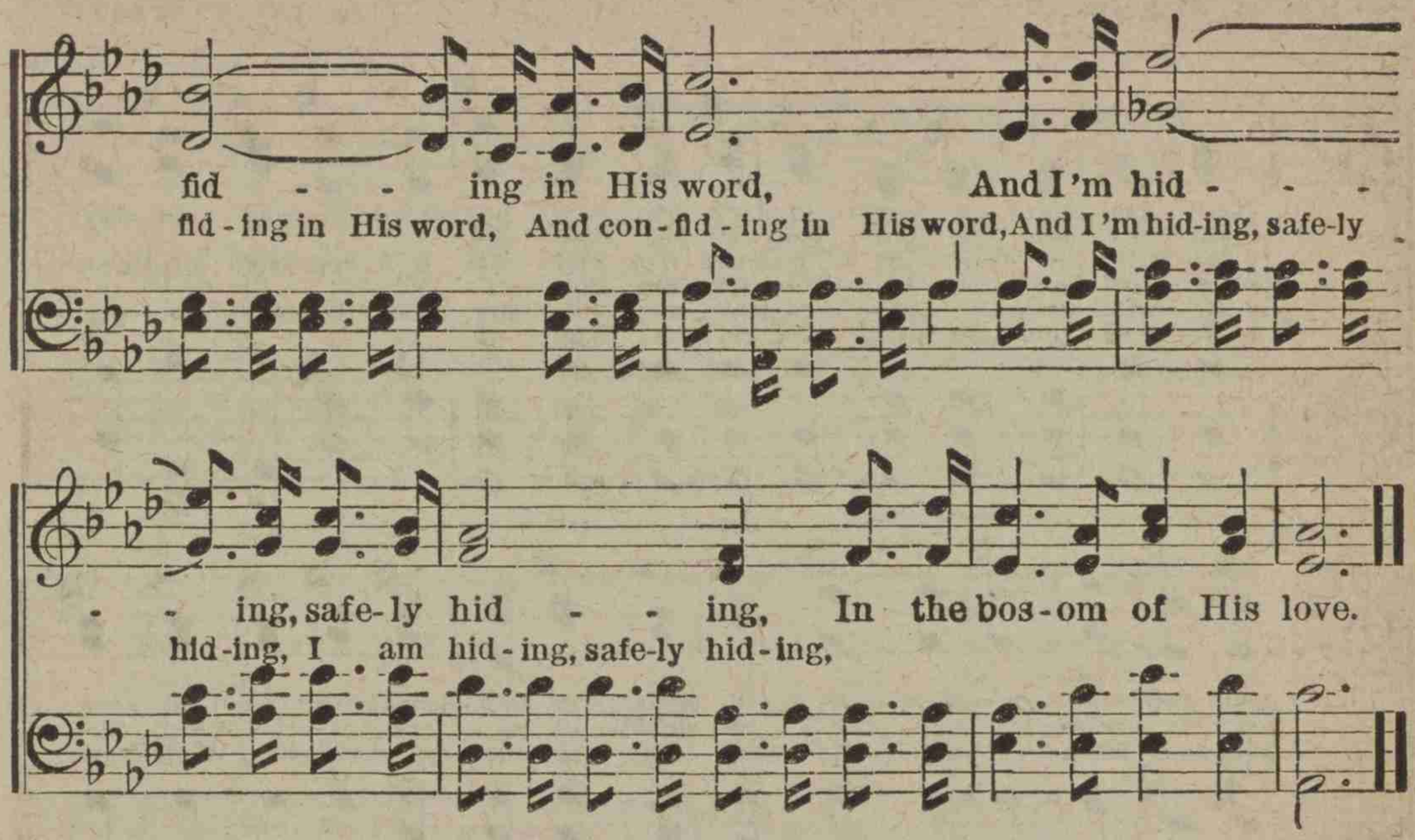
I have tast-ed life's pure fountain, I am drink-ing of His blood,
All my will is yield-ed to Him, And His Spir-it reigns with-in,
All my strength I draw from Je-sus, By His breath I live and move;
Of my heart He is the Por-tion, Of my joy the cease-less Spring;

I have lost my-self in Je-sus, I am sink-ing in-to God-
And His pre-cious blood each moment Keeps me cleans'd and free from sin.
E'en His ver-y mind He gives me, And His faith, and life, and love.
Sav-iour, Sanc-ti-fi-er, Keep-er, Glo-rious Lord and com-ing King

CHORUS.

I'm a-bid - - - - ing in the Lord, And con-
I'm a-bid-ing in the Lord, I'm a-bid-ing in the Lord, And con-

Copyright, 1891, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

ABIDING AND CONFIDING: Concluded:

No. 128. DEDICATION.

Sing to Tune No. 114.

Father, Son and Holy Spirit
  Full of joy this hour we see,
As we dedicate this temple,
  With thanksgiving unto Thee.
With our songs of holy gladness
  Now this offering we make,
Feeling that Thou dost accept it,
  Gracious Lord, for Jesus' sake.

CHORUS.

On our hearts the Spirit falling,
  All this place with glory fills,
Hallelujah! I can feel Him!
  How my soul with rapture thrills!

We are glad beyond expression,
  That our eyes to-day behold,
Promised billows of salvation,
  Which thro' all the land have rolled;
And we feel the crimson current
  Of the purifying blood,
Sweeping on in mighty power,
  Cleansing thousands in its flood.

Here the long expected Spirit,
  In Thy people shall abide,
And Thy sons and waiting daughters
  Shall be fully sanctified;
Here the promised "Gifts" and
    "Graces"
  Which Thou waitest to impart,
Shall with gladness be accepted,
  And shall come to many a heart.

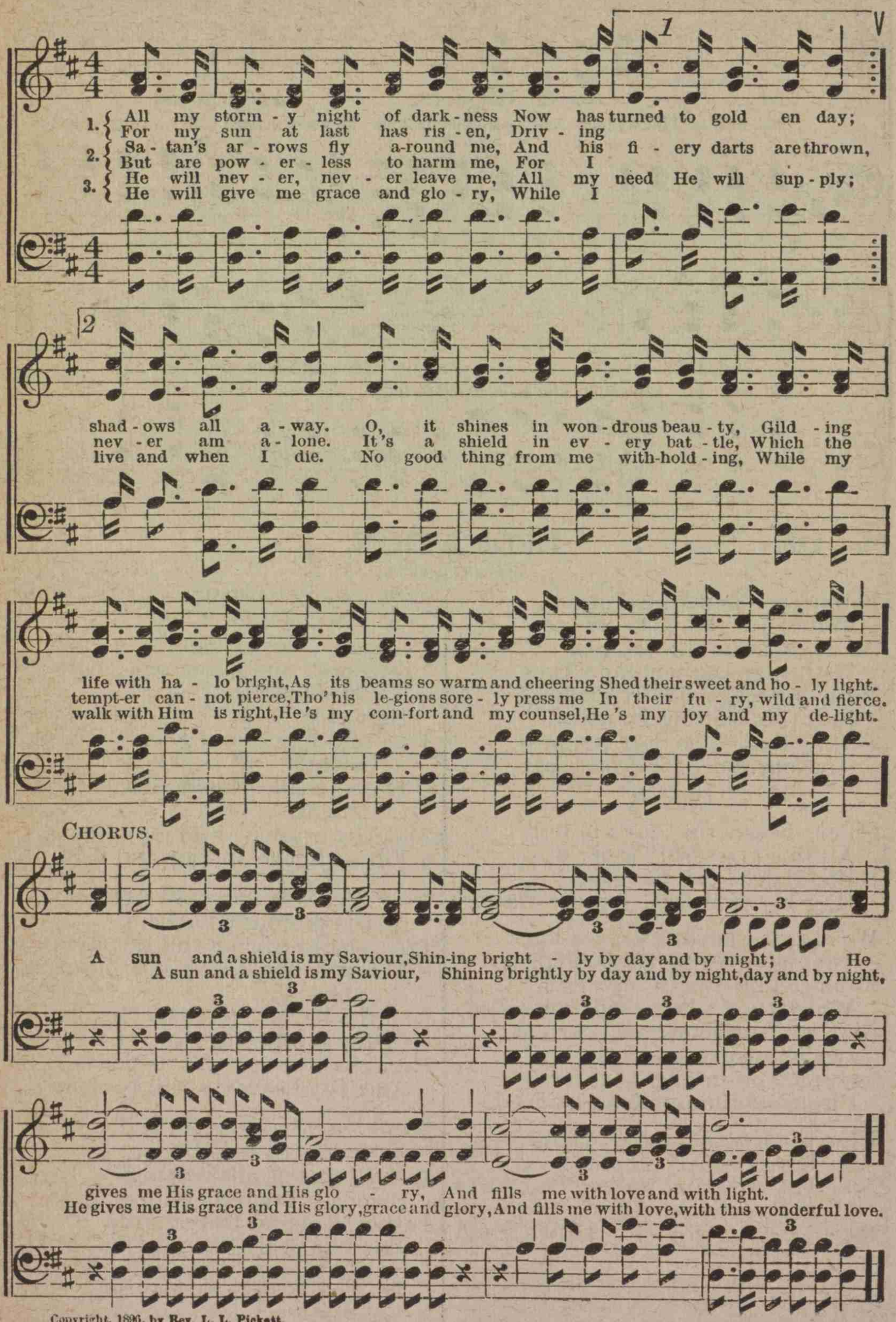
"Wisdom," "Faith" and heavenly
    "Knowledge,"
  Gospel "Power" and "Prophesy,"
"Tongues" and promised "Gifts of
    Healing"
  Here shall with Thy people be;
True and quick and keen "Discern-
    ment,"
  Them shall shield from error's
    might,
And Thy gracious keeping fullness,
  Fill with love and joy and light.

Here Thy holy sons and daughters,
  As the prophesy has said,
Free, shall preach a full salvation,
  Through the blood for cleansing
    shed;
And the blessed, glorious kingdom,
  Of the everlasting Son,
Here shall come in all its power,
  And Thy heavenly will be done.

Names and creeds shall be forgotten,
  As the Spirit from above,
Every heart as one uniting,
  Blends in bonds of perfect love.
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
  May our hearts be staid on Thee,
Ours the blessing, Thine the glory,
  Now and evermore shall be.

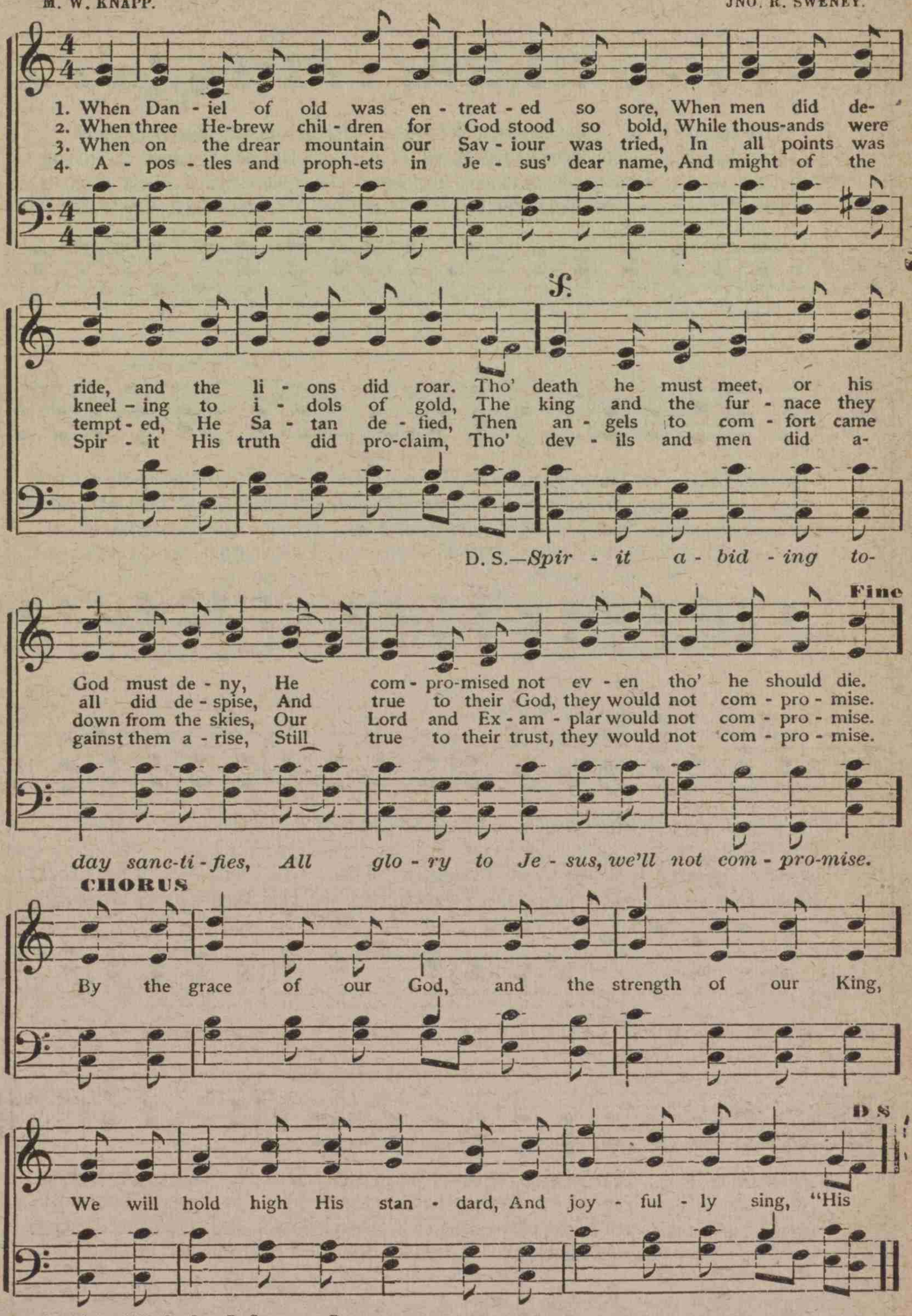
M. W. Knapp.

No. 129. GRACE AND GLORY.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

Copyright, 1896, by Rev. L. L. Pickett.

No. 130. WE WILL NOT COMPROMISE.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. 2: 10.

M. W. KNAPP. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Copyright, 1897, by Jno. R. Sweney. By per.

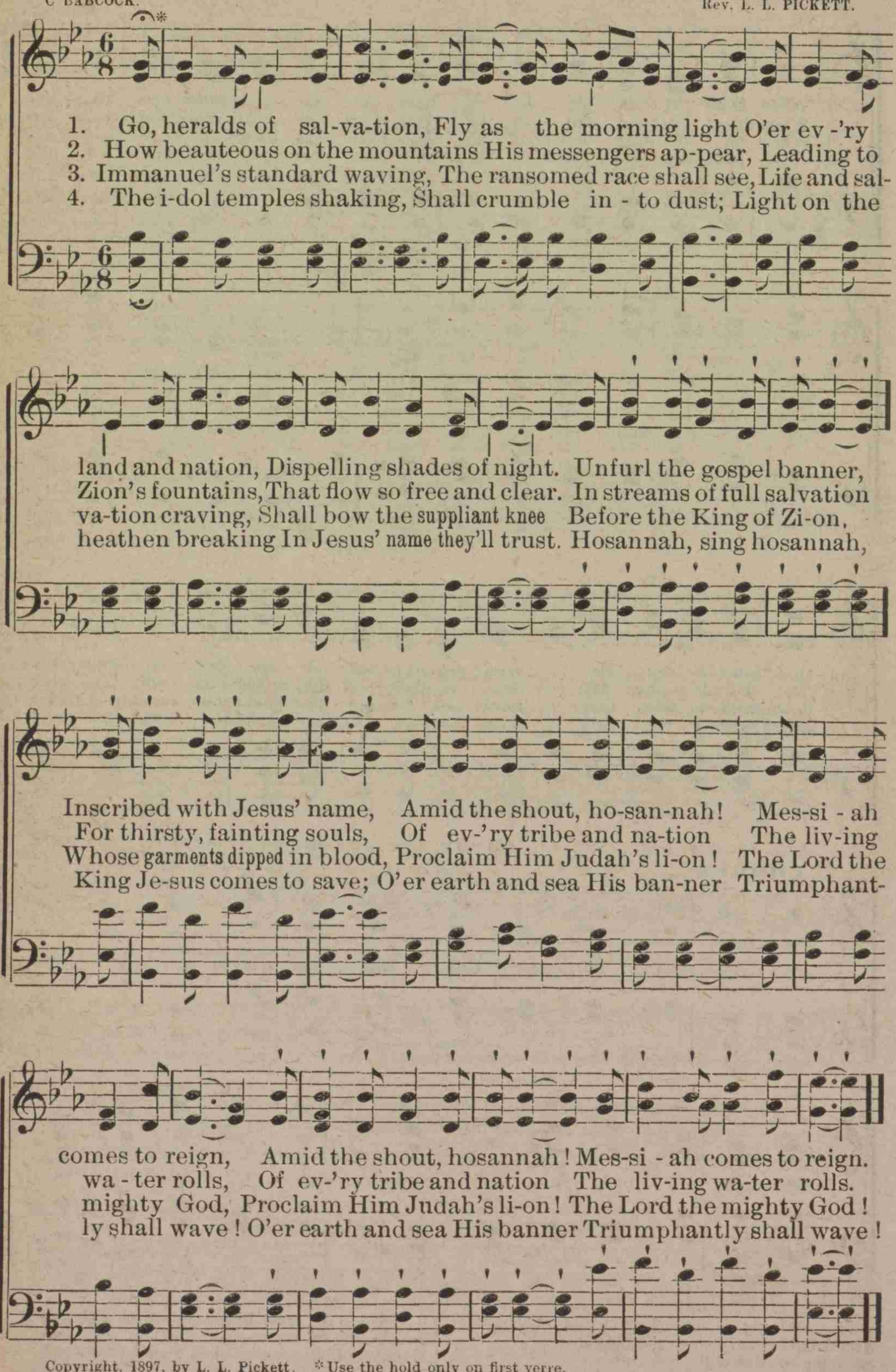
5 Tho' worldlings entice us, and friends may oppose,
And Satan assault us and multiply foes,
His lying devices will never suffice,
Through Jesus our Helper we'll not compromise.

6 When at the great Judgment we all shall appear
Accounting for words and behaviour while here,
If smiles of our Saviour shall gladden our eyes,
We here must be true, we must not compromise.

No. 131. GO, HERALDS OF SALVATION.

"Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy posssession."—Psalm 2 : 8.

C BABCOCK. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett. *Use the hold only on first verre.

No. 132. WE'LL GIRDLE THE GLOBE.

"Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged, because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee." – Isa. 60 : 5.

V. A. DAKE. IDA M. DAKE.

1. Behold the hands . . stretched out for aid, . . . Darkened by
2. In heathen lands . . . they watch and wait . . . And sigh for
3. Oh, flash the ti - - dings! shout the sound, . . . In darkest
4. The watchfires kin - - dle far and near, ... In ev-'ry

Behold the hands stretched out for aid,

sin . . . . . and sore dis - mayed; . . . Oh, will you
help . . . . which comes so late, ... And grope in
lands . . . . the world a - round, ... Till all the
land . . . . let them ap - pear, ... Till burn-ing

Darkened by sin and sore dismayed,

to . . . their rescue go, . . . Lost wand'rers down to endless woe?
sin . . . and nature's night, . . . For-ev-er vain-ly seeking light.
earth . . from pole to pole, . . . Shall full Salvation echoes roll.
lines . . of gospel fire, . . . Shall gird the world and mount up higher.

Rit.

Oh will you to their rescue go, Lost wand'rers down to endless woe?

CHORUS.

We'll girdle the globe with salvation, With ho - li-ness un - to the Lord;

And light shall illumine each nation, The light from the lamp of His word.

From "Songs of the Reapers." By per. Pentecost Band Publishing Co, Indianapolis, Ind., owners of copyright.

No. 133. TELL THEM.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Go and tell the joy-ful tidings, Je-sus died to save, Rose a-
2. Tell them of the promised Spirit Falling from a-bove, Fill-ing
3. Telll them of the final judgment, Where we must appear, That the
4. Shout aloud the gospel tidings, Speed them on the way, Earnest-

gain in ho-ly triumph, Conquering the grave. Tell His pow'r to
ev-'ry true be-liev-er, Per-fect-ing in love. Tell them of the
per-fect love of Je-sus, Now can ban-ish fear. Tell them of the
ly proclaim the message Ev-'ry passing day. Be a her-ald

loose the captive, Set the pris'ner free, And proclaim to ea-ger
King's returning, Soon He'll come a-gain And receive His faithful
doom e-ter-nal That the lost must share, Of the crown and palms of
true and loy-al, Wav-er not nor wait, Keep not back a sin-gle

CHORUS

millions Glorious Ju-bi-lee.
people, And for-ev-er reign. Tell the tidings, speed the message,
vict'ry, Each thro' Christ may bear.
warning, Soon 'twill be too late.

Jesus died to save, Rose again in mighty triumph, Conquering the grave.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 134. 'TIS A GLORIOUS CHURCH.

Arr. by E. T. RINEHART.

1. Did you ev - er hear such words be - fore, Washed in the
2. Did you hear what Je - sus said to me, Washed in the
3. I have plunged be-neath the crim-son tide, Washed in the
4. Oh, lift up your heads, ye sons of light, Washed in the

blood of the Lamb, As "go in peace and sin no more,"
blood of the Lamb, "Your sins are pardoned, you are free,"
blood of the Lamb, And now by faith I'm sanc - ti - fied,
blood of the Lamb, For Zi - on now is just in sight,

CHORUS

Washed in the blood of the Lamb. 'Tis a glo-rious church with-

out spot or wrinkle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, 'Tis a

glorious church without spot or wrinkle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

5 If I get there before you do,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
How glad I'll be to welcome you,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
In robes of victory through the skies,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

No. 135. DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

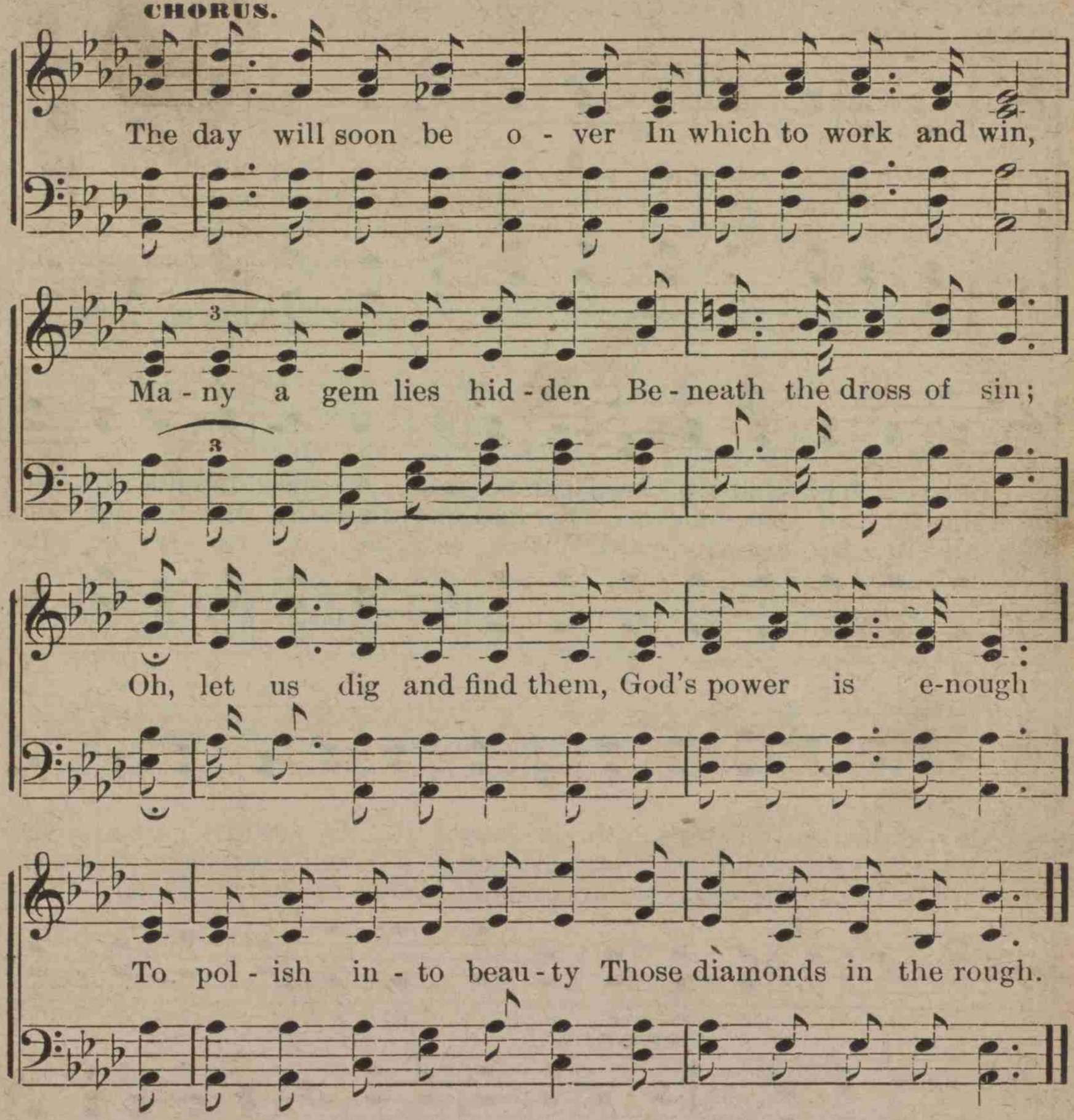
1. There are complain-ing peo - ple, Who say we are too bold,
2. Ah, ma - ny hearts are ach - ing, We find them ev - 'rywhere,
3. One day my precious com-rade, You, too, were lost in sin,
4. So let us keep it burn - ing, The Lamp of ho - ly love,

A - las, there are still oth - ers Who say we're aft - er gold;
Whose cups are filled with sorrow, Whose homes are filled with care;
But oth - ers sought your rescue, And Je - sus took you in;
To ev - 'ry per - se - cu - tor Point out the way a - bove;

But they are all mis-tak - en, We want not sor - did stuff,
When misfort-une o - vertakes them, The world gives them a cuff,
So when you're tired and tempted, By scoff-er's keen re-buff,
The precious blood of Je - sus, Was shed and that's enough,

But souls of poor lost sin-ners— Those diamonds in the rough.
Or sends them to per - di - tion— Those diamonds in the rough.
Don't turn a - way in an - ger— This diamond in the rough.
Oh, let us tell Him of it— That diamond in the rough.

Copyright, 1893, by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. By per.

DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH. Concluded.

No. 136. THE NINETY AND NINE.

Key A♭.

1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
Has wandered away from me,
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

Elizabeth C. Clephane. 1868.

No. 137. WHY DELAY?

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

Rev. J. E. RANKIN. L. L. PICKETT.

1. There's a place where we may la - bor, One and all; To the
2. "In the mar - ket i - dly standing, Are there more?" Calls the
3. And the Mas - ter still is wait - ing, Call - ing still: "Go ye

har-vest fields that rip - en, Hear the call; I - dle stand not all the
Mas-ter of the har-vest, O'er and o'er; Calls the Mas-ter, far and
all in - to my vine-yard, With a will; Be it ear - ly, be it

day, Stow the Mas-ter's grain a - way; It is read - y for the
near: "I - dle stand no long - er here, I will give you righteous
late, I - dle there no long - er wait; What is right I sure will

CHORUS

gar-ner, Why de-lay? Why de-lay? haste away, Soon will come the settling
wag-es, Nev-er fear." Haste away to the field, Heed your Master's call and
give you, Small or great."

1. day; While the gold - en harvests wait Ripe to fall;
2. yield; And with ev - 'ry pow'r o - bey [*Omit.* . . . Je-sus' call.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 138. TRIUMPH BY AND BY.

"For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet."—1 Cor. 15 : 25.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. H. R. PALMER.

1. The prize is set be-fore us, To win His words implore us, The eye of
2. We'll follow where He leadeth, We'll pasture where He feedeth, We'll yield to
3. Our home is bright above us, No tri - als dark to move us, But Je - sus

God is o'er us, From on high; His lov-ing tones are call-ing,
Him who pleadeth, From on high; Then naught from Him shall sever,
dear to love us, There on high; We'll give Him best en-deav-or,
from on high;

While sin is dark, appalling, 'Tis Je-sus gently calling, He is nigh.
Our hope shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us never, He is nigh.
And praise His name forever; His precious ones can never, never die.
He is nigh.

CHORUS

By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with

Jesus reign in glory by and by; Jesus reign in glory by and by.
by and by;

Used by per. of Dr. H. R. Palmer, owner of Copyright.

No. 139. "TITLE CLEAR."*

"Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2: 3.

May also sing, Am I a Soldier of the Cross. Rearranged with Chorus by T. C. O'KANE.

1. When I can read my ‖: title clear:‖ To mansions ‖: in the skies,:‖
2. Should earth against my ‖: soul engage,:‖ And fiery ‖: darts be hurled,:‖
3. Let cares like a wild ‖: deluge come,:‖ Let storms of ‖: sorrow fall—:‖
4. There I shall bathe my ‖: weary soul:‖ In seas of ‖: heavenly rest,:‖

I'll bid farewell to ev-'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
So I but safely reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of trouble roll A-cross my peace-ful breast.

CHORUS.

We will stand the storm, We will
We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ver-y long; We will

an-chor by and by, by and by, We will stand,
anchor by and by, We will anchor by and by, We will stand, stand the storm;

the storm, We will an-chor by and by,
It will not be ver-y long, We will an-chor by and by, by and by.

* The repeats in verses are only for bass and tenor.

No. 140. "I HAVE NOW NO REGRETS."

Shortly before his translation Rev. S. A. Keen, the pastor evangelist and author said, "They think I have worked too hard; but I have now no regrets, and if I could I would do it all over again."

