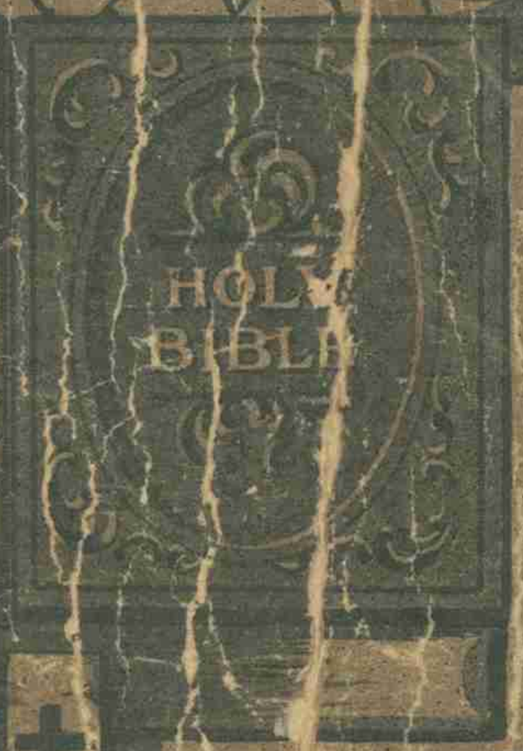
The Old Story and Song



For Prayer and Sunday Schools

Edited by
ARTHUR S. MAGANN
W. J. KIRKPATRICK
H. L. GILMOUR

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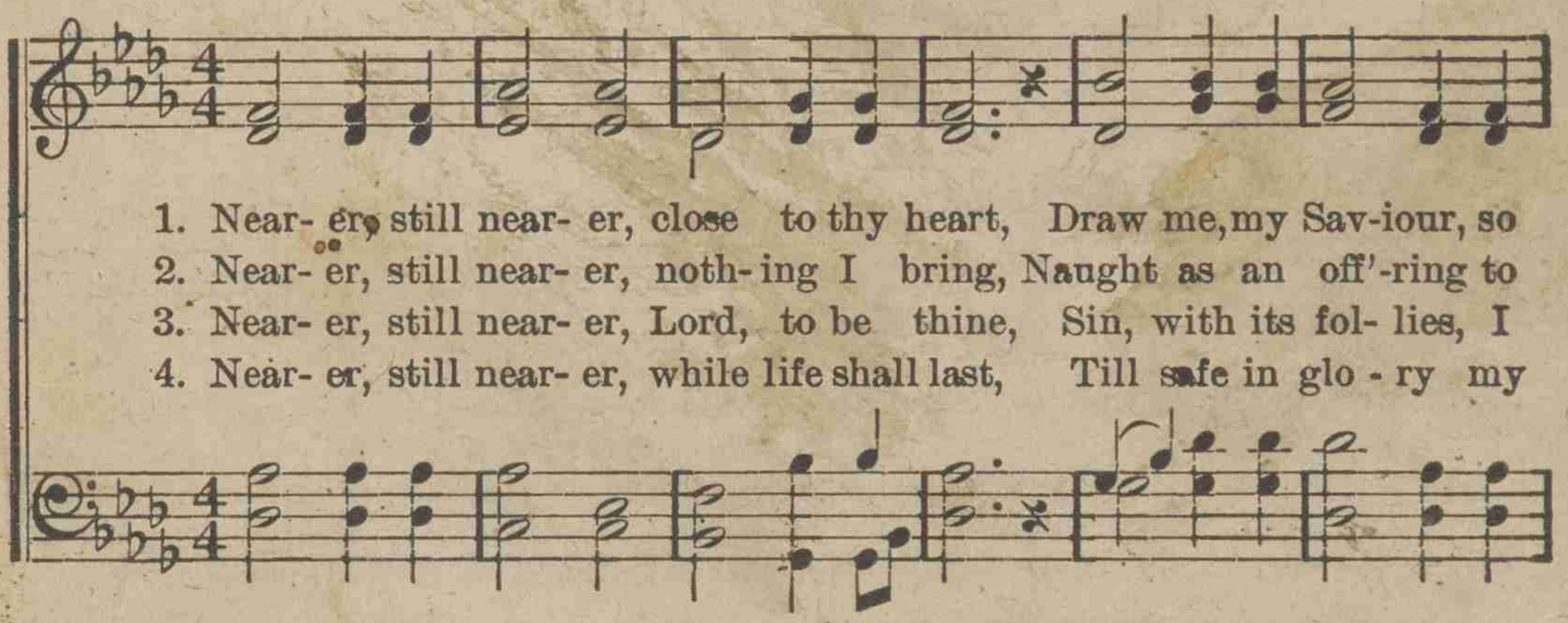
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THE "OLD STORY" IN SONG

1 Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



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2 Make His Praise Glorious.

MRS. C. H. M. PSALM, 66 : 2. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Prais- es, sing praises to Je-sus our bless-ed Re-deem-er, Let ev- 'ry voice to him now a sweet mel-o - dy raise; Come ye be - fore him, O
2. Praise for the mercy which sought us when far we were straying, Sought till he found us and bound us with strong cords of love; Praise for sal - va- tion, this
3. Prais- es, sing praises, for glo-ry our bo-soms o'er-flow- ing, When in his ful - ness the Com-fort-er comes to a- bide; Ho - ly an-noint-ing, lost
4. Prais- es, sing praises, our wondering eyes shall behold him, When in his beau- ty King Je-sus de-scend-eth to reign; Com- ing in glo - ry, O
5. Praise for the grace which is a - ble to keep us from fall- ing, And to pre - sent us all faultless before the white throne; 'Mid joys su- per - nal to



wor-ship and laud and a-dore him, Lo, he is wor- thy our high- est as - won-der-ful, blest rev-e - la - tion, He who re-deems us, car - nal - i - ty, sin - ners to Cal-va- ry point-ing, Pow-er for serv- ice now free - ly and tell out the wonderful sto - ry, Sing hal - le - lu- jah! the Sav-iour is praise him thro' a-ges e - ter- nal, All the redeem'd ones, the blood-wash'd, his

CHORUS.

criptions of praise.
too, will re - move.
ful - ly sup - plied.
com-ing a - gain.
lov'd and his own.

Make his praise glorious, Sav- iour vic- to- ri- ous,
Praise! sing prais - es un - to Je - sus,

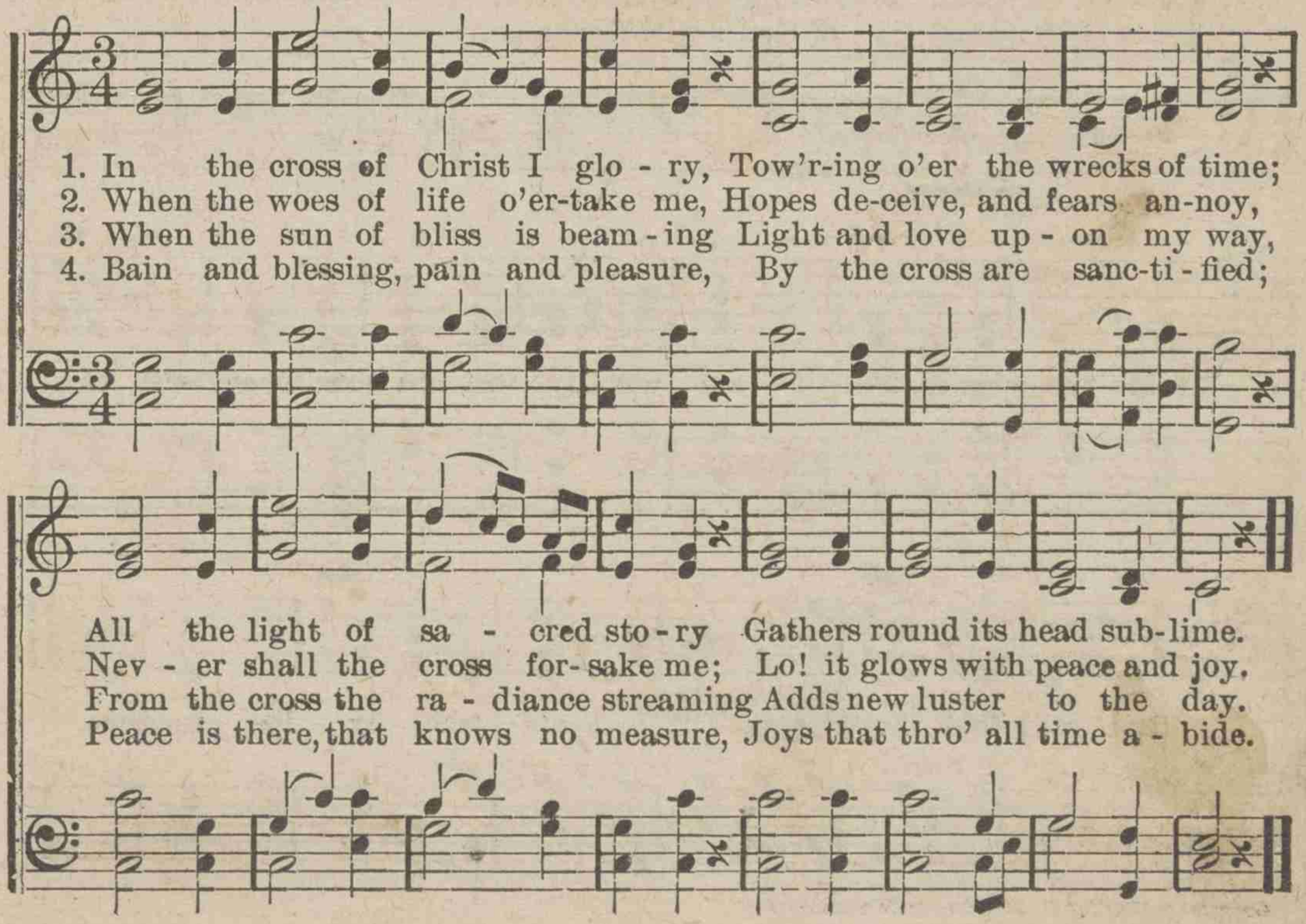
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Make His Praise Glorious.—Concluded.



3 In the Cross of Christ.

SIR JOHN BOWRING. RATHBUN. 8s, 7s. ITHAMER CONKEY.



4 Sweet Will of God.

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

DUET.

1. My stub-born will at last hath yield - ed; I would be
2. I'm tired of sin, foot - sore and wea - ry, The dark-some
3. Thy pre-cious will, O conqu'ring Sav - iour, Doth now em -
4. Shut in with thee, O Lord, for - ev - er, My way-ward

thine and thine a - lone; And this the pray'r.... my lips are
path hath drear-y grown, But now a light..... has ris'n to
brace and com - pass me; All dis-cords hush'd... my peace a
feet no more to roam; What pow'r from thee ..... my soul can

rit......

bring-ing, "Lord, let in me thy will be done."
cheer me; I find in thee my Star, my Sun.
riv - er, My soul a prison'd bird, set free.
sev - er? The cen-tre of God's will my home.

CHORUS.

Sweet will of God, still fold me clos-er, Till I am whol-ly lost in thee, Sweet will of God, still fold me clos-er, Till I am whol - ly lost in thee.

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5 Tell It Wherever You Go.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. This won-der - ful sto - ry of in - fi - nite love, Tell it wher -
2. The song of re-demp-tion, so gra-cious- ly sweet, Sing it wher -
3. The work that your Mas- ter as - signs to your hands, Do it wher -
4. The life that the in-dwell-ing Spir - it im- parts, Live it wher -

ev - er you go; 'Twill brighten the darkness with light from a- bove,
ev - er you go; The joy of sal - va- tion your lips shall re - peat,
ev - er you go; You'll find grace suf - fi- cient; o - bey his commands,
ev - er you go; Bear com- fort and glad-ness to des - o - late hearts,

CHORUS.

Tell it wher- ev - er you go.
Sing it wher- ev - er you go.
Do it wher- ev - er you go.
Live it wher- ev - er you go.

Wher - ev - er you go, wher -

ev - er you go, Car - ry the mes-sage with love all a - glow!

Some way of serving the Mas-ter will show, Tell it wherev-er you go.

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You May Have the Joybells.

J. Edw. Ruark. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je-sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you journey home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev-'ry day, Own his right to

from you nev-er will de-part; Walk the straight and narrow way,
those a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kind-ness al-ways say,
he will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye,
ev-'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win

Live for Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
Deeds of mercy do each day, Then he'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
He is with you ever nigh, And he'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joybells ringing in your heart.

CHORUS.

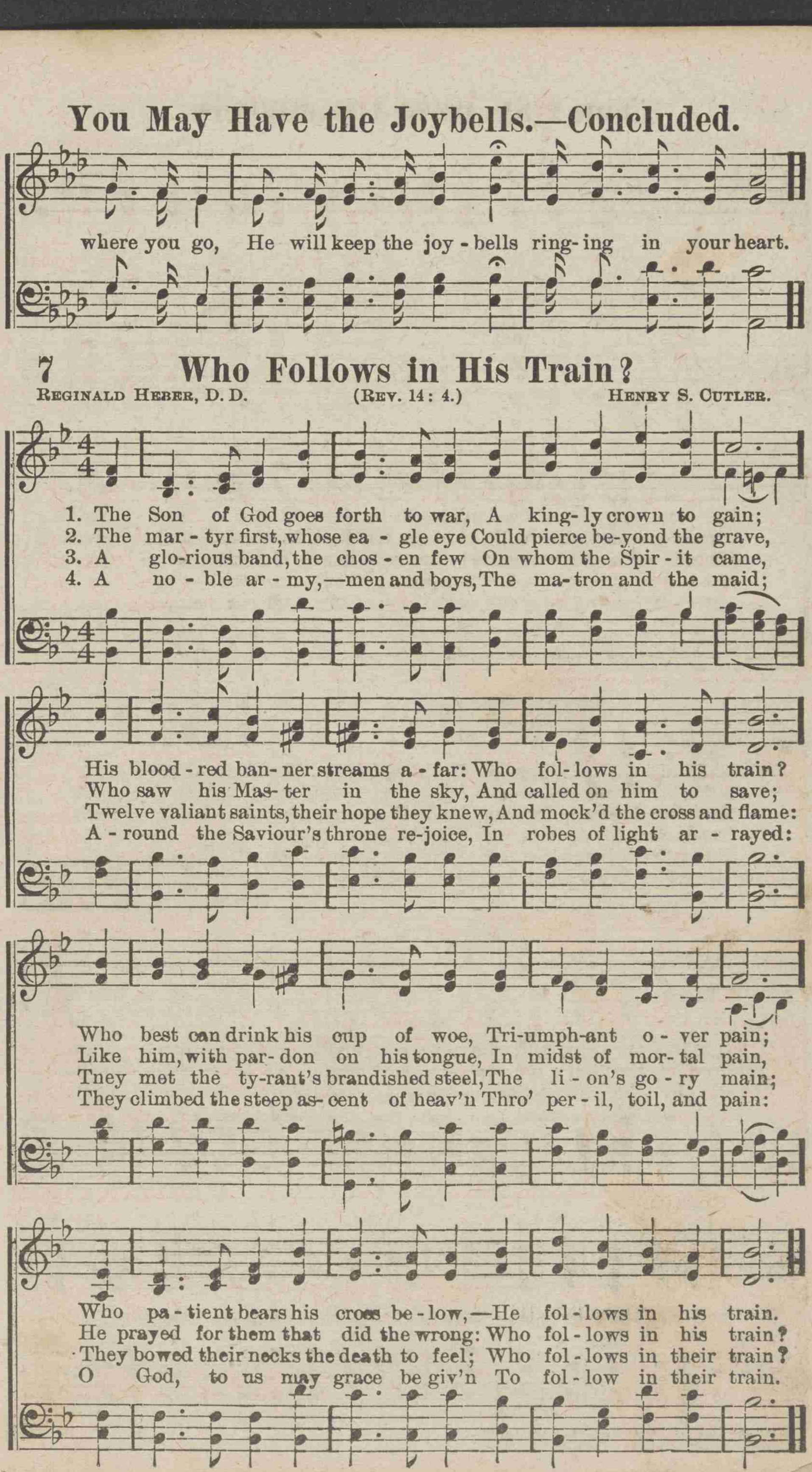
Joy - - bells ringing in your heart, Joy - - bells
Ringing in your heart, You may have the joy bells
ringing in your heart; Take the Saviour here below, With you ev-'ry-

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You May Have the Joybells.—Concluded.

7 Who Follows in His Train?

REGINALD HEBER, D. D. (REV. 14: 4.) HENRY S. CUTLER.



Shout! Shout the Battle Cry.

G. C. T. TULLAR & MEREDITH.

1. Put on thine ar - mor, the foe is near— The Cap- tain calls.
2. Hav- ing your feet with the gos - pel shod, Then march a - long—
3. Strong in the Lord, let thy soul be brave, Each foe de - fy.

Fol - low - ing Je- sus we've naught to fear, Whate'er ap - palls.
Treading the path which the Mas - ter trod, With vic - tor's song.
His, is the bat - tle, and he will save— On him re - ly.

Clad in the ar - mor of truth and right, Thy foes dis - arm,
Truth be thy hel- met and faith the shield In thy right hand;
Hav - ing done all, let us bold - ly stand In Je - sus' might,

Trust-ing the Sav-iour, whose word is might, No ill can harm.
Sword of the Spir - it go bravely wield At God's com - mand.
Led by the Saviour's al - mighty hand, We'll win the fight.

CHORUS.

Shout! Shout the bat - tle cry, For - ward we go;.... Brave - ly we're

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Shout! Shout the Battle-Cry.—Concluded.

press-ing on, Fac - ing the foe, Ne'er count the bat-tle lost,

PARTS.

E'er count it won, Lay not thine armor down Till life's work is done.

9 Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER. ST. CATHERINE. Adapted by J. G. WALTON.

1. Faith of our fa-thers! liv- ing still In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
2. Our fathers, chain'd in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa-thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:

O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:

Faith of our Fathers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

10 "My God Shall Supply Your Need."

MRS. C. H. M. Phil. 4: 19. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Wherefore are ye doubting and fearing, And not to his word giv-ing heed?
2. We come to a boun-ti - ful storehouse, A rich and un- fail-ing sup- ply,
3. Lo! e - ven the rav- ens he feed-eth, And counteth the sparrows that fall;
4. Come humbly yet boldly be- fore him, His ful-ness of bless-ing to claim;

This promise for you has been written, "My God shall supply all your need."
And he who your ev'ry need knoweth, No good thing will ever de-ny,
Much more for his children he careth, And hears them, tho' feebly they call.
He knoweth our needs, and supplies them, Thro' merits of Jesus' dear name.

God shall supply all your need.

CHORUS.

My God..... shall sup - ply,..... My God shall sup -
God shall sup- ply, God shall sup - ply,

ply all your need,..... Ac - cord-ing to his rich - es in
shall sup - ply all your need;

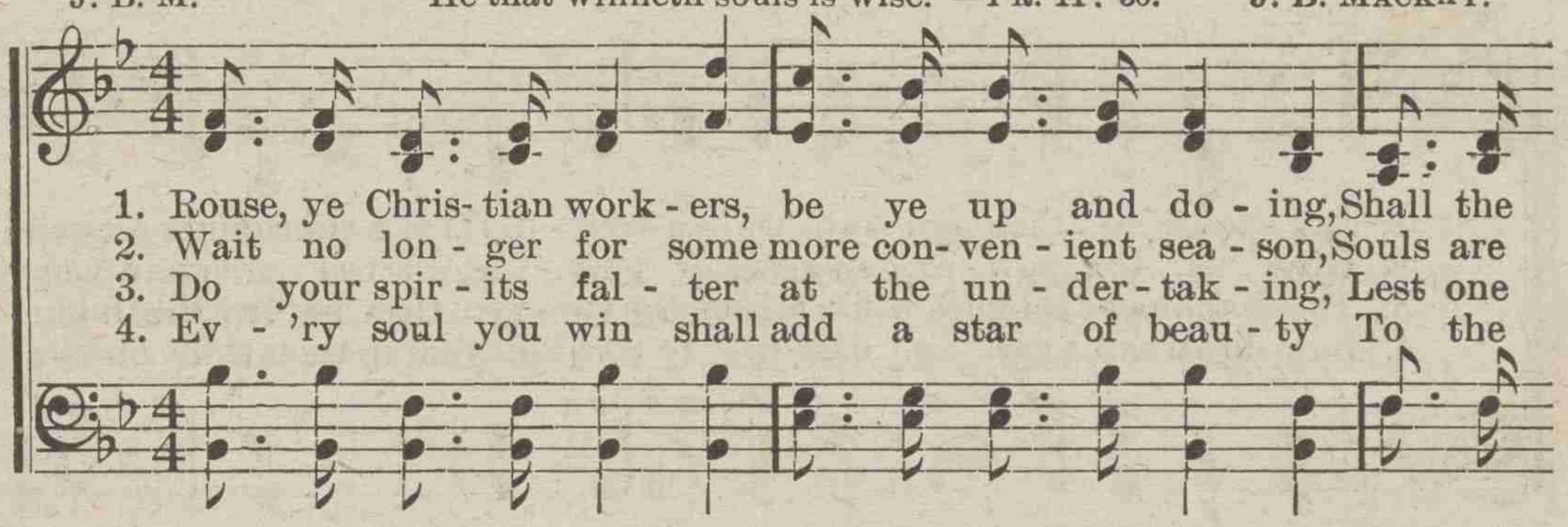
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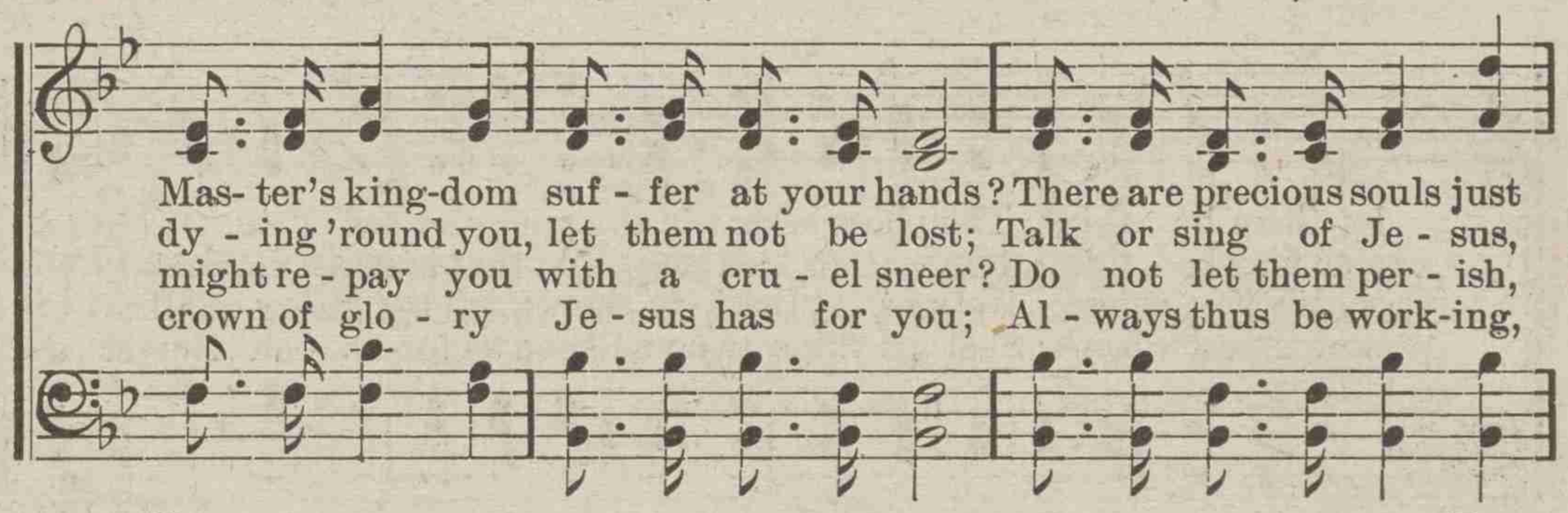
glo - ry by Christ Je - sus, My God shall sup- ply all your need.....
your need.

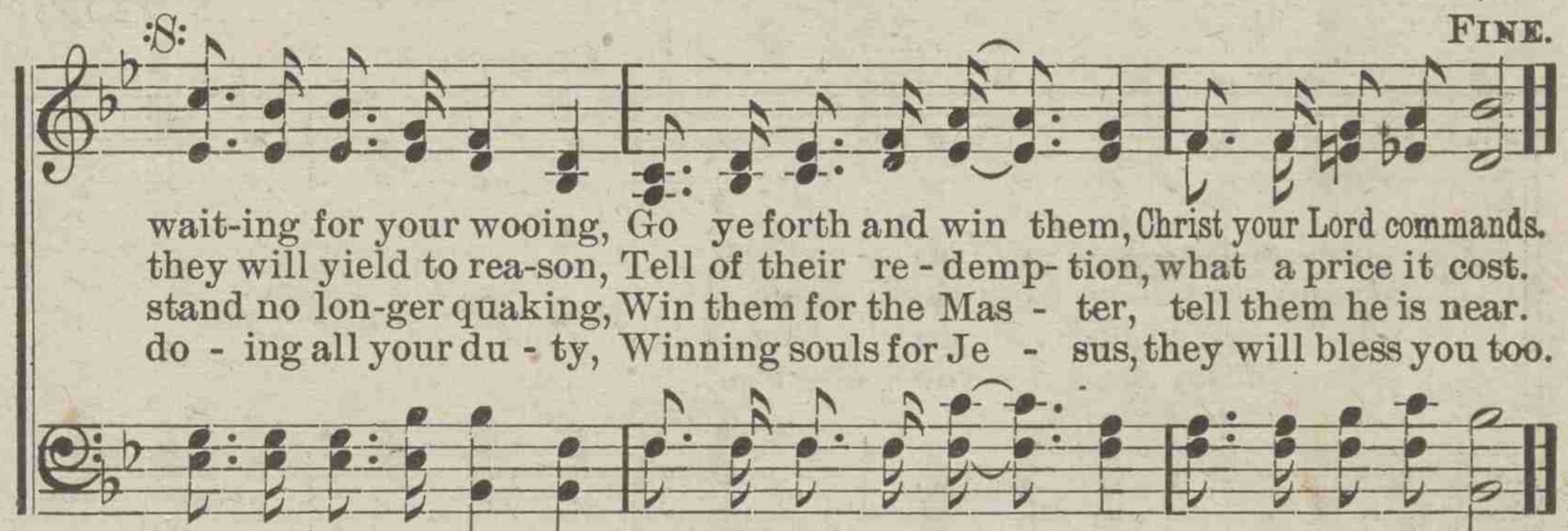
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11 Winning Souls for Jesus.

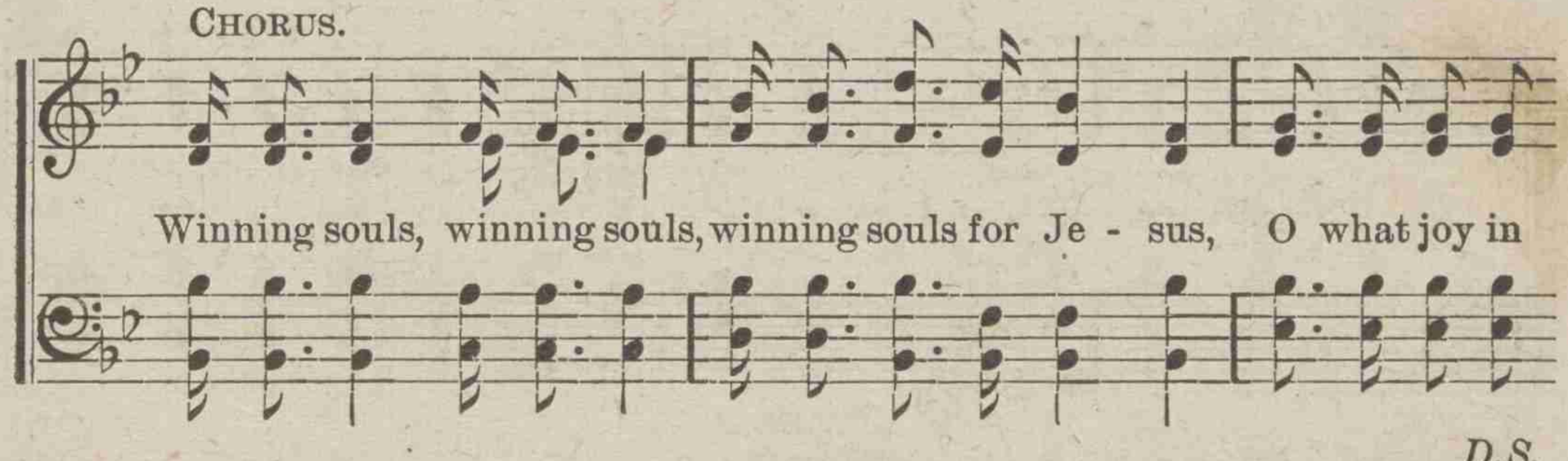
J. B. M. "He that winneth souls is wise."—Pr. 11: 30. J. B. Mackay.

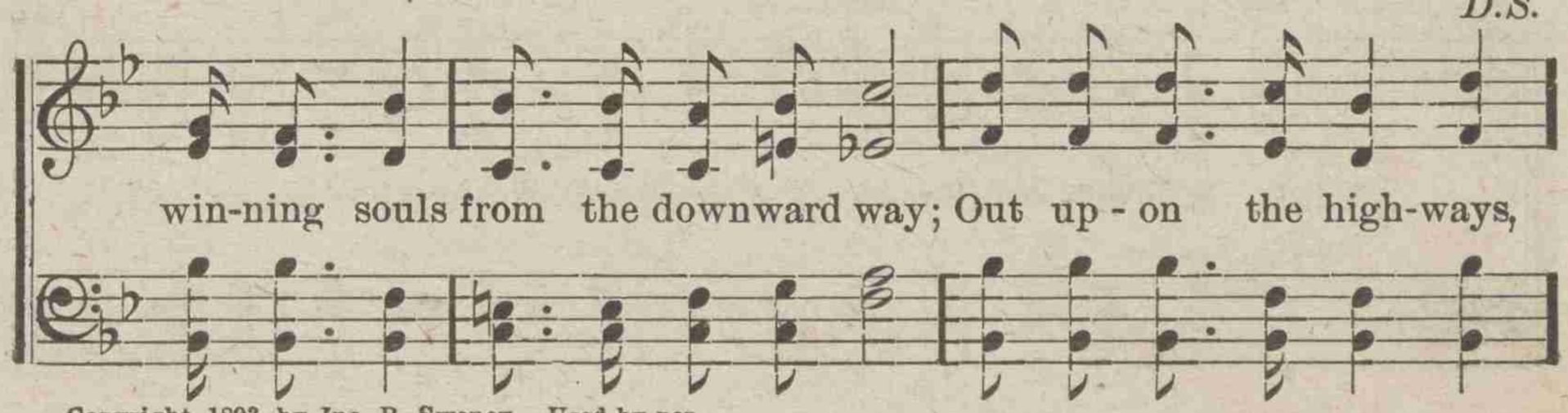






D.S.—seeking to reclaim them, O be up and winning souls, While 'tis call'd to-day.





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Power Divine.

J. B. MacKay. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Sav - iour, to thee our all we sur- ren - der, Take thou our hearts, and
2. Give us thy pow - er, sing-ing or pray - ing, Pow-er to stand what-
3. Touch thou our tongues while telling the sto - ry, How by thy death our
4. Bow down thine ear and hear us, O Sav-iour, Stamp thou thine im-age

let them be thine; Thou hast bestow'd thy mercy so ten- der, O bless us
e'er may be - tide; Pow-er to lead some soul that is straying, Back to the
souls were set free; Help us, O Lord, to show forth thy glo-ry, Till all the
now on each heart; Seal us thine own and keep us for- ev - er, Nev-er a -

Chorus.

now with pow - er di - vine.
stream that flows from thy side.
earth sings prais- es to thee.
gain from thee to de - part.

Pow - er di - vine it

flow- eth so free, Like a wide ex- haust-less sea; Sav - iour,

while it on - ward rolls, Let some waves wash o'er our souls.

Let some waves

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13 Is It Not Wonderful?

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Wondrous it seem-eth to me, Je - sus so gracious should be,
2. Heart of mine nev - er could know Je - sus such peace could be-stow,
3. Once I was full of all sin, Now, thro' the blood, I am clean;
4. Long I re - sist - ed his grace, In my heart gave him no place;
5. He doth my new heart con-trol, Cleansing and keep- ing me whole,

Mer - cy re- veal- ing, comforting, heal-ing, Bless-ing a sin- ner like me.
Till the dear Saviour showed me his favor, Cleans'd my heart whiter than snow.
Will - ing to save me, par- don he gave me, And I am hap-py with- in.
But Jesus sought me till he had bro't me, Pen - i-tent, seeking his face.
Ban - ish-ing sad-ness, with joy and gladness, Fill-ing and thrilling my soul.

CHORUS.

Is it not won - der- ful, is it not won - der - ful Je - sus so
gra - cious should be?..... Yes, it is won - der- ful,
lov - ing and gra - cious should be?
strange and so won - der-ful That he should save e - ven me!.....
par - don and save e - ven me!

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14 He will Send the Promised Power.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. Would your hearts be filled with rapt-ure ris - ing o'er the cares of earth,
2. Would your long-ing hearts be seek- ing for the pres- ence of the Lord,
3. O the pow'r just now is wait - ing, are you read - y to receive?

Know the fullness of his glo - ry hour by hour? Seek the sunshine of his
Would you see God's blessing fall in grateful show'r? Wait as they who were at
It is wait-ing to descend this ver - y hour! 'Tis the Bible's blest as-

presence and with- in his love a-bide! He will send the promised pow'r!
Pen - te-cost, be all of one accord, He will send the promised pow'r!
surance! you have on- ly to believe! He will send the promised pow'r!

CHORUS.

He will send the promised pow'r! He will send the promised pow'r! O the

glory of his presence will within our hearts abide, He will send the promised pow'r.

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15 'Tis Love, Redeeming Love.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Faith-ful is he, and great his mer-cies are, Last-ing is his love,
2. Love found a way to res-cue fall-en man, Love so full and free,
3. "Love is the chain, the gold-en chain that binds, Hap-py souls a-bove,

last-ing is his love; All thro' his word his prom-is-es de-clare, His
love so full and free; 'Twas love that formed and carried on the plan, And
hap-py souls a-bove; He is an heir of heav'n indeed who finds, His

CHORUS.

love shall nev-er move.
sent my Lord to me.
bo-som glow with love."

'Tis love, 'tis love, re-deem-ing love, 'Tis love that

ev-er will a-bide, ... 'Tis love that knows no ebb nor
that ev-er will a-bide,

flow, ... 'Tis love that opened wide a crimson tide, That washes white as snow.
no ebb nor flow,

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16 Conquerors Through the Blood.

MRS. C. H. M. Rom. 8 : 37. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Conquerors and o-vercom-ers now are we, Thro' the precious blood of Christ we've
2. In the name of Israel's God we'll onward press O-vercoming sin and all un -
3. Un - to him that overcometh shall be giv'n Here to eat of hidden manna

vic - to - ry, If the Lord be for us, we can nev - er fail; Nothing 'gainst his
righteous-ness; Not to us, but un-to him the praise shall be For sal- va- tion
sent from heav'n; Over yonder he the victor's palm shall bear And a robe of

CHORUS.

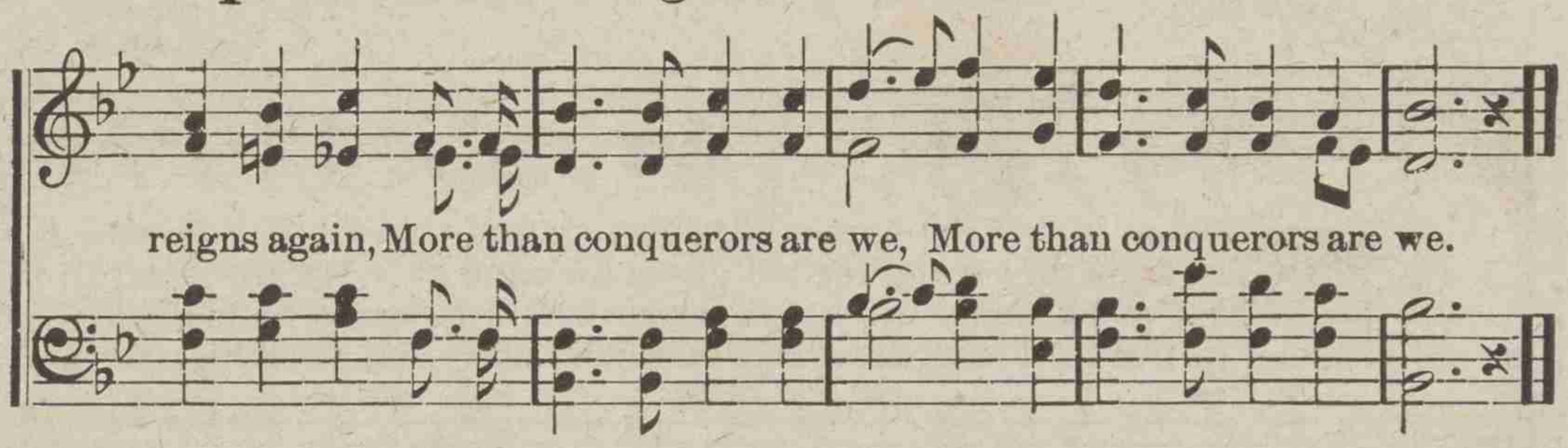
mighty pow'r can e'er prevail. } Con - quer-ors are we, thro' the
and for blood-bought victo-ry. }
white and golden crown shall wear. } Conquerors are we, conquerors are we,

blood; thro' the blood; God will give.... us vic-to - ry, thro' the
thro' the blood, thro' the blood, God will give vic - to-ry,

blood, thro' the blood, Thro' the Lamb for sinners slain, Yet who lives and
thro' the blood, thro' the blood,

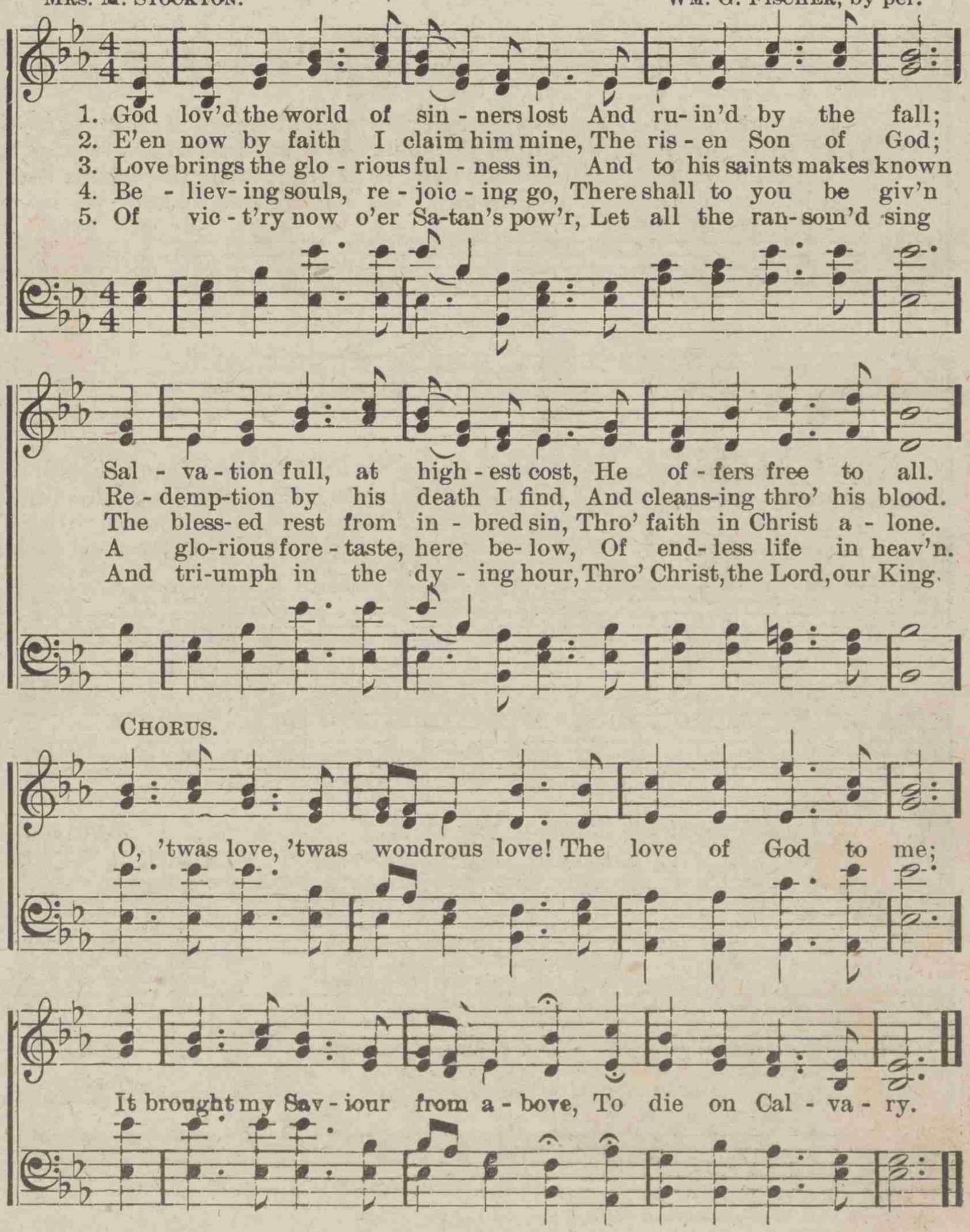
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Conquerors Through the Blood.—Concluded.



17 Wondrous Love.

MRS. M. STOCKTON. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



18 I Will Shout His Praise in Glory.

P. H. DINGMAN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'rer till Jesus took me in, My life was full of
3. I wish that ev'ry sinner before his throne would bow; He waits to bid them
4. I mean to live for Jesus, while here on earth I stay, And when his voice shall

Sav-iour in mer-cy heard my pray'r; He brought me out of darkness and
sor - row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so precious spoke
wel-come, he longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rapture that
call me to realms of endless day, As one by one we gath- er, re -

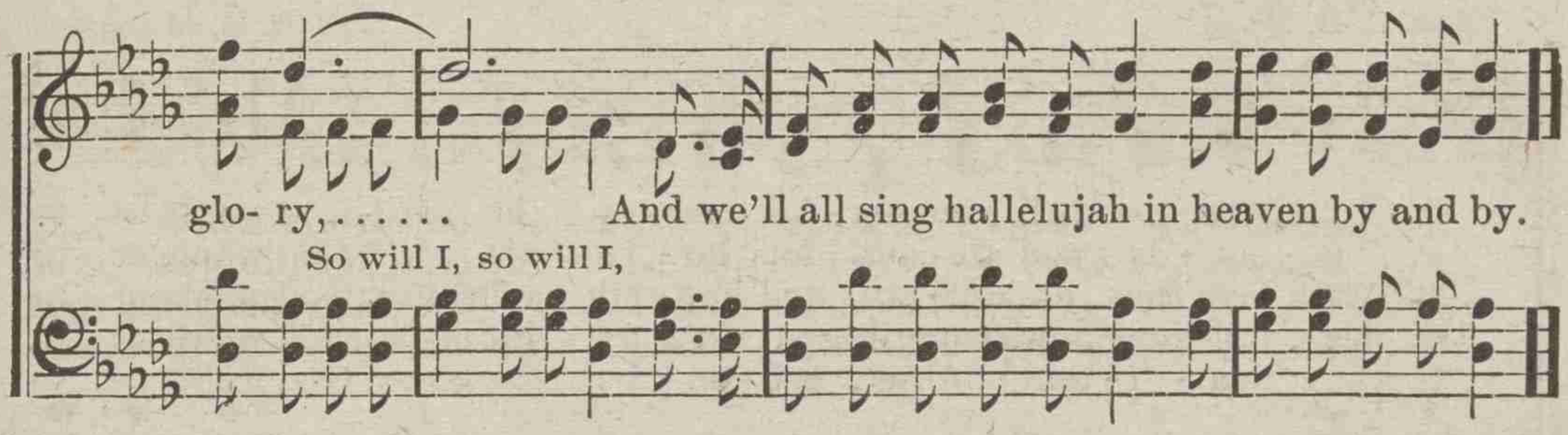
now the light I see; O blessed, loving Saviour! to him the praise shall be.
par - don to my soul; O blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy beyond control.
in his love I see, They'd come and seek salvation, and sing his praise with me.
joicing on the shore, We'll shout his praise in glory, and sing for-ev- er-more.