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. "I have now no regrets!" for the past is all clear, With its labor of love for my Sav-iour so dear; On His er-rands so sweet I have sped with delight, All my pleasure by day and my song in the night:
2. "I have now no regrets!" what a comfort that day, As the scenes of this earth were all fad-ing a-way, To pos-sess the as-surance this blessing did bring, And while passing from earth so triumphantly sing:
3. As the souls of the saved shall in glory appear, Who were rescued or filled thro' His labors while here; Who shall say but His song in glad notes full and free, To the mu-sic of heav-en for-ev-er shall be:
4. "I have now no regrets!" should the summons to-day, Which we all very soon must re-ceive and o-bey, Should it come, on our lips would the same message ring, Could we join the same song and as joyfully sing:

CHORUS.

"I have now no regrets!" bless the Lamb that was slain! "If I could I would do it all o-ver a-gain. o-ver a-gain."

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 141. TELL IT TO JESUS.

J. E. RANKIN. Matt. 14 : 12. E. S. LORENZ. By per.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heavy-heart-ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you troubled at the thought of dying? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus; Are you grieving o - ver joys de - part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid-den?
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anxious what shall be to - mor-row?
Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh-ing?

CHORUS.

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 oth - er

such a friend or broth-er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

No. 142. THE SONG OF THE EASTER ANGELS.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN. In Memory of Eames Birge Rankin. Rev. R. DeW. MALLARY. By per.

1. On East - er morn, when ho-ly chimes are ringing, God's breath of peace on all the scene a-round, I seem to hear de-scend-ing an - gels singing, Till they have made the earth all hallowed ground.
2. Assauged our grief, we tread the path be-fore us, Ful - fill the days of our ap-point-ed time; While each year brings a-gain the East - er sun round the glad earth; Proclaim that death in Christ is East-er cho - rus, And we look for that last great change sub-lime.
3. Ye an - gels, bear love's cup of con - so - la-tion, Fly with the beau-ty, they from dust shall rise;—Sing of that land where are no but trans - la - tion, That at His voice we rise to high - er birth.
4. Say that with Him, shall come the dear de-part-ed, Clothed in new broken-hearted, Where God's own hand wipes tears from weeping eyes.

CHORUS.

Rest, pilgrims, rest, No more your hearts are aching, No more ye
Rest, pilgrims, rest, Till life's glad morn be breaking, 'Tis God, who

1. bur-dens bear, or sorrows weep;
2. [*Omit.* . . . . . giv - eth His be-lov - ed sleep.

Copyright, 1897, by Rev. J. E. Rankin and R, DeW. Mallary.

No. 143. REST, BROTHER, REST.

And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.—Rev. 14: 13.

* * *

REV. L. L. PICKETT.

Slow and soft

1. Brother, rest . . . from toil and sor-row, Death is o'er and
2. Brother, wake, . . the night is wan-ing, End-less day is
3. Fare thee well . . . tho' pain is blending, With our tones of
4. Safe-ly rest . . . with Christ for-ev-er, In His mighty,

Broth-er, rest from toil and sor-row,

life is won; Up-on thy slum-ber dawns no mor-row,
round thee poured; En-ter thou the rest re-main-ing
earth-ly love; Tri-umph great and joy un-end-ing,
boundless love; From Him nev-er-more to sev-er,

CHORUS.

Rest, thine earthly race is run.
For the peo-ple of the Lord. Rest, brother, rest, Rest, brother, rest,
Wait thee in the realms a-bove.
Soon we'll be with thee a-bove.

Rit

Rest from thy la-bors at thy Master's feet, Rest, brother, rest.
sis-ter,

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 144. THE OLD SHIP OF ZION.

Arr. by R. M. M. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH. By per.

1. See, the gos-pel ship is sailing, Bound for heaven's peaceful shore:
2. Thousands she has safe-ly landed Far beyond this earth-ly shore!
3. Sails well filled with heav'nly breezes, Swiftly glides the ship a-long:
4. Come on board this noble ves-sel! Sail with us o'er life's rough sea:

Oh, glo-ry! hal-le - lu - jah! All who would set out for glory, Come and
Oh, glo-ry! hal-le - lu - jah! Thousands now are sailing thither, Yet there's
Oh, glo-ry! hal-le - lu - jah! All her com-pa-ny re-joic-ing, "Glory!"
Oh, glo-ry! hal-le - lu - jah! And with us you shall be happy, Happy

REFRAIN

welcome, rich and poor! Oh, glo-ry! hal-le - lu-jah!
room for thousands more. Oh, glo-ry! hal-le - lu-jah! 'Tis the old ship of
bursts from ev'ry tongue. Oh, glo-ry! hal-le - lu-jah!
thro' e - ter - ni - ty! Oh, glo-ry! hal-le - lu-jah!

Zion! hallelujah! hal le - lu-jah!'Tis the old ship of Zi-on! hal-le-lu-jah!

No. 145. LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN.

M. E. ABBEY. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. By per.

SOLO or DUET.

1. Life is like a mountain railroad, With an engineer that's brave;
2. You will roll up grades of tri - al, You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will always find obstructions, Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll across the tres-tle, Spanning death's dark swelling tide;

We must make the run successful, From the cra - dle to the grave;
See that Christ is your conductor On this lightning train of life;
On a fill, or curve, or trestle, They will almost ditch your train;
You be-hold the un-ion de-pot, In-to which your train will glide;

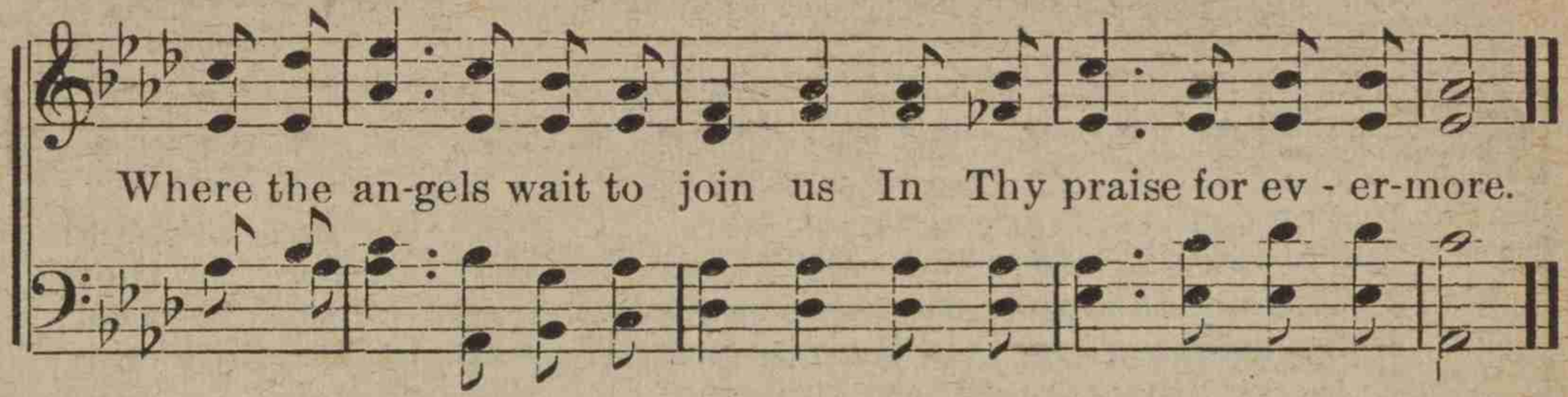
Watch the curves, the fills, the tunnels, Nev-er fal - ter, nev - er quail;
Always mind-ful of obstruction, Do your du - ty, nev - er fail;
Put your trust a-lone in Je - sus, Nev-er fal - ter, nev - er fail;
There you'll meet the Superintendent, God the Fa-ther, God the Son,

Rit.

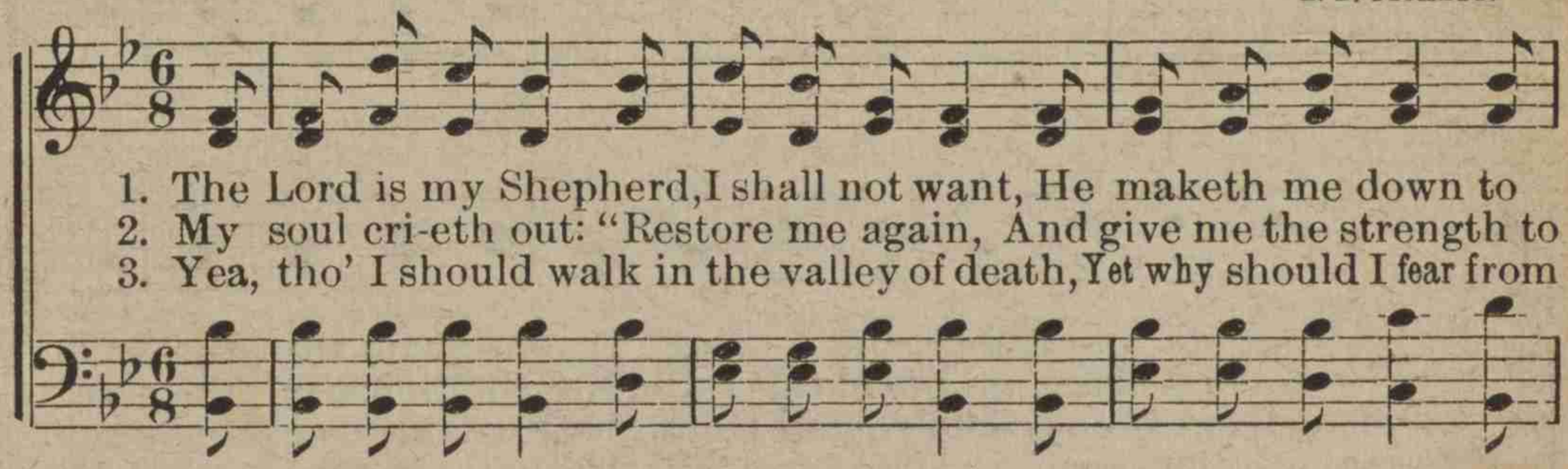
Keep your hand upon the throttle, And your eye up - on the rail.
Keep your hand upon the throttle, And your eye up - on the rail.
Keep your hand upon the throttle, And your eye up - on the rail.
With the heart - y, joy-ous plaudit, "Wea-ry pilgrim, welcome home."

CHORUS

Bless-ed Saviour, Thou wilt guide us Till we reach that blissful shore,

LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN. Concluded.

No. 146. HIS YOKE IS EASY.

"For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."—Matt. 12: 30.

L. L. PICKETT.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 147. THE GOSPEL TRAIN.

GEO. W. PERRY. Arr.
4th verse by M. W. KNAPP.

GEO. L. BROWN. By per.

1. The gos - pel train is com - ing, I see it just at hand,
2. The way is free, and all may go, The rich and poor are there,
3. The tel - e-graph is by the way, It reach-es up to God,
4. No smoking car is there to marr The hap - py heav'nly ride,
5. It's com-ing round the mountain, Its pas - sen-gers to take,
6. I hear the wel-come whis-tle, I'm sure 'twill be on time,
7. It's halt-ing at the sta-tion, Oh! must we say fare-well?

I hear its car wheels roll - ing Tri-um-phant thro' the land.
No sec-ond-class on board this train, No difference in the fare.
To tell our friends who've gone before That we are on the road.
A par - lor coach is free to all The ful - ly sanc - ti - fied.
Our Sav-iour is on board the train Con-trol-ing steam and brake.
Poor sin-ner, you're for - ev - er lost If you are left be - hind.
O sin-ner must we leave you? Es-cape from sin and hell!

CHORUS

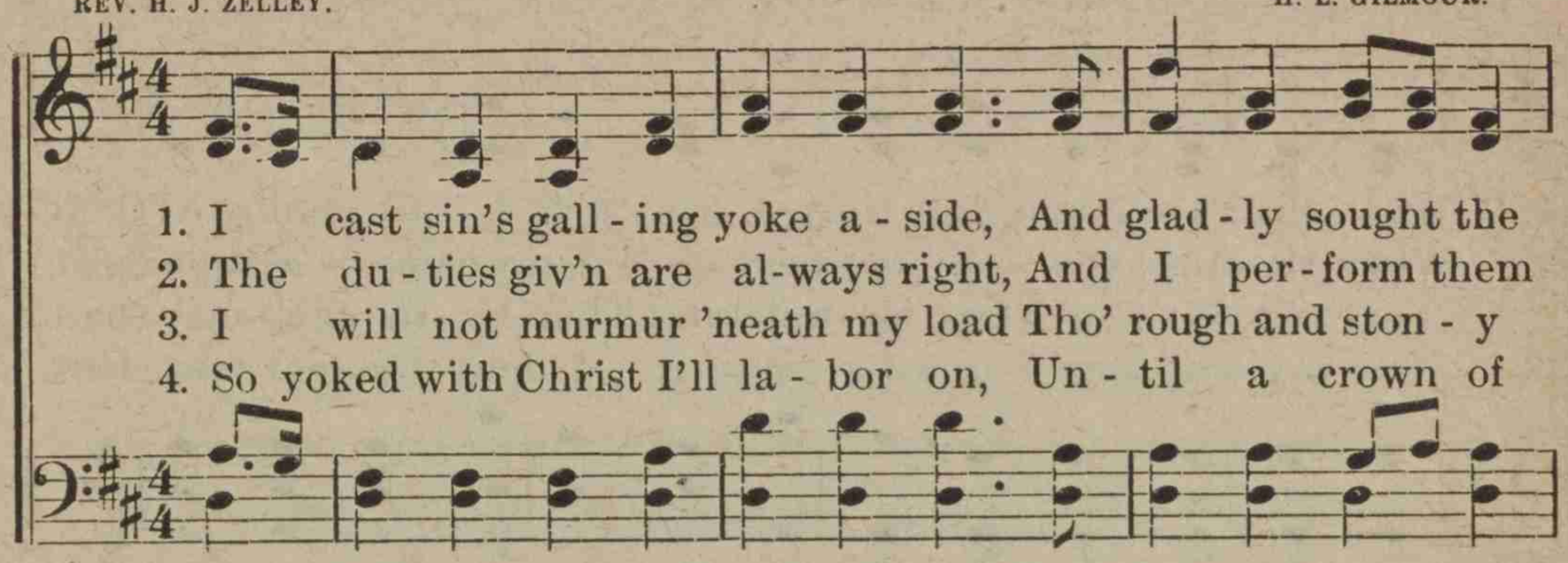
Get on board, hur • ry, Oh, quick-ly heed the call;

Get on board, hur - ry, There's room for one and all.

No. 148. HIS YOKE IS LINED WITH LOVE.

"For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."—Matt. 11: 30.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY. H. L. GILMOUR.



Copyright, 1895, by H. L. Gilmour. By permission.

No. 149. AT THE CROWNING.

"Behold, I come quickly. Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev. 3 . 11.

BROADUS. 4th verse and Chorus by C. A. H. C. A. HUMPHREY.

1. When the Sav - iour counts His jew - els, Will I be numbered there?
2. When He calls the roll in heav-en, Will my name be written down?
3. Lov - ing Sav-iour, keep me watching, That I the bliss may share?
4. Now my soul looks up with rapture, I may the crowning share;

When He crowns His faithful children, Will I the crowning share?
When the faith - ful are re - ward-ed, Will I re-ceive a crown?
When thou com - est in Thy kingdom, Let me, let me be there.
Je - sus bought me, saves me, keeps me, I will, I will be there.

CHORUS.

At the crown - ing in the kingdom, Will I the crowning share?
4th. v. At the crown - ing in the kingdom, I will, I will be there;
At the crowning

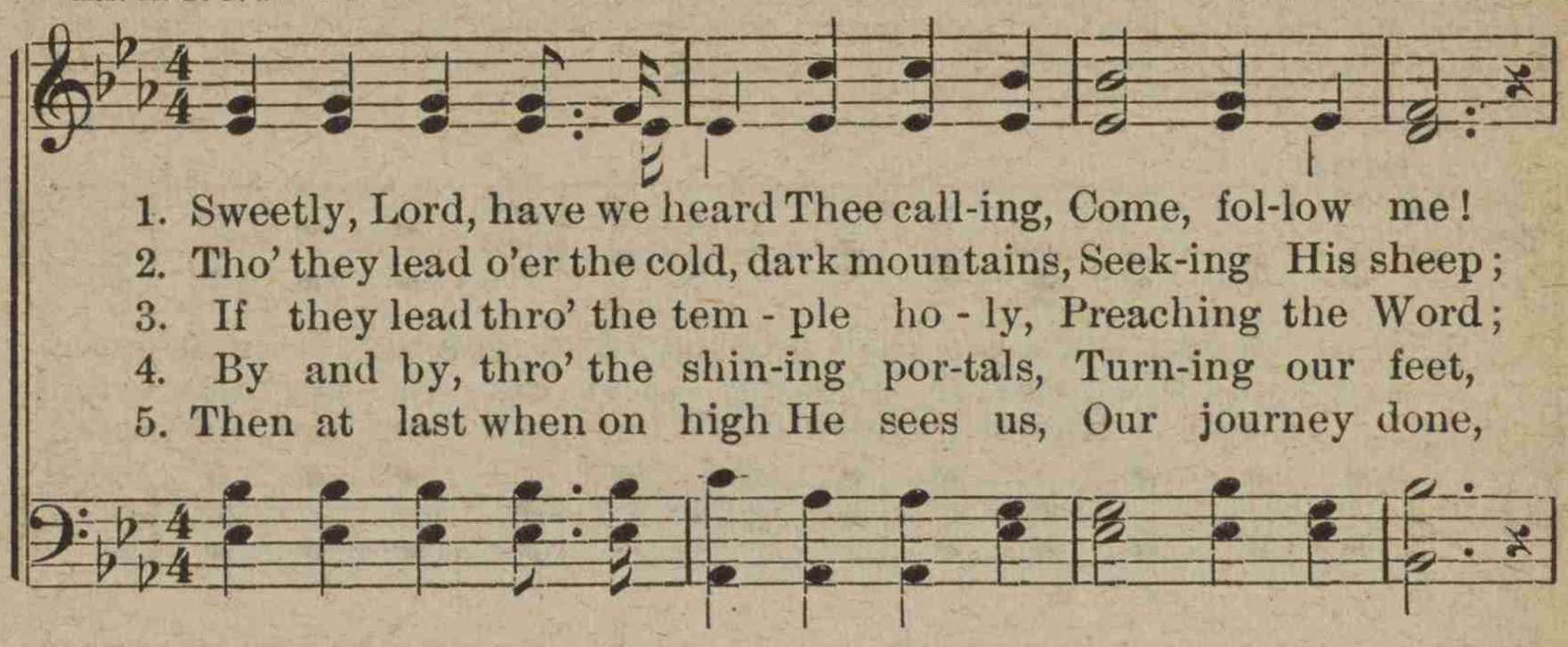
At the crown - ing in the kingdom, Will I a crown then wear?
At the crown - ing in the kingdom, I will a crown then wear.
At the crowning

Copyright. 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

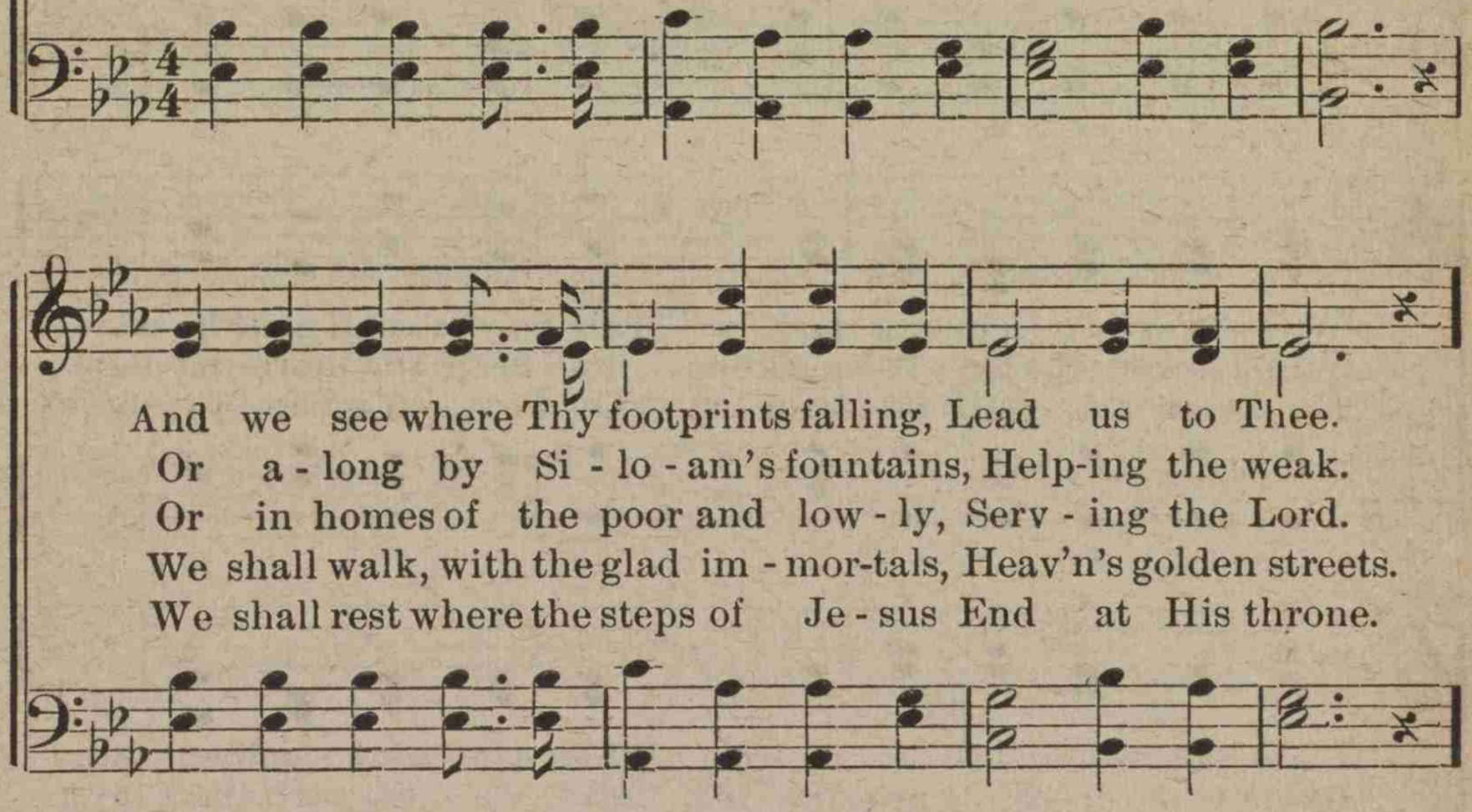
No. 150. FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

"Leaving us an example, that ye should follow in his steps."—1 Peter 2 : 21.

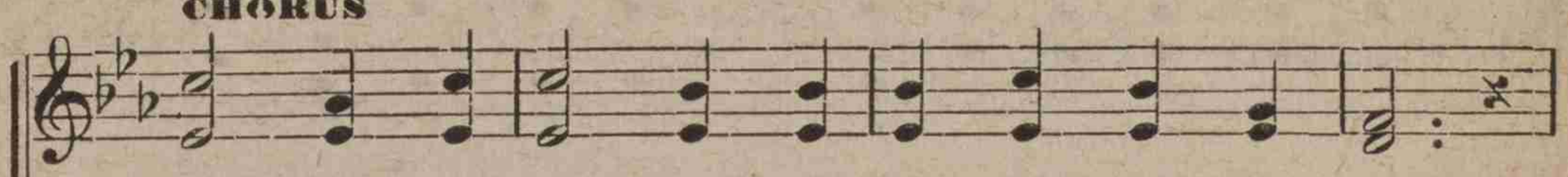
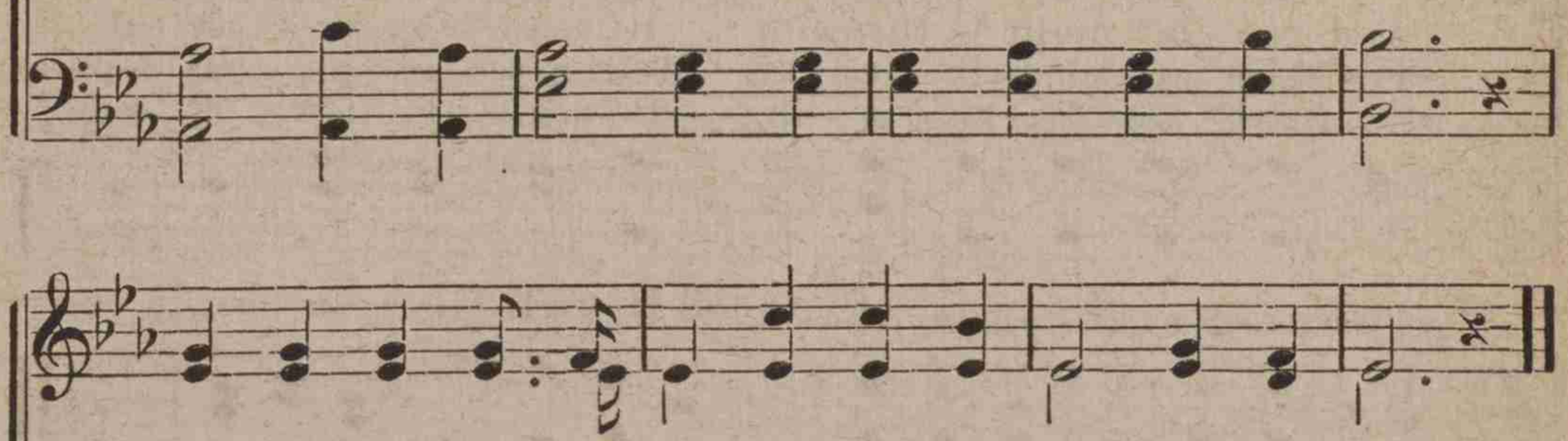
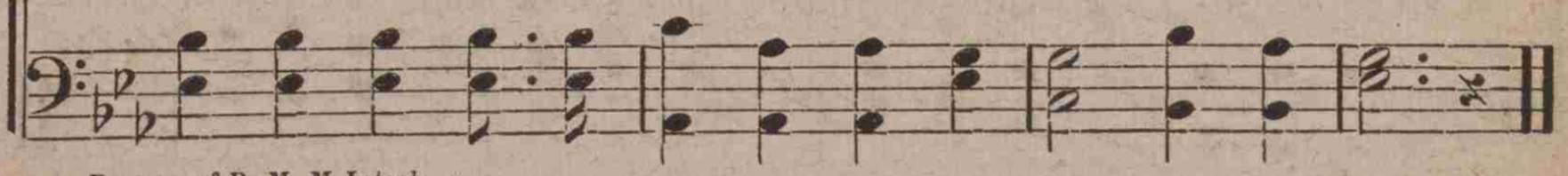
Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.



1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee call-ing, Come, fol-low me!
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek-ing His sheep;
3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preaching the Word;
4. By and by, thro' the shin-ing por-tals, Turn-ing our feet,
5. Then at last when on high He sees us, Our journey done,

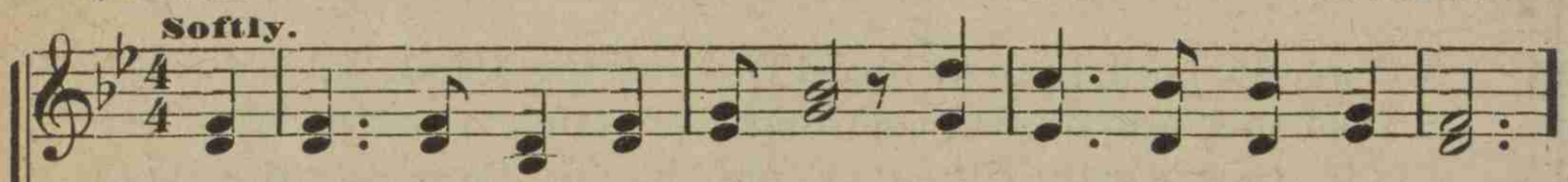
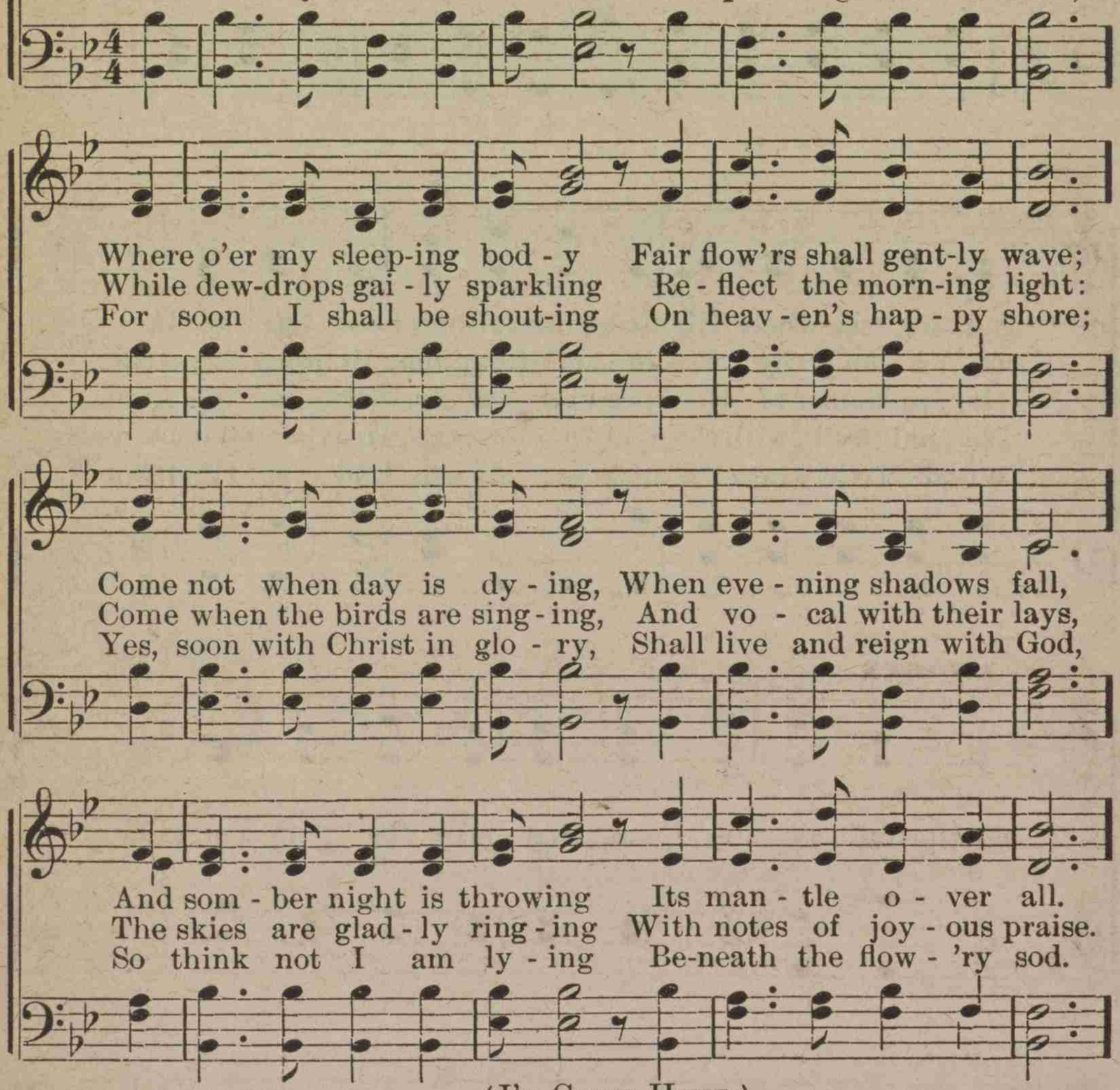


And we see where Thy footprints falling, Lead us to Thee.
Or a - long by Si - lo - am's fountains, Help-ing the weak.
Or in homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord.
We shall walk, with the glad im - mor-tals, Heav'n's golden streets.
We shall rest where the steps of Je - sus End at His throne.

CHORUS

Foot-prints of Je - sus, that make the path-way glow;

We will fol-low the steps of Je - sus, Where-e'er they go.

By per. of R. M. McIntosh.

No. 151. "I'LL NOT BE THERE!"

Among the dying words of Evangelist S. A. Keen, were these. "In the course of his sermon a good old Baptist minister said: 'When I am dead and you come out to see my grave, don't come in the evening when the shadows are lengthening: come in the morning when the sun is risen, and the birds are singing, and the grass and flowers glisten and sparkle under the dewdrops.' So say I to you," he added; "When you go out to yon beautiful cemetery to visit my grave, don't go in the evening, go in the morning. However," he concluded, looking up with a sweet smile on his lips, "I will not be there."

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Dear friends, when you shall miss me, And seek my si - lent grave,
2. But come when sun is shin-ing And all is fair and bright;
3. Be read - y friends to meet me Where part - ings are no more,

Where o'er my sleep-ing bod - y Fair flow'rs shall gent-ly wave;
While dew-drops gai - ly sparkling Re - flect the morn-ing light:
For soon I shall be shout-ing On heav - en's hap - py shore;

Come not when day is dy - ing, When eve - ning shadows fall,
Come when the birds are sing - ing, And vo - cal with their lays,
Yes, soon with Christ in glo - ry, Shall live and reign with God,

And som - ber night is throwing Its man - tle o - ver all.
The skies are glad - ly ring - ing With notes of joy - ous praise.
So think not I am ly - ing Be-neath the flow - 'ry sod.

CHORUS. Victoriously. (I'M GOING HOME.)

"I'll not be there! I'll not be there!" My palm and crown and mansion fair.
With Christ my Lord I then shall share, "I'll not be there! I'll not be there!"

Copyright. 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 152.

TAKE TIME TO PRAY.

"Men ought always to pray and not to faint."—Luke 18 : 1.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Take time to pray! When fears and foes dis-tress you, And tiresome
2. Take time to pray! When cares of life sur-round you, And Sa - tan
3. Take time to pray! When lit - tle things an-noy you, And wor-ry
4. Take time to pray! When fick - le friends forsake you, Dis - as - ters
5. Take time to pray! When emotions have sub-sid-ed, And the en - e-
6. Take time to pray! Would you speak or preach with power, Keep the Pen-te-

toils op-press you, Then the Mas - ter waits to bless you, If
would confound you, Christ will throw His arms a-round you, If
would de-stroy you, Noth-ing bet - ter can em-ploy you, Than
o - ver take you, Re - pine it will not make you, If
my de - rid - ed, If in God you have con - fid - ed, Al-
cos - tal dow - er, Have the Spir - it ev - 'ry ho - ur, You

CHORUS.

you'll take time to pray.
you take time to pray.
to take time to pray. Take time to pray! Come what there may To
you take time to pray.
ways take time to pray.
must take time to pray.

Rit.

stand in the way; Look oft - en to Je - sus And take time to pray.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 153. DID YOU THINK TO PRAY?

"Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."—Phil. 4 : 6.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. W. O. PERKINS.

1. Ere you left your room this morning, Did you think to pray?
2. When you met with great temp-ta - tion, Did you think to pray?
3. When your heart was filled with an - ger, Did you think to pray?
4. When sore tri - als came up - on you, Did you think to pray?

In the name of Christ, our Sav-iour, Did you sue for lov-ing fa - vor,
By His dy - ing love and mer - it, Did you claim the Ho - ly Spir - it
Did you plead for grace, my brother, That you might forgive an-oth - er
When your soul was bowed in sor-row, Balm of Gil-ead did you borrow

CHORUS

As a shield to-day?
As your guide and stay? Oh, how praying rests the wea-ry! Pray'r will
Who had crossed your way?
At the gates of day?

change the night to day; So, when seems life dark and dreary, Don't forget to pray.

No. 154. THE GRUMBLER'S SONG.

"Neither murmur ye, as some of them also murmured, and were destroyed of the destroyer."—1 Cor. 10: 10.

ANON. Revised. Arr.

1. In ev - 'ry town and cit - y some peo - ple can be found,
2. They grumble at the preaching, they grum-ble at the pray'rs,
3. They grumble if we speak to them, and if we don't re - ply,
4. In spite of all their grumbling, we love them just the same,

Cho.—*We're marching on to vic - t'ry, we list - ed for the war,*

Who spend their time in grumbling at ev - 'ry-thing a - round,
They grumble at the sing - ing, they grum-ble ev - 'ry-where,
They grumble if we visit them, or if we pass them by,
And teach them full sal - va - tion thro' the dear Redeemer's name;

We care not what the grumblers think, nor what they say we are;

Es - pe - cial - ly of ho - li-ness some cu - ri-ous things they say,
They grumble at the work - ers and say its all dis-play,
They say that in a year or two the work will all de-cay,
Would bring them all to Je - sus, al - read - y some are on

We're fight-ing for our Sav-iour who did sal - va - tion bring,

But yet our Great Command-er is sure to win the day.
But yet our Great Command-er is sure to win the day.
But yet our Great Command-er is sure to win the day.
The King's Highway of Holi-ness, where grumblers nev - er come.

D. C.

We're press - ing hard the bat - tle and going to see the King.

No. 155. THE LIGHT BRIGHTLY BEAMED.

"That ye should shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness with his marvelous light." 1 Peter 2: 9.

ADA BLENKHORN. J. M. BLACK.

1. When danger and sor-row encompassed my soul, And dark seemed my path as the night, I cried to the Lord and He part-ed the clouds
2. Now bright as the noontide the pathway appears, The clouds have all vanished a - way; I walk in the light of my Lord's loving smile,
3. To Je - sus, who rescued my soul from despair, My life's sweetest service I bring; And now in my heart with re - joic-ing and song,
4. The Sav-iour is call-ing—why long-er de-lay? He's waiting your soul to receive; He'll pardon and cleanse you, and make you His child,

CHORUS.

And let in His glo-ri-ous light.
And dwell in His beau-ti-ful day. The light brightly beamed on my soul,
I crown Him, my Saviour, and King.
If on - ly on Him you be-lieve.
soul, on my soul,

The light brightly beamed on my soul, . . . Since Je - sus, my
soul, on my soul,

Saviour, dispelled the dark clouds, The light brightly beams on my soul.

Copyright, 1896, by J. M. Black. By per.

No. 156.

COMING BY AND BY.

"Behold I come quickly."—Rev. 22 : 7.

Rev. JOHN P. BROOKS. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. The ti - dal wave is coming, sal-va-tion, full and free; With shout and song it sweeps a-long like billows of the sea; The ju - bi-lee of
2. We're wait-ing, Lord, and longing, till Thou shalt come again, To claim Thine own, and on Thy throne, in peace and love to reign; We'll wait that glorious
3. There's cleansing offered freely to all who come to-day; And trusting in the prom-i - ses, will walk the narrow way; For perfect peace in

D. S.—*We'll wait that glorious*

ho-li-ness will ring thro' earth and sky, The dawn of grace draws on a-coming, till, from out the op'ning sky, Our Lord shall come to take the Him is found, and joys which ne'er shall die, And when He comes we'll reign with

moment, when, from out the op'ning sky, Our Lord shall come to claim His

Fine CHORUS

pace, 'tis coming by and by. Coming, coming, Coming by and
throne, He's coming by and by.
Him, He's coming by and by. Coming, yes He's coming,

own, He's coming by and by.

D.S.

by; A bet-ter day is dawning soon, He's coming by and by;

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 157. # WHISPERINGS OF JESUS.

"I will betroth thee unto Me for ever."—Hosea 2 : 19.

D. K. W. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

With Expression

1. Not a sound invades the stillness, Not a form invades the scene,
2. And within those heav'nly places, Calmly hushed in sweet re-pose,
3. Wrapt in deep, a - dor-ing silence, Je-sus, Lord, I dare not move,
4. Rest, then, O my soul, contented, Thou hast reached thy happy place,

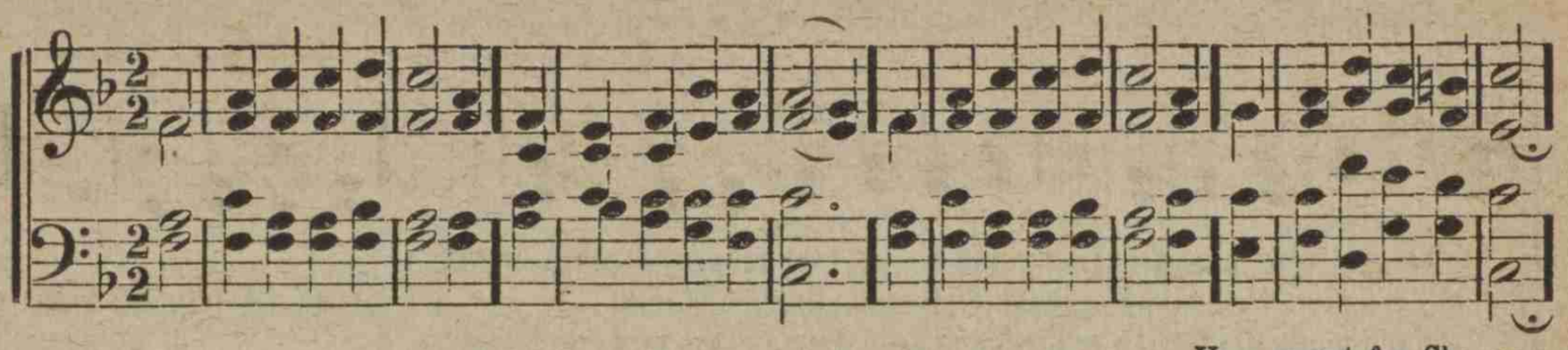
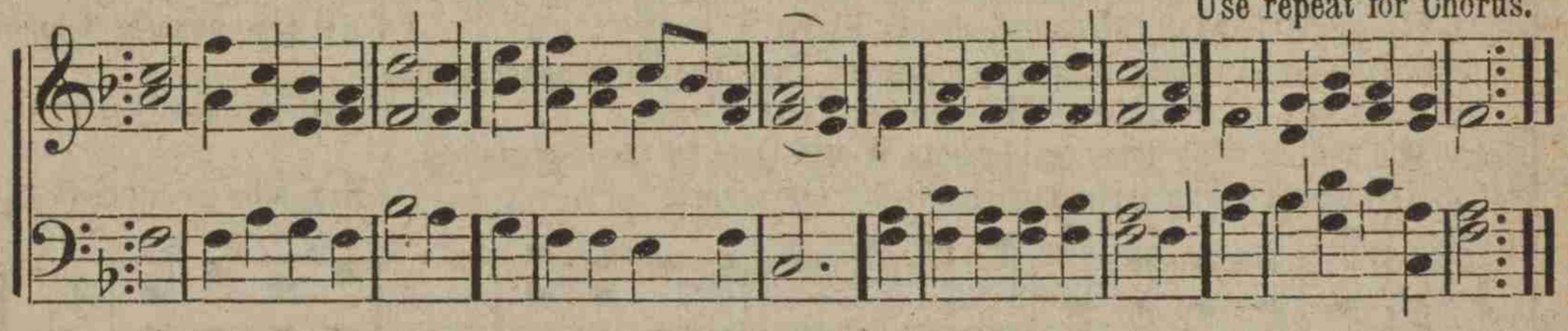
Save the voice of my Be-lov - ed, And the per - son of my King.
There I drink with joy ab-sorb-ing, All the love Thou wouldst disclose.
Lest I lose the smallest say-ing Meant to catch the ear of love.
In the bo - som of thy Saviour, Gazing up in His dear face.

CHORUS.

Precious, gen - tle, ho - ly Je-sus! Blessed Bride-groom of my heart,
Precious, gentle, Blessed Bridegroom

In Thy se - cret inner chamber Thou wilt whisper what Thou art.
In Thy secret Thou wilt whisper

Copyright, 1891, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s D.

Use repeat for Chorus.

158. FOREIGN MISSIONS.

1 From China's dark dominions
Unto Columbia free,
We've heard the cries of anguish
Which echo o'er the sea.
We've heard the royal summons
Of Jesus crucified,
To hasten to the rescue
Of those for whom he died.

CHORUS.

We're coming, yes, we're coming,
On wings of love we fly,
To bear the gospel message
Ere waiting millions die.

2 Our hearts with pain are bleeding
That we have been so slow,
To heed these pleading voices
And on our mission go.
Forgive us! oh, forgive us!
Ye nations far away,
Forgive us gracious Father!
In Jesus' name we pray.—CHO.

3 With songs of joy and gladness
Our offerings we give,
That all the heathen nations
May look to Christ and live.
Though deep the pain in parting,
Our children, too, may go,
And tell the thirsting millions
Where living waters flow.—CHO.

4 Then heathen nations bending
At Jesus' feet shall fall,
And join with saints and angels,
And crown Him Lord of all.
Till over earth triumphant
His ransomed Church shall reign,
When Jesus in His glory
With joy shall come again.—CHO.

Rev. M. W. Knapp.

159. HOME MISSIONS.

1 From California's vineyards
To Carolina's strand,
We hear the wail of anguish
That rises in our land.
From Maine to Mississippi,
We see the blight of sin,
And hear the groans of sorrow
Above our city's din.

CHORUS.

We'll heed the Saviour's summons,
On wings of love will fly,
And bear the gospel message
Ere at our door they die.

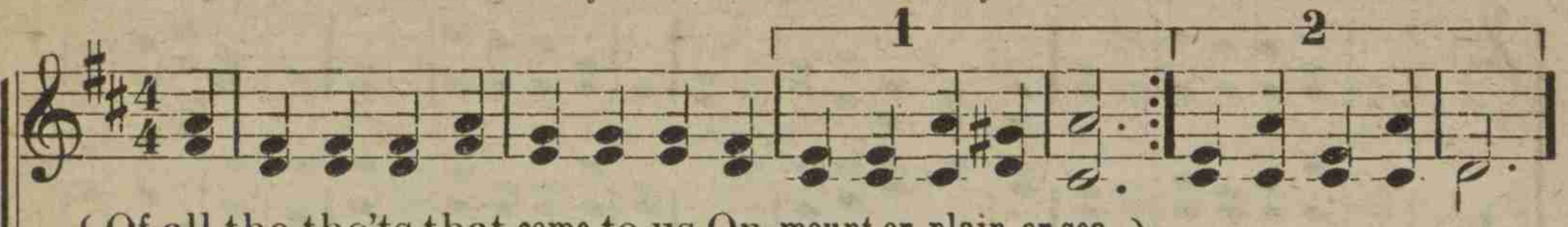
2 From Asia's dark dominions,
And Afric's burning sand,
Like mighty streams of water
They pour into our land.
From Europe's crowded cities,
They flow from year to year,
And bring their crimes and vices
And superstitions here.—CHO.

3 From many a haunt of evil,
From many a home of shame,
We must their souls deliver
From sin in Jesus name.
In many a street and alley,
They wander to and fro,
And swiftly down are sinking,
To realms of endless woe.—CHO.

4 Glad tidings of salvation
We thus shall speed along,
Till every place of sorrow
Becomes a place of song;
Till slaves of vice and folly
At Jesus' feet shall fall,
And claim His great salvation,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Rev. M. W. Knapp.

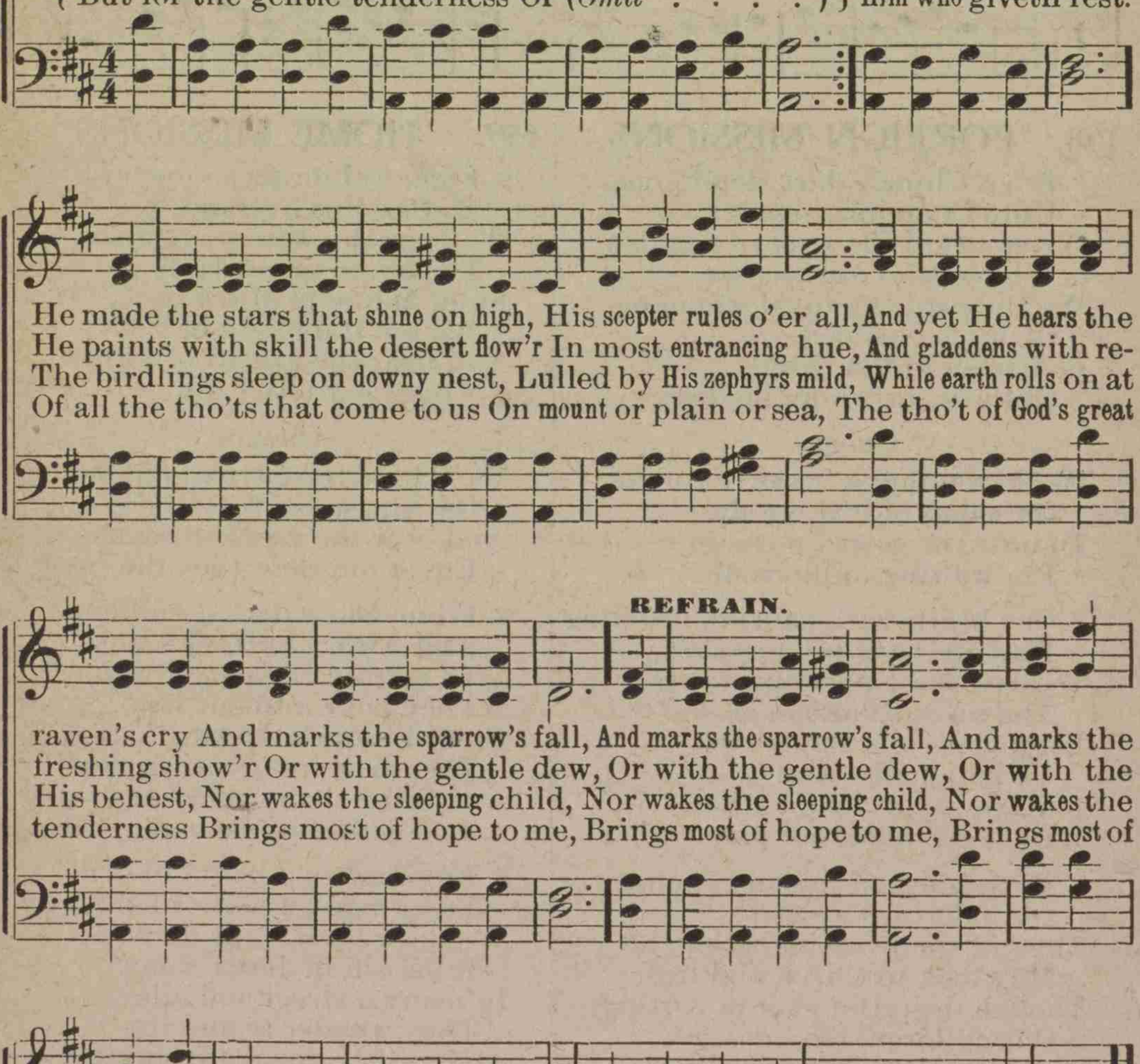
No. 160. THE TENDERNESS OF GOD.

B. F. AUSTIN. "The Lord is very faithful and of tender mercy."—Jas. 5: 11. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Of all the tho'ts that come to us On mount or plain or sea,
The tho't of God's great tenderness Brings (*Omit . . .*) most of joy to me.

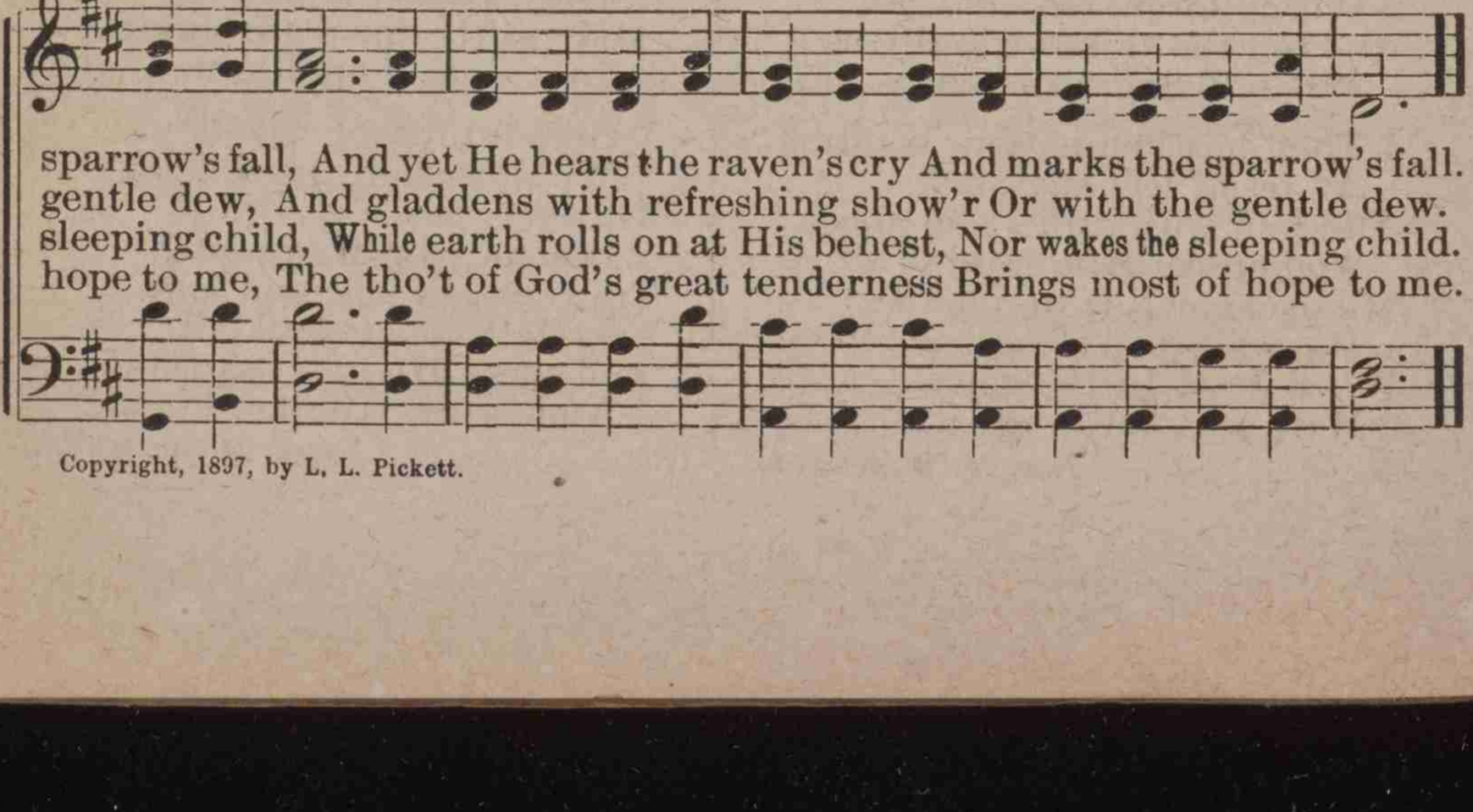
2. Each morn His light o'er land and deep Awakes the birds and flow'rs;
He giveth His beloved sleep Thro' (*Omit . . . .*) all the evening hours.

3. Our world speeds on at His command Thro' boundless space afar,
And yet so gentle is His hand The (*Omit . . . .*) suff'rer feels no jar.

4. My soul in life's drear wilderness Would faint by cares oppressed,
But for the gentle tenderness Of (*Omit . . . .*) Him who giveth rest.



He made the stars that shine on high, His scepter rules o'er all, And yet He hears the
He paints with skill the desert flow'r In most entrancing hue, And gladdens with re-
The birdlings sleep on downy nest, Lulled by His zephyrs mild, While earth rolls on at
Of all the tho'ts that come to us On mount or plain or sea, The tho't of God's great



REFRAIN.

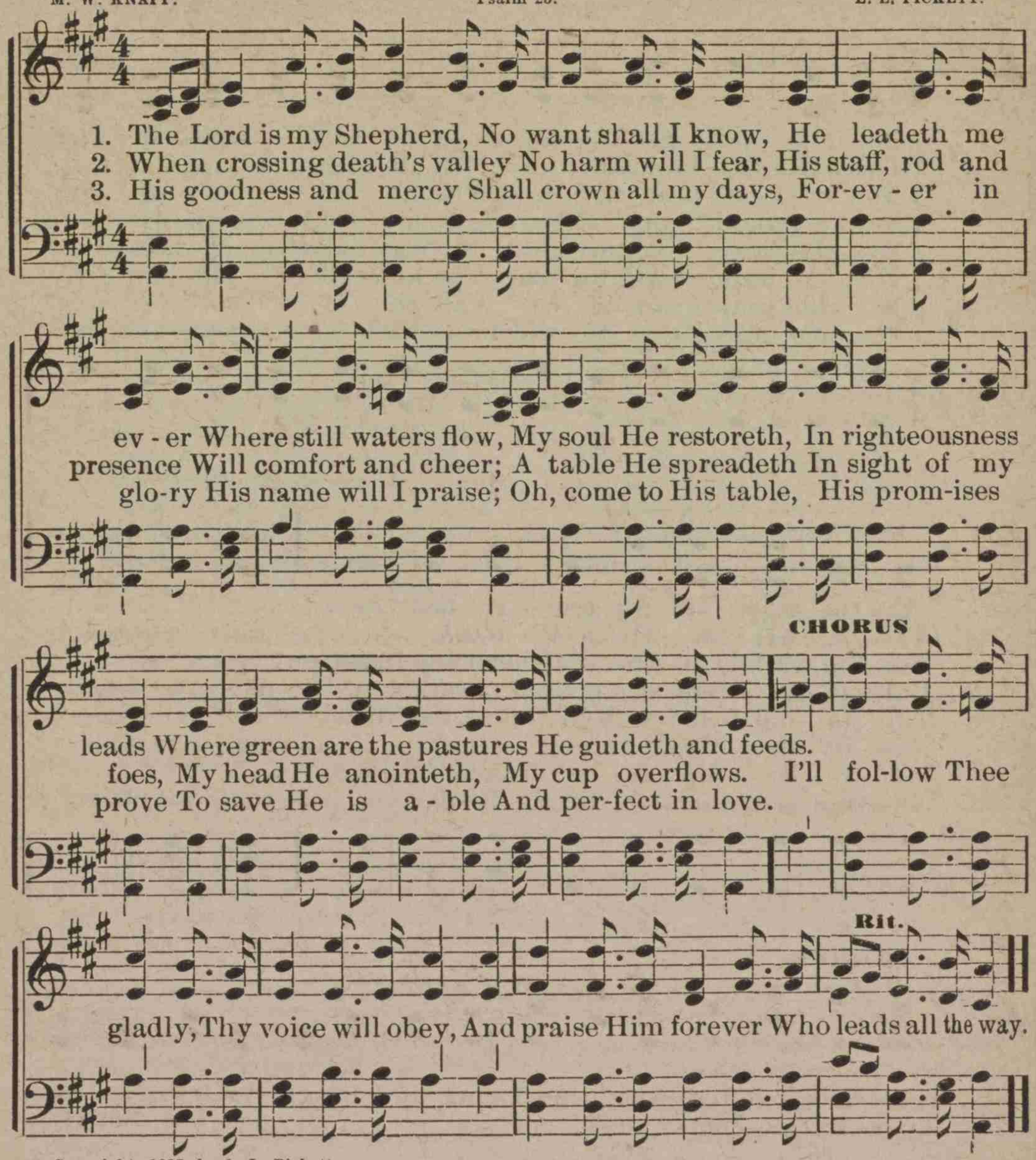
raven's cry And marks the sparrow's fall, And marks the sparrow's fall, And marks the
freshing show'r Or with the gentle dew, Or with the gentle dew, Or with the
His behest, Nor wakes the sleeping child, Nor wakes the sleeping child, Nor wakes the
tenderness Brings most of hope to me, Brings most of hope to me, Brings most of

sparrow's fall, And yet He hears the raven's cry And marks the sparrow's fall.
gentle dew, And gladdens with refreshing show'r Or with the gentle dew.
sleeping child, While earth rolls on at His behest, Nor wakes the sleeping child.
hope to me, The tho't of God's great tenderness Brings most of hope to me.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 161. I'LL FOLLOW HIM GLADLY.