CHORUS.

I will shout his praise in glo - ry,..... And we'll
So will I, so will I,
all sing hal-le - lu-jah in heav-en by and by; I will shout his praise in

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I Will Shout His Praise.—Concluded.



19 Just One Glimpse.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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Christ-Likeness.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. What won-der-ful, won-der-ful mer-cy is this! God wants us to
2. "Be ho-ly (said Je-sus,) for ho-ly am I," God wants us to
3. With love that en-dur-eth, and hop-eth all things, God wants us to
4. See mil-lions now struggling in sin's aw-ful night, God wants us to
5. O pen-i-tent broth-er, get un-der the blood, God wants us to

be like him here; In love and in pu-ri-ty like as he is,
be like him here; And grace all suf-fi-cient will free-ly sup-ply,
be like him here; And faith which in tri-al tri-umphant-ly sings,
be like him here; That we may win ma-ny from darkness to light,
be like him here; There's wonder-ful vir-tue in Cal-va-ry's flood,

CHORUS.

God wants us to be like him here.....
God wants us to be like him here.....
God wants us to be like him here.....
God wants us to be like him here.....
We all may be-come like him here.....

Won-der-ful! 'tis won-der-ful! That mor-tals his likeness should bear; Yetthis is his will for you and for me, God wants us to be like him here.

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21 Leaving All to Follow Jesus.

IDA M. BUDD. ST. MARK, 19: 27. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Leav-ing all to fol- low Je - sus, Turning from the world a - way;
2. Naught reserv-ing, on the al - tar All I lay, and wait the hour,
3. Tak- ing up the cross for Je - sus, Glad for him to suf - fer shame,
4. Walking still by faith in Je - sus, Trusting till he gives me sight;
5. Praise his precious name for- ev - er, That his blood hath made me free;

Stepping out up - on his prom-ise, All I have is his to - day.
When the fire from heav'n descending Shall at - test his glorious pow'r.
All my gain I count but loss- es, For the glo - ry of his name.
When my chasten'd soul is read - y, He will lead me to the light.
Now my soul shall joy to tell it, Thro' the long e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Leav-ing all to fol - low Je - sus, Turn-ing
Leav - ing all to fol - low, fol - low Je - sus,

from the world a - way;..... Step-ping out up -
Turn ing, turn - ing from the world a - way; Step-ping out up -

on his prom - ise, All I have is his to - day.
on his bless - ed prom-ise,

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22

I've Anchored in Jesus.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Up - on life's boundless o - cean where might-y bil - lows roll,
2. He keeps my soul from e - vil and gives me bless - ed peace,
3. He is my Friend and Sav - iour, in him my an - chor's cast,

I've fixed my hope in Je - sus, blest An - chor of the soul.
His voice hath stilled the wa - ters and bid their tu - mult cease.
He drives a - way my sor - rows and shields me from the blast.

When tri - als fierce as - sail me as storms are gath-'ring o'er, I
My Pi - lot and De - liv - 'rer, to him I all con - fide, For
By faith I'm look- ing up - ward be - yond life's trou-bled sea, There

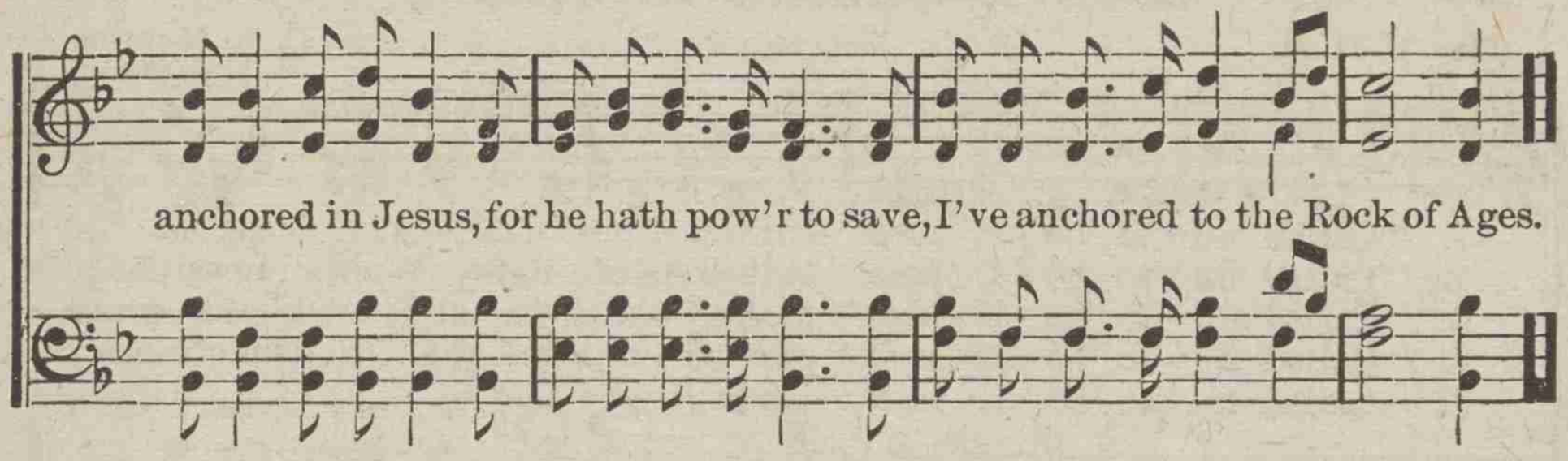
CHORUS.

rest up - on his mer - cy and trust him more.
al - ways when I need him, he's at my side.
I be-hold a ha - ven prepared for me.
} I've anchored in Jesus. The

storms of life I'll brave, I've anchored in Je-sus, I fear no wind or wave, I've

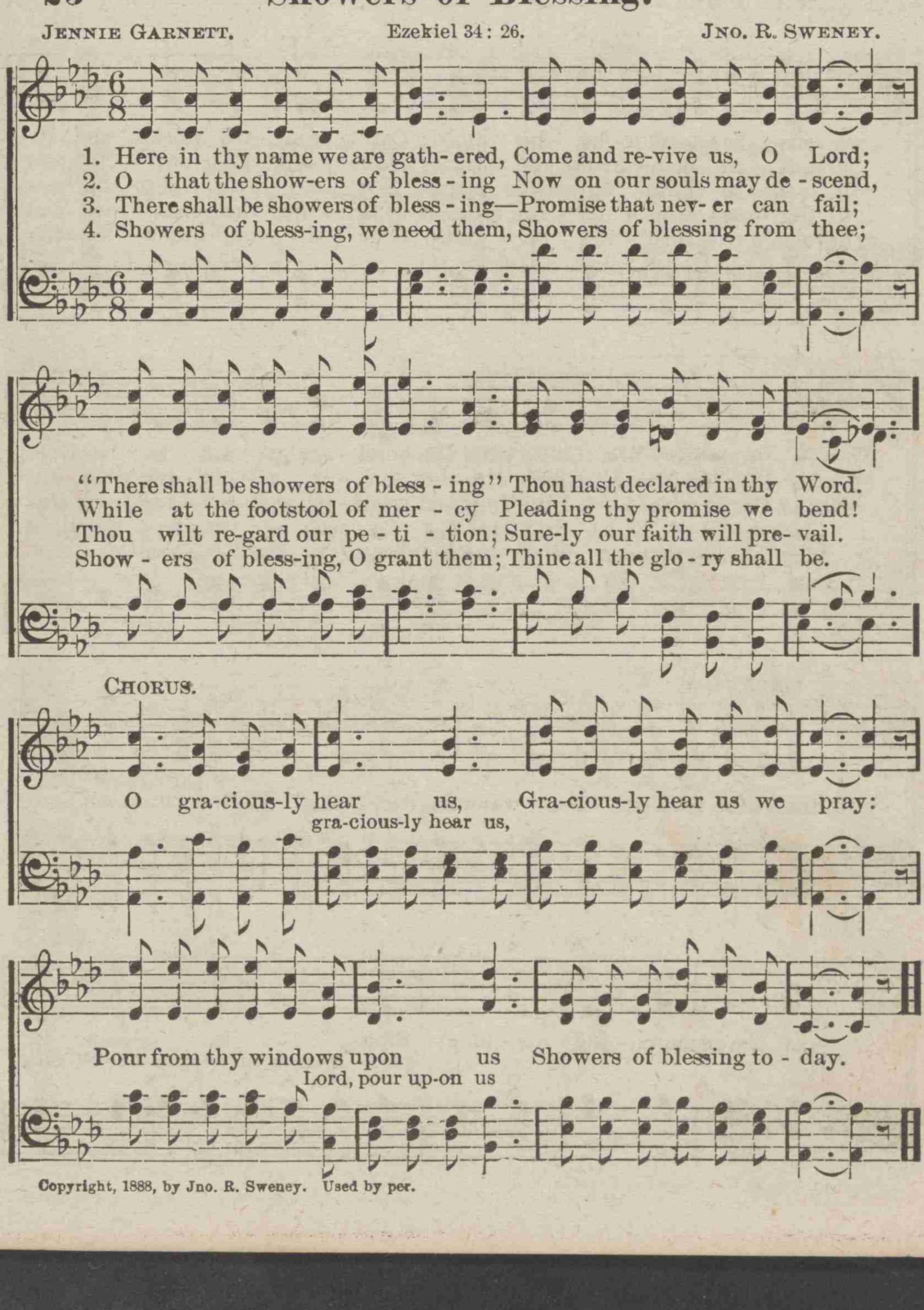
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I've Anchored in Jesus.—Concluded.



23 Showers of Blessing.

JENNIE GARNETT. Ezekiel 34: 26. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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24 "Holiness Unto the Lord."

MRS. C. H. M. Zec. 14 : 20. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," church of our God, Pur - chase of Je -
2. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," chil-dren of light, Walk - ing with Je -
3. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," praise his dear name! This bless - ed se -
4. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," glo - ri - ous thought! Up from the wil -
5. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," Bride of the Lamb, Wait - ing the Bride -

sus re - deem'd by his blood; Call'd from the world and its
sus in gar - ments of white; Rai - ment un - sul - lied, nor
cret to faith now made plain. Not our own right - eous-ness,
der - ness wan - der - ing brought, Out from the shad - ows and
groom's re - turn - ing a - gain; Lift up your heads for the

i - dols to flee, Call'd from the bond - age of sin to be free.
tar - nish'd with sin, God's Ho - ly Spir - it a - bid - ing with - in.
but Christ with - in, Liv - ing and reign - ing and sav - ing from sin.
dark - ness of night, In - to the Ca - naan of per - fect de - light.
day draw - eth near, When in his beau - ty the King shall ap - pear.

CHORUS.

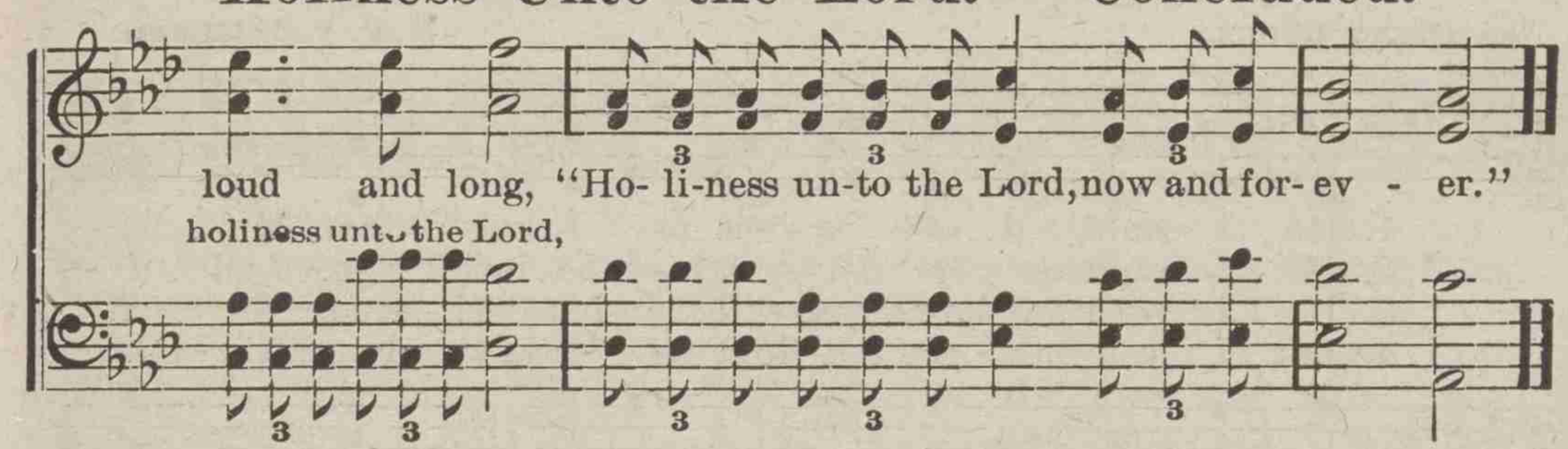
"Holiness unto the Lord," is our watchword and song, "Holiness unto the Lord,"

cres.

as we're march - ing a - long; Sing it, shout it,
"Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord," Sing

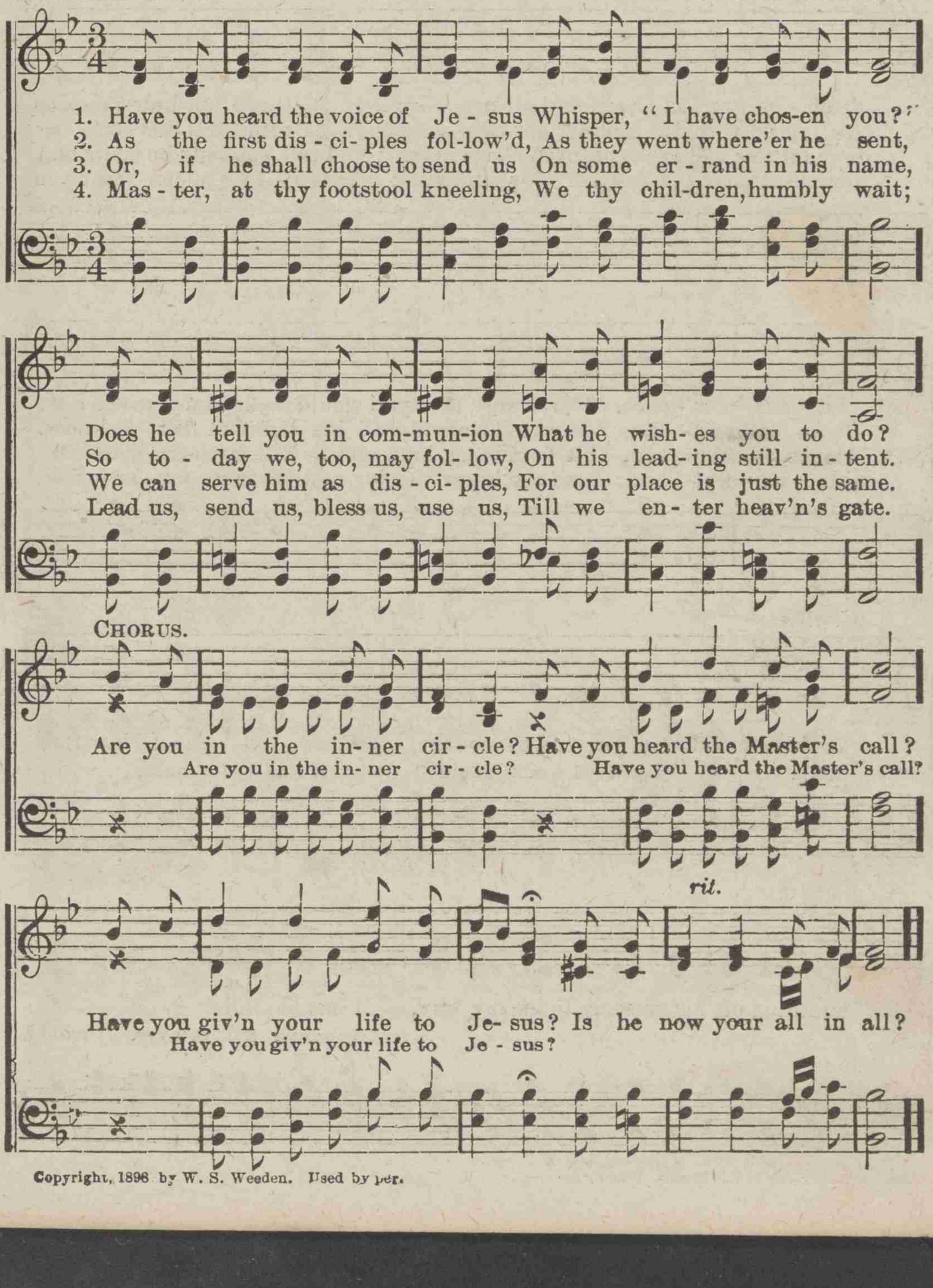
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"Holiness Unto the Lord."—Concluded.



25 The Inner Circle.

FLORA KIRKLAND. W. S. WEEDEN.



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26 Could I Tell It.

INA DULEY OGDEN. P. P. BILHORN.

1. If I could tell of Je - sus as I know him, My Re -
2. If I could on - ly tell you how he loves you, And if
3. If I could tell how sweet will be his wel - come, In that
4. But I can nev - er tell him as I know him; Hu - man

deem - er who has brighten'd all my way; If I could tell how precious
we could thro' the lone-ly gar-den go; If I could tell his dy - ing
home whose wondrous beauty ne'er was told; And tell you how he waits and
tongue can nev - er tell of love di - vine; I on - ly can en- treat you

is his pres - ence, I am sure that you would make him yours to-day.
pain and par - don, You would wor-ship at his wounded feet I know.
longs to save you, You would seek him, and a- bide with-in his fold.
to ac - cept him; Come and know the joy and peace for-ev - er mine.

CHORUS.

Could I tell it, could I tell it, How the
Could I tell it, yes, I would, Could I tell it as I should,
sunshine of his presence lights my way, I would tell it,
I would tell you, yes, I would,

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Could I Tell It.—Concluded.

I would tell it, And I'm sure that you would make him yours to-day.
I would tell you if I could.

27 What Wilt Thou Have Me to Do?

B. A. R. Arr. from M. C., by P. P. BILHORN.

1. Lord, thou hast granted sal-va-tion to me, What wilt thou have me to do?
2. Since I am sav'd by the Cru-ci-fied One, What wilt thou have me to do?
3. Par - don is granted thro' him who hath died, What wilt thou have me to do?
4. Read - y and willing thy voice to o - bey, What wilt thou have me to do?

From Satan's bondage at last I am free, What wilt thou have me to do?
I would point others to God's on-ly Son, What wilt thou have me to do?
I am so hap-py with thee at my side, What wilt thou have me to do?
Bid me to fol-low thee day un-to day, What wilt thou have me to do?

CHORUS. *Faster.*

What wilt thou have me to do? Where wilt thou have me to go?

Jesus, my Master, thy will shall be mine, What wilt thou have me to do?

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28 Hallelujah for the Blood.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Hal- le - lu - jah for the blood, for the sin-cleans-ing fountain, For the
2. Hal- le - lu - jah for the blood; sing for joy, all ye na-tions, And re -
3. Hal- le - lu - jah for the blood: hal - le - lu - jah for - ev - er, We shall

Lamb has been slain, and the ran-som price paid; Ful - ly cancelled was the
joice that the work of re-demp-tion is done, Here is par - don free for
sing it a - new in the king-dom of God, Where the an-thems of de -

debt, when on Cal- va - ry's mountain All the sins of this world up - on
all, and a per-fect sal - va - tion Thro' the sin-cleansing blood of the
light shall be si - lent, no, nev - er, Ev - er - more hal- le - lu-jah for

p CHORUS.

Je - sus was laid.
Cru - ci - fied One.
Christ and the blood.
} There was no arm to save, there was no eye to pit - y,

cres. *mf*

Un-til Je - sus our Sav-iour from glo - ry came down; He was mighty to

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Hallelujah for the Blood.—Concluded.

save, he was strong to de - liv - er, He has brought us sal - va- tion, a

f

robe and a crown. Hal-le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, sing the triumphant

strain; Hal - le - lu - jah, for the blood and the Lamb that was slain.

29 I'm Believing, and Receiving.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Sins of years are wash'd a - way, Blackest stains be - come as snow,
2. Doubts and fears are borne a - long On the cur- rent's cease-less flow;
3. Ease and wealth be - come as dross, Worthless, earth's de-light and show;
4. Sel - fish- ness is lost in love, Love for him whose love you know;

Cho.—I'm be - liev - ing and re-ceiv-ing, While I to the fountain go;

Dark-est night is chang'd to day, When I to the fountain go.
Sor- row chang-es in - to song, When I to the fountain go.
All my boast is in the cross, When I to the fountain go.
All my treas - ure is a - bove, When I to the fountain go.

And my heart the waves are cleansing Whiter than the driv- en snow.

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30 Sunshine and Rain.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Had we on - ly sunshine all the year a-round, With-out the bless-ing
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For him who bore the
3. Can we prize the sunshine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin-ing when the

of re-fresh-ing rain,
bur - den of our sin,
days are dark and drear?

refreshing rain,

Would we scatter seed up-on the
Would we know the sweetness of his
Can we hope for pleasures yet de-

Would we scat - ter seed

fal - low ground, And hope to gath - er flow- ers, fruit and grain?
love and care, Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win?
ny the pain, Or share the joys of life with-out the tear?

CHORUS.

{ Sun-shine and rain, re- fresh-ing, re - viv- ing rain, Light of faith and
{ Sun-shine and rain, to nour-ish the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the

love, Show- ers from a - bove! (*Omit*.....
(*Omit*.....) sun-shine and the rain. }

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31 Will I Empty-Handed Be?

REV. NEAL A. MCAULAY. JOHN P. HILLIS.

1. Will I emp - ty hand- ed be When be- side the crys - tal sea
2. When the har - vest days are past, Shall I hear him say at last,
3. When the books are o - pen'd wide, And the deeds of all are tried,

I shall stand be - fore the ev - er - last - ing throne?.....
"Welcome, toil - er, I've pre - pared for thee a place?"....
May I have a rec - ord whi - ter than the snow.....

Must I have a heart of shame As I an- swer to my name,
Shall I bring him gold - en sheaves, Ripen'd fruit, not fad - ed leaves,
When my race on earth is run, May I hear him say, "Well done,

With no works that my Re- deem-er there can own?.....
When I see the bless- ed Sav-iour face to face?.....
Take the crown that Love im - mor- tal doth be - stow."....

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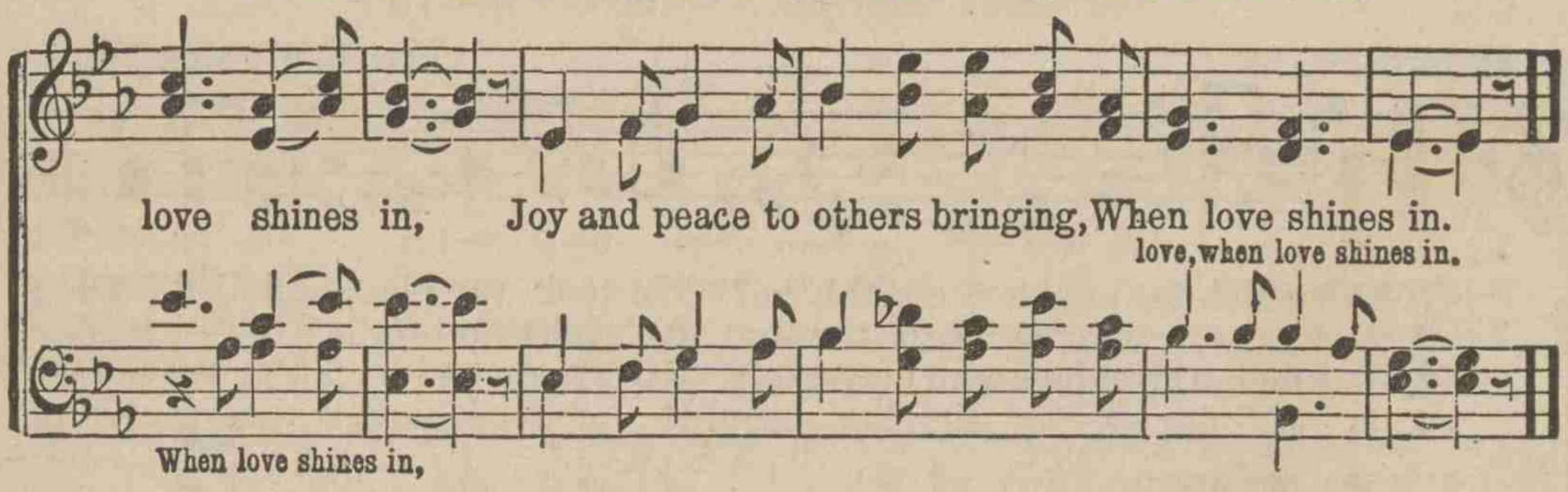
32 When Love Shines In.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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When Love Shines In. Concluded.



33 O, Steal Away Softly to Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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34 The Greatest Thing is Love.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. O matchless love, how could it be? He took my place and died for me;
2. In ev - 'ry land be-neath the sun, It makes us brothers, ev - 'ry one,
3. It makes all things with joy replete, Makes strong the heart, life's cares to meet,
4. It sti - fles ev - 'ry sigh and moan, It melt-eth hardest hearts of stone,

I from the bro- ken law go free, Thro' love, won-der- ful love.
Thro' Christ the "well be - lov - ed Son," This love, won-der- ful love.
Turns sor - row's bit - ter in - to sweet, This love, won-der- ful love.
It break-eth ev - 'ry bar- rier down, This love, won-der- ful love.

CHORUS.

The great- est thing in earth be - low Is love.....
won - der - ful love,

The great - est thing the an - gels know Is love.....
won - der - ful love,

The great - est grace in God's own heart Is love,.....
won - der - ful love,

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The Greatest Thing is Love.—Concluded.



5 The stripes that should on me been laid,
He bore, and suffered in my stead,
Like as the lamb to slaughter led,
Through love, wonderful love.

6 Where souls in sin and sadness droop,
We go with him, and gladly stoop
To lift a fallen brother up,
Through love, wonderful love.

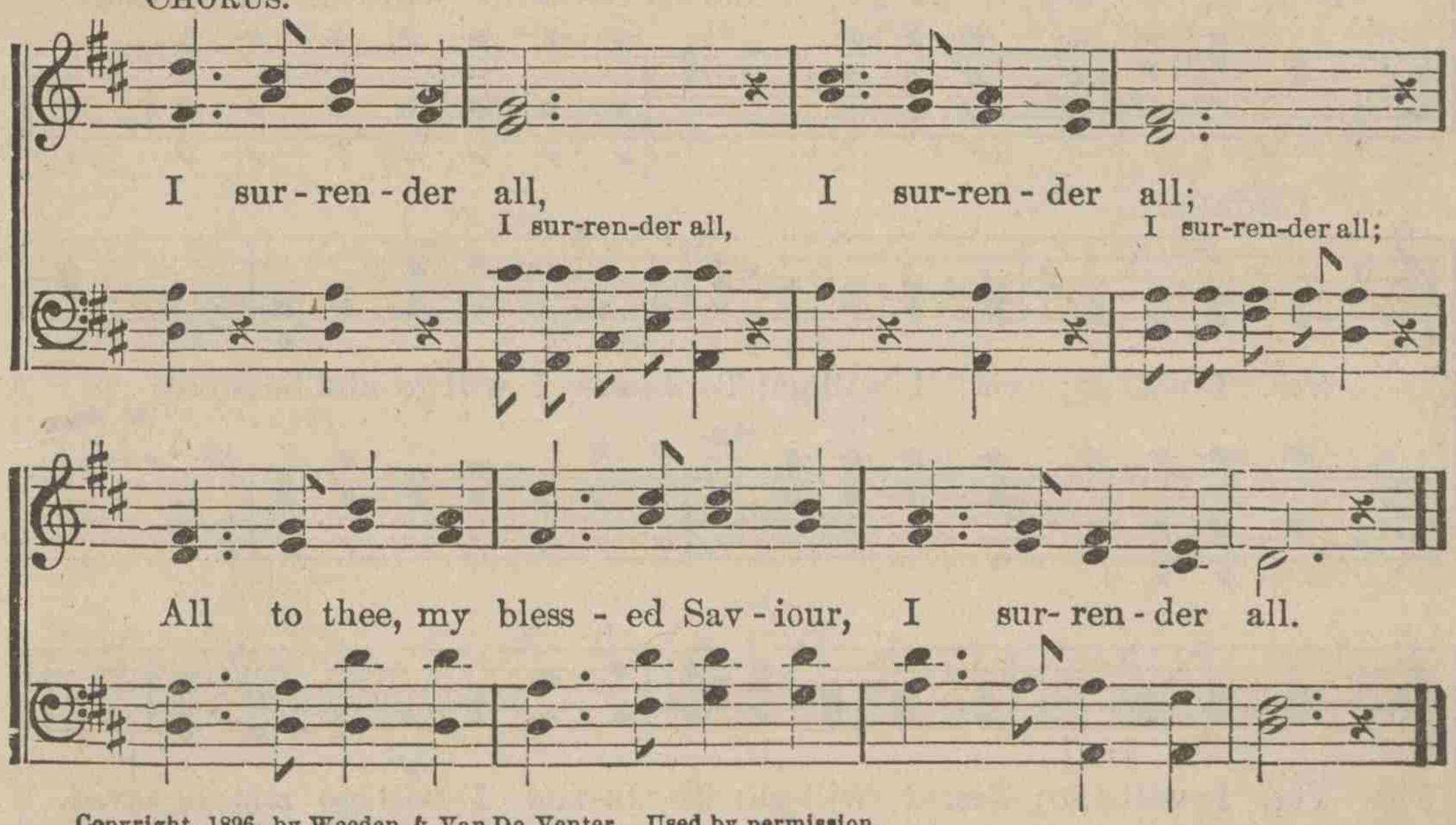
35 I Surrender All.

(DUET.)

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.



Chorus.



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4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to thee;
Fill me with thy love and power,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to his name!

36 To Jesus I Will Go.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (Ps. 27: 8.) W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a gen-tle voice with-in calls a - way, (calls a - way,) 'Tis a
2. He has promised all my sins to for - give, (to for - give,) If I
3. I will try to bear the cross in my youth, (in my youth,) And be
4. Still the gen - tle voice with-in calls a - way, (calls a - way,) And its

warn-ing I have heard o'er and o'er: (o'er and o'er,) But my heart is melt-ed
ask in sim-ple faith for his love: (for his love,) In his ho - ly word I
faith-ful to its cause till I die; (in the truth,) If with cheerful step I
warning I have heard o'er and o'er: (o'er and o'er,) But my heart is melt- ed

now, I o - bey; (I o - bey;) From my Saviour I will wan-der no more.
learn how to live, (how to live,) And to la - bor for his kingdom a-bove.
walk in the truth, (in the truth,) I shall wear a star- ry crown by and by.
now, I o - bey; (I o - bey;) From my Saviour I will wan-der no more.

CHORUS.

Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved;

Yes, I will go; Yes, I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved.

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37 Jesus is Mighty to Save.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. When the tempests rage and the storms beat high There is ref-uge near, and a shel-ter nigh; He who calm'd the winds and the roll-ing wave Is Je - ho - vah
2. Not a cloud so dark but his love shines thro', Not a shade so deep but his face we view; For his arm is strong and his heart is kind, All who in him
3. Not a teardrop falls but the Saviour knows, And his great heart throbs with our bit - ter woes; For he knows our flesh and our fee-ble frame, Ev-ery pang we
4. Nev-er yet in vain has a sin-ner cried, Never yet in vain was the blood applied; Who-so-ev - er will may in him be blest, Who-so - ev - er

CHORUS.

still and is strong to save.
trust shall a Sav - iour find.
feel, he has known the same.
will find a per - fect rest.

Mighty to save and strong to de-liv-er,
Mighty to save and strong to de - liv - er, Je-sus
Je-sus is mighty to save;
Might-y to save and
is might - y, yes, might - y to save; He is
strong to de - liv - er,
Je - sus is might-y to save.
Je - sus is might - y, yes, might-y to save.

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38 He Brought Me Out.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY.
CHO. BY H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. My heart was distress'd 'neath Je-ho-vah's dread frown, And low in the pit where my sins dragg'd me down; I cried to the Lord from the deep mi-ry clay, Who ten-der-ly brought me out to gold-en day.
2. He placed me up-on the strong Rock by his side, My steps were es-tab-lished and here I'll a-bide; No dan-ger of fall-ing while here I re-main, But stand by his grace un-til the crown I gain.
3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise, By day and by night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's o-ver-flow-ing, I'm hap-py and free. I'll praise my Re-deem-er, who has res-cued me.
4. I'll sing of his won-der-ful mer-cy to me, I'll praise him till all men his good-ness shall see; I'll sing of sal-va-tion at home and a-broad, Till man-y shall hear the truth and trust in God.

CHORUS.

He brought me out of the mi-ry clay, He set my feet on the Rock to stay;
He puts a song in my soul to-day, A song of praise, hal-le-lu-jah!

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39 Sunlight.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.

1. I wandered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gath-er in the sky, And bil- lows round me roll,
3. While walking in the light of God, I sweet com-mun- ion find;
4. I cross the wide ex- tend - ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see him as he is, The Light that came to me;

And with the sun- light of his love Bid all my dark - ness flee.
How- ev - er dark the world may be I've sun- light in my soul.
I press with ho - ly vig - or on And leave the world be - hind.
And in the sun- light of his love I reap the gold - en grain.
Be - hold the brightness of his face, Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.

Chorus.

Sun-light, sunlight, in my soul to- day, Sun - light, sun- light,
to-day, yes
all a - long the way, Since the Sav - iour found me,
nar - row way,
took a- way our sin, I have had the sunlight of his love with- in.
load of sin,

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40 As White as Snow.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O - ver the plains and hill - sides Lies the un- trod - den snow,
2. Glo-ri-ous the trans - for- ma - tion—Sins that like scar - let glow,
3. Beau- ti - ful type he giv - eth, What is so white as snow?

Marr'd by no hu - man foot- print, Fair in the noon- tide glow.
E'en tho' they be as crim - son, "They shall be white as snow."
Naught but the sin-stain'd spir - it Wash'd in the crim - son flow.

Oft as it lies be - fore me Com - eth the word of light
Nev - er a word more bless - ed Comes to the heart of sin.
Soon with the saints in glo - ry, Clad in fair robes of light,

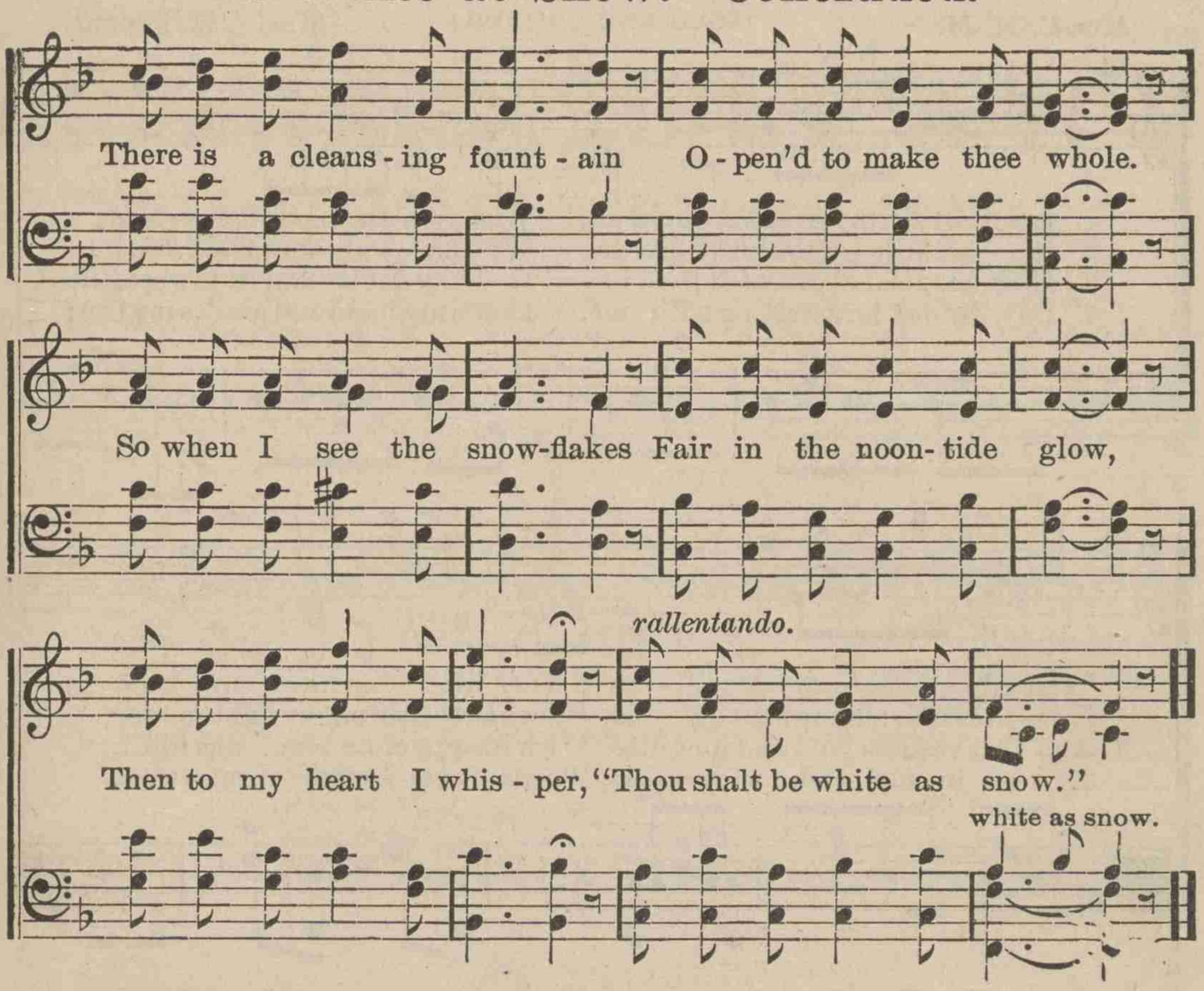
Un - to my sin-stain'd spir - it, "Scar - let shall be as white."
Fly to the cleans- ing fount- ain, "Wash you and make you clean."
We shall re - peat the sto - ry, "Je - sus hath made us white."

CHORUS.

Won-der- ful word of prom - ise Un - to the sin - ful soul:

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As White as Snow.—Concluded.



41 Cleansing Wave.

PHOEBE PALMER. MRS. J. F. KNAPP. By per.



2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin, [white
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know.
My Jesus crucified.

42 Mine Eyes Beheld the King.

Mrs. C. H. M. (SOLO AND CHORUS.) Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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Mine Eyes Beheld the King.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



For mine eyes.....beheld the King, For mine eyes.....beheld the King;.....
When mine eyes...beheld the King, When mine eyes...beheld the King;.....
When mine eyes...beheld the King, When mine eyes...beheld the King;.....
And I still.....behold the King, And I still.....behold the King;.....



For mine eyes beheld the King, For mine eyes beheld the King;



At his feet..... I fell and worshipped. For mine eyes beheld the King.
All the earth.... took on new beau - ty, When mine eyes beheld the King.
I be - came.... an heir of heav - en, When mine eyes beheld the King.
For I'm liv - - ing in his pres-ence, And I still be-hold the King.



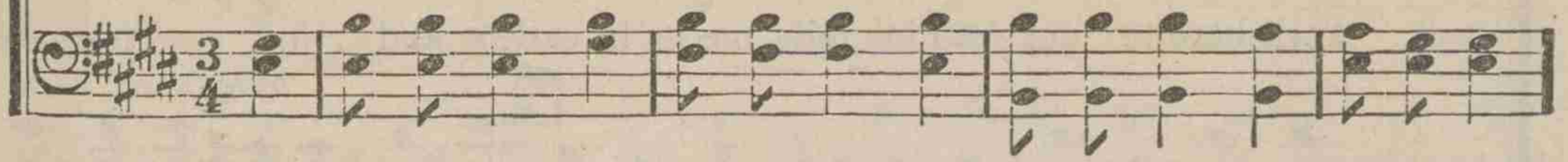
At his feet

43 My Saviour.

DORA GREENWELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

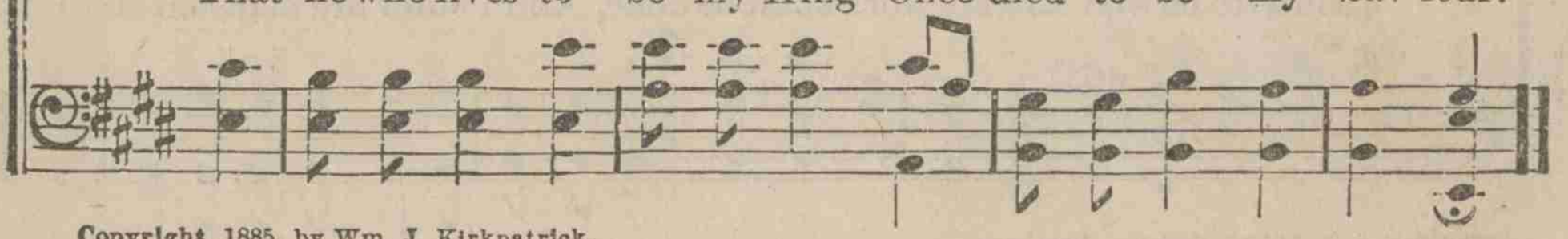


1. I am not skill'd to understand What God hath will'd, what God hath plann'd;
2. I take him at his word in-deed: "Christ died for sinners," this I read;
3. That he should leave his place on high, And come for sin - ful man to die,
4. And O! that he ful-filled may see The tra-vail of his soul in me,
5. Yea, liv-ing, dy - ing, let me bring My strength, my so- lace from this spring,





I on - ly know at his right hand Stands One who is my Sav-iour!
For in my heart I find a need Of him to be my Sav-iour!
You count it strange?—so once did I, Be - fore I knew my Sav-iour!
And with his work con-tent - ed be, As I with my dear Sav-iour!
That he who lives to be my King Once died to be my Sav-iour!



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44 Waiting, But Working.

E. RICHMOND. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I am thinking to- day Of a mansion above, By the side of the riv - er so fair; Where the streets are of gold, And we never grow old, O the
2. I am singing the songs That they sing over there, I am praising the Lord that I love; But I long to be free And his glo- ry to see, With the
3. I've a crown o-ver there, I am longing to wear, When the burdens of life shall be o'er; With the crosses all past, With my loved ones at last, I shall

CHORUS.

joy of a home o - ver there! blood-washed in heaven a - bove. rest on that heaven - ly shore. } But the Master says, Stay, There is work here to do, And he tells me he'll call by and by; There are souls to be won Ere my work shall be done, And I enter my mansion on high.

by and by;

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45 Roll it Off.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Roll it off on Je - sus, All thy load of sin; He will lift it from thee,
2. Roll it off on Je - sus, Ev - 'ry pressing grief; He will sweetly comfort,
3. Roll it off on Je - sus, Ev - 'ry heart-request; Bring him thy pe-ti- tions,

Breathing peace within; Ev - 'ry haunting mem'ry, Ev - 'ry gloom-y fear,
He will give re- lief; Pre-cious con - so - la - tion Com- eth from a- bove,
For he know-eth best; He who marks thy pathway, He who bears thy care

CHORUS.

Bring to him, thy Saviour, He is ev - er near.
There is grace to help us In his wondrous love.
Hath the pow'r and wisdom, He will answer pray'r.
} Roll it off, roll it off, Too great for thee to bear; Roll it off, roll it off, All thy load of care;

Roll it off on Je - sus, Lean up-on his breast, He is calling, "Come and rest."

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46 It's Just Like His Great Love.

EDNA R. WORRELL. CLARENCE B. STROUSE.

1. A friend I have call'd Je- sus Whose love is strong and true, And nev- er
2. Sometimes the clouds of trouble Be - dim the sky a - bove, I can-not
3. When sorrow's clouds o'ertake me, And break upon my head, When life seems
4. O I could sing for - ev - er Of Je - sus' love di - vine, Of all his

fails how-e'er 'tis tried, No mat - ter what I do. I've sinn'd against this
see my Saviour's face, I doubt his wondrous love. But he from heav-en's
worse than use - less, And I were bet - ter dead; I take my grief to
care and ten-derness For this poor life of mine. His love is in, and

love of his, But when I knelt to pray Con - fess - ing all my
mer - cy- seat Be - hold - ing my de - spair, In pit - y bursts the
Je - sus then, Nor do I go in vain, For heav'n- ly hope he
o - ver all, And wind and waves o - bey, When Je - sus whis- pers

guilt to him, The sin-clouds roll'd a - way.
clouds between, And shows me he is there.
gives that cheers, Like sunshine af - ter rain.
"Peace be still" And rolls the clouds a- way.

CHORUS.

It's just like Je - sus to roll the clouds a- way, Its just like Je - sus to keep me day by day,

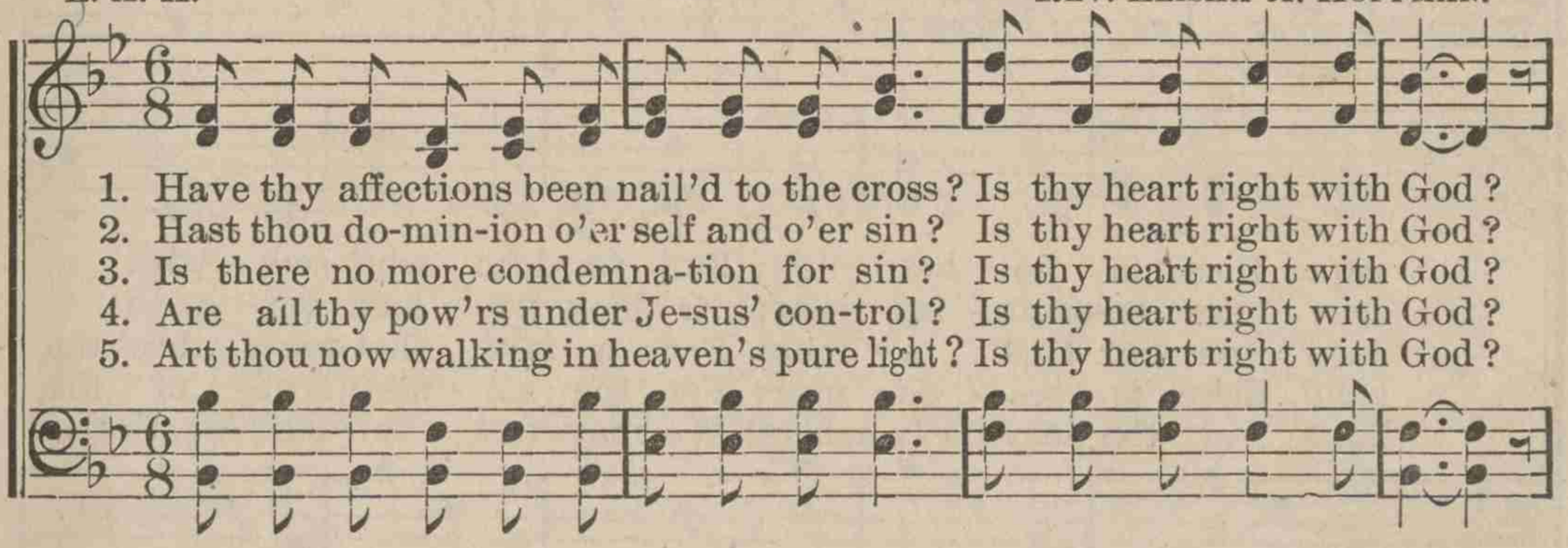
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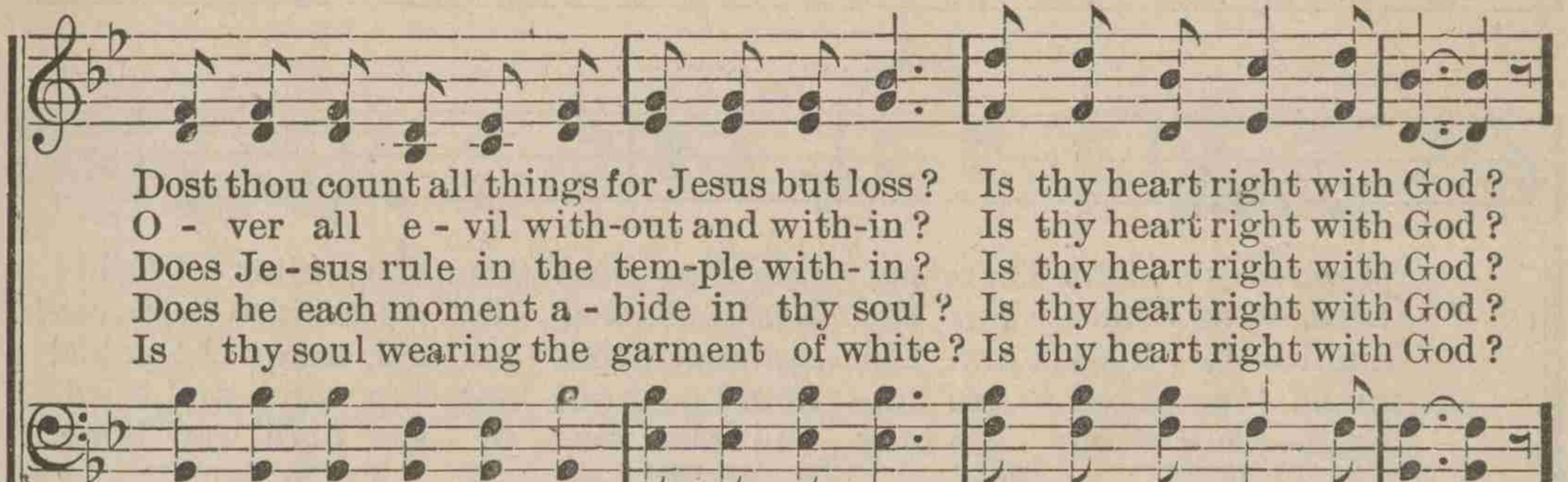
It's Just Like His Great Love.—Concluded.



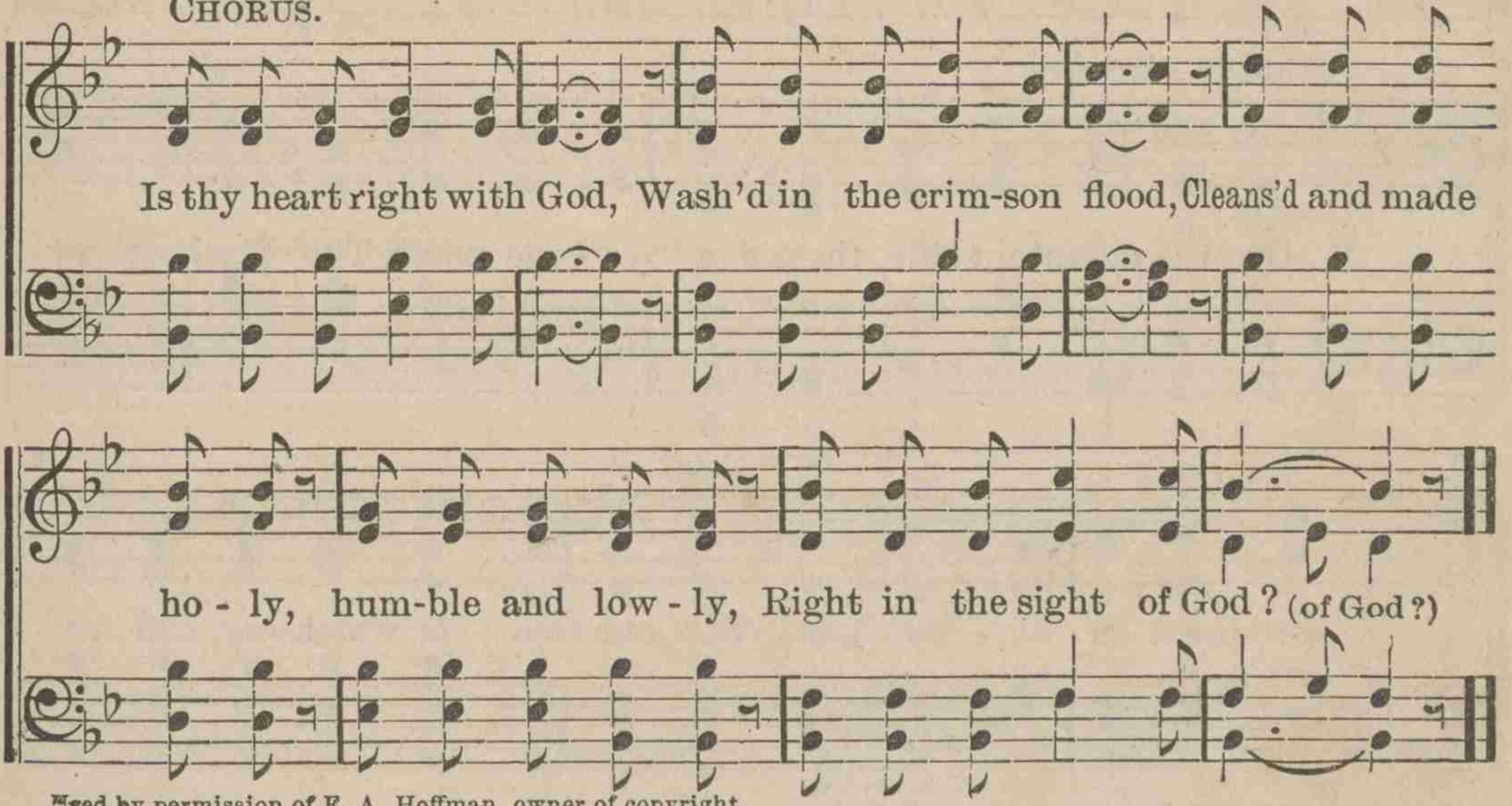
47 Is Thy Heart Right With God?

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.





CHORUS.



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There's a Rescue Band.

"I pray thee open his eyes, that he may see, * * * And behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."—*2 Kings 6: 17.*

S. C. KIRK. CHO. BY H. L. G. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. All a - lone! O yes, to the out - ward eye There is no es -
2. In our earth - ly tents we are lodg - ers here, And the hosts of
3. When the heart is low and the sun - light flown, O for faith to
4. Does the foe press hard? do not doubt nor fear: There is help at
5. Liv - ing close to God, in a vis - ion clear We may see these

cape; there is no help nigh; But to him who sees with a
sin are en-camp - ing near; O look up, look up, with a
lean on our God a - lone; For a faith that peers thro' the
hand, there is res - cue near; For the un - seen hosts of the
hosts of the heav'n - ly sphere! We may rest se - cure 'neath their

cres.

proph - et's sight There's a might-y host from the realms of light!
trust se - rene, For the Lord our God is en-camped be-tween!
night - ly folds, And the lights of the an - gel camp be-holds!
might - y Lord Are a - round a - bout keep- ing watch and ward.
shelt - 'ring wing; We may win the foe to the Lord our King.

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

On the mountain side, there's a res - cue band; Tho' the hosts of
sin press on ev - 'ry hand, For our God is watch-ing, and at

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There's a Rescue Band.—Concluded.

his command, Sweep the fire - clad le-gions from the un - seen land.

49 "Thine Inheritance."

REV. GRANT S. POLLOCK.

G. S. P. Joshua 14: 9. *Arr. by H. L. G.*

1. O tremb -ling soul, thy Lord is near, To lead thee all the way, A-bove the mists of doubt and fear, Let faith pre-vail to - day.
2. Thy por - tion by thy Fath-er's hand Has been pre-pared for thee Go up at once, "possess the land" And thine 'twill surely be.
3. Thy God shall gird thee with his might, To con - quer ev - 'ry foe; The en - e - my shall take his flight, And vic-'try thou shalt know.
4. Thy soul shall on His boun-ty feed, Ex - haust - less is the store; There's full supply for ev - 'ry need, A - bundance ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

That have I giv - en to thee, That have I giv - en to thee.

Ritard. ad lib.....

Ev- 'ry place where thy foot shall tread, That have I giv-en to thee.

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50 To the Rescue.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. To the res-cue! to the res-cue! Souls are drift-ing with the tide;
2. Who will tell of this sal-va-tion, Bless-ed life-boat close at hand,
3. Some are conscious of their dan-ger And for suc-cor loud-ly cry;
4. Hu-man wrecks are all a-bout us, Vic-tims of the tempter's pow'r;

On-ward tow'rd the rocks be-fore them With the cur-rent swift they glide.
Ere their barks are wreck'd and scatter'd Far and near up-on the strand?
Cut the shore-lines, hast-en to them Ere in sin they sink and die.
O the joy be-yond all tell-ing Could we res-cue one this hour!

mf CHORUS.

Farther and farther a-way!.... Farther and far-ther a-way!....
drifting away, drifting away,

cres.

With the cur-rent drift-ing by, To the res-cue quickly fly,
With the current drifting, drifting by, To the rescue quickly, quickly fly,

God will help us if we try, Help to save some one to-day.
God will help us if we on-ly try,

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51 Jesus Stood on the Shore.

H. L. G. John 21: 4. H. L. Gilmour.

1. Je - sus stood on the shore, when the morning came, Appearing to his
2. Je - sus stood by the way, when the beg-gar blind, For mercy cried thro'
3. Je - sus stood by the grave of the friend he lov'd, And showed his res-ur-
4. Je - sus stand-eth to-day at the mer - cy seat, Our Ad-vo-cate with

friends once more, The be - lov - ed dis-ci - ple knew the Lord, Who
na-ture's night, As he cast down his garments at his feet, By
rec - tion pow'r; Quickly gave the command "come forth, come forth" Un-
God a - bove; Shows his nail-pierc- ed hands, and plead-ing stands, Un -

Chorus.

lov'd him as in days of yore.
faith he there re-ceived his sight.
loose, and let him go this hour.
chang- ing in his won-drous love.

} Je - sus stands on the shore to-

day, to-day, Helping struggling souls by the way, by the way, On the

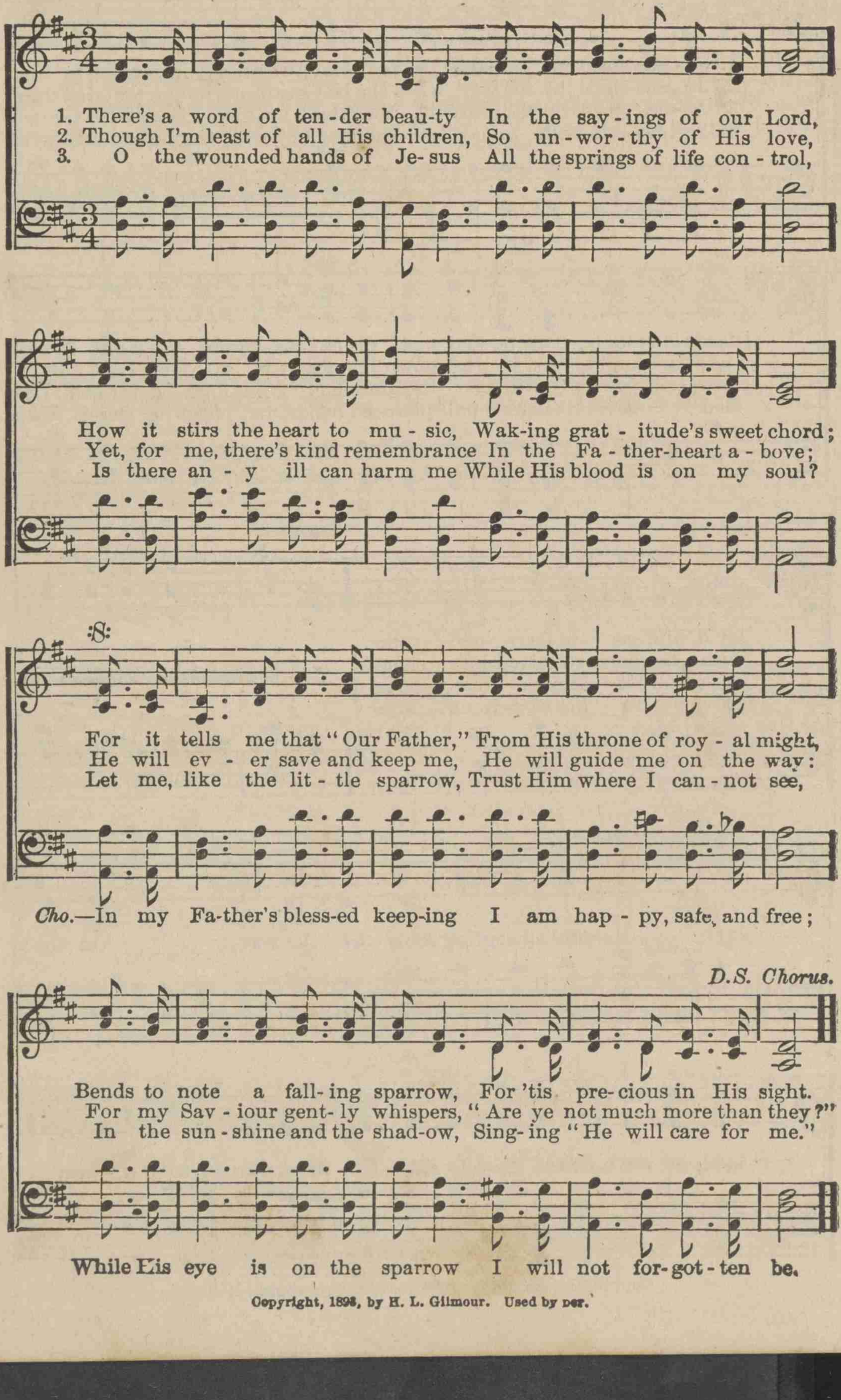
land, or wave, Je-sus waits to save, He never turns a soul a - way.

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52 Not One Forgotten.

Not one of them is forgotten before God."—LUKE 12: 6.

E. E. HEWITT. H. L. GILMOUR.



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No. 53. I Cannot Drift Beyond Thy Love.

"I know not where his islands lift their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift beyond his love and care."—*Whittier.*

IDA L. REED. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



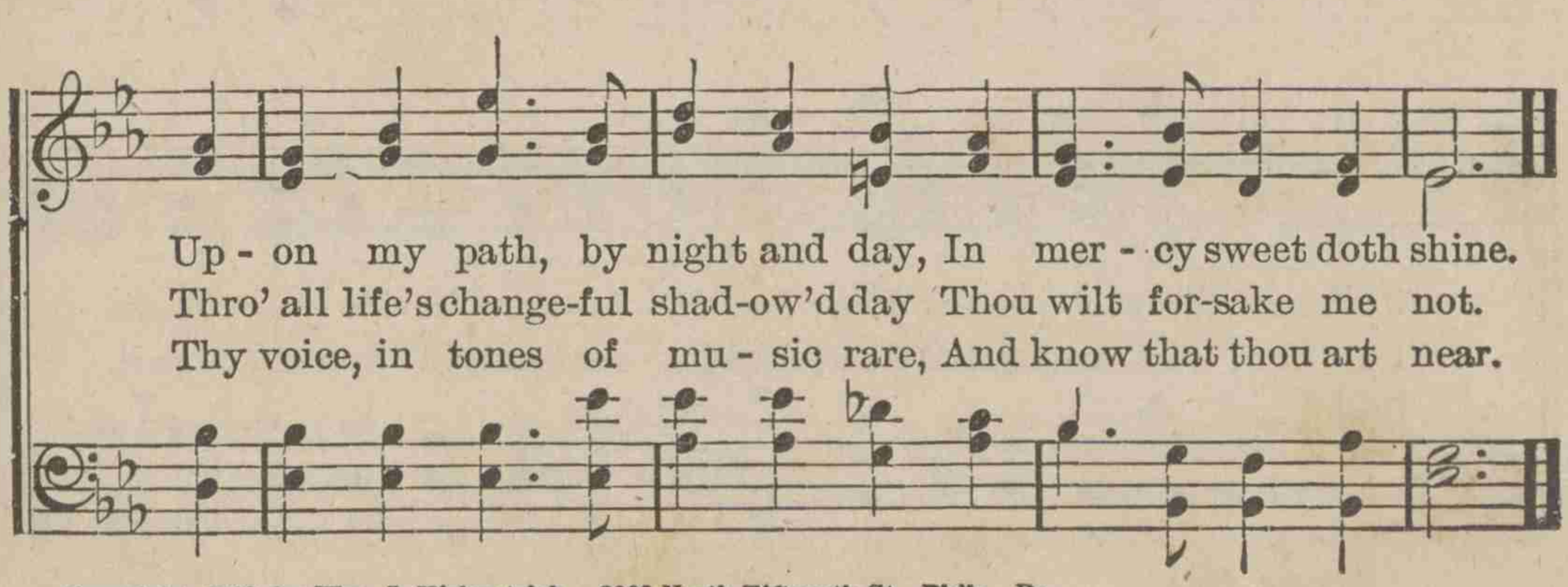
1. I can - not drift be- yond thy love, Be - yond thy ten - der care;
2. I can - not drift be- yond thy sight, Dear Lord, the thought is sweet;
3. I can - not drift a - way from thee, No mat - ter where I go;



Wher-e'er I stray, still from a - bove Thine eye be- holds me there.
Thy lov - ing hand will guide a - right My wea - ry, wand'ring feet.
Still thy dear love doth glad - den me, Thou all my way dost know.



I can - not drift so far a - way But what thy love di - vine
When rough and dark my lone - ly way, I shall not be for - got;
Wher-e'er I jour - ney thou art there, In wind and wave I hear



Up - on my path, by night and day, In mer - cy sweet doth shine.
Thro' all life's change-ful shad-ow'd day Thou wilt for-sake me not.
Thy voice, in tones of mu - sic rare, And know that thou art near.

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54 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur - i-ty now that you sigh, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;

If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
Find what a Friend he will be unto you, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.

Chorus.

Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject him no more;
5th v. Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re - ject - ing no more;

Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
Just now, I o - pen the door; And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.

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55 For You and For Me.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. *p* *m*

1. Soft - ly and tender-ly Je-sus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me.
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and par-don, Pardon for you and for me.

m CHORUS. *cres.*

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home;....
Come home, come home,

p *pp* *rit.* *p*

Earnestly, tender-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

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56 Nailed to the Cross.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. (DUET) GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Ad lib.

1. There was One who was will-ing to die in my stead, That a
2. He is ten - der and lov- ing and pa - tient with me, While he
3. I will cling to my Sav-iour and nev - er de - part— I will

soul, so unworth- y, might live, And the path to the cross he was
cleanses my heart of its dross, But "there's no con-dem- na - tion"—I
joy - ful - ly jour- ney each day, With a song on my lips and a

CHORUS.

will- ing to tread, All the sins of my life to forgive.
know I am free, For my sins are all nail'd to the cross.
song in my heart, That my sins have been taken away.
} They are nail'd to the cross,

pp

They are nail'd to the cross, O how much he was willing to bear, With what

rit.

anguish and loss, Jesus went to the cross! And he carried my sins with him there.

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57 Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. H. DOANE.

Gently, with feeling.

1. Some day the sil- ver cord will break, And earthly dreams and vigils cease;
2. Some day for me my Lord shall call, With gentle whis - per in my ear;
3. O, when shall break life's silver cord, And when the morn of morns I see,

rit.

My spir- it will its clay for- sake, And find the ha- ven-land of peace.
The sil- ver cord will loose and fall, When I his ten-der voice shall hear.
With friends I love, my King and Lord At heaven's gate shall welcome me.

CHORUS. *Slower.*

The sil - ver cord some day will break, And I to

sil- ver cord will break,

end - - less joys a - wake; O then for me

end- less, end - less, me, for me

rit.

shall life be done, E - ter - nal life and heav'n be won!

be done,

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58 Will You Be One?

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS,

1. Have you giv'n your heart to Je - sus, do you now to him be- long?
2. Will you be a - mong the num-ber who their golden sheaves will bring
3. Will you be a - mong the num-ber of the sol-diers brave and true
4. As the vir - gins wise were waiting, are you watching day and night

Will you be a - mong the num-ber of the hap-py blood-wash'd throng
To the feet of their Re-deem-er and u - nite to crown him King,
Who, in spite of all a-gainst them, with their Lord are go-ing through?
For the com- ing of the Bridegroom, with your lamps all trimm'd and bright;

Who a - round God's throne forev- er sing the hal - le - lu - jah song?
Join- ing in the shouts of triumph mak'ng heav-en's arch - es ring?
Will you gath- er in the homeland at that glo-rious, grand re- view?
Read - y with the saints to gath-er dress'd in garments spot-less white?

CHORUS.

Will you, will you be one?..... Yes, by God's assisting grace I will
Will you be one? will you be one?

run the christian's race, And I'll be among the ransomed over there; In that
over there;

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Will You Be One?—Concluded.

city of delight where our faith is lost in sight, By the grace of God I'll meet you there.

59 Where Will You Spend Eternity?

M. H. M. MARY HUBBERT MUMFORD.

1. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? This ques-tion comes home to all,
2. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? Life's pleasures will soon be o'er;
3. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? Shall all with your soul be well?
4. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? The an- gels now bend to hear;
5. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? The dear ones, who've gone be- fore,

The old, the young, the rich, the poor, Must an-swer the sol- emn call.
Their songs and mirth will pass a - way, And leave you for - ev - er - more.
Say, will you en - ter Gates of Pearl, Or ev - er in dark-ness dwell?
O choose to - day a place of rest, With Je - sus, your Friend so dear.
With long - ing eyes your com-ing wait, O meet them on yon - der shore.

CHORUS.

Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? Do not the an-swer de - lay;

Ritardando.....

Shall all be darkness or marvellous light? Settle this question to - day.

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The Gospel Ship Zion.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. O - ver the wa - ters gal- lant- ly sail - ing, Rid- eth the good ship,
2. Broad are her decks and staunch are her tim - bers, Tempest and waves can
3. Mul - ti- tudes now have reached the blest har-bor Rescued from shipwreck,
4. Driv- en and tossed on life's troubled wa - ters, Sig - nal to Christ a -

trust - ed and true; Mill-ions on board are shipping for glo - ry,
nev - er o'er - whelm; Built to with-stand the bil- lows and break- ers,
safe on that shore, Still the old ship is gal- lant - ly sail - ing,
cross o - cean's foam; He is the Cap- tain of our sal - va - tion,

Chorus.

See they are beck'ning, calling for you.
Steady the hand that holdeth the helm.
Bearing her shout-ing mul-ti-tudes o'er.
Ready to save and pi- lot us home.

Hasten on board the gospel ship

Zi - on, Brave is her Cap - tain, trust - y her
Brave is her Cap - tain, trust - y, yes

crew,..... Mill-ions have land-ed safe - ly in glo - ry Now the re
trust- y her crew,

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The Gospel Ship Zion.—Concluded.

watch - ing, wait-ing for you;..... Make no de - lay - ing,
Now they are watch-ing, wait - ing, yes, waiting for you, ,Make no de-lay - ing,

quick-ly o - bey - ing, Trust the old ship, she'll car - ry you through.
quickly o-bey-ing,

61 C. H. M. Yes, Dear Lord.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Long my wilful heart said "no" To Jesus' ten-der plead-ing; Now I long his
2. Bring-ing all I am and have In humble conse-cra-tion, Trusting in the
3. Giv-ing o'er my doubts and fears And all my useless trying, Trusting not my
4. Yes, dear Lord, in life or death, With thee all good possessing, Not by feel-ing,

CHORUS.

love to know, My stubborn will is yielding.
blood, I claim This ut-termost sal-va - tion.
pray'rs or tears, But on thy word rely - ing.
but by faith, I take the promis'd blessing.
} Yes, dear Lord, Yes, dear Lord, Here I

give myself to thee; I be-lieve, I be-lieve, The blood avails for me.

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62 Give Me Thy Heart.

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E. E. HEWITT. ANNIE F. BOURNE.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Father a - bove, No gift so precious to him as our love, Soft - ly he whis- pers wher- ev - er thou art,
2. "Give me thy heart," says the Saviour of men, Call-ing in mer - cy a gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,
3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spirit di - vine, "All that thou hast, to my keep- ing re - sign: Grace more a - bound- ing is mine to im - part,

CHORUS.

"Grate- ful-ly trust me, and give me thy heart."
Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart."
Make full sur - ren- der and give me thy heart."
} "Give me thy heart,

p

Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wher- ev-er thou art; From this dark world, he would draw thee a-part, Speaking so ten- der- ly, "Give me thy heart."

Rit.

63 Someone is Waiting.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. H. P. DANKS.

1. Some-one is wait- ing for words you may say, Speak them be -
2. Some-one in dark-ness is watch - ing your light, O let it
3. Some-one is long- ing for help you can lend, Hast - en, to -

fore too late:.... Someone is looking to find the true way;
ne'er grow dim!.... Shine for the Mas- ter with ra - di-ance bright,
day, be true!.... Tell of the Sav-iour, he is a true friend,

Lead-ing to heav-en's gate.....
Souls will be led to him.....
Tell what he did for you.....

Some-one is wait-ing, yes,

wait-ing to - day, Hast- en, O Christian! no lon - ger de - lay,

Someone is waiting for words you can say: Speak them before too late.

too late.

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64 The Open Fountain.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. M

1. O-pened in the house of Da - vid, For un-cleanness and for sin,
2. Still there's vir-tue in the fount - ain, Still there's healing in the blood;
3. Tho' the love of God is bound- less, Tho' his grace is full and free;

Is a won-drous fount of heal - ing, Mill-ions now have entered in.
Tho' your sins be like a mount- ain, Plunge in - to the crimson flood.
If you still re - ject his mer - cy, Naught of good it brings to thee.

Here the sin - sick, lost and wretched, Here the halt and maim'd and blind.
Sink- ing deep - er in his mer - cy, Ev -'ry bur - den on him roll;
Un - to all who will ac - cept him, Life and love are free- ly giv'n;

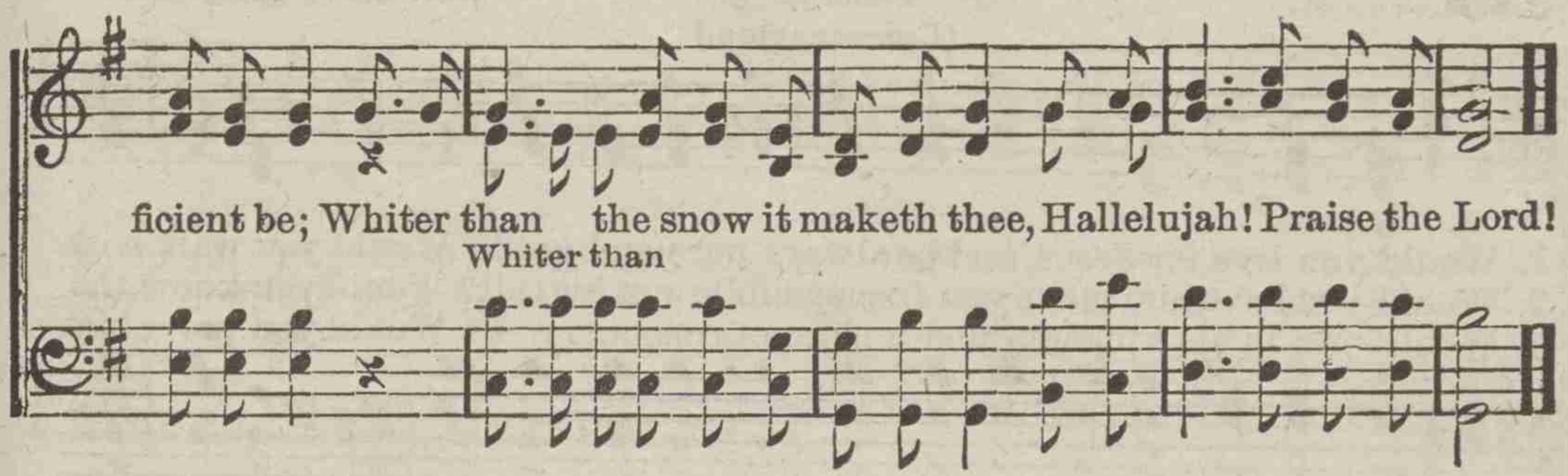
Plunge in - to the liv - ing wa - ters And a per - fect cleansing find.
Then go forth to tell the sto - ry A re-deem'd and ransom'd soul.
But to those who still re - ject him, Ban-ishment from Christ and heav'n.

CHORUS.

Let the cleans - ing blood flow o-ver thee, It will sure - ly all suf -
Let the cleansing It will surely

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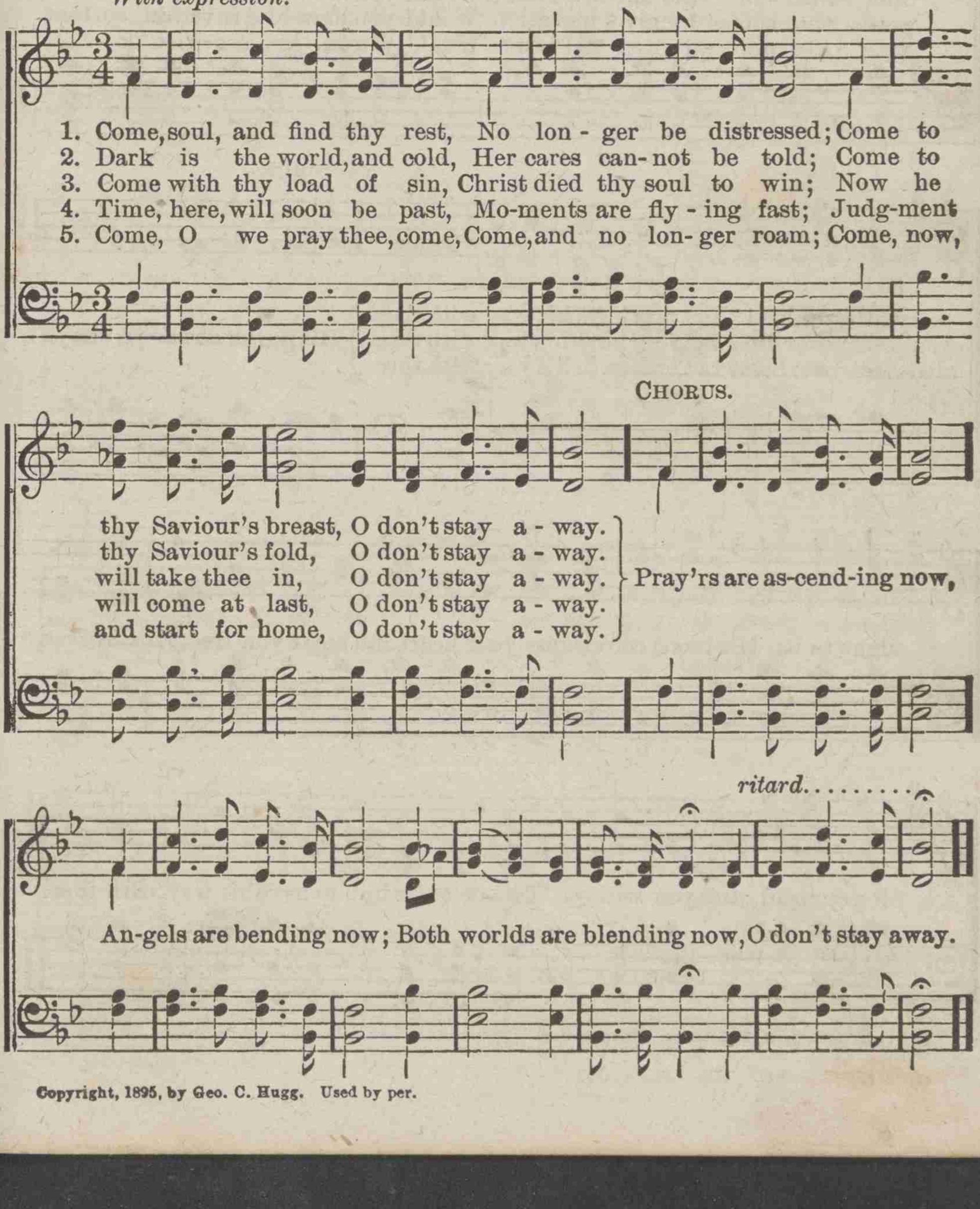
The Open Fountain.—Concluded.



65 O Don't Stay Away.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. REV. W. J. STUART, A. M.

With expression.



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66 His Way With Thee.

C. S. N. Psalm 37: 5. Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

(Consecration.)

1. Would you live for Jesus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with him with-in the nar-row road? Would you have him bear your burden,
2. Would you have him make you free, and follow at his call? Would you know the peace that comes by giv-ing all? Would you have him save you, so that
3. Would you in his kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove him true in prov-i-den-tial test? Would you in his ser-vice la-bor

Chorus.

carry all your load? Let him have his way with thee.
you need never fall? Let him have his way with thee.
always at your best? Let him have his way with thee

} His power can make you what you ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for him to have his way with thee.

rit.

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67 There'll Be No Night There.

IDA L. REED. REV. 27: 23, 25. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There'll be no night there, where God's children meet With the sav'd and blest, O the
2. There'll be no night there, neith-er death nor pain E'er can en - ter in with their
3. There'll be no night there, in that land of rest, On-ly light and love, end-less

thought is sweet! There'll be no night there, neither grief nor tears In the
som- bre train; Past the cit - y gates no more loss - es come, Not a
joys so blest; No more part-ing hours in that cit - y fair, But e -

CHORUS.

man- sions fair thro' the end-less years.
sigh, nor care reach our heav'nly home.
ter - nal life; there'll be no night there.
} There'll be no night there, in that

cit - y fair, For the Lamb is the light; there'll be no night there; There'll be

ritardando.....

no night there, there'll be no night there, Over in that home-land, no night there.

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68 Jesus Now is Calling.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. The Sav-iour comes to thee to - day; Je - sus now is call - ing;
2. He pa - tient- ly is wait-ing there, Je - sus now is call - ing;
3. His love has sought thy wand'ring feet, Je - sus now is call - ing;
4. He stands and knocks and bids thee rise, Je - sus now is call - ing;
5. He comes to bid thy strug- gles cease, Je - sus now is call - ing;
6. He longs to be thy con-stant Guest, Je - sus now is call - ing;

O turn him not in grief a - way, Je - sus calls thee now.
And longs to hear thy hum - ble pray'r, Je - sus calls thee now.
He calls in ac - cent soft and sweet, Je - sus calls thee now.
O do not still his call de - spise, Je - sus calls thee now.
He comes to give thee joy and peace, Je - sus calls thee now.
And guide thee on to home, and rest, Je - sus calls thee now.

CHORUS. (As sung by Mrs. Aura Smith)

Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing, is call - ing,
Je - sus now is call - ing, is call - ing, call - ing, call - ing,

Je - sus is call - ing, o- pen thy heart's door wide and let him in.
Je- sus now is call - ing,

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69 O Why Not To-Night?

ELIZABETH REED. J. CALVIN BUSHBY.

1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our God in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus his love re-quite
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to him their souls unite;

Poor sin-ner, hard-en not thy heart, Be saved, O to-night.
This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to-night.
Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to-night.
Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to-night.

CHORUS.

O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
O why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night?

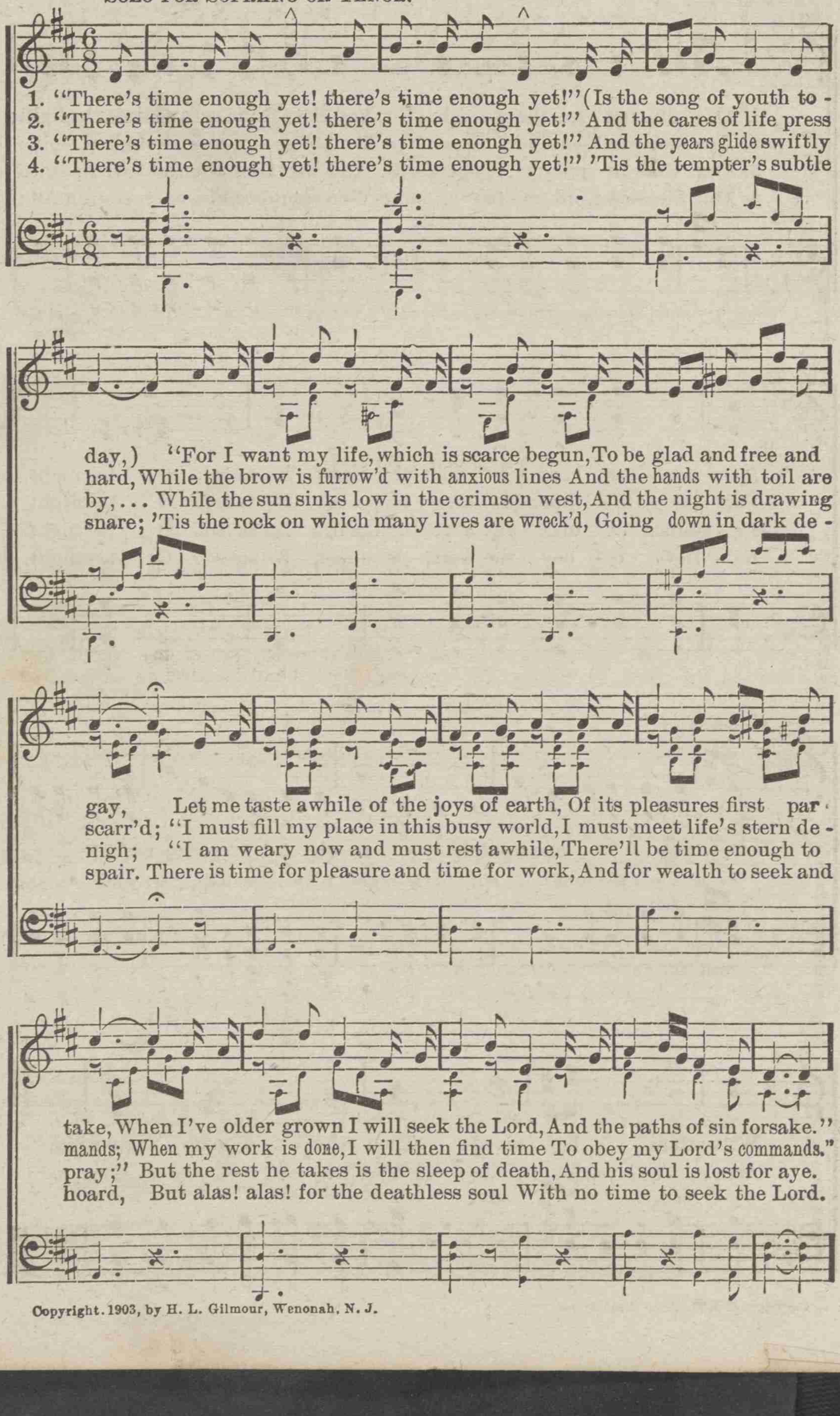
Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?