M. W. KNAPP. Psalm 23. L. L. PICKETT.



Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 162. WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?

Key C.

1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
‖:I gave, I gave my life for thee,:‖
What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne
I left, for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone,
‖:I left, I left it all for thee,:‖
Hast thou left aught for me?

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

4 And I have brought to thee
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
‖:I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,:‖
What hast thou brought to me?

F. R. Havergal.

No. 163. AT THE CROSS OF MY LORD.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6: 14.

L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Oh, how blest was the day when my sins rolled a - way,
There His face broke my heart, Till its fount - ains did start,

2. Now my heart beats with joy, With no sin to al - loy,
Not a slight "hope" of heav'n, To my soul hath He giv'n,

3. To the cross like my Lord, I was nailed at His word,
Then I came forth to live The new life He did give,

4. Es - chol grapes now I eat And the la - bor is sweet,
The poor wan-d'rers to win From their dark - ness and sin,

At the cross of my cru - ci - fied Lord;
Till I fell at His feet (*Omit* . . .) and a-dored.
For I'm washed in the soul-cleansing blood;
But sal - va - tion was poured (*Omit.* . . .) like a flood.
Till the "old man" with-in me had died;
Now in me He doth ev- (*Omit.* . . .) er a - bide.
As I fly up - on er - rands of love;
And thus lead them to heav- (*Omit.* . . .) en a - bove.

CHORUS

There His love rose within, And since then has ev - er been As a
O- cean tides come and go As all pleas - ures be - low, But His
fount-ain of life to my soul;
(*Omit.* . . . . . .) love-bil - lows ev - er shall roll.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

164. ENTER BY THE BLOOD.

Tune: "NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD."
Rev. J. B. FOOTE.

1 The Holiest Place stands open wide,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
The shadowing veil now hangs aside
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

Chorus.—
Beyond the second veil
Pure Love and joy prevail,
God's promise ne'er can fail,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

2 Enter now this holiest place,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
Here Christ shows His shining face,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

3 Here is cleansing full and free,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
God's shekinah you can see,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

4 Now by faith you may prevail,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
Pass beyond the second veil,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

5 Here you can be satisfied,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
This is why the Saviour died,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

165. WHEN CHRISTIANS VOTE AS THEY PRAY.

Tune: "SWEET BYE AND BYE."—Key of G.

1 There's a time that is coming at last,
Oh! hasten the long looked-for day!
When the rum-fiend no shackles can cast,
For all Christians will vote as they pray.

Cho.—In the sweet bye-and-bye,
We shall welcome that beautiful day;
In the sweet bye-and-bye,
When all Christians shall vote as they pray.

2 When the fire shall go out at the still,
And the worm shall be taken away,
And its ruins give place to the mill,
Making bread that doth hunger allay.

3 And the prisons shall close every door,
And the poor-houses, tenantless stand;
When the dram-shops shall darken no more
The dear homes of our beautiful land.

4 When the Church and the State shall arise
In the strength of their virtue and might,
And improve every moment that flies.
In their daring to vote for the right.

166. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

Rev. R. LOWRY. By per.

1 What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Chorus.—
Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

2 For my pardon this I see,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my cleansing, this my plea,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

167. I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

John vi: 37.
Rev. WM. MCDONALD. By per.

1 I am coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me.
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine for evermore.

4 In Thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied.
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

No. 168.

CONSECRATION.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL. By per.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or over the stormy sea;
2. Perhaps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—

It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek,
Where I may labor thro' life's short day For Jesus the cru - ci - fied—

But if by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Saviour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trusting my all to Thy tender care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

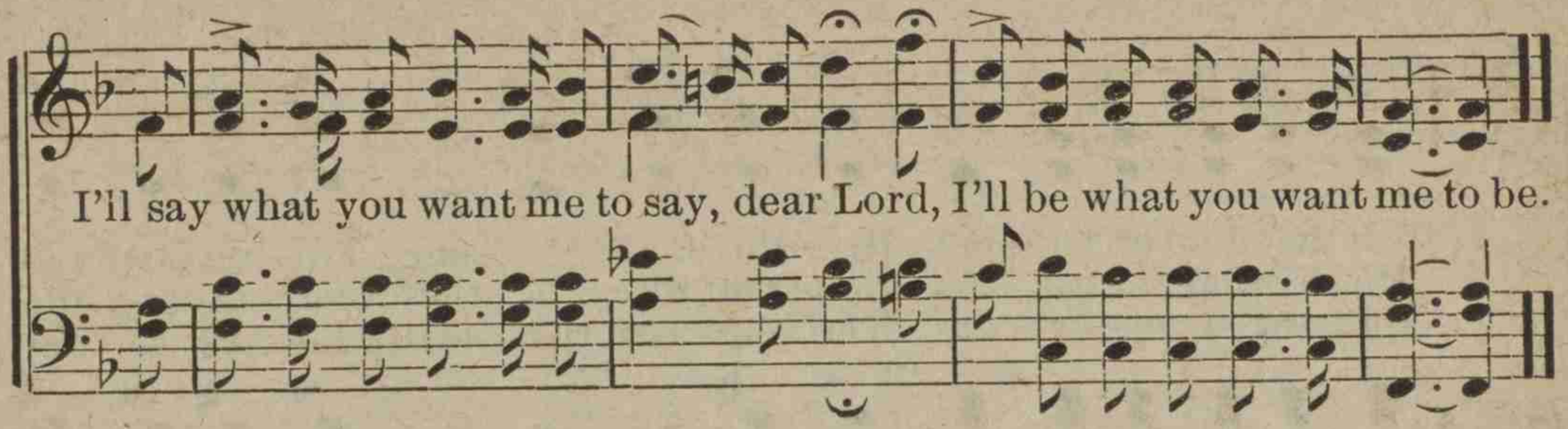
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall echo Thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain or plain or sea;

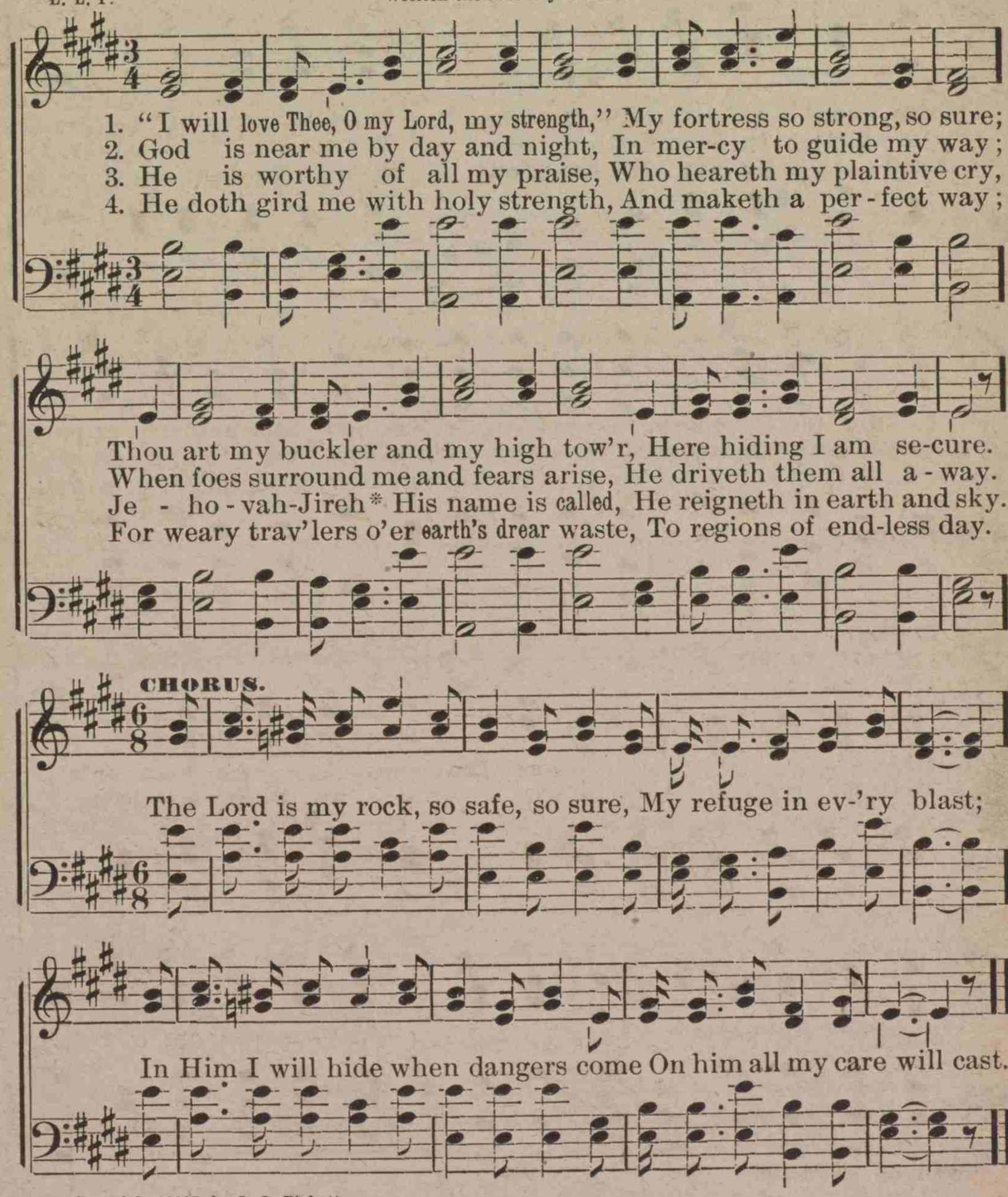
Copyright, 1894, by C. E. Rounsefell.

Published in sheet form by W. E. Rounsefell, 18 Blodgett St., Manchester, N. H. Price 5 cents May also be ordered through the publisher of this book.



No. 169. THE LORD IS MY ROCK.

L. L. P. Written the first day of 1897. L. L. PICKETT.



Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

* "The Lord will provide."—Gen. 22: 14.

No. 170. HEAR THE SHOUT OF TRIUMPH.

S. G. SMITH. By per.

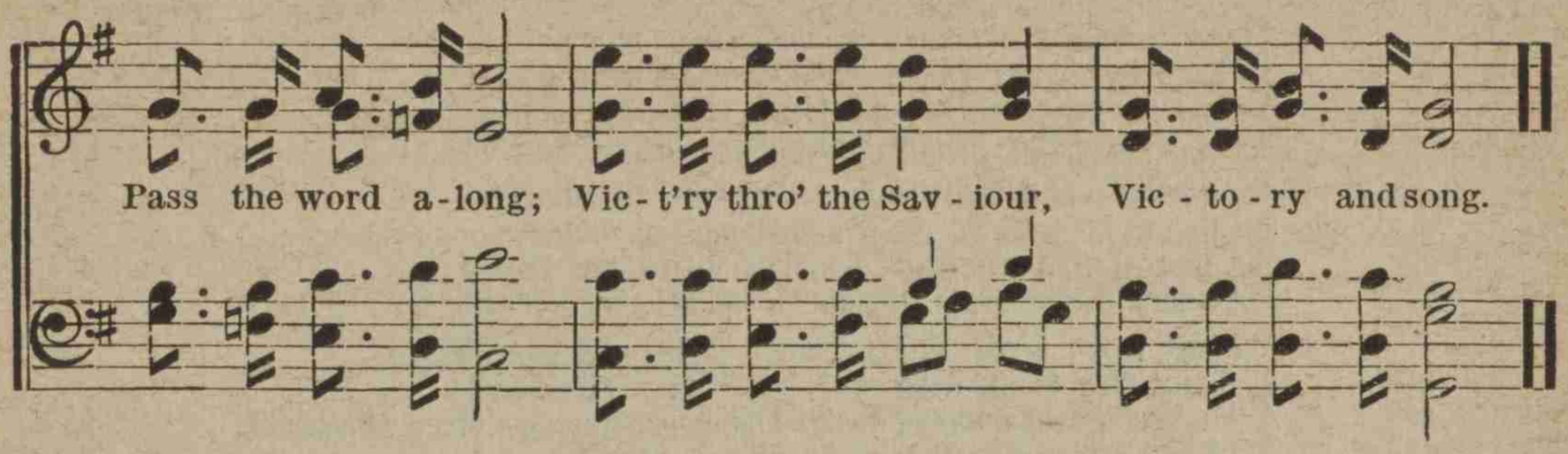
1. Hear the shout of tri-umph, Hear the might - y song, Fill - ing earth and heav - en, As it rolls a - long, Like the roar of o - cean,
2. Ma - ny were the bat - tles, Con-stant was the strife, Fierce the rag - ing con - flicts, In their earth-ly life; Yet they nev - er fal-tered,
3. Onward let us ev - er, Tho' our strength be small; Je - sus is our Lead - er, Ev - 'ry foe must fall. Then we 'll join the ran-somed

Breaking on the shore, Vic-t'ry thro' the Sav-iour, Now and ev - er-more.
For the Lord was strong; He was rock and for-tress, Vic - to - ry and song.
On the oth - er shore; Vic-t'ry thro' the Sav-iour, Sing-ing ev - er-more.

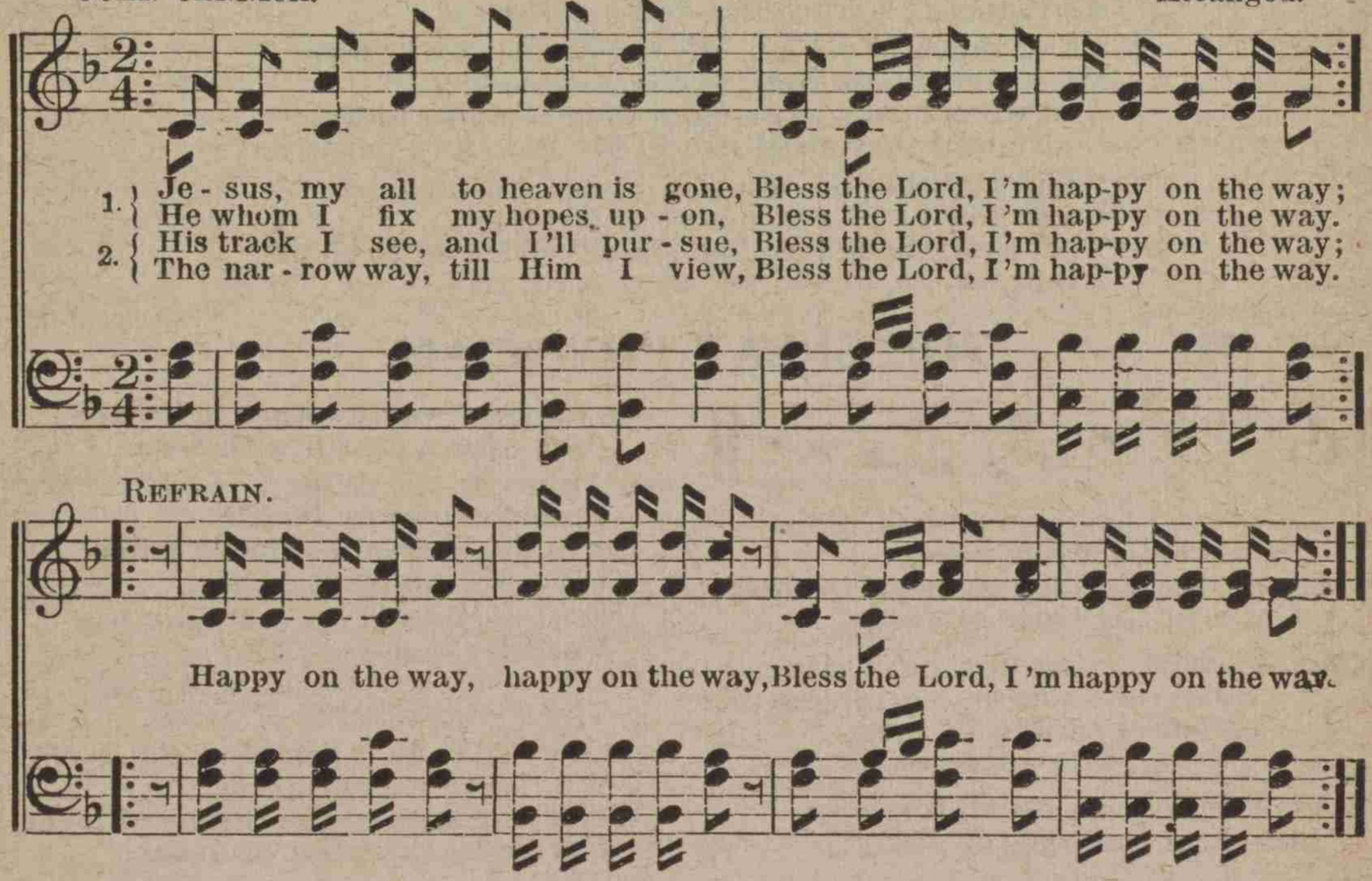
CHORUS.

Hear ye the cry, ...
Hear the cry of vic - to - ry as we pass a - long,
Hear ye the cry, hear ye the cry, Vic - t'ry thro' the Sav - iour,

Copyright, 1887, by S. G. Smith.

HEAR THE SHOUT OF TRIUMPH. Concluded.

No. 171. HAPPY ON THE WAY.

JOHN CENNICK. Arranged.



3 The way the holy prophets went,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
The road that leads from banishment,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

4 The King's highway of holiness,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
I'll go, for all His paths are peace,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

5 This is the way I long have sought,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
And mourned because I found it not,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

6 My grief a burden long has been,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
Because I was not saved from sin,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

7 The more I strove against its power,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
I felt its weight and guilt the more,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

8 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
"Come hither, soul, I am the way,"
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

6 Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

10 Nothing but sin have I to give,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
Nothing but love shall I receive,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

11 Then will I tell to sinners round,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
What a dear Saviour I have found,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

12 I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
And say, "Behold the way to God,"
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

No. 172. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. 11s.

GEORGE KEITH.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

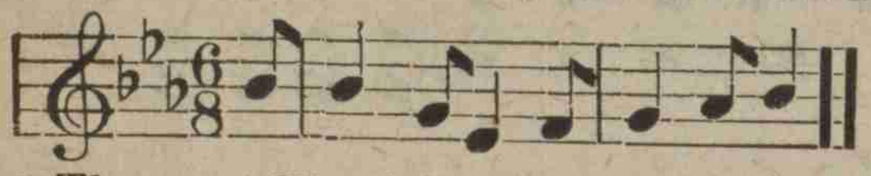
2 In every condition — in sickness, in health;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad; on the land, on the sea —
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I *will* not, desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, *no*, *never*, NO, NEVER forsake."

No. 173. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

1 The great Physician now is here,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

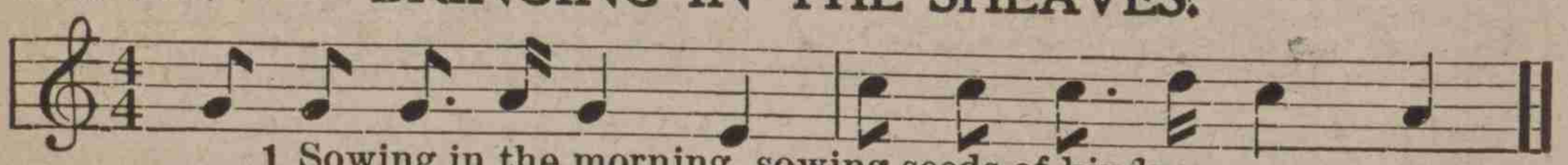
Cho.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

5 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

No. 174. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noon-tide, and the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Cho.—Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze,
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go, then, even weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 175. WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

"If we walk in the light."—1 John 1. Arr. by L. L. PICKETT.

1. I am walking in the light And my path is shining bright, Where there is no more of night I now dwell. This vain world I bid adieu, And its pleasures fade from view, All things now to me are new, All is well.
2. I have glory for a prize And a crown beyond the skies When from earth we shall arise, Pure and white. I shall then with Jesus reign, And eternal honor gain, And be pure from ev'ry stain In His sight. Jesus saves day by day, Sweetly
3. I have angel food to eat And no honey is so sweet, It is most delicious meat To the soul. On His promise I abide And my soul is satisfied, For I feel the crimson tide On me roll.
4. I have garments wrought with gold, And their value is untold, They have neither moth or mould, Bless the Lord. I have jewels rich and rare, And a mansion bright and fair, For His will is written there, In His word.

CHORUS.

keeps all the way, All my burdens He bears, Ev'ry care; Soon I'll lay my armor down And at Jesus' feet sit down And receive a starry crown Over there.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 176. THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

JOHN NEWTON. Hab. 3: 17, 18. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Tho' troubles as-sail, and dan-gers affright, Tho' friends should all fail,and foes all u-nite, Yet one thing secures us, what-ev - er be-tide, The
2. The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed; From them let us learn to trust for our bread, His saints,what is fit - ting, shall ne'er be de-nied, So
3. When Sa - tan appears to stop up our path, And fills us with fears, we tri-umph by faith; He can - not take from us, tho' oft he has tried, The
4. He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain: The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain: But when such suggestions our gra - ces have tried,This
5. No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim; Our trust is all thrown on Je-sus' great name: In this our strong pow-er for safe - ty we hide; The
6. When life sinks a-pace, and death is in view, The word of His grace shall com-fort us thro': Not fear - ing or doubting, with Christ on our side, We

CHORUS

prom-ise assures us,—the Lord will provide.
long as 'tis written,—the Lord will provide.
heart-cheering promise,—the Lord will provide. So I will re-joice, re-
answers all questions,—the Lord will provide.
Lord is our pow-er,—the Lord will provide.
hope to die shouting,—the Lord will provide.

joice in the Lord, Yes, I will rejoice, And trust in His word; His promise is

sure what-ev - er be - tide, We'll trust in the Lord and He will provide.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 177. JACOB'S LADDER.

"And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it."—Gen. 28: 12. Arr. by J. R. BRYANT.

1. As Ja-cob once traveled he was weary one day, At night on a stone for a pil-low he lay, He saw in a vis-ion a lad-der so high,
2. This heav'nly ladder is strong and well-made, Tho' standing for ages, it has not decayed; The feeblest may venture by faith to ascend,
3. Lo! upward and downward they constantly go, Ex-tend-ing a hand to the toilers below; And when a new convert sets out for the skies,
4. "Another!" "another!" they sing in their love, "Is seeking his home and his treasures above," And angels, in glory, responding cry—Come!
5. This ladder is Jesus, the mighty God-man, Whose blood freely streaming from Calvary ran; By faith in His promise to heav'n we rise,
6. Upon it our fathers have gone to their God, They've finished their journey and gained their abode, And we are ascending and soon will be there,

Chorus.—*Hal-le-lu-jah to Je-sus, who died on the tree, To raise up this ladder of mercy for me; Press onward, press upward, the prize is in view,*

D C Chorus

REFRAIN.

Its foot was on earth and its top reached the sky.
And angels will guard them and safely defend. Is wait-ing for
Their shouts to the top of the ladder a-rise.
And welcome each pen-i-tent wander-er home.
And reign in the mansions prepared in the skies.
Their songs and their rapture in glo-ry to share.

A crown of bright glo-ry is waiting for you.

FINE

you, is waiting for you, And a crown of bright glory is waiting for you.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 178. LET ME REST.

Dr. H. BONAR. "Shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isa. 32: 2. H. N. LINCOLN. By per.

1. In the shadow of the Rock let me rest, ... When I
2. On the parched and desert way where I tread . . . . With the
3. I in peace will rest me here till I see . . . . . That the

1. In the shadow of the Rock let me
2. On the parched and desert way where I tread
3. I in peace will rest me here till I see, till I see That the

feel the tempest's shock thrill my breast, All in
scorching noon-tide ray o'er my head, Let me
skies a - gain are fair o - ver me, That the

rest, ... When I feel the tempest's shock thrill my
With the scorching noon-tide ray o'er my head,
skies a-gain are fair o - ver me, o - ver me, That the

vain the storm shall sweep while I hide, ... And my
find a wel-come shade cool and still, ... And my
burning heats are past and the day . . . . . Bids the

breast, ... All in vain the storm shall sweep While I
Let me find a welcome shade cool and still,
burning heats are past and the day, and the day Bids the

CHORUS.

tranquil vig-il keep by Thy side.
weary steps be stayed by Thy will. In the shadow of the
trav-el - er at last go His way.

hide . . . . . by Thy side. . . .
And my weary steps be stayed by Thy will.
trav-el-er at last go His way, go His way.

LET ME REST. Concluded.

Rock let me rest, In the shadow of the Rock let me rest, When I

feel the tempest's shock thrill my breast, In the shadow of the Rock let me rest.

No. 179. ROOM FOR JESUS.

"There was no room for them in the inn."—Luke. 2: 7. CHAS. A. HUMPHREY.

DUET. Soprano and Alto

1. Oh, plod - ding life! Crowded so full Of earth - ly toil and
2. Oh, bus - y hand! by night and day, Toiling with pa-tience
3. Oh, throbbing heart! so quick to feel In oth - ers' woes a
4. *Oh, sin - ful soul! Thus to debase The be - ing God doth
5. Lest soon the bit-ter day shall come When vain will be thy

care! The bod - y's dai - ly need receives The first and
rare, Problems of worldly loss or gain, Sinking till
share, Yet hu - man love each pow'r enthrald, And sor - did
spare! Blood-bought thou art! no more thine own, Heart, brain, and
pray'r, To find in Je - sus' heart a place: For - ev - er

last con - cerns, and leaves No room for Je - sus there.
thought be - comes a pain— No room for Je - sus there.
pleas-ures fiill it all— No room for Je - sus there.
life are His a - lone, Make room for Je - sus there.
closed the day of grace, Thou'lt gain no en-trance there.