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70 There's Time Enough Yet.

C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

SOLO FOR SOPRANO OR TENOR.



1. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" (Is the song of youth to-day,) "For I want my life, which is scarce begun, To be glad and free and gay, Let me taste awhile of the joys of earth, Of its pleasures first par-take, When I've older grown I will seek the Lord, And the paths of sin forsake."
2. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" And the cares of life press hard, While the brow is furrow'd with anxious lines And the hands with toil are scarr'd; "I must fill my place in this busy world, I must meet life's stern de-mands; When my work is done, I will then find time To obey my Lord's commands."
3. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" And the years glide swiftly by, . . . While the sun sinks low in the crimson west, And the night is drawing nigh; "I am weary now and must rest awhile, There'll be time enough to pray;" But the rest he takes is the sleep of death, And his soul is lost for aye.
4. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" 'Tis the tempter's subtle snare; 'Tis the rock on which many lives are wreck'd, Going down in dark de-spair. There is time for pleasure and time for work, And for wealth to seek and hoard, But alas! alas! for the deathless soul With no time to seek the Lord.

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There's Time Enough Yet.—Concluded.

Then turn to the Lord, while 'tis call'd to-day, Lest this be thy vain re - gret,

rit.

That my soul is lost, and my life is wreck'd On the rock of "time enough yet."

71 Consecration.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to thee, A
2. O Je - sus, might-y Sav - iour, I trust in thy great name, I
3. O let the fire de-scend- ing, Just now up- on my soul, Con -
4. I'm thine, O bless - ed Je - sus, Wash'd by thy precious blood, Now

CHORUS.

con - se-crat- ed off'ring, Thine ev - er-more to be.
look for thy sal- va-tion, Thy promise now I claim.
sume my humble off'ring, And cleanse and make me whole.
seal me by thy Spir- it, A sac - ri- fice to God.

} My all is on the

Ritard.

al-tar, I'm waiting for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

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72 Make Me a Blessing To-day.

"Lord, bless me, and make me a blessing."—*Rev. D. B. Updegraff.*

REV. H. J. ZELLEY. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in thy way;
2. A - round me, Lord, are sin - ful men, Who scorn and dis - o - bey;
3. To those who once thy love have known, But now are far a - stray;
4. Some saints of thine are in dis-tress, And for de - liv-'rance pray;
5. What- ev - er er - rand thou hast, Lord, Send me, and I'll o - bey;

Inspire each tho't and prompt each word, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
Help me to lead them back to thee, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
O let me go and help them, Lord, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
Use me in an- y way thou wilt, And make me a bless-ing to - day.

CHORUS.

Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing, I'll gladly thy message con-vey;
Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a blessing to - day.

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73 His Grace Aboundeth More.

KATE ULMER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O what a won-der-ful Sav-iour In Je-sus my Lord I have found!
2. When a poor sin-ner he found me, No goodness to of-fer had I;
3. Nothing of mer-it pos-sess-ing, All helpless be-fore him I lay;
4. In him, my gracious Redeem-er, My Prophet, my Priest and my King;
5. How can I keep from re-joic-ing? I'll sing of the joy in my soul;

Tho' I had sins without num-ber, His grace un-to me did a-bound.
Oft-en his law I had bro-ken, And mer-it-ed naught but to die.
But in the precious blood flowing He wash'd all my sin-stains a-way.
Mer-cy I find and for-giveness, My all to his keeping I bring.
Praising the love of my Saviour, While years of E-ter-ni-ty roll.

CHORUS.

His grace a-bound-eth more, His grace a-bound-eth more,
and more,

Tho' sin a-bound-ed in my heart, His grace a-bound-eth more.

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74 On the Cross of Calvary.

C. F. O. Arr. by W. J. K.

1. On the cross of Cal - va - ry, Je- sus died for thee and me; There he
2. O what wondrous, wondrous love, Bro't me down at Jesus' feet! O such
3. Take me, Je - sus, I am thine, Wholly thine for- ev - er - more; Blessed
4. Clouds and darkness veil'd the sky, When the Lord was cru-ci-fied; "It is

shed his precious blood, That from sin we might be free. O the cleansing stream doth
wondrous, dy-ing love, Asks a sac - ri-fice complete! Lord, I give myself to
Je - sus, thou art mine, Dwell within forevermore. Cleanse, O cleanse my heart from
finish'd!" was his cry, When he bow'd his head and died. It was finish'd there for

flow, And it washes white as snow: It was for me that Je-sus died On the
thee, Soul and bod- y thine to be: It was for me thy blood was shed On the
sin, Make and keep me pure within: It was for this thy blood was shed On the
me; All the world may now go free: It was for me that Je-sus died On the

CHORUS. D.S.

cross of Cal-va- ry. On Calva-ry,..... on Cal-va-ry,.....It was for me
On Calvary, on Calva-ry.

cross of Cal-va- ry

75 My Saviour's Love.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I stand a-maz'd in the pres-ence Of Je-sus, the Naz-a-rene,
2. For me it was in the gar-den He pray'd, "Not my will but thine;"
3. In pit-y an-gels be-held him, And came from the world of light
4. When with the ransom'd in glo-ry, His face I at last shall see,

And won-der how he could love me, A sin-ner, condemn'd, unclean.
He had no tears for his own griefs, But sweat drops of blood for mine.
To com-fort him in the sor-rows He bore for my soul that night.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a-ges To sing of his love for me.

CHORUS.

How mar-vel-ous, how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev-er be:—
O how mar-vel-ous! O how won-der-ful!

How mar-vel-ous, how won-der-ful Is my Saviour's love for me!
O how mar-vel-ous, O how won-der-ful,

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76 I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav-iour, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

bur - dens a - lone; In my dis-tress he kind-ly will help me;
pas - sion-ate Friend; If I but ask him, he will de - liv - er,
bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and he will help me

CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for his own.
Make of my troub-les quickly an end.
He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus!

I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell

Rit.

Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone.

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77

Jesus Understands!

BIRDIE BELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Bow'd beneath your burden, is there none to share? Wea-ry with the jour-ney, is there none to care? Cour-age, way-worn trav - 'ler,
2. Ev - 'ry heav- y bur-den he will glad - ly share, Are you sad and wea - ry? Je - sus has a care; Well he knows the path - way
3. Tho' temptation meet you, Je-sus can sus - tain, Life has vex - ing problems which he can ex - plain; Serve him where he sends you
4. Wea- ry heart, he calls you, "Come to me and rest," Does the path grow rug - ged? yet his way is best; Leave the unknown fu - ture

:S: FINE.

heed your Lord's com-mands, There's a tho't to cheer you, Je-sus understands.
o'er life's burning sands, Courage, fainting pil-grim, Je-sus understands.
though in distant lands, Do not doubt or ques-tion, Je-sus understands.
in the Master's hands, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je-sus understands.

D. S.—in the Master's hand, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je-sus understands.

CHORUS.

Yes, he un- der-stands, All his ways are best. Hear, he calls to you, "Come to me and rest." Leave the unknown fu - ture

O yes, O hear,

D.S.

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78

Wanted.

C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Want-ed, want-ed, loy- al hearts are wanted, Faithful in the ser - vice
2. Want-ed, want-ed, tongues of fire are wanted, Con- se-cra- ted lips with
3. Want-ed, want-ed, helping hands are wanted, Willing hands to la - bor
4. Want-ed, want-ed, ho - ly lives are wanted, Showing un - to sin- ners

of our Lord and King; Hearts with true love burning, Hearts o'er sinners yearning,
Pen - te-cost a-flame; Free to tell the sto - ry Of his pow'r and glory,
an -y time or where; Fields with harvest bending, God his reapers sending,
Je-sus' pow'r to save; Freed from condemnation, Kept by his sal-va- tion,

CHORUS.

Seeking evermore the lost ones back to bring.
Glad to go a full sal-va-tion to pro- claim.
Who will go the precious golden sheaves to bear?
Spent in service here the lives he freely gave.

Out into the harvest field and
In the har - vest
labor while you may, Out into the harvest field, work while 'tis call'd to-day; Ye
la - bor while you may, In the har - vest while 'tis call'd to-day; Ye
loyal hearts and true, and lab'rers not a few, Wanted, wanted, the Lord hath need of you.

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79 "Bring Ye All the Tithes."

HELEN E. RASMUSSEN. Mal. 3: 10. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Hear the words of scripture from the a - ges past, "Bring ye all the
2. Do you seek to know the Ho - ly Spir-it's power? "Bring ye all the
3. Is there aught that stands between you and your Lord? "Bring ye all the
4. Lift your heart this moment: claim him Lord and King, As ye bring the
5. Let the anthems roll in grandeur thro' the skies, Having brought the

tithes into the storehouse," Make a con - se-cra-tion that will ev - er last,
tithes into the storehouse." Live in sweet communion with him hour by hour,
tithes into the storehouse."Bring them on con-ditions promised in his word,
tithes into the storehouse. Trust the blessed promise, and your praise shall ring,
tithes into the storehouse; Joy - ous hal - le-lu-jah's from our hearts a-rise

CHORUS.

Trusting for the promised bless - ing.
While he gives the promised bless - ing. "Bring ye all the tithes in-to the
And he'll pour you out a bless - ing.
From the heart he is pos - sess - ing.
For we have the promised bless - ing.

storehouse, And prove me now saith the Lord of hosts; And I will pour you

out a bless - ing, There shall not be room enough to re - ceive it."

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80 Never Known to Fail.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. O the prom-is - es of God Long have Satan's might withstood, And no
2. O the might-y hand of time Fashions many a work sublime, Yet the
3. Trust those ho - ly words to - day, Let them guide you on life's way, Seek their

pow'r of darkness o'er them shall pre- vail; They are builded sure and strong
tide of years their splendor shall as - sail; But the Word of God, this hour,
ref - uge in temptation's roughest gale; Strength and courage they shall lend,

For the conflict with the wrong, And those promises were never known to fail!
Thrills with all the old-time pow'r, For those promises were never known to fail!
Pow'r from heaven shall descend, For those promises were never known to fail!

CHORUS.

God's prom-is-es were never known to fail! No pow'r of darkness were nev - er known to fail!

o'er them shall pre-vail! They are build-ed sure and strong For the shall prevail!

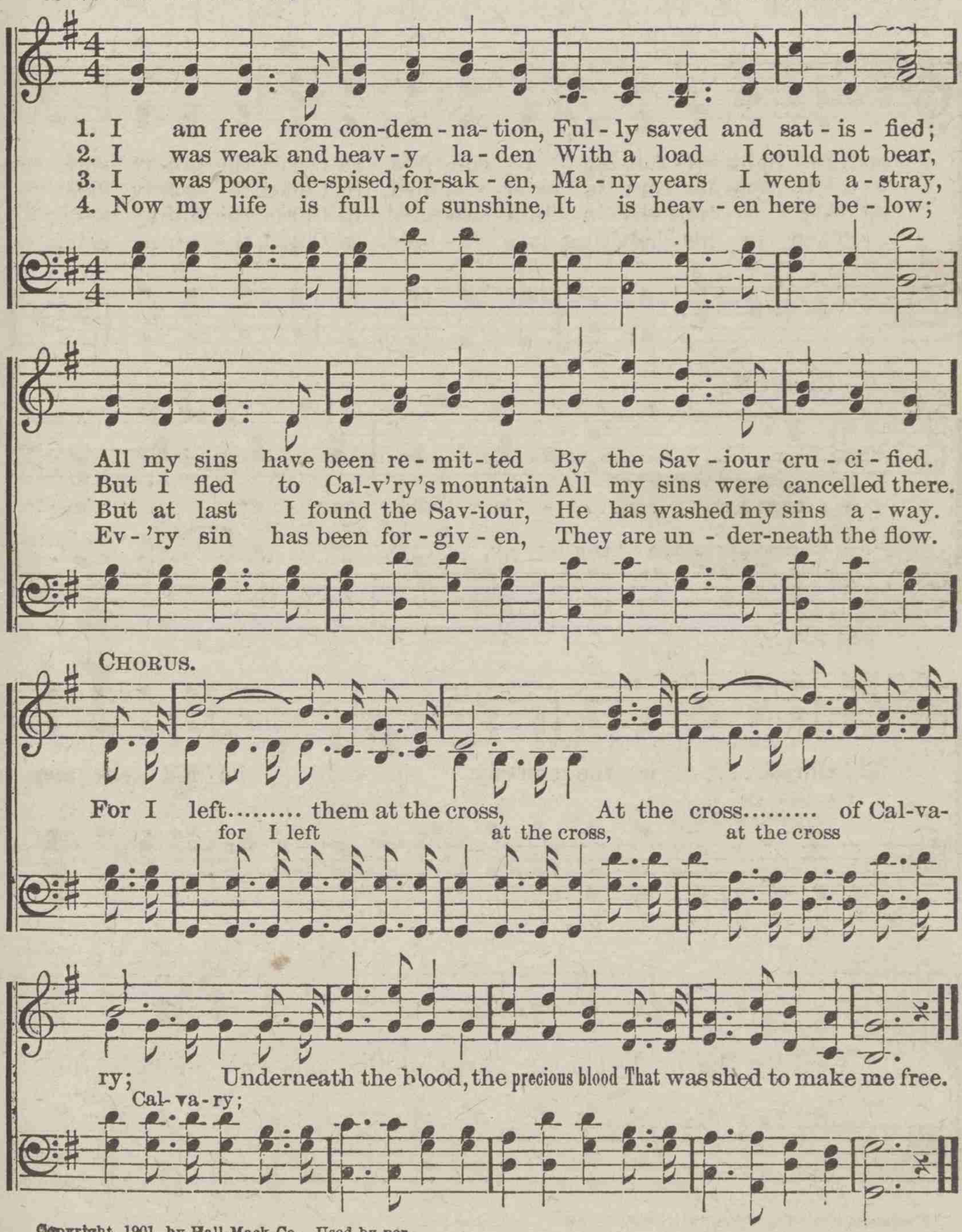
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Never Known to Fail.—Concluded.



81 I Left Them at the Cross.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER. J. LINCOLN HALL.



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82 Christ Is the Sunny Side.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.

1. My soul se- cure, no fear I know, With songs of praise I homeward go;
2. No mat- ter what my grief or strife, No mat- ter what the storms of life,
3. The heal- ing wa- ter cheers my way, The liv- ing man-na greets my day;
4. Would you from sin and darkness flee? Would you from pain and death be free;

In light un - fail-ing I con- fide, In Christ the sun-ny side.
His ten- der care is ne'er de- nied, In Christ the sun-ny side.
My ev - 'ry need in him sup-plied, In Christ the sun-ny side.
Then in his shelt'ring love a - bide, In Christ the sun-ny side.

rit.

CHORUS.

Christ..... is the sun - ny..... side;

Christ is the sun - ny,

Christ..... is the sun - ny side, Safe- ly he hid - eth me,

Christ is the sun - ny,

Gen- tly he guid - eth me, Christ is the sun- ny side of life.

rit.

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83 Have Ye Received the Holy Ghost?

C. H. M. ACTS, 19 : 2. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Ye are the temples, Je - sus hath spo-ken, Temples of God's Ho - ly
2. He who has pardon'd surely will cleanse thee, All of the dross of thy
3. Showers of mer - cy, ful-ness of bless- ing, Ev- er the Spir- it's in
4. Wea-ry of wand'ring, come in-to Ca-naan, Feast on the ful - ness and

Spir-it di - vine; Have ye receiv'd him, bidden him en-ter, Make his a
na-ture re - fine; Cleans'd from all sin, his Spirit will en-ter, Fill you and
dwelling at-tend; 'Tis the enduement, pow-er of service, Fruits for your
fat of the land; Feed on the man-na, dwell in the sunshine, Led by his

CHORUS.

bode in that poor heart of thine?
thrill you with pow-er di - vine.
la - bor he sure-ly will send.
Spir - it and kept by his hand.

Have.... ye re - ceiv'd,....

Have ye receiv'd, have ye receiv'd,

since ye be - liev'd The bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost?.....

since ye believ'd, since ye believ'd, The blessed, blessed Ho-ly, blessed Ho-ly Ghost?

He who has promis'd, gift of the Father, Have ye receiv'd the Holy Ghost?

receiv'd

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84

My Saviour Face to Face.

W. C. AGAR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am glad I found the Saviour, for he makes my heart rejoice, And I feel with-in my soul his sav- ing grace; But I want to talk with Je-sus,
2. Yes, I know he ev - er loves me, dai- ly guides my erring feet, And I'm rest-ing in his ten-der, fond em - brace; But I want to know him better,
3. When life's sun is slowly set-ting, twilight shadows veil the sky, And I'm near the ending of life's wea-ry race; In my heart will be this longing,
4. When I tread the crys-tal pavement of the new Je - ru - sa- lem, Where my Saviour has prepared for me a place; Where the angel choirs are singing

hear his lov-ing, gen-tle voice, I want to see my Saviour face to face.
and my dear Redeem-er meet, I want to see my Saviour face to face.
none but Christ can sat-is - fy, I want to see my Saviour face to face.
praise and glo- ry to the Lamb, O then I'll see my Saviour face to face.

CHORUS.

O I want to see my Saviour face to face, Who hath lov'd me and re-
Last v. O then I'll see my Saviour face to face,
see my Saviour face to face,

deem-ed by his grace; In his kingdom, crown'd with glory, on his
and redeem'd me by his grace;

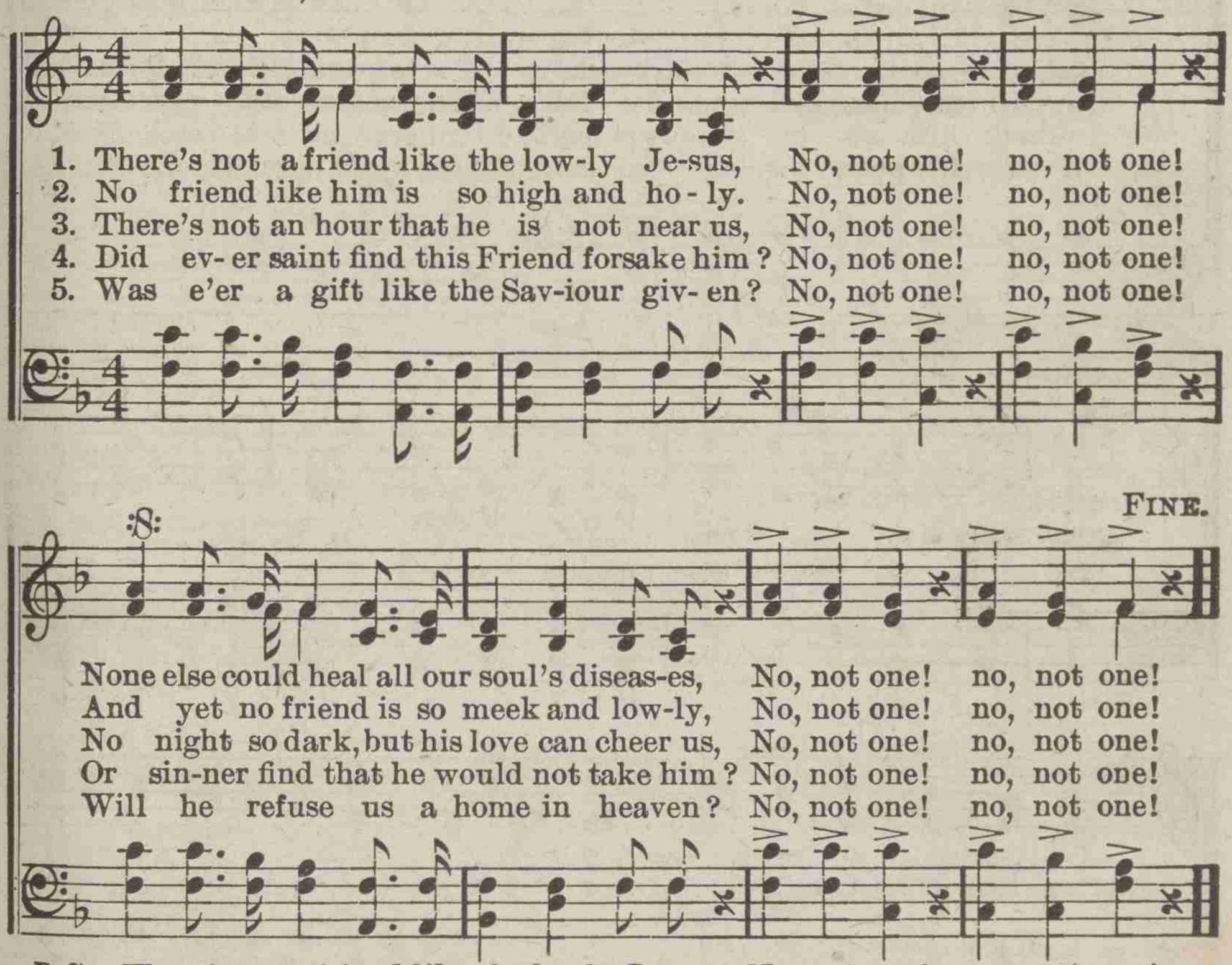
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My Saviour Face to Face.—Concluded.

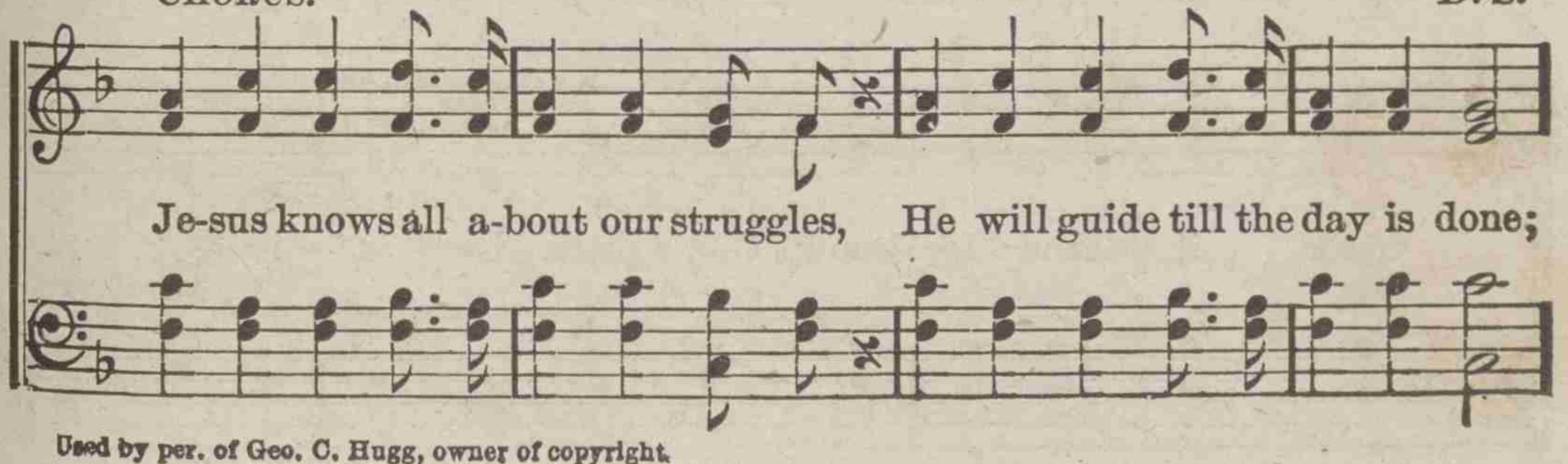


85 No, Not One.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.



CHORUS. D. S.



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86 I Know God's Promise is True.

MRS. C. H. M. John 3: 16. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. For God so loved this sin - ful world, His Son he free - ly gave,
2. I was a way-ward, wand'ring child, A slave to sin and fear,
3. The "who-so - ev - er" of the Lord, I trust - ed was for me;
4. E - ter - nal life be - gun be - low Now fills my heart and soul;

That who - so - ev - er would be - lieve, E - ter - nal life shall have.
Un - til this bless - ed prom-ise fell Like mu - sic on my ear.
I took him at his gra-cious word, From sin he set me free.
I'll sing his praise for - ev - er - more, Whose blood has made me whole.

CHORUS.

'Tis true, O yes, 'tis true,..... God's won - der - ful
'Tis true, O yes, the prom-ise is true,
prom - ise is true,..... For I've trust - ed, and test - ed, and
'tis true,
tried it, And I know God's prom - ise is true.....
'tis true.

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87 **There is Power in the Blood.**

L. E. J.

1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's power in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's power in the blood,
3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow? There's power in the blood,
4. Would you do ser - vice for Jesus your King? There's power in the blood,

power in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
power in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to cal - va - ry's tide,
power in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
power in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, his prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.

There's won - der - ful power in the blood. There is power, power,
There is power,

Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is
in the blood of the Lamb,

power, power, Wonder-working pow'r, In the precious blood of the Lamb.
There is power,

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88 Sunlight All the Way.

HATTIE E. BUELL. J. M. BLACK.

1. O the brightness and the glo - ry of love that came to me, On the
2. In this won-der - ful sal - va- tion and his re-deem-ing grace, I have
3. 'Tis the hope of joys e - ter- nal when life on earth is done, Fills my

morn -ing of that bright and hap-py day, When I found my blessed Saviour whose
peace and joy, and nothing can dis-may; In the com-fort of his presence, the
soul with strength and courage in the fray; So I'll shout a glad ho- san - na for

pardon made me free, Now there's bright and blessed sun-light all the way.
shin-ing of his face There is bright and bless-ed sun-light all the way.
ev - 'ry vic- t'ry won, And the bright and blessed sun-light all the way.

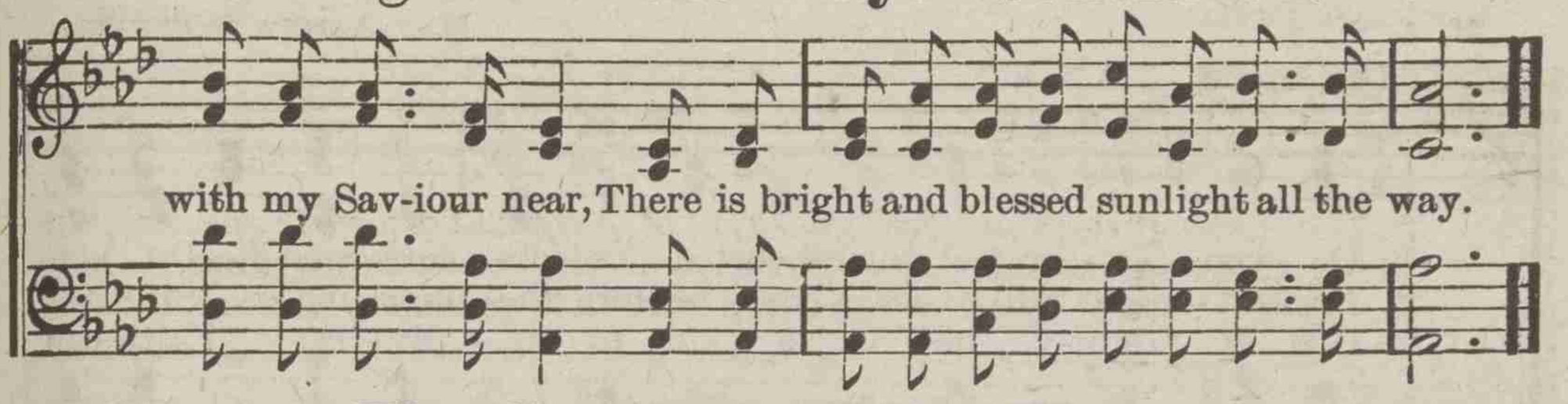
CHORUS.

The is sun-light, sun-light, beam-ing bright and clear In the
sun-light, sun-light,

sweetness of his ser- vice day by day, There is sunlight, sunlight,
sunlight, sunlight,

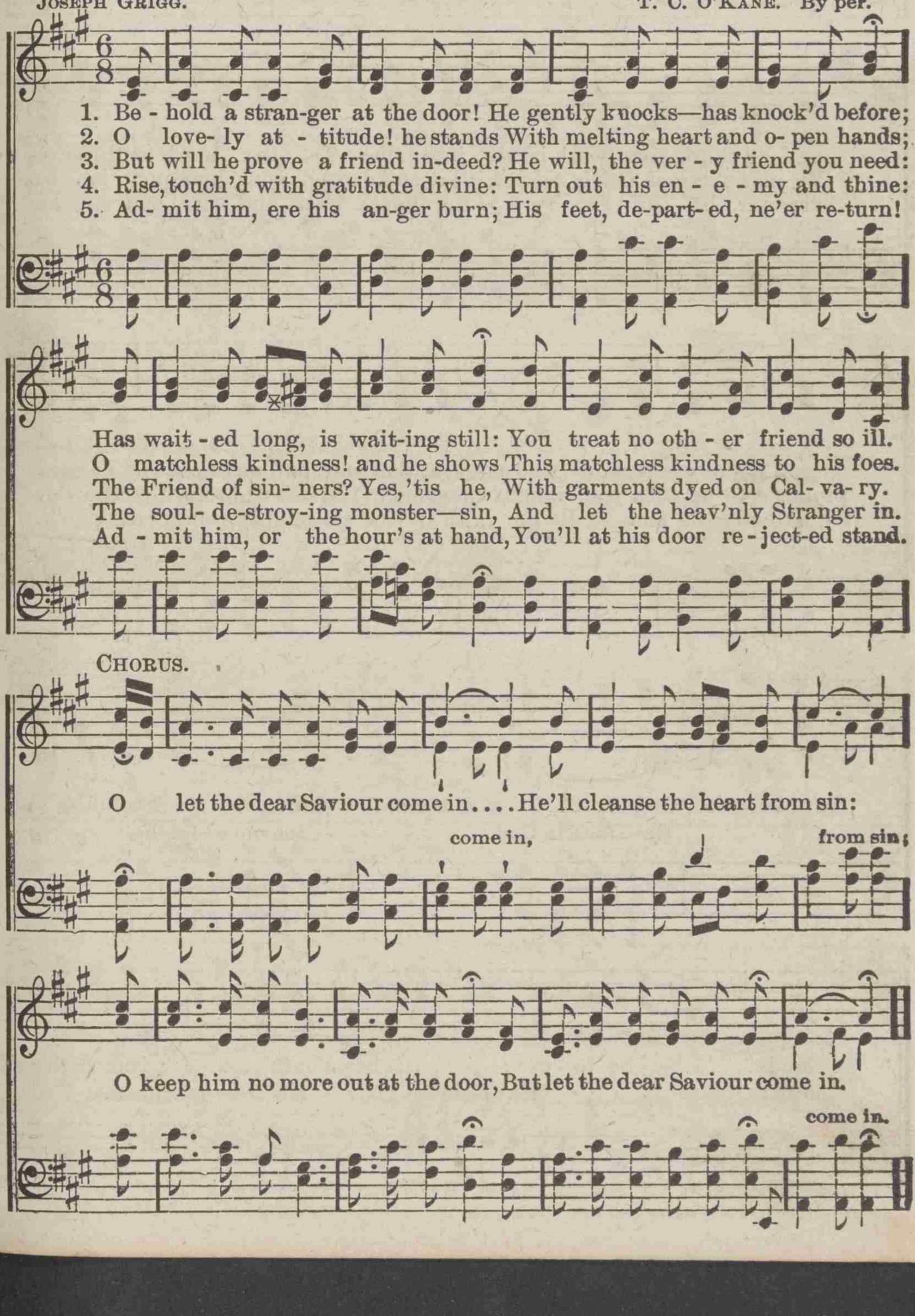
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Sunlight All the Way.—Concluded.



89 The Stranger at the Door.

JOSEPH GRIGG. T. C. O'KANE. By per.



90 Have Faith in God.

M. A. S. MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.

Con espress.

1. Do you ev - er feel down-hearted or dis - cour-aged? Do you ev - er think your work is all in vain? Do the burdens thrust up-on you make you tremble, And you fear that you shall ne'er the vict'ry gain?
2. Darkest night will al-ways come be- fore the dawn-ing, Sil - ver lin-ings shine on God's side of the cloud; All your jour- ney he has promis'd to be with you, Naught has come to you but what his love allow'd.
3. God is might-y, he is a - ble to de - liv - er, Faith can vic - tor be in ev - 'ry try- ing hour; Fear and care, and sin and sor - row be de- feat- ed By our faith in God's almighty, conqu'ring pow'r.

CHORUS.

Have faith in God,..... the sun will shine,..... Tho' dark the clouds.....may be to - day;..... His heart hath plann'd.. your path and

Have faith in God, the sun will shine, Tho' dark the clouds may be to-day; His heart hath plann'd

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Have Faith in God.—Concluded.

mine,..... Have faith in God,..... have faith al - way.....
your path and mine, Have faith in God, have faith alway.

rit.

91 Refreshing. S. M.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come, Lord, and let thy pow'r On each and all de- scend, While
2. Come, Lord, and let thy pow'r Each tho't of self re - move; And
3. Our wait - ing, long-ing eyes, Are look - ing up to thee, O
4. Come, Lord, thy pow'r a - lone The work of grace can do; Now
5. Be ours, with fer-vent zeal, Thy blood-stain'd cross to bear; Till

gath-er'd in thy ho - ly name, Be - fore thy throne we bend.
may we feel as ne'er be - fore Thy pure and per - fect love.
may we, in thy smil-ing face, Our Fa - ther's glo - ry see.
let it con - se - crate to thee Our hearts and lives a - new.
at thy feet we lay it down, A crown of life to wear.

CHORUS.

Re - fresh our wait-ing souls, Our fee - ble faith in- spire, And
from thine al - tar touch our hearts With coals of sa - cred fire.

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92 S. C. KIRK.

The Royal Call.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. O hear the call, the Roy - al call! Ye hosts of God give ear!
2. The call is un - to ev - 'ry one: Be gird - ed for the fray!
3. Fill up the ranks and on-ward move, The Roy - al call o - bey:

It comes to me, it comes to all, "Ten mil-lion souls a year!"
The bat- tle long a - go be- gun, Is rag - ing still to - day.
Your loy-al - ty and val - or prove: Stand up for Christ to - day.

Stay not to ask, or rea- son how, But ral - ly, ev - 'ry one;
The sign of tri-umph lights the sky, Be - hold its ris - ing sun!
Go for-ward in Je- ho-vah's name, In heart and hand as one:

rit.

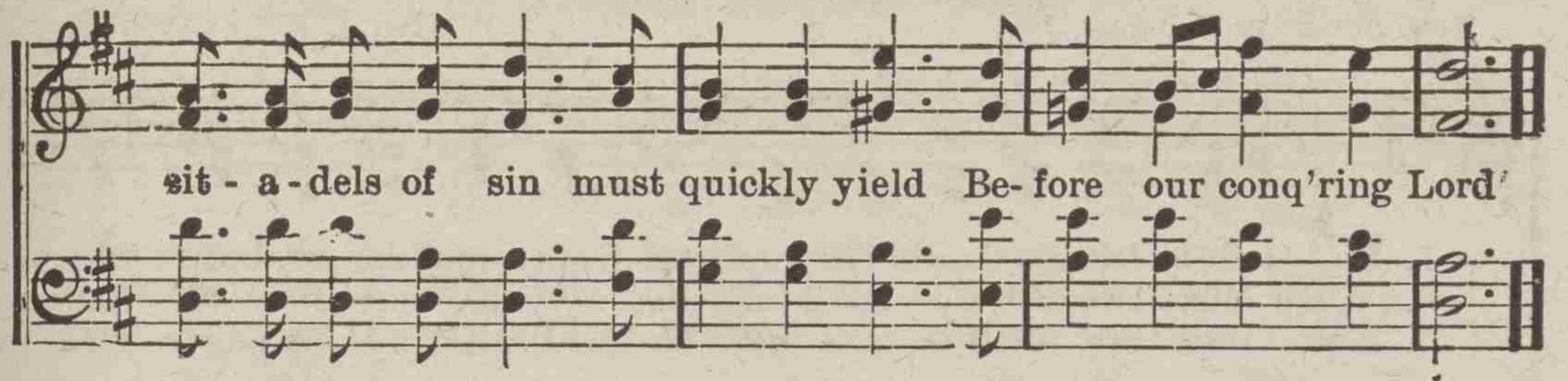
Be - lieve and see the tri - umph now: In Christ it can be done.
Go forth with this your bat - tle cry: "In Christ it can be done!"
The world for Je - sus be our aim— In Christ it can be done.

CHORUS.

Go forth with Faith's protecting shield: Go with the Spir-it's sword, The

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The Royal Call.—Concluded.



93 There is Cleansing in the Precious Blood.

I. N. JAMES M. BLACK.



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94 Call On the Lord.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. If earth-ly friends should fail you And fears come like a host, There
2. When Mos - es call'd up - on him He saw the sea di - vide, God's
3. And thus thro' all the a - ges We find, that, by his pow'r, God

is a Friend will help you, When help you need the most; 'Tis God your heav'n'ly
peo-ple all pass'd ov- er Safe to the oth- er side. And so E - li - jah
always help'd his children In ev - 'ry try-ing hour. If we his help are

Fa- ther, O be his name adored! He'll reach an arm to help you If you
triumph'd, His pray'r of faith was heard, The fire from heav'n descended When he
need-ing, He will his aid af- ford, If we like saints and prophets Will but

CHORUS.

call on the Lord.
call'd on the Lord.
call on the Lord.
} Call on the Lord, call on the Lord, No

earth-ly friend can ev - er Such blees-ed help af - ford; Call on the Lord,

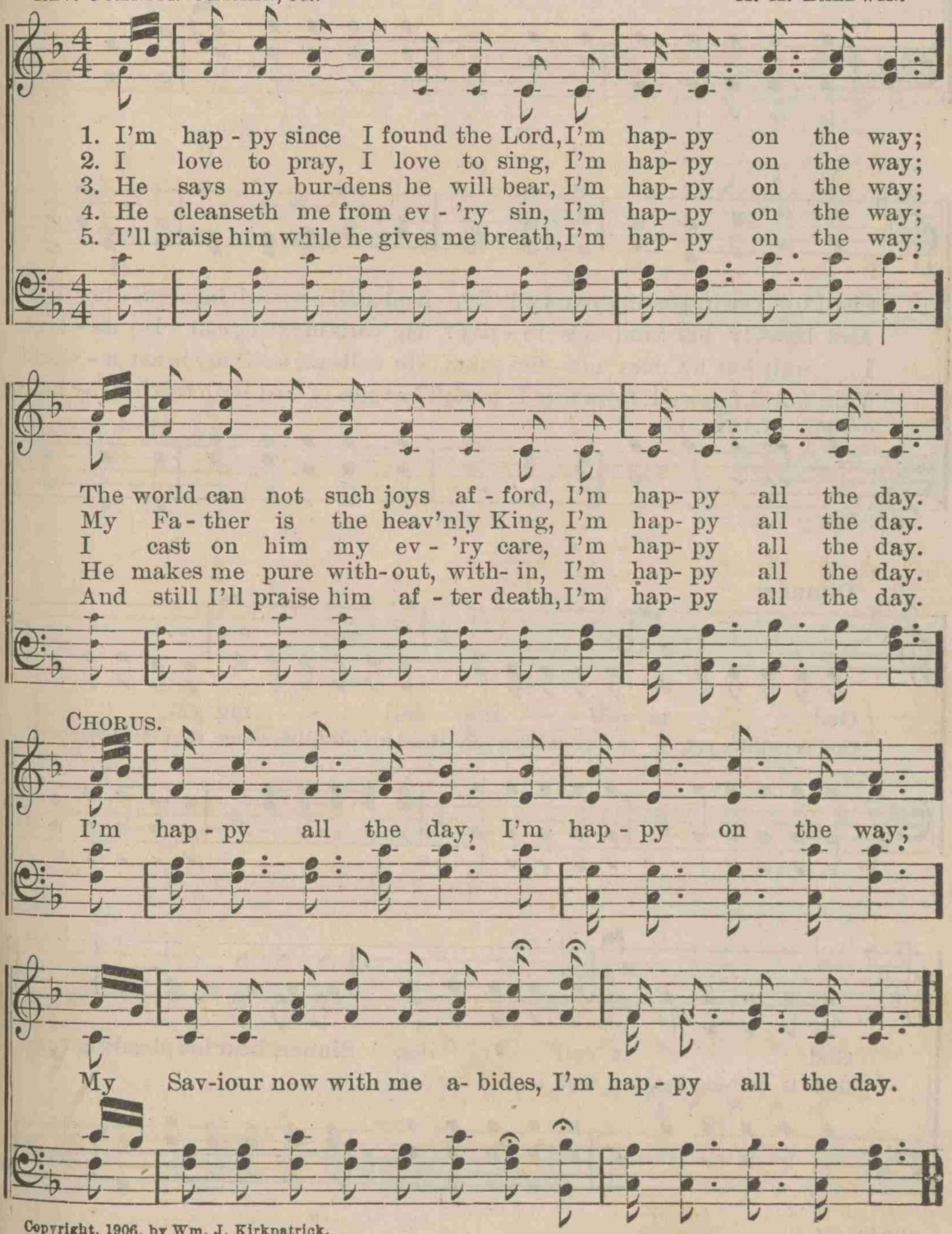
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Call On the Lord.—Concluded.



95 I'm Happy All the Day.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. A. A. BALDWIN.



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96 God Calling Yet.

"I have called, and ye have refused."—Prov. 1: 24.

J. BORTHWICK. JOHN.

Not too fast.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I his lov - ing voice de- spise,
3. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond-age live?
4. God call-ing yet! I can - not stay; My heart I yield without de - lay;

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie?
And base- ly his kind care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
I wait, but he does not for- sake; He calls me still; my heart a - wake!
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God hath reach'd my heart.

CHORUS.

God is call - ing, call - ing yet,
God is calling yet, God is calling yet, Heed his pleading voice, God is calling yet,

God is call - ing, Sinner, hear his pleading voice.
God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet,

Used by per.

97 He Has Come to Abide.

MRS. C. H. M. John 14: 16. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

Moderato.

1. "I will pray the Father, (Jesus said,) He will send the Spir-it in my stead;
2. He in love and nev-er-failing grace, Makes the heart his chosen dwelling place;
3. For this fulness all my being cries; On the al - tar is my sac - ri-fice,
4. Ver - y God in truth I know thou art, Ho-ly Spir - it come and fill my heart;

Answered is his condescending pray'r: He has come the promised Comforter.
Wondrous temples of the Holy Ghost, Cleansed and saved to the ut-termost.
All I am, or have, or hope to be, Thine, O Lord, henceforth, eter-nal-ly.
Cleanse the temple, idols all dethrone, Reign in pow'r within and reign alone.

CHORUS.