REFRAIN

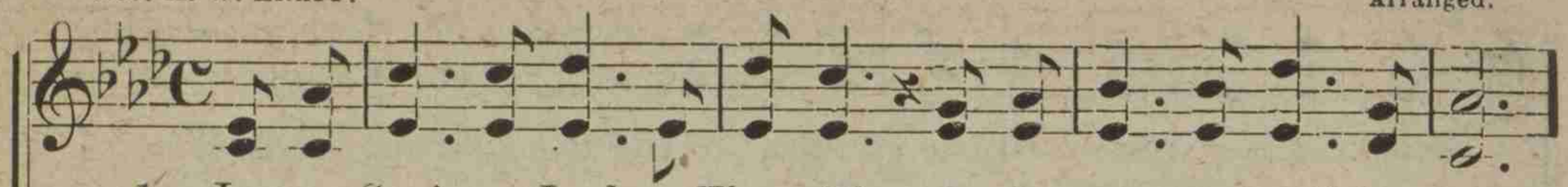
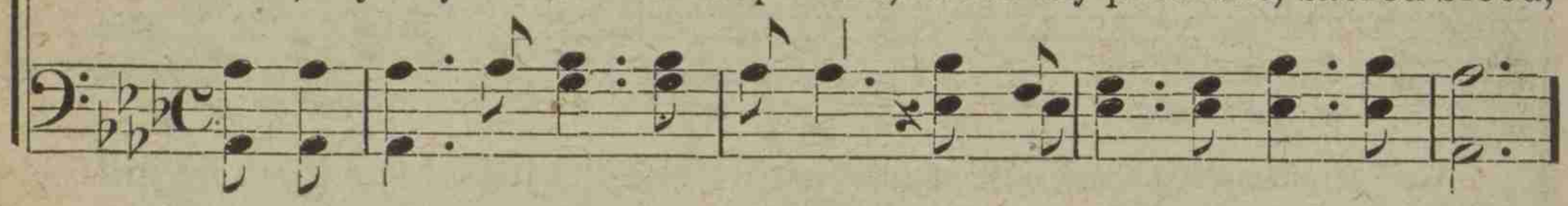
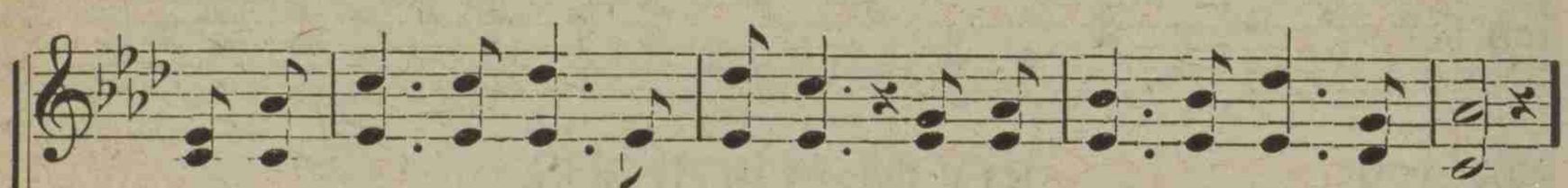
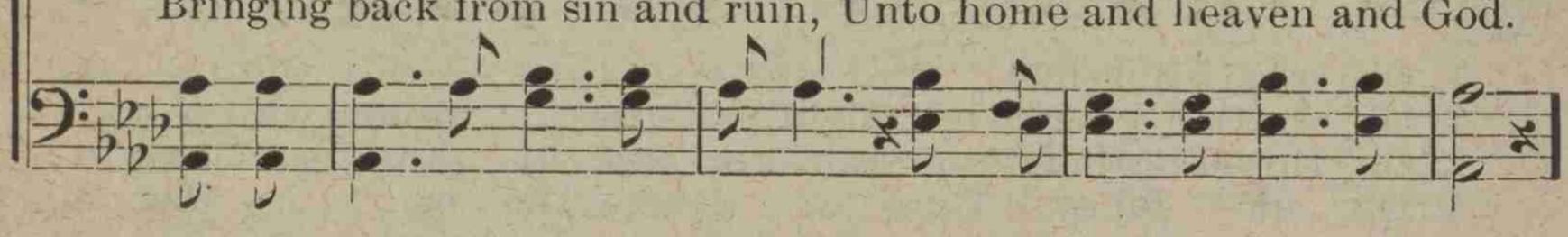
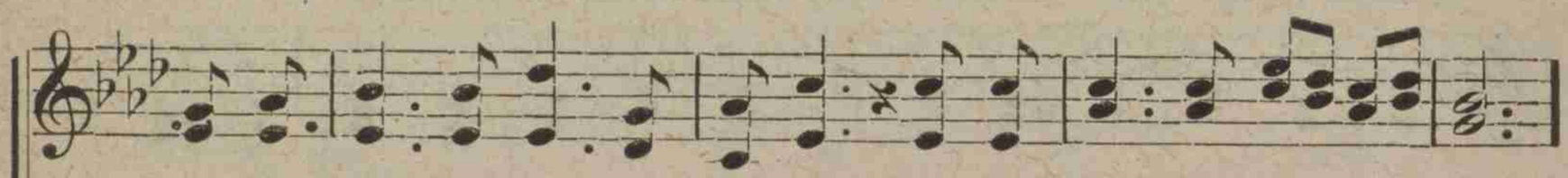
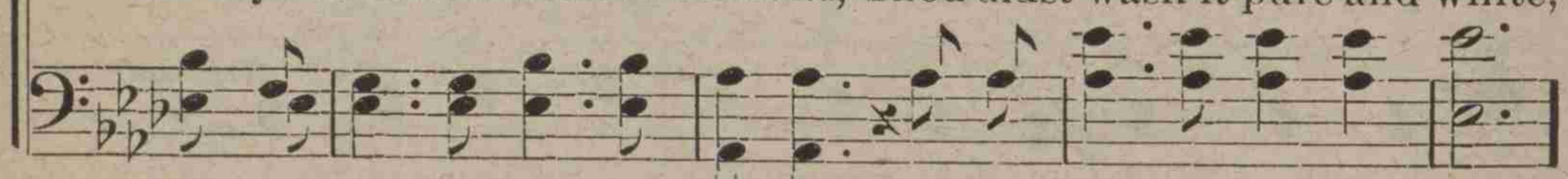
1 2

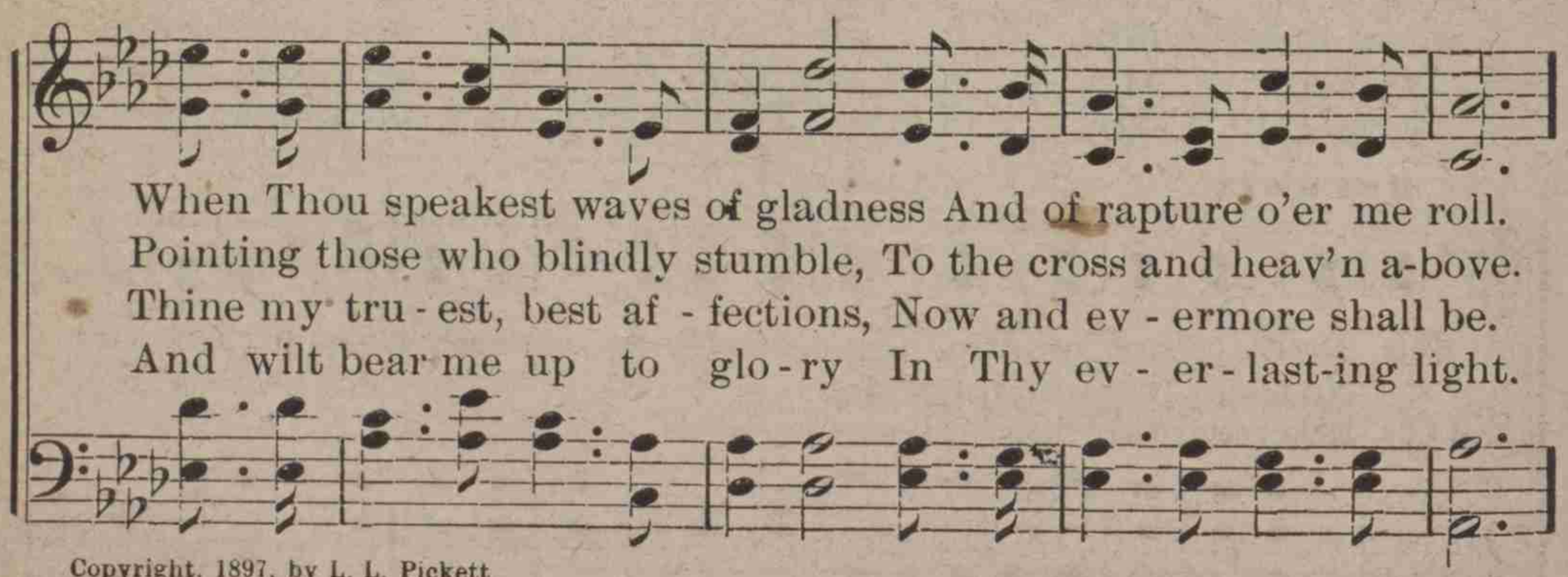
No room, no room No room for Jesus there; room for Jesus there.
No room, no room for Jesus,
Last Cho. Make room, make room for Jesus,

*Omit chorus between 4th & 5th verses.

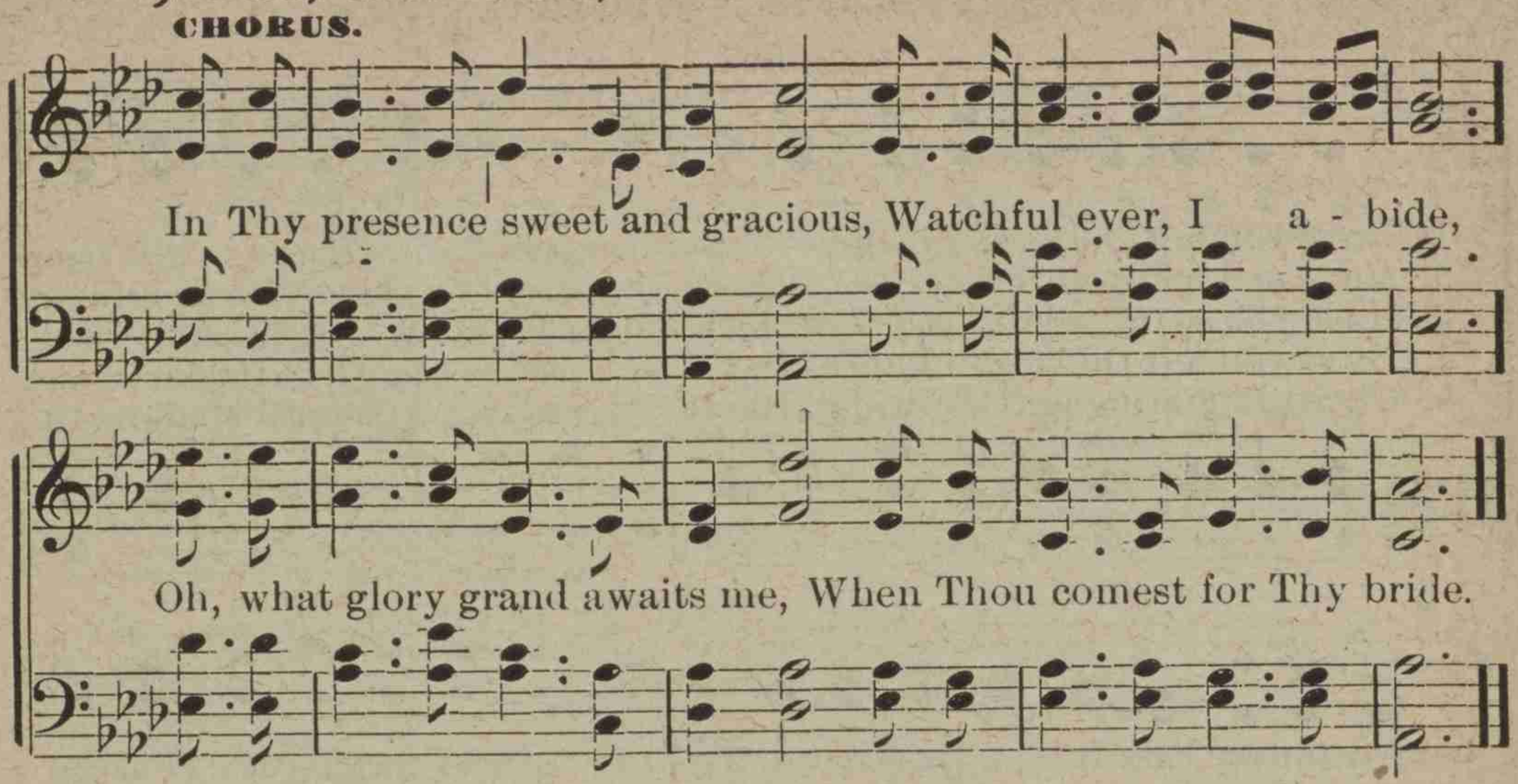
Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 180. JESUS, SAVIOUR, I ADORE THEE.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Arranged.

1. Je-sus, Saviour, I adore Thee, Thou hast won my wand'ring heart;
2. Glorious hope of Thy appearing, Cheers and comforts day and night,
3. Peace that passeth understanding, Gift of love from Thee is mine,
4. Thou, my wayward soul didst purchase, With Thy precious, sacred blood,

All I glad-ly leave to follow, And be with Thee where Thou art.
Earthly loves and friends and day-dreams, Pale before Thy dazzling light,
Thou art more than all Thy blessings, Thou art mine and I am Thine.
Bringing back from sin and ruin, Unto home and heaven and God.

Thou art fair - est of the lovely, King and Bridegroom of my soul,
So I work and wait with patience, Happy in Thy per-fect love,
I dis-dain all worldly rivals That would win my soul from Thee,
Sin my soul had wrecked and blackened, Thou didst wash it pure and white,

When Thou speakest waves of gladness And of rapture o'er me roll.
Pointing those who blindly stumble, To the cross and heav'n a-bove.
Thine my tru - est, best af - fections, Now and ev - ermore shall be.
And wilt bear me up to glo - ry In Thy ev - er - last-ing light.



Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.



181. Jesus, I My Cross.

Above tune.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Poor, despised, by friends forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

CHORUS.

Soon my Saviour, King, will call me,
To His mansions bright and fair,
Where no evil can befall me,
There His glory I shall share.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba, Father;"
I have stayed my heart on Thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

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

5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry F. Lyte. Cho. by M. W. K.

182. Shall We Meet?

A♭.

1 Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright forever
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

CHORUS.

Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Where the surges cease to roll.

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair, celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

No. 183. PASS IT ON.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

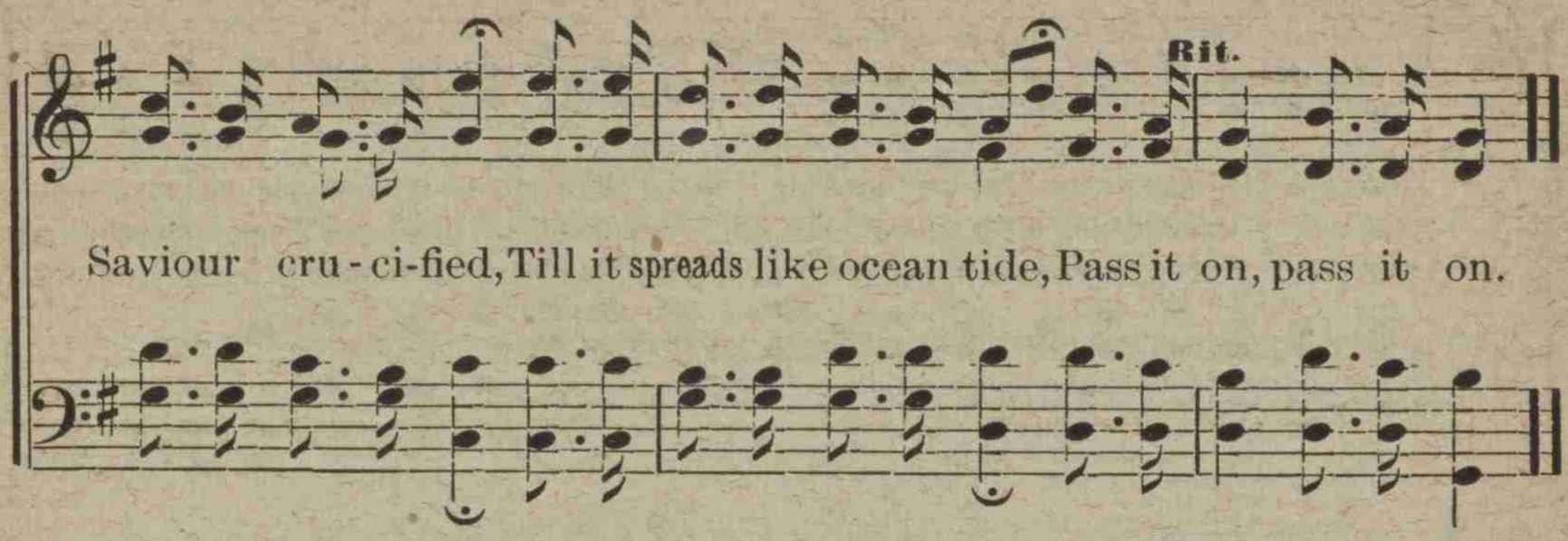
1. Have you felt the Saviour's love? Pass it on, pass it on; 'Tis a gift from heav'n above, Pass it on, pass it on; Tell to others as they go That its
2. Have you had your Pentecost? Pass it on, pass it on; Lest your neighbors should be lost, Pass it on, pass it on; It doth cleanse the heart from sin, And the
3. Have you searched the Holy Word? Pass it on, pass it on; Sweetest message ev-er heard, Pass it on, pass it on; Search its pages day by day, It will
4. Have you felt the heav'nly fire? Pass it on, pass it on; Thus its flame will rise yet high'r, Pass it on, pass it on; Faith adds fu-el to this flame, Trust in
5. Christ is coming for His Bride, Pass it on, pass it on; Crowned shall be the cru-ci-fied, Pass it on, pass it on; Soon with might He shall appear, Sound the

fulness they may know, Shout the tidings here below, Pass it on, pass it on.
Saviour crown within, Helping precious souls to win, Pass it on, pass it on.
help you on your way, And will be your strength and stay, Pass it on, pass it on.
Je-sus' ho-ly name, For His love is just the same, Pass it on, pass it on.
tidings far and near, Till the startled nations hear, Pass it on, pass it on.

CHORUS

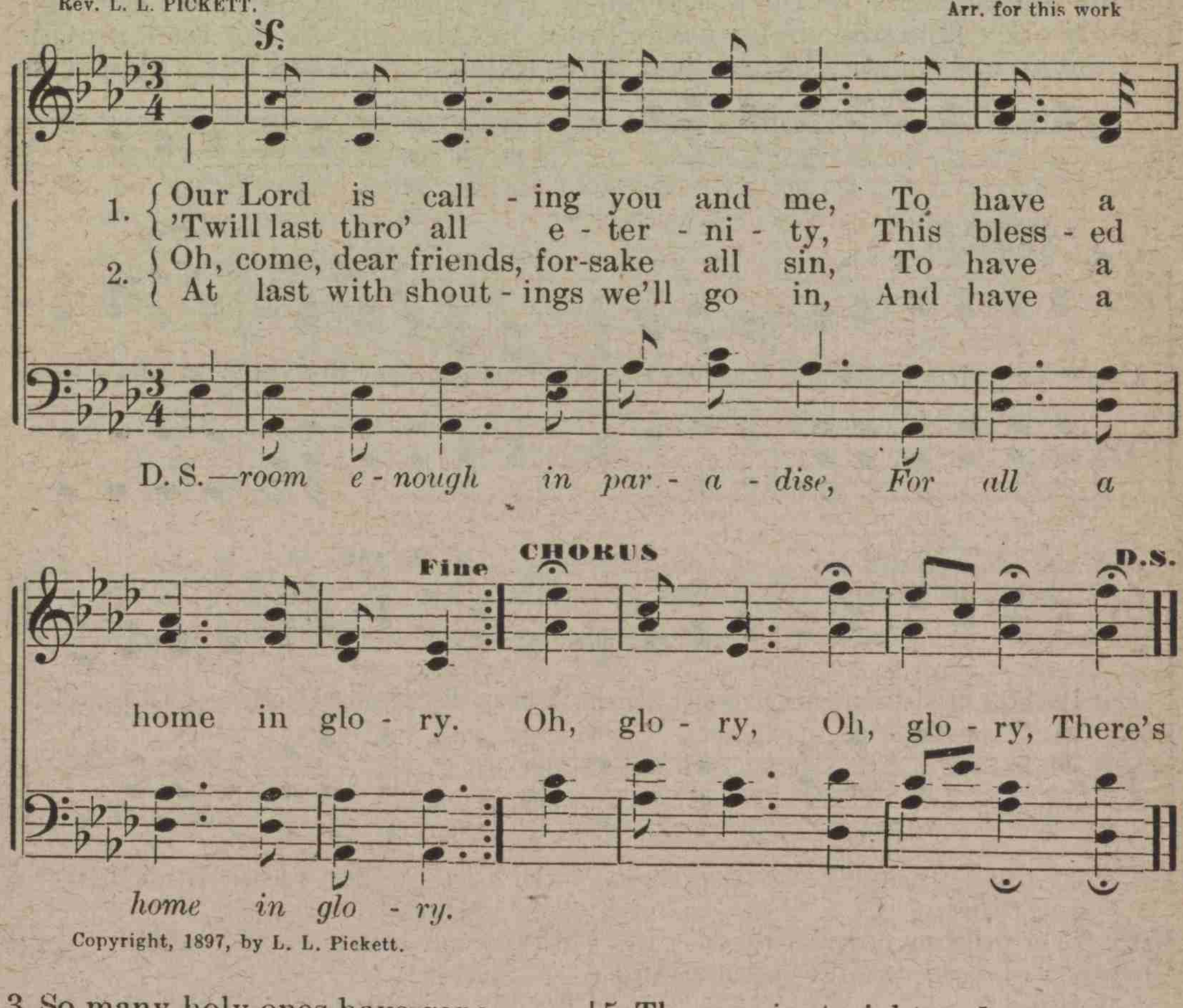
Pass it on, (pass it on,) pass it on, (pass it on,) Speed the tidings as you go, Pass it on, pass it on; Tell the message far and wide, Of the

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

PASS IT ON. Concluded.

Saviour cru - ci-fied, Till it spreads like ocean tide, Pass it on, pass it on.

No. 184. A HOME IN GLORY.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. Arr. for this work



1. { Our Lord is call - ing you and me, To have a
   { 'Twill last thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, This bless - ed
2. { Oh, come, dear friends, for-sake all sin, To have a
   { At last with shout - ings we'll go in, And have a

D. S.—*room e - nough in par - a - dise, For all a*

home in glo - ry. Oh, glo - ry, Oh, glo - ry, There's

home in glo - ry.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

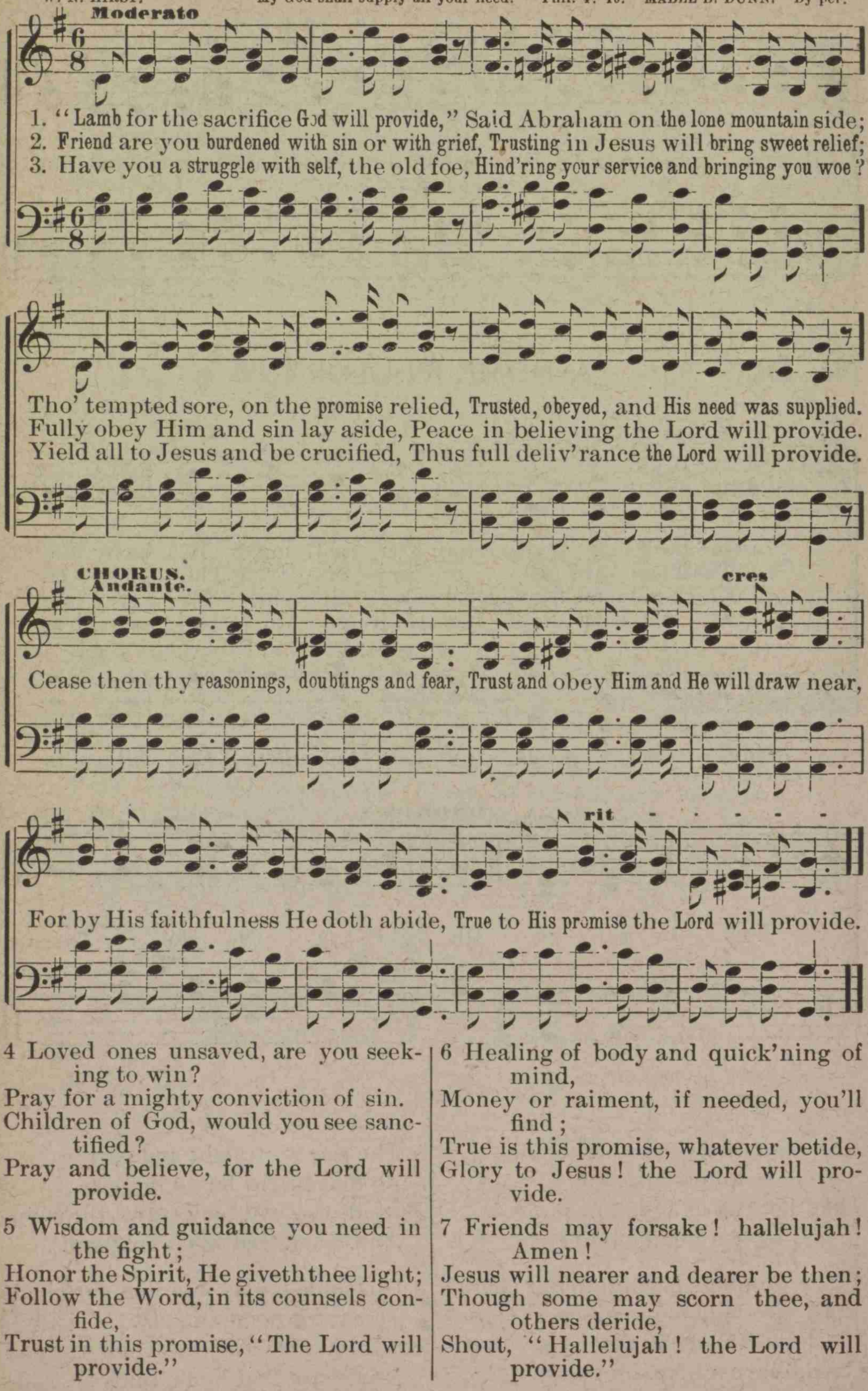
3 So many holy ones have gone
  To have a home in glory;
They beckon us to follow on
  And have a home in glory.

4 The prophets faithful to our God
  All have a home in glory;
Oh, let us tread the paths they trod
  And have a home in glory.

5 The way is straight and narrow, too,
  To that bright home in glory;
But all who will may travel through,
  And reach that home in glory.

6 Oh, come to-day and join our band
  To have a home in glory;
Ere long we'll reach the golden strand
  And share that home in glory.

No. 185. ALL NEEDS SUPPLIED.

W. N. HIRST. "My God shall supply all your need."—Phil. 4: 19. MABEL B. DUNN. By per.

4 Loved ones unsaved, are you seeking to win?
Pray for a mighty conviction of sin.
Children of God, would you see sanctified?
Pray and believe, for the Lord will provide.

5 Wisdom and guidance you need in the fight;
Honor the Spirit, He giveth thee light;
Follow the Word, in its counsels confide,
Trust in this promise, "The Lord will provide."

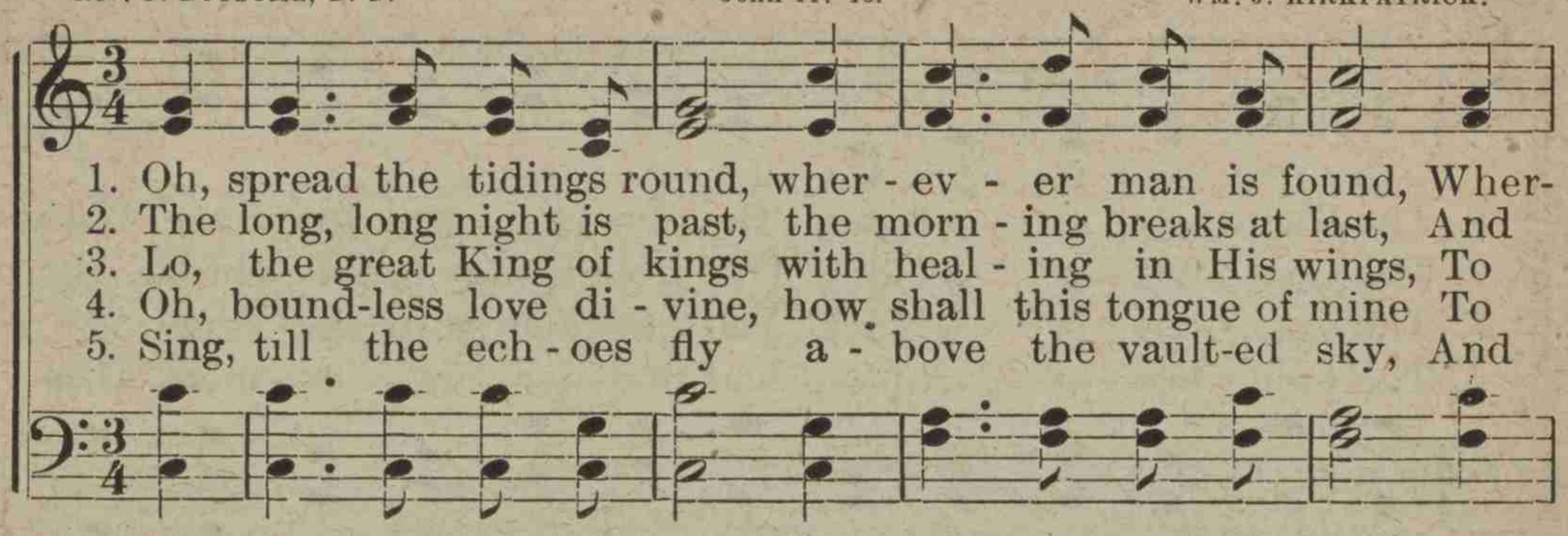
6 Healing of body and quick'ning of mind,
Money or raiment, if needed, you'll find;
True is this promise, whatever betide,
Glory to Jesus! the Lord will provide.

7 Friends may forsake! hallelujah! Amen!
Jesus will nearer and dearer be then;
Though some may scorn thee, and others deride,
Shout, "Hallelujah! the Lord will provide."

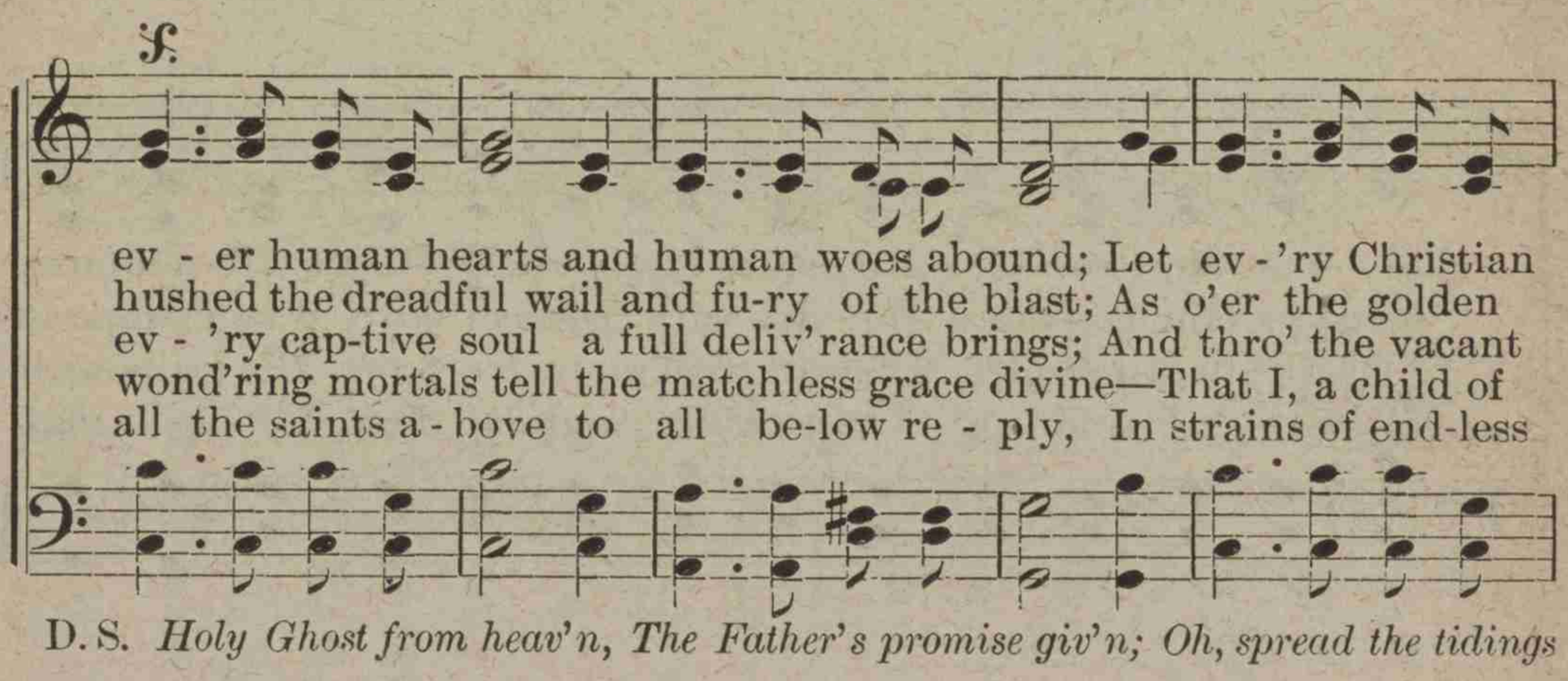
No. 186. THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

"I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever."