He has come, he has come The Com-fort-er has
to a - bide, to a - bide,

cres.

come to a - bide;..... Bid him wel - come to - day, ev - 'ry
to a-bide;

door o - pen wide, For the Com-fort - er has come to a - bide.

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98 The Pentecostal Power.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The pow'r that fell at Pen - te- cost, When in the up- per room, Up-
2. "Ye shall have pow'r (said Je-sus) when, The Holy Ghost is come;" Your
3. The wav'ring shall stead-fast become; The weak in faith be strong, With
4. Breathe on us now the Ho - ly Ghost, The young and old inspire; Let

on the watching, waiting ones, The Holy Ghost had come, Remaineth ev - er -
loosen'd tongues shall speak his praise, Your lips no more be dumb, The timid, shrinking
holy boldness going forth, Denouncing sin and wrong, With burning zeal each
each receive his Pentecost, Send hearts and tongues of fire, Thou wonderful trans-

CHORUS.

more the same; Unchanging still, O praise his name.
ones be brave, To reach a hand the lost to save.
heart a- flame, A whole sal- va- tion to proclaim.
forming pow'r, Come now in this ac- cept- ed hour.

} The pow'r, the pow'r, the

The pow'r, the pow'r,

Pen-tecost-al pow'r, Is just the same to-day, Is just the same to-day,

Is just the same, the same to-day, Is just the same, the same to day,

The pow'r, the pow'r, The Pentecostal pow'r, Is just the same to- day.

The pow'r, the pow'r,

just the same,

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99 Christ, Our Passover.

H. L. G. 1 Cor. 5: 7. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Our Lamb is slain, the Pas- chal Lamb, Of which the old is but a tok - en; Tho' shadowed in the mid-night past, There's not a word has e'er been brok - en.
2. Come, climb to Calv'ry's mournful site, And see the streaming wounds of Je - sus; The spot - less vic - tim yields his life, And from the sword of jus - tice frees us.
3. I'll ne'er for-get when first, by faith, I saw my Sav-iour, bleeding, dy - ing; And there a - gain, for Per - fect Love, I plunged in - to the fount - ain, cry - ing.
4. There's sweet repose be- neath the cross, And safe - ty when the blood doth cov - er; For God has spok - en in his word, "When I see the blood, I will pass o - ver."
5. The blood's the bridge that spans the gulf, And brings us near to God, and Heav - en; It flows for you, it flows for me, O sin - ner, come, 'tis free - ly giv - en.

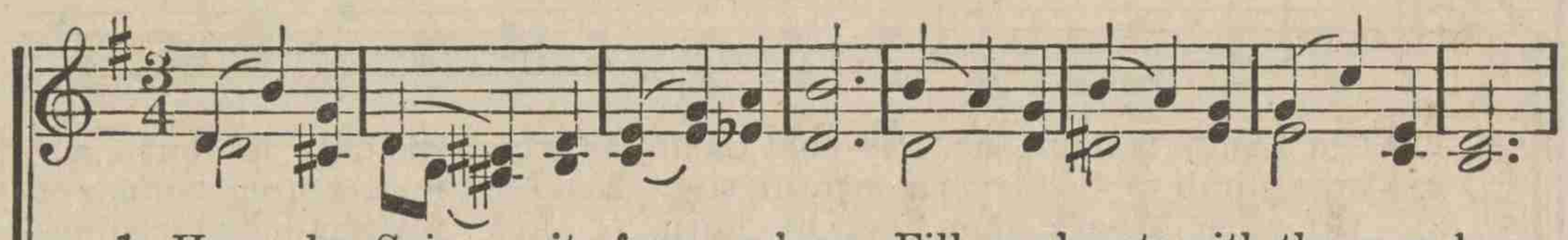
CHORUS.

I'm un - der the blood, the pass - o- ver blood, The Lamb was "slain from the foun-da-tion:" It points to the side of Je - sus, who died, And purchased for us sal - va - tion.

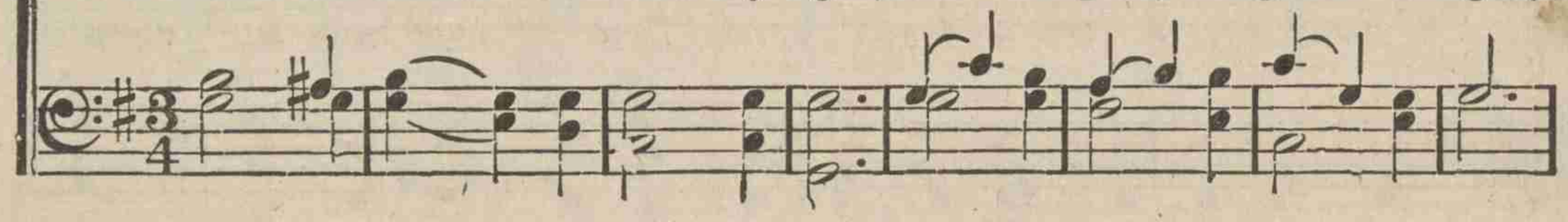
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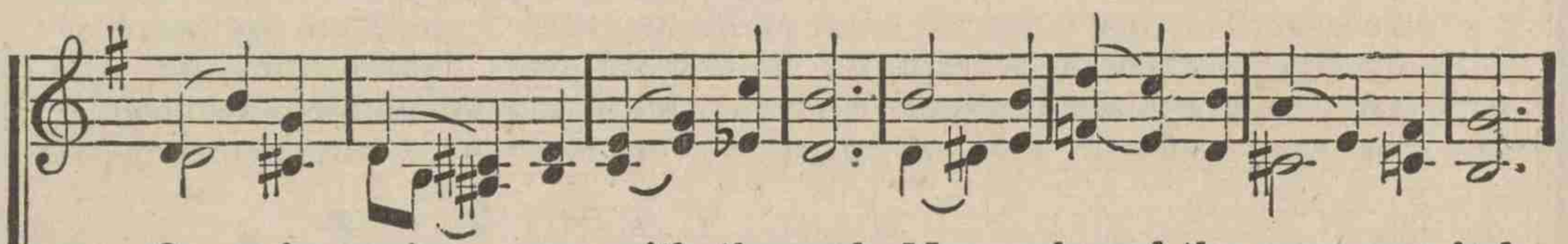
100 Holy Spirit from Above.

H. R. P. DR. H. R. PALMER.



1. Ho - ly Spir - it from a-bove, Fill our hearts with thy pure love;
2. Take our sin - ful tho'ts a-way; Lead, O lead us lest we stray;
3. With the al - tar's sa - cred fire, Touch our lips, our hearts in- spire;
4. Bless - ed source of heav'nly light, Now dis-perse the gloom of night;





O in - spire us with thy zeal; May each soul thy pres-ence feel.
Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful Guide, May each soul in thee a- bide.
O il - lume us by thy grace; In each soul thy im - age trace.
In our hearts for - ev - er shine; Fill each soul with joy di-vine.



f CHORUS. *Don't hurry.*



Ho- ly Spirit from thy throne a-bove, Fill us with the Saviour's dying love;



Now descend up - on us, Heav'nly Dove; Come, thou bles-sed Com-fort - er.

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101 At My Redeemer's Feet.

(Solo or Quartet with Chorus.)

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN Jr. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



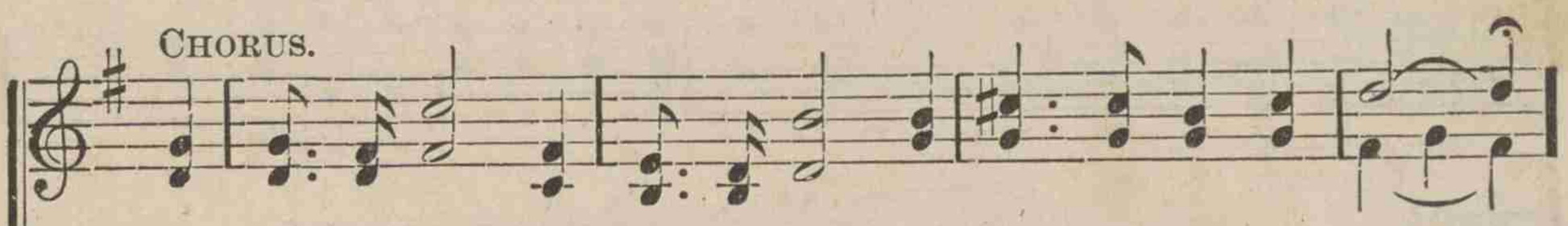
1. I ask not for the high-est place, But find a spot more sweet,
2. Tho' waves of darkness round me roll, I have a safe re - treat,
3. He gives me from his lov-ing hand, The fin - est of the wheat,
4. And when I reach the mys-tic sea, Where earth and heav-en meet,



Where God be-stows on me his grace, At my Re-deem-er's feet.
No storm can ev - er harm a soul, At my Re-deem-er's feet.
I live in heav-en's bor - der land, At my Re-deem-er's feet.
I'll spend a blest e - ter - ni - ty, At my Re-deem-er's feet.



CHORUS.



Come joy or pain, come weal or woe, In Christ I am com - plete;



My high - est place is ly - ing low, At my Re-deem-er's feet.

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102 Growing Brighter Every Day.

MRS. C. H. M. PROV. 4: 18. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. I can ne'er for - get the day when Je - sus sav'd me Speak-ing par- don to my guil- ty, sin- sick soul, Or the bless-ed words of
2. What he gave me in that hour was but a fore - taste Of the ful-ness of his bless-ing yet in store, And the sun-light of his
3. In his pastures green and large I'm ev - er feed - ing, And my thirst is quench'd where living waters flow, While from "grace to grace" the
4. I am rest - ing on the won-der - ful as - sur - ance While so crown'd with glo-ry is my pil-grim way; "That the path-way of the

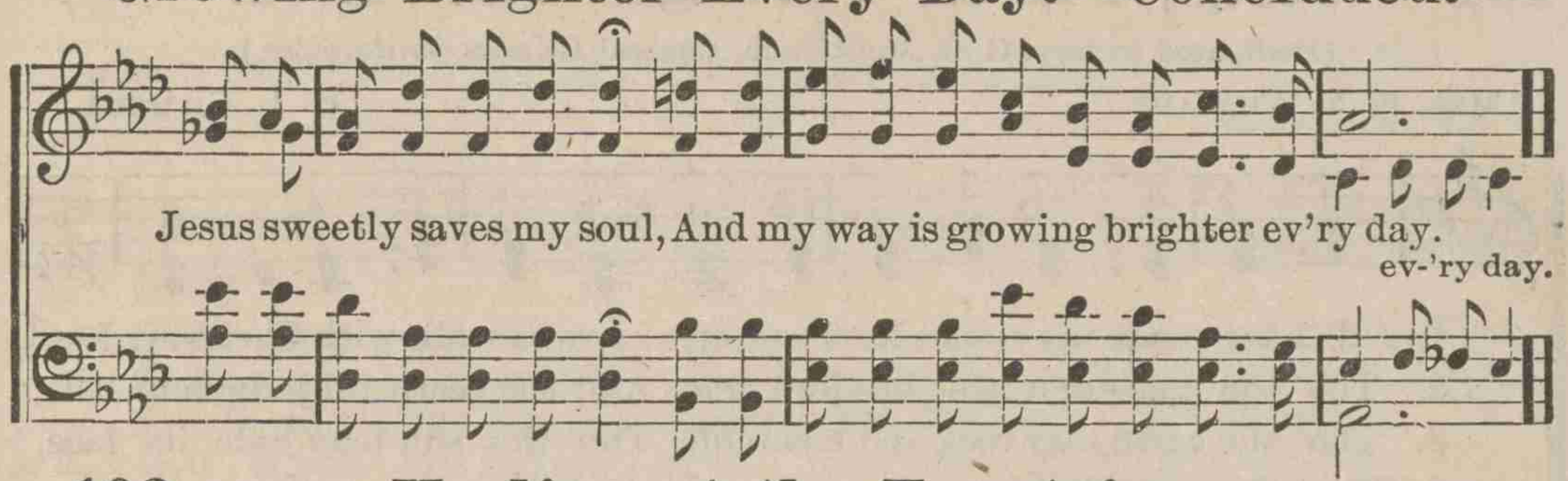
comfort there he gave me, "Go in peace, thy faith hath sav'd and made thee whole."
presence groweth brighter, Day by day his grace aboundeth more and more.
Spir - it still is lead- ing And from "glory un-to glo-ry" here be - low.
just still brighter groweth. Shining more and more unto the per-fect day."

CHORUS.

Grow-ing bright- er..... ev - 'ry day,..... Grow-ing
Growing brighter, grow ing brighter ev-'ry day,
bet - ter..... all the way, Let the hal - le- lu-jahs roll,
Growing better, grow-ing bet-ter all the way.

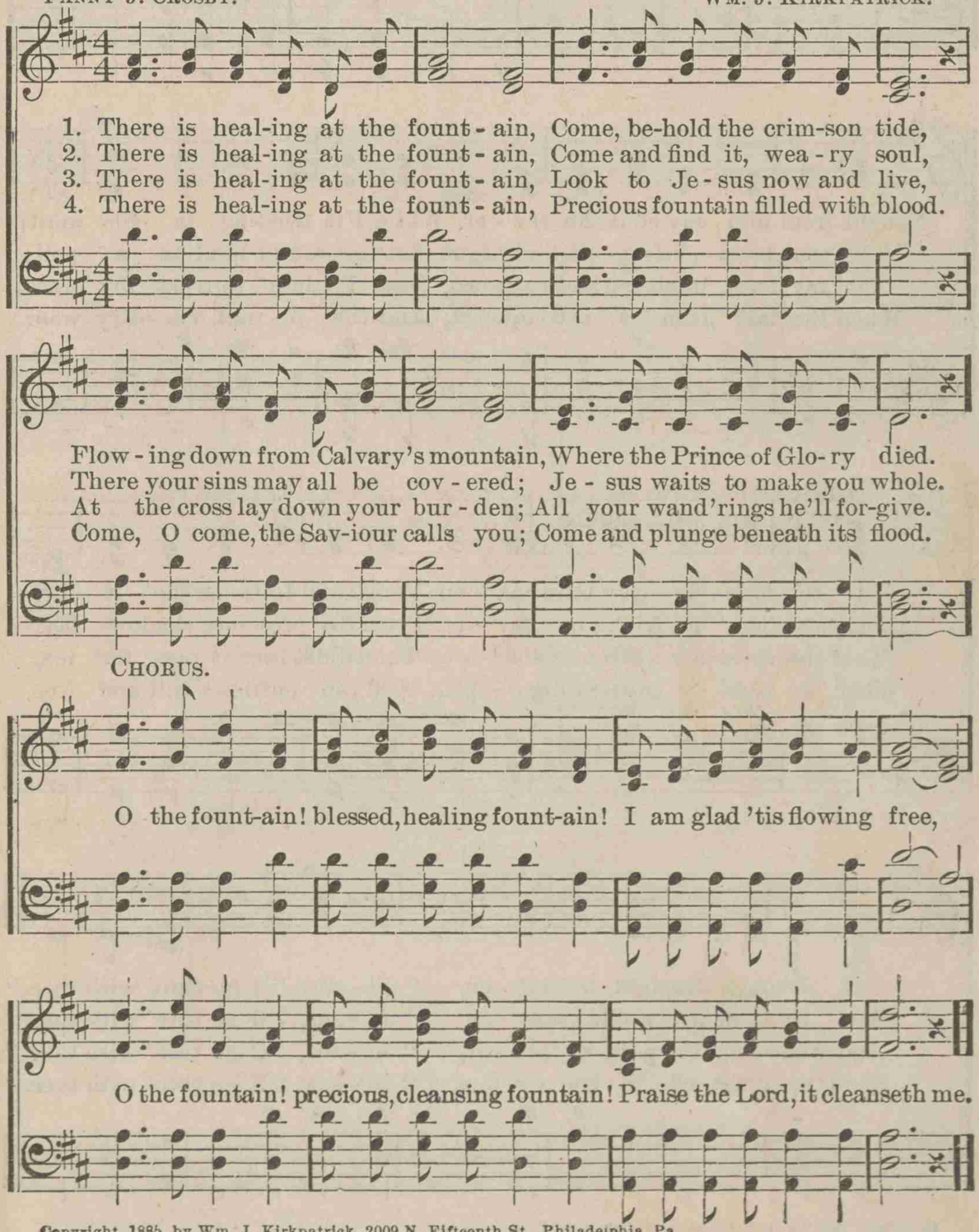
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Growing Brighter Every Day.—Concluded.



103 Healing at the Fountain.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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104 Jesus, I'll Go Through With Thee.

(Dedicated to Rev. C. O. McColloch, Central Illinois Conference.)

MRS. E. E. WILLIAMS. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I have made my choice for-ev - er, I will walk with Christ my Lord,
2. Tho' the gar - den lies be - fore me, And the scorn-ful judgment hall,
3. Tho' the earth may rock and trem- ble, Tho' the sun may hide its face,
4. When the con - flict here is end - ed, And the wea - ry journ-ey done,

Naught from him my soul can sev - er, While I'm trusting in his word;
Tho' the gloom of deep- est mid-night Set-tles round me like a pall;
Tho' my foes be strong and ruth-less, Still I dare to trust thy grace;
When the last grim foe is conquer'd, And the fi - nal vic - t'ry won;

I the lone - ly way have tak - en, Rough and toilsome tho' it be,
Darkness can af- fright me nev - er, From thy pres-ence shadows flee,
Tho' the cross my path o'er-shad - ow, Thou didst bear it once for me,
When the pearl - y gates swing o - pen, And an entrance full and free

And although despised, for- sak - en, "Je - sus, I'll go thro' with thee."
And if thou wilt guide me ev - er, "Je - sus, I'll go thro' with thee."
And what-e'er the pain or per - il, "Je - sus, I'll go thro' with thee."
Shall be grant- ed to the vic- tors, "Je - sus, I'll go thro' with thee."

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105 The Comforter has Come!

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—John 14: 16.

REV. F. BOTTOME, D. D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O spread the tid - ings 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. O 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

:S:

ev - er human hearts and hu-man woes a- bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di-vine—That I, a child of
all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end-less

D.S.—Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n. The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the tid-ings

FINE.

tongue pro-claim the joy- ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad-van- ces fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of triumph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
sin, 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, Wher-ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.

D.S.

The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

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106 At the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. Isa. 45 : 22. R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would he de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be - yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith
rolled a-way,

I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

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107 I Know He's Mine.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. There's One a- bove all earthly friends Whose love all earthly love transcends,
2. He's mine because he died for me, He saved my soul, he set me free;
3. He's mine because he's in my heart, And never, nev - er will we part;
4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo - ry shall behold,

It is my Lord and Christ divine, My Lord, because I know he's mine.
With joy I wor-ship at his shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."
Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.
Then, while his arms around me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."

CHORUS.

I know he's mine,..... this friend so dear,..... He lives with
I know he's mine, this friend so dear,
me,..... he's ev - er near;..... Ten thousand
He lives with me, he's ev - er near:
charms..... around him shine,..... And, best of all, I know he's mine.
Ten thousand charms around him shine,

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108 Anchored At Last.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. O so long was my bark toss'd a-bout on life's sea, But I've anchor'd in
2. Safely moor'd to the Rock which no tempest can shake, I have anchor'd in
3. In the har- bor of faith there is safe- ty and rest, I have anchor'd in
4. Deeper grow-eth my peace as I'm near-ing the shore, I have anchor'd in

Je-sus at last; And I heard a sweet voice gently calling to me, And I've
Je-sus at last; Tho' the billows in fu - ry around me may break, I have
Je-sus at last; And a deep settled peace now is filling my breast, I have
Je-sus at last; And by simply be-liev - ing I'm safe ev-er-more, I have

CHORUS.

anchor'd in Je - sus at last. At last!.... at last!.....
I've anchor'd in Jesus, I've anchor'd at last,

All my doubtings are o - ver, my struggling is past, And the load of my

sin at his feet I have cast, I have anchor'd in Je- sus at last.
at last.

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109 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength renew, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

Chorus.

Com- ing home, com- ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;
O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

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110 Tell Mother I'll Be There.

C. M. F. CHARLES M. FILLMORE.

1. When I was but a lit- tle child, how well I rec - ol - lect How I would grieve my mother with my
2. Tho' I was oft-en wayward, she was al - ways kind and good, So patient, gen - tle, lov- ing, when I
3. When I became a prod - i - gal, and left the old roof-tree, She almost broke her lov- ing heart in
4. One day a message came to me, it bade me quick-ly come, If I would see my moth- er ere the

fol - ly and neg - lect; And now that she has gone to heav'n, I
act - ed rough and rude; My childhood griefs and tri - als she would
mourning aft - er me, And day and night she prayed to God to
Sav - iour took her home; I prom-ised her, be - fore she died, for

miss her ten-der care,— O an - gels, tell my moth-er I'll be there.
glad- ly with me share,— O an - gels, tell my moth-er I'll be there.
keep me in his care,— O an - gels, tell my moth-er I'll be there.
heav-en to pre-pare,— O an - gels, tell my moth-er I'll be there.

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Tell Mother I'll Be There.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Tell { moth-er I'll be there in an-swer to her pray'r, This
moth-er I'll be there, heav'n's joys with her to share, Yes,

message, guardian an-gels to her bear; Tell
tell my darling (*Omit*.....) } mother I'll be there.

111 When Mother Prayed.

C. F. O. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When mother pray'd! O precious hour When God would come in mighty pow'r!
2. When mother pray'd! ah, then I knew With - in my soul that God was true;
3. And tho' the years may come and go, This heart of mine can nev- er know
4. Tho' oth - er scenes may be for-got, While life shall last this one can-not;

FINE.

O mem'ry sweet! O hallowed place Where God did shine in mother's face.
I could no lon - ger doubt his love, But yielded all,—born from a-bove.
A sweeter time than that blest hour When Je-sus came in saving power.
When mother pray'd! O peace divine! My mother's God to- day is mine.

D.S.—Her heart and mind on Christ were stay'd, And God was there when mother pray'd.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

When mother pray'd, she found sweet rest! When mother pray'd, her soul was blest!

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112. Where are the Sheep?

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. O where, where to-day are the sheep of the fold, Those for whom the dear
2. And where are the lambs to his great heart so dear? Are they out on the
3. O ye who are out on the mountains of sin, Heed the voice of the
4. Tho' the nine-ty and nine may be safe in the fold, While there's one lost in

Shepherd has died, Those for whom he has sought thro' the night bleak and cold, O-ver
mountains a-stray? Are they far, far a-way from his kind lov-ing care? Tell me
Shepherd so true, Ev-er-more he is seek-ing the lost ones to win, And his
sin and un-done, Will the Shepherd go forth and his dear voice be heard, As he

tor-rent and steep mountain side? Tell me where, tell me where,
where are the young lambs to-day? Tell me where, tell me where,
mer-cy includes me and you, Ev-en me, ev-en you,
calls for his wan-der-ing one, As he calls, sweet-ly calls,
tell me where, tell me where,

CHORUS.

Tell me where are the lost sheep to-day?
Tell me where are the young lambs to-day?
And his mer-cy includes me and you.
As he calls for his wan-der-ing one.

} Still ech-o-ing down from the

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Where are the Sheep?—Concluded.

rough mountain steep, The voice of the Shepherd is call- ing his sheep, The

lost ones, the dear ones, The Shepherd is calling his sheep!....
Shepherd is calling, is calling his sheep, is calling his sheep.

113 In the Hour of Trial.

JAMES MONTGOMERY SPENCER LANE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de -
2. With for - bid- den pleasures Would this vain world charm; Or its sor- did
3. Should thy mer- cy send me Sor - row, toil and woe; Or should pain at -
4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re -

ni - al I de-part from thee; When thou see'st me wav-er, With a
treas-ures Spread to work me harm; Bring to my remembrance Sad Geth-
tend me On my path be - low; Grant that I may nev - er Fail thy
turn - eth To the dust a - gain; On thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that

look re - call, Nor for fear nor fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
sem - a - ne, Or, in dark-er semblance, Cross-crown'd Cal- va- ry.
hand to see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on thee.
mor - tal strife, Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

114 There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

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

great day coming by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
bright day coming by and by, But its bright- ness shall on - ly come to
sad day coming by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "De-

part - ed right and left, Are you read - y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord, Are you read - y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not," Are you read - y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

Are you read - y? are you read - y? Are you read - y for the

judgment day? Are you ready? are you read-y for the judgment day?

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115 Happy Tidings.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tidings, hap-py tidings, Hark! hark! the sound! Hear the joyful ech - o
2. Tidings, hap-py tidings, Hark! hark! they say, Do not slight the warning,
3. Tidings, hap-py tidings, Hark! hark! a - gain! Rushing o'er the mountain,

Thro' the world resound; Christ the Lord proclaims them, Hear and heed the call:
Come, O come to-day. Christ, our lov-ing Sav-iour, Still re-peats the call:
Sweep - ing o'er the plain; On-ward goes the message, 'Tis the Saviour's call:

CHORUS.

Come, ye starving ones that perish, Room, room for all.
Come, ye wea- ry, heav-y la-den, Room, room for all.
Come, for ev - 'ry thing is read- y, Room, room for all.
} Whoso-ev-er ask-eth

Jesus will receive; Who-so-ev-er thirsteth, Je-sus will relieve. See the living

waters, Flowing full and free; O the blessed who-so-ev-er, That means me.

From "Songs of Triumph." By per.

116 Saved From the Wreck.

E. E. HEWITT. Effective as a Solo. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. A-drift on the waters, so dark and so cold, A-far from the beauti-ful cit-y of gold, A ves-sel is sinking, for heav-y the gale, The
2. O I was the sinner a-lone on the sea, But love's blessed signals were floating for me; Tho' thunders were rolling, and billows at strife, Lo,
3. I stepped in the life-boat, provided for me, And Je-sus, my Pi-lot, my Captain will be; His bos-om my ref-uge, my "haven of rest." I'm
4. Life's tur-bulent surges are kissed into peace, The beacons are shining, and songs never cease; Fair moonbeams, bright sunshine, illumine the tide, While

CHORUS.

ca-ble is broken, and tattered each sail. *con anima.*
Je-sus was calling, "escape for thy life."
rescued from shipwreck, so happy and blest.
onward to glo-ry we'll joy-ful-ly glide.

Poor child of the wreck, see the life-boat is near, A sweet voice is heard, for the Master is here; He walks ev'ry billow, controls ev'ry wave, 'Tis Jesus, King Jesus, "the mighty to save."

tempo. *andante.* *ritard.*

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117 He Touched Me and Made Me Whole.

T. S. THOMAS SULLIVAN.

1. To the feet of my Sav - iour, in trembling and fear, A pen - i - tent sin - ner I came; He saw, and in mer - cy he bade me draw near; All
2. I knew not the ten - der com - pas-sion and love That Je - sus, my Saviour, had shown; Tho' burdened with grief, his dear hand bro't relief; He
3. "My grace is suf - fi - cient," I heard his dear voice, "O come and find rest for your soul, From sin you to save, my life free - ly I gave; I
4. O Je - sus, dear Je - sus, thy name I a - dore, For sav - ing and keeping my soul; Thy prais - es I'll sing, my Redeem - er and King, Thy
5. O come, my dear broth - er, he's wait - ing for you, Your sin-burdened heart to con - sole; Your wea - ry head rest on his dear, lov - ing breast; He

CHORUS.

glo - ry and praise to his name. } He touched me and thus made me whole,
healed me and called me his own.
died that you might be made whole."
dear, lov - ing hand made me whole.
suf - fered and died for your soul. } He touched me, he touched me and thus made me whole,

Bring - ing comfort and rest to my soul, ... O glad hap - py day
bring - ing rest to my soul;

all my sins rolled a - way! For he touched me and thus made me whole. . . . .
made me whole.

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118 Winning Its Way.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O let us re - joice in the work of the Lord, The serv-ice of
2. The mountains are kindling, and soon the bright glow Will car - ry the
3. The darkness may lin - ger, the night may seem long, But Christ shall be
4. The moon as the glit - ter- ing sun-light will shine, The sun sev - en -

Jesus brings blessed reward; The shadows shall flee from love's conquering day,
joy to the valleys below; The King presseth onward, his wheels will not stay,
Victor, right triumph o'er wrong; We'll tell the glad story, his bidding o-bey,
fold in his glo-ry di-vine; The sky's growing radiant with hope's blushing ray,

Chorus.

The light of the gospel is winning its way. Winning its way, winning its
way, Glo - ri-ous dawn of a bet - ter day; Win-ning its
way, winning its way, The light of the gos-pel is winning its way.

119 "His Name Shall be Jesus."

MRS. C. H. M. MATTHEW, 1 : 21. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. There is one name all names a-bove, Un - to be- liev-ers precious,
2. We have no goodness of our own, His mer-its we come pleading;
3. To guard us he is ev - er near In waking hours or sleep-ing,
4. "He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin," From Satan's bondage frees us;

Which caus-es hearts to glow with love, It is the name of Je - sus.
He who the wine-press trod a-lone, Is for us in - ter-ced - ing.
This one to trust-ing hearts so dear, Is con- stant vig - il keep- ing.
O where, my soul, shall I be - gin To praise the name of Je - sus?

CHORUS. *Soprano and Tenor in unison.*

Bass and Alto, unison.

His name shall be Je - sus, Won-der- ful name, won-derful name; His

1

rit.

name shall be Je- sus, for he shall save his peo- ple from their sins;

2

name shall be Je - sus, for he shall save his peo- ple from their sins.

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120 It Never Runs Dry.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Hearken to-day to the blest in- vi- ta-tion Giv- en in love by our
2. Look! for its source is in Cal-vary's mountain, Where the dear Saviour was
3. Saints of all a - ges its vir-tue have tested; No oth - er hope of sal -

Fa - ther on high; Come to the won- der-ful stream of sal - va - tion,
lift - ed on high; Pure and ex-haust-less it springs from the fountain,
va - tion is nigh; Here where our fa- thers and mothers haye feast-ed,

CHORUS.

Drink of the fount-ain that nev-er runs dry.
Life - giv - ing cur- rent that nev-er runs dry.
We, too, may drink;for it nev-er runs dry.
} It nev- er..... runs

It nev-er no,

dry;..... It nev - er..... runs dry,..... This

nev-er runs dry; It nev - er, nev- er runs day,

won-der-ful stream of sal - va - tion, It nev - er..... runs

sal- va-tion, It nev - er runs dry,

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It Never Runs Dry.—Concluded.

dry;..... Tho' mil- lions their thrist are now slak-ing,.... It
nev- er runs dry;
now slaking,

nev- er.... runs dry;..... And mil -lions may still come par -
it nev - er, nev- er runs dry;

tak - ing,..... It nev - er..... runs dry.....
par - tak - ing, nev - er runs dry, nev - er runs dry.

121 Footsteps of Jesus.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard thee calling, Come, follow me! And we see where thy
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seeking his sheep; Or a - long by Si -
3. If they lead thro' the tem-ple ho-ly, Preaching the Word; Or in homes of the
4. By and by, thro' the shining portals, Turning our feet, We shall walk, with the
5. Then at last when on high he sees us, Our journey done, We shall rest where the

D.S.—We will fol-low the

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

foot-prints fall-ing, Lead us to thee.
loam's fountains, Helping the weak.
poor and low-ly, Serving the Lord
glad immortals, Heav'n's golden streets.
steps of Je-sus End at his throne.

} Footprints of Je-sus, that make the pathway glow;

steps of Jesus, Where'er they go

122 What Have We Done To-day?

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NIXON WATERMAN in the "Christian Endeavor World." W. J. BALTZELL.

1. We shall do so much in the years to come, But what have we done to-day?
2. We shall be so kind in the af-ter while, But what have we been to-day?
3. We shall reap such joys in the by and by, But what have we sown to-day?

We shall give out gold in a prince-ly sum, But what did we give to-day?
We shall bring each lonely life a smile, But what have we bro't to-day?
We shall build us man - sions in the sky, But what have we built to-day?

We shall lift the heart and dry the tear, We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall give to truth a grander birth, And to steadfast faith a deep-er worth,
'Tis sweet in i-dle dreams to bask, But here and now do we our task?

We shall speak the words of love and cheer; But what did we speak to-day?
We shall feed the hun- gry souls of earth; But whom have we fed to- day?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask, "What have we done to - day?"

CHORUS.

To - day, to day, But what have we done to - day; We shall
To - day, to - day,

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What Have We Done To-day?—Concluded.



123 Jesus Has Lifted the Load.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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124 Song of Victory.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR. I. H. MEREDITH.

Animato.

1. Christ is our Captain, Sin our foe—Onward, then, ye soldiers brave.
2. Un - der the ban-ner of the cross, Bravely to the con-flict go;
3. What tho' the day be dark and drear—Even tho' the conflict's long;

List to his or- ders! For-ward go! Ma-ny dying souls to save.
Fear not the dangers, count no loss, Fighting such a mighty foe.
Christ is the Captain, comrade, cheer, Mighty is his arm and strong.

Fight till the con-flict shall be won, Nev-er lay your ar- mor down.
Loud tho' the battle's din and roar, Louder rings the vic- tor's song—
Soon for the faithful he will call, They shall all re-ward- ed be—

FINE. DUET.

Vic - to - ry! Vic - to- ry! Shout, shout the sound.
Vic - to - ry! Vic - to- ry! Sing loud and long.
Vic - to - ry! Vic - to- ry! Shout vic - to - ry.
} Vic- tr'y shall be

ours, Let the song of tri-umph ring, Vic - t'ry shall be ours,

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Song of Victory.—Concluded.

While we bat-tle for our King; Vict'ry shall be ours, Glad the message

now we bring; Vic- to- ry! Vic- to-ry! For our Sav- iour, King.

D.C. al Fine.

125 Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. MUND. Ps. 11 : 17. E. S. LORENZ.

1. A - mid the tri- als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up- on my soul their shad-ows cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

One thought remains su - preme-ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
Their gloom re-minds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
I am con- tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

FINE.

D.S.—What need I fear since thou art near, And thinkest, Lord, of me;

CHORUS.

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me.

of me, of me;

D.S.

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126 Volunteers to the Front!

MRS. E. E. WILLIAMS. M. PAULINE GILMOUR.

Martial style.

1. Vol - unteers are want- ed! hear the stir - ring call, O be swift to an - swer, com - rades one and all; Gird - ing on your ar - mor, haste to march a-way, For the Lord is calling, "to the front to - day!"
2. Vol - unteers are want- ed! val - iant men and true, In the ranks, my broth - er, there is room for you; Christ is the Com-mand - er, let us all o - bey When he gives the or-der, "to the front to - day!"
3. Vol - unteers are want- ed! for on land and sea Sa-tan's starving bond - men clam - or to be free; Hast - en to their res - cue, if you still delay Blood-bought souls must perish, to the front to - day!
4. Vol - unteers are want- ed! on the bat - tle-plain Soldiers brave are fall - ing, ne'er to fight a - gain; Who will take their plac - es in the dead - ly fray? Who will march with Jesus to the front to - day?
5. Vol - unteers are want- ed! let the ranks be filled, Soon the din of bat - tle will in peace be stilled; See! the clouds are lift - ing, soon they'll clear away, Glo-ry gilds the heights along the front to - day.

CHORUS.

A - way to the bat - tle-field, a - way, a-way! The King calls for sol - diers in his ranks to - day, Hear the bu - gle call - ing, in - to line be fall - ing, Forth to the bat - tle-field, a - way, a - way!

A - way, a - way to the bat-tle-field, a-way, sol - diers in his ranks to - day.

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127 Look for Me!

A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When you get to heav- en, as you sure - ly will, If the Sav-iour's name you own, Af - ter you have greet- ed those you love the best,
2. When you roam with friends across the heav'nly fields, Ev - er find - ing treas - ures new; When you stand in rap-ture on some star - ry height,
3. When you hear them singing round the great white throne, Songs of praise un- to the Lamb; When you hear the ransomed, with their harps of gold,
4. When you kneel in wor-ship to the King of kings, Who has saved you by his grace; When you see that Saviour who has brought you there,

CHORUS.

Who are standing round the throne—
Gaz - ing on some glo-rious view—
Shouting "Glo-ry to his name!"
And with joy be - hold his face—
} You may look for me, for I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there! You may look for me, for I'll be there! Glo - ry to his name!

I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!

I'll be there! Precious name!

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128 Lo! a Mighty Army.

REV. H. G. JACKSON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Lo! a might-y ar-my now as-sem-bling, Rallying to the
2. Marshall'd league of ea-ger, youth-ful sol-diers, Girth with truth they
3. Fierce and long may be the dire-ful con-flict With the host of

cross, a might-y band, Bold to strive a-gainst the pow'rs of e-vil,
bear the Spir-it's sword, Shield of faith and hel-met of sal-va-tion,
un-be-lief and sin, Fal-ter not, but swift go forth to bat-tle,

CHORUS.

Sworn to do or die at God's command.
Read-y, wait-ing for the Captain's word.
Truth and right with God the fight will win.

} Forward, ye soldiers of Je-sus,

Forward, forward march, ye soldiers,

With his banner o'er you. Charge the foe before you; Val-iant-ly fol-low your
Faith-ful to your call-ing, Tho' in bat-tle fall-ing, Ye shall with Je-sus vic-
For-ward, for-ward march, ye soldiers, Forward march, ye soldiers,

1

Captain, Till the fight with sin is o'er;
forward,

2

torious Reign in glory ev-er-more.
forward,

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129 Forward!

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Animato.

1. Christ, our mighty Captain, leads against the foe; We will nev-er fal-ter
2. Satan's fearful onslaughts cannot make you yield, While we trust in Christ, our
3. Let our glorious ban-ner ev-er be unfurled, From its mighty stronghold
4. Fierce the bat-tle ra-ges, but 'twill not be long, Then triumphant shall we

when he bids us go; Tho' his righteous pur-pose we may nev-er know
Buckler and our Shield; Pressing ev-er on—the Spir-it's sword we wield,
e-vil shall be hurled; Christ, our mighty Cap-tain, o'-ver-comes the world,
join the blessed throng, Joy-ful-ly u-nit-ing in the vic-tor's song,

CHORUS.

Yet we'll fol-low all the way.
And we fol-low all the way.
And we fol-low all the way.
If we fol-low all the way.

} Forward! forward! 'tis the Lord's command,

For-ward! for-ward! to the promised land; For-ward! for-ward!

let the cho-rus ring: We are sure to win with Christ, our King!

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130 I'm Going Home.

HARRIET E. JONES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I'm go - ing home to Je - sus, I'm near the riv - er's side; A lit - tle
2. I'm go - ing home to Je - sus, the pre - cious Son of God, Who, for a
3. I'm go - ing home to Je - sus, of all my joys the Spring, With joy - ful
4. I'm go - ing home to Je - sus with bur - dens all laid down, And in that

while to tar - ry and then I'll cross the tide To dwell with Him for-ev - er
world's transgressions a - lone the winepress trod, Who, on the cross of an - guish
hal - le - lu - jahs the courts of bliss shall ring, When in His wondrous beau - ty
home of beau - ty, that land of high re-nown, The might - y King of Glo - ry

where all the saved a - bide, All praise to my Re-deem-er, I'm go - ing home.
so free-ly spilled His blood, All praise to my Re-deem-er, I'm go - ing home.
I see my Lord and King, All praise to my Re-deem-er, I'm go - ing home.
His ransomed child shall crown, All praise to my Re-deem-er, I'm go - ing home.

CHORUS.

I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, To wear a robe in glo-ry, I'm go-ing home,
I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, All praise to my Redeemer, I'm go-ing home.

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131 Counted In.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

1. I had wander'd far a-way In the land of might-y foes, And my soul had felt the bit-ter-ness of sin; I was marching with the hosts
2. But I found it writ-ten down, Who-so-ev-er will believe In the Son of God is saved from ev-'ry sin; And I bless his ho-ly name,
3. When we stand before the throne, And the books are open'd wide, And we're judged by all the deeds contained there-in; When that u-ni-ver-sal host
4. O my sin-ner friend, beware, A re-veal-ing day is near That will show the se-crets of thy heart within; Have it cleans'd by grace divine,

That the truth of God oppose, And among the saved I was not counted in.
That the promise I receive,—In that "who-so-ev-er" I am counted in.
Shall to right and left divide, Will our names among the good be counted in?
And when Jesus shall appear, You will be a-mong his jew-els counted in.

D.S.—In the heavens then is heard, When a soul among the saved is counted in.

CHORUS.

Counted in, Counted in, Counted in, Who-so-ev-er will be-lieve is count-ed in. (counted in.) What a ju-bi-lee of joy,

Counted in, Counted in,

Fine. *D.S.*

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132 There'll Be No Shadows.

EDGAR LEWIS. L. E. JONES.

1. Tho' dark the path my feet may tread, it is but joy to know
2. Life's brightest day may have its clouds, but still our heart should sing,
3. We're marching homeward to a land where wea - ry feet may rest;

There'll be no shadows on the oth- er side; We should not fear the
There'll be no shadows on the oth- er side; 'Twill not be long till
There'll be no shadows on the oth- er side; No pain or sor - row

wild - est storm, but sing as on we go, There'll be no shadows
cares are o'er and we are with the King; There'll be no shadoms
e'er can touch the re - gions of the blest; There'll be no shadows

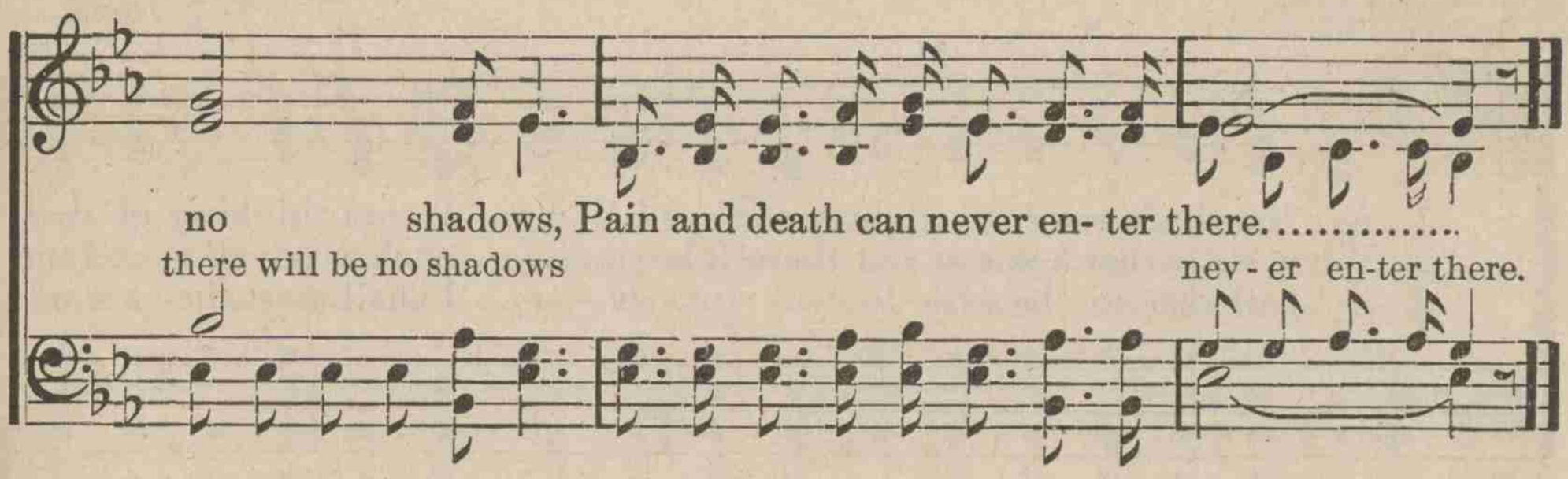
CHORUS.

on the oth-er side. There'll be no shadows, no shadows,
there will be no shadows,

Je - sus is the sunshine of that land so fair; There'll be no shadows,

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There'll Be No Shadows.—Concluded.