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D. —John 14: 16. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

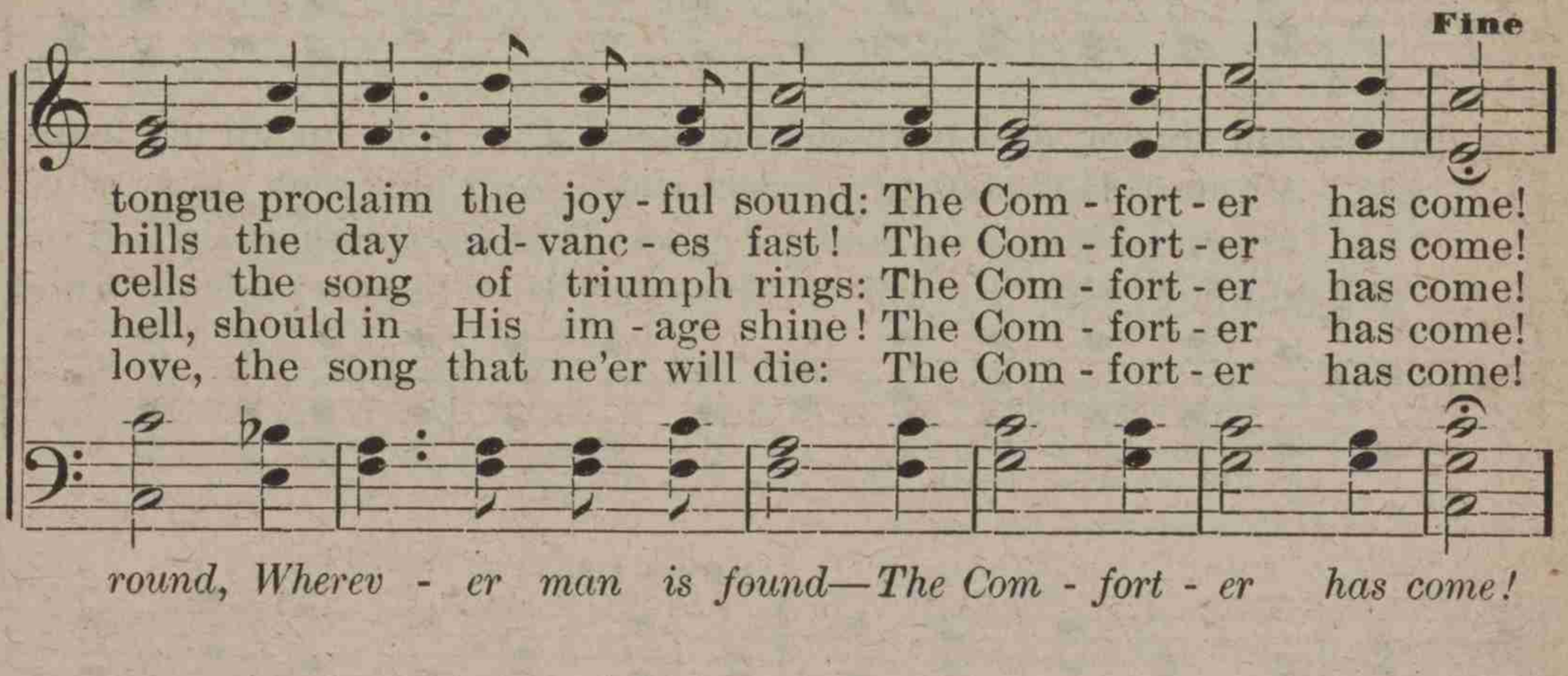


1. Oh, spread the tidings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last, And
3. Lo, the great King of kings with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. Oh, bound-less love di - vine, how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And

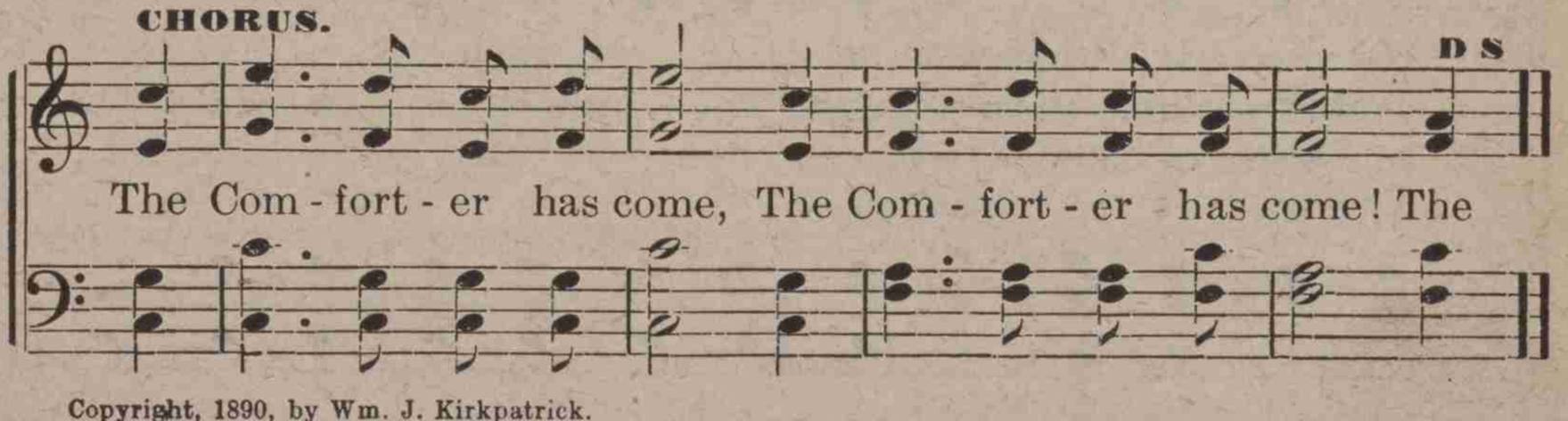


ev - er human hearts and human woes abound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hushed the dreadful wail and fu-ry of the blast; As o'er the golden
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the vacant
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace divine—That I, a child of
all the saints a - bove to all be-low re - ply, In strains of end-less

D. S. *Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the tidings*



tongue proclaim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad- vanc - es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of triumph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

round, Wherev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.

The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

Copyright, 1890, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 187. THE COMFORTER ABIDES.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Com-
M. W. KNAPP. forter, that He may abide with you for ever."—John 14; 15, 16. L. L. PICKETT.

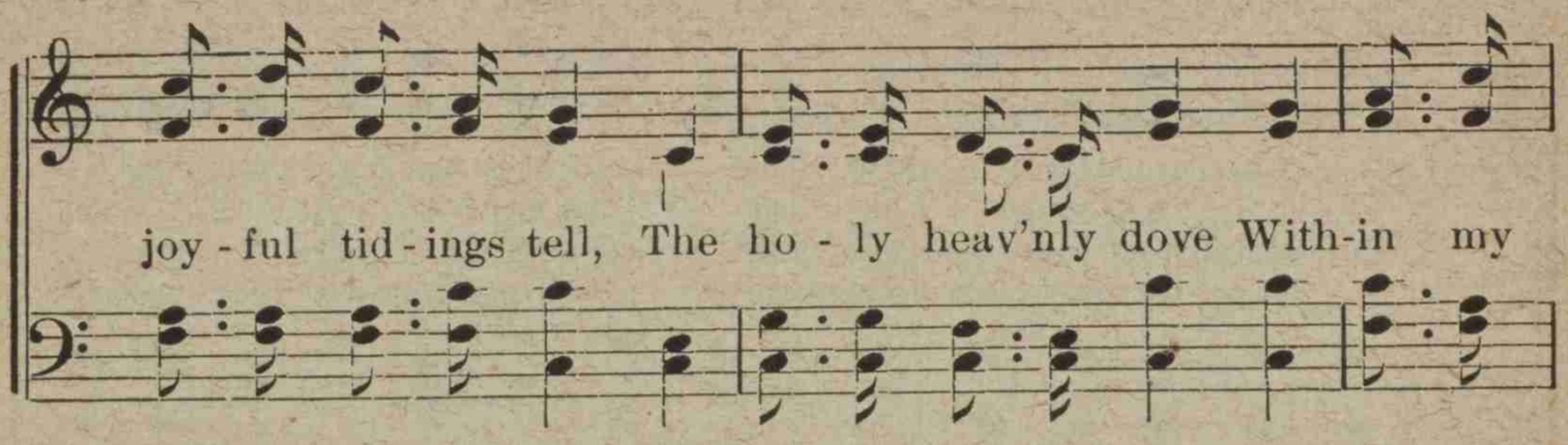
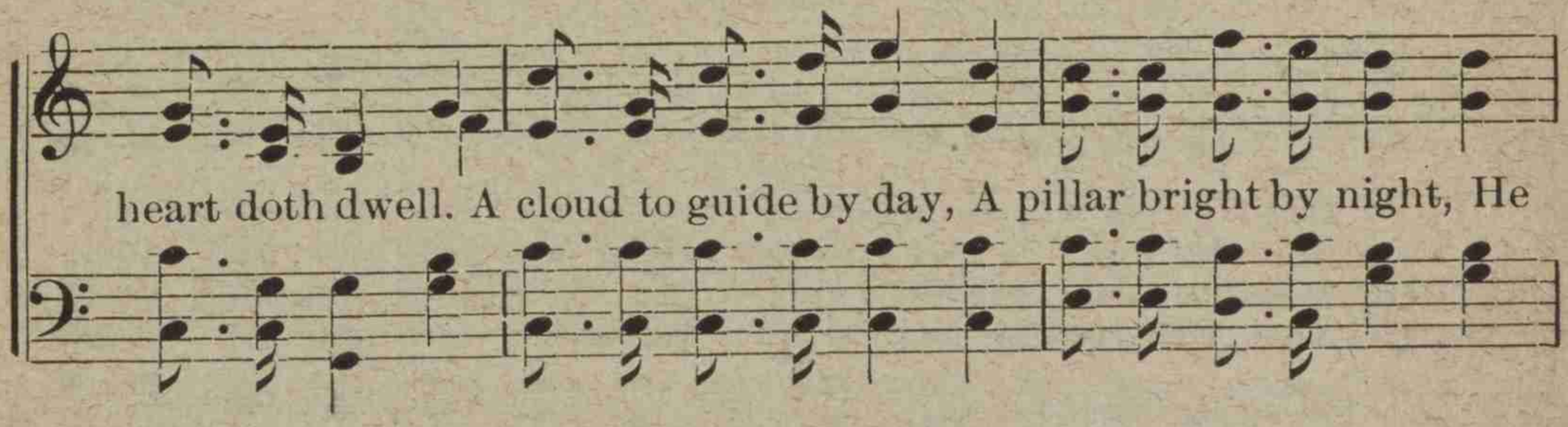
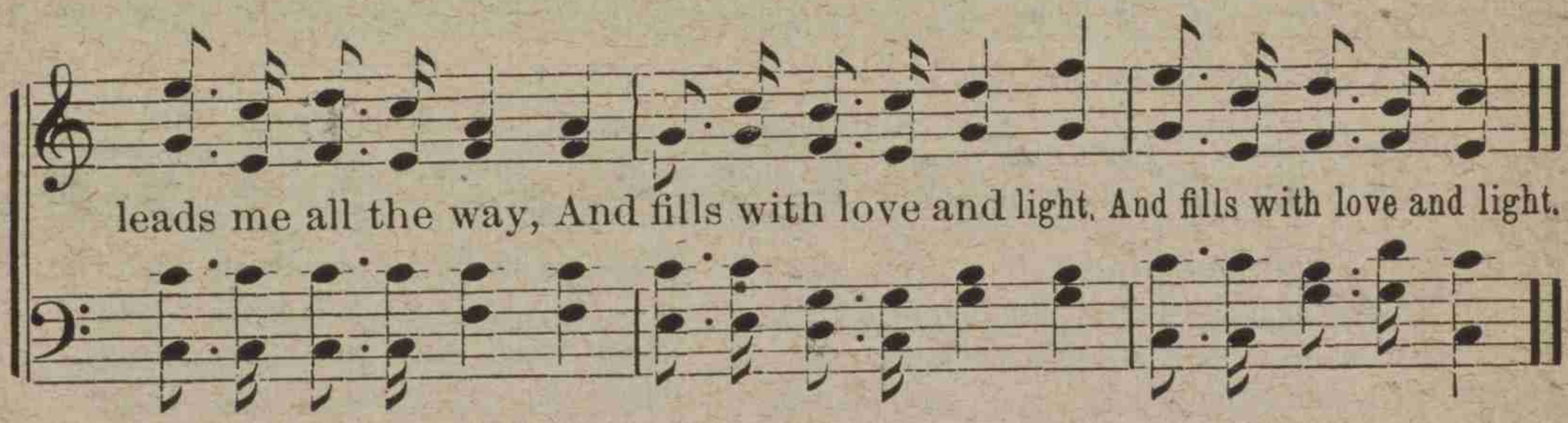
1. The Com - fort - er a-bides, He to my soul has come, With-
2. The Com - fort - er a-bides, Tho' friends may faithless prove, My
3. The Com - fort - er a-bides, And gra-cious gifts be - stows, My
4. The Com - fort - er a-bides, And shall for ev - er - more, Him

in me He re - sides, He makes my heart His home. He comforts
heart in Him con-fides, He fills with per-fect love. When tempests
soul within Him hides, My heart with praise o'erflows. His fruits with-
I o - bey and trust, And worship and a - dore. Tho' feel - ings

guides and cheers, And puri - fies from sin, Dis - pell - ing all my fears,
rage a-round, He keeps in perfect peace, And bids each angry wave
in abound, Strange mira-cle of grace, That He should stoop to dwell
ebb and flow, He al-ways is the same, How bless-ed this to know

CHORUS.

He sweet - ly dwells with-in.
And threat'ning storm to cease. The Com-fort - er a - bides, The
In such a low - ly place.
All glo - ry to the Lamb.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.



No. 188. THE COMFORTER HAS COME. No. 2.

Tune—No. 187, The Comforter Abides.

1 The Comforter has come,
The promised heavenly guest,
To all believers fill
With perfect peace and rest;
A rest from pride and fear
And all the carnal mind,
Transforming like our Lord,
Serene and calm and kind.

CHORUS.

The Comforter has come!
Our hearts with praises ring,
Angels with us unite
While earth and heaven sing:
"The Comforter has come!
All praise to God above,
He on believers falls
And fills with perfect love."

2 The Comforter has come,
The "power from on high,"
That holy might imparts
For Christ to do or die;
He needed boldness lends,
The threatening foe to face,
And gracious unction gives
And boundless streams of grace.

3 The Comforter has come
To secret things reveal,
To guide into all truth
And all our sorrows heal;
He dwells within our hearts,
A ceaseless fountain there
Of joy and peace and praise,
Of patience, love and prayer.

4 The Comforter has come,
Our bridal robes to give,
That we may be prepared
To die or humbly live.
That when the Bridegroom comes
All ready we may be,
And meet Him in the sky
And all His glory see.

No. 189. CALVARY'S STREAM IS FLOWING.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Chorus by J. C. BATEMAN. Arr. from an English Melody by J. H. TENNEY.

1. A crim-son stream is flow - ing From rug-ged Cal - va - ry,
2. There is a stream of heal - ing Whose wa-ters clear and sweet,
3. Oh, stream of love e - ter - nal! Oh, source of pur - i - ty!
4. I long for per-fect cleans-ing; I long for per - fect peace;

A tide of life which cleanses From all im - pur - i - ty;
Are for the wea - ry na - tions, Help - less at Je - sus' feet;
Oh, grace of God a bund - ant! Oh, fount-ain rich and free!
I yearn to have the con - flicts With - in my spir - it cease.

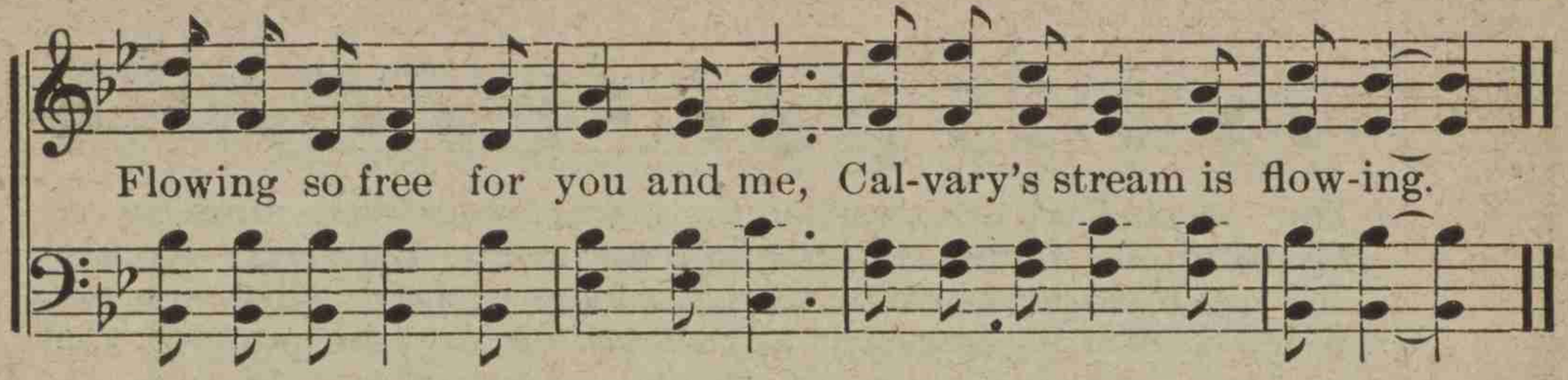
It is the blood of Je - sus, The precious, pre-cious blood,
These wa-ters are re - fresh - ing, A - bund-ant, rich and free,
Flow on and flow for - ev - er, Flow thro' and thro' my soul,
Oh, stream of life e - ter - nal! Flow in and make me free

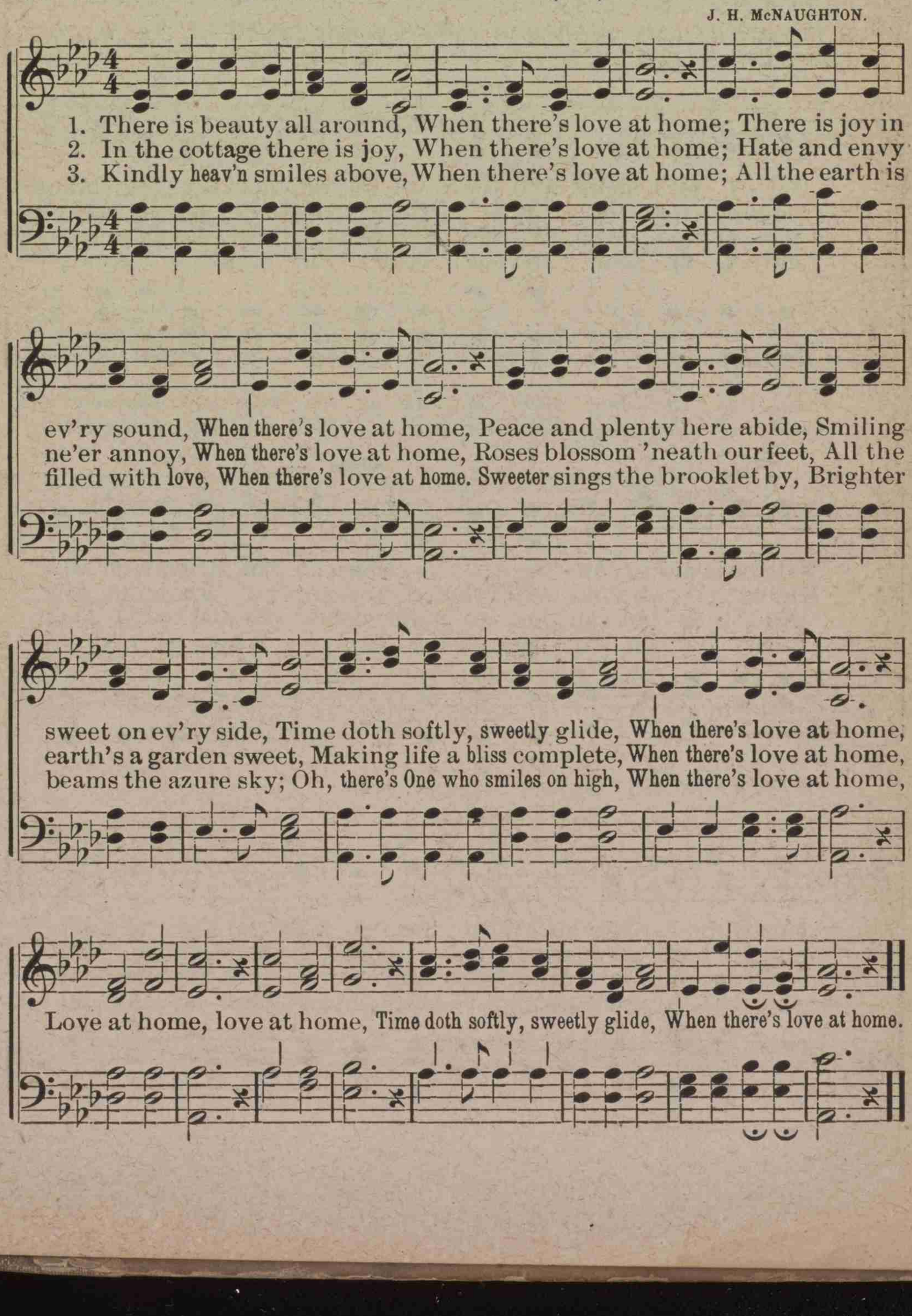
By which our souls are ran-somed, And rec - on-ciled to God. Oh!
Im - parting health e - ter - nal And im - mor-tal - i - ty. Oh!
With power and with cleansing, Till Thou hast made me whole. Oh!
From all that can de - file me, From all im-pur - i - ty. Oh!

CHORUS.

Cal-va-ry's stream is flow-ing, Cal-va-ry's stream is flow-ing.

Copyright, 1894, by Henry Date.

CALVARY'S STREAM IS FLOWING. Concluded.

No. 190. LOVE AT HOME. 7s, 5s, & 3s.

J. H. McNAUGHTON.

No. 191. WHEN I GET TO THE END.

* * *

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. By per.

1. The sands have been washed in the footprints Of the stranger on
2. There are so many hills to climb upward, I oft - en am
3. He loves me too well to for-sake me Or give me one
4. When the last fee-ble step has been tak-en And the gates of that

D. C.—*And the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the*
Last.—Then the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the

Gal - i - lee's shore, And the voice that subdued the rough billows,
long-ing for rest, But He who appoints me my pathway,
tri - al too much, All His peo-ple have been dearly purchased,
cit - y ap - pear And the beau-ti - ful songs of the an-gels

end of the way, And the toils of the road will seem nothing,
end of the way, Then the toils of the road will seem nothing,

Fine.

Will be heard in Ju - de - a no more. But the path of that
Knows just what is need-ful and best. I know in His
And Sa - tan can nev - er claim such. By and by I shall
Float out on my list - en-ing ear. When all that now

When I get to the end of the way.

D.C.

lone Gal - i - lee-an With joy I will fol-low to - day.
word He hath promised That my strength, "it shall be as my day."
see Him and praise Him, In the cit - y of un - end-ing day.
seems so mys-te-rious Will be bright and as clear as the day.

Copyright, 1895, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 192. FEASTING.

B. HELM. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Like slaves in the land of op-pres-sion unblest, In Sa-tan's hard
   For sin's cru-el fet-ters around me were bound Till comfort and
2. The day of sore bondage is end-ed for me, The Li - on of
   The Word and the Spirit now cleanse me within, And can-cel the
3. My foes once were thicker than stars in the sky, To Je-sus my
   His might laid them low in the depth of the sea, By grace I am
4. My King safe-ly led me the wilderness way, By fire in the
   He feeds me with manna from heav-en above, While o'er me was
5. I've now entered Canaan, my wand'rings are o'er, My Je-sus, the
   There's rest in its vales and life in its air, For all who its

CHORUS

bondage I nev-er found rest; Now I feast with the
freedom in Je - sus I found. Now I feast
Ju-dah has now set me free; So I feast with the
pow-er of in-dwell-ing sin. So I feast
ref-uge they forced me to fly; And I feast with the
born of His Spir - it and free. And I feast
night, and by cloud in the day; While I feast with the
wav-ing His ban-ner of love. While I feast
land doth pos-sess ev-er-more; Where I feast with the
beauty and blessing shall share. Where I feast

King On hon - ey and wine, And joy - ful - ly
with the King On honey, on honey and wine,

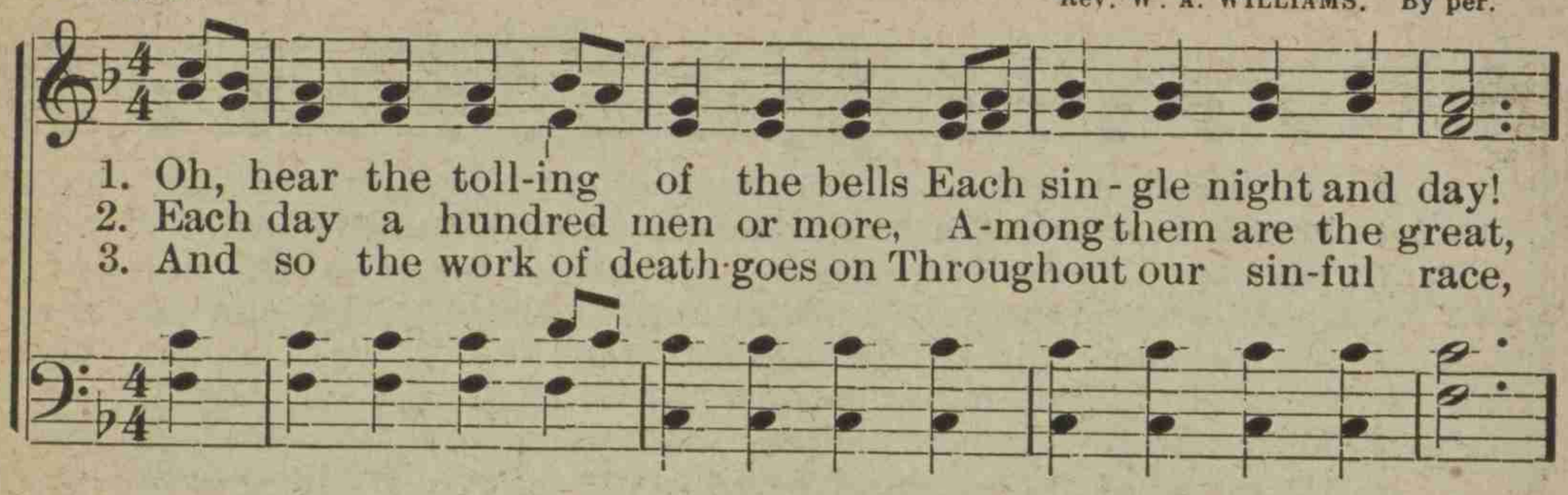
sing, For Je - sus is mine, And joy - ful-ly sing, For Je-sus is mine.

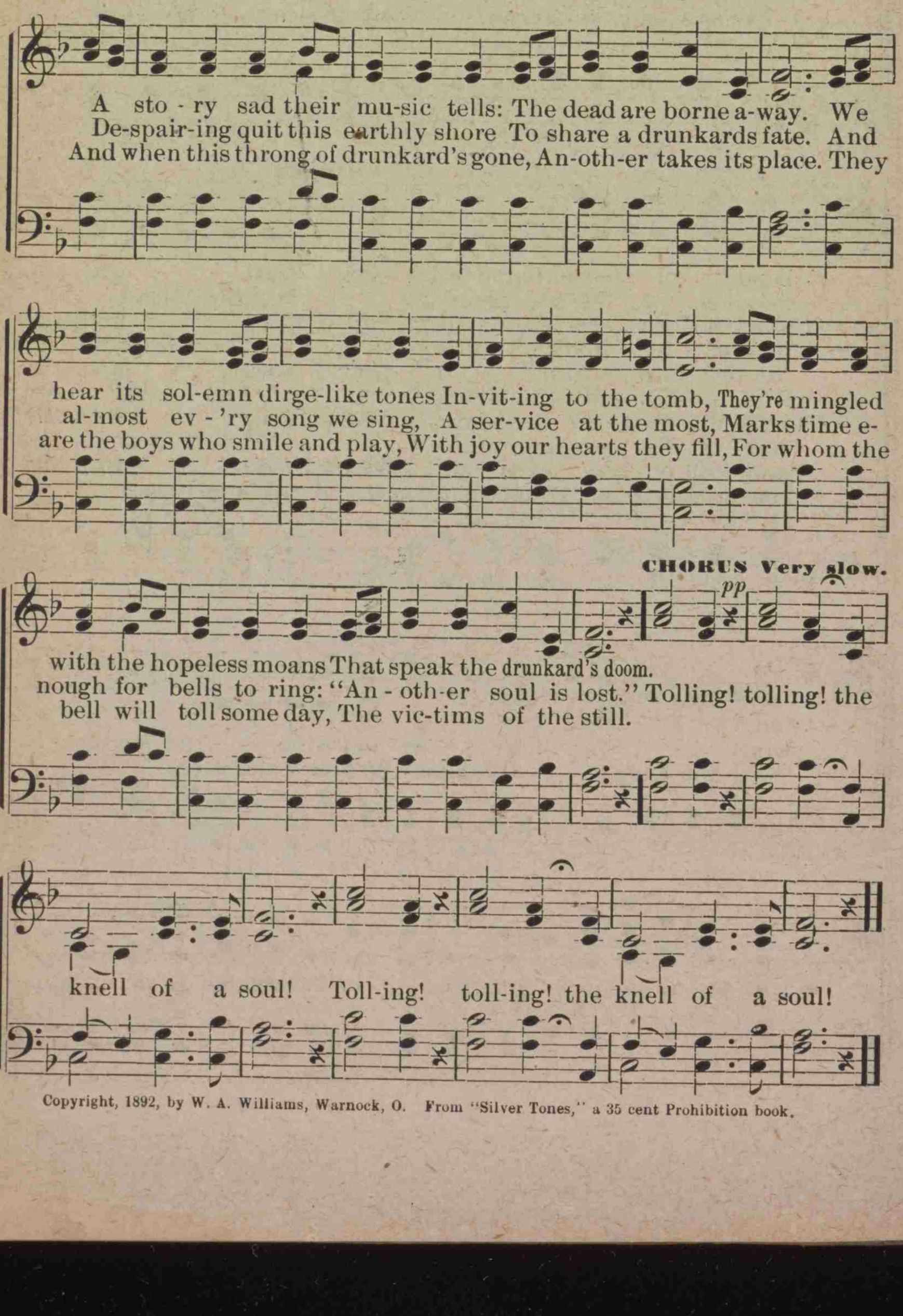
Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 193. THE TOLLING BELLS.

"Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure."—Isa. 5: 14.

W. A. W. Rev. W. A. WILLIAMS. By per.





Copyright, 1892, by W. A. Williams, Warnock, O. From "Silver Tones," a 35 cent Prohibition book.

No. 194. DOWN IN THE LICENSED SALOON.

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

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—Prov. 23: 32.

W. A. W. W. A. WILLIAMS. By per.

Rit.

p

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

mf

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

mp

ma - ny a light, Beau-ti-ful mu - sic the ear to delight, Down in the
sin-ful and wrong, List-en-ing to the har-lot's foul song, Down in the
poor heart will break! Think of that boy to-night a sad wreck, Down in the
down there to-night, Ruined and wrecked by the drink appetite, Down in the

CHORUS *m*

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

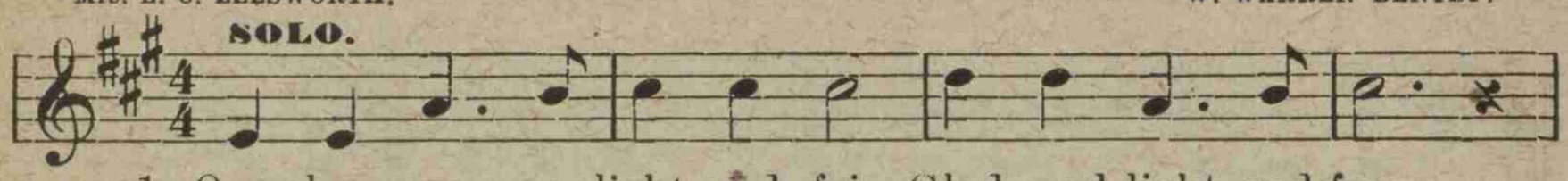
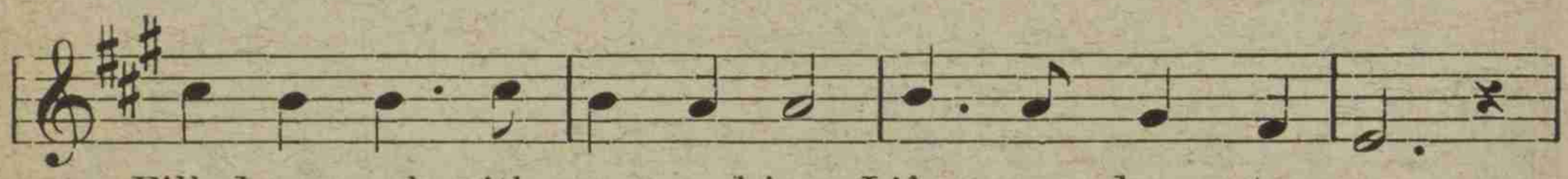
Cres.

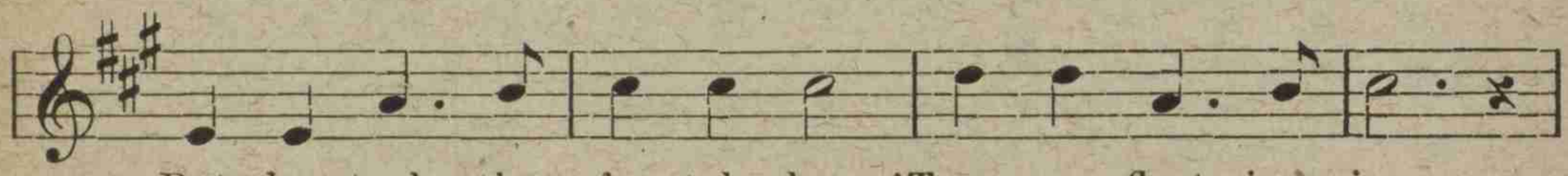
wand'ring boy to-night, Down, down, down, down, Down in a licensed saloon?

Copyright, 1892, by W. A. Williams. From "Silver Tones," a 35 cent Prohibition song book published by W. A. Williams, Warnock, O.

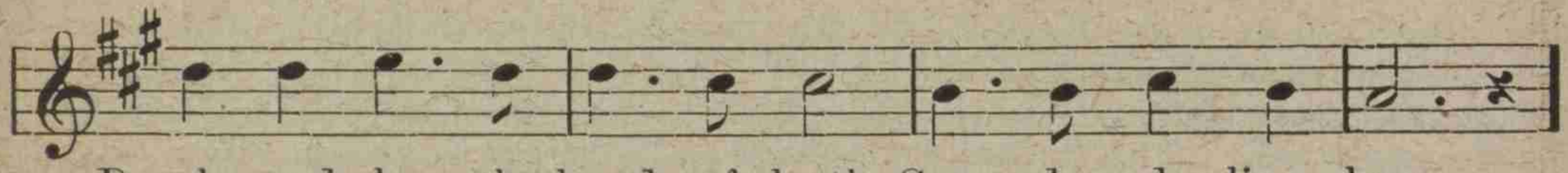
No. 195. SAVE THE BOY!

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. W. WARREN BENTLY.

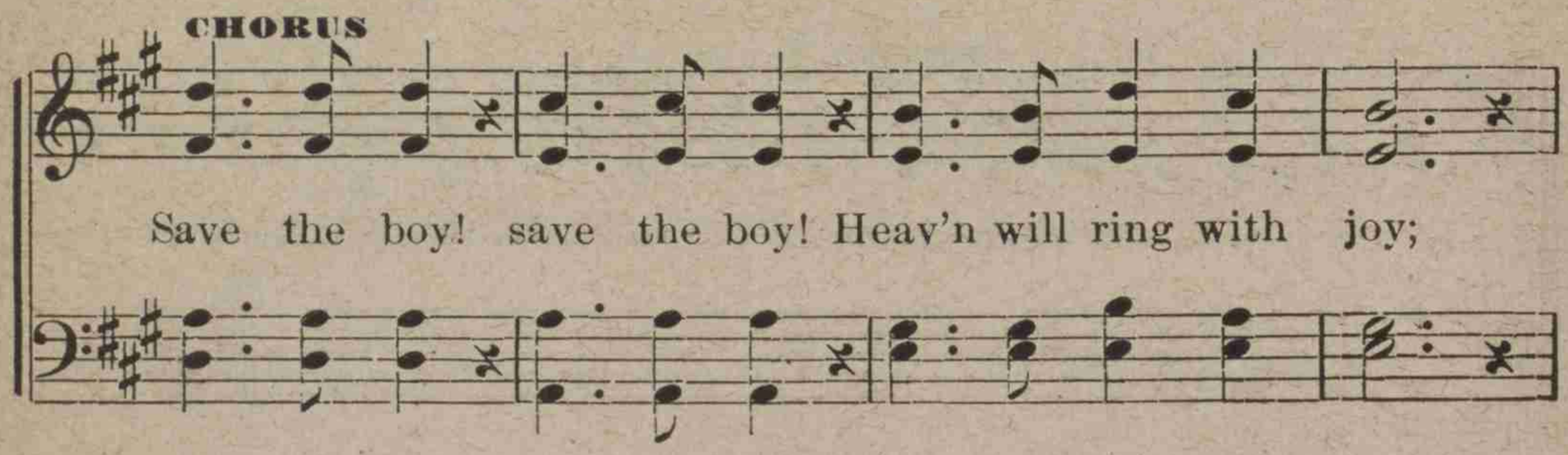
SOLO.

1. Once he was so light and fair, Glad, and light and free,
2. Once he was so brave and true, Shunned the tempter's pow'r,
3. Once he was my on - ly hope, Source of joy and pride,
4. Tell him tho' he's wandered far, Love can nev - er die,

Filled my soul with peace and joy, Life was dear to me,
Once for right he firm-ly stood, Till that dread-ful hour;
Then I thought that love might clasp, Hold him to my side;
Lives in hope of his re-turn, Looks with pa - tient eye;

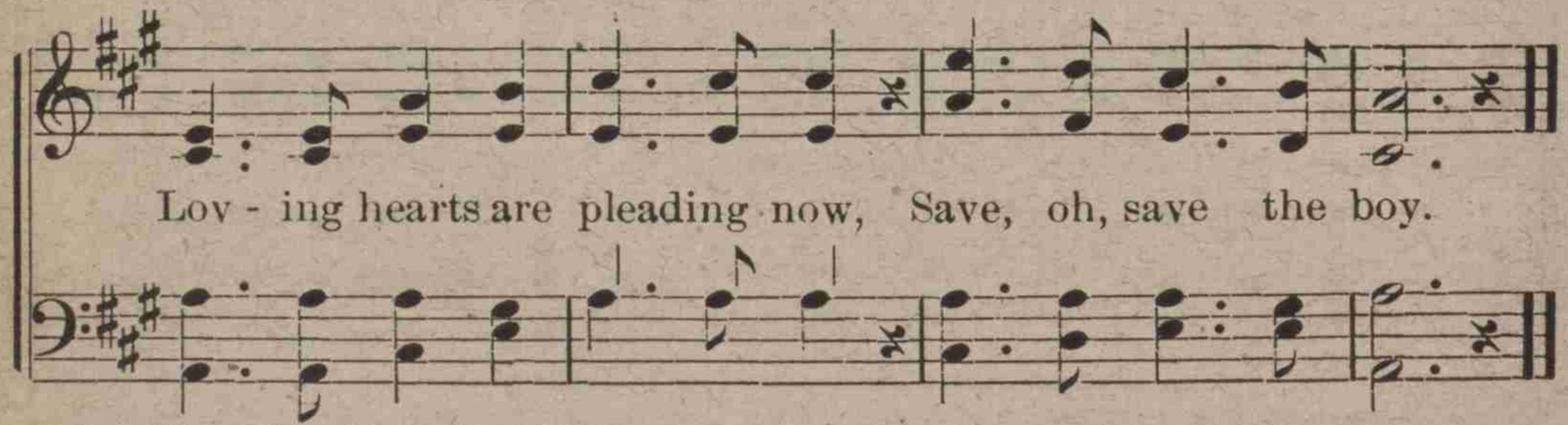


But he took the fa - tal glass, 'Twas a fleet - ing joy,
Bright and sparkling was the cup, Seemed without al - loy,
But to - day my boy for-sakes Home with all its joy,
Lov - ing hearts have pleaded long, Prayed for light and joy,



Drank, and lo, the hand of death, Grasped my dar-ling boy.
Fair the hand that cap - tive led, My poor wand'ring boy.
Far in sin he's wand'ring now, Save, oh, save my boy.
Keep-ing still a wel-come there For the wand'ring boy.

CHORUS

Save the boy! save the boy! Heav'n will ring with joy;

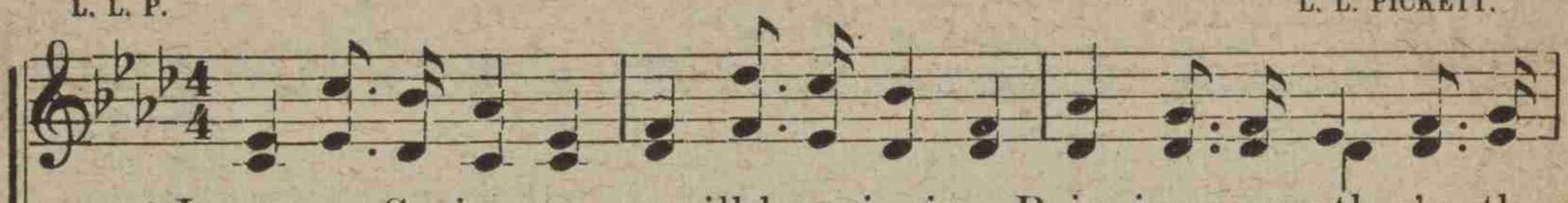


Lov - ing hearts are pleading now, Save, oh, save the boy.

From "Gospel Gems," S. D. Kassel, Publisher, by per.

No. 196. SPEED THE DAY.

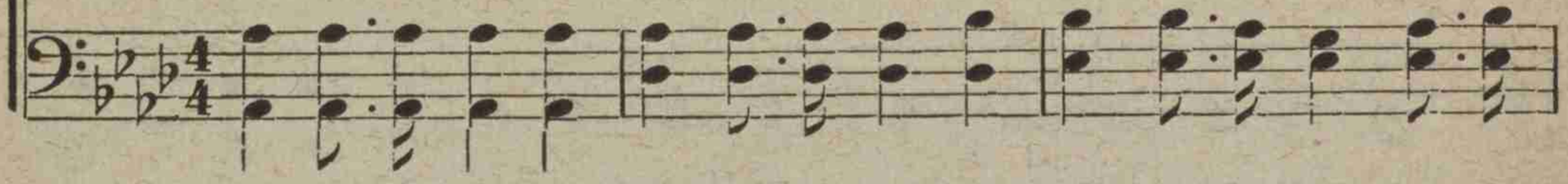
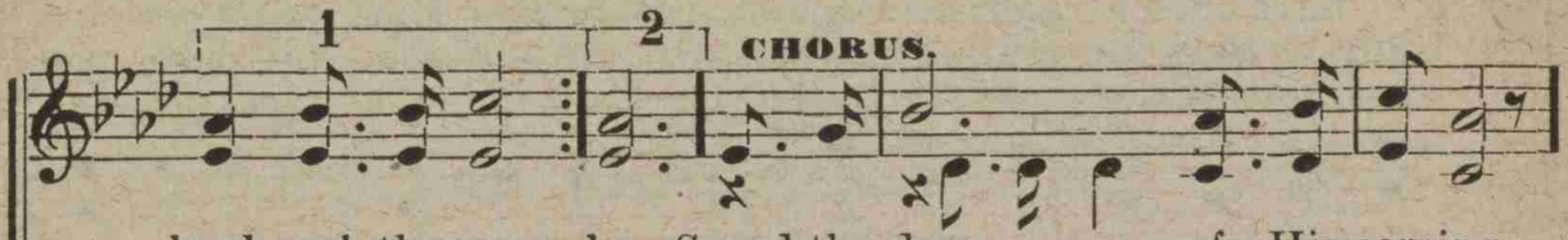
"He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."—Rev. 22: 20.

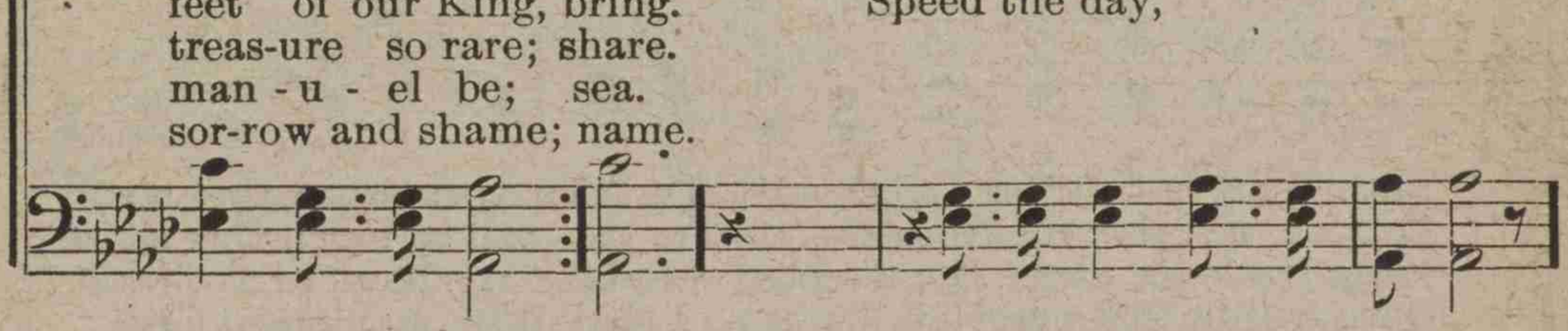
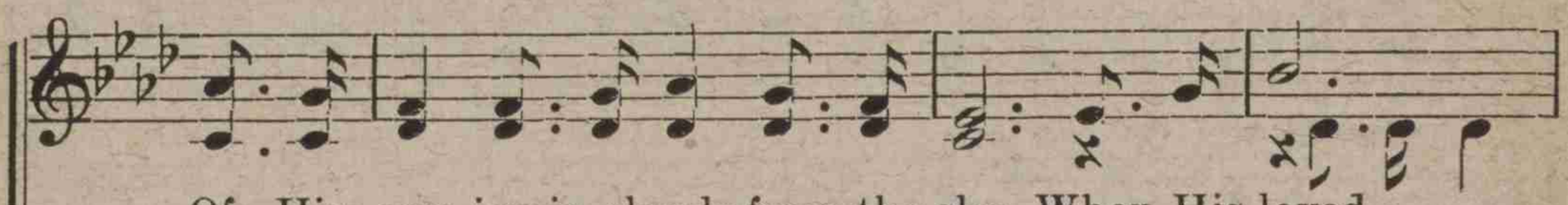
L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Jesus, my Saviour, soon will be reigning, Reigning on earth o'er the
Nations shall serve Him, kings bow before Him, Lord of all lords shall He

2. Britain shall yield her homage to Jesus, France shall fall down at the
Russia shall crown Him Lord and Redeemer, Germany treasure shall

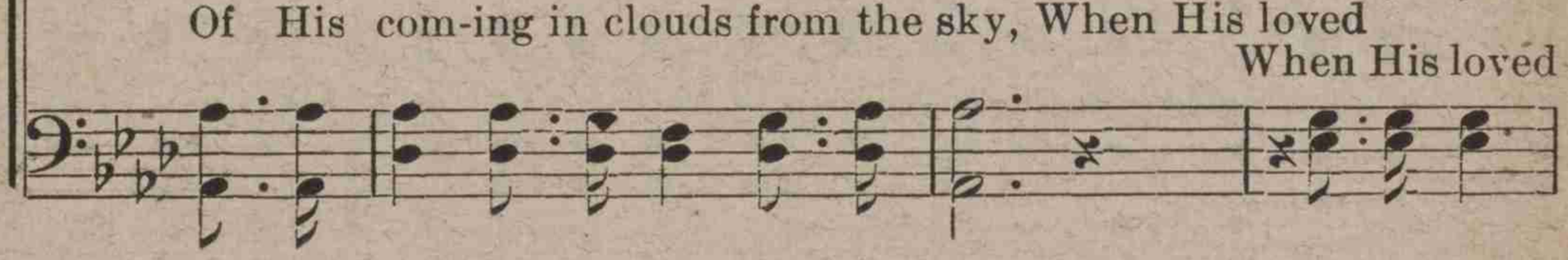
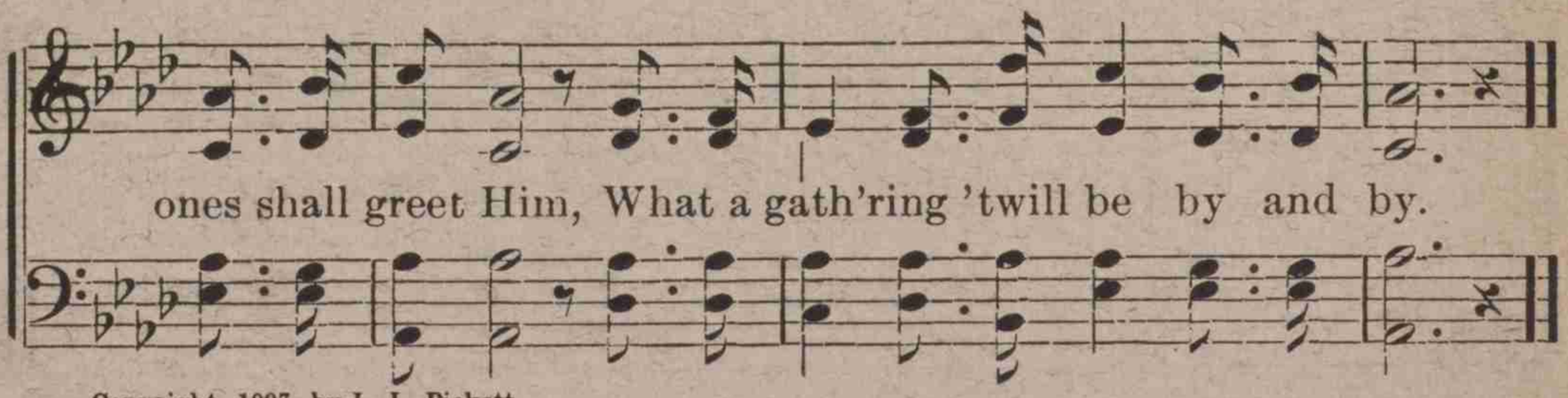
3. Chi - na shall turn from all of her i - dols, In - dia shall of - fer her
All Afric's gold and gems they shall bring Him, His throne no rival shall

4. U - nit-ed States shall join in the homage, King evermore shall Im-
Peo-ples and nations yield to His scepter, Isles of the o-cean and

5. Israel too shall fall down before Him, They who betrayed Him to
All shall confess and long for His fa-vor, Glo-ry we'll give to His

land and the sea; be. Speed the day of His coming,
feet of our King, bring. Speed the day,
treas-ure so rare; share.
man - u - el be; sea.
sor-row and shame; name.



Of His com-ing in clouds from the sky, When His loved
When His loved



ones shall greet Him, What a gath'ring 'twill be by and by.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 197.

ALMOST THERE.

Mrs. MARY B. WINGATE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Almost home! how long the voyage, Out up-on a rest-less tide;
Now the longed for shore approaches, I shall soon the storms outride.

2. Closely I have watched my compass, And have studied well my chart;
I have learned to take my bearings, Rocks and shoals I know by heart.

3. When the storm was fiercely raging, And the night was cold and dark;
When the angry waves were threat'ning To o'erwhelm my little bark.

4. I am rounding now the head-land, I am just in sight of home;
I can al-most see my loved ones Just beyond the billows foam.

Wave on wave has broken o'er me, I've been tossed by many a gale,
I have such a glorious Captain, Let me sing His prais - es o'er,
Loud - er than the roar of breakers, Or the surf the bil - lows made,
I am ent'ring now the harbor, And my Pi - lot's face I see,

But my anchor, strong and steady, Has been cast within the vail.
Let me tell the wondrous sto - ry, For I almost touch the shore.
Rang His voice above the tempest, "It is I, be not a - fraid."
Once within that peaceful ha-ven, I shall drift no more at sea.

CHORUS.

Almost there, almost there, In sight of that cit - y so bright and fair;

Repeat Chorus slow and pp.

Al-most there, almost there, Yes, I'm al - most, al - most there.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 198. NEVER TO PART AGAIN.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. L. L. PICKETT.

1. The saved in heav'n a-bove shall meet, Never to part a - gain,
   And shall each oth - er warm-ly greet, (*Omit* . . . . .)
2. We will re - new our vows of love, Never to part a - gain,
   In yon - der rest - ing land a - bove, (*Omit* . . . . .)
3. Oh, what a glo-rious hope is this, Never to part a - gain,
   What rapt-ure and what hap - pi - ness, (*Omit* . . . . .)
4. And when in that bright home we meet, Never to part a - gain,
   And walk the shin-ing, gold-en street, (*Omit* . . . . .)

Nev-er to part a - gain. They are but pilgrim's here below, And
Nev-er to part a - gain. There in re - union wondrous sweet, Shall
Nev-er to part a - gain. Washed from our guilt and ev-'ry stain, Re-
Nev-er to part a - gain. Our hearts shall be in sweet accord, And

up to yon-der mansions go, To greet the Lord who loves them so,
loving friends with gladness meet, And share in all the bliss complete,
leased from sorrow and from pain, We'll clasp each other's hands again,
then, as promised in His word, We shall be ev - er with the Lord,

CHORUS.

Nev-er to part a - gain. Nev-er to part a - gain, Nev-er to part a-

gain, The saved in heav'n a-bove shall meet, Never to part a - gain.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 199. WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE.

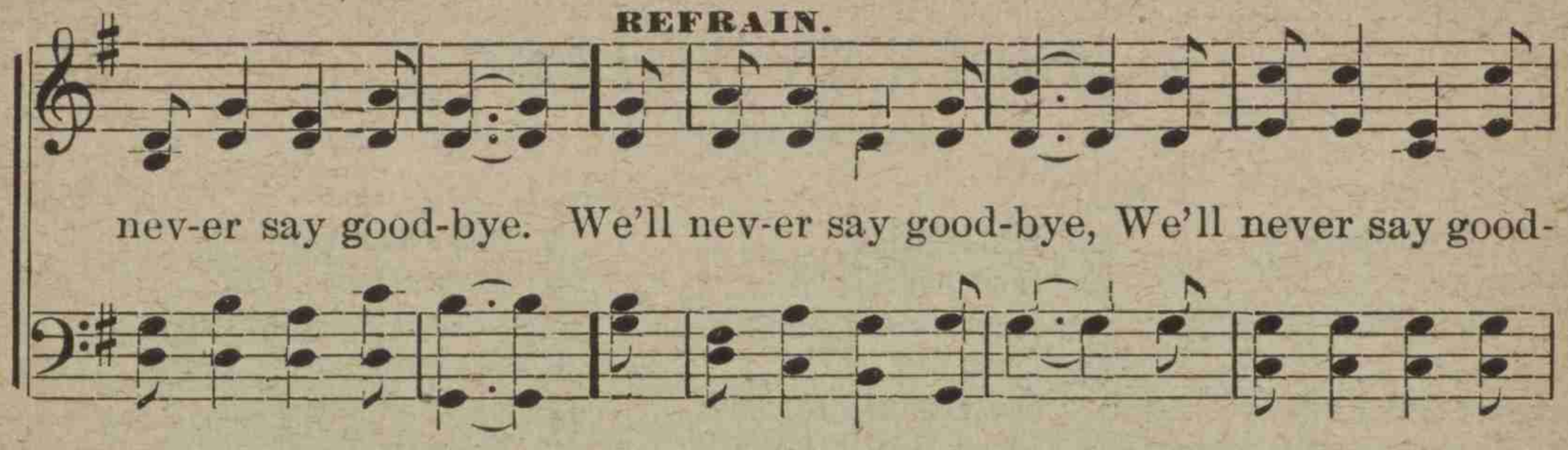
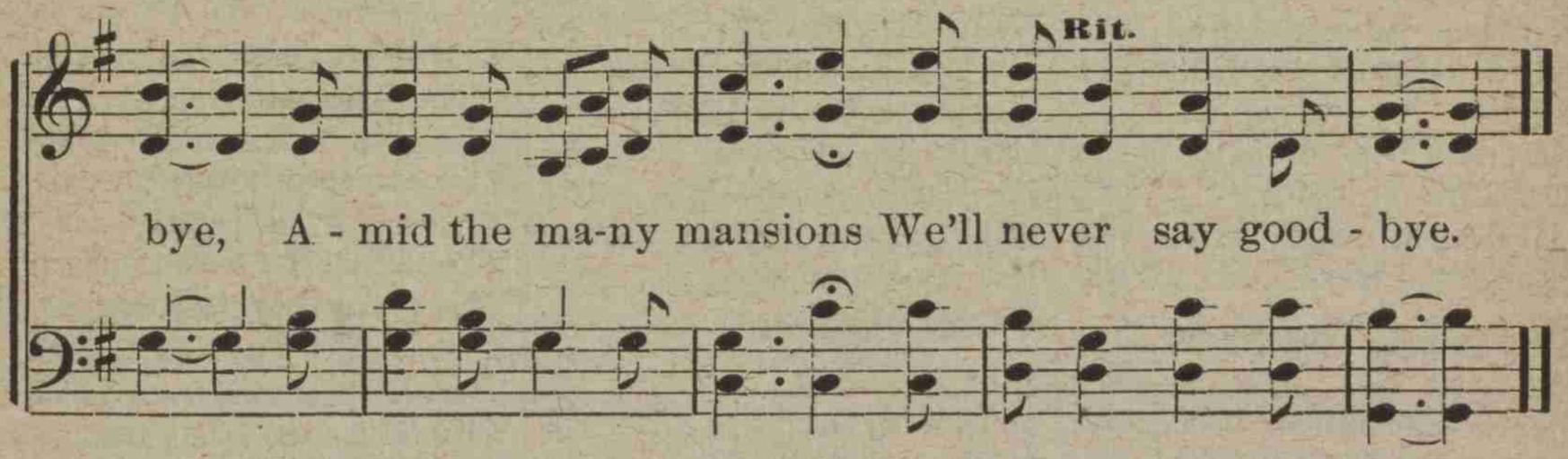
Mrs. MARY B. WINGATE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. The light of earth was fad - ing, Fast fad - ing from his eye, To loved ones gathered round him He whispered "Now, good-bye." Good-bye to
2. My trust is in the Sav-iour, My joy no tongue can tell, Tho' life seems bright before me He do-eth all things well. I longed to
3. Be earn-est in His serv - ice, For life is brief at best, Its sin and sor-row, Good-bye to grief and care, Tho' shadows gather
live and la - bor, To tell His love a - broad, But loved ones do not
cares and con-flicts o - ver, There waits a land of rest. Then bear this sorrow brave-ly, And tho' your tears may fall, Oh, nev-er, nev-er

CHORUS.

round me, The light breaks o-ver - there.
mur - mur, It is the will of God. A - mid the ma - ny
mur - mur, Good-bye, my loved ones all.
mansions A - waiting me on high, At home once more together We'll

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE. Concluded.