133 'Tis Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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134 As the Day Breaks.

A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. As the shadows of the night round are fall- ing, I am thinking of that
2. When we gather home at last there' ll be singing, Such as angels round the
3. I shall rise to be with Je - sus for - ev - er, I shall meet the ones who

day by and by; When the trumpet of the Lord shall be call - ing,
throne nev- er heard; For the song of souls redeemed shall go ring- ing,
passed on be - fore; We shall meet to part no more, nev- er, nev - er,

CHORUS.

As the day breaks o' er the hills.
As the day breaks o' er the hills.
When the day breaks o' er the hills.
} I'll go singing, I'll go shouting on my

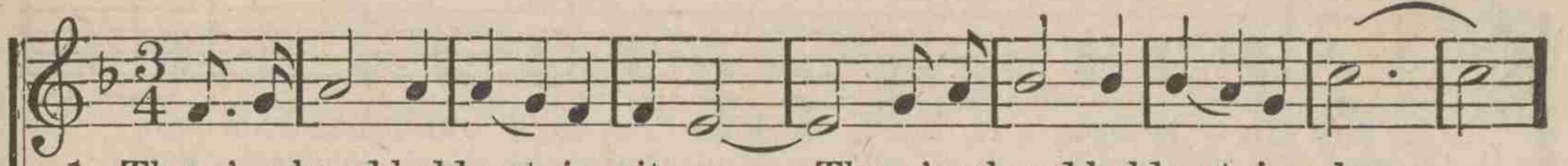
journey home, Till the day breaks, till the day breaks, There' ll be singing, there' ll be

shouting, when we all get home, When the day breaks o' er the hills.....
the heaven - ly hills.

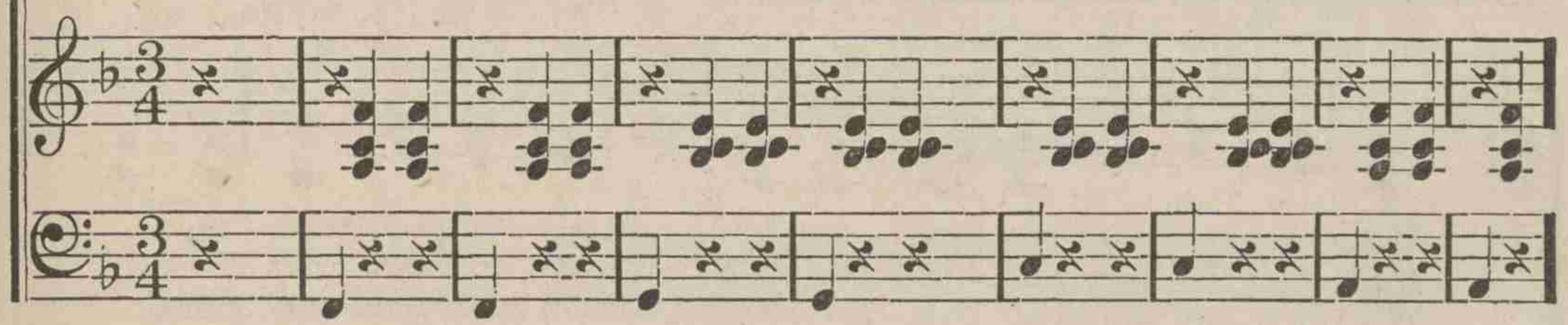
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135 There's a Hand Held Out.

MYRON W. MORSE. JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. There's a hand held out in pit - y, There's a hand held out in love;
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hand of Je - sus, O, how gen-tly will it lead!
3. O, how sweet its touch of heal-ing, To the wounded heart ap-plied,
4. Yes, 'tis love to me, a sin - ner, Prompts this hand to reach so low;
5. Let me take this hand ex-tend-ed, Knowing that it leads a - right,
6. Henceforth, hand in hand together, Hap - py will the jour-ney be,





It will guide us to the cit - y, Where our Father dwells above.
In its ten- der grace and mer-cy, Breaking not the "bruised reed."
When the hand that bears the nail-prints, Draws us to the riv - en side.
Reaching down that it may lift me To the heights where blessings flow.
Find-ing ev- 'ry step de- fend- ed By my Saviour's love and might.
Walking with my "Elder Broth-er" Till his blessed home I see.



CHORUS.



There's a hand held out to you, (to you,) There's a hand held out to me, (to me,)



There's a hand that will prove true, (prove true,) Whatever our lot shall be.

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136 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, Alone.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.





CHORUS.



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137 Jesus, Thine All Victorious Love.

Tune BALERMA, or Tune and Chorus above.

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

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

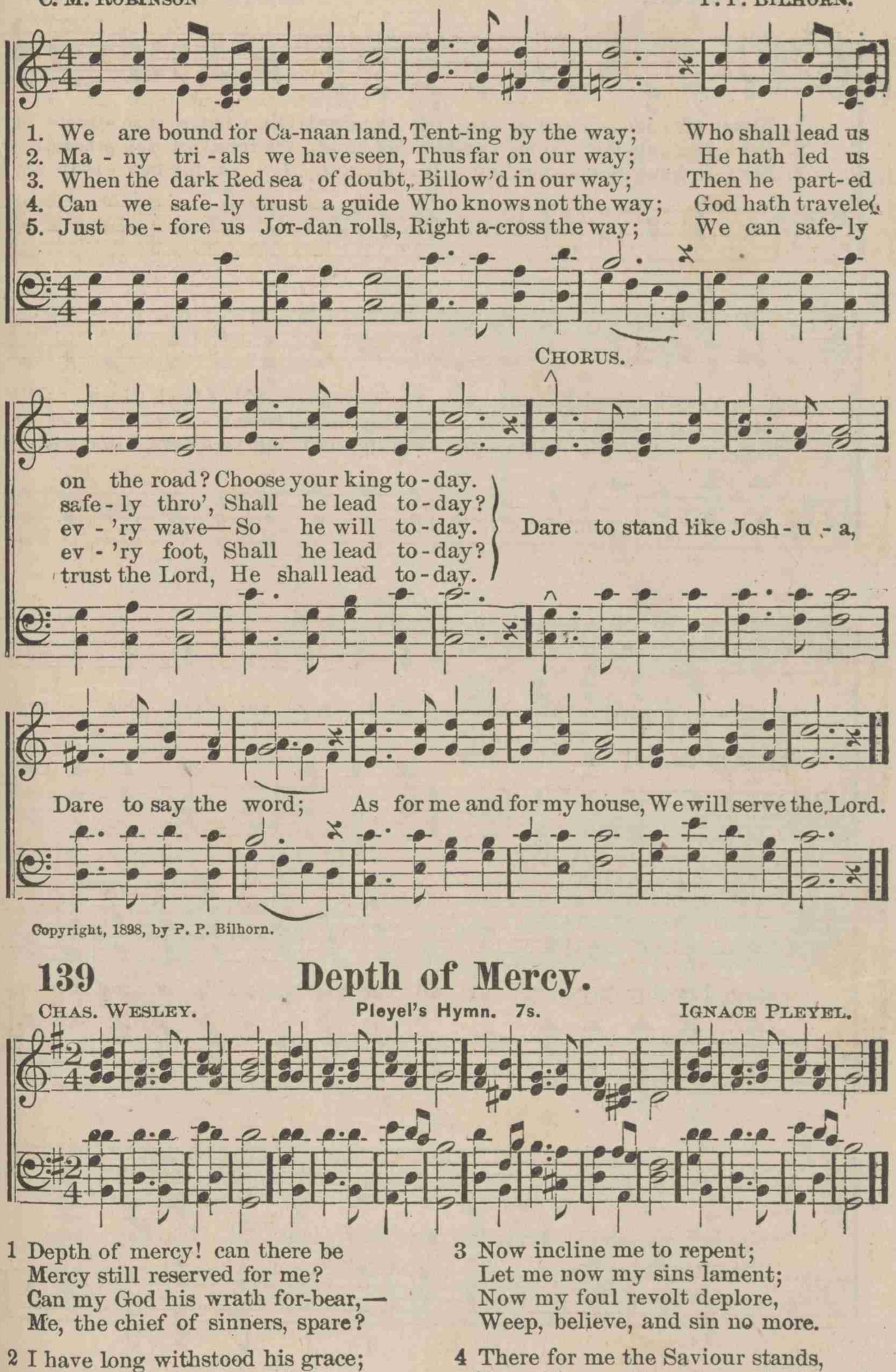
3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!

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

CHAS. WESLEY.

138 Dare to Stand Like Joshua.

C. M. ROBINSON. P. P. BILHORN.



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139 Depth of Mercy.

CHAS. WESLEY. Pleyel's Hymn. 7s. IGNACE PLEYEL.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath for-bear,—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

140 Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP. By per.

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

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchas'd of God, Born of His
burst on my sight; An - gels descending, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of
hap - py and blest; Watching and waiting, look - ing a - bove, Fill'd with His

CHORUS.

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

song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry,

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

141 'Tis Burning in My Soul.

DELIA T. WHITE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God sent his might-y power To this poor, sin-ful heart, To
2. Be-fore the cross I bow, Up-on the al-tar lay A
3. No good that I have done, His prom-ise I em-brace; Ac-

keep me ev-'ry hour, And needful grace impart; And since his Spir-it came
will-ing off'ring now, My all from day to day. My Sav-iour paid the price,
cept-ed in the Son, He saves me by his grace. All glo-ry be to God!

To take supreme control, The love en-kin-dled flame Is burning in my soul.
My name he sweetly calls; Up-on the sac-ri-fice The fire from heaven falls.
Let hal-le-lu-jahs roll; His love is shed abroad, The fire is in my soul.

CHORUS.

'Tis burning in my soul, 'Tis burning in my soul; The fire of heav'nly
Ho-ly Spir-it came, All glo-ry to his name! The fire of heav'nly

1 2

love is burn-ing in my soul. The
love is burn-ing (*Omit.*) in my soul.
burn-ing in my soul. burn-ing in my soul.

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142 Some Other Day.

G. M. J. GERTRUDE MANLY JONES.

Slowly, with feeling.

1. The Spir - it once came to an in - no- cent child And plead in the
2. The Spir - it came back to the tall, fair youth, With a lov - ing and
3. The Spir - it plead thus with the toil-worn man: "Make haste while God's
4. The old man now leans on his trem - bling staff With a quav-er - ing

tend'rest tone: "Dear lit - tle one, let me come in - to thy heart, And
ten - der plea: "The har-vest is read-y, there's work to be done, A -
grace shall last; The sil - ver is tinging thy locks of brown, Thy
bit - ter sigh: "I've wast - ed a life-time in sin," he cried, "And

make it for - ev- er my own." "Sweet Spirit," he cried, "please go away;
rise, God is calling for thee." "O Spir- it," he cried, "leave me, I pray,
years are now slipping by fast." "O Spir- it," he cried, "I should obey,
now I am go- ing to die: The Spirit, long slighted, has flown away;

For childhood is on - ly for fun and play; Some oth - er day,
The pleasures of earth hold me in sway; Some oth - er day,
But I am too bus - y and tired to pray; Some oth - er day,
No hope, no God, I can - not pray; No oth - er day,

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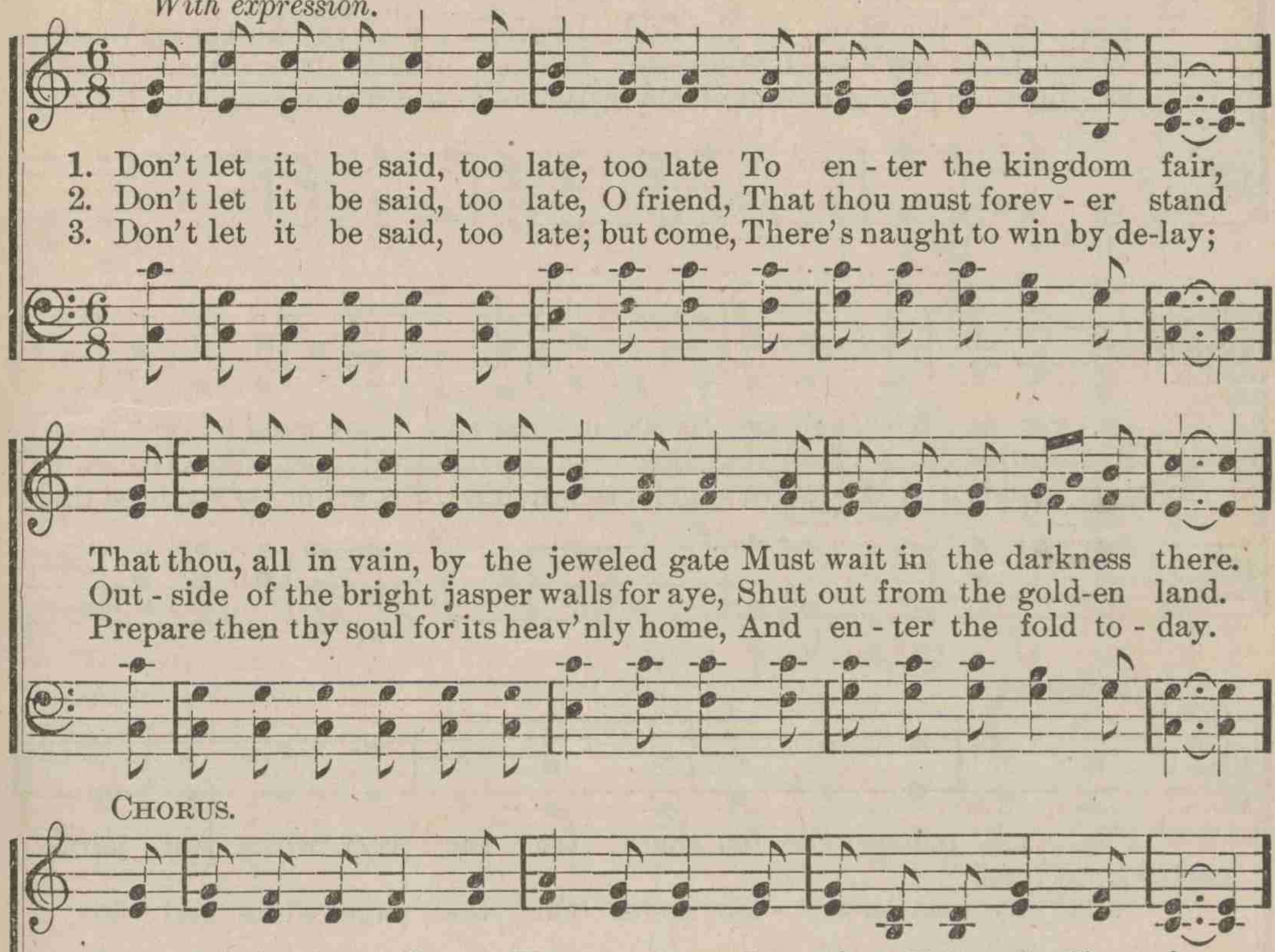
Some Other Day.—Concluded.



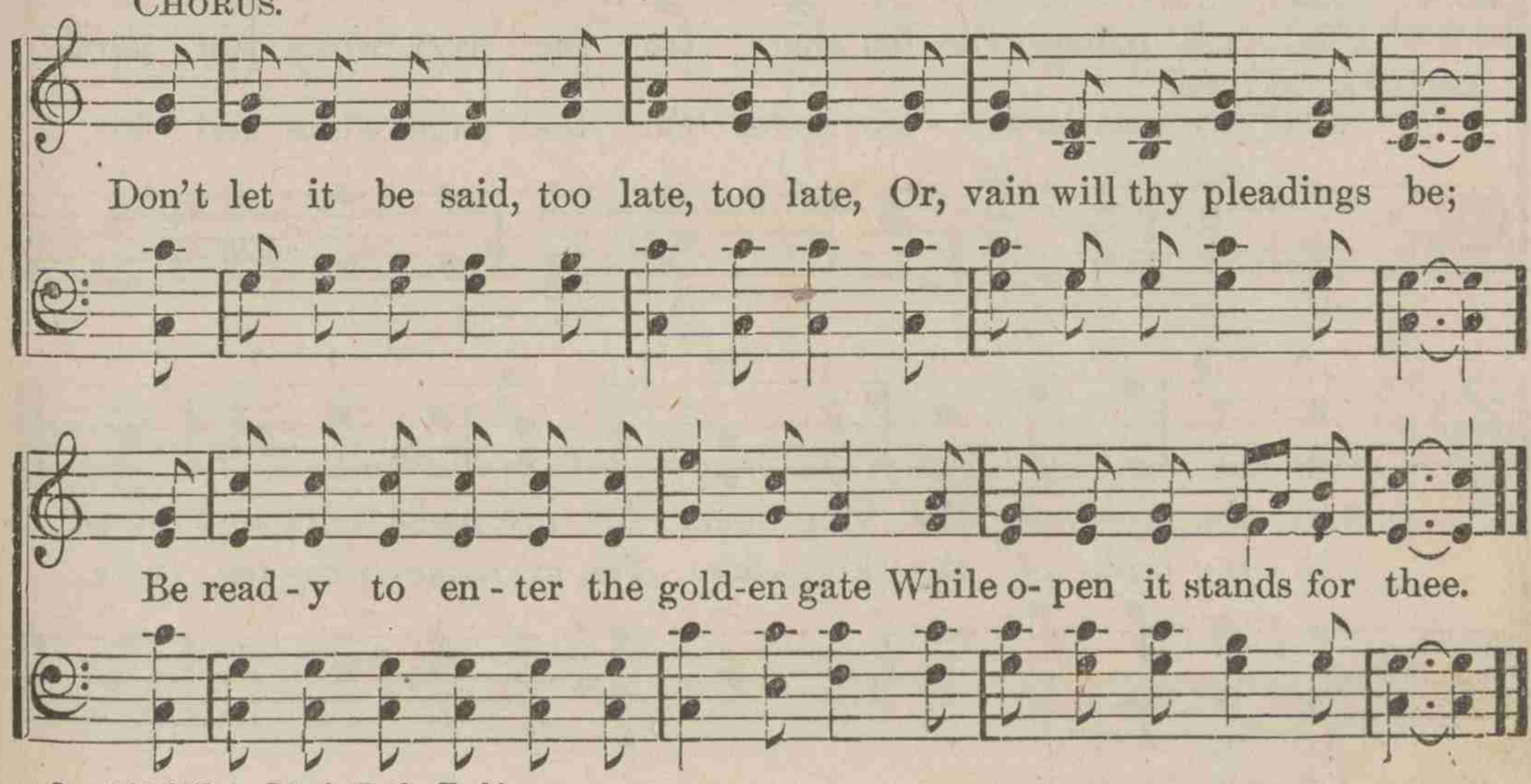
143 Don't Let it be Said, Too Late.

IDA L. REED. FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.



CHORUS.



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144 Is My Name Written There?

MRS. MARY A. KIDDER. (Luke 10 : 20.) FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Neither sil- ver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, O my
3. O! the beau-ti - ful cit - y, With the mansions of light, With its glori - fied

heav- en, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of thy kingdom, With its
Sav-iour! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For thy promise is written, In bright
be - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e- vil thing cometh, To de -

pa - ges so fair, Tell me, Je- sus, my Saviour, Is my name written there?
let- ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching, Yes, my name's written there.

CHORUS.

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?

Chorus for 3d verse.

Yes, my name's writ - ten there, On the page white and fair;

In the book of thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?
In the book of thy king - dom, Yes, my name's writ - ten there.

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145 There is Joy.

MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OGDEN.

1. When a sin- ner comes, as a sin - ner may, There is joy,.....there is
2. When a soul is born in the kingdom bright, There is joy,.....there is
3. When a pilgrim comes to the riv - er wide, There is joy,.....there is

There is joy,

joy;..... When he turns to God in the gos - pel way,
joy;..... When it walks by faith in the gos - pel light,
joy;..... When he dwells se - cure on the oth - er side,

there is joy;

CHORUS.

There is joy,..... there is joy. There is joy a - mong the

There is joy,

an - gels, And their harps with mu - sic ring,..... When a

mu - sic ring,

sin - ner comes re - pent - ing, Bend- ing low be - fore the King.

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146 Yes, there is Pardon for You.

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

Slowly.

1. O, come to the Sav - iour, be - lieve in his name, And ask him your heart to re - new; He waits to be gra-cious, O turn not a - way, For now there is par - don for you.
2. The way of trans - gres - sion that leads un - to death, O why will you long- er pur - sue? How can you re - ject the sweet mes - sage of love That of - fers full par - don for you?
3. Be warned of your dan - ger; es - cape to the cross; Your on - ly sal - va- tion is there; Be - lieve, and that mo-ment the Spir - it of grace Will an - swer your pen - i - tent prayer.

CHORUS.

Yes, there is par- don for you,..... Yes, there is par-don for you;.....
for you, for you;

For Je - sus has died to re-deem you, And of-fers full pardon to you.

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147 I'm Glad Salvation Reaches Me.

LEWIS EDGAR. L. E. JONES.

1. I came in faith to Jesus where none have sought in vain, I'm glad sal-vation reaches me; He gladly took my burden and cleansed my ev'ry stain,
2. I heard the gos-pel sto - ry, 'twas mu-sic to my soul, I'm glad sal-vation reaches me; I came to Christ a sinner, he made me fully whole,
3. I'll tell the Saviour's goodness and tell his pow'r to save, I'm glad sal-vation reach[illegible] me; Thro' him I have assurance of life beyond the grave,

CHORUS.

I'm glad salva - tion reaches me. I'm glad it reach-es me, Glad it reaches me, This wonderful sal-vation so full and free; I'm glad it reach-es me, Glad it reaches me, This wonderful sal-vation, it reach-es me.

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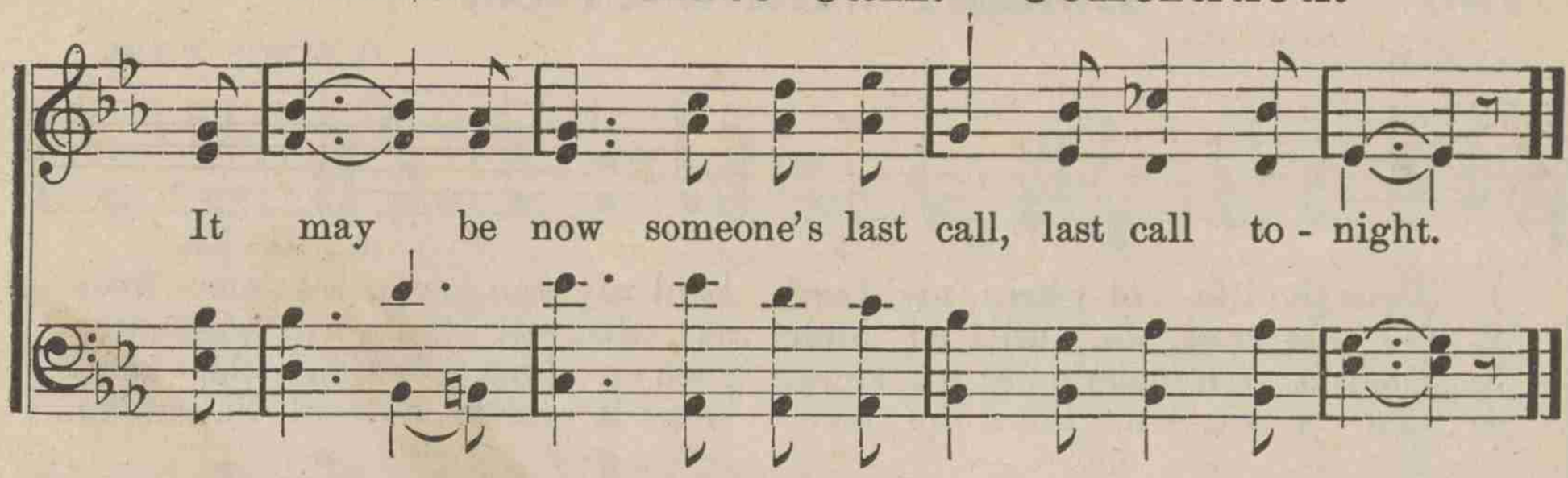
148 Someone's Last Call.

EDNA R. WORRELL. Arr. by CLARENCE B. STROUSE.



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Someone's Last Call.—Concluded.



149 Trusting in the Lord.

T. P. W. (Acts 27 : 25.) THOS. P. WESTENDORF.



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150 Bought with a Price.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. 'Twas the life of Christ, my Lord, Paid my ran - som, set me free;
2. O the cross, up - lift - ed high, So that all the world might see,
3. Such a ran - som ne'er was known, Such a love, to die for me!
4. Can a sin - ner know the cost? Was it worth a soul like mine

He redeemed me by his blood Shed on the cross of Cal - va - ry.
Bears the Lamb of God, to die There on the cross of Cal - va - ry.
Wondrous love, to leave a throne, Choosing a cross on Cal - va - ry.
That a King, to save the lost, Pays the great price with life divine?

CHORUS.

Bought with a price, not of sil - ver or gold; Bought with a

price of a val - ue yet un - told; 'Twas the blood of Je - sus,

shed on Cal - va - ry, Purchased my re - demption and set me free.

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151 Almost Decided.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Some one for years at your heart has been knocking, Knock-ing and plead-ing a-gain and a-gain; Out-side the door he's been pa-tient-ly stand-ing, Will you per-mit him to plead thus in vain?
2. Glimp-ses of light on thy path have been shin-ing, To-kens of treas-ures of love yet in store, All to be thine, free-ly thine, for the ask-ing, If un-to him thou wilt o-pen the door.
3. Haste, O make haste, for the night is approaching, Soon will thy day of pro-ba-tion be o'er; Haste for thy Lord will not al-ways stand pleading, Haste, lest he leave to re-turn nev-er more.
4. Al-most de-cid-ed, why not al-to-geth-er? Al-most de-cid-ed is but to be lost; Choose ye to-day and be wise in thy choosing, Christ or the world, O con-sid-er the cost.

Chorus.

f *p*

Al-most de-cid-ed, al-most de-cid-ed, Life is uncertain, why will ye de-lay?

f *p*

Al-most de-cid-ed, al-most de-cid-ed, O why not fully de-cid-ed to-day?

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152 We Have Fellowship.

L. E. J. 1 John 1: 7. L. E. JONES.

1. There's a pre-cious fountain, flowing deep and wide, There is perfect cleansing in its crimson tide; Un-der-neath its cur-rent we would e'er a-bide,
2. We are liv-ing safe beneath the fountain's flow, Free from sinful dross, with rai-ment white as snow; We've a hand to guide us, as we onward go,
3. From the bonds of sin the Lord hath brought release, Bade our cry of mourning ev-er-more to cease; We are filled each mo-ment with his bless-ed peace,
4. From our hearts the praise of Je-sus Christ we sing, By our serv-ice we will crown him Lord and King; To his feet an of-fer-ing of love we bring,

CHORUS.

Walk-ing in the light of God. If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fel-low-ship one with an-oth-er, and the blood of Je-sus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

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153 Rescue the Perishing.

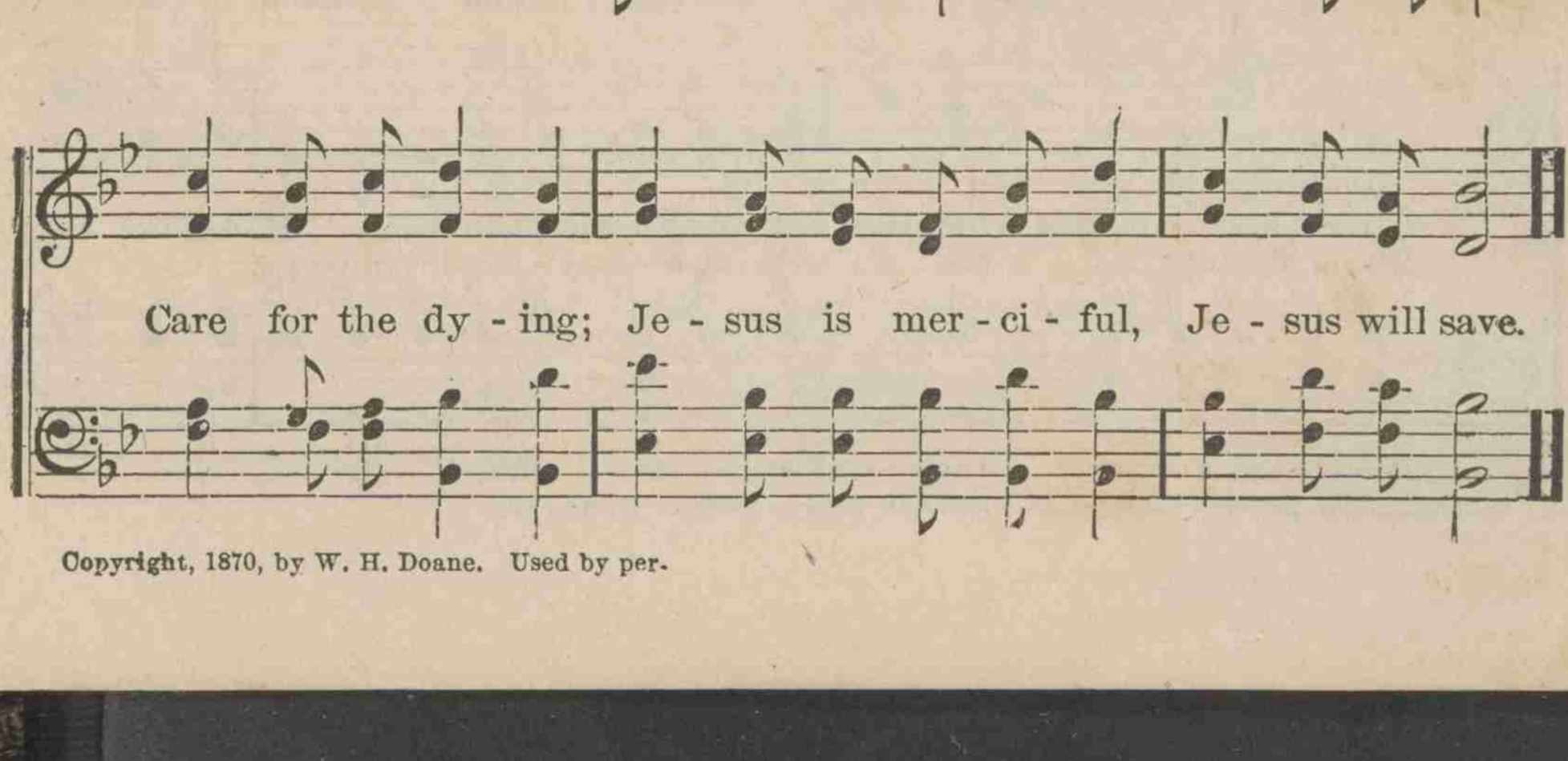
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



1. Res - cue the per- ish- ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i-tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that
4. Res - cue the per- ish- ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy labor the



sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err- ing one, Lift up the fal - len,
c' ..d to re- ceive. Plead with them earnest-ly, Plead with them gen - tly;
grace can re- store; Touch'd by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro-vide: Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient- ly win them;



CHORUS.

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

Res - cue the per - ish-ing,

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

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154 Reapers are Needed.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Standing in the mar-ket plac-es all the sea-son thro', Id-ly say-ing
2. Ev - 'ry sheaf you gath-er will be-come a jew-el bright In the crown you
3. Morn-ing hours are pass-ing, and the evening fol-lows fast; Soon the time of

"Lord, is there no work that I can do;" O how ma-ny loi-ter, while the
hope to wear in yonder world of light. Seek the gems im-mor-tal that are
reap-ing will for-ev-er-more be past. Emp-ty hand-ed to the Mas-ter

Mas-ter calls a-new—"Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
pre-cious in his sight! "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
will you go at last? "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"

CHORUS.

Lift thine eyes and look up-on the fields that stand
Lift thine eyes and look up - on the fields that stand all read-y
Lift thine eyes to fields that stand all
Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, Rouse ye, O
Ripe and ready for the will-ing gleaner's hand, O rouse ye,
Read - y for the glean - er's hand, O

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Reapers are Needed.—Concluded.

sleepers! Ye are need-ed as reapers! Who will be the first to answer, "Master,
quickly

here am I?"
"Mas - ter, here am I?" O an-swer!

Far and wide the rip- ened
Far and wide the rip - ened
Far and wide the

grain is bend - ing low,
grain is bend - ing low, In breez - es,

In the breez- es gen- tly
In the breez - es gen - tly

grain bends low, and In the breeze waves

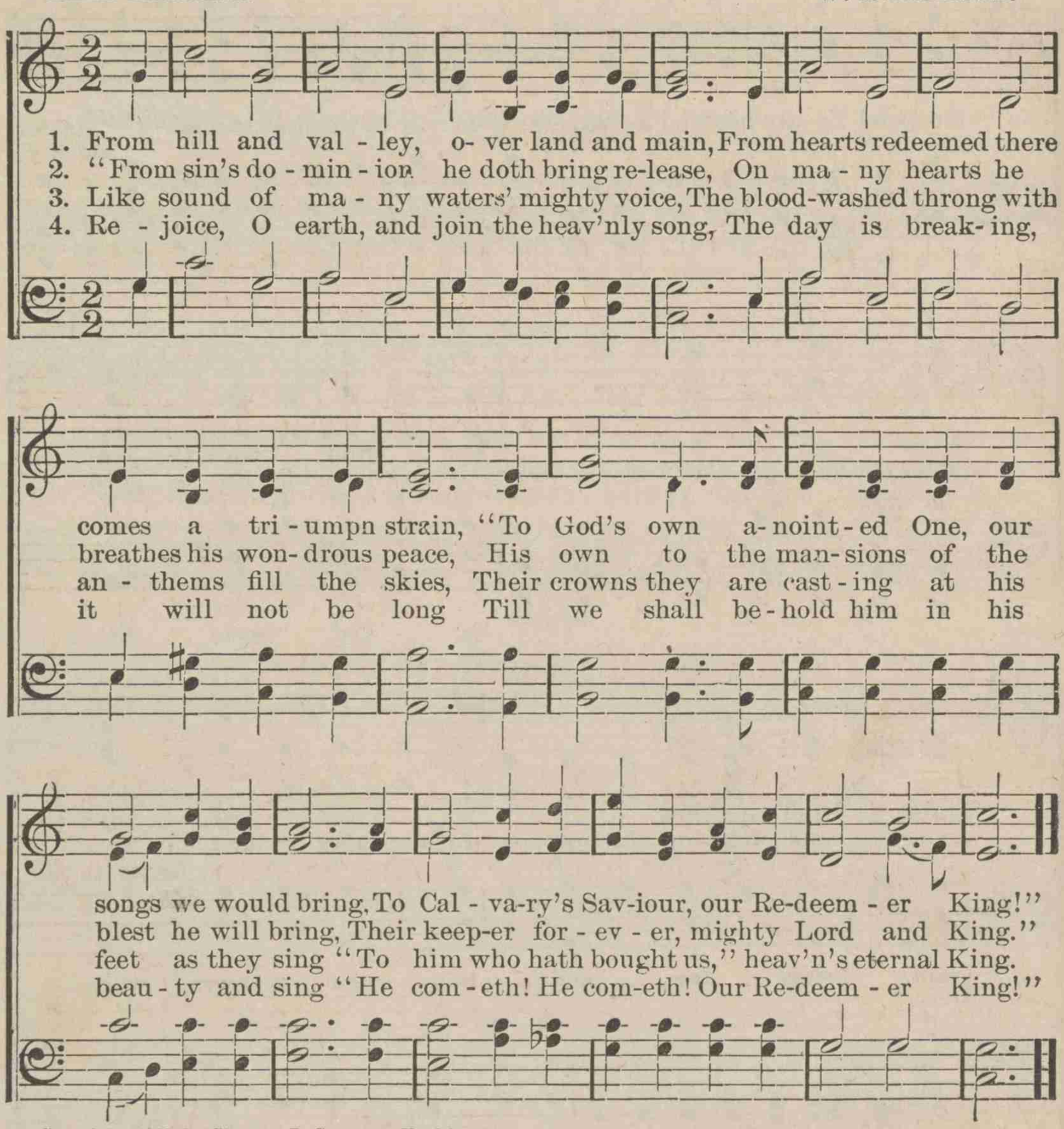
wav- ing to and fro, Rouse ye, O sleepers! Ye are need-ed as
wav - ing to and fro, O rouse ye,

to and fro, O

reap- ers, And the gold - en har- vest days are swift-ly pass - ing by.

155 Our Redeemer King.

ELLA M. PARKS. W. J. BALTZELL.



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156 Keep Me Under the Blood.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



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Keep Me Under the Blood.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

heart is stay'd, Keep me under the blood.
va - tion felt Let me still a - bide.
cleansing hide In thy dear side riv'n.
sav'd and kept By his pre-cious blood.

} Keep me under the blood, dear Lord,

Calvary's crimson flood; Not mine own, but thine alone, Keep me under the blood.

157 Great is the Love of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Great is the love that brought me, Out of the path of sin; Great is the
2. Great is the love that draws me, Near to my heav'nly Guide; Great is the
3. Great is the love that leads me, Safe-ly where'er I go; More of its
4. Great is the love pre - par - ing, Mansions of rest a - bove; There shall I

CHORUS.

love that gave me, Pardon and peace within.
love that keeps me, Close to his bleeding side.
pow'r and greatness, Teach me, O Lord, to know.
know its fullness, Wonderful, boundless love.

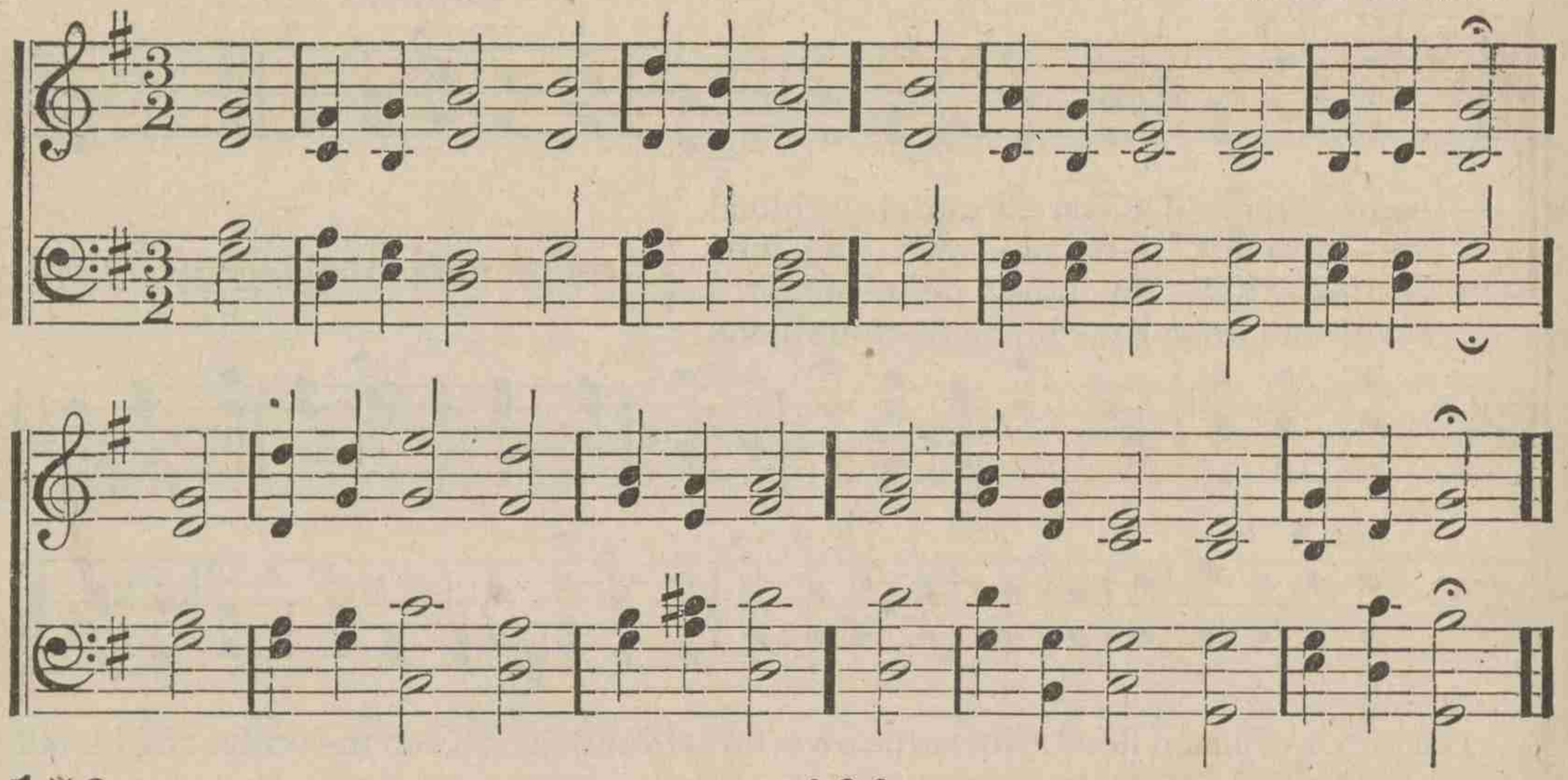
} Great is the love that saves me,

Saves me hour by hour; Wonderful love of Je - sus, Who can resist its pow'r.

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Rockingham. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



158 Of Him Who Did Salvation Bring.

1 Of him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am very dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

—*Bernard of Clairvaux.*

159 The Yoke Easy and the Burden Light.

1 O that my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

—*Charles Wesley.*

160 The Will of God.

1 He wills that I should holy be:
That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul
Accomplished in the change of mine;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.

3 On thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove thine utmost will;
The promise by thy mercy made,
Thou canst, thou wilt, in me fulfill.

4 No more I stagger at thy power,
Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move:
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with thy perfect love.

—*Charles Wesley.*

161 While Life Prolongs.

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 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.

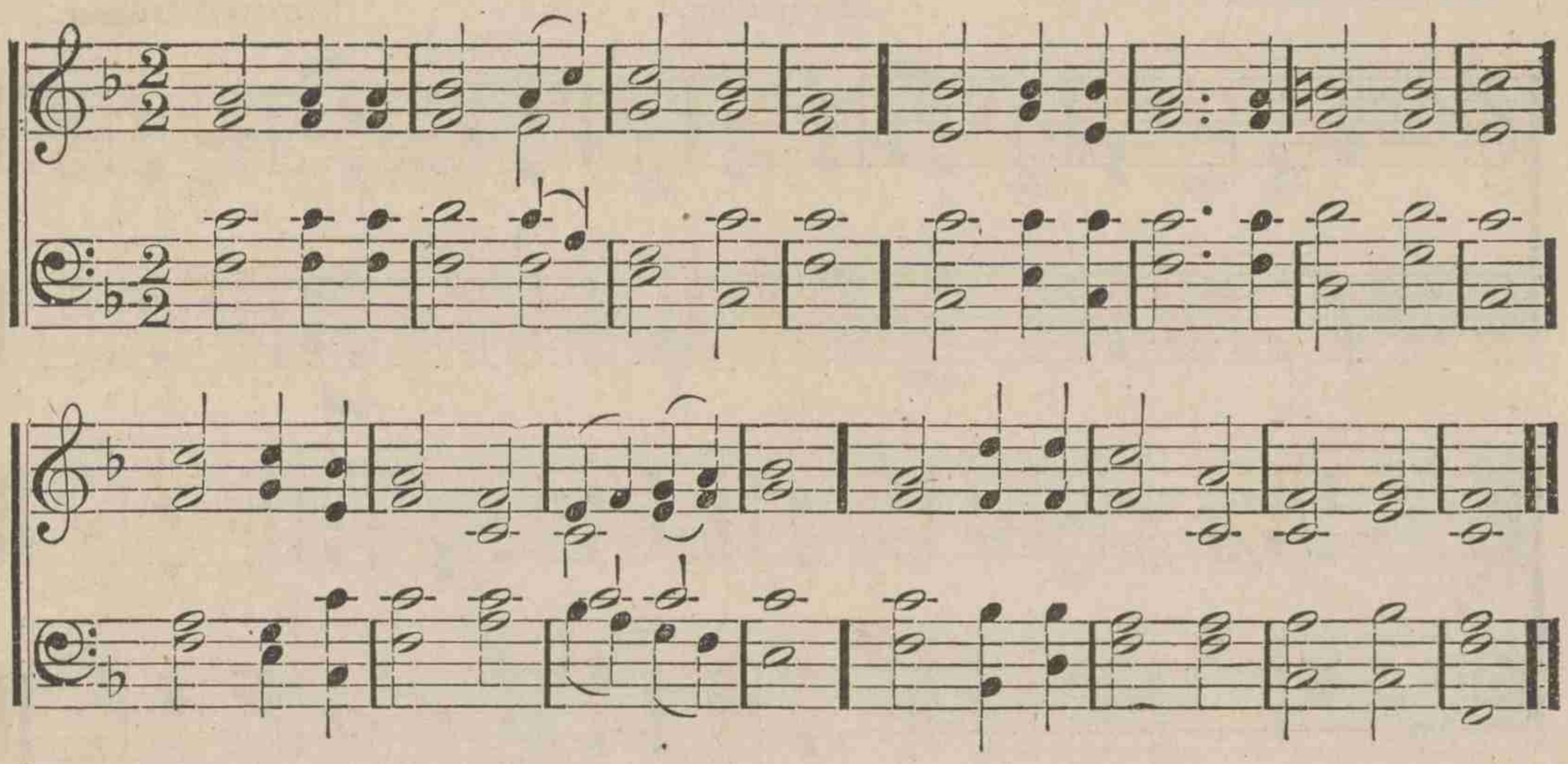
3 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

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

—*Timothy Dwight.*

Federal Street. L. M.

H. K. Oliver.



162 Stay, Thou Insulted Spirit, Stay.

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Tho' I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

4 Yet, O the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

—*Charles Wesley.*

163 Why Will Ye Waste.

1 Why will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares?
While, in a various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain,
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue:
Not so will heaven and hell appear
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! Thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

—*P. Doddridge.*

164 The Great Physician.

1 Deep are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost power.

2 But can no sovereign balm be found
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?

3 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles, appear
Such help as nature cannot give.

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;
And in that sacrificial flood
A balm for all thy grief and woe.

—*Anne Steele.*

165 Show Pity, Lord.

1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

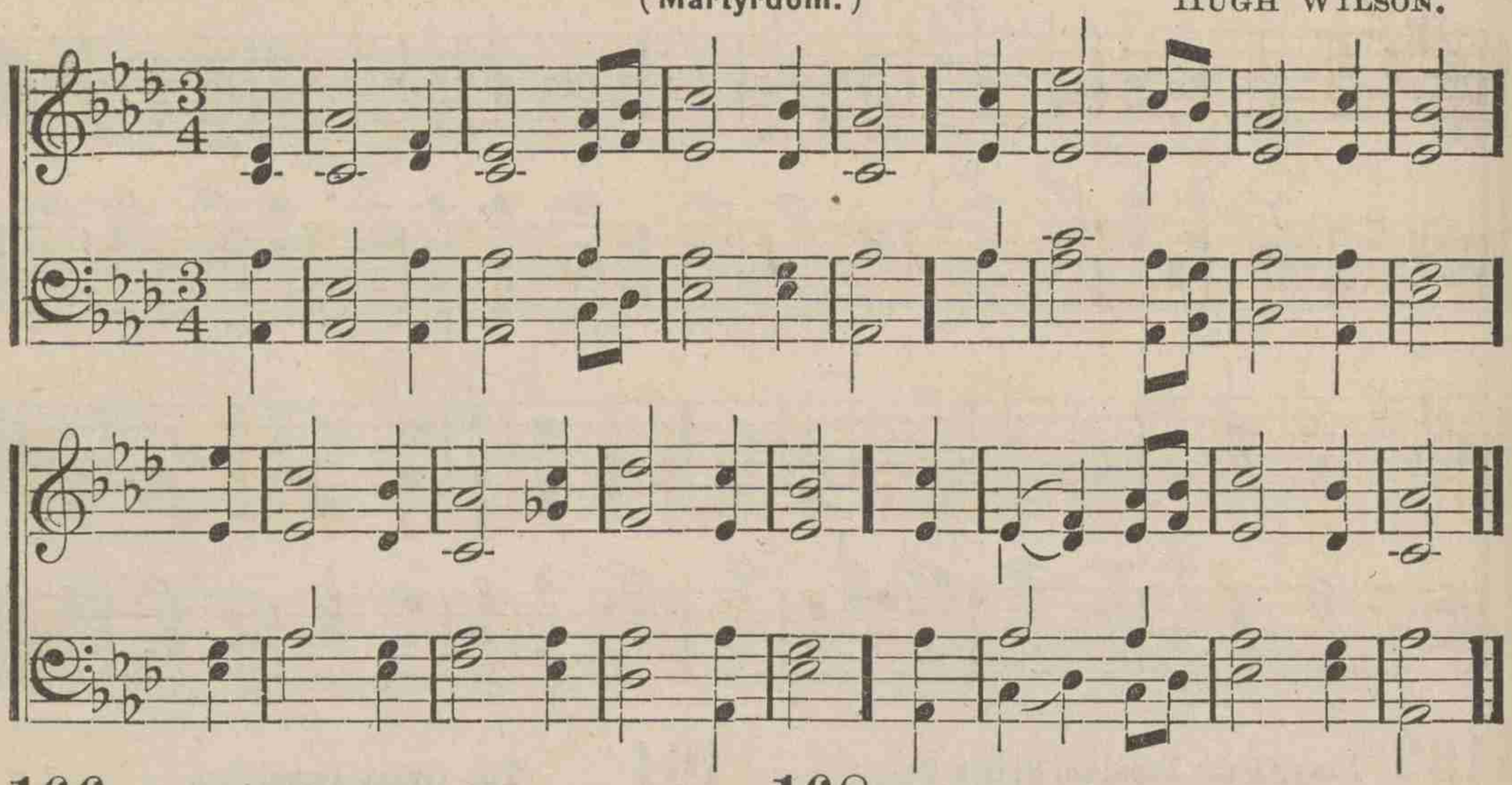
3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain my eyes.

4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

—*Isaac Watts.*

Avon. C. M.

(Martyrdom.) HUGH WILSON.



166 Forever Here My Rest.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
"For me the Saviour died."

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

—Charles Wesley.

167 The Hope of Our Calling.

1 What is our calling's glorious hope
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up;
I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait till he shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin
And purifies the heart.

3 When Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart;
And, lo! he saith, "I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart."

4 Be it according to thy word;
Redeem me from all sin;
My heart would now receive thee. Lord;
Come in, my Lord, come in!

—Charles Wesley

168 O For a Heart to Praise.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

—Charles Wesley.

169 O for a Closer Walk with God.

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

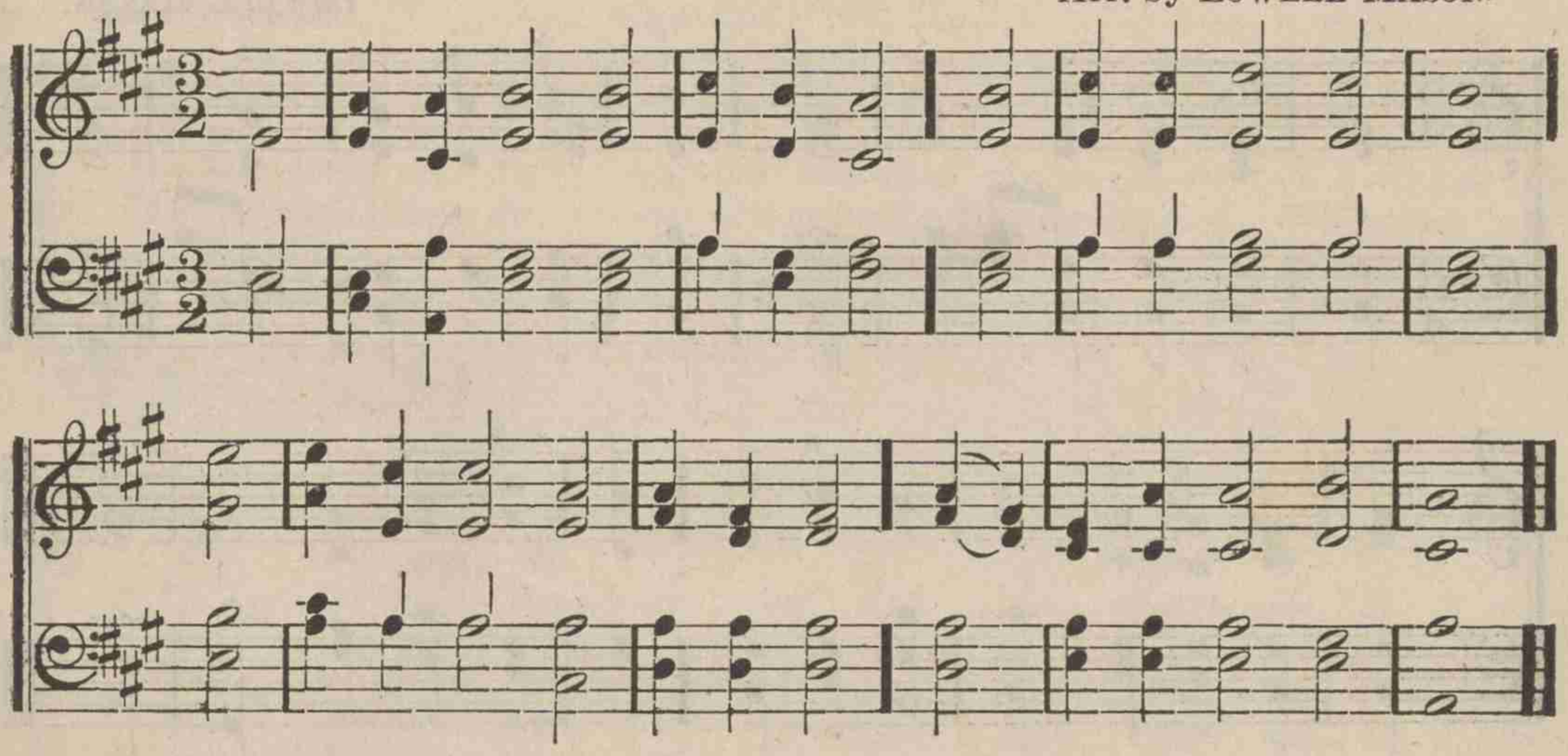
3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that make thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

—William Cowper.

Azmon. C. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



170 Am I a Soldier?

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

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

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

—*Isaac Watts.*

171 The World Overcome.

1 Let worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me:
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart:
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

—*John Newton.*

172 Come, Holy Spirit.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

—*Isaac Watts.*

173 O for a Faith!

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

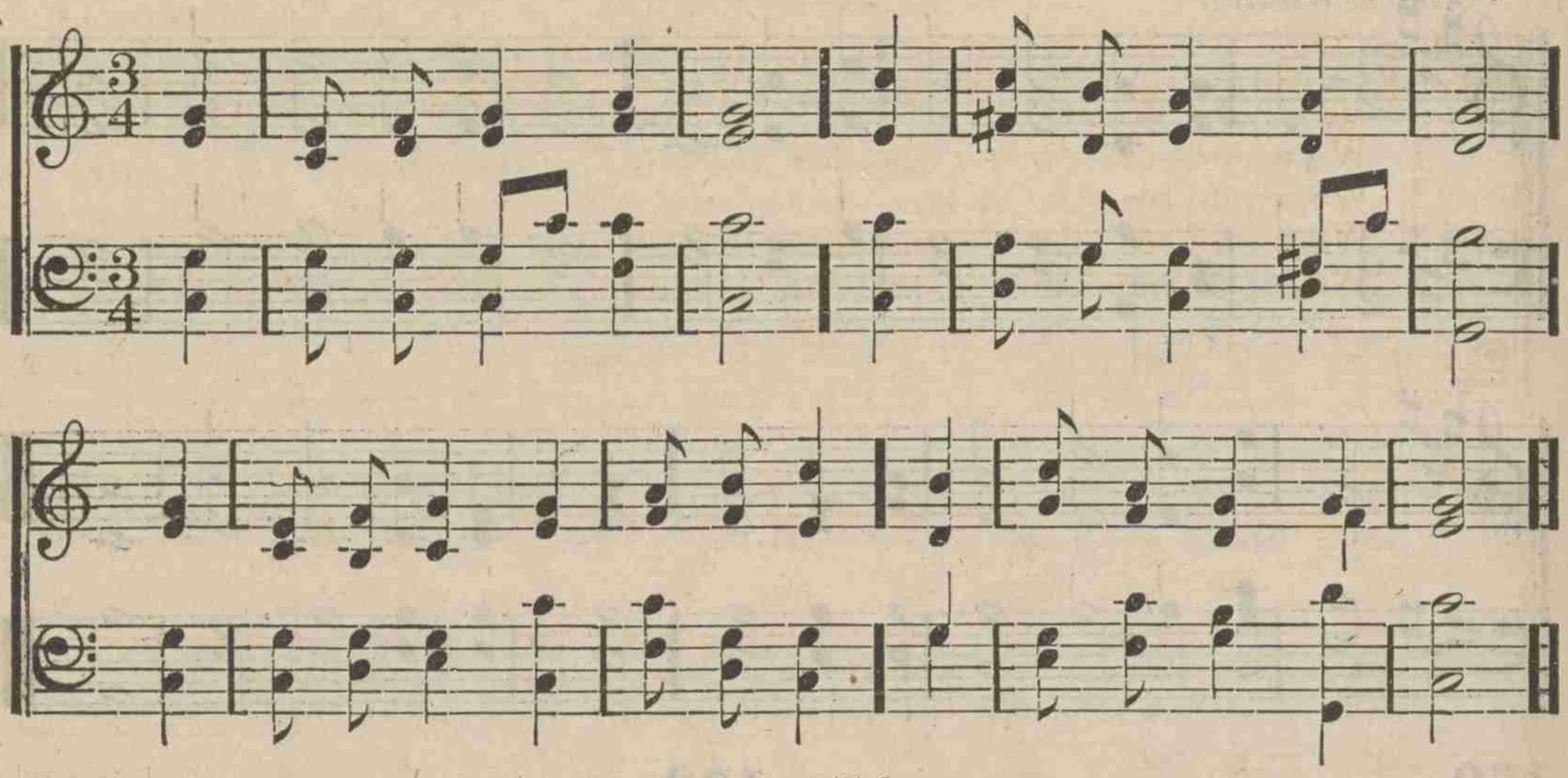
3 A faith that shines more bright and clear,
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot down,
Nor Satan's arts beguile.

—*Wm. H. Bathurst.*

Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



174 A Charge to Keep.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And, O thy servant, Lord, prepare.
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

—*Charles Wesley.*

175 Make Haste to Live.

1 Make haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
How swift its moments fly.

2 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
The day will soon be gone.

3 Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away;
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

4 Make haste, O man, to live,
Thy time is almost o'er;
O sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

176 How Gentle God's Commands.

1 How gentle God's commands,
How kind his precepts are;
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heav'nly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

—*P. Doddridge.*

177 And Can I Yet Delay?

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive.

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

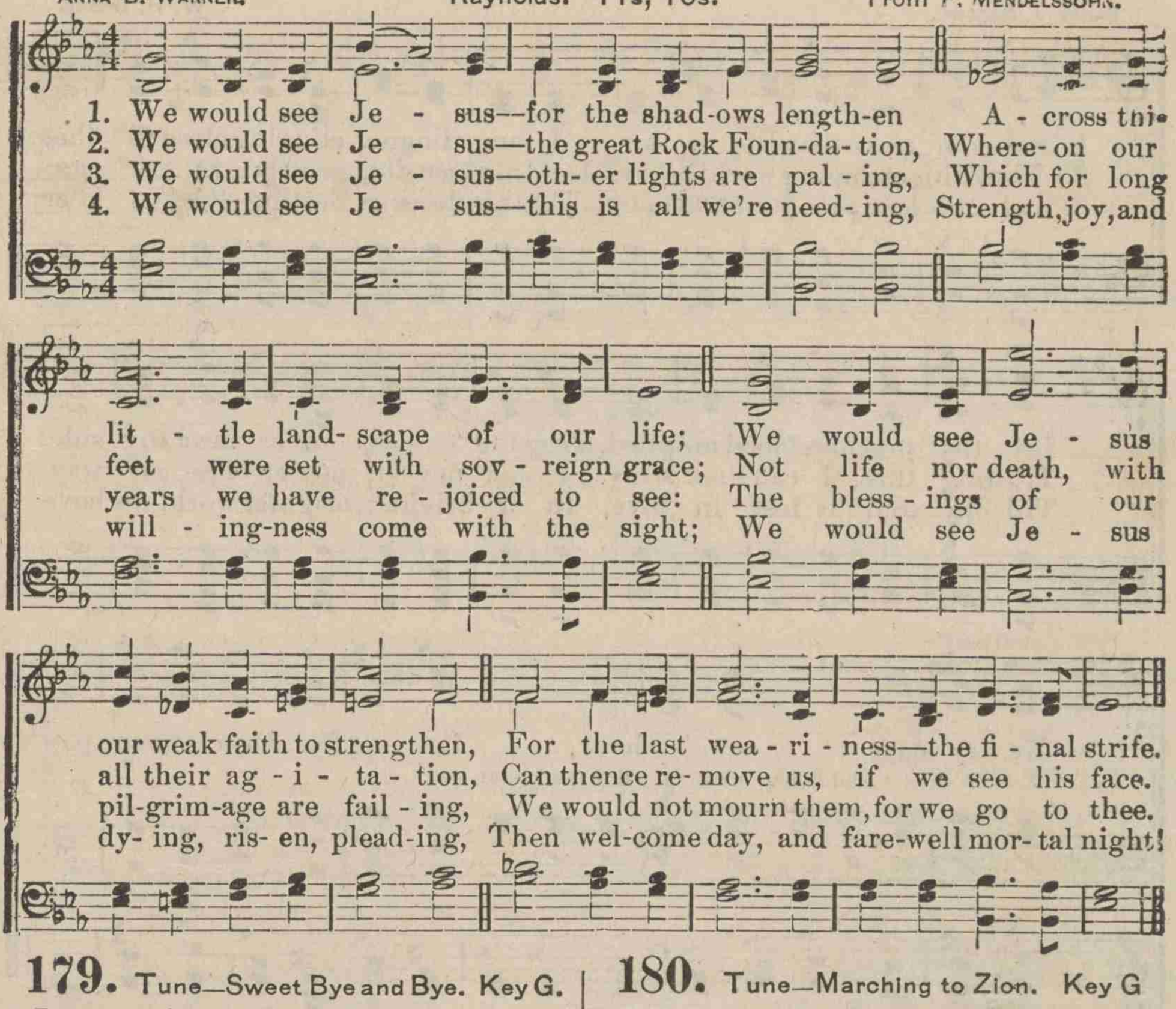
3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

—*Charles Wesley.*

178. We Would See Jesus.

ANNA B. WARNER. Raynolds. 11s, 10s. From F. MENDELSSOHN.



179. Tune—Sweet Bye and Bye. Key G.

1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,
Rest, such as the purified know;
My soul is athirst to be blest,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

I believe Jesus saves.
And his blood washes whiter than snow.
I believe Jesus saves,
And his blood washes whiter than snow.

2 In coming, my sin I deplore,
My weakness and poverty show;
I long to be saved evermore,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

3 To Jesus I give up my all,
Ev'ry treasure and idol I know;
For his fullness of blessing I call,
Till his blood washes whiter than snow.

4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now his salvation to know;
And his blood doth so fully atone,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

5 My heart is in raptures of love,
Love, such as the ransomed ones know.
I am strengthened with might from above,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

Rev. Wm. McDonald.

180. Tune—Marching to Zion. Key G

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
‖: Join in a song with sweet accord, :‖
‖: While ye surround his throne. :‖

CHORUS.

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion,
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
‖: But servants of the heavenly King, :‖
‖: May speak their joys abroad. :‖

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
‖: There, from the rivers of his grace, :‖
‖: Drink endless pleasures in. ‖

4 The hill of Zion yields,
A thousand sacred sweets,
‖: Before we reach the heavenly fields, :‖
‖: Or walk the golden streets. :‖

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
‖: We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, :‖
‖: To fairer worlds on high. :‖

Isaac Watts.

181. Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;

Let thy precious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near thy side.
Trusting thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.

CHORUS.

Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel thy cleansing pow'r;
and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,

May thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to thee.

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182. Old Time Power.

C. D. T. Acts 2: 4. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. They were in an up-per cham-ber, They were all with one ac-cord,
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n descend-ed With the sound of rush-ing wind;
3. Yes, this "old time" pow'r was giv-en To our fa-thers who were true;

When the Ho-ly Ghost de-scend-ed, As was prom-ised by our Lord.
Tongues of fire came down up-on them, As the Lord said he would send.
This is promised to be-liev-ers, And we all may have it too.

Old Time Power. Concluded.

CHORUS

O Lord, send the pow'r just now; O Lord, send the pow'r just now;

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And bap-tize ev-'ry one.

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183. Jesus Will Listen to Me.

SARAH R. R. ERNEST. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When my soul is bow'd down in the darkness, With tri-als, temp-ta- tion and woe,
2. When my friends and my trusted ones leave me, Then, shrouded in sorrow and fear,
3. When my heart and my life have grown weary With failure and trou-ble and loss,
4. When I find that my life's day is end-ing, And shadows of e - ven-tide fall,

When no mor- tal can com-fort or cheer me, To whom in that hour shall I go?
All a - lone in the midst of earth's comfort, I still have a list - en-ing ear.
I may still ask for help and for com-fort From hands that were nail'd to the cross.
When I en - ter the dark, lonely val - ley, Ah, then up-on whom shall I call?

CHORUS.

Je - sus will lis-ten to me..... Je - sus will lis-ten to me;

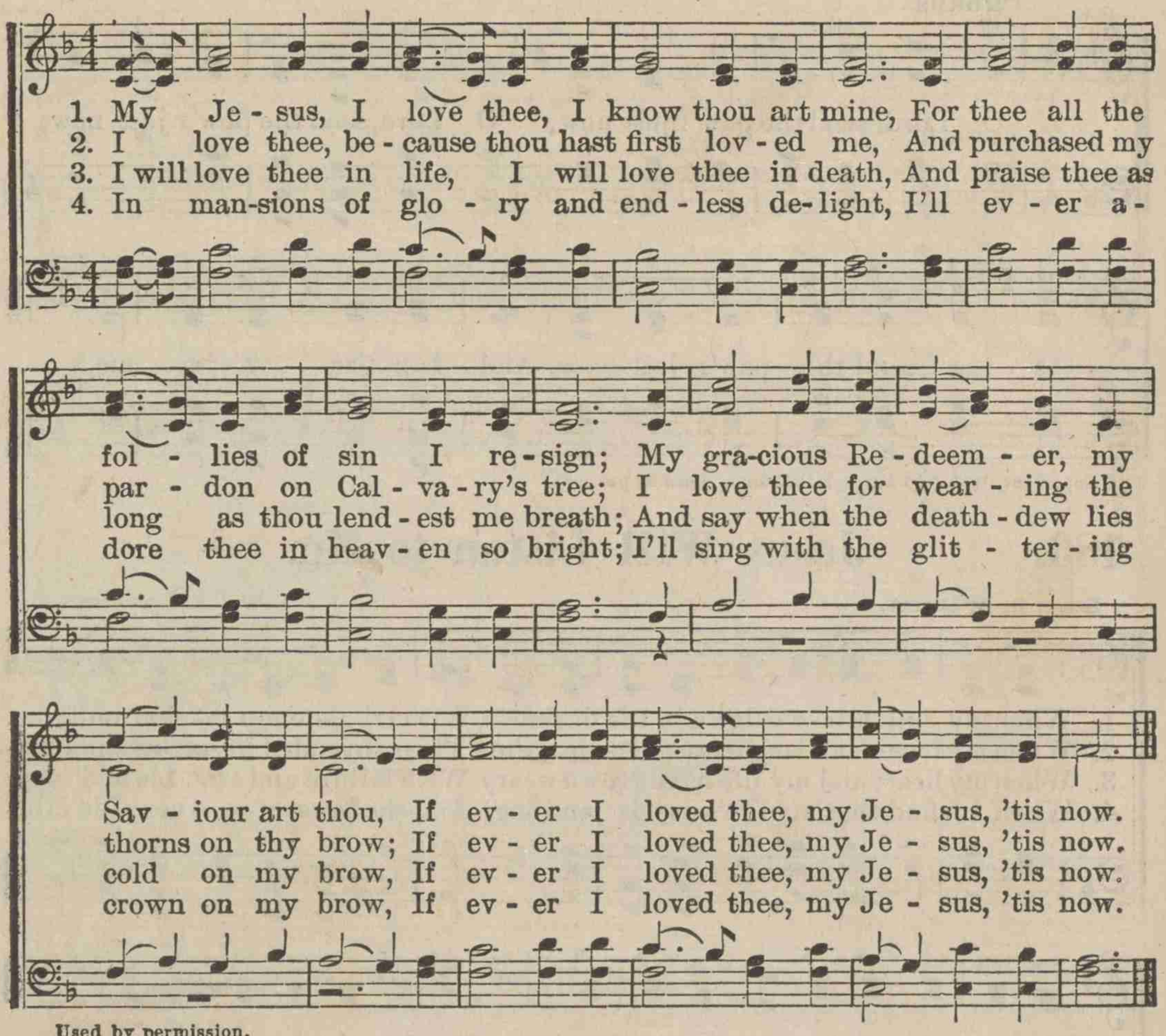
will lis-ten to me, will lis-ten to me;

When with burdens breaking, my heart is aching, Then Jesus will lis-ten to me.

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184 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

LONDON HYMN BOOK. A. J. GORDON.

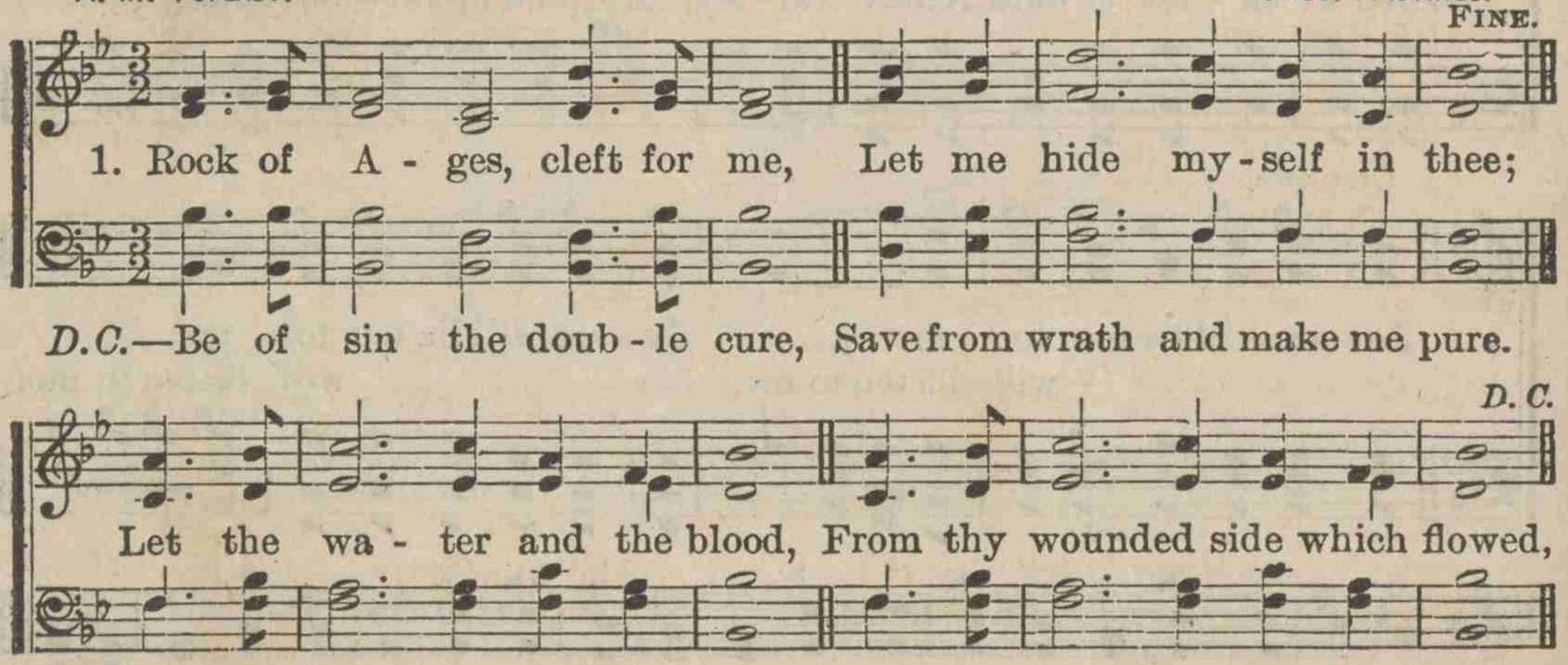


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185 Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE.



2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

186 All to Christ I Owe.

ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say—Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy pow'r, and thine alone, Can change the
3. For noth - ing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim—I'll wash my
4. When from my dy - ing bed My ransomed soul shall rise, Then "Je - sus
5. And when before the throne I stand in him complete, I'll lay my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.
lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
paid it all!" Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

Je - sus paid it all!

All to him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

187 Lord, I Hear of Showers.

MRS. E. CODNER. Even Me. 8, 7, 3. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scattering full and free;
Show'rs the thirst - y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me,

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O God my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me.
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich, so free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

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188 I Will Go.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will go, I can-not stay From the arms of love a-way; O for
2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to-
3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev-er heal my woe; I will
4. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' your sins like mountains roll, Je-sus'
5. I o-bey the Sav-iour's call, Now to him I yield my all, At his

CHORUS.

strength of faith to say, Je-sus died for me.
day I'll try a-gain, Je-sus, help thou me.
rise at once and go, Je-sus died for me.
blood will make me whole, Je-sus died for me.
feet, where oth-er's fall, There's a place for me.

Can it be, O can it be There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Je-sus died for me.

rit.

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189 I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

REV. WM. MCDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee; Long has e-vil dwelt with-in;
3. Here I give my all to thee,— Friends, and time, and earthly store;

CHO.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Cal-va-ry;

D.C. Chorus.

I am count-ing all but dross; I shall full sal-va-tion find.
Je-sus sweet-ly speaks to me, I will cleanse you from all sin.
Soul and bod-y thine to be— Wholly thine,—for-ev-er more.

Hum-bly at thy cross I bow; Save me, Je-sus, save me now.

4 In the 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.

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190. The Saviour is Calling for Thee.

E. E. HEWITT. J. P. Arr. by W. J. K.

1. With outstretched hands and pleading tone, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee;
2. From sin's de-file-ment, sin's con-trol, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee;
3. By count-less mer-cies, day by day, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee;
4. He bids thee to a feast of love, The Sav-iour is call ing for thee;
5. Then turn this mo-ment, look and live! The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee;

FINE.

From Calv'ry's cross, from yon-der throne, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.
O yield to him thy blood-bought soul, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.
By tri-als sent a-long the way, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.
To shin-ing man-sions built a-bove, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.
Full, ev-er-last-ing life he'll give, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.

D.S.—The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.

CHORUS. *p* *D.S.*

Call - ing, call - ing, The Saviour is calling for thee; Call - ing, call - ing,
Calling for thee, calling for thee; Calling for thee, calling for thee;

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191. I'll Live for Him.

R. E. HUDSON. C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve thou dost re-ceive, For thou hast died that I might live;
3. O thou who died on Cal-va-ry To save my soul and make me free,

Cho.—I'll live for him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

D.C. Chorus.

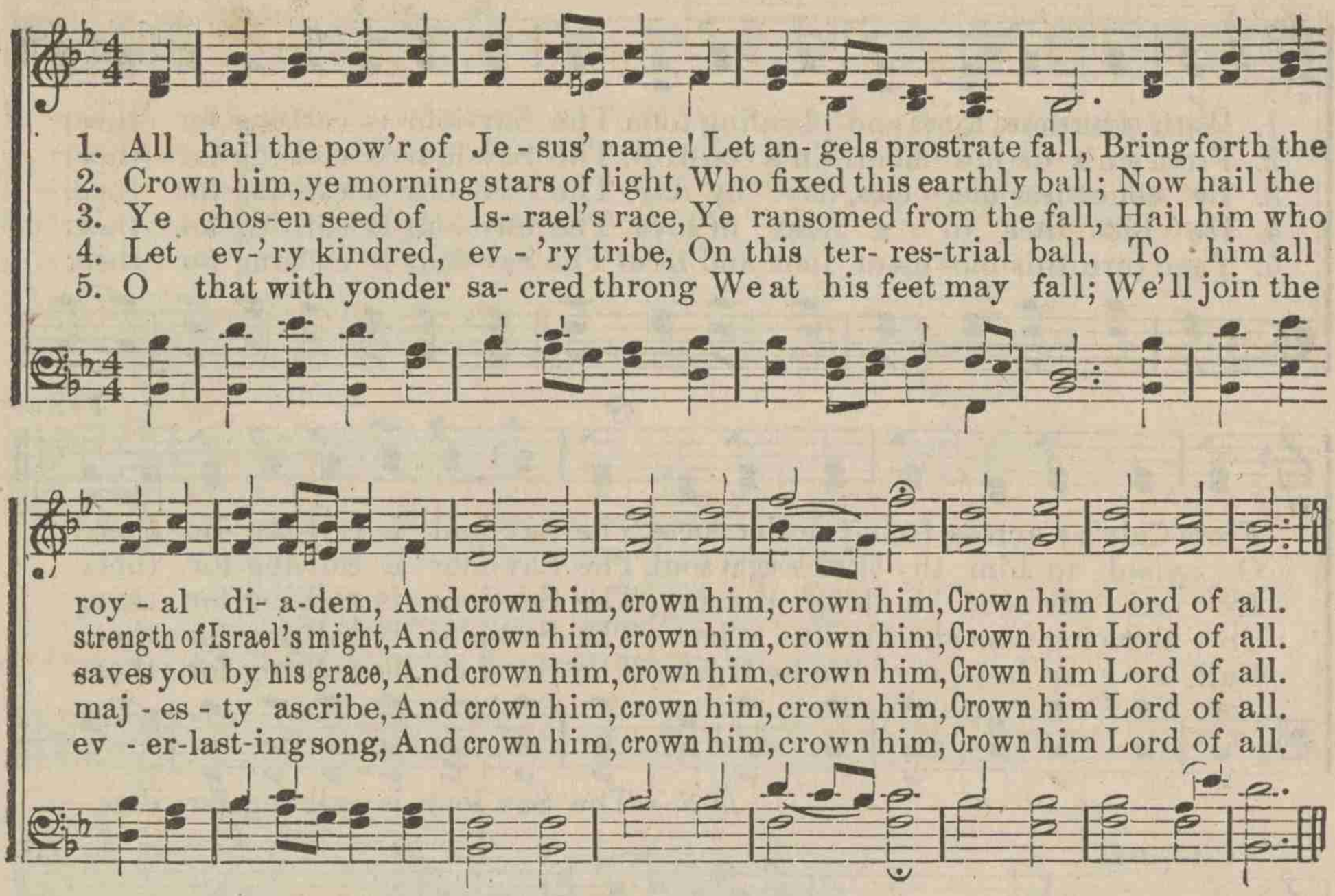
O may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
I con-se-crate my life to thee, My Sav-iour and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav-iour and my God!

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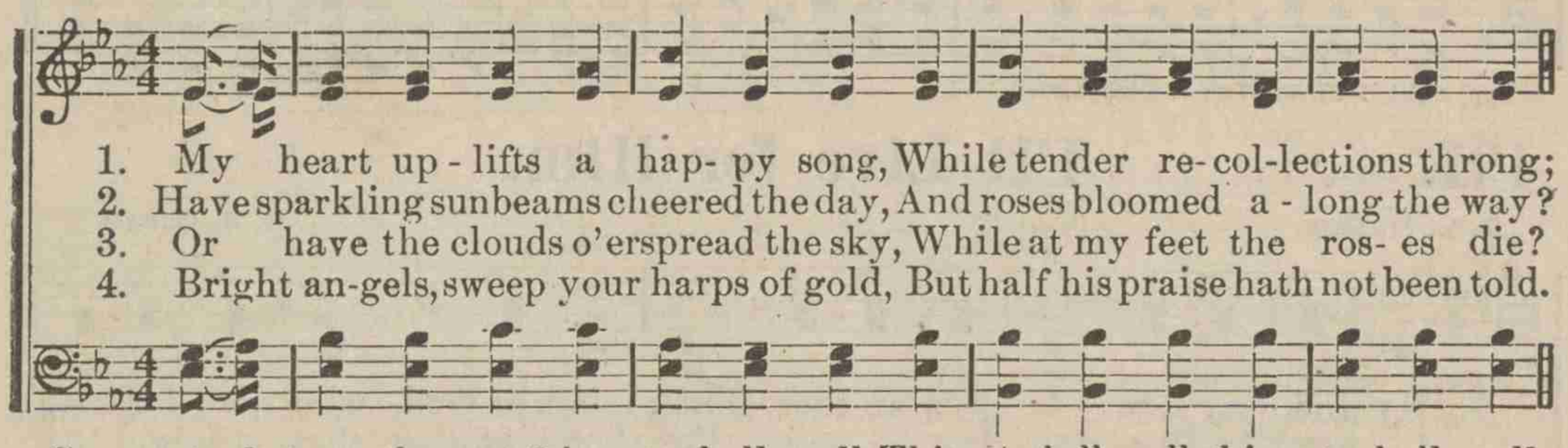
192. All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONEY. Miles Lane. C. M. WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.



193. A Song of Praise.

E. E. HEWITT. Yorkshire Doxology. Arr. by W. J. K.



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194. Why Don't You Come to Jesus?

JOSEPH HART. C. R. DUNBAR.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded sick and sore; Je - sus
2. Now, ye need-y, come and wel-come, God's free bounty glo-ri - fy; True be -
3. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream; All the
4. Come ye wea-ry, heav-y la - den, Bruised and mangled by the fall; If you
5. Ag - o - niz-ing in the gar - den, Your Re-deem-er prostrate lies. On the

p CHORUS.

read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love, and power.
lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
fit -ness he re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of him.
tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev-er come at all.
blood-y tree be - hold him! Hear him cry before he dies.

Why don't you come to

m *f*

Jesus, He's waiting to receive you, Why don't you come to Jesus and be saved? saved?

1 2

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195. Turn to the Lord.

JOSEPH HART. JEREMIAH INGALLS.

FINE.

1. { Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; / Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r: }

Other verses above.

D. C.—Glo-ry, hon - or, and sal - va- tion, Christ the Lord has come to reign.

CHORUS. *D.C.*

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

196. Send Another Pentecost.

Arr. by Mrs. G. D. ELDERKIN.

1. Lord, see us now with one ac - cord, All wait - ing at thy cross;
   Our hearts are bare, our mo - tives pure, We count all things but loss.
2. The rush - ing wind, thy tongue of flame, O let them now de - scend,
   And sit on each that's gathered here; Then self - ish aims will end.
3. Push heav-en's win-dows o - pen wide, Let streams of mer - cy flow;
   The ho - ly fire on all de - scend; Thy en - e - mies o'er - throw.

CHORUS.

O send an - oth - er Pen - te - cost, Thou Lamb for sin - ners slain!
Quick-en thy saints, bring back the lost, Re - vive thy work a - gain.

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4 Let saints be quickened by thy pow'r,
And hearts made all aflame;
A burning zeal for dying souls,
Reveal thy work again.

5 The sinner smite with holy might,
Back-sliders now reclaim;
Let hov'ring spirits bear the news
That souls are born again.

197. Deeper Yet.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be
2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more
3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low - ing him each day; What I ask
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

CHORUS.

free from dross Still I would en - ter in.
of his pow'r Ev - er my pray'r would be.
he will give, So then with faith I pray.
I'll not cease Till I am pure with - in.

Deep - er yet, deep - er yet,
In - to the crimson flood; Deep - er yet, deep - er yet, Under the precions blood.

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198 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. REV. LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to thee For cleansing in thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure, Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
4. 'Tis Je - sus who confirms To bless - ed work within, By ad - ding grace to

CHORUS.

pre-cious blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n above.
welcomed grace, Where reign'd the pow'r of sin.

} I am com-ing Lord! Com-ing now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

5 And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

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199 O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

WM. W. HOW. St. Hilda. 7. 6. D. JUSTIN H. KNECHT.

1. O Je - sus, thou art standing Out-side the fast-clos'd door, In low - ly pa-tience wait-ing To pass the threshold o'er; Shame on us, Christian brethren, his name and sign who bear; O shame, thrice shame upon us! To keep him standing there.
2. O Je - sus, thou art knocking: And lo! that hand is scarr'd, And thorns thy brow en - circle, And tears thy face have marr'd: O, love that passeth knowledge, So pa-tient-ly to wait! O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
3. O Je - sus, thou art pleading In ac-cents meek and low, "I died for you, my children, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sorrow We o - pen now the door: Dear Saviour, en-ter, en - ter, And leave us nev-er-more!

200 Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trust-ing on-ly in thy mer-it, Would I seek thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have

CHORUS.

oth-ers thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief.
wounded, bro-ken spir-it, Save me by thy grace.
I on earth be-side thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?

} Sav-iour, Sav-iour,

Hear my humble cry, While on others thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

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201 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev-'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je-sus shed his pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be-stow;
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest;
4. Come, then, and join the ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go,

And he will sure-ly give you rest By trust-ing in his word.
Plunge now in-to the crim-son flood That wash-es white as snow.
Be-lieve in him with-out de-lay, And you are ful-ly blest.
To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

CHORUS.

1 2

{* On-ly trust him, on-ly trust him, On-ly trust him now;
{ He will save you, he will save you, He will (*Omit.....*)} save you now.

* The words "Come to Jesus" may be used for chorus instead of "Only Trust Him."

202 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. B. GOULD. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je-sus
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vi - ded, All one bod - y we,
Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er, 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph-song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ the King;

CHORUS.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his ban-ners go!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.
} Onward, Christian sol - diers!

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

203 Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER. LOWELL MASON.

FINE.

1. {Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours:
   {Work, while the dew is sparkling, (*Omit.....*) } Work 'mid springing flow'rs.