No. 200. DOXOLOGY.

Tune—Duane Street.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

ABRIDGED TOPICAL INDEX.

Altar Songs—No. 168. See Seeking and Finding, pages 87 to 103.
Church—Nos. 134, 144.
Affliction—Nos. 35, 118, 139, 141, 152, 155, 169, 176, 173, 185.
Death and Heaven—Nos. 25, 52, 138, 139, 140, 141, 143, 149, 151, 177, 182, 184, 197, 198, 199.
Full Salvation—Nos. 8, 10, 12, 14, 33, 36, 40, 42, 88 to 108, 109, 112, 114, 116, 117, 118, 119, 123 to 130, 134, 146, 162, 168, 192.
Holy Spirit—Nos. 86, 88, 89, 91, 95, 96, 98, 99, 101, 102, 186, 187, 188, 191.
Invitation—Nos. 66 to 80.
Jesus Christ—Nos. 14 to 46, 156, 157, 173, 178, 179, 180, 181, 189, 196.
Judgment, Hell and Eternity—Nos. 51, 53, 56, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63.
Love—Nos. 29, 33, 148, 190. See Full Salvation songs.
Missionary—Nos. 131, 132, 133, 135, 137, 156, 158, 159.
Prayer—Nos. 152, 153.
Praise—Nos. 1 to 13, 180, 200.
Return of Jesus—Nos. 62, 63, 65, 126, 196.
Resurrection—Nos. 133, 142.
Solos—Nos. 81, 82, 83, 84, 115, 180, 181.
Seeking and Finding—Nos. 87 to 103, 164, 166, 167.
Temperance—Nos. 81, 138, 165, 193, 194, 195.
Warning—Nos. 47, 48, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65.
Work—Nos 130, 137, 140, 150, 154, 168, 170, 174.

INDEX OF TITLES.

	No.
At the Saviour's	25
A Shelter	16
At the Cross	17
Antioch	44
Answered Prayer	82
A Mother's Influence	83
All Taken Away	87
Are you Washed in	111
Abiding and Confid'g	127
At the Crowning	149
At the Cross of My	163
A Home in Glory	184
All Needs Supplied	185
Almost There	197
Blessed be the Name	4
Be Still	22
Be Ready when the	63
Beautiful Beckoning	84
Burn it Out	107
Battle Hymn	23
Christ is All	18
Calvary	21
Christ Within	27
Come, Ye Saints	46
Christ has Conquered	54
Come to Jesus	77
Cleft for Me	115
Coming By and By	156
Consecration	168
Calvary's Stream	189
Dedication	128
Diamonds in the	135
Did You Think to	153
Down in the Licensed	194
Doxology	200
Eternity	59
Eternity's Night	60
Enter by the Blood	164
Follow Me	40
Filling	89
Footsteps of Jesus	150
Foreign Missions	158
Feasting	192
Glory be to God	6
Glory to Jesus	7
Glory, Glory, Jesus	10
Glory! Glory! Glory!	12
Grace and Glory	129
Go, Heralds of	131
Hallelujah	3
Holy is He	9
He Found Me and	30
Himself	36
He Bleeds for Me	45
Him that Cometh	70
Haste Thee	73
Help Me, Master	76
He Waits to Welcome	79
Ho, Every one that	80
Home to Mother	81
He Fully Saves Me	104
His Yoke is Lined	148
His Yoke is Easy	146
Home Missions	159
Ishi	33
It is Finished	34
I Must Tell Jesus	35
Is my Name Written	64
It is for us all To-day	105
It Reaches Me	109
It is Burning Still	125
I'll Not be There	151
I've Found the Secret	112
Is Not This the Land	113
I'll Follow Him	161
Jesus of Nazareth	20
Jesus Saves To-day	31
Jesus Died for Me	38
Jesus is Passing	66
Jesus is Calling	71
Jesus Reigning	103
Jacob's Ladder	177
Life's Railway to	145
Let Me Rest	178
Love at Home	190
May Every Soul be	97
My Canaan Exper'nce	124
Nearer my Home	52
No One Knows Like	110
Never to Part Again,	198
Our Joyful Song	8
Promise of the Father	91
Prayer for the Spirit	101
Pass it On	183
Reflect	55
Rest, Brother, Rest	143
Room for Jesus	179
Say, are you	56
Steps Into the	108
Secret of a Happy	114
Speak to me, Jesus	121
Save the Boy	195
Speed the Day	196
Since Jesus my Savior	85
Tell it to Jesus	141
The Song of the	142
The Old Ship of Zion	145
The Gospel Train	147
The Light Brightly	155
The Day of Grace	67
The Grumbler's Song	154
The Tenderness	167
The Lily	15
The True and Living	19
The Good Shepherd	28
The New Song	43
The Death Line	51
The Midnight Cry	62
The Rapture	65
The Stranger at the	78
The Refining Fire	93
Temple of the Spirit	95
The Sweet Beulah	96
The Spirit Receives	102
The Feast of Love	118
The Open Fountain	126
Tell Them	133
'Tis a Glorious Chur	134
Triumph By and By	138
Title Clear	139
The Lord is my Rock	169
The Lord will Provide	176
The Comforter	186
The Comforter Abides	187
The Comforter has	188
The Tolling of Bells	193
Wondrously Redeem'	5
Whiter Than Snow	90
We will not	130
We'll Girdle th' Globe	132
Why Delay?	137
Whisperings of Jesus	157
When Christians	163
Walking in the Light	175
When I Get to the	191
We'll Never Say	198
Yarbrough	122

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

	No.
All my sins are	12
All hail	14
Alas ! and did	38
A dying sinner	59
At midnight the	62
Are you walking	63
Aroused by the Spirit	102
All for Jesus	117
Are you weary ?	141
At midnight	154
All my stormy	129
Am I a soldier	23
Alone with Jesus	24
As Jacob once	177
A crimson stream	189
Almost home	197
Blood is the price	45
Behold the stranger	78
Beside the well	80
Beautiful hands	84
Be glad and sing	86
Baptize me	88
Baptize me, O Father	101
Brother rest	143
Before I was convert'd	112
Behold the hands	132
Christ alone	26
Come ye sinners	49
Come thou fount	97
Child of sorrow	118
Come sinner, hasten	66
Dying in darkness	28
Dear Jesus I long	42
Depths of mercy	69
Did you ever hear	134
Dear friends when	151
Ere you left your	153
Friends, if we	114
From China's dark	158
From California's	159
Grace, 'tis a charming	57
Gracious Spirit	98
God commands	108
Go and tell	133
Holy, Holy, Holy	1
Hark ! the voice	34
Hasten sinner	48
Holy Father	89
Holy Ghost	99
Have you ever felt	105
Have you been to	111
How sad it will be	61
Have you read	125
Hear the shout	170
Happy on the way	171
How firm a foundat'n	172
Have you felt	183
I now have the Spirit	3
In Bethlehem a child	4
I have precious news	5
I love my Savior	6
If you want pardon	7
I've found a friend	15
I entered once a home	18
In the day of all days	25
I'm so glad	31
I hear my dying	40
I dreamed that	58
I've wandered far	76
In the gladsome light	79
I will say yes	94
I am walking to-day	96
I came to Jesus	104
Is there any self	107
I am living	124
I have learned	127
I have now no regrets	140
I cast my sins	148
I had wandered	72
I am dwelling	113
In every town	154
I am coming to the	167
I will love Thee	169
I am walking	175
In the shadow	178
I brought to the cross	85
Jesus lover of my soul	43
Joy to the world	44
Jesus my Saviour	68
Just as I am	92
Jesus thine all	93
Just how to cleanse	110
Jesus lover of my soul	122
Jesus, my all	171
Jesus Savior I adore	180
Jesus, I my cross	181
Jesus my Savior	196
Long in sin I wander'd	8
Lovers of pleasure	54
Lord I care not for	64
Listen to the blessed	70
Lord I believe a rest	119
Life is like a mountain	145
Lamb for the	185
Like slaves	192
Must Jesus bear the	17
My heart was once	27
My sins they were	90
Made for Father	95
Now I feel the sacred	13
Now is the accepted	67
Not a sound	157
Nothing but the blood	166
Oh, worship the Lord	9
Oft a sweet	22
Oh, the wondrous	29
Out on the mountains	32
Oh, my heart is full	33
Once 'twas painful	36
Oh, happy day	50
One sweetly solemn	52
Oh dying sinner	59
Oh sinner remember	60
Oh come to Calvary	71
O Father come	81
O how sweet	83
Oh, who will now	87
Oh, this uttermost	109
Once I lived	126
On Easter morn	142
Oh for a heart	64
Of all the thoughts	160
Oh how blest	163
Oh, plodding life	179
Our Lord is calling	184
Oh hear the tolling	193
Once He was	195
Precious Saviour	10
Poor sinners far from	19
Precious promise	91
Praise God from	200
Rock of ages	115
Resting	116
Sinners turn	47
Should the death	56
Soon the darkness	65
Sinner, while Jesus	73
Softly and tenderly	75
She quietly knelt	82
Some think it	103

	No.
Sitting at the feet of...	120
Speak to my soul.....	121
Something new.....	123
See the gospel ship ...	145
Sweetly Lord have we	150
Shall we meet.....	182
Take time to pray.....	152
The tidal wave.....	156
The wanderer.....	72
Then as complaining..	135
The Lord is my.....	146
There is joy in.....	11
The Lord's our rock....	16
There's a hill lone	21
The wondrous love of	29
There is a fountain.....	37
There is a time,.....	51
There's a great day....	53
The great judgment...	58
The day of.....	67
Take my life.....	106
The ninety and nine...	136
There's a place.....	137
The prize is set	138
The Lord is my	161
The holiest place.....	164
There's a time.....	165
Tho' troubles assail ...	176
The Comforter has.....	186
The Comforter abides	187
There is beauty	190
The lands I have.....	191
The loved.....	198
The light of earth.....	199
Vain man, thy fond...	55
We praise Thee.....	2
What means this.....	20
When wandering on...	30
When I survey	39
What a friend..	41
Welcome Him gladly.	68
While life prolongs...	74
When Daniel of old...	130
When I can read.....	139
When the Saviour.....	149
When danger and.....	155
Wash me thoroughly..	100
What can wash	166
Where is my.....	194
You 've wandered.....	76

INDEX OF CHORUSES.

Where a chorus begins differently from the title or first line of a **hymn it may be found** below; otherwise, in the general index.

	No.
Amid the many.....	199
And when the battle ..	139
Apart, apart, my heart	24
Angels in glory join...	32
Are you ready?.....	53
And oh, what a weep'g	58
And oh, what a	62
A sun and a shield.....	129
And the toils of the....	191
Beckoning hands	84
By the grace of our....	130
By and by we shall.....	138
Blessed Savior.....	145
Beyond the second.....	164
Calling, calling.....	71
Come, oh come to me	72
Come now, sinner.....	73
Come home.....	75
Coming, coming.....	156
Cease then thy.....	185
Dead, dead, dead.....	103
Eternity, eternity	59
Father, by this blessed	80
Father, now fulfill.....	91
Foot-prints of Jesus...	150
Glory be to Jesus.....	8
Glory to the Lord of...	11
Glory be to Jesus.....	36
Glory, glory to God...	96
Get on board.....	147
Hallelujah ! Thine the	2
Hallelujah ! I'm.....	5
He is the way to.....	19
Happy day.....	50
He fills me.....	102
Holy Spirit, fall on....	108
Hear the secret of.....	114
Hear ye the cry.....	170
Hallelujah to Jesus.....	177
I'm glad salvation's...	57
I now believe.....	93
I believe and receive...	101
I am in the land.....	124
I'm abiding.....	127
I'll follow Thee.....	161
I am trusting, Lord ...	167
I'll go where you.....	168
In Thy presence.....	180
In the sweet by and...	165
Jesus my Shepherd...	28
Jesus now is passing...	66
Jesus saves day by	175
Let me find a place....	25
Love, O wondrous.....	29
Lost ! Lost ! Lost !.....	61
Let us kneel round....	92
Now I yield.....	109
Now His sanctifying ..	123
No room, no room.....	179
Now I feast.....	192
O, bless His dear.....	35
Oh, hallelujah	3
Oh, Jesus is a rock.....	16
Oh, it bows down	249
Oh, glory to God	27
O, Jesus, receive me ..	37
Oh, come to-day	57
Our Savior soon is	65
Oh, father, I'm going..	81
Oh, may every soul...	97
Oh, praise His name...	110
Oh, 'tis burning still...	125
O the fountain.....	126
O blessed thought.....	148
Oh, how praying rests	153
Oh, precious is the.....	166
Oh, glory.....	184
Precious, gentle	157
Rest, pilgrims, rest ...	142
Sweetly my Redeemer	30
Speak thou, in softest..	121
Swe test note in.....	173
So, I will rejoice.....	176
Soon my Savior.....	181
There is my.....	144
That fountain so free..	45
Turn to the Lord	49
To be lost in the night	60
They 're all taken.....	81
The King I was.....	95
Tell the tidings.....	133
'Tis the old ship of.....	144
There His love rose ...	163
Tolling, tolling	193
When I hear the.....	22
Wilt thou have this....	33
Whiter than snow.....	42
Will you be ready to ..	63
Waiting for thee.....	68
Why, oh why so long..	76
We'll be there.....	118
We will stand the.....	139
We 're marching on...	154
We 're coming.....	158
We'll heed the.....	159
Yes, He waits to.....	79
Yes, yes, I will say.....	94

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

SALVATION LITERATURE.

We want your order, reader, for some books that will be helpful to you, a means of grace to you, your family and friends. To save your soul and those about you you must be a Christian; to be a holy and useful Christian you must be intelligent; to be intelligent you must read and think. The books below, beloved, will be a blessing to you. Try them and see.

BOOKS OF REV. B. CARRADINE.

The Second Blessing in Symbol. Cloth	$1 00
The Old Man	1 00
Journey to Palestine	1 50
Twenty Objections to Church Entertainments	30
The Bottle (Temperance)	20
Pastoral Sketches	1 00
Secret Societies—a Sermon	05
The lot, prepaid, for $4 20	$5 05

BOOKS BY REV. M. W. KNAPP.

Revival Kindlings	$1 00
Revival Tornadoes	1 00
Out of Egypt into Canaan	80
Christ Crowned Within	75
Impressions	50
The lot, prepaid, for $3 60	$4 05

BOOKS BY REV. L. L. PICKETT.

Leaves from the Tree of Life	$1 00
The Book and Its Theme	1 00
The Danger Signal, or a Shot at the Foe	1 00
The Holy Day, or Remember the Sabbath	10
Our King Cometh	25
St. Paul on Holiness	05
A Plea for the Holiness Movement	25
The Pickett-Smith Debate on Sanctification	1 00
The lot for $4 00	$4 65

The above books separately at prices named, or in sets as specified. Or the entire lot, prepaid, for only $10 00 cash.

OTHER GOOD BOOKS.

Tobacco: Its Use and Abuse	$1 00
The Better Land, or the Christian Emigrant's Guide to Heaven	1 00
The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life	75
An Opposer Won to Sanctification	25
How the Fire Started	25
Four D's After Sanctification	25
Life of Wm. Bramwell	60
The Tongue of Fire	60
Life of Spurgeon.....worth $2 00, for only	1 00
Hidden Manna. Sheridan Baker	75
Santification. Rev. W. B. Godbey	25
Christian Perfection. Rev. W. B. Godbey	25
Sanctification. Rev. J. H. Collins	25
Touching Incidents—Answers to Prayer	1 00

THE PICKETT PUBLISHING COMPANY,

Publishers and Booksellers. LOUISVILLE, KY.

SOME CHOICE BOOKS FROM OUR CATALOGUE.

Books mailed on receipt of price. Remit by money order, registered letter, or checks on New York. Do not send personal checks.

THE PICKETT PUBLISHING CO., Louisville, Ky.

ABIDE IN CHRIST. Andrew Murray..... $ 0 50
ABIDING PEACE. Rev. A. B. Earle. Cloth 50
A PLEA FOR THE PRESENT HOLINESS MOVEMENT. Rev. L. L. Pickett. Cloth, 25
It will open the eyes of the Church and create a profound impression. It contains facts which will startle our laymen and many of our preachers. Bro. Pickett has told in detail many very unpalatable truths, which will arouse much resentment in many quarters, but which cannot be contradicted. The book is gotten up in cheap form so as to put it in the reach of everybody.—*Tennessee Methodist.*
BETTER LAND, THE. Dodsworth. Cloth..... 1 00
Its subtitle is, "The Christian Emigrants' Guide to Heaven." Beautifully written.
BOOK AND ITS THEME, THE. Rev. L. L. Pickett. Cloth..... 1 00
The Book is the Bible, and the Theme is Holiness. We take pleasure in giving our testimony of its great worth. It is one of the very best works on the subject extant. It is a scriptural presentation and argument on the various phases of the question and is absolutely unanswerable. We have never read anything commonplace from Bro. Pickett's pen, and we expected to find in this book great strength and vigor. We must say it far exceeded our expectations. Every preacher ought to have it.—*Tennessee Methodist.*
BRAMWELL, LIFE OF WM. Cloth..... 60
BRINGING IN SHEAVES. Rev. A. B. Earle. Cloth..... 1 25
Sketches and reports of his revival work.
CAST ADRIFT. T. S. Arthur. Cloth..... 1 00
A tear-bringing temperance work.
CHRIST CROWNED WITHIN. M. W. Knapp. Cloth..... 75
CHRISTIAN PERFECTION. Godbey. Cloth..... 25
CHRISTIAN PERFECTION. Wood's Wesley. Cloth..... 1 00
CHRISTIAN'S SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE. Cloth..... 75
COMMENTARY ON REVELATION. Godbey. Cloth..... 1 00
DANGER SIGNAL. Rev. L. L. Pickett. Cloth..... 1 00
This book shows what Romanism has been and is. A book of power upon a subject of great interest to every Christian of America.—*Lou J. Beauchamp.*
A timely effort and should be read by thousands.—*Fla. Chr. Advocate.*
ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION. Adam Clarke.....10c. Dozen, $1.00. 100, 7 00
FOUR D'S AFTER SANCTIFICATION. Rev. J. Stephan. Cloth..... 25
The D's are duties, difficulties, dangers and developments. A rare book of counsel for holy living.
GIRL IN CHECKS. Rev. J. W. Daniel. Cloth..... 75
A bright romance.
GOD'S FINANCIAL PLAN. S. B. Shaw. Paper..... 35
GOLDEN SHEAVES. Cloth..... 2 50
This is a large 8vo of over 600 pages. Contains lives of eminent men, items of natural history, temperance and religious anecdotes and the like. Good discount in quantities.
HALF HOURS WITH ST. PAUL. Rev. D. Steele. Cloth..... 1 00
HEAVEN AND HOW TO GET THERE. D. L. Moody..... 50
HE'S COMING TO-MORROW. Harriet Beecher Stowe..... 50
HER OPPORTUNITY. Henry C. Pearson. 12mo. Silk cloth..... 1 50
This companion volume to "His Opportunity" is written in the same vigorous style. It is adapted to the widening influence that is leading young women into a closer relationship with more practical things.—*Boston Herald.*
HIS OPPORTUNITY. Henry C. Pearson. 12mo. Cloth..... 1 50
The aggregate of these two volumes is already well on toward 50,000 copies. Touches with a master hand the problems of life to-day.
The author's clear, vigorous English imparts an added charm. We cannot have too many of such books.—*Watchman, Boston.*
HOW TO GET RID OF THE DEVIL. H. W. Kemper. Paper..... 25
Over 30,000 sold.
IMPRESSIONS. M. W. Knapp. Cloth..... 50
JOHN NELSON'S JOURNAL. Cloth..... 40
It takes a cold, unsympathetic heart to read it without tears and spiritual profit.
LIKE CHRIST. Andrew Murray..... 50
LEAVES FROM THE TREE OF LIFE, OR GLEANINGS FROM THE WORD OF GOD. L. L. Pickett. Cloth..... 1 00
"These Bible Readings are the fruits of an earnestness that breathes in every line, a diligence that spared no labor or pains in their preparation, and an evangelistic fervor that is felt all along by the responsive reader. While we might differ here and there from the author's exegesis on minor points, we heartily commend his soundness in doctrine and the perspicuity and effectiveness of his method. We trust this book may attain a wide circulation and do much good."—*Nashville Chr. Advocate.*

LESSONS OF TRUST. Mrs. Earle. Cloth ..... $ 0 75
LIFE OF HESTER ANN ROGERS. E. Davies. Cloth..... 50
LIKE CHRIST. Andrew Murray. Cloth..... 50
LIGHT ON THE PATHWAY. Mrs. Earle. Cloth 75
MADONNA HALL. The story of our country's peril. 12mo. Cloth..... 1 50
Fascinating, strong, and terrible in its revelation of iniquity, this story will stir this great country.—*Methodist Home Journal, Philadelphia.*
MARY SINGLETON, OR THE QUESTION ANSWERED.....20c. Dozen, prepaid, 2 00
A charmingly written and very convincing little book against dancing.
OUR HOMES, THEIR CARES AND DUTIES, JOYS AND SORROWS. T. S. Arthur. Cloth..... 1 00
OUR KING COMETH. L. L. Pickett..... .....Cloth, 25c. Dozen, 2 60
I am delighted; the little book is glorious.—*Rev. W. B. Godbey.*
A friend writes: "I shouted and cried all through the book."
OUR YOUNG PEOPLE. R. H. Rivers. Cloth..... 60
Fine for boys and girls.
OUT FROM UNDER CÆSAR'S FROWN. Rev. J. W. Daniel. Cloth..... 1 00
A religious and historical romance.
OUT OF EGYPT INTO CANAAN. M. W. Knapp. Cloth..... 1 00
OUTLINES OF BIBLE STUDY. Rev. F. J. Tyler. Cloth..... 75
Rev. G. T. Stainback says: "It is a complete analysis of all the fundamental doctrines of the Bible—illustrated and explained in language so simple and arguments so convincing that he who runs may read."
This book displays great skill, as well as close research, and brings together, under appropriate heads, almost every phase of Bible teaching, with the appropriate texts.—*Central Methodist.*
PASTORAL SKETCHES. B. Carradine. Cloth..... 1 00
If the author should live to be an old man in authoring and pen sketching he will hardly surpass or equal what he has done in these pages, and which is certainly not inferior to the best that Irving and Dickens have accomplished in the same field. We predict that many thousands will be sold before the winter is past, and that "Pastoral Sketches" will be the most read book of the American season.—*Pentecostal Age.*
PERFECT LOVE. Rev. J. A. Wood. Cloth..... ..... 1 00
A standard work. Nearly 40,000 sold.
PICKETT-SMITH DEBATE ON SANCTIFICATION.....Cloth, $1.00. Paper, 50
The only book of its kind, we suppose, in print. Over 500 sold before it came from the press.
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. Cloth..... 1 00
A splendid edition.
PREVAILING PRAYER. D. L. Moody. Cloth..... 50
REVIVALS OF RELIGION. T. S. Hubert. Cloth..... 1 00
SANCTIFICATION. W. B. Godbey. Cloth..... 25
SANCTIFICATION BY FAITH. B. Helm. Cloth..... 20
A clear, strong statement on this subject by a Presbyterian preacher.
SANCTIFICATION VINDICATED. Rev. R. C. Armstrong. Paper..... 25
A strong defense of the doctrine.
SANCTIFIED WHOLLY. Rev. J. O. McClurkan.....Cloth, 40c. Paper, 25
A Presbyterian presentation of this doctrine.
SECOND BLESSING IN SYMBOL. Carradine. With portrait. Cloth..... 1 00
A smaller edition at 80 cents.
SECRET POWER. D. L. Moody..... 50
SELF HELP. Samuel Smiles. Cloth..... 1 00
Full of inspiration for any young man struggling with adverse circumstances.
ST. PAUL ON HOLINESS. L. L. Pickett..... .....5c. Dozen, 50c. 100, 2 50
TEARS AND TRIUMPHS. Round and Shape Notes..... .....
The book is wonderfully popular, having sold 100,000 in two years. If a cheap binding is wanted we would recommend our friends to buy the muslin, as it is much more durable than the manilla. Try Nos. 6, 19, 21, 32, 41, 43, 48, 50, 57, 68, 73, 75, 76, 89, 91, 95, 103, 107, 117, 121, 126, 134, 135, 139, 143, 151, 157, 170, 171, 207, 211, 221, 241, 245, 248, 249, 257, 258. Manilla, prepaid, 20c; doz., prepaid, $2; 100, not prepaid, $15. Muslin, prepaid, 25c; doz., prepaid, $2.60; 100, not prepaid, $18. Boards, prepaid, 30c; doz., prepaid, $3; 100, not prepaid, $22.50. Cloth, prepaid, 50c; doz., prepaid, $5; 100, not prepaid, $40. Morocco, net, $1. *State whether you want Round or Shape Notes.*
THE CHRISTIAN HOME. Stuart & Pickett. Paper..... 10
THE HOLY DAY, OR REMEMBER THE SABBATH. L. L. Pickett. Paper..... 10
THE KING'S DAUGHTERS. Mrs. Dickinson. Cloth..... 1 00
THE SABBATH—A Sermon. T. L. Mellen. Paper..... 10
THE SECOND BLESSING DEMONSTRATED. Gassaway...Doz., $1. 100 prepaid, 7 00
THE SECOND COMING OF OUR LORD..... 10
THE TONGUE OF FIRE. Wm. Arthur.....Cloth, 60c. Doz., $5.00. 100 prepaid, 36 00
THE TRUE PATH AND HOW TO WALK THEREIN. Cloth..... 1 00
One of T. S. Arthur's charming romances.
THE WAY TO GOD AND HOW TO FIND IT. Moody..... 50
TOUCHING INCIDENTS AND REMARKABLE ANSWERS TO PRAYER. S. B. Shaw,..... Cloth, $1.00. Children's edition, boards, 35c. Cloth, 60
TOBACCO: ITS USE AND ABUSE. Rev. J. B. Wight. Cloth..... 1 00
This book should be read by every young man.
TWELVE SELECT SERMONS. Moody..... 50

SPECIAL BOOKS.

ON THE SABBATH

we have the following which have sold by thousands and have done much good.

THE SABBATH FOR MAN. 600 pp. Rev. W. F. Crafts, only.....$1 50

This is considered by many the greatest book ever written on the Sabbath. All who are interested in the question should have it. We will send it, though a regular $2.00 book in size, with a year's subscription to The Christian Soldier for only $1.75.

THE TRUE SABBATH. By Rev. Isaac H. Beardsley..... 75

This is a masterly defense of the Lord's day Sabbath against the Saturday keeping idea. Wherever the Saturday keepers have a hold this book should be scattered. With The Christian Soldier a year $1.10.

THE HOLY DAY: OR REMEMBER THE SABBATH. L. L. Pickett..... 10

Strongly commended. One brother paid for a thousand copies for distribution.

THE SABBATH: A SERMON. Rev. T. L. Mellen..... 10

Clear, plain, ringing. Both the above pamphlets and a year's subscription to The Christian Soldier only 60 cents.

ON TEMPERANCE.

We have T. S. Arthur's Works; they are rich, rare and racy. Will furnish this lot, or in quantities for sale, at a bargain.

WOMAN TO THE RESCUE	$1 00
OUR HOMES; THEIR JOYS AND SORROWS	1 00
WORDS OF CHEER	1 00
CAST ADRIFT	1 00
DANGER: OR WOUNDED IN THE HOUSE OF A FRIEND	1 00
TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM. Paper covers	25
	$5 25

The entire lot and The Christian Soldier a year for only $4.00. Let the young men of the land read these thrilling books. We also have

SELF HELP. By Samuel Smiles.....$1 00

With a year's subscription only $1.10.

GOLDEN SHEAVES. A choice family book, literary, humorous, historical, religious, large, regular $2.50 book. We can furnish at only.. 1 25

With our paper a year only $1.50.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE. Choice for boys and girls..... 60

With The Christian Soldier a year $1.00.

THE PICKETT PUBLISHING CO.

Publishers and Booksellers, LOUISVILLE, KY.

d.
50
75
10
10
00
00
00
00
00
5
5
0
5
0
.

We want your orders.

We not only publish "Tears and Triumphs," which has issued to date about 120,000, round or shapes, boards, 30 cents; muslin, 25 cents; but we also publish that choice book of music, .

Cheerful Songs.

BY JNO. R. SWENEY, W. J. KIRKPATRICK AND L. L. PICKETT.

It contains 356 glowing songs Only in round notes, except a word edition. Music edition, 50 cents; words only, 25 cents.

We have prepared a smaller book selected from "Cheerful Songs," by Prof. E. T. Rinehart, who has added a choice supplement of his own. This book is used with great satisfaction by a number of evangelists. Bound in muslin (round notes only), 25 cents.

In addition to song books we carry a general line of religious literature, making a specialty of books on Holiness, the Sabbath, and Temperance. We can furnish books from any first-class publishing house, and offer good rates on quantities for libraries or for sale.

One of our most recent publications is the

Pickett-Smith Debate

On Entire Sanctification

351 pages; cloth $1.00; paper binding, 50 cents. This is a work of thrilling interest. People write us of reading it till late at night with intense satisfaction. There is nothing like it in print on this subject, and people of all faiths should read it, as both sides are strongly and clearly presented in a religious, orderly manner.

We also publish

The Christian Soldier,

an 8-page semi-monthly; 50 cents a year. Among our special offers to subscribers are:

A First-class Sewing Machine,	**$18.00**
A Good Nickel-case Watch,	**2.50**
Large Print, Self-pronouncing Bible,	**2 75**

Also good cash commissions for club raisers. Send 2-cent stamp for sample copy and particulars.

...Address **PICKETT PUBLISHING CO.**

15; Fourth Avenue, LOUISVILLE, KY.