D.C.—Work, for the night is com-ing, (*Omit.....*) When man's work is done.

cres. *D.C.*

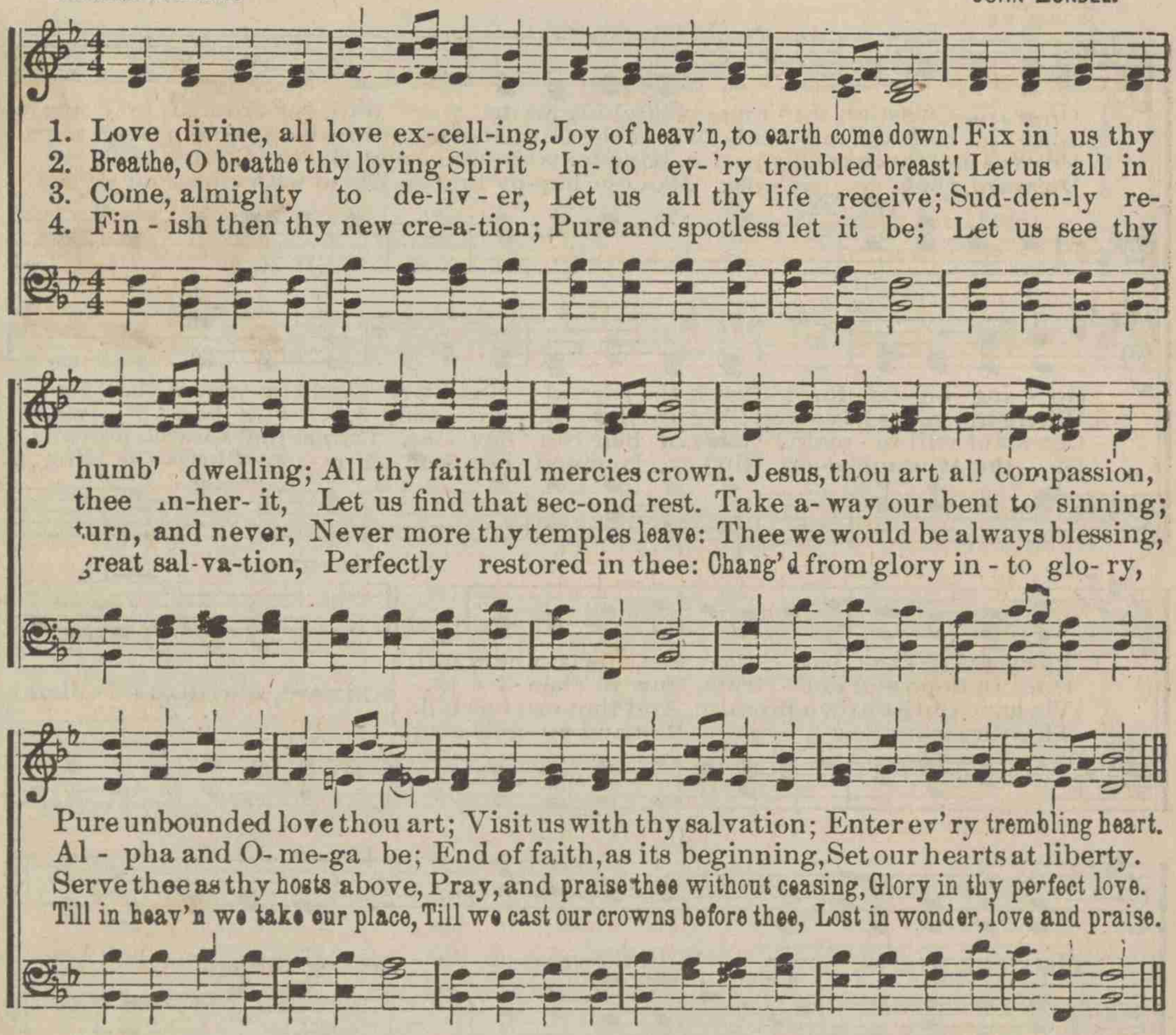
Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

204. Love Divine, all Love Excelling.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.

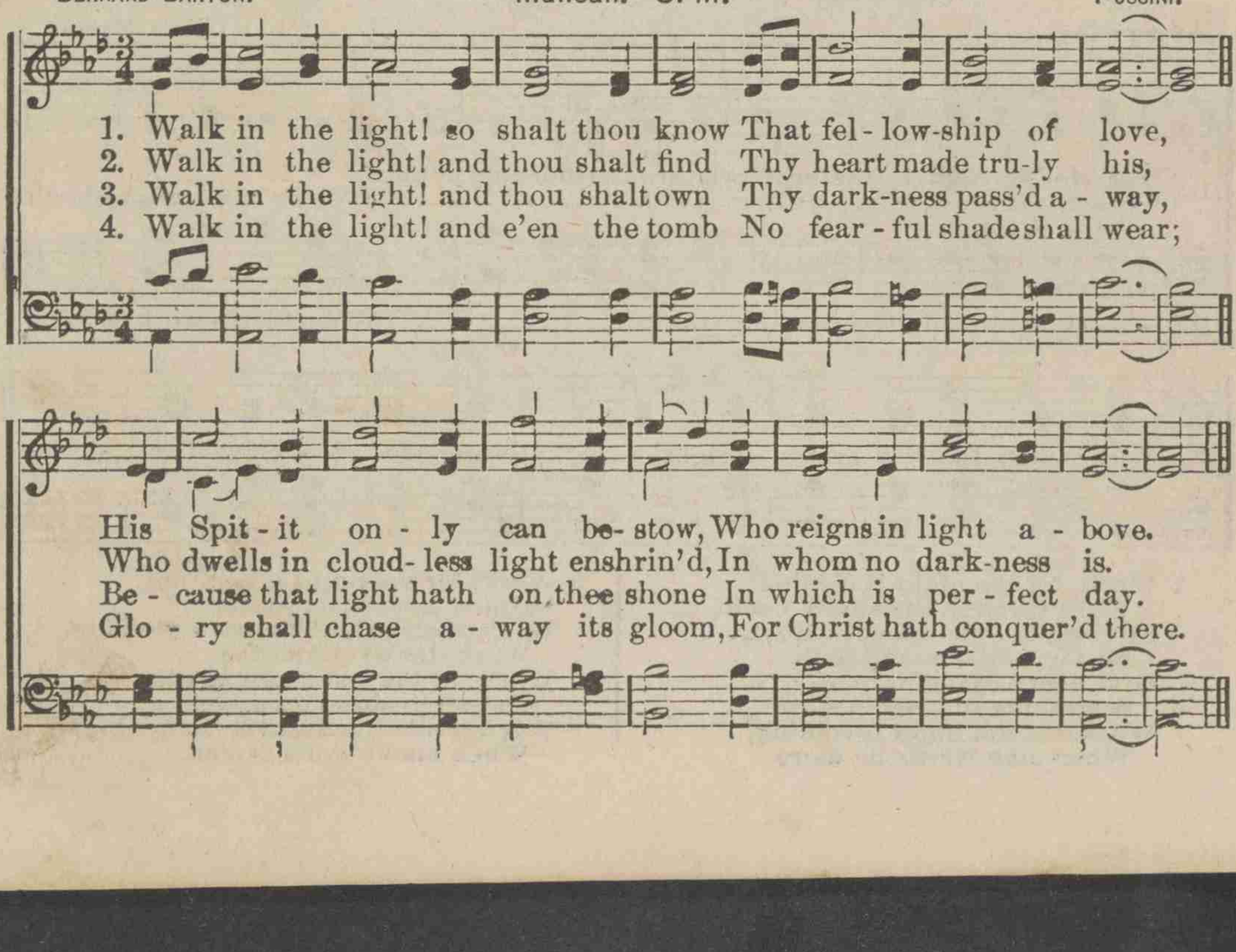


1. Love divine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us thy humb' dwelling; All thy faithful mercies crown. Jesus, thou art all compassion,
2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit In- to ev-'ry troubled breast! Let us all in thee in-her- it, Let us find that sec-ond rest. Take a- way our bent to sinning;
3. Come, almighty to de-liv - er, Let us all thy life receive; Sud-den-ly re- turn, and never, Never more thy temples leave: Thee we would be always blessing,
4. Fin - ish then thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spotless let it be; Let us see thy great sal-va-tion, Perfectly restored in thee: Chang'd from glory in - to glo- ry,

Pure unbounded love thou art; Visit us with thy salvation; Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
Al - pha and O- me-ga be; End of faith, as its beginning, Set our hearts at liberty.
Serve thee as thy hosts above, Pray, and praise thee without ceasing, Glory in thy perfect love.
Till in heav'n we take our place, Till we cast our crowns before thee, Lost in wonder, love and praise.

205. Walk in the Light.

BERNARD BARTON. Manoah. C. M. FOSSINI.

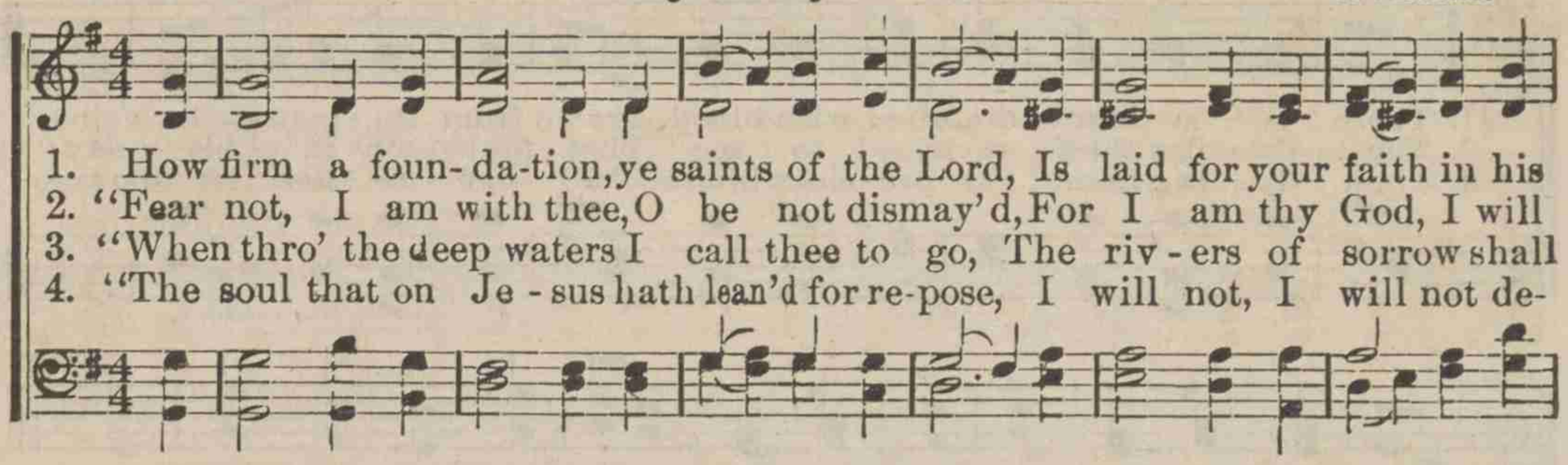


1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel- low-ship of love,
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru-ly his,
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy dark-ness pass'd a - way,
4. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear - ful shade shall wear;

His Spit - it on - ly can be- stow, Who reigns in light a - bove.
Who dwells in cloud- less light enshrin'd, In whom no dark-ness is.
Be - cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per - fect day.
Glo - ry shall chase a - way its gloom, For Christ hath conquer'd there.

206. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. Portuguese Hymn. 11s. J. READING.



207. Must Jesus Bear the Cross.

THOMAS SHEPHERD. Alt. Maitland. C. M. GEO. N. ALLEN.



208 There is a Fountain.

W. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.



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

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

209 Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Woodworth. L. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.



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

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

210 Whiter than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want thee for - ev - er to
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com -
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most humbly en - treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at thy
4. Lord Je - sus, thou se - est I pa-tient-ly wait: Come now, and within me a

live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now
plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know: Now
cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow: Now
new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought thee, thou never said'st "No," Now

CHORUS.

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

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

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211 Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

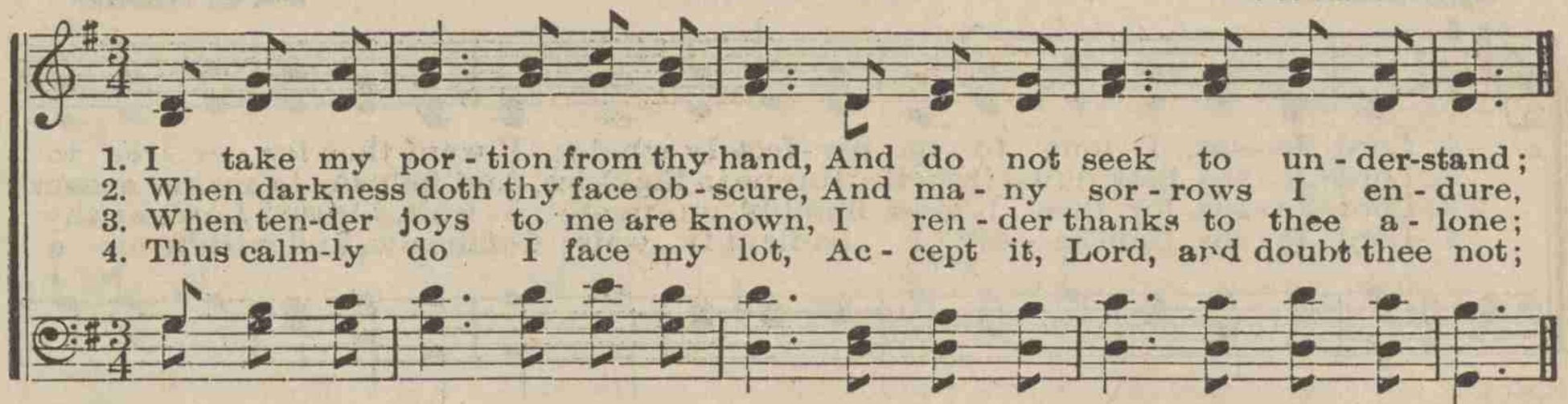
ANDREW REED. Mercy. 7s. L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di-vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - den'd heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleeding heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lone.

212 Thy Will is Mine!

ELTA M. LEWIS. "Whate'er It Be." WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



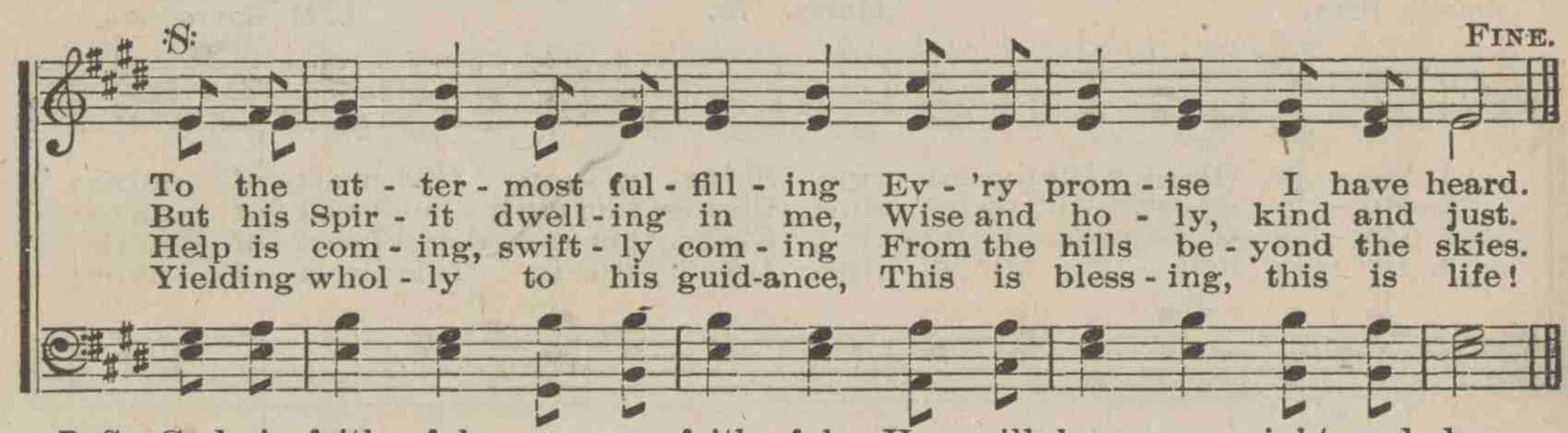


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213 God is Faithful.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



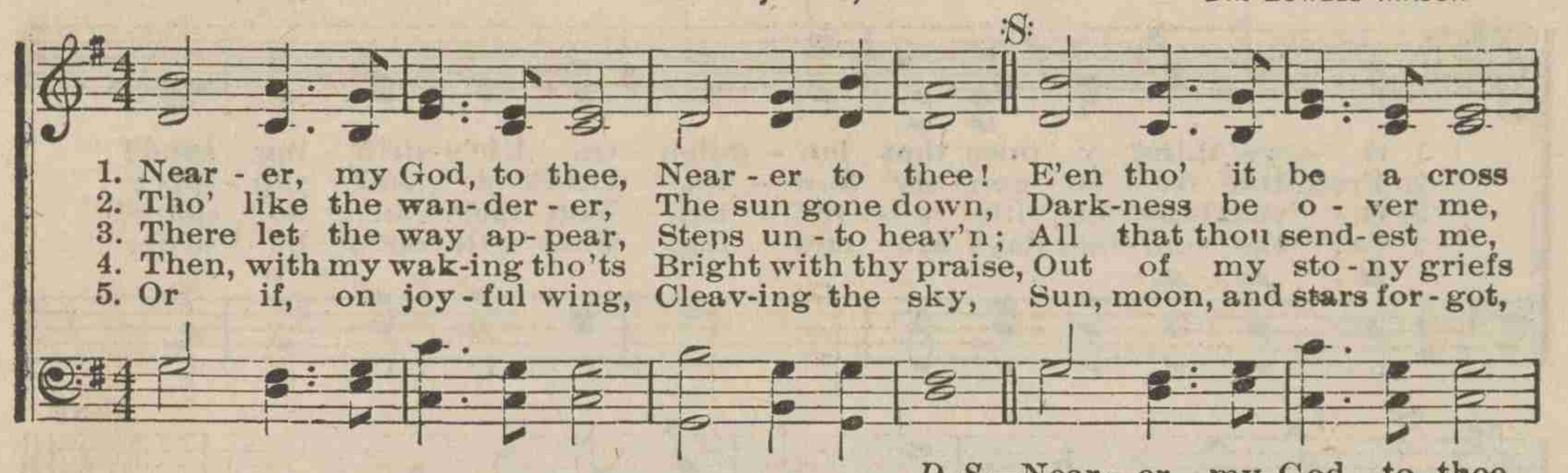




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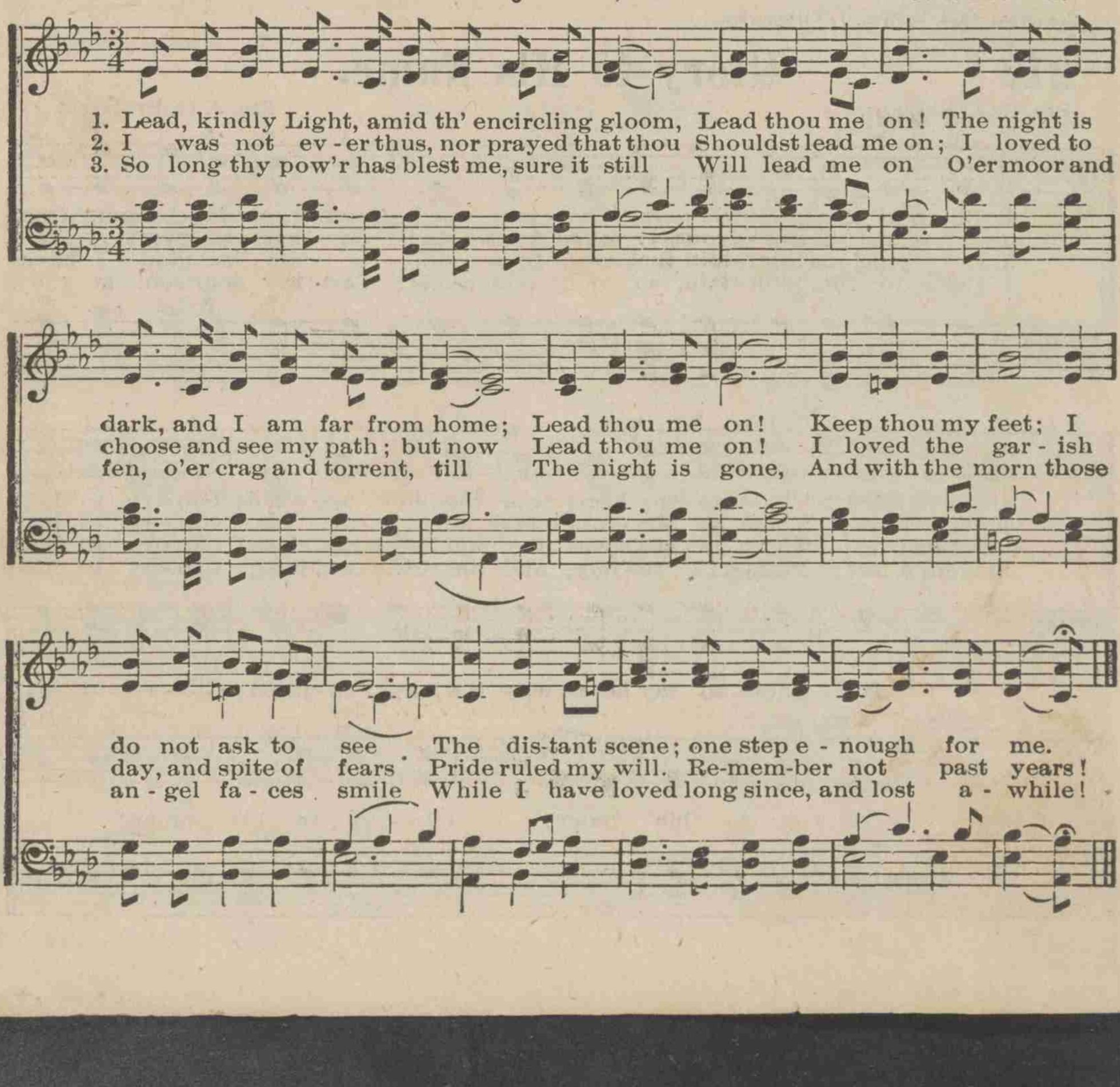
214 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. **Bethany. 6s, 4s.** DR. LOWELL MASON.



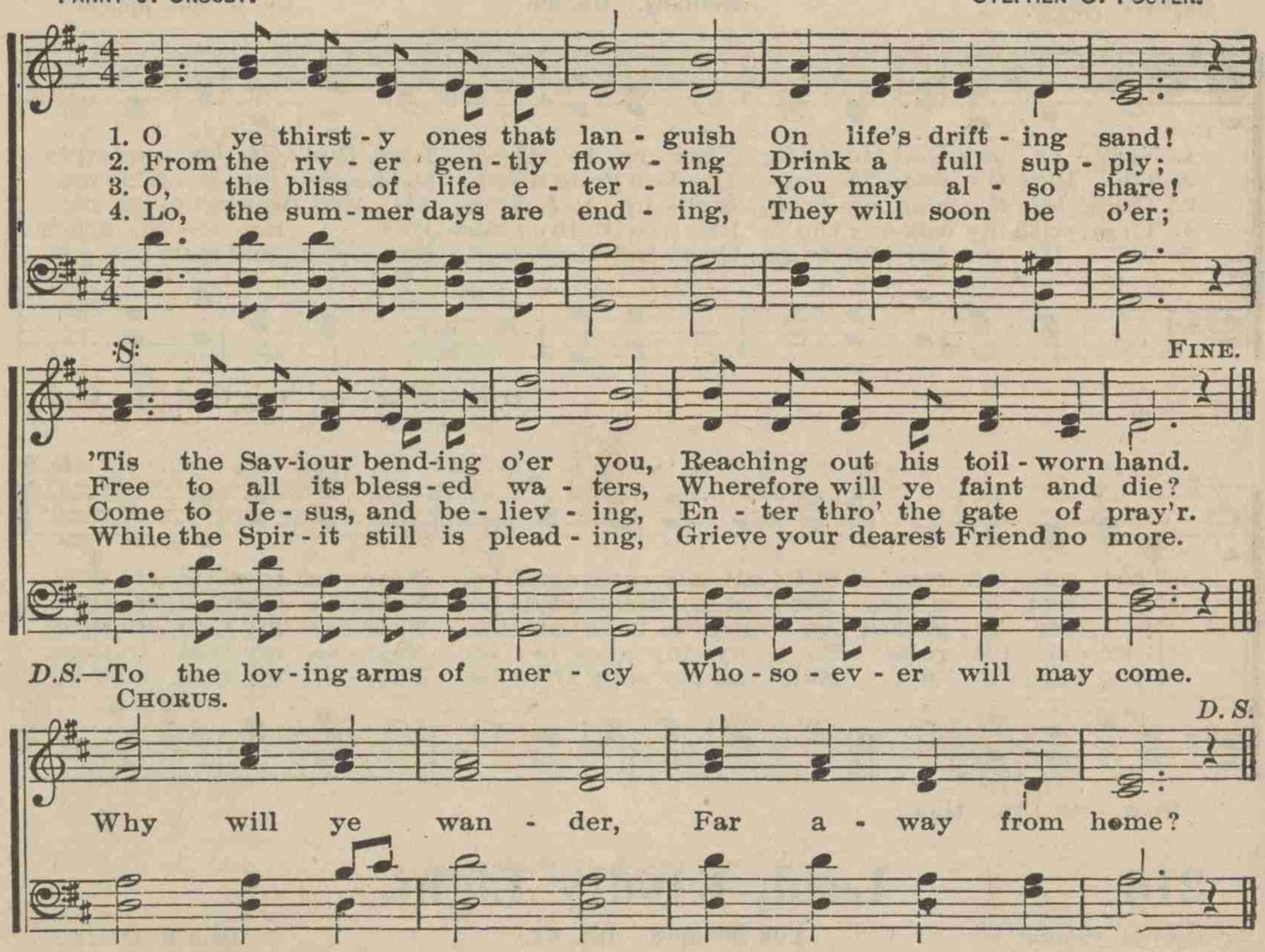
215 Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. **Lux Benigna. 10s, 4s.** JOHN B. DYKES.



216 Why Will Ye Wander?

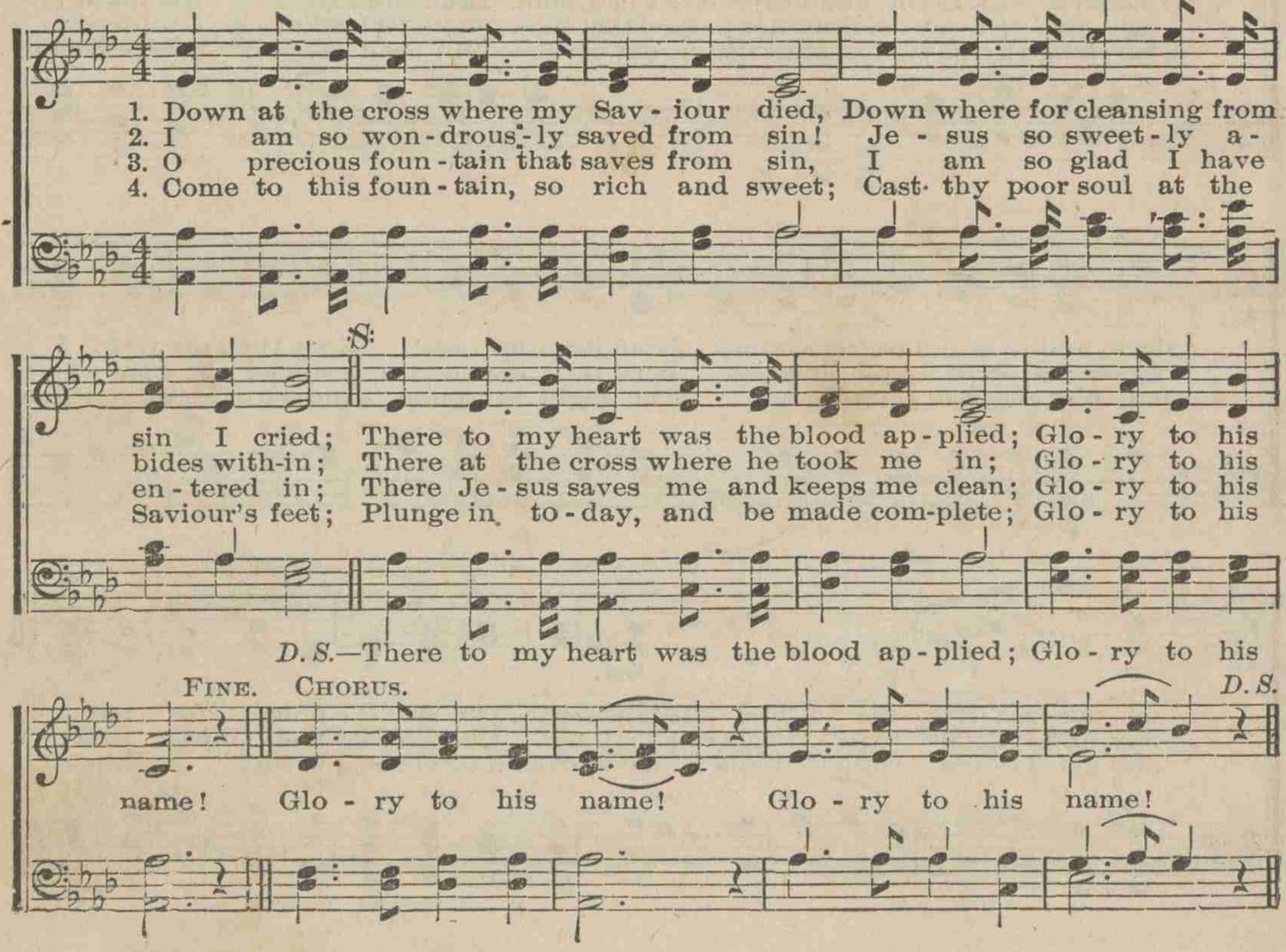
FANNY J. CROSBY. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



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217 Glory to His Name.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.



218 Jesus is Mine!

MRS CATHARINE J. BONAR. T. E. PERKIN

1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,

Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Wel-come, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

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219 The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name.
2. When darkness seems to veil his face, I rest on his unchanging grace; In ev - 'ry high and stormy gale, My anchor holds with-in the veil.
3. His oath, his cov-e-nant, and blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood; When all a- round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

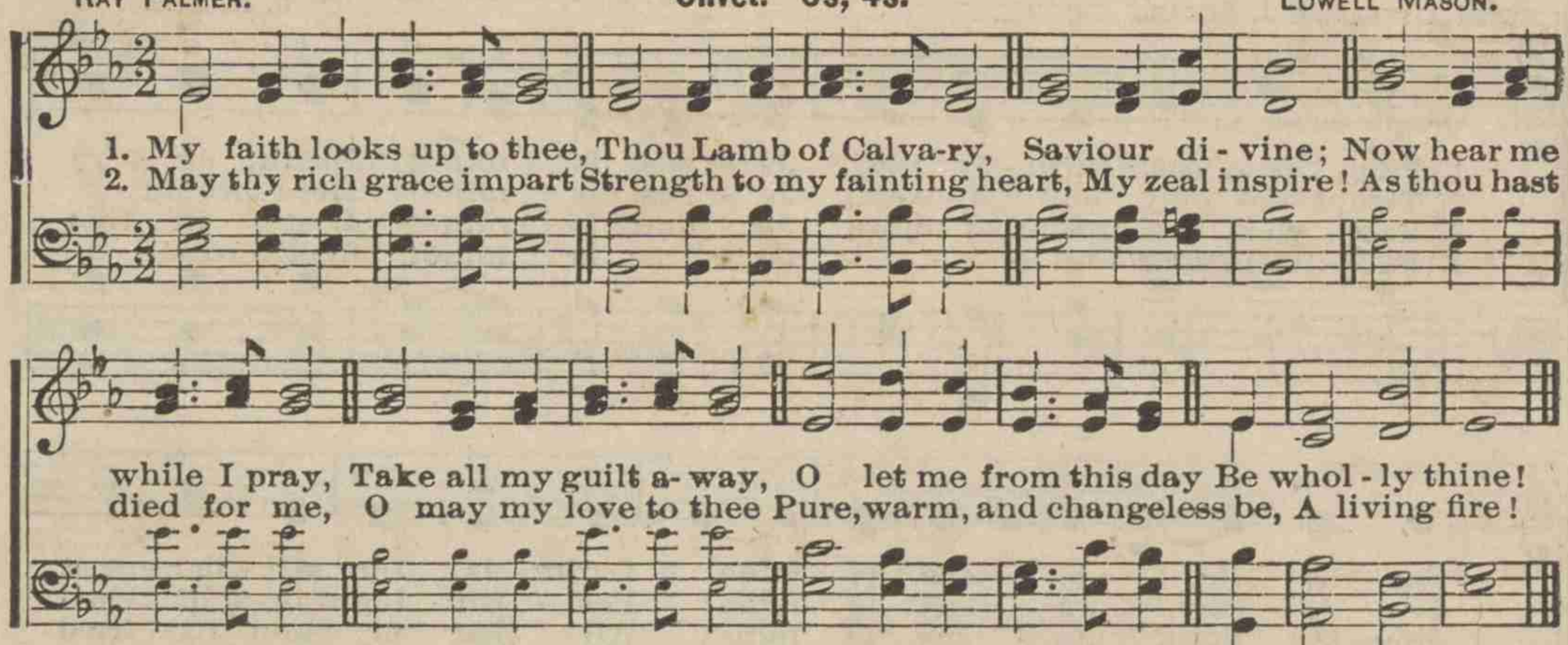
CHORUS.

On Christ, the sol-id rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sinking sand, All oth-er ground is sinking sand.

By per. Biglow & Main Co.

220 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. **Olivet. 6s, 4s.** LOWELL MASON.



3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

221 My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH, D. D. **America. 6s, 4s.** AD. HENRY CAREY.



3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

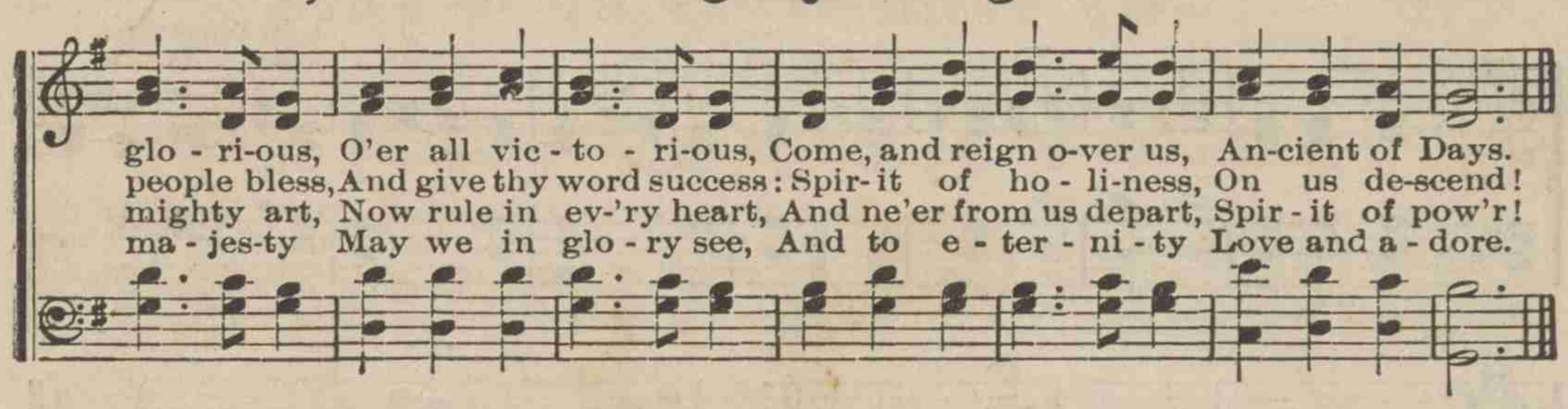
4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

222 Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. **Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s.** FELICE GIARDINI.



Come, Thou Almighty King.—Concluded.



223 Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.



2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 '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.

224 Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.



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.

Eucharist. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



225. Glorying In the Cross.

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.

226. I Thirst, Thou Wounded.

1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside;
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

Nicholas L. Zinzendorf.

227. Geneva. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN COLE.



2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

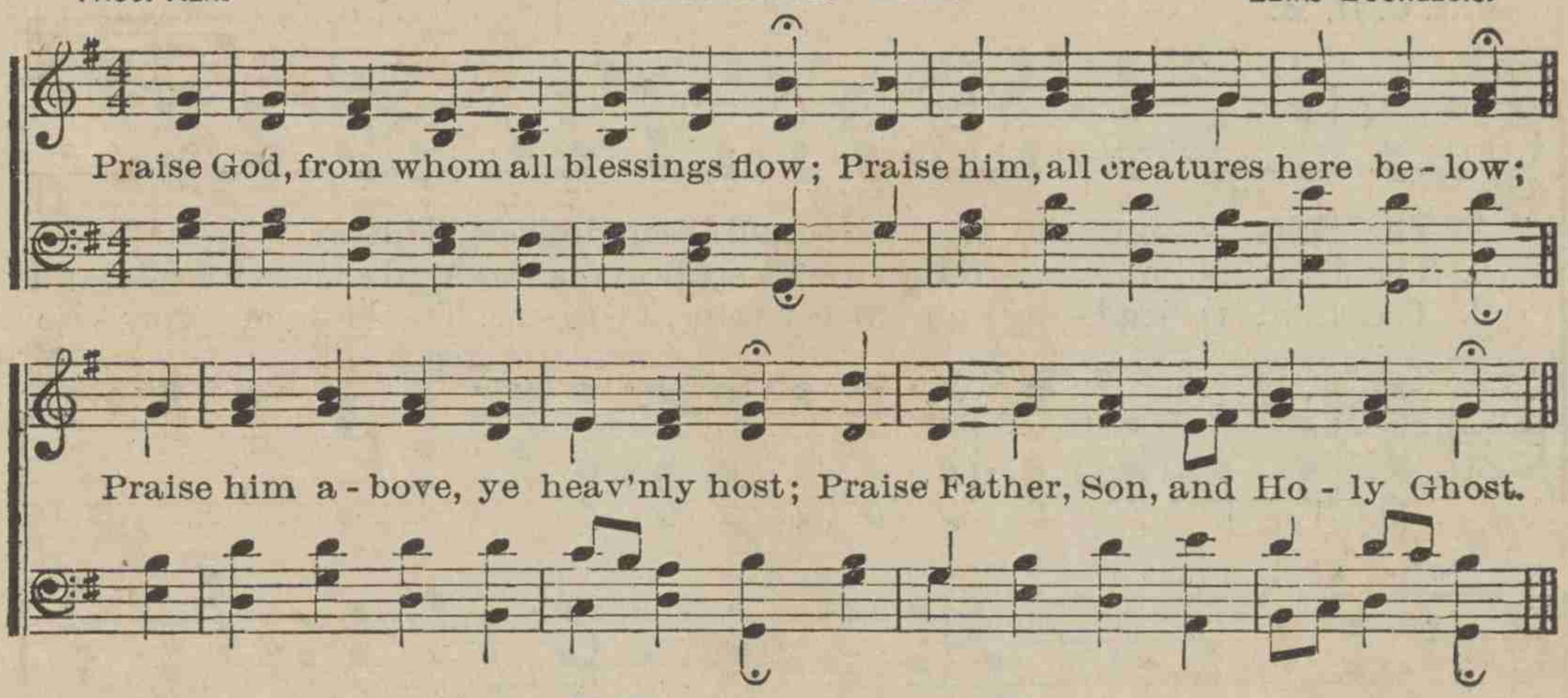
3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

228 Doxology.

THOS. KEN. — Old Hundred. L. M. — LEWIS BOURGEOIS.



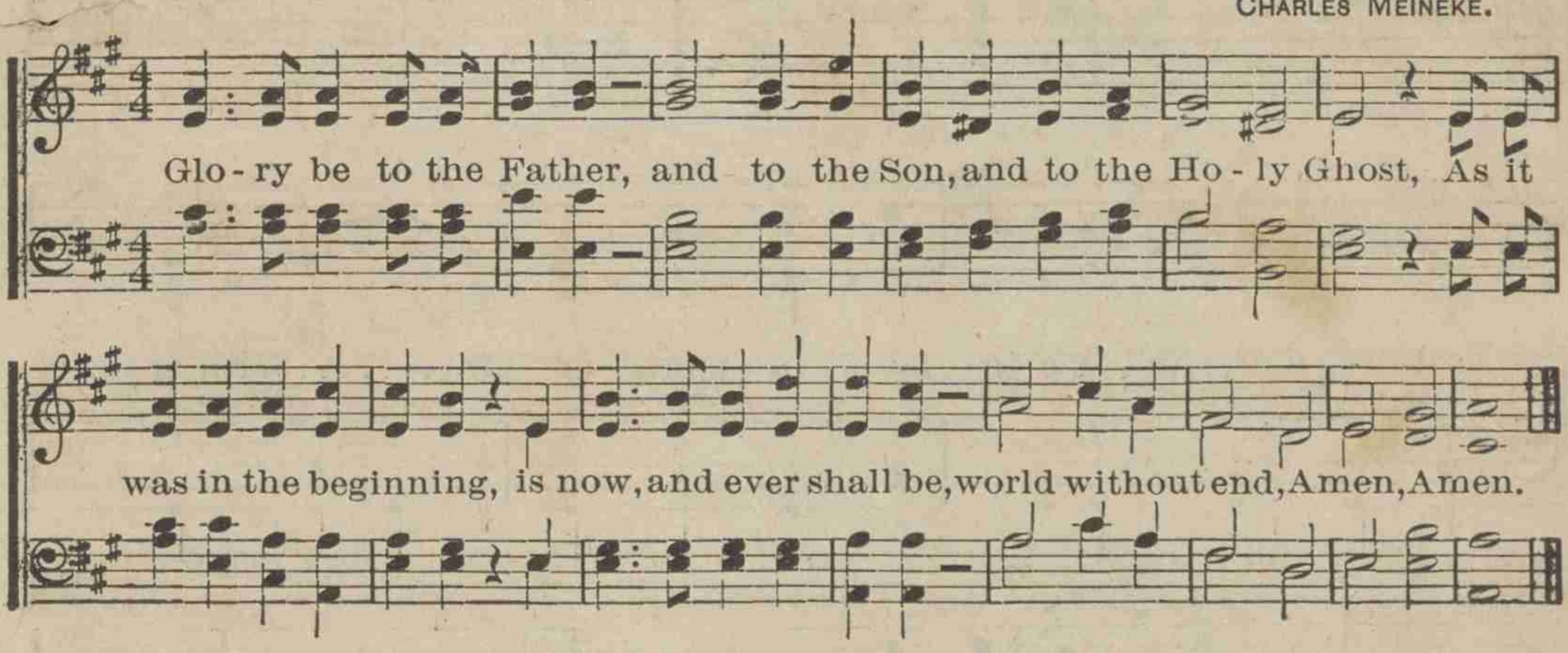
229 Praise God From Whom.

Duane St. L. M. D.



230 Gloria Patri.

CHARLES MEINEKE.



Grace at Meals.

"Thou openest thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing."—*Ps.* 145: 16.

231 Blessing Invoked. L. M.

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored.
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee.

232 Thanks Returned. L. M.

We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
For life and health and mercy good;
Let manna to our souls be given,
The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.

233 The Fight Is On.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The fight is on, the trumpet sound is ringing out, The cry "To arms" is
2. The fight is on, a-rouse ye soldiers brave and true; Je-ho-vah leads, and
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry, The bow of prom-ise

heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching on to vic-to-ry, The
vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go buck-le on the ar-mor God has given you, And
spans the eastern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry land shall honored be, The

CHORUS. *Unison.*

triumph of the right will soon appear.
in his strength un-to the end endure.
morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
} The fight is on, O Chris-tian

sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray, ... With ar-mor

gleam-ing, and col-ors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day;

